

(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

*File
207 - radio*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 24, 1946

NUMBER 13

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX ^{Program} 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

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FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
12-24-46

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: You know, it isn't very often that we have ~~the honor and~~
the privilege of coming into your home on Christmas Eve.
In fact, we figured it out this morning and discovered
it's happened only three times in the past eleven years.
That makes tonight a very special occasion for all of us
on the show and for the makers of Johnson's Wax. So, on
behalf of Fibber McGee and Molly, and all the rest of us,
here's hoping you have a very Happy Holiday Season.

ORCH: JINGLE BELLS BRIDGE

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WILCOX: WE TAKE YOU NOW TO THE WISTFUL VISTA BRANCH OF SANTA CLAUS,
INCORPORATED, WHERE WE FIND ONE OF SAINT NICK'S LITTLE
HELPERS, HARD AT WORK....

(BRISK HAMMERING)

HE'S GOT A ROOMFUL OF BROKEN TOYS, A HANDFUL OF BROKEN
TOOLS, AND A FUTURE FULL OF BROKEN FINGERS.... (HAMMERING)

FIB: OUUUUUUUCH!! DAD RAT IT!!

WILCOX: THIS TOUCHING SCENE HAS BEEN REPEATED AT INTERVALS ALL
WEEK, AND ALL MRS. MCGEE CAN SAY RIGHT NOW IS --

MOLLY: Oh dear!!!

WILCOX: AS WE JOIN --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TINKERING NOISES

MOL: How's it coming, McGee? Got many more toys to fix?

FIB: My gosh, yes. About a hundred 'n fifty.

MOL: Altogether?

FIB: About five of 'em are all together. The other hundred 'n
45 are all apart. BUT I CAN DO IT!! LOOK...SEE THIS
LITTLE MUSIC BOX? I think I got this fixed.

MOL: Fley it.

FIB: Okay....wait'll I wind it up.

SOUND: WINDING RATCHET

FIB: Listen to this.

(LONG FAUSE)

FIB: Pretty, eh?

MOL: What was it?

FIB: Silent Night.

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MOL: Look, dearie. Doesn't mother's eager little beaver think his bright little teeth have bitten off more than they can chew, this time?

FIB: Nah...I got plenty of time. They don't have to be ready till the day before Christmas.

MOL: I've got a T.L. for you, McGee. This IS the day before Christmas.

FIB: WHAT? IT IS? OH, MY GOSH...I GOTTA GET BUSY....HAND ME THAT CHISEL AND A HANDFUL OF NAILS....THANKS....Now lemme see...what'll I work on next?

MOL: How about this thirsty little coaster wagon with it's tongue hanging out?

FIB: Needs a new front wheel. I thought maybe if I took a wheel offa this tricycle, and made a bicycle of it, then took the frame off the bicycle and made a scooter of it, I could use the saddle for this hobby horse, which would give me an extra pair of handlebars which I could use for -- What could I make out of some old handlebars? Well, I'll think of something. HEY, DID YOU SEE HOW I FIXED UP THIS LITTLE TOY CARPET SWEEPER?

MOL: No. Does it work?

FIB: I'LL SAY IT WORKS...LOOK....

SOUND: SMALL RUMBLE

FIB: Push it forward...it picks up the dirt.

MOL: Amazing!

FIB: Pull it backwards...it throws the dirt out again. That way you can use the same dirt all day long. Don't have to keep running outdoors for fresh dirt. I think it's a very---

DOOR CHIME:

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MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...Mr. Wimple!
Wimp
FIB: Hiya, Wimp, old man! Better not sit down anyplace unless you been vaccinated against hacksaw blades.

WIMP: Well, I can't stay but only a -- MY GRACIOUS..LOOK AT ALL THE TOYS...AREN'T YOU ASHAMED, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: Eh? What for?

WIMP: Opening all your presents before Christmas!

MOL: Oh, those aren't his, Mr. Wimple. He's repairing them for children who might not otherwise get any. The school is in charge of distribution.

WIMP: Isn't that nice! You must be very handy with tools, Mr. McGee.

FIB: You said, it, boy. HEY, WHAT'S THAT BOOK YOU GOT UNDER YOUR ARM, WIMP? IF THAT'S ZOMBIE COMICS...CAN I BORROW IT WHEN YOU GET THROUGH?

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WIMP: No, this is just my Bird Book, Mr. McGee.
MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple.
WIMP: My Bird Book. I've been out watching birds today. I saw a barn swallow, and I'm going to write a nasty letter to the book publishers!
MOL: Wrong picture, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: No, but they can't tell me a teentsy, weentsy little bird like that can swallow a barn!
FIB: They don't really eat barns, Wimp. They just peck the grain outa the wood.
WIMP: Well, anyway, I think I'm going to get my notes together and write my own Bird Book.
MOL: Does Mrs. Wimple go with you on these bird watching expeditions, Mr. Wimple?
WIMP: Oh, no...Sweetface...That's my big old wife. She doesn't.....Oh, that reminds me, Mr. McGee....have you got a shotgun I can borrow?

MOL: Certainly he has, Mr. Wimple. But do bird lovers go hunting?
WIMP: Maybe not, Mrs. McGee. But this is for something I've been planning to do every Christmas for ten years. I'm going to get up early in the morning and shoot Sweetface.
FIB: WHAT?
MOL: OH, NO!!
WIMP: Yes I am. I'm going to get up early in the morning and shoot Sweetface a wild duck for Christmas dinner. Merry Christmas, folks!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee...I don't like to nag, but hadn't you better get busy with those toys? You haven't much time left.
FIB: My gosh...I haven't, at that! Now lemme see...I think I'll fix up this doll house...the roof sags like a restaurant pie. Hand me that hammer...and I'll...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Excuse me, folks...I forgot my Bird Book. Oh...here it is!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He'd forget his head if it wasn't fastened on - and with Sweetface around, I'm surprised it still is.
FIB: Me too. Where's my hammer...I gotta fix this doll house.
MOL: Here...and be careful...you only have seven good fingers left.

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FIB: Okay. (SOUND: HAMMERING' ... (SINGS)
oh, I had a little rabbit, and I wish I had her still -
She was good for 18 carrots, so I called her Diamond Lil...
Ohhh, she--

SOUND: LOUD SPLINTERING

FIB: DAD-RAT THE DAD-RATTED THIN!...LOOK AT THAT! *Roll Haver*
MOL: If I ever have any toys to be repaired, sweetheart,
I hope I can remember to tear up your phone number.
FIB: This is discouraging, you know it? All them little
kids depending on me to fix these toys, and here
it is--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh my goodness...Mrs. Carstairs! Do come in,
Millicent.
CARST: How do you do, my dear...good day, Mr. McGee.
FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Don't trip over that kiddie car,
there. You're liable to wind up with your head
thru a drum.
CARST: Good heavens..what a tremendous lot of toys!
Did they belong to your father?
MOL: His father! Why do you ask, Millicent?
CARST: I just thought that no child could cause that much
destruction in one generation.

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FIB: These are NOT my toys, Carsty. And in the second place
I was NOT a destructive child. Why I still gotta little
box camera I was given in 19 ought 13.
MOL: Does it still work, McGee?
FIB: Yeah, but I don't use it. Too dangerous!
CARST: Dangerous?
FIB: Yeah...cuts everybody's head off, that I take a picture
~~of.~~
CARST: But what, may I ask, are you doing with all these toys,
Mr. McGee?
MOL: The school collected them, Millicent. McGee was to fix
them up for the more unfortunate children.
CARST: What a splendid idea! I find myself revising my opinion
of you, Mr. McGee. This is a side of your character I
had not suspected.
MOL: Oh you'd be surprised, Millicent. His character has
more strange sides than a Calypso album.
FIB: Oh, this is nothing any Red-blooded American boy
wouldn't of done, if he'd stuck his big fat neck out like
I did.
CARST: But what a tremendous job you have to do in such a short
time, Mr. McGee....this toy trumpet for instance...can
you straighten this out?
MOL: Well, not knowing how to blow a trumpet in the first
place, he probably wouldn't know when it was fixed,
Millicent.
CARST: Perhaps I can help....I once played the trumpet in the
orchestra at Wellesley. Let me take it...

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FIB: Here, Carsty...pucker up and have a go at the Blues,
sugar. I mean the Sugar Blues.

CARST: Sugar Blues is more of a trombone number, Mr. McGee...
I'll try the 12th Street rag...although I'm afraid my
embouchure is not what it was.

FIB: Oh I don't know. With a fur coat on, it's hard to -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Go ahead, Carsty.

CARST: Very well....

SOUND: TRUMPET...12TH STREET RAG (A LITTLE RAGGED)

MOL: WHY, MILLY....THAT WAS LOVELY!!

FIB: My gosh, that trumpet don't need fixing! That's in
fine shape!

CARST: (BREATHLESS) Thank you. And now, if you'll excuse me,
I must go down to the Maritime Union headquarters and
get Mr. Carstairs Christmas present.

MOL: TO THE MARITIME UNION? FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

CARST: Yes, I'm getting him a new crew for his yacht.
Merry Christmas to both of you.

BOTH: SAME TO YOU, CARSTY (MILLCENT)!!!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: You know, dearie...she's right. The time is awfully
short to do much about these toys...

(2ND REVISION) -12-

FIB: I know it...maybe if I work fast, I'll -- No...my tools
are no good. Look at 'em! The chisel is nicked...the
pliers are fallin' apart and the hammer is looser in the
head than I am! I GOTTA GET DOWN TO THE HARDWARE STORE...
QUICK! WHERE'S MY HAT AND COAT? WHERE'S THAT BAIT CAN
I WAS HIDDIN' MY MONEY IN?

MOL: If you can't remember where you hide your money, dearie,
I'm sure I --

FIB: OH, I REMEMBER...IT'S RIGHT HERE BEHIND THE DICTIONARY.

SMALL THUD:

FIB: HERE IT IS! GOTTA GET GOIN'! ... SEE YOU LATER! ...G'BYE!

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE!...YOU DIDN'T KISS ME.

FIB: EH? OH! (SMACK) G'BYE!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Ah, there goes a good kid! And who does he think he's
fooling?

ORCH: "PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WALK...SUSTAIN UNDER:

FIB: What a Christmas this is gonna be! Fibber McGee..the dope of the ages!! What a sap!....what a husband!... somebody oughtta put a Santa Claus suit on me and drop me down in a chimney of a blast furnace!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON STEPS...(PAUSE)

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Wait a minute, McGee. What are you gonna tell her? Are you gonna tell her you spent all your Christmas money for new toys? My gosh..I dunno. Well, you gotta say SOMETHING! Oh, yeah? The reason I got into this mess is by talkin' too much. I know, but what are you gonna do NOW! Gee, I dunno. WELL, THINK! I AM thinking! The only thing to do is stall, boy...Stall for time. Okay...That's my only out...I'll stall!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Is that you, McGee?

FIB: Yeah.

MOL: Was the hardware store open?

FIB: Er..yeah. It was open.

MOL: That's nice. There's some hot coffee on the stove, if you want some.

FIB: Thanks, kiddo. (TO HIMSELF) Well, why don't she ask me? Let's get it over with.

MOL: Here's a Christmas card from Aunt Sarah.

FIB: Oh yeah! I'll bet there's postage due on it. She's so tight she couldn't put on her hat without lifting herself off the floor.

MOL: Well, you've got her wrong this time, sweetheart, she sent us a five hundred dollar check for Christmas.

FIB: WHAT? SHE DID? FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS???

MOL: That's right. And she said if the Republicans are elected in 1948, she'll sign it.

FIB: Oh. (PAUSE) (TO HIMSELF) Well, McGee, why don't you tell her, you big ape? You yellow, or something? Uh... Molly, I got something to tell you.

MOL: All right dearie. What is it?

FIB: I....er...well.....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Tell me later, McGee. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes...IT'S THE MAYOR, MCGEE. HELLO, YOUR HONOR.

GALE: Good evening, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, La Triv, old man. Merry Christmas.

GALE: And the same to both of you. McGee, I just dropped by to tell you how grateful the school commissioners are for this toy-mending project you have undertaken!

MOL: Oh, he loved doing it, Mr. Mayor. Just give himself here a handful of tools, and he'll chisel, chisel, chisel, all day long!

FIB: Yeah, but on this toy deal, La Triv, I was --
GALE: Believe me, McGee...when Miss Yeagley told me how you had volunteered to repair all those toys, I was touched.
FIB: YOU were touched!
MOL: Just look how he fixed this coaster wagon, Mr. Mayor! He couldn't repair the wheels, so he put four holes in the bottom of it, so two children with roller skates on could stick their feet through it. I thought it was very ingenious!
FIB: Yeah, but that was before I --
GALE: BY THE WAY.....MAY I HELP DELIVER ANY OF THESE THINGS, MCGEE? HOW ABOUT THIS ELECTRIC TRAIN? IS THIS FINISHED?
MOL: Oh he did a wonderful job rewiring that little train, Mr. Mayor. McGee, show the Mayor how when you throw the signal switch the train jumps the track and rolls over three times.
FIB: I'll have to admit I'm not much with electric stuff. I even get nervous handling a wire coat-hanger. But it don't matter now, LaTrivia. Because what I done was --
GALE: Yes, yes, yes....but as I say, McGee....I'll be glad to deliver any of this stuff for you. HOW ABOUT THIS SLED HERE?

MOL: No, Your Honor. I don't believe I'd--
FIB: NO NO...NOT THAT SLED, LA TRIVIA. DON'T TRY TO PICK THAT UP, BECAUSE--
GALE: DON'T TALK NONSENSE, MCGEE...(SLIGHTLY OFF) IF A CHILD CAN HANDLE THIS, I'M SURE I WON'T HAVE ANY-- (GRUNTS) OOOOHHH!! MY BACK!! I'VE BROKEN MY BACK!!!
MOL: We warned you, Mr. Mayor!
GALE: (GROANS) WHAT'S THAT SLED MADE OF...LEAD?
FIB: No, I was puttin' some new runners on it, La Triv. But the nails were too long, and I nailed it to the floor. Sorry.
GALE: (GROANS) Oh...that's quite all right...I'll...I'll let you know how my x-rays come out. (HOLLOWLY) Merry Christmas.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Look at the poor man walking up the street, McGee...all bent over! Like he was looking for four-leaf clovers!
FIB: I TOLD him not to pick up that sled. But this not being election time, he don't listen to the common people.
MOL: Well, what was it you started to tell me before he came in, McGee?
FIB: Eh? OH...oh, yeah...Well, I...I...Gee, I feel like a mugg tellin' you this, Molly, but...well, I was...
MOL: OH, STOP SCRAPING YOUR FOOT ON THE CARPET AND TELL ME.
FIB: Okay. Well...^{why don't downtown with my last money}...in the first place, I...it was...I mean--

DOOR OPEN:

WILCOX: MERRY CHRISTMAS, MOLLY...HAPPY NEW YEAR, PAL!

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MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. The same to you.

FIB: Rushing the season a little with that New Year's stuff, aren't you, Junior?

WIL: Well, I thought I'd throw that in early because I won't be seeing you next week.

MOL: Oh, that's right...you won't, will you. Sitting here next Tuesday night listening to Fred Waring, we'll miss you, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Thanks, Molly! Will you miss me too, pal?

FIB: I...I don't trust myself to talk, Junior...the very thought of you not dropping in here next Tuesday just kinda overwhelms me.

MOL: Yes, if he starts turning handsprings, Mr. Wilcox, you'll know it's strictly from grief!

WIL: I know what you mean. I think that's a great idea, though - bringing Fred Waring and that wonderful music of his back for a week.

FIB: Yeah, me and Molly and the people in Racine, we thought it would be a kind of a nice New Year's greeting to everyone if we asked Fred to take over the Johnson Wax Program for next week.

MOL: ^{Mr. Waring} He and his Pennsylvanians will sort of express our New Year wishes for our friends in music, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I'm gonna love it. Tuesday nights I don't get much chance to listen, anyhow, to a good - OH, HEY LOOK AT ALL THE TOYS! GEE, I'LL SWAP YOU A GOOD JACK KNIFE FOR THAT MUSICAL TOP, PAL! AND THROW IN A BALL OF KITE STRING, TOO!

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FIB: No deal, Junior...this stuff isn't mine. I been tryin' to fix it up for the kids around town. Without much success, I might add.

MOL: You might, indeed! Look at that doll house, Mr. Wilcox. He was fixing the roof on it and suddenly found his elbows in the basement.

FIB: I'm a clumsy oaf! If I'd only kept my big fat ---

MOL: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: Just writing a little note.

FIB: A note?

WIL: To the little girl who gets this doll house. Mind if I shove it under the door here?

FIB: Not at all. Mind if we read it first?

WIL: Not at all. Go ahead.

FIB: Let's see - it says "TO THE LITTLE GIRL WHO GETS THIS LOVELY DOLL HOUSE: WHEN YOU GROW UP AND HAVE A REAL HOUSE OF YOUR OWN, DON'T FORGET TO KEEP IT BEAUTIFUL AND CLEAN WITH JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS. (SIGNED) A friend."

MOL: A friend. My goodness, that's the first anonymous letter I ever saw that was constructive.

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WIL: Yep. Well, I'll see you a week from Tuesday, Folks.
Happy Yuletide.

MOL: The same to you, Mr. Wilcox.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Migosh, old Waxey never quits, does he? I'll bet he--

MOL: McGee, you were starting to tell me something.

FIB: I was? OH YES..I WAS! I was trying to tell you what I...
well....I feel awful about it, kiddo, but...

MOL: (HELPFULLY) Something about these toys, was it, dearie?

FIB: (EAGERLY) YEAH YEAH!! YEAH...IT WAS!.....YEAH!! Look...

Here's what I - when I took my knee money

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: This is like reading a continued story in a monthly
magazine. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Merry Christmas, my dear. And a cheery Yuletide greeting
to you too, Jinglebrain!

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble. NICE TO SEE YOU!

FIB: Well, if it isn't the mortician's best friend! Hiyah,
Sulfa Huckster!

DOC: What are you doing with all the toys, Beaverbottom? Been
hijacking Santa Claus?

MOL: He undertook to repair them for some children for
Christmas, Doctor.

DOC: You don't say. I'll have to tear up that article I was
writing about him for the Medical Journal...Maybe he DOES
have a heart!

FIB: I've paid you enough dough to listen to it, Butcher boy.
And what are you doing out on Christmas Eve? Not that
your absence from the hospital is not a splendid gift to
the sick.

MOL: Business a little dull, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, it is, rather. Ordinarily I'm busy Christmas Eve,
pulling fat fathers out of fireplaces, or treating them
for burned noses. They never seem to learn that long
white beards light up quicker than a cigarette. By the
way...what are you two doing New Year's Eve?

FIB: Gonna spend a quiet evening right here in front of the
fireplace, Tonsil-Peeker. Crakin' jokes and walnuts.
Why?

DOC: I have reservations at a night club, if you'd care to
join me.

MOL: Thank you so much, Doctor...but we want to stay in that
night and listen to Fred Waring.

DOC: Fred Waring...something special?

FIB: Yeah. He's gonna be on the air for Johnson's Wax next
Tuesday night, at this time, Fatso.

MOL: It's going to be a novelty for radio, Doctor, - a singing
program with spoken commercials.

DOC: That, I shall have to hear! I'll tear up my reservations
and join you, if I may.

FIB: Pray do, Doctor...pray do! And bring your medicine bag...
I always eat too much caramel popcorn on New Year's Eve.

~~DOOR SLAM:~~

DOC: I'll be there, with full equipment, Glutton-button.
Although I'll probably be called out a few times during
the evening.

MOL: Really, Doctor?

DOC: Yes...New Year's Eve, you know. People forget that
sloe gin and fast cars can be a poisonous combination.
As the head gets lighter on the neck, the foot gets
heavier on the accelerator. *well* See you next week.
Merry Christmas!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now that we got a minute alone, Molly, look...Remember
when I grabbed that bait can with my dough in it and
ran down to the hardware store?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well, the fact is, I...I...OH, THIS IS GONNA MAKE ME
LOOK LIKE AN AWFUL FOOL!

MOL: Sweetheart, when you fumbled that installment wedding ring
on my finger I took you for better and for worse. Mostly
it's been for the better, so you might as well average
it up a little.

FIB: Well...okay. Here's the situation. When I realized I--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Maybe you'd better write me an inter-office memo, McGee.
Conversationally, we're not getting anyplace. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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FIB: Well, for the-- HIYA, TEENY!

TEE: Hi, Mister, hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: It's the little girl ^{seems the one} from across the street who talked me
into fixin' all these toys, Molly.

MOL: Yes, I know.

FIB: Sis, I owe you an explanation. You see--

TEE: GEE, MISTER...YOU DON'T OWE ANYBODY ANYTHING, I BETCHA...

I was just over to school, and I saw all the toys...BOY,
ARE THEY EVER SUPER, THOUGH...JUST LIKE NEW!! THANKS
EVER SO MUCH, MISTER.

FIB: Well, I gotta spill this sometime, I guess. Sis, those
toys ARE new. I bought 'em and had 'em sent over.

TEE: You mean you couldn't fix these old ones, Mister?
Hmm? Couldncha? Hmm? Couldncha? Hmm?

FIB: No, I couldn't. As a toy repairman, I'm about as handy
as a turtle at a taffy-pull. I flopped the assignment,
sis.

TEE: You did not, I betcha...you were wunnerful!! Miss
Yeagley was so happy she cried!

FIB: SHE DID?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I said SHE DID?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: CRIED.

TEE: Who?

FIB: MISS YEAGLEY!

TEE: I know it! She said to thank you ever so much, mister.

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FIB: That's okay, sis. Molly, that's what I was tryin' to tell you.'

MOL: Yes, I know. But what took you so long?

FIB: Well, my gosh...I felt like a chump...I had to use the money I was saving for your Christmas present.

TEE: Awww...gee...

FIB: BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? WHEN I OPENED THAT BAIT CAN, I FOUND I HAD ALMOST TWICE AS MUCH MONEY SAVED AS I THOUGHT!

MOL: Yes, dearie. I knew what you were up against, so I took the money I was going to buy your present with, and put it in with yours.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU KNEW I -- But you won't get any present!

MOL: Neither will you. And I think it's the nicest Christmas we ever had!

FIB: (PAUSE) It ain't bad at that, is it?

TEE: (PAUSE) Gee, Can I bring the boys in now, mister?

FIB: Huh? What boys?

TEE: The same boys that always sing for you on Christmas!.... HEY, JOHNNY...RADDY...BUDDY...KENNY!! COME ON 'IN!

DOOR OPEN...AD LIB HELLOS AND MERRY CHRISTMASSES

FIB: Those kids haven't grown a bit since last year.

TEE: Now you sit down there, Miz McGee... and Mr. McGee, you sit there. No; not at the piano, we're gonna use that. All right, boys, are you ready?
Anna one...anna two...anna THREE!!
ORCH AND KING'S MEN..."T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

HOLD APPLAUSE:

PAUSE

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)