

NBC

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

ADVERTISER

FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY

WRITER

OK

PROGRAM TITLE

WMAQ

MAY 17, 1938

TUESDAY

8:30-9:00 PM

CHICAGO OUTLET

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2

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

ORKE: THEME

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee and Company, with Billy Mills Orchestra. The program opens with "YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME"!

ORKE: "YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME" - Down for -WIL: (1st COMMERCIAL)

Millions of housewives who used to spend long hours scrubbing their kitchen linoleum now have more time for relaxation and pleasure. Now, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT keeps their kitchen floors spotlessly clean and bright without scrubbing. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. Pour a little of this remarkable liquid right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread it lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or a long-handled applicator. GLO-COAT shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing! In twenty minutes your linoleum will sparkle like new - protected by a beautiful dirt-resisting polish! Spilled food can be quickly wiped away. A dry dusting will keep your floor gleaming! Why not say goodbye forever to floor-scrubbing? Ask your dealer for GLO-COAT - spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. And be sure it's JOHNSON'S -- the one and only no-rubbing polish made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)SEGUE("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

WIL: AFTER SEEING SEVERAL MOVIES OF GAY, ADVENTUROUS NEWSPAPER REPORTERS FIBBER HAS DECIDED THAT'S THE LIFE FOR HIM, TOO. WHAT HAVE THEY GOT THAT HE HASN'T GOT? WELL, SKIP IT - BECAUSE HERE, ABOUT TO GET THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION, WAITING TO INTERVIEW THE EDITOR OF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE, WE FIND - FIBBER ("I'LL-BE-BACK-IN-A-FLASH-WITH-A-FLASH") MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: You know, Sil. I shouldn't oughtta e waitin' out here in the outer office waitin' for that Editor to see me. Don't I LOOK like a gentleman of the press?

SIL: Yassuh.. ah reckon so..but a lil mo' press wouldn't hurt.

FIB: Well, just the same...I think I'll fit right into a newspaper job. I ain't gonna be no square Pegler in a round hole. I'm gonna be--

GIRL: Excuse me sir...are you Ribber McSquaw?

FIB: Fibber McGee, sis.

GIRL: Well, this is a newspaper. We're not expected to get names right. The editor will see you now...third door on the left.

FIB: Thanks, sis.. Come on, Sil...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Remember, now, Sil....You're my photographer.

SIL: Yassuh.. an YOU remembah ah don' know nuffin' about it.

FIB: SHH...quiet...this is the door.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: (VERY BREEZY) HIYAH, R.J., OLD BOY! I'M FIBBER MCGEE THE GREATEST REPORTER THAT EVER -

TELEPHONE RINGS

MAN: (CLICK) YES...YES...? OKAY...THROW IT AWAY AND WRITE A NEW STORY.

(CLICK)

MAN: WELL...WHO ARE YOU?

FIB: I'M Fibber McG---

TELEPHONE

MAN: (CLICK) YES? WHAT? YOU SPOILED ALL THE NEW PICTURES FOR THE ROTO SECTION? WELL RUN LAST WEEK'S OVER AGAIN. THEY'RE ALWAYS THE SAME. SO NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. OKAY. (CLICK) Well, come on! Come on! WHADDYA WANT?

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee and I -

MAN: (CLICK) HELLO...GIMME RE-WRITE. HELLO, MANGLER? GIMME A NEW LEAD ON THAT HANSON YARN. YEAH, AND GO EASY. EVER SINCE HE BOUGHT THAT BRICK FACTORY HE'S GOT THE IRISH VOTE SEWED UP. OKAY. (CLICK) WELL? YOU GONNA STAND THERE ALL DAY? WHADDYA WANT? SPEAK UP.

FIB: Well, I been tryin' to tell ye. I'm -

TELEPHONE

(MAN: (CLICK) Yeah YEAH YEAH...YAH JOE...(GO AHEAD MCGEE, I'M LISTENING) WHAT, JOE? YOU DID ER? THAT'S SWELL. WE'LL BEAT THE TIMES ON THE STREET WITH THAT OKAY JOE...YOU'LL GET A BONUS FOR THAT STAY WITH IT, JOE...OKAY (CLICK)

FIB: Fibber McGee and I came over to see you about a job on the paper and I'd like to start right away and money ain't no object and---(AD LIB TILL READY)

MAN: That's the stuff, McGee...we work fast in this business.

FIB: You...you mean I'm HIRED?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: Well, thanks. That's pretty n -
MAN: But I'm afraid I'll have to let you go.
FIB: Say you DO work fast, don't you? By the way, Chief, this is my
photographer, Silly Watson.
MAN: OKAY WATSON...WE ONLY GOT ONE RULE FOR PHOTOGS HERE. COME BACK
WITH THE PICTURE OR DON'T COME BACK SEE?
SIL: Yassuh. (ASIDE) You think you kin git along all right wifout me,
suh?
FIB: TAKE IT EASY SIL...YOU CAN HANDLE IT. Then we're hired, eh Chief?
MAN: Well, yes...I guess so. But if you don't produ-

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: COME IN!
MAN: Hey wait a minute...this is MY office, McGee...I'll say the "Come-
ins" around here!
FIB: Oh yeah? Well, this is my show ye know, so don't get testy about
it.
MAN: Aw come on, McGee...let me say the "come-ins." At least while
we're in my office.
FIB: Welll-l.
MAN: PLEASE! You can say the "sit down's", if you'll let me keep the
"come-ins."
FIB: Well, all right. After all, you DID gimme a job. Go ahead.
MAN: Gee...thanks! COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Sit down.
MAN: Well, Jones...what is it...what is it...what is it?

JONES: You're wanted in the pressroom right away, Chief.
MAN: All right! Watch the office for me, McGee. I'll be right back.
FIB: Okay!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: SAY...HOW'S THIS FOR PROGRESS, SIL? I BEEN WORKIN' HERE ONLY
THREE MINUTES AND ALREADY I'M AT THE EDITOR'S DESK.
SIL: But how long is you gonna stay theah suh?
FIB: It all depends on how I -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

SIL: They's somebody at the doo' suh.
FIB: Yeah...I know.
SIL: Ain' you gonna tell 'em to come in?
FIB: Can't, Sil. I promised R.J. he could have all the come ins.

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Say...we're in kind of a spot, ain't we? Sounds important, too.
SIL: Why cain't ah jus' open the do', wifout you say'n' come in?
FIB: That's an idea...go ahead, Sil.

DOOR LATCH

SIL: It Mistah Billy Mills, suh.
MILLS: Where's the Boss?
FIB: He had to step out for a minute Billy. I'm in charge here now.
What's on your mind.
MILLS: I guess you don't know who I am around here. I'm Scoop Mills, the
star reporter.
FIB: He's been lookin' at music so long he thinks he's on the staff,
Sil. Whatcha want, Billy?

MILLS: I gotta new angle on that love triangle story. The headline reads:
"WHY'DJA MAKE ME FALL IN LOVE".

FIB: Is it a beat?

MILLS: It's a down beat.

FIB: Well beat it, Billy!

ORK: "WHY'DJA MAKE ME FALL IN LOVE"

APPLAUSE

2ND SPOT

FIB: That was Billy Mills and his jitterbug journalists playin'
"WHY'DJA MAKE ME FALL IN LOVE". By the way, boys...there's a new
beer joint openin' at 14th and Oak Streets...why don't one of you
run down there and get a story on the

GLATTER OF CHAIRS...STAMPEDE...DOOR SLAM

FIB: Them guys cover an opening like a storm door. I'm glad YOU were
gentleman enough not to join in that stampede, Billy. You're the
...Hey...watcha lookin' for?

MILLS: There's a five gallon bucket here someplace...OH HERE IT IS.
(METAL GLATTER) SO LONG!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hmmm. Funny how these musicians go for swing doors.

SIL: Yassuh...but wha we gonna do now suh?

FIB: Oh, I dunno. I gotta carry on for the paper till the Chief gets
back. I'll just wait here till...

TELEPHONE

FIB: (CLICK) COME IN...ER...SIT DOWN! I MEAN HELLO! Acting Editor
McGee speaking! WHAT? THE CITY HALL IS ON FIRE? You got the
wrong number bud. You want the fire department. (CLICK) The idea
of botherin' a busy newspaper with them

DOOR LATCH

EDIT: MCGEE!

FIB: Oh Hiyah Chief...Glad to see ye back. Ye know, I been thinkin'
over the policies of this paper, and it's my opinion...

ED: FORGET YOUR OPINION!

FIB: Okay. Forget my opinion, Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh. Right away.
 ED: Look, McGee...THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE IS ON A CRIME CRUSADE. THIS PAPER IS PLACING ALL ITS RESOURCES AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE LAW TO FIGHT CRIME IN WISTFUL VISTA. WE SUSPECT SCREWBALL CONNALLY - BEING BEHIND THE RACKETS IN THIS TOWN, BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET ANYTHING ON HIM. NOW WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO IS THIS: JOIN HIS GANG AND GAIN HIS CONFIDENCE!
 FIB: Gain his conf...er...you mean I try to...er...well, maybe he ain't GOT any confid...er...that is..well..I think the Johnson Wax Co. needs me more than --
 ED: Now wait...a good reporter like you -
 FIB: Oh I ain't so good, R.J. ...Really I ain't...Am I Sil?
 SIL: Nossuh. You is terrible, suh.
 FIB: See, R.J.? Maybe you better get somebody else to -
 ED: NO! YOU'RE MY MAN! YOU'RE NOT KNOWN AS A REPORTER ON THIS PAPER. SO IT OUGHTTA BE A CINCHE FOR YOU TO WORM YOURSELF INTO CONNOLLY'S GANG. THEN ..WHEN YOU GET ALL THE DOPE TO CONFICT 'EM. SPILL THE BEANS! WE'LL TURN 'EM OVER TO THE LAW, AND THE PAPER GETS A SWELL NEWS BREAK. AND FOR YOUR GOOD WORK, YOU'LL GET A TWO DOLLAR RAISE.
 FIB: Two Bucks? Oh come now. R.J. Come..come...after all, there's no use bankrupin' the paper, just because I -
 ED: SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT..HERE. HERE'S A LETTER TO SCREWBALL CONNALLY WHICH PROVES YOU WERE A GANGSTER FROM TOLDEO. THAT OUGHT TO GET YOU IN WITH HIM. AND HERE'S YOUR POLICE CARD. IF YOU GET IN A JAM...GOODEBYE...MY BOY...AND GOOD LUCK.

