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#37

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

JUNE 11, 1946

MCGEE & MOLLY  
6-11-46

(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: "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMIN' MANANA"....FADE FOR:

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MC GEE & MOLLY  
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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: "Why don't you keep us up to date?" a woman asked us the other day. "I've always used JOHNSON'S WAX, but I've only just discovered JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. Why, it's wonderful." Well, she's right. This newest JOHNSON'S POLISH really is wonderful for furniture and woodwork. It's a white liquid that does a remarkable cleaning job-- cleans as it polishes. Women like it particularly for cleaning and waxing light painted woodwork, but it is equally good on dark woodwork and all furniture. And for keeping a white refrigerator clean and sparkling, there is nothing better. Dirt, spots and fingerprints are whisked away instantly when you apply JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. It requires a minium of rubbing, leaves a satin-smooth, dry wax finish that not only looks beautiful but wards off minor scratches. Spilled things wipe off easily. Cream Wax doesn't collect dust as oily furniture polishes do, either. You know all about JOHNSON'S Paste and Liquid Wax -- well, now get acquainted with JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH:

(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: TO SEE MRS. McGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HELPING HER HUSBAND MAKE HIS ANNUAL SELECTION OF CAMPING EQUIPMENT, YOU'D NEVER SUSPECT THAT THE ONLY OUTDOOR SPORT SHE REALLY LOVES IS HER HUSBAND. BUT HERE AT ABERCROMBIE AND SNYDER'S WHERE YOU CAN GET ANYTHING FROM POKER DICE TO ELEPHANT TRAPS, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Now lemme see...what else do I need?  
MOL: I can't think of anything, dearie. You've got a mattress that you blow up, and a camp stove that blows itself up.  
FIB: OH MY GOSH...A CAMP STOVE....THAT'S WHAT I NEED. HEY, BUD...ANYTHING NEW IN CAMP STOVES?  
MAN: (FADE IN) Oh yes indeed, sir! We have the new post-war models now. With built-in egg timer, fish-scaler, bathing suit dryer and corn popper. Solid steel, only weighs 97 pounds.  
MOL: NINETY-SEVEN POUNDS! HOW COULD ANYBODY CARRY A STOVE LIKE THAT?  
MAN: That's what makes this stove so unique, madam. You don't have to carry it. The legs are on clockwork hinges, and it walks along behind you from camp to camp. It can also be speeded up to chase rabbits.  
FIB: Lemme see it.  
MAN: I'm afraid we'll have to wait until two-thirty sir. Mr. Abercrombie, our president, is cooking his lunch on it.

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FIB: What time is it now?  
MOL: About half past. Look, McGee...if you're going to sleep out in the open, how about a mosquito net?  
FIB: A NET FOR MOSQUITOS? ~~NO SIR~~. NOT ME, SNOOKY. I CAN CATCH THEM THINGS WITH MY BARE HANDS. Hey, bud --  
MAN: Sir?  
FIB: Look. I'm takin' a two weeks float trip in the Ozark mountains. Fishin' and huntin'. Startin' at Naked Joe, Missouri and ending up at Powderhorn, Arkansas. You got any suggestions?  
MOL: And you can skip the one about staying home. I've tried that.  
MAN: Well now let me see, sir. How about a nice bobsled? We have one with ball bearing steering gear and chromium nameplate. It sells for only seven hundred and twenty-two dollars.  
MOL: WHY ON EARTH WOULD ANYBODY WANT A BOB SLED IN MISSOURI IN THE SUMMER?  
MAN: I don't know, madam, but I get a bonus of one hundred dollars if I sell it. And with a hundred dollars, I could get my mother out of jail.  
FIB: What's she in jail for, Buster?  
MAN: Oh, she's just a thoughtless little bobby socker, bless her heart! She's always going around socking bobbies.  
OH, BY THE WAY, SIR...HOW ABOUT HIP BOOTS?  
MOL: Need any hip boots, dearie? Yours leak in seven places.  
FIB: Gee, do they really?  
MOL: Yes, don't you remember - you call them your 7-leak boots?

FIB: YOU GOT ANY GOOD HIP BOOTS, BUD?  
MAN: No sir, but next week we expect some in. Good ones, too! They have a double sole, with four ounces of water sealed in. That gives you the squish without the disoomfort.  
MOL: Well, I guess you've got about everything you need, McGee. Just add those items up, sir, and let us know what the bill is.  
FIB: You got everything there, bud? The fishing rod, the air mattress, the combination can-opener and spud-slicer, the waterproof match box, and the compass?  
MAN: Yes sir. But are you sure you want this kind of a compass? This is the kind you draw circles with.  
FIB: I KNOW THAT! I FIND I ALWAYS TRAVEL IN CIRCLES ANYWAY, SO THIS TIME I'M GONNA MARK THE MAP BEFOREHAND. GET ME MY BILL, BUD.  
MAN: Yes sir...and if I'm not back immediately, (FADE) I'll be back of the elevators, sneaking a smoke.  
FIB: Look, Molly....why don't you change your mind and come on this fishin' trip with me? My gosh, you'll have a wonderful time.

MOL: No thank you, McGee. I'll spend the two weeks cleaning the living room curtains and having the bedroom papered. You just-- OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES...HELLO THERE, MILLICENT!

CARST: How do you do, my dear...Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Buyin' some sporting equipment? They got some wonderful underwater goggles. Great for finding that last butter knife when you're washin' the dishes.

CARST: I just came in to get Mr. Carstairs a birthday present, Mr. McGee. An archery set, I think. He has always wanted a bow and some arrows.

MOL: Has he a quiver, Millicent?

CARST: For a while, when he first gets up, my dear. But a few cups of black coffee usually stops it. Did you ever try archery, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Not since he was a little boy, Millicent. He played Cupid in a school play and shot the principal in the left flank with an arrow.

FIB: Yeah, and anybody that thinks Cupid is a symbol of love should of seen him chasin' me with a chair leg!

MOL: You going away this summer, Millicent?

CARST: Yes, we expect to spend a few weeks at our hunting lodge in Maine. Such a grand place to relax, you know. Why, some evenings...(and this is quite confidential, my dear) (LOWERS VOICE) Some evenings we do not even dress for dinner!

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS!! Hear that, McGee? Up there in Maine they really rough it!

FIB: Better not let down too much, Carsty. First thing you know, your husband'll be comin' to tea in a T-shirt. Hey, how big a shack you got up there?

CARST: Oh, it's just an old log cabin, Mr. McGee. Mahogany logs, of course.

MOL: Well, natch.

CARST: 25 rooms, not counting the conservatory and game room. Swimming pool, landing strip, boathouse, formal gardens and a 19 hole golf course.

FIB: A NINETEEN HOLE COURSE! A golf course don't have more'n 18, Carsty.

CARST: Really? Well, I don't play golf myself, but Mr. Carstairs is always telling about taking eight or ten shots to get out of a trap on the nineteenth. Are you going away this summer, my dear?

FIB: I'm tryin' to get her to go on a float trip with me for some fishin', Carsty. But she don't wanna go.

MOL: Oh, I have so many things to do here, McGee. You'll have fun going by yourself. Do you fish, Millicent?

CARST: No, but I am rather good with a shot gun, my dear. You must go out some time and shoot skeet with me.

MOL: Oh, I'd love to, Millicent!

FIB: You shoot 'em and I'll cook 'em, Molly. I gotta recipe for broiled skeet that I've used for years. Ain't they delicious, Carsty?

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CARST: Simply delightful, Mr. McGee. And no bones! Well, I must be getting on. Have a nice summer, both of you. Good day.

ORCH: "THE GYPSY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED)

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SOUND: TIRE PUMP. HISS AND CLUNK...HISS AND CLUNK, ETC.

MOL: What are you doing, McGee?

FIB: Pumping up this air mattress to see if it leaks anyplace. Listen, (PAUSE) Nope..don't hear any leaks. LOOK..WHY DON'T YOU GO ON THIS TRIP WITH ME? YOU LIKE TO FISH.

MOL: Yes, but I don't like sleeping on the ground, dearie. I like to get close to Nature but not that close. You take this trip alone.

FIB: Well, gee whizz -

MOL: Besides, I have SO many things to do around the house. Have the bedroom papered, clean the curtains in the -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there Doctor Gamble..do come in.

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Thanks, Molly. Hello, Bulgy. What's the bicycle pump for? Gonna put the tube in your mouth and inflate your ego?

FIB: No, Arrowsmith. If you would use those faded blue eyes of yours for something besides winking at nurses, you'd see that I am pumping up this air mattress.

