

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #5

*File
by Quinn*

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

for

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, October 29, 1946

N. B. C.

(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 Benaderet, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: FINISH THEME

(COMMERCIAL, PAGE 3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know, along about this time of year, I always wish I could make a personally conducted tour of your home. Winter's practically around the corner, and I'd like to make sure that all your linoleum floors are properly protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. If you've never used GLO-COAT you'll really appreciate this tough wax protection. For one thing, you'll find it so much easier to keep floors always clean and nice looking. When the children or the delivery boy track in mud and dirt, or when you spill something, you don't have to perform a major cleaning operation. You simply wipe the shining surface of your floor with a damp cloth, and right away it's clean again....its colors bright and beautiful. Easy to use? Glo-coat certainly is - there's no rubbing or buffing. Just apply it, then let it dry....GLO-COAT shines as it dries. How about that.....don't you think it's a good idea to protect and beautify your linoleum and other floors.....with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT?

ORCH: RIDE RIDE RIDE

WILCOX: NOW THAT THE MEAT MARKETS ARE AGAIN ECHOING TO THE HAPPY LAUGHTER OF CONTENTED BUTCHERS, A ROAST IN THE OVEN IS NOT SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO HIDE FROM THE NEIGHBORS, LIKE AUNT SARA TAKING SNUFF. MEET TWO PEOPLE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA RIGHT NOW WHO HAVE A ROAST IN THE OVEN. YES, WE MEAN -----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY."

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Boy, don't that meat smell good! I haven't flung a fang into a hunk o' beef for so long I was almost gettin' to like vegetables! Isn't that a horrible thought?

MOL: You always like salads.

FIB: Salads you can doctor up so it don't taste like vegetables. HEY, DID YOU GET A ROAST BIG ENOUGH?

MOL: My dear boy, a five-rib roast of beef is enough for six people.

FIB: That's for me, kiddo! I'm so meat hungry I snapped at a fat airedale yesterday.

MOL: I was thinking, dearie...why don't we have someone over for dinner? Maybe Doctor Gamble, or Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: Aw, they're so busy tyin' the feed bag on Fifi Tremayne, they wouldn't take time to -- (PAUSE) Hey!

MOL: Yes?

FIB: (CHUCKLES) I got a great idea!

MOL: Mmm.

FIB: WHAT'S THE SHUDDER FOR?

(REVISED) -5-

MOL: Just an automatic reaction to any great idea of yours.

FIB: Oh, this is a lulu! Look...let's ask Gamble and La Trivia over for dinner - AND Fifi Tremayne! (LAUGHS) Can't you picture them two romeos fightin' to pass her the salt?

MOL: McGee, I think you have a very good idea, there!

FIB: Eh? YOU DO?!!

MOL: Yes. I think it would be a nice hospitable gesture to Miss Tremayne. She's new in town, and I'd like to meet her.

FIB: Me too! I'd like to see a hairpin that can make two middle-aged college graduates act like high school kids on a hayride.

MOL: Now don't you fall in love with her too, dearie.

FIB: Don't worry, Snooky. I just took up your option for another hundred years. Besides, she's an actress, and I don't go for actresses. They go into the deathbed scene every time they pull a run in their socks.

MOL: How do you know so much about actresses? Is there some chapter in your life I skipped?

FIB: Look, mommy. Remember all the years I was in vaudeville with old Fred Nitney from Starved Rock, Illinois? I saw enough female acrobats, magicians' assistants and Hepburn imitators to last me seven lifetimes! I always--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: HIYA, LA TRIVIA, OLD MAN! I WAS JUST GONNA CALL YOU UP!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.

0

(REVISED) -6-

GALE: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee. What were you going to call me about? You know my policy against fixing traffic citations.

FIB: Just because the City runs and slaps a fireplug in all the good parkin' places don't mean I'm always the taxpayer that gets caught, La Triv.

MOL: We wanted to ask you over for dinner tonight, Your Honor.

GALE: Well, thank you, I--

MOL: There's a beef roast in the oven that would make a cattle rustler bite his branding iron, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: How's about it, La Trivia? Strictly informal. Green tie and tennis shoes.

GALE: My friends, there is nothing I would rather do, believe me. But I have a council meeting tonight that I simply MUST attend.

FIB: Aw, skip the burglar's convention and come on over. We're gonna ask Fifi Tremayne, too.