DOOR SLAM

SIL: Well suh, ah reckon ah'll be gettin' along home suh, iffen you don't need me no mo'.
 FIB: HEY NOW WAIT A MINUTE SIL...YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME IN A -
 SIL: Yassuh but you ain' gonna need no photografter on this heah job suh. So iffen you don' mind -
 FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T...LISTEN DON'T YOU REALIZE I GOTTA WORM MY WAY INTO THE CONNOLLY GANG? Don't you realize that even a worm needs company? Now come on...
 SIL: Wheeah we goin' suh?
 FIB: Police department..we gotta find out where SCREWBALL CONNOLLY hangs out.
 SIL: Tha's a good idea suh..then you leave me in the lil ols, Police Department so ah kin take care of the stuff, and you go on and...
 FIB: Oh no...you go with me...all the way. Here...let's go out this way...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM...TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN FOR

FIB: Now let's see...we better go right down to police headquar--
 OLD M: Hello there Johnny...which way's the post office?
 FIB: The Post Office? Well, lemme see, old timer...
 OLD M: EH?
 FIB: I SAID LEMME SEE.
 OLD: Can you see it from here?
 FIB: NO I CAN'T...
 OLD M: EH?

FIB: PIPE DOWN A MINUTE...LEMME THINK...YOU GO TWO BLOCKS TO THE...
no, that ain't right...you TURN RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORNER AND THEN
no...now wait...I'LL TELL YOU...GO STRAIGHT AHEAD FOR THREE BLO...
er..no, that can't be...Now lemme think a minute. (TO HIMSELF)
Oak Street is two blocks from Elm...across 14th and three blo...
WELL FER THE... Can you imagine that...SORRY OLD TIMER. YOU
CAN'T GET TO THE POST OFFICE FROM HERE.

OLD: Heh 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, SAYYYY HE SAYS, DID YE READ IN THE PAPERS WHERE THIS IS
NATIONAL AIR-MAIL WEEK? NOW, SAYS THE OTHER FELLER...HOW MUCH IT
COST TO SEND A LETTER AIR MAIL? DUNNO SAYS THE FIRST FELLER...
ALWAYS SEND MINE BY INSTINCT. JUST SORT OF A SIXTH CENTS! Heh
heh heh...maybe you didn't like that one Johnny...but I thought
it was Farley good...heh...heh...heh...

TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN

FIB: Come on, Sil...we gotta find out where Screball Connolly's hangout
is.

SIL: Is you gotta suppose to be a gansteh too, suh?

FIB: Sure. And believe me, I'll smoke them guys out. Course I may
have to bribe somebody, that ain't hard to do. Every man has his
price, you know.

SIL: They has?

FIB: Absolutely.

SIL: What's youah price, suh?

FIB: Three hundred and fif...WHADDYE MEAN MY PRICE? YOU MEAN TO IMITATE
THAT I CAN BE BRIBED? WHY SILL, I'M SURPRI-

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

SIL: Oh, it Mistah Dennis suh. Hiyah Mist Dennis.

FIB: Hello, Clark...Don't bother us now, Clark...I'm on an important
mission.

CLARK: Really? What's it all about?

FIB: Can't tell you, Clark. Highly confidential. Absolute secrecy. Only thing I can say at this time is that I'm gonna worm my way into the confidence of the Screwball Connolly gang and then turn 'em over to the law for the Gazette. Sorry, I can't tell you about it.

CLARK: Gee, I wish I knew what you were going to do.

FIB: Well, as I says...it's strictly confidential. Whatcha gonna sing, Clark?

CLARK: "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN"

FIB: WHAT? DIDN'T YOU GET MY NOTE TELLIN' YOU TO SING-"HEIGH HO" TONIGHT?

CLARK: Why no...I didn't.

FIB: HOT DOG! WHAT A STORY...YOU GO AHEAD AND SING CLARK WHILE I PHONE THAT IN TO THE PAPER.

SIL: What's the story please, suh?

FIB: DON'T YOU GET IT? "NOTE MISSES TENOR!" THAT'S NEWS. GO AHEAD,

CLARK:

ORK: "I'VE GOT YOU SUBCUTANEOUSLY" .. DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: That was swell, Clark. I think you got under everybody's skin with that number! Folks if you find you got a wart tomorrow that's Clark Dennis.

SIL: Heah's the police station right ahead, suh.

FIB: Shucks, if Clark'd only sung one more chorus we wouldn't even of had to walk this far. Let's go in, Sil.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: Oh oh. Hiyah sis...you on the force now?

GIRL: Yes, I'm a police matron. Who are you?

SIL: We 's a couple o' worms lookin' fo Screwball Connolly, ma'am.

FIB: Sil means we gotta worm our way into...but that's confidential. Sis, I'm Fibber McGee star reporter for the Gazette. Here's my credentials. (RATTLE OF PAPER)

GIRL: Let's see 'em. (READS) "If you don't take care of this grocery bill, Mr. McGee, we will be forced to -"

FIB: Here...GIMME THAT...I...er...guess I gave you the wrong...HERE. Here's my police card...

GIRL: All right. Whoja wanna see?

FIB: Where's the chief o' detectives?

GIRL: He's out looking for his car. He couldn't remember where he parked it.

FIB: Oh. Well, where's the chief o' the uniformed division?

GIRL: He's out buyin a full-length mirror. He parked next to a fire plug and has to appear against himself in the morning.

FIB: I suppose all the dicks have gone out with flashlights and a pair of dice to practice shooting it out up a dark alley. Well never mind...we'll just take a look around.

GIRL: All right.

FIB: Say, why don't you keep this place clean...what's this long plank here with the big holes in it?

GIRL: That's our parole board.

FIB: Oh. Well, come on, Sil. Let's try this room first.

DOOR LATCH

SIL: (SOTTO VOICE) Look, Mist' McGee... they's a man wif a magnifyin' glass.

FIB: (SOTTO VOICE) Must be the fingerprint department. (LOUD WHISPER) HEY BUD... WHATCHA LOOKIN' FOR?

WIL: (LOUD WHISPER) Fingerprints on the furniture!

FIB: You a fingerprint expert?

WIL: No...I'm a furniture expert...why don't these people realize that fingerprints won't mess up the furniture if they would only use Johnson's Wax on it? Why it's the best protection money can buy, and -

FIB: HARPO! What you doin' in the police department?

SIL: POLICE DEPARTMENT...oh I thought this was the POLISH department. I'm sorry.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Harpo musta come down here to bail out his future. His development has been arrested.

SIL: Maybe we kin git su some infomation in heah suh...heah's the police radio room...wheah they broadcast.

FIB: Great idea, Sil. Come on.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hey, Officer, could you tell us where -

COP: Quiet please, we're on the air. Foive sivinteen. For the next few minutes, we bring yes an announcament sponsored by the Huddlebird Handcuff Corporation. Ready? FLASH...CALLING CAR 49 ...CALLING CAR 49, GO TO THE CORNER AV 14TH & OAK STREETS AND INVESTIGATE THE ROBBERY AV A FRUIT STAND.

P.A.VOICE: That's okay Sarge...we robbed it ourselves.

COP: OKAY BYES...DON'T FORGET TO BRING THE CAPTAIN A BIG RED APPLE IN THE MARNING. I THINK THAT'S ALL TONIGHT, BYES...AND DON'T FORGET TO SEE YER DEALER ABOUT THE NEW BROGHEIMER BURGLAR ALARM. THREE BURGLARS FREE WITH EVERY ALARM. JUST CLIP THE TELEPHONE WIRES AND SEND THEM WITH A COUPLE OF COPPERS TO EITHER STATION... F.L.A.T... OR F.O.O.T...GOOD NIGHT, NOW. (CLICK)

FIB: Hey officer...you forgot to credit the music.

COP: HAH...I DID AT THAT! (CLICK) CALLING ALL CARS...CALLING ALL CARS. THE MUSIC YOU HEARD ON THIS PROGRAM WAS 'DON'T BE PINCHIN' ME WHEN OI'M NOT LOOKIN' FROM THE PLAINCLOTHES FOLLIES AV 1936. THAT'S ALL. (CLICK) Now then...what did yez want, me bye?

FIB: Well we represent the Wistful Vista Gazette, sarge and -

COP: WHERE'S YER CREDENTIALS?

FIB: Why the cred- we're just tryin' to...I mean...we only...HERE...
TAKE A LOOK.

COP: Okay...Now what did yez want?

SIL: We gotta find Mistah Screwball Connolly, please suh.

FIB: Yes...listen...We gotta get in with Screwball's gang, see? Where
does this Connolly mugg hang out?

COP: Well now, me bucko. I'll tell ye...THE SCREWBALL CONNOLLY GANG
HAS A HIDE OUT UP ON THE RIVER ROAD...A MILE OR TWO BEYOND THE
OLD MILL. WE'VE HAD THE PLACE UNDER SUSPICION EVER SINCE WE
FOUND THREE OF THEM HOODLUMS SHOOTIN' AT PASSIN' AUTYMOBILES WITH
A MACHINE GUN, AND STABBIN' THREE MAIL CARRIERS.

FIB: Hmmm. You suspect foul play, Sarge?

COP: Wel-l-l no. They told us the last five bodies we found on their
front porch was just some that fell out of a passin' balloon.

FIB: Oh well, that's reasonable. Say do you mind if we borrow a squad
car?

SIL: Wha we gonna do wif a squad cah suh?

FIB: Look...we'll roar up to the door with the siren goin', see? Then
we'll tell 'em we swiped it from the cops and that'll square us
with the mob, see?

SIL: Yassuh. you shuah you knows the way up theah suh, ah hope not?

FIB: Don't worry...I'll find it. How about it Sarge?

COP: Why certainly, McGee, me bye...anything for the Gazette. Remember
me name when ye write up the story. The name is O'TOOLE.

FIB: O'Toole?

COP: Sure...O'TOOLE...There was a horse named after me runnin' in
the Kentucky Derby. ELOOTO. That'll be O'TOOLE spelt backwards.

FIB: That's the way he run, too. Backwards. Well, much obliged, Sarg.

COP: That's all right, me bye. Good luck to ye.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Sil, this case is in the bag! All we gotta do is -

NICK: Well for a heavenly sakes, if it isn't Fizzer and Sillypuss!

FIB: Oh Hiyah Nick...sorry we can't talk to ye, but I'm on a big
assignment for the gazette, and -

NICK: Well, I was just going to tell you about a fine moving feature I
am just seeing Fizzer whio' the name of it is being The Inventures
of A Robin's Hood.

FIB: Yes, I know, but we're in pretty much of a hurry Nick, so -

NICK: Fizzer, it is being one of the finest moving feature predictions
I am ever seeing. It is all taken with ticklishcolor -

FIB: Technicolor, Nick.

NICK: Sure...well, sir, Fizzer, this Robinson Hood is always shooting
a bows and arrows, like a little stupid...

FIB: CUPID. Never mind the rest of it, Nick. I know the story. All
about the Saxons and the Normans.

NICK: Oh yes, the Saxaphones and the Normals, they are always chasing
somebody thru the Shirtwoods Forests because he is not paying his
income taxes and if you are being caught this wicked old king,
Johnny is throwing somebody in the gooseshow...and cutting off their
earmuffs.

FIB: I know, I know...tell us some other time, Nick...we gotta importan-

NICK: But wait, Fizzer...I am just going to climb the ax of the whole thing.

FIB: You mean you're coming to the climax. But please, Nick...

NICK: WELL SIR, FIZZER, this Robin Hood Redbreast is falling for a kewpie who is naming herself the Maid Marian who is being a cute kiddo, too, I'm thinking, and she is helping him to escape from the Sheriff of Nottingham with some fallen archers, and when King Richard the Chicken-hearted -

FIB: LION!

NICK: I am not! BUT ANYWAY, EVERYTHING IS HAVING A HAPPY FINISH, WHEN ROBINSON HOOD, AND FRIAR CLUCK, WHO IS A WANDERING MONKEY, AND MAID MARIAN IS HELPING KING RICHARD THE LION TAMER BACK INTO HIS KINGDOM COME, AND ROBIN HOOD IS NOT ROBIN SOME MORE AND THE MAID MARIAN IS MARRYIN' HIM AND THE KING IS MAKING HIM A GOOD KNIGHT, AND THE SAME TO YOU. So long, Fizzer!

TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN

FIB: I hope that guy never reads Gone With The Wind, Sil, or Mr. Johnson is gonna have to buy a couple more hours on the air. Come on...we gotta get goin'...HERE'S A SQUAD CAR...CLIMB IN...

SIL: Yassuh, but iffen we breaks down on the way, suh, ah sho hope neitheh of us knows how to fix it.

FIB: Oh forget it...JUMP IN

TWO DOOR SLAMS

FIB: I'll drive and you can blow the siren...that's fair, ain't it?

SIL: Yassuh...but ah sho' feel like Mistah Gabriel. Let's go suh.

STARTER UP...CAR UP AND OUT FAST WITH SIREN...INTO ..

ORK: "I WANNA GO BACK TO BALI" (Before My Bali Goes Back on Me)

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd COMMERCIAL:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL .. ON FURNITURE POLISH

Do you like to have a collection of telltale finger prints showing up on the tops of your tables -- and on chair arms? Certainly not! Then why use a sticky, oily polish that is bound to collect finger prints and dust? If you're wise, you'll try JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH -- the delightful, new type of polish that contains no oil! JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH is very easy to use, yet it gives a beautiful, satiny wax-lustre that defies dirt and wear. Try it just once! See the expensive, hand-rubbed appearance it gives to your furniture. Women tell us that JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH cuts their dusting in half. Ask your dealer for the polish that is free from oil -- JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH -- in the attractive glass bottle!

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

4th SPOT:SOUND:ROAR OF MOTOR OVER THEME MUSIC WITH SIREN...UP AND OUT WITH BRAKS SCREECH

FIB: There's the place right over there, Sil. That's the Crewball Connoll Hang out. Hot dog...I feel like a regular Gang Buster. I wish Phillips Lord was with us now.

SIL: Ah'd settle jus' fo' the Lohd, suh.

TWO DOOR SLAMS:

FIB: I hope they heard that siren. I want 'em to think I'm so desperate I'd even swipe a police car. Come on...get down on your stummick and crawl toward the house.

SIL: Why caint we just stan' up and WALK oveh theah; suh?

FIB: We got our orders Sil. You heard the boss tell us to WORM our way into their confidence, didn't you? Start worming!

SIL: In broad daylight suh? Caint we wait till it gits dahk, an' be a couple o' night crawlehs?

FIB: Oh don't be like that...come on...

SIL: What iffen they sees us suh?

FIB: Dad rat it, I WANT 'EM to see us... HEY...NOT THAT WAY...OVER THIS WAY...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

SIL: Ah dunno suh...ah reckon it was jes' the worm turnin', suh. You gotta gun, suh?

FIB: No I aint...they'll gimme a gun.

SIL: Yassuh...ah'm afraid SO.

FIB: Still...I suppose we oughtta have SOME kind of a weapon...as a last resort. You got your razor with you, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh, but -

FIB: That's all I wanted to know...quiet now...we're gettin' close to the

MUGG: ALL RIGHT...YOU TWO...WHAT'S THE IDEA....?

SIL: Oh oh...w.w.w.w.we is jus' a couple o' worms suh....

FIB: Yes...you know anybody wants to go fishin'? (LAUGHS)

MUGG: Lay off the witty remarks, buddy. GET UP...AND REACH!

SIL: Ah-ah-ah is reachin' suh....

MUGG: YOU TOO, SHORTY.....GET THEM HANDS UP!!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN GET 'EM UP? IF I REACH ANY HIGHER I'LL PULL MY FEET OFF THE GROUND. (LAUGHS)

MUGG: Say, you're either a pretty tough guy or your nuts.

FIB: We'll take a helping of each, you big ape. Now listen...take us in and lemme talk to the big shot.

MUGG: WHO DO YA MEAN, DA BIG SHOT?

SIL: Mistah Screwball Connoly, suh. We gotta wohm ouah way -

FIB: QUIET SIL. LISTEN, PAL. I'M SLUG SLONNIGER FROM TOLEDO, SEE? I'M TAKIN' IT ON THE LAM...
...

MUGG: WHADJA DO?

FIB: I swiped a fur coat--but it was a bum wrap.

MUGG: WOT WAS DE IDEA O' ROLLIN' UP HERE WIT DE SQUAD CAR?

