

file

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#12

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

December 23, 1947

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

-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, 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:

d

WILCOX: It's a beautiful sight to sit in a room and see the red and green lights of a Christmas tree reflected softly in the luster of well polished furniture. It makes the room warmer and richer, somehow. Your furniture will have the kink of luster that reflects the Holiday lights, if you polish it with Johnson's Cream Wax. You just rub on a little Cream Wax....let it dry a second or two, and then polish lightly. The surface will actually glow. Dust and dirt won't stick to your furniture or light colored woodwork for there's not one single drop of oil in Johnson's Cream Wax. Once polished, all that's necessary to keep that wonderful glow, is an occasional light dusting. Clean and polish your furniture in one easy operation, with Johnson's Cream Wax, and then sit back and look at the warm reflection of those Christmas tree lights in every shining surface. Use Johnson's Cream Wax 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

WILCOX: ONE REASON THINGS ALWAYS LOOK BRIGHTER IN THE MORNING THAN THEY DID THE NIGHT BEFORE IS THAT IT ISN'T SO DARK IN THE DAYTIME. BUT - A LITTLE TOUGH LUCK THAT MR. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAD LAST NIGHT WAS NOT HELPED A BIT BY EIGHT HOURS SLEEP. LISTEN TO HIMSELF THIS MORNING, AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLATTER OF CUP ON SAUCER; CHAIR SCRAPES BACK:

FIB: No more breakfast for me, kiddo. Gotta get going!

MOL: (SHOCKED) NOT EVEN ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE? Why you haven't had fewer than three cups of coffee for breakfast since the BIG Taft ran for President.

FIB: Can't help it Snooky. Gotta backtrack myself to the Elk's club and look for my key ring. Lost it on my way home last night.

MOL: Why didn't you stop and look for it then?

FIB: Because it was blacker than the inside of a buffalo. The moon was behind clouds, the street lights were behind telephone poles and I was behind two dollars and forty cents playin' snooker, and I wanted to get home.

MOL: Your key ring! Why McGee, the key to the hall closet was on your key ring! And all our Christmas presents are locked in the hall closet.

(2ND REVISION) -5-

FIB: I know it, but I'll find 'em. I'LL JUST WALK BACK THE WAY I CAME. DOWN TO OAK STREET, OVER TO FOURTEENTH --

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Have you looked out the window this morning?

FIB: Nope. You know I can't stand the sight of daylight till I have my coffee.

MOL: Yes, I know. I sent Maxwell House a Christmas Card c/o Burns & Allen. But take a peek out the window, sweetheart.

FIB: Haven't got time, baby! I gotta look for my key ring so...(PAUSE) OHHHHHHHHH MY GOSH SNOWWWWWWWWWWW!!!

MOL: Three feet of it! It just stopped snowing a little while ago. Isn't it beautiful?

FIB: BEAUTIFUL!!! WITH MY KEY RING WITH THE KEY TO THE HALL CLOSET WITH ALL OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS LOCKED IN IT BURIED UNDER IT? IT'S HORRIBLE! DADRAT IT! WHERE'S MY OVERCOAT...WHERE'S MY MITTENS...SEE IF YOU CAN FIND MY OVERSHOES.

MOL: But what are you going to do? Your key ring is under three feet of snow!

dk

(REVISED) -7-

TEE: Hi, Miz McGee, - Hi, Mister McGee, ^(CLOSE DOOR) Gee, isn't this wonderful? FOUR FEET OF SNOW?

FIB: Three feet.

TEE: Well, I betcha it would be up to my hips on you, I betcha! (GIGGLES) Oh boy, can us kids ever have fun now, though, ever!

FIB: FUN.....PTAH!!!

MOL: ~~Come on in,~~ ^{well,} Teeny...it's nice to see you.

~~DOOR CLOSE: CUT WIND~~

FIB: Hand me my sweater, willya, Molly? Thanks? Thanks... now where's my muffler?

TEE: Gee, don't Mister McGee LIKE snow, Miz McGee? Doncha, Mister McGee?

FIB: Look, sis. Snow is beautiful in a photograph of Mount Whitney, taken from forty five miles away. It's beautiful to a grizzly bear that's hibernian for the winter in a cave. But underfoot, and down your neck, and up your sleeve, you can have it. Where's my overshoes?

TEE: Hey, mister McGee, if you're gonna go past my house, come on in because we gotta surprise for you, The kids and me. You know, Johnny, and Kenny and Buddy and Raddy are ^{practicing} ~~rehearsing~~ our Christmas Carols and -

FIB: LQOK, TEENY....SOME OTHER TIME, I'D LOVE TO STAND AROUND IN MY OVERSHOES AND HEAR THE EXCITING NEWS ABOUT YOU AND KENNY AND RADDY AND ALL THE OTHER LITTLE-

TEE: Buddy and Johnny.

(REVISED)

-8-

FIB: But I got work to do. So if you'll excuse me -
I gotta go shovel some snow.

TEE: My daddy can't shovel snow. He's got his arm in a cast.
He cut himself, shaving.

(PAUSE)

FIB: He....er...cut himself shaving and got his arm in a cast?

TEE: Sure. He said he was eating popcorn at the time and the
bag fell down over his eyes.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Now wait a minute, sis. He was eating popcorn at
the time and -

TEE: But he says it wouldn't happen again in a million years,
because he don't care how vicious a dog is, he can make
friends with it, rain or shine. Well, stop at my house
if you can, mister. I know you'll like the surprise
we got for you. So long, Miz McGee.

MOL: Goodbye, Teeny.

DOOR: OPEN AND CLOSE WITH WIND EFFECT

FIB: If I walk kinda lopsided, kiddo, it's because I think I
just had my leg pulled. WELL, HERE I GO, TOOTSIE!

MOL: I think you were a little rude to Tenny, McGee. My
goodness, snow is just what children love at Christmas

FIB: Surprise my clavicle. Hearin' her and them other kids
sing Christmas Carols is about as much of a surprise as
wakin' up on New Years day to find out it's January.
Now lemme se....have I forgot anything.

(REVISED) -9-

MOL: I don't think so. You have your overshoes, three
sweaters, overcoat, mittens, your hat with the earmuffs--

FIB: EH?

MOL: YOUR HAT WITH THE EARMUFFS!

FIB: I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

MOL: EAR MUFFS!!

FIB: Waita minute. I can't hear anything with these earmuffs
on. (PAUSE) Now then, what did you say?

MOL: I merely said--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH, CLANG CLANG .CLANG!! I NEVER SAW IT FAIL. THE MINUTE
I GET BUSY OR WANNA GO SOMEPLACE, THAT DADRATTED DOORBELL
STARTS RINGIN' LIKE THERE WAS A FIRE ON THE WATERFRONT!
COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, my goodness, Doctor Gamble, with snow in his
eyebrows! Come on in out of the cold, Doctor!

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Thank you, my dear. And what are you all bundled up for,
Wetwash? You look like a sale going somewhere to
rummage.

FIB: Hate to see me dressed up warm, eh, Greedy? Need a few
pneumonia cases to pay off your Christmas bills, eh?

DOC: Lumpy, when I start picking patients in advance, they'll
have better credit ratings than yours. And I would like
to add that as a judge of character, you will never be
re-elected.

MOL: To answer your question, doctor, he's going out to look for his key ring. He lost it somewhere between here and the Elk's Club last night.

DOC: A splendid project! Do all that work just to recover a dime store key ring with six keys, three of them unidentified; a bottle opener, a lucky rabbit's foot which doesn't seem to have done him any good, and an identification tag which says "PLEASE RETURN TO FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA, NO REWARD". However, good luck with it, Lemon-head! So long, my dear.

DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE:

MOL: See you before Christmas, Doctor!

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: The big old fraud with the little black bag wouldn't be so quippy if he knew that key ring held the key to the hall closet and all our presents were in there. INCLUDING THE ONE WE'RE GIVING HIM! HEY, I BETTER GET GOING...I GOTTA FIND THAT KEY RING!!

MOL: Couldn't we just get a locksmith to open the door for us?

FIB: Nope. All closed. Holidays.

MOL: Take the hinges off the door? >

FIB: I thought of that. But with our hall closet, it's too dangerous. Gotta have the key. It's gotta be so you can twist the key, turn the knob and LEAP BACK! Well, here I go, kiddo...into the wild white yonder!

DOOR OPEN: WIND WHISTLE:

MOL: MY hero!

DOOR CLOSE:

ORCH: "MARCH OF THE TOYS"

SOUND: SNOW SHOVELING: OUT

FIB: (PUFFING) Whew - is this snow ever deep! I don't see how anything so light could get so heavy so fast! I gotta find those dadratted keys pretty quick. It'll soon be dark.

MOL: (FADING IN) Oh McGee - I brought you another thermos of hot coffee. How're you getting along, dearie?

FIB: Terrible! I been shoveling this dad-rat-it stuff all day and I can still see our house. Gimme the coffee, willya?

MOL: Careful now, it's pretty hot.

FIB: As cold as I am, I can't even tell if it's scalding! Boy, I could go for a hot buttered root beer right now!

MOL: Oh, look, McGee! Look who's coming. The weather man!

FIB: Yeah? Walking around gloating, is he? If this is his idea of a practical joke -

MOL: Hello, Mr. Williams!

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy!

GALE: Well, Mr. and Mrs. McGee. I'M glad to see you! Have a cigar, Mr. McGee?

FIB: A cigar? Why...why thanks, Foggy. Celebrating something?

GALE: (CHUCKLES) Can't you guess?

MOL: YOU DON'T MEAN...WHY, MR. WILLIAMS!! HAVE YOU AND MRS. WILLIAMS HAD A ---

GALE: Mrs. Williams had nothing to do with this. This is my own snowstorm. I predicted it all by myself.

(2ND REVISION)

12 & 13

MOL: Predicting weather must be fascinating work, Mr. Williams.
(No thank you, I don't smoke cigars.)

GALE: Oh excuse me. Yes, I had rather an interesting time out
west last summer. Experimenting with making weather.

FIB: If you can UNMAKE it, boy, you and me have got a deal
cookin'!

MOL: What did you do, Mr. Williams? Move in with the Navajos,
so you could whip up some Indian summers?

GALE: No. I rented a plane, took it up eight thousand feet
over a dusty ranch and dropped 50 pounds of ice into a
cloud. Then I landed to see what had happened.

FIB: And what had, Kid?

GALE: I had killed a cow.

MOL: Heavenly days. How unfortunate!

GALE: It really was! The rancher was standing there, and he
said if the ice had landed three feet to the left it
would have killed his son-in-law.

FIB: What was so unfortunate about that?

dk

McGEE & MOLLY 12-23-47

(2ND REVISION) -13 A-

GALE: The son in law was a worthless led - but the cow was
valued at \$600. Well, I must get down to the office.
My assistant is watching the instruments down there
and he just called to report a rise in temperature and
a warm front.

MOL: Just what does that mean, Mr. Williams?

GALE: It means he should turn around and stand with his BACK
to the fire awhile. Well, Merry Christmas to both of
you.

FIB & MOL: Same to you, Foggy. (Mr. Williams.)

(REVISED) - 14 -

FIB: Well, back to work, McGee! Quit leanin' on that shovel like you were gettin' paid by the hour!

SOUND: SHOVELLING SUSTAIN...

FIB: OH OH!!

SHOVELLING OUT

MOL: (EXCITED) What is it, McGee..did you find the key ring?

FIB: I dunno... something here all right!...Froze to the sidewalk!! Wait'll I chip it loose...

SOUND: CLINK OF SHOVEL...

FIB: OWWWWWWW!!!

MOL: What was it?

FIB: The toe of my overshoe. Doggone it. I'm gettin' tired of this. Don't let me carry keys any more, Molly. I can't be trusted.....

MOL: Well, we've tried it that way, too - remember? You came home without your front door key the night I was out playing bridge. You broke the big window, knocked over the floor lamp, put your foot in the goldfish bowl, grabbed the drapes to keep from falling, fell anyhow, hit the end table, rolled in the hall, and found the front door unlocked the way I left it for you!

FIB: Yes, but I was tryin' to -

WIL: (FADING IN) Hello there, Molly - Hi, Pal!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox - pull up a snowbank and sit down.

FIB: Oh hi, Junior.

(REVISED) - 15 -

WIL: Boy, what a day this is! This really feels like Christmas! I love a - (PAUSE) Hey, wait a minute - aren't you a little lost, Pal? Your house is down the street there.

FIB: I know that, Junior. Relax!!! I lost my key ring last night, coming home from the Elks. It snowed all over it. So I'm lookin' for it. With a snowshovel.

WIL: Oh.

FIB: Any further questions?

WIL: One. Why didn't you clean off your own sidewalk? Yours is the only house on the block with snow in front of it.

FIB: I looked on our sidewalk last night! They're not there! No use shovelin' through a lot of snow that I know my key ring isn't under it. There's plenty between here and the Elks!

BUSY SHOVELING

MOL: He's always very efficient, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, I'd like to stay and help you, Pal, but I'm busy just walkin' around getting that old Christmas spirit today! Gee, I love this time of year!

MOL: Me too, Mr. Wilcox. Everybody sending cards and buying presents -

FIB: (GRUMBLING) And locking 'em in hall closets!

MOL: Christmas trees all lighted up - wreaths in all the windows -

FIB: Snow all over my keys!

WIL: To me, Christmas and New Year's Day are real Johnson Wax holidays!

(REVISED) -16-

MOL: To you, Mr. Wilcox, so are Columbus Day, Easter and The Annual Convention of the Daughters of Notary Publics of Western Florida.

FIB: Also Navy Day, and The Kentucky Derby.

WIL: No no no...I mean that with the kids home from school, relatives and friends dropping in the house, the spirit of hospitality is really at it's peak at this time of the year. There's a handclasp at the door, a smile on the face and a glistening, gleaming welcome from even the floors and furniture. You know what I mean?

MOL: If we don't, we've wasted a good thirteen years!

FIB: Look...Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Look, go Kringle your Kris someplace else willya? I got work to do. I may have to shovel my way clean down to the Elks. I got no time to stand here and barbershop with you. I give you two parting words.

WIL: I know. "Go Home"!

FIB: No. Merry Christmas.

WIL: Well, thank you, Pal!...same to both of you.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

SOUND: SHOVELING

MOL: Too bad we don't have another shovel, or I could help you out a little, although -

FIB: Well, now, you can just use this one awhile, tootsie. It's a nice light shovel and -

MOL: I mean I know you wouldn't want the neighbors to see your wife doing manual labor like that right out on the street, of course. Otherwise -

dk

(2ND REVISION) - 17 -

FIB: And what business is it of theirs, I'd like to know? If my wife wants to help me out, when she sees I'm breakin' my back tryin' to give us a nice Christmas, it's -- Oh - Oh! Here comes that kid down the street again!

MOL: Oh - Teeny.

FIB: Yeah, I better get busy - she'll start givin' me that pitch about Kenny and Buddy and -

BRISK SHOVELING

TEE: (FADING IN) Hi, mister! Hi, Miss McGee!

FIB: Hi. I'm very busy right now, Teeny, so -

MOL: Hello, Teeny - you having fun?

TEE: Sure. Me and Kenny and Buddy and Raddy and Johnny have been practisin' our Christmas Carols and - (PAUSE) Mr. McGee.

FIB: (SHOVELING AWAY) Whatcha want, sis? As if I didn't know!

TEE: My house is just right down there and if you'll just stop in a little while, we got a surprise for you, I betcha.

FIB: I'm in no mood for surprises. Best surprise you can gimme right now is go home!

TEE: Yeah, but...Well gee, mister - don't you like littul childrum?

FIB: Certainly I like littul childrun! Don't you like old men?

TEE: Sure I...Well, okay then...So long, Miz McGee. (FADING)
HEY, KIDS! NOT YET, HE SAYS....

BRISK SHOVELING

FIB: Darn kids, breakin' my back shoveling snow and -

MOL: Oh, why don't you let the children sing for you and get it over with, McGee? You ought to sit down and rest awhile, anyhow.

FIB: You know why I don't let 'em sing for me, Molly! Migosh, when I hear a bunch of grubby little kids like that, singing Christmas Carols all off key, with their smeary little faces lit up like an Easter sunrise, I get all mushy and start forgiving everybody for everything they ever done to me and it's very embarrassing because sometimes I can't even remember what I was sore at 'em about and - Geewhiz, I gotta protect mys-----

OLD M: (FADES IN SINGING) "JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE!" Hello there, kids!!!

MOL: Heavenly days! The Old Timer!

FIB: Hi, Old Timer! What brings you out in this kind of weather?

OLD M: My Flexible Flyer, Johnny! Whattya think I'm pullin' behind me - a bulldozer!?

MOL: My goodness - a sled! Isn't it awfully cold for you, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Not if I keep movin', daughter! Me and some of the other kids - the younger crowd - we're goin' out to Dugan's Hill to do some bel - uh - stummick busters!

FIB: I know, Buckle bruisers.

OLD M: Yeah, wanta come along, Johnny? I'll share my sled with you. I'll use it goin' down and you can use it comin' up. 50 - 50!

FIB: No thanks, I got work to do.

MOL: Yes, he's going to shovel snow - all the way down to the Elks Club. It looks like.

OLD M: Is that so? Well, different people like different things. Me, I like coastin'. I'm gonna try to bust my own record for the bobsled run at Dugan's Hill.

MOL: Your own record?

OLD M: Set it last year, daughter. Went down that run in 13 seconds.

FIB: That's half a mile!

MOL: In 13 seconds?

OLD M: Yep. May take a little longer with a sled, of course. (YELLS) HEY, SKINNAY, WAIT FER ME! (FAST FADE) Gotta hook a truck, kids - see you later!

WEARY SCRAPE OF SNOWSHOVEL

(2ND REVISION) -20-

MOL: Come on, dearie, let's go home! You're worn out and it's too dark to see any more anyhow.

FIB: I guess so...what a break! All our Christmas presents locked in the hall closet and no key. How do I get into these messes anyhow?

MOL: I don't know - but you do it so easily, dearie. Come on -- let's go home.

FOOTSTEPS ALONG SIDEWALK

FIB: ^{okay} I'm ^{SHOVELY} wore out! I'm beat like the seat of a jockey's pants! I'm as bushed as the Left-Hand Smith Brother.

MOL: I know, dearie. I'm sorry. Here, let me carry Mr. Williams' snow shovel awhile.

FIB: Oh, throw it in a snowdrift! Migosh, what kind of a cheap snowscoop is that, anyhow? You can't even find a ring of keys with it. Cheap thing! Of all the -- Who's that crossing the street?

MOL: I -- why, McGee - I believe it's Mr. Wimple!

CRUNCHING FOOTSTEPS FADE IN

FIB: Yeah, Wallace Wimple! Hi, Wimp!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Hello, Folks.

FIB: Well, it's good to see you again, Wimp.

MOL: Yes, are you looking forward to a nice Christmas, Mr. Wimple?

(2ND REVISION) -21 & 22-

WIMP: Oh yes - I had a wonderful time last night, too, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface -- that's my big old wife -- Sweetface helped out at the kindergarten Christmas party - and I went along.

FIB: Sounds big time, all right.

WIMP: Yes, she got all dressed up as Santa Claus and came down the big brick chimney for the kiddies.

MOL: Isn't that nice.

WIMP: Yes - (CHUCKLES) Somebody lit the most beautiful fire in the fireplace as she was halfway down! ...Ohh, did she get hot about that!

FIB: Built a fire while she was in the chimney? Gee, what happened, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, the kiddies loved it! They'd never seen a Santa Claus, with a pack of toys, come through the SIDE of a chimney before! (LAUGHS) Bricks all over the place! Well, I'll leave you here - you're home. Merry Christmas!

MOL: Merry Christmas, Mr. Wimple. ~~Come on, McGee - let's go in.~~

FIB: ^{you know,} Yeah, one nice thing about seeing Wimple, with all the grief that poor guy has I forget my own troubles. What was I worrying about? OH YES, MY KEYRING AND THE...

TEE AND BOYS: (BIG GREETING) Hi, Miz McGee! Hi, Mister McGee!

Welcome home!

FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH, BEHIND:

FIB: Aww, for the-- what are you kids doin' on our front porch? Don't you know you'll catch cold out here?

MOL: Now, McGee, don't be cross with the children...it's almost Christmas Eve.

FIB: Well geewhiz, can't they take a hint? They'll hafta come in the house now...can't have 'em catchin' cold out here.

OPEN BEHIND ABOVE:

TEE: See, kids! See, I toldja he would!

BOYS: (ALL JABBER)

MOL: Come on in, children...close the door.

FIB: Yeah, close the door.

DOOR CLOSE:

TEE: Come on in, children. Close the door. You wouldn't come to my house, Mr. McGee, so I brought Kenny and Buddy and Johnny and Raddy over here with the surprise.

FIB: Yeah yeah, sure! Surprise! ~~TEE~~ Okay, get it over with! Sing it!!

TEE: Well, Kenny and Raddy and Buddy and Johnny and I were practisin' our Christmas Carols last night and right in front of our house we found these keys.

FIB: Okay, sing it in any old key, I don't-- (PAUSE) KEYS???

TEE: Sure. It says "Fibber McGee" ^{no reward} on 'em, and you're the only Fibber--

FIB: MY KEYS! AND AFTER ME SHOVELIN' SNOW ALL DAY LONG TO---
AWWW, TEENY! Why didn't you TELL me you found my keys??

TEE: You didn't gimme a chance, Mister. Gee, all day long I
tried to tell you.

FIB: ^{Oh, I see what you mean.}
I'm sorry I was such a melon-head about it, Sis. But you know me. I'm apt to be a little grouchier than usual around Christmas time.

TEE: Gee, why, Mr. McGee? Most people are a lot more cheerfuller, I betcha.

FIB: Yeah, but--

MOL: I'll explain that, Teeny. You see, he's very sentimental. He's GOT to act a little tough, or he goes all to pieces. Now you take a Christmas Carol, for instance...CAN you take a Christmas Carol, dearie?

FIB: I love 'em, but I don't want people to know it. They might take advantage of me. Go ahead, sis. Sing me a carol...but don't anybody ask me to sign my life insurance over to 'em right afterwards...because I'll do it!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Okay..Come on Reddy, and Kenny, and Johnny, and Buddy. A-one, and a-two, and a-three!

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN AND TEENY INTO "NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"