

(REVISED)

#31

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

APRIL 30, 1946

(REVISED)

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WIL: 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 Kings Men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: "WHEN WE MEET AGAIN" ... FADE FOR



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY NBC  
APRIL 30, 1946

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: April showers are <sup>still</sup> busy-working on May flowers, and that's very nice. But April showers also bring something not so nice - trouble for your kitchen floor. Wet, muddy feet come in with the grocery boy and the milkman and the children home from school. That means a lot of extra work, if your floors aren't wax-polished with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Of course, if your floors are kept sparkling with a beautiful GLO-COAT polish, you don't have to worry about a little thing like wet footprints. A damp cloth quickly wipes up dirt and spilled things from a GLO-COATED floor, leaving it clean and beautiful, its colors bright and fresh. And JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT also saves you work in other ways. It needs no rubbing or buffing. Just spread it on the floor and let it dry. GLO-COAT does all the work. In 20 minutes your floor is protected with a long-lasting, shining polish. Naturally, this protection makes your linoleum last much longer, too. Try it... but be sure to ask for the real thing: JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: IT'S A WISE WOMAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO TURN OFF THE HEAT WHEN HER HUSBAND COMES TO A BOIL. LISTEN TO MRS. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA LOWERING THE FLAME UNDER HER SO-CALLED BETTER HALF, AS WE JOIN ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: AND, while I have no idea just what got you into such a temper dearie, I'm sure you are justified.

FIB: WELL, BY GEORGE --

MOL: - knowing you as I do...I realize that that something must have happened downtown today that annoyed you.

FIB: ANNOYED ME!! IF I EVER --- IF THEM STUMBLEBUMS -- I DON'T --

MOL: So, if you'd care to tell me all about it, and I'm sure you do, I think it might do you good. Let me take your walking stick.

FIB: It ain't a walking stick. It's an umbrella.

MOL: Where's the rest of it, then?

FIB: I dunno. I was slappin' trees with it all the way home.

MOL: But why?

FIB: Well, you've heard of the SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF BARBER SHOP QUARTET SINGING IN AMERICA, Incorporated.

MOL: Yes. What about it?

FIB: Well, they have a convention every year to find the best barber shop quartet. The Wistful Vista Elks are gonna send one.

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MOL: Isn't that wonderful?

FIB: WHAT'S WONDERFUL ABOUT IT? BY GEORGE, WHEN POLITICS AND INFLUENCE KEEPS THE BEST POSSIBLE MAN FROM SINGIN' TOP TENOR AND NOMINATES A GUY THAT SINGS LIKE THE NOON WHISTLE ON A FERTILIZER FACTORY, I GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO RESIGN FROM THE ELKS! And I would too, if I wasn't six months behind in my dues.

MOL: Who was selected to sing top tenor?

FIB: A guy who's got a voice like a worn brake drum, that's who. DOC GAMBLE, THAT'S WHO!

MOL: Do I understand that you think YOU should have been picked as first tenor?

FIB: (SURPRISED) Why of course! Who else? You've heard me sing. Is there any doubt in your mind that I make Gamble sound like a rusty nail bein' pulled out of a piano crate?

MOL: What mental reservations I might have, Dearie, are completely submerged by my matrimonial loyalty.

FIB: YOU'RE DARN RIGHT! I CAN SING RINGS ROUND THAT BULLFROG!

MOL: Who are the other members of this shave-and-a-haircut glee club?

FIB: Harlow Wilcox, Wallace Wimple and La Trivia.

MOL: Didn't Mr. Wilcox used to sing in Chataugua?

FIB: He claims he did. Personally I don't think any of the four of 'em could sing their way out of an unlocked bathroom. I'M the only trained, professional singer in the whole club. I sang for --

DOOR CHIME:

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MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiya, Wimp. I hear you been selected for the barber shop quartette at the Elks.

