

# NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
 PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#86)  
 CHICAGO OUTLET ( WMAQ )  
 7:00-7:30 PM NOVEMBER 30, 1936 MONDAY  
 PRODUCTION  
 ANNOUNCER  
 ENGINEER  
 REMARKS

WRITER DON QUINN  
 OK

*File*

*↳ this is covered script*

(from HOTEL NICOLLET, MINNEAPOLIS)

*for your floors*  
~~Apply the~~ Like Regum in just  
 20 minutes after you apply  
 Johnsons Seal Polish go coat

ORK: 1st PHRASE  
 WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM !  
 ORK: 2nd PHRASE *Broad Casters tonight from KSTP near St Paul*  
 WIL: ~~FROM THE GRAND BALLROOM OF THE NICOLLET HOTEL IN~~  
 MINNEAPOLIS WE PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER  
 MCGEE AND MOLLY!  
 ORK: THEME: FINISH WITH TANNER.  
 WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "ALABAMA  
 BARBECUE".  
 ORK: "ALABAMA BARBECUE"  
 APPLAUSE:  
 WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T):

WIL: WELL, THIS EVENING THE MCGEES ARE IN MINNEAPOLIS FOR THEIR BROADCAST. THEY SHOULD BE HERE RIGHT NOW <sup>AT THE Ballroom of the Pillsbury Hotel</sup> BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DELAYED SOMEWHERE. SO LET'S TUNE IN ON THEIR HOTEL ROOM AND SEE WHAT'S KEEPING THEM. ~~THEY ARE~~

~~ROOM~~ FIBBER Midgee + Molly!

FIB: Better hurry, Molly. We gotta broadcast, you know.

MOL: Well, why dont you help me unpack?

FIB: I'M COLD I gotta sit here by the radiator and warm up. I'll help as soon's I thaw out.

MOL: How soon'll that be?

FIB: How soon'll you have the bags unpacked?

MOL: That's what I thought. AND WHERE'S THAT PUBLICITY MAN. what's his name? ~~WINDCHELL~~

FIB: FIZDALE. Tom Fizdale. He was supposed to meet us at the train. He's prob'ly busy workin' out some publicity stunt for us.

MOL: I understand when Winchell broadcast up here they gave him the Keyhole to the City.

FIB: Oh Tom's got better ideas'n that. Only I didnt go for that gag of his about havin' you photographed in a lion's cage and callin' it Beauty and the Best.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Wel-l-l, I just didnt go for him callin' you a Beast, Molly.

~~WINDCHELL~~

MOL: OH, THANKS, McGee. NOW TAKE YOUR FEET OFF THAT RADIATOR AND -

KNOCK AT DOOR...LATCH AND SLAM:

TOM: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber.

MOL: Oh Hello, ~~Mr. Fizz~~...MR FIZDALE.

FIB: Hiyah Tom. Just talkin' about you.

TOM: Sorry I missed you at the station, but I was working out a sweet little publicity stunt for you. It's terrific!

MOL: Who do we have to kill?

FIB: Quiet, Molly. What is it now, Tom?

TOM: THIS IS A HONEY! We'll hit every paper in the country with this. See that river down there? That's the Mississippi.

FIB: How do ye spell it?

TOM: M.I double S - WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

MOL: You're geography is wrong anyway, Mr. Fizdale. The Mississippi is in St. Louis.

FIB: You're wrong, Molly. The Mississippi is down at New Orleans.

MOL: Maybe there's two of 'em.

FIB: No, I dont think -

TOM: SAY LISTEN TO ME A MINUTE, WILL YOU? THE IDEA IS THIS. MOLLY, YOU AND FIBBER GET INTO DIVING SUITS, see? AND WALK AROUND IN THE RIVER.

FIB: Diving suits. ~~That reminds me of what's going on the air.~~

MOL: I dont like the idea, Mr. Fizdale. We'd freeze solid, this weather.

TOM: Sure you will! THAT'S THE IDEA! Then we chop you out...each of you in a big cake of ice. <sup>We'll put you in a</sup> ~~One of the~~ department stores ~~will exhibit you in their window, between broadcasts~~ in a display of Johnson <sup>WAX</sup> Products! WHAT A STUNT! We'll break every column in the country with that!

MOL: Yes but how'll we breathe?

TOM: NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT! THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY WILL ASK! "HOW DO THEY BREATHE"?

FIB: All right...how WILL WE?

TOM: There you go. I work out a sweet set-up like that, and you quibble about little details. ALL RIGHT...How about this one? FIBBER RESCUES MOLLY FROM BURNING BUILDING JUST IN TIME TO GO ON THE AIR! ISNT THAT COLLOSSAL? It ought to be good for three editions.

MOL: Where's the burning building?

TOM: Well, we can burn one, cant we? I've got an in with the Fire Department.

FIB: You better have an OUT with the County Jail, too.

MOL: Heavenly days, first you freeze us then you burn us.

FIB: That's <sup>WAX</sup> hotel service, Molly - hot and cold running publicity men.

MOL: How about buryin us alive? *Mr. Fizzdale*

TOM: I thought of that, but it doesnt make a good picture.

MOL: You'd get a great negative from us.

TOM: NOW, HOW ABOUT THIS ONE! MINNEAPOLIS AND ST PAUL ARE GREAT RIVALS, see? So Molly is crazy about St. Paul, and Fibber likes Minneapolis. Get into an argument in public. start a riot! I got it all fixed to call out the police reserves of both towns, see? IT'S A NATURAL!

MOL: It'll be a natural for McGee to be lynched in St. Paul and me to be hung in Minneapolis!

TOM: So what? Look at the headlines! "WELL KNOWN COMEDIANS DANCE TO SWING MUSIC!" IT'S A SWEETHEART!

FIB: Listen, Tom. Havent you got somethin' a little less...er... spectacular like...well, like robbin' a Federal Reserve Bank?

TOM: It's good, but it's the wrong angle. Look. Here's one I've been saving for the right spot. You two are eating in a restaurant, see?

FIB: (ASIDE) I like this one already, Molly.

MOL: GET YOUR FEET OFF THE RADIATOR, McGee, E- let's go

TOM: WAIT! HERE'S THE REST OF IT! FIBBER ORDERS OYSTERS, see?

FIB: I hate oysters.

TOM: No you dont. You LOVE oysters!

FIB: I HATE 'EM, I TELL YE!

TOM: For the papers you LOVE 'EM.

MOL: Go on, McGee. Love oysters for Mr. Fizzdale.

FIB: Okay. Can I hate 'em again tomorrow?  
 MOL: Tomorrow we can hate ~~my~~ Fizdale.  
 TOM: NOW LISTEN. FIBBER HATES ON SOMETHING HARD IN THE OYSTERS,  
 SEE? YOU SPIT IT OUT AND WHAT IS IT?  
 FIB & MOL: A PEARL!  
 FIB: We've used that yarn three times already.  
 TOM: Oh no we havent. This is a new twist! It isnt a pearl.  
 IT'S A DIAMOND!  
 MOL: And how would a diamond get into an oyster?  
 TOM: Now you've got it! NOBODY KNOWS! WE'LL HAVE PROFESSORS  
 FROM THE U. of M. WRITE SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES ABOUT IT. AND  
 FIBBER CAN HAVE THE DIAMOND MADE INTO A RING FOR MOLLY FOR  
 CHRISTMAS. TWO STORIES IN ONE! (I dont know how I do it!)  
 MOL: Wel-l-l now there IS something to that idea.  
 FIB: Where do we get the diamond?  
 TOM: I BOUGHT ONE FOR YOU! SEE HERE? You owe me five hundred  
 bucks on it.  
 FIB: I OWE YOU FI....SAY WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF? I OWE YOU  
 ....OUCH!  
 MOL: What's the matter McGee?  
 FIB: I GOT MY FOOT CAUGHT IN THIS RADIATOR. Now how in the...  
 (GRUNTS) OUCH...HEY GIMME A HAND WITH MY FOOT!  
 MOL: I'll git it out...READY? PULL...

FIB: OUCH...HEY YOURE PULLIN MY LEG OFF! Doggone it, I'll be  
 stuck here for the...call the hotel office. get a engineer.  
 GIT ME OUTA THIS THING....  
 TOM: NO NO...DONT DO THAT! ...BOY THIS IS TERRIFIC! I'LL BE BACK  
 IN A FEW MINUTES.  
 MOL: Where are you going?  
 TOM: I'M GOING TO GET A CAMERAMAN!...I'LL CALL ALL THE PAPERS!  
~~THE...~~ THIS IS MARVELOUS  
 HOW DID YOU EVER THINK OF IT! *oh Boy oh Boy*  
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
 ORK: CHASER:  
 APPLAUSE: 1 8  
 ORK: "IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER" -- -- COMO  
 APPLAUSE:  
 ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T):  
 WIL: THAT WAS TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING "IT'S LOVE  
 I'M AFTER", FEATURING PERRY COMO.  
 WELL, FIBBER ~~HAVING~~ GOT HIS FOOT OUT OF THE RADIATOR BY <sup>alright</sup> THE  
~~SIMPLE MEANS OF PULLING HIS FOOT OFF~~, IS ON THE JOB AGAIN.  
 SO WE TAKE YOU BACK TO ~~FIBBER'S~~ <sup>our</sup> SCENE TONIGHT IS  
 THE WISTFUL VISTA PUBLIC LIBRARY, WHERE WE FIND, TALKING TO  
 THE LIBRARIAN --- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!  
 APPLAUSE:

PAGE 9.

MAN: There you are. I'm glad you got the books you wanted.

MOL: Thank you very much for your trouble.

FIB: Yeah... <sup>Bud</sup> much obliged, bud. Nice library you got here. Have you read all these books yourself?

~~Wah!~~ Oh no... we must have about 50,000 volumes.

FIB: That all? Shucks when I was runnin' a library back in Boston, I used to read that many in a month. In two weeks if they had big type.

MOL: Oh dear

~~Wah!~~ You used to be a librarian in Boston, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Did I! (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? Did I used to be a librarian! I'll say so BRITTANNICA MCGEE, I was knowed as in them days, bud. BRITTANNICA MCGEE, THE BULGING-BROWED BOY OF A BILLION BOOKS, AND BRIGHTEST BUYER OF BEAUTIFULLY BOUND BIOGRAPHIES IN BOSTON'S BACK BAY!

MOL: What a lie--brarian!

~~Wah!~~ You're JUST the people I'm looking for. Someone who understands a library index.

FIB: Whaddye mean, bud?

~~Wah!~~ I simple MUST run over to a publisher's office and see about some replacements. My assistant is ill today and there's been no one to take charge. I'll appreciate it a lot!

Page 10.

MOL: Oh now wait a minute - we -

~~Wah!~~ PLEASE PLEASE...I know it's in good hands...I'll be back in just a few moments. Thanks a LOT!

FIB: Hey wait, bud...I dont -

DOOR THUD.

MOL: Hmmm. Nice library you've got here, McGee!

FIB: Can you imagine that guy? Handin' over a million-buck library like it was a ten-cent sack o' jelly beans?

MOL: Well, it's the early book-worm that gets the bird. Now what's Boston's bulging-browed baloney-butcher going to do with it?

FIB: DO WITH IT. Why run it til his nibs gets back...that's what. It dont take any genius to nab a few novels for the neighbors

MOL: Yes, but what do you know about the index system. For instance look at this book here. S.D.V. 2 C.B.F. 3 R.B.

FIB: Lessee it a minute.

MOL: Oh, no! You tell me what that means first.

FIB: Do it again.

MOL: S.D.V. 2 C.B.F. 3 R.B.

FIB: That's easy S.D.V. is slightly damaged volume, Vol 2.: the C.B.F. means Cooking Baking and Frying and the 3 R.B. means it belongs on the third shelf and ~~er~~ AHEM. and it's got a red binding. Let's see it.

MOL: ~~WONDERFUL! But it's not damaged. It hasnt got a red binding. It isnt volume two; E- it has nothing to do with cooking, baking or frying. It's REVOLT IN THE DESERT.~~

FIB: ~~LET'S SEE IT ahaaa!..I thought so- That aint desert. IT'S DESSERT I guess I know my -~~

*Woman*  
FIB: Pardone me, but have you got "Cat Tails for Two"?

FIB: Cat Tails for Two? You mean COCKTAILS fer two, sis. And it aint a book. It's a song.

*Woman*  
FIB: No. I'm sure it was Cat Tails for Two.

FIB: Oh I know. YOU MEAN "A TALE OF TWO KITTIES."

*Woman*  
FIB: Oh yes. It's a Dickens

FIB: It is eh? (LAUGHS) You little rascal. Well, I'll hold it for you when it comes in.

*Woman*  
FIB: Thank you.

FIB: There ye are, Molly. See how simple it is?

MOL: I see! If you're not sure...just tell 'em it's out. You'd make a wonderful umpire!

FIB: Oh well, I - Hiyah, bud...lookin' fer somethin'?

RED: "Ow are ye sir. Do ye mind if I look about a bit, sir?"

MOL: Oh not at all...just be quiet is all. Ther's people trying to read.

RED: I'll be as mum as a blinkin' mouse, mum. But beggin' your pardon, 'ave you a book 'as 'as a bit about nudists, sir?

FIB: Nudists, bud? Nope. They aint any books on nudists.

MOL: Why not, McGee?

FIB: Nobody's been able to get anything on 'em. AHEM. You a Britisher, bud?

RED: Oh no sir. Canada's me 'home, sir.

WIL: WELL WHEN YOU GET 'OME, TRY A CANADA-FINEST <sup>no Rubbing</sup> ~~QUIK-DRYING~~ FLOOR POLISH EVER MADE. JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah Harpo. You wanta book?

WIL: No, just some information. WHO WROTE "FAREWELL TO ARMS"?

MOL: The Venus De Milo.

WIL: Thanks.

DOOR THUD:

FIB: Nice work, Molly. I didnt think you knew. It was just a-

HAUGHTY: Oh, Mr. Librarian...PLEASE...I just returned a book this morning...

FIB: Well dont worry about it sis. Lots of people return their borrowed books. Well not LOTS, no. But some of 'em do, and -

HAUGHTY: OH PLEASE. ...it's not a joking matter, young man...It is very very serious...really. I...I left a highly important...paper...in the book...I MUST recover it...It means a GREAT DEAL to me.....

FIB: You'd be surprised what people leave in library books, sis. ~~Theatre tickets...menus...telephone numbers...matches...~~

*[Handwritten scribbles]*

~~handkerchiefs~~ flowers... why some of 'em even leave all the pages in 'em. That's jest carelessness, of course. Why-

WOMAN: OH DO BE SERIOUS... My... MY HAPPINESS IS AT STAKE. REALLY I MUST FIND THAT PAPER... YOU MUST HELP ME.

FIB: Okay sis... dont git agitated. What book did ye return?

HAUGHTY: <sup>Time alone & like it - no name</sup> ~~One by Irvin Cobb and one by Rex Beach I don't remember the titles OH WHERE ARE THEY. NOTAT~~

FIB: Go right down the hall there sis, and you'll see a boy with a hand truck. Ask him to show ye the books that was returned this morning.

HAUGHTY: OH THANK YOU... THANK YOU. YOU DONT KNOW HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO ME... I simply MUST FIND THAT PAPER. (FADE) How could I have ever...

FIB: Whaddye make o' that, Molly? Whaddye suppose she lost?

~~MOL: Maybe she read while she had lunch and left a little note on the table.~~

~~FIB: Maybe she left her bathing suit on the beach. Nope. She said it was some kind of a paper.~~ I KNOW! I'll bet it was a treasure map! That's where buried-treasure maps are always found... in books.



~~Handkerchiefs~~  
~~flowers~~

...why some of 'em even leave all the pages in 'em. That's jest carelessness, of course. Why-

WOMAN: OH DO BE SERIOUS....My MY HAPPINESS IS AT STAKE REALLY I MUST FIND THAT PAPER. YOU MUST HELP ME.

FIB: Okay sis dont git agitated. What books did ye return?

HAUGHTY: <sup>Five alone & like it - Mrs. Dianne</sup>  
~~One by Irvin Cobb and one by Rex Beach~~ ~~I don't remember the titles OH WHERE ARE THEY. HURRY~~

FIB: Go right down the hall there sis, and you'll see a boy with a hand truck. Ask him to show ye the books that was returned this morning.

HAUGHTY: OH THANK YOU...THANK YOU. YOU DONT KNOW HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO ME...I simply MUST FIND THAT PAPER. (FADE) How could I have ever...

FIB: Whaddye make o' that, Molly? Whaddye suppose she lost?

~~Maybe she read while she had lunch and left it on the table.~~

FIB: ~~Maybe she left her bathing suit on the beach. Heps she said it was some kind of a paper.~~ I KNOW! I'll bet it was a treasure map! That's where buried-treasure maps are always found...in books.

MOL: You're right! Remember my ~~brother~~ *Uncle Remus*

FIB: What about your ~~brother~~ *Uncle Remus*

MOL: He always had his map buried in a book!

FIB: Oh now, Molly, dont - ~~HEY THERE, SIS...GET OFF THAT LADDER!~~  
~~YOU AINT SUPPOSED TO GET UP THERE!~~

WHEE: (OFF MIKE) Oh go dunk a doughnut, SKIPPY! I come in here every day!

FIB: Imagine that Molly? The old blister must be eighty.  
~~COME ON NOW GRANMAW, GET DOWN OFF THAT LADDER! YOU'RE~~  
~~LIABLE TO GET HURT!~~

WHEE: NOT ME, SONNY! I just come in for the ride. WHOPEEEEE,...

SOUND: ~~CLATTER AND WHEEL CREAK FADE OUT...FADE IN AGAIN!~~

WHEE: WHOPEEEEEEE!!!! Pretty near made it that time! LET'S TRY IT AGAIN. WHOPEEEEEEE!!!!

SOUND: REPEAT: ~~FADE OUT...FADE IN AGAIN:~~

WHEE: Well, I guess I'll have to try again tomorrow.

FIB: LISTEN GRANMAW!!! YOU LEAVE THAT ladder alone, and explain yourself

MOL: Yes and be more quiet...there's people trying to read in the next room.

FIB: Yes. Now what's the idea of ridin' back and forth on that ladder

WHEE: Well, skippy, I LIKE It. Besides, I got a right to ride on that ladder. My grandfather donated this library to the city.

FIB: Yes but that dont exc-

Page 15.

WHEE: AND FURTHERMORE, shorty, he left me a lot of money in his will with the proviso that I go buy a lot of good books. AND THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY I KNOW TO GO BY A LOT OF GOOD BOOKS. Lemme try it once more. WHOPEEEEE

SOUND: REPEAT AND FADE BACK AGAIN.

WHEE: Nope. I dont seem to be able to do it. Tomorrow I'll take a longer run at it.

FIB: You dont seem to be able to do what, granmaw? Whatcha tryin' to do?

WHEE: Well, son...if you must know, I've been tryin' for weeks to slide that ladder past Ernest Hemingway. I always get a running start up here by Hans Christian Anderson but I never get past Ernie. It's my ambition to slide 'er clear down to H. G. Wells. But I'll make it yet, shorty. You wait and see!

DOOR THUD:

FIB: Well ter the...imagine that, Molly? If she ever reaches Wells, I hope she falls in.

MOL: She dropped her library card, McGee...look .. AHAH Just as I thought.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: She's taken the same book out twice. Now she thinks Life Begins at Eighty.

MAN: (FADE IN) (VERY AGITATED) Excuse me please. did my wife come in looking for a paper she'd left in a book?

Page 16.

MOL: Yes she did, Mister. She was very upset about it.

MAN: So am I. If she ever finds that paper I'm ruined! RUINED, I tell you.

FIB: You oughtta be more careful where you put your phone numbers, bud.

MAN: Oh it's nothing like that!! this is SERIOUS...It ..It...Oh I hate to think what will happen if she finds it...Promise me! If you run across that paper before she does you'll DESTROY IT...IT'S DYNAMITE! DESTROY IT!

MOL: Shhh...not so loud please...

MAN: I'm sorry...but she mustnt get her hands on that paper... I'll I'll be back later...

DOOR THUD:

MOL: Heavenly days...this begins to look serious..What do you suppose the secret is, McGee!

FIB: Maybe it's a government paper, Molly.

MOL: Sure. Maybe it's the secret of why the government never puts a mail box on the corner where you live!

FIB: Well, I hope it dont cause any trou- Oh hiyah, brother what can I do for ye?

BLOT: How do you do, my little book-snookums. Just stopped in to see ABOUT a little volume entitled, "ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND," or, "TWENTY THOUSAND LEGS UNDER THE SEA." *hookas*

MOL: Well...er...we havent had much call for it. *5/10/46*

WHEE: AND FURTHERMORE, shorty, he left me a lot of money in his will with the proviso that I go buy a lot of good books. AND THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY I KNOW TO GO BY A LOT OF GOOD BOOKS. Lemme try it once more. WHOPEEEEE

SOUND: REPEAT AND FADE BACK AGAIN.

WHEE: Nope. I dont seem to be able to do it. Tomorrow I'll take a longer run at it.

FIB: You dont seem to be able to do what, granmaw? Whatcha tryin' to do?

WH EE: Well, son...if you must know, I've been tryin' for weeks to slide that ladder past Ernest Hemingway. I always get a running start up here by Hans Christian Anderson but I never get past Ernie. It's my ambition to slide 'er clear down to H. G. Wells. But I'll make it yet, shorty. You wait and see!

DOOR THUD:

FIB: Well fer the...imagine that, Molly? If she ever reaches Wells, I hope she falls in.

MOL: She dropped her library card, McGee...look .. AHAH Just as I thought.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: She's taken the same book out twice. Now she thinks Life Begins at Eighty.

MAN: (FADE IN) (VERY AGITATED) Excuse me please. did my wife come in looking for a paper she'd left in a book?

MOL: Yes she did, Mister. She was very upset about it.

MAN: So am I. If she ever finds that paper I'm ruined! RUINED, I tell you.

FIB: You oughtta be more careful where you put your phone numbers, bud.

MAN: Oh it's nothing like that!! this is SERIOUS...It ..It...Oh I hate to think what will happen if she finds it...Promise me! If you run across that paper before she does you'll DESTROY IT...IT'S DYNAMITE! DESTROY IT!

MOL: Shhh...not so loud please...

MAN: I'm sorry...but she mustnt get her hands on that paper... I'll I'll be back later...

DOOR THUD:

MOL: Heavenly days...this begins to look serious..What do you suppose the secret is, McGee!

FIB: Maybe it's a government paper, Molly.

MOL: Sure. Maybe it's the secret of why the government never puts a mail box on the corner where you live!

FIB: Well, I hope it dont cause any trou- Oh hiyah, brother what can I do for ye?

BLOT: How do you do, my little book-snookums. Just stopped in to see ABOUT a little volume entitled, "ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND," or, "TWENTY THOUSAND LEGS UNDER THE SEA." *to pay 1/5*

MOL: Well...er...we havent had much call for it.

FIB: Wait'll I look it up on the cards here bud...let's se...  
 On the BENCH...ON THE BUM .ON THE LAM.. ON THE LOOSE .  
 here it is...ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND...shucks, bud  
 it's in all right. Fact is, that book's never been taken out.  
 MOL: Probably one of those terrible trashy things that nobody ever  
 read.  
 FIB: It's a bunch of junk, Bud. Better take something else.  
 BLOT: Yes yes...I believe I will take something else.  
 MOL: What?  
 BLOT: POISON. You see, ~~my little pamphlet papers~~, I am the author  
 of ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND. Good day to you, madam.  
 Good day, to you too, waffle-puss!

DOOR THUD:

FIB: You hear what he called me, Molly? Waffle puss! He...Oh  
 hello there Elmo.  
 MOL: Oh, Elmo Tanner. Hello Elmo.  
 ELMO: Hello fibber and Molly. I want to return these books  
 MOL: All right. Lemme take your card.  
 FIB: You been readin' deep stuff, Elmo. Looka this, Molly  
 "CEMENTING OUR RELATIONS WITH EUROPE."  
 MOL: Did you like it, Elmo? CEMENTING OUR RELATIONS?  
 ELMO: No I thought it would have a chapter on plastering our  
 friends, too, but it didnt.  
 FIB: AHEM. Say, Elmo, there's a new book called HOW TO MAKE A  
 MODEL-LOCOMOTIVE IN THREE SHORT LESSONS.  
 ELMO: Not interested..

MOL: How about HOW TO WHISTLE NOLA IN THREE LONG BREATHS  
 ELMO: I'll take it.

~~ORK: CHASER APPLAUSE~~  
~~WIL: COMMERCIAL~~

~~ORK: "NOLA" at last~~

~~APPLAUSE: (DEAFENING):~~

~~ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNON'T):~~

WIL: NOW BACK TO THE WISTFUL VISTA PUBLIC LIBRARY, WHERE FIBBER  
 AND MOLLY ARE CARRYING ON ~~AS LIBRARIANS~~ IN THE ABSENCE OF THE  
<sup>librarian</sup>  
 OFFICIAL ONES. THE LADY WHO LOST THE IMPORTANT DOCUMENT IS  
 STILL FRANTIC TO FIND IT...AND HER HUSBAND IS JUST AS EAGER  
 TO KEEP HER FROM IT! HERE SHE IS TALKING TO THE MCGEE.

HAUGHTY: But... I tell you I MUST find <sup>the paper</sup> ~~it~~...YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW...  
 HOW MUCH IT MEANS...

FIB: Well, I'm sorry sis...we're keepin' a eye out for the books  
 you think you left it in - but we havent seen 'em yet.



MOL: I dont think ~~she~~ mister.  
 FIB: Youre the ~~best~~ bud. Way?  
 MAN: Oh you dont know what I'm going through...it's  
 ever find that paper, I'm SUNK...I'm THROUGH...it's  
 the END OF EVERYTHING  
 FIB: Shucks, bud dont take it so serious...maybe she wont  
 find it.  
 MAN: SAY IF I ONLY THOUGHT SO...I'D HAVE HOPE...I'D HOLD UP  
 MY HEAD AGAIN...THERE'S ~~BE~~ SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR! (FADE  
 OUT) I only pray she does...  
 MOL: Heavensly say!!! The poor man is distracted. I wonder  
 what -

*Rayman*  
 GIBBS: EXCUSE ME, MR. LIBRARIAN. HAVE YOU GOT "MAIN STREET"  
 FIB: No, bud, I left MAIN STREET RIGHT OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR.  
 GIBBS: THANKS! (*Life Begins at 40?*)  
 DOOR THUD:  
 FIB: ~~No, what are you saying, mister?~~ You thought - Oh Hello  
 there little girl.  
 TEE: Hi mister. Are you him?  
 FIB: Am I who?  
 TEE: Huh?  
 FIB: I says am I WHO?  
 TEE: Dont you know?  
 FIB: DAD RAT IT, OF COURSE I -  
 MOL: Shhhh...not so loud, McGee.

FIB: I know but...listen sis. YOU ASKED IF I WAS HIM?  
 Who did you mean?  
 TEE: You, I betcha.  
 FIB: No, I mean who did you ask who I.. I mean, Who as I  
 supposed to..that is...listen..let's pretend you  
 just came in.  
 TEE: Okay.  
 FIB: Hi sis.  
 TEE: Hi.  
 FIB: What can I do for you?  
 TEE: Hmmm?  
 FIB: I says what can I...WHAT DO YE WANT?  
 TEE: I dont want anything.  
 FIB: Then whatcha doin' in here?  
 TEE: Teacher sent me.  
 FIB: Well now we're gettin' someplace. What does she want?  
 TEE: Huh?  
 FIB: WHAT DID SHE SEND YOU AFTER?  
 TEE: After school, I betcha.  
 FIB: No, I mean what are you supposed to GET ~~for you teacher?~~  
 TEE: I dunno.  
 FIB: Aw fer the...DON'T YOU KNOW what your teacher sent you after?  
 TEE: Nope. (PAUSE) It's in this note, though, I betcha.

*a story -  
 OIL here a story  
 I cant read  
 well tell you*





FIB: Why Mr. Mole?

MOL: Because it takes a mole to dig a hole for himself with his chin. Why, if you - OH HELLO THERE MR. TOOPS!

FIB: Oh, hi there, Mort.

MOL: Come for some books, Mr. Toops?

MORT: HAW HAW HAW...HELLO FOLKS. HAW HAW...NO... I JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN FOR A MINUTE...HAW HAW...

MOL: Not too loud, Mr. Toops...after all, it's a library.

MORT: YES, I KNOW...HAW HAW...I WAS IN HERE THE OTHER DAY AND GOT A BOOK BY BABE RUTH...HAW HAW HAW...THE LIBRARIAN SAID HE THOUGHT I'D LIKE THE SPIRIT OF THE BOOK HAW HAW AND I SAID...HAW HAW...GET THIS NOW... I SAID YES... I'D LIKE THE SPIRIT...HAW HAW...BECAUSE I KNEW HIS GHOST-WRITER...HAW HAW HAW...OH THAT PANICKED HIM! HAW HAW HAW...ANOTHER THING I TOLD HIM...HAW HAW...BOY I JUST TOSSED IT OFF LIKE NOTHING...HAW HAW...

MOL: I believe that.

MORT: HAW HAW HAW...GET A LOAD OF THIS ONE...HAW HAW...I SAID TO HIM I SAID...HAW HAW...WITHOUT CRACKIN' A SMILE, I SAYS...I'M WRITIN' A BOOK IN MY BASEMENT, I SAYS...HAW HAW WHAT ABOUT? SAYS HE, TELLIN' IT HOOR-LIKE AND SINCER...  
*No come to dinner instead*

HAW HAW...ABOUT HOW TO MAKE HOMEMADE WINE, I SAYS...HAW HAW WELL SAYS HE, DO YOU HAVE TO WRITE IN YOUR BASEMENT? HAW HAW... AND I WHIPS RIGHT BACK WITH...HAW HAW...OH BOY... IS THIS A LULU...YES SAYS I...HAW HAW...IT'S ONE OF THE BEST CELLARS...HAW HAW HAW...

MOL: I think I catch on.

MORT: SURE...HAW HAW...ANOTHER THING I SAYS...WAS WHEN HE ASKED ME IF HAW HAW...OH THIS WILL KILL YOU...HE SAYS TO ME... "DO YOU LIKE KIPLING?" AND QUICK'S A FLASH, I SAYS...HAW HAW...I SAYS... HAW HAW...OH BOY...I SAYS ...HAW HAW...HOW DO I KNOW, I SAYS...HAW HAW...I SAYS ...HAW HAW...HAW HAW HAW...I...OH HAW HAW HAW...OH I CANT DO IT..I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU LATER... (FADE OUT)

DOOR THUD!

MOL: That's what'd I'd call the little theatre movement. He's his own show, producer, and audience, But McGee ...what was that last joke? The librarian asked him if he liked Kipling and he said what?

FIB: Oh everybody knows that, Molly. He said How do I know?...I never Kiplped.

MOL: Hmmm...Hardly worth the effort. But then, I suppose...  
*He could be hit with a Coupling Pin for that Kipling Pun.*

MAN: ESCUSE ME AGAIN PLEASE...are you sure my wife didn't find that paper in the book she broght back?

MOL: She didn't even find the book, mister.

MAN: THANKS...you have no idea how worried I am. SHE SIMPLY MUST NOT GET THAT PAPER AGAIN!

FIB: Listen, Bud...we had about enough o' this stuff...what was this paper anyway?

MAN: OH DONT ASK ME...IT'S A TERRIBLE THING...IT'S...OH THERE'S MY WIFE NOW...DARLING..TELL ME YOU DIDNT FIND IT! TELL ME!

HAUGHTY: NO...NO..BUT- I FOUND THE BOOK...LOOK! SEE? NOW IF I CAN JUST GLANCE THRU IT..I'M SURE I ...AHHHH! HERE IT IS!

MAN: NO NO..YOU CANT DO IT...YOU CANT DO IT I TELL YOU... GIVE ME THAT PAPER...

FIB: Hey quiet grabbin' that paper bud..give that back to the lady...

HAUGHTY: IT'S MINE...GIVE IT BACK...IT'S MINE...

MAN: NO...NEVER...I SHALL DESTROY IT...NOW...LOOK!

SOUND: RIPPING OF PAPER

HAUGHTY: IGNATZ...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

MAN: IT WAS THE ONLY WAY, MURGATROYD...THE ONLY WAY..DO YOU FORGIVE ME?

HAUGHTY: IGNATZ!

MAN: MURGATROYD!

SOUND: KISSING:

FIB: HEY CUT THAT OUT YOU TWO...GO ON HOME AND MAKE UP...

MAN: All right...YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT A SHADOW HAS LIFETED FROM MY LIFE, SIR. YES...AND FROM OTHER LIVES...A GREAT CATASTROPHE HAS BEEN AVERTED FROM THE AMERICAN HOME! COME, MURGATROYD!

HAUGHTY: YES...IGNATZ!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well fer the...say what was that, Molly?