

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#34

File

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

May 22, 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: "MEET ME AT THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE" -- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 22, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Let's talk about your automobile for a minute. I'll admit that as a piece of transportation, it's only as good as the motor and the tires. And I think you'll admit that as a thing of beauty, it's only as good as the paint job. But that's something you do have control over. You can keep the finish of your car clean and sparkling, at small cost and with ~~not too much~~ ^{very little} work - with the occasional use of JOHNSON'S CARNU. This popular auto polish really does two jobs at the same time - it cleans and polishes with one application. CARNU, please remember, is a liquid, which dries on application to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, the dirt and grime and dullness come off with it - leaving a shining, beautiful finish you had almost forgotten. CARNU does an amazing cleaning job without injuring the finish. It's so easy to use, you'll gladly do the job yourself. Why not give your car a Spring Housecleaning this week with the old, reliable, unchanged JOHNSON'S CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

McGEE -- 5/22/45

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: THERE'S A BIG BAND CONCERT AND BOND RALLY SCHEDULED AT THE WISTFUL VISTA AUDITORIUM TONIGHT. AND WHEN YOU SEE WHO'S MUSCLED IN AS DIRECTOR OF THE WHOLE THING, YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THE DERIVATION OF THE WORD "AUDITORIUM" -- FROM AUDI - MEANING "LISTEN", AND TORO, MEANING "BULL". YES, IT'S HIMSELF, OF--

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIRS...DISTANCE HAMMERING..ETC.ETC.

FIB: HEY, CHARLIE, HAVE THE BOYS MOVE THESE BORDERS BACK AND LOWER THE TEASER A LITTLE. GET SOME NEW BULBS FOR THE BABIES AND DRAPE SOME BUNTING OVER THE APRON!

MAN: (OFF) Okay, chief.

FIB: Good thing there's somebody in this town knows a stage *brace* from a usher's flashlight.

MOL: But I thought Mrs. Carstairs was in charge of this thing?

FIB: Oh sure...sure... Let her have her picture in the society section...but you and I know who's the brains behind this thing, don't we?

MOL: Certainly. Henry Morgenthau, Junior -- er -- Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

FIB: I had quite a tussle, gettin' this thing outa Carstairs hands. But I made it. ... HEY, CHARLIE.

MAN: (OFF) Yeah?

FIB: HAVE EDDIE HIT THE BOARDS WITH THEM ONE-SHEETS AND CHECK THE MARQUEE FOR DEADS. I WANT SIX CHAIRS AND A PODIUM FOR CENTER STAGE AND THE POPCORN MACHINE MOVED INTO THE MANAGER'S OFFICE.. RIGHT?

MAN: (OFF) I dunno, but I'll do it.

G-

MOL: Why put the popcorn machine in the manager's office, McGee?

FIB: Because that's where I'm gonna headquarter tonight. And this is gonna be ONE time I come to this joint where they didn't run outa popcorn before I got mine.

MOL: Was Mrs. Carstairs annoyed when you moved in on the arrangements, McGee?

FIB: ANNOYED! WOW! She blew out like a four time re-tread! But my gosh...SOMEBODY had to be in charge that knows.. Oh Oh Here she comes, Old Lady Carstairs! Where do you suppose she learned to walk like that? Like a fat pigeon on a hot pavement.

MOL: Now, McGee, after:all...WELL, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. CARSTAIRS! SO NICE TO SEE YOU.

CARST: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: HIYAH, CARSTY! YOU might as well trot home and dunk the frame in a bubble bath, kiddo. I got everything under control.

CARST: Mr. McGee. I think the time has come for someone to tell you a few truths about yourself.

FIB: Ah, save the compliments till after the show, Carsty. I know how you feel, and I appreciate it. You can't help it if you don't know an amber spot from a center door fancy.

MOL: Himself here was in vaudeville, Mrs. Carstairs...and he learned the theatre business inside and out. Sometimes both on the same day.

CARST: THIS, is NOT vaudeville, Mrs. McGee. This is Wistful Vista's golden opportunity to show the world it's interest in and support of, the 7th. War Loan. Personally, I feel that Mr. McGee has lowered the proceedings to the undignified level of a flea circus.

FIB: Well, better put on too many fleas than too much dog, Carsty. When people begin to...Excuse me. YOU WANNA SEE ME, CHARLIE?

MAN: Yeah. Look, chief, you want I should check with the juicer for cues on the olio?

FIB: On the olio? You mean for the popcorn? Yeah, long as we can't get butter, olio is just as --

MAN: NO NO NO...THE OLIO!

FIB: Oh oh, yeah...sure. Check with the juicer on that. Yeah.

MAN: Right. And... er...may I ask a question, Boss?

FIB: What is it, bud?

MAN: You ever sit on a big boulder at noon on a hot day?

FIB: Why...why, sure.... I guess I did.

MAN: Well, what's the thing between your eyes and your mouth?

FIB: My nose, what did you think it was?

CARST: My good man, what is the purpose of these ridiculous questions?

MAN: We just had an argument backstage, ma'am. The boys delegated me to see if this guy knew his nose from a hot rock. (FADE) Thanks, boss...

FIB: (LAUGHS) A great bunch of boys, them stagehands! Always kidding. Now then, when I make the big speech of the evening, Carsty....

CARSTY: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE....I SPECIFICALLY ASKED THE MAYOR HIMSELF TO MAKE THE PRINCIPAL ADDRESS OF THE EVENING.

FIB: Sure, but I cancelled him out, Carsty. I told him to stay home. That guy talks like he had a mothful of coat-hangers. I'll make the big speech myself, with inflections.

MOL: I'm sure if you buy a big enough bond, Mrs. Carstairs, McGee can arrange to have you sit on the stage and hear it up real close.

CARSTY: My dear...Mr. Carstairs and I have each purchased five thousand dollars worth of EXTRA bonds.

FIB: Oh swell. That entitles you -

CARSTY: TO STAY HOME, I'M SURE. Good day, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs. (PAUSE) You know, I think she's a little upset about this, dearie!

FIB: PAHHH! All that big goldfish knows about the theatre you could pack away in a dab of lint. She's so dumb she thinks the Little Theatre Movement is a bump!

MOL: Well, just the same she -

SOUND: ORCH TUNING UP. SUSTAIN BEHIND.

FIB: Oh oh..there's the orchestra. I better check their music for tonight.

MOL: Maybe you better stay out of that department, McGee. You're no musician.

FIB: SO WHAT? THE WARNER BROTHERS ARE NO PIANO TEAM EITHER, BUT THEY PUT OUT SOME PRETTY GOOD SHOWS. HEY, BILLY..... BILLY MILLS!

W

MILLS: (OFF) Don't bother me now, Skimp. I got to run over this music.

FIB: From what I heard of it this morning, it sounds like it had already been run over. By a dump truck.

MILLS: Look, my Tosca little Ninny - JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE AN EAR FOR MUSIC --

FIB: OH, YOU ADMIT THAT, EH?

MILLS: Why not? You could put a bass fiddle in each one of 'em. Now run along home, will you? We've got to rehearse.

MOL: Go ahead, Mr. Mills..I'd like to hear what you're going to play.

MILLS: Okay, mom. All right, boys "Kiss Me Again" from the beginning. (TAP OF BATON)

FIB: (MUTTERS) "Kiss Me Again"! Of all the corny old --

ORCH: "KISS ME AGAIN" LEGITIMATE...16 BARS

FIB: HEY HEY HEY...STOP IT!! HOLD EVERYTHING! STOP!

ORCH: STRAGGLES TO STOP

FIB: It won't do, Mills! IT'S TOO SCHMALTZY! WHOEVER WROTE THAT ARRANGEMENT OUGHTTA TAKE HIS MUSICAL SAW AND GO BACK TO THE LUMBER CAMP.

MILLS: I wrote this myself.

MOL: I thought it was beautiful, McGee.

FIB: BEAUTIFUL MY CLAVICLE...HERE, GIMME THEM SCORES! (PAPER RATTLE) I'LL GO HOME AND DASH OFF AN ARRANGEMENT THAT'LL MAKE GILBERT KICK THE HARP OUTA SULLIVAN'S HAND.

MILLS: Wait a minute, there, Skimp. What do you know about music?

mc

FIB: WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT MUSIC, HE SAYS!!!

MOL: Yes, he said that!

FIB: I MERELY STUDIED IT FOR SIX YEARS IN THE PEORIA CONSERVATORY, THAT'S ALL. I STUDIED UNDER PROFESSOR WARE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME. (PAUSE) LONG UNDER WARE McGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS...

MOL: Oh dear!!

FIB: LONG UNDER WARE McGEE, THE MIGHTY MUCKY-MUCK OF THE METRONOME, MAKING MUGGS OF THE MEDIOCRE MUSICAL MUTTS MUDDLING THROUGH A MESS OF MONOTONOUS MEDLEYS, MAKING MILLIONS MARVEL AT THE MINOR MELODIES MADE INTO MAGNIFICENT MUSICAL MASTERPIECES BY THE MIRACULOUS MOVEMENTS OF MY MAGIC MITTS, MIFFING MANY MINOR MAESTROS AS I MODULATED FROM "MARCH MILITAIRE TO MINUTE IN G". SO GET ON WITH YOUR REHEARSAL, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE!

ORCH: KINGS MEN - "KENTUCKY DABE" -- (OR -- BOND SONG)
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER (HUNT AND PECK) AND SINGLE NOTES ON PIANO:

MOL: Oh, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: How do you spell billion?

FIB: That's easy. B-I-L-Y-O-N.

MOL: That's the way I've got it, but it looks funny.

FIB: Well, take my word for it, tootsie. That's correct.

How you coming with my speech?

MOL: Pretty well, I think. How does this sound: "THE WAR IN EUROPE AGAINST GERMANY AND ITALY IS OVER. BUT THE WAR AGAINST HUNGER, PRIVATION AND DISTRESS WILL GO ON FOR MANY, MANY MONTHS. IT IS OUR MONEY...YOURS AND MINE... THE MONEY WE PUT IN WAR BONDS WHICH WILL FIGHT THIS WAR TO AN END. SEVEN BILLION DOLLARS...(PAUSE) That word still doesn't look right, McGee. Isn't it B-I-L-L-Y-O-N? Two L's?

FIB: Nope, just one L.

MOL: Hmm. "...SEVEN BILLION DOLLARS IS THE QUOTA FOR INDIVIDUAL PURCHASES IN THIS 7TH WAR LOAN. WITH THIS MONEY WE WILL BRING ORDER IN EUROPE AND CONTINUE THE WAR AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN THE PACIFIC." That's all I've got so far.

FIB: That's very good, Molly. Couldn't have done better myself.

MOL: Well, that's high praise indeed, dearie. How's your music arrangement coming?

FIB: It's gonna be wonderful. (TAPS PIANO) I lead off with a harp glissando, see, and go to a --

MOL: You lead off with a whatsando?

FIB: A harp glissando.

MOL: What on earth is that?

FIB: I dunno. But they all use 'em. I just wrote down "INSERT HARP GLISSANDO HERE" and let Billy Mills worry about the technicalities. Architects don't lay bricks, you know.

MOL: No, but composers lay eggs. And this opera of yours begins to sound like hen fruit of a very low order.

FIB: You wait and see. (PIANO NOTES) I start with a harp glissando, then I let the flutes take it for six bars and then a two-bar tacit.

MOL: What's a tacit?

FIB: That's a musical term meaning "take the derby hats off the trumpets". Have to do that, because there's a lady in the orchestra.

SOUND: NOTES AND BAD CHORDS ON PIANO...PECKING ON TYPEWRITER
DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee...JEEPERS, ARE YOU TUNING THE PIANO AGAIN?

MOL: No he isn't, Alice. He's making a musical arrangement. And if "Kiss Me Again" doesn't wind up a very wet smack, it won't be his fault.

ALICE: Gee, I never knew you wrote music, Mr. McGee.

FIB: You didn't, eh? Didn't you ever hear the High School song I wrote for the Freshman Class in Peoria High?

MOL: My goodness, I never heard that either, McGee!

FIB: Well, natch. I just wrote it last week. Haven't even mailed it to 'em yet.

ALICE: How does it go, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Air mail, special delivery. I thought they might as well have it in time for graduation, so --

MOL: SHE MEANT HOW DOES THE MELODY, IF ANY, GO, MCGEE.

FIB: Oh, I can't go into all that now. I got no time for prittle-prattle. This music has gotta be done for the bond rally tonight.

MOL: Are you going, Alice?

ALICE: I wouldn't miss it for a farm with a barn full of Van Johnsons. I told my boy friends that the one who bought the biggest bond could take me.

MOL: How is the bidding going, Alice?

ALICE: Very nicely, Mrs. McGee. The high man so far is the boy that his father owns the airplane plant, but I don't like him as well as the boy that he works at the next bench to me, which he naturally hasn't got as much money as Freddie, who is the boy that his father owns the plant.

FIB: Take my advice, Alice, and latch onto the boy that his old man has got the most mazuma.

ALICE: Well, I'm not getting married yet, anyway. I want to study art a little while longer.

MOL: Heavenly days, Alice...I didn't know you were studying art!

FIB: Oil or water color, Alice?

MOL: My goodness, I never heard that either, McGee!

FIB: Well, natch. I just wrote it last week. Haven't even mailed it to 'em yet.

ALICE: How does it go, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Air mail, special delivery. I thought they might as well have it in time for graduation, so --

MOL: SHE MEANT HOW DOES THE MELODY, IF ANY, GO, McGEE.

FIB: Oh, I can't go into all that now. I got no time for prittle-prattle. This music has gotta be done for the bond rally tonight.

MOL: Are you going, Alice?

ALICE: I wouldn't miss it for a farm with a barn full of Van Johnsons. I told my boy friends that the one who bought the biggest bond could take me.

MOL: How is the bidding going, Alice?

ALICE: Very nicely, Mrs. McGee. The high man so far is the boy that his father owns the airplane plant, but I don't like him as well as the boy that he works at the next bench to me, which he naturally hasn't got as much money as Freddie, who is the boy that his father owns the plant.

FIB: Take my advice, Alice, and latch onto the boy that his old man has got the most mazuma.

ALICE: Well, I'm not getting married yet, anyway. I want to study art a little while longer.

MOL: Heavenly days, Alice...I didn't know you were studying art!

FIB: Oil or water color, Alice?

ALICE: Oh, neither one. Art is the boy that he works at the next bench to me, at the plant. Well, I'll see you tonight, folks.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, we'd better get on with our work, dearie...time's a-skipping.

FIB: Yeah ... I still got a lot to do, too. Haven't even brought in the string section yet. How many strings has Billy Mills got in his band?

MOL: Well, there's six fiddles, a guitar, a piano and a harp. And the saxophone players each have one around their necks.

FIB: Counting four strings to the fiddles, four to the guitar, 88 on a piano, and about 75 on the harp, that's about a hundred 'n 71 strings. My gosh, I never realized how big an outfit that was. Ah well.....

SOUND: TYPEWRITER, PIANO CHORDS AND SINGLE NOTES: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hiyah, folks. What's everybody so busy about?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. We're getting ready for the bond rally tonight. I'm writing McGee's speech and he's making an orchestration for Billy Mills.

WIL: Anything I can do to help? I play a little piano.

MOL: That doesn't help much, Mr. Wilcox. The piano at the auditorium is a great big one.

WIL: Maybe I can help you write his speech, Molly. I've got a good angle on it.

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Know what day this is?
FIB: May 22nd, so what?
WIL: This, my little pal, is National Maritime Day.
FIB: I still say so what, Junior?
WIL: WELL, YOU CAN USE IT IN YOUR SPEECH.
MOL: How, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: Look. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS NATIONAL MARITIME DAY. A DAY DEDICATED TO THE UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE. IT IS A DAY ON WHICH WE PAY TRIBUTE TO THE COURAGE AND TENACITY OF OUR MERCHANT FLEET AND ITS MEN... WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED SO MUCH TO THE WINNING OF THE WAR IN EUROPE AND THE MAINTENANCE OF VITAL SUPPLIES IN THE PACIFIC.
FIB: I still don't see what that's got to do with the War Loan.
WIL: WELL, MANY OF THESE MEN HAVE PERFORMED FEATS OF HEROISM EQUAL TO THOSE OF MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES. THEIR CASUALTY RATE HAS BEEN HIGH AND WILL CONTINUE TO BE HIGH UNTIL THE FINAL VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC. THESE MEN, IN 1944, CARRIED EIGHT THOUSAND TONS OF SUPPLIES, EVERY HOUR, EVERY DAY. ARMS, AMMUNITION AND MEDICAL CARGOS BOUGHT AND PAID FOR BY YOUR PURCHASE OF WAR BONDS. IT'S UP TO ALL OF US TO KEEP THOSE SUPPLIES GOING TO THE FIGHTERS WHO NEED THEM. LET'S SEND THEM OVER THE BOUNDING WAVES ON A SEA OF WAVING BONDS!
FIB: Say, I think you got something there, ^{JP} ~~Waxey~~ Thanks very much.
MOL: Yes, I can use that, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Okay...now can I help with the music?

FIB: I still don't think you know anything about music, ~~Junior~~,
WIL: OH NO? WELL, FOR YOUR INFORMATION, SMART GUY, I PLAYED A SWEET POTATO WHEN I WAS ONLY SEVEN.
MOL: Why didn't you keep it up, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: It sprouted when I was eight, and I couldn't keep the leaves out of my eyes.
FIB: You answer one simple musical question, Junior, and I'll let you help me.
WIL: Shoot, pal.
FIB: Where do you find "G" on the piano?
WIL: You're kidding. There's no "G" in "Steinway".
(PAUSE)
MOL: Well, we'll see you at the bond rally, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Okay.
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: He's about as musical as a worn brakeshoe.
MOL: On the contrary, McGee...I've heard him sing, and he has a very nice voice.
FIB: PTAH!! He's got a rasp in his voice you could file your way outa Alcatraz with. WELL...I GOTTA GET TO WORK...
MOL: Me too.
SOUND: TYPEWRITER...PIANO, AS BEFORE...PIANO OUT
FIB: DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED!!!
MOL: (TYPEWRITER OUT) What's the matter, dearie? Did you default on a note?
FIB: Nah...busted my pencil. You gotta pencil?

MOL: No. Will a lipstick do? After all, if you're scoring
Kiss Me Again...

FIB: No, I gotta have a pencil.

MOL: I'll ask Beulah to bring you a knife. Oh, Beulah..BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Hey, Beulah, I want to sharpen a pencil. You gotta good
sharp knife in the kitchen?

BEULAH: If I ain't, suh, I suah have persuaded the jackets off
a big mess of spuds. (LAUGHS) Would a extra pencil
help, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Yes...where can I find one?

BEULAH: Behind youah left ear.

FIB: Eh? Oh, yes...(LAUGHS) Forgot all about that one.
Thanks, Beulah.

BEULAH: Tha's okay, suh. (PAUSE) Kin I ask a question, please,
folks?

MOL: Why certainly, Beulah. What do you want to know?

BEULAH: I wanna know what go on heah, ma'am. I out theah in the
kitchen tryin' mah best to mine mah own business, but
between the click-clack o' that typewriteh an' the roomty-
boompty of the piano I is goin' quietly berserk from
dissatisfied curiosity! (LAUGHS)

FIB: I'm in charge of the big bond rally tonight, Beulah,
at the Auditorium. I'm arranging some music and
Mrs. McGee is writing my speech.

BEULAH: Well, fo' good-ness sake! What music you writin',
suh?

FIB: Kiss Me Again.

BEULAH: I thought that had already been wrote!

MOL: He's making a new arrangement of it, Beulah.

FIB: The score I'm workin' on will probably be the classic
arrangement of all time, Beulah. See this sheet here?

BEULAH: Yassuh.

FIB: See the staff? Ordinarily it's got only five lines and
four spaces. I'm doing it on SIX LINES AND FIVE SPACES!
NOBODY'S EVER DONE THAT BEFORE IN THE WHOLE HISTORY
OF MUSIC!

MOL: -- And if you hear a thump, thump, thump in the distance,
it'll be that little white dog that sits by the Victrola
in the advertisements, scratching his head.

BEULAH: Thump thump thump'll be that lil white dog in the
advertise-- (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN'S WIFE!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: BRIDGE

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES...UP AND FADE

FIB: Hurry up, Molly...we haven't got too much time, if I'm going to give the band this new music.

MOL: What time is it?

FIB: Listen!

SOUND: VERY FAINT...BELL RINGING:

FIB: Seven thirty two.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: The burglar alarm on Bernstiens Fur Store always goes haywire at 7:32. Been doing it for years. Why they don't...

MOL: Oh look, McGee....HERE COMES DOCTOR GAMBLE. Yoo hoo.... HELLO, DOCTOR!

DOC: (FADE IN) Well hello, Molly. And how are you Drop-Seat?

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. What you wandering the streets for? Waitin' for somebody to get run over so you can bum a free ride to the hospital?

DOC: No, dear boy. I am attending the big bond rally, and for the sheer joy of going to a theatre and NOT seeing Alan Ladd's picture in the lobby.

MOL: Don't you like Alan Ladd, Doctor? I think he's wonderful.

DOC: I'm sure he's a fine young man and splendid actor, my dear, but he reminds me too much of my youth. He...er...he is the image of me in my thirties.

FIB: Yeah? In your thirties, Narcissus, moving pictures were just a question mark in Edison's notebook.

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES...UP AND FADE

FIB: Hurry up, Molly...we haven't got too much time, if I'm going to give the band this new music.

MOL: What time is it?

FIB: Listen!

SOUND: . VERY FAINT...BELL RINGING:

FIB: Seven thirty two.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: The burglar alarm on Bernstiens Fur Store always goes haywire at 7:32. Been doing it for years. Why they don't...

MOL: Oh look, McGee....HERE COMES DOCTOR GAMBLE. Yoo hoo.... HELLO, DOCTOR!

DOC: (FADE IN) Well hello, Molly. And how are you Drop-Seat?

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. What you wandering the streets for? Waitin' for somebody to get run over so you can bum a free ride to the hospital?

DOC: No, dear boy. I am attending the big bond rally, and for the sheer joy of going to a theatre and NOT seeing Alan Ladd's picture in the lobby.

MOL: Don't you like Alan Ladd, Doctor? I think he's wonderful.

DOC: I'm sure he's a fine young man and splendid actor, my dear, but he reminds me too much of my youth. He...er...he is the image of me in my thirties.

FIB: Yeah? In your thirties, Narcissus, moving pictures were just a question mark in Edison's notebook.

DOC: Speaking of moving pictures, Sound Track, just where are you going?

MOL: We're going to the bond rally too, Doctor. McGee's in charge of it.

DOC: Who put him in charge? - the Japanese Embassy? He couldn't sell a twenty-dollar bill for thirty-five cents to a Portuguese pawnbroker.

FIB: Look, Artery-Pincher, you can't get a seat at this rally without buying a war bond, you know. If you think you can wave a twenty-five cent war-saving's stamp at the usher and peek out thru the door of the men's lounge, you better reconsider.

DOC: DON'T HECKLE ME, YOU NOISY LITTLE CORN-POPPER! I GAVE UP THE IDEA OF BUYING SOME NEW EX-RAY EQUIPMENT AND BOUGHT A THOUSAND DOLLAR BOND TO HELP THIS THING OUT.

MOL: I'm sure McGee didn't mean --

DOC: I DON'T CARE WHAT HE MEANT, MY DEAR. LOOK....I'VE WORKED ON HUNDREDS OF MEN BACK FROM EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC. BELIEVE ME, A TRIP THRU A VETERANS HOSPITAL IS A SURE CURE FOR COMPLACENCY. AND IF ANY BONDS I BUY WILL HELP SHORTEN THIS WAR BY ONE SPLIT SECOND, THEY CAN HAVE THE GOLD OUT OF MY TEETH!

FIB: I was just kidding, Doc. I merely meant --

DOC: I KNOW WHAT YOU MERELY MEANT, RABBITFOOT. I was just trying to say that if anybody thinks he can sit back and let the world come to a lovely state of milk and honey, he'd better start buying a cow and get the bees out of his own bonnet.

MOL: I agree with you, Doctor.

FIB: Me too, Doc. Have a cigar?

DOC: Thanks, I have one.

FIB: You got two? Thanks. I'll smoke it after the rally. Here...here's the stage door. Come on in. If anybody says anything, you're with me.

DOOR OPEN: GLOSE: HUM OF VOICES:

MOL: Sounds like a tremendous crowd out there, McGee.

FIB: It should ought to be....the promotion work I done on it.

DOC: Oh, I'm sure of that, Mousy. You'll probably be awarded the Purple Ticket Stub with a Cluster of Peanut Brittle.

FIB: You and Molly wait here in the wings. I gotta get to the pit. (FADE) see you later...

CROWD MURMUR UP

ORCH: CHORD OR FANFARE

ANNCR: (P.A.....FADES IN) Ladies and gentlemen WVIS brings you tonight a broadcast of the Great Seventh War Loan Bond Rally from the Wistful Vista Civic Auditorium....This is a gala scene here, folks - all the cream of Wistful Vista Society has turned out - And every person in this great hall tonight has bought a War Bond - an EXTRA War Bond - for admission to this rally

MOL: (WHISPERS) Do you see McGee, Doctor?

DOC: (SAME) No, I don't - and I count it among my blessings.

ANNCR: ... We're very fortunate tonight in having with us one of the finest orchestras in the State - the Wistful Vista Philharmonic - under the able baton of Maestro William Randolph Mills!
(APPLAUSE) (WILCOX CUE)

ANNCR: The maestro acknowledges the applause - he takes a bow - he --- just a minute, folks, there's a slight disturbance in the pit! Someone is talking to the maestro - he's waving a sheet of music at him! ... Maestro Mills shakes his head and turns away - the man tugs at his coattails - the Maestro ---- but there seems to be a slight argument--

MOL: (WHISPERS) Who is it, Doctor - can you see?

DOC: No, but I can guess! That stupid, clabberheaded, little--

ANNCR: Something very unusual is going on down there! They seem to -- oh oh! Maestro Mills has just thrown down his baton and climbed out of the pit! The other man, -- according to a note just handed me by my assistant, is a Mr. Flabber McSpee -- who has just picked up the baton - raised his hands - here's the downbeat --

ORCHESTRA...MCGEE CONDUCTING...SPECIAL NUMBER ("KISS ME AGAIN")

APPLAUSE: -

SHORT PAUSE

MAN: (OFF) Hey, McGee!

FIB: Yes?

MAN: You got any more music like that?

FIB: Plenty of it, Bud - Why?

MAN: I bought a bond to get in here!

N

FIB: Naturally.

MAN: If I buy another one, can I get out?

FIB: (SORE) Yes, you can, wise guy! And anybody else that don't like it can do the same!

SHORT PAUSE - THEN TERRIFIC UPROAR OF VOICES "GIMME A BOND" ... "GIMME A HUNDRED DOLLAR ONE" ... "ME, TOO" ... "I'LL TAKE A THOUSAND - JUST LEMME OUT".

ORCH : "THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE" - FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: There are so many extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX we're apt sometimes to forget that its first use is to protect and beautify your floors. After all, they get the hardest wear of any part of your home. If a floor isn't beautiful, it's almost impossible to have a lovely, attractive room. On the other hand, a gleaming, richly polished floor sets off your furnishings to their best advantage. So there's every reason to keep all of your floors well polished and well-protected with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Actually, they take on greater beauty with every waxing. The tough film of JOHNSON'S WAX seals the pores of the wood against dirt and moisture, protects the finish itself and thus saves costly refinishing. You need not rewax the entire floor -- you can touch up as often as necessary those areas of extra heavy traffic, such as doorways and the entrance hall. Remember, also, that a JOHNSON-WAXed home is a clean home, and a clean home is more healthful.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....THERE ARE SOME SHOWS YOU CAN'T BUY YOUR WAY OUT OF...EXCEPT AT THE PRICE OF BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS. THERE'S A SHOW LIKE THAT GOING ON IN THE PACIFIC RIGHT NOW.....AND IT'S UP TO US TO BUY AN END TO IT.

MOL: WE CAN DO IT WITH OUR PURCHASES OF WAR BONDS IN THIS MIGHTY SEVENTH WAR LOAN. WE CAN BUY THE GUNS AND SHIPS AND PLANES AND TANKS THAT ARE NEEDED TO OVERWHELM A TOUGH AND DETERMINED ENEMY.

FIB: AND WE CAN BUY MORE THAN THAT. YOUR WAR BOND PURCHASES ARE MERELY LOANS TO YOUR GOVERNMENT. THAT MEANS YOU ARE PURCHASING POSTWAR SECURITY AND A CONTROLLED ECONOMY FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN TO COME HOME TO.

MOL: SO BUY YOUR EXTRA WAR BONDS TODAY. ALL YOU CAN AFFORD... AND A LITTLE MORE. LET'S PROVE THAT WHEN IT COMES TO BUYING BONDS AMERICAN CLOTHING HAS NO POCKETS OF RESISTANCE!

FIB: 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)