

Fibber McGee and Molly
Washington's Birthday episode

Announcer: The Johnson's Wax program with Fibber McGee and Molly!

THEME MUSIC up and play for 5 seconds, then lower.

Announcer: (Over theme music) The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing Glo-coat presents Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Bea Benaderet and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. Music by the Kings' Men and Billy Mills Orchestra.

THEME MUSIC BACK UP and play to end.

Announcer: Did you ever get friendly with somebody on a vacation trip and maybe pop-off a little bit about your 40-acre estate, your large staff of servants, your hot and cold swimming pools, your swollen bank account and your this and your that? And then get a letter from that somebody a year later saying he was coming to visit you? Well, that's the problem Mr. McGee is taking up with his wife right now as we join... Fibber McGee and Molly!

Applause.

Fibber: Ohh, this is murder, kiddo. I really got myself in a jam this time. Old Harry is due at the Union Station at 2 p.m. That gives me three hours to make a millionaire out of myself.

Molly: You know, dearie, I thought at the time you were spreading it on a little thick to Mr. Sedgewick.

Fibber: (Resignedly) Yeah.

Molly: You can get yourself into more spots than a flea on a leopard.

Fibber: (Still resignedly) Yeah. Well, my gosh, how'd I know I was ever going to see the guy again? And he was pretty nice up there in Toronto, you know.

Molly: Oh, yes.

Fibber: The least I could do is make him think he was entertaining a big shot.

Molly: Well, you didn't have to go quite so big, dearie.

Fibber: Hmm? Well, I was...

Molly: (Interrupting) I managed to keep a straight face when you told him about your private trout stream with the sunburn lotion mixed in to keep the trout from getting speckled.

Fibber: Oh, well, that was...

Molly: (Interrupting) And I never lifted an eyebrow when you described your private landing field with 14 runways AND personal wind tunnels.

Fibber: Yeah, but gee whiz you can't...

Molly: (Interrupting) You've got a wind tunnel, alright. Running from the bottom of your head to the top of your chest.

Fibber: (Almost under his breath) Mmm, hmm.

Molly: Heavenly days! The way you piled it on.

Fibber: Yeah, I know, I know. I was a chump. But what am I gonna do now? Old Harry is due in a couple of hours. If he sees the way we really live after what I told him I'm afraid he'll think I'm a kind of a four-flusher.

Molly: Oh, no!

Fibber: Yeah, seriously. I'm afraid he might.

Molly: (Laughing delightedly) Well, as I always say sweetheart, if you insist on painting fancy pictures you must expect to get stuck with some wet brushes. How many rooms did you tell him our house has?

Fibber: Fourteen, I think. That old Harry just had an eleven room house and I didn't want to make him feel underprivileged so I held it down to fourteen rooms.

Molly: I see. You may be a braggart love, but your a tactful braggart. How many cars are we supposed to have?

Fibber: Well, not counting the two station wagons, the Jeep and the light truck I use on my golf course, I think I said we had four Cadillacs, a Deussenberg and--Hey!

Molly: Yes?

Fibber I wonder how much it would cost to rent the Wistful Vista country club for the day? Molly: Ohh... Fibber: Yeah! We can take old Harry out there and tell him that was our house, see.

Molly: This is Tuesday. It's Ladies Day at the Country Club.

Fibber: (Disappointed) Ahhh...

Molly: Gonna be 50 or 60 women sitting around.

Fibber: So what? I told Harry you entertained a lot. That makes it even better.

Molly: Yeah, but how will you explain away the cigar counter and the magazine stand?

Fibber: Huh? That's a cinch. I'll tell Harry I gave the magazine and cigar concession to a poor relative on account of he wouldn't accept any charity. I'll tell him that I fixed it up...

DOORBELL rings once.

Molly: Come in!

DOOR OPENS

Molly: Oh, Mayor LaTrivia. Do come in, Mr. Mayor.

DOOR CLOSES

Mayor: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

Fibber: Hi, LaTriv. Hey what do you think are my chances for renting the country club for the rest of the day?

Mayor: Very poor.

Molly: Why, your honor?

Mayor: In the first place it's Ladies Day out there and you'd have as much chance of yanking the club out from under them as I'd have of winning the national open with a bent poker.

Fibber: My gosh, it'd sure be perfect for my purpose--tennis courts, swimming pool, 18-hole course, pitchin' putt, driving range, steam room--everything. I could sure make good to old Harry with that set-up.

Mayor: (Hesitantly) Am I, ah, am I late?

Molly: Late for what, Mr. Mayor?

Mayor: I seem to have come in in the middle of the second act. I don't understand what's going on.

Fibber: Oh! (Catching on) Oh, well, here's how it is LaTriv. Last year up in Canada I met a nice guy name of Harry, see. Entertained us all over the place, hospitality coming out of our ears. He rolled out so many red carpets for us I still got pink lint in my cuffs.

Mayor: So?

Molly: So, to reciprocate in his own odd way McGee told him about the McGee estate in Wistful Vista--all about our townhouse, country estate, private yacht and a midget butler for guests who wanted a short beer before breakfast.

Fibber: Oh my gosh, I had to be polite, didn't I? I didn't want Harry to think he was entertaining a couple of peasants did I?

Molly: Well, anyway, your honor, this man is due to drop in for a visit with us in the next couple of hours.

Fibber: Yeah.

Molly: And here we are in our little six-room mansion with the sweeping 72-inch driveway. And if he doesn't care for hot-buttered root beer he'll have a very dry visit.

Mayor: McGee, has Doctor Gamble ever checked you for hoof and mouth disease?

Fibber: Hoof and--huh?

Mayor: Every time you open your mouth you seem to put your hoof in it. (Pause) Look, I have a good idea.

Molly: Wait'll I move the furniture back. A good idea in this house is gonna crowd us a little. (Slight laugh) What is it, your honor?

Fibber: Yeah, if you can get me off of this spot kid, you're my friend for life.

Mayor: Threats will get you nowhere, McGee.. (Pause) Now listen--I have only one Cadillac and no golf course and no swimming pool, but I have a ten-room house, a cook, and my man, Creevis, is quite satisfactory. Now why don't you take over my establishment for the day to entertain your friend?

Molly: Ohh, McGee, this looks like the answer.

Fibber: LaTrivia, you're a man's man...

Molly: Yeah.

Fibber: And I'm the man. Thanks old man, you've saved my bacon. Canadian bacon, that is.

Mayor: Well, if you're going to go the whole hog, you'll need it. I'll tell Grimes the cook and Creevis, my man, that you are the master of the house and to treat you accordingly. You can trust Creevis not to let the cat out of the bag.

Molly: Why not? I think it's more realistic if there are a few pets around.

Fibber: Besides, we like cats. I had one once I just loved. A brown cat with a very short tail. A chocolate Maltese I think he was.

Mayor: Just wait a minute. When I said Creevis wouldn't let the cat out of the bag. I was only...

Molly: That's no way to keep a cat, anyway, Mr. Mayor. My goodness, the poor little thing'll get claustrophobia.

Fibber: Don't let the Humane Society hear about you keeping your Siamese in a sack, LaTriv. Keeping a puss in the poke is liable to get you a poke in the puss.

Mayor (Slightly exasperated, becoming more agitated as he gets more confused) I tell you, I Creeve have a...

Fibber: Huh?

Mayor: ...a cap a Creeve...

Fibber: Huh?

Mayor: ...I was merely saying that letting the bat out of a crag... er, cat out of a bag...I don't even have a cat! Molly: Oh, you mean it's just a little kitten? Well that's worse.

Fibber: That ain't good cat psychology LaTriv, keeping it in a bag like that. Make friends with it. Get him to love ya. Then he'll stick by you through thick and thin...as long as the milk holds out. When I had my ca...

Mayor: (Shouting) Oh this all a rot of luck, I mean a lot of ruck. When I said I kept a rat in a crag...a cap in a bat...a bag in a copper...pip... wha, wha...this all started when I said Creevis wouldn't let the bag out of the...you said it was...I did never bring it...it was you...yooou...yooooou...

Molly: Yoo-hoo! Wave to the Mayor, McGee, he's calling to you.

Fibber: Yoo-hoo, your honor.

Mayor: (Still shouting) Yoo-hoo? I was...we were talking...it wasn't a...mmpf... (Pause, then in a cool, calm voice) McGee?

Fibber: (Equally as calm) Yes?

Mayor: I believe you wanted to borrow my home for the day?

Molly: Ah, now Mr. Mayor, after all you're not going to renege just because...

Fibber: Gee, we were just kidding LaTriv. My gosh after all you've done...

Mayor: (Interrupting) Be quiet. Here are my keys.

Fibber: (Contrite) Oh.

Mayor: I'll let Creevis know you're coming.

Fibber: Oh, boy, thanks, kid.

Mayor: I'd like to tell you one thing about the house.

Molly: Yes, Mr. Mayor?

Fibber: What is it, old boy.

Mayor: The back stairs...

Fibber: Yeah...

Mayor: They're very steep and quite dark.

Fibber: Yeah...

Mayor: If you use them, McGee, I'd suggest you take a fast run at them

with your eyes shut. Good day!

SEGUE MUSIC UP

Announcer: (Over music) Billy Mills and the Orchestra and "Far Away Places"

MUSIC PLAYS.

TRAIN STATION BACKGROUND sound fades in, then lowers as dialogue begins. Sound continues throughout scene.

Molly: Oh, isn't it exciting McGee. I just love railroad stations.

Fibber: Yeah.

Molly: The hustle and the bustle and people coming and going. Did you see the beautiful new streamliner with the glass roof that just pulled out?

Fibber Yeah. But I wouldn't want to ride on that. How can you undress in an upper berth with a glass roof over you? It ain't decent.

Molly: My goodness, I never thought of that. Maybe they just have them over the observation. Say, is the train from Toronto on time?

Fibber: I don't know. I've been looking it up in this timetable but I can't make anything out of it. Look, it says "Toronto Northbound, read up".

Molly: Mr. Sedgewick will be southbound. Read down.

Fibber: Yeah.

Molly: No, no! You don't have to bend way over to read it.

Fibber: Oh.

Molly: Let's ask at the information booth right over here.

Fibber: That's a good idea.

FOOTSTEPS SOUND

Fibber: Hey, sis, we'd like some information, please.

Clerk: (Hurriedly, without taking a breath) Well, sir, you may certainly have it because dispensing information is exactly what we're her for to serve the public dispensing information.

Molly: What we'd like to know is...

Clerk: Believe me you'd be surprised to know the kind of information we get asked about, too, you'd be surprised.

Fibber: Yeah.

Clerk: One lady yesterday asked what was the mean annual rain fall in southeastern Guatemala and also what was the length of Jerry Colona's moustache. And I just had to look it up once because nine inches answers both questions. Nine inches.

Fibber: Yeah, but we wanted to find out was...

Clerk: Another man said his daughter was home from school with a bad case of Dizzy Gillespie and what did I recommend. Well, my goodness I'm a bee-bop fan myself so...just what was it you wished to know, sir, just what?

Molly: The train from Toronto--if it's on time and what time is it?

Clerk: It's due any minute on track six and the reason I know is because my sister Selma's on it. She's been in Toronto visiting some people. She just loves Toronto. And she spends a lot of time up there with the winter sports. And believe me she knows them all, old and young. She knows them.

Fibber: Well, Toronto is a wonderful town. I'll bet Selma...

Clerk: Oh, do you know Selma? Well now, isn't this a small world. She'll be here any minute you know because I'm meeting her and she'll stay at my house because she didn't get any hotel...

Announcer: (from depot public Address. Interrupting) Your attention please. Now arriving on track six, the Torontoan from Toronto and Brantford, Canada, which is the Canadian home of S.C. Johnson and Sons, makers in addition to other fine and famous products, of that wonderful Johnson's Liquid Wax.

Molly: Heavenly days, that sounds like Mr. Wilcox.

Fibber: It can't be!

Announcer: It can, too. In fact, it is. Try cleaning your floors with Johnson's Liquid Wax. Besides wax it contains a powerful cleansing ingredient. Rub Johnson's Liquid Wax on lightly to loosen dirt and grime, then polish and see the beauty emerge under the shining, protective coat of wax.

Fibber: Hey, Waxy!

Announcer: Quiet, pal. You don't have to rewax your entire floor every time, just touch up where the wear is heaviest. In between waxing's, a flick of a dust cloth keeps it shining and clean. So try Johnson's Liquid Wax from Ray-cine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada, where the Torontoan is just pulling in from on track six.

Sound of TRAIN PULLING AND STOPPING. DEPOT sounds fade out at this time.

Molly: I wonder how Mr. Wilcox ever got a position calling trains down here.

Fibber: I don't know, but it's no job for a guy with a one-track mind.

If they ever find out a---oh, hey, look, there's Harry. (Shouting) Hey, Harry! Hi, Harry!

Molly: Yoo-hoo, Mr. Sedgewick, here we are. It's us!

Fibber: The rich McGee's! Remember us, Harry?

Harry: Ah, yes, hello there. Nice to see you again Mrs. McGee, and you, too, Quentin.

Molly: Who, too?

Fibber: Ah, he means me, Molly. Up in Canada I had to admit my real name was Quentin. Ha, ha. Quentin Formsby McGee the third. An old family name, Harry.

Molly: Yes, you must visit his ranch in California sometime, too, Mr. Sedgewick.

Fibber: Yeah, ha, ha, ha. Molly: San Quentin, we call it.

Fibber: But don't you go bother with formalities, Harry. Everybody here just calls me Fibber. Heh, heh. On account of I'm a blue-blood in every Fibber of my being.

Molly: That's fiber.

Fibber: It is? Heh, heh. Well these ignorant peasants around here wouldn't know that. Have a nice trip, Harry?

Harry: Splendid, thank you very much. And you're both looking very well.

Molly: Ah, we're fine, Mr. Sedgewick, just fine. My housework keeps me...

Fibber: (Interrupting) Hah-ha. My dear girl, you don't call ordering thirteen servants around housework, do you? Ha-ha. I'm afraid she's kind of pampered, Harry. But I'm glad you think I look well. Play a lot of golf, you know. A little big game hunting. Some yachting. Can't spend all of one's time clipping coupons in a stuffy old bank vault, ya know.

Harry: Oh, that reminds me, McGee, I'll be wanting to cash a check while I'm in town. Of which bank did you say you were a director?

Molly: Did he say he was director OF a bank or would he direct you TO a bank, Mr. Sedgewick, because...

Fibber: (Interrupting) Heh, heh, always joking, eh, old girl?

Molly: Yes. Heh-heh.

Fibber: Heh-heh--I'm with the Third National, Harry. Just keep my personal account there, though. Do my big banking in New York, naturally.

Molly: In the Corn Exchange. But if Mr. Sedgewick is a little short of cash, McGee, can't you tide him over with a few thousand or whatever you happen to have on you.

Fibber: (Fumbling) Ah, ah, wh-why, we-well...

Harry: Oh, I don't need very much for now. Five hundred or so will carry me until I can make some other banking arrangements.

Fibber: Five hundred? Why, you think I'd let our guest creep around this town with a paltry half-a-grand? Heh, he, heh. My gosh, what if you should want to buy something. (Aside) Oooh. We can talk that over later, Harry. Let's get over to our townhouse and let you wash up a bit, what?

Harry: Well, fine idea. But, your townhouse? I was looking forward to seeing your country estate. By the way, did the Colonel's leg heal up alright?

Molly: The Colonel?

Fibber: (Fumbling) Hi-his leg? Oh (remembering) OH! The Colonel's. Oh, sure. He healed up real good, Harry. He's gone back to Honolulu. He's in command of an airfield out there.

Harry: A polo pony in charge of an airfield?

Molly: Why he must mean Colonel, your best polo pony, McGee. Remember?

Fibber: Oh-oh-OH! Him. Heh-heh. I'd almost forgot about him, Harry, on account of I gave up polo. Game's getting too common. Bad element creeping into it. Chaps with no background. They mean well, you know, but definitely not our type.

Harry: Ah, your wife looks a little ill, McGee. We'd better be going.

Molly: Oh, I'm alright, Mr. Sedgewick. It's all the hot air in here that gets me down. Bring Mr. Sedgewick's bags, dearie.

Fibber: What? I carry luggage? Huh. Don't be ridic, old girl. I say, Porter, bring this luggage to the carriage entrance. That's where I have the Cadillac waiting, Harry. The Cadillac. Right this way. By George, Harry, this is a fine day for a...

MUSIC SEGUE starts

Announcer: The King's Men and "Oklahoma!"

King's Men present their number.

Fade in on sound of CAR DRIVING DOWN THE STREET, THEN COMING TO A STOP AND ENGINE TURNS OFF.

Sound of CAR DOOR OPENING.

Fibber: Well, here are Harry.

Sound of FOOTSTEPS

Fibber: (Talking over footsteps) Creevis will bring your bags in.

Sound of CAR DOOR CLOSING--FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE.

Fibber: Creevis. That's my butler. Right up the steps here, Harry.

Harry: Hmm, very handsome home you have here, McGee. Lived here very long?

Molly: My goodness, Mr. Sedgewick, it seems like almost no time at all to us. I hardly know my way around it myself.

Fibber: We spend so much time at our country place, and at our shooting lodge and on our yacht you see...

FOOTSTEPS STOP DOOR OPENS

Molly: Ah, there's Creevis. We're home!

Creevis: I beg your p...Oh, yes. Home. Yes. Indeed you are madam. Do come in.

Fibber: Creevis, this is Mr. Sedgewick from Toronto. Gonna spend the day with us.

Harry: Hello, Creevis.

Creevis: Ah, Mr. Sedgewick! A pleasure, sir. Your hat, sir?

Fibber: Certainly it's his hat. Think he goes around stealing hats?

Molly: (Quickly interrupting) Now, please, McGee. Ah, Creevis, (clearing throat) will you get Mr. Sedgewick's bags and put the car in the garage?

Creevis: Immediately, madam. What room will Mr. Sedgewick occupy, madam?

Fibber: Oh, throw his stuff through the first door you come to upstairs, Creevis.

Molly: My I think Creevis is a wonderful name for a butler.

Creevis: Oh, ho, thank you, madam. However, that is not my real name. My real name is Butler. But how can you call a butler, Butler? Sounds, umm, silly (silly laugh). (Recovering and excusing himself) Thank you, madam.

Sound of DOOR CLOSING

Molly: Ah, isn't it nice to be home again? Do come into the drawing room Mr. Sedgewick. Right in here (aside) I think. (Pause) No, it's in here. Hah, ha, ha. My goodness, this house is so big I still get lost in it.

Harry: Ah, lovely home, Mrs. McGee. And very handsomely furnished.

Fibber: Well, what's the use of having dough, Harry, if you don't fling it around a little. Easy come, easy go, you know.

Molly: We're sort of roughing it here, Mr. Sedgewick. Camping out, you might say. Heavenly days, if we run out of rosewood to burn in the fireplace, heh, heh, we use just plain old Bird's eye maple or mahogany. Solid, of course. No veneer. Harry: Well, this is a very handsome room. Isn't that a Picasso over there above the fireplace?

Fibber: Huh? Oh, no, that's just an oil painting, Harry. We've got lots of 'em. I've been trying to get da Vinci to paint my wife's portrait but you know how these artists are--money means nothing to them.

Harry: I'm sure it means nothing to daVinci!

Fibber: Nah. He's as independent as a hog on ice. Well, Molly, how about serving some tea? Ring for the cook, will ya.

Molly: Where do I ring?

Fibber: Oh, stamp around under the coffee table. There oughta be a buzzer there someplace. Heh, heh. You see Harry, we usually have somebody just standing around to push buttons for us, but you know how the servant problem is.

Creevis: Ah-hem...

Fibber: Oh, good here's Creevis.

Creevis: May I show Mr. Sedgewick to his room, sir?

Harry: Thanks, Creevis, please do.

Molly: Yes, Creevis, and please tell the cook, ah, what's her name?

Creevis: HIS name is Grimes, madam.

Molly: Oh, yes. Well, tell Grimes we'll have tea in here in 15 minutes.

Creevis: Certainly, madam. This way please, Mr. Sedgewick. (Trailing off) I took the liberty, sir, of laying out some fresh linen for you...

Fibber: Ha-ha-ha, oh good old Crevice, he's really a treasure. I wonder where I found him?

SEGUE MUSIC up.

Fade in on sounds of TEACUPS AND SAUCERS

Molly: Have another cookie, Mr. Sedgewick? And some more sandwiches? How about some more tea?

Harry: Oh, not a thing, thank you, Mrs. McGee. No, everything is delicious but I'm simply stuffed. Ah, my, it's been a pleasant afternoon.

Fibber: I'll take some more cookies, Molly. Thanks. Yes, it's been swell getting with you like this, Harry old man. In our own mansion like this. Heh--pass Harry the dollar cigars, Molly. (Pause) Where's the cigars? The dollar cigars.

Harry: Well, I would enjoy a good cigar.

Molly: Well I haven't seen them, McGee. Although we spend so little time here I don't know where anything is. I don't even know where I am.

Fibber: Heh-heh. Where's the dollar cigars. You now how servants are, Harry. Creevis keeps puttin the dollar cigars in different places like this all the time... Harry: Maybe they're in this humidor here, McGee. Yes, yes, here they are.

Fibber: That's just like Creevis--puttin' them in a humidor. Help yourself, Harry. Take a handful. They're only a buck apiece. I'll stuff a few in my pocket, too, for after a while.

Harry: Well, they look very good. Well, I just hate to think of leaving, McGee, but it's getting close to five o'clock and I'd better get ready to rush off.

Fibber: I wish you could stay, boy, but if ya hafta, ya hafta...

Harry: Yes, I'd better be getting along. I certainly want to thank you for the lovely afternoon. It was grand.

Molly Well, we've enjoyed it, too, Mr. Sedgewick. Heh-heh-heh--we do so little entertaining in this home.

Fibber: You said it. Well, I wish you could spend the night with us, but as long as ya can't--oh, hey, where can I drive ya?

Harry: Well I promised my wife I'd look up her cousin, McGee, and I suppose I'll have to spend the night at his house, wherever that is.

Molly: Your wife's cousin lives in Wistful Vista? Do you have his address, Mr. Sedgewick.

Harry: No, I'll get him at his office, though. He works at your City Hall. Some sort of official, I believe.

Fibber: The City Hall? Say, we know a lot of people in the city...

Molly: What's his name, Mr. Sedgewick?

Harry: (Deliberately) LaTrivia.

Molly: (Laughing) Ah, well, it's a small world, isn't it? And I feel just small enough to be comfortable. Oh, Creevis! The car please! The Cadillac.

SEGUE MUSIC up and play softly throughout commercial.

Announcer: You get a clean floor, a beautifully polished and protected

floor with Johnson's Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax. And here's a way you can get those advantages with unbelievable ease and speed. Use Johnson's Beauty Floor electric polisher. The Johnson Beauty Floor electric polisher brings out the luster in a few seconds. All you do is guide the polisher across the floor. The big whirling brush does all the work. Tomorrow, buy a Beauty Floor electric floor polisher from your Johnson dealer. Or, rent one by the day if you prefer.

SEGUE MUSIC up and then out.

Molly: Well, I'm glad that's over with, McGee. Where's the hatchet?

Fibber The hatchet? Out in the garage. Whatcha gonna do with a hatchet?

Molly: Chop down that little cherry tree in the back yard.

Fibber: Huh?

Molly: If I can be as deceitful as this on Washington's birthday I might as well go all the way. I'm going to chop down the cherry tree and then say I didn't!

Fibber: Oh--heh-heh--yeah. Good night.

SEGUE MUSIC up and plays to end.

Molly: Good night all.

Announcer: The makers of Johnson Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

MUSIC OUT