MOL: He's going on a fishing trip thru the Ozarks, Doctor.

DOC: You going with him, Molly? Or do you welcome the interlude of peace and quiet with little Boomface out of your hair?

MOL: Well, he wants me to go, Doctor, but I think it would do him good to get off by himself, and not be bothered by having me to look after.

FIB: AW COME ON, MOLLY....YOU'RE NO TROUBLE.

DOC: I'll bet she's no trouble, Bucklewart. You just want her along because she can cook. By yourself, you'll come home with three croppies, and dyspepsia.

FIB: IS THAT SO! I'M A PRETTY GOOD CAMP COOK MYSELF, FATSO! I REMEMBER ONE TIME UP IN ALASKA, I TOOK TWO WILD DUCKS, SKINNED 'EM, WRAPPED 'EM IN CLAY AND BURIED 'EM IN THE HOT COALS FOR THREE HOURS. REMEMBER THAT, MOLLY?

MOL: Indeed I do, dearie! And I'll bet they would have been delicious, too!

DOC: What do you mean, "would have been?"

FIB: I couldn't remember where I'd buried 'em, is all. Far's I know, they're still cookin'. You goin' away somewhere for a vacation this summer, Doc?

DOC: No, I think I'll spend the summer in a nice air-cooled movie. I've tried going to summer resorts, but somebody always finds out I'M a doctor, and from there on, I'm working again. Next time I register at a summer hotel, it will be as Ignatz Jaggerfreon, a sculptor.

MOL: Why a sculptor, Doctor?

DOC: Can you imagine anyone getting a sculptor up in the middle of the night to do grandma's torso in granite? Certainly not. Well, have a nice trip, McGee. It'll do you good to get away from humanity for a while. Not that I have anything against humanity, except there are too many people mixed up in it. See you in the Fall!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character!

FIB: Yeah, Doc's a great guy. Only thing is, he...(PAUSE)  
LISTEN...IS THAT MATTRESS LEAKIN'?

SOUND: SLIGHT HISS:

MOL: No dearie..you're leaning on the bicycle pump.

FIB: Eh? Oh. (LAUGHS) For a minute I thought -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks...HEY, I HEAR YOU'RE GOING ON A FISHING TRIP, PAL!

MOL: Yes, he is, Mr. Wilcox. He's leaving in just a little while.

FIB: Gonna take a float trip, Junior, with Walter Bales. Startin' from Naked Joe, Missouri, and ending up at Powderhorn, Arkansas. Float down the river, camping and fishing along the way.

WIL: Gee, that sounds like fun! No rowing, eh?

FIB: Nary a row, Junior. Just set there on your big air mattress and let the river do the work. You going anyplace this summer?

WIL: I, am going to the Garden spot of America, Pal! Racine, Wisconsin!

MOL: Is Racine so beautiful. Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: It is to me, Molly. There is no prettier sight in the world than a full-grown paycheck, and mine are grown right there in Racine. Incidentally, I picked up a note from the office about the summer Johnson Wax show. Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians are taking over.

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MOL: Isn't that marvelous? I think Fred Waring is simply wonderful. Don't you, McGee?

FIB: Yeah. Yeah, he's good.

WIL: HE HAS ONE OF THE BEST SHOWS ON THE AIR, BARRING NONE!

FIB: Yeah. He's good.

WIL: Don't you think he's got a great show, Pal?

FIB: Yeah. He's good.

MOL: I think EVERYBODY likes Fred Waring's program. <sup>Fib: most everybody.</sup> He always does a great show.

FIB: Relies quite a bit on music, though.

WIL: CERTAINLY HE DOES....HE'S A FINE MUSICIAN. AND HE GETS OFF SOME PRETTY SMART REMARKS BETWEEN NUMBERS, TOO!

FIB: YEAH? WELL IF HE'S SUCH A HOT MUSICIAN, WHY DON'T HE STICK TO HIS MUSIC? I PLAY THE MANDOLIN MYSELF, JUNIOR, BUT DO I SET MYSELF UP AS A GREAT MUSICIAN? DO I TRY TO MUSCLE INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S RACKET? DO I TRY TO --

MOL: Why, McGee! Why are you so resentful?

WIL: Say, Pal....could it be that you're a little worried?

FIB: WHAT SHOULD I BE WORRIED ABOUT? WHAT IF RACINE SHOULD GET THE IDEA THAT WARING IS BETTER 'N MCGEE? ISHKABIBBLE! I CAN ALWAYS GET A JOB.

MOL: Doing what, Dearie?

FIB: Oh, I could always....er.....somebody might want a.... Or, if the worst comes to the worst, I could.....HEY JUNIOR, YOU GONNA ANNOUNCE THE SUMMER SHOW?

WIL: No, Waring comes on from New York and Bill Bivens is the announcer.

MOL: Oh BILL BIVENS!! A FINE ANNOUNCER! ONE OF MY FAVORITES.

WIL: Gee, really?

FIB: Oh she's always talked about Bill Bivens, Junior. And you know what? I understand he can pronounce all the big words....like linoleum, too.

WIL: SO WHAT? I CAN PRONOUNCE LIMONENUM...ER...MINOLEU.... anyway - that's not so important.

MOL: What is important, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: The important thing is that he knows about the product. Gee, I'd hate to think of a job like this in the hands of a guy who didn't know about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.

FIB: Oh, I think they'll probably tell him what --

WIL: IMAGINE HOW HORRIBLE IT WOULD BE IF BIVENS DIDN'T KNOW THAT GLOCOAT REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING! THAT IT SHINES AS IT DRIES. THAT YOU JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND AND LET IT DRY FOR 20 MINUTES OR LESS...

MOL: I'm sure he'll have all the information, Mr. Wilcox, before he --

WIL: AND IF HE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT CAN BRING BACK THE SPARKLING BEAUTY TO WORN AND TIRED OLD LIMOL...MALOL...

FIB: Look, Waxey, why don't you write him a letter about it?

WIL: Oh, I did. I sent him a 700-word telegram of instructions.

MOL: Why, that was a mighty nice thing for you to do, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, I figured it was better to be sporting about it.

FIB: A 700-word telegram must cost you a handsome nickel or so, Waxey.

WIL: Oh no. I sent it collect. WELL, SEE YOU IN THE FALL, KIDS! GOOD LUCK!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I better finish gettin' my stuff together, I guess. Lemme see, now...hunting knife...fishin' tackle... mattress...camp stove...comic books...YOU SURE YOU WON'T GO WITH ME, MOLLY?

MOL: What is important, Mr. Wilcox?

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MOL: No thank you, McGee. It's nice of you to want me along, but I'll stay and stretch the curtains while you go and stretch the budget.

FIB: Well, all right, but --

DOOR CHIMES:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN...CLOSE:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Oh hello there, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp, old man. You look kinda worn out, boy.

WIMP: Oh I am, Mr. McGee. Our lawn sprinkler got broken and my wife made me run around the lawn in circles all morning with a sprinkling can, while she stood on the steps and flicked my ankles with a bull whip.

MOL: That's pretty terrible, Mr. Wimple, but isn't using a bull whip on you rather flattering?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Well, I suppose it really is, Mrs. McGee. But Sweetface (that's my big old horrid wife) Sweetface is awfully clever with a whip.

FIB: Can she knock a cigarette out of your mouth at fifty paces, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, she's much better than that, Mr. McGee. One night there were some cats making a dreadful noise in our front yard, and Sweetface leaned out the bedroom window and cracked her whip and there wasn't another sound all night long! It was just wonderful!

MOL: She really got those cats, did she, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, she fell out the window.

FIB: Wimp, I predict that one of these days you'll get tired of bein' pushed around, and you'll let her know who wears the pants in your house.

WIMP: Oh you're sooo right, Mr. McGee! I've got it all planned out how I'll do it, too. The next time she starts in on me, I'm going to step up on a footstool and look her right'in the eye. "WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO?", I'll say. And then she'll slap me across the room and as I fall I'll knock over the goldfish bowl. And when she runs to pick up the goldfish, I'll grab her compact and fill it full of itching powder! (SNICKERS) I hope it's still good - I've had it for nine years.

MOL: You're just in time to say goodbye to himself here, Mr. Wimple. He's going on a two-week camping and fishing trip.

FIB: From Naked Joe, Missouri to Powderhorn, Arkansas, Wimp. Float trip. Molly don't wanna go with me...how about you?

WIMP: Oh, I'd just love it, Mr. McGee! But I don't like to leave Sweetface that long.

MOL: FOR ONLY TWO WEEKS?

WIMP: Yes, I don't like to leave her for only two weeks. If it was for three months, I'd-- Say, Mr. McGee...have you got time to come over to my house a minute?

FIB: No, I haven't, Wimp. I'm sorry. But I'm leaving as soon as I load this stuff in the car. Why?

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WIMP: Well, just as I left, Sweetface was trying to move our big radio and it fell over on top of her.

MOL: GOODNESS ME, MR. WIMPLE...IS SHE STILL UNDER IT?

WIMP: Yes, but it's tuned to NBC so she won't miss Bob Hope and Fib-- OHHH, SHE'S HEARD EVERYTHING WE'VE SAID! ISN'T THIS AWFUL! I'VE GOT TO GO NOW...SEE YOU IN OCTOBER!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

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FIB: Well, I got the car all packed, Molly. I got enough equipment in that jalopy to take me to Tibet and back, but I believe in takin' everything I need when I go fishin'!

MOL: Sure you've got everything, McGee?

FIB: Absolutely. Checked it off on my list as I packed it.

MOL: Well, what's all that stuff on the piano?

FIB: On that's just my fishing tackle that....OH MY GOSH.... MY FISHING TACKLE! THANKS, KID!

MOL: Don't mention it.

FIB: Look....you still got time to change your mind and come with me. How about it?

MOL: You're sweet to want me to come, dearie, but I'm going to welcome a quiet two weeks to get a few things done around here. But as soon as you get to Undressed Joseph, Missouri, you send me a postcard and --

FIB: It's NAKED JOE, Missouri. I showed it to you on the map.

MOL: I know, and that's one reason I'm staying home. That's not a very ladylike place to start a fishing trip. If it was --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia....hello, your Honor.

GALE: Hello, Molly. How are you, McGee?

FIB: Great, La Triv, great. You're just in time to wish me GOIN ON A FISHING TRIP TO NAKED JO, MO. luck on my fishin' trip. Leaving in a few minutes.

GALE: Well, I hope you both have a wonderful time.

MOL: I'm sure we will, your honor. I'm going to stay home and relax.

GALE: Very intelligent of you, I'm sure. By the way, who's doing the summer show for Johnson's Wax?

FIB: The Pennsylvanians, La Triv. Great outfit. They'll be on for fifteen weeks. It'll be Waring all summer.

GALE: What do you think it's been all winter?

MOL: WHY MISTER MAYOR...YOU MADE A JOKE!!

GALE: I'm not very proud of it, personally. Jokes about a man's name are always very clever to the person who perpetrates them, but pretty old hat to the one who's name it is.

FIB: You mean Fred Waring?

GALE: In this case, yes.

MOL: Did you ever meet him, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: No, I never had that pleasure.

FIB: Then what right have you got to make remarks about his clothes?

GALE: I DIDN'T MAKE ANY REMARK ABOUT MR. WARING'S CLOTHES.

MOL: Oh yes you did. You said his hat was pretty old.

GALE: I BEG YOUR PARDON. I SAID NOTHING OF THE SORT. I SAID JOKES ABOUT A MAN'S NAME ARE PRETTY OLD HAT AND ----

FIB: A guy with the name that Fred Waring has got has gotta right to wear any kind of a hat he wants to, La Trivia. He'd still be a wonderful showman if he wore mukluks and a beanie. Just because ---

GALE: NOW LOOK HERE, McGEE....I THINK YOU'RE DELIBERATELY TRYING TO EMBROIL ME IN AN ARGUMENT...AND I ---

MOL: There can't be any argument about criticising the hat of a complete stranger, Mr. Mayor. This is a democracy, and if a man chooses to wear an old hat ---

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY THAT MR. HAT WAS WARING AN OLD WARING...ER... I MEAN, IF HE WANTS TO LEAD HIS HAT IN AN OLD BAND....ER... WEAR HIS BATHAND ON A BANDSTAND...HE....IF A....NOW LOOK...

FIB: Control yourself, La Trivia. Don't shout at my wife.

GALE: (YELLS) I WAS NOT SHOUTING AT YOUR WI -- (SOFTLY) I was not shouting at your wife. I was only trying to explain that I made no reference whatsoever to Mr. Waring's hat. I was merely utilizing a certain slang expression. When you say something is "OLD HAT", it means that it's all too familiar. Have I made myself clear?

FIB: Yes, but you might be a little more careful about indulging in personalities, La Triv. A man's hat is his own business, and an old hat is ----

GALE: (BLOWS UP) OH STOP IT, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!! YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT I DIDN'T INTEND ANY HEIFER TO MR. HATTING'S REFERENCE....ER...HATTERANCE TO MR. WARING'S REEFER.... ER.....RIFFLE.....ER.....HATTLE. WHEN I SAID THAT AN OLD BAND LEADER WAS A HAT....ER....AN OLD....I SAID.... YOU STATED....NOBODY WOULD TRY TO...I...WE....UGHHHH....

(PAUSE) McGee....

FIB: Yes?

GALE: I'm sorry I won't be at Naked Joe, Missouri, to see you off.

MOL: That's nice of you, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yeah, thanks, Ia Triv.

GALE: That's all right. It's an old dream of mine to see you floating down the river. Well, have a pleasant summer.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I guess I better be gittin' started, Molly. What time is it?

MOL: About half past.

FIB: Great. That ought to get me to Naked Joe, Missouri about daylight. LOOK...WHY DON'T YOU THROW SOME STUFF IN A SUITCASE AND COME ALONG? IT'LL BE AN AWFUL LONESOME DRIVE WITHOUT YOU.

MOL: No thank you, sweetheart. I'm glad you want me along, but with the bedroom to be papered and the living room curtains to --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Hmmmmmm, I wonder who....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MUGG: (THOMPSON) MR. MCGEE?

FIB: Yes?

MUGG: IF YOU HAVE SIXTY-FIVE CENTS FOR ME, I HAVE A TELEGRAM FOR YOUSE, FROM A RELATIVE.

MOL: How do you know it's from a relative, son?

MUGG: IT'S COLLECT.

FIB: Here, Molly..you read it. I wanna check over my list and see if I've packed everything.

MOL: All right. (TEARING PAPER) Just a minute boy...there may be an answer. (PAUSE) OH HEAVENLY DAYS...MCGEE..LISTEN!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: IT'S FROM COUSIN SALVADOR! he says: "AM BRINGING WIFE AND SEVEN CHILDREN TO SPEND SUMMER WITH YOU! PLEASE WIRE PREPAID MOST CONVENIENT TIME FOR ARRIVAL!" That does it, McGee....I'M coming with you!...HOLD EVERYTHING...I'LL BE PACKED IN TEN MINUTES!!!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UPSTAIRS

FIB: How much you say I owe for this, bud?

MUGG: Sixty five cents, Mac.

FIB: Here you are, bud.....and a dollar for yourself. That was nice timing!

MUGG: Well, you told me to be here at exactly half past....so I done it. Thanks, Mac!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: McGee, you're a dirty old conniver, and if you'd learn to cook you wouldn't have to stoop to things like this.

(CALLS) HEY MOLLY...HURRY UP!!!

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR:

FIBBER & MOLLY  
6/11/46

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WIL: It's really great to be able to hit the highways again, and enjoy the open air. But I think you'll agree it's even more fun if your car is clean and sparkling. "That's very true," you say, "but how do I get my old bus to sparkle without a lot of darned hard work?" The answer to that is an easy one -- JOHNSON'S CARNU and surprisingly little of your time. You'll be amazed how easy it is to give your car a beautiful polish with CARNU. Unlike ordinary car polishes, it's a wax-fortified liquid that both cleans and polishes in one application. There's none of that hard rubbing. You just apply it and let it dry to a white powder. When it's dry, you simply wipe the powder off and that old road grime goes right along with it. You'll hardly know your car ... the finish will shine and sparkle as if it had just rolled off the assembly line. Try JOHNSON'S CARNU, won't you? It's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -24-

TAG:

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ON BEHALF OF EVERYBODY ON OUR SHOW AND THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX, WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR ANOTHER YEAR OF YOUR LOYAL LISTENING. AND WE THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL PROGRAM WITH GREAT MUSIC FOR YOU AT THIS SAME HOUR THIS SUMMER! BETWEEN FRED WARING AND JOHNSON'S WAX, YOU CAN EXPECT A POLISHED PERFORMANCE.

MOL: So, until October, thank you again, and goodnight.

FIB: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF AND PLAYOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and inviting you to listen in again next Tuesday night when you will hear The Fred Waring Show. Fibber and Molly and all of us will be back again in October. Goodnight.

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

(SHIMES)

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