

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) # 1

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

For

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, October 1, 1946

NBC

FIBBER MCGEE
10-1-46

(2nd REVISION) -2-

FIB: Hey...Molly!

MOL: Yes, McGee?

FIB: What night is this?

MOL: Tuesday.

FIB: WELL TURN THE RADIO ON...QUICK! I WANNA HEAR FRED WARING!

MOL: Yes, but dearie, Fred War--

FIB: COME ON COME ON...IT'S ALMOST TIME...HE'S ON FOR JOHNSON'S
WAX....SWELL MUSIC AND SOME WONDERFUL--WELL, WHADDYE
STARING AT ME FOR?

MOL: The summer's over - Fred Waring is not on for Johnson's
Wax now.

FIB: He isn't? Who is?

MOL: We are.

FIB: Eh? Oh!

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

ORCH: "RIDE - RIDE - RIDE" THEME - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: During my years with Fibber McGee and Molly, I've become kind of used to wax. But you know, even today it always seems to me there's a touch of magic in the way wax turns an everyday object into a thing of surprising beauty. Take one of your tables, say. Rub a little JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX on it, polish it lightly, and right before your eyes that table becomes a shining, richly polished treasure. The whole surface glows brightly, and the grain of the wood is clear and lovely. All through your home you'll find that JOHNSON'S WAX performs similar miracles. In every room wax-polished floors take on a mellow sheen that adds enormously to their appearance. JOHNSON'S WAX does wonders for your furniture, too, and greatly enriches the looks of things like window sills, book ends and leather articles. And think what a great comfort it is to you to know that JOHNSON'S WAX is constantly on duty to guard against dirt, wear and spilled things. I hope you'll use it regularly...you'll be really pleased if you do. JOHNSON'S WAX.....Paste, Liquid or Cream.

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WILCOX: WHEN SOME MEN ARE SICK, THEY JUST WANT TO CRAWL INTO A CORNER AND BE LEFT ALONE. THE OTHER 99 OUT OF A HUNDRED WANT TO BE BABIED, NURSED, CODDLED, PAMPERED AND SPOON-FED. OUT OF THE GRAB BAG OF MATRIMONY, MRS. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAD TO SNAG ONE OF THE LATTER KIND! YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (GROANS) Imagine me being took sick like this when there's so many things to be done...like takin' down the screens.

MOL: Now don't you worry about the screens, sweetheart. They'll wait till you get well.

FIB: Maybe - maybe this is a lingering illness...maybe we better hire somebody to take 'em down.

MOL: Nonsense. I won't have anybody clattering around here while you're not well. Glass of water, Pet?

FIB: No...no thanks. Light me a cigar, willya? I ain't got the strength to strike a match.

MOL: No. No cigars. Not if I have to light 'em. It'd be silly for BOTH of us to be sick. Besides, Doctor Gamble is on his way over, and he'd be VERY annoyed if he found you smoking a cigar.

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FIB: I'll stick it under the pillow when he comes.
MOL: You haven't enough fever to account for all the smoke.
No, I hardly think--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: That must be the doctor, Molly. Better start boiling
some water.
MOL: What for?
FIB: I dunno. That's the first thing a doctor always asks
for. Hot water and clean towels. They always--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble...Come right in!
DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. What's the matter with Little
Caesar? Swallow his bubble gum?
FIB: (WEAKLY) Hiya, Doctor. Good of you to come.
MOL: Would you like me to heat some water, Doctor?
DOC: Yes, please, my dear. And put some coffee in it.
Now then, my boy, tell me about yourself.
FIB: Okay, Doctor. I was born in a little white house on top
of Kickapoo Hill in Peoria, of poor but honest parents,
'in the year--
DOC: OH, STOP IT! I DON'T WANT YOUR HISTORY. I WANT YOUR
SYMPTOMS! Never mind - when did you start feeling like
this?
MOL: Just a few nights ago, Doctor. He just started to turn
green - like Christmas jewelry.

B

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DOC: Have you eaten anything unusual, McGee? I mean aside
from your usual eccentric menu of chili con carne, malted
milks and chocolate doughnuts?

FIB: Nope.

MOL: Just a cigar, is all.

DOC: A cigar? HE ATE a cigar?

