



FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY (2ND REVISION) -3-  
3-11-47

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Say, I received a swell letter the other day. ..From  
 Ohio a <sup>woman</sup> lady wrote, "I am the wife of a grocer who,  
 of course, always keeps some kind of floor polish on  
 his shelves. I had been using whatever I found in stock.  
 However, we are great Fibber McGee fans and I have  
 always been impressed with Mr. Wilcox's praise of  
 JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. I tried it and I  
 can truthfully say I was amazed. It lasts longer, in  
 fact easily twice as long as any of the others. And  
 GLO-COAT gives a hard, glossy polish that I've never  
 been able to get before." Well, now, that's pretty  
 nice praise, coming from a grocer's wife with several  
 floor polishes to choose from. There's only one thing  
 I'd like to add...to give your kitchen linoleum and  
 other floors this really bright wax polish you simply  
 apply GLO-COAT and let it dry. There's no rubbing or  
 buffing...GLO-COAT shines as it dries. Try it. Ask  
 for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the floor  
 finish with the brighter shine!

ORCH: SWELL TO FINISH  
 Cant a man exert himself a little  
 around his own house? My gosh, I've cleaned out the  
 garage already this morning. I've switched the tires on  
 the car. I've painted the back fence. And I nailed  
 that window that always rattled every time the wind blows  
 till you cant hear yourself think, shut. So what's the  
 difference if I -

WILCOX: MRS. MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, IS A DIFFICULT PERSON TO  
 BATTLE. BUT SHE IS NOW UP AGAINST A PHENOMENON WHICH IS  
 NEW IN HER EXPERIENCE. HER HUSBAND IS BEING ENERGETIC.  
 HE IS BEING AMBITIOUS. HE IS BEING VITAL, DYNAMIC AND A  
 TRIFLE OBNOXIOUS. FOR FURTHER DETAILS, LISTEN TO --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: How's the davenport look over here, kiddo? Or do you  
think it'd look better over here?

SOUND: HEAVY MOVING

FIB: Nope! I think it looked better over there.

SOUND: HEAVY MOVING:

FIB: Now lemme see...if I put the piano over here ---

SOUND: CREAK OF ROLLERS...THUDS:

FIB: - it's a better balance for the desk over there. Or is  
it? Nope.

SOUND: CREAK OF ROLLERS; THUD:

FIB: You just say where you want this stuff moved to, snooky.  
HEY!.MAYBE IF I TORE OUT THE SOUTH WALL HERE, I COULD  
EXTEND THE DINING ROOM INTO THE...WAIT'LL I GET MY TOOL  
CHEST. I'LL -

MOL: MCGEE...WHOOAAA!!! STOP IT. SIT DOWN...RELAX!!!

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER? Cant a man exert himself a little  
around his own house? My gosh, I've cleaned out the  
garage already this morning. I've switched the tires on  
the car. I've painted the back fence. And I nailed  
that window that always rattled every time the wind blows  
till you cant hear yourself think, shut. So what's the  
difference if I -

(2ND REVISION) -5-

MOL: MCGEE! .. PLEASE! ... SIT DOWN A MINUTE...

FIB: I can't sit down. I'm too restless...I got too much energy.

MOL: Can this be the same lad WHO PUT SALT ON HIS CORN FLAKES YESTERDAY BECAUSE THE SUGAR BOWL WAS TOO HEAVY?

FIB: That's all behind us now, tootsie...NOW I'M FULL OF PEP.. ..I GOT VITALITY!! I GOT DRIVE! ... I GOT SO MUCH ENERGY I'M SCARED TO CROSS MY LEGS FOR FEAR OF THROWIN' MY HIPS OUTA JOINT.

MOL: McGee...what IS all this? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

FIB: I read a book. That's all. I read a book that's changed the whole course of my life! I'VE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF PHYSICAL ENERGY!

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes...KEEP it a secret! If everybody in this world starts jumping around like you've been, I'm going somewhere else. What is this book?

FIB: Look! Right here...I bought it for a buck from a guy in a doorway next to the Elk's Club. The name of it is "MAN'S UNTAPPED ENERGIES". If I'd read this thing thirty years ago, who knows what I might of been today?

