



FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

PROGRAM #21

BROADCAST: FEB. 6, 1941
6:30-7:00 PM EST

THE FET MILK COMPANY

(REVISED)

PRESENTS

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

930-10 p

CAST:

JIM JORDAN.....FIBBER MCGEE
 MARIAN JORDAN.....MOLLY
 BILL THOMPSON.....OLD TIMER
 GALE GORDON.....MAYOR LA TRIVIA
 ARTHUR Q. BRYAN.....DOC GAMBLE
 DICK LEBRAND.....OLE
 HARLOW WILCOX.....HIMSELF

STAFF:

PRODUCER-DIRECTOR.....MAX HUTT
 ASST. DIRECTOR.....DARYL McALLISTER
 WRITERS.....DON QUINN
 AND
 PHIL LESLIE
 PROGRAM MANAGER.....HOWER CAMPBELL
 PRODUCTION MANAGER.....HARRY DORRICK
 GARDNER ADV. REP.....HENRY WHITEHEAD
 MEDICAL DIRECTOR.....BILLY MILLS
 VOCALS.....KING'S MEN
 ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
 KNOWER.....JOHN DEGRAZZIO
 SOUND TECHNICIAN.....MONTY FRASER
 SCRIPT GIRL.....DORIS CALLAHAN

An NBC Package

1 WILCOX: THE PET MILK PROGRAM -- WITH PINKIE MOOSE AND MOLLY!!

2 OPCH: TURNS...PAGE FOR:

3 WILCOX: The First Evaporated Milk - Pet Milk - presents Fibber
McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur
Q. Bryan, Dick La Grand, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The show
is written by Don Quinn and Phil Lealie, and directed by
Max Hutto, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra!

4 OPCH: TURNS UP AND PAGE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

1. WIL: Today is National Pancake Day. And that reminds me to remind you to enjoy a pancake breakfast tomorrow morning! Make plenty of 'em...and make 'em the delicious, melt-in-your-mouth Pet Milk way! Just use your favorite pancake mix...and instead of ordinary milk, use Pet Milk mixed half-and-half with water. Once you taste pancakes made with Pet Milk, you'll never want to make them the old way again! And with butter and syrup on the table...and Pet Milk handy for your coffee...what a wonderful way to start the day! Right now grocery stores are featuring the every day items needed for making delicious pancakes. Stores are also featuring Mary Lee Taylor's famous pancake recipe. So help yourself to the recipe...take along some Pet Milk...and give that family of yours a real treat tomorrow morning. Pancakes made with Pet Milk! They sure are good!

2. OUCH: BRIDGE

1 WILSON: THERE'S ONE THING AT THE MOORE HOUSEHOLD THAT REALLY SELLS
LIKE HOTCAKES - AND THAT'S HOTCAKES! SO LISTEN TO A SUPER
SALESMAN SELLING THE IDEA OF BREAKFAST IN BED, TO A LADY
WHO WOULD RATHER COOK HER OWN, AS WE JOIN --

FIBBER MOORE AND MOLLY!!

2 APPLAUSE

3 FIB: (HAPPY AND EAGER THROUGHOUT) - so you just tuck your
little tootsies back in the hay, tootsie, and relax while
I get dressed. I'M GONNA BRING YOU BREAKFAST IN BED!

4 MOL: (PANIC) OH NO!! No, McGee - really - that's a lot of
trouble - don't bother to -

5 FIB: Ahh, don't you worry. I'm gonna do this thing up big,
kiddo. I'll get the tea wagon down outta the attic and
serve your hotcakes ala cart!

6 MOL: Ohn dear! Look, sweetheart, you're wonderful to want to,
but -

7 FIB: Natcha! And you got it comin', too - you deserve it! By
George, I don't pamper you enough!

8 MOL: Ohh, you do too, McGee. Constantly!

9 FIB: Yeah? You really think I pamper you?

10 MOL: Ohh - "pamper" me! I thought you said "hasper" me.

1 FIB: (HAFFILY) Well, you're gonna love this, kiddo! And so
en II This is the kind of a thing that a guy that
when he's got the type wife I happen to have got, and he
likes to cook anyhow and don't do more of it oftener -
he's missin' a great bet! Throw me my shirt off the
bed-head, willya?

