

# NBC

ADVERTISER **S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.**

WRITER **DON QUINN**

PROGRAM TITLE **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

**WLAQ**

( **DECEMBER 8, 1937** )

( **MONDAY** DAY )

**8:00 - 8:30 P.M.**

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

**11:00 - 11:30 P.M.**

Page 2

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX.. YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, PRESENTING MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORK: THEME:

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "BEE A GOOD SPORT!"

ORK: "BE A GOOD SPORT" down for -

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1:

GLO-COAT COMMERCIAL:

I'd like to offer a suggestion -- and if you care to take it, you'll find that it will save you hours of cleaning work over the holidays. First, buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from your dealer. Then go over your kitchen linoleum with this easy-to-use, no-rubbing liquid polish. In twenty minutes the floor will be dry -- shining like new -- protected from dirt, stains and wear. A dry dusting will keep it clean and sparkling. Any spots can be quickly wiped away from the gleaming surface. I repeat, GLO-COAT on your kitchen linoleum will save you many hours of floor-cleaning time! GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORK: SWELL TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: DOWN FOR ..

WIL: DOES THE FIRST MONDAY IN EVERY OTHER MONTH MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, SOCIALLY? NO? WELL IT PROBABLY DOESN'T TO FIBBER, EITHER, BUT IT SHOULD..BECAUSE THIS IS THE DAY MOLLY WAS TO HAVE SERVED DINNER FOR THE WISTFUL VISTA DRAMA...LITERARY AND PINOCHLE CLUB...AN ENGAGEMENT WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN CANCELLED! AND HERE...SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM WITH HIS GENERAL FACTOTUMM SILLY, WE FIND .. FIBBER "FALLGUY" MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

SOUND: MUFFLED POUNDING...PAUSE...POUNDING...

SIL: Wa yo'all doin' wif at lil ole hammah, please suh?

FIB: Don't bother, me, Sil. I'm mendin' socks. (POUNDING)

SIL: You men' yo' socks wif a hammeh?

FIB: Certainly. I never was much of a ding-dong-darner, but I got the system now...look...I take the sock with the hole in it..

SIL: Yassuh ...

FIB: Gather up the part around the hole, tie a string around it, and pound it flat with the hammer. (POUNDING) There! Ye see?

SIL: Mmmmmmm. How you evah think o' that!

FIB: Clever, eh? And half a block away you'd never know they'd been fixed. Ye see -

DOOR BELL:

FIB: Who's that at the door?

SIL: Search, me, suh.

FIB: Who do you suppose?

SIL: Ah dunno such.

DOORBELL:

FIB: Couldn't be Mort Toops could it?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah don' think so. Mist' Toops's 'd be wo'kin' this tima o' day.

FIB: That's right. He would. Then I can't imagine - maybe it's a boy with a telegram from Molly.

SIL: Nossuh. You jus' got one this mo'nin' suh.

FIB: That's right. I did.

DOORBELL:

FIB: Shucks, I dunno who it could be.

SIL: Maybe I bettah go look, maybe?

FIB: SAY, THAT'S AN IDEA SIL! Take a peek out the window. I don't wanta put my shoes on unless I have to.

SIL: Nossuh (FADE) I'll just give a squint and see who...oh... oh...(FADE IN) It that old Mis' Uppinton fur next do' please suh.

FIB: What does she want?

SIL: Dunno suh.

DOORBELL:

FIB: Shucks...well...let her in, Sil..NO WAIT..HAND ME MY SHOES.

SIL: Yassuh...

FIB: PUT THEM CIGAR BUTTS SOMEPLACE...Under 2 inches, throw 'em away...PICK UP THEM NEWSPAPERS..

SOUND: PAPER RATTLING ETC.

FIB: Shucks, I never realized how this place looked until..HIDE THEM POKER CHIPS; SIL...BETTER OPEN THE WINDOW AND LET THE PLACE AIR OUT A LITTLE...KINDA SMOKY...

DOORBELL:

SIL: Soun' lak she gitten' a lil impatient, suh.

FIB: Well, let her in.

SIL: Yassuh...(OFF MIKE) Oh Hiyah, Mis' Uppinton, ma'am. Come right in ma'am..MIST' McGee..heah Mis' Uppinton, please suh.

UPP: Well, Mr. McGee...what was the idea keeping me waiting on the porch so long...certainly looks funny. I could hear the doorbell just as plain and I heard you two moving around in here my goodness you look guilty!

FIB: Whaddye mean guilty! Guilty of what?

UPP: That's what I'd like to know! Well, aren't you going to ask me to sit down?

FIB: Oh..oh, excuse me, Uppy. Sit down.

UPP: Thank you..OUGH! What...

FIB: Oh I'm sorry. I forgot that hammer was there. I been darnin' socks.

UPP: With a hammer? A LIKELY STORY young man. Incidentally, you keep extremely bad hours with your wife away. You didn't turn out your lights till all hours this morning, long after those four men left.

SIL: They was five, ma'am. Mist Toops went out the back do' because it was sho'teh.

FIB: Quiet, Sil..AHM. Ye see, Mrs. Uppington, we hadda quiet little game o' Po--er...it was a business conference and I didn't realize...er

UPP: Oh a business conference! Indeed! A fine business conference! Since when do business men sit around asking each other riddles!

FIB: Riddles?

UPP: Yes..Oh I heard you! That one man kept saying ALL RIGHT BOYS. ..ANOTHER ROUND OF RIDDLES...

SIL: Tha' was ROODLES, ma'am. It mean -

FIB: AHM. Quiet, Sil. Sorry if we distrubed you, Mrs. Uppington, but --

UPP: But that isn't what I came over for, Mr. McGee.

FIB: No, Uppy? Then what --

UPP: It ocured to me that it had possibly slipped your mind that this is the night the Wistful Vista Literary Drama and Pinochle Club was to meet for dinner at the McGees..

FIB: You mean we were suppo-

UPP: The first monday in every second month...and I told the other ladies of the club, GIRLS, I said...

FIB: Girls! You should o' had 'em right there, Uppy.

UPP: I said we cannot expect Mr. McGee to prepare dinner for eight people with his wife away, and the other ladies said no...

FIB: WHOAAAA THERE UPPY...WHOA ... HOLD EVERYTHING...

FIB: OH NO YE DON'T! MOLLY WOULDN'T APPROVE O' THAT ONE BIT. YOU TELL THE CLUB TO BE HERE FOR DINNER AT EIGHT! I'LL FIX THE CLUB A DINNER THAT EVEN YOU CAN'T CRITICIZE, MRS. Uppington Watson!

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Mrs. Uppington's hat.

SIL: She got it on, suh.

FIB: OH...AHM. Well, thanks for calling, Uppy -- You tell 'em to be here at eight with their appetities.

OLD L: Well, I must say I don't hardly know what to say...I...

FIB: Well, see you tonight, sis.

DOOR SLAM

SIL: Wah you gonna do now, suh?

FIB: Whaddya mean, what am I gonna do? I'm gonna cook them muggs a mess of provisions that'll...ye think I can't do it, eh? Don't worry...

(FAST) (INTO MUBIC) START CLEANING UP THE HOUSE SIL...BRING ME THAT COOK BOOK O'MOLLY'S...GET THE GROCERY ON THE PHONE...ORDER SOME FLOWERS...SEE IF I GOTTA CLEAN SHIRT...TELL TED WEEMS TO PLAY "I CAN'T BE BOTHERED NOW"....GO BORROW SOME DISHES AND SILVERWARE FROM MRS. TOOPS...GO GET SOME....

ORK: "I CAN'T BE BOTHERED NOW"

APPLAUSE:

END SPOT

FIB: (SINGS) Oh can I bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy...Oh can I bake a cherry pie, Billy boy...hand me the sour flifter phil... er...the flier fl...the flour slifter...SHUCKS, I'll get it myself.

SIL: Seem like you is gonna have a awful lotta stuff to do, Mis' McGee. Why don' yo-all jus' giv'em one o' them lil ole buffoon lunches they kin set in their laps.

FIB: You ain't seen these wimmin of this club, Sil. They ain't got any laps. AHM. Let's see now...salad.

SIL: Yassuh. So whaf'll ah git fo' de salad?

FIB: Oh run down and get head lettuce, french dressing and alligator pears...

SIL: Head lettuce...French dressin'...anna pah o' alligators...

FIB: No, no, no...not a pair of alligators...SOME ALLIGATOR PEARS... AVOCADOS.

SIL: Africados? Yassuh. How many..?

FIB: Well let's see thirty members...half a pear apiece..oh about fifteen sil, and make it snappy...I gotta get this stuff on the fire...

SIL: Yassuh....

DOOR SLAM. SOUND OF PANS RATTLING, DISHES, SILVER ETC.

FIB: Ohhh, can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy. Can I bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy. She can bake a cherry pie as quick as a cat can wink it's eye. She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother --

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

YOUNG M: Mr. McGee? Fibber McGee.

FIB: That's me, bud. You bring my stuff from the meat market?

Y.M: No sir. I'm from the Wistful Vista Gazette, Mr. McGee. They sent me over here to -

FIB: Oh to get the dope on the dinner tonight, eh? Sit down, bud, and I'll tell ye all about it. Got a cameraman here?

Y.M: Well, no, ye see -

FIB: Well they got plenty of pictures of me down there anyway. Don't mind if I go ahead with my work do ye bud? Not that it's work for me...it's really just play...I gotta gift for it....

Y.M: Yes, but they sent me to ask you if -

FIB: Don't rush a good story, bud. You cub reporters are too impatient. There'll be about thirty guests and I'm preparin' 'em a dinner-

TELEPHONE

FIB: Excuse me. HELLO...YES...OH NICK DEPOPOLIS....LISTEN NICK...I GOTTA LOTTA WIMMIN....EH? QUIT KIDDIN', NICK. I GOTTA LOTTA WIMMIN AND MEN COMIN' OVER HERE FOR DINNER AND I NEED ABOUT THREE GALLONS O' ICE CREAM. EH? OH I DUNNO. MIX UP SOME VANILLA AND CHOCOLATE. YOU KNOW...NEW YORK ICE CREAM WITH A TOUCH OF HARLEM. OKAY Nick. (CLICK)

Y.M: I was going to ask you, Mr. McGee....

FIB: I'M COMIN' TO THAT BUD. (LAUGHS) Ye know none o' these people comin' tonight know I was once the head chef at the Ritz-Amsterdam in Philadelphia...there's a swell news angle right there, see?

Y.M: Yes, I know but...

FIB: As I always say bud, cookin' is a matter of part skill and part-luck. That accounts for me bein' called potluck McGee in them days....

Y.M: Yes but can you -

FIB: POTLUCK MCGEE, THE PRIZE PRODUCER OF PERFECT PANCAKES, PUREE OF PEAS AND PEACH PUDDING, POWERFUL PARAGON OF PASTRY, PARTICULARLY POTPIES, POTATOE PATTIES AND PRINCELY PORKCHOPS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE, AND PROUDLY PURVEYIN' PRETTY PLATTERS OF PERSONALLY PATENTED PEPPERPOT PENGUIN TO POLITICIANS, POETS, PRESIDENTS AND PANHANDLERS FROM PUNXATAWNEY TO PALO ALTO!

APPLAUSE

Y.M: That's very interesting, Mr. McGee, but -

FIB: You ain't heard the half of it yet, Bud. Ye see I come from a long line of menu-maestros. They say my grandfather was captured by cannibals in Borneo, and he spent his last minutes criticisin' the seasoning they threw in the pot with him and my Great-Uncle Humbert McGee was a pastry cook, and he could take one o' them little frosting-squirters and write "Happy Birthday" on a cake so quick it'd turn your stom. er. make your head swim. Too bad about Humbert. He signed a wedding cake with the wrong name and they got him on two counts...forgery and bigamy.

Y.M: It must be wonderful to be able to cook like that.

FIB: Ohh, I dunno. There's a few secrets to it, o' course. You gotta know your calories and vitamins...

WIL: WELL, VITAMEN ALLOW THEIR WIVES TO SCRUB FLOORS WHEN  
JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT MAKES EVERYTHING SO MUCH EASIER, IT'S THE-

FIB: HARPO. What you doin' here.

WIL: Hello, Fibber. Say I hear you're cooking a big dinner  
tonight. So I brought you some mints.

FIB: Oh swell, Harpo, After dinner mints?

WIL: No. Soda mints.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Soda mints...of all the...(LAUGHS) Well, he's a nice guy  
Harpo, is, but he's inclined to get a little feisty at times.

Y.M.: Sort of a diamond in the rough, eh?

FIB: Not so bright as that. More like a golfball in the rough.  
He's gotta have a touch of the old iron before he goes straight.  
Now what was your next question about my career as a chef,  
bud?

Y.M.: I don't know anything about your career.

FIB: Well, as a reporter, I should think...

Y.M.: I'm not a reporter. The editor sent me over to collect  
your bill for last month. A dollar ten.

FIB: Eh? Oh...I...er...AHM. I kinda suspected you wasn't a  
reporter bud, when you didn't make a grab for that bottle  
of cookin' sherry. Here ye are, Dollar ten.

Y.M.: Thanks.

DOOR SLAM: (POTS AND PANS RATTLING)

FIB: Ohhhhh can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy...  
Can I cook a cherry pie - Charming Billy --

DOOR KNOCK: LATCH

FIB: DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED...COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: I - oh Clark Dennis. Hiyah Clark.

CLARK: Hello Fibber. What's this I hear about you cooking a  
dinner for the club tonight.

FIB: That's right, Clark. Why don't you come over and sing  
something for the folks?

CLARK: All right I will.

FIB: Got some kind of a song about cooking?

CLARK: How about "HAVE YOU GOT ANY CASSEROLES, BABY?"

FIB: N-nono....I don't think so. How about FAREWELL, MY LOAF.

CLARK: That's FAREWELL MY LOVE.

FIB: Is it? Let's hear it, Clark. FOLKS...CLARK DENNIS SINGS  
FAREWELL MY LOVE, ACCOMPANIED BY TED WEEMS AND THE ORCHESTRA.

ORK: "FAREWELL MY LOVE"

APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT:SOUND OF DISHES CLATTERING:

FIB: Ohhh, can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy...  
Can she bake a cherry pie Charming Billy - hey, Sil!

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Put them vegetables down and come here a minute. Look.  
See this recipe for angel food cake?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Well look...there's a misprint here or somethin'. It says  
FOLD IN TEN EGGS! Ain't that silly? How can you fold an  
egg?

SIL: Maybe you gotta fry it first, please suh.

FIB: That don't seem reasonable, either. It don't even say how  
many times to fold 'em. Fold an egg..fold an egg. Now if  
it was lettuce, It'd make sense...but shucks...

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: See who that is, Sil. Maybe it's Nick Depopolis with the  
ice cream.

SIL: Yassuh...

DOOR LATCH:

OLD MAN: Hello there, boy. Lady of the house to home?

FIB: (FADE IN) I'm the lady of the hou-er----I'm in charge  
here, old timer, and pretty busy, too. What's on your mind?

OLD MAN: Eh? What say?

FIB: I SA'S WHADDYE WANT?

OLD MAN: Don't want nothin'. Came to see what you wanted. I got  
some nice vegetables here. How about some chard?

FIB: Some chard what?

OLD MAN: Eh?

FIB: I SAYS SOME CHARD WHAT?

