

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#90)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**

(7:00 - 7:30 PM)

(DECEMBER 28, 1936)

(MONDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

F. Mrs. Joying Sieb -

1st music - Too long - cut last costumes

Fiber - 02-03

Doc laughs at what Molly says - gave you a funny look

ORK: 1st PHRASE.

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORK: FINISH THEME: TANNER.

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "RIDIN' HIGH".

ORK: "RIDIN' HIGH", (Just as Mr. Wilcox said)

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1st Commercial

- Commercial -

WIL: WELL, CHRISTMAS IS OVER AND MAYBE THE MCGEES CAN SETTLE DOWN TO THEIR USUAL CALM AND PEACEFUL EXISTENCE. AND THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT. ANYWAY, HERE IN THE STUDIO, *discussing the coming New Year* TALKING OVER THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW DAYS, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...doesn't time fly?

FIB: Whaddye mean, doesn't time fly?

MOL: Just think...it's only 362 days until Christmas!

FIB: Sayyyy, we better get busy, hadn't we? Now let's see... what'll I get for- OH HI THERE HARPO!

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, I see you're wearing one of your Christmas ties. (LAUGHS) WHAT A CREATION! (LAUGHS) Purple stripes... yellow polka dots and that...what is it? SALMON COLOR? (LAUGHS) WHAT A NECKTIE! Oh, these Christmas presents!

FIB: Dad rat it, it ain't a Christmas present.

MOL: He bought that himself. It's his favorite tie!

WIL: Oh excuse me...well, I'll see you later

FIB: Molly, remind me to make a New Year's Resolution to poison that guy. That would be the Perfect Crime!

MOL: What if you got caught and they hung you?

FIB: I'd still consider it the Perfect Crime.

MOL: That's a fine way to talk just as we're about to start a New Year. And they say we're entering a new Era of prosperity, too.

FIB: Well, if Harpo's still around it oughtta be quite a hot era.

MOL: Oh please, McGee...why don't you forget all those little personalities and start the New Year right. Do you know what the Chinese do on New Year's Day?

FIB: I'll bite. What DO the Chinese do on New Year's Day?

MOL: They shoot firecrackers to ward off evil spirits.

FIB: Clever, these Chinese. The only way we can ward off evil spirits is to stay on the wagon.

MOL: Oh dear...I see you haven't the slightest conception of what the Holidays mean.

FIB: Oh yes, I have. You mean the New Year gives you a chance to make a new start.

MOL: Sure... that is, if you have any idea where you're going. But you're just a Hitch-hiker on the Highway of Success. *Life*

FIB: I think you got thumbing there, Molly! (LAUGHS) Don't ye git it? I says I think you got thumbing.

MOL: Taint funny, McGee!

FIB: *Hitch hiker*
Okay Say, did I ever tell you about Rib Squiggins little *ribby*

MOL: Who?

FIB: Rib Squiggins. Rib's been travelin' in a trailer for seven years. His kid was born on the road and has never lived in a house. Well sir, one day they was in New York and Rib shows his kid the Empire State Building. Beautiful, aint it, Junior? Says Rib. Sure, says the kid, but how do they get it under a viaduct?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well...don't you git the idea Molly? He says-

MOL: Sure I get it...but I was just wondering.

FIB: Wondering what?

MOL: How DO they get it under a viaduct?

FIB: (GROANS) Ohhh well....

MOL: Speakin' of auto trailers, McGee...Me Uncle Dennis had a lovely one. He named it "Time Payment".

FIB: ~~Funny name for a trailer.~~ "Time Payment"

MOL: ~~Oh I don't know.~~ He was always behind in it.

FIB: They tell me he went all over the country in that trailer. In fact till he hit Hollywood, he was just a nomand

MOL: Then what?

FIB: Then he was a yed-mad.

MOL: Well, Uncle Dennis didn't care for California. He likes snow. In fact he LOVES snow.

FIB: I believe that. I get a chill every time I see him. Has he skun much?

MOL: Has he what?

FIB: I says, HAS HE SKUN much?
 MOL: Skun much what?
 FIB: No no....does he SKI?
 MOL: Oh, certainly.
 FIB: Well, that's what I asked. Can't you decline the verb "to Ski"?
 MOL: Sure, I can decline it. Just offer it to me and see.
 FIB: No. I mean like . Swim, Swam, Swum. Dive, Dove, Div. Ski, skoo, skun. HAS HE SKUN much?
 MOL: Oh he's skun pretty near all his life. He learned to ski in Europe. Everybody skoos over there.
 FIB: I'll never forget the time, I skun down the roof of our house once, when we lived in Canada. We used to put our ski's on and let a horse pull us all over.
 MOL: Were you around Hudson's Bay?
 FIB: No, behind Anderson's sorrel.
 MOL: Well what's that got to do with ski-ing down the roof of the house?
 FIB: Oh yes...well, sir, that was way back in 19 ought four...er no, it was ought five...or was it ought seven? Come to think of it, twas ought two. Let's see now...I had the Alberta territory for Johnson's Wax in 19 ought ..I engraved Harpo's portrait on the head of a pin in 19 ought six...NO IT WAS 19 OUGHT FIVE!
 MOL: What was?

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 MOL: What was?

FIB: The time I shot the elk with an air rifle and no bullets
 Ye see the air had got so cold, I could breathe into the
 barrel and it would form a icicle, so -

MOL: You STARTED to tell about ski-ing down the roof.

FIB: Ohhh yes. AHM. Well sir, I was quite a scour in them
 days.

MOL: A scour?

FIB: Yes. We divided ski-runners into three classes. Skeers,
 skoors, and scours. I was a scour, or first class skier.
 SKI-SKIPPER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS. SKI-
 SKIPPER MCGEE, THE SKINTILLATING, SCRAPPY, SCRUMPTIOUS
 SKILLFULLEST SKI-SKOOTIN (SCALE-SKIMMER FROM SKANDAAHOOVIA
 TO SKAGWAY.

MOL: Oh, dear!

FIB: Well sir, one day I was adjustin' my skis...tightenin' the
 straps, and Rubbin' Johnson's wax on the bottom of 'em when-

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM. RUNNING FEET IN)

MOL: It's Elmo Tanner...and he's all excited!

ELMO: (PANTING) say...did either of you here see a little white
 dog with blue eyes and one red ear and he wiggles when he
 walks?

FIB: Say that again, Elmo. A little white dog -

ELMO: with blue eyes and a red ear and he wiggles when he walks

FIB: Why, no, Elmo, I don't think we have.

MOL: Do you mean to tell us you had a dog with blue eyes and
 one red ear, Elmo?

ELMO: Ohhh, NO! I was just looking for one. I'd like to have
 a little dog like that. (FADE OUT) Hey Ted, did you see
 a dog with -

FIB: AHM. What was I sayin', Molly?

MOL: It doesn't matter. We've got to stop this foolishness
 and get downtown.

FIB: Downtown! .. what for?

MOL: Why we have a dozen packages to exchange and replace and
 return and some adjustments to be made on the bill and -

FIB: You mean you're gonna go down and fight that mob just to -

MOL: WE'RE gonna. Not me. It was your Christmas as much as
 mine and - (PAUSE) What's the matter, McGee?

FIB: I...I feel faint. I got kind of a fever...and a chill
 Feel my forehead.

MOL: All right, but...OUCH.. Quit frowning. You pinched my
 fingers.

FIB: Oh - excuse me!

MOL: I don't feel any fever...~~but maybe it's this influenza~~
 did it come on you all of a sudden?

FIB: Jest like a flash...~~when you started talkin' about takin'~~
~~them packages back to the store~~...I begun to get dizzy..

MOL: Hammmmm.

FIB: ~~Don't you believe me, Molly? Shucks, I feel terrible.~~

MOL: *Am* Well it seems real strange that talkin' about work should bring it on, but I'm takin' ^{I think I'd better take you} no chances. You ^{but you} come home and go to bed.

FIB: ~~I think that'd be a good idea... Call Ted Weems over here.~~

MOL: Ted... TED WEEMS.... COME HERE A MINUTE....

TED: What's the matter, Molly?

MOL: McGee's ^{a sick man} got the flu, he says - I'm takin' him home and puttin' him to bed...

FIB: ~~I just wanted to tell ye~~ ^{better} to go right into this next number

...Ted... That "Man in the Moon" Number. Ohhh I feel terrible.

TED: We're not playing any number called the Man in the Moon.

MOL: Where'd you get that idea, McGee?

FIB: It says here in the script.... CHAP IN THE MOON. See?

MOL: That's an abbreviation for Chapel in the Moonlight, iggernuts ... Perry Como's gonna sing it.

FIB: Excuse me .. I guess I was just delirious fer a minute.

TED: I think so too. *Play boys*

FIB: Pipe down. Come on Molly, call a cab....

ORK: "CHAPEL IN THE MOONLIGHT." - COMO

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: WELL, FIBBER'S ^{illness} ~~ATTACK OF INFLUENZA~~, WAS SUSPICIOUSLY SUDDEN IF YOU'LL ASK US, CONSIDERING THAT MOLLY HAD SO MUCH WORK FOR HIM TO DO. BUT, SHE WOULDNT TAKE ANY CHANCES AND PILED HIM INTO BED AND CALLED THE DOCTOR. SO HERE'S MCGEE AT HOME, LOOKING FAIRLY WELL, THANK YOU, AND TALKING TO THE DOCTOR.

MOL: - and it came on him just like THAT, Doctor. On the way home in a taxie he even made me stop and buy him a cigar to keep up his strength. Is it influenza? *Seems*

DOC: Humm. I can tell you better in just a minute when I see his temperature. ^{Here McGee} SAY, TAKE THAT THERMOMETER AWAY FROM THAT RADIATOR!

FIB: I er .. I was jest holdin' it to the light, doc, so's I could read it. What's it say, Molly?

MOLLY: Heavenly days... a hundred nine and a half!

FIB: Can you imagine that doc? and I closed last night at 98. You better take a thousand shares at the market. I'm goin' up.

MOL: He's out of his head.

DOC: Has he ever been in it? Let me see your tongue, McGee.

FIB: (WEAKLY) What for doc? You musta seen thousands of 'em

DOC: STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE!

FIB: (GIVES THE BIRD) Oh, I'm sorry. Slip o' the tongue, doc.

DOC: Hmmm...

MOL: How long will he be in bed, Doctor?
 DOC: Wellll, it's hard to say. Got chills, McGee?
 FIB: Chills! Have I got chills! Say, I feel like somebody was playin' Jingle Bells on my spine with an ice-cream cone.
 MOL: I thought you had a fever?
 FIB: I have got a fever! Shucks, you could fry an egg on my forehead.
 MOL: All right. How do you like your eggs, Doctor?
 FIB: Quit, Molly - I'm a sick man.
 DOC: Here, Mrs. McGee...Give him one of these pills every three hours.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PILLS ON WOOD

MOL: Heavenly days...they're as big as moth-balls!
 FIB: They even smell like mothballs!
 MOL: Why, they ARE Mothballs!
 DOC: Oh yes...so they are. First time I've worn my winter coat this year. Ha hah. Very funny. HA HAHImagine that.. Ha hah. Well, just keep him quiet.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He must think it's serious, McGee. He gave you a funny look when he went out. Heavenly days - maybe you are sick!
 FIB: Whaddye mean, maybe I am sick! Think I'm fakin'?
 MOL: Wellllll

SOUND: DOOR BELL

Ellen Jones

FIB: Somebody at the door, Molly...Shall I go see who -
 MOL: YOU WILL NOT ... you stay in bed. (FADE) 'I'll be right back...
 MOL: (FADE IN) Come right in, Silly. McGee...here's Silly Watson...he brought you some nice chicken soup.
 FIB: Oh..hiyah, Sil. Much obliged fer the soup. Jest set it down on the dresser there, Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh. Yo' feelin' pretty bad, Mist' McGee?
 FIB: Sil, I think I'm goin' to a better world.
 SIL: Yassuh. Mah brother's out theah now, please suh. In Pasadena.
 FIB: I wasn't talkin' about California, Sil. I'm a real sick man.
~~MOL: He really is, Silvius.~~
 SIL: Yas'm. ~~He~~ don't look it, ~~na'am~~. ~~He~~ look real good. Is ...is it somethin' confectionous?
 FIB: What was that Sil?

SIL: Ah says IS IT CONSTAGIOUS?

MOL: Ooooh no, Certainly not. Only you'd better not get too close to McGee.

SIL: Yas'm. Ah-see. It aint constagious but ah mustnt git too close. You ain't gonna be guaranteed is you, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Guaranteed? Whaddye mean guaranteed?

SIL: Well mah brother Considerable, he had him the lil ole measles, please suh, an' all fo'teen of us kids was guaranteed in the house fo' two weeks.

MOL: Ohhhh you mean QUARANTINED.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Quarantined, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah guess so. Ah hopes yo'all like th chicken soup, please suh.

OL: Oh he'll love it, Silly. It was very thoughtful of you to bring it. It smells delicious. Must have been a nice fat hen.

IL: Ah dunno. ma'am. Ah only seen it at night. So long ma'am X
So long, boss.

DOOR SLAM

OL: Now then, McGee...let me raise you up and give you some nice chicken soup.

IB: Nope. I HATE chicken soup. Besides, I'm too sick to eat it. I'll jest lie here and...and rest.

MOL: You mean you'll just rest there and lie.

FIB: Why, Molly...if I want so weak, I'd resent that. Say, dont ye think a small glass o' brandy with a little lemon juice in it would do me good?

MOL: We havent any lemons.

FIB: Yes I know...I mean, havent we?

DOORBELL → Go to new page 15 + 16

MOL: Oh dear...(FADE OUT) Why dont people leave us alone when
(FADE)

FIB: (MUTTERS) Dad rat it...where'd I put that detective story magaz-

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee...here's the little girl from across the street. Her mother heard you were ill and sent her over with this

FIB: What is it?

TEE: Chicken soup, I betcha.

FIB: Well fer the- why...er...

MOL: McGee means THANK YOU, DEAR. It was real sweet of your mother to think of it. He LOVES Chicken soup.

FIB: You betcha, sis. You tell your old l...er your Mother that it's just what I needed.

TEE: For what?

FIB: To get my strength back.

TEE: Where'd it go?

FIB: Where'd what go?

Recover 17

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says where'd WHAT go?

TEE: Gee, I dunno. Do you?

FIB: Do I what?

TEE: Know.

FIB: Know what?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says You...well - dad-rat the --

MOL: MCGEE...DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF!. ~~Just set the soup down~~
dear and tell your mamma we thank her very much.

FIB: You betcha sis. It was a great idea, chicken soup. Full
of vitamins.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says it's full of Vitamins.

TEE: Awww those are noodles. I betcha.

FIB: No I mean it's full o' nourishment.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says...Oh well...maybe we better drop the whole subject.

TEE: What was ~~the~~ subject?

FIB: *The* Chicken soup.

TEE: Okay.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH.

TEE: So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

Music

End of bit

FIB: I'm sicker'n I thought. Only got him with two of 'em.

MOL: McGee... why don't you eat some of this nice chicken
soup? Silly's is still warm and so is Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: I HATE chicken soup. I tell ye Molly. If folks only
realized what -

DOOR BELL

MOL: Oh dear now who (FADE OUT)

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) I'm beginnin' to believe it wasnt worth it...

MOL: (FADE BACK IN) McGee...here's Mr MacTavish from next door

FIB: (WEAKLY) Oh hiyah Mac. Have a chair

SCOT: I just eoom overrr to inquierre as to yourrrr condeection.
Will ye be up latterrrrin the day?

MOL: Oh I dont think so, Mr. Mactavish

SCOT: Ahh thots too bad lass Will ye be oop by morrnrnin
laddie?

FIB: Well not before morning, Mac...not in my condition. Nice
of ye to be so interested.

SCOT: Aye. I suppose yerrrr to have pairrrrfect peace and
quiet?

MOL: Oh yes indeed.

SCOT: Then ~~would it be too much if I was to borrow yerr~~
noise
rrrrradio for the evenin'? Thank ye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well of all the...he had his nerve, comin' in here and -

FIB: Easy Molly...at least he didnt bring any chicken sou-

DOOR LATCH

SCOT: Excuse me, lad. I came nearrrr forrrrrgettin'. Here's somethin' fer yer improvement.

SOUND: RATTLE OF DICE ON WOOD

MOL: Why Mr. Mactabish...he cant shoot dice while he's sick in bed.

FIB: Besides these dice are no good. There's no spots on 'em.

SCOT: Aye. But tis no dice. Tis a couple o' bouillion cubes

MOL: Bouillion cubes.

FIB: What. what flavor?

SCOT: Woulant ye like to know, lad?

FIB: ~~No~~

SCOT: Aye. It's chicken.

DOOR SLAM

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear. now who...

DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh Ted Weems...hello Ted.

FIB: Hiya Ted.

TED: How's the sick man getting along.

MOL: Oh I think he'll get along all right, Ted.

TED: Sure. It'll be duck soup.

MOL & FIB: WHAT KIND?

TED: Duck soup. Just a metaphorical expression. I just came over to tell you our next number would be BOSTON TEA PARTY.

MOL: What'd they serve at the boston tea party, Ted?

TED: Tea I think.

FIB: JUST tea? Well, then go ahead and pour --

ORK: "BOSTON TEA PARTY"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (2nd COMMERCIAL)

- Commercial -

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

WIL: NOW BACK TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WHERE, SURROUNDED BY BOWLS AND BOWLS OF CHICKEN SOUP, FIBBER IS WINNING HIS WAY BACK TO RECOVERY FROM THE FLU...OR WHATEVER HE HAD, IF ANY. MOLLY ISN'T QUITE CONVINCED BUT SHE'S GIVING HIM THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT -

MOL: How are you feeling now, McGee? Better? Can I get you anything?

FIB: You can git me the evening paper, Molly. AHM. When a feller has been as sick as I have, he likes to know what's goin' on in the world.

MOL: Go on...you only went to bed this noon. And you havent acted very ill either.

FIB: Why, Molly...is that anyway to talk to a sick man? (WEAKLY) all I ask is that if anything SHOULD happen, you'll cremate me.

MOL: It'd be only fair, if I did. You burn ME up.

FIB: Cremate me, Molly and sprinkle my ashes on the sidewalk so folks wont slip. Sprinkle 'em everywhere but in front o' Harpo's house.

MOL: Don't talk that way, McGee. Besides, if you were cremated you'd just be one big clinker. I always -

DOORBELL: LATCH

MOL: (FADE IN) Come right in doctor - I think McGee's much better.

DOC: Yes I see. But just for my own satisfaction, Mrs. McGee I brought along a consultant - Doctor Bonopath. Doctor Mrs McGee.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Doc.

DOC: Be quiet, you

BLOT: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...very glad to know you, I'm sure. That is, QUITE sure, anyway. Where is the patient.

FIB: Right here, Doc.

BLOT: Where?

FIB: HERE, DAD RAT IT. I'M the patient.

BLOT: Is that right, doctor?

DOC: Yes, doctor. That's right. Would you say he had a spastic re-compression of the lateral dorsic?

BLOT: Well, now Doctor, I don't know. Notice the reflex combustion of the medulla oblongata. Quite restricted. *Doc*

DOC: Definitely restricted. Shall we test his reflexes?

BLOT: Might be a good idea. *Doc* Have you a hammer, my good woman?

FIB: Hey now wait a minute...whaddye wanta hammer for?

MOL: Lobsks like its taps for you, McGee. I'll get you a hammer right away doctor...(FADE OUT)

FIB: Listen here you two...if you think you're gonna play knock knock with me, you -

BLOT: Interesting case doctor. Pathologically, an outstanding case of reverted appendectomy.

DOC: With a slight prolapse of the upper carbohydrates.

FIB: Is...er...is that serious, doctor?

DOC: It all depends. Isn't that what you'd say, Doctor?

BLOT: Yes doctor. It all depends.

FIB: Well, I'm glad it aint anything definite.

MOL: (FADE IN) Here's the hammer doctor. It's a little heavy, but the only one I could find. Do you need a chisel?

BLOT: Not till the first of the month, madame...am I right, Doctor?

DOC: Yeas doctor. Now then, McGee...feet over the edge of the bed...

FIB: All roght but...but what are you...er. I mean...what's the hammer for?

DOC: It's to test your reflexes, if you must know.

MOL: You know, McGee...ye cross yer legs and they hit your knee with the hammer and if your foot jerks, you're all right.

BLOT: Yes yes... and the hammer can also be used as a mild anesthetic, if you know what I mean. Cross your knees my boy. That's it. Shall I tee off doctor?

DOC: It's your honor, Doctor.

BLOT: Thank you. Watch this madam. Very interesting.

SOUND: HOLLOW KNOCK

MOL: - Heavenly days...no reaction.

DOC: Let me try it, Doctor. FORE!

SOUND: KNOCK. GLASS CRASH.

MOL: McGEE. did you have to kick the bulb out of the chandelier?

FIB: I couldn't help it.

BLOT: Very fine reaction, doctor. Show me that stroke again.

Dre,
Fib

*I think we might try a run
Or perhaps a...
And on the down run*

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Fib

*I think we might try a run
Or perhaps a...
And on the down run*

Doc. Had steel me. This was hard work.

Explosion

Fib. What did you do to me
Doc. Just gave you a spinal adjustment. *you'll be all right in
Page 23 the morning*

DOC: Certainly doctor. Now watch. Hold the hammer this way...
eye on the knee...left arm straight...swing from the
hips...and don't forget the follow thru. Watch!

SOUND: KNOCK SPLASH

DOC: What was that?

MOL: He kicked a slipper off into some chicken soup.

BLOT: Oh yes...

FIB: Say listen...whats the idea o' all this monkey business
poundin' me with a hammer!

MOL: Be quiet, McGee...a pound of prevention is worth an ounce
of cure, ye know.

DOC: I think you had better try a little spinal adjustment,
Doctor.

FIB: Hey now, my spine is okay. You leave me alone.

SOUND: SLIGHT STRUGGLE

DOC: Go ahead doctor. He'll be quiet now. *you for him*

BLOT: Yes yes...now then, my good man...I am about to
demonstrate what a few simple adjustments can do for you
Now hold still...

SOUND: CRACKING AND CRUNCHING...

FIB: OWWWW...HEY QUIT!

BLOT: See that doctor?

DOC: Very interesting. Same technique you used on that
railroad magnate isn't it?

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BLOT: Exactly Exactly doctor. Understand he left quite a large
estate.

DOC: Is that so?

MOL: Please, gentlemen...are you going to do anything for McGee?

FIB: Yes...whaddye think this is, anyway?

BLOT: I'll try one more adjustment...

SOUND: CRACKING... CRUNCHING...

FIB: OWOWWWW!' MOLLY...MAKE 'EM QUIT...THEY'RE BUSTIN' ME IN
TWO!

MOL: I don't see any sense in it, myself. Just let the treatment
go for today, doctors.

DOC: You hear that Doctor? We are dismissed.

BLOT: Such ingratitude. Just as I was about to relieve the
pressure on the infra-poofra nerve, too. Is this the
chicken soup you mentioned, Madam?

MOL: Yes it is. Some neighbors brought it in.

BLOT: Hmm. Looks very good.

SOUND: WHOOFLE)

BLOT: Matter of fact is IS very good. Try some doctor.

DOC: Thank you

SOUND: LOUD WHOOFLES.

DOC: Ahhhhhhh.....

BLOT: Very very good.

FIB: There's another bowl on the chair there, Doc.
 BLOT: Thank you...GET AWAY FROM THERE...I SAW IT FIRST...
 DOC: YOU DID NOT...I SAW IT FIRST...HEY GIMME THAT SOUP...
 BLOT: OH NO YOU DONT...
 SOUND: CRASHES .. GLASS CRASHES ... SPLASHES .. DOOR SLAM.
 MOL: Well heavenly days...I'm glad they're gone. Did they hurt you, McGee?
 FIB: I dunno... I'm all bruised up, on my leg here
 MOL: That's your arm.
 FIB: Oh yes... I'm so numb I can't tell...and when he...
 HEY WHERE'S MY OTHER ARM?
 MOL: Under the pillow, iggernuts.
 FIB: Oh oh yes. I thought fer a minute he'd -
 DOORBELL:
 FIB: GIMME THAT HAMMER...maybe it's them back again.

MOL: Well if it is, I'll just -
 DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.
 MOL: Oh, it's Mrs. Wearybottom. Come right in, Mrs. Wearybottom. We were just talking about you Mrs. Wearybottom. McGee, you'll never guess who's here.
 FIB: Mrs. Wearybottom.
 MOL: Why how did you know?
 FIB: Give Molly your chicken soup and sit down Weary
 WEARY: Thank you but I didn't bring any chicken soup I thought I'd drop in first and see how you were, and maybe cheer you up a little bit. I'll never forget when my brother had the same thing as you have only he looked a lot better and my goodness, he just wasted away and wasted away and wasted away till when we put him on the scales he was just skin and bones.
 FIB: Seems like you wasted a weigh that time, too, Weary
 WEARY: So I said to myself I'll just drop in and see if there's anything I can do for Mr. McGee before the worst happens, because if the worst happens and you never know in a case like this I'd never forgive myself. I tried to make my brother's last moments cheerful but my goodness, there's so little a body can do, even the doctors dont seem to know what to do for it, though you mustn't worry one bit you know worry is real bad for ~~the~~ ^{real bad} my those are real gaudy pajamas you've got on.
 FIB: Why...er...yes.....I like 'em. They

Maybe looked a lot better
than you do

WEARY: Look just like the ones my brother had before he was took off with the same thing you ve got, well I'll have to be going ff there's anything I can do dont hesitate to call me Mrs McGee and Mr. McGee's mentioning the chicken soup just made me think I've got some at home that I just made and I ll run right over and bring him some. Nice to have seen you Mr. McGee I hope you get along all right; but you never can tell can you. Goodness, do I need a manicure?

DOOR SLAM

FIB Molly
MOL What? Heaven, Sam. I never felt such a Monday in my life
FIB How do I look better?
MOL Well, I dont know, McGee... you.
FIB Well, where's your pants - Sp. hell, I bet

TELEPHONE
FIB: I ll get it Molly. It might be...

MOL: STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

CLICK

MOL: Hello. 79 Wistful Vista, Mrs. McGee speakin Yes OH YES...

FIB: Who is it?

MOL: Manager of the beejoo theatre! HELLO...YES... OH YES WHAT?

MCGEE'S NAME WAS CALLED FOR BANKNITE AND HE WON 100 DOLLARS?

FIB: YIPPEEEEEEEEEEE...WHERE'S MY SOCKS...WHERE S MY PANTS WHERE'S MY

MY

MOL: BE QUIET... HELLO...WHAT? OH YOU SAY HE WAS NOT IN THE THEATRE AT THE TIME OR THE DRAWING AND THEREFORE HE CANT HAVE THE MONEY?

Fil. Hello. Bign Theatre

Fil Hello

Voice 7000 McGee Theatre

Fil. Speakin loud, make it snappy. I got to get over to the theatre for bank nite

Voice O. Pains you soul. This is the Manager of the Bign Theatre you won 100 on tonight's drawing.

Fil. Yippee!

Voice But you soul got it because you weren't here So with sending you a consolation prize

Fil. What is it?

Voice Two dozen Loign Sign cans of delicious chicken soup!

FIB: GROANS here...lemme talk to him.
MOL: Here.
FIB: Hello SINFULBAUM...MANAGER OF THE THEATRE? SAY WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF GYPPIN^g ME OUTA MY PRIZE MONEY. My name was REGISTERED
THERE WASNT IT? I KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE THEATRE AT
THE TIME BUT I'M SICK....I SAYS I M SICK. I GOT THE FLU...
WHAT WELL, OKAY BUT I THINK IT'S KINDA DIRTY OF YE. WHAT?
(PAUSE) Hey, Molly, it's grocery night and he's gonna give us a
consolation prize. HELLO, SINFULBAUM...what's th prize?
A CASE OF CANNED GOODS EH. Case o' canned goods, Molly.
MOL: Ask h m what kinda canned goods.
FIB: WHAT KINDA CANNED GOODS ARE THEY? (PAUSE) WHAT? 24 CANS OF
WHAT...CHICKEN SOUP? Ohhhhhhhhh. NOW I AM SICK.

ORK: CHASEP

APPLAUSE

ORK: SELECTION.

DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND TAG GAG.

MUSICAL TAG

ot;om: mc:
12:35PM
12-29-36

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WMAQ-7:00-7:30 PM
MONDAY, DEC. 28, 1936

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Here's a good New Year's resolution for housewives:
"Resolved for 1937 -- to do away with the drudgery
of floor cleaning by protecting linoleum and floors
with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT." Your home will look
brighter and more attractive and your work will be
very much easier once your floors are sparkling with
a beautiful GLO-COAT polish. You don't have to do any
rubbing or buffing when you use JOHNSON'S self-polishing
GLO-COAT. Just apply and let dry! And watch the floor
take on a grand polish without help from you. How long
does it take GLO-COAT to dry? Only 20 minutes! Ask
your dealer tomorrow for GLO-COAT made by the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX, and spelled G-L-O- hyphen C-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT!

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SECOND COMMERCIAL

I feel pretty good tonight -- in fact I can hardly keep from bursting
into verse. Wait -- I can't keep from it. So here goes:

If your floors are dull and dingy
And you don't know what to do
Just apply a little Glo-Coat
And watch them shine like new.

Your friends will give you compliments
Your floors will take the prize
They'll look so clean and sparkling
You won't believe your eyes.

I should have put a line in that verse about GLO-COAT drying in 20
minutes without rubbing or buffing -- and I know I should have
mentioned that GLO-COAT is made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX and
is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- but I couldn't think of any
more rhymes. Well, anyway, I guess you got the idea and I'm sure
you too will feel like bursting into verse when you see how beautiful
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vc 11:10 am
12/28/36

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How many

*39 Good Samples
10 Small*

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