

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. O. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

( 8:30-9:00 PM ) ( MARCH 15 DATE 1938 )

( TUESDAY DAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

REVISED

Page 2.

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

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - down for

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

WIL: We open the show with "LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE"!

ORK: "LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE" - down for

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1;

Page 3.

OPENING COMMERCIAL REVISED

There are several very good reasons why millions of up-to-date housewives use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on their linoleum. They have discovered that this remarkable no-rubbing polish works like a charm -- quickly changing dull, dingy floors into beautiful gleaming surfaces! GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. Just pour a little of this liquid polish right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread it lightly around with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT Applier. Give it twenty minutes to dry. Then take a look! See the bright, gleaming polish! Why, your linoleum sparkles like new again! Now it will stay clean without scrubbing. A damp cloth will wipe away any surface dirt. If you want to save yourself hours of work, and have lovely, polished floors and linoleum, admired by everyone -- buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. And remember, it's very economical to buy the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE:

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

Page 4.

WIL: WELL, FIBBER IS A LITTLE WEARY OF HIS BACHELOR EXISTENCE AND SO BY WAY OF DIVERSION, HE'S GOING TO A NIGHT CLUB, AND REALLY GET TO THE CORE OF THIS "BIG APPLE" BUSINESS. AND HERE, WITH SILLY WATSON ACTING AS HIS VALET, DRESSING FOR HIS ROLE AS MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, WE FIND FIBBER (BEAU BRUMMEL) MC GEE!

THEME: APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hurry up Sil. Lay out my things. I'm goin' FORMAL tonight. And you know what that means.

SIL: Yassuh. That mean you gotta shave an' weah a necktie, suh.

FIB: No, it don't never no such a thing. It means I gotta wear tails.

SIL: You is? You mean one o' them lile ole tuxedo coats wha' DROOPS down in de back?

FIB: That's the idea. Tail coat, white tie, silk hat, gardenia, patent leather shoes, silk muffler, walkin' cane, and all the stuff like that there.

SIL: But Mist' McGee, you ain' GOT all stuff like that there.

FIB: I know. I know. But I got me some tuxedo pants, ain't I? And Harpo Wilcox is lendin' me his tail coat, and Clark Dennis is givin' me his silk hat, and Billy Mills says I can wear his patent leather pumps.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WIL: Hey Fibber, I discovered that my tailcoat was at the cleaners. Will this smoking jacket do?

FIB: Aw gee, Harpo. I was countin' on you to...oh, well, let's see the smokin' jacket.

WIL: See? It's got black braid on the sleeves that will match the stripe down your tuxedo pants.

FIB: Say it has, ain't it? Lemme try it on.

WIL: Say that looks swell!

FIB: Does it matter much if you can't see my hands?

WIL: Not a bit. Saves you a manicure. You know the secret of being well dressed, Fibber, is to be "carefully careless".

FIB: You've gotta have that certain AIR about you "Carefully careless", eh, Say that's pretty good. Harpo.

SIL: You think you can fix me up to be "carefully careless", SIL?

WIL: YASSUH. Ah'll bet you is gonna be the mos' careless man at de night club.

FIB: I'll bet he is too.

WIL: Aw you fellas are just tryin' to make me feel good. Much obliged anyway Harpo.

FIB: Oh that's all right. Glad to help.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, that's settled-- Hand me my collar, Sil --

SIL: Wha colleh suh?

FIB: MY COLLAR, DAD rat it. I laid it here a minute ago. One with wings on it.

SIL: WINGS, suh? Maybe it flew out de window.

FIB: No - I don't think so - the window wasn't open wide enough to...DON'T BE LIKE THAT. On there it is...On the chair where Harpo was settin'.

SIL: THIS, suh? It all crushed down, suh.

FIB: What of it? Be more comfortable that way.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh, Clark Dennis!

CLARK: Hello Fibber. Remember that silk hat I was going to let you take?

FIB: YOU WERE GONNA lemme take.

CLARK: Yes - I couldn't find my silk hat so I brought you this Turkish fez.

FIB: A turkish fez...AM I SUPPOSED TO WEAR THAT THING...WITH EVENING CLOTHES?

CLARK: Why not? They'll think you just came from a lodge meeting. Besides, think what a target you'd be for snowballs, if you wore a silk hat.

FIB: Think of the target I'll be for the screwballs if I wear this.

CLARK: Try it on, and let's see how you look.

FIB: Okay. There! How do you keep the tassel outa your eyes?

CLARK: Oh just toss your head to one side.

SIL: Maybe it'd be easieh suh, iffen you jus' toss the HAT to one side.

FIB: Clark means I oughtta kinda swing my head... like this -

SOUND: HOLLOW CLUNK

FIB: OUCH! DAD RAT IT, WHO PUT THAT DRESSER THERE?

SIL: It always been there, suh --

FIB: Oh. AHM. Well, much obliged Clark.

CLARK: Oh, that's okay - Fibber - forget it!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I'd like to. This costume ain't turbin' out exactly as I'd thought. Shucks, I had my heart set on struttin' around in a topper tonight

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh, it's Billy Mills. You bring me them patent leather pumps?

MILLS: Say it was a funny thing about those, Fibber. When I looked for them, I found my pup had chewed them all up.

FIB: Aw shucks, then I can't... (LAUGHS) Oh well. That's life, Billy. If your shoes don't ruin your dogs, your dogs ruin your shoes. I guess I can get along without --

MILLS: But I brought you a pair of shoes, anyway. They're really black tennis shoes.

FIB: TENNIS SHOES!

MILLS: But you can walk so quietly in 'em nobody'll know you're there, anyway.

FIB: Well, thanks a lot, Billy. These Tennis shoes is gonna help gimme that "carefully careless" look Harbo was talkin' about. He says, I gotta wear my clothes with a certain AIR

MILLS: Well, I can lend you that, too. I've got some nice airs.

FIB: Swell. Have you got that Hitler number?

MILLS: The Hitler Number?

FIB: Yes you know...VIENNA, VIENNA, VIENNA?

MILLS: No, but how about It's the Gypsy in My SOUL?

FIB: That's a nice air. Play that, Billy.

ORK: "IT'S THE GYPSY IN MY SOUL"

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT

FIB: Well I'd better be gettin' dressed - gimme my collar button  
Sil.

SIL: Yassuh - I was just gonna woops!

FIB: Where'd it go?

SIL: I dunno, suh..

FIB: Well, hurry up and find it or else give me another one.

SIL: You ain' got another one, suh

FIB: I ain't? Well, I can't go nightclubbin' without a collar.  
Still, I dunno with a silk muffler up around my neck I  
might...NO, I guess not. This Turkish Fez, and the smokin'  
jacket and the tennis shoes are bad enough. I don't wanna  
set too many new styles in one night...WELL WHY DON'T YOU  
LOOK FOR THE COLLARBUTTON SIL?

SIL: Ah was jus' tryin' to think, suh. I was jes' thinkin'.  
IFFEN AH WAS A COLLARBUTTON, AN' SOMEBODY DROP ME...WHEAH  
WOULD I GO?

FIB: Now ain't this a silly thing! To think that in these modern  
days we put so much dependence on such a triflin' WHY,  
WHAT IF NAPOLEON HAD lost his collarbutton just before  
a big battle?

SIL: Maybe he did, suh. He was always feelin' inside of his shirt.

FIB: Oh well - come on - we gotta find it. You looked everyplace?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah've gone oveh the whole flo' on mah hands an'  
knees.

WIL: WELL, WITH GLOCOAT, YOU NEED NEVER GO OVER THE FLOOR ON  
YOUR HANDS AND KNEES. JUST SPREAD GLOCOAT LIGHTLY AROUND  
WITH THE LONG-HANDLED APPLIER AND -

FIB: HARPO! You back again?

WIL: Say, aren't you dressed yet?

FIB: No. I lost my collarbutton. Can you help us look for it?

WIL: No - I haven't time.

FIB: Oh - no cooperation, eh? I guess you don't remember what  
the two buttonholes says to the collar button.

WIL: No, Mr. Bones, what did they say?

FIB: They says - let's get together on this thing.

WIL: Oh all right...here I lend you my smoking jacket and what  
do I get for it? Bum gags.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, that gag didn't fit any worse, than his smokin'  
jacket. Come on, Sil, we gotta find that collar button.

SIL: Yassuh. Iffen you is goin' out tonight we sho' has gotta.

FIB: By the way...what you gonna do while I'm hittin' the night  
spots?

SIL: Ah'm gonna go see a movie. That one about the man who  
cain't git his shoe off.

FIB: The man who can't get his shoe off? What movie is that?

SIL: A Yank at Oxford.

FIB: Aw fer the...HEY HELP ME MOVE THIS DRESSER OUT. MAYBE THAT  
COLLAR BUTTON WENT BEHIND IT.

SOUND: THUMPS...SCRAPING ETC...

FIB: You got it, Sil?  
SIL: Nossuh - ain't nothin' here but little ole poker chip.  
FIB: What color.  
SIL: White.  
FIB: Leave it there. It ain't worth cashin' in.  
FIB: Ain't this the dad rattdest luck? Here I had my heart  
set on steppin' out tonight and -

KNOCK AT DOOR. LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there Johnny. Wanta buy a ticket on the Irish  
Sweepstakes?  
FIB: No...I just gotta a share in the collarbutton handicap.  
OLD M:: EH? What say?  
FIB: I says, NO! BESIDES, SELLIN' THEM TICKETS AIN'T LEGAL  
IN AMERICA.  
OLD M: That's all right, Johnny. These tickets are forgeries.  
FIB: Oh well, if that's the case, gimme one. I just didn't  
wanna break the law.  
OLD M: Here ya are, Johnny. Five dollars. Thanks.  
FIB: That's okay. Now run along, Old Timer. We're busy lookin'  
for a collarbutton.  
OLD M: EH?  
FIB: I SAYS I LOST MY COLLARBUTTON...AND I GOTTA FIND IT.  
OLD M: They are eh? (LAUGHS) That's pretty good, Johnny. But  
that ain't the way I heard it...HEH HEH HEH.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now let's see, Sil...HERE...LOOK! SUPPOSE THAT  
COLLARBUTTON HIT THE FLOOR, BOUNCED UP, OUT THE CRACK  
UNDER THE WINDOW THERE, AND FELL DOWN ON THE ROOF.  
SIL: Tha's an awful lotta activity fo' a collehbutton suh.  
Shall ah look?  
FIB: No ...I'll look. Open the window. Wide.  
SOUND: WINDOW OPENING  
FIB: Now you hold my legs, Sil...(FADE) I'm gonna lean way  
out.  
SIL: Well quit squihmin' suh...or ah can't hand onto yo!  
WOMAN: (SCREAMS) "Help" "Murder" "Police".  
SIL: Who dat screamin' out theah suh?  
FIB: Oh some woman next door. Thought I was fallin' out, or  
somethin'. (WINDOW CLOSE) Well it ain't out there. I'll  
tell ye what we better do. (FADE OUT) YOU go get the  
broom...sweep the whole room...

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: The way I heered it, Johnny, (PAUSE) One feller says to the other feller, SAY HE SAYS, I SEE WHERE THE GOVERNMENT IS DESIGNING A LOTTA NEW POSTAGE STAMPS AND THE OTHER FELLA SAYS "I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY PUT ON THE FRONT OF 'EM BUT I HOPE THEY USE GOOD TASTE ON THE BACK. HEE HEE. Maybe it ain't funny, Johnny, but it's topical.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) Reminds me of the cabinet officer who they asked if he wanted his face on a new fifty dollar bill. And he says no but I wish you arrange it so's I could get my hands on one. (LAUGHS) DAD RAT IT SIL....DON'T TALK SO MUCH. Get busy and find that collar button.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

CLARK: Say, Fibber, you know what I just heard?  
FIB: Don't bother me now, Clark. I lost my collar button and I gotta find it..  
CLARK: But wait...I had my car radio tuned in on Police calls, and I heard the police say a woman called them to come to 79 Wistful Vista - some man was throwing another out the window.  
FIB: Oh, that don't mean anything - I was only looking for my collar button.  
CLARK: BUT LISTEN FIBBER...THE POLICE ARE COMING OVER HERE!  
FIB: Sorry Clark. We're busy now. You go ahead and sing something while we look for my collar button.

CLARK: All right, but you'll be sorry.

FIB: Whatcha gonna sing, Clark?

CLARK: Thanks for the Memory.

FIB: Well I dunno why I should be sorry about that. That's a swell number. Go ahead, Clark.

ORK: "THANKS FOR THE MEMORY" - DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT

FIB: That was beautiful, Clark. I'll tell ye what, Sil. You pull up the rug and look under it...and I'll crawl under the bed and take a good look there. (FADE) HEY REMIND ME TO GET SOMEBODY IN TO SWEEP UP UNDER THE BEDS THIS SPRING. THIS DUST IS TERRIBLE. (FADE)

KNOCK AT DOOR:

VOICE: OPEN UP THERE! POLICE OFFICERS!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

COP: ALL RIGHT YOU...WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED.

COP #2: Are you the murdered?

SIL: Why...wah...ah...ah'm Silvius Watson suh...But ah ain done nuffin'

COP: YOU LIVE HERE?

SIL: Nossuh. This is Mist McGee's house suh.

COP: Where's HE?

SIL: He undeh the bed suh.

COP: YE HEAR THAT O'TOOLE HE'S HIDIN' UNDER THE BED.

COP #2: Drag him out, Considine...I'll cover this one.

FIB: (SCUFFLING) You...you don't have to drag me out. I...I'm

comin'. What was it you wanted, officers?

COP: WHAT WAS YE DOIN' HIDIN' UNDER THE BED?

FIB: I was lookin' for my collar button.

COPS: (LAUGH)

COP: Hear that O'toole. He was "LOCKIN' FOR HIS COLLARBUTTON."

That's a new one.

COP #2: WHAT'D YE DO WIT THE BODY?

FIB: The body? Oh (LAUGHS) I guess they think I killed Cock Robin, Sil. (LAUGHS)

COP: Well, DID YE?

FIB: Don't be silly. There wasn't anybody by that name.

COP: THEN HOW DID YE KNOW SOMEBODY KILLED HIM? O' Toole, get the Sergeant on the phone and see if Cock Robin's body's been found.

FIB: NOW LISTEN...OFFICER...A JOKE'S A JOKE. You know very well Cock Robin was a mythical character, and -

COP #2: BE CAREFUL HOW YE SPEAK OF THE DEAD, ME FINE BUCKO.

COP: We'll get TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS. Where do you work?

FIB: I work for the Johnson's Wax People, and - say now listen, Officer. I dunno what this is all about -

COP #2: Hey, Considine...I just talked to the Sergeant and he says there's been no report of any Cock Robin bein' knocked off.

COP: AHAA...so you were the only one to know he was bumped off. eh, McGee?

FIB: DON'T BE A CHUMP...Cock Robin's just a legendary character like Simple Simon and Miss Muffet.

COP: O'TOOLE! GET BACK ON THE PHONE AND HAVE 'EM GET OUT THE DRAGNET FOR THE REST OF THE MOB. SIMPLE SIMON AND A DAME NAMED MUFFET. Now we're gettin' someplace!

FIB: (GROANS) Oh now listen officer...we ain't done anything...QUIT KIDDIN'. WHAT BRUNG YOU HERE ANYWAY?

COP: Well if ye must know - some lady called up and said somebody was trying to murder somebody here...throwin' 'em out the window.



FIB: Oh that was just me. I was only lookin' for my collar button.

COP: (LAUGHS) A LIKELY STORY! Now that must be the window where the lady saw the struggle.

FIB: There wasn't no struggle, I tell ye.

SIL: Yes they was suh. Remembah w'en ah had a holt of yo' laigs and -

COP: OH SO THERE WAS A STRUGGLE EH? O'TOOLE!

COP: Yeah?

COP: GET OUT YOUR NOTE BOOK. I THINK THEY'RE GONNA CONFESS

FIB: We ain't either. They ain't anything to confess. I was tryin' to put on my evening clothes and -

COP #2: Oh wan of them gentlemen crooks, eh?

COP: YOU see any evening clothes around here, O'Toole?

COP #2: No. There's just a smokin' jacket, a red Fez, some green socks and a pair of tennis shoes.

COP: AHA ... SNEAKERS EH? TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND THE PLACE, O'Toole.

FIB: - and O'Toole, if you should find a collarbutt-

COP: PIPE DOWN, YOU. YOU'VE ALREADY ADMITTED KILLIN' THIS COCK ROBIN AND ANYTHING MORE YE SAY WILL BE USED AGAINST YE.

FIB: Listen officer... this joke has gone far enough. In the first place, them smokin' jackets and stuff ain't mire.

COP: OHO...STOLEN GOODS...EH?

FIB: No they ain't stolen! That old lady next door is the cause of all this AND IF SHE DON'T KEEP HER NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS.

SIL: She kinda keep an eye on you, suh, evah since you set flah to the house.

FIB: Quiet, Sil...

COP: HE WHAT? SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE, EH?

COP #2: A FIRE BUG!

FIB: I ain't either a firebug. It was my own house.

COP: OH FOR THE INSURANCE!

FIB: Certain --- er no - NO IT WASN'T FOR THE INSURANCE. I WAS BUILDING A FIREPLACE AND ----- DAD RAT IT, YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME...Look, Gimme a chance to explain, officer, -

COP: I'll give ye WAN minute.

FIB: That's all I need. Now look. I was gettin' dressed here, and Sil dropped my collar button. I thought it mighta popped out the window...

SIL: Yassuh, but the window wasn't open enough to -

COP: OH SO THE WINDOW WASN'T OPEN EH?

FIB: Yes it was...not much, maybe, but ... enough to or let'a collerb...WELL SO ANYWAY, I HAD SIL GRAB A HOLD OF MY LEGS AND I LEANED OUT THE WINDOW LIKE THIS.

SOUND: OPEN WINDOW. CROWD UP

VOICES: (1) THERE he is!  
 (2) I heard he killed five guys.  
 (3) Why the dirty rat!  
 (4) Ride him on a rail!  
 (1) Lynch him!  
 (5) What'd he do?  
 (1) I don't know, but lynch him anyhow!

WINDOW SLAM

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WINDOW SLAM

SIL: Mist' McGee...wh's the matteh suh. You is white as a sheet, suh?  
 FIB: Who...who are all them people out there? It's a regular mob.  
 COP: Oh they probably saw the squad car pull up here and heard about the murder. Don't worry about them. They never take a prisoner away from us.  
 COP #2: Yes they do, Joe. Remember the time they took Popeye Prindle away from us and tarred and feathered him?  
 COP: Yeah, ...that once and the time we hadda let 'em take Gooney the Wimp. They took him and strung him up to a tree!  
 FIB: Ohhhhh  
SOUND: DULL THUD  
 SIL: MIST MCGEE...MIST MCGEE  
 COP #2: What's the matter with him?  
 SIL: You made Mist' McGee faint suh. ah'm gonna go git some wateh.  
 COP: You stay here, boy.  
 SIL: You go fly yo' kite please suh! Ah gotta git Mist' McGee some wateh...He ain't done nuffin' but lose a collah button and ah ain' gonna stan' heah and see...(FADE INTO  
 ORK: "SWEET AS A SONG"

APPLAUSE:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL REVISED

If you have any printed or inlaid linoleum floor coverings, here's an important message for you. Linoleum manufacturers advise you not to scrub your linoleum. Scrubbing gradually takes away its life and color. Finally it cracks and gets bumpy and then you have to replace it with a new floor covering. Here's the proper way to take care of your printed and inlaid linoleum - your linoleum rugs, too. Go over them occasionally with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the no-rubbing liquid polish that makes old floors shine like new and protects new floors from ever becoming soiled and worn. Buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow and save yourself all the drudgery of floor-scrubbing.

4th SPOT

FIB: What what happened Sil?  
 SIL: You fainted suh. Remembah, them policemen was heah?  
 FIB: Are they gone?  
 SIL: Yassuh.  
 FIB: How - how - how'd you get rid of 'em?  
 SIL: Ah showed 'em a pitcheh of cock robin in a nuhsery book suh.  
 FIB: Smart work, Sil. That convinced 'em, eh?  
 SIL: Yassuh. But w'en they seen the ole woman who lived in the shoe, they say they is gonna repo't her to the Federal Housin' Commission.  
 FIB: Yes, I suppose they'll give little Boy Blue a ticket for blowin' his horn after -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: OH, IT'S NICK DEPOPOLIS. HIYA NICK.  
 NICK: Hello Fizzer. What is this about all those peoples have a luncheon engagements with you?  
 FIB: It ain't luncheon...it was LYNCHIN' and it's all a mistake, Nick. I lost my collar button and some hysterical woman seen me leanin' out the window lookin' for it and thought somebody was throwin' somebody out. That's all.  
 NICK: Is that so? Well strike my pink! Can you imagazine anybody being such a dumbskull as that neighbor kewpie?

FIB: Well the crowd seems to be goin' away now Nick - but you know how it is with a mob - they're liable to stampede -

NICK: Sure Fizzer - a big mobs of people like those is not having a brain in my head - they Absotruly irresponsitive. I'm thinking. It is like the old sayings - give a crooker enough rope and he is going knots -

FIB: I don't quite see how that applies, Nick.

NICK: It is applying around your necktie if they are catching you in a badness (LAUGHS) I am being quite a philosipuss today - Well so long - Fizzer. I am glad it was not turning out so bad as I was hoping - Next time a mobs is wanting to ride you out of town on a railroad just call on me. I will help you pack your bag.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Well Sil...we're right back where we started. We still ain't got that collarbutton. It's a mystery to me where ...HEY...I GOT AN IDEA. YOU KNOW HOW WHEN YOU JUMP OUT OF BED AT NIGHT, IN YOUR BARE FEET, YOU ALWAYS STEP ON WHATEVER IS LAYIN' ON THE FLOOR?

SIL: Yassuh, that's a fact, suh.

FIB: Well look. You pull down the shade and turn out the light. I'll get in bed and pretend to be asleep. Then you call and tell me somebody wants me on the phone, see?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Then I'll hop out of bed, and PRESTO, I'll probably step on the collarbutton.

SIL: Seem lak kind of a dirty trick to play on the collah button, suh, but ah'll do it...

FIB: Pull down the shade..

SOUND: SHADE

FIB: Douse the light.

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: Wait'll I get this other sock off...there. Gimme a minute and then call me.

SIL: YASSUH.

SOUND: CREAK OF BED SPRINGS

FIB: (SNORE)

SIL: Mr. McGee. (SNORE) MIST MCGEE...YOU IS WANTED ON THE TELEPHONE SUH!

FIB: Who is it, Sil?

SIL: Nobody.

FIB: Well tell 'em to call in the morning - I'm in bed now and I'm gonna stay there. Goodnight Sil.

ORCH: "DOWN WITH LOVE" (FADE FOR COME).

NB

CLOSING COMMERCIAL REVISED:

Every day many housewives are using JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH for the first time. Just one trial convinces these women that here is the finest furniture polish they have ever used. Then these women waste no time telling their friends about this new type polish which is entirely free from oil. JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH is not greasy or smeary like old-fashioned polishes that collect dust and finger marks. It gives an exquisite, satiny wax lustre that shuts out dirt - wards off scratches and stains - giving your tables, chairs and cabinets a rich, expensive, hand-rubbed appearance. It may surprise you then, to discover that this new type polish produces a deep, glowing lustre without hard rubbing. Be sure to ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH.

mc:gs  
 11:15  
 3/15/38

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN  
OK PAUL HENNING

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

CHICAGO OUTLET

( 8:30 - 9:00 P. M. ) WMAQ ( MARCH 22, 1938 )

TUESDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS