

(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MAY 20 - 1947

NUMBER #34

-2-

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

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ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
5-20-47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, I doubt if anything adds so much rich beauty to a home as mellow wax-polished floors. A waxed floor is so beautifully smooth, so lustrous, and its shining cleanliness sets off your furnishings to such perfect advantage. Of course, for real wax-polished perfection, nothing can equal genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Most of the finest-looking floors in the world are polished regularly with JOHNSON'S WAX. And this old favorite is waiting to go to work on your floors right now to give them that smooth wax-polished sheen. That shining coat of JOHNSON'S WAX will be wonderful protection for your floors, of course. It will guard against scuffing and scratching -- help keep them beautiful without expensive refinishing. And with regular JOHNSON WAX care your floors will need only an occasional dusting to keep them bright. JOHNSON'S WAX will add the same rich, sparkling beauty and protection to your furniture and woodwork, not to mention a hundred household accessories. Try it. JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid. You'll find both on your dealer's shelves at prewar prices.

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WILCOX: THERE ARE THREE SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION. THE RIGHT SIDE, THE WRONG SIDE, AND THE SIDE FIBBER MCGEE IS ON. LISTEN TO HIS INTERPRETATION OF WORLD EVENTS WHILE HE READS THE EVENING PAPER TO HIS WIFE, AS WE JOIN.....

.....FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: What was that again, about the Greek situation, dearie?

FIB: I says, if General Marshall would listen to me, it would be cleared up before you could say scat. All they gotta do is give 'em sixty billion dollars for new schools, so they can learn English.

MOL: And why should the Greeks learn to speak English?

FIB: My gosh, who can understand Greek?

MOL: A good question! What's the local news?

FIB: Well, lemme see...(RATTLES PAPER) Here's a story about old MacDonald of the Third National Bank. It's a success story.

MOL: I understand Mr. MacDonald started life as a simple country boy.

FIB: SIMPLE COUNTRY BOY, MY CLAVICLE! If he ever milked anything besides a trust fund, I'd like to have a picture of it, 8 by 10, glossy!

MOL: Well, he's a prominent citizen, McGee, and lots of people will be interested in that story.

FIB: THERE'S PROMINENT CITIZENS WITH MORE INTERESTING STORIES THAN HIS. THOSE SOCKS YOU'RE DARNING WEREN'T WORN OUT BY ANY HOBO, YOU KNOW!

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MOL: Well, you may get a chance to tell yours, sweetheart. I understand the Gazette has a roving reporter going around town interviewing people.

FIB: Not me, kiddo. I'm not the type guy that caters to society editors just to get my name in the papers. HOWEVER, if they DO interview me---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Oh, oh! You think that may be an interviewer? And me sittin' here in my sweatshirt and sneakers?

MOL: What of it, sweetheart? You're not the type guy that has all his personality in his wardrobe.

FIB: You said it. COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Well, heavenly days, McGee...look who's here!!

FIB: Oh, Hyah, Old Timer!

MOL: COME IN, MR. OLD TIMER!!!

OLD TIMER: Hello, Daughter - hello there, Johnny!

FIB: WHERE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME, OLD TIMER?

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OLD T: Everyplace, Johnny. Sailin the Seven Seas! Shipped on a cattle boat to Valparaiso, first mate on a tanker to Sumatra, roustabout in Singapore, dockwalloped in Liverpool, and done a little smuggling on the side!

MOL: Smuggling!! my goodness!

OLD T: Yup. Sneaked three O'Briens and a Finnegan into Palestine. Wanted to go where there was some fightin', so I took em.

FIB: I didnt know you were a sailor, Old Timer. OH YES I DID, TOO. WERENT YOU IN THE SEABEES DURING THE WAR?

OLD T: Sure was, Johnny. I was Chief of the Bull-dozers in the Solomons.

MOL: You mean you ran those big tractor things?

OLD T: Nope. They had some beef critters with insomnia and I used to sing 'em to sleep. Three choruses o' Melancholy Baby and them bulls was dozin' like babies! Heh heh heh.

FIB: Is that true or just one of your prime ribs?

OLD T: (LAUGHS) Prime ribs, eh? THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AINT THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY" he says, "I HEER THE UNITED STATES IS GONNA HAVE A NATIONAL LOTTERY IN 1948." "ZAT SO?" says tother feller. "WHAT THEY GONNA CALL IT?" "SAME AS USUAL", says the first feller. "A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN!" Heh heh heh. Well, I just dropped in to pass the time o'day, kids....it's four fifteen. G'Bye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: He has an interesting face, hasn't he? It looks lived-in. How old do you suppose he is, McGee?

FIB: I dunno, but I got my suspicions.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: Remember that painting - "The Spirit of '76"?

MOL: Yes. Three men, with a flute, a drum and a flag.

FIB: Well, I think he's the guy on the left, with the flute.

BY THE WAY, DID YOU KNOW THAT EVERY GUY GOING INTO POLITICS STUDIES THAT PAINTING?

MOL: No. No, I didn't.

FIB: Yes sir! Greatest political lesson ever painted. If you're on the left, you make shrill noises. If you're on the right, you get ready to beat it. And if you get caught in the middle, you start waving the flag.

MOL: Mmmhmm! Any more local news, dearie?

FIB: Haven't looked. I can't get over this yarn about old man MacDonald. MY GOSH, IF THE GAZETTE WANTS TO INTERVIEW SOME REALLY INTERESTING PEOPLE, I COULD NAME...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

BEE: How do you do. You are Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee,
I presume? I am Miss Cartwright.

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

FIB: Hiya, sis. If you're from the finance company, you
aren't due till Thursday. Wanna sit down and wait a
couple of days?

MOL: McGee...don't be rude!

FIB: RUDE! You oughtta hear how I talk to the MEN from the
finance company. What you puttin' the sleeve on us for,
sis - the car or the piano?

BEE: ~~Neither one, Mr. McGee. I am not from any finance
company. I...er...well, this is just sort of an
interview. I hope you don't mind answering a few
questions?~~

MOL: INTERVIEW!! Oh, my...

FIB: You mean you're the-- OHHH!! Why shucks, sis, mighty glad
to talk to you. Have a chair...take that one over there.
It's an antique. That's the very chair the Village
Blacksmith sat on when he wrote Longfellow.

MOL: You're a little confused, dearie. It was Longfellow who
wrote the Village Blacksmith.

FIB: I know that. I also know the Village Blacksmith wrote
Longfellow to thank him. Well, it certainly was nice of
you to think of me, Miss Pushcart.

BEE: Cartwright. And we were bound to get around to you
sooner or later, Mr. McGee. Would you mind raising the
window shade a trifle? I'd like to make a few
notations.

MOL: Why of course, Miss Cartwright. Raise the shade, dearie.

FIB: Just be patient ... it's about due.

MOL: Well, I want a better look at that lovely hat Miss
Cartwright is wearing, anyway.

BEE: Thank you, my dear.

FIB: Look, sis, about this interview, maybe we better get going.
I was born in a little white house on the top of Kickapoo
Hill in Peoria, and...

SOUND: RUNAWAY WINDOW SHADE: FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP

BEE: GOOD GRACIOUS! ... WHAT WAS THAT?

MOL: Just the windowshade, going up.

FIB: Does it itself. I'll start over, sis. I WAS BORN IN A
LITTLE WHITE HOUSE ON THE TOP OF KICKAPOO HILL, IN PEORIA.
AN ORDINARY BOY, TO ALL APPEARANCES, ...STUDIOUS AND
ATHLETIC...A FAVORITE WITH BOTH STUDENTS AND TEACHERS.

ORCH: "SMILE RIGHT BACK AT THE SUN"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: ..well sir, I'll never forget the day I was decorated by General Pershing.

BEE: General Pershing?

MOL: This was in the first world war, Miss Cartwright.

FIB: Yeah..the BIG war. WELL SIR, THE REGIMENT WAS STANDING AT ATTENTION. A HUSH FELL OVER THE BATTLEFIELD. SUDDENLY, PERSHING SAYS, "CAPTAIN MCGEE, THREE PACES FORWARD!" Captain, I says to myself..my gosh, I says, I been promoted! But I leaps forward and salutes. He pins the Croix de Guerre on my blouse. He salutes. I salute. The other officers salute. I salute. The company salutes. I salute back. Then I says, very respectful, "What am I bein' decorated for, General?" I says. "For shooting down those five German airplanes over Bar Le Duc", he says. "That's strange," I says, "I never been in Bar Le Duc". "Aren't you Captain George McGee?", he says. "No sir" I says, "I'm Private Fibber McGee".

Well sir, later on, in the guardhouse--

BEE: Er...excuse me, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Eh?

BEE: This is not exactly what I'm after. Not that it isn't interesting, because it isn't.

FIB: Thank you!

BEE: I am much more interested in your home here...your possessions. For instance, that sofa. Isn't that an antique?

MOL: Oh, no. That's just an old horsehair sofa given to us by my Aunt Sarah.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, JUST AN OLD HORSEHAIR SOFA? Didn't Aunt Sarah tell you about that?

MOL: No.

FIB: Why my gosh, kiddo, that hair was clipped off the very horse that Paul Revere rode when he roused the minute men at Taploca. I mean Concord. I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for that sofa!

MOL: I would. And throw in the house, the silverware, and a pound of butter.

FIB: (LAUGHS) She's just kidding, Miss Barnsite. She's--

BEE: Cartwright. This is intensely interesting, Mr. McGee. Have you any other priceless heirlooms?

FIB: Sis, this house is full of priceless heirlooms. Now you take that piece on the mantel there. The marble Venus with the clock in her stomach. What would you say ~~that~~ was worth?

BEE: Well, I might be a few dollars off, one way or the other, but I'd say about ninety-eight cents.

MOL: SOLD!

FIB: Ninety-eight cents!! Sis, don't be deceived by the fact that one leg is busted and the hour-hand is missing.

MOL: He keeps knocking it off the mantel because he's so modest. He winds it with his eyes shut.

FIB: The point is Miss Cartwheel --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

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MOL: Doctor Gamble..do come in, Doctor.
DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, Jughead. OH..excuse me.
I didn't see you had guests.
FIB: You're slipping, Butcher Boy. Ordinarily, you could see
a good looking woman six miles away on a dark night, with
a driver's helmet on backward.
MOL: Gentlemen, please! Mind your manners. Miss Cartwright,
may I present Doctor Gamble?
BEE: Hello, Doctor.
DOC: Hello, Miss Cartwright! Nice to see you again.
May I ask if you and these people are old friends?
FIB: No she just come in to interview me, Doc.
BEE: Mr. McGee seems to have some very valuable objects of art,
Doctor. You know about that clock on the mantel?
DOC: Yes indeed. It was a wedding present from Molly's Aunt Sarah,
who won it on a punchboard.

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FIB: NOBODY SAID AUNT SARAH WON THAT CLOCK ON A PUNCHBOARD!
DOC: Nobody had to. It's obvious. You don't think anybody
sells junk like that, do you?
MOL: But Doctor ----
SOUND: TELEPHONE:
FIB: That's probably for you, Medicine Ball. Those operators
track you down like a Kentucky Colonel hunting a mint
bed.
DOC: Well, who'd invest a nickel to hear YOUR voice, Sonny?
(RECEIVER UP) Hello, Gamble speaking. Who? OH YES, MRS.
KIADDERHATCH!
MOL: Her again!
DOC: WHAT WAS THAT, MRS. KIADDERHATCH? (PAUSE) WELL, I'VE
TOLD YOUR HUSBAND FIFTY TIMES, THE ONLY CURE FOR HIS
TROUBLE IS TO GET INTO SOME OTHER LINE OF BUSINESS. THAT
BUZZING IN HIS EARS IS AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD. ALL RIGHT,
MRS. KIADDERHATCH. GOODBYE. (RECEIVER UP)
FIB: That's a silly hunk of advice! How can changing his
occupation cure a buzzing in his ears?
DOC: He keeps bees. Well, a pleasure to meet again, Miss
Cartwright, - See you later, Molly.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM:
MOL: A fine man, the Doctor! Know him well, Miss Cartwright?
BEE: Not as well as he knows me, Mrs. McGee. I've never seen
HIS ex-rays. Now then, Mr. McGee, I don't want to take up
too m ch of your time, because -
FIB: AH, THINK NOTHING OF IT, SIS! I GOT A LOT OF THINGS TO
TELL YOU ABOUT, YET. PERSONAL STUFF. Matter of fact, sis,
I got a lot of interesting hobbies. Stamps, coins,
carving ships in bottles -

