

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
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PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Free
Helen Wing
corrected

Commercials attached
1936
Hunting in North Woods

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WLAQ NBC REBROADCAST
MONDAY NOV. 2, 1936

HW
CF

REBROADCAST ONLY

COMMERCIAL

Just another reminder about that free can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX that is waiting for you at your dealer's. Get it now in the JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT PACKAGE before it is too late.

In the package is: First — a pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER; Second — a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. With these two remarkable products you can quickly make your car shine like new.

JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER is a creamy white liquid, very easy to apply. It both cleans and polishes a car in one simple operation — takes off all the old dirt and road film without injury to the finish.

JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX protects the beautiful, glossy polish from scratches; saves the finish from the harmful ultra violet rays of the sun; and sheds dust and dirt. JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX will cut down on your car washings, and add greatly to the trade-in value of your car.

Go to your dealer right away. Ask for the FREE GIFT PACKAGE containing JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay only 59¢ for the package (this is less than the regular price of the cleaner alone) and you get the full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX without cost. The supply is limited — so don't delay.

HW:CF

COMMERCIAL

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The sponsors of this program, the makers of Johnson's Wax, are **EM** celebrating their 50th Anniversary this year. Think of it! For fifty years they have been developing and perfecting a whole family of polishes for use in American homes. Whether you want to beautify your walls, floors, woodwork, linoleum, your car finish or your silverware, there is a Johnson polish exactly suited to your needs. You are entitled to the best, so be sure to ask for a polish made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. Then you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you are getting the finest polish of it's kind that can possibly be made.

On their 50th Anniversary, the makers of Johnson's Wax pledge themselves to continue in your service—constantly striving to develop products that will make your housework lighter and your home a pleasanter place to live in.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1936
WMAQ-NBC 8:00-8:30 P.M. - RED.
ALSO REROADCAST:

COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: I'd like to ask a question of every housewife who is listening tonight. How would you like to receive as a gift, a great big double-size polishing cloth, made of chamois-like material -- a polishing cloth that will pick up every bit of dust from your furniture and not scatter dirt around the room. If you would like to receive this extra-quality 40% polishing cloth free, just go to your dealer and purchase a pint bottle of JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH. Housewives say this is the finest furniture polish they have ever used. Here are a few reasons women give for preferring JOHNSON'S CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH. One:

WOMAN: It contains no oil to collect dust.

WILCOX: Two.

WOMAN: It gives a beautiful wax-protection to furniture.

WILCOX: Three:

WOMAN: It cleans and polishes at the same time.

WILCOX: Four:

WOMAN: It is so easy to apply and requires no hard rubbing.

WILCOX: You have just heard four good reasons why you should use JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH. Get it tomorrow from your dealer and receive a big double size 40% polishing cloth free.

COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX. You have often heard the old expression "it's so easy a child can do it." Well, that expression, time-worn as it is, tells the story of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT perfectly. Yes "even a child can polish a floor with GLO-COAT, for this easy-to-use liquid polish requires no rubbing or buffing. There's a little girl in the studio tonight who likes to help her mother with the housework. Would you like to have her tell you how easy she thinks it is to use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT?"

CHILD: It's awful easy to use. You just take a cloth and spread a little GLO-COAT over the floor -- I guess that's all there is to tell -- except the floor looks so pretty when it's dry.

WILCOX. It looks wonderful! This little girl is quite right. GLO-COAT is self-polishing. It dries in 20 minutes and makes old linoleum shine like new, and keeps new linoleum beautiful and clean, protected from wear. Order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T GLO-COAT. It will save you hours of cleaning time.

ORK: 1ST PHRASE OF THEME:

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE OF THEME

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordah as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME UP TO FINISH

WIL: Ted Weems and his orchestra open the show with "COLLEGE WALK!"

ORK: "COLLEGE WALK" OR "NOLA"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (1ST COMMERCIAL)

ORK: MC GEEE THERE: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT.)

WIL: TONITE THE MCGEEES ARE ON A HUNTING TRIP FOR BIG GAME!
FIBBER HAS MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR A GUIDE TO MEET ^{them} HIM AND
MOLLY WAY UP IN THE NORTH WOODS. AND HERE, ALL DRESSED IN
HUNTING COSTUME, WITH RED CAP, BOOTS, HUNTING KNIFE AND
HATCHET, WATCHING THE TRAIN DISAPPEAR INTO THE DISTANCE,
WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TRAIN FADE INTO DISTANCE WITH WHISTLE

MOL: Heavenly days ... what a lonesome place!

FIB: Where'd you think you went for moose, Molly? Times Square?

MOL: Well ... where's the guide?

FIB: Oh he'll be along, I suppose. He says to wait at the
station for him.

MOL: It's a good thing you've got that red cap on, or I'd
never know it WAS a station. Why on earth did you have to
wear that thing?

FIB: All us big game hunters wears these, Molly. Protection.

So's people won't mistake ye fer an Elk

MOL: I see. They don't get close enough to see, if you're
wearin' your teeth on your watch chain. I wish that guide'd
show up. I'm hungry. Where do we eat?

FIB: Where do we eat. (LAUGHS) Shucks, Molly them woods there
are full o' meals on the hoof. Deer, partridge, rabbit, -
anything ye want.

MOL: Go shoot me a cup of coffee. And ON YOUR WAY, SET A TRAP
FOR A COUPLE OF DOUGHNUTS.

FIB: Tell ye what I'll do. I'll sneak a few feet into the woods
and ~~knock over~~ ^{shoot} a couple of moose. I'll tackle 'em with my
bare hands.

MOL: Well be careful with your tacklin'.

FIB: Whaddye mean be careful, tacklin'?

MOL: Some Wildcat is liable to take ye for a Gopher

FIB: AHEM. Maybe I better HEY... HAND ME MY GUN ... QUICK!

MOL: What for?

FIB: There's A CANADIAN GOOSE FLYIN' UP THERE. HURRY UP ... HAND
ME MY GUN!

MOL: Go on, that's a crow.

FIB: IT'S A CANADIAN GOOSE I TELL YE. HURRY UP ...

MOL: It's a crow.

FIB: Taint either. It's a Canadian Goo-

SOUND: CAW...CAW CAW...Caw caw caw caw.... (FADE OUT)

FIB: AHEM. Ye know... I'd of swore that was a Canadian Goose.
Ut had markin's on the wing that -

MOL: ~~McGee ... here comes somebody. Maybe it's our guide?~~

FIB: GUIDE! With the patent-leather shoes and fur collar and yella gloves? Looks more like a - HEY BUD...YOU OUR GUIDE?

BARRYM: (FADE IN) No, my son ... I am not your guide. I am NO ONE'S guide. I cannot even guide my own destiny. I ... Barry Johnymore, whom critics have acclaimed the greatest Dane since Booth.

FIB: Hear that, Molly? He thinks he's a great dane.

MOL: Hot dog!

BARRYM: 'Yes...I've seen destiny whipsawed by a shrew. Alas!

MOL: Alas what?

BARRYM: A lass what pursues me, from the hallowed haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers to the nostalgic swells of the mighty Pacific. This maiden maketh my nights a terror and my days a mockery. She says I am her Pierrot and she is my Columbine. Columbine, foorsooth! (Would you care for my autograph?)

FIB: No thanks, bud.

MOL: But I'd buy a ham sandwich, if you have one.

BARRYM: HAM, indeed! What infamous thrust is this? HAM, to a Johnnymore! AVAUNT THEE! I am come to this bosky dell to foil the machinations of a mad maiden. And you taunt me with HAM! HAM HAM HAM ... tis indeed a welcome viand with the egg, but to one who treads the boards, to those who dedicate their lives to the bard, I say tis anathema ... HAM...FAUGH!

MOL: So you're hidin' up here from some girl. Why don't you just go back and give her a good spankin'? She wouldn't bother you any more.

FIB: Yes, bud...go tell her to jump in the lake.

BARRYM: My friends, the thought has merit, but tis meritless in this. Though it would without doubt resolve my peace of mind, twould doubtless also rob me of publicity. This maid, mayhap may harrow all my days...but it maketh a fat tome of clippings. (Would you care to take my picture)

FIB: No thanks, bud.

MOL: We didn't bring a camera.

BARRYM: Ah then ... I bid you farewell, Yes, farewell, (FADE OUT)
Ah what a rogue and peasant slave am I ... Is it not monstrous that this player here, but in a dream of fiction, could force his soul so to his own conceit and
Ye know, Molly. I'll betcha four bits that guy is an actor.

MOL: If he'd been on the stage all his life, I'd still take that bet. But where's our guide? I don't wanna stand here all day. ~~Let's ask the ticket agent if he's seen him.~~

FIB: Oh he'll be along in a minute. I wish I had a paper. I'd like to see how things turned out back home. Who won, an all.

MOL: I understood it was going to be a six way tie.

FIB: A SIX WAY TIE. How could that be.

MOL: Well, they all had the same number of children.

FIB: They all had the ... say where'd you get that stuff?

Landon has three kids, Roosevelt has

MOL: WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT. What are you talkin' about?

FIB: The election, dad rat it.

MOL: I wasn't talkin' about the election. I meant 'the BABY DERBY in Canada.

FIB: Ohhhh, you mean the Safety-Pin Sweepstakes

MOL: Sure, the Talcum-Powder Handicap. Oh well ... maybe it'll do us good to be away from headlines for a few days

FIB: You betcha! Personally I'm enjoyin' the solitude. Jest git a lungfull o' that air, Molly. Smell them pines! And to think we're MILES AND MILES FROM any other human bein'. I kin hardly wait to prow around in them woods after a deer. Sneakin' along some trail that ---

WOMAN: (FADE IN) Oh no no no ... you mustn't ... PLEASE ... THERE IS DANGER THERE ... THERE IS EVIL IN THAT FOREST ... PLEASE ... YOU MUSTN'T!

FIB: Say fer the ... where'd you come from sis?

WOMAN: THEY ... sent me! ... the OLD ONES! ... It is a warning! YOU MUST NOT TAKE THE WOODLAND TRAILS! ... THERE IS EVIL

THERE!! (FADE OUT) No no no ... PLEASE ... NO no ...

FIB: Well, I'll be a chipmunk's Uncle! ^{of all the poor scabes} She was kinda cute, tho.

MOL: Cute! She had too much makeup on. ^{I don't like this place} But just the same, McGee ... let's go home.

FIB: No sir ... they can't scare Fibber McGee. It's probly somebody that wants all the game for themselves

MOL: They can have the game. I'll hand 'em my chips right now.

FIB: Oh now, Molly, you ain't gonna let some crackpot cutie like that scare us out of a huntin' trip. Why, if

PIERRE: Allo, M'Sieu. Allo, Madame!

MOL: Oh! ... you startled me.

FIB: Must be the guide, Molly. You our guide, brother? I'm Fibber McGee.

PIERRE: Ah, oui. I am Pierre. I am Pierre, ze grrreat guide. Ze marveulleus woodsman, ze hunter terrifique, ze grrand chef. Voila! Ze all-round pairfect guide, n'est ce pas?

FIB: Tray beans.

MOL: Make it two trays of beans. I'm hungry. X

FIB: Okay, bud. This here is Mrs. McGee.

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

PIERRE: I am 'appy like anyt'ing to meet weeth you, madame. I am Pierre Louis, Francois, Marie, St Germaine, Henri, Reechar' Ginsberg.

MOL: ~~That's what I call building up to a terrific letdown~~

FIB: That's the first kosher french pastry I ever saw.

MOL: Well before we get started to camp, Pierre er MAY I call you Pierre?

PIERRE: Mais, oui, madame. Everyone wan she is call Pierre Pierre

FIB: I wonder if he gets his suits with two pierres of pants.

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. I was going to say, Pierre, did you meet a wild looking woman coming up the path?

PIERRE: No non Pierre is always look for wil' woman but he is almost nevaire finding heem. Thees woman, she is of your party, non?

FIB: NON is right, bud. She jest told us there was danger in them woods. She says there's evil lurkin' there or somethin' like that. What do you say to that?

PIERRE: Pierre say she is note.

FIB: That's what I thought. Haven't any news on the election have you bud?

PIERRE: Non, Msieu. Pierre she is take no interes' in election.

FIB: You would if you was ever in one. Why I mind the time back in Woodpecker Canyon in Nevada, when old Flip Flannery was runnin' for Coroner. Ever tell ye bout that, Molly?

MOL: Many's the time.

FIB: AHEM? Well sir - I was judge of elections . . . me bein' the only one with nerve enough. Old Flip Flannery was roarin' round town boastin' about what he'd do if I didn't count the ballots in his favor. Matter of fact, everybody was votin' for Navaho Needham for Coroner. So I knowed I was in for trouble.

PIERRE: Thees American election, she is very droll, I theenk.

MOL: Well, at least we keep the same cabinet for more than a week.

FIB: Quiat, you two, if ye wanta hear this. Ye do, don't ye?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Of course ye do. AHEM. Well sir, when I counted the votes at the end o' the day, there was nine hundred, even, for Navajo Needham and only two votes for Flip Flannery. And I knowed who those two come from. Him and his brother. Even his brother wouldn't o' voted for him but he couldn't spell any name but his own. AHEM. Well sir, when I announces the result, there was a dead silence. Then Flip Flannery steps to one side. Ye see, they called him Flip on account of the dirty way he could throw a knife.

PIERRE: A la l'Apache!

FIB: A lahla posh is right.

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MOL: What does that mean?

FIB: It means ... er ... AHEM don't interrupt, Molly. Well sir, like lightnin' two knives come fer my throat, but I ducks, aside, real graceful and holds up two ballots. Them two knives sliced 'em in two and stuck quiverin' into the wall. Well gents, I says, smilin', and holdin' up the two ballots. I gotta throw these two votes out fer bein' defaced, I says. Makin' it unanimous for Navajo Needham. Good, says Needham, though I didn't need 'em. Then they was silence.

MOL: You could have heard a pun drop.

FIB: Ahem. Then it happens. I knew Flannery always carried three knives and I was expectin' the third ... and ZIPPP .. SWISH! I heard it comin' with my back turned. Reachin' up, quick's a flash, I grabs the knife outa the air and with a single motion snaps 'er back over my shoulder. Then I lights a cigarette and turns around, real calm. Sure enough, there was Flip Flannery, deader'n a doornail, on the floor.

MOL: Kind of a Flip flop, ye might say.

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FIB: Well sir, Pierre, they'll tell you to this day in Woodpecker Canyon, that I steps acrost old Flip's corpus, kickin' his beard to one side and holds out my hand to Navajo Needham. Congratulations, Coroner Needham, I says. Here's your first professional job. What's that? says he? You get twenty bucks, for buryin' Flip Flannery I says. PROVIN', I SAYS, THAT PROSPERITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORONER! (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Don't ye git it, Pierre? I says - Hey what's the matter with him, Molly?

MOL: He dunno whether to put a chicken in his pot or a frown on his pan.

PIERRE: Thees 'osban' of yours she is fool of weemsy. eh, madame?

MOL: You mean whimsy?

PIERRE: No no WEEMSY. WEEMSY!

TED: (FADE IN) Whaddye want?

PIERRE: Play, QUEEK!

ORK: "NOT WITHOUT YOU" or "NOLA" COMO

APPLAUSE

ORK McGEE THERE: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) Now back to the big north woods, where Pierre the guide has installed Fibber and Molly in ^{his} the big log cabin. It's too dark to do any hunting today, so they're getting ready for bed. ~~A good nights sleep and then~~ VOICKS! FOR THE TRAIL! Here they are, making up their bunks for the night

FIB: Well, I hope it'll be a nice day tomorrow, Molly. Take a look, will you?

MOL: Sure. Say, why don't they put locks on these doors?

FIB: They ain't any crime up in this country, Molly. Nobody ever walks in without hollerin' first. How's the weather?

MOL: I'll tell you in a minute?

SOUND: CREAK OF DOOR HINGE AND WIND... DOOR THUD... WIND OUT

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee... it's blowin' up quite a storm

FIB: Good. I like to battle with the elements, Myself.

MOL: There aren't any elephants up here.

FIB: I says ELEMENTS. I like to walk in the rain. I like to hear the wind in my face,

MOL: You re tellin' me!

FIB: AHM. Say these bunks look kinda comfortable, Molly. Look.

Hurry up and let's get some sleep

SOUND: DOOR LATCH... WIND SHUT

SCOT: Excuse me, Folks. But would ye dirrect me to Vancouverrrr?

MOL: What's the idea of walkin' in without knockin'. Who are you?

SCOT: Jock MacLachlan, lass. Everrybody knows me as Jock o' the Woods.

FIB: He's a lumberjock, Molly.

SCOT: Aye, lad.

MOL: Vancouver is hundreds of Miles northwest.

SCOT: Thank ye lass... and what would ye bein' doin' in the forreest yoursel's? Huntin'?

FIB: We're after moose, Scotty.

SCOT: Aye... I saw one last night at the movies. Twas verra humorrrous.

MOL: A funny moose?

SCOT: Aye. Mickey Moose. Thanks, and good night to ye.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN WITH EFFECT: SLAM

FIB: Hmmm. I wonder... I wonderrrrr.

MOL: You wonder what? Why he's goin' to Vancouver?

FIB: No. I wonder who gave him the pass to the movies.

MOL: Well, come on. Let's turn in. This Northern air makes me sleepy. I - (PAUSE) McGEE... WHAT WAS THAT?

FIB: I didn't hear nothin'.

MOL: I thought I heard a moan... a light moan.

FIB: Must be a moanlight night out.

MOL: Stop clownin', McGee. I. I'm nervous. Remember what that woman said.

FIB: Aw her! She was cuttin' out paper dolls. She was

SOUND: MOAN

MOL: There! Did you hear it?

FIB: Yeah ... but ... er ... it was ... er ... it ... it was ppp-p-probly just a ... a weasel ... or a turtle or somethin'.

MOL: Turtles don't make any noises, iggernuts.

FIB: Well, if they did, I'll bet that's what they sound like. Shucks, I know what that was. (LAUGH) It was only a couple o' branches rubbin' together in the wind.

MOL: Just the same I wish there was a lock on the door. I'd feel that -

DOOR OPEN WITH WIND... CLOSE WITH THUD AND WIND OUT

FIB: SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ... oh ... oh it's you again, eh, sis?

WOMAN: Yes ... it is I -

FIB: ^{She is a school teacher} She's a school teacher, Molly.

MOL: Wh - What do you want, Miss?

WOMAN: I come to warn you ... DO NOT GO INTO THE WOODS ... THERE IS DANGER THERE ... I RISK MY LIFE TO WARN YOU

FIB: Dat rat it ... warn us of what?

WOMAN: NO NO NO ... do not ASK ME THAT ... PLEASE ... BUT HEED MY WORDS ... YOU MUST NOT GO INTO THOSE WOODS ... THE OLD ONES ARE PLANNING EVIL ... YOU MUST NOT GO ... NO NO NO ... THEY WILL GRRRRUSH YOU!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND

MOL: Gone with the wind. What's the matter with her, McGee? What do you suppose she's talkin' about?

FIB: Somebody's gotta crush on us. Kind of a pretty girl to run around wringin' her hands.

MOL: McGee... I... I'm scared. That woman ... those noises ... these woods.

FIB: Oh now, Molly. Don't be like that, maybe somebody's idea of jokin' with the tenderfeet. They think they're givin' the greenhorns the works. (LAUGHS) They can't scare me. I'mOWWW..... WHO'S THERE?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN WITH WIND

RUSS: Allo, Babouscka! Allo, Tovarichich!

MOL: Oh ... er ... how ... how do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: What are you and whaddye want, brother?

RUSS: I am losing myself in the woods, Tovarichich. I am not finding me where I am suppose to be.

FIB: Well go find yourself someplace else.. We wanna go to bed.

RUSS: Sure. ME TOO.

FIB: Well you aint sleepin' here, bud. Go get a hollow tree.

RUSS: MITCHEVO; TOVARICHICH. I AM TRYING THAT ONCE TOO. HOLLOW TREE SHE IS FULL OF BEES. WHEN I AM TRYING TO SLEEP I AM PLENTY STUNG.

MOL: Well, you cant stay here. You'll find our guide outside in tent - ask him where to go.

RUSS: I did, babouscka.

MOL: Where'd he tell you to go?

RUSS: I am too insulting to tell you.

FIB: Well what you doin' way up here anyway, cossack?

RUSS: I am going to SEATTLE, Tovarichich. If I am not getting job there, that is somebody's business else!

MOL: Oh, you're going to Seattle about a job.

RUSS: Chure. I am going to SEATTLE BARRYMORE ABOUT JOB AS STAGE HAND. GOODBYE, BABOUSCHKA!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND.

FIB: Goonna seeattle barrym..SCHUCKS. Well, Molly...there's nothing like being hid away in the woods where nobody ever comes.

MOL: "THIS...IS THE FOREST PRIMEVAL."

FIB: the prime evil of this forest is there's too many people in it. If these monkeys keep clatterin' around thru the woods all night what'll become of the moose?

MOL: They'll vom.

FIB: Vom what?

MOL: Vomoose. *Bluscha*

FIB: Let's go to bed. I'll sing ye to sleep with that old hunters lullaby "A LESS OF MISSING MOOSE."

MOL: Never heard of it.

FIB: You probly know it better as AUF WIEDERSEHN, MY DEER. AHEN. I always try to - HEY..WHAT'S THAT?

SOUND: WOOD SCRATCHING.

MOL: Ohhhh dear...

FIB: Dent b-b-be n-n-nervouse, M-molly. It's probably just a mouse scratching on the floor.

DOOR EFFECT: WITH WIND

WIL: AND A MOUSE-TO-MOUSE CANVAS WOULD PROBABLY SHOW THAT MOST FLOORS ARE PROTECTED FROM SCRATCHING WITH JOHNSONS WAX!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND EFFECT:

MOL: Well at least HE didnt stay long.

FIB: No, it was just Harlow an goodbye. Now let's get some sleep. I got have all my wits about me tomorrow.

MOL: I dunno if I can sleep or not, McGee. After what that woman said...

FIB: Oh now, Molly. She didnt know what she was talkin' about.

MOL: Neither did I, but I'm still nervous.

FIB: Well...I dunno...do you want Pierre to come in and calm your fears?

MOL: No. I may have no mother to guide me, but I dont need a guide to mother me, either. Take off that silly red cap and go to bed.

FIB: Okay. I was just - (PAUSE) LISTEN!

SOUND: RAIN ON ROOF

FIB: Dad rat it...listen to that weather. Rain' - or is it sleet?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN WITH WIND AND RAIN EFFECT)

MOL: Who's that? Fib- shut that door - keep that sleet out - oh it's Ted Weems!

TED: It isn't sleet - it's just rain. A MEDLEY OF "APRIL SHOWERS" AND "RAIN", IN FACT. COME IN, BOYS!

DOOR SHUT WITH EFFECTS OUT

ORK: "APRIL SHOWERS AND RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd COMMERCIAL:

- COMMERCIAL -

ORK: MCGEE THEME; (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL (LAUGH) THE WEATHER IS STILL BAD AT THE MCGEES HUNTING LODGE. THEY'VE BEEN THERE THREE DAYS AND NOT A SHOT FIRED. ^{and in 3 days woman has repeatedly warned them} THAT MYSTERIOUS WARNING HAS SORT OF GOT THEM DOWN, TOO. ~~EVEN PIERRE THE GUIDE CANT EXPLAIN THAT.~~ HERE THEY ARE, DISCUSSING THE MATTER.

SOUND: RAIN ON ROOF. *you say you don't know who he is? Not known*

MOL: Well for a guide who's been in these woods all his life ^{around} you dont seem to know anybody ~~who~~ lives here.

PIERRE: ~~Non Madame!~~

FIB: Ye know, Molly. I think that years ago somebody took a little tramp thru these woods and it turned out to be Pierre.

PIERRE: (LAUGHS) Always you weel 'ave ze leetle joke wiz Pierre, 'sieur.

MOL: Well, we're getting a little fed up, Pierre.

PIERRE: Oh no no no...not TOO fed up, madame. You have only gain wan, two three poun' on Pierres cooking.

FIB: Not that kind of fed up, bud. We mean we come up here to go hunting and what do we do? Sit in a dad ratted cabin and play parcheesi. The only hunting I've done is for a dry place to sit.

MOL: This place has more leaks than a senate investigation ~~committee.~~

PIERRE: Oh now, madame. You are ver' lucky you do not stay in the cabin of my frien' Joe LaRue. His cabin she is leak like a sieve. But soon theese rain she is let up and we weel go bag the moose, n'est ce pas?

FIB: Well I'm sorry, Pierre, but why can't we go anyway? Shucks, a little rain never hurt nobody.

PIERRE: *use* ~~Oh non., M'siru~~ Thees rain she is not 'urt US. But she is drive all ze game way way back in ze woods.

MOL: Even the raindeer?

FIB: Oh now, Molly, you cant-

DOOR OPEN: WIND EFFECT & RAIN)

WHEE: Hello, there Skippy. Mind if I come in and wring myself out?

FIB: You can ring out anytime as far as I'm concerned grandmaw. Kinda nasty weather for you to be trampin' thru the woods aint it?

WHEE: Oh no, sonny. I dont mind. I'm neither sugar nor salt. Just the old pepper. I'm on my way to the Northwest Mounted.

FIB: Well you aint got nothin' on us. We're goin' home stuffed ourselves.

WHEE: Never mind the wise-cracks sonny. I'm on serious business. I'm goin' to the Northwest Mounted Police. Somebody shot my man.

FIB: Who was he, Granmaw?

WHEE: Dan McGrew, buddy. DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW.

FIB: Oh then you...you're -

WHEE: Right, son. I'M THE LADY THAT'S KNOWN AS LOU. You've heard of me.

FIB: Yes, I'm an old Service man, Grandmaw. AHEM. So you're goin' to the mounties and have 'em get the guy that bumped Dan, eh?

WHEE: Dont be a fool, shorty. *in your up and get fine another man* ~~Dan was just a passin' fancy to~~ me. I GOT MY EYE ON A HANDSOME SERGEANT UP IN THE CALGARY BARRACKS. AND LOU ALWAYS GETS HER MAN. WELL, I BETTER BE MUSHIN' ON.

FIB: Well, if you mash, you mash. BUT SAY, GRANMAW. DID YOU SEE ANY SIGNS OF GAME, on your way here?

WHEE: Well, shorty, I saw two sets of tracks, pretty plain. One set goin' and one set comin'.

FIB: AHHH...Moose?

WHEE: No...RAILROAD! Good hunting, strangers!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND AND RAIN)

FIB: Hmm. This a fine camp you run here Pierre.

MOL: A Concentration camp. Try and do it.

FIB: You oughtta have a revolvin' door so -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND AND RAIN

FIB: HEY YOU...get outa here. What's the idea o'....

SIL: Hiyah, Mist McGee. Miyah, ma'am.

MOL: Heavenly days...Silly Watson!

FIB: What you doin' up here Sil?

SIL: Ah's a rimrod, please suh.

MOL: You mean a nimrod, Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. A romnid. *remrod*

FIB: Pierre, this is an old helper of our. Silly Watson
Sil, our guide, Pierre.

SIL: Hi yah suh.

PIERRE: Bon jour, Mon Ami.

SIL: Wah?

MO: He just said hello my friend

SIL: Yas'm. Hiyah suh.

PIERRE: Bon jour, Mon Ami.

SIL: Wah? - say - we gotta go on wif dis stuff please suh?

FIB: (LAUGHS) No Sil. but what are you doin' up here in
the woods?

SIL: Huntin', please suh.

MOL: Hunting what?

SIL: Rabbit, ma'am

FIB: RABBIT! well did you have to come clear up to Canada
to bag a bunny?

SIL: Yassuh. You see, Mist McGee, ah went to a fo'tune tellah
suh, and she say ah gotta git me a lef' rear peddle
extremity of a lepus cuniculus. Ah, Junno wha she mean so
ah asks lil ole school teacheh an' she say it the lef'
hind foot of a rabbit, please suh.

MOL: Well you could have got that near home couldn't you?

SIL: No ma'am. All we got roun' theah is common RABBITS. Fo'
lepus cuniculus, ah figgeh you gotta GO places. Scuse me
now, folks. Ah betteh be rabbittin' along -

DOOR OPEN WITH WIND AND RAIN

PIERRE: I am afraid, thesee boy is no fin' rabbit in ze rain, MsIeu.

MOL: I don't know why a rabbit's hind foot is considered lucky - It's the front feet that get away first.

QUIT FIDGETIN', McGee!

FIB: I can't help it, Molly. I'm gittin' tired o' settin' here day after day doin' nothin'. I'm jest itchin' to get my peep sights on a set o' antlers.

PIERRE: 'e 'as wat you say 'got antlers in hees pa--"

MOL: PIERRE!

PIERRE: Oui, mdam. Pierre was only -

MOL: MCGEE... THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE WINDOW!

FIB: Who...oh it's Harpo Wilcox. What you doin' out there, Harpo.

WIL: SHHHHH. MOOSE!

FIB: (SCOTTO VOCE) Moose?

WIL: Yes. Moose housewives prefer Johnson's Glocoat because it dries in 20 minutes to a mirror-like polish.

FIB: Hey, Harpo. What you doin' up in the woods?

WIL: I was sent up here for treason.

MOL: Heavenly days...treason!

WIL: Yeah...treason holly'n stuff for Christmas. Well so long.

FIB: Tree'sn Holly'n stuff. That guy's gotta take a bough, if it's only off a tree.

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DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND ETC.

FIB: Say, what is this, anyway? A boulevard stop?

MOL: Who are you sir, and what did you want?

BLOT: Allow me to introduce myself, my little moose-maestros.
I am Horatio K. Boomah...the famous sports promotah.
Yes Yes. Just put on a little wrestling match up in
Saskatchewan.

MOL: Championship?

BLOT: No, just catch-as-satchkatchewan. No holds barred,
including the gate receipts. I'm hurrying away to get them
to a safe place. I'll need one myself. I'm afraid.

FIB: You mean you're beatin' it with the gate receipts, Boomer?

BLOT: That's the idea in a nutshell, ~~my little deer-driller~~.
Yes yes! If you can call this carpet bag a nutshell.
But don't be shocked at my moral turpitude, my friends.
It was just a case of who got to the gate first...me or
the other promoter.

MOL: Well who pays the wrestlers? It's like taking candy from
a baby.

BLOT: Not so, not so, my little balsam-bouncer. One can't
refer to wrestlers as babies...no indeed.. They are
grown men...come up some time and hear them groan.
Yes yes...Well thank you for the hospitality. I see
the rain has stopped, and I've got to get back to
St. Louis in time for another bout. Yes, it's a bout time.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH LESS WIND....NO RAIN

MOL: My my this is a nice quiet place you have here.
Pierre.

FIB: It's like tryin' to be a hermit in the Waldorf Lobby.
The trail that goes past this door ain't by any
chance part o' the Lincoln Highway, is it, Pierre?

PIERRE: ~~Non non, M'sieu. Pierre she is non a ver' quiet place.
All but today she is seem to be full weath people.
Pierre does not understand what is happen.~~

FIB: Well let's git outa here and go pop off an elk. Wanta
go, Molly?

MOL: No...I'm worried, McGee...remember what that girl said.
DON'T GO INTO THE WOODS.

FIB: Aw, Pierre will be with us all the time. Now where'd
I put my red cap? I left it right -

DOOR LATCH OPEN WITH SLIGHT WIND

GIRL: AHFFF...I AM JUST IN TIME. ... YOU MUST NOT GO OUT THERE..
THERE IS DANGER...I AM GIVING YOU ONE LAST WARNING...
DO NOT GO INTO THE WOODS!

FIB: SAY...FOR THE LAST TIME...WHAT -

MOL: Oh McGee...I knew it...SOMETHING TERRIBLE WILL HAPPEN.

GIRL: YES...SOMETHING TERRIBLE...THERE IS EVIL IN THOSE WOODS....I AM GIVING YOU WARNING...YOU MUST NOT GO....
say, how'm I doing? Do I get the part?

FIB: Whaddye mean do you get the part?

GIRL: You know...in your new picture...the "WITCH OF THE WILDWOOD?" *Watch me act "There is evil in those woods"*

MOL: Heavenly days...what's the ~~girl~~ talkin' about. *Did I put enough emotion in that line?*

~~FIB: What picture you talkin' about, sist?~~

GIRL: The WITCH OF THE WILDW---...say aren't you ~~STROHEIM~~ *with the new* MaGree, the director?

~~No. ~~It's~~ ~~the~~ ~~Fibber~~ ~~McGee~~, the hunter.~~

~~Well of all the lous ~~AND I CAME FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES TO TRY AND IMPRESS YOU.~~ *Just a minute miles - I got an idea I can't dole up any more* ~~What a break! Now I've~~~~

~~got to find that...~~

~~MOL: STROHEIM! MCGEE. Stop foolin' the girl. She came all this way. Now give her something to do?~~

~~FIB: ARE YOU CRAZ....ER... AHEM... (LAUGHS) Oh well, I suppose I better. Listen sis. I see I can't fool you any longer.~~

GIRL: Oh gee...Then you are the one - and you WILL give me a bit?

FIB: I might even give ye two bits. *Can you take care of it?*

~~MOL: Remember the part in scene twenty five, McGee...where the girl is locked in the closet?~~

Girl - Myree - Stroheim

END
OF
REEL