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(REVISED)

*File
9-8 radio*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

December 10, 1946

#11

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

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:

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

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Well, winter's really here now...we might as well face it. That means plenty of snow and rain, so I hope your kitchen floors are well protected....and I do mean with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Perhaps you haven't used Glo-Coat lately...if not, you'll be surprised all over again how quick and easy it is to wax-protect your linoleum with this old favorite. There's no rubbing or buffing...you simply apply and let dry. In 20 minutes JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT forms a tough, shining coat of wax over every square inch of your floor. Right away, your linoleum is bright and new-looking, its colors fresh and clear. And from that moment on, your floor troubles are practically over. With regular Glo-Coat protection, dirt, muddy footprints and spilled things wipe up easily. Yes, GLO-COAT is the easiest way I know to keep your floors looking nice. But look...for a brighter shine that will really last be sure you get JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: THEME TO FINISH

WILCOX: THERE'S A CERTAIN TYPE OF MAN WHO JUST LOVES A GOOD FIGHT - IF SOMEBODY ELSE DOES IT. THEY ARE STUDENTS OF THE "LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT" SCHOOL, AND HERE'S ONE OF THE TYPE RIGHT NOW, WHO SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS - UNLESS YOU WANT TO CALL HIM MR. MCGEE, OF --

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (ON PHONE) Hello, hello - what say, Doc? Well, I just wanted to call you and tell you what La Trivia says about you. He says, and I quote, "IF DOCTOR GAMELE DOESN'T STOP ANNOYING MISS FIFI TREMAYNE WITH HIS ATTENTIONS, I AM GOING TO TAKE STEPS". Unquote. No, I don't know what he meant. Doc...but it sounds pretty sinister! Okay, boy, it's all in friendship. (CLICK)

MOL: Just exactly what are you trying to do, dearie?

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: I mean that for months now, you've been needling the doctor about the mayor, and ribbing the mayor about the doctor. What is the object of this campaign?

FIB: Just gonna get a little action into that love affair, that's all! Fifi's romance has about as much color in it as the bottom of a halibut. But I'll fix that.... hand me the phone!

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MOL: You still got it, and I warn you, McGee, one of these days you'll be shopping for a new nose.

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE MAYOR AT THE CITY HALL. HELLO, LA TRIVIA? WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU GOTTA COLD? OH, HIS SECRETARY. LOOK, SIS, GIMME THE MAYORIT'S AN EMERGENCY!

MOL: An emergency! It's about as urgent as a bartender at a revival!

FIB: (IN PHONE) HELLO, LA TRIV? MCGEE SPEAKIN'. LOOK, BUDDY, AS A FRIEND OF YOURS, I WANNA PUT YOU HEP TO SOMETHING. DOC GAMBLE IS MAKIN' TROUBLE FOR YOU.

MOL: And this comes from an authority on trouble-making, too.

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FIB: WHAT SAY, LA TRIV? NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG, BOY...I'M JUST TELLING YOU THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. I'M A SUCCESS AS A HUSBAND, YOU KNOW.

MOL: McGee, the Great Lover! Tell him how you caught the measles on our honeymoon, dearie.

FIB: NOW GET THIS, LA TRIV. DOC'S BEEN TELLIN' AROUND TOWN THAT IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF FIFI TREMAYNE'S LIFE, HE'S GONNA HAVE THE GRAND JURY INVESTIGATE YOUR BLACK MARKET ACTIVITIES! OKAY, BOY...IT'S ALL IN FRIENDSHIP! (CLICK)

MOL: Friendship! Heavenly days...what an elastic term! MCGEE, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE MAYOR AND THE BLACK MARKET? HE'S AS HONEST AS ANYBODY IN THE WORLD, AND YOU KNOW IT!

FIB: HE'S INVOLVED, ALL RIGHT! YOU KNOW THAT MARKET AT 14TH AND OAK?

MOL: Yes, but ---

FIB: THAT BELONGS TO LA TRIVIA'S COUSIN, BENNY BLACK. LA TRIVIA LOANED HIM THE DOUGH TO BUY IT. (LAUGHS) See how I work, baby? Take a grain of truth, add a hunk of imagination, stir, with a heavy hand, and PRESTO!! DYNAMITE!

MOL: I think you're stirrin' up a batch of TNT that's going to blow your ears off, dearie.

FIB: Don't worry about me, my pretty! I know what I'm doing. I'm gonna get them two alredeles actin' like wolves if it takes every trick in the bag. Otherwise Fifi is gonna spend her old age settin' by the window wondering if she used the wrong perfume.

MOL: Just the same, I---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Somebody at the door, McGee...and it may be either the Doctor or the Mayor. I'm going upstairs so I won't have to see you lying here in a pool of teeth. (FADE) Now be careful....

FIB: JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, LOVEBOAT! I CAN HANDLE THIS. AHH, there goes a good kid! I'd fight Sitting Bull himself for her fair hand! Or any other Indian as old as Sitting Bull must be by now. By George, I....

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN; CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: EH? OH, HIYA, LITTLE GIRL! Better not stick around too long, sis. I'm expecting two guys along any minute with long sharp knives in their hands.

TEE: Gee, honest?

FIB: Painfully honest, Sis. Otherwise, they wouldn't be nave enought to fall for my shenanigans. Whatcha got ther, Sis?

TEE: This is a dolly, Mister. His name is Henrietta.. He's named after my cousin Wilbur.

FIB: Now wait a minute, sis. In the first place, Henrietta is a GIRL'S name....

TEE: I know it!

FIB: But you says HIS name is Henrietta.

TEE: Sure. It's a boy doll.

FIB: But you says you named him after your cousin Wilbur?

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Then why didn't you name the doll Wilbur?

TEE: Wilbur isn't a girl's name.

FIB: Oh.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Never mind. Incidentally, sis, your doll seems to be a little beat up. Why don't you toss her in the ashcan and ask Santa Claus for a new one?

TEE: Oh, I GOTTA get it fixed, mister. Our teacher, Miss Yeagley told us to fix up ALLL our ~~old~~ toys and bring them to school and we'd send 'em to the poor little childrun' that maybe Santy Claus wouldn't get around to.

FIB: That's a wonderful idea, sis?

TEE: Sure it is. I betcha! Miss Yeagley says that Santa Claus and his reindeers fly so high that sometimes he can only see the houses with the biggest chimbleys.

FIB: I never thought o' that sis. It explains a lot of things.

TEE: Sure, Miss Yeagley says Santa Claus depends a lot on people who are down on the ground where they can see the little houses.

FIB: Sis, your teacher is all right! How those women can give you kids such high ideas on such low salaries is a mystery to me. Gimme that doll.

TEE: Well, I....Hmmmammm?

FIB: I'll fix it for you. Gotta basement full o' tools and time on my hands.

TEE: Gee, thanks, mister....you're WUNNERFUL, I betcha!

FIB: Aww I just like to tinker around, sis. Very handy with tools. TELL ALL YOUR SCHOOLMATES TO LEAVE THEIR BUSTED TOYS WITH ME. I'LL FIX 'EM UP!

TEE: Oh boy....thanks, mister! Miss Yeagley is gonna be awful happy about this, I betcha.

FIB: She is ph?

TEE: Hmmmammm?

FIB: I says SHE IS, EH?

TEE: Is what?

FIB: IS GONNA BE AWFUL HAPPY ABOUT IT.

TEE: Who?

FIB: MISS YEAGLEY!

TEE: I know it. Miss Yeagley told us why Santa Claus grew that big white beard. It's for padding.

FIB: PADDING!

TEE: Sure. She says he got tired of taking it on the chin from people who wouldn't co-operate. THANKS EVER SO MUCH, MISTER

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Cute kid! She's always so-- HEY...WHAT HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO? I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FIXING TOYS! WHY DON'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT!

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "RED RIVER VALLEY"

APPLAUSE

MOL: Please, McGee, will you get away from that telephone long enough to--

FIB: SHHH, I got LaTrivia. HIYA, LA TRIV? MCGEE AGAIN. EH? WHADDYE MEAN, QUIT CALLING YOU UP WITH THIS NONSENSE? WHAT'S SO NONSENSICAL ABOUT ANOTHER GUY WALKIN' AWAY WITH THE GIRL YOU LOVE?

MOL: Listen to Cupid, poisoning his arrowheads.

FIB: LOOK, LA TRIV...THIS IS SERIOUS. YOU KNOW THAT BIG PHOTO OF YOU THAT FIFI TREMAYNE KEEPS ON HER PIANO? WELL, FOR YOUR PRIVATE INFORMATION, DOC GAMBLE DREW A MUSTACHE AND A DERBY ON IT! Yeah...MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A TOUT AT A DOG TRACK! Okay, La Triv...it's all in friendship. (CLICK) (LAUGHS HAPPILY) That got him, Molly! He's sore as a foot full o' thumbtacks.

MOL: McGee, this is horrible. You'll have those two men shooting at each other on sight...MCGEE...WHO ARE YOU CALLING NOW?

FIB: Gonna call Doc Gamble...tell him what La Trivia did to his picture on Fifi's piano. You know...drew a mustache and a derby on it.

MOL: BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU TOLD THE MAYOR DOCTOR GAMBLE DID TO HIS PICTURE!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah...you get it? Get 'em so confused nobody'll know who done what. That's why I--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...maybe this is one of them now.

FIB: I hope so. I can needle 'em much better in person. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...IF IT ISN'T MRS. CARSTAIRS! DO COME IN, MRS. CARSTAIRS.

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

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Haven't seen you since the Johnstown Flood. Where you been?

CARST: In Europe, Mr. McGee. Mr. Carstairs had business in London, and then we went to the South of France, where I purchased a chateau.

MOL: My goodness, how wonderful, Millicent!

FIB: That it you got on, Carsty? Because if you paid more'n thirty francs for it, you got slugged. I saw one just like it in the window of the Bon Ton for \$4.98.

CARST: I DID NOT SAY CHAPEAU, Mr. McGee. I SAID CHATEAU!

MOL: That's a French castle, McGee. Architecture by Louis the 14th and plumbing by Dracula.

FIB: Oh yeah...I seen some of 'em when I was in France in 1918. It explains why they drink wine instead of water over there. They got pipes in them joints that were rusty when Joan built the Arc.

CARST: My chateau is a very modern structure, Mr. McGee. It has three drawing rooms, twenty-two guest rooms, crystal chandeliers throughout, and a dungeon.

FIB: A dungeon, eh?

CARST: Yes...you must come over and visit us sometime.

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MOL: Did you fly, Millicent? Or go by boat?
CARST: We flew over and returned on the Queen Elizabeth, my dear.
FIB: I went by clipper to France when I was in the first world war, Carsty.
MOL: McGee, they didn't have transatlantic airplanes then.
FIB: Oh I didn't fly. I was company barber on a troopship....
Nice seeing you again, Carsty.
CARST: Thank you, Mr. McGee. It's good to be home. One gets rather weary of passport visas, customs inspections and keeping track of 39 pieces of luggage.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MILLICENT...DO YOU TRAVEL WITH 39 PIECES OF LUGGAGE?
CARST: No, my dear, just a trunk. But they dropped it on the dock, and we could only find 39 pieces of it. WELL, DO COME OVER FOR DINNER SOME EVENING. MAKE IT THURSDAY... EIGHT THIRTYISH, BLACK TIE.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Eight whatty-ish?
MOL: Eight thirty-ish, dearie. That's British for about nine o'clock. And black tie means you have to wear your Tuxedo which means we can't go.
FIB: Why does it? I look very good in a Tuxedo. Many a time I been mistaken for a waiter or a saxophone player.
MOL: I know, but the moths have been at your dinner coat. The lapels look like they'd been worn by a clay pigeon at a skeet shoot.

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FIB: I don't wanna go over there for dinner, anyway. Too fancy. I always feel like-- HEY, I GOTTA CALL DOC... I'M LETTIN' THIS FEUD GET COOL! Hand me the phone.
MOL: No. I'll have nothing to do with it.
FIB: Okay, but when Fifi Tremayne gives you a slice of wedding cake, remember who cooked it up. I'm the guy that--
SOUND: DOOR OPEN:
WIL: Hello, folks, am I intruding?
MOL: Not at all, Mr. Wilcox, not at all! In fact, a friend may come in very useful in a short time..especially if he knows his first aid.
FIB: Hiya, Junior...have a chair. A ringside seat.
WIL: For what, pal?
FIB: I'm promotin' a grudge fight between Slugger Gamble, the Chloroform Kid, and One Round La Trivia, the Friend of the People.
MOL: Read that again.
FIB: Eh? Oh, the FRIEND of the People.
MOL: Yes.
WIL: What's this all about? Is Doc sore at the Mayor?
FIB: If he isn't, it ain't my fault, Junior. I been knifin' 'em from all directions. I got Gamble so steamed up he whistles at grade-crossings.
WIL: I still don't know what's going on.

(REVISED) -16-

FIB: Look, Junior...Gamble and the Mayor are both sox-over-garters in love with Fifi Tremayne. See? BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING ABOUT IT? NOTHING! SO I'M GONNA GET 'EM MAD AT EACH OTHER, SO THEY'LL START SWINGIN! JUNIOR...ONE OF 'EM 'LL MARRY FIFI JUST TO SPIE THE OTHER ONE.

MOL: That's a grand foundation for matrimony, I must say. They'll hate each other before they get out of the church.

FIB: Oh no they won't. My psychology is very sound. She marries one man, and the other man will be best man, and the best man will always wonder if the groom wasn't the best man, and the best man will always know he should of been the groom. It creates uncertainty, which causes doubt, which means nobody knows the answer, and if everybody knew all the answers, who's ever get married?

WIL: I think you're talking thru your fedora, Pal. Personally I think certainty is a valuable asset in marriage.

MOL: Do you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure...my wife knows there's only one thing in the world as important to me ~~as her~~ *she is*.

FIB: My gosh...what's that, Junior?

WIL: Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.

MOL: YOU MEAN GLOCOAT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT TO YOU AS YOUR WIFE, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: Well, I've known *glo coat* longer, Molly. Then too, I can get Johnson's glocoat at a hundred stores in this town, but my wife might be in any one of 'em. I never know which one.

FIB: Yahbut--

(REVISED) -16-

WIL: My wife takes an hour and a half to take a bath. Glocoat dries in 20 minutes or less. If my wife spills a drop of coffee on her gown, she is horrified...but spots ~~and stains~~ can be wiped up from a Glocoated floor with the greatest of ease.

MOL: Even so, I don't quite see how--

WIL: Johnson's Glocoat requires no rubbing or buffing...and my wife spends hours and hours with the masscuse and the manicurist.

FIB: Yeahbut-what that-got-to-do-with-

WIL: FURTHERMORE...GLOCOAT CAN RESTORE LIFE AND SPARKLING BEAUTY TO A WORN AND SHABBY OLD LINOLEUM...CAN MY WIFE DO THAT? YES, BUT HOW? WITH GLOCOAT! YOU SEE? IT'S INDISPENSABLE TO HER, AND WHAT'S INDISPENSABLE TO HER IS INDISPENSABLE TO ME. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HAPPY, SON...COMMON INTERESTS! SO DON'T GO MONKEYING INTO LOVE AFFAIRS UNTIL YOU TALK TO ME OR RACINE.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well!! Now I AM confused. What was he advising, McGee?

FIB: I dunno. But I ain't the type guy that takes advice anyway. I'm the type guy that dishes it out. Look, Doc is comin' over here in a little while. I'm gonna get La Trivia over here, too. At the same time.

MOL: OH NO, DEARIE!! ... NO!... NOT ALL OVER MY CARPET!! MY GOODNESS, THEY'LL --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: HOT DOG! That must be Doc! Stick around, kiddo, while I turn love's young dream into a nightmare! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, it's just Mr. Wimple. Come in, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: You got any duelling pistols, Wimp?

MOL: Duelling pistols? Heavenly days!!

WIMP: No, I haven't, Mr. McGee. I've got a little glass pistol full of jelly beans, though. It went off this morning, and I almost got killed!

FIB: With a pistol full of candy?

WIMP: Yes, I was hiding on top of the bookcase with it, and Sweetface - that's my big old wife --

MOL: We've heard you mention her.

WIMP: Sweetface was looking for me, and my hand slipped, and my little pistol went off the bookcase and hit her on the head! Ohhh...am I in trouble!

MOL: My goodness, you don't have much fun in your life, do you, Mr. Wimple? I hope you had a happy childhood, at least.

WIMP: Oh, I suppose my childhood was nice, Mrs. McGee - although I was too young to really appreciate itI was the youngest child in our family, in fact.

FIB: That happens to some kid in every family, Wimp...And most of 'em break their necks to grow up so they can wish they were kids' again.

WIMP: Yes, I often wish I were 5 years old again.

MOL: Why 5 years old, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well - - I wouldn't be married - for one thing....In fact, at that age, I wouldn't be married for anything!...I did have a lot of nice toys as a child, though. I had tiddley-winks and a yo-yo and a bikelike, and -

FIB: A bikelike? What's a bikelike?

WIMP: Like a tricycle -- only with just two wheels..Ohh, I was a toughie in those days!

MOL: Were you really?

WIMP: I really was, Mrs. McGee! I used to throw snowballs with coal in them, and big rocks.

MOL: Not you, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Yes! But one year some boys made a big snowball and threw it clear through our front window! And that broke me of that, all right!

FIB: Flung it through your window? Migosh, what was in that snowball, Wimp?

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WIMP: Me....My goodness, was I ever cold! (SNICKERS) My family always referred to that day as "the time Wallace came home stiff!"...Well, goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "Had in Calico"
KING'S MEN... "RED RIVER VALLEY"

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: Well, this thing is comin' to a head, Molly. (LAUGHS)
In just a few minutes you'll see two respectable citizens mixin' it up like a couple o' kids from the carbarn gang!

MOL: Oh, McGee, why did you have to start all this furore? Is that what you call friendship? Getting two men angry with each other? My goodness --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh-oh! It's them. Retire to a neutral corner, snooky, the gong is about to ring. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hiya, Doc...old pal. I was just hoping--

DOC: WHERE IS HE?

MOL: Where's who, Doctor?

DOC: The gentlemen who has been making all those underhanded remarks about me! The fellow who put a mustache and a derby hat on my photograph!

FIB: He'll be here in a minute, Doc. If you mean La Trivia, the guy that says you smell like a fracture ward and haven't the social grace of a wounded moose...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: That's probably him now, boys...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

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GALE: WHERE IS HE?
FIB: Hiyah, La. Trivia. Where's who?
GALE: The chap who has been tearing my personal reputation to shreds, the one who's looking for trouble, and is going to get it!
MOL: Oh dear!
FIB: Take it easy, fellas...relax. We're all good friends here, remember. You wouldnt wanta shake hands and forget the whole thing, would you? Of course you wouldn't!
DOC: You may tell His Honor that I dont care to shake hands. I just washed mine.
FIB: He says he dont wanna shake hands with you, La Triv.
GALE: Good! I dont care to shake hands with him either. I am wearing some rather valuable gold cuff links.
FIB: He says he dont wanna shake hands with you either Doc. He's afraid you'll cop his jewelry.
MOL: Oh now boys...look, if you'll only...
FIB: It's no use, Molly, ^{9 returned eventually} They know all about each other. I'm afraid the only answer is to have it out...man to man. Eh, ^{well} fellas?
DOC: You may tell the Mayor that I am ready any time, McGee. With guns, knives or broken bottles.
FIB: He says he'll take you on, La Triv. Anything goes.
GALE: That suits me, McGee. Tell the Doctor to give you the address of his next of kin, so you'll know where to ship the body.

(2ND REVISION) -22-

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...GENTLEMEN! THIS CAN'T GO ON! WE MUST JUST--
FIB: Molly...please... These guys are of age...they know what they're doing. YOU HEAR WHAT LA TRIVIA SAYS, DOC?
DOC: I did. And, as the party of stronger physique and greater intelligence, I shall let my opponent choose the weapons.
FIB: How's that, LaTriv? Whaddye wanna fight with?
GALE: As befitting the primitive nature of adversary, I would suggest hatchets...at two paces.
MOL: OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS...BESIDES, WE ONLY HAVE ONE HATCHET.
FIB: How about carving knives? We got a lot of knives, and--
DOC: I object to carving knives. I don't want to waste time sterilizing them. And I never use unsterilized instruments.
MOL: OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKES...THIS IS TOO, TOO SILLY. IF YOU MUST HAVE A FIGHT, AND I DOUBT THE NECESSITY, WHY DON'T YOU JUST ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, GO DOWN IN THE BASEMENT AND ACT YOUR AGES...WHICH WOULD BE ABOUT TWELVE YEARS.
GALE: Molly is right, McGee...we are grown men, and we should settle this matter like men. Ten rounds to a decision.
FIB: GREAT...GREAT!! I'll be timekeeper. NOW LET'S ROLL BACK THE RUG, AND LOCK THE DOOR--

GALE: No.

FIB: Eh?

DOC: I object also. We cannot stage a brawl like this in the home of a friend.

GALE: We can't even do it inside the corporate limits of the city. We both have our positions to consider. The Mayor of the city and its leading physician.

DOC: Thank you, your honor.

GALE: Not at all, Doctor.

FIB: (ALARMED) HEY NOW, WAIT A MINUTE....DON'T GO GETTIN' POLITE TO EACH OTHER....AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE... I mean....LOOK....HOW ABOUT DUGAN'S LAKE? ON THE DOCK? NOBODY'LL BE THERE THIS TIME OF YEAR. THE LOSER GETS A GOOD DUCKING.

MOL: Why don't you all go out there and jump in, and stop this nonsense?

DOC: Dugan's Lake is all right with me.

GALE: And me.

FIB: OKAY, I'LL DRIVE YOU BOTH OUT THERE! COMIN', MOLLY?!!

MOL: NO! YOU'RE ALL ACTING LIKE SCHOOL CHILDREN!! ~~PERFORM~~ SCHOOL CHILDREN!! I'M NOT GOING!

FIB: OKAY - SO LONG. *Come on fellas*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: BRIDGE

FOOTSTEPS ON HOLLOW WOOD

FIB: (FADING) You guys go on out on the dock - I'll be with you as soon as I wind up my stopwatch. Don't start s'ingin' till I --

GALE: Fine. Come on out and get it, Gemble!

DOC: Anytime you say...But just a word, LaTrivia. Don't you honestly think it was a little childish of you to draw a mustache on my photograph at Fifi's house?

GALE: Certainly I -- WHAT? ME draw a -- Why, McGee told me YOU drew a mustache on MY photograph!

DOC: OH, HE DID, DID HE?...HMM! Another question - did you ever tell him I smell like a fracture ward?

GALE: A fracture wa-- Why, of course not!.... I never even noticed it, as a matter of fact.

DOC: Hmm - you know what I think, Your Honor?

GALE: MMM-HMMM! I THINK THE SAME THING, DOCTOR! (CALLS) OH, MCGEE!

DOC: (CALLS) (SUGARY) Step over here a minute, will you, my boy?

FIB: (FADING IN) Sure, fellas....Now here's the rules, see? All you gotta do is peel off your coats - roll up your sleeves - and lead with your left! When I say break, that ends the round and -- HEY, WHATTAYA DOIN'? LEGGO MY ARM!

GALE: GRAB HIS LEGS, DOCTOR!!

DOC: I'VE GOT HIM!! (SCUFFLING NOISES)

(2ND REVISION) -25-

FIB: HEY, LOOK OUT! CUT IT OUT! WHAT'S THE-- PUT ME DOWN!!
GALE: SCANDALMONGER!
DOC: TRY TO STIR UP TROUBLE, WILL YOU, LOOSELIP!
FIB: HEY, WAIT! NO! DON'T! HELP!!
GALE: COME ON, DOC.... ONE!
DOC: TWO!
BOTH: THREE!!
FIB: OH, THIS IS REE---

FAR OFF SPLASH .. BUT HEAVY

FIB: REDICULOUS!!!!

ORCH: "AND SO TO BED"

McGee 12/10/46

(REVISED) -26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you ever had this experience? You are visiting someone's home for the first time and as you enter the living room, the first thing that catches your eye is the beautifully polished floor. It has a smooth, mellow lustre and the grain of the wood is so clear and lovely. Ask your hostess and ten to one she'll tell you that for years her floor has been waxed regularly - with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. She may have used JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX or JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX, but the point is, regular waxing has made that floor...and all her floors...increasingly beautiful through the years. You see, when you apply JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, furniture and woodwork, you give them a shining coat of protection. The wax takes the hard wear and the finish underneath is guarded. You also save yourself many, many hours of housework, because dust and dirt don't stick to a satin-smooth JOHNSON WAXed surface. Just an occasional light dusting keeps your waxed home always clean and shining bright. Try it. JOHNSON'S WAX...PASTE, LIQUID or CREAM.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE FOR:

are visiting
s you enter the
es your eye is the
nooth, mellow
clear and lovely.
tell you that for
y - with genuine
ON'S PASTE WAX or
regular waxing
s...increasingly
when you apply
and woodwork,
lon. The wax
neath is guarded.
of housework,
atin-smooth
al light dusting
shining bright.
or CREAM.

TAG

MOL: And it's a miracle that you didn't catch pneumonia,
dearie. Feel all right now? Have another cup of tea?
FIB: No. No, thanks. I'm okay. Who'd of thought them guys
would get together on this thing? I consider that
pretty underhanded!
MOL: Look who's talking! AND NOW TELL MOTHER...WHAT WAS YOUR
REAL IDEA BEHIND THIS PLOT?
FIB: Well...economy, to be honest.
MOL: ECONOMY?...IN WHAT WAY?
FIB: Christmas cards. If I coulda got one of 'em married
to Fifi by Christmas...it would save sending one card.
MOL: Oh dear...
FIB: Good night.
MOL: Good night, all!

PLAYOFF, 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.
Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

DECEMBER 17, 1946