

WITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

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"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1944

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(REVISED)

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

ORCHESTRA: ~~THEME...FADE FOR:~~

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax ^{for home and industry} and Johnson's Self Polishing
~~Gleecat~~, present FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY, written by
Don Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills!
Orchestra!

ORCHESTRA: "ANYTHING GOES" - FADE FOR:

~~WILCOX: ATTENTION, PLEASE! DURING THE SECOND MUSICAL NUMBER,
YOUR LOCAL STATION ANNOUNCER WILL GIVE YOU A TELEPHONE
NUMBER. PLEASE WRITE IT DOWN. THANK YOU!~~

~~ORCH: UP AND FADE FOR:~~

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When you apply wax to the various surfaces around your home, I wonder if you realize how many different purposes you are serving? I'd like to mention four important ones, and I'll be brief. First, and something that's both patriotic and essential today, you're practising conservation. JOHNSON'S WAX, regularly applied, gives protection against wear, makes your things last longer. Second, you're adding rich, glistening beauty to every room of your home, to be enjoyed by your entire family. Third, you're saving yourself many hours of work all year, because dirt does not readily cling to a JOHNSON-WAXED surface. And fourth, which some of you may not fully realize, you are helping to protect the health of your family. It is an obvious fact and easily proven, that a waxed home is a clean home, and a clean home is a healthful one. So it's definitely profitable to invest a very small amount of money and a modest amount of your time to enjoy all these advantages made possible by a regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, liquid or cream.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS FULL OF THE SPIRIT THAT WILL WIN THE WAR. THE SPIRIT OF 18.75! YES, WITH TWENTY DOLLARS IN HAND, HE'S GONE DOWNTOWN TO BUY A BOND FOR 18.75. HIS WIFE IS TELLING A NEIGHBOR ABOUT IT, ON THE PHONE, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: (IN PHONE) ...of course we've been buying bonds on a regular schedule, too, Mrs. Toops - but McGee suddenly got twenty dollars for selling an old camera and he was going to use it to make a down payment on a new gold-mounted elk's tooth, but I talked him into buying an extra War Bond...I should have gone with him, I guess...but...

DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND SLAMS:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY...MOLLY...LOOK WHAT I GOT!...HEY!...MOLLY!!
MOL: LOOK WHAT--
MOL: Just a minute, *McGee*. (IN PHONE) I was right, Mrs. Toop. I should have gone with him! I'll call you back. Goodbye (CLICK) What's all the excitement, McGee?
FIB: LOOK LOOK LOOK!!! TAKE A GANDER AT THIS!!
MOL: Heavenly days...a diamond ring!
FIB: A diamond ring!...this is THE diamond ring! This is the ring of your dreams, baby! Look at the size of it! You could cut your way out of a department store window in three minutes with this!

MOL: Well stop jumping around a minute, McGee. Calm yourself. Now where did you get this diamond and why?

FIB: I BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU. I WAS ON MY WAY DOWNTOWN TO BUY THIS BOND, SEE? AND --

MOL: You mean you didn't buy it?

FIB: No, because when I met this guy -

MOL: BUT YOU WENT DOWNTOWN FOR THE ONE AND ONLY PURPOSE OF BUYING A WAR BOND!

FIB: Yeah, I know, but when I -

MOL: AND YOU DIDN'T DO IT!

FIB: No, but I...LOOK..WILL YOU LET ME EXPLAIN

MOL: Go ahead. Just pretend I'M an American soldier from Bataan in a Japanese prison camp, and try to make me understand what was important enough to keep you from buying a War Bond

FIB: Well, my gosh..when you put it like that, it don't seem like such a good deal...But I thought I was...well, gee whizz....

MOL: Tell me about it, dearie. I don't want to scold you before I know what to scold you about.

FIB: Look..look. Here I was...on my way downtown..see? So I stood in front of the Jeweler's to look at that beautiful gold-mounted Elk's tooth that you made me buy a bond instead of - ~~(HASTILY) AND YOU WERE RIGHT!!!~~ - but anyway, I was just lookin' at it, and up comes this guy.

MOL: Was he nine feet high?

FIB: Of course not. Why should he be ⁹nine feet high?

MOL: Well, if this is one of your tall stories, I wanted him to be able to see what was going on.

FIB: THIS IS THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH! MAY LIGHTNING STRIKE ME WHERE I STAND IF I AIN'T GIVING IT TO YOU STRAIGHT!

(PAUSE)

MOL: No fair. You've got rubber soled overshoes on.

FIB: Well, anyway, this guy ups to me and shows me this ring he found lying in the gutter at 14th and Oak Streets.

MOL: I wish you wouldn't talk to people who go around lying in gutters.

FIB: HE wasn't lying in the gutter. The ring was.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: So the guy shows me the ring, see? "Very pretty", I says. "What do you mean, very pretty?" He retorts, "This stone has got enough fire to roast marshmallows on!" "Oh," I ejaculates, "a hot rock!" "NO!" he screams ---

MOL: Look, McGee, never mind the actual dialog. Make like it was for the Reader's Digest. Condense it.

FIB: Okay. Anyway, this guy tells me I got an honest face and would I take the ring and watch the want ads and see that it was returned to the rightful owner, so I gave him the twenty bucks to show my good faith..and this is the ring.

MOL: I see. If the ring is so valuable, why didn't the man watch the want ads and collect the reward himself?

FIB: I KNEW YOU WERE GONNA ASK ME THAT! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY HE DIDN'T WAIT..THE MAN HAD TO CATCH A TRAIN!

MOL: McGee, he was just a confidence man!

FIB: Sure he was. He had enough confidence in me to know that I..

MOL: I MEAN HE WAS A CROOK!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh yeah? I'd like to meet more crooks that would sell me four-carat diamond rings for twenty bucks. And whoever advertises for it can hardly offer less than a hundred bucks reward. So...instead of buyin' one War Bond for 18.75, I can buy FIVE of 'em. See? I'll probably have it by tomorrow and ---

MOL: If everybody who was going to buy Bonds tomorrow would buy 'em today, we could be a lot prouder of yesterday tomorrow. When I think how --

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Alice. Hey, take a gander at the diamond ring I just bought! Better just squint at it, at first... it's pretty dazzling.

MOL: Our rolling moss has just gathered himself a stone, Alice.

ALICE: Jeepers, that's quite a diamond, Mr. McGee! Like an ice cube looking for a glass of water. How much would it be worth if it was real?

FIB: (SPLUTTERS) WHADDYE MEAN IF IT WAS REAL? BY GEORGE --

MOL: He says it is real, Alice. A man found it and sold it to McGee for 20 dollars and McGee can claim the reward. If any.

ALICE: Oh, that reminds me. I...I...well...may I speak to Mrs. McGee alone a minute?

MOL: Why certainly, Alice. Go fix the furnace, McGee,

FIB: What's the matter with it?

MOL: NOTHING'S THE MATTER WITH IT! GO SHOVEL OFF THE SIDEWALK, OR SOMETHING.

FIB: I did shovel off the sidewalk just this morning, and --

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKE...GO AWAY! ALICE WANTS TO SPEAK TO ME PRIVATELY.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, why didn't you say so? I can take a hint.

ALICE: Will you excuse me, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Sure sure sure...(FADE) And if you shot somebody and want me to help you dispose of the body, just say so.

I belong to the Crime Club.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: What's the trouble, Alice?

ALICE: Oh, Mrs. McGee...I...I feel so ashamed...

MOL: Oh, don't be silly, dear. Everybody makes mistakes.

That's why umpires wear so much padding.

ALICE: Well, to think that at my age...I...well, you and Mr. McGee have always been so nice to me, I feel that I... well...I think you should be the first to know that... that...I CAN'T PAY MY RENT THIS WEEK.

MOL: Well, it's about time! You've been so prompt every week, I was beginning to worry. But what's the matter...have you been laid off at the airplane plant?

ALICE: Oh, no. But I spent my money this week for an extra War Bond.

MOL: Good...for you!

ALICE: I really hated to do this, Mrs. McGee, but just so I won't be too far behind in my rent, here's the fifteen dollars for next week.

MOL: Oh...I...er...I see. You can't pay your rent this week, but you're paying it for next week.

ALICE: Yes. That's the least I can do. And thank you for waiting for this week's rent. (FADE SLIGHTLY)

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: You can come back now, Mr. McGee. See you later, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: What's the kid done now? She in some kind of a jam ~~we can help her out of?~~

MOL: No. She couldn't pay this week's rent, is all. And it embarrassed her.

FIB: I know how she feels. That's why I never owned a trunk when I was a young fella. Too hard to lower a trunk out of a window at night. I remember one time--

MOL: But she paid next week's rent, so she wouldn't get too far behind.

FIB: Well, that was a very decent-- (PAUSE) Wait a minute... she couldn't pay this week...but so she wouldn't get too far behi-- Let's see, now...if she paid for next week...and didn't pay this week...next week's rent would be two weeks behind the...er...no...that would be...
OH, THAT'S RIDICULOUS! Or is it?

MOL: Well, let me think...one week's rent is...but if she paid for...

ORCH: "I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY"

FADE FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCER WITH PHONE NUMBER

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: (OUT OF APPLAUSE) ... That's what I say ... if she's paid for next week, it's the same as paying for this week ... isn't it?

MOL: Certainly not. She said this money is for next week, so she's paid for two weeks. Except that she owes us for one week.

FIB: If she owes us for one week, then she's only paid for ... (SUDDEN PANIC) HEY, WHERE'S MY RING? WHAT'D I DO WITH MY DIAMOND? ... OH, MY GOSH ... I'VE LOST IT!! WHERE IS IT!! HEY, HELP ME LOOK, MOLLY!! HELP ME ...

MOL: Oh, calm yourself. You're wearing it on your finger.

FIB: Eh? Oh ... whew! Boy, what a scare! I got an investment in this thing. I gotta watch the want ads pretty close, now. HEY, WHAT TIMES DOES THE EVENING PAPER SHOW UP?

MOL: About three days after the paper boy hides it in the shrubbery.

FIB: Well, keep an eye peeled for the paper kid tonight. If somebody offers a hundred bucks reward for this ring, I don't wanna miss --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well, heavenly days ... it's Mr. Wellington!

WELL: Good day, Mrs. McGee, you're looking very charming. And McGee ... you're looking ~~very~~.

FIB: Hiyah, Wellington. I'M glad you came in. We were at your theatre the other night, and I gotta complaint.

WELL: If it is in reference to the patented seats, which spring up when you lean over to speak to someone, causing you to squat on the floor with some violence, they have already been called to my attention.

MOL: I think he wants to complain about your newsreels, Mr. Wellington.

FIB: EXACTLY! I don't mind spending an evening watching Francis X. Bushman throwin' his profile at Beverly Bayne, but you might at least get some up-to-date newsreels, Wellington.

MOL: We know Woodrow Wilson was elected.

FIB: Yes, and we know Pershing got back from France all right.

MOL: And that they're now carrying mail in airplanes.

FIB: WE KNOW ALL THAT. And furthermore we get awful sick of seein' shots of wimmin smackin' a bottle of champagne with the front end of a boat.

(PAUSE)

WELL: Have you finished? I don't want to interrupt.

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wellington.

FIB: What was it you wanted?

WELL: Not a thing, old fellow. Just strolling by. Cold day.
Stepped in to get warm. I am. Good day.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: And I shall take your criticisms under serious
consideration. Though I may spend less time in the
future as manager of the Bijou Theatre, so the result
of your complaints may be rather unsatis.

FIB: Factory?

WELL: Yes - if my draft board insists.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Maybe we were a little rough on him, McGee. He's rather
a nice man.

FIB: Aw, he's too fine-haired to suit me. He takes too
serious the fact that he was born in Superior, Wisconsin.

MOL: Is that anywhere near Starved Rock, Illinois, if you'll
forgive my mentioning it?

FIB: FORGIVE IT! WHY, BLESS YOU, CHILD ... I WAS WONDERING
HOW I COULD GET AROUND TO IT, MYSELF! Good old Starved
Rock, Illinois. I got a old friend livin' there.
Fella named Fred Nitney.

MOL: Fred Nitney ... that name is familiar.

FIB: Probably heard me mention it. Fred was a fellow that
I and he had a vaudeville act together.

MOL: OHHHHH...THAT FRED NITNEY!

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wellington.

FIB: What was it you wanted?

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I and he had a vaudeville act together.

MOL: OHHHHH...THAT FRED NITNEY!

FIB: Yeah ... we trouped together for years, Fred and me.
I ever tell you about the time we ---

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks.
MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiyah, Junior..
WIL: I was just going by, and ... WELL! WHO GAVE YOU THE
PHONEY SPARKLER, PAL? LIBBY-OWENS?
MOL: It isn't glass, Mr. Wilcox...it's a real diamond.
FIB: Quite a rock, ain't it, Junior? This is bigger'n the
one the Pilgrims landed on. It's about four carats.
Just bought it this afternoon.
MOL: A man found it downtown, and McGee is just holding the
ring till the rightful owners advertise for it.
FIB: It's a beauty, ain't it, Junior?
WIL: Yes, but I still don't think it's real. A real stone
would have more sparkle.

MOL: Why, I thought this diamond had LOTS of sparkle, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: It has. Why, with the light this thing shoots out, Junior,
I wouldn't dare wear it at night...the moths would keep
flyin' into it.
WIL: Horsefeathers! Hold it over here and compare it,
MOL: Compare it with what?
WIL: The sparkle and glitter of this Johnson Waxed table top.
FIB: (GROANS) Oh my gosh...if we were showin' him the Mona Lisa
he'd claim she was smiling because the picture frame was
Johnson waxed.
WIL: No kidding, folks...look at that ring and compare it with
the brilliant surface of this table top. Look at the
luster of that waxed surface! Look at the depth and
beauty of the grain of the wood...can you, by any stretch
of the imagination, compare that to a repulsive old
diamond?
MOL: Remind me to have this table set in a gold mounting, McGee.
I'll wear it to bingo parties.
~~WIL: And think of the months and weeks it took to cut and shape
and polish that diamond...and then it hasn't got half the
lovely, brilliant appeal that a Johnson waxed surface has.~~
~~FIB: Oh now, Junior, after all --~~
WIL: And...when you think that a diamond is merely ornamental...
and Johnson's Wax is so USEFUL...protecting and preserving
and beautifying floors, woodwork, furniture and a thousand
other things...WHO'D WANT DIAMONDS WHEN THEY COULD GET
JOHNSON'S WAX?

(2ND REVISION) -16-

MOL: I would, may Racine forgive me!
WIL: Incidentally...where'd you say you bought this ring, Pal?
FIB: Downtown. Guy found it in the gutter at 14th and Oak.
WIL: I see. You mean he found it, and sold it to you for twenty bucks and said to watch the want ads because somebody'd probably offer a hundred dollars for the return of it, and he'd do it himself except he had to catch a train?
MOL: THAT'S IT, MR. WILCOX, WORD FOR WORD...YOU MUST HAVE BEEN THERE AND HEARD THE WHOLE THING.
FIB: How'd you know, Junior?
WIL: HOW DID I KNOW!? OH, BROTHER!! SO LONG...SUCKER!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: I think he thinks you got taken, McGee.
FIB: That's impossible! Anybody could tell that this diamond is extremely valuable...though it might be a good idea to take it downtown and have it appraised so...BUT THAT'S SILLY. Just because ---
MOL: Well, I've got to go write out my grocery list for dinner, McGee. Let me know how the argument comes out.
(FADE) I'd be interested to know whether you made an investment or a mistake...

(REVISED) -17-

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) A fine thing...nobody ever believes I can do anything. Other people make fancy big deals and nobody sneers at 'em. What is it about me that makes people scoff? My gosh --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.
FIB: Hiyah, sis. Seen anything of the paper boy?
TEE: ~~Hmm?~~ *What's the deal about that?*
FIB: CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND A SIMPLE QUESTION? I SAYS "HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF THE PAPER BOY?"
TEE: ~~The answer is simple, too, mister.~~ *Simple?* The paper boy is a girl.
FIB: EH? HE IS? I mean, IS SHE? SINCE WHEN?
TEE: Since Harry Toops, that's Willie Toops's brother, started working in Kramer's Drug Store after school, and he sold his paper route to his sister, Teresa Toops, for seven dollars and threw in a bicycle pump, only the pump wouldn't work, so Teresa --
FIB: LOOK...I DIDN'T ASK FOR A HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS: BACK TO RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. I JUST ASKED YOU IF THE EVENING PAPERS HAD BEEN DELIVERED.
TEE: You did not, I betcha. You asked me if I'd seen the paper boy and Teresa Toops isn't a boy, she's a girl, and when she found the bicycle pump wouldn't work--
FIB: I DON'T WANNA HEAR ABOUT THE BICYCLE PUMP! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN BICYCLE PUMPS.
TEE: You gotta bicycle, mister?

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FIB: No.
TEE: That's why, then. Because when Teresa Toops found out her bicycle pump wouldn't work, she --
FIB: STOP IT, WILL YOU? I TELL YOU I DON'T WANNA HEAR ABOUT ANY BICYCLE PUMP. I merely wanna know if the evening papers have come. Can you answer that - yes or no?
TEE: No.
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: DOGGONE IT, HAVE THE EVENING PAPERS COME YET?
TEE: Yes.
FIB: OH BOY, THAT'S THE--
TEE: But not yours, though.
FIB: WHY NOT MINE?
TEE: Because Teresa Toops didn't get this far because she had a puncture and her bicycle pump wouldn't work and--
FIB: OH SKIP IT, SKIP IT, SKIP IT!!! ALL YOU CAN TALK ABOUT IS BICYCLE PUMPS!
TEE: I been talkin' about the same one all the time, mister. The bicycle pump that Willie Toops' brother Harry sold to Teresa when his paper route was...
FIB: FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, STOP IT!!
TEE: Okay.
FIB: Now look sis...let's be reasonable...forget Teresa's bicycle pump a minute...I wanna make you a deal.
TEE: Okay, mister...but you know about the womanpower shortage...
Make it good.

FIB: Two bits. Get me an evening paper and I'll give you two bits. Buy one...borrow one...beg one...BUT GET ONE, SEE?
TEE: Gee, it must be pretty important, mister. Whadja wanna paper so bad for?
FIB: I WANNA SEE THE WANT ADS, IF YOU MUST KNOW.
TEE: Then will you do me a favor, mister?
FIB: What's that?
TEE: If you see anything in the want ads about somebody wantin' to sell a good bicycle pump, Teresa Toops would--
FIB: (SHOUTS) DAD RAT IT - GO GET THE PAPER!!!
DOOR SLAM:
ORCH: "SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP" - KING'S MEN
APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: My gosh, I wish the evening paper would come!
MOL: I thought you sent the little girl for one,
FIB: Aw, that kid is irresponsible. Look...do you...do you think I got gypped on this ring, Molly?
MOL: Frankly, yes.
FIB: I guess you're right. Watch me unload it on somebody. Maybe I buy dumb - but I sell smart.

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Maybe that's the little girl with the paper, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

BEUL: HELLO, folks...remembah me? I'M Beulah.
FIB: Oh, yes....Toops's new cook, Hiya, Beulah.
MOL: How do you like your new position, Beulah?
BEUL: Ma'am...I been bendin' over a stove fo' fifteen years now. (LAUGHS) The job is new, but the position ain't.
MOL: Do the Toops children bother you very much, Beulah?
BEUL: Oh no ma'am. In fack, one o' the big moments of mah day is helpin' them lil children git off to school.... watchin' 'em walk down the street....han' in han'.

FIB: That's kinda sweet.
BEULAH: Yassuh. Only thing bothers me is I know sooner or later they is comin' home again. (LAUGHS)
MOL: So you think you'll like it at Toopses, eh, Beulah?
BEULAH: Yes'm. Anyway, I nevah leaves a place without I gives plenty of notice. In mah las' job, evahthing work out perfect. I work theah two weeks, took two weeks vacation and give 'em two weeks notice.
FIB: That's about what happened to the last cook we had. She was a good cook, as cooks go, and as cooks go, she went.
BEULAH: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) He real amusin', ain't he, ma'am?
MOL: I might as well agree. It would be two against one.
FIB: I hope Mrs. Toops don't work you too hard, Beulah.
BEULAH: Oh, no suh...the work ain' hard. It's the walkin' back from the garage that wear me out.
MOL: Why do you have to go out to the garage all the time?
BEULAH: That is involuntary, ma'am. Evah time I goes out to the ice box on the back po'ch, ah steps on one o' lil Willie's rolleh skates, and the nex' thing ah knows ah is sittin' in the garage.
FIB: Good thing they leave the garage door open.
BEULAH: They didn't, the first time...but now it's open permanent. Oh, excuse me, ma'am. Ah almos' fo'get. Miz Toops send me oveh to return this egg she borrow.
MOL: Heavenly days, I don't remember her ever borrowing a--
FIB: It was Thanksgiving day, Molly. Remember? They borrowed an egg to make eggnogs.

BEULAH: Tha's ezackly the time, suh. They didn't make no egg
knocks, so they is returnin' the same egg...as good as new.
Thank you very much.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Very thoughtful of them to return the same egg. It shows
a great respect for property rights. They weren't going to
return just ANY old egg! No sir.

FIB: Well, be careful with it. A two-month old egg is a
lethal weapon.

MOL: What'll I do with it?

FIB: Leave it near the front door. I'll return it to Mort Toops
if I see him walkin' past after dark. DOGGONE IT, I ^{gotta} WISH
~~THAT EVENING PAPER WOULD GET HERE! IF SOMEBODY ADVERTISES~~
~~FOR THIS DIAMOND RING, I WANNA KNOW AS SOON AS POSSI--~~

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. What's the good word?...^{epidemic} "disease"?

DOC: You know, McGee...there are times when you remind me of
Mark Twain.

MOL: As a humorist, Doctor?

DOC: No, just as someone who has been dead for some time. He
has a certain ZOMBIE quality that...WELL WELL WELL...WHERE
DID YOU GET THE RACE TRACK DIAMOND, MCGEE? IN A BOX OF
CRACKERJACK?

FIB: Genuine diamond, Doc. Beauty, ain't it? Four carats,
at least. Just bought it this afternoon.

DOC: YOU JUST BOUGHT A FOUR CARAT DIAMOND? That's disgusting!

MOL: What?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, IT'S DISGUSTING?

DOC: WHY, A DIAMOND THAT SIZE MUST HAVE COST TWO THOUSAND
DOLLARS. AND WITH THE COUNTRY NEEDING EVERY SPARE NICKEL
TO PAY THE COST OF THIS WAR AND PILE UP SOME SAVINGS TO
PREVENT INFLATION AFTER THE WAR, YOU'VE GOT A COLOSSAL
NERVE TO STAND THERE AND TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN BUYING four
carat diamonds.

MOL: Yes, but Dr. Gamble ---

DOC: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MCGEE? HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY
SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY? YOU THINK YOU CAN HAND A BUNCH
OF MEN SOME RIFLES AND SAY "YOU GO FIGHT FOR ME, CHUM.
I'LL STAY HERE AND BUY DIAMONDS?"

FIB: Certainly not, but gee whizz, Doc...

DOC: DO YOU REALIZE THAT AMERICAN CITIZENS HAVE THEIR CHOICE
RIGHT NOW OF EITHER STORING UP SAVINGS OR STORING UP
TROUBLE? WE CAN EITHER BUY WAR BONDS AND HAVE A NICE,
GOLDEN NEST-EGG AFTER THE WAR, OR WE CAN THROW OUR MONEY
AWAY AND KILL THE GOOSE.

MOL: But, Doctor, when McGee bought that diamond ring he --

DOC: DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WITH TOKYO AND NORTHERN EUROPE IN OUR
BOMBSIGHTS, WE'RE REALLY JUST GETTING INTO THIS WAR? TALK
ABOUT A SECOND FRONT...YOU KNOW WHERE THE SECOND FRONT
IS? IN YOUR WALLET, SON - AND DON'T FORGET IT!...It's
disgusting -- A SHORT SPORT LIKE YOU WITH A FOUR CARAT
DIAMOND.

FIB: Envious, eh? You oughtta have a ring like this, Doc.
Make you look prosperous.

DOC: I don't want to look prosperous. I want to look as
seedy as possible. If I looked prosperous, NOBODY would
pay their doctor bills. As it is, they feel sorry for
me and throw me a couple of dollars now and then.

MOL: It may be a little flashy for a doctor, McGee,

FIB: NO SUCH A THING...Here try it on your pinky. There..LOOKS
SWELL ON HIM,DON'T IT? I er...I bought it to wear myself,
Doc..but when I see that it looks so good on you, I'd
let it go for two hundred bucks.

DOC: TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS?

MOL: McGee, why are you charging the Doctor so much?

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: You only paid twenty dollars for it.

(PAUSE)

DOC: Oh. So he only paid twenty dollars for it. Isn't that
interesting! WHY, YOU CHISELLING...

FIB: Now wait a minute Doc..wait a minute...lemme explain.
I MERELY WANNA GET MY DOUGH BACK SO I CAN BUY A WAR BOND,
DOC. THAT'S ALL. CROSS MY HEART. Gimme twenty bucks
and it's yours.

DOC: You wouldn't be coming to the conclusion that this is
stolen property, and getting cold feet, would you,
my friend?

FIB: NO SIR. I JUST WANNA GET MY DOUGH BACK AND BUY A BOND.

DOC: Very patriotic. But just to prove that I can go along
with a gag...here. HERE'S TWENTY DOLLARS.

FIB: Thanks, Five ... ten, fifteen...twenty. Okay.

MOL: And I'll see that he buys a bond first thing in the morning,
Doctor.

FIB: AND FURTHERMORE, DOCTOR...YOU GOT NO BUSINESS BUYING
DIAMOND RINGS WHEN THE COUNTRY NEEDS EVERY CENT FOR WAR
BONDS. YOU KNOW WHERE THE SECOND FRONT REALLY IS? IT'S
IN YOUR BIG FAT WALLET SON - IT'S DISGUSTING - A SHORT
SPORT LIKE YOU WITH A FOUR CARAT DIAMOND.

DOC: Oh don't get me wrong, McGee. I'm not buying this ring
for myself.

MOL: Who are you buying it for, Doctor?

DOC: I'm returning it to the owner. Didn't you see the want
ads in the paper tonight? This is obviously the ring that
was lost at 14th and Oak Streets that they're offering
a reward of 300 dollars in war bonds for. I'll let you
know.

DOOR SLAMS

FIB: WHY ... THAT DIRTY, CHISELLING, DOUBLE-CROSSING...
300 BUCKS IN .. OH, THE ...

ORCH: "NUMBAIRE MILITAIRE" FADE FOR ...

PITCH

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! A WHILE AGO, YOUR LOCAL ANNOUNCER GAVE YOU A PHONE NUMBER. THAT'S BECAUSE WE HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOUR RADIO STATION TO STAND BY THE TELEPHONE TO TAKE YOUR ORDERS FOR WAR BONDS. WILL YOU PLEASE CALL THEM, AND TELL THEM YOU'D LIKE TO BUY A WAR BOND FROM FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY?

MOL: YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL TO US ALL THESE YEARS AND WE DON'T OFTEN ASK ANY FAVORS, BUT WON'T YOU PLEASE BUY AN EXTRA BOND TONIGHT? WE'D LIKE TO MAKE THIS THE BIGGEST EVENING IN WAR BOND SELLING, AND ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES, RADIO STATION STAFFS ARE WAITING TO TAKE YOUR CALLS...AND THEY'LL WAIT ALL NIGHT, IF NECESSARY.

FIB: CALL THE NUMBER THAT WAS GIVEN YOU RIGHT NOW...IF THE LINE IS BUSY CALL AGAIN. OUR MEN IN UNIFORM DON'T FIRE ONE SHOT AND QUIT AND WE KNOW YOU WON'T.

MOL: IF IT'S IMPRACTICAL FOR YOU TO TELEPHONE YOUR RADIO STATION, SEND THEM A TELEGRAM...OR A LETTER...BUT PLEASE BUY ANOTHER BOND. WE DON'T THINK IT'S NECESSARY TO TELL YOU WHY WE'VE ALL GOT TO BUY THEM...YOU ALL READ THE PAPERS AND LISTEN TO THE RADIO...AND YOU KNOW THERE ARE THINGS THIS COUNTRY MUST DO IN EUROPE AND IN THE PACIFIC...THINGS WHICH CAN ONLY BE DONE WITH BOMBS AND BULLETS...AND MEN AND MONEY...

FIB: ~~PLEASE~~ GET IN TOUCH WITH THE STATION YOU'RE LISTENING TO, RIGHT NOW. THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU. IN JUST A FEW SECONDS YOUR ANNOUNCER WILL REPEAT THE TELEPHONE NUMBER, IN CASE YOU MISSED IT THE FIRST TIME. AN EXTRA BOND BOUGHT TONIGHT WILL MEAN A LOT TO YOU AFTER THE WAR...IT WILL MEAN A LOT TO YOUR COUNTRY, AND IT MEANS A LOT TO MOLLY AND ME PERSONALLY.

MOL: THE FINEST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO US WOULD BE TO HAVE EVERY INDIVIDUAL LISTENING TONIGHT TO BUY ONE \$25 BOND.

FIB: SO STAY WITH IT TONIGHT TILL YOU BUY A LITTLE PIECE OF VICTORY.....

MOL: AND A LITTLE PEACE OF MIND....THANK YOU -- AND GOD BLESS YOU!

FIB: GOODNIGHT.

MOL: GOODNIGHT ALL!

NUMBAIRE MILITAIRE UP AND FADE FOR LOCAL