

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET
10-8:30 P.M.
TIME

FEBRUARY 7, 1938
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

MARKS BROADCAST: 11:00-11:30 P.M. CST

W.C. Quinn

Page 2.

1. ORK: 1st PHRASE
2. WIL: When you walk on wax, you save your floors!
3. ORK: 2nd PHRASE
4. WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee & Company!
5. ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"
6. WIL: Billy Mills and his orchestra opens the show with "Who Knows."
7. ORK: "WHO KNOWS" (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

1. ANNOUNCER: At this time of year it is harder than ever to keep floors
 2. in good condition. Perhaps you have a sun-parlor with linoleum,
 3. asphalt or rubber tile on the floor. If it is not protected
 4. with the right kind of polish, any moisture which happens to
 5. leak in around the edges of the windows may stain or disfigure
 6. your floor. When your children track snow and dirt onto your
 7. linoleum you have a hard time getting it clean again. But what
 8. a difference after your floors are protected with JOHNSON'S
 9. SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! No more hard work trying to keep them
 10. clean -- no more worry about soiled-spots and stains! GLO-COAT
 11. brings out all the lovely colors in linoleum and tile floors --
 12. keeps the surface shining like new -- a pleasure for everyone to
 13. see. GLO-COAT requires no rubbing or buffing. It is so easy
 14. to apply even a child can do it. For GLO-COAT never streaks
 15. or smears -- never hardens in the can. Buy some JOHNSON'S
 16. GLO-COAT tomorrow -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-
 17. POLISHING GLO-COAT.
18. ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)
19. SEGUE
20. ORCH: "RIDIN AROUND IN THE RAIN" (FADE)

1. WIL: WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE LADY LUCK HAD LIFTED HER VEIL TO FIBBER
 2. AT LAST. A MESSENGER HAS JUST COME FROM THE LADIES AID SOCIETY
 3. WITH A PACKAGE. FIBBER, IT SEEMS, HAS WON THE CHARITY LOTTERY
 4. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISFUL VISTA, SPECULATING
 5. WITH SILLY WATSON REGARDING THE CONTENTS OF THE PACKAGE, WE
 6. FIND, FIBBER (FORTUNE'S FAVORITE) MCGEE!
7. ORCH: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (FADE)
8. FIB: Now what do ye suppose this is, Sil?
9. SIL: Ah dunno, suh...why don' you open it up an' see?
10. FIB: I kinda hate to. Say, I wonder if it could be the ignition keys
 11. to a new car. That WOULD be a surprise. Look out the window,
 12. Sil, and see if there's a new car parked out there.
13. SIL: (PAUSE) Nossuh. Just a milk wagon anna garbage truck.
14. FIB: I hope I won the garbage truck. Ye gotta get up too early to
 15. drive a milk wagon. Oh well...I suppose I better see what I won
16. SOUND: PAPER RIPPING...
17. FIB: Well fer the...well, I'll be a...can you imag...of all the...
 18. A BOX OF MARSHMALLOWS!
19. SIL: You shoulda took the milk wagon w'en you had a chance, suh.
20. FIB: MARSHMALLOWS! Of all the silly...AND I BOUGHT 60¢ worth of
 21. tickets on that lottery, too! What good are these things?
22. SIL: You kin roast 'em suh.
23. FIB: Where?
24. SIL: In the oven, maybe. Tho' iffen we had us a fishplace it'd be
 25. bettah.

FIB: Matter of fact I always was fond of roasted marshmallows, but if we ain't gotta fireplace, we - Say, why AIN'T we gotta fireplace?

SIL: Ah dunno suh. It ain' mah fault suh. Ah didn't know you was -

FIB: OH I ain't blamin' you, Sil.

SIL: You ain'? How come?

FIB: •Ye know...it never occurred to me before that THAT'S JUST WHAT THIS HOUSE NEEDS. A FIREPLACE.

SIL: It's a lil late now suh. Santy Claus has came and went.

FIB: Well, I ain't gonna eat these dad ratted marshmallows raw. I think we'll build a fireplace! I've always wanted a fireplace anyway.

SIL: Wheah you gonna put one, suh?

FIB: Let's see now...I think we better put it in here in the living roo...or how about the dini....no, I think the livin ro-... OR THE BEDROOM...no, the livi....still, the library might be a good pl...no, I guess the living room is the -

SIL: Ain' you gettin' tiahed totin' that lil ol' fiahplace around please suh?

FIB: The living room is the place for it. What kind of a fireplace you like, Sil? One o' them great big ones you can throw a whole log into, or a small one for coal?

SIL: Ah always like a lil one wif a gas log, suh.

FIB: A GAS LOG.

SIL: Yassuh. You don' have to haul no kindlin' for 'em.

1. FIB: I suppose I oughtta get some outside opinions before I go ahead.

2. Who'd I better ask about it?

3. SIL: Oh ah dunno, suh. Maybe Mist' Wilcox, or Mist' Billy Mills, maybe.

4.

5. FIB: I won't ask Harpo. And Billy Mills - well, that guy don't commit himself about anything.

6.

7. SIL: Yassuh. Ah notice he don't neveh say much, suh.

8. FIB: I'll say he don't. Any Thursday night now, I expect to hear a

9. Town Meeting debate between Billy Mills and a clam. Old

10. Babbling Billy! The Silent Sultan of Swing HEY...QUIT EATIN'

11. THEM MARSHMALLOWS.

12. SIL: Yassuh.

13. FIB: Wait'll we get the fireplace built and we'll roast 'em. I KNEW

14. there was something this house lacked Sil. And if it hadn't of

15. been for them there marshmallows I'd a never knew what. A

16. FIREPLACE. Hand me the phone.

1. SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: (CLICK CLICK) Hello Operator. Gimme Wistfu -- oh is this you, Myrtle? How are ye, Myrtle? That's good. Molly? Oh she's gettin' along just fine. Yeah - she'll be back before we know it. I've got a surprise for her when she gets home -- a fireplace -- that is, I'm havin' it built today. Yeah, connect me with a good firm of Contractors, will you Myrt? Thanks. (SINGS) Keep the home fires burning -- while our hearts are yearning -- HELLO...CONTRACTOR? FIBBER MCGEE 79 WISTFUL VISTA. Say send someone out here to discuss puttin' in a fireplace will ye? Okay. Thanks. (CLICK CLICK) Hello... Hello Myrtle. Yeah I got 'em okay. How's your sister, Myrtle? She is? Oh ain't that too bad. Well all I gotta say is he oughtta be ashamed of himself Myrtle. He can't expect your sister to sit up waitin' for him to come in at three or four or five a.m., night after night. I always knew he was a chaser anyway, but as long as he was a member of the family I never wanted to say anything. Shucks, I've seen him out with a different one every night. Eh? He got into a fight last night, eh? He did eh? Lost one of his ears, eh? Oh well -- I guess a tomcat is just a tomcat Myrtle. Goodbye.

1. ORCH: S'WONDERFUL

2. APPLAUSE

1. SIL: Mist' McGee, suh...the contractah is heah. An' some otheh men.
 2. FIB: Oh. Show 'em up. NO, just bring 'em in. I'll show 'em up.
 3. SIL: Yassuh.
 4. DOOR LATCH: VOICES FADE IN
 5. FIB: All right boys...which one o' you fellas is the contractor?
 6. IRISH: I'm the contractor, Mr. McGee.
 7. FIB: Fine. Go right to work, bud. Tear out a hole in that wall there, and -
 8. IRISH: Sorry - can't start tearing down the wall till the plaster is taken off. Have to have a regular plasterer for that.
 9. FIB: I see. Well, is anybody here plastered...er...I mean...is there a plasterer here?
 10. MAN: (2) Yes, I'm the plasterer, but the regular paper-hanger will have to remove the wall-paper first.
 11. FIB: Oh yes. Any paper-pushers present?
 12. MAN: (3) HERE! But a carpenter has got to rip the molding off before I can work.
 13. FIB: Oh. Shucks, I should a knew that. AHEM. IS CHARLIE MCCARTHY'S DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
 14. MAN: (4) I'm a carpenter, Mr. McGee. But I can't work without blueprints.
 15. FIB: Why of, course not, bud. If you didn't have blueprints, what could you play tick-tack-toe on durin' the lunch hour? You got any blue prints, contractor?
 16. MAN: (2) I used to have but I found blue was SO depressing. Anyway, I think there's electric wiring beneath that plaster. You gotta have an electrician.

MAN: (4) I'm an electrician. But how do I know there ain't any water pipes in the way o' the wires. Where's the plumber?

MAN: (6) I'm the plumber. What kinda pipes are they? Lead or brass?

FIBBER: I dunno. I suppose if they ain't platinum, you won't play.

MAN: (6) No, but I'm just a brass-pipe plumber. Imagine my embarrassment if they turned out to be lead.

FIB: Well, I wouldn't wanta be the cause of no professional fox pass, bud. But after all, I only want a little hole in the wall here for a fireplace. Can't we get together on this thing?

0. VOICES UP IN ARGUMENT - FADE DOWN.

1. SIL: Mist McGee suh...kin ah make a suggestion please suh?

2. FIB: Go ahead, Sil?

1 SIL: Well, most plasteh has got hahh in it, so maybe you gotta have a bahbeh up heah.

2
3 FIB: Would't be a bit surprised. I'm glad I took down that
4 picture of the gondolas, or I'd of had to get some
5 Eytalian Seilors, too -

6 VOICES UP AND OUT:

7 IRISH: Well, we've come to a decision, McGee.

8 FIB: Swell, boys...what's the decision?

9 IRISH: Well, you've been very nice about this thing, and the boys
10 think you oughtta get a break. (VOICES UP IN AGREEMENT) We
11 think that with spring comin' on and all, it s gonna get
12 too warm for a fire place anyway. If you had a fireplace
13 you'd stay in the house, and we think a pasty faced little
14 guy like you needs the fresh air and exercise. THREE
15 CHEERS FOR MCGEE, BOYS!

16 TWO CHEERS

17 DOOR SLAM.

18 FIB: Hear that Sil? They even gimme a third off on the cheers.

19 SIL: Look lak we ain' gittin' noplase awful fast, suh.

20 FIB: Well, dad rat it, I'll build a fireplace myself then. I
21 wanta a fireplace and by the 17 sweet sisters of Susie
22 Schwartz, I'm GONNA HAVE A FIREPL-

23 KNOCK AT DOOR:

24 FIB: COME IN.

25 DOOR LATCH:

26 FIB: Oh hiyah, sis...what can I do for you?

1 DAISY: You-all the man that's aimin' to build the fiahplace, misteh?
 2 FIB: That's me, sis. But you're too early for the roasted
 3 marshmall-
 4 DAISY: Well, is my pappy here? He's one o' the plumbers an ah
 5 fetched him his lunch bucket.
 6 FIB: No, he just left sis. But I'll take the bucket and give it to
 7 him when he gets back, if he...HEY THIS IS A AWFUL LIGHT
 8 LUNCH BUCKET.
 9 DAISY: Shore it is, misteh. Aint nawthin' in it.
 10 FIB: Well, what's the idea o' bringin' your old man a empty lunch
 11 bucket?
 12 DAISY: He's on a diet. Thanks, misteh.
 13 DOOR SLAM.
 14 FIB: He's on a di---.AHM. Well, Sil, I'm glad I didn't start
 15 out to build a blast furnace. With a fireplace I can only go
 16 nutty in a amateur way. Ahhhh well, it never rains but it pour.
 17 WIL: AND IT NEVER RAINS, BUT THE PORES OF YOUR FLOORS AND
 18 FURNITURE ARE PROTECTED BY JOHNSONS WAX FROM DAMPNES, DUST
 19 AND --
 20 FIB: HARPO?
 21 WIL: Oh hello Fibber. Hiya Silly.
 22 FIB: Go home, Harpo. I gotta lay some bricks.
 23 WIL: Well, that'll be a change from the eggs.
 24 DOOR SLAM.
 25 FIB: Someday that guy's gonna irritate me once too often, and I
 26 won't answer for what happens.

1 SIL: Yassuh....but maybe nobody gonna ask you.
 2 FIB: EH? You mean --
 3 DOOR KNOCK: LATCH:
 4 FIB: Oh, it's Clark Dennis. Hiya Clark.
 5 CLARK: What are you doing?
 6 FIB: Buildin' a fireplace, Clark.
 7
 8
 9
 10
 11
 12
 13
 14
 15
 16 FIB: Go ahead Clark.
 17 ORK: "YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY HEART." --DENNIS
 18 APPLAUSE:
 19
 20
 21
 22
 23
 24
 25

SOUND: HAMMERING...CLINKING OF METAL ON BRICKS...

FIB: Shucks, I'm glad I decided to build this fireplace myself, Sil. You know the old sayin'. IF YOU WANT SOMETHIN WELL DONE - DO IT YOURSELF.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Only place that don't hold good is in a restaurant. In which case, IF YOU WANT SOMETHIN WELL DONE, YE ASK FOR IT RARE. Hand me another brick.

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: CLINKING:

FIB: Oh I want to be a fireman, a fireman, a fireman, I want to be a fire-

KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there Johnny. I hear your buildin' a fireplace.

FIB: That's right old timer, But what's it to you?

OLD M: EH? What say?

FIB: I says WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

OLD M: A fireplace. What's it to you?

FIB: No, I mean...er...WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

OLD M: How you fixed for coal and wood?

FIB: Hey don't rush me. I ain't got the fireplace done yet.

OLD MAN: EH?

FIB: I SAYS I AIN'T FINISHED THE FIREPLACE YET.

OLD M: (LAUGHS) They did eh? (HEH-HEH) Well, that ain't the way I heered it, Johnny. The way I heered it, one Feller says to

the other feller, "YOU HEERED ABOUT THE PRESIDENT'S NEW

ARMAMENT PROGRAM"? AND the other fella says "NO, WHAT TIME'S

IT ON?" (HEH HEH) I like this young feller. He's a card.

DOOR SLAM.

1 FIB: Hand me some more bricks, Sil. Thanks.

2 SOUND: CLINKING OF BRICKS.

3 SIL: How high you gonna build the chimley, 'Mis McGee?

4 FIB: Ain't gonna have a chimney. The reason I'm putting the
5 the fireplace against this back wall, is so I can run it
6 into the clothes chute. The clothes chute'll gimme all
7 the draft I need.

8 SIL: Yassuh, but ain' the clothes gonna git awful sooty, suh?

9 FIB: What if they do? If they wasn't soiled they wouldn't

10 BE in the clothes chute...hand me a brick.

11 ((CLINKING)) Ye know Sil...I cant hardly wait till I get this

12 fireplace all set up and start a fire in it.

13 SIL: Me either suh. Mah mouf is watch-in fo' them roasted
14 mahshmallos, suh.

15 FIB: Well just be patient. Did you go down to the hardware store
16 and get themgrates?

17 SIL: Yassuh. Yeah they is.

18 FIB: You know it'll be your job to fill the grate every morning.

19 WIL: AND IT'S JOHNSONS JOB TO FILL THE GRATE NEED OF HOUSEWIVES

20 FOR AN EFFICIENT, EASY TO USE FLOOR POLISH LIKE GLO-COAT

21 THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES AND -

22 FIB: HARPO: ..you in again?

23 WIL: Yes, I got to thinking about your new fireplace, and I

24 thought I'd help you build the first fire. I used to be

25 a boy scout, you know.

FIB: Hand me some more bricks, Sil. Thanks.

SOUND: CLINKING OF BRICKS.

SIL: How high you gonna build the chimney, Mis McGee?

FIB: Ain't gonna have a chimney. The reason I'm putting the fireplace against this back wall, is so I can run it into the clothes chute. The clothes chute'll gimme all the draft I need.

SIL: Yassuh, but ain't the clothes gonna get awful sooty, suh?

FIB: What if they do? If they wasn't soiled they wouldn't BE in the clothes chute...hand me a brick.

(GLINKING) Ye know Sil...I cant hardly wait till I get this fireplace all set up and start a fire in it.

SIL: Me either suh. Mah mouf is wateh-in fo' them roasted mahshmalloe, suh.

FIB: Well just be patient. Did you go down to the hardware store and get them grates?

SIL: Yassuh. Yeah they is.

FIB: You know it'll be your job to fill the grate every morning.

WIL: AND IT'S JOHNSONS JOB TO FILL THE GREAT NEED OF HOUSEWIVES FOR AN EFFICIENT, EASY TO USE FLOOR POLISH LIKE GLO-COAT THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES AND -

FIB: HARPO...you in again?

WIL: Yes, I got to thinking about your new fireplace, and I thought I'd help you build the first fire. I used to be a boy scout, you know.

1 FIB: Can you light a fire on one match?

2 WIL: Sure...look.

3 SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH

4 WIL: See? There's a fire on one match. I can do it with either hand.

6 FIB: How are you on knot tying?

7 WIL: Not tying what?

8 FIB: Not tying this program up any longer with your dribble?

9 WIL: Oh all right...(FADE OUT) Here I try to be helpful and all I get....

11 DOOR SLAM

12 FIB: (LAUGHS) Good old Harpo. He's like a borrowed umbrella.

13 Always comin' back when you dont need him and -

14 KNOCK AT DOOR.

15 FIB: Dad rat it, I never will get finished with this firepl-

16 COME IN!

17 DOOR LATCH

18 CHINK: Hello.

19 FIB: Oh hello there China boy. What you wanchee come by this placee?

21 CHINK: Catchum census fo' Mayah Chicatown. See how many pleople like 'em chop sluey.

23 FIB: Oh, gettin' smart eh. Takin' a census to see how many people like chinese food.

25 CHINK: You catch on quick big slot. What kind Chinese food you like best?

26

FIB: Oh, I like chop suey...chow main, eggs foo young and all stuff like that there. But what kind of chinese food does a Chinese like best, John?

CHINK: No can speak fo' all china boy. Only me. Me like mplias fleet and slourklout.

FIB: I see...topped off with a little liederklantz. Say, I gotta complaint to make with you, John.

CHINK: What's a wallah you?

FIB: Well, last time I et in your restaurant, I asked for some bird's nest soup and it was full of little pieces of wood and metal.

CHINK: Suah...you good clustomer. Make birds nestev souper special flo you. Lestlaunt lun out of blirds nesty, so glind up cloo cloo clocky. By now.

15 DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hear that Sil? They ground up the cuckoo clock to make birds nest soup for me. I wondered why I had heartburn exactly on the hour. Oh well Hand me a brick. (CLINKING)

19 DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Well of all the dad ratted....COME IN!

21 DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh hiyah Mrs. Fidditch. Have a brick....er...have a chair.

MRS F: No thank you...(FAST) Mr. McGee I just heard you were building a fireplace and I just wanted to ask you to be sure and build it so there wouldn't be too much smoke. You know we hang our clothes right close to your yard and sometimes the smoke from fireplaces is simply terrible so I thought I'd just ask you to be sure the -

1 FIB: Now, now, now...don't you worry about that one bit, Mrs.

2 Fidditch, I been building fireplaces fer...oh fer I dunno

3 HOW long. How long I been buildin' fireplaces, Sil?

4 SIL: Evah sence this mornin' sub.

5 FIB: Yes, ever since this mo...er...OH IT'S BEEN LONGERN' THAT.

6 I've always love a fireplace. Mrs Fidditch - why even as

7 a boy whenever they'd build a fire in the fireplace - I'd

8 come flyin'. Fire-fly McGee I was knowed as in them days -

9 MRS F: NO, Mr. McGee!

10 FIB: YES, Mrs. Fidditch. FIREFLY MCGEE, the FINEST, FASTEST FLAME

11 FLINGER OF PHILADELPHIA, WITH A FLAIR FOR FIXIN' FLAWS IN

12 FAULTY FLUES. FOND OF FLIPPIN' A FLOCK OF FUEL ON-A FADIN'

13 FIRE AND FANNING IT TO A FIERCE FLAME AS A FAVOR TO THE FINE

14 FELLOWS AND FAIR FEMALES WITH FROSTED FEET AND FROZEN FINGERS

15 FETCHIN' FORTY FOOT FAGGOTSOF FRESH FIR TO FIT THE FIREPLACE.

16 AND FAST FINDIN' FAME AND FORTUNE AS A FELLOW WHO'D FIDDLE

17 WITH FIRE FOR FUN, FAD OR FANCY FROM FRIGID PHILLY TO FAR

18 FLUNG PHOENIX!

19 APPLAUSE:

20 FIB: So ye see, Mrs. Fidditch...HEY...When did she leave, Sil?

21 SIL: Well sub...when you got to fixin' faulty flues and flippin

22 fuel. Mis' Fidditch faded.

23 FIB: Oh. AHEM. Over the hill, Betty!

24 ORK: "JUBILEE"

25 APPLAUSE:

(COMMERCIAL)

WIL: Now here's a hint to housewives, whose floors are dingy and dull. Just try -

FIB: Excuse me a minute Harpo.

WIL: Can't you see I'm making an announcement? Talk to me later, Fibber. DULL DINGY FLOORS CAN BE MADE JUST LIKE NEW AGAIN IF -

FIB: Excuse me, Harpo. But you ain't goin' at this thing right. That kinda stuff don't get no attention any more. This is the age o' SWING. Get hot...get away from the old prosey stuff.

WIL: You mean...I ought to do this with POETRY?

FIB: Why not?

WIL: Well, WHY not?

MY FRIENDS, YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH OMAR KHAYYAM
PROBABLY EVEN MORE THAN I AM.

SO LISTEN TO THIS, THE JOHNSON VERSION

OF "NO-MAR, THE PERFECTLY POLISHED PERSIAN":

A BOOK OF VERSES, UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH,

A LOAF OF BREAD, A GLOCOAT CAN, AND THOU...

BESIDE ME IN OUR LITTLE KITCHEN, TOOTS

WHY WORRY NOW, ABOUT THE MILKMAN'S MUDDY BOOTS?

Is that what you meant Fibber? Thought I couldnt do it, eh?

1 (COMMERCIAL)

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3 dull. Just try -

4 FIB: Excuse me a minute Harpo.

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19 A LOAF OF BREAD, A GLOCOAT CAN, AND THOU...

20 BESIDE ME IN OUR LITTLE KITCHEN, TOOTS

21 WHY WORRY NOW, ABOUT THE MILKMAN'S MUDDY BOOTS?

22 Is that what you meant Fibber? Thought I couldnt do
23 it, eh?

FIB: Oh you done all right, but I can do better. listen to this.

A LOVELY YOUNG HOUSEWIFE, CAMILLE
HEARD HARPO GIVE OUT WITH HIS SPIEL
AND TO DENOTE HER VOTE
FOR GLOCOAT, SHE WROTE

US THIS NOTE, WHICH WE QUOTE, "IT'S IDEAL!"

WILL: Oh all right...Let's let the whole thing go.

ORK: "RIDIN AROUND" - FADE

4th SPOT:

1 SOUND: CLINK OF BRICKS & TROWEL

2 FIB: How's the fireplace look now, Sil?

3 SIL: Look kinda patchy to me suh.

4 FIB: Well, I aint finished. You got all the clothes outa the clothes chute? So the smoke'll draw good?

5
6 SIL: Yassuh. Except'n that yealla tie you got fo' Christmas, suh...it hangin' on a lile ole slivah an ah couldn' reach it. It liable to tuh'n up.

7
8
9 FIB: If it does, you get two extra marshmallows. (HAMMERING)
10 Get some kindling Sil, and some newspapers. It's just
11 about ready to try out.

12 SIL: Yassuh.

13 FIB: Couple more bricks right along here...

14 KNOCK AT DOOR

15 FIB: Aw fer the...Come IN!

16 DOOR LATCH17 SOUND OF HOGS SQUEALING ETC.

18 FIB: Hey - what th --

19 MAN: Here you are Mr. McGee - safe and sound just like you ordered -
20 two dozen of 'em.

21 FIB: SAY WHAT IS THIS? GET THESE HAMS ON THE HOOF OUT OF HERE.
22 I DIDN'T ORDER 'EM.

23 MAN: Why you did too. It says right here on the order - Fibber
24 McGee - 79 Wistful Vista - two dozen - ohh - it's LOGS!

25 Excuse me. (FADE) Come along piggie piggie piggie.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Can you beat that Sil? Sending me two dozen hogs. What would I do with 'em?

SIL: You could use 'em for your insomnia, please suh.

IB: Whatcha mean? Pork always keeps me awake.

SIL: I mean you could count 'em jumpin' over your bed or sumpin'

FIB: Well I ---

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: AW DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED... COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, it's Nick Depopolis... HIYAH, Nick.

NICK: Hello Fizzer. I am hearing an unfounded rumor being gossiped O that is, I am hearing by mouth of word that you are building myself a fireplaces. Am I right, or am I suffering with hallucinations?

FIB: Nope you aint got hallucinations, Nick. There's the fireplace, and I'm just about ready to touch her off and see how she draws.

NICK: Is that so! Well there is nothing like fire in the grateful to keep the home scorches burning. Many is the long evening winters I am spending sitting with a fire to my face, looking into the members -

FIB: You mean looking into the EMBERS, Nick. A MEMBER means something belonging to something.

1 DOOR SLAM

2 FIB: Can you beat that Sil? Sending me two dozen hogs. What would I do with 'em?

3 SIL: You could use 'em for your insomnia, please suh.

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8 KNOCK AT DOOR:

9 FIB: AW DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED... COME IN!

10 DOOR LATCH:

11 FIB: Oh, it's Nick Depopolis... HIYAH, Nick.

12 NICK: Hello Fizzer. I am hearing an unfounded rumor being gossiped O that is, I am hearing by mouth of word that you are building myself a fireplaces. Am I right, or am I suffering with hallucinations?

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14
15
16 FIB: Nope you aint got hallucinations, Nick. There's the fireplace, and I'm just about ready to touch her off and see how she draws.

17
18
19 NICK: Is that so! Well there is nothing like fire in the grateful to keep the home scorches burning. Many is the long evening winters I am spending sitting with a fire to my face, looking into the members -

20
21
22
23 FIB: You mean looking into the EMBERS, Nick. A MEMBER means something belonging to something.

24

1 NICK: Sure...my fireplaces belongs to me. Neverthelessors,
 2 Fizzer, I am always glad to get home, so I can fill up
 3 my slippers and put my feet in my pipe and read the comical
 4 strips by the fire of an open light.
 5 FIB: You mean by the light of an open fire...
 6 NICK: Don't apologize, Fizzer. If you are not grobbing onto
 7 what I am sayin; sometimes, I hope you dont hurt my feelings
 8 with it, because you dont know any better, am I? But as I
 9 was saying before I was so rudely interurban, there is nothing
 10 I am liking better than something else to look into a
 11 fireplaces and see a picture with the snickering flames.
 12 FIB: FLICKERING. Not snickering. But what pictures do you see
 13 in the fire Nick?
 14 NICK: That is just it. I am always seeing pictures of DEpopilis
 15 going down to the coals pile for some more bitumpuse coal.
 16 So that is why I am always leaving the fire and going to
 17 beds. Well, so long Fizzer, Remember the old sayings: **ASHES**
 18 **IS TO ASHES AND DUSTING IS A LOTS EASIER WITH A JOHNSONS**
 19 **WAX BEING ON IT.**
 20 DOOR SLAM
 21 SIL: Heah the matches suh...ana a couple a newspapers...

1 FIB: Oh oh...yes...(SOUND PAPER CRUMPLING) Hand me some of them
 2 little sticks...Sih...that's it...
 3 SIL: Is you shoeh you done right usin' the clothes chute fo' a
 4 chimleym suh?
 5 FIB: Of course I was right. Matter o' fact, Sih...I probably
 6 gotta great idea there. Architects is always makin' things
 7 look too hard. Buildin' chimneys outside when they already
 8 got a natural flue in the clothes chute...Gimme a match.
 9 SIL: Yassuh...
 10 SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH
 11 FIB: THERE SHE GOES SIL.. Look at her flame up...IT WON'T BE LONG
 12 NOW TILL WE CAN ROAST THEM MARSHMALLOWS!
 13 SIL: Yassuh...but lil ole flah ain' drawin' so good is it, Suh? ✓
 14 FIB: WHADYE MEAN IT AIN'T DRAWIN' GOOD? (COUGHS) Course it's
 15 drawin' good. (COUGHS) This is a new fireplace and the smoke
 16 don't know which way to go yet...(COUGHS) Say, it is kinda
 17 backin' up a little at that...(COUGHS)
 18 SIL: (COUGHS) Yassuh...it sho is suh...
 19 FIB: DAD RAT IT...(COUGHS) I KNOW WHAT I FORGOT TO DO...THEY AIN'T
 20 ANY OPENING THRU THE ROOF OUTA THE CLOTHES CHUTE...(COUGHS)
 21 You watch the fire down here Sih...NO YOU COME HELP ME...
 22 (COUGHS)...
 23 SIL: YASSUH...(COUGHS)
 24 FIB: STOOP OVER...THE AIRS BETTER CLOSE TO THE FLOOR...(COUGHS)
 25 SOUND: RUNNING FEET
 FIB: Open that window Sih...LEMMIE OUT ON THE ROOF

SOUND: WINDOW OPENING

SIL: Don' fall offen the roof suh...

FIB: Don't worry...(FADE OUT) I got eyes like a foot...er feet like a coot...er...cat. Now hand me that axe, Sil...(OFF MIKE) HEY LOOK...HEY SIL...THE ROOFS ON FIRE...ITS BURNING.

SIL: Yassuh...they's a lotta people down heah look up at us, suh.

SOUND: FIRE ENGINE IN DISTANCE

FIB: DAD RAT IT SIL...DO SOMETHING EVERY MINUTE COUNTS NOW...THIS FIRE'S GETTIN HOT!

SIL: YASSUH . What'll ah do suh . SHALL AH BRING SOME WATAH?

FIB: NO... BRING THE MARSHMALLOWS

SOUND: FIRE TRUCK UP LOUD INTO MUSIC...

ORK: ("EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY") .. APPLAUSE...(MUSIC DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

1. IF there is any woman listening to this program who still believes that
2. she has to get down and scrub her kitchen floor in order to keep it
3. clean, I hope she'll pay close attention to what I'm about to say. For
4. I can assure you that there is an easy, practical way to keep your
5. linoleum clean and attractive without the drudgery of floor-scrubbing!
6. If you'll just keep your kitchen linoleum protected with a little
7. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT your cleaning troubles will be over.
8. GLO-COAT seals the floor so dirt cannot get into the pores and cracks.
9. Spilled food cannot stick to the shining surface. Spots can be wiped
10. right off. Millions of women who used to be ashamed of their dingy,
11. soiled linoleum now take pride in having bright, sanitary kitchen floors
12. - protected from spilled food and scuffing shoes by JOHNSON'S SELF-
13. POLISHING GLO-COAT. This easy-to-use liquid polish which is quickly
14. applied with a soft cloth or long-handled applicator - dries in twenty
15. minutes to a beautiful polish with no rubbing or buffing. Ask your
16. dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- and remember -- you save
17. money on the larger sizes!
18. ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC .. FADE ON CUE) *

na; mr; gs; js

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