

NBC

ARTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLED C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

OK DON QUINN

RADIO OUTLET "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" (#93)

TIME DATE
7:00-7:30 PM WMAQ-RED () ()
JANUARY 18, 1937

MONDAY DAY

DUCTION

DUNCER

NEER

ARKS

REBROADCAST: 11:00-11:30 PM

HQ
corrected

Comm. altered

Page 2

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORK: FINISH THEME

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH --

FIB: Excuse me a minute Harpo. I got an announcement to make

WIL: Give it to me, and I'll make it. I'm the announcer

FIB: No, I'll do it. This one takes kind of a delicate touch and smart delivery that you can't handle. AHEM. FOLKS,

WIL: (MUTTERING) "Folks" - that's a smart opening!

FIB: Quiet! FOLKS, OWIN' TO A PECULIARITY O' THE NETWORK WE BROADCAST ON, THEY ALWAYS INSISTIN' THAT WE GOTTA FINISH OUR SHOW ON TIME EVEN WHEN IT'S ^{good} TERRIFIC, A LOT OF YOU MAY HAVE BEEN A BIT PUZZLED LAST WEEK AT THE ENDING OF OUR CAN-OPENER PROGRAM. HOWEVER, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT WE FINALLY DID GET THAT CAN OF MOLASSES OPEN AND WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE? IT WASN'T MOLASSES AT ALL. IT WAS TOMATOES. SO WE'RE SUIN' THE CANNING COMPANY FOR LABEL -WIL: You mean Libel. *printed slander*FIB: ~~Success~~ Label. It was printed wrong.WIL: ~~You mean libel.~~ That's printed slander.FIB: ~~This was a printed label.~~ You see --

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Okay --

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA WILL STILL OPEN THE SHOW WITH
"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE":
ORK: "SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

MC GEE THEME DOWN FOR

WIL: Now to 79 Wistful Vista, where our friends have just
received a letter from their uncle - Uncle Sam - here they
are - Fibber McGee & Molly!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Oh don't look so worried, McGee.

FIB: Can't help it, Molly. When the government gets after you
about your income tax it's a serious business. Read that
letter again.

MOL: It says: MR. FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA,
- YOU WILL APPEAR AT ROOM THIRTEEN IN THE WISTFUL VISTA
FEDERAL BUILDING AT FOUR P.M. JANUARY 18th -

FIB: Well, I'll be a.....THAT'S TODAY.

MOL: Yes. JANUARY 18TH CONCERNING AN ERROR IN YOUR 1935 INCOME
TAX. FAILURE TO APPEAR WILL ENTAIL DRASTIC PENALTIES.
~~Etc etc.....~~

FIB: (GROANS) What room was that again?

MOL: Thirteen.

FIB: (GROANS) It would be!....SAY..... I'LL BET THEY FOUND OUT
~~ABOUT THAT DOUGH I WON FROM MOR TOOPS PLAYIN' PINGHLE!~~

MOL: Or maybe it was that two dollars I paid to have those last
photographs of yours retouched. I put it down as charity.

FIB: ~~Well no matter WHAT it is...this is serious, Molly. Those~~
Federal guys don't waste any time with you. It's cash on
the counter or clunk in the clink.

MOL: Oh don't worry about it, McGee....whatever it is, you can
explain it.

FIB: Could Al Capone explain it?

MOL: Well, there's nothing to do about it, but go and see 'em.

FIB: Oh yes there is. I'll find somebody with influence and git
it fixed. I'll bet I can find somebody - HEY LOOK OUT THE
WINDOW - THERE GOES OUR PRECINCT CAPTAIN.....He's just the
guy - COME ON, MOLLY! - HEY THERE, VODKA!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET - DOOR SLAM - TRAFFIC NOISES -

FIB: HEY VODKA!...COME HERE A MINUTE!

RUSS: Allo there, Tovarich. Allo, Babouscka.

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

FIB: Listen, Vodka. You still the Precinct Captain here?

RUSS: Chure, Tovarishich. I am still being Prestinck Caption.

FIB: Good. Can you fix somethin' for me?

RUSS: Chure. I am always ready to halp voting peoples fix things.
That is why Prestinck Captions is is being what I am.

MOL: Well, this is serious.

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FIB: ~~(GROANS)~~ It would be!...SAY... I'LL BET THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT THAT DOUGH I WON FROM MOR TOOPS PLAYIN' PINOCHLE!

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MOL: Well, this is serious.

RUSS: ~~Seriech is not making any diffrences~~, Babouscka. What fireplugs are you parking with to get tickets?

FIB: This ain't any parkin' ticket, bud. This is BIG stuff.

RUSS: Oh, you are killing somebody. I am fixing that, too, Tovarichich. We will hide the gun and throw bodies in river. Then it is like always - SELF DEFENSE, or the un-rotten law!

MOL: No no no .he didn't kill anybody.

FIB: No. Not yet --

RUSS: There is only one thing more big stuff than killing peoples. That is VOTING WRONG TICKETS.

MOL: Heavenly days. tell him, McGee.

FIB: Listen, Vodka. My taxes --

RUSS: OHH TAXES. ^{help} Taxes is for people not knowing prestinck caption. Give me taxing bills and I am fix quick.

MOL: This is INCOME TAX.

FIB: It's a FEDERAL thing, vodka.

RUSS: OH FEDERALS! FEDERALS IS THINGS I AM NOT HAVING A MONKEY WITH, TOVARICHICH! I AM FIXING PARKING TICKETCH AND I AM FIXING KILLING PEOPLES, BUT FEDERALS STUFF IS SOMEBODY BUSINESS ELSE!

SOUND: TRAFFIC

MOL: Well, he was a big help. After this you stick to simple murder, McGee.

FIB: It's a fine state of affairs when a decent citizen can't get a little drag with a two-bit ballot-bouncer. Can't you think of anybody, Molly?

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC. - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - WMAQ-RED 7:00-7:30 PM
MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1937 - ALSO REBROADCAST - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The other day a young housewife remarked that she wanted
to try JOHNSON'S self-polishing GLO-COAT on her kitchen
linoleum. She said she had heard how easy it is to use
GLO-COAT, but she didn't know just how to put it on the
floor. Before ordering GLO-COAT from her dealer she
wanted me to explain just how it was to be applied. Well
that's easy!
You pour a little of the liquid polish right onto the clean
floor and spread it lightly over the surface with a soft
cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER. That's
absolutely all there is to it. You don't have to rub it
-- you don't have to buff it. Just give GLO-COAT 20
minutes to dry and you'll find your floor gleaming like
new without help from you.
If you want to make your home seem more bright and cheerful
- and if you want to have less work and more play, order
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow. It's made by the makers of
JOHNSON'S WAX. Look for the attractive yellow can with
the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- and of course you
know it's very economical to order the larger sizes.

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SECOND COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: There's something I've been wanting to tell . . . Oh, hello little girl.

TEENY: Hi, Mr. Wilcox -- whatcha doing?

WILCOX: I'm making an announcement about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

TEENY: Huh?

WILCOX: I say -- this is a GLO-COAT announcement.

TEENY: GLO-COAT? I can spell it, I betcha.

WILCOX: All right -- let's hear you spell it.

TEENY: It . . . I - T. Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Good-bye. Well, whether you spell it I-T or G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T, GLO-COAT is IT -- one of the finest no-rubbing floor polishes you ever used. Just apply -- and let dry, and in 20 minutes you'll have bright, shining floors and linoleum, very easy to keep clean -- floors that everyone will admire -- and you won't have to do any rubbing or buffing, for GLO-COAT is self-polishing. I'm sure it's unnecessary to remind you that GLO-COAT is made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

ct/1155
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MOL: Well, there's me cousin Josephine.

FIB: Josephine? What can she do? What's her job?

MOL: She's a telephone operator. And she's pulling wires all day long.

FIB: Aw fer the - SAY YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT A SPOT I'M IN, Molly. Suppose they haul me off to...to Leavenworth...or...or ALCATRAZ?

MOL: Oh don't worry about that.

FIB: No?

MOL: No. I'll write to ye every day or so. Think of the money you'll save! Besides, ~~they say Alcatraz is the biggest prison there is.~~

WIL: ~~THAT REMINDS ME.~~ YOU' SAVE UP TO ONE THIRD BY BUYING JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IN THE LARGE SIZE CAN.

MOL: Oh Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hey, Harpo. You know any big shots in Wistful Vista?

WIL: Well...my brother in law used to be City Treasurer.

FIB: Hot dog. Just the one! Is he still around here now, Harpo?

WIL: No. He's living down in Georgia now. But I could write to him.

MOL: *al* Better telegraph.

FIB: SWELL. WHAT TOWN'S HE IN HARPO, AND WHAT'S HE DOING?

WIL: He's in Atlanta and he's doing twenty years.

MOL: For what?

WIL: Income tax evasion.

FIB: (GROANS)

MOL: McGee can hardly wait till he meets him.

WIL: What's on your mind, Fibber?

FIB: Oh..er..oh nothin' Harpo. Much obliged anyway.

WIL: Oh that's all right. Say, that's a nice looking suit you got on Fibber?

FIB: Thanks. You like it?

WIL: Yes, ^{you look swell in} there's ~~nothing like a nice stripes~~ pattern for little fellows like you. Well, I'll be seeing you.

MOL: I'll bet he meant something.

FIB: Notice he limps a little bit, Molly?

MOL: What's the matter with him?

FIB: He went to a party last night and they played Pin the Donkey. AHM.

MOL: Well. what are you gonna do now, McGee?

FIB: I think I'll stop in this restaurant a minute, Molly.

MOL: ~~Are you hungry?~~

FIB: No. ^{he'll} I'm gonna order some bread and water. Might as well go into training.

MOL: All right I'll stand out here and make noises like seagulls. You know. - Atmosphere - just like Alcatraz.

FIB: Ohhhh, Molly. Haven't you any sympathy? Don't you realize what I'm up against?

MOL: Sure....a lamppost. Now straighten up and let's get goin' back to the house....heavenly days..rushin' out here without enough on to keep from getting - AND QUIT DRAGGIN' THAT ONE FOOT. What's wrong with ye..?

FIB: Oh..I'm sorry. Thought I had a ball and chain on. Guess I just got too much imagination.

MOL: For goodness sake - STOP TALKING THAT WAY. You're making ME nervous, too.

FIB: Well it's about time. It's awful easy to be nonchalant about somebody else's troubles, ye know.

MOL: Let me tell you, Fibber McGee...if you go see those Federal Men with that hangdog look, they're liable to pin everything on you from the Johnstown flood to the Wreck of The Old 97.

FIB: I wonder if I DID wreck the old 97. I must be the criminal type or I'd never try to cheat the gov - OH HI - WEARY!!

WEARY: (FADE IN) Hello there folks - imagine seeing you here - my goodness Mr McGee you don't look very happy for such a nice day but I don't know what you should worry about, I'm the one who should worry my brother just got his notice from the Treasury Department that he owes them a lot of money on his 1935 income tax and the poor man is simply desperate - you have no idea he's already served one term for tax evasion and my goodness he still looks real pale and undernourished - he says it isn't so much the disgrace of it all but the food they have in those places is just horrible - the only nice thing he remembers is the sun used to come into his cell for several minutes every day ^{your} shoelace is untied.

FIB: Oh..er...thanks, Mrs. Wearybottom. ~~As a matter of fact, you kind of got me interested in your brother's case. Wasn't there...er....ANYBODY he could see who'd git him outa the jam? Nobody with a political pull, or something? I mean..~~

DL: For goodness sake - STOP TALKING THAT WAY. You're making ME nervous, too.

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WEARY: Oh my goodness no..he simply tried everybody and nobody could do anything about it - my brother says he don't believe in capital punishment but nowadays the government seems anxious to punish any body with any capital ~~only my brother didn't have very much but it was enough so~~ I could send him a package of cigarettes every now and then -- if you'll excuse me now I got to run home and catch Elmo Tanner on the radio - he's going to whistle Dancing Tambourine with Ted Weems' Orchestra, isn't that a silly name for a song, imagine Dancing Tambourine, I never saw a tambourine dance - I'd as soon expect to see a trombone do card tricks -- isn't this the craziest weather?

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "DANCING TAMBOURINE" ----- TANNER.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME:

WIL: Now to the Mayor's office in the City Hall of Wistful Vista where Fibber is making more desperate efforts to find somebody with sufficient pull to call off the Treasury agents.

MOL: Where we goin' first, McGee...to the Mayor's office,

FIB: I suppose. No use monkeyin' with small fry. Hey look who's up ahead there...shufflin' along.

MOL: Heavenly days...Silly Watson...and barely movin'.

FIB: Hey, Silly! HEY...SIL!

SIL: (FADE IN) Oh hiyah boss...hiyah, ma'am.
 MOL: Where you goin', Silly?
 SIL: Ma'am...ah was RUSHIN' down to th'ow mahse'f in the riveh.
 MOL: Yes...we saw you tearin' along.
 FIB: I got a good mind to go along with you, Sil.
 SIL: Wah?
 FIB: I says life is a little too much for me, too.
 MOL: Oh be quiet, both of you. What's your trouble Silly?
 SIL: Rosebud Jackson, ma'am. She INSIST we is engaged, ma'am.
 FIB: Rosebud Jackson. Why, Silly, that dame weighs about three hundred pound.
 MOL: Marryin' her would be almost bigamy.
 SIL: Yas'm. Tha's why ah cain' move no faster, ma'am. She was settin' on mah lap las' night.
 FIB: I wondered how you got that tapestry effect on them blue serge pants.
 SIL: Yassuh. Tha's how, Ah's jes' discourage, ma'am. Rosebud ain' no gal to take "maybe" fo' a answeh. She ask me to set a date and ah says okay and ah sets a date for June -
 MOL: JUNE!
 SIL: Yas'm. June, 1983, ma'am, an' Rosebud she gets pow'ful mad and she say she ain' gonna marry me if ah is the las' man they is ANYplace on account of ah is jus's a lile ole incomepoop.

FIB: You mean a nincompoop, Sil.
 SIL: Nossuh. INCOMEPOOP. On account of ah ain' got no income.
 MOL: Well then, what are you so discouraged about?
 SIL: She fo'give me befo' ah could git away while she was mad.
 FIB: Well listen Sil. You better wait till spring.
 SIL: Why boss?
 FIB: Well, if you jump in the river now, you're liable to get a concussion o' the brain hittin' that ice. You dont want your brain concussed do you?
 SIL: No ssuh. Ah never thought o' that ice. Wha's matteh wif' you, please suh.?
 FIB: The Government's after me, Sil. Income tax.
 SIL: Oh oh. Tha's funny. Ah get blue on account of ah ain' got no income and you is blue on account of too much.
 MOL: Oh I wouldn't say too much. He just figgered it wrong, Silly.
 FIB: Just like Rosebud figured you wrong Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh. Only ah'll bet fo' bits boss, that ah pays mo' in the long run than you do, suh. See you lateh, suh...so long, ma'am.

TRAFFIC NOISES UP

FIB: They say Rosebud Jackson is a wonderful cook, Molly ...but she's awful ugly. I guess when she starts fryin' chicken they forget her face.
 MOL: Well, many a woman improves her looks with a little grease on the pan. And Rosebud...HEAVENLY DAYS WHAT ARE YOU STARIN' AT?

FIB: My reflection in that glass. I was tryin' to imagine how I'd look with a prison haircut.

MOL: Terrible.

FIB: (SIGHS) I suppose the Mayor's got one o' them dumb blonde secretaries that's less interested in her job than she is in puttin' cascarets on her eyelashes.

MOL: Mascara, iggernuts. AND WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS SAY DUMB

FIB: BLONDE. Arent there any dumb brunettes?

MOL: Nothin' personal, Molly. It's jest that a brunette keeps it dark. ~~AHEM. Matter of fact blonde wimmin are no dumber than brunette, wimmin, - usually.~~

FIB: I accept your apology. Do you know the Mayor, McGee?

MOL: Who, me? Shucks I used to know Gus Gray when he worked in his old man's tailor shop down in Peoria.

FIB: Really!

MOL: You betcha. Matter of fact, Molly, it was what he used to find in other people's pockets that give him the idea of goin' into politics. ~~AHEM. If this secretary o' his gives me any o' that snooty high-hat stuff, I dont care how beautiful she is, I'm gohna..~~

MOL: Quiet, McGee...here's the Mayor's office.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: That must be his Secretary over there, McGee...now dont let her vamp you.

FIB: Sayyyy, with the Leavenworth gate clangin' shut behind me, I should go gaga about a Ohh, Hi there sis...are you The Mayor's Secretary?

WHEE: HELLO THERE SKIPPY. Sure I'm the Mayor's Secretary. Ever since his wife gimme the job four years ago.

FIB: Oh...hi there Granmaw. Well listen where's His Honor?

WHEE: Sonny, nobody knows where his Honor is, if he ever had any. But if you mean that little sawed-off boodle-baggin' tax-grabber we got for citizen Number one, he's playin' cribbage with the district attorney.

FIB: Well, this is a important matter, Gran'maw. ~~I got to see him.~~

WHEE: Sonny, so's this cribbage game important. They're playin' for the street car franchise. The Mayor lost a game yesterday to the Corporation Counsel and now we gotta build seven new High Schools. (SIGHS) I guess the Treasury's safe from Gus this year. He just cant take it. Ahhhh well, old Mayor Gray, he aint what he used to be.

FIB: He aint what he used to be!

WHEE: No, he aint what he used to be.

FIB: ~~Hear that, Molly?~~ Old Mayor Gray aint what he used to be -

FIB MOL & BOOMER: (SING) ^{Many, Many} ~~Forty Nine~~ YEARRRRRRRRS AGO!

BOOMER: Very good very good. Now how about Sweet Adeline.

MOL: Bring her in and we'll have a quartet.

FIB: Anyway, bud...who asked you to join in the chorus? *No one?*

~~BOOM: Well, I'll tell you how it was, my little tax-dodgers. I just happened to be listening at the keyhole on my way past the door and -~~

~~MOL: I see. You looked thru the keyhole and thought we had the wrong key.~~

~~FIB: Who are you bud? I've seen you around the city Hall here a lot.~~

BOOM: ~~I wouldnt be a bit surprised. No sir, nota bit surprised.~~ My friends...I'm Horatio K. Boomer, Commissioner of Streets and Alleys, West. Used to be Commissioner of Streets and Alleys East, but I found the prevailing winds were Westerly. Yes yes. And the first one to say gone with the wind gets his taxes doubled.

FIB: Taxes, eh. Listen bud...you may be just the guy I wanta talk to.

BOOM: I wouldnt be a bit surprised. Horatio K. Boomer is always ready to lend a helping hand... (at eight percent)

~~MOL: Horatio K. Boomer - huh? What's that K for? Kibitzer?~~

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Listen, Boomer. I'm in a hot spot.

BOOM: Dont let it worry you my boy...I learned long ago that all a hot spot needs is usually a little cold cash. Yes yes.

FIB: Not in this case, Boomer. This is really a tough one. I..I... well, *Sole an wild up* I wouldn't be surprised if I was... ~~if I was~~ headed for the pen.

MOL: He's got an inkling he's headed for a pen. But really Mr. Boomer, McGee is worried...and so am I now...nobody seems to be able to do anything for us.

BOOM: Think nothing of it, my dear...think nothing of it. Let me see now who do I know who can keep you out of the jug...let me look at my notebook...notebook.notebook...there's Judge Hooligan of the Circuit Court...you've probably read about him in Who's Hooligan. ...Yes yes...and there's the Fire Commissioner...good old Bernie...and the Coroner. An old smoothie, the Coroner he'd better, be, too. The rough coroners get knocked off...Let me see now...HOW MANY VOTES IN YOUR FAMILY, My little wrinkle-wrestler AND STOP TREMBLING, BEFORE SOMEBODY HANDS YOU A COCKTAIL SHAKER.

FIB: There...well...there's only...I mean Molly and me are the onl- ...well...

MOL: TWO VOTES.

BOOM: Ah yes...two votes...not very many but it's all...now tell me, just what the trouble is?

FIB: Well, Boomer, the Federal Government is after me for ---

BOOM: ~~On the~~ Federal Gover...my friends, that's a horse of another racetrack...if you'll excuse me I have an appointment with the Health Commissioner, the Police Commissioner and a short beer.

DOOR SLAM

ORK: "WHEN MY DREAM BOAT COMES HOME" (Anncem't over intro;) (COMO)

He's got an inkling he's headed for a pen. But really Mr. Boomer, McGee is worried...and so am I now...nobody seems to be able to do anything for us.

Think nothing of it, my dear...think nothing of it. Let me see now who do I know who can keep you out of the jug...let me look at my notebook...notebook.notebook...there's Judge Hooligan of the Circuit Court...you've probably read about him in Who's Hooligan. ...Yes yes...and there's the Fire Commissioner...good old Bernie...and the Coroner. An old smoothie, the Coroner he'd better, be, too. The rough coroners get knocked off...Let me see now...HOW MANY VOTES

IN YOUR FAMILY, My little wrinkle-wrestler AND STOP TREMBLING, *My Yes* BEFORE SOMEBODY HANDS YOU A COCKTAIL SHAKER.

There...well...there's only...I mean Molly and me are the onl-...well...

TWO VOTES.

Ah yes...two votes...not very many but it's all...now tell me, just what the trouble is?

Well, Boomer, the Federal Government is after me for ---

On the Federal Gover...my friends, that's a horse of another racetrack...if you'll excuse me I have an appointment with the Health Commissioner, the Police Commissioner and a short beer.

"WHEN MY DREAM BOAT COMES HOME"
(Annem't over intro;)

(COMO)

WIL: COMMERCIAL #2:

use last half of Julius Annem't

FIB: Hey Harpo.

WIL: Well...what do you want?

FIB: Mind if I make a suggestion about your commercial announcements.

WIL: I'll take care of the announcements.

FIB: Okay, I'll take care of the suggestions. AHM Listen. Why dont you try to get away from that HAY type of announcement?

WIL: Waddy mean, the HAY type?

FIB: Cut and dried. AHM. Sneak in a cute one now and then, like this: FOLKS, AS I WAS COMING TO THE STUDIO THIS MORNING -

WIL: I didn't come this morning. I came down this afternoon.

FIB: PIPE DOWN. FOLKS AS I WAS COMING DOWN TO THE STUDIO THIS AFTERNOON I MET A LITTLE SOPRANO THAT WORKS FOR N.B.C. "HOW ARE YOU, WAXED FLOOR", I SAYS, WITH A TWINKLE IN MY EYE. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN WAXED FLOOR, " SAYS SHE, SHOWIN' HER DIMPLES. "WELL" SAYS I, DOIN' A OFF-TO-BUFFALO INTO REHEARSAL, "YOU'RE SO EASY TO CARE FOR." Well sir, She-

MOL: MCGEE! LEAVE MR WILCOX ALONE.

FIB: Okay. Do it your own way, Harpo. But any time you need any help stuffin' a shirt, lemme know. COMIN', MOLLY...

WIL: FINISH COMMERCIAL

ORK: MC GEE THEME:

WIL: BACK NOW TO THE WISTFUL VISTA CITY HALL - WHERE FIBBER & MOLLY HAVEN'T YET FOUND ANY FIXERS FOR HIS TAX TROUBLE -

MOL: They certainly are scared to monkey with the Government aren't they?

FIB: If it's local everybody can fix it, but the minute I start wavin' the American Flag, they see stars and I see stripes.

MOL: Well...well...what are you going to do, McGee? Plead guilty and take your medicine? ~~After all, income tax evasion is no worse than -~~

FIB: Gimme a nickel.

MOL: A what?

FIB: Gimme a nickel. A nickel. QUICK!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...you cant bribe anybody with a nickel.

FIB: Dad rat it I aint gonna bribe anybody. I'm gonna make a phone call - I got one last chance. I'm goin' right to the TOP with this thing...

MOL: Here. Here's a nickel but who--

FIB: One side there, Molly. Lemme in that phone booth.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: MCGEE....(KNOCKING)MC GEE...WHO ARE YOU CALLING? MC GEE... oh dear oh dear...MC GEE...LET ME IN THE BOOTH WITH YOU...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

FIB: - that's right sis...you got it. No. I aint foolin'. Yes...this is Fibber McGee...79 Wistful Vista...charge the long distance toll to me on my reglar bill. Yes. What? Well if he aint in lemme talk to the missus.

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) McGee...who are you call-

FIB: SHHHHH. Quiet, Molly. This is big stuff.

ADAMS: Hello.

FIB: (VERY RESPECTFULLY) Ohhh...Hi there, Mrs...er...could... could I talk to your husband?

ADAMS: I'm afraid not...he is making plans for the inauguration and I do not wish to disturb him for any paltry affairs. Who is calling may I ask?

FIB: This Fibber McGee, ma'am...of 79 Wistful Vista, and I GOTTA see somebody about gittin' me out of a jam.

ADAMS: Oh I see...the man you want is Mr. Fahley...but Mr. Fahley is not heah just now...and I am extremely busy...I must prepah may talk foh the Campfiah Guhls...pñhaps you would explain the matteh to me?

FIB: Well, it's like this...they got me hooked on my 193 5 income tax, and-

ADAMS: Oh DEAH! (CLICK)

FIB: HELLO...HELLO...(CLICK) HELLO....HEY OPERATOR...HELLO...aw
shucks...

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: We were cut off.

MOL: Well, you had your nevest, calling THEM!

FIB: I'm desperate. That was my last chance Molly.

MOL: McGee...I'm tired of all this finagglng. Let's go see the
income tax man and get it over with.

FIB: O...oooookay. Here...take my wrist watch.

MOL: What for. That doesnt figgure on your income tax.

FIB: No but the handcuffs might scratch it.

MOL: Where's the Federal Building.

FIB: It's part of the City Hall...we go thru here...around this
corner and it's -

MOL: Here it is. INFERNAL REVENUE DEPT.

FIB: It's INTERNAL.

MOL: Not for you. Come on.

FIB: We'll have to get in line, I guess...

VOICES UP...DOWN...

WOMAN: (NEW ENGL) and do you know, Florine, Elwell was only
a hundred dollars short of the right payment and do you know
what they did? They gave him the chair.

FIB: Ohhhhhhh...hear that, Molly?

MOL: Thank heaven it'll soon be over...

HUGH: Right thru the gate here into my office please.

DOOR SLAM

HUGH: Sit down. You're Fibber McGee?

FIB: That's...that's me, bud...I...er...and this is my wife,
Mrs McGee...

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

HUGH: Howrya. Now then...SAY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? Dont
you feel good? You're white as a ghost.

MOL: He doesnt feel very good at that.

FIB: No...I...I just was thinkin' what a fool I was.

MOL: For makin' a mistake on your tax?

FIB: No for buyin' a suit with two pairs of pants. If you know
anybody bud that wants to buy a suit of-

HUGH: I'm sorry ...I'm pretty busy. IS THIS YOUR SIGNATURE?

FIB: Yes. yes that's mine all right. But honest, Chief, I never
meant to -

HUGH: DONT YOU KNOW THAT WE CHECK EVERY TAX RETURN THAT COMES THRU
DONT YOU KNOW THAT AN ERROR IS BOUND TO SHOW UP.

MOL: He..he should have known...

FIB: Yes I...

HUGH: Here...put your fingers on this pad...Thumb first...now the
fingers...now on this piece of paper...FINE...nice set of
prints. You dont mind do you?

FIB: Oh no...I...I dont mind. Want the other hand, too?
HUGH: Sure...that's it...now on the paper...FINE...
MOL: Give him your footprints, too, McGee, if he wants 'em.
HUGH: Dont need 'em lady.
FIB: Thanks, Chief. I..I...hope they'll all be as ..nice as you
down there.
HUGH: Down where?
MOL: Never mind. You're not sure which one yo'll go to yet,
McGee.
FIB: Never mind, Molly. LISTEN BUD...LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.
I WONT CAUSE YOU ANY TROUBLE.
HUGH: Oh dont speak of it, Mr. McGee...you haven't caused us a bit
of trouble...
FIB: Thanks...I..I just thought I'd mention it. You dont have to
use the rubber hose on me or anything.
MOL: He'll be a model prisoner. He always has been anyway.
I mean he's always been...
HUGH: SAY WHAT IS THIS...? WHAT ARE YOU TWO TALKING ABOUT?
FIB: Well you...you got me on a income tax charge havent you bud?
HUGH: Yes but --
FIB: Well then...hurry up. I dont wanta prolong the agony any
longer.
HUGH: FINE...JUST SIGN HERE...
FIB: Here?

HUGH: Thanks. Here you are...~~and thanks for coming in.~~
MOL: Heavenly days...what's that?
FIB: It's a check!
HUGH: Sure...what did you think? YOU OVERPAID YOUR TAX AND THE
GOVERNMENT OWES YOU THIRTY SEVEN CENTS-----
ORK: CHORD OR CHASER
APPLAUSE:
ORK: "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT" (Down for Commercial and tag.)
APPLAUSE:

TAG GAG:

ORK: MUSIC DOWN FOR TAG GAG

FIB: Well, Molly...it looks like I kinda got snatched out of a prison cell, dont it.

MOL: Yea and you're luckier than me Uncle Dennis was. He's doin' thirty days for assault and battery, with a brick.

FIB: Who'd he assault and bat?

MOL: A ticket agent in a suburban railroad station.

FIB: What'd the ticket agent do?

MOL: Not a thing.

FIB: Well what did your Uncle Dennis have against him?

MOL: Nothing. In fact he never saw the man before.

FIB: Well then, WHY did your Uncle hit him?

MOL: You see, my Uncle was thinkin' of buyin' a house out there and the real-estatemanager said the house was only a stone's throw from the station - and SURE ENOUGH...IT WAS!

FIB: AHEM. Goodnight.

MOL: Good night, all....

MUSICAL TAG.

OM:

MC: 1/18/37: 11:50 AM