

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON AND SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ-RED

(8:30-9:00 PM)

(APRIL 19, 1938)

(TUESDAY)

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER -

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2

FIB Folks - when your pedal extremities come in contact with the commercial extract of carnauba, the underlying fibrous construction is practically impervious to abrasion.

WIL: (LAUGH) Meaning, WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

OK: "SAVE YOUR BORROW" DOWN FOR -

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee and Company, with Billy Mills' Orchestra. The orchestra opens the show with "LIZA"!

OK: "LIZA" - DOWN FOR -

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CUE (WILCOX) Here's a special offer you won't want to miss. (PAUSE)
 The sponsors of this program are offering to send you an assortment of ten gorgeous Gladiolas in beautiful shades of pink, orange, red, yellow and lavender. This assortment of GIANT Gladiolas has been named "Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden." These are not the common variety of Gladiolas. Far from it! All of the ten bulbs you will receive are special named varieties of GIANT size -- all of them prize winners at the great flower shows! If you would like to receive Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden of magnificent Gladiolas all you have to do is to purchase a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or any one of the famous JOHNSON WAX polishes. Mail your sales slip and one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin -- and you will soon receive Molly McGee's wonderful assortment of ten Gladiolas bulbs, which will grow to giant proportions this summer. Easy directions for planting will be sent with your bulbs. This unusual offer can be made for a limited time only, so be sure to buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or any one of the other fine JOHNSON WAX polishes, and mail your sales slip with one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX -- Racine, Wisconsin. Don't delay, get your letter off tomorrow!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

WIL: WITH NO DOMESTIC RESTRAINT AT HAND, FIBBER HAS BEEN HAVING TOO MANY SNACKS BETWEEN MEALS, WITH THE USUAL CONSEQUENCES TO HIS BOYISH FIGURE. TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, THE OLD BOY'S GETTING FAT. SO HERE, DISCUSSING WITH SELLY WATSON WHETHER HE SHOULD LET OUT HIS BELT OR TAKE IN HIS APPETITE, WE FIND, FIBBER (DO OR DIET) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Sil. There's no two ways about it. I gotta diet.
 SIL: You is, suh?
 FIB: Yep. Why when I stood on the scales this morning I weighed 183. Allowin' seven pounds for my shoes, I figger my weight's about 176.
 SIL: Why didn't you take yo' shoes off suh?
 FIB: Oh yeah?... you know very well my shoes don't weigh no seven pounds. I ain't no fool.
 SIL: Ifen you gonna diet please suh, Ah reckon ah bettah frow out dis lil ole box o' candy then.
 FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! HOW MANY PIECES LEFT IN IT?
 SIL: Lemme see suh. Two nougits, fo' carmels, three cocoanut. two taffy, five chocolat covehed brazil nuts, an' one piece o' buttahscotch.
 FIB: Keep everything but the butterscotch. Butter's fattening.
 SIL: So is all de rest of it suh. Ifen you is gonna diet, you bettah lay off candy.

FIB: Well, shucks, I can't just stop all at once. I gotta kinda taper off. Gimme some caramels. Thanks. NO NO NO..not all four. Keep one yourself.

SIL: Thank yo' suh.

FIB: See how easy it is to deny yourself, if you put your mind to it?

SIL: You bettah put yo' stummick to it, too, suh.

FIB: Don't worry. I was talkin' to the doctor yesterday and he says no starches, and no carbohydrates. That was a laugh! I know starches when I see 'em, but I never et a carbohydrate in my life. Plain American food has always been good enough for me.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Hello Silly...Hello Fibber.

FIB: Hiyah Harpo. Come on in and sit down,

WIL: Sorry, but I can't stay. I just dropped in to invite you to a frog-leg dinner tonight. Billy Mills, and Clark Dennis and a couple of other fellas. How about it?

FIB: / Swell, Harpo. If there's anything I like it's frog l-

SIL: Scouse me, Mistah Wilcox, suh, but is they gonna be FRIED?

WIL: Sure they'll be fried, Silly. French Fried. We found a place where they fry 'em in deep butter, and they come out with an inch of golden crust on 'em. Then they serve 'em with hot biscuits, and top it off with strawberry short cake with whipped cream on it THIS high. Don't forget, Pal!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Golden crust an inch thi- Oh shucks, WHY SHOULD FRENCH FRIED STUFF BE FATTENING? It's just flour..and flour is used for bread..and bread is the staff of life..AND I GOTTA LIVE, AIN'T I?

SIL: It ain' the flour, suh...it the grease.

FIB: Well, look at the Eskimos..they practically LIVE on grease. And you don't know any eskimos that are dietin' do you?

SIL: Ah don' even know any eskimos, period. But ah din think you'd diet fo' long. Nobody hahdly evah does.

FIB: Oh no? Well, BY GEORGE..I'M GONNA DIET. I WON'T GO TO THAT DAD RATTED FROG LEG DINNER. NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT FIBBER MCGEE DIDN'T HAVE NO WILL POWER..WHY WHEN I MAKE UP MY MIND TO -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh Clark Dennis, Hiyah Clark. Say, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to go to that dinner tonight. I'm on a diet.

CLARK: I'm glad to hear it, Fibber. You are getting pretty fat. Why when I first came on this program, I thought you were wearing a life preserver under your coat.

FIB: OH YEAH? Well you ain't no Robert Taylor yourself.

CLARK: I know it. He can't sing. But you better watch that diet, Fibber. Instead of coming to the dinner tonight, you'd better attend a P.T.A. meeting.

FIB: What d'ye mean a P.T.A. meeting?

CLARK: The Protruding Tummy Association. Well, so long.

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: Hey, Sil. Does...er...does my...er...tummy protrude?

SIL: Ah dunno suh. But it sho do stick out in front.

FIB: Aw fer the...I think all you guys are just...Dad rat it -
WHO EVER THOUGHT O' THIS CRACKPOT IDEA O' ME DIETIN' ANYWAY?

SIL: You did, suh.

FIB: Well, next time I see me, I'm gonna...OH, DID I? Well, it ain't -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: I hope that's a cream puff lookin' for a bakery. COME IN.

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: It Mistah Billy Mills, please suh.

FIB: Oh, Hiyah Billy.

MILLS: Hiyah, Fat.

FIB: Eh?

MILLS: Listen...how about driving out to the frog leg joint with me
tonight - I'll have plenty of room.

FIB: I'm gonna have plenty o' room myself. I'm on a diet, so Billy
I ain't goin'.

MILLS: Oh that's tough. Say, they serve hot biscuits out there like
you NEVER ate before...with raspberry jam. AND THAT SHORTCAKE!
Boy! Sure you can't make it?

SOUND: (STRAW IN GLASS OF WATER) BLUB BLUBBLUB...GLUB

SIL: His mouf is waterin' so he cain't talk suh.

FIB: Ahem...wha...wha what you gonna play, Billy? While I go get a
tape measure and measure myself.

MILLS: "You couldn't be cuter."

FIB: Well it's nice of you to say that, Billy, but I really oughtta
diet anyway to...OH! Go ahead, Billy. "You couldn't Be Cuter."

ORK: "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER" APPLAUSE

2nd SPOT

FIB: That was Billy Mills, playing YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER, and if he's played it any sweeter, I'd of gained three pounds. Come on Sil. Let's go.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM...TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN

FIB: Let's see now...where's the best place to get a book on dietin'?

SIL: How about a Book Sto' suh?

FIB: Say - that's a thought! Or maybe a -

SOUND: TINKLE OF BICYCLE BELL

BOY: ICE CREAM BARS...ICE CREAM BARS HERE...DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM BARS.

FIB: HEY BUD...what flavor bars YOU GOT?

BOY: CHOCOLATE COVERED VANILLA, MINT AND STRAWBERRY.

FIB: No chocolate-covered spinach?

BOY: No.

FIB: Oh shucks. Well, you're a witness, Sil. I TRIED TO get somethin' that wasn't fattening. Gimme two strawberry, bud.

SIL: But Mist' McGee, you cain't do that...remember yo' diet.

FIB: I know...these are for you. I just wanta lick the wrappers.

SIL: Oh thank yo' suh.

SOUND: BICYCLE BELL UP AND OUT

FIB: Turn your face the other way while you eat em. I'm so starved I could - HEY, is bread fattening, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Not raisin bread, is it? I LOVE raisin bread.

SIL: Yassuh...raisin bread is fattenin' too.

FIB: Well, here's Rosen's Bakery. I'll stick my head in and ask him.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Hiyah, Rosen.

ROSEN: Hello, McGee - vot's doing?

FIB: I'M ONNA DIET. CAN I EAT BREAD?

ROSEN: Vy not?

FIB: Raisin, Rosen?

ROSEN: No, GLUTEN, GLUTTON.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Oh well...SAY DID YOU GET A SNIFF OF THAT BAKERY, SIL?

Every smell anything as delicious? Or maybe I'm just hungry. That's it. I' AM HUNGRY. Are hamburgers fattening?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, IS EVERYTHING FATTENING?

SIL: Yassuh...evahthing that's fitten to eat is. Hear a book sto' suh...iffen you wanna git yo' a book on diet.

FIB: Oh yes...wait here for me, Sil.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WOMAN: How do you do, sir. Something for you? BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, RELIGION, POETRY, TRAVEL OR FICTION?

FIB: What would dietin' come under, sis?

WOMAN: It's religion with women, and fiction with me. Now let me see, we have some LOVELY new books in...have you a Chauser?

FIB: I ain't even gotta cigarette, sis, Sorry.

WOMAN: Hmmm. Diet...diet...

FIB: What's that book over there? "SO BIG"

WOMAN: That's a novel...by Edna Ferber. Is this book for yourself, sir?

FIB: You think I'm dietin' for somebody by proxy? Of course it's for me. I just wanta book on how to get thin. Real thin.

WOMAN: How about "GAUNT WITH THE WIND?"

FIB: How many pages?

WOMAN: 1034.

FIB: Too fat. WHAT'S THIS ONE HERE? The Thin Man.

WOMAN: It's a mystery.

FIB: It is to me, too. But I gotta do it. Ye see, sis -

WOMAN: I'm sure we SHOULD have something on diet, sir.

FIB: You got a copy of GYPPING THE HIPS?

WOMAN: Who wrote it?

FIB: Melba Toast.

WOMAN: I never heard of it.

FIB: Me either...but somebody's gotta use their imagination around here. HEY...THERE'S A BOOK UP THERE, SIS...HOW ABOUT THAT? AIN'T THAT ABOUT THE STUMMICK?

WOMAN: No sir. That's a travel book.

FIB: Eh? Oh yea...BALI BALI...of course...WHAT'S THAT GERMAN BOOK? MARCHING ON, THOUGH HUNGRY?

WOMAN: That's "MARCHING ON THROUGH HUNGARY, sir." Don't you see well?

FIB: I got spots before my eyes sis. And I think if examined 'em real close, I'd find they was pork chops. Well I guess you ain't got any book here that covers the subject.

WOMAN: I'm very sorry. Can I put you in our files?

FIB: If you could, I wouldn't have to reduce. So long, sis!

DOOR SLAM

SIL: You fine one suh?

FIB: Nope - I coulda got some food fer thought, but ye can't use thought fer food. Say - do you think a piece o' pie and a glass o' milk'd hurt me, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: How about just the pie? After all, what's pie?

WIL: KEEPING YOUR FLOORS BRIGHT AND SHINING WITH GLOCOAT IS PIE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE, BECAUSE IT'S SO EASY TO USE AND -

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh Hello Fibber. Say, that frog-leg dinner has been cancelled. We're making it a duck dinner instead. How about it?

FIB: I think I will myself, Harpo.

WIL: You will what?

FIB: Duck dinner. Ye see, while I'm reducin', I -

WIL: OH ALL RIGHT...I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN TRY ANY MORE...(FADE OUT)

TRAFFIC UP AND OUT

FIB: Come on Sil...I'm so hungry I'm practically out on my feet...
I wonder where there's...OH HIYAH CLARK.

CLARK: Hello Fibber...WHAT'S UP?

FIB: It's my diet, Clark - I'm just findin out that the gloomiest
view in the world is from behind a bay window.

CLARK: Why don't you get some expert advice on dieting, Fibber?

FIB: Aw I know as much about it as anybody Clark. Why when I was a
restaurant man I knew the calories in everything. Meat..fish..
bread...egs...why every time a hen clucked I knew it meant ninety
calories. Two clucks, 180 calories. CLUCK CLUCK MCGEE, I WAS
KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

SIL: Heah it come again!

FIB: CLUCK CLUCK MCGEE, THE CLEAN CUT KID IN THE KITCHEN. COAXIN'
CASH CUSTOMERS TO CUT CORNERS ON COPIOUS QUANTITIES OF
CONDIMENTS, CAKES, COOKIES AND CANDIES, ENCOURAGIN' THE
CONSUMPTION OF CORRECTLY COOKED CABBAGE, CORN CAULIFLOWER AND
CARROTS, COMBATIN' CONVEX CONTOURS BY CONTROLLIN'
CARBOHYDRATES & CALORIES, CONCEIVIN' CLEVER CALISTHENICS
CALCULATED TO KEEP ALL CLASSES IN CONDITION, AND CONSIDERED BY
A CONSERVATIVE CLIENTELE AS THE KING OF THE CURVE CURBERS FROM
THE COTTON CULTIVATIN' COMMUNITIES OF CAROLINA, TO THE CRAB-
CATCHIN' CRUISERS OFF THE COAST O' CAPE COD!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: That's why, I...Ohhh...Hold me up, Sil...I...I'm weak.

SIL: Ah knew you shouldn' o' tried that stuff in yo' condition
suh.

FIB: I know...(WEAKLY) Whatche gonna sing, Clark?

DENNIS: Please Be Kind.

FIB: Yes...PLEASE DO.

ORK: "PLEASE BE KIND"

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: Nice goin' Clark. Folks, that was Clark Dennis singing PLEASE BE KIND, and right out here on the street, too. AHM. (PAUSE) AND RIGHT OUT HERE ON THE STREET, TOO.

STREET NOISES. WAY UP - DOWN

FIB: That's better. CAN'T YOU COME IN QUICKER WITH THAT TRAFFIC, BUD?

VOICE: Sorry, Mr. McGee. Had to wait for the green light.

FIB: Oh. Okay. AHM. Where was I on my way to Sil?

SIL: You was gonna see somebody about yo' diet suh.

FIB: Oh yes. I think I better drop in some restaurant for a minute. They oughtta be experts on diet, and -

NICK: Hello Fizzer? What is it you are looking so uncheerful with?

FIB: Oh, Nick Depopolis! I'm on a diet, Nick. And I'm starving.

NICK: Is that so! I was just reading a book about some people who is always eating to themselves. The name of the book is calling itself "A Goose's Mother."

FIB: You mean Mother Goose, Nick. I've taken a gander at it myself. But it ain't about people eating, is it?

NICK: Fizzer, there is so much eating in this book, I am taking a soda-mints tablets with every chapters. First there is a pie story with 4 and twenty blackbirds baking in it for the king, and they are liking it, too because when somebody is opening the pie, they are singing some hot music, you grob me?

FIB: Well maybe it was okay to give a king the bird, in those days but don't try it with a dictator. Never mind the rest of it, Nick. I'm famil --

NICK: AND THEN THERE WAS A MAN WHO IS JACK SPRATT AND HE IS ON A DIET TOO, LIKE YOU, FIZZER, BECAUSE HE IS NOT EATING SOME FATS. and his wife who is name Jill, is walking up a hill with a pill and some water...

FIB: WHOA, Nick! You got it mixed up. Jack Spratts wife could eat no lean. Jack and Jill were two other characters.

NICK: Then who is she giving a pill to with the water?

FIB: It wasn't a pill. It was A PAIL. Remember? Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tumbling after.

NICK: That's what they are getting for not having a modern plumbing in the house, Fizzer. Well, anyway, then there was a Simon Simone who is meeting a pieface at the world's fair -

FIB: No no no...not Simon Simone. SIMPLE SIMON, met a pie-man -

NICK: Sure...and Tommy Tuckerpuss, who is crooner in a night's club for his supper, and Little Muss Misfit -

FIB: Miss Muffet.

