

*File*

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (109)"

KFI - HOLLYWOOD  
5:00 - 5:30 P.M.

MAY 10th, 1937  
MONDAY

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-2-

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME

WIL: JIMMY GRIER AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH  
"THEY ALL LAUGHED!"

ORCHESTRA: "THEY ALL LAUGHED" -- (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)



1ST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: If you want your car to always look beautiful and bright - shining like new - protected from scratches and road film - then, wax your car now with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX! Maybe you think it's a difficult job. Then you must learn about this new, easier method being used by smart car owners everywhere. First: clean the finish with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER.... a new type, liquid cleaner that removes all dirt and discoloration as if by magic - without scratching the finish. It's so easy to apply JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER with a soft cloth. It dries quickly to a white powder. When you wipe off the powder, there stands your car, with a beautiful gleaming polish, lovely as new! Now, it's important to protect the shining polish with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX - the remarkable easy-to-use wax that gives longer wear and saves the finish from the injurious rays of the sun, - from rain, sleet, dirt and grime. Once your car is wearing a coat of wax protection, you'll be saved many car washings, and the trade-in value will be greatly increased! Later we'll tell you how to win a de luxe covered wagon trailer in the great JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX Contest!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL "THEY ALL LAUGHED")

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN RAIN") (FADE)

WIL: WELL...FIBBER AND MOLLY HAVE ARRIVED IN HOLLYWOOD AND ARE SETTLED DOWN IN THE "CLEAN ROOMS HOTEL," (ELECTRIC LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM) AND HERE...LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING FROM THE STUDIO ABOUT THEIR MOVING PICTURE, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

TELEPHONE:

(CLICK)

FIB: Hello...yes...Ronald McGee...Speakin'. Yes, send 'em up. (CLICK) Hot dog!...photographers want some still pictures of us.

MOL: They'll never be able to take one of your chin. AND where do you get that RONALD stuff?

FIB: I'm thinkin' o' changin' my name for the films. Fibber is kinda ordinary. I kinda like Ronald. Or how about Gary? (TO HIMSELF) Gary McGee...Gary McGee...Not bad. Or Lionel....Or maybe one of them double-barrelled names, like Edward Everett McGee...No, that's too --

MOL: Oh, be quiet...The name should be shorter. For instance, -- MUD McGee. That's what your name will be when --

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in!

DOOR-LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Hiyah, Bud. Glad to see ye. Now, just how do you want us to pose for these photogr--



MAN: Just hold that pose a minute...That's swell...(PAUSE)  
 Okay...I got it...Now, one of the lady...No - no...Just  
 sit still...(PAUSE) I got it...Great stuff, kids!!! Now  
 another one of Shorty there...Hold that, Brother...No...  
 Keep your mouth open..Great! I got it...

FIB: Well, say, how about takin' us in --

MAN: Move over to the left a little...Swell! I got it! Now,  
 get together....Hold hands....Look happy...Happy, I said.  
 Not sappy...Swell!...I got it! Much obliged, folks...

MOL: Well, heavenly days, are these pictures --

MAN: Sorry, Can't stop to talk...Gotta another assignment.

FIB: Well, listen...Have Paramount save some prints for us,  
 will ye?

MAN: What's Paramount got to do with it?

MOL: Well, aren't you from Paramount?

MAN: No, I'm -- Sa-ay, Aren't you the two people who were just  
 acquitted in that strangling case?

FIB: Say, Whaddye mean, a stra--

MOL: Why, certainly not --

MAN: Imagine that! I got the wrong room! Sorry, Folks!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Hmmm...A nice reception! Strangling case...Quite a  
 coincidence, too.

FIB: How?

MOL: Well, I was just thinking of something of the sort, unless  
 you quit posing in front of the mirror all the time, AND  
 WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE SMOKED GLASSES! FIRST YOU  
 put 'em on real careful and then you snatch 'em off quick.  
 Do they hurt your nose?

FIB: No - I just wanted to see how I look with 'em on but when  
 I got 'em on I can't see. So I'm tryin' to see myself  
 with 'em on before I can get 'em off.

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN. Probably some gal from a fan magazine.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MAN: HELLO, there! I'm the director of your picture. Just  
 dropped over to see if there was anything I could do for  
 you.

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

FIB: Hiyah, Bob. No, I don't think --

MAN: If there's anything you want just speak up. See those two  
 water tanks over there? That's the Paramount lot.

MOL: Yes, I hear those water tanks were donated by Cyril  
 Sweetmug, after he made "Ecstasy marks the spot."

MAN: Yes, we don't often get tanks from an actor. Now, if  
 there's anything you want, Just say so.

FIB: Fine. I was just goin' to suggest that you -

MAN: Anything at all, Remember. We're at your service here.  
 We want you to like Hollywood, you know.

MOL: Isn't that nice? Maybe you can tell us about --

MAN: Just don't hesitate to ask for anything.

FIB: All right. How about getting a --

MAN: Certainly is nice to have seen you, Mary. And you too,  
 Jack.

MOL: Mary...Jack?



MAN: You certainly don't look like your pictures, Mr. Benny.  
I'm sorry to say. Well, so long. Nice to have met you.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hey, there -- we ain't -- aw, for the ---

TELEPHONE:

MOL: If that's Spanky MacFarland trying to locate Shirley Temple, she ain't here.

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO -- Hello -- WHO? Oh, VARIETY. (Variety Calling, Molly)

MOL: Oh, my ---

FIB: Well, VARIETY...I'm glad you called. Our picture for Paramount calls for an estimated expenditure of fourteen milli -- eh? Oh, The Variety Cleaning and Pressing Company? No, not today. (CLICK) Ahem...wrong number.

MOL: Must have been if they thought you had another pair of pants. Now, listen, McGee, why ----

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh, dear...now what?

FIB: Quick...show your dimple...maybe it's Paramount. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR - LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh, how do you do...Whom did you wish to see, please?

TOMMY: Hello. Are you Molly and Fibber McGee?

FIB: You betcha, bud? You from a newspaper? Well, sit down and I'll give you an interview.

TOM: Well, you see--

FIB: Sit down.

TOM: Okay.

FIB: Now then, Bud...in the first place...we're simply home folks...We don't go in for night clubs, much...we like to sit at home in our garden -

TOM: Say, what are you talking about?

FIB: I'm givin' you an interview. Well, Sir..after every broadcast we walk hand in hand up the starlit street...contented in the knowledge that our love for each other is --

TOM: Listen...I'm Tommy Harris.

FIB: What paper?

MOL: McGee...He isn't from a paper...he's singing on our program. Tommy Harris...remember?

FIB: Oh, is that so? Well, Why did you bust in here with a story about bein' on a paper? Tryin' to get an interview?

TOM: I didn't. You said --

FIB: Let me tell you, Harris, it's men like you that give newspapers a bad name. Trying to impersonate a reporter, when all the time, you don't even --

MOL: McGee...He was no such a thing...YOU'RE the one who thought he was an interviewer. He just came in to introduce himself, didn't you, Mr. Harris.

TOM: That's all. You're Molly?

MOL: Yes, I am. We're very glad to have you with us, too.

TOM: Thanks. Glad to be with you. How do you like it out here?

FIB: Well, Tommy, we think --



TOM: I was talking to Molly.  
MOL: Oh, it's delightful...The climate and the palm trees and all.  
TOM: Have you been to some good eating places?  
FIB: Well, no, Tommy. Ye see we haven't had time to -  
TOM: I'm talking to Molly.  
MOL: GO ahead.  
FIB: Say, what's the matter..ye ain't mad at me, are ye, Tommy?  
Just because I mistook ye for a newsp--  
TOM: Oh, no. I guess it's just the mood that I'm in.  
MOL: Oh...what's the matter, Tommy?  
TOM: Well, I'll tell you.

ORCHESTRA: "IT'S THE MOOD THAT I'M IN"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Well, Molly has made up Fibber's mind that he should get a job to keep them until their picture gets under way. Under protest, she has hauled Fibber across town to answer a want ad she clipped from the paper, and here they are ready to apply for the job.  
FIB: SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? Makin' me get a job! I got a job -- makin' pictures for Paramount. Did you forget that? And Johnson's Wax is a -  
MOL: Just the same I think you should have something steady to do. That might be fifteen or twenty dollars a week that we could put right in the bank, and for-get it.  
FIB: I gotta better memory than that. What kind of a job is this?  
MOL: Here it is, right here. THE WATCHFUL EYE PATROL SERVICE... GUARDIANS OF HOMES, OFFICES, STORES, BANKS, ETC.  
FIB: Aw, Molly, I don't wanna --  
MOL: Come on in.  
SLAM  
FIB: Patrolman, eh? They'll think I gotta lotta brass, buttin' in like this (LAUGH) Get it, Molly? Brass button --  
I says --  
MOL: Tain't funny, McGee.  
FIB: IT tis too.  
MOL: It tis not.  
FIB: It tis too.  
MOL: It tis not.  
FIB: Well, maybe it IS a little weak. Hi, there, Sis...



GIRL: Yes? Was there something?  
MOL: I'm here to answer an ad. That is, me husband is.  
FIB: You know, sis. Private Patrolman...Say, I'll make the most private patrolman you ever had. I'll be so dad ratted private they'll never know I was there. Matter of fact, maybe I won't be.  
MOL: McGEE.  
GIRL: Just a moment, I'll send you to Mr. Bell. He's the manager and he does all the hiri--Oh, here he is.  
MAN: (FADE IN) Miss Smith...Please see that the Watchful Eye Company sends flowers to the family of Patrolman Finnerty. With the usual note of sympathy...you know...Lost on the Field of Action, and so forth.  
FIB: Oh...oh..What happened to Patrolman Finnerty, Chief?  
MAN: He got beat up and shot by some hoodlums last night. Who are you?  
MOL: He's Fibber McGee, Sir. We came to answer your ad for a patrolman.  
FIB: But, after thinkin' it over, Maybe I better look for somethin' a little less hazardo--you know...Paramount is dependin' on us to--  
MOL: No, McGee...this is the job for you, I think.  
FIB: No, Molly, I don't believe I --  
MOL: And remember that Patrolman Finnerty must be replaced.  
FIB: Not by me!  
MOL: Well, I just thought -  
MAN: QUIET...Both of you...Come on in my office...and Miss Smith.

GIRL: Yes, Sir?  
MAN: Tell Patrolman Glutz that next time he gets bitten by a watchdog, he's fired. All right, folks.  
DOOR SLAM  
FIB: Listen, Chief, I know you're a busy man and there's no use wastin' your time just to --  
MAN: SIT DOWN....What's the name again?  
MOL: Fibber McGee, Chief...I'm Molly McGee...we're here to make a movie and we thought that just to be on the safe side, McGee might get a job and --  
MAN: Oh, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY! Great stuff, too!  
FIB: Oh, thanks, Shief...you listen in to us often?  
MAN: I certainly do.  
MOL: Oh, that's wonderful.  
MAN: Yes, indeed...Which one of you plays Brother Crawford?  
FIB: Ahem...Well, er, --  
MOL: Now, about this job, Chief...  
MAN: Oh, yes...I think you're just the type we need. You'd be very useful to us if we ever needed to shadow somebody.  
FIB: You mean, I'm tenacious and resourceful, eh? Chief?  
MAN: No...I mean nobody'd ever notice you.  
MOL: You're perfectly right. He could follow a suspect right into a telephone booth and never be seen.  
FIB: Oh, now, Moll--  
MAN: Yes, I think we can use you, My Boy. On Finnerty's beat.  
FIB: On Finner--the one that got shot by the...Well, I danno, Chief. I ain't very strong.



MOL: No, but you're smart.

FIB: I wouldn't say that, Molly. I do some awful dumb things, sometimes. Remember the time I--

MAN: You know, my boy...I like your modesty...Modesty and courage go hand in hand. We need brave men in this work--

FIB: (GROANS)

MAN: Who will pay no attention to a deadly hail of bullets... who'll face death a hundred times a night without flinching.

MOL: My, my...it sounds real exciting.

FIB: A hundred times a night. Let's see....I can give my agent 10 per cent so that's only ninety times a night, but even then, I --

MAN: Now let me have a few facts about yourself. Height?

FIB: Oh..I..I'm only a little fell..er..I mean I'm only five foot seven and a half, Chief. That's hardly tall enough to --

MAN: Weight?

FIB: Yes, I think we better, till sometime when -

MAN: Weight....about 135.....How's your eyesight?

MOL: Oh, his eyes are marvelous.

FIB: Now, Molly, you know I got a bad astigmatism of the upper cornea, and a slight conjunctivitis in the left reflex. How could you forget that?

MAN: Oh, that's fine. You'll see better in the dark. You've got eyes that would make a cat happy.

FIB: Why should I make a cat happy?

MOL: It's really healthy work, McGee.

MAN: Yes, it is. Not only that, but you'll have the TREMENDOUS satisfaction, McGee...of knowing that you are making this a safer, happier city. That when, sooner or later, you fall in the line of duty, you leave a memory of steadfastness and courage with this brave little woman you have left behind.

SOUND: RUNNING FEET

MOL: MCGEE! COME BACK HERE!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: WELL! I didn't think I'd be left behind so soon!

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "DOIN' THE SUSI-Q"

APPLAUSE:



FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MAY 10, 1937

2nd COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Can you imagine the thrill of winning a handsome Covered Wagon Auto Trailer - a real home on wheels, equipped with everything you need for comfortable living, - icebox, stove, closets, water tank and two double beds with special springs! The makers of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER are giving away twelve, magnificent DeLuxe Covered Wagon Trailers - one trailer each week for twelve weeks - valued at approximately one thousand dollars - delivered to your door! Enter the great JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX contest today! All you have to do is complete this simple sentence - "I like JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER because -" Just finish this sentence in your own words and mail it in with the top of the package in which you get your JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Please note carefully. No entry can be considered unless the top of the auto wax combination package is enclosed. Don't delay. Get a package from your regular JOHNSON'S WAX dealer, auto supply store, garage or gasoline filling station. Remember somebody is going to win a DeLuxe Covered Wagon Trailer this week - and it might as well be you! The easy contest rules are printed in the combination JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER package. It is very important that you read the rules carefully. Then send your entry with the package top to S. C. JOHNSON AND SON. - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

MAN: Well, I see you brought him back, Mrs. McGee. Now, then, my boy...what made you run out so fast?

FIB: Well--I-er--I thought I heard a suspicious noise outside.

MOL: Yes, but you'd gone three blocks before I caught up with you.

FIB: Well, it was one of them noises you can't quite locate.

MAN: What kind of a noise was it?

FIB: Oh...er...Kind of a...er...kind of a hissing noise.

MOL: What was it?

FIB: Guy in the drugstore down the street...mixing a soda...It was pretty good, too, only he didn't put enough ice cream in it to suit me, but --

MAN: Well, McGee....I think you have a definite place in our organization....How are you on self-defense?

FIB: Who - me? Why, when I was a special police agent in Java, Chief, I was a expert in jiu jitsu. JIU JITSU MCGEE, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh, dear.....

FIB: Jiu Jitsu McGee, The Jumpin, jabbin' genius, jeerin' at Jealous Javanese Johnnies, and Jauntily Joltin' the Jugulars of Jittery Jailbirds from Java to Japan...

APPLAUSE:

FIB: I ever tell you how I busted up a ring of Chinese smugglers, Chief?

MAN: No...were you well known over there?

MOL: Oh, he was the creme-de-la-creme in their Java.

MAN: Great, but I'm afraid I won't have time to listen to your--



FIB: Well, sir...Bud...This was about 1907...er...was it 1908.. no, it was 1909, or was it? No, I think it was about... well, let's see...ZAN (that's my brother Alexander) Zan was posin' for Collar Ads for the Wistful Vista Harness and Whip Company in 19 ought...Harpo Wilcox lost a slave bracelet pulling taffy in about...No, I think I can say definitely that I ain't sure of the year that it happened.

MAN: What happened?

MOL: Give him time...he don't know yet, himself.

FIB: Well, sir...

MAN: Say, I wish you'd give my Jiu Jitsu instructor the onceover, McGee...we think he's pretty good, but you'll probably show him a couple of new ones.

FIB: Oh, now, wait a minute, Chief...I ain't...I mean...I'm a little out of pract--HEY! Don't call him!

MAN: Miss Smith...Please send Matsudo in.

DOOR SLAM

JAP: How you do. Verry hoppy meeting you, please.

MOL: Oh, thank you.

FIB: How are ye, Bud? Well, Chief...I don't think we better take up any more of your time...we'll just be on our way and --

MAN: No, no...Wait a minute...I want you to show matsudo here some of your jiu jitsu tricks.

JAP: Oh, yessssss. Verry hoppy rearning new trick, please. Oh, oh, yessssss. Verry hoppy.

FIB: I was hoppy to ever come into this dar ratted...

MOL: Go on, McGee...Show the little man some tricks. Don't be selfish.

FIB: Aw, shucks...I don't...er...that is... shucks, he's just a little fella...I don't want to pick on guys that ain't my own size.

MAN: Oh, that's all right. Matsudo is the Champion Wrestler of Tokyo.

JAP: Oh, yesss...but only knowing small tricks, please. Verry hoppy learning hot stuff new tricks, frank you very much... so hoppy oh, yesss...yesss...yesss...

FIB: Oh, I don't want to do it, Chief. I might hurt him.

JAP: Oh, no...Jiu Jitsu man never get hurt...very hoppy you shoing me new tricks, please...maybe rike this one?

FIB: HEY! Leggo...Quit it!

AD LIB GRUNTS...WIND WHISTLE...DRUM & CYMBAL CRASH.

MOL: Heavenly days! McGee, are you hurt? Why he threw you twenty feet!

FIB: WH-what...where am I...er...I didn't...Say, Whddye mean he threw me? I jumped over his head. A little trick I picked up in Siam. That's all, Matsudo...I'll give you another lesson tomorrow. Ahem!

JAP: Oh, very hoppy...Glad finding people who are taking it... Oh, yes...very hoppy.....

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh-h-h-h....My elbow....

MAN: Don't tell me you're hurt?

MOL: Oh, dear, no. Not McGee.

MAN: I should hope not. He'll run into that stuff every night. Well, my boy, you're hired. Fifteen a week. Here's your baddge...here's a revolver. And you'll find a bicycle outside. Good luck.



DOOR SLAM

FIB: Aw shucks...I don't wanna be a policeman, Molly, I just -

MOL: Now, McGee...think of the security...heavenly days...15 a week. In a year or so you might get a raise to twenty. Get on the bicycle...and I'll walk along beside you.

FIB: You better get on the handlebars, Molly....(GRUNTS)  
MAKE IT ?

MOL: (OFF MIKE) All right..go ahead.

FIB: Squidge over to the left a little..you're mufflin' the siren.

SOUND: SIREN UP AND OUT BRIEFLY.

FIB: Okay..here we go. Hang on.

SOUND: SIREN UP ..... WAY UP .. AND FADE DOWN.

ORCHESTRA: "NAGASAKI"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: You perfectly comfortable on the handlebars, there, Molly?

MOL: No.

FIB: AHEM. Well, it ain't far before we get to the beat...turn the radio on and see what's doin'.

P.A.VOICE: CALLING ALL BICYCLES....CALLING ALL BYCYCLES...

MOL: That's us, McGee...

FIB: How do ye know?

MOL: Well, who else would get in a spot like this?

P.A.V: KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT AROUND SUNSET AND CAHUENGA. ASSAULT AND BATTERY, AT A NEWS STAND. MOVIE DIRECTOR TEARS A LATE EXTRA IN TWO, THAT'S ALL. Snurtz.

FIB: Make a note of that, Molly. Sunset and Cahuenga. HEY.... THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS LOOKIN' GUY.

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH. THUD.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...don't stop so quick....I fell right into the street.

FIB: See anything suspicious there? HEY THERE, BUD...WHERE YOU GOIN' AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT.

WIL: WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

MOL: The Watchful Eye Patrol Service.

WIL: WELL, TELL 'EM TO CALL ME UP AFTER BREAKFAST.

FIB: Okay...what number?

WIL: MUTUAL 9111. IF A MAN ANSWERS..DAT'S DE WARDEN.

MOL: Well, you look like a suspicious character to me. What's that instrument you got there?

WIL: Dat? DAT'S A COLD CHISEL, SISTER. I'M JUST GOIN' TO WOIK, SEE?

FIB: Oh work, eh. What's your job, my man?

WIL: WHO ME? I'M A GARDENER, BUDDY.

MOL: Oh, a Gardener, is it. A likely story.



FIB: Yeah..what's a gardener doing out at this time of night with a cold chisel?

WIL: I'M A ROCK GARDENER, SEE?

FIB & MOL: Ohhhhhh, a rock gardener.

WIL: SURE. I'M GONNA GARVE A POEM ON ONE O' ME BIGGEST ROCKS, RIGHT UNDER DE WATERFALL, LIKE DIS.

ROSES IS RED  
TULIPS ALSO SOMETIMES ARE  
USE JOHNSONS AUTO WAX AND CLEANER  
IT'S DE BEST STUFF FOR YOUR CAR  
How's dat?

FIB: Say, you sound like a guy I know....HarpoWilcox....you know him?

WIL: Sure..he's me cousin. What's he doin' now?

MOL: He's a radio announcer.

WIL: Why de little panty waist. I ALWAYS TOLD DE OLD MAN HE'D TOIN OUT BAD. WELL SO LONG, FOLKS.

FIB: Not a bad guy after all. Kind of a sweet thought...him carvin' a little poem in this rock garden.

MOL: He certainly looked suspicious, didn't he?

FIB: (LAFF) Who him? Shucks, no announcer is suspicious - they believe everything!

SOUND: RADIO BUZZ.

MOL: Hold it, McGee..there's a message on the radio.

P.A.V. CALLING BICYCLE 6/78 CALLING BICYCLE 6/78. KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR TWO-FACED MCCLUSKY. HE WAS SEEN ENTERING GRAUMAN'S ABYSSINIAN THEATRE.

FIB: Two Faced McClusky, - at a movie!?

P.A.V. Yes, he likes double features.

FIB: Hey, Molly - Listen - (PAUSE)

MOL: I don't hear anything.

FIB: Me, either. It ain't natural not to hear anything.

MOL: Well, heavenly days, McGee - look at the little girl - all alone.

FIB: Well fer the...What you doin' out at this time of night, little girl?

TEE: What are you?

FIB: Well, ...It's my business.

TEE: It's my business what I'm doin' out, too, I betcha.

FIB: Well..it's time little girls like you were in bed.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says kids your age shouldn't be out this late. It ain't healthy.

TEE: Gee, you must have stayed out late when you were little, I betcha.

FIB: Are you insinuating that I ain't healthy?

TEE: What's "inswinguating"?

FIB: Insinuating...that means hinting.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says insin..dad rat it, why don't ....insinuating is hinting.

TEE: Gee, so am I.

FIB: So are you what?

TEE: Hinting.

FIB: What are you hinting for?

TEE: I'm hinting for my doggie...He ran away and I've hinted all over for him I betcha...(FADE OUT)

FIB: Well fer the

MOL: I guess it was just a false alarm, McGee.



FIB: Wait a minute...Who's that on the porch over there.  
Been watching us for ten minutes. I'll go over and see.

SOUNDS: FOOTSTEPS

MOL: How do you do sir? Me husband is the patrolman here and -

FIB: And I was just wonderin' what you were doin' on the porch,  
Doc. You live there?

BLOT: Well, my boy, I do and I don't, you might say.

MOL: That's kind of an ambiguous statement, sir.

FIB: Let's see your fingers, bud.

BLOT: All right...here...have a look.

FIB: See, Molly? Covered with fingerprints. Now then, sonny,  
suppose you explain what you says about livin' here. And  
remember - whatever you say, may be used against you.

BLOT: Well, my boy...it's a sad story....very sad, indeed. I am  
the black sheep of the boomer family.

MOL: Well, don't try to pull the wool over our eyes.

FIB: Talk fast, bud.

BLOT: Well, my boy, I was disinherited when a mere boy. Cut off  
with a mere pitiance of fifty thousand dollars, and a  
small piece of jade...a family heirloom as it were. As it  
not only were, but as it is.

MOL: Where is this jade?

BLOT: In the house there...but I have been forbidden to darkon  
their doors again. The jade statué is legally mine, of  
course, but I hesitate to make myself known to my family.  
They are so proud, curse them.

MOL: Now, now...don't talk that way, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Shucks, bud you're in a bad spot. I can understand the  
delicate situation. Suppose I go in and get it for you.  
It's yours, ain't it?

BLOT: Just what I was asking myself. "Is it mine?" You'll find  
it on the piano in the living room. Small jade statuette  
with an emerald in the forehead. Very handsome.

FIB: I'll be out within a jiffy, bud. Is there a window open?

BLOT: No, my boy...I tried 'em all. Here..you might try this  
jimmy.

MOL: Heavenly days..he's carrying a jimmy.

BLOT: Always carry it, my dear. Use it to open Cellophane  
wrapped cigarettes. It's the only thing that will do it  
at times.

FIB: Right. I'll try the front door.

BOOM: Here...here is a lock picker, too, in case you need it.  
Always use it to pull fire alarms, when I happen to see a  
fire starting somewhere...not often, of course...now let's  
see...where did I put my picklock here's a couple of  
timetables...on the B.&O....poisoned darts...ever play  
poisoned darts? Oh yes...a check for a short beer...sorry  
my boy...you'll just have to use the jimmy.

FIB: Okay...I'll have your statuette for ye in a jiffy. You  
wait right here.

MOL: Now wait a minute, McGee...how do you know.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. I'm a peace officer and I'm preservin'  
peace in this man's family.

BLOT: Very fine of you, too. I'll never regret it. I'll wait  
for you right down here by the sidewalk....(FADE OUT)

FIB: Now let's see...this is the way to do it...

SOUND: SPLINTERING WOOD.

FIB: Okay, Molly. It's open. Come on in.

MOL: McGee...I don't like the looks of this. Suppose....



FIB: Forget it. The ends deserves the Hey, leggo  
o' me.

JAP: How you do again prease. HAH HA. VERY HOPPY MEETING YOU  
AGAIN. YESSSS. VERY HOPPY.

MOL: Heavenly days...Matsudo.

FIB: Listen Matty... I was jst -

JAP: OH VERRY PREASANT VISIT...VERY HOPPY...RITTLE MAN COME  
FOR SHOWING MATSUDO MORE TRICKS, I SINK. HAH HA...TO  
HOPPY TO BE REARNING SOME YOU COME TO MSTAUDO'S HOUSE...  
HA...

MOL: Listen, he didn't know you lived -

JAP: HE IS SO ANXIOUS TEACHING JAPANESE BOY NEW TRICKS HE IS  
BREAK IN. THAT VERY FONNY...HAH HAYES..I AM VERY HAPPY  
REARNING NEW TRICKS....SHOW ME THIS ONE, PREASE...

FIB: Hey, cut it out...Quit.

SOUND: ROLLING DRUMS...CRASH...TERRIFIC BUILD UP TO BIG CRASH.

JAP: Hah ha...very fine resson.. You come again, please...so  
hoppy.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: SELECTION ("SWING HIGH, - SWING LOW")

(FADE FOR COMMERCIAL) (INSERT COMMERCIAL #3)

3rd COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: To compete in this week's contest for a DeLuxe Covered  
Wagon Trailer, as well as cash prizes, your entry must be  
received by S. C. Johnson And Son - Racine, Wisconsin, by  
midnight, Saturday, May 22nd. Every Saturday night there-  
after another week's contest closes. Winners' names will  
be announced each Monday night on this program - (the first  
week's winner will be announced next Monday). Complete  
contest rules will be found in the special JOHNSON'S AUTO  
WAX AND CLEANER Combination package at your dealer's, get  
your package today. Be sure to read the rules carefully  
and remember you must enclose a package top with each  
entry. You have as good a chance as anyone to win a  
luxurious Covered Wagon Trailer.

And now a reminder to all JOHNSON WAX dealers, auto supply  
STORES, garage or gasoline retailers, you can best tie up  
with this great Trailer contest by displaying prominently  
the special combination JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER  
package. You charge your customer for the cleaner, only.  
The thirty cent can of auto wax is given FREE!  
Ask your jobber for details.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL UP MUSIC) (DOWN ON CUE)



TAG GAG

FIB: Say, Molly, wasn't your Uncle Dennis out here once?  
MOL: Sure he was. He was a big director.  
FIB: Whatever became of him?  
MOL: Oh, he had a terrible accident.  
FIB: He did?  
MOL: He surely did - He got his megaphone wrong side to, one day, and directed himself right over a cliff.  
FIB: Over a cliff - ahem - Good night.  
MOL: Good night all!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: SIGNATURE

SIGNOFF.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

KFI - HOLLYWOOD

5:00 to 5:30 PM PST - EAST ONLY  
8:00 to 8:30 PM PST - PACIFIC COAST ONLY

MAY 17th, 1937  
MONDAY

ORCHESTRA: (1ST PHRASE)

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: (2ND PHRASE)

WILCOX: Presenting Marion and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORCHESTRA: (FINISH THEME)

WILCOX: Jimmy Grier and his orchestra open the show with  
"52ND STREET."

ORCHESTRA: ("52ND STREET") \* (FADE OUT ON CUE FOR COMMERCIAL).

~~One more Johnson interview~~

Consider Douglas Hoyle + Verble's point.

6/10 - 7

Johnny Gibson - Fast Talking paper trader  
Conrad Ogden - dramatic script.  
Ludwick - 'Arb-arb' - dog.