

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) # 15

File

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

January 9, 1945

NBC

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME... FADE FOR:

MIL: 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: "HALLELUJAH" ... FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX: When you bought your linoleum floor coverings, you gave a great deal of attention to their colors and pattern and their quality. You wanted them to be just right for your home -- and you hoped they would last a long time and retain their original beauty. As a matter of fact, good linoleum will last many years, indefinitely, if it is properly cared for. But if it is scrubbed continuously, it breaks down and wears out. Fortunately, the proper way to care for it also saves you work and time. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is so easy to use -- it takes no rubbing or buffing, shines itself as it dries. It protects the linoleum surface against dirt, moisture and wear -- keeps original colors bright. Regular use of GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. No matter how old your linoleum now is, it will pay you to protect it with SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- and when you put down new linoleum, be sure to give it GLO-COAT protection from the first day.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: IF THERE'S ANYTHING THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA LIKES TO DO, IT'S SURPRISE HIS WIFE. AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT GIVES HIS WIFE COLD CHILLS, IT'S HER HUSBAND'S SURPRISES. GET A LOAD OF HIM NOW, COMING IN THE FRONT DOOR WITH A BAG FULL OF MUSHROOMS HE PICKED IN THE WOODS, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR OPEN, CLOSE:

FIB: (CALLS) HEY, MOLLY!...I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
HEY, MOLLY. LOOK WHAT I GOT!

MOL: (FADE IN) Animal, vegetable or mineral?

FIB: I'll give you a hint. Whaddye like with steak, kiddo? Piled way up high on top of it...like this.

MOL: Mashed potatoes. McGee, IF YOU'VE BROUGHT HOME A PAPER BAG FULL OF MASHED POTATOES....

FIB: (LAUGHS) Aw, you're just not used to high class eatin', Molly. Here...LOOK!

MOL: My goodness...MUSHROOMS!

FIB: Yep. Make a dinner fit for a king and you're lookin' at his Majesty, Fibber the First. Beauties, ain't they?

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MOL: Lovely...but they're certainly dirty! You'd think a careful grocer would at least clean them before he sold --

FIB: GROCER! NO GROCER EVER LAID A MITT ON ONE OF THESE, I PICKED 'EM MYSELF.

MOL: (PAUSE) You p---...Oh.

FIB: You betcha. You remember Nat Wolff?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well, I picked these mushrooms in that little patch of woods across the river from where the brewery is that Nat's uncle owns a half interest in.

MOL: Yes but -

FIB: My gosh, since this warm spell set in, they're poppin' up all over the place. And NOBODY pickin' 'em! Had the place all exclusive to myself with nobody else there.

MOL: You don't suppose that's because other people might be afraid they were toadstools, do you?

FIB: TOADSTOOLS! (LAUGHS) That's ridiculous. If they'd of been toadstools I wouldn't of picked 'em, would I?

MOL: That was my question.

FIB: Boy, don't they look good? I've had my puss puckered up for a mess of mushrooms ever since for I don't know how long. And these are the best kind. Little button mushrooms.

MOL: Yes, that's the kind of a button you ring for an ambulance with. You're not actually planning on EATING those things?

FIB: NOT EATING 'EM! CERTAINLY WE'RE GONNA EAT 'EM. STEAK AND MUSHROOMS! THAT'S THE MENU FOR TONIGHT! Why you LOVE steak and mushrooms.

MOL: Look, dearie....I'm not easily frightened, but I don't want any mushrooms picked by amateurs. I'd as soon skip rope with a high tension wire during an electrical storm.

FIB: Oh you're just being -

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee..Hello, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Alice...I didn't know you were home.

FIB: Hi, Alice.

ALICE: I just got home. Were there any phone calls for me, or anything?

MOL: Just one, Alice. Sergeant Carling called.

ALICE: Oh, yes, Cliffy Carling. He's the one that's in the camouflage corps.

FIB: I remember the guy. He used to stand out on the lawn disguised as a tree. Never knew whether to shake hands with him or prune him.

MOL: You cured him of that when you started to carve "FIBBER LOVES MOLLY" on his stomach. Where is he now, Alice?

ALICE: I don't know, but he said he was sending me a boomerang.

FIB: A what?

ALICE: A boomerang. That's one of those sticks you can hit yourself in the head with if you throw it far enough.

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MOL: He must be in Australia.

ALICE: I think so. Anyway, he says he sees a lot of those birds that think they're alone when they stick their heads in the sand. What do they call 'em?

FIB: Isolationists. OH HEY, ALICE...DON'T MAKE ANY PLANS FOR DINNER. WE'RE HAVIN' STEAK AND MUSHROOMS.

ALICE: Steak and mushrooms...oh jeepers! I LOVE mushrooms, Mr. McGee....I was going to a chop suey place, but now you couldn't get me out of here with a ten-ton truck...driven by Van Johnson!

MOL: Tell Mr. Johnson to stop for me. And honk twice.

FIB: This is really gonna be a treat, Alice. I picked the mushrooms myself.

ALICE: Well, I simply ADORE -- (PAUSE) what?

MOL: He picked the mushrooms himself, Alice. He can tell a mushroom from a toadstool from a mile away, and I wish he had.

ALICE: But don't...er....don't people get sick from...I mean, isn't picking mushrooms in the woods sort of dangerous?

FIB: Sure it is. Liable to get pneumonia walkin' around on the wet ground. But I always wear my overshoes.

ALICE: No, I meant....

FIB: WELL, I'M GLAD ONE PERSON AROUND HERE APPRECIATES THE FINER THINGS TO EAT, ALICE. Mrs. McGee doesn't think she wants any mushrooms.

MOL: Mrs. McGee gets cold chills up and down her girdle at the very thought!

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(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: OKAY, OKAY, I GUESS ALICE AND I CAN EAT ALL OF 'EM. EH, ALICE? WE'LL HAVE US A FEAST THAT -

ALICE: (FAST) Oh gee, I just happened to think, Mr. McGee. I promised Montey Fraser I'd go out with him tonight...for.. for dinner. I forgot this was Wednesday and -

FIB: BUT THIS IS JUST TUESDAY.

ALICE: I mean Tuesday. Anyway, I thought it was...well, jeepers, I better run up and get into my mink-dyed rabbit. (FADE) I'm terribly disappointed, Mr. McGee... I love mushrooms but...well...see you both later.....I hope!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahhgh!! WHY IS EVERYBODY SO SCARED? ANYBODY'D THINK I DIDN'T KNOW A REAL MUSHROOM WHEN I SAW IT.

MOL: Tell anybody to move over and make room for me.

FIB: WELL, I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY ELSE HAS FOR DINNER. I'M HAVIN' STEAK AND MUSHROOMS! AND I'LL GET SOMEBODY TO EAT 'EM WITH ME, TOO. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME DOCTOR GAMBLE'S OFFICE AT THE NORTH END OF...MYRT? IS THAT YOU?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT. TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR OLD MAN? HIGHER'N A KITE AGAIN, EH?

MOL: Isn't that awful?

FIB: No, he couldn't buy a kite for his little nephew, so he's hirin' one for a week. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, thanks a lot. (CLICK) Doc's not in. HEY, WHERE'S MY COOKBOOK? I SEEN A RECIPE IN THERE FOR MUSHROOM GRAVY THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD?

G-

FIB: OKAY, OKAY, I GUESS ALICE AND I CAN EAT ALL OF 'EM. EH,
ALICE? WE'LL HAVE US A FEAST THAT -
ALICE: (FAST) Oh gee, I just happened to think, Mr. McGee. I
promised Montey Fraser I'd go out with him tonight...for..
for dinner. I forgot this was Wednesday and -
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EAT 'EM WITH ME, TOO. Hand me the phone.
MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME DOCTOR GAMBLE'S
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FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT: TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR OLD MAN? HIGHER'N A KITE AGAIN, EH?
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FIB: No, he couldn't buy a kite for his little nephew, so
he's hirin' one for a week. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY,
thanks a lot. (CLICK) Doc's not in. HEY, WHERE'S
MY COOKBOOK? I SEEN A RECIPE IN THERE FOR MUSHROOM GRAVY
THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD?

MOL: I don't know, but you will be too, if you eat it.
FIB: You know the cookbook I mean. The old fashioned
one that kids around about usin' butter. OH I
KNOW WHERE I PUT IT!
MOL: Where?
FIB: RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOS -
DOOR OPEN; AVALANCHE OF JUNK; BELL TINKLE;
PAUSE:
FIB: Got to straighten out that closet one of these days.
ORCH: "RIGHT AS RAIN"
APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: CLATTER OF JUNK:

MOL: Find your cookbook, McGee?

FIB: No, but it must be here somewhere in the.....AHHH, HERE IT IS. RIGHT WHERE I PUT IT. BETWEEN THE MOOSEHEAD AND MY MANDOLIN.

MOL: Heavenly days, the way that stuff falls out of here, don't tell me you know where to look for things.

FIB: Sure, I got it organized. I always throw it in the closet in the same order, and it always falls out in the same order. Scientific and logical. See? Snowshoes go in first...

CLATTER:

FIB: Then the moose head....

SOUND: THUD:

FIB: Then the tennis racket...(THWACK) and the ice skates... (CLANGK)

MOL: Then the skid chains?

FIB: No, then the camera tripod.... (THUD) AND THEN THE SKID CHAINS.

SOUND: RATTLE OF CHAINS AND CLANK:

FIB: Now all the little stuff...(VARIOUS RATTLES AND BANGS) and last.... MY OLD MANDOLIN. (TWANGGGG AND THUD)

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well,, that takes care of---- HEY, WHERE'S MY COOKBOOK?

G-

MOL: Back in the closet, between the moosehead and the mandolin.
FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN I THREW IT BACK IN AND-- (LAUGHS) Oh well, Beulah's probably got a good recipe for mushrooms. HEY, BEULAH!...OH BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

MOL: Yes, Beulah. Mr. McGee wishes to discuss tonight's dinner menu with you. It's a sort of a culinary Last Will and Testament.

BEULAH: Last who and whichament, ma'am?

FIB: Skip it, Beulah. Look - we're gonna have steak and mushrooms for dinner tonight.

MOL: Can you handle an assignment like that, Beulah?

BEULAH: Mis' McGee, ma'am, this is equillavent to askin' Mis' Kaiser kin he build a rowboat! Mushrooms is one of the FONDEST things I am of cookin'. I got me a perscription for mushroom gravy I been jus' ITCHIN' to try out.

FIB: Well, you can scratch now.

BEULAH: "I kin scratch now"! (LAUGHS) My my, he start right off!!! I WAS fixin' to cook some greese fo' dinner tonight, but I kin hold 'em till tomorrow.

MOL: You were going to fix what for tonight?

BEULAH: Some greese.

FIB: GREASE! WHAT KINDA GREASE?

BEULAH: Just plain lil ole greese, suh. Mist' Toops send 'em over. Been in deep freeze sence he went huntin' las' Fall.

MOL: Oh, you mean GROUSE!

BEULAH: They is two of 'em, ma'am. Two grouses is greese, ain't they?

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FIB: No, Beulah. The plural is the same as the singular.
Like fish.

BEULAH: Yássah, I sho' do. Particklarly catfish. But I bettah
git down to the grocery and git the stuff, suh. I like to
select the mushrooms myself, and--

MOL: Just get a steak, Beulah. Mister McGee already has the
mushrooms.

BEULAH: Somebody give 'em to you, suh?

FIB: Nope. Picked 'em myself out by the brewery this morning,
Beulah.

BEULAH: Oh-oh!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, OH OH?

BEULAH: I is jus' rehearsin' a phone call to de hospital, suh --
Oh, oh, 7 - 2 - 9.

FIB: HOSPITAL?

BEULAH: My papa always say dat when yo' picks yo' own mushrooms,
yo' is takin' a long chance on a short life.

FIB: AW, LET'S NOT BE SILLY ABOUT THIS. I'LL TAKE THE ENTIRE
RESPONSIBILITY. I'LL COOK THE MUSHROOMS MYSELF. AFTER ALL
MY REPUTATION AND THESE MUSHROOMS WILL BE JUST ALIKE.

MOL: How do you mean, McGee?

FIB: They'll both be at steak, won't they?

BEULAH: His reputation and them mushroom...both be at stea...
(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Look, McGee...you're not really serious about eating those
toadstoo-- er...those mushrooms, are you?

FIB: CERTAINLY I AM. Mushrooms are good for you. Full of
vitamins. And iodine. Iodine is good for the styroid.

MOL: THYROID.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: It isn't STY...it's THIGH..if you'll pardon the expression.

FIB: Well, anyway, everybody knows mushrooms are highly
nourishing. And there isn't---

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiya, Junior. You like mushrooms?

WIL: Oh, I LOVE 'em. You want some? Tell you where to get 'em,
Go see my cousin, Big Ozzie Wilcox, on 14th Street, and
tell him--

MOL: No, Mr. Wilcox, no...

WIL: Pardon?

FIB: I got some, Junior. Whole bag of 'em. (SHAKES BAG) Just
wondered if you'd be in the mood for a mushroom dinner...
with steak.

WIL: Would I? Say, if you're having steak and mushrooms, you
couldn't blast me out of here with a block, Buster. Mind
if I call my wife and tell her I won't be home?

MOL: Go right ahead, Mr. Wilcox, but I think McGee ought to
tell you that he picked--

FIB: I PICKED YOU TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME, JUNIOR, BECAUSE I AND
YOU ARE MUSHROOM LOVERS. Go on...call the little woman
and tell her YOU're tyin' on the nose bag over here.

WIL: Okay. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIVE ME WISTFUL VISTA ONE THREE SEVEN TWO FOUR. THAT'S RIGHT.

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Look, McGee, I think you ought to warn Mr. Wilcox that those mushrooms aren't exactly the--

WIL: (IN PHONE) HELLO, PUNKY-WUNK? THIS IS SWEETSTUFF!

FIB: My gosh...been married five years and still cupid-stupid!

WIL: (IN PHONE) LISTEN, FUDGE-PUSS, I WON'T BE HOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT. NO, WITH FIBBER AND MOLLY...STEAK AND MUSHROOMS. YEAH...SURE...I'LL BE THINKING OF YOU, BABY, WHEN I PUT SUGAR IN MY COFFEE...

FIB: Pah...IS THIS DRIP REALLY NECESSARY, JUNIOR?

WIL: Be quiet, pal...I can't hear. WHAT DID YOU SAY, SNOOKY-POOK? SHE DID? WELL, I'M SORRY I WASN'T THERE, BUT IF SHE CALLS BACK TELL HER THAT JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE PERFECT WAY TO PROTECT LEATHER GOODS...YEAH...AND TELL HER ABOUT HOW IT PROTECTS LAMP SHADES AND WINDOW SILLS AND FLOORS AND FURNITURE, TOO. AGAINST WEAR AND DIRT AND DAMPNESS...

MOL: You'd think she'd know that story as well as he does by this time.

FIB: She probably hung up on him long ago and he's just talkin' for our benefit. He's always--

WIL: (IN PHONE) WHAT, BABY? OH, SURE...JOHNSON'S WAX SAVES HOURS OF HOUSEWORK BECAUSE IT MAKES SURFACES SO MUCH EASIER TO KEEP CLEAN. HUH? WELL TELL HER I'LL SEND HER A FOLDER FROM THE OFFICE. OKAY, LAMBCHOP. WHAT? WAIT A MINUTE AND I'LL FIND OUT. (ASIDE) What time you having dinner, Molly?

MOL: About six-thirty, Mr. Wilcox. McGee is cooking it himself, so it'll probably be a little later than usual.

FIB: Nobody else will have anything to do with these mushrooms, Junior, in spite of the fact I picked 'em myself.

WIL: You picked them yours-- HELLO, ANGEL-MUGG? I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. I'LL BE HOME FOR DINNER. YEAH... 'BYE NOW! (CLICK) Gee, I'M 'sorry, folks...just remembered I've got to sit up with a sick friend tonight.

FIB: Who?

WIL: You. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, of all the-- MY GOSH, YOU'D THINK I WAS DELIBERATELY GOIN' OUTA MY WAY TO POISON EVERYBODY.

MOL: Oh, not everybody, dearie. Just a few intimate friends. Look, let's throw those mushrooms, or toadstools, as the case may be, out in the alley and--

FIB: NO SIR, BY GEORGE, NOW I GOT MY BACK UP! I DON'T CARE HOW MANY OTHER RATS DESERT THE SINKING SHIP...I'M STAYIN' WITH IT. I'M HAVIN' THESE MUSHROOMS FOR DINNER TONIGHT IF THEY KIL-- er...WELL, I'M HAVING 'EM!

MOL: All right, pet. I only hope you DO get Doctor Gamble to come for dinner. Though who'll take care of HIM, I don't know. (FADE) I'll go out and fix the salad. At least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing...

FIB: Ahhh, there goes a good kid! I can read her like a book! She'll watch Doc and me for a couple hours after dinner and if we don't fold up she'll sneak out and eat the rest of the mushrooms! (CHUCKLES) Only there won't be any more mushrooms. Between me and Doc we can account for every--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh, hiya, Teeny. Come on in.

DOOR CLOSE:

TEE: Gee, whatcha got in the bag, Mister? Hmmm? Candy, mister? Connive a piece? Hmm? Connive a piece?

FIB: If it was candy you'd connive a piece, all right, sis. But it happens to be a bag of mushrooms.

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TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says this bag is full of mushrooms. You know what mushrooms are?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. My daddy told me.

FIB: He did, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS HE DID, EH?

TEE: He did what?

FIB: YOUR DADDY TOLD YOU WHAT MUSHROOMS ARE.

TEE: I know it. (PAUSE) What are they?

FIB: Well they aren't particularly beautiful, sis. They look like the buttons off your Uncle Elmer's old overcoat. But properly cooked, they make old ladies leap up and kiss the bus boy. Here, take a look.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER BAG)

TEE: (ALARMED) Ooooh, Jiminy -- TOADSTOOLS!!

FIB: THEY ARE NOT TOADSTOOLS! They're mushrooms. There's a lot of difference.

TEE: What is the difference, mister?

FIB: You mean you never heard about the origin of mushrooms and toadstools, sis?

TEE: No.

FIB: Well, sir, it's a fascinatin' little hunk of Natural History, sis. Recline in that rocker and rest your rompers while I give you the lowdown.

TEE: Okay, Mister. Gee, you haven't told me a story for a loooooong time.

FIB: Well, this is a doozer, sis. ONCE UPON A TIME -

TEE: I've heard it.

FIB: You haven't heard this one. I'M AD LIBBING.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Skip it.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A GREAT FOREST THAT WAS FULL OF "LITTLE PEOPLE". You know about "the little people".

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. I'm one of 'em.

FIB: No, I mean little people like elves and pixies and leprechanns and fairies.

TEE: Awwwwww.....

FIB: Well sir, half of these little people were bad little people and half of 'em were good little people.

TEE: Gee....

FIB: Yes sir...The good little people were always happy, swimmin' in the buttercups after a rain, eatin' honey outa the flowers, listening to Jack-in-the-Pulpit on Sundays and everything.....

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: But the bad little people were always snarling and nasty to each other and to the good little people. Well, even GOOD people won't stand bein' pushed around too much, so one day they had a terrible battle there in the woods. They were throwin' acorns, beatin' the bejunior out of each other with twigs, throwin' each other into gopher holes and just generally raisin' cain.

TEE: Awwwwww.....

FIB: FINALLY, the King of the Forest heard the ruckus and told 'em to break it up! ... quit the quarreling! But the bad little people wouldn't and the good little people couldn't, and that made the King angry and he waved his magic wand at 'em. AND BOOM! The good little people were turned into Mushrooms and the bad little people were turned into Toadstools. And that's why toadstools are so poisonous and mushrooms so good. See.

TEE: Gee ... that's a wonderful story, mister.

FIB: I thought it was pretty good myself, sis.

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TEE: I can hardly wait to tell my teacher. I betcha it'll
revise her entire schedule of nature study, I betcha!

FIB: Eh? Whaddye mean?

TEE: (GIGGLES) She is still laboring under the delusion that
mushrooms and toadstools are a clammy fungus growth that
live parasitically upon decaying vegetable matter and are
produced from thread-like spores disseminated by the wind
and grazing animals. (FADE OUT) Just wait till I tell her
that the lack of chlorophyll has little or nothing to do
with their development!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "EVALINE" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

FIB: Gee, I'm sorry you're so stubborn, Molly. You're just
doin' yourself out of a wonderful steak-and mushroom
dinner. Boy, when you see Doc Gamble and me tearing into
them mushrooms --

MOE: DOCTOR GAMBLE...DID YOU FINALLY GET HIM?

FIB: Oh sure...didn't I tell you? The minute I says "steak
and mushrooms" over the phone he let-out a holler and
you could hear him knockin' patients down tryin' to get
out of his office. How's Beulah comin' with the steak?

MOL: It looks beautiful. But I'm afraid I'm not going to
enjoy it much. (VOICE BREAKS) I can't sit there and
eat calmly while my husband deliberately....poisons
himself and...and....

FIB: AW DON'T TALK SILLY, ^{Maely} BABY. I WOULDN'T EAT 'EM IF I
DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE GOOD. I GUARANTEE EVERYONE OF
THESE MUSHROOMS PERSONALLY!

MOL: (SOBS) That's going to be a lot of help when the coroner
starts patting my hand and tells me to be brave.

FIB: AW, POO FOR THE CORONER. That political hyena ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Ahh, my dinner guest. COME IN, COME IN, COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

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DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

(2ND REVISION) -22-

MOL: (SADLY) Hello, doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee, my dear boy. You know what you've done?

FIB: What have I done, Doc, old sock?

DOC: You've made me a very happy man. Ahh -- steak and mushrooms!

MOL: Personally, Doctor, I'm glad you came. I think it's always nice to have a physician around...at dinner time... in case...well, if something should develop....I mean....

FIB: WHAT SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT, DOC, IS THAT THESE MUSHROOMS MIGHT BE TOADSTOOLS...(LAUGHS)

DOC: (LAUGHS) Why you silly girl. In 23 years of medical practice I've learned every possible way in which people can make darn fools of themselves. But I have never had a case of mushroom poisoning when the purchase was made from a reputable dealer.

PAUSE:

DOC: Did I say something wrong? What are you staring at each other for?

PAUSE:

DOC: WELL SPEAK UP! WHAT'S THE MATTER!?

MOL: Tell him, McGee...

FIB: Well dad-rat-it! Just because a guy goes out into the woods and picks a mess of mushrooms and asks a friend in for a steak dinner....

DOC: WAIT A MINUTE! YOU PICKED YOUR OWN MUSHROOMS?

FIB: Yes, but gee whiz --

DOC: WHY YOU MURDEROUS LITTLE MAVERICK! YOU COMBINATION OF JACK THE RIPPER, LUCREZIA BORGIA, JEKYELL AND HYDE, AND BABY FACE NELSON! YOU PERJURING LITTLE POISONER!

MOL: On the other hand, Doctor, they might be --

DOC: ON THE OTHER HAND, BRASS KNUCKLES! DOES THIS HALF-BAKED NATURE-FAKER THINK HE HAS A GIFT FOR PICKING EDIBLE MUSHROOMS OUT OF 30,000 VARIETIES OF DEADLY FUNGI?

FIB: Now just a darn minute, Doctor. You don't think --

DOC: NEITHER DO YOU, YOU IGNORANT NINNY! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF MOXIE, INVITING ME OVER HERE FOR A QUOTE MUSHROOM UNQUOTE DINNER. COULDN'T YOU KILL ME OFF SOME EASY WAY! ATTACH A BOMB TO MY SELF-STARTER! PUSH ME OFF A CLIFF! EVEN STAB ME!...BUT TOADSTOOLS....GAD!

MOL: Yes, but Doctor --

FIB: If you'd just let me explain, Doc, I could --

DOC: YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE NOT EXPLAINING THIS TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, YOU BLOATED LITTLE BLUEBEARD! IF I ONLY....

(PAUSE) Look..are you serving the steak and mushrooms separately?

MOL: Yes, doctor. I'm going to have some steak myself.

FIB: I thought it might be better if --

DOC: It might be better if I stayed. I think so too. I'm starved for a steak and I'll be handy when little stupid here starts to fold up. (FADE) Excuse me a minute.

FIB: HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN', DOC?

DOC: (SLIGHTLY OFF) OUT TO THE CAR TO GET MY SACHEL. (FADE)

I want to have everything ready when ^{you} ~~goin' to~~ start screaming and turning blue.

MOL: (FADE) I'll go see about the salad.

FIB: (FADE) I'll run over to the drug store and get some cigars.

ORCH: BRIDGE: "LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE" FADE:

SOUND: RATTLE OF CHINA & SILVER

FIB: Ahhh, that was wonderful. More steak, Doc?

DOC: No thanks, McGee. I'M so full of beef now I'm afraid I'll meet Roy Rogers on the way home.

MOL: Shall we have coffee in the living room, boys?

DOC: Let's wait and have it in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. How do you feel, McGee?

FIB: Who me? Why fine, Doc. Kinda full, but otherwise great.

DOC: Hmmmm.

FIB: You kids passed up a wonderful dish when you refused the mushrooms. There's still a couple left...who wants 'em?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Okay...I'll finish 'em myself. Shame to throw 'em out.

RATTLE OF PLATES & SILVER

DOC: Any symptoms of cramp, McGee? Any sensation of nausea?

FIB: Why no, Doc, I feel wonderful. Only thing I'M suffering from is loss of appetite.

MOL: How soon can I breathe easy, Doctor?

(REVISED) -25-

DOC: Give him another ten minutes, Molly. If nothing happens I'm going to write an article for the A.M.A. journal. We're making medical history. Any man who has the colossal effrontery to pick his own mushrooms and EAT them is crowding his luck too far....

FIB: Well, doggone it, I tried to explain about that. But you kept shoutin' at me, so I shut up.

MOL: Explain about what, dearie?

FIB: About how everybody was so nervous about my own mushrooms I threw 'em out. ^{Doc-Mol: What?} I ran over to the grocery and got these. Hey, where's the toothpicks?

ORCH: "THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE": FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-26-

WILCOX: About this time of the year we always get very enthusiastic letters from snow-shovellers -- from people who have discovered a simple way of making this winter chore easier. They apply a little JOHNSON'S WAX to their shovels, and this keeps the snow from sticking to or piling up on the shovel, and makes the job of clearing off the front walk almost a pleasure. I'm glad to pass this suggestion on to you -- as just one example of the many extra labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX around your home. It's the same wax you use for giving protection and beauty to your floors, furniture, woodwork -- your lampshades, windowsills, leather goods -- and especially during this winter weather, to your boots and shoes.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

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TAG

FIB: (GROANS) OHHHHHHH...OHHHHHH, I FEEL TERRIBLE...AM I
GONNA LIVE, DOC? AM I GONNA LIVE?

DOC: Yes my boy. It's a cosmic injustice, but you'll live to
make a pig of yourself many more times. Give him two
more of these pills in an hour, Molly.

FIB: (GROANS)

MOL: Was it the mushrooms, Doctor?

DOC: It was indeed, Not the quality, but the quantity. Just
remember this, McGee.....more people die from a fork
in the mouth than from a knife in the back. Goodnight.

FIB: (GROANS) Goodnight...

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

SIGNOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:50 - 7:00 PM

January 16, 1945