NICK: Have it my way. She is sitting on a tuffet eating some curds and hay. I guess maybe she was a pony in a chorus to be eating some hay, and a big spiders is sitting next to her and not having some insects appeal, it is scaring little Muss Misfit out of 7 years growing up, so-----

FIB: I'm afraid you aint got it quite clear, Nick. You see.....

NICK: OH, BUT THE NEXT CHAPTER IS MORE EXCITING, FIZZER. That is where the King is being in his counting houses, making out his income taxpuss, and the queen, she is in the parlor eating some bread with her honey, who is being Jack in a Beanstick. WELL SIR, FIZZER, Old King Cole is a merry old heel -

FIB: SOUL.

NICK: You are thinkin of the old lady who is living on a shoestring, Fizzer. She is having so many children she is not knowing what to do, because Dr. DaFoe is not there. But at the ends of the book, King Cole is calling for three fiddlers named Benny, Bernie and Rubinoff, and when Jack on the beanstick is beating the Giants, because he was a Yankee, Mary had a little lamb with gravy and Jack the Beanstick, Jack Horners, and Jack Spratt and Jack be himble is making four jacks, what have you got?

FIB: I gotta little flush, but it's just from hunger.

NICK: That is beating three trays full of food. Well so long Fizzer. Say...we are having a spaghetipues dinner at our house tonight, so if you would like to come, don't do it, because it is too full of vitaphones for a diets.

TRAFFIC NOISES UP. DOWN.

FIB: Ye hear that Sil. Why is it, the minute you go onna diet, everybody starts throwing parties.

SIL: Tha's suah a fack, aint'it suh? DON'T LOOK TO THE LEF', SUH...

FIB: Why not?

SIL: They is a delicatessen window full o' jelly 'an persehves an' jam, suh.

FIB: Oh boy...that hits me right below the belt Sil. I could sure polish off some good jam, right now.

WIL: AND RIGHT NOW, IF YOU WANT SOME JAM GOOD POLISH, TRY JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, THE EASY-TO-USE FLOOR WAX THAT -

FIB: HARPO! Was that nice?
WIL: Why not? Everybody swears by glocoat, the no-rubbing---
FIB: HARPO... Shush! Where you goin' in such a hurry anyway?
WIL: Oh I've got some great news! I was running over to tell my girl.
FIB: What's the next?
WIL: LOVE IS HERE TO STAY!
FIB: Whereja hear that?
WIL: Billy Mills.
FIB: Shucks, he oughtta tell everybody. TELL 'EM BILLY. "LOVE IS
HERE TO STAY."
ORK: "LOVE IS HERE TO STAY."
APPLAUSE:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CUE: (WILCOX) Now, we have something of special interest to tell you
about.. (PAUSE) Let me remind all you flower lovers to send at
once for Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas bulbs.
Each bulb is a very special named variety -- aristocrats of the Gladiolas
family. They come in the colors -- pink, red, yellow, orange and
lavender. You may get the full assortment - ten bulbs -- for only one
dime and a sales slip showing your purchase of any one of the fine JOHNSON
WAX polishes -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX
(paste or liquid) -- JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER -- JOHNSON'S NEW
CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH. Mail your sales slip and one dime to
JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORK: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

FIB: Come on, Sil...I gotta get me somethin' to eat, if it's only half a dozen chocolate eclairs. I'm so hungry, I could -

OLD MAN: HOT CHESTNUTS....GET YOUR HOT CHESTNUTS HERE...HOW ABOUT YOU, JONNY - WANT SOME HOT CHESTNUTS?

FIB: No thanks, Kelsey.

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I says Yes, I'll take three bags. And be sure -

SIL: Scuse me suh. Chestnuts is fattenin' suh.

FIB: Sil, if I hadn't brung you along, I'd be a lot better off. You're certainly cuttin' down my internal revenue. SORRY OLD TIMER. NOT TODAY.

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I says not today, Junior. I'm on a diet. Besides, you hadn't oughtta try to sell chestnuts to a comedian. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: Hah Hah. That's pretty good, Johnny. But that aint the way I heered it. The way I heered it, the manager o' the St. Louis ball team was talkin' to the whole club while they was gettin' their rubdowns. "THIS SHOWS WE'RE GONNA WIN THE PENNANT," HE SAYS TO THE TRAINER. AND THE GRAINER SAYS, "WELL I HOPE I CAN TRUST YOU, FRANKIE", AND FRISCH SAYS "WHY NOT - I GOT ALL MY CARDS ON THE TABLE!" Heh heh. Made ye strike at that one, didn't I Johnny?

FIB: Maybe you did, but I wouldn't be here if I didn't have a pretty good curve of my own. Get it, Old Timer? My figure is -

OLD M: (FADE OUT) HOT CHESTNUTS....GET YOUR HOT CHESTNUTS HERE...NICE FRESH HOT CHESTNUTS.....

TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN.

FIB: Come on Sil...before I get too weak to walk. Hey - what's that smell?

SIL: That's anotheh bakery suh.

FIB: Whew aint's that a beautiful aroma?

SIL: Yassuh...and it sho smell good, too, don' it?

FIB: Wait a minute. I wanta ask 'em somethin'.

DOOR LATCH.

FIB: HEY SIS...YOU NEED A GOOD MANICURIST FER THE LADY FINGERS?

GIRL: No, and if you don't get your head out of that door you'll get your coccoanut grated.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Shucks, some people can't take a joke. I was just -

SCOT: PARRRDON ME LADDIE...Would ye let me past into the bakerry, please.

FIB: Oh excuse me, Scotty. But - hey, you gotta loaf of bread with you. Didn't you like it?

SCOT: AYE...TIS ALL RIGHT, LADDIE, BUT TIS SLICED. I LIKE TO SLICE MA OWN BRRRRREAD, YE KEN?

FIB: What for? The bakery can slice it better'n you can.

SCOT: AYA...BUT WHEN YE SLICE BREAD, YE MAKE CRRRUMBS. AND WHAT BECOMES OF THE CRRUMBS WHEN YE DINNA SLICE IT YERSEL?

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: That's 'figgerin' it pretty close, aint it, Sil? I'll bet when he buys swiss cheese he takes the holes off his income tax. DAD RAT IT, QUIT TALKIN' ABOUT FOOD WILL YE?

SIL: Ah ain' talkin' about it suh...you is.

FIB: Oh yes. AHM. I...I guess I kinda got it on my mind...BOY, AM I HUNGRY...I could eat the -

WOMAN: BUY A GARDENIA, SIR? ONLY 15¢.

FIB: GARDENIAS? Okay...Gimme the biggest one you got, sis. Thanks.
(PAUSE) You got some salt, Sil?

WOMAN: Oh, they're not good to eat, sir.

FIB: You ever eat one sis?

WOMAN: Wel-1-1 no.

FIB: Then don't be so positive. After all, somebody had to eat the first oyster, you know. Come on, Sil....I gotta find somethin' to --

MAN 1: (FADE IN) Why, when I played Richard the Third in Milwaukee, the critics were unanimous in -

MAN 2: Yes yes...but you should have read what they said about my part in Dead End... (FADE OUT) It was the greatest...

SIL: They soun' like a couple a actors suh.

FIB: Yeah... they're goin' into that Turkish bath. LET'S HURRY AWAY FROM HERE...QUICK!!!!

SIL: Why suh?

FIB: With my appetite, I couldn't stand the smell of boiled ham. I...AW LOOK SIL...LOOK AT THE CUTE LITTLE BABY IN THE CARRIAGE THERE...COOTCHIE, COOTCHIE, COOTCHIE!!!

BABY: Maaaaa?

SIL: She gott lollypop all 'oveh her face suh..

FIB: All smeared up, ain't she? HERE BABY...LET UNCLE FIBBER TAKE THE LOLLYPOP A MINUTE.....SO I CAN WIPE YOUR FACE OFF..

BABY: Wahhhhhhhhhhh!!!

FIB: She thought I was gonna eat it myself, Sil. (LAUGHS)

SIL: Yassuh...so did I.

FIB: So did I - er ahem - why I wouldn't never do no such a thing! I was just....

BABY: WAHHHHHHH....

WOMAN: WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY BABY...GIVE HER BACK THAT
LOLLYPOP THIS MINUTE...YOU HEAR ME?
FIB: Okay sis...I was just tryin' to -
WOMAN: DON'T TELL ME WHAT YOU ARE DOING...TAKING CANDY AWAY
FROM A BABY...POLICE!! POLEEEEEEECE!!!!.....

CROWD VOICES UP...

FIB: Well fer the...HEY SIL...LET'S BEAT IT...THIS LOOKS BAD...
SIL: WHICH WAY WE BETTAH GO SUH?
FIB: Come on...RUN ACROSS THE STREET...WE'LL LOSE OURSELVES IN
THE TRAFFIC...NO USE TRYIN' TO EXPLAIN...HURRY...UP...

CROWD AND TRAFFIC UP...SCREECH OF BRAKES...WOMAN SCREAM...CROWD UP...

POLICE WHISTLE...CROWD UP AND DOWN.

VOICES: What is it...what happened?
MAN 1: Oh some mugg walked in front of a truck.
MAN 2: Give him air...get him some water!
FIB: (WEAKLY) Make it a malted milk...
WOMAN: He's raving....
SIL: No he ain', ma'am. He been talkin' lak that all day...
IS YOU HUHT BAD, PLEASE SUH?
FIB: No...no, I guess not...I don't think so. If I hadn't been
so weak, I wouldn't o' got knocked down...what hit me,
Sih?
SIL: I kinda hate to tell yo' suh.
FIB: Aw come on...what hit me?

SIL: A PIE WAGON, SUH.

FIB: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH

ORK: "LET ME BORROW AN HOUR OF TOMORROW" -- FADE FOR --

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUE: (WILCOX) And now for more details about the special offer.

(PAUSE)

If you would like to have a perfectly marvelous garden of Gladiolas this summer, you will certainly want to take advantage of the very generous offer now being made by the sponsors of this program. They will send you for a limited time a very choice variety of Gladiolas bulbs. This assortment of ten bulbs is known as the Molly McGee Rainbow Garden.

These plants far surpass in beauty all the common varieties of Gladiolas with which you are familiar! (Plant the bulbs now and in 60 days your plants will be in full bloom.) The stalks grow to a height of three to four feet and are covered with magnificent flowers of GIANT size in rainbow colors of pink, red, yellow, orange and lavender. Everyone passing your yard will admire the brilliant plumes of color. In order to get this Molly McGee Rainbow Garden of Gladiolas (an assortment of ten bulbs) just send a sales slip showing your purchase of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or any one of the famous JOHNSON WAX polishes with one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin. Get your letter off without fail, for the supply of these gorgeous Gladiolas is necessarily limited and we don't want you to be disappointed. Address Johnson's Wax - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Come on home, Sil. You can fix me up a big thick porterhouse with french fried potatoes and a lemon meringue pie!

SIL: You givin' up the idea o' dietin' huh?

FIB: Don't say diet to me! That word scares me. DIET! If they had the ET first and the DIE afterward, it wouldn't be so bad...but...well, GOOD NIGHT FOLKS. GOOD NIGHT, MOLLY!

ORK UP TO FINISH.

SIGNOFF: (MENTION DAY LIGHT SAVING)

na: mr: gs: eh: mc: 4/19/38: 9:50 AM

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - APRIL 19, 1938 - TUESDAY

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL - TAG GAG

FIB. Come on, Sil - let's go home - you can fix me up a nice thick porterhouse, some french-fried potatoes and a lemon meringue pie.

SIL. You gonna go off the diet, suh -

FIB. Don't let me hear that word again! Besides, it s pronounced Die et.

SIL. Die - et?

FIB. Yes and I thought I would before I did. Ahem -- good night folks - good nite, Molly.

ORCH. (CLOSING SIGNATURE) ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

WIL. Ladies and gentlemen - if the community in which you live does not observe daylight saving time, Fibber McGee and Company will come to you one hour earlier beginning next Tuesday. Consult your local newspaper or Radio Guide for the correct time. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Glocoat at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER QUINN
PAUL HENNING
OK

PROGRAM TITLE

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"
CHICAGO OUTLET

(8:30 - 9:00 P.M.)

(DATE)
APRIL 19, 1938

(DAY)
TUESDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct