

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY #29

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS
(7:00-7:30 P.M.)
TIME

(OCTOBER 28, 1935)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

W's desk

2nd Revision

Page 2.

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

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax welcome you to a frantic fiesta of fun and frolic, as Fibber and Molly give a Halloween party for Marcelli's orchestra, the Clef Dwellers, Kay Donna, Audrey Call and others, including you! Here's for some hearty Halloween hilarity with your host and hostess -

FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: While we wait for more guests to arrive, Marcelli and his men get into the Halloween spirit by slipping into their music sheets, and picking up their horns and drums to give us "Rhythm and Romance"! Take it, Rico!

ORCH: RHYTHM AND ROMANCE (CLEF DWELLERS) (DOWN FOR 25 SECOND COMMERCIAL) UP TO FINISH

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (Down for announcement)

WIL: Come out in the kitchen folks...at 79 WISTFUL VISTA,
nearly everybody is here, and FIBBER IS JUST MIXING HIS
FAMOUS HALLOWEEN PUNCH for his assembled guests -

MUSIC OUT:

CROWD RECORD UP

Boys

MORT: What kind of a concoction is this, McGee's makin', ma'am?

MOL: Search me, Mr. Toops. What do ye call it, McGee?

FIB: Call what? This here punch? Shucks this is gonna be the
famous McGee Halloween Punch. PUNKIN' PUNCH, I CALLS IT.
PUNKIN PUNCH, THE PERFECT PREPARATION FER PARTIES N
PICNICS.

MOL: Sure. Or the Proper Potion to Poison Unpopular People.

FIB: Hand me the big bowl, Molly.

MOL: Here ye are, McGee.

MORT: Four legs and a faucet and that'd make a real good bathtub.

FIB: Never mind the wise cracks. Start pourin' cider into it,
Molly. Ye see, folks, the secret o' this here punch -

MOL: *McGee* Ever try any o' this Joe Louis Punch, McGee?

FIB: Nope. Why?

MOL: They say it's inclined to git all over your chin.

SOUNDS: LIQUID POURING

FIB: Ahem! As I was sayin' folks, the secret o' this here
punch has been handed down from generation to generation
o' McGees, till it come to me, and I perfected it. Yes
sir, the last o' the McGees has brung this here punch to the
final peak o' perfection. I always says -

SOUND: MEOOOOOOWR

MOL: Fer heavens sakes, where did the black cat come from?

MORT: Probably wants a little nip o' the punch. A cat nip.
HAW HAW HAW.

FIB: That dadd ratted cat hadn't better cross my path tonight,
whilst I'm busy. Hand me a coupla quarts o' milk, Molly.

MOL: MILK! McGee, are ye pourin' milk on top of that cider?

FIB: Why shucks, Molly, that's part o' the secret recipe. Ye
put cream on a baked apple don't ye? Why this here stuff
is gonna be the cat's.....

SOUND: MEOWRRRRRR

FIB: Yes! AHM.

MOL: Well, here's the milk, McGee.

SOUND: DISHES RATTLE...LIQUID POURING

MOL: Well hurry up, McGee...we're all gettin' real thirsty.

GANG: AD LIB APPROPRIATE REMARKS

FIB: Now don't hurry me, Molly. This stuff has got to be fixed
up with care 'n precision AHM. Where's the grape-juice?

MOL: GRAPE-juice?

SOUND: MEOROWWWW...

FIB: Pipe down, ye four-footed feline fathead. Not you, Molly.

TEE: Here's the grape-juice, Mr. McGee, I guess.

FIB: Thank ye Teeny. Now watch this folks. This has got to be did with real finesse. Let's see now ... four gallons o' cider; two quarts o' milk. Three bunches o' grape-juice, some vanilly -- got any vanilla, Molly?

MOL: No, I haven't, McGee.

FIB: Oh well, gimme some lemon extract.

MORT: Boy! Lemon Extract! That oughter fix 'er up!

GANG: AD LIB REMARKS

TEE: Gee, I betcha this is gonna be some dandy stuff, I betcha. Can I taste it once, Mr. McGee? Huh? Can I please? Huh?

FIB: Better wait a mite, Teeny. All the ingredients ain't into it yet. Hand me the maple syrup, Molly.

MOL: Oh fer heavens sake, McGee, you're gonna have us all in a state o' -

SOUND: MEOWRRRR

FIB: *ahem* I ever tell ye bout the time I raced into a three hundred yard dash against, Fisco Fosco, the Fleet Footed Finn? Well sir, before the race started I took me a cup full o' this here McGee punch and ye know what happened?

MOL: No!

MORT: No!

TEE: No!

FIB: I never did, nuther. AHEM. Gimme a bigger spoon, Molly. I'll stir this up so's it'll -

SOUND: MEOWRRRR

FIB: Dad rat it, keep quiet, kitty. You wasn't invited into the first place.

MOL: Cats have got no social sense, McGee. *molly*

MORT: Don't be crabby with Tabby, McGee. HAW HAW HAW. Whatcha doin' now?

FIB: Drrippin it. Ye gotta drip it, like you was makin' fudge. When it forms kind of a colored spot onto the surface, like motor oil in a puddle o' water, as you see this a-doin' -- it's jest about - ready for the finishin' touch -- *Mol: wastes the fin touch* -- ~~which is~~ slippin' the KICK into it!

MOL: Oh my!

GANG: AD LIB REMARKS

FIB: Molly, hand me that bottle of "O Be Joyful!!"

MOL: McGee, I won't be a party to it.

FIB: Aw shucks, now, Molly. Evrything's gonna be all right. You jest trust me!

GANG: AD LIB REMARKS

SOUNDS: RATTLE OF DISHES AND LIQUID SLUSHING:

FIB: Taint funny, Toops. Well, Molly, this here's about done ... looks right pretty, don't it?

SOUND: MEOWRRRR

FIB: I wasn't talkin' to you, Tom.

MOL: My, my! It's takin' on a beautiful CURDLE, ain't it, Mc Gee!

GANG: AD LIB REMARKS

FIB: Now, then ... jest as soon's I stir in this here bakin' sody!

SOUND: BUBBLING OVER

MOL: LOOK OUT, McGee, it's bubbling over on me clean floor!

FIB: Musta put a mite too much Bakin' Sody into 'er! AHEM.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Look, Mr. McGee, the kitty's licking it up!

FIB: Shucks THAT won't hurt her none. *Just all do come good* He'll like it!

SOUND: MEOWWWWWWWRRRRR. OWR!! YOWRRRRR! PSSST PSSST...

(CONTINUE THRU)

GANG: AD LIB REMARKS

MORT: I, snackers look at that cat! He's throwin' a fit...

MOL: Catch her, McGee!

FIB: What's the matter with the dad ratted -

SOUNDS: MEOWRRRRR... MWORRRRRRR... YEOWRRRRR. (GLASS CRASH)

TEE: Gee, lookit ... he jumped right thru the window, I betcha!

MUSIC: CHASER (FADE TO)

SOUND: CROWD CHATTER

FIBBER: Now folks, whilst th' punch is a-coolin' off, mebbe little Audrey Call'd play us somethin' onto that there fiddle o' her'n. WHAT'S the name o' that piece Audrey?

AUDREY: HOB GOBLINS!

FIBBER: HOB GOBLINS -- I got a riddle about that, too. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GHOST - A SAILOR WITH A SORE FOOT? AND A CAN O' JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT? Give up! I thought so. AHEM. Well, one's a hob goblin' and t'others a gob, hobblin'. (LAUGHS)

MOLLY: And what's the can of Johnson's glocoat for, McGee?

FIBBER: Oh! I just put that in there to "Brighten Up the Finish! Git it? The Glocoat will brighten up the -

CHORUS: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIBBER: Oh Kay. AHEM. Go ahead, Audrey. Hob Gob with them Hob Noblins!

AUDREY CALL: HOB GOBLINS

APPLAUSE:

CROWD RECORD UP. FADE DOWN

FIBBER: Okay folks ... now if everybody's ready, we're gonna bob fer apples. Come on over here, you quartet fellers, and

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR. PAUSE. REPEAT

FIBBER: Who's that, Molly?

MOLLY: Must be a spirit, McGee. I don't know.

FIB: Well if it's the Spirit of 76, he's got the wrong house. This is number 79. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH. SLAM

TEE: Gee, I betcha it's a ghost I betcha.

MOLLY: Fer heavens sakes, McGee...who is it? Do you know?

GANG: COMMENTS

SOUND: SLOW..DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS FADE IN. HALT

TEENY: I'll betcha that ain't his real face I betcha.

FIBBER: Take off the false face, Bud. We know ye. (ASIDE) Who is it, Molly?

MOLLY: (SOTTO VOICE) And how should I know? Good evenin', spirit? And what are ye the spirit of, now?

FIBBER: Take the mask off and rest your ears, bud. That's the stuff.

MOLLY: Well fer the - ~~IT'S MR. WILCOX! WELCOME TO THE PARTY, Mr. Wilcox.~~

WIL: SHHHHHHHHHH!

MOLLY: What's the matter?

WIL: (INTENSE WHISPER) IS EVERYBODY LISTENING?

FIBBER: (INTENSE WHISPER) Yes!

WIL: Well then -- (COMMERCIAL: NEXT PAGE)

WIL: Here's a suggestion that will save you hours of work and keep your house looking brighter and cleaner all winter. Use Johnson's Glo-Coat on your floors and linoleum. This remarkable "no rubbing" floor polish makes your floors shine like new and spares you all the work of rubbing and buffing. Simply spread Glo-Coat lightly over the floor surface -- you don't have to bear down or rub it in. Twenty minutes later the floor will be gleaming with a bright beautiful polish. After that your floors will stay clean for weeks at a time, for Glo-Coat resists dirt and stains and saves the wood or linoleum from becoming shabby and worn. Remember the name of this fine no-rubbing floor polish -- Johnson's Glo-Coat -- a product of the famous Johnson's Wax Laboratories.

MOLLY: Well, Mr. Wilcox, set down and enjoy yourself. You know Mort Toops here don't you.

WIL: Yes, I've met Mr. Toops. How are you Mort?

MORT: How do, Harlow. (LAUGHS) If Fibber McGee is takin' care of you I guess everything is in apple pie order.

MOLLY: How do you mean, apple pie order, Mr. Toops?

MORT: Applesauce and a lotta crust. HAW HAW HAW...

MOL: Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Wilcox. Him and McGee is always sayin' them things to each other. Now this is Miss Kay Donna, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Oh yes. The singer. Are you going to sing for us, Miss

Donna?

DONNA: I will if you like.

Harpo introduces Kay

FIBBER: Oh, Kay!

DONNA: Yes?

FIBBER: Nothin'. I jest says OKAY. AHEM (FADE) Set down, Harpo.

MOL: Folks, Miss Kay Donna is gonna sing, I GOTTA FEELIN' YOUR FOOLIN'. Now be real quiet!

ORCH: GOTTA FEELIN' YOUR FOOLIN' KAY DONNA
(REVERSE CALL AND DONNA NUMBERS)
(VIOLIN SOLO TO FOLLOW SONG IN SEQUENCE)

APPLAUSE:

FIBBER: Okay. Thank ye, Kay. Now folks, let's all bob fer apples.

MOLLY: And I hope ye have better luck than last time, McGee.

FIBBER: Whatcha mean better luck than last time.

MOLLY: Don't ye remember? Everybody was supposed to duck their heads in a tub of water till some girl come along and kissed 'em?

FIBBER: No, I don't remem-

MOLLY: --and you would of drowned if I hadn't come in just in time.

(LAUGHTER)

FIBBER: AHEM. Will you four fellers in the quartet help me bring in that there tub of water so's we can --

SOUND: DOORBELL

MORT: Somebody at the door, McGee.

MOLLY: It's the doorbell, McGee.

FIBBER: What in tunket did ye think I thought it was? The curfew?

AHEM. Excuse me amite, folks...whilst I go see who it is...

CROWD RECORD UP...FADE

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIBBER: Oh hello there Geraldine! Shucks, I was wonderin' what was --

GER: Oh hello, Mr. McGee. (GIGGLES) You know it was the funniest thing. (GIGGLES) I was just telling Gerald I was coming to your party, and Gerald said the cutest thing. (GIGGLES) I mean he really did, Mr. McGee --

FIBBER: Sure. But come in and --

GER: Oh no, I can't...(GIGGLES) Gerald asked me what sheets I was going to wear, our best sheets with Pullman on them or our second best S.S. Normandie sheets. (GIGGLES) Isn't that just too penetrating Mr. McGee? I mean isn't it really? But it's just like I told Gerald, my goodness, I told him, I didn't think I'd wear a false face...just a mud pack..and he said well that puts a different complexion on the matter. (GIGGLES) Gerald says the darlinest things sometimes. (GIGGLES)

FIBBER: I know, but why don't ye come in and --

GER: Well it's just as I was saying, I had NO SOONER got the words out of my mouth when who should come in but some friends from out of town. (GIGGLES) Gerald says if any more people drop in out of town he'll go out of his mind..(GIGGLES) You know the old saying..out of town, out of mind..(GIGGLES) I mean Gerald really said that, isn't it simply paralyzing? I mean isn't it really? And I --

FIBBER: Shucks, come on in and --

GER: Oh but I can't Mr. McGee.. I really can't. We have these friends with us now, only Gerald says if they stay more than three days they won't be friends..(GIGGLES) So I just came over to tell you I couldn't come over. Thanks loads, just the same, Mr. McGee..biddle biddle biddle..(FADE OUT)

FIBBER: Well fer the...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CROWD RECORD UP

MOLLY: Who was it, McGee?

FIBBER: Geraldine. She come over to say she couldn't come over. AHM.

MOLLY: Oh my now that's too bad. Listen, McGee...everybody wants to hear a ghost story..come in now and tell one.

FIBBER: Ghost story, eh? Okay, I'll tell 'em one that'll curl their hair.

TEE: Please, Mr. McGee, are you going to tell a ghost story? Huh? Are you?

FIBBER: Well...er...I...er...AHM. Scuse me a mite, Teeny.

TEE: All right.

FIBBER: Hey, Molly. Teeny should hear no ghost stories. She's too little.

MOLLY: You're right, McGee. Oh Teeny.

TEE: Huh. Are you going to tell a ghost story? Huh? Are you, please?

FIBBER: Teeny...er...would you...er AHM. Say will you go out in the kitchen and git me a glass o' real cold water?

TEE: All right.

FIBBER: That's a good girl. AND TEENY,

TEE: Huh?

FIBBER: Let it run a long, long time. Till it gits real good and cold. Mebbe ye better let it run till I come out and see if it's cold enough.

TEE: All right. (FADE OUT) I'll let it run a long long time till

MORT: Come on now, McGee. See if you can throw a scare into us. HAW HAW.

MOLLY: Go on, McGee. Make their hair stand on end.

FIBBER: Okay. Okay. Set down everybody.

CROWD RECORD UP AND DOWN

FIBBER: Turn the lights out, Molly.

MOLLY: Sure.

SOUND: CLICK

FIBBER: Okay everybody. Keep quiet and I'll tell somethin' that happened to me way back in 1908...er...no...1909...it was. No, 1907. That's it. 1907. Haunt-Hunter McGee they called me then. HAUNT HUNTER MCGEE, THE HAIR-RAISIN' HERO O' THE HORRIBLE HOUSE ON THE HILL IN HOBOKEN. Ahem. Well sir, one night...

ORCHESTRA: SPINE MUSIC

FIBBER: One night in 1907...folks reported seein' somethin' white and ghastly showin' at the windows of a old house on a hill in Hoboken. and hearin' groans..and screams late at night. Nobody'd go near the place till I come along, and not bein' afraid o' nothin', I says, shucks, I says, I'll put them spirits back in their bottles, I says. Oh yeah, says folks? Yeah, says I, stickin' a flashlight into my pocket and headin' fer the haunted house.

MORT: I suppose there was owls, out too, hootin' at you.

MOLLY: Was there, McGee?

FIBBER: Nope. They was owls all right, but they didn't seem to give a hoot. AHEM. Well sir, up to the house I went, walked in the front door. And it closed softly behind me..without me touchin' it. I whirle around and didn't see a thing... so I goes thru the whole house...walkin' soft and easy on them old rotten floor boards.

WIL: What, no Glocoat?

FIBBER: Pipe down, Harpo. AHEM. Well sir, folks, every minnit in that there house I had the feelin' I was bein' watched...I felt eyes...eyes borin' into my back...I heard whisperin' into the dark corners till I flashed my flashlight onto 'em..and they was nothin' there. Then all of a sudden I heard a creak, right behind me, and I ducks, turns around like a streak...and something knocks the flashlight outa my hand... I stood still..listenin'..my mind workin' like lightnin'..

FIBBER: AHEM..Well sir..I could feel somethin' horrible closin' in on me..a bat come swoopin' out o' the dark and knocked my hat off..and when I reached down fer it..I felt somethin' cold..and clammy reachin' fer me..I leaps back..but on it come..somethin' cold..and bony..reachin' fer me..reachin'.. reachin'..when all of a sudden - somethin' touched me. (SCREECHES) YEEEE-OOOOOOOW! What was that?

TEE: It's just the glass of cold water you wanted, Mr. McGee!

LAUGHTER:

ORCHESTRA: FROM THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD (CLEF DWELLERS)

APPLAUSE:

WIL: THAT WAS Marcelli and his men giving you a musical shiver from THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD TO THE TIP OF YOUR TOES. And speaking of the Tip of your toes.. *Reminds me of floor* look down at your floors... Don't be discouraged if your kitchen linoleum looks dingy and lifeless. You can make it sparkle like new in a few minutes' time with Johnson's Glo-Coat. This new type of Liquid floor polish, perfected in the Johnson's Wax Laboratories works miracles right before your eyes. Just spread it lightly over the floor with a soft cloth or the special Glo-Coat applicer. Then walk away and leave it. Come back in 20 minutes to find the Glo-Coat dry, and the floor shining like new. *Spots* A floor polished with Glo-Coat requires very little care. *Spots* wipe off easily. Dust and dirt can't stick to the beautiful polish. Order Glo-Coat in the larger size cans and you will save as much as one-third on the cost. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Glo-Coat in the attractive yellow can.

ORCHESTRA: THEME SAVE YOUR SORROW

WIL: We're sorry to break up the party ~~before we got to the apple bobbing~~, but tomorrow is another day, and next Monday is another FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SHOW. And listen. We have it on pretty good authority that Fibber has a little paperhanging job ahead of him that he and Molly are --

FIBBER: AHEM!

WIL: Well Fibber? Are you still looking for ghosts?

FIB: In a way, yes. AHEM. I thought I heard somethin' ^{Laughin} rattlin' but I guess it was jest this here NBC chain. Mind if I make an announcements Harpo?

WIL: Oh go right ahead. But Fibber.

FIB: Eh?

WIL: Don't look now, but there's another program following us.

FIB: Shucks. Then I'll save my announcement till next week. I was jest gonna say that if folks wanted a sample o' Johnson's Glocoat, all they had to do was tear the top off three announcers like you, and --

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Oh well. (FADE OUT) A feller never gits a chance to...

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MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Oh well. (FADE OUT) A feller never gits a chance to...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Don't forget you have a date next Monday evening at this same hour. A stuffed date, just filled with music and merriment. Until then, am y we remind you that:

Just as the best housekeepers use Johnson's Wax and Johnson's GloCoat to keep their houses clean and shining so the most particular car owners keep their cars sparkling with Johnson's Wax and Cleaner.

This is Paul Revere Wilcox galloping on with the news. the Glo Coats are coming! Goodnight!

ORCH: THEME UP TO FINISH