2 MEL: Here. But McGee, I'd just as soon get up, really. I
can't eat, lying in bed anyhow - the coffee always goes
up my nose! I'll get up and --

3 FIB: NOSIR - you stay right were you darn are! I'll bring you
a straw with your coffee.

4 MEL: Great! And if I can find a camel, I'll break his back
with it. Really, I don't --

5 FIB: You been a good kid, Molly, and I oughta do more stuff
like this. I don't bring you breakfast in bed often
enough.

6 MEL: GURSH YES YOU DO, DEARIE! YOU DO INDEED!

7 FIB: When was the last time?

8 MEL: 1937. And that's often enough.

9 FIB: Well, anyhow --

10 MEL: You walked in that door right there with my breakfast -
dropped the butter - stepped on it - and I got my first
egg shampoo sunny-side up!

11 FIB: Well, I'm no amateur when it comes to food, you know. I
always did have a reputation for bein' a kind of an
epitaph.

- 1 MOL: You mean an EPICURE, don't you? Someone who knows food?
- 2 FIB: Yeah, I guess I do. What's an EPITAPH?
- 3 MOL: It's a message on a tombstone. (PAUSE) OGGISE. WHAT A THOUGHT!!
- 4 FIB: (HAPPILY) Well, here I go, kiddo. You just snuggle down there and take life easy, now. I'll have that dough rolled out and cut up into pancakes before you can say "that's not the way to do it!"
- 5 MOL: You took the words right out of my mouth.
- 6 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING:
- 7 FIB: (FADING) You take yourself a little snooze, Mrs. McGee - the chef will awaken you when breakfast is served.....
- (PAUSE)
- 8 MOL: (TO SELF) Well, there he goes - bless his little heartbroken heart..... "Take a snooze, Mrs. McGee" - he says. ...Mar-lem?...I have news for you, Mrs. McGee - you'd just as well get up off your back and get your housecoat on, because he'll be yelling up to know where something is before you can --
- 9 FIB: (DOWNSTAIRS) HAY, MOLLY!
- 10 MOL: There he goes....YES, DRAHIE?
- 11 FIB: (SAME) DOES THIS ELECTRIC TIMER ON THE STOVE WORK?
- 12 MOL: DID YOU TRY IT?
- 13 FIB: NO!
- 14 MOL: YES!
- 15 FIB: OKEY...YOU GO BACK TO SLEEP, TOOTSIE!

- 1 MOL: (YAWNS)(TO SELF) Ohh, this would be very nice if I COULD take a little nap - but every time I close my eyes I see a picture of what that kitchen will look like when he gets --
- 2 FIB: (DOWNSTAIRS) HEY, MOLLY!!
- 3 MOL: YES, MOORE!!!
- 4 FIB: HAVE WE GOT A MIXING BOWL?
- 5 MOL: SEVERAL OF THEM! USE THE BIG WHITE ONE.
- 6 FIB: WHICH BIG WHITE ONE? THERE'S TWO BIG WHITE ONES JUST ALIKE! WHICH ONE IS THE MIXING - (CRASH OF DROPPED BOWL - OFF)
- 7 MOL: (TO SELF) Heavenly days...
- 8 FIB: NEVER MIND - THERE'S ONLY ONE NOW!....YOU MUST, KIDDO. DID I WAKE YOU UP?
- 9 MOL: OH NO! I'M STILL ASLEEP, THANK YOU! (PAUSE..TO SELF) Maybe I AM asleep at that! Maybe this is all just a horrible dream. Maybe if I pinch myself -- OW! No - no such luck. I'd just as well get my housecoat on and go down there.
- 10 SOUND: S-CRAK OF BED SPRINGS...FOURSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS, REMIND:
- 11 MOL: (TO SELF--GOING DOWNSTAIRS) Ohh dear, what a day this is going to be! He's going to give me breakfast in bed if he ruins the house and wrecks my nerves doing it!...Sweet to goodness - somebody ought to make a radio show out of this --- they really should!....I guess nobody'd ever believe it, though, it's too impossible to --

- 1 FIB: Sky, what's come downstairs for, Molly? (KITCHEN BELLS)
You ain't supposed to be out here, - you're havin'
breakfast in bed! Trot back upstairs and --
- 2 MOL: I get lonesome up there by myself. Sometimes nobody
speaks to me for three or four seconds at a time. It's
those long silences that -
- 3 FIB: Well, the rest'll do you good, Molly. The knowledge that
the preparation of your breakfast is in the expert,
loving hands of --
- 4 SOUND: DOOR BELL... BACK DOOR
- 5 MOL: Oh door - who's that, McGee? My hair is all up in
curlers! I don't look very pretty --
- 6 FIB: Aw, it's only Ole from the Elks Club. COME IN!
- 7 SOUND: DOOR OPENS
- 8 MOL: Hello Ole - come in if I don't frighten you. I haven't
had time to take my hair down yet.
- 9 OLE: Don't worry, missus, you look wonderful.
- 10 MOL: Thank you.
- 11 OLE: I got a daughter who practices putting on lipstick without
a mirror - a sister-in-law who makes her own Sunday
eyelashes out of a toothbrush - and last night my missus
tried a mudpack on one side of her face only. Ole don't
score easy, Missus!
- 12 FIB: (BATTLES BANG) Hi, Ole.
- 13 OLE: Oh, hello, McGee - what's cookin'?
- 14 FIB: I see. Hutches. Molly's havin' her breakfast in bed.
- 15 OLE: In bed? Where do you sleep, missus - in the sink?

- 1 MOL: So, I'm not supposed to be down here, Ole - I'm going back up in a minute. How's everyone at your house -- all well?
- 2 OLE: Sure, everybody's fine, missus. We got a letter from my oldest boy, Lars - he's in the Navy, you know.
- 3 FIB: Yeah? How's he like it, Ole?
- 4 OLE: Well, he says the only thing he don't like about it - there's too many fellows in blue serge suits tellin' him what to do.
- 5 FIB: Well, that's the Navy, Ole. That's one thing you don't have in the Army!
- 6 MOL: People giving you orders?
- 7 FIB: No - blue serge suits. When I was in the Army in the first World War, the Big War --
- 8 MOL: Look, dearie, I've heard this - so if you boys will excuse me, I'll go back upstairs..
- 9 FIB: Good. You crawl back in bed and - Oh boy while you're down here, where do we keep the orange juice?
- 10 MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) IN THE CHAIRS!...Anything else you need, just call up every two or three minutes and...
- 11 FIB: OKAY, Tootsie. YOU SCENT! I gotta get busy here, Ole - gimme a hand willja?
- 12 OLE: Sure, NoJoe - shake! It was nice meeting you. I got to go now and --
- 13 FIB: No, no - I mean hold the cook book a minute, while I get my stuff together. (MUTTLE OF PAGES) Here, read me this recipe - right here, while I get the stuff out.

(REVISED)

-9-

- 1 OLB: All right. First it says - "Take two-thirds of a cup."
- 2 FIB: Two thirds of a cup? (BATTLES CUP) Okay, I'll use this cup here. (SMASHES IT) There! (JINGLES OF PINKS)
That must be about two thirds, there.....What else does it say?
- 3 OLB: It says - "of Pancake Mix." "Two-thirds of a cup of Pancake Mix" -
- 4 FIB: Oh. Well, look I can handle it from here on out, Ole --
No sense in lettin' you loose up the recipe when I can do it by myself and.....
- 5 FIB: "MY HEART CRIES FOR YOU"
- 6 AFFAIR

SCENE 3

1 SOUND: BATTLE OF PANS, PANL. MIC

2 FIB: How lame see - after I got the stuff mixed good, I'll need - Oh, hey Molly.

3 MEL: You, lover?

4 FIB: Have we got a hot, slightly greased iron skillet anyplace?

5 MEL: A what?

6 FIB: It says to cook 'em on a hot slightly greased - OH, I KNOW! I CAN TAKE A COLD SKILLET AND HEAT IT AND GREASE IT!

7 MEL: Very intelligent!

8 FIB: Thanks, kiddo. Now look - I promised you your breakfast in bed. Why don't you go on back to bed till I get everything ready?

9 MEL: Because I love my kitchen, ducio. Look at it! When you get through in here I won't be able to find the sink or the - WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE IS THE SINK??

10 FIB: Wh? Oh. Right over here. (BATTLE OF PANS) Undersneath this pile of pans.

11 MEL: Oh. I see it.

12 FIB: Mlgoah, you think I'm so dumb about cookin' I pull out the plumbin when I make a simple batch of pancakes and sausage?

- 1 MOL: I don't know whether to answer that like a loving wife
or an honest woman.
- 2 FIB: Gee whizz, kiddo....you worry too much. Now lemme see...
(CLATTER OF PANS) Where'd I put my M.L.T. cookbook...?
- 3 MOL: M.L.T. ...Mary Lee Taylor?
- 4 FIB: Yes, or "McGoo's Luscious Tidbits" Ahh here it is...Hum.
"For 27 four-inch pancakes?...you like little pancakes
or big ones, kiddo?
- 5 MOL: I think the four-inch pancakes are just the right size.
- 6 FIB: Too dainty for me. I prefer 'em about the size of meshole
covers. In fact, I made some out in Cheyenne, Wyoming
once, in 19 ought 13 that they're still USING for meshole
covers. But these I'm makin' here will --
- 7 SOUND: DOOR CHIRPS (OFF)
- 8 MOL: Somebody at the front door, McGoo. (CALLS) COME IN!
- 9 SOUND: FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, OFF
- 10 FIB: (YELLS) Who is it?
- 11 GALE: (WAY OFF) IT IS I!
- 12 MOL: (CALLS) WE'RE OUT HERE IN THE KITCHEN, MR. MAYOR! COME
ON OUT!
- 13 FIB: How'd you know it was La Trivia?

- 1 MOL: He's the only one we know who is educated enough, and polite enough, to say "IT'S I!" Everybody else we know would say, "WEEJA THINK - LOOIE THE 14TH?" Or something equally...OH HELLO THERE MR. MAYOR!
- 2 GALE: (FADE IN) Good morning, Molly. Hello, McGee...well!! Get you, in the apron!!!
- 3 FIB: Goooa give Molly her breakfast in bed, La Triv. AND, being that this is National Pancake Day, the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, well, I thought it was only patriotic for me to whip up some pancakes.
- 4 GALE: I'll see that the United States Government is informed of your loyal devotion.
- 5 MOL: According to the recipe he's using, Mr. Mayor --
- 6 GALE: Oh. He uses a recipe? I always thought he was one of those rough-and-ready cooks who always says... "I NEVER USE A RECIPE...I JUST GUESS AT THE PROPORTIONS, AND I NEVER HAVE A FAILURE." They never do have a failure, either. You ALWAYS get sick!
- 7 FIB: Well, stick around, son, and fling a snag into a flock of flapjacks. Mine are so light you gotta hold 'em down with a salt shaker. You like big pancakes or little pancakes, La Triv?

1 GALE: It depends on circumstances. When I'm out moose hunting,
I like big -

2 HIL: Oh do you hunt moose, Mr. Mayor...where?

3 GALE: In Canada.

4 FIB: Never shot a moose myself. They good eatin'?

5 GALE: I don't know. I just keep the antlers, send the rest to
some worthy institution and the remainder to a glue
factory.

6 HIL: Oh. Do they make glue out of moose?

7 GALE: No, not glue...mooseglue. BUT, for simple quiet
breakfasts, McGee, I like the little dollar-size panocks.
In fact, there's only one thing I'd like better - and
that's a panock-size dollar!

8 FIB: Well, they must be making their dollars outta better now
- there sure ain't much dough in 'em. I always -

9 SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

10 WIL: (OFF) MILDMAN!

11 SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES

12 WIL: Hi, Pal...Hello, Molly...Hi. Your Honor.

13 AS LIS HELLO.

14 WIL: Am I intruding...? What's going on?

15 FIB: It's just doin' a little cookin', Junior, that's all.

16 GALE: A little cooking, he says!

- 1 MOL: Take a look around the kitchen, Mr. Wilcox. What would you guess he was preparing?
- 2 WIL: Well, let me see...from the number of dishes and pots and pans and the wax paper and paper towels, and mixers and spoons and stuff, I'd say you were making chicken a la King for the Legion Convention.
- 3 FIB: ~~AWW CUT IT OUT!~~ I'M JUST FIXIN' MOLLY HER BREAKFAST IN BED, DARNAT IT. LOOK!! PANCAKE BATTER....LOOK!! COUNTRY SAUSAGE!! LOOK...SYRUP!! LOOK...BUTTER!! That's all. What's so complicated about that?
- 4 MOL: As the man says, "It ain't the ingredients, it's what you puts into the ingredients".
- 5 CAL: I'm afraid McGee is a perfectionist. Every time he cooks he makes a perfect idiot of himself.
- 6 FIB: OH YEAS? WELL, BY GEORGE...
- 7 WIL: Wait a minute! What's this?
- 8 MOL: That's our Mary Lee Taylor Cook Book.
- 9 WIL: WHY OF COURSE! SO WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE WAY THIS BOY IS COOKING? HE'S DOING GREAT!
- 10 FIB: (ASHED) I am?
- 11 WIL: Certainly! Oh, naturally he makes it ten times as complicated as this simple recipe -
- 12 FIB: Naturally.

- 1 WIL: But this is a WONDERFUL RECIPE! AND WITH A PET MILK RECIPE HE CAN'T GO WRONG! "PANCAKES WITH SAUSAGE PATTIES!" BOY, LOOK AT THAT ILLUSTRATION!
- 2 GALE: It's beautiful. Well, tear out the illustration, pour a little syrup on it and go back to bed. It's your only..
- 3 WIL: OH NO NO..Look! Fibber is absolutely on the right track! He can't miss!
- 4 GALE: Do you give track odds on that?
- 5 WIL: LOOK AT THIS RECIPE... "PLAIN PANCAKE MIX...2 cups. STIR IN GRADUALLY ONE CUP PET MILK MIXED WITH WASH." What could be easier than that? You see, the value of Pet Milk in cooking is that it adds that good rich flavor to your foods - it'll pack these easy-to-make pancakes just full of good whole-milk minerals! And in these days of high food prices, Pet Milk is a family favorite because it's economical - costs less generally than any other form of whole milk. And Pet Milk is so rich --
- 6 SOUND: DOOR KNOCK.
- 7 WIL: NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE...
- 8 WIL: WHO IS IT?
- 9 VOICE: (OFF) WEDJA think...Loois the 14th?
- 10 FIB: It's the Old Timer.
- 11 WIL: (GALIB) CAN YOU WAIT A MINUTE, OLD TIMER? I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A STORY.
- 12 OLD: (OFF) NOPE...CAN'T WAIT, KISS!

- 1 FIB: GRAY.....COME IN!!
- 2 MURD: DOOR OPEN: GRAY:
- 3 AD LIB INDICIES...MCE, FIB, OLD T, WIL, GALE.
- 4 OLD: Go on with your narrative, son.
- 5 WIL: - SO....GET SOME FAT MILK FROM YOUR GROCER TODAY.
- 6 OLD: Well, that's a very interestin' yarn, son. What's everybody doin' out here in the kitchen?
- 7 MCE: I'M having my breakfast in bed.
- 8 - (PAUSE)
- 9 OLD: You are? Where do you sleep, daughter.. .in the sick?
- 10 GALE: She's going back to bed as soon as McFee gets his pancakes made Old Timer. That's what he's doing. Making pancakes. In case you thought, from looking around, that the Montreal Hockey Team had been warming up in here.
- 11 FIB: GRAY, EVERYBODY....SCOFF AT ME....ENRAGE ME....LAUGH IF YOU WANNA!! BUT BY GEEFOL, WHEN I GET THOSE PANCAKES DONE -.
- 12 OLD: Ahhhhh, pancakes...do I love 'em.! AND do I know how to make 'em..!!!
- 13 MCE: Had lots of practice, Mr. Old Timer?
- 14 OLD: Daughter, I made pancakes before you was born. Out West, that was.....I was chuck wagon cook for the old Laxy B.

- 1 GALE: The Lazy B.
- 2 OLD: The Old Lazy B. Named after my sister, Beatrice. Laziest woman in the Oklahoma Territory. Cross-eyed from when she was twenty-nine years old...had a fly on her nose and was too lazy to brush it off...just sat and watched it till she sprung a eye-muskle.
- 3 FIB: You were the chuck wagon cook?
- 4 OLD: You said it, Johnny. WELL SIR, my recipe for Poncho pie -
- 5 HCL: PONCHO PIE?
- 6 OLD: That's what they called my pancakes, daughter. Shape of a pie and tasted like a poncho. Well, sir, I mixed up a handful o' corns, into a scoop o' corn meal, ground onto a hot rock, and mixed with rainwater, then stick 'em into hot ashes for five hours, then pick 'em out, cool 'em off, pick the corns out the pancakes, throw away the pancakes shake the corns and eat the hulls! (MUSIC SUSAK IN)
- THEN I HAD ME A RECIPE FOR BROILIN' BEAVERTAIL THAT THE INDIANS SAYS WAS THE FINEST ---

7 OGCH: AND KING'S MEN "TUPTE HUNPTO DIDD"

8 (AFFLAISE)

1 OUND: STIRRING NOISES... CLATTER OF UTENSILS.

2 FIB: (PATIENTLY) Look, Molly - this is the third time, since noon, that you've come trottin' out here to the kitchen! Geehiz, kiddo, how can I bring you breakfast in bed if you won't stay in bed!

3 MCL: Look, sweetheart - I'm starving! It's half past two and -

4 FIB: Well, you just be patient, tootsie - it won't be long now. (RAPID STIRRING) I'll have these pancakes cookin' before AH-AH-AH! DON'T EAT THAT CRACKER!

5 MCL: But McGee -

6 FIB: Come on now - put it back! That's a good girl! Geehiz you don't wanta dull your appetite now. At the last minute?

7 MCL: Dull it? My appetite, dearie, has an edge you could shave with! You could even cut a throat with it! And this kitchen!

8 FIB: Well, it won't be long now, baby, and I know just how you feel. I got so weak myself, workin' here, that I had to fix me a couple ham sandwiches and a pot of coffee to keep up my strength.

9 MCL: (GROANS) Oohh! McGee!

10 FIB: I'd of had these pancakes cookin' before now, only I ran into a little trouble with the batter.

11 MCL: Ran into trouble with the batter? You look like you just ran into the batter - chin deep! It'll take you an hour to scrape yourself off, after you -

- 1 FIB: (CHEERING) Oh, that's nothin', kiddo - that's just normal splashage for me. (BRISIC STIRRING) Some cooks spill stuff - but when I get to work - I splash! You see -
- 2 SOUND: DOOR CHIME AND DOOR OPENS - OFF
- 3 DOC: (OFF) Hey, McGee! Molly! Anybody home?
- 4 MOL: It's Doctor Gumble. OUT HERE, DOCTOR!
- 5 DOC: (PADDO IN) Hello, Molly and OH NO!
- 6 FIB: Yep. And whatever you're windin' up to say, Patso - it's already been said - so set down and shut up!
- 7 DOC: I won't make a comment.
- 8 FIB: Good.
- 9 DOC: I can well imagine - as I look at you standing there - with big blobs of white gunk in your hair, all down your front, and in your eyebrows - stirring a batch of goo that is too thick for wallpaper paste and too thin for plaster - that you must already have been described by your friends as looking like everything from a paper hanger after a two-bucket fall off a scaffold, to a pearl-button diver in a starch factory! So I will refrain.
- 10 FIB: Thank you, Doctor.
- 11 DOC: What is it, Molly?
- 12 MOL: Fancakes, Doctor. He's fixing me breakfast in bed.
- 13 DOC: Breakfast?? At this hour??

- 1 MCL: The HOUR is a little indefinite, Doctor. In fact, SIX hours have gone by since he started this little project. We refer to it around here as "OPERATION MEX MOLLY!"
- 2 FIB: Well, it won't be long now, tootsie (SINGING) Look at that batter - it's ready to go!
- 3 DOC: Why don't you go with it, McGee? I'll take Molly out and buy her some breakfast.
- 4 MCL: I'LL TAKE THAT!!
- 5 FIB: (CHUCKLES) No sir, you just trot back up to bed now, kiddo while this little drama goes on to a happy ending. Next time the curtain goes up it'll find you sitting up in bed smacking your lips and saying "McGee, you're wonderful!"
- 6 MCL: (DUBIOUS) Well, I guess I can climb those stairs again. Slowly. But if it takes over twenty minutes more, bring me up a sharp knife and some salt and pepper. (PADING) That wince-head in the guest-room looks juicier every time I pass it... .
- 7 FIB: All right, Doc, this is it! Turn on the gas there, boy!
- 8 DOC: Gladly.
- 9 FIB: No, no - under the skillet, Lemmehead! Not the oven.

1 DOC: Oh, excuse me. I thought you wanted to stick your head in
it. Personally, if I were you.....

2 SOUND: SLICES OF FRYING CAKES INTO:

3 SOUND: SIZZLE:

4 SOUND: DRINK CLINK OF KNIFE AND FORK ON PLATE... DROP THEM ON
PLATE.

5 FIB: (BIG SIGH) AARRR, AM I STUFFED! WELL, HOW ABOUT IT! YOU
FINALLY ADMIT I KNOW HOW TO COOK HOTCAKES!!!!

6 SOUND: PLAT KNIFE AND FORK WEX:

7 FIB: (CHUCKLES HAPPILY) MORE SIZZLE! ANOTHER SAUSAGE PATTY!!!
(LAUGHS) WELL, STOP WAGGIN' YOUR HEAD AND SAY SOMETHIN',
WILLYAT

8 SOUND: KNIFE AND FORK LAID ON PLATE:

9 DOC: (MOUTH FULL) McGee - you're wonderful! Those hotcakes!

10 FIB: You oughta know, Barrel-Belly - you must of ate 3 dozen
of 'em!

11 DOC: They are sensational! I hope I can get up from this table
(GRUNTS) because I ought to call my office and - HEY!
WHAT ABOUT MCLLYTTTT?

1 FIB: Molly? Oh my gosh....I almost forgot her! Oh well.....
there's still plenty left for her....I'll run upstairs
with a napkin and some silver, Doc. I'll prop her up in
bed - get her all ready...you fix a tray!

2 DOC: Right.!! What does she like on her pancakes, - honey?

3 FIB: Syrup, sweetie. Be right down....

4 SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS (PAUSE)....(CLATTER OF DISHES ON
MIRROR) FAST FOOTSTEPS BACK IN AGAIN.

5 DOC: She all ready?

6 FIB: SHUSH!! She's sleepin' like a baby, Doc. Poor kid!
Didn't have the heart to wake her...well....NO USE WASTIN'
ALL THESE PANCAKES.

7 DOC: I should say not!! (SCRAPE OF PANCAKE TURNER) here's one
for me.....

8 SOUND: SCRAPE:

9 FIB: One for me.....

10 SOUND: SCRAPE:

11 DOC: One for me.....

12 SOUND: SCRAPE:

13 FIB: One for me.....(INTO MUSIC)

14 SOUND: SCRAPE:

15 DOC: Two for me... ..

16 MUSIC: "7 WONDERS OF THE WORLD"

17 (APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MOORE AND MOLLY
Feb. 6, 1951

CLASSIC COMMERCIAL

WIL: Fibber and Molly return in a moment - No matter how gray the world looks when you get up in the morning, it's almost like seeing the sun shine to see a stack of golden brown pancakes on your plate at the breakfast table! And you know something? With Pet Milk and your favorite pancake mix you can make the most delicious pancakes that ever made a husband say. . .mm mm! Yes, just follow the directions on the pancake package -- and instead of ordinary milk, use Pet Milk mixed with an equal amount of water. Oh boy what a difference! And no wonder! Pet Milk, remember, is sweet country milk with more than half the water taken out. So when you mix Pet Milk with an equal amount of water, you're bound to have good, rich milk -- even richer than ordinary bottled milk. And of course that extra-rich Pet Milk makes those pancakes extra good! How about pancakes for breakfast tomorrow? Extra-good pancakes... made the Pet Milk way.

TECH: BY AND PAID FOR:

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1 FIB: Well, I'm sorry you didn't get any peanuts, kiddo! BUT,
I guess the sleep does you more good.

2 MEL: How were they?

3 FIB: My gosh....wonderful!! I and Doc et Al of 'em....

4 MEL: Heavenly days.....forty one?!

5 FIB: Apiece. Doc says I'm a great cook. Gave me a B.S. degree
when we finished eatin'.

6 MEL: A. B.S. degree. Bachelor of Science?

7 FIB: Bicarbonate of Soda.

8 MEL: Oh.

9 FIB: Yeah. Goodnite.

10 MEL: Goodnite, all!

11 GRCH: THINK UP AND PAIR FEEL

12 WIL: The First Evaporated Milk - Pet Milk - brings you Fibber
McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again
next Tuesday night, won't you?

13 GRCH: THINK UP AND BOARD FEEL OUT

PERRY, MIDGE AND MILLY
Feb. 6, 1951

KITCHENER FOR THE BROADCAST

WEL: It isn't always the price tag that determines the value of a gift. Sometimes one that has cost the least means the most -- as one bride-to-be discovers in the Story of the Week next Saturday morning on Pet Milk's Mary Lee Taylor program. Don't miss this true-to-life story. And don't miss Mary Lee Taylor's special husband-tested Recipe for Golden Potato Soup -- a soup that's almost a meal in itself. Remember, for this double-feature program tune in to your NBC station next Saturday morning for Pet Milk's Mary Lee Taylor.

FROM: TUNING... SIGN OFF: