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#12
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

December 21, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 PM PDST

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

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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 and Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat 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 guess there's not much doubt, that the kind of beauty women want in their kitchens is ... practical beauty. Maybe that accounts for the popularity of Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax, Glo-Coat. The beauty in Glo-Coat, of course, is the luster it gives your linoleum. Especially now, that there's a new glowin' Glo-Coat. A glow that makes every inch of your linoleum shine far more brightly than before. Well, there's a practical quality in Johnson's Glo-Coat, too. And that's the protection it gives your linoleum. It certainly would be surprising if you, or anyone, could go through the holidays without scuffing up the linoleum surface a bit, or spilling liquids when you're washing the dishes. Well, Johnson's Glo-Coat, bright and pretty as it is to look at, covers your linoleum with a hard, dry finish that protects ... and makes it so easy to clean. Ask for Johnson's Glo-Coat. The floor wax that now shines with a brighter, warmer glow. Your dealer has the new Glo-Coat in the same familiar yellow container with the bright red band. Take some home and see what we mean by practical beauty in the kitchen.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

WILCOX: NO HOLIDAY IS A COMPLETE SUCCESS WITH EVERYBODY. COPS, FOR INSTANCE, HATE HALLOWE'EN. THE ARMY THINKS "NAVY DAY" IS SILLY. IF YOU'RE A TURKEY, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO A LOW OPINION OF THANKSGIVING. AND WHAT A MAILMAN THINKS OF CHRISTMAS IS ~~COMPLETELY UN-THANKABLE!~~ ^{ABSOLUTELY UN-THANKABLE!} ONE OF THEM HAS JUST RELIEVED HIS ACHING BACK A TRIFLE, HOWEVER, BY LEAVING A BATCH OF GREETINGS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (FADE IN) Well, here's the mail, kiddo. Mostly Christmas cards...and hey, you know what?

MOL: No, what?

FIB: I wished the mailman a Merry Christmas and he looks at me like I'd poisoned his dog! What goes with that sourpuss?

MOL: Well, what's so merry about Christmas to a mailman? He starts out holding the bag and winds up the same way.

SOUND: OPENING ENVELOPES

FIB: Yeah...I guess that's right, but --

MOL: OH LOOK...A CARD FROM UNCLE DENNIS!

FIB: Ah, Uncle Dennis. Kentucky's greatest booster! Straight Kentucky, that is. What's the card?

MOL: It's a picture of Santa Claus coming down the chimney upside down.

FIB: UPSIDE DOWN!

MOL: Yes...(CHUCKLES) It says, "MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
BOTTOMS UP" - Uncle Dennis.

FIB: That's him, all right! Boy, the government missed a
great bet when they passed him up during the war.
What a production man he'd of made!

MOL: Why?

FIB: You ever know a guy that could locate a bottleneck
quicker or get to the bottom of it faster?

SOUND: TEARING ENVELOPE

MOL: Oh, I just love opening Christmas cards! Who's
that one from?

FIB: Old Man MacDonald from the Third National Bank.
Picture of him in a Santa Claus outfit foreclosing
a mortgage on a ragged widow and three barefoot kids,
standing out in the snow. It says, "JUST KIDDING,
OF COURSE - MacDONALD". Just kidding, my clavicle!
That guy's got less heart than the celery on the
blue plate special.... Hey - here's a pretty Christmas
card!

MOL: Let me see it...Yes, isn't this sweet! It says:
"THOUGH CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR,
IT BRINGS BACK MEMORIES ALL SO DEAR,
OF FRIENDS WHOSE HEARTS ARE STRONG AND TRUE;
OLD FRIENDS, GOOD FRIENDS, DEAR FRIENDS LIKE YOU!"

FIB: A little drippy, but nice. Who's it from?

MOL: It's signed, "With love - Elizabeth". I wonder who
that could--? Wait a minute - it isn't addressed
to us. It's addressed to YOU.

FIB: To me? From Elizabeth? Who do I know named
Elizabeth?

MOL: (PAUSE) I...er...I'm sure I don't know, dearie.
Just some casual acquaintance, no doubt.

FIB: My casual acquaintances don't sign Christmas cards
"With love", Snookie. My gosh...Elizabeth...
Elizabeth... Interesting, isn't it?

MOL: Very. Some schoolgirl friend of yours, probably.

FIB: Not likely. Any schoolgirl friend of mine has got
an ear trumpet and grandchildren, by this time.
(LAUGHS, RATHER PLEASED) Hey, this is kinda intriguing,
you know that? (TO HIMSELF) Elizabeth...Elizabeth...
I wonder if that could be the rather attractive woman
I gave my seat to on the streetcar last week...
just as I was getting off. No, I don't think so...
she called me a lazy slob.

MOL: Well, just don't worry about it, sweetheart. AND
STOP SMIRKING AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR.

FIB: I wasn't smirking. I was just wondering how I'd look
with a mustache.

MOL: You did raise one once - remember?

FIB: How'd I look?

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MOL: Well, I don't recall ever committing myself, but Doctor Gamble said you looked like an adolescent walrus with a vitamin deficiency. But he was just --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Elizabeth...Elizabeth...

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia, McGee! Hello, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: Hi, Elizab-- er, Hiya, La Triv!

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. McGee. Whew! It's getting pretty nippy outside...regular winter weather.

FIB: Yeah, this is the kind of a day I like, La Triv. Brisk and bracing. Feels good not to have to go out in it.

MOL: Sit down, Mr. Mayor...we were just looking over some Christmas cards, and --

FIB: Yeah, I got one here that kinda baffles me, La Triv. Don't know who it's from.

GALE: Why don't you read the signature on it?

MOL: He did, Mr. Mayor. It's signed, "With Love, Elizabeth" - and himself can't remember any Elizabeth. He says.

FIB: Got me kind of curious, La Triv. (MODESTLY) Not that I figure I got any more "secret admirers" than anybody else, but - well, you know how it is, gettin' a card signed "Love" from somebody you can't place.

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GALE: (CHUCKLES) Oh, it's probably just a mistake of some kind. I'd certainly advise Mrs. McGee not to worry about anybody stealing her husband. (CHUCKLES AGAIN)

FIB: (COLDLY) I'll thank you to keep your advice to yourself, La Trivia! My wife can worry about me if she wants to. Can't you, Molly?

MOL: (LOYALLY) Indeed I can, dearie! And I will, too, just as soon as we get Christmas out of the way..Say, I'll bet you get lots of letters at the City Hall, from people you've never heard of, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Yes, we do, Mrs. McGee. Most of them full of suggestions about how to run the city.

FIB: You ever take any of 'em?

GALE: I take all of them.

MOL: Good.

GALE: Out and burn them! A letter came just this morning, warning me to have the paving fixed on 14th Street, or else! It was signed "Anonymous", so naturally I -

MOL: Signed how, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: "Anonymous". That's just a -

FIB: O'Nonymous, eh? Do you have many Irish friends like that, La Triv?

GALE: ...Irish friends? Like what?

MOL: Like the man that wrote you the letter - Mr. O'Nonymous. We knew a family named O'Calligan and one named O'Lonegan, but -

FIB: Yeah, that IS an Irish name, isn't it, La Triv? We're Irish ourselves, you know. Molly was a Driscoll and I been a McGee for years.

GALE: (PAUSE) Yes..yes.., it IS an Irish name. I've known the O'Nonymous family since boyhood.

FIB: Huh?

MOL: You..er..you have?

GALE: Certainly. Terence O'Nonymous was a second cousin to Danny O'Donegan of the Donegal Donegans.

FIB: He was? That's odd, because I and Molly were merely -

GALE: His father was a Finnegan on his grandmother Flanagan's side, but the Flannigans married into the Galligans and the Galligans got into so many brannigans with the Donegans that the Finnigans got tired of the shennanigans and said the Galligans were hooligans and everybody lost their tempers, but I'm not going to, because an unstrung harp is no good to anybody and besides I just dropped in to offer you the season's greetings so Merry Christmas to both of you and Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: CHRISTMAS MEDLEY

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

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FIB: (TO SELF) "Elizabeth...Elizabeth"...I wonder if it -- no, it couldn't be her. Just because a waitress smiles when she spills a bowl of soup in your lap is no sign -

MOL: (FADING IN) McGee, I ordered lamb chops for dinner, if it's all right with you and - (PAUSE) McGee. Are you still worrying about that Christmas card? Throw it away!

FIB: Yeah, but my gosh---

SOUND: DOOR BELL

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes, McGee. It's Mr. Wimple. Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp, Old Man.

WIMP:Hello, folks....My gracious, it's chilly today! I think it's going to snow again.

MOL: What makes you think that?

WIMP: I just cleaned off our sidewalk. I just love winter weather, though. Sweetiface - that's my big old wife -

FIB: Yeah, we know.

WIMP: Sweetiface and I always have a snowball fight every year. It's a sort of a tradition with us.

MOL: That sounds like fun.

WIMP: Weell, I think it will be THIS year, Mrs. McGee. I made a whole big bunch of snowballs for myself last summer and hid them in the attic.

FIB: Last summer? You made snowballs?

WIMP: Yes. (CHUCKLES) We didn't have any snow handy, so I made them out of plaster.

MOL: Plaster? Oh, Mr. Wimple, isn't that awfully hard??

WIMP: Oh no, it's easy! You just take half a brick, coat it with plaster and let it dry.

MOL: Well, I hope you've got a nice Christmas present for ~~her~~^{your wife} this year, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Oh, yes indeedy, Mrs. McGee. I've been saving my allowance for simply years - and all her friends have fur coats - so this year I went down and bought her a mink.

MOL: Heavenly days! A mink! Was she surprised?

WIMP: Oh, indeed she was! The minute I got it home, it bit her in the leg! (CHUCKLES) She was the most surpris - Oh my, you've got some pretty Christmas cards there.

FIB: Yeah. I suppose we've got one from you here someplace, Wimp - but we haven't come to it yet.

WIMP: No, I didn't send any this year, folks. That's why I came over today. (SHYLY) I'd like to read you a little Christmas verse that I -- well, it's sort of a serious verse. It's called "the Chimney on the Corner."

MOL: "The Chimney on the Corner."

FIB: Read it, Wimp!

WIMP: "THE CHIMNEY ON THE CORNER"

WHEN THE SANTA ON THE CORNER
SMILES AND RINGS HIS LITTLE BELL,

AND WAVES A CHEERY GREETING,
AND HOPES THAT YOU ARE WELL, -

DON'T PASS HIM WITH A HASTY GRIN,
BUT DROP A COIN OR TWO

BECAUSE "THE ARMY OF SALVATION"
PLAYS SAINT NICHOLAS FOR YOU!

IN PLACES WHERE A BOWL OF SOUP;
A PLACE TO SLEEP TONIGHT

A PAIR OF SHOES, ANOTHER CHANCE,
KEEP HOPE STILL SHINING BRIGHT,

WE KNOW THE CORNER SANTA CLAUS,
IS GOOD FOR LOTS OF JOKES, --

BUT HE'S A ~~REAL~~ REAL KRIS KRINGLE
TO A LOT OF OTHER FOLKS!

Goodbye now, and Merry Christmas!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Isn't he a nice little man!!

FIB: Yeah, Wimp's okay. I was only..HEY, I FORGOT TO ASK

- HIM DID HE KNOW WHO SENT ME THIS CHRISTMAS CARD!

MOL: I don't know how he should know. After all, just
because you - (PAUSE) WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: Eh? Oh. Just lookin' at my hair in the mirror.
I hadn't realized till today how a little touch of iron
gray at the temples gives a man that distinguished
look. And you noticed how much of a wave I'm gettin'
in it?

MOL: Don't let your hair go to your head, sweetheart.
Maybe that wave is just your hair saying goodbye.
Besides, if this Elizabeth, whoever she is, could --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. Merry Christmas.

MOL: And to you, too, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Yeah - you're a little previous, Junior - but since
this is the last time we'll see you till after
Christmas, and don't think I don't appreciate it -
Happy Yuletide!

WIL: I was just down mailing out some cards and I thought
I'd drop by and -

FIB: Hey Junior - speakin' of cards. I got a Christmas
card here that I don't know who it's from.

WIL: Really? What does it say?

FIB: It's addressed to me, see - and it's just signed
"Love, Elizabeth". I don't know any Elizabeth and
it's got me -

WIL: To you? With Love, Pal?

MOL: That's what it says, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: The thing is, Junior, there's lots of people that know me, that I don't know them, you see - even women. On account of I get saw around in public a lot, you know. Prominent figure.

MOL: You mean you've got one? Or you are one?

FIB: Naturally, if some girl is struck by my looks - and asks somebody my name - well, I mean, there's no way I can help it - if she -

WIL: Seay, now that you mention it, Pal - a girl asked me your name just the other day. Very attractive girl, too.

FIB: Huh? She did? You hear that, Molly? (HAPPILY) Omigosh, this is even worse than I thought. What'd she say, Junior?

WIL: Well, she pointed you out to me in Kremer's Drug Store and asked me if I knew you. And if I'd give you a message.

FIB: A message? Geewhiz - hey, is her name Elizabeth? What's the message, Junior. Go ahead, tell Molly, too. We got no secrets. If girls I don't know wanta send me messages, Molly knows there's nothin' I can -- what'd she say to tell me?

WIL: Well, she said - and I quote exactly - "You tell Mr. McGee that one of the things that makes men most attractive to women is thoughtfulness -

FIB: Yeah! Yeah!

WIL: - and the thing that makes a kitchen most attractive is the Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat on the linoleum!" She said, "tell him that the way to keep his wife always in love with him - the way to keep that happy glow on her face - is to see that her housework is made as easy as possible - by keeping her supplied with Glocoat always!

MOL: Oh, dear Dorothy Dix!

WIL: "Because Glocoat - with its new, built-in glow - that great beautifier and protector of your linoleum - is so easy to apply - you simply pour it out, spread it around and let it dry in 20 minutes or less to a gleaming, sparkling finish that not only adds years of life to your linoleum, but makes dirt and dust so easy to wipe up and -

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal.

MOL: Who was the lovesick creature who sent r husband such a tender sentimental message, Mr. Wilcox? Was her name Elizabeth?

WIL: N-N-NO- Name's Jessica, come to think of it. Best secretary I ever had, too! Hey, I gotta go, kids.

MOL: You in a hurry, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah..I'm on my way to a chimney sweep.

FIB: Chimney stopped up, kid?

WIL: Yeah.

MOL: Full of soot, is it?

WIL: - and the thing that makes a kitchen most attractive is the Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat on the linoleum!" She said, "tell him that the way to keep his wife always in love with him - the way to keep that happy glow on her face - is to see that her housework is made as easy as possible - by keeping her supplied with Glocoat always!

MOL: Oh, dear Dorothy Dix!

WIL: "Because Glocoat - with its new, built-in glow - that great beautifier and protector of your linoleum - is so easy to apply - you simply pour it out, spread it around and let it dry in 20 minutes or less to a gleaming, sparkling finish that not only adds years of life to your linoleum, but makes dirt and dust so easy to wipe up and -

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal.

MOL: Who was the lovesick creature who sent my husband such a tender sentimental message, Mr. Wilcox? Was her name Elizabeth?

WIL: N-N-NO- Name's Jessica, come to think of it. Best secretary I ever had, too! Hey, I gotta go, kids.

MOL: You in a hurry, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah..I'm on my way to a chimney sweep.

FIB: Chimney stopped up, kid?

WIL: Yeah.

MOL: Full of soot, is it?

WIL: No, it's full of my cousin, Big Bay Window Wilcox. Rehearsing his Santa Claus act for Christmas and got stuck in the flue.

FIB: Well, he may not be a very good Santa Claus, Juney, but if he gets out a that chimney he'll be well sooted for the part. (LAUGHS) Get it, both of you? Sooted? Well suited? You see, I constructed a pun, involving the two meanings of the word SOOT, so -

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee!

FIB: Taint?

WIL: No, taint. So long now.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Smart guy! He don't seem to realize that when a mature man, like me, a man of the world, a man of charm and experience, can throw some woman for a loop, so that she loses her head and sits down and writes him a love note for Christmas, I...I mean she doesn't think - er Wilcox doesn't - WHAT'D I START OUT TO SAY??

MOL: I'm sure I don't know, pet. But I've got to go out and get dinner started. Let me know if you remember who Elizabeth is.

FIB: Okay but you just keep your chin up, tootsie. Don't you worry about a thing!

MOL: Me? Of course I won't, dearie! My goodness, after all these years, what woman would want to -- that is, I mean -- well, you're no boy any more, you know, and --

FIB: Huh?

MOL: I mean to say, I love you dearly, you know that, but who else would ever -- I mean -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN. PLEASE!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: OH, HELLO, DOCTOR GAMELE - SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

DOC: Hello, my dear. And good day to you, Puddinghead!

FIB: Hi, Bell Bottom. You out spreading Christmas cheer this week - by staying away from your patients?

DOC: No, I'm out taking measurements for splints, my boy. Do you plan to use a stepladder to decorate your Christmas tree again this year - or shall I cross your name off my list?

MOL: Cross him off, Doctor. At the price they're asking per foot for Christmas trees this year - we'll be able to decorate ours from a kneeling position.

FIB: Yeah...Say, Doc....Uh....You happen to know anybody named - Elizabeth?

DOC: Certainly. My mother.

MOL: Himself got a Christmas card signed "Love, Elizabeth" and -

DOC: Wouldn't be her, Molly. She hates him.

FIB: YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ME!

DOC: I've described you to her.

FIB: How could she hate me just from that? My gosh, you gotta know me for years to really hate me. But really, I'm a little disturbed, Doc. Some girl sends me a Christmas card "with Love" - I don't know who it is - so naturally I'm worried.

DOC: Why?

FIB: Why? Well migosh, suppose some girl has saw me someplace and got a crush on me - you know how girls do, Doc. Probably she doesn't realize I'm married - maybe just saw this sort of distinguished looking man around town and bingo! Off the deep end!

DOC: I know just how you feel, my boy. Your distress is perfectly natural.

MOL: What do you mean, distress? He's never been prouder in his life!

FIB: Oh, I wouldn't say I was PROUD, exactly, my dear. But, after all, one can't help it if one has the type personality that sets wimmin on their ears. My gosh (TOLERANT LAUGH) I remember the time when I was kinda shy, and bumble-footed, and no woman would look at me the second time.

DOC: I remember that time, too. It was about two minutes ago. But look, Casanova. If you're really worried that some girl has fallen in love with you, I have something here that might re-assure you. Here, take it.

MOL: What is it, Doctor?

DOC: A pocket mirror. Read it and weep, Romeo! Merry Christmas, children.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS"
(APPLAUSE)

DOC: Why?

FIB: Why? Well migosh, suppose some girl has saw me someplace and got a crush on me - you know how girls do, Doc. Probably she doesn't realize I'm married - maybe just saw this sort of distinguished looking man around town and bingo! Off the deep end!

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SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS"
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Doggone it, kiddo, this thing has got me baffled! A perfectly strange woman writin' me mash notes, when-- HEY, WHAT'S THE DANGEROUS AGE IN A MAN, MOLLY?

MOL: The dangerous age? That's the period of time between when his pants get long and his wind gets short.

FIB: Oh. Well, I suppose around my age a man DOES take on a kind of sophisticated glamour for women...kind of a man-about-town look that they can't resist. I just hadn't realized till now that I'd reached that age.

MOL: Well, there IS something different about you lately, dearie. I look at you sometimes and get an almost uncontrollable desire to run my hands through your hair.

FIB: (PLEASED) You do??

MOL: Yes, with a pair of clippers. How long since you've been to the barber shop?

FIB: Oh, not so long. And besides, this shaggy look must have a certain appeal for women, because whoever this Elizabeth is--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

OLD T: HI, THERE, KIDS! HELLO, DAUGHTER...HELLO, JOHNNY!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hi, Elizabe-- er...hiya, Old Timer. Hey, we got a little mystery on our hands here.

FIB: Doggone it, kiddo, this thing has got me baffled! A perfectly strange woman writin' me mash notes, when-- HEY, WHAT'S THE DANGEROUS AGE IN A MAN, MOLLY?

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SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

OLD T: HI, THERE, KIDS! HELLO, DAUGHTER...HELLO, JOHNNY!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hi, Elizabe-- er...hiya, Old Timer. Hey, we got a little mystery on our hands here.

OLD T: Zat so? What happened, kids? Find footprints in the snow of somebody walkin' across your roof, on his hands?

MOL: No, Mr. Old Timer. Himself here just got a Christmas card from some mysterious woman.

OLD T: Whaddye mean, "mysterious woman"...What other kind is there?

FIB: She means we don't know who this card is from, Old Timer. It's signed, "With LOVE - ELIZABETH"...(LAUGHS) Well, it's nothing to get excited about, I guess. Happens every day. College girl crushes, you know. I suppose Ronnie Colman and Clark Gable run into this stuff all the time.

OLD T: I suppose so, Johnny. So does Roy Rogers' horse. I read where some fan cut off a foot o' Trigger's tail a couple o' years ago, ~~so~~, so you better be careful what-- BUT HEY...I GOT A INTERESTING CHRISTMAS CARD MYSELF, KIDS!

MOL: From a woman, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD T: Yep. My landlady. On account of I'm a little behind in my rent.

FIB: You're behind in your rent so she sends you a Christmas card? She wish you a Merry Christmas?

OLD T: Didn't say, Johnny. Jist a pitcher of Santy Claus on it, and underneath it says: "WHO DO YOU THINK I AM - HIM?"

MOL: Well, at least you know who it's from. That's something.

OLD T: I suppose. Well, I gotta get back to work, kids. I'm on extra at the post office this week, ye know.

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FIB: Yeah? What doin'? Smearing addresses or mislaying packages that gurgle?

OLD T: I'm in Parcel Post, Johnny. Here's my work order. See, daughter?

MOL: Mmm hmm. It says "PROCEED TO PARCEL POST DEPARTMENT AND SEE THAT ALL PACKAGES ARE WEIGHED AND STAMPED".

OLD T: (SHARPLY) What was that, daughter?

FIB: She said "SEE THAT ALL PACKAGES ARE WEIGHED AND STAMPED". Why?

OLD T: "STAMPED"! Ooooooh, Jeeminy...now I'm in fer it!

MOL: Why?

OLD T: I thought it said STOMPED! For three days I been havin' myself a wonderful time jumpin' up and down on the-- Oooooooh! Well, Merry Christmas anyhow, kids...and when you get that package from your Aunt Sarah...it was glassware, I think!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

FIB: Hey, I wonder if he coulda traced this Christmas card through the post office and--

MOL: I doubt it, dearie, and frankly, I'm developing a terrific disinterest in the entire subject. So while you practice that, ^{flashing} smile and the lifted eyebrow (FADE) I'll go start dinner.

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FIB: Okay, Tootsie!...Ahhhh, there goes a good kid! And steady as a rock! A strange woman writin' mash notes to her husband...sendin' him her love...and what does she do? Scream? Pull hair? No sir...she fixes dinner! It'd be a little more flattering if she wasn't so dadratted calm about this thing, because--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: OH, HIYA, SIS.

TEE: Whatcha doon, Mister? Hmm? Whatcha doon? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Tryin' to think, Teeny. Seems that somebody--

TEE: GEE, you got a lotta pretty Christmas cards, I betcha!

FIB: Yeah, we sure did. But one of 'em was--

TEE: So did we.

FIB: Good: Now be quiet a minute, sis...I wanna concentrate on a little problem that--

TEE: I think we had some awful pretty Christmas cards this year, Mister.

FIB: You did, eh?

TEE: Yes, we always-- Hmm?

FIB: I said YOU DID, EH?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: Had some awful pretty cards this year!

TEE: Who did?

FIB: YOU DID!

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TEE: I KNOW IT! My mama said to me yesterday, she said,
"Bring me the Christmas card you bought for Mr. McGee
and I'll address it for you, Elizabeth!"

FIB: HUH? SHE WHAT?? WHAT'D SHE CALL YOU?

TEE: Me? Elizabeth. She always calls me Elizabeth on account
of I'm named Elizabeth, but my Daddy calls me Teeny, only
Elizabeth is my ---

FIB: OMIGOSH! YOU! HEY, MOLLY! MOLLY! HERE'S ELIZABETH!
Don't go away, Elizabeth! HEY, MOLLY! (MUSIC SNEAKS IN)
COME SEE WHO ELIZABETH IS! MIGOSH, OF ALL THE.....

ORCH: "POWDER YOUR FACE WITH SUNSHINE" FADE FOR:
(APPLAUSE)

FIBELR MCGEE AND MOLLY
12/21/48

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I wonder whether you've tried Johnson's Glo-Coat lately.
Because this self polishing floor wax has a new glow ... a
glow that brightens up your kitchen linoleum. Makes it
glossier and more lustrous than before.
That wouldn't be quite so very special, of course, if you
had to do a lot of rubbing and buffing to get that kind of
finish on your linoleum. But you don't. Johnson's Glo-Coat
produces its own sparkling lustre -- while it dries -- and
without any help from you.
Ask your dealer about this wonderful self polishing floor
wax. When he hands you the familiar yellow Glo-Coat
container with the bright red band...he'll be handing you
the Glo-Coat with the new glow. The Glo-Coat that protects
your linoleum ... makes it easy to keep clean. And ...
very cheerful to look at.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - for 14 years now, we've asked Santa Claus for audiences like you - and for 14 years he's granted our wish.

MOL: And so - thanks for all the wonderful Christmases you've given us - and on behalf of the Johnson Wax people and everyone on the program, we'd like to wish you the Merriest Christmas ever.

KING'S MEN: REPRISE "OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS"

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

Wood

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 28, 1948

7:30 - 8