

NBC

ADVERTISER: C. JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE: FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY (#98)

OK

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

FEBRUARY 22, 1937)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

MARKS

2 o'clock Monday

golf tracks

*Betty Winkler
Walter Gray - Pat Barrett
Charles Wilson*

Wm J. G. Goyne

Commercials attached

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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 with "YOU CAN TELL SHE COMES FROM DIXIE".
ORK: "YOU CAN TELL SHE COMES FROM DIXIE"
APPLAUSE:
WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

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

IT'S A BIG DAY AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. HIS HONOR, MAYOR APPLEPUSS CALLED FIBBER AND WANTS HIM TO DELIVER AN ADDRESS ON GEORGE WASHINGTON OVER THE RADIO TONIGHT. SO HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, WE FIND, DISCUSSING THE FORTHCOMING ORATORICAL TRIUMPH - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

IB: You know, Molly...I got a great idea. As long as the mayor wants me to talk about George Washington, how about me goin' in Colonial costume.

OL: As Washington?

IB: Sure. You know...the Kid in the Three Cornered Hat. (LAUGHS) Get it? I says Washington is the kid in the -

OL: Taint funny, McGee.

IB: Okay. I got more. AHM.

OL: What runs me down is the idea o' you - ^{whose} always exaggerratin' and fibbin', makin' a speech about George Washington.

IB: Well, Molly, the Mayor realizes I'm a real authority on Washington-ia. I often used to talk to him about George.

OL: I suppose that was when you used to play golf ^{together} ~~with Mayor~~ Applepuss. You in your Century Plant breeches.

IB: Century Plant breeches? ~~You mean my checkered knickers?~~

OL: Yes - those rare bloomers.

WIL: IT'S A BIG DAY AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. HIS HONOR, MAYOR APPLEPUSS CALLED FIBBER AND WANTS HIM TO DELIVER AN ADDRESS ON GEORGE WASHINGTON OVER THE RADIO TONIGHT. SO HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, WE FIND, DISCUSSING THE FORTHCOMING ORATORICAL TRIUMPH - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

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FIB: Well, Molly, the Mayor realizes I'm a real authority on Washington-ia. I often used to talk to him about George.

MOL: I suppose that was when you used to play golf ^{together} ~~with Mayor~~ Applepuss. You in your Century Plant breeches.

FIB: Century Plant breeches? ~~You mean my checkered knickers?~~

MOL: Yes - those rare bloomers.

FIB: AHM. Well, I think I better write me a few notes for my speech. I think I better start off by sayin' LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

MOL: Is that original?

FIB: Oh, now, Molly - quit criticisms. Say -- let's go over to the radio station -- I'll rehearse my speech over there.

MOL: I wanta wait here till me groceries come. Go on with the speech.

FIB: Listen. LADIES AN GENTLEMEN...WE ARE GATHERED HERE TONIGHT - that's kinda trite aint it? What a cinnamon for GATHERED?

MOL: Accumulated.

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE ACCUMULATED HERE THIS EVE...shucks, that dont sound right either. Let's see, gathered...gathered...gathered

MOL: Combined.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Ladies and gentlemen we are combined here toni-NOPE.

MOL: Mobilized?

FIB: That sounds like war.

MOL: So will your speech.

FIB: AHM. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE (something) HERE TONIGHT TO HONOR AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT CITIZEN: GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHO IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY TONITE. WE -

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. "GEORGE WASHINGTON WHO IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY TONITE" You certainly punish the King's English.

FIB: Well so did Washington if you'll remember. AHM. LADIES AND GENTL-

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

RUSS: GROCERIES! WHERE ARE YOU WANTING GROCERIES, BABOUSHKA?

MOL: Take 'em into the kitchen, please.

RUSS: Okay Babouschka.

FIB: Listen Vodka...after this deliver that stuff at the back door.

RUSS: NO, TOVARICHICH. I AM AMERICAN GITICHEN. AND AMERICA IT IS THE LAND OF THE BRAVE AND THE HOME OF COMING IN BY FRONT DOORS

MOL: Well, listen, boy...I dont see the spinach I ordered, here - Didnt you have any?

RUSS: Sure. We got plenty of spinach. But spinach is fool of iron, babouscka, and I am already work plenty hard without carrying baskets of iron. This is Free Country, and if I dont like it, you can go back to Irkutsk, where I came from.

FIB: ✓ Listen, Vodka...you seem to have a kind of patriotic sense. I got to make a talk on George Washington Tonight, and -

RUSS: Who is George Washington being?

MOL: Why...why he was the Father of our country, my boy. First in War, first in Peace and First in the Hearts of his countrymen.

RUSS: That is nothing. I am Alexandrovitch Petruscka Ivan Orkovski Skivah, First in swimming, first in diving and last one in is a big stupid.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: You'd better be gettin' on with your speech, McGee.

FIB: Well, let's see...where was I? Oh yes....LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
WE ARE er.....er...we are.....er....what was I gonna say?

MOL: CONVENED?

FIB: They aint convened. They kin git out any time they wanta.

MOL: Not CONFINED, iggernuts, CONVENED. That means foregathered.

FIB: Say, that's it. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WE FOUR ARE GATHERED...

MOL: NO! FOREGATHERED!

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE FOREGATH- Oh well...I ain't gonna
worry about it. I can handle it okay. I used to be one o' the
greatest impromptu speakers they was. You shoulda seen the room
brighten up when I took the floor...

WIL: AND YOU SHOULD SEE A ROOM BRIGHTEN UP WHEN YOU GIVE JOHNSON'S
GLOCOAT ~~THE FLOOR~~ IT BRINGS OUT THE BEAUTY OF YOUR

FIB: HARPO

MOL: Where'd you come from, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: The stork brought me.

FIB: Dad rat it, Harpo...she means where did you come from just now.

WIL: Ohhhhhh, that. I came over because I had an idea.

FIB: Well dont drag us into that. If you get an idea, it's strictly
your own fault.

MOL: What is your idea, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: ^{Say Fibber} ~~W~~, this is George Washington's birthday ~~you know~~ - so I thought ^{you} ~~Fibber~~ could improve this golden opportunity by making a resolution to tell nothing but the truth from now on. How about it, Fibber?

FIB: Whaddye mean, Harpo?

WIL: I just meant that you should get over your habit of indulging in too much hyperbole.

MOL: Now THAT IS unjust, Mr. Wilcox. He hasnt touched a drop of that stuff for years.

WIL: No, you dont underst....OH WHAT'S THE USE!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: That guy's gotta lotta nerve, - tellin' ME how to act. Just because he's never been around much and I been all over the world, doin' things and meetin' people -

MOL: You mean meeting things and doing people.

FIB: Yes, doing thi NO. I MEAN -

MOL: Mr. Wilcox certainly irks you doesnt he?

FIB: He what?

MOL: I say he IRKS you.

FIB: Oh no. I dont have to irk very hard to keep up with him. ^{me} ~~Just the same I think Mr Wilcox made a good suggestion. you should~~ Come on...let's go over to the radio station. I'm all ready.

MOL: All right. (FADE OUT) ~~Wait'll I powder me nose.. I dont want to meet the mayor lookin' like a....~~

ORK: TRANSITION MUSIC: IN AND OUT

Radio

make a resolution to tell only the truth. Dad started saying Be more Fibber. you mean I should give up my suspenders and get a corset

Music

Wilson Acts Alone

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BUZZ OF VOICES

MOL: My my this is a big place isnt it, McGee.

FIB: I'll say so. I wonder which way we go....

MOL: Ask the reception girl. Excuse us Dearie, but--

GIRL: I'm sorry. No auditions tonight.

FIB: We aint here for auditions, sis; we wanta see -

GIRL: You cant see any programs tonight either. All seats are taken.

FIB: But listen... I tell ye we dont - the idea is this, see? We're gonna -

MOL: Me husband is makin' a speech.

GIRL: I'll say he is, but it wont do him any good. HE CANT GET INTO A PROGRAM TONIGHT. You'll have to write for tickets.

FIB: We'll have to .. SAY... IS THE MAYOR HERE?

GIRL: Yes, he is, but if you want his autograph, you'll ha-

MOL: WE DONT WANT HIS AUTOGRAPH.

FIB: No. He asked me to come over and -

MOL: Me husband is speakin', dearie.

GIRL: I hear him.

FIB: Say... what is this. DAD RAT IT, I'M ON THE MAYOR'S PROGRAM!

MOB: Mayor Applepuss asked him to come over and make a speech about George Washington.

GIRL: What's the name?

FIB: GEORGE WASHINGTON. G.O.R.G.E.....W.A.S.H.I.N.G.T-

GIRL: Just a minute, please. (CLICK OF PHONE) Gimme studio G, please
(PAUSE) Hello, Studio G? Reception desk. Say, there's a guy
named George Washington down here who says he's on a program.

His wife is with him. What? Wait and I'll ask her. (ASIDE)
Are you Martha Washington?

FIB: Aw fer the -

MOL: NO...I'M NOT. I'M MRS FIBBER MCGEE. AND THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE.

GIRL: Well, why didnt you say so! HELLO, STUDIO G.: It isnt George
Washington. No.

FIB: Well. We finally got that settled.

GIRL: It's Mr. & Mrs. Mcgee. They say Mr. Mcgee is making a speech
about...er...about...what was the subject again. Mr. McGee?

MOL: GEORGE WASHINGTON.

GIRL: George Washington. What? He IS! Thanks. Yes, I'll send him

up. (CLICK) Say, the announcer upstairs says George Washington
is dead!

FIB: Really sis? Hear that, Molly? Takes the radio to git these
news flashes.

MOL: Listen dearie...have you heard that Napoleon and Josephine
are blessed eventing?

GIRL: Who?

FIB: Napoleon and Josephine.

GIRL: ~~They dont work here. I couldn't say.~~

Who are they?

Mol. a couple of French people
G. What program are they on
F. Oh, like the judges.

FIB: Skip it, sis. Just tell us where to go and find Mayor Applepuss
I gotta make a speech.

GIRL: Maybe we better send a page in.

FIB: A page wouldnt do him any good. He'll wanta see the whole
speech.

GIRL: No, I mean one of the ushers.

MOL: Oh, I think we can ush ourselves.

FIB: What studio, sis?

GIRL: G-George.

FIB: Fibber to you, Baby.

GIRL: No, that's how we designate the studios. A-Albert, B-Benjamin,
C-Carl, D-Denver, E-Edward, F-Francis and

MOL: G-Whillikens.

GIRL: No, G-George. Just go down the corridor to the left, take the
first door on the right, up the spiral staircase, turn left at
the end of the hall, thru the passage marked no admittance and
go to the fifth door down the hall. You cant help but miss it.

FIB: Thanks, sis.

MOL: If we dont show up again within' ten days, send out the St.
Bernards.

APPLAUSE: CHASER:

ORKE: "WHAT WILL I TELL MY HEART" -- -- COMO <

APPLAUSE:

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WIL: That was TED WEEMS PLAYING "WHAT WILL I TELL MY HEART" - WITH
PERRY COMO SINGING. AND NOW ~~BACK~~ TO THE WISTFUL VISTA RADIO
STUDIOS WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE TRYING TO FIND STUDIO G-
~~GEORGE.~~

BUZZ OF VOICES UP

FIB: Which way'd that reception gal say to go first?

MOL: She said turn left down a spiral corridor. I dont see any
spiral corridor.

FIB: What's the red light over this door mean?

MOL: Fire escape, I imagine. Take a peek in and see.

DOOR LATCH:

MAN'S VOICE: - and let me tell you once again, my brethren, of the
radio audience, that unless you hit the sawdust trail, you
will be doomed to the eternal flames of perdition. Your only
salvation lies in - ^{fires}

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You were right. It was a fire escape. Let's go this way

MOL: Here we are...second door to the left, wasnt it?

FIB: No, to the right, she says. In here.

MOL: All right. We better -- Heavenly days -- McGee'. What's
the idea o' markin' the walls all up? That aint nice.

FIB: I'm just ^{marking} blazin' the trail so's we can get out of here again.
Let's go in this door. ... "~~Sound effect department~~" -- Wonder
what's in here.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MAN: Hello folks. Say, I just figured out a honey. - Listen.

PAUSE:

MOL: Listen to what? I dont hear anything.

MAN: That's Rain in the Sahara Desert. How was it?

FIB: There aint any rain in the Sahara desert, bud.

MAN: Of course not. That's what makes it so easy.

FIB: *In this Studio G. George*
~~Say what is this anyway?~~

MAN: This is the sound effect department, doc. Name any sound and we got it. Come on, name one!

MOL: Let's hear a sound effect of a Senator splitting hairs.

MAN: Okay. We got it!!!

SOUND: SHORT WIND WHISTLE AND GLASS CRASH

FIB: What was that?

MAN: Senator Glass. Now suppose they gimme a script callin' for a man swatting flies. LISTEN.

SOUND: SLAP & BUZZ

MOL: You missed him!

MAN: Where'd he go!

FIB: Over that way!

MAN: (FADING) I'll get him yet...Stand by, folks...(SLAP..BUZZ...

SLAP...BUZZ...SLAP...BUZZ..)

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...so that was a sound man?

FIB: Yes, but not very.

MOL: Let's go down this corridor here...Excuse me, sir...OH HELLO MR. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah Harpo...say where's studio G-George?

WIL: Hello folks. G-George? Why it's down the second passageway, turn right then left then right again, then left, then right, then left, then right, then left, and you'll be right in front of it. OR, you can go the other way, down the -

MOL: Never mind, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: What did you want to go to studio G-George for? Mayor Applepuss is putting on a broadcast in there.

FIB: I know, Harpo. I gotta make a speech on it. See?

WIL: (READING) Fibber McGee. 2/22/37. Speech about G.W.
SAY YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE.

FIB: Whaddye mean, Harpo?

WIL: I mean if anybody talks on that subject it oughtta be me.
I know all about how Glocoat protects floors and linoleum
and --

FIB: HA' PO!

MOL: McGee wasn't going to mention Glo-coat.

WIL: Oh NO? Then what's that G.W. for?

FIB: George Washington.

WIL: Oh, I thought it meant Johnson's Wax. I'm sorry - well
see you later --

FIB: G.W.- Johnson's W....why that ignorant -

MOL: Oh now, McGee...Mr. Wilcox means well. His intentions
are good.

FIB: Yeah, that guy'll be a swell pavin' contractor when he
dies. You know what I heard about him?

MOL: No, what?

FIB: I heard his cousin was producin' that Court of Human
Relations program and old Harpo auditioned for it.

MOL: Did he win?

FIB: Nope. His cousin admitted he was a Relation, but they
couldn't prove he was Human.

MOL: ~~That seems a little drastic, McGee.~~ What's in here?

FIB: Look at the sign over the door. It says "ON THE AIR."

MOL: This must be the place then. You're on the air.

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: And now, we give you our home economics expert, Bedelia Wearybottom, who will give you her recipe for oatmeal cookies. Mrs. Wearybottom.

WEARY: Good evening, friends well here we are again with some lovely recipes and I hope you'll listen carefully take your pencils and paper and write down these ingredients you probably haven't got some of them but that won't make any difference you wouldn't like it anyway so what's the difference hello Mr. McGee hello Mrs. McGee get out of here I'm on the air.

FIB: Hiyah...Weary...Go right ahead with the broadcast. You ain't botherin' us.

WEARY: Well isn't that nice..HELLO AGAIN FOLKS..this is your home economics friend, Bedelia Wearybottom, with her grandmothers recipe for oatmeal cookies, if you like oatmeal cookies; personally I'd give you ten dozen oatmeal cookies for one good doughnut, but we can't all like the same thing or this program wouldn't be on, and maybe, that would be a good thing too. Oh well, first take a cup of oatmeal depending on how many cookies you want to make and mix it up into cookies and then bake them. When they're done sprinkle them lightly with horse-radish, just for the novelty and you'll be surprised how long those cookies will last -

*Get out of here, you two
seriously you two, you on the air*

DOOR SLAM

- FIB: "Sprinkle lightly with horse-radish". Sounds pretty good at that don't it, Molly?
- MOL: Delicious. I wonder if she ever tried lemon sherbet with mustard. Me uncle Dennis tried that once.
- FIB: How'd he like it?
- MOL: He wrote on the tablecloth that it was very tasty.
- FIB: On the tablecloth?
- MOL: One bite and he couldn't talk for six weeks.
- FIB: Well, say, don't forget I gotta make a speech tonight. We better get busy and find Studio G-George. HEY BUT... WHERE'S G-GEORGE..?
- MAN: (SCOT) Searrch me, laddie. I dinna ken.
- MOL: Don't you work here?
- MAN: Aye. I've worked herrre forr thrrree yearrrs, lassie. I'm one o' the engineerrrs. Have ye seen the verra fine enginerrrin' deparrtment we have herrre?
- FIB: No. Where is it?
- MAN: I ~~di~~na ken. I've nevrrr been able to find it, Ma'sel.
(EXIT HUMMING JOCK MACLANN)
- MOL: McGee do people have to be crazy to be in this business?
- FIB: No -- but it's a big help.
- MOL: Well if thats true - you got a tremendous future.

FIB: Hey -- look thru that window, Molly - it's old Harpo talkin' into a microphone...^{Mol} open the door and listen....

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: - And so, we present Ted Weems and his Glo-Goterie, playin' "FIDDLE DITTY" with Elmo Tanner whistling!

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "FIDDLE DITTY" --- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: COMMERCIAL # 2 -

- C O M M E R C I A L -

ORK: McGEE THEME - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL THE TIME IS GETTING SHORT, AND FIBBER AND MOLLY HAVEN'T YET BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE STUDIO G-GEORGE, WHERE FIBBER IS TO GIVE HIS SPEECH ON WASHINGTON FOR MAYOR APPLEPUSS. BUT THEY'RE STILL TRYING, WANDERING UP ONE CORRIDOR AND DOWN ANOTHER.

~~MOL: We'll have to hurry, McGee. What time have you got?~~

~~FIB: I dunno...I left my watch home. I'll ask this little girl.~~

~~Hey there, sis...what's the time?~~

~~TEE: I dunno - Mister.~~

FIB: Well, can you direct us to G-George?
 TEE: George who?
 FIB: *Do you know where Studio G is?* George Washington...er...JUST STUDIO G, sis. *Where is it?*
 TEE: I dunno, I betcha. *True*
 FIB: Well, what are you doin' around here? You on some juvenile broadcast?
 TEE: Hmm?
 FIB: I says are you on some kid program?
 TEE: Sure.
 FIB: Which one?
 TEE: Hmm?
 FIB: I SAYS WHICH ONE?
 TEE: Which one of which?
 FIB: Which one is the one which is....aw..shucks. Ain't you familiar with these studios, sis?
 TEE: Hmm?
 FIB: DAT RAT IT, I -
 MOL: Temper, McGee...temper.
 FIB: I says, DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND HERE?
 TEE: Sure, I do, I betcha.
 FIB: Well, then you CERTAINLY ought to know where studio G is.
 TEE: Sure I should.
 FIB: Well then...where is it?
 TEE: I dunno.
 FIB: I thought you says you SHOULD know.

TEE: I should, I betcha. ~~Why don't you ask somebody?~~
 FEB: ~~DAT RAT IT WE ASKED EVERYBODY WE MET.~~
 TEE: *File* ~~Who'd you meet?~~ *Y'mbe kinda young to be on the radio and you*
 FIB: *Jan* ~~Oh, we met a....WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?~~ *well radio is still in its infancy.*
 TEE: ~~It makes a lot I betcha if you still dunno where it is.~~
 well, so long, I gotta make a rehearsal...
 FIB: Well fer the....
 SOUND: ~~CLATTER AND RUMBLE OF THUNDER SHEET.....~~
 FIB: HEY THERE....LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN' with that hand-truck boy! You tryin' to run over us?
 SIL: No suh. Scuse me suh. Ah was...OH HIYAH MIST' McGEE...
 HIYAH, MA'AM.
 MOL: Oh, Silly Watson.
 FIB: What you doin' here, Sil. Playin' a gittar or somethin' on a program?
 SIL: Nossuh. Ah'm a poh'teh. Ah carries sound effects back and fo'th please suh.
 MOL: Oh that's a nice job. Does it pay well, Silly?
 SIL: Yas'm. Fai'hly well. They tell me ah kin make between 10 an' a hundred dollars a week heah.
 FIB: Honest, Sil? Between ten and a hundred!
 SIL: Yassuh. Ah makes elevn fifty. Tha's JUS' Between.
 MOL: And where are you goin' with all this stuff, Silly?
 SIL: Ah gotta tote a ea'thquake into Studio P-Petch, an' a bustin' dam into T-Tootsie, please ma'am. An' on the way back ah gotta git the lil Ole Worl' War outa J-Julius. Scuse me now, please....
 SOUND: ~~RATTLE AND ROLL FADE OUT: THUNDER SHEET~~

TEE: I should, I betcha. ~~Why don't you ask somebody?~~

FEB: ~~DAT RAT IT WE ASKED EVERYBODY WE MET.~~

TEE: *File* ~~Who'd you meet?~~ *Y'mre kinda young to be on the radio and you*

FIB: *Tr.* ~~Oh, we met a....WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE?~~ *well radio is still in its infancy.*

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SOUND: RATTLE AND ROLL FADE OUT: THUNDER SHEET

MOL: I wonder what a nervous breakdown sounds like on the air.

FIB: I dunno, but we're about due to find out if I don't git there in time.

MOL: Oh well, George Washington waited 205 years for this speech, I guess Mayor Applepuss can wait ten minutes.... what's this studio here?

FIB: Let's find out....might as well try 'em all.

DOOR LATCH:

EZRA: Hello there folks...come on in and set down on a bale of hay...

MOL: Heavenly days...It's Uncle Ezra. McGee...you've heard Uncle Ezra on the air...remember?

FIB: You bethcha...hiyah Ez. I'm Fibber McGee...my wife, Molly. Ez.

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

EZRA: Glad to meet ye folks. Welcome to the friendly little five watter down in Rosedale. *To Rosedale*
friendly
Station E Z R A

FIB: (ASIDE) Did he say fire water?

MOL: No FIVE-WATTER, iggernuts. We enjoy your shows very much, Uncle Ezra.

EZRA: Well slick down my hear and teach me dancin' if I ain't glad to hear it. That's always good news to the old Jumpin' Jenny Wren. Set down, folks, I'm goin' on the air in just a minute...

FIB: I'm lookin' for studio G-George, Ez. Gotta make a speech about Washington.

EZRA: Well say...that's what I was goin' to talk about, myself. Can't you talk about Thomas Jefferson or somethin'?

MOL: Oh no, Uncle Ezra. He has a speech all prepared about Washington.

EZRA: Well, punch me a post-hole if that don't just beat anything. I didn't s'pose anybody else would think of it.

FIB: Can't you direct us to G George, Ezra?

EZRA: Why certainly, Fibber. Just go down this hall and thru the door at the far end. You better push hard on the door and go in fast because it works kind of hard.

MOL: Why heavenly days, Uncle Ezra...I tried that door as we came past. That's an elevator shaft.

EZRA: Ohhhhh, fudge! I just don't seem to have any luck at all, today.

FIB: Why for the...he'd have me jump down a elevator shaft so's he could talk about Washington all by himself!

MOL: Well maybe you're not covering the same subjects. McGee is going to tell about George chopping down the cherry tree.

EZRA: I was afraid of that. So am I.

MOL: Well McGee can make his an oak tree, cant you McGee?

FIB: Shucks, Ezra, as one o' your fans, I'll make it a raspberry bush.

EZRA: How about the hat chet. Can you make it a saw?

MOL: He'll pull it out by the roots, won't you McGee.

FIB: Maybe I better at that. What time you on, Ezra?

EZRA: ^{Right} Just about now - ^{Quick everybody} "Gimme a toot on the tooter, Tommy."

SOUND: ~~(TOOTER)~~ *Chimes - Hits 7 o'clock*

Fillm - Cuck
Ezra - Scuse me Fillm - I hit the way good
 folks. You're always welcome at station E Z R A, the friendly little five ~~water~~ ^{down} in Rosedale. *the friendly little city*

DOOR SLAM: *cl*

APPLAUSE: (?)

FIB: The friendly little ^{city} station...where they throw people down elevator shafts.....

MOL: Listen, McGee...you haven't got much time. You better find studio G, quick. I'm getting tired of wanderin' around this place.

FIB: I'll ask this guy here. Hi there bud...you know your way around here?

BOOK: I CERTAINLY DO, MY LITTLE MIKE-MUDDLERS. I CERTAINLY DO. I AM HORATIO K. BODOMER...FOURTEENTH VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF DOOR SLAMS.. YES YES.

MOL: Heavenly daysa vice president!

BLOT: Exactly....AT THE MOMENT I AM DOING SOME EXPERIMENTAL WORK IN TELEVISION.

FIB: So am I bud. I'm workin' on a set that help a man-about town with a hangover television from a nightmare.

BLOT: Splendid idea...splendid...TELEVISION, MY FRIENDS HAS A WONDERFUL FUTURE...THERE'S MANY A POLITICAL CANDIDATE WHO'LL GO ON THE AIR WITH A HOOD OVER HIS FACE...YES YES...

FIB: Excuse me, bud..but where is STUDIO G? I gotta speech to make.

BLOT: WELL LET ME SEE...STUDIO G...G.G G G....(MUTTERS) I always go...third door to the left...second corridor... strange how the longest corridors lead to the shortest beers...WHY COME TO THINK OF MY LITTLE GLASS-CRASHERS, YOU'RE STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF IT. DONT MENTION IT AND GOOD DAY TO YOU BOTH...A VERY GOOD DAY. WIEDERSEHEN WITH AN AUF TO EACH OF YOU. AUF!..AUF!..

MOL: Imagine that, McGee...we're right in front of it. and -

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: (FAST) HEY DO YOU KNOW A GUY NAMED MCGEE?

FIB: I'm McGee, Bud...why?

MAN: WELL HURRY UP...YOU'RE ON THE AIR IN ONE MINUTE..RIGHT IN HERE...WE BEEN STALLING TILL YOU GOT HERE...

MOL: Oh there's the mayor now...HELLO MAYOR APPLEPUSS.

WILSON: Hello, MRS. MCGEE...HELLO, FIBBER...JUST IN TIME...I WAS ABOUT TO INTRODUCE YOU. GOT YOUR SPEECH READY?

MOL: Sure he has...know it be heart, McGee?

FIB: I..er..I think so...I can always look at my notes, if I git stuck.

CHARLIE: I got a better system than that. When I get stuck, I just whistle...then it all comes back to me.

MOL: Hmmm.

FIB: Smatter Molly?

MOL: I was just wondering what Elmo Tanner is always trying to remember!

WILSON: Stand by now...McGee...we're on. Ready, Announcer?

ANN: SHHHH. (PAUSE) Ready. (CHIMES) (?) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE. WE PRESENT THE MAYOR OF WISTFUL VISTA, HIS HONOR, EGBERT APPLEPUSS, WHO WILL PRESENT THE FIRST SPEAKER ON HIS WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PROGRAM. MAYOR APPLEPUSS!

~~APPLEPUSS:~~

WILSON: THANK YOU. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...EVERY YEAR ON THIS DATE, AS YOU WILL REMEMBER, I, AS MAYOR OF WISTFUL VISTA, DEDICATE A PROGRAM TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY. EACT TIME I TRY TO GIVE YOU AN OUTSTANDING SPEAKERFOR THE OCCASION....

FIB: That's me, Molly.

MOL: Oh there's the mayor now...HELLO MAYOR APPLEPUSS.

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FIB: That's me, Molly.

MOL: Quiet.

WILS: AND SO TONIGHT, MY ADIO RAWDIENCE...ER PARDON ME...MY RADIO AUDIENCE WILL HAVE THE RARE PLEASURE OF HEARING ONE OF OUR FOREFLUSH...ER...FOREMOST CITIZENS, MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON...

FIB: PSSSSst. Fibber McGee..

WILS: Oh Yes. WHO WILL TALK ABOUT THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FIBBER MCGEE.

MOL: No no...MCGEE WILL TALK ON WASHINGTON.

WILSON: CORRECTION LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. MR WASHINGTON -

FIB: MCGEE!

WILS: MR. MCGEE WILL NOT TALK ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON -

MOL: Yes he will, too...

WILS: YES HE WILL TOO. AS YOU ALL REMEMBER. .THIS GREAT DAY IN OUR HYSTERICAL...COUNTRY...ER...OUR COUNTRY'S HISTO... ER.. IT IS POPPER AND FRITTING...ER...PROFFER AND PIPP... ER...IT IS A SPLENDID THING TO THINK THAT GENERAL MCGEE...

MOL: No. General Washington.

FIB: I'M Fibber McGee.

WILS: Glad to meet you,

FIB: Same to you...say GET ON WITH IT, APPLEPUSS.

WILS: OH YES...AND SOLADIES AND GENTLE...ER..FOLKS..I AM HERTAINLY SNAPPY...ER...CERTAINLY HAPPY TO PRESENT ON THIS PROTEST... ER.. PROGRAM THAT REPRESENTATIVE CITI... ER... THAT FINE FELL... ER... YOU ALL KNOW, I'M SURE JUST HOW MUCH HE HAS DISTRIBU...ER...CONTRADICTED...ER...GIVEN TO THE CITY OF MINNIAPOL... ER...WISTFUL VIS...AND SO, MAY I PRESENT THAT SPLENDID GENTL...ER..MY BEST FRIEND AND YOUR WORST ENE...ER...AND YOURS, TOO...MR...GEORGE WAS-

MOL: Fibber McGee...

WISL: What?

FIB: Present me.

WILS: What with?

MOL: Introduce him...INTRODUCE HIM! FIBBER MCGEE!! TRY WHISTLING!

WILS: OH YES (LOW WHISTLE) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..AGAIN LET ME INTRODUCE OUR SPEAKER OF THE EVENING...MR..FIBBER MCGEE..

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Go on, McGee...and if you forget..whistle, like the mayor did.

FIB: Okay. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WE ARE ACCUMULATED HERE THIS EVENING TO COMMEMORATE THE...ER..THE...TO COMMEMORATE THE...ER...THE...
the birth of George Washington - that immortal effort of these three great virtues - Faith, Hope and Charity tree

SOUND: WHISTLE. GLASS POP. (LONG PAUSE) TANNER.