

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN
PAUL HENNING

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(8:30-9:00 PM)

(OCTOBER 16, 1936)

(TUESDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2.

1. WIL: The JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM!
2. ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"
3. WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax present Jim Jordan as
4. Fibber McGee, with Donald Novis, the Four Notes and
5. Billy Mills Orchestra. The show opens with
6. "A SHINE ON YOUR SHOES"!
7. ORK: "SHINE ON YOUR SHOES" Fade for -
8. WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:
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(FIRST COMMERCIAL)

When friends come into your kitchen do they see clean, polished linoleum on the floors or do they see dull, faded linoleum that looks rather shabby and neglected? If your floors are shining with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, you will always be proud of them! GLO-COAT works like magic. Makes your linoleum and other floors sparkle and gleam. And it's so easy to use. Just pour a little GLO-COAT right onto the floor. Spread it very lightly around with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT Applier. Then go away for twenty minutes. When you come back, you will be amazed at the beautiful, bright polish! Later on you will be even more amazed to see how clean your floors stay without scrubbing.

GLO-COAT is the perfect beauty treatment for bathroom, pantry and kitchen linoleum - linoleum rugs too. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Remember you get greater value for your money when you buy any JOHNSON WAX POLISH.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE:

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

WIL: WELL, NOW THAT THE AUTUMN DAYS ARE HERE, THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF THINGS TO BE DONE AROUND THE MCGEE HOME AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA: - PUTTING UP STORM DOORS, TAKING DOWN SCREENS, FALL HOUSECLEANING AND RAKING UP THE LEAVES. YES, THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF THINGS TO BE DONE.

SO HERE, TAKING A LONG WALK IN THE BEAUTIFUL OCTOBER SUNSHINE WITH SILLY WATSON, WE FIND LABOR'S GREATEST ESCAPE ARTIST, -- FIBBER (JOY-OF-LIVING) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

SIL: Hadn' we oughtta be gettin' home suh? Remembah, we gotta take down them lil ole screens.

FIB: I know...but by the time we get home it'll be too dark to do much work - if we can hold out another hour or so.

SIL: Mist' McGee, ah neveh see a man who like to work as much as you don't.

FIB: Why should I like to work? I'm the intellectual type. Besides - hey, is that dog following us?

SIL: Yassuh. He been followin' us fo' seve'l blocks, suh.

FIB: Must be lost.

SIL: Yassuh...or maybe he afraid iffen he go home he gotta put up stohm doo's in his kennel.

1. FIB: Homely lookin' mutt, ain't he? Looks like a casting
 2. director for a flea circus. What kind of a breed is
 3. he, Sil?
 4. SIL: Ah dunno, suh. But offhand, ah'd say he was kinda --
 5. FIB: Kinda what?
 6. SIL: Offhand.
 7. FIB: He is at that. He looks like a cross between a
 8. St. Bernard and a shetland pony. Only he ain't carryin'
 9. a barrel around his neck and his feet are too big for
 10. a horse. Ain't he a clumsy big brute though?
 11. SIL: Yassuh. He sho's is. Kinda swaybacked, too ain't he?
 12. FIB: Somebody probably been usin' a saddle on him. He must
 13. be a outdoor pooch. He sure ain't any inadoor
 14. bedlington.
 15. SIL: He look real friendly, though.
 16. FIB: Probably hereditary. His mother evidently had a lotta
 17. friends, too. Look at them ears Sil...and that tail.
 18. I can see distinct traces o' Wiredale, Great Dane,
 19. Bloodhound, Pekinese,--Daschund.
 20. SIL: Expectorates.
 21. FIB: EH? Oh you mean Spitz. Yes and get a load of that chest.
 22. I think he's part bull.
 23. SIL: Boston?
 24. FIB: No...Hereford. GO ON HOME DOGGIE...HOME...BEAT IT...
 SCRAM.

1. SIL: He don' wanna go suh. Ah think he wanna adop' you.
 2. FIB: He does eh? (LAUGHS) Well when I get a dog, I'll
 3. pick him out myself. I don't want no dog to pick ME
 4. out. GO ON HOME, POGCHIE...
 5. OLD MAN: HELLO THERE JOHNNY...WHEREJA GET THE DOG? If it IS a
 6. dog.
 7. FIB: We didn't get him old timer. He got us.
 8. OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?
 9. FIB: I says we think he's a skye terrier. His ancestry is
 10. kinda cloudy. (LAUGHS)
 11. OLD MAN: HEH HEH HEH. That's pretty good Johnny, but that ain't
 12. the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller
 13. says to the other feller, SAYYYYYY, HE SAYS, I SEE
 14. WHERE HARVARD AIN'T DOIN' SO GOOD AT FOOTBALL THIS YEAR.
 15. THEY COME TO A BAD END WITH ARMY LAST SATURDAY. WELL,
 16. SAYS TOTHER FELLER, IT AIN'T SO MUCH HARVARD COMIN' TO
 17. A BAD END, BUT HOW MANY MORE BAD ENDS ARE COMIN' TO
 18. HARVARD! Heh heh heh...well, football's a grett game
 19. for buildin' character, Johnny. Teaches you how to
 20. kick people in the face without bein' seen. So long
 21. Johnny.
 22. FIB: Why that old...what does he know about football. I'll
 23. bet he thinks a touchback is a chiropractor.
 24. SIL: That lil old doggie is still followin' us suh.
 25. FIB: Shucks, let him. He can't --

1. WILCOX: Say Fibber!

2. FIB: Oh Hiyah Harpo...what you so agitated about.

3. WIL: Listen. I was just down at the City Hall and I heard

4. them draw your name for jury duty. You'll be getting

5. a summons any time now.

6. FIB: Who, me? Why shucks, I ain't got time to serve on no

7. jury.

8. SIL: Why not suh?

9. FIB: I'm too busy, that's why.

10. WIL: Doing what?

11. FIB: Well, I...well shucks, my business affairs...I mean I

12. got a lotta stuff to take care of and...WELL, I'M JUST

13. TOO BUSY, THAT'S ALL.

14. WIL: Okay, al...I was just telling you. But if you don't

15. want to serve, you better start dodging that bailiff.

16. FIB: Oh oh...come on Sil. Let's go home and lock ourselves

17. in....

18. DOG BARKS:

19.

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

FIB: GO ON HOME DOGGIE... BEAT IT... No... dont... Look,

Sil. I gotta idea... we can use that pooch for a

watchdog... he can warn us when that bailiff sneaks

up with the summons... COME ON DOGGIE... NICE DOGGIE.

WANNA NICE JUICY HAMBURGER?

SIL: Yassun.

FIB: I was talkin' to the dog. Hurry up Sil let's

MAN: Hello there, buddy. Know where I can locate Fibber

McGee?

FIB: Hiyah bud. Yes, I... (PAUSE) Who? Fibber McGee?

MAN: That's right.

FIB: You er... you're a bailiff ain't ye bud?

MAN: Why?

FIB: Well, I er... I thought I'd seen you around the

City Hall occasionally when I drop in to give the

Mayor a little advice.

MAN: Oh oh ves. Yes, I'm a bailiff. I've got a jury

summons for this McGee. What's he look lik'?

FIB: Well let's see... I think he's a tall distinguished

lookin' guy, bud, with brown eyes, gray eyes a

mole o'n his left shoulder and a two inch appendectomy

MAN: A mole on his shoulder and an appendectomy scar?

How'll that help? Is he a nudist?

FIB: Well, my suggestion would be to hang around the swimming pools next summer. Or locate his hotel, wait till 1 a.m. and holler FIRE. Then when he runs out-

MAN: Nope. No good. Besides I gotta find him right away. Thanks anyway, Doc.

FIB: Okay bud. Glad to have confus... er... been of assistance. Come on Sil... let's get away from him quick.

SIL: Yassuh. COME ON DOGGIE...

MILLS: Hello, Silly. Where'd you get that mutt?

SIL: Oh you know Mist McGee, Mist Mills.

FIB: He meant the dog, Sil. You DID mean the dog didn't you, Billy?

MILLS: Oh is that a dog? I thought it was Boris Karloff looking for four leaf clovers.

FIB: I guess you dont appreciate the finer points of man's best friend Billy. This is a very fine dog