

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY #97

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ,
7:00-7:40 PM

FEBRUARY 15, 1937)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

MARKS

Ted Weems

2. Parker Gibbs - Feb 22 - 7 P.M.

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 ^{of number} 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 "PLEASE KEEP ME IN YOUR DREAMS"

ORK: "PLEASE KEEP ME IN YOUR DREAMS"

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: 1ST COMMERCIAL:

ORK: "RIDIN' AROUND" - (Down for Announcement)

WIL: WELL, IT WONT BE LONG BEFORE FIBBER AND MOLLY PRESENT THEIR ONE HUNDREDTH BROADCAST FOR JOHNSON'S WAX. AND IN HONOR OF THE EVENT THEY'VE DECIDED TO HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN. SO HERE - SITTING IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE WISTFUL VISTA SNAPPE SHOTTE SHOPPE AT 14th & OAK STREETS, WE FIND -
- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE.

FIB: SAY WHERE'S THAT PHOTOGRAPHER?

MOL: Oh maybe he's gone out to the Wistful Vista nudist camp to take some more pictures.

FIB: What was the matter with those he had?

MOL: Too much exposure, I wonder if we'll have to sit here all day. By the way, McGee. How shall we have our pictures took?

FIB: Whaddye mean, HOW?

MOL: I mean, sittin' in that cardboard automobile or standin' on the back the observation platform of that canvas train, or sittin' in the crescent moon? I think THAT'S real romantic.

FIB: Aw that's old-fashioned stuff, Molly. *I don't like to rub it in but you ought to be more modern*

~~MOL: Oh it isn't either.~~

~~Harlow. If you use the modern Glo-Coat - you won't have to rub it in.~~

~~FIB: It is too. People used to have their pitchers teak sittin' in the moon! ^{but} now they take 'em layin' in the sun.~~

~~Look at these glossy ^{pictures} prints, Molly! *And let a nice frost finish*~~

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

~~WIL: And for a glossy finish on your floors and linoleum use Johnson's Glo-Coat!~~

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. Did you want to see the photographer, too?

WIL: Yes. I wanted to ask his advice. I took some pictures of myself and they didn't turn out good at all.

FIB: With a map like that, Harpo, you should'a gone to Rand McNally.

MOL: Quiet, McGee. What do you think was the matter, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh I don't know. I think I'd better go to Rochester N.Y., and get my camera fixed up.

FIB: You better go to Rochester, Minnesota, and get your face fixed up.

MOL: You mean he should get his face lifted, McGee?

FIB: ~~No not exactly.~~ Shucks, he could leave his face layin' around anywhere and nobody's ever lift it.

WIL: Awww, whaddyou know about photography, anyway?

FIB: Who, me? Say, I used to be a expert photographer myself, Harpo. Certainly you must have seen me around the studio with my tripod.

WIL: No, but I've seen you around with some odd tripe. So long.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Smart guy! He could take full length pictures of himself every day and every one would be a bust!

MOL: What did you mean you were an expert photographer, McGee?

FIB: Why didnt I ever tell you, Molly? I used to be one o' the best cameramen in the racket.

MOL: I ~~suppose that was while you were in New York with a newsreel.~~ ^{out in Hollywood}

FIB: No ~~that~~ ^{out} was in Hollywood where the knees rule.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh it's Ted Weems.

FIB: Hi Ted.

TED: Hello, Molly. Hello Fibber. The photographer in?

MOL: Well, we been waiting ^{out here} for him but he must be awful busy.

FIB: Why Ted?

TED: Oh I've got a picture of my band here, and I want it enlarged.

FIB: You'll git the same effect by just havin' 'em play louder.

TED: Thanks, I never thought of that.

MOL: Oh leave it to McGee. He knows everything about anything.

FIB: Well, you can't fool me on photography, at least. Matter of fact, I was a aerial photographer, once.

MOL: Go on. Who'd ever want a photograph of an aerial?

FIB: I mean I used to go up in a airplane and take pictures.
~~You know, bird's-eye view.~~

~~TED: I get it. You played the long shots.~~

FIB: Yes sir. I was the trickiest bulb squeezer in Philadelphia at one time. That was way back in 1923. ~~or was it 24.~~

~~No it was 22 or no...25, it was. Let's see. I took the first panoramic picture o' Paul Whiteman in 1922....I snapped that rare shot o' Harpo Wilcox with his mouth shut in 19...~~
NO IT WAS 1925.

MOL: How many men on the Supreme Court bench then?

FIB: ^{none}
~~Nine, and a water-boy~~ Ye see, they were playin' ball then. Dis is a new idea
~~and nobody thought o'~~ sendin' to the bush leagues for rookies

TED: What's that got to do with it?

MOL: Nothing. But that gag didnt seem to fit anyplace else in the show.

TED: I dont even like it here.

FIB: If you dont like it here, Ted, why dont you go back to Russia where you came from?

TED: I'm not a Russian. I'm a Pennsylvanian.

FIB: Yes, you are a little Waring at times. But we were talkin' about me bein' a photographer.

TED: Who was?

MOL: He was.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, as I says, I was knowed in them days as
Photoflash McGee. PHOTOFLASH MCGEE, THE PHLYIN' PHILM
PHREELANCE: THE PHANCIEST, PHOOLHARDIEST, & PHINEST
PHENOMENAL PHOTOGRAPHER O' FAMOUS PHOLKS' PHIGURES AND
PHACES FROM PHRISCO TO PHILLY

MOL: PHOOEY'

FIB: Well sir, one time I was flyin' over the - HEY WHAT'S THE
MATTER TED?

TED: I PHEEL PHAINT, I WONDER IF MY FINE FELLOWS WON'T FORK OVER
A PHEW PHAST PHILHARMONIC PHRASES. FIDDLE FRIENDS!!

ORK: "MAY I HAVE THE NEXT ROMANCE WITH YOU?" --COMO

APPLAUSE: *That was Perry Como singing "May I have the*

ORK: MCGEE THEME: - (Down for announcement);-

WIL: THE PHOTOGRAPHER HASNT SHOWN UP YET, AND FIBBER AND MOLLY,
SITTING IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF HIS STUDIO, ARE GETTING
PRETTY IMPATIENT.

MOL: McGee... what are ye gonna do?

FIB: I'm gonna demand he see us right away. Cant keep me waitin'
here, all day --

DOOR LATCH

Paul m door

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FIB: I'm gonna demand he see us right away. Cant keep me waitin'
here, all day --

DOOR LATCH

Paul m door

FIB: (OFF MIKE) LISTEN HERE, YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA O' MAKIN'
US WAIT OUT HERE TILL... (PAUSE) HEY! (PAUSE) HEY...
ANYBODY HERE? (ON MIKE) Nobody here, Molly. Come on...
let's go in. ^{To the Studio} so when he comes back we'll be took care of
first! Come on.

MOL: Oh, McGee. I dont think we ought to...MY. WHAT A NICE STUDIO!

FIB: Shut the door...keep other customers out till we get our
pictures taken.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Who's gonna take 'em?

FIB: Shucks, if the guy dont git back soon, I'll take 'em myself.

MOL: You better leave things along. (SNIFF SNIFF) What's that
terrible smell?

FIB: That's the chemicals they use fer developin'. HYPOSULPHITE
OF AMONIUM BICHLORIDE WITH A TEN PERCENT SOLUTION O'
^{M. G. G. G.}
DEVELOPER NITRATE INFUSION AT 400 CENTIGRADE. Anyway, that's
what I used to develop pictures with when I had my studio

MOL: How'd they come out?

FIB: Search me. It smelled so bad I never went back to see.

MOL: Look at that tremendous camera, AND LOOK AT THE FUNNY
LIGHTBULBS McGee.

FIB: ~~Imagine that?~~ Somebody's stuffed 'em full o' tinfoil.

MOL: Those are flash-bulbs, iggernuts!

FIB: We used to have to use powder when I was in the business.
Never forget the time my secretary used flash powder
instead o' face powder on her nose and then lit a
cigarette.

MOL: I ~~suppose she thought~~ that was a ^{bright} great idea.

FIB: Sure...you shoulda seen her face light up.

MOL: Just a flash in the pan, ye might say.

FIB: I'll never fergit the time I had me my studio in Peoria.
Some tough gangster come in one day and wanted some soft-
focus pictures took to send to his mother. Well sir -

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Oh Hello there, little girl.

FIB: Hello little girl ..you want something?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says, what was it you wanted?

TEE: I want my pitcher took with my kitty. (MEOWRRR)

FIB: Well..(LAUGHS) That aint such a large order, I guess.
That's a pretty kitty you got there, ain't it?

MEOWRRR

TEE: She said yes, she is pretty.

FIB: (LAUGHS) She did, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says, she did eh?

TEE: She did what?

FIB: Said yes.

TEE: Sure. That's what I said she said, I betcha.

FIB: Sure that's what you said she said. But I was just sayin' you said she...aw shucks. So you want your picture tek'n with the kitten, do you?

TEE: ~~Yes please.~~

FIB: Who's gonna pay for it?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY FOR IT?

TEE: I got three pennies, I betcha.

FIB: Three PENNIES! I'm afraid that aint enough, sis. Cheapest picture I could take would be about five bucks.

TEE: *fil. dur.* Gee maybe I better open a account then, I betcha. *That's what my mamma does. If she hasn't got any money she opens an account.*

FIB: Who's Willie Toops got for references?

TEE: Me.

FIB: Hmm. You got the system worked out pretty young havent you?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says....OKAY OKAY WE'LL TAKE YOUR PICTURE...NOW HOLD THAT CAT STEADY...THAT'S IT...NOW WHEN I COUNT THREE...LOOK AT THE CAMERA WHILST I SQUEEZE THE BULB. READY? SAY, CANT YOUR CAT SMILE?

TEE: No. He's a little sourpuss, I betcha. ~~Ready, kitty?~~

~~MEOWRWWWW~~

~~TEE: Yes, he's ready.~~

FIB: Okay. ONE...TWO...THREE!

SOUND: CAT HOWL. (BUT LOUD)

FIB: What the...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?

MOL: You ~~pinched~~ ^{scratched} his tail instead of the bulb, iggernuts.

FIB: You mean I...aw shucks. I'm sorry Sis. But it ~~isn't~~ ^{the pictures will turn out all right} taint the (LAUGHS) First time one o' my pictures turned out to be the cat's meow.

TEE: That's a awful old gag, mister. But when you grabbed my kitty's tail ~~I knew you were gonna~~ ^{close} give it a new twist Well, thanks anyway, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You'd better take that flash bulb out and put in a tail-light, McGee.

FIB: 'Minds me o' the time in 1924 I was chief photog' on the old N.Y. Gazette and the editor calls me in. Listen, Speedy, he says (he always called me Speedy) GO OUT AND GIT A GROUP PICTURE O' THE QUINTUPLETS.

MOL: There weren't any quintuplets then, Speedy.

FIB: That's what I tells the editor. GO GET 'EM ANYWAY, HE
HOLLERS. And I knew too much to argue. Well sir, I
grabs my camera and ~~grabs~~^{SATA} me a kid off the street. I
takes him to Coney Island into the hall of mirrors,
reflectin' him eight times. And when I hands in the
print, the editor goes crazy. WOWIE! HE SAYS ...
OCTUPLETS! YOU'RE SALARY'S DOUBLED! HOT DOG...WHAT A
STORY...by the way Speedy - what IS the story, he says?
Shucks, I says, scratchin' a match on his bald head to
light my pipe, HOW SHOULD I KNOW. I'M JUST A PHOTOGRAPHER.
Well, sir, when I got outa the hospital, six weeks later,
I -

PHONE RINGS:

MOL: Come in!
FIB: That's a telephone effect, Molly.
MOL: Oh yes. Well, answer it.
FIB: Okay. (CLICK) HELLO. WISTFUL VISTA SNAPPE SHOTTE SHOPPE
NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO! ... NO.
MOL: That's a fine set of negetives you're developin'
FIB: Shush! Hello...WHO? OH A MODEL. MABEL? (SWEETLY) WHY
YES, MABEL...COME RIGHT OVER...CERTAINLY...OH ABSOLUTELY.
WE'LL EXPECT YOU (CLICK) (AHEM.) Blow the good old
bugle boys, we -
MOL: MCGEE! Who's Mabel the model?

FIB: Search me. She says the guy that owns this joint always
uses her fer a model...and he promised her a flock of free
~~pictures. It'll be good experience for us, Molly. AHEM.~~
YOU know.

~~MOL: McGee...I wont have you pallin' around with any models.~~

FIB: ~~This is strictly professional stuff,~~ Molly. She's right
next door and she's comin' in. How's my necktie.?

MOL: The knot's crooked.

FIB: Honest? Dad rat it, after this I'm gonna git the kind I
have to tie myself.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: That's her, Molly....let 'er in whilst I pretend to be
busy...

DOOR LATCH: SLAM:

MOL: Oh how do you do, I'm surp...McGee...here's the model, I
think. (ASIDE) now behave yourself.

Fib Hol dog - come in
FIB: AHEM. Hi there sis...are you the professional model?

WHEE: YOU BET I AM, SKIPPY. I WAS MISS AMERICA OF 1888 & 1889.

FIB: Aint you..er..a little advanced...er..I mean..kind a
along in years to be a model, grandmaw?

WHEE: Oh I don't know, buddy. I still got my looks. My boy
friend says to me just last night, "MABEL," he says, "MABEL,
you're eyes are just as bright as a bird's"...oh" I says,
"a BIRD'S EYE MABLE." Well, I said, bird's eye mable makes
a snappy dresser, and if I'm not that I'm nothin'.

FIB: Exactly. That's what I think.

WHEE: What say?

FIB: I...er..I says how do ye want these pictures took, grandmaw. Full face, left or right profile, bust, 3/4, or full-length?

WHEE: Make it three quarters, skippy. Down to the knees. My feet aint what they used to be, though I guess ~~a good~~ ^{they} ~~an~~ ^{he} ~~em~~ ^{he} up.

FIB: Oh I dunno, granmaw. Ye cant give a old trick new dogs, ye know.

WHEE: NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS, SHORTY. GET BUSY...

FIB: Okay. I'll take some pictures of you that your own mother wouldn't reckonize.

WHEE: YOU MUST HAVE SEEN MY MOTHER ON THE STAGE, SONNY. SHE WAS IN "3 Men On A Horse."

FIB: WHAT DID SHE PLAY? THE HARNESS?

WHEE: No, she was A BIT PLAYER. WHOPEEEE!! ALL YOU HORSES BITE ON THAT! HURRY UP AND TAKE MY PICTURE...BUT HEY ^{you} .DON'T TAKE MY PICTURE UNLESS I HAVE [~] RUBBER BAND, SKIPPY, TO HOLD MY SKIRTS TIGHT.

FIB: What's the idea o' that?

WHEE: SAY - I KNOW WHEN YOU GET BEHIND THAT CAMERA AND GET THAT BLACK HOOD OVER YOU HEAD YOU'LL SEE ME UPSIDE DOWN!...

ORK: CHASER: APPLAUSE:

cut Rock

WIL: TED WEEMS PLAYS THAT PERENNIAL FAVORITE, "SALLY WONT YOU COME BACK TO OUR ALLEY" - for Elmo Tanner to Whistle.

ORK: "SALLY WONT YOU COME BACK TO OUR ALLEY" -- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL #2

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

WILL: WELL...FIBBER AND MOLLY, IN THEIR OWN PECULIAR WAY, ARE STILL TRYIN TO RUN THE WISTFUL VISTA SNAPPE SHOTTE SHOPPE UNTIL THE ODDLY- MISSING PROPRIETOR RETURNS.

FIB: Ye know, Molly... ^{we} ^{over} ~~I think we could do the guy that owns this joint a favor if we could get Perry Como to come in and have his picture took. ALL the ^{me} gals want his picture...~~ ^{me} Shucks they was three gals that come in from Iowa one night and met Perry and they refused to go back home and help with the spring plantin'.

MOL: Well, you know the old song. "HOW YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM...AFTER THEY'VE SEEN PERRY."

FIB: That was a cute song he sang at rehearsal..." I CANT FORGET YOU BABY, BECAUSE YOU'RE TATTOOED ON MY HIP". He says they've shortened the title though.

MOL: What is it now?

FIB: "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN"

MAN: Hello, doc...I'M FROM THE MORNING HERALD. OUR PHOTOGRAPHER IS SICK TODAY AND THE CITY DESK WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME PICTURES FOR US.

MOL: ~~Well - we certainly will...won't we McGee?~~

FIB: You betcha bud. I'm the guy that took the movies of Rockefeller givin' away dimes.

MOL: It was wonderful, too! If you speed it up it shows Mr. Rockefeller givin' away quarters..

MAN: Listen. HOW ARE YOU ON GETTIN' PITCHERS O' BATHIN' BEAUTIES, DOC? FOR THE SUNDAY ROTO SECTION.

FIB: Bathin' beauties! Hot dog. (Hear that, Molly?) BOY, BATHIN' BEAUTIES ARE MY SPECIALTY. I'M BIG STUFF ON BATHIN' BEAUTIES!

MAN: Swell, be at the ZOO AT FOUR O'CLOCK. THEY'RE GONNA WASH THE ELEPHANTS.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Well for the...Shucks - they don't wash the elephant at four o'clock!

MOL: Don't go, McGee. ~~Me Uncle Dennis photographed some leopards once and couldn't use one of the prints.~~

FIB: ~~Why not?~~

MOL: ~~Why there were spots all over the animals.~~

FIB: ~~He used the wrong shutter speed, Molly. Ye see, ye always~~

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

SIL: Hiyah boss...hiya ma'am.

MOL: Oh it's Silly Watson.

FIB: What's on your mind, Sil?

SIL: Mah gal sent me, Mist' McGee. Rosebud Jackson. She wanna know how much it gonna cost to have us some weddin' pitchehs taken.

FIB: Watch yōur adjectives, Sil. It's TOOK, not taken.

SIL: Yassuh. How much it gonna cost to have weddin' pitcheh's TOOK.

FIB: That's better.

MOL: But not much. But what do you mean WEDDING pictures, Silly. Whose wedding?

SIL: Mine, ma'am. Mine and Rosebuds. Ah'm afraid.

FIB: YOU'RE WEDDIN'! Why Sil...you rascal...you been keepin' things from us.

SIL: Yassuh. Rosebud she ben keepin' it from me, too suh.

MOL: ~~When is the happy day, Silly?~~

SIL: ~~Wah happy day?~~

FIB: ~~The weddin', Sil. When you gonna have your nuptials?~~

SIL: Well suh, ah.....WAH?

MOL: Oh dear... COME IN!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

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SIL: Well suh, ah.....WAH?

MOL: We want to know WHEN the wedding is? The happy day?

SIL: The happy day is March 31, ma'am. The weddin' is the next day.

MOL: Well that's fine...then you'll be married on the First of Apr- why heavenly days....THAT'S APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

FIB: That's a funny day for a wedding, Sil.

SIL: Yas'm. Rosebud she say dat ^{April Fool} a fine annivers'y. It he'p her remember WHEN an' also WHO. Don' fo'get the date boss.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Poor old Silly.

FIB: Well, I'll run over, April 1st and take some wedding pictures, ~~or I might do it myself.~~ I'll take 'em real romanticwith a kind of a hazy effect.

MOL: That's you. Always lookin' for a soft snap. LOOK OUT!!!

GLASS: CRASH:

MOL: McGEE.....BE CAREFUL. That's about the ninth plate you've busted.

FIB: Oh he's got lots 'em 'em. But I can see right now, if we're gonna have our pictures taken we gotta do it ourselves. We -

KNOCK AT DOOR.

FIB: Hot dog...another customer. Let me handle this one, Molly. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM...

JEWISH WOMAN: Hello. Is somebody here please, who is taking pictures?

FIB: You betcha sis. The snappiest snaps in the city. Fine fotos for fussy folks. Come right in. What can we do for you?

WOMAN: I am wishing to know, how much is a estimate on a group picture for me and mine children.

MOL: Well let's see now. How many of 'em, madam?

WOMAN: ~~Only~~ eleven. (DOOR LATCH) - and fine children too..... come in kids.

SOUND: MARCHING FEET

WOMAN: Now be good children for de camera man. Isn't it a fine little family now? Hyman!...take off your hat. Seymour... stop monkey-businnessing with de camera...STOP IT .I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I am having some Shirley Temples and Freddy Barttollamies in mine liddle flock.

FIB: That third one from the left has got everything Joe E. Brown has, too.

WOMAN: Sure...~~his mout' is bigger even than Joe E. Brown's~~ Irvingk..~~show the man how you are swallowing~~ ^{can you} a billard ball.

LOOK!

MOL: Wonderful. I suppose ^{then} if he swallows it you look in his corner pocket.

FIB: That kid'll wind up behind the eight-ball yet, sis.

WOMAN: Oh they are fine children, so well behaving...RACHEL!

DON'T BE MAKING BONFIRES OF DE PHOTOGRAPHS. . .

(Rachel is a pyromaniac...and at her age, too!) SOLLY!
DON'T DRINK THOSE BOTTLES! How much did you say it is for taking pictures of mine femmily, please?

FIB: Well sis, our usual charge is twenty dollars a dozen, but..

WOMAN: Oy-oy!...20 dollars a dozen and I ^{oh} should be only ^{oh} having eleven! ALRIGHT! KIDDIES... GO HOME...

SOUND: TRAMPING FEET. *see back since day*

WOMAN: Thanks anyway, mister. It would be just my luck if I am having next time twins!

DOOR SLAM FEET OUT...

FIB: Whew...to take pictures o' that mob scene, they oughtta go to M-G-M.

MOL: What does M G M mean?

WIL: It means "MEET the GLOCOAT MAN." ~~Your hardware or grocery dealer who will save you hours of work by selling you the quick drying self-polishing glocoat for your floors and linoleu---~~ ^{and cut}

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello folks. Say, Fibber...how about five bucks, till next Monday?

FIB: That kid'll wind up behind the eight-ball yet, sis.

WOMAN: Oh they are fine children, so well behaving. RACHEL!
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(Rachel is a pyromaniac...and at her age, too!) SOLLY!
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SOUND: ~~TRAMPING FEET.~~ *so be back since day*

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linoleu----~~

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello folks. Say, Fibber...how about five bucks, till
next Monday?

FIB: Sayyyy, you just touched me for a ^a ~~film~~ a couple hours ago!

WIL: Okay, I just thought this Photo Shop would be a hot spot
for some re-touching.

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: McGee...I'm gettin' tired of all this foolishness. If
we can't have our pictures taken let's go home.

FIB: Oh now don't be impatient, Molly. I just figured out how
we can do it ourselves!

MOL: How? ~~Did you find the automatic gadget?~~

FIB: No, but I figured how I can work it. Ye see, we gotta
both be standin' in front o' the camera when she clicks.

MOL: That's elementary, me dear Watson.

FIB: Okay, then. The probalem is, how do we click the camera
without touchin' it? The bulb would show in my hand
if I squeezed it from front and besides it ain't long
enough anyway. So look...

MOL: ~~Oh dear. How?~~

FIB: Look. I raise the window...like this...see?

SOUND: ~~WINDOW UP.~~

MOL: and then you jump out...

FIB: AND THEN I JUMP OU....er...NO DAD RAT IT. Then I tie this string to the handle of the window...then when I let go the window... it drops...pullin' the string... which dumps over this pail o' water onto this sponge... the sponge swells up under this chair leg--tippin' over the chair. The chair has a string on it leadin' to the table where it pulls this dictionary off the table onto the bulb....squeezin' it, and givin' me plenty o' time to get in front o' the camera. Ye see, the sponge really does it. There's your time element. The time it takes to swell up to the right -

MOL: All right, Rube Goldberg. Do your stuff.

FIB: Okay...~~wait'll I git the right exposure and timing set here~~ ..now stand right there...no...to the left a bit...THERE..NOW DON'T GIT IN MY WAY BECAUSE I'LL COME

^ RUNNIN', Ready?

MOL: Ready !

FIB: When ye smile...don't show your teeth so much. That's registers hunger...not personality. READY?

MOL: Ready !

FIB: Ready.

MOL: Ready...

~~MOL: Ready...~~

FIB: Ready...GO!

Handwritten notes:
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 Ready
 Ready

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FIB: Ready.

MOL: Ready...

~~MOL: Ready...~~

FIB: Ready...GO!

Handwritten notes:
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 Go

SOUNDS: WINDOW CLOSING...CLANK OF PAIL...WATER SQUISH...THUD...
CLATTER...GLASS CRASH...TERRIFIC CLATTER AND CRASHING.

MOL: Heavenly days...McGEE...MCGEE ARE YOU HURT.. WHAT
HAPPENED....

FIB: No...No I ain't hurt...but how did I know that little string
would pull that cabinet over onto the camera.....Say where
IS the caerma..?

MOL: It's under there, somewhere....I just ducked outa the way in
time meself... Dear oh dear...you've ruined the place, McGee..
it's

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MAN: That's the one, officer....arrest 'em...they broke into
my shop. .and LOOK...they torn it all apart....

MOL: Why we did not...we were just tryin' to....

FIB: Ye see the door was unlocked so we come in and all
we done was....

MAN: Arrest 'em officer... I'll prosecute...LOOK WHAT THEY'VE
DONE TO MY STUDIO!!!

COP: ALL RIGHT...COME ON...YE'RE UNDER ARREST, YOU TWO...

FIB: Say you can't do this to us....

MOL: Certainly not.. We're respectable ciotizens....

COP: KEEP QUIET AND COME ON. WE'LL BOOK YE FOR BREAKIN'
AND ENTERIN', MALICIOUS MISCHIEF...WILFUL DESTRUCTION
O' PROPERTY AND DISORDERLY CONDUCT....

FIB: But officer, we --

GOP: AND ANYTHING YOU SAY'LL BE USED AGAINST YE! COME ON
DOWN TO THE STATION AND GET MUGGED.

MOL: Whaddye mean, get mugged, ye mugg?

GOP: I MEAN WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOUR FINGERPRINTS AND YOUR
PICTURES!

FIB: You're gonna take...hear that, Molly? (LAUGHS LOUDLY)

MOL: (LAUGHS) HAHA HAH HAH...HE'S GONNA TAKE OUR PICTURES!!

FIB: (LAUGHS LOUDER) ^{Swell} ^{It's about time} OKAY BUD...~~BUT~~ WE'RE WARNIN' YE...
^{Take} GOOD OR BAD, WE'LL WANT TWO DOZEN OF EACH. LET'S GO!

ORK: CHASER: APPLAUSE:

ORK: "PLENTY OF MONEY AND YOU"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: THEME

TAG GAG:

FIB: Well, we got outa that okay, Molly - but I had to talk
fast --

MOL: You promised you'd take the police Sergeant's picture --
what with?

FIB: Well, I think I'm gonna git me one o' them little
German cameras that Red Ingle wears on his chest.

MOL: Heavenly days - is that a camera? I been hollerin' at
him all day. I thought he was deaf.

FIB: Bodies by Fish...Ahem, good nite!

MOL: Good nite, all!!

SIGNOFF

mc, ct, & vc
11-18-37

not Sarcasitic

I suppose you were not in Hollywood etc