

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #20

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

February 13, 1945

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax Products for home and industry
present Fibber McGee and Molly - written by Don Quinn
and Phil Leslie, with music by the King's Men and
Billy Mills' orchestra!

ORCH: "BLOW GABRIEL, BLOW" - FADE FOR

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: A lady said to me the other day, "I couldn't keep house without your JOHNSON'S WAX. It has so many uses that it seems like an old friend helping me with my work." That's something I like to hear because I've taken up a lot of your time in the last ten years talking about the many extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in the home. What this lady has learned is that JOHNSON'S WAX is more than just a polish -- it's a method of protective housekeeping. With every application of this famous wax to floors, furniture and woodwork, you accomplish three things. You protect these surfaces against dirt, moisture and wear. You make housecleaning easier all year round, save yourself hours of work, make your home cleaner and therefore healthier. And you add beauty to every room in your house. Add to these advantages the many extra uses for wax, and I'm sure you'll know what I mean by protective housekeeping with wax -- with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: ADVERTISERS HAVE INVENTED A LOT OF NEW DISEASES IN OUR TIME. "DISH-PAN DIGITS", "FIVE O'CLOCK FUZZ-PUSS" AND "PIPE-SMOKER'S GURGLE", TO NAME A FEW. BUT WHAT A WIFE DREADS TO SEE DAWNING IN HER HUSBAND'S EYES IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS "TOOL-CHEST GLEAM". THAT MEANS THE OLD BOY IS GOING TO FIX SOMETHING, LIKE RIGHT NOW, WITH --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLATTER OF TOOLS:

FIB: Now lemme see...I got my wrench...my hacksaw...my hammer... my friction tape...what else do I need? Hmmm. Maybe a pair o' pliers...

MOL: Sweetheart.

FIB: Nope. I got pliers. And a folding ruler...

MOL: Darling.

FIB: Shucks...something's missing...what is it? My crowbar? No...Maybe my--

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Look, lover. We've been very happy all these years. I've tried to be a good wife to you. You've been a good husband to me. ^{how jealous!} We love our little home. At the risk of destroying all we've built up together, I'd like to ask you a question. One...little...question. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO FIX?

FIB:

Gonna tune the piano

MOL: TUNE THE PIANO!! OH, MCGEE...NO NO NO!!! PLEASE...NOT THAT!!!

FIB: Keep your eyebrows down, baby. Everything's under control. I'll soon have that three-legged harpsicrate tuned up so sweet, you can play the Moonlight Sonata with your mittens on.

MOL: But, McGee...YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TUNING A PIANO. I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES. IF IT NEEDS TUNING, GET MR. HEIMUELLER, THE PIANO TUNER.

FIB: Whaddye mean, IF it needs tuning! That jangle-box has got enough flats in it to solve the housing shortage.

MOL: THEN CALL MR. HEIMUELLER!

FIB: It ain't necessary. I've watched old Heim Mueller tune this thing a dozen times. Nothing to it. Just turn the knob till it sounds okay. And with this pitch pipe -

SOUND: (PITCH PIPE)

FIB: -- I can't miss.

MOL: You win. Go ahead and tune the piano. We can always fill it full of dirt and plant nasturtiums in it.

FIB: You wait, snooky. When I get through, this thing'll sound sweeter'n a new re-tread on a wet pavement. And if you don't think it needs tuning, listen to this...

RUNS RAGGED SCALE, WITH DISCORDS:

MOL: Now try it without that cigar in your hand.

PIANO: RAGGED SCALE WITH WORSE DISCORDS

MOL: I was wrong. It sounds better with the cigar.

FIB: I think it's full o' sand, for one thing. I heard Beulah playin' the Desert Song on it all morning. AH, WELL... I'LL SOON HAVE IT IN SHAPE...Wait'll I take the lid off and get a gander at the insides.

SOUND: CREAK OF LID AND SMALL THUD:

FIB: OH MY GOSH...NO WONDER!!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: LOOK!! HERE'S THAT BRIEFCASE I LOST LAST SUMMER!...AND THIS PIANO! THE STRINGS ARE ALL DIFFERENT LENGTHS!... BOY, DID WE GET GYPED WHEN WE BOUGHT THIS!!

MOL: We didn't buy it.

FIB: Where'd we get it?

MOL: You won it. You found the most faces in the leaves of the tree in the advertisement and won the piano as first prize.