WIMP: Yes, ish't it wonderful! And to think we might go to the National Convention. Tell me, do men take their wives to conventions?

MOL: No, Mr. Wimple. Conventions are places where men go to let their hair down while they still have some. If this quartet goes to the annual convention in Cleveland next June, Mr. Wimple, will your wife let you go, do you think?

WIMP: Oh, I've got that all fixed, Mrs. McGee. She's going on ahead and meet me in Salt Lake City.

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE...THE CONVENTION IS IN CLEVELAND!

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Yes....I know that....but she doesn't.

MOL: It's too bad she isn't more reasonable, Mr. Wimple. Doesn't she love you?

WIMP: Oh, I think she does, Mrs. McGee....in her big, old, quiet way. Yesterday when we were walking along the street, she suddenly reached down and chucked me under the chin.

FIB: Did she really, Wimp?

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WIMP: Yes. Under the chin of a horse that happened to be passing by.

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wimple....were you trampled underfoot?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) No, I was awfully lucky about that, I guess. I recognized the horse immediately as one I used to bet on at the races. So, quick as a flash, I reached up and put a two-dollar bill on his nose and he stopped dead. I KNEW what the beast would do if I had any money on him! Well, see you later, folks.

DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: "SOUVENIR"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

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FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Those dumbbells...them short-sighted wise guys...pickin' a Johnny one-note like Doc Gamble, instead of a natural tenor like me...of all the stupid, assinine, deliberate --

MOL: Oh, forget it, McGee. Doctor Gamble was selected by the committee fairly and squarely, so be a sport about it.

FIB: IT AIN'T A MATTER OF SPORTSMANSHIP. IT'S A MATTER OF WHO IS THE BEST TOP TENOR. AND DOC GAMBLE CAN'T SING "DON'T FENCE ME IN" WITHOUT PETRILLO SENDIN' HIM A DOZEN PICKETS. IF HE EVER --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: OH, HELLO THERE, DOCTOR GAMBLE. We were just talking about you. That is, McGee was. Weren't you, dearie.

FIB: Yes.

DOC: That's nice.

MOL: You think so?

FIB: I was just remarking, Doctor, that I didn't know how you were gonna be able to go to the Barber Shop Quartet convention in Cleveland this June...with all your medical work here...and all.

DOC: Don't worry about me, Bughead. I am combining it with a medical convention in Detroit. I can go from "Hold That Tiger" to "Let Go That Cirrhosis" with no trouble whatsoever.



MOL: Himself here has generously suggested to me that if you found you couldn't make it, Doctor...he might fill in for you. He sings tenor too, you know.

DOC: Does he indeed?

FIB: YOU KNOW DARN WELL I DO, YOU BIG FOUR-FLUSHER. AND IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR RANK FAVORITISM-- (PAUSE) (LAUGHS) Oh, what am I saying? You sing a lot better than I do, Doc.

DOC: That's what everyone says.

MOL: Let's hear a little sample of your work, Doctor. I'll be glad to accompany you on the piano.

FIB: Yeah....she used to teach piano in Peoria, Doc.

MOL: John Charles Thomas studied with me, Doctor.

DOC: Did he really?

MOL: Not he. THEY. John Hansen, Charles Makowski and Thomas Noggofreen. With what I taught them, they've really made good.

DOC: Are they singers?

MOL: No, they're piano movers. Do these Barber Shop Quartets have names, boys?

FIB: Oh, sure. They've had some wonderful names at them conventions. There was the WAIT'LL-YOU-HEAR-US FOUR --

DOC: The CLEF DWELLERS --

FIB: THE SHAVING MUGGS --

DOC: The name I always liked was THE WE OFTEN WONDER WHAT WE ARE SINGING, FOUR. And incidentally, Molly...the use of a piano is forbidden.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...EVEN FOR REHEARSING?

FIB: Yep, so Doc's gotta get used to just a pitch pipe. As it happens, Arrowsmith, I got my old pitch pipe right here with me.

SOUND: PITCH PIPE

DOC: Is that thing supposed to give a pitch? I can strike a truer note than that by snapping my garters.

MOL: Oh, I think that's a pretty true note, myself, Doctor.

FIB: Trouble with you, Lance-A-Lot, you're tone deaf. And I can fix it.

DOC: How, Chiselwit?

FIB: I'm going to train you!

DOC: YOU...TRAIN ME? Isn't that a little like Mickey Rooney training Lionel Barrymore?

MOL: Oh now don't brush it off, Doctor. McGee was a public entertainer, you know. He really knows quartet singing. He says.

DOC: Well, never let it be said that I was allergic to education. What would you suggest, Bucklewart?

FIB: First, Doctor....gimme a good sweet clear tone. Take it from this.

SOUND: PITCH PIPE

DOC: (SINGS) "DEAR OLD GIRL, THE ROBIN SINGS ABOVE----"

FIB: NOPE, NOPE NOPE....YOU GOTTA LOOSEN UP, DOC, OLD MAN. YOU AIN'T GETTIN ANY EMOTION INTO IT. Look....Maybe we make you nervous....

MOL: We make HIM nervous!

DOC: Well, what am I supposed to --



FIB: Here...take this pitch pipe. And believe me, you're the only guy in this whole world I'd lend it to, too. That's what I think of you, Doc.

DOC: You know what I think of you?

FIB: No, and I don't want to. Might embarrass me.

MOL: You said it.

FIB: Now look, Doc...take this pitch pipe, see...and go into the dining room. Shut the door and practice gettin' off to a clean start....like this. (PITCH PIPE) (SINGS) "DEAR OLD GIRL, THE ROBIN SINGS ABOVE YOU...." Get the idea?

DOC: My boy....I've done you an injustice. You have a very good voice. Thanks very much. And if I begin to disturb you, let me know.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee. I'm proud of you!

FIB: Eh? What for?

MOL: I think it's wonderful how you conquered your resentment and acted like a sportsman.

FIB: Shucks, it's nothing that any red-blooded American boy wouldn't do, if he had the idea in the back of his mind that I got. I gotta notion that --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks, Hey, you going to be at the Elks tonight Pal, to hear our quartet?

MOL: He wouldn't miss it for all the ham in Hollywood, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Matter of fact, Junior, I'm training Doc Gamble. For a so-called top tenor he needs a lot of coaching.

WIL: He does? I thought Doc was in pretty good voice.

MOL: Well, McGee ought to know Mr. Wilcox. He's a veteran quartet singer. He's sung "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" so often somebody has to accompany him on a cream separator. Didn't you used to sing in Chatauqua, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah. Baritone.

FIB: Why'd you give it up, Junior? Tent begin to leak, or something?

WIL: No, it was the IMPERMANANCE that got me, I think.

MOL: The imwhatinence?

WIL: The IMPERMANANCE. The TEMPORARY feeling of it all. Put up the tent. Take it down. Put it up. Take it down. Camp chairs...sawdust on the floors. Matter of fact, I think it was those sawdust floors that really did it.

FIB: Whaddye mean, Junior? said he, winking at his wife.

WIL: Well, every time I'd go home, and see our beautiful waxed floors and furniture, the more unhappy I got with tent shows. Then I got a job selling Johnson's Wax. And I've been happy ever since.

MOL: I know exactly how you feel, Mr. Wilcox. I have always -

WIL: You know, I NEVER got the artistic satisfaction out of singing that I do out of a gleaming, Johnson Waxed floor. Or woodwork that glistens with cleanliness and cheerfulness.



