

NBC

ADVERTISER JOHNSON WAX
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
7:00-7:30 PM

WRITER
OK

(MARCH 1, 1957)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

SECOND CORRECTION *HW*

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY MARCH 1, 1957
7 PM WMAQ-NBC

FIRST COMMERCIAL

A housewife writes us that she has some floors of black and yellow linoleum — very striking in appearance. Although such floors are usually most difficult to care for (requiring constant attention) since this housewife started using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT she cleans the ~~floors~~ only once a month. They stay so beautifully polished that every one who comes into the house comments on the ^{gleam} ~~laxly~~ floors — yet she never has to do any rubbing or buffing. This woman uses GLO-COAT on her closet floors too, so dust can't stick to them. She praises GLO-COAT for the protection it gives her ~~linoleum~~ ^{linoleum} and the great amount of work it saves her. Millions of housewives are enthusiastic users of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. Order GLO-COAT tomorrow in the attractive yellow can and remember its very economical to buy the larger sizes.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY MARCH 1, 1957
7 PM WMAQ-NBC

SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: (WHISPERED) SHHHHHHHH — I don't want to wake Molly but I do
want to tell you that you can keep your linoleum and floors
shining like new all the time, if you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT. Think of it! GLO-COAT dries in just 20 minutes — and
shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. It seals the pores
and cracks of the floor so dirt can't get a foothold. You'd better
order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow if you want to save yourself a
lot of work — and yet have floors that everyone will admire. GLO-
COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T — JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT.

HW:CF

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 - 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 ^{personally} ~~personally~~ or critical or didactic,
but -

WIL: Oh yeah? What does didactic mean?

FIB: I dunno, but I'd hate to be that way. AHEM. 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 ^{mean}

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, I forgot! (WITH SUPER-GUSTO) Ted Weems and his orchestra open the show with Ridin' High!

ORK: MCGEE THEME *Ridin' High (Commercial)*

WIL: Tonight we are complying with a number of requests to repeat one of the episodes of a year ago --- so let's go to the Wistful Vista Bus Terminal where the McGees are going to take an early morning trip. Among the people awaiting the arrival of the 3 A.M. bus -- we find --- Fibber McGee and MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

FIBBER: It's a wonder they wouldn't fold up the newspapers they leave on these benches.

MOLLY: Well, McGee, at least it's all there - and that's more than I can say about you.

FIBBER: Aw now, Molly -- say, looky here --

NOISE: (PAPER RATTLES)

MOLLY: Now, McGee, stop lookin' at the picture of that lady, dressed up mostly in goose-pimples.

FIBBER: Shucks, Molly; that's Art.

MOLLY: It looks more like Eve, to me.

FIBBER: No sirree, Molly; that's Gypsy Rose Lee, the ~~Queen of~~ Burlesque!

MOLLY: ~~I never heard of that country.~~

FIBBER: I'll read ye the headline that goes with the picture, Molly.

"Milton Minsky Claims No Vulgarity In Strip-Tease."

MOLLY: STRIP-tease; what's that? Is it something like a comic strip?

FIBBER: Well, that depends on who does it. Now, this here Gypsy Lee is an expert at the tease.

MOLLY: I suppose she works "In A little Gypsy Tease Room" ←

FIB: Well, Mister Minsky said ---

MOL: Who's Minsky?

FIB: Well, he's a - a Russian. Forty years ago, he came from a town called Minsk.

MOL: Well, if you ask me, he's still kind of Minsky.

FIB: Now, Molly, that's pretty far-fetched.

MOL: That's what they said about me Uncle Dennis, that time he swalleyed a poker-chip, and they fetched him forty miles to a hospital.

FIB: Did he have openers? Ha ha ha. Get it Molly? I said--

MOL: Tain's funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay, Molly; it's your deal.

MOL: Well, shuffle the paper, McGee; and turn to somethin' int'restin'.....

SOUND: (RATTLE PAPER)

MAN: (SCOT) Parrrrrdon me, laddie...would mind holdin' yeerrrrr paperrrrrr still a wee minute. I'm trrrrrryin' to read the funnies.

MOL: Oh. Is the light all right sir, or can I strike a few matches for you?

SCOT: Thank ye kindly, lassie, but I've only a bit mooooo to rrrread. (HA HA HA) Verrra funny. Thank ye. (FADE HUMMING)

FIB: Well fer the...askin' me to hold my paper still so he could read the comics.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: Aaaaaah, isn't that sweet! Look there, McGee. The Dionne Quin-triplets!

FIB: Yep, there's five of 'em; can you imagine that?

MOL: And look at Doctor Dafoe, carrying that one piggy-back?

FIB: I mind the time I used to do that, Molly, back in Peoria. Piggy-back McGee, I was known as, in them days.

MOL: Heavenly days!

FIB: Piggy-back McGee, the peripatetic promulgator of playground paraphernalia, and proud perambulating ^{to the place} papa of Peoria.

MOL: (DRYLY) Promulgate us another page of the paper, Piggy-back!

NOISE: (RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: Ah-ah-AH!! That's Gypsy Rose Lee, again. You turned the wrong way.

FIB: Did I?

MOL: Yes; now, come on - turn over a new leaf.

FIB: Okay - okay.

NOISE: (PAPER RATTLES)

FIB: Hey! Lookie here, Molly!! IT SAYS "BASEBALL PLAYERS WARM UP IN TRAINING CAMPS".

MOL: You mean they joined the army?

FIB: No, that means they go to the training camps to TRAIN.

MOL: I see. Then they get to be soldiers later.

FIB: No, Molly. This is a training camp for BASEBALL players only.

MOL: You mean they won't have anything to do with the other soldiers?

FIB: There AREN'T any other soldiers I tell you.

MOL: You mean we only got baseball players for soldiers?

FIB: Absolu... er... NO! Baseball players are -

MAN: Excuse me, folks!

MOL: Certainly, what is it, Mister?

MAN: Are you waiting to take the 3:18 bus?

FIB: "Did ye think we come in here to wait for our old-age pensions?"

MOL: McGEE! Pay no attention to him, mister. Yes we're takin' the 3:18 bus.

MAN: Well - I just wanted to tell you to keep your wits about you.

FIB: Eh? What for, bud?

MAN: Wel-l-l ... (LOWERS VOICE) Don't look now ... but I'm a detective for the bus line.

MOL: Heavenly days ... a detective!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Kind of a rumble-seat dick, eh bud? (LAUGHS)

MAN: I just wanted to warn you to watch your valuables. Are you carrying much money with you?

FIB: Thirty seven dollars and sixty-two....

MOL: MCGEE. Why did ye ask, Mr. Detective?

MAN: Well, you see, we've had a few pick-pockets on our bus lines lately, so I just thought I'd warn you. (FADE OUT) Of course probably nothing will happen, but then you never can tell....

MOL: Well, it was real nice of him to warn us, now wasn't it?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, Molly. I guess I kin take care o' myself. I'll never fergit the last time a feller tried to pick my pocket. (LAUGHS) I carried his thumb onto my watch chain for years. Another time I was ridin' the Subway from Times Square to Bowlin' Green, when - Oh! hello there, Geraldine!

GER: (VERY DISTINCTLY) Oh, hello, Mr. McGee! Imagine seeing you here at the bus station. (GIGGLES) Gerald said he'd meet me here but I don't see him anywhere.

FIB: Well, maybe he --

GER: (GIGGLES) Gerald says he used to meet some nice girls on TRAINS by taking cinders out of their eyes, but he says there's no romance taking carbonic monoxide out of their lungs. (GIGGLES) Isn't that just top, too exhilarating?

FIB: It's too too asphyxiating!

GER: (GIGGLES) You know Gerald says almost EVERYBODY travels by bus nowadays. (GIGGLES) He says his Uncle always used to travel by RAIL but it took SIX MEN to carry it.
(GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh, you mean Ridin' Around on a Rail!!

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh and another thing Gerald said was SO cute. I mean it was, really. (GIGGLES) I asked Gerald if busses had dining rooms on them and what do you think he said?
(GIGGLES)

FIB: I dunno but I bet there was food for thought in it.

GER: (GIGGLES) Gerald said NO, they didn't have DINING ROOMS, but they were working on a new bus with doughnut tires and a coffee clutch. (GIGGLES) Oh there's Gerald now -- I simply MUST be off!

FIB: I'll say so.

GER: BIDDLE, BIDDLE, BIDDLE!

APPLAUSE:

ORK: 2nd SELECTION

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Ted Weems and his men playing Rainbow on the River, with Perry Como doing the singing. And now back in the bus station at Wistful Vista, it's just 5 A.M., as we find Fibber and Molly watching the bus pull in.

SOUND: MOTOR SOUND IN AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH. CROWD MURMUR.

MOL: There's the bus, McGee. Come on! And hang onto your money! Or, better still, let ME Carry it!

FIB: Sayyyyy, what's the idea? Ain't I old enough to carry my own money?

MOL: Well, if I'm carryin' the money - I don't have to worry about you gettin' lost. Besides, as the baby kangaroo says to its mama, ---- gettin' into YOUR pocket would be CHILD'S PLAY!!

FIB: Aw shucks. I'd like to SEE somebody take my roll. I'd - HEY - THERE QUIT SHOVIN' THERE, you!

MAN: Take it easy brother. It's only me.

MOL: Oh, the bus detective again! Is this the bus to
Johnstown?

P.A.VOICE: (DISTANT) All aboard for the ~~3:18~~

MAN: Sure, they're callin' it now.

P.A.VOICE: ~~ALL READY FOR THE 3:18. LEAVING IMMEDIATELY FOR~~
JOHNSONVILLE, JOHNSONBURG, JOHNSON'S CORNERS.

WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX.

FIB: Harpo! Quit actin' like a ----

P.A.VOICE: HORSES HEAD, PAINTED POST, SCHENECTADY - ELMIRA AND
JOHNSTOWN. SHOW THE DRIVER YOUR TICKETS. ALL HAND
BAGGAGE MUST BE STOWED IN THE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT. ALL
ABOARD PLEASE.

FIB: Up ye go, Molly. Atta girl.

SOUND: BUSTLING TALK. DOOR SLAM

MOL: MY, my it looks real comfortable don't it McGee?

FIB: You betcha. We come a long ways since the old jitney
bus days.

MOL: Yes --but it IS sorta stuffy in here (SNIFF) Heavenly
days what's that SMELL --- GARLIC?

RUSSIAN: Tchuse Babouschka.....Always wherever I am going I am
eating GARLICS? You want some?

MOL: Heavenly days, NO! Take it away!

FIB: Yes, Vodka - take it outside and bury it!

RUSS: No, Tovarichich! If I am for to bury it, these GARLICS
is losing all his strength!

MOL: Well, that might help some!

FIB: Yes, it's strong enough

RUSS: YOU should ^{be} eating GARLICS too, I am thinking, Babouschka,
your father is too pale, he should be more of a red in
the face.

MOL: My father!

FIB: Hey Vodka! Don't go too far!

RUSS: Tchure not, Tovarich. I am going for Spottstown. *Johnstown*

MOL: Well you shouldn't eat garlic in a public conveyance.

FIB: Certainly not, bud. Ye know that stuff don't smell like
VIOLETS'.

RUSS: Da! Wylets is for tsissies! Always I am chewing GARLICE.
What happens hafter is somebody's business else!

VOICE: (DISTANT) ALL ABO-A-R-R-D!!

FIB: Here, Molly! Sit down next to the window.
I'll sit on the aisle.

MOL: My! They're nice comfortable seats, aren't they, McGee?

FIB: (GRUNTS) I'll say so. (SIGH) Now how about a little
snooze, Molly? I can hardly keep my eyes open.

MOL: You're doin' all right with your MOUTH! But I AM a little
sleepy (YAWNS)

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADE

FIB: Me too. (YAWNS) You know .. I'll never fergit the time I was travelin' in the -

MOL: Good night, McGee.

FIB: AHEM ... Good night, Molly.

SOUND: MOTOR UP: HORN: (FADE DOWN)

ORK: "PLEASE GO WAY AND LET ME SLEEP" (bars)(OUT)

WIL: SHORT COMMERCIAL

FIB: (YAWN) Ho hum ... Molly's fast asleep guess I'll go take a smoke - where'd I put my cigars? Let's see -- oh -- oh -- Well fer the ... who took my pocketbook? Dad rat the dad ratted...my pocketbook's gone ...shucks. I wished I'd of let Molly take care of that money (PAUSE) Molly. (PAUSE) .. Hey ... Molly.

SOUND: MOTOR AND HORN

FIB: Sound asleep ... now what'll I do ... I gotta git some money someplace. I'll try that feller over there. Hey - Hey brother.

DEAF MAN: What? What's matter?

FIB: (TALKING LOUDER) Listen ... have you seen anything of a pocketbook about this long and ---

MAN: WHAT?

FIB: I says. HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A POCKETBOOK...

MAN: No, I don't want a book! I got a book!

FIB: No, A POCKETBOOK. Have you seen one?

MAN: LOUDER. I can't hear you.

FIB: (YELL) HAVE YOU SEEN A POCKETBOOK ABOUT ... DID YOU FIND SOME DOUGH?

MAN: Hey?

FIB: DOUGH ... DOUGH DOUGH DOUGH

MAN: If you can't sing any bettern that, I don't wanta hear it.

FIB: If I...aw now listen, brother ... I'm in a jam. I just lost hundreds o' dollars!

MAN: Nope! I never heard it -- go ahead and tell the rest of it!

FIB: Tell the rest ... aw shucks. AHEM. Listen brother. My name's McGee and I just lost a wallet with ... with THOUSANDS o' dollars in it.

MAN: (LAUGHS) and then what did the farmer's daughter say?

FIB: What farmer's daughter?

MAN: Eh? What say?

FIB: I sez WHO was talkin' about a farmer's daughter?

MAN: Oh! Is that so? I've never been there myself, but they say it's real pretty.

FIB: Yes it's real aw shucks go take a jump in the lake.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Yes, sir, I certainly will. (LAUGHS) (FADES OUT) He's a card, that fellow. (LAUGH)

FIB: (MUTTERS) Dad rat the dad ratted...If I knew which of these birds was the pickpocket, I'd -

SOUND: BEEP BEEP!

FIB: Oh, well, I suppose I'll have to go and tell Molly (BEEP)
Whoops!

LADY: (SCREAMS) PULLEASE! Get off my lap...

FIB: I - I'm sorry ma'am. This bus-driver musta been a ball
player - He throws a fast curve -

LADY: Exactly what I deserve for allowing myself to travel in
this absurd fashion. With the hoi polloi.

FIB: With - the what?

LADY: The bourgeoisie.

FIB: Now, now. That ain't what you says before. You're
switchin on me susie.

LADY: PLEASSSE.....

FIB: Say listen. Now that we're acquainted, ma'am. Lemme
introduce myself.

LADY: I BEG your pardon.

FIB: Oh! Shucks, don't mention it. You'd of thought of it
yoursel in a minute. My name is McGee - Fibber McGee,
and I'm in trouble.

LADY: INDEED!

FIB: Ye see, baby, somebody's kidnapped my mazuma and' --

LADY: Mazuma....KIDNAPPED?

FIB: I mean somebody copped my dough - lifted my leather.
Shook me fer my sugar. How about me givin' you a I.O.U.
fer about twenty five bucks, so's I kin -

LADY: Why...why how preposterous. LEND YOU MONEY! I do not
even KNOW YOU.

FIB: Well, did the U.S. know France?

LADY: SIR!...If you don't leave at once. I shall call the driver.

FIB: Not a bad idea - maybe he's got a few bucks he can spare.
Oh well -- see you later, babe.

LADY: I should hope NOT.

FIB: Okay...okay...if you wanna git stuffy about it.

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH HORN

FIB: Shucks...I wonder if I oughtta wake Molly up and tell her
...NOPE.....I'll git some money somehow....outa the way
there little girl! You mustn't stand in the aisles like that

TEENY: Like what?

FIB: Like you was s.....Well JUST DON'T STAND AROUND IN THE
AISLE....THAT'S ALL.

TEENY: Well...YOU'RE in the aisle.

FIB: I know...I'm lookin' for something.

TEENY: What?

FIB: A pocketbook. Have you seen a pocketbook layin' around on
the floor anyplace?

TEENY: Gee...a pocketbook. Was it a black one?

FIB: Yes...that's the one.

TEENY: About this big?

FIB: Yes, yes, yes....where did ye....

TEENY: With some money in it?

FIB: That's the one, sis...where is it?...Hurry up.

TEENY: Why?

FIB: Cause it's mine.
TEENY: What?
FIB: THE pocketbook. Where is it?
TEENY: I dunno. I didn't see it, I betcha!
SOUND: BEEP. BEEP
FIB: Aw shucks.

Aw shucks
Finesse

DRIVER: Spottstown. Spottstown.
SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKES
WEEMS: Say, what is this place?
FIB: This here's Spottstown, brother and...Oh Ted Weems!
WEEMS: Hello, Fibber. You say this is Spottstown?
FIB: Yep. Why?
WEEMS: Why...this is the spot where we go to town with Elmo Tanner.
ORK: (THIRD NUMBER) Whistling "FINESSE"
APPLAUSE
ORK: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" Down for Announcement
WIL: Well, Fibber hasn't found his wallet yet, but Molly is still soundly sleeping so McGee is trying to put the bee on the porter at Spottstown - - -
FIB: Hey...Porter. Hey ...BOY!"
SIL: YASSUH?
FIB: Oh, Silly Watson! Hello there Silly.
SIL: Hi yah, Mist' McGee, Hiyah.
FIB: You a porter for the bus lines now, Silly?
SIL: Yassah. Why, boss?
FIB: Listen, Silly. I jest had me my pocket picked.
SIL: Wah?
FIB: I says somebody picked my pocket.
SIL: Which pocket?

DRIVER: Spottstown. Spottstown.
 SOUND: ~~MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKES~~
 WEEMS: Say, what is this place?
 FIB: This here's Spottstown, brother and...Oh Ted Weems!
 WEEMS: Hello, Fibber. You say this is Spottstown?
 FIB: Yep. Why?
 WEEMS: Why...this is the spot where we go to town with Elmo Tanner.

ORK: ~~(THIRD NUMBER)~~ Whistling "FINESSE"

APPLAUSE

ORK: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" Down for Announcement
 WIL: Well, Fibber hasn't found his wallet yet, but Molly is still soundly sleeping so McGee is trying to put the bee on the porter at Spottstown - - -
 FIB: Hey...Porter. Hey ...BOY!"
 SIL: YASSUH?
 FIB: Oh, Silly Watson! Hello there Silly.
 SIL: Hi yah, Mist' McGee, Hiyah.
 FIB: You a porter for the bus lines now, Silly?
 SIL: Yassah. Why, boss?
 FIB: Listen, Silly. I jest had ^{me} my pocket picked.
 SIL: Wah?
 FIB: I says somebody picked my pocket.
 SIL: Which pocket?

FIB: The left hip po ---- WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
 SIL: It makes a lotta difference boss.
 FIB: How do ye figger?
 SIL: You wearin' a overcoat?
 FIB: Yes.
 SIL: Yassuh. You see? If you ain' warin' no overcoat, boss, you won't carry no money in it, and if somebody picks THEM pockets you ain't gonna lose nothin'.
 FIB: No kiddin', Sil, I'm in a bad fix. Every cent I had was in that pocketbook. How much money you got with ye?
 SIL: Jes' enough to eat on, boss.
 FIB: How much is that?
 SIL: Nothin' - I done et.
 FIB: You mean you ain't got ANY money?
 SIL: Yassuh. Ah ain't.
 FIB: Well...listen. Do ye know anybody you could ASK for some?
 SIL: Oh yassuh.
 FIB: GOOD!
 SIL: But ah dunno anybody that'd giame any!"
 DRIVER: ALL ABOARD - NEXT STOP JOHNSTOWN
 SIL: Scuse me boss -- Ah Gotta ^{put} GLO-COAT ^{on} the waitin' room flo'.
 FIB: Okay Sil. Shucks - what am I gonna tell Molly when she wakes up?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM...MOTOR UP...HORN....FADE MOTOR DOWN AND OUT

FIB: I wish I knew where to ---- (BEEP) ---- oh excuse me, sis. I didn't mean to step on your foot.

WHEE: Oh! Tryin' to git fresh, hey - Skippy?

FIB: Now, wait a minute, gran'maw!! I jest wanted to ask ye--

WHEE: A masher! It's gittin' so a girl can't go anywheres any more without some fresh squirt tryin' to scrape up an acquaintance!

FIB: Aw, listen gran'maw -- I didn't mean to -

WHEE: Oh! You didn't - didn't ye? Don't tell me you casa loma! Now - go on and git back to yer own seat! My goodness, a girl's got a hard enough time without an old roue like you comin' round and -

FIB: But listen, Gran'maw ...I'm in kind of a embarrassin' predicament. I...have you got any money with ye?

WHEE: Oh. Money! First you're out to damage a girl's reputation and now you want money. You're just a gigolo, that's what you are.

FIB: Aw now listen, I

WHEE: Now stop it Shorty! You go 'way back and sit down and leave...a girl to her dreams!

SOUND: BEEP BEEP

BOOMER: Ah there! Pardon me, my little aisle - blocker, - could you let a man by? 's pretty hard for a man to GET by, nowadays!

FIB: Oh, excuse me brother ... I didn't mean to block the aisle.

BOOM: Not a bit. Not a bit. That's two bits, my boy --- Yes -- yes -- ah but excuse me, my friend, permit me to introduce myself.

FIB: You betcha.

BOOM: I am Horatio K. Boomer, the secretary and treasurer of the little Angel Gold Mine Corporation. Tell me, my friend, are you a little Ang -- or - I mean - are you a mining man?

FIB: Well, I always -

BOOM: I thought so. The outdoor type! Sir - you have all the earmarks of the great outdoors! That is, you might think it's GREAT OUTDOORS but an old easy chair, and a pipe. Two pipes. One for blowing bubbles. Yes...yes... I'm always blowing bubbles, my friend...and out of these bubbles I have hewed a vast fortune.

FIB: How can ye do that?

BOOM: I've often wondered myself - yes - yes -- Now the little Angel Gold Mining Corporation, my friend ... is floating a small issue of special preferred stock. Why, my friend..

FIB: But - pardon ME, my friend!

BOOM: Certainly, my friend?

FIB: Listen, MY FRIEND - my name is Fibber McGee, and I've jest had my pocket picked of quite a sum o' money that I was takin' out to begin operatin' on a oil well project.

BOOM: Oh yes. Oil...a fine business, - oil! --- One of my favorite occupations.

FIB: What?

BOOM: Getting out the old oil....yes indeed.

FIB: Listen, my friend! As I says I jest had my pocket picked of about 15,000 dollars and -

BOOM: How much?

FIB: Fifty thousand dollars! Hm! Quite a tidy sum, my friend!

FIB: W-e-l--l, it ain't the money I miss so much as it tis bein' took for a chump. Now if you could see your way clear, brother, to advance me enough to carry me over till I git home. Five bucks, maybe, I'd be real oblig -

BOOM: Pardon me, my friend -- what was I....what am I doing here..

Oh, yes, yes, yes...I was just going to get a drink of water (FADE OUT) Excuse me, my friend -- Imagine that -- trying to --

FIB: Well (SIGHS) I guess they ain't nothin' fer it but to tell Molly.

SOUND: MOTOR UP...HORN...DOWN...

DRIVER: JOHNSTOWN NEXT....JOHNSTOWN

FIB: Molly...HEY...MOLLY! WAKE UP. We're almost there.

MOL: Wha...Oh...YAWNS...almost where, McGee?

FIB: Johnstown, Molly...and say...I...I listen...

MOL: My, my I slept like a log.

FIB: AHEM. Molly....I....I wanta tell ye somethin' Molly.

MOL: What is it, McGee? What's the matter with ye anyway?

FIB: Well Shucks...I...I hate to...well...but it wasn't my fault...I....

MOL: WHAT wasn't your fault...

DRIVER: JOHNSTOWN...ALL OUT.....END OF THE LINE....JOHNSTOWN

SOUND: MOTOR UP...BRAKES SCREECH...CROWD RECORD...UP AND DOWN

VOICE: .. ----- cab? Here y'are -- taxi?

MOL: Shall w take a cab or walk, McGee?

FIB: Might be more healthy to walk Molly. AHEM...But as I was sayin' I hate to admit I'm a chump, Molly, but..but..

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...what are you tryin' to say?

FIB: Well you know what that detective told us about pickpockets, Molly?

MOL: Yes...I...OH AND THAT REMINDS ME, McGee. Here's your pocketbook.

FIB: What?

MOL: I took it out of your pocket while you were sleeping.

FIB: You.....

MOL: I was afraid you'd lose it.

FIB: I...er...wawawa...er..you.

MOL: Now what was you sayin'?

FIB: I...(LAUGHS)...(LAUGHS HEARTILY) SHUCKS, I knew you had it all the time, Molly. (LAUGHS) Come on...let's call a cab. Let's call 2 cabs. One for each of us.

ORK: CHASER

APPLAUSE

ORK: FOURTH NUMBER

APPLAUSE

ORK: McGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG GAG

- TAG GAG -

FIB: YOU NOTICE, MOLLY, I'M GITTIN' OLD HARPO KINDA UNDER CONTROL?
HE DON'T INTERRUPT ME SO MUCH LATELY.

MOL: MAYBE HE ISN'T FEELING VERY WELL, OR SOMETHING.

FIB: IT'S PROBABLY ON ACCOUNT OF ~~THAT BAD NEWS HE HAD ON THE~~ *not getting a job on the*
AUDITION. *re Lee*
propose

MOL: ~~AUDITION?~~ 1st WHAT PROGRAM?

FIB: COURT O' HUMAN RELATIONS. HIS UNCLE RUNS THE SHOW.

MOL: OH! WHY DID MR. WILCOX FAIL? *get the job*

FIB: WELL HIS UNCLE ADMITTED HE WAS A RELATION, BUT HARPO
COULDN'T PROVE HE WAS HUMAN. (LAUGHS) AHM... Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: MUSICAL TAG

APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is the National.....etc.

ot/mc/1050
3/1/37