FIB: Well, I wish now I'd taken the shetland pony.

MOL: I did at the time. We had to pay 312 dollars express on the piano when they sent it.

FIB: Well, I'll fool 'em. They didn't realize they were sending this thing to a born little piano tuner. Now, lemme see...where's my pitch pipe...Ahhhh, here...

SOUND: (PITCH PIPE)

FIB: That's a perfect 440 "G", you see?

MOL: That's "A", dearie.

FIB: What'd I say, "G"? I meant "A". Now all I gotta do is sound "A" on the piano and see if it's the same.

PIANO: SOUND LOWEST NOTE. REPEAT

FIB: WOW! IS THIS THING OFF KEY!!

MOL: You're not sounding the "A".

FIB: WHY, I AM, TOO! A's the first letter in the alphabet, isn't it? And I'm sounding the first note on the piano. MUST be "A".

MOL: You're right. It is. But I must say, you can get more right answers by the wrong methods than anyone I know.

SOUND: LOWEST NOTE REPEAT

FIB: Oh, brother! There's sure a lot of work to be done on this!

MOL: Look, McGee...are you familiar with the musical scale?

FIB: Well, natch, natch. Every school kid knows that.

Do re mi fa sol la ti do.

MOL: Ah, what a musician was lost in you!...and I hope they never find him. What are you looking for?

FIB: Something to hold the strings apart while I tune the others. That's the way Heimuller does it. Something I can wedge in the -- I KNOW! THAT TRICK CAN-OPENER WE GOT. THAT'LL DO IT. HEY, BEULAH. BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

MOL: Yes, Beulah, Mister McGee is going to tune the piano and he needs that fancy can-opener of ours.

BEULAH: Imagine you bein' able to tune a piano, suh! You is got MO' TALENTS!

FIB: (MODESTLY) Oh, it just takes a little dexterity, Beulah. And a good ear for music.

MOL: You really have that, too, dearie! The way you sing "DON'T FENCE ME IN" makes me think immediately of barbed wire.

BEULAH: I come from a musical family myself, ma'am. Papa, he hotter'n a dime-store fryin' pan on a gittar. Mamma play real New O'leans piano, and my lil brother - (LAUGHS) Mmmmm-MMM! The way that boy play a tail-gate trombone make Tommy Dorsey start lookin' for work.

FIB: How about you, Beulah? Didn't I hear you playin' the piano in here this morning?

BEULAH: Yassuh. I reckon you did, suh. My trainin' has all been on the pipe organ, but now'n then I go slummin' on a piano. (CHUCKLES)

MOL: Do you sing, too, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. Mezzo soprano. On de blue side. Picked up a pretty penny singin' in a night club once.

FIB: What'ja do with it?

BEULAH: Throw it right back to the man that flung it.

MOL: Good for you, Beulah. That was very insulting.

BEULAH: That's what I think, ma'am. I th'ow it back to the man and I says, "MISTER", I SAYS, "THEY IS ONLY ONE ANIMAL I KNOW OF WHO KIN THROW A CENT THAT FAR, AND YOU IS ONE OF 'EM"!

FIB: And your mother still plays a hot piano, eh, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yassuh. She eighty-two and-stompin' 'round like she only forty.

MOL: That's wonderful. How does she do it, Beulah?

BEULAH: Well; ma'am...mamma got a philosophy. When people ask how she keep goin' so good she say "I STANDS EASY, SITS LOOSE, AN' WHEN TROUBLE COME, I GO TO SLEEP!" (LAUGHS)

FIB: I never could do that, Beulah. I can stand easy and sit loose, but when trouble comes, I always run to meet it.

BEULAH: When trouble come he always run to meet -- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN AND I BRING YO' CAN OPENER RIGHT AWAY, SUH!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "I WON'T DANCE"

APPLAUSE

1

SOUND: (PITCH PIPE)

FIB: You know, Molly, tuning a piano isn't too tough, once you get the hang of it.

MOL: Neither is lion taming, dearie. Show me how you tune a piano. I'm full of morbid curiosity.

FIB: Sure. Here...look over my shoulder. See these little square knobs in here? You just put a wrench on one of those and twist it till the note sounds right...like this..

SOUND: ONE NOTE ON PIANO....REPEAT SEVERAL TIMES. THEN STRING

BREAKING EFFECT

FIB: WOOPS.....too tight!

MOL: Keep that up, McGee, and all we'll be able to play on this is Silent Night. How many strings have you broken so far?

FIB: Six, I think. No, SEVEN. Old Heimmeller never did any better'n that.

MOL: He never did as well. He never broke any.

FIB: He ain't as strong as I am. OH SAY...YOU PLAY THE PIANO. Maybe you can tell me something.

MOL: I could tell you any number of things, but the reason we've stayed married is because I didn't. What do you want to know?

FIB: About these three foot pedala on the piano. I know the left one is the clutch and the right one is the brake, but what's the middle one for?

MOL: McGee...you've got me! I've been playing the piano for 20 years - ever since I was seven years old - and I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MIDDLE PEDAL IS FOR.

FIB: Oh well...it don't matter...now lemme see...This middle "G" is too sharp....

SOUND: HAMMER ONE NOTE ON PIANO...REPEAT:

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee...hello Mrs. McGee...is Mr. Himiller here? I thought I heard the piano tuner.

MOL: Himself here is the piano tuner, Alice.

FIB: You play the piano, Alice?

ALICE: Well, I took some lessons for a while. But I had a lot of trouble with the treble, and when it came to the bass, I never got to first. Can just anybody tune a piano, Mr. McGee?

FIB: (THOUGHTFULLY) N-n-no, I wouldn't say that, Alice. It takes a certain amount of musical knowledge.

MOL: He has quite a musical background behind him, Alice. He carried the front of the bass drum in the Peoria High School band.

ALICE: Oh I think it's so wonderful to know music! My uncle used to play in a symphony orchestra. The oboe.

FIB: How come they let a hobo play in a symphony orchestra?

MOL: She didn't say HOBO. She said OBOE.

FIB: Oh, an ENGLISH Hobo! Well, I still think he -

ALICE: No, Mr. McGee...an oboe is a musical instrument. My Uncle used to say it was an ill wood-wind that nobody blows good.

FIB: What was your Uncle's name - Joe Miller?

MOL: You want to sit down with me here a while and watch him tune up, Alice? You and I and the piano might as well all get unstrung together.

ALICE: No thank you, Mrs. McGee. I've got to go downtown and make a donation.

FIB: If it's a good cause, Alice, you might take my donation along too.

ALICE: It would be a little difficult, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Why Alice? Where you going?

ALICE: To the Blood Bank. Goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) I must sound pretty professional at this, Molly, if Alice thought I was old Heimiller. Now lemme see...where was I? Oh yes...up here....

SOUND: TAPPING OF HIGH NOTE...SOUND LOUD THUD

FIB: OUGH! (FAINT VOICE) HEY TAKE THAT LID OFF MY HEAD, WILL YOU?

SOUND: GREAK AND SMALL THUD:

FIB: (ON MIKE) Thanks. That's the fourth time that dad-ratted thing has fallen on me.

MOL: You're really knocking yourself out on this job aren't you? Maybe when you -

DOOR OPEN

WILCOX: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior.

WIL: What are you doing, Pal? (LAUGHS) Gonna tune the piano?

(PAUSE)

WIL: Sweet Genevieve, he IS gonna tune the piano! Look, Pal... tuning a piano is no job for amateurs. Why don't you get Heimiller to come over and do it?

FIB: OH, HEIMILLER, HEIMILLER, HEIMILLER!!! MY GOSH...IS HE THE ONLY GUY IN THE WORLD THAT CAN TUNE A PIANO?

MOL: There's no use arguing with him, Mr. Wilcox. Compared to him a Missouri mule is a very weak character.

WIL: Yes, but gee whizz, chum, tuning a piano is a pretty tricky job. This piano is a delicate instrument.

MOL: Correction. WAS a delicate instrument.

FIB: OKAY SCOFF IF YOU WANNA....DERIDE ME! BUT BY GEORGE WHEN I GET THRU HERE THIS THING IS GONNA PLAY THE SWEETEST MUSIC THIS SIDE OF LOMBARDO! I'LL HAVE THIS PIANO TUNED SO SHARP.... Hey....Harlow..what's the matter?

MOL: Good heavens....the man is ill! Here, Mr. Wilcox...sit down a minute. Can I get you a glass of water, or something?

WIL: (WEAKLY) No...no thanks...I'll be all right in a minute.

FIB: Something you et, kid?

WIL: No....no...It's just that...well, things like this sort of get me.

FIB: Things like what?

WIL: Oh, seeing a fine piece of furniture like this piano being abused. Or seeing a handsome piece of linoleum allowed to get worn and dull and shabby.

MOL: Well, that's a relief, I thought for a minte. --

WIL: IT'S ALL SO UNNECESSARY, THAT'S WHAT GETS ME! IT'S THE INEFFICIENCY AND THE WASTE! I CAN'T STAND IT!

FIB: Now calm yourself, Junior.

WIL: YOU'RE NEVER GUILTY OF THINGS LIKE THIS, MOLLY! YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM IS ALWAYS SHINING AND BEAUTIFUL...AND WHY? BECAUSE YOU USE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT REGULARLY. THAT'S WHY!

MOL: Yes, but a piano is a different sort of a--

WIL: IT'S TAKING CARE OF THINGS IN YOUR HOME. THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. PROTECTING THEM. YOUR LINOLEUM LASTS YEAR AFTER YEAR, COLORFUL AND BRILLIANT AS THE DAY YOU GOT IT...BECAUSE YOU KEEP IT PROTECTED WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT. AND WHY YOU, AS A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER, LET A HAM-HANDED AMATEUR RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD PIANO WITH HIS--

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, WAXEY!! QUIT SHOUTIN' AT MY WIFE. AND ARE YOU INFERRING THAT I'M NOT CAPABLE OF TUNING THIS PIANO?

WIL: Did you ever tune a piano?

FIB: No. But --

WIL: That's all, brother. Good day.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: My, he was really serious about that, McGe.

FIB: Well..so what?...I'm not the one to let a little minor criticism stop me. Hand me my pitch pipe will you?

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (PITCH PIPE) Used to use this for ducks but all I got was ~~cleanups~~ ^{shavings}. Now where was I?

TAPPING NOTES ON PIANO

FIB: OH OH....THAT ONE NEEDS LOOSENING UP. Hand me my wrench.

SOUND: CREAK OF WRENCH TURNING KNCE...TWANG OF STRING BREAKING!!!

WIL: YOU'RE NEVER GUILTY OF THINGS LIKE THIS, MOLLY! YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM IS ALWAYS SHINING AND BEAUTIFUL...AND WHY? BECAUSE YOU USE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT REGULARLY. THAT'S WHY!

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DOOR SLAM

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FIB: Well..so what?...I'm not the one to let a little minor criticism stop me. Hand me my pitch pipe will you?

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (PITCH PIPE) Used to use this for ducks but all I got was ~~damage~~ ^{spawns}. Now where was I?

TAPPING NOTES ON PIANO

FIB: OH OH...THAT ONE NEEDS LOOSENING UP. Hand me my wrench.

SOUND: GREAK OF WRENCH TURNING KNCB...TWANG OF STRING BREAKING!!

FIB: WHOOPS! TURNED IT THE WRONG WAY!

MOL: Lost Chord number eight. I'm afraid I can't stand this any more, McGee. I'm going upstairs and change my clothes. Let me know when Doctor Gamble comes.

FIB: What's he comin' for?

MOL: He told me he'd give me a ride downtown on his way to the hospital. I've got to do some shopping.

(FADE) Try and save one or two piano strings. We can use them later to hang pictures.

FIB: OKAY. Ahhh, there goes a good kid. But stubborn.

(TAPS A FEW NOTES ON PIANO) Piano has to be falling apart before she'd let me tune it. And she's probably right, too. I sure wish I knew what I was doing.

I can work myself into more corners than a chain drug store. Ah well..... (TAPS NOTES ON PIANO)

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister. Whatcha doin'? Hmm? Whatcha? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: I'm tuning this piano, Teeny. There ain't a note on it that don't need four co-signers.

TEE: Gee, I didn't know you could tune a piano, mister!

FIB: You didn't know I could stand on one hand and juggle a lawn-mower with my feet either, did you?

TEE: Gee, can you?

FIB: I dunno. I never tried that either. Now one side, sis. Sit down and keep quiet. This is a delicate job and I can't have any distraction.

TEE: Okay...but I just came over to ask a favor, mister. Can I?

FIB: MAY I.

TEE: May I what?

FIB: MAY you ask me a favor.

TEE: I guess I may if I can. Can I?

FIB: Well, what is it?

TEE: I wanna practise my piano lesson on your piano. My teacher says I simply gotta practise more.

FIB: You have, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says YOU HAVE, EH?

TEE: Have what?

FIB: YOU GOTTA PRACTISE MORE!

TEE: (AMAZED) Why that's ezzackly what my teacher said.

FIB: Well, you can't use this piano, sis. I'm working on it.

TEE: Lemme try it mister. *(In my chord) Oh!*

PLAYS CHILDISH TUNE: MANY FLATS & DISCHORDS

FIB: Look, sis - I hate to break up a fascinating concert like this, but I gotta finish tuning this--

TEE: Please! Mister! If you do not appreciate good music, kindly refrain from talking so that others may enjoy it.

FIB: What others?

TEE: Me.

STARTS CHILDISH TUNE AGAIN

FIB: Hey, hey, hey! Cut it out, sis, cut it out.

TEE: Hm?

FIB: I says that's enough. I got work to do here and --

TEE: You mean you're not gonna let me practice?

FIB: Right.

TEE: You do not appreciate a little child's artistic efforts? I may not be a finished pianist, but -

FIB: You ARE on this piano, sis. (SOFTENS) Look, I don't---

TEE: (HURT) You're going to stifle my career? (SOBBY) Stand in the way of my musical education?

FIB: No, no, no, I'm not standing in the way of anything. I just--

TEE: (SOBBY) Are you AGAINST littul childrun, mister? Don't you want littul childrun to have a musical education?

FIB: Aw, of course I do. I think music is swell for kids,
but--

TEE: (BRIGHTLY) Okay, then-
STARTS CHILDISH TUNE AGAIN

FIB: Aw, for -- look, sis.

TEE: Hm?

FIB: I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a quarter for
a soda if you'll go home and practice.

TEE: Okay, mister. Thanks I'll get the soda, but I can't
practice at home.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: My daddy gave me fifty cents to come over here and do it.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SKIP TO MY LOU" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: PITCH PIPE & TAPPING NOTE ON PIANO:

FIB: Hmmmm, that one isn't so bad. Little flat maybe. I'll
give her a couple of twists just for safety.

SOUND: TAPPING NOTE

MOL: (FADES IN) McGee, have you nearly finished ruini....er...
tuning the piano?

FIB: Almost. Tightening some of these upper strings so --

SOUND: TWANGGG OF STRING BREAKING

FIB: WOOOOOP! THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE! Hey, remind me, next
time I tune the piano to do it in the summertime. I think
this cold weather makes the strings brittle.

MOL: It's a deal, dearie. It'll be a very hot day before I
remind you to tune it again.

FIB: Thanks.

MOL: You're welcome. How does it sound now?

FIB: Oh much better. Listen...(OCTAVES....VERY BAD)

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh that must be Doctor Gamble. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

MOL: Hello, Doctor, I'M all ready.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Guppy.

FIB: Hiyah, Skin-grafter. On your way to scare some poor
patient out of his wits with that solemn puss of yours?

DOC: For your information, Buster, the Gamble bedside manner is famous on two continents. America and Long Island. And if you - (PAUSE) What goes on here anyway? Got mice in the piano? Or breaking in a vaudeville act?

MOL: He's tuning it, Doctor. He claims.

FIB: And believe me, Doc, I know exactly how you felt the first time you peeked into a thorax. But there's one difference. This piano is gonna live.

DOC: Baloney, if you'll pardon the colloquialism. This juke box has got one foot in the junk yard already. LOOK AT IT, KEYBOARD ALL LOOSE - LID ON THE FLOOR. SOUNDING BOARD ACROSS THE ROOM - STRINGS ALL OVER THE PLACE....Why -- YOU BONEHEAD! THERE ISN'T A WHOLE STRING LEFT ON IT.

FIB: Oh no? How about this one right here?

TAP OF NOTE ON PIANO: SOUND OF STRING BREAKING

FIB: Wooooooops!

MOL: I wonder what we can do with the piano when they ALL break. It's a little big for a paperweight, and too small for a guest house.

DOC: Molly, this man is going to set music back five hundred years. We'll all be dancing around in our bare feet playing flutes! Look, Maestro. When you get through with this job will you stop over at my house and give me a hand?

MOL: Your piano need tuning, Doctor?

DOC: No, but I have a bagpipe that's a little short winded. Breezy here can blow it up for the next six months with five minutes conversation. Come on, Molly. So long, Chubby.

FIB: Good day, Tummy-thumper. Hurry home, Molly.

MOL: I will.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: AHFFF, NOW I CAN WORK IN PEACE! WHERE WAS I? Oh yes... up here on the trouble cleft ---

SOUND: TAPPING OF PIANO NOTES...INTO

ORCH: BRIDGE: FADE FOR

FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH

MOL: (CALLS) Thanks very much for bringing me home, Doctor! Sorry you can't come in for dinner.

DOC: (OFF) Okay, Molly. I'm sorry, too. See you both later.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

MOL: Oh dear, I'm almost afraid to look in the --

SLOW SCALE ON PIANO (SLIGHTLY OFF)

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Molly? That you?

MOL: Yes dearie, is everything all right?

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Don't come in yet - I didn't expect you so soon. I got a little surprise for -- (PAUSE) -- okay, come on in!

MOL: (FADING IN) What is it, dearie?

FIB: (VERY SUAVE) Oh nothing, really. I just wanted to get the top back on the piano and get it dusted off - all set -- that's all.

MOL: The piano? McGee - does - I mean did you - is it --

FIB: Like I said. All tuned. Soon as you hang up your coat and hat you might come on back downstairs and try it out.

MOL: As soon as I hang up my -- I'll try it now! This very minute! And do I dread it!

HITS A FEW SWEET CHORDS

MOL: Why, McGee! That's wonderful!
FIB: Oh, it's - I mean - well, people do it every day. Takes
a little time, but -

MOL HITS A FEW MORE CHORDS AND WANDERS INTO A MELODY

MOL: Oh, it's wonderful, dearie! It sounds like a baby grand!
Oh, it IS a baby grand, isn't it? But it's going to be a
pleasure to play this now! I can hardly wait to get at it!
Wait till I ^{run upstairs and} hang up my coat and hat and ~~(FADING)~~ I
certainly apologize, dearie, for everything I said.

You're the most wonderful...

FIB: WHEW...BOY, THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! Hey, Heimiller...you
can come out now...hurry up!

SOUND: SLIGHT SCUFFLE

MAN: I oughtta charge you an extra five bucks for sitting behind
that davenport, McGee...I gotta crick in my neck that --

FIB: SHHHHH!...PIPE DOWN, WILLYA! AND GET OUTTA HERE!!
Better go out the back way so...NO NO NO!..NOT THAT DOOR -
THAT'S THE HALL CLOS-----

DOOR OPEN: AVALANCHE OF JUNK...BELL TINKLE

MAN: Oh, I'M sorry, McGee...I didn't reali---
FIB: SHHHH...BEAT IT, WILLYA, HEIMILLER!...QUICK...OUT THAT
WAY...AND MUCH OBLIGED! (DOOR SLAM OFF) PHEW!! AH WELL..
(CHUCKLES) LOOKS LIKE I GOT AWAY WITH IT!

PIANO: PICKING OUT FAST CHORDS INTO

ORCH: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILGOK: If you have just bought, or intend to buy soon, some new
linoleum floor covering, let me give you some good advice.
From the very first day you put it down, protect it with
JOHNSON'S GLO COAT, and it will last you practically
forever. Regular care with GLO-COAT will make it last
6 to 10 times longer -- and will preserve its original
freshness and beauty intact. That's why linoleum
manufacturers themselves recommend GLO-COAT. You yourself
will be saved many hours of work because GLO-COAT is so
easy to use. You simply put it on and it dries to a
wonderful polish in 20 minutes, without any rubbing or
buffing. That's why GLO-COAT is called SELF POLISHING.
The time it saves you can add to your war work. The money
it saves you can use for buying War Bonds.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

(TAG)

(2ND REVISION)

-26-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, at a time when courage and loyalty and devotion to duty mean so much, we'd like to offer our congratulations to the Boy Scouts on their 35th anniversary. The Boy Scouts of yesterday are the men who will bring us Victory tomorrow and a decent world for the Scouts of today.

MOL: It is significant that the highest praise one man can give another is -"he's a good scout!" Incidentally, McGee...were you a Boy Scout?

FIB: Sure. Beaver Patrol. Didn't you see me workin' like one on that piano?

MOL: Oh yes. And now you can straighten out the closet. There's a job you can REALLY get your teeth into!

FIB: Hmmm. Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

PLAYOFF & SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson Wax Finishes for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

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