

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc. WRITER DON QUINN *BH*
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" OK
CHICAGO OUTLET (*RED-7MAQ*)
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Not Correct

*Stu
Tho
John Goldworthy
Murray Forbes*

ORK: 1st PHRASE:
WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!
ORK: 2nd PHRASE
WIL: PRESENTING MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!
ORK: THEME - Tanner
WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH: -
"YOU'VE BEEN APPOINTED TO MY SUPREME COURT OF LOVE, BABY!"
ORK: "YOU'VE BEEN APPOINTED TO MY SUPREME COURT OF LOVE, BABY!"
Down for -
WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL : -

ORK: UP TO FINISH: "YOU'VE BEEN APPOINTED TO MY SUPREME COURT OF LOVE, BABY"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR *

WIL: THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE LOUIS-FARR FIGHT - and, BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, WISTFUL VISTA IS ALSO THE SCENE OF AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH. THE PICCADILLY PANTHER Vs. THE HARLEM HAMMER. FIBBER, WITH HIS USUAL SELF-ASSURANCE, THINKS HE CAN PICK UP A LITTLE POCKET MONEY BY REPORTING THE FIGHT FOR THE GAZETTE. AND HERE, ABOUT TO APPROACH THE SPORTS EDITOR ABOUT IT, WE FIND -

- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: All I got to say, McGee, is you've got a lot of nerve trying to get another job on this newspaper.

FIB: Oh, but this job'll just be temporary.

MOL: You never had one that wasn't.

FIB: I mean, I gotta chance to make a name for myself on this thing.

MOL: You made a name for yourself on that last job here; - and did I ever blush when I heard it.

FIB: You don't understand, Molly. Wistful Vista don't get a sport event likethis every day. And they ain't anybody in town that understands fight angles like me. Did you read them other three sport writers this morning? They all panned the Louis-Farr fight, which was a unlucky thing to do.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, for three of 'em to light on one match is...AHM. Quiet Molly. Here's the sports department. I'll ask the girl at the desk. HI THERE SIS, I'M FIBBER...oh, it's Mrs. Wearybottom. Hiyah WEARY!

WEARY: Oh, hello, folks, my goodness I'm glad to see you though I don't know why I should ever be glad to see anybody on this job you have no idea how we're bothered by experts on everything it's a relief to see somebody who doesn't know anything about anything.

FIB: Ahh...there's what you're wrong, Weary. I gotta angle on this fight tonight that'll make your sports editor cry in his beard.

WEARY: He hasn't got a beard I'm sorry to say. I wish he did have he'd look a lot more interesting, as it is his face is an open book he opened it the day he was born and hasn't closed it since what did you want to see him about?

FIB: Well, Weary, I gotta interesting slant on this fight tonight.

WEARY: Just a minute, I'll call him.

(CLICK CLICK) Hello, Mr. BYLINE, THIS IS YOUR SECRETARY REMEMBER? THERE'S A MR MCGEE OUT HERE WHO SAYS HE'S GOT A... WHAT?? WELL, WHAT IF HE IS A PEST HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE AND IF YOU DON'T TALK TO HIM I'LL TELL YOUR WIFE WHAT LAST NIGHT'S CONFERENCE WAS REALLY----ALL RIGHT...YOU MAY GO IN FOLKS. (CLICK)

FIB: Thanks, Weary. You've done your paper a great favor, today.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) By the way, McGee...what IS this new angle you've got on the fight?

FIB: Don't ask me, now, Molly. I'm still workin' on it. AHM. HIYAH BUD ARE YOU MR BYLINE THE SPORTS EDITOR?

MAN: Yes I am and if you've come in here to tell me you got a human interest angle on this rosin rhumba tonite, you can go peddle your razor blades on some other corner.

MOL: Me husband is quite an expert on prize fighting Mr. Byline. Tell him, dearie.

FIB: Shucks, Byline, I'm a old hand at sport reportin'. Golf, swimmin', baseball, football - hoss racin' -

MOL: Horse racing isn't a sport. It's voluntary bankruptcy.

FIB: Why in 1913, bud, I covered the Flea Jumping matches at Wichita.

BYL: No paper would want that stuff.

