

# NBC

ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE  
S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC

OK DON. QUINN

CHICAGO OUTLET  
( FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - (#101) ) ( )

TIME WMAQ - RED

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION P.M.

MARCH 15, 1937

MONDAY

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Try to get 6 tickets for Art Weems  
1st Row - 22nd*

*System up*

*cut out of file,  
Jury out.*

*Molly. He means to act in front.*

*cut Japanese retention*

*It and then - finish legs*

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 WITH -

ORK: "GOOD NITE MY LUCKY DAY" - DOWN FOR -

COMMERCIAL #1

- Commercial -

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)



WIL:

FOR A LONG TIME NOW, FIBBER HAS PROMISED MOLLY HE'D PUT UP A NEW SHELF IN THE CHINA CABINET. TODAY, STALLING FOR TIME, HE SAID HE HAD TO GET SOME SUPPLIES AT THE HARDWARE STORE. ~~BUT MOLLY, KNOWING HE'D NEVER GET PAST THE CIGAR STORE HAS CROSSED HIM UP AND IS PERSONALLY ESCORTING HIM.~~ SO HERE, JUST ABOUT TO ENTER THE WISTFUL VISTA HARDWARE STORE at 14th & OAK STREETS, WE FIND -

- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

\*\*\*\*

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, go on in, McGee...I want that shelf put up today.  
 FIB: Okay. I...OH HIYAH BUD...AIN'T YOU THE HARDWARE GUY?  
 MAN: Yes I am...why? Oh hello, Mr. McGee.  
 MOL: WELL WHAT ARE YOU locking the door for - is this a holiday?  
 MAN: No...but I got a rush call from the opera house and there's nobody to take care of the shop.  
 FIB: What's wrong at the opera house, bud?  
 MAN: The baritone drank some ice water and froze his pipes.  
 FIB: Well listen bud...I'm an old hardware man.. I'll look after things while you're gone. I den't want you to lose any money.  
 MAN: Do you really know the hardware business?  
 MOL: No. He thinks a crowbar is a saloon for birds.

FIB:

Don't pay any attention to her bud. Used to run the McGee Hardware company down in <sup>Peoria,</sup> Illinois.

THE MCGEE HARDWARE COMPANY. "MAKERS OF BOLTS TO THE WORLD AND NUTS TO EVERYBODY".

MOL:

Oh dear.

FIB:

Yes sir...FAUCET FIXER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS. FAUCET FIXER MCGEE; FIRST AND FOREMOST FISHHOOK-FANCIER,

FLUSHVALVE-FINAGGLER, & FIREARM-FUSSER, FAMOUS FANATIC

~~ON FAIRNESS AND FOREVER FEATURING FRYINGPANS, FENCEWIRE,~~ FEAT-HERDUSTERS, FLYSWATTERS AND FROG-SPEARS *from Peoria to Florida*

MAN:

Here...take the keys!

MOL:

Don't hurry back, mister. Enjoy life while there's time.

FIB:

Run along bud. I'll handle things okay. Come on, Molly.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL:

Well, this is quite a store, isn't it? Look at all the -

SOUND:

TELEPHONE:

FIB:

Get that call, Molly, while I hang up my coat.

MOL:

HELLO. YES...WISTFUL VISTA HARDWARE COMPANY. you...WHAT'S

THAT? JUST A MINUTE. MCGEE!

FIB:

EH?

MOL:

It's MRS. BITTERJAW. HER BATHTUB IS RUNNING OVER.

FIB:

*he had the tub running over*  
 OKAY. WE'LL WAIT FOR IT -

MOL:

HELLO. WE'LL WAIT FOR IT AND SEND IT BA...MCGEE! THAT DOESN'T...er..HELLO HELLO..(CLICK) Well, that's a fine start!



FIB: Shuoks, this stuff is gonna be a cinch, Molly, for an old hardware man.

MOL: Me uncle Dennis used to be a hardware man, too. Later he had a seat on the <sup>New York</sup> stock exchange.

FIB: L<sup>ast</sup> time I saw him he had a seat on the <sup>floor</sup> Gurb. I think he was dabblin' in Gutter common, ~~or maybe it was cobblestone preferred.~~

MOL: Well, Uncle dennis was a smart man...even if he did have reverses.

FIB: REVERSES! (LAUGHS) Reverses! Shuoks, that guy was so backward he had to shave in a rear-view mirror.

MOL: Oh he never -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

WOMAN: Hello. What have you to keep a screen door from slamming?  
 FIB: <sup>Fib</sup> Front door or back door?  
 WOMAN: Back door.  
 FIB: ~~That's simple sis~~ - USE THE FRONT DOOR!  
 WOMAN: Oh Thank you.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: <sup>Me</sup> ~~Shuoks, you're catchin' onto the hardware business pretty quick, Molly.~~ <sup>keep this line</sup>  
 MOL: ~~Never mind that. You get busy and pick out some stuff to make that shelf <sup>the</sup> china cabinet. Silly Watson said he'd be over and help you with it.~~

FIB: ~~That's good. He--~~

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

MOL: Oh there he is now. Hello Silly.  
 FIB: Hiyah Sil. ~~We were just talkin' about you--~~  
 SIL: ~~Wah to?~~ <sup>Hi Mrs. Neger - Hi Mr. Neger</sup>  
 MOL: ~~Oh helpin us with some work. Hello Sil~~  
 FIB: ~~Just a second Sil...~~ <sup>You just in time Sil</sup> and I'll tell you what to do.  
 SIL: Neveh min' please suh. Ah knows what ah gotta do.  
 MOL: What's that, Silly?  
 SIL: Ah gotta go he'p mah gal, Rosebud Jackson. She movin' today.  
 MOL: Oh movin' eh?  
 FIB: Smatter Sil? What's she movin' for?  
 SIL: She done got elected, please suh.  
 MOL: Elected to what? What's she runnin' for?  
 SIL: She ain' runnin', ma'am. She jus' ba'ely movin'.  
 FIB: LISTEN, Sil. That don't make sense. ~~Elected to move~~  
 SIL: Yassuh. Tha's wha ah tried to tell the ole deppity, please suh. But he say -  
 MOL: DEPUTY. What deputy.  
 SIL: The deppity wha' come to elect Rosebud. He was sho a real uppity deppity.  
 FIB: Listen Sil. I think what you mean is Rosebud was EJECTED.



S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER NOGGS & MOLLY  
MONDAY MARCH 18, 1957  
WMAZ-RDC 7 PM  
ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Before we go on with the show I want to remind you that now is the time to make your floors and linoleum beautiful as new with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Until you have actually tried this remarkable no-rubbing floor polish, you can't possibly know how easy it is to apply. You merely spread GLO-COAT lightly over the linoleum or floor with a soft cloth or the special GLO-COAT APPLIER. You don't have to bear down or rub it in. GLO-COAT dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful polish that sheds dirt and dust and saves you hours of cleaning time. No matter how dull and dingy your linoleum looks now, GLO-COAT will quickly change it to a bright, shining surface that everyone will admire. Ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

SP:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER NOGGS & MOLLY  
MONDAY JAN. 18, 1957  
WMAZ-RDC 7 PM  
ALSO REBROADCAST

SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: There's something I've been wanting to tell . . . Oh, hello little girl.

TEENY: Hi, Mr. Wilcox -- whatcha doing?

WILCOX: I'm making an announcement about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

TEENY: Huh?

WILCOX: I say -- this is a GLO-COAT announcement.

TEENY: GLO-COAT? I can spell it, I betcha.

WILCOX: All right -- let's hear you spell it.

TEENY: It . . . I - T. Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Good-bye. Well, whether you spell it I - T or G-L-O hyphen G-O-I-T, GLO-COAT is IT -- the finest no-rubbing floor polish you ever used. Just apply -- and let dry, and in 20 minutes you'll have bright, shining floors and linoleum, very easy to keep clean -- floors that everyone will admire -- and you won't have to do any rubbing or buffing, for GLO-COAT is self-polishing.

I'm sure it's unnecessary to remind you that GLO-COAT is made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

SP:CF

*Link for the attractive yellow can  
and remember you save money on  
the larger sizes*

*CF. JHL*  
*used Mar 15 -*



SIL: Yassuh. Wa'd ah say?  
 MOL: You said Elected.  
 SIL: Yas'm. That's wha' she is. Elected right out onto the street.  
 FIB: Well What's she gonna do, now, Sil?  
 SIL: She gonna move in wif mah mammy and us folks.  
 MOL: Oh oh.  
 SIL: Wah?  
 MOL: I said OH oh.  
 SIL: Tha's funny. That's jus' wah my mammy done say. Only loudsh.

*So any more*  
~~But ah guess it'll be all right see'n's me and Rosebud~~  
~~is gonna git us matrimonied pretty soon now...so tha's why~~  
~~I come over today, - please sun...to tell you why ah can't~~  
~~come over today. DOOR SLAM.~~

MOL: Poor Silly!  
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Shuvks, that gal's gonna marry him in spite o' everything. *Tentative* But I guess when a woman makes up her mind she's goin' after a fella, he might as well give up. (PAUSE)  
 When did you first decide you were gonna marry me, Molly?  
 MOL: Oh, I...WHY FIBBER MCGEE...DO YOU MEAN TO INSINUATE -

TELEPHONE:

SAWING:  
 FIB: Everybody seems to take me either for a clinker in the furnace or a busted garter.  
 MOL: Why?  
 FIB: Well, I'm always bein' shaken down. (SAWING) WHY ONLY LAST WEEK.....

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:  
 MOL: Oh dear...Hide that piano bench, McGee. It's Mrs. Upson!  
 FIB: It is, eh. I'll pretend I dunno her. Hi there Sis. What can I do for ye? How about a nice pair o' hip boots?

HAUGHTY: PUL-LEASE!  
 FIB: OKAY OKAY...HOW ABOUT A COUPLE O' DOUBLE STRENGTH RUSTLESS BEAR TRAPS?

HAUGHTY: CERTAINLY NOT! I CAHN'T BEAR BEARS.  
 FIB: Ye can't bear bears, eh? (LAUGHS) Every try to ape an ape, sis?

MOL: MCGEE! LET THE LADE TALK!  
 FIB: AHM. What er what was it ye wanted, sis?  
 HAUGHTY: I AM MRS. J. UPPINGHAM UPSON. PRESIDENT OF THE WISTFUL VISTA LADIES WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON SHAKESPEAR AND CULTCHAH CLUB.

~~MOL: My, my: and all in one breath, too!~~  
 FIB: How about a nice alarm clock, ~~paper~~, to keep the minutes of the meetings?  
 HAUGHTY: PUL-LEASE. *I wish to* DID MRS. WEARSBOTTOM LEAVE A PIANO BENCH TO BE

REPAIRED?  
*I'd like to know whether it -*  
 MOL: Why yes, Mrs. Upson, she did. *but it isn't quite ready.*  
*Haughty. I suppose*



FIB: Dad ratted good thing we took charge here. Lotta business today. (CLICK) HELLO...YES.. AN ELBOW JOINT? I guess you want Pete's Tavern down the street. A big stein for a nickel. (CLICK) Wrong number. Well sir, Molly, I'll never forget the time....

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh it's Mrs. Wearybottom

FIB: Oh hiyah Weary. Whatcha got there?

WEARY: Oh hello folks, I didn't know you were connected with the hardware store but I don't know why I should be surprised at anything you do I brought in the piano bench from the W. V. Ladies Shakespeare & Culture Club because it's real wobbly and I wondered if you could do anything for it everytime I sit on it to play the piano for the club it starts to wobble yesterday I was playing drink to me only with thine eyes and the piano bench started to wobble and I found myself playing shake that thing can you fix it for me?

FIB: You betcha, Mrs. Wearybottom. All it needs is the leg sawed off even. You come back in a couple of hours and I'll have it ready for you.

WEARY: All right, I wouldn't bother you only I just hate to be playing a nice quiet minuet and have the piano bench doing the Harlem stomp Mrs. Upson, the president of the Club will call for it, with her chauffeur ~~and~~. Is that the only necktie you've got?

DOOR SLAM

FIB: ~~What does she mean is this the only necktie-~~

MOL: Never mind that. Get busy and saw that leg even with the others.

FIB: Okay. That Upson dame ain't to be trifled with. (THUMP AND CLATTER) You hold it whilst I saw.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: Ahem

SOUND: SAWING: (THIS SOUND TO REPEAT AT INTERVALS ALL THRU PROGRAM)

MOL: Watch what you're doin', McGee.

FIB: Okay. Ye know I was just thinkin' about all these sit down strikes.

MOL: What about 'em? (SAWING)

FIB: Well it ain't like the old days. (SAWING) IT USED TO BE that folks stood up for their rights...now they sit down for 'em. (SAWING) (They used to bend all their efforts; now all they bend is their hips. They used to use brickbats and now they use sofa cushions. I guess the world is goin' sissy on us. Why if -

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh how do you do, I'm sure...what can we do for you?

MAN: Got any bathroom scales?

FIB: Well, we got scales, bud, but you couldn't weigh a bathroom on 'em.

MAN: Aw gee!

*Seems nothing worse than again back the waffles*

*Re-written for straight drama*

*the President Mrs Upson  
the chauffeur*

*one beam big enough to*

*the end of*



DOOR SLAM:- SAWING -

MOL: He must be selling his house. Room by room. There's certainly some odd people come in for hardware.

WIL: AND IT'S ODD WHAT HARD WEAR YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM COME IN FOR. BUT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT WILL PROTECT AND BEAUTI-

FIB: HARPO! What was it you wanted?

WIL: I want to buy a shotgun. Got any?

MOL: They're right over there, McGee.

FIB: I see 'em. (RATTLE) Here's a beauty, Harpo. Double-barreled too. Throw your hat up in the air... I wanta see how she aims.

WIL: All right. Here...

SOUND: BANG! GLASS CRASH

MOL: Heavenly days...MCGEE!

SOUND: BANG: CLATTER

WIL: SAY - you'd better be careful there, Fibber. You're liable to hurt somebody.

FIB: Shucks, I didn't know it was loaded.

MOL: Then why did you fire the <sup>5th</sup> barrel?

FIB: Well, I didn't know that was loaded either.

MOL: Oh dear. What did you want the shotgun for, Mr. Wilcox? Moose, Nice, mallards or murder?

WIL: Hunting. I love to hunt. It clears the cobwebs out of my brain.

FIB: It what, Harpo? (SAWING)

WIL: I say, IT CLEARS THE COBWEBS OUT OF MY BRAIN.

FIB: You don't need a shotgun for that. What you want is a vacuum cleaner.

WIL: OH IS THAT SO! ALL RIGHT...I WON'T TELL YOU WHAT I WAS GOING TO.

MOL: Oh come on, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: What was it Harpo? I was just kiddin'.

MOL: Sure...he didn't mean anything.

FIB: No.

WIL: Well...all right. I was just going to tell you that Ted Weems is going to play MOONLIGHT & SHADOWS AND PERRY GOMO IS GOING TO SING. Now...aren't you glad you made up with me?

MOL: What are you looking for, McGee?

FIB: More shotgun shells.

WIL: WELL SO LONG FOLKS!

DOOR SLAM

ORK: "MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS" GOMO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)



WIL: NOW BACK TO THE HARDWARE STORE...WHERE FIBBER IS STILL TRYING TO EVEN UP THE LEGS ON MRS. <sup>WHEAT</sup>WHEATON'S PIANO BENCH.

\*\*\*\*\*

SAWING SOUND: CLATTER:

FIB: THERE! Oughtta be okay now. (THUMPING)

MOL: No...it's still uneven. You got the one leg too short now, McGee.

FIB: I guess so. I'll saw the other three off even with it.

SAWING SOUND:  
TENTATIVE CUT

MOL: Say, McGee...when that woman came in and wanted tulip bulbs. Did you sell her some?

FIB: Nope. Looked all over the seed counter but I couldn't find any.

MOL: What'd you do?

FIB: Well she says she liked a nice bright plant around the house so I give her some flashlight bulbs.

SAWING SOUND:

END OF CUT

DOOR LATCH: SLAM

MAN: (HUGH'S SILLY GUY) HELLO.

DOOR SLAM SAWING:

MOL: (LAUGHS) He certainly had a hard time saying poor corper, didn't he?

FIB: (LAUGHS: Yeah. Shucks, for a minute, I -

TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) HELLO. Yes. Wistful Vista Hardware Co. Just a minute. I'll see. Hey, Molly. We got any battleship linoleum?

MOL: Oh gobs and gobs.

FIB: Hello. You Betcha, Mam'm....How much did ye want? What? Gimme them measurements again. 6x2. Okay we'll mail it right out. (CLICK:)

MOL: You'll mail it out! A piece of battleship linoleum 6 feet by 2?

FIB: 6 inches by two, Molly. She's readin' a navy story and she wants it for a book-mark. *about two navy*

SAWING:

MOL: When you get thru fixing that piano bench you might start figuring on me shelf for the china closet. We can.....

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM ... SOUND OF ROLLER SKATES...

WHEE: Whoopee...one side there, sonny. I need some oil for my roller skates....

FIB: Hey there....take it easy grandmaw....

WHEE: Pipe down, skippy....I know what I'm doin'....Get a load of this one....

SOUND: CLATTER OF SKATES



WHEE: Yipeeee....Not so bad....Eh, Shorty?

FIB: Listen Grandmaw....ain't you a little er....mature, to be dashin' around on roller skates?

WHEE: Oh I wouldn't say so, skippy. Only fell down once today and that was when I ran into a fire engine...should have seen me then, sonny, I want head over wheels.

FIB: Head over wheels, eh!? Kinda wobbly on 'em aren't ya, grandmaw?

WHEE: No sir....I can do the waltz or any old thing on 'em sonny.

Watch me cut my figure eight....WHOOPEE....OUTA MY WAY THERE..

SOUND: CLATTER AN ROLLERS ETC.....

FIB: Hey....LOOK OUT FOR THE SHOW CASE!

SOUND: CRASH GLASS AND CLATTER

FIB: WELL....DID YOU CUT YOUR FIGURE EIGHT.

WHEE: NO....I JUST CUT MY FIGURE, PERIOD. WHAT AM I OFFERED FOR A PAIR OF SECOND HAND SKATES SHORTY?

FIB: Two bits.

WHEE: SOLD! HOW MUCH IS THE COASTER WAGON?

FIB: FIVE BUCKS.

WHEE: HERE YOU ARE ... I'LL TAKE IT!

SOUND: COASTER WAGON SOUND (Ah there, Miles!)

WHEE: HOLD THE DOOR OPEN THERE LADY ... THAT'S IT...HERE I COME....  
READY OR NOT...YIPEEEE.(FADE OUT) WHOOPEE.....YEIPEEEE...

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why that old warhorse. If she comes in here and wants a steam roller Molly, don't you sell it to her. And say Did ye get a load of the makeup?

MOL: Sure, we should have sold her a can of paint remover.

SAWING: CLATTER:

MOL: Well how's the bench now?

FIB: (THUMPING SOUND) I GUESS I SAWED THEM OTHER THREE LEGS OFF TOO MUCH THIS TIME.

MOL: Well, saw the first one off some more.

FIB: Okay.

SAWING:

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

RUSS: ALLO BABOUSHAKA. ALLO? TOVARICHICH.

MOL: Oh how do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: What's on your mind, Vodka?

RUSS: I AM WANTING TO SEE PROPRIECHOR about some scolping.

FIB: Scolping, eh? You come to the wrong reservation, bud. Try the barber shop three doors down the - -

RUSS: NO NO, TOVARICHICH. I MEAN SCOLPING. ESS, KAY, HO, HAL, PEW ME, EN, GEE. SCOLPING. I AM A SCOLPTOR.

MOL: Oh, he's a sculptor, McGee.

FIB: I get it. He makes statues and stuff..

MOL: He makes faces and busts.

FIB: THAT's pretty old stuff there, Molly.

RUSS: SCOLPING IS OLD STOFF TOO, TOVARICH HAVE YOU GOT SOME CHARP CHISELS? DA?

FIB: What for?

RUSS: I AM SCOLPING STATUE OF MAYOR APPLEPUTCH. BUT ALL CHISELS ARE WEARING OUT TOO QUICK. WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOUR STOFF?



FIB: Nothing wrong with any tools we sell you, bud. I think the trouble is in makin' a statue of the Mayor.

MOL: Everybody knows you can't chisel a politician, Catch on?

RUSS: DA.

MOL: DA.

FIB: DA.

RUSH: (INTO VOLGA BOAT SONG) DA DA DA DEDA DADEDD (FIBBER AND MOLLY JOIN IN)

DOOR SLAM:

SAWING: CLATTER ... THUMPS...

FIB: SHUCKS!

MOL: What's the matter now?

FIB: I've sawed this leg off three times and I'TS STILL TOO SHORT!

MOL: Well, saw the other legs down even again. And hurry up - that sawing is getting on my nerves.

FIB: TURN ON ONE O' THEM RADIOS THEN. MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY OURSELVES.

SOUND: CLICK:

ORCHESTRAL FADE IN WITH. "GOODNIGHT MY LUCKY DAY" - ( \_\_\_\_\_ BARS)

FIB: (OFF MIKE) HEY MOLLY TURN THAT THING OFF. I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF SAW.

SOUND: CLICK ORK OUT.

MOL: I wanted to see whose orchestra that was. It sounded like Ted Weems.

P.A. VOICE: THAT'S RIGHT MOLLY IT WAS MR.

FIB: Turn it way off, Molly. You must have it on the amateur band.

SOUND: CLICK.

MOL: Hurry up with that piano bench, McGee. You know how that Mrs. Upson is! You ... say aren't you getting those legs awfully short?

FIB: Oh, I dunno. What's the difference, if they're even? That's the -

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: It's a little girl.

FIB: Oh yes....couldn't see her over the showcase. Hiyah sis.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: What can I do for you?

TEE: Hammm?

FIB: I says, whatever ye want, make it snappy, I'm busy.

TEE: What doin'?

FIB: Well, if you gotta know, I'm evenin' up the legs on this piano bench.

~~TEE: Is it good?~~

~~FIB: Good what?~~

~~TEE: Good evenin'?~~

~~FIB: Good evenin'. It's a level floor ... Dad Rat it, Sis, if you don't want something beat it. I gotta finish this job.~~

~~TEE: Why?~~

FIB: Well, because it needs it, that's why. Aint that reason enough?

~~TEE: Enough for what?~~

~~FIB: Enough for evenin' up the legs on ... DAD RAT WHAT DO YE WANT?~~



TEE: Ohhhhhh, I want a dolly buggy, anna pair of skates and a package of gum anna ....

FIB: WHOAAAA... I AIN'T SANTY CLAUS, ye know.

TEE: Who is?

FIB: Ho w should I kn ...er...why everybo...er...WELL I DUNNO. BUT I AINT.

TEE: Okay.

SAWING:

FIB: Listen sis. I'm a busy man. FOR THE LAST TIME...WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

TEE: I wanta show you something I betcha. See that man out there in the white coat? Hammm. See him?

FIB: Sure I see him.

MOL: That's the man who sells the ice cream bars, McGee.

FIB: What about him sis?

TEE: Don't you know?

FIB: Nops. I don't, I'm afraid.

TEE: He seels 'em for a nickel.

FIB: Well what of it?

TEE: HMMMMMM?

FIB: I SAYS WHAT OF IT? WHAT DO I CARE? HOW DOES IT AFFECT ME?

TEE: Well if it affects you like it affects me, we'll each have one I betcha.

FIB: If it affec....AREM. OKAY IT'S BLACKMAIL BUT I'LL PAY. HERE'S A NICKEL. AND DON'T BOTHER ME ANY MORE TODAY. SEE?

TEE: Okay. He won't be here again today anyway, I betcha. Thanks mister.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: No. Ye see we -

HAUGHTY: WELL WE SIMPLY MUST HAVE THAT BENCH BACK TODAY. WE HAVE A <sup>reelise</sup> GUEST SPEAKER COMING TO THE CLUB?

MOL: Who, Robert Benchley?

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Listen, Uppsy, we'll get right after it. You <sup>yes</sup> come back in an hour and it'll be all set.

HAUGHTY: I HOPE SO!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days - I think she's got delusions of grandeur!

FIB: Well, I suppose if we stay around his hardware too long we'll get screwy too.

SAWING:

~~MOL:~~ She nearly floored me, McGee, when she -

WIL: Next time you're floored, try Johnson's <sup>real security</sup> quick drying Glocat. It shines as it --

FIB: Harpo. You back again?

MOL: What can we do for you Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Lemme see your nails.

MOL: Oh no. They look terrible. After workin' a while in here and all.

WIL: No, no. <sup>I just want some nails - Simple nail</sup> Not your nails. ~~Just nails.~~ What do you use for shingles?

FIB: Hot compresses. And stay in bed until the doct -

WIL: No wait a minute I just -

SOUND: RASING IN AND OUT

WIL: What's that noise?



~~MOL: That's America filing it's income tax today.~~

WIL: Oh, well listen. I also want a pint of shellac.

FIB: You gotta prescription?

WIL: Since when did you have to have a prescription for shellac?

FIB: You don't really. But I think it sounds more professional.

MOL: What else, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: And I want a small plane?

FIB: Land plane or seaplane?

WIL: Just a plane.

MOL: I'll bet you wouldn't fly it if you had it.

WIL: No, I mean -

FIB: Let's see your pilots license.

WIL: I HAVEN'T GOT A PILOTS LICENSE AND WHAT'S MORE \*

MOL: Then how do you expect to fly a plane?

WIL: I tell you I don't expect to fly a plane.

FIB: Oh scared, eh?

WIL: No, I'm not scared. I don't mean ariplanes. I mean a plane that you plane wood with. You know you push it along and it shaves the wood down?

MOL: What are you using it for?

WIL: I'm fixing some bookcases.

FIB: How long you had 'em?

WIL: Two years, but -

FIB: Only two years old and you want to shave 'em already?

WIL: Say, listen -

FIB: Say Harpo. When you finish a job of carpentering, do you ever stand way back and see how it looks.

WIL: Why yes, I do.

FIB: Good. Then how about a nice telescope?

MOL: We got 'em in three sizes. Three, five and ten feet.

FIB: You gotta saw?

WIL: Have I got a saw what?

FIB: I think you oughtta have a saw. We got a swell saw here.. see?

WIL: Listen, if I wanted to see a saw I'd of said so, see? I mean, if I - aw - what's the use!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I guess that'll take care of Harpo for a while. He's -

DOOR SLAM:

BOOM: Good day, my hardworking little hardwarers.

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

FIB: What's on your mind, bud?

BOOM: &H YES ... TELL ME SWIZZLE STICK? DO YOU MAKE CAR KEYS?

FIB: You betcha bud. Lose your's?

BOOM: No...I believe I left them in my limousine when I parked it.

js 12:00



MOL: Oh, I THINK HE'S VERY FUNNY.

FIB: Who, Molly?

MOL: Park-your-car-keys.

BOOM: HA HAH. VERY AMUSING...VERY..SOUNDS LIKE BURNS AND ALLEN  
~~OR MAYBE IT ISNT REALLY BURNS...JUST BLISTERS..YES YES..NOW~~  
 ABOUT THE CAR KEYS MY BOY...IT IS IMPERATIVE...YES, QUITE  
 IMPERATIVE THAT I DRIVE TO THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION IMMEDIATELY.  
 MUST GET INTO MY CAR SOME WAY...

MOL: HELP THE MAN, McGee.

FIB: You betcha, bud. WHERE'S THE CAR?

BOOM: I CLOSE JUXTAPOSITION TO YOUR EMPORIUM, I BELIEVE.

FIB: Well go and get it and drive it up in front of the store  
 here.

MOL: That's where it is, iggerhuts!

FIB: Oh. Well come on along, bud...I'll have ye into your car  
 in a Jiffy.

DOOR SLAM:

BOOM: THERE WE ARE, MY BOY...YOU CAN SEE THE KEYS IN THE IGNITION.  
 CARELESS OF ME...CARELESS...

FIB: DONT WORRY ABOUT IT, BUD...ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS...

GLASS CRASH:

...bust the window...REACH IN, GRAB THE HANDLE AND PRESTO!  
 IT'S OPEN!

BOOM: SEEMS A LITTLE DRASTIC, DOESNT IT. OH WELL....

FIB: IF IT WAS A RIGHT-HAND-DRIVE CAR...WE'D HAVE BUSTED THE  
 WINDOW ON THIS OTHER SIDE...LIKE THIS.

GLASS CRASH.

FIB: See?...you CAN DO IT EITHER WAY. SAY, WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

BOOM: JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER AN APPOINTMENT. HERE'S A FIVE  
 DOLLAR BILL FOR YOUR TROUBLE, MY BOY.

FIB: Whaddye mean a five-buck bill? This is an old carnival  
 handbill.

BOOM: IMAGINE THAT. AND I BOUGHT A NEW SUIT WITH TEN OF THOSE  
 THIS MORNING...MUST BE GETTING ABSENT MINDED. WELL CALL  
 ON ME SOMEDAY MY BOY AND WE'LL HAVE LUNCH.

FIB: OKAY..WHERE?

BOOM: OH ANYWHERE. IT'S THE COMPANY NOT THE PLACE...YES YES...LET'S  
 MAKE THAT DEFINITE. (Beautiful car.. wonder who owns it)  
 SHALL WE MAKE IT DEFINITE?

FIB: OKAY...

BOOM: FINE. REAL PLEASURE KNOWING YOU. WELL GOOD DAY MY BOY.

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT..

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, McGee...did he get in his car all right?

FIB: You betcha. Nice guy too. We're gonna have lunch together  
 sometime..someplace..whoever he is.

MOL: How did you know it was his car?

FIB: Well, he seemed..er..that is, I...well shucks, he -



MOL: How'd you get his car opened up?

FIB: Oh I just busted the window with this hamm...WELL FER THE...  
THAT RAT SWIPED MY HAMMER!

ORK: CHORD:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "STAR MEDLEY" --

"TANNER"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL "2."

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT) : -

WIL: NOW BACK TO THE WISTFUL VISTA HARDWARE STORE, WHERE FIBBER  
IS STILL LABORING VALIANTLY TO EVEN UP THOSE LEGS ON MRS.  
WARRINGTON'S PIANO BENCH. (SOFTLY) BUT BEFORE WE GO INTO  
THE STORE LOOK AT THEIR BEAUTIFUL WINDOW DISPLAY OF JOHNSON'S  
GLOCOAT, THE NO RUBBING FLOOR POLISH THAT -

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: (LOUDLY & CHEERFULLY) - AND NOW INTO THE HARDWARE STORE WITH  
FIBBER AND MOLLY!

SOUND: SAWING:

MOL: You're getting those legs pretty short, McGee.

FIB: Can't be helped, Molly. She wanted 'em evend up didnt she?  
It aint gonna wobble when I get thru with it.

SAWING: CLATTER.

FIB: THERE! Now it oughtta be okay.

SOUND: THUMPING

MOL: Nope. Now you're got that one leg too short again.

FIB: Oh well....

SAWING:

MOL: This is a real busy place, isn't it, McGee? I wonder what  
the owner would have -

DOOR SLAM:

*High* WOMAN: Hello. You gott a mousetrap?

*7:10* MOL: Sure. You gotta mouse?

WOMAN: No, but I know where I can get one.

FIB: Okay, I think we can work somethin' out.

WOMAN: FINE!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I'd like to have gone over that again. Somehow it didnt  
seem very sensible.

SAWING:

FIB: I think she's the one that had the singing mouse on the  
radio.

MOL: Well tell me. Is it true they're feeding that mouse nothing  
but Swiss cheese so it will learn to yodel?

FIB: No. They tried Swiss cheese - but it got so's the mouse  
wouldn't sing half notes--just hole notes..

TELEPHONE:



FIB: (CLICK) HELLO. WHAT? HOW'S FLIES? OH FLIES IS PRETTY MEAN. HOW'S BEES? WHAT? OH HOUSEFLIES. I THOUGHT YOU SAYS HOW'S FLIES. WHAT? FLYPAPER? THREE CENTS A SHEET TODAY. SURE IT'S CHEAP, BUT WE HAD A BIT DOWN STRIKE & THIS IS SOME WE GOT STUCK WITH...YOU BETCHA. (CLICK)

SAWING:

MOL: Dont forget, McGee...you got to get stuff for the new shelf in the china cabinet.

FIB: I know. I gotta look up the Japanese situation before I can work on the China cabinet. Ye see -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

MORT: HAW HAW HAW.. HELLO FOLKS..

MOL: Oh Mort TOOPS.. HELLO MR. TOOPS.

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Mort.

MOLL: CAN WE DO SOMETHING FOR YOU, MR TOOPS?

MORT: WELL...(LAUGHS) I DUNNO. (LAUGHS) JUST SAW YOU IN HERE AS I WAS PASSING AND THOUGHT I'D DROP IN. HAW HAW..SAY I JUST HEARD A HOT ONE DOWN AT THE ICE HOUSE.. HAW HAW..OH BOY..IS IT A LULU...HAW HAW HAW...GET A LOAD OF THIS NOW.. IT'S A HONEY...HAW HAW...

MOL: Well tell it, for goodness' sake!