

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
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(REVISED) #36

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

JUNE 4, 1946

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON'S 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: "LOVE IS" ..... FADE FOR



FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY  
6-4-46

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Would you believe that an eight-year-old car could still look as sparkling as a new one? Well, listen to this. A listener writes from Ohio: "My coupe is over eight years old, yet it looks as good as the day it came from the salesroom. When people ask me how I do it, I say, "Carnu is the answer." Of course, we're always glad to have folks praise Johnson's Carnu. If you try Carnu yourself, you'll be mighty pleased at the beautiful polish it gives your car. And you'll be surprised, too, when you find how easy it is to use. There's no hard rubbing with Carnu. You simply apply this special wax-fortified liquid with a cloth. Then you let it dry to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, all the dirt and dullness disappear with it, and your car is not only clean but beautifully polished, too. You see, Carnu does not one but two jobs at once....it both cleans and polishes in one application. Why not shine up your car with Johnson's Wax-fortified Carnu? It's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH:

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
6-4-46

(REVISED) -25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: They say that a woman's work is never done. You ladies will agree with that, but I think you'll agree, too, that today there are many ways to save work. For example, kitchen floors that are protected with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT can be crossed right off your list of difficult chores. It's so easy to apply, for one thing. There's no rubbing or buffing. You just spread it around on your linoleum and other floors and let it dry....GLO-COAT shines itself. In 20 minutes you have gleaming floors that you can be proud of. And that's only one of the ways Johnson's GLO-COAT saves you work. Don't forget, too, that the tough GLO-COAT film takes the wear and tear, so your linoleum lasts much longer. If you're not using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, wouldn't it be a very good idea to start using it now?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:



(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: THE RESIDENTS OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA ARE GOING TO SEE THE AVIATION SHOW AT THE AIRPORT THIS AFTERNOON, SO THE MASTER (HE THINKS) OF THE HOUSE HAS FORTIFIED HIMSELF BY READING A COUPLE OF FLYING MAGAZINES, THUS QUALIFYING HIMSELF FOR A HIGH RANK IN THE H.A.F. THE HOT AIR FORCE. GET A LOAD NOW, OF THE POOR MAN'S DOOLITTLE, AS WE MEET -

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: - then, when you release the brakes, check the oil pressure and set the altimeter, you taxi to the end of the runway.

MOL: Wait a minute.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: It's taken you forty-five minutes to test the controls, fill up with gas and oil, and study the map. Have you kept that taxi waiting all this time?

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) My dear girl, I see you are rather unfamiliar with pilot talk. Taxi-ing, means to run the plane along the ground.

MOL: That's for me, then! The firma we stay on terra, the better I like it. I get ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> wearing a new pair of high heels, - or walking over a thick rug.

FIB: Well, you better get over that, Tootsie. This is the age of flight. My gosh, one of these days we might own our own little hollycoofter, who knows?

MOL: I do. And we won't. And it isn't hollycoofter. It's collyheepster.

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: Okay. Anyway, if we DO get our own pollycopter, my fishing trips will be--

MOL: NOT POLLYCOPTER, DEARIE. IT'S A HEELOPOCKTER.

FIB: What'd I say, Pellyhookter? I meant Hoolypookter. Anyway, now we're at the end of the runway, ready to take off.

MOL: Ready to take off what?

FIB: JUST TAKE OFF. That means get the plane into the air. You know what "airborne" means?

MOL: Certainly. That's when the stork brings you.

FIB: No no no. That's--

MOL: Look, pet...aside from becoming a flash expert on flying from reading two magazines, did you ever actually FLY?

FIB: Certainly. Back in Peoria. Had several hours with an old Jenny.

MOL: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MCGEE. MAYBE WE WEREN'T MARRIED THEN, AND MAYBE IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THERE WOULD BE ENOUGH MALE INSTRUCTORS AROUND SO --

FIB: HEY HEY HEY...A jenny was an old pre-war crate.