FIB: And Johnson's Wax.  
WIL: Yeah, I may have given enjoyment to a few people with singing - although opinions on that are not what you might call unanimous - but NOBODY has ever been disappointed by Johnson's Wax. The way it protects and preserves things against dust and dampness, and the feeling of good housekeeping and hospitality it gives a home is -

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: SAY, MCGEE, HOW DOES....oh hello there Harlow.  
WIL: Hiya, Doc. I hear Fibber is coaching you.  
MOL: Getting along all right, Doctor?  
DOC: Yes, but I'd better quit now. I've got some office calls to -  
FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T DOC. YOU AIN'T DOING THIS JUST FOR ME. YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN THIS FOR THE ELKS...AND FOR THE OLD HOME TOWN!  
DOC: Yes, but -  
FIB: YOU GET RIGHT BACK IN THERE AND STAY WITH IT. Wait a minute. Lemme hear your tone.  
DOC: Okay.  
SOUND: PITCH PIPE  
DOC: (SINGS) "DEAR OLD GIRL...THE ROBINS SING ABOVE YOU....."  
MOL: I think that's splendid, McGee.  
WIL: Great, Doc!

FIB: IT'S BETTER, DOC...BUT IT AIN'T RIGHT, YET. BRING THEM TONES UP. CLEAR-PEAR SHAPED TONES, YOURS ARE MORE LIKE A PINEAPPLE. AND ANOTHER THING. YOU DON'T ANNUNCIATE DISTINCT. DON'T SAY "THE ROBINS SING ABUVIA"...SAY "THE ROBINS SING A-BOVE....A-YOU! "NOW GET WITH IT, KID!  
DOC: OKAY. (PITCH PIPE) "DEAR OLD GIRL, THE ROBINS --

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: HE'S coming along nicely, don't you think, McGee?  
FIB: Everything will be okay when I get thru with him. You gotta go, Junior?  
WIL: Yeah...see you at the Elks tonight, eh?  
FIB: You betcha. Hey, what's a good hotel in Cleveland?  
WIL: Oh there are several good ones....Why, are you going there?  
FIB: Well, I ain't sure yet, Waxey. May have to go there on business, this summer. HEY...GOTTA GOOD NAME FOR YOUR QUARTET?  
WIL: No, not yet. I suggested "THE S.C. JOHNSON AND SON, INCORPORATED MAKERS OF WAX POLISHES FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY QUARTET" but nobody seemed to go for it. I don't know why. Well, see you tonight.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He doesn't know why. Has he got a pretty good baritone voice, McGee?  
FIB: Frankly, it's brutal. In fact, they named a Broadway play after it.  
MOL: What was that?



FIB: The "Voice of the Turtle".  
MOL: How about Mr. Wimple as a lead?  
FIB: Wimple is the worst of the four. He sings like the dentist was workin' on his teeth.  
MOL: You seem to have a rather low opinion of the whole group.  
FIB: I'd like to have the money they could sue me for if I published it! There ain't a voice in the lot that I'd hire to blow up balloons with.

MOL: Even Mayor La Trivia singing bass?  
FIB: Wel-l-l La Triv ain't so bad. But he's like all bass singers. Gets peeved if every other song ain't "ASLEEP IN THE DEEP". He thinks singin' isn't artistic unless it sounds like somebody had fell down a well.  
MOL: I'm afraid you're a little super-critical, dearie. And--  
DOOR CHIME:  
MOL: COME IN!  
DOOR OPEN:  
MOL: Oh hello there, Mrs. Carstairs. Do come in!  
DOOR SLAM:  
CARST: Thank you, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.  
FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. What's the matter.....you seem kinda perturbed?  
MOL: Something wrong, Millicent?  
CARST: Oh I have just had the most dreadful experience, my dear. Have you ever been chased by a moose?  
FIB: My gosh, Carsty, did a moose chase you? Was it anybody we know? I know a lot of the Moose around here and all the Elks and some of the Lions and Modern Woodmen, but -  
CARST: This, was a REAL moose, Mr. McGee. I had always thought that a moose was just a head on a wooden plaque, but this animal had LEGS. It might interest you to know that I have spent almost all morning in a pine tree!  
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MILLICENT, WHERE WERE YOU? HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



CARST: Well, it disturbs my husband when I practice my trombone at home, my dear, so --

FIB: My gosh....you play the trombone, Carsty?

CARST: Oh yes. I took up the trombone after I had a rather painful experience being pinched in the stomach by an accordion. So, I usually drive up into the mountains or the woods to practice. I was just warming up on Sugar Blues when CRASHING THRU THE UNDERBRUSH CAME THIS MONSTER!

FIB: Well, what happened, Carsty? Did you leap outa the tree onto his neck and bulldog him?

CARST: No, Mr. McGee, I broke off a small forked branch, took some elastic out of my.... er...cut of my pocketbook, and made a slingshot. And peppered the creature until he went away.

MOL: My goodness, Millicent...what did you use for ammunition?

CARST: I broke the string on my pearl necklace, my dear. It gave me sixty-five shots. 67, counting the diamond clasp. Well, I must get home and replace the elastic in my--er pocketbook. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM

KINGS MEN "MEDLEY"

APPLAUSE

MOL: McGee, if the Elks want to send a quartet to the S.P.B.W.X.Y.Z.J.P.S.D.B.G. convention, why don't they send the King's Men?

FIB: Against the rules. They're professionals. The S.P.E. B.S.Q.S.A. is strictly for amateurs. Hey, I wonder how doc's comin' along, speaking of amateurs.

MOL: Frankly, dearie, he's got me a little worried.

FIB: About what?

MOL: I listened at the dining room door a few minutes ago, and he seems to be having some trouble with his throat.

FIB: Well, my gosh...he's a doctor. Who are we to advise him about his own throat?

MOL: BUT THE QUARTET TONIGHT? WHAT IF HE CAN'T MAKE IT?

FIB: Oh he'll make it all right. All he needs is to keep on singin'. Loosen it up. Look at all the opera singers. They're practicing ALL the time. My gosh he --

DOOR OPEN

DOC: (HAVING TROUBLE WITH VOICE; CLEARS THROAT AT INTERVALS)  
I say, McGee. I...AHM. I...

FIB: Smatter, Doc?



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DOC: I think I'd better AHEM....I think I've had enough practice if I'm going to be any good tonight. (CLEARS THROAT) Don't you?

MOL: Maybe he HAD better rest a while, McGee.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I'm no slave driver. I'm no Simon McGee. If he needs a rest, he can have it, but I gotta be sure it's necessary. GIMME A SAMPLE, DOC.

DOC: Okay. (PITCH PIPE) (SINGS HOARSELY) DEAR OLD GIRL... THE ROBINS...See, McGee? I'm tightening up!

FIB: GOOD..GOOD...THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO, DOC. YOU KEEP IT UP FOR ANOTHER HALF AN HOUR AND YOU'LL BE SINGIN' LIKE CROSBY.

MOL: But McGee...he might strain it. He already sounds like Andy Devine with a tight collar.

FIB: LOOK, YOU KIDS. WHAT ARE THE VOCAL CHORDS? MUSCLES! WHADDYE DO TO DEVELOP MUSCLES?...YOU EXERCISE 'EM! STAY WITH IT, DOC....REMEMBER THIS IS FOR THE OLD HOME TOWN. BOY! WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU, FELLA! DON'T LET THE OLD LODGE DOWN!

DOC: Yes but what if -

FIB: NOW YOU GET BACK IN THE DINING ROOM THERE AND GIVE IT ANOTHER TWENTY MINUTES. AND DON'T BABY YOURSELF, SEE? SING LOUD! PEAR SHAPED TONES!!...RIGHT FROM THE DIAPHRAGM! GO ON, NOW!

DOC: Well....okay. (PITCH PIPE) "DEAR OLD AHM...GIRL... THE ROBINS..."... (Cough)

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DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, are you sure you're giving him good advice?

