

(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

April 29th, 1947

Number 31

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - 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, Gene Carroll, 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: —

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR: —

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
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WIL: While you're putting the finishing touches to your newly cleaned house, don't forget to give a thought to your car. After all, a clean, shiny automobile gives your family just as much pleasure as a clean, bright home. And car cleaning's no trouble at all these days, with JOHNSON'S CARNU to help you. There just isn't any other car polish that shines a car as easily as CARNU. JOHNSON'S CARNU is the famous liquid car polish that both cleans and polishes in one quick operation. You apply it with a cloth, rubbing just hard enough to loosen dull, winter grime. Let it dry to a white powder, then wipe it off. That's all there is to it, but oh man! What a shine CARNU gives your car. It leaves the finish so satin-smooth, so beautifully polished you'll hardly know the old bus. And it's easy to keep your car bright and new-looking when you use JOHNSON'S CARNU occasionally. You see, dust and dirt can't get a foothold on the smooth shiny finish. Try it. More car owners buy JOHNSON'S CARNU, you know, than any other car polish. It's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SNEAK IN BRIDGE AND SWELL TO FINISH

MCGEE 4-9-47

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: YOU KNOW WHAT SALES RESISTANCE IS?

THAT'S WHAT A HUSBAND HAS, WHEN HIS WIFE TRIES TO SELL HIM ON THE BEAUTY AND CHARM OF HER OLD SCHOOL FRIEND WHO IS COMING FOR A VISIT.

IN THIS CASE, THE HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Just imagine, McGee...I haven't seen Thelma since we were in school together, back in Peoria.

FIB: What was her name, again?

MOL: Thelma. Thelma Graham. She was a scream!

FIB: Funny I can't seem to remember her.

MOL: Well, she never hung around the sneke shop, much. She didn't play pool, either.

FIB: Folks were strict, eh?

MOL: Besides, that was before you came into my life, dearie.

FIB: Oh, the dull years.

MOL: They would have been dull - except for Thelma Graham.

(BLEND)

FIB: Look, she's never met my husband, you know. (COX)

Well, she's never met my husband, you know. (COX)

FIB: Well, if you think it'll build you up socially, --

MOL: Anyway, I've asked a few friends to drop in for tea at

the clock. Dr. Gamble, and Mr. Wilcox, and Mayor La

Tulsa, and Mr. Winkle. Thelma will only be here between

twains, so --

DOOR CHIRP

MOL: I'll never forget the time Thelma's folks got a new clock and they told her it would run eight days without winding and -

FIB: and she said "HOW LONG WILL IT RUN IF YOU WIND IT?"

MOL: Yes. (LAUGHS HEARTILY) That's what she said...Oh she was just bubbling over all the time. She'd say things like "HOW DO YOU GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT, -" and you'd say I don't know, and-

FIB: and she'd say, "YOU DON'T GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT, YOU GET DOWN OFF A DUCK.!!"

MOL: YES...(SCREAMS WITH LAUGHTER) Everybody told her she ought to be in vaudeville.

FIB: Too many people like her DID go into vaudeville. That's what happened to it. WELL, I'D LIKE TO STICK AROUND AND MEET THIS HAPPY CHARACTER KIDDO, BUT I GOTTA GET DOWN TO THE EIKS CLUB. We gotta paint ~~the~~ pool balls, ^{the} and I'm one of the few who knows what color the eightball is.

We always -

MOL: OH NO, MCGEE..PLEASE. Stay here with me. You MUST meet Thelma.

FIB: I know, but I promised the fellas --

MOL: Besides, Thelma's never met my husband, you know. (COY) I want to show you off a little, sweetheart. Show her how well I married.

FIB: Wel-l-l....if you think it'll build you up socially, --

MOL: Anyway, I've asked a few friends to drop in for tea at 4 o'clock. Dr. Gamble, and Mr. Wilcox, and Mayor La Trivia, and Mr. Wimple. Thelma will only be here between

FIB: trains, so -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: MY GOSH, IS THAT YOUR FRIEND ALREADY? I GOTTA SHAVE AND PUT ON A CLEAN SHIRT, AND ---

MOL: No no no...relax, dearie. She isn't due for an hour yet. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: See, McGee? It's ~~only~~ Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yeah. HIYA, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: You're a little early for tea, Mr. Wimple. The invitation was for four o'clock, remember?

WIMP: Yes, I just came over to tell you I'd be here, Mrs. McGee. Is it somebody's birthday, or something?

FIB: No, it's for a wise cracker named Graham, Wimp. An old school chum of Molly's. She tells jokes.

WIMP: You do, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: No, Thelma does, Mr. Wimple. Thelma Graham. That's her name. You'll just love her. She's a scream.

WIMP: Well, I don't know, Mrs. McGee. I'm sure she must be very nice if she's a friend of yours, but women like that frighten men. They do me, anyway. But that's not so peculiar. ALL women frighten me. Like this morning, for instance.

FIB: What happened this morning, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, I was standing in the kitchen while the milkman was kissing my wife, and---

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...THE MILKMAN WAS KISSING YOUR WIFE?

FIB: Did you slug him, Wimp?

WIMP: How could I? I was holding his milk bottles.

MOL: Yes, but...

WIMP: Besides, he's my father-in-law.

FIB: Oh.

WIMP: What bothered me was he interrupted me while I was trying to read my Bird Book.

MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My Bird Book. Did you know that the Laughing Grackle of Western Kansas builds its nest out of old funny papers?

FIB: That's a switch. I've known of jokes getting the bird, but never vice versa.

WIMP: Well, anyway, they don't have any housing shortage. Did you ever hear my poem about that?

FIB: No, and I don't think we'd...

MOL: I'D LOVE TO HEAR IT, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: All right. It goes...(CLEARS THROAT)

FIB: *Right* Do it again. I didn't *don't get the gist of it.* understand it.

WIMP: I was just clearing my throat, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh.

WIMP: It goes: "WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?"

(CHUCKLES) IS A PHRASE YOU HEAR FROM NOME TO ROME,

BUT THE HOUSING SHORTAGE GIVES US ANOTHER -

...you "WHAT IS MOTHER WITHOUT A HOME?"

Well, I'll be back at four o'clock, folks.

DOOR SLAM: Not an old school-mate of yours.

MOL: I'd better get out in the kitchen and see how Lena is coming along with the tea things, McGee. (FADE) And you'd better run up and shave, so I can show Thelma what a handsome husband I have...

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE...RIGHT AWAY! Ahh, there goes a good kid! She thinks I swallow that stuff about me being so handsome. And she's so right! I lap it up like a hungry---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh-oh! I hope that isn't Giggling Graham, the Girl Gagman. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, it's you, Teeny.

TEE: Sure it is, I betcha. (GIGGLES) Whatcha doon, Mister? HMM? Whatcha doon? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: I am about to go upstairs and un-whisker myself, sis. We got a tea party cooked up for 4 p.m. to meet an old school-mate of Mrs. McGee's.

TEE: Gee, that will be dandy, I betcha. I met an old school-mate of mine this morning.

FIB: (CHUCKLES) You did, eh?

TEE: *Chuck* Yes, and -- Hmm?

FIB: I says you did, eh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: Met an old school-mate of yours.

TEE: You did?

FIB: YOU DID!

TEE: I know it. It was Willie Toops. He's one of the oldest school-mates I've got. He's eight 'n' a half, going on ten.

FIB: Aging fast, isn't he? You like Willie, Sis?

TEE: Oh boy, I'll say. Is he ever good-looking, though. Hubba hubba hubba! He's kinda dumb, though I betcha.

FIB: Whattaya mean, kinda dumb?

TEE: Well. (GIGGLES) He says the reason it rains is because the birds are crying and the rain is bird's tears.

FIB: Why do the birds cry?

TEE: Because it's raining, he says.

FIB: Well, that's a very poetic conception, sis, but we know better, don't we?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Sure. (PAUSE) Hey, why DOES it rain, Mister?

FIB: It's very simple, sis. In the first place, the heat of the sun causes evaporation of the water in the streams and the lakes and the oceans. It rises into the air and forms clouds. The clouds go wherever rain is needed, and when they get there the thunder says (DEEP VOICE) ALL RIGHT, KIDS, BREAK IT UP! Then the lightning flashes to show it where to fall, and down it goes..to wet the fields and the crops and the trees, so they can grow. Catch on?

FIB: Betcha. And if you eat too much salt, what happens?

TEE: I get thirsty.

TEE: Gee, does it rain wherever it needs rain?

FIB: Sure.

TEE: How about the desert? My teacher, Miss Yeagley says it hardly ever almost NEVER rains in the desert.

FIB: Well...er...you see sis, I...er...it...well the desert dont NEED rain. Nothing grows there but cactus and tourists and neither of 'em use much water.

TEE: Oh. (PAUSE) Well gee, how about the ocean, mister? Don't it ever rain on the ocean?

FIB: Certainly.

TEE: Why? Gee, the ocean don't need any water, I betcha.

FIB: Well...er...the ocean...is..er...AHM. WELL, I GOT TO RUN UP-STAIRS AND SHAVE, SIS. IT'S BEEN VERY NICE TALKING TO YOU BUT...

TEE: Hey, mister...hey,...wait a minute!

FIB: Eh?

TEE: WHY DOES IT HAVE TO RAIN ON THE OCEAN? YOU SAID THE RAIN WENT WHERE EVER THEY NEEDED IT. THE OCEAN DON'T NEED ANY RAIN, I BETCHA.

FIB: Look, sis.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: You ever eat radishes?

TEE: Sure. I LOVE radishes, I betcha.

FIB: How do you eat radishes?

TEE: Oh I just put a little salt on 'em and eat 'em.

FIB: Natch. And if you eat too much salt, what happens?

TEE: I get thirsty.

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FIB: Of course you do. And if you get thirsty with a few little dabs of salt, how do you think the ocean gets with millions of tons of salt in it? (WHEW!) WELL, SEE YOU LATER, SIS!

TEE: So long, Mister!

DOOR SIAM:

ORCH: "LINDA"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

MOL: Well, Thelma ought to be here any minute, dearie. How do I look?

FIB: Don't ask me, snooky. I'm prejudiced. You always look wonderful to me.

MOL: Well, you look nice too. That's the closest shave you've had since you got the wrong draft card in 1942...You'll just LOVE Thelma, McGee. Us girls used to just fall down and roll on the floor at her jokes.

FIB: Well, if you see me rolling toward the back door, tootsie, hold it open for me, because I--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: OH I'LL BET THAT'S THELMA NOW!! THIS IS GOING TO BE SUCH FUN! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

MOL: THELMA!

THEL: MOLLY!!! AS THE MAN SAID WHEN THE NEWSSTAND BURNED DOWN - "LONG SEE NO TIME!!!"

(GIRLS LAUGH HEARTILY):

FIB: Oh fine!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, THELMA! AND YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT!

THEL: WELL, I'VE GOT A FEW GRAY HAIRS, MOLLY, BUT AS THE MAN SAYS, "JUST BECAUSE THERE'S A JITTLE SNOW ON THE ROOF DOESN'T MEAN THE FIRE'S OUT IN THE HOUSE!"

GIRLS LAUGH MERRILY:

MOL: See what I mean, McGee? Thelma is always..OH, excuse me! Thelma, I want you to meet my husband...Dearie, this is Thelma.

FIB: Hiyah, Thelma. Welcome to Bellylaugh Manor. Glad you could come. Always like to have our wits about us at a tea party...(LAUGHS) Get it, girls? Have our wits about us? Thelma being such a wit, I thought -

MOL: T'ain't funny, McGee.

FIB: It ain't? My gosh, I been working on that ever since you told me she was such a -

THELMA: CERTAINLY AM GLAD TO KNOW MOLLY'S HUSBAND, MR. MCGEE. You know what a husband is, don't you? That's a lover with the nerve removed!

GIRLS: LAUGH HEARTILY

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Oh brother! This is worse than I --

MOL: MY GOODNESS WHAT AM I THINKING OF....STANDING HERE GABBING AWAY....LET ME TAKE YOUR COAT, THELMA...

THELMA: NO NO NO...I'LL PUT IT IN THE OTHER ROOM MYSELF, MOLLY... AS THE BREEZE SAID TO THE CANDLE..."I DON'T WANT TO PUT YOU OUT!!!" (FADE OUT LAUGHING)

MOL: Ahh, good old Thelma! What did I tell you, McGee? Isn't she a scream? Oh you'll LOVE her when you get to know her better.

FIB: I wouldn't know her any better if she sat on my lap till Henry Wallace gets to be President of the Union League Club! She's the most obnoxious ---

THELMA: (FADE IN) My, this is a lovely home you have, Molly!

MOL: Well, thank you, Thelma! We --

THELMA: PERSONALLY, I LIKE TO LIVE IN HOTELS. I GO THERE FOR A CHANGE AND A REST....THE BELL-BOYS GET THE CHANGE AND THE MANAGER GETS THE REST!

(GIRLS LAUGH)

FIB: I'm getting nervous! I'll bet we get a nasty letter from It Pays to be Ignorant. Look, Thelma...Suppose we...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh good!...Our guests are beginning to arrive. I'M SO anxious to have you meet our friends, Thelma. COME IN...!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

HARLOW: Hi!

FIB: HEY, IT'S HARLOW WILCOX.....COME IN, JUNIOR! HOPE YOU LIKE SEAFOOD.....WE BEEN BAKING CLAMS BY THE THOUSAND!

MOL: Come in, Mr. Wilcox.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

WIL: How are you, Molly. Hiyah, Pal

MOL: Miss Graham, may I present Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox, my old schoolmate, Thelma Graham.

WIL: How do you do, Miss Graham.

THEL: As the gangster's wife said to him when the cops met the train-- "Police to meetcha," Harlow.

GIRLS LAUGH

MOL: (DELIGHTEDLY) Did you ever hear anybody like her, Mr. Wilcox? She kept us girls screaming all thru school!

WIL: I believe it. I've only known her ~~three~~ ^a minutes, and I'm almost screaming myself. Going to be in town long, Miss Wholewheat?

FIB: Graham, Junior.

WIL: Pardon me.

THEL: No, just passing thru, Mr. Hotchkiss.

MOL: Wilcox.

THEL: Pardon me. NO, I'M ON MY WAY TO CALIFORNIA, OUT WHERE THE MEN HAVE HAIR ON THEIR CHESTS AT LEAST TILL THE PICTURE IS FINISHED. You look like an actor yourself, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well (MODEST LAUGH) I did a little work in Chatauqua, Miss Graham. Second leads, mostly. Sang baritone, too.

FIB: He still puts on a pretty good floor-show, Thelma.

THEL: I'll bet he does. Ever hear about the guy gettin the life insurance? Doc asked him if he had any scars -- and he said "No, but I got a cigarette!"

MOLLY AND THELMA BREAK UP

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh Thelma ..Please...I'm just aching all over.

FIB: Me too. And more in some places than in others.

THEL: You still an actor, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No, I sell Johnson's Wax products now, Miss Graham. Ever hear about Johnson's Glocoat?

THEL: Sure I have! My sister always uses Johnson's Glocoat. The salesman told her it would make her linoleum shine till she could see her face in it, and she used it. Well she forgot it was Battleship linoleum, and when she saw her face in it she looked like Admiral Nimitz. (LAUGHS)

MOL: (laughs, too.)

(PAUSE)

FIB: Grab it, Junior. It's the first hole there's been in the conversation for half an hour.

WIL: Eh? Oh! WELL, GLOCOAT IS REALLY A WONDERFUL PRODUCT, MISS GRAHAM! SHINES AS IT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL GLOSSY FINISH!

THELMA: That reminds me of a gag about--

WIL: YESSIR, NO RUBBING, NO BUFFING WITH GLOCOAT! YOU SIMPLY POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND WITH THE LONG-HANDLED APPLIER, LET IT DRY FOR 20 MINUTES OR LESS, AND PRESTO!

THELMA: There's also one about--

WIL: IT PUTS A GLEAMING PROTECTIVE SHINE ON YOUR LINOLEUM THAT IS A JOY TO ANY HOUSEWIFE'S EYE.

THELMA: But Mr. Wilcox--

WIL: A HARD WAX FINISH THAT LAUGHS AT THE ICEMAN'S FEET AND MAKES THE SCRUB-BUCKET AS OBSOLETE AS BUTTON SHOES! IT--

THELMA: LOOK, HARLOW!

WIL: Yes, Miss Graham?

THELMA: What's so obsolete about button shoes? My father has worn button shoes for fifty years.

MOL: Likes them, does he, Thelma?

THELMA: No, he can't get 'em off! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Isn't this jolly, Waxey? Aren't you glad you came?

MOL: Well, Doctor Gamble and Mayor La Trivia and Mr. Wimple should be here any minute. I'll see if Lena has tea ready. IENA!...OH, IENA!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

IENA: Everything is ready, honey. I didn't know if you wanted green tea or black tea so I just used the Orange Peekaboo. I hope that's all right.

MOL: That's fine, Lena. Just put everything on the coffee table and I'll serve.

IENA: Yes ma'am. Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: How are you, Lena?

IENA: Well, I got a little sinus trouble, Mr. Wilcox. It don't bother me much except when I hang by my knees.

FIB: WHEN YOU HANG BY YOUR KNEES?!

IENA: Yes...you know some of the labels on the preserves are pasted on upside down so I hang by my knees from the hot air pipes to read 'em. I have to work fast, too, because the brains rush to my head.

MOL: My goodness, Lena, you might have a bad fall, doing that.

IENA: It ain't the Fall I mind so much as it is the Winter, honey. That's when them pipes really get hot! Well, if anybody wants any more tea, or more of them little woman-fingers, you just holler at me.

WIL: Ladyfingers, Lena.

IENA: I know, but Mr. McGee said they didn't want this party to be too fancy, Mr. Wilcox. He said it was just for a bunch of mugs that--

FIB: IENA!

IENA: Well, that's what you said, Mr. McGee! You said they'd probably much rather have beer and pretzels, but--

MOL: PLEASE, IENA!

IENA: Oh, that's all right, honey. I think you're perfectly right to serve tea. It looks a lot better in the Society Colyums if it says Mrs. McGee served tea to a group of prominent citizens, than if it said you rushed the growler for a bunch of-- OH, IS THIS THE PARTY YOU WENT TO SCHOOL WITH, HONEY? HELLO, THELMA...I'M IENA.

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THELMA: Hello, Lena. I'll bet you can't guess which hand I stir my tea with.

LENA: Oh now, you go on...you use a spoon to stir it! (LAUGHS)
YOU DON'T CATCH ME ON ANY OLD ^{chestnut} ~~ONE~~ LIKE THAT, THELMA!...
(EXIT LAUGHING HEARTILY)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "I DO, DO, DO LIKE YOU"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

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SOUND: POLITE CHATTER, CLINK OF TEA SERVICE

MOL: More tea, Doctor Gamble? A little lemon, Mr. Mayor?
Cream, Mr. Wimple?

CHORUS: No thank you...I'm equipped...this is fine...etc etc.

THELMA: WELL, SO YOU'RE THE MAYOR OF THIS TOWN ARE YOU, OLD BOY?

GALE: Er...yes, Miss Graham. I am. I trust you are enjoying your visit to Wistful Vista?

THELMA: Well, I haven't seen much of it, but any city of over 500 people scares me. You know what they say...you can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the girl!

MOL AND THELMA LAUGH:

MOL: Oh, Thelma...how you do go on! Isn't she a scream, Mayor La Trivia?

GALE: Er...yes. Isn't she. Are you travelling by train or plane, Miss Graham? And how soon?

THELMA: I'm going west by train and back by plane, Your Honor. Which reminds me of the time I went to Europe on a boat. Traveled by rail, all the way! (LAUGHS)

WIMP: May I have another cookie, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Why certainly, Mr. Wimple, here you are. THELMA, TELL THE BOYS WHAT YOU SAID TO THE PORTER ON THE TRAIN.
(LAUGHS) Listen to this, boys.

FIB: Yeah, tell us, Thelma.

DOC: I can hardly wait to hear it.

WIL: I'll bet it's a lulu.

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THELMA: Well, I left my shoes to be shined and the porter brought back one brown one and one black one. When I told him about it he said, "WELL IMAGINE THAT...THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THAT'S HAPPENED TODAY!"

MOL AND THELMA LAUGH:

DOC: Did that really happen to you, Miss Graham?

THELMA: Now, doctor...don't get personal. As long as you and I can keep people in stitches, who cares? (LAUGHS)

MOL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY)...Oh, Thelma!!

WIMP: May I have another cookie, Mrs. McGee?

WIL: Better take it easy with those cookies, Wally. They're pretty rich.

THELMA: YOU PEOPLE KNOW THE BEST EXERCISE TO KEEP FROM GETTING FAT? PUSH YOURSELF AWAY FROM THE TABLE, THREE TIMES A DAY. (LAUGHS) Don't you agree with that, doctor?

DOC: I beg your pardon, Miss Graham. I didn't hear what you said. I was looking at Mr. Wimple's Bird Book. Very interesting article about the Chicago Pigeon. It sits on a stool under a bright light and sings to the cops all day.

THEL: Reminds me of the deck of cards in the desert calling to it's young "OASIS...OASIS...OASIS!!"

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MOL: Oh aces! (LAUGHS) That's the funniest thing I ever heard.. a deck of cards in the desert..(LAUGHS) How do you ever think those things up, Thelma?

FIB: My gosh, all you need is a few back copies of the Hardware Dealer, eh Thelma?

THELMA: I like the old College Humors myself, Mr. McGee. I'm a college girl, you know. I got my degree in music.

GALE: Are you a composer, Miss Graham.

THEL: AM I A COMPOSER? Remind me to sing you my masterpiece.. the Refrain from Smoking. (LAUGHS)

FIB: I didn't think she was that old.

THEL: You look like a college man yourself, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: I am. University of Texas. A three letter man.

WIL: No kidding, La Trivia? A three letter man?

GALE: Yes, I sat on a branding iron. I hope I am not using any of your material, Miss Graham.

THEL: No, I just use the one about the cowboy with enamel all over his pants.

FIB: I'll play straight man for you, Thel. HOW'D THE COWBOY GET THE ENAMEL ON HIS PANTS?

THEL: They told him to saddle his old paint, and he thought they said to paint his old saddle. *I think I wonder what Fred McGehee* (LAUGHS) THEN THERE WAS ONE *about* ABOUT THE MAN THAT GOT GORED BY A LONG HORN IN THE MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, BUT THAT WAS --

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) MOTOR HORN..

THEL: Oh dear, there's my taxicab. I've got to leave now to catch a train, folks.

MOL: I'll get your hat, Thelma..

FIB: I'll get your coat, Thelma.

WIL: I'll hold the door open, Thelma.

DOC: I'll pay the cab driver.. *I'll eat the rest of the cookies*

GALE: I'll telephone the station..if you don't get on that train it won't be my fault, Miss Graham..

THEL: OH YOU'RE ALL JUST TOO SWEET...MOLLY, IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL REUNION...IF YOU EVER COME TO CALIFORNIA..DO COME AND VISIT WITH ME...

MOL: Oh I'd love to Thelma..but how will I get in touch with you?

THELMA: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) ARE YOU KIDDING. WELL, GOODBYE, EVERYBODY....I'VE JUST LOVED MEETING YOU!!

CHORUS OF GOODEYES:

DOOR SLAM:(PAUSE)

FIB: Wow...what a character! You guys ever hear so many corny jokes in your life?

WIL: I've heard THOSE jokes plenty of times. I've told them plenty of times!

DOC: I could make some interesting re-arrangements of that girl's thyroid.

GALE: Did you say you hadn't seen her since your school days, Molly?...you lucky girl.

MOL: I don't care...I think Thelma is lots of fun. BUT WHAT DID SHE MEAN, WAS I KIDDING WHEN I ASKED HOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HER?

FIB: I don't know.

WIMP: I do.

CHORUS OF INQUIRY:

WIMP: I knew who she was the minute I heard her voice, but I thought she was sensitive about it.

FIB: What do you mean? Who is she?

WIMP: She's Bubbles Joy---the big radio star.

CHORUS: "BUBBLES JOY??"... "I HEAR HER EVERY WEEK"... "WHY, I DIDN'T KNOW"...ETC

WIMP: ...and she makes eight thousand dollars a week!

PREGNANT PAUSE:

WIMP: Are there any more cookies, Mrs. McGee?

ORCH: "WE COULD MAKE SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC"...FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Now that your white woodwork's spring-cleaned and shining, how do you plan to keep it clean? Dirt does seem to show up, doesn't it, and those ugly fingerprints seem to come from nowhere. I'll tell you what I suggest... JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, the newest JOHNSON'S WAX POLISH that was specially made for your light woodwork and furniture. With CREAM WAX you need never use harsh cleansers or even soap and water to clean your woodwork. You just apply CREAM WAX - and dirt and fingerprints vanish. And that's not all. In addition to unusually effective cleaning ingredients, this creamy white liquid contains genuine wax. Polish it lightly - and it leaves a hard, smooth dry finish that is not sticky. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX fills a real need - not only to clean and wax-polish your woodwork and furniture, but also to give your white kitchen equipment a beautiful, bright sparkle. Try it, will you? You'll love the protection CREAM WAX gives against future soiling - how easy it makes dusting. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX - it's wonderful!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: I can't get over it, Molly. Imagine her being Bubbles Joy. Why, she's FAMOUS!

MOL: I TOLD you she was funny, McGee.

FIB: Yeah, but she ain't funny enough to get PAID for it.

MOL: Aren't we on dangerous ground, dearie?

FIB: EH? Oh. AHM. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF AND TAG:

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax ^{Products} ~~Finishes~~ for home and industry and inviting you to be with us again next week at this same time...Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)