

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#15

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:37 - 6:31:41 - 1:04

6:45:30 - 6:47:00 - 1:30

2:34

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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 New Water Repellant Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Dick LeGrand, Herb Vigran, Cliff Arquette, and me Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra, including Ken Darby's own special arrangement of "The Night Before Christmas"!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY
12/20/49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Johnson's New Glo-Coat is now water-repellent. That's the biggest development in floor care of the past fifteen years. At last there's a self polishing floor wax that does not show ugly streaks or dull, drab spots when you wipe up spilled things. Water..spilled ice cubes or drinks..tracked in mud or snow wipe right off that hard Glo-Coat surface. And you don't wipe off the wax when you wipe up the water. Johnson's Glo-Coat stays on..stays bright..even after repeated damp moppings. In fact, water-repellent Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer. No need for frequent re-polishing. More long-lasting floor protection for your money. It's the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy.

Tomorrow -- shine up your floors for the holidays. Protect them from the wear and tear they're bound to get. Save yourself work .. save yourself money. Get Johnson's New Water-Repellent Glo-Coat in the regular Glo-Coat package. No change at all in the container. But what a wonderful difference inside.

ORCH: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A LOT OF RIVALRY IN WISTFUL VISTA OVER WHOSE HOUSE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS. MR. MCGEE, OF NUMBER 79, HAS NEVER PLACED IN THE FIRST 25. UNTIL MAYBE THIS YEAR!! BECAUSE HERE IN THE HARDWARE STORE, LAYING IN A SUPPLY OF OUTDOOR LIGHTING EQUIPMENT, WE FIND THAT ONCE-A-YEAR EXTERIOR DECORATOR AND HIS WIFE ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MAN: That be all, Mr. McGee? Reason I asked is on account of I think you got everything we had in the store.

FIB: Well, now lemme see. Check the list over with me, bud. 900 foot of wire. (SOUND)

MAN: Wire.

FIB: Three pairs of pliers. (CLATTER) Better make that five pairs. I keep losin' 'em in the shrubbery.

MOL: Why don't you get a dozen pairs, McGee? We could give the extra ones as Christmas Presents. With a little card that says: "WE'D LIKE TO HAVE DONE SOMETHING BIGGER FOR YOU, BUT WE FEEL THE PINCH THIS YEAR."

FIB: No, let's be practical, Molly. 300 assorted light bulbs.

MAN: 300 light bulbs. (THUD OF BOXES)

MOL: You sure three hundred will be enough, dearie? That will hardly light up the country as far as Kansas City.

FIB: Gotta allow for some of 'em burning out, Tootsie. I've had experience with these things. I'll bet you two bucks Kiddo, that the first person that comes to the door says "YOU GOT THE PRETTIEST DECORATED HOUSE ON THE WHOLE BLOCK!"

MOL: Make it six dollars. I want that one across the board!

FIB: Six bucks it is! Okay, bud, we got the bulbs, the wire, five rolls of friction tape, four bags of nails, two cartons of holly and five dozen assorted sockets. Check?

MAN: Well, we'd prefer cash.

FIB: I mean, you check with me on the list?

MAN: Oh, oh yes. Check, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Good! HEY WAIT A MINUTE! I'LL NEED A COUPLA STEP LADDERS. ONE TALL ONE AND ONE SHORT ONE.

MOL: Why two of them, McGee?

FIB: Why, my gosh, a tall one for high places and a short one for low places. Too dangerous to get way up on a tall ladder and then have to stoop way over.

MOL: Oh! How thoughtless of me!

MAN: I'll have to go out and get the step-ladders, Mr. McGee. We keep 'em in the back room on account of shoplifters..(FADE) I'll send the boy in with them. Oh-Herb!

MOL: McGee, for what you're spending on this project, you could hire six vice presidents of General Electric to work on it between board meetings. Not that I don't- OH FOR GOODNESS. SAKES..THERE'S OLE FROM THE ELKS CLUB! YOO HOO, Ole!

FIB: Hiyah, Ole.

OLE: (FADE IN) Well, hello, there, McGee! Hello, Missus! Don't told me you was buying all this electric equipment! What you gonna do, McGee? Build a television station?

MOL: He's going to decorate the front of our house for Christmas, Ole. He seems to have it confused a little with the Pentagon Building.

FIB: Wait'll you see it, Ole! Gonna be beautiful. You decorate your house this year?

OLE: Sure, but not so fancy as you, McGee. We just hang up some holly and a little piece of miserabletoe.

MOL: You mean MISTLETOE, Ole.

OLE: To kiss all my wife's relatives under it, Missus, it's miserabletoe.

FIB: Got all your Christmas shopping done, Ole?

OLE: Not quite, McGee. For my littlest kid, Sven, I got to get electric train, that you drop in some smoke pills that makes just like a real choo-choo. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Must be very amusing.

OLE: Oh, I wasn't laughing at the train, Missus. I was laughing because last year my wife's brother Thor he swallows three smoke pills by mistake for headache!

FIB: MY GOSH, OLE..WHAT HAPPENED?

OLE: He yells TOOT TOOT!., runs down in basement, fills his pockets with soft coal, chugs upstairs to living room, smoke coming out both ears. Last we hear of him, we get call from roundhouse. Uncle Thor is there asking somebody to scrape his boiler!

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MOL: I hope he's given up trying to be a locomotive by now?

OLE: Yes, Missus, except he still has tender behind, where he switches into hot radiator. Well, Merry Christmas, both!

FIB & MOL: Same to you Ole!

FIB: I wonder if I've forgot anything. Wires, bulbs, pliers, tape..step-ladders..nails --

MOL: If you overlook anything, they can send it out in two or three, truck loads. Here comes the lad with the ladders now, so let's --

HERB: Pardon me, sir, but I got a coupla fladders here. Are these shores?

FIB: How's that, bud? Ohh, the ladders, the stepladders. Yeah, they look okay. Good and strong, are they?

MOL: Don't worry, dearie, no matter how strong they are, I'll bet you can break them!

HERB: Oh, he won't break these, mam - these are Ajack Sladders! They're the bess chew can buy!

FIB: They're what, bud?

HERB: Strong.

FIB: Oh.

HERB: I've sold plenty o fladders around here, but these are the best. Those Ajack speepel really know how to may kladders, believe me!

FIB: I'd believe you easier, if I could understand you, bud. Just set the kladders down - er, the ladders down here.

RATTLE OF LADDERS

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MOL: Yes, you must be a little tired by now. I imagine this has been a rough week for you clerks.

HERB: I don't mind the work so much, but the hours are kind of rough, mam. We hafta get up twirly to suit me.

MOL: You get up twirly?

HERB: Yes maam, I don't got enough sleep, gettin' up swirly.

FIB: I'll bet you don't, bud. Like Ben Franklin useta say, "Twirly to bed and swirly to rise, makes a man dizzy."

HERB: Makes me tired, too. I like to sleep late - but this morning I had to get a potato clock.

MOL: Really? I've never seen a potato clock.

FIB: Yeah, do they make 'em out of the whole potato, or just the peelings, or -

HERB: No, no, I guess you didn't understand me, sir. I mean I got a pearly this morning, Eight o'clock.

FIB: Oh, eight bells. Well, help me get this stuff out to the car, bud, and we'll be -

HERB: All right sir - right away, and anytime you need anything else just call up here and ask for Her Bādams. Mat your service!

MOL: Ask for her what?

HERB: Ask for me, mam. Adams. Herber Tadams.

FIB: Okay, Tadams. Now let's get this stuff out to --

HERB: Not Tadams, sir, RADAMS. My first name is Herbert and my last name is Sadams. Any time you don't feel like coming downtown, just phone in and ask fa Radams.

MOL: Any time I don't feel like coming downtown, I'd better just skip the whole thing!

FIB: Yeah..look, bud, I'll show you where the car sparked, and you can carry the jung kout. Come on, Molly - let sco!

ORCH: BRIDGE

SCOUND: POUNDING NAILS..OUT:

FIB: How's it look from down there, kiddo? Them strings of holly drape kinda pretty, don't they?

MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes, but where are you going to plug in the lights when you get them up? The porch light has been out of commission since 1939.

FIB: I'm gonna plug it into the BACK porch light. Then run the wire six or seven times around the house to the lights here.

MOL: SIX OR SEVEN TIMES AROUND THE HOUSE!

FIB: Sure you gotta understand electricity to know why, kiddo. It acts as a armature. Steps up the power. I'd break it down for you more technical, tootsie, except here comes La Trivia. HIYAH, LA TRIV.

MOL: Hello, your honor.

GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. That's quite a job you've undertaken there.

POUNDING:

FIB: You betcha. I got a 6-buck bet with Molly that when I get done with this job, the first person that sees it will say "YOU GOT THE PRETTIEST DECORATED HOUSE IN THE WHOLE BLOCK!"

GALE: Well, you have enough un-grammatical friends to get pretty good odds on it.

MOL: Care to stay and help, Mr. Mayor? Otherwise I doubt if he'll be finished by Labor Day.

FIB: OH YEAH...I've forgotten more about this stuff than most people ever knew, and I wish I could remember some of it. BUT, I suppose a politician like you is too busy for such low type labor, eh, La Triv.

GALE: Yes. Except that I prefer to consider myself a statesman, rather than a politician.

MOL: What IS the difference between a statesman and a politician Mr. Mayor?

GALE: A statesman is always out to get his country the best deal he can. A politician is always out to get his...

(PAUSE)

FIB: Very good, La Triv! Hear that, Molly. La Trivia just made a very neat epigraph!

POUNDING:

MOL: Yes, I heard it. You're sure you can't stay and see this.. er..demonstration of electrcial inefficiency, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: No, I'm afraid not, Molly. I'm on my way over to Westchester. I'm making a speech in favor of John Netcher for dogcatcher.

FIB: Netcher for dogcatcher of Westchester, eh. That's cute.

MOL: Who's he running against, Mr. Mayor?

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GALE: Well, that adds slightly to the confusion. A man named Fletcher.

FIB: Boy that IS confusing. Both Netcher and catcher running for dog-fletcher of Chestwester.

GALE: No, no, no..Netcher and Fletcher are running for dog chester of west catcher. I mean dog netcher of Fletchwester.

MOL: Now YOU'RE a little mixed up, Mr. Mayor. You told us that Mr. Chester and Mr. Catcher were running for Netch catcher of Fletch-netcher. Or was it dog-fetcher of Net-wetcher.

FIB: You betchar!

GALE: No! Let me take this slowly..please! (SLOWLY) FLETCHER.. AND NETCHER..ARE RUNNING FOR DOG-CATCHER....OF..NEST-WETCHER. I mean WEST-SNATCHER..NATCH-DITCHER..LOOK!!!

I SAID -

MOL: Hold it, Mr. Mayor..Hold it. We'd better get this straightened out before you try to make a speech in favor of anybody. Now, then..you're going to WESTCHESTER...right?

GALE: That is correct.

FIB: Two guys are running for dog-fletcher? Right?

GALE: NO..THEY'RE RUNNING FOR DOG CATCHER.

MOL: In Fletch-wester.

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GALE: NO..IN WESTCHESTER..CAN'T YOU GET THIS STRAIGHT? IT'S PERFECTLY SIMPLE..FLETCHER AND WETCHER ARE RUNNING FOR DOG-CHESTER IN NETCH-CHESTER. I MEAN FOR CHEST-CATCHER IN DOG NESTER..WEST-NETCHER..OH BLAST IT!!! Two minutes ago I knew who was running for dog snatcher of west netcher...NOW I'M SORRY I EVER WETCHER..MERRY CHRISTMAS AND GOOD DAY!!

FIB: (LAUGHS) He thinks that'll be a tough campaign. Wait'll a guy named Link Spinks over in Brink runs against Frank Frink for head keeper of the klink! That'll raise quite a -- WELL, this ain't gettin' my decorations up... HAND ME A HANDFUL OF BULBS, KIDDO...

MOL: COMING UP, MARCONI!!!

ORCH: SELECTION:

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: HAMMERING BRISKLY ..OUT

MOL: (FADING IN) Don't you fall off that ladder, McGee. Here, let me hold it for you.

FIB: I'm okay. I'm comin' down in a minute.

MOL: My goodness, that string of colored lights certainly looks pretty, dearie!

FIB: You like 'em, kiddo?

MOL: Lovely. (PAUSE) When are you going to put them up?

FIB: (FEW TAPS WITH A HAMMER BEHIND) Gonna start hangin' the sockets any minute now. That's what I been drivin' these nails into the house for - to hang the lights on.

MOL: Oh, is that what you're doing? From the hammering I've been hearing, I thought you were re-shingling the roof.

FIB: Nope, I just got the greatest idea for decorations since the butcher's wife had the vicar over for dinner and invented blocmers for lamb chops. Steady the ladder while I hop down off it, Will ya?

MOL: I've got it. Careful now, don't -

FIB: I'm okay - (GRUNTS...GLASS CRASH) Omigosh! What did I jump on?

MOL: What WOULD you jump on, dearie? Just a box of light bulbs, that's all. It's the only thing you COULD have jumped on - unless you just landed on the bare ground, of course.

FIB: So what? I got plenty. Anyhow - look what I'm doin' - I got them nails drove clean across the front of the house, see - in the shape of letters.

MOL: Letters to whom?

FIB: No, no - I mean spellin' letters, Molly. (CLINK AND RATTLE OF BULBS, BEHIND) All I do now, is hang these lights on the nails, turn 'em on, and presto - the front of our house spells out "MERRY CHRISTMAS" in six delicious colors! Tricky??

MOL: Ohhh, that's a wonderful idea, dearie!

FIB: Yeah - the only thing is, I made my letters too big and started over too far.

SOUND: FALLING NAILS, BEHIND

MOL: Is that bad?

FIB: No - only I couldn't get the whole word "Christmas" on the front here. The "T..M..U..S" will be around the corner.

MOL: Oh, that's all right, dearie - Christmas is just around the corner anyway. But look, you'd better hurry because it's getting late and --

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

MOL: Well, hello, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Hi, Junior. Pull up a front step and sit down, son. You can help us put light bulbs in these sockets here and --

WIL: I'd love to, Pal, but I've got lighting problems of my own at home this evening. Gonna trim a Christmas tree.

MOL: That's no problem, Mr. Wilcox, if you have the lights.

WIL: Well, I checked over the lights last night, Molly. Had four strings left from last year, but three of them wouldn't work..

FIB: Didja finally find one that would work, Junior?

WIL: Say, I'm glad you mentioned woodwork, Pal!

FIB: What???

WIL: You sort of dragged it in by the heels there, Pal - but as long as you brought up the subject of woodwork, lemme tell you about the greatest discovery in years, for protecting your wood floors and linoleum. It's Johnson's new Water-Repellant Glocoat.

FIB: Awww, of all the - Look, Junior!

MOL: Oh, McGee, now it's Christmas week, dearie. Let's humor him. What did you say that - uh - that new discovery is, Mr. Wilcox? Tell us about it.

WIL: Well, if you insist.

FIB: Don't crowd your luck.

WIL: Okay. It's the new Johnson's Self Polishing Water-Repellant Glocoat! The one self-polishing floor wax that does not show cloudy, milky-looking spots when you wipe up dirt and spilled things or mop them up with a damp mop.

FIB: We know, Junior, we know! (HAMMERING)

MOL: Hush, McGee!

WIL: Yessir, that gleaming wax protection, that Glocoat gives your linoleum, stays on and stays bright - even after repeated damp moppings! That means the new Water-Repellant Glocoat will last up to four times longer than before!

MOL: Isn't that interesting? Why does it last longer, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: AW, don't encourage him, Molly. You know why it lasts longer. Because it's Water-Repellant!

MOL: I know, but --

FIB: Because when you mop up dirt and stuff, you DON'T mop the wax off! That's why housewives are flocking to buy the stuff.

WIL: Not "stuff", Pal. We never refer to the new Johnson's Self Polishing Water-Repellant Glocoat as the "stuff".

FIB: They buy it because they don't hafta put it on their floors.

WIL: WHAT???

FIB: As often - so it saves 'em time and dough, because it lasts so much longer, and the new water-repellant --

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WIL: Hey, hey, hey, look, Waxey!

FIB: Yes, Pal?

WIL: I'd like to stay and hear more about this wonderful new product, but I've gotta run!

MOL: Where, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: In my right sock. See? I've gotta go home and change. Have a nice Christmas, kids.

FIB: Hand me the hammer, willya? Thanks. (HAMMERS BEHIND!) I gotta get goin' here before it gets too dark to OW!

MOL: Oh dear! Your thumb again?

FIB: Nope. Finger. It's darker than I thought. Doggone it, I wish I had a flashlight to see these lights with.

MOL: You have, dearie.

FIB: Huh?

MOL: I had a hunch you might take a little longer than you thought, so I brought your old brakeman's lantern out - the one with the green shade that --

OLD M: HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER - HI, JOHNNY!

MOL: Well, Mr. Old Timer! And hello there, Bessie.

BESS: Hello, you all.

FIB: Excuse me while I keep working, Old Timer. Hold the light here Molly. (HAMMERING) Where you been - Christmas shopping?

OLD M: Nope - been to the post office, Johnny. Bessie got a letter!

BESS: Yes, I did. It's a letter from my sister, Mrs. McGee. She's away at finishing school.

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MOL: At finishing school? Your sister?

BESS: I'll read it to you. (RATTLES PAPER) It says: "Buckley Finishing School. Dear Bessie: I'm finished!..Love, Essie."

FIB: Nice letter. Bessie and Essie, eh? Interesting names.

OLD M: Yep, Bessie and Essie was twins at one time, Johnny. Jist fer awhile, of course.

FIB: Aww, how can you be twins just for awhile? How long were you twins, Bessie?

BESSIE: Thirty minutes. Then my brother Jessie was born and made us triplets. (LAUGHS) Mama had a great sense of humor. She knew all the answers.

OLD M: Speakin' of answers, kids - me and Bessie had us quite a time this morning - went to one of them radio quiz shows. Didn't we Bessie?

BESSIE: Oh, gracious yes - the doctor of ceremonies said "Is there a dancer among those present?" So I did a dance.

MOL: Jitterbug, Bessie?

BESSIE: No, I got up and did a -

OLD M: I'LL TELL THIS, BESSIE, I'LL TELL IT! I STARTED IT!

BESS: Ohhh, O.T. you always --

OLD M: Bessie's got a bad habit of hoggin' all the gab, kids! All she wants fer Christmas is Her Two Front Teeth Kicked In! Doncha, baby?

BESS: Ohh, you stop teasin' me, O.T.

OLD M: Well sir, Bessie got up at this quiz show and done a hula-hula dance, but the feller made her stop. He says "No cooching from the audience, please!"

FIB: Yeah? She made a motion before the house, and they voted her down, did they? Didja win anything down there?

OLD M: WE SHORE DID, JOHNNY! Me and Bessie won us a cocker spaniel and a year's supply of Poodle-Noodles, the new flea-repellant dog biscuit!

MOL: Isn't that nice! Where is the dog now - is he with you?

BESS: No, we took him over to my house and fed him, Mrs. McGee.

OLD M: YEP! He took one bite of them Poodle-Noodles, and then a bite of Bessie's leg!

BESS: We was in the livin' room and he bit me right on the settee. I --

OLD M: NEVER MIND, BESSIE - NEVER MIND SHOWIN' 'EM!...Anyways, he barked, bit Bessie and bolted, and we ain't seen him since!

FIB: Migosh, he runs off and leaves you kids with a year's supply of dog biscuits? What're you gonna do with them?

OLD M: Put jelly on 'em, Johnny! Come on, Bessie.

BESS: Ta-ta, youall - Merry Christmas.

MOL: Merry Christmas, both of you....I hope you're nearly finished, McGee, I can hardly see you up on that ladder. You ARE on the ladder, aren't you?

SOUND: JINGLE OF LIGHT BULBS, BEHIND

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yeah, I'm up here. Hold the brakeman's lantern over here, willya? I'm almost through, and - Ahh - there's the last bulb in!

MOL: Thank goodness. Now get down off that ladder before you break your --

FIB: Just a second, kiddo. Soon as I twist these two wires together I'll be right down.

SOUND: LOUD CRACKLE..THOUSANDS OF VOLTS...SPARK GAP...LIGHT BULBS..POPPING LIKE POPCORN..CLATTER OF LADDER..DULL THUD

FIB: (PAUSE) What happened?

MOL: You came down! Also our lights are out - also, so are all the lights in the neighborhood except this little brakeman's lantern. And I'm going to hang it up here on the steps, so we can see our way thru this mess. Are you hurt?

FIB: No, I guess not - but I got an awful stiff neck.

MOL: No wonder - with that screwdriver stuck down the back of your collar. Let mother help you up.

FIB: Yeah, let's get in the house before the neighbors start beefing.

SOUND: SCUFFLING FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, BEHIND

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MOL: Come on in the living room, dearie, and look, I won't hold you to our bet. You had tough luck.

FIB: Yeah, but doggone it, here we planned the prettiest decorations in the whole neighborhood, and what do we wind up with?

MOL: A green lantern shining on the front porch - the only light in the whole block - and the only --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Oh-oh! If that's one of our nosey neighbors snoopin' around here, tryin' to find out who blew out his lights, I'll tell him to go jump--COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, Mister! (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, hi, Teeny.

MOL: Hello, there Teeny.

FIB: Look, if your old ma - er, your father sent you over here to beef about his lights bein' out --

TEE: Oh no, Mister. No. I just came in to tell you you got the prettiest decorated house in the whole block.

FIB: Yeah, but I - WHAT DID YOU SAY?

TEE: Who?

FIB: YOU!

TEE: WHEN?

FIB: Just now?

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TEE: About what?

FIB: ABOUT WE GOT THE PRETTIEST DECORATED HOUSE IN THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD!

TEE: I know it! It's just peachy. The simple-icity of it! When I saw that green lantern shining on the faces of all those carolers out there --

FIB: CAROLERS!!

MOL: What carolers, Teeny?

FIB: I DIDN'T HEAR ANY CAROLERS!!

TEE: Sure you didn't I betcha...they haven't started yet. HEY, KENNY AND RADDY AND JOHNNY AND BUDDY.....COME ON IN!!

SOUND: CLATTER OF LITTLE KING'S MEN FEET.....

(AD LIB HELLOES)

TEE: Ready, gentlemen? And a one, and a two, and a three!

ORCH,
KING'S MEN,
& TEENY: "T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"