MOL: Who knows what you are as it is? What's the secret?

FIB: Four hours sleep a night. That's all.

MOL: FOUR HOURS! MUSCLEBOUND? BREAKING IN SOME NEW SLEEVE GARTERS?

FIB: Just workin' off a little excess energy, Docky. If all your patients had as much pep as I got, you'd have to tear up your license and start makin' an honest living.

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: Yup. Four hours. FOUR HOURS SLEEP IS PLENTY TO RECHARGE THE HUMAN DYNAMO, SEE? TOO MUCH SLEEP AND YOU'RE OVERCHARGED.

MOL: A dollar for that book and you were overcharged.

FIB: LOOK AT ME! I SLEPT JUST FOUR HOURS LAST NIGHT AND I GOT SO MUCH PEP TODAY, I CAN'T HOLD MYSELF DOWN. I'M LEAPING! .. HEY - GET YOUR HAT AND I'LL RACE YOU DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE!

MOL: I've got a better idea. Let's turn somersaults out to Dugan's Lake and back.

FIB: GREAT!! I'LL GIVE YOU THREE BLOCKS HEAD START BECAUSE YOU'RE A WOMAN, AND THE FIRST ONE THAT PASSES THE POST OFFICE --

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS...PLEASE!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Look, McGee...in the first place -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello there, Doctor Gamble. Nice to see you.

DOC: Hello, my dear. AND WHAT ARE YOU WAVING YOUR ARMS AROUND FOR, MUSCLEBOUND? BREAKING IN SOME NEW SLEEVE GARTERS?

FIB: Just workin' off a little excess energy, Docky. If all your patients had as much pep as I got, you'd have to tear up your license and start makin' an honest living.

(2ND REVISION) -6-

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as I got, you'd have to  
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(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: He's been like this all day, Doctor! Moving furniture,  
dashing in and out of doors. *Running up and downstairs.*

DOC: Better calm down a little, Goon-boy, or you'll have a  
stable full of charley horses. Any resemblance between  
your muscles and a tea-bag full of mice, is simply  
uncanny.

FIB: GO PEDDLE THAT ADVICE TO THE OLD FOLKS, LACK-LAP! IF  
EVERYBODY KNEW WHAT I KNOW, ALL YOU IODINE ARTISTS  
WOULD BE SLEEPING IN THE PARK...AND TOO LONG, TOO!

DOC: What do you mean...too long?

MOL: Tell the Doctor your great discovery, dearie. He's  
entitled to know what's going to put him out of  
business.

FIB: Certainly. How much sleep you get per night, Fatso?

DOC: That depends. If I tell my office nurse I'm going out  
of town, shut off my telephone and plug the doorbell, I  
might get eight hours. And someday I'M going to do it!

FIB: EIGHT HOURS! .. AND YOU PRETEND TO BE A DOCTOR!! .. HAH!  
DON'T YOU REALIZE, THAT THE HUMAN BODY ONLY REQUIRES  
FOUR HOURS SLEEP A NIGHT?

DOC: Who told you that, Lard-bucket? I'd like to send him  
something nice for Christmas. He's the Physician's  
friend.

MOL: He bought a book, Doctor. From a man in a doorway. It's  
rather a nice change from those 40¢ rayon neckties  
he's always coming home with --

FIB: You ever read a book called "MAN'S UNTAPPED ENERGIES",  
Mr. Gamble?

MOL:

FIB:

DOC:

FIB:

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FIB:

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DOOR OPEN: P

FIB:

ORCH: -"

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

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(2nd REVISION) -8 & 9-

MOL: MISTER Gamble!

FIB: He might as well get used to being called Mister when people discover this book, the Medical profession is a dead goose.

DOC: My boy.....I think you've got something.

FIB: YOU DO?

DOC: Yes. You have a chronic case of Phantasticus Stupidieria.

MOL: Is that serious, Doctor?

DOC: Oh no. Lots of peple go thru life with it . Look, Doctor McGee.

FIB: Yes, Mr. Gamble?

DOC: This is a very interesting theory of yours. Four hours sleep a night. I want to read that book very carefully.... bring it with you to the hospital.

FIB: I'm not going to the hospital.

DOC: That's what you think!! WELL, CALL ME WHEN HE FALLS ON HIS FACE, MOLLY. GOOD DAY, BOTH OF YOU.

MOL: NO, DOCTOR..NOT THRU THAT DOOR..THAT'S THE HALL CLOSET!!!

DOOR OPEN; PAUSE

FIB: Oh, I forgot te tell you, Molly. I straightened out the hall closet this morning, too!

ORCH: "MAPLE LEAF RAG"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: CALL WHADDYE KNOW! IMAGINE ME---A DESCENDANT OF NAPOLEON!! NO WONDER I GOT SO MUCH ENERGY!! NAPOLEON..THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE!

MOL: Corporal.

FIB: I thought a corpuscle was a...oh. We did that, didnt we?

SECOND SPOT:

-10-

FIB: ONE, TWO - (GRUNT) ONE, TWO - (GRUNTS) ONE, TWO - (GRUNT) ONE, TWO - (GRUNT) ONE, TWO - (GRUNTS)

FIB: Ahhh, fifty times exactly...and I aint even breathing hard!

MOL: What did you do?

FIB: Touched my knees fifty times without bending my elbows. MY GOSH...I NEVER HAD SO MUCH ENERGY. I CAN JUST FEEL THE RED CORSICANS, DANCING IN MY BLOOD!

MOL: You dont mean corsicans, Dearie..you mean CORPUSCLES.

FIB: Oh no I dont, either. A corpuscle is a non-commissioned officer. And they never got in my blood. They got in my hair.

MOL: THOSE WERE CORPORALS, McGee.

FIB: THEY WERE? I THOUGHT CORPORALS WERE CIGARETTES. I REMEMBER BEHIND THE BARN IN PEORIA, BACK IN 19 OUGHT 11, SOME OF THE FELLAS HAD SOME SWEET CORPORALS AND -

MOL: THOSE WERE CAPORALS.

FIB: Caporals? You mean like the Caporal of the United States is Washington D.C.?

MOL: No, that's CAPITOL.

FIB: Then what did I say wrong in the first place?

MOL: You said you could feel the red corsicans dancing in your blood. A Corsican is a native of Italy. Napoleon was a Corsican.

FIB: WELL WHADDYE KNOW!.IMAGINE ME---A DESCENDANT OF NAPOLEON!! NO WONDER I GOT SO MUCH ENERGY!!! NAPOLEON..THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE!

MOL: Corporal.

FIB: I thought a corpuscle was a...oh. We did that, didnt we?

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MOL: Yes.

FIB: You know something, Molly? I'd feel pretty selfish keeping this secret all to myself. I'M GONNA GO DOWN TO THE ELKS CLUB TONIGHT AND PASS THE GOOD WORD TO ALL THE BOYS!!! I'LL ORGANIZE A DISCUSSION GROUP AND INCIDENTALLY, WHEN I TELL THEM BUSINESS MEN NOW WE NEED A NEW AIRPORT FOR WISTFUL VISTA -

MOL: Airport! WHAT BROUGHT THAT UP?

FIB: Oh, didn't I tell you? I put on my track suit <sup>and my sliding pads</sup> and trotted out there this morning. Before you were up. Had to have some exercise. AND BELIEVE ME, THAT PLACE IS A MESS!

MOL: I thought our airport was pretty good.

FIB: PRETTY GOOD!!...IT AIN'T EVEN DEVELOPED! THERE'S A THOUSAND ACRES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE WITHOUT A SINGLE BUILDING ON IT!

MOL: Maybe you'd better talk to Lena. She used to be a radio operator out there during the war.

FIB: LENA? A RADIO OPERATOR? HORSERADISH!! I'LL BET SHE DONT KNOW WHETHER CUT PLUG IS CHEWING TOBACCO OR A SHORT COMMERCIAL.

MOL: You talk to her. Lena! Oh, Lena!!

