

# NBC

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WRITER

DON QUINN  
OK

ADVERTISER  
1. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

PROGRAM TITLE  
2. "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#133)

CHICAGO OUTLET  
3. WMAQ What man on the street stuff was not for you, today

8:00-8:30 PM I suppose I should be done my old job as news commentator. OCTOBER 25 1937 MONDAY DAY

11:00-11:30 PM I had quite a following.  
PRODUCTION  
4. I had quite a following.

ANNOUNCER  
5. Streetwise!

ENGINEER  
6. Streetwise!

REMARKS  
7. Streetwise!

8. I think a man on the street show had too small a scope

9. for you.

10. FIB: De... ..

11. MOL: As a commentator, you could have swept the whole country.

12. FIB: Sweep the whole... .. GOOD NIGHT.

13. MOL: Good night, all.

14. APPLAUSE

15. ORCH: (SIGNATURE) HERE

16. "SAVE YOUR GORRO"

17. WIL: This is Harlow... .. for the makers of Johnson's

18. Wax at Casino, Johnson, and inviting you to be with us

19. again next Monday night - Good night!

20. NBC ARJOHN... (MUSIC...)

21.

22.

23. WIL: me: 10/18/37: 10:05 AM

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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 "SING AND BE HAPPY"

ORK: "SING AND BE HAPPY" Down for -

*Not Correct*

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Would you be willing to spend 20 MINUTES to save yourself many hours of work -- and at the same time keep your linoleum and floors shining like new -- protected from dirt and wear? Then use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the remarkable liquid floor polish that dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT is a miracle worker changing dull, dingy floors into bright gleaming surfaces right before your eyes. Linoleum that is protected with GLO-COAT will never get worn and shabby -- will never collect dirt and stains. Buy GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow, GLO-COAT spelled, G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can,

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)  
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (DRUM ROLL & CYMBAL)

WIL: PREVIEW: TWO GIRLS EXCITEDLY TALKING IN THE STENOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT OF THE CUTTLEKIRK CANDY CORPORATION!

1st GIRL: Gee, Maizie, I done the DUMBEST thing last night!

2nd GIRL: Gee, kid, whadja do?

1st GIRL: Well, yestiddy the boss told me to send a letter to a guy that used to manage the factory an' ask him would he work here again for a wile, see?

2nd GIRL: Yeh?

1st GIRL: Yeh. An' he tole me to write another letter to a guy name Fibber McGee an' tell him to quit pesterin' the employment office.

2nd GIRL: Well, gee, kid, what was the mistake?

1st GIRL: Well, I jus' KNOW I gotten in the wrong envelope!

ORK: DRUM ROLL. CYMBALCRASH.

ORK: MOGEE THEME: DOWN FOR\*

WIL: AND SO, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, GOING OVER THE MORNING MAIL, WE FIND - FIBBER MOGED AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: Well, - what are YOU lookin' so pleased about, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) I always says class will tell, Molly. Know that Cuttlekirk Candy Company I been tryin' to get with?

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Well, I finally broke 'em down. They evidently been makin' inquiries about me.

MOL: Oh dear. In that case ye never WILL get a job with 'em.

FIB: And THAT'S where you're wrong. They want me to be manager.

MOL: They want you to be WHAT?

FIB: Manager. MGR, Period, Manager. Listen to this letter.

DEAR BILL: - (That's pretty friendly, ain't it?)

MOL: The rest of this mail, is very friendly too. I never saw so many bills.

FIB: AHEM. DEAR BILL:

I know you're retired, old pal, but won't you do me a favor and take over the plant till I get back from a rush trip to Europe? I know you can handle it as well as I could, and while you may find the personnel changed, my secretary, Miss Wood, will give you any information you need. You remember Miss Wood, the blue-eyed redhead? I don't know anybody I'd rather have in charge than you, Bill.

Name your own salary and thanks for the help.

Yours,

ADAM CUTTLEKIRK, Pres.  
CUTTLEKIRK CANDY CORPORATION

MOL: When were you ever a dear old pal of Adam Cuttlekirk, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, I never seen the guy. But that's how it in the business world, Molly. Whenever a guy wants something from you, you're his dear old pal. Well, I better be on my way.