GALE: REALLY? Miss Tremayne? Well, now, I...I-- No, it's impossible! Thank you very much anyway. ~~But until I take certain vows in connection with Miss Tremayne in the near future, I hope - my oath of office must come first.~~

MOL: Better consider it, Mr. Mayor. Rare roast beef, browned potatoes, baking powder biscuits, mixed green salad, coffee, pumpkin pie and Miss Tremayne. Those are rich dishes!

GALE: I know, I know...and it's a horrible decision to have to make. Possibly I can get over here later...in-time to escort Miss Tremayne home.

0

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah? You think? Take my advice, La Trivia,
and be here.

MOL: He means that Doc--

GALE: No, I'm sorry. REALLY sorry. This council meeting is
extremely important. Councilman MacAdam wants
Fourteenth Street repaved with concrete --

FIB: MacADAM?

GALE: No, concrete. He says --

MOL: WELL, IF COUNCILMAN CONCRETE WANTS MacADAM --

GALE: IT ISN'T COUNCILMAN CONCRETE! IT'S MacADAM! HE WANTS THE
(PAUSE) No. No thank you. I have no desire to get
embroiled in one of those things today. THANK YOU FOR
THE INVITATION, MOLLY.

FIB: We're sorry you can't make it, La Triv. Some other time,
maybe..

GALE: I hope so. Good day.

MOL: Good day, Your Honor.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, that kinda ruins my plans, kiddo.

MOL: I don't think we ever did tell him that Doctor Gamble was
coming. If he'd only known --

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: WHAT? GAMBLE COMING?

FIB: Sure, that's why we were --

GALE: SET A PLACE FOR ME, MOLLY! I'LL BE HERE!"

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well!!

FIB: That guy can change his statements faster than a
politician. WHAT AM I SAYING? HE IS A POLITICIAN!

ORCH: ~~SELECTION~~ *Mola'*

APPLAUSE

MOL: McGee, I just talked to Miss Tremayne on the telephone and she's going to be here for dinner.

FIB: SWELL...HOW ABOUT DOC?

MOL: Why don't you call him?

FIB: Okay. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Why don't you just reach over and pick it up?

FIB: Better dialogue this way.

MOL: Oh. Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA RECEIVING HOSPITAL. YEAH. (ASIDE) I don't know why they call it the receiving hospital when most of their work is deliveries. Maybe it's-- WHAT, OPERATOR? OH, MYRT! HIYA, MYRT. HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT?

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR MOTHER! GOT HER HAND CAUGHT IN A WHAT?

MOL: Heavenly days...what happened to Myrtle's Mother?

FIB: Playin' bridge and got her hand caught in a finesse.

MOL: WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, CONNECT ME.

FIB: Be sure to tell the doctor--

MOL: Wait, a minute...HIYA, DOC? FIBBER MCGEE. WE WANT YOU TO COME OVER FOR DINNER, TONIGHT. WE'RE HAVING ROAST BEEF. LA TRIVIA'S COMING, TOO. EH? OH, YOU CAN'T, EH? WELL, I'M SORRY YOU CAN'T MAKE IT. OKAY, BOY, YOU'RE THE DOCTOR...BUT LOOK, KID, FIFI'S GONNA BE HERE. G'BYE! (CLICK)

MOL: Why are you looking at your watch?

FIB: I wanna see how long it takes him to call back. He's--

SOUND: TELEPHONE; RECEIVER UP:

FIB: (FAST) HELLO-OKAY-ABOUT SEVEN THIRTY. (CLICK) He'll be here.

MOL: Now look, McGee. If you're planning on any deviltry...getting those two men to fighting, or something...please forget it.

FIB: Oh my gosh, just a little good-natured ribbing won't--

MOL: NO!

FIB: Okay. The situation is fraught anyway, without any help from me. This'll be the biggest--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN, CLOSE:

ELSIE: It's just me, Mrs. McGee. Elsie Merkel from the beauty saloon.

MOL: Oh, hello, Elsie.

FIB: Hiya, Elsie. I'll take the compact.

ELSIE: All right, here it is.

MOL: Thank you, Elsie. I hope it wasn't too much trouble.

ELSIE: Oh, not in the least slightly, Mrs. McGee. Anyways, it was such a nice day for a walk, I thought I'd go out for my daily conversational.

FIB: The word is constitutional, Elsie.

ELSIE: Not the way I do it, Mr. McGee - I'm a regular walkie-talkie! Besides, I just love to go for a long walk in the rain. It's so kinda poetic, or something.

MOL: But, Elsie dear, it isn't raining.

ELSIE: Well, they're washing the windows on the Wistful Vista Trust Building, which is almost the same thing. I walked past it four times. You like to walk, honey?

MOL: Frankly, no, Elsie. I think it's the worst way to get any place that was ever invented.

FIB: Me, too. I had a job once delivering mail in Peoria. My feet got so tire^d people complained I wasn't giving 'em civil service. Got fired. They let me keep my uniform and mail pouch, though.

ELSIE: Yeah, like so many govmint jobs - you get left holding the bag.

MOL: Did you ever have a government job, Elsie?

ELSIE: Pratically, Mrs. McGee - I useta run the beauty shop in the Pentagon Building.

MOL: Oh, in Washington.

ELSIE: Yeah, and did I have customers! The biggest society women in Washington useta come to my shop all the time.

FIB: No kiddin'? To have their hair done?

ELSIE: No - to use the telephone.

MOL: My, those Washington women always look so well-groomed, Elsie. Especially those lady Congressmen. I saw that Mrs. Bilk, from our district, in the paper today and her hair was such a beautiful blonde. Is that really natural?

ELSIE: I'm sorry, Mrs. McGee - but in Washington that is known as a TOP secret! ... Besides, she swore me not to tell when I bleached it for her the first time.

FIB: Well, we don't want you to break any promises, Elso. It kills me, though, the trouble some women go to to stay beautiful. I'm glad men don't hafta go through--

MOL: Oh, now, some men are just as bad as women, McGee!
Aren't they, Elsie?
ELSIE: You never spoke truer, honey! I've got a gentleman
friend which he's all the time admiring his hands - and
he spends all afternoon on his nails!
FIB: All afternoon on his nails? Migosh, he must be a dude!
ELSIE: No - a carpenter. He sits on a keg and plays gin rummy...
I gotta go now. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You know, dearie, that girl understands people pretty
well. She's nobody's fool!
FIB: Give her time - she'll get married one of these days.
Hey...ain't that roast about done?
MOL: Oh, nowhere near. Say, you don't think they'll expect
cocktails, tonight, McGee?
FIB: Nah. La Trivia don't drink. And you know what Doc
Gamble says about drinkin'.
MOL: No. What does he say?
FIB: He says it makes such fools of people and most people are
such fools to begin with, that it's compounding a felony.
MOL: That sounds exactly like the Doctor. He always--
DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:
WIL: HELLO, MOLLY...HIYA, PAL!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiya, Juney. What's the matter? If you're sniffing at
my shaving lotion, it's what you gimme for Christmas.

WIL: No, I'd swear I smelled a roast beef cooking. I remember
that smell from years back!
MOL: That's what it is, all right, Mr. Wilcox. Doctor Gamble
and Mayor La Trivia are coming to dinner tonight. AND
Miss Fifi Tremayne.
WIL: Oh yes. I've met her. Wonderful woman.
FIB: What's she like, Juney?
WIL: Well, I'd say Miss Tremayne was charming, beautiful,
well-groomed and highly intelligent.
FIB: That don't leave much, unless she also does leather tooling
and watch repairing. She's kinda smooth, eh?
WIL: Yes, a very cosmopolitan woman.
MOL: That's what I judged from some of her subscribers.
WIL: But I don't want to keep you kids when you're busy here.
I just dropped in to read this wire from Racine. Listen:
HARLOW WILCOX, REPRESENTATIVE, S.C. JOHNSON AND SON, INC.
MAKERS OF GLOCOAT, WHICH GIVES YOUR LINOLEUM AND OTHER
FLOOR COVERINGS THAT BEAUTIFUL, GLOSSY EFFECT...WISTFUL
VISTA.....Expecting you Racine next week. Big celebration.
(Signed) S.C. JOHNSON AND SON, INC., MAKERS OF GLOCOAT
WHICH SHINES AS IT DRIES IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS TO A BRIGHT,
GLEAMING FINISH...RACINE, WISCONSIN.
FIB: Western Union must love those guys, Waxey! A seven-word
telegram, with seven minutes of signature on it. Migosh,
they use up 3 miles of telegraph wire just for the address.
MOL: That's not what bothers me about the wire, Mr. Wilcox.
Is - is that ALL it says?

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: Yeah, how about --

WIL: Oh no - there's a postscript here. It says P.S. BRING THE McGEES....(Signed) GLOCOAT, WHICH GIVES YOU LINOLEUM AND ---

FIB: Okay, okay, okay! We KNOW who it's from, Waxey! You told us.

MOL: Yes. And we'll be there next week, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Swell. I've gotta scram now. Spaniel Eyes and I are entertaining at dinner tonight, too, and I promised I'd get home and lend her a hand with it.

MOL: Good for you. Do you cook, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Not much. But I told her I'd help her get the stuff out, spread it around on the floor and --

FIB: SPREAD WHAT ON THE FLOOR? THE FOOD? THAT'S THE MOST UNSANITA--

WIL: NO NO NO.....THE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT! IT LEAVES A BEAUTIFUL GLOSSY EFFECT THAT --

FIB: Okay, okay, okay! You gotta go now, Junior? Swell. I hope your dinner is a success.

WIL: It will be. We're going to the best restaurant in town.

MOL: RESTAURANT!!! THEN WHY SPEND THAT TIME SLICKING UP YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: Well, gee whiz, suppose as we went out the front door, a burglar should sneak in the back. CAN I - A JOHNSON'S WAX REPRESENTATIVE -- AFFORD NOT TO HAVE A BRIGHT, GLEAMING LINOLEUM? I'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE UNDERWORLD!

DOOR SLAM:

(2ND REVISION) -16 & 17-

FIB: You know, I could get to resent him if I wasn't naturally tolerant, and if it wasn't for a few other things, such as come in the mail once a week. Usually a little late.

MOL: If it'll get your mind off it, sweetheart, you can help me set the table.

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Now let me see, put those salted almonds over on the --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: If that's them, they're early. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man. Have a chair.

WIMP: No thank you, Mr. McGee. Sweetface - that's my big old wife - Sweetface has been practicing drop-kicking ever since the football season opened.

MOL: What's that got to do with your not sitting down, Mr. Wimple, as if I didn't have a sneaking suspicion?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Well, she lost her footsie-ball up on the roof, and dropkicked me up there to throw it down again.

FIB: You ought to get your private flying license for that, Wimp. You've learned to fly by the seat of your pants.

m

MOL: How's everything else around your house, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh just peachy, Mrs. McGee. Peachy-dandy. I sold three greeting card verses yesterday, and they ordered lots and lots more.

FIB: ~~Greeting card verses, eh?~~ What kinda greeting cards, Wimp? You mean like "HAPPY EASTER TO A BRAVE LITTLE BOY WHO JUST HAD HIS TONSILS OUT?" - stuff like that?

WIMP: Well.....something like that, Mr. McGee. I wrote a Thanksgiving card I thought was rather effective.

MOL: We'd love to hear it, Mr. Wimple. If it's not violating your copyright.

WIMP: It goes like this, Mrs. McGee.....THANKSGIVING IS A LOVELY DAY.

FIB: Saaayyyy, I like that! That's great, Wimp! Concise, clear --

WIMP: There's more to it than that, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh.

WIMP: THANKSGIVING IS A LOVELY DAY --

MOL: Very nice! It rhymes with the first line.

WIMP: That WAS the first line, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Don't stall, Wimp. Finish it!

WIMP: THANKSGIVING IS A LOVELY DAY
THERE IS NO HOLIDAY TO BEAT IT,
WHEN YOU HAVE RELATIVES ALL AROUND,
THEN GIVE 'EM THE BIRD AND MAKE 'EM EAT IT!

FIB: That's beautiful, Wimp. Fine sentiment.

WIMP: Well, it's commercial, I think. Would you care to hear my verse about Christmas now?

MOL: I'd love to, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: All righty.

MOL: But I've got a roast (FADING) in the oven, and I'd better go see about it...

WIMP: It's called "TO CHRISTMAS".

FIB: "To Christmas"? That's nice...(FADING) I better go help Molly with the roast...

WIMP (PAYS NO ATTENTION)

OH, CHRISTMAS MORN IS A TIME OF JOYS
OF CHILDREN MAKING AWFUL NOISE,
SLUGGING EACH OTHER WITH THEIR TOYS,
THEIR LITTLE FACES GLISTENING.

WHEN SANTA BRINGS THEM SLEDS AND SNOW,
Crashin' into trees they go
~~A BELLY-BUSTING THEY WILL GO,~~

JUST TRY TO SLEEP - THEY'RE SCREAMING SO -
(PAUSE) AW, GEE - NOBODY'S LISTENING!

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "ON THE BOARDWALK"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -20-

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES .. SILVER

MOL: Well, I guess that's everything, McGee....let me see now.... napkins....silver....ashtrays....water.

FIB: How about Iodine?

MOL: IODINE? FOR WHAT?

FIB: With these sharp knives, and Gamble and LaTrivia not takin' their eyes offa Fifi, somebody's bound to stab themselves.

MOL: They can eat from memory. (FADE SLIGHTLY) Now let's --

SOUND: OFF MIKE FADE IN FAST .. SIREN AND MOTOR ROAR IN AND OUT CAR DOOR SLAM

FIB: My gosh, whaddye suppose is -- IT'S AN AMBULANCE STOPPING HERE!!!!

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!!!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN HEAVY FOOTSTEPS

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....DOCTOR GAMBLE!! ... ON A STRETCHER!!!!

FIB: DOC!! ... ARE YOU HURT, BOY?

DOC: What? Oh no. I just had my pants pressed and didn't want to get them wrinkled. Thanks very much, boys.

SOUND: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, that was a very effective entrance, Doctor.

DOC: It was in the interest of good grooming, my dear, not dramatics. Is....is she here yet?

FIB: Who, Doc?

DOC: Miss Tremayne?

MOL: OH, Miss Tremayne. No she hasn't arrived yet, Doctor. Do sit down and be comfortable.

DOC: I'll sit down, but I doubt if I'll be comfortable. This collar is stiffer than a host at a bachelor dinner.

FIB: You sure are dressed up, Gargles. First time I ever saw you when you didn't look like an old seat cover.

DOC: Don't judge a man by his clothes, Chowderhead. Look at Mahatma Ghandi. The leader of millions, and what does he wear? Horn-rimmed cheaters and a pillow-slip.

MOL: Very true, Doctor! My mother always used to say, "BEWARE OF THE MAN WITH RAZOR SHARP CREASES, HE'S PROBABLY WANTED BY THE CITY POLICES."

DOC: Yes, by the way....Miss Tremayne....why doesn't she come?

MOL: Oh just be patient, Doctor.....she'll be here, it's still early.

FIB: Maybe LaTrivia stopped by to pick her up.

DOC: WHAT? DO YOU REALLY THINK HE'D --

MOL: No, no, no....she's coming alone, Doctor.

FIB: Sure....I was just kiddin' Doc. HEY WHAT IF THE MAYOR SHOWS UP IN WHITE TIE AND TAILS?

DOC: HE WOULDN'T DARE!!

MOL: Oh I don't know. He's such a stickler for formality he'd --

SOUND: OFF MIKE .. SIREN AND BELLS .. ROAR UP TO LOUD AND CUT

FIB: Hey migosh, a police car! It's comin' here.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM

DOC: If this is a raid, McGee, I never saw you before.

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN .. MARCHING FEET OUT WITH ONE-TWO

d

GALE: Thank you for the escort, men.

COP: NOT AT ALL, YER HONOR, IT'S A PLEASURE AND A PRIVILEGE!

MOL: (ASIDE) McGee, it's Officer McClanahan!

COP: SHURE AND THE BHOYS AND MESELF, CONSIDER IT A GREAT HONOR, YER HONOR, TO HAVE THE GREAT HONOR OF SERVIN' SUCH A GREAT YER HONOR AS YER HONOR, YER HONOR!

FIB: (ASIDE) Aw, migosh, that apple-polishin'--

COP: 'TIS HAPPY WE ARE TO SERVE SUCH A GREAT PUBLIC LEADER AS YERSELF, A MAN AS FEARLESS AND HONEST AS THE DAYS ARE LONG, ME BEIN' ON A SHORT SHIF'T THIS WEEK. A MAN WHOSE TERM AS MAYOR OF THIS FAIR CITY HAS BEEN THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF--

GALE: (PHONEY MODESTY) All right, thank you, officer. You flatter me.

COP: (ROARS) YE TOLD ME TO FLATTER YE, YE SPALPEEN-- ER, YER HONOR! I'VE GOT IT WROTE IN BLACK AND WHITE, JIST AS YE GIVE IT TO ME AT THE STATION. "BUTTER ME UP", YE SAYS, "THERE'S NOTHIN" IMPRESSES A LADY LIKE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCES' --

GALE: THAT WILL DO, McCLANAHAN! YOU MAY GO! All of you!

MARCHING FEET OUT WITH ONE-TWO...DOOR SLAM:

FIB: 'And you can relax, La' Triv. Fifi's not here yet.

GALE: Oh. Good evening, Molly. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Sit down, your honor. I think you know Doctor Gamble.

GALE: Yes. How do you do, Doctor.

DOC: How do you do, Mr. Mayor. We seem to meet rather often these days.

FIB: Sort of coming and going, eh, Doc?

MOL: WELL...IT'S BEEN A NICE DAY, HASN'T IT?

GALE: Delightful.

DOC: Very pleasant.

(LONG PAUSE)

FIB: You guys must bowl Fifi over with your snappy repartee.

MOL: I - I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BOTH BEEN VERY BUSY LATELY.

GALE: Yes - very.

DOC: Yes - quite.

(LONG PAUSE)

FIB: I got a piece of string, if you two fellahs want to play a game of cat's cradle.

DOC: No, thanks.

GALE: Thanks.

(LONG PAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -25-

FIB: Has Fifi decided which one of you guys --
MOL: I've got a beautiful beef roast in the --
DOC: I wonder what's keeping Fifi, she should --
GALE: Miss Tremayne should have been here by this --

LONG PAUSE

FIB: It seems to me you two romeos could ---
MOL: I certainly hope the roast beef is as good as --
DOC: Probably I should drive over and ---
GALE: I wonder if I should pick Miss Tremayne up and --

LONG PAUSE

FIB: If I was chasin' after a dame like you guys --
MOL: When I got the roast from the butcher, he said --
DOC: Do you suppose she could have gotten the wrong --
GALE: I've never known Miss Tremayne to be late to --

LONG PAUSE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOL: (RELIEVED) I'LL GET IT!

SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER

MOL: 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin'....Who?....Oh yes,
Miss Tremayne.....

(REVISED) -26-

DOC&GALE: (IN UNISON)...LET ME SPEAK TO HER!!!

FIB: SIT DOWN, BOTH OF YA! MY WIFE'LL TELL YOU IF YOU'RE WANTED.

MOL: (IN PHONE) WHAT WAS THAT, MISS TREMAYNE.? OH OF COURSE..I
REALIZE HOW THOSE THINGS HAPPEN. BRING YOUR FRIEND ALONG,
BY ALL MEANS. WE'D LOVE IT! GOODBYE, MISS TREMAYNE.

(RECEIVER UP)

FIB: What goes, kiddo?

MOL: Set another place at the table, McGee. Miss Tremayne had a
friend drop in suddenly from out of town.

DOC: Hear that, La Trivia? Fifi's bringing a friend for you.
Isn't that nice?

GALE: You're the odd man here, Doctor. Miss Tremayne is bringing
a friend for you.

FIB: Who'd she say it was, Molly? Anybody we know?

MOL: No. Just someone she met on an army camp U.S.O. tour. I
didn't recognize the name. She said he was very well known
overseas.

DOC: SHE SAID HE WAS.

GALE: A MAN?

MOL: Yes, his name is Kilroy.

DOC: KILROY.!!

GALE: Good heavens.!!

FIB: ...KILROY HERE.!! ^{oh will be} THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR COMMERCIAL.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Here's a question. Name five different JOHNSON'S WAX Polishes. - there's Paste and Liquid Wax, Glo-Coat, Carnu, that's four. Can you guess the fifth? Why JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, of course - the newest member of the famous JOHNSON family that was especially developed for your furniture and woodwork! In appearance it's a creamy-white liquid, and as different from oily furniture polishes as night from day. CREAM WAX contains several effective cleansing agents. It also contains genuine wax. So JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX not only removes dirt, spots and fingerprints easily and quickly - it also leaves a beautiful satin-smooth wax lustre on the surface. Dust and dirt won't cling to this smooth non-oily wax finish, so an occasional light dusting is all that's needed to maintain the bright, wax-polished beauty. Can you imagine anything more perfect for your furniture, light and dark woodwork, table tops, refrigerators, and kitchen equipment? Try it -- JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX.

ORCH: MUSIC UP

TAG

MOL: My, that Mr. Kilroy was a nice man, wasn't he, McGee?
FIB: Yeah...not in a class with Doc or La Triv. But all right.
MOL: Incidentally, what was his first name?
FIB: Roy.
MOL: Roy Kilroy. How interesting! Which one of the men took Miss Tremayne home?
FIB: Kilroy.
MOL: Really? How did the Mayor and the Doctor feel about that?
FIB: They wanted to.
MOL: They wanted to what?
FIB: Kill Roy.
MOL: Oh.
FIB: Yeah. 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 when we will be broadcasting from Racine, Wisconsin, ^{where} home of the Johnson Wax Company, makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and indus -- *Goodnight*
FIB: ~~OKAY, OKAY, WAXEY! YOU TOLD 'EM!~~ THIS IS NBC, THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY!