

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN  
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#134) OK  
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ ( NOVEMBER 1, 1937 ) ( MONDAY DAY )  
( 8:00-11:30 PM )  
( 11:00-11:30 PM )  
PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS

*Not Correct*

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE:

WIL: When you walk on wax, you save your floors!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE:

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

ORK: THEME - TANNER

WIL: Ted Weems and his Orchestra open the show with "SAN FRANCISCO".

ORK: "SAN FRANCISCO" - down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL (ON NEXT PAGE)

Page 3.

WIL: It's fun to sit down and watch somebody else do the work -- and millions of smart housewives are having just that kind of experience. They sit back and watch while JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT makes their floors and linoleum gleam like new. This remarkable liquid polish requires no rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT dries in 20 minutes, and shines as it dries - giving your floors gleaming beauty -- sealing out dirt and stains -- protecting floors from wear -- and making them very easy to clean! Be kind to yourself -- buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow. Look for the attractive yellow can -- and remember you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE) (SEGUE)

ORCH: (MC GEE THEME) (FADE)

Page 4.

WIL: IT'S A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN SUMMER DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA, and the MCGEES HAVE LEFT THEIR WIGWAM FOR A STROLL DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE. FIBBER SEEMS TO BE IN A CRITICAL MOOD REGARDING THE VARIOUS WINDOW DISPLAYS EN ROUTE; BUT THAT'S HOW IT IS. THE SOUL OF AN ARTIST IS NEVER SATISFIED. AND HERE, GAZING INTO A STORE WINDOW AT 14th & OAK STREETS, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

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APPLAUSE: THEME

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND DOWN.  
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FIB: Looka there, Molly. Looka that display in the plumbing shop window. There's a perfect example o' misplaced effort. It ain't artistic.

MOL: I think it's very pretty, with all that colored tile, and all.

FIB: PRETTY....sure it's pretty. But it don't tell a story. It ain't got an underlyin' idea to it. Now if I was decoratin' that window, I'd git me a dummy of a chubby little kid, climbin' up on the chair there and latherin' her little chubby face with papa's shavin' cream. Now THAT would tell a story.

MOL: Sure...and in the next window you could show a chubby little dummy of her pappa givin' her a chubby little spankin'.

FIB: NOW, you're beginnin' to get the idea. Now look in this hat store here, for instance. It's- OOOOOP! sorry, bud.

MAN: Why don't ya look where your goin', dopey?

FIB: What's your hurry. - goin' to a fire?  
MAN: No, I ain't.  
FIB: Well, ye will eventually. AHEM. As I was sayin', Molly, get a load of that hat shop window. If that ain't the DUMBEST, ordinarieest unattractive pile o' skull-caps I ever seen. Why if they had any brains they could do wonders with that window.  
MOL: I don't see any hats in there I'd like.  
FIB: Course ye don't. They don't MAKE ye want one. I'd like to show 'em how to decorate that window. With the veils the gals wear now, it's a cinch. A big cut-out of a gorgeous dame...exotic lookin' with a great big black spider web coverin' the whole window. A little lady spider capturin' a spider in tails and top hat. Get it? VEILS! Symbolical of feminine allure and the appeal of mystery. Why shucks, I'd-  
WOMAN: Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee?  
FIB: Hiyah Mrs. Uppington. Molly, you know Mrs. Uppington.  
MOL: Oh yes, how do you do, I'm sure. We were just lookin' at the hats in the window, Mrs. Uppington.  
WOMAN: Oh yes...sweet aren't they? Did you buy the one you have on in there or did you make it yourself? I was just telling Henry this morning NOBODY can wear hats like Mrs. McGee. SO individual you know.  
MOL: Oh thank you. That's a darling hat YOU have on. I wore one like it four years ago, and I simply LOVED it.  
FIB: I don't remember you ever-

