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PHIL LESLIE

#15
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

For
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

January 8, 1946

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products 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!

ORCHESTRA: "OF THEE I SING" FADE FOR

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNCR: I know a good many women who made a resolution a year ago and are still keeping it up. They resolved to ~~practice~~ protective housekeeping with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX - and are they pleased! They tell me that not only are their homes lovelier than ever, but they have saved themselves hours of work, too. The fact is, things that are JOHNSON WAXED do get lovelier with every application. I don't mean just floors, but many other things in your homes. Furniture, picture frames, ornaments, tables, doors and refrigerators -- all these things have a lovely, lustrous, satin-smooth polish that adds immensely to the beauty of your home, when they are protected with JOHNSON'S WAX. You save yourself work, of course, because dirt and dust don't cling to a smooth waxed surface so readily -- just a light dusting with a cloth restores their lovely lustre in a jiffy. The year's only a week old -- how about it -- are you going to resolve to have a lovelier, cleaner, healthier home in 1946 -- with JOHNSON'S WAX?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: KREMER'S DRUG STORE IN WISTFUL VISTA ALWAYS HAS AN INTERESTING WINDOW DISPLAY ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR. IT CONSISTS OF A GLASS FISH-BOWL, FULL OF NAVY BEANS..AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GUESS HOW MANY. AND IF YOU DON'T THINK THAT'S A PRETTY FASCINATING EXHIBIT, GET A LOAD OF THE CROWD ON THE SIDEWALK, WHICH INCLUDES MR. MCGEE, OF

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

CROWD MURMUR:

BEA: I'll bet somebody could win first prize by betting the same number of beans that won last year. Couldn't be far off.

JIMMY: They say Kremer puts a big rock in the middle of the bowl and piles the beans around it.

MARION: Who won the contest last year?

GALE: Kremer's mother-in-law.

LAUGHTER:

FIB: My gosh, there ought to be some way to figure this thing out scientific.

JEERS & LAUGHTER:

JIMMY: Yeah? Why don't you do it, McGee?

FIB: YOU THINK I CAN'T, WISE GUY?

JEERS & LAUGHTER:

JIMMY: Yeah...we think you can't!

FIB: OKAY, BY GEORGE, I'LL SHOW YOU!!! ONE SIDE THERE, FELLAS, I GOT BUSINESS...

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ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP-ON PORCH RAPIDLY: DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly!....MOLLY!!.....HEY, MOLLY!!!

MOL: (FADE IN) Get your voice down to a shriek, dearie...I'm right here and -- HEAVENLY DAYS, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?

FIB: A fishbowl and ten pounds of beans.

MOL: That's nice. If there's anything we need more than a diving helmet or a high-wheeled bicycle, it's a fishbowl and ten pounds of beans.

FIB: Don't insult the quarterback till you know the score, Tootsie. I'm gonna win Kremer's how-many-beans-in-the-fishbowl contest.

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MCGEE...NOT ANOTHER CONTEST!! YOU WERE JUST IN ONE LAST WEEK, REMEMBER?

FIB: And I won it, too, remember?

MOL: Well, I will say it was nice of Mr. Kremer to let you bring his fishbowl and beans home with you. Or did you 'ust steal 'em out of his window?

FIB: THESE ARE MY VERY OWN! I BOUGHT 'EM. I'M GONNA COUNT BEANS INTO IT TILL IT'S FULL, ENTER THE TOTAL FIGURE IN THE CONTEST, AND BINGO! THE MCGEES HAVE JUST WON A NEW RADIO!

MOL: Isn't that a little unethical, sweetheart? Aren't you supposed to GUESS how many beans in the bowl?

FIB: AH, PTAH! LEAVE THE GUESSWORK TO THE PEASANTS! I'M GONNA DO THIS SCIENTIFIC! WHAT HAVE I GOTTA BRAIN FOR, IF IT AIN'T TO COUNT BEANS INTO A BOWL?

MOL: You got me, Dearie! That must be what it's for, all right.
FIB: Certainly. Now let's see...HELP ME CLEAR OFF THIS TABLE, MOLLY....I WANNA GET TO WORK...

SOUNDS: CLATTER OF SMALL OBJECTS:

FIB: Now I'll pour the beans out on the table...

SOUND: ENDLESS POURING OF BEANS:

MOL: You've taken enough beans out of circulation to reduce Boston to a crossroads village.

FIB: You'll be surprised to see how many beans this bowl will hold. WELL...HERE WE GO, LAUGHIN' AND SCRATCHIN'! ONE!

PLINK:

FIB: TWO!

PLINK:

FIB: THREE!

PLINK:

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I just happened to think...has Mr. Kremor a 99-year lease on that store? I'd hate to have him go out of business before you finish counting these beans.

FIB: Oh, this won't take so long. How many beans have I counted?

MOL: Three, I think.

FIB: Oh yes. Three!

PLINK:

MOL: That makes four.

FIB: I thought you said three.

MOL: It was three before you said four.

FIB: You mean--AW FER THE -- I BETTER START OVER. (SCRABBLING SOUND) ONE, (PLINKS AFTER COUNTS) TWO, THREE

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh hello, there, Mrs. Carstairs....McGEE, IT'S MRS CARSTAIRS!

FIB: Seven, eight, Hiya, nine, Carsty, ten--

CARST: Is Mr. McGee checking up on the grocer again, my dear?

MOL: No, he's counting those beans for a contest, Millicent.

CARST: My goodness, it must be wonderful to be married to a man who can amuse himself so easily. My husband has to resort to doing jigsaw puzzles, or planning a world cruise, or tickling the upstairs maid.

FIB: Twenty, three, twenty four, twenty five, ---

MOL: Maybe we'd better go in the other room and leave himself here with his beans, Millicent.

CARST: Oh, I must be running along anyway, my dear. Careless girl that I am, I was playing my accordion without my girdle on, and pinched myself rather badly. And I wanted Dr. Gamble's office number in the Medical Building. Do you know it?

MOL: Oh, of course, dear. It's 816. Or is it 618? McGEE, WHAT IS DOCTOR GAMBLE'S OFFICE NUMBER IN THE MEDICAL BUILDING?

FIB: 618.
 CARST: Thank you, Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Don't mention it, kiddo. Six eighteen, SIX NINETEEN...
 CARST: Good day, my dear.
 MOL: Good day, Millicent.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: 620, 621, 6 -----
 MOL: Excuse me, dearie, but aren't you a little ahead of yourself? There aren't more than thirty-five beans in that bowl.
 FIB: 622 -- Must be, I been countin' without missin' a beat. 623...62-- OH MY GOSH...YOU'RE RIGHT!! NOW HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE I DONE THAT? DOGGONIT...NOW I GOTTA START ALL OVER!!
 MOL: Oh, dear...

SOUND: BEANS DUMPED OUT:

FIB: Oh, well...mighta been worse. I mighta been up in the thousands! ONE...(PLINK) TWO...THREE...

ORCH: (SNEAK IN) "LET IT SNOW"

APPLAUSE:

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APPLAUSE:

SOUND: PLINK OF BEANS IN JAR:

FIB: Eleven hunderd 'n 72, 11 hunderd 'n 73, eleven hun.....
HEY, THIS FISH BOWL IS FILLING UP, YOU KNOW IT? THE
BOTTOM IS PRACTICALLY COVERED SOLID.

MOL: Wonderful! You'll win that radio about the time
television becomes obsolete.

FIB: Don't worry about that, my dear girl, it's goin' pretty
fast now, and by the time I -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN....CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

FIB: ~~11 hundred 'n 76~~, 11 hundred 'n 77, hiyah, Doc, 11
hundred 'n 77, gimme a pencil.....write that down.....
11 hundred 'n 77. Hi, Doc!

DOC: You said that.

FIB: I did?

DOC: And incidentally, Einstein, what are you doing.....your
homework?

MOL: He's counting beans in the bowl to win Kremer's drug stor-
contest, doctor.

FIB: Gonna do it, too, Arrowsmith. I got the scientific
approach. All them other yokels --

DOC: OTHER yokels is correct.

FIB: -- all them other yokels will stand and gawp at that
fishbowl in Kremer's window and make a stab in the dark.
I go at it intelligently and come up with the right
answer.....within five or six beans.

DOC: Look, bubble head. I am no mathematician, but I do know that
in computing numbers, one must take into consideration the
factors of variability.

MOL: What on earth is that.....or those?

FIB: Break that down into one-syllable words, Bone-bender.
Remember, I'm just a barefoot boy with cheeks of tan,
whistling merrily down the road of life.

DOC: I doubt if I could explain the mechanism of a hack-saw
so YOU'D understand it, Dimdome, but in counting these
beans, you should ascertain if you are using the same
size navy beans that Kremer used. Also the same sized
bowl, with no false bottom, and the identical thickness.
Then you must allow for the refraction of light through
the drugstore window, which would make his beans appear
larger or smaller. PLUS a consideration of atmospheric
conditions. Dampness, for instance, would make the beans
swell, thus reducing the number. Have I succeeded in
leaving you utterly confused?

FIB: (PAUSE) ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE ENTERING THIS CONTEST,
TOO, FATSO?

DOC: Yes.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: I thought so!

DOC: Well, you can't blame a man for trying to discourage
his competition. But - I've got to get along, kiddies.
SAY, are you through with this copy of Field and Stream,
McGee? I missed mine this month.

FIB: Take it along, Butcher-Boy. Anything that'll teach you
how to hunt and fish will help your next appendix
patients. See you later.

DOC: Right-o.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now lemme see...where was I?

MOL: Eleven hundred and something. You wrote it down.

FIB: I know I did...but what did I write it down on? It was
right here on the table when-- OH MY GOSH...THAT
MAGAZINE!!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...THE ONE THE DOCTOR TOOK?

FIB: THAT'S WHY HE WANTED TO TAKE IT, THE UNDERHANDED OLD
PIRATE! HE SAW ME WRITE THE NUMBER DOWN AND WANTED TO
MIX ME UP!

MOL: Oh, that's too bad, dearie...going to forget the whole
thing and give up?

FIB: NO SIR, BY GEORGE...I GOT MY BACK UP NOW...I'M GONNA
POUR 'EM OUT AND START OVER!

SOUND: BEANS POURING OUT

FIB: I'll show that fat-headed old-- ONE: (PLINK) TWO
(PLINK) THREE...(PLINK) FOUR...(PLINK)...

DOOR OPEN; CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks!

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: SIX...SEVEN...hiya, Juneey. SEVEN...SEVEN...I guess
I can remember that, all right.

WIL: I don't like to be nosey, Mac, but are you doing what
you seem to be doing? Counting beans?

FIB: You guessed it, tall dark and commercial!

MOL: He's checking the number of beans that will go in the
fishbowl, so he can win a radio in the Kremer's Drug
Store contest, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: YOU'LL NEVER GET 'EM COUNTED THAT WAY. WHAT YOU NEED IS
MORE ROOM! This table is too small. Pour 'em out on
the kitchen floor where you can count better.

FIB: I CAN COUNT ON THIS TABLE, ALL RIGHT.

WIL: NOT THE WAY YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT KITCHEN LINOLEUM, IF
YOU USE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT ON IT.

MOL: Oh, dear...

WIL: WHY, WITH GLO-COAT ON YOUR LINOLEUM, YOU CAN COUNT ON IT
LASTING MANY TIMES AS LONG...LOOKING INFINITELY MORE
BEAUTIFUL...AND SAVING YOU HOURS AND HOURS OF HOUSEWORK.

FIB: Yeah, but I--

WIL: YOU CAN COUNT ON BEING ABLE TO WIPE UP SPOTS AND
SPILLED THINGS WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...YOU CAN COUNT
ON IT BEING SO MUCH EASIER TO TAKE CARE OF...JUST POUR
OUT A LITTLE GLO-COAT, SPREAD IT AROUND AND LET IT DRY...
AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS, YOU CAN COUNT ON A LOVELY,
SPARKLING --

FIB: OKAY, WAXEY...OKAY!! YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT! Don't
whip your horse after you've passed the finish line.
You got any other suggestions? Otherwise, sit down and
be quiet. I got a lotta beans to count.

MOL: Don't be impolite, McGee. I'm sure Mr. Wilcox was only
trying to help.

WIL: And I CAN help, too, Mac. I got another great idea.

FIB: Yeah?

WIL: If I can only locate a batch of 'em, I'll be back in
half an hour. It'll cut your work way down!

MOL: What's that, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Jumping beans. Let 'em leap into the fishbowl by
themselves. But you better start doing it the old way
in the meantime, Mac.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Jumping beans...if that wasn't the silliest-- HEY...I
BETTER GET GOING. I wish there was some easier way to--
OH, I GOT IT! GET ME A TEA CUP, WILL YOU? I GOT
AN IDEA...

MOL: So have I, but if I'm smart I'll keep it to myself.
(FADE OUT) You'd better keep counting while I'm gone...
FIB: Okay. She ain't kidding - this guppy-globe is beginning
to look as big as the Rose Bowl. Ah well...NINETEEN...
TWENTY...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Now, who in the-- COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, hiya, Teeny. Long time no seat yourself on a chair
and relax. You don't mind my goin' ahead with my work?

TEE: Sure I don't, I betcha.

FIB: Thanks. TWENTY-ONE, TWENTY-TWO, TWEN--

TEE: I know how it is when somebody's trying to do
arithmantick, I betcha. You just HATE to be innerupeted.

FIB: That's right, sis. TWENTY-THREE, TWENTY-FOUR --

TEE: I know I do, anyway.

FIB: Everybody does. TWENTY-FIVE, TWENTY-SIX --

TEE: You know how many presents I got for Christmas, mister?
Hmm? Do you? I got fifteen. Gee, IMAGINE...FIFTEEN
PRESENTS!

FIB: Good for you, sis. FIFTEEN, SIXTEEN, SEVENTEEN...

TEE: Willie Toops only got twelve.

FIB: Tough luck. TWELVE, THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN...

TEE: I gotta dandy set of building blocks, with the
elephabet on 'em...twenty-six of 'em.

FIB: That's fine. TWENTY-SIX, TWENTY-SEVEN...Twe...
LOOK, SIS...

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Wait a minute 'till I write this down...I don't
wanna get tharown off my count....what was that
again? Oh yes. TWENTY-SEVEN. Now look, sis...
I'm doing some very important work. If I give
you a quarter, will you scam outa here?

TEE: No. I got a quarter.

FIB: Well, what will you take to beat it?

TEE: A story. You tell dandy stories, Mister. Will
you tell me one, hmm? Willya, hmm, willya?
Hmm?

FIB: Well now, lemme see.....ever hear the one about
Gus the Grub?

TEE: No, I didn't, I betcha.

FIB: WELL SIR, ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A LITTLE
GRUB, NAMED GUS. You know what a grub is,
sis?

FIB: That's fine. TWENTY-SIX, TWENTY-SEVEN...Twe...
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sis?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. It's a lil baby cattlepittle.

FIB: Caterpillar.

TEE: That's what I said, mister. Cattlepittle.

FIB: You're saying CATTLEPITTLE, sis.

TEE: Well, what did you say?

FIB: I said CATERPILLAR.

TEE: That's what I said. Cattlepittle.

FIB: NO, SIS, YOU SAID...well, never mind. ANYWAY, THIS
LITTLE GUS WAS A VERY UGLY LITTLE CATTLEPI.....er
KITTLEPATT....CATERPILLAR.

TEE: You almost said it right, mister.

FIB: A VERY UGLY LITTLE CATERPILLAR. He WAS KIND OF GREEN AND
BROWN, AND HAD ORANGE SPOTS ON HIM.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee...

FIB: Yes sir, Gus was really a creep. ALL DAY LONG HE'D INCH
HIMSELF ALONG A LILAC LEAF TRYING TO HOLD BACK THE TEARS
WHEN THE OTHER CATTLEPIT....WHEN THE OTHER INSECTS AND
BEETLES AND BIRDS AND BEES WOULD POKE FUN AT HIM FOR
BEING SO UGLY...POOR LITTLE GUS!!!

TEE: (SOBS) Poor lil gus...

FIB: Cheer up, sis...it's gotta happy ending. WELL SIR, ONE
DAY GUS JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER. HE CRAWLS UP
ONTO A TREE AND SPINS A LITTLE NEST AROUND HIMSELF AND
JUST GIVES UP.

TEE: Gee, did he...did he die?

FIB: Nope. He thought he did, but he didn't. Just went to
sleep. And one day in the spring, he felt the sun on his
back and found his cocoon had broke open and there he was..
A BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY!

TEE: Ooooooooooh goody!!!

FIB: Yes sir...GUS WAS NOW A GORGEOUS CREATURE! FLEW AROUND
AND HEARD THE LADYBUGS WHISTLING AT HIM...AND THE POTATO
BUGS GIVING HIM THE EYE, AND HE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT THE MORAL OF THAT STORY IS, SIS?

TEE: No.

FIB: "Never complain about the grub, because you can't tell
what's cookin' tomorrow." Now beat it, will you.

TEE: Sure I will, I betcha, and thank you for the story,
mister. Is it gonna take you long to get all those beans
in that bowl?

FIB: Quite a while, Teeny, I'm afraid...the way I'm doin' it.

TEE: Then I'll help you mister. Here...(SOUND: RATTLE OF
BEANS) Here's two handful in the bowl for you.

SOUND: SPILL BEANS IN BOWL

FIB: HEY DON'T DO THAT, FOR THE LOVE O'---

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "DOCTOR, LAWYER, INDIAN CHIEF"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: McGee, what did you ever do with that tea cup I brought you? What was it for?

FIB: Oh, didn't I tell you? Look, I simplified my counting with it.

MOL: How?

FIB: Look! This tea cup holds exactly 329 beans. Levelled off at the top.

MOL: OH MCGEE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FILL THE TEACUP, DUMP IT IN THE BOWL AND YOU HAVE 329 MORE BEANS! THAT'S MARVELOUS.

FIB: I was thinkin' about patenting it, but I guess there ain't anything basic about puttin' beans in a teacup. LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS. I got the teacup full of beans, see...?

MOL: Yes...

FIB: I dump it in the fishbowl, thus...

SOUND: BEANS INTO BOWL:

FIB: Write down the new total, which is now 23 hundred and 97. Then, I simply refill the teacup...like this...ONE, (PLINK) TWO, (PLINK) THREE, (PLINK) FOUR...(PLINK) till I get 329 again.

MOL: Isn't it wonderful what the human mind can do when it -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh good afternoon, Mr. Mayor. How are you?

GALE: Fine, thank you, Molly. And you?

MOL: Just splendid, your Honor.

GALE: And how are you, McGee?

FIB: 17, 18, Swell, La Trivia. 19, 20, Excuse my not shakin' hands, I'm busy countin' beans.

(PAUSE)

GALE: Well, every man to his own hobby, I suppose. I once knew a chap who spent his life carving wooden chains out of 10-foot poles.

MOL: Where did he get the ten-foot poles?

GALE: I was hoping you'd ask me that, Mrs. McGee. He got them from people who wouldn't use one to touch a man who was always counting beans.

FIB: Well, this is no hobby, La Trivia. I'm finding out how many beans this fishbowl will hold, so I can win the contest in Kremers Drug Store Window.

GALE: Do you mean to tell me, McGee, that you are actually COUNTING out enough beans to fish that fillbowl...er... fill that fishbowl?

MOL: How else would you find out many it holds, your honor?

GALE: Why I would simply compute the volume of the fishbowl, by a rather commonplace mathematical process, available to anyone who happened to attend high school.

FIB: How?

GALE: You merely take the circumference of the bowl, multiply it by the depth squared, over pi, --

FIB: Any particular kind?

GALE: Any particular kind of what?
MOL: Pie, Mr. Mayor. You said pie, didn't you?
GALE: Yes, but the kind of pi, I was referring to is -
FIB: You didn't refer to any particular kind, La Trivia.
That's why I ask.
GALE: (GETTING ANNOYED) - MATHEMATICALLY, MCGEE, THERE IS ONLY
ONE KIND OF PI. THAT IS -
MOL: Maybe that's why mathematicians always look so hungry.
Only one kind of pie, for goodness sakes!!
FIB: I don't suppose you'd use a custard pie, or any of them
soft kinds for a job like this?..be pretty messy.
GALE: WAIT A MINUTE!!..LET'S GET THIS THING STRAIGHT. WHEN I
SAID PI, I WAS ONLY REFERRING TO THE GREEK PI....
MOL: Well, of course, if you prefer greek pie to home-made pie,
Mr. Mayor, I can only -
GALE: I DO NOT PREFER GREEK PIE! IT IS NOT A MATTER OF
PREFERENCE! YOU CAN'T EAT THE KIND OF PIE I MEAN.
DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF 3.1416
FIB: GO ON, THERE AREN'T THAT MANY KINDS OF PIES! After the
different berry pies, you got -
GALE: STOP IT, MCGEE...STOP IT!! WILL YOU UNDERSTAND ONCE AND
FOR ALL THAT THE PI I MEAN IS A MATHAMATHICAL TERM! IT'S
A FIGURE. AN INDEFINITE FIGURE.
FIB: You eat greek pie all your life, boy and that's exactly
what you'll have, an indefinite figure. I knew a guy
once that --

GALE: (INTO A RAGE) I HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED SUCH STUPIDITY IN
ALL MY DAYS!!! NEVER TO HAVE HEARD OF SUCH A THING AS
PI...SUCH COLOSSAL, ABYSMAL IGNORANCE IS ~~THE~~...WHY,
ANYBODY WHO EVER...PI IS SIMPLY.....SOME PEOPLE..YOU...I..
I....(PANIS)^{I'm sorry} McGee. I was merely trying to get you
the volume of the bowl, to simplify your problem.
MOL: Thank you, Mr. Mayor. Would that tell him how many beans
it holds?
GALE: Er...no.
FIB: Then how do I find that out?
GALE: As the Countess said when her husband dropped ashes on
the rug - "COUNT!!"

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: We must have said something that upset him, McGee.
FIB: Naw, it's just indigestion with him. And no wonder!
Imagine knowin' 3,1416 kinds of pie? Oh, well --
I'm gonna finish this job. 26 - 27 - 28 - 29 -

ORCH: BRIDGE

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE

MOL: I'm awfully proud of you for counting all those beans,
dearie. How many did you have for a total?
FIB: Nine thousand, seven hundred and seven. That's the
figure I'm gonna give Kremer. Come on, let's go in.

DOOR OPEN..CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, Kremer, got a minute?

KREM: Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee. What can I do for you?

MOL: Well, McGee thought -

KREM: Excuse me a minute. MR. SHAW!! PLEASE!!!!

VOICE: (OFF) Sorry, Mr. Kremer.

FIB: What was he doin', Krame?

KREM: Walking backwards, again. He says so many products are spelled that way now, he can fill orders more easily. NOW THEN what was it?

MOL: McGee has his estimate of the bean bowl all ready, Mr. Kremer.

FIB: And I'm a sure winner too, boy!!...that is, if there's nothin' phoney about your fishbowl.

KREM: There isn't anything phoney, I assure you. Just an ordinary fishbowl. Want to examine it?

MOL: Yes, if it isn't too much trouble.

KREM: Not at all I'll just reach into the window and get it....

(FADE) Here you are, McGee. Take a look. No, you hold it. That's it.

FIB: Thanks, Krame. There certainly doesn't seem to be anything wrong with...WHOOOPS!!!!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH....LONG RATTLE OF BEANS ON FLOOR

MOL: Heavenly days....the contest is over and nobody won!

FIB: Gee, I....I'm sorry Kramer....I didn't mean to.....

KREM: FORGET IT, MCGEE, I'M DELIGHTED!

MOL: What?

FIB: Eh?

KREM: That fish bowl stunt was getting pretty stale, anyway. This year I'll have a REAL CONTEST! (CALLS) MR. SHAW!!

VOICE: (WAY OFF) Yes, Mr. Kremer?

KREM: (CALLS) BRING ME THAT EMPTY BARREL FROM THE BACK ROOM! (LAUGHS QUIETLY) Now we'll make it a real contest, McGee. A whole BARREL full of beans!!!!

FIB: Oh pshaw!!!!

VOICE: Did you speak to me, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Eh? Oh. No. Come on, Molly.

ORCH: PLAYOFF:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The wives of men in service have had to learn housekeeping the hard way -- many of them. We have received letters from many Army and Navy wives telling us how they have improved shabby linoleum floors with GLO-COAT. A letter just received ends with this paragraph, "My husband is home now", it reads, "And in a few weeks we'll move to a home of our own. One of the first items on my list of musts will be JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You may be sure I will never accept a substitute for it again; there just couldn't be any substitute for JOHNSON'S products." Of course we're glad to have people feel that way about GLO-COAT and other JOHNSON'S WAX polishes -- the fact remains that a very great many do. GLO-COAT is a wonderful floor polish -- it gives your linoleum and other floors great beauty -- it gives them protection -- and it saves you hours and hours of work because it is self-polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC..FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: Six hundred and nine..six hundred and ten..six hundred eleven, six hun...HEY MOLLY...WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: (ON MIKE) Just after midnight, dearie.

FIB: WELL, I better finish this in the morning. (ON MIKE)
HELP ME OUTA THIS BARREL, WILLYA?

SOUND: SCUFFLING..THUD OF FEET ON FLOOR:

FIB: Thanks.

MOL: You're welcome.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: Here is a very important announcement! Next Tuesday night we welcome back our old friend Bill Thompson. Bill rejoins us after almost three years service in ~~our~~ ^{the} United States Navy, to bring us again his famous characters, "Wallace Wimple" and "The Old Timer." Now, this is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C., THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)