

NBC

ADVERTISER JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

TIME 8:00 - 8:30 P.M.

DATE APRIL 26, 1937

MONDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

(January to April 1937)

Not Correct

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 OPENS THE SHOW WITH "LOVE IS NEWS"
ORK: "LOVE IS NEWS" Down for --
WIL: COMMERCIAL #1.

ORK: UP TO FINISH
APPLAUSE:
OR: MCGEE THEME - DOWN FOR -

WIL: AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW BY NOW THE MCGEES ARE ABOUT TO SET SAIL FOR HOLLYWOOD TO BEGIN WORK ON A MOVING PICTURE. FULL OF PLANS, FIGURES, HOPES, FEARS AND FANCIES THEY ARE BUSY PACKING TRUNKS AND SUITCASES TO PUT IN THEIR NEW AUTO TRAILER. HERE THEY ARE IN THE KITCHEN AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

MOL: Now I wonder if I should take me fox furs - or whether it'll be too warm to MCGEE shall I take my furs?

(PAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE! Answer me!!!!.

FIB: Eh? (LAUGHS) Oh ... I don't think they will.

MOL: You don't think they will what?

FIB: Why - er - what'd you ask me?

MOL: OH DEAR ... WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR WITH THAT IDIOTIC SMILE ON YOUR FACE?

FIB: Oh now, Molly, I (LAUGHS) ... well, I -

MOL: Heavenly days ... I ask you a question and you stand there grinnin' like a chessy cat.

FIB: I was just thinkin'. Do they still throw custard pies in movie comedies, Molly?

MOL: How should I know, and what of it?

FIB: Well ... (LAUGHS) I was just thinkin' it's too bad I can't play a scene with old Harpo. (LAUGHS) Boy, could I squish a mess of custard over his -

MOL: Oh be quiet ... and hurry up and get packed. You've got to carry all this stuff out into the trailer you know.

FIB: Oh don't fuss so much. We got plenty of time. Say .. I wonder if I oughta take my golf clubs. (SOUND) One of 'em is pretty warped, but the other two are okay. Oh yes - and - how about my fishin' tackle. You got room in your suitcase for it?

MOL: I HAVE NOT!

FIB: Okay. I'll slide it under the sink in the trailer.

MOL: All right ... but don't just stand around there. DO SOMETHING. How about this hat, shall I take it?

FIB: Oh I don't think I'd ...

MOL: Yes, I think I will.

FIB: Okay, you'll probably need it out there, if -

MOL: No, I don't think I will, either.

FIB: No, you probably won't have any use for -

MOL: Yes I guess I will too.

FIB: I was hopin' you would. You never can tell when -

MOL: No, I don't believe I will.

FIB: Of course not. It'd be foolish to take a -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) HELLO ... WHAT? NO. WHAT? I DUNNO I'LL SEE (CLICK) PHONE COMPANY MOLLY WANT TO KNOW IF THEY SHUT OUR PHONE OFF.

MOL: Now - you're talkin' on it aren't you?

FIB: Oh, yes. (AHEM) Hello - Phone Company - not yet. Okay (CLICK)

MOL: Did you ask the light company to shut off the electricity?

FIB: SURE:

MOL: Did you ask the water company to shut off the water?

FIB: Yep.

MOL: How about the gas?

FIB: They're comin' out to shut it off, too.

MOL: Well, I guess that's everything. Did you speak to the mailman?

FIB: Certainly I spoke to the mailman. You think I'm so stuck up about bein' a big movie star that I don't even speak to the mailm -

MOL: I mean about our forwardin' address, iggerbutts.

FIB: Oh...oh...yes. I told him to send yours care of Paramount.

MOL: Mine! How about yours?

FIB: I told him to send mine in care of Madeleine Carroll.

MOL: Why Fibber McGee...you don't even know her.

FIB: Well, can you think of a cuter way to get acquainted? I'll just go over to her house and say Hiyah, are you Mad? Well listen, got any mail that was sent here by mistake? and she'll say -

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS MCGEE ... QUIT DAY DREAMIN' AND GET BUSY. There's work to do. Hand me that straw suitcase.

SOUND: GLATTER

MOL: Well, you needn't throw it at me.

FIB: Oh excuse me. I was thinkin'. Ye know, I'll probably be a big help to the cameramen. As soon as they find out that I'm a shark with a kodak, they'll probably ask me to help out with the

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Oh dear ... (CLICK) HELLO ... HELLO OH YES... MR. GABLE ... YOU CAN'T HARDLY WAIT? OH NOW MR. GABLE? YES ... WE'RE LEAVING RIGHT AWAY. NO...I WON'T FORGET ...GOODBYE MR. GABLE AND THANKS FOR CALLING: (CLICK)

FIB: Hot dawg! CLARK GABLE! He can't wait to meet us, eh?

MOL: Be quiet. That was Herman Gable ... the butcher. He wants us to be sure and pay our bill before we leave.

FIB: Oh ... AHM. I took care of it this mornin'. But I'll bet he never cashes the check.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: He'll probably save it for the autograph.

MOL: You're autograph wouldn't be worth a nickel if people could read the handwriting - on the wall.

McGee ... won't be wonderful to be in Hollywood where you can just lean out the window and pack a handful of oranges?

FIB: Whaddye mean, a handful of oranges. One orange is a handful.

MOL: Oh you know what I meant.

FIB: Sure - ye know, I'm gonna have me a orange grove. I been savin the seeds outa my orange juice for months. Only trouble is after ye pick the oranges, somebody's gotta squeeze 'em to get orange juice. I won't be really happy till you're able to tap the tree like a maple and get orange juice to run out into a bucket. I ever tell you what happened to Toughy Goff out there?

MOL: Hundreds of times. And if you -

FIB: Well sir, one night Toughy thought he'd like a glass of orange juice before goin' to bed. So he reaches out the window and grabs a armful o' fruit. When he'd got it all squeezed it tasted kind of funny ... not bad ... but funny. But he never thought anything of it till next morning when he found he'd squeeze a couple of walnuts and had drank walnut juice. Ye see, the walnuts out there grow so big he naturally mistook 'em for oranges in the dark. That walnut juice went all thru his system and stained him so bad he got a job as a standin for Stepinfetchit.

MOL: Oh dear. Oh dear.

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Oh dear! (CLICK) HELLO ... OH HELLO TELEPHONE COMPANY? NO IT ISN'T SHUT OFF YET. THANK YOU. (CLICK)

FIB: I wonderif I oughtta take my tuxedo, Molly.

MOL: No. We're gonna work for Paramount...not Hal Roach. Besides it's full ofmoth holes.

MOL: MCGEE ... LOOK!...ALL THOSE CHILDREN PLAYING AROUND OUR TRAILER OUT THERE...

FIB: Why the little.,.,

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: HEY YOU KIDS ... GET AWAY FROM THERE.

KID: (OFF MIKE) Ahhhh.. we were just lookin' at it. Where you goin in it, mister?

FIB: Well, my boy, I'll tell you. We're goin' out to Hollywood to make a picture. I'm Fibber McGee ... the movie star... (AHM)

KID: Awww, what picture were you ever in.

FIB: Well, I wasn't exactly in a ... er... I mean ... (LAUGHS) Well, shucks, sonny, they been keepin' me kinda undercover up till now ... kinda buildin' me up. I'm a great find for some smart director.

KID: I think the guy that lost you was smarter!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hear that, Molly? You should O' seen their little faces when I told 'em who I was.

MOL: I'd love to have!

FIB: Ahem! Say where we gonna live when we get out there? At a hotel?

MOL: Well, now I don t think so...it'd be awful expensive. We better get us a hacienda.

FIB: I don't like 'em. They gimme heartburn.

MOL: You're thinkin of enchiladas.

FIB: Oh yes. By the way ... Buddy Rogers has a ranch out there. We might get us a ranch.

MOL: Heavenly days ... a ranch. We don't need all that room.

FIB: Well Buddy says the ranches out there are only about forty feet by 36. He says if you got a packin' box, a navajo blanket and a jap, you gotta ranch.

MOL: Itmust be a funny place.

FIB: They got some smart people out there though. I met a bunch of guys from Hollywood and they were all experst about everything. There wasn't ANYTHING they didn't know. I talked to 'em all evening and I only heard one of 'em say "I DON'T KNOW".

MOL: What did you ask him?

FIB: What day it was.

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Aw shucks . HELLO ... PHONE COMPANY? NOPE? IT AIN'T SHUT
OFF YET. OH I SEE . HE IS EH? WHAT'S HE GONNA SING? OH
MUCH OBLIGED. (CLICK) SIT DOWN AND RELAX A MINUTE MOLLY.
PERRY COMO'S GONNA SING.

MOL: What's he gonna sing?

FIB: Oh you know ... THAT ONE ABOUT THE RICH MAN'S LITTLE BOY
WHO SWALLOWED THE NICKEL.

MOL: The rich man's son who wallo.....

FIB: Oh you know THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR".

ORK: "THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR" COMO

MO: My, My McGee, I hate to leave Ted and the boys.

FIB: Oh we'll see 'em when we get back, Molly. IF we get back.

MOL: Whaddye mean, IF?

FIB: Well you know how it is. A new face flashes across the
silver screen and millions and millions of people demand
more of 'e . AHEM. I'm referrin' to me, of course.

MOL: That's all very well, but where are you going to get the
new face?

FIB: Where am I...say, when they seen my photographs...you should
of heard 'em...LOOK AT THAT FACE, THEY SAYS...WHAT CHARACTER!
IN MY EYES, THEY SAW INTELLIGENCE. In MY FOREHEAD THEY
VISION, IN MY NOSE, HUMOR, IN MY LIPS -

MOL: A 3-for a nickel Cigar.

FIB: Oh now - Oh, H,yah, Harpo.

WIL: Hello, folks. When you leaving for Hollywood?

MOL: Tuesday noon, Mr. Wilcox. Heavenly days, we're going
to miss you and these others.

FIB: I'll say so. I don't believe they got a talent in the
whole movie colony that could equal in annoying me, Harpo.

WIL: Oh don't worry about that.

FIB: Whaddye mean? You know somebody out there to take your
place?

WIL: Certainly.

MOL: Who?

WIL: Me.

FIB: YOU! Say now, this is too much... gimme that phone. I'll take care of this... here I thought I was gonna git away from Harpo's kibitzin' and -

MOL: McGee... who you callin'?

FIB: Our sponsor. (CLICK) Operator... GIMME RACINE WISCONSIN... S. C. JOHNSON & SON. RACINE... RAYSEEN. RAY AS IN RADIO AND SCENE AS IN MY LOVE SCENE WITH SHIRLEY ROSS IN OUR NEW PIC-

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: That's it sis. AHM. HELLO, MR. JOHNSON? THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE. Eh? FIBBER MCGEE... OH SURE YOU DO. I'M ON YOUR PROGRAM. WHY, FOR THE LAST YEAR OR SO... DON'T YOU REMEMBER? SURE. LISTEN MR. JOHNSON. HARPO WILCOX SAYS HE'S GOIN' TO HOLLYWOOD WITH US. IS THAT FAIR? LISSEN! I'VE STOOD FOR HIS BUTTIN' IN LONG ENOUGH WITHOUT HIS FOLLOWIN' US 2 THOUSAND MILES TO RUB IT IN. YES I AM SORE... YES... THAT'S FINAL... I'M PUTTIN' MY FOOT DOWN.

SOUND: (THUD)

MOL: OUCH!

FIB: WHAT? Oh... oh yes... I see.. OKAY. (CLICK) AHM. Say, Harpo, ... where you gonna live when you get to Hollywood?

WIL: I dunno - But believe me, I'll LIVE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

DOORBELL:

FIB: Who is.. OH IT MUST BE MY DRAMATIC TEACHER... BARRYMEL LIONMORE.. COME IN, Mr. LIONMORE.

LATCH & SLAM:

MOL: Oh dear...

LIONMORE: Ahh yes... and this, I suppose is the neophite of Thespis?

MOL: Neophite.. what's that?

FIB: Neophite, Molly. Neo means new. ... new actors always have to fight... by the way, Mr. Lionmore.. this is Mrs. McGee.. she's gonna support me in the picture.

MOL: And long afterwards. HOW DO YOU DO, I'M SURE.

LIONM: Delighted, my child. Now then, my boy, we haven't much time to brush up on your dramatic work. We had better start with the fundamentals. Furst... let me say that all emotions portrayable are variations of FEAR... GREED... AND SURPRISE.

FIB: How about Love?

LION: Well my boy - I don't think you'll be cast for that..

FIB: Well, how about hope. Doc?

LION: Oh... you can always hope. NOW THEN, SUPPOSE WE TAKE ASTONISHMENT, -- A FORM OF SURPRISE. OR HATE, - A VARIATION OF FEAR... CAN YOU REGISTER HATE?

FIB: Well, I dunno, I.. Let's see-- what do I hate, Molly?

MOL: HARD WORK!

FIB: NYAHHHHHHHHHH!

LIONM: MARVELOUS!!!! Only don't show your teeth so much. HATE IS MENTAL, NOT DENTAL.

FIB: Say that's pretty good, Barrymel. Hear that, Molly. Hate is mental...not dental.

LION: Now then..suppose we take a more subtle expression.

FIB: Now you're talkin'. Subtlery! That's my dish.

LION: TAKE EAGERNESS...A form of GREED...how would you register eagerness?

FIB: Like this

MOL: OH QUIT BATTING YOUR EYES.

FIB: Well that's what I seen Claudette Colbert do...she fluttered her eyes a mile a minute when she registered eagerness in -

LION: I'M AFRAID, MY BOY...YOU'LL NEED A LOT OF WORK.

MOL: I'll bet nobody gives it to him.

LION: NOW SUPPOSE YOU ARE CALLED UP TO REGISTER DESPAIR...ON AN EXIT.

FIB: How about haste on a fires escape? I ought to

LION: LOOK.. AS I LEAVE THE ROOM..I PLACE ONE ARM ACROSS MY EYES.. MY SHOULDERS ARE BOWED...THE RIGHT HAND EXTEND BEHIND AND TO THE SIDE.. AND I EXIT LIKE THIS..

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...LOUD AND FADE OUT...DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Marvelous!

FIB: Swell ...I have never seen despair better done -

KNOCK ON DOOR

FIB: There he is back again.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: SAY HE'S WONDERFUL - LOOK HE'S A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR TOO.. OH NO - IT'S GERALDINE! HIYAH GERALDINE!!!! MOLLY HERE'S GERALDINE!

GER: Hello, Molly.. Hello, Mr. McGee...(GIGGLES) I heard you were on your way to Hollywood and I simply RUSHED right over. (GIGGLES) Isn't it just too too thrilling? I mean isn't it really (GIGGLES) But I know you're going to have a MARVELOUS time.

FIB: Yes, when me and Charley Laughton and Slim Arliss and Ronnie Colman and Shorty Cagney get together we -

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh, I'm so excited...I mean I really am...really. (GIGGLES) I asked Gerald when he thought they'd start shooting you and he said it couldn't be too soon. (GIGGLES) Oh Gerald says the CUNNINGEST things...he really does. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Ye know Geraldine..I always wanted to meet Mae West. She'll be there to see us get started. At least the director said Mae would see us well under way and I suppose he meant -

GER: (GIGGLES) Gerald told me to tell you goodbye..(GIGGLES)
You'd get an awful kick out of Gerald. Anyway Gerald said
you would if he ever met you...but that's just his way
of talking. (GIGGLES) WELL, I JUST WANTED TO RUN OVER AND
SAY GOODBYE.MYSELF..WHEN YOU GET TO HOLLYWOOD I hope you get
a nice bungalow. Gerald says every body in pictures lives
in bungalows because they use one story over and over again.
(GIGGLES) Isn't he (GIGGLES) Well I simply must be off.

FIB: I'll say so!

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Imagine that dizzy dame -

KNOCK AT DOOR

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Oh..Ted Weems. Hiyah Ted.

MOL: Hello Ted.

TED: Hello, Fibber...Hello, Molly. When do you leave for
Hollywood?

MOL: Just as soon as we get packed..Why?

TED: Oh..I just wondered.

FIB: I'm sorry you can't get away to go with us, Ted. <

TED: So am I. But we're tied up here. Who's playing for you
out on the Coast?

MOL: Jimmy Greer.

TED: Oh that's swell. He's got a great band. In fact he's a lot
better than I am.

FIB: Why that's what he said about you, Ted.

TED: He did? Why the...Say..HE CAN'T SAY THAT STUFF ABOUT ME.
HE'S BETTER THAN I AM ANY DAY AND I CAN PROVE IT.

MOL: HOW?

TED: LISTEN TO THIS...GIVE, BOYS!

ORK: "SLAP THAT BASS"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee why is it that Ted and the boys aren't going with us.

FIB: Well, I asked Ted why they couldn't go and he says for two reasons. First, they got to fill contracts in town here.....

MOL: Yes.

FIB: ...and then in the second place. Ted says his boys can't play in California.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Well, he says they can't read the music with them smoked glasses on. Sounds terrible. AHEM.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Hello. PHONE COMPANY...? No...it's not shut off yet. Your welcome (CLJCK) McGee, should I take an umbrella?

FIB: An UMBRELLA! To HOLLYWOOD! Why, Molly. There's practically no precipitation out there.

MOL: Maybe not...but what if it should rain?

FIB: That's what I -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

SCOT: Good day to ye.

FIB: Oh how are ye, Scotty. What's on your mind?

SCOT: Well, laddie, I'll tell ye. I hearrrd ye werre goin' to Califorrerrrrria, in a trrrrailler.

MOL: That's right. What about it?

SCOT: Well, lass, tis a handsome bit of a hoose on wheels, and ye'll be havin' a grrrrrand trrrrip, no doot. But did ye everr stop to think ye'll be havin' arrrrrgument afterrrr argument aboot which rrrroad to take?

FIB: What of it?

SCOT: Well, I'd be verra glad to trrrravle we' ye as rrrrrreferrrrrrreeee. Tis verra anxious I am to get to Calif-

FIB: No bud...we dont need a refereeeee thanks.

SCOT: Verra well.

MOL: By the way...how did you know we had a trailer to travel in?

SCOT: I looked ye oop in Who's Hoose.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Who's Hoose. Of all the dumb ...tryin to chisel a free ride to Calif-

KNOCK AT DOOR: LATCH

SIL: How ye ma'am. Hiyah, boss.

MOL: Oh Silly Watson.

FIB: Hiyah Sil. You're just in time to help us load this stuff into the trailer.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah sho wish ah was goin' too, Mist' McGee.

SCOT: Well, laddie, I'll tell ye. I hearrrd ye werre goin' to Califorrrrrrnig, in a trrrrailer.

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SIL: Yassuh. Ah sho wish ah was goin' too, Mist' McGee.

MOL: Well why cant you, Silly?

SIL: Ah caint, ma'am. Mah business intrests done gonna keep me heah.

FIB: Oh you're business interests, eh? (LAUGHS) What business interests, Sil?

SIL: Rosebud Jackson. She say she ain' gonna be inters' in me t' I ah git's down to business.

MOL: You cant come out to California at all?

SIL: Yas'm. Ah don' think so, ma'am. How long yo gonna be teeah?
FIB: Oh six weeks or so, Sil.
SIL: Yassuh. Maybe ah kin make it roun' the fust part of June, maybe suh.
MOL: That will be fine. You know anybody out there Silly?
SIL: Yas'm. Mah brother Considerable, he wo'kin out theah. Ah writ him a pos' cahd and ask him for a loan of some money and he sent me half his salary.... ah got it in this lil ole papeh bag.
FIB: Half his salary eh? Why carry it in a paper bag, Sil?
SIL: Tha's how he sen' it, please suh. He say, HEAH'S HALF MAH SALARY SIL.
MOL: You mean you carry MONEY in that sack?
SIL: No ma'am, He say he wo'kin for peanuts and this is half of 'em. But he say he git a raise to SALTED peanuts next week. Souse me now suh ah'll start carryin' these lil ole bags out...

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Well, at least we'll see him out there later. How'll he get there.
FIB: He told me this morning he might hootch hike.
MOL: HOOTCH hike!
FIB: Yes...his cousin is drivin' west in a beer truck
MOL: Well next week is gonna be an important week for us, McGee.

SHORT ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: Yes - and next week we have a very important announcement to make about a great contest for JOHNSON' AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. A de lux COVERED WAGON TRAILER and many cash prizes will be offered every week. Don't miss the announcement next week.

FIB: HARPO!
MOL: Oh Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Hello folks
MOL: How did you get in here, Mr. Wilcox?
FIB: He crawled in thru a wise crack. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly?
You says how did he get in and I says he crawled in thru a wise cr-
MOL: Taint funny, McGee.
WIL: I'll say it isn't.
FIB: You keep outa this Harpo. Thank goodness, we'll get away from your kibitzing while we drive to California.
WIL: All right..all right... you'll wish you'd have been nice to me when I walk past with Virginia Bruce. or Madeleine Carroll on my arm.out there in Hollywood.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days.. Madeleine Carroll on his arm. Does he know her?
FIB: No. He's probly gonna get tatoood. AHEM. Say shall I take this pair of overalls? Mel Schauer the producer says it's gonna be hard work out there and -
MOL: MCGEE LOOK AT THOSE KIDS AGAIN.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Well fer the...HEY YOU KIDS...GET OUTA THAT TRAILER!..NOW KEEP AWAY OR I'LL COME OUT THERE....YOU DAD RATTED LITTLE Oh...not you, Mrs. Wearybottom. I..er... I didn't see ye coming. Molly Here's Mrs. Wearybottom. Hiyah Weary.
WEARY: Hello folks...I just heard you were leavin' for California, and I thought I'd drop in and say goodbye I know you'll have a lovely trip it's really beautiful with all those mountains and all, you can look right over the edge of the road and see a thousand feet down in some places thought it really isn't dangerous except when it's raining and it is most of the time when it isn't snowing, but dont worry about it, my first husband drove it three times before he fell down a canyon my niece is out there too she just loves it but she doesn't make much money she used to work as a manicurist but now she's a nurse for a dentist just living from hand to mouth you might say, if you see Donald Duck give him my regards I understand he's out there making a quackie it certainly Where'd you ever get that horrible looking trunk?

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Well...I guess we're all ready to go, McGee...is everything packed....
FIB: Yep..let's see now...road maps.....puttees....
MOL: Why puttees?
FIB: I may have to help direct.
MOL: They don't wear puttees anymore. They wear pants that don't match their coats.
FIB: Honest?

MOL: Sure. The movie actors and directors always go in pairs to buy suits. Then they divide up the coats and pants so nothing matches.

FIB: How about vests?

MOL: They wear sweaters, and no shirts.

FIB: Hot dog...I'm gonna like that place...bring that trunk when you come, Molly!

MOL: MCGEEE...BRING THAT TRUNK YOURSELF....

FIB: Okay... (GRUNTS... THUMPS) Open the DOOR MOLLY.....

DOOR LATCH

MOL: NOW BE CAREFUL GETTING IT DOWN THE STEPS, MCGEE! IT MIGHT FLY OPEN.

FIB: I'D be satisfied if it could just fly. (GRUNTS) THUMPS *
Ah - Hollywood bound at last!

MOL: And muscle-bound at least. LOOK OUT, MCGEE...BE CAREFUL....
IT'S SLIPPING!

SOUND: CRASH... REGULAR KERTHUMP... FADE OUT TO LOUD CRASH.

MOL: Oh dear.....a new trunk too! Is it broken?

FIB: Nope...don't seem to be..but you didnt even ask me if I was hurt.

MOL: Are you?

FIB: No, but you mighta asked. AHM. There's...hey Gimme a lift into the trailer with this... dont scratch it now...up UOOOP...
(GRUNTS..AND CLATTER)...(THUMP)...(DOOR SLAM,)

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(GRUNTS..AND CLATTER)...(THUMP)...(DOOR SLAM,)

MOL: Well, I guess that's everything....did you lock the back door?
FIB: Yep. Everything's taken care of, I guess. that....OH DAD RAT IT.
MOE: Now what did you forget?
FIB: I forgot to take down the lighting rods from the roof of the house.
MOL: Well - we wont need 'em while we're away.
FIB: Well...I guess we're off...you got the ignition keys?
MOL: You've got 'em in your hand.
FIB: Oh yes...well, so long Wistful Vista! I'll bet when we get back, there'll be a brass plate on the house. THIS HOUSE WAS ONCE OCCUPIED BY FIBBER MCGEE, THE FAMOUS CINEMA STAR AND -

TELEPHONE: (OFF MIKE)

MOL: Oh dear..there's the phone again, McGee.

FIB: I'll get it....

MOL: I'll go with you...

TELEPHONE: RUNNING STEPS..AND DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Hello. OH TELEPHE COMPANY? NO IT AINT AND QUIT CALLIN' ME UP TO ASK ME IF THE PHONE'S SHUT OFF. YOU CANT -- eh? IF IT ISNT SHUT OFF THERESA LONG DISTANCE CALL FOR US FROM HOLLYWOOD? WHO'S CALLIN'? OH PARAMOUNT?

MOL: Heavenly days...maybe they're callin' to tell us they've cancelled our contracts.

FIB: Oh! oh!..HELLO...YES..THE PHONE'S BEEN SHUT OFF FOR A WEEK! G'BYE...Come on, Molly!

ORK: "BUBELING OVER"

APPLAUSE:

MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR TAG GAG

TAG GAG:

ORK: THEME UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF.

mk: js:mc mk.4/26/37
11:10 AM

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY APRIL 26, 1937
WMAQ-NBC 8 PM

WMAQ - RED

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

I have a message for you about WAX -- genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Do you realize what an important part JOHNSON'S WAX plays in making housework easier by protecting floors from dirt and wear? If you give your floors a genuine wax polish NOW they will take on a rich, mellow lustre, adding beauty to the whole room. Once WAXED, your floors are tightly sealed against dirt and germs, and you can say goodbye forever to floor scrubbing. But that isn't all. JOHNSON'S WAX gives a tough, wear-resisting polish that actually saves your floors from ever becoming shabby and worn at doorways and between rugs. They'll never acquire that disfiguring condition known as FLOOR FOX if you protect them now with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Buy it from your dealer tomorrow (paste or liquid) -- and if you want to wax-polish every floor in your house with practically no effort, and at very small cost, rent a JOHNSON'S ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER.

Page 2

SECOND COMMERCIAL

At this time of year almost every woman has a desire to make her home more attractive. That's why millions of women are buying JOHNSON'S WAX. They know that this remarkable WAX gives new beauty to their floors, furniture and woodwork -- bringing out all the mellow loveliness of the wood -- and at the same time giving it a sure protection against dirt and wear. Dust can't cling to a JOHNSON WAXED SURFACE. Finger-smudges can be easily wiped off furniture and door frames that are wax-protected. Cleaning work is cut in half from the time you start waxing your floors, tables, cabinets, window sills, enamel ice-box -- and all painted surfaces. Order JOHNSON'S WAX tomorrow -- insist on GENUINE JOHNSON'S WAX and remember, you save money on the larger sizes.