

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

present

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Monday, June 21, 1937

- NBC - Red -

5-6:30 & 8-8:30

-----  
#119

as below

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as below

ORCHESTRA: FIRST PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: SECOND 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  
"ME, MYSELF AND I!"

ORCHESTRA: "ME, MYSELF AND I." Down for COMMERCIAL #1.

FIRST COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: How would you like to own a luxurious home-on-wheels -- a TRAILER home that you can take with you wherever you travel? The MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER are offering you an opportunity to win a MAGNIFICENT COVERED WAGON TRAILER -- deluxe model, \$1,000 value -- delivered to your door. Built by the world's leading specialists in Trailer Coach Manufacture, this handsome COVERED WAGON TRAILER is perfection in every detail. Two double beds with special coil springs, ice-box, stove, enamel sink, running water, electric lights, every convenience! When you go rolling along the highways - or camping by the lake in your DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILER you'll feel that the whole world is yours! Twelve of these beautiful COVERED WAGON TRAILERS are given away free by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER. All you have to do to enter the contest is to complete this sentence in 50 words or less: I LIKE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER BECAUSE -- just finish this sentence, telling why you like these two remarkable products. Complete contest rules are printed in each combination package of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER for sale at your regular JOHNSON WAX dealer-- auto supply store, garage or filling station. Remember, you may be the winner of the deluxe COVERED WAGON TRAILER this week. Get busy! Send your entry to Johnson's Wax, Racine, Wisconsin. This week's contest closes midnight, Saturday June 26th. Each Saturday night thereafter another contest closes.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL UP ("ME, MYSELF, AND I")

APPLAUSE - SEQUE

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

WIL: WELL, ~~THERE IS TO BE A MEETING AT THE MCGEE HOME AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT~~ MUCH AGAINST MOLLY'S BETTER JUDGMENT, FIBBER HAS INVITED THE WISTFUL VISTA LITERARY, DRAMA AND PINOCHLE CLUB TO MEET AT MCGEES, ~~TO DISCUSS SEVERAL IMPORTANT TOPICS~~. AND HERE, BUSTLING ABOUT THE HOUSE, PREPARING FOR THE IMPENDING INVASION, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN")

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...why did you have to ask them to meet HERE. It isn't our turn to have 'em.

FIB: Taint a matter o' turns, Molly. It's a matter o' hospitality.

MOL: Hospitality me eye. Lettin' that bunch of wild men and women turn the house upside down - for what? So you can be elected president of the club at the next election.

FIB: Why, Molly. I never give that a thought.

MOL: Oh no?

FIB: Well, not MUCH, anyway. It's a fine bunch of people, Molly.

MOL: Sure they are..individually, But you get 'em in a bunch and they act like a zoo full of animals.

FIB: Do you mean to compare our club to a herd o' animals, Molly? You don't mean that.

MOL: No, I guess I don't. (PAUSE) The animals ~~don't~~ <sup>wouldn't</sup> eat so much.

FIB: Well, after it's over you'll be glad you done it.

MOL: You mean after we've done it, I'll be glad it's over.

FIB: Well, I'm glad to see you're enterin' into the spirit of it. Hauled out the best napkins and silver and stuff.

MOL: <sup>Did not!</sup> ~~Oh sure~~. Them napkins I borrowed from Mrs. Wheedledeck. The silver I got from Geraldine, and the extra dishes I borrowed from Mrs. Toops.

FIB: Where'd you get the extra chairs in the parlor?

MOL: I borrowed them from the undertakers -....WHAT'S THE MATTER, MCGEE...SPILL SOMETHING?

FIB: No, I was just makin' sure I had my own pants on.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Oh dear...you finish squeezin' them lemons, McGee, while I answer the phone.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Hello. Yes, 79 Wistful Vista Molly McGee speakin'. Who? Oh YES, MISS KILLMARTIN...NO THANK YOU...WE HAVE ALL WE NEED.. IT'S TERRIBLY SWEET OF YOU TO CALL THOUGH...YES...YES...OH WE'RE BOTH LOOKING FORWARD TO IT TREMENDOUSLY. IT'S GOING TO BE SUCH FUN. OH YES.. GOODBYE, MISS KILLMARTIN.

SOUND: CLICK

The little hussy! Wanted to know if we needed any more silverware. As though we couldn't afford to have enough of our own.

FIB: Well, we can't, can we? You had to borrow some, didn't you?

MOL: Sure, but I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of knowing it.

FIB: Come on, now, Molly. You'll never get anywhere socially with that attitude.

MOL: I don't wanta get anywhere socially. I wanta be left alone.

FIB: Well, the best place to be left alone is in society. Ye see, Molly, the lonest place in the world is on the inside of a high hat. Say, that ain't a bad epigram.

MOL: A bad what?

FIB: Epigram.

MOL: Save it for your tombstone.

FIB: You're thinkin' of an epitaph, Molly. An epitaph is what they say about people when they're dead.

MOL: And an epigram is what kills 'em. Fix your tie, McGee... they'll be here any minute now.

FIB: What's the matter with my tie?

MOL: It's all crooked. Here...lemme fix it...NOW STAND STILL...

FIB: Oh don't be so -

MOL: STAND STILL...AND QUIT TRYIN' TO LOOK AT IT. Heavenly days, do you think I want me husband to meet all them people lookin' like a section hand?

FIB: It ain't me they'll look at, Molly. You got all the beauty in the family.

MOL: Oh hush! Silly!

FIB: Heh heh. look at her blush. A blush is very becomin' to y-, Molly. You oughtta blush oftener.

MOL: Don't worry, I'll probably do plenty of blushin' for you this evenin'. ~~Is there plenty of ash trays around?~~

FIB: I dunno. I'll look and see and if they ain't, I'll haul in the coal scuttle.

SOUND: DOORBELL

MOL: Oh dear...here they come. And the ice cream isn't here yet... McGee...call up for the ice cr...no never mind...I'll do it later...ANSWER THE DOOR...No, I will...

FIB: What'll I do with the -

MOL: WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE...DO SOMETHING...see if everything is....NO DON'T..YOU'LL JUST GET EVERYTHING UPSET..and...

SOUND: DOORBELL

FIB: Aw fer the..calm down, Molly. Calm down. ~~Anybody'd think you were the Reverend Jandine giving a sermon on the Archbishop of Birmingham.~~

SOUND: DOORBELL

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE...DO SOMETHING..ANSWER THE DOOR...

FIB: Okay Okay..

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Hi. Bud..what...OH IT'S JIMMY GRIER. HIYAH JIMMY.

GRIER: Hello Fibber...are we on time?

FIB: You betcha Jimmy. Just set your band over in the corner there by the piano. HEY MOLLY...JIMMY GRIER IS HERE WITH THE BAND.

MOL: (OFF MIKE) That's fine. Tell him to play something quick. My nerves are doin' a steeplechase up and down me' spine.

GRIER: All right, Molly. How about "SIAP THAT BASS?"

MOL: ~~I DON'T CARE IF YOU SIAP THE BASS OR KICK THE TENOR IN THE TEETH BUT PLAY!~~

ORCHESTRA: "SIAP THAT BASS"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: GABBLE

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..THE MEETING WILL PLEASE COME TO ORDER.

SOUND: (GAVEL) UP AND DOWN.

MOL: They didn't hear you, McGee.

FIB: THE MEETING WILL PLEASE COME TO ORDER!

SOUND: UP AND DOWN

FIB: LADEEEEBES AND GENTLEMEN...(GAVEL) MEETING IS CALLED TO ORDER!!!

SOUND: GABBLE UP.

MOL: Heavenly days...how you stop 'em talking?

FIB: I know...Say, Molly did ye hear the latest gossip about Daisy Meech?

SOUND: OUT LIKE A LIGHT

FIB: (ALMOST WHISPERING) The meeting will come to order. (GAVEL)  
ALL RIGHT FOLKS. MOLLY AND ME ARE VERY GLAD TO HAVE ALL YOU MEMBERS OF THE WISTFUL VISTA LITERARY DRAMA AND PENOCHLE CLUB HERE TONIGHT, AND WE'RE GRATIFIED -

SOUND: GLASS CRASH. GABBLE OF VOICES

WOMAN: (OFF MIKE) Oh I'm terrible sorry, Mrs. McGee...I'm afraid I've broken your beautiful vase.

MOL: Oh that's perfectly all right, Mrs. Bumblefoot. It wasn't an expensive vase at all.

FIB: Why it was too, Molly. You said it was a very valuable

MOL: Quiet, iggernuts. DON'T THINK ANOTHER THING ABOUT IT, MRS. BUMBLEFOOT. I WAS THINKIN' OF THROWING THAT VASE OUT ANYWAY.

WOMAN: That's awfully sweet of you, Mrs. McGee. (ASIDE) I think she got it for five cigar coupons anyway, ~~what?~~

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT, MRS. Bumblefoot?

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: GABBLE

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..THE MEETING WILL PLEASE COME TO ORDER.

SOUND: (GAVEL) UP AND DOWN.

MOL: They didn't hear you, McGee.

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WOMAN: That's awfully sweet of you, Mrs. McGee. (ASIDE) I think she got it for five cigar coupons anyway, ~~what?~~

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT, MRS. Bumblefoot?

WOMAN: I was just ~~thinking~~ <sup>saying</sup> how sweet it was of you to forgive me.

MOL: Ohhh, yes. (FALSE LAUGH) Go ahead with the meetin', McGee.

FIB: (GAVEL) Will the secretary read the minutes of the last meeting.

MOL: There wasn't any last meeting. It was called off, remember? On account of Mrs. Augleputch's baby swallowing the pocket comb?

FIB: Swallowed a pocket comb eh? (LAUGHS) That kid'll be teething any day now. (LAUGHS) Get it, folks? Pocket comb...teething?

ALL: TAINT FUNNY, MCGEE.

FIB: I thought it was. Baby swallowin' a pocket comb. I'll bet old Augleputch dunno whether to carry the kid around in his pocket or comb his hair with the baby. HEH HEH... (GAVEL) FOLKS..there don't seem to be any minutes to read. So we will proceed to the next order of business.. Any remarks?

SOUND: GABBLE RECORD UP

FIB: (GAVEL) QUIET, PLEASE! Did the gentleman in the back row wish to have the floor?

WIL: Yes, if you'll let me have the floor a minute, I'll show the club how Johnson's Wax will bring out the beauty of the wood and ----

FIB: ORDER, PLEASE, HARPO. *Remember when you're in the parlor, in the bar, you gotta observe parliamentary rules. AHEM. ORDER*  
*Will you please sit down*  
*Harpo - I should say not. Johnson's Wax never takes a back seat.*

MOL: Old or unfinished business.

FIB: Oh yes...IS THERE ANY OLD OR UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO COME BEFORE THE MEETING?

6/21/37 - L...  
Club meets at McGee's -9-

THO' GUY: MR. CHAIRMAN...may I..tho..speak a few..e..words, tho'?

FIB: THE CHAIR RECOGNIZES, ~~MR. VAN TIMID~~ *the small man in the button shoes.*

HAUGHTY: What on earth have YOU got to say, Wormser?

THO: (LAUGHS) Well, I...I don't mean to be obtrusive...though, I..thought I would like to tell the chairman, tho, what

MOL: EXCUSE ME, BUT WILL MR. WORMSER VAN TIMID PLEASE RISE WHEN HE IS ADDRESSING THE CHAIR?

HAUGHTY: Yes, Wormser...GET UP, if you MUST talk.

THO: Yes, dear..tho..(LAUGHS) To tell the truth..tho, that is exactly what I was...tho..going to talk about..(LAUGHS) ...I..you see, tho' -

FIB: DAD RAT IT, VAN TIMID..GET TO THE POINT, WILL YE? AND STAND UP.

THO: That's just the very...tho..thing, Mr. Chairman..I can't stand up..tho..I can't even MOVE...the fat lady on my right is..tho..sitting on my coat tail....(LAUGHS)...ahhh.. thank you, *fat lady* ~~madam...tho~~.

SOUND: GABBLE UP. GAVEL.

MOL: Order please everybody. ORDER.

FIB: Is there any other old or unfinished business to come before the meeting? If not -

SOUND: DOOR BELL

MOL: Oh dear...go to the door, McGee...I'll take the chair for a minute.

FIB: Okay. POLKS, MOLLY WILL CONDUCT THE MEETING WHILE I ANSWER THE DOOR.

SOUND: GABBLE UP AND FADE. DOOR LATCH.

FIB: SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA OF....oh...oh hiyah little girl. What's on your mind?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says whaddye want? We're busy in here.

TEE: What doin'?

FIB: Well, we're havin' a club meeting if you must know.

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Sure what?

TEE: I must know, I betcha.

FIB: Well, now that you know...what's on your mind?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I says what do ye.....HURRY UP AND STATE YOUR BUSINESS.

TEE: What business?

FIB: How should I know?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: SAY I CAN'T STAND HERE ALL NIGHT AND TALK TO YOU.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, because I can't, that's all. Now whaddye want?

TEE: Is my mamma here?

FIB: Who is your mamma?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: SAY FER THE...DAD RAT IT, I ... I Says I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR MAMMA IS.

TEE: That's okay. I know her.

FIB: Is she at this meeting?

TEE: Sure she is, I betcha.

FIB: Well, now were gettin' someplace. Did you wanta come in and speak to your mamma?

TEE: No.

FIB: Well, what did you want?

TEE: Hmmm?

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TEE: What doin'?

FIB: Well, we're havin' a club meeting if you must know.

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Sure what?

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FIB: Is she at this meeting?

TEE: Sure she is, I betcha.

FIB: Well, now were gettin' someplace. Did you wanta come in and speak to your mamma?

TEE: No.

FIB: Well, what did you want?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS...SAY LISTEN..I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS...WHAT DO YOU WANT YOUR MAMA FOR?

TEE: Gee I don't want her, I betcha. I brought this over for her.

FIB: Okay, I'll give it to her. *What is this?* ~~If I say what's the idea of bringin' this bottle of liniment over?~~

TEE: Well gee, I brought the linment because mama said she bet this meeting at McGees would be a awful pain in the neck. Thanks, Mister.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

ORCHESTRA:

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: ("JOHNNY ONE NOTE." - HARRIS)

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: That was swell, Tommy, and I wish to thank Mr. Harris' boss at the filling station for lettin' him off tonight so's he could sing for us. ~~You gonna stay for ice cream, Tommy?~~

TOM: What kind?

MOL: Chocolate and vanilla.

TOM: No strawberry?

FIB: Nope.

TOM: No thanks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: GABBLE RECORD

FIB: ~~ALL RIGHT FOLKS...~~ (GAVEL) QUIET, Please. The next order of business will be the treasurer's rep-

SOUND: LOUD RIPPING

MOL: Heavenly days...what's that?

WOMAN: (OFF MIKE) Oh I'm horrible sorry, Mrs. McGee..but my chair leg caught on your window curtains. I'm afraid I tore them pretty badly. Oh I'm SO embarrassed.

MOL: Oh now don't worry about it, dearie. Those were old curtains anyway.

FIB: Whaddye mean old curtains. You just got 'em day before yest -

MOL: SHUSH! Just forget it, Madame. I'm really glad you tore them...now I can get new ones. (FALSE LAUGH)

FIB: Them dames musta got tired o' rippin' reputations so they started on the curtains...

MOL: Quiet, McGee. Go on with the meetin'.



FIB: Okay. (GAVEL) AS I SAID BEFORE FOLKS. The next order of business is the Treasurer's report. Will Treasurer Wearybottom please rise and give her report to the meeting?

WEARY: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AS TREASURER OF THIS CLUB I MUST REPORT THAT THE CURRENT STATE OF THE CLUB TREASURY INDICATES THAT WE OWE EXACTLY \$246.21 and OUR DEFICIT IS ALSO EXACTLY \$246.21, WHICH BALANCES THE BUDGET. WHY DON'T SOME OF YOU DOPES PAY YOUR DUES?

FIB: That's what I say, madame treasurer. I -

WEARY: YES YOU SHOULD. YOU'RE TWO YEARS BEHIND, YOURSELF. I SUBMIT THE TREASURERS REPORT AS SUBMITTED AND I'M SORRY I CAN'T TALK A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. THIS CAMP STOOL IS KILLING ME.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: AHEM. ORDER PLEASE. (GAVEL) All in favor of accepting report as given, raise their right hand, contrary same sign motion carried. (GAVEL) Now if there's any further -

RUSS: MISTER CHAIRPEOPLE. MISTER CHAIRPEOPLE.

FIB: SORRY BUD, BUT YOUR OUT OF ORDER. YOU BETTER WAIT TILL -

RUSS: BUT MISTER CHAIRPEOPLE, I AM WISHING TO ONDRESS THIS CLOB. I AM HAVING SOMETHING SPECHIL TO MAKING A REPORT -

FIB: (GAVEL) QUIET! We'll come to you later, bud. Now then -

MAN: Mister Chairman.

MOL: What is it, Mr. Snaggle?

MAN: Mrs. McGee..I..I..er..say I'm sorry but I'm afraid I've burned a big mark on your piano with my cigar. I'm awfully sorry.

FIB: Why the careless old-

MOL: OH THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, MR. SNAGGLE.

FIB: Sure...forget it, Snaggle old man.

MAN: That's mighty decent of you, McGee..

MOL: Oh it's nothing. Nothing at all.

FIB: Don't give it a thought, Snaggle. But say -

MAN: Yes?

FIB: I'll bet you'd have a swell time with a blow torch in a furniture store.

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: (LAUGHS) I was just joshin' o' course, Snaggle. (GAVEL) The next business to come before the

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Oh dear...excuse me, please, everybody.

SOUND: GABBLE UP.

MOL: Will everybody please keep quiet, please? I can't hear a thing..Hello..HELLO.

SOUND: GABBLE UP....SUSTAIN FOR SEVERAL SECONDS TO DROWN OUT MOLLY

FIB: Who was it, Molly?

MOL: I couldn't quite hear, but I think it was either that the Giants had gone into the lead, Mort Toops couldn't get here tonight, or the war is over in Spain. Take your choice.

FIB: I'll take Toops not being here. (GAVEL)

SOUND: DOWN

FIB: (ASIDE) What's next, Molly?

MOL: New Business. and I'm worried about me ice cream, McGee.. it hasn't come yet.

FIB: Oh, forget it. It'll be here. I'll stall the meetin' to give ye plenty of time. That'll -

RUSS: MISTER CHAIRPEOPLE! MISTER CHAIRPEOPLE.

FIB: QUIET DOWN THERE. (GAVEL) The chair hasn't asked for any remarks. You're out of order.

RUSS: CHURE, TOVARICHICH. I AM BEING OUT OF ORDER TO BE ONDRESSING THIS CLOB. BUT I AM WISHING TO TAL YOU -

FIB: PIPE DOWN..VODKA. You'll get a chance to talk later on. (ASIDE) The dad ratted new members kinda git outa line. I wonder who sponsored him.

WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX, THE SAME AS YOU.

FIB: HARPO!..

WIL: May I make a motion, Mr. Chairman?

FIB: Sure, make a motion like you were sitting down. That's it.

WIL: (MUTTERS) All right all right...

FIB: What's next Molly?

MOL: Still new business.

FIB: Oh yes. (GAVEL) ATTENTION FOLKS. ATTENTION. THE QUESTION NOW ARISES LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, JUST HOW TO-

SOUND: POLITE SCREAM

FIB: QUIET DOWN THERE...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAN: Mrs. Flibberty just spilled her face powder all over the rug. I move we adjourn till we get it cleaned up.

WOMAN: I'M TERRIBLY SORRY MRS. MCGEE...IT WAS FRIGHTFULLY CARELESS OF ME...YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET IT OUT OF THE RUG,. I'M AFRAID.

FIB: Well of all the dumb...and that's a brand new rug too.

MOL: Be quiet, McGee...THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, MRS.

FLIBBERTY. ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN. (FALSE LAUGH) I was just going to have that rug cleaned anyway, and - MCGEE - WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

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FIB: Well, her face powder is all over the rug and her  
nose is shiny; so whaddye THINK I'm gonna do? I'm gonna  
rub her nose in it so hard -

MOL: Control yourself, McGee...JIMMY...JIMMY GRIER..PLAY  
SOMETHING..QUICK.

JIMMY: SOME OF THESE DAYS?

MOL: No...NOW!

ORCHESTRA: ("SOME OF THESE DAYS.")

APPLAUSE:

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ORCHESTRA: ("SOME OF THESE DAYS.")

APPLAUSE:

COMMERCIAL

TO GO BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH BITS

ANNOUNCER: Now we congratulate the winner in last week's TRAILOER  
 CONTEST sponsored by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND  
 CLEANER. Mr. *S. Hunter C. Green apt 1- the Oxford Wash*  
 wins the MAGNIFICENT STREAM-LINED COVERED WAGON TRAILER  
 completely equipped with elegant interior appointments.  
 Such a luxurious home-on-wheels should make MR. *S. Green*  
 the envy of the neighborhood, especially if he keeps his  
 new trailer shining with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER.  
 Winners of cash prizes will be notified by mail.

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

FOURTH SPOT

SOUND: GABBLE

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...Order please. What's next, Secretary?

MOL: Still New Business.

FIB: Oh yes. Now we come to NEW BUSINESS, folks.

RUSS: MR. CHAIRPEOPLE, MR. CHAIRPEOPLE. I AM WISHING TO ONDRESS  
 THE CLOB FOR COPPLES MINUTES. I AM HAVING

MOL: ~~Sorry sir.. you're out of order again. Sit down or we shall  
 have the sergeant at arms TOSS YOU OUT ON YER EAR.~~

RUSS: ~~OKAY BABOUSKA, but -~~

FIB: ~~QUIET. Now then folks....~~

MOL: ~~Get to the point, McGee.~~

FIB: ~~AHEM...IN THE PAST, THIS CLUB HAS PUT ON SEVERAL BENEFIT  
 SHOWS WHICH WERE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF 'EM A HUGE SUCCESS.  
 WE DONE CINDERELLA, ROMEO AND JULIET, AND HIAWATHA,  
 REMEMBER. AND THEY WAS TREMENDOUS SUCCESSES, AS I HAVE  
 SAID. SO NOW I THINK WE OUGHTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE  
 DEFICIT. AHEM. Is there any suggestions.~~

SCOT: MISTERR CHAIRRRRMAN.

MOL: THE CHAIR RECOGNIZES MR. MACGREGOR.

SCOT: Would yebe thinkin' of assessin' the memebrrrrs of the club  
 to mak' cooop the deeficit.

FIB: Well scotty, that's a idea. Ye see..

SCOT: BEGGIN' YER PARRDON, Laddie. I handed in ma rrrresignation  
 to the club last meetin' time. Would ye kindly vote on the  
 acceptance of the resignation before ye vote on the  
 assessment? Thank ye.

FIB: The chair STILL recognizes Mr. MacGregor; for a bum and a  
 cheapsk-

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Oh yes...FOLKS..WE GOTTA CONSIDER WAYS AND MEANS TO GET THIS CLUB OUTA DEBT.

MAN: What would you suggest, Mr. Chairman?

FIB: Well sir, bud, I've had considerable experience in these things.

MOL: Bein' in debt so much yourself.

FIB: Bein in debt so much mys...AHM. I mean..I been associated with so many organizations of national and international scoop.

MOL: Scope.

FIB: Skip it. I'll never forget the time I pulled the ancient order o' Purple Mongolians outa the red. I was treasurer of the order, and they gimme a free hand. Course I was well known then for puttin' on fairs and carnivals and stuff. Carnival McGee, I was knowed as in them days....

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: CARNIVAL MCGEE, THE CLEVER CONTRIVER OF COIN CATCHIN' CONCESSIONS, CONTINUALLY COAXIN' THE COUNTRYSIDE TO KICK IN CARLOADS OF COLD CASH FOR COUNTLESS COMMUNITIES FROM CAPE COD TO CALIENTE.

APPLAUSE:

WOMAN: But exactly how did you do this, Mr. Chairman?

FIB: Just call me Fibber, sis. AHM. Well sir, I'll never forget the carnival I put on for Peoria Illinois, one year. We needed one thousand bucks to make up our deficit and I guaranteed 'em that amount if they gimme a free hand, or I'd make up the deficit myself. That was what I call stickin' out my neck, folks.

MOL: (SOFTLY) Whaddye meah WAS. Ye are, iggernuts.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Well sir, folks, the big feature of that carnival was when I had myself shot out of a cannon. It was the biggest thrill Peoria'd ever seen.

WHEE: WELL, SKIPPY. YOU MIGHTA BEEN A BIG BULLET IN PEORIA, BUT THAT DON'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO POP OFF AROUND HERE.

FIB: PIPE DOWN THERE, GRANDMAW...NOBODY ASKED YOUR OPINION.

WHEE: WELL SHORTY..OLD OR UNFINISHED BUSINESS WAS CALLED FOR.

FIB: WELL WHICH ARE YOU - OLD OR UNFINISHED?

WHEE: I MAY BE OLD, SONNY, BUT I'VE JUST GOT STARTED. I THINK THAT CANNONSTORY OF YOURS WAS A LOTTA ~~MALIBON~~ *baloney*

FIB: OH IS THAT SO? WHAT MAKES YE THINK SO?

WHEE: WELL I USED TO LIVE IN PEORIA AND I NEVER HEARD OF YOU.

FIB: WAS YOU THERE DURING THE DEPRESSION?

WHEE: SURE WAS SONNY.

FIB: WELL, MY CANNON ACT DIDN'T START TILL THE BOOM. AHM. Folks, I don't like to brag, but I just mentioned that cannon act o' mine to show what COULD be done. Too bad I sold my cannon. I sold it to a business man in a forty story building who thought the elevators were too slow. Otherwise, I'd be glad to undertake the -

MAN: I THINK MCGEE IS THE MAN FOR US. WE'LL BUY THE CANNON.

FIB: Oh now wait a minute folks..I don't.-

MAN: DON'T BE MODEST MCGEE...YOU'RE THE MAN WE NEED.

FIB: Yes, but shucks, that was a long time ago...I ain't in practi -

WOMAN: WE'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE TIME YOU NEED TO PREPARE FOR IT, MR. MCGEE...WE'LL HOLD OFF THE CARNIVAL TILL A WEEK FROM TONIGHT.

FIB: Hey now wait a minute...not so fast, - you ain't gonna railro-

CROWD UP:

FIB: ~~QUIET... QUIET PLEASE...~~

WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... I MOVE THAT FIBBER MCGEE BE APPOINTED A COMMITTEE OF ONE TO PUT ON A CARNIVAL NEXT WEEK WITH HIS CANNON ACT AND TO PAY THE REMAINING DEFICIT OUT OF HIS OWN POCKET AS HE SAYS HE USED TO DO. ALL IN FAVOR SAY AYE.

CHORUS: AYYYYYYY.

MAN: CONTRARY "NO".

FIB: No.

MAN: THE MOTION IS CARRIED!

CHEERS:

FIB: Hey,..Molly...can you imagine -

MOL: Side show, McGee! Gettin' cold feet, Side show? Gettin' kinda chilly con carnival? Are ye -

RUSS: MISTER CHAIRPEOPLE..MISTER CHAIRPEOPLE...

FIB: DAD RAT IT, BROTHER WHAT DO YOU WANT? AIN'T YOU BEEN A MEMBER OF THIS CLUB LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT RULES ARE FOR? DON'T YOU -

RUSS: OXFUSE ME. TOVARICHICH..I AM NOT BEING MAMBER OF CLOB. I AM SODAL JERK FROM DROGGLE STORE WHO IS BRINGING ICE CREAM. I AM TRYING TO HAVE AWORD IN WEETH YOU EDGEWAYS BUT I AM NOT DOING SO GOOD. I AM PUTTING ICE CREAM IN OMBRELLA STAND AND UMBRELLA STAND IS NOW BEING FOOL OF MALTED ICE CREAM. IF I AM NOT SOCCEEDING IN PAYING SOME ATTENTION YOU TO ME, WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY BUSINESS ALSE. AH HA YOCH NYEM...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CROWD UP

MOL: Oh dear...I TOLD you this was a stupid idea, McGee...

FIB: I'm beginning to aggr.....

SOUND: CRASHING OF WOOD. VOICES UP.

MOL: Oh dear...now what? WHAT'S THE MATTER BACK THERE?

WOMAN: Terribly sorry dear...I'm afraid I leaned too heavily on your desk. I seem to have borken it.

MOL: OH THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, MRS. MARTINI...DON'T MENTION IT. That desk was pretty wobbly anyway. It was -

FIB: Quiet, Molly. I got something to say at this point. (GAVEL) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, which is a mistake to begin with - You've ruined our rugs, busted the desk, marred the piano, ~~cracked~~ <sup>broken</sup> the vase and tore the curtains. Now then, Ye see that beautiful big mirror over there, Ye see this gavel? -

MOL: McGee! What are you gonna -

FIB: Watch this!

SOUND: TERRIFIC GLASS CRASH! (CROWD UP)

MOL: Heavenly days. McGee - are you or -

FIB: I just thought I'd give you some idea o' what could be done if you really put your mind to it!

(PAUSE)

FIB: (SOFTLY) Now, will the meeting please come to order?

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("THEY ALL LAUGHED") (FADE ON CUE)

THIRD COMMERCIAL

(56 sec.)

(OVER MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: At this time of year every good housewife should make sure that her furniture, woodwork and floors are safely protected against dirt and wear by a lustrous coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. Sudden showers can't harm your windowsills if they are wax-protected. Finger smudges can't cling to furniture and door frames that are wearing a shield of JOHNSON'S WAX. And remember, once your floors are properly wax-polished you won't have to worry about ugly worn spots showing up between rugs and around door ways. JOHNSON'S WAX ends the threat of that disfiguring condition known as FLOOR POX. so I repeat: Wax your woodwork, furniture and floors now to give your rooms lasting beauty - to make your home more dirt-proof and to save yourself hours of tiresome cleaning work. Order genuine JOHNSON'S WAX (paste or liquid) from your dealer. It's real economy to buy the larger sizes.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL UP "THEY ALL LAUGHED") (FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Imagine them muggs handin' me a job like that, Molly?  
MOL: Heavenly days, me Uncle Dennis put on hundreds of successful bazaars and carnivals. Although there WAS a little financial scandal after his last one.  
FIB: There was eh?  
MOL: Yes, the Chief of Police had to leave town right after.  
FIB: After the carnival?  
MOL: No, after Uncle Dennis.  
FIB: After Unc...AHM. Goodnight.  
MOL: Good night, all!  
ORCH: SIGNATURE - SEGUE REPRISE "ME, MYSELF & I"  
WIL: Remember, it is not too late to enter this week's trailer contest. Full details can be secured from your dealer. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax at Racine, Wisconsin and inviting you to be with us next Monday. Goodnight.  
NBC  
ANNCR: (MUSIC CREDITS) Fibber McGee and Molly have come to you from Hollywood over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.  
SOUND: CHIMES.