

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#89) OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
(7:00-7:30 PM) (DECEMBER 21, 1936) (MONDAY)
TIME DATE DAY
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS *Not Correct*

Page 2

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORK: THEME UP TO FINISH: -- -- TANNER

WIL: Ted Weems and his Orchestra open the show with "Whatever".

ORK: "WHATEVER" -

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1st Commercial:

- C o m m e r c i a l -

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

WIL: WELL...WE'D LIKE TO BE ABLE TO SAY THAT IT'S OUR REGULAR MONDAY NIGHT HERE, WITH BUSINESS AS USUAL, BUT NO. - THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS HAS OUR TWO FRIENDS IN A DITHER. AND HERE IN THE STUDIO, ABOUT TO START THE PROGRAM, WE FIND "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: What did he say we were in Fib - - a dither?

FIB: A dither is a small flurry or a jitter with two pairs o' pants!

MOL: Now listen, McGee you've GOT to get your mind off Christmas long enough to put on this show.

FIB: Well, all right. But I STILL don't think Harpo is gonna like that Red ski suit.

MOL: Well what of it. It isn't the gift it's the spirit of the thing.

FIB: Like your Uncle Dennis said when he got the brandied cherries last Christmas eh? (LAUGHS)

MOL: What was that?

FIB: He says he didn't care much for cherries but he liked the spirit in which they were sent. (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Don't you get it, Molly? Brandied cherries the spirit in wh-

MOL: taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay. Say, Molly .. ye know it kinda struck me all of a sudden today just how lucky we are to be workin' with a bunch of people like this.

MOL: I see....after 90 weeks, it just struck you!

FIB: Yes...it come over me like the Graf Zeppelin. I thinks to myself, now here's Ted Weems...a swell guy and a great bunch of boys. There's...oh HELLO, TED..

MOL: Just talking about you Ted.

TED: Hello, Molly. Listen Fibber. I just got an interesting fan letter. I think you'd get a kick out of it.

MOL: Oh read it, Ted.

FIB: Let's hear it, Ted. They like the show?

TED: They think it's tremendous LISTEN...it's from a woman way out in Oregon.

MOL: See, McGee? I TOLD you we were talking loud enough last week.

FIB: AHEM. Go on Ted.

TED: Well she says, DEAR MR. WEEMS. I THINK YOUR ORCHESTRA IS MAGNIFICENT. WHAT RHYTHM! .. WHAT STYLE! .. WHAT TEMPO! WHAT SWING! .. WHAT DO YOU LET THOSE PEOPLE TALK FOR, BETWEEN NUMBERS? Then she just goes on to say how much she likes the orchestra Sort of a nice letter, don't you think?

MOL: Sweet?

FIB: Who'd you say it was from, Ted?

TED: My sist...er...OH IT'S JUST A FAN LETTER. I thought you might like to know how the show was going. See you later..

FIB: Hmm...ye know, Molly. I just happened to think of something.

MOL: What?

FIB: Ever notice that when weems boys have those heavy instruments in their hands, Ted never turns his back to 'em?

MOL: And all he could defend himself with is that little stick. LISTEN, McGee... that's a beautiful number they're playin'.

(PAUSE)

FIB: I don't hear anything. What are they playin'?

MOL: Silent Night. By the way... did you know that Ted's brother Art and one of the other band boys had a pretzel factory on the side?

FIB: Pretzels!

MOL: Yes Pretzels... don't you know what a pretzel is?

FIB: Sure. It's macaroni wity arthritis. But them boys better be careful in that business. It's a easy racket to get into and hard to get out of.

MOL: Why?

FIB: You're dough is all tied up. BUT as I was sayin', now that Christmas is here, I begun to think what a nice bunch o' people we're associated with, here. Even Harpo Wilcox, with all his faults, is... OH HI THERE HARPO.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Molly...hello Fibber...(LAUGHS) Say I just heard a lad, talking out in the corridor. (LAUGHS) She says this is her favorite radio show.

MOL: Really...did she?

FIB: Honest, Harpo?

WIL: Cross my heart.

MOL: Other side, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Oh yes.

FIB: Well what'd she say, Harpo? She think we're kinda cute?

WIL: Well, she didn't say that exactly. But she said she was CURRRRRRAZY about the announcing. (LAUGHS) She said I WONDER WHO PLAYS THE PART OF THAT MAN WHO SAYS "Try Johnson's Glo-Coat the no-rubbing, quick drying polish for your floors and linoleum."

FIB: I think when our Crossley report gets to 14 we better sell.

MOL: Oh now don't be discouraged, McGee...but your right about the fine bunch of people on the program. Parker Gibbs, Elmo Tanner...say I wonder where he learned to whistle like that?

FIB: Well the way I heard it, Elmo went to night school down in Birdseed, West Virginia.

MOL: You mean he learned to whistle in night school?

FIB: No, but he had to pass a cemetery on his way home. He's -

MOL: Oh McGee...here's Perry Como. Hello Perry

FIB: Hi there, Perry How's everything?

COMO: Hello, Molly. Say, Fibber, do you mind if I tell you something?

FIB: Is it about the band or the announcements?

COMO: No, it's just something I heard...about the show.

MOL: Ohhhh....

COMO: My whole family think your program is the most enjoyable six minutes on the air.

FIB: SIX MINUTES? WHADDYE MEAN SIX MINUTES? We're on for a half an hour.

COMO: I know...but I usually sing in the first six minutes of the program and they never listen after that. I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, ABOUT THE SIX MINUTES, ANYWAY.....

MOL: Well heavenly days... MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: (FADE OUT) I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A FAN-LETTER!

ORK: SELECTION. -- -- COMO.

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

WIL: WE TAKE YOU NOW TO THE WISTFUL VISTA POST-OFFICE AT THE CORNER OF 14th AND OAK STREETS. THE POSTMASTER HAS HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, DUE TO THE CHRISTMAS RUSH, AND FIBBER, WITH HIS USUAL IMPETUOSITY HAS RUSHED IN TO LEND A HAND. HERE HE IS WITH MOLLY BEHIND THE MAIN WINDOW OF THE POSTOFFICE.

BUZZ OF VOICES:

MOL: Ohhhh....

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BUZZ OF VOICES:

FIB: How are the three cent stamps holdin' out, Molly?
 MOL: They're goin' fast, McGee.. I think if we sold 'em four-for-a-dime we'd have 'em sold out before night.
 FIB: When I git a minute to spare I'll call Washington and see what they say about a clearance sale. ALL RIGHT FOLKS..JUST KEEP IN LINE AND YOU'LL BE TOOK CARE OF. Who's next?
 MAN: I am...did you send for a repairman?
 MOL: Yes, we did. Have you your hammer and pliers with you?
 MAN: You bet, lady. Got all my tools right here...
 SOUND: JANGLE OF TOOLS
 FIB: That's fine bud. See that third writing desk over there?
 MAN: Yes.
 FIB: Well see? the pen on the far side of it?
 MAN: Yes.
 FIB: Well, it writes.
 MAN: Oh oh! .. well, I'll soon have that fixed. Good thing you called me.
 MOL: Well, there's a certain tradition to the service, ye know
 FIB: Thank goodness he got here in time, Molly. If folks had come in here and found a pen that didn't scratch we'd never of heard the last of it.
 MOL: No...we...OH HELLO THERE SILLY. Are you next in line?
 SIL: Yas'm. How are ye boss?
 FIB: I'm okay, Sil. You got some packages to mail?

SIL: Nossuh. AH'm, lookin' fo' me. Gen'll deliv'y.
 FIB: Package for Silvius Watson back there boys?
 VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Nope.
 MOL: Sorry Silvius. It isn't here. Were you expecting something?
 SIL: Yas'm. Mah gran' pappy down in Alabama he always sen' me some Christmas stuff ev'y year, please ma'am.
 MOL: I see...in sort of a Yuletide mood.
 SIL: No ma'am. In a gallon jug, usually, ma'am.
 FIB: Well, we'll keep a eye out for it, Sil. Drop by again in a little while.
 SIL: Yassuh.
 FIB: Who's next in line there, folks?
 WOMAN: I am, I beligve. Where do I drop this parcel post package?
 FIB: Throw it through the fourth window to the left, sis.
 WOMAN: Thank you.
 SOUND: GLASS CRASH.
 FIB: Maybe I should have opened that window first! What do you want bud?
 ELMO: Nothing.
 MOL: Well if you don't want anything, get out of people's way.
 ELMO: That's all right...I belong here.
 FIB: How do ye figure that, bud?
 ELMO: I come here all the time to get my correspondence school lessons. This is our Christmas vacation so I'm just hanging around the campus.
 MOL: He doesn't look very bright does he, McGee?

FIB: No, but I hear he's been gettin' real high postmarks.

SOUND: MARCHING FEET... (FADE IN)

VOICE: (DEEP AND HOLLOW) Right thru this door boys..you all got your white gloves? All right...be quiet now...

SOUND: MARCHING FEET OUT.

FIB: Say, what's that?

MOL: Those are the pall-bearers to carry out the dead letters!

FIB: AHEM. Who's next there....

SCOT: I am, laddie... And how's business in the post-office today?

FIB: Oh, farley good, bud. What can we do for ye?

SCOT: I've a wee bit Chrrristmas package to mail to my brrother in Vancouveerrr

MOL: Let's see it. Oh yes...this will go for four cents.

SCOT: Thank ye.

FIB: What's in it, bud...first class matter?

SCOT: Nae lad...tis a a strrrap forr a wrist watch.

MOL: Oh did he need a strap for his wrist watch?

SCOT: I wouldna be sure o' thot, lass. But twas the only thing I could think of that could be mailed forrr fourrr cents. Good day to ye.

FIB: I'll bet that strap'll be pretty tight, too.

MOL: I wonder if his brother has one of those communist wrist watches.

FIB: What's a communist wrist watch?

MOL: It's a movement you always find to the left.

FIB: Oh! That's the slowest movement. The fascist movement is to the right. Or am I wrong? ... OH HELLO SIL.

SIL: Scue me, please suh...is mah lil ole package come yet, please suh?

MOL: No silly. It isn't here yet.

SIL: Thank you, ma'am. Ah hope Gran'-papay ain' fo'got his nephew.

FIB: Whaddye mean his nephew? I thought you said he was your GRANDFATHER. You're gittin' your consanguinity kinda confused.

SIL: Well, I always....WAH?

MOL: How could he be your Grandfather and you be HIS nephew?

SIL: Tha's a funny thing, ain' it, ma'am? Tha's on account o' my Aunt. She done keep the fam'ly try in the fron' o' the bible an' some o' the branches got twisted up, seems like. Aunt say she caint figger out if she is my real Aunt or my half-sister once removed on the eternal side.

MOL: You mean the MATERNAL side.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: MATERNAL side, Sil. Or PATERNAL. Eternal means forever.

SIL: Yassuh. Tha's how long it gonna take to figgeh it out. You lemme know if Granpappy's jug gits heah please suh...

MOL: A fine business this post office.

FIB: Oh it's a great service, Molly. Think what the mail man does for folks. Hardly anybody appreciates him. Why when ye think how folks eyes brighten up when they see his uniform. -

WIL: AND YOU CAN GET A UNIFORM BRIGHTNESS ON YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT!

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: You're supposed to keep your place in line, Harpo.

WIL: I was next.

FIB: Well, whaddye want?

WIL: Listen, I want to visit my girl in California for Christmas, but the trains and the airplanes are all booked solid for the next two days. Can't you mail me out there -- Air Mail?

MOL: Come in and weigh yourself, Mr. Wilcox. Step right on the scales here....

SOUND: RATCHET

FIB: Hundred eighty pounds...let's see 180 - times sixteen.. .2880 ounces...ten cents a ounce...special delivery...THAT'LL COST YE 288 dollars and ten cents, Harpo. One way.

WIL: Okay what do we do now?

FIB: Well, I'll write a tag for your lapel...we'll have to paste some stamps on your shoulder and cancel 'em..hand me the cancelling machine, Molly.

MOL: Here.

WIL: Which shoulder?

FIB: Left. We use the right for return address.

SOUND: RIPPING. STAMPING MACHINE

WIL: OUCH! Not so hard!

MOL: Well, you're no better than any other package Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, let's get going -- How soon do I leave?

FIB: Don't be in a hurry Harpo! Just keep your stamps on!

WIL: I know! But I'm in a hurry to get out to California! Do something!

FIB: Okay. Hand me that adhesive tape, Molly!

MOL: McGee! What are you goin' to do?

WIL: Yes, what's the idea? Quit stalling and get me out of here -- glug - blub - (MUFFLED)

MOL: Heavenly days McGee why did you put that adhesive tape over his mouth?

FIB: Well, I had to seal him up to make him a first-class mail! Didn't I?

MUSIC:

APPLAUSE

CHASER

WIL: COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

ORK: THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: Back to Wistful Vista Post Office where the line of people in front of McGee's window is getting impatient!

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR

FIB: Quiet - please -- now who's next?

SIL: Me, please Mist' McGee!

FIB: You after that package again, Sil? Well it hasn't come yet.

SIL: You sho it ain', please suh?

MOL: Sure we're sure, Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. Did yo...did you GU'GLE all them packages, please ma'am?

MOL: None of 'em gurgle, Silly. What's your granpa mailing you? Maple syrup?

SIL: No ma'am. Applejack, please ma'am. He knows ah love applejack.

FIB: Applejack, eh? Course you know, Sil, all suspicious packages can be opened for inspection by the postmaster, don't you?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says I'll have to inspect it you know ..when it comes.

SIL: Yassuh. But leave a lil fo' me to inspec' too, please suh.

FIB: ALL RIGHT THERE. WHO'S NEXT? 13-cent stamps? I don't think we make 'em this year, sis. Let's see now...where's the 13-cent stamps, Molly. I don't see 'em

MOL: Look in that little cabinet there.

FIB: HERE?

MOL: Yes.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH... BARKING SOUNDS... DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days...what was that?

FIB: Christmas seals. AHEM...sorry sis..no 13 cent stamps....I....

SOUND: RUSSIAN SINGING VOLGA SONG ..WITH WIND WHISTLES

MOL: Look MCGEE...That Russian mail clerk.. he's throwing letters out the window!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLES AT INTERVALS

RUSS: Dya, de DYAAAA da. Dya De DYAAAA da .da da..

FIB: Hey THERE, VODKA...what's the idea?

RUSS: Hallo Tovarachich...Allo Babouscha...what's the ideas of what?

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND HUMMING

MOL: What's the idea of throwing all that mail out the window? You can't do that?

RUSS: Chure I can do that, babouschka. I know I can do that because I am doing it. De ya de dah da...De yah de da dahhh.....

(WIND WHISTLE)

FIB: Listen Bud...I'm postmaster in charge here and I'll have you fired.

RUSS: No. Tovarichich...I am not getting fired by you. I think I am chivil chervice man. Nobody is firing chiv'i chervice man

MOL: Well thay can for what you're doing ...STOP IT I TELL YOU

FIB: LAY OFF, BUD...quit throwing those letters out the window.

RUSS: I AM ONLY doing duties, tovarich. It is saying on latters, AIR MAIL. I am GEEVING THEM THE AIR...WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE. HUMS ..(WIND WHISTLE)..

FIB: Well it's a good thing he explained. I thought for a minute he was makin' a serious mistake. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU SISTER? OH HI THERE MRS. WEARYBOTTOM. How are ya?

WEARY: Oh I guess I'm all right but goodness me I don't know what I should be rushing around the way I do buyin' gifts for people and mailing out all those Christmas cards and all, it does seem like an awful waste of time money and effort doesn't it my goodness you buy a lot of stuff for people and you never get anything back as good as you give out the only time I ever come out ahead was one year I have my husband a necktie and he give me a washing machine how much are the two cent stamps today?

FIB: They're two cents today, Mrs. Wearybottom. But if I was you and you're sendin' Christmas stuff I'd put a two AND a one on the envelopes... Red and Green makes it look more Christmassy.

MOL: Or maybe just more messy.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. What say, Mrs. Wearybottom?

WEARY: Oh I was just saying that my goodness, a body hardly knows which way to turn to get things for people do they last year I got my father a new meerschaum pipe and a new suit and he gave me a set of dishes but he got to smoking his pipe at the table in spite of everything I could say and his teeth aren't very good and the pipe slipped out of his mouth and broke - one of my new dishes and it had soup in it and it went on fathers new suit and my goodness before you could say Chris Kringle there was thirty six dollars and twenty nine cents just shot to pieces well Merry Christmas to both of you!

FIB: Okay folks... who's next at the window here What's that you got there doc?

MAN: It's a medical instrument... a fluoroscope... is it wrapped all right?

MOL: Better put a heavier wrapper on it mister. And better have it insured.

MAN: Much obliged.

FIB: What'd he say it was, Molly?

MOL: A fluoroscope... whatever that is.

WIL: THAT'S AN INSTRUMENT TO SHOW HOW MUCH BETTER YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM LOOK WITH A GLEAMING SURFACE OF JOHNSONS QUICK DRYING GLOGOAT

FIB: Get back in that mail bag and keep quiet, Harpo Or I'll take these scissors and mark you OPENED BY MISTAKE

WIL: Alright -- I can take a hint!

MOL: All right now...what. Parcel post two windows down...don't mention it...who's next please? You, little girl?

FIB: One side folks..let the little girl up to the window. What was it you wanted sis?

TEE: Is this the post office, mister?

FIB: You betcha, sis. What can we do for ye?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says, what was it ye wanted?

TEE: I wanna write a letter, I betcha.

FIB: Well, this ain't the place fer that sis. You write a letter at home and bring it here to mail.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says THIS ISN'T WHERE YOU WRITE LETTERS. THIS IS WHERE YOU MAIL 'em.

TEE: Who to?

FIB: Why to...everybo...er..WHO DID YOU WANTA MAIL IT TO?

TEE: Mail what?

FIB: Your letter?

TEE: I didn't write it yet, I betcha.

FIB: Well, then you go home and write it and bring it back.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Listen..we'll be glad to take care of the letter AFTER you write it..(PAUSE) Well..hey now...don't start cryin'...I didn't mean..listen..what's the matter, sis?

TEE: Well gee, I can't write, I betcha.

FIB: Oh...ye can't write..well who did ye want to write to?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says who...WHO'S THE LETTER GOIN' TO AFTER YE WRITE IT?

TEE: I CAN'T write it, I tell you.

FIB: WELL I'LL WRITE IT FOR YOU... anything to get. WHO'S IT TO?

TEE: Santa claus, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, I see. (LAUGHS) Cute ain't she Molly? NOW QUITE CROWDIN' BACK THERE...THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS THAN ANY OF YOU MUGGS HAS GOT...QUIT SHOVIN'. Whaddye wanna say little girl?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Dad rat it, I says what...who did what do ye wants tell Santa Claus?

TEE: Tell him...tell him that...are you writing.

FIB: Go ahead, I'm ready.

TEE: (LONG BREATH) DEAR MR. SANTA CLAUS. YOU CAN DISREGARD MY ORDER OF THE ninth, I BETCHA ON ACCOUNT OF I HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE SANTA CLAUS OF THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE FOR MY DOLL BUGGY ANNA SHETLAND PONY ANNA SETTA DISHES YOU SEE IF YOU DON'T STICK AROUND THESE OTHER SANTA CLAUSES GET ALL THE ORDERS I BETCHA BUT MAYBE WE CAN DO BUSINESS NEXT YEAR, YOURS VERY TRULY thanks, mister.

FIB: OH HELLO there, Silly...you back again?

SIL: Yas'm. has mah package come from granpappay yet?

FIB: I don't think so, Sil. HEY BOYS. THAT PACKAGE IN FROM ALABAMA FOR THIS FELLA?

VOICE: WATSA NAME?

FIB: WATSON.

VOICE: WELL WATSON A NAME?

SIL: Silly is Watson a name, please suh.

MOL: SILVIUS WATSON. .oh you have it?

SIL: Oh oh...hot dog gran'pappy, he' neveh fo' get his nephew.

FIB: Here ye are, Sill...handle it careful now...got it?

SIL: Yassuh .I reckon ah..HOLD IT PLEASE SUH...!!

SOUND: CRASH FOLLOWED BY GURGLED UP AND FADE OUT

FIB & MOL: Ohhhhhhhh.....

(PAUSE)

SIL: Welllllll ...Happy New Yeah. Mam. Happy New Yeah, Mist' McGee!

FIB: What do ye mean, HAPPY NEW YEAR. We haven't had Christmas yet.

SIL: Fo' me, ma'am. CHRISTMAS has came...and went. So long suh.

MUSIC:

CHASER: APPLAUSE:

ORK: SELECTION. "DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND TAG GAG)

TAG GAG:

MUSICAL TAG

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF. (PLEASE DO NOT MENTION CHICAGO STUDIOS)

ct/na/11:00
12/21/36