MOL: I don't care how old she was, the hussy! And - I still have the feeling that the Wright Brothers were wrong. But - proceed with the lecture, Wing Commander.

FIB: Roger! Where were we? Oh, yes. We're at the end of the runway, ready for the takeoff. I SLAM THE THROTTLE IN! SHE PICKS UP SPEED --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Ah...grounded by a doorbell! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:



WIMP: Hello, folks!

FIB: Oh hiya, Wimp. Going to the air show at the airport this aft?

WIMP: Oh yes indeedy! Are you?

MOL: Yes, we have our tickets, Mr. Wimple. Himself here is all hopped up about it. We've flown in and out of more hangers this afternoon than a rented tuxedo.

FIB: You flew much, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, no, Mr. McGee. Though I've built SCADS of model airplanes. (SNICKERS) But believe me, I'll never do that again.

MOL: Why not, Mr. Wimple? Lose interest?

WIMP: No, Mrs. McGee...but last week just as I was finishing my latest model, Sweetface walked in. (Sweetface, that's my tremendous, big, old wife.)

FIB: What was her objection, Wimp? Personally, I think every man oughtta have a hobby. If it's only collecting cigar ashes.

MOL: And what happened, Mr. Wimple? If the memory isn't too painful?

WIMP: Well...(SNICKERS) I was just sandpapering the vertical stabilizer when Sweetface walked in and said "WHAT MODEL IS THAT, STUPID?" And I said "Hellcat" and the next thing I knew a doctor was taking five inches of fuselage out of my empennage.

FIB: Well, that's enough to make any man lose his interest in aviation, Wimp.

WIMP: Oh, you're SOOOOOO right, Mr. McGee! But Sweetface insists on going out to the airport to see the show. She used to be a stunt flyer herself, you know, before her accident.

WIMP: Hello, folks!

FIB: Oh hiya, Wimp. Going to the air show at the airport this aft?

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MOL: Accident, Mr. Wimple?  
WIMP: Yes...(LAUGHS) She tried to fly thru a railroad tunnel once, without checking the train schedules.  
FIB: My gosh. A thing like that could be seriously fatal, Wimp!  
MOL: Has she done any flying lately?  
WIMP: Not since last summer, Mrs. McGee...and then she made a three-point landing in a haystack, with a parachute.  
FIB: HORSEFEATHERS!...HOW COULD SHE MAKE A THREE-POINT LANDING IN A HAYSTACK?  
WIMP: She landed on a pitchfork! It made quite an impression on her, too! Well, I've got to be going now, folks. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: Hey, Molly...have you seen the tickets to the aviation show?  
MOL: Yes, dearie..they're right there on the piano. Is it time to leave already?  
FIB: I dunno...what time is it?  
MOL: About half past.  
FIB: Oh we got loads of time.  
MOL: Well, I don't want to miss anything. They say there's going to be a stunt flyer out there who flies right past the grandstand upside down!  
FIB: Bah...kid stuff! I flew upside down on my second lesson.  
MOL: Yes, but this man does it on purpose!  
FIB: I DONE IT ON PURPOSE TOO. If I'd of stayed with it, I'd of been one of the hottest pilots in the country.  
MOL: My goodness, flying must be a thrilling business! But I suppose you have to be an expert on meteorology.  
FIB: Sure you do. Also weather conditions. I was an expert on that too. I knew every type of cloud formation there was. Cirrus, cumulus, alto-cumulus, cirro-stratus and stradivarius.  
MOL: I thought Stradivarius was a violin.  
FIB: It is. And when you see that kind of a cloud, you wanna quit fiddling a round and get back to the field. I mind one time-----

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: I wonder who that could be...Oh, it's Mrs. Carstairs.  
FIB: CONTROL TOWER TO FLYING FORTRESS..COME IN, FORTRESS!!

DOOR OPEN:

GARST: How do you do, Mrs. McGee....COME IN, WHO MR. MCGEE?



MOL: He was just practicing a few aviation expressions, Millicent. We're going to the show at the airport this afternoon.

FIB: It'll be old stuff to me of course, Carsty, though Molly might be amused by it. I used to fly a bit, you know.

CARST: Indeed! WHAT TYPE OF FLYING DID YOU DO, MR. MCGEE? MILITARY?

FIB: Oh no. Just barnstorming, Carsty. Acrobatics and stuff. I'll never forget the time I was flyin' over Lake Michigan and had to hit the Silk!

CARST: Good heavens, you mean you had to use your parachute?

FIB: No, I was flyin' in my bathrobe and dropped a lighted cigar in my lap. Had to slap the bejunior outa myself to put out the sparks.

MOL: Tell Millicent that little adventure you had when you were doing the skywriting, McGee!

FIB: I don't remember anything about that.

MOL: Well heavenly days, think up something! You're slipping.

FIB: Okay. WELL SIR, CARSTY, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I WAS DOING SOME SKY WRITING OVER THE CITY OF CINCINNATI. MY FIRST AND LAST SKY WRITING JOB. FOR CHAMPWELL'S CHOOCHOO CHEWING GUM.

CARST: What happened, Mr. McGee? Or do you need more time?

FIB: No, I got it. WELL SIR, I WROTE CHAMPWELL'S CHOO CHOO CHEWING GUM ALL OVER THE OHIO SKY THAT DAY, NOT KNOWING THAT MY RUDDER WAS LOOSE AND THE LETTERS COME OUT ALL CROOKED. THAT'S WHY CHAMPWELL REFUSED TO PAY ME OFF.

MOL: I don't get it.

FIB: Well, I was supposed to be advertising Champwell's gum and it come out all wriggley!

MOL: MmmmmHmmm. Do..er..do you like to fly, Millicent?

CARST: Yes, I do, my dear. In fact I was once a hostess on an airliner.

FIB: That entitled you to free passes, didn't it Carsty?

CARST: It seemed to, from the passengers. I had often heard of flying ~~high~~ <sup>high</sup>, but wolves at that altitude were new to me. Are you thinking of buying an airplane, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He's been talking about that for a long time, Millicent. If he does, I hope he gets a collyhepter.

FIB: You mean a hollyproctor.

MOL: Are you sure it isn't a keelohopter?

FIB: No, I'M sure it's a holloworepter.

MOL: We'll leave it to Millicent. How do YOU pronounce it, Millicent?

CARST: Auto-gyro. Well, I'll be seeing you at the airpor'. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Autogyro. Hramm. Is that the same as a proollyhopter, McGee?

FIB: No, an autogyro has the vertical flap attached to the retractable cowling. That makes the center of gravity adjustable by giving it left rudder when using the trim tabs. Gimme a pencil and I'll sketch it out for you.

MOL: Don't bother. I was merely -

DOOR OPEN:



(2ND REVISION) -13-

WIL: Hello, folks!

FIB: Oh hiyah, Junior.

MOL: Going out to the aviation show at the airport, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh I wouldn't miss it. I love airplanes. You thinking of taking up flying, Pal?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TAKIN' IT UP? MY GOSH, I WAS A PILOT YEARS AND YEARS AGO. WHY, WHEN JIMMY DOOLITTLE GAVE ME THEM FLYING LESSONS, HE LOOKED AT ME AND SAYS "A NATURAL!" he says --

MOL: When was this, McGee?

FIB: One day out behind the hanger. We were playin' a little game where you teke a couple of dice and - OH YOU MEAN WHEN DID DOOLITTLE GIVE ME FLYING LESSONS?

WIL: Yes, when did he?

FIB: Oh sometime ago. Way back-- what time is it now?

WIL: "Bout half past, Oh by the way, did I ever tell you about the amazing coincidence I ran into on a flight from Cleveland to Chicago one time?

MOL: Why no, Mr. Wilcox..what was it?

WIL: Well, I got into conversation with a pleasant looking, smartly dressed woman sitting next to me. Sort of a motherly type.

FIB: Motherly, eh? Did you climb up on her lap and ask her to tell you about Goldilocks and the Three Bores?

MOL: Bears, dearie.

FIB: They always bored me.

MOL: Well, go on, Mr. Wilcox. What was the coincidence?

B

(2ND REVISION) -14-

WIL: During the conversation, I found out that she was an enthusiastic user of Johnson's Wax. She used it all over her home..floors, furniture, woodwork, window sills Luggage...EVERYTHING.

FIB: Yes-but-whatatgototodowith the--

WIL: I asked her why she thought so highly of Johnson's Wax and she said it kept her whole house so bright and clean-looking, it fairly sparkled. She said it protected her nice things against dust and dirt and dampness...and made her housekeeping so much easier.

MOL: BUT PLEASE, MR. WILCOX...WHAT WAS THE AMAZING GOINCIDENCE?

WIL: Why don't you see? There we were, 8 thousand feet in the air, never saw each other before, two complete strangers, and it comes out that I SELL Johnson's Wax, and she USES Johnson's Wax! Wasn't that a strange thing? I wrote to Ripley about it, but ne never answered.

FIB: Probably bowled him over so hard he couldn't lift a pen, Junior. We will be seeing you out at the airport.

WIL: I'll be there, Pal. Incidentally, my wife sbloed last week.

MOL: REALLY, MR. WILCOX? BY HERSELF?

WIL: No, with the church choir. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: By george, Molly, I hope they have some private planes out at that show at reasonable prices. I'd like to have a little job of my own.

B



MOL: I've been suggesting that for years. OH YOU MEAN AN AIRPLANE. What kind do you want, dearie?

FIB: Oh a fairly hot job. Cruise at 250. One with reversible propellers so I could back up if I overshot the landing field. Four seated model. Two way radio, - and Radar. Something around 900 dollars, delivered. I mind one time..

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello there Doctor Gamble. Do come in.

DOC: Thanks, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

DOC: Hello, Bucklewart,

FIB: Hiyah, Fever chart. Going out to the air show this aft?

DOC: I might. Though I'm a little tired of flying. With all the medical conventions I've flown to this year, I've taken off on more runways than Gypsy Rose Lee. And with much less applause.

MOL: Himself here used to do a little flying himself, Doctor.

DOC: A LIKELY STORY! He wouldn't get into an elevator without a complete weather report.

FIB: OH YEAH? I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PILOTS IN THIS COUNTRY, THERMOMETERPUSS! AND BEFORE THEY HAD ALL THOSE SISSY INSTRUMENTS, TOO. I LEARNED TO FLY BY THE SEAT OF MY PANTS. AND THAT WAS A BIG THING IN THEM DAYS!

DOC: In your case, it's a big thing now.

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE THERE, PILL-PUSHER! IF YOU' KNEW AS MUCH ABOUT MEDICINE AS I KNOW ABOUT AVIATION, YOU'D BE IN JAIL FOR MALPRACTICE RIGHT NOW! (PAUSE) Wait a minute. Is that what I meant?

MOL: Look, boys - and I do mean boys, because you both act like you were playing hockey from the third grade. - WHY DON'T YOU STOP INSULTING EACH OTHER AND ACT LIKE GROWN-UP MEN?

DOC: My dear, you are quite right. My apologies, McGee, If you say so, you are the greatest airplane pilot who ever lived. You could set a Constellation down on a badminton court, and do eight thousand consecutive outside loops in a concrete glider.

FIB: Thank you, Doctor. I have a high opinion of you, also. I think you are probably the finest physician who ever shook down a thermometer instead of a rich patient.



DOC: Thank you, my boy. I hope I will have the great privilege of seeing you fly, sometime.

FIB: Thank you, Doctor. And I hope that sometime I may honor you by letting you exray me with my clothes on. I know you wouldn't take unfair advantage by diagnosing my wallet.

