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(REVISED)

File Les radio

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

JUNE 10th, 1947

NUMBER #37

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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, 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:

eb

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
JUNE 10, 1947

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Tell me, have you sent in for your personal car initials? The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX want you to try the famous car polish, JOHNSON'S CARNU, so to listeners who buy CARNU they are sending two sets of personal car initials, tastefully designed in striking gold color, half an inch high. They give your car a smart personal touch, only take a minute to apply. Let me tell you how to get your two sets of personal car initials - one set of 3 initials for each side of your car. First, buy some JOHNSON'S CARNU. Then, send the sales slip, or the name of the dealer from whom you bought your CARNU, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to FIBBER MCGEE and Molly, Racine, Wisconsin. If you live in Canada, address your request for initials to Fibber McGee and Molly, Brantford, Ontario. Print clearly which initials you want - any three -- and get your request in the mail right away, for your two sets of handsome, gold-color decal car initials. Get some JOHNSON'S CARNU, tomorrow, sure! CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U. I'll repeat the instructions. Buy some JOHNSON'S CARNU. Send the sales slip, or the name of the dealer from whom you bought your Carnu together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fibber McGee and Molly, Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: BRIDGE SNEAK IN AND UP FULL:

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WILCOX: JUNE, AS THE SONG HAS IT, IS BUSTING OUT ALL OVER. ~~FLOWERS ARE BLOOMING, WHITE SHOES HAVE RE-APPEARED AND THE BIRDS (INCLUDING ADMIRAL BYRD) ARE BACK FROM THE ANTARCTIC.~~ THE RICH ARE VARNISHING THEIR YACHTS, THE POOR ARE LAUGHING AT THE COAL DEALER, AND THE GREAT MIDDLE CLASSES ARE PLANNING PICNICS. LIKE--

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Now let me see....I have the sandwiches, the pickles, the cake and the bananas. Did you put ~~the~~ rootbeer in the car, McGee?

FIB: THREE BIG, FAT CASES OF IT, KIDDO! Nothing like a big mugg full o' rootbeer to wash down a sandwich! And speaking of a big mugg, full o' rootbeer, is Doc Gamble coming on this picnic?

MOL: I haven't been able to get in touch with him.

FIB: He puts on any more weight, he won't be able to get in touch with himself. You leave word at his office?

MOL: I left invitations at his office, at the hospital, at his home and at the county jail.

FIB: THE COUNTY JAIL!

MOL: Yes, I thought they might call him in on a consultation. There's an epidemic down there.

FIB: IN THE JAIL? WHAT KIND OF AN EPIDEMIC?

MOL: Hacksaws, I believe.

FIB: Hacksaws are tools, not a disease.

MOL: Oh, I guess I misunderstood. The paper just said that five prisoners had broken out with hacksaws.

FIB: Must of been a dumb bunch of guys. You could kick your way outa that hoosegow with moccasins on.

MOL: Badly constructed, is it?

FIB: BADLY CONSTRUCTED! Any time you can't stick your finger thru a wall, it's because the sheriff is on the other side, leaning against it.

MOL: I always wondered why the--

FIB: That building is SO DAMP, the Deputies made three thousand bucks last year, trapping lobsters in the basement. It's the-- HEY, YOU PUTTING IN SOME OF THOSE OATMEAL COOKIES?

MOL: Yes, dearie. Now let me see...

CLICK OF BOTTLES AND SILVER:

MOL: I have salt and pepper, knives and forks and spoons...

FIB: How about oyster forks?

MOL: OYSTER FORKS - AT A PICNIC?

FIB: How else we gonna get the pickles outa the bottle? Last year I sprained both forefingers and couldn't use my typewriter for ten days.

MOL: Oh well.

FIB: Never could use it as a matter of fact, By George---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD: HELLO THERE DAUGHTER..HELLO, JOHNNY. WHADDYE DOING?

FIB: Packin' stuff for a picnic, Old Timer.

OLD: Picnic, eh? I used to be in great demand fer picnics when I was a youngster, kids. Only feller in town could built a campfire scientific.

FIB: How did you build a campfire?

OLD: Well sir, Johnny, an old Indian showed me the secret.

Ye take and dig a little trench in the ground, see? Then ye git some dry hickory twigs, sassafrass leaves, and gum off a pine tree. Ye build a little pyramid outa the twigs, lay the gum on top, spread the leaves around, then lay a log on it--

MOL: Yes?

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OLD: Then ye drench it with kerosine and aim a blow torch at it. Never fails.

FIB: Another good way is tie a lightning rod on a pile of dynamite and wait for a thunderstorm.

OLD: Heh heh heh..that's pretty good, Johnny, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, sayyyyyyyyy, he says, "I SEE WHERE ENGLAND HAS FINALLY DECIDED WHAT TO DO WITH INDIA."

"Zat so," says tother feller? What they gonna do with it?" "JIST WHAT EVERYBODY TOLD EM TO," says the first feller, "GIVE IT BACK TO THE INDIANS." Heh heh heh. May not be funny, kids, but it's topical.

MOL: Would you care to come on this picnic with us, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD: You're sweet, Daughter, but no thanks. Ye know what I always say, - Fresh air's all right if you don't inhale. WELL, I JEST DROPPED IN TO SAY HOWDY. HOWDY.

FIB: Howdy.

MOL: Howdy.

OLD: Howdy.

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: Silly, wasn't it? Sometimes I....MCGEE...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: (OFF) Lookin' for my two-headed half dollar. You seen it anyplace?

MOL: You mean that trick half dollar that's the same on both sides? What do you want it for?

FIB: I may wanna flip a coin with Wilcox to see who collects the firewood, Doggone it, I know I had it around here somepl--

DOOR CHIME:

(2ND REVISION) -8-

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly.

FIB: Hiyah, Splint-whittler.

DOC: Good day, short, dark and repugnant. Thanks for inviting me to the picnic. That looks like a very happy lunch you have there, Molly.

MOL: Oh, I think there'll be plenty of everything, Doctor. And, as long as you were going to be along, I tried to have a balanced meal. Deviled eggs and angel food cake.

DOC: Tell me, ... do they have picnic tables at Dugan's Lake, or do we just sit around on the broken glass?

MOL: Oh they have tables, Doctor. Are you going to swim?

DOC: Yes, I think I might. Great exercise, swimming. Takes it off in the right places and puts it on in the right places.

FIB: You musta done most of your swimming at night, when the best places were hard to find.

MOL: McGee..don't be insulting.

DOC: That's all right, Molly. Did you ever notice that everybody at Dugan's lake gets out the fishing tackle when McGee goes swimming? They want to go after the fish while they're still laughing. What time is this picnic by the way?

FIB: Four o'clock, Doc.

MOL: COME IN!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.
DOC: Hello, Molly.
FIB: Hiyah, Splint-whittler.
DOC: Good day, short, dark and repugnant. Thanks for inviting me to the picnic. That looks like a very happy lunch you have there, Molly.
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FIB: Four o'clock, Doc.

DOC: I'll be there. I have a financial as well as sentimental interest in that lake. I dropped three souvenir 20-dollar gold pieces off the dock last year and nobody was able to recover them. WELL...SEE YOU OUT THERE.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmm! Three twenty-dollar gold pieces, eh? Lost 'em off the end o' the dock, eh? Well, anything that mugg can lose, I can find! WHERE'S MY SWIMMING TRUNKS?
MOL: Now take it easy, dearie...you're not a very good diver, you know.
FIB: FOR SIXTY BUCKS, I'LL BRING UP THE LUSITANIA! COME ON...LET'S BE THE FIRST ONES AT DUGAN'S LAKE. OH, BROTHER...I CAN USE SIXTY DOLLARS LIKE BRITTLE CAN USE PEANUTS! GET YOUR HAT, KIDDO..I GOT THE BASKET ! YOU GRAB THE ANT POWDER! COME ON....LET'S GO!!

ORCH: "CECELIA"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CAR MOTOR SUSTAIN..CAR HORN..AND FADE UNDER:

MOL: I wish you'd had time to buy a new bathing suit, McGee.

Those swimming trunks of yours are pretty moth-eaten.

FIB: I know, but I got a sentimental attachment for them trunks. Saved a guy's life while I was wearing those.

MOL: Really? Whose?

FIB: Mine. They fit so bad I didn't wanna go buy any hamburgers, so I swam on an empty stummick. Otherwise I might o' got cramps and drowned. Yes sir, I--

MOL: STOP MCGEE...THERE'S WALLACE WIMPLE! WE TOLD HIM WE'D PICK HIM UP.

SOUND: CAR STOP WITH BRAKE SCREECH...MOTOR IDLE

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed. HOP IN, WIMP, OLD MAN.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: CAR STARTS UP SUSTAIN

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: So glad you could come on this picnic, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yeah, how'd you get away from Sweetface for the day?

WIMP: You mean, my big old wife?

MOL: Yes, did she object to your going on this picnic, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: What could she do, Mrs. McGee? I just put my foot down.

FIB: MY GOSH! AT IAST!!

MOL: You really put your foot down, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes I did. I put my foot down, and waited..and nothing happened. Then, I put my other foot down, and nothing happened, so I just dropped out of the tree and ran like everything!

FIB: What were you doing up in the tree in the first place, Wimp?

WIMP: Reading my Bird Book.

MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My Bird Book. And the silliest thing happened while I was sitting up in that tree. A little bird flew up, and squatted down on my head like it was a big egg! (CHUCKLES) It was so cute.

FIB: What kind of a bird was it, Wimp?

WIMP: That was the silly part of it, Mr. McGee. I looked it up in my Bird Book, and it was an Arkansas Nuthatch. DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE FEEDING HABITS OF THE GREEN-WINGED MONTANA TWITTLE?

MOL: Twittle?

WIMP: Yes, a twittle is like the South Dakota duck-billed gilfinch, except it has wing-flaps. Well, during the mating season, which is from February to January, the twittle eats nothing but radishes, and when it sings, it sounds like PARDON ME!..PAR-don ME! PARDON ME! (MOTOR SOUND UP) The female twittle has a ---

CAR UP AND INTO BRIDGE:

ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE: PASTORAL

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH. MOTOR CUT.

FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed.

MOL: Well, here we are, Mr. Wimple. I guess we're the first ones here.

FIB: You kids take the lunch over to the table. I'm gonna slip my pants off in the car, on account of I got my swimming trunks on underneath. You gonna swim, Wimp?

WIMP: No, I dont think so, Mr. McGee. But if somebody will keep an eye on me, I might wade a little.

MOL: I'll hang onto one end of your necktie, Mr. Wimple. Will you please help me with these baskets?

WIMP: Certainly, Mrs. McGee...I'll take this one and you take that one.

FIB: There's three cases o' rootbeer in the back, Wimp... I'll be with you as soon's I take a quick plunge.

~~SOUND: GAR DOORS OPEN...SMALL SOUNDS:~~

WIMP: (STRAINING) My, these baskets are heavy, aren't they, Mrs. McGee...Maybe if I ate a few sandwiches out of it first...

MOL: Oh no, Mr. Wimple...not till everybody else gets here and...

WIL: (FADE IN) HERE, LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT STUFF, MOLLY... HELLO, WALLY.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox...glad you could get here!

WIMP: Me, too! You can take this basket, Harlow...just put it on the table there.

~~SOUND: THUDS:~~

WIL: Okay. You know, this picnic was a wonderful idea! I always -- (PAUSE) Where's Fibber?

WIMP: He's in the trunk of the car, putting on his back seat. (CHUCKLES) Oh, wasn't that silly of me...he's in the back seat, putting on his trunks.

MOL: He wants to take a plunge before we eat.

WIL: That's peculiar. When did he start feeling so athletic? I've been on picnics with him before and he usually...

FIB: (OFF) HEY...HERE I COME...WATCH THIS DIVE OFF THE END OF THE DOCK! ... ONE SIDE, EVERYBODY!

~~SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADE IN AND OUT FAST...HOLLOW SOUND ON DOCK SUSTAIN AND FADE. (LONG PAUSE)~~

WIL: I didn't hear any splash.

MOL: That must be a very high dock.

WIMP: Or maybe he didn't know there was a rowboat tied right under the end of it.

MOL: A ROWBOAT! HEAVENLY DAYS, DO YOU SUPPOSE...?

FIB: (WAY OFF) Dad-rat the dad-ratted lamebrain that tied this boat down here...I like to of busted my neck...

WIMP: That's what it was...the rowboat.

~~FIB: (SCREAM)~~

~~SOUND: (OFF) SPLASH:~~

MOL: My goodness, isn't this a wonderful day for a picnic? Can you think of anything more beautiful, Mr. Wilcox, than a lunch in the open, with the blue sky overhead and the green grass underfoot?

WIL: Yes.

WIMP: What, Harlow?

WIL: Eating in an immaculate kitchen, with a ceiling overhead and a gleaming, Johnson's Gloc coated linoleum underfoot. That's BEAUTY, to me!

SPALSH: OFF MIKE:

MOL: You mean you'd rather eat in a stuffy kitchen than out here at lovely Dugan's Lake, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure. A modern kitchen isn't stuffy, anyway, and with Gloc coat brightening and beautifying the floor, it's the pleasantest room in the house.

WIMP: To me, the nicest room in the house is the hollow space under the front porch. Sweetface can't reach me there and...

WIL: WHY, I OFTEN TELL MY CUSTOMERS THAT SERVING A MEAL IN A KITCHEN THAT HAS A GLOCOATED LINOLEUM IS A PICNIC. JUST AS INFORMAL, JUST AS CHEERFUL, AND IF YOU SPILL SOMETHING YOU DON'T HAVE TO KICK DIRT OVER IT OR HIDE IT UNDER AN EMPTY CARTON. YOU JUST WIPE IT UP WITH A DAMP CLOTH.

MOL: Yes, but I always...

FIB: (FADE IN, PANTING) HEY, DID YOU SEE THAT LAST DIVE? CLEAN AS A HOUND'S TOOTH.

WIL: Let's say "As clean as a Gloc coated Linoleum". Why, when a housewife pours a little Johnson's self-polishing Gloc coat out, spreads it around...

FIB: WAXEY...PLEASE! TAKE A DAY OFF, WILLYA? This is a picnic, not a sales conference.

WIL: Well, I was just saying that...

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox. I'm sure Racine won't mind if you relax a few minutes. After all, you'll have to get used to having Fred Waring and Bill Bivens handle it this summer, anyway.

WIMP: Oooo, goody!...FRED WARING! ^{Bill Bivens} I just love ^{Fred's} his music! I wish he was on for Johnson's Wax right now!

(PAUSE)

WIMP: Did I say something wrong?

FIB: You just bit the hand that's gonna feed you, that's all, Wimp! HEY, HAVE I GOT TIME FOR A FEW MORE DIVES BEFORE WE EAT, MOLLY?

MOL: Well, Doctor Gamble and Mayor LaTrivia aren't here yet, dearie...

FIB: (FAST) OKAY..I'LL TRY A FEW MORE...WATCH THIS ONE!

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ON DOCK...FADE, PAUSE...DOUBLE SPLASH:

WIL: Did you see that! He landed on his stomach and bounced.

WIMP: He certainly stays under water a long time, doesn't he?

MOL: Yes, he's learned to hold his breath for 13 weeks at a time, Mr. Wimple. Options, you know. OH, HERE COMES MAYOR LA TRIVIA...YOO HOO, MR. MAYOR...OVER HERE!

WIL: Who's that with him? Oh, it's the little girl who lives across the street from you. HELLO, YOUR HONOR. HELLO, TEENY.

AD LIB HELLOS: MOLLY, TEENY, GALE, WIMPLE:

MOL: Well, everybody's here but Doctor Gamble. I'd better start laying out the lunch.

WIL: I'll help you.

WIMP: So will I.

MOL: Stay ~~and~~ eat with us if you like, Teeny...(FADE) There's plenty of everything.

GALE: I told you you'd be invited, if you walked in here with me, Teeny. I'm the Else Maxwell of the picnic grounds.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Well gee, it does look like you need more women at this party.

FIB: (SCREAM)

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) SPLASH

TEE: Ooooooh, what's that? A big fish?

GALE: That's a matter of opinion, Teeny. Mr. McGee just dove off the end of the dock.

TEE: Gee, this is gonna be fun, I betcha. I love picnics, Mister Honor!

GALE: Not Mister Honor, Teeny. YOUR Honor.

TEE: My honor?

GALE: No, MY honor. You say YOUR honor when you address me.

TEE: Okay, My Honor.

GALE: No, look. You don't understand. The Chief Executive of a city is called "HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR". Personally I'd just as soon be called Mr. La Trivia. But custom decrees that I be spoken to as "YOUR HONOR". OR, "MR. MAYOR". Understand?

TEE: Well, I...(GIGGLES) No.

GALE: All right, I'll try to make it a little clearer. Now then, suppose you were the Mayor of Wistful Vista.

TEE: (FAST) All right! Now the first thing we gotta do is have longer recess in the schools, I betcha. Then we gotta give my teacher, Miss Yeagley, a raise, on account of she's so nice to littul childrun. And then we --

MOL: Stay ~~and~~ eat with us if you like, Teeny...(FADE) There's plenty of everything.

GALE: I told you you'd be invited, if you walked in here with me, Teeny. I'm the Else Maxwell of the picnic grounds.

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GALE: JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE, TEENY...THIS WAS JUST A TEMPORARY APPOINTMENT. Purely hypothetical, for the sake of argument.

TEE: Okay. Indian giver.

GALE: IF you were the Mayor, I'd come up to you and say, "AH, THERE, GOOD MORNING, YOUR HONOR". As it is, you say the same thing to me.

TEE: I can't, I betcha.

GALE: Why not?

TEE: It isn't morning. It's afternoon.

GALE: THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT! I WAS MERELY--

FIB: (SCREAM)

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) SPLASH

TEE: Oh boy...listen to Mr. McGee dive. (GIGGLES) Did you hear that splash, Mr. Honor?

GALE: IT IS NOT "MR. HONOR". IT'S MISTER MAYOR.

TEE: It is not, I betcha! It's Mister McGee. I saw him when he jumped in.

GALE: I DIDN'T MEAN WHO I AM. I MEAN I DIDN'T HONOR THE MAN WHO JUMPED INTO THE MAYOR..

TEE: Now, now...give it a chance, Mr. Honor.

GALE: YOU ADDRESSED ME AS MISTER DIVE...ER...HONOR...AND THE MAN WHO MCGEEED INTO THE SPLASH...ER...THE...I WAS... YOU SAID... (PAUSE) Teeny!

TEE: Yes, Mr. Honor?

GALE: When you grow up - if ever - you'll--

TEE: Oh wait, here comes Mister McGee, Mr. Honor. (GIGGLES) Are those ever funny looking bathing trunks, I betcha.

(GIGGLES) Hi, Mister McGee.

FIB: (PANTING) Hiya, Teeny. OH, HIYA, LA TRIV. When did you get here?

GALE: Just a few minutes ago. I took the liberty of bringing this little-- er...this young lady. I hope you don't mind.

FIB: My gosh no. Sis, you're as welcome as the flowers in June. June was the name of a goat I had once. She ate a dozen roses and it was a great improvement.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Thanks, Mr. McGee. I just love picnics.

FIB: You do, eh?

TEE: Yes, I'm a-- Hmm?

FIB: I says you do, eh?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: LOVE 'EM!

TEE: Love what?

FIB: PICNICS!

TEE: I know it. Hey, where'd you get the bathing trunks, Mister? Hmm? Whereja get 'em? Hmm?

GALE: I was about to ask the same question, McGee. They seem to have a drape shape with a slack back and a drip hip.

FIB: These are my old track pants, La Triv. I've clung to them like they're clingin' to me right now. AND JUST BECAUSE I MADE THE MISTAKE OF HANGIN' 'EM UP FOR TWENTY YEARS BY THE SEAT... Hey, is that safety pin still in there where I tore 'em a little bit?

TEE: Sure it is, Mister. It hardly shows unless somebody notices it.

GALE: I was about to suggest that -

MOL: (OFF) ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY!!! .. SOUP'S ON...COME AND GET IT!

FIB: SWELL...I GOTTA GREAT APPETITE...RUN AND GET THE BLANKET OUTA THE CAR, WILLYA, TEENY? I DONT WANNA CATCH COLD IN THESE WET TRUNKS.

TEE: Okay, Mister...

GALE: Er...McGee...Before you sit down.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: That safety pin...did you get Congressional authority for that?

FIB: CONGRESSIONAL AUTHORITY...WHAT HAS CONGRESS GOT TO DO WITH A SAFETY PIN IN MY SWIMMING TRUNKS?

GALE: Rent Control....COMING, MOLLY...MOVE OVER, WILCOX!!!

~~ORCH: THESE MEN: FOR EVELINA"~~

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES AND SILVER:

DOC: Molly, that was the best picnic supper these tired old teeth ever got together on.

MOL: Well, thank you, Doctor. I was afraid for a while you weren't going to get here.

FIB: What delayed you, Fever Chart? Somebody try to sneak outa the hospital without giving you his gold fillings?

DOC: No, one of the nurses asked me to remove a small wart that was bothering her.

FIB: Yeah? Howja treat the wart, Doc?

DOC: With considerable respect. His father is our wealthiest patient... May I have another piece of that cake, Molly?

MOL: Certainly, Doctor. (DISH RATTLE) As soon as Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Wimple and Teeny get back with some firewood, we'll make a fire and roast marshmallows.

FIB: Okay. I'm gonna go in the lake again in a few minutes. Soon as I think it's safe, after eating.

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DOC: My boy...after what you stowed away, you are liable to get cramps in anything better than a heavy fog up until April of 1967. Furthermore --

MOL: OH, HERE COME THE BOYS AND TEENY WITH SOME FIREWOOD... BRING IT RIGHT OVER HERE, EVERYBODY...

WIL: Here's mine, Molly...dump it right here?

MOL: That's right, and thank you.

SOUND: CLATTER OF LOTS OF WOOD:

FIB: That's quite a hefty batch of kindling, Junior. What'd you do, tear down a boathouse?

TEE: (FADE IN) Look how much I got, everybody!

FIB: GOOD FOR YOU, TEENY!...THAT'S WONDERFUL! JUST DROP IT ON THE PILE THERE...

TEE: Okay...

SOUND: TERRIFIC AND SUSTAINED CLATTER OF WOOD:

DOC: Now that's what I call firewood! And cut to just the right lengths, too!

WIL: Where'd you find it, Teeny?

TEE: Oh, I was just lucky, I guess. (GIGGLES) There was a truck parked over there with a lot of this wood on it.

FIB: My gosh, we better start a fire quick...HEY, WHERE'S WIMPLE WITH HIS WOOD?

WIMP: (FADE IN) Here I come...Mr. McGee...Look out, everybody, I'm gonna dump it!

MOL: Right on the pile there, Mr. Wimple.

SOUND: SINGLE LIGHT CLUNK:

WIMP: Oh, am I tired! Are there any more sandwiches?

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(2ND REVISION) -23-

GALE: SANDWICHES! GREAT SCOTT...HE'S ALREADY EATEN ENOUGH TO SEE THE TURKISH ARMY THRU FOUR CAMPAIGNS.

MOL: Well, if somebody will build a fire, we can roast some marshmallows.

FIB: YEAH YEAH YEAH!...SOMEBODY BUILD A FIRE!...I'M GONNA TAKE A DIP IN THE LAKE. WATCH THIS DIVE, EVERYBODY... HERE I GO.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON DOCK, FADE OUT..(PAUSE) SPLASH

WIL: I never saw a man so enthusiastic about diving. What goes with him, Molly?

MOL: Well, I...er...I suppose he has his reasons, Mr. Wilcox.

DOC: I have a theory about it. People have been telling him to go soak his head for so many years, he finally caught on.

