

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

Present

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

As Bdeit

MONDAY

JULY 5TH, 1937

5 and 8 P.M.

121

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME

WIL: JIMMY GRIER AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH TOODLE OO!

ORCHESTRA: "TOODLE OO" - DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL - (OVER MUSIC) -

FIRST COMMERCIAL

-3-

ANNOUNCER: The Great Auto Trailer Contest, sponsored by the makers of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner, rolls merrily on. Each week a magnificent, de luxe Covered Wagon Trailer is given away, free. This trailer is so substantially built, so completely equipped you can use it not only for week-end trips and care-free vacations but for all-year-round living! The world's leading specialists in trailer coach construction have perfected every detail of this streamlined Covered Wagon: electric lights, ice box, stove, enamel sink, running water and two double beds with special coil springs! It's the last word in trailer coach luxury. Now all you have to do to win this de luxe Covered Wagon Trailer, valued at \$1,000, is to complete this statement, "I like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner because-----." Finish this statement in 50 words or less, telling why you like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Mail your entry to Johnson's Wax, Racine, Wisconsin. This week's trailer contest closes midnight, Saturday, July 17th. Don't delay. Get a combination package of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at once from your regular Johnson's Wax dealer, Auto supply store, garage or filling station. Complete contest rules will be found in each package of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL UP "TOODLE-OO")

(APPLAUSE) - SEGUE

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

-4-

-WIL:

WELL, THE MCGEES HAVE COMPLETED THEIR MOVING PICTURE AND ARE GETTING READY TO GO HOME. BUT FIBBER, WITH HIS USUAL LARGE IDEAS, HAD SIGNED A SIX MONTHS LEASE ON AN APARTMENT IN HOLLYWOOD AND THE RENTAL AGENT INSISTS THAT THEY EITHER STAY IT OUT OR PAY IT UP. AND HERE, IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE APARTMENT, CONSIDERING THE MATTER, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

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

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, I TOLD you not to sign a lease for six months.

FIB: I know, but shucks, the rent was five bucks a month cheaper that way.

MOL: Sure...and now we pay for 4 months extra!

FIB: We do? Here...lemme call that guy again. He can't do that to me.

MOL: Well, he's got the law on his side.

FIB: He may have the law on his side, but he'll have me on his neck. Gimme the phone. (CLICK) HELLO OP.....Gladstone 7904. What's that guy's number again?

MOL: Gladstone 7904.

FIB:HELLO. LEMME TALK TO THAT OBSTINATE, STUPID, UNREASONABLE, DROWSY LITTLE LUG, MR. HAASBECK. Oh, is that you Hozzy? This is Fibber. Listen...I just called you up for a little friendly discussion of this lease. Eh? Fibber. Fibber McGee, and I...OH YEAH? WELL LISTEN... YOU CAN'T TALK THATWAY TO ME. I'LL...Hello. Hello. HELLO. (CLICK) I couldn't get him.

MOL: Whaddye mean, you couldn't get him?

FIB: I couldn't get him to listen. He wouldn't hold still...
 AHEM. Imagine that guy? I call him up in a friendly,
 reasonable spirit and he gets tough. ALL RIGHT, I'LL
 GET TOUGH, TOO. I'M GONNA FORCE HIM TO BUST OUR LEASE.
 WE'LL BE SUCH A NUISANCE TO HIM AND THE NEIGHBORS, HE'LL
HAVE TO BUST THE LEASE!

MOL: Oh now, McGee...what are you gonna do?

FIB: WE'LL PLAY THE RADIO LOUD...WE'LL GET JIMMY GRIER AND HIS
 BOYS OVER HERE TO PRACTICE WITH THE WINDOWS OPEN LATE AT
 NIGHT...WE'LL GET TOMMY HARRIS TO VOCALIZE AT 3 AM...
 WE'LL INSULT THE NEIGHBORS...I'm gonna break my neck if I
 have to bust the lease to do it...I mean I'm gonna bust
 the lease if I have to break my neck-

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO. Oh Paramount. Certainly I'll talk to him.

MOL: What's Paramount calling for?

FIB: I dunno. HELLO. Oh yes. Hiyah, Mr. Shauer. The
 producer, Molly. Hello, Mel. Well, thanks. It's been
 nice workin' for you, Mel. Yes we're leavin' tomorrow,
 by way o' the Grand Canyon and Yozamight.

