

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY OPENING COMMERCIAL 5/21/46

(APPLAUSE)

ANNCR:

Now that the weather's warmer, naturally your doors and windows are apt to be open while you work in the kitchen. That brings up a little cleaning problem because dirt and dampness do come in to soil your kitchen linoleum, Of course, it isn't a problem if you have JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your floors, You just whisk away the dirt and moisture with a cloth and right away your linoleum comes up smiling. That's one of the many nice things about JOHNSONS GLO-COAT. It not only gives linoleum a beaut/iful polish and makes the colors bright and fresh, it also forms a tough protective wax film that wards off dirt and spilled things. Naturally, this wax protection makes linoleum last longer, too. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is wonderfully easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- that's all there is to it. GLO-COAT shines as it dries, never streaks. In only twenty minutes, your lincleum and other floors are shining beautifully and ready to use. Try it, won't you? Ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

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(REVISED) -4-THIS IS A GREAT DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA: THE DAY OF THE BIG BASEBALL GAME BETWEEN THE ELKS AND THE ROTARIANS. AND GUESS WHO IS FITCHING FOR THE ELKS! YES SIR! THE FELLOW WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE FANNED MORE MEN IN HIS DAY THAN SALLY RAND, FIBBER "FIREBALL" MCGEE, OF ---- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

WILCOX:

My goodness, I certainly will be happy when this day is over, McGee. For the past week, nothing but baseball, baseball, baseball.

My gosh, I'll be glad when this game is over. I'm as nervous as a bee-keeper with the hiccups.

What are you so worried about? I thought you said you could pitch against those Rotarians blindfolded and with one foot in a bucket of cement.

I can, too, if I can get in form again...I....I just don't seem to have the control I used to have. That's what Doctor Gamble said. He said you wound up

like a dollar watch and delivered like a punch drunk mailman.

YAHHH, WHAT DOES THAT TONSIL SNATCHER KNOW ABOUT BASEBALL? HE THOUGHT RUTH WAS A GIRL TILL I TOLD HIM DIFFERENT. HE STILL THINKS A POP FLY IS AN INSECT'S FATHER.

He's catching for you, isn't he?

Yeah...and don't think that's the least of my worries. The only way he can work behind a plate is to put meat and potatoes on it.

Well, I don't know what you're nervous about. Af	ter all,
you did used to play a little professional baseba	

-5-

(REVISED)

FIB: A LITTLE professional baseball; My dear girl, I was the sensation of the Three-Eye League for many a year. I had a fast ball that come in like an aspirin tablet and had a hop on it like a jumping bean on a hot skillet. DIDN'T YOU EVER READ THAT NEWSPAPER CLIPPING ABOUT ME....THE ONE I CARRY IN MY WALLET?

MOL: Yes, I have, dearie. You mean the one with the picture of Wilson's inauguration on the back of it?
FIB: Yeah. YOU KNOW WHAT GABEY HARTNETT ONCE SAID TO ME?
MOL: No, what did Gabby Hartnott, say to you?
FIB: He says. "DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, SON, I'LL AUTOGRAPH IT

FIB: FIB: FOR YOU AFTER THE GAME." That was back in about... DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: , Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.
DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you today, Arthur?
FIB: Whaddye mean, Arthur?
DOC: A professional abbreviation for arthuritis. Or does that stiff elbow of yours come from patting yourself on the back, prematurely?
FIB: DON'T WORKY ABOUT MY STIFF ELBOWS, YOU MUSCLEBOUND SULFA HUCKSTER! YOU JUST WEAR TWO FAIRS OF SHIN GUARDS TODAY, THAT'S ALL. I GOTTA FAST BALL THAT WOULD BREAK THE LEG OF AN ELEPHANT. EVEN AN ELEPHANT YOUR SIZE!

If you think I'm strong enough to take it, doctor, just what are the Elks' chances of winning the game today? Frankly, Molly...unless the poor man's Bob Feller here the Dizziest Dean of them all - develops a little better control, we haven't got the chance of a brewery horse in the Freakness.

MOL:

DOC:

FIB:

DOC:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOT.:

DOC:

FIB:

MOLS

(REVISED)

-6-

WELL WHADDYE EXPECT, DOGGONE IT? MY GOSH, I HAVEN'T HAD A BASEBALL IN MY HANDS FOR 20 YEARS, TILL THIS WEEK! That's quite obvious, Gas-Jet. You've been throwing that apple like a nervous newlywed tossing hor corsage to a bridesmaid.

CUT OUT THAT KINDA TALK IN FRONT OF MY WIFE, GAMBLE! It's all right, dearie. A corsage is a bouquet. Eh? It is? Oh. Excuse me.

For your private information, my dear, I'll have to lie down for three innings after I struggle into my chest protector. When a man of my age and weight takes up baseball, he's begging for the kind of trouble for which I charge people ten dollars a visit.

Set your curly little mind at rest, Fatso, Just hold your mitt out and I'll smack 'em into it like a letter from home.

Fardon me for pointing, gentlemen, but aren't you wasting a lot of good breathing with all this yatata-yatata? Why don't you go out in the driveway and do some more practicing?

	(REVISED) -7-
FIB:	GOOD IDEA, MOLLY. COME ON, DOC I'LL FLING 'EM SOFTLY
	SO IT WON'T BLISTER YOUR LITTLE FAT HANDS.
DOCI	JUST MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF, SHAD ROE! I'VE GOT MY
	CATCHER'S MITT RIGHT HERE. COMING MOLLY?
MOL:	No thank you, doctor. I'll just watch you out the
	window. I sat on the front steps yesterday and lost
	seven dollars worth of bobby pins ducking wild pitches.
FIB:	Come on, Docour last chance to practice.
DOOR OPEN:	CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH ONTO SIDEWALK
FIB:	(CALLS) STAND OVER THERE WITH YOUR BACK TO THE GARAGE
	DOOR, DOC. THAT'S IT. NOW THEN YOU READY?
DOC:	(OFF MIKE) I don't have to get ready to catch one of
1	your pitches, Kucklehead. I could write a letter to my
	mother while it was coming in.
FIB:	YEAH? WELL TRY THIS ON YOUR THUMENAIL, WINBAG! (GRUNTS)
SOUND:	LIGHT SMACK OF BALL IN GLOVE
DOC:	What kind of a pitch was that, Weakling? I could have
	saught that one in my teethi
FIB:	You'll catch plenty of 'em in your teeth before I.get
	through with you, WISE GUY! I was just limbering up on
international international international international international international international international	that one.
DOCI	Try throwing one overhand, Genevieve. Who do you think
a lacation and a	we're playing for - Wellseley?
FIB:	OKAY, SMART BOY YOU ASKED FOR IT!! NOW I'M GONNA GIVE
	YOU MY OLD FIRE BALL! BRACE YOURSELFII (GRUNTS)
SOUND	GLASS CRASH

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	(REVISED) -8-
FIB;	Oh my goshWE BROKE ONE OF MCGEE'S WINDOWS, DOC!!
. ~J	LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
DOC:	THIS WAY, MCGEE!! AROUND THE BACK AND THRU THE ALLEY!!!
SOUND:	RUNNING FEET
FIB:	(OVER RUNNING) ANYBODY COMING AFTER US, DOC?
DOCI	(OVER RUNNING) I DON'T SEE ANYBODY !! LET GO OF MY
	COATTAILIII
FIB	WELL, KEEP RUNNING IF MCGEE EVER CATCHES US, WE'RE
	HEY WAIT A MINUTE
FOOTSTEPS OUT	
FIB:	WHAT ARE WE RUNNING FOR? MY NAME IS MCGEE!
DOCS	How do you do. My name is Gamble.
FIB:	Glad to know you, Bud. Whatcha breathing so hard for?
	Asthma?
DOCI	No, that's passion. I just fell in love. With the
	idea of giving up baseballs
ORCH:	selection: "Coay mea little but"
APPLAUSE:	

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SECOND SPOT	(REVISED) -9-
FIB:	Hey, Molly. I'M worried.
MOL:	YOU'RE WORRIED! Did you see Doctor Gamble's face when
	he left? He said the only way you were going to get the
	ball over the plate this afternoon was to put it in a
	wheelbarrow.
FIB:	My gosh, I don't seem to have any control at all! If I
	lose this game, I - HEY WHAT DOES THE PAPER SAY?
MOL:	I was just reading it, dearie. (RATTLE PAPER) It says:
	"PITCHER'S DUEL EXPECTED AS ELKS PLAY ROTARIANS TODAY."
FIB:	Duel is right. It'll be butcher's knives at two paces
	if anything goes wrong! I'll be gored by every Elk in
	town. What else does the paper say?
MOL	It says: "FIBBER MCGEE, ONE OF THE GREAT SPEEDBALL ARTISTS
	OF HIS DAY"
FIB:	Gee, does it really say that?
MOL:	Yes, it does.
FIB:	Read that part again. I like that!!
MOL:	"FIBBER MCGEE, ONE OF THE GREAT SPEEDBALL ARTISTS OF HIS
	.DAY" I think that was very kind of them, McGee.
FIB:	What was?
MOL:	They didn't say what day. "FIBBER MCGEE, ONE OF THE GREAT
	SPEEDBALL ARTISTS OF HIS DAY"
FIB:	That's darn good reporting, ain't it? I remember when
	Paul Waner was voted most valuable player in the National
	League in 1930, I was -
MOL:	Excuse me, dearie. Paul Waner got that vote in 1927.
	There was no award in 1930.

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MCGEE & MOLI 5-21-46	
FIB:	Eh? Oh yeah. That's right. Anyway, the longest game
	ever played in the National League, between Brooklyn
•	and Chicago was -
MOL:	Excuse me.
FIB: :	Eh?
MOL:	The longest game played in the National League was
-	between Brooklyn and BOSTON. On September 1st, 1906, and
	was called on account of darkness after 26 innings.
	Pardon me for interrupting. My goodness who am I to be
`.	telling YOU about baseball!!
FIB:	Well, don't feel bad about it. Wimmin ain't expected to
*	know very
DOOR CHIME	
MOL:	COME IN J
DOOR OPEN:	CLOSE:
MOL:	Oh hello there, Mrs. Carstairs. So nice to see you.
CARST :	How do you do, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.
FIB:	Hiyah, Carsty. YOU GOIN' OUT TO THE BALL GAME THIS
	AFTERNOON? I'M PITCHIN' FOR THE ELKS AGAINST THE
	ROTARIANS, YOU KNOW.
CARST :	I know you are, Mr. McGee. And I must say that my husbe
	was almost delirious with joy when he heard about it.

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MCGEE & MOLI 5-21-46		
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DOOR CHIME		
MOL:	COME IN!	
DOOR OPEN:	CLOSE:	
MOL:	Oh hello there, Mrs. Carstairs. So nice to see you.	
CARST :	How do you do, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.	
FIB:	Hiyah, Carsty. YOU GOIN' OUT TO THE BALL GAME THIS	
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	(DEVISED) -11-
·· · · · ·	(REVISED) -11-
MOL:	Is he a baseball fan, Millicent?
CARST:	No, a Rotarian.
FIB:	OH, HE THINKS I'M GONNA LOSE, EH? That's a laugh!! THEM
•	ROTARIANS ain't got anybody on their team that don't think
	a squeeze play is an accordian solo.
MOL:	Oh I don't know about that MeGee. There are some pret-ty
	smart business men in the Rotary club.
FIB:	THAT CUTS NO SHORTCAKES, TOOTSIE, THE BIGGEST FICOON IN '
	THE WORLD WOULD LOOK PRETTY SMALL SLINKIN' BACK TO THE
	BENCH AFTER I STRIKE HIM OUT.
CARST	Do youerexpect to pitch the entire nine outings,
	Mr. McGee?
FIB:	THE WORD IS "INNINGS", MRS. CARSTAIRS.
CARST:	Really? My husband says it will merely be an outing for
	the Rotarians.
MOL:	Well, it's differences of opinion that makes horse racing,
	baseball and loose teeth, I always say.
FIB:	You can tell that running mate of yours, Carsty, that the
	Elks will not only beat the Rotarians, but we'll beat 'em
	so bad that from now on their insignia will be a flat
	wheel!
CARST:	I'll be only too happy to tell him, Mr. McGee. If I can
	get him to stop laughing long enough.
MOL:	What seems to be amusing him so much, Millicent?
CARST:	He and a friend walked past here a short time ago and saw
• •	Mr. McGee pitching to Doctor Gamble. He came home
	practically in hysterics,

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FIB:	OH HE DID, DID HE? (REVISED) -12-
CARST :	Yes. It seems his friend wanted to know which of you
	was Olsen and which was Johnson.
MOL:	Maybe you didn't know, Millicent, but himself here used
	tp play professional baseball.
FIB:	You betchal Wasn't it the Cubs that sent the scout
	after me that time, Molly?
MOL:	No, dearie. It was the Scouts that sent a Cub after
	you, when you were about nine.
FIB:	Oh yeah. Anyway, Carsty, I played sand-lot baseball
	ever since I was a kid.
CARST :	You must have, Mr. McGee. The papers said you were one
	of the grittiest players they had ever seen. WELL,
J. Contraction	ALL I CAN SAY IS, "MAY THE BEST TEAM WIN." And of
	course, we shall. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

MOL:

Does Mr. Carstairs play on the Rotarian team, McGee? I should say not! There's too many guys in this town with spikes on their shoes that would be praying for him to slide into first base. He'd get up lookin' like a punch board! Really? I thought Mr. Carstairs was very well liked by everybody. Oh he's a nice guy, all right. But who's gonna pass FIB: ...! up a chance to kick a millionaire? Well, there's that, of course. Although I never would have --

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

IL:	Hello
NOL:	Oh, h
FIB:	Hiyah
VIL:	You m
	My un
MOL:	NO, N
WIL:	Oh.
	Schoo
FIB:	You n
WIL:	I wa
MOL:	He's
	' Alton

FIB:

WIL:

MOL:

folks.

(2ND REVISION) -13-

ello, Mr. Wilcox. Junior. Know anything about our national pastime? ean criticising the administration? Mare, a little. cle Big Claghorn Wilcox is a congressman and ----R. WILCOX.... HE MEANS BASEBALL! Baseball. Sure I used to play on our High ol team in Omaha. I was longstop. mean shortstop. tall for my age. But what is all this, Pal? got to pitch for the Elks in the big game this afternoon, Mr. Wilcox, , and he's worried about his form. IT'S REALLY NOTHIN' SERIOUS, JUNIOR, THOUGH THERE'S A COUPLE THINGS I GOTTA IRON OUT. Such as what?

Such as where is the ball going after he throws it, for onething.

WIL:	Hello, folks.
MOL: -	Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB:	Hiyah, Junior. Know anything about our national pastime?
WIL:	You mean criticising the administration? Sure, a little.
	My uncle Big Claghorn Wilcox is a congressman and
MOL:	NO, NR. WILCOXHE MEANS BASEBALL!
WILL	Oh. Baseball. Sure I used to play on our High
	School team in Omaha. I was longstop.
FIB:	You mean shortstop.
WIL:	I was tall for my age. But what is all this, Pal?
MOLS	He's got to pitch for the Elks in the big game this
	afternoon, Mr. Wilcox, , and he's worried about his form.
FIB:	IT'S REALLY NOTHIN' SERIOUS, JUNIOR, THOUGH THERE'S A
1	COUPLE THINGS I GOTTA IRON OUT.
WIL:	Such as what?
NOT. •	Such as where is the ball going after he throws it,

-13-

(2ND REVISION)

for onething.

WIL:

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

WIL:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

WIL:

sre depending on you, you know. The only pitcher we've got.

Are you on the team, Mr. Wilcox? No, but I'll be.out on the diamond during the seventh inning stretch. WHAT DOING?

Gee, Pal. Now you've got ME worried...all us Elks

-14-

(REVISED)

I drive a car out into center field and give a demonstration of Johnson's Car Nu. GEE... IN FRONT OF B OR 10 THOUSAND PEOPLE: I HOPE I GIVE A GOOD PERFORMANCE: Oh I'll bet you will, Mr. Wilcox: LISTEN WHY DON'T YOU BORROW ONE OF THE JOHNSON COMPANY'S BIG VANS, AND DRIVE IT IN BACKWARDS? THAT OUGHT TO GET ATTENTION. Why would it?

Everybody would think of Van Johnson, Or would they? No, I want to show people how to beautify their own cars. And how easy it is with Johnson's Car Nu. How they can give their pre-war cars that postwar look! I'll show 'em how simple it is to apply Car Nu, let it dry and wipe it off with a soft cloth. CLEANED AND POLISHED IN ONE SWELL FOOPI; Then, as the game is · called again, I unfurl a big banner and drive off the field.

What does it say on the banner, Waxey, inquired little Fibber, fearing the worst?

The banner? Oh it says, "PLAY BALL WITH YOUR AUTOMOBILE: GET SOME CAR NU RIGHT OFF THE BAT, AND SEE WHAT A HIT IT MAKES WHEN YOU GET HOME!" You like it, Pal?

WIL:

FIB:

at the second		
	(OND REVISION) -15-	
	(END ALL DECK)	
"IB:	No, but I haven't got time to re-write it, Junior. I	
	gotta get this arm limbered up.	
IOL :	Just tell the Elks not to worry, Mr. Wilcox, Himself	
	here is just like a criminal lawyer he always comes	
	thru in a pinchl	
FIB:	You gotta go now Junior? You haven't got time to play	
	a little, catch with me?	
WIL':	Sorry, Pal. I've got to get down to the sign painters	
	and pick up that banner. I want to be sure they spell	
	CARNU - C.A.R. N.U. BUT LOOK STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR	-
	FORM.	
-	Youyou think it'll be all right?	
FIB:	SO WHAT IF YOUR FORM ISN'T PERFECT? WEAR A GIRDLE!	
WIL:	NOBODY WILL KNOW! GOOD LUCK WITH IT, BOY!	
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DOOR SLA	M: Look, McGee,would you like to throw me a few pitches	
MOL:		
	and see if you can't limber up that arm a little?	
FIB:	Gee, if it was anybody else, baby, I'd say YES in a	
	, minute, But the way I'm pitchin', I'm dangerous.	
MOL:	Oh, I think I'd be safe, dearie. You didn't come	
· · · ·	anywhere near Doctor Gamble, when he was catching for you.	
FIB:	DOGGONE IT, THAT'S JUST MY TROUBLE EVEN MY OLD	
	KNUCKLEBALL IS GONE AFTER IT LEAVES MY HAND IT LEADS	
	IT'S OWN LIFE. Boy, I'M scared!!!!	9
MOLI	NOW YOU JUST KEEP YOUR TREMBLING LITTLE CHIN UP. DEARIE!	1
	THIS WILL ALL WORK OUT, YOU'VE BEEN IN BAD SPOTS BEFORE.	
		NAME OF COLUMN

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. : · · ((REVISED) -16-
FIB:	Yeah, butbut, well, yes, I have, haven't I?
MOL :	Of course. You've been in worse spots than this one.
FIB:	C ERTAINLY J
MOL:	ABSOLUTELY:
(PAUSE)	
FIB:	When?
(PAUSE)	
MOL:	I can't remember. But I'm sure there must have been a
DOOR CHIME:	
MOL S	COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:	
WIMP:	Hello, folkşi
DOOR CLOSE:	· · · ·
MOL:	Hello there Mr. Wimple!
FIB:	Hiyah, Wimp. You gonna go to the ball park and watch me
	pitch for the Elks today?
WIMP:	Yes, if I can sneak out of the house, Mr. McGee.
	Sweetyfacethat's my big old wife - is still a little
	angry with me.
MOL:	Oh heavenly days , what for this time, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP:	It all came about because of a little baseball practice
	at home, Mrs. McGee.
FIB:	Baseball practice, Wimp?
WIMP:	Yes(CHUCKLES). She caught me stealing home at midnight,
	and tagged me out with a floor lamp!
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 MCL: Well, I do hops you can get to the bells game, Mr. Hample, I's ought to be very exciting. Himself here used to have bell game, Mr. Hample, I's ought to be very exciting. Himself here used to have bell game, Mr. Hample, I's ought to be very exciting. Himself here used to have bell game, Mr. Hample, I's ought to be very exciting. Himself here used to have bell game, Mr. Hample, I's ought to be very exciting. Himself here used to have bell game, Mr. Hample, I's ought to be very exciting. Himself here used to have be at the exceed at the exceeded at the ex					
 MCL: Woll, I do hop you can go do to be hall game, Mr. Himple, It cought to be vary exiting. Himmelf here und to play professional baseball, you know. MINT: Didyou really, we. Mode? MINT: Didyou really, we. Mode? MINT: Didyou really, we. Mode? MINT: To brank. Near forget the first without in the index to statch semathing bottles my shoestrings, there might be sema hope for me. MCL: Sow do you feel now, destide,got a little norm index to statch semathing bottles my shoestrings, there might be sema hope for me. MCL: Sow do you feel now, destide,got a little norm index to statch semathing bottles my shoestrings, there might be sema hope for me. MCL: Sow do you feel now, destide,got a little norm index to statch semathing bottles my shoestrings, there might be sema hope for me. MCL: Sow do you feel now, destide,got a little norm index to see state to be scally hotshot pitcher, we simple. MCL: Sow do you feel now, destide on a solly hotshot pitcher, we simple. MCL: Hope I can, Meny Koboo, Hill same and to hope and, we shoest for the semather who hope for a. MCL: Try and get not to be gam if you can, we wight we and the store of the gam if you can, we wight we and the store store of the semather who has you then if the store store MCL: So, hep i can, Meny Koboo, 111 mear my cld uniform who has mult be yume Will a list sheet hand then, if were my cld use a store we and the store and WOLL Wing we store if who if you can, we wight sheet store who has been to home and WILL Wing worked WILL Wing worked we wanthing work out the has a store of the we and the second the store of the second who has mult be yume WILL Wing worked we wanther whom have and WILL Wing worked we wanther whom have and WILL					
 MGR: Well, i do hope you can get out to the ball game, We. Kipple. It outht to be vary exiting. Hisself here used to play protectional backboll, you know. WIRENERSE. WIRENERSE.<td></td><td>(REVISED) -17-</td><td></td><td>·· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·</td><td>-18-</td>		(REVISED) -17-		·· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	-18-
 Wimple, it cought to he vary acating, Himself here used to hav vary acating, Himself here used to hav preferential baseball, you know. WiHP: Did you really, W. Kokas? WiH To batch. Sourd forget the first writes p 1 had in the blockhirsty moleachther for us to start. WiHP: Did you really, W. Kokas? With the same have forget the first writes p 1 had in the blockhirsty moleachther for us to start. Work at the same have forget the first writes p 1 had in the blockhirsty moleachther for us to start. Work at the same have forget the first writes p 1 had in the blockhirsty mole	NOT	wall I do hope you can get out to the ball game, Mr.		THIRD SPOT	(REVISED)
 und to play professional baseball, you know. WHP: Did you really, He & Kodeal Whe was the proof of the greatest the first writespi had in the control of the greatest measuring catcher they'd over seen, and fi I send aver loss they do you feel have, dearlowset a little new confidence? Why: what he proof of the greatest is and then the trans and of you have here they'd over seen, and fi I send aver loss they do you feel have dearlowset a little new confidence? Why: what here they'd over seen, and fi I send aver loss they have they are been little is the sends of greatest is and then the trans of the greatest is a set of the trans and of you have the send of the trans is a coning out on the send of the trans is a coning out on the set of the trans and of you can, kr. Windle and a do one day and respired by volai Why: what here you can, Wr. Windle and and and a decistion, seewhork you loss and one day and respired by volai (duration and the greatest is and then by our state and the greatest is a set of you can, kr. Windle and one day and respired by volai (duration and the greatest is a list to control the set of the set	MOLE	Wimple. It ought to be very exciting. Himself here			R: (BASEBALL RECORD?)
 HIP: Did you really, Nr. Modes? HIP: To becake. Never forget the first writeup I had in the first writeup I had the firs					My gosh. Molly look at this crowd! Look at that
 FIR: You hadds. Here perget the first writeup I had in the first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had the here the graduate the first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had the here the graduate the first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had the here the graduate the first writeup I had had the here the graduate the first writeup I had had the here the graduate the first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had the here the graduate the first writeup I had had not be a soully bethave. Will i write I had to be a soully bethave i first writeup I had had the first writeup I had had not be writeup I had had had the first writeup I had had had had had had had had had had	WTMD.			110.	bloodthirsty mob waitin' for us to start.
 Minimized the set of the generator of the generator of the generator of the generator of the second of the generator of the second of		You betcha. Never forget the first writeup I had in the		MOL:	How do you feel now, dearie?got a little more
 showshing estabare they'd ever soon, and fi I could over larger to each seesthing besides my showshings, there initiate to each seesthing besides my showshings, there initiates and the beside of the seesthing besides my showshing each of the seesthing besides my showshing each of the seesthing besides my showshing besides my showshing each of the seesthing besides of the seesthing besides my showshing each of the seesthing besides of the seesthing besides my showshing each of the seesthing each of the see each of the see each each of the see each each of the see each of the see each each each each each each each ea	, TTD:	Aporting news said I was one of the greatest			confidence?
 Loarn to each something besides my shoedwrings, there might be some hops for me. MOD: - and then he turned out to be a really hotshet pitcher, Mr. Wimple. MUTHY: Sender: - Eack, Medeeone of the teams is coning out out fridal seases, once. (LAUMES) ch fill never, hover forget that? MUTHY: Mell, every time sheld make a decision, somebody would yall "FIR: Well, every time sheld make a decision, somebody would yall "KILL THE UNFIRE" (GUUKES) and one day she recently in the two first at a first the first the material sease. THEY LL M THEY and get out to the game if you can, Mr. Wimple. MUL: Try and get out to the game if you can, Mr. Wimple. MUL: Try and get out to the game if you can, Mr. Wimple. MUL: Try and get out to the game if you can, Mr. Wimple. MUL: Try and get out to the first you can, Mr. Wimple. MUL: Try and get out to the first you can, Mr. Wimple. MUL: Try and get out to the game if you can, Mr. Wimple. MUL: Try and get out to the first you can you di uniform of the time, and the first you can you will work a shear the first the mather. INFY LL MATHY HE WALL BE THERE, ALL RIGHT. (SWITHERS) Well, goodbye now and		shoestring catchers they'd ever seen, and if I could ever	4	FIB:	No. My right arm feels like it was made of concrete.
 wight be some hope for me. wol: - and then he turned out to be a really hotshot pitcher, Mr. Muple. wine: Seestyface used to reduce softball genes, once. (LOURE) Ch 111 nover, nover forget that! Wine: Well, overy time shold make a decision, sembody would yell "Wine they ward has a decision, sembody would yell "Wine they wards! (CHOCKIES) and one day sho recognized my voice! Wol: Try and get out to the gene if you can, Mr. Muple. Wine: A tope I can, Wr. Mode. 111 war ny old uniform add bring my fielder's glows; Wine: A tope I can, Wr. Mode. 111 war ny old uniform add bring my fielder's glows; Wine: A tope I can, Wr. Minple. Wine: A tope I can, Wr. Man any old uniform add bring my fielder's glows; Wine: A tope I can, Wr. May out old be along too. Wine: A tope I can, Wr. (SWIKERS) Well, goodbye now and - Wine: A top I cans. Wr. Mark D. (SWIKERS) Well, goodbye now and - Wine: A top I cans. Wr. Mark D. (SWIKERS) Well, goodbye now and - Wine: Closer Wine: A first DOGE11 Wine: They is that closer wine: First First	**	learn to catch something besides my shoestrings, there			It's gonna seem like five miles from the pitcher's box
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Feecognized my voice! GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, McGee. Hello, Molly. MOL: Try and get out to the game if you can, Mr. Wimple. NOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Are you playing today? WINP: Oh I hope I can, Mrs. MoGee. I'll wear my old uniform and bring my fielder's glove. GALE: No, they've asked me to umpire the game. and bring my fielder's glove. FIB: Well, let's shake hands then, La Triv. Looks light and of a beautiful friendehip. WIMP: OH she, Wimple And bring your old bat along too. MoL: If they made you the umpire, Mr. Mayor, you must out and - WOL: NO, MR, WIMPLENOT THAT DOGE11 SNOT THAT 'S THE HALL CLOSET WIMP! THAT'S THE GALE: Yes, I almost made a career of it, Mrs. McGee. SOUND: CLOSET EFFECT. BENL TINNEF FAUSE! FIB: WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU STRIKE OUT FROM? FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days! GALE: Hew was that?	WIMP:	Well, every time she'd make a decision, somebody would			
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SOUND: CHOCHEL D. Indext FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days! ORGH: "CASEY AT THE BAT" KINGS MEN	FIB:		7		
OR OH: "CASEY AT THE BAT" KINGS MEN	SOUND:				
	FIB:		9	GALE:	How was that ?
APPLAUSE :	OR CH :	"CASEY AT THE BAT" KINGS MEN			
	APPLAU	SE:	C C		

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and the second	
	(REVISED) -19-
MOL:	You said you struck out from home. You would hardly
MODI	strike out from first base, would you?
GALE:	(LAUGHS) In this case, Mrs. McGee, "striking out from
	home" is a term that means -
FIB:	WE'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE TERMS, LA TRIVIA! AND YOU DON'T
	SAY "STRUCK OUT FROM HOME"! You just say, "I STRUCK OUT".
GALE:	When I said I struck out from home, McGee, I didn't mean
ci .	I struck at the ball
MOL:	WELL WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU STRIKE AT? NOT THE UMPIRE I
Hale - FIB:	HOPE. Please 9 said nothing about Any player that would deliberately strike at an umpire,
• • • • •	La Trivia
GALE:	(GETTING ANGRY) I DID NOT STRIKE AT THE UMPIRE! THERE
1	WASN'T ANY UMPIRE!
MOL:	What? No Umpire? What kind of a bush league were you
	playing in, anyway, Mr. Mayor?
GALE:	I WAS NOT BUSHING IN A BALL PLAY I MEAN PLAYING IN A
	LEAGUE BUSHERGAME-PLAYI SAIDTHIS WAS
	MERELY A - WHEN I SAID I STRUCK HOME FROM OUT ER
	OUT FROM LAST ER FIRST YOU SAID IT WAS JUST
	AA(PANTS) McGee.
FIB:	Yes, La Trivia?
GALE:	I don't think I'll act as umpire of this game, after all.
MOL:	Why not, Your Honer?
GALE:	BECAUSE IF I STOOD BEHIND THAT PLATE WITH MCGEE PITCHING,
	I'D SAY ONE WORD SO OFTEN IT WOULD MAKE HIM
FIB:	Make me what?
GALE :	BALLI GOODBYE!!
CROWD MU	RMUR UP AND FADE FOR

- 6

Sec. Sec.

· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	(REVISED) -20-			
FIB:	Well, I guess I better be gettin' out onto the field,			
	kiddo. Wish me luck!			
MOL:	Oh do, dearie. I certainly do. You'll be all right!			
FIB:	What time is it?			
MOL:	Almost half past,			
FIB:	MY GOSH I BETTER GET GOIN'! SEE YOU AFTER THE GAME,			
	MOLLY.			
MOL:	/IF NOT SOONER, SWEETHEART!			
P.A.VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMENHERE ARE				
•	THE BATTERIES FOR TODAY! ON THE MOUND FOR THE ROTARY			
	CLUB, TOM FADEAWAY FIZDALE. FOR THE ELKS CLUB, FIBBER			
	FIREBALL MCGEE. CATCHING FOR THE ROTARIANS			
ORCH:	"TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME OR SOMETHING" FADE FOR			
P.A.VOICE:	YES FOLKS IT'S STILL THE FIRST HALF OF THE FIRST INNING.			
	AND THIS SO CALLED FIREBALL MCGEE HAS HIS FAT catcher			
	running around home plate with a butterfly net trying to			
	snag his wild pitches. So far, he has walked the bases			
	full without putting over a single bali that the batter			
	can swing at. They've been murdering him! It looks			
	like wait a minute! Something unusual is going on			
	out there - a woman is running out to the mound. The			
	umpire has halted the game. Listen to the spewd here			
	while we find out			
CROWD SWELLS IN				
GUY:	(WAY OFF) Get the dame outta there;			

GUY:	(WAY OFF)	Get the dame outt
WOMAN:	(WAY OFF)	Play ball!!
MAN:	(OFF)	Kill the umpire!

(2ND REVISION) Just a minute, folks, we're getting a report on this interruption. The lady is -- yes, it's Mrs. Fireball McGeel She whispered something in his ear and now she's leaving. He looks surprised - he's winding up and here's the pitch: It's a STRIKE: (CROWD CHEERS) That ball went down there so fast it almost left a trail of smoke! And now he's winding up again here comes the next one it looks like ----- WOW! STRIKE TWO! (CROWD CHEERS) I couldn't even see that pitch, ladies and gentlemen, McGee seems to be settling down out there now. He goes into his stretch and

a go a com

-21-

BRIDGE SNEAKS UNDER OR CH :

OUT OF BRIDGE

ANNCR :

(OFF) Hold 'em Fireball! Mow 'em down! WOMAN: Chunk it in there, McGeel MAN: (EXCITED) Strike him out, McGeel Yoo Hoo! Burn it in MOL: there, dearies KILL THE BUMS Er - fan the gentlemens Ah Ladies and gentlemen, this McGee is a powerhouse on ANNCR: the mound. It's the 9th inning - 2 away - and here's the pitch! Strike three, swinging! AND THAT DOES IT! FIREBALL MCGEE AND HIS ELKS CLUB TEAM WIN BY A SCORE OF---DROWNED OUT WITH CHEERS AND YELLS

(FADE IN) Yoo Hoo, McGeel Let me through, pleasel Let MOL: me through! I'm the man that just won this ball game

singlehanded's wife; McGeel

MAN: FIB:

MAN:

MOL:

FIB:

MAN:

FIB:

ORCH :

(REVISED) -22 · · (FATING IN) Mr. McGee, I'm the sports editor of the Gazette! That was a great exhibition! Shucks, it was nothin' any redblooded American boy wouldn't have done if his wife told him what my wife did.

Here, let the lady through, kight here, Mrs. McGee! (BREATHLESS) Oh, McCee - that was wonderful! Well, natch! And now, if it wasn't too personal, Mr. MeGee - just what did your wife whisper in your ear when you were pitching so wild in the first inning?

Nothing personal at all, bud, She just reminded me that I was always used to pitch LEFT handed ! FLAVOFF Dece comes deaven Degan

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY 5/21/46

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL:

ORCH:

Somebody said to me the other day, "I have a wonderful slogan for JOHNSON'S WAX. Floor beauty is Wax deep." That's a pretty good slogan, at that. It's certainly true that even the first application of JOHNSON'S WAX makes almost any floor more beautiful. Even old floors that have dulled with constant use acquire a soft, mellow sheen that highlights your entire home. This shining coat of JOHNSON'S WAX does wonders for your furniture, too. Tabletops look richly polished, when you wax them regularly. Chairs and sideboards glow and sparkle. Wax-polished ornaments and picture frames and other things also add immeasurably to the charm of your home. And think how much easier it will be to keep everything clean and bright -- because dirt and dust don't readily cling to a smooth waxed surface. And remember that JOHNSON'S WAX protects these lovely surfaces against dirt, wear and spilled things. Why don't you try protective housekeeping with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX ... Paste, Liquid or Cream,

(REVISED)

-23-

SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

-24-(2ND REVISION) TAG (GROANS) FIB: More linament, Lefty? MOL: Yeah - thanks! Boy oh boy is my arm ever sure! Right FIB: after the game it tightened up so's I could hardly lift it. It was worth it, McGee - and I was very proud of you. MOL: Yeah, but how come you didn't notice I was throwing FIB: wrong earlier? I did. MOL: Why didncha tell me then? FIB: What? And ruin that good left wing before you ever got MOL: to the diamond? What kind of a trainer do you think I am? Oh. Good night. FIB: Good night, all. MOL: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF ORCH : This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight. THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY. ANNCR: (CHIMES)_