OLD MAN: Well then how about chives. Like chives?

FIB: No I don't. I had the chives so bad once I had to stay  
home from school.

SIL: He say chives suh...not HIVES. Chives is kin'a like celery.

FIB: Oh well why didn't he say celery.

OLD MAN: AINT ON SALARY. ON COMMISSION. How about some rhubarb?

FIB: Now your talkin', old timer.

OLD MAN: Eh? What say?

FIB: I says now your talkin'.

OLD MAN: Am not. Can't get a word in edg ways.

FIB: GOT SOME NICE RHUBARB ABOUT SO LONG?

OLD: EH?

FIB: SO LONG!

OLD MAN: So long! Be back next week.

DOOR SLAMRATTLE OF POTS AND PANS..

SIL: Wha you want me to do now, Mist McGee, please suh.

FIB: Well, you cann split some peas for the soup. Better use a  
razor blade. I want a nice clean job.

SIL: Yassuh....

FIB: And Sil....we got any sponges?

SIL: Waffo?

FIB: I may want to whip up a sponge cake.

SIL: We got one, suh. It out in the garage.

FIB: Well when you get time, clean it and bring it in. And Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: The book says to put the stewed apples thru a colander.  
Get me a colendar.

SIL: Yassuh. Shall ah git the new 1938 colendar offen the desk  
in the livin' room or is you wanna use lile ole last yeah's  
colendar?

FIB: (LAUGHS MIGHTLY) Sil, if you ain't the dumb one! LAST  
YEARS COLENDAR!!! (LAUGHS) Oh boy if that ain't rich.  
(LAUGHS) Of course I don't want last year's colendar.  
Bring the new one. I don't want this stuff to taste old.  
Ahem..gonna be kind of a long job strainin' it thru paper  
at that. They must o' thought I was makin' a date pudding.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH

GIRL: How do you do, sir...I'm making a Federal Survey. May I  
ask you a question?

FIB: Oh a Government Survey? Certainly sis. What's the question?

GIRL: How's everything?

FIB: Fine.

GIRL: Thank you.

DOOR SLAMPOTS AND PANS

FIB: Ohhh Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy...  
Can I bake a cherry pie, charming Billy.....HEY SIL.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: How many peas you got split?

SIL: Lemme see suh...one two...fo'...nine, suh.

FIB: Ain't enough. Oughtta have a dozen or so at least for  
thick soup.

SIL: Yassuh. Seems like they'd be a lot easier to split,  
please suh, iffen they was maybe boiled a little first.  
They's awful hand.

FIB: WHAT...AND BOIL THE FLAVOR ALL OUT OF 'EM. No sir. Flavor  
is the important thing in this racket sil. Why a good  
chef can work miracles, with a old rubber boot, a pinch  
of salt and a bay leaf.



WIL: YES AND IT'S ALMOST BEYOND BAYLEAF WHAT MIRACLES YOU CAN WORK  
ON YOUR FLOORS AND FURNITURE WITH JOHNSON WAX, THE EASY TO USE  
POL-

FIB: HARPO...YOU BACK AGAIN?

WIL: Yes...I just wanted to see what the club is going to have to  
eat tonight.

FIB: What difference does it make?

WIL: Well, I have to watch my stomach, you know.

FIB: Well, I'll seat you next to the sideboard. It's gotta mirror  
on it.

WIL: Oh all right all right..what's the use..I try to be a good guy  
and what do I get...

DOOR SLAM. POTS AND PANS.

FIB: (SINGS) She can bake a cherry pie, as quick's a cat can wink  
its eye, But she's a young thing, and cannot leave her motherrr..  
How many peas you got split, Sil?

SIL: Jus' a minute, please suh..lesee...fo'..ten..twelve..nineteen,  
suh.

FIB: That's plenty. Throw 'em in a pan of water.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: This dinner's gonna make their eyes bug out like doorknobs.  
I always says that when a guy like me really concentr-

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Aw fer the...SEE WHO THAT IS? SIL.

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: Heah Mist Emo Tannerm please suh.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Oh Hiyah Elmo.

ELMO: Hello Fibber...anything I can do to help?

FIB: Well, yes, Elmo,. I'm fixin' up the sauce for the meat..how'd  
you like to cut a few capers?

ELMO: You took the words right out of my mouth.

FIB: I did eh? Folks, Ted Weems plays, and Elmo Tanner whistles,

"YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH". TAKE IT TED!

ORK: "YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH" --

-- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 3rd COMMERCIAL (NEXT PAGE)

FURNITURE POLISH COMMERCIAL - MIDDLE

Thousands of women declare that JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH is the finest furniture polish they have ever used. 1...It contains no oil to collect dust and ~~finger~~<sup>finger</sup> smudges. 2. It is easy to apply -- gives an exquisite wax lustre without hard rubbing.

3. It leaves a glowing shield of protection on your furniture, warding off scratches, stains and dirt. We know you'll be enthusiastic about this wonderful new polish. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH.

ORK: MCGEE THEME - down for -

SOUND:POTS AND PANS

FIB: Ohhhh, Can I bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy...Can I bake a Hey hand me that cook book a minute Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. Heah you is.

FIB: Let see now....fried oysters...oysters...oh yes..(RATTLE OF PAPER) Can I bake a cherry pie...Billy B...WELL FER THE... HEY SIL...PUT SOME NEWSPAPERS DOWN ON THE DINING ROOM FLOOR WILL YOU...AND GET ME A BOX OF CRACKERS.

SIL: Yassuh...wh' you gna do, please suh?

FIB: It says here to roll in cracker crumbs. Sounds like a dumb idea but if I'm gonna do this right, I might as well go the whole way. Better stand by with a whisk broom, too.

SIL: Yassuh. Maybe you bettah weah yo' ovehcoat, too, please suh, You is li'ble to git all scratched up.

FIB: Say I am at that, ain't I. Oh well, let it go. Just because this book gives daffy instructions.

SIL: Ah dunno, suh...some o' them things looks awful dumb but they wo'ks out all right, Mah brother considehable was startin' to chef in a sho't o'desh joint and the book say fo' him to beat up three algs and he did an' it sho gave him a appetite. On'ly thing is he got pinched fo' diso'd'ly conduck.

FIB: Yeah, I know..WELL...I GOT THE RASCOT AND STUFF ALL READY FOR THE OVEN SIL. GET ME A NEEDLE AND THREAD.

SIL: Needle an' thread suh?

FIB: Yep. It says to baste the roast well. Always wondered why I keep bitin' on little pieces o' string in my roasts. I-

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

SCOT: Good afterrrrnoon, laddie.

FIB: Hiyah Scottie, what's on your mind?

SCOT: I've hearrd ye'rre gi'in' a braw big dinerrrr to the Wustful Vusta Literrrrrarrry, Shakespearrrre and Pinochle Club tonight laddie.

FIB: That's right, Scottie. What of it?

SCOT: Weel, what does a mon do to become a memberrrr of the Club?

FIB: Oh then you've heard about the club, eh?

SCOT: Nay....ah've just hearrd about the dinnerrrr. Ye see, laddie..

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Shucks, Here I am workin' hammer and tongs, and that guy comes in with a chisel...Hey Sil...this roast's about ready for cookin'. What's it say in the book about oven temperature?

SIL: It say "TURN ON GAS ABOU' TEN MINUTES BEFO' PLACIN' ROAST IN OVEN".

FIB: Okay - here she goes.

SOUND: HISSSS. CONTINUE THRUOUT.

FIB: Ye see, the idea is, Sil. The gas has gotta permeate the walls of the oven, thus makin' a even temperature all around the roast.

SIL: (SNIFFS) Yassuh....it kin'a permutates the whole room, don't it?

FIB: You'll get used to it. There's tricks to all trades, Sil, and -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LAGH:

FIB: Oh Nick DEPOBOLIS....HIYAH NICK.

NICK: HELLO FIZZER....HERE IS MY ICE CREAM I AM ORDERING FROM ME TO YOU.

SOUNDS: THUMPS..

FIB: Much obliged, Nick. Gonna need it. I'm cookin' a dinner for eight people tonight.

NICK: I DON'T TELL YOU! HA HAH...I THINK YOU ARE MAKING FUN AT ME, FIZZER.

HAH HAH..YOU CANT THROW THE BULL OVER MY EYES, I'M THINKING.

SIL: He ain' foolin' Mist' Depopolis, suh. He a real good cook. He say so himse'f.

NICK: Sure. Fizzer is always telling somebody what a big stuff he is being at whatever he is fumbling with. HAH HAH.. But a dinners with eight people at it is no laughing mother, I'm thinking. In fact, it is a pretty how-do-you do, I'm fine thank you.

FIB: Dont worry, Nick. I can handle it. I thought for a while of askin' you to gimme a hand, but I thought better of it.

NICK: Not better, Fizzer, just DIFFERENT, I'm thinking. But you must always bear in your brains the old saying by Benjamin Franklepuss, TOO MANY COOKIES IS SPOILING SOMEBODY'S BROTH. UNQUOTE.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You mean too much garlic spoils the breath.

NICK: Well roughly, that is not what I am even thinking of, Fizzer. I am only hoping you can make all these people happy with some dinner which is not costing too much. From the foods I am seeing here, I will be lucky if you don't winding up with a bankruptcy. Well, so long Fizzer...if you are having any complaints with the ice cream I am bringing, just call me up, and I will laugh in my face.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: In ciedntally, Sil...you'll have to wear your dress suit and buttle tonight.

SIL: B<sub>u</sub>ttle, suh?

FIB: Sure...you know, be the butler. This is gonna be kind of a doggy affair I'll take Mrs. Uppington in on my arm, ye see --

SIL: You IS? Ain' she gonna be awful heavy, suh?

FIB: No no no...I mean I'll ESCORT her to the table. Time to put the roast in yet, Sil?

SIL: Yasshuh. One minute oveh, suh.

FIB: Fine. (GLATTER OF DISHES) OOOHHHH CAN SHE BAKE A CHERRY PIE, BILLY BOY.. BILLY BOY...Gimme a match Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah'm glad we ain' waitin' no longeh. Ah was beginnin' to git gasfioxiated, suh.

FIB: Well, it won't be long now. SIL. OH CANN I BAKE A CHERRY PIE, BILLY BOY..

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH . TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION...CRASH OF POTS PANS GLASS..

LONG PAUSE:

TELEPHONE: REPEAT TWICE

FIB: (WEAKILY) Hello..

UPPINGTON: (TELEPHONE VOICE) Mr. McGee? I was just talking to the ladies of the club and we thought that perhaps it would be better if --

FIB: Wait a minute Uppy. I....I was just gonna call you.  
I had dinner all on the stove and suddenly I begun to  
think I better postpone the affair myself..

UPP: I see. Until Mrs. McGee comes back?

FIB: No. Till the stove comes back. (CLICK) (FADE OUT)

ORK: Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy ...etc..

WIL: "YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM DREAMING" DOWN FOR -  
#3 COMMERCIAL (Next Page)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

Some women spend hours trying to keep their kitchen linoleum clean - yet their floors always look dull and a little soiled. Other women have learned the easy, modern way to keep their linoleum shining without hard work. They protect their linoleum and other floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT so dirt can't get a foothold - scuffing feet can't wear away the surface! This remarkable polish requires no rubbing or buffing. It quickly puts new life and sparkle into linoleum - keeps it clean and bright - does away with floor scrubbing. No wonder that millions of cans of GLO-COAT are sold every year! Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and remember it's very economical to buy the larger sizes.

mc:mr:  
ea:na:js: 10:55 A. M.  
12:6:37