MOL: Don't be in a hurry. It'll take me a minute to get ready.

FIB: Well, hurry up. Say did ye notice where old Cuttlekirk says to name my own salary?

MOL: Yes, but he didn't say you could have what you named? I STILL think there's something awfully strange about this thing, McGee. What do you know about a candy factor?

FIB: Nothin'. That's why they want me. With me there they get a fresh angle on things. A new viewpoint. Shucks, I gotta new idea already.

MOL: Why don't you design some licorice false-faces for minstrel shows? After the show they could eat the END MEN.

FIB: N-n-no, I don't think that's be practical. But I been thinkin' about a lollypop with twelve different flavors, in layers - one flavor for each hour. An all-day sucker, get it?

MOL: There's 24 hours in a day.

FIB: Okay, we'll sell 'em two for a nickel. Ye see how simple this merchandisin' stuff is. Molly, if you got that kind of a mind?

MOL: I still don't see why they want YOU to take over a candy factory. They must of been drawing names out of a hat, and got the wrong hat.

FIB: Oh yeah..listen...the way big business is today. a smart executive always knows where to lay hands on the right man for any job.

MOL: Well, I believe they'll find you the right man to lay hands on.

FIB: Yes, I...EH?

MOL: All right, McGee. I'm ready.  
FIB: Okay. You lock all the windows.  
MOL: No.  
FIB: Why not?  
MOL: I don't think we'll be gone long enough to worry about 'em.  
FIB: Say, incidentally, why are you goin' at ALL? I can handle this thing myself. This is MY job.  
MOL: Yes, and you remember in the letter where it mentioned the blue-eyed, red-haired secretary? Well, that's MY job. Let's go, McGee.

ORK: "DIXIELAND ONE STEP"

APPLAUSE:

END SPOT:

FIB: Well, there it is, Molly. Quite a factory ain't it? Imagine me, manager o' that outfit? Don't it give you a little thrill o' pride?  
MOL: Wel-l-l, I didn't quite know whether it was a thrill of pride, or a shiver of apprehension.  
FIB: AHEM. Go on in, Molly. After you.  
DOOR LATCH: SLAM. SOUND OF TYPEWRITER \*\* OUT  
GIRL: Yes sir? What was it?  
FIB: What was what?  
GIRL: I mean would could I do for you?  
MOL: You can tell us where our office is, dearie.  
FIB: I'm Fibber McGee, the new General Manager, sis.  
GIRL: Oh....Oh yes sir. Second door ahead, sir.  
FIB: Thanks.  
MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...smell the chocolate! Isn't it delicious!  
FIB: What'd you expect to smell in a candy factory - carbon monoxide? Here's my office, Molly. Wait a minute. HEY SIS...SEND FOR A PAINTER TO PAINT MY NAME ON THE DOOR HERE. IN GOLD LEAF.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: My my...what a beautiful office.  
FIB: It's all right, I guess, but it's kinda cramped. How can a guy think big thoughts in a cubby hole like this.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Aha...go to work, manager.

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Come right in, bud...I'm fibber McGee the new manager. I want all you employees to consider me as one of you. I want the Cuttlekirk Candy Corporation to be one big happy family.

MAN: Yessir. I just wanted to report that we need some more--

FIB: LEMME SEE YOUR HANDS....I THOUGHT so! LISTEN HERE, BUD, THIS HERE IS A MODERN, ANTISEPTIC FACTORY. I DON'T WANT ANYBODY WORKIN' HERE WITH DIRTY HANDS LIKE YOURS. YOU AIN'T SANITARY! GO HOME AND CLEAN UP. GET A MANICURE. A SHOE SHINE. A CLEAN COLLAR AND A SHAVE. THEN PUT ON A WHITE SUIT AND COME BACK AND REPORT TO ME, UNDERSTAND?

MAN: YESSIR. BUT THE REST O' THE BOYS IN THE BOILER ROOM IS GONNA KID THE PANTS OFFA ME.

FIB: The BOILER ROO....what'd you want, bud?

MAN: We need more coal.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Just one big happy family! How you doing, papa?

FIB: AHM. Well, I guess I better swing into it, Molly. Once I get started, I'm a human dynamo.

MOL: A human what?

FIB: Dynamo. Don't you know what a dynamo is?

MOL: Sure. It's something that goes round and round, never goes anyplace and wouldn't be worth a whoop if it didn't have good connections.

FIB: You ain't takin' this thing serious, Molly, I'm determined to make a GO of this.

MOL: Don't worry. We'll both make a go of it...ahy minute now.

FIB: AHM. I better talk to my secretary. (PAUSE) Did you hear the buzzer buzz anyplace?

MOL: No, but I might if you'd take your finger out of the inkwell.

FIB: Eh? Oh, I thought that was a buzzer.

(BUZZER: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.)

GIRL: Did you ring, sir?

FIB: You betcha sis. I'm Fibber McGee. The new manager. My wife, Molly.

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

GIRL: How do you do. I'm Miss Wood, Mr. McGee.

MOL: We're going to be a happy family. Would you like to be a sister or an aunt?

FIB: Quiet Molly. How about a piece of candy, sis? I'm kinda hungrr--I mean, I WANTA GET A IDEA WHAT WE'RE SELLIN'.

MOL: Make it two pieces.

GIRL: Yes sir...you'll have to make out a requisition, sir. On Form 1456-B I'll fill out the forms for you to sign.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I think I'm gonna concentrate on merchandisin', Molly.  
I think what this outfit needs is more advertisin'.  
MORE PUBLICITY! IF WE COULD ONLY BUST INTO THE newspapers  
some way...HIT THE FRONT PAGES WITH A KIND OF A HUMAN  
INTEREST STORY. ... and speakin' o' boostin' the stock o'  
Cuttlekirk, I wonder how my stock is doin'...the market is  
actin' kinda funny. I'll call up and find out. (CLICK)  
GIMME BIGBOARD 5643 7/8. HELLO. FIBBER MCGEE speakin'.  
WHAT'S THE LATEST QUOTATION ON MY STOCK?

WIL: (ON P.A.) OUR STOCK QUOTATION IS "USE JOHNSONS WAX, TO  
BEAUTIFY AND PROTECT YOUR FLOORS AND FURNITURE."

FIB: HARPO! IS THAT YOU? I WAS INQUIRIN' ABOUT MY STOCK ON  
ACCOUNT OF THE MARKET HAD TOOK A FEW DROPS.

WIL: YES, IT JUST TAKES A FEW DROPS OF JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH  
TO -

SOUND: LOUD CLICK

FIB: As I was sayin', Molly. What this company needs is  
publicity. We gotta put this outfit on the map.

MOL: Make the chocolates a little softer. That'll put it on  
everybody's map.

FIB: No, I mean, we gotta make this country Cuttlekirk-Conscious.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR LATCH

SIL: Scuse me....boss, but...Oh, Hiyah, ma'am. Hiyah, Mist'  
McGee.

MOL: Heavenly days, Silly Watson!

FIB: Hiyah, Sil. You on our payroll?

SIL: Yassuh. Is you?

FIB: You betcha, Sil. I even name my own salary.

SIL: Yassuh. Me, too. If Miz McGee, wasn't heah ah'd tell you  
wha ah name mine.

MOL: Oh do you think you're underpaid, Silly?

SIL: Well, ah dunno, ma'am. I ain't quite figged out if ah  
is undahpaid or ovehwo'ked.

FIB: Just what's your job, Sil?

SIL: Ah'm a crinkleh.

MOL: A what?

SIL: A crinkleh, ma'am. Ah crinkles.

FIB: Tell Mrs. McGee just what a crinkler is, Sil. You can  
probably tell her better'n I can. AHEM.

MOL: No doubt.

SIL: Well, ma'am. You know w'en you buys a box o' candy, all  
them lil ole chocolates and bum-bums, an' camels and nuggets  
and stuff is all so't of squattin' down in a lil bitty piece  
o' brown papeh and lil ole papeh is all crinkled on the  
edges? Well, ah's the crinkleh.

FIB: Why did you come to work here in the first place, Sil?

SIL: On account o' mah gal Rosebud, please suh.

