

# NBC

ADVERTISER: G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER: DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE: FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY (#105)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET  
( 8:00-8:30 PM )

( APRIL 12, 1937 )

( MONDAY ) DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Not Correct*

Page 2

LAUGHTER:

FIB: - so, when the waiter got tough with me, I says "Listen,"  
I says, cool and dirty, "Listen, I says, - keep a civil tongue  
in your sandwich!" (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? Tongue sandwi-

MOL: Taint funny McGee!

FIB: Well, I always pull my punches at the beginning.

ORCHESTRA: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (4TH PHRASE WITH TANNER).

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, - WITH MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN as  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. TED WEEMS' ORCHESTRA OPENS THE  
SHOW WITH "BOO HOO".

ORCH: "BOO HOO" - DOWN FOR -

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1.

\* Commercial \*

ORK: "BOO HOO" UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: WELL, FIBBER IS IN A NEW BUSINESS TONIGHT. HE'S TAKEN OVER THE MANAGEMENT OF A NIGHT CLUB AND RE-NAMED IT THE CLUB MCGEE! MOLLY HAS WARNED HIM THAT HE'LL BE JUST A SMALL NOISE IN A BIG RACKET, BUT HE KNOWS BETTER! AND HERE, WELCOMING PATRONS AT THE DOOR, WE FIND AS MASTER AND MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

SOUND: CROWD NOISES..LAUGHTER..FADE OUT WITH TINNY PIANO BEHIND DIALOG

FIB: WELCOME FOLKS..WELCOME TO THE CLUB MCGEE...SOMETHING DOING EVERY MINUTE...

MOL: Yes sir...cloakroom to the right, sir.

FIB: COME RIGHT IN FOLKS..GET A FISTFUL OF FEVERISH FUN. LET OUR GAYETY GALS SHOW YOU A GORGEOUS GOB OF GOONA GOO. How are ye, brother. What? No sir.no cover or minimum charge.

MOL: We charge only the maximum.

FIB: Quiet, Molly, ..Oh Hello Mrs. Wearybottom...Waiter! A good table for Mr. Wearybottom.

MAN: Excuse me, please. Do you take care of parking patron's cars?

FIB: Absolutely brother. Our doorman will park it quickly and carefully. THERE HE GOES NOW, WITH YOUR CAR. SEE?

SOUND: CAR CRASH WITH GLASS CRASH

FIB: Ahem. We do such a big business we have to park 'em close together. ALL RIGHT FOLKS...STEP RIGHT IN...

GROWD UP AND DOWN

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...I hope you can handle this business.

FIB: Shucks, don't worry about that Molly. I've learned all about night clubs from the movies.

MOL: Our lady violinist saw a movie today too, and can't play tonite.

FIB: What was the picture?

MOL: Lost Her Rosin.

FIB: AHEM. STEP RIGHT IN FOLKS..OUR NEXT FLOOR SHOW IS ABOUT TO GO ON. Hy, Molly, there's a couple of guys in tuxedos..have 'em put down in front to dress up the place.

MOL: Those are our two waiters.

FIB: Oh yes. WELCOME TO THE CLUB MCGEE, FOLKS..EVERYTHING IS-

WOMAN: Excuse me, please. Are you the proprietor of this club?

FIB: You betcha sis. How do you like it? I got Diego DeLovely to do the decorations, and while I think he went a little cockeyed in a modernistic direction, the effect in general is-

WOMAN: I don't want to hear about it. LOOK!

FIB: What is it?

MOL: It's an empty glass, McGee. If this is a parlor trick, madam, we haven't time to,-

WOMAN: No..listen. THIS IS WHAT THE WAITER GAVE ME WHEN I ORDERED A COCKTAIL. AN EMPTY GLASS!

FIB: What'd you order, sis?

WOMAN: A dry martini.

FIB: Ohwell. They made it too dry. WAITER...TAKE CARE OF THIS LADY...ALL RIGHT FOLKS..WELCOME TO THE CLUB MCGEE..

GROWD UP AND DOWN.

MOL: Oh dear...I can see trouble ahead for us, McGee...I don't think this is the proper business for -

CHEF: (MAN) EXCUSE ME, BOSS.

FIB: SORRY BUD...YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE WITH THAT BIG WHITE HAT ON.. THIS AIN'T A FANCY DRESS AFFAIR..

MOL: McGee...that's our chef..

FIB: Oh..On yes. What is it, Cookie?

CHEF: Lissen...better order a couple hundred pounds more veal..

FIB: VEAL...what do we use all that veal for?

CHEF: Chicken ala king.

MOL: Cant you use beef?

CHEF: We're usin' the beef for chicken pie.

FIB: Say, I saw a couple o' chickens out in the kitchen this morning. What are we usin' them for?

CHEF: Toikey sandwiches.

FIB: Oh. AHM. Okay, bud. Go ahead and order the veal. Ye know, Molly there's more to this business than meets the eye.

MOL: I wish you hadn't got into this McGee. I don't think it's strictly honest.

FIB: Oh now, Molly...don't be like that. Customers don't mind a little finaglin' when we give 'em first class service and entertain-

MAN: (BREATHLESS) Excuse me a minute, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Yes yes..what is it.

FIB: Make it snappy, son. This is our busy -

MAN: IT'S ABOUT TOOTSIE DE BOO, Mr. McGee.

MOL: WHAT..OUR BALLOON DANCER?

FIB: SMATTER WITH THE BALLOON DANCER, BOY?

MAN: She was doin' her balloon dance and she had a blowout. When the baloon busted it blew her up onto the chandelier,

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!

FIB: TOSS HER UP A CANDID CAMERA. SHE OUGHTTA GET SOME SWELL PICTURES FROM US THERE, ALL RIGHT FOLKS..WELCOME TO THE CLUB MCGEE..

CROWD UP AND DOWN.

MOL: Listen, McGee...you better announce the next feature of the floor show. The crowds gettin' noisy.

FIB: It's when they get quiet that I begin to worry. However...

CROWD UP...Gimme a drum roll, Ted!

ORK: FANFARE..WITH DRUM ROLL AND CRASH.

FIB: (ON P.A.): Good evening everybody.. welcome to the club McGee.. If your food is a little slow comin', don't worry about it. Our chef got a knot in his shoestring potatoes. (DEFLATED LAUGH) and now, folks ...WE WANT YOU TO MEET OUR HANDSOME HANDER-OUTER OF HARMONY - THIS FELLOW USED TO WORK IN OUR KITCHEN HERE AT THE CLUB MCGEE...MIXIN' SALADS. BUT WE DISCOVERED HE COULD SING SO WE TOOK THIS BALLAD SOUL FROM THE SALAD BOWL. PERRY COMO IS GONNA SING "MY LAST AFFAIR",

ORK: "MY LAST AFFAIR" -- - COMO.

APPLAUSE WITH NOISEMAKERS. FADE TO -

FIB: Come on, Molly...let's go into the office and check over the accounts.

MOL: With pleasure, McGee...all this noise is givin' me a headache.

FIB: Well what's a night club for - a health resort,? Come on in and sit down.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. CROWD OUT.

MOL: Oh, I wish you'd never got into this night club busi-. MCGEE.. WHO'S THAT AT YOUR DESK?

FIB: Search me. WHO ARE YOU BUD? WHAT'S THE IDEA O' SNEAKIN INTO OUR PRIVATE OFFICE WHILE WE'RE BUSY? YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE MAKIN' YOURSELF AT HOME IN MY OWN PRIVA-...DAD RAT IT...GET YOUR FEET OFF MY DESK WHILE I TALK TO YE.

TOUGH: Take it easy, Pantywaist..Squreshooter Mulligan sent me.

MOL: Squreshooter Mulligan... the gangster!

FIB: Why shucks, bud..he's the crookedest hoodlum in 48 states.

TOUGH: SO WHAT?

MOL: Where'd he ever get thename Squreshooter? SQUARESHOOTER!

FIB: He shot three cops in Times Square.

TOUGH: PIPE DOWN, YOUSE. ONE MORE SQUEAK OUTA YOU AND I'LL FILL YOUSE AS FULL O' HOLES AS A NAVAL TREATY.

MOL: Quiet, McGee...please.

FIB: Okay, bud. I was just...er...AHM...Can I..er..order you up a sandwich or somethin'? We..er..don't want any troub-

TOUGH: LISSEN. SQUARESHOOTER MULLIGAN T'INKS YOU'RE DOIN' A GOOD BUSINESS HERE AND YOU BETTER START PAYIN' OFF, SEE?

MOL: Payin' off for what?

TOUGH: PROTECTION.

FIB: Protection against what, bud?

TOUGH: LOTS O' TINGS, PUNK. PROTECTION AGAINST YOUR PLACE BEIN' BUSTED IN, AND YOUR WINDOWS BROKE, AN' YOU BEIN' BEAT UP, see?

MOL: Heavenly days...who's gonna do all that?

TOUGH: Square shooter Mulligan.

FIB: Oh..I..er..I begin to get the idea...we pay protection to Mulligan to protect ourselves from Mulligan. That er...works out kinda neat, don't it?

TOUGH: You'd be surprised, buddy! It woiks out real sweet.

MOL: AND WHAT IF WE DON'T PAY, YOU HOODLUM?

TOUGH: Well - IS DIS A CONCRETE BUILDIN'?

FIB: Nope. Wood. Why?

TOUGH: WELL ONE BOMB OUGHTTA BLOW THIS PLACE TO BITS! -- BUT YOUSE JUST T'INK IT OVER. WE DON'T WANNA RUSH YOUSE.

DOOR OPEN..PIANO..DOOR SLAM, PIANO OUT.

MOL: Ohhhh dear...I knew it...I KNEW IT. What'll we do now, McGee? Call the police?

FIB: Don't be silly.

MOL: But we're taxpayers. ...IT'S OUTRAGEOUS...WHAT'D WE BETTER DO?

FIB: Quiet Molly...lemme think. I wish I could remember how they handle a situation like this in them night club movies. Shucks, I never expected anything like this when I -

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

MOL: Oh dear. More trouble.

FIB: QUIET, Molly. (CLICK) HELLO. YES THIS IS THE CLUB MCGEE.

FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHAT? YOU WANTA WHAT? LISTEN, BROTHER..

YOU AINT GOT ANY BUSINESS BRINGIN' A KID THAT AGE TO A NIGHT

CLUB. I WONT STAND FOR IT. (CLICK)

MOL: What was that?

FIB: SOME guy wanted a reservation for a party of six. 'AHEM. Must think we're runnin' a kindergarten.

MOL: I wish we were. Maybe you could learn something.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Shucks...now what. COME IN!  
(CROWD OR (CROWD OR  
DOOR LATCH...(PIANO....DOOR SLAM (PIANO OUT.

FIB: Oh! Hiya HARPO?

WIL: Hello folks. You running this night club?

FIB: You betcha, Harpo, and we already use Johnson's wax on our dance floor, so you needn't get underfoot yourself.

WIL: Well, listen, when is the floor show starting?

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox? Do you want to see it so bad?

WIL: No, I heard it was so bad I don't want to see it.

FIB: Well, if you don't like it, Harpo, why don't you go home?

WIL: No, I think I'll run over to the Socko Club. They have a swell ventriloquist over there.

FIB: You better hurry, then. I hear he's lookin' for a new dummy.

WIL: Oh all right. (FADE OUT) I guess I can take a hint....

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, it's about time for you to introduce the next feature of the floor show.

FIB: I think I could give 'em a quick change act myself. I can feel my hair turnin' gray.

MOL: Well, I warned you. Come on.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. NOISE UP.

MOL: My the crowd seems to be having a real good time.

FIB: They better have it before they get their checks. WAITER..

MAN: Yessir?

FIB: Get that pleasant look off your face. This is a night club.

MAN: Yessir. I'm sorry sir.

FIB: and give that fourth table over there a good scowl. They haven't ordered any food yet.

MOL: A fine business we're in! I'm downright ashamed to be -

TOUGH: JUST A MINUTE BUDDY. I WANNA TALK TO YOUSE.

MOL: Heavenly days...Mr. Mulligans representative again...

FIB: Listen, bud...er...I...AHM. I haven't quite made my mind up about that....er...propositi-

TOUGH: DIS IS SOMETHIN' ELSE, see? WHERE YOU BUYIN' YOUR GROCERIES?

MOL: Why...why we always get 'em from the Wistful Vista Quality Market.

FIB: Why, bud?

FIB: You better hurry, then. I hear he's lookin' for a new dummy✓

WIL: Oh all right. (FADE OUT) I guess I can take a hint....

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, it's about time for you to introduce the next feature of the floor show.

FIB: I think I could give 'em a quick change act myself. I can feel my hair turnin' gray.

MOL: Well, I warned you. Come on.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. NOISE UP.

MOL: My the crowd seems to be having a real good time.

FIB: They better have it before they get their checks. WAITER..

MAN: Yessir?

FIB: Get that pleasant look off your face. This is a night club.

MAN: Yessir. I'm sorry sir.

FIB: and give that fourth table over there a good scowl. They haven't ordered any food yet.

MOL: A fine business we're in! I'm downright ashamed to be -

TOUGH: JUST A MINUTE BUDDY. I WANNA TALK TO YOUSE.

MOL: Heavenly days...Mr. Mulligans representative again...

FIB: Listen, bud...er...I...AHM. I haven't quite made my mind up about that....er...propositi-

TOUGH: DIS IS SOMETHIN' ELSE, see? WHERE YOU BUYIN' YOUR GROCERIES?

MOL: Why...why we always get 'em from the Wistful Vista Quality Market.

FIB: Why, bud?

TOUGH: Well AFTER DIS, YOU'RE GETTIN' 'EM FROM DE MULLIGAN PROVISION COMPANY, SEE?

MOL: Why should we?

TOUGH: BECAUSE, SISTER, DE MULLIGAN PROVISION COMPANY HAS GOT A SPECIAL PROVISION DAT'LL INTEREST YOUSE.

FIB: What is it?

TOUGH: We let youse live. (FADE OUT) YOU CAN CONSIDER DE MATTER SETTLED BUDDY...(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Quit shakin', McGee....what's the matter with you?

FIB: (TREMULO) I was j-j-just thinkin'.

OUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT FAST....WITH MOTOR HORN

FIB: Wh-what was that?

MOL: Just one of the bus boys.Come on McGee - pull yerself together! Announce the next number. The show must go on!

FIB: .....What?

MOL: GO ON!!

IB: Okay...okay...WEEMS! GO ON!

ROWD-NOISES UP AND DOWN FOR -

RK: "THE LOVE BUG WILL GET YOUSE" -- TANNER

PLAUSE...NOISE

ROWD UP AND DOWN FOR

IB: Hey, Molly... see that guy anywhere around yet?

OL: No. I think he's gone, McGee. Are you scared?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Shucks, no. I'm as cool as a cucumber - why -

MAN: EXCUSE ME BOSS....

FIB: (YELL) Hey! Don't ever do that! - Oh...er...What is it, waiter?

MAN: The bouncer just called up.

MOL: I wondered where he was, the big bruiser.

FIB: What'd he want, bud? Tell him to get down here on the job.

MAN: Well he says, he needs a manicure so bad he's just ashamed to come to work.

FIB: Oh well, that's different.

CROWD UP AND DOWN.

FIB: This is a fine staff I got here. They all --

MOL: Oh McGee... there's Mrs. Wearybottom again. Enjoying yourself, Mrs. Wearybottom?

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Weary. How's things?

WEARY: Oh hello, folks. My this certainly is a real night club isn't it, air conditioned and everything if the air was in any better condition it wouldn't be a night club. My brother just fainted at our table from the smoke imagine that and he's a fireman too the reason I came in I just got back from Florida and I wanted to bleach outa little bit there was a man at the next table who wanted to know if you had a gambling room here and I said no but if he really wanted to gamble to order one of your steak sandwiches don't look now but you got your foot in a champagne bucket.

CROWD UP ETC.

FIB: Imagine that crack about our steak sandwiches, Molly?  
 MOL: Our steak sandwiches ARE pretty bad, McGee.  
 FIB: Sure they're bad. But we serve two slices o' dill pickle with 'em don't we? What do they want for 14 bucks?  
 SCOT: EXCUSE ME, LADDIE. ARRRE YOU THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS PLACE?  
 MOL: Yes, sir. What can we do for you, sir?  
 FIB: What's on your mind Scotty?  
 SCOT: Weel, can ye no humidify the rrrroom?  
 FIB: Whaddye mean humidify the room? There's no germs in here.  
 MOL: He said HUMIDIFY, iggernuts. You're thinking of fumigate.  
 FIB: Oh oh yes.  
 MOL: Humidify means to dampen the air a bit. You mean it's too dry, sir?  
 SCOT: AYE, LASS. Verra drrrry. I've only been herrre fourrrr hourrrs and the olive in ma cocktail is gettin' verrrra wrrrrinkled.

CROWD UP AND DOWN

MOL: McGee....you gotta get out of this business.  
 FIB: Oh now Molly. After all the trouble I been to get it fixed up? Gettin' Diego DeLovely to do the decoratin' and all? O' course he DID go a little heavy on the modernlatic....  
 SIL: SCUSE ME, MIST' McGee....scuse me', ma'am.  
 MOL: Oh Silly Watson.  
 FIB: Listen Sil...you're the doorman. You ain't supposed to come bustin' in here like this.

SIL: Yassuh ah know, but -  
 FIB: I know it's cold out there but after all we each got out own job, and ---  
 MOL: You go back and call cabs for people, Silly.  
 SIL: Yas'm. But...  
 Yassuh. But it ain' th' GOLD, suh. It's mah cab wissle.  
 MOL: What's the matter with your cab whistle? It was the best McGee could get, for the money.  
 SIL: Well lissen, please suh. While ah was out in front o' the club, callin' cabs and openin' do's fo' folks, an' stuff, in mah bran' new uniform...  
 FIB: How'd ya like your uniform, Sil?  
 SIL: Ah likes it fine, please suh. 'Specially de gol' braid! Only it too big in the back.  
 FIB: Well, I got it from a rear admiral. AHEM.  
 MOL: Go on, Silly.  
 SIL: Yas'm. Well, I wuz eatin' peanuts when Ah tried to blow de whistle fo' a cab an' sound out out'mah whistle don't go.  
 SOUND: TAXI WHISTLE  
 SIL: it twiddles like dis - -  
 SOUND: POLICE WHISTLE  
 FIB: Well what of it? Don't be so dad ratted temperamental.  
 SIL: ah ain' tempamuddle, Mist' McGee.. but eveh time ah blows lil ole wissle she soun' lak a Police wissle and ev'y time I blows fo' a taxicab - Ah gits a patron wagon. But I'll.... go back.....(FADE OUT)



SIL: Yassuh ah know, but -  
 FIB: I know it's cold out there but after all we each got out  
 own job, and ---  
 MOL: You go back and call cabs for people, Silly.  
 SIL: Yas'm. But...  
 Yassuh. But it ain' th' COLD, suh. It's mah cab wissle.  
 MOL: What's the matter with your cab whistle? It was the  
 best McGee could get, for the money.  
 SIL: Well lissen, please suh. W'ile ah was out in front o' the  
 club, callin' cabs and openin' do's fo' folks, an' stuff,  
 in mah bran' new uniform...  
 FIB: How'd ya like your uniform, Sil?  
 SIL: Ah likes it fine, please suh. 'Specially de gol' braid!  
 Only it too big in the back.  
 FIB: Well, I got it from a rear admiral. AHEM.  
 MOL: Go on, Silly.  
 SIL: Yas'm. Well, I wuz eatin' peanuts when Ah tried to blow  
 de whistle fo' a cab an' sound out out mah whistle don't go.  
 SOUND: TAXI WHISTLE  
 SIL: it twiddles like dis - -  
 SOUND: POLICE WHISTLE  
 FIB: Well what of it? Don't be so dad ratted temperamental.  
 SIL: ah ain' tempamuddle, Mist' McGee.. but evch time ah blows  
 lil ole wissle she soun' lak a Police wissle and ev'y time I  
 blows fo' a taxicab. - Ah gits a patron wagon. But I'll...  
 go back.....(FADE OUT)

CROWD UP AND DOWN

MOL: Well, I hope it KEEPS callin' patrol wagons. We're liable  
 to need one if that tough hoodlum -  
 TOUCH: IF WHAT, SISTA?  
 MOL: OHHHHHHH!  
 FIB: Oh...er...It's Mr. Mulligan's boy again. AHEM.  
 I haven't quite decided about that proposition yet.  
 TOUCH: PIPE DOWN, PANTYWAIST.  
 FIB: AND QUIT CALLIN' ME PANTY WAIST. (PALINTIVELY) I ain't a  
 pantywaist, am I, Molly?  
 MOL: NO, YOU'RE NOT.  
 FIB: See?  
 MOL: Take his gun away from him, McGee and knock him out.  
 Like you did to those seven big outlaws in Denver that  
 you were tellin' me about. Remember? When you were  
 town marshall of Skull Valley?  
 TOUCH: Sure....TAKE ME ROD AWAY FROM ME.  
 FIB: Well, I...er...after all...er...I...shucks, I got a certain  
 duty twoard the patrons here, you know.  
 MOL: Oh yes. I forgot.  
 FIB: Never NEVER forget that, Molly.  
 MOL: Well...er...what was it you wanted Mister?  
 TOUCH: DE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOUSE IN YOUR OFFICE AT 2 A.M. IS DAT  
 CONVENIENT.

FIB: No, it ain't. Ye see, I... YES THAT'S CONVENIENT. DON'T SHOOT.

TOUGH: Okay. YOU BETTER BE DERE.

CROWD UP AND DOWN.

MOL: Heavenly days...worse and worse...I TOLD you McGee, this was no business for respectable people. G on and announce your next feature. AND QUIT TREMBLIN'.

FIB: I AIN'T TREMBLIN'..and if I am it's just rage. If that guy'd said one more word to me, I'd of...I'd of...SAY IT'S TIME FOR THE BIG SURPRISE. Wait here for me, Molly...

CROWD UP

FIB: P. A.) ATTENTION PLEASE FOLKS. WE GOT A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU.

WOMAN: I KNOW... CLEAN ASH-TRAYS! HURRAY!

FIB: QUIET SIS...AHM. FOLKS...I GOT A GREAT SURPRISE FOR YOU. THE CLUB MCGEE IS PROBABLY THE ONLY NIGHT CLUB IN THE WORLD FEATURIN' ORGAN MUSIC. AHM...WHAT'S SO SOOTHIN' AS NICE DREAMY ORGAN MUSIC...SIT BACK NOW AND RELAX, FOLKS, AND PREPARE TO MEDITATE. GO AHEAD MISTER HERTH!

ORGN: "12th STREET RAG" --- FINISH WITH ORCHESTRA

APPLAUSE:

FIB: That was great, Milt. Folks, that was Milton Herth, known as the world's hottest organist! Well, Molly...I guess you'll admit I ain't such a mugg now. That organ stuff went over swell. It took brans to -

MAN: Excuse me, Mr. McGee.

MOL: What is it, waiter.

MAN: We just had a little rumpus out in the checkroom.

FIB: DAD RAT IT .. NOW WHO'S RAISIN' NED ... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAN: It was a customer sir...the checkroom girl made him take a coat. He said he didn't have a coat. He said he had just checked his hat and walking stick. But she insisted he had a coat and made him take it.

FIB: SHE DONE EXACTLY RIGHT! Them girls are trained in their work an if she says he had a coat he had one. Even if he didn't have one he should o' shut up and took it anyway, and glad to get it.

MAN: Yes sir, that's what he did.

FIB: Well, what are ye comin' to me about it for?

MAN: Well, ye see sir, it was YOUR coat!

FIB: Well fer the - oh hi there sis. What's on your mind?

WOMAN: Are you in chahge beah?

FIB: You betcha sis. Something the matter with your food?

WOMAN: No.

FIB: Honest? Hear that, Molly she ain't got any complaint about the food.

WOMAN: I didn't order any.

MOL: Oh. Well what was it then, madam?

WOMAN: I am heah alone and I wish to dance. Could you find me a partner. I LOVE the music here ... it's the .. er the Butch Weems orchestra is it not?

MOL: That's right. But I don't believe we can furnish you with -

FIB: Oh yes, we can, Molly. BOY! (CLAPS HANDS) SEND GIGOLO NUMBER 7 OVER HERE. Number 7 is our best gigolo, ma'am.

MOL: I'd say he was POSITIVELY the best. The only one in fact.

FIB: Yes, our other gigolo went on a jagolo and got tossed in the jugalo. Oh Hiyah there, Seven!

MOL: Hello, number 7.

FIB: 7 this lady wants to do a little truckin'. Madam, allow me to present, the smoothest gigolo who ever kissed a lady's hand -

MOL: So he could get a good look at her diamond bracelet.

FIB: Quiet Molly.

GIG: 'Ow do you do, madam. I am charm'.

WOMAN: They tell me you are an excellent dancer.

GIG: Madam, I am so good, I am make Veloz and Yolanda what I am today and weeth YOU, madam, I am have ze pairfect partnair, Is it not so, yes?

FIB: Yes! It is not so.

MOL: MC GEE!

FIB: I mean...er...take good care of the lay, Seven.

WOMAN: Oh, I'm sure he will, will you not, Number 7?

G.G: MADAM, TO ME YOU WEEEL BE SO PRECIOUS AS MY LIFE.. W'EN I HOL' YOU IN MY ARM THE WHOLE WORL' IS STOP TO WATCH THE ROS' GRACEFUL DANCING. COME MADAM...WE SHALL SOON KNOW THE POETRY OF MOTION ... (FADE OUT) IT EES ALWAYS ...

FIB: (CALL) Don't let 'er throw ya, Seven! ... and to think that a week ago, that guy was workin' in Peganaffle's Poolroom!

MOL: It's wonderful what a little polish can do.

WIL: THAT'S WHAT EVERY HOUSEWIFE SAYS WHO TRIES JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, THE NO-RUBBING-NO-BUF-

FIB: HARPO ... you back again?

MOL: I thought you went over to that other night club.

WIL: I did ... but I came back here to finish my steak sandwich.

FIB: What have they got over there that we haven't got?

WIL: Sharper steak knives.

MOL: Why don't you arrange a merger, McGee? Their knives and your steaks?

FIB: Harpo don't amscray, there's gonna be a merger, Merger in the first degree.

WILL: All right...all right...I was just ....

MOL: Heavenly days, I never spent such an evening. Gangsters, complanints, gigolos, LOOK here comes the gigolo now. How did it go, number seven?

GIG: AHHHHH MADAM WAS THE ROS' EXWUISITE DANCAIR...I HAVE NAVAIR... NO NEVAIR DANCE WEETH A LADY WHO -

FIB: Lay off the phoney accent, slicker. Could she dance?

GIG: WHO THAT DRAYHORSE? Say that old fluff couldn't keep time if she had a brass drum tied on her back and I think she did..

(FADE OUT) I think I'll go back to the pool room and ask for my old job back if this keeps up...

MOL: Poor old number seven going back behind the eight-ball!

FIB: Yes - he's pretty ----- oh, Hello there, bud...what's on your mind.

BOOM: Hello there, my boy ... JUST WANTED TO ASK YOU TO OKAY THIS CHECK FOR ME WHILE I RUN OVER TO THE HOTEL AND GET MY WALLET CARELESS OF ME COMING HERE WITHOUT MY WALLET ... CARELESS OF ME JUST COMING HERE...

FIB: Well now, Idunno, Mister - er - ah.

BOOM: Boomer - my boy - Horatio K. Boomer!

MOL: How big is your check, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Only 4 hundred and seventy two dollars, my dear. A trifling sum.

FIB: 472! Whew ... let's see that bill. (PAUSE) HEY WAITER...what's this last charge on this bill? The 84 dollars item?

MAN: Oh that. I gave 'em another patty of butter.

FIB: Oh, oh, yes. I was gonna say if it was for more ice water they were gettin' off cheap. SO YOU WANT ME TO HOLD THIS CHECK FOR YOU .. EH BOOMER?

BOOM: If it isn't too much to ask, my boy .. yes...just while I run over to my hotel and get some money.

FIB: Well, I guess I can do that.

BOOM: Be glad to give you an I.O.U. of course, here I'll write it out now...let me see now..pencil...pencil...pencil..

MOL: Here.

BOOM: Thank you my dear...now where can I write...paper...paper..paper.

FIB: Here.

BOOM: Thank you...I...O...U... four...hundred...and seventy.....two ...dollars...plus ... interest...at eight percent....

MOL: Eight percent...for the time it takes you to go to your hotel?

BOOM: Yes, my dear. HORATIO K. BOOMER IS ALWAYS METICULOUS IN FINANCIAL MATTERS. Here my boy ... sign here.

FIB: Okay ... Fibber, McGee...thanks, Boomer...I'll hold this till you get back.. Which hotel you stoppin' at?

BOOM: I'm at the Book Cadillac.

MOL: Why that's in Detroit.

BOOM: Why so it is...so it is ... I'M AFRAID IT'S GOING TO TAKE ME A LITTLE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT...(FADE OUT) BOY...BRING ME MY HAT AND COAT...

MOL: Well, anyway, McGee, you got his I.O.U...

FIB: Yessirree, and I was smart enough to get my signature on it.

MOL: Well if he .... OH MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: IT'S TWO O'CLOCK.

FIB: What of it? We keep open till the last customer is -

MOL: NO NO NO .. REMEMBER SQUARESHOOTER MULLIGAN? YOU GOTTA BE IN YOUR OFFICE AT 2 O'CLOCK.

FIB: Sayyyyy, that's right...come on ... let's go...

CROWD UP AND DOWN

FIB: I'm gonna tell these mugs just what I think of 'em. HEADWAITER  
IF ANYBODY WANTS ME I'LL BE BUSY IN MY OFFICE FOR SOME TIME.

After you, Molly.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

TOUGH: ALL RIGHT YOU TWO ... KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE 'EM.

DESE ARE DE TWO I WAS TELLIN' YOU ABOUT SQUARESHOOTER. FOLKS

.... MEET UP WIT SQUARESHOOTER MULLIGAN.

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

FIB: Hiyah...sq-square...I'm glad to ... HEY SILLY WATSON... WHAT YOU  
DOIN' IN HERE?

SIL: Ah got persuaded, Mist McGee....wif a black jack.

TOUGH: We didn't want him outside to call no cops, see? Shoot,  
Squareshooter.

MULL: OKAY OKAY OKAY ... LISTEN ME AND DE BOYS IS MUSCLIN' IN SEE?  
WE'RE CUTTIN' OURSELVES A SLICE OF THE CLUB MCGEE. WE'RE GONNA  
PUT IN SOME ROULETTE AND SOME NICE SLOT MACHINES AND WE DON'T  
WANT NO TROUBLE WIT NOBODY. WE OPERATE SMOOTH UNDERSTAND?

FIB: Well, shucks, bud...we ..er...I that is.

MOL: Be careful, McGee....

FIB: Well what I meant was, that ... er.. ye .. see, we...well  
shucks after all, say ...why do they call you squareshooter?

MULL: BECAUSE I AM A SQUARESHOOTER SEE? WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT?

SIL: N-Nossuh, he don't.

MOL: Quiet, Silly.

FIB: Well listen Squareshooter...I always heard you was a squaresh  
- er - I mean - well, look - we put a lot o' dough into the  
place just to lose it over night. Money for kitchen equipment.

MOL: Licenses...

FIB: Decoration. I got Diego Delovely to the the decoratin' ye know  
an, while I think we went a little flossy on the modernistic  
stuff the general effect is -

GET TO DE POINT PANTYWAIST.

FIB: QUIT CALLIN' ME P -. as ...er I ...WAS... Well, I was gonna  
suggest Squareshooter that you give us a break... Give us a  
square gamble on the proposition. Let's draw cards for the club  
or some thing. Winner take all. How about It?

MULL: WELL NOW WHY NOT? NOBODY NEVER SAID SQUARESHOOTER DIDN'T GIVE  
A GUY A BREAK. LOOK. WE TAKE A DECK O' CARDS, SEE? IF YOU  
DRAW DE SEVEN O' DIAMONS ... YOU KEEP DE PLACE AND WE DON'T  
BODDER YOU NO MORE. ANY OTHER CARD WE TAKE IT OVER. HOW'S DAT?

FIB: That's very fair, bud. Get the cards, Molly...

MOL: Where?

FIB: Dad rat it haven't we got any c - ... you got any cards Sil?

SIL: Y-y-y-yassssuh ... ah ain't.

MULL: AH FER THE ... well how about dice ... you got any dice, boy?

SIL: Y-y-yassuh. HEAH YOU IS MISTAH SQUAH SHOOTAH SUH.

MULL: Give 'em here. LISTEN MCGEE YOU ROLL THE DICE ONCE. YOU ROLL  
A SEVEN AND YOU KEEP THE PLACE ... SEE? OTHERWISE YOU MOVE OUT  
IS DAT FAIR?

FIB: Shucks, Mulli ...er Mister Square...er WHY SURE. ONCE FOR A  
SEVEN EH?

MOL: McGee...you can't possibly win.

FIB: I know ... I never was much of a dice shooter, boys, but never let it be said I wasn't a sport.

TOUGH: Don't talk so much, Pantywaist. Shoot.

FIB: QUIT CALLIN' ME PA.. er...Okay..here goes...

SOUND: CLICKING OF DICE.

SOUND: CLICKING ... ROLL OF DICE ON WOOD ... SNAP OF FINGERS.

MOL: Oh dear...I'm afraid to look.

FIB: SEVEN!!!! HOT DOG!!!!

TOUGH: Begginer's luck! Say de woid an I'll pump him full o lead.

MULL: NAW! SQUARESHOOTER MULLIGAN ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WOID! DE JOINT IS YOURS FOLKS IF ANYBODY BODDERS YOU .. COME TO MULLIGAN. COME ON LOOSELIP ... LET'S SCRAM...

FIB: Thanks Mulligan. So long, Pantywaist...

TOUGH: NYAHHHH HHHHH.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days...what a night...you certainly saved our lives, Silly.

SIL: Yessam, ah reckon so.

FIB: That sure was a close one all right, wasn't it? (LAUGHS)

MOL: My, my I was scared for a minute though. THOSE GUNS WERE LOADED.

SIL: Yas'm. SO IS THESE DICE.

MOL: McGee...you can't possibly win.

FIB: I know ... I never was much of a dice shooter, boys, but never let it be said I wasn't a sport.

TOUGH: Don't talk so much, Pantywaist. Shoot.

FIB: QUIT CALLIN' ME PA.. er...Okay..here goes...

SOUND: CLICKING OF DICE.

SOUND: CLICKING ... ROLL OF DICE ON WOOD ... SNAP OF FINGERS.

MOL: Oh dear...I'm afraid to look.

FIB: SEVEN!!!! HOT DOG!!!!

TOUGH: Begginer's luck! Say de woid an I'll pump him full o lead.

MULL: NAW! SQUARESHOOTER MULLIGAN ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WOID! DE JOINT IS YOURS FOLKS IF ANYBODY BODDERS YOU .. COME TO MULLIGAN. COME ON LOOSELIP ... LET'S SCRAM...

FIB: Thanks Mulligan. So long, Pantywaist...

TOUGH: NYAHHHH HHHHH.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days...what a night...you certainly saved our lives, Silly.

SIL: Yessam, ah reckon so.

FIB: That sure was a close one all right, wasn't it? (LAUGHS)

MOL: My, my I was scared for a minute though. THOSE GUNS WERE LOADED.

SIL: Yas'm. SO IS THESE DICE.

ORK:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "GOODNIGHT MY LUCKY DAY" DOWN FOR -

TAG GAG:

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF:

js vp mr  
4/12/37  
11:00

FIB: Well fer the - oh hi there sis. What's on your mind?

WOMAN: Are you in change heah?

FIB: You betcha sis. Something the matter with your food?

WOMAN: No.

FIB: Honest? Hear that, Molly she ain't got any complaint about the food.

WOMAN: I didn't order any.

MOL: Oh. Well what was it then, madam?

WOMAN: I am heah alone and I wish to dance. Could you find me a partner. I LOVE the music here ...

MOL: That's right. But I don't believe we can furnish you with -

FIB: Oh yes, we can, Molly. BOY! (CLAPS HANDS) SEND GIGOLO NUMBER 7 OVER HERE. Number 7 is our best gigolo, ma'am.

MOL: I'd say he was POSITIVELY the best. The only one in fact.

FIB: Yes, our other gigolo went on a jagolo and got tossed in the jugalo. Oh Hiyah there, Seven!

MOL: Hello, number 7.

FIB: 7 this lady wants to do a little truckin'. Madam, allow me to present, the smoothest gigolo who ever kissed a lady's hand -

MOL: So he could get a good look at her diamond bracelet.

FIB: Quiet Molly.

GIG: 'Ow do you do, madam. I am charm'.

WOMAN: They tell me you are an excellent dancer.

GIG: Madam, I am so good, I am make Veloz and Yolanda what I am today, and weeth YOU, madam, I am have ze pairfect partnair, Is it not so, yes?

FIB: Yes! It is not so.

MOL: MC GEE!

FIB: I mean...er..take good care of the lady, Seven.

WOMAN: Oh, I'm sure he will, will you not, Number 7?

GIG: MADAM, TO ME YOU WEEL BE SO PRECIOUS AS MY LIFE...W'EN I HOL' YOU IN MY ARM THE WHOLE WORL' IS STOP TO WATCH THE MOS' GRACEFUL DANCING. COME MADAM...WE SHALL SOON KNOW THE POETRY OF MOTION....(FADE OUT) IT EES ALWAYS...

FIB: (CALL) Don't let 'er throw ya, Seven!.. and to think that a week ago, that guy was workin' in Pegenaffle's Poolroom!

MOL: It's wonderful what a little polish can do.

WIL: THAT'S WHAT EVERY HOUSEWIFE SAYS WHO TRIES JOHNSON'S WAX.

FIB: Oh! Hiya HARPO?

WIL: Hello Folks. You running this night club?

FIB: You betcha, Harpo, and we already use Johnson's wax on our dance floor, so you needn't get underfoot yourself.

WIL: Well, listen, when is the floor show starting?

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox? Do you want to seeit so bad?

WIL: No, I heard it was so bad I don't want to see it.

FIB: Well, if you don't like it, Harpo, why don't you go home?

WIL: No, I think I'll run over to the Socko Club. They have a swell ventriloquist over there.

FIB: You better hurry then, I hear he's lookin' for a new dummy!

WIL: All right...all right..I was just..

MOL: Heavenly days, I never spent such an evening. .Gangsters, complanints, gigolos. LOOK here comes the gigolo now. How did it go, number seven?

GIG: AHHHHH MADAM WAS THE MOS' EXWUISITE DANCAIR...I HAVE NAVAIR.. NO NEVAIR DANCE WEETH A LADY WHO -

FIB: Lay off the phoney accent, slicker. Could she dance?

GIG: WHO THAT DRAYHORSE? Say that old fluff couldn't keep time if she had a brass drum tied on her back and I think she did...(FADE OUT) I think I'll go back to the pool room and ask for my old job back if this keeps up....

MOL: Poor old number seven going back behind the eight-ball!



S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY APRIL 12, 1938  
8 PM WMAQ-NBC  
ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The minute you step into a home, and glance at the furniture, the walls, and the floors, you can just about tell what kind of people live there. Now it doesn't matter whether you live in a little apartment or a great big house -- it's an easy matter for you to have floors and linoleum so beautifully polished and bright that everyone who comes to your home will admire them. JUST USE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! This remarkable liquid polish makes old floors shine like new -- and protects new floors from getting worn and soiled. And GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. It dries in 20 minutes -- and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. If you would like to save yourself all the unpleasant work of floor scrubbing, and yet keep your linoleum always clean and sparkling, ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY APRIL 12, 1938  
8 PM WMAQ-NBC  
ALSO REBROADCAST

SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I wish I could show you just how easy it is to apply JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT to your floors and linoleum. Even a child can follow these simple directions. First -- pour a little GLO-COAT right out of the can onto the clean floor. Second -- Take a cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER and spread the liquid lightly over the floor surface. Then go away and let it dry for 20 minutes. Come back, and find your floors gleaming like new! No more tired backs from scrubbing linoleum! No more embarrassment because of dingy, soiled floors! GLO-COAT seals the pores and cracks against dust and dirt. Saves linoleum from scuffing and wear! Don't let another day go by without ordering GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. And here's a tip -- it's very economical to order the larger sizes.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY APRIL 12, 1937  
8 PM WMAQ-NBC  
ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Ted Weems gives you bright sparkling music, and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT gives you bright sparkling floors -- floors that everyone will admire the moment they step into your home. There was never before a polish so easy-to-use -- one that dries so quickly and gives your floors such gleaming beauty. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT works like magic on dull, drab linoleum. Twenty minutes after you apply GLO-COAT the floor will be shining like new, protected against dirt and wear. Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use, no-rubbing floor polish made by THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY APRIL 12, 1937  
8 PM WMAQ-NBC  
ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Ted Weems gives you bright sparkling music, and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT gives you bright sparkling floors -- floors that everyone will admire the moment they step into your home. There was never before a polish so easy-to-use -- one that dries so quickly and gives your floors such gleaming beauty. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT works like magic on dull, drab linoleum. Twenty minutes after you apply GLO-COAT the floor will be shining like new, protected against dirt and wear. Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use, no-rubbing floor polish made by THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY APRIL 12, 1937  
8 PM WMAQ-NBC  
ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Ted Weems <sup>P</sup> gives you bright sparkling music, and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT gives you bright-sparkling floors -- floors that everyone will admire the moment they step into your home. There was never before a polish so easy-to-use -- one that dries so quickly and gives your floors such gleaming beauty. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT works like magic on dull, drab linoleum. Twenty minutes after you apply GLO-COAT the floor will be shining like new, protected against dirt and wear. Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use, no-rubbing floor polish made by THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

HW:CF