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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

For

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ALKA-SELTZERORIGINAL BROADCAST:
Wed., April 13, 1955BROADCAST:
Thurs, March 22, 1956
8:45 - 9 AM PST

CAST

JIM JORDAN.....FIBBER MCGEE
MARIAN JORDAN.....MOLLY
BILL THOMPSON.....OLD TIMER
ARTHUR Q. BRYAN.....DOC GAMBLE
BOB EASTON.....LES

JOHN WALD.....ANNOUNCER

- 1 ANNCR: A VERY ANNOYING THING HAS BEEN HAPPENING AT 79 WISTFUL
VISTA THIS MORNING. MR. MCGEE IS SITTING IN THE LIVING
ROOM AND EVERY SO OFTEN - (PHONE RINGS)
- 2 FIB: Ohhh, not agsin! (PHONE UP) McGee's residence, McGee
speakin'....Hello....HELLO! (JIGGLES HOCK) HELLO!
- 3 SOUND: HANGUP
- 4 FIB: (SORE) Dedrat that confounded thing, anyhow! That's
the third time today that cockeyed thing rang and every
time I --
- 5 SOUND: DOOR CHIMES
- 6 FIB: (YELLS) COME IN! COME IN!
- 7 SOUND: DOOR OPENS
- 8 FIB: Ohh, it's you, Fatso. Hi.
- 9 DOC: (DRYLY) Well, good morning, Merry Sunshine. What's
the matter with you - somebody break the string on your
yoyo?
- 10 FIB: No, I don't know what it is, Doc, but there's smethin'
funny goin' on around here today.
- 11 DOC: Isn't there always? That's why I love to drop in here
on my way to the hospital, Wrinkle Dome. Picks up my
whole day and gives me such amusing stories to cheer
up my patients with. Where's Molly - upstairs?

- 1 FIB: No - went shoppin'. And look, Doc - I'm serious. Somethin' very peculiar goin' on. Three times this morning that phone has rang, but when I pick it up nobody answers. They hang up.
- 2 DOC: Probably somebody with a wrong number - it's always embarrassing to admit it. They just hang up and -
- 3 FIB: Aww no! Not 3 times in less than an hour it ain't a wrong number! No sir! Somebody's up to something and I wish I knew what.
- 4 DOC: Ohhh, ycu've been reading too many cheap mysteries lately. Relax and forget the -
- 5 FIB: HEY, THAT'S RIGHT! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!
- 6 DOC: Huh?
- 7 FIB: That's exactly the way the killer operated in that last Hemingway Savage story, remember? "The Kindergarten Killer Kase?" Where the midget mobster enrolled in Kindergarten as a 6-year-old and stabbed the teacher with a poisoned slate pencil and nobody suspected him till Hemingway Savage caught him shaving?
- 8 DOC: I didn't read it - lucky me.

- 1 FIB: Anyway, that's exactly how the killer operated, Doc!
Kept phonin' the victim's house to see if the victim
was home, so he wouldn't drive all the way over there to
kill him for nothing, see?
- 2 DOC: Very efficient.
- 3 FIB: SOMEBODY wants to know if I'm here. But why?
- 4 DOC: Maybe it's just somebody who wants to stab you with
a poisoned slate pencil.
- 5 FIB: Asagh! Fine lotta help you are, you big septic.
- 6 DOC: Well, I think you're being ridiculous, as usual - making
a federal case out of a couple of phone calls. Great
Scott, if the darn thing gets you that upset - get out
of the house. Take a walk.
- 7 FIB: Now that's a brilliant suggestion, you big Lardhead!
I toldja Molly's downtown shoppin'! If I leave who'll
answer the phone?
- 8 DOC: (DRYLY) I'm sorry. I didn't think of that. Tsk! Tsk!
Tsk!

- 1 FIB: I was plannin' to spend the mornin' out in the garage
workin' with my chemical set, but the phone keeps ringin'
so much I haven't had a chance to -
- 2 SOUND: PHONE RINGS
- 3 FIB: There it goes again! LOOK, I GOT AN IDEA! This time
you answer it, George. And here's what you do - say
"hello, Doctor George Gamble's office, my nurse is out
and this is him speakin'".
- 4 DOC: What? Why should -
- 5 SOUND: PHONE RINGS
- 6 FIB: Whoever it is'll think they got a wrong number and
apologize and maybe you'll recognize their voice. You
know a lot of people around town.
- 7 DOC: Well - K -
- 8 SOUND: PHONE RINGS
- 9 FIB: Go on - for me, George. "Doctor George Gamble's office.
My nurse is out and this is him speakin'".
- 10 DOC: Ohh, all right - (PHONE UP) Hello! Doctor George Gamble's
office my nurse is out and this is him speakin'....How's
that?
- 11 FIB: Who is it?

1 DOC: No, I'm afraid you've got the wrong number.

2 FIB: WHO IS IT? FIND OUT WHO IT IS!

3 DOC: SHH! (TO PHONE) Well, yes, I'll be glad to....WHO?...
UH.... - WELL - is it Abraham Lincoln?

4 FIB: Abraham -

5 DOC: (EXCITED) THAT'S WHO IT IS, MOGEE! I GOT IT, FIRST
GUESS! IT'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

6 FIB: (EXCITED) WELL, LETME TALK TO HIM - DON'T KEEP HIM --
(PAUSE) ABRAHAM LINCOLN??? WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU * -

7 DOC: IT'S THE RADIO STATION - WVIS! TELEPHONE QUIZ! HE
WANTED TO KNOW WHAT PRESIDENT HAD THE INITIALS A.L.!

8 FIB: WHAT? You mean to say -

DOC: (TO PHONE) Hello! Yes, that's right - George Gemble,
M.D. Just send the ten dollars down to my office -
14th and Oak.....Yes, I am lucky. Good thing a friend
of mine insisted I answer this call. He's standing here
right now - kinda speechless about my good fortune...
I'm glad you did dial the wrong number because I....
never would have had....

10 MUSIC: TAG

- 1 FIB: That's right Les. And it's been goin' on all morning.
- 2 LES: Every fifteen minutes or so huh?
- 3 FIB: Well I haven't timed it...But that's about it. And every time I pick up the phone and say Hello Fibber McGee speakin', he hangs up. Somebody's tryin' to get past me and talk to Molly!
- 4 SOUND: PHONE RINGS
- 5 FIB: Oh-oh....There it goes again. I got a little angle this time and.....Well you'll see...
- 6 SOUND: PHONE UP
- 7 FIB: (CHINESE ACCENT) Harro! Sommeny Nine Wisfull Viss...
Number one boy Sam speaking for Missa Molly McGee.
Husband not home me carry secler message verry dependable.
(CLICK) Hello....HELLO!
- 8 SOUND: PHONE UP
- 9 LES: Didn't fool him huh?
- 10 FIB: No! Imagine him seein right through that disguise...and just like that! I tell you Les. Whoever this guy is... he's clever! He's diabolic.
- 11 LES: --Or maybe he's Chinese.
- 12 FIB: What's he after? Why won't he talk to me? Why just Molly?

LES: Uh - well --

FIB: You're darned right! Because he knows in me he'll meet his match that's why! He's lookin for an easy mark. Whatever it is he's after, he figures he can talk Molly out of it faster'n me. But what could it be?

LES: Uh - well -

FIB: No. That ain't it. I thought of that, too, Les. But we only got a few bucks in the bank...and that sugar bowl is as empty as a barber shop in Baldville. No. It's somethin' else. What can it be?

LES: Uh - well -

FIB: HEY! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! I THINK YOU GOT IT LES!
THAT'S IT!

LES: It is?

FIB: SURE!

LES: Well, by golly, I'm sure glad we got that settled. Any time you're stuck like that --

FIB: (RECONSIDERS) Nooo. Nope, that can't be it!

LES: (It can't?)

FIB: (SHARPLY) Of course not - today is Wednesday, doncha see?)

- 1 LES: (PAUSE) Uh.....Oh!....Well, if I can be any more help to you, Mister McGee, you just call on me. I'm goin' home and lie down awhile -* (FADING) I feel kinda like I did the day I fell down in the revolv'in' door and maybe...
- 2 SOUND: DOOR SLAM...OFF
- 3 FIB: Now lemme see - I gotta figure out someway so the next time the phone rings I can get whoever it is to say somethin' so I can reckonize the voice and...
- 4 MUSIC: BRIDGE #9 (13)
- 5 FIB: (TO SELF) Doggone it, I wish that sneaky whoever it is would phone again, because this time I'm gonna rouse his curiosity - make him talk - so I can -
- 6 SOUND: PHONE RINGS
- 7 FIB: AH-HA! (PHONE UP) (BARKS LIKE A DOG)...(PAUSE).... (PANTS LIKE A DOG)...(PAUSE) (WHINES LIKE A DOG-- BARKS AGAIN)
- 8 DOC: (FILTER) Hello, Lassie? Did I leave my scarf there? I can't seem to find it.
- 9 FIB: Oh, it's you!
- 10 DOC: Yesh. (CHUCKLES) Anything new on the telephone mystery? --otherwise known as "The Little Man Who Wasn't There Caper?"

FIB: No. Not a dadratted thing. It's rung twice since you left, Doc. Always the same thing. Heavy breathing at the other end, and a click when I answer. I don't know if I oughta call the cops or -

2 SOUND: BACK DOOR SLAM - OFF

3 OLD M: (OFF) GROCERY BOY!

4 FIB: Oh, there's the Old Timer. HEY! I GOT AN IDEA! Hang up, Doc. That guy is probably trying to reach Molly right now. By usin' the Old Timer I think I can find out what we wanna know.

5 DOC: How?

6 FIB: Haven't time to explain. Bye! (HANG-UP)

7 OLD M: (COMING ON) OH...THERE YOU ARE JOHNNY! BRU'D YOUR ORDER. PUT IT IN THE KITCHEN.

8 FIB: Good. Look Old Timer. I'm expecting a phone call any minute now and I'd like you to do me a favor.

9 OLD M: You want me to leave now and not listen in like I usually do, huh? Well, it's against us delivery boys' union rules. We're supposed to monitor all calls and repeat 'em to the next party on our route...

10 FIB: Look I -

- 1 OLD M: That's in article fourteen. Page six, footnote B.
But for an old friend like you who never has anything
interesting to say anyhow --
- 2 FIB: Will you quit the clownin' a minute! This is serious!
- 3 SOUND: PHONE RINGS -- REPEAT AT INTERVALS
- 4 FIB: (FAST) OH-OH, THERE IT GOES! Now look, I got no time
to go into details! JUST PICK UP THAT PHONE AND SAY
WHAT I TELL YOU, WILL YOU?
- 5 OLD M: RIGHT!
- 6 FIB: Wait - listen carefully! I wantcha to say "Hello, Mrs.
McGee is hangin' up clothes out in the yard - this is
the grocery boy -- Any messages?" Got it??
- OLD M: Got it! Hand me the phone, son. (PHONE UP) Hello!
Mrs. McGee is hangin' out in the yard - this is the
messenger boy - any groceries??
- 8 FIB: NO, NO, OH FOR THE LOVE OF -
- 9 OLD M: HUSH, JOHNNY, I CAN'T HEAR THE PARTY! Hello.....Chhh
sure!.....Yeah, he's here...Sure, I'll tell him...Yeah
.....Yeah, I got it.....Bye. (HANGUP)
- 10 FIB: WHO WAS IT? WHO? WHO WAS IT?

- 1 OLD M: That, Johnny, was the party who's been callin' you every 15 minutes. She says thanks for stayin' home, being a good boy, and keepin' outta mischief while she was downtown shoppin'.
- 2 FIB: WHAT??
- 3 OLD M: Seid she's sorry she hadda keep checkin' up on you every 15 minutes, but when she leaves you home alone she gits nervous -
- 4 FIB: WHAT?? YOU - YOU MEAN -
- 5 OLD M: Seid she's bringin' you some chocklit eclairs to make up for it, and she'll be right home. End of message and where you goin'?
- FIB: Upstairs to get my junior G-Man badge. (TADING) I'm gonna turn it in. I quit!
- 7 MUSIC: CLOSER....FADE FOR:

1 MOL: (PLEADING) Don't be angry with me, sweetheart - I'm
sorry.

PAUSE

2 MOL: Really I am, McGee. Don't look at me like that, please.

PAUSE

3 MOL: (PLEADS) I just - well, I love you, and when I started
downtown this morning, and you got your chemical set out
and said you had an idea for a new type of dynamite,
shaped like a baseball, so you can stand back and throw
it at stumps - I - well, you panic me with that stuff!!

PAUSE

4 MOL: Please, dearie. Say something, won't you?

5 FIB:Any more eclairs?

6 MOL: (RATTLES SACK) (HAPPILY) Plenty - I bought a dozen!
Here - help yourself - that's it! Now you'll feel better.

7 FIB: Yeah. So long, everybody.

8 MOL: See you later.