



FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

(REVISED)

PROGRAM #27

DATE: Friday, March 2, 1951

BROADCAST: Tuesday, March 20, 1951
6:30-7:00 P.M. EST

THE FIB MILK COMPANY

Presents

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

9:30-10 pm

CAST:

JIM JORDAN.....FIBBER MCGEE
 MARIAN JORDAN.....MOLLY
 BILL THOMPSON.....OLD TIMON
 ARTHUR Q. BRYAN.... DUC DANDEL
 HARLOW WILCOX.....HIMSELF
 KAY LA VELLE.....WANDA
 TYLER McVEIGH.....CORNPORD
 MOPPAT.....NORMAN FIELD

STAFF:

PRODUCER-DIRECTOR.....MAX HERTO
 ASST. DIRECTOR.....LARGYL McALLISTER
 WRITERS.....DON QUINN &
 PHIL LESLIE
 PROGRAM MANAGER.....JESSE CANFIELD
 PRODUCTION MANAGER.....HARRY DORRIS
 CAREER ADV. REP. ...HENRY WHITESIDE
 MEDICAL DIRECTOR.....BILLY WELLS
 VOCALS.....KING'S MEN
 ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
 ENGINEER.....JOHN DEWAZZIO
 SOUND TECHNICIAN.....MISTY FRASER
 SCRIPT GIRL.....DORIS CALLAHAN

An NBC Package

- 1 WILCOX: THE FIBER MILK PROGRAM -- WITH FIBBER MOOSE AND MOLLY!
- 2 CRCH: TENSE...FADE FOR:
- 3 WILCOX: The First Evaporated Milk - Fat Milk - presents Fibber
Moose and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Arthur Q. Bryan,
Dick Le Grand, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The show is
written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and directed by
Max Hutto, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'
Orchestra!
- 4 CRCH: TENSE UP AND FADE FOR:

JIMMY MOORE AND MULLY
Tuesday, March 20, 1951

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

1 MILK Have you ever tasted a cream pie made with Pet Milk? Or a rich chocolate pudding? Or one of those good smooth cheese sauces? Then you can understand why Pet Milk, the first evaporated milk, is the first choice of good cooks. No other form of whole milk gives foods the same richness of flavor. And something else that's mighty important is the extra wholesomeness Pet Milk puts into those favorite family dishes of yours. You see, Pet Milk is good sweet country milk that's double rich -- concentrated to double-richness by evaporation. So you're always sure of extra goodness and extra wholesomeness when you use Pet Milk for cooking. Extra compliments, too! And do all these "extras" cost you extra? No.. definitely no. You can enjoy better food for less money when you use Pet Milk because Pet Milk costs less generally than any other form of whole milk.

2 CRCH: BRIDGE.

1 MCL: WHAT HAPPENS WHEN FREEDOM OF SPEECH IS INTERRUPTED WITH BY
THE PASSION OF THE PRESS? IN OTHER WORDS, HOW CAN A WIFE
TALK OVER THE TOP OR AROUND THE SIDES OF A MUNCHING PAPER
BEHIND WHICH HER HUSBAND HAS DISAPPEARED AT BREAKFAST?
LIKE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WITH --

-- FIMBER MOUSE AND MOLLY!!

2 (APPLAUSE)

3 SOUND: BATTLE OF NEWSPAPER, CLINK OF DISSES AND SILVER...

4 MCL: Moooo. Are you still there, dearie?

5 SOUND: BATTLE OF PAPER: (PAUSE)

6 MCL: Sweetheart. This is W.I.F.E....calling H.U.B.B.Y...Come
in. H.U.B.B.Y. Over.

7 SOUND: BATTLE OF PAPER: (PAUSE)

8 FIB: Eh? You speaking to me, kiddo?

9 MCL: Yes, if you'll pardon the familiarity. I know it's rather
bold of me...considering we've only known each other
thirty years or so. Now that you've read the paper -
what's new, huh?

10 FIB: Fascinating story on the front page. Know the old guy
that hangs around the corner of 14th and Oak, selling
razor blades, pencils and hot chestnuts?

11 MCL: What about him?

12 FIB: Died last week...99 years old. No family. No friends.
And fifty thousand bucks sewed into the lining of his
ragged old overcoat!

13 MCL: IMPOSSIBLE!!

14 FIB: What's impossible?

15 MCL: To have fifty thousand dollars and no friends.

16 FIB: Nobody knew he had it. Lived all alone in a piano box
back in the alley. He was a hermit.

17 MCL: Hermit. Hermit is a man's name.

- 1 FIB: I know. It was this man's name. Herman the Hermit.
Herman Steinway was his real name, according to the paper.
Come from a wealthy musical family. Black sheep. They
cut him off with a dollar and an old piano box.
- 2 MOL: Well, if he'd been more upright he might have had a grand.
- 3 FIB: Ha ha...that's my girl!..if they fit, dig 'em up and use
'em again! Anyway, you know what this ragged hermit done
with the fifty thousand? HE MADE A WILL, LEAVIN' IT TO A
GUY HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW...A PERFECT STRANGER...BECAUSE THE
GUY HAD FELT SORRY FOR HIM IN HIS RAGGED OVERCOAT AND
OFFERED HIM HIS OWN!! A GOOD SINGLE!
- 4 MOL: Samaritan.
- 5 FIB: I dunno. They didn't give the guy's name.
- 6 MOL: If he was a stranger...how did he know to whom to leave it?
- 7 FIB: The lawyer that prohibited the will loved him. For a
contingent fee, a lawyer can find a celluloid collar in a
hot volcano. Anyway, the lawyer that prohibited the will...
- 8 MOL: PROHIBITED, dearie.
- 9 FIB: Yeah...BUT IMAGINE...FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS BECAUSE HE DONE
THE OLD GUY A GOOD DEED! You know...I'll bet this town is
full o' rich guys like that, that look like bums, that are
just waitin' for some kind stranger to be nice to 'em, so
they'll know who to leave all their dough to!
- 10 MOL: I hate to be realistic, but I think it's full of bums
that would laugh gaily and strangle you for a short beer.

1 FIB: Just the same, I think I'll prowl around town today and be nice to strangers. You never know. I might just happen to do some ragged guy a favor...just out of the goodness of my heart, with no mercenary motives whatsoever, except to be sweet to people, and have the guy leave me a stack of el foldo in his last will and testament. Wanna come with me?

2 MOL: Dearie...I wouldn't miss it for a gold mine with Ezio Fizza working as foreman! Wait till I clear up these slimes...

3 SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES...SILVER;

4 FIB: I think I'll wear a bow tie. I always feel more naive and loveable with a bow tie and if some rich hermit -

5 SOUND: DOOR CHIME,

6 MOL: Who do you suppose that is?

7 FIB: I dunno...but I hope he's in trouble...so I can do him a favor. COME IN!!

8 SOUND: DOOR OPEN,

9 MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer...

10 OLD: HELLO, DAUGHTER...HELLO, JOHNNY. JUST PASSIN' BY, SO I THOUGHT I WOULDN'T.

11 FIB: You thought you wouldn't what?

12 OLD: Pass by. After all...what are friends for, if not to drop in on and have a friendly cup of coffee...plenty o' Fat, daughter and two spoons of sugar. (CLINK) Thanks, kindly. WELL...WHAT'S NEW, KIDS?

- 1 MCL: Did you see the morning paper?
- 2 OLD: Couldn't, daughter. Lensed my bifocals to my girl Bessie. First time we've had this winter and she's out pickin' mushrooms. Sure hope she's wearin' them bifocals!
- 3 FIB: Mushrooms, eh? Bessie givin' a dinner party?
- 4 OLD: Yep...beefsteak-and-mushroom dinner for the Wistful Vista Young Republicans Club, Johnny. Bessie takes her politics real serious.
- 5 MCL: Faithful Republicans, eh? Out pickin' 'em some mushrooms.
- 6 OLD: No...faithful Democrat. Out pickin' 'em toadstools. Oh well...(LADDER) Why borrow trouble, I always say, just because it's one of the few things you can git without any co-signers? WHY, DAUGHTER?...WHAT'S IN THE MORNING PAPER?
- 7 FIB: Remember the old buzzard that hung around 14th and Oak, sellin' pencils and razor blades and hot chestnuts?
- 8 OLD: OLD HERMAN THE HERMIT? Hope you didn't git stung with any of his razor blades, boy. With them things you couldn't carve "pass the cheese" on your ravioli. I think Herman makes 'em himself outa tinfoil. WHY JAKE?
- 9 MCL: He died last week and left 50 thousand dollars to some person who had been nice to him.
- 10 FIB: A FRESHY STRANGER, TOO...IMAGINE THAT!!

- 1 OLD: Yes, Johnny...I kin imagine that...to be nice to Horace,
you'd HAVE to be a stranger. Stingy old coot. I'W a
fairly slow man with a dollar myself, but Horace made me
look like a intoxicated Gunner's Mate in Paris on Payday.
In fact, I'W kind of a miser, myself...kids...got a little
stashed away...
- 2 MCL: Oh, good for you!
- 3 FIB: Yeah?...You have? Well, you just hang onto that dough
and leave it to somebody that was always nice to you.
Somebody that you could always feel free to drop in on...
any time...for a cuppa coffee...or ANY old thing...here...
have a cigar.. REAL FRINKS...People that like you for
what you are instead of for what you GOT...more coffee,
fella?
- 4 OLD: No thanks, Johnny. But you're SWEET!
- 5 MCL: Himself here is dedicating this whole day to being nice
to people, Old Timer -- and he might as well start with you.
- 6 FIB: Why sure...letme do you a favor, Old Timer...forget you
told me about havin' all that dough hid away...and letme
do something for you. My gosh...with me being your
closest and best friend --
- 7 OLD: Wel-l-l....all right, boy. You CAN do something....
- 8 FIB: SURE SURE SURE!! YOU BETCH!!..ANYTHING AT ALL...MY GOSH...
..WHAT CAN I DO? YOU GOT A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT? TAKE
MINE!! GEE WHEEE, I GOT AN OLD MACKINAW I CAN WEAR...IT
DUN'T LOOK GOOD AND IT FREEZES MY KNEES...BUT IF YOU NEED
MY OVERCOAT, BOY...

- 1 OLD: Oh wow..Johnny!...thanks, thanks! All I want you to do for me, is...well, can I leave my money here with you... where it'll be safe? It's my life savings and -
- 2 MOL: You certainly may! And we'll take mighty good care of it. No fee...make it businesslike...give the Old Timer a receipt.
- 3 FIB: YOU BET I WILL, NARY!! ANYTHING I LIKE TO DO IT'S FAVORS FOR PEOPLE...EVEN IF THEY AIN'T STRANGERS. HOW MUCH YOU WANT THE RECEIPT FOR, OLD TIMER...THIS PIECE O' PAPER BIG ENOUGH?
- 4 OLD: Oh sure...wait a minute..I got it sewed into the lining of my coat here....
- 5 FIB: Oh boy...
- 6 MOL: Can I help you, Mr. Old Timer?
- 7 OLD: No, thanks, daughter...I got it...there we are...!!
- 8 SOUND: LOUD RIPPING...RUFAT...
- 9 OLD: Yup...it's all here....THIRTY-SEVEN DOLLARS. And much obliged, kids...you're real kind to old folks! BYE NOW!!
- 10 (LONG PAUSE)
- 11 SOUND: DOOR SLAM (OFF)
- 12 (PAUSE)
- 13 FIB: Thirty-seven dollars! Huh. Well...who knows...he may be just testing me. After all...he did let me do him a favor.
- 14 MOL: Two of them.
- 15 FIB: Whaddya mean..two of 'em?
- 16 MOL: Look in the other room. He left his old overcoat and took yours. Well, Samaritan - shall we go downtown?
- 17 ORCH: SELECTION:
- 18 (APPLAUSE)

- 1 SOUND: ESTABLISH TRAFFIC AND FADE FOR:
- 2 FIB: Let's walk a little faster, kiddo. My legs are cold...
- 3 MCL: Yes, I can see why they would be...that's an unethical Mackinac. It hits you below the belt. But if we walk too fast, you won't find anybody in trouble to do a good deed to.
- 4 FIB: Oh, I'll find somebody that needs...HEY...LOOK!...GUY LYIN' ON THE SIDEWALK UP AHEAD THERE!!...HE'S FAINTED!... HE'S - COME ON...
- 5 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING:
- 6 FIB: LOOK IT NOW SHABBY HE IS...ANOTHER HERO, I'LL RECH!! POOR OLD GUY...PROBABLY FAINTED FROM LACK OF HUNGER!! AIN'T THIS WONDERFUL!! I'LL GIVE HIM ARTIFICIAL PRESPARATION!!
- 7 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT.
- 8 MCL: But McOee...maybe he -
- 9 FIB: HERE...HELD MY HAT!...THIS CALLS FOR A COOL HEAD!! Lemme see how.. if I can remember my Boy Scout traini- Oh yes!.. straddle the recumbent body...press hands firmly against lower ribs - One!!
- 10 MAN: (YELLS) ...HEY WHAT THE...GET OFF MY BACK, YOU SEM-DM!! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? LEASE UP!!
- 11 FIB: Now, take it easy, boy...you'll be all right...you're among a friend. I just bring you to with artificial preespation. Fastest I ever done it, too!..matter of fact it's the ONLY time I ever -

- 1 MOL: What happened, sir? Did you faint? Are you hungry?
- 2 MAN: NO, I'M NOT HESITANT AND I DIDN'T FAINT!!! I AM J. WYATT
MOFFAT, PRESIDENT OF THE WESTFUL VISTA BUILDING AND LOAN
COMPANY AND I DROPPED MY WRIST WATCH DOWN THIS SIDEWALK
GRATING!! NOW BEAT IT BEFORE I CALL A COP AND CHARGE YOU
WITH ASSAULT!!
- 3 MOL: Oh dear, ...come on, McGee...
- 4 FIB: Sorry, Moffat, old man. Just tryin' to do a good turn.
I hold no grudge, just because you weren't sick or drunk
and didn't need any help. I was only...
- 5 MAN: OH BE QUIET...YOU IDIOT!! AND TUCK YOUR SHIRT IN!!
(FADE) Of all the disgraceful exhibitions I ever...
- 6 FIB: Hey, Molly...is my shirt stickin' out?
- 7 MOL: No dearie.. it's the Mackinac. It's so short he thought
it was your shirt. Natural mistake.
- 8 FIB: Oh. I see. Well, at least I give the old college try,
kiddo. What if that guy HAD of fainted?...he'd of never
forgotten what I done for him! Might of left us all his
stock in the Building and Loan! So, I ain't discouraged...
I'll keep trying, because - Oh, Hiyo, Doc!!
- 9 MOL: Oh Doctor Gable...hello, Doctor!!
- 10 DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, there my dear...and good morning to you
too, Bubble-head. Where'd you get the small-caliber
jacket? Steal it out of the third grade cloakroom at the
schoolhouse?

- 1 FIB: Doctor...I refuse to be insulted. I've took up a new hobby. I'M a good samoleon.
- 2 MOL: Samuritan.
- 3 FIB: Yeah...I go around and give everybody a helping hand.... irregardless of race, creed, religion or how much dough they got stashed away. All I want to do is be nice to people. A friend of man, woman and beast. And speakin' of beasts, is there any favor I can do you today?
- 4 DOC: See, you have more weird poses than a model in an itchy bathing suit. So now you're a good samuritan! What's his angle, Molly? Anytime he gives anybody a hand, he expects to get it back with an extra thumb.
- 5 MOL: Well, Doctor...in the paper this morning -
- 6 DOC: OH...I SEE! HISSMAN THE HISSIT! LEFT FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO A FRIENDLY STRANGER. So now, little chiselfinger is bouncing about, being helpful, hoping he can save a ragged but grateful millionaire whose brakes have failed on his wheel-chair. Oh, brother...!! How optimistic can you get, Wobblolstein.

1 MOL: He's not doing this for mere money, Doctor. He says. He just wants to be friendly to everybody. Particularly everybody who has no other friends or relatives to inherit their money.

2 FIB: You betcha...My gosh...anybody'd think I was simply out to make enough impression on some ragged hermit that he'd leave me his dough.

3 DOC: Aren't you?

4 FIB: Sure, but it's kind of a nasty thing to think of me. Sure I can't do you any good turns, Dockie?

5 MOL: Any little thing, Doctor? Like shaking down your thermometer, or one of your wealthier patients?

6 DOC: No, but I will say this, McGee. Your attitude has impressed me so much...and your sincerity is so obviously er...well, I'm making out my will this afternoon and I'm going to leave you ---

7
8 FIB: ...WHAT ARE YOU GOSH. LEAVE ME, DOCT

9 DOC: Standing here. (FADE) So long, Molly!

10 SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

11 MOL: I'm afraid the good Doctor is a little cynical, McGee.

12 FIB: Yeah...he's seen so much of the nasty side, he looks at life thru a handful of list. Besides that, he's -

13 MOL: MOGEE...WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

- 1 FIB: You mean that smell of burning rubber? If you think it's bad now, you should been downtown while back..it was a real stench! It's almost gone, now. Be back again next year.
- 2 MOL: But what causes it?
- 3 FIB: Feet erasing, by people makin' out income taxes. Musta burned up a ton of rubber on the 14th and 15th. If the government...OH OH...!! Looks that tired lookin' woman comin' outa the market there...Boy, is she loaded!!
- 4 MOL: She looks perfectly sober to me.
- 5 FIB: I don't mean loaded up..I mean loaded DOWN. With packages .. I'M gonna give her a hand with 'em...HIYAH SIS!!...
LEASE HELP YOU CARRY THAT STUFF...
- 6 WOMAN: No thank you. I can handle them...I'M only going to my car and -
- 7 FIB: AW COME ON...I WANNA do it!! I LIKE to do people favors...
- 8 WOMAN: Well, do no one, and get lost. I don't need any help and -
- 9 FIB: SURE YOU DO!..MY GOSH!...ALL THEM GROCERIES...HERE..I'LL TAKE THIS BIG SACK HERE AND -- WOOPS...!!
- 10 SOUND: BATTLE OF PAPER...GLASS CRASH...GURGLES,
- 11 MOL: Heavenly days...here...let me help pick things up!
- 12 WOMAN: Thanks...but how can you pick up a puddle of milk? IF IT HAIN'T BEEN FOR THIS CLUMSY GAF HERE...YES YOU...
BUTTERFINGERS!!
- 13 FIB: Look sis.. I'M sorry...I was only...
- 14 ORCH: BRIDGE,

- 1 MOLA: And you say you saw the whole thing, Mr. Wilcox?
- 2 FIB: That's why didn't you come over and help us pick up the stuff?
- 3 WIL: I didn't trust myself.
- 4 MOLA: Didn't trust yourself to what?
- 5 WIL: Well....you know me...the Fat Milk Man. I couldn't have trusted myself not to say, "MADAM...IF YOU'D BOUGHT FAT MILK, IN ITS PAPER, NEAT, STERILIZED CAN...IT WOULDN'T HAVE SPILLED ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK...IT BOUNCES!! AND WHEN YOU SEE A BEAUTIFUL BABY...BOUNCING WITH HEALTH AND HAPPINESS, THERE'S A VERY GOOD CHANCE THAT IT'S A FAT MILK BABY!" BECAUSE, YOU'VE --
- 6 FIB: Well, my gosh, all I done was I tried to help the woman with her groceries. Could I help it if the old bag -
- 7 MOLA: MOGHE!!..that's no way to talk about a lady!!
- 8 FIB: I WASN'T TALKIN' ABOUT THE LADY...I SAID IF THAT OLD BAG SHE WAS CARRYIN' THEM GROCERIES IN HAIN'T OF HAD A HOLE IN IT, WERE A SHARP CARROT WAS STICKIN' THRU --

- 1 WIL: AS I WAS SAYING, PHE MILK WAS FIRST, YOU KNOW, TO BE
FORTIFIED WITH PURE CRYSTALLINE, VITAMIN D...FIRST
CHOICE OF GOOD COOKS AS A GREAT ALL PURPOSE, ALL FAMILY
MILK...PHE MILK!...THE FIRST --
- 2 FIB: (MUTTERS) Try do somebody a favor and -
- 3 MOL: Oh stop grouching, dearie...it was merely an accident...
you paid her for the damage...
- 4 FIB: I'll say!! A buck sixty-five!! I'll bet it's a rocket
with her! I'll bet she buys carrots...runs back in the
office, sharpens 'em in a pencil sharpener so they'll
punch a hole in the grocery bag and then waits for a big
hearted dim-wit like me to come along and - HEY...JUNIOR...
- 5 WIL: Yes...Pal? May I finish, first?
- 6 MOL: Oh, pray do!
- 7 WIL: -- Thanks. YOU SEE, PHE MILK IS GOOD SWISS, COUNTRY MILK,
CONCENTRATED TO DOUBLE RICHNESS TO SERVE EQUALLY WELL AS
MILK, COFFEE CREAM AND EVEN FOR WHIPPING. AVAILABLE
AT FOOD STORES EVERYWHERE...BY THE CAN OR THE CASE. Yes,
Pal?
- 8 FIB: You sure you're thru?...you only been pitchin in there
for seven innings.
- 9 WIL: The rest can wait till next week. What's on your mind?
- 10 FIB: I'd like to ask your advice...as an older man, - you can
tell me -

1 WIL: OH NOW WAIT A MINUTE, PAL!!.. "OLDER MAN!!" WHY YOU'D
WORK OUT THREE RAZORS BEFORE I FINISHED READING THE TIMES
NEWS. DON'T JUDGE THAT OLDER MAN BUSINESS, GRAMP!!

2 FIB: Well then...let us say as a more experienced...more
sophisticated, more educated, more thoughtful -

3 MOL: More baloney, maybe? While we're slicing it?

4 WIL: All right...get on with it..what advice do you want?

5 FIB: If you was me --

6 WIL: OH NO...PLEASE!!.....STOP!...WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT...
OH!!! I'M SCARY PAL...IF I WERE YOU...OH NO!!! (PAUSE)
LET ME OUT OF HERE...See you later, Molly...Oh, to think
of me being him.....

7 (PAUSE)

8 MOL: Well!! The idea didn't seem to appeal to him, did it?

9 FIB: Why should it? If he was me he wouldn't have the
strength of character to handle my problems, and he knows
it. Oh well...let's move on and see who I can do a
favor for.

10 MUSIC: TRIP

11 SOUND: WIND AND TRAFFIC

- 1 MCL: Getting a little McGee, isn't it, windy? I mean, it's getting a little windy, isn't it, McGee?
- 2 FIB: Yeah..and me with this short Mackinac on, too. It's warm, what there is of it, but I feel like I was in a hot bathroom, standing up to my hips in a tub o'cold water. HEY....LOOK!
- 3 MCL: At what?
- 4 FIB: That news stand!!...the papers are gonna all blow away... some ragged little newsboy is gonna lose his day's profit.
- 5 MCL: I don't see him anywhere...if we only had a small anchor, or a flatiron or something to hold the papers down with..
- 6 FIB: THERE'S A BIG ROCK!..I'LL GET THAT!!!
- 7 MCL: Where? OH NO...MCGEE DON'T TAKE THAT...THAT'S
- 8 FIB: IT'S OKAY, KIDDO...IT WAS UNDER THE BACK WHEEL OF THAT TRUCK. MY GOSH...HE MIGHTA BACKED RIGHT OVER IT WITHOUT BUCKIN' IT. HERE! THESE WILL WEIGH DOWN THEM PAPERS and -

- 1 MOLA MOBBE!! THE TRUCK!...IT'S MOVING...BACKWARD!! JUMP IN
AND PUT THE BRAKE ON!!
- 2 FIB: GRAY...I'LL...(RUSTLE) HEY...I CAN'T!! THE DOOR'S
LOCKED...
- 3 MOLA THEN JUMP OFF!! QUICK! IT'S GOING FASTER...OH DEAR...
- 4 FIB: (YELLS) HEY...DOWN THE STREET!! OODA THE WAY...TRUCK
OODA CONTROL!! WATCH IT, POLICE!!! DUCK, EVERYBODY...!!
- 5 SOUNDS: (OFF) TRAFFIC UP...PEOPLE YELLING...A SERIES OF METAL
CRASHES...BIG GLASS CRASH, TERRIFIC CRASHES...POLICE
WHISTLE.
- 6 (PAUSE)
- 7 MOLA Heavenly days...right thro the window of Kromer's Drug
Store!
- 8 FIB: That's the first interesting window display Kromer's had
in five years...well...come on, kiddo...at least we saved
the kid's newspapers!
- 9 CROWN: "OH - WAS A FACE" - KING'S MEN.
- 10 (APPLAUSE)

- 1 MOL: Think we'd better call it a day, McGee. I'm getting cold.
- 2 FIB: Okay. Let's walk once more around the reservoir and hit for home.
- 3 MOL: Good! Anyway, I'm beginning to believe that you can't go out and deliberately MAKE somebody leave you all their money just because you did them a favor. I think it just has to happen.
- 4 FIB: That's the wrong attitude, kiddo. Opportunity knocks but once but first somebody's gotta put up a door for it to knock on. You gotta be prepared for it. I always -
- 5 SOUND: SCREAM, (OFF)
- 6 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! WHAT WAS THAT?
- 7 FIB: I DUNNO. I DON'T SEE ANY...OH...LOOK!..KID FELL INTO THE RESERVOIR!! HERE...HOLD MY MACKINAW...I'LL SAVE HIM!!
- 8 SOUND: HURFING FEEL PADS INTO BIG SPLASH...
- 9 MOL: MY HERO!! MY GREAT BIG --
- 10 FIB: (SPLASHES AND SPUTTERING) HEY, MOLLY..TAKE THE KID!!..GRAB HIM!
- 11 MOL: I GOT HIM DEARIE...(SPLASHES) All right, honey...don't you fret yourself...you're safe...thanks to my brave husband... MOORE...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
- 12 FIB: Yeah..except for a skull fracture..I bumped my head when I dived in..this water's only two feet deep! ENOUGH...HEY...WE GOTTA GET THIS KID HOME!...IT'S COLD!...(SPLASHES)
- 13 MOL: I'LL STOP A CAR...YOU HOO!!..STOP, PLEASE..EMERGENCY!!!
- 14 SOUND: CAR IN AND OUT WITH BRAKES SCREECH...
- 15 FIB: GIVE US A LIFT HOME WILLYA, HED? THIS KID FELL INTO THE RESERVOIR AND I PULLED HIM OUT AND IT'S COLD AND WE OUTTA---
- 16 ORCH: WHELP BRIDGE
- 17 MOL: Still chilled, dearie? Want another blanket...or another hot buttered rootbeer?

1 FIB: No, I'm fine now, thanks.

2 MOLA Imagines you saving the life of little Huntington J.
Cranford! The son of the rich millionaire!!

3 FIB: (HAPPY ABOUT THIS) Yeah...

4 MOLA - and think what his father, THE Huntington J. Cranford,
will do when he gets home from the office and they tell
him who saved his little boy!!

5 FIB: Yeah....!!!!!!

6 MOLA My goodness, the LEAST he can do is -

7 SOUND: DOOR CHIMES

8 FIB: I hope that's the Old Timer, bringin' me back my overcoat
because...

9 MOLA COME IN!

10 SOUND: DOOR OPENS

11 MAN: Good evening, madam. I am Huntington J. Cranford.

12 MOLA Oh...how do you do...I'm sure, Mr. Cranford!..this is my
husband...Mr. McGee. The hero who saved your little boy...

13 FIB: Yeah...

14 MAN: WHADDYE MAN, SAVED MY LITTLE BOY!!!! HERO, MY HERO!!
THAT KID IS THE JUNIOR SWIMMING CHAMPION OF THE STATE...
AND THAT WATER WAS ONLY TWO FEET DEEP!!

15 FIB: Yeah, but -

16 MAN: AND BESIDES THAT, HE LIVES JUST ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE
RESERVOIR AND YOU HAD TO HIDE HIM AROUND IN A CAR FOR 20
MINUTES BEFORE YOU TOOK HIM HOME...

- 1 MDL: Well, he was laughing so hard at my husband's chattering
teeth that he couldn't tell us where he lived -
- 2 FIB: And anyway he -
- 3 MAN: WELL AFTER THIS...MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!!! HE'S ALWAYS
FALLING INTO THE RESERVOIR. IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH YOU HAD
TO SPOIL HIS FUN...YOU ALSO MADE HIM LOSE HIS NEW SAILBOAT
.....THAT COST ME 15 DOLLARS!!!
- 4 MDL: How did we lose his -
- 5 MAN: YOUR HUSBAND SMASHED IT FLAT WITH HIS HEAD WHEN HE DOVE IN!
I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TWO DAYS TO REPLACE THAT SAILBOAT, OR
BY GOD, SIR, YOU'LL HEAR FROM MY ATTORNEYS!!!
- 6 SOUND: DOOR SLAM; (PAUSE)
- 7 FIB: You know something?
- 8 MDL: What?
- 9 FIB: I just had a thought. Who was it had the fifty thousand
bucks in the first place? THE KING STRAJNER? NO! THE
FAGGED RESCUT, THAT'S WHO HAD IT!! HERE...SEE THIS FIVE
BUCKS INTO THE LINING OF MY MACKINAW...AND LEAVE ROOM FOR
MORE!! I STARTED ON THE WRONG END OF THIS RACKET!!
- 10 ORCH: SELECTION; FADE FOR -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

1 WIL: Fibber and Molly return in a moment.

From the time your baby is born until he is a year old, he does more growing than at any other time in his life. And what must your baby have in order to make the best of growth -- to build sound teeth and strong, straight bones? He must have the minerals of milk plus enough vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, to put those minerals to work. That's what every baby gets in Pat Milk. And, just as important, Pat Milk is safe for baby -- as free from germs as if there were no such thing in the world. Easy to digest, too. And uniformly rich. Pat Milk, the first evaporated milk, can help your baby grow into the sturdy, happy, well-developed child you want him to be. No wonder, when a baby needs to have milk from a bottle, so many doctors recommend Pat Milk -- the first evaporated milk -- the first food for babies.

2 ORCH: TUNE UP AND PAGE.

TAG:

- 1 MCL: McGee...the Old Tinner was here a few minutes ago. He brought your overcoat back.
- 2 FIB: Oh...thanks. Then take the five bucks outa the lining of my Mackinaw and sew it into my overcoat, williyot?
- 3 MCL: I can't. He took your Mackinaw.
- 4 FIB: HE TOOK MY MACKINAW.....YOU MEAN HE -
- 5 MCL: He says it's better for him because he can reach his trousers pockets better and make change for people.
- 6 FIB: WHAT THE HELL?
- 7 MCL: His customers...he's selling razor blades and pencils on Heron; the Hermit's old corner.
- 8 FIB: WHY THE DIRTY OLD....I WAS GOING TO DO THAT MYSELF!!
Oh well...goodnight.
- 9 MCL: Goodnight, all!
- 10 SIGNOFF AND PLAYOFF: