

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ (APRIL 12TH 1938) (TUESDAY)
(8:30-9:00 PM)

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

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. The orchestra opens the show
with "SOMETHING TELLS ME!"

ORK: "SOMETHING DOES" - Down for -

SPECIAL FREE GIFT PACKAGE

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CUE: May we have your attention, please. (PAUSE)

.....
How would you like to get a regular 39¢ can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT absolutely free? Well, here's the way to get it. Go to your dealer and ask for the Special Free Gift Package containing two cans of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- a pint and, a half-pint. You pay only for the pint of GLO-COAT. You get the half-pint can free. The two are packed together in a red and yellow carton. You'll find it very handy to have this extra supply of GLO-COAT in your home so you can keep your floors beautiful and shining without any work of rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT is the perfect polish for linoleum, rubber tile, asphalt, varnished or painted wood floors. Don't miss this opportunity to get a 39¢ can of GLO-COAT free of charge! Every effort is being made to supply dealers as quickly as possible, but the supply is limited. So ask tomorrow for the Special Free Gift Package. This offer applies to JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (paste or liquid) as well as to GLO-COAT.

WIL: RADIOS TO THE NORTH OF US
RADIOS TO THE SOUTH OF US
RADIOS EAST AND WEST OF US
DIALED NBC.

TOO LATE TO CHANGE OUR SET
TOO LATE FOR VAIN REGRET
HOW DID WE KNOW WE'D GET

FIBBER MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Too late for vain regret...if that ain't a FINE way to present me to my public. HEY SIL...you hear the way Harpo announced me?

SIL: Yassuh ah sho did, suh. Ah thought it was real cute.

FIB: CUTE EH? So you think it's cute - Well I -- HEY HARPO! COME HERE A MINUTE.

WIL: What's the matter, Fibber?

FIB: Listen, Harpo. I like you. We been friends for a long time, and -

WIL: Okay, but I can't let you take more'n five bucks.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DON'T WANNA BORROW NO MONEY. I JUST WANNA... er... I WAS...a...well, okay, gimme the five.

WIL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. Might as well mix pleasure with business...NOW LISTEN, HARPO. ABOUT THAT POEM YOU INTRODUCED ME WITH...

WIL: Yeah...I thought that was pretty good myself! It combined the best features of Longfellow, Shelley, Tennyson & Poe. Didn't you think so, Silly?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah ain't suah of them othet things suh, but it sho was po'.

FIB: In the first place, Harpo, considerin' that Billy Mills has gotta new man in the orchestra, you didn't have no business tearin' me down like that. I GOTTA HAVE MORE RESPECT AROUND HERE. I'M THE MOST IMPORT-

PICCOLO:

FIB: HEY CUT THAT OUT, YOU. LAY OFF THAT PICCOLO OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE, SEE? Now then - what was I sayin'? (PAUSE)
Aw come on fellas - what was I sayin'?

PICCOLO: SHORT

FIB: LISTEN YOU!...CUT IT OUT, I SAID! Hey Billy. Billy Mills. Where'd you ever get that guy with the piccolo?

MILLS: Take it easy Fibber. That's that new man. He's pretty temperamental. He's a Portuguese.

FIB: Front Portuguese or back porchuguese?

MILLS: Not so loud...he doesn't understand our American ways very well.

FIB: Well why didn't you tell me you wanted a piccolo player. I'm tekin' piccolo lessons myself. And, if I do say it myself, I --

PICCOLO

FIB: There...ye hear that, Billy? Ain't you gonna discipline that guy?

MILLS: Not me. I know when I'm well off.

FIB: Oh scared eh? Well I ain't. I'll show that fountain-pen player he can't...LISTEN, YOU WITH THE PICCOLO. YES YOU!

SPIK: You are weesh to speek weeth me, senor?

FIB: Yes...AFTER THIS WHEN I'M TALKIN', YOU LAY OFF THE MUSICAL AD LIBBIN', SEE?

SPIK: You are refer to ze peekolo, senor?

FIB: Yes, I are refer to ze peekalo. And seein' I'm studyin' piccolo myself, I know what I'm talkin' about. After this you pipe down till you get the down beat, savvy?

SPIK: Si, senor. I am understand, I theenk. But I am not like the tone you are take weeth me. In Portugal, a musical arteest 'e is deman' respec. I theenk I 'ave been insult.

MILLS: OH OH...I was afraid of this. LISTEN, HOZAY. Mr. McGee, didn't mean to offend you.

FIB: I did too.

MILLS: No you didn't. (SOTTO VOCE) Listen Fibber, this guy is a tough hombre. He's killed nine men in duels. Take it easy. ALL RIGHT, JOSE...Go and sit down. He won't say anything more.

SPIK: HE IS ALREADY SAY TOO MOCH. I AM INSULT. I MUST ASK YOU TO NAME A FRIEND.

FIB: Nothin' doin'. You make your own friends...who do you think I am, Dale Carnegie?

SPIK: AHHHHH, PEEEG! Weel you meet Hozay on the field of honair, or weel I keel you now?

FIB: Ain't you gotta third choice you can throw in? (LAUGHS)

SPIK: PLEASE! ARE YOU ACCEP' MY CHALLENGE LIKE A GENTLEMAN, OR ARE YOU DIE LIKE A DOG?

FIB: You offer the smallest variety o' stuff of anybody I ever...(LAUGHS) Shucks, Hozay...as one piccolo player to another...

MILLS: Fibber!..just a minute. GO SIT DOWN HOZAY..That's it. Now listen Fibber..you're playing with dynamite.

FIB: OH YEAH?

MILLS: I'm not fooling...I'm not sure it hasn't gone too far already. Don't say anything more to him till after this next number. Maybe he'll cool off and forget it.

FIB: Well, okay. But he better not get lippy with me, Billy, or I'll wave a slice o' sour pickle in front of him while he's tryin' to play the piccolo. Watcha gonna play, Billy?

MILLS: "I LOVE TO WHISTLE"

FIB: Can you play that without the piccolo?

MILLS: No.

FIB: Well all right. Go ahead.

ORK: "I LOVE TO WHISTLE"

APPLAUSE

END SPOT

FIB: That was Billy Mills playin' "I Love to Whistle". And now folks, tonight.....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

OLD MAN: Souse me, Johnny. Where's there a drinkin' fountain?

FIB: To the left down the corridor, old timer. You must be pretty thirsty to interrupt a broadca-

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says YOU JUST BE PRETTY THIRSTY.

MAN: Course I'm thirsty Johnny. Think I wanted to take a bath?

FIB: EH?

OLD: I says...say, you're doin' my stuff there Johnny. (FADE OUT)
That's radio for ye. Start somethin' and all the imitators start...

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Ahem - and now, folks, tonight...

SOUND: PICCOLO.

FIB: DAD RAT IT...LISTEN HOZAY...LAY OFF WILL YOU? Sll, I think that piccolo pucker-puss is tryin' to make a monkey of me.... HEY YOU...HOZAY...COME HERE. I WANNA TALK TO YOU

SPIK: Be careful Senor. I 'ave forgeeve you for before, but I am ready to be insult again, very queek.

FIB: I don't mean to insult you, Hozay, but I'm just tellin' you unless you lay off interruptin' things, I'll toss you outa here on your neck. Remember. I'm studyin' piccolo myself. After this you pipe down.

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SPIK: HAH...I AM INSULT AGAIN! GRINGO! YOU 'AVE INSULT THE HONOR OF JOSE MANUELLO QUANTRELLO SAPARELLO SANTIAGO DE ESTEBAN CORDOBAS CONSTANZAS PEREIRA MATAMGROS. SMEETH.

FIB: Smith?

SPIK: Si, senor. Smeeth. My mothair, she is marry twice.

FIB: At least, I should say. Well, that's all Hozay.

SPIK: NO. IT IS NOT ALL. NOT BY A LONG SHOOT. YOU 'AVE INSULT ME, AND I AM DEMAND SATISFACTION. WE MUST 'AVE A DUEL.

FIB: Oh we must eh? (LAUGHS) Better be careful Hosecart - er - Hosay - you're talkin' to a old dueller. Why when I was a young blade, I used to duel two fellas at once. That's where dual features first started. DUAL DUELLER MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

SPIK: I theenk you are just make the brag.

FIB: DUAL DUELLER MCGEE, THE DAREDEVIL DEMON OF DOUBLE DEFENSE, DIPPIN', DIVIN', DODGIN' & DUCKIN' WITH DECEPTIVE DEVICES TO DISARM AND DEFEAT THE DIZZY DOPES WHO DARED DISPUTE MY DAZZLING DEXTERITY, WITH DAGGER DIRK OR DERRINGER, DEALING DISASTER TO DIRTY DESPERADOS WHO DAMAGE AND DISHONOR OUR DEAR DOMICILES, AND DOMINATE THE DUELLING DOMAIN FROM THE DRIFTING DUNES OF THE DESERT DUSTBOWL TO THE DELIGHTFUL DWELLING OF DOC, DOPEY AND THE DISNEY DWARFS.

APPLAUEE

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SPIK: That ees beeg talk for beetle man. But I am still insult. You weel please to slap me weeth your glove, senor.

FIB: What for? Oh you gotta be insulted formally, eh? Okay, bud. Gimme a glove Sil.

SIL: You ain't got any sah. They is at the cleaners.

FIB: I ain't eh? (LAUGHS) Ain't that too bad. (LAUGHS) That lets me out I guess, Sil. Looks like I got the advantage in this duel.

WIL: Yes and Johnson's Glo-Seat has this dual advantage. it's easy to apply and quick to dry - It will make your floors and linoleum ---

FIB: Harpo! Don't you know you're interruptin' an affair of honor? (LAUGHS) I'm supposed to slap this guy with my glove and I ain't got a glove. No glove, no duel (LAUGHS) Ain't that a panic?

WIL: Oh no. A glove isn't necessary. That's out of date. Nowadays you slap him with the back of your bare hand.

SPIK: That ees good. Senor...I am wait your pleasure.

FIB: Ye are eh? (LAUGHS) Oh this whole thing is so silly. Suppose I just slap him on the wrist, let me call me a couple o' harsh names and let it go at that?

WIL: Oh, running out, eh?

FIB: NO I AINT RUNNING OUT. I AIN'T AFRAID OF NO PICCOLO-PLAYIN PORUGUESE PUNK. BEND DOWN HERE, HOZAL.

SPIK: SI, SENOR.

SOUND: SLAP

SPIK: Ahaaa...now I am really insult. But you are slap the face more hard than is necessareeee, Senor. For that, I am going to keel you until you are dead.

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's carryin' it pretty far, ain't it bud?

WIL: I'm sorry to butt in, but that slap was not ethical. You used the palm of your hand instead of the back.

FIB: Oh I'm sorry. I'll try it again. READY HOZAY?

SPIK: Si, Senor.

SOUND: SLAP

FIB: Oh shucks...I forgot again, and used the palm.

SPIK: PEEASE SENOR...I cannot wait all day to be insult

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ye can't eh? Okay. Once more.

SOUND: SLAP (BUT LOUD)

SPIK: OUCH. Am I insult now, Weeloox?

WIL: Yes, Hozay. You are insult. In fact, your practically punch drunk.

SPIK: BUENO! SENOR...YOU WEELL NAME THE PLACE AND THE TIME I WEEL BREENG THE SWORDS.

FIB: Swords? SWORDS? Hey, I thought this was... I mean, shucks, I dunno nathin' about swo...that is, well, HAS IT GOTTA BE TODAY, HOZAY?

SPIK: SENOR. THE SUN MUST NOT SET ON THE INSULT TO HOZAY MANUELLO QUANTRELLO SAPARELLO SANTIAGO DE ESTRAN CORDOBAS CONSTANZAS PEREIRA MATAMOROS.

FIB: Smith.

SPIK: PLEASE SENOR! YOU WEEL LEAVE MY MOTHAIR OUT OF THEES.

FIB: Okay Okay...MAKE IT AT SUNDOWN, IN THE WOODS NORTH O' TOWN.

SPIK: SI SI.

DOOR SLAM.

SIL: You sho has got yo' se'f in a mess now suh. You cain't fight wif no sword, kin you, suh?

FIB: Shucks, I can take a couple o' lessons can't I? I'll take the dough I'd of spent on piccolo lessons and look up a fencing instructor and ask him to show me the fine points of the g-

DOOR LATCH:

CLARK: HELLO FIBBER...WHAT'S UP?

FIB: Oh Clark Dennis. Hiyah Clark.

SIL: He gonna fight a doodle wif Mistah Hozey, suh.

CLARK: That's what I heard. Gee it's all over town already. By the way, Fibber, I want you to meet a friend of mine.

Mr. Plant. He heard the news and wanted to meet you --

FIB: Hiyah, Plant. You look like a minister. Am I right.

MAN: (OLD SMOOTHIE) (LAUGHS) No no....not...er...exactly, Mr. McGee...Not exactly. Although I have considerable dealings with the clergy. Hmmm, Yes yes...I just came over here to listen to my Friend Dennis sing LOVE WALKED IN. Yes...Hmmm. Yes yes...

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FIB: Oh. Musician?
MAN: No. Mortician.
FIB: Mort!...AHM. He heard the news and wanted to meet m---
GO AHEAD, CLARK. DEATH TAKES A HOLID...er... LOVE WALKED IN!

ORK: "LOVE WALKED IN". - DENNIS.

APPLAUSE:

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3rd SPOT .

FIB: That was LOVE WALKED IN, beautifully sung by Clark Dennis
And now for the dual, which will be beautifully fought by

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, Nick Depopolis. Hiyah Nick

NICK: Hello, Fizzer, what is this thing about your fighting a
dial with a Portugoose?

FIB: It's not dial, Nick. It's DUEL. A dial is something ye turn
to get something.

NICK: That is what I am saying, Fizzer. It is looking like it is
your turn to get something. As a mother of fact, Fizzer, a
duals is very romantipuss things to be having one.

FIB: I don't see anything romantic about this thing. It ain't
that I mind bein' chopped up so much, but I doubt if this
guy is sportsman enough to replace his divots.

NICK: I was thinking of the Three Musketeeters, Fizzer. Remember?
There was Athopuss, Dartagnuts, Arrogant and Forthole. And
they are always doing MORE swordplaying than I can stick a
shake at.

FIB: Yes, I'm familiar with the story Nick. Never mind telling -

NICK: Oh but if you are fighting with a duel you should know about the Three Musketeers except there are four of him so why it is calling the THREE MUSKETEER...well anyway, Fizzer they are enlisting under King Lousy the 13th which is being an unlucky king for a number to have, and CARDINAL RICHIBUTCH he is an intriguer...and very quick on the intrigger too, if I ask you. WELL SIR...

FIB: I know, Nick. Let it go. Skip it. I got other things to -

NICK: Sure, Fizzer, I am just telling you about The Queen who is giving Lords Buckwheat a diamonds pin. Lord Buckwheat is being the same to those days as this Neville Chambermaid is being today.

FIB: I see. Prime minister.

NICK: Sure...prime ribs of a ministers. SOO, when King Lousy is hearing from Richibutch that Buckwheat is having a diamonds, the Queen is pantystricken.

FIB: PANICstricken.

NICK: Sure, and she is sending these three tittermuskets to London to see Buckwheats, you follow me?

FIB: I'm way ahead of you.

NICK: Well wait for me. Thank you. Well, Fizzer, Dartagnuts is having SO many duels on this trips he is wearing his swords down to a pocketknife. But the King, who is calling himself Saint Louis is being fooled because the 3 mosquitoes is getting home with the diamonds and the Cardinal Richipusa is being a dumbfoundling! So the score at the ends of the game is almost being a paraducks. Because it is St. Louis O, Cardinals O.

FIB: I know...and on their own diamond, too. Run along, Nick, I gotta find a fencing teacher.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. So long.

FIB: Cardinals nothing, St Lou... of all the well, come on, Sil I gotta find me a fencing instructor.

SIL: Look lak they is one right next doo' theah, suh?

FIB: EH? WHERE?

SIL: See the sign? It say WIS'FUL VISTA FENCING COMP'NY ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

FIB: Swell. let's get us a estimate.

DOORLATCH AND SLAM

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: Oh oh. You again? You don't stay long in one job do ye sis?

GIRL: No I don't.

FIB: Why not?

GIRL: I'm trying to get a social security number with a 99 in it. My lucky number.

FIB: Social security!

WIL: YES, AND NOTHING WILL GIVE YOU GREATER SOCIAL SECURITY THAN - CLEAN, SPARKLING FLOORS AND LINOLEUM. WHY WITH JOHNSON'S GLOCCAT -

FIB: HARPO! What you want?

WIL: Well - I just wanted to say that if anything should happen to you tonite - don't worry about that \$5 you owe me.

FIB: Well, thanks Harpo!

WIL: That's okay, pal. I can get it from your estate.

FIB: MY ESTATE! Listen, you don't really believe --

WIL: And to think this should happen on our 3rd anniversary program. Here's an epitaph I wrote for you -

He worked hard 3 years; then was stabbed in a duel
Oh how does a smart guy act so much like a _____

WIL: I can't think of a good rhyme for that last line but I will.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I think the word he wanted was "Jewel", Sil. Don't ye think So, sis?

GIRL: Who ja wanna see?

FIB: I wanna see the chief fencer

GIRL: Sorry. He's out just now. Everybody's out but me. Whajja want?

FIB: Well, I gotta do some important fencing sis, and I come here fer some instruction.

GIRL: Oh gee, there's nothing to it, mister.

FIB: They ain't eh? Hear that Sil? It's a cinch!

GIRL: Got your own stretcher?

FIB: STRETCHER! you...you think I'll need one?

GIRL: Sure. Unless they use a stretcher, they're liable to sag and fall down.

FIB: Hmm. I suppose a guy IS pretty weak after a thing like that.

GIRL: Yes, but you can finish some easier than others. Where you having it?

FIB: In the woods, north of town -

GIRL: Will it run all around the lot?

FIB: I imagine so. Yes.

GIRL: Picket?

FIB: Nope. It was kinda forced on me.

GIRL: I see. Where do you want the gate?

FIB: As close to me as possible.

GIRL: Mesh?

FIB: It sure is. A terrible mesh. It's worst mesh I've been in since...

GIRL: No, I mean, about the distance between the wires.

FIB: Oh I'll probably be gettin' 'em all night, sis. Half an hour apart. Congratulatin' me.

GIRL: Say what are you talking about?

FIB: FENCING - DAD RAT IT ... DON'T YOU TEACH FENCING?

GIRL: No. We just sell fencing.

FIB: Oh pshaw!

SIL: Look lak we climbed the wrong fence, don't it, suh?

FIB: Of all the dumb...HEY - Billy Mills - you got a sad number you can play in honor o' my riskin' my life tonite?

MILLS: How about "IT'S WONDERFUL".

FIB: Hmmm ...I THEENK I AM INSULT. BUT GO AHEAD, BILLY.

ORR: "IT'S WONDERFUL"

APPLAUSE:

SPECIAL FREE GIFT PACKAGE

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

CUE: Now listen carefully, please. (PAUSE)

.....
If you want to get that Special-Free Gift Package of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, you must act at once! The supply is limited -- and we don't want you to be disappointed. Look for the red and yellow carton on your dealer's counter. It contains a pint can of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- also a half-pint can. You pay only for the pint and you get the half-pint free. That's right -- a 39¢ can of GLO-COAT absolutely free! (JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (paste or liquid) is also being offered in the same type package.) So ask your dealer tomorrow for either JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX -- or GLO-COAT in the Free Gift Package. The supply won't last long.

4th SPOTOMINOUS MUSIC.....INTO

SIL: Is this the place wheah you is gonna fight the doodle suh?
 FIB: Yep. Pretty little patch o' woods isn't it?
 But...but....you don't really think there's any danger do ye, Sil? He wouldn't really...er...do me any...er...I mean, after all murder is murder, even if a duel is the...that is, after all...us piccalo players had oughtta stick together and--
 SIL: Ah wouldn't worry about suh, iffen ah was you.
 FIB: Ye wouldn't eh?
 SIL: Nossuh. But would you mind payin' me mah salary fo' the las' two weeks please suh? Jest on account of maybe -
 FIB: AW CUT IT OUT, SIL.....I..I ...shucks, I wish that guy'd hurry up, so' we could get this thing over with.
 SIL: Why is you shakin' suh? You nehvous?
 FIB: Who me? (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) ME, NERVOUS? Of course not I'm just so anxious to get started I can't hold still. Besides...it's kinda chilly out here. Besides...I don't feel good. Got kind of a heavy feelin' in my stummick.
 SIL: Somp'm you et, may be suh.
 FIB: Can't be. I ain't et...er...that is, I forgot all about lunch...

BIRD CALLS

FIB: CAN'T THEM BIRDS QUIT THAT DAD-RATTED HOLLERIN'! DRIVE A FELLA CRAZY. AND LOOK AT THEM BEETLES, TEARIN' UP THE TURF THERE SO'S A FELLA CAN'T GET A DECENT FOOTHOLD. AND CHASE THAT RABBIT AWAY SIL.
 SIL: Rabbits is good luck suh.
 FIB: I DON'T CARE IF THEY ARE. THEY AIN'T GOT ANY RIGHT TO... what's that?
 SIL: Nothin', suh. Ah'm afraid you jes' nervous.
 FIB: GO ON...I WAS NEVER MORE CALMER IN MY LIFE. IT'S IN BAD TIMES LIKE THIS THAT I'M THE COOLEST. WHY I...
 SIL: Excuse me suh, but you has gotta match in yo' mouf and tryin' to scratch yo' cigarette on that tree.
 FIB: Oh oh yes. Well, that just goes to shoe ye, Sil, how little attention I pay to trivial things.
SOUND: BRUSH CRASHING...BIRD CALLS...
 SIL: Heah come Mist' Hozay and anqtheh man, suh.
 FIB: That's his second.
 SIL: His second wah?
 FIB: His second helping...er...HELPER. Just like you're MY second.
 SIL: I AM?
 FIB: Yes.
 SIL: You...you mean iffen you gita licked, AH gotta fight?
 FIB: That's up to you.
 SIL: Oh. Ah don't then.

FIB: Okay. RIGHT OVER HERE HOZAY. (ASIDE) I dunno which it'll be but the world loses one piccolo player today.

SPIK: Ah senor...am glad to see you are punctured.

FIB: You mean punctual.

SPIK: Si. I weel-also be glad to see you punctured. Thees man is your second, Senor?

FIB: Yes, Silly Watson.

SPIK: Buenas dias, senor. An' thees is my second. Senor Pedro Sguinaldo Montrosto Rapallo Peruno, DiGrasso Belotto...

FIB: SCREENO!..How are you Mr. Aguinaldo.

#2: BELOTTO, SENOR.

FIB: You are? Honest? Nobody'd ever notice it. You got the swords, Hozay...

SPIK: My second, he is 'ave the swords, senor. PEDRO, LA RAPALLO.

#2: Si si.

SIL: Mmmm MMMM. They sho is mean lookin' stickahs ain't they suh?

FIB: I'll ...s.s.s.say so.

SOUND: CLINK OF STEEL

FIB: Mind if I take a few practice swings with this brassie, bud?

SPIK: No senor. I weesh to confer weeth my second for wan meenute, too.

FIB: Oh take as long as you like. Take an hour or so. Or, maybe you'd like to go home and think it over a while longer. You know me. I ain't the one to -

SPIK: JUS' WAN MEENUTE, SENOR.

FIB: Okay. (ASIDE) You ever fight with one o' these things, sil?

SIL: Nossuh. Only a razah.

FIB: Razor eh? At how many paces?

SIL: None, suh.

FIB: Not for me. Too intimate. Well I better roll up my sleeves so I can take a good swipe at that guy. You'd think that fellow artists like us wouldn't ever come to such a desperate ---

SPIK: SENOR...WE ARE READY.

FIB: Okay....just a minute. I wanna try this sword a little more.

SOUND: SWISH. SWISH...

FIB: Hmmm! Ain't you gotta sword with more loft to it, bud? I warn ye, - I gotta bad slice on my tee shots.

SPIK: Senor...I weel 'ave you know these sword 'ave been used for duel for 3, 4 hundred years weeth my family in Portugal.

FIB: They have eh? (LAUGHS) You musta come from a long line o' pincushions, bud. (LAUGHS)

SPIK: EN GARD!

FIB: (DEFLATE) AHM. Okay. Shall we flip a coin for the kickoff bud? No, let's not. I'd rather you kicked off than me, any day, if you know what I mean, and you probably don't.

SPIK: Quiet, please. W'EN THE SENOR WATSON IS DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF...

FIB: OH THAT'S BETTER. LET'S ALL PLAY DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF. That's a much more sensib--

SPIK: SENOR...PLEASE! W'EN THE HANDKERCHIEF IS DROP, THE DUEL IS BEGIN. EET IS THE CUSTOM TO... (PAUSE) SENOR!

FIB: Eh?

SPIK: WHERE YOU GET THOSE SCAR ON THE ARM?

FIB: Oh that? I was wounded in the world war, Hozay. Tryin' to open a canna salmon with my bayonet. Why?

SPIK: ARE YOU NOT RECOGNIZE ME, SENOR? I AM THE FOREIGN LEGIONAIRE WHO IS EAT PART OF THOSE SALMON WEETH YOU COMRADE...

FIB: WHAT? ARE YOU THAT GUY? Why...why...

SPIK: THE DUEL IS OFF...EET IS A HAPPY REUNION. I THEENK I WEEL KISS YOU ON THE BOTH CHEEK SENOR, BECAUSE I AM SO GLAD!

FIB: YOU AIN'T GONNA NEVER DO NO SUCH A THING! HEY GET AWAY FROM ME...LIPS THAT TOUCH A PICCOLO SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE...HEY!!!

SOUND: KISSES (2)

FIB: Well I'll be a...YOU SEE THAT SIL? HE KISSED ME!

SIL: Yassuh, but all them foreign people is -- Mist McGEE... MIST MCEEEGEE...WHEAH IS YOU GOIN? SUH?

FIB: I'm goin' home and tear up my piccolo lessons!

ORK: "CRY BABY" Down for --

SPECIAL FREE GIFT PACKAGECLOSING COMMERCIAL:

CUE: Here's an announcement that should interest everyone. (PAUSE)

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Your dealer is now displaying a Special Free Gift Package of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Be sure to look for the red and yellow carton containing two cans of GLO-COAT -- a full pint can and a half-pint can. You pay for one pint of GLO-COAT & d you get a half-pint without cost -- a pint and a half for the price of a pint! This easy-to-use liquid dries in twenty minutes, giving your linoleum and floors the finest kind of a gleaming polish -- without any rubbing or buffing! You're sure to be enthusiastic about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. So buy a pint tomorrow and receive a regular 39¢ can of GLO-COAT free. If you prefer, you may get JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (paste or liquid) in the Free Gift Package. But whether you want JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX, be sure to make your purchase tomorrow! The supply is going fast.

mc: 4/12/38: 10:55 AM

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC-FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY-APRIL 12, 1938-TUESDAY

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL - TAG GAG

FIB: Folks this really is our 3rd anniversary program and we all want to thank you for your swell support - particularly during the last 6 months --

Good nite folks -

Good nite, Molly!

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC. - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
REVISED - 2nd CORRECTION - TUESDAY APRIL 12, 1938 - WMAQ 8:30 - 9:00 PM

Cue: (WILCOX) May we have your attention, please. (PAUSE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Now that all you good housewives are setting your homes in order for Easter, this is the time to give your floors and linoleum a beautiful, gleaming polish! And you can do it so easily with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This remarkable liquid polish dries in twenty minutes and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. Even a child can't successfully use GLO-COAT - for it never streaks or smears. You can forget all about floor-scrubbing if your kitchen linoleum is protected with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. A damp cloth quickly removes any spots or stains from the shining surface, leaving your linoleum as bright and fresh as new. GLO-COAT is the perfect polish for rubber tile, asphalt base, painted or varnished wood floors, as well as linoleum. If you want floors that will be admired by everyone, be sure to buy JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow - G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T - JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

Cue: (WILCOX) Now listen carefully, please. (PAUSE)

There is a wonderful, new type furniture polish on the market. Its name is JOHNSON'S CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH - and it is entirely different from all others. This new creamy white furniture polish imparts an exquisite wax lustre to tables, chairs and radio cabinets. It contains no sticky oil to collect dust and finger marks. It shields the wood from scratches and stains, giving your furniture an expensive, hand-rubbed appearance. Women everywhere say it is the most satisfactory polish they have ever used. You can easily give your furniture lasting beauty with JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

Cue: (WILCOX) Here's an announcement that should interest everyone.
(PAUSE)

I don't believe there's a woman in the world who likes to scrub her floors and linoleum. Well, here's the way to do away with floor scrubbing forever! Buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Pour a little of this remarkable liquid polish right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread it around with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIERS. No rubbing or buffing! Just let the GLO-COAT dry for twenty minutes, and behold a miracle! Now, you have a bright gleaming floor in place of a dull, drab surface. GLO-COAT seals linoleum so dirt can't get in. Spilled food can't stick to the polished floor. A damp cloth keeps your kitchen linoleum clean and bright. You'll never need your scrub-brush again after you start using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. Remember, you save money on the larger sizes.

gs: 3:55

4/12/38