WOMAN: Yes, so few of us can wear these off-the-face hats, can we, dear? But I suppose your turn will come some day and the styles will favor you. I get all my hats in New York.  
MOL: Do you really? Mail order houses? How interesting! I order mine from Paris.  
FIB: Why, Molly, you never no such a th-  
WOMAN: I was SURE your hats came from Paris, dear. That's what I told my hus ban this morning and he said yes, they look like they were floated over in a bottle. (LAUGHS) But don't mind Henry. He MUST have his little joke.  
MOL: Of course, dearie. Positively NOBODY takes himself seriously. Well, SO nice to have seen you, dear.  
WOMAN: Yes, dear. DO come over for tea one day soon. Good day, Mr. McGee.  
MOL: Heavenly days, I simply can't STAND that woman. The cat.  
FIB: Shucks, I thought you were on real good terms with all that dearie and darlin' stuff.  
MOL: She's SO snobbish. She's always tellin' me her brother is a power behind the throne in New York state.  
FIB: He is. He's a electrician at Sing Sing. But, I guess she IS kind of a social climber. Always nice to me, though.  
MOL: Well, if bein' nice to YOU makes her a social climber, somebody ought to tell her her ladder is upside down.  
FIB: Oh well...here's the drug store, Molly. I gotta get me some razor blades. You need anything?

MOL: No, but I'll go in with you.

FIB: And look at THAT display window! No taste...no organization. Looks like a goats nest. I'll speak to Cramer about that. Come on in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. VOICES UP

MAN: Hello there, Mr. McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Cramer:

MAN: What can we do for you?

FIB: Oh I just came in for a package o' raz-

MOL: LOOK, McGee...there's that compact I've been wanting...Give me one of those, Mr. Cramer.

MAN: Certainly.

FIB: And gimme a package o' raz-

MOL: OH YES AND A SMALL BOTTLE OF HEADACHE TABLETS. I had a TERRIBLE headache last night and not a pill in the house,

FIB: and a package or raz-

MOL: BY THE WAY, Mr. Cramer, have you any blonde hairnets...oh yes, and some bobby pins and a jar of vanishing cream. Yes, and two ounces of rose water and glycerine.

MAN: All right.

FIB: All I want is a package of raz-

MOL: OH AN I WANT SOME WINTERGREEN CHEWING GUM. Do you want some gum dearie?

FIB: No, I just want a package o' raz-

MOL: BETTER MAKE IT PEPPERMINT, Mr. Cramer. I think that's all.

MAN: Yes indeed. How about you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: That's what I was just thinkin'. HOW ABOUT ME? I was gonna get some razor blades, but I've waited so long you better make it a pair of scissors. Say, I can't hand you much on that window display, Cramer.

MAN: What's the matter with it?

FIB: Wrong psychology. It don't tell a story. It don't create no buyin' urge, Cramer.

MAN: Well, I was going to have it changed but my window trimmer didn't show up. Charges me forty dollars, too, to trim that window.

FIB: Forty dol....FORTY BUC...you mean he...you pay a gur fort--  
WHY THAT'S RIDICULOUS BUD. I ONLY USED TO GET THIRTY BUCKS  
WHEN I WAS CHIEF WINDOW TRIMMER FOR BOTTIGER BETTIGER BOOTIGER  
BOTTIGER AND SHAPIRO IN NEW YORK.

MAN: Oh are you a window trimmer?

FIB: Am I a window trimmer! (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? AM I A  
WINDOW TRIMMER!

MOL: NO.

FIB: Why say, bud I trimmed windows on Fifth Avenue and Broadway  
for years. TRIMMER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: OH MY.

FIB: TRIMMER MCGEE...THE TEMPERAMENTAL TITANIC TORNADO OF TACK AND  
TISSUE WITH A TERRIFFIC TECHNIQUE FOR TAKIN' A TWIST O'  
TAPESTRY AND TEASIN' IT INTO A TENDER TABLEAU IN TUNE WITH  
THE TEMPO O' THE TIMES...TASTEFULLY TRANSPOSIN' TWO-BIT TRASH  
INTO TEMPTING TREASURES AND TRICKILY TITILLATIN' TOWNSPEOPLE  
FROM TENTH AVENUT TO TARRYTOWN!

MAN: Thirty bucks?

FIB: Why not?

MAN: Sold!

MOL: Ho-hum!

ORK: "SHE'S TALL...SHE'S TAN...SHE'S PTOMAINÉ"

APPLAUSE:

VOICES UP AND DOWN

MOL: McGee, you can get yourself into more trouble.

FIB: Whaddye mean, trouble? I'm makin' a sweet thirty bucks,  
ain't I?

MOL: Are ye? What do you know about window trimmin'? The only  
window trimmin' you ever did was puttin' in the screens.

FIB: Don't worry. I can handle this. As the guy says when he  
give his mother-in-law arsenic..."all it takes is a little  
taste". Where's that porter? I told 'em to send the porter  
up to help get the trimmin's set up.

MOL: What's going to be your moteef, McGee?

FIB: Well, I thought...WHAT'S THAT AGAIN?

MOL: Your moteef? You said every window trim ought to have an  
underlying idea. Not that you'll ever be accused of underlying.

FIB: AHM. Well, I got it all figgered. It's Indian Summer.  
Autumn. Harvest time. So I'm puttin' in a Harvest window.

MOL: I like that. An Autumn window. Very symbolical, considerin'  
your ridin' to a Fall.

FIB: Oh, I dunno, I --

SIL: (FADE IN) Is they somebody heah want to see the poteh? AhM  
the -- OH HIYAH MA'AM. HIYAH BOSS.

MOL: Heavenly days, Silly Watson.

FIB: You the porter here, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Jus' Temp'rary, please suh. Just to make me a couple  
o' buck fo a new license.

MOL: License?

FIB: What kind of a license, Sil? Mutt or matrimony?

SIL: It don't matteh, suh. Eitheh way, it gonna be a dogs' life.

MOL: If you're getting a marriage license, Silly, I thought you  
already took one out months ago, to marry Rosebud.

SIL: Yas'm. Ah did. But ah neveh used it. Rosebud she gimme a continuance. Now she say she ready to get married wif me, but she say she ain' gonna use no OLE license. She say she gotta have a fresh one.

FIB: Well, don't let it get you down, Sil.

MOL: No, remember the old saying at weddings, Silly. SOMETHING OLD AND SOMETHING NEW...SOMETHING BORROWED AND SOMETHING BLUE.

SIL: Yas'm. Rosebud, she been marri'd fo' times, so she is old, and ah is new, the two bucks fo the di'amon' was borrowed and ah is blue.

MOL: You really don't want to get married, do you Silly?

SIL: Yes ma'am. Ah don't. Ah'm so down in de mouf, ah kin look up and see daylight past mah epiglottis, ma'am. Wha you doin' in dis sto', please suh?

FIB: I'm the window trimmer, Sil. Here's what I want you to do. I'm fixin' up a Harvest window, so I need, some orange and brown crepe paper. Hammer, tacks, glue, a cartload o' cornstalks, some punkins, and a live turkey.

MOL: Heavenly days. A live turkey!

FIB: Absolutely. This window's gonna have LIFE in it. Can ye remember that Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Does ah buy a lil ole turkey or does ah promote?

MOL: What do you mean, PROMOTE, Silly?

SIL: Ah means, does ah obtain it legal?

FIB: Oh yes Sil. Tell Cramer to give you enough dough to buy it. And hurry up, with them cornstalks and stuff. I gotta get busy.

SIL: Yassuh. (FADE OUT) Ah'll be back jus' as soon as...

FIB: Now, I wonder where I can get a couple of Indians.

MOL: Listen McGee...a harvest idea is a very, very sweet indeed, but what on earth has it got to do with DRUGS?

FIB: It's a easy tie-9n. Cornstalks, turkey...Indians. I'll hang some corn plasters on the stalks, put some turkish tobacco around the turkey and have the Indians holdin' scalp lotion. Kinda cute, eh? But maybe I better build me a teepee and let the Indians be imaginary.

MOL: Sure, Imaginary Indians off a mental reservation.

FIB: Now lemme see...what else do I need for --

SCOT: Farrrrrdon me, laddie. Do ye sell eletrrrric rrazors herrre?

MOL: How do we know. We're just the...that is, me husband is the window trim...at least HE SAYS he's a windo--

FIB: Electric razors, Scotty?

SCOT: Sye. Most drrrrug storrres arrrrre givin' freeee demonstrrrations.

MOL: I see. You mean they let you try the electric razors to see if you like them.

SCOTT: Sye, lassie. By the way, how many drug storrres would ye be havin' heerrrrre?

FIB: About eighteen, Scotty.

SCOT: Only 18? I'm verra sorry to hearr it. I was plannin' on visitin' herrrrre aboot threeeee weeks, and I like to shave everrrrry day. Thank ye. (EXIT SINGING)

FIB: I donno which gets the most fun for the least dough - a skittish colt or a scottish kilt. (LAUGHS) Get it Molly? Scottish kilt or a -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Well, I didn't give much of a hott for it myself. Let's see now. I better have Silly bring up some merchandise for display.

WOMAN: Pardon me, young man, but do you develop?

FIB: Do I develop! Sis, I develop so fast it scares me sometimes. Every morning I look into the mirror and say THAT can't be the McGee of yesterday. Why the way I develop...

MOL: McGee...she means fillums.

FIB: Ohhh, fillums. Third counter over sis. You're talkin' to the trimmer.

WIL: AND EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT HOW MUCH TRIMMER THEIR FLOORS AND FURNITURE LOOK WITH JOHNSONS WAX. THE EASY TO USE POLISH THAT...

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello folksies. Whatcha doin'?

MOL: McGee is going to fix up a window display.

FIB: Yeah, stick around, Harpo. We'll give you a job standin' with a can o' glocoat in each hand a ribbon around your sayin' THE JOHNSON WAX MAN. Get the idea? They'll think you're a wax dummy and

WIL: Oh Innuendo, eh?

FIB: Yeah, in the window. Ye see Harpo -

WIL: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT (FADE OUT) I don't know why I even keep trying, all I get is...

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Mr. Wilcox. You should be nicer to him, McGee.

FIB: Oh me and Harpo understand each other. Shucks, he'd give me the shirt of his back. And as soon as we get a real cold day, I'll ask him for it. Hey there's Ted Weems gettin' a soda over there. HEY TED.

TED: Hello Fibber. Hello Molly.

MOL: Hello Ted.

FIB: Say, Theodore. I'm fixin' up a Harvest window for the store. Can you play Shine on, Harvest Moon for us?

TED: No, but Perry Como's BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY is some punkins. How about that?

FIB: FINE. LET'S HAVE IT. BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY

ORK: "BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY" -- Como

APPLAUSE:

VOICES UP

FIB: Well, I got all the stuff lined up to put in the window, Molly.  
It's about time Sil showed up with that turkey and stuff.

MOL: I think that was a silly idea. A Live turkey in a window display.

FIB: Listen Molly. In business ye gotta take the long view. In about  
three weeks, I'll come back to fix up a new displg for 'em.

That means the turkey comes out. And three weeks from today is  
what? The 22nd. 3 days to Thanksgiving. Catch on?

MOL: You'll get the bird long before that, McGee. By the way, how do  
you get into the show window?

FIB: This little door here...

SOUND: LATCH

MOL: Heavenly days...what makes it so dark? They must have the shades  
pulled down.

FIB: I'll crawl in and raise 'em so we can see. (FADE) I'll be back  
in just a ....HEYYYYYYYYYY....

SOUND: DIMINUENDO WIND WHISTLE AND CRASH.

MOL: McGee...what is it. Whathappened? Where are you?

FIB: (WAY OFF MIKE) I'm down in the basement, Molly. That was the  
dumbwaiter shaft to the store room. Pull the rope and raise me  
outa here..

MOL: Ohhh dear...

SOUND: CREAK OR PULLEY AND CLATTER.

FIB: (FADE IN) Phew...If I hadn't landed on a carton o' cigarettes, I'd  
o' been trimmin' windows in the fracture ward.

MOL: I THOUGHT that was a funny way to get into the show windows. This  
must be the door here.

LATCH:

FIB: That's it. As soon as Silly shows up, I'll crawl in and you  
hand me the stuff.

WEARY: (FADE IN) Oh Hello there Mrs. McGee. Hello Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh it's Mrs. Wearybottom. HIYAH, Weary. You a regular patron o'  
this drug store?

WEARY: Yes I am and I've got a complaint to make last year I bought an  
8-day clock in here and it isn't satisfactory I wind it every 8  
days which means if I wind it on Monday this week I wind it on  
Tuesday next week and Wednesday the week after which means I been  
gaining a day every week why last year at the end of the year I  
had nearly six weeks left over and I didn't know what to do with  
myself do you work here now?

FIB: Who, me? Oh no. I just come in to fix 'em up a window display,  
Weary.

WEARY: Oh yes...I had a cousin once who used to demonstrate muscle  
developers in a hardware store window he'd stand in there all day  
and pull on those pulleys and my goodness gracious he finally got  
so strong he pulled the whole front out of the store so now he's  
taking a medical course trying to find out how to get anaemia  
I'll have him get in touch with you, you're pretty pernicious.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Why that old - did you hear what she -

SOUND: CROWD UP...EXCITEMENT.



MOL: Look, McGee...here comes Sillywith the turkey..

FIB: Hey he got a whooper, didn't he ? OVER HERE SIL..

SIL: (FADE IN) Yassuh...is thi'sn okay, please suh?

FIB: That's swell, Sil. Just set him down anywhere.

SIL: Nossuh...ah don' dahre, Ah bettah hold him till you is ready fo  
Him on account o' he peck at eveahbody, suh.

SOUND: GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE...

FIB: Shucks, he's harmless, Sil. Look, I can reach right over and..  
OUCH!! DAD RAT IT!!!!

SIL: See, Mist' McGee? He real vorocious.

MOL: Heavenly days...I KNEW this was a silly idea.

SIL: No, ma'am. It ain' mah idea.

MOL: I mean FOOLISH, Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. HOLD STILL YOU OLE FOOL. NOT YOU, MA'AM.

SOUND: GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE

FIB: I know what I'll do. I used to be able to hypnotize a chicken.  
I guess I can hypnotize a turkey by usin' a little more concentration

MOL: To do that dnit you have to have more brains than the turkey?

FIB: AHEM. Hold him still, Sil, whilst I look him straight in the eye.

SIL: Which eye, please suh?

FIB: EITHERE eye, Dad rat it..now then..Take it easy turk..look me in  
the eye...you're gettin' sleepy...you're gettin' sleepy...you're  
goin' 'b sleep..you're gettin' drowsy..keep lookin' me in the eye,  
Turkey...now you're almost asleep..(I'm doin' it, Molly!) Go to  
sleep Turkey...sleep...speeeeeeppppp....sleeeeeep.

SOUND: GLASS TINKLE...

FIB: OUGH...DAD RAT IT! HE BUSTED MY GLASSES! Take him away,  
Sil. This bird ain't got enough sense to even by hypnotized..

SIL: Yassuh...what'll ah do wif him?

FIB: I'll tell ye what. Shove him into the show window and smt  
the door on him. Then bring in the cornstalks and punkins  
and stuff. and clean out the stuff that's in the window now.  
I'll sort out the stuff I'm gonna put in. Get the idea?

SIL: Yassuh. You mean let this lil ole gobble-gobble run LOOSE  
inside that window, boss?

MOL: He can't hurt anything in there, Sil.

SIL: No ma'am. But you gotta got somebody besides me to git him  
out again. That bu'hd got a bill ah don' wanna collect.  
(FADE OUT) Lemme past theah folks, please...and don' nobody  
grab no drumsticks...

MOL: Are you satisfied, McGee? Or shall I send Silly out for an  
ostrich.

FIB: Lay off, Molly, that turkey was just excited. It ain't every  
bird that gets a chance to be in a McGee window display. NOW  
let's see.. where's that colored tissue paper.

MOL: Here. What are you gonna do wif it?

FIB: I'm gonna make me a decorative background...a brown and orange  
sunburst, kind of. Then I'll stack up the corn stalks, throw a  
few punkins around..put some corn and water in for the turkey  
and we'll have a Harvest scene that'll knock their eyes out.

MOL: If the scenery don't knock their eyes out the turkey will.

FIB: You wait. This is gonna be the talk of the town. I'll bet--

MAN: Say WHERE'S THE FOUNTAIN PEN DEPARTMENT? I GOTTA FOUNTAIN PEN  
HERE AND IT DON'T WOIK, SEE?

MOL: Why there are a few fountain pens in the showcase there, sir.

FIB: Yes but they ain't a drip in the pocket to our regular stock,  
Bud. Tell ye what, if you don't like the fountain pen you got,  
go back to the manager's office and ask to see his nibs. AHEM.  
Now let's line up this other stuff here..where's the hammer?

MOL: In your hand.

FIB: Which hand? Oh yes.

MOL: Incidentally, McGee...the Johnson Wax people have made you a  
nice Harvest...why don't you put some of their products in the  
window?

FIB: Well, I kinda hate to infirnge on Harpo's department. He's  
southern and sensitive. You know, the South Carolinotype?

MOL: Is he from South Carolina? I thought he was a Chicagoan.

FIB: Well he is kinda Illinoisy at times.

WIL: NO - I'M A KANSAN, FOLKS. ON ACCOUNT OF THE KANSAN KANSAN KANS  
OF JOHNSON PRODUCTS SOLD YEAR AFTER YEAR. HOUSEWIVES KNOW IT'S  
THE FINEST -

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello folksies. Say did you know there were 20 Million cans of  
Johnson Products sold last year?

MOL: Heavenly days, 20 million!

FIB: What does that make you, Harpo?

WIL: Happy. Well, I'll be seeing you.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Harlow makes a handsome salesman, doesn't he, McGee?

FIB: He may be a handsome salesman to you, but he's just a plug-ugly  
to me. Hand me a box o' them thumb tacks, Molly -- I'll --

ELMO: Hello there, Folks.

MOL: Oh Elmo Tanner. Hello, Elmo.

FIB: Whatcha want, Elmo?

ELMO: I was just going by and I saw you two in the store here. I'm  
just coming from my dancing lesson.

MOL: I noticed you were all perspiration.

ELMO: That isn't perspiration. That's cider. I'm learning the Big  
Apple.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Kinda been going on a spree de core, eh Elmo? FOLKS,  
ELMO TANNER, WHISTLES "ON WITH THE DANCE". Take it, Ted!

ORK: "ON WITH THE DANCE" -- Tanner (APPLAUSE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

Down the streets and highways they come - beautiful, gleaming cars, their shining finish protected from dirt, sun, and sleet with Johnson's AUTO WAX. If you want to cut down on car washings and greatly increase the tradein value of your car - buy JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER from your regular wax dealer - auto supply store - garage or service station, and don't delay another day! WAX YOUR CAR THE JOHNSON WAY.

ORCH: (MOGEE THEME) (FADE)

TEE: Aww, I betcha he wouldn't I betcha.

SOUND: GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE.

TEE: Gee he's talking. What'd he say?

FIB: He says GO AWAY LITTLE GIRL, THE MAN WANTS TO WORK.

TEE: Gee CAN you talk turkey?

FIB: I'll say so. (LAUGHS) Though I hope you dont think I'd use fowl language. (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS I HOPE...er...listen sis. GO AWAY. GO ON HOME. I'M TRYIN' TO FINISH THIS WINDOW DISPLAY, SEE?

TEE: Whatcha doin' it for?

FIB: Thirty buc...er..WHY TO MAKE THE WINDOW LOOK PRETTY.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says go away. WE'RE BUSY.

TEE: Well can I see the other ones before I go. Hmmm, Please, can I?

FIB: What other ones?

TEE: Well, gee, I heard a man say there three.

FIB: Well he was mistaken.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says he...WHAT GIVE HIM THE IDEA WE HAD MORE'N ONE BIRD HERE?

tee: Well gee, I heard him say HEY JOE, GO OVER TO CFAMERS DRUG STORE AND GET A LOAD OF THE THREE DIZZY TURKEYS IN THE WINDOW. But gee if you only got one -

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Three dizzy turkeys eh? I'll show them muggs. Hey Molly, how do the cornstalks look. Are they stacked up artistic enough?

MOL: Very realistic, McGee. Arent you nearly thru?

FIB: Just about. Gotta tack up a few more autumn leaves.

(HAMMERING)

MOL: I think I'll tie a string to this turkey's leg to I wont have to keep herding him around.

FIB: Good idea. I'll just..

SOUND: TAPPING ON GLASS

MOL: Who's that?

FIB: It's Nick Depopolis. HIYAH NICK...COME ON IN. (PAUSE) I SAYS COME ON IN.

MOL: AROUND THAT WAY.

FIB: He got the idea. Now let's see...a few more leaves here..

(HAMMERING)

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Who's there? - Mr. Depopolis?

DOOR LATCH:

NICK: (FADE IN) Hello Kewpie, Hello Fizzer. What are you doing with myself in those cornsticks and squishes?

FIB: Them are pumpkins, Nick. Not Squashes. How do you like my window display?

NICK: Fizzer, it is stupendipuss. I could hardly belive myself think when I am looking thru these windows and seeing you and Kewpie with all these inferior desecrations. And those turkey...MMMMMMM. It is making my teeth water to see all those whites meats walking around. It is remind me of crambaly jerry, I'm thinking.

FIB: You mean cranberry jelly, Nick. Was you coming into the drug store for something?

NICK: As a mother of fact I am just coming to get some shooting syrup for my baby Anastasia.

MOL: You mean soothing syrup, Mr. Depopilis. Not shooting syrup.

NICK: Sure, Kewpie, I will try anything sometime, if it works once, as I was saying to Mrs. Depopolis last nights, I am saying, LISTEN , SNOOKY I am saying.

FIB: SNOOKY! Oh baby talk eh, Nick?

NICK: No Fizzer. I am calling her Snooky because she is always snooking out to some moving show pictures. She is bein crazy about these little Friday Bartholopew.

MOL: You mean Fredy Bartholomew.

NICK: Sure...and Shirley Tinkle, too. She is a cutes kids. If I am ever being in my second childrenshood I hope I am being like her, but I guess that is too much to ask you for, dont we?

FIB: You didnt finish telling us what you told Mrs. Depopolis, Nick?

NICK: Sure, I never do, Fizzer, every time I am starting to tell her somethings, I am never finishing. She is talking so much swiftlier than me, at is like racing between the hare and the turquoise, I'm thinking. Well, so long, Fizzer and Kewpie, the sooner I see you again, I certainly hope so. (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: I spose you think because you talked your way into this you can chin yourself out.

FIB: HEY CRAMER... here he comes...

MANAGER: (OFF MIKE) What's the matter in there, McGee? Having trouble?

FIB: Why...er I....er...I seem to have trimmed myself in here, Cramer.

MOL: He's decorated us in the interior, you might say.

MAN: Well, that's tough. But you'll have to figure it out for yourself, McGee. It's your problem.

FIB: Hmm. Say how much does a plate glass show window cost you, Cramer?

MAN: 25 bucks.

FIB: And I'm gettin' thirty for trimmin' the window, Okay. MAIL ME FIVE BUCKS, CRAMER.

DOOR SLAM

GLASS CRASHES: TRAFFIC NOISES UP.

FIB: Come on, Molly!

ORK: APPLAUSE: "THE LADY IS A TRAMP". Down for -

WIL: COMMERCIAL #3

ORK: UP TO FINISH. APPLAUSE:

ORK: McGee THEME DOWN FOR:

TAG GAG:

MOL: McGee, was Mr. Wilcox joking when he said they'd sold 20 million cans of Johnsons Wax last year?

FIB: Nope. He had it right.

MOL: Are ye sure? That's an awful lot of wax.

FIB: Sure I'm sure. I remember settin' in the office of the company up in Racince when a couple o' girls from the accountantin' office went by and I remember how pleased I was when I seen their figgers.

MOL: WHEN YOU WHAT?

FIB: I mean the typewritten...they had a sales shee...er.. the results was ...er AHEM. GOOD NIGHT.

MOL: Good night, all!

APPLAUSE: SIGNATURE - SEGUE "SAVE YOUR SORROW".

SIGNOFF:

FIB: Shucks, the way that guy mixes things up, the Legue O' Nations oughtta hire him to write treaties.

GOBBLE GOGGLE GOBBLE

FIB: Pipe down, you three-toed eggplant. I wasnt talkin' to you.

MOL: Come on, McGee...I'm gettin' tired of standin' here and bein' stared at by everybody.

FIG: Okay. I just got one more branch of autumn leaves to nail up in this blank space here...(HAMMERING) There...how's that?

MOL: Well, I'm surprised to say it really looks very pretty.

FIB: You got that turk tied up?

MOL: Yes. He van walk around but not far. Let's go.

FIB: Okay. You bring them tacks and crepe paper and hammer and boards and I'll carry the tack hammer.

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD AND PAPER CRACKLE

FIB: Shuvks, I cantwait to get out on the sidewalk and see how the window looks to the passin' pedestr...(PAUSE) What's the matter, Molly?

MOL: McGee...we're nailed in.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: LOOK. You've nailed those leaves and things over the door. Tear it down.

FIB: WHAT? AND RUIN MY DISPLAY? No sir. This is the handest thirty nucks, I ever earned and I aint gonna do it over again.

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS... I WANTA GET OUT! I'M NOT GOING TO SPEND THE NEXT THREE WEEKS IN HERE WITH A TURKEY AND A CUCKOO.

FIB: Now wait a minute...lemme think...there oughtta be SOME way outa this without ruin' all my work. Wait... I think I can open that door a crack...

MOL: What good'll that do? Or do you feel small enough to crawl thru that?

FIB: Quiet....ahhhh.

SOUND: NAILS CREAKING.

FIB: I got it open a little bit. HEY CRAMER...COME TO THE SHOW WINDOW.. HEY CRAMER...COME HERE..

MAN: (FADE IN) Well, McGee...arent you thru with that window yet?

MOL: Apparently not.

FIB: Why er...to tell..the truth, Cramer...I seem to have trimmed myself in here...and I cant get out without spellin' the effect.

MAN: Well, that's tough. But I'm afraid it's your problem, not mine.

MOL: Ohhhhhh dear....

FIB: Wait a minute bud....HOW MUCH DOES A PLATE GLASS SHOW WINDOW LIKE THESE COST?

MAN: About 25 bucks...Why?

FIB: 25 bucks...and I get thirty for the decoratin'.

OKAY BUD.....MAIL ME FIVE BUCKS.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...GOBBEL GOBBEL GOBBLE...TRAFFIC NOISES UP

FIB: Come on, Molly. Out this way.

ORK: APPLAUSE: "THE LADY IS A TRAMP." DOWN FOR --

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