

NBC

ADVERTISER B. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

8:00-8:30 PM AUGUST 20, 1937

MONDAY

11:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

434844

*Stud
Thompson
Raul
John Goldworthy
Harold Peary
John Gibson*

Page 2.

ORK: 1ST PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE

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

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" -- -- TANNER

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING"!

ORK: "YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING" -- Down for

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL: (ON NEXT PAGE)

Page 3.

WIL: (FIRST COMMERCIAL)

Some women spend hours trying to keep their kitchen linoleum clean -- yet their floors never look bright and attractive. Other women have discovered the easy, modern way of keeping their linoleum shining! These smart housekeepers don't spend their valuable time at the unpleasant task of floor scrubbing. They protect their floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT so dirt can't get at them -- scuffing feet can never make them dull and shabby. GLO-COAT puts new sparkle and life into linoleum that has seen better days -- and this transformation is accomplished in a few minutes time -- without rubbing or buffing. If you want to save yourself hours of cleaning work -- and have floors that stay beautiful as new -- buy 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.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE) SEGUE

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE)

Page 4.

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS A GREAT IDEA. BEING A NEWSPAPER MAN AT HEART, (HE THINKS) HE HAS SEVERAL SURE FIRE PLANS TO INCREASE THE CIRCULATION OF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE. AND HERE, PAYING NO ATTENTION TO MOLLY'S SCEPTICAL ATTITUDE AND ABOUT TO INVADE THE MANAGING EDITORS OFFICE WITH HIS COLLOSSAL NER...er...IDEAS, WE FIND -

FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: (MC GEE THEME)

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee...for the last time, will you forget this wild idea and go home? You don't know anything about runnin' a newspaper.

FIB: Shucks, what of it? It's the outside viewpoint I'm bringin' 'em.

MOL: Most outside viewpoints oughtta be LEFT outside. They track up the house.

FIB: Well, you wait and see. HIYAH SIS. MANAGING EDITOR IN?

GIRL: Yes sir, But he's very busy.

FIB: He'll be busier when I get thru talkin' to him.

GIRL: Who shall I say is calling?

FIB: Opportunity. Tell him that the new tire for his wheel of fortune has just rolled into the office.

MOL: And all blown up, too.

Page 5.

GIRL: I'm afraid I can't tell him that sir. What was the name?
FIB: McGee. Fibber McGee.
GIRL: And who are you with?
FIB: I'm with my wife, Molly McGee.
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

Page 6

GIRL: No sir. I meant with what firm?
FIB: With the firm intention o' increasin' the circulation of this paper by at least.....
GIRL: No no ... I er ... I mean what COMPANY are you with?
MOL: No company dearie. He's in a class by himself.
GIR: I see...but what did you wish to consult the managing editor about?
FIB: I thought I'd mentioned it sis. I got an idea that'll increase his circulation by thousands. Just call him on thephone and tell him that.
GIRL: Yes sir. You're the fourth today. (CLICK) HELLO.....MR. UPPERCASE? SAY THE FOURTH SCREWBALL JUST CAME IN. SHALL I TAKE MY BASE?
MOL: Heavenly days...what impudence!
FIB: Listen here, sis -
GIRL: WHAT DID YOU SAY MR. UPPERCASE? REALLY? YOU'RE NOT KIDDING? ALL RIGHT. (CLICK) You may go in, Sir.
FIB: I thought so. Listen sis. PUT DOWN THAT MAGAZINE AND TEND TO BUSINESS. GO COMB YOUR HAIR AND GET SOME OF THE MAKEUP OFF YOUR FACE. AND DON'T WEAR SUCH FLASHY CLOTHES IN THE OFFICE.
GIRL: Why what...why...WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T WORK FOR YOU?
FIB: Well, the day aint over yet. AHEM. Come on, Molly.
DOOR SLAM (LOUD)
MAN: (LOUDLY) SAY DON'T SLAM THAT DOOR SO HARD WHEN YOU COME IN HERE.

FIB: I done that on purpose, bud. Because this moment marks a turnin' point in your life, as a newspaper man.

MAN: There aren't any turning points on a merryground. Sit down. What's on your mind. NO DON'T MOVE THOSE PAPERS. Sit over there. NO, THE OTHER CHAIR. NOW THEN...WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

MOL: Me husband thinks he has a great idea to stimulate the circu -

FIB: Lemme tell him, Molly. Listen...say what was your name again?

MAN: UPPERCASE. EDWARD C. UPPERCASE.

FIB: Well listen, Ed. I gotta idea -

MAN: DONT CALL ME ED.

FIB: Okay Uppy. My name is Fibber McGee. This is my wife, Molly, Molly, meet Ed Uppercase, my new chief.

MAN: I'm NOT your new chief.

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's what you think, Uppy. Have a cigar.

MAN: No. I've got a cigar.

FIB: Got two? Thanks. AHEM. Listen, hand me them scissors a minute, Molly.

MOL: Here, McGee.

FIB: Tanks.

SOUND: CLICK CLICK

MAN: SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CUTTING MY TELEPHONE WIRES! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF

FIB: Take it easy Ed. Easy. I just dont want to be disturbed for a few minutes.

FIB: Cont'd

Now Look, WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE IF I COULD INCREASE THE CIRCULATION OF YOUR NEWSPAPER BY FIFTY THOUSAND IN TWO WEEKS TIME?

MAN: There arent that many people in this town.

FIB: When they see your new paper they'll MOVE here.

MOL: You must be going to print it on gold leaf.

FIB: LISTEN. HERE'S WHAT YOU GOTTA DO, CHIEF. JUST

MAN: QUITE CALLIN' ME CHIEF. DO I LOOK LIKE AN INDIAN?

FIB: No, but your face'll be pretty red, if you don't take advantage of this proposition. LOOK. FIRST THE FRONT PAGE MAKEUP IS ALL WRONG. PEOPLE ARE TIRED OF BLACK AND WHITE. IN THIS DAY AND AGE YOU GOTTA USE COLOR. PRINT YOUR HEADLINES IN PURPLE. AND RED AND GREEN...AND ANOTHER THING. PRINT THE TOP HALF OF THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN, SO PEOPLE ACROSS THE AISLE IN THE STREET CAR DONT BUST THEIR NECKS TRYIN' TO READ THE OTHER GUY'S PAPER. THERE'S TWICE YOUR PRESENT NUMBER OF READERS RIGHT THERE.

MAN: It's the same number of papers though.

MOL: No, the idea is that once started reading they'll go buy a paper to read the bottom half. Am I right, McGee?

FIB: EXACTLY. NOW COMES THE PRIZE IDEA, ED. Mind If I call you Ed?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: Okay. NOW COMES THE REAL FLASH, UPPY. LOOK AT YOUR WANT AD PAGE. WANT ADS ARE THE LIFE BLOOD OF A NEWSPAPER. ...

FIB: (Cont'd) YOU KNOW THAT. AND THE AVERAGE WANT AD PAGE LOOKS LIKE
A....well, it ain't interesting. NOW WHAT I'D DO, IS THIS.
PRINT YOUR WANT AD PAGES ON RUBBER SHEETS THAT CAN BE BLOWN UP
WITH AIR. THAT WAY, PEOPLE LOOKIN' FOR JOBS CAN USE 'EM FOR
PILLOWS WHILE SETTIN' ON A PARK BENCH!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

2 MAN: Excuse me Mr. Uppercase. We tried to call you on the phone
but it seems to be out of order.

MAN: Yes yes...what is it, Fluffburgle?

2 MAN: The MAKE-UP ROOM WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO PLACE THE PICTURE OF
VANDERBILT'S YACHT? THEY SAY IT'S TOO BIG FOR THE ROTO PAGE.

FIB: That's easy, FLUFF, OLD MAN. TELL 'EM TO TAKE IN THE MIZZEN
SAIL AND SHORTEN THE JIB. PUT IT ON PAGE THREE OPPOSITE THE
AD FOR SEAGOIN' SEASICK SYRUP. YOU MAY GO.

2 MAN: I ... er ... Okay.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now then...what WERE WE TALKIN' ABOUT?

MOL: Blowing up the want ads for pillows.

FIB: BLOWIN' UP THE WANT AD PAGES FOR PILLOWS! Why that's ridicoulour,
Ed. That's why youaint any farther in this business. How'd
you ever think of such a dumb stunt as that? Why, you'd be the
laughin' stock

MAN: THAT WASN'T MY IDEA, THAT WAS YOURS!

FIB: Oh was it? WELL WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STEALING ALL MY IDEAS, ED?
NO WONDER ALL MY BRAIN CHILDREN WIND UP IN ORPHAN ASYLUMS. WHY,
say -

MAN: THAT'S ENOUGH. I'VE HEARD ALL I WANTED.

FIB: FINE. WHEN DO I GO TO WORK? WHO'S USIN' THAT DESK OVER THERE?
YOU move over there and I'll sit right where you are. We'll
tear down that partition and put in a projection room for
newsreels....

MAN: KEEP QUIET!

FIB: Keep quiet, Molly. Ed's got a idea at last. Speak right up Ed. Maybe it won't be worth anything, but I'll give you credit for tryi---

MAN: WILL YOU PIPE DOWN A MINUTE?

FIB: Certainly Ed. Glad to be interrupted any time if you really got something. BUT NEVER...NEVER COME TO ME WITH ANY HALF BAKED --

MAN: (GROANS) SHUT UP...WILL YOU?

FIB: Ahhhh, now you're really showin' a newspaperman's spirit, Uppy. What is it? If it's practical, I'll see what -

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...let the man talk.

FIB: Okay...I wanta be fair, Uppercase. Speak right up.

MAN: Listen...what do you know about newspaper work? What did you ever do?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Where did I ever...why listen Ed. One time in 1927 I give a cub reporter who'd been hit by a street car a blood transfusion, and today he's one of our biggest editors. Remember Benjamin Franklin's POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC? Well that was my great, great, great, grandfather, Richard McGee.

MOL: Maybe he wants to know what you know about circulation problems, McGee. If anything.

FIB: Uppy, my son, I know practically EVERYTHING about newspaper work. I started at the bottom.

MOL: And worked down.

FIB: And worked do...er...WHY I STARTED OUT AS A NEWSBOY IN CHICAGO, ED. WHEN I WAS JUST A KID. LOUD LUNG MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: LOUD LUNG MCGEE. THE LIMBER LEGGED LEADER OF THE LADS IN THE LOOP. LITERALLY LAYIN' OUT LOADS OF THE LATEST LINOTYPE LITERATURE, LACIN' AND LARRUPIN' THE LIGHTS OUTA LIPPY LOOGANS, LOPIN' AROUND WITH LIFE, LIBERTY AND LOOK AND THE MOST LOVEABLE LITTLE LARRIKIN FROM LABRADOR TO LOUISIANA!

APPLAUSE:

MAN: McGee -- I've got a job for you. In our circulation department.

MOL: Ohhhh, splendid.

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly? I can work right in this office, Ed. OH NOW DON'T SAY ANYTHING...YOU WON'T BE IN MY WAY A BIT. I'LL JUST...

MAN: You won't be in the office much. You'll be on the street most of the time. FLUFFBURGEL...HEY FLUFFBURGLE! COME HERE!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

MAN:"2: YES SIR?

MAN: THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE. NEW MAN IN OUR CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT. START HIM OUT AND I'LL TALK TO YOU ABOUT IT IN A FEW MINUTES.

MAN "2: YES SIR. COME ON MR. MCGEE.

FIB: OKAY. COME ON MOLLY. OH YES...AND ED?

MAN: YES?

FIB: NOW THAT WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER I WANT YOU TO STOP SMOKIN THEM AWFUL STOGIES. THEY'RE TERRIBLE...

MAN: SAY WHAT -

FIB: AND WHILE I'M OUT CALL THE MUSIC DESK. TELL 'EM TO HAVE EDITOR WEEMS GET UP A SPECIAL MUSICAL ARTICLE AND CALL IT "JAMBOREE".

DOOR SLAM.

ORCK: "JAMBOREE"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: SO MCGEE LANDED A POSITION WITH THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE! HIS NEW JOB IS TO HELP INCREASE THE CIRCULATION OF THE PAPER AND YOU CAN'T SAY HE ISN'T TRYING! LISTEN!

TRAFFIC NOISES UP WITH:

FIB: EXTRY...EXTRY PAPER HERE...GET YOUR EVENING PAPERS.

MAN: Here. (CLICK OF COINS) Here's four cents.

FIB: Paper's only three cents, bud. Got anything smaller?

MAN: Nope. Smallest I got.

FIB: Well, pay me tomorrow. EXTRY EXTRY PAPER HERE... "PANIC REIGNS ASIROMS BOP ON DRAMID...ER...DRUMS BIP ON MADRI... ER...READ ALL ABOUT THE WAR IN SPAIN...How about you sis? Evening Paper?

WOMAN: No thank you. I get all my news over the radio.

FIB: Yes, but can you fold up your radio and swat flies with it?

WOMAN: No and I can't get a good looking repairman to come up and fix my evening paper either.

FIB: Ahhhh...you seem to know the answers, sis...but are you familiar with all the questions...read our QUESTION AND ANSWER PAGE. PAGE 14. EXTRY...EXTRY PAPER HERE...READ ALL ABOUT IT. BASEBALL SCORES. RED SOX LOSE THEIR GARTERS! TIGERS WIN BY A WHISKER!

MOL: (FADE IN) Well heavenly days...MCGEE! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING? I THOUGHT YOU GOT A JOB AS CIRCULATION MANAGER.

FIB: I did, Molly. I'm circulation manager on this corner.

MOL: Well it's ridiculous. A grown man like you sellin' newspapers. Give them right back to the boy and come home.

FIB: I...I can't.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: I'm the boy.

MOL: Well what will people think when they see you standing here with an armfull of papers. What'll I tell my friends?

FIB: If they're real friends you won't have to tell 'em anything. If they ARE friends, they'll buy a paper. EXTRY...EXTRY PAPER HERE.. BRITISH OFFER PALESTINE TO GERMANY! EXTRY! SPORTS, DRAMA AND FINANCIAL NEWS!

MAN: Pardon me, boy, what did the market do today?

FIB: Kinda fluctuated, bud. Rails are just riding along; steel had a heavy LIFT and Textiles took it on the chintz. What you interested in particularly?

MAN: Amalgamated Pen and Pencil.

FIB: PENCIL BROKE OFF TWO POINTS SHORT, BUD. Buy a paper and read all about it. Thank you.

MOL: Oh, McGee...why don't you quit this silly business. It isn't dignified.

FIB: Shucks, what of it? Did Gypsy Rose Lee get where she did by dignity? and did -

WOMAN: Oh Newsboy. What does the paper say about the weather.

FIB: Clear and sunny, sis. Buy a paper?

WOMAN: No thank you. Why should I?

FIB: You can hold it over your hat in case it rains. We ain't infallible. EXTRY...EXTRY PAPER HERE...EXTRY...

SOUND: MOTOR TRUCK IN AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

TOUGH: ALL RIGHT, MUGG...HERE'S DE FRESH EDITIONS...HOW MANY PAPERS YOU WANT?

FIB: Don't want any, bud. Ain't sold these yet.

TOUGH: GO ON...YOU GOTTA TAKE SOME. DESE IS DE LATE EDITION.

FIB: Oh no I ain't. Why do you realize, bud, that them papers render these obsolete?

TOUGH: OH A SMART GUY EH? DEY TOLD ME DERE WAS WISE GUY ON DIS CORNER. BUT WE KNOW HOW TO TREAT WISE GUYS.

MOL: Now you leave me husband alone, you big bully.

FIB: Listen, bud...let's be reasonable about this...All of us fellows working for the Wistful Vista Gazette have gotta realize that WE are the visible representatives of the paper. People judge the publications by the way we conduct ourselves in public, see? Now if you'd only come up to me quiet-like, and say, Good day, fellow employe, just how many of our new edition do you think you can -

TOUGH: SAY WHAT IS DIS? YOU GONNA TAKE A HUNNERT PAPERS OR DO I SLUG YOUSE?

FIB: AHM.. Make it a hundred and fifty, bud.

TOUGH: DATS BETTER. (THUMP.) OKAY, BOYS!

TRUCK UP AND OUT.

FIB: (LAUGHS) See me bluff him out, Molly? Made him gimme a hundred and fifty papers I can't sell.

READ ALL ABOUT THE WAR IN SPAIN. COMMUNISTS!!..FASCISTS!. ROYALISTS!

WIL: OH YES..THE COMMONIST TROUBLE WITH FLOORS IS SCUFFING AND SCRATCHING AND THE FASCIST REMEDY IS JOHNSONS WAX, THE ROYALEST TREATMENT YOUR FLOORS EVER GOT. • JUST TRY-

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello folksies. Say, does that newspaper have any new ideas on reducing? I'm getting a little heavy..

FIB: You're getting a LITTLE heavy.

WIL: Well, I want to read some articles on reducing.

MOL: Read about the Hollywood method on page seven, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: What's the Hollywood method?

MOL: You drop a bunch of playing cards on the floor and pick 'em up one at a time without bending your knees.

FIB: But don't do what one actor did out there, Harpo.

WIL: What'd he do?

FIB: He laid down a bunch of cards, but he forgot he was vulnerable and backed into a electric fan.

WIL: Oh all right..I ask a sensible question and all I^{get}/is a lotta of..

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...GET YOUR EVENING PAPERS HERE....

FIB: HEY, MOLLY!...LOOK...1ST NATIONAL BANK TODAY WAS THE SCENE OF 75,000 DOLLAR HOLDUP. ROBBER SUPPOSED TO BE STILL IN NEIGHBORHOOD....POLICE CLOSING IN. Hot Dog...and a thousand dollars reward put for him, too.

MOL: Well, it doesn't affect us. Go ahead and sell your papers, newsboy.

FIB: OKAY...EXTRY...EXTRY PAPER HERE...ALL ABOUT THE BIG BANK ROBBERY! EXTRY. Hey look at the guy comin'.

ENGLISH: Beg pardon old top...do those papahs have all the sport results?

MOL: Oh yes sir.

FIB: Absolutely, bud. Horse races, dog races, boat races, bike races.

MAN: CRICKET?

FIB: eh?

MAN: Cricket?

FIB: CRICKET! (LAUGHS) Well, I've heard o' turtle races but CRICKETS! (LAUGHS) Which cricket was you bettin' on, bud?

MOL: I'll bet he had five dollars on his antennae!

FIB AND MOL LAUGH

MAN: Oh I saw old boy...you don't grasp the bally idea you know. Cricket is awfully sporting...reahilly.

FIB: It is, eh? (LAUGHS) What do you use for jockeys, bud? Houseflys? (LAUGHS)

MOL: (LAUGHS) AND HOW DO THEY KEEP THEIR FEET IN THE CHIRRUUPS?

FIB AND MOL LAUGH:

FIB: Quit it bud...you're killin' us. CRICKETS..(LAUGHS)
MAN: (LAUGHS) I say...I believe I grawsp the joke, old boy.
You think a cricket is a jolly old insect...what?
AND YOU CAWN'T SADDLE A BALLY BUG...EH WHAT? HO HO....
FRIGHTFULLY HUMOROUS...REAHLLY...(FADE OUT LAUGHING)
MOL: Well, maybe we were wrong, McGee.
FIB: Oh I dunno. Kind of a absent minded guy wasn't he.
Half of his spectacles gone and he never even noticed it.
MOL: That was a monocle, McGee.
FIB: OH. AHM. EXTRY...EXTRY READ ALL ABOUT THE BIG BANK
ROBBERY...ALL THE LATEST NEWS ON SPORTS...FASHIONS AND
LOVE. READ ALL ABOUT IT...EXTRY...EXTRY...EXTRY.
MAN: (MYSTERIOSO) Here,..boy. Gimme a paper. This got all
the bank robbery stuff in it?
MOL: Yes sir, it has.
MAN: Does it...er...does it give a description of the robber?
FIB: Three of 'em, bud...here have a copy.
MAN: Thanks, but I only got big bills.
MOL: Oh that's all right. You can open an account.
FIB: Name of your bank and three personal references, bud. We
look you up and you get todays paper within thirty days.
MAN: Lemme take one. Pay you tomorrow.
FIB: Pull your hat up and your collar down so's I can see your
face bud. Otherwise I won't remember who.....
MAN: I'LL REMIND YOU. GIMME A PAPER.
MOL: McGee..darlin'..give the man a fresh edition. They're over here
FIB: No they aint...they're...
MOL: OVER HERE...DEARIE....

FIB: What's the matter, Molly....
MOL: Shhhh...he's got a gun in his pocket, and he's interested in the
robbery, and he's only got big bills and he don't want us to
see his face. What does that add up to, McGee?
FIB: Hot dog...the ROBBER! And a thousand bucks reward! Hold him
here, while I run for the cops....
MOL: Oh no you dont.....leave me alone with a crimin....
MAN: (OFF MIKE) HEY WHERE'S MY PAPER, YOU?
FIB: C-c-c-omin' right up, bud. Listen, Molly. I gotta idea. There's
a manhole in the sidewalk right behind him. You sneak around and
lift it up and I'll shove him in.
MOL: Oh no, McGee...I couldnt- well all right...
FIB: Remember that thousand bucks...now act natural...be nonchalant,
like me. AHM. H-h-here's your p-p-pare, bud. F-fresh outa
st-stock.
MAN: What's the matter with you? You're shakin' like a leaf?
FIB: Just a little touch o' cold, b-bud....
MOL: ALL RIGHT MCGEE!
FIB: OKAY...SORRY BUD...DOWN YE GO! (SCRAMBLING)
MAN: HEY WHAT'S THE... (VOICE FADE OUT)
FIB: Slam the cover on quick, Molly...QUICK.
MOL: Help me...
SOUND: CLANGING AND FINAL CLANK
FIB: HOT DOG...WE GOT HIM. That's clampin the iron hat on him.
Come on, Molly. I can just see those headlines "McGee Does It
Again". (APPLAUSE)

ORK: "WILDROSE" -- TANNER

APPLAUSE

3RD SPOT

FIB: HURRY UP MOLLY.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS? MC GEE...HOW FAR IS THIS POLICE STATION?

FIB: RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER LIKE PROSPERITY USED TO BE.

AND WHEN I SAY PROSPERITY I MEAN THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS

RE.....OOP! SORRY BUD...HURRY MOLLY....

MOL: I'M HURRYIN' AS FAST AS I CAN? 'MCGEE.

FIB: I'M GONNA TAKE BACK ENOUGH COPE TO PLAY CRACK-THE-WHIP WITH THAT GUY CLEAR BACK TO THE SEWER. SAY I HOPE HE CAN'T LIFT THE MANHOLE COVER OFF AND GET OUT.

MOL: OH DEAR...HERE WE ARE, MCGEE...HERE'S THE STATION.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: (PANTING) HIYAH SARGE...I'M FIBBER MCGEE, OF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE, AND I WANT ABOUT THREE SQUADS O' POLICE.

DEAF: EH? WHAT SAY?

MOL: WE WANT SOME POLICEMEN! IN A HURRY.

DEAF: NO SIR. US POLICEMEN NEVER WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING.

FIB: WE DIDN'T SAY THEY DID. LISTEN. WE CAUGHT A BANK ROBBER AND GOT HIM PENNED UP IN A SEWER, AND

DEAF: HE HAD IT PINNED UP TO HIS WHAT?

MOL: NO NO NO...A ROBBER...BANK ROBBER.

DEAF: SAY THAT REMINDS ME. DETECTIVE CLANCY JUST CAUGHT THAT BANK ROBBER. GOT HIM UPSTAIRS NOW. CAUGHT HIM HIDIN' IN THE SEWER.

FIB: WHAT?

MOL: HE WHAT?

DEAF: WHAT'S THE MATTER...YE DEAF?
FIB: DAD RAT IT SARGE...I'M THE GUY THAT CAUGHT HIM.
DEAF: EH...WHAT SAY?
FIB: I SAYS I'M THE...OH SKIP IT...WHERE IS THIS DETECTIVE GLANCY.
DEAF: NO? NOTHIN' FANCY. JUST A PLAIN OLD POLICE STATION JOHNNY.
MOL: NO NO...ME HUSBAND WANTS TO CLAIM THE REWARD. THE REWARD!
DEAF: A FORD EH? HOW DO YE LIKE IT? GOT A BUICK MYSELF.
FIB: COME ON, MOLLY. ...WE'RE WASTIN' TIME...THIS GUY GLANCY WILL
HOG THE REWARD IF WE DON'T PUT IN A CLAIM...WHERE HE SAY?
UPSTAIRS?
MOL: YES...AND HURRY, MCGEE...
FIB: IF YOU WASN'T IN FRONT OF ME I COULD HURRY FASTER. YOU AINT
COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF GREEN LIGHTS YE KNOW...ONE SIDE THERE LITTLE
GIRL...
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I SAYS ONE SIDE THERE...WE'RE IN A HURRY.
TEE: IN A HURRY FOR WHAT?
FIB: THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE...JUST GIT OUTA THE WAY.
TEE: WELL GEE? IF IT ISNT HERE OR THERE WHERE IS IT?
FIB: DAD RAT IT SIS...THAT WAS JUST A EXPRESSION. MOVE WILL YE?
THIS IS BIG STUFF WE'RE WORKIN ON.
TEE: HMM?
FIB: PLEASE SIS...LET US GET BY WILL YE? WE'RE IN A RUSH.
TEE: GEE I'LL SAY YOU ARE.
FIB: DAD RAT IT WILL YOU...AND ANYWAY? WHAT'S A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU
HANGIN' AROUND A POLICE STATION FOR ANYWAY. GET OUTA THE WAY
THERE AND I'LL GIVE YOU A LOLLYPOP.

TEE: THAT DOESN'T INTEREST ME? I BETCHA. I GOTTA BETTER OFFER FROM
MY DADDY. HE'S GONNA GIMME A HUNDRED LOLLYPOPS? HE SAID.
FIB: THAT'S KIND OF A BIG ORDER? SIS.
TEE: SURE. BUT HE'S GONNA GET SOME BIG MONEY. A THOUSAND DOLLARS I
BETCHA.
FIB: HE'S...SAY WHO IS YOUR OLD M...WHO IS YOUR FATHER?
TEE: DETECTIVE GLANCY. HE CAUGHT A DANDY BANK ROBBER TOO. HE SAYS
HE CAUGHT THREE PICKPOCKETS BUT THEY WERE TOO SMALL AND HE THREW
'EM BACK BUT HE SAYS HE'S GONNE KEEP THE BANK ROBBER BECAUSE...
FIB: LET IT GO SIS...LET IT GO...COME ON MOLLY...OH...I HOPE WE'RE ON
TIME...

MOL: HERE WE ARE MCGEE...WHICH DOOR DID HE SAY...FIRST OR SECOND?
FIB: HE DIDNT SAY...HE JUST SAYS UPSTAIRS. TRY THIS ONE.

DOOR LATCH

MAN: (IRISH) ALL RIGHT NOW EYES...REPEAT AFTHIR ME. "PULL OVER
THERE! WHERE DO YE THINK YE'RE GOIN'?"

CHORUS: PULL OVER THERE. WHERE DO YOU THINK YE'RE GOIN?

MAN: FOINE! A LITTLE NASTIER ON THIS WAN. NOW THEN? AFTER ME:

"ALL RIGHT YOU...WHERE'S THE FOIRE?"

CHORUS: "ALL RIGHT YOU...WHERE'S THE FOIRE?"

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: WHAT WAS THAT?

FIB: SCHOOL FOR ROOKIE COPS..HERE WE ARE MOLLY...THIS MUST BE IT

DOOR LATCH

FIB: HEY THERE...HAS THE REWARD BEEN PAID YET?

CHIEF: WHAT REWARD, MISTER?

MOL: THE REWARD FOR CATCHIN' THE BANK ROBBER.

CHIEF: NOPE. BUT DETECTIVE CLANCY'LL BE GETTIN' A CHECK IN THE
MORNIN'.

FIB: OH HE WILL WILL HE. WELL LISTEN HERE, CHIEF. I'M THE GUY
THAT'S REALLY ENTITLED TO THAT REWARD.

CHIEF: AND WHY ARE YE?

FIB: BECKUSE I'M THE GUY THAT PUNCHED THE ROBBER INTO THE SEWER
WHERE CLANCY COULD CATCH HIM. THAT'S WHY.

CHIEF: (LAUGHS) SURE AND I HEARD ABOUT THAT.

MOL: WELL?

CHIEF: BUT THAT WANT THE ROBBER YE PUSHED IN. THAT WAS CLANCY!

FIB: THAT WAS CL.....Oh pehaw!

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: "I'M IN A DANCING MOOD" DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND FINISH.

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

Perhaps you don't believe all the glowing statements you have heard about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then we suggest that you make this easy test to find out for yourself just what GLO-COAT can really do for your kitchen linoleum. Put a little of this remarkable liquid polish on only one section of your linoleum. See how much brighter and fresher GLO-COAT makes that one section look. Then - as the days go by, notice how much cleaner the floor is where it is protected with GLO-COAT. This is because GLO-COAT tightly seals the pores and cracks and shuts out dirt and stains, keeps linoleum from becoming worn and dull. Make a fair test with GLO-COAT. Discover the new beauty it gives to your floors - the work it saves you. We believe that ever after you'll be an enthusiastic user. Then you'll buy GLO-COAT in the larger money-saving sizes.

ORCH:

(SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

NBC

ADVERTISER

PROGRAM TITLE **J. JOHNSON & SON, INC.**

CHICAGO OUTLET **FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY**

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

WRITER
OK DON QUINN

MONDAY

DATE
AUGUST 23, 1937

4237.75

Not Correct

*Stu.
Thom
Harold Peary
John Goldworthy*