FIB: I didn't cover 'em for a paper. I covered 'em for three airdales goin' past. NOW ON THIS PRIZE FIGHT TONIGHT, BYLINE, I THINK -

DOOR LATCH: Excuse me chief, about those action pictures of the State Chess Championship.

BYL: WELL...DID YOU GET 'EM?

MAN: NO SIR. THE PLAYERS HAVEN'T MOVED FOR FOUR DAYS. WE'LL KEEP TRYIN'.

DOOR SLAM.

BYL: ALL RIGHT MCGEE. DON'T WASTE MY TIME. DON'T FORGET YOU WERE A FLOP IN OUR CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOUR A SPORT REPORTER?

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Byline, don't you remember the famous snapshot McGee took of Jack Dempsey looking out a porthole of the Queen Mary? Remember the title: A SQUARE PUG IN A ROUND HOLE?

FIB: Thanks, Molly. I'd ...er I'd forgotten about that. Shucks, Byline, what can you lose? Gimme a chance to show what I can do. You know sports - now be one!

BYL: All right, McGee. Listen. The Wistful Vista Gazette cooking school is in session in the next room there. There's a microphone in there, too. Go on in and let me hear you cover the proceedings.

FIB: Okay, Byline. Come on, Molly. Would you rather go in and watch me or stay out here and hear me?

MOL: Is there a third choice of any kind?

FIB: AHM. Come on.

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: And now, ladies we proceed with our spongecake...

FIB: Go right ahead, sis...you won't bother me. Where's the mike?
Oh yes. ALL RIGHT FOLKS...HERE WE ARE AT THE STOVESIDE IN THE FINAL ROUNDS OF THIS TREMENDOUS BOUT...KID COOK vs. JOE SPONGECAKE...THERE'S A FINE CROWD OUT HERE AND EVERYBODY IS ON EVERYBODY'S TOES...LISTEN...CAN YOU HEAR THE BANDPLAYING ON THE FIELD? BECAUSE IF YOU CAN YOU'RE LISTENING TO SOME OTHER BROADCAST...AND THERE'S THE BELL.

GONG:

FIB: KID COOK COMES WEAVING OUT OF HER CORNER WITH THAT PEGULAR SHUFFLE ALL THE FANS KNOW...HER PAN IS WELL GREASED.

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: HER FRYING PAN...NO IT'S A CAKE TIN. SHE'S BOBBING AND WEAVING...NOW SHE LEADS WITH A LIGHTNING LEFT TO THE REFRIGERATOR...ONE EGG! TWO EGGS! ... A SHORT LEFT TO THE SHORTENING...OH WHAT A SIGHT FOLKS...WHAT GRACE...WHAT RHYTHM...WHAT'S SHE DOING...OH YES...SHE WHIPS OVER A FAST SPOON TO THE BATTER, LEFT RIGHT...LEFT RIGHT...THEY'RE MIXING IT UP...SLUGGING IT OUT, SPOON TO BOWL...

SOUND: SPOON BEATING IN BOWL.

FIB: NOW BOTH EGGS ARE MIXING IN...WHAT A STIRRING SPECTACLE THIS IS FOLKS...CRACK...CRACK...BOTH EGGS SEEM FAIRLY FRESH AS THEY COME TOGETHER...AHH WHAT A NIGHT FOR THIS BOUT...A SLIGHT BREEZE HAS COME UP...OH it's you Molly, Don't breathe down my neck.

MOL: Excuse me.

FIB: DON'T MENTION IT...ALL RIGHT FOLKS...NOW KID COOK IS SHOWING A FLASH OF HER OLD SELF...LOOK AT THAT! SHE CROSSES WITH THE SALT AND FOLLOWS UP WITH A LIGHT PEPPER TO THE...SHE SMEARS SPONGECAKES PAN WITH A SWIFT BUTTER...SHE'S POURING IT OUT! THE STOVE IS GETTING HOTTER AND HOTTER AND SHE POPS HIM IN THE OVEN! LISTEN TO THAT GROWS CHEER!

(PAUSE)

FIB: AHM. THE CROWD IS HUSHED AND EXPECTANT...ALL EYES ARE ON JOE SPONGECAKE...HE'S GETTING BROWN AROUND THE EDGES...HE'S ABOUT DONE...HE MAKES A BRAVE EFFORT TO RISE...HE'S GETTING UP!... NO HE'S DOWN AGAIN...HE'S UP...KID COOK BORES IN WITH A BROOM STRAW AND SPONGECAKE IS -- IS -- YES -- HE'S DONE!

GONG:

MOL: (CHEERS)

FIB: FOLKS...YOU HAVE JUST HEARD A PAN BY PAN DESCRIPTION OF THE GAZETTE COOKING SCHOOL. RESULT. JOE SPONGECAKE LOST THE DECISION IN THE THIRD LAYER...IT WAS A KNOCKOUT! TOMORROW WE SHALL GIVE YOU A MATCH BETWEEN KID GARLIC AND SOCKO ONION..

MOL: IT'LL BE A BREATHTAKING EVENT.

FIB: BETWEEN TWO STRONG CONTENDERS. WE NOW TURN YOU BACK TO THE STUDIO WHERE THRU THE COURTESY OF JOHNSON'S WAX YOU WILL HEAR TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING "WHEN YOU WERE A QUINTUPLET AND I WAS A TWIN, IT'S FIVE TO TWO I LOVE YOU."

MOL: Better known as "....."

FIB: TAKE IT, TED!

CRK: (SELECTION)

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hurry up - Molly - I gotta interview the Piccadilly Panther.

MOL: Well, McGee...I'm surprised he ever decided to give you a trial as a sport reporter.

FIB: Shucks he had to when he heard my stuff - Ye know - I gotta HUNCH who's gonna win tonight. I hope it's good.

MOL: Do you think the Englishman can beat the Harlem boy?

FIB: Well-1-1-1-1-1 I dunno, Molly. They say the Harlem Hammer has never been up against a good right hand to the chin. But the Britisher trains on tea they say. So I figger it's either curtains for one or tea for two. One 'ide there bud. We're - Oh HIYAH NICK!

MOL: Heavenly days...NICK DEPOPOLIS

NICK: Hello Kewpie... Allo Fizzer. Are you having some wrinkle side seats for the boxing fight tonights?

MOL: Oh yes, Mr. Depopolis. McGee is going to write it up for the Gazeete.

FIB: You betcha Nick. I'm on my way now to interview this Piccadilly Panther.

NICK: I am just coming from same things, Squeegee. I am making bets for large bonches of Greeks people.

MOL: You mean you are arranging wagers on the match, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: Sure. Kewpie...you are grobbing on quick.

FIB: How do they shape up in your estimation, Nick? Where's the smart money?

NICK: Smart money is staying home, I'm thinking. Dumb money is being bet for winning on fights. If I am not being so stupid, I am not having something to do with betting money. But if I am being smart people and not making a bets, then I am not having some fun. It is quite a predocument.

FIB: You gonna be there Nick?

NICK: No, Fizzer. I am listening with my radio. When I am going fights at a wrinkleside seat I am for getting so excited I am almost impossible to deal with. You grob me?

FIB: I grab you.

NICK: Sure. So do six policemen, every times.

FIB: So long, Nick...here we are, Molly. HEADQUARTERS OF PICCADILLY. PANTHER. Hi there bud. I'm from the Gazetts. Come to interview the Panther.

HUSKY VOICE: WOT ABAHT, Guv'nor?

FIB: I want to see his face. I'm a feature writer. (LAUGHS)
Get it Molly? I says --

MOL: Taint funny. McGee.

FIB: Ahem -- how about, bud?

MAN: All right...but myke it snappy, guv'nor. E's 'ad a 'ard dye

FIB: Okay, bud. Right in here? Come on, Molly...

DOOR SLAM VOICES UP

MOL: Heavenly days...the cigar smoke is so thick I can't see anything.

FIB: It's gotta be like that, Molly. for training. You can't let a fighter train out in the fresh air and then expect him to come in a packed stadium full o' wet overcoats and cigar butts and expect him to.HEY THERE HE IS. HEY PANTHER. I'M FIBBER MCGEE FROM THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTA. How about a interview?

LIMEY: Ow, I say.. a bloom'n' journalist, what? Frightfully pipped at meeting you, old thing.

FIB: Thanks, Panther. Panther, this is my wife, Molly.

MOL: How do you do, IM sure.

LIMEY: Jolly good of you to pop in, you know. Always glad to have a bit of chin-chin with the press, and all that.

MOL: Tell me, Mr. Panther. why do you have to wear that football helmet?

FIB: That ain't a football helmet, Molly. That's a protective head-gear to wear durin' practice. Kind of a poke bonnet. Ye might say. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? Sock derby? Poke bonnet?

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Whaddya want - a knockout before the fight?

FIB: AHEM. Tell me, Panther, what do you think you're chances are against the Harlem Hammer?

LIMEY: Oh, I rawthaw fancy I shall humbel the blightah. Thought it must seem a bit unsporting you know, to make such a bally egotistical prognostication.

MOL: Oh not a bit. Are you going to do some boxing for us, Mr. Panther?

FIB: Go on, Panth, old boy. Let's see you in action.

LIMEY: Righto, old fellow. I shall show you a spot of fisticuffs to make you sit erect and observe, as you newspapers chaps say

FIB: Oh, do we say that?

LIMEY: I SAY FELLOWS A BIT OF BOXING, WHAT?

VOICES UP OH RAW THAW! Etc --

SOUND: GONG SCUFFLING

FIB: Ahhhhh nice form!

MOL: I don't think so. His shoulders are too big for his hips.

FIB: No, I mean he's got nice action. Though I always did think that leadin' with the right was a mistake. See how he covers up his stomach Molly?

MOL: Probably bashful...with just them little pants on.

FIB: I mean he's protected against bein' caught by a hook.

MOL: Well then, why don't he wear zippers? Then he couldn't get caught with.

FIB: No. no. a HOOK. That's kind of a curved jab. HEY LOOK AT THE PANTHER... THAT GUYS PRETTY GOOD.

SOUND: SHUFFLING AND SMACK OF LEATHER. (TINKLE OF SMALL BELL. SOUNDS OUT)

MOL: What are they stopping for? Was that the bell?

FIB: I dunno. S'MATTER PANTH? THAT WASN'T THE GONG WAS IT?

LIMEY: (FADE IN) Not a bit of it, old tomato, old boy.

FIB: Well what was it, old rhubarb?

LIMEY: THE TEA-BELL.

LIMEY: Of course, would you care for a spot of tea and a crumpet?

MOL: Haven't you got any coffee, and donuts?

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Thanks no, Panthy. I gotta run over to the other camp and interview the Harlem Handgrenade. Thanks anyway.

MOL: And remember Mr. Panther, if you ever train in Wistful Vista again, you'll be perfectly welcome..both you and your trainer, to run past our house any time.

LIMEY: I say, that frightfully decent of you old girl. really. Well, toodle-ooo.

FIB: Pip pip, Panthy.

MOL: By by, Big Boy.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Whaddye mean, by by, big boy? You shouldn't ought to talk like that, Molly. Shucks, ten minutes in a boxer's trainin' camp and you start talkin' like a OH THERE'S PERRY COMO. HIYAH PERRY.

MOL: Oh hello Parry.

COMO: Hello Molly. Hello Fibber.

ORK: "WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MCGEE, BUT OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTE

--Como.

APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Now to interview the Harlem Hammer.
MOL: McGee what do you know about this Harlem Handgrenade. Who is he?
FIB: Search me. I think they been keepin' him under cover. They say he's a local boy, too. HY THERE BUD...YOU IN CHARGE OF THE HARLEM BOY'S TRAINING CAMP?
FORBES: AND IF I AM...SO WHAT?
MOL: Well, me husband is a newspaperman.
FIB: Wistful Vista Gazette, bud, Sports writer. AHEM.
FORBES: A REPORTER OR A JOINALIST?
MOL: Reporter or journalist? What's the difference?
FORBES: A joinalist keeps his pants pressed. I guess youse are a reporter. What'd'ye want, Doc?
FIB: I gotta interview the Harlem Handgranade, bud. You his manager?
FORBES: Yeah. Where's yer press card?
FIB: Never carry one, bud. Only cub reporters carry press cards. I used to be a cub on the City Hall beat, but I'm a bear at this fight stuff. What's your name again?
FORBES: MUGGSY.
MOL: What's your last name?
FORBES: What town is dis again?
FIB: Wistful Vista.
FORBES: Oh yes. Me last name here is WOLFF. HEY..SPIKE..WHAT'S ME NAME IN DIS TOWN? WOLFF, AIN'T IT?
(WIL: OFF MIKE) NAW. You was Wolff in Denver. HERE YOU'RE O'BRIEN.

FORBES: Dats it. O'BRIEN.

FIB: You gotta different name in every town, bud?

FORBES: SURE. YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT?

MOL: Oh of course not. But how do people ever keep track of you?

FORBES: LADY, I T'ink you got somethin' dere.

FIB: AHEM. Well tell me, Wolff...er...O'BRIEN.

FORBES: Just call me, Muggsy, Pal.

FIB: Okay, Muggsy. Listen. How do you think this fight tonight is gonna terminate?

FORBES: Whaddye mean to terminate? we're goin' right ahead wit de fight.

MOL: He means how is it going to end? Who's going to win?

FORBES: HA HA! HEY SPIKE, DIS GUY WANTS TO KNOW WHO'S GONNA WIN.

WIL: (OFF MIKE) Don't bodder me with wise cracks, Muggsy. I'm busy.

MOL: What's he busy at?

FORBES: Poetry. Spike is always writin' poetry. He 't'inkes he's a jullus.

FIB: You mean GENIUS, bud.

MOL: I'd like to hear his poetry -

FORBEST: HEY SPIKE. DESE PEOPLE WANTS TO HEAR SOME POETRY.

SPIKE: Sure. (FADE IN) LISSEN TO DIS ONE.

ROSES IS RED
VIOLETS ALSO ARE EVEN MORE
USE JOHNSONS WAX
ITS DE BEST TING FOR YOUR FLOOR.

FIB: That's good, bud, but it doesn't scan.

SPIKE: OH YES..IN DE LARGE SIZE SCAN YOUSE SAVE UP TO ONE THOID.

FIB: HARPO! NOW I KNOW YOU.

MOL: Heavenly days...Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Aw...I can't hide anywhere any more. I don't have any private life.

FORBES: Okay Doc. You can talk to our boy. But not too much, see, he's gotta rest up for th' fight, see? Go on in.

MOL: Oh, thank you, Mr. O'Brien.

FORBES: JONES, lady. ...no...dat was in Scranton. O'BRIEN is right.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. SNORES.

FIB: Shhhh. There's the Harlem Hammer - Molly. Takin' a nap.

MOL: My he looks awful skinny for a fighter. Look at his ribs.

SNORES:

FIB: Hmm. Must be all bone and muscle. Though I can't see much muscle. Wish he'd roll over so I could see his face.

SNORES: (LOUD)

FIB: I better wake him up before he scares himself to death. HEY THERE HARLEM!

SNORES: LOUDER

FIB: I know. Hand me that gong.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: CLANG! THUD...

SIL: YAWN - Lemme at dat ole Piccalilli Painter!! ..lemme at him.. wheah at.....

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...IT'S SILLY WATSON!

FIB: HEY SIL ...ARE YOU the Harlem Hammer?

SIL: Hiyah boss...biyah ma'am. Yassuh. Dat's me.
 FIB: Well fer...I'll be a.....and to think...shucks, Sil. I didn't know you was a boxer.
 SIL: Yassuh. Me either suh. But w'em Mist' O'Brien come along and say, BOY is you a fightah? I says nossuh. Uh uh. Not me an' he say, boy, fo' fifty bucks, is you a fightah? and ah say YASSUH, HOW YOU FIN' THAT OUT?
 MOL: You mean you're going to fight that Piccadilly Panther for fifty dollars tonight?
 SIL: Yas'm. Fo' fifty bucks, ah does a David an' Goliath wif me on de sho't end.
 FIB: I got it, Molly. This O'BRIEN picks up a palooka like Sil here, gives him a fancy name, matches him with a good fighter and bets on the other guy! Sil, they're makin' a chump of you
 SIL: Yassuh..But ah gits me fifty bucks.
 MOL: But Silly...you'll get all beat up!
 SIL: Yas'm. Ah reckon so. But fo' fifty doll-
 FIB: Listen, Sil. What do you know about boxing?
 SIL: Jus wha' Mist' O'Brien is tellin' me, please suh. He say keep y hands down, Sil, and stick out yo' chin. That gonna sca'r lil ole Piccalilli. Now when I feint, you cover up.
 FIB: SAY I GOTTA IDEA! LISTEN SIL. YOU CAN WIN THIS FIGHT.
 SIL: Do ah still git me mah fifty dollah iffen ah do?
 MOL: Oh sure, Silly.
 SIL: Yas'm.

FIB: Listen Sil. Get this now. I seen this Englishman work, see? and when ever anybody rings a tea bell, he stops like a shot to have a cup o' tea and drops his guard.
 SIL: He gotta guard?
 MOL: He drops his hands down, sil.
 SIL: Oh. Yas'm.
 FIB: Now then...LOOK. I'LL BE CLOSE TO THE RINGSIDE IN THE PRESS BOX, SEE? WHEN IT GETS GOIN' GOOD, I'LL RING A LITTLE TEA BELL. THE BRITISHER STOPS, LOOKS AROUND AND THEN....WHAM! YOU SOCK HIM!
 MOL: McGee...Isn't that a little....er...well, is that fair?
 FIB: Is it fair to put a green guy like Sil in the ring with a professional?
 SIL: Ah ain' green, Mist' McGee.
 FIB: Don't worry. You will be. AHM. Now then...got the idea, Sil? CLING! HE STOPS. YOU BOP HIM. SIMPLE AIN'T IT?
 SIL: Sho seem lak a good idea, please suh. ah sho appreciate it.
 FIB: That's okay Sil. If I wasn't such a master o' ring psycholgy I never woulda thought of it. Now you get some rest and don't worry about it.
 SIL: Yassuh-- Ah won't. So long, ma'am. So long, suh.
 MOL: Good luck, Silly.
 FIB: Same here, Sil.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) The Harlem Hammer - (LAUGHS) Shucks, this match is in the bag for Sil. Oh wait a minute..I wanta tell him one thing more.

DOOR LATCH: SNORES...DOOR SLAM.

FIB: AHM. I was gonna tell him to not think about it too much. But I guess it ain't necessary.

ORK: "TANNER NUMBER" - "WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO SCREAM, IT PROBABLY WON'T BE NECESSARY" -- TANNER.

APPLAUSE:4TH SPOTSOUNDS: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG.

MOL: Heavenly days...what a mob of people! Like a bunch of sheep.

FIB: Yes, and in fifteen minutes them sheep'll be wolves hollerin' for somebody to knock somebody else's block off. They're all pugs by proxy.

MOL: Do you think Silly can beat him, McGee?

FIB: With my system? (LAUGHS) Shucks, he can't fail. But listen. WIN OR LOSE...THE PAPER HAS GOTTA BE INFORMED, SEE? WHEN SIL KNOCKS HIM OUT...IF HE DOES...I'LL STAY AND GET THE WINNERS STATEMENT AND YOU RUN UP AND PHONE THE GAZETTE.

MOL: Well you better hurry, McGee...it's almost time for the main bout.

FIB: Okay...scuse me brother...sorry can I get thru here...GIMME TWO TICKETS NEAR THE PRESS BOX BUD. (PAUSE) HEY...WHERE'S THE TICKET MAN?

TEE: He'll be back in a minute, I betcha.

FIB: Oh hiyah little girl. What you doin' in there?

TEE: Waiting for my pappa I betcha.

FIB: Ye are, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says...ch...say listen, sis. I'm from the Gazette.

TEE: All right.

FIB: I forgot to get passes...so gimme a couple o' press tickets and the paper will pay ye tomorrow.

TEE: How much?

FIB: How much are they worth?

TEE: Gee, I dunno, I betcha.

FIB: Oh for the...SAY I'M IN A HURRY...THE FIGHT'S ABOUT READY TO START.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, SIS...HEY DIDN'T YOUR OLD M...YOUR FATHER STICK AROUND. WHERE'D HE GO?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: (GROANS) IS EVERYBODY AROUND HERE DEAF OR DOPEY? HOW'M I GONNA GET IN THIS PLACE ANYWAY.

TEE: I betcha I know how I'd get in I betcha if I were you.

FIB: How sis...how?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Well gee, I betcha I'd go right thru that other door over there, I betcha.

FIB: What's that door used for?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says...DAD RAT IT SIS...WHAT...ER...WHERE DOES THAT DOOR GO?

TEE: Oh it don't go anyplace. It's always there.

FIB: BUT WHAT'S IT FOR...WHO...I MEAN...WHO USES IT?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS...OH FER THE...PLEASE, SIS, CAN'T YOU SEE I....

TEE: So if I was you I betcha I'd sneak in that door. It's only for reporters but you can pretend....

FIB: ONLY FOR REPOR...WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU SA....COME ON MOLLY.... HERE'S THE PRESS ENTRANCE.

GOP: (VERY IRISH) AND WHERE DO YEZ THINK YE'RE GOIN', ME BYE?

MOL: We're from the Wistful Vista Gazette, Officer.

GOP: OH IS THAT SO. AND SUPPOSE YE LET ME SEE YER CREDDIN...YER CORDO...HAVE HE GOTTA PASS?

FIB: Listen O'TOOLE.....

GOP: ME NAME ISN'T O'TOOLE. ME NAME IS SCHULTZ.

MOL: SCHULTZ ...WITH A BROGUE LIKE THAT?

GOP: (LOWERS VOICE) SURE AND DON'T LET THE BROGUE FOOL YE, MACUSHLA. (INTD GERMAN ACCENT) I am chust waiting until I can make enough money to build up again mine delicatessen vitch is burned down to der ground by last Chune. (IRISH) WELL ALL RIGHT THEN, FOLKSGO WAN IN.

DOOR SLAM: CROWD UP

FIB: Hot dog, Molly. We're just in time. Don't forget now...Phone the editor.

MOL: All right, dearie. Oh I hope Silly won't be hurt.

FIB: Don't worry. When the Panther turns around for tea, he'll get a couple o' lumps he don't expect.

CROWD UP AND OUT

P.A. VOICE: QUIET PLEASE. QUIET EVERYBODY. WE ARE ABOUT TO PRESENT THE MAIN ATTRACTION IN THIS EVENING BOUTS. IN THIS CORNER...THE BRITISH BEHEMOTH - THE PICCADILLY PANTHER.

CHEERS:

FIB: Too bad he likes green tea. He's gonna git it black tonight.

P.A. VOICE: AND IN THIS CORNER...A LOCAL BOY...THE HARLEM HAMMER.

CHEERSGONG:

P.A. VOICE: NOW THE TWO FIGHTERS ARE MEETING IN THE CENTER OF THE RING FOR INSTRUCTIONS...THE ENGLISHMAN SEEMS CONFIDENT AND CALM...THE HARLEM BOY LOOKS VERY SLEEPY...BUT DON'T LET THAT FOOL YOU FOLKS....

MOL: No, because he IS sleepy..

P.A. NOW THEY'VE GONE BACK TO THEIR CORNERS TO WAIT FOR THE BELL....

GONG:

PA. AND THERE IT IS...THE ENGLISHMAN COMES GRACEFULLY OUT OF HIS CORNER. THE HANDGRENADE LIKewise...THEY CIRCLE EACH OTHER CAUTIOUSLY...NOW THE PANTHER LEADS WITH HIS LEFT...IT TAKES THE OTHER BOY HIGH IN THE HEAD...THE LOCAL BOY SEEMS TO BE WAITING.

FIB: (LAUGHS)

CROWD UP

P.A.VOICE: THE CROWD IS QUIET - ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN NOW....

SOUND: SPAT AND SLAP OF GLOVES CROWD UP AND DOWN:

P.A.VOICE: THE HARLEM BOY HAS A VERY PECULIAR STYLE...HE SHUFFLES ABOUT WITH HIS HANDS DOWN AND HIS CHIN UP...A PERFECT TARGET...TOO PERFECT...THE BRITISHER IS CAUTIOUS....

FIB: Well, the Panther's ignorance is Silly's Bliss.

MOL: Hush, McGee...I'm nervous.

P.A.VOICE: NOW THEY'RE CLOSING IN...THE ENGLISHMAN SLAMS A WICKED LEFT TO THE HARLEM BOY'S MIDRIF...HE STAGGERS...HE STILL SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR SOMETHING...

FIB: AND HERE IT IS!

SOUND: TINKLE

LIMEY: Oh I say....TEA? (OFFMIKE)

MOL: HIT HIM SILLY!

SIL: (OFF MIKE) YAS'M.

SOUND: SWISH AND TERRIFIC THUD....DROWD UP LOUD...BEHIND ANNOUNCER

CROWD UP BEHIND MOLLY

MOL: One side please... let me thru, please...I've got to telephone ...hurry...one side please...oh dear, oh dear...I'm so excited ...(CLICK) (CLICK)

CROWD DOWN

MOL: HELLO...HELLO WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE? MOLLY MCGEE CALLIN' FOR FIBBER MCGEE...YES...SILLY WATS...ER...THE HARLEM HAMMER KNOCKED THE PICCADILLY PANTHER OUT IN THE FIRST ROUND. YES YESYES. SENT HIM CLEAR OUT OF THE RING...AND KNOCKED A SPECTATOR UNCONSCIOUS....WHAT?? THE NAME OF THE SPECTATOR? YES.... I HAVE IT. FIBBER MCGEE. 79 WISTFUL VISTA. (CLICK)

CROWD UP INTO

ORK: FINAL NUMBER: "YOU MAY THINK YOU'RE A KNOCKOUT, BUT YOU'RE JUST A LEFT HOOKER TO ME."

DOWN FOR:

WIL: COMMERCIAL

TAG GAG

MOL: How do ye feel now, dearie...did it hurt ye to be knocked out?

FIB: Who me? (WEAKLY) Shucks, no...I can take it. Why I used to be the premier pug in Peoria when I was a boy. MITT MASTER MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh DEAR.

FIB: MITT MASTER MCGEE, THE MIGHTY MAGNETIC MAULER OF THE
MIDDLEWEIGHTS, MERRILY MOVIN' MAGNIFICENT MUSCLES, MAKIN'
MONKEYS OF MEAN MUGGS, MASTER OF MODERN METHODS AND MAKIN'
MINCEMEAT OF MEDIOCRE MASTADONS FROM MANITOBA TO MIAMI!

Good night.

MOL: Good night, all!

MUSIC UP

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF. MUSICAL TAG

mk/ja/ea/mr/na/ 10:15
8/30/37

S. J. JOHNSON & SON, INC. - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - AUGUST 30, 1937 - MONDAY

8:00-8:30 PM - WMAQ-RED -

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

Just to show you how easy it is to have your floors shine with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, I'd like to give you an illustration. Suppose you are expecting guests for lunch and you notice that the linoleum rug in your dining room or sun porch looks dull and lifeless. You send your child to the nearest dealer to get a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You apply this easy-to-use liquid to the linoleum and spread it lightly over the surface. No bearing down or rubbing in. Just see that the surface is covered. Then take 20 minutes off to complete last minute arrangements. When you look in the dining room you'll find your floor so bright and gleaming, your friends will be bound to admire it. This transformation has taken place in a few minutes time, and you've had no work of rubbing or buffing. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("MCGEE THEME")

SECOND COMMERCIAL

There are still a few women left who go on scrubbing their kitchen linoleum week after week! And what is the result? The linoleum gradually loses its life and color. After while it cracks around the edges and gets bumpy in spots, until it finally has to be replaced with a new floor covering. Wise housekeepers never scrub linoleum. They keep it beautiful and bright with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This remarkable liquid polish shines without rubbing or buffing - keeps floors looking like new -- protected from dirt and wear. If you want to save yourself the drudgery of floor scrubbing -- and at the same time save your linoleum from becoming shabby and worn, buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, and remember you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

AUTO WAX COMMERCIAL

And now just a word about your car. The best looking automobiles on the road are kept beautiful with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER. You can protect your car from the injurious rays of the sun -- from rain, sleet and road film -- so don't delay another day -- wax your car the JOHNSON WAY!

ORCH: ("MOGEE THEME" -- FADE OUT)

NBC

Page 4

SIGN OFF

This is Harlow Wilcox thanking you for your purchases and use of Johnson's Wax polishes. Your continued loyalty to these products makes it possible for us to bring you Fibber McGee and Molly every Monday evening. Good night.

ANNR: (MUSIC CREDITS) Fibber McGee & Molly have come to you over the National Broadcasting Company.

(Chimes)

mr:3:15 PM
8-30-37

ADVERTISER S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER Don Quinn

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY*

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(8:00-8:30 PM)

WMAQ

(Sept. 6, 1937)

(Monday)

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

4265.06

11:00-11:30 Rebroadcast

Not Correct

*Stude
Tham
Peary
Rand*