DOC: Thank you. I sincerely trust that you --

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES...STOP IT! THIS IS WORSE THAN THE OTHER; GO AHEAD AND CALL EACH OTHER NAMES!

FIB: Okay. Look, Melon-Belly -- you say you were gonna be out at the air show?

DCC: Sure, Groundloop. And if you're going to prowls around those airplanes, let me give you a little advice.

MOL: What's that, Doctor?

DOC: Don't walk into any whirling propellers. They'll give you a splitting headache. SEE YOU LATER.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "OLD DAN TUCKER" .. KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) (CROWD MURMURS) ROARS OF PLANES TAKING OFF AND LANDING. FADE FOR:

MOL: My goodness, isn't this exciting, McGee! Look at that man getting into the plane with the knapsack on his back. Is he going camping, or something?

FIB: That's a parachute, kiddo. I ever tell you about the time I made the parachute jump and couldn't make the release-cord work. Fell seven thousand feet and then realized I was yankin' at my necktie. I'll never forget...(PAUSE) What's the matter?

MOL: McGee...did you bring the piano with you?

FIB: PIANO! WHY SHOULD I BRING THE PIANO?

MOL: The tickets are on top of it.

FIB: Oh, no, I got 'em. Come on, let's get over where we can see things...ONE SIDE, FOLKS...LET US THRU, PLEASE...

CROWD MURMUR...PLANES TAKING OFF IN DISTANCE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...look up there. See that bunch of planes flying in formation? AIN'T THAT ABOUT THE SLOPPIEST BUNCH OF PILOTS YOU EVER SAW? LOOK AT 'EM! CAN'T EVEN KEEP TOGETHER!

MOL: I think they fly very well...for mere pigeons.

FIB: Oh, are they pigeons? Maybe I better put on my glasses.

MOL: Look, dearie....isn't that a pretty little red plane over there? What kind is it, do you know?

FIB: Do I know? Certainly I know. I'll tell you in just a minute as soon as I check with this pilot here. Hey, bud! You work here?



MAN: Yes, I do. I'm chief airport engineer. Why?

FIB: That little red ship out there - the one they're all lookin' at. That's a...naturally that's one of those...

MAN: P-37. It's radio controlled.

FIB: That's what I thought. You see, Molly, it's radio controlled.

MOL: Oh, isn't that wonderful. You mean it flies alone - without anybody in it?

MAN: That's right, lady. We're going to demonstrate it in a few minutes. It's a regular pursuit ship - we just converted it to radio control.

FIB: Sure. You see, Molly, they converted it. Radio control.

MAN: That's the control tower over there. We fly it from there.

FIB: Control tower over there, Molly. Fly it from there.

MOL: My goodness - is it safe, sir? I mean --

MAN: With those controls on it, lady, it can't go wrong. It's as safe as a hammock.

FIB: Safe as a hammock, Molly. Sure, you see-- Hi, La Triv.

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia! So nice to see you!

GALE: Hello, Molly! McGee! Looking over the planes, are you?

FIB: Yep. Haven't bought anything yet, but we may decide to. You flying today, La Triv?

GALE: As a passenger only, McGee. I'm not a flyer and I long ago admitted it. (CHUCKLES) ~~Although it did take a few lessons to convince me, thought~~

MOL: Oh, <sup>their</sup> did try it, ~~did you~~, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Years ago, Molly - but I never had any talent for it. I'm a politician - not a pilot. When I set my Curtiss Jenny down in Lake Dugan one night, under the impression it was a vacant field, that sold me! (CHUCKLES) A man should stick to his last, I always say!

FIB: (PAUSE) How was that again, La Triv?

GALE: I say a man should stick to his last.

MOL: His last what, your honor?