MOL: Yo-sammlty!

FIB: How does the picture look to you boys over there? It has,
 eh? That 's swell. Okay Mel, and so long. Thanks for
 everything. (CLICK)

MOL: What's he say about our picture?

FIB: He says he thinks it's got B.O.

MOL: I hope he means box office. My I hate to leave Hollywood.
 This PERFECT weather.

FIB: Oh I wouldn't say PERFECT, Molly. You'll notice the cars
 out here all have windshield wipers.

MOL: Well, it DOES fog up occasionally.

FIB: I'll say so. That fog washed out three bridges last month.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: I'll answer it. Maybe it's that agent, Haasbeck. Hold
 my glasses.

MOL: Now don't be violent, McGee. Remember, he's a great big
 fellow.

FIB: Well, okay. Gimme my glasses again. AHEM. Gotta see what
 I'm doin'.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH...CLATTER OF INSTRUMENTS

FIB: Ohhhhh JIMMY GRIER AND THE BOYS...COME ON IN FELLOWS.

MOL: Ho, Hello boys. Hello Jimmy.

JIM: Hello Molly, Hello Fibber. The boys and I just dropped
 over to say goodbye.

MOL: Oh isn't that nice. It's been lovely working with you out
 here, Jimmy.

FIB: Absolutely, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Thanks. We feel the same way about it.

VOICES UP IN AGREEMENT

JIM: Is there anything we can do for you before you leave?

MOL: No, I don't think-

FIB: I'LL SAY THERE IS JIMMY. WE'RE TRYIN' TO BUST OUR LEASE
 AND WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING TO ANNOY THE NEIGHBORS OR
 SOMETHING. SIT DOWN HERE AND PLAY AS LOUD AS YOU CAN, WILL
 YE?

JIM: Sure...ALL RIGHT BOYS...GET SET...(CLATTER) HOW ABOUT
Bye Bye Duckbirds?
 JIMMY ONE MORE

FIB: Is it LOUD?

JIM: WE CAN MAKE IT LOUD. WHAM IT, BOYS!

ORCHESTRA: ~~("JOHNNY ONE NOTE")~~

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Well, I hope some of the neighbors complain to the rental agent about the band playin' here. They-

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: Hah....success! The agent's callin' us up to stop the noise.

MOL: Well go on - answer the phone, iggernuts!

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO, HOUSEBROKE? I mean HAASBECK? I...oh.. who? Yes...it was Jimmy Grier's orchestra. So what? Eh?...Okay, sis.

SOUND: CLICK

MOL: Who was that?

FIB: Lady next door. She wants Jimmy to play. She thought it was swell. SHUCKS!

MOL: You're not breaking the lease that way. You're just stretching it.

FIB: Well, I'm gonna do SOMETHING that-

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: COME IN! (DOOR LATCH)

MAN: (FAST TALKER) Hello MR. & MRS. MCGEE? I represent the C & C RAILROAD. C & C - Comfy & Cozy. I'd like to fix you up with accommodations to Wistful Vista. LOOK...Two fares and all extras for \$125.00 apiece. Leave here Tuesday Noon...get home Sunday afternoon. Think of that. How about it folks?

s complain to the rental

. They-

in' us up to stop the

gernuts!

an HAASBECK? I...oh..

orchestra. So what?

to play. She thought it

t way. You're just

GEE? I represent the

Cozy. I'd like to fix you

Vista. LOOK...Two

apiece. Leave here

ternoon. Think of that.

MOL: Heavenly days, that's 5 days and 5 nights. For the same fare we can take another train in 2 days and a night.

MAN: Sure but LOOK...that means you ride 3 days and four nights FREE with us..

FIB: That's a point, Molly...sounds like a bargain to me, and-

MAN: SURE...AND LOOK...ON OUR ROAD THERE'S NO SCENERY TO BOTHER WITH. YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW ALL THE TIME. AND LOOK...NO DINING CARS IN OUR TRAINS. WE DON'T HAVE ANY BOYS RUNNING UP THE AISLES BANGING ON A GONG.

FIB: Well, if you can route us thru the Grand Canyon and YOZAMIGHT, Bud,-

MOL: YO-SEMMITY, McGee.

MAN: SURE...SURE...and LOOK. OUR TRAINS DON'T RUN FOR HOURS AND HOURS WITHOUT STOPPING. THAT'S MONOTONOUS. WE STOP ALMOST EVERYPLACE. AND LOOK...A RADIO IN EVERY COMPARTMENT.. AND NONE OF 'EM WORK. ISN'T THAT A BLESSING? WHADDYE SAY, FOLKS? IS IT A DEAL?

MOL: No, I think we'll take a faster train sir, if you don't mind.

FIB: With a little more comfort and-

MAN: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT. I OFFER YOU A SWELL CHANCE TO REALLY ROUGH IT AND YOU GO CIVILIZED ON ME. SISSY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Sissy am I. I'll show him who's a sissy. And the rental agent, too. I'll -

MOL: McGee...I wish you'd learn to pronounce these western names right. It isn't YOZAMIGHT. IT'S YO-SEMMITY.

FIB: Oh yeah...

MOL: Yes, n

FIB: I gott

YOZAMI

MOL: Taint

FIB: Well,

MOL: McGee.

got to

FIB: Dad ra

someho

HAMMER

SOUND: BANG!

MOL: CAREFU

FIB: PLASTE

MOL: The ag

FIB: IF THI

SOUND: TELEPH

FIB: Ahaaa.

MOL: All r1

speaki
McGee

FIB: Swell,

(LAUGH

MOL: HELLO,

WERE I

GOODEBY

FIB: She pr

MOL: No, si

FIB: DELIGH

MOL: Yes, and...WHAT ARE YOU SCRATCHING FOR?
 FIB: I gotta mosquito bitty. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly?
 YOZAMIGHT...MIGHT, MITTY, BITE, BITTY?
 MOL: Taht funny, McGee.
 FIB: Well, it kinda tickled me.
 MOL: McGee...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS LEASE? We've
 got to go tomorrow you know.
 FIB: Dad rat it I dunno. We gotta get the neighbors to complain,
 somehow. I know...I'LL START BANGIN' ON THE WALL WITH THIS
 HAMMER. THAT'LL get 'em...

SOUND: BANG! BANG! BANG!

MOL: CAREFUL OF THE PLASTER, McGee.
 FIB: PLASTER MY EYE! (BANG BANG BANG)
 MOL: The agent probably will.
 FIB: IF THIS WON'T WORK I DONNO WHAT WILL. (BANG BANG BANG)

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: Ahaaa...THAT GOT 'EM. Answer it, Molly.
 MOL: All right. (CLICK) HOLLYWOOD 98763452, Molly McGee
 speakin'. Oh yes, Mrs. *McGregor* ~~Cuttlebone~~. Yes... (It's Mrs.
McGregor
 FIB: Swell. Tell her if she don't like it to see the agent.
 (LAUGHS)
 MOL: HELLO, MRS. CUTLEBONE. YES...OH DID YOU HEAR US? WE
 WERE HANGING PICTURES. YES...OH...IT IS...YES...YES.
 GOODBYE! (CLICK)
 FIB: She pretty sore, Molly? (LAUGHS)
 MOL: No, she ~~was simply delighted.~~ *says to drive that nail in a little further -*
 FIB: DELIGHTED. What the *she wants to hang a picture*
on the other end

MOL: She said her little boy is taking his piano lesson and his
 metronome is broken, so he was keeping time to your
 hammering. She wants to know if you'll keep it up for
 about a half an hour.

FIB: ~~KEEP IT UP FOR A HALF AN HOUR...~~
 MOL: Well, this ain't gettin' us to the Grand Canyon. And I
 certainly want to see it.
 FIB: Ahhhh, the Grand Canyon! Wonder who thought o' that name.
 WIL: Johnson's Auto Wax. AND A GRANDER CAN-YONEVER WILL SEE!
 Just try a little on your car today, and you'll see what a
 difference -
 FIB: HARPO!
 MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox. How did you get in here?
 WIL: Oh I saw your sign in the window for sub-letting.
 FIB: Oh that's swell, Harpo. It's really a swell place to live.
 Convenient to the car line, unit heat, fireplace -
 WIL: Oh I don't want the place. I came in to tell you there
 was only one T in sub let.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted -

SOUND: LATCH

TOM: Hello Fibber. Hello, Molly. I hear you'r leaving
 tomorrow.
 FIB: Hiyah Tommy.
 MOL: Oh Tommy Harris. Yes we are, Tommy.

TOM: Which way do you go?
FIB: Well, Tommy, I figured we'd go by way of the Grand Canyon and Yozamight.
TOM: YO-SEMMITY.
MOL: That's what I've been trying to tell him.
FIB: How do you know so much about it Tommy?
TOM: I wrote a song about it. You must have heard it. (SINGS)
YO-SEMMITYS DAYS, YOU'RE GONNA BE SO LONELY...remember?
FIB: Yo semmity days...
TOM: Listen, Molly, I just wanted to say goodbye and good luck.
MOL: Thanks Tommy. We've enjoyed working with you, and your singing has been grand.
TOM: Well, thanks, I -
FIB: Listen Tom. Do me a last favor will you! We're tryin' to bust our lease here and we gotta be noisy or somethin'. Go to the window and sing LOUD will you?
TOM: Sure...what'll I sing? How about "WAS IT RAIN"
FIB: Fine, Tommy. Cloud up and pour it down!
ORCHESTRA: ("WAS IT RAIN" - HARRIS)

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

FIB: That ought to get some results. If there's anything that'll drive a neighbor crazy, it's somebody singin' at the top of his voice. (LAUGHS) I remember one time -
SOUND: TELEPHONE.
FIB: Lemme get it. (CLICK) HELLO. YES THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE GUY WAS SINGIN OUT THE WINDOW...WANTA MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT? EH? Why..why yes..I'll tell him. Okay.
MOL: Now what?
FIB: The manager of the Zaz Zu Zazz Nite Club down the street heard Tommy and wants to sign him up. Can ye beat that?
MOL: Well, we're not getting very far with your smart campaign, McGee. Everything we do to annoy 'em, they want more. I think we'd better pay up and get out quietly.
FIB: No sir. Not me. I got us into this and I'll get us out.
MOL: On a limb.
FIB: On a li- ucks - I wish we'd a gone to a hotel in the first place. Then I'd feel more at home, bein' an old hotel man in Hartford. HOTEL MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.
MOL: Oh my!
FIB: HOTEL MCGEE, THE HAPPY HEARTED HOST, HEAVY HANDED WITH HOBOS, HAUGHTY WITH HIGH-HATS, HOSPITABLE TO HONEYMOONERS AND HOTTEST HOOPER-UPPER OF HOTEL HOMBRES FROM HARTFORD TO HOLLYWOOD!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: I'll never forget one time I was manager of a hotel in Peoria, and we had a guy in room 1836 who wouldn't pay his bill. So one night, what does I do, but keep all the other guests outa the hotel, and I throws a lighted newspaper over this mugg's transom and Hollered "FIRE". (LAUGHS)

MOL: Heavenly days...didn't it burn down the hotel?

FIB: Nope. He grabbed up the flaming paper, put the fire out and started readin' it. Well sir, on page five he read the racing news, put five bucks on a long shot and next day he bought the hotel. AHM. Just goes to show, if ye can't do things one way, you can always try another -

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: This is gettin' to be a regular epidermis.

MOL: Demmic!

FIB: Don't swear about it, Molly, that won't get us anyplace.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in.

SOUND: LATCH

MAN: (HEAVY) Hello, McGee.

FIB: Oh it's YOU is it, Haasbeck. Molly here's the rental agent.

MOL: Ohhh oh yes.

FIB: Listen here, Haasbeck..I think it's pretty dirty of you not to let us out of our lease, when we wanta-

MAN: Now now..business is business, McGee. But look. I have a lady here to look at the house. If she takes it, you can move out. That's fair isn't it?

MOL: Oh certainly. Bring her in, Mr. Hassenfeffer.

MAN: Come in, Mrs. Meehow. Mrs. Meehow, this is Mrs. McGee.

HAUGHTY: How do you do.

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

FIB: Hiyah Kitty. Take a look around the dump. You won't bother us.

HAUGHTY: Well, I should HOPE not. Tell me, please, what is your frank opinion of this house?

FIB: You look like you come from a nice family, sis, so I won't give you my FRANK opinion.

MAN: Oh come now, McGee, if you want to move out, you'd better be-

FIB: Quiet, Joe.

MAN: My name is Edward.

FIB: Honest? You look like the Joe Type. AHM. Listen sis, This is a ideal residence if you like the sound o' cars bangin' outside, if you like a place where the faucets either splash or drip, and the wiring is all haywire. The bed in the south bedroom has got a bad list to starboard and they ain't a window screen in the whole monkey cage that would keep out a sea-gull. Outside of that, sis, it's home sweet home, in neon lights.

MAN: I fear Mr. McGee is joking.

MOL: Oh he is! We've LOVED this place, Mrs. Meeow.

HAUGHTY: INDEED! I see you're packing. And what HORRIBLE luggage. That grass suitcase. Goodness. How common.

FIB: How'd you get so expert on luggage sis? Your old man a redcap?

HAUGHTY: PLEASE. Come, Mr. Haasbeck.
 MAN: Certainly Mrs. Meehow. NOW try and get out of that lease,
 McGee!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh, McGee..how can you be so stupid. Now he'll never let
 us go. Why didn't you tell that woman what a grand place
 this is?

FIB: Whaddye mean, stupid! Don't you see what I was tryin' to
 do? I was tryin' to get him sore so's he'd throw us out.
 Shucks, I'm as anxious to get out as you. To go and look
 over the Grand Canyon and YOZAMIGHT -

MOL: YO-SEMMITY, McGee.

FIB: Okay okay. I wish you'd quit correctin' me all the time,
 Molly. Anybody'd think I never went through the eighth
 grade.

MOL: Did you?

FIB: Sure I did. One day when I took a note to the principal.
 Didn't look any different from the fifth grade to me,
 except the kids were bigger. And anyway you don't have
 to go to school to learn to say YOZAMIGHT.

MOL: YO-SEMMITY, McGee!

FIB: Make it China.

WIL: And Johnson's Auto Wax will make *your car* China-~~g~~ like new.
 It protects your car from dust - - -

FIB: HARPO! YOU BACK?

WIL: Sure, I got good news for you. I just thought I'd stop by
 and tell you I'm going back on the same train with you.

MOL: Oh that's fine, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Fine, Harpo. Now - what's the GOOD news?

WIL: Oh, all right, all right....I guess nobody understands me.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: With a head like his, - if that guy is ever born again,
 I'll bet he'll be a woodpecker in the petrified forest!

MOL: Oh well, I suppose he --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

~~FIB: If that's Harpo again, I'll tell him a-~~

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

FIB: Oh...it's Mrs. Wearybottom. HIYAH, WEARY!

WEARY: Oh hello folks I see your packing up to leave I hope you get a
 chance to see Death Valley I had a grandfather that got lost on
 a prospecting trip in Death Valley once it was so hot and dry there
 that when they found him they had to crack him in three places before
 they could get him off his horse they tried to revive him by pouring
 whiskey down his throat but he was so hot that the whiskey caught fire
 and burned his whiskers off and when they got him home grandmaw didnt
 know him it was the first time she ever saw him with his whiskers off
 did you buy a berth going back or are you gonna sleep in the smoker
 looks like the Cubs will cop the pennant doesn't

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("THOSE NAUGHTY SWEETIE BLUES")

(APPLAUSE)

GOOD news?
guess nobody understands me.

guy is ever born again,
in the petrified forest!

I him a-

YAH, WEARY!

up to leave I hope you get a
a grandfather that got lost on
y once it was so hot and dry there
to crack him in three places before
they tried to revive him by pouring
s so hot that the whiskey caught fire
en they got him home grandmaw didnt
e ever saw him with his whiskers off
are you gonna sleep in the smoker
ll cop the pennant doesn't

MOL: Oh that's fine, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Fine, Harpo. Now - what's the GOOD news?
WIL: Oh, all right, all right....I guess nobody understands me.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: With a head like his, - if that guy is ever born again,
I'll bet he'll be a woodpecker in the petrified forest!
MOL: Oh well, I suppose he --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

~~FIB: If that's Harpo again, I'll tell him a-~~

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

FIB: Oh...it's Mrs. Wearybottom. HIYAH, WEARY!

WEARY:

Oh hello folks I see your packing up to leave I hope you get a
chance to see Death Valley I had a grandfather that got lost on
a prospecting trip in Death Valley once it was so hot and dry there
that when they found him they had to crack him in three places before
they could get him off his horse they tried to revive him by pouring
whiskey down his throat but he was so hot that the whiskey caught fire
and burned his whiskers off and when they got him home grandmaw didnt
know him it was the first time she ever saw him with his whiskers off
did you buy a berth going back or are you gonna sleep in the smoker

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("THOSE NAUGHTY SWEETIE BLUES")

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CONTEST WINNER

Now, we take pleasure in announcing the winner in last week's Trailer Contest, sponsored by the makers of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. The luxurious, streamline Covered Wagon Trailer goes to Mr(s) Jack E. Warren - PO Box 1504
 We congratulate you, Mr(s) Stockton, Calif. and we know you're going to take real pride in owning such a magnificent trailer. I'm sure it's unnecessary to suggest that you protect the finish and keep it beautiful with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Winners of cash prizes are being notified by mail.

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

FOURTH SPOT

MOL: Well, master mind...you haven't got our lease broken yet. Have you got any more colossal ideas?

FIB: I just thought o' one, Molly. Look, Suppose we bust the windows out. Then the neighbors'll think we're throwin' a wild party and call the agent...or the police. If the patrol wagon pulls up here it'll give the building a bad name and they'll be glad to get rid of us.

MOL: Oh that's foolish, McGee. We'll just have to pay for the damage.

FIB: Aw let 'em take it out of the 16 weeks rent we refuse to pay. Watch this...

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...

FIB: WHEEEEE...HAVE A GOOD TIME, FOLKS...HAVE ANOTHER DRINK BOYS...YOWIEEE...

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...stop it. You'll...

FIB: HOLLER, Molly...Holler...I think this is gonna work... YOWIEE...WHAT A PARTY...YIPEEEEE.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

MOL: Well...all right. I might as well have some fun, too. WHOEEEE... IS EVERYBODY HAVING A GOOD TIME...Lemme bust one McGee...

SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Ahaaaa...at last! Now we got 'em on the run. Lemme answer it.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

WOMAN: Is this the place where the windows are being broken?

FIB: Yes it is. Listen..and if you don't like it...go see the agent.

WOMAN: Oh no..it isn't that...I'm ~~so lonesome and my husband is out of town.~~ You seem to be having such a grand time. I wondered if I could come to your party.

FIB: Well sis to tell the truth...

WOMAN: Oh thank you...I'll go get into my cocktail dress.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

RUSS: Allo Babouschka. Allo Tovarichich.

MOL: Oh, how do you do.

FIB: Hiyah, Vodka? What can we do for you?

RUSS: Are you the peoples with the shign in windows for sobletting apartment?

MOL: Oh, oh yes...we are.

FIB: Come right in, bud. I'll show you around the place and --

RUSS: No, Rovarichich. I am hackrobat and -

FIB: An acrobat, eh? (LAUGHS) You're just the guy we been lookin' for. A BUNCH OF ACROBATS OUGHTTA ANNOY THE AGENT JUST ABOUT RIGHT, eh, Molly? (LAUGHS)

MOL: When can you move in, sir?

RUSS: I am not moving in, Babouschka. I am not wanting dees place. I AM TRYING TO TALL YOU, I AM HACKROBAT, AND I AM WALKING PAST THIS BEELDING ON MY HANDS AND I AM SEEING YOUR SOB- LETTING SIGN IN WINDOW IS HOPSIDE DOWN.

FIB: My sign is upside down?

RUSS: CHURE, TOVARICHICH. WALKING ON HANDS IS SHOWING HOPSIDE DOWN THINGS RIGHT CHIDE HOP. IF I AM WALKING ON FEETCH, HOPSIDE DOWN THEENGs IS WRONG CHIDE HOP AND VICHEY-VARCHEY. I' AM THEENKING I AM TALLING YOU FOR MY OWN INFORMATION AND WHAT HAPPENS HAFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE. AHAYACHNEM...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come on.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: HIYAH, ma'am. Did you wanta sublet the...oh. Oh hiyah little girl.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: Ain't you the little girl across the street?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says ain't you the little girl across the street?

TEE: No. I'm the little girl right here, I betcha.
FIB: I mean, you LIVE across the street.
TEE: Sure.
FIB: Well, I'm afraid we won't be neighbors much longer sis.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says WE WON'T BE NEIGHBORS MUCH LONGER. We're goin' away tomorrow to the Grand Canyon and Yozamight.
TEE: People who travel in the best circles always call it Yo-semmity, I betcha.
FIB: Aw fer the...what was it you wanted, sis?
TEE: A glass of water, I betcha.
FIB: Please.
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I says PLEASE.
TEE: Why...do you wanta drink of water too?
FIB: No, I'm just suggestin' you mind your manners. I'll get you a glass of water.
TEE: Okay. In a cup.
FIB: In a cup. (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? She wants a glass of water in a cup! (LAUGHS) Okay sis....here ye are.
TEE: Sure but it ain't in a cup.
FIB: WHY DO YE WANT IT IN A CUP?
TEE: Hmm.
FIB: I said why do ye want it in a cup?
TEE: Well, I thought maybe I'd be lucky enough to get the same cup my mamma gave you when you borrowed the sugar last week. Thanks mister. Goodbye now!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Can you beat the nerve of some neighbors...I'll be glad to get outa this place.
MOL: Do you think you ever will? We haven't succeeded in getting the agent to get mad enough -
SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR
FIB: DAD RAT IT...TELL THAT LITTLE GIRL NOT TO BOTHER US. WE'VE -
SOUND: LATCH
MAN: (HEAVY) AH THERE, MRS. MCGEE...
MOL: Oh...it's Mr. Haasbeck, the rental agent, McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, Housebroke. What's the idea o' kibitzin' around like this? If we want you we'll call you. If you're gonna be nasty about the lease, we'll be nasty too.
MOL: Oh now, McGee. I'm sure Mr. Haasbeck is -
MAN: LISTEN HERE, MCGEE...I WON'T HAVE YOU BREAKING THE WINDOWS IN THIS HOUSE.
FIB: Oh ye won't eh? (LAUGHS) Wanta break the lease?
MAN: NO. NOW I AM DETERMINED TO HOLD YOU TO IT.
MOL: Oh dear...
MAN: YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS WHEN YOU SIGNED FOR SIX MONTHS. IF YOU ONLY WANTED TO KEEP THE HOUSE FOR TEN WEEKS YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME.
FIB: Listen, HAASBECK. IF WE'D KNOWN OUR MOVIE WOULD GO AS SMOOTH AS IT DID, SO WE COULD LEAVE -
MAN: WHAT MOVIE?
MOL: The picture we were in for Paramount. THIS WAY PLEASE.
MAN: You mean you...SAY ARE YOU TWO ACTORS?

WELL, I am anyway. And it won't be long before Molly catches onto the trick of -

MAN: ACTORS! ACTORS! WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS? I DON'T WANT ANY ACTORS IN MY HOUSE...GET OUT...THE LEASE IS TORN UP...BEAT IT...GET YOUR LUGGAGE AND GET OUT OF HERE...QUICK!

FIB: LISTEN...DON'T YOU CALL MY WIFE A LUGGAGE...YOU LUG!

SOUND: THUDS AND CRASHES

MAN: GET OUT...ACTORS...OH WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO ME! I HATE ACTORS...GET OUT...

SOUNDS: THUDS AND CRASHES INTO MUSIC

ORCHESTRA: ("LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF") (FADE)

LAST COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Once the hot weather really settles down, no smart woman is willing to waste her energy doing a lot of unnecessary work, trying to keep her floors clean and polished. That's why the most intelligent housewives are letting Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat do the work for them. Once your linoleums and floors are wearing a bright, protective Glo-Coat polish, dirt can't cling to them - spots and stains can be wiped away with no effort. This remarkable liquid polish is very easy to apply. It never streaks or smears. It dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful gleaming polish, without rubbing or buffing. Order Glo-Coat from your dealer tomorrow. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G - L - O - hyphen - C - O - A - T - Johnson's self-polishing Glo-Coat. And remember you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: I TOLD you I'd fix it to get out of that lease, Molly.
All aboard for the Grand Canyon and the YOZAmight.

MOL: YO-SEMMITY, McGee...and why are you carrying that
dictionary? THAT doesn't say how to find it.

FIB: I don't wanta say how to find it. I WANTA FIND HOW TO
SAY IT!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: Good night...

MOL: Good night all...

ORCHESTRA: (SIGNATURE) SEGUE (REPRISE "TOODLE-OO")

WIL: Remember, it is not too late to enter this week's big
trailer contest. Your Johnson Wax dealer will give you
full details.

This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of
Johnson's Wax at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to
be with us again next Monday night. Goodnight.

ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS) Fibber McGee and Molly have come to you
from Hollywood over the Red Network of the National
Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY #122

(TIME WMAQ
8:00-8:30 PM

DATE
JULY 12, 1937

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

11:00-11:30 PM

Not Correct