

# NBC

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OK

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

DECEMBER 30, 1935 ) ( MONDAY )  
DATE DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Not Correct*

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ORCHESTRA: FANFARE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: Good evening everybody. The Makers of Johnson's Wax negotiate a neat and nifty new Year Narrative, with nutty nip-ups and some notable novelty numbers by RICO MARCHELLI'S ORCHESTRA, EMERY DARCY and those celebrated and celebrating self-starting citizens, - FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: While we're on our way to 79 Wistful Vista, Marcelli and his Men issue a syncopated admonition; - "O LADY BE GOOD!" WRAP IT UP RICO!

ORCHESTRA: "O LADY BE GOOD" (DOWN FOR TWENTY FIVE SEC. COMM.)--TO FINISH

ANNOUNCER: (OVER MUSIC) You can have beautiful, polished floors, in a few minutes time if you use Johnson's Glo-Coat the remarkable liquid polish that requires no rubbing or buffing.

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: IT LOOKS LIKE FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE GETTING ALL SET FOR A BIG EVENING. HERE'S MOLLY IN HER PURPLE VELVET AND FIBBER IN HIS TUXEDO. WELL, IN PART OF HIS TUXEDO ANYWAY!

ORCHESTRA: OUT

FIB: Hey, Molly.

MOL: Oh now what is it, McGee. If ye don't quit botherin' me, New Years'll be over before we get anyplace.

FIB: Shucks, Molly, New Years is jest like wimmin, tomorrow, and street cars. They'll always be another one along in a minnit. HEH HEH HEH. Git it? I says -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee..and what do ye want?

FIB: Did ye put them little dinguses into the whatsis?

MOL: Talk sense.

FIB: Oh shucks, you know..them studs..into my shirt.

MOL: No, but I will. But I don't know about that stiff shirt, McGee. When I took it out o' the box, five moths flew out of it.

FIB: Oh don't worry about them, Molly. We'll be back before they kin starve.

MOL: Heavenly days, are ye gonna wear THEM SHOES? Them yella ones?

FIB: Eh? What's the matter with 'em? They're comfortable.

MOL: Oh they are. Well ye don't wear yella shoes with a tuxedo, McGee

FIB: Who says so? Shucks, I think they look kinda snappy. 'And I got 'em shined up a-purpose.

MOL: Oh but you should have patent leather ones, McGee.

FIB: Patent leather eh? No sir. I'm no sissy. Next thing you'll want me to carry a rose into my teeth. I - Oh hello, Sil.. come on in and gimmer a hand.

SIL: (FADE IN) Yassuh. Ah done checked the furnace like yo' says, boss and she'll be okay till yo-all gits back. (PAUSE) Ah hopes.

MOL: Well, I hope so too. Put the studs in McGee's shirt there, silly.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Put the studs in the shirt, Sil

SIL: Yassuh Wheah at is they?

MOL: In the little box there. Now if you two will stop interruptin' me fer five minutes, whilst I powder me nose, I'll..(PAUSE) McGEE!

FIB: Eh? Smatter, Molly?

MOL: Look at them pants. They got more wrinkles than Rockefeller.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, they'll be okay when I wear 'em a while. Anyway, they look kinda like them little pleats all the fellers is wearin', and -

MOL: Wrinkles is wrinkles, McGee. Now listen. The iron is all attached in the kitchen and the ironin' board is up. Let Silly go down and press them pants.

SIL: Yas'm I kin do THAT all right, ma'am.

FIB: No you stay here and git that shirt fixed, Sil. And SAY you ain't puttin' the right studs in the right holes. You got the cuff button in the front and the collar button in the HERE..watch re. Ye hold the shirt like this here...see? Take the sud in the right hand like this..stick the point in the buttonhole..press down..

SOUND: RIPPING

FIB: Oh well.. anyway, that's the way ye do it.

SIL: Ah get it, boss. Take the lil ole shirt like this..stick lil ole stub in heah..push down and rip a lil hole..like this..

SOUND: TEARING

FIB: DAD RAT IT SIL...tearin' this shirt ain't part of it.

MOL: (FADE IN) Fer heaven's sake go do yer pressin' McGee. I'll show Silly how to fix the shirt. if they're anything left of it.

FIB: Okay okay. But I'll make a vally o' that boy yet (HUMS TO HIMSELF) Hey Sil.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: When I lift my foot yank the pants off. Easy now (PAUSE) Okay Now the other leg. Okay. Give 'em here

SIL: MmmmmMMMM! Wheah at did yo-all git them lil ole shorts, Boss? Them is realy pretty. Purple and green - mah favorite colors, boss.

FIB: I think they're kinda nifty myself, boy. Is the iron hot, Molly?

MOL: It should be, McGee. I just got thru with it

FIB: Oh well...I got a real good notion not to press 'em anyway Shucks, they'll jest git wrinkled again.

MOL: Oh yer gonna strike - while the iron is hot, are ye? Well, you get a long and get busy. (FADE OUT) Look Silvius... take the studs...

BIZ: (MC GEE FADING OUT AND INTO KITCHEN)

SOUND: CLANK OF FLATIRON ON STAND

FIB: Iron's prob'ly cold by now..

SOUND: PSSST!

FIB: OUCH Nope. It's okay. Let's see left leg first. fer luck

SOUND: SLAP OF IRON ON BOARD

FIB: (HUMS) Oh don't never worry about the wrinkles in yer pants. Cause any way ye figger, they're better than ents. With a whoop skinny-wah-wah and a - hi there, Babe'

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Now who in tunket..aw shucks..

SOUND: THUMP OF IRON ON BOARD

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: I'm comin'...I'm comin'...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: WE DON'T WANT NO MAGAZ...oh, hello, there, Geraldine!

GER: (FADE) Hello, Mr. McGee...(GIGGLES) I just ran over to return this book to Mrs. McGee...it's instructions for knitting. You know...knit one, purl two...(GIGGLES) I told Gerald you need all your wits to do it right and he says yes, KNIT WITS. (GIGGLES) Isn't that just too too perfectly fantastic? I mean isn't it really. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Yes, but Molly is--

GER: I told Gerald I was going to knit him a sweater and he said he was just yarning for one. (GIGGLES) Yearning for one. (GIGGLES) Isn't that repulsive? I mean isn't it really? (GIGGLES) I asked him if he'd rather have me crochet and what do you think he said. (GIGGLES) Oh, you'll adore it! He said he'd like crochet all right if he wasn't always stumbling over the arches. (GIGGLES) Oh Gerald says the SWIFTEST things, Mr. McGee...I mean he does, really!

FIB: Yes, but if ye don't mind, Ger--

GER: Oh you go right on with your pressing, Mr. McGee. I don't mind a bit. Really. (GIGGLES) I'm always telling Gerald to try and iron his own trousers but he says no, he doesn't want to set a preesident. (GIGGLES) Precedent. Isn't that just too too convulsive? (GIGGLES) I mean isn't it really?

FIB: Yes, I -

GER: But don't let me interrupt you, Mr. McGee...see you're pressing your tuxedo trousers. I'll bet you're going out to a brawl. (GIGGLES) I simply can't get Gerald to go out. He says the party's either too dry and the humor is all wet or the party is all wet and the humor is too dry. (GIGGLES) Can you imagine? (GIGGLES) He says the only reason men wear wing collars is so their throats can see what's being poured into them. (GIGGLES) Isn't that simply ghastly?

FIB: Yes, I always --

GER: Well, I'll just put this book on the table here, Mr. McGee.. You thank Mrs. McGee for me. (GIGGLES) Don't spill any bacon and eggs on your soup and fish. (GIGGLES) I simply must go now. That's one time I caught you with your pants on the ironing board. BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Pante on the...

MOL: (FADE IN) Heavenly days, McGee...what's burning?

FIB: I am, dad rat it. That there Geraldine come in and talked to me so long the iron scorched my pants. Look at 'em?

SOUND: CLATTER OF IRON

MOL: WHO was talkin' to ye, McGee?

FIB: Geraldine, why?

MOL: WHY!?' Ye mean ye stood there and talked to a lady in yer bare knees?

FIB: My bare kn- OH FER THE...say...WHY SHUCKS, MOLLY I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT, I'd even fergot I'd...ye think she noticed?

MOL: Did she n--oh well. How bad did ye scorch yer trousers?

FIB: Oh they ain't bad, Molly. And I'll be settin' down most o' the time.

MOL: Well do ye know its most ten thirty, McGee...we'll celebrate no new years tonight unless ye get a move on. SILLY!.. SILLLLLLLY.

SIL: (FADE IN) Yas'm?

MOL: Did ye finish puttin' the studs in the shirt.

SIL: Yas'm Is this right, ma'am.

MOL: Let's see.

FIB: Shucks, that's right, Sil. You..HEY LOOK AT THAT SHIRT!

SIL: Wah?

MOL: Silly did you wash your hands after fixin' the furnace?

SIL: Well ah was jus' gonna, ma'am..and you says to put them studs in that ole shirt, ma'am, please ma'am.

MOL: Heavenly days look at it. Sure and it looks like exhibit A at the fingerprint bureau. Well, it's the only one ye got, McGee and ye'll have to wear it. Here.. stick yer arms thru.

FIB: Okay You finish pressin' the pants, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh

SOUND: CLANK OF IRON

MOL: There ye are, McGee. Here's yer collar.

FIB: THAT collar? Aw shucks, Molly..I'm gonna wear a soft collar. I can't

MOL: You'll do nuthin' o' the kind. It ain't done, McGee.

FIB: Oh now don't gimme that stuff, Molly. I know what's what. Why when I was in Baltimore before I was married, ye know what they called me?

MOL: Is it fit fer a lady's ears?

FIB: Yes sir Broadcloth McGee, they called me in themdays.

BROADCLOTH MCGEE, THE BIG SHOT BEAU BRUMMEL O' THE BALTIMORE BATCHELORS. Why, I mind the time..

MOL: Hold still, Bro Bummel!

FIB: Dad rat it, Molly, that's too tight. I can't even breathe.. it's..

SOUND: POP..WHISTLE AND GLATTER OF BUTTON ON THE FLOOR

MOL: Oh there goes the button. Pick it up, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (OFF MIKE) I'll have to git me a shirt that'll

SOUND RIPPING

MOL: Oh..fer heavens sake..there ye want and ripped the shirt some more. Now look at it. Ripped in three places, the button hole tore, Silly's fingerprints all over it and the collar button lost! Thank heaven the pants are all right, at least.

SIL: No, ma'am.

MOL: What's that, Silly?

FIB: Wha'd you say, Sil?

SIL: Ah says no, ma'am. Look ma'am. They's a lil piece o' cloth just the size of that flat iron fell out, ma'am wheah Mist' McGee done scorch 'em, ma'am. (GROANS) But outside o' that ma'am, they look real good!

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "BEGIN THE BEGUINE"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MC GEE THEME .."RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" FADE OUT

MOL: Well. it's about time you was ready, McGee. Did ye lock the door good? And lift yer coat tail till I see if the patch shows.

FIB: What's the use? If ye can't see it without me liftin' the tail o' the coat, who's gonna go around liftin' up my coat tail all night.

MOL: Well hurry up and get in the car, McGee. It's close to eleven now. Where you goin', Silvius?

SIL: Home, ma'am.

FIB: Oh no ye don't, Sil. You gotta shoffer us. Come on, git her started whilst we git these here paper hats on? How does this look, Molly?

MOL: Terrific, McGee. Where's mine?

FIB: Here ye are.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Heavenly days we'll freeze in 'em, McGee. But who cares. HAPPY NEW YEAR! Happy new year, Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. Ah guess so, ma'am.

FIB: Come on, Molly. Git in. Ready, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Okay. To the WISTFUL VISTA NIGHT CLUB...and don't spare the hosses.

SIL: Wha hosses?

MOL: Twas just a figure o' speech, Silly. Get goin'.

SIL: Yas'm. Heah we goes, ma'am.

SOUND: GRIND OF STARTER. REPEAT. AGAIN.

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Is there any gas in it?

FIB: Should be, Molly. I put a quart in day before yesterday. Try 'er again, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: GRIND OF STARTER. ONCE MORE. (WEAKER) JUST A GRUNT ON LAST ONE

SIL: Battery's daid, boss.

FIB: What say, Sil?

SIL: Ah says that lil ole battry's daid, boss.

MOL: There goes a man, McGee. maybe he'll help Silvius and you push till we get started. Yoo hoo. Mister.

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Yeah?

FIB & MOLLY: HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

MOL: WILL YE GIVE US A PUSH?

MAN: (DIRTY LAUGH)

FIB: Well fer the...kin ye beat that, Molly? Jest luffed and walked away. Shucks, no holiday spirit.

SIL: Heah come a lil ole taxicab, boss. Maybe he give a push.

FIB SILLY AND MOLLY HOLLER. HORN BLOWING.

SOUND: MOTOR FADE IN STOP WITH BRAKE SCREECH. (KEEP MOTOR SOUND IN SLIGHTLY)

FIB: He better git them brakes fixed.

MOL: Yoo hoo. Mr. Taxicab man. Will ye give us a push to get started?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SIL: He gonna do it, Boss.

FIB: Hi there, Brother. Happy New Year. Will ye give us a push with the taxicab?

WIL: Sure. But this is a WAXICAB. A Johnson's Waxicab. And you can paste this in those paper hats, friends; when you use Johnson's Glocoat, you really save yourself hours of work when you start using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your floors and linoleum. In the first place, this remarkable liquid polish is easily applied with a soft cloth or the long-handled Glo-Coat Applier. You don't have to do any rubbing or buffing, for Glo-Coat shines as it dries without help from you. Once your linoleum is protected with a gleaming polish you can keep it clean with a dry floor duster instead of a scrub brush. Dust can be whisked right off the shining Glo-Coat surface. Soiled spots are easily wiped away. Avoid sticky, cheap polishes that become smeary and collect dust. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT sheds dust and dirt and gives a longer wearing polish.

FIB: What you doin' runnin' that taxicab, Harpo?

MOL: Isn't it expensive to run such a big car, Mr. Wilcox? You used to drive a little one, didn't you?

WIL: Sure. But I found I could save up to one third with the large size can.

MOL: Well will ye please give us a push, Mr. Wilcox. We've got to get to the Wistful Vista Night club before New Years.

WIL: Oh you've got plenty of time. But get ready. I'll get you started while Emery Darcy sings (INSERT TITLE) Ready?

SIL: Ready, Boss.

FIB: Take it away.

MOL: Whoopee. happy New Year...

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP. MCGEE HORN

FIB AND MOLLY: HERE WE GO! YIPPEEE!...HAPPY NEW YEAR!...WHOOEEE! ETC.

ORCHESTRA: DARCY NUMBER (TO FINISH)

APPLAUSE

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

SOUND: MC GEE FLIVVER. HORN AT INTERVALS

WIL: WELL THEY'RE OFF AT LAST..WHOOPING IT UP TOWARD THE WISTFUL VISTA NIGHT CLUB..WHERE THEY PLAN TO SEE THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN..LISTEN!

FIB: Step on it Sil..WHOOPEEEEE!

MOL: Yoo hoo, Officer..HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

VOICE: OFF MIKE (HUGH?) HORSEFEATHERS!

MOL: Did ye hear that, McGee?

SIL: He done give the wrong answer ma'am. He should o' said the same to you, ma'am.

FIB: Shucks, we ain't got the right response yet tonight. Bunch o' dad ratted sourpusses, if ye ask me. HAPPY NEW YEAR, NEIGHBOR!

(PAUSE).

MOL: Did ye see the dirty look, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, what do we care. I'm gonna enjoy this evenin' if it kills me. WHOPEEEEE...HAIL HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE..WHAT THE...EVENIN' MA'AM. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

MOL: HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YE, MA'AM!

GIRL: (FADE IN AND OUT) That's what YOU think!

FIB: Shucks, the town's gone republican! Come on, Silly step on it.

MOL: Sure. at least they'll have the right spirit at the night club.

SIL: Heah we is, ma'am. Right heah!

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed. Come on Olly. we ain't got much time lef'.

MOL: You go somewhere and wait fer us, Silly.

SIL: No ma'am. Ah'm waitin' in the club heah, ma'am.

FIB: What's that Silly?

SIL: Ah says ah'm waitin' in this lil ole club.

MOL: Whatcha mean your waitin' in this club?

SIL: Waitin' table ma'am.

MOL: Oh waitin' table in the night club here are ye. I didn't know that.

FIB: Shucks, why didn't ye say so, Sil?

SIL: Ah didn't know it, Boss till ah read it in this lil ole radio scrip', boss.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well come on, McGee..leave the car here. Are ye sure it won't freeze up, McGee?

FIB: Yep. They ain't any water in it.

SOUND: TWO DOORS SLAMS

MOL: My it's a real quiet evenin' fer New Years 'eve, McGee.

FIB: Sure. but you wait till twelve o'clock and watch things bust loose Molly. Here we are...

SOUND: RECORD MUSIC AND VOICES. UP TO ESTABLISH AND DOWN.

GIRL: Check your coats and hats sir?

MOL: Sure. at least they'll have the right spirit at the night club.

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SOUND: RECORD MUSIC AND VOICES. UP TO ESTABLISH AND DOWN.

GIRL: Check your coats and hats sir?



FIB: How much, sis?

GIRL: Oh whatever you wish to give, sir, when you leave.

FIB: Nossir! I'll pay now! On account o' because it'll soon be 1936 and this dime'll come off this years tax.

SOUND: RING OF COIN

GIRL: Thank you sir. That's a very attractive green tie you have on with your evening clothes sir. Something new?

FIB: What this? Shucks no, sis. One o' the oldest ties I got. Wanna check yer coat, Molly?

MOL: No. I'll take the wrap, as usual.

WIL: Good evening sir. I'm the head waiter.

FIB: Oh Happy New Year, bud.

WIL: Thank you.

MOL: Are we too late to get a good table, Mr. Headwaiter?

WIL: Oh no. I believe I can place you nicely. Walk this way, please.

FIB: I can't bud. I ain't bowlegged like you. (LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? He says walk this way and I says--

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. My it's real quiet in here, considering

WIL: Yes, madam. We run a very orderly club.

FIB: Say, your voice is kinda familiar, Bud. You know a feller name of Harpo Wilcox?

WIL: You mean Harlow Wilcox?

MOL: That's right.

WIL: The one who is always talking about Johnson's Glocoat, the no rubbing no buffing floor polish that shines as it dries in twenty minutes?

FIB: That's him.

WIL: The one who talks about the attractive yellow can with the red lettering JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT?

MOL: Sure.

WIL: Sorry madam. I don't know him. Here you are. I think you'll like this table.

MOL: Sure this is fine.

FIB: You betcha. That's usin' the old head, waiter. HEH HEH HEH. Say, where is everybody?

WIL: Everybody, sir?

FIB: That's what I says. You ain't got much time left to fill up the place.

WIL: Oh there will be late comers all evening sir. And, we're pretty full, already.

MOL: I suspected it, the minute I saw ya.

WIL: Do you er.. wish to retain the er. the paper hats, madam and sir?

FIB: Shucks, why not, bud. What's a celebration without gittin' dressed up fer it? Send the waiter here, will ye?

WIL: Certainly. Right away. (FADE OUT) Waiter, table number twelve.

MOL: Lemme take the horn, McGee. I'll wake this bunch up.

SOUND: BLAST ON TIN HORN

MOL: Whoopeeee. Happy New Year.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Look at 'em, McGee. a bunch o' dead pans.

FIB: Oh well they'll liven up, Molly, I always says -

SIL: You call fo th' waiter, boss?

FIB: Oh hello there, Sil. You wait table here often?  
 SIL: Yassuh.  
 FIB: How much you git?  
 MOL: McGee. It's none of your business.  
 FIB: Oh well. What's on the bill o' fare that good, Molly?  
 MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. Cover charge, five dollars.  
 FIB: Take the cover off, Sil. We ain't fussy.  
 SIL: No suh. Cain't do that boss. We got some real good champagne, boss.  
 MOL: What's that?  
 SIL: We got some o' that lil old champagne, ma'am.  
 FIB: Champagne, eh? (LAUGHS) Well the best ain't none too good fer us tonight, Sil. New Years only comes every two years.  
 MOL: TWO years.  
 FIB: Yeh. At the end o' one and the beginnin' o' the other. AHEM. That pretty good champagne, Sil?  
 SIL: Yassuh. 20 years old, boss.  
 FIB: Oh no NO SIR. We get fresh stuff or we don't order none.  
 SIL: But boss, this heah champ-  
 FIB: Never mind the salesmanship, Sil. Don't pull that on me. Shucks, I used to be the leadin' wine taster o' Woonsocket. Wily McGee, they called me then. Wily McGee, the Wisest, wariest, Wine-Watchin' Wilcat o' Woonsocket. Boy, when it comes to wines, I know my apples.  
 MOL: Just a wine-sap!  
 FIB: Yes sir. Jest a wi-..Oh is that so. AHEM. Well Sil, bring us some FRESH champagne and a hamburger apiece..

MOL: Not for me, McGee. I'll have .a let's see now..  
 FIB: You're lookin' at the wrong side, Molly. Prices are over there.  
 MOL: Keep quiet, McGee. Silly.  
 SIL: Yas'm.  
 MOL: Bring me a bowl o' the con-somny  
 SIL: Yas'm  
 MOL: The head lettuce and thousand island french fried potatoes, celery radishes and olives, white bread and coffee with cream. A filly mignon and a nice steak. What are you gonna have McGee?  
 SIL: Look like he gonna have a fit, ma'am  
 FIB: You you sure ye want all that, Molly  
 MOL: Sure, I'm sure..We're celebratin' New Years' ain't we?  
 FIB: Okay Okay. AHEM. Gimme one membership into a club sandwich, Sil.  
 SIL: Club sanwich..yassuh. That all boss?  
 FIB: Yep. You betcha. I..I ain't very hungry.  
 MOL: My my, I wish the orchestra would play. I'd like to dance.  
 FIB: Me, too, Molly. Shucks, I used to be quite a dancer in my day. Used to run a dancin' school over in Lorain Ohio. Lightfoot McGee they called me in them days. Lightfoot McGee, the Limber Legged Leader o' the Lorain Lancers.  
 MOL: Your sure it wasn't the Heavy-Heeled Hooper of Hooligans Hollow.

FIB: No, sir. I was quite some shakes when it come to teachin. I had classes in tap, eccentric, precision, acrobatic, ballet, ballroom, soft shoe and the old fashioned waltz. (LAUGHS) Shucks, some o' them fat old gals learnin' ballet gimme quite a laugh.

MOL: Ballet laughs, I suppose.

FIB: Well sir, I'll never fergit the time I teamed up with Fosco de Moaco with a challenge buck and wing act, playin' the Orpheum time. We was playin' the Bee-jou in Scranton one week, when... Say, is that the cigarette gal? I wanta a cigar to celebrate with. HEY THERE SIS'

GIRL: (FADE IN) You wished something sir?

FIB: Yep I want a milk panatella that'll...

MOL: Say aren't you the girl that was in the check room?

GIRL: Yes, I am. I double as check room girl, and cigarette girl.

FIB: Shucks, they ought to make ye wait table and sing with the orchestra, too.

GIRL: Well don't think I couldn't do it, sir. I used to be in vaudeville.

FIB: Is that so.

MOL: Well now isn't that nice!

FIB: I wonder if ye ever met up with my act, Sis. I had me a monkey act, then.

MOL: What do ye mean, THEN?

FIB: Ahem. McGees Marvelous Mongolian Monkeys they was billed as Sis. Clean entertainment fer the whole family.

GIRL: Sorry I don't believe I ever knew them. What circuit?

MOL: Short

FIB: Oh I had my own circuit then, sis. The McGee Mutual. Remember my slogan?" A McGee Mutual Matinee Means More to Most " Had to give up the monkey act though.

GIRL: Why was that?

FIB: Why one o' the dressin' rooms in the Idlehour Theatre in Ichabod, Idaho had Johnson's Glocoat onto the floor. It was so bright and shiny them monkeys o' mine seen their refelctions in it and started fightin' Quick's a flash, they had their tails so snarled up the most expert knot untiers in the world couldn't git 'em separated. I didn't have the heart to cut off their tails, so I chloroformed 'em all and exhibited 'em at state fairs all over the country as McGees Terrific Troupe of Tall Tangled Timperooos Timperooos bein' a Zulu word fer Monkey. Sorry ye never seen it, sis.

GIRL: (LAUGHS) So am I.

MOL: What did you do on the stage, dear?

GIRL: Why I did a double voice act. High voice and low voice.

FIB: Ye did eh? Let's hear it, sis.

MOL: Sure Do it once for us.

GIRL: All right. I can use my high voice, like this, to tell you all about my check room service and these cigars and cigarettes.

WIL: Or, I can use this voice to tell you about Johnson's Glo coat. You see, Johnson's Glocoat --

If the pattern in your kitchen linoleum looks faded and dull, yet you feel you can't afford a new floor covering, you'll be glad to know that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT will make that linoleum shine like new, in a few minutes' time. Just spread a little of this remarkable liquid polish lightly over the floor. Let it dry for 20 minutes and see the transformation! A shining polish, easy to keep clean. Your best guarantee of satisfaction is the fact that Glo-Coat is a product of the famous Johnson's Wax Laboratories. And please make a note of this: You save as much as one-third by ordering Glo-Coat in the larger size cans.

GIRL: And then I can go back to this voice to tell you that you can save up to 1/3rd by buying it in the large size can.

WIL: Simple isn't it?

MOL: My my it was wonderful.

FIB: Great stuff, sis. Though I'd of swore I'd heard that voice someplace.

GIRL: Probably while you were monkeying around in vaudeville.

WIL: Well, I'll be seeing you later, I hope.

FIB: Ye know, Molly, I still think they was something funny about that.

MOL: Ferget it, McGee. What time is it?

FIB: Time? Let's see..it's jest...exactly. ELEVEN minutes to twelve Molly. (LAUGHS) Watch these folks bust loose when the bells start ringin'.

MOL: And look, McGee...the band's gonna play. What does the sign say?

FIB: It says, RICO MARCELLI AND HIS TOP HAT TUNE-ADORS PLAYIN' "TRUCKIN'."

MOL: Oh, that's fine fer dancin' McGee. Come on.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, I don't--

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Oh did you say DANCIN'? You betcha.

ORCHESTRA: "TRUCKIN'"

MOL: Now how long is it till midnight?

FIB: Eh? Oh. About one minute. And here's Sil with the grub. File 'em anywhere, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. Club san'wich heah, boss..filley meanyan oveh' there.. coffee..cream..you got buttah..was they anything else, boss?

FIB: Nope. But look here Sil. Ye bring two plates too many.

SIL: Them's service plates please, boss.

FIB: Eh?

SIL: Them the lil ole service plates, boss.

FIB: Oh..oh yes. Service plates. AHEM. Service plates, Molly.

MOL: NO!

FIB: -Yep, I guess that's all fer now, Silly...but after things bust loose you kin bring that there champagne. And it won't be long til HEY MOLLY..LOOK..TWELVE O'CLOCK! HAPPY NEW YEAR.. WHOOPEE..

MOL: HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY...WHOOBEE...

FIB: Yippeeee... HAPPY NEW YEAR..

SOUND: HORN..REPEAT AT INTERVALS..

MOL & FIB: AD LIB: WHOOPEE...HAPPY NEW YEAR...

SOUND: HORN..RING OF SPOON ON GLASS..DISHES BREAKING..

MOL: Help me up on the table McGee..I'll give 'em an Irish Jig

FIB: Up ye go, Molly...Whoopieeeee...

MOL: Wahooooooooo...Happy New Year folks...

MUSIC: (?)

SOUND: TAP DANCING EFFECT..SHOUTS..HORN..ETC..

FIB: (OVER NOISE) LOOK OUT MOLLY..YOUR GONNA STEP IN THE BUTTER!

CRASH: DRUM AND CYMBAL CRASH AND WOOD CRASH..DISH CLATTER..

MOL: WHOPEEEEE...HAPPY NEW YEAR..

FIB: GIT UP, MOLLY..TRY IT ON THE NEXT TABLE..YAHOOOOO.

WIL: All right all right..what's going on here..what are you people doing?

MOL: Happy new year, Mr. Head Waiter...HAPPY NEW YEAR..(LAUGHS)

FIB: Don't look so sour, bud...HAPPY NEW YEAR..

WIL: Listen here..I'm sorry but you'll have to leave..I can't have this disturbance in a respectable night club.

MOL: An where's yer new years spirit, ye loogan?

FIB: What's the matter with everybody in here, bud? Don't new years mean NUTHIN' to 'em?

WIL: It will when it gets here.

MOL: And what do ye mean when it gets here? It's twelve o'clock isn't it?

WIL: Yes..but this is Monday night..New Years Eve is Tuesday.  
NOW GET OUT..ALL RIGHT BOUNGER!

FIB: Hey..leggo a me..DAD RAT IT..LEMME GIT MY HANDS/ON YOU AND..

MOL: Help..take yer hands off me ye big

WIL: Drag 'em down the stairs, boys...it's got Glocoat on it, you can't scuff it up.

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

APPLAUSE:

WIL: And so, until next Monday night at this same hour..when it WILL be new year, may we wish you health and prosperity in 1936 and may your future gleam like a coat of Johnson's Glocoat.

And you save one third on the large size kehen,  
This is Wilcox, folks - Auf Wiedersehen!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO CLOSE

APPLAUSE:

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

ANNOUNCER: Just one last word of reminder that Rico Marchelli's song-writing contest ends at midnight, on Wednesday, January 1st. Owing to the large number of entries it may be several weeks before the judges are able to select the winner, who will be promptly notified at that time. The winner will receive a \$100 cash prize from S.C. Johnson & Son and the winning song will be published with full royalty rights by Irving Berlin Inc., and will be featured by Rico Marcelli on one of the future Fibber McGee broadcasts

fb/9:20 AM  
12/28/35