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Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#29

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, April 11, 1944

NBC

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!...

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music
by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "LOVE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY"-- FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 11, 1944

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: The problem of manpower and womanpower is not limited to Industry. With all the extra jobs you ladies have undertaken so well -- Red Cross, Civilian Defense, Victory Gardens -- you certainly must welcome suggestions for saving unnecessary housework. One such suggestion I've made many times on this program -- that you protect your linoleum surfaces with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. GLO COAT really is a great labor saver. It takes practically no work, because it is so easy to apply, and it needs no rubbing or buffing. An occasional re-application of JOHNSON'S GLO COAT will keep your linoleum floors bright and shining, easy to keep clean because spilled things are wiped up with a damp cloth in a jiffy. And you not only save yourself work when you use SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, you also save your linoleum, because the regular use of GLO COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

McGee and Molly
4-11-44

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A MAN WHO, FOR YEARS AND YEARS, HAS BEEN CONTENT WITH A CUP OF BLACK COFFEE IN THE MORNING, AND WHO SUDDENLY STARTS SCREAMING FOR WHIPPING CREAM IN HIS HOT CHOCOLATE?

WHAT?

WELL, THAT'S WHAT WE'D DO, TOO...AND WHILE WE TRY TO THINK WHAT DO DO WITH THE BODY, LET'S LISTEN TO --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: And in the first place, nobody knew you'd want hot chocolate, and now you get a sudden urge for whipped cream on it. Won't a marshmallow do?

FIB: NO, IT WON'T. MARSHMALLOWS ARE FOR OLD LADIES, AND KIDS!

MOL: Well, I'm sorry. We haven't any whipped cream, but I've sent Beulah out to see if she can get some.

FIB: My gosh, you'd think I was askin' somebody to run down to Peru and milk a llama...all the fuss there is about it.

MOL: Anyway, I don't understand this sudden urge for whipped cream.

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FIB: I can't explain it either. But there must be some great physical reason why my system craves whipped cream. It's a cell hunger, that's what it is. My metabolism needs whipped cream, so it communicates to my brain and my brain tells my appetite, and I tell you and what happens? NOTHIN'! END OF THE LINE!

MOL: (LAUGHS) When I asked you what you wanted for breakfast this morning you never mentioned whipped cream and cocoa. You said coffee and toast.

FIB: WELL HOW DID I KNOW WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY WHIPPED CREAM.? MY GOSH, IF --

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Ah, here's Beulah. Any luck finding some whipping cream, Beulah?

BEULAH: No, ma'am. The city appears to be empty and DEVOID of whippin' cream of any prescription. An! nex' time anybody ask me if I don' know they's a war on, I'm gonna go berserk. (PAUSE) What's berserk mean?

FIB: I dunno, Beulah. But have you tried whipping cream off the top of the milk?

BEULAH: Mist' McGee, the cream offen the top o' the milk ain' cream. It's jus' mo' milk. You can whup it till you is ^{all whipped out} ~~exalted~~ an' all you got is milk wif foam on it.

MOL: You'd better just forget it, McGee. You're being a little unreasonable about it anyway.

FIB: I'm not bein' unreasonable. I merely got tenacity of purpose. It's like a pup chasin' a polecat thru a hollow log. You hate yourself if you don't follow thru, and everybody else hates you if you do.

BEULAH: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!!!!

MOL: Well, you can forget about the whipping cream, Beulah. What are you doing this afternoon?

BEULAH: Washin' the windows, ma'am. Got 'em all done upstairs exceptin' the lil one in the powdah room. Jus' can't seem to scrub that one clean.

FIB: You never will, Beulah. That's frosted glass.

BEULAH: FROSTED: (LAUGHS) IN APRIL?

MOL: He means it's opaque, Beulah.

BEULAH: It what, ma'am?

FIB: OPAQUE. O.P.A.K.E. Opaque.

BEULAH: (TO HERSELF) O.P.A.K....Hmmm. That ole O.P.A. is into evahthing. Well, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME MA'AM..I GOTTA GIT BACK TO WORK.

MOL: All right, Beulah. Go ahead.

FIB: And thanks for trying to get me some whipped cream.

BEULAH: Oh that's okay suh. Jus' 's soon be doin' that as somp'n else. When I gits paid at the end of the week I don' evah look at the money an' say "BEULAH, WHAT YOU DO TO EARN THIS?" All I says is, "IS IT ALL HEAH?" Scuse me now folksies.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, that leaves me only one infinitive.

MOL: You mean alternative, dearie.

FIB: I do not. Alternative is a club you get invited to belong to in college if your old man will endow a new chandelier for the dining room.

MOL: THAT'S A FRATERNITY.

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FIB: Don't kid me, baby. Fraternity means motherhood.
MOL: No, that's MATERNITY.
FIB: Then what's an infinitive?
MOL: Well, it's a little hard to explain, but next time I get one, I'll split it with you. Now, what was it you were going to do?
FIB: I'M GOIN' OUT IN THE COUNTRY AND GET SOME WHIPPING CREAM. BY GEORGE, IF I'M GONNA BE LEFT HOLDIN' THE BAG, I MIGHT AS WELL BE SETTIN' ON A MILKIN' STOOL TO DO IT. Come on, get your hat.
MOL: I'm ready. What are we going to carry the cream in?
FIB: How about that old thermos bottle?
MOL: Just the thing...where is it?
FIB: IT'S RIGHT IN HERE. I SAW IT JUST THE OTHER DAY. IN THE HALL CLOS--

SOUND: TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK...BELL TINKLE. PAUSE:

FIB: No, I didn't, either. It was out in the garage. Incidentally, I gotta straighten out this closet one of these days!

ORCH: "DON'T SWEETHEART ME"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION)

110-

SOUND: BIRDS AND BEES

MOL: Why didn't you tell me we were going to walk five miles past the end of the street car line, McGee?
FIB: Wanted to surprise you. Isn't this wonderful? Get a load of that fresh air. (EXHALE) Boy, that'll put years on your life.
MOL: It's taken two inches off my heels, too. These shoes were never built for cross-country work.
FIB: Well, I guess I'm just a farm boy at heart. Nothin' I'd rather do than roll around in that field of clover over there.
MOL: It would be a little messy, dearie. That's a field of tomatoes.
FIB: Oh. Well, I was just speakin' metaphorically. AHHHH, THIS IS WONDERFUL... Wonder if I could get a job on a farm this summer.
MOL: You say that above a whisper, and you'll have a pitchfork in your hand in the next seven minutes. Not that you'd know what to do with it.

FIB: WELL MY GOSH..WHAT'S SO MYSTERIOUS ABOUT FARMING? GET SOME GOOD DIRT, THROW A HANDFUL O' SEEDS INTO IT AND GO FISHING FOR FOUR MONTHS. COME BACK, PICK THE STUFF, SELL IT, AND LAY AROUND ON YOUR PROFITS ALL WINTER...PRETTY SOFT!!!

MOL: Did you ever hear of corn borers, boll weevils, cutworms, wheat rust, blight, mortgages, floods, droughts, hoof and mouth disease, lightning, locusts, and the pip?

FIB: What have they got to do with farming?

MOL: Ahhhh, City Boy, City Boy!! What you don't know about--

FIB: HEY..AM I DREAMING..OR IS THIS SIG WELLINGTON COMIN' DOWN THE ROAD?

MOL: Why, I believe it is Mr. Wellington!

FIB: I didn't know that slum child ever got past the city limits. Must be walkin' in his sleep. HIYA, SIG, OLD MAN!!!

WELL: (FADE IN) Ahh, good afternoon, my friends! Isn't it a charming day to be strolling thru the countryside, filling one's nostrils with clean, fresh pollen to give one's hay fever a new start in life? But tell me, what brings you wandering out among these broad fields of succotash?

MOL: Well, Himself here got a sudden urge for some whipping cream, Mr. Wellington. And you know McGee...he has a whim of iron, as the saying goes.

FIB: Streak of persistence runs in the family, Sig. My Uncle sycamore once got a sudden yen for a fried ostrich egg. Saved up his dough for years and years...got enough to go to Australia. Learned how to throw a boomerang...captured an ostrich and waited till it laid an egg.

WELL: And how did he like it, old man?

FIB: Couldn't eat it. Had a busted jaw from gettin' hit by a boomerang while practicing. Just mentioned it to indicate a streak of tenacity in the family.

MOL: Do you often go for long walks in the country, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: Not often, Mrs. McGee. I find the sunshine glaring; the birds singing off-key; the landscape badly arranged and the flowers so highly scented as to be rather vulgar.

FIB: Then why come out here at all?

WELL: AHHHH, sentimental reasons entirely, McGee. My dear old grandmother, you know.

MOL: She loves the country, I suppose.

WELL: No, she loves mint juleps. She sends me out for the mint. Well, good day to you.

BIRDS AND BEES UP AND FADE:

FIB: Cynical pup, isn't he?

MOL: ~~Well, some women seem to think it's attractive. Sophisticated. Is Mr. Wellington quite a ladies' man?~~

FIB: ~~NAH!! That guy couldn't track down a date with a seeing-eye wolf.~~

MOL: Speaking of pups, dearie, my dogs are killing me. Say how far into the wilds of America are we going for this whipping cream?

FIB: I dunno. I'll check with the guy parked up ahead there in the snappy roadster. He looks kinda intelligent. No use wastin' time on farmers when you can ask a guy like that.

HIYA, BUD.

MAN: Hello.

FIB: You acquainted around here, bud?

MAN: Quite well, yes. What can I do for you?

MOL: We want to buy some whipping cream.

MAN: If you'll sit down in the car a few minutes, madam, I think I can help you out. I can't leave here immediately. My name is MacDonald.

FIB: Hiya, Mac. My name is McGee.

MAN: Hiya Mac.

FIB: This is my wife, Molly.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

MAN: How do you do.

FIB: Nice stand of barley some guy's got over there, ain't it, Mac?

MAN: It's wheat, Mr. McGee.

FIB: What'd I say, barley? I meant wheat. Interested in farming, Mac?

MAN: Yes, quite.

FIB: Well, ask me anything you wanna know. Be glad to help you out.

MAN: Thank you.

FIB: For instance, crop rotation. In farming you gotta have crop rotation.

MOL: What McGee?

FIB: Well, because on account of the crows and the blackbirds. If they know where the corn is every year, it makes it too easy for 'em. You plant different things in different places every year to fool the birds. Understand, Mac?

MAN: Very interesting theory. I understand it also helps to refresh the soil, as different crops require different chemicals from the earth.

FIB: That's very true, bud, very true. Hear that, Molly? That was very true.

MOL: How does the food situation look this year, Mr. MacDonald? You look like you knew the markets.

MAN: Well, Mrs. McGee, I think it looks pretty good. You know in 1943, the farmers broke all food production records for the seventh straight year, and they're out to do it again. They have a slogan - "Grow More in '44".

FIB: HEY HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS STUFF, BUD? YOU A GOVERNMENT
MAN?

MAN: Oh no. I just -

SOUND: OFF MIKE: HORSES HOOFS GALLOPING:

MOL: Look...here comes a man on horseback...

FIB: Must have lost his way from Hialeah.

MAN: Man has an excellent seat.

FIB: How can you tell when he's facing this way? My gosh I
can't ---

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS IN RAPIDLY & OUT (OCCASIONAL STAMPING)

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, IT'S MR. WILCOX. HELLO, MR. WILCOX.

FIB: HIYAH, JUNIOR. WEATCHER HURRY?

WIL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) SAY, DID YOU SEE A JOHNSON'S WAX TRUCK
GO PAST HERE? WHOA, BABY... WHOAA.....(HOOFS)

MOL: (CALLS) NO WE DIDN'T, MR. WILCOX.

FIB: WHAT KIND OF A TRUCK WAS IT, JUNIOR?

WIL: (EXCITEDLY) IT WAS A BIG PANEL TRUCK...SORT OF AN INDIAN
RED...ON ONE SIDE OF IT IT SAYS, JOHNSON'S WAX, THE
FINEST PROTECTION FOR FLOORS FURNITURE AND WOODWORK.
(HOOFS) EASY THERE, BABY.....

MOL: YES?

WIL: YES AND ON THE OTHER SIDE IT SAYS, JOHNSON'S WAX SEALS
SURFACES OF WOOD AND ENAMELED SURFACES AGAINST DUST, DIRT
AND DAMPNES...AND ON THE REAR OF THE TRUCK IT SAYS...
THOUSANDS OF HOUSEWIVES SAVE MILLIONS OF HOURS BY USING
JOHNSON'S WAX....

FIB: WELL WHAT IF WE MEET THE TRUCK, JUNIOR...CAN WE GIVE 'EM
A MESSAGE?

WIL: OH, NO...I JUST WANTED YOU TO SEE IT!! IT'S A
BEAUTY!! SEE YOU LATER!...COME ON, BABY...

SOUND: HOOFPRIENTS UP AND OUT, LOUD

MAN: Enthusiastic young man. Friend of yours?

MOL: Yes, he's with the Johnson's Wax people.

MAN: Yes, I gathered that.

FIB: Anybody that's within eight miles of Wilcox gathers
that. But I will say it's the first time he's made
a pitch from horseback. Now, what were we talking
about, Mac?

MOL: Excuse me, McGee...but maybe we're taking too much
of Mr. MacDonald's time.

MAN: Not at all, Mrs. McGee, not at all. I was just
waiting here for a friend. Should be along any
minute.

FIB: OH, YES...WE WANTED TO GET SOME WHIPPING CREAM,
MAC.

MAN: May I ask what this whipped cream is for,
Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well...er...I...

MOL: He wants it for a cup of cocoa.

MAN: Doctor's orders?

FIB: Well, no, I just...er...

MOL: It was just a whim, Mr. White. You see he' --

MAN: Excuse me...here comes the man I was waiting for! Fine fellow. You'll like him.

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT: CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, Henry. Hope I haven't kept you waiting.

MAN: Hello, Doctor, I'd like to have you meet -

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS..IT'S DOCTOR GAMBLE!

DOC: Well, hello there Molly. Hello, Droopy. Somebody got a sick pig?

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowsmith. What you doin' out in the high hay? *So steady*

DOC: I don't know - have you, Molly?

MOL: Oh now, Doctor, -

MAN: So you know these people, do you, Doctor?

DOC: Very well, Henry. Mrs. McGee is one of the finest women I know.

FIB: And me, Doc?

DOC: And McGee here is the husband of Mrs. McGee, who is one of the finest women I know. But how did you people get acquainted?

MOL: Oh we introduced ourselves, Doctor. McGee came out in the country looking for some farm products.

DOC: Well, you couldn't have come to a better man than Henry here. Henry is the best farmer in the country.

FIB: FARMER!!! 'MY GOSH, IS ^{Mac}WHITNEY HERE A FARMER? With that Homburg hat and the Phi Beta Kappa Key, and the tailor-made suit?

MOL: Well now after all, McGee.

MAN: I think he was expecting the musical comedy type of farmer Doctor. You know, broken galluses, straw in the teeth, and plumbing by a cartoonist from Esquire.

MOL: I'll have to admit, Doctor, to me Mr. ^{Mac}White looks more like a business man than a farmer.

MAN: A farmer has to be a business man now, Mrs. McGee.

DOC: Comes out even anyway, my dear. McGee here looks more like a farmer than a business man.

FIB: Well why not? I come from a long line of farmers. My family raised the first and finest soybeans in Illinois. In fact the greatest scenes of my boyhood are full of the greatest soys of all beanhood. (LAUGHS) Get it, ^{Mac}Whitney? Scenes of boyhood..soys of beanhood? It's a play on words that -

MOL: TAINT FUNNY MCGEE!

DOC: I'll sign that, in triplicate.

MAN: I thought it was rather amusing, myself.

FIB: Sure it was. Takes a smart farmer to appreciate a joke like that.

DOC: Well, Henry is a smart farmer all right, McGee. Don't fool yourself about that. And believe me we can be very grateful to the six billion families like his who broke all food production records last year and are out to do it again. Every time they roll up their sleeves they roll up a record.

MOL: Heavenly days, they must be making a lot of money!

MAN: (LAUGHS) You know many wealthy farmers, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Well, no, but -

DOC: I can tell you something about that, Molly. See that field of beans over there?

MOL: Are those beans? McGee told me those were sugar beets.
FIB: Well, my gosh, at this distance--
DOC: Those are beans. Henry could have made more money planting that field in corn. But he knew the government had requested an increase in bean production in this locality - so...he takes a loss to back up the food program.
MAN: I don't take a loss, Doctor. I have two sons in the Service. I consider my farm a fighting front, too. Anything I can do to back up the war program with work and feed, I charge up to profit.
MOL: Isn't that wonderful!
MAN: No. It isn't wonderful. Some people can fight. Some people can buy Bonds. Some people can grow food. When a country's at war, everybody does what he can do best. in...
OH BY THE WAY, DOCTOR...how about the help?
DOC: Oh, yes. I've got fifteen or sixteen business men lined up, Henry. They can all spend from two weeks to a couple of months on your farm this summer. And believe me, it'll be wonderful to get those watermelons out from under their belts. How about you, McGee?
FIB: How about me what?
DOC: Lending Henry a hand this summer, on his farm? Get you back in shape. As it is, you're as fit as a fiddle that's been left out in the rain.
MOL: Why, McGee, I think it would do you good! Remember last night how winded you were when you ran upstairs to get your house slippers.
FIB: I WAS NOT WINDED! I WAS JUST EXCITED. THOSE ARE NEW HOUSE SLIPPERS!

DOC: Oh, no! You weren't winded! Why, you pudgy little potato patty, you're about as muscular as a fish worm.
FIB: IS THAT SO!! YOU SHOULD TALK, YOU BIG BAG OF BIRDSEED. IF I HAD YOUR LARD, I'D HAVE A DOUGHNUT SHOP ON EVERY CORNER IN TOWN!
DOC: WHY, YOU OVERSTUFFED, OVERNOURISHED LITTLE--
MAN: Excuse me, Doctor..I've got to get back in the house. Marvin Jones is on the air very shortly from Washington, and I want to hear him.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MARVIN JONES!!..I HAVEN'T HEARD HIM SINCE HE WON THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT--
DOC: No no no, Molly, that was BOBBY Jones. This is Marvin Jones, the War Food Administrator. Well, see you later, Henry.
MAN: Okay, Doctor. Thanks for the help. Come on, Mr. McGee.. we'll get you your whipping cream.
DOC: HIS WHAT?
MOL: Whipping cream, doctor. That's what we came out here for. McGee had a craving for some whipping cream...
DOC: Oh, he did!..Some whipped cream!..Well, now --
FIB: DON'T SAY IT, DOC...DON'T SAY ANYTHING YOU'LL REGRET! NOW, BE--
DOC: (ROARS) WHIPPING CREAM!!..WELL OF ALL THE DEPLORABLE, SHORTSIGHTED, INCREDIBLE (MUSIC IN) EXAMPLES OF DIETARY STUPIDITY I EVER...
ORCH: "OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM!"
APPLAUSE:

MAN: Now if you people will just make yourselves at home, I'll see that somebody puts you up some whipping cream.

FIB: Thanks very much, Mac. We expect to pay the regular price for it, you understand. Just because we're good friends, we don't wanna impose on you. My gosh, some people, just because they meet somebody and like 'em, would wanna maybe GIVE away some whipping cream, but by George, when I get what I want I'm always willing to pay for it. Even though I get a discount on it, I--

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Let Mr. MacDonald go. He's busy, and he has a radio program he wants to hear.

MAN: I'll be right back, if you'll excuse me a minute.

MOL: Certainly, Mr. MacDonald. (ASIDE) My, isn't he a nice man, McGee?

FIB: Yeah ... AND GET A LOAD OF THIS HOUSE, WILL YOU? If this is a farmhouse, times have changed since I was a kid. I'll bet Mac don't even have to go outside the back door to wash his hands in a tin basin.

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Uncle Henry, are you-- Oh. Excuse me!

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES...ALICE DARLING!

FIB: Hiya, Alice. What you doing here?

ALICE: Well, Creepers, Mr. McGee, I was going to ask you the same thing. Mr. ^{White} is my uncle. I come out here to visit all the time.

MOL: Well, he's a very nice man, Alice...he's selling us some whipping cream.

ALICE: Well, it will be very good cream, Mrs. McGee. Uncle Henry has some of the finest ^{butcher} ~~sweater~~ cows in the country.

FIB: ~~SWEATER~~ COWS!...YOU MEAN JERSEYS?

ALICE: Oh, yes...Jerseys. (LAUGHS) I guess I don't know much about farming. Up till last week I thought a silo was when somebody sang all by himself.

MOL: I'm kind of dumb about a farm, too, Alice...but McGee has been explaining things to me. Tell Alice about contour plowing, McGee...I think that's fascinating.

FIB: Tis fascinating. You see, Alice, contour plowing is where you follow the contour of the land, instead of plowing in straight lines back and forth the way they used to.

ALICE: But why do they do that, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Enemy airplanes. The pilots look outa their planes and see all those dizzy patterns down there and they dunno WHERE the heck they are! It's just a wartime measure. we'll go back to regular plowing after the war.

MOL: Isn't that interesting, Alice? Tell her about soil analysis, dearie.

ALICE: About what, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Soil analysis, Alice. Take a sample of soil and analyze it. If it's full o' worms and you got a trout stream on your farm, you're lucky. I'll be glad to explain all these things to your uncle some time.

ALICE: Well, I think Uncle Henry will get along all right, Mr. McGee. We're all very proud of him. He got more crops out of his farm last year than anybody has ever been able to before.

FIB: Yes, but if I gave him a few tips on--

ALICE: And he's helped all of our family with their Victory Gardens, and this year they expect to raise even more than they did last year, which--

MAN: (FADE IN) WELL, HERE IS YOUR WHIPPING CREAM, MR. MCGEE.

MOL: Oh, thank you so much, Mr. MacDonald.

ALICE: These are the people at whose house I room and board at in Wistful Vista, Uncle Henry.

MAN: Oh, yes...I remember the name. McGee. Now it's about time for me to listen to Judge Marvin Jones on the radio, folks, so if you'll excuse me --

MOL: Well, thank you for the cream, Mr. MacDonald. Come on, McGee.

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly. I wanna tell Mac a few things about farming, first. Now, about feeding the livestock, Mac, if you'll mix a little tobacco in with the bran, you'll find--

ALICE: Mr. McGee, Uncle Henry wants to hear Mr. Jones on the radio.

MOL: Come on, McGee.

FIB: Okay, okay...this won't take but a minute. AND ABOUT PLANTIN' POTATOES IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON, MAC. THAT'S JUST A RIDICULOUS SUPERSTITION. IT'S GOTTA BE IN THE DARK OF THE MOON. THAT'S BECAUSE--

MOL: MCGEE...THE MAN WANTS TO HEAR A RADIO PROGRAM!

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MAN: Yes, if you don't mind, McGee...

FIB: JUST ONE MORE THING, MAC. ABOUT LIGHTNING RODS ON THE BARN. DO YOU REALIZE THAT A LIGHTNING ROD MADE OF WHITE PINE IS NO GOOD WHATSOEVER? BECAUSE TO BE EFFECTIVE--

MOL: MCGEE...

FIB: AND IF YOU GOT A WINDMILL ON YOUR PLACE--

MAN: I'VE GOT ONE TOO MANY WINDMILLS ON MY PLACE...AND I WANT TO HEAR MARVIN JONES! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, how do you like that! Of all the ungrateful... That's the last whipping cream I ever buy from that guy!!

ORCH: "GOODNIGHT, WHEREVER YOU ARE"...FADE FOR:

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WE WILL NOW HEAR A MESSAGE FROM MARVIN JONES, THE WAR FOOD ADMINISTRATOR, WHO SPEAKS FROM THE NATION'S CAPITOL. TAKE IT, JUDGE...

(SWITCHOVER TO WASHINGTON FOR SPEECH AND SIGNOFF)

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