

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#94)

OK

BROADCAST TIME 7:00-7:30 PM

DATE JANUARY 25, 1937

DAY MONDAY

PRODUCTION

PRODUCER

REMARKS REBROADCAST: 11:00-11:30 PM

Not Correct

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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 WI--

FIB: Excuse me, Harpo.

WIL: What's the matter, Fibber?

FIB: Listen, I don't wanna be picayune, or critical or didactic, but -

WIL: What does didactic mean?

FIB: I dunno, but I'd hate to be that way. AHM. But what I was gonna say was this; I noticed last week that - I mean, can't you manage to git a little more HOOP-de-DOO into your voice? Can't ye work up a little enthusiasm, - you know make your announcements with more gusto and .. er .. and .. er ..

WIL: Verve?

FIB: Eh?

WIL: VERVE?

FIB: What's that?

WIL: I don't know, but I think that's what you mean, isn't it?

FIB: Well, roughly, I --

MOL: MCGEE! Come away from there.

FIB: Okay. Well, jest bear it in mind, Harpo. I meant it kindly.

WIL: Well, I took it kindly. (Wearily) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....TED WEEMS AND HIS.....

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh yes. (WITH GUSTO) TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE
SHOW WITH "GOONA GOO" !!!

ORK: "GOONA GOO"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (1ST COMMERCIAL)

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

ORK: MC GEE THEME - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: and now we give you two souls with but a single thought -
- FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Why thatwhy of all the - SAY WHAT DID HE MEAN TWO
SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT!

MOL: Why he just meant that your ideas were so big you couldn't
handle more than one at a time.

FIB: You mean...he....(LAUGHS) Ahhh, good old Harpo! What a guy!

MOL: Incidentally, McGee...when Perry Como asked you what you
thought of the international financial situation, you said you
thought it was serious.

FIB: Certainly.

MOL: Why? You don't know anything about it.

FIB: Molly, when anybody asks you about ANY situation - always say "It's serious". That proves you're a deep thinker. As my cousin Woolsey McGee used to say, THE REASON DONKEY WEAR COLLARS IS THAT THEY BEGUN TO STICK THEIR NECKS OUT THE DAY THEY WAS BORN. say what you got there, Molly?

MOL: A note from our sponsor. I guess it is anyway.

FIB: Let's see it. Hmmm. What day is this...Monday...what are you doin a week from Thursday?

MOL: Why?

FIB: We gotta take a trip.

MOL: Where?

FIB: Well, look what it says on the envelope. AFTER TEN DAYS RETURN TO S. C. JOHNSON & SON....RACINE WISCONSIN. Wonder what they want us for.

MOL: That's silly, McGee....we couldn't both get into that little envelope.

FIB: Well if we do, I wanta sit by the window. Open it up. SAY ... where's the flowers that come with it?

MOL: There was no flowers with it.

FIB: Honest? That was kinda thoughtful at that, wasn't it. Considerin' your hay fever. Go on. open it up.

SOUND: PAPER TEARING.

MOL: Listen. DEAR FIBBER AND MOLLY

FIB: That's a nice letter ain't it?

MOL: Be quiet till I read it. DEAR FIBBER AND MOLLY - I SEE WHERE JACK BENNY IS TOPS IN THE LAST RADIO POLL. WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT YOU HAVEN'T GOT?

FIB: That's funny....I was askin' myself the same question.

MOL: What was your answer?

FIB: I'm still workin' on it. AHM. Read the rest o' the note.

MOL: Well, he goes on to say - MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO PUT IN MORE COMICAL JOKES. REMIND ME TO TELL YOU THE ONE ABOUT THE TWO IRISHMEN, PAT AND MIKE. YOU CAN'T USE IT ON THE AIR, OF COURSE, BUT IT MIGHT SUGGEST SOMETHING. ON THE OTHER HAND. . . .

HOW ABOUT DOING A SERIAL LIKE BENNY DOES..?

FIB: Serial! I thought he was doin' a dessert.

MOL: Heavenly days....a serial!

WIL: EXCUSE ME, FOLKS...BUT I'LL HAVE TO REMIND YOU THAT THIS IS THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM.

FIB: Aha!!! THAT's what we got that Benny hasn't got. Johnson's Wax.

MOL: Thanks Mr. Wilcox. We'll try and remember

WIL: I think the sponsor will appreciate it.

FIB: Okay, Harpo. Go on, Molly. What else does he say?

MOL: He says - YOU UNDERSTAND OF COURSE THAT WHAT I SAYS IS MERELY IN THE NATURE OF A SUGGESTION, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY THE LEAST BIT OF ATTENTION TO IT.

FIB: That's a fine spirit ain't it.

MOL: - BUT JUST THINK IT OVER AND MAKE THESE CHANGES..OR ELSE!

SIGNED, S.C.JOHNSON & SON.

FIB: Maybe we better think it over.

MOL: Yes, I....OH BACK AGAIN, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (FADE IN) You know, Molly and Fibber... I was just thinking.

FIB: Well dont tell us...tell your doctor...That's a symptom of something.

WIL: No.. seriously. I was talking to the sponsor about the show and I made a suggestion he thought was terrific.

MOL: Did he say so?

WIL: No, but I could tell the way he groaned that it hit him pretty hard. The thought just happened to come to me.

FIB: Well, I suppose even a thought has to go slumming now and then.

MOL: What was this idea, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Simply that sometime during the show Fibber turns to me and says "now I think Mr. Wilcox has something to say", and I say "Thank you, Fibber" and go right into my talk about how Johnson's Glocoat dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful gleaming luster and protects floors and linoleum ...well, you know. Something like the Fred Allen technique.

FIB: Well, we'll try, Harpo. But you know how it is, with them other programs. Eddie Cantor, now has got somethin' we haven't got.

WIL: What's that?

FIB: Jimmie Wallington.

WIL: Well, anyway, I mentioned my idea to the sponsor and he said you could do what you liked about it.....

MOL: Fine --

WIL: (FADE OUT) But he'd be listening. Say, Perry Como.... why don't you try singing a number like Nelson Eddy does....you know....

MOL: Hmm. I wonder what Eddie Cantor's got that we haven't got.

FIB: Sunday night. Oh Hello there Elmo.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Tanner.

ELMO: Listen, Fibber and Molly. Can either of you tap dance?

MOL: Wellllllll, no. Why?

ELMO: Oh I heard Fred Astaire the other night and he was swell. I just got to thinking if Fibber learned to dance like that, it would make a nice spot on the program.

MOL: If he ever tried it, it'd make a nice spot on the floor.

FIB: I .. er ... II suppose you..er... spoke to the ..er..the sponsor....

ELMO: Yeah...he was tickled to death. He said it might take you a week or so to learn to dance like that, but it was worth it.

FIB: Listen here, Elmo, if you think we --

ELMO: Oh don't thank me, Fibber. If I happen to get the good ideas first you're welcome to 'em.

MOL: Hah...is your network red!

FIB: Shucks...if I ever...Oh Hello Ted.

TED: Say, Fibber -

IB: I suppose you think we oughtta write poetry like Grace
Allen

OL: What was it, Ted?

ED: Well, I was talking to a friend of mine this morning and he
said he thought you had an audience as Big as One Man's
Family I told him he was wrong. I know at least TWO men's
families that listen.

OL: I know... there's not much selection with the midget sets,
is there.

IB: AHEM Ted.

ED: Yes?

IB: What's your next number?

ED: Why. Perry Como is going to sing "TRUST IN ME". Why?

IB: Oh I was talkin' to the sponsor and he said you had a good
band all right but he'd like to have play more like that
other guy.

ED: What guy?

IB: Guy Lombardo. AHEM. You see, Ted, there's a certain
something --

ED: ALL RIGHT BOYS!

OR: "TRUST IN ME" ----- COMO.

APPLAUSE:

OR: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

IL: Well, Fibber is looking a bit run down these days -- SO MOLLY
IS TAKING HIM TO A GYMNASIUM FOR A LITTLE BUILD-UP. HERE
THEY ARE - JUST ENTERING THE GYM.

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said he thought you had an audience as Big as One Man's
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IS TAKING HIM TO A GYMNASIUM FOR A LITTLE BUILD-UP. HERE
THEY ARE - JUST ENTERING THE GYM.

FIB: I don't see the use in this Molly. Shucks, all these muscle-and-grunt joints do is give ye a bigger appetite so's ye eat more food so ye get more weight so they get more business.

MOL: I talked to the trainer on the phone, McGee and he said "CERTAINLY...bring him in and we'll make a man of him!"

FIB: That's all very well. SAY WHAT DOES HE MEAN, MAKE A MAN OF ME!

MOL: Now now now...be quiet....here we are..

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Phew...what's that smell?

MOL: Rubbing alcohol.

FIB: I knew it was alcohol. It's so strong I thought they had parallel bars in there. What's this guy's name?

MOL: Trainer. Mr. Bouncewell Trainer.

FIB: WELL, all I gotta say is, he better not git too bouncey with me, or I'll.....

LOUD DOOR SLAM

TRAI: (DEEP VOICE) HELLO THERE FOLKS.

FIB: Oh..er..I hiyah, bud...I..er..

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.. I just came in with....

TRAI: YES YES YES...I CAN SEE YOU DIDN'T COME IN FOR ANY TRAINING YOURSELF. LOVELY COMPLEXIONEYES SPARKLING ..SPLENDID FIGURE....VIGOROUS HAIR...MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.....

MOL: Oh, now PLEASE, Mr. Trainer.....

TRAI: - but I MUST SAY YOUR GRANDFATHER HERE IS IN TERRIBLE SHAPE.

MOL: That's me husband.

FIB: Say...what's the idea of --

TRAI: LOOK AT THAT SHAPE. AND HIS COLOR.....

FIB: What am I supposed to be....a landscape?

TRAI: He needs some off there..and some off there..and some on here....and a little off there.....

FIB: We're both a little off up here or we wouldn't have come in at all.

MOL: McGEE!

TRAI: (LAUGHS) OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT MADAM, HE WAS JUST JOKING. NOW FOR A WOMAN LIKE YOU...YOUR COLOR IS BAD....AND

MOL: I'm not here for me. I'm here for him.

FIB: Yes...she's....she's here for me. I mean...I'm here for you. That is, we're both here for -

MOL: Listen....SHHHH.....

SOUND: RAIN

MOL: Heavenly days...RAINING OUTSIDE! and it was so nice when we came in.

TRAI: That's not rain. That's a client I was just working with. He's perspiring.

FIB: What's his mean annual fall, bud? Fourteen foot?

MOL: We're ready to start any time....aren't you, McGee?

FIB: Oh I don't believe --

TRAI: WHY CERTAINLY HE IS. Look at that figure he's got!

FIB: What's the matter with it? I'll admit I ain't any Gypsy
Rose Lee, but -

TRAI: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT! (LAUGHS) Why listen to your
jerky breathing. Look at that spare tire around your
middle.

MOL: That's all right. He's had a good year.

TRAI: - AND THOSE POP-BOTTLE SHOULDERS!... AND YOUR HIPS ARE
TWICE AS WIDE AS YOUR SHOULDERS.

FIB: Well, I don't sit on my shoulders, bud.

SOUND: DOOR RATTLE... SLAM... THUDS AND BUMPS.....

VOICE: Where do ye want this baggage, ^{doc?} Right here? Okay ...
bud?
sign here.... thanks.

DOOR SLAM

TRAI: I wonder what these are for. I'm not going anywhere....

MOL: Open 'em up and see.....

SOUND: CLICK AND BUMP

WHEE: HELLO, There Skippy. It's a bout time you opened these up

FIB: Hey. GRANDMAW.... what you doin' in there?

WHEE: Well shorty-... this trainer here told me to come back in a
pair of trunks. So I -- HEY QUIT THAT.....

TRUNK SLAM

TRAI: I'll have 'em call for these later. NOW THEN, MY BOY.
I THINK I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU.

FIB: So do I. Just forget the whole idea. It was -

MOL: Now..... you got to get in shape.

TRAI: COME ON IN... Mr... er... Mr...

FIB: McGEE.

TRAI: Come in, McGee.... TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT. HERE... I WILL.

SOUND: RIPPING AND POPPING

FIB: HEY... WHAT'S THE -

MOL: Heavenly days... there goes all the buttons.

TRAI: That's all right. When I get thru with him, he can't wear
that shirt anyway.

FIB: What you doin' now, bud?

TRAI: HOLD STILL... I JUST WANT TO WRAP THIS AROUND YOUR ARM....
ABOVE THE ELBOW... THAT'S IT!

SOUND: AIR IN SHORT PUFFS.

MOL: What are you blowing him up for?

FIB: You says the spare tire was around my middle, Bouncy.

TRAI: BE QUIET, PLEASE...YOU KNOW...I'VE HEARD YOU ON THE RADIO
A LOT. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU EARN YOUR MONEY?

FIB: Well, no, bud, I dont -

MOL: MCGEE. WHY DO YE SAY THAT? DOES TAKIN' YOUR BLOOD
PRESSURE ALWAYS ACT LIKE THAT ON YOU?

FIB: BLOOD PRESSURE! Shucks, I thought this was a lie-detector.
WHY SURE WE EARN OUR DOUGH, BUD. WHY EVERY TIME WE -

TRAI: PIPE DOWN. Now let's hear your heart.

(PAUSE) SOUND EFFECT

TRAI: SAY...THIS IS TERRIBLE...IT'S POUNDING LIKE A CONCRETE-
BREAKER.

MOL: That that picture of Mae West off your desk and then try it.

TRAI: Now let me measure you. Will you write down these figures,
Mrs McGee..?

MOL: Oh certainly.

TRAI: CHEST - 29.

MOL: Chest - 29. You're sure you weren't measuring his neck,
Mr. Trainer?

TRAI: Chest 29...now expand your chest, McGee.

SOUND: GASP

TRAI: I said EXPAND IT.

FIB: (GASP) I MM...I MEAN IT IS!

TRAI: Okay. CHEST...EXPANDED...28½

MOL: Heavenly days.....that cant be eight. It's smaller expanded than it tis normal.

FIB: I expand on the inside, Molly. I never was one to show off.

TRAI: NOW THEN...THE HIPS.

MOL: The what?

TRAI: The hip - hip (F & M) HOORAY!!

TRAI: HIPS43

MOL: Hips.....43. You got a nice expansion there, McGee!

FIB: I know. I got what they call an EXECUTIVE'S figger. You cant measure the muscles in the brain, you know. Matter of fact, I been requested to leave my brain to the Smithsonian Institute.

MOL: That's a nice place to leave it, but why didnt you wait till you died?

TRAI: Now the lower hips, please. Ahhhhh yes...LOWER HIPS...45.

MOL: 45. That's about his caliber.

TRAI: That's all, McGee. I think we can make a different man of you in just a few months. Now I'll give you a few breathing exercises.

FIB: Go on...I know how to breathe. I been doin' it for years.

MOL: He breathest best at night, Mr. Trainer. Welllllll, maybe not BEST - but loudest.

TRAI: All right...face me...take a deep breath and hold it till I tell you to exhale.

FIB: (GULPS)

MOL: Do you really think you can build him up Mr. Trainer?

TRAI: Oh I'm sure of it. Of course, he's let himself go, but I think we can get him into good shape. Does he smoke much?

MOL: Oh no. A couple of packages of cigarettes a day. A maybe a few cigars. The rest of the time he smokes mostly a pipe.

TRAI: That's fine. He doesn't need a trainer. He needs a chimney-sweep. What does he eat?

MOL: What have you got?

TRAI: No...I mean rich foods? Pastries? Hot breads?

MOL: Yes, and mince pie besides.

TRAI: Lovely! A strict diet for him.

MOL: What kind of a diet?

TRAI: Make him give up everything he likes and eat whatever he hates.

MOL: Poor McGee. He's going.....HEAVENLY DAYS. LOOK AT HIM!!! HE'S GETTING ALL PURPLE....

TRAI: Oh I forgot...he's holding his breath...EXHALE!

SOUND: WIND

MOL: Don't exhale so hard, McGee...you sound like a storm at sea.

FIB: (PANTING) Why not? I'm an old ex-sailor. Get it? Ex-haler?

DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: OHHHHHHH DO I FEEL TERRIBLE...OOOOH MY...AM I SORE...THIS IS AWFULL...AM I SORE....(FADE OUT TO) -

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days...did you just give him his treatment?

TRAI: No...I just gave him his bill...

ORK: "GYPSY LOVE SONG"

TURNER

WIL: Commercial - #2. (and announcement of number just played)

FIB: Excuse me a m'ute, Harpo.

WIL: All right. What is it?

FIB: You know...I hate to keep interferin' with your announcements.

WIL: Yes, I've noticed that.

FIB: But I got a swell idea for a cute commercial.

WIL: Swell. You just write it down and mail it to -

FIB: THE IDEA IS THIS, SEE? YOU SAY, "AND YOU CAN WALTZ THRU
YOUR DAILY HOUSEWORK" - "MAKE YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM LOOK
LIKE NEW IN THREE-FOUR TIME" See? WALTZ? THREE-FOUR TIME?

WIL: I dont get it. What's the three four got to do with it?

FIB: (LAUGHS) G.L.O - (3) and C.O.A.T. (4) Catch on?

WIL: Oh yes. But how about the HYPHEN?

FIB: Oh that's just a short dash to the nearest dealer, who
will save you up to one third on your large size can of
Johnson's Glo-

MOL: MCGEE...COME OUTA THAT!

FIB: Okay Okay...Go on, Harpo. Climb back on your old-fashioned
plug and drive on.

WIL: (ONE LINE TO FINISH COMMERCIAL)

ORK: THEME - DOWN FOR

ORK: MCGEE THEME - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: FIBBER'S ATHLETIC TRAINING IS CERTAINLY COMING ALONG. HERE HE IS - REJOINING MOLLY AFTER A STEAM BATH...WEAK, BUT STILL GAME..

FIB: PHEW I've soaked up enough steam to run the Broadway Limited to Siberia, and back. I'm practically parboiled. Hey, there, Trainer...what's the idea o' steamin' me so long?

TRAI: Oh I just wanted to give you an idea of our facilities.

MOL: Kind of a Cook's Tour, you might say. He seems nice and tender now Mr. Trainer.

TRAI: He'll feel swell when he's had a little plunge in our pool

FIB: Pool eh? Hot dog...lead me to it...that's what I need... a little swim!

TRAI: Better have a couple more exercises first. How do you like the treatment so far? The steam baths and all?

FIB: It's hot stuff, bud. But I'm willing to forget and forgive if I get a nice swim outa this.

TRAI: Oh you'll love it. I'll bet that steam bath has limbered you up beautifully. TRY touching your toes with your fingers.

FIB: I don't dare bud...my skin might peel off. I been steamed too much.

MOL: Oh go ahead, McGee... do what the trainer says.

TRAI: BEND FROM THE WAIST... TOUCH YOUR TOES... ALL RIGHT... BEND!

SOUND: RASPING SCREECH

MOL: Hmmm. He still a little stiff.

FIB: WHO'S A LITTLE STI...er... AHEM. Yes... I guess what I need is that swim...

TRAI: We'll get to that later. You're sure you can swim?

FIB: CAN I SWIM? HA HA... HE' I THAT, MOLLY? CAN I SWIM... BUD, I WAS THE AURTHOR OF THAT OLD SWIMMIN SONG... "CANT YOU HEAR ME CRAWLIN' CAROLINE." (LAUGHS) Git it, bud? I says I'm the auth -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY McGee.

FIB: Okay... Anyway bud I'm one o' the worlds greatest amateur swimmers. SARDINE MCGEE THEY USED TO CALL ME. SARDINE MCGEE... THE SLINKIN SIDE-ARM SUBMARINE SENSATION AND SLICK SEA-GOIN SLITHERER O' THE SARGASSO SEA.

MOL: WHAT gasso?

FIB: Sargasso.

TRAI: Just a couple more things and you can have your rub and a swim. Now let's try the rowing machine.

MOL: Heavenly days... that's a funny looking gadget.

TRAI: Step right in it McGee.

FIB: Okay. This is kinda familiar stuff to me. I used to stroke the crew at Princeton.

MOL. What were they...tomcats?

FIB. Quiet, Molly. Ye see, Trainer -

SOUND: RATTLE AND CYMBAL CRASH.

FIB. (GROANS)

TRAI. Excuse me...I forgot to tell you that seat slides.

MOL. An old Princeton crew man should have known that

(SOUND: RATTLE)

FIB. Let's see...where'll I row to, bud? Over to the desk and back? Or twice around the room?

TRAI. Don't be funny...the machine done move. YOU do.

FIB. Oh.

MOL. Use your skull, sculler.

TRAI. Now then...lean forward...and row with the count...

FIB. Count who? Bring him in and we'll have a race.

TRAI. No, I mean while I count the strokes. ONE...no no no... get your back into it.

MOL. Pretend you're back at Princeton, McGee... trying hard to beat the Wellesley crew.

FIB. Wellesley's a wimmin's college.

MOL. I know.

SOUND: EFFECT RATTLES

TRAI. All right...try it again...ONE...TWO THREE...

(VERY TIRED) Well, maybe we'd better let the rowing go.

How about a rub?

FIB: It sure did, bud. Right here. But all them rowing machines--

MOL: MCGEE MR TRAINER MEANS A RUBDOWN.

FIB: Oh...Oh yes. You betcha bud...and then a swim, eh?

TRAI: Certainly. RIGHT IN THERE...on the table please...MUSCLE OFF. OH MUSCLE OFF!

RUSS: (FADE IN) What is wanting with Muscleoff?

TRAI: Take this gentleman and give him a rub. Then show him where the shower is...

RUS: Sure tovarish. You come with me. I am give you a rub so hard I am hardly standing it.

FIB: (FADE OUT) Now just take it easy bud...you know I aint in strict training and -

TRAI: Sit right down here, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Thank you. You know...I think this is going to do McGee a world of good.

TRAI: Oh I'm sure it is. You see -

SOUND: SLAPPING... (VOICES OFF MIKE)

RUSS: Not so bad...eh, tovarichich...

FIB: You play too rough...Vodka...

RUSS: Sure I am playing roughstuff. It is part of the game.

SOUND: SLAPPING

MOL: Heavenly days...he wont HURT, McGee will he?

TRAI: Oh no...not a bid. Do him good. Loosens up those stiff muscles.

MOL: Yes, I suppose he -

SOUNDS: SLAPPING

FIB: OUCH...THAT HURT..

RUSS: LAY DOWN TOVARISCHICH LAY DOWN

FIB: OKAY ..THEM HANDS OF YOURS ARE TOO BIG FOR ME TO ARGUE WITH...

SOUNDS: SLAPPING

RUSS: I AM ONLY DOING WHAT I AM SUPPOSED TO DO TOVARICHICH TURN OVER

SOUNDS: SLAPPING

FIB: OHHHHHEH ..YOU GOT ME THAT TIME...

RUSS: SURE... I AM GETTING EVERYTIME.

SOUNDS: SLAP...

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Trainer...I cant stand this...he's killing, McGee...I'm going in there.

DOOR LATCH

MOL: MCGEE ..WHAT IS HE _

SOUNDS: SLAPS...

FIB: DAD RAT IT, VODKAE ...YOU GOT THE BIGGEST HANDS...Oh Hello, Molly...say look how this guy plays rummy. Wanta take a hand?

MOL: RUMMY! and I thought you were getting a rubdown.

FIB: Dont think I aint. I owe him twenty cents already.

RUSS: Sure Babouschka...CARDS IS MORE FUN DOING IT THAN KNEADING MUSCLES WHICH HE IS NOT NEEDING. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE.

FIB: I think I'm gonna like this place, Molly.

TRAI: I LL TALK TO YOU LATER. Muscleoff. Take your swim if you like McGee...

FIB: Okay, bud. Come on, Molly...where'd he say the pool was

... He - oh gello there sis...

TEE: Hi Mister.

FIB: What you doin' here among us athletes sis?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says is this any place for a little girl like you?

TEE: Like I what?

FIB: Like you are

TEE: Like I are what?

FIB: Like you are. DAD RAT IT...I MEAN

MOL: TEMPER MC GEE and pull up your trunks before you lose 'em.

FIB: Listen Sis ... what are you doin' here?

TEE: Suren I do. I betcha. My daddy is the boss here.

FIB: Well what was it you wanted?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says what was...er... WHAT DID YOU WANT?

TEE: Well, my daddy told my mamma he had a nawful nobby customer here and I wanted to see him. He told my mamma on the phone you had limbs...like a oak tree.

FIB: Ahhh...sturdy eh?

TEE: No...just squirrely.

FIB: Just sq...say IS THAT ALL YOU COME DOWN FOR?.. TO SEE MY KNEES?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says WHAT DID YOU REALLY WANT?

TEE: I just came to bring my papa his pills, I betcha.

FIB: PILLS!

TEE: MmmmmHumm ...My pappa is always takin' pills, I betcha. He says he feels terrible all the time. He cant sleep good or ANYTHING...Hey PAPPA...HERE'S YOUR PILLS... (FADE OUT)

FIB: Well fer the...can you imagine that Molly?

MOL: Forget it, McGee...go take your swim... I wanta go home...

FIB: Okay... there's the pool in there... You hold the door open while I take a runnin' dive into it...

MOL: All right. But dont splash around too long. It's late.

FIB: Okay.. HOLD THE DOOR WIDE NOW...SARDINE MCGEE THEY CALLED ME. (OFF MIKE) HOW'S THE WATER LOOK, MOLLY?

MOL: NICE AND CLEAR, MCGEE...Go ahead.

FIB: (PASSING MIKE) The sensation o' the sargasso sea and the

SOUND: RUNNING FEET... DRUM ROLL...CRESCENDO WIND WHISTLE...

TREMENDOUS CRASH.

FIB: GROANS...

MOL: WHAT'S THE MATTER, MCGEE?

FIB: I...I CANT SWIM...
MOL: You cant swim...SHALL I THROW YOU SOME WATER WINGS?
FIB: NO...THROW ME SOME WATER...THE POOL'S EMPTY!

ORK: CHORD

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "FROM MONDAY ON..." DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND TAG GAG

APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF

om mc 1/25/37 12:00 M

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
Fibber McGee & Molly
WMAQ - RED - 7:00-7:30 PM
MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1937 - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
ALSO REBROADCAST:

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Recently we read you a little verse about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. On hearing this poetic outburst one of our listeners came back at us with a few rhymes of her own. She tells you in a few words, a pretty complete story. But one important thing she left out was the fact that GLO-COAT is a no-rubbing floor polish, made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX. But here, let's read the verse. It goes like this:

I've learned a new economy
So take this little tip from me
Put GLO-COAT on your floor and see then
How bright and shining it will be
You'll never have to scrub again
For GLO-COAT makes linoleum new
And keeps it clean and polished too --
It dries in 20 minutes flat --
"SHINES as it DRIES" -- and that is that.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WMAQ-RED - 7:00-7:30 PM
MONDAY JANUARY 25, 1937

SECOND COMMERCIAL

MOLLY: Well, I'd just like to tell all you women listening tonight that you can take Mr. Wilcox's word for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. He certainly tells the truth about it, whether McGee kids him or not. GLO-COAT is a wonderful floor polish! And it's so easy to use. You just spread a little lightly over your linoleum or wood floor. You can use a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER. Then you walk away and let it dry for 20 minutes. When you come back your floor'll look as bright as a mirror. My neighbors all tell me how nice my kitchen floor looks -- and I never do any rubbing or buffing. If you haven't got GLO-COAT on your pantry shelf you'd just better order some from your dealer the first thing tomorrow morning.

WILCOX: That was great Molly.

MOLLY: Well, I meant every word of it, Harlow

WILCOX: Now let's tell people how to spell GLO-COAT.

MOLLY: Sure --

WILCOX &)
MOLLY:) G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

vc 1:15 pm
1-25-37

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ADVERTISER
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CHICAGO OUTLET
7:00-7:30 PM

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

REBRO