DOOR OPEN:

LENA: (FADE IN) I think we have a dandy airport, Mr. McGee..I really do.

FIB: How'd you know what I was gonna ask you, Lena?

LENA: Oh, you know old snoopy me, Mr. McGee. (LAUGHS) I used to always keep an ear to the ground, until I found out that keyholes are so much cleaner.

MOL: Is it true that you used to be a radio operator, Lena?

LENA: It's jest as true as your settin' there, dear. That was before I become a singer on Station Q P X W. Me and my girl friend - Patty De Foygrah. We sung duets.

FIB: Classical stuff, Lena?

LENA: No, it was novelty songs, Mr. McGee. The biggest novelty was when we finished the song both together. We sung stuff like "I WANT A GIRL, JUST LIKE THE GIRL THAT MAMMA FOUND A PICTURE OF IN PAPA'S DRESS SUIT." (SINGS) I WANT A GIRL, JUST LIKE THE GIRL....songs like that.

MOL: Were you a success, Lena?

LENA: Well, the day I made my debutt --

FIB: DAY-BOO

LENA: OH DID THEY BOO! Gracious!!! I was so scared I ran off the stage, tripped over a wire and the station was off the air for six hours! And I was off for good.

MOL: Are you a soprano, or a contralto, Lena?

LENA: Well now, I asked my vocal teacher about that, Mrs. McGee, and he said he really couldn't say...but he thought I was kind of a mezzo-baritone. Did I ever sing you the song I wrote myself?

FIB: Which one was that, Lena?

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LENA: Well, I called it "IF YOU CAN SMILE WHEN THINGS GO WRONG, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SUCH A HYPOCRITE?" Well, I guess that answers your question about the airport, Mr. McGee. (EXIT SINGING) OHHH ZIPPETY DOO DAH, ZIPPETY AY...MY OH MY WHAT A WONDERFUL --

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Kid's got a great voice, for cooling coffee.

MOL: Hush dearie! She's very sensitive about her voice.

FIB: Sensitive, my clavicle. She's as thick-skinned as a ninety-buck suitcase.

MOL: Be careful....she's probably listening. Now what were you saying about the business men at the Elk's Club?

FIB: EH? OH! ... I'M GONNA ORGANIZE A DISCUSSION GROUP!! I'M GONNA TELL THEM HALF-DEAD DOPES HOW TO BE AS PEPPEY AND ENERGETIC AS I AM! FOUR HOURS SLEEP A NIGHT!! I'LL ----

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: JUST THE GUY I WANNA SEE, JUNIOR! HOW MANY HOURS DO YOU SLEEP EVERY NIGHT?

WIL: Gee, I don't know, Pal. Anywhere from six to ten hours. The more the better.

(REVISED) -14-

FIB: AHAA...THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, BOY!!! YOU'RE SLEEPING YOUR LIFE AWAY!!! DRAINING YOUR ENERGY! LOOK AT ME... ONLY FOUR HOURS SLEEP LAST NIGHT, AND I GOT SO MUCH VITALITY IF ANTS WORE PANTS THEY'D HAVE MCGEE'S IN 'EM! GUT DOWN ON YOUR SLEEP, SON!!! KEEP THAT DYANAMO WORKIN'!!

(PAUSE)

WIL: What goes on here?

MOL: He read a book, Mr. Wilcox. It's all about how...MCGEE, STOP PACING UP AND DOWN...YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS! :

FIB: Can't help it, kiddo! Gotta keep doing something. Gotta burn up this energy. SEE HOW I AM, JUNIOR? JUST BUBBLING OVER WITH LIFE AND PEP! YOU CAN BE THE SAME! 'HERE, READ THIS BOOK WHEN YOU GET TIME.

WIL: (READING) "MAN'S UNTAPPED ENERGY." Where'd you get this, Pal?

MOL: He bought it from a man in a doorway, Mr. Wilcox. I remember once he bought a combination potato-peeler and pencil-sharpener from one of those street peddlers. It peeled pencils and sharpened potatoes. Another time he - THIS WAS DIFFERENT!!! THE BEST DOLLAR I EVER SPENT EXCEPT FOR MY MARRIAGE LICENSE. .

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: Not at all. Incidentally, did I ever pay you back for that?

MOL: No.

FIB: Remind me. LOOK, JUNIOR...DROP IN AT THE ELKS CLUB  
TONIGHT. I'M GONNA START A DISCUSSION GROUP. I'M BARRY  
GONNA SHOW THEM MUGS HOW TO REALLY LIVE! WHEN I HAD TO  
WIL: Yes, but Pal...listen...four hours sleep a night is --  
FIB: Exactly! You see, every man has a great store of energy,  
Junior.  
MOL: And some stores close earlier than others.  
FIB: RIGHT! NOW THEN...IF A MAN SLEEPS ALL NIGHT, HE JUST  
SKIMS THE TOP OFF HIS ENERGY. HE DON'T USE IT. IT'S  
LIKE EATIN' THE TOP LAYER OFF A BARREL OF APPLES, AND  
THEN FILLING IT UP AGAIN. YOU NEVER GET TO THE GOOD  
APPLES AT THE BOTTOM. IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS IT DRIES TO  
WIL: I like apples.  
FIB: EH?  
MOL: You do, Mr. Wilcox?  
FIB: That's beside the point, Junior. I merely gave apples as  
a for-instance. As an illustration of -  
WIL: It was an apple that put me in business.  
MOL: IT WAS...REALLY?  
WIL: Yup. When I was in the fifth grade, in Omaha, I was in  
love with my teacher, Lucy Littell. Used to bring her  
a big red apple every day.  
FIB: Let's not get off the subject, Junior. NOW WHEN A MAN'S  
ENERGY --  
WIL: I'd spend my whole recess polishing that apple. The way  
the natural wax protected and beautified it got to be  
a complex with me.

MOL: Yes, but McGee was just saying that -  
WIL: ALL THRU HIGH SCHOOL I REMEMBERED THE SPARKLING BEAUTY  
AND COLOR OF THOSE BIG RED APPLES...SO...WHEN I HAD TO  
GO WORK I ASKED MYSELF WHO MADE THE FINEST WAX PRODUCTS  
IN THE WORLD! S.C. JOHNSON AND SON, OF RACINE, WISCONSIN,  
OF COURSE -  
FIB: But whatatgottodowiththe ---  
WIL: THEN WHEN I SAW WHAT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WOULD DO..I KNEW  
I WAS HOME...EXCEPT THAT GLOCOAT WAS AN IMPROVEMENT. IT  
DIDN'T REQUIRE ANY RUBBING OR BUFFING. IT WAS SELF-  
POLISHING.!! JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT ON THE LINOLEUM,  
SPREAD IT AROUND AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS IT DRIES TO  
A GLISTENING PROTECTIVE COAT THAT MAKES GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS  
PROUD AND HAPPY.  
MOL: That's all very well, Mr. Wilcox but -  
WIL: THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS SAY...A WOMAN WHO KNOWS HER APPLES  
ALWAYS USES JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT ON HER LINOLEUM. BY THE  
WAY..WHAT WERE YOU SAYING PAL? I didn't mean to interrupt.  
FIB: Skip it, Waxey. JUST REMEMBER...I'M GIVING A TALK AT  
THE ELKS TONIGHT. DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN.  
WIL: Don't worry..I can. So long now.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: I knew I could count on him! HEY, HAVE YOU GOT ANY  
EXTRA PIECES OF CLOTHES LINE, KIDDO? I FEEL LIKE I'D  
LIKE TO SKIP ROPE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. WORK OFF A  
LITTLE ENERGY! I'M SO FULL O'STEAM MY EARS ARE STARTIN'  
TO WHISTLE.



(REVISED) -17-

MOL: Dearie...I don't know how you do it! Up at the crack of dawn and still charging around like a hopped-up flivver!

FIB: I JUST CAN'T STAND IT TO BE IDLE, THAT'S ALL!! MY GOSH.. I CAN JUST FEEL THE ENERGY FLOWING THRU ME. SORT OF WARM WAVES GOING RIGHT UP MY BACK.

MOL: Stand away from the radiator and see how it is.