FIB: My dear girl, with my vocal experience, I could hardly... YOU KNOW WHAT LAWRENCE TIBBET SAID TO ME ONE DAY IN THE OLD AUDITORIUM THEATRE IN CHICAGO?

MOL: No, what did he say?

FIB: He said "Where is the gentlemen's lounge?" and I said --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

FIB: No, that isn't what I said. Because I didn't happen to be ---

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh it's the Mayor, McGee. Hello, Your Honor.

GALE: Hello, Molly. Good day, McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. All set for the quartet singin' tonight.

GALE: Yes indeed. Looking forward to it. I am a member you know, of the S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A.

FIB: You done much singing, La Trivia?



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GALE: Oh, yes. Quite a bit, McGee. I belonged to the glee club in college, and the coach thought so highly of my singing that he got me an engagement to sing at a dude ranch in Arizona.

MOL: How interesting, your honor. Did you drive out?

GALE: No, I took the train to Flagstaff, and then the coach.

FIB: Then the coach what?

GALE: The stage coach.

MOL: Oh, you were on the stage, too?

GALE: Yes, it was an old one, with six horses.

FIB: Oh, an animal act. Did you ever get to the ranch?

GALE: CERTAINLY. I TOOK THE STAGE TO THE RANCH.

MOL: Well good for you, Mr. Mayor! DID THEY ENJOY IT?

GALE: Did who enjoy what?

FIB: The folks at the ranch. Did they like the act?

GALE: WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT ACT?

MOL: The animal act. The one with six horses you had on the stage.

FIB: Carry your own audience too, La Trivia?

GALE: NO, I DIDN'T. AND I DIDN'T HAVE SIX STAGES ON A HORSE, EITHER. I MEAN SIX HORSES ON A STAGE. THE COACH I WAS REFERRING TO--

MOL: We know. Your singing coach at college.

GALE: Yes...er...NO. I mean the stage coach which took me to the ranch--

FIB: What kind of a lookin' fella was he, La Triv?

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GALE: HE WASN'T A FELLA...ER...A MA-- A PERSON. THIS WAS A CARRIAGE.

MOL: OH, I LIKE TO SEE A MAN WITH A GOOD CARRIAGE. I OFTEN TELL HIMSELF HERE TO THROW HIS SHOULDERS BACK AND --

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A MAN'S CARRIAGE. THIS WAS A COACH WITH WHEELS ON.

FIB: Roller skates, you mean? I had a teacher once who wore stilts, but that was--

GALE: (YELLS) HE DIDN'T WEAR ROLLER STILTS..ER WHEELCOACHES... I MERELY SAID I RODE TO THE HORSE ON SIX RANCHES...ER... THE CARRIAGE HAD SIX COACHES IN...THE...GLUE CLUB...ER... GLEE CLUB WAS...I SAID...YOU...I...(PANTS) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: Remember that traffic ticket you wanted me to fix?

MOL: Yes, your honor.

FIB: Did you fix it?

GALE: No, but I will. I think I can fix it so you'll get at least 90 days. Good afternoon.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days...you think he really will?

FIB: Nah. He was just kidding. He wouldn't-- HEY, I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DOC? HAVEN'T HEARD A SOUND OUT OF HIM FOR QUITE A WHILE. HEY...DOC!

MOL: YOO HOO...OH, DOCTOR!!

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: (HOARSELY) You call me?



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FIB: My gosh, kid....what's the matter? Catching cold?  
DOC: (PAINFULLY) No....I....I guess I overtrained. I can  
hardly...AHM...talk....say nothing of....(CLEARS  
THROAT)....singing. I'll never make it tonight, McGee.  
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....THIS IS TERRIBLE!!!  
FIB: Imagine a thing like this happening? You better call  
the Elks right away, Doc.  
DOC: (HOARSELY) You call 'em....I can only whisper.  
MOL: ISN'T THIS AWFUL!!  
FIB: Hand me the phone, Molly. (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR?  
GIMMY THE ELKS CLUB...QUICK. (PAUSE) HIYA, ELKS CLUB?  
THIS YOU STEVE CADY? FIBBER MCGEE...I GOT BAD NEWS FOR  
YOU, STEVE. DOC GAMBLE OVERTRAINED AND LOST HIS VOICE.  
HE CAN'T SING TONIGHT. EH? WHO....ME? WHY YES, I AM...  
BUT NOT HALF AS GOOD AS DOC. EH? OH I COULDN'T DO THAT,  
STEVE....I'D FEEL TERRIBLE TAKIN' DOC'S PLACE LIKE THAT....  
MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Yes, just like you would if you were made  
president of Standard Oil.  
DOC: Go on, McGee....do it!  
FIB: WHAT SAY, STEVE? WELL, IF YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, I DUNNO  
HOW I CAN REFUSE. IT MEANS DROPPING ALL MY BUSINESS  
AFFAIRS, BUT I'LL MAKE THE SACRIFICE! OKAY STEVE. BE  
RIGHT DOWN! BYE. (CLICK) Hey Molly....gimme my hat!  
Hey Doc....gimme my pitch pipe! They want me to sing  
top tenor. See you later, folks!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

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(PAUSE)

DOC: It takes so little to make some people happy, doesn't  
it?  
MOL: Yes, I....WHY DOCTOR....YOUR VOICE! IT'S CLEARED UP!  
WERE YOU FAKING ALL THIS TROUBLE?  
DOC: Sure. I can't go to Cleveland. There's a <sup>woman</sup> ~~girl~~ there  
who wants to marry me. WELL....THANKS FOR THE USE OF  
THE DINING ROOM!

DOOR SIAM:

MOL: On this is ridiculous!  
ORCH: "I LOVE YOU THIS MORNING." - FADE FOR --



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you noticed all the car owners these days, out polishing up the old bus for summer? You'll be doing yours soon, I imagine. Don't forget that JOHNSON'S CARNU can save you time and also a lot of unnecessary work. CARNU not only makes even an old model car shine like new; it's really easy to use, too....there's none of that tiring hard rubbing with CARNU. You see, JOHNSON'S CARNU is a special wax-fortified liquid polish that does two jobs at once. It both cleans and polishes in one application. You apply it, rubbing only hard enough to loosen the old surface dirt. Then you let it dry to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, dirt and road grime go right along with it, and man oh man! Your car really shines. Why don't you try CARNU? You and your family will get far more pride and pleasure out of driving a clean, sparkling car....and when you do finally get that brand new model, you'll rate a better trade-in value. CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U -- JOHNSON'S CARNU.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
4/30/46

-29-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you noticed all the car owners these days, out polishing up the old bus for summer? You'll be doing yours soon, I imagine. Don't forget that JOHNSON'S CARNU can save you time and also a lot of unnecessary work. CARNU not only makes even an old model car shine like new; it's really easy to use, too....there's none of that tiring hard rubbing with CARNU. You see, JOHNSON'S CARNU is a special wax-fortified liquid polish that does two jobs at once. It both cleans and polishes in one application. You apply it, rubbing only hard enough to loosen the old surface dirt. Then you let it dry to a white powder. When you wipe off this powder, dirt and road grime go right along with it, and man oh man! Your car really shines. Why don't you try CARNU? You and your family will get far more pride and pleasure out of driving a clean, sparkling car....and when you do finally get that brand new model, you'll rate a better trade-in value. CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U -- JOHNSON'S CARNU.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:



(2ND REVISION) -30-

TAG.

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Inc., is a very real <sup>and wonderful</sup> organization. It has given pleasure and entertainment to millions, rich and poor, old and young. Our best wishes to them.

MOL: And we hope they have a very successful convention in Cleveland, next June.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

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.

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

(CHIMES)

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WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

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(REV)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY