

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN
OK PAUL HENNING

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ)

(8:30-9:00 PM

MAY 3, 1955

(TUESDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not correct

Page 2.

WIL: When you walk on wax, you save your floors!

ORK: THEME - DOWN FOR -

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program presenting Fibber McGee & Company, with Billy Mills' Orchestra. The program opens with A SHINE ON YOUR SHOES!

ORK: "A SHINE ON YOUR SHOES" - down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CUE: (WILCOX) Now, we have something of special interest to tell you about! (PAUSE)

.....
Soon all the gardens in your neighborhood will be in bloom. And if you, yourself, want to have a perfectly wonderful garden of GIANT Gladiolas, (or Gladiolas) now is the time to set out the bulbs.

The sponsors of this program are offering you Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas -- ten bulbs for only ten cents and a sales slip showing your purchase of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- or any one of the other fine JOHNSON WAX products -- JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (paste or liquid) -- JOHNSON'S CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH -- JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Send your sales slip and one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin. You will soon receive ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs -- which will grow rapidly -- and bear enormous blooms of rainbow colors -- pink, red, yellow, orange and lavender. Molly McGee's Varieties of GIANT Gladiolas are as different from the common varieties as night is from day. They are all special named varieties -- prize winners, every one of them! This offer is for a limited time only. So send one dime and a sales slip at once to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS TAKEN OVER THE MANAGEMENT OF WISTFUL VISTA'S SUPER DE LUXE MOVIE PALACE, THE BIJOU THEATRE. AND, TONIGHT BEING FREE CHINAWARE NIGHT, WE FIND IN THE LOBBY, GREETING HIS PATRONS - FIBBER (Plenty-of-seats-in-the-Balcony) MCGEE... IN PERSON!

APPLAUSE: THEME UP LOUD AND FADE FOR -

FIB: Welcome to the Bijou, ladies and gentlemen, there's fun for everybody on the inside, so Hurry hurry hurry - remember it's FREE CHINA TONIGHT.

LADY: Good evening, Mr. Allen.

FIB: The name is McGee, lady. Say - you're hardly dressed properly for the theater, are you?

LADY: Of course not - I'm in DISHABILLE - it's FREE CHINA TONITE!

MUSIC AND CHEERING UP AND DOWN

WIL: EVERYBODY'S GOING - EVERYBODY'S GOING. DENTISTS --

DENTIST: I can make you a nice plate for a hundred dollars, Mrs. Thorp.

THORP: Nothin' doin' -- I'll go to the Bijou - it's FREE CHINA TONITE!

NOISE UP AND DOWN BRIEFLY

WIL: COMMUTERS --

MAN: Are you going to catch a train in the morning, George?

MAN #2: No, but I'm gonna get a gravy boat right now, Al. It's FREE CHINA TONITE!

NOISE UP AND DOWN BRIEFLY

WIL: COLLEGE STUDENTS --

BOY: Come on baby - we're gonna see the Rose Bowl.

GIRL: At Pasadena?

BOY: No - at the Bijou - it's FREE CHINA TONITE.

NOISE UP AND DOWN BRIEFLY

WIL: MERRYMAKERS --

DRUNK: (SING) Show me the way to go home -- (Hic!)

GOP: Quiet down there, me fine Bucko! You're in your cups.

DRUNK: Shhure -- I been to the Bijou. (Hic!) It's FREE CHINA TONITE.

NOISE UP AND DOWN

MAN: LISTEN YOU...YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE SWIPIN' FRED ALLEN'S OPENING!

FIB: BUD, I KNOW it's Allen's dish, but it's FREE CHINA TONIGHT!

MUSIC AND CROWDS UP...FADE FOR

FIB: Come on, Sil. Let's go in my office.

SIL: Yassuh...

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Whew...well, it looks like a success, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh, it sho does, don' it? This heah free china stuff is...

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: Pardon me...are you the manager of this theatre?

FIB: You betcha sis. What's on your mind?

WOMAN: Well, while I was watching the picture, I slipped off my shoe and when I started to leave I couldn't find it. So my husband crawled under the seat to look for it.

FIB: Well?

WOMAN: Well, now I can't find my husband.

FIB: That's okay sis. You run along and don't worry. When we find him, we'll hold him for 30 days, and if you don't want him then we'll --

DOOR SLAM:

SIL: Mist' McGee...wif all de wimmin takin' off dey shoes in de movie, maybe it'd be a good idea, iffen you hadda place in de lobby to rent house slippers to 'em.

FIB: Sil, I think maybe you got something there. And we could get the orchestra to put in a shoe-horn section - SAY THAT'S GREAT!! - CHECK YOUR SHOES IN THE LOBBY FOLKS. A SLIGHT EXTRA CHARGE FOR HIP BOOTS AND SNOW SHOES. WOODEN SHOES RENTED FOR FLOOR STAMPING DURING COWBOY AND INDIAN PICTURES AND...."

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) BIJOU THEATRE...MANAGER MCGEE SPEAKIN'. FEATURE STARTS AT 7:47, sis. YES IT'S FREE CHINAWARE NIGHT. YOU BETCHA. NO, NO NEWSREEL. LAST TIME WE HADDA NEWSREEL ON CHINAWARE NIGHT, THE NAVY TARGET-PRACTICE CRACKED ALL THE CUPS. Okay' sis. (CLICK)

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: You the manager?

FIB: You betcha bud.

MAN: LOOK...I just remembered I gotta a appointment. If I leave the theayter can I get back in again.

FIB: Certainly. How long you gonna be gone?

MAN: What's your next picture?

FIB: "Stage Door."

MAN: Okay. Leave it open for me.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Leave it open for him...that's the kind of a patron I like to have, Sil. Worth his weight in aspirin. If they were all -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Ah this what I like...never a dull moment. (CLICK)
Hello. Yes, madam...the feature starts at 7:47. What?--
Yes the comedy starts at 8:16. Don't menti...EH? YES
THE CARTOON STARTS AT 8:26. Oh don't menti...EF? YES
THE ORGAN SOLO STARTS AT 9:21. Oh that's...WHAT? YES
THE STAGE SHOW STARTS AT EXAC...listen sis. Why bother to come over here at all? I'll just describe the whole show to ye over the teleph...HELLO HELLO... (CLICK)

SIL: Scuse me suh. The truck men is heah wif de china.

FIB: Well tell 'em to stack it in a corner somewhere...

SIL: Ah did suh. Ah tole 'em to bring it in heah.

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE. I DON'T WANNA HAVE -

DOOR LATCH. PROLONGED CLATTER OF CHINAWARE...THUDS...VOICES...BANGS... CLATTER...DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well! I'm glad it ain't free dynamite night! Well, Sil-- anything else oughtta have my attention?

SIL: Yassuh. A lady claim she gotta run in her stockin' catchin it on a seat suh. She say that the THIRD time she do dat and is you gonna do anyfing about it?

FIB: No I ain't. She should o' told me the FIRST time. This is strictly a first run house. Send in the musical director, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Let's see now...here's a complaint from the Secretary o' the Society for the Suppression of Everything, sayin' that Snow White oughtta have a chaperon if she's gonna stay in that cabin in the woo-

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: Heah the musical directoah suh. Mistah William Randolph Mills.

FIB: I thought Billy Mills was our musical director.

MILLS: I'm Billy Mills. Where'd you get that "Randolph" business, Silly?

SIL: Well suh, ah was jus' -

FIB: AIN'T IT RIGHT, BILLY?

BILLY: Well, yes, but I hoped it would never... I mean, I didn't think anybody would find ou...er...SAY WHAT DID YOU WANT?

FIB: I wanted you to work out a theme for our next showing. The picture is titled THE WEAK BATTERY. What would ye play for that?

BILLY: HOW ABOUT "I CAN'T GET STARTED WITH YOU"?

FIB: That's swell, Billy. Let's hear it. FOLKS, THE WISTFUL VISTA BIJOY SYMPHONY SILVER CORNET CONCERT SWING PIT ORCHESTRA UNDER THE BATON OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH MILLS PLAYS "I CAN'T GET STARTED WITH YOU". Get started, Billy.

ORK: "I CAN'T GET STARTED WITH YOU"

APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT

FIB: Ahh this is an interesting business, Sil. I been interested in the movie business since before DeMille built his first bathtub. I seen the old one and two reelers Wallace Reid.. Francis X Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Broncho Billy, William S Hart...Theda Bara..Valentino.... Then the five- and six-reelers..then sound, then technicolor.... AND NOW I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TO THE NEXT GREAT STEP FORWARD IN MOTION PITCHERS.

SIL: Wah that gonna be suh.

FIB: That's gonna be when the people takin' the seats behind ye, quit slappin' you in the face with a coat sleeve. By the way, Sil...remind me I gotta go to the preview of that new picture tomorrow. What is that again?

SIL: It's a new Mickey Mouse pitchah suh.

FIB: Oh yes...a squeak preview. Anybody waitin' to see me, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Heah that lady again suh....

FIB: Oh Hiyah sis...I didnt hear you come in.

WOMAN: Of course you didnt. I've been running around here in my stocking feet.

FIB: Aint your husband come back with your shoes yet? Well, dont worry, it's a big theatre and he's under the seats there somewhere.

WOMAN: It was SO silly of me to take my shoes off, wasnt it?

FIB: Not at all sis...not at all. Lots o' women do that. Matter of fact, at the next meetin' of the Movie-house Managers Association I'm gonna recommend that all women goin' to movies has gotta wear rubber gloves, too. So when they drop 'em on the floor like they always do, they'll bounce up again and -

DOOR SLAM

SIL: You shouldn' oughtta kid her suh...she real worried.

FIB: Aw, that's silly. He aint been gone but a half n hour. I heard of a guy once years ago that got down on a movie house floor to find his hat during The Perils of Pauline, and come up again recently in the middle of Louie Pasteur. Kinda puzzled him at the time.

SIL: Who suh....Louie?

FIB: NO, the guy who dropped his hat. Ye see, he.....OH THERE'S NICK DEPOPOLIS....HIYAH NICK!

NICK: Hello Fizzer. I am glad to see you are in a moving-feature business, because there is an old saying that little pictures is having big ears if Clark Gables is being in it.

FIB: Dont criticise Gable to me, Nick. He done a swell job in TEST PILOT with Spencer Tracy.

NICK: That is exactly what I wanting you to see me about Fizzer. I wish you will show a picture which is naming itself Captims Couragipuss, with Spencil Tracer, Lionel Berrybox, and little Friday Bartholopew.

FIB: Yes, I've seen it, Nick. It's a -

NICK: Oh that is a fine pictures Fizzer. You see this little Bartholopew kids is being a little son of an economical royalpuss andis very stuck up on himself, you grob me? andhe is thinking that having a lots of money is being the most importants things in the world, which it is but he is too young to know it and -

FIB: I know Nick. I saw the picture and I dont believe I -

NICK: WELL SIR FIZZER, this little boy is taking a trips on a boat with his old mans, and he is falling himself over the board and dunking himself with the ocim, and is being save by this Spencil Tracer who is being a sailor with a feeshing flit.

FIB: Fishing fleet.

NICK: Sure. AND this Spencil Tracer is being a fineactors, too. He is a Portugoose sailor who is always playing a mandoharp or a ukululu and is teaching little Bartholopew to be a good sportsmanship.

FIB: Never mind the rest of it, Nick. I'm familiar with the -
NICK: WELL SIR, FIZZER, WHAT IS HAPPENING NEXT IS MAKING MY HAIR
STAND ON ITS HIND FEET! THERE IS A STORM WHICH IS HAVING
TWO SOWS FOR EASTER. .
FIB: You mean a sou-sou-easter. That's where the sea gets very
pork-choppy.
NICK: Sure...It is a very nautical storms. Nautical and not nice,
too. Well, this Spencil Tracers is slooping over the side
to save the slip -
FIB: You mean he SLIPS over to save the sloop.
NICK: Sure...but he is losing his life with doing it, and little
Friday Bartholopew is brokimheartled which is making him a
good boy so when his pappa is seeing him some more he is not
getting a spanking which proves there is many a sloop
twixt a slap on the hip. Well, so long Fizzer.

FIB: Ye hear that, Sil? To hear Nick Tell it, you'd think Gertrude
Stein wrote the scenario.
SIL: Who dat?
FIB: Who, Gertrude Stein? Oh she's a lady author who's sentences run
concurrantly instead o' consecutively. At that, she's...
HEY That must be THE GUY THAT'S LOOKIN' FOR HIS WIFE'S SHOES..
HEY YOU..GET UP OFF YOUR KNEES..I WANNA TALK TO YOU!
WIL: (FADE IN) WHAT ABOUT?
FIB: Oh it's Harpo..what's you crawlin' around for Harpo? Lose
somethin'?
WIL: No, I was just interested in your floors, Fibber. These
thousands of people a day can't make any impression on Johnson's
Wax, can they?
FIB: No, but the Johnsons Wax makes a great impression on the thousands
of people. As manager of this theatre, I - -
WIL: Oh Yes...I KNEW I wanted to tell you something. Billy Mills and
I were walking past your nouse yesterday and we agreed you
oughta to disguise yourself when you hang out your washing.
FIB: What for?
WIL: WELL, your shorts are amusing but your features are nothing
to brag about. So long, manager.
DOOR SLAM.
FIB: He's gotta lotta nerve, criticisin' me. Any guy that'd say
Glad-EYE-oli, when he means Gladdyolas, oughtta be

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) Manager's office, Bijou Theatre..YES MADAM..FREE CHINA TONIGHT. WHAT? NO WE AIN'T HAD A BANK NITE SINCE MRS. COOGAN HIT THE JACKIEPOT. Okay sis. (CLICK) Hey Sil. What are all these cans o' fillum doin' here on my desk?

SIL: Man from the projectshun room lef' 'em theah suh. He say the labels is tore off 'em an' he dunno wha fillum they is.

FIB: Well. let's open 'em up..maybe we can identify 'em.

SOUND: RATTLE OF TIN; TERRIFIC WIND - OUT WITH TIN CLATTER

FIB: That's the "HURRICANE". Hand me another one, sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: TIN CLATTER; MAN SNORING; OUT WITH TIN CLATTER.

FIB: Midsummer Night's Dream. Next one.

TIN CLATTER: "SAWING NOISE"

SIL: Wah was dat?

FIB: Tom Sawyer. One more..what's this one?

TIN CLATTER HORSES HOOFS..
VOICE: LOOK OUT THERE, SIR GALAHAD!

HOOFS..CRASH OF IRON..
VOICE:..OUSH: GADZOOKS!

TIN RATTLE

FIB: Now let me see..look out there Sir Galah..Oh yes.."KNIGHT MUST FALL". Well label 'em and stack 'em away Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

KNOCK AT DOOR.

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

CLARK: Hello Fibber...WHAT'S UP.

FIB: Oh Clark Dennis. Say you goin' to the Kentucky Derby with us?

CLARK: No, I'm too old for that stuff.

FIB: Whatcha mean you're too old?

CLARK: Don't you read the papers? That race is only for three-year-olds.

FIB: Only for...AHM. Well, if you change your mind and wanta go, I got plenty of room in my kiddie car. Whatcha gonna sing, Clark?

CLARK: "I CAN DREAM CAN'T I?"

FIB: I CAN DREAM CAN'T I? That's a good bet. OUT OF PILLOW SLIP BY INSOMNIA. I THINK YOU CAN BOTH WIN AND PLACE IN THIS SHOW, CLARK. GO AHEAD.

ORK: "I CAN DREAM, DON'T WE"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: That was colossal, Clark - You certainly can dream, can't you?
TELEPHONE: Manager's office, Bijou Theater. Yes, madam, free chinaware tonight. NO MADAM..WE CANT SHOW 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING AT THIS THEATRE. NO, we only got 99 year lease. Don't Mention it, madam. (CLICK)

SIL: Scuse me, Mistah McGee..theah's a man heah to see you.

FIB: AW TELL HIM I'M BUSY..I'M TIRED O' BEIN' PESTERED BY ALL THESE -

SCOT: PARRRRDON ME, LADDIE, COULD I SPEAK TO YE A MINUTE?

FIB: Absolutely, Scottie. I was just sayin'. MY DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN. I'M ALWAYS DELIGHTED TO HEAR CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM FROM OUR PATRONS. ANEM. What's on your mind?

SCOT: I'd be wantin' to put in a good worrrrd forr yourrrr cashieeerrrr, laddie. A verrrrrra honest lassie.

FIB: What'd she do.

SCOT: Well, I dinna like to admit it, laddie, but I walked away frrrrra the box office wi'oooot pickin' oop ma change, and I was half way doon the aisle in the theatre when ah hearrrrrd herrrrr rrrrrap on the window to attrrrract ma attention. And wi' the orrrrchestrrrra playin', too.

FIB: I thought I told her to rap on the window with a damp sponge in a case like that.

SCOT: Aye she did, laddie..BUT I HEARRRRRD IT!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That guy's so close, he's really touching. Has everybody in the theatre gotta piece of china, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh..all them wimmin is settin' in theah hold in' soup bowls an' stuff ontheah laps.

FIB: And the minute they go home it'd be just my luck for the roof to leak. Oh well, I -

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: Mr. Manager...PLEASE DO something about my husband.

FIB: Oh your the lady whose husband crawled under the seats to find your shoes? Well, shucks, sis, I dunno what we can..I mean, what kinda shoes was you wearin'?

WOMAN: French vamps.

FIB: Oh I was afraid of that! (LAUGHS) He probably -

DOOR SLAM..LOUD.

SIL: She gittin' real disgusted wif you suh.

FIB: I know..the guy's probably collectin' all the shoes that have been took off tonight..and when they find out - Say what did that lady want a while ago, Sil?

SIL: She wanna complain suh..she say the young folks is neckin' up in de balcoony suh.

FIB: Well we can't interfere with romance. Why does she sit up there if she don't like to watch 'em?

SIL: Tha's wha ah ask her too, suh, but she say iffen she sit downstairs, how is she gonna know they is doin' it?

FIB: Well, that's reasonable. After all, what's a motion picture house for?

WIL: WELL IF YOU WOMEN OF THE HOUSE WANT TO SAVE WASTE MOTION, PICTURE A CAN OF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, THE EASY TO USE FLOOR POL-

FIB: HARPO! SHOO!

WIL: WHO?

FIB: YOU!

WIL: Oooooooh!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, that's the quickest exit I ever-

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: BOOOOOO!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: AHEM. SIL, I ever tell you about the time up in Alaska, when I used to run movies for the gold miners?

SIL: Yassuh. Seve'l, times, suh.

FIB: Well, I feel it comin' on again. That was way back in 1878, Sil. We didn't have no movie theatres up in Alaska then, so I projected the film onto a snow bank. I remember one night we was showin' a cowboy pitcher, when a rabbit hopped across the snowbank. Well sir, quick's a flash, one o' the cowboys in the fillum drew his six-shooter, popped the rabbit, leaned over and picked it up at a gallop, and rode away. It was the snappiest piece o' quick-thinkin' I ever -

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: Are you the manager?

FIB: You betcha Sis..why?

WOMAN: Well, the boy in the check room can't find my coat..a fine state of affairs..

FIB: Now now now..take it easy sis..what kind of a coat was it?

WOMAN: A striped coat.

FIB: Whereja see it last?

WOMAN: When it was checked.

FIB: I thought you said it was striped.

WOMAN: It IS striped..but it was checked and..

FIB: NOW NOW..WAIT A MINUTE..let's get this straight. Was there TWO coats. One checked and one striped?

WOMAN: NO. There was only one. And it was checked when I striped it.. I mean it was strip--er--striped when I.. THE COAT WAS CHECKED WHEN I..it was striped, but after it was checked.. OH KEEP THE GOAT!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's the way to handle complaints. The last manager of this theatre had so many suits against him, he started puttin' on free COATHANGER NIGHTS, instead o' free chinaware. Why-

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Manager's office..BIJOU THEATRE..Yes sir, the feature starts at 7:47. WHAT'S PLAYING? The orchestra, sir--playin' CRY BABY CRY, a BILLY MILLS ARRANGEMENT. (CLICK) Go ahead, Billy.

ORK: CRY BABY CRY

APPLAUSE:

2ND COMMERCIAL --(NEXT PAGE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

CUE: (WILCOX) Here's an amazing offer you can't afford to miss! (PAUSE)

.....

For a limited time your dealer is offering you a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX absolutely free with your purchase of a pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER! Both cans are packed together in a brilliant yellow and red carton, now displayed on your dealer's counter. You pay only for JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER. You get the regular 30¢ can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX as a gift! This Free Trial Offer is made expressly for the purpose of acquainting every car owner with these two remarkable products which are so much easier to use -- and which give more lasting beauty to the finish of your car! You can positively save money on car washings and greatly increase the trade-in value of your car by keeping it wax-polished. Ask your dealer at once for the special Free Trial carton which gives you a 30¢ can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free with your purchase of a one pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER!

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

4th SPOT

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FIB: Hey Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Tell the state manager to --

DOOR LATCH:

BOY: Hey...you the manager?

FIB: Yes I am, bud...what's the matter.

BOY: Well gee, there's a girl sitting in front of me and she's wearing a veil, and it bathes me. The usher won't do anything about it.

FIB: I don't blame him. Mean to say that girl's veil keeps you from seein' the picture.

BOY: I don't wanna see the picture. I wanna see the girl. Wow!

DOOR SLAM:

SIL: Stage manager suh?

FIB: Oh yes...he told me yesterday he needed some new flies. Tell him I caught three for him this morning. I gotta wasp, too, but I had to let it go again, because --

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello Johnny. You the manager?

FIB: Who'd you think would be sittin' at the desk in the manager's office Junior? The janitor?

OLD M: Oh are you the janitor? Well, I'll wait for the manager. How soon'll he be back, Johnny?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I'M THE MANAGER.

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I says I'm the ...listen Old timer...what was it you wanted?

OLD M: I'm a film salesman Johnny. Got some snappy stuff here. Ever seen The Birth of a Nation or the Covered Wagon? Or the Miracle Man?

FIB: Go on...them are old stuff. Besides, they're silent.

OLD M: THEY'RE WHAT?

FIB: SILENT.

OLD M: Okay. You keep quiet, there too, boy.

SIL: Yassuh.

OLD M: Man wants to think. Go ahead, Johnny, don't let me disturb you.

FIB: Aw fer the ...LISTEN, JUNIOR....DON'T GET FLIP WITH ME, because I'm an old hand at this business. I grew up in the movie business.

OLD M: Is that so, Johnny?

FIB: Yes, I was a cameraman. You shoulda seen some o'my finished photo's of the stars. PHOTO-FINISH MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

SIL: Heah it come again!

FIB: PHOTO-FINISH MCGEE, WITH A FINE FACULTY FOR FILMIN' THE FACES OF FASCINATIN' FEMALES AND FEARLESS FELLAS WHO FIGHT FOR FOOTAGE BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS, FETCHIN' A FABULOUS-FEE FROM FAMOUS FILM FOLK FOR FIXIN' FANTASTIC EFFECTS LIKE FIRES & FLOODS AND FINDIN' FAR FLUNG FAME AS THE FINEST PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE FIELD, FROM THE FROZEN FASTNESSES OF FINLAND'S FIORDS TO THE FEVER FILLED FORESTS OF FEARFUL FIJI!

APPLAUSE:

OLD M: Heh heh ...that's pretty good Johnny...but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, SAY, HE SAYS, I SEE WHERE THE GOVERNMENT IS PUTTIN' OUT A NEW NICKEL, WITH THOMAS JEFFERSON ON ONE SIDE AND HIS HOME ON THE OTHER. WELL, SAYS THE OTHER FELLER...HOW FAR FROM HOME DID YOU THINK HE COULD GO ON A NICKEL? HEH HEH! I thought you'd like that, Johnny, bein' a coinnaseur. Heh heh .

DOOR SLAM

FIB: A coinnaseur! After this, Sil, don't let nobody in here that aint -

DOOR LATCH:

TOUGH: All right youse ...stick 'em up...both of youse...

FIB: What is this...a holdup?

TOUGH: You guessed it, buddy. Gimme de day's receipts...

FIB: O...O--okay, Bud. I got my pride, but I hate to be stuck up. Here's the money. \$675 dollars.

TOUGH: NONE O' YOUR LIP, SEE? AND DON'T MOVE OUTA DAT CHAIR TILL I--

FIB: Hey now...wait a minute there. If you're takin' the days receipts, you gotta take the days' expenses too. Here's Film rental, \$330, Light and Power \$225, Salaries and incidentals, \$225. TOTAL 780.00

TOUGH: Cheese, dat's a hunnert'n five bucks, more'n I took. DAT AIN'T FAIR.

FIB: Well, you shoulda thought o' that before...gimme that dough back...NOW THEN.. YOU STILL OWE ME a hundred and five.

TOUGH: I.. I ain't got it wit me, buddy...but if youse can gimme till de end of de week I tink I can scrape it up.

FIB: Well, okay...but if you ain't back by next Tuesday, I'll attach your revolver...

TOUGH: Okay...Okay...but lemme tell youse, buddy, it's just tings like dis dat makes communists of us guys!

DOOR SLAM

SIL: You really think he gonna come back suh?

FIB: Why I think so Sil. I'm a great judge o' character, and when a revolver can look you right in the eye as straight as that -

DOOR LATCH

WOMAN: Mr. Manager...you simply MUST DO SOMETHING about my husband.. and I need my shoes, too...

FIB: AIN'T HE SHOWED UP YET, SIS? Okay...I'll take care of it.

(CLICK) HELLO...PROJECTION BOOTH? CUT OFF THE PROJECTORS AND GIMME A BABY SPOT...I GOTTA MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE STAGE. OKAY. (CLICK) You wait right here Sis...I'll find your husband for you. Come on Sil...

DOOR SLAM...RUNNING FEET...

SIL: How you gonna locate him suh?

FIB: You leave it to me. Hey look at all the people...we're doin' a nice business tonight...and ALL OF 'EM HOLDIN' CHINAWARE, too. Watch them steps, Sil...

SIL: Yassuh...I'll wait right here, suh.

FIB: Okay...SPOTLIGHT!

APPLAUSE

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...PARDON ME FOR STOPPIN' THE SHOW, BUT THERE IS A CERTAIN MAN SOMEWHERE IN THIS THEATRE WHO OUGHTTA BE WITH HIS WIFE, SO I'M GONNA ASK THE ELECTRICIAN TO TURN THE LIGHTS ON, SO---

VOICES: OH, OH! HEY LEMME OUTA HERE...Look where you're going...you! ONE SIDE PLEASE...

SOUNDS: CRASH OF DISHES...VOICES...MOB SCENE...SCRAMBLE CONFUSION...

FIB: Oh pshaw! PLAY BOYS...IT LOOKS LIKE A PANIC!

ORK: "ZING WHEN THE STRINGS OF MY HEART" DOWN FOR -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUE: (WILCOX) Here are more details about that special offer.

PAUSE

You can easily have a beautiful garden of flowers this summer -- flowers that will attract the attention of every passerby. All you have to do is send for Molly McGee's own Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas (or Gladiolas). This wonderful selection of ten GIANT bulbs is offered to you for only ten cents and a sales slip showing your purchase of any one of the famous JOHNSON WAX products. If you have a supply of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the house, then why not buy JOHNSON'S CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH -- JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (paste or liquid) or JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER? These splendid polishes will help to keep your home more attractive -- your car cleaner and brighter with much less work! So make your purchase at once and send your sales slip and one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin. Remember, Molly McGee's GIANT Gladiolas bulbs are Aristocrats of the Gladiolas family - growing to a height of three to four feet and producing a dazzling array of blooms -- pink, red, yellow, orange and lavender. Easy directions for planting come with these ten bulbs. As this offer is necessarily limited, we urge you to send your sales slip and one dime without delay to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

SIL: Mist McGee...wha did the OWNER of the theatah say to you w'en he come in an' see all them men rushin' out?

FIB: Have we gotta go into that Sil?

SIL: Nossuh...but is you gonna keep on runnin' de theatre, suh?

FIB: No, I think I'll just keep on running...GOODNIGHT, FOLKS...
GOODNIGHT, MOLLY!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: CREDITS AND SIGNOFF.

mr/me/mf/b/h/na/11:40
5/3/38