

# NBC

ADVERTISER      JOHNSON WAX      WRITER      DON QUINN  
PROGRAM TITLE      "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"      OK  
CHICAGO      WMAQ      SEPTEMBER 13, 1957      MONDAY  
(      8:30 PM      )  
TIME      11:00 - 11:30 PM      RED      DATE      DAY

PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS

4292.38

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 he show with  
            "STOP - YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART!"  
ORK:      "STOP, YOURE BREAKING MY HEART" Down for -  
WIL:      COMMERCIAL: #1

COMMERCIAL:

You may have tried various polishes on your linoleum with disappointing results. Well, we're sure you won't be disappointed when you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the liquid no-rubbing polish that really lives up to its promises. Many women take the trouble to write us that they started using GLO-COAT five or six years ago when their linoleum was new. They tell us that GLO-COAT has protected it so beautifully from the daily wear of scuffing feet -- from dirt and stains -- that today, after years of service, their linoleum still shines as brightly as it did when it was first put down. If you have a linoleum rug in your dining room -- or if there's linoleum on your sun parlor or kitchen floor, protect it now with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, so it will stay beautiful always! Look for the attractive yellow can, and remember it's very economical to buy the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

(MCGEE THEME) (FADE OUT)

WIL: AUTUMN OPENS A NEW THEATRICAL SEASON IN WISTFUL VISTA. AND THE LITERARY, DRAMA & PINOCCHLE CLUB HAS HEARKENED TO THE PLAINTIVE CALL OF THE BOX OFFICE. SO FIBBER, MODESTLY COMING FORWARD AGAIN AS AUTHOR, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER AND ACTOR HAS OFFERED TO WRITE ANOTHER OF HIS DEATHLESS DRAMAS. AND HERE IN THE DINING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, DARNING SOCKS AND WRITING, WE FIND RESPECTIVELY FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME

MOL: McGee...look at these socks. How on earth do you wear 'em out so fast?

FIB: Never mind the socks, Molly. Theatrical history is bein' wrote here - while you sit and darn.

MOL: While I sit and darn! Wait till you hear the critics.

FIB: Lay off. I'm up against a problem. I'm torn between writin' a play about the class war, or doin' a Shakespearian play.

MOL: Shakespeare's been on the radio for months.

FIB: Not like I'd do it. Listen, now, in my idea for a play about the revolution. There's a Russian soda jerker named Chocolatemaltaki who gets shot in the last act.

MOL: He gets shot where?

FIB: In the last ac...er...in the final scene. As the orchestra busts into stirring strains of HAND ME DOWN MY WALKIN' CANE. Ye see, Molly, a walkin' cane is a symbol of the upper classes.

MOL: Heavenly says...what a lang run!

FIB: RUN! Why this play oughtta run for three years.  
 MOL: I mean in this sock. Besides...I like your other idea better.  
 FIB: I ain't explained that to ye yet.  
 MOL: I still like it better. LOOK at the toe of this sock, McGee!  
 FIB: Don't bother me with socks, Molly. I gotta work. Let's see now...did Julius Caesar know Helen of Troy?  
 MOL: Why not?  
 FIB: That's what I say...why not? Well, I'll make them my two principal characters. (LAUGHS) Hey, Molly...remember before we were married when I got a couple o' freetickets to THE BLACK CROOK and you refused to go on account of the girl in the play wore tights? (LAUGHS)  
 MOL: Oh, McGee.  
 FIB: You didn't go to a real play with me till after we were married three years.  
 MOL: That's because you didn't get any more free tickets.  
 FIB: AHEM. Well...I...er...hay I got an idea. Why not make Julius Caesar a hunter? I could call the play DEER SLAYER, or, THE MERCHANT OF VENISON. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly?  
 The Merchant of Veniso-  
 MOL: Taint funny, McGee.  
 FIB: Oh well, I guess Caesar wasn't much for stage anyway. Let's see now...I gotta put in Hamlet, the Melondane collic

MOL: You mean the melancholy Dane.  
 FIB: I knew it was some kind of a dog. And then there's Marc Antony and Brutal.  
 MOL: Brutus.  
 FIB: Who's writin' this? I'm gonna have Mark and Julius run a chariot race to see which of 'em don't marry Helen of Troy.  
 MOL: Which of 'em DONT marry her?  
 FIB: Sure. Neither of 'em likes her, see? That's where I get emotional conflict. Julius'll win the race and lose the gal.  
 MOL: Goodness, they aren't mates.  
 FIB: Naturally not. Otherwise she'd love him.  
 MOL: I mean these socks.  
 FIB: Oh. AHEM. Ye see, at the end of the second act -  
TELEPHONE:  
 FIB: If that's Jed Harris or the Schuberts, tell 'em they can't see my play till it's finished.  
 MOL: They couldn't see it if it was finished. (CLICK) Hello. 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin'. OH YES MRS. UPPINGTON. No...we're not busy. I'm writing socks, and McGee is knitting a pla-...er ...  
 FIB: Writing a sock play, tell her.  
 MOL: Yes? MRS. UPPINGTON...I'LL LET YOU TALK TO MCGEE. McGee.  
 FIB: What does she want?  
 MOL: Ask her.

MOL: You mean the melancholy Dane.  
 FIB: I knew it was some kind of a dog. And then there's Marc Antony and Brutal.  
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 MOL: They couldn't see it if it was finished. (CLICK) Hello. 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin'. OH YES MRS. UPPINGTON. No...we're not busy. I'm writing socks, and McGee is knitting a pla...er ...  
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 MOL: Yes? MRS. UPPINGTON...I'LL LET YOU TALK TO MCGEE. McGee.  
 FIB: What does she want?  
 MOL: Ask her.

FIB: WHADDYE WANT? I mean...er...excuse me, Uppy, I was...er...  
 EH? Oh the play. Yes I'm working on it, Uppy, Julius Caesar and Helen of Troy. Eh? Wel-l-l no, Mrs. Uppington, I'm afraid you ain't exactly the type to play Helen. You got too much ...er...too many...er...well, Helen was a skinny little runt, Uppy. Yes, I know you're the president of the club, but -  
 MOL: Tell her she can be a chariot horse.  
 FIB: You can be a char...er...What I mean to say Uppy, is that I was figgerin' on you as a Roman matron. No not in the jail...just a kind of a sowager type.  
 MOL: DOWAGER, iggernuts, Not SOWAGER.  
 FIB: What say Uppy? OH DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, UPPY. YOU GOT ONE OF THE FATTEST PARTS ...HELLO...HELLO. (CLICK)  
 Shucks, I was just gonna tell her she has a part that'll stand out.  
 MOL: She hung up just in time, then.  
 FIB: Now then...if Marc Antony and Julius Caesar -  
 MOL: I'm afraid you've ruined those heels, McGee.  
 FIB: Caesar wasn't a hee...oh you mean the socks. Quit botherin' me with them trivial things, Molly. I gotta -  
 5 KNOCK AT DOOR.  
 FIB: That's probably my stage carpenter wantin' to know if chariots had rumble seats. COME IN!  
DOOR LATCH:

TED: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly.  
MOL: Oh Ted Weems.  
FIB: Got the music all arranged for the play, Ted? I want this music good, on account of this may be my last play.  
TED: Then how about GOODBYE JONAH?  
FIB: Anything personal in that, Ted?  
TED: What do you think?  
FIB: I dunno. What do you think, Molly?  
MOL: I'm sure of it.  
TED: So am I.  
FIB: Well, if you're sure of it, go ahead. GOOD BYE JONAH!

ORK: "GOOD BYE JONAH"

APPLAUSE

COMMERCIAL:

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC) (FADE OUT ON CUE)

FIB: In here, Molly. Here's the costumers. They say this guy has got everything from putty noses to tin shirts. They say if he had to he could outfit the Abbysinian Army.

MOL: From the pictures I've seen of 'em, he probably did.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

MOL: Phew! Some of that army must have stayed behind, for another fitting.

FIB: That's the costumes, Molly. Some of 'em are genuine antiques. For instance, look at this handbag....it must be a hundred years old.

MOL: Not quite. You gave it to me for Christmas eight years ago.

FIB: Eh? Oh, is that yours? I didn't see ye lay it down.

MOL: I thought maybe I could pick up a better one.

FIB: Oh now...OH HIYAH BUD...YOU THE PROPRIETOR?

OLD M: Eh? What say?

MOL: Are you in charge here?

OLD M: Don't charge nothin', daughter. Strictly cash.

EB: We didn't ask ye to charge anything.

OLD M: Sorry, Johnny, can't do it.

MOL: But we don't WANT TO. We'll PAY cash.

OLD M: Sure...lots of it is trash. Whatch ye want?

FIB: We want some costumes for a play, old timer. Roman.

OLD M: Eh? What say?

FIB: ROMAN COSTUMES. JULIUS CAESAR.

OLD M: Right on the beezee, eh? Hurt ye much, Johnny?

MOL: Oh dear...DO YOU MIND IF WE LOOK AROUND AND PICK OUT WHAT WE NEED?

OLD M: Quit mumblin', girl. Speak up.

FIB: DO YOU MIND IF WE LOOK AROUND AND PICK OUT WHAT WE NEED?

OLD M: Don't believe so, Johnny. But you can look around and see for yourself if you like.

MOL: That's what he said.

OLD M: Eh? What say?

FIB: Oh forget it.

OLD M: Sure. Go get it. (FADE OUT) I'll be over here if you want me for anything.....

MOL: Heavenly days...I don't know where to look first amongst all this junk.

FIB: Here's some swords. Hmm. Stilletos...daggers, sabers,

CLATTER OF METAL.

FIB: AHEN. Look at this quelin' sword, Molly. I'll bet I can pink that knothole in the wall at the first lunge...ON GUARD...HAH!

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) HEY!! WHAT THE...CLATTER OF METAL

MOL: Goodness, McGee...you stabbed somebody in the next room.

FIB: I never no such a thing.

MOL: Then why did you put the sword back so quick?

FIB: Why..er..

MAN: Excuse me, is the proprietor here?

FIB: Not entirely, bud. What..what'd ye want?

MAN: I'm going to a masked ball tonite and I don't know what to wear.

MOL: Who's givin' the party?

MAN: Oh some people I'm week-ending with.

FIB: Why don't ye get some sandpaper, paint some forgetmeknots on one corner of it, and go as a guest towel?

MAN: Thanks.

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Hurry up, McGee...let's pick out our costumes.

FIB: Okay...let's see now...I'll need a helmet, a toga, a short sword, some sandals...HEY LOOK A THE SUIT OF ARMOR, Molly. I wish I'd wrote a play about King Arthur... I'd like to of wore that costume.

MOL: I think this play is clanky enough anyway. How did the old knights ever get into those suits?

FIB: I dunno. But it musta been a nuisance to have to go to a foundry to get their pants pressed. Now let's see.... where's the togas...one side there, little girl.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, we're busy. We gotta pick out some costumes.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says we gotta pick out some costumes.

TEE: Gee..you goin' to a party? Are ya...Hmmm? Are ya?

FIB: No. We're not. This is for a play we're puttin' on.

TEE: ON what?

FIB: ON THE STAGE.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says...listen sis.. you're holdin' us up.

TEE: Awww, I haven't even got a gun, I betcha.

FIB: I mean you're delayin' us. What are you doin' here anyway?

TEE: I'm lookin' for a halloween mask, I betcha.

FIB: Kinda rushin' the season, ain't ye?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says you're...well, what's all the...I mean, HALLOWEEN IS A LONG WAY OFF YET.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Well, what's your hurry to pick out a halloween mask then?

TEE: Well gee, last year all the other kids had funnier faces than I did, I betcha and I thought I'd get a head start this year.

FIB: That's a swell idea.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: But I think you might wait a little while longer.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I says..er..YOU CAN WAIT A LITTLE WHILE LONGER CAN'T YOU?

TEE: Well gee, you didn't.

FIB: I didn't what?

TEE: YOU didn't wait longer and gee, you got the funniest one I ever say, Take it off,mister and let's see it.

FIB: WHADDIE MEAN TAKE IT OFF? I AIN'T GOT A MASK ON.

TEE: Awww...(GIGGLES) You can't fool me, I betcha. (FADE OUT)

Hey mamma..(GIGGLES) I wanna mask like this man has got and ..

FIB: Well fer the...hey, Molly, do I look like a halloween mask?  
 MOL: N-n-n-noco. I don't think so.  
 FIB: Well, ye might be a little more positive about it. Hey, get a load of the Hawaiian grass skirt. HEY ..OLD TIMER... WHAT DO YE RENT THE GRASS SKIRT FOR?  
 OLD M: Eh? What say.  
 MOL: HE SAID WHAT'S THE CHARGE FOR RENTING A GRASS SKIRT?  
 OLD M: All depends, girlie. They shake for it.  
 FIB: AHEM. How about these old dueling pistols? Interestin'old antiques.--  
 MOL: Careful McGee..  
 FIB: Oh it ain't loaded, Molly..it's  
 SOUND: SHOT  
 FIB: Ooop. Sorry, old man. Hurt ye?  
 OLD M: Wanta be careful there, Johnny. Got me righ thru the leg.  
 MOL: Heavenly days...call a doctor, quick.  
 OLD M: Make it a carpenter, daughter. It's a wooden leg.  
 FIB: Sorry, bud.  
 OLD M: Eh? What say?  
 MOL: Oh dear...come on, McGee...and be more careful. Heavenly days...we've got to get busy...I didn't know a play could be such work.  
 WIL: AND MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW THAT WORK CAN BE PLAY WITH JOHNSON'S GLOGCAT...THE EASY TO USE, NO RUBBING FLOOR POLISH THAT-  
 FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. What are you doing here?  
 WIL: Hello, folksies. I just sold the proprietor a suit of armor. I got it in Hollywood. The movie people threw it out because it was top heavy.  
 FIB: A topheavy suit of armor, eh? What movie was it in, Harpo?  
 WIL: Knight Must Fall. Well, I'll be seeing you.  
 DOOR SLAM.  
 FIB: Knight must fall! If I had a million dollars he wouldnt give me a dime, and glad to get it, too!  
 MOL: Never mind him, McGee, we've got to get-  
 COMO: Oh Hello, Molly, Hello, Fibber.  
 MOL: Heavenly.days...Perry Como.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Perry. You gonna be in the play tonight?  
 COMO: Yes, I am. But I forgot what part I'm playing.  
 FIB: You're Marc Antony, Perry. In the first act you stick Brutus with your dagger as you start to sing that Old Old Feeling.  
 COMO: But I don't know if I can use my dagger and sing at the same time.  
 FIB: Well, you can make a stab at it, Perry. Try it.  
 ORK: "THAT OLD OLD OLD OLD FEELING"  
 APPLAUSE:



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ORCH: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE OUT)

VOICES UP

FIB: QUIET EVERYBODY...EVERYBODY ON STAGE. QUIET!

VOICES DOWN.

FIB: I'd like to explain the plot of this play to them that hasn't read the script. How many has read the script?

CHORUS OF 'I HAVES'

FIB: That's fine. How did ye like it? (PAUSE) See, Molly? What'd I tell ye? They're speechless. AHEM. NOW THEN FOLKS...FOR THE CASTING. I'M GONNA PLAY JULIUS CAESAR...

MAN: On the nose or across the board?

MOL: Quiet, please. This is important.

MAN: Not to me.

FIB: All right bud...just for that you ain't in this play any more. YOU'RE FIRED.

MAN: Hah hah. I wasn't in it anyway.

FIB: Then you're HIRED. 25 bucks, a performance. Ye want the job?

MAN: Why yes...thanks.

FIB: All right. NOW you're fired. AHEM. Mrs. Uppington, the President of the club...you here, Mrs. Uppington?

HAUGHTY: Indeed I am.

FIB: That's too b..er..that's fine. Splendid. Molly here is playin' Helen of Troy. You men over there will be Roman soldiers. Who did I give the part of the captain to?

NICK: Me, Fizzer. I am being Commander in Cheese of the Raddiators.

MOL: Gladiators, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: Sure, Keyple. Its is all the same thing. Hot stoff.  
FIB: I hope you boys have been drilling with your spears.  
NICK: Sure, Squeegee. We have been drilling everybody who is getting in somebody's way. There is one mon who is coming SO close to putting my eye out I am getting very angry to him.

MOL: You should be very careful with those spears, Mr. Depopolis.  
NICK: Kewpie, I think something has got you there. I am telling these Romans soldiers, listen, STUPID, I am saying, with these fine spears we are always sticking somebody thru my gizzard, I'm thinking, so I am telling all of him to put a cork on the ends of his spears.  
FIB: That's a good idea, Nick.  
NICK: No Fizzer. That was a dumb idea, To get corks, everybody is bringing a bottle with one in it, and before I can say Jack Robinsonopoulis, each one of him has got the edge off his spears and he has got an edge on himself, you grob me?  
FIB: Well, every soldier gets stuck for the drinks now and then. Now then...where's Silly Watson?  
SIL: Heah ah is, Mist McGee, please suh.  
FIB: You got all the sound effects, Sil?  
SIL: Yassuh. Ah got me the soundest effects you evah heah, suh. Lissen.  
SOUND: AUTO HORNS...POLICE WHISTLES ETC.  
MOL: Heavenly days...what's that for?  
SIL: Tha's what it call fo' in lile ole script, please suh.  
FIB: Where does it say that?  
SIL: Right heah, boss. It say. JULIUS CAESAR ENTAHS IN TRAFFIC EXCITEMENT.  
FIB: That aint TRAFFIC. That's terrific.  
SIL: Yassuh. Ah thought it was too, please suh.  
MOL: Did you get the horses, Silly..for the chariot race?

SIL: No ma'am. Not yet. But ah think ah knows wheah at ah kin loan me one.

FIB: One's enough, Sil.

MOL: How can ONE HORSE win a chariot race?

FIB: Well, TWO couldn't win, it, could they? <sup>me</sup>AHEM. It'll be a optical delusion. I can fix that. Don't fall/on that horse, now Sil.

MOL: I'm sure you can dig one up somewhere.

SIL: Dig one u....you wanna DAID HOSS?

FIB: No no no. A LIVE HORSE.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Now then...al you wimmin over there are Caesar's Roman Slaves..

WIL: AND EVERY WOMAN SHOULD CAESAR CHANGE TO ESCAPE HOUSEWORK SLAVERY BY USING JOHNSON'S WAX. THEN SHE'LL HAVE TIME TO GO ROMAN AROUND TO MOVIES AND BRIDGE PART-

FIB: HARPO! Are you in this play?

WIL: Yes. I'm Horatius at the Bridge.

MOL: Yes, you're to defend the bridge over the Tiber River.

WIL: I know my lines, too. HOLD THAT TIBER...HOLD THAT TIBBER..HOLD THAT TIBER..(FADE OUT) Hold that Tiber...hold that...

FIB: Sometimes I think a great actor was lost in Harpo, and I hope they never find him again.

IRISH: Excuse me, now McGee. Can I be havin' a worrd with ye?

FIB: Absolutely, Bud. Molly, this is the stage carpenter, Mr. Hanrahan.

MOL: How do you do, I'm are.

IRISH: And the top o' the mornin' to yourself, macushla. I'm after buildin' the chariot for yez, boss but there's wan bit of information I'd loike to have, not bein' a shtudent av Histryory loike yer honor.

FIB: WHat do ye wanna know, Hanrahan?

IRISH: Thim Chariots now. Would they be havin' a roomble seat?

FIB: Shucks, they're ALL Rumble seat. And how about the treadmill? Ye got that done?

IRISH: Shure, and just wait till the craytares start runnin' forninst 'em. They'll take the bit and run loike the divil, but divil a bit will they get annywhere atall atall. As me sister Katheleen would be....

FIB: Never mind, Hanrahan. Just be sure it works, that's all.

MOL: Moge...who's that man standing over there with the fur collar on his coat?

FIB: Search me. Looks like an actor though. HEY BUD...you a actor?

BARRYMORE: (FADE IN) Yes my boy, I am a member of that noble order. I have played Caesar in every Hamlet and Hemlet in every..ut as Shakespeare has so well said....LOWLINESS IS YOUNG AMBITIONS LADDER, WHERETO THE CLIMBER-UPWARD TURNS HIS FACE: BUT WHEN HE ONCE ATTAINS THE TOPMOST ROUND, HE THEN UNTO THE LADDER TURNS HIS BACK, SCORNING THE BASE DEGREES BY WHICH HE DID ASCEND, which, my boy, you'll agree has absolutely nothing to do with your question.

FIB: Oh nothing at all.

MOL: Were you,....er...looking for a part in this production, bud?

BARRYM: No, my dear girl I fear that to that, I could but quote the immortal Buckingham in King Richard the third: TUT, I CAN COUNTERFEIT THE DEEP TRAGEDIAN...SPEAK..AND LOOK BACK, AND PRY ON EVERY SIDE, TREMBLE AND START AT WAGGING OF A STRAW, INTENDING DEEP SUSPICION: GHASTLY LOOKS ARE AT MY SERVICE, LIKE ENFORCED SMILES, AND BOTH ARE READY IN THEIR OFFICES AT ANY TIME TO GRACE MY STRATAGEMS...AND, IN A WORD HIS LORDSHIPS SHIRT... SHIRT...Ah yes..you'll excuse me, my dear..I forget to send my laundry out...stupid of me..stupid..

MOL: I'll bet he WAS an actor, McGee.

FIB: And a GREAT actor, too. He convinced me he had another shirt.. NOW THEN, MRS. UPPINGTON ON THE STAGE.

UPPINGTON: Yes, Mister McGee? I am present.

FIB: You familiar with your lines, Uppy?

UPPING: I am indeed. Not that I HAVE Many lines.

FIB: Oh no? You take a good look sometime, Uppy...

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Let's hear you go thru your lines, Uppy.

UPPING: HAIL, CAESAR, HAIL. (PAUSE)

MOL: Well, go on, Mrs. Uppington.

UPPING: That is all there is. How was it, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Try it again, Uppy. and get a little personality into it.

UPPING: HAIL...CAESAR HAIL...

FIB: Is that the loudest you can hail? Soft on the first hail and loud on the second hail.

MOL: You know...INHAIL AND EX HAIL

UPPINGTON: HAIL MIGHTY CAESAR. HAIL!!!

FIB: That's the stuff, Uppy. Remember you always cheer for Caesar, the reigning emporor.

MOL: Yes, he never reigns but you hail.

MORT: (LAUGHS) Haw haw haw...that's pretty good. He never reigns but you hail...haw haw..

MOL: Oh Mort Toops. I didn't know you were in this too, Mr. Toops.

MORT: Well, HAW HAW...I GUESS I'M NOT. (HAW HAW..JUST WANTED TO SUGGEST THAT I COME UP ON THE STAGE BETWEEN THE ACTS AND GET OFF A FEW SMART SAYINGS...(LAUGHS) I GOT SOME HONEYS, TOO. HAW HAW....

MOL: Well now, I don't know, Mr. Toops, we hadn't planned on-

MORT: OH I GOT SOME LULUS! FOR INSTANCE, I SAYS TO A FELLER, SAY; I SAYS...(HAW HAW) GET THIS ONE NOW...LISTEN I SAYS..I MET A SWELL GIRL LAST NIGHT...HAW HAW...IS THAT SO, HE SAYS? DID YOU GET HER PHONE NUMBER? AND I WHIPS RIGHT BACK WITH..... HAW HAW...OH BOY..THIS WILL LAY 'EM IN THE AISLES...NO, I SNAPS BACK AT HIM..BUT I GOT HER LICENSE NUMBER..SHE LIVES IN A TRAILER..HAW HAW HAW..CATCH ON? SHE LIVES IN A TRAILER..HAW HAW..I THOUGHT THAT WAS A DARB. HAW HAW HAW....

MOL: Yes but I don't think we can-  
MORT: AND SAY...HAW HAW...I JUST HEARD A PIP FROM THE PICCOLO  
PLAYER...HAW HAW...OH THIS IS RICH...HAW HAW...ONE FELLER SAYS TO  
THE OTHER...HAW HAW...HE SAYS LISTEN HE SAYS...HAW HAW...OH THIS  
IS A PANIC! HAW HAW...LISTEN HE SAYS...OH BOY...AM I HOT  
TONIGHT...HAW HAW...WHAT DID CHARLEY MCGARTHY SAY TO HIS BOSS?  
AND THE ANSWER IS...HAW HAW THE ANSWER IS HAW HAW...HAW HAW..  
THE ANSWER...HAW HAW...OH I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU LATER...HAW HAW  
HAW..(FADE OUT)

MOL: Heavenly days...did you hear that, McGee? What WAS it  
that Charley McCarthy said to his boss?  
FIB: He says STOP, you're Bergen my Heart..  
MOL: Hmmm. Hardly worth the effort.  
FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...NOW I WANT YOU ALL TO...  
CHORUS OF COMPLAINTS: VOICES UP, ANGRILY.  
FIB: Here here here...what's the matter...what's goin on over  
there.  
MAN: We heard this guy whistling in the dressing room. We  
oughtta throw him out.  
MOL: Well, that's bad luck you know, young man to...OH IT'S  
ELMO TANNER.  
FIB: Don't you know it's unlucky to whistle in a dressing room  
Elmo?  
ELMO: Oh, I've heard that, but I don't believe it.  
FIB: Well, I believe it, Elmo. I knew a politician once who  
was visitin backstage and he whistled in a dressing  
room.  
MOL: WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, MCGEE?  
FIB: He got elected vice president and was never heard of  
again.  
MOL: What were you whistling, Elmo?  
ELMO: Cross My Heart.  
FIB: Well, you're safe up here.. Try it again.  
ORCHESTRA: CROSS MY HEART .... TANNER

APPLAUSE:

4TH SPOT:SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES

FIB: All right folks...everybody on their toes...

MAN: What is this...a ballet?

FIB: Pipe down, bud. PLACES EVERYBODY...how's my costume look, Molly?

MOL: Fine, Caesar...but have you been wearing that wrist watch all thru the show?

FIB: Yes, but I figgered it was symbolical. Caesar always had time on his hands...HEY SIL...IS THE HORSE READY?

SIL: YASSUH...HE READY. HE AIN'T AWFUL WILLIN' BUT HE'S READY SUH.

FIB: AIN'T NERVOUS ARE YOU MRS. UPPINGTON?

UPPY: WELL...A TRIFLE...YES!

MOL: JUST KEEP AN EYE ON MCGEE...DEARIE.

FIB: YEAH...KEEP YOUR CHINS UP..UPPY...EASY NOW...REMEMBER IT IS THE LAST ACT AND THE BIG SMASH OF THE SHOW...

BUZZER:

FIB: There goes the curtain! QUIET EVERYBODY...ALL RIGHT BOYS...TAKE IT AWAY.

MAN: We ought to.

MOL: SHHHHH...there goes the curtain, McGee.

SOUND: RATCHET AND HISS OR RISING CURTAIN.CHEERS:

UPPY: HAIL MIGHTY CAESAR HAIL...

FIB: FRIENDS...ROMANS...COUNTRY MEN...TO BE OR NOT TO BE... THIS IS THE QUESTION...AND WHAT IS THE ANSWER? SPEAK MY NOBEL ROMANS!

WIL: HOLD THAT TIBER...HOLD THAT TIBER...HOLD THAT TIBER...

CHEERS:

FIB: AND WHO ART THIS BEAUTIFUL SLAVE WHO APPEARS-AT MY CHARIOT WHEEL? SPEAK FAIR MAIDEN.

UPPY: HAIL MIGHTY CAESAR HAIL.

FIB: Not you, Uppy, Keep quiet.

UPPY: I am president of this club, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Pipe down, WHO IS THIS FAIR MAIDEN...WHO SELLS THESE STRAWBERRIES IN THE MARKET PLACE? VARLET...TAKE YON LOWLY BERRIES TO MY PALACE.

MOL: WHAT NOBLE CAESAR. YOU WOULD NOT SPEAK KINDLY OF MY BERRIES.

FIB: I CAME TO SEIZE YOUR BERRIES NOT TO PRIASE THEM. BUT I REPEAT...WHO ART THOU...MAIDEN! WHENCE COMEST THOU? WHO ART YOU?

MOL: I AM HELEN. HELEN OF TRY? I AM FAR FROM HOME...THRICE HAVE I TRIED TO RETURN TO MY HOMELAND.

FIB: A'H FAIR MAID...IF AT FIRST THOU DOST NOT SUGCEED...TROY TROY AGAIN.

MAN: A PUN MASTER...THE LOWLIEST FORM OF WIT.

FIB: AH...IT IS MARK ANTONY...WHAT DOST THOU HERE?

WIL: WITH GLOCOAT THOU DUST NOT SO OFTEN NOBLE CAESAR.

MOL: WHO SPEAKS?

WIL: I FAIR HELEN...HORATIO AT THE BRIDGE...WHO WON THAT LAST RUBBER?

FIB: SILENCE VIOLET...ER VARLET. I REPEAT, MARC ANTONY WHAT  
DOST THOU HERE.

MAN: I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.

FIB: AH WHAT FOOLS I HAVE ABOUT ME. WHAT COMETH THOU HERE  
FOR?

MAN: TO WED THE LOVELY HELEN. I COME TO WOO HER.

FIB: WHAT SAYEST THOU TO THAT HELEN?

MOL: WOO WOO!

MAN: SEE, SIRE? SHE IS IN A MOOING WOOD...ER...WOOING MOOD.

FIB: SAY NOT SO...MARC ANTONY. I...JULIUS CAESAR -

UPPY: HAIL MIGHTY CAESAR HAIL.

FIB: Pipe down, Uppy. I ALSO AN ENAMELED OF THIS MAIDEN,  
ANTONY...AND I WILL WED HER. WILT THOU HAVEST ME, FAIR  
HELEN?

MOL: I WILT.

FIB: AH AH...SHE WILTS.

MAN: AH BUT SIRE...I PICKED HER BEFORE SHE WILTED. SPEAK,  
HELEN...WHAT SAYEST THOU?

MOL: These sandals are killing me...er...WHAT MARK?