FIB: Well, technically I wouldn't say I ate it, Doc. I just
swallowed it.

DOC: One of your regular brand?

MOL: Yes, it was, Doctor.

DOC: I see. He swallowed one of his own cigars and lived
several days. You don't need me. You want Robert Ripley.
Tell me, Wonder-Man, what was the occasion for this
panatella picnic?

MOL: We were listening to the Louis-Mauriello prize fight,
Doctor...

FIB: Yeah...and when Mauriello come to the microphone
afterwards and made his speech, I - well, I gulped my butt.

MOL: I was so fascinated by McGee's expression, I never did
hear what Mauriello said.

DOC: ~~No lady would.~~ ^{lucky girl.} I am happy to report, my boy, that you
have the healthy pulse of a brewery horse. But I don't
like your color.

MOL: If you don't like it now, you should have seen it the
night he swallowed the cigar. He was about the color of
a bookkeeper's eyeshade.

B

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DOC: I'd like to have seen that---here, these will fix you up...

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES...RATTLE OF PILLS:

FIB: Ooooooh. Pills!

MOL: What are they, Doctor?

DOC: (VERY SERIOUS) These, my dear...are placebos. I give them to very few people, and then only in unusual circumstances.

FIB: Wha-wha-wha did you say they were, Doc?

DOC: Placebos. Take one every half hour, with water or milk. EVERY HALF HOUR, MIND YOU! On the dot. Not every 29 minutes, or 32 minutes...but ON THE HALF HOUR! Understand?

MOL: I'll see to it, Doctor. I'll set the alarm clock here.

DOC: Fine. Call me if he should develop any strange complications, such as wanting to get up and do some work. I'll be at the hospital, in the operating room.

FIB: Got a serious case in hand, Doc?

DOC: No, but with the meat shortage, it's the only carving I have a chance to do, these days. 'Bye now!

DOOR SLAM:

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MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character! Here, I'll set this alarm clock for you and as soon as it rings you can start taking your pills.

FIB: I better take one right now - they look goood! Gimme the clock, I'll set it for right now.

MOL: Well, here...but I don't see why--

ALARM CLOCK RINGS:

FIB: GIMME THE PILL, QUICK!...GLASS OF WATER!

GULPS...GLASS BACK ON TABLE:

MOL: Well - I'll set it for another half hour. Is there anything else you want, dearie?

FIB: (WEAKLY) Yes...

MOL: What?

FIB: Light me a cigar.

ORCH: "DO IN! WHAT COMES NATUR'LLY" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

MOL: Are you feeling any better, dearie? Anything I can do for you?

FIB: (WEAKLY) Yes....

MOL: What is it?

FIB: Turn the page of this magazine for me, willya...thanks.
HEY, IS IT TIME FOR MY PILL AGAIN YET?

MOL: No, not yet. When the alarm rings, it's time.

FIB: Put the pills and the water glass close to the couch.
Remember what Doc says....Not 29 minutes....not thirty two minutes...BUT ON THE HALF HOUR...Ooh!

MOL: I wonder what a placebo is. It must be a new medicine like penicillin and sulfa....

FIB: And bonnafrenia.

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MOL: What on earth is Benefrenia? I never heard of it.
FIB: Of course you haven't. I'm gonna invent it as soon as I get up and around again. Gonna make a concentrated essence of plain grass.

MOL: GRASS!

FIB: Yup. What's one of the strongest animals? A horse. What does a horse eat? Grass. What animal is always calm....never nervous? A cow. What does a cow eat? Grass. Look at a dog. Intelligent animal. When a dog feels sick what does he do? Goes and eats some grass. How about it?

MOL: A wonderful idea. Three spoonfuls of that and you can pull a wagon, chase automobiles and sell your hide to a tannery.

FIB: No, I'M serious. I think grass is.....HEY IS THAT ALARM CLOCK RUNNING?

MOL: Yes yes yes....calm yourself....I'll see that - Oh, look who's coming, McGee - the girl from the beauty parlor. I wonder what she -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: You could run upstairs, dearie, if you don't feel like talking.

FIB: (WEAKLY) No, I'll stay....muss my hair up a little.... I wanna look restless....thanks.

MOL: COME IN:

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

BEA: It's just I, Mrs. McGee....Elsie Fidditch from the Wistful Vista Saloon of Beauty.

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MOL: Oh, heavenly days....do come in, Elsie. This is my husband. McGee, this is Miss Merkle, from the beauty parlor.

FIB: Howjado, Miss Merkle.

BEA: Very pleased to meet your acquaintance, I'm sure. Any husband of Mrs. McGee's is a friend of mine, I always say. But the reason why I come over, Mrs. McGee was you left your compack in the shop yestiddy. So I brung it over because a girl without a compack is like a ship without a udder.

MOL: I think you mean RUDDER, Elsie.

FIB: Not necessarily....I was on a cattleboat once and -

MOL: Never mind, dearie....Elsie I really appreciate your taking the trouble, to bring back my compact.

BEA: It was a distinck pleasure, Mrs McGee. I wanted to take-----

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK

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FIB: HEY!..MY PILL!...MOLLY!....A PLACEBO!...QUICK!...HAND ME THE WATER....

SOUND: GULP .. GLASS BACK ON TABLE

MOL: Right on the dot, McGee! Now I'll set the clock for another half hour.

BEA: Gee, does a minute make so much diffrunce, taking a pill, Mr. McGee?

FIB: It does in my case, sis. The doctor says NOT 29 MINUTES AFTER, OR 32 MINUTES AFTER...BUT EVERY HALF HOUR...ON THE BUTTON. When you're takin' placebos, you don't monkey around!

MOL: Our doctor says he doesn't prescribe them very often, Elsie.

FIB: I'M a special case. Probably he wrote up in the Medical Journals, like the woman in Arkansas who had four children and a fox terrier --

BEA: GRACIOUS HEAVENS....

FIB: She had four children, and a fox terrier used to sit by their cribs and rock 'em with his paw. You gotta go now, Sis?

BEA: Yes, thank you. My next client for a henna rinse is Miss Fifi Tremayne and I and her always have so much to talk about like for instance what Gloria Gotlots did when the fella she married turned out to be a smuggler.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....A SMUGGLER?

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BEA: No, a snuggler. He was snuggling with the housemaid and the seamstress and what I know about that family would fill a book that would stop the circulation in a circulatein' liberry. Well, I hope you get well, Mr. McGee. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: She hopes I get well! That's a pretty thought...do I look that bad, Molly?

MOL: You dcn't look bad at all, doarie. And I must say Doctor Gamble didn't seem very perturbed about you.

FIB: Oh, no? He gimme placebos, didn't he? And he don't give those to everybody? I'll bet I got some obscure disease that--

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks. I was just passing by and-- Oh! I'M sorry. Taking a little nap, Pal?

MOL: No, he's ill, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: I get dizzy spells, Junior.

WIL: Yes, I know.

(2ND REVISION) -14-

FIB: You're looking good, Junior. Took a yachting trip on a fishing boat this summer, didn't you?

WIL: Yeah...Lake Superior. Had a wonderful time. And the strangest thing happened one day.

MOL: Catch a mermaid, Mr. Wilcox? If they're under 18 you have to throw them back, you know.

WIL: No, listen. I was on deck one day telling Jose --

FIB: Who?

WIL: Jose du Charme. Fella that owned the boat. Greatest fly fisherman who ever cut a hook out of his leg. Well, we were sitting on deck one day, and I was telling him all about Johnson's Car-nu.

MOL: I'll just BET you were!

WIL: We were talking about Johnson's Car-nu and how it's the tired car-owner's friend because it beautifies a dingy car with so little effort.

MOL: Er...and the strange thing that happened, Mr. Wilcox?
FIB: Yeah..get with it, Waxey. Skip the part about how you just apply Carnu, let it dry and wipe it off for a show-room shine that you can see your happy little face in. And we know how it cleans and polishes in one teentsy weentsy application. Now goon!
MOL: Read that again, Dearie.
FIB: Eh? Oh! Now go on, Junior. (Words were run together there)
WIL: Well, a few minutes later, when they tried to raise the anchor..it was fouled on something. When we finally got it up, it was dragging a muddy, rusty dripping old Maxwell ~~coupe~~.
MOL: Heavenly days!..did it have a violin lying on the front seat?
WIL: No, but quick as a flash I turned to Jose and said..."NOW THERE IS ONE OF THE FEW CARS I EVER SAW THAT JOHNSON'S CAR NU COULDN'T DO MUCH FOR!"
(PAUSE)
FIB: Well, go on, Waxey. Get to the point.
WIL: That's all. But I thought it was rather interesting that we should have just been talking about Carnu before this thing happened. See? Rather a startling coincidence!
MOL: That story, Mr. Wilcox, had all the dramatic impact of a ketchup label!
FIB: I know a guy who carves tombstones that's lookin' for a script writer, Junior. I'll send you over. You tell about as dead an anecdote as I ever heard.

WIL: You're just envious because interesting things never happen to you, Pal. Well, I'd better run along, kids. Anything I can do, Molly?
FIB: Yes, Junior.
WIL: What, Pal?
FIB: Run along.
WIL: Okay. Take care of yourself.

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: That guy can be duller than a dime store chisel!..He oughta-- Hey...don't go away! Where you goin'?
MOL: I simply must go upstairs and sort the laundry, dearie. If you want anything, just pound on the wall or something. And if the alarm clock goes off, take your placebo, quickly.
FIB: Okay...but don't be gone long...I might have an eclipse.

WIL: You're just envious because interesting things never happen to you, Pal. Well, I'd better run along, kids. Anything I can do, Molly?

FIB: Yes, Junior.

WIL: What, Pal?

FIB: Run along.

WIL: Okay. Take care of yourself.

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FIB: Okay...but don't be gone long...I might have an eclipse.

MOL: The word is RELAPSE, sweetheart. An eclipse is a term used in astronomy and you don't have a heavenly body... just a cute one. (FADE OUT) Now be a good boy and take your pill when the bell rings.

FIB: OKAY. Ahhh, there goes a good kid! And what a nurse! Only thing Florence Nightingale had that she hasn't got is a bustle. If I wanted chili con carne and waffles for supper tonight, she'd cook 'em for me, sick as I am. And, sick as I am, that's what I want. By George when she---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY!.....SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR. (PAUSE) HEY... MOLLY! Oh well....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: GLOSE

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello there, Teeny. Better not get too close to me. I'm a sick man.

TEE: Okay. Hey, I rode in a airplane this summer, mister.

FIB: You did eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says you did, eh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: You rode in an airplane this summer.

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TEE: I know it; It was my uncle's airplane and we flew a million miles high and he shut off the motor and it started to glide and we glid all the way home.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Very interesting sis. Buy you don't mean you GLID. You GLIDED all the way home.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Okay. I guess I don't know very much about airplanes. It was the first time I ever rided in one.

FIB: Not rided, Teeny. RODE. It's the past tense of the subjunctive, taking a plural object in the participle.

TEE: Gee, is it really? Anyway, there were so many clouds, they hode the ground so we couldn't even see it, I betcha.

FIB: Please sis...not HODE the ground...HID the ground.

TEE: Scuse me. But gee, mister was I ever excited when the airplane div. Oh boy it div fast!

FIB: Dove, sis.

TEE: Boy it DOVE fast! Criminy! And when we arrove home -

FIB: ARRIVED.

TEE: When we arrived home, and drove up the droveway...

FIB: DROVE UP THE DRIVEWAY.

TEE: Sure. When we drove up the driveway and (PAUSE) Look, Mister.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Look...are you gonna be busy about January 15th?

FIB: ~~My geeh, sis...how do I know?~~ January 15th is a leng way off. Whyja ask?

TEE: I'm comin' over and tell you a story.

FIB: WELL FINE! BE GLAD TO HEAR IT TEENY. BUT WHY JANUARY 15th in particular?

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TEE: Because the way you butt in and interrupt and everything, it'll be a nawful cold day when I tell you anything again! So long, mister!

DOOR SIAM:

ORCH: "I GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING"

INTERRUPT SHARPLY WITH ALARM CLOCK RING:

MCGEE: QUICK!...MY PLACEBO! ..WHERE'S THE WATER!
OH.

SOUND: CLINK...GULP...GLASS BACK ON TABLE:

FIB: Okay, Billy

ORCH: FINISH SELECTION

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Feeling all right, McGee? Are those placebos helping any?

FIB: My gosh, they're marvelous, Molly. Where Doc Gamble digs up these mysterious drugs, I'll never know.

MOL: No, you won't...I was going to ask him, but you never get any real information out of doctors.

FIB: Nurses, either. If you ask a nurse what your temperature is, she gives you that toothy smile and says, "WELL, SHALL WE HAVE OUR SPONGE BATH NOW?" That always embarrasses me, somehow. Shall WE have OUR bath now!

MOL: Sounds like the Municipal plunge. Well, you need anything?

FIB: No thanks. Just be sure the alarm clock is running. Don't wanna miss my next pill time. Doc emphasized that I should--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...look who's---

OLD M: HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER...HI, JOHNNY.

FIB: Hi, old timer--

OLD M: S'MATTER WITH YOU - GOT THE PIP?

FIB: (WEAKLY) I dunno what I got exactly, Old Timer. Just sick, is all. Gotta take one of these pills every half hour on the dot. Not 29 minutes after --

MOL: -- or thirty-two minutes after --

FIB: BUT RIGHT ON THE HALF HOUR. Shows you how potent this stuff is. Can't give it a minute either way.

OLD M: Well, it sure hurts me to see a fine healthy boy like you laid up, Johnny. Personally, never had a sick day in my life.

MOL: Really? Never a sick day?

OLD M: Never a sick day. But I've sure put in some horrible nights, kids. Though, since I moved to my new boardin' house, I walk six miles before breakfast every morning.

FIB: No kiddin'? Six miles before breakfast? Where do you go?

OLD M: Bathroom, down the hall. Mebbe ain't exactly six miles, but dogged if it don't seem like it, through them cold halls. Then, after I take my ice cold shower--

MOL: Heavenly days, Old Timer, you shouldn't take ice cold showers...it's too much of a shock!

OLD M: Daughter, it ain't half the shock it'd be if the dump ever had some hot water.

FIB: I guess most boarding houses are the same, Old Timer. When I was in vaudeville with my old pardner, Fred Nitney, from Starved Rock, Illinois, we stayed in some pretty fantastic places, believe me. To this day, my right arm is two inches longer'n my left.

MOL: From reaching for the butter, dearie?
FIB: No, from pushin' away the prunes.
OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny. But that aint the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "THINK PRESIDENT TRUMAN IS GONNA RUN FER RE-ELECTION?" "SURE," says tother feller. "Friend of mine in Washington just been called in fer a conference." "Zat-so?" Says the first feller? "Politician?" "Nope," says tother feller. "Piano Tuner!" Heh heh...Well, be good to yourself, Johnny. So long, daughter.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You know, McGee...if it's a nice day tomorrow, I think you should sit out on the front porch a little while and -

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK:

FIB: QUICK...MY PLACEBO!!! THE WATER...HURRY!!

SOUND: CLICK OF GLASS...COMMOTION...GULP. GLASS SET BACK.

MOL: Well, the doctor certainly ought to be proud of the way you're following instructions, McGee.

FIB: I'll say so. I pop them pills into my puss before that dad-ratted sleep-buster has stopped clangin'. And you know what?

MOL: No, what?

FIB: Them pills are doing strange things to me. My beard is growin' faster. Look at it...I need a shave again already!!

MOL: You mean already since yesterday morning?

FIB: Oh, didn't I shave this morning?
MOL: No.
FIB: Oh. Well, besides that, my fever has gone down. My chest feels absolutely cool to the touch.
MOL: And why not? You spilled half of that glass of water on your pajamas.
FIB: I did? Well, whaddye know. NEVERTHELESS, I GOT AN INSTINCTIVE FEELING THAT THEM PILLS ARE WORKIN' WONDERS. I GOT A TERRIFIC APPETITE. I even --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Fine sickroom! Might as well be convalescing in Times Square. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Well, for-- McGEE, LOOK WHO'S HERE...MAYOR LA TRIVIA!

GALE: Good day, Molly. Don't get up, McGee.

MOL: Don't worry, Your Honor! My goodness, you're all dressed up, aren't you? Gardenia, gloves and everything.

FIB: Makin' a campaign speech, La Trivia?

GALE: No, McGee..I..ah...I...well, since I saw you last, I have become a...I have fallen in....er...that is to say...
(PAUSE) there is a woman!

FIB: Well, spray me with DDT, I'M crawling with curiosity?
Who's the lucky chick, Chuck?

GALE: The lady is Miss Fifi Tremayne. An actress.

MOL: FIFI TREMAYNE!! HEAVENLY DAYS..ISNT THAT THE GIRL
DOCTOR GAMBLE USED TO BE SO MAD ABOUT?

GALE: I believe Doctor Gamble is still interested in Miss
Tremayne.

FIB: Oh brother! This situation is fraught with something.
Doc know you're datin' this babe, bud?

GALE: We three have gone places together several times.
Usually to some place where there is dancing, at my
suggestion. I am an excellent dancer. Doctor Gamble
is not. BUT, never mind me. What seems to be the
trouble with you, McGee?

MOL: Just a little upset or something, Mr. Mayor. Your rival
in love was here a little while ago to see him.

FIB: You know what he gimme, La Triv? Placebos!

GALE: PLACEBOS! Not really?

MOL: You know what they are, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes...yes, I do. I think. This is very interesting!

FIB: You said it, kiddo! I gotta take one every half hour.
Not at 29 minutes --

MOL: Not at 32 minutes, but --

FIB: EVERY HALF HOUR ON THE NOSE! Cut the alarm clock here
so I won't miss.

GALE: I have very great admiration for Doctor Gamble as a
physician, and if he gave you placebos, I imagine that's
exactly what your condition demands. Have you a
dictionary?

FIB: Sure, La Triv. Over your shoulder there on the book shelf.
Right between the Rover Boys in Southern Waters and
How to Build 20 Sailboats.

MOL: We also have Five Little Peppers and How They Grew, but himself here is pressing some neckties in it. Got it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes, I have it. Now, let me see...(SOUND: FLICK OF PAGES)
P...L...A...C...E...B...O...Placebo. AH, here it is!
Just as I thought.

MOL: What is it, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: TELL ME, LA TRIV! MY GOSH...IT MAY BE SOMETHING I'M PAYIN' A HUNDRED BUCKS A GRAM FOR! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S IT SAY?

GALE: It says, "PLACEBO: A MIXTURE OR PILL OF NO MEDICINAL VALUE, GIVEN TO SATISFY A PATIENT'S WHIMS"...

FIB: Oh my gosh...Ohhhh, you hear that, Molly? I got the whims! Call Gamble again...get me a hot water bottle... Quarantine me--I got the whims! Bar the door...tell people I...

ORCH: "MAKE MINE MUSIC" FADE FOR:

McGee - 10/1/46

-27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Has this ever happened to you? You're visiting a friend's house and eventually you drift back into the kitchen... and there on the floor is the sort of linoleum surface you've always dreamed about. It has a beautifully smooth lustre, free from dirt and stains, and its colors are bright and fresh. Ask your friend and chances are she'll tell you the only thing she uses on that kitchen floor is JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. When she spills something, or dirt tracks in, she simply wipes the floor with a damp cloth and right away it's beautiful again. What actually happens is that GLO-COAT forms a tough shining coat of wax which keeps dirt and spilled things away from the surface of the floor - keeps it bright and new-looking years longer. Of course, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is easy to use...there's no rubbing or buffing. Twenty minutes after you have applied it, your linoleum and other floors are ready to walk on and beautifully wax polished. Try it, won't you? JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You'll like it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: Hey, Molly...Doc Gamble was just here again. And you know what he said?

MOL: No, what did he say?

FIB: He says I got the worst case of whims he'd ever seen. Says I got 'em chronic.

MOL: Heavenly days...is he going to operate?

FIB: I asked him that. He says it was a tempting idea, but we better try diet first.

MOL: What kind of a diet?

FIB: No Moose meat.

MOL: THAT, I can arrange!

FIB: Good! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: "RIDE RIDE RIDE" - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry have brought you Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Bea Benadaret, Arthur Q. Bryan and Gale Gordon. The script was by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie; This is Harlow Wilcox, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight!

ORCH: RIDE RIDE RIDE UP AND OUT

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

(CHIMES)

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" F I B B E R M C G E E

for

Johnson's

Tuesday October 8th, 1946.