

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) #25

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

March 20, 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' orchestral

ORCH: "GREAT DAY" - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MARCH 20, 1945

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know, it's not so long ago that Saturday was best known as the bath day for the kids - and baking day and floor scrubbing day for their mothers. But now, you mothers are more fortunate on that floor business -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT has moved that unpleasant chore back with the antiques. You'd never think of doing all that hard work again -- when with GLO-COAT it's a cinch to have linoleum floors clean and sparkling all the time. GLO-COAT saves work first because it needs no rubbing or buffing - you simply apply and let dry. It saves work also because it's so easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor clean and beautiful. Spilled things are wiped up with a damp cloth in a jiffy. Besides saving you work, SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT saves your linoleum, makes it last ever so much longer, because it protects against dirt, and wear and moisture. And, of course, a beautiful floor, protected with GLO-COAT, makes your kitchen a more cheerful room to work in.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: THE PEOPLE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAVE BEEN HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THEIR RADIO. ALL WEEK IT'S BEEN GOING (WHISTLE AND SQUEAL). THIS MORNING, HOWEVER, MR. MCGEE MADE A COUPLE OF MINOR ADJUSTMENTS, AND NOW IT GOES (SQUEAL AND WHISTLE). BUT...NEVER ONE TO GIVE UP UNTIL SOMETHING IS EITHER FIXED...OR RUINED...HE'S STILL IN THERE FIGHTING, AS WE MEET -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: HIGH PITCHED WHINE AND SQUEAL

MOL: Sound any better now, Molly?  
MOL: If I wasn't so fond of you, dearie, I'd say that every time you touch that thing it sounds worse.  
FIB: Well, I think I've located the trouble. I think it's got a grid leak.  
MOL: Shall I get a pan to put under it?  
FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) I guess you don't know much about electricity, snooky. What I mean is the A.C. is draining off into the D.C. Now lemme see ---  
MOL: WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING.  
FIB: Just feeling around inside of this radio. I think possibly the condenser is --

SOUND: LOUD CRACK OF SPARK GAP!

FIB: YIPE!!!! OUGH!!!  
MOL: What are you dancing around for? I don't hear any music.  
FIB: Got a shock! My gosh...I just absorbed enough juice to light the City of Akron. HEY YOU GOT ANY RUBBER GLOVES?

MOL: No, I sent the only pair I had to cousin Letty. She's going to work on a farm this summer.

FIB: What does she need rubber gloves for to work on a farm?

MOL: She punches little holes in the ends of the fingers with a needle, fills the glove with warm water and practices milking.

FIB: Gonna be a little confusing when she finds out a cow only has four fingers. Oh, well, I guess I don't need 'em anyway. Now lemme see...where's my pliers?

MOL: In your left hand.

FIB: What'd I do with my left hand? Oh..here it is...I think if I tighten this little dingus here...AHHH... I'LL BET THAT DID IT! Now listen.....

SOUND: SQUEAL AND WHINE INTO:

(FILTER VOICE..."AND, AS MR. STALIN SAID AT THE YALTA CONFERENCE --" SQUEAL, WHINE, SPLUTTER AND LOUD POP). (SILENCE)

MOL: My, isn't Russian an interesting language?

FIB: I think maybe I better take the whole radio apart. Unplug the plug outa the wall plug, willya? Thanks... AHHHH. NOW TO WORK! Here we go, laughin' and scratchin'!

MOL: I still think we ought to call a radio repairman, McGee.

FIB: No, it'd take too long. There's a opera singer on tonight that I don't wanna miss. Gloria Pizzaatto, on the Gilley Garden Hose Program.

MOL: She can't sing! She's only on that program because her husband is Mr. Gilley - and she only married him because he manufactured hose - she not knowing it was garden hose. She's positively the - - -

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. Something wrong with the radio?

FIB: Yeah ... tube's burned out or something, Alice. Tuned in the Andrews Sisters last night and could only get two of 'em.

ALICE: Plug it in and let me hear it, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Okay. (PAUSE) See if we can get that program Molly likes. Joyce Jensen, Girl Gopher Hunter. That's the --

SOUND: WHINE AND SQUEAL INTO:

FILTER VOICE: (VERY DRAMATIC) ...AND AS WE LEAVE JOYCE JENSEN, GIRL  
GOPHER HUNTER...

FIB: That's it!!

VOICE: ...TRAPPED IN THE BLAZING REPTILE HOUSE AT THE ZOO, WHERE  
SHE HAS BEEN LURED BY BEN BAXTER, WHO IS SECRETLY TRYING TO  
BREAK THE WILL OF THE DYING MORTIMER BIXBY, BECAUSE HE IS  
SECRETLY INFATUATED WITH TRACY LAMMERMOOR, WHOSE FATHER HAS  
BEEN MISSING SINCE THE BLUEPRINTS FOR THE NEW BATTLESHIP  
WERE STOLEN BY SIEGFRIED SHOENFELD, THE NAZI SPY, WHO IS  
SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH ALICE GRIGFEATHER, WHO IS BEN BAXTER'S  
SECRET MOTHER, WE WONDER HOW IT WILL ALL COME OUT. (HAPPILY)  
TUNE IN ALLLL DAYYY TOMORROW AND LET YOUR HOUSEWORK GO  
STRAIGHT TO--

(POP, SPUTTER, SQUEAL, AND BANG)

ALICE: Sounds like your condenser was shot, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Sounded more like the announcer was. And none too soon,  
either.

FIB: One of these days John's Other Wife is gonna fall secretly  
in love with one of the Quiz Kids and Clem McCarthy will  
get so excited he'll bite H.V. Kaltenborn in the ankle.  
WELL, I'LL JUST CHECK THIS RADIO ALL OVER AND--

ALICE: If I can help you any, Mr. McGee, I have my tool kit  
upstairs, and I'll be glad to--

FIB: (LAUGHS) No thanks, kid. I'll make out okay. This is  
man's work. I used to build radios, you know. Back in  
Peoria.

MOL: (PROUDLY) INDEED HE DID, ALICE! Many's the oatmeal box  
I've held while he wrapped wire around it. Then held  
again while he unwrapped the wire and got his thumb out  
of it.

FIB: I built the first G.A. set in Peoria, Alice.

ALICE: What's a G.A. set?

FIB: .Get Anything. Had 12 dials on that baby. Took up the  
whole mantel.

ALICE: My father used to be a great radio fan in the early days.  
He'd sit there night after night with those headphones  
glued to his ears. Mother finally had to do something  
about it.

MOL: What did she do, Alice?

ALICE: She had to spank my little brother and hide the glue.

FIB: Well, this isn't gettin' the radio fixed, girls. One  
side, please, while I make a mugg outa Marconi.

ALICE: I'll be glad to help you, Mr. McGee, if you want me to.  
I'm very handy with a --

FIB: NO NO NO...(LAUGHS HEARTILY) Thanks anyway. This is no  
job for a bent hairpin, kid.

ALICE: Well, all right. Just call me if there's anything I can  
do.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Call her if there's anything she can do; I  
never saw a woman yet that didn't think a shingle nail was  
something to scratch yourself with when you had the  
shingles. Now lemme see...where's my tire tape?

MCL: I think I saw it in the --

FIB: OH I KNOW, IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOS---

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: AVALANCHE OF JUNK...BELL TINKLE...(FAUSE)

FIB: By George, one of these days I GOTTA straighten out that  
closet!

ORCH: "SUSIE RIDE IN CUE"

APPLAUSE:

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FIB: By George, one of these days I GOTTA straighten out that  
closet!

ORCH: "SUSIE RIDE IN CUE"

APPLAUSE:

How do you get the little wires out of the wall  
then with insulation?

FIB: Break the glass.

SOUND: LIGHT GLASS CRACKLE:

MCL: Yes, but --

FIB: If these little wires are properly insulated, they don't  
need any glass around 'em. See? Another thing

SOUND - (OPEN DOOR)

SECOND SPOT

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SOUND: RATTLE OF TOOLS:

FIB: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) OHHHH, I HAD A LITTLE DOG AND HIS  
NAME WAS HERMAN....ALWAYS KEPT SCRATCHIN' CAUSE HE WAS FULL  
OF...ENERGY....Now lemme see...where's my tack hammer...  
oh here...

SOUND: LIGHT HAMMERING:

FIB: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) OHHHH, I BOUGHT SOME LITTLE RABBITS  
FROM A GUY NAMED MYERS....THEY COULDN'T DO LONG DIVISION,  
BUT WERE GREAT MULTI-----PLIERS, PLEASE, MOLLY!

MOL: Here you are.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: TINKERING:

MOL: Getting anyplace, dearie?

FIB: I think I know where the trouble is. See this tube? Hold  
it up to the light. That's it. Whaddye see?

MOL: A lot of little fine wires.

FIB: EXACTLY! AND NAKED AS A BOILED POTATO! NO INSULATION ON  
'EM! Pretty shoddy workmanship, if you'll ask me.

MOL: How do you get the little wires out of the tubes to wrap  
them with insulation?

FIB: Break the glass.

SOUND: LIGHT GLASS TINKLE:

MOL: Yes, 'but --

FIB: If them little wires are properly insulated, they don't  
need any glass around 'em. See? Another thing is...

SOUND - (OPEN DOOR)

(2ND REVISION) -11-

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiya, Junior.

WIL: Fixing the radio?

FIB: Now there is an intelligent question! Got my hands  
full of tools and the radio scattered all over the  
house and he asks me am I fixin' the radio! NO,  
JUNEY, I AM UP ON THE ROOF, MEASURING THE CHIMNEY  
FOR SOME NEW SOOT.

MOL: Don't be sarcastic, McGee. It was a natural  
thing to ask.

WIL: Just what was wrong with the radio, pal?

FIB: Can't say, exactly, Junior. All I know is I don't  
get what I tune in for.

WIL: Some program you particularly want?

MOL: Yes, he wants to hear that opera singer - Gloria  
Pizzacatto. Over WVIS.

WIL: GLORIA PIZZACATTO? That Babe couldn't hit high  
C with a bazooka. I used to have a Model-T Ford  
with a worn brake drum that could sing better

WIL: than she can.

FIB: Oh my own --

WIL: Incidentally - YOU KNOW WHAT BIG FREDDIE TOLD ME ABOUT  
A RADIO?

FIB: What'd he tell you, son?

G-

FIB: Look, Junior. Don't tell me who to listen to and who not to listen to and who to. Besides, I've heard you sing, and your lower register ain't fit to dry a pair of overshoes on. You got the rhythm of a spavined horse in a cobblestone alley, and the tonal delicacy of a dentist's drill. You musta trained with a busted windshield wiper for a metronome, accompanied by a sweet potato that was left too long in a damp basement. (SLIGHT PAUSE) I could say more, but I don't wanna hurt your feelings.

WIL: Thanks.

MOL: I guess McGee didn't know you used to sing in Chatauqua, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Didn't you, Pal?

FIB: Sure. Fink's Mules used to be in vaudeville, too, but they took their last bow in a glue factory. So if I wanna listen to Gloria Pizzacatto tonight, I'm gonna listen to Gloria Pizzacatto. Catch on?

WIL: Well, they're your ear drums, chum. Suit yourself. SAY, I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GET THAT FIXED IN NO TIME.

MOL: Where, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: My cousin is a radio repairman. Big FREDDIE WILCOX. At 14th and Oak.

FIB: Oh my gosh ..

WIL: Incidentally - YOU KNOW WHAT BIG FREDDIE TOLD ME ABOUT A RADIO?

FIB: What'd he tell you, son?

WIL: Very interesting thing. Parlor trick, sort of. He says, if you turn your radio on, and while it warms up, you talk into the speaker and turn it off, it will play your own voice back to you when you turn it on again.

MOL: Well, heavenly days ... I never heard that before!

~~FIB: My gosh, you could have a lot of fun with a thing like that, at parties. How's that work again, Junior?~~

WIL: Here ... let's try it. Turn it on.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CLICK

WIL: Now I'll talk into it fast, shut it off and turn it back on again, and hear my own voice repeat what I said.

MOL: Isn't this fun!!!

FIB: Go ahead, Junior ... talk to it!

WIL: Okay. (CLEARS THROAT) THIS IS HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING--

FIB: Big Harlow Wilcox.

WIL: THIS IS BIG HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING ... FOR THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

FIB: Closer into the speaker, Harlow!

WIL: (LOUDER) I AM JUST REMINDING YOU AGAIN THAT JOHNSON'S WAX IS <sup>THE</sup> ~~YOUR~~ FINEST PROTECTION MONEY CAN BUY FOR YOUR FLOORS, WOODWORK, FURNITURE, PICTURE FRAMES, LEATHER GOODS AND A HUNDRED OTHER THINGS YOU WANT TO GUARD FROM DUST AND DAMPNESS, SCRATCHING AND SMUDGING.

MOL: Better out it short, Mr. Wilcox ... this is a very dumb radio and won't remember very much of that.

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WIL: (FAST) REMEMBER JOHNSON'S WAX WHEN YOU WANT TO PROTECT YOUR FINE POSSESSIONS AGAINST DRYNESS AND DAMPNESS, WEAR AND TEAR, USE AND ABUSE. Now shut it off... quick, pal!

SOUND: CLICK

WIL: NOW ON AGAIN!

(SOUND: CLICK)

(LONG PAUSE)

MOL: I don't hear anything.

WIL: Well I'll be darned. Whaddye know about that!

FIB: I don't KNOW anything, Wakey, but I SUSPECT plenty!  
I got a sneakin' suspicion that you -

WIL: I TOLD Freddie I didn't think it would work ... but he kept insisting and insisting. (FADE) I'm going down and tell him right now! SEE YOU LATER, KIDS!

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:)

FIB: AND I NEVER CAUGHT ON. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ... I NEVER CAUGHT ON!!

MOL: Well look dearie, if you intend to hear Gloria Pizzacato on that radio tonight, you'd better start getting the rheosnook wired back into the audio-whoozis ... or something.

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FIB: My gosh' - I guess I better had at that! HEY, I JUST GOT AN YDEA WHAT MIGHT BE WRONG WITH THIS THING!

MOL: What's that?

FIB: This wire here is marked "GROUND". See? And all the time we've had it fastened to the radiator! That radiator is eight foot off the ground if it's an inch! No wonder the darn thing was --

MOL: Well, do it your own way, sweetheart. But I hope you get the radio fixed before Roosevelt's next inauguration. I haven't missed one since I was a child. (FADE OUT) I've got to go out in the kitchen and see how Beulah is coming along with dinner.

FIB: ~~AHHHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! Whatever I do, she strings along like a faithful yo-yo.~~ She knows when it comes to repairing a radio I don't know my clavicle from a rheostat, but does she say anything? No sir! But does she think things? Brother, you got no --

DOOR CHIME: DO YOU WANT TO SIT DOWN WITH YOUR LITTLE

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSES:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, Teeny. Rest your rompers on the rug there, AND WATCH UNCLE FIBBER SET THE RADIO INDUSTRY BACK 15 or 20 years. Turn on your radio!

TEE: Whatcha doin', mister...Hmmm...whatcha doin', Hmmm... Whatcha?

FIB: To the world at large, sis, I am fixing the radio. (LOWERS VOICE) But strictly between us kids....I wish I knew.



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TEE: I love to listen to the radio, I betcha. I like Bing Crosby. Gee.... he sends me!

FIB: Well, I wish he was here now. I'd ask him to do it. Now lemme see....I think if I move the ockostat nearer the frelenium, it ought make the variations more sanatripe....

SOUND: TINKERING:

TEE: Gee, I wish I was smart enough to take a radio all apart!

FIB: You do, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says YOU DO, EH?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: YOU WISH YOU WERE SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE A RADIO APART.  
*I knows it.*

TEE: ~~Sum~~ And if I was that smart, I'd be too smart to do it, I betcha.

FIB: OH YEAH, WELL IF YOU'RE SO --

TEE: Hey, what makes a radio work, mister? Hmmm? What does? Hmmm? Will you explain it to me, mister? Hmmm? Willya?

FIB: Why TEENY! DO YOU MEAN TO SIT THERE WITH YOUR LITTLE PIGTAILS ON THE WRONG END OF THE LITTLE PIG AND TELL ME YOU DON'T COMPREHEND THE NATURE OF THE WIRELESS?

TEE: (GIGGLES) No.

FIB: Well sir, close your mouth and open your eyes and I'll tell you something to make you wise. Now then....what happens when you turn on your radio?

TEE: It makes a kind of a <sup>little</sup> click and the little light turns on.

FIB: I thought so.

TEE: Gee...poor Mr. Marconi!

FIB: Whaddye mean, poor Mr. Marconi!

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FIB: EXACTLY!!!! And way out in the ether, mother nature hears that little click. And quick's as a flash she calls in all her little kills and megs and says, "RADIO TURNED ON AT 14TH AND OAK, WISTFUL VISTA!" And all the little kills hop on their killocycles, and all the little megs hop onto their megacycles and race away as fast as their little fat wave-lengths will carry 'em!

TEE: Awwwwwww!

FIB: You know what a wave length is, sis?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. Five feet two.

FIB: How do you figure that?

TEE: My sister is a Wave. And that's her length.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. WELL SIR, ALL THEM LITTLE KILLS AND MEGS RIDE ALONG ON THEIR KILLOCYCLES AND MEGACYCLES TILL THEY SEE THAT LITTLE LIGHT THAT SHINES IN YOUR RADIO.....THEN THEY HOP OFF, INTO THE BACK OF THE RADIO.....(that's why they always leave the back part of a radio open). AND QUICK'S A WINK THEY DECIDE WHO'S GONNA BE MUSIC AND WHO'S GONNA BE DIALOG AND WHO'S GONNA BE ANNOUNCEMENTS. AND IF ANY LITTLE MEG OR LITTLE KILL HAS GOT A BAD COLD, THEY LET HIM BE THE STATIC. WELL SIR....THEN YOU HEAR THE MUSIC AND THE DIALOG AND THE COMMERCIAL, WHICH IS WHEN EVERYBODY TURNS THE RADIO DOWN AND RUSHES OUT INTO THE KITCHEN FOR A BOTTLE OF ROOTBEER BEFORE THE MUSIC COMES ON AGAIN!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Boy.....that was a wonderful story, mister.

FIB: I thought so.

TEE: Gee...poor Mr. Marconi!

FIB: Whaddye mean, poor Mr. Marconi!

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THE: (SADLY) To think he spent his whooooole life laboring under the delusion that radio was based upon the utilization of electro-magnetic waves, converted into electrical impulses known as audio-frequency currents and amplified by means of the vacuum tube through a diaphragm or loudspeaker! Gee....if he'd only known! Tsk tsk tsk Poor Mr. Marconi!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "LEAVE THE DISHES IN THE SINK, MA!" . . . . . KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

BEULAH: Is there something bloody wrong with the radio, folks?

(SOUND: TINKERING)

FIB: (SINGING) Ohhhhh, I had a little goat and his name was Slim, it was worth your life to turn your back on him ... (CLINK) Hey Molly, where's my pliers?

MOL: In the cuff of your pants, dearie.

FIB: Oh yes ... put 'em there so I'd know where they were.

Oh oh ... gotta cut a hunk of this wire off. Is there a knife there?

MOL: I don't see any.

FIB: Ask Beulah to bring me a small kitchen knife, will you?

MOL: Certainly. Why leave it out in the kitchen where it'll just get ruined peeling potatoes, and apples. OH BEULAH... BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEUL: SOMEBODY BAWL FO' BEULAH?

FIB: Hey, Beulah ... bring me a small knife will you? I gotta splice some wire.

BEULAH: Well, she's But not so much any more. You work with a nutcracker and a pickin' comb. Music is like pickin' pockets... (RIBBLES) But keep yo' hand in or you don't get no place.

FIB: You can say that again!

BEULAH: Yessuh. Music is like pickin' pockets. Gotta keep yo' --

MOL: NO NO, BEULAH. He means you're right.

BEULAH: Oh thank you, suh. And you wishes me to bring you out a lil parin' knife?

~~FIB: Really? I considered it rather a unique trick.~~

BEULAH: Is they somp'm go blooey wif de radio, folkses?

MOL: Yes, Beulah. And Mr. McGee wants to get it fixed in time to hear Gloria Pizzacato tonight.

BEULAH: GLORIA PIZZICATO! (GIGGLES) Why ma'am, that gal got a voice lak makin' a bed wif a broken fingernail.

~~DOOR SLAM~~  
When she sing, it make the hair stand up on a scrub brush.

FIB: We won't discuss my musical tastes, Beulah.

BEULAH: No suh. Scuse me, suh.

MOL: It's a good thing we won't, dearie. I happen to know that your idea of fine music is hearing "The Curse of an Aching Heart" played on a musical saw.

FIB: I like imitations of a locomotive played on a banjo, too, and believe me that ain't easy.

BEULAH: You mean it ain't easy to like it, suh?

FIB: I MEAN IT AIN'T EASY TO PLAY IT.

BEULAH: Oh.

MOL: You said you played the piano didn't you, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yes, ma'am. But not so much any mo'. Housework and hotcha ain' strickly compatible. Music is like pickin' pockets....(GIGGLES) Gott keep yo' hand in or you don't git noplase.

FIB: You can say that again!

BEULAH: Yassuh. Music is like pickin' pockets. Gotta keep yo' --

MOL: NO NO, BEULAH. He means you're right.

BEULAH: Oh thank you, suh. And you wishes me to bring you out a lil parin' knife?

FIB: ~~HEAR!~~ Yes - if you'll be so good as to....And when I get

MOL: through with this radio, it'll tune so fine you can

~~DOOR OPEN~~ hear Mr. District Attorney filing a brief!

BEULAH: Heah Mist' Districk attorney filin' a lissen to the

MOL: man say -- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

~~DOOR SLAM:~~

MOL: Look, dearie...I won't mention it again, after this...  
but why don't you just toss all those parts into a pillow case and haul them down to a radio repairman.

FIB: No sir! I can handle this with -

~~DOOR OPEN:~~

BEULAH: Heahs some knives suh.

MOL: Thank you, Beulah.

~~DOOR SLAM:~~

FIB: AHHHHHH, NOW I CAN GET SOMEPLACE!!...UGH....(GRUNTS)  
OH MY GOSH...when were these things sharpened last?  
I'd hate to be trapped in a cobweb with only these knives on me.

~~DOOR:~~

MOL: I'm glad you noticed that, pet. You've been promising to sharpen those knives ever since ----

~~DOOR:~~

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

DOC: Hello, Molly, my dear!

MOL: Oh come in, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Hi, Doc.

DOC: Hello, my boy... Well, what are you up to now?

FIB: My clavicle in this radio! Pull up a chair and I'll show you a few of the finer points of radiotronics, Gamble.

DOC: Finer points of what?

FIB: Radiotronics.

DOC: Spell it!

FIB: Skip it.

MOL: The radio has been acting up, Doctor. I wanted to send it to a repair man, but himself here thought it was a waste of money, so -

DOC: Oh it is, my dear - it IS a waste of money!

FIB: Sure.

DOC: Unless, of course, you plan to use the set again some time. I suppose you're throwing this one away when little Fumblefoot gets through playing with it.

MOL: To what?

FIB: Oh, plug it in over there, Doc.

DOC: Okay.

FIB: Now get a load of how a radio ought to sound after a good overhaul.

CLICK OF SWITCH

FIB: ... a load of this reception!  
FIB: ... Whattaya mean, throw it away! Stick around, wise guy,

MOL: and I'll show you how a -- oh say, you got your satchel there. Lemme have a scalpel a minute, will ya?

DOC: Certainly. (SNAP OF CLASP) Here you are, my boy!

FIB: Although if you're planning on cutting your throat in despair, let me do it. I'm a doctor, you know -- we learn how to do those things neatly. And besides --  
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT... GIVE ME THAT SCALPEL!

FIB: Okay, okay, take it - Indian Giver. I was just trimming those wires down to fit.

DOC: My best scalpel! OF ALL THE UNMITIGATED... COLOSSAL... MY TWELVE DOLLAR SCALPEL!

FIB: That's what you get for lending your stuff around promiscuously, you Big stupe. You're not supposed to lend your surgical tools to a guy who's not a doctor, anyhow. You know how septic people are. You could get in trouble with the AMA for that.

DOC: (SPUTTERS) OF ALL THE... I OUGHT TO... (DEFLATES) All right. I asked for it. Anybody who lends you anything without keeping one hand on it ought to have it ruined.

DOC: That's why---

FIB: Shhhh, listen!

MOL: To what?

FIB: Oh, plug it in over there, Doc.

DOC: Okay. all about radios. Go ahead -- fix it up.

FIB: Now get a load of how a radio ought to sound after a

good overhaul; I don't want to - I mean --

CLICK OF SWITCH ahead -- go ahead! I'll just sit over here and watch.

(REVISED) -26-

FIB: Get a load of this reception!

ALICE: I'm sure it won't take but a minute. I work on radio

PAUSE...NOTHING HAPPENS

MOL: sets all day long, at the airplane plant. ~~even get a~~

MOL: Very good.

DOC: That's the same kind of reception he gets when he walks  
into the Elks Club, Molly.

FIB: Aw, take it easy you old Oaken Buckethead. Migosh, I  
just--

DOOR OPENS

ALICE: Say, Mr. McGee..Oh, hello Doctor Gamble. *Hello Alice* Say, Mr.  
McGee, maybe I could help a little with that radio, if  
you want me to.

MOL: Don't you worry about it, Alice - we can get a  
repairman to come and--

ALICE: Oh, I don't mind, Mrs. McGee. I just thought maybe I  
could help. It sounded to me a little while ago like  
the condenser is improperly wired - maybe it's crossed  
with the transformer!

FIB: Condenser? You're thinking of an ice box, Alice. This  
is a radio,

ALICE: You're thinking of a compressor on an icebox, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I said the condenser.

FIB: Yeah, but I don't--

DOC: (YELLS) WHY DON'T YOU LET HER LOOK AT IT, YOU NOISY  
LITTLE FEED-BACK! SHE AT LEAST KNOWS MORE THAN YOU DO  
ABOUT IT. Which could be nothing at all.

FIB: (QUIETLY) Okay, Doc::go right ahead, Alice. You two  
know all about radios: Go ahead - fix it up! I'm  
through!

ALICE: Well, Jeepers, I don't want to - I mean --

FIB: Go ahead - go ahead! I'll just sit over here and watch,

ALICE: I'm sure it won't take but a minute. I work on radio

DOC: sets all day long at the airplane plant. ~~even get a~~

MOL: ~~quality on some of the things I've invented...now let's~~

FIB: ~~see~~ (SLIGHT CLATTER) I think you've got the condenser  
hooked into series with the amplifier tube.

FIB: Huh?

ALICE: (GLINKS AND CLATTERS) What that does is build up a  
charge in the resistor tubes and... (screwdriver, please -  
thank you)...and when it attains sufficient ohmage,  
it develops a squeal...and - (SLIGHT TAPPING SOUND)  
So I'm changing the wiring so that the grids alternate  
with the resistors - and so the condensor can function  
properly...and...AHHHH...THERE WE ARE.....NOW TRY IT...  
SOUND: MUSIC VERY SHARP...FADE DOWN IMMEDIATELY

MOL: Why Alice, that's wonderful!

DOC: Clear as a bell!

FIB: Shucks, she only did what I was startin' to do. Only  
she's got smaller hands and can reach in farther.  
Oh hey - get Gloria Pizzicato! It's time!

MOL: WVIS, ALICE!

ALICE: All right. ~~That's OK~~ *Here -*

SOUND: BRIEF TUNING

ANNCR: ...IZZACATO, WITH HER FIRST NUMBER THIS EVENING, "WHY DO  
I LOVE YOU"....

FIB: AHHHH, just got it in time....

FILTER SINGER (VERY BAD) WHY I I LOOOOOOOVE YOU.....WHY DO YOU  
LOOOOOOOOVE ME....WHY DO -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SOUND: CLICK: (PAUSE)

DOC: What's the idea, McGee?

MOL: I thought you wanted to hear Gloria Pizzacato.

FIB: Of course I did. If I didn't hear her, how would I know when to shut her off? I HATE THAT WOMAN! I SHUT HER OFF EVERY NIGHT. Oh...thanks very much, Alice.

ALICE: Don't mention it. Ever!

ORCH: "THE MORE I SEE YOU" FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If one of your friends said to you -- "I keep house with wax" -- would you know what she meant? If you went over her home, room by room, I think you would. Because in every one of those rooms, from the front door through the kitchen, you would find wax-protection, wax-polished beauty. Floors that grow lovelier with every application of JOHNSON'S WAX. Table tops, sideboard, chair arms that gleam with wax-protection, that are so easy to keep clean and sparkling. Windowsills that are not afraid of a sudden shower. Venetian blinds, picture frames, leather articles, lampshades that wear a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX proudly. Yes, you would find in every room evidence of regular applications of JOHNSON'S WAX to all kinds of surfaces, protecting them, preserving them, adding beauty and length of life -- and saving hours of housework. That is what we mean by protective housekeeping with JOHNSON'S WAX. And believe me, it pays big dividends.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE ON CUE FOR:

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 Would you know what she meant? If you went  
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ON CUE FOR:

TAG

WRITERS: [unclear]  
 [unclear]

CLATTER OF JUNK:

MOL: What are you going to do with all these parts Alice  
 had left over, McGee?  
 FIB: Throw 'em out and be thankful we haven't got a  
 television set.  
 MOL: Why?  
 FIB: Imagine gettin' that put back together and havin'  
 three faces, two bodies and a piccero left over?  
 MOL: Oh dear....  
 FIB: Yeah....goodnight.  
 MOL: Goodnight all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)