MOL: Has she a sweet tooth, Silly?  
SIL: TEETH, ma'am. You see, ah was oveh to Rosebuds one night an Rosebud she made us some fudge.  
MOL: I'll bet it was delicious.  
SIL: W'at odds you offerin' please, Ma'am?  
FIB: Why, Sil? Can't Rosebud make good fudge?  
SIL: Noossuh. She cain't. So ah come heah to learn how to make fudge.  
MOL: Well, I think that's very sweet. To get a job in a candy factory just so you can teach your girl how to make good fudge.  
SIL: Yas'm. She is the objec' of mah confections. Souse me, now, please, ah gotta go crinkle.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now let's see...you thought of any good publicity gags, Molly?  
MOL: No not yet. But I-

DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Excuse me, Mister McGee. But what kind of candy did you wish?  
FIB: Somethin' chewy, sis.  
MOL: I want some chocolate covered almonds.  
GIRL: Oh I see. In that case I have the wrong requisitions. I'll be right back.  
FIB: DAD RAT IT, SIS. Why don't you just go down into the plant and grab a handful?

GIRL: Oh no sir. You see, every piece of candy is automatically counted and it would throw our whole production schedule off.  
MOL: There's a newspaper story for you, McGee. BUSY FACTORY CLOSES FOR INVENTORY WHEN EMPLOYE SWIPES A LEMON DROP.  
FIB: AHEM. Well, get busy sis. Anybody waitin' to see me?  
GIRL: There's a man named Como, sir.  
MOL: Is he sellin' candy?  
GIRL: Yes, ma'am. He has some very sweet bars called STARDUST ON THE MOON.  
FIB: Let's have 'em. STARDUST ON THE MOON.  
ORK: "STARDUST ON THE MOON". COMO

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...are you manager of this candy factory or are you not? I WANTA PIECE OF candy!

FIB: Me, too. It's shame I can't git me a sample of my own product. It's like makin' Henry Ford walk to work. Inanother minute I'm goin' out into the plant and help myself, if-

DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Excuse me, Mr. McGee. Here are the requisit' ons for the candy you wanted. I'll fill them out for you, if you'll answer the questions.

MOL: Thank you.

GIRL: 1st QUESTION. FOR WHAT PURPOSE IS CANDY REQUESTED?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, WE WANTA EAT IT.

GIRL: In that case, I'll have to get form 1367-J

FIB: WELL DAD RAT IT, GO GET form 1367-J.

GIRL: I'm afraid I can't get form 1367-J without a requisition, sir.

MOL: You mean you have to make out a requisition to get a requisition to get a piece of candy?

GIRL: I wish it were that simple, madam.

FIB: THAT'LL BE ALL, MISS WOOD. Come on, Molly. Let's go out into the factory and get a piece o' candy ourselves. I'm hungry.

MOL: I think I've got a red-tape worm, myself.

FIB: Quite a plant ain't it, Molly? They got one guy in the wrappin' dept., who works all day just waxin' paper.

MOL: Waxin' PAPER!

WIL: And what you pay, per waxin', with Johnson's Wax is negligible when you see how your floors and furniture are protected and-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello, folksies. What are you doing in this candy factory!

FIB: Oh we're just a couple jolly jelly beans, learning the pinocchio-coochie. Ye see, Harpo-

WIL: Oh all right.. I thought things would be pretty sweet around here, but I guess...

SOUND: (MACHINERY UP)

FIB: Hey, Molly...look at the chocolate creams on the endless belt. Millions of 'em!

MOL: Grab one, McGee...one will never be missed.

FIB: Anybody lookin'?

MOL: No.

FIB: Okay...I'll grab two.

SOUND: ALARM BELLS..SHOUTS.

MOL: PUT 'EM BACK, MCGEE...QUICK!

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: ALARM BELLS AND SHOUTING OUT

FIB: Phew! That was a narrow escape.

MAN: (FADE IN) WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO TOUCHED THAT CANDY?

FIB: I DID, DAD RAT IT...I'M MANAGER OF THIS FACTORY.

MOL: AND WE WANT A PIECE OF CANDY!.



MAN: Oh.. well...er. I'm sorry, sir, but it would interfere with the counting and wrapping systems. Did you try making out a requisition?

FIB: Yes, but we were so hungry we ate the requisitions, bud. A little chewy, but not bad.

SOUND: MACHINERY BUZZ - THREE RAPS - MACHINERY BUZZ - THREE RAPS

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. What's that?

FIB: Why that's a wrappin' machine, Molly. Didn'cha hear it rap?

SOUND: WRAPPING MACHINE - FADE OUT

FIB: Well, come on, Molly. I gotta go thru this factory and get a idea for a big publicity story for Cuttlekirk Candy. I -

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh Hello little girl. You better scram outa here.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, it's dangerous for a little girl like you to hang around all this machinery.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I...er...LISTEN..WHO LET YOU IN HERE?

TEE: My papa. He works here.

FIB: Where?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Whe...er..I..(LAUGHS) Let's start all over again.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmm?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, SIS..WHO'S YOUR PAPA..WHERE DOES HE WORK? WHERE IS HE?

TEE: Over there. He dips chocolates,

FIB: You...you mean that great big guy over there?

TEE: Sure. They call him the Big Dipper, I betcha.

FIB: Well, he may be the big dipper, but if I was a little meteor I'd throw him out. (LAUGHS) GET IT, MOLLY? IF I WAS A LITTLE MEATIER?

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee.

TEE: I don't think it was, too, I betcha.

FIB: AHEM. WELL, you tell your old m..your father to keep you outa here. Tell him Fibber McGee, the manager says so.

TEE: All righty. I heard him say there was a dandy job for you out here if you weren't the manager, I betcha.

FIB: He did, eh? What job was that?

TEE: Keeping an eye on that great big vat over there, I betcha.

FIB: Probably a big vital operation at that. What's in that vat sis?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says WHAT'S IN THAT VAT, THAT I COULD HANDLE SO WELL?

TEE: Simple syrup. Well, so long, mister...

MACHINERY UP.

MOL: McGee..if we don't get a piece of candy soon, I'm gonna swoon. With this delicious smell of spices and flavors and all.

FIB: Don't worry..I'll wangle some candy somplace..HEY BUD WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM HERE?

MAN: In there, sir? WHY THAT IS A SPECIAL GROUP WORKING ON  
CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

MOL: Christmas candies? so early? Let's look in there.

MAN: All right.. just a quick peek though..

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

VOICES AND JINGLE BELLS:

"JINGLE BELLS JINGLE BELLS  
JINGLE ALL THE DAY  
CANDY CANES BY CUTTLEKIRK  
WILL MAKE YOUR TEETH DECAY"

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Take it Ted...

ORK: "I KNOW NOW" --

-- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

FURNITURE POLISH COMMERCIAL:

Women who have tried JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH declare  
it is the most wonderful furniture polish they have ever used.

One! It gives an exquisite, satiny lustre. Two: It contains no oil to  
collect dust and finger smudges. Three: It is very EASY to apply, Four:  
It cleans remarkably and leaves a shining film of wax protection on your  
furniture. Be sure to try JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH.

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME - FADE)

MOL: Well, McGee...you've been manager of a candy factory for hours and you haven't even grabbed a gumdrop.

FIB: I know...but what worries me now is how I'm gonna crack the papers with a flashy story on Cuttlekirk Candies. Shucks, I -

ENGLISH: I beg your pardon, old chap. Are you Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha bud. Fibber McGee...manager. Who are you?

ENG: Oh I'm the British representative of the company. I just popped oveh to make a report of progress and all that soht of thing, you know.

FIB: Oh, glad to meet ye, bud. Meet my wife, Molly.

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

FIB: Which of our products is best over there, Bud?

ENG: Oh, the toffee, by all means, old chap.

FIB: Whaddye mean coffee? We don't sell coffee.

MOL: We just sell candy.

ENG: No...no...no...THE TOFFEE...TOFFEE...

MOL: I'd like to have a tup of toffee right now...with tream and suder.

FIB: Lay off, Molly. I gotta get to the bottom of this. LISTEN BUD...YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO WE DON'T SELL COFFEE...

ENG: NO...NO...NO...NOT COFFEE...

FIB: I should say not.

ENG: I mean...I...I SAID TOFFEEEEE...

FIB: If you insist on babytalk, bud, I'll transfer you to the lollypop department.

ENG: Oh come, come, old fellow...I'm afraid you're pulling my leg a bit you know.

FIB: No...I may be out on a limb, but it ain't yours...AND FURTHERMORE WE DON'T SELL COFFEE...UNDERSTAND?

ENG: Oh I say now...you know TOFFEE...IT STARTS WITH "T".

MOL: And I suppose Tea starts with coffee...and rootbeer starts with ginger ale. Come on, McGee...

FIB: Okay...see me in my office later, bud.

ENG: Righto...(FADE OUT) But I should like to explain...

MACHINERY UP AND DOWN

FIB: I fine sales force I got! How can I ever put this thing over in a big way...get out a snappy publicity yarn if these muggs - Say...I wonder how about gettin<sup>n</sup> up a Cuttlekirk Candy Corporation football team!

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: Don't you get it. A CANDY FOOTBALL TEAM? WITH CHEWY BACKS.. CHOCOLATE ENDS .. COCOANUT FORWARDS AND HARD CENTERS? Why say -

NICK: (FADE IN) Hello Fizzer...Hello there Kewpie. Since who are you being a candy kid with a factory in charge?

MOL: Oh they came after him for this job, Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Yes, Nick. I guess I just built a better mouse trap, is all.

NICK: Sure. And what is a mousetripe having to do with peanuts brittles and blyypips?

MOL: What he means is, that with his reputation, he was the outstanding man for the job.

FIB: Used to be a old candy man up Canada, Nick.

NICK: I don't mean to tell you!

FIB: Absolutely. CONFECTION MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh my!

FIB: CONFECTION MCGEE...THE COLORFUL CAPABLE KID O' THE CANDY  
KITCHENS CLEVERLY CORRELATION KEEN COMBINATIONS IN A  
GOLOSSAL CAVALCADE O' CARAMELS...CANES & COCOANUT KISSES AND  
CAPPIN THE CLIMAX WITH THE COMPLETEST COLLECTION O' KIRPY  
CONCOCTIONS FROM CANADA TO THE CAROLINES!

APPLAUSE:

NICK: Is that so! If I hadn't seen you with my own ears, I don't  
believe it yet.

MOL: But what are you doing down here, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: I am being here on be-whole of my boy Demetrios.

FIB: You don't mean on be-WHOLE of Demetrios. You mean on BEHALF  
of Demetrios.

NICK: Fizzer. When I am doing something for my boy, I am not doing  
things by behalf. Demetrios is a footsiball player.

MOL: Footsiball player?

NICK: Kewpie, always you are telling Depopolis what I am meaning when  
I am talking to myself. If my English is not good enough to  
hear me say it, I don't have to listen to me, do you?

MOL: Well what about Demetrios, Me. Depopolis?

NICK: Well, my son Demetrios is hearing from his footsiball coacher,  
that for having some quick energy he should be eating some  
chocolate bars. So I am asking people in this candies  
factories what is best bars for footsiball players who are  
needing some quick energies.

FIB: And what'd they tell you Nick?

NICK: They are saying something which is making me soo angry with  
him that if I am not being a gentleman, I am kicking myself in  
his face and maybe even anyway. HE IS SAYING THAT THE BEST BAR  
FOR A BOY WHO IS NEEDING TO GO SOMEPLACES WITH QUICK ENERGY IS  
A CROWBAR ACROSS HIS SEAT OF THE PANTS. If this is being good  
advice, can a goose duck? Well, so long Kewpie and Fizzer, - I  
hope I see you again, lately.

MOL: McGee...I'm getting tired of this...IF I DON'T GET A PIECE OF  
CANDY PRETTY SOON...

SOUND: MACHINE

FIB: Hey, Molly...LOOK! A TAFFY PULLIN MACHINE..

MOL: What of it? You've seen lots of those in store windows.

FIB: (LOWERS VOICE) I know...but there ain't anybody around it.  
Maybe we can cop a handful. You like salt-water taffy don't you?

MOL: How do you know it's salt-water taffy?

FIB: It comes in gobs. Maybe I can get enough quick energy that Nick  
was talkin' about to think up a good newspaper angle. Anybody  
lookin' Molly?

MOL: No...YES THERE IS...wait a minute...ALL RIGHT...GO...BUT BE  
CAREFUL.

FIB: Okay...I'll just grab a little handful..

SOUND: MACHINE CLANKING

FIB: I got it MOLLY...I GOT IT...

MOL: Well get away from there,.,quick.

FIB: I CAN'T...I'M STUCK...PULL ME LOOSE MOLLY...I'M IN IT UP TO  
MY ELBOWS..

MOL: (GRUNTS) PULL MCGEE...PULL

FIB: I AM... (GRUNTS) IT'S PULLIN ME FARTHER IN MOLLY... DO SOMETHIN'  
SHUT IT OFF!

MOL: WHERE... HOW... HELP SOMEBODY... HELLLLLLLLLLP

FIB: HELLP! SHUT OFF THE TAFFY MACHINE...

SOUNDS: MACHINERY UP... SHOUTS... MACHINE OUT...

FIB: Phew... just in time, Molly...

MOL: GET HIM OUTA THERE SOMEBODY... SCRAPE HIM OFF...

FIB: NO YE DON'T... I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE! LEAVE ME ALONE!

MOL: MCGEE... ARE YOU CRAZY?

VOICES UP:

FIB: QUIET EVERYBODY... HEY MOLLY... CALL THE NEWSPAPERS... TELL 'EM  
TO SEND REPORTERS AND CAMERAMEN... THIS IS THE STORY I WAS  
LOOKIN FOR! THIS IS COLOSSAL!

MOL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? THIS IS NO NEWSPAPER STORY?

FIB: SURE IT IS... "MAN BITES DOG" ... "TAFFY PULLS MAN"... THAT'S MY  
STORY!

MOL: AND YOUR STUCK WITH IT!

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: ("YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING") (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: If you find it difficult to keep your kitchen linoleum looking nice -- if it seems faded and dull just try this simple plan. Go over the floor with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT (applied with a soft cloth or the long handled applicator). Nothing could be easier. In a few minutes time the floor will be shining with a beautiful polish -- the color will be brighter -- the whole room will be more immaculate and fresh looking. Best of all the floor will be very easy to clean. Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on old and new floors, inlaid or printed linoleum, linoleum rugs, rubber tile, asphalt, painted and varnished wood floors. And remember, its economical to buy GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

MOL: I told you that candy job was a wild goose chase, McGee.  
FIB: Yes, but it isn't as much of a wild goose chase as your Uncle Dennis had with MY candy last year.  
MOL: What was that?  
FIB: Don't you remember? I was talkin' to him on the phone and I says I just bought some butterscotch and he nearly killed himself runnin' across town to get to our house?  
MOL: I didn't know Uncle Dennis was so fond of butterscotch.  
FIB: He ain't. He misunderstood BUTTER for BETTER. (LAUGHS)  
MOL: MCGEE!  
FIB: (DEPLATE) Ahem. Good night.  
MOL: Good night all.  
ORCH: (SIGNATURE) (APPLAUSE) SEGUE (SAVE YOUR SORROW)  
WILL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Monday night. Goodnight!  
NBC ANNCR: (MUSIC CREDITS) THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

mc; mk; mr; js;  
10:10 10-25-37

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3RD COMMERCIAL:

Millions of modern, up-to-date, housewives say that JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is the easiest-to-use, the most satisfactory polish they have ever found for their linoleum -- for rubber tile, composition, painted or varnished wood floors. It's no work at all to apply GLO-COAT with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER. You don't have to do any rubbing or buffing. In 20 minutes the floor is dry -- shining with a beautiful, bright polish that protects it from wear, and seals out dirt and germs. Wouldn't you like to have floors that everyone admires -- floors that stay clean longer -- making your work much easier? Then ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- and remember you can save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

TAG GAG:

MOL: I KNEW that man on the street stuff was not for you, McGee.  
FIB: No, I suppose I should o' done my old job as news commentator.  
I had quite a following.  
MOL: Bloodhounds?  
FIB: Eh?  
MOL: Yes, I think a man on the street show had too small a scope  
for you.  
FIB: Me, too.  
MOL: As a commentator, you could have swept the whole country.  
FIB: Swept the whole.. AHM. GOOD NIGHT.  
MOL: Good night, all.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (SIGNATURE) SEGUE

("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

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

NBC ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS)

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