SIL: He stole it suh.

FIB: Yes, buddy....I copped the heap from right under their beaks, see?

MUGG: Chees! AINT DAT SOMP'M! Swipin' , squad Car!

FIB: Yes, and I'm takin' it back tomorrow and make 'em gimme a new fan belt. Now come on...I wanna talk to Connoly. Tell him Butch Bannigan has got a message for him.

MUGG: I taught you says your moniker was Slug Lonnigan?

FIB: Did I say th..er..I..er..well....(LAUGHS) Shucks, buddy, I got so many aliases I even forgot my own name. (LAUGHS)

SIL: Ah remembah suh. It's Fibbeh McG-

FIB: A'EM...WELL...YOU GONNA STAND THERE ALL DAY? COME ON...SHAKE A LEG, YOU DOPY RUMDUM!

MUGG: All right all right...come on it...AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS, SEE?

DOOR SLAM.

VOICES: WOT IS DIS? WOTS DE IDEA, LOUIE? WHO ARE DESE GUYS?, ETC...ETC...

FIB: (OVER VOICES) PIPE DOWN, YOU MUGGS! OR I'LL SLAP YOU ALL COCKEYED

PAUSE:

FIB: NOW THEN...WHICH ONE O' YOU SMALL TIME PURSE SNATCHERS IS THIS SCREWBALL CONNOLY!

MAN: I'm Connoly. WHO ARE YOU?

FIB: I'M ... er .. I'M .. er .. WHO'D-I SAY I WAS BUD?

MUGG: DID GUYS GOT SO MANY MONIKERS, SCREWBALL, HE'S GOTTA LOOK HIMSELF UP IN WHO'S WHO EVERY FIVE MINUTES.

(LAUGHTER)

FIB: (ASIDE) I don't like the way they're takin' this, Sil. Keep that razor handy.

MAN: WHAT WAS THAT?

FIB: LISTEN SCREWBALL. I'M ON THE LAM FROM TOLEDO, SEE? THE BOYS THERE TOLD ME I COULD HIDE OUT WITH YOUR MOB TILL THE HEAT DIES DOWN.

MAN: WHAT BOYS IN TOLEDO?

FIB: Why .. er .. the....er...WELL HERE...HERE'S A LETTER THAT'LL IDENTIFY ME.

RATTLE OF PAPER:

MAN: Hmm. Very interesting. So your a big time torpedo, eh?

FIB: TORPEDO! BUD...I'VE BLASTED MY WAY OUTA MORE TRAPS THAN WALTER HAGAN.

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) WHO'S DAT GUY WITH HIM, SCREWEBALL?

FIB: Who this fella? WHY THIS IS WILDCAT WATSON, BOYS. HE'S A CON MAN. COUGH, WATSON.

SIL: (COUGH)

FIB: SEE? WHY WILDCAT WATSON IS THE GREATEST NAME IN THE BUSINESS. HE WAS A SHAKEDOWN ARTIST WHEN HE WAS ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD. HIS GANG'D GO OUT TO STEAL APPLES AND WATSON WOULD SHAKE 'EM DOWN AND THE OTHER BOYS'D COLLECT. WHY ONE TIME IN CINCINNATI -

SIL: Why Mistah McGee, suh ah neveh -

FIB: Quiet, Sil....erWILDCAT.

MAN: So you're a two gun man, eh, SLUG? (PAUSE) I'M TALKIN TO YOU BUDDY.

FIB: Who, me? Oh...AHEM....AM I A TWO GUN MAN. (LAUGHS) Why Screwball, I'm a FOUR gun-man. Used to fire four guns at once. Two with my hands and two with my feet. Used to carry a colt automatic in each shoe.

MAN: Is that so!

FIB: You betcha. COLT FEET MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.....

SIL: Heah it come again!

FIB: COLT FEET MCGEE, THE COOL AND CLEVER CANNON CARRIER, QUICKER THAN KIT CARSON AT CLEANLY CLIPPIN' A CLUNK WITH A COLLOSAL CALIBRED COLT....KIND AND COURTEOUS TO KIDS, KIN AND COMMUNITY, BUT CASTIN' OUT CAUTION AND BECOMING A COLD, CANNY, CALLOUSED KILLER WHEN CORNERED BY COPS CRAZY TO COLLECT CURRENCY CONTRIBUTED BY CUNNING COWARDS TO THE CAD WHO CALCULATED CLAMPIN' ME IN THE CLINK..... AND COMMONLY CALLED THE COSMOPOLITAN KING OF CROOKS, CARVIN A CAREER OF CRIME FROM THE CRIMSON-COATED CAVALRY WHO CONTROL THE CONFINES OF CANADA TO THE COURAGEOUS COWBOYS WHO KEEP CRIMINALS FROM KIDNAPPIN' CATTLE CORRALED IN THE COLORFUL CANYONS O' COLORADO.

(APPLAUSE)

MAN: Very interesting, BUDDY. TAKE THESE GUYS IN THE OTHER ROOM AND LOCK 'EM IN BOYS..WHILE I LOOK OVER THESE PAPERS FROM TOLEDO.

VOICES UP:

SIL: Mistah McGee...what is they gonna ---

FIB: Quiet Sil...HEY YOU GUYS. NOT SO ROUGH...OR WHEN I COME OUT HERE AGAIN I'LL SLAPP YOU ALL SILLY, SEE?

VOICES UP...TO DOOR SLAM. (PAUSE)

SIL: You think it gonna wo'k, suh? They believe us?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Why shucks, did you see Screwball Connoly's face when he seen that letter from the Toledo gang? Incidentally I hope he dont frisk me and find this police card. Maybe I better hide it somewhere...here Sil..you take it.

SIL: Yassuh...but THIS ain' no police cahd, suh. This is that Toledo lettah.

FIB: WHAT? IT IS? WHY...WHY THEN WHAT DID I GIVE SCREWBA.....
(GROANS) SIL...YOU KNOW WHAT I DONE? I GIVE HIM THE POLICE CARD! Ohhhhhh.....well.....SAY SOMETHING..WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

SIL: Ah dunno suh.

FIB: WELL DONT BE SO DAD RATTED CALM ABOUT IT! DONT YOU REALIZE WHAT A SPOT WE'RE IN? AINT YOU GOT ANY FEELINGS?

SIL: Mist' McGee...on the spot don' describe it suh. We is on POLKA DOTS.

FIB: Ohhh this is terrible...Sil...we're DOOMED.

SIL: Is that de pas' tense fo' DUMB, suh?

FIB: Ohhh quit...this aint no time for...dont you realize.... LISTEN...WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUTA THIS...KEEP YOUR HAND ON THAT RAZOR OF YOURS, AND WHEN I SAY THE WORD... START SLASHIN'.

SIL: Yassuh, but ah don' think -

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Well! So you are the big gunmen from Toledo are you?

(LAUGHS)

FIB: (LAUGHING GAILY) So you caught onto our little joke, eh, Screwball? (LAUGHS) Just a little gag the boys on the Gazette thought up. (LAUGHS) No hard feelings I hope.
(DEFLATED LAUGH)

MAN: You cant talk your way outa this, stool pigeon.

VOICES UP THREATENINGLY

FIB: Aw come on fellas...shucks, cancha take a joke? We was just havin' some fun, and -

MAN: Sure...NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN!

CROWD UP AND DOWN

FIB: (ASIDE) Get hold o' that razor, Sil.....

SIL: Yassuh..but ah don' think it-

SIREN FADE IN OFF MIKE..FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...KNOCK AT DOOR

MAN: Oh oh...PUT THEM RODS AWAY BOYS!!! LOOK NATURAL!!! Get that scared look off your pan, McGee...you to, WATSON!

KNOCK AT DOOR

MAN: One crack outa you guys and we'll let you have it. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

COP: AH THERE YE ARE, MCGEE...

SIL: It's Mistah Officeh O'Toole, suh!!!

FIB: H-g-h-h-lyah, Sarge. Wh-wh-whatcha want?

O'TOOLE: THE BOYS WANTED TO KNOW IF THEY CAN HAVE THE SQUAD CAR BACK FOR A WHILE. THEY WANNT TO GO TO THE BALL GAME

FIB: Why why certainly officer...We'll go out with you and show you where we hid the ignition keys.

MAN: OH YEAH? Well listen, McGee...

FIB: WELL?

MAN: Well...er...I..well..okay. But we'll see you later, I hope.

SIL: Dont botheh about that suh....come on suh.....

FIB: LET'S GO O'TOOLE.

DOOR SLAM..

O'TOOLE: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YE, ME BUCKO? YE'RE SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF.

FIB: Oh I dunno...I..I just had kind of a chill, I guess....

SIL: Ah guess ah did too.

FIB: Come to think of it we'll ride back to town with you, O'Toole....

DOOR SLAM.. CAR STARTER..MOTOR IN UP AND FADE...

FIB: Whew!! Sil....I'm certainly glad we didnt have to use that razor of yours.

SIL: Yasuh...ME TOO, SUH.

FIB: Why.....

SIL: Well, ah took that lil ole razah out once suh...and look aroun', but ah din' see a single place to plug it in!

FIB: You didnt see a..... you mean it was...OH PSHAW!!!!

SOUND CAR UP WITH SIREN INTO MUSIC.....

ORK: "SAYS MY HEART". Fade for -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (After 4th Spot)

Cue: (Wilcox) Soon the children will be tracking lots of dirt into the house. Be prepared! (Pause)

.....
Protect your floors now with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT so gritty shoes can't grind the dirt into them. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is the modern liquid polish that works miracles for your floors whether they're linoleum, rubber tile, composition, painted or varnished wood floors. Here are the simple directions -- "Just apply and let dry". There's no work to it! You can take it easy while the GLO-COAT puts a grand polish on your floors! And all in twenty minutes time with no rubbing or buffing! When you're in the store tomorrow, ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow and red can. And remember, you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

na-mh-js-mf

OLD: Hello there Johnny....seen anything of my dog?
FIB: I dunno Junior...What'd he look like?
OLD: Eh?
FIB: I say what does he look like?
OLD: Don't you know what a dog looks like, Johnny? It's a small animal about this big with --
FIB: Oh I know what a dog looks like, old timer...but not your particular dog.
OLD: Oh he ain't particular, Johnny. He'll eat almost anything you...
FIB: I'm sorry Junior...I ain't got time to worry about no perambulatin' pooches. I got a crime wave on my hands.
OLD: Eh?
FIB: I says I ain't got time to...oh never mind. You find your own dog, and when I come back from this assignment, I'll have quite a tale myself (LAUGHS).
OLD: Heh heh....that's pretty good Johnny...etc etc.

NICK: Well...hello Fizzer and Sillypuss! Where are you going in such a bums rush?

FIB: Don't bother us now Nick...we're on an important assignment from the Gazette.

NICK: Oh that is being a very fine nutspaper? Fizzer. They are wanting me once to be the dramatipuss cricket but the salaries they are paying is not being enough to pay for the theatre tickets, you grob me?

FIB: Whaddye mean? If you're a dramatic critic you get theatre tickets free.

NICK: Is that so? Why is somebody not telling me to these things? Well anyway, I am having more fun staying at home with a radio deceiver listening to the broadbatching.

FIB: Well, that's fine Nick. But if you'll excuse us, we gotta get goin' and...

NICK: Oh I am not in anybody's hurry, Fizzer. Are you ever hearing the program about this loan from a stranger.

NICK: Sure...The cowpunchboard who is always singing "Heigh Ho" to a silver horse. But Mrs. Depopolis is always listening to "One Man's Relatives" as if I am not having too many myself.

FIB: Skip it Nick...me and Sil has gotta go and see about --

NICK: And the kids is all dancing to a swing music with Charley Horsey.

FIB: Tommy Dorsey...

NICK: Have it my way...but I am also liking Edwin C. Valley and Rudy Hill.

FIB: You mean Edwin C. Hill and Rudy Vallee. You're getting your hills and valleys mixed up.

NICK: Well what is the difference. You take the high road and I will take the low comedy so I think I am going home and hear the rest of this broadcast. So long Fizzer.

MUGG: All right...you two...What's the idea...?
FIB: Oh hiyah Pal I'm slug slonniger from Toledo, see?
I'm takin' it on the lam..
MUGG: Whadja do?
FIB: I swiped a fur coat--but it was a bum wrap.
MUGG: Wot was de idea o' rollin' up here wit de Squad car?
SIL: He stole it suh.
FIB: Yes, buddy...I copped the heap from right under thei beaks,
see?
MUGG: Chees! AIN'T DAT SOMP'M! Swipin' a Squad Car!
FIB: Never mind that. Tell Pug I wanna talk to him.

MUG: All right all right...come on in....AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS, SEE?

DOOR SLAM

VOICES: WOT IS DIS? WOT'S DE IDEA, LOUIE? WHO ARE DESE GUYS? ETC...
ETC...

FIB: (OVER VOICES) PIPE DOWN, YOU MUGGS! OR I'LL SLAP YOU ALL
COCKEYED!

PAUSE:

FIB: NOW THEN...WHICH ONE O' YOU SMALL TIME PURSE SNATCHERS IS THIS
PUG MAHONEY!

Man: I'm Mahoney. Who are you?

FIB: Listen Pug - I'm on the lam from Toledo, See? The boys
there told me I could hide out with your mob till the heat
dies down.

MAN: What boys in Toledo?

FIB: Why...er...the...er...WELL NEVER MIND I DON'T WANNA MENTION
NO NAMES, See!.

MAN: So you're a two gun man, eh, SLUG? (PAUSE) I'm talkin to
> YOU Buddy.

FIB: Who, me? Oh...AHM...AM I A TWO GUN MAN. (LAUGHS) Why
Screwball, I'm a FOUR gun man. Used to fire four guns at
once. Two with my hands and two with my feet. Used to
carry a colt automatic in each shoe.

MAN: Is that so!

FIB: You betcha. COLT FEET MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

FIB: Sil, we're sunk! They don't believe us!
SIL: Yassuh -- ah kine o' suspicioned that too
FIB: Well it looks like we gotta fight our way out. Get out your razor .
SIL: Okay - suh - but ah don' think -
FIB: Quit arguin' - You think I'm gonna let them muggs kill me without you puttin' up a fight? Get that razor ready and listen!
SIL: Yassuh.
FIB: Now get this! When Mahoney comes to the door I'll grab him - you hold your razor to the back of his neck and force him to walk out with us, see? That way, we'll -

DOOR LATCH

PEG: All right, punks! Your goin' for a ride - come on out and - hey leggo o' me!
FIB: Pipe down, you - we got a razor on your neck and one false move and you get yours - come on Sil - walk - Mahoney - out the front door -
PUG: You got me, pal (LOUD) Don't shoot boys - theygot a razor on my neck.

VOICES MURMURING - FOOTSTEPS - DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Keep that razor on him Sil -
SIL: Ah got it, suh -
FIB: Over to the car here, pug - now gimme that gun - all right - go on back - and never monkey with desperate guys like us again -
PUG: Okay - but you ain't heard the last o' this - see (FADE)
FIB: (LAUGHS) Come on - Sil - Boy am I glad you didn't have to use that razor on him -
SIL: Me too, suh - specially as they wasn't no place to plug it in.
FIB: Plug it in! You mean it's an electric - oh pshaw!
ORCHESTRA: "SAYS MY HEART" DOWN FOR

- tag -

FIB: Folks, the music on this show included "I Wanna Go Back to Bali" from _____, "SAYS MY HEART" from "Cocoanut Grove", costumes in this production by the Wistful Vista Salvage Bureau, shoes from the Illinois Dredge & Dock Company, Candid Camera shots by Gene Lester and they will actually appear in an early issue, of Radio Guide. The gangsters were by courtesy of the Alcatraz Alumni Association. And the Goodnite folks is by Fibber M'Gee - Good nite Molly.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE - SEGUE "SAVE YOUR SORROW")

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Glo-coat at Racine Wisconsin and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

ADVERTISER FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY

PROGRAM TITLE WMAQ-RED

CHICAGO OUTLET 8:30-9:00 PM MAY 24, 1938

(TIME)

(DATE)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Just Carr