

WRITERS: DON QUINN
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(REVISED) #35

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MAY 28, 1946

P

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry present "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" -- with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. The music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: "BUT NOT FOR ME" FADE FOR:

P

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
5-28-46

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: You know, there's one thing we all have in common in this country - we love to entertain. Whether it's a big reception or just a get-together with the folks next door, there's nothing we like better. Of course, if you're one of the millions of women who use genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, when friends do drop in, you always have a home that's sparkling clean and bright and something to be proud of. For example, that softly shining look on your wax-polished floors gives an immediate impression of charm and good taste. Your furniture glows with a delightful lustre. Everywhere you look, you see things transformed by the magic touch of this wonderful wax. Picture frames and leather articles that gleam richly - window sills that aren't afraid of a sudden shower. And don't forget there's less work attached to a house that's protected with JOHNSON'S WAX. Just a light dusting maintains its shining beauty. Try it - JOHNSON'S WAX Paste, liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
5-28-1946

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: IT'S A HORRIBLE THING FOR A WOMAN TO HAVE A NEW DRESS, A NEW HAIR-DO, AND STILL BE WONDERING IF HER HUSBAND WILL REMEMBER THAT THIS IS THEIR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. APROPOS OF WHICH, JUST OUTSIDE THE LA PARISIENNE BEAUTY SALON, WE FIND THE VERY SOCIAL MRS. CARSTAIRS, AND THE VERY SOCIABLE MRS. MCGEE, OF -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: You really like my hair this way, Millicent?

CARST: My dear, it's simply stunning. I haven't seen such a happy looking wave since my niece got out of the Navy.

MOL: Well, I hope McGee notices it. This is our wedding anniversary you know.

CARST: YOU MEAN HE HAS FORGOTTEN IT?

MOL: Oh I don't think he's forgotten it, exactly. He just hasn't remember it...yet. I think I can bring it to his attention, in my delicate way. IF I HAVE TO BEAT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH THE CALENDAR!

CARST: Personally, I handle the matter somewhat differently. I always leave a note on Mr. Carstairs shaving mirror, wishing him a happy anniversary. That gives him all day to pretend he'd remembered it too, and buy me something expensive to quiet his conscience.

MOL: Does it always work, Millicent?

CARST: Last year it worked four times.

MOL: Well, McGee won't be so - OH HEAVENLY DAYS...YOO HOO.... OTIS! OTIS CADWALLADER!! YOO HOO!

OTIS: (FADE IN) WELL HELLO, MOLLY!...NICE TO SEE YOU! SORRY I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO TALK BUT I'M ON MY WAY TO THE AIRPORT.

MOL: WELL HAPPY LANDINGS, OTIS.....

OTIS: THANK YOU, MOLLY.....REMEMBER ME TO...ER...WHAT'S-HIS-
NAME - YOUR HUSBAND.

MOL: (CALLS) I WILL, OTIS! HE'LL BE VERY--GOODBYE!

CARST: Good heavens, my dear, wasn't that Governor Cadwallader?

MOL: Yes - a very old friend of mine. If I hadn't married
McGee, I probably would have married Otis. Ahh, lucky me!

CARST: LUCKY! YOU MEAN YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BE THE GOVERNOR'S
WIFE?

MOL: No, it would be too much etiquette for me, Millicent. I
wouldn't know which knife to use on the filet mignon and
which to use on the politicians. Well, I've got to be
getting home.

CARST: Can I give you a lift, Mrs. McGee? It would save you a
lot of time. The traffic is terrible these days.

MOL: Yes -- particularly with so many cars on the street.

ORCH: BRIDGE .. FADE INTO

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH .. DOOR OPEN .. CLOSE

MOL: (CALLS) OH MCGEE! .. I'M HOME DEARIE!

FIB: Eh? Oh hiyah, Molly. What'd you say?

MOL: I said I'm home.

FIB: Oh. You been out?

MOL: Yes, for a while. Notice anything different about me?

FIB: Different? Well...lemme look at you a minute. (PAUSE)
Oh I know. YOU'RE NOT WEARIN' A HAT!

MOL: I was, but I just took it off. So you could see.

FIB: See what?

MOL: My hair.

FIB: What's the matter with your hair? It looks all right.
Quit worrying about it.

MOL: Thanks. How about this dress?

FIB: Fine! I like it.

MOL: GOOD!

FIB: I've always liked that dress.

MOL: It's a new one.

FIB: Eh? It is? Well, it's very pretty. Whaddye celebratin',
kiddo?

(PAUSE)

MOL: Dearie...don't you....don't you know what day this is?

FIB: What day? No, I...OH MY GOSH...WELL I'LL BE A...THIS IS
MAY 29th! AND I DIDN'T GET MY COPY OF FIELD AND STREAM!
I'LL WRITE THEM PEOPLE A LETTER THAT WILL -- (PAUSE)
What's the matter, Molly?

MOL: Oh nothing. I...I was just hoping that...well, never mind.
SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHO MRS. CARSTAIRS AND I MET DOWNTOWN?
OTIS CADWALLADER!! WE HAD SUCH A NICE CHAT!

FIB: ~~WHAT? CADWALLADER? WHAT'S HE DOING IN TOWN? STARTIN'
A BLACK MARKET IN WHITE SHIRTS?~~

FIB: What, Cadwallader! I never had any use for that guy!
Him and his Stutz Bearcat and coonskin coat! LOOK.....
I NEVER MENTIONED THIS BEFORE...BUT I ONCE CAUGHT HIM
CHEATIN' AT CROQUET! HE SKIPPED THE MIDDLE WICKET!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, I'm sure he didn't mean to, dearie.
And you don't have to be jealous any more. I'm glad I-
married you....that certain day in May.

FIB: I'm glad you did, too, Tootsie. You wouldn't of been - -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

OLD T: HELLO, THERE, KIDS!

MOL: Well, my goodness....hello there, Old Timer.

FIB: HIYAH, OLD TIMER. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

OLD T: I WAS JUST PASSING BY, JOHNNY, AND I THOUGHT I'D...
Hey, you're lookin mighty pretty there, daughter? New
hair do, eh? And a new dress!!

MOL: Yes - you like it?

OLD T: LIKE IT!! (WHISTLES) It's purtier'n a guinea hen settin
on a haystack in a full moon!

MOL: Well thank you, I think.

FIB: What was it you said you wanted, Old Timer?

OLD T: EH? OH! I was just passin' by, Johnny, and I thought
I'd tell you I seen an old friend of yours downtown.

Otie Cadwallader.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT SLAB-SIDED, MONEY-
HUNGRY, VOTE-GRABBIN' WOLF IN WOLF'S CLOTHING! HE'S
SO TWO-FACED HE COULD DANCE CHEEK-TO-CHEEK IN A BROOM
CLOSET!

MOL: Oh, I wouldn't say that, McGee. I think Otis has always
been a very nice man. The kind who remembers Birthdays
and...er...wedding anniversaries and...things.

FIB: ~~PTAH! HE COULDN'T REMEMBER EATIN' CORN WITH THE COB
IN HIS HAND!~~

OLD T: Well, I've knowed Otie fer many a year, kids. And he's
come a long way, too. Must be worth a million dollars.

MOL: Oh, at least.

FIB: HE MAY HAVE IT, BUT HE AIN'T WORTH IT.

OLD T: Now now now ... no use to feel that way about it, Johnny.
Just because you young fellers started out together,
and one of you is rich, and one of you is you.

MOL: Of course not. Money isn't everything.

OLD T: NO SIR... BELIEVE ME, JOHNNY, YOU WOULDN'T WANNA DO
WHAT OTIE HAS DONE TO GET ALL THAT DOUGH. YOU COULDA
HAD A MILLION DOLLARS TOO, IF YOU'D WANTED TO MAKE THAT
FILTHY MONEY THE WAY OTIE MADE IT!

FIB: Gee, really? How did he make it, Old Timer?

OLD T: *Ne*Worked for it. WELLL, SO LONG, KIDS!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -9-

MOL: McGee.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: Look. Do you think it's true that if a couple have been married a long time, like we have, that if one of them thinks very hard about something, the other one usually knows what she's thinking?
FIB: ABSOLUTELY! I've always believed that. Why?
MOL: Well, concentrate. I'M thinking of something. What significance, if any, has the 28th of May, to you and me?
FIB: Hmmm. 28th of May...what signifi...OH MY GOSH!!! THE 28th OF MAY...!! IS THAT TODAY?
MOL: (HAPPILY) INDEED IT IS, DEARIE...!!
FIB: THIS IS THE DAY I GET MY GRAY PANTS BACK FROM THE CLEANERS!!! WHOPEE...HOT DOG!!! IMAGINE YOU REMEMBERING THAT...!! THAT'S MARVELOUS!
MOL: Thank you. I thought for a minute you weren't going to---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello, Doctor Gamble; Come right in!

DOC: Thank you, Molly.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, Needlepoint. What you wandering around town for? Get kicked off the staff of the hospital, and none too soon?

(2ND REVISION) -10 & 11-

DOC: No, Sack Seat. I just got in a fresh shipment of arsenic which naturally reminded me of you, so I thought I'd drop in and say hello.
MOL: Well, it's nice to see you, Doctor.
DOC: I can return the compliment, doubled and redoubled, my dear. Your new hair-do is extremely becoming. That's a new dress too. Isn't it?
MOL: Yes it is, Doctor. I got it especially for today. This is a very special occasion, for us, you know.
DOC: It is?
FIB: I'LL SAY IT IS, BOY! AFTER FIVE WEEKS, THE DRY CLEANERS ARE FINALLY SENDING BACK MY GRAY PANTS.
DOC: From the pained expression on your wife's face, Lipsitch, I would say that you were walking down memory lane with one foot in the gutter. Incidentally, Scuttlebutt I saw an old friend of yours downtown this morning. Otis Cadwallader.
FIB: YEAH..THAT FAT-HEAD HE'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! I HATED HIM IN HIGH SCHOOL AND I HATE HIM NOW. APLLE POLISHER! BOOT LICKER! TEACHER'S PET!
DOC: None of mine ever did.
MOL: You know, Doctor, Otis WAS sort of an old flame of mine.
FIB: But she married me!
DOC: Yes, it just goes to show what a drip can do to a flame.

(REVISED) -12-

FIB: YEAH? HE WASN'T SO MUCH COMPETITION, FATSO. MOLLY KNEW
RIGHT FROM THE START WHICH WAS THE BEST MAN.

MOL: Of course I did.

DOC: Then why did you marry this one? Don't answer that.
It's too late to do anything about it anyway. But to
me, it's like picking a donkey out of a bunch of
racehorses.

MOL: Personally, I think donkeys are cute, Doctor. And I
read someplace that donkeys are the most patient of
all animals.

FIB: Thanks, kid!

DOC: If you'd practiced medicine as long as I have, you'd think
that patients were the donkeys of all animals. Which
reminds me that I'd better get back to the barn and look
at a few of them. *As long beauty - the best*
~~See you later~~

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character?

FIB: He's old, and he's a character, but if he's sweet, we
got sand in the sugarbowl.

MOL: I think he's nice. McGee, would it bother you if I
played the piano a little while?

FIB: Not at all, kiddo...not at all. Go right ahead. I love
to hear you play the piano.

MOL: All right.

PIANO: LOHENGRIN'S WEDDING MARCH...BREAK

MOL: Remind you of anything, dearie?

FIB: Well now lemme see....oh I know. "YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS".

(REVISED) -12-

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to hear you play the piano.

MOL: All right.

PIANO: LOHENGRIN'S WEDDING MARCH...BREAK

MOL: Remind you of anything, dearie?

FIB: Well now lemme see....oh I know. "YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS".

MOL: No, pet. How about this one?

PIANO: MENDELSSOHN'S MARCH

FIB: OH, I REMEMBER THAT ONE!! THAT'S....ER....Now wait a minute....It's an old army song, ain't it?

MOL: No. But if something doesn't happen pretty quick, it's going to be one of the greatest battle hymns of all time! Look, McGee, this is --"

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: HELLO, FOLKS!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior.

WIL: Say, you certainly look beautiful, Molly! New dress.... new coiffure --

FIB: New what, Junior?

WIL: Coiffure.

FIB: Have you, Molly?

MOL: Certainly.

FIB: Let's see it.

MOL: Take a look.

FIB: Where?

WIL: AT HER HAIR, WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE?

FIB: WHERE IN HER HAIR? I DON'T SEE ANY QUAFF....QUA....WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN?

MOL: "Coiffure", dearie. That's a French word, meaning "You'll keep coming back to us, because you'll never be able to comb it this way yourself."

FIB: Sayyy, now that you mention it, Molly, I notice you're doing it up different. Looks very good!

MOL: Well, thank you very much, sweetheart. You say the nicest things to me....if you're prodded hard enough.

WIL: ~~What's the occasion, Molly? Something special going on?~~
Say! ^{Molly} I saw an old friend of yours down town today, Molly, Otis Cadwallader.

MOL: Yes, I saw him too, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Didn't he once fling a little wood at you? Before you and Fibber decided that a home was warmer than a porch swing?

FIB: Yes he did, Junior. He was the banker's son....with the under-slung roadster and the over-worked brains. He was such a heel they say O'Sullivan once sued him for infringement.

MOL: Oh now, McGee. Otis was a very nice boy. Though I'll admit I was rather impressed by that big shiny car of his.

WIL: Well, naturally! Women LOVE to see a well kept, gleaming automobile.

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WELL THOSE OF YOU WHO KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT PLEASE JIGGLE THE GROUND WIRE OF YOUR RADIO?

SOUND: TERRIFIC BURST OF STATIC AND SPARK GAPS

FIB: Thank you! Go ahead, Waxey....I just didn't want you to catch anybody flat-footed. Let's play fair.

WIL: Okay. I was just going to say that a car polished with Johnson's Car Nu is a good car to ride in. Because a man ^{who} is proud of his car's appearance and careful to protect it against road grime and dust and dampness, is probably a careful driver, too.

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MOL: Oh now, Mr. Wilcox....Car Nu as a safety device is rather far-fetched, isn't it?

WIL: I don't think so. It's a matter of character, ~~as our little friend here said a few minutes ago~~. If a driver is reckless with his car's finish...letting it get grimy, spotted and faded, he's apt to have a don't-care attitude about other things.

FIB: Yeah but Cadwallader had two chauffeurs to do the work on his so that doesn't --

WIL: THERE'S NO HARD WORK TO USING JOHNSON'S CAR NU. YOU KNOW THAT. YOU JUST SPREAD IT ON, LET IT DRY AND WIPE IT OFF WITH A SOFT CLOTH. IT CLEANS AS IT POLISHES. CAR NU IS LIKE A PAID UP LIFE INSURANCE POLICY.

MOL: Why is it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: It protects your finish. SAY, Pal, speaking of Cadwallader, Doc Gamble says if Molly had her pick between him and you, and took you, what a horrible mugg he must have been.

FIB: I'll say he was a...HEY NOW WAIT A MINUTE, THERE! YOU'RE--

WIL: (FAST) The opinion just expressed was Doctor Gamble's and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of my sponsor - S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., - or myself. This is the National Broadcas...I mean, so long now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, dearie...I suppose I might as well go upstairs and put this new dress away.

FIB: Yeah..might be a good idea.

MOL: Unless you think we might be going out somewhere tonight.

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FIB: Such as where?

MOL: Oh, I don't know....maybe to a restaurant....or a night club, or someplace.

FIB: NNAH!....let's save that for some special occasion.

MOL: Like maybe our anniversary, or something.

FIB: Yeah.

MOL: MmHmmm! You..er....you know what day this is, don't you?

FIB: Sure, Tuesday. HEY, WHEN MY GRAY PANTS COME, LEMME KNOW, WILLIYA?

MOL: (SIGHS) Yes, dearie. Now you just relax....and don't get excited about anything. (EXITS, SINGING) A-hinting we will go....a-hinting we will go, te tata te tata te tata, a-hinting we will go....

FIB: "A-hinting we will go!" Funny how that brogue of hers hangs on! I remember --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Teeny. Haven't seen you for a long time. Where you been the past few weeks?

TEE: Out for time.

FIB: Oh. Well, nice to have you back, sis. I was afraid you were....HEY...WHATCHA GOT ON YOUR FINGER THERE?

(REVISED)

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TEE: Hmm. Oh. This is a cigar band, mister. Willie Toops put it on my finger. We're engaged.

FIB: (LAUGHS) YOU ARE EH?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says YOU ARE, EH?

TEE: Are what?

FIB: YOU'RE ENGAGED TO WILLIE TOOPS.

TEE: Gee, how did you know, Mister? Did Winchell carry it?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, YOU JUST TOLD ME YOURSELF!

TEE: Ohhhhhhhh, and it was suppose to be a secret! Gee, will Willie ever be sore if it gets around.

FIB: Don't worry, sis. I'll clam up. But aren't you and Willie a trifle damp behind the ears to be considering marriage?

TEE: Mister, I think that when a woman chooses her life partner, it is best that she knows him as well as possible. I believe that with faith and understanding in one another, married people can surmount any obstetricals which life may present.

FIB: Surmount any what, sis?

TEE: Obstetricals.

FIB: I think you mean obstacles.

TEE: Okay. Anyway, I have studied Willie's character, and I think he is the type which he will never leave the refrigerator door open, and he will always bring me flowers and candy, which I like choclit caramels best, and I betcha if we get married he will NEVER forget our wedding anniversary, either, I betcha.

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FIB: I hope he doesn't, sis. If there's anything a man can do that'll put him in the doghouse quicker'n anything, it's forgettin' his own wedding anniversary.

TEE: When's your's, mister?

FIB: When's my what?

TEE: Wedding anniversary?

FIB: Oh not until along about....(PAUSE) Oh, my gosh....May 28th! SO THAT'S WHAT.....(GROANS)....

SOUND: THUD THUD THUD:

TEE: HEY MISTER...WHATCHA DOING? WHATCHA BANGIN YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL FOR?

FIB: GO AWAY, SIS...AND TELL WILLIE TO GET YOUR WEDDING DAY TATOOED ON HIS THUMB!!! OHHHH! - IF I AIN'T A DOPE!!!

SOUND: THUD THUD THUD:

ORCH: "OUT CALIFORNIA WAY" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

h

THIRD SPOT

FIB: OH, what a fool I am....oh what a cad!...What a rotter!...What a thoughtless, selfish, inconsiderate bounder! What a stupid oaf, what a callous jerk... what a mean, narrow, nasty, ingrown egotist..... what a --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in --

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: (THOMPSON'S MUGG) MCGEE'S RESIDENCE?

FIB: Yeh.

MAN: I AM FROM THE WISTFUL VISTA FLOWERS ARE THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE AND WHY NOT SEND THAT DEAR ONE A FRAGRANT REMEMBRANCE FLORISTS 722 OAK STREET, CALL US AT ANY TIME. WE'LL SEND YOUR ROSE A POPPY OR YOUR POPPY A ROSE, JUST ASK FOR SWEET WILLIAM, THE FLORIST WHO KNOWS.

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

MAN: PACKAGE FOR YEZ. SIGN HERE.

FIB: WHAT'S IN IT?

MAN: FLOWERS...WHAT'S THE MATTER, IS YOUR NOSE DEAF?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Flowers, eh? Who's sending my wife flowers --

SOUND: PACKAGE RIPPED OPEN

FIB: Ahaaaa.....just as I thought! "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO MOLLY from an old admirer, OTIS CADWALLADER!" That rat... I'll fix him. *where's my pen?*

SOUND: RIPPING CARD:

FIB: Now then..."DEAR MOLLY...MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY. YOUR LOVING HUSBAND - FIBBER."

SOUND: TISSUE PAPER...BOX BACK TOGETHER:

FIB: I'M a dirty, underhanded thief, but anything's fair in love. HEY, MOLLY....MOLLY!

MOL: (OFF MIKE) YES, MCGEE?

FIB: PACKAGE JUST CAME FOR YOU!

MOL: (FADE IN) A package for me? Who on earth is that from? I wasn't expecting any....WHAT IS THIS...FLOWERS?

FIB: Looks like it, kiddo.

MOL: Heavenly days, I wonder who...(SOUND: UNWRAPPING PACKAGE) OH WHAT MAGNIFICENT ROSES!!!! LOOK, MCGEE..AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?

FIB: Who sent 'em? Read the card.

MOL: I'll bet I know...(READS) Dear Molly...many happy returns of the....OH MCGEE...YOU SHOULDN'T OF DONE IT!! YOU DARLING! YOU DID REMEMBER OUR ANNIVERSARY! YOU WERE FOOLING ME ALL THE TIME!

FIB: (LAUGHS) My gosh, you don't think May 28th is that unimportant to me, do you, baby? I'll admit it was kind of a cruel joke, but look. Get back into that wonderful new dress and we'll have dinner at the BIRD OF PARADISE NIGHT CLUB.

MOL: Oh I've always wanted to go there, dearie! They say the food is wonderful. Imagine me, at the Bird of Paradise Night Club!

FIB: Great place. They give you a bird in the front room and a pair o' dice in the back.

MOL: Well in that case some other place might be --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, Mayor LaTrivia....good day, your honor!

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee,

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. CONGRATULATE US, BOY....this is our wedding anniversary!

GALE: Well, I most certainly do congratulate you. When I get home, I shall drink a toast to a lucky man and a courageous woman.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: Whaddye mean, courageous woman? Just what is so --

GALE: Excuse me. I don't want to detain you, as you must want to go out and celebrate. But I wanted to know if I could borrow a couple of eggs, Molly.

MOL: WHY CERTAINLY, YOUR HONOR. And if you're going to a political meeting, I also have some very ripe tomatoes.

GALE: I intend to use these eggs, not for throwing, but for cooking, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: WHAT? YOU A COOK, LA TRIV?

GALE: Yes. Occasionally. I like to get up in the morning and make a batch of pancakes.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!

GALE: I don't cook many things, but I often make batter cakes.

FIB: You make what?

GALE: Batter cakes.

FIB: NOT THAN MY WIFE, YOU DON'T MAKE BATTER CAKES!

GALE: I didn't say anything about your wife, McGee. I merely said that I often make batter cakes.

MOL: If they're not better than mine, whose ARE they better than?

GALE: THEY'RE NOT BETTER THAN ANYBODYS! I was only -

FIB: If they're not better than anybody's, what are you braggin' about?

GALE: I AM NOT BRAGGING! GOOD HEAVENS, THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF PREPARED MIXTURES THAT --

MOL: Prepared by whom?

GALE: BY WHATEVER COMPANY THAT PUTS IT OUT, NATURALLY.

FIB: YOU MEAN WHEN YOU HAVE COMPANY THEY GOTTA MAKE THEIR OWN BATTER CAKES? BY GEORGE, LA TRIVIA, IF YOUR HOSPITALITY ISN'T --

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY I MADE MY COMPANY MAKE THEIR OWN HOSPITOOTLEer....MY OWN BATTER CAKES MIX THEIR....LOOK, I --

MOL: Not don't get excited, Mr. Mayor. Heavenly days, if you want to sit around and ask your guests to cook their own breakfasts, I'm sure it --

GALE: (YELLS) I TELL YOU I DON'T SIT AROUND ON MY OWN GUESTS... I MEAN, WHEN I START GROOSING A GREEDLE....ER....GREASING A GRUNDLE....ER....GRIDDLE....WHEN I MAKE BATTER COOKS... ER...COOKER BAKES....CAKES...YOU...I...YOU SAID.....I WASN'T....UGH....MNYA....(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: In about three weeks, I'd like you to come over and have breakfast with me. I'll mix up some batter tonight and let it set in a warm room, in the meantime.

MOL: WHAT, FOR THREE WEEKS? WHY IT WOULD SPOIL, MR. MAYOR!

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO - POISON ME?

GALE: What do you mean, TRYING? I'll guarantee it! Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WELL COME ON, SNOOKY....GET INTO YOUR NEW BURLAP AND WE'LL DO THE TOWN!! COME ON....LET'S GO!

MOL: OH MCGEE....I'M SO HAPPY....AND TO THINK I THOUGHT YOU'D FORGOTTEN WHAT MAY 28TH WAS! HOW SILLY OF ME!

FIB: You know, Molly. This really wasn't such a sudden idea. This goin' out for some night life.

MOL: No?

FIB: Nope. All day long I've been wantin' to take you to a club.

MOL: Well, isn't that a coincidence!

FIB: Why?

MOL: All day long I've wanted to take a club to you.

FIB: Eh? Oh. (LAUGHS) I see what you mean.

ORCH: "I'M GLAD I WAITED FOR YOU" -- FADE FOR --:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: What's the most difficult part of your home to keep clean? Isn't it your kitchen floor? Every time you have it looking nice, someone tracks it up, or you spill something, or the children bring in mud. But if you know the secret, it's really quite easy to have a kitchen floor that's clean and shining all the time. Just get yourself some JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and in no time at all you'll have a kitchen floor that fairly sparkles. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. Just spread it around on the linoleum and let it dry, that's all there is to it. All you do is come back in 20 minutes to find your floor polished and gleaming, never streaked or uneven. Next time someone tracks in mud or you spill something, just wipe the floor with a damp cloth and it will shine like new again. Apart from this handsome wax polished beauty, you'll know too that your attractive linoleum is wax protected by that tough film of GLO-COAT, so that it will retain its bright colors and pattern and newness far longer. Try it. Be sure to ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

(2ND REVISION) -26-

MOL: Oh, that was a wonderful evening, dearie.
FIB: Yeah, but Molly.
MOL: Yes?
FIB: Look -- I never had any secrets from you...and I hate to be deceitful on our anniversary. I..I gotta confession to make.
MOL: Why, what ever is it?
FIB: About them flowers you got. I changed the card on 'em, on account of I forgot to send any. They were really from Cadwallader.
MOL: OH don't worry about it dearie. I have a little confession to make, too.
FIB: You have? What is it?
MOL: Those flowers. They weren't from Otis. I sent them to myself and put his name on them.
FIB: What? Well good night!
MOL: Good night, all!

PLAYOFF & SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER McGEE AND

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY