

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS A NEW JOB. THE WISTFUL VISTA EMPLOYMENT BUREAU HAS SENT HIM TO THE 1ST NATIONAL BANK TO BEGIN WORK. SO HERE, JUST ENTERING THE BANK, AT 14th & OAK STREETS, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

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APPLAUSE:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...did you ever see such a big bank?  
FIB: They gotta make these banks big, Molly. If they were smaller the vice-presidents might get chummy with each other.  
MOL: Look at the man behind that desk over there. He doesn't look like he EVER smiled.  
FIB: That's the Head Cashier.  
MOL: He's certainly got a cold look!  
FIB: Cold look! Why when he got outa business college he could pour water on a checker board, stare at it a minute and brush off 64 ice cubes.  
MOL: Well - What makes him blink like that? Is he tryin' to keep the tears back, or something?  
FIB: Bankers don't have tears, Molly. He's got astigmatism.  
MOL: Well, why don't he wear glasses.  
FIB: He can't. He has to take 'em off too often to de-frost 'em.  
MOL: By the way, McGee...what are you supposed to do in this bank?

FIB: Search me. I suppose I'm gonna be a - Well, I dunno. I'll ask this guy in the cage here...Hey there bud. Can I please -  
MAN: NO!  
FIB: Okay. Come on, Molly.  
MOL: Why he didn't even know what you wanted to ask him.  
FIB: It don't matter to these bank fellas. The answer is no anyway.  
MOL: Look at all those cages. McGee...Why do they keep all the cashiers in cages.  
FIB: Well if I had to handle a million bucks a day for 20 bucks a week, they'd have to keep me in a cage, too.  
MOL: Is that all they get?  
FIB: Sometimes they get more, but they usually get caught before they go far. HEY BUD...I'M THE NEW MAN.  
MAN: The new man for what?  
FIB: Why...er...I...  
MOL: He's the new man for the bank here. You know.  
MAN: No. I don't know.  
FIB: Oh ye don't, eh? How long you been workin' here?  
MAN: I don't work here. I'm a depositor.  
FIB: Oh...Oh excuse me. Come on, Molly. (I wish the customers would wear hats in here.)  
MOL: Ask the girl behind the counter there.



FIB: Okay. Hi there sis. I'm Mr. McGee. Fibber McGee.  
GIRL: Have you an account with us?  
FIB: Well, no, but -  
GIRL: Oh you wish to open an account.  
MOL: No, he doesn't. He -  
GIRL: Oh I see. You wish to make a loan?  
FIB: Who to?  
GIRL: No, I mean I supposed you wished to borrow some money.  
MOL: No he doesn't, dearie. He works here.  
GIRL: What department?  
FIB: Search me.  
GIRL: Well...er....what can I do for you?  
FIB: I thought you could tell me where I work.  
GIRL: You said you worked here.  
FIB: What department?  
GIRL: Search me.  
MOL: That has a faintly familiar ring. Come on, McGee... ask that man there...he looks like he had a lot of authority.  
FIB: Hiyah - bud -  
MAN: (CLICK) Did you wish to see me?  
MOL: 17TH DOOR TO THE LEFT. LEGAL DEPARTMENT.  
FIB: Thanks! Come on, Molly.....Where'd he say to go?  
MOL: 17th Door to the left. Legal Department.

FIB: Legal department. Probably want me to handle contracts and stuff. Ye know, I suppose I'll have to start at the bottom here and work up.  
MOL: Sure...you probably wont be more'n a 23rd Vice President to start. What does a 23rd Vice President get?  
FIB: 15 a week, his name on the door and two months vacation  
MOL: Here's the 17th Door, McGee. Look...LEGAL DEPARTMENT. Better knock.  
FIB: No -- I better bust right in. It'll show 'em I'm confident and aggressive.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: HI THERE, LEGAL DEPARTMENT...I'M THE NEW...(PAUSE) Hey... there aint anybody here, Molly.  
MOL: Look in the wastebasket. Maybe he tore himself up when he heard you were gonna work here.  
FIB: No...I think the answer is that this is my office. I m probably the legal department.  
MOL: Hmmmmm  
FIB: What?  
MOL: I didnt say anything.  
FIB: Oh. Say this is a nice desk aint it? And this chair... say, this bank treats their employes right!



FIB: Okay. Hi there sis. I'm Mr. McGee. Fibber McGee.  
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FIB: What?  
MOL: I didnt say anything.  
FIB: Oh. Say this is a nice desk aint it? And this chair... say, this bank treats their employees right!



MOL: And did ye ever see so many telephones!!... There's a dozen of 'em.

FIB: and look... get a load of the push buttons. All different colors. I wonder what these are for.

MOL: Push one and see what happens.

SOUND: BUZZER. DOOR LATCH

GIRL: (FADE IN) Here ARE YOUR GOLF CLUBS SIR.

MOL: What, no caddy?

FIB: I...er... are those my golf clubs sis? Is that what I buzzed for?

GIRL: Yes sir... arent you Mr. Brief?

FIB: Nope. I'm Mr. McGee, sis. You my secretary?

GIRL: I suppose I am sir... if you have this office

MOL: Oh he has this office all right.

FIB: Okay sis. Which of these push buttons is you?

GIRL: All of them sir. They mean different things. For instance -

MOL: Never mind. He'll have to find out for himself.

FIB: That's for now, sis. You take shorthand?

GIRL: Oh yes sir.

FIB: FINE.

GIRL: The only trouble is. I cant read it.

FIB: Well, dont worry about it. That's all.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well... so you're the legal department! Do you know any law?

FIB: Oh I know a law or two. I'll have the gal bring me a law book. Push that third buzzer, Molly.

MOL: All right.

SOUND: BUZZER

ORK: "SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN" -- -- HARRY COOL

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly... I been lookin' thru these law books and I just found somethin' very interestin'.

MOL: What?

FIB: Listen: "FUNDS DEPOSITED IN AN ACCOUNT WITH AN AFFIX OR SUFFIX TRUSTEE, AGENT, GUARDIAN, ADMINISTRATOR OR TREASURER OR THE LIKE TO THE NAME OF THE DEPOSITOR INDICATING THAT THE DEPOSITOR IS HOLDING THE FUNDS IN A FIDUCIARY CAPACITY ARE NOT THE SUBJECT OF PREFERRED CLAIMS. Did you know that?"



MOL: I never even suspected it. What does it mean?  
FIB: I dunno...but mark my words, when you start kickin' words like "Fiduciary" around, you're gettin' into big stuff.  
Why I -  
MOL: McGee...I think you better find out just what you're doin' here.  
FIB: What I'm doin' here! Why, I'm the legal department.  
MOL: Who said so?  
FIB: Wel-l-, didnt the guy say to come in here? And what do I find when I get in here? An empty office! So, the logical answer is that I'm the legal -  
MOL: But you dont know any law.  
FIB: What of it? It's all down in books aint it? If somebody wants to know the law on somethin' ye just look it up, dont you?  
MOL: Wel-l-l -  
FIB: You worry too much Molly. I -  
KNOCK AT DOOR  
MOL: Come in.  
DOOR LATCH AND SLAM  
FIB: Just a minute, bud, till I finish dictatin'. AND IN REFERENCE TO YOUR ALLEGATION THAT AN INTERLOCUTORY DECREE ON THE STATUTE OF AMENDMENT IS NON FOR BONO, OR JUST BETWEEN US BOYS...NOT SO GOOD. SINCERELY YOURS ETCETRA. HAVE YOU GOT THAT?

MOL: I've got it bad.  
FIB: AHEM. Now then bud...what can I do for you?  
MAN: I was in here yesterday and you're not the man I saw.  
FIB: Well I was in lots of places yesterday and you're not the people I saw, either.  
MOL: Nobody was ever hung on that evidence.  
FIB: What was it you wanted, bud?  
MAN: I'm here about my will.  
FIB: Oh you're here about your will. Tryin' to give up smokin'?  
MOL: Oh did you fall off the wagon?  
MAN: No, I mean I had my will made up -  
FIB: And then somethin' happened. I know. But don't get discouraged bud...just say to yourself I WILL give up green onions, or what ever it is...then stick to it...I wouldn't be a banker today, bud if I'f of given way to my weaknesses. I just says to myself I WILL be the legal department of a bank...and what happened?  
MOL: You found an empty office.  
FIB: Quiet, Molly. Ye see how easy it is, bud, if younce really make up your mind to -  
MAN: What are you talking about?...maybe I didn't make myself clear. I CAME IN HERE YESTERDAY AND ASKED THE MAN AT YOUR DESK TO MAKE OUT MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT...DID HE DO IT?  
MOL: Ohhhhh, your WILL!



FIB: Why didn't you say so, bud? What's your name?  
 MAN: Post...H. Post...and hurry up, will you?  
 FIB: Take it easy, H. Sit down...  
 MAN: I havent time. I'd like to see the will.  
 FIB: Well I'm tryin' to find it...  
 SOUND: CLATTER OF DRAWERS IN DESK.  
 MAN: Aw hurry up.  
 FIB: Did you say your name was H. Post, bud?  
 MAN: Yes.  
 FIB: What's that H. for...HITCHING?  
 MAN: No. Why?  
 FIB: Well, I thought you might hold your horses for a minute.  
 (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly...hold your horses...hitching post..  
 MOL: Taint funny, McGee.  
 FIB: Well, it's legal. AHM. Listen, posty, I don't seem to be  
 able to locate it at the moment. It's probably bein' looked  
 over for flaws in the PACTUM DE QUOTA LITIS, if you know  
 what I mean.  
 MAN: I don't.  
 MOL: Neither do we.  
 FIB: AHM. So you drop back here in a little while bud...and I'll  
 have my secretary look it up.  
 MAN: Oh all right.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Now do you begin to see what a spot you're in, McGee?  
 FIB: Whatdye mean, a spot...this is a cinch. Throw a latin  
 wheeze at 'em and their eyes bug out like the guy on Esquire.  
 MOL: McGee...you better get busy and find that will.  
 FIB: Oh Oh yes. Try that top drawer over there, Molly. That's  
 the one.  
 SOUND: DRAWER (BABY CRY)  
 FIB: What was that?  
 MOL: Baby bonds. I can't find the will in here, McGee...  
 FIB: Oh well..let it go. I wanna read this report from the  
 clearing house -  
 WIL: AND WHEN YOU DO YOUR SPRING HOUSE CLEARING, FOLKS, REMEMBER  
THAT JOHNSONS WAX WILL SAVE YOU HOURS OF WORK AND -  
 FIB: HARPO.  
 MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.  
 WIL: Hello folks.  
 FIB: What you doin' here, Harpo?  
 WIL: I'm overdrawn.  
 FIB: Well, you do look a little pale.  
 MOL: He means he's overdrawn at the bank here, iggernuts.  
 WIL: Yes, I owe the bank 35 dollars.  
 FIB: Can't you write us a note for it?  
 WIL: Say that's an idea.. Gimme some paper...thanks. Dear BANK  
 I'M SORRY I'M OVERDRAWN. HAVING FINE TIME. WISH YOU WERE  
 HERE...Signed H. WILCOX.



MOL: My that's a nice note.

FIB: Okay Harpo. I'll file it.

DOOR SLAM:

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELLS... (4 or 5)

FIB & MOL: HELLO HELLO HELLO..CLICK CLICK..HELLO HELO...CLICK.

FIB: I got it, Molly. HELLO. WHAT? YOU WANT WHAT? OH YOU WANTA  
KNOW ABOUT FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

MOL: What do you know about foreign exchange?

FIB: SHHH.. HELLO. WELL I'LL TELL YOU, SISTER. FOREIGN EXCHANGE  
IS WHERE A COUNTRY TAKES A DISCOUNT ON ANOTHER COUNTRIES'  
MONEY...TO BUY AMMUNITION TO FIGHT THE FIRST COUNTRY WHICH  
WILL PROBABLY LICK THE PANTS OFF THE SECOND COUNTRY FOR A  
BIGGER DISCOUNT. AHM. By the way - that's sub rosa -  
Ahem (Legal term, Molly)

SOUND: CLICK

MOL: Heavenly days...what a financil expert youturned out to be!

FIB: Who me? (LAUGHS) Say I used to be the biggest banker in  
the state o' California. KALE COUNTER MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED  
AS IN THEM DAYS -

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: KALE - COUNTER MCGEE, CLEVER, CRAFTY COUPON - CUTTIN' CUTIE  
COLLECTING COLLOSSAL COFFERS OF COLD CASH FROM CONFIDENT  
CUSTOMERS AND CAREFUL CORPORATIONS FROM CAPE COD TO CALIFORNIA.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

MOL: How do you do, sir..what can we -

FIB: MAKE IT SNAPPY, BUD..THIS IS MY BUSY DAY.

TANNER: I wanted to ask you advice, sir.

FIB: Fine, bud. Glad to tell you anything I know.

MOL: Don't sit down sir...it won't take long.

FIB: AHM. What's your name, bud?

TANNER: Tanner...Elmo Tanner. I invested heavily in a proposition  
and I dont think I'm going to get it back.

MOL: What did you invest in?

TANNER: The Weems Company. Do you know 'em?

FIB: Do I know 'em. They're a bunch of fiddlers and blow hards  
I'm afraid you made a bum deal bud.

TANNER: But how about my investment?

FIB: I'm afraid you'll have to whistle for it, bud.

TANNER: All right. I will. How about fiddle ditty?

MOL: That will be fine. Go ahead.

ORK: FIDDLE DITTY. -

- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL # 2.

ORK: MCGEE THEME...(DOWN FOR ANN;)

WIL: AND NOW BACK ID THE 1ST NATIONAL BANK...WHERE FIBBER IS  
STILL HOLDING DOWN THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

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MOL: McGee, I still think you oughtta find some official and ask him if this is where you belong. I dont think -

FIB: On now, Molly...I'm doin' all right ain't I? Didn't I -

KNOCK AT DOOR.

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: COME RIGHT IN AND SIT DO....oh hiyan sis.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: What's on your mind?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says what's on your m...er..what do you want?

TEE: With what?

FIB: With ME..with the bank...with...WELL WHAT DID YOU COME IN FOR.

TEE: You asked me to.

FIB: I never says no such a thing. I never saw you before.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Then how could I tell you to come in.

TEE: I dunno, but you did, I betcha.. When I knocked on the door you said come in.

FIB: Well, that's different.

TEE: Different from what?

FIB: Different from...aw fer the...WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says...listen sis..this is my busy day. I got a little legal work to do and stuff..

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TEE: Me too. I gotta little legal work too, I betcha

FIB: (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? She's got a little legal work to do, too. What kind sis?

TEE: Half a dollar.

FIB: HALF A DOLLAR?

TEE: Sure. Look...there's a lady on one side and a little legal on the other side.

FIB: A little eag..er.. AHEM. What's the half a dollar for sis.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says whatch you carryin' the four bits for?

TEE: IT won't fit in my bank. See? That lady outside told me you could do it for me.

FIB: I see...YOU CAME IN HERE BECAUSE MY SECRETARY OUT THERE SAYS I WAS A BIG BANKER EH?

TEE: No, she said you were a big pig.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well fer the...SO MY SECRETARY SAYS I'M A PIG EH? PUSH THAT RED BUZZER, Molly. I'll see about this.

BUZZER:

MOL: Now McGee, I'm sure it was a misunderst-

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

GIRL: (FADE IN) HERE IS YOUR FISHING TACKLE SIR.

FIB: My fishing tack-

GIRL: Yes SIR. BUT I LOOKED ALL THRU THE VAULTS AND WE HAVEN'T ANY WORMS.

FIB: Never mind the bait, sis. DID YOU TELL THAT KID I WAS A BIG PIG?

GIRL: Oh no sir. I wouldn't say that sir.

MOL: Well what DID you say that gave her the idea?

GIRL: I haven't the slightest - Oh yes. IT MUST HAVE BEEN WHEN I SAID THIS LOOKED MORE LIKE A BUTCHER SHOP THAN A BANK WITH ALL THE HAMS HANGING AROUND.

FIB: Oh...(LAUGHS) Oh well, as long it wasn't something derogatory. Here...take the fishpole out.

GIRL: Yes sir.

DOOR SLAM:

KNOCK ON DOOR

MOL: Come in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

RED: 'ow are ye sir.

FIB: Hello bud. Make it snappy. This is a busy day for the legal department.

RED: Oh yes sir. But beggin' yer pardon sir, but hi'd loike a bit of hinformation sir.

MOL: Oh certainly. Give him some information McGee.

FIB: Okay. I got some nice information on proxies, bud. Listen. A PROXY IS ALWAYS REVOCABLE EVEN WHEN BY IT'S TERMS IT IS MADE IRREVOCABLE AND THE LAW ALLOWS A STOCKHOLDER TO REVOKE IT. CONTROLLING A CORPORATION BY ISSUING IRREVOCABLE PROXIES IS -



RED: Excuse me, sir...beggin' your pardon...but that wasnt exactly what I wanted to know sir...

FIB: Just the same every man oughtta know about proxies..

MOL: Me uncle saw one once. Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Whaddye mean he saw one.

MOL: He was walkin' home in the moonlight and he saw one standin' on a log by the side of the road, with its little wings shinin' and a diamond tarara on his head, and -

FIB: What did you say it was?

MOL: A proxy.

FIB: Don't you mean pixie?

MOL: Ohhhh oh yes.

FIB: AHEM. Now then, bud, what was your trouble again?

RED: Hit's a financial matter, sir, that's troublin' me a bit. H'Ive got about a hundred dollars, sir...

MOL: That hadn't ought to trouble anybody.

RED: No mum. But I'm goin back to Hengland mum, Hand I wish to change hit into pounds.

FIB: I see. You got a hundred bucks, you want changed into pounds.

RED: Yes sir. O'w do I got about it sir?

FIB: Oh just spend it on French Pastry, and chocolate caramels. Shucks, you'll gain 50 pounds in a week!

RED: Thank ye sir.

SOUND: TELEPHONES:

FIB & MOL: HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO. CLICKS ETC...

MOL: Oh dear...HELLO.. I GOT IT, MCGEE...WHAT IS IT? SOME WHAT? HOLD THE PHONE. McGee..

FIB: EH:

MOL: IT'S THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE DESK AGAIN. THE CASHIERS WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS MEANT BY HOT DOGS DE PARIESIENNE. ALLA CURRENCH-

FIB: Gimme the phone. HELLO. IN CURRENCY, BUD, HOT DOGS, DE PARIESIENNE ARE FRENCH FRANKS. Okay. (CLICK) Good old lookout mountain....

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

TED: HELLO, Fibber. Hello Molly.

MOL: Oh Ted Weems.

FIB: Hi yah, Ted. What'd ye want?

TED: Listen. Is this a safe bank?



FIB: Sure Ted. This bank is okay.  
 MOL: Why Ted?  
 TED: Well I wanted to leave some stuff here.  
 FIB: Well, it's perfectly safe in our hands, Ted, my boy. Hand it over.  
 TED: Okay. Hold these notes for me. All right boys!  
 ORK: "YOU CAN TELL SHE COMES FROM DIXIE."

APPLAUSE:

TELEPHONES: (ON APPLAUSE)

FIB & MOL: HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO HELLO ETC ETC . (WITH CLICKS)

FIB: I got it, Molly. Hello. YEP. LEGAL DEPARTMENT. WHO? OH A CREDIT RATING ON J. TWITCHELL CLIPGOLD THE THIRD. YOU BETCHA HE'S OKAY. SURE LOAN HIM THE FOURTEEN MILLION. WHAT? SAY THAT GUY'S SO WELL SECURED HE JUST BUILT A TOWN HOUSE ON THE NORTH WEST CORNER OF DUNN AND BRAD STREET. (CLICK) The idea, askin' me about a -

MOL: By the way, McGee ... what was it you found?

FIB: Oh oh yes. I found the will that guy come in after. See? LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF H. POST. I can see a lot of loogal leep holes...er...I mean legal loopholes in it, but it ain't bad, considerin' it was write up without my seein' it. Ye see....

SOUND: CLATTER AND CREAK

FIB: What's all that racket?

MOL: Search me.  
 FIB: Well we can't have that around this bank. I'll put a stop to it.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hey you out there! What's the idea!  
 MOL: What's the idea of parkin' that handtruck outside our door?  
 FIB: Get up off the floor and tell me what - Oh hiyah, Sil.

MOL: Heavenly days, Silly Watson!  
 SIL: Hiyah ma'am. How is yo' boss?  
 FIB: What are you lookin' for Sil?  
 SIL: A nickel - ah dropped it -  
 MOL: A nickel?  
 SIL: Yas'm - ah had it in mah mouf' so ah'd have it ready to buy me a han'ful o' seegahs w'en ah git th'ough haulin' this stuff downstairs and plink! - Ah gowns and drops it. You gotta nickel ah kin borrow, please suh.  
 FIB: Why - er why, Sil - I - you gotta nickel Molly, for Sil?  
 MOL: No - I'm sorry, Silly.  
 SIL: Well it looks like ah ain' gonna git me no seegahs then -  
 FIB: By the way - Sil what you got on that hand-truck?  
 SIL: 14 million dollahs - ahm gittin' it down to the vault.  
 MOL: 14 million dollars and lookin' for a nickel.  
 FIB: Well, that's life Sil.  
 SIL: Boss if tha's life, ah'm gonna cancel mah subscription -  
 (fade) maybe ah kin borrow a nickel offen the po'tah ----



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(fade) maybe ah kin borrow a nickel offen the po'tah ----

SOUND, CREAK AND GROAN FADE OUT

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I wonder if that guy Post is anywhere around. I'll give him his will. I'll -

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in.

POST: Hello. You find my will yet?

FIB: Oh yes, Mr. Post, come in and sit down. I found your will, and there's a couple o' interesting feature I'd like to go over with you.

POST: Well ... all right ... but hurry up.

FIB: Okay .. now look here in the very first paragraph. It says: KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS...Now who did you give those presents to, Post?

POST: What presents?

MOL: Oh you wn't talk, eh?

FIB: You won't get anywhere tryin' that innocent stuff bud. and LOOK. It says, AND BEING OF SOUND AND DISPOSING MIND AND MEMORY ... AND NOT ACTING UNDER DURESS MENACE FRAUD OR UNDUE INFLUENCE....What made ye say that?

POST: Why, I dunno ... I just ... well, that's the legal phraseology I suppose for -

MOL: You SUPPOSE.

FIB: In this business bud you gotta be CERTAIN. and listen. (RATTLE PAPER) look at all these WHEREASes. Whaddye mean, WHEREAS?



SOUND CREAK AND GROAN FADE OUT

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I wonder if that guy Post is anywhere around. I'll give him his will. I'll -

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in.

POST: Hello. You find my will yet?

FIB: Oh yes, Mr. Post, come in and sit down. I found your will, and there's a couple o' interesting feature I'd like to go over with you.

POST: Well ... all right ... but hurry up.

FIB: Okay .. now look here in the very first paragraph. It says: KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS...Now who did you give those presents to, Post?

POST: What presents?

MOL: Oh you can't talk, eh?

FIB: You won't get anywhere tryin' that innocent stuff bud. and LOOK. It says, AND BEING OF SOUND AND DISPOSING MIND AND MEMORY ... AND NOT ACTING UNDER DURESS MENACE FRAUD OR UNDUE INFLUENCE....What made ye say that?

POST: Why, I dunno ... I just ... well, that's the legal phraseology I suppose for -

MOL: You SUPPOSE.

FIB: In this business bud you gotta be CERTAIN. and listen. (RATTLE PAPER) look at all these WHEREASes. Whaddye mean, WHEREAS?

WIL: Well, WHEREAS THERE A POLISH AS GOOD AS JOHNSON'S WAX FOR BEAUTY AND PROTECT -----

FIB: HARPO. Get outa here, we're readin' a will.

WIL: Is it funny?

FIB: Whaddye mean, funny?

WIL: Well, you know the old saying. Where there's a will there's a wow.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahem - Now where was I. Listen .. IN EXERCISE OF THE POWER BY THE HEREINBEFORE RECITED INDENTURE OF SETTLEMENT GIVEN AS AFORESAID - AFORESAID - OH THIS IS ALL WRONG BUD.

POST: What's the matter with it.

MOL: Oh it's terrible.

FIB: It don't make sense, bud. LISTEN. and ALL THE SINGULAR OTHER LANDS TENEMENTS HEREDITAMENTS AND APPURTENANCES WHATSOEVER THEREUNTO APPERTAINING AND BELONGING. You didn't really mean that did you?

POST: Well, the lawyer that -

FIB: DON'T TRY TO EVADE THE QUESTION POST. DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT MEAN WHAT YOU SAID IN THOSE WORDS. "

POST: But those are NOT my words. That is what the lawyer -

FIB: OH THEY'RE NOT YOUR WORDS EH? Then this will ain't legal, bud. HAH - (I trapped him there, Molly) and look at this... IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I SET MY HAND AND SEAL ... where's the seal?

POST: Aw - I left him home in the bathtub.



MOL: Well bring him in tomorrow.

FIB: We gotta have his signature, too, that's all bud.

POST: Aw for the -

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My, my did you see the guilty look on his face, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks, that will would never stand up in court.

I could knock so many holes in it.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh how do you do?

FIB: Listen bud ... next time you come into my office knock first, see?

MAN: YOUR OFFICE? WHO ARE YOU?

MOL: He's Fibber McGee, in charge of the legal department of this bank.

FIB: You betcha bud...now state your business or get out. This is my busy day.

MAN: Do you know who I am?

MOL: No. Who are you, if it matters?

FIB: I suppose you're the president of the bank or somethin' ... (LAUGHS)

MAN: I am.

FIB: (DEFLATED LAUGH) You ... er ... you're the ... er ... AHM what say, bud?

MAN: I SAID I AM THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MOL: Why he's the -

MAN: QUIET MADAM. COME COME ... SPEAK UP SIR.

FIB: Why ... er I .. I'm Fibber McGee...Chairman ... I ... er I came over here to take a job, and I thought, er...

MOL: They sent us in here and so we thought. -

FIB: Ye see the officer was er ... that is there was nobody here and -

MAN: OF COURSE THERE WAS NOBODY HERE. MR. BRIEF IS HOME ILL. AND ANOTHER THING ... WHO SENT YOU?

FIB: Why er ... the wistful Vista employment bureau, but they -

MAN: I THOUGHT SO. YOU BELONG OUT ON THE BANKING FLOOR. THE OFFICER WILL SHOW YOU WHERE TO GET A UNIFORM.

MOL: A...a...unif -

FIB: A WHAT? a uniform!

MAN: WHY CERTAINLY ... YOU WERE HIRED AS A GUARD.

MOL: A GUARD! Heavenly days .....

FIB: You .. you mean... I...I'm one of those fellas that stand around all day and picks up little pieces of paper off the floor and opens and shuts the door and stuff?

MAN: EXACTLY ... NOW GET OUT THERE AND GET STARTED ... YOU'LL BE DOCKED FOR THE TIME YOU'VE WASTED IN HERE. COME.. COME ... GET STARTED...

MOL: I knew it wouldn't last.

FIB: Listen bud...I ...er just what are my duties?

MAN: YOU STAND AT THE DOOR AND TELL PEOPLE WHERE TO GO -

FIB: GOOD ... I'LL START WITH YOU. YOU CAN GO PLUMB, TO

MOL: MCGEE!



ORK: "MARGIE" DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND TAG GAG.

TAG GAG:

FIB: Well Molly do you think the bank made a mistake in hirin' me?

MOL: No-o I think they've got the right dope -

FIB: Ahem - good nite.

MOL: Good nite all.

ORK: MUSICAL TAG

SIGNOFF:

mr mc js 10:45  
4/19/37

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL:

FIB: Well - I - I thought I was to be an officer of the bank.

MAN: You are an officer - go get into your uniform!

MOL: A..a...unif-

FIB: A WHAT? A uniform?!

MAN: WHY CERTAINLY... YOU WERE HIRED AS A GUARD.

MOL: A GUARD! Heavenly days....

FIB: You..you mean I.. I'm one of those fellas that stand around all day and picks up little pieces of paper off the floor and opens and shuts the door and stuff?

MAN: EXACTLY...NOT GET OUT THERE AND GET STARTED...YOU'LL BE DOCKED FOR THE TIME YOU'VE WASTED IN HERE.. COME COME..GET STARTED..

MOL: I knew it wouldn't last...

FIB: Listen bud..I..er...is one of my duties tellin' people when to go?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: GOOD.. I'LL START WITH YOU. YOU CAN GO PLUMB TO-

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: WHERE IS MY UNIFORM?

ORK: "MARGIE" DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND TAG GAG.

TAG GAG:

ORK: MUSICAL TAG.

SIGNOFF:



2nd  
S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY APR. 18, 1937  
WMAQ-NBC 8 PM

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Days of Spring Cleaning are here again. Time to make your home beautiful with JOHNSON'S WAX. Start with your floors ~~and linoleum~~. Let JOHNSON'S WAX give them a mellow, glowing polish -- a polish that resists wear -- that protects your floors -- ~~like putting an invisible sheet of glass over the surface~~. Thereafter you walk on wax and save your floors from ever becoming worn and shabby. Dirt cannot penetrate -- germs and dust cannot find a lodging place on a JOHNSON WAXED surface. Not only do wax-polished floors bring compliments from your friends -- they save you hours of cleaning work as well -- for you don't have to SCRUB a JOHNSON WAXED floor. And of course you know that smart housekeepers WAX their WOODWORK and FURNITURE, as well as their window sills, enameled ice boxes and all painted surfaces. Ask your dealer tomorrow for HW:C" genuine JOHNSON'S WAX (paste or liquid) and let me remind you it's very economical to buy the larger sizes.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY APR. 18, 1937  
WMAQ-NBC 8 PM

SECOND COMMERCIAL

Have you ever noticed the floors in some peoples houses? How worn and shabby they look around doorways and between rugs? Well, that's what happens to perfectly good floors that are not wax-protected. They acquire a condition known as FLOOR-POX. You've probably seen the interesting photographs appearing in the JOHNSON WAX advertisements in magazine and newspapers throughout the country -- illustrating the difference between a beautiful wax polished floor and one disfigured by ugly FLOOR POX.

Now FLOOR POX can be prevented easily and inexpensively by protecting your floors at once with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. This remarkable wear-resisting wax gives your floors ~~and linoleum~~ a beautiful lasting polish that saves the surface from scratches and stains and adds greater loveliness with each application. You can wax-polish every floor in your home with practically no effort, and at very small cost - by renting a JOHNSON'S ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER from a nearby dealer.

HW:CF



# NBC

ADVERTISER C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY (#106)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ-RED  
( 8:00-8:30 P.M.

APRIL 19, 1937

MONDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Not Correct*

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: PRESENTING MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE AND  
MOLLY!

ORK: FINISH THEME

WIL: TED WEEMS ORCHESTRA OPENS TH' SHOW WITH "JAMBOREE" -  
from Top of The Town.

ORK: "JAMBOREE" DOWN FOR-

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

#1

ORK: "JAMBOREE" UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)