

# NBC

ADVERTISER **S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.**

WRITER **DON QUINN**

PROGRAM TITLE **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #75**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**  
( 7:00-7:30 PM )

( SEPTEMBER 14, 1936 )

( MONDAY DAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Dance Hall*

*MB*

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ORK: FANFARE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: Good evening everyone! The Makers of Johnson's Wax Present  
Marian and Jim as Fibber McGee and Molly. Ted Weems and  
his orchestra open the show with "SING ME A SWING SONG"

ORK: "SWING ME A SING SONG"

APPLAUSE:

1ST COMMERCIAL:

-C o m m e r c i a l-

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE WHATZIS" (Down for  
annom't):







MOL: Why not?

FIB: Too much cutting in. Strop me if you've heard it. AHEM.  
How much bud?

BLOT: Dollar a couple, my little rhumba-bums. And very cheap at the price...very cheap. ENTERTAINING, Healthful and instructive. Keeps you fit. If you already have a fit, you can keep that one, too. Yes yes...only a dollar a couple.

FIB: Aint that a little steep, bud? Dollar a -

MOL: McGee. Dont be like that. Pretend we're not married and ~~be nice~~ *women up!*

FIB: Okay. Here ye are bud. One buck.

BLOT: Thank you, ~~my little rhumba-bums~~, thank you. Go right in.

MOL: Oh wait a minute, McGee. Mr. Box-office man, can you please tell us what they mean by swing music?

BLOT: Ah yes...swing music. Sorry my good woman; but I'm a stranger in town myself.

MOL: Oh dear...well...come on, McGee.

FIB: I met that feller somewhere before, Molly. I think it was when they give the Poultry Raiser's Dance here.

MOL: How was it?

FIB: It was a pretty foul ball. AHEM. Say this is kind of a nice place aint it, Molly?

GIRL: Check your hats and coats please. Check your hats and coats.

MOL: I think I'll keep my wrap on a while, McGee.

FIB: Okay. Never mind sis. Ye dont have to take the wrap on this one. How much to check a hat?

GIRL: Nothing, sir.

FIB: Good!

GIRL: - and only a dime to get it out again.

FIB: AHEM. Oh it's a dime cover-charge joint eh? Say, sis... could you tell us just what IS this here swing music?

GIRL: Well, Webster says swing is power exerted thru something swinging.

~~FIB: Something swinging - Must mean Fed Weems.~~

MOL: Who's Webster?

GIRL: Never heard of him, Madam.

FIB: Shucks, ye just quoted him.

GIRL: Oh that was just an old quote that was checked here last week. (FADE OUT) CHECK YOUR QUOTES AND HATS PLEASE...CHECK YOUR QUOTES &....

FIB: Hmmm...if a brainstorm amounts to anything, she's got something there.

MOL: My, what dim lights, McGee.

FIB: They always dim the lights in dance places, Molly. That way ye cant see if the guy bumpin' into ye is big or little. Keeps fightin' down to a minimum. Besides its more romantic.

MOL: Yes, it would take a couple of pretty dim bulbs to start a romance in here.

FIB: Ye know, Molly..I can hardly wait to <sup>teach</sup> show ye my new Spanish dance.

MOL: Go on with ye. You <sup>taught</sup> showed me a spanish dance once before, and I <sup>held</sup> ~~put~~ off the mantilla for a week.



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FIB: No this is a real Spanish dance, Molly. After Spanish politics. First ye swing to the Right...then to the left, then ye start a revolution.

MOL: Better write it down. It'll be diotated but not Red. But as- Oh, I beg your pardon.

SCOT: Aye lass. Think naethin' about it. Twas me ain fault.

FIB: Dont be so clumsy, Scotty.

SCOT: Verra sorry lad. But ye see, my brrrrrother is a verrra poorrer dancerrrr.

MOL: What' s that got to do with you?

SCOT: I'm wearrrrin' his shoes.

FIB: Well listen, scotty. You seem to be kinda familiar with this place. Can you tell us what swing music is?

SCOT: Nae, Lad. That I cannot. Thererrre's only one swing tune I'm the least bit familiarr with.

MOL: One swing tune? What is it?

SCOT: "They'rrre Hangin' Danny Deeverrr in The Morrnnin'.

FIB: Hmmm. Come on, Molly. Let's set down and rest up fer our first dance.

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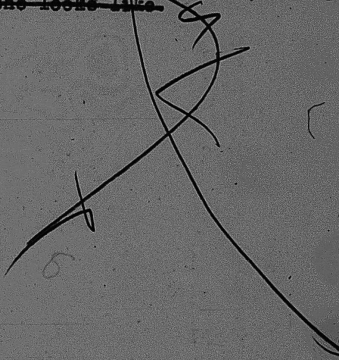
MOL: That's a husband for ye. ~~Even wants to get out the intermissions.~~ Now what are ye lookin' for?

FIB: I wants git me a cigar. Wonder if there's a cigar counter over by the soda fountain.

MOL: No but there's a cigarette girl over there.

FIB: Oh yes. Kinda cute aint she. ~~Wish she'd turn around so's I could see what she looks like.~~

~~MOL: MCGEE!~~





FIB: ~~I mean... she's probly jest a kid that's too young to git a job at anything else. If these lights wasn't so dim... HEY SIS... BRING YOUR CIGARS OVER HERE....~~

WHEE: (FADE IN) Okay sonny...  Cigars....  
cigarettes...souvenirs...

FIB: Wel fer the...HEY GRANMAW...ain't you kinda old to be peddlin' cigars around here? And wearin' them silk knickers, too.

WHEE: Oh I dunno, skippy. The knickers seem to go with the cigars. It's just a matter of puffs and pants.

FIB: You like it here, granmaw?

WHEE: Well, shorty, I do and I don't. It reminds me of when I was a dancer myself. On the stage. I was engaged to an Apache dancer.

FIB: What happened?

WHEE: He threw me down...CIGARS...CIGARETTES...SOUVENIRS...  
(FADE)

FIB: Hey wait a minute granmaw.

MOL: <sup>yo</sup> Would you mind answerin' a question?

FIB: ~~Yo~~ What IS this swing music?"

WHEE: Well, sonny, I don't know's I can define it. But I used to dance the tango to it enough. That's when I was billed as Noreen, the Queen of the Tango.

FIB: Hmmm. Noreen. The Queen of the Tango.

WHEE: Yes, but since the act busted up, I guess it's Tango Noreen No More. CIGARS....CIGARETTES...SOUVENIRS...

ORKESTRA: "A STAR FELL OUT OF HEAVEN" -- GOMO

APPLAUSE:

CROWD RECORD UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG

ORKE: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WIL: WELL....FIBBER AND MOLLY HAVE SURVIVED ONE DANCE....  
ALTHOUGH, IF YOU'LL SNEAK UP A LITTLE CLOSER, YOU'LL  
DETECT A SLIGHT ARGUMENT ON THE SUBJECT OF TECHNIQUE.

MOL: and another thing, McGee. <sup>every time</sup> (When) you bump into people,  
you're supposed to ~~apologize~~ say "I'm sorry".

FIB: (LAUGHS) I tried that one night, Molly, and my gal said  
I was talkin' too much.

MOL: - and listen...why do ye always have to dance so fancy?

FIB: Well shucks, when I dance, I DANCE. This here dad ratted  
shufflin' around the floor...dodderin' around with your  
eyes shut...that ain't dancin'!

MOL: Not with you it isn't. It's suicide.

FIB: Oh now, Molly. You don't mean...well, bud, whaddyou want?



TOUGH: Pipe down, you. How's about the next rassel, gorgeous?

MOL: No thank you. I'm with me husband.

TOUGH: Oh yeah? Well where is he? I'll fix it up.

FIB: I'm her husband, bud. And she ain't dancin' with you.

TOUGH: (~~LAUGHS~~) Say, ain't you the little guy dat bumped me in de lobby?

FIB: Well, keep your lobby outa my way after this. (LAUGHS)  
That's tellin' him ain't it, Molly? *Fat Lady?*

TOUGH: *Dear Harpo* Oh yeah? Don't gimme none o' yer lip, see? Come on, sweetshot, ha's about de next dance, huh?

MOL: No.

FIB: Dad rat it, how many times you gotta be told? Now beat it or I'll hav' ye bounced outa here. This is a respectable place.

TOUGH: All right....all right. I was askin' her polite wasn't I?

MOL: I'm havin' all my dances with me husband. I'm sorry.

TOUGH: I should t'ink you would be. AND YOU, YOU WOIM, AFTER DIS YOU KEEP OUTA ME WAY SEE...OR YOUR LI'BLE TO GET STEPPED ON.

FIB: What <sup>the</sup> could I expect from a heel?

TOUGH: Wot was dat last crack?

FIB: Go on...scram...or I'll call the bouncer.

TOUGH: Dat'll be swell...hegme brudder. (FADE) I'll see you outside, Punk!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, if you keep ribbing him you're liable to get biffed.

FIB: Well...what would you do?

WIL: I'D USE JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, THE NO-RIBBING, NO-BIFFING FLOOR POLISH. ~~THAT SHINES AS DE BISS.~~

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Molly. Enjoying yourselves?

FIB: Yes....we WERE. AHEM. Hey Harpo...see the big lug over there with the flat nose? Who is he?

WIL: Oh HIM! (LAUGHS) Why that's Cauliflower Cooney, the ~~the~~ *prizefighter.*

MOL: Cauliflower cooney! Looks like you bought a pug in a poke, McGee. ~~and nobody versey.~~

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) I wonder if he meant that about meetin' me outside. *Molly, you look awful* ~~ARE YE TIRED, MOLLY? WANTA GO HOME?~~

MOL: GO HOME! After one dance? Don't be silly. That is, unless you're afraid of that big loogan.

FIB: Who, me? Afraid o' that palooka? (LAUGHS) Go on.... say...I forgot to ask Harpo what swing music was.

MOL: Well, you can ask Ted Weems when you get a chance. They say he's an authority on it.



FIB: I'll be glad to get it settled. I ever tell ye bout the time I had me my dance act in vaudeville, Molly?

MOL: With Noreen the Tango Queen?

FIB: No. I was with the Four Flyin' Fools.

MOL: Makin' Five, altogether.

FIB: AHEM. I used to be quite a hooper. Feather Foot McGee, they called me in them days. FEATHER FOOT MCGEE, THE FASCINATIN' FANDANGO FLINGER, FOOTLIGHT- FAVORITE O' FOLKS FROM FRISCO TO FLORIDA AND FANCY FLIP-FLOPPER O' THE FOUR FLYIN' FOOLS.

MOL: I used to do a pretty good time-step myself.

FIB: Time step?

MOL: Yes...an alarm clog.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir - one day I was out to get my laundry whilst the rest o' the act was rehearsin' backstage o' the old <sup>Man Street</sup> Haybale Theatre in Peoria. I was walkin' along, whistlin' Pretty Baby when CRASH, the gal in the act come bustin' right thru the brick wall, forty foot off the ground. They'd tossed her too hard, somehow and heaved her right thru the building. Well sir, quick's a flash, I dropped my laundry, bowed right and left, stepped back three paces and caught her into my arms, soft as a feather. Then I picks up my laundry, and we does a off-to-Buffalo back into the theatre. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Did they do a good job on your laundry?

FIB: Did they...dat rat it, what's that got to do with it? You don't --

SIL: (FADE IN) Hiyah, Mist' McGee. Hiyah, Mis' McGee.

MOL: Well heavenly days....Silly Watson.

FIB: You workin' here now, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah's the defendant in the men's washroom ~~place~~ ~~ash~~.

MOL: You mean the attendant.

SIL: ~~Want you~~ - *know any about music Sil?*

FIB: ~~Never mind, Sil. You a musician?~~

SIL: Yassuh. Ah is. Ah play's the gittar, please suh. Ah practices <sup>hell</sup> when ah ain't busy ~~here~~.

MOL: Why don't you practice at home?

SIL: Ah caint, ma'am. Mammy don' 'low no gitta playin' roun' theah.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well listen Sil. Reason I asked is, we been wonderin' what SWING music was. ~~Could you give us a definition?~~

SIL: Give you....could I...er...WAH?

MOL: We want to know what swing music is. Do you know.

SIL: Yas'm.

FIB: (AFTER PAUSE) Well...what is it?

SIL: Wah's wha'?



*Swing music?*

~~MOL: What's swing music?~~

SIL: ~~Oh, yes.~~ Well, Mis' McGee, swing music is a real kind of a razzamatazz hotcha stuff wif' some yo-de-o-boom and a swizzle, on'y she don' act so ooh'ny as wif dat lil ole-fashion skedeeten-skeedatten. Da's swing stuff please, ma'am.

MOL: Thank you very much Silvius.

FIB: Yeah. Much obliged, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. Don' speak of it suh.

FIB: Don't worry.

SIL: Yo'all gonna stay long suh?

MOL: Why, Silvius?

SIL: Well, ma'am, it look like they's gonna be ~~some doin's~~, please, ma'am. This heah, Callieflower Cooney, he done got awful mad 'bout sometin', seems as if, an' he say he gonna ROON somebody. Ah sho wants to be theah and see dat! He's a pow'ful man, Mist' Cooney, Scuse me now please suh.... (FADE OUT) Ah gotta goo see if ...

FIB: Hmmm. Hear that, Molly?

MOL: Sure. But it's just an empty threat, McGee. Besides, you didn't do anything to him.

*Molly*

~~FIB: I wasn't thinkin' so much about what I did to him. AHEN.~~

Say how about goin' someplace else, Molly? *He can talk by himself, thank you*

MOL: Why? I like this place. The floor is wonderful and the music is lovely. ~~Come on...let's go up and talk to Ted Weems before he starts the next dance.~~

~~FIB: Okay...Come on...~~

~~SOUND: (VOICES UP... LAUGHTER)~~

~~MOL: McGEE... FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... Why do ye keep lookin' over your shoulder?~~

FIB: Who, me? Why...er...I...er...I was...er...jest stretchin' my neck a little, Molly. This collar's a little tight.

MOL: Well, don't do that. You've stuck your neck out too far tonight already.

FIB: ~~(MUTTERS) You're tellin' me!~~

MOL: *Oh* There's Ted Weems. My don't the boys look nice

FIB: Listen, Molly. He's tellin' the band somethin'.

TED: (RAPPING STICK) - and listen, boys. If this tough guy, Cauliflower Cooney starts a riot, just keep on playing. And ~~Round!~~ *say Drummer*

DOWNES: Yeah?

TED: Protect that bass drum. Don't let him throw anybody through it like he did last time. Oh hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber



MOL: Hello, Teddy dear.

FIB: You...er...you expectin' trouble, Ted?

TED: Yes...a little. It seems that Cauliflower Cooney is going to beat somebody up. Can you imagine that?

FIB: AHEM...I...er...I'm afraid so.

MOL: Listen Ted. I know you're ready to play your next dance, but there's something we'd like to ask you.

FIB: Yes, Ted, we wanta find out, once and fer all, just what IS this swing music.

TED: Oh it's very simple. Swing music is a form of syncopation in which the off-beat characterizes a certain consistency of tempo; It's a variation of jazz, ~~or ragtime~~, <sup>which</sup> by its adherence to a rhythmic quality or temporal impulse almost indistinguishable to the untrained ear from a metronomic precision, as distinguished from individualistic interpretation. All right, boys. (BATON)

ORK: (LINGER AWHILE)

APPLAUSE:

APPLAUSE:

2ND COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

ORK: MC GEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN". (Down for announcement):

WIL: Now back in a quiet corner of <sup>Antennae</sup> the WISTFUL VISTA PALAIS DE HOOF BALLROOM, WE FIND MOLLY TALKING TO A SOMEWHAT NERVOUS FIBBER.

~~MOL: That was a real wonderful step you busted into in the last dance, McGee. I never knew you could do it.~~

FIB: ~~Wonderful WHAT?~~

MOL: ~~That rhumba. Don't you remember those fancy steps you was doin' durin' that last dance?~~

FIB: ~~Ohhhh, THAT! Shucks, I was jest practicin' footwork, Molly. I...er... I wel... I... er... somethin' tells me I'm gonna need it. That is, unless you wanta go home, now.~~

*Molly let's follow her*

COME ON...WHAT SAY WE STOP AT LOUIE'S HAMBURGER WAGON AND GET US A COUPLA --

MOL: MC GEE!

FIB: AHEM. Oh well...jest a suggestion.

MOL: I'm havin' too good a time right here. I don't know why we don't come here oftener. I certainly am gettin' a bang outa this.



FIB: Me too...I wouldn't be surprised. I --

MOL: Oh look, McGee. There's Mort Toops! I haven't seen him ~~for ages.~~

FIB: ~~Well ages go awful fast when you don't see that guy. Where is he?~~

MOL: ~~Walkin' over here.~~ Yoo Hooo.. Mr. Toops!

FIB: Hiyah, Mort!

MOL: Over this way, Mr Toops! Well, how have you been? I never expected to see YOU here.

MORT: (LAUGHS) HAW HAW HAW...I GUESS THAT RIGHT. HAW HAW. NEVER KNOW WHO'LL SEE YOU WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A GUN. HAW HAW HAW. JUST MET A FELLOW AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN OVER THERE AND ...HAW HAW...DID I PULL A PAST ONE...HAW HAW...HOT DOG. HAW HAW...LISTEN, MORT HE SAYS TO ME...GET THIS NOW... LISTEN MORT, HE SAYS...WHO YOU VOTIN' FOR IN NOVEMBER... HAW HAWH...AND I WHIPS RIGHT BACK WITH...HAW HAW HAW.. IS THIS A HOT ONE! HAW HAW HAW ... OH BOY.... WHO AM I VOTIN' FOR, I SAYS? HAW HAW...WELL, I SAYS...HAW HAW HAW.. I'M VOTIN' FOR THE....HAW HAW HAW...OH IS THIS RICH...HAW HAW HAW...I'M VOTIN' FOR THE ...HAW HAW HAW...HAW HAW.. OH I HAW HAW....I'LL HAVE TELL YOU LATER...HAW HAW HAW... ~~HE'S GOING TO TELL YOU...HAW HAW (FADE OUT) OH BOY...HAW HAW HAW...~~

MOL: Heavenly days...with that donkey laugh, they'll make him vote demmycratic.

FIB: Shucks, he ~~laugh~~<sup>oh</sup> laugh so hard at his own jokes he's liable to split his ticket. Hey...Molly.

MOL: What?

FIB: Have you seen anything of...er...well, has...er...

MOL: You mean Collyflower Cooney? No. He's not here that I can see.

FIB: Good. Probaly seen my footwork out there on the floor and sneaked out.

MOL: The only time I saw him was when he peeked around the corner at you a minute ago.

FIB: YEE-OWW....he peeked....er...where was he, Molly?

MOL: MCGEE...COME BACK HERE! Where you goin'?

FIB: Me? Why...er...why shucks, I was goin' up to him and ask him what the idea was. I'll show him. He can't scare me.

MOL: Much

FIB: Much.. er..what? AHEM. Oh say...here comes the proprietor of the ballroom, Molly. Hey there, Mr. Houlihan.

MOL: Houliahan...my what a fine ould name. He mustof come over on the mayflower.

FIB: If he did he was a deck hand. Hey there, Houlihan.

MICK: (FADE IN) Ah good evenin' to ye, McGee. Glad to see ye shteppein' out, and all.

FIB: I don't believe you ever met up with my wife, Mike. Molly, this is Mike Houlihan, the boss o' the joint.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.



MICK: Good evnin' to you, Mrs McGee... sure tis a foine thing to have a customer like yourself now. With the roses of Galway in your cheeks and the blue of Killarney in your eyes and the -

FIB: ~~Listen, Mike.~~ Before ye git to the gold of Tralee in her hair, lemme ask you a question

MOL: Awww, McGee! <sup>let him go on</sup> And ~~him~~ such a hand with the blarney.

MIKE: Sure tis no blarney atall atall, macushla. Tis but the -

FIB: HEY HEY...hold it a minute, Mike. Listen, do you know Collieflower Cooney, ~~the Cooney~~

MIKE: I do that. Anda foine broth of a bye he is, toc. There was no lad in the worrld that could swing a pick like his faaather.

MOL: Well he's been makin' threats against me husband, Mr. Houlihan.

FIB: Yes. Jest because I wouldn't let him dance with Molly, he's..

MIKE: Hah...makin' threats is he? (LAUGHS) He would, that! Tis always shp'illin' for a fight, is the Cooney. There's only wan way to handle a lad the likes of him.

FIB & MOL: HOW?

MIKE: Sure and <sup>else</sup> how but a good solid kick in the teeth to the big baboon...Tis the only cure for his playfulness.

FIB: Playfulness, eh? (NERVOUS LAUGH)

MOL: Oh McGee wouldn't want to start a fight in yer nice ballroom, Mr Houlihan.

FIB: I'll say not.

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FIB: I'll say not.



MIKE: Fight, is it! There'll be no fightin' in me Palais De Hoof! Not if I have to beat the ears off everybody in the place!

MOL: Well now that's fine. One thing more, Mr Houlihan.

~~MOL: Well now that's fine. One thing more, Mr Houlihan.~~

MIKE: Sure, mavourneen...and what would it be?

FIB: We wanted to ask ye...you bein' the proprietor of a ball room and should ought to know...

MOL: JUST WHAT IS SWING MUSIC.

MIKE: SWING MUSIC! Sure, tis just this mornin' I was askin' meself the same. Oi'll tell ye what oi'll do. Oi'll be askin' the Weems. (FADE OUT) Now there's a lad who ought to know what.....

MOL: Now we're getting somewhere, McGee!

FIB: He probably thinks swing music is played with a mandolin. Because you use a pick on it. AHM. I hope the next dance is a waltz, Molly. We ain't had a waltz yet. That is, UNLESS YOU'RE TIRED. TIRED, Molly? Wanta go home? We can

MOL: No, I don't want to go home. For heavens sake stop askin' me that. I wanta dance.

FIB: Okay. AHM. Kinda like to dance myself. Shucks, back into my vaudeville days...on the two-a-day....

MOL: Two-a-day!--Performances or meals?

FIB: AHM. We used to have a dancin' act...2 boys and a gal, and myself. We done everything form the buck-and-wing to the can-can.

WILCOX: AND BY BUYING ~~GLOSSAT~~ IN THE LARGE SIZE CAN-CAN, YOU SAVE UP TO ONE THIRD!

FIB: AHM. Say, Harpo. We wants ask you a question.

WIL: Certainly. What is it?

MOL: Well we're trying to find out just what -

WIL: Just a minute, Molly. But before you go on, may I ask you a question first?

MOL: Certainly. Go ahead.

WIL: All right. What IS swing music?

FIB: Ahem!!

MOL: Mr Wilcox.

WIL: Yes?

MOL: May I have the next earthquake with you?



*ahem*  
FIB: Come on, Molly. What say we get us a soft drink and a sandwich before this next dance, Molly?

MOL: All right.....

SOUND: BUZZOF VOICES UP

MOL: Well....NOW what are you lookin' for?

FIB: Why...er...I was er...jest lookin' to see if they was a couple o' vacant stools at the counter.

MOL: They're all vacant but two, iggernuts. What's the matter with your eyes?

FIB: Nothing....so far. AHM. Two ham sandwidge and a couple o' orangeades, *ham*

*grr*  
MAN: Okay.

FIB: Well...I hope old Mike Houlihan gets to couliflower Cooney before -

MOL: OHHHHH..MCGee...behind you!

FIB: Eh? Beh-....

TOUGH: Oh *here you are* ~~so~~ it's you, *eh?* I been lookin' for you, *shrimp* ~~skippy~~. You know what I'm gonna do to you?

FIB: I...er...I...heard rumors about it.

MOL: You leave me husband alone ye big..ye big...

FIB: Q-q-q-quiet, Molly....I'll....I'll handle this.

TOUGH: (LAUGHS) Oh ye will eh? You know who I am.? I'm Cut-Throat Cooney, dat's who I am, see? TAKE DAT! SMART GUY!

SOUND: SMACK

FIB: HEY WHATS' THE IDEA... YOU! YOU QUIT THAT!

MOL: MCGEE...DONT LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT. ~~DONT LET~~ HIM AGAIN, YOU LOGGAN!

TOUGH: Oh no? (SMACK) DATS' JUST A SAMPLE SEE?

FIB: Wait a minute, Cut Throat. HOLD IT. Hey, wait, ~~uh~~!

GIRL: Yeah?

FIB: Got any spinach?

GIRL: Have I got any sp-

FIB: YOU HEARD ME...SPINACH!

GIRL: That's what I thought you said. Here.

FIB: Thanks... (GULP GULP)

TOUGH: Hey wot the..wot's the idea, shrimp?

MOL: Heavenly days - a whole can of spinach.

FIB: GULP GULP... (GUTTERAL VOICE) I YAM WHAT I YAM AND THAT'S ALL I AM...SEE? IF POPEYE CAN DO IT, I CAN DO IT...

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND SOCKO: BIRD WHISTLE THRU DIALOG

MOL: What a sock!

TOUGH: Wot..wot hit me...wot's dat *sweet music* ~~noise~~...boids singin'?

FIB: No, brother...THAT'S SWING MUSIC!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL: