

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#8
(REVISED)

ORCH: THEME TO FADE FOR

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax products - The 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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra

for

ORCH: THEME TO FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 19, 1946

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
11-19-46

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX SHOW - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

WILCOX: Do you remember that fairy story in which the brownie

ORCH: THEME .. FADE FOR maker's shop every night and did the

WILCOX: 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, and music by The King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME TO FADE .. FOR COMMERCIAL a beautiful, lasting

... by itself... always... the brownie...
... the rubbing of suffing at all...
Johnson's... Polishing Floor-Coat... you simply apply
and it's so easy to... your linoleum
and make floors clean and bright with Floor-Coat. Dirt
and grime will be wiped up in minutes from the
shiny water-polished surface. For a really
lasting shine, be sure to ask for Johnson's Self-
Polishing Floor-Coat.

ORCH: THEME TO FINISH

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
11-19-46

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Do you remember that fairy story in which the brownies came into the shoemaker's shop every night and did the shoemaker's work for him? I don't suppose you believe in stories like that anymore.... I don't myself, really.... But you know, there's just a touch of that brownie business in the way Johnson's Glo-Coat keeps your linoleum sparkling and clean. It's true you do a little of the work yourself you apply Glo-Coat to your floor. But while your back is turned and you go about your other work, Glo-Coat dries to a beautiful, lasting wax-polish...all by itself...almost like that brownie-magic. There's no rubbing or buffing at all with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat you simply apply and let dry. And it's so easy to keep your linoleum and other floors clean and bright with Glo-Coat. Dirt and spilled things can be wiped up in no time from the shining wax-polished surface. But look -- for a really lasting shine, be sure to ask for Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat.

ORCH: THEME UP TO FINISH

MOL: Look, sweetheart...don't get technical with me.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: I don't understand football.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
11-19-46

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WILCOX: THIS IS THE DAY OF WISTFUL VISTA'S BIG FOOTBALL CLASSIC -
MOL: THE GAME BETWEEN WISTFUL VISTA PREP AND UNBEATEN MOHAWK MILITARY. AND THE SQUIRE OF NUMBER 79 HAS INVENTED A NEW PLAY WHICH SHOULD TURN THE TRICK THIS YEAR FOR THE LOGAL HEROES. HE'S STILL WORKING ON IT, AS WE MEET ----
FIB: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS GAME TODAY?
MOL: I wouldn't miss it for all the corn in the world.
FIB: APPLAUSE: You better not. Because this new play I've worked out Now then.....lemme see....Webster centers the ball to Adams, Adams snaps it to Freed, Freed fakes a lateral to Botkin, Botkin to Secrest --
MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, are you still working on that football play?
FIB: You said it, babe! I gotta gimmick worked out here that'll make football history!
MOL: Maybe you haven't read the papers, dearie. The sports writers all say that our chances are slimmer than a flagpole.
FIB: PTAH!! THEM SPORTS WRITERS! WHAT DO THEY KNOW ABOUT FOOTBALL? THEY'RE SO DADRATED BUSY RUNNING AN ADJECTIVE DOWN A BROKEN FIELD OF INFINITIVES THEY DON'T KNOW A DOUBLE WINGBACK FROM A COFFEE FORMATION.
MOL: Don't you mean a "T" formation?
FIB: TEA, COFFEE, BUTTERMILK - THEY STILL DON'T KNOW! Now you see, when the ball is out of play on the 20 yard line --
MOL: Look, sweetheart...don't get technical with me.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: I don't understand football.

FIB: Well, all you --

MOL: I'll never know why 22 men can get so excited about booting the skin of a pig down a hundred yards of frozen real estate, while ten thousand pot-bellied alumni slap each other with chrysanthemums!

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS GAME TODAY?

MOL: I wouldn't miss it for all the corn in radio.

FIB: You better not. Because this new play I've worked out is gonna make me famous! Remember when I went to the big football rally last week?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well, when I walks in and tells Coach McKale about my new play, and how it was gonna revolutionize the football racket, you know what he says?

MOL: What did he say?

FIB: He says "HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE AGAIN?"

MOL: And you said?

FIB: I says "LOOK, EMPTY HELMET," I says, "FOR 15 YEARS WISTFUL VISTA HAS HAD SO MANY GOOSE EGGS ON THE SCORE BOARD YOU COULD MAKE AN OMELETTE BIG ENOUGH TO COVER AUSTRALIA!" and he says "SO WHAT?"

MOL: A good question!

FIB: So I explains the play to him. He got so excited about it he didn't know what he was doing, and had me thrown out.

MOL: Then he hasn't got the play after all.

FIB: Yes, I mailed it to him. Registered mail. That protects me in case I wanna get it patented.

MOL: Well, if you mailed it to him last week, why are you still working on it?

FIB: Because there's one little angle to it I don't quite understand myself. It's a very tricky thing. You see when --

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: It's for you, McGee.

FIB: How do you know?

MOL: I was reading ahead.

FIB: Oh.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

FIB: HELLO, MCGEE SPEAKING. EH? OH COACH MOKALE...HIYAH POP! WHADDYE MEAN YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE PLAY! WELL, LOOK, POP....IT'S ALL DIAGRAMMED OUT ON PAGE 22....READ THE FOOTNOTES AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN. MY GOSH, A THREE YEAR OLD CHILD COULD UNDERSTAND IT. EH? OKAY. CALL ME BACK ANYTIME.

(CLICK)

MOL: What did he say?

FIB: He says he has a child, but it's only 2 years old so he thinks he'll wait.

MOL: Maybe he doesn't want your play, dearie.

FIB: HE'LL WANT IT ALL RIGHT! I'VE TOLD IT ALL OVER TOWN THAT I SENT HIM THE WINNING PLAY, AND IF HE DON'T USE IT TODAY, AND WE GET LICKED, HE COULDN'T GET A JOB COACHING HOFSCOTCH IN A NURSERY SCHOOL. AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE WENT TO --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

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MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Elsie, from the beauty parlor. Hello, Elsie.

FIB: Hiyah, Elsie. I was --

ELSIE: Hello, Mr. McGee, and Mrs. McGee. I just stopped in to ast you was your appointment for 2 o'clock or three o'clock this afternoon, because we're closing at noon on account of the football game.

MOL: Oh my goodness, Elsie...I forgot to call and cancel it. We're going to the game, too. Thanks for reminding me. You like football?

ELSIE: No, but I gotta go because my Cousin Pete is on the team. Pete Bielman.

MOL: What position does he play, Elsie?

ELSIE: All bent over like this, with his elbows on his knees.

MOL: Personally I like most sports, Elsie, but I'll confess I don't know much about football. I'll be glad when we all have television sets, so I can sit at home and not turn it on.

ELSIE: I don't know much about it either, Mrs. McGee, but when I was in High School that year, I had to go to the games because I played a cornet in the school band.

MOL: Really, Elsie? A cornet?

ELSIE: Yeah...for 12 months. I had more brass stuck in my face than a sentry at the Navy Yard. I finely hadda give it up.

MOL: But why?

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ELSIE: My upper lip got so swoll up I could kiss the mailman thru the letter slot...Well, I gotta go close up the shop and pick up my tickets.

FIB: Can I come in now?

MOL: Certainly, dearie, Where are you sitting, Elsie?

FIB: Thanks. We're on the fifty yard line.

ELSIE: Oh that's too bad, Mr. McGee. I'm gorma be in the grandstand. Well, maybe I'll see you out at the tedium."

MOL: You mean STADIUM, Elsie. Tedium means it's wearisome.

ELSIE: Honey, you said it! For me, even with a chrysanthemum as a premium, the tedium in a stadium is maximum. Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -9-

FIB: Now, then...lemme see...(THUD) Bielman here...

(THUD) Kimmick over here...(THUD) Botkin over--

MOL: McGEE...What are you doing with all the salt and pepper shakers?

FIB: Workin' out some more details on my new football play. These two salt shakers are the guards, the peppers are the ends, mustard and catsup are the tackles, and them two bermuda onions are the halves.

MOL: Who's the sugarbowl?

FIB: Buddy Cole, the quarterback...very sweet little player.

MOL: I hope it doesn't rain and make him lumpy. But the weather forecast--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And good day to you, Duckshape.

FIB: Hiya, Stork Trapper! Know anything about football?

DOC: Not enough to discuss it with strangers, one of which, if I'd had any luck, you would still be, to me

MOL: I wish you'd write that sentence out for me some time,

Doctor. I think you dislocated a predicate.

FIB: Reason I asked, Doc, is that I worked out the winning play for the game this afternoon. I'd explain it to you, if I thought you'd understand it. But you never done anything more athletic than fasten your galluses.

DOC: That's interesting, coming from you, Ladpail. You can't even lean over and touch your knees without bending the floor.

MOL: You never booted the pigskin as a boy, doctor?

FIB: When he was a boy, there wasn't any pigs in this country. Just moose and buffalo.

DOC: As a matter of strict fact, I did play football, Melonbelt. I was a fullback.

FIB: That I believe! You're as full in the back right now as anybody I ever----

MOL: McGee! Stop it! Are you going to the game, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, I'll be on the bench with the players, my dear. I'll spend the afternoon looking at more bad knees than a fiddler in a burlesque house.

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DOC: Yes, he needs the fortitude until he can get some patients. Well, see you later.

FIB: Too bad you'll be on duty, doctor. I imagine La Trivia will be there with his own little Fifi Tremayne.

DOC: WITH WHOSE LITTLE OWN WHO?

FIB: I'm only quotin' La Triv, Doc. The way he told it to me was--

MOL: Now, McGee...don't start--

FIB: He said you got as much chance of snaring Fifi as a blindfolded Bulgarian with the seven-year itch and a busted garter ridin' a high wheel bicycle across a quicksand in a forty-mile gale. Furthermore --

DOC: OH, HE SAID THAT, DID HE? WELL, BY GEORGE --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Answer it, Gargles...

DOC: All right. (CLICK) HELLO, GAMBLE SPEAKING. WHO? OH YES, ADRIAN...NO NO NO...YOU'RE NOT BOTHERING ME A BIT. YES, THE RX IS THE SAME...THAT'S RIGHT...M. FIAT CAPS NUMBER 12, SIG. ONE. O. 4H ... DON'T MENTION IT, DOCTOR. (CLICK) That was Doctor Goodman, a young man I've taken under my wing.

MOL: That's a lucky break for him, it seems to me.

DOC: Oh, most of the new boys make out all right. As I always say, all a young doctor needs is patience and fortitude.

FIB: Patience and fortitude, eh?

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DOC: Yes, he needs the fortitude until he can get some patients. Well, see you later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: When you get through with those salt shakers and things, dearie, please put them away. And what did you need the horseradish for, in that lineup?

FIB: Well, I worked out a play for the Four Horseman once that was--

TELEPHONE:

MOL: My, we're doing a nice business today, aren't we?

FIB: Must be Coach McKale. (CLICK) MCGEE SPEAKIN'. HIMA, POP! A LITTLE QUESTION, EH? WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THE FAKE LATERAL AND THE TRIPLE WINGBACK? HOLD THE PHONE TILL I LOOK AT THE DIAGRAM, POP. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) AH, HERE IT IS! ANTENNA THROWS TO GROUNDWIRE, HE PASSES TO TONE CONTROL --

MOL: Hold it, McGee! That's the wiring diagram for the radio!

FIB: EH? OH! HEY, POP...HELLO...HELLO...(CLICK CLICK) Hmm. Cut off!

MOL: My goodness, I hope this play of yours is a success. It sounds so complicated--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hi, pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox - come in!

FIB: Hiya, Junior. Going to the game this afternoon?

WIL: Sure, I'll be there! The least I can do while Prep is getting killed is cheer for them!

FIB: Oh, don't worry about Prep, Junior. They got a play of mine that Coach McKale is gonna use in the last quarter to win with! It's in the bag!

WIL: I'm glad somebody thinks so. I went to an alumni luncheon yesterday and they were pretty gloomy.

MOL: What did you do at the luncheon, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Ate.

MOL: Oh.

WIL: And I talked, of course. I was one of the main speakers.

FIB: You were, Juney? I was supposed to be, but they didn't ask me.

WIL: Yes, it was very nice. I really got the women all pepped up about going to the game.

MOL: Just the women, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, men all go to football games automatically - but a lot of housewives feel that they shouldn't neglect their housework that long - and that's where I came in!

FIB: Yeah, and this is where I came in, too! 13 years ago!

WIL: Were they ever pepped up when I told them how to do their housework better and ever so much quicker with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat! Told 'em how they could handle everything and still have plenty of time to go to the game!

FIB: Aw...we know that, but ---

WIL: I explained how they could simply apply Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat to their kitchen linoleum and other floor coverings before the game, and by the time they get their noses powdered, they'd have bright, gleaming, wax-protected floors! I also said--

FIB: LOOK...WAXEY!

WIL: Yeah?

FIB: YOU GOT YOUR TICKETS TO THE GAME YET?

WIL: No, but I--

FIB: Here. Here's a couple o' press passes for you. Better take 'em right down and get 'em okayed.

WIL: Gee! That's swell! I LOVE to get in places free.

THANKS, PAL!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He's spoiled. Been coming in here free all these years. BUT WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE PASSES TO THE GAME, McGEE?

FIB: They aren't for the game. They're PRESS PASSES. With those passes he can get his pants pressed twice at Harvey Knox's We'll-Give-You-A-Fit Tailor Shop. I had to get him out some way. Gotta lot of work to do. Hey, what time is it?

MOL: About half past.

FIB: I got time to go over this play once more. Now then...

DOOR BELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, McGee...it's the Mayor. Hello, your honor.

FIB: Hiya, La Triv. Goin' to the game?

GALE: Naturally, McGee. I never miss a game.

FIB: Look, La Triv...here's a tip. Keep your peepers peeled in the last quarter. Coach McKale has gotta trick play of mine that'll make them two-bit Eisenhowers from Mohawk Military look silly.

GALE: Really?

MOL: Tell the mayor about it, dearie.

GALE: No, don't! Please! I want to be surprised.

FIB: You will be, kiddo. Here's the play...now get this...
BOTKIN GETS THE BALL, SEE, FAKES A LATERAL TO KURKSE,
KURKSE SNAPS IT TO PACHECO, PACHECO TO KIMMICK, KIMMICK
DROPS BACK AND--

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Excuse me. (CLICK) HELLO, MCGEE SPEAK-- OH, HI, POP!
HUH? DID YOU STUDY THE DIAGRAMS? WHADDYE MEAN YOU CAN'T
FOLLOW THE PLAY? I USED A BALL POINT PEN. WHAT SAY,
POP? OH, SURE. YOU BETCHA. BE GLAD TO. OKAY, POP.
(CLICK) He wants me up in the announcer's booth, Molly
to describe the play over the radio.

MOL: This ought to be quite a clam bake. And I DON'T mean
Clam McCarthy.

FIB: You familiar with football, La Triv? Ever play it?

GALE: Yes. For Harvard.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...YOU PLAYED FOOTBALL FOR HARVARD?
HOW THRILLING!

FIB: I was told once I'd make a great A. and M. player.

GALE: You mean Texas A & M?

FIB: No, Absentminded and Musclebound. Of course it was just
a rib, but I--

MOL: Tell us about playing for Harvard, your honor.

GALE: It's nothing, really. Although I'll never forget the
end of my first season, when the Coach gave us our
letters.

FIB: WHAT??? HE HELD YOUR LETTERS TILL THE END OF THE SEASON?
DID YOU COMPLAIN TO THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES?

GALE: No. Why should I?

MOL: Well, my goodness, holding up a person's mail like that
was--

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY HE HELD UP OUR MAIL. I said at the end of
the season, when we got our letters --

FIB: SUPPOSE ONE OF THEM LETTERS HAD BEEN FROM YOUR MOTHER,
LA TRIV. THERE SHE WAS, WATCHIN' FOR THE MAILMAN EVERY
MORNING WITH TEARS IN HER EYES...WONDERING WHY HER SON
AT HARVARD NEVER ANSWERED HER LETTERS.

MOL: It's enough to make a body cry. I declare, I--

GALE: PLEASE...I WAS NOT TALKING ABOUT LETTERS THAT COME IN
THE MAIL. THESE WERE LETTERS TO SEW ON A SWEATER.

FIB: I'll bet your mother would of been proud to know you done that, La Triv! HER BOY!...LOVED HER SO MUCH HE SEWED HER LETTERS ONTO HIS SWEATER AND--

GALE: (YELLS) I DIDN'T SAY SHE SOWED A SLETTER TO A SMATTER-- ER...MY MATER NEVER SWEAT A-- LOOK...I SAID--

MOL: Now now now...don't get excited, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Let's give it a chance, old man. Calm down. Now then, if it isn't too personal, what was in the letter she sent you that you sewed onto your sweater?

GALE: (RESTRAINING HIMSELF) It was not a letter. I mean it wasn't anything she sent. It was the end of a football season. The coach called the squad together. He had all our letters, and--

MOL: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT--

GALE: (SHARPLY) PLEASE! (PAUSE) He called me forward. Here, La Trivia, he said, here is a letter for you. I give you this in the fair name of Harvard. And he gave me "H".

MOL: Oh my!

FIB: WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE AROUND MY WIFE, LA TRIV!! LET US NOT BRING THE LANGUAGE OF THE LOCKER ROOM INTO THE PRESENCE OF A LADY WHO--

GALE: (BLOWS UP) I WASN'T LOCKING ANY USER LANGUAGE IN WIFE OF YOUR PRESENCE! I MEAN WHEN THE COACH GAVE ME "H"...ER... WHEN HE HAD A LITTER...ER...A LETTER FOR THE...I SAID EARLIER THAT THE LATER LETTER WAS A LIT...A LAT...A LOOT... A LUT....I...YOU...WE...I DIDN'T...YOU ALWAYS...(PANTS)
(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: I'll bet your mother would of been proud to know you done that, La Triv! HER BOY!...LOVED HER SO MUCH HE SEWED HER LETTERS ONTO HIS SWEATER AND--

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MOL: Oh my!

FIB: WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE AROUND MY WIFE, LA TRIV!! LET US NOT BRING THE LANGUAGE OF THE LOCKER ROOM INTO THE PRESENCE OF A LADY WHO--

GALE: (BLOWS UP) I WASN'T LOCKING ANY USER LANGUAGE IN WIFE OF YOUR PRESENCE! I MEAN WHEN THE COACH GAVE ME "H"...ER... WHEN HE HAD A LITTER...ER...A LETTER FOR THE...I SAID EARLIER THAT THE LATER LETTER WAS A LIT...A LAT...A LOOT... A LUT....I...YOU...WE...I DIDN'T...YOU ALWAYS...(PANTS)
(PAUSE) McGee.

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FIB: Yes?
GALE: May I show you a play we used against ^{Cornell} Colgate in 1919?
MOL: Oh, please do, Mr. Mayor!
FIB: Let's see it, La Triv. But hurry up, we gotta get going to the stadium.
GALE: Very well. Say my hat is the ball. You're the center. Crouch over the ball...
FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) Like this?
MOL: You look like a mamma ostrich getting up for a stretch.
GALE: Now then...bend over a little farther...that's it...now here's the kick...(GRUMPS)

SOUND: KICK IN THE PRATT

FIB: (YELPS) HEY, WHAT THE --

GALE: La Trivia 3: McGee, nothing. Good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "BUCKLE DOWN, WINSOCKI" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

(REVISED) -19-
(2ND REVISION)

THIRD SPOT

SCHOOL BAND MUSIC...OFF...FOOTSTEPS SLOW...CROWD MURMUR BEHIND

FIB: (PANTING) Migosh, what a climb! Why don't they put an elevator to that dadratted broadcast booth, anyhow?
MOL: (PANTING) I don't know - but - I'm just --
FIB: Me, too. WHEW!....Almost there now.
MOL: I've got to stop and rest a minute...my ears just popped again! So this is what they mean by "The Higher Education!"
FIB: Yeah, I'm -- hey, look who's sittin' away up here, Molly! Wallace Wimple!
MOL: Oh, yes.
FIB: Hiyah, Wimp!
WIMP: Hello, folks.
FIB: What are you doin' sittin' away up here - can you see anything?
WIMP: Not as long as I keep my back turned, Mr. McGee. I hate football!
MOL: You hate it?
WIMP: Yes. Every time I see those great big tackles hit those tenny, weensy quarterbacks, all my old injuries hurt all over again. And some of the new ones, too.
MOL: Oh, did you play football, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: No, these bruises are natural. I'm married.

FIB: But look, why'd you come here if you don't like football, Wimp? You hidin' from your wife again?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Yes, I feel like a bottle of mint sauce, Mr McGee.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh, I'm always on the lam.

FIB: Well, she'll never find you here, Wimp. Migosh, look at the mob in here! This football is really big business these days. My uncle Sycamore's made a lot of money out of it, you know.

MOL: Out of football, McGee?

FIB: Sure - he raised football-cured pigs. Useta throw rocks at 'em all day so they'd grow up pebble-grained. (LAUGHS) Dontcha get it, kids? Migosh, pebble-grained leather is what they--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't?

WIMP: That's odd. (CHUCKLES) I rather liked it.

FIB: Thanks, Wimp. We see you after the game?

WIMP: I don't think so, Mr. McGee. I'm leaving early to pick up my little doggie.

MOL: Oh have you got a dog, Mr. Wimple? What kind?

WIMP: I'm getting it today, Mrs. McGee. It's a Chihuahua.

FIB: A CHIHUAHUA!! MY GOSH, WIMP, THEY'RE ONLY SIX INCHES LONG!

WIMP: I know, Mr. McGee...(CHUCKLES) but with big me and little him, there'll be room for both of us in the doghouse.... well, see you later. (OFF MIKE) Pardon me, madam, you're sitting on my hershey bar.

B

FIB: Come on, Molly - let's get up to that broadcast booth. Oh - here we are!

DOOR OPEN

ANNCR: And there they are lining up for the kickoff, ladies and gentlemen, as the annual classic between Wistful Vista Prep and Mohawk Military gets under way. Mohawk is going to kick - Shapiro is holding...

FIB: Hey, bud, I'm Fibber McGee. This is my wife, Mrs. Fibber McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

ANNCR: Oh yes, Mr. McGee, we've been expecting you. Coach McKale said you're the only one who can explain this play of yours.

FIB: Right! You see, Buckborough centers the ball to Joyce--

ANNCR: SHHH!! We're on the air! THERE'S THE KICK, FOLKS, (CHEERS) AND IT'S A BEAUTIFUL BOOT TO THE TEN YARD LINE WHERE IT'S PICKED UP BY...

BRIDGE SNEAKS UNDER....SCHOOL BAND MUSIC

ANNCR: WHAT A GAME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHAT A GAME!! NOT A GOAL LINE CROSSED FOR THREE QUARTERS AND JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO MOHAWK TOOK ADVANTAGE OF A LUCKY BREAK TO PUSH ACROSS THE ONLY TOUCHDOWN OF THE GAME!

FIB: Migosh, why don't they use my play? I told McKale if he--

MOL: Quiet! Listen, dearie!

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ANNCR: ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN NOW, FOLKS! WISTFUL VISTA'S BALL ON THE MOHAWK 20. FIRST DOWN AND - WAIT A MINUTE - COACH MCKALE'S GETTING READY TO TRY A PLAY THAT'S NEVER BEEN SEEN ON ANY GRIDIRON BEFORE!

FIB: Yeah? That's mine, Bud - hey, gimme the phone---

MOL: Wait, dearie - let the man finish.

ANNCR: WOW! WHAT A FORMATION, THE ENDS ARE PLAYING BACK, THE BACKS ARE ON THE END, THE TACKLES ARE GUARDING THE GUARDS - JUST A MINUTE - WE'VE GOT THE MAN WHO INVENTED THIS STRANGE LOOKING MANEUVER RIGHT HERE IN THE BROADCAST BOOTH TO DESCRIBE HIS OWN PLAY TO YOU! MR. FIBBER MCGEE.

FIB: Thanks, bud. Fibber McGee speaking, folks. You know people often ask me where I learned so much about football. Well sir, it all goes back to when I was a boy in Peoria - an ordinary boy, from all appearances, playin' football with --

MOL: MCGEE, THE PLAY! IT'S STARTING!

FIB: Huh? OH, THERE IT GOES, FOLKS! WISTFUL VISTA'S BALL. DEGRAZZIO SNAPS THE BALL TO KELLY WHO FAKES A PASS TO CAVASH AND THROWS IT TO CLARK. HE HANDS IT TO KIMMICK - I MEAN TO FRAZER, THE BALL GOES TO CYR WHO FAKES TO JOHNSON - ER - TO STULCE - ER - DUMONT - ER - HAYMER THAT IS - I MEAN - THEY'RE -- Hey, what's going on down there, bud? Why did they all stop running?

(REVISED)

-23-

MOL: They must be tired, dearie.

ANNCR: ~~I - by George, I don't know, Mr. McGee.~~ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PLAYERS WERE ALL RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES DOWN THERE ON THE FIELD, EXECUTING THIS COMPLICATED PLAY, WHEN SUDDENLY EVERYONE STOPPED...I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT -- ~~WAIT~~ THE OFFICIALS ARE IN A HUDDLE ---WAIT A MINUTE, HERE'S A MESSAGE FROM THE FIELD!

FIB: Migosh, that's not the way I had that play wrote out! I didn't tell 'em to stop! They oughta -

ANNCR: YOUR ATTENTION, FOOTBALL FANS! THIS ONE YOU WON'T BELIEVE! FOOTBALL HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE HERE TODAY!

FIB: You hear that, Molly. I made history!

MOL: So did Benedict Arnold! Listen--

ANNCR: THAT PLAY WAS SO DECEPTIVE - SO COMPLICATED - THAT RIGHT DOWN THERE ON THAT FIELD - IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GAME - THEY'VE LOST THE BALL!! NOBODY KNOWS WHERE IT WENT!!! THEY'RE SEARCHING THE PLAYERS - THE REFEREE IS CALLING FOR THE RULE BOOK -- AND HERE GOES THE GUN!

SOUND: SHOT

ANNCR: THE GAME IS OVER AND MOHAWK MILITARY WINS - 6 to 0!

FEWBLE CHEERS

FIB: OMIGOSH, MOLLY!

MOL: Well, dearie. That's your play. Shall we go see Coach McKale and - MCGEE...WAIT A MINUTE...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: COME ON!! DOWN THE BACK WAY!...LOOK AT THOSE GOAL POSTS!

MOL: What's the matter - are they tearing them down?

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
11-19-46

(REVISED) -24-

FIB: NO, THEY'RE THROWING A ROPE OVER THEM! LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

MOL: OHH, THIS IS CONFUSING!!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
11-19-46

(REVISED) -25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I was reading in a current magazine today that the trend these days is more and more toward light colored woodwork. That's fine, but nice as it is, light woodwork can be a headache. Fingerprints do show up on it, and dirt seems to come from nowhere. That's one good reason why you'll like Johnson's Cream Wax. With Cream Wax, you don't have to use harsh cleansers or even soap and water to clean your light woodwork. This creamy white liquid removes dirt instantly. It also adds a shining wax luster to the surface. Dust and dirt can't cling to this dry smooth Cream Waxed finish. Fingerprints don't stick so readily either. So with just an occasional application of Johnson's Cream Wax your light woodwork is always clean and sparkling bright. You'll also want to use Johnson's Cream Wax on your furniture and white kitchen equipment...it's gleaming luster doesn't fade or get dull as oil polishes do. Try it, won't you? Johnson's Cream Wax. There's nothing like it!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -26-

TAG

MOL: You know, I'm glad we didn't stay around Wistful Vista
Prep any longer, McGee.
FIB: YOU'RE glad? With that rope over the goalposts? Migosh,
they'd of--
MOL: That's what I say. This way, your record's clean anyhow.
FIB: Whatcha mean?
MOL: That's the only school in town that you haven't been
suspended from.
FIB: Oh, goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.
ORCH: PLAYOFF ... THEME...

ALTERNATE TAG

FIB: Gimme another pencil, Molly.
MOL: Here, McGee.
FIB: Thanks. Now lemme see - if Pachoco snaps the ball to
Kimmick - Kimmick fakes a pass to Biemann - Biemann
pivots and flips it to Cavash, who -- DADRAT THE DADRATTED--
MOL: What's the matter, dearie?
FIB: AW, I LOST THAT BALL AGAIN!
MOL: Well Goodnight!
FIB: Goodnight, all.
ORCH: PLAYOFF...THEME
WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry, and
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.
ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)