

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 Benaderat, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, - music by the King's men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

Johnson's Wax
FINISH THEME:
(Palm Springs)

WIL: COMMERCIAL

Tuesday October 22, 1946 Number Four

(COMM'L P. 3)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10-22-46

(2ND REVISION)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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...usually it is a matter of good taste in
...ment and good housekeeping. In which highly
...ished floors and other surfaces play an important
... floors are regularly polished with
... WAX becomes more and more beautiful. Their
... leading mellow sheen that shows off your
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... In every room there are many uses for
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... and a hundred other accessories glow and sparkle
... when polished. (COMM'L P. 3) WAX. Of course, you know
... that the tough wax film protects all these surfaces
... against dirt, wear and spilled things. Also, it saves
... you hours of work because waxed surfaces are so easy
... to keep clean. Why not add to the friendly charm of
... your home ... with JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or
... Cream?

MUSIC: RIDE, RIDE, RIDE

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Why is it that some homes seem to have so much more charm than others? Expensive furnishings? Not as a rule. Usually it's a matter of good taste in arrangement and good housekeeping.....in which richly polished floors and other surfaces play an important part. Floors that are regularly polished with JOHNSON'S WAX become more and more beautiful...they acquire a gleaming mellow sheen that shows off your furnishings to best advantage. Table tops, woodwork, radios and sideboards shine with beauty when they are wax protected. In every room there are many uses for this old favorite. Ornaments, chair arms, leather goods and a hundred other accessories glow and sparkle when polished with JOHNSON'S WAX. Of course, you know that the tough wax film protects all these surfaces against dirt, wear and spilled things. Also, it saves you hours of work because waxed surfaces are so easy to keep clean. Why not add to the friendly charm of your home with JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream?

MUSIC: RIDE, RIDE, RIDE

WILCOX: MRS. MOLLY MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, LOVES HER LITTLE HOME AND EVERYTHING IN IT. BUT THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS IN THE LIVING ROOM WHICH SHE THINKS COULD BE FRESHENED UP A LITTLE...SUCH AS THE COAT, PANTS AND SHOES ON THE FELLOW LYING ON THE SOFA. LISTEN TO HER NOW, ADDRESSING THE POOR MAN'S ADOLPHE MENJOU, AS WE MEET --
FIB: Bro. Menjou. --- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!---

APPLAUSE:
MOL: - AND, while I don't expect you to lounge around the house in scotch grain brogues, pleated dress shirts and ascot ties, I DO think you might give yourself a little more care. Frankly, dearie, you look like an inhabited donation to the clothing drive.

FIB: Well, you know me, tootsie. Strictly a guy for comfort.
MOL: OPEN: I have nothing against comfort, sweetheart. It's nice work if you can get it. HOWEVER, the creases you don't have in your pants, are beginning to show up as wrinkles on my forehead.

FIB: Baby, never let it be said that McGee wouldn't co-operate. Whaddye want me to do? Name it, and I'll consider it.

MOL: Well, to start from the bottom and work up, give a thought to your shoes.

FIB: What's the matter with 'em? I'll admit if Prince Charming found one at a ball, he wouldn't scour the village for Cinderella, but they're comfortable.

MOL: The heels are run down like an absent-minded pedestrian. They have less polish than a Mississippi senator, and the lowers are definitely on their uppers. Really a man in your position should have new shoes.

FIB: A man in what position?
 MOL: Lying down, on the sofa. Where people can see how worn your soles are. AND THOSE SHOELACES! No wonder you get dressed so fast in the morning. You must make thirty knots an hour just in your shoelaces!
 FIB: My dear, I have never pretended to be a dude. I'm no Bro Bummel. I am not a fop. BUT,....Rather than cause you a moment's distress...saddle the mules, and we'll gallop down to the Bon Ton. I'LL BUY SOME NEW ONES!
 MOL: Good for you! You'll LOVE some new shoes.
 FIB: Oh I didn't mean shoes. I meant shoelaces. Come on, get your hat and let's go. We can be---

DOOR CHIME: COME IN!

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

FIB: OH HIYAH, ELSIE! It's Elsie from the beauty parlor, Molly.
 MOLLY: Hello, Elsie. Did I leave my compact there again?
 ELSIE: Yes, honey, and I just left it there. I says to myself, Miss Merkle, I says, quit draggin' that compack back and forth like a Labrador Receiver, and
 FIB: RETRIEVER, Elsie.
 ELSIE: Is that the kind of a dog which you throw a stick in the lake and he runs in and brings back somebody's bathing cap, Mr. McGee?
 MOL: That's the kind, Elsie. Do you have a dog?

ELSIE: No, Mrs. McGee....I always wanted one, because mamma always told me to be dumb to kind animals, but when I went shopping for a dog, I had a horrible experience.
 FIB: Why, Elsie? Get a wire-hair with a short circuit?
 ELSIE: No, but the salesman who was trying to sell me a Doberman turned out to be a pincher himself.
 MOL: Heavenly days...how revolting! What did you do, Elsie?
 ELSIE: Honey, I hung a shanty on his eye that would solve the housin' situation until 1972. I was so preturbed that when I got back to the Wistful Vista Saloon of Beauty, I turned out three clients with purple hair!
 FIB: Sounds rather attractive, Elsie. Beauty parlor work must be kinda interesting. Incidentally, you know the best way to avoid falling hair?
 MOL: How, Mr. McGee?
 FIB: Just duck to one side. (LAUGHS) Get it, girls? To avoid falling hair, just duck to one side. (LAUGHS)
 ELSIE: It's a pun, involving a certain -
 MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!
 ELSIE: It certainly taint!
 FIB: Really? That's odd. I've used that joke for twenty-two years, and it's always been, HEY, YOU GOTTA GO, ELSIE?
 ELSIE: Yes, I think it's safe now.
 MOL: Safe, Elsie?
 ELSIE: Yes, Mrs. McGee...there's a certain fellow which he's been following me for several days now, wherever I go, and I don't wanta stay outa sight too long for he might get discouraged. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM

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SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE .. CROWD MURMUR

FIB: Quita character, that Elsie. If I had her job, I'd soon be a woman-hater, and I'm glad I'm not, because you being a woman, --

MOL: I hate to interrupt what might turn out to be a lovely little bit of sentiment, dearie, but if we're going down to the Bon Ton, ^{to get some shoe strings} remember the days are getting shorter.

FIB: EH? Oh yeah....come on...let's go! WHERE'S MY MUFFLER?

MOL: MUFFLER? Why, McGee, it's warm out today!

FIB: I know, but if I wear a muffler, I don't have to put on a necktie. Where do you suppose I put my muffl....OH I KNOW! IT'S IN THE HALL CLOSET.

MOL: NO, MCGEE...PLEASE....I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO---

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...CLOSET (CABINET, IN CANADA EFFECT) PAUSE.

FIB: I gotta ^{straight} clear out that sound effect one of these days!

ORCH: SELECTION

APPLAUSE:

COP: WHY, YE LITTLE SPALPEEN, I'LL....

FIB: AW PIPE DOWN, YOU ROAD-COMPANY MICK! And what are you doing in this precinct, anyway? Like the trap drummer that was playin' the fly specks, you're a little off your beat, aren't you?

COP: DON'T BE IMPUDENT, YE LARRIKEN! What's the matter with you today that the sweet music of me nightstick on your noggin wouldn't cure?

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE .. CROWD MURMUR

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee....look at that mob of people!

FIB: What did you expect it to be a mob of - giraffes?

MOL: No, but I forgot this is dollar day at the Bon Ton.

FIB: Well, let's go home then. Anytime I pay a dollar for a pair of shoelaces --

COP: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, LET'S KEEP MOVIN' ALONG NOW!! KEEP THE ENTRANCES CLEAR!..EITHER YE'RE GOIN' IN OR YOU'RE COMIN' OUT, SO MAKE UP YER MINDS AND --

FIB: WATCH WHO YOU'RE SHOVIN' THERE, YOU SLAB-SIDED BUNION GROWER!

COP: (ROARS) BUNION GROWER, IS IT? FAITH AND BEJABERS AND BEGORRA, AND OTHER TYPICAL HIBERNIAN EXPRESSIONS, I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO RUN YE IN, YE SCUT!

MOL: McGee....IT'S OFFICER MULCAHEY!

FIB: I DON'T CARE IF IT'S ELLERY QUEEN! GET YOUR FRUIT-STAINED PINKIES OFF MY COAT COLLAR, YOU HAM-HANDED STOP SIGN!

COP: WHY, YE LITTLE SPALPEEN, I'LL....

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COP: DON'T BE IMPUDENT, YE LARRIKEN! What's the matter with you today that the sweet music of me nightstick on your noggin wouldn't cure?

MOL: Himself is a little allergic to shopping trips, Mr. Mulcahey. Be nice, dearie. The officer is only doing his duty.

FIB: Well, let him do his duty to somebody else then. Come on, let's get this over with. SO LONG, SQUARE.

MOL: Good day to you, Officer.

COP: And good day to yourselves, if I do say it myself that don't mean a word of it. Take care of yerselves, and may yer cows never go dry....(FADE OUT) ALL RIGHT NOW, KEEP THE ENTRANCES CLEAR, FOLKS....EITHER YER GOIN' IN OR YER COMIN' OUT AND....

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: McGee, the officer's name is Mulcahey. Why did you call him square?

FIB: Because when you want him he's never around. Come on, let's go in....

SOUND: SWISH OF REVOLVING DOOR .. CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE

MOL: Quite a crowd, isn't it? I suppose we'll find the shoestrings in the notions department. Let's ask the floorwalker. Do you see him anyplace?

FIB: That's him right over there.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: He's the only one in the store that's standing still.

HEY, BUD, WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR SHOELACES?

MAN: In the top righthand drawer of my dresser, sir. I usually....OH, YOU MEAN IN THIS STORE?. Notions counter, sir, four aisles over and -- I BEG YOUR PARDON, AREN'T YOU MR. FIBBER MCGEE?

MOL: If he isn't, there's going to be quite a scandal in our neighborhood.

FIB: Why, bud?

MAN: I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME IN, SIR! THE new suits you ordered in 1942, '43, '44 and '45 have arrived. They've already been altered and charged to your account.

FIB: WHAT?!!!!

MOL: AT THIS LATE DATE?

MAN: We did the best we could, madam. After all, he signed for them, you know....

FIB: SO WHAT IF I DID? MY GOSH, YOU SHOULD OF KNOWN WHEN PEACE BROKE OUT I'D WANNA CANCEL THE ORDER. CALL THE MANAGER!

MAN: Yes sir. Have you seven dollars and sixty-five cents in change?

FIB: Why?

MAN: I'll have to call him long distance - he's in Palm Springs at a menswear convention.

FIB: Oh, skip it. Come on, Molly.

MOL: McGee - look at those beautiful California Sport Shirts. Why don't you get one?

FIB: Think I oughtta?

MOL: Yes. They're so comfortable - wear the collar open, no tie, the tail out --

FIB: That ain't my trouble. I wear the collar out and the cuffs out, but I never wear out the --

MOL: All right, dearie....

MOL: ~~Let's stop by the stationery counter, McGee. I'd like to look at one of those new fountain pens.~~

FIB: Which ones?

MOL: ~~The ones you fill with water and they write under ink. The advertisements say--~~

DOC: WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE, TO COIN AN OLD EXPRESSION. Good day, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiya, Skin Gifter! If you're lookin' for the cutlery department, it's in the basement, and for a low character like you, the basement is--

MOL: McGee! Mind your manners!

DOC: Never mind him, my dear. One can't expect courtesy and refinement from one whom the stork delivered on the wrong side of the airport.

FIB: WHOM DELIVERED WHO ON THE WRONG SIDE OF WHAT AIRPORT?

MOL: LOOK, YOU MEDICAL MISFIT, I CAN TRACE MY ANCESTORS BACK THROUGH RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, IVAN THE TERRIBLE AND PIERRE THE LUCKY. YOUR FAMILY TREE WAS SUCH A SLIPPERY ELM, YOU COULD HARDLY HANG A HORSETHIEF ON IT!

DOC: WHY, YOU LITTLE OUTCAST! MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER WAS A CHEROKEE INDIAN, AND I HAVE MORE AMERICAN BLOOD IN MY EAR LOBES THAN YOU COULD GET WITH A TRANSFUSION FROM THE RAINBOW DIVISION!

FIB: IS THAT SO! COMPARED TO MY FAMILY, THE INDIANS WERE IMMIGRANTS. YOU'RE SUCH A--

MOL: No, Jasper.. I am Mr. Molotov and this lady is Catherine of Russia. We're shopping for some Iron Curtains.

MOL: BOY, BOYS, BOYS!! STOP IT! THE WAY YOU WRANGLE, ANYBODY WOULD THINK THIS WAS A PEACE CONFERENCE. Are you shopping for something, Doctor?

DOC: Why yes, my dear. Tomorrow is Miss Tremayne's birthday, and I thought I'd pick up some little gift.

FIB: Lemme give you a tip, Doc, old man.

DOC: Yes?

FIB: We're good friends of the girl who does her work at the beauty parlor, and I happen to know Miss Tremayne's favorite perfume is called "DESTINY AT MIDNIGHT". Twenty-two bucks an ounce.

MOL: But, McGee, I don't think--

DOC: That's all right, my dear. If it was ninety-seven dollars an ounce, it wouldn't make any difference.

FIB: WHAT? IT WOULDN'T?

DOC: No, because I have already bought her some handkerchiefs.

FIB: See you later, Molly. Good day, Wormface.

MOL: Good day, Doctor. (ASIDE) McGee, are you trying to stir up trouble? Elsie Merkle said Miss Tremayne HATED "Destiny at Midnight" perfume.

FIB: It was a fairly safe suggestion, kiddo. Gamble thinks no more of 22 bucks than England thinks of the Crown Jewels. Hey, which way is the notions counter? Let's get those shoelaces and scream outa here.

MOL: All right, dearie. He said four aiales over and --

MAN #2: I BEG YOUR PARDON...ISN'T THIS MR. AND MRS. FIBBER MCGEE?

FIB: No, Jasper. I am Mr. Molotov and this lady is Catherine of Russia. We're shopping for some Iron Curtains.

MOL: Don't be impudent, McGee. Yes sir, we are Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

MAN: OH, I AM SO GLAD, MADAM! I HAVE WONDERFUL NEWS FOR YOU!

FIB: Yeah?

MAN: Yes sir. The five dozen rubbers gloves you ordered during the war are being delivered to you today! Isn't that marvelous? (FADE OUT) Thank you for being so patient.

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, BUD! COME BACK HERE...I DON'T--
(PAUSE) My gosh...five dozen rubber gloves!

MOL: What on earth did you order those for, McGee?

FIB: Well, gee whiz - you couldn't get rubber gloves during the war. For years I--

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello there, Molly. Greetings, pal!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiya, Juney. What's cookin'?

WIL: My wife. I came in to buy her a new egg-timer.

MOL: An egg-timer?

WIL: Yeah. Shall I get one for you, pal? From what I have experienced with your gags, you could use an egg-timer.

FIB: NEVER MIND MY GAGS, JUNIOR! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE WHITES, I'LL HANDLE THE YOKES!

MOL: Oh, that's cute, McGee! I think I'll send that to the Reader's Digest.

FIB: Too late. That's where I got it. It's always a...(PAUSE) What you lookin' for, Junior?

WIL: I had a message for you from the manager of the sporting goods department. He said...OH, HERE IT IS! (RUSTLE OF PAPER) He said your three barrels of clay pigeons were here and shall they deliver 'em or will you pick 'em up?

MOL: THREE BARRELS OF CLAY PIGEONS!!! MCGEE, DID YOU ORDER THOSE?

FIB: I got an uneasy feeling I did, Molly. But that was several years ago and I wanted to help the Army give instruction in wing shooting, as soon as I learned it myself. TELL HIM I WANNA CANCEL THE ORDER, WILLYA, JUNIOR?

WIL: I think it's too late, pal. They've been charged to your account.

MOL: Four suits. Clay pigeons. Rubber gloves. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, MCGEE. OUR BANK ACCOUNT IS CRACKING UP LIKE A FOREIGN POLICY.

WIL: Before you go, drop up to the household goods on the third floor, kids. Marvelous demonstration up there.

FIB: Demonstration of what, Junior? Somebody invented a new can opener that opens a can instead of your left thumb?

WIL: Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat.

MOL: JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT!! MCGEE...YOU'VE HEARD OF THAT!

MOL: Tell 'em we'll be there November 5th, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat. Hmm. I believe I
HAVE heard it mentioned, for about twelve years now,
off and on.
WIL: You ought to go up and see the demonstration. Miss Wilma
Connolly from Racine is giving it. It's really amazing!
MOL: Really? For a man who's been seeing those demonstrations
for all these years, Mr. Wilcox, you amaze awfully easy!
WIL: Well, I still marvel at the wonder and beauty of it! To
think how a little Glocoat poured out, spread around and
let dry can make an unhappy old linoleum smile again.
AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS!
FIB: Yeah, but --
WIL: TO SEE THOSE FADED COLORS COME BACK TO LIFE...TO SEE THE
SCUFFS AND ROUGH PLACES DISAPPEAR! TO KNOW THAT SOME
HOUSEWIFE CAN HAVE HOURS MORE OF LEISURE AND REST. Why,
sometimes I just...I just...I just...
MOL: NOW NOW NOW!! DON'T GET EMOTIONAL, MR. WILCOX!
FIB: Look at his lip quiver, Molly. One of these days his
wife is gonna sue the wax factory for alienation of
affections.
WIL: OH, SPEAKING OF THE FACTORY, PAL...LISTEN...WE'RE ALL
INVITED TO RACINE NOVEMBER FIFTH FOR THEIR SIXTIETH
ANNIVERSARY. CAN YOU GO?
MOL: Oh, we'd love it, Mr. Wilcox...that is, if we can get
himself here some new shoelaces in the meantime.
FIB: I'LL GO ANYWAY! If the treasurer of the company sees me
barefooted, he might consider a-- No, I guess he wouldn't.
He's already expressed himself on that.
MOL: Tell 'em we'll be there November 5th, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Swell! I'll get a bird off first thing in the morning.
FIB: YOU'LL DO WHAT?
WIL: Send them a bird. I communicate with the factory
by carrier pigeon, didn't you know?
MOL: Why, how interesting! Why, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: No stamps. I saved 17 dollars last fiscal year.
WELL, SEE YOU LATER, CHILLUN'.

CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE:

FIB: Come on, Molly. I wanna get those shoelaces before
the joint closes.
MOL: Yes, we've been holding Old Home Week in the aisles
here so long --
WOMAN: I BEG YOUR PARDON. IS THIS MR. MCGEE...OF 79
WISTFUL VISTA?
FIB: Yes, sis. What can I--
WOMAN: WHEN YOU HAVE A FREE MOMENT; CAN YOU STEP INTO THE
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT? I am Miss Beedletrim,
the buyer.
MOL: Why, certainly, Miss Beedletrim. But what did you --

WOMAN: MURMUR I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU YOUR SEVENTY-FOOT DEEP FREEZE

FIB: UNIT. IT JUST ARRIVED, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL? WE CAN SEND IT OUT TO YOU BY FRIDAY.

FIB: WHAT? A SEVENTY-FOOT DEEP FREEZE UNIT? I NEVER ORDERED ANY SUCH A-- (PAUSE) When was that, sis?

WOMAN: *During the wash air* In 1943, I believe. I can look it up on your signed order. *darling bridge favors. Every time I see these*

MOL: (MUTTERS) ~~A signed order.~~ A 70-foot deep freeze unit.

FIB: Four suits of clothes... *five dozen rubber gloves... three*

MOL: *and signed orders* barrels of clay pigeons... McGee! *bring silver bud vase,*

FIB: Eh? you? *That little group of public enemies I play*

MOL: Who taught you to write? *from Oak Ridge, Tennessee.*

FIB: You know. Miss Fidditch, in the third grade. Why?

MOL: I want to send her a nasty telegram. NOW COME ON AND

FIB: GET YOUR SHOELACES! *Oh, Tootsie!*

MOL: ~~AND WHY NOT, MAY I ASK? A FINER BUNCH OF GIRLS NEVER~~

ORCH: SELECTION - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE: ~~STAND THERE AND ACCUSE MY FRIENDS OF--~~

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY... I was merely--

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Good day, McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Hiya, La Trivia. Hey, I got news for you.

MOL: Really?

MOL: Now, McGee, if it's--

CROWD MURMUR..FADE FOR:

FIB: Look, Molly..we been tryin' to get to the notions counter for forty-five minutes. I gotta get those shoelaces. Whoops! Dadrattit, there goes my left shoe again.

MOL: Where is it? Oh, I GOTTA get those shoelaces!

MOL: I know, dearie, but I just couldn't resist looking at these darling bridge favors. Every time I see these I wish I played bridge.

FIB: You do play bridge - remember?

MOL: You never saw me bring home a sterling silver bud vase, did you? That little group of public enemies I play bridge with is strictly from Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

MOL: When they get through with my hand it make Hiroshima look like Shangri La.

FIB: Well, don't play with 'em, Tootsie!

MOL: AND WHY NOT, MAY I ASK? A FINER BUNCH OF GIRLS NEVER LOOKED FOR A PRICE MARK ON OUR DRAPERIES. HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE AND ACCUSE MY FRIENDS OF--

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...I was merely--

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Good day, McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Hiya, La Trivia. Hey, I got news for you.

GALE: Really?

MOL: Now, McGee, if it's--

FIB: Look, LaTriv. We just met Doc Gamble in here and he says
 FIB: it's Fifi Tremayne's birthday tomorrow. in Oklahoma.
 GALE: The information, I believe, is available to anyone with
 MOL: sufficient curiosity to look into any theatrical reference
 book. Kansas, and furthermore --
 MOL: How old is she, Mr. Mayor? OKLAHOMA WAS IN YONKERS. I MEANT
 GALE: She is exactly thirt...er...as I say, Molly, the information is available to anyone with suffici--AH...
 FIB: WE DON'T CARE HOW OLD SHE IS, KID...BUT LOOK...I HAPPEN TO
 KNOW THAT FIFI TREMAYNE'S FAVORITE PERFUME IS "DESTINY AT
 GALE: MIDNITE" - and GET THIS!!..GAMELE ONLY BOUGHT HER SOME
 MOL: HANKIES!!! then, what was she doing?
 MOL: But McGee, I told you that Miss Tremayne didn't --
 FIB: HOW ABOUT IT, LA TRIV? YOU GONNA LET THAT FORTY CENT
 FRACTURE PEDDLER BEAT YOUR TIME? GET HER A SLUG OF IT, That stuff
 BOY. IT'S ONLY 22 BUCKS AN OUNCE! could --
 GALE: I thank you for the suggestion, McGee. DIDN'T SAY SHE SANG
 FIB: You gonna do anything about it? ...I MEAN SHE PLAYED IN THE
 GALE: No. If Doctor Gamble doesn't think he can afford such an
 expensive gift. I shall not take advantage of the situation.
 I shall get her some handkerchiefs too. IN TREMAY...ER...MAY
 MOL: GOOD FOR YOU, MR. MAYOR!!! YOU'RE A SPORTSMAN! ...YOU
 GALE: Thank you. As I once told Miss Tremayne when she was
 singing 'in "OKLAHOMA", it isn't the --
 FIB: Where bouts in Oklahoma, LaTriv? I gotta cousin in
 GALE: Muskogee, and --o have a job with the city?
 GALE: I was referring to the musical play by that name, McGee.
 MOL: Oh it was wonderful, too. But where in Oklahoma was it
 playing when you met her, Mr. Mayor. Oklahoma City?

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GALE: IT WAS IN YONKERS.

FIB: Don't be silly, LeTriv. Yonkers ain't in Oklahoma.

GALE: OF COURSE NOT...OKLAHOMA WAS IN YONKERS.

MOL: Now that's ridiculous. Any schoolboy knows that Oklahoma is in Kansas, and furthermore --

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA WAS IN YONKERS. I MEANT THE PLAY. WHEN THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA WAS FIFI-ING IN A MUSICAL...I MEAN, WHEN THE PLAY YONKERS WAS OKLAH...ER..

FIB: Look, LeTriv. Let's not get excited. Let's give it a chance. Now then. You met Miss Tremayne where?

GALE: In Yonkers.

MOL: Good. Now then, what was she doing?

GALE: Singing in Oklahoma.

FIB: That's a physical impossibility, LeTriv. If she was in Yonkers, who could hear her singing clear out in Oklahoma? If she had a voice like that, she could --

GALE: SHE DIDN'T HAVE A VOICE LIKE THAT! I DIDN'T SAY SHE SANG FROM YONKERHOMA TO OKLAHONKERS...I MEAN SHE PLAYED IN THE SANG...ER...SANG IN THE THEATRICAL PRODUCTION OF YONKERS... ER..THE YONKERS COMPANY OF OKLAFIFI...NOW WAIT A MINUTE... YOU SAID THAT IF I MET MISS OKLAHOMA IN TREMAY...ER...MET FIFI YONKERS IN A PLAY OF A SING IN OKLA...I WAS...YOU WERE...I...YOU.....OOOPHHHHH..... (PAUSE, PANTING)

McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Would you care to have a job with the city?

MOL: Oh he'd love it, Mr. Mayor, wouldn't you, McGee?

FIB: It depends. What kind of a job, LeTriv. I don't wanna have any particular favors, mind you. I wanna start at the bottom.

GALE: *You will. You're the new sewer inspector.* Then you're just the man I want! You are the new Reservoir Inspector. Good day.

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Listen, McGee...why must you try to stir up trouble between The Mayor and Doctor Gamble? Don't you realize they're both gentlemen and nobody can win anything from a gentleman except another gentleman?

FIB: I'm just tryin' to needle 'em along, baby. That love affair of theirs is too quiet. Needs some fireworks. If love was supposed to be conservative don't you think cupid would wear more clothes? My gosh, I don't -

MAN: OH I SAY...AREN'T YOU MR. MCGEE....?

MOL: Oh no...not again!!

FIB: Wha..What...what is it, bud?

MAN: YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT, MR. MCGEE.. IT'S HERE!! WE'VE EVEN GOT IT ON THE TRUCK FOR DELIVERY!!!

MOL: You look ill, dearie...lean on the counter. I'll ask the man. WHAT'S LOADED ON THE TRUCK FOR DELIVERY, SIR?

MAN: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) WHY THE COMBINATION BOMB SHELTER AND SEPTIC TANK MR, MCGEE HAS HAD ON ORDER FOR THREE YEARS!! IT'S SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL, MR. MCGEE!!! REALLY!!

FIB: (WEAKLY) Yeah but I. But I...but I...that was way back in ..Look, bud I...(GETS SORE) A BOMB SHELTER!! NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BUD...THE SUITS I CAN MAYBE USE...THE GLOVES I CAN SELL, THE CLAY FIGEONS I-CAN SHOOT...THE DEEP FREEZE (PAUSE)

MOL: Yes?

FIB: I'll think of something for that. BUT A BOMB SHELTER!
BUD, IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE I'M GONNA BE STUCK FOR--

MAN: I'm sorry, sir. We have your signature on an order.
You'll have to discuss the details with the credit
manager. Good day.

MOL: This has been quite a shopping trip, dearie. How are we
fixed for rocket ships - and diving suits?

FIB: Quit, kiddo...quit..don't rub it in...I feel awful enough
as it is...let's get my shoestrings and go home.

MOL: All right, Pet. We'll get out of this somehow. Here's
the notions counter. SAY, MISS...MY HUSBAND WANTS SOME
SHOESTRINGS, PLEASE.

FIB: 28 inches, sis. Brown ones.

WOMAN: Shoestrings, sir? OH, I'M SORRY, BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO GET METAL TIPS FOR SEVERAL YEARS. WE HAD A
WAR ON, YOU KNOW. IF YOU'D CARE TO SIGN THIS WAITING
LIST, WE'LL BE GLAD TO--

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: SELECTION - FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I was looking at some beautiful miniature rooms the other
day..and among them were some old, old kitchens. Gosh,
they certainly give you something to think about! Can you
imagine having to go back to kerosene lamps again, or
drawing water from an outside well? Or think of the hours
of continual scrubbing it took to keep those big old
floors looking nice! Now you're more fortunate on that
floor business...with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT it's the easiest
thing in the world to have kitchen floors that are always
clean and bright. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT is
self-polishing...you apply it, then let it dry...that's
the whole simple GLO-COAT story. There's no rubbing or
buffing...in 20 minutes your linoleum is wax-polished
and gleaming, its colors and patterns clear and fresh.
GLO-COAT also saves you work because it's so easy to keep
a GLO-COATED floor beautiful and clean. Wipe the shining
surface with a damp cloth and spilled things and dirt
simply vanish. Why don't you find out what beautiful
linoleum and other floors you can have in a jiffy -- with
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

MUSIC:

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old kitchens. Gosh,
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lean. Wipe the shining
led things and dirt
out what beautiful
ave in a jiffy -- with

TAG

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...SUSTAIN

FIB: Isn't this awful, Molly? Imagine all those wartime
orders coming to life? Clay pigeons, four suits, rubber
gloves, a deep freeze...OH THIS IS TERRIBLE!

MOL: Now don't you worry about it, dearie. We'll think of
some way to --

MAN: BY GEORGE..JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR...MR. MCGEE!"
I HAVE IT! (FOOTSTEPS OUT)

MOL: You have what, sir?

MAN: YOUR THREE-TON DUMP TRUCK, MR. MCGEE...JUST ARRIVED
YESTERDAY...IT'S TAKEN US FOUR YEARS!! BUT WE GOT IT!

MOL: A dump truck!

FIB: Just what I need! Back it up over at the Bon Ton, Bud.
I got enough stuff over there to fill -- Huh? Oh -
goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson
Wax Products for home and industry, and thanking the
Men's Wear Palm Springs Fashion Roundup for its
hospitality. We invite you to be with us next Tuesday
night. Good night ...

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

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

Tuesday, October 29, 1946