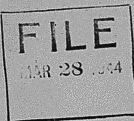


WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #26



"FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, March 21, 1944

N. B. C.

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM -- WITH FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax for Home and Industry, present
FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY, written by Don Quinn, with music
by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: UP AND FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 21, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You've heard us say many times that JOHNSON'S WAX and SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT are especially useful in these times, for two reasons. They help you take better care of your things, and they save you work. Here's a letter that certainly bears me out. Interestingly enough, it's from a man. Here's what he says: "There's been considerable tramping over our maple floors these past 16 years. Visitors frequently ask if they've been resanded. They can hardly believe they are the original floors with nothing added but JOHNSON'S WAX. Our kitchen, breakfast nook and bathroom are covered with good-quality linoleum. This has been treated regularly with JOHNSON'S GLO COAT, and today there's not a speck of the pattern worn, it looks as new as the day it was laid. We had not thought much about these things until we were unable to obtain household help. I am 73 and still working, and my wife is approaching 70. She still does her own housework, but would not be able to, were it not for your JOHNSON'S WAX and GLO COAT". ... We were very happy to receive that letter. It tells a better story than we could about the present usefulness of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.

ORCH: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

(REVISED) 1 -4-

ANNOUNCER: EVERYTHING IS JUST PEACHY AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA TODAY, IN CASE YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT IT. MR. MCGEE, IS WORKING A CROSSWORD PUZZLE (MOSTLY WITH AN BRASER), MRS. MCGEE IS READING A MURDER MYSTERY, AND BEULAH, THE SECOND MAID - (THE SECOND MAID THE MCGEES HAVE HAD IN 20 YEARS) IS IRONING IN THE KITCHEN. THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly. What's a six-letter word meaning a peanut?
MOL: 8 Goober.
FIB: Goober. (PAUSE) That can't be it. Gotta start with a "y" on account of the perpendicular word is "Crochet".
MOL: Crochet ends with a "T", dearie.
FIB: Crochet CAN'T end with a "T". That would throw the whole thing off. Because number 17 across is a five-letter word meaning a "CITRUS FRUIT", which of course is "APPLE", which ends in the letter "E" which starts a word meaning "against the law", which I got down as "ellegal".
MOL: Well, you just figure it out for yourself, pet. I don't like to be bothered when I'm deep in bodies falling out of packing cases.
FIB: Whatcha reading?
MOL: "THE CORPSE CAME C.O.D.", by that Hollywood columnist, Jimmy Starr.
FIB: Hmm. Those guys know where all the bodies are buried, but why dig 'em up and ship 'em around to people?

MOL: Well, this is a very interesti- OH MCGEE! I almost forgot. Beulah says the cord on the electric iron is getting pretty worn, and have we got another one?

FIB: I'M sure we have...now lemme see... where did I put that...

MOL: I think I know where.

FIB: Where?

MOL: In the...H.C.

FIB: YOU MEAN.....!!!!

MOL: Yes!

FIB: Oh, my gosh. Can't Beulah get along with the old cord?

MOL: No. It's too dangerous.

FIB: Well, my gosh...hey, you go get it will you?

MOL: No, dearie. I've got to finish this murder story while I'm at it. GO on...go get the iron cord.

FIB: Well..okay. You're a good kid..and it was nice to have known you.

MOL: Thank you. Nice meeting you, too.

FIB: Goodbye.

MOL: Goodbye.

FIB: You're sure it's in there?

MOL: Positive.

FIB: Okay. Here I go.

DOOR LATCH: TREMENDOUS AVALANCE OF JUNK. BELL TINKLE. PAUSE:

FIB: (MUTTERS) Gotta straighten out that closet one of these days...

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK BEING KICKED AROUND:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY....I DON'T SEE THAT ELECTRIC CORD ANY PLACE. I MUST HAVE PUT IT SOME PLACE WHERE....Oh my gosh!!!

MOL: Now what?

FIB: Look! (TENDERLY) My old mandolin... remember?

MOL: Well, what are you getting so misty-eyed about it now for? It falls out of the closet every time you open it.

FIB: It always falls outa the closet but this is the first time the case has busted open. My gosh...my old mandolin!!!

SOUND: PLUCKS A FEW SOUR NOTES:

FIB: Needs a little tuning, I guess.

MOL: A LITTLE tuning! That's about as melodious as a slate pencil!

FIB: (PLUCKING FEW RANDOM (AND BAD) CHORDS: I sure used to be a wiz on this thing. (LAUGHS) Remember how we used to go canoeing on the Illinois River and I used to serenade you with my old mandolin?

MOL: I never knew whether you took up the mandolin because you loved music or hated paddling.

FIB: AND REMEMBER THE TIME YOU DROPPED THE PADDLE TO APPLAUD ONE OF MY SONGS AND WE HAD TO PADDLE HOME WITH THE MANDOLIN?

MOL: I wasn't applauding. I was swatting mosquitos.

FIB: Sounded like applauding. AHHH, my old mandolin!! Wonder what would be the best thing to polish it up with?

MOL: If you don't know that, dearie, you'd better REALLY learn to play that thing. Or take a course in scissor-grinding.

FIB: Let's see now -- how did Red Wing go? Ohhhh, Moon shines tonight (STRUM) on Pretty Redwing...The breezes sighing.. the nightshirts...the nightmares...the night -

MOL: Night BIRDS.

FIB: Oh yes..the nightbirds crying...

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. CREEPERS, Mr. McGee...what made that ping-pong paddle swell all up like that?

FIB: This, my dear girl...is NOT a ping-pong paddle. This is my old mandolin.

MOL: Personally, I think I'd rather hear you play a ping-pong paddle.

ALICE: What could anybody play on a ping-pong paddle?

MOL: "After The Ball".

FIB: Okay girls...okay. Have your fun. I guess the love of good music is just something that's gotta be born into a person. They probably sneered at Rachmaninoff, too, when he first took up the violin.

ALICE: They probably did. He played the piano.

FIB: Did I say Rachmaninoff? I meant Benny Goodman.

MOL: He plays the clarinet.

ALICE: But we know what you mean, Mr. McGee. Can you really play that mandolin?

FIB: Can I play it! (LAUGHS) I may be a little outa practice, Alice, but I can still dash off a snappy little arpeggio or two. Want me to sing something for you? Like maybe.. er...PRETTY REDWING?

ALICE: What's it from?

MOL: It's strictly from 1910, Peoria, and hunger, Alice.

FIB: ~~OH~~ I DUNNO ABOUT THAT!! MARK MY WORDS, IT'LL BE POPULAR AGAIN. I'll never forget the time I first learned to play Pretty Redwing all the way thru. (LAUGHS) I was so happy I went around all day.

ALICE: How does it go, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Like this..(SINGS) OH THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT (CHORD) ON PRETTY RED WING.....

MOL: Wasn't that good, Alice? Did you get that TH-r-r-r-rummmmm! in the middle of it? And he's only using two hands.

FIB: I gotta brush up a bit, Alice. My gosh I haven't seen My Old Mandolin for fifteen years.

ALICE: Is it a pretty difficult instrument?
 MOL: To play or ignore?
 FIB: It is pretty tough, Alice. It ain't like a Hawaiian Steel guitar, where you can start anyplace and sneak up on a note. On a mandolin you gotta be Jerry at the rathole. Like for instance, say you wanted to strike a chord in G.

SOUND: SOUR CHORD IN ANYTHING ELSE

FIB: See? Needs tuning.
 ALICE: Criminy, it looks like it might be fun to play one of those..may I see it a minute, Mr. McGee?
 FIB: Sure...here. NO NO NO..NOT LIKE THAT! - HOLD IT LIKE IT WAS A BABY....THAT'S IT...THEN YOU STRUM IT WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND....TRY IT.
 MOL: Go ahead, Alice...you can't hurt it.
 ALICE: Like this?

SOUND: GOOD CHORDS

FIB: HEY!& THAT SOUNDED GOOD! TRY IT AGAIN!

SOUND: SHORT JINGLY TUNE, COMPLETE

ALICE: CREEPERS, THAT WAS FUN, MR. MCGEE!..I'LL BET I COULD LEARN TO PLAY ONE OF THOSE THINGS WELL...THANKS EVER SO MUCH!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: (LAUGHS)
 FIB: Well, gee whiz...of course! If I had her long fingernails.

ORCH: SELECTION "BESAME MUCHO"APPLAUSE:SECOND SPOT

FIB: (SINGS) OHHHHH, THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT (STRUM) ON PRETTY REDWING....THE BREEZES SIGHING...THE NIGHTCAPS...er...the NIGHTORAWL.....NIGHTWATCHMEN...
 MOL: NIGHT BIRDS.
 FIB: Oh yes...I can never remember. Ah, isn't this wonderful, Molly...My Old Mandolin!
 MOL: Didn't you have...
DOOR CHIME:
 FIB: COME IN!!!
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
 MOL: Oh hello there, Mr. Wellington.
 WELL: Mrs. McGee, a very good day to you. And McGee, a very good - HEAVENS...WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE OBJECT YOU ARE BRANDISHING?
 FIB: Sig, my boy...this is my Old Mandolin.
 MOL: He just found it again after all these years, Mr. Wellington. (COVLY) He used to serenade me with it when we were going together.
 FIB: Yeah...I used to sing Pretty Redwing under her window, Sig. Like this. OHHH, THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT...(STRUM) ON PRETTY REDWING.
 WELL: I see. In those days, you were pitching a little woo. May I suggest, my friend, that you now try wooing a little pitch?
 MOL: Do you play any instrument, Mr. Wellington?
 WELL: For many years, I was a student of the glockenspiel. Then I turned to the clavichord.
 FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, THE CLAVICHORD? THAT'S A BONE IN YOUR NECK!
 MOL: That's clavicle, dearie. A clavichord is a piano's grandfather.

WELL: A splendid definition, my dear. And, while I do not pretend to play a mandolin, I know a great deal about it from my brother, who is an excellent musician, aside from being a philatelist.

MOL: What's a philatelist?

FIB: Fella that fixes flats...so you don't know much about the mandolin, eh, Wellington. Great little instrument. Used to play the mandolin a lot when I was single. Great comfort to a man livin' alone.

WELL: Anyone who plays a mandolin should live alone. And if I may offer a suggestion, my friend...I think you are clutching the neck of that instrument too much like a baseball bat...

MOL: Really, Mr. Wellington?

FIB: You show me how it oughtta be held, SIGGY, old boy. (SNIGGERS) (Get a load of this, Molly! Harry James showin' Gabriel how to blow a trumpet!)

WELL: You see, old fellow, one should hold the mandolin like this.. (AT least that is the way I have seen my brother do it.)

FIB: Yeah? (CHUCKLES)

WELL: Yes. Thus one is in full ocular control of the position marks, and complete digital control of the frets...thus!

SOUND: PLAYS SHORT, SHARP TUNE

WELL: I'M sorry I don't really play the mandolin, but that will give you an idea. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You know, I think he had something there, at that. I mean about the way to hold it. Lemme see, now...left hand here...

MOL: THAT'S IT, MCGEE...THAT'S HOW HE DID IT.

FIB: Like this? Lemme see...OHHH, THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT (STRUM) ON PRETTY REDWING....oh, that MUCH BETTER!!! I WAS HOLDING IT LIKE A ----

FIB: Well, my gosh...I...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Wonder who that is.

MOL: Musicians Union.

FIB: With an offer?

MOL: Or a threat. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Hiya, bud. What could we--

MOL: MCGEE...IT'S HARRY VON ZELL!!

APPLAUSE:

HARRY: Nice to see you again, Molly. How are you, Fibber?

FIB: Squattin' on top of the universe, Von Zelly, old felly. How goes it with you?

HARRY: Great great great.

MOL: Just happen to be in the neighborhood, Mr. Von Zell?

HARRY: Wel-l-l, yes, Molly. (LAUGHS) That is, if ANY radio announcer ever just HAPPENS to be anywhere. You see, I happened to meet Harlow Wilcox and he had to go out of town, and I said that if there was a y little thing I could...you know, like telling people how...well, he usually has a brief message about what to do when...oh... floors and furniture and...well, I said GEE WHIZ, I said, anything I can do is...I'd be more than willing and he said...WELL, YOU KNOW HARLOW.

FIB: Oh yes...we know Junior, all right. And thanks for the suggestion, but I guess ~~for one week we can get along~~ ~~without--~~

HARRY: What's that thing you have there? A zither?
MOL: It's a mandolin, Mr. Von Zell.
FIB: My OLD mandolin, Harry. Just found it after all these years.
MOL: Play something for Mr. Von Zell, McGee.
HARRY: Oh, I wish you would.
FIB: Awww...well, what'll I play?
MOL: Well now, let me see...there used to be an old song I simply LOVED...it was called Beautiful Redface... or --
FIB: PRETTY REDWING?

MOL: PRETTY REDWING!! THAT'S IT! Imagine you knowing that! Can you sing it?
FIB: It just happens that I can. Wanna hear Pretty Redwing, Harry?
HARRY: Can you play anything from "Oklahoma"?
MOL: No he can't, Mr. Von Zell. At the time he learned the mandolin, Oklahoma had not been admitted to the Union.
FIB: I'll try Pretty Redwing for you, Harry. Gimme a downbeat.
HARRY: A one, and a two and a three...
FIB: (SINGS) OHHH, THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT (STRUM) ON PRETTY REDWING. THE BREEZES SIGHING, THE NIGHT SHIFT -- ER...THE NIGHT NIGHT...THE...
MOL: NIGHTBIRDS.
FIB: Oh, yes... (LAUGHS) Gotta brush up a little on that, Harry, but you get the idea.
HARRY: It was beautiful, Fibber. Simply beautiful. May I see it a minute, Fibber. I'll be very careful.
FIB: Sure...here.
HARRY: Say, isn't this a nice thing, though. Where does the music come out?
MOL: Out of the top, here. That's why mandolin music sounds so thin. It has to sneak out of that little hole in the middle.
HARRY: Right here, eh? And you sort of pluck the strings like this...
STRUM, BUT GOOD
FIB: THAT'S IT, HARRY. THAT'S IT! Only have more confidence. Don't be afraid of it.

HARRY: All right...you mean play it like this...

MUSIC: "OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING"

HARRY: (SINGS) (OR TALKS TO IT)

Oh, what a beautiful kitchen...

Oh, what a bright, shining floor...

Johnson's Glocoat is what does it...

Brings back that new look once more...

MOL: Oh, wonderful!

MUSIC: STRUMS SOFTLY BEHIND:

HARRY: (ALA AL JOLSON) I tell you, mammy....that Johnson's
Self-Polishin' Glocoat.....that's the stuff to use, mammy...
so dry those tears....look for the blue skies, mammy...make-
that ole river stay way from your sonny boy's shortin'
bread, mammy....cause Johnson's Glocoat lift that load...
dries as it shines...shines as it dries, makes you healthy;
happy and wise, mammy...git a container of that ole
Johnson's Glocoat today, mammy gal....at yo' nearest
dealer's....an watch that ole kitchen linoleum shine like
a rainbow in de sky...

INTO BEAUTIFUL MORNING:

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL KITCHEN.....

OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL.....(STOP ABRUPTLY)

Gee, this is a nice instrument, Fibber. How long does it
take to learn it?

FIB: GIMME THAT MANDOLIN!!

MOL: Why McGee....mustn't snatch things from people.....

HARRY: I'M sorry if I --

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, IT MAKES ME SORE.....I FIND MY OLD
MANDOLIN AND EVERYBODY BUT ME CAN PLAY IT...WHAT HAVE OTHER
PEOPLE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?

MOL: Well, starting alphabetically, dearie.

HARRY: OH, SAY, I'VE GOT TO BE GOING. THANKS A LOT FOR
SINGING FOR ME, FIBBER. I ENJOYED IT TREMENDOUSLY.
I WISH I COULD PLAY LIKE THAT. SO LONG, MOLLY.

MOL: GOODBYE, MR. VON ZELL.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (BITTERLY) He wished he could play like that! He
plays it like Eddie Peabody right now. So does
Alice Darling. So does Sig Wellington. AND WHAT DO
I DO? I STAND HERE LIKE A DUSTY OLD CREEP AND
PICK AT IT LIKE IT WAS LINT OFF A BLUE SERGE SUIT.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...I think you play it beautifully.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Those others...Alice and Mr. Wellington...they're
superficially good, but you...YOU get something...
SWEET into it. An electric quality. Oh, I wonder
how Beulah is getting along with that worn-out
ironing cord? I hope she hasn't had any trouble.

FIB: Better find out. OH, BEULAH...HEY, BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Who shriekin' for Beulah?
MOL: We were just wondering how you were getting along with the old ironing cord, Beulah?
BEULAH: Oh, I makin' out okay, ma'am. Thought it gittin' awful fraid.
FIB: Fraid of what, Beulah?
BEULAH: Fraid of wh..(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!!
MOL: We thought we had another cord, Beulah, but it looks like ~~not~~.
FIB: One you're usin' pretty bad, Beulah?
BEULAH: Yasuh. It sho is. I'M afraid it gonna shirt sorcut in de middle of shirt....I mean shirt shorcute in a sock... while I.....(GIGGLES) IT GONNA BLOW UP!
MOL: Well, you go on with it for a little while, Beulah. I'll look for the other one myself.
BEULAH: Yesm'. But if ah gits electrokited to death, you gotta pay all de hospital bill. I conducts electricity lak evahthing on account of mah magneectic pussanolity. (LAUGHS)
FIB: Who told you that, Beulah?
BEULAH: Waldemar. Waldemar, he de fellow I am goin' unsteady with.
MOL: UNSTEADY!
BEULAH: Yes'm. He won't go out wif me less'n I wears them French heels. And when I wears them I rocks and rolls like a tugboat.
FIB: Engaged, Beulah?
BEULAH: Nossuh, but we has a understanding. You see, he is in the army, an' he glumme an' engagement ring and after the war... (GIGGLES)

BEULAH: What that thing you got theah, suh?
FIB: This is my OLD mandolin, Beulah. Didn't you hear me playing it?
BEULAH: IS DAT WHAT DAT WAS? I THOUGHT IT WAS...(GIGGLES)
MOL: What did you think it was, Beulah?
BEULAH: I THOUGHT IT WAS A...(GIGGLES - LAUGHS HEARTILY) SHUT MY MOUF!..I AIN'T WORK HEAH LONG ENOUGH TO INSULT SOMEBODY. I BETTAH GIT BACK TO MY ARNIN!
DOOR SLAM:
ORCH: KING'S MEN -"PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET"
APPLAUSE:

MUSIC: FAST MANDOLIN SOLO OUT OF APPLAUSE UP TO FANCY FINISH.

FIB: Well, how do you like that, Molly?

MOL: That was wonderful.

FIB: Yes and when I get thru practicin', I can play just as good as that record. Where's my instruction book...oh yes....

RUSTLE OF PAGES

FIB: (READS) "The single note which equals the value of three eighth notes is the dotted quarter"....HEY, MOLLY...YOU GOT A QUARTER?

MOL: No I haven't dearie. Why?

FIB: Never mind. (READS) "Syncopation is an artificial accent or interruption of the natural pulsation of music." Hmmm... I'll try a little syncopation. OHHHH THE MOON SHINES TO-NIGHT (FANCY CHORD) ON PRETTY RED WING... Hot dog!! HEY, MOLLY, DID YOU HEAR ME SYNCOPATE?

MOL: Is that what that was?

FIB: Yeah. Syncopation. Boy I'll bet with a little practice I can play this thing as fast as anybody put together. With my natural ear for music and -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Well, heavenly days...Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Neanderthal.

FIB: Hiyah Arrowsmith. Kick your case of corn-cures into a corner and compose your corpulent corpus on convenient camp chair.

DOC: Thanks, McGee. Your hospitality is equalled only by your personal beauty. And the prosecution rests.

MOL: Had a lot of operations, Doctor? You look tired.

DOC: My dear, I've had more people in stitches today than Bob Hope. But tel' me, what's our one-string fiddler doing with the pot-bellied Stradivarus?

FIB: This, my ignorant bone-bender, is a mandolin. My Old Mandolin. Just found it again after all these years.

MOL: I just LOVE mandolin music don't you, Doctor?

DOC: I used to, but my love soon ripened into disgust. If you really get good with that syncopating cigar box, McGee, and want to run away and join the gypsies, I'll be glad to pierce your ears for ear rings.

FIB: DOC, what you know about music, you could stand across the room and toss thru the eye of a needle. Listen to this --

SOUND: STRUMS MANDOLIN

FIB: Is that a beautiful tone, or isn't it?

DOC: Frandkly, 'sonny, it's brutal.

MOL: Well, he's a little out of practice, Doctor. Heavenly days, he hasn't touched the mandolin for fifteen or twenty years.

DOC: Let's count it among our blessings.

FIB: Oh don't be so cynical, you narrow-minded old muscle-meddler. Lemme play something for you.

MOL: What do you want him to play for you, Doctor?

DOC: Nine holes of golf, and don't hurry back.

FIB: He's just a hardshell, Molly. But I can break him into little, quivering pieces with some simple old folksong... one of those heart-warming melodies that are so close to the soul and spirit of our national entity. The natural rhythm of a new frontier, throbbing with the pulsing energy of a dynamic destiny.

DOC: What's he talking about?

MOL: Pretty Redwing. Play it for the Doctor, McGee.

FIB: Okay. You wanna hear Pretty Redwing, Doc? Or rather I played something else?

DOC: What else can you play?

MOL: The Moon Shines tonight.

DOC: That's better. Play that, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (SINGS) OHHHH, THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT (STRUM) ON PRETTY REDWING....

DOC: I get it.

FIB: (SINGING) THE BREEZES SIGHING, THE NIGHTLIGHT...THE NIGHTCLUB... THE NIGHT... NIGHT BIRDS CRYING.

MOL: NIGHT BIRDS CRYING.

DOC: Never mind the nightbirds. I'm crying myself. McGee, I don't like to be hypercritical, but I've heard prettier music than that from a beer truck running over a manhole cover.

FIB: OH YEAH? AND WHEN DID YOU BECOME A MUSIC CRITIC, YOU BIG FAT EPIDEMIC CHASER?

DOC: WHY, YOU UNCULTURED LITTLE FAKER, I'VE GOT MORE MUSIC IN THE FIRST PHALANX OF MY LEFT PINKIE THAN YOU HAVE IN YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY TREE!

FIB: DON'T CALL ME A PHALANX, YOU SOGGY, SAP-HEADED SERUM SALESMAN! ANY TIME I WANT ANY ADVICE FROM YOU, I'LL ASK FOR IT.

DOC: IF THERE WASN'T A LADY PRESENT, I'D GIVE YOU SOME RIGHT NOW, YOU POSTURING LITTLE...DON'T THREATEN ME WITH THAT MANDOLIN!!

FIB: I'LL BUST IT OVER YOUR THICK SKULL SO HARD...

MOL: MCGEE!!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Behave yourself. You too, Doctor. You're acting like children.

DOC: I'm sorry. Certainly is a beautiful instrument you got there, McGee. Needs tightening up, though.

FIB: It does? How do you know?

DOC: I can see from here. You could rope a heifer with the slack in that E string. Here, let me tighten it for you.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: TIGHTEN STRINGS

DOC: Now, let's see how it sounds.

MUSIC: BRIEF BUT FANCY...MANDOLIN SELECTION:

MOL: My word!

FIB: My gosh!

DOC: My hat. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ohhh, that burns me up...that REALLY burns me up.

MOL: Well now, don't you feel badly, dearie...and I'll bet every one of them studied a lot longer than you did. You just stay with it. You'll get it.

FIB: Well, I'm glad there's one person around here who ain't tryin' to show me up for a chump. Even if you COULD play this thing, you wouldn't do it.

MOL: I certainly won't.

FIB: Whaddye mean you WON'T?

MOL: I mean no matter how my fingers itch for a mandolin again, I'll restrain myself.

FIB: YOU MEAN...YOU...YOU USED TO PLAY ONE OF THESE?

MOL: Only in High School, McGee...and then only simple little pieces like this...here...let me take it...

FIB: Okay...

MUSIC: MANDOLIN: VERY FANCY AND EXPERT RENDITION OF "REDWING"

(CONTINUE INTO MUSIC:)

FIB: (IN MIDDLE OF REDWING PIECE) Oh, this is ~~REALLY~~ ridiculous!!

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 21, 1944

-28-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

VON ZELL: With war production just about at its peak, it's up to everyone of us to fight waste of all kinds, and make the things we have last longer. There's plenty of opportunity to do this right in your own kitchen. First, with foods. Don't buy, cook or serve more than is needed. Second, with your kitchen equipment. Keep it in good condition. Defrost your refrigerator regularly, and protect its gleaming white finish with JOHNSON'S LIQUID or CREAM WAX. And third, your linoleum floor. Did you know that linoleum will last 6 to 10 times longer if it is regularly protected with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT? You see, the film of GLO-COAT acts as a protective shield. It takes all the wear, and the surface underneath is safe. GLO-COAT also keeps your linoleum looking its very best, colors bright, sparkling with beauty. And of course you already know that GLO-COAT takes practically no work, because it is SELF-POLISHING. It needs no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry -- GLO COAT does the rest.

ORCH: MUSIC UP

(2ND REVISION) -29-

TAG

MOL: What did you do with the mandolin, McGee?
FIB: I put it back in the hall closet. I never wanna see it again.
MOL: Whereabouts in the closet?
FIB: WAY IN THE BACK! BEHIND EVERYTHING!
MOL: That was wrong.
FIB: Eh? Why?
MOL: You should have put it right in front. Then when everything fell out, it would be buried. Now when the junk falls out, the mandolin will be right on top.
FIB: I think you're wrong.
MOL: Try it.
FIB: Okay.
SOUND: DOOR LATCH: AVALANCHE OF JUNK: BELL TINKLE:
(PAUSE)
FIB: OHH THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT..(STRUM) ON PRETTY REDWING, THE BREEZES SIGHING, THE NIGHT.....THE LIGHT...NIGHT WHAT, MOLLY????
MOL: 'Night, all!
PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:
VON ZELL: The character of Mr. Wellington, heard on this program was played by Ransome Sherman. This is Harry Von Zell, speaking for Harlow Wilcox and for the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.
ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)