

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

WMAQ

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

MARCH 7th, 1938

MONDAY

Not Carried

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

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - Fade for

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee & Company with Billy Mills Orchestra.

ORK: FINISH THEME

WIL: The show opens with "LOVE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY"

ORK: "LOVE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY". FADE FOR

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

COMMERCIAL

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WIL:

WELL, OPPORTUNITY MIGHT KNOCK AT FIBBER'S DOOR A LITTLE
OFTENER, IF THE WOLF WASN'T ALWAYS THERE TO SCARE HER
AWAY. WITH MOLLY STILL AWAY, FIBBER'S FINANCIAL
MANIPULATIONS HAVE REDUCED HIM TO A STATE WHERE SOMETHING
HAS GOTTA BE DONE. AND HERE, WITH HIS FIRST ASSISTANT
TREASURER, SILLY WATSON, GOING THRU HIS EFFECTS FOR
SOMETHING TO PAWN, WE FIND, FIBBER MCGEE!

APPLAUSE THEME

FIB: Sil, what do you think I should get for this watch?
 SIL: I'd get some brass polish iff'n I was you, Mr. McGee.
 FIB: No no - I mean how much cash. And don't let that touch
 of green fool you Sil,
 SIL: It don't.
 FIB: All good gold gets a little green in the Spring.
 SIL: But it ain't Spring yet, please suh -
 FIB: Well - you know my watch -- always fast.
 SIL: Who you figgerin' on sellin' it to, Mr. McGee?
 FIB: Harlow Wilcox looks prosperous. I think I'll try him.
 HEY HARLOW. -- I'd like to let you in on something.
 WIL: Did you say LET me in, or TAKE me in?
 FIB: Why Harpo --- I'm surprised at you. Who have I ever done
 -- I mean what have I ever done that you should talk like
 that?
 WIL: Well - I --
 FIB: I guess you've forgotten about that East Indian Charm
 you sold me the other day.
 WIL: I remember.
 FIB: You said it would bring me luck.
 WIL: Well - didn't it?
 FIB: On the way home with it I was held up and robbed, run over
 by a taxi cab, and taken to a dog hospital by mistake. They
 kept me there for three days.
 WIL: Well -
 FIB: Well - do you call that bringing me luck?

WIL: Sure. I didn't say what KIND of luck it would bring. Besides,
 Fibber, you don't look any the worse for your three days in the
 dog hospital.
 FIB: Well I am -- and it's very embarrassing. Yesterday I had
 dinner at the Palace Cafe
 WIL: What happened?
 FIB: I snapped at the waiter, growled as I ate my T bone steak, and
 then sat up and begged for dessert.
 WIL: Oh well ---
 FIB:all that is bad enough, but if the dog catcher doesn't
 quit chasin' me -----

DOOR OPEN

CLARK: Hye Fibber --
 FIB: Oh -- it's Clark Dennis. Say Clark -- take a look at this watch
 of mine

CLARK: Is that a WATCH? It looks like a fireless cooker.
 FIB: Is it -- WHY DAD RAT IT - OF COURSE IT'S A WATCH. Listen to it.

TICK TOCK (LOUD) WITH YODEL

WIL: Oh, a SWISS movement!
 FIB: But genuine. Why this watch spent so much time in the Swiss Alps
 it won't keep anything but mountain time.
 CLARK: It don't look so hot to me. What do you think, Harlowe?
 WIL: It could be melted up into a nice pair of brass knuckles, but--
 FIB: Why dad rat it -- this watch is a genuine family heirloom ----

DOOR OPENS

Oh - here comes Billy Mills. He appreciates the finer things.
 I betcha he makes me a good offer. Hye Billy.

MILLS: Hello Fibber -- what's that you got there, a waffle iron?
FIB: THIS IS A WATCH -- and very valuable. Now seriously you guys,
what am I offered for this beautiful timepiece. One at a time,
please.
CLARK: I'll give you a nickel for it, Fibber.
FIB: A NICKEL? WHY, Clark, you insult the house of McGee. --
HEY SIL -- come here a minute.
SIL: Yassuh - whatcha want, Mr. McGee?
FIB: (SOTTO) Listen B'l - I've got a great idea ---
SIL: I'm broke too, please suh.

FIB: No, no - what I mean is I'm gonna use a little sales
psychology on these birds. You know a person always wants
to buy something that's hard to get.
SIL: Yassuh - but this little ole watch of yours ain't hard to get,
is it?
FIB: We'll MAKE it hard to get. That's where YOU come in, Sil.
I'll auction off the watch, and you keep the bidding alive.
SIL: Me?
FIB: Sure. All you have to do is keep raising the bid until I
give you the signal to stop. You catch on to it? We'll
get the musicians in Billy Mills orchestra to bidding too.
SIL: Yassuh.
FIB: Okay - here we go. GENTLEMEN - SO THAT EVERYONE MAY HAVE
A FAIR AND EQUAL CHANCE TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF THIS BEAUTIFUL
TIMEPIECE, I SHALL NOW AUCTION IT OFF TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
WHAT DO I HEAR?
CLARK: I'll still give you a nickel for it.
FIB: A NICKEL HAS BEEN BID.
SIL: Two nickels..
MAN: I'll give you a buck for it McGee - I can use it as a trombone
mute.
FIB: ONE DOLLAR HAS BEEN BID..
SIL: Two dollars ...
MILLS: Say, I might be able to use it myself. I'LL BID FIVE DOLLARS.
FIB: FIVE...

SIL: Ten dollars.

FIB: (SOTO) Attaboy Sil - TEN DOLLARS HAS BEEN BID - DO I HEAR -

MILLS: Ten dollars and fifty cents.

SIL: Twenty dollars.

FIB: (SOTTO) Take it easy Sil -

MILLS: Twenty dollars and fifty cents.

FIB: (SOTTO) That's enough Sil -

SIL: Forty dollars..

FIB: Ohh...

MILLS: Forty dollars and fifty cents.

FIB: SOLD TO THE MAN IN THE ----

SIL: EIGHTY DOLLARS

FIB: (SOTTO) Hey Sil - can't you see my signal -

MILLS: Eighty dollars and fifty cents.

FIB: SOLD TO THE ---

SIL: ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS!

MILLS: Well - that tops me - it's all yours, Sil.

FIB: (GRIPED) Going at one hundred and sixty dollars - going - going - gone. Sold to Silly Watson for one hundred and sixty dollars.

SIL: (LAUGH) I outbid 'em, didn't I Mr. McGee?

FIB: You ruined everything, Sil. Now I gotta go to a pawnshop - Why didn't you stop when I gave you the signal?

SIL: Did that mean stop?

FIB: Sure - I held up my hand. Ain't you ever been to school?

SIL: Yassuh -

FIB: Well - don't you know that holdin' up the hand means you gotta stop?

SIL: Not when I went to School.

ORCH: "SUNNY SIDE OF THE ROCKIES"

APPLAUSE

TRAFFIC NOISES IN UP AND DOWN

SIL: Wah was the name o' that last tune Mist' Mills played, Mist' McGee?

FIB: That was "The Sunny Side of the Rockies", Sil. And I don't mean California. Hey...get a load of all the pawnshop signs. This ain't a street...it's a gold-plated bowling alley.

SIL: You know, suh, ah've always wanted to go in one o' these heah places and hock mah five carot diamon'.

FIB: EH? YOU GOTTA FIVE CARAT DIAMOND?

SIL: Nossuh. Tha's somp'n else ah've always wanted, suh.

FIB: Oh. Well...let's go in and get some dough for this watch. This place looks as good as any.

DOOR LATCH BELL TINKLE DOOR SLAM

JEW: So vot vas it please?

FIB: Hiyah, Jake. I want to see about a -

JEW: AND DUNT CALL ME JAKE. My name is Solomon.

FIB: Well, that's Jake with me. AHEM, I gotta watch here, Sol, that I wanta get a loan on. It's a valuable heirloom, and -

JEW: A HEIRLOOM, is it? For feefty years I am doing business and if somebody is bringink in somethingk which is NOT a heirloom, I am droppin dead in my tracks, so help me, let's see the vatch.

FIB: Okay. I'll unwrap it. This watch has come down to me from five generations, Sol.

JEW: Hmmm... Vot a comedown!

FIB: It originally belonged to my ancestor, Sir Siegfried McGee. He lost his left hand during a hand-to-hand fight with Sir Cassian Walnut, so he bought this watch to commemorate the battle. You'll notice one of the hands is shorter'n the other. You see, my ancest.....

JEW: Quiet. Vit vatches, ticking spiks louder than talking.

FIB: Okay. But be careful with it. It was damaged once when Sir Seigfried wound it too tight. That is, Sir Seigfried was too tight when he wound it, and ever since then the watch hasn't been able to keep its face straight, That's why ---

JEW: PLEASE! After looking at de vatch, I think your hencestor is losing his hend in the wrist pulling this vatch out of a box creckerjeck.

FIB: Well, come on... come on...what'll you gimme for it, and don't try to slip nothin' over on me. I'm an old pawnshop man myself, ye know.

JEW: Hmmm. Is det so! Vell, I'll tall you, -

DOOR TINKLE AND SLAM

BOI: Here's a note for you Sol. It's from Screwball Connolly.

FIB: (ASIDE) Hear that, Sil? Screwball Connolly the gangster. I wonder what -

JEW: That's all sonny boy.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey...what's the matter, Sol? Bad news?

JEW: Nu, just a business metter. And vot a business! Do I understand you to say you are a pawnshop owner vonce?

FIB: Absolutely, Sol. Used to be in the pawnshop business when I was a mere boy. Had a wonderful reputation, too. My word was good for any amount. Used to pawn it now and then just to try it out. PAWN MY WORD MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

SIL: Hot diggety!

JEW: Vell - vell!

FIB: PAWN MY WORD MCGEE, POPULAR PAYER OF PRIME PRICES FOR PECULIAR POSSESSIONS, LIKE PING PONG PADDLES, PORCELAIN PLATES, PERAMBULATORS, PAINTINGS, PEARLS, PLOUGHS AND PICCOLOS, PURPOSELY PALLY WITH THE POLICE, POSTIN' 'EM ON THE PILFERIN' PUGS AND PESKY PUNKS WHO PREY ON POOR PEOPLE WITH PINCHED POCKETBOOKS, AND PRAISED IN POETRY AND PROSE AS THE PEER OF PRINCELY PAWNBROKERS FROM THE PARCHED PRAIRIES OF THE PANHANDLE TO THE PLEASANT PLAYGROUNDS OF THE PARISIAN PLAZA!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: So what'll you gimme for the watch, Sol?

SOL: I think I'm geeving you the business.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, YOU'RE GONNE GIVE ME THE BUSINESS!

SOL: Just vot I say. I am goingk away on a liddle trip, and you can manage the shop.

FIB: Oh hey, now wait a minute, I don't know anyth...er...it's been a long time since I - HEY ... COME BACK HERE. YOU CAN'T --

SOL: I'll be back maybe next veek...and my best vishes!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well fer the...hey Sil...what do you supoose made him turn this shop over to me.

SIL: Reckon it was this lil note he got, please suh. It say Mist' Screwball Connolly is collectin' 5 thousan' dollers, OR ELSE, FO' SOMPIN.

FIB: Oh...no wonder he ducked out. But that needn't bother us none. I don't even KNOW Screwball Connolly so he can't have anything against us. Anyway...it looks like we got ourselves a pawnshop, Sil.

DOOR TINKLE AND SLAM

WOMAN: How do you do. How much will you give me for this parrot?

FIB: Let's have a look at it. Hmm. How old is he, sis?

WOMAN: Oh, at least a hundred and fifty. Parrots grow to a ripe old age, you know.

FIB: 150 years old eh? LET'S HEAR YOU SAY SOMETHING, POLLY,

PARROT: HIDE THAT JUG, GEORGE...HERE COMES MARTHA!

FIB: Oh oh! Get that bird outa here, sis, before he spills the beans about Paul Revere!

PARROT: T'ain't funny, McGee.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Know what I think I'll do, Sil? I'm gonna take down them three gold balls over the door and throw 'em away. The proper symbol for this business is an EIGHTBALL anyway. I think I'll blow up some basketballs, paint 'em red white and blue and hang 'em up over the -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WIL: Hello, Fibber. What'll you gimme on these Military brushes?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, Military brushes, Harpo. These are just old scrub brushes.

WIL: I guess you were never in the army.

FIB: Where'd you get 'em?

WIL: Collected 'em out of alleys around town here. You see, women are allusing Glocoat on their floors now, and they throw the scrub brushes away.

FIB: Well, never let it be said that Fibber McGee refused a loan on ANYTHING. I'll give you forty cents..

WIL: Oh yeah...they're worth more than that.

FIB: No they ain't.

WIL: Yes they are.

SIL: Scuse me, Mist' McGee...you don' sound much like a pawnbroker, suh.

FIB: Eh? Say that's right. VELL, VILCOX, I'LL TELL YOU -

WIL: Okay ..gimme the forty cents.

FIB: HERE.

WIL: Thanks.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Thanks, Sil. That was a constructive thought. Now let's see.. I suppose we better take a inventory and see what we got.. I -

DOOR TINKLE AND SLAM.

WOMAN: Excuse me...have you got a goodlooking money changer?

FIB: Well, no, sis, I ain't hired a cashier yet, but if you want a job, I -

WOMAN: No no no...I mean one of those metal things that the street car men make change with.

FIB: Oh yes...HERE'S ONE RIGHT HERE, SIS, That's never been redeemed. Give it to you for two bucks.

WOMAN: I'll take it. .wrap it as a wedding gift and send it to Miss GRETA GARBO with this card. .

FIB: HEY WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GIVIN' A COIN CHANGER TO GARBO?

WOMAN: Oh haven't you heard? She's marrying that conductor!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Wouldn't be a bad idea if some o' these other actresses'd marry conductors...it'd be easier to get a transfer..

SIL: Is Mis' Garbo really marryin' wif a conductor, Suh?

FIB: An orchestra conductor, Sil. Didn't you read where he's put his band around her finger?

DOOR TINKLE: SLAM.

FIB: Oh, it's Clark Dennis., Whatcha want, Clark?

CLARK: You lend money on everything?

FIB: Clark, you can pawn everything but the weather in here. And I might even take in a 17-jewel hurricane if I was urged. Whatcha wanna hock?

CLARK: Can I get dough for a song?

FIB: Absolutely. Give him a little dough, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

CHORD ON PIANO.

SIL: Do....do...do...do...

FIB: There you are, Clark . What's the name o' your song?

CLARK: I can Dream, Can't I?

FIB: Oh, SHEET music. Go ahead, Clark.

ORK: "I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I" - DENNIS.

APPLAUSE:

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APPLAUSE:

FIB: That was swell, Clark. Anybody that can dream like that, better be careful about talkin' in his sleep. Come on, Sil. We gotta take an inventory...

SIL: Take a wah?

FIB: Inventory. All businesses have gotta take an inventory. That way we know if our assets exceed the stuff on hand, if depreciation has set up the moratorium, if profit-takin' has weakened the capital structure, whether the cash or the cashier is unbalanced, and all stuff-like-that-there. We'll start with this showcase here. Write these items down...ONE REVOLVER.

SIL: One revolver...is it loaded, suh?

FIB: I'll see.

SOUND: SHOT. GLASS TINKLE.

FIB: Nope. Taint loaded.

TINKLE OF DOORBELL...DOOR SLAM.

SIL: Look, Mist' McGee. Heah come a lil ole Indian, suh.

FIB: Maybe it's Sitting Bull, wantin' to hock his easy chair. HIYAH, CHIEF.

INJUN: How. You make loan on blanket?

FIB: Oh sure. Me make plenty big loan on blanket. You makem blanket?

INJUN: Squaw makem.

FIB: Well, it's a very handsome bla...HEY THIS IS A PERSIAN RUG.

INJUN: MMM. Plenty traveling men in tribe.

FIB: Oh, I see. I'll give you three dollars.

INJUN: You givem one dollar. Not worth three dollars.

FIB: Honest injun?

INJUN: No honest. Just foolish Injun.

FIB: Well here's your dollar. Come in again an..HEY WHAT KIND OF AN INDIAN ARE YOU, CHIEF? YOU PAWNEE?

INJUN: No...Me PawnER. YOU PAWNEE.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Come on, Sil...let's get on with the inventory..

SIL: Yassuh..

FIB: One..lawn mower...one violin..there's a label inside of it.. Hmamm, Stradivarius...made in 1723...shucks, a fiddle that old can't be much good...

SOUND: CRACKING OF WOOD.

FIB: Throw that out, Sil. We'll just keep fresh stock in this place...One camera...one small carpenter's plane...WRAP THAT UP AND SENT IT TO EDGAR BERGEN. Charlie'll be old enough to shave one of these days...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny. You the pawnshop man?

FIB: That's me, Junior. Wanna loan on something?

OLD M: What'll you gimme on this gold ring, Johnny?

FIB: Take it off and let's see it.

OLD M: EH WHAT SAY?

FIB: I SAYS TAKE IT OFF AND LET'S SEE IT.

OLD M: Can't get it off, Johnny. But if you gimme a loan on it, I'll stay here with it.

FIB: Aw fer the ...DAD RAT IT, JUNIOR, IF YOU HAVE TO STAY HERE WITH IT, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GETTIN' THE LOAN?

OLD M: (HEHHEH) That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't the way I heered it. Heh heh heh.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why the old coot. He must think I'm a -

TELEPHONE

SIL: Shall ah git it, suh?

FIB: No, I'll answer it. (CLICK) MCGEE PAWNSHOP. FIBBER MCGEE, THE LOAN WOLF, SPEAKIN'. WHO? OH YES, MRS. FIDDITCH. YES WE GOT A FINE STOCK O' WRIST WATCHES. YOU WANT TWO OF 'EM, FOR YOUR HUSBAND? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF...EH? OH (LAUGHS) OKAY MRS. FIDDITCH. (CLICK) That was Mrs. Fidditch, Sil. She just found out her husband's a two-timer...She.. say..what's the matter with you?

SIL: Ah jus' cain't git oveh the way that pawnshop man tuh'n oveh evanthing to you so quick suh. He sho was scahed of Screwball Connolly.

FIB: Screwball Connolly's mob wants him to pay off for somethin.. BUT NO MOB CAN SCARE ME INTO PAYIN' PROTECTION.

WIL: AND NO MOP NEED SCARE ANYBODY WHOSE FLOORS ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF JOHNSONS GLOCOAT. THE NO RUBBING POLISH THAT -

FIB: HARPO! How'd you get in here?

WIL: I was written in.

FIB: Well, erase yourself.

WIL: Oh all right.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now let's see about this inventory...one accordian...we can sell that to some ball player Sil...they love those squeeze plays...

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, say, he says, - I see where them three Albanian Princesses has got orders to come home. WHY? Says the other feller. WELL HE SAYS THE HOME BOYS ARE BALKAN'. Heh heh...wonder who thinks up all them things!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Albanian Princesses! Know what an Albanian is, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh - Somebody wif pink eyes and white hair, suh.

FIB: No - no, no. That's albino - an albanian.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

FIB: Hiyah Bud...vot can I be doink for you today, mine frandt?

TOUGH: Screwball Connolly sent me. You de boss here?

FIB: Why...er...why yes. But what - er. NO NO. I'M just takin' care of this place while the owner is away.

TOUGH: Aw don't gimme dat stuff. De mob left some stuff with Solomon to get rid of see? and he never paid off. Five t'ousand bucks, he's holdin' out.

FIB: 5 thous...well, I didn't have nothin' to do with the...what'd he sell for you?

TOUGH: Some hot ice.

FIB: Hot ice? (LAUGHS) Quit your kiddin' bud. (LAUGHS) Hot ice! Sit down and I'll fry you an Eskimo pie. (LAUGHS)

TOUGH: All right wise guy..laugh it off. BUT I'LL BE BACK LATER, SEE

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) HOT ice...of all the dumb..

SIL: He don' mean ice, suh..he mean stolen diamon's suh. Tha's what they call hot ice.

FIB: IT IS? Well, that's diffe...But, I ain't responsible fer Solomon's troubles..let's get on with the inventory..

FIB: Let's see now..three mustache cups, a air rifle..a fur coat.

SIL: That coat ain't much good, suh. It's all spotted up.

FIB: That's a leopard coat.

SIL: Oh.

FIB: Pair of boxing gloves..ticket issued to Buddy Baer..copy of Anthony Adverse..a cigar humidor..now THERE'S A heartbreakin' item, Sil. Somebody must of been at the end of his rope..

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Oh, it's Billy Mills...hiyah Billy. Whatcha want?

MILLS: I want to redeem a pledge.

FIB: What's the pledge?

MILLS: I promised a couple of people we'd play WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK.

FIB: Oh. Well, go ahead, Billy. WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK, from SO WHAT AND THE 7 ETCETERAS.

ORK: "WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK"

APPLAUSE:

(ANNOUNCEMENT ON CHANGE OF TIME)

ATH SPOT

FIB: Ye know, Sil...the thing I like about the pawnshop business is the way you can help everybody. Men, women and children...and here comes all three of 'em right now. A man dressed like a womar, and actin' childish.

SIL: He's a scotchman suh. He ain' dressed lak no woman. Them is colts.

FIB: KILTS, Sil. Though colts ain't so bad, with a horseblanket like -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

SCOT: Good day to ye laddie. Would ye conseederrr a wee bit of a loan on some pipes?

FIB: Vell, I'll tell you...I...er...well it depends Scotty. What kind of pipes? Steam, organ, clay, sewer, opium, pitch or corncob?

SCOT: Bagpipes.

FIB: Oh bagpipes! Nope, sorry, Scotty. Can't give you a loan on them. No chance of re-sale.

SCOT: Thank ye just the same laddie. The rrrreason I coom in herrre was because I thocht ye'd be knowin' more about the bagpipes than the otherrrr pawnbrrrrokerrrs.

FIB: You mean I'm a bigger dealer?

SCOT: Nay....ye're a bigerrrr bag o' wind.

DOOR SLAM...WITH COMEDY CRASH AFTERWARDS.PAUSE

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, the door slams on this program are entirely fictitious. Any resemblance to a real, or living-room door-slam is merely co-incident al. AHEM.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: That's better. Now let's go on with the inventory, Sil. ONE STRAW HAT...JACKNIFE...COCKTAIL SHAKER...ONE TUXEDO COAT. Shucks, I can wear that myself.

SIL: They ain' no pants to it, suh.

FIB: Well, I'll go semi-formal.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

ACTOR: Ah there, my old friend, I...Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought my friend Solomon was -

FIB: Solomon's gone away for a while bud. Say, ain't you Reginald Hamfat the actor.

ACTOR: Yes my boy. Reginald Hamfat, the greatest Shakespearian - but everyone knows that. Did you see me as TOUGHSTONE in "As You Like It"...or Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice?"

FIB: I think I seen you as Roderigo, in "When Othello Needs a Friend."

ACTOR: Ah yes.. yes...but the theatah has fallen upon evil days, my boy. No longer do the magic voices of a Mansfield, a Drew, a Fiske or a Hamfat wring bravo's from box and balcony. Flesh and blood has given way to wood and celluloid. DUMMIES' SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS...PAH! CHARLEY MCCARTHY!...MICKEY MOUSE!...The grease-paint has turned to shellac, and the casting office is a bottle of ink! AS SHAKESPEAH HAS SO WELL SAID IN THE THIRD ACT OF...OF...ER... "WHEN THE DREAD HAND OF CIRCUMSTANCE CLUTCH AT MY HUNGRY THROAT, WHAT WILL YOU GIVE, MY PAWNSHOP FRIEND, FOR THIS...MY OVERCOAT?"

FIB: Well, I dunno, Hamfat. That fur collar is kinda worn.

ACTOR: From taking bows, my friend, and if the cuffs are slightly frayed it is merely from rubbing the leaves of a million autograph books. How about five bucks?

FIB: Okay. You wanna leave it now.

ACTOR: No, I'll send it over from the Flop-House...er...my suite at the hotel.

FIB: By messenger?

ACTOR: No, my boy. The coat will come by itself. It's been here before.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Poor old Hamfat. Used to be quite a matinee idol, but with no matinees, he's just idle.

SIL: He sho do feel bad about the theatah don' he suh?

FIB: Well, he's right, Sil. We used to see live actors and wooden scenery and now we get wooden actors and live scener--

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

WOMAN: How do you do....are you the proprietor?

FIB: And vy not?

WOMAN: Well, how much will you loan me on these medals.

FIB: Them medals? Shucks, they ain't worth much sis.

WOMAN: I bet your pardon. I'll have you know that every one of those medals has been worn by Napoleon!

FIB: Honest? Well, that's different. I'll give you twenty bucks, sis.

WOMAN: Very well. Thank you.

FIB: Not at all. You say all these medals was worn by Napoleon, eh?

WOMAN: Every one of them. He won them himself. DIDN'T YOU, NAPOLEON?

OG: ARF ARF

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hmmm. I thought she meant the Little Corporal and she meant that Big Airdale.

SIL: Mist' McGee...ain' it funny that nobody eveh come in heah to git somethin' back?

FIB: Not at the beginning of the week, Sil. Saturday's payday in most places, so I expect that -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Oh, it's Nick Depopolis...HIYA NICK?

NICK: Hello Fizzer. What are you doing with a business in a hockle shop?

FIB: Oh I just took it over temporary, Nick. Anything I can do for you?

NICK: No Fizzer. I am just sidewalking past the plates glasses windows, and when I am looking in at all the junk, who am I seeing in here which is nobody else but you. You could have knocked me down with a feather bed and I hope you do, because I am tired.

FIB: Well, I'm glad you came in, Nick. Care to pawn anything today?

NICK: No Fizzer. I am winning some money with a racing horses last Saturday at Santa Anita puss. I am betting ten dollars on a Stagehand, because a stage hands is being a union mon, and there is an old sayings that in a union there is strength and it is taking a strong animals to win a race, against this seahorsebiscuit and Pingpong.

FIB: That wasn't ping pong...that was pompoon.

NICK: Oh well, what difference do I make to it? It is a funny things, Fizzer...there are so many moving pictures people with a race horse stables...like Bing Crosspatch...that every horse is wanting somebody to take his picture at the finish of a races.

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FIB: I know. One of these days them nags are gonna start demanding screen tests.

NICK: Sure...and a stand in, too, I'm thinking. Oh you know, Fizzer - I think actors is having something in a commonplace with a race horses because a race horses is a win, place and show and actors is always wanting to win a place in a show too. So long, Fizzer .. and if I can send anybody in who is wanting a good pawnbuster what do I care where he goes?

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, let's get on with the inventory...ONE ELECTRIC TRAIN... ONE SNOWSHOE...Imagine anybody hockin' one snowshoe...?

SIL: Tha's a tennis racket suh.

FIB: Oh yes. AHM. Two cameo pins...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MUGG: ALLRIGHT YOU. ARE YOU DE WORKS AROUND HERE?

FIB: Vell, I wouldn't be a bit surprised. Vot vos it you vicked to pawn, shentlemen?

MUGG: Dis is de guy all right boys. WE DON'T WANNA PAWN NUTTIN' SEE? SCREWBALL CONOLLY sent us...

SIL: Oh oh...

FIB: Oh, I...I see ..you mean...WELL, I'M FIBBER MCGEE, BOYS. THE GUY YOU WANT IS SOLOMON AND HE AIN'T HERE ANY MORE...

MUGG: DON'T GIMME DAT STUFF, PUNK. HAND OVER DAT FIVE GRAND OR WE'LL TAKE DE JOINT APART...AND YOUSE TOO.

FIB: Oh is that so. If you touch a single thing in this shop...

MUGG: GO AHEAD BOYS. MUSS DE JOINT UP.

SOUND: GLASS CRASHING...

MUGG: All right...Now w

FIB: Why...er...I was anyway, so go rig

MUGG: QUIT STALLIN'!

FIB: Dat rat it, I AIN have nothin' to d

MUGG: SO WHAT. DAT DIA AND IF YOU'RE RUN

FIB: Okay...Okay...Just myzzle looks so b

Look...I'll tell

MUGG: WHAT?

FIB: I'm fibber McGee...

MUGG: I've hoid of Johnsc

FIB: Well, I...er...I... O' MY BROADCASTS...

BUSINESS...

MUGG: Next TUESDAY NIGHT

ACROSS DEN, WE SIGN

SHOTS: DOOR SLAM

SIL: Mmmmmmm. You sho

FIB: Oh yeah? (LAUGHS) D

'em to come up to t

much they know abou

Monday night.

SOUND: GLASS CRASHING...WOOD SPLINTERING...SHOTS....

MUGG: All right...Now what did youse say you was gonna do about it?

FIB: Why...er...I was just gonna say...the place needs redecorating anyway, so go right ahead and..

MUGG: QUIT STALLIN'! FORK OVER DAT FIVE GRAND.

FIB: Dat rat it, I AIN'T GOT five thousand bucks. Besides I didn't have nothin' to do with that job.

MUGG: SO WHAT. DAT DIAMOND NECKLACE WAS FENCED T'RU DIS SHOP SEE? AND IF YOU'RE RUNNIN' DE SHOP YOU PAY.

FIB: Okay...Okay...just point that gun the other way, will you? That myzzle looks so big I'm afraid I'll get dizzy and fall into it. Look...I'll tell you what I'll do, boys...

MUGG: WHAT?

FIB: I'm fibber McGee...broadcastin' for Johnson's Wax? Remember?

MUGG: I've hoid of Johnsons Wax but your name ain't familiar...WELL GO ON.

FIB: Well, I...er...I...I...was just gonna say...YOU MEET ME AFTER ONE O' MY BROADCASTS...SAY NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT AT NBC AND WE'LL TALK BUSINESS...

MUGG: Next TUESDAY NIGHT AT NBC. OKAY MUGG. AND IF YOU DON'T COME ACROSS DEN, WE SIGN YOU OFF LIKE DIS.

SHOTS: DOOR SLAM

SIL: MmmmmmmMmm. You sho is in a jam now suh.

FIB: Oh yeah? (LAUGHS) Didn't you hear what I told 'em? (LAUGHS) I told 'em to come up to the broadcast TUESDAY night. It just shows how much they know about radio. (LAUGHS) They don't know we're on Monday night.

SIL: We ain't.

FIB: EH?

SIL: Nossuh. Mist Wilcox say after thi

FIB: /WHAT! YOU MEAN WE...well...OH PE

ORK: "THE SUN WILL SHINE TONIGHT ON PRE

COMMERCIAL

ORK UP AND DOWN FOR STRAIGHT TIME CHANGE ANN

mc/mk/gs/mr/na/ 10:30
3/7/38

SIL: We ain't.

FIB: EH?

SIL: Nossuh. Mist Wilcox say after this week we is on TUESDAYS.

FIB: WHAT! YOU MEAN WE...well...OH PSHAW!

ORK: "THE SUN WILL SHINE TONIGHT ON PRETTY REDWING" DOWN FOR -

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CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

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TIME

(MARCH 15 DATE 1938

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

REVISED