

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" (#26)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS
(7:00-7:30 PM)

(OCTOBER 7, 1935)

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

~~WLS Program Too Far Day~~

Don - wof up wrel
Mrs Kliefelder

add
Fall Housecleaning
Commercial

N.Y. Recording

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax mark up more Monday moments of masterful music and McGee madness, with Rico Marcelli's Orchestra, Betty Lou Gerson, The Clef Dwellers, Lynn Martin, and Marian and Jim as that blithesome brace of banterers, FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Before Marcelli gets down to some serious syncopation let us ask you a question. Do you realize just how much a sparkling, polished floor contributes to your home's attractiveness? Etc.

(25-SON'D COMM'L.)

Now Marcelli and his tuneful Twenty-six wheel out their 13 bicycles and give us that giddy number of the gay nineties "A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO", as it would be played over here, over th'ar and where have you been? Pedal, Professor!

ORCHESTRA: "A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO" -- CLEF DWELLERS

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANN'CT.)

WIL: Let's ride our kilocycle built for two million down to 79 wistful vista ... where we find Molly sweeping the front porch as Fibber Ambitious McGee sits on the steps and thinks. Well anyway, he's sitting on the steps.

ORCHESTRA OUT:

SOUND: SWISH OF BROOM AT INTERVALS

MOL: My. My ... every time we go away fer a day the dust piles up. I almost hate to come home and see how dirty things have got.

FIB: Well ye can't do nuthin' about it, Molly. It says into the Bible that ye'll always come home to a dirty house.

MOL: And where does it say that?

FIB: Shucks, Molly, don't ye remember? TO DUST YE SHALL RETURN?

(LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? I says To Dust -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Now move yerself outa the way whilst I sweep where ye ^{are sitting}

FIB: Aw it ain't dusty here. I been settin' here fer two hours, and -

MOL: MC GEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Move!

FIB: Ohhhhh, I git it. AHM. Ye want me to git to one side so's you kin sweep here. Say, who's the gal, Molly?

MOL: Who? Where?

FIB: Ridin' up onto the bicycle.

MOL: Oh. Her. She must be one of the neighbor girls, McGee. She's real pretty ain't she?

FIB: Ohhhhh I dunno. I suppose she is ... into kind of a skinny way. Hi, there, Beatrice!

GIRL: (OFF MIKE) Hello.

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) And how do you know her name is Beatrice?

FIB: I don't. But it's a good way to find out. AHM. (LOUDLY) Git off and rest fer a mite why don't ye, Beatrice?

GIRL: (FADE IN) I guess I will...

SLIGHT CLATTER

GIRL: But my name isn't Beatrice. It's Helen.

FIB: It's Helen, Molly. AHM. You live around here, Helen?

MOL: Don't be so inquisitive, McGee.

GIRL: Oh, it's all right. You're Mr. and Mrs. McGee, aren't you?

MOL: Sure we are.

FIB: How'd you know that, Helen? I got a laundry mark showin' someplace?

GIRL: (LAUGHS) Oh no. But I guess everybody around here knows about you winning this house in the raffle. I always ride my bicycle out this way.

FIB: Do ye always git off the way ye did? Shucks, I thought you was gonna zoom into a tailspin there fer a mite.

MOL: McGee.

GIRL: Well I can't ride very good yet, I guess. That's why I come out here away from everybody and everything.

FIB: Oh. AHM. Jest larnin' to ride, eh?

GIRL: Yes.

FIB: Well sir, Beatri...er ... Helen. Ye come to the right place. I'll give ye a couple o' pointers onto bicycle ridin'.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...you won't --

FIB: Ye know, Helen, I used to be a trick rider into/vaudville, myself. Used to ride bicycle, tricycles, unicycles, and dippocycles.

GIRL: Dippocycles!

FIB: Yep. Dippocycles was a kind of a bicycle with a two saddles, one facin each way. I'd ride acrost the stage, give a leap and come down into tother saddle, facin' tother way. Always used to git a big hand onto that act.

MOL: A big hand with a hook in it.

GIRL: Did you really ride a bicycle on the stage, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Shucks, Toots, I was knew all over the country as Cycle McGee, the Sidewheelin' Sensation o' the Sun Circuit. Part o' my act was where I rid a unicycle backwards down a rope from the balcony to the stage. I'll never fergit the day my helper fergot to catch me as - I whizzed onto the stage at about eighty mile an hour.

GIRL: Gee, what happened?

FIB: Oh nuthin. I crashed thru the rear stage wall into a cafeteria next door, zipped past the steam table, picked up a plate o' chicken, two rolls, butter, a piece o' lemon pie and a glass o' milk and flips off the wheel with a double back flip right at the only empty table in the place. Only thing was the lemon pie turned out to be cocoanut cream and I had to go back and change it. AHM.

GIRL: (LAUGHS) You forgot your spinach didn't you?

FIB: I never et spinach whulet I was ridin', Toots. Too much iron into it. I couldn't afford to git rusty. AHM. Want me to show ye a few tricks onto the bicycle?

GIRL: Oh I wish you would.

MOL: McGee, don't you go bustin' up the girl's bicycle.

FIB: Say ... whatcha mean bustin' it up. You keep your eye on Six Day McGee, Toots. Six Day McGee, the Circlin' Cycle Sensation o' the Century. Say this here's a nice bike.

GIRL: Yes, I got it for my birthday. It's a gift.

FIB: Well, so's ridin'. AHM.

SOUND: BICYCLE BELL

FIB: Hmm. (B-Flat) Always used a C-sharp bell myself.

MOL: What are you turnin' the wheel around for, McGee? It's the same on both sides.

FIB: I know. But ye always gotta mount these things from the left side. Like a horse. See?

GIRL: I don't think you mount like a horse. I think you're very graceful.

FIB: AHM. Always thought so myself. Now look, toots. The idea is to git onto a wheel jest like ye git onto a hoss. Ye put the right foot into the stirrup...

GIRL: Pedal.

FIB: Don't be fussy.

MOL: Now be careful, McGee.

FIB: Aw I won't git hurt, Molly.

~~MOL: It wasn't worried about you I was, McGee.~~

GIRL: Let him show me, Mes McGee.

FIB: You betcha, Toots. That's the spirit. Why I mind the time in 1901 eight of us fellers of the Sycamore Cycle Club rode a tandem bike 2200 mile in 32 hours and twelve minutes.

GIRL: EIGHT of you rode ONE tandem bike? Why there'd only be two handlebars on a tandem.

FIB: I know, but they was six sets o' handlebar mustaches among us. AHM. Now watch ... ye put your left foot onto the pedal ... like this ... then ye give kind of a little hop and -

~~SOUND: CRASH. (WITH BICYCLE BELL)~~

MOL: Oh there ye go, McGee. Scratchin' the girls bicycle all up like I told ye not to.

GIRL: Did you hurt yourself, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Nope. Thanks. I got the cuff o' my pants caught into the sprocket, there. I should oughtta be wearin' them things you got on. Them runts.

GIRL: Shorts.

FIB: Oh yes. Shorts. AHM. Hey, Molly ... d'ye suppose it'd be okay if I run in and put on them blue striped shorts o mine so's I -

MOL: You'll do nothin' o' the kind, McGee. Shorts is shorts, but your shorts is underwear.

FIB: Okay. AHM. Now watch this, Toots... left foot there...UP ... and ye see? Settin' into the saddle graceful and easy ... head up, hands restin' gently onto the handles, and AWAY I go. (FADE OUT) Keep your eye onto how I do it, now!

MOL: My my what makes it wobble like that now?

GIRL: (LAUGHS) Oh I guess the Cycle sensation of the century is a little out of practice.

MOL: Look ... he's turnin' around. At least he knows how to do that.

GIRL: He doesn't seem to be doing any tricks.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh isn't he now! Keepin' perpendicular is the best trick he's ever done in his life...

GIRL: (CALLS) Do some fancy riding, Mr. McGee!
(BICYCLE BELL FADE IN)

FIB: (FADE IN) Hey there Toots ... how do ye stop the dad ratted thing?

GIRL: USE THE BRA... Oh I forgot...

MOL: Ye fergot what?

GIRL: The brake doesn't work. I forgot to tell him.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well tell him when he comes around again.

(LAUGHS) Look at him ... tis the hardest work he's done sence he was initiated into the Elks.

GIRL: I'll tell him now ... here he comes again.

BELL FADE IN

FIB: (FADE IN) Hey there, Toots...how'd you say to stop 'er?

GIRL: (CALLS) I don't know...the coaster brake doesn't work!

MOL: FALL OFF, McGee...ye know how to do that...oh there he goes again.

GIRL: (LAUGHS) I guess he'll just have to run down.

MOL: Sure...he can't even run out of gas. (LAUGHS) Look at him come... SLOW DOWN, Iggernuts!

(BELL FADE IN)

FIB: (FADE IN) I can't ... the brake don't work ... get some pillows and a mattress Molly ... (FADE OUT) I gotta have somethin' to bump into so.

MOL: (CALLS) I'll do nuthin' o' the kind...(ASIDE) Ye know... I think McGee's discovered somethin', at that.

GIRL: What?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Perpetual motion. Here he comes again. My he looks desperate.

GIRL: (LAUGHS) Shall we run down and help him stop?

MOL: ~~We will not!~~ ^{oh} That is, unless you're afraid he'll hurt your bicycle?

GIRL: Oh no. He won't hurt it. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Then come in and I'll make us a cup of tea, whilst McGee...

GIRL: Wait a minute...listen.

BELL FADE IN

FIB: (FADE IN) Hey Molly ... do somethin' ... hurry up... STOP ME... where ye goin'?

MOL: (CALLS) We're goin' in fer some tea, McGee. WATCH OUT FER THE TRAFFIC WHEN IT GETS DARK! Come on Helen.

FIB: (FADE OUT) Hey Molly, don't go away ... GIT ME OFFA THIS THING... WAIT, Molly...

BICYCLE BELL...FADE OUT

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "WHY DREAM" -- (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) IT LOOKS AS IF FIBBER IS GOING TO HAVE TO GET THOSE BRAKES FIXED! AND WHILE HE RIDES AROUND HOME, IN A NIGHTMARE MARCELLI AND HIS MEN GO TO TOWN, WITH WHY DREAM!

ORCHESTRA: WHY DREAM UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: If your floors and linoleum are dull and lifeless --

FIB: AHEM!

WIL: Well Fibber. How did you get off that bicycle?

FIB: Who, me? AHEM. Well sir, Harpo, I -

WIL: AND LAY OFF THE HARPO.

FIB: Can't lay ye off, Harpo. We need ye onto this program.
 AHEM. I was jest gonna say ... the way I got off the bike
 was on account o' because I run into a coincidence...
 down the street there.

WIL: You ran into a coincidence!

FIB: Yep. Feller named Johnson down the street's got him a goat,
 and I run into it. Glad I didn't hurt it, on account of
 it's a prize winnin' goat.

WIL: Good stock eh?

FIB: Yep. He knows which side HIS butter is bred on. (LAUGHS)
 Git it, Harpo? I says -

WIL: Taint funny, Fibber, and what's the coincidence?

FIB: Oh yes ... the coincidence. This here goats name is
 Chloe.

WIL: I still don't get the coincidence.

FIB: Oh ye don't eh? (LAUGHS) Well ain't it peculiar
 that I should run into Johnson's Chloe-goat, when -

MOL: McGee! Leave Mr. Wilcox alone and set down.

FIB: Okay Okay ... I'll leave him alone but I won't set down.
 Shucks, I BEEN sittin' down fer ten minutes and...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well goats and bicycles aside, there are no BUTS,
 IFS or ANDS about the way your floors will look...etc...etc...

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

WIL: - and that's why our little Lynn Martin, the
 pocket-edition prima doanna, sings the Glo-coat song
 for dull floors..."YOU'RE ALL I NEED!" Lynn Martin!

ORCHESTRA: "YOU'RE ALL I NEED" --- LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: NOW DON'T TRIP OVER THE BICYCLE OUTSIDE THE DOOR, WHEN
 YOU COME INTO THE MCGEE KITCHEN...WHERE MOLLY AND TOOTS
 ARE BREWING TEA AND TEASING FIBBER ABOUT HIS BRUISES.

ORCHESTRA: OUT: ---

GIRL: (LAUGHS) I'm sorry I forgot to tell you about the brake
 being out of order, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Twa^s the brake that was out of order, dear. Twa^s
 McGee.

FIB: Aw shucks...I ... er...AHEM. Sorry I scratched 'er
 up a mite, Toots. I'll be glad to pay fer any damages I
 done to -

GIRL: Oh, please. It was bound to get scratched up sometime.
 I'm only sorry you ... er ... you couldn't show me some
 trick riding.

FIB: Well ye see, Toots, it's been years and years since I
 rid much. AHEM. They make 'em different now. But I'll
 never fergit the time I rid acrosst Africa onto a huntin'
 trip onto a bicycle.

GIRL: Africa! On a bicycle.

MOL: Oh now McGee, are you startin' to --

FIB: Yes sir, Toots, that was way back in 1897. Or 98. No, twas 97. Or was it? Yes, I guess twas 1897.

Er no --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: I suppose it's me groceries.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh come right in.

BOY: Afternoon, Mrs. McGee. Hi, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hi, son.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Set the groceries right over on the table there, boy. I'll check 'em over with ye to see they're all there.

BOY: Okay.

GIRL: You say you rode across Africa on a bicycle, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yep. Capetown to Tripoli. Made it in twenty two days exactly. Would o' made it ⁱⁿ fifteen and a half if it hadn't been fer bein' captured by cannibals up in the Belgian Congo.

BOY: Beans! *Beans!*

FIB: What was that, son?

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. We're checkin' the groceries.

GIRL: Cannibals did you say, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yep. The fierce tribe o' Zulubangi's ambushed me as I was tappin' a African maple tree fer some sugar sap. Ye see, I'd parked my bicycle by a thorn bush and my sapknack -

GIRL: You mean knapsack?[?]

FIB: Nope. Sapknack. I had me a knack o' gittin' the sap outa the African maple.

BOY: ~~Herrerradish!~~ *Raspberries*

FIB: Oh is that so? Well say -

MOL: Hush up. McGee. (ASIDE) Did ye bring potatoes son?

BOY: Yeah. Potatoes and(FADE OUT)

GIRL: What did the cannibals do, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well sir, Toots, they started jabbin me with red hot spears ~~to me~~

~~GIRL: I see. Prickly heat.~~

FIB: ~~Yes. I mean No. AHEM. Twas no laffin' matter. I seen they had me, on account o' because I'd been foolish and left my dirt-gun tied to my bicycle.~~

GIRL: You mean DIRT gun.

FIB: No ... DIRT gun. Used it to shoot dirt into their eyes. More humane than a dart gun. AHEM.

BOY: Tomato juice?

FIB: Say listen there, son. If you -

GIRL: But Mr. McGee, what did they do to you?

FIB: ~~Who the zulubangi's? Well sir, they tried to make me holler when they tortured me, but shucks...I jest laffed into their faces. Then they tied me up and took me into the village where they fed me ^{nicer} good food fer two weeks to fatten me up so's I'd be fit to eat. I was fit to be tied!~~

GIRL: ~~You mean you were tied to be fit.~~

FIB: No I was ... OH. (LAUGHS) tied to be fit. I didn't git it at first. AHEM. Well sir, every two days they'd come and pinch me to see if I was plump enough.

GIRL: Well how did you know they were cannibals when you first saw them?

FIB: Easy. One of 'em had a salt shaker hung onto his left ear and one of 'em had him a bunch o' onions strung round his neck.

BOY: Baloney!

FIB: Oh yeah. Well listen, son, if you'd of been there when --

MOL: Stop interruptin' us, McGee, till we get the groceries checked.

FIB: Well sir, finally they thought I was tender enough to cook, so they brung out a big iron pot that took forty three cannibals to lift...

GIRL: They were working on pot time, I suppose.

FIB: Heh heh heh, pot time. Pretty good, Toots.

GIRL: I liked it.

FIB: *Prunes*
AHEM. Well sir, they had kind of a educated chief o' this tribe - he'd been to college and wouldn't eat nuthin' but white meat. AHEM, and he kept pumpin' me fer information about when was Italy gonna invade Africa.

GIRL: But that was long before Italy invaded Africa.

FIB: I know. But them witch doctors is pretty smart that way.

AHEM. Anyway this feller thought I was a Eytalian spy, mebbe and asked me how was the eyetalian army gonna travel. Afoot, or cavalry. Shucks, says I, they'll jest be bombin' there way! (LAUGHS) Git it, Toots? *Bombin'*

BOY: Applesauce!

FIB: Oh is thats - ... er ... AHEM. Anyway, they tied me looser so's they could watch me squirm and when they lit a fire under the iron pot they started a war dance around me. Had a real good band, too. Like Marcelli only more hotcha.

AHEM. One old feller had him a bagpipe he played and his boy played the tom tom.

GIRL: I see. Tom Tom the Piper's son.

FIB: Yep. Only he didn't steal no pig. *(I was the pig.)* Well sir, finally the water started to boil, and they untied me and tossed me in!

BOY: Nuts!

FIB: Dad rat it, I say ... Oh. AHEM. And there I stood, Toots, up to my armpits into that there boilin' water, with them painted cannibals dancin' and howlin' around me, wavin' knives and forks.

GIRL: Very embarrassing!

FIB: I'll say twas. Well sir, up come the chief wavin' a carvin' knife three foot long and glitterin' like...like...

WIL: JOHNSON'S GLO COAT!

FIB: Hear that, toots? Lots o' gorillas in Africa. AHEM.
Well sir, on them cannibals come, with a hungry look into their eyes, while I jest stood there into the kettle with my arms onto the edge, real calm and collected.

BOY: Honey. *Boiled Ham*

GIRL: *Who?* Oh. Excuse me. Do you mean to say, Mr. McGee, that you stood in that pot of boiling water and didn't mind it a bit?

FIB: Yep.

GIRL: Why ... er ... I ... how was that?

FIB: Listen, Toots. (SOTTO VOCE) When you've been married as long as I was then, bein' into hot water won't bother ye a bit. THAT TEA JEST ABOUT DONE, MOLLY?

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "BROADWAY RHYTHM" - CLEF DWELLERS

APPLAUSE:

WIL: And that was BROADWAY RHYTHM, played with a 42nd street flourish by Marcelli's men and vocalized with a Times Square vim by the Clef Dwellers!

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: Now it's time to say HASTA MANANA, which, loosely translated from the Ethiopian, means UNTIL MONDAY, at this same hour, when - ah, there, Fibber.

FIB: Ah there yourself, Harpo. Ye know what we're gonna do next week?

WIL: I'm no crystal set gazer, What ARE you going to do next week?

FIB: We're gonna have our own amateur hour.

WIL: Don't you always?

FIB: No, we ... SAY I RESENT THAT, Harpo. But listen. Bein' that all the amateurs is either spoke for or else hid away practising the musical saw, me and Molly is gonna take all the parts ourself.

WIL: Wait a minute. You and Molly will play ALL the parts yourself? Well, I can hardly wait, my boy.

FIB: Nuther kin I. Amateur talent is into my blood Harpo. My Uncle, was a great amateur performer. He was a fireman, Hook and Ladder Company number 24. One day he was performin' fer this here Major Bozo or somebody and he got the gong, BONG BONG BONG. Like that. So what does he do but grab his hat, drops his script, takes one long leap and slides down the microphone, wreckin' the broadcast. Ye see? Once a amateur always a amateur. (FADE) Don't forget, Harpo.

WIL: I won't. And don't YOU forget either, folks. Next Monday at this same time for the big amateur hour. Or I might say, half-amateur half hour. This will probably be the amateur show to end all amateur shows, or something. And speaking of shows ~~how about the floor show you put on every time you have guests?~~ (SHORT COMMERCIAL)

In the mean time, just as the best housewives use of G.C. + J's wax to keep their floors shiny. So the wise car-owners keep their cars sparkling with G.C. + J's wax and cleaner.

This is the old Glo-Coat Man, No Rubbing, No Buffing.

Harlow Wilcox, No Fooling. Goodnight!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE: (TERRIFIC)

er: 4:15 PM
10-4-35

Mar: Simplify intro to Bike for 2 -
Harlow: ^{Cuba} ~~Mexico~~, China, Ireland, Vicuna ✓

girl - Gag more obvious, getting off bike

me: girl - Ring bell - it's a b^b bell / Page 6

girl - "Cycle Sensation" not clear.

me: girl - We will not

Intro. No Trickery - Why Dream, (also End)
you all I need - Start with strings.

girl - Change line - it would get scratched any
time it funny.

me: girl - "Fit to be tied" - cut out.

" Perfect Bowling"

Harlow: Research (study)

Wed
Fri Full House cleaning