MAN: THOU MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN US. I BID THEE THINKETH WELL  
FOR CAESAR IS AN HONORABLE MAN.

FIB: HEED NOT HIS BLANDISHMENTS FAIR MAIDEN. HE IS OVER EAGER.

MOL: HE HAS ANTONYS IN HIS - PANTO -

WIL: HOLD THAT TIBER ... HOLD THAT TIBER ...

FIB: SILENCE...I WOULDST MAKE A PROPOSAL ANTONY...A CHARIOT  
RACE. THE WINNER TO WED FAIR HELEN.

MAN: DONE. IS THIS AGREEABLE TO YOU MOST NOBLE MAIDEN?

MOL: WHAT CAN I LOSE MARKY? HAVE AT IT.

FIB: AH AH...VARLET ... MY HORSE...(PAUSE) VARLET...MY HORSE!  
(PAUSE)

SIL: You callin' me Mist' McGee, suh?

MOL: His horse Silly...hurry up.

SIL: Yas'm.

FIB: THIS UNSEEMLY DELAY MY COUNTRY-MEN HAS BEEN CAUSED BY  
YONDER VARLET WHO MISUNDERSTOOD THAT MY STOOD...ER  
MISUNDERSTOOD MY ...

SOUND: HOOFS...RATTLE OF CHARIOT.

FIB: I FIRST...AS EMPEROR, ANTONY.

MAN: A DIRTY ADVANTAGE, MY LORD.

UPPY: HAIL MIGHTY CAESAR...HAIL...HAIL...HAIL...HAIL...

CHORUS: HAIL HAIL THE GANGS ALL HERE...WHAT THE HAIL...

FIB: SILENCE! OR I WOULDST FEED THEE TO THE TIGERS IN THE  
COLISEUM.

MOL: THEY ARE NOT THERE MY LORD.

FIB: NOT THERE? WHERE THEN ARE THE TIGERS?

SIL: In second place this week, please suh.

FIB: MY HORSE AND CHARIOT..

MAN: THEY ARE READY SIRE.

MOL: AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN (CHEERS) AND MAY ANTONY BE THE  
BEST MAN.

(CHEERS)

FIB: (SOTTO VOICE) You sure that treadmill is workin' okay,  
Silly?

SIL: Yassuh. It okay, please suh.

FIB: OKAY...FRIENDS...ROMANS...COUNTRY MEN...A CHARIOT RACE  
FOR THE HAND OF TROJAN HELEN...THE FASTEST TIME TO THE  
COLISEUM AND BACK...EACH RACE TO START WITH PISTOL SHOTS.

SIL: Nossuh...they ain' invented yet, Mist' Caesar, sub.

FIB: THEN GIVE SOME SIGNAL VARLET...STAND BACK, ROMANS...

SOUND: FIREBELL: HORSE WHINNIES...LOUD HOOF BEATS...

FIB: WHOAAAA...WHOAAAA THERE...HERE WHERE YE GOIN...HELP...  
STOP 'EM...WHOA...

VOICES UP:

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY WITH CAESAR...MCGEE.

SOUND: HOOFS UP AND OUT FAST WITH TREMENDOUS CRASHING...

MAN: CURTAIN...LOWER THE CURTAIN...

SOUND: THUD.

VOICES UP...

MOL: SILLY...WHAT HAPPENED...OH DEAR...WHERE DID MCGEE GO..

SIL: THAT LIL OL HOSS HE DRUG MIST MCGEE AN' THE CHARIOT RIGHT  
THRU THE WALL...MA'AM...AN...AN AH RECKON IT ALL MAH  
FAULT...

MOL: OH NO...SILLY...THE HORSE WAS FRIGHTENED WHEN YOU RANG  
THE BELL...

SIL: NO MA'AM...NOT FRIGHTENED...AH FOGOT AH BORROWED THAT  
HOSS FROM THE FIAH DEPAHTMENT...MA'AM...

MOL: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

ORCK: "THE CAMERA DOESN'T LIE"

APPLAUSE:

MUSIC: DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL:

APPLAUSE:

ORCK: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR -

TAG GAG:MUSICAL TAG.SIGNOFF:

This is Harlow Wilcox reminding you that whenever you buy a polish for  
your floors, your furniture or your automobile, be sure to specify one  
of the JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS. Your continued loyalty to these  
dependable wax polishes makes it possible for you to hear FIBBER MCGEE  
& MOLLY every Monday night.

mk, mr, js  
9/13/37  
10:50