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(REVISED)

#11

R.W.

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

December 16, 1947

6:30-7:00 PM PST

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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 Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I'm sure most of you consider your radio more than just a gadget which provides you with listening pleasure. It's really an important piece of furniture. How does it look to you? If it's been polished with genuine Johnson's Wax it glows with a rich, warm luster. Now look at the rest of the furniture...and your floors. Have you brought out all their beauty? Johnson's Wax will do it, you know. A coat of Johnson's Wax will add luster and shine to furniture and floors and give them tough, lasting protection that will add years to their life and beauty. Floors stay young longer, and are forever easy to clean. Dust and dirt disappear with very little effort on your part. A once-over-lightly with a dry cloth and they're clean and lustrous again. With Johnson's Wax, you can keep your floors, furniture and woodwork the way you want them... glowing with a bright, happy shine. Begin protective housekeeping with Johnson's Wax, paste or liquid, to bring out the beauty of the home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BRIDGE

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If you can hear my voice, you're sitting pretty close to your radio. Now, just for a minute, take a peek at that radio. There, my friend, is an important piece of furniture. How does it look to you? If it's been polished with genuine Johnson's Wax it glows with a rich, warm luster. Now look at the rest of the furniture...and your floors. Have you brought out all their beauty? Johnson's Wax will do it, you know. A coat of Johnson's Wax will add luster and shine to furniture and floors and give them tough, lasting protection that will add years to their life and beauty. Floors stay young longer, and are forever easy to clean. Dust and dirt disappear with very little effort on your part. A once-over-lightly with a dry cloth and they're clean and lustrous again. With Johnson's Wax, you can keep your floors, furniture and woodwork the way you want them...glowing with a bright, happy shine. Begin protective housekeeping ~~in your home with Johnson's Wax. For beautifying and protecting your lovely things there's no finer wax than~~ genuine Johnson's Wax...paste or liquid, to bring out the beauty of the home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: IF MRS. MCGEE HADN'T LET MR. MCGEE RUMMAGE THROUGH THOSE OLD PAPERS IN THE ATTIC, HE WOULDN'T HAVE COME RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS WITH AN OLD RECIPE FOR FRUIT CAKE IN HIS HAND, AND AN EAGER GLEAM IN HIS EYES. BUT SHE DID - AND HE DID - AND SHE'S FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN - ... FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: But listen, darling, making a fruit cake is a very complicated business. If you must have one - let ME bake it,

FIB: Ahh, complicated, my clavicle! Millions of people are makin' fruit cakes and I must be as smart as some of 'em.

MOL: Don't confuse smartness with experience, sweetheart! A seagull isn't very smart, but he doesn't fly around over Death Valley. (PAUSE) I don't know what made me think of Death Valley, unless it's my kitchen when you get through cooking something.

FIB: (PATIENTLY) Look, kiddo - I don't think you quite grasp the significance of this discovery. This fruitcake recipe I just found up there in the attic, is Aunt Sarah's own private and personal recipe! Don't that mean anything to you?

MOL: Yes it does - it means I should have burned it when she first gave it to me!

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FIB: Geewhiz, I've told you about Aunt Sarah's fruit cakes, Molly! She useta make 'em every year - and that's all people talked about - Aunt Sarah's fruit cakes! Everybody raved about 'em! But she wouldn't tell anybody how she made 'em. Migosh, this thing is worth money, Molly!

MOL: You're so right! I'd give ten dollars myself if you'd never run across it!

FIB: Now, here's what I'm gonna do, I'm gonna start off conservative, see - just make one cake at a time till I get the hang of the technique, see - get the thing whipped see?

MOL: Or vice versa!

FIB: Then, I'll take orders from a few close friends and let them sort of spread the word around, see? Then when the orders start snowballin' in from all over the nation, around the first of the year or so, I'll probably hafta build a few factories here and there and -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Company, dearie.

FIB: Yeah, form a company! I'll be executive chairman of the board and you be -

MOL: No - I mean there's someone at the door! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

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MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids!

FIB: Hi, Old Timer. Hey, do you like fruit cake?

OLD M: (LAUSE) Come again, Johnny?

FIB: I says do you like fruit cake? I'm gonna bake the greatest fruit cake you ever flung a fang into and if you drop in around Christmas I'll -

OLD M: I'm glad you brought up Christmas, Johnny! Reason I stopped in was to tell you kids not to go spend a lot of money on ME this year --- like you didn't do last year, either.

FIB: Well, we're not spendin' much this year, Old Timer. Personally, I think Christmas is more for the kids, myself.

OLD M: It sure is - and we love it, don't we kids! I never will fergit Christmas when I was little. We useta go to the Woods and cut our own tree.

MOL: Lived in the country, did you?

OLD M: Nope - Pittsburgh. The Woods' lived right next door.... They had a great big place - with a lot of elmergreens in the yard.

FIB: Evergreens.

OLD M: Elmer Green was the caretaker - had eight kids! (CHUCKLES) He useta say he wished some Christmas his wife would just give him a good bird dog!

FIB: I'll bet you always had fun at Christmas time, Old Timer.

MOL: Yes - I suppose you always had mistletoe at your house.

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OLD M: (THOUGHTFUL) Mistle-Toe? I don't remember ever havin' Mistle-Toe, daughter - I had athalete's foot one time, though.

FIB: No, no - she means the stuff you put up to kiss a girl under!

OLD M: Ohhhh - a parasol! Sure I -

FIB: Skip it.

OLD M: I never will fergit the time we didn't have a Christmas tree, though. Mama stood Papa up in the corner and us kids hung ornaments on him.

MOL: On your father?

OLD M: Yes, Mama said it was a shame to let him go to waste - when he was all lit up, anyhow. Well, I gotta git downtown, kids, I'm gonna ask Santy Claus fer an air rifle.

FIB: Air rifle? You oughta get a lot of use out of an air rifle - you're always shootin' the breeze, anyhow!

OLD M: (LAUGHS) HEHEHEHEHE! 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, "SAAAYYY," HE SAYS, "I HEAR ABOUT SIX REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES HAVE THREW THEIR HATS IN THE RING."....."ZAT SO?" SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "WHAT ABOUT THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE?"....."THAT'S EASY," SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, "HE JEST TOSSED HIS ON THE PIANO!" (LAUGHS)So long, kids!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Migosh, am I glad to get rid of him. I got work to do. I gotta give this recipe a quick once-over and get started here! (RATTLE OF PAPER) Boyoboy, just look at this ^{recipe} baby, Molly! Aunt Sarah's own handwriting!

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MOL: I've seen it. I think she wrote it with a quill pen - off a nervous goose!

FIB: Oh, I can read it - don't worry. All you gotta do to read Aunt Sarah's writing, is remember that the T's always look like X's - the X's look like J's - and the J's look like she was playin' tick-tack-toe with the hiccups!

MOL: Oh fine.

FIB: Lemme see what it says now - when I got the flour and the sugar and fruit and all the other gredients on this list, I'll -

MOL: IN-gredients, McGee.

FIB: When they're all IN, we can get greedy! Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) Hello, Operator, gimme the Wistful Vista Market. Hello, Market. McGee! Send me over a pound of citron - a pound of orange peel - a pound of lemon peel - a pound of cherries - a pound of walnuts - a pound of pecans - a pound of cinnamon - *a lb. of nutmeg* ~~a bottle of rootbeer~~ - a...

ORCH: "I'LL DANCE AT YOUR WEDDING"

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SECOND SPOT

THUMP OF PACKAGES FOR PUNCTUATION, BEHIND:

FIB: And here's the cherries and the citron....Yep, everything I ordered. Congratulations Bud that's the first time you guys ever delivered a whole order here without six trips.

MAN: Well sir, I packed this order myself, Mr. McGee. All the way over here.

MOL: Say, your voice is sort of familiar, -- where did--- Didn't you used to work at the finance company?

MAN: Yes mam, that's where I worked.

FIB: Well geewhiz, what're you doin' deliverin' groceries?

MAN: We repossessed the grocery store.

MOL: Oh.

MAN: Help's kinda hard to git . seems like they all want the same thing.

MOL: What's that?

MAN: Wages.

FIB: So you took over the store? Doncha sorta miss the finance company?

MAN: Sometimes I do, yessir. Gits pretty lonesome when I walk throught the vegetable department and see all them dead beets layin' there....Uh, did you wanta PAY for the groceries?

FIB: No, you can just charge 'em.

MAN: That's what I figgered. Goodbye, Miz McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now, lemme lay this fruitcake recipe out here and get started! What a cake I'm gonna bake! Aunt Sara's fruit cakes have always been the talk of the town - and I'm gonna stick to her recipe like bubble gum to a ballet slipper!

MOL: Well, let me take a last loving look at my nice clean kitchen before you start. It may never look like this again.

FIB: (RUSTLE OF RECIPE) Lemme see now, it says "Take a large mixing bowl" - (CLINK OF BOWL) "and break!" (CRASH OF SMASHING BOWL)

MOL: OH NO, MCGEE! My good mixing bowl!

FIB: ~~Just following the recipe, Molly, that's all.~~ It says right here, "Take a large mixing bowl and break!" (PAUSE) Oh, it says "break 5 eggs into it." Ohhh, I didn't read far enough. You got more bowls, because I'll need--

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. COME IN.

DOOR OPENS - OFF

DOC: (OFF) Hello - anybody home?

MOL: It's Doctor Gamble. OUT HERE, DOCTOR!

FIB: Is anybody home! Migosh, that's the kind of a question you'd expect from a guy whose ^{I, a}intelligence is as - Lo, Doc!

DOC: Lo, McGee. And how are you, Molly?

MOL: Fine, Doctor - nice to see you. Say, do you like fruit cake, Doctor?

DOC: (PAUSE) Is he making it?

FIB: Yes I am!

DOC: No, I don't!

MOL: Oh I see.

DOC: I just gave up fruitcake. Retroactive to last year!

FIB: Okay, wise guy, just for that I'm scratchin' you off my list - as a customer, that is. I scratched you off my list as a friend years ago.

DOC: Thanks for the scratch - that's just where I itched.

FIB: Well, for your information, Fatso, this is a famous formula I'm workin' from here. I found a famous old family recipe! Aunt Sara's. In the attic.

DOC: She is, huh? Hiding behind a trunk, probably - afraid you'll offer her a bite of your fruit cake!

FIB: Aw, go sew up an alligator, you Big Bridlepath!

MOL: (CURIOSLY) Bridlepath?

DOC: Does that mean something?

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FIB: Certainly it means something! You're not a homeopath, or an osteopath, or a neuropath - you're a bridlepath! So go doctor a horse and let me make my fruitcake. Now lemme see, chop the ~~citron fine and add currents. Wonder if these are AC or DC currents...~~

MOL: Shall we go in the living room, where it's more polite, Doctor?

DOC: No thanks, My dear - I've got to get on over to the hospital, and see what I can do about a patch-up job. We've had a terrible thing happen over there!! May spoil our whole Christmas!

MOL: Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor!

DOC: Yes, one of our clumsy internes fell down three flights of stairs with our brand-new twenty-dollar Christmas tree! The nurse said he just about ruined it!

MOL: Heavenly days - what did it do to the interne?

DOC: (PAUSE) Great scott - I never thought to ask!! Gotta go!! See you later!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (DOESN'T EVEN HEAR HIM) Measure three teaspoons of cinnamon - Hey, Molly, hand me the hammer, willya?

MOL: The hammer? Where is - Oh, here it is.

FIB: Thanks. (A COUPLE OF SHARP RAPS ON METAL) (TINKLE OF SPOON) That ~~one~~ oughta be okay. (RAPPING METAL AGAIN)

MOL: This recipe is pretty tricky, but -
McGee! What on earth are you doing to my teaspoons?

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FIB: Sorry, kiddo - ~~just following directions.~~ It says "Use ^a ~~three~~ level teaspoons of cinnamon - not rounded!" All our spoons are rounded so I gotta pound one of 'em out level and -

MOL: Oh dear. Look sweetheart, that just means to level the top of them. ~~The bottom has to be -~~

FIB: DOOR OPENS *It's level all over now!*

WIL: Hello, Molly - hello, Pal. Can I come in?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior. Hey, do you like fruit cake?

WIL: Fruit cake? I love it, Pal!

MOL: That's what he's making.

WIL: Ohh - did you say fruit cake, Pal? Oh, fruit cake!

MOL: Yes.

WIL: Oh, no, I never eat fruit cake! Can't stand it. I thought you said "plum pudding", Pal.

MOL: A natural mistake. The words are somewhat similar - except they sound different.

WIL: Yeah, I love plum pudding. I think it's wonderful the way plum pudding wipes right up with a damp cloth off a Glocoated Kitchen linoleum! Like all spilled things.

FIB: Aww.....

WIL: If you've poured a little Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat out and spread it around on your Kitchen floor- and watched it dry in 20 minutes or less to a gleaming, glistening, new-looking finish - you can bounce a plum pudding around that floor like a basketball, and it'll wipe up like -

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox! Is that the only use you can think of for a plum pudding? My goodness!

WIL: No....No, as a matter of fact, I understand they're very good to eat, too, Molly. And of course they do give the house that gay, festive look around Christmas time!

MOL: Yes they do.

WIL: The same sort of holiday look that a handsome Glocoated Kitchen linoleum, gives you every day in the year! It's bright colors reflecting the housewife's pride in her home. Yessir - every day's a holiday, when you use Johnson's Self-Polishing -

FIB: Awww, look, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Have you shipped your presents to Racine yet? Because tomorrow's Christmas and -

WIL: (ALARMED) Tomorrow? Gee whiz, Pal, I've been so busy it slipped up on me! I'd better beat it! So long, Molly!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee! Tomorrow isn't Christmas!

FIB: I know - but he'll be halfway to the post office before he stops to think. Now lemme see - I got the fruit all laid out here on the sink....Nuts over there on the stove Flour on the chair....Oh - Oh!

MOL: Trouble?

FIB: I knew that grocery store would mess me up someday! Doggone it, I distinctly ordered a pound of shelled pecans - and they sent me UN-shelled ones! Look at 'em - no shells on 'em at all!

MOL: Well, that's right, dearie - those are shelled.

FIB: I thought shelled meant WITH the shells.

MOL: It does - with the shells OFF. UN-shelled means with shells ON.

FIB: That's ridiculous! Migosh, when you say somethin' is coated, that means with a coat ON, don't it?

MOL: Yes, but -

FIB: And when you say " a well-dressed woman is always gloved", that don't mean with her gloves OFF, does it?

MOL: No, but -

FIB: Take the word "Dressed", for instance. Does that mean WITH or WITHOUT?

MOL: Do you mean people - or poultry?

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FIB: (PAUSE) I see what you mean. Okay, I'll try the nuts this way- but I don't wanta take any chances. I'm stickin' to this recipe like a -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: The weather man. OUT IN THE KITCHEN, MR. WILLIAMS.

FIB: You entertain him. I'm too busy to -- (TO SELF) Sift the flour lightly onto a waxed paper, and dust the--

MOL: Hello, Mr. Williams.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hi, Foggy. Hey, you like fruit cake, Foggy?

GALE: Yes indeed, I'm very fond of fruit cake, McGee.

MOL: That's wonderful, Mr. Williams - himself here is making some for Christmas.

GALE: Oh...Oh, he's making them?

FIB: How many fruit cakes shall I put you down for, Foggy? You want the large size or just the small 10-pound trial size?

GALE: (PAUSE) I shall be out of town for Christmas. So will Mrs. Williams.

FIB: Yeah? Where you going?

GALE: I'll think of a place!

FIB: Hey, incidentally, Foggy, I'm glad you dropped in. There's somethin' I wanted to ask you. Are we gonna-

GALE: I know! "Are we going to have a white Christmas?"

FIB: Yeah.

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MOL: (ADMIRINGLY) Heavenly days, how did you know he was going to ask you that, Mr. Williams?

GALE: I am the weather man, Mrs. McGee! There are not many things a weather man is sure of, but I can tell you one of them. At this time of year a certain number of well-meaning numbskulls will invariably ask if we're going to have a white Christmas....

FIB: Whatta you say to 'em, Foggy? I hope you're polite.

GALE: Certainly. I answer them as best I can..usher them to the door..walk a few steps down the hall with them.... (CHUCKLE) AND KICK THEM DOWN THE ELEVATOR SHAFT! Good day...probably.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he nice, McGee?

BUSY RATTLING OF CUPS, ETC...MISC NOISES:

FIB: Yep. I'll soon have this baby ready to put together, Molly. Lemme check again now..citron, orange peel, candied cherries, flour...Hey, where's the flour?

MOL: All over the front of you! How in the world did you do that?

FIB: I sneezed. Had to measure out a whole new batch. Let's see...the nuts on the bread board...butter on the chair over there...the milk-- Oh yes, hand me that cup of milk off the window sill, willya?

MOL: Here!

FIB: Thanks. (SLIGHTLY OFF) Look at you, you silly cup of milk! Off all the sloppy-lookin' cups of milk sittin' there dribblin' over the edges and messin' up the tablecloth! You're the stupidest cup of milk I--

MOL: What? What on earth is that for, McGee?

FIB: The recipe says "Scold a cup of milk," and --I was just--

MOL: Oh no, McGee! That's "Scald a cup of milk!"

FIB: It is? Oh...Okay. You wanta do that for me, Molly?
I'll go ahead with the rest of the stuff here, and--

DOOR OPENS:

BOOM: Ahh, good day, my dear!
Fancy meeting you here!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Hiya, Boomer.

BOOM: And good day to you, Pillsbury Puss! My word, I hope you're fully insured, my boy!

FIB: Insured?

BOOM: Yes...what happened...did the stove blow up. I had a stove that--

MOL: Oh no, he's just making a fruit cake, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Yep, I got an old family recipe and -- Hey, whatcha doin' with the handkerchief? Somethin' the matter?

BOOM: Yes, I got a little something in my eye this afternoon. Rather uncomfortable.

MOL: Oh, that's too bad Mr. Boomer. What did you get in it?

BOOM: A policeman's knuckles, my dear..Very humiliating experience. All a mistake.

MOL: A mistake.

BOOM: Yes, I thought he was lefthanded - I ducked the wrong way.

FIB: Well, I'd like to listen to your troubles Boomer, but I got a cake workin' here, and --

BOOM: Ah yes, the fruit cake! By a strange coincidence, my boy, I have here in my sample case the very thing, you need to make that cake a success!

MOL: Not Aunt Sarah?

BOOM: No - let me see - what did I do with - oh yes, here it is! (CLANG OF TIN) This, my boy, is a genuine Ajax Faultless, Flawless, Peerless, Fearless, Fireless Cooker. A fully guaranteed fireless cooker--for the inconsequential sum of three dollars!

FIB: Aw, I wouldn't be interest--- how much? Three bucks?

MOL: My goodness, I never saw such a cheap one!

BOOM: Yes, it's just made out of thin pieces of -- OHH, THE PRICE! Yes, indeed, extremely reasonable! And don't forget - WITH this Ajax Faultless Flawless Peerless Fearless Fireless cooker - you get a free chance on a two weeks trip to Honolulu, with all expenses paid!

FIB: Gee, you hear that, Molly? Wouldn't that be something to win?

MOL: Yes, but I don't think we--
FIB: I'm your man, Boomer. Here's your three bucks!
It's guaranteed, Molly!
BOOM: Thank you, suc-- er, son! Here's your ^{gay} fireless cooker...
(THUMP OF METAL) And here's your guarantee.
MOL: What's it guaranteed to do, Mr. Boomer?
BOOM: Guaranteed to cost three dollars, my dear.
FIB: Huh?
BOOM: And don't forget our prize offer of a free trip to
Honolulu...for two weeks...to anyone who figures out
a way to cook with it!
DOOR OPENS:
FIB: WHAT? Wait a minute --
BOOM: So long, Sadlad. It's been nice!
OROH: AND KING'S MEN - "41 SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS"

MOL: Now you just sit still there and relax, dearie. Don't
keep running out to the kitchen. Your cake is all right.
FIB: What time is it?
MOL: Almost half past.
FIB: Cake's gotta come out of the oven in a few minutes.
Ahhh, boy, wait till you see that work of art, Molly!
Aunt Sarah's own private recipe! And I made it word for
word! I'll have this town ravin' about my cakes, too,
by the time--
MOL: I'll bet it'll be wonderful, dearie. Look, I'm going to
run upstairs ^{and sort the laundry.} ~~a minute before the cake is ready.~~ I'll be ^{back}
~~right back, though.~~ (FADING) I want to see it come out
of the oven.

FIB: Okay, hurry back. Ahhh, there's a good kid!...And for that matter, so am I! Workin' and slavin' over a hot stove all day, just to bake a fruit cake like Aunt Sarah's and maybe wind up gettin' us rich! Will I ever--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Oh, hello, Teeny.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hi, Mister. ✓

FIB: Hey, aren't you out of school a little early, sis? Holidays haven't started already, have they?

TEE: No...we were rehearsin' our Christmas play and our teacher sent us home early. All the kids.

FIB: She did, eh?

TEE: Yes, she-- HM?

FIB: I says she did, eh?

TEE: Who did?

FIB: Your teacher.

TEE: Did what?

FIB: Sent you home early!

TEE: Who?

FIB: All the kids!

TEE: I know it! (GIGGLES) Do we ever have fun!

FIB: So you're doin' a Christmas play, huh? What's it gonna be about, sis?

TEE: About a week from tomorrow, if we can learn our parts by then.

FIB: No, no, I mean what kind of a play is it? What's the story?

TEE: Ohh, it's just wonnerful, Mister! It's all about how the Pilgrims discovered America and I'm gonna be the Indian maiden Hocopontas and Willie Toops is Miles Standish and we got costumes--

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, wait a minute! You mean you're doing a play about the Pilgrims for Christmas? You're a little mixed up, sis!

TEE: (GIGGLES) If you think I'm mixed up, you oughta see our teacher! She says we're gonna do this play if it takes till the Fourth of July!

FIB: Sounds pretty confusing, sis. Is the whole class in the play?

TEE: Sure. Even our teacher has lines to say. There's one very touching scene, where Miles Standish - that's Willie Toops - is captured by the Indians, and I save him. Oboy, is it ever corny!

FIB: Yeah? (AMUSED) Well, run off a little of it for me. How's it go?

TEE: Well, first Willie says "Help me, oh lovely maiden!" And then I say, "I will save thee, Miles Standish..." And then our teacher says (AGONIZED) "OHHH, NOOOO!!" And all us kids go home.

FIB: (AMUSED) Pretty dramatic, eh? I'd like to see your play, sis, if I'm not busy that night. Let me know when it goes on - if ever.

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TEE: Oboy, wouldja come, Mister, hm? Wouldja? Our teacher says we gotta get a crowd, and I got tickets right here... Here - here you are, Mr. McGee. Two tickets!

FIB: Well...Okay, sis. How much are they?

TEE: For a good friend like you, Mr. McGee...fifty cents apiece.

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Okay, here's your buck. I suppose on account of our beautiful friendship, I'm getting a special price. Probably nine bucks to the general public, eh?

TEE: Oh no, no Mister. (GIGGLES) Anybody that wants 'em can have 'em free. So long, Mister!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Cute kid. She'll probably grow up to be a-- MIGOSH!
My fruit cake! Time to take it out of the oven! ...
HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: (FADING IN) Coming, McGee. Isn't it about time to take your--

FIB: Yep. (FOOTSTEPS) Come on, kiddo - time to unveil it. Come on and feast your eyes on the loveliest golden brown taste-ticklin', mouth-waterin', fruit-filled fruitcake you ever feasted your eyes on!

MOL: Hurry up and open the oven. I'm dying to see it.

FIB: Fruitcake like Aunt Sarah useta bake!

OPENS OVEN DOOR...SLIDES PAN OUT:

MOL: Watch it - it's hot now!

FIB: I got it.

CLUNK OF PAN ON SINK:

FIB: (PAUSE) Geewhiz, it-- Why, it - it looks awful, Molly! Ohh, for-- Look at it! It's terrible!

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MOL: Oh, now-- Hm, it doesn't look very good. (PAUSE) Oh, I'm so sorry, dearie! It doesn't even smell very good, does it?

FIB: (STUNNED) Thin as a pancake...all black-lookin'...Awww gee, Molly, I don't understand it! What's the matter with me, anyhow? I'm just a dunce! Can't even follow a recipe! I oughta--

MOL: (SO SYMPATHETIC) You did too follow the recipe! It isn't your fault, dearie. My goodness, you were so careful, too.

FIB: What did I do wrong? Doggone it, Aunt Sarah's been makin' fruit cakes for years from this recipe. Every Christmas.

MOL: I know you said the whole family raved about them so --

FIB: Everybody in town talked about 'em. Why, everybody useta say-- (PAUSE) OMIGOSH!

MOL: What is it?

FIB: I just remembered what they useta say. They useta say, "AUNT SARAH MAKES THE LOUSIEST FRUIT CAKES!"!

MOL: Oh, dear...

ORCH: "WHY SHOULD I CRY!"

(REVISED) -26-

MOL: Oh, now-- Hm, it doesn't look very good. (PAUSE) Oh, I'm so sorry, dearie! It doesn't even smell very good, does it?

FIB: (STUNNED) Thin as a pancake...all black-lookin'...Awww gee, Molly, I don't understand it! What's the matter with me, anyhow? I'm just a dunce! Can't even follow a recipe! I oughta--

MOL: (SO SYMPATHETIC) You did too follow the recipe! It isn't your fault, dearie. My goodness, you were so careful, too.

FIB: What did I do wrong? Doggone it, Aunt Sarah's been makin' fruit cakes for years from this recipe. Every Christmas.

MOL: I know you said the whole family raved about them so --

FIB: Everybody in town talked about 'em. Why, everybody useta say-- (PAUSE) OMIGOSH!

MOL: What is it?

FIB: I just remembered what they useta say. They useta say, "AUNT SARAH MAKES THE LOUSIEST FRUIT CAKES!"!

MOL: Oh, dear...

ORCH: "WHY SHOULD I CRY"

MCHEE
12-16-47

(2ND REVISION) -27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: (Fibber and Molly return in just a moment.)

When you made out your Christmas list did you remember to include a little gift for your kitchen linoleum and other floors? It's a good idea, you know. Better take your list and after the word "floors" write Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Your floors will be receiving a bright, shining coat of wax that will protect them and make them easy to keep clean. Johnson's Glo-Coat is a gift that's easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing. You just apply and let dry.. That's all there is to it... and yet...in just a few minutes your floors are protected with a wonderfully good-looking coat of tough, gleaming wax. Spilled things, tracked-in dirt disappear with just a wipe of a damp cloth. And that Glo-Coat shine! ~~wait till you see your linoleum and other floors beam.~~ You'll gaze with pride at the bright sparkling finish that brings out all the beauty that makes your home a happier place in which to live. Yes ma'am...Johnson's Glo-Coat is the beautiful Christmas gift your floors deserve...the gift you will enjoy. Johnson's Self polishing Glo-coat...to bring out the beauty of the home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER - FADE FOR:

COMMERCIAL

(TO BE READ IN 60 SECONDS)

ANNCR: Here's news from the makers of Johnson's Wax to gladden the heart of every woman. It's a wax product for washdays -- yes, I said washdays -- and it's like nothing you've ever heard of before. The name of this wonderful new product is Johnson's DRAX -- D-R-A-X -- and here's what it does. DRAX gives an invisible wax finish to washables that makes them look fresh and like-new again. You'll be amazed at the soft, smooth feel they'll have -- and delighted that it is so easy to do. DRAX is not a starch ... not a soap. You just add a little to the final rinse water and that's all! Iron as usual. In fact, you'll find ironing is easier - 20% easier by actual tests! DRAX makes clothes stay clean longer because the tiny particles of wax that surround each thread of the fabric protect it from dirt and many stains. Naturally, washing is easier, too. Puts new life into all your washables.... it's amazing! Look for the DRAX tag on the garments you buy, too. And ask for DRAX service at your laundry and dry cleaner's. Johnson's DRAX -- D-R-A-X. You'll find it at your neighborhood store.

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, next Tuesday night the King's Men will sing the song they sing every year at this time... "Twas the Night Before Christmas".

MOL: That's the one ^{we} ~~they~~ ^{record} ~~an~~ album of...with Billy Mills' Orchestra, and little Teeny.

~~Yes!~~
~~Yeah, and Mel, I'm in there, too! You can buy 'em at~~
~~this song has become sort of a tradition with us~~
~~any more songs. Goodnight.~~
MOL: *and we hope you'll be listening - Goodnight*
Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us next Tuesday night... Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)