GALE: What? Now look, I merely said that -

FIB: You said a man should stick to his last. But you aren't being logical. If you'd stuck to that last plane of yours, they'd still be draggin' Lake Dugan for you, and -

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY A MAN SHOULD STICK TO HIS LAST PLANE. I SAID -

MOL: Yes you did, your honor...you said it just as plain as anything.

GALE: I DIDN'T MEAN I DIDN'T SAY IT PLANE...ER...DISTINCTLY. I MEANT PLANE. P.L.A.N.E. AND THE PHRASE, "STICKING TO YOUR LAST" IS AN OLD COBBLER'S EXPRESSION THAT MEANS --

FIB: OH THAT'S FOR ME, BOY!! I LOVE IT!! WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE, LA TRIV? APPLE OR PEACH?

GALE: Apple or peach what?

MOL: Cobbler. I make a strawberry cobbler that McGee says is--

GALE: I WAS NOT TALKING ABOUT FOOD! I MEANT SHOEMAKER!



FIB: You mean Eddie Shoemaker that runs the hamburger joint on Oak Street? MY GOSH, HE SERVES THE WORST COBBLER IN TOWN! I ate there once and -

GALE: I DID NOT MEAN EDDIE SHOEMAKER. I MEANT ANY SHOEMAKER. DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF A SHOEMAKER BEING CALLED A COBBLER?

MOL: No, but if my shoemaker doesn't get my evening slippers back this month he'll be called worse than that! He's had them so long...

GALE: LOOK..PLEASE!..LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHTENED OUT. MY ORIGINAL STATEMENT WAS THAT "MAN SHOULD STICK TO HIS LAST". THAT'S WHAT I FIRST SAID.

MOL: That's right, Your honor. The first thing you said was last.

GALE: All right. Now then, the expression I used is a very old one, which means that a man should do what he can do best. Do I make myself clear?

FIB: Sure, but why try to drag old Eddie Shoemaker in to it? Just because he serves bad apple cobbler is no reason to--

GALE: (BLOWS UP) I WAS NOT DRAGGING COBBLY APPLER...ER...EDDIE SHOESTICKER...LOOK...WHEN I SAID THAT A PLANE FIRST...ER.. A STICK SHOULD LAST TO A...WHEN I LANDED IN DUGANS COBBLER...ER...YOU SAID...YOU WERE ONLY...I...YOU... (UGH...) (PAUSE) ....Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Yes, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I'm sorry I haven't the pleasure of repairing your evening slippers.

MOL: Why, your Honor?

GALE: Because there's a certain run-down heel of yours that I'd LOVE to take a hammer to! GOOD DAY!

SOUND: PLANES ROAR IN DISTANCE:

FIB: A run down heel, am I? I'll show that baby kisser, that two bit politician which of us is smartest. AND I WON'T LAND IN DUGAN'S LAKE, EITHER!

MOL: McGee...what are you going to do? COME BACK HERE!

FIB: I'LL SHOW HIM IF I CAN FLY OR NOT, RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING TO FLY THAT LITTLE RED PLANE! WHAT DO I CARE IF IT IS RADIO CONTROLLED! DON'T GO AWAY, BABY...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

SOUND: IDLE (FADE IN)

MOL: MCGEE...DON'T GET INTO THAT PLANE! HEAVENLY DAYS, YOU MIGHT...

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: MCGEE!

MAN: (EXCITED) WHO'S THE GUY THAT JUST GOT INTO THAT PLANE? HE CAN'T DO THAT!! THAT'S A GOVERNMENT PLANE AND --

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS...MOTOR UP WITH ROAR...UP AND TAKE-OFF...

MOL: Look at him go! Isn't he a wonderful little fellow?

DOC: (FADING IN) Molly! Was that McGee got in that ship?

MOL: Yes it was, doctor. Oh, Mr. Mayor, look! Did you see that takeoff.

GALE: Yes! Beautiful! But hey, wait a minute - IS HE ALONE IN THERE?

MOL: Well, naturally, Mr. Mayor. I think it does a man good to get away from his wife now and then.



DOC: WHAT? Why, he'll kill himself. That addleheaded --  
MOL: Please, doctor! McGee told you he knew all about  
flying, didn't he? After all --  
GALE: Look at him climb! He's peeling off and heading back  
now! LOOK AT THAT CHANDELLE!  
MOL: Isn't that graceful?  
DOC: It's dis-graceful - it's -- Sayyy, that's mighty pretty  
flying, at that, Molly! When I was giving him the bird,  
I didn't know it would take!  
GALE: I owe that boy an apology! By George, I never thought  
he knew enough about flying to --

ROAR OF PLANE COMING IN FAST

DOC: Here HE COMES! LOOK OUT!!

PLANE PASSES OVERHEAD VERY FAST

MOL: Himm - he was a little low, wasn't he?  
GALE: Yes. Pick up my hat, will you, doctor - I'm afraid to  
take my eyes off him.  
DOC: Pick it up yourself. I'm afraid to look away, too!  
MOL: He's circling again. My goodness, isn't that lovely  
flying? Here he comes for a landing!

PLANE COMING IN WITH MOTORS THROTTLED DOWN

GALE: Looks pretty good. Watch him now!

WHOOOMP AS PLANE HITS AND BOUNCES...WHOOOMP AGAIN...SQUEAL OF TIRES....

THUMP AS TAIL HITS...~~WHOOOMP~~

DOC: MARVELOUS!

GALE: AMAZING!!

DOC: COME ON! LET'S GET OVER THERE!

h (MOTOR OFF; DOOR OPENS)

MOL: (CALLS) McGee! McGee, are you all right!  
FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yeah, sure, I'm okay.  
GUARD: Get out of that ship, mister. You've got a lot of crust  
taking off a government ship without --  
FIB: Okay, okay, bud. Relax. No damage done.  
DOC: McGee, that was wonderful flying. By George, I never  
thought you --  
FIB: (LAUGHS LIKE HELL) Should we tell him, Molly?  
MOL: Yes. (LAUGHS) That plane is radio controlled, doctor.  
FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah, you thought I was flying it. All the  
time it was being controlled from the tower over there.  
(LAUGHS)  
GUARD: Look here, mister - you'll have to come over to the office  
with me and --  
FIB: Yeah, I want to talk to your officials, too. That was a  
very sloppy landing you guys made with this ship. You  
better check those controls and --  
GUARD: Sloppy landing WE made? Those radio controls aren't even  
connected yet. That was YOUR landing, mister!  
FIB: Oh, well in that case -- WHAT??? YOU - YOU MEAN I WAS  
REALLY FLYING IT ALL THE TIME???,  
MAN: Yes, and that's a very serious -- (THUMP) Pardon me,  
Madam, I think your father has fainted!  
ORCH: "I LOVE YOU THIS MORNING" - FADE FOR:



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: They say that a woman's work is never done. You ladies will agree with that, but I think you'll agree, too, that today there are many ways to save work. For example, kitchen floors that are protected with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT can be crossed right off your list of difficult chores. It's so easy to apply, for one thing. There's no rubbing or buffing. You just spread it around on your linoleum and other floors and let it dry...GLO-COAT shines itself. In 20 minutes you have gleaming floors that you can be proud of. And that's only one of the ways Johnson's GLO-COAT saves you work. Don't forget, too, that the tough GLO-COAT film takes the wear and tear, so your linoleum lasts much longer. If you're not using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, wouldn't it be a very good idea to start using it now?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG:

MOL: McGee....I'M still shaking like a leaf! When I think of you up there in that airplane....all alone....flying it yourself, ohhhhhhh....!

FIB: Relax, kiddo. The only thing that embarrassed me was when my trousers slipped off, afterwards.

MOL: How on earth did that happen?

FIB: Well, that plane wasn't fitted out for a pilot. Wasn't any safety belt. What I unfastened was my own. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND 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.

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

(CHIMES)