

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#27

"FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

APRIL 2, 1946

(REVISED)

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OLD MAN: Better be gittin' to bed, aincha, maw? You gotta lotta harness mendin' to do tomorrow.

OLD LADY: Oh, drat the harness, Lem ~~Snodgrass!~~ Tuesday night's my listenin' night to the raddio. Them horses kin go 'round naked 'fore I'll miss Amos 'n' Andy, an' Bobby Hope, an' Red Skeleton an' --

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry present "FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY" - with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, \ Bea Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. The music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: "I'M NO ANGEL" FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
April 2, 1946

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OPENING COMMERCIAL (ALTERNATE)

WILCOX: From coast to coast there's one job that's getting the play right now -- and I mean that easy job of cleaning and polishing a car with JOHNSON'S CARNU. If you haven't bought yourself ^{tried} a ^{yet} package of CARNU, why not do it this week and be one of those car-owners who is proud to drive down Main Street or Michigan Boulevard or Fifth Avenue. The truth is it's so easy to clean and polish your car with CARNU that you won't mind doing the job yourself. An hour, maybe a little more, is all you need, and the cost is little. But believe me, the results are something to write a song about. Perhaps you don't know that CARNU does two jobs at once -- both cleans and polishes with one application. This wax-fortified polish is a liquid ~~which~~ dries on application to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, all the dirt and road grime and dullness vanish like magic. CARNU gives a super wax-smooth finish that doesn't offer much of a foothold to dust and dirt, which you can wipe off occasionally with surprising ease. Isn't that enough to ^{How about trying} make you want to try JOHNSON'S CARNU on your car -- this week?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WIL: THEY SAY A SUCCESSFUL INVENTOR IS A MAN WITH AN IDEA AND A GOOD LAWYER.

WELL, HERE'S A MAN WITH AN IDEA.

SO, IF THERE'S A LAWYER WHO'D LIKE TO SPEND HIS TIME BETWEEN WASHINGTON, WISTFUL VISTA AND FRUSTRATION, LET HIM CONTACT MR. MCGEE, OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Now lemme see...if I increase the tension on the spring, it oughtta reject much quicker...

SOUND: TINKERING:

FIB: Ohhhh, I had a little squirrel and his name was Pat I saw him in the park and I caught him in my hat A generous little critter, I'll tell you what he'd do He'd bring acorns to me, and nuts to you...(TINKERING) Ohhhh, I had a little goat and his name was Nelly --

SOUND: TINKERING:

FIB: You know, Molly, this 's the gadget that's gonna pay off the mortgage on the old homestead!

MOL: MmmmmHmmm.

FIB: Yessir...the minute the General Motors crowd gets a gander at this thing, we're gonna spend the rest of our lives on the French Riveera.

MOL: You mean we're going to be run out of town?

FIB: I mean we're gonna be rich millionaires, baby. I can just see young Henry Ford come up to me, put his hand on my shoulder and say did you see my screw driver any place?

MOL: What would you be doing with Henry Ford's screwdriver?
FIB: I didn't mean his. I meant mine. Did you see it
anyplace?
MOL: It's sticking out of your right rear pocket, sweetheart.
Just make like Billy the Kid, go for your shootin'-arn,
and you'll have it.
FIB: Oh oh yeah. Thanks...Now lemme see....
SOUND: TINKERING
FIB: If I suspend the---
MOL: McGee.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: I don't like to be nose, but considering that I'm vice
president in charge of putting the house back together
when you get thru working, may I ask just what you think
you're doing?
FIB: MY GOSH, KID...YOU MEAN I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU?
MOL: In words of one syllable, "no".
FIB: Oh, I'M sorry. It's a new kind of a automobile ignition
switch. Greatest thing I ever invented. We're gonna be
so high in the income tax brackets, we'll have to move
to a smaller place. Can't afford this any more.
MOL: I see--

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FIB: I didn't mean his. I meant mine. Did you see it
anyplace?
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FIB: Oh, I'M sorry. It's a new kind of a automobile ignition
switch. Greatest thing I ever invented. We're gonna be
so high in the income tax brackets, we'll have to move
to a smaller place. Can't afford this any more.
MOL: I see--

FIB: You know why most automobiles get stolen?
MOL: Yes. By people leaving their car keys in the ignition.
FIB: EXACTLY! WITH THE MCGEE PERFECTO-REJECTO IGNITION LOCK, you CAN'T leave keys in your car. Turn off the ignition and the key jumps gently out the lock into your hand.
MOL: Well, I don't see - (PAUSE) WHY MCGEE, THAT'S WONDERFUL! How does it work?
FIB: Look. I haven't quite got the right spring for it yet, but I can give you an idea. Now watch. I turn the key to the right. Like this. (CLICK) Now the ignition is on, see?
MOL: Yes, Mr. Kettering.
FIB: Kettering never had an idea as good as this one. NOW WATCH...I TURN THE IGNITION KEY OFF...TO THE LEFT, LIKE THIS....
SOUND: CLICK: "SPANNGGGG"....THUD:
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS.....It whizzed right past my ear!
FIB: Too strong a spring.
MOL: It certainly is. If you can figure a way to AIM that thing, it would make a marvelous duck gun.
FIB: If I could only get the right size spring for it, it'd be perfect. I took the one out of my electric razor but -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!
DOOR OPEN:
MOL: Oh Hello, Doctor Gamble.
DOC: Hello, Molly. And a very good day to you, Lardbucket.
FIB: Hiyah, Lance a Lot. Stolen any tonsils today? Or have your patients learned to keep their mouths shut when you show up?
DOC: All of them but you, Double-drip. What are you doing with the ignition switch? Practising lock picking?
MOL: (PROUDLY) He's working on an invention, Doctor.
DOC: Whose?
FIB: MINE!
DOC: A likely story!
FIB: NOW! JUST A DARN MINUTE, ARROWSMITH --
MOL: Tell the Doctor all about it McGee. In simple terms, so all three of us will understand it.
FIB: Okay. Maybe I better give you a little background first, Doc. (PAUSE) No, on second thought, you don't need any more background. You got so much now you have to send a friend back for your handkerchief.
DOC: Look who's talking! If all your bulges were muscles, Minstrel Boy, you'd be the strongest end-man in history. Now what is this world-shaking device which you have probably plagiarised from Popular Mechanics?
MOL: It's an ignition lock for automobiles, Doctor. When you turn off the ignition, it throws the key at you. SO, instead of losing your car, you just lose an eye.

FIB: Well, whaddye think, Doc?
DOC: Let me get this straight, Genius. You turn the key in the ignition..
MOL: SHOW HIM, McGee.
FIB: Yeah..LOOK, DOC. I haven't got the right spring for it yet, but this'll give you the idea. NOW THE IGNITION IS TURNED ON, SEE? (CLICK)
DOC: Yes.
FIB: Now, I turn it off and the key will jump outa the lock. Watch.
SOUND: CLICK: WHANGGGGGGGG. SLAP:
DOC: OUCH! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, YOU LITTLE CUT-THROAT? YOU HIT ME RIGHT IN THE NOSE WITH THAT KEY!
MOL: Oh, I'M sorry, Doctor....
FIB: Hmmm. Spring is still a little strong. Well, whaddye think, Fatso?

DOC: Much as I hate to admit it, Fiddlefoot, I think you may ^{it might stop our young steers} have something there. Although I sometimes think it would help if papas and mamas would teach their offspring that car stealing is larceny, and larceny is frowned upon, socially. Or am I just being an old fuddy duddy?
MOL: No, you're quite right, Doctor. Have you got to go now?
DOC: Yes, I'm due in my office in ten minutes. I have to treat a ten year old child.
FIB: For what, Doc?
DOC: Thirst. I have to treat her to a chocolate soda. She's my niece. 'Bye now.
FIB: Goodnight, Doctor.
MOL: Goodnight, doctor, and don't-- OH NO NO, NOT THAT DOOR!!
FIB: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS--
SOUND: CUPBOARD EFFECT: BELL TINKLE: (PAUSE)
FIB: Imagine that! ^{Here it is Spring} I haven't cleaned out that closet yet!
ORCH: "WE'LL GATHER LILACS"
APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TINKERING:

FIB: (SINGS) Oh, I had a young chameleon and his name was Lew,
 Could change to any color that he wanted to
 When I think how he died, my eyes get full o' tears
 Tried to match a fancy Easter egg and stripped all his
 gears.

SOUND: TINKERING:

FIB: Ohhhh, I had a little goat and his name was Nelly..

SOUND: TINKERING:

MOL: How's it coming, Pet?

FIB: I almost got it. Boy, I hope that Detroit crowd don't
 get wind of this before I gotta chance to patent it.
 Them guys would--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: If that's General Motors, shall I ask him in?

FIB: Sure...we might as well start dickering now as later.

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mrs. Carstairs...do come in, Millicent!

DOOR CLOSE:

CARST: Thank you, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Hope you don't mind if I go on workin'
 while you two girls chitter the chatter.

CARST: Not at all, Mr. McGee. I never interfere between a man
 and his hobbies.

MOL: And himself here has certainly got 'em, Millicent.
 Loves to tinker around. And such an ambitious tinker.

FIB: What was that again, tootsie?

MOL: I said you were a tinker. An AMBITIOUS one.

FIB: Oh. (SOUND OF TINKERING)

CARST: Would it be too, too inquisitive of me, Mr. McGee, to
 ask what you are working on?

MOL: Of course not, Millicent. It's an automobile ignition
 lock. One that you can't leave your key in. Which
 means that you are not inviting youngsters to steal it.

FIB: Gonna cut down juvenile delinquency by quite a lot,
 Carsty.

CARST: Goodness, and after all you have ALREADY done to
 cut down juvenile delinquency, Mr. McGee!

MOL: What did he do, Millicent?

CARST: He grew up.

FIB: (PLEASED) Well, gee...thanks, Carsty. LOOK, LEMME SHOW
YOU HOW THIS THING WORKS. I TURN ON THE IGNITION, SEE?
(CLICK) NOW WHEN I TURN IT OFF, THE KEY WILL JUMP RIGHT
OUTA THE LOCK. Watch.

SOUND: CLICK. SPANNNNNGGGGGG. CLASS TINKLE:

MOL: Good shot, McGee! Right through the window.

CARST: Do you plan on selling a bullet proof vest with each lock, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Oh this is just a workin' model, Carsty. Spring is too strong. HEY, DO YOU THINK YOUR OLD MAN WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THROWIN' SOME DOUGH BEHIND THIS THING, CARSTY?

CARST: I really couldn't say, Mr. McGee. But I'm sure your ignition lock will interest him. He forgot and left his keys in his car last night, and they were there all night.

MOL: Heavenly days, Millicent. Was his car stolen?

CARST: No, fortunately, he forgot and stayed in the car all night himself. Well, good day, my dear, and Mr. McGee.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Trouble with women is they got no head for business. Now lemme see,,,I wonder if this spring will do the trick.....

MOL: ,Where'd you get that one?

FIB: Outa the vacuum cleaner.

MOL: OUT OF MY JUST-BEFORE-THE-WAR NEW VACUUM CLEANER? MCGEE THAT MACHINE COST US 85 DOLLARS!

FIB: Yes and I think we got gypped, too. I took one little steel spring out of it and it fell apart like takin' the toothpick out of a club sandwich. Shoddy workmanship!

MOL: Oh dear...my good vacuum cleaner!

FIB: Forget it. I'm gonna clean up so much dough on this invention, you can hire a thousand midgets to clean the carpet with whisk brooms. New lemme see.....

SOUND: TINKERING

FIB: OHHHHHH, I had a little goat and his name was Nelly....

MOL: Oh McGee.

FIB: EH?

MOL: When you can spare a minute, see if you can do something about the mixmaster. I can't make it work. *and I want to*

FIB: It'll work okay when I put the spring back into it. I *take it* was tryin' it out on this ignition lock.

MOL: WHAT? OH MCGEE....YOU'LL HAVE EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE TORN TO PIECES.

FIB: If you are referring to ~~the electric toaster~~, the alarm clock, and the washing machine, I'll have 'em put back together again before you can say "you and who else".

Now lemme see....*pl*

SOUND: TINKERING: SPANGGGGG.....THUD: SMALL CLATTER:

FIB: Nope. Still too strong. HEY WHAT HAVE WE GOT AROUND HERE WITH A WEAK SPRING INTO IT?

MOL: My knees, now that you've started dismantling all of our utilities. My goodness, I don't ---

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. Going bowling tonight?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Can't bowl tonight, Juney. Gonna stay home and work on my ignition lock.

WIL: What's the matter with it?

MOL: Nothing, except that it thinks it's pitching for Brooklyn, Mr. Wilcox. Don't stand in front of it unless you want your throat fitted with a keyhole.

FIB: Aww, it ain't that bad, kiddo. I admit it rejects the key with too much force right now, but when I get the right strength spring.....

WIL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

MOL: Oh, himself here is inventing a new ignition lock for automobiles, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Gonna cut down car stealing, Junior. On account of it'll MAKE people take their car keys outa the ignition.

WIL: How will it?

MOL: Wait till I crawl under the davenport and then show him, dearie.

FIB: Look, son. Here's the idea. WHEN I TURN THE KEY TO THE LEFT, SEE...(CLICK) IT SHUTS OFF THE IGNITION AND A SPRING FORCES THE KEY OUTA THE LOCK. NOW WATCH.

SOUND: CLICK (PAUSE)

FIB: Hmm. Must be stuck, because I--

SOUND: SPANNNNGGGG, SLAP

FIB: OUCH...OOOHHHHH!

MOL: Heavenly days, are you hurt, McGee? Where did the key go?

WIL: It's sticking out of his ear. No, the other one. That's it.

FIB: OOOOHH...

WIL: Hey, that's a wonderful idea, pal. Nobody will EVER have their cars stolen now.

MOL: You really think so, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Absolutely! Everybody will be so afraid to turn their ignition off they'll run out of gas, and nobody CAN steal the car.

FIB: OKAY, SCOFF IF YOU WANNA. DERIDE ME. BUT, BY GEORGE --

WIL: OH, THANKS FOR THE REMINDER, PAL!

MOL: Reminder of what, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: When he said By George, I just remembered, I have to go by George Wells' house and give his wife a Glocoat demonstration.
FIB: Yes, but about this ignition lock, Junior. I figure that--
WIL: Incredible as it may seem, Mrs. Wells is still using the old fashioned scrub methods on her kitchen linoleum.
FIB: If I can get the proper spring, you can readily see --
WIL: It's hard to imagine any housewife in this day and age not knowing about Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.
FIB: Because a high percentage of car thefts are caused by leaving keys in the ignition, it's a sure thing that--
WIL: With all the advertising we've done and everything, about how Glocoat shines as it dries, protects and preserves new linoleum and brings old and faded linoleum back to life again, why gee whizz--
FIB: It's just an invitation for youngsters to go steal a car. And when that happens...
WIL: ...Pour a little out, spread it around, let it dry for 20 minutes or less and there it is! A gleaming, protective coating that sneers at dust and dirt and dampness. Spilled things wipe right up, and--
FIB: -- Get the right strength of a spring and that's all there is to it. Whaddye think, Waxey?
WIL: About what, Pal?
FIB: About what? About what we--

MOL: Just skip it, both of you. Neither one of you has heard a word the other one has said. Have a slug of tea, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: No thanks, Molly. I've got to be going...and incidentally...er...how long have we been acquainted?
FIB: Startin' the 12th year next week, Waxey.
MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: I just wondered. Don't you think you know me well enough now, Molly, to call me Harlow?
MOL: (VERY COY) Well, my goodness...I...it seems sort of... well, if you really want me to.....Harlow.
WIL: THAT'S IT! GREAT! WELL, GOOD LUCK WITH THAT THING, PAL.
FIB: Thanks, Junior.
MOL: Goodnight, Mr. Wilcox.
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: Hey, Waxey must be slipping. He didn't say anything about Glocoat!
MOL: Yes he did, dearie. But you were too busy with your own sales pitch to hear him. By the way...where are you getting all the car keys that you've been shooting around?
FIB: I stopped at a locksmith downtown and gotta handful of 'em. But it's the spring that worries me. Gotta be just the right tension. Now what could I take one out of that--
MOL: I can think of six things you can put the springs back into. The vacuum cleaner, the mixmaster, the alarm clock, the washing machine, the toaster and the phonograph.

FIB: And none of 'em worked. Get your hat and coat, Molly.
Let's go down to that new fixit shop on the corner of
14th and Oak and see if they ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

OLD M: Hello, kids.

MOL: Oh hello there Old Timer. Have a chair.

OLD M: Can't stay but a minute, daughter. Hey, what ye doin'
there, Johnny?

FIB: Workin' on an invention of mine, Old Timer.

OLD M: Eh?

MOL: He says he's --

OLD M: Workin' on an invention, eh?

FIB: Yup.

OLD M: What kind of an invention?

FIB: Well, it's a --

OLD M: EH?

MOL: He started to say it's a --

OLD M: OH, NEW KIND OF IGNITION LOCK EH? GOOD FOR YOU, JOHNNY.

MOL: Yes, you see he expects to --

OLD M: Eh?

FIB: She said I expect to --

OLD M: WELL I SHOULD THINK IT WOULD, JOHNNY! OUGHT TO BE
TERRIFIC DEMAND FER 'EM! OUGHTA SELL LIKE HOT
CAKES! OUGHT TO BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT! OUGHT TO
BE A LAW THET EVERY MOTORIST HAS TO HAVE ONE! OUGHT
TO BE A.....er.....hey, what are they good for?

FIB: They stop people from leaving the keys in the car.
I call it the McGee PERFECTO-REJECTO IGNITION LOCK.
And it's gonna make me so much dough I'll be sending
telegrams without even counting the words!

OLD M: Heh heh heh.....that's pretty good, Johnny. But that
ain't the way I heered it.

MOL: Oh dear....

OLD M: The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller,
"SAYYYYYYY", he says, "I HEAR WHERE RUSSIA'S MAKIN'
IT KINDA TOUGH FER THEM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS". "YES",
says tother feller, "LOOKS LIKE THEIR CUTTIN' OFF THEIR
NEWS TO SPITE THEIR FUSS!" Heh heh heh.....Well, see
you later, kids!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "TAVERN IN THE TOWN" .. KING'S MEN

SOUND: TRAFFIC - ESTABLISH AND FADE:

MOL: Well, let's get on with your spring song, Mendelssohn.

Where ^{did you say} do you think you can find one?FIB: ^{In that area} I dunno. But there's a fix-it shop around the corner that

seems to have everything. Horatio K. Boomer runs it.

Remember him?

MOL: Oh sure, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Yeah, I took that fryin' pan of yours in there to be mended -
and you know what he says?

MOL: What did he say?

FIB: He says, "I can fix it all right, but you oughta be ashamed of
yourself for lettin' this banjo get in such bad shape!"MOL: Well, he was right. All I could ever play on it was "Home on
the Range". But, maybe he can -- OH, HERE COMES MAYOR LA
TRIVIA! YOO HOO...HELLO THERE, MAYOR!

GALE: (FADE IN) Good afternoon, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Politoco. What you doing out in the hot sun when
everything is so shady in the City Hall?

GALE: There is nothing shady in MY city hall, McGee. And you know it.

MOL: Of course he knows it, Your Honor. He says himself we have
the finest city officials that money can't buy.

FIB: Just kiddin', La Triv. You out for a walk?

GALE: No, I just came from addressing a meeting of the National
Boys' Clubs, McGee. It's their 40th Anniversary this week.
And, if there were more of them, juvenile delinquency wouldn't
be so much of a problem.FIB: You ain't gonna have much of a problem with it from now on
anyway, Bud.MOL: McGee's got an invention that's going to cut down car
stealing, Mr. Mayor.FIB: You betcha! THE MCGEE PERFECTO-REJECTO IGNITION LOCK,
LA TRIV. Turn off the ginition and the key jumps out
into your hand.

GALE: SPLENDID IDEA, MCGEE. SPLENDID! Tell me all about it --

FIB: Well, in the first pl --

GALE: -- sometime. I've got to get over to the University
Club right now. I have ten tickets on a raffle they're
holding.MOL: Isn't that nice! I think every man ought to have a
rifle.

GALE: RAFFLE, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: We heard you, La Triv. What caliber is it?

GALE: IT ISN'T ANY CALIBER. They are raffling off a wrist
watch.

MOL: Have your choice, do you, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: Take my advice and skip the wrist watch, La Triv. A
rifle will give you a lot more pleasure.GALE: NOW JUST A MINUTE! I EVIDENTLY DID NOT MAKE MYSELF
UNDERSTOOD. MY CLUB IS HOLDING A RAFFLE FOR A WRIST
WATCH. IS THAT CLEAR?MOL: Certainly. Though a wrist watch for a rifle would be
much better exchange.FIB: Like to see it when you get it, La Triv. If you win,
of course.

GALE: Be glad to show it to you, McGee. I'll be wearing it.

MOL: WEARING IT! STRAPPED OVER YOUR SHOULDER, YOU MEAN?

GALE: CERTAINLY NOT. ON MY WRIST.

FIB: That's pretty silly, La Triv. I can understand wearing a pistol on your hip, but a rifle on your wrist would be -

GALE: PLEASE! I AM NOT WATCHING A RIFFLE. I MEAN WEARING A WATCHFUL...ER...RIFLE. I MERELY SAID THAT MY CLUB IS RIFLING A WATCH-HOLD...er....HOLDING A MATCHEL.....ER RITCHEL.....

MOL: Mr. Mayor.

GALE: YES?

MOL: Don't you think you have a pretty excitable temperament to be walking around town with a rifle? My goodness, if you ever got into an argument with somebody --

FIB: I ALWAYS SAY THAT A GUY THAT CARRIES A GUN IS BEGGIN' FOR TROUBLE, LA TRIV. LEAVE THE RIFLE AT HOME AND --

GALE: (SHOUTS) STOP TALKING ABOUT GOONS, YOU LITTLE GUN...ER... GUNS, YOU LITTLE.....LOOK!!! I MERELY HAPPENED TO MENTION A RUFFLE FOR A RICHWICH...ER...A RIMPLE FOR A WATCHGUN... ER.....SHOTWRIST....AND YOU....I MEAN I NEVER SAID A WORD ABOUT CARRYING A GOOFLE...ER...RIFFLING A WATCHEL.... YOU SAID....I ONLY....IT DIDN'T....YOU...WE....UGH.....

(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: I think you're right. I think I'll get a rifle.

MOL: OH GOOD FOR YOU, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: Swell. Lemme see it, williya? I always get a bang out of a new gun.

GALE: You will out of this one -- if I hang for it. Good day!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

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FIB: You know, I'm surprised he's such a successful politician. The way he goes around picking arguments with people, is -- HEY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: About half past. Why?

FIB: My gosh, I gotta get to the fix-it shop before they close. COME ON!

SOUND: WALKING FAST

FIB: Here we are....right here.

DOOR OPENS

BOOM: Ah yes, come right in - it'll take about six weeks, but don't worry, I can fix it.

FIB: Why 6 weeks, Boomer?

BOOM: Purely psychological son. Anybody that can wait 6 weeks can wait a year, and don't think they won't.

MOL: Heavenly days, look at the old printing press! It looks like you've been printing dollars bills on that machine, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: (LAUGHS) Just stage money, Madame, just stage money.

FIB: It looks pretty legitimate to me, bud.

BOOM: Mighty glad to hear you say that, my boy. As soon as it dries I'm goin' across town and buy a little theatre with it....Now then -- What was it you said you wanted?

FIB: I'm workin' on a new invention, ^{Boomer} bud. I need a spring that --

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BOOM: SPRING, EH? AH YES...WE HAVE A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY, MY
BOY. NOW LET ME SEE...WHERE DID I PUT THOSE SPRINGS...
SAW THEM RIGHT HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO...OR WAS THAT
THURSDAY...

MOL: The spring he needs is one about this long and--

BOOM: DON'T TELL ME, MADAM. TAKES ALL THE FUN-OUT OF IT. NOW
LET ME SEE...Here's an interesting item, friends. Antique
cuckoo clock. Man wants the cuckoo taken out and a duck
put in, instead.

FIB: That's pretty silly. Who wants a clock that quacks at
you?

BOOM: This is for a doctor's office. NOW THEN...WHAT WAS IT
YOU WANTED, FOLKS?

MOL: A small spring. About this long.

FIB: And about this wide. Not too strong...not too weak.

BOOM: How about this one, right here?

FIB: (EXCITED) THAT'S IT, BUD!..THAT'S PERFECT! JUST WHAT I
WANTED. CAN I GET A FEW MORE?

BOOM: MANY AS YOU WANT, FRIEND.

MOL: How many have you got?

BOOM: MILLIONS OF 'EM. GOTTA CARLOAD. PICKED 'EM UP AT A
BANKRUPTCY SALE JUST LAST WEEK.

FIB: OH, THIS IS WONDERFUL! WHO'D YOU GET 'EM FROM, IN CASE
I NEED MORE?

BOOM: DON'T KNOW HIS NAME. SORT OF AN INVENTOR. WENT BROKE
TRYING TO PROMOTE AN IGNITION SWITCH THAT WOULD PUSH
THE CAR KEY OUT WHEN YOU SHUT OFF THE MOTOR. er...

PARDON ME, MADAM...I THINK YOUR FATHER IS ILL!

ORCH: "ALL THRU THE DAY" ... FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
April 2, 1946

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, I sometimes ^{feel sort of unnecessary} ~~have a rather superfluous feeling.~~
Because it's a fact that JOHNSON'S WAX is its own best
salesman. Once you've seen what a lovely mellow
radiance it gives, you won't be satisfied till you've
used JOHNSON'S WAX all through your home. Besides
your floors, you'll want to wax polish your table tops,
for instance. JOHNSON'S WAX brings out the natural
grain so beautifully, and gives the surface such a
lovely smooth lustre. You'll want to wax polish your
furniture because the wax makes it glow and sparkle so
handsomely. You'll find that your leather articles
and picture frames and a hundred extra things when
JOHNSON WAXED have an infinitely richer appearance.
They are protected too, by the same tough film of wax
that preserves their beauty. And of course, satin
smooth waxed surfaces are just about the easiest things
in the world to keep clean and shining, so you have
more time off to enjoy your lovelier home. Try JOHNSON'S
WAX yourself...Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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~~superfluous feeling.~~

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m.

T A G

MOL: McGee...haven't you got my vacuum cleaner back together yet?

FIB: Have it finished in a jiffy, kidd. (TINKERING)

THERE WE ARE; PLUG IT IN AND I'LL TRY IT.

MOL: All right. (PAUSE) Okay..turn it on.

SOUND: CLICK

ORCH: LOUD AND FURIOUS FEW BARS OF "CHICKERY CHICK": VACUUM CLEANER..OUT ABRUPTLY:

MOL: Heavenly days...what was that?

FIB: (LAUGHS) My mistake, I guess. Put the spring outa the phonograph into the vacuum cleaner.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

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

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS N.B.C. -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(C H I M E S)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESL

NBC - TUESDAY