

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Pgm #1619

9-06-59..

"McGees As TV Stars"

(last NBC Monitor McGee program,
and the very last regularly
scheduled McGee Pgm, ever.....)

FIB: Molly, do you think our car would make it to California?

MOL: Only if we sent it by parcel post. Why do you ask?

FIB: Well, I been reading a article here that tells how much the stars of those big television shows make. And I was thinking I might kind of cashy out to Hollywood and pick up a few quid millions working as a TV idol.

MOL: Oh, McGee—you don't have any background for television.

FIB: Molly, I got background that don't even show when I'm wearing Bermuda shorts. I'd be a absolute natural as the hero of one of them westerns.

MOL: Heavenly days. You as the star of a TV western. Now that's something I can just imagine.

DISC: REVERIE MUSIC. ESTABLISH & PANS FOR

FIB: Okay, Miss Driscoll. They're ready to shoot the main scene. This is the one where you rush into the marshal's office to warn me that the bad guys are coming. I'm sitting here cleaning my gun and you come through that door. Okay. Go ahead.

SOUND: GUN SHOT

MOL: Heavenly days. If the gun's going to go off while you're cleaning it, don't point it at me.

WILSON & HOLMES "TV 21" 2-2-2 ROOM 25-1128
WILSON: I didn't make it do that. I just pushed this little thing here--

SOUND: GUN BANG

HOLMES: That little thing you're pushing is the trigger.

FIBB: Well, if it is, they put it in a different place than it was on last year's model. Now let's do this scene.

HOLMES: All right. Here I come. (PAUSE) Marshall! Marshall! The gang from the Bar 2 ranch is heading toward town to make trouble.

FIBB: I got my gun and I'm ready for them, Disaster Jane.

SOUND: GUN BANG

HOLMES: Well, don't start shooting in here. Come with me and I'll show you where the peace's forming.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWED BY HORSE WHINNYING

FIBB: Gosh gosh awmighty. Where'd that beast come from?

HOLMES: That's your faithful horse, Ranger. Climb in the saddle and come on.

FIBB: I'm not getting up on that thing. He looks like he bites.

HOLMES: But the Bar 2 gang is coming. What shall we do?

ROCK 38-1132
I don't know what you plan to do, Kidde. But I've got a strong feeling I'm gonna get in some other line of work.

DISC: REVERIE MUSIC. ESTABLISH & FAIR FOR

MOLE And that's the way I picture you as the hero of a television western, McGee.

PID: And I still say I'm a natural for the job. You seem to forget that I spent a lot of time on the frontier back in the days when men were men and women were women and all such similar kind of orderly arrangement prevailed.

MOLE Oh, McGee, that's ridiculous. When were you ever on the frontier?

PID: It was in 19-eught-22 if you must know. I was playing vaudeville on a circuit that took me all through Iowa and clear out to Omaha. Believe me, Kidde, I knew the west as no man can know it till he's rode the range in a Peerless touring car, swigged hot buttered root beer without so much as a chocolate milk chaser, and slept in broken down hotels with only a teddy bear for company. That's the story of the old west they never dare to show.

WOL: When is the laundry due to come back, Holly?

HOL: Day after tomorrow. Why do you ask?

FIB: Well, I've been reading this article on how much money television stars make. And I figure I'll go out to Hollywood and make myself a couple of million as a big dramatic actor. But I suppose I ought to wait until I've got a clean shirt to wear.

HOL: Well, I think you might encounter more obstacles in Hollywood than a lack of laundry, McGee. For one thing, a dramatic actor has to learn his lines, and it took you 20 years to memorize your telephone number.

FIB: Holly, it's obvious that you know nothing whatsoever about the television business. They put your lines on a big card and you just read them.

HOL: That's called a cue card, McGee—and I can just picture you trying to use one of them.

SING: REVERSE MUSIC. ESTABLISH & FADE FOR

FIB: Well, here I am, a desperate but loveable desperado that's took a beautiful girl as hostage. I hope you folks at home with color sets will notice what a ruddy complexion I've got.

HOL: Please, Mad Dog McGee—if you're going to force me to go with you, at least tell me what your plans are. (PAUSE) I say tell me your plans.

FIB: I'll tell you as soon as that fellow with the card moves in a little closer. My plans are all wrote down on there, but I can't read the thing without my glasses.

MOL: I can see it. It says you're going to take me to your mountain hideaway.

FIB: Well, in that case, let's get going. This is only a half-hour show.

MOL: You have to tell me first why you turned to a life of crime. That part's all written down on that card leaning against the camera there.

FIB: Oh yeah. Let's see. (READS NONSENSEFULLY WITH NO REGARD TO PUNCTUATION, WRONG EMPHASIS, HALTINGLY, ETC.)

I should tell you first that I. Was left a orphan at the age of. Six I grew up as. A child of the streets who. Stole food in order. To keep alive so naturally I. Turned out to be public enemy number. (PAUSE) One.

MOL: But didn't you want to go straight and lead a decent life?

FIB: I'm only a helpless maiden, so---

MOL: No. That's my next line. Yours is on that other card.

FIB: Oh yeah. Well, in any event, you stay where you are and I'll be back in a couple of minutes.

Are you going out to the garage to warm up the getaway car?

FIB: No. I'm going back to the dressing room to take some pills for this eyestrain I've contracted.

DISC: REVERIE MUSIC. ESTABLISH & FADE FOR

MOLE: And I'm afraid that's the way it would turn out if you couldn't memorize your lines, McGee.

FIB: Well, for your information, Molly, I can memorize stuff like nobody's business. Years back when I was in vaudeville, I never forget a single thing I was supposed to say.

MOLE: You weren't supposed to say anything in that vaudeville act. You just came out and juggled.

FIB: Well, naturally. Whoever heard of a person talking a blue streak while they're juggling?

FIB: You know, Mally—after reading this article about how much money television actors make, I've just about decided to take up being one.

MOLE: Well, I don't think you can become a television actor just by making up your mind to do it, McGee. For one thing, you don't know how to act.

FIB: Well, I'll become a singer then. Elvis Presley and Dinah Shore and fellows like that make a neat nickel, too, you know.

MOLE: Yes. I know. And I also know that you can't carry a tune.

FIB: Yeah. I hadn't thought of that. I also can't dance, play the piano nor tell jokes with the funny part coming out funny. I guess I'd best settle for being one of those suave, handsome chaps that interviews celebrities on TV late at night.

MOLE: Heavenly days. You as the master of ceremonies of a program like that. I can just picture it now.

DIEGO: REVERIE MUSIC. ESTABLISH A PAIR FOR

FIB: Well, folks, we've got another one of them great interviews coming up here now. According to this piece of paper, our guest tonight is Pamela Pann, the first lady of the Broadway stage. Frankly, Sis, I didn't know they still ran stages up Broadway. I thought they had streetcars now.

HOL: I don't know what form of transportation goes up Broadway, Mr. McGee. I happen to be in the theater.

FIB: Well, don't the theater have a window in it where you can look out to see what's going by?

HOL: I'm not interested in what's going by. I'm an actress.

FIB: Well, that seems like a illogical explanation. Of course, I saw "Abie's Irish Rose" three times, and I sure don't remember you in it.

HOL: I didn't appear in "Abie's Irish Rose." I'm a Shakespearian actress.

FIB: Well, don't worry about it, Sis. There's lots of foreigners in show business.

HOL: I'm appearing now in MacBeth.

FIB: Where is that from Jersey City?

HOL: I don't know what in the world you're talking about.

FIB: Well, that makes it actual, Sis. On top of which, appearing in a small time road show someplace don't make you eligible to be on a big show like this. My advice to you is to catch the next train back to Macbeth and don't come around here trying to pass yourself off as a celebrity anymore.

MOL: And that's somehow the way I picture you trying to interview a famous person, Nedee.

FIB: Aw, that's ridiculous, Molly. I got a gift for talking to anybody on any subject. I'll discuss the whole thing with you after I finish my nap. In the meantime, if I get a phone call, just tell the party I'm out of town.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Aw, they're trying to get me to serve on the Welcome Wagon. But I can't do that. I never knew what to say to people.

MOL: You know, I just realized that I've been wasting my time for the last ten years, Molly.

MOL: Oh, I don't agree with that, Dearie. I think it's been closer to 40 years.

FIB: You can sit there and waxy and weef weak witticisms if you want Molly. But I figure the place I missed the best was by not getting in on the ground floor in television. I'd have been a natural running one of them programs where they visit famous people in their houses.

MOL: Heavenly days. I can just picture you as the host on a program like that.

DISC: REVERSE MUSIC. ESTABLISH END FARE FOR

FIB: Well, this is the moment we've all been waiting for, folks. The thing you see on the screen there is the rich society woman, Mrs. Rowley Ashford-Ashford. She's crouched on the couch of her swanky New York apartment. Can you hear me hollering at you okay, Sis?

MOL: Yes. You're coming through fine, Mr. McGee. I was just sitting here in the drawing room drawing.

FIB: Well, what's that mess leaning against the wall over there? Your husband?

FIB: Frankly, Sis, the whole thing sounds too dull to bother with. But thanks for making the feeble gesture. And you folks at home be sure to tune in next week for a more interesting show when I'll be visiting myself.

DISC: REVERIE MUSIC. ESTABLISH & FADE FOR

WOL: And that's the way I think you'd behave as a professional home visitor, McGee.

FIB: I would not either, Molly. I'm always a gracious guest when I go calling. Which reminds me—I wonder why Mrs. Uppington hasn't invited us over since that time when I got upset about having my roast beef too well done and knocked her butler through the picture window.