

NBC

ADVERTISER S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#88) OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ (DECEMBER 14, 1936) MONDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Page 5  
Small girl cut  
High - Commercial - KNEW -  
Rodeo*

*Allen Wing*

*Red Jule - 2nd Street  
Ticket 21<sup>st</sup>*

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORK: FINISH THEME: - - TANNER

WIL: Ted Weems and His Orchestra open the show with "MY RED LETTER DAY"

ORK: "MY RED LETTER DAY"

APPLAUSE

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL -

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNC'T) : -

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WIL: WELL, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL, SUNNY AND MILD WINTER DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA AND MOLLY HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET FIBBER ON HIS FEET FOR A LITTLE STROLL AFTER LUNCH. BUT HE'S GOT A DETECTIVE STORY HE WANTS TO FINISH, AND WOULD RATHER STAY INSIDE. SOOOOOOOO HERE WALKING ALONG 14th STREET, NEAR OAK, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

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APPLAUSE:

MOL: Now, then...didnt I tell you McGee? Isn't it wonderful out?

FIB: Tis, at that, Molly. A hour o' this air and I'll be a different man.

MOL: Who?

FIB: Who do ye want?

MOL: Robert Taylor.

FIB: That'll take an hour'n a half.

MOL: Never mind then. Say isnt the department store over there decorated up beautifully? You know, I always wondered why holly got to be selected as Christmas trimming. Why not maple leaves...or...or roses or something? Why Holly?

FIB: That's easy, Molly. It's the only plant they could find that stays green ~~forever~~, and still has sharp points onto it. It's symbolical.

MOL: Symbolical of what?

FIB: Christmas. That's when us men get stuck, aint it?

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MOL: Oh you're just an old cynic, McGee. You're like every other man. Pretend you hate Christmas until the night before, then you go crazy. WHERE'S SOME TISSUE...WHO'S GOT A RED STICKER...WILL SOMEBODY WRAP THIS UP FOR ME...IS IT TOO LATE TO GET INTO A STORE...GIMME SOME MORE RIBBON."

FIB: Dont worry I'll get enough ribbin

MOL: My My...I've seen more real Christmas spirit this year than any time since 1929.

FIB: Sure. That's 7 years ago. It's the seventh wave that's biggest. And I oughtta know. I got washed up by the last one.

MOL: Oh forget it. *Said: Sample from Wilcox* OH HELLO, MR. WILCOX!

FIB: Hiyah, Harpo

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hello Fibber. Say I just met Mort Toops and he told me a good one. It's old, but you probably never heard it.

MOL: Oh, I see.

FIB: Hmmm. It's old, but we probably never heard it. Well, go ahead.

WIL: Well, how do you spell folk?

FIB: F. O. L. K. of course!

WIL: All right. How do you spell joke?

FIB: J-O-K-E.

WIL: Then how do you spell the white of an egg?

FIB: Y-O-L-K. (LAUGHS) Ask me somethin' hard

WIL: You're wrong! The yolk of an egg is not white...it's yellow, so long, folks. (EXIT LAUGHING)

FIB: The white part of a...how do ye spell...why the...

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well you certainly bit on that one McGee.

MOL: Come on...walk a little faster...exercise is no good if you take it so easy.

FIB: Exercise is no good, period. I always say that...

TEE: Hi, mister. Will you pull my sled a ways?

FIB: Hi there sis. (CUTE AINT SHE MOLLY) Which way you goin', sis?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says WHICH WAY YOU GOIN'?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, I just...why ....well, you want me to pull your sled didnt you?

TEE: Sure, I do, I betcha.

FIB: Well, I'm sorry but I got other plans.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says I got other things to do.

TEE: Name three.

FIB: Well, first I. DAD RAT WHY SHOULD I? Pretty smart arent you?

TEE: I betcha I am, I betcha.

FIB: Oh ye are eh? (Listen to this, Molly). Can you spell, sis?

TEE: Spell what?

FIB: Just spell. Are you a good speller?

TEE: Sure I am.

FIB: Okay. How do you spell folk?

TEE: F-O-L-K, I betcha.

FIB: Good. (LAUGHS). Now then. How do you spell joke?

TEE: J-O-K-E!

FIB: Wonderful. (LAUGHS) (Git this now, Molly) All right, sis. How do ye spell the white of a egg?

TEE: A-L-B-U-M-E-N. <sup>So close, mister</sup> I ~~guess you dont know much mister.~~ (FADE OUT) HEY WILLIE...WANNA RIDE ON MY SLED?

*Fib:*  
*FIB: mol!* You should have pulled the sled instead o' th' gag, McGee!

FIB: Well I was -...HEY MOLLY. LOOK.

MOL: Where?

FIB: At the poster on the wall there.

MOL: Oh come on --- let's walk!

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly. There's a rodeo goin' on right here in the Stadium! LOOK AT THE POSTER. (TO HIMSELF)...Roping...riding...bulldogging...trick shooting...BUCKING CONTEST... 100 DOLLARS IN CASH AND A SILVER CUP TO ANY LOCAL BOY WHO CAN STAY ON A BUCKING HORSE FOR THREE MINUTES. Sayyyyyyy, I could use a hundred bucks, about now!

MOL: Oh now, McGee...you're not thinking of -

FIB: Oh aint I! Come on in the stadium a minute...

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hi there, bud.

FIB: I wanna enter this buckin' contest. Are you in charge of this rodeo?

BLOT: Yes yes, my boy! Glad to enter your name. You can have your choice of any horse in the corral. Ther's Dynamite, Torpedo, TNT, The Killer, BLOODY BILL, AND Widow-Maker. A fine string of animals, too.

MOL: They sound delightful. How will you take your homicide, McGee?

FIB: Oh sign me up for Torpedo, bud.

BLOT: Certainly. Torpedo...I'll make out the entry blank right away, Mr. er...Mr....

FIB: McGee, bud, Fibber McGee.

BLOT: Yes yes...let me see now...entry fer bucking contest...one hundred dollars prize....Torpedo ....waver of responsibility ....white and over twenty-one....blue eyes and dark hair...? raspberry birthmark on the left hip...and a short beer... JUST SIGN HERE, MR MCGEE.. Name and address.

MOL: Address? I suppose you want the address so you'll know where to send McGee the hundred dollars.

BLOT: Not so, my little optimist. It's so we'll know where to send McGee!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (OVER SONG INTRO.): TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA GIVE US "IT'S DE-LOVELY", - FEATURING PERRY COMO!

ORK: "IT'S DE-LOVELY" -- -- COMO

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS SIGNED UP TO RIDE TORPEDO, THE MAD MUSTANG AT THE RODEO TONIGHT, FOR THE HONOR OF WISTFUL VISTA AND A HUNDRED DOLLARS IN CASH! HERE ARE FIBBER AND MOLLY, IN THE STADIUM FOR THE EVENING RODEO PERFORMANCE. THE BUCKING CONTESTS ARE THE CLOSING FEATURE OF THE SHOW, SO THEY HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO LOOK AROUND.

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SOUND: CROWD UP AND DOWN.

MOL: McGee, I dont know why you're always getting yourself into something like this. Heavenly days. suppose ye break your neck?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Go on. dont worry about me. I can ride anything on four legs.

MOL: Especially a Morris-Chair. Why even experienced cowboys cant stay on some of those wild horses.

FIB: That's because they're the physical type, Molly. It takes a MENTAL type to dominate a horse.

MOL: Mental type, me eye! You're puttin' the emphasis on the wrong end of your spine, McGee.

FIB: Just the same, Molly, when a horse feels you're his master, you got him half licked already.

MOL: Sure. I can just see Torpedo trottin' back to his stall and whisperin' to the other horses: "HEY BOYS, I HAD THE BRAINIEST WRITER TONIGHT! F MUST HAVE BEEN A PHI BETTA KAPPA. THE BEST I COULD DO WAS BUST HIS COLLARBONE.

FIB: That's kind of far-fetched, Molly.

MOL: Far-Fetched? That's what they said of me uncle Dennis when they hauled him forty two miles to a hospital after swallowin' a poker-chip.

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

MOL: Ohhh silly Watson.

FIB: Hi yabs, Sil. What you doin' down here at the rodeo?

SIL: Ro-DAY-o, it is, please suh.

FIB: Oh, correctin' my English, eh?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Oh no?

SIL: Nossuh. The's Spanish, please suh.

MOL: Sure, McGee. You ought to know that, bein' the mental type. What are you doin' down here, Silly?

SIL: Ah'm the best man in the stables, please ma'am.

FIB: Whadye mean you're the best man in the stables?

SIL: Well, you see, Mist McGee, the head man, he is the Groom. Ah'm next afech him, w'ich make me the bes' man, don' it?

MOL: How did you acquire the position, Silly?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: She says HOW'D YOU GET THE JOB?

SIL: Oh. Well, they gotta string o' wicked bad hosses wif' dis lil' ole ro-DAY-oo, please suh.

FIB: Bad hosses - huh?

SIL: Yassuh. Anyway, the las' man they had workin' heah, got kicked by one o' the hosses.

MOL: Was he hurt bad?

SIL: They dunno, ma'am. He ain' come down yet.

FIB: Well...er...what...er...not to be inquisitive, Silly..but..er...which horse...er...I mean...would you happen to know...off-hand...that is...

MOL: Who was the horse, Silly? *that kicked him*

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Was it a horse named...er...

MOL: Torpedo?

SIL: Yas'm. Ah don' think so. Why, ma'am?

FIB: I'll tell ye, Sil. I signed up to ride one o' these nags tonight.

SIL: Oh Oh.

FIB: Whadye mean, OH OH!?

SIL: Ah means oh oh, that's fine, please suh.

FIB: Looked like easy dough to me, Sil. A proposition like that always appeals to me. Gimme a hundred bucks, and I'm on, every time.

SIL: Yassuh, but wif' THESE hosses, suh, TWO BUCKS and you is off.

SIL: Well...so long, ma'am. So long, boss.

CROWD RECORD UP AND DOWN.

MOL: Heavenly Days, Eddie Cantor. why are you wearing that old derby hat pulled down over your ears like that?

FIB: What's smatter with it?

MOL: Well pull it up off your ears, McGee.

FIB: Cant. Got it jammed on. Ye see, Molly. I filled the hat full o' absorbent cotton, so's it'll act as a crash helmet.

MOL: I see. Sort of a "chapeau de concussion."

FIB: *Now don't you worry. I got a definite plan for that sort of thing. That's the idea. Of course there aint but one chance in a million that I'll get thrown.*  
~~That's the idea. Of course there aint but one chance in a million that I'll get thrown.~~

MOL: ~~That's all right. It's one derby in a million.~~

SOUND: HOOFBEATS FADE IN RAPIDLY: (-and let's hear 'em, gents)

MOL: Look out, McGee...GET OUT OF THE WAY!

SOUND: HOOFS IN AND UP WITH BLUBBER.

FIB: Hey what's the idea there, Cowgirl? Why dont you blow your horn?

WHEE: Oh why dont you blow your nose, you cook-shack-cake-eater? And where'd you get the hat? Is this Derby Day on your track?

FIB: Well, I'll be a ...HEY GRANDMAW...aint you a little brittle to be doin' the carloca on that corn-cruncher? You oughtta be home on the range ...with your knittin'.

WHEE: Pull up your hat, Skippy. With your ears out like that, you look like the China Clipper. (HOOFS) Whoaa, there, Taxpayer!

FIB: Whadye call that nag Taxpayer for, Grandmaw?

WHEE: Because, he's always tryin' to get out from under. WHOAAAAA THERE. Okay, up there...make my announcement!

FIB: What does she mean, her announcement?

MOL: Listen...

P.A. VOICE: LADDESSS AND GENTLEMEN! MISS DALLS CRUPPERTWITCH, OUR PREMIERE EQUESTRENIENNE, IS ABOUT TO SHOW HER VERSATILITY.

FIB: At her age?

MOL: Be quiet, iggernuts.

P.A. VOICE: AS ANOTHER SPLENDID FEATURE OF THE HOOFBEAT AND HORNSWOGGLE COMBINE RODEO...

FIB: RoDAYo!

P.A.: PIPE DOWN, MY LITTLE HECKLE-BERRY! AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY, MISS DALLS WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE HER AMAZING VIRTUOSITY WITH FIREARMS. SHE WILL FIRE ACROSS HER SHOULDER AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ARENA AND BURST THE SMALL BALLOONS ON THE BOARD AT THE FAR END. DONT BE NERVOUS. DALLASS NEVER MISSES, OR PRACTICALLY NEVER, ANYWAY. ARE YOU RRRRRREADY?

WHEE: READY skipper! YIPEEEEE....

SHOT: FOLLOWED BY DISTANT POP. REPEAT.

FIB: (LOUDLY) Go ON...IT'S A FAKE...IT'S A FAKE! (CROWD UP)

WHEE: Oh it's a fake is it, shorty? Well let's see you do it?

FIB: Oh ye think I cant, eh?  
MOL: McGee please!! Dont -  
BLOT: (P.A. VOICE) AND WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE SUSPICIOUS  
CITIZEN, DALLAS, MY DEAR?  
WHEE: Give him your name Skippy.  
FIB: Well (CALLS) I was always knowed down south as "SURE  
TRIGGER MCGEE, THE KENTUCKY CRACKSHOT."  
BLOT: THANK YOU. (P.A. LADEES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL NOW  
WITNESS AN ATTEMPT AT FANCY RIFLE SHOOTING BY THE SHORT  
STRANGER IN THE BLACK DIVING HELMET...HE BELIEVES HE  
CAN BEST MISS CRUPPERTWITCH AT HER OWN GAME JUST SORT OF  
A FRIENDLY RIFLE-RY, YOU MIGHT SAY, BUT IF YOU DO YOU'LL  
BE THROWN OUT PRONTO. (What did ye say the name was?)  
FIB: Sure-Trigger McGee! --  
BLOT: OH YES. LADEES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT MR. SEWER-DIGGER,  
MCGEE, THE KENTUCKY CRACKPOT.  
FIB: CRACKSHOT...NOT CRACKPOT!  
BLOT: You may fire when ready, Griddlecake!  
FIB: Okay...watch this...  
MOL: Be careful, McGee...  
FIB: Dont distract me, Molly...  
SOUND: SHOT...GLASS TINKLE  
OLD MAN: Hey...who grabbed my spectacles?  
FIB: Sorry bud Wrong trajectory. Watch this.  
SOUND: SHOT:

TED WEEMS: SAY LISTEN...WHAT'S THE IDEA...  
FIB: What's the idea o' what, Ted?  
MOL: Oh Hello Ted.  
TED: Hello, Molly. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SHOOTING MY BATON IN  
TWO?  
FIB: Say, did I do that? (LAUGHS) I'm sorry! Can you still  
use it?  
TED: Well, I can! But it aint right' Play, Boys!!  
ORK: "IT AINT RIGHT" (INTRO OVER APPLAUSE)  
APPLAUSE:  
WIL: (COMMERCIAL)

- Commercial -

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T):

WIL: WELL THE RODEO HAS PROCEEDED TO THE POINT WHERE THE BUCKING BRONCHO FEATURE IS ABOUT TO BE PRESENTED. WE WOULDN'T SAY FIBBER IS EXACTLY NERVOUS - ABOUT RIDING TORPEDO ----- BUT HE KEEPS RE-ASSURING HIMSELF THAT HIS OLD DERBY HAT IS STILL ON AND FULL OF COTTON. TORPEDO MAY BE A PRETTY BAD HORSE, BUT EVEN IF HE WAS JUST A HORSE, FIBBER IS NO CENTAUR. HE ISNT EVEN A HALF A CENTAUR.

CROWD UP AND DOWN

MOL: McGee....if you only knew how ridiculous you looked with that awful derby.

FIB: Okay okay...but it's that derby, Molly, that's gonna keep me from gittin' percussion o' the brain.

MOL: *Percussion*  
Hm! I always thought you were a wind instrument!

FIB: Aw! Now, Molly!

MAN: Yeah...this palooka thinks he's gettin' a real wild west mustang to ride. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Listen McGee!

2ND MAN: That shore is rich Wyomin'. Caint blame the boss though fer not wantin' no *green horns* ~~some windin' chytors~~ claimin' damages ...what they callin' the boss tonight?

MAN: Torpedo. Aint that rich? (LAUGHS)

2ND MAN: TORPEDO, eh? (LAUGHS) Torpedo if he ever blows up it'll be because he et too much hay. (LAUGHTER)

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Here are a few questions recently asked of a dealer who sells different types of household products. I'll give you the questions and you'll hear the dealer's answers.

QUESTION NO. 1: What floor polish of the no-rubbing type is the most popular with your customers?

DEALER: JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT far out-sells all other no-rubbing polishes for floors and linoleum.

QUESTION No. 2: How do you account for the fact that GLO-COAT has become the leader in only a few years time?

DEALER: Well, in the first place GLO-COAT is made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX -- so women knew from the start that it must be a good polish. Then they discovered it was so easy to use GLO-COAT. It dries in only 20 minutes and it's "self-polishing" -- doesn't require any rubbing or buffing.

QUESTION: No. 3: Can you give any other reasons for preferring GLO-COAT?

DEALER: I think I can. GLO-COAT gives brighter lustre and longer wear and it keeps floors so fresh and clean that it saves women a lot of work.

WILCOX: GLO-COAT certainly saves time and work, because it is self-polishing, and it keeps linoleum and floors sparkling like new. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

ot/315  
12/12/36



S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC. - FIBBER LOGGEE & MOLLY - 'MAQ-RED

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL - MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1936 - 7:00-7:30 -

ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

You should see the great stacks of letters we get from women who use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- and write us just to say how much they like this labor-saving floor polish. They say that GLO-COAT is so easy to use -- saves them so much work and makes their floors and linoleum look better than ever before. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is never sticky or gummy. It gives a beautiful polish that stays clean and bright. Perhaps your own linoleum is looking dull and faded. Then go over it with GLO-COAT and watch the floor take on new life and beauty! GLO-COAT dries in just 20 minutes and shines as it dries without help from you. If you want an easy-to-use floor polish that gives brighter lustre, longer wear, insist on JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, made by the Makers of Johnson's Wax, and remember, you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

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FIB: (FADE IN) Just a minute there, gents. I couldnt help overhearain' what you were saying!

END: Where we come from, strangeh, we dont take kindly to eavesdroppin'.

MOL: Oh but you dont understand, gentlemen. Me husband here is the one that's gonna ride Torpedo tonight.

MAN: Him? (LAUGHS) Hear that, Tex?

END: That's one fer the bunk-house wall, aint it, Wyomin? (LAUGHTER)

FIB: Just a minute there gents. I think you owe me a explanation.

END: He probably heard too much already, Wyomin'. We better spill it.

MAN: Okay. But listen <sup>Partee</sup> Jasper, dont tell any o' these cow-pokes around here that we told ye.

FIB: Okay....

MOL: Heavenly days...what IS it?

MAN: Listen. This hay-burner, Torpedo...he aint no wild coyuse. He's a hoss we borrowed offen a milk wagon, this mawnin'.

END: Ye see, the boss dont want no damage suit from tenderfeet gittin' <sup>spit</sup> spit open, see? So he gives 'em a easy ride, pays the dough and charges it off to advertisin', see?

FIB: You mean...er...you mean, <sup>the boss</sup> He aint a...a real buckner?

