

S. C. Johnson & Son

(REVISED)

Writers: Don Quinn
Len Levinson

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#252

5:30-6:00 PM
Tuesday - June 4, 1940

NBC-Red

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and
Molly, with Bill Thompson, the King's men, and Billy Mills'
Orchestra. The show opens with "Don't Hold Everything".

ORCH: "DON'T HOLD EVERYTHING"

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS HAD A HOST OF TROUBLES IN HIS LIFE, BUT NOW HE VOLUNTARILY ADDS THE TROUBLES OF A HOST. HE'S GIVING A SPAGHETTI DINNER FOR A FEW MALE FRIENDS TONIGHT, WHICH HE IS GOING TO PREPARE HIMSELF. AND HERE AT THE CORNER DELICATESSEN, LAYING IN SUPPLIES FOR THE EVENING, WE FIND --

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!--

APPLAUSE

MOL: Have you got ^{everything} anything, dearie?
FIB: Well now, lemme see...I got...tomatoes...sugar..chocolate bars...vinegar...ginger snaps...celery and olives...cheesetwo pounds o' garlic...can you think of anything I ain't got, Molly?
MOL: I can't even think of what you HAVE got without shuddering.
FIB: How about you, sis? You give me everything on that list?
BERN: Coitenly. But you're giving a spaghetti dinner, isn't it?
FIB: Yes, it is...er...yes, I am.
BERN: Well, in that case, and excuse the presumpsin, please -- but maybe you'd need some spaghetti?
FIB: SPAGHETTI! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE I NEEDED. GIMME ABOUT FIVE BUCKS WORTH O' SPAGHETTI, SIS.
BERN: Coitenly. At ten cents a pound...that's fifty pounds spaghetti.
MOL: Why don't you make it a hundred pounds, McGee. It's always good warmed up.

FIB: No, I hate leftovers. Now lemme see....
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
MAN: Excuse me, folks....SAY, MRS. GOLDFARB -
BERN: Yes?
MAN: I'm from the wholesale house. Here's a bill for that last order of cheese.
BERN: Oh yes...I'll taking care of it as soon as I hear from the F.H.A.
MAN: Okay. Thanks.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM:
MOL: What's the FHA got to do with paying for your cheese, Mrs. Goldfarb?
BERN: It's cottage cheese. Is that all, Mr. McGee?
FIB: Yes, I guess so, sis.
Incidentally, how's business? This delicatessen make much money?
BERN: It all depends. For income tex business, we menage to scrape along...but if you're thinking of buying the store, it's a gold mine!
OLD M: (FADE IN) Well, hello there, daughter....Hello, Johnny.. whatcha doin'?
MOL: He's doing his shopping, Mr. Old Timer.
FIB: Gonna give a spaghetti dinner for a few friends, Old Timer. You're invited. My house at 7:30.
OLD M: Thanks, Johnny. I'll be there. They say that daughter here is a wonderful cook.
MOL: Oh, but he's cooking this dinner himself, Mr. Old Timer.
OLD M: Eh? Oh! Well,...say, come to think of it daughter, I got a previous engagement. Sorry, Johnny.

FIB: That's okay, Old Timer. If you change your mind later and wanta come, just hang a lantern in the Old North Church.

MOL: Sure...one if by land, and two if bicarbonate.

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh....that's pretty good, Daughter, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "EVER HEAR THIS FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY ON THE RADIO? LOTS O' MEAT IN THEIR PROGRAMS, AIN'T THERE?" "MUST BE", says tother feller. "I SURE GET FED UP QUICK!", Heh heh heh.... sorry I can't come to your dinner tonight, Johnny. But say, Daughter...what you doin' while young Johnny here gives his party? Tsch! Tsch!

MOL: Oh, I don't know, Mr. Old Timer. Go to a movie, I guess.

OLD M: That suits me. I'll call for ye at 7 o'clock. Gotta run down now and get me some Sen-Sen. So long, Johnny!

FIB: Oh, well....I'm glad he ain't comin' anyway. As the laundress says when she disconnected the flatiron at five o'clock. I'm afraid I ain't got any time for wet blankets!

BERN: Excuse me...was there anything else you wanted, please?

FIB: Guess not Sis - I can get along with what I got here, - Boy, I can hardly wait to get started!

BERN: Are you having any cooking experience, much?

FIB: Have I? Why, sis, I been cooking since I was knee high to the oven door.

MOL: Somebody ought to stick a fork in you. You're about done!

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FIB: Why, even when I was a kid in grade school, the children would point me out and whisper, "HIS FATHER WAS A CHEF ON AN OCEAN LINER!"

BERN: My, my! Fancy that!

FIB: SON-OF-A-SEA-COOK MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh, dear....

FIB: SON-OF-A-SEA-COOK-MCGEE - KILLER-DILLER OF THE COLD-CUTS, KING OF THE CAVIAR-CUDDLERS AND CUTEST KID THAT EVER COOKED A KETTLE OF KIPPERS FOR COUNTRY CLUB, CAMPFIRE, CAFETERIA OR CLAMBAKE: CAUTIOUS AND CRAFTY AT CONCEALIN' THE CALORIES IN A COCOANUT CAKE FOR CURVE-CONSCIOUS CUTIES, KITTENISHLY CROWDED IN COZY CAFES: AND THE CANNIEST COOT THAT EVER COMBED THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR CORN ON THE COB THAT COULDN'T CONCEIVEABLY BE COMMANDED BY THE COMMONER KINDS OF CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN CUSTOMERS: CROWNED BY THE COOKS' CONVENTION IN KICKAPOO, KANSAS, AS THE CLASSIEST KEWPIE THAT EVER CUT A CANTELOPE: COVERED WITH COMPLIMENTS, CUPS AND CONFETTI,

-- but play something, boys - while I cook this spaghetti.

ORK: "TOO ROMANTIC" - FADE FOR:

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Will those of you, who are sitting in your living rooms listening to Fibber & Molly, just imagine yourselves for a moment driving down the street in your automobile. It's a bright, sunny afternoon, and nearly everybody is out. Say, there's a good-looking car just parking at the curb! That can't be the Livingston's old bus! Why, yes, it is -- but what have they done to make it look like new? Well, I'll tell you what they probably did -- they gave it the new beauty treatment with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- the sensational, new product that both cleans and wax-polishes in one easy operation! What's more, as soon as their neighbors hear how easy and how inexpensive wax-polishing is with CARNU, lots of other cars in that neighborhood are going to blossom forth with that "showroom shine." It's not so long ago that cleaning and wax-polishing your car cost real money -- and several hours of hard work. JOHNSON'S CARNU has changed all that -- now both jobs are done in half the time -- at negligible cost. Get a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU right away from your regular wax dealer -- auto supply store or service station. You'll say with everybody else -- "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU."

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH (APPLAUSE))

(REVISED) 8 & 9

2ND SPOT

SOUND: RATTLE OF POTS AND PANS

FIB: (SINGS) "Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming...Billy?"

SOUND: CLATTER OF PANS

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What's the wash boiler doing in the kitchen?

FIB: That's what I'm gonna make the spaghetti in, Molly. Wanta
have plenty for everybody. You know how Wilcox eats.

MOL: Yes, but I happen to know that Mr. Wilcox is on a diet.

FIB: Stomach gone back on him?

MOL: No, it's gone front on him. AND WHAT are these golf
balls DOING HERE?

FIB: I'm using 'em as models for meat balls. Only thing that
puzzles me is how to get the dimples in 'em. Maybe if --

SOUND: TELEPHONE

~~I'll get it for you.~~

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO....OH, HELLO, NICK. EH? NO, I AIN'T!!
I'M GIVIN' THIS DINNER AND IT'S GONNA BE STRICTLY STAG.
NO WIMMIN ALLOWED! (CLICK) That was Nick Depopolis.

MOL: Did he want to bring somebody with him?

FIB: Yes....he wanted to know if I was gonna have Charlotte
Russe, and I told him -

MOL: CHARLOTTE RUSSE IS A DESSERT.

FIB: I don't care if---Eh? She is? Well, why didn't he say so!
Shucks, I -- hey, where'd I put that egg beater?

MOL: It's in your hip pocket.

FIB: Oh yes....

SOUND: (BEATING EGGS)

MOL: What do you want to beat eggs for?

FIB: Meat sauce.

MOL: You don't put eggs in meat sauce.

FIB: You do the way I make it. Now look, Molly. I don't mind
your hangin' around the kitchen while I cook. But I DO
object to your tellin' me how to do things.

MOL: Well, would it wound your delicate culinary sensibilities
if I told you you just dropped a cuff-button in the meat
sauce?

FIB: That's okay. I'll tell the fellas that's a prize for the
guy that eats the most.

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

MOL: I hope that isn't George Rector. COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

FIB: Oh, Mrs. Uppington. Hi, Uppy!

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: I'm MR. McGee, Uppy. Don't let the apron fool you. That's
MRS. McGee over there in the slacks.

MOL: Hello, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Oh...How do you do, my deah....I just stopped in to--
Well -- my goodness, what's going on here?

MOL: McGee's giving a spaghetti dinner for a few friends. A
stag party.

UPP: A stag party? Oh how very intriguing. I didn't realize
that you were a gourmet, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Who, me? Why, shucks, Uppy. I'm the greatest gore..er....
what was that agin?

MOL: GORMAY, dearie. That means somebody who...er...who....
somebody that....well, for goodness' sakes, don't you
know what a goremay is?

FIB: No, I don't....and until we find out, we better not mention
it over the radio. You know how people are.

UPP: Have you a special recipe for cooking spaghetti, Mr.
McGee?

FIB: Yep. This recipe's been in the McGee family for
generations. All us McGees was partial to Eyetalian food.
Why, I had an aunt once - Auntie Pasto, we called her -
HEY, MOLLY....toss me a egg, will you?

MOL: Here, McGee....

SOUND: (CRUNCH)

FIB: Woop! Missed it! Try again.
UPP: Goodness, Mr. McGee....that egg splattered all over me!
FIB: Sorry, Uppy. But if you insist on hangin' around a china shop you mustn't complain if somebody pulls a bull!
UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE....I MUST SAY THAT I NEVAH EXPECTED THAT I SHOULD BE SUBJECTED TO A BOMBARDMENT OF EGGS WHEN I....THOUGH, ON THE OTHAH HAND, I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT I WOULD BE THE BUTT OF ONE OF YOUR YOKES! GOOD BYE!!!!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: "the butt of one of your yokes!" Now she IS being a silly girl!!! Just the same, McGee....WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS BE HURTING HER FEELINGS?

FIB: I can't help it, Molly. As the puppy said when the lady hung a wire brush on the Christmas tree...."she's got a gift for rubbin' me the wrong way!" Oh well....

SOUND: (BUBBLING WATER)

MOL: Listen, McGee...you hear that?

SOUND: WATER BUBBLING:

FIB: Who's that? Shep Fields? I didn't invite him. I wonder why he --

MOL: THAT'S THE WATER IN THE WASH BOILER, MCGEE. It's boiling. Here -- I'll turn it down.

FIB: One side there, Molly...while I toss in the spaghetti.

SOUND: SPLASHES:

FIB: Hmm. Don't look like enough. Better heave in another armful.

SOUND: SPLASH:

MOL: McGee, was your father really a chef on an ocean liner?

FIB: Absolu...well, it wasn't exactly an OCEAN liner. It was on the great lakes.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: And it wasn't exactly a liner, come to think of it. It was a tug boat. And while he wasn't really the chef, you understand, he was the next thing to it, because nobody else could peel a potato like papa. Of course, he only made one cruise - from Chicago to Milwaukee, but - HEY, WHERE'S THAT JUG O' MOLASSES?

MOL: You're standing on it.

FIB: I am? Oh. (LAUGHS) Gee, that's a relief. The way I was wobblin' there. I thought my heels were gettin' run over. OHNHHH, CAN SHE BAKE A CHERRY PIE, BILLY BOY, BILLY BOY, CAN SHE BAKE A CHERRY PIE, CHARMING BILLYYYYYYYYYYYYY....?

MOL: SHE CAN BAKE A CHERRY PIE, AS QUICK'S A CAT CAN WINK IT'S EYE...

SOUND: CORK POPPING...GLUG GLUG GLUG

FIB: BUT SHE'S A YOUNG THING, AND CANNOT LEAVE HER MOTHERRRRRR....

MOL: McGee...WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT MOLASSES?

FIB: Now, don't get your fingerwave in a fret, Molly. I know what I'm doin'.

MOL: Yes, but why MOLASSES in SPAGHETTI?

FIB: Puts a tread onto it. Keeps it from slippin! Now lesseeee...while that's cookin! I guess I better stuff some olives.

MOL: You can BUY stuffed olives, you know.

FIB: I know, but they're mass-production stuff. No personality.

MOL: I see. What are you going to stuff 'em with?

FIB: Olives.

MOL: No. I mean what are you going to stuff the OLIVES with?

FIB: OLIVES! I'm gonna take some big olives, hollow 'em out and stuff 'em with little olives. Clever idea, eh? It's them little novelties that make a dinner party so -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in, thank goodness!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Harlow...you're a little early, ain'tcha?

MOL: Sit down, Mr. Wilcox, and watch. This may be your last chance to see a Model A, turret top, knee-action case of heartburn on the assembly line!

WIL: Well, about this dinner you're giving tonight, Fibber, I'm afraid I --

MOL: Oh, now don't tell us you're not coming, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Well, look I hate to do this to Fibber, but I promised a fellow I'd show him how to polish his car tonight, and -

FIB: Now wait a minute, Harlow...YOU KNEW this dinner was tonight, so -

WIL: Let me finish...SO I WENT OVER TO THIS FELLOW'S HOUSE ON THE WAY OVER HERE AND TOLD HIM I HAD A DINNER ENGAGEMENT, AND HE SAID, OH, THAT'S TOO BAD, AND I SAID, NO IT ISN'T, LET'S POLISH YOUR CAR NOW! SO I GOT OUT THE JOHNSON'S CAR-NU AND WE DID IT.

MOL: Well then, why can't you come to the -

WIL: I was getting to that. YOU KNOW HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO USE CAR-NU. JUST APPLY IT, LET IT DRY AND WIPE IT OFF TO GET A BEAUTIFUL GLEAMING FINISH...AS QUICK AND EASY FOR CARS AS JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS FOR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM....

FIB: Yes, we know, but -

WIL: SO I WAS THROUGH LONG BEFORE I THOUGHT I WOULD BE, AND CAME RIGHT OVER HERE. I HATE TO BE A NUISANCE, BUT DO YOU MIND IF I STICK AROUND TILL DINNER TIME?

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes!

FIB: Harlow...I know you ain't a heavy drinker. You don't gamble. You ^{never look at another girl.} ~~gamble. You don't gamble.~~ But frankly, don't your wife ever get a little jealous of S.C. Johnson & Son, Incorporated?

MOL: What could she do about it? When your husband sells floor polish how can you call him on the carpet? But make yourself at home, Mr. Wilcox. Have some celery!

WIL: Thanks, I will.

FIB: Don't spoil your dinner.

MOL: Don't YOU!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

NICK: WELL, hello there Kewpie...Hello, Fizzer...and if it isn't Harlow Wilscotch as sure as I am standing here wondering what is smelling like garlic as if there was anything else that did!

FIB: Hiyah, Nick.

MOL: You're a little early, Mr. Depopolis...but make yourself comfortable.

WIL: Have a piece of cheese, Nick?

NICK: No thanks...I don't eat between meals because if I do that I don't eat my meals and if I don't have any meals I can't eat between any of them. It's all very confusing. Can I do anything to be in the way, Fizzer?

FIB: No thanks, Nick. You and Harlow just relax.

SOUND: CLATTER OF POTS AND PANS:

WIL: This is certainly a busy place.

MOL: Yes, and something tells me this dinner would go down in history except for one thing.

NICK: And what is that being, Kewpie?

MOL: I don't think it'll go down.

NICK: Say, Fizzer, if you want any advice about cooking a spaghetti -

FIB: I don't.

NICK: That's good. Because my grandmother has a wonderful recipe and she's out of town.

MOL: That's very helpful....

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: AH, THERE, MCGEE...Hello, Mrs. McGee...HELLO EVERYBODY...
AD LIB HELLOES:

HAL: Well well well...something smells awfully good in here...
OH....It's ME...I JUST CAME FROM THE BARBER SHOP...(LAUGHS)

FIB: Make yourself at home, Gildersleeve...or make yourself useful.

HAL: What can I do, McGee?

FIB: Look in that cupboard there and see if we got any Jello.

HAL: Can't reach...HEY, HARLOW, HAVE WE GOT ANY JELLO?

WIL: (OFF MIKE A BIT) I DON'T KNOW...HEY NICK...HAVE WE GOT ANY JELLO?

NICK: (OFF MIKE FURTHER) Search me, HEY, KEWPIE...HAVE WE GOT ANY JELLO?

MOL: (IN DISTANCE) I DON'T KNOW...HEY MCGEE -

FIB: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, NEVER MIND! AND DON'T FORGET WHAT SHOW YOU'RE ON! Sing Dennis, - er - Sing King's Men.

ORK: "THE LEADER DOESN'T LIKE MUSIC"...KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

GABBLE OF VOICES: FIBBER, WILCOX, DEPOPOLIS, MOLLY, GILDERSLEEVE:

FIB: (YELLS OVER VOICES) HEY...MOLLY!

MOL: (CALLS BACK) WHAT IS IT, MCGEE?

FIB: GET THAT BIG PLATTER OF YOURS IN HERE WILL YOU?

MOL: (FADE IN) NOW LOOK HERE, McGee....you can't talk to me like that.

FIB: EH? What'd I say? I just asked you to bring in that big platter so I could dish up the spaghetti.

MOL: EH? Oh! Well, you'll find the platter on the kitchen cabinet.

FIB: Thanks. HEY, FELLAS...GO SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE, YOU'RE ABOUT TO EAT THE BEST SPAGHETTI YOU EVER FLUNG A FANG INTO!

CHEERS: COMMOTION:

FIB: And you, Gildersleeve -- LAY OFF THEM OLIVES!

HAL: You're a harrrrrd man, McGee?

(LAUGHTER) (Or am I just being a silly girl?)

WIL: Here's a chair for you, Molly.

NICK: No no no...sit by me, Kewpie! If I am sitting with all these men I am liable to forget my mannerisms and start reaching across the table, but with a ladies present I am always a gentleman and spear things with my fork. Ha hah!

MOL: No thank you boys. This is a stag party. Besides, the Old Timer is going to take me to the movies.

HAL: My wife was going tonight, too, but she read that "MY SON, MY SON" was at the Bijou, and thought it was a double feature. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: That's probably the Old Timer now, Molly. You dish up the spaghetti for the boys, while I answer it.

GABBLE OF VOICES FADE: (CUT OFF WITH DOOR SLAM)

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl...sorry I ain't got any time to talk to you tonight.

TEE: Why?

FIB: I'm givin' a spaghetti dinner to a bunch o' friends. So you run along and -

TEE: Well, I'm your friend too, I betcha. Can I come?

FIB: No, this is a stag party.

TEE: Gee, do stags eat spaghetti?

FIB: These do. Now run along and -

TEE: Well, can I bring my daddy? He's a stag.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: He's an Elk, anyway, and that's the same thing, I betcha.

FIB: Now look sis.....I got a lotta guests here, and -

TEE: I saw your picture onna magazine cover today, I betcha.

FIB: I DON'T CARE IF YOU SAW MY PICTURE ON TEN THOUSBA.....eh? Whadyou say?

TEE: Sure I did.....You and Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Well, tell me about it....whereja see it...where can I... what magazine?

TEE: Can I come to your party if I tell you?

FIB: WELL-1-1-1...gee, sis, I can't...that would hardly be... I mean....well, I'd like to, but...AW, COME ON, TELL ME...

TEE: (GIGGLES) Nope.

FIB: Come on...give you a nickel.

TEE: Nope.

FIB: A dime.

TEE: MmmmmMMMM!

FIB: Quarter?

TEE: Nope.

FIB: Fifty cents!

TEE: Errrrr.....NOPE!

FIB: WELL, I CAN'T STAND HERE AND HAGGLE WITH YOU ALL EVENING!
ONE BUCK! AND THAT'S MY LAST OFFER.

TEE: It's a deal, Mister. Lay the dough on the line and I'll
tip my mitt.

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...HERE'S A DOLLAR. Now where'd you see our
picture on what magazine? I may have time to run down town
and get a copy.

TEE: You won't have to mister. It's Movie and Radio Guide and I
just found it sticking in your mailbox. Here. So long,
mister!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

SOUND: (VOICES UP; FADE:)

FIB: That wasn't the Old Timer, Molly. That was the little girl
from across the street.

MOL: All right, McGee...now sit down and eat. I've served
everybody.

FIB: Much obliged...WELL PITCH IN, FELLAS...THERE'S PLENTY MORE
WHERE THIS COME FROM!!! (LAUGHS GAILY)

SOUND: CLINK OF SILVER AND CHINA:

HAL: Hmmm. Is..er..is this your own..er...recipe, Fibber?

FIB: You betcha. Handed down from generation to generation,
startin' with me. HEY...YOU DIDN'T TAKE HARDLY ANY,
HARLOW..HERE..lemme give you some more...

WIL: No no no...no, thanks, Fibber. I..er..I..well, I guess
I ate too many olives. I seem to have...er...lost my
appetite. That's what a diet does to you.

NICK: Well, if you find out where your appetite is gone,
Wilscotch, see if mine is there with it.

HAL: I..er...guess we got here too early and..er...and did too
much sampling in the kitchen, McGee...I..er...well, I don't
seem to be able to eat a thing.

FIB: Aw, come on fellas...shucks...You can't do this to me.
After all the time and trouble I took to....er...THERE AIN'T
ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE SPAGHETTI, IS THERE?

CHORUS OF PROTESTS: ^{HAL:} "It's marvelous...^{NICK:} terrific...^{HARI:} wonderful, etc..."

HAL: In fact, McGee...it's so good, I want to go home and tell
my wife all about it! (LAUGHS) Sorry I couldn't do
justice to it. I know you'll excuse me...THANKS A LOT...

WIL: Wait a minute, Gildersleeve. I'll go with you.

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE...YOU CAN'T...

WIL: Why, you can't expect Gildersleeve to describe this
wonderful spaghetti to his wife single-handed, can you,
Fibber? NO SIR...Come on, Throckmorton...we'll tell her
all about it.

MOL: But boys...wait.

NICK: I hope you'll excuse me, too, Fizzer and Kewpie...I just
happened to think of remembering - I never eat spaghetti
during Lent.

FIB: BUT THIS AIN'T LENT, NICK...IT'S....

NICK: Fizzer...please...politics and religious is something
I never argue about...GOODNIGHT KEWPIE...THIS HAS BEEN
A WONDERFUL PARTY!

CHORUS OF AGREEMENTS, THANKS AND GOODNIGHTS TO

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

FIB: WELL, of all the ungrateful, unappreciative, unfeeling--

MOL: Unappetizing.

FIB: Unappetiz....eh?

MOL: I mean...er...they didn't seem to have much appetite did
they, dearie...

FIB: OH WELL...(LAUGHS FALSELY) That's all the more for me and
you, Molly. COME ON...LET'S EAT...WE'LL SHOW THEM FELLAS...
Hey...what's the matter?

MOL: Oh, I don't know, McGee....I guess...er...I guess it's just
the excitement and all...but I don't seem to be able to eat
a thing.

FIB: But you ain't hardly touched the spaghetti! WELL, YOU CAN'T
DISCOURAGE ME. I KNOW GOOD FOOD WHEN I EAT IT! HERE GOES!!!

SOUND: CLINK OF SILVER AND PAUSE: CLANK OF FORK ON PLATE:

FIB: Hmmmmm!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: I dunno. Guess I did too much tasting while I was cooking.
Kinda lost my appetite for spaghetti all of a sudden.
WHAT SAY WE RUN DOWN TO KRAMERS DRUG STORE AND GET A
HAMBURGER?

MOL: OH WONDERFUL!!! I'm starved.

FIB: Me too!

ORCH: ("HOW CAN I EVER BE ALONE") (APPLAUSE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(WILCOX CUE) "Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment."

ANNOUNCER: Has it ever occurred to you that when you're in the kitchen, most of the time you're on your feet? That's one of the reasons why the kitchen floor is often a problem floor. It gets more than average wear, and besides you just can't help spilling things now and then. Millions of women have discovered the easy way to solve the problem of their kitchen floors -- with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. When you apply GLO-COAT to a linoleum floor, you do two things: Number one, you protect the surface of the linoleum, keep its colors bright and fresh, and make it wear indefinitely. Number two, you save work, because it's so easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor clean and spotless. Spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. And, of course, there's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. Nothing could be easier than using this famous floor polish. You simply put it on your floor and in 20 minutes the floor has gleaming, sparkling beauty. That's why GLO-COAT is called SELF-POLISHING. It actually does the work itself. You can use GLO-COAT on your painted and varnished wood floors, too. Get some from your dealer tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE) --

GAG TAG

MOL: McGee.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: I think you'd better call the delicatessen and have them pick up all those groceries you didn't use.
FIB: Good idea. Gimme the phone. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE ~~WILCOX~~ ^{GOLDFARB} DELICATESS -- eh? OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Oh dear!
FIB: How's EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR WHOLE FAMILY? OH, THAT'S TERRIBLE, MYRT... THAT'S AWFUL!!!!...BOY, WHAT A DAY THIS HAS BEEN!!!
MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...what happened?
FIB: Not a darn thing has happened to her whole family today! AIN'T THAT AWFUL? OKAY, Myrt. G'NIGHT! (CLICK)
MOL: Goodnight, all!
ORK: UP TO FINISH
APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF: CREDITS