

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)  
#7

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

- November 21 -

NBC

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

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

ORCH: "WHY" ....FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

-3-

WILCOX: I wish all you men who fish and hunt and play golf could read my mail. You'd find quite often letters like this one, just recently arrived. "I've been fishing quite a bit", this wise man writes, "and I've noticed that water cracks and warps the rods. I've tried JOHNSON'S WAX on them, and I've had straight, smooth, reliable rods ever since. The wax preserves and polishes them to perfection". You'd find every now and then a letter from a hunter, who has discovered how to protect his guns, and his leather boots, too, with JOHNSON'S WAX. Golf bags and leather bags are naturals for wax-protection. Just try this for one season. Whenever you put away your fishing rods, guns, golf things -- and when you first bring them out -- give them a good coat of either the paste or liquid JOHNSON'S WAX. You'll find they will last longer, stay in better condition, be more fun to use. This goes for other equipment, too -- tennis rackets, baseball gloves and bats, bowling shoes, leather boots and jackets.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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-4-

WILCOX: THERE IS A POWER WHICH WATCHES OVER MARRIED MEN! IT FINDS BUSINESS OUT OF TOWN FOR THEM ON MOVING DAYS. IT ARRANGES BUSINESS DINNERS DOWNTOWN WHEN THE MENU DOESN'T LOOK SO HOT AT HOME. AND IT LAYS THEM LOW WITH MYSTERIOUS ILLNESSES WHEN THERE'S HOUSECLEANING TO BE DONE. LIKE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF'--

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER. OUT: THUDS OF MOVING FURNITURE

FIB: Careful moving that piano, Molly. I think that's how I hurt my side. (GROANS)

MOL: Why, you hadn't laid a hand on the piano when you started to complain.

FIB: I hadn't. er...I HADN'T? Well, I musta twisted a legament or something when I reached for it. (GROANS)

I think I gotta busted rib.

MOL: Here, let mother slip another pillow behind you...easy, now.

FIB: OOOOOHHHHH! BE CAREFUL!!! No kiddin'...I think it's a rib.

MOL: I think it is, too.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Which side did you say it was?

FIB: Left side.

MOL: I thought a minute ago it was the right side.

FIB: Well, it IS my right side. But it's on the left as you face me. OOOOOHHHHHH!!!

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McGEE  
11/21/44

(2ND REVISION) -5-

MOL: Well, you'd better lie still on the davenport while I call Doctor Gamble.

FIB: OH NO NO NO NO!! DON'T DO THAT! DON'T DO THAT!

MOL: Why not? If you're too sick to help with the house-cleaning, you're sick enough to have the doctor.

FIB: WELL, MY GOSH...THAT SILLY OSS...TEOPATH WILL SLAP A FIVE BUCK CHARGE ON MY ACCOUNT BEFORE HE HANGS UP THE RECEIVER! Doggone it, this would have to happen the night I was gonna go bowling with Wilcox.

MOL: You'll do no bowling tonight, my love. Now you lie still while I call the doctor.

FIB: Tell the big sleeping pill for me that--

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Alice...come in, dear.

ALICE: I was just--

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hello, Alice...

ALICE: Oh, excuse me, Mr. McGee...I didn't know you were taking a nap in here. I thought that snoring was the vacuum cleaner.

MOL: That snoring WAS the vacuum cleaner, Alice. And Mr. McGee is lying down because he thinks he has a broken rib.

FIB: I'm sure I have, Alice. Got all the Simpsons.

MOL: The word is SYMPTOMS, dearie. With the emphass-iss on the first syllable.

ALICE: Well, I won't bother you any more...I just wanted to know if there were any phone calls for me.

FIB: There was a lot of calls from the telegraph company, Alice...hand me that list, Molly. Thanks. Let's see... you got telegrams from Larry Wolters, Dick Bellamy, Bob Stephen, Norm Seigel, Ben Gross, Matt Weinstock and Bill Moyes.

MOL: Heavenly days, Alice...who are all those boys?

ALICE: Those are radio critics, Mrs. McGee. I was on a radio program at the airplane plant last night and asked them to listen to me sing and let me know if they thought I had any possibilities. WHAT DID THEY SAY, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: They said no.

MOL: That Mr. Wolters gave you a longer message than that, McGee.

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FIB: Eh? Oh, yes...he said POSITIVELY NO.

ALICE: Oh. Well, do you think I should pay any attention to them, Mr. McGee?

MOL: I wouldn't, Alice. The critics all panned my cousin when he started to sing on the air, too...and look at him now!

ALICE: What's he doing?

MOL: He's the assistant manager of one of the biggest laundries in Kalamazoo.

FIB: I didn't know you could sing, Alice. Let's hear something.

ALICE: All right. (SINGS, BADLY)

FIB: (GROANS)

ALICE: (BREAKING OFF) Oh, he feels too bad to listen to anybody sing, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: I feel terrible. (LOUD GROAN)

ALICE: Is it kind of a sharp stabbing pain in your side, right over your vest pocket, Mr. McGee?

FIB: (WEAK) Yes...it is, Alice.

ALICE: Does it hurt most when you bend forward?

FIB: (WEAK) Yes...

ALICE: Does it give you a kind of a cold, drippy feeling?

FIB: (WEAK) Yes...

ALICE: Then I'll bet I know what it is...you forgot to put the cap on your fountain pen and it's jabbing you.

MOL: He hasn't got his coat or vest on, Alice, and he rarely clips his fountain pen to his bare skin.

ALICE: Oh...well, I just was thinking, there's usually some simple explanation for things like that. Like the time my brother thought his leg was broken after he went skiing.

FIB: What was the simple explanation of that, Alice?

ALICE: His leg WAS broken. Well, take care of yourself, Mr. McGee!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: I'm going to call the doctor, McGee. It's silly to take chances when there's something wrong with your bones. As the man said when he pulled out of the crap game.

RECEIVER UP:

FIB: Tell him I'm--

MOL: HUSH...HELLO, OPERATOR, GIVE ME WISTFUL VISTA ONE, FIVE, OH, SIX, SEVEN-LY DAYS, IS THAT YOU, MYRTLE?

FIB: Aw, fer the...Ask her how's every little thing, Molly.

MOL: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRTLE?

FIB: And you say "IT IS, EH?"

MOL: It is, eh? WHAT SAY, MYRTLE?

FIB: That's right.

MOL: YES, MYRTLE. THEY ARE GETTING AWFULLY HARD TO GET. AND YOU HAVE TO GO SO EASY ON THEM WHEN YOU DO GET THEM... WHAT, MYRTLE? WELL, HAVE YOU TRIED ROLLING THEM? NO, THEY WON'T COME LOOSE IF YOU ROLL THEM REAL TIGHTLY...

FIB: Listen to you!...never rolled a cigarette in your life!

MOL: Quiet, McGee...we're talking about Nylons. WHAT SAY, MYRTLE? OH, THANK YOU. (PAUSE) HELLO, DOCTOR GAMBLE? This is Molly McGee. Yes, fine, thank you. I'm calling about Fibber. Yes...he thinks he has a broken rib...

FIB: Put the transmitter in front of my face and let him hear me groan.

MOL: Quiet, dearie. WHAT, DOCTOR? I'll ask him. (ASIDE) Does it hurt when you breathe, McGee?

FIB: (WEAKLY) Yes...it does.  
MOL: HELLO, DOCTOR....HE SAYS YES, IT DOES...(PAUSE) BUT  
DOCTOR, I CAN'T TELL HIM TO DO THAT.  
FIB: To do what?  
MOL: Stop breathing.  
FIB: Why, that lous---  
MOL: WHAT, DOCTOR?. YES...YES...RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO YOUR OFFICE.  
YES. ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR...THANK YOU. GOODBYE. (CLICK)  
FIB: What'd he say?  
MOL: WE'VE GOT TO GO DOWN TOWN AND GET SOME X-RAYS TAKEN.  
FIB: Didn't he say what the treatment was in the meantime?  
MOL: Yes, he said be sure and maintain a definite constriction  
of your obese oral cavity.  
FIB: Hmmm. Constriction, that means shut...obese is fat...  
oral cavity is mouth...keep my big fat mouth sh-- WHY,  
THAT INSULTING, BACKSTABBING, BODY SNATCHING, SINUS-  
POKIN', PILL JUGGLING--

ORCHESTRA: "IT HAD TO BE YOU"

APPLAUSE

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SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES ... WALKING ON SIDEWALK. (PAUSE)  
MOL: This must be the place, McGee. "THE PEEKSKILL X-RAY  
LABORATORIES. NOBODY PEEKS WITH OUR SKILL".  
FIB: Interesting plates they got in the window. That one in  
the middle, of the enlarged heart. Make a swell Valentine.  
Or is it a heart?  
MOL: Nobody can read ex-ray plates but an expert, dearie. The  
experts have seen to that. How does your side feel?  
FIB: It's better. In fact I don't think I need to have any  
ex-ray ---  
MOL: OH YES YOU DO ... DOCTOR GAMBLE SAID SO! Come on!  
FIB: Okay.  
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: TRAFFIC OUT:  
GIRL: How do you do. Did you wish to arrange for a lying?  
MOL: For a what?  
GIRL: For a lying. With ~~not~~ photographers, you arrange for a  
SITTING. But with ex-rays, it's more horizontal.  
FIB: This is my rib, sis.  
GIRL: How do you do, madame.  
MOL: He meant it's his rib that's bothering him, Nurse. He  
wants a picture of it.  
FIB: Yeah ... I'm Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee, sis. I mean we  
are. Did Doc Gamble arrange for an appointment?  
GIRL: Oh ... oh yes he did. If you'll just step into the next  
room and disrobe.  
FIB: And what?

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MOL: Take off your clothes, dearie. Disrobe is a term the doctors have been using since the early Romans. They don't realize men don't wear robes any more.

NURSE: Just put on the white gown you'll find in there sir.

FIB: Okay.

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE: "YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES"

NURSE: This is Mr. and Mrs. Mc Gee, Doctor, Doctor Gamble arranged for his appointment. He wants pictures of Mr. McGee's anterior rantiomen, in conjunction with the superior lobal tetramole on the hydro-ursus. Three views. Frontal, sidel and backle. *Ready, Doctor.*

MAN: Soiny.

MOL: I beg your pardon?

MAN: I said SOINY. C-E-R-T-A-I-N-L-Y. SOINY. Now, sir, if yizzle climb up'm the table.

FIB: If what, Doc?

MAN: I SAYS IF YIZZLE PLEASE TO CLIMB UP ON THE TABLE.

MOL: He wants you to climb up on the table, McGee.

MAN: Soiny. What do I need aroun' here, a interpretner?

FIB: How do you want me to lie on the table, Doc?

MAN: Witcher hipup nair.

MOL: I'm sorry, Doctor, I didn't get that.

FIB: Me either

MAN: I SAYS WITCHER HIPUP NAIR.

NURSE: The Doctor says WITH YOUR HIF UP IN THE AIR.

MAN: What's a matter ... don't I articulate distinck? Okay now ... up yez go, buddy ... 'at's it.

FIB: Where'd you take your degree, Doc? Madison Square Garden?

NURSE: Dr. Benowitz bears the degree of DOCTOR OF PATHOLOGICAL EXRAYOLOGY.

MAN: Soiny. Dr. Benowitz. D-O-P-E

NURSE: He invented it, you know.

MOL: HE INVENTED THE EX-RAY?

NURSE: No the Degree. Ready for the first plate, Doctor?

MAN: Yeh. Okay, Buddy...when I say three, yizzle havta holjer bret.

FIB: I'LL HAVE TO WHAT?

MOL: Hold your breath.

MAN: ONE...TWO...THREE!

SOUND: BUZZZZ.....RATCHET...WIND WHISTLE....BUZZZZ.....GONG!!!

MOL: My we've come a long way since silent pictures, haven't we?

NURSE: You may breathe now, sir.

FIB: Thanks. Very kind of you.

MAN: Plate nummer Two, Noice. Ready, Buddy? Holjer Bret!

SOUND: BUZZZZ.....RATCHET....WIND WHISTLE.....BUZZZ.....GONG!!!

FIB: How many more you gonna take, Doc? This nightgown I got on was made out of alow grade o' emery paper.

MAN: One morn youk'n gadress.

MOL: What was that again, Doctor?

MAN: I SAYS ONE MORN HEEK'N GADRESS.

NURSE: The doctor says one more and he can get dressed.  
 FIB: Thanks. I was trying to read his lips, but with that board he wears it was like watchin' a cat crossing a wheatfield.  
 MAN: Okay, <sup>buddy</sup> ~~hoooo~~. Slass pitcher. Holjer bret.  
 SOUND: BUZZZZ...RATCHET...WIND WHISTLE...BUZZZZZ...GONG  
 MAN: Okay, buddy. Youk'n gadress.  
 FIB: How do you wanna bill me for this - thru Doc Gamble?  
 MAN: Might swell.  
 MOL: If it does I'll put some adhesive tape on it.  
 NURSE: No, madam...he said HE MIGHT AS WELL.  
 MOL: Oh.  
 FIB: Well, much obliged, Doc.  
 MAN: Sokay. Please to a metcha. Come in any time you feel run down...like by a taxicab, or somp'm.  
 ORCHESTRA: SHORT BRIDGE...."HOME, SWEET HOME"  
 MOL: Will it disturb you, dearie, if I go on with my vacuuming?  
 FIB: (WEAKLY) No...go ahead...I'll just lie here till Doc comes with my ex-rays...  
 MOL: How does it feel now?  
 FIB: Oh, I dunno...I took an awful pushing around on the street car coming home.

MOL: Well, you just take it easy, dearie . . I'll hurry up and clean in here so you won't be disturbed watching somebody work  
 SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER: DOOR OPEN AND SHUT: VACUUM OFF:  
 WIL: Well, hello, folks Cleaning house, Molly?  
 MOL: Yes I am, Mr. Wilcox.  
 FIB: (WEAKLY) Hiyah, Harlow.  
 WIL: Well, what's the matter with you, Pal? Got the fly?  
 MOL: The what, Mr. Wilcox.  
 WIL: The fly Present tense of Flu Fly, flew, flown.  
 FIB: Scrim.  
 WIL: What?  
 FIB: That's the present tense of the verb scram Scrim, scam scrum. Beat it, I'M sick.  
 MOL: Now, McGee . don't be rude.  
 WIL: Oh, that's okay, Molly. I just dropped in to see if he was going bowling with me tonight.  
 FIB: Can't make it, Junior . . worst thing I could do. Gotta busted rib. I think.  
 WIL: NO KIDDING!! A BROKEN RIB!! Are you sure?  
 MOL: We're not sure yet, Mr. Wilcox... Doctor Gamble is bringing the exrays over in a few minutes.  
 WIL: Gee, this is tough The night of the big bowling tournament too. Womens team against the men  
 MOL: How on earth do women get time to bowl, these days?  
 FIB: (GROANS)  
 WIL: What's the matter pal...your rib hurt?  
 FIB: No, but Molly's question did You know better'n to ask Wilcox how women find time for things, Molly.

MOL: Well, my goodness ---  
WIL: It's a very good question.  
FIB: And you got a very good answer.  
WIL: Yes. Because every woman who uses Johnson's Self  
Polishing Glocoat saves so much time and work in her  
housekeeping that she'd have time to take up six-day  
bike-racing, if she wanted to.  
FIB: I gotta T.L. for you Waxey.  
MOL: What is it, McGee?  
FIB: I heard somebody say that Harlow Wilcox was always on  
the level.  
WIL: Well gee -- thanks, pal!  
FIB: Yes, they said you always had your feet on the ground and  
your mind on the linoleum.  
WIL: Hum. Well, anyway, that's one reason why women have so  
much spare time. They just pour out a little Johnson's  
Self Polishing Glocoat, spread it around the linoleum,  
wait 20 minutes or less for it to dry to a handsome,  
glittering finish, and ZINGO....OFF TO THE BOWLING ALLEY.  
FIB: I'd listen to 'em broadcast the tournament, Junior, but  
my radio is on the bum. Been tryin' to buy a new one all  
week.

WIL: YOU HAVE? WELL NOW IF THAT ISN'T A COINCIDENCE!  
FIB: What's a coincidence?  
WIL: WHY, YOU'RE ON THE MARKET FOR A RADIO, AND JOHNSON'S  
ARE ON THE RADIO FOR A MARKET! I'LL WIRE THEM RIGHT AWAY!  
SO LONG, KIDS!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Mr. Wilcox is SO intelligent, isn't he?  
FIB: Oh sure. Smart from the day he was born. Dry behind the  
ears in 20 minutes or less.  
MOL: Well, I'd better get on with my cleaning. I wish you  
were well enough to help me roll up the rug so -  
FIB: (GROANS) OHHHHH.... my side ... OHHHHHHHHH ...  
MOL: Oh you poor lad .. can I get you something?  
FIB: Yes ... (WEAKLY) Please ...  
MOL: (ALARMED) WHAT DEARIE ... WATER? ASPIRIN? SPIRITS OF  
AMMONIA?  
FIB: A cigar.  
MOL: Oh. Here you are ... and here's a match.  
FIB: Strike it for me, willya?  
MOL: Why certainly ...  
SOUND: (MATCH STRIKING)  
MOL: Do you want mother to take the first few puffs and get  
it going for you? You mustn't tax your strength. Not  
that you'd be very high in the brackets.  
FIB: (BRAVELY) I'll be all right .. don't worry about me ...  
you go ahead and vacuum the ...

DOORBELL:



MOL: OH THIS MUST BE THE DOCTOR .... COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT

DOC: Hello, my dear. And where is Little Bosco, the Bedridden Bundle of Baloney.

FIB: Right here, you big belly thumper. And be a little more respectful to your patients. Who pays your bills?

DOC: About one in twenty, at a rough estimate.

MOL: Did you get the ex-rays, Doctor?

DOC: Yes I did....just met the messenger outside. I'd have been here sooner but I stopped a minute to talk to Mrs. Wimple.

FIB: (LOUDLY) NOT MRS. WALLACE WIMP.....(RELAPSES) (WEAKLY) Not Mrs. Wallace Wimple, Doc! Not Sweetface!

DOC: Yes, and she said Wallace would be home on a furlough next week.

MOL: My, it'll be nice to see Mr. Wimple again.

FIB: Imagine that guy in the Navy? He's probably the crew of the Captain's gag.

DOC: That's GIG.

FIB: With Wimple, it'd be a gag.

MOL: NEVER MIND THE WIT AND HUMOR, BOYS...LET'S LOOK AT THOSE EX-RAYS.

DOC: Here they are, Molly. Now let me see....*mumble*

FIB: (VERY SICK) How do they look, Doc?

(PAUSE)

DOC: *mumble*  
DOCTOR!! PLEASE.... IS IT ANYTHING SERIOUS?

(PAUSE)

DOC: *mumble*  
FIB: Oh my gosh.... WHAT IS IT, DOC...WHAT IS IT?

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DOC: If you didn't photograph any better than this in "HEAVENLY DAYS" McGee, RKO will drop your option like a red hot anvil.

MOL: But what do they show, Doctor? Has he really got a broken rib?

FIB: Lemme see, Doc....lemme see what --

DOC: (ROARS) LIE DOWN THERE, YOU LITTLE BEAN-BRAIN, YOU'RE A VERY SICK MAN!

MOL: He....he is?

FIB: I....I am?

DOC: Look at this picture, Molly. See this light line in the mid-axillary area here ... and here? TWO broken ribs....

MOL: TWO OF THEM!!

FIB: (GROANS)

DOC: And see this here? Displaced cervical vertebra.

FIB: (GROANS LOUDER)

DOC: And see this line here? Fracture of the humerus.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!!

FIB: (ALMOST CRYING) Am I... am I gonna live, Doc?

DOC: Oh you'll live all right. But you won't be very happy for a while. The way you'll be strapped up, nobody CAN open you till Christmas. NOW DON'T MOVE...YOU HEAR ME. LIE STILL!! I'LL RUN OVER TO KREMER'S DRUG STORE AND GET SOME TAPE AND SOME SPLINTS...KEEP HIM QUIET, MOLLY!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Oh....you poor boy...and I didn't believe...OHHHHH, shame on me!!!

FIB: You hear what he said, Molly? I fractured my humerus... I'll never be funny again!!! (GROANS) Oh! ho! ho!

ORCH: "SINGING DOWN THE ROAD" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -19-

FIB: Ohhhhhh...Oh am I sick...I hurt all over...my ribs...  
my vertibles, my humerous...

MOL: Now now now...take it easy, Dearie...the doctor will be  
back in a minute..

FIB: Well, my gosh...ho's had time to walk to Moxico City by  
this time.

MOL: He's only been gone four minutes. Can I get you anything  
dearie?

FIB: (WEAKLY) Yes, I'm hungry:

MOL: Well, I'll see if Boulah will make you some nice beef  
broth.

FIB: What's nice about beef broth? Tell her to fry me an egg  
sandwich and open me a bottle of rootbeer.

MOL: I'll see what she has...OH BEULAH...BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Who that bollerin' fo' Beulah?

FIB: (GROANS)

BEULAH: Well for goodness sakes, Mist' McGee...is you sick again?

MOL: Yes ho is, Boulah. Very sick. He's got a lot of brokon  
bones.

G-

THIRD SPOT

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bones.

G-

FIB: Don't jar the davenport Beulah...I'll come apart like a jigsaw puzzle.

BEULAH: Oh you por' man! Did Doctah Gamble give you a hypo, suh?

MOL: No he didn't Beulah? What makes you think he needs one?

BEULAH: I was jus' goin' by what people been sayin' ma'am. I tell 'em bout how sick Mist' McGee always gits aroun' house cleanin' time and they say somebody ought to give that lil' chondriac a hypo.

FIB: WHADDA THEY MEAN, I'M A HYPOCHONDRIAC? YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF TWO BUSTED RIBS, A FRACTURED HUMORESQUE AND A DISLOCATED VERTIGO!

MOL: Can you whip up some strong tea and a thin sandwich, Beulah? We've got to keep his strength up.

BEULAH: Yes'm...glad to do anything I can, ma'am. I kin even carry him upstairs to bed if the doctor deem it necessary.

FIB: If he what?

BEULAH: If he deem it necessary. Deem. That means consider, suh.

MOL: Well, deem the fact that he's hungry and make him some tea or some soup, will you please?

FIB: I think there's a few cold frankfurters in the refrigerator too, Beulah. I'll have those with some mustard.

BEULAH: FRANKFRUTERS? THAT ain' no diet for a sick man, Mist' McGee.

MOL: I should say not.

FIB: AW DIET MY CLAVRCLE. I CAN'T GET UP AND GET THOSE FRANKFURTERS MYSELF, CAN I?

BEULAH: It ain't recommended, suh.

FIB: WELL THEN IF I CAN'T GO TO THE DOGS, YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING THE DOGS TO ME.

BEULAH: If he can't go to the dogs, we'll have to ... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT POOR SICK MAN!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I dunno what diet has got to do with busted bones.

MOL: You've got to have lots of ealcium, doarie. That's one reason.

FIB: CALCIUM...THAT STUFF THEY PAINT WALLS WITH???

MOL: No, sweetheart...that's calsomino.

FIB: I thought calsomine was a kind of a gold-colored horse.

MOL: You're thinking of a palomino.

FIB: I AM NOT ANY SUCH A THING...A PALOMINO IS A SHOW WHERE THEY DO FUNNY STUFF WITHOUT TALKING.

MOL: No, no, no .... that's a patomino.

FIB: PANTOMINES ARE BAGGY PANTS...KNOCKER-BICKERS.

MOL: THE WORD IS KNICKERBOCKERS AND THEIR CALLED PANTALOONS.

FIB: THEN WHAT IS ---

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Well, thank goodness...we'd never have got out of that one. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:

FIB: (WEAKLY) Did you get the stuff, doctor? And how long will I be strapped up?

DOC: I don't know. Sit up.

FIB: (GROANS) I...I don't know if I can.

MOL: Try doarie...the doctor knows best.

DOC: SIT UP, YOU LITTLE FAKER!!!! I WANT TO MAKE A BRIEF EXAMINATION.

FIB: Well...okay...but what ---

DOC: Be quiet..now then..do you hurt here?  
FIB: No, but I-  
DOC: HERE?  
FIB: No, but -  
DOC: HURT HERE?  
FIB: A little but --  
DOC: CLAP YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD.  
SOUND: HAND CLAP:  
DOC: Did that hurt?  
FIB: SHOULD IT OF?  
DOC: (ROARS) DID IT?  
FIB: Well, no, but --  
DOC: Touch your toes with your fingers.  
MOL: This I shall have to see,  
FIB: I can't quite reach, Doc..but..HEY WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?  
DOC: IT'S ALL ABOUT NOTHING. I TOOK ANOTHER LOOK AT THOSE  
EXRAYS WHILE I WAS AT THE DRUG STORE. THOSE ARE EXRAYS OF  
SOMEBODY ELSE. THEY SENT YOU THE WRONG ONES.  
FIB: Oh my gosh..you mean I...there isn't anything...I'm --  
MOL: But how about the ones they took of him, Doctor?  
DOC: I CALLED THE EXRAY LABORATORY AND HIS EXRAYS SHOW NOTHING  
WRONG, GET UP, MCGEE, YOU'RE AS HEALTHY AS YOU'VE EVER  
BEEN IN YOUR LIFE. WHICH STILL LEAVES THE MEDICAL  
PROFESSION A RAY OF HOPE.  
MOL: Oh thank goodness...McGee, I'M so glad.  
FIB: YOU'RE GLAD. MY GOSH...NOW I CAN GO BOWLING WITH WILCOX!(FOOTSTEPS)  
WHERE'S MY BOWLING SHOES? GET MY BOWLING BALL! WHERE'S  
MY HAT? WHERE'S MY..  
MOL: MCGEE..LOOK OUT FOR THE VACUUM CLEANER ~~W~~!!!

SOUND: CRASH...THUD...GLASS CRASH  
DOC: Stumblohum.  
MOL: Did you hurt yourself, McGee?  
FIB: (LAUGHS) No, I don't think....00000HHHHH...OUCH.... got  
a stitch in my side...  
DOC: Where?  
FIB: Right here.  
DOC: Here? Take a deep breath.  
FIB: (TAKES BREATH) OWWWWWW!  
MOL: What is it, Doctor?  
DOC: This is where I came in. GET BACK ON THE DAVENPORT,  
MCGEE,....YOU JUST BROKE A RIB!!  
ORCH: "JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES" ...FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: No one likes to do jobs that aren't necessary -- least of all now when everybody has to do his or her war work. And yet we have to take even better care of our things than we did before. What's the answer? Well, as far as your kitchen and other linoleum floors are concerned, it's JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. GLO-COAT does save you unnecessary work, and it does preserve your linoleum. Its regular use makes linoleum surfaces last 6 to 10 times longer. Can you ask more than that -- with work-saving in the bargain? GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- it needs no rubbing or buffing. Its application is the simplest thing in the world -- you just apply and let dry. Come back in 20 minutes to find your floors shining with beauty, colors as fresh as when you first picked out the pattern in your dealer's showroom. Also, if you have floors of asphalt or rubber tile, JOHNSON'S GLO COAT is the polish you should use.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

TAG

BENNY: Okay, Buddy. Now if yizzlo holjer brot, thisis the lass pitcher.

FIB: Shoot, bud.

SOUND: BUZZZZ...RATCHET...WIND WHISTLE...GONG!

BENNY: Good. Now youk'n gadross again.

FIB: Thanks. Gee, Molly, I feel silly about this. I hardly know what to say.

MOL: Well, while you have that gown on thero's something appropriate you might say.

FIB: Eh? Oh,..Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)