FIB: Eh? OH. WELL JUST THE SAME, WITH THE VITALITY I GOT --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Wimple. Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, old man!

WIMP: Hello, folks. I was just driving by and - (PAUSE) What's the matter, Mr. McGee...underwear too tight?

MOL: No, he's just restless today, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: OVERFLOWING WITH PEP AND ENERGY, WIMP.!! WANNA KNOW HOW I DO IT?

WIMP: No thank you.

FIB: EH?

MOL: You don't want to be peppy and energetic, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No. It tires me too much.

FIB: BUT WIMP...YOU'RE NOT LIVIN'!! YOU'RE A VEGETABLE!! DO WHAT I DO...SLEEP ONLY FOUR HOURS A NIGHT...LEAP OUT OF BED BEFORE DAYBREAK...RUN FIVE MILES BEFORE BREAKFAST... KEEP MOVIN'...YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT GIVES YOU THAT RUN-DOWN FEELING?

(REVISED) -18-

WIMP: Yes. Sweetysface.

MOL: Sweetysface! You mean --?

WIMP: Yes...my big old wife. She ran me down with her Buick yesterday.

FIB: DELIBERATELY?

WIMP: Yes. I was sitting in the garage reading my Bird Book --

MOL: Your what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My Bird Book. I was reading all about how the big-billed bullfinch of Borneo brings bits of birdseed to her babies and all of a sudden Sweetysface drove into the garage and pinned me to the wall!

FIB: My gosh, that must have been humiliating!

WIMP: I was simply crushed, Mr. McGee. Sweetysface is rather impulsive, you know. But I am, too. (LAUGHS) She'd forgotten that, I guess.

FIB: Why...what'd you do, Wimp?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) You won't tell?

MOL: Not a soul, Mr. Wimple.

~~WIMP: Cross your heart?~~

FIB: Mum's the word, Wimp. What'd you do?

WIMP: Well...(SNICKERS) I put some extra pieces in her jigsaw puzzle!

MOL: (HORRIFIED) OH, NO!!

WIMP: Yes...I did. And that ins't all, either!

FIB: MY GOSH, WIMP...WHAT ELSE?

WIMP: I sneaked upstairs with the pliers and tightened the cap on her toothpaste tube!

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MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!

WIMP: And then you know what I did? Oh, this was really naughty!

FIB: It was, eh?

WIMP: Yes...(SNICKERS HAPPILY) I poked some little holes in her shower cap! I'll show her! Goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN - "UNCLE REMUS SAID"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: YOU KNOW WHAT, MOLLY? THIS ONLY TAKIN' FOUR HOURS SLEEP A NIGHT IS MARVELOUS...I BEEN SO BUSTIN' WITH ENERGY TODAY I CAN'T HOLD MYSELF DOWN. I RAN UPSTAIRS SO FAST AWHILE AGO I WENT TEN FEET IN THE AIR AT THE TOP! I'M SO FULLA HEY...YOU WANNA TAKE A NICE LONG WALK BEFORE YOU GO TO BED?

MOL: Sweetheart, I wouldn't walk 18 inches to see Richard dive through the door into a cement mixer! I'm exhausted.

FIB: YOU SLEEP TOO MUCH, KIDDO!! LOOK AT ME...FOUR HOURS SLEEP AND FRESH AS A DAISY! WHY, ANOTHER WEEK OF THIS SCHEDULE AND I'LL--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: (WEARILY) Come in...

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: Good evening, Molly. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Good evening, your honor.

FIB: HIYA, LA TRIV, OLD CHEESECAKE! HOW'S THE BOY? FERLIN' OKAY? WANNA INDIAN WRANGLE FOR HALF A BUCK?

GALE: My dear boy...after the day I've put in at the City Hall, I wouldn't wrestle Hedy Lemarr.

FIB: NO ENERGY, HAH? (LAUGHS GAILY) YOU JUST HAVEN'T DISCOVERED THE SECRET, FELLA!! THERE'S A TRICK TO KEEPIN' UP YOUR VITALITY! YOU EVER READ THIS LITTLE BOOK?

GALE: Let me see it. (READS) "MAN'S UNTAPPED ENERGY".

DOOR SLAM: Where'd you pick this up, McGee?

MOL: He bought it from a man in a doorway, Mr. Mayor. You know the type. They also sell you imported French perfume made of vanilla extract.

GALE: What's this book about, McGee?

FIB: HOW TO UTILIZE YOUR PHYSICAL RESOURCES, LA TRIV. STORE UP ENERGY BY STAYING AWAKE. MOST PEOPLE SLEEP TOO MUCH. DRAINS AWAY ALL THEIR VITALITY. FOUR HOURS SLEEP A NIGHT IS ALL THE HUMAN BODY NEEDS.

GALE: Whose human body? If I tried to--

MOL: Himself here tried it last night, Your Honor. And believe it or not, he's been streaking around like Joe Louis's left glove!

FIB: IT'S A FACT, SON! I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THE ELKS IN A LITTLE WHILE AND ORGANIZE A DISCUSSION GROUP TELL THEM TIRED BUSINESSMEN THE FACTS OF LIFE! THEY BEEN DRAGGIN' AROUND ALL THEIR LIVES LIKE THEY WERE SMUGGLING ANVILS. I'LL HAVE THIS TOWN HUMMING WITH ENERGY IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS!!

GALE: Wonderful! I know your talk at the Elks Club will do me a lot of good tonight, McGee. I HAD planned to spend the evening down there just loafing - but you will make it a night well spent!

FIB: Well, thanks, La Triv!

MOL: You think McGee's talk will show you the way to new energy, Your Honor?

GALE: No - it'll show me the way to go home! To bed! Right now! Goodnight!

DOOR SLAM:

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FIB: Aagh! The lazy lout! That guy must be part pitchfork - he spends half his life in the hay what time is it?

MOL: (YAWNS) Almost half past...And I'm going to bed, too, dearie.

FIB: NOT ME, SNOOKY...I'M STILL FULLO' VINEGAR. I'M GOING DOWN TO THE ELKS AND ORGANIZE A DISCUSSION GROUP. TELL ALL THEM GUYS HOW TO BUILD UP THEIR VITALITY, WELL.. SWEET DREAMS, KIDDO...I'M OFF IN A CLOUD OF ENERGY! DON'T WIAT UP FOR ME. I'M GOOD FOR ALL NIGHT!

MOL: Have you got your house key?

FIB: DON'T NEED A KEY, BEAUTIFUL!...I'LL JUMP UP ONTO THE ROOF AND SLIDE DOWN THE CHIMNEY! PIP PIP, OLD TULIP!

SOUND: KISS; DOOR OPEN

MOL: (VERY TIRED) Goodnight, dearie.

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Ahh, there goes a good kid!...I wish I had some witty comment to make about him, but...(YAWNS) I'm just too exhausted...I think I'll walk upstairs backwards and fool my muscles... Come on, Molly...get going...

MUSIC: IN SOFTLY TO SLEEP MUSIC...OUT WITH DOOR CHIME (OFFMIKE) REPEAT.

VOICER: Oh, Doc...goodnight...etc.

FIB: (SNORES)

MOL: Well...shall we get him up to bed, Doctor?

B

(REVISED) -23-

MOL: (MUTTERS IN SLEEP)(DOOR CHIME, OFF) Oh, dear...McGee didn't have his key, after all...(SOUND: ~~BED SPRING...~~ SLIGHT SCUFFLE) Now where <sup>is</sup> are my <sup>shoe</sup> mules...I mean the ones I'm not married to. Oh, here they are...and my robe...(DOOR CHIME OFF) I'M COMING, DEARIE...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS PADDING DOWNSTAIRS...(PAUSE) DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Sorry to bother you, Molly...but we couldn't get in without waking you.

MOL: DOCTOR GAMBLE...WHAT IS IT? IS THERE SOMETHING...IS MCGEE...?

DOC: Don't worry, my dear...he's fine. ALL RIGHT, BOYS, BRING HIM IN!

SOUND: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS AND SCUFFLE:

MOL: IT'S MCGEE! OH, DOCTOR, WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED??

DOC: He's all right, Molly. He walked into the Elks Club, told the boys he was going to give a talk, sat down in this chair and went dead asleep!

MOL: WHAT?

DOC: We couldn't wake him up without slugging him with a pool cue, so we just left him in the chair and brought him home. Dropped him three times on the way, but it didn't seem to bother him. OKAY, BOYS, THANKS VERY MUCH!

VOICES: Okay, Doc...goodnight...etc.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (SNORES)

MOL: Well...shall we get him up to bed, Doctor?

(REVISED) -24-

DOC: Certainly not. Let him sleep in the chair all night. Teach him a lesson. In the morning he'll be so stiff you can carry him upstairs in a bass drum. Goodnight.

FIB: (SNORES)

MOL: Goodnight, Doctor. And thanks.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: For goodness sakes! MCGEE! MCGEE! WAKE UP!

FIB: (SNORES)

MOL: Man's Untapped Energies! ~~OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!~~

ORCH: "THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN"...FADE FOR:

McGee - 3/11/47

McGee - 3/11/47 (2ND REVISION) -25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment...  
There are thousands of couples setting up new homes today. If you are among them, why don't you take a tip from the millions of families who keep their homes shining bright with Wax? It really is amazing how much beauty you can add to your home with an occasional application of JOHNSON'S WAX. Rub a little JOHNSON'S WAX on that old desk or rocker or china cabinet you picked up somewhere and it will really glow with beauty, and be so easy to keep sparkling-clean. JOHNSON'S WAX will also give a richly polished appearance to your new furniture, floors, your leather goods and venetian blinds and one hundred other things. Yes, if you use genuine JOHNSON'S WAX regularly, you will be adding beauty all through your home, protecting your treasures, preserving them, adding years to their length of life, and saving yourself hours of housework. Try it. You'll find a good use for all three forms of JOHNSON'S WAX...Paste, Liquid, and Cream.

ORCH: SWELL AND FADE FOR:

McGee - 3/11/47

25-A

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (for S.Calif., Ariz., Fla.)

CUE: TO BE SUPPLIED BY F. PITTMAN

WALD: Would you be interested in a car polish that cleans and polishes your car with a minimum of work? Yes, I thought you would...I guess just about everyone prefers to drive a clean, shiny car, but no one likes unnecessary work.  
MOL: Well, this easy-to-use car polish is called JOHNSON'S CARNU, and believe me it really does a beautiful job with surprising ease. In fact, when a car is cleaned occasionally with CARNU, there's no hard rubbing at all. Of course, I don't mean that CARNU does all the work... you do have to rub it on and wipe it off. But the point is CARNU does two jobs at once...both cleans and polishes your car in one application. You simply apply it, rubbing just hard enough to loosen old dirt. Then you let CARNU dry to a white powder. When you wipe this powder off, all that old road grime vanishes with it, and your car looks really good. Why not try it? CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIME)

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 Why not try it? CARNU

ain next Tuesday night.

BROADCASTING COMPANY.

## TAG

FIB: (SNORES)  
 MOL: McGEE! McGEE! WAKE UP!  
 FIB: (WAKES) Huh? Wha-- what're you doin' here at the Elks,  
 Molly? Hey, what's our davenport doin' down here, and  
 our--  
 MOL: You're home, dearie...Doctor Gamble brought you. Now,  
 come on up to bed...it's midnight.  
 FIB: Midnight? You mean I've slept my four hours already?  
 MOL: You've slept 24 hours. THIS IS WEDNESDAY!  
 FIB: Oh. (YAWNS) Well, no use gettin' up now...I've slept  
 too long to have any pep. Try me again tomorrow.  
 Goodnight. (SNORES AT ONCE)  
 MOL: Oh, dear! Goodnight, all.  
 ORCH: ~~PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF~~  
 APPLAUSE:  
 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 NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUI  
 PHIL LE

ORCH: ~~THESE~~

WILCOX: The ma

ORCH: ~~THESE~~

GORDON: ~~THESE~~

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ORCH: ~~THESE~~

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MARCH 18, 1947