

# NBC

ADVERTISER **S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC** WRITER **DON QUINN**  
PROGRAM TITLE **"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#80)** OK  
CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ-RED**  
( **8:00-8:30 PM** ) ( **OCTOBER 19, 1936** ) ( **MONDAY** )  
TIME DATE DAY  
PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER *HW*  
REMARKS  
*Starr*

*Prize*  
" Two good eggs on the yolk is on the  
Douglas Allenwood  
1635 Lewis Drive  
Salem Ohio

" Beja's got at the Mike believe me  
Mary C Pearson  
1304 W 97 Place  
Chicago

" See time without effort you see"  
Mrs W. S. Patton  
49 Seelye Rd  
W. Hartford  
Conn.

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ORK: OPENING PHRASE  
WIL: The Johnson Wax Program?  
ORK: 2nd PHRASE  
WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY?  
ORK: FINISH THEME  
WIL: Ted WEEMS and his orchestra open the show with "WITH THESE I SWING"  
ORK: "WITH THESE I SWING"  
APPLAUSE:  
1st COMMERCIAL BY MISTER WILCOX

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL. FIBBER MCGEE IS IN THE THROES OF A GREAT IDEA TONIGHT AN IDEA WHICH HE MODESTLY ADMITS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY. AND HE HAS PERSUADED MOLLY (against her better judgment) TO COME TO DETROIT FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MOTOR MAGNATES. SO HERE - WAITING IN THE HUGE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE DEERHORN MOTOR COMPANY, WE FIND FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY'

APPLAUSE:

MOL. My My isnt this a tremendous factory, McGee? They say it's more than 1100 acres.

FIB. That aint anything to what'll it'll be when they start producin' my invention, Molly. Why shucks, they'll grow so big they'll use the Ambassador Bridge for a conveyor belt and Lake St. Clair for a coolin' tub. Why, my invent

MAN: Excuse me, please. Who were you waiting to see?

MOL: We have an appointment with Mr. Capp.

FIB. MR HUB CAPP, BUD.

MAN: I see Mr. Capp is over at the smelting plant

FIB. Let's go over and see him there, Molly. I could go fer a couple o' smelts myself. ~~With french-fried potatoes and a~~

MAN: No no The SMELTING PLANT, sir. The small, ten acre building to the left of the coke ovens. Mr. Capp will be tied up for a few minutes.

FIB: Well, when they untie him tell him Fibber McGee, the inventor, is waitin' for him.

MAN: Certainly. Is...er...is...I mean .does.that box belong to you sir?

FIB: This box? You betcha, bud. This has got my invention into it

MAN: (SARCASTICALLY) Oh yes. I suppose it's going to revolutionize the industry!

MOL: Heavenly days, that's exactly what you said, McGee

MAN: (LAUGHS) That's what they all say, madam

FIB: Okay bud. Laugh if ye like. But when you see cars go scootin' down the highway gittin' a couple hundred mile on a pint o' water, you'll eat them words includin' the punctuation.

MAN: Water? I see. It's a steam engine.

FIB: No it aint, bud. It's a -

MOL: MCGEE .DONT TELL HIM. Yet.

FIB: That's okay, Molly. It wont mean nothin' till they see the gadget assembled and workin'. AHEM. Ye see, bud, this here invention uses <sup>soda</sup> ~~plain~~ water. ~~It charges it like soda water,~~ ~~see? and in soda water,~~ or seltzer, every time a bubble busts, it's a miniature explosion, see? My gadget here magnifies them explosions a million times or more.

MOL: ~~McGee says it'll use plain water, soda water, seltzer water,~~ ~~mineral water, or pop, or ginger ale~~

*Think of what you could do as a bottle of Champagne*

FIB: Imagine the advertisin' possibilities, bud. SIZZLE SILENTLY, SAFELY, AND SWIFTLY WITH SUPER-SELTZER! POP ALONG WITH POP SENSATIONAL SAVINGS ON A SQUIRT O' SODA. BREEZE BLITHELY BY ON A BUSTED BUBBLE. Shucks, it's tremendous.

MOL: Tell 'em the idea you had for the new model car, McGee

FIB: Oh yes. IMAGINE, BUD, DESIGNIN' a new streamlined car with my invention in it. Paint 'em yellow and use lemon pop for fuel. Red with straberry, and so forth. Name the car the Weasel. Git it? Take off the brake and POP. GOES THE WEASEL. ~~THE POP-CAR'S A PIP!~~ Why when ye think o' the HEY BUD Where'd he go, Molly?

MOL: He went out holdin' his handkerchief over his face.

FIB: Hmmm Hayfever eh?

MOL: Probably got some of those bubbles of yours up his nose

FIB: Well, wait till the Chief Engineer ~~here~~ sees my invention

MOL: I can hardly wait

FIB: He'll be nuts about it.

MOL: There's two words too many in that sentence. And listen, McGee. If your invention is any good, which I doubt, you're talkin' too much about it.

FIB: It won't do 'em any good jest to know the PRINCIPLE of it, Molly (SOTTO VOCE) I got the plans sewed into the linin' o' my coat, so's nobody can swipe 'em.

MOL: Careful here he comes again.

MAN: (FADE IN) I just heard from Mr. Cap, Mr...er...Mr...er

FIB: McGee, bud. FIBBER MCGEE. Make a note o' that name, too. You'll bee seein' it on your pay checks If I keep ye on AHM

MAN: Thank you sir. I was about to say, Mr er McGee. that Mr Capp is still busy. Would you care to see the assembly plants ~~while you are waiting?~~

~~MOL: Oh I'd love it. Are visitors allowed to pi 'em?~~

~~MAN: Pick what?~~

MOL: ~~The assembly plants.~~ Are they in full bloom now?

FIB: Molly, the assembly plants are where they put the cars together. Come on, bud. I might be able to give you a few ideas on 'speedin' up production.

MAN: Right thru this door please.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND MACHINERY SOUND...WAY UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG

MOL: Heavenly days...what a big place. How big is this room, mister?

MAN: Well, we're not quite sure. We had Jesse Owens the famous sprinter pace it off for us one day last week.

FIB: How far'd he say it was?

MAN: He's not back yet.

FIB: Well when we git into production on the Fibber Fizzerator we can use this room for a coat closet. AHM

MOL: Look, McGee. They got everything on trolleys.

FIB: Not trolleys, Molly. Them are what we call travelin' hooks Ain't they, bud?

*cut*

MAN: No

FIB: OH' AHM

MAN: Those are conveyor belts. We hang a motor part on those suspended hooks and they are carried all over the shop from operation to operation.

MOL: When you get thru I'll tell you about mine.

MAN: --Until they come out as a complete motor

FIB: Dangerous things, too, Molly. Dont git too close to 'em I mind the time old Gordy Gilhooley got his pants caught on one o' them hooks and - and before we could grab him he was four buildings away. AHM. That was in the old Packillac plant Up in Flint.

MAN: What happened to Mr. Gilhooley, sir?

FIB: We never knew till weeks later, bud. Couldn't locate him anywhere Till one day a customer out in Peoria bought a Packillac coupe and found poor old Gordy riveted to the back end, holdin' a tire in both hands and lookin' real surprised

MOL: My my this is a very interest\*.....MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What are you carryin' that box around for?

FIB: This is got my model in it, Molly. You dont think I was gonna leave it back in the reception room do ye This box has got my fortune in it.

MOL: Rattle it and lets see.

MAN: Now if you please, I'd like to direct your attention to this machine here. It automatically sorts piston pins

FIB: Why aint it workin' now?

MOL: It's probably just out of sorts, ~~McGee~~

SOUND: MACHINERY RUMBLE UP

MOL: *Shies Ted Weems*  
McGEE...LOOK! Three aisles over. See that man hangin' by his *Fib. What you down Ted see this assembly room*  
*Ted.* collar from one of those hooks?

FIB: Well fer the .HEY BUD...these workmen too lazy to walk? They gotta ride around hangin' on a hook like a quarter o' beef?

MAN: Well, it isnt exactly orthodox, I believe Perhaps some one ordered a town car and that's the chauffeur

MOL: He's comin' this way, too...HEAVENLY DAYS IT'S TED WEEMS!

TED: Hi, Molly Hello Fibber. Help me down, will you?

SOUND: THUD

TED: Thanks

FIB: I suppose the rest o' your boys are hangin' around, some place

MOL: Those hooks are pretty hard on your coat, arent they Ted?

TED: Yes, but we cant complain. This is a coats to coats hook up.

FIB: You come just in time to hear about my invention, Ted Ye see, instead o' the usual carburetor, usin' gasoline, I invented a

TED: (TAPS BATON) ALL RIGHT, BOYS! READY!

FIB: what I call the Fibber Fizzillator Ye see it works on the princ

ORK: "WHEN DID YOU LEAVE HEAVEN" --- PERRY COMO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL, FIBBER AND MOLLY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO INTERVIEW ANY OF THE HIGHPOWERED EXECUTIVES OF THE DEERHORN MOTOR COMPANY ABOUT FIBBER'S GREAT INVENTION. SO HERE THEY ARE...CONTINUING THEIR TOUR OF THE ASSEMBLY PLANT.

SOUND: MACHINERY RUMBLE

MAN: Now, here, Mr. McGee...and Mrs. McGee...is a very interesting and technical machine. It measures parts to the 10-millionth of an inch. It automatically discards parts it can't use and passes on the others.

MOL: What a wonderful machine to measure campaign promises.

FIB: Oh I dunno. It don't look like it was constructed right, to me, bud. I -

SCOT: Excuse me lad...would ye mind movin' a bit to the right, while I measurrrre this valve.

MOL: Oh excuse us.

SCOT: Aye. I think naethin' aboot it, lass (PAUSE) Therrrre Thank ye verry much.

FIB: Hey Scotty. You don't look very happy. Don't you like your job?

SCOT: Aye. The job is verra good.

MOL: Aren't you getting enough pay?

SCOT: Aye. 20 shillin's a day is enough forr any mon.

FIB: Then why are ye so dad ratted gloomy?

SCOT: Weel, lad, I'll tell ye. - 1912, I bought mysel' a carrrr, ye ken. The garrrage was charrrrgin' me so much to rrrrrepair it, I thocht I'd be learrrrnin' the mechanics mysel.

MOL: Yes.

SCOT: Aye. I've spent twenty fourrr yearrrs learnin' how to repairrrr ny carrr and noo its so old I canna get parrrrts for it.

FIB: That's too bad, bud. But I'm takin' care o' all that stuff. Why when my invention goes into production, Sandy, they won't be so much repairin'.

SCOT: Yourrrr invention?

MOL: Oh he's got a wonderful invention. He says.

FIB: Ye see, bud. I use a magnified bubble explosion princi-

SCOT: That's verra interrrrestin', lad. Good day to ye.

MOL: There seems to be sort of an ish-ka-bubble attitude around here, McGee.

FIB: Well, I oughtta take this thing up with the city council o' Detroit. How'd they like to see a invention like mine go to Flint...or...or Indiana,olis...or...enosha?

MAN: Fine.

FIB: Eh?

MAN: Oh... maybe I didn't understand the question.

FIB: I says, maybe I better take this thing up with the City Fathers here in Detroit.

MOL: They don't have fathers here, McGee. They have Couzens.

MAN: WELL, COUZENS OR BROTHERS, FATHERS OR MOTHERS, THEY'LL ALL BE DELIGHTED WITH FLOORS AND LINOLEUM BEAUTIFIED AND PROTECTED BY JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT!

FIB: Listen Harpo. Can't you stay in character?

MOL: He can't help it, McGee. He's product-minded.

MAN: Sure. I'll give you the prod and you bring the ducts.

FIB: AHEM. Well, I suppose every plant's gotta have a few weeds around it.

MAN: Well, here is an interesting machine over here. It, also, is a precision machine. It measures parts too small to be seen with the naked eye. Pardon me, madam. The NUDE eye.

MOL: Oh don't mention it.

FIB: Too small for the naked eye, eh?

MOL: They must have those in the canneries. To measure out those little pieces of pork they put in the baked beans.

FIB: Say bud. What's that foreign lookin' guy doin' over there at that machine?

MAN: Oh that's one of our oldest employes. He'll be glad to answer any questions.

MOL: How do you do, Mr. Workman.

RUSS: Allo, Babouschka!

FIB: Hi there, brother. What you pullin' that lever for?

RUSS: For fifty cents moneys every hour.

FIB: No...I mean...what happens when you pull the lever?

RUSS: I don't know, tovarish. I am not work to ask questions. I am work to be pulling a lever.

MOL: Well heavenly days...don't you know WHY you pull the lever?

RUSS: What's difference is it making? For fifty cents money every hours I pull levers. What happens is somebody's business else.

FIB: Yes but listen, bud. You...er...how long you worked here?

RUSS: 12 years.

MOL: Imagine that, McGee? He's stood there pulling that lever every twenty seconds for twelve years and he still doesn't know why?

RUSS: Sure I know why, Baboushka.

MOL: Why?

RUSS: Fifty cents moneys every hours.

FIB: Well I can't think of any better reason, Molly. Unless it'd be sixty cents an hour. Hey bud, why don't you find out why you pull the lever?

RUSS: Nitcheyo. I am hiring ~~me~~ to pull levers for fifty cents every hour. And I am doing job plenty good. What happens with pulling levers is somebody's business else. Go away!

MAN #2: All right. Come on folks. We'd better leave him alone.

MAN: But, foreman, if he isn't doing any good why don't you take him off the machine?

MAN #2: What for? He isn't doing any harm? (FADE OUT)

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, why don't you set that box down?

FIB: Oh yeah? and have somebody walk off with my invention? Oh no ye don't. This model stays right with me till I talk to the big shots. Why in this box here - is the future o' the automobile industry. I CAN JEST SEE THE BILLBOARDS. "ROOTBEER <sup>Rules</sup> ~~KEEPS~~ THE ROAD". "REGENERATE YOUR JALOPPY WITH GINGER ALE." I'll have this whole plant changed over to produce charged water. Seltzer.. pop...soda -

TEE: Can I have one too, please, mister?

FIB: Oh hi there sis. Can you have one what?

TEE: Soda. Make it a choclit soda, Mister. Please.

FIB: Dad rat it, I wasn't talkin' about that kind of a soda, sis.

TEE: Okay. Make it vanilla.

FIB: No no no. I'm talkin' about plain charged water. With Carbonated gas.

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says...er...not soda like in a choc...well yes it tis too. But we'll use it to run cars with instead of gasoline.

TEE: Awww.

FIB: Don't ye believe it?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. They use water to run boats with. Gee the boats couldn't even run without water.

FIB: You don't understand, sis. I mean we use water in the carburetor instead o' gasoline. You get more power.

TEE: More power to you, too, Mister.

FIB: AHEM. Thanks. Ye see, sis, with the Fibber Fizzillator we utilize the latent energy in gaseous expansion.

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says we - Aw fer the -

MOL: At least she's listening, McGee. That's more than anybody else has.

FIB: Listen, sis. I'll tell ya how I got my idea. I was settin' the drug store one night, watchin' my glass o' ginger ale

TEE: I betcha you were afraid somebody'd swipe it, mister.

FIB: No, I was jest fascinated by them little bubbles risin' and bustin'...risin' and bustin. Risin' and bustin'.  
And I thinks to myself, shucks, I thinks, WHY CAN'T THAT ENERGY BE HARNESSSED?  
TEE: Aw, I betcha horses don't like ginger ale.  
FIB: No, I mean WHY COULDN'T THAT THERE ENERGY BE MADE USEFUL? Every time one o' them little bubbles busted it released some energy. If they was some way to magnify that there energy, I thinks, it'd be pretty simple.  
TEE: I betcha ya would, I betcha.  
FIB: I Would what?  
TEE: Be pretty simple.  
FIB: Yes, I...OH IS THAT SO. Well say, sis...  
AHEM. Say ain't it kind a dangerous fer a little girl like you to be wanderin' around a big factory like this?  
TEE: Huh?  
FIB: I says WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE?  
TEE: Oh, I brought my tricycle in for an overhaul, mister. It don't take the hills like it used to. I might even trade it in if they gimme a good deal on it (FADE OUT)  
Well so long, mister.  
ORK: "WHEN A LADY MEETS A GENTLEMAN DOWN SOUTH"

APPLAUSE

WILL: That was Ted Weems and his orchestra, playing WHEN A LADY MEETS A GENTLEMAN DOWN SOUTH". (INTO COMMERCIAL)

-2nd COMMERCIAL - -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND" - (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)



WIL: NOW BACK IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE COLOSSAL DEERHORN MOTOR COMPANY, FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE GETTING MORE AND MORE IMPATIENT FOR THAT INTERVIEW ABOUT FIBBER'S INVENTION.

FIB: I'm glad to sit back here and set down anyway. Molly, I was gettin' tired o' totin' this box around.

MOL: Why didnt you ever show the model to me McGee. I could keep a secret.

FIB: Listen Molly. Only ONE person can have a secret. If more'n one knows it, it aint a secret any more. If there's two in on it, it's a plot. If there's three, it's a whisperin' campaign and any more'n that is a mass meetin'. No sir, I was jest playin' safe.

MOL: *Yes*, it looks like a wild goose chase to me *you* being the goose. *Look he fear is it that mort tops*

FIB: That's the way it always is. Instead o' standing square behind me, spurrin' me on to big things, you jest act doubtful. You aint got faith in me, Molly, I'm afraid. You dont believe in me.

MOL: Oh I believe in you all right. But I think this strawberry pop carhydrater of yours is a lot of piccailli. Besides.

MORT: WELL WELL WELL...HAW HAW...HELLO FOLKS...

MOL: Well Mort TOOPS...what are you doin' here?

FIB: Hi there Mort? How are ye?

MOL: Dont tell us YOU'VE got an invention, too.

MORT: No. (HAW HAW) BUT I'M WORKIN' ON ONE...HAW HAW HAW... (OH BOY IS IT A HOT ONE, TOO!)-- HAW HAW...IT'S A FRONT BUMPER WITH A HEATING ELEMENT IN IT. HAW HAW.. (GET THIS NOW)...HAW HAW.. AND EVERY TIME THE BUMPER HITS A PEDESTRIAN...HAW HAW..IT GETS RED HOT AND BURNS THE LICENSE NUMBER INTO THE <sup>his</sup> PEDESTRIANS TROUSERS SO HE'LL KNOW WHO HIT HIM. HAW HAW HAW <sup>well</sup> IS THAT <sup>he</sup> A HOT NUMBER! HAW HAW...~~GET IT?~~ ~~A HOT NUMBER!~~

MOL: Well what if the pedestrian is not wearing trousers. Maybe it'll be a woman?

MORT: Well...HAW HAW...IN THAT CASE...HAW HAW...THEY CAN TRACE THE DRIVER THRU THE OUTSKIRTS...HAW HAW...OH BOY...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD...~~THRU THE OUTSKIRTS~~...HAW HAW... (BOY CAN I TOSS 'EM OFF) HAW HAW... JUST <sup>heard</sup> <sup>talk</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>print</sup> <sup>room</sup> READ A GOOD ONE IN THE PAPER TOO, FOLKS...HAW HAW...~~IT WAS A HONEY~~...HAW HAW...A FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER FELLER...HAW HAW... (GET THIS NOW)...HE SAYS...HAW HAW...HE SAYS...HE SAYS... SAY HE SAYS...HAW HAW...HE SAYS, SAY, IT'S A GOOD THING WHEELS WERE INVENTED BEFORE AUTOMOBILES, WASNT IT? HAW HAW... (THIS WILL KILL YOU):...HAW HAW...AND THE OTHER FELLOW SAYS WHY? AND THE FIRST FELLOW SAYS...HAW HAW... (OH THIS IS <sup>aha</sup> RIGHT)...HE SAYS...HAW HAW...OH MY...HAW HAW...HE SAYS...HAW HAW...OH...I CANT DO IT...I'LL HAW HAW... I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU LATER. HAW HAW Haw haw haw... (FADE OUT)

MOL: Heavenly days... Mr. Toops certainly considers himself a card, dont he, McGee?

FIB: Card is right. Every time he opens his mouth he makes an ace of himself.

MOL: What on earth was the joke he was tryin' to tell us?

FIB: Shucks, that's easy. Everybody knows that one.

"IT'S A GOOD THING WHEELS WERE INVENTED BEFORE AUTOMOBILES, OR WOULDNT THE SCRAPING NOISE BE TERRIBLE."

MOL: Hummm. Hardly worth the effort. ~~It's a good thing the silencer was invented before Mr. Toops, or would the shots sound awful~~

FIB: Say, I wonder if they're gonna keep us settin' here all day. If I dont git a little consideration around here I'm gonna take my invention over ~~to the Deussenbaker people.~~ HEY THERE, BUD... aint Mr. Capp back yet?

WIL: Just a minute, sir. I'll call his secretary and see? HELLO OPERATOR. MR CAPP'S SECRETARY PLEASE. (PAUSE) HELLO MISS DIMPLESWEET RECEPTION ROOM CALLING. MR. MCGEE IS WAITING FOR MR CAPP WITH A MODEL OF HIS INVENTION. YES YES... THAT WILL BE FINE. THANK YOU MISS DIMPLESWEET. ~~(CLICK) Miss~~ *Excuse me please*

MOL: Dimplesweet, Mr. Capp's secretary will be right out to see you sir. *And Miss D is the most beautiful person a my important person around here*

MOL: Fine.

FIB: Much obliged. bud. Miss Dimple Sweet eh? Hot dog. If there s any better way o' impressin' an executive than by impressin his secretary first, I dunno what it is. How s my hair look Molly?

MOL: Very individual. Every hair for itself

FIB: My tie straight?

MOL: I havent time to go back to the hotel and look

FIB: Dad rat it, did I forget to put that tie on again? Oh well watch me give the little secretary the old personality. Molly

MOL: ~~What old personality?~~

FIB: You know. I'll turn on the chamr Like this

MOL: Dont show your teeth at me. I'm no little red riding hood.

FIB: ~~Oh I aint gonna date her up or nothin' Molly I'm jest gonna be myself.~~

MOL: ~~You would. Out of all the people in this world to be, you'd be yourself. Why~~

WIL: Excuse me, sir *Here* Miss Dimplesweet is coming.

~~BOOR LATCH SLAM~~

FIB: (VERY CHARMING) Oh how do you do, Miss Dimplesweet. Wont you step over here and meet the little wo...er my wife. Molly, this is Miss Dimplesweet.

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

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee, the inventor, ~~Miss Dimplesweet?~~

WHEE: Well, skippy, what am I supposed to do about it? Turn handsprings?

FIB: AHEM. Why...say grandmaw..are you Mr. Capp's secretary?

WHEE: Yes...I'm his amanuensis, sonny.

FIB: Ye are, eh? Dont the other girls get jealous?

WHEE: Never mind the personalities, skinny. What's on your mind?

FIB: Well, er...I come here to...er...that is, I got an invention here that...WELL IF YOUR ENGINEERS EVER SEE IT, THEY'LL GO WILD.

WHEE: THEY HAVENT FAR TO GO, SONNY. But I'm afraid you cant see the engineers, they're in a very important meeting. ~~All the engineers of the plant are gathered here for a conference~~ on fuel consumption.

FIB: FUEL CONS. HEY SIS... THAT'S JEST WHAT MY INVENTION ~~DOES~~ <sup>is</sup> <sup>it doo'z a new fuel</sup> <sup>Oh it does does, it?</sup> Well, I'll take a chance, sonny. Bring your stuff along and we'll crash the meeting. But dont waste any time this is a <sup>an</sup> very important ~~meeting~~ <sup>conference</sup>.

FIB: Granmaw, you aint got any idea HOW important it tis. Come on, Molly.

WHEE: Right this way, skippy. Thru the door there.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

WHEE: Gentlemen, Mr and Mrs. Fibber McGee who say they have an invention to demonstrate. Get a load of it, please and if you dont like it throw him out on his...~~er...~~ <sup>I mean dont hesitate to reject it.</sup> Mr. McGee...this is Mr. Kettering. Mr. Skoan, Mr. McCaulery, Mr. Heffley and.. and...you over there with the whiskers...what's your name?

MAN: I m Mr Deerhorn, the President of the Company

WHEE: Well it's about time you showed up around here ALL RIGHT SHORTY DO YOUR STUFF.

DOOR SLAM

(PAUSE)

FIB GENTLEMAN WE ARE HERE!

(PAUSE)

FIB AHEM er Well .HERE WE ARE.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Must be a dummy corporation <sup>hus a d select partners</sup>

FIB: Cant any of you boys talk? Who's Mr Capp? Mr Hub Capp?

BLOT: I am Mr Capp, my little model muddler Chief engineer of the designing department. WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED MY GOOD MAN ~~AND YOU MY GOOD WOMAN?~~

MOL: ~~I'm NOT your good woman. And he's not your good man.~~

BLOT: ~~That's too bad, I'm sure~~

FIB: Gents.. I'm here with what is probably the GREATEST, MOST COLOSSAL IDEA FER THE AUTOMOBILE UNDRUSTRY YOU EVER SAW THE FIBBER FIZZERATOR, I CALL IT (PAUSE) Well, you interested?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Oh YOU'RE GONNA BE LIKE THAT EH? (SOTTO VOCE) Watch me bluff 'em Molly OKAY GENTS... I'LL TAKE MY IDEA TO THE DEUSENBAKER WORKS.

(PAUSE)

FIB: ~~AHEM. Unless you think you might be interested... NOW IN THIS BOX HERE -~~

SOUND: RATTLE OF WOOD.

BLOT: Please dont take <sup>no</sup> up any more of our valuable time than is necessary my good fellow. We're very busy men. Very busy. Yes yes. We're considering ways and means. I suggest the ways, and they ~~get mean about it.~~ <sup>dont bump it means</sup> What's in the box, my little stein ~~etc.~~ <sup>Pardon me. Stein HERE</sup>

FIB: McGee is the name, bud. And I got here the parts of the McGee Mixer and Fibber Fizerator. NOW WHAT YOU GENTLEMEN ARE PRIMARILY INTERESTED IN IS CUTTIN' DOWN FUEL CONSUMPTION, AINT IT. (PAUSE) ~~SURE IT IS.~~ AHEM. Well sir, that jest what the Fizerator does. Utilizes the power in plain soda water, seltzer, ginger-wale or any carbonated water.

MOL: <sup>Dont forget</sup> How about pop?

AGED VOICE: Dont mind me, Go right ahead.

FIB: AHEM. Now watch whilst I assemble the Fizerator fer a practical demonstration.

SOUND: CLATTER

MOL: ~~Well heavenly days....so THAT'S where my curling iron went to!~~

FIB: Now then, gents...I jest fit this part onto this - like this...

SOUND: CLATTER...METAL...

FIB: No...it goes the other way...

BLOT: I think you got something there my boy. Yes. yes. I think you've got something.

MOL: He's got the gears out of me washing machine for one thing. ~~AND THERE'S MY MEAT GRINDER!~~

FIB: Quiet, Molly AHEM Now then, gents...~~this Fizerator is assembled.~~ Now all ye do is...no wait there's one more gadget goes on here someplace Now where in tunket OH YES...

SOUND: HAMMERING CLATTER ETC

FIB: NOW THEN WATCH THIS GENTS. AUTOMOBILE HISTORY IS BEIN' MADE HERE

MOL: Hurry up, McGee. they're gettin impatient

FIB: I'm hurryin' NOW GENTS...HERE IS WHERE YE PUT A BOTTLE O ROOT BEER...OR GINGER ALE...OR STRAWBERRY POP NOW THEN NOT HAVIN' <sup>any</sup> POWER AT HAND HERE...I'LL TURN IT BY HAND SO YOU'LL GIT AN IDEA WHAT HAPPENS

SOUND: TERRIBLE GRINDING AND THUMPING.

BLOT: Sounds very interesting, I'm sure Yes yes very interesting. SOUNDS LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE WITH THE HICCUPS

MOL: What's the matter with it, McGee?

FIB: Search me. It never sounded like that before Maybe I got it together wrong I'll have to look at my plans Where'd I put

<sup>new - 20</sup>  
MOL: you sewed em into the lining of your coat  
remember?  
Fib: Excuse me, gentlemen. I'd have to refer to my plans  
— got em here in my coat. I'll have em in just a minute.

1st  
Ripping

Fib: They ain't there

MOL: Are you sure? Try the other side

2nd  
Ripping murmurs.

Fib: They ain't there either. <sup>Pray with me boys</sup>  
hey Molly, help, ~~that~~ do something. Help  
we up the back

3rd  
Ripping murmurs

see new 25

MOL: You sewed 'em into the lining of your coat, remember?  
FIB: <sup>Excuse me</sup> ~~Oh yes.~~ <sup>I'd have to refer to my plans</sup> GENTLEMEN. I CONSIDERED THIS WORK SO IMPORTANT

CONCEALED THE PLANS IN MY COAT LINING... I'll have 'em  
(SOUND) RIPPING <sup>Get rid of them and these</sup>  
FIB: ~~ONE LOOK AT THE PLANS AND I'LL HAVE THIS MACHINE ASSEMBLED~~  
~~SO YOU CAN GET A REAL IDEA HOW.~~

~~(SOUND) RIPPING~~  
MOL: <sup>Are you sure - look again</sup> ~~Try the other side, McGee~~

SOUND: (RIPPING) <sup>They ain't there</sup>  
FIB: <sup>Try the other side</sup> NOW YOU'LL ADMIT THE IDEA IS BASICALLY GOOD

<sup>murmur</sup> MCL: GOOD, MY BOY? WHY IT'S PERFECTLY RIPPING. YES YES...  
FIB: <sup>Pray with me boys</sup> I'LL FIND THESE PLANS IN JEST A MINUTE. <sup>But just slow</sup>  
rip up that side. .if somebody has got into my coat and  
these plans I dunno what I'll... <sup>(Hey Molly)</sup>

SOUND: FEVERISH RIPPING...  
MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...where on earth <sup>are they</sup> did you sew it?  
FIB: THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW...

SOUND: MUTTERING VOICES  
FIB: Now gentlemen...jest be patient...please...<sup>(hurry Molly)</sup>  
SOUND: FAST RIPPING...

SOUND: MUTTERING VOICES UP  
FIB: Gentlemen...PLEASE...I'll have these plans out in a  
You'll see...

SOUND: RIPPING...

see new 25

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MOL: You sewed 'em into the lining of your coat, remember?  
FIB: <sup>Yes</sup> ~~Yes.~~ <sup>Yes, I'll have to refer to my plans</sup> ~~(GENTLEMEN.) I CONSIDERED THIS WORK SO IMPORTANT I~~  
CONCEALED THE PLANS IN MY COAT LINING... <sup>I'll look for it in just a minute</sup>

(SOUND) RIPPING  
FIB: ~~ONE LOOK AT THE PLANS AND I'LL HAVE THIS MACHINE ASSEMBLED~~  
~~SO YOU CAN GET A REAL IDEA NOW.~~

~~(SOUND) RIPPING:~~  
MOL: ~~Are you sure - look again~~ <sup>Are they</sup>  
~~Try the other side, McGee.~~  
FIB: ~~(RIPPING) They're not there~~  
~~Now you'd admit the idea is basically good~~  
FIB: ~~GOOD, MY BOY? WHY IT'S PERFECTLY RIPPING YES YES.~~ <sup>And just look at the</sup>  
~~I'LL FIND THESE PLANS IN JUST A MINUTE~~ <sup>Hey Molly help...</sup>

rip up that side...if somebody has got into my coat and swiped these plans I dunno what I'll...

SOUND: FEVERISH RIPPING...  
MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...where on earth <sup>are they</sup> did you sew it?  
FIB: THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW..

SOUND: MUTTERING VOICES  
FIB: Now gentlemen...jest be patient...please...(hurry Molly)...

SOUND: FAST RIPPING...

SOUND: MUTTERING VOICES UP

FIB: Gentlemen...PLEASE...I'll have these plans out in a jiffy...  
You'll see...

SOUND: RIPPING...

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MOL: McGee...the coat's all torn apart. The label is the biggest piece left Look.

FIB: Let's see that label... WALK UP STAIRS AND SAVE TEN DOL...  
MOLLY!! I WORE THE WRONG COAT!!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

ORK: "MILENBURG JOYS"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THERE: DOWN FOR TAG GAG:

TAG GAG:

APPLAUSE:

WIL: CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT - RADIO MIRROR, ETC

vc:om;mc: 10:16:36: 11:20 AM