

# NBC

ARTISER S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#96)

OK

BROADCASTING OUTLET WMAQ  
7:00-7:30 PM )

(FEBRUARY 8, 1957 )  
DATE

( MONDAY DAY )

PRODUCTION

PRODUCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

11:00-11:30 PM

Price - Prints  
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*Cut*

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: FINISH THEME

WIL: Ted Weems and his Orchestra open the show with --

FIB: Excuse me, Harpo. May I ask you a question?

WIL: No. TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh well...what is it?

FIB: What was that music somebody wrote in and wanted Ted to play on this show?

WIL: Oh you mean Tannhauser?

FIB: That's it. Why should we plug Peter Van Steeden when we got Ted Weems.

WIL: Peter Van Steeden! He's on the Allen show. What's he got to do with Tannhauser?

FIB: With who?

WIL: Tannhauser.

FIB: Tannhoy- oh, I THOUGHT YOU SAYS TOWNHALLSER.

WIL: Ladies and Gentlemen, we regret the interruption in our broadcast, but the necessary repairs have now been effected, and Ted Weems and his Orchestra will STILL open the show with "ONE IN A MILLION".

ORK: "ONE IN A MILLION"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

ORK: McGee theme: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T):

WIL: NOW TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WHERE, WORKING ON HIS THIRD SMASH HIT FOR THE "WISTFUL VISTA LITERARY, PINOCHLE & DRAMA CLUB" WE FIND THAT EMINENT PLAYRIGHT AND HIS SEVEREST CRITIC, - FIBBER MCGEE - & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER SPURTS

MOL: McGee...whoever suggested you write another show for the Drama & Pinochle Club?

FIB: Well, it was kind of a matter of popular request, Molly. It was the concensus of opinion ye might say. Ye see, we -

MOL: Was it voted on?

FIB: Welllllll, no, but -

MOL: ~~Did anyone mention it to you?~~

FIB: ~~Well-l-l, no, but -~~

MOL: ~~Then it's strictly your own idea?~~

FIB: ~~Well - l-l yes, but -~~

MOL: I thought so. BY REQUEST OF THE PLAYRIGHT, THE PLAYRIGHT WILL WRITE ANOTHER PLAY.

FIB: Oh noy, Molly, look what a success our HIAWATHA was. It-

MOL: How much did it make?

FIB: It made about.....well, I mean a ARTISTIC success. And believe me, this one is gonna TOP it.

MOL: How do ye top a flop?

FIB: Whaddye mean, a flop? ~~Why we had letters from all over~~

~~the country wantin' copies of HIAWATHA as we played it!. It shows there still IS a demand for the finer things. Why we're thinkin' of printin' cards, makin' everybody who writes in a member of the Wistful Vista Literary, Pinochle and Drama Club. I'm gonna order the printer to print two-million in all.~~

*promise part*

MOL: How many in the first run?

FIB: ~~Ohhhh, a hundred....hundred and twenty--five, maybe.~~ *Why* We'll have everybody talkin' about it. Like Benny and Allen talk about each other.

MOL: By the way, McGee....that number Benny plays - "The BEE" ...what do you think of it?

FIB: The Bee? It stings. Now lemme see...second act, scene eight -

SOUND: TYPEWRITER

MOL: What's this play about?

FIB: Cinderella.

MOL:

Oh, I know - the girl who had to walk home because she lost her mule -

FIB:

Ye see, in the scene where Cinderella meets Robinson Crusoe on the millionaires private yacht, who should enter but Lieutenant Dinwiddie, of the United States Marines -

*Who do I have to forget?*  
*Fib you don't have to forget - Admitt*  
*MOL: well*

Heavenly days. <sup>What a mix-up -</sup> Only two people could write that play and get away with it, McGee. <sup>like that</sup>

FIB:

Who's the other one?

MOL:

I didn't mean you. I meant either a brave young man, or a Noel Coward.

FIB:

AHEM. Anyway, this handsome Lieutenant Dinwiddie comes in and sees Cinderella, in rags, standin' on the deck. Hiyah, Cin', he says. Hiyah, Din', says she, flutterin' her eyelashes at him. (It's Love at first sight, ye see?) Then Cinderella's old man, who is really the Czar of Russia, Romanoff -

MOL:

--and his violin.

FIB:

That's Rubinoff.

MOL:

Well inoff is inoff.

FIB:

Ye see, I wanta git some of the spirit of Garbo into the Cinderella part. That'll give the whole thing a boost.

MOL:

You mean "you'd get a LIFT with a Camille."

TYPEWRITER:

MOL: ~~There's just one thing, McGee. Historically, I don't think you're quite accurate. Cinderella is a different story than Robinson Crusoe, and the Czar of Russia wouldn't~~

FIB: ~~Wait a minute, Molly. I didn't finish. Then at stage left, enters the OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE, holdin' two Paris Apaches by the hand - it's kinda symbolical.~~

MOL: ~~Of what?~~

FIB: ~~The Old Lady in the Shoe, with French Heels. I'd kindalike to git Harpo Wilcox to play the part of Lieutenant Dinwiddie of the U.S. Marines, but he's too old.~~

MOL: ~~Too OLD! Why Harlow Wilcox is a young man.~~

FIB: ~~Go on...he's 98 that I KNOW of.~~

MOL: ~~Why McGee, do you mean to stand there and tell me that Mr. Wilcox is 98 years old?~~

FIB: ~~I'm positive.~~

MOL: ~~98 - How do you figure that?~~

FIB: ~~Well, I remember when I was four years old, Harpo was eight.~~

MOL: ~~Yes, but -~~

FIB: ~~That makes him twice as old as me, and I'm 49.~~

MOL: ~~79 <sup>June 49</sup> Well heavenly days...I wouldn't have believed it! He hasn't any wrinkles.~~

WIL: ~~OH YES I HAVE. SOME NEW WRINKLES IN HOUSEKEEPING. JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, FOR INSTANCE, TO KEEP YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM BRIGHT AND SHINING WITH A MINIMU-~~

FIB: ~~HARPO!~~

WIL: ~~Oh excuse me, am I intruding?~~

MOL: ~~McGee is writing another play for the Drama and Pinochle Club, Mr. Wilcox.~~

WIL: ~~Swell! I think he's got something that Shakespeare never had.~~

FIB: ~~Tha-a-a-anks, Harpo. What's that?~~

WIL: ~~A typewriter.~~

FIB: ~~I wanted to cast you as Lieutenant Dinwiddie of the United States Marines, Harpo, but I dunno. You -~~

WIL: ~~Skip it. I think marine is a terrible color.~~

MOL: ~~You're thinking of macaron.~~

FIB: ~~70 <sup>Macaron</sup> Macaroon, Molly. That's a little coconut cookie.~~

WIL: ~~You're thinking of a pretzel. It isn't coconut. It's a little salt.~~

FIB: ~~Well, so's a marine. Ye see how it all works out in the end. Now, in the fifth act, scene nine, which is the drawing room of the Dinwiddies'. Their Country seat on Thunder Mountain.~~

MOL: ~~Kind of a rumble seat.~~

FIB: ~~Yes...er...NO. Anyway -~~

WIL: ~~I wanta be Robert E. Lee.~~

FIB: ~~Robert E. Lee isn't in this play, Harpo.~~

WIL: ~~What of it? I can bring my own horse.~~

MOL: ~~Go on, McGee. Write General Lee in for Mr. Wilcox.~~

WIL: ~~He's my favorite character. Come on, please!~~

FIB: No sir. Robert E. Lee aint in this -  
 WIL: All right. I WONT PLAY. NOT EVEN IF YOU BEG ME! SO THERE  
DOOR SLAM:  
 FIB: Maybe it's just as well, Molly. I don't think old Harpo  
 could handle smart dialog anyway.  
 MOL: WHAT smart dialog?  
 FIB: Wel-1-1-  
DOOR LATCH:  
 MOL: Well, Mr. Wilcox?  
 WIL: You gona beg me?  
 FIB: NO!  
 WIL: (WISTFULLY) I got my own saddle, too.  
 FIB: NO!  
 WIL: I know where I can get a sword.  
 FIB: NO!  
 WIL: I know three people who'd buy tickets to see me do Robert  
 E. Lee.  
 FIB: Okay. You're in.  
 WIL: Thanks.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "GONE" --

-- COMO.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT):  
WIL: <sup>lets go back</sup> NOW TO THE STAGE OF THE WISTFUL VISTA OPERA HOUSE,  
 WHERE WE FIND FIBBER AND MOLLY... <sup>prepared to present</sup> ~~IN CHARGE OF THE~~  
<sup>negates our version of</sup> ~~WISTFUL VISTA LITERARY, PINOCHLE & DRAMA CLUB'S THIRD~~  
~~EXTRAVAGANZA, -- CINDERELLA.~~  
 -----  
 FIB: What'd he mean, "extravaganza".  
 MOL: ~~It~~ means it costs too much. But it wont cost you half as  
 much as it would of if I hadnt made you stick closer to  
 the <sup>original</sup> Cinderella story.  
 FIB: All right...all right. I'll admit that glass slipper  
 scene is gonna be a real contribution to the drama.  
 MOL: ~~A few contributions to the box-office would help more.~~  
<sup>we go</sup> How many tickets have been sold?  
 FIB: Search me. I been too busy with the artistic side o'  
 things to bother about the dirty little details. Costumes  
 ...scenery...scripts. Gittin' that sign off the front o'  
 the theatre.  
 MOL: Sign? What sign?  
 FIB: Oh, they had a big banner hangin' on a pole out in front.  
 Here...I took it down. See?  
 MOL: Shake it out so's I can read it.  
SOUND: FLAPPING.  
 MOL: Hah...."THIS THEATRE WILL BE TORN DOWN MARCH FIRST". Well  
 what of it?

FIB: Oh it's bad business havin' that out there. Where'll I put it?

MOL: Lean it against the wall with those prep flags....where nobody'll trip over it.

SOUND: CLUNK

FIB: You wouldnt think a guy with my responsibilities would notice a little thing like that flag, would you? But the bigger the executive, they say, the keener the mind.

Why -

BOOM: *oh there* HOW'S EVERYTHING going, my little three-sheat? Hope everything is all right.

FIB: Oh oh yes. I got everything under control, Boomer. Molly, I think you know Horatio K. Boomer, owner of the opera house.

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

BOOM: Well well well, Katherine Hepburn!...delighted to meet you, my dear...delighted. (Enjoy all your pictures very much)...yes..yes...~~Imagine meeting you in my own theatre!!!~~.

MOL: Oh, please, Mr. Boomer. I'm Mrs. McGee...not Katherine Hepburn.

BOOM: OH, MRS. MCGEE...NOT MRS FIBBER McGee!

FIB: The same, Boomer.

MOL: Yes...(SIMPERS)

BOOM: Madam, I am dumbfounded. I am flabbergasted, astounded, amazed and taken a-back. Imagine meeting a double for Miss Hepburn in my own little home of the dramatic art. Of course the light back here is pretty bad...

MOL: Katherine Hepburn...heavenly days...of course I've been told I DO have her eyes.

BOOM: You should have her salar-...er...YES YES...~~And you, my dear, McGee.~~

FIB: ~~I know...I know...I'm a dead ringer for Ronald Coleman. Is that it?~~

BOOM: ~~No, I don't believe it would have strick me, my little Imp - resario.~~ I just came back to tell you a little news.

FIB: What's that, Boomy?

BOOM: The rent <sup>price</sup> on the theatre will be a trifle more than I had estimated. Let me see...I have the figures right here...

FIB: Oh hey now...listen. That aint fair, Boomy. You <sup>agreed</sup> says--

MOL: Now McGee....I'm sure Mr. Boomer means all right.

BOOM: Certainly do, my little Plum Blossom, I certainly do. Now where did I put those figures...let me see...here's that telegram from Hollywood...want me to book the "Last of the Mohicans," but unless they can give me the "First of the Mohicans" we cant do business...

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FIB: But listen Boomer...about the rent.  
BOOM: Coming to that, my boy...as soon as I find my <sup>figures</sup> papers...  
let me see now...~~here's my brass knuckles...very useful,~~  
~~too...always wear them to attract the bartender's attention~~  
...Lunch-check from the restarant...must have gone out  
without paying this noon...careless of me...(more careless  
of them)...yes yes...two checks for short beers...well  
well well ~~imagine that...~~ dont seem to be able to find the  
figures...just drop into my office after the show and  
we'll settle the whole thing, McGee...  
FIB: Aw now listen Boomer, we cant -  
BOOM: THAT'S FINE...I knew you'd see it my way, My boy. That's  
what the theatre needs today...adaptability. Yes yes....  
good day to you, Miss Hepbur...ah, excuse me...Mrs.  
McGee! (FADE OUT) ALL RIGHT THERE BOYS...SOME NEW BULBS  
IN THOSE BORDER LIGHTS...  
FIB: Why that dirty...  
MOL: Katherine Hepburn...did you heard what he said, McGee?  
He mistook me for Catherine Hepburn.  
FIB: Yes, and he mistook me for Oscar P. Chump. But I'll show  
him.  
MOL: Oh forget it, McGee. Lemme see your scripts of the play.  
FIB: What pl-;...oh! Cinderella. The scripts arent here yet.  
They're bein' typerotten...er...written.  
MOL: Am I in it?

msl. Forget to ~~write~~ The plays the thing.  
7 il. What play! Oh Cinderella. Remember you

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FUB: Shucks, you got the title Part. You're Cinderella. I  
was thinkin' even of makin' you both Cinderella and the  
Godmother. A dual role.  
MOL: A DUAL role. Who would I have to fight?  
FIB: Dad rat it you dont have to fight. I meant a DOUBLE roll.  
But you better stick to just Cinderella. That's a fat  
part.  
MOL: Don't be insulting.  
FIB: I mean she...AWW...now look. You're Cinderella. And  
I'm Prince Charming.  
MOL: You're WHAT?  
FIB: (COXLY) Charming. Prince Charming.  
MOL: Who says so?  
FIB: Well, I wrote the show didnt I? Aint I gotta right to have  
the-  
MOL: All I can say is it's a good thing you didnt hold auditions  
for it. You'd have come last in a field of three million.  
FIB: AHEM. Now in the big closing scene...you gotta be home  
by twelve, see? Or your rich clothes turn to rags, and  
your coach turns back into a punkin. (SIGHS) I wish we  
could do that illusion on the stage.  
MOL: That ought to be easy.  
FIB: To TURN A COACH INTO A PUNKIN?  
MOL: Sure. Didnt we see our last car turn into a lemon?

FIB: AHEM. Anyway, the clock strikes twelve...off stage. HEY  
THERE...STAGE HAND.. YOU GOTTA CLOCK?

RUSS: (FADE IN) Sure Tovarichich...we gotta clock directing  
show. A DOM CLOCK...HAH HAH.

FIB: (LAUGHS WEAKLY) Let's see...where was I?

MOL: Directing show, - Dom Clock!

FIB: Well, when you run off the stage...as the clock strikes  
twelve - and - HEY STAGEHAND ....WE DONT WANT THAT SCENE.  
GIVE US THE PALACE BACKDROP.

RUSS: PIPE DOWN TOVARICHICH. WE ARE STAGE HANDS...NOT YOU. WE  
ARE PUTTIN SCENERY WHERE SCENERY LOOKS GOOD TO STAGE HANDS.  
IF YOU ARE NOT LIKING THAT, WHO AM I - JAKE SCHUBERT?

FIB: All right boys...all right. Suit yourselves. (ASIDE)  
Gotta be diplomatic with them boys, Molly. They can make  
or break a show.

MOL: If they can make a show out of this, they're magicians,  
not stage-hands. ~~Where are me glass slippers?~~

FIB: I'm havin' some made...outa cellophane. Some glass, eh  
kid?

MOL: Go on.

FIB: AHEM. Well, me bein' the Prince which has fell into  
love with Cinderella, I try the slipper on the feet of  
all the dames...er..the ladies present at the ball, see?  
And you're the only one that has a fit.

MOL: I believe it.

FIB: I mean it fits you...next the music comes in and -  
~~the comes see when~~

MOL: Is Silly going to be the prompter again, McGee?

FIB: Yep. And I got a kid from the Pinocchio and drama club  
for Cinderella's attendant, and a couple o' dames for  
the mean sisters. Silly's studyin' up on the parts so's  
he can prompt the - OH HEY THERE, SIL....HOW YOU DOIN'?

SIL: How'm I doin' wah?

MOL: Are you getting along all right with your prompting,  
Silly?

SIL: Yass'm. But they's somp'm ah don' unnehstan' please, suh.

FIB: What's that, Sil? Somethin in the script?

SIL: Yassuh. Look heah. Wheah lil ole mean gal -  
Cinderella's sister.

SIL: Yass'm. Wheah lil Cin'rella's sisgy, she says "OH SO YOU  
GOIN TO DE BALL IS YOU? "Wha dis say heah?

FIB: Where? Oh, THERE...that's says "SNEERING", Silly. She  
says that line with a sneer. Understand?

SIL: Yassuh. She talkin' in her sleep.

MOL: ~~No no no, Silly. Not snoring. SNEERING.~~



SIL: ~~Yas'm.~~  
 FIB: ~~Understand, Sil?~~  
 SIL: ~~Nossuh. How can she sneesh, when she ain' sleepin'?~~  
 FIB: I'm afraid, Sil, you dont distinguish between audible  
 aleeping and supercilious disdain.  
 SIL: Tha's all right, boss. You cain' huht mah feelins' none.  
 MOL: He wasn't calling you names, Silly. He means that  
 Cinderella's sister says that line with her lip curled.  
 Like this....see?  
 SIL: (PAUSE) How much 'at lil ole gold tooth crest, ma'am? Ah  
 got one that -  
 FIB: Listen Sil. We ain got time to waste on this stuff. That  
 word means that character says that line real nasty. Now  
 you get the idea?  
 SIL: Ohhhhh, yassuh. YASSUH. Ah catch on now. *Hand*  
 MOL: Fine. Did you stop at the house on the way down here  
 and polish the floor like I told you?  
 SIL: Yas'm. But ~~directions on that lil' ole label on Johnson's~~  
 Glocoat ain' right, ma'am.  
 FIB: Careful there, Sil. Why's it wrong?  
 SIL: Lable say flo' dry in twenny minutes, boss. This flo she  
 dry in 19.

FIB: You wouldn't make a bum of our sponsor for 60 seconds,  
 would you, Sil?  
 SIL: Oh, NOSSUH. Bettah Business Burro don' sue nobody fo'  
 modesty, ah reckon, sub.  
 MOL: That's right, Silvius. Now have you finally got this  
SNEERING business straightened out in your mind?  
 SIL: ~~Yas'm. She say dat line wif a lip up lak dis. *real nasty*~~  
 FIB: ~~Swell, Sil. You're a pretty snappy sneerer.~~  
 SIL: ~~Yassuh. She say it real NASTY.~~  
 MOL: That's the idea. She sneers.  
 SIL: She wah?  
 MOL: I say she SNEERS. SNEERS!  
 SIL: She an-....WELL DAWGGONE IF DAT GAL AIN' GONE BACK TO  
 SLEEP AGAIN!  
 ORK: CHASER:  
APPLAUSE:  
 WIL: BEFORE WE GIVE YOU THE IMMORTAL DRAMA OF "CINDERELLA",  
 TED WEEMS PLAYS HIS POPULAR RHUMBA ARRANGEMENT OF  
 "HEARTACHES" - WITH ELMO TANNER WHISTLING.  
 ORK: "HEARTACHES" -- TANNER.  
APPLAUSE:  
 WIL: (COMMERCIAL ANNCM'T) #2 - (To be interrupted) -

FIB: Excuse me a minute, Harpo.

WIL: All right. What is it?

FIB: Listen. We're puttin' on a play about Cinderella, aren't we?

WIL: Are we?

FIB: If you'd show up at rehearsals, you'd ... er . . . AHM.

Yes, we are. So look; - why don't you get smart and tie up your commercial announcing with the subject at hand?

WIL: Will you amplify that?

FIB: Sure. (SHOUTS) WHY DON'T YOU GET SMART AND TIE UP -

WIL: No no no .. I didn't say LOUDER. I meant EXPLAIN it.

FIB: Oh oh yes. Listen. HOUSEWIVES ... ATTENTION!

WIL: I used to get that on my crystal set.

FIB: HOUSEWIVES, ATTENTION! YOU MAY THINK IT'S JUST A FAIRY STORY THAT CINDERELLA'S FAIRY GODMOTHER WAVED HER WAND AND MADE A SHINY COACH OUT OF A OLD PUNKIN. BUT YOU DON'T NEED ANY COACHING TO KNOW THAT THE LONG-HANDLED GLOGOAT APPLIER IS A MAGIC WAND THAT'LL TRANSFORM YOUR OLD FLOORS INTO SOME PUNKINS!

Well, you get the slant, don't you, Harpo? All ye gotta do is -

MOL: McGee .... leave Mr. Wilcox alone!

FIB: Okay...Okay. I was just tryin' to get Harpo to turn some o' them old plugs out to pasture.

WIL: Well, thanks anyway, Fibber. I guess you mean all right, in your own blundering way. (FINISH COMMERCIAL).

ORK: MC GEE THEME: SEGUE INTO "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" DOWN FOR -

WIL: AND NOW TO THE PIECE DE RESISTANCE OF THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT. THE SMASHING, HEART-THROBBING FINALE OF THE WISTFUL VISTA LITERARY PINOCHLE AND DRAMA CLUB'S GREAT PRODUCTION - CINDERELLA. THE SCENE IS THE BALLROOM ...IN PRINCE CHARMING'S CASTLE. EVERYONE IS DRESSED IN COURT COSTUME, A LITTLE WRINKLED MAYBE, BUT IMPRESSIVE. FIBBER AS PRINCE CHARMING IS STANDING NEAR HIS THRONE, IN PURPLE SILK KNEE-BREECHES, A RED DOUBLET AND A YELLOW WIG, SLIGHTLY ASKEW. ALL IS GAIETY AND MERRIMENT! SILLY WATSON IS PROMPTING. SO LET THE PLAY GO ON! OVERTURE....CURTAIN!

---

ORK: "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" UP FORTE TO FINISH"

SOUND: CREAK OF CURTAINROLLER: (BUZZ OF VOICES...LAUGHTER)

MAN: WHY ART THOU SO SAD, MY PRINCE? VERILY THOU LOOKETH LIKE JONAH!

FIB: Whaddye me an, Jonah, Duke?

MAN: Down in the mouth. HAH HAH.

FIB: Slay me not with thy foul wheezes, varlet. I am weary of all this false glitter. (this tawdry pretense at pleasure.) It isbut sham...it is but tinsel. I do not know what has come over me.

MAN: Tinselitis, I ween.

FIB: You what?

MAN: I ween.

FIB: Well, it's about time - a guy your age, Duke. You should -

SOUND: HOOPS

FIB: HARK WHAT COMETH?

MAN: Another guest, my lord.

FIB: My lord, another guest! MAKE THEM WELCOME, DUKE...AND IF IT IS A STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES, BRING THEM WHITHER..ER. SNITHER...ER..DON'T BOTHER..GO, VARLET!

MAN: I GO, PRINCE. BUT...MY LORD.

FIB: YES, DUKE?

MAN: I SEE-ETH IT IS A LOVELY MAIDEN WHO ARRIVETH. SHALL I SHOW HER TO THE GALLERIES, THAT SHE MAY SEE THY ETCHINGS?

FIB: NAY, SCULLION. FETCH HER HITHER THAT SHE MAY SEE THY PRINTS. HAH HAH...GET IT, DUKE...THY PRINCE?

MOL: TAINT FUNNY, MELORD.

FIB: Okay...I aint...ER...are you.. er .. well how did..

SIL: PSSST...PSSST...ASK HER WHO IS SHE, BOSS...

FIB: (STAGE WHISPER) WHAT, SIL?

SIL: WHO IS SHE? WHOSISHEEEE!

FIB: Quit sneezin' . AH MAIDEN ... WHO ARE THOU WHICH GREASES ER..GRACETHES...GRACES OUR PALACE. METHINKS, I HAVE NOT THE HONOR OF KNOWING THY FAIR NAME.

MOL: I AM LITTLE CINDERELLA, MCGE..ER..MY PRINCE. IT IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE EVER CAMETH TO THE PALACE.

FIB: AH, MY BEAUTY. WHAT CHARM. WHAT BEAUTIFUL EYES THOU HAST. BOTH OF THEM. AND THY TWO SMALL EARS...AND THY TWO HANDS.

MOL: YES YOUR HIGHNESS. I HAVE HEARD THOU LIKETH DOUBLE FEATURES AT THE PALACE.

FIB: VERILY. IT IS TRUE, MAIDEN.

MOL: (AND ALL THESE NOBLE MEN AND SWELL DAMES. WHO ART THEY? AND WHO ART THAT HANDSOME NOBLEMAN STANDING THERE...NEAR THE ARCHWAY?)

FIB: HE IS BUT A DUKE. AND ARCHDUKE. BUT I FORGETTETH MY MANNERS, CINDERELLA.

MOL: THOU NEVER HAD MANY, PRINCY-WINCY.

FIB: Stick to your lines. THRICE WELCOME TO MY PALACE ARE THOU, CINDERELLA. I WILL BID MY COURT JESTER HITHER TO MAKE MERRY. (CLAPS HANDS) SEND ME MY JESTER.

MOL: CANST THOU NOT MAKETH UP THYNE OWN GAGS, PRINCY? MUST THOU HAVETH A JESTER?

FIB: NAYE...BUT THIS SORRY VARLET COULD NOT FINDETH ANOTHER SPONSOR. AH THERE, JESTER. WHAT HAST THEE IN MERRY QUIPS THIS NIGHT? SPEAK FAST - KNAVE!

MOL: AHH A KNAVE! HAST THEE THEN A NAVY, PRINCE?

MORT: HAW HAW HAW...THAT'S A HOT ONE. HAW HAW...A KNAVE FROM THE NAVY. HAW HAW...HEARD A LOT OF SNAPPY ONES AROUND THE CASTLE TODAY, MY LORD. HAW HAW...I MUFFED ONE IN THE MOAT, BUT IT GOT A DINGER ON THE DRAWBRIDGE! WHEN I SAWETH THIS GAL'S GLASS SLIPPERS I WAS REMINDED OF IT. HAW HAW.

MOL: TELL ME JESTER.. WHY DOST ALL JESTER WEAR THOSE CAP AND BELLS?

MORT: WELL...HAW HAW...IT'S KIND OF A SIGN WE'RE EMPTY HEADED, LADY...HAW HAW...ONE NIGHT CAP AND WE'RE JINGLED. HAW HAW...OH BOY...

MOL: I seeth. Now telleth thy nifty about me glass oxfords, funny guy.

MORT: HAW HAW ON THIS IS A HONEY! HAW HAW...  
HAW HAW YOU KNOW THEY SAY THAT PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS SLIPPERS SHOULD NEVER THROW PARTIES...HAW HAW HAW...OH...BOY...AM I FAST TONIGHT!...HAW HAW...THAT REMINDS ME OF THE DINGER I HEARD ON THE DRAWERIDGE, PRINCE...HAW HAW A FELLER SAYS...HAW HAW...GET A LOAD OF THIS ONE NOW...HE SAYS DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE GLASS BLOWER WHO WAS BLOWING THE GLASS SLIPPERS AND HAD TO SNEEZE? HAW HAW HAW...NO, I SAYS...WELL HE SAYS...HE GOT AN AWFUL BOOT OUT OF IT... HAW HAW HAW...AND THEN I SAYS..HAW HAW...OH THIS WAS A SNAPPER...I SAYS...HAW HAW...I WHIPS RIGHT BACK AT HIM WITH...HAW..HAW..HAW HAW HAW...OH BOY HAW HAW..I SAYS..HAW HAW...OH I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU LATER...

MOL: WHAT WAS THE JOKE WE WAS ABOUT TO HEARETH, MY LORDSHIP.

FIB: I THINKETH HE WAS ABOUT TO SAY THAT GLASS SLIPPERS SHOULD HAVE SOULS OF GROUND GLASS. TO WALKETH ON THE GROUND.

MOL: Hmm. HARDLY WORTH THE EFFORT. BUT, MY FAIR PRINCE, I.. er..I I HAVE FORGOT..I FORGETTETH...I DONT REMEMBER..ER.. what comes next?

FIB: *What* Hey SIL...psast...what's next?

SIL: Lady in waitin' suh.

FIB: What?

SIL: LADY..LADY IN WAITIN', suh.

FIB: Lady waitin' for what?

SIL: Waitin' fo yo' next line.

FIB: Waitin' for m..er..OH YES. AND WHO IS THIS WITH THEE, MY CINDERELLA...<sup>This my</sup> THY LADY IN WAITIN'?

MOL: ~~YES PRINCE. THIS IS LADY WEARYBOTTOM. LADY WEARYBOTTOM, MEET UP WITH THE PRINCE.~~

FIB: Hiyah, Weary. Why dont you go mix with the gang..er..GO AMONG MY GUESTS AND DRAIN A GOBLET OF OCTOBER ALE. ASK MY STEWARD, SIR JAKIE GOLDBERG FOR SOME ALEY ALEY. BUT DONT GET HIGHTY-TIGHTY.

WEARY: Oh thank you your royal highness my goodness you certainly do throw a nifty brawl I'm awful glad I came with my ward, Cinderella she's the fourth ward I've had but I took the fourth ward because I know the alderman pretty well, I really came here hoping I could pick up a count or a duke or something since my last husband got his head chopped off by your executioner but so far I haven't had a nibble from a noble you're wig is on crooked.

FIB: Oh..er..thanks, Weary, I er..Shall I have our court Jester amuse thou whilst I trip the light bombastic with thy Fair Cinderella?

WEARY: No thanks, Prince...I've met him. I didn't believe he was a jester at first he came right up to me laughing like everything and asked me why does a chicken cross the road and I said how should I know, and he said it was because the chicken felt he was laying an egg on this side he said that gag was sort of a divine inspiration and I said yes he got his punnies from heaven and he said it was a very fine jest and I told him what a body needed around him was a jest-protector and he pretty near died laughing only not near enough to suit me well you be a good girl Cinderella while I'm dancing goodbye Prince why don't you pull up your socks? *Don't look now but your garters listed.*

FIB: A charming lady in waiting, Verily. I will give her another audience soon.

MOL: You'll need one yourself, soon. I just saw ten of 'em walkin' out.

FIB: Stick to thy script, wench! AND WHY DOST THOU KEEP SUCH A WARY EYE ON THY BULOVA?

MOL: ON ACCOUNT, PRINCE, ON ACCOUNT OF I MUST NEEDS HASTE ME BASE HOME AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE.. OR MY COACH HORSES WILL TURN TO MICE, ACCORDING TO MY FAIRY GODMOTHER.

FIB: ~~THY GODMOTHER MUST HAVE GOT HORSES FROM MY ROYAL RACING STABLES. AND THEY TURN TO SNAILS...NOT MICE.~~

MOL: ~~AND MY COACHMAN IS A BIG RAT.~~

FIB: ~~FIRE HIM.~~ TELL ME, MY CINDERELLA...WOULDEST THEE TREAD THE MEASURES OF A STATELY MINUET WITH ME? OR WOULD THEE HAVETH A MAZURKA?

MOL: AHHH I LOVETH A MAZURKA. DID THEE EVER HEAR BOB BURNS AND HIS MAZURKA, YOUR HIGHNESS?

FIB: BETTER MAKE IT A MINUET. (CLAP HANDS) MUSICIANS. STRIKE UP A STATELY MINUET.

ORK: "HOLD THAT TIGER." FOR FOUR BARS AND DOWN DURING DIALOG. UNTIL GLASS CRASH.

MOL: IT IS INDEED...A LOVELY MINUET, PRINCE. TELL ME..WHAT MAKETH THY DANCE FLOOR SO DIVINELY SMOOTH?

FIB: TIS JOHNSON'S WAX, BABY. AND MY STEWARD SAYS HE SAVETH ME GREAT SUMS, BY BUYING IT IN THE LARGER SIZES.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

FIB: FORSOOTH, WHAT WAS THAT?

MOL: THOU STEPPEST ON ME SLIPPER, IGGERNUTS!

FIB: AH THEN...WE WILL REPAIR TO THE ROYAL BALCONY AND SIT OUT A COUPLE OF DANCES -

(PAUSE)

FIB: (LOUDER) WE WILL SIT OUT A COUPLE...

(PAUSE)

MOL: You said that.

FIB: SHHH. That's a cue for the clock to strike...  
~~WE WILL SIT OUT A COUPLE (PAUSE)~~ Hey Sil...the clock..  
 the clock...  
 SIL: Lil ole clock don' work, Mist McGee...please suh..  
 MOL: Heavenly days...  
 FIB: ~~WE WILL SIT OUT A COUPLE...~~  
 MOL: ~~THAT MAKEST EIGHT DANCES WE HAVE SAT OUT, YOUR HIGHNESS~~  
 FIB: DAD RAT IT WHY DONT THEY...HEY BACK THERE...THE CLOCK..  
 STRIKE THE CLOCK...~~what's the matter with them stagehands?~~  
 RUSS: THE CLOCK IS NOT WORKING RIGHT, TOVARICHICH. ~~I AM SITTING~~  
~~IT DOWN AT RIGHT TIMES BUT HE IS NOT STRIKING. MAYBE IT~~  
~~IS A SIT DOWN STRIKE, EH, BABOUSHKA?..~~

CROWD UP:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...DO SOMETHING....  
 FIB: Better pull the curtain...PSSSST...PULL THE CURTAIN...  
 RUSS: CURTAIN IS STOCK TOO, TOVARICHICH...I AM POOLING THE ROPE  
 BUT NOTHING IS HAPPENING. ~~I WILL CLIMB UP AND CUT ROPE..~~  
~~WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE...~~  
 MOL: Oh dear oh dear...the show is ruined...  
 FIB: NO IT AINT...I'LL SAVE IT...I'LL GRAB THAT AMERICAN FLAG  
 OVER THERE AND WAVE IT...THAT ALWAYS GETS 'EM...HEY TED..  
 "THE STARS AND STRIPS FOREVER" QUICK...OFF STAGE EVERYBODY..  
 WHERE'S THAT FLAG - OH- HERE IT IS!  
 ORK: "STARS & STRIPES FOREVER"  
 FIB: HURRAY....YIPEEE....YOWEE....HURRAY.....  
 CROWD: CHEERS...LOUD AND LOUDER...WAY UP..FORTISSIMO. & STUFF.

~~SOUND: WIND WHISTLE...CRASH. BAND AND CHEERS FADE.~~  
 MOL: Oh McGee...that was terrible...it was ANFUL....  
 FIB: Oh no it wasn't...I saved it...DIDN'T YOU HEAR EM CHEER  
 WHEN I WAVED THE FLAG AT 'EM.  
 MOL: Yes, I heard 'em cheer, but you waved the wrong flag.  
 FIB: Whaddye mean, the wrong - - -  
 MOL: Look what you grabbed up in the dark. That banner <sup>about</sup>  
 the theatre <sup>would</sup> bein' tore down. No wonder they cheered!

CHORD:APPLAUSE:

ORK: "FROM MONDAY ON"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MGGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG GAG

FIB: Shucks, we might made that play a success if old Harpo  
 had had presence o' mind enough to jump in there and  
 help out.  
 MOL: Oh you can't expect too much of Mr. Wilcox, McGee.  
 FIB: No. I guess not. They say he was left an orphan when  
 he was twelve.  
 MOL: Really? What'd he do with it?  
 FIB: What'd he - ahem - good nite.  
 MOL: Good nite, all!

ORK UP TO FINISH:

mc/ot/1115  
 2/8/37

