

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(OCTOBER 21, 1937)

(MONDAY DAY)

8:00-8:30 PM
11:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE:

WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE:

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, - presenting Marian and Jim
Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME - Tanner

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH - "OVERNIGHT"!

ORK: "OVERNIGHT" Down for -

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1. (NEXT PAGE)

ORK: UP TO FINISH "OVERNIGHT"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: DOWN FOR -

WIL: ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR, OUT COME THE WINDOW SCREENS, BUT IT'S A MISTAKE! THE NEW-CAR BUG IS LIVELIER AND HUNGRIER THAN EVER AND WE'RE AFRAID MOLLY HAS BEEN BADLY BITTEN. FIBBER, HOWEVER, WHO IS FINANCIALLY CONSERVATIVE TO PUT IT MILDLY, THINKS THE OLD JALOPPY IS GOOD FOR A FEW MORE YEARS OF SERVICE. AND HERE, TINKERING AROUND THE FAMILY BUS IN THE BACKYARD AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND - FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME

SOUND: HAMMERING ON METAL

MOL: McGee...will you put that hammer down? There's enough dents in that car already.

FIB: I ain't knockin' dents in it. I'm knockin' dents OUT of it.

HAMMERING:

MOL: Well, why waste your time and effort? Let them fix it up when we trade it in.

FIB: Can't do that, Molly. Another coupla years and it'll be so loose that every time we cross the car tracks, it'll sound like somebody hit the jackpot.

MOL: It won't be a couple of years.

FIB: (HAMMERING) Wel-l-l, I dunno, Molly, I don't think it'll last MUCH longer'n that. Ye see, -

MOL: MC GEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Put that hammer down. Drop it.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

FIB: There! Ye see what ye made me do? Bust a headlight lens.

MOL: What'd ye have the headlights off for?

FIB: Well, I took 'em off to adjust 'em, and I wasn't sure which was the right one or which was the left one. I didn't want to put the right one on the left, or I'd find myself drivin' on the wrong side of the road at night, causin' a head-on collision, which would smash the headlights, thus destroyin' the evidence that my headlights was on the wrong sides and - HEAVENLY DAYS...'...will you keep quiet, a minute?

MOL:

FIB: Okay.

MOL: I've come to the conclusion, McGee, that we must have a new car. That antiquated old dicebox is hardly befitting the dignity of a leadin' citizen of Wistful Vista.

FIB: Oh you want me to go high hat, eh? No sir, I'm democratic and I'll drive a democratic lookin' car.

MOL: I don't care if it's democratic or republican. But I know we can never get a Third Party to ride in it.

FIB: Just the same, I'm gonna hang onto this bus for a while. Shucks, it's just gettin' broken in good. Runs like a churn...er...charm.

MOL: Talk about that car bein' democratic. Those fenders how to everybody they pass.

FIB: Are them fenders loose again? I thought I tied 'em on pretty tight that last time.

MOL: - and look at that upholstery. And that engine. Why those cylinders pump more oil than the Rockefellers.

FIB: AHEM. I...er...well, one of the boys at the City Hall was lookin' this car over yesterday and he says he wished they had a dozen of 'em just like it for squad cars.

MOL: Looks like another shakeup in the Police Department.

FIB: Oh now, Molly. Shucks, I don't wanna part with this car. This car is like a faithful old dog, to me.

MOL: Yes, but it's harder on our bones. Come on, McGee. Be modern.

FIB: Wel-1-1....I dunno, Molly. There's still plenty of service in this buggy. What allowance do ye think I could get on it?

MOL: I doubt if you'd get an allowance. It'd probably be a pension.

FIB: I think if you heard the way it's runnin' now, you'd change your mind about a new car. All it needs is a couple new plugs, a hose connection, new ring gears, the rubber fixed up a little and with another Johnson Waxin' and a few tacks in the upholstery it'd be practically new.

MOL: Yes, it would. But this time why don't you get a new car all at once instead of piece by piece?

FIB: That aint fair, Molly. Here...lemme show you how sweet she pops 'em off since I adjusted it. Hand me that crank.

MOL: Here.

SOUND: CLANKS -- WHEEZY WIND-UP - REPEAT

MOL: Well, crank it up - McGee.

FIB: I am.

REPEAT: SOUND

MOL: That's wonderful, McGee! I can't hardly hear it run.

FIB: It ain't runnin'.

MOL: Oh. What's the matter with it?

FIB: Some o' the new parts is a little stiff yet I guess.

MOL: If they're stiff, it's probably riger mortis, settin' in. Come out of it, McGee.

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly, I just wanna check on the -

MOL: COME OUT OF IT!

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: SCRAMBLING...DOOR SLAM.

FIB: (ON MIKE) Whatdja want?

MOL: Wash your hands...we're goin' downtown to the Auto Show!

FIB: Oh no need for that. I can get a mechanic to come out here and-

MOL: We don't want a mechanic. We want a car

FIB: Maybe that'd be better. Then we can get a push till she starts and -

MOL: I mean a NEW car.

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FIB: Oh I wouldn't ask anybody with a new car to give us a
push; It might scratch up the -
MOL: MC GEE...Look me in the eye! Now then....what am I talkin'
about?
FIB: Why....er....why.....buyin' us a new car at the auto show.
MOL: Wel-l.....WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?

ORK: "OLD KING COLE" (ANNC'MT OVER NUMBER)

APPLAUSE:

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2nd SPOT:

CROWD UP: AND DOWN.

MOL: My there's quite a crowd at the auto show this year, isn't
there, McGee?
GIRL: Excuse me, sir...have you tickets?
MOL: Tickets?
GIRL: Or maybe you have a pass.
FIB: Nope...I ain't got a ticket and I don't need a pass. I'm
a car owner sis. Come on, Molly, let's g-
GIRL: I'M SORRY SIR. You must have tickets.
FIB: Whaddye mean, we gotta have tickets!
GIRL: Yes sir. Unless you're a dealer.
MOL: Heavenly days. Imagine that?
FIB: Kin ye tie that, Molly? The guy that sells 'em gets in
for nothin' and the guy that BUYS 'em pays...Taint right,
Wel-l-l, as the guy says when he climbed on the harvestin
machine, 'It goes against the grain, but I'll do it'.
Two tickets, sis.

CROWD UP

FIB: If we should buy a new car, Molly, and mind you, we probably won't, - remind me to ask 'em for a one dollar rebate for these tickets..Yere ye are, bud...

CROWD UP:: AND DOWN..

MOL: Heavenly days...LOOK at the beautiful new cars, McGee.

FIB: I know...but I don't want any of 'em. It breaks me all up to think of partin' with our old car.

MOL:: Well, it breaks me all up to ride in it.

MAN: Hello there, friends! Take a look at the new 1940 Smootho 6. Beauty, isn't it?

FIB: Whaddye mean 1940. You mean 1938.

MAN: No, we're three years ahead of the trade,

FIB: Well, how much mileage to the gallon do ye-

MAN: Let me tell you friends, that turning a key in the ignition of a Smootho six, is like rubbing Aladdin's Wonderful Ring.

MOL: He didn't have a ring. He had a lamp!

MAN: Exactly...A lamp! And the Smootho 6 has nine lamps. Headlamps, tail lamps, fog lamps, parking lamps and a spotlight. It also has a dashlight, key light, dome light -

FIB: Starlight, starbright-

MAN: First star I've seen toni...er...AHEM. Why friends, the Smootho Six is not merely a fine motor car. It is a magic Carpet, wafting you to far places, bring you back safely and e-

FIB: Well, how many miles to the gall-

MAN: HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOME OF THE NEW FEATURES OF THE SMOOTHO 6.

MOL: What's new about this car? It looks just like last year's models to me.

MAN: Madam! Externally, it is much the same. But in CONSTRUCTION, ah! haven't you heard of our new double jointed camshaft, with the superstressed overhead widgeons? This year, they are entirely sealed in oil.

FIB: That ain't new. Look at sardines.

MAN: And have you noticed that our gear shift lever is no longer on the floor?

MOL: Where is it?

MAN: We put it up on the...er...on the...er...Hmmm. Let's see now... where DID we put that gear shift lever...Oh well, it's around here someplace? YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT THE SMOOTHO 6 IS RESPONSIBLE FOR introducing the sincro-silent-extra-magnetized defroster that revolutionized the automobile industry last yer?

FIB: Where is it on this car?

MAN: We discontinued it this year.

MOL: That's wonderful. You revolutionize the industry with it one year and throw away next year.

FIB: Well, what I wanna know, is, how much mileage do ye get to the-

MAN: NOW THIS YEAR WE HAVE A DISTINCTIVE NOVELTY IN THE OVERHEAD LIGHT. THIS YEAR THE OVERHEAD LIGHT IS UNDERFOOT, COUNTERSUNK IN THE FLOOR. That is so when you drop your gloves; getting in you have no difficulty finding them again.

MOL: Why should I drop me gloves?

MAN: Oh, the doors are so low you always bump your head.

FIB: Not a bad idea, bud. You showin' a Peroxide Model this year?

MAN: Peroxide Model?

FIB: You know..Convertible Top? Shucks, I-

SIL: (FADE IN) Hiyah, ma'am. He is yo' boss.

MOL: Heavenly days, Silly Watson.

FIB: Hiyah, Sil. Thinkin' a buyin' a new car?

SIL: Yassuh. Thinkin' about it, suh. But they ain' any down payment on thinkin'.

MOL: No, but there's a little tax on the brain.

SIL: Ah kin'a figgeded maybe ah could overneah somebody say he wanted a shoffeh,

FIB: What you want a shofferin' job for Sil?

SIL: It ain't for me, suh. It fo' Rosebud, mah gal.

FIB: For ROSEBUD.

MOL: She wants a job as shoffer?

SIL: Yas'm. She want it fo me. She say she like to see a man weah a uniform. She say she lak to see me all dressed up wif a pair o' spittoons on mah laigs.

FIB: Spitto...you mean PUTTEES, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. ain' it the same thing?

FIB: No, you can expect to rate a little higher than puttees. AHEM, (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says you can expectora-

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MOGEE.

FIB: Well, it revolutionized the joke industry in 1898. So you'd like to get a job as a chauffeur, eh Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Then when ah gits me into a big cah, wif de top down ah'll drive me pas' Rosebuds house, lookin' real naughty.....

MOL: HAUGHTY.

SIL: Yas'm, ah.....WH-A -A-A-T?

FIB: You says NAUGHTY, Sil. You meant haughty.

SIL: YAS'M.

MOL: What kind of a car do you like best in the auto show this year, Silly?

SIL: Well, ma'am, ah kinda goes fo' that big ole Packolac. W'en you drive a lil cah, them traffic cops say BOY...MOVE ON TEEAH!

But when you is drivin one o' them big jobs, lil ole traffic cop say IF YO' BOSS DON' COME OUT INSIDE A HALF HOUR, SON, AH'M GONNA HAF TO PRETEN' ah don't see you. Well, excuse me, now, please, folks, ah gotta go an....(FADE OUT)

FIB: (laughs) Well, Sil's discovered one o' the facts of life, Molly- Gold & brass are the only things that affect a copper-Parson me, sir. But where is the safety glass exhibit?

RIB: I ain't see it, yet sis. You know what a safety glass is?

WOMAN: What is it?

FIB: That's a whiskey glass that nobody can touch before they drive. Come on, Molly.....

GROWD UP.

SOUND: BEEP BEEP

MOL: Oh that's a nice sounding horn. I don't like the RAOW-RAOW horns half as well as the BEEPS BEEPS.

WIL: BEEP BEEP! BEEP PREPARED FOR WINTER DRIVING BY PROTECTING YOUR CAR FROM SLEET AND SLUSH WITH JOHNSONS AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. BEEP BEEP BEEP ROUD OF YOUR CAR'S APPEARANCE AND-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello, folksies. They got you on the dotted line yet?

FIB: Lions ain't dotted, Harpo. You're thinkin' of leopards. Leopards is -

WIL: Oh all right, all right...(FADE OUT) You'd think I was a basketball the way I get pushed around...you'll be sorry some day when...

FIB: (LAUGHS)

MOL: I wonder if Mr. Wilcox is going to buy a new car, too.

FIB: Whaddye mean, too? I ain't gonna buy a new car. I guess. Ahyway I don't dare have 'em 'em come out and gimme a estimate on my old one till I fix it so it starts.

MOL: Oh McGee. There's Ted Weems. Hello Ted.

FIB: Oh Hiyah Ted. Where ye goin' in such a hurry?

TED: (FADE IN) Hello Fibber. Hello, Molly. I'm on my way over to the Trailer exhibit.

FIB: Oh, the bouncing bungalows, eh?

MOL: What's goin' on over there, Ted?

TED: Why Perry Como is going to sing the Trailer Song. You know...
CABIN OF DREAMS?

MOL: Oh, that's wonderful. Let's go, McGee.

FIB: That's a good idea. I was just tellin' Molly, Ted. They've made some marvelous strides in trailer construction, but they'll always be a little behind the motor car. AHEM, Cabin of Dreams...TAKE IT, TED.

ORK: "CABIN OF DREAMS" -- COMO.

APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT.

GROWD UP AND DOWN.

MOL: Seen any car you like yet, McGee?

FIB: Nah. The more I see o' these new ones the better I like our old car. Our car has got personality. I got a theery, Molly, that when ye drive a car certain length o' time, it kinda takes on the owners personality. You agree with me?

MOL: I certainly do. Ours is getting noisier every day.

FIB: No, I didn't mean -

MAN: How do you do sir? Looking for something in particular?

FIB: Oh no. Just prowlin' around gettin' a general impression, bud. Why'd ye ask?

MAN: Well, I was going to say that if the lady drives, I think you'd be interested in our 1938 Femino. The Femino is a real ladies car.

MOL: How so?

FIB: I suppose they run on perfume instead o' gasoline?

MAN: No, but this car was designed especially for women drivers.

FIB: I see. It can steer itself for three blocks, while they powder their nose.

MOL: McGee...let the man explain.

FIB: Go ahead, bud.

MAN: Well, in the Femino- (notice the beautiful pastel upholstery.) The Femino, sir, has a unique arrangement of controls. The accelerator is on the brake pedal and the brake is on the accelerator. When the driver extends her left hand for a left hand turn, her elbow touches thi little button on the window frame which lights a neon sign in the rear which says, DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.

FIB: Bud, I think you got something there!

MOL: Haven't you got a car for men with a blonde pickup?

MAN: No but our car for men has a horn which instead of a low honk says HI TOOTS.

FIB: Honk, honk McGee, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh my.....

FIB: HONK HONK MCGEE, THE HEADY, HAPPY HANDLER OF HORSELESS HACKS, WHOOPIN' HILARIOUSLY OVER HIGH HILLS AND HUMMOCKY HIGHWAYS, AND HEARILTY HATED BY HUNDREDS O' RICKS FOR HITTIN' HENS AND HOGS & HAYSTACKS FROM HAGERSTOWN TO HARRISBURG.

APPLAUSE

MAN: I'd like to show the lady some of the special....

NICK: HELLO THERE FIZZER. HELLO KEWPIE.

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Hiyah, Nick. You in the market for a new car?

NICK: No, Fizzer. I am not marketing for new cars unless I am seeing something which can't resist me, if I know what you mean.

MOL: You mean, you're not exactly shopping for cars, but you might be sold if they really tried.

NICK: Kewpie, that is my story in a nuthouse. As I am telling Mrs. Depopolis this morning (Mrs. Depopolis, that is my wife)

FIB & MOL: Oh!

NICK: LISTEN, DUMBLEBELL, I AM SAYING...(LAUGHS) I am just calling her a dumbbell because it is marking her mad and besides she IS a dumbbell.) Listen, Mrs. Depopolis, I am saying, how would I be if a new car was driving up to the front door and saying Depopolis is buying you for me!

FIB: You shouldn't teaser her about buying a new car unless you mean to go thru with it, Nick.

NICK: No, Fizzer. She will be the one who is going thru with it if I buy some new cars. Five cars she has been going thru already. She is going thru a new car in ten weeks, I'm thinking. So that is why I say you have the shoe on my other foot, you grab me?

MOL: Is your wife a bad driver, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: Kewpie, Mrs. Depopolis is being SUCH a bad driving woman, that when a traffic lights is turning red, Depopolis is turning green. Traffic policemen are looking at her so sourpuss that my heart is in my mouth so I am afraid to swallow. Well, so long Kewpie, so long Squeegie, I'll be seeing you quite a bit later, I hope.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Looks like when Nick rides with his wife she drives him crazy, don't it. Shucks, I --

MAN: Excuse me, please...may I show you a few of the new features on the W. P. 8?

MOL: Yes sir, but I don't see the luggage compartment?

MAN: Ahh...that's very discerning of you madam. We have completely eliminated the luggage compartment from the rear. We advise putting the grips and handbags on the rear seat.

FIB: Then where do your friends ride if you go on a long trip?

MAN: We have found out that at the end of a long trip they're no longer friends anyway. Thus by eliminating the luggage compartment we also keep your friends. You see, luggage -

WIL: BY THE WAY TAKE A GOOD LUGGAGE YOUR FLOORS FOLKS. ARE THEY SCRATCHED AND SCUFFED? JOHNSON'S WAX WILL PROTECT AND BEAUTIFY-

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Still here, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, I got a job as a car salesman, but I don't start until tomorrow.

FIB: Then what you doin' here today?

WIL: Oh, just getting in practise, lying around. Well, I'll be seeing you.

FIB: Car salesman, he - no wonder he hangs around, grinning like a Chassis-cat!

MAN: Here's one more feature I think you'd enjoy, sir. The Automatic convertible feature of the W.P.8. Just set in the front seat, madam.

MOL: No, you get in, McGee.

FIB: Okay. What's this feature, bud?

DOOR SLAM:

MAN: Well, you know what it is to have to put up a convertible top at the first sign of rain? Our tops are automatic. At the first few drops of rain, the dampness actuates a thermostatic control, which sets the raising mechanism in motion, raising the top in a jiffy.

FIB: Say that's somethin'!? Can ye make it work, bud?

MAN: Certainly...HERMAN...HERMAN...THE SPRINKLING CAN PLEASE.

BOY: YESSIR.

MAN: CLIMB up on the hood and sprinkle a few drops over the front seat.

FIB: Hey, maybe I better..

MAN: Oh just keep your seat, McGee. Just imagine you're actually driving that car...that's it...SPRINKLE HERMAN!

BOY: Yessir.

SOUND: PATTERN OF WATER...(HOLD A MOMENT)

FIB: Is the top comin' up yet?

MAN: We haven't used it yet today...the thermostat is possibly dried out. KEEP SPRINKLING HERMAN.

BOY: Yessir.

SOUND: WATER SPLASHING

MOL: Heavenly days...HURRY UP...YOU'RE GETTING ALL WET, MCGEE.

FIB: I KNOW IT...DAD RAT IT BUD WHAT'S THE MATTER...HEY YOU...QUIT
POURIN THAT WATER ON ME! QUIT IT!

BOY: Shall I stop pourining Mr. Zimmerman?

MAN: Yes, Herman.

WATER OUT:

MAN: Take the sprinkling can away, Herman. I'M VERY SORRY SIR...I FORGOT
JUST STEP OVER TO THIS OTHER CAR, WE'LL TRY AGAIN BECAUSE I'D
REALLY LIKE TO SHOW YOU (FADE OUT)

FIB: Gung gung gung....

ORK: "JOSEPHINE" -- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

SHORT COMMERCIAL:

MOL: Now that we're home again, McGee...don't you think we should have
a new car?

FIB: No, - I don't.

MOL: Well, I do...and furthermore there'll be a salesman out here in
just a little while to look at the old car.

FIB: Aw now molly...you shouldn't o' did that. Besides it won't start.
Before we trade in I oughtta get it fixed up a little. I --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Heavenly days...here he is now. How does me hair look, McGee?

FIB: What difference does it make? Is he sellin' cars or hats?

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Now listen bud, if you're here to give a estimat...oh...Hiya little
girl.

TEE: Hi, mister. You live here?

FIB: Why sure I live here? You think I'm Santy Clause, just come down
the chimney?

TEE: Gee, are you?

FIB: No, I ain't.

TEE: Well then gee, why did you say you were?

FIB: DAD RAT IT I DIDN'T SAY I WAS.

TEE: Why you did, too, I betcha. I heardja just as PLAINNNNNNNNN.

FIB: NO, I says DO YOU THINK I'm Sant -- eh...what I menat was...er
...that is...well, what was it you wanted?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says what did you want?

TEE: Well, is that your car out in the back yard there?

FIB: Yes, it is. Why?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHY DID YE WANTA KNOW?
 TEE: Know what?
 FIB: Know. . .(LAUGHS) We ain't gettin' very far are we?
 TEE: (LAUGHS) Hmmm?
 FIB: I...LISTEN SIS. WE'RE EXPECTIN' COMPANY...NOW MAKE IT SNAPPY. WHAT WAS IT YOU COME OVER HERE FOR?
 TEE: I gotta baby sister.
 FIB: Well, I ain't interested in vital statistics, sis. It's interesting but what of it.
 TEE: Well, gee, she's awful cute and I thought if you caught a nice one maybe you would give it to me for my baby sister, I betcha.
 FIB: If I caught one what?
 TEE: Hmmm?
 FIB: I SAYS WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO CATCH?
 TEE: Well, my daddy says your car is the biggest rattletrap in the neighborhood...so if you catch a nice rattle, save it for me, huh? Thanks, mister!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: There you are, McGee. Even the neighbors think it's a pile of junk.
 FIB: Neverthe less, if I could get it started I'd duck outa here before that Salesman came, so I wouldn't have to -

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: There he is. Now be nice to him, McGee.

FIB: All right but -

DOOR LATCH:

BOOM: How do you do. .how do you do...Mrs. McGee, I presume, and this is your father. Very charming daughter you have, Mr. McGee...must be a great comfort to you in your old age..
 FIB: DAD RAT IT, SHE AINT MY SON...I MEAN I AINT HER DAUGH. .ER I'M HER WIFE.
 MOL: He means I'm his hus...er... WE'RE MARRIED.
 BOOM: Splendid. .splendid...congratulations...hope you'll be very happy. . .and there's nothing like taking your honey - moon trip in a deluxe model Jumbo 12...
 FIB: Just a minute there, bud. What was your name again?
 BOOM: Boomer, my boy. Horatio K. Boomer. I believe I have a card here somewhere. .let me see now. .card .card .card. Ah yes, the ace of spa...no, that's the wrong, here's receipt for a month's rent. .wonder who's that could be.. small bowie knife...telephone number of a prospect..nice number but a poor exchange, I'm afraid. .telegram from my dear old aunt in Omhah. of all places she's hitchhiking again, the little rascal and a short beer, sorry old man, don't seem to have a card with me.
 MOL: Oh never mind...would you take a look at our car and give us an estimate on a trade in?
 BOOM: Very happy to, madam, be very happy to.
 MOL: I'm not so sure of that.

FIB: The car's really a lot bettern it looks on the inside, Boomer.
Ye see..

BOOM: NO MATTER MY BOY. I'M an outside salesman anyway...let's
have a gander at the old hosecart.

MOL: This way please..

DOOR LATCH...SLAM

FIB: There she is, Boomer. Not bad, eh? Course it needs a
little tinkerin' to put it in first class A number one
runnin' condition, but ten bucks, put on it'd do wonders.
Let me show ye the -

BOM: Never mind...never mind...Mind if I start it?

MOL: Well...er...we...

FIB: You dont have to do that bud. When she runs perfect. I
can assure you of that. I put a lotta new -

BOOM: Hmm. Don't seem to see the starter anywhere.

FIB: Here it is.

BOOM: That's a crank.

MOL: Yes.

BOOM: Ah yes...a crank. this looks like the wind-up to me.
Nice upholstery in this car, madam...or is it wallpaper?
Let me see now. .starting switch. ah yes..

SOUND: WHEEZY WIND-UP : COUGHS)

FIB: Molly! He's starting it!

SOUND: COUGHS. TERRIFFIC CLATTER OF GEARS. RIPPING CLANGING.

LOUD EXPLOSION AND ENGINE DIES WITH PATHETIC LITTLE WHEEZE.

MOL: He not only started it - he finished it.

FIB: Well - whaddye think, Boomer.

BOOM: My boy, after mature consideration, I believe my company
can offer you the sum of 13.25 - for old metal.

MOL: \$13.25!

FIB: WHADDYEMEAN THIRTEEN TWENTY FIVE! THAT CAR'S WORTH A LOT
MORE'N THAT?

BOOM: TO WHOM?

VOICE: TO ME.

MOL: Heavenly days.. who's that?

FIB: Who are you bud - and whaddye want?

VOICE: I believe I can offer you a hundred dollars for that car, sir.

FIB: SOLD!

BOOM: He certainly is.

VOICE: Here you are sir. One hundred dollars. We shall call
for the car in the morning.

MOL: Yes but -

FIB: Well...er...this is kinda unexpected bud...I...er...just
what motor company you represent?

BOOM: Yes...what outfit can afford to throw away a hundred bucks,
on an antiquated old surrey like this?

VOICE: I don't represent a motor car company.

FIB: Then who-

VOICE: I am from the Smithsonian Museum. Good day, sir.

FIB: From the Smithsonian.....oh pshaw!

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ORK: CLOSING NUMBER: - down for commercial.

ILL: COMMERCIAL.

ORK: UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME DOWN FOR

TAG GAG

MUSICAL TAG

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF:

NBC

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