MAN: Oh he'll buck a couple, pardner. But that's because they'll have a little burr under the saddle. He caint toss ye.

MOL: Well that IS a load off my mind.

FIB: Why abucks....I...well, thanks, bud...I certainly appreciate the information. I'm goin' to make some dough outta this Rodio!

MOL: McGee! <sup>P-O-D-E-O</sup> It's pronounced Ro-Day-o!

WIL: And G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T is pronounced Glo-Coat!

MOB: Oh, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi yah, Harpo. What you doin' here?

WIL: Why I tried to enter the bucking contests but somebody beat me to it. Somebody's going to ride Torpedo. They say he's a pretty mean animal.

FIB: That's me, Harpo. I'm ridin' Torpedo. And when ye see me touch a match to his tail, you'll know I'm lightin' old Torpedo's fuse.

WIL: For a hundred bucks, boy, you've got a lot of nerve.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You think so? (LAUGHS) Well, I dont mind bein' churned up a bit if I can just skim the cream. So long harpo. (ASIDE) Git it Molly? Skin the cream... milk wagon hoss?

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Say this is gonna be rich. MUCH OBLIGED, FELLAS. Come on, Molly....(FADE OUT)

MAN: That's okay, pardner.

2ND: (CALLS) Keep it quiet, <sup>Partner</sup> Jasper. (LAUGHS) Boy...he took it pick, pack an' pondno, didn't he? (LAUGHS)

MAN: That flat-heel is gonna have that iron hat pounded down so far he'll have Stetson stamped on his stummick. MILK WAGON HOSS! (LAUGHS) That <sup>utter</sup> devil has bumped more guys than a drunken cab driver!

2ND: Come on...we better go lay our bets, Wyomin'. 500 to one he dont last 30 seconds!

CROWD UP

SOUND:

P.A. VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE, LADDEES AND GENTLEMEN...WE ARE ABOUT TO PRESENT THE NOVELTY ATTRATCION OF THE RODEO!

ALL: RO-DAY-OH!!

BLOT: THANK YOU, YOU RATS! WE ARE ABOUT TO GIVE YOU THAT EXCRUCIATING, EXCITING, EXHILARATING EXHIBITION OF AMATEUR EQUESTRIANISM WHICH HAS PROVED SO POPULAR... if slightly fatal. IN THE PAST WILL MR. FIBBER MCGEE...~~HE~~ STEP FORWARD PLEASE!

APPLAUSE:

BLOT: MR. MCGEE...HAVE YOU ANY LAST W-....ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE YOU MOUNT THIS TERROR OF THE PRAIRIES...THIS MAN-KILLING MAULER OF THE MOUNTAINS? FOLKS, TORPEDO... THE WILDEST HORSE OF THIS GENERATION, IS ABOUT TO CONQUER OR BE CONQUERED BY THIS FELLOW CITIZEN OF YOURS, MR. MCGEE.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...does the cotton show under my hat?  
 MOL: No...say something, McGee. Say something...  
 FIB: Folks...BEFORE I EXPLODE THIS HERE TORPEDO I WISH TO WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU AINT DEALIN' WITH NO TENDERFOOT. I WAS ONCE THE GREATEST HOSS-BREAKER AND STEER-BULLDOGGER NORTH O' THE RIO -  
 MOL: Oh dear...  
 FIB: GRANDE. LIGHTNIN' MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS... LIGHTNIN' MCGEE, THE LAST O' THE LEGENDARY LONGHORN LOOPERS, AND LATER LEADER O' THE LEATHERLUNGED LARIAT LARRUPERS O' THE LAZY LIZARD.  
 SOUND: BUGLE...  
 MOL: There's the start, McGee...you better get back into the loading chute.  
 FIB: Okay..(LAUGHS) Shucks, it's a shame to take the dough, A MILK WAGON HORSE! (LAUGHS) (Sings: ) Just before the bottle Mother....

File: *OK*

P.A. VOICE: ALL RIGHT BACK THERE...MR. MCGEE TO THE LOADING CHUTE.. MADAM WE HAVE RESERVED A SEAT FOR UP HERE BY THE MICROPHONE WHERE YOU WILL HAVE A PERFECT VIEW OF THE GOINGS ON...AND, I MIGHT SAY...THE COMINGS - OFF....

MOL: Thanks you...I'll be right up. Good luck, McGee....

CROWD UP

MOL: You know, Mr. Rodeo man...just between you and me, we're in on your little secret. (LAUGHS)

BLOT: Is that so! YOU DON'T SAY...WELL...YOU DONT APPEAR PARTICULARLY WORRIED, MY LITTLE NIGHTINGALE. (FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN THIS ~~case~~ IF YOU GATHER THE IDEA)

MOL: Oh no. Between me husbands-

SOUND: BUGLE CRASH... THUNDER OF HOOFS ...

BLOT: (P.A.) (FAST) THEY'RE OUT...YES FOLKS...TORPEDO IS BUCKING HARD...NOW TORPEDO SUNFISHES...HE SWAPS ENDS... I imagine McGee would like to! --

MOL: <sup>McGee</sup> He's hanging on bravely though he seems puzzled! ... OH DEAR OH DEAR...THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG...HERE...

BLOT: (P.A.) NOW TORPEDO LUNGES...HE RARES HE PLUNGES!! --- <sup>addle</sup> AND THE RIDER HAS LEFT THE HORSE ... THERE HE GOES .. UP UP...UP...

SOUND: CRESCENDO AND DE-CRESCENDO WHISTLE AND SPECIAL DOWN-CRASH

MOL: Oh dear Oh dear...he's killed...he's unconscious....

VOICES: GIVE HIM AIR...GET SOME WATER...TAKE THAT DERBY OFF HIM..

MOL: McGEE ... SPEAK TO ME...!! ...DARLIN'....  
 FIB: WHA...wha' ...where am...WHO THREW THAT?  
 MOL: Shhhh...be quiet...dont talk...lemme take that old derby off...THERE....  
 BLOT: IMAGINE THAT...HIS HAIR HAS TURNED COMPLETELY WHITE!  
 MOL: That's cotton, stupid.  
 BLOT: ~~Oh yes...cotton...to be sure...~~  
 MOL: McGee...are you all right...ARE YOU, MCGEE?  
 FIB: Yes...I...I'm all right...but...but where are the fellas that told us...that milk-wagon yarn...about Torpedo...  
 MOL: THERE'S ONE OF 'EM THERE...COME HERE, YE LOGAN!  
 HERE HE IS, MCGEE!  
 FIB: Listen, bud...are...are you the guy that said Torpedo was a milkwagon horse?  
 MAN: Well-1, I...I...well....  
 MOL: WAS YE OR WAS YE NOT?  
 MAN: Well.. yes, but...I didn't mean any-  
 FIB: THAT'S OKAY BUD. EVERY DAY STARTIN' TOMORROW YOU CAN LEAVE A QUART AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. I COULD GO FOR THAT KIND O'MILK!!  
 ORK: CHASER:  
 APPLAUSE:  
 ORK: SELECTION ( DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL) UP AND DOWN FOR TAG GAG:

TAG GAG:

FIB: Well, Molly...I'm sorry I couldn't win that hundred bucks for Christmas. If that rodeo had -  
 MOL: Ro-DAY-0.  
 FIB: If that rodap had been on the level and that'd of been a real milkwagon horse, I could have bought ye some o' that period furniture ye wanted. Wouldn't ye like to have some nice period furniture?  
 MOL: I'd like to have some nice furniture, PERIOD!  
 FIB: AHEM. Good nite.  
 MOL: Good nite, all.

APPLAUSE:MUSICAL TAG:

SIGNOFF: (PLEASE DO NOT MENTION CHICAGO STUDIOS)

mc/ct/1100  
 12/14/36

~~Page 11 - Filly~~

Page 11 - Filly: Stop before - find By

Gin - Horse beats for M = Jee  
Come down quicker


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Back found in me + Beat

laughter - laughter