TEE: Well gee, maybe he just likes to swim, maybe.

GALE: Nobody could like to swim the way he does, Teeny. He fancies he's doing the Australian Crawl because he's down under so much.

WIL: Well, he works hard. After all, he's made fifty-seven dives that I've counted. Four of them good.

WIMP: My goodness, he's awfully quiet.

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GALE: SANDWICHES! GREAT SCOTT...HE'S ALREADY EATEN ENOUGH TO SEE THE TURKISH ARMY THRU FOUR CAMPAIGNS.

MOL: Well, if somebody will build a fire, we can roast some marshmallows.

FIB: YEAH YEAH YEAH!...SOMEBODY BUILD A FIRE!...I'M GONNA TAKE A DIP IN THE LAKE. WATCH THIS DIVE, EVERYBODY... HERE I GO.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON DOCK, FADE OUT..(PAUSE) SPLASH

WIL: I never saw a man so enthusiastic about diving. What goes with him, Molly?

MOL: Well, I...er...I suppose he has his reasons, Mr. Wilcox.

DOC: I have a theory about it. People have been telling him to go soak his head for so many years, he finally caught on.

TEE: Well gee, maybe he just likes to swim, maybe.

GALE: Nobody could like to swim the way he does, Teeny. He fancies he's doing the Australian Crawl because he's down under so much.

WIL: Well, he works hard. After all, he's made fifty-seven dives that I've counted. Four of them good.

WIMP: My goodness, he's awfully quiet.

MOL: Of course he is - he's under water, looking around.

WIL: Looking for what?

MOL: Frankly - he's trying to find some gold pieces Dr. Gamble lost off the dock last year.

EXCLAMATIONS FROM OTHERS: "Gold pieces"? "Off the dock?"

DOC: That's very amusing, Molly. He's got the right idea, but the wrong dock. I lost them off the one at the other end of the lake.

ALL LAUGH

MOL: My goodness, I'm going down and tell him he's wasting his time.

DOC: I'll go with you. I want to see his face - and it's the first time I ever said that!

GALE: Come on - let's go break the news to him and ruin his day.

AD LIBS FROM OTHERS

LOTS OF FAST FOOTSTEPS ON DOCK...LAPPING WATER

MOL: Poor McGee - and he's been working so hard at it!
OH MCGEE, DEARIE, WHERE ARE YOU?

FIB: (ECHO MIKE) (SPLASHING) Down here - under the dock. Why?

DOC: We've got news for you, Bluegill!

WIL: Doc lost his gold pieces at the other end of the lake!

(REVISED) -25-

FIB: So what? I quit lookin' for them gold pieces
fifteen minutes ago.

GALE: THEN WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, MCGEE?

FIB: I'm lookin' for my swimming trunks!

MOL: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "FINE THING"

APPLAUSE:

McGee - 6/10/47

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I suppose a lot of you folks have seen the famous Broadway play, "Life with Father". Next Saturday night this hilarious stage comedy will break the world's record for long runs. Do you know how the property manager keeps the stage furniture and settings in "Life with Father" bright and shining? You guessed it - he uses our old friend, JOHNSON'S WAX. The property man says, "Boy, is Life with Father ever hard on furniture! When we're on the road it's just as if I moved my household every few days. The only reason our set looks so well is because we treat it well...we wax it regularly with JOHNSON'S WAX. Before the curtain goes up we give the furniture a final quick dusting and even in the glaring spotlights the set always looks clean and shining". Unquote. Well, there you are...another polished performance for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Everywhere you go you find this grand product protecting and adding sparkling beauty to all kinds of floors, furniture and woodwork. America's favorite - JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: MUSIC SWELL...FADE FOR:

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TAG

MOL: I think it was kind of the boys to take you out of the
lake in a blanket, McGee.
FIB: I coulda found my trunks if they'd left me alone.
I'd barely got started.
MOL: You'd what got started?
FIB: Barely.
MOL: Mmm-Hmm!
FIB: Huh? Oh. Yeah. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
Johnson's Wax finishes 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)

June 17, 194