

Fibber McGee
and Molly

1 volume of script
summaries, then
scripts, 1935-1950

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Hap Hazard, 1941, July 1 - Sept. 22

Fibber McGee and Molly, 1935 - 1950

The Great Gildersleeve, 1942 - 1954

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START

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#83)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(7:00 TO 7:30 PM

(NOVEMBER 9, 1936)

(MONDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS REBROADCAST 11:00-11:30

next to Jimmy Get

Allen Wing

||
||
|||

Pocahontas ad

Pier - ad

Brush up floor - before Fed's entrance

New fruit cellar -

Molly's last line sooner

~~Wid. the floor~~

Fruit Cellar
Coal Bin

38

ORK: 1st PHRASE OF THEME

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program'

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WILL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME UP TO CLOSE.

WIL: Ted Weems and His Orchestra open the show with a number from the picture of the same name - "SAN FRANCISCO!"

ORK: "SAN FRANCISCO"

APPLAUSE:

1st COMMERCIAL:

COMMERCIAL

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT):-

WIL: WINTER IS ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON THE MCGEES...AND MOLLY HAS DECIDED THAT THE FRUIT CELLAR WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE FOR THE COAL, AND THE COAL BIN A BETTER PLACE FOR THE FRUIT. AND FIBBER THINKS A BETTER PLACE FOR HIM RIGHT NOW WOULD BE THE CORNER CIGAR STORE...BUT NO LUCK BECAUSE HERE, IN THE BASEMENT OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA CARRYING ^{So} ~~CANS~~ ^{bars} OF FRUIT AND PRESERVES FROM ONE ROOM TO THE OTHER, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLATTER OF MASON JARS -----

FIB: ~~It still dont git the idee of all this,~~ Molly Looks like a lot of work for nothin', to me.

MOL: Well, listen then; I'll explain it once more, once and for all. I want to switch the fruit and the coal. Do you understand that?

FIB: Yes but it's kinda dangerous aint it?

MOL: Why?

FIB: Suppose I should come down here some winter mornin' half awake, throw seventeen ^{bars} o' marmalade on the fire, then go up and spread coal dust on my toast fer breakfast

MOL: Don't be silly, McGee. I want to move the fruit into the coal room because it's too close to the furnace where it tis now. Remember some of it spoiled last winter?

Besides, that will bring the coal closer to the furnace.

Mol: Oh yes - MCGEE...LOOK OUT FOR THE CLOSELINE!

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Besides, that will bring the coal closer to the furnace.

McGEE...LOOK OUT FOR THE CLOSELINE!

FIB: Gunggggg! Ahggg!

SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS

MOL: Oh, McGee...there goea four jars of preserves! CLUMSY!

FIB: Agh...gagh...uh . phew! Here I go and strangle myself on a rope and all you worry about is some dad ratted canned-goods! Well, if this comes between us Jeat remember - it wouldn't be the first time a pickled peach has busted up a happy home.

MOL: Well, if you'd spent the summer bending over a hot stove, ^{putting up these preserves} you'd be more interested.

FIB: Dont worry...I helped with this stuff. I tightened the covers on so many o' them jars that for three weeks every time I come in the house, I'd twist the doorknob off.

MOL: Well get a shovel and sweep up the mess you made. NO

Sound I'LL DO IT...YOU MOVE THE REST OF THE FRUIT. And hurry. ^{Severe caution to believe this coal} The coal will be here any minute.

FIB: Well, if it's Pocohontas, tell her to lump it. I'm busy.

MOL: And another thing better take down that clothes line till you get thru.

FIB: Oh, I'll keep my eye on it, Molly. ~~Hey do ye mind if I open up a jar of these cucumber pickles? They'll kinda~~

Mol keep me goin' while I work.

SOUND: CLATTER OF JARS

MOL: Never mind. I'll keep you going. ~~Mind now, I want ALL THAT FRUIT moved before the coal gets here.~~

FIB: That's a large order you're issuin', Molly.

~~MOL: Well, I'm a large woman. GET A MOVE ON.~~

FIB: Ookay..okay...I'll have this stuff outa here so fast it'll be uncanny. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? Gans? Uncanny? (LAUGHS)

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (CLATTER OF JARS) (OFF MIKE) Hey, Molly-

~~MOL: What?!~~

Mol Here's a ~~couple o'~~ ^{two} jars I cant move. They're stuck to the shelf.

MOL: Fil That's ~~probably~~ ^{They're new stock since election day} those Maine Cranberries and the Vermont maple syrup. They're just stubborn. Now let me see -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: I'll answer it, Molly.

MOL: YOU GET TO WORK, - I'll see who tis.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.

MOL: Yes...what is it, please?

MAN: Madam, are you the lady of the house?

MOL: I am. What did ye want?

MAN: I am one of a small party of tourists, madam, at present camped - rather informally, I might say, a few feet from the railroad tracks.

MOL: Ohh, BUMS!

MAN: Say rather impecunious itinerants, madam. Per ^{part} ~~part~~ ^{of the} ~~of~~ refugees from reality. I have been delegated a committee of one to seek small donations for a worthy charity: I blush at the word.

MOL: Your nose must have heard it before the rest of your face. What's that on your chest - tatooing?

MAN: Ah yes...a permanent exhibit of the wonderful, wonderful women who have influenced my life, madam. There was Nellie...Fifi, Gertrude, Lizzie... (I AM READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MADAM) Eva, Helene, a remarkable community of epidermic portraits, madam

MOL: And ^{if} suppose I gave you ^{some money} a quarter? ^{only spend it for} You'd buy more tatooing, I suppose.

MAN: Yes, madam. ^{I will add to this remarkable community of epidermic portraits} That was the worthy charity I spoke of. ^{What?} My community chest. I -

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Who was it, Molly?

MOL: It was a tramp, McGee. He wanted some money for tatooing.

~~FIB: Well why didnt ye bring him in and put him to work.~~

SOUND: CLATTER OF JARS.

FIB: I'll never forget the tatooin' my Uncle Azel had. He had him a picture o' ^{John L. Sullivan} ~~John L. Sullivan~~ on one shoulder blade and Bob Fitzsimmons on the other. He hadda lotta muscular control and used to put on regular ten-round bouts. The boys around the livery stable would bet on one or the other. Never bet, myself. Always thought the fights was fixed.

MOL: I'll fix another one if you dont hurry with those preserves.

SOUND: CLATTER OF JARS

~~FIB: ^{but} Uncle Azel always swore the bouts was on the level; claimed he never knew who was gonna win on account of because he always had his back to the fight. Poor old Uncle Azel.~~

MOL: Wddye ^{mean} an poor Uncle Azel?

FIB: When he got older ^{he got so fat} his muscles kinda wasted away and he couldn't get ^{him} John and Bob within' sparrin' distance ^{any more} again. He always -

MOL: MCGEE...WATCH THE CLOTHESLINE!

FIB: Gunggg...agh...ugh...

SOUND: CLATTER OF JARS...GLASSCRASH. *o Muse*

MOL: Oh dear...at this rate I wont have any preserves left to move. I WARNED you about that clothesline!

FIB: Ung...gagh...dadrat the dad-ratted...

MOL: Heavenly days...now I've got to sweep THESE up. TAKE THAT CLOTHES LINE DOWN, McGee.

FIB: Oh now, Molly what for? ...that wouldnt happen again in a million years.

MOL: That's what they said at Roosevelt's first landslide. Now get busy. I'm expectin' the men with the coal any minute.

FIB: Okay, but I dont think -

KNOCK: AT DOOR

MOL: Oh dear...now what. You answer it, McGee...and if it's that hobo again chase him away.

FIB: Chase him away nothin'. Not till I find out to get to be a bum. I'm thinkin' serious of -

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: LISTEN, YE TRAMP, if -

GER: Oh Hello, Mr. McGee...Hello, Molly...(GIGGLES) Did you hear what he called me? (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, I'm sorry, Geraldine..I...I wasnt expectin' a -
...I mean, you-

GER: Oh dont mention it, Mr. McGee. (GIGGLES) I see you're fixing up a new fruit cellar. I just LOVE to can things, Mr. McGee... really.

FIB: Me too. I'd like to can the whole job of movin' these-

GER: (GIGGLES) Last year I put up some the most MARVELOUS dandelion wine, but it blewup on night. (GIGGLES) It really did . really. Gerald ask me if it was the strawberries and I said no it was the wine and he said either way it was the berries. (GIGGLES) Oh Gerald says the CUTIEST things...he really does.

FIB: I'll bet he's always tryin' to gag you at that.

GER: Oh he certainly is. (GIGGLES) Gerald said the DARLINGEST thing this morning...I simply DIED, really.

(GIGGLES) Gerald said it was a good thing they settled that seaman's strike on the coast...(GIGGLES) Because there were only 46 more shipping days before Christmas. Doesn't that simply pulverize you, Mr. McGee. really?

(GIGGLES) But what I came over for was to borrow some clothespins.

FIB: Clothespins?

GER: Yes...(GIGGLES) Doesn't it sound silly? (GIGGLES) Gerald says a clothespin is a great political object lesson. (GIGGLES) He says if you can keep straddling the line successfully you'll never lose your shirt. (GIGGLES) Can you bear it my dear? (GIGGLES)

FIB: I dont believe I can, Geraldine. Here's a sack o' clothespins. You tell Gerald he's right about clothespins bein' a political object lesson. Tell him they're a bunch of woodenheads that never appear until everythings washed up.

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh Gerald will simply LOVE That. Really. (GIGGLES) Gerald says if the Electoral College ever has a football team they'd better let Farley coach it. (GIGGLES) Well, I simply MUST be off -

FIB: I'll say so!

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "YOU TURNED THE TABLES ON NOLA"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: McGEE THEME (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WILL: NOW BACK IN THE MCGEE'S BASEMENT...WHERE FIBBER IS STILL CARRYING ~~JARS~~ OF PRESERVES INTO THE COAL ROOM, SO THEY CAN USE THE FRUIT CELLAR FOR THE WINTERS COAL. MOLLY IS STILL KEEPING AN EAGLE EYE ON THINGS.

SOUND: CLATTER OF JARS

MOL: McGee...before you do anything more...TAKE THAT CLOTHESLINE DOWN.

FIB: Never mind it, Molly I've learned my lesson. They can hang me once and they can hang me twice, but the third time they'll have to shoot me.

MOL: *7 & mol.* Well, I should think you'd get tired of chinning yourself ~~that word happen again in a million years~~ on it. I'm gettin' tired of you spilling my preserves all ~~over the floor.~~ *That's what they said at Roswell's first bird slide in getting David & you spilling my preserves*

FIB: Well, I aint ruined any cucumber pickles yet, anyway. Them are my favorites. I love the ~~cucumber pickles~~ *cucumber pickles*.

SOUND: KNOCK KNOCK.

MOL: Oh dear...answer it, McGee...I've got me hands full.

FIB: So've I. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

SIL: (FADE IN) Hiyah, ma'am. Hiyah boss.

MOL: Oh Silly Watson.

FIB: Hi there Sil. How'd you like to lend a hand?

SIL: Len' a han' doon wah?

MOL: We're movin' the fruit into the coal bin and we'll have the coal put where the fruits been.

SIL: Yas'm! You say the fruit been took to the coal bin and the coal is bin put wheah the fruit bin?

FIB: I better elucidate, Sil.

SIL: Wah?

MOL: McGee will explain it to you. Tell him, McGee.

FIB: Okay. You see this room, here, Sil? This is where the fruit has been.

SIL: You says the fruit was in the coal bin, please suh.

FIB: It's in the coal bin NOW. But this is where it's BEEN.

SIL: Yassuh, but wheah's the COAL been?

MOL: The coal's been in the coal bin. But we're puttin' the coal where the fruit's been. You see?

SIL: No'm. ~~Scuse me ma'am.~~

FIB: Listen Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Over there's the coal bin. See that?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Good. And this is where the FRUIT's been. Get that?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Well...there ye are. The fruit ^{was} ~~is now~~ in the coal bin and the coal ^{was} where the fruit's been. Git the ideap now?

SIL: Yassuh. ah reckon so, suh. You means if you lef' the lil ole fruit wheah it been, the coal woulda been in the bin wheah the fruit oughtta of been iffen it hadn been that the coal bin...

Sub
MOL: OH DEAR... QUIET, Silvius. Can you help McGee for a little while? *What did you want anyway - Rake!*
SIL: *Don't know, I'll have to ask my boss - Rake!*
MOL: *Not right away please ma'am* Ah jus' wanna know can ah loan ^{me} ~~you~~ borrow of a yo' rake fo' a wile please suh.

FIB: Help yourself. Sil. *When you bring the rake back* And *on your way back* stop and give us a hand.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah sho will, please suh. (FADE OUT, MUTTERING)
If the coal bin was wheah the fruit bin, the fruit would been the coal bin if --

SLAM:

peep
MOL: Come on, McGee...hurry up! You'll never get those things out of there before th coal comes.

FIB: Oh yes I will, Molly. SAY ...I forgot we had this here virgina ham down here. How about some o' this for supper?

MOL: No. We're savin' it.

FIB: Fer what?

MOL: For some special occasion. That's a Wakefield County, peanut fed Virginia Ham.

FIB: Molly, you're killin' me. A peanut fed ham, eh? Imagine feedin' peanuts to a ham...I mean a pig.

MOL: Well that's bettern feedin' peanuts to a goat.

FIB: Why?

MOL: It would make a peanut butter. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Ah for the...taint funny, Molly.

MOL: Well it wont be very funny if they bring the coal and find the bin only half cleared out either. NOW TAKE THAT CASE OF ^{the} ROOT BEER ^{bottles} OUT OF THE CORNER THERE.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: RATTLE OF BOTTLES

FIB: It's a shame to work around all these preserves and not git a taste of 'em Molly. If I could only open a jar o' them cucumber pickles. Boy! Them are my favorite preserves

WIL: BUT HAVE YOU SEEN HOW JOHNSONS WAX PRESERVES FURNITURE AND WOODWORK FROM STAINS AND SCRATCHES?

MOL: Heavenly days...Mr Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harpo. What you doin' here?

WIL: I'm looking for a place to put up a ping pong table.

FIB: In OUR basement?

WIL: Sure. Mine's too small.

MOL: Oh well then, that's different.

FIB: Why pick our basement, Harpo?

Sub
Wid.
Wid.
What you say in an *interview* Harpo?
O. Pierre see is just funny as little baby around

Sub
Wid.
Wid.
Smile Dim Glam.
Fib.

Sub
Back to the words *tailor* that's the *face*
gilt *fill in* last was *so* slow
Once these *tailor* set about it *smellin* then *him* in to it

WIL: Pure coincidence, Fibber. I never knew it ~~was~~ your basement till I walked in. I saw this house and I said to myself, "WILCOX, that house looks like it's got a basement big enough for ping pong!" So I walked in and imagine my surprise when I saw you:

MOL: You mean you'd put up a ping-pong table in ANYBODY'S basement?

WIL: Oh NOT ANYBODY'S No! They'd have to give me references. How's the place next door?

FIB: Nice big basement there, Harpo.

WIL: Much obliged. Come over and play a game with me some night. By the way, who lives there?

MOL: Joneses.

WIL: All right. I'll tell the Joneses to expect you. You'll be My guests, remember.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well fer the - that guy's more off than a Digest Poli.

MOL: Well dont stand there and ponder, McGee...get goin'.

FIB: Okay okay. (RATTLE OF JARS). I'm beginnin' to make an impression in here now.

MOL: Not on me, your not. I never saw anybody move so slow in my life. NOW WATCH THAT CLOTHESLINE... *look out for*

FIB: I'm watchin' it. You dont think *Am I dumb enough to run into it again*

KNOCK KNOCK:

MOL: Well heavenly days...WHO IS IT?

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

CLARK: *Hello* It's ~~only~~ me, customers.

FIB: Whaddye mean, customers. ~~And who are you?~~

CLARK: I'm the one that the postcard was telling you about that I should be coming with some nice bargains in ladies hosiery didnt you get it?

MOL: Didnt we get what?

CLARK: *Debut you sell* The postcard telling you I was coming with some bargains in ladies hosiery?

MOL: No. I didnt get it. *wouldnt believe* and I ~~dont~~ believe ----

CLARK: *And wouldnt* ~~sure~~ you ~~cant~~ believe your eyes when you see what I am selling for only 75 cents. Genuine silk stockings guaranteed from contented silkwoims.

FIB: Listen Sis...we're very busy. ~~If you wanta sell some stockings~~ suppose you come some other time. I gotta git this fruit moved.

CLARK: Well vy not? Will some new stockings on your wife stop you from fruit carrying? Listen lady, these hosierys are guaranteed no running.

MOL: I seldom run anyway. I usually walk.

CLARK: *Speakin' of fruit, these peachy* No. Not you. ~~The hosierys and~~ *look* Real full fashioned, seamless. Double-stitch heel and toe. Only 75 cents, how many pair, a dozen? Why not two dozen? after all you cant have too many stockings? Well, all right, a dozen...What...? only HALF A DOZEN Pair?

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FIB: I'm watchin' it. You dont think ^{any chance enough to run into it again} I'll...

KNOCK KNOCK:

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MOL: I didnt say anything. *a word*

CLARK: No, but I know the expression, lady. Take three pair.

MOL: No.

CLARK: Two pair.

MOL: No.

CLARK: Von pair.

MOL: No.

CLARK: How much is the ~~relish~~ *cucumber pickles*

FIB: 75 cents a small Jar, sis.

CLARK: I'll take it. (GOING RATTLE) And let me tell you, *Smelly*
you'll never regret it.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmm. Now we're gettin' someplace. That's one
Jar I ^{or} don't have to moved

MOL: No but you'd better hurry with the rest. (RATTLE OF JARS)
Shall I be here
~~I'm surprised they haven't been here~~ with that coal
~~long ago.~~ NOW BE CAREFUL MCGEE... DON'T TRY TO CARRY
~~SO MANY~~ ^{Yours} AT A TIME...

FIB: I'm bein' careful, Molly. I -

MOL: WATCH OUT FOR THE CLOTHESLINE!

FIB: GUNGGGH... agh...ugh

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

MOL: MCGEE, I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOUR FOOLISHNESS!
I'VE TOLD YOU THREE TIMES TO TAKE THAT CLOTHESLINE DOWN!
WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: GUGH...UNG.. WUGH... *foolishness?*

MOL: OH, NOW I'VE GOT SOME MORE PRESERVES TO CLEAN OFF THE
FLOOR. And it seems strange to me, it's always
the pickled beets you drop. The one thing you don't
like.

FIB: Oh, now, Molly. You don't mean to ^{imply} infer that I'd
deliberat

KNOCK KNOCK

MOL: Oh dear.. now who is it. Go see, McGee. While I clean
this stuff up.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: ~~Hi yah, bud. What can I do fer ye? We're kinda busy, but--OH HELLO THERE TED. I didn't recognize ye.~~

TED: Hello, Fibber Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Ted.

TED: I just met Harlow Wilcox down the street. ^{I see} He said you ^{were} were moving your fruits and preserves.

MOL: We are... why?

TED: Well tell me. Have you any pickled peppers?

FIB: ~~Pickled Peppers? Molly, have we any pickled peppers?~~

MOL: ^{Pickled Peppers} Yes, we have, Ted. On the third shelf there.

TED: Oh that's swell. Thanks --!

FIB: Why? What you want the pickled peppers for, Ted?

TED: Well, for the next ^{program presentation} number the boys picked. "PETER PIPER"
^{Play - Snubs}
^{Come in, boys!}

ORK: "PETER PIPER" --

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2ND COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

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

WIL: (LAUGHS) WELL, THE FRUIT TRANSFERRING BUSINESS IN THE MCGEE BASEMENT IS GETTING ALONG SPLENDIDLY. AND A GREAT RELIEF TO MOLLY TOO. SHE THOUGHT THE COAL WOULD ARRIVE BEFORE FIBBER GOT THRU. HERE ~~THEY~~ ^{Fib + Molly} ARE... STILL AT THE JOB OF PUTTING THE PRESERVES IN THE GOAL ROOM SO THEY CAN HAVE THE COAL PUT IN THE FRUIT ROOM.

RATTLE OF JARS

FIB: I told ye we could do it, Molly. Only a couple o' ^{armloads} loads more and it'll be all fixed. What's this stuff, ^{bulbs} bulbs?

MOL: No, iggernuts. Those are onions.

FIB: ^{I thought they said - swell like apples} Oh yes. AHEM. Lemme see now....ten jars o' apple butter....four jars o' grape juice....

KNOCK KNOCK

FIB: ^{Joe} Say how does everybody know we're down ^{here} in the basement?

MOL: They probably knocked upstairs and nobody came to the door foolish. See who it tis.

FIB: Maybe we better move the furnace upstairs and live down here.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: ^{Well, Bud?}

RUSS: Allo Tovarichich! Allo Babouschaka!

FIB: Where do ye git that toverishish business? My name's McGee. Fibber McGee, brother.

RUSS: What's difference is it making? A rosebud by some other peoples names is ^{not} smelling sweet, too.

MOL: What'd he say. McGee?

FIB: He says a roosevelt by any other name would never be a sunflower. AHM. What was it you wanted, bud?

RUSS: I am come to be reading gas motor.

FIB: We ain't got any gas motors in here, bud. You must have the wrong address.

RUSS: ~~Nitehevo, Tovarichich.~~ In reading gas motors nobody has wrong adretch. All peoples is having gas ~~motors~~.

FIB: Dad rat it, I tell ye we haven't got any --

MOL: McGee...maybe he means gas meters.

RUSS: Sure, babouscka. You are catching on quicker than this dumblebell. Where is gas motor?

MOL: ~~Right over here...on the wall.~~

RUSS: Sure. (PAUSE)

FIB: Well, if you want to read the gas meter, why don't ye look at it.

RUSS: What for? I have seen plenty gas motors every day.

MOL: ~~Well, don't you want to take the reading?~~

RUSS: ~~No.~~

FIB: Say what's the idea? ^{hw} You figure our gas bills by guesswork?

RUSS: ~~Sure. Guess bills is all gas work, Tovarichich.~~
~~One gas is as good as somebody else's guessing.~~
~~not necessary~~
 Your bill is 2.97.

MOL: ~~That's rully.~~ our gas bill is ALWAYS 2.97.

RUSS: Sure. ~~2.97 is good number to be paying.~~ It is saving plenty troubles having same number always. I am making EVERYBODY'S gas bills 2.97. If they are not liking it, that is somebody's business else.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That mugg is right in his element... ^{workin'} ~~for a Public Utility.~~ He walks in everybody's basement... doesn't even look at the meter and charges 'em 2.97. Great system.

MOL: I don't even believe he WAS from the gas company. We should have asked for his credentials.

FIB: Wait...I'll see if I can catch him....

DOOR LATCH

FIB: (OFF MIKE) HEY BUD....

RUSS: (FADE IN) WHAT, Tovarichich?

FIB: We thought we'd ask to see your credentials. Git 'em with ye?

RUSS: Sure. I have got credentials on belt bookles. A.M.N. These are my credentials tovarichich.

N.W.W.

FIB: Those are your INITIALS.

RUSS: ~~It is the same difference. Credentials...~~ Initials; everything is proving who I am.

FIB: Well who ARE YOU?

ROSS: I am man who is just coming out of your house from *not* seeing gas motors. ~~Remember?~~

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ohhhh so THAT'S where I saw him before! I wondered.

MOL: ~~Stop the feelishness and get busy with those cans and jars and bottles, McGee .. the coal will be here any time now.~~

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: RATTLE OF BOTTLES

FIB: Hot dog... another jar of cucumber pickles. What say we have some o' these tonight, Molly?

MOL: Well all right. But hurry up. The coal will be here -

KNOCK KNOCK 26

FIB: There's the coal now, probably. You stall 'em, Molly, while I hurry up and finish.

MOL: Oh dear... no you go see who it tis. If it's the coal men they'll simply have to wait.

FIB: Okay. (CLATTER OF JARS) That makes three times I've set down them same jars.

FIB: I know what he was gonna say, but it gave up bein' a joke in 1874. He was gonna say they locked the straw votes up in the poll vault so nobody'd jump to a conclusion.

MOL: Yes.. go on.

FIB: That's all ~~well alright - but~~

MOL: Hummm. Well let's finish movin' these jars... Here .. you take these (RATTLE) AND I'll take these myself.. and that's all.

RATTLES: ...THUMPS...

MOL: There' Thank heaven, we got 'em all moved before the coal came. Open the window in here, McGee and let it air out. ~~I'll be sure everything is out of the fruit cellar so they can put the coal right in and~~ *the fruit cellar*

SOUND: TELEPHONE OFF MIKE

FIB: (CALLS) Hey, Molly. TELEPHONE'S RINGIN' UPSTAIRS.

MOL: All right ..I'm goin' right up. ~~and will~~

FIB: Well, I ~~guess~~ ^{you feel} THIS job is done. Now what'd Molly say to do? Oh yes...open the window... (HUMS) ~~San Francisco~~ *the window* San Francisco and air out the ~~new~~ *fruit cellar*

SOUND: WINDOW CLATTER..

MAN: (FADE IN) Hey DOWN THERE...YOU ORDER SOME COAL?

FIB: You betcha bud. You're just in time, too.

MAN: Okay. Get your head outa there, so we can lower the chute...

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE: This aint the window that -
 MAN: WATCH YOURSELF!
 SOUND: CLATTER OF METAL..
 FIB: HEY...YOU UP THERE...WE'VE CHANGED THINGS AROUND...
 TAKE THAT CHUTE TO THE NEXT WINDOW....
 MAN: OFF MIKE) WHAT'S ^{you say} ~~THE MATTER?~~
 FIB: I says take the chute to the other window...
 MAN: TAKE WHAT?
 FIB: The CHUTE...CHUTE.
 MAN: (OFF MIKE) Okay Boys...SHOOT!
 FIB: HEY WAIT A MIN-
 SOUND: ROAR OF COAL CHUTE...GLASS CRASHING...SUSTAINED...FIBBERS
CRIES SMOTHERED...
 PAUSE: FOOTSTEPS CLATTER DOWNSTAIRS...FADE IN)
 MOL: (FADE IN) McGee....THEY'RE PUTTING THE COAL IN...MCGEE..
 MCGEE WHERE ARE YOU?
 FIB: (WEAKLY) Over here, Molly.
 MOL: WHERE?
 FIB: Here..under the coal.
 MOL: Ooooohhh! HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT ARE YOU DOING UNDER THE
 COAL?
 FIB: They...they dumped it on me...dig me out, Molly.
 MOL: WHERE THE SHOVEL? ARE YOU HURT? ANSWER ME...MCGEE.
 FIB: No...I aint hurt much..AND THE SHOVEL'S UNDER HERE WITH
 ME... USE SOMETHIN' ELSE...

MOL: OH DEAR OH DEAR...I KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD
 HAPPEN...AND ALL ME FRUIT BURIED AND RUINED...
 FIB: Not all, Molly. I managed to grab one Jar..here..
 take it.
 MOL: ONE JAR...
 FIB: What is it, Molly? Did I save some cucumber pickles?
 MOL: No...RASPBERRIES!
 ORK: CHASER:
APPLAUSE:
 WIL: ANNOUNCEMENT COMMERCIAL:

ORK: "LIMEHOUSE BLUES"
APPLAUSE:
 ORK: MCGEE THEME; DOWN FOR TAG GAG.

MUSICAL TAG.

SIGNOFF:

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