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BEE: SHIPS IN BOTTLES! Now that IS interesting, Mr. McGee.
How DO you get those big boats in those little bottles?
FIB: (LAUGHS) I'm afraid that will have to remain a secret
sis. At least till I finish one, and find out how it's
done. But in your article about me -
SOUND: DOOR OPEN:
WIL: Hello, folks. I hope I'm - Oh, am I intruding?
MOL: Not at all, Mr. Wilcox. Miss Cartwright, allow me to
present Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox, Miss Cartwright.
BEE: How do you do, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Hello, Miss Cartwright.
MOL: Miss Cartwright is interviewing himself here, Mr. Wilcox.
BEE: You know, Mr. Wilcox, the McGees have a number of
fascinating heirlooms. It's amazing what valuable
properties you find in a modest home like this.
FIB: Well, I just happen to like nice things, I guess.
MOL: Thank you, dearie.
FIB: Now, you take THAT SPINET PIANO OVER THERE...VERY
VALUABLE.
WIL: Spinet piano!
BEE: Isn't that a little large for a spinet piano, Mr. McGee?
FIB: Certainly. It's the only six foot high, upright spinit
piano in existence. You couldn't buy that piano for
\$6000, sis.
MOL: And purely a coincidence, I suppose, but you couldn't
sell it for that, either.

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WIL: It DOES have a beautiful finish, at that, Pal. What do
you use on it?
MOL: Come out from behind that innocent expression, Mr.
Wilcox! Mr. Wilcox sells Johnson's Wax, Miss Cartwright.
BEE: Really? How splendid! You know, I don't believe I have
ever interviewed people in a well-kept home, who didn't
use Johnson's Wax, on their floors, furniture, and
woodwork.
WIL: You don't say!
BEE: Yes, indeed. The minute I walk into a home and see a
clean, gleaming, hospitable interior, I just KNOW they're
Johnson's Wax users.

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MOL: You might as well sit down, Mr. Wilcox...you're not doing anything.

FIB: Tell him some more, Sis. He can recognize a plug farther than Clem McCarthy. Only when Clem makes a mistake, it's NEWS!

BEE: Well, I'M serious, Mr. McGee. I have talked to simply HUNDREDS OF people in my work, and regardless of their circumstances the ones who have pride in their possessions use Johnson's Wax. They say it not only beautifies, but protects and preserves, as well.

WIL: I've said that myself.

MOL: I've heard you.

FIB: You might as well finish, Miss Cartwell....I doubt if he gets paid this week anyway.

BEE: I don't know what you mean, Mr. McGee. I was just saying that Johnson's Wax seems to be a MUST for good housekeepers, because dust and dirt can't cling to a waxed surface, and it makes cleaning so much easier.

WIL: By the way, where are you from, Miss Cartwright?

BEE: Racine, Wisconsin. Why?

WIL: I just wondered. Great town, Racine. I was born there.

MOL: HEY MR. WILCOX...YOU WERE BORN IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA!

WIL: Physically, yes. Spiritually, I was born in Racine.

FIB: Get him! He's about as spiritual as a barn dance. Look, Waxey, will you excuse me and Miss Wheelright? We gotta finish this interview.

WIL: Sure, sure, sure...go right ahead!

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BEE: I'd like to see some more of your heirlooms, Mr. McGee.

FIB: No sooner said than the monkey grabbed it, sis. HEY, MOLLY...LET'S SHOW HER THAT PAINTING WE GOT UPSTAIRS. THE REMBRANDT.

WIL: A REMBRANDT...!! PAL! .. YOU NEVER TOLD ME!

MOL: What painting are you referring to, McGee?

FIB: The one hangin' in the hall, upstairs. Two kittens in a basket. You bought it a couple of years ago.

BEE: A Rembrandt....really?

MOL: You misunderstood me, McGee... I said it was a REMNANT. I got it at a rummage sale.

FIB: Well, what's the dif'? That Remnant - he was a good painter, too. The fact is, sis, we have ^{several} ~~se~~ many valuable ~~remnants~~ ^{remnants}

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister McGee, is - OOHhhh....PEOPLE!!!

FIB: Come on in, Teeny.

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: This is the little girl from across the street, Miss Cartwright.

BEE: Hello, Teeny.

TEE: (FORMALLY) I am very happy to make your a-quaintance, Mis' Cartwright.

FIB: Say, that's a very fancy curtsey you do there, Teeny!

TEE: Sure. I used to curtsey better, I betcha, but I can't squat down so far now on account of because I fell offa my tricycle and bumped my knee-hat.

FIB: Knee CAP, Teeny.

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TEE: Caps are for men, - ladies wear hats.
FIB: Oh.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I said oh.
TEE: Oh what?
FIB: OH ALL RIGHT...LADIES WEAR HATS.
TEE: That's what I said, I betcha. I was...OH HI, MISTER
WILCOX! (GIGGLES) Gee, I din' see you standing there.
WIL: Hello, Teeny. How's everything in school?
TEE: Well, my teacher, Miss Yeagley, is home with an antiseptic
sore throat and we gotta substiteach tootcher.
FIB: You gotta what, sis?
TEE: A substiteach tootcher.
BEE: Don't you mean a "substitute teacher," little girl?
TEE: Sure. She's the best substiteach tootcher we ever had,
too, I betcha. She gimme A-Plus in Whendid.
FIB: What was that?
WIL: She gave you A-Plus in what, Teeny?
TEE: Whendid. You know - like Whendid Clumbis discover
America, Whendid the Pilgrims step on the chicken -
BEE: STEP ON THE CHICKEN!
FIB: What are you talking about, sis?
TEE: Well, it's on our histry book, I betcha. When the
pilgrims came over they stepped on a chicken -
WIL: You mean PLYMOUTH ROCK, Teeny?

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TEE: Sure. Our substiteach tootcher is dandy with histry.
She teaches with poetry. Like "CLUMBIS SAILED THE OCEAN
BLUE, IN FOURTEEN HUNDERED 'N NINETY-TWO, FOR A COMPASS
HE MUSTA USED A TUBA, CAUSE HE MISSED NEW YORK AND
LANDED IN CUBA! " (GIGGLES)
FIB: Look, Teeny...I don't like to be unhospital, but we're
kinda busy today. Miss Cartwright here is doing an
article about me and she wants to finish her interview.
BEE: I think you are under a misapprehension, Mr. McGee.
My purpose in this interview -
WIL: Well, what ever it is, I guess Teeny and I are intruders.
Come on, Teeny...let's go down to Kremer's drug store and
get a soda.
TEE: (GIGGLES) Oh boy, swell! Can we walk past Willie
Toopses house, Mr. Wilcox, and you hold my hand, kinda?
WIL: I've got my car outside, Teeny. We'll DRIVE past Willie's
house.
TEE: Ohhh, will THAT ever make him jellis, I betcha! (GIGGLES)
Well, g'bye everybody. My boy friend and I have to go
now.

CHORUS OF GOODEYES:

TEE: (TENDERLY) Come, dear....
ORCH: "COUNTRY STYLE" - KING'S MEN
APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

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SOUND: TEA THINGS:

MOL: More tea, Miss Cartwright?

BEE: No thank you, my dear.

MOL: McGee?

FIB: Nope. Thanks.

MOL: Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes, please. And may I have another chocolate brownie?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Wimple. Help yourself.

WIMP: Thank you.

BEE: You seem to have a very good appetite, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Well, I get a lot of exercise, Miss Cartwright...walking thru the woods every day with my Bird Book.

MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My Bird Book. Did you know, Miss Cartwright, that the Golden Louisiana Oriole carries a lightning bug in it's bill when it flies at night?

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BEE: No, but it's very interesting. Did you know that the fork-tailed Whimsy of Eastern Wyoming, has retractable feet?

WIMP: My goodness....have you got a Bird Book, too?

BEE: No, but I've seen some strange ^{birds} ones in my time. Now about this valuable oriental rug you say you have, Mr. McGee. Would---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: My this is a busy day, isn't it? COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Hey, it's Mayor La Trivia. HIYAH, IA TRIV!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

GALE: Hello, McGee. Good day, Molly. And Mr. Wimple, AH THERE, MISS CARTWRIGHT. ON THE JOB, I SEE!

BEE: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Yes and I find Mr. McGee very oc-operative.

MOL: Have a cup of tea, your honor?

GALE: No thank you.

WIMP: I will. And another Brownie, please.

FIB: Why don't I run down to the corner and hide some brownies in the mailbox, Wimp? You might get hungry on the way home.

WIMP: Oh I'll just put a couple in my pocket, thank you.

GALE: I just ^{now} passed Sweetface on the way over here, Wimple. She's looking very well.

BEE: Sweetface?

WIMP: Yes....that's my big, old wife.

MOL: Keeping you busy at the City Hall, Mr. Mayor?

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GALE: Yes, quite. Our fire department is short on the budget and they need new hose rather badly.

FIB: YOU MEAN US TAXPAYERS GET STUCK FOR A THING LIKE THAT?

GALE: Certainly. Some of their hoses are five or six years old.

FIB: SO WHAT? I GOT THREE PAIRS OF HOSES I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS IN 1939. THEY BEEN MENDED AND MENDED AND MENDED. BUT I DON'T EXPECT THE CITY TO BUY ME NEW ONES.

GALE: I am not discussing HOSIERY. I am talking about HOSE.

MOL: Firemen don't wear hosiery, dearie. They wear short socks, like you. Am I right, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes, I suppose ... WAIT A MINUTE! LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT..

WIMP: While he's getting it straight, may I have another brownie, please?

MOL: Here, Mr. Wimple. Look, your Honor, I am all for giving our brave fire laddies anything they want, within reason, but don't we pay them enough so they can buy their own socks?

GALE: CERTAINLY! THEY DO BUY THEIR OWN SOCKS. I suppose. I'M TALKING ABOUT FIRE HOSE! THE KIND THEY ATTACH TO A HYDRANT AND RUN WATER THROUGH.

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FIB: Wouldn't it be simpler just to send 'em to the laundry, La Triv? My gosh, when I wash my hose, I -

GALE: THEY DON'T ATTACH THEM TO WASHRANIS TO HIDE THEM...I MEAN THEY DON'T WASH THEM TO FIREMAN TO HOSE...THE HOSE I AM TALKING ABOUT IS HIRE FOES I MEAN FIRE HEEBS....

(LOUDER) YOU SAID---

SOUND: RUNAWAY WINDOW SHADE

GALE: What was that?

MOL: The window shade!

FIB: Does it itself. Sensitive to loud noises. You were saying, La Trivia?

GALE: Skip it. If you're all thru here, Miss Cartwright, may I offer you a lift back to the city hall?

BEE: I still have a few questions to ask Mr. McGee, your honor. He seems to have an amazing amount of valuable property.

FIB: YOU said it! You might say in your article that Mr. McGee has object of art and hairlooms worth easy half a million.

WIMP: Half a million, 0000000h! More tea ^{with lemon} please!

GALE: Did you say half a million, McGee?

FIB: Rough estimate, of course.

MOL: As the floorwalker said when he saw the shoplifter hide the ~~gutch oven~~ ^{fringed pen} under her coat, "that figure is a trifle exaggerated."

BEE: Just a minute, please. Mr. McGee....several times you have referred to some ARTICLE I seem to be writing.

FIB: Yeah...like the one you done on old MacDonald, 'of the 3rd National.

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Wistful

MOL: For the Wistful Gazette.
FIB: (LAUGHS) MY story will make him look like a ragged hermit, sis. When he reads about the expensive stuff I got around here---
GALE: ARE YOU UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT MISS CARTWRIGHT IS A NEWSPAPER WOMAN, McGEE?
MOL: Aren't you, Miss Cartwright?
BEE: Why no, Mrs. McGee. I am the tax assessor.
FIB: WHAT? THE TAX ASSESS.,SSS...SSSS..SSSS.....
WIMP: Look out!..he's going to ~~explode~~ *blow up!*
ORCH: "THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN..."FADE FOR...

McGee - 5/20/47

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: It probably isn't enough that your car runs. You'd like to have it look clean and brightly polished any time you step into it. Am I right? Well, here's how you can fix that. Just pick up a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU from your dealer. Give it to your husband or one of the boys in your family, and from then on I'll wager you'll always have a car that's clean and bright. You see, men like to use JOHNSON'S CARNU because it's so easy. It's a liquid that both cleans and polishes in one application. You simply apply CARNU, rubbing just enough to loosen dirt and grime. In a few minutes CARNU dries to a white powder, and when you wipe this powder off, your car looks really beautiful. All the dirt and dullness disappear and the finish shines and sparkles like a new car. Believe me, there just isn't any other car polish that does such a wonderful polishing job with so little effort. Use CARNU a couple of times a year, and road grime will never kill the luster of your finish. Remember to ask for JOHNSON'S CARNU, spelled C-A-R-N-U.

(REVISED) -27-

TAG

MOL: So you had a little talk with the Mayor, did you, dearie?
What happened?

FIB: He straightened it out with the assessor.

MOL: How?

FIB: He told her I was a silly old braggart, and a
four-flusher, and the biggest liar in Wistful Vista.
There's a real friend, that LaTrivia!

MOL: Mmmhmm!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilentz, 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 - TV NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
(CHINESE)

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(REVISED) -27-

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