

NBC

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OK

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

(SEPTEMBER 23, 1936)
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DAY

PRODUCTION

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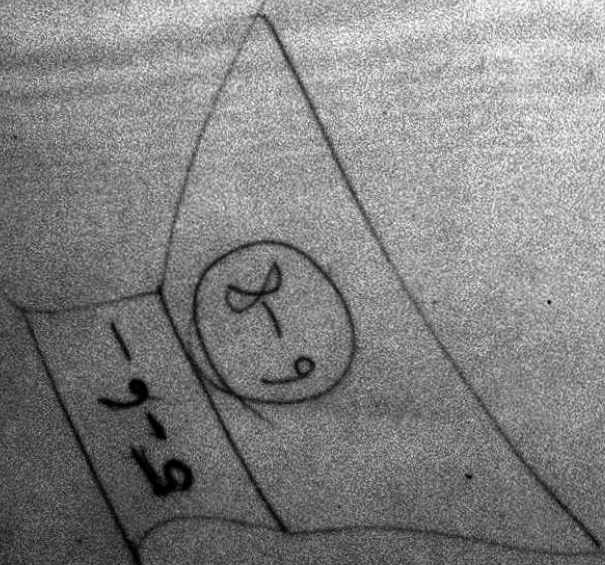
ENGINEER

REMARKS

August 24, 1939
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ORK: PANPARE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SOBROW"

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
"TAINT NO USE."

ORK: * TAIN'T NO USE*

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:

(Commercial Annceem t)

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE STUFF" (DONE FOR ANNCH'T)

WILL:

WELL... FEBBER MCGEE'S SPORTING BLOOD-PRESSURE HAS GONE UP TO THE POINT WHERE NOTHING WILL SATISFY HIM BUT A VISIT TO THE RACE TRACK. MOLLY HAS VERY RELUCTANTLY CONSENTED TO COME ALONG... SO HERE, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GRANDSTAND AT THE GORGEOUS WISTFUL VISTA RACE TRACK, "RUNNING DOWNS", WE FIND FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP

FIB: My my, McGee... what a beautiful track. Look at the nice park in the middle there. And LOOK AT THE SWANS in the lagoon.

MOL: Turn around and take a look at the geese in the grandstand.

MAN: Why don't you go to the stables and take a gander at the goats.

FIB: Who are you brother?

MAN: I'm an ex-jockey, mister. I got some swell inside tips, too.

MOL: YOU? an ex-jockey? Why you must weigh about three hundred.

FIB: You must of been an elephant-jockey with Barnum.

MAN: (HOARSE VOICE) Listen Mister. I got a natural in the next race. Right from the feed-box.

MOL: Go away, and let us lead our own lives.

FIB: Yes, bud...we already had three tips right from the feed box and they couldn't have been fodder from the truth. (LAUGHS) GIT IT MOLLY? I says they couldn't. --

MOL: Taint Funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay. What you got in the next race, that's so hot, bud?

MAN: PLAY MAMMA DIONNE TO PLACE.

MOL: Mamma Dionne. Remember, McGee? She's a mudder.

SOUND: BUGLE: (BOOTS AND SADDLES)

FIB: Run along, bud. We don't need no help pickin' our horses.

MAN: Okay okay...but you'll be sorry. I had five winners yesterday.

FIB: That's when you guys always have 'em. Yesterday. You ain't no prophet. You're a historian.

MAN: (FADE OUT) ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT...IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH...

MOL: I wonder if he really DID have some inside information, McGee.

FIB: Go on, Molly. He couldn't git inside information with an ex-ray.

SOUND: P.A. VOICE: THE HORSES...ARE ON THE TRACK. THE MUTUELS WILL CLOSE IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP.

MOL: You got a horse you wanta play in this race, McGee?

FIB: Well, I kinda like this hoss LEATHER MIGNON. She's a tough little filly. What you got?

MOL: I like Smitty. It's a hunch.

FIB: A hunch eh? What give you the hunch?

MOL: Well, I like Smitty because my uncle Wilfred had a livery stable once and there was a man next door who had a blacksmith shop and his daughter was engaged to a man named Herman. Herman Smith.

FIB: Sounds like a real good hunch. AHEM. Shucks, I dunno how you can lose on that one.

MOL: But I'm kind of undecided, McGee. There's another horse I like. Weenso. His jockey wears blue and green silks. Blue and green are my favorite colors.

FIB: That's even a better reason than the guy named Smith that was engaged to the daughter of the blacksmith next to your uncle's livery stable.

MOL: I think so too.

FIB: Yeah...the way you bet, Molly is almost scientific.

Now the way I bet -

SOUND: (P.A. VOICE) THE HORSES...ARE NEARING THE POST.

CROWD RECORD UP.

FIB:

The way I bet, Molly, I follow the form. I figger on how the nag has been runnin' lately; how much the jockey weigh how much experience he's had... whether the horse is wearin' blinkers or not; which way the wind's blowin'; the condition o' the track; and how many hay burners they are in the race. Then I look at the odds to see how it stand in the bettin'. Then I watch careful how it picks up its feet. Then I go to the 2-dollar window and bet some horse that you never heard of before.

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

AHEM. Ye know, Molly -

Look, McGee...look here at the next two races. I'd like to bet VOO in the fourth and FRANCAIS in the fifth. It's a good Parlay.

FIB:

MOL:

I see - You're gonna parlay oooo and francay - AHEM. A man over there told me it was a hot tip. He said he was the trainer. I knew he was tellin' th' truth because I saw him on the train.

FIB:

I see. WON'T YOU WALK INTO MY PARLAY SAYS THE SPIDER TO THE -

SOUND:

P.A. VOICE: THE HORSES ARE AT THE POST. THE MUTUELS WILL CLOSE IN ONE MINUTE.

Incidentally, McGee....just what IS a parlay?

MOL:

FIB:

Well ain't that a woman for ye! She's gonna play a parlay because she heard somebody talkin' about it, and then wants to know what is it! (LAUGHS) You kill me, Molly.

MOL:

All right. But wait till after this race.

FIB: AHEN. I'll tell ye what a parlay is, Molly. Ye have a friend, see? and he tells ye to play a horse in the first race. Then he tells you about a hoss in the second race. So ye take what ye win on the first race and bet it on the second race. That's a parlay.

MOL: Just what I thought it was. But what if ye dont win on the first race?

FIB: Then it's parlay your fault and parlay your friend's fault. AHEN.

SOUND: (P.A. VOICE) THEY'RE OFF!

CROWD RECORD UP.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE..WE DIDNT MAKE OUR BETS.!!!

FIB: I DID...I GOT LALLAPALOOZA TO PLACE..LOOK AT 'EM RUN!

P. A. VOICE: (FAST) THE HORSES ARE ON THE FAR TURN..PARKED CAR AND PETTING-PARTY ARE COMING UP...

MOL: They're neck and neck!

P. A. VOICE: SHIRTAIL IS MAKING A BID FOR LEAD!

FIB: HE'S CREEPING UP!

P. A. VOICE: THEY'RE BUNCHED AT THE TURN...THEY'RE AT THE HALF...

MAMA DIONE IS FIVE LENGTHS AHEAD....ELEVATOR IS COMING UP FAST...GALLUS IS COMING UP IN THE STRETCH.

MOL: WHERE'S LALAPALOOZA, MCGEE?

FIB: HE'S SAVIN' HIS STRENGTH, MOLLY...OH BOY...LOOK AT 'EM COME...

SOUND: HOOFS FADING IN

P. A. VOICE: (OVER HOOFS) THEY'RE COMING HOME!!!! IT'S SHORT BEER BY A HEAD....YES...SHORT BEER WINS...MAMA DIONNE IS SECOND...AND LALLAPALOOZA...

FIB: WHOPPEEE.!!!!

P. A.: NO...IT'S ELEVATOR...ELEVATOR IS THIRD...SHORT BEER.. MAMA DIONNE AND ELEVATOR.

SOUND: HOOFS FADING OUT...CHEERS DOWN.

MOL: Where'd your horse come in, McGee?

FIB: I aint seen him yet...OH HERE HE COMES...look he seems kinda bewildered.

SOUND: (SINGLE HORSE AT SLOW GALLOP) : (FADE IN)

MOL: He's wondering where he lost the milk-wagon.

ORK: I Can't Escape from you.

--CONGO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (Down for anon't)

WIL: Well, FIBBER DIDNT HAVE SO MUCH LUCK IN THAT LAST RACE...AND MOLLY IS TRYING TO CONSOLE HIM.

MOL: Maybe you'll have better luck in the next race, McGee.

FIB: Come on..let's hunt up hot dog.

MOL: Hunt is right. With the dogs following the horses.

P. A. VOICE: THE RESULTS OF THE LAST RACE ARE OFFICIAL.

MOL: How can they be sure which horse wins when its a close finish McGee?

FIB: See that little coop up there, Molly? On top of the grand stand? Know what that is?

MOL: Sure. That's a pigeon coop. So they can send a message to the horses you bet on.

FIB: No. That's a camera house. They take a picture of every close finish.

MOL: Hmmm. You oughtta get a picture of the last race and have Lallapalooza kick his autograph onto it.

FIB: AHEM. Here we are, Molly. Two hot dogs, sis.

WOMAN: Yes sir. Here you are sir. There's mustard in the bowl.

FIB: Okay. How much?

WOMAN: Seventy cents. Thirty five apiece.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS. Thirty five cents for a hot dog?

FIB: We didn't want 'em with pedigrees, sis. A couple nutts would do.

WOMAN: That's the regular price, sir. Thirty five cents apiece.

FIB: Here's ten bucks. Gimme some ketchup.

MOL: McGee...dont be like that. When in Rome do as the Romans do.

FIB: That's okay... I wouldn't mind bein' rimmed by a Roman but I hate to git tricked at the track. Here ye are sis. Seventy cents. Who pays your next years rent?

MOL: Oh forget it, McGee. We cose out here for fun, didn't we?

FIB: Sure we did. I was just wonderin' who figgers the odds on the concessions out here. It's a-

SCOT: Beggin' yourrrr parrdon, lad...but would ye move over and let me at the mustarrd.

MOL: Oh certainly.

FIB: Excuse me, Scotty...but I didnt see ye buy a hot dog.

SCOT: Nae. And ye wont, eitherrr, lad. I brrrrrought my own sandwiches. Hand me a paperr napkin please, lass.

WOMAN: Well of all the nerve...here.

SCOT: THANK YE.

MOL: You didnt bring your own horse and jockey, too, did you, mister?

SCOT: Nae. But I'm a winnerrr on the last rrrace.

FIB: HOW much, Scotty?

SCOTT: Twas Elevator to show. It paid two dollarrs and eighty cents.

MOL: Oh well...you made eighty cents, anyway.

SCOT: Hae Lass. Eight cents.

FIB: But it paid eighty cents on a two-dollar ticket.

SCOT: Aye...but therrrrre wrre ten of us in on it. COULD I TRRROUBLE YE FOR A GLASS OF WATERRR, lass? (FADE OUT) The mustarrd makes me verra thirsty and.....

MOL: Heavenly days. Can you imagine that?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well I suppose it takes a close race to win a close race. Let's see the line-up for the next one, Molly.

MOL: Here. I've picked RABBIT HOUND TO WIN.

FIB: Ye cant play him, Molly. Rabbit hound was scratched, this mornin'.

MOL: Well, I thought may be he'd be healed up enough to run by now.

FIB: No no no.. when a hoss is scratched they take him out a the race.

MOL: For a little thing like that?

FIB: Like what?

MOL: Like being scratched.

FIB: Dad rat it, Molly, they dont take a hoss out because he's scratched. I mean they DO, o' course, but it isn't because..well, that is, when a hoss is withdrawn they jest SAY he's scratched.

MOL: I see. They just pretend he was scratched.

FIB: No, they...listen Molly. It aint because a hoss
is scratched that they take him out.
hoss like it

MOL: Oh, it's a fake then?

FIB: NO IT AINT NO FAKE. Listen. When you scratch a
hoss -

MOL: Why should I scratch a horse?

FIB: I dont mean you.

MOL: You said me.

FIB: I know, but I meant when ANYBODY scratches a horse -

MOL: The humane society oughtta get after 'em, that's all
I can say, about it!

FIB: (SIGHS) Is that all you can say about it?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: GOOD! ANEM. Now then..let's look at the line up.
How about this hoss INGLETOOT. I heard a feller in
the grandstand say he could run but he never finishes
good.

WIL: OH WELL...IF IT'S A BRILLIANT FINISH YOU WANT, TRY
JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND POLISH.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harpo. How ye doin'?

WIL: Oh I'm doing all right.

FIB: Kin I borrow your binoculars a minute, Harpo?

WIL: Certainly. Here.

FIB: Thanks. I wanta look at you, Harpo.

MOL: McGee...you're lookin' thru the wrong end.

FIB: Well, I gotta git him away from me somehow. (SHOUTS)
HERE'S YOUR GLASSES, HARPO.

WIL: (WAY OFF MIKE) Thanks!

FIB: Let's see now...they's a hoss in this race that -

MAN: Hey buddy...I got a great tip for this race.

MOL: Oh it's you again, is it?

MAN: Sure. And lissen. I was just talkin' to the jockey
of the Whiffletree stables and you know what he says?

FIB: What'd he say?

MAN: I'll tell ya if you'll split the winnings with me,
buddy.

MOL: and if we lose, you'll split the loss with us?

MAN: Oh I cant do that, lady. I put up the info - and you put up the dough, see? That's fair, aint it?

FIB: Listen, bud...if you guys know so much why aint you rich?

MAN: SHHHHH...I am!

MOL: You are?

MAN: Sure. But I'm keepin' me incoose tax down, see? Now look...this horse Nutsywutsy in the next race is due to win, see? They're lettin' him win to pay the feed bill.

MOL: His or yours?

MAN: Nowwhaddye say? Put a fin on his nose captain, and watch him come home.

FIB: Where does he live?

MOL: Nutsywutsy, come home. All is forgiven.

MAN: SAY..I'm serious.

FIB: Listen, bud. You may be serious, but we were over to the stables a while ago and we saw 'em puttin' the bridles on the horses.

MAN: What abaht it?

FIB: Well, you know what they call that thing they put in the hosses mouth?

MAN: Sure...a bit.

FIB: That's what you think. But to us it's just a gag.

MOL: ---- with no pay-off -! Good day to ye, mister.
MAN: All right...but you'll be sorry. (FADE OUT) Here I try to
give....

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Do you think Nutsywutsey will really win?
FIB: Not a chance. Molly. Not a chance. Accordin' to the

racin' form, he aint had a win in twenty races. He aint
in good shape, he cant run against a east wind, his
jockey's a bum, and six furlongs is too long a go for him.

MOL: Well, I'd feel terrible if he won and we didn't have
anything on him. I'd ..oh hello there little girl.

Oh, hi there sis. You lost?

Huh?

I says are you lost?

No. I'a right here, I betcha. Are you?
Am I what?

Lost?

Nope. Where's your pappa?

He's behind the bars, mister.

He's beh....say that's too bad, sis. What's he in for?
Huh?

I say - what's he there for?

Takin' peoples' money. I betcha.

FIB: Takin' peoples' money, eh? How soon' he git out?
TEE: After the last race.
FIB: After the la... where'd you say he was?
TEE: Behind the bars....over there.
FIB: Ohhhhh, he's a cashier. Why didn't ye say so?
TEE: Why didn't you ask me?
FIB: Why didn...aw fer the....say aint you kinda little to be
wanderin around the race track like this all alone?
TEE: No, I got business, I betcha.
FIB: (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? She's got business. Cute,
aint she? What's the business, sis?
TEE: Listen, mister. I got a good one in the next race for an
nice cream cone, I betcha. Can we do business?
FIB: (LAUGHS) No...I don't believe so. But here's a nickel for
yer ice cream cone.
TEE: Awwww, I guess you don't know much about race tracks,
mister. Ice cream cones cost two bits out here.
FIB: Okay...here's a quarter.
TEE: Thanks, mister. Just for that you better get on
Tiddlywinks in the next race.
FIB: (LAUGHS) What makes ye think so, sis?

TEE: Well, the boy that rides him told his sister and she borrowed my dolly buggy this morning and she gimme the tip, I betcha. (FADE OUT) Thanks for the quarter sister...

FIB: Git that, Molly? (LAUGHS) - ice cream for a hot tip. That's fair enuf!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...it only took U to make a tout of a tot.

SOUND: BUGLE...BOOTS AND SADDLES.

P.A. VOICE: THE BAND...IS ON THE TRACK.

FIB: What are they on the track of?

P.A. VOICE: THEY'RE ON THE TRACK OF RED INGLE. WHO IS SINGING "IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME". TED WEEMS LEADING. ALL THE WAY.

ORK: "IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME" -- --RED INGLE

APPLAUSE:

2nd COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

ORK: THEME: "RIDIN AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNGH'T)

WIL: Well, it's almost time for the next race, and while Fibber is scientifically doping the odds and calculating past performances, Molly is hoping for a good hunch.

MOL: You know, McGee...I still wonder if I hadn't ought to put something on NUTSY-WUTSY.

FIB: Go on, Molly. That bangtail is so close to the glue factory he sticks to the track.

MOL: Don't ye even think he might show?

FIB: The only thing he could show is a set o' wobbly footprints. Lay off of Nutsy Wutsy. Molly. Now I got a hoss picked here that can't lose. The distance is right. The jockey is due for a win. The nag likes a fast track and he's beat every hoss in the field.

MOL: What's a fast track?

FIB: A fast track, Molly...is a dry hard track. They's six kinds o' tracks. Fast, good, fair, heavy, muddy and lousy. It's like one o' the greens on a golf course. If it's fast, ye don't have to hit so hard. If it's slow, it takes more effort.

MOL: and either way ye putter around and windup in the hole.

FIB: Aw shucks. Why I mind the time I had me a small stable down in New Orleans. Small, but good. I had me the sweetest little string of thoroughbreds ye ever waved a eyelash at. I wastrainer, farrier, manager, jockey, vet, and everything else. TURF-TOPPER MOGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL:

Oh dear....

FIB:

TURF-TOPPER MCGEE...THE TITANIC TRAINER O' TROTTERS,
(A TOUGH, TRICKY TRADER,) TIRELESS TEACHER O' TRACK

TACTICS. Why I mind the time, Molly, when my best

boss was a little mare named...let's see now...what WAS
that mare's name again...

MOL:

La Guardia.

FIB:

I says MARE....not MAYOR. Let's see now....

SIL:

(FADE IN) HI YAH HIS' McGee....na'am, hiyah Mist' McGee.

MOL:

Heavenly days....SILLY WATSON.

FIB:

Hi there Sil. What you doin' out here.

SIL:

Ah's a stable boy suh. Ah gits some good tips too, suh. Now in the next race ah got some inside stuff on -

MOL:

Whoaaa!!!!

FIB:

Yeah...hold it Sil. Shucks, it seems like everybody out here has got inside information.

SIL:

Yassuh, but ah gits it right from the stable suh.

FIB:

So you work around the stables so you can get the feed-box prognostications, eh Sil?

SIL:

Wah?

MOL:

You work with the trainers and jockeys to get the tips, do you Silvius?

SIL:

Yas'm. But if yo' changes yo mind, please ma'am...and sometimes folks do change theih min's at race-trackses, you just put a couple dollers on this heah lil' ole Nutsy-Nutsy, please ma'am. That hoss is GOIN' someplace. Sure he's goin' someplace. He's goin' to the world's series, wrapped around a baseball.

FIB:

MOL:

Thanks anyway for the information, Silly.

SIL: Tha's all right. ma'am.

SOUND: BUGLE BOOTS & SADDLES

SIL: Oh oh. Scuse me now please...ah gotta go saddle up a lil ole hoss fo' this race.

FIB: What horse aill?

SIL: Lil ole hoss name of peanut Butteh sub.

MOL: Is he any good?

SIL: No, ma'am. Peanut butteh ain' spread hisse'f fo' a long time. (FADE OUT) Ah wight you-all'd put somethin' on Nutsy-Wutsy though.

FIB: This here Nutsy-Wutsy seems to be kind of a favorite, Molly.

MOL: Maybe we better play him.

FIB: Oh no. No Sir. That nag ain't got a chance. Now I gotta horse picked out -

MOL: How about this horse here, McGee. Her name is Ann, I think I'll bet Ann - jest on a hunch.

FIB: You got another hunch?

MOL: Certainly. It just come to me, McGee. My mother had a dressmaker who bought some stuff at an auction once and one of the pieces of furniture she DIDN'T buy was a piano with Queen Anne legs. Now...isn't that a good hunch?

FIB: GROANS. Oh but Molly...you can't play this ANNE. She's no good. Why I seen her trainer showin' her some pictures the other day and when I walked up I seen they was a bunch of horses heads. I asked the feller what was the idea and he says Anne never seen a horse head before. She thought all they was to a hoss was two hind feet and a tail.

MOL: Well, I think it's a real good bunch.

FIB: But listen, Molly. ANN is no good. Now- take this little hoss here, Kenny -

MOL: That's a cute name. Kenny - for Kenneth, I suppose.

WIL: No - for "Ask Kenny Johnson Wax dealer for your free gift can of GLO-COAT with every purchase of Johnson's Wax"

FIB: AHEM. Hey Harpo!

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Do I look like a horse?

WIL: Let me see. (PAUSE) Well, no. Not very much.

FIB: Then quit ridin' me.

SOUND: P. A. VOICE: THE HORSES...ARE ON THE TRACK.

CROWD RECORD UP.

FIB: Come on, Molly. Let's go down to the stables a minute. Maybe I kin check up on my bet before I lay the dough down.

MGL: All right. Who's the horse?

FIB: It's a little mare named Lilly. From the dope sheets she's all set to win and win big. She ain't been worked hard lately."

MGL: Lilly. "She toils not, neither does she win."

FIB: AHEM. Well, the odds on her oughtta be....oh HI THERE BUD. I see you got an owner's badge.

BLOT: Yes yes, my little horse feathers. I am an owner. Suh, ~~here's my card.~~ HORATIO K. BOOMER. COLONEL BOOMER TO YOU, suh. One of the old Kentucky Boomers.

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

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee, Colonel.

MGL: One of the old Peoria west side McGees.

BLOT: Yes yes,....very glad to meet you. Sorry you weren't here a moment ago. Had a fine chance to make you a lot of money. Not interested in money myself.

MGL: Oh, you're not?

BLOT: No, my little nag-wag, I'm not....Sub Colonel Boomer is only interested in improving the breed of horse flesh.. The Boomers have always been racing men. Racing here... racing there....

FIB: What was this big chance to make dough bud?

BLOT: Oh it was nothing, my boy...nothing. Just a chance to clean up a fortune is all....And now if you'll excuse me, I'll...

FIB: Hey wait a minute, Colonel. What ye talkin' about?

BLOT: Oh, just a trifle....a trifle. You see I have a little filly out there on the track....

P.A. VOICE: THE HORSES...ARE NEARING THE POST...THE MUTUELS WILL CLOSE IN ABOUT ...FIVE MINUTES.

BLOT: Ah yes....five minutes...too late....too late.

MOL: Well heavenly days...to late for what?

BLOT: Well, now that you insist, my little mutuel friends, I'll tell you. My little Filly out there is due to win this race. And the odds are a hundred to one on her. Didn't get a chance to bet, myself. Left my checkbook at my hotel...

FIB: Hot dog...hear that, Molly. Hundred to one. We oughta git somethin' down on that.

MOL: Well, it seems like taking advantage of the Colonel, McGee.

BLOT: Oh not at all not at all....Very glad to give you the information. Sorry I'm in such temporary financial straights myself....very sorry.

FIB: So'm I bud. Phew....a hundred to one!

NOL: McGee...why don't you lend the Colonel some money
and let him bet, too.

BLOT: Oh no...thank you my dear...thank you. I couldn't
think of...no no... impossible...perfect strangers. I
you know....BUT IF YOU INSIST - UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES..

VERY UNUSUAL....I WOULD ACCEPT A SMALL LOAN...be
very glad to give you my note, of course...yes of course.

FIB: How much you got with you, Molly?

18 dollars. Here.

MOL:

FIB:

Thanks. I got about...let's see....thirty-two. That
makes fifty. Suppose I put down twenty-five fer you
and twenty-five fer us, Colonel. At a hundred to one,
that'll be somethin'!

BLOT: WELL SUH..I TAKE THAT VERY KINDLY OF YOU SUH...YES YES...
BUT LET ME GIVE YOU MY NOTE.....WHERE'S MY SOLID GOLD
FOUNTAIN PEN...MUST HAVE LEFT THAT AT THE HOTEL TOO...
WELL, HERE'S A PENCIL..LET ME SEE NOW..I.O.U....25 DOLLARS.
HORATIO K. BOOMER...THERE YOU ARE MY BOY.. HURRY AND MAKE
YOUR BET...

MOL: and may the best horse win!

BLOT: No..LET our horse win, madam.

FIB: Okay, Colonel..see you later. (FADE OUT) WE GOTTA HURRY
TOO..(FADE IN AGAIN) Say COLONEL..WHAT'S THAT HOSS' NAME?

BLOT: Oh yes.. "MY BABY." MY BABY ON THE NOSE MY FRIEND. WE
CANT LOSE. Or I cant, anyway..YES YES...

SOUND: P.A. VOICE: THE HORSES.. ARE NEARING THE POST.

WOMAN: Excuse me please...can you tell me where the telephones.....

FIB: MY BABY ON THE NOSE, SIS....come on Molly.. we gotta git
this bet down before the window closes... HERE YE ARE. TWO
TICKETS ON MY BABY STRAIGHT, BUD.

MAN: Two tickets for how much.

MOL: Twenty five dollars apiece.

MAN: Okay.

SOUND: STAMPING MACHINE OR SOMETHING.

MAN: There you are, mister. Fifty bucks, on My Baby.

FIB: Good. Let's go and watch her come in, Molly....

MOL: Oh dear..and I havent even a dime left to play my hand.

FIB: Never mind the hunches, Molly. This is the real stuff. Oh boy.. a hundred to one. We oughtta clear a couple o' thousand apiece on this....

MOL: I know..but..I've got a feeling, McGee..that NUTSY WUSTY might have been -

P.A. VOICE: THE HORSES..ARE AT THE POST!

CROWD RECORD UP-

MOL: McGee...

FIB: What?

MOL: McGee..what if we should lose...and-

FIB: Go on..(LAUGHS) We CANT LOSE. Didn't the colonel say it was in the bag? Didn't he- Oh there he is.. HEY COLONEL.. OVER HERE! We-

P.A. VOICE: THEY'RE OFF!

CROWD RECORD UP-

FIB: Come on, my baby..my baby..my baby.....

CROWD RECORD WAY UP...

P.A. VOICE: THEY'RE OFF TO A GOOD START.. STREET CAR IS ON THE
OUTSIDE...NUTSY WUTSY IN THE REAR BY FOUR LENGTHS...MY
BABY CREEPING ALONG IN THE BUNCH...STREET CAR TAKES THE
RAIL...BLACKSMITH IS FORGING AHEAD...NUTSY WUTSY TAKING
IT EASY...MY BABY RUNNING WELL...NOW THEY'RE ON THE FAR
TURN...IT'S GOING TO BE A CLOSE RACE FOLKS...NOW MY
BABY IS CRAWLING UP...STREET CAR IS SLOWING DOWN...
JAYWALKER IS CUTTING ACROSS....

MOL:

FIB:

COME ON MY BABY....COME ON MY BABY...
HOT DOG, MOLLY..WE'RE IN!!..LOOK AT MY BABY RUN!

P.A. VOICE: THEY'RE AT THE THREE QUARTERS....STREET CAR IS STOPPING...
BLACKSMITH IS STILL BANGING AWAY....LOOK AT NUTSY WUTSY
COMING UP...NOT THEY'RE IN THE STRETCH..
HOOFS START FADING IN.

SOUND:

FIB:

Where's my baby? WHERE MY BABY?

MOL:

HERE I AM MCGEE!

FIB:

NO NO..THE HOSS. THE HOSS. WHERE'S MY BABY??

MOL:

OH DEAR..I CAN'T SEE..THERE'S SO MUCH DUST..

SOUNDS UP..CROWD AND HOOFS.

P.A. VOICE: LOUD OVER SOUNDS: HERE THEY COME...DOWN THE HOME STRETCH
.. BLACKSMITH IS TIRING...STREET CAR IS OUT OF IT...AND
NUTSY WUTSY IS LEADING BY TEN LENGTHS...THEY'RE HEARING THE
FINISH!! JAYWALKER IS STEPPING UP...NUTSY WUTSY BY SIX
LENGTHS.. JAYWALKER BY A HEAD..AND..LET ME SEE.. YES...
SOCKO IS THIRD... AND NUTSY WUTSY WINS BY HALF A LENGTH!..
IT'S NUTSY WUSTY, JAYWALKER AND SOCKO!!

SOUNDE: CROWD RECORD UP AND HOOFS FADE OUT CROWD OUT.

MOL: Well..Colonel Boomer...where's my baby?

BLOT: Yes yes..just what I was asking myself...haven't the
slightest idea what happened....

FIB: I have. We're busted.

MOL: and you owe us twenty five dollars...

BLOT: Ah yes..the twenty five dollars...yes yes... AR HERE SHE COMES

SOUND: HORSE WALKING SLOWLY...WHINNIES..

BLOT: Off that horse boy...put that blanket on her... don't want her
to catch cold..

MOL: Do ye think she could?

BLOT: AR THERE MY BABY...YOU TRIED ALL RIGHT..YOU TRIED...YES YES
....OH WELL. WE CANT ALWAYS WIN YOU KNOW..

FIB: Whaddye mean - always?

MOL: And how about our twenty five dollars....?

FIB: Yes bud..what you gonna do about that?

BLOT:

Well there's only one thing to do, for the honor of the Kentucky Boomers sub.

FIB:

Sure. Pay us back.

BLOT:

No..I'll GIVE YOU THE HORSE.

MOL:

Heavenly days - We don't want yer horse!

FIB:

Say - what's the idea, Boomer?

BLOT:

Here you are. Take good care of her IT BREAKS MY HEART

FIB:

TO SEE HER GO BUT..(FADE OUT) NEEDS MUST WHEN HE DEVIL.....

Hey come back here - you can't - We don't want this horse.

HORSE WHINNIES.

FIB:

Well fer the...

MOL:

Come on, McGee...we'll have to walk home...

FIB:

(CHIRRUPS) Come on, My Baby. Let's go.

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS' HOOPS... (FADE DOWN)

MOL: (OVER HOOPS) How far is it to town, McGee.

FIB: Only 8 miles.

MOL: 8 miles - (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Eh? Come along there, my Baby-what say, Molly?

MOL: Step back by the horse's neck a minute -

FIB: Whoa, there - like this, Molly?

MOL: Yes - I just wanted a good look at both of ye -- Giddap,
My Baby!!

SOUND: HOOPS UP TO FADE OUT

ORX: "WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME"

ORX: DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL.

ORX: UP DOWN FOR TAG GAG.

TAG GAG: STILL WALKING WITH HORSE

ORX UP TO FINISH "WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME"

APPLAUSE!

ORX: MUSICAL TAG.

WILCOX: SIGNOFF

ANNOUNCER: PLEASE DO NOT MENTION CHICAGO STUDIOS.

Fodder

Upside Downs ?

Lower end frequencies -

High - clear m ||
of PB ||

too close? -

Static?

chirpy?

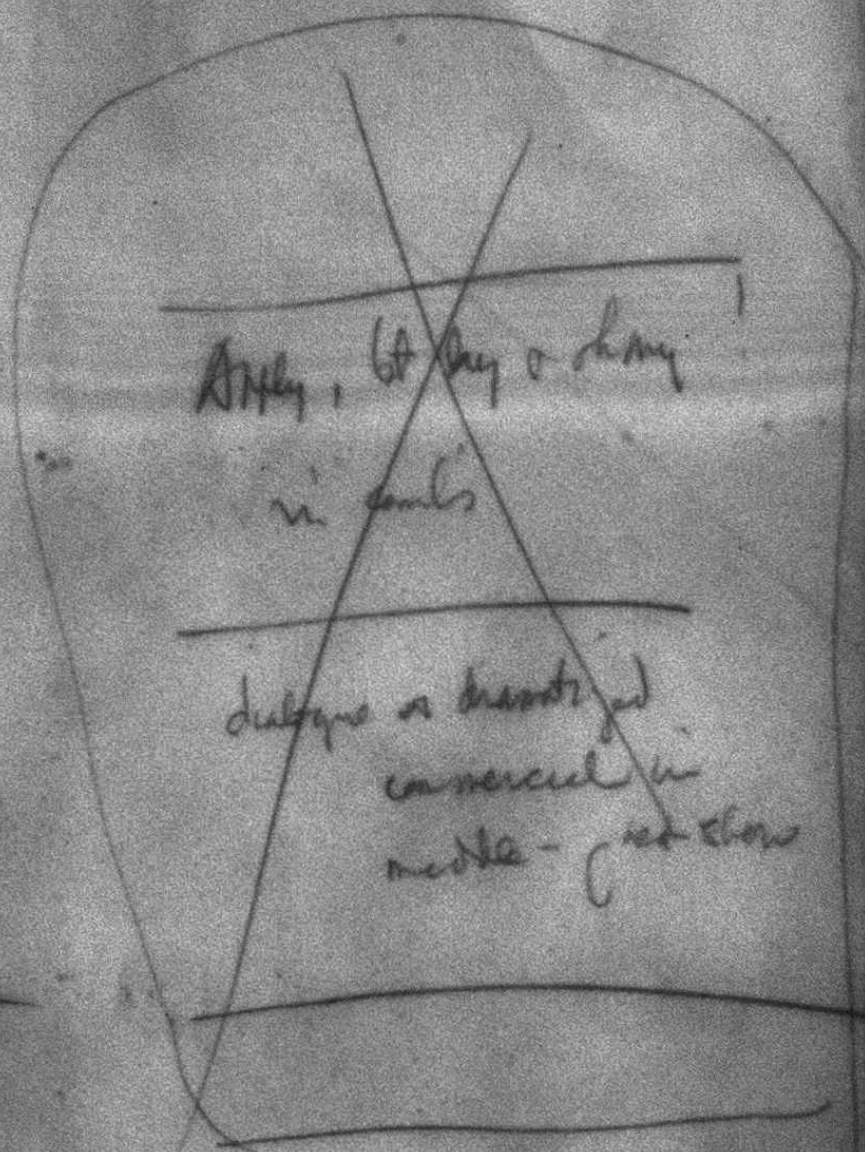
Be sure + time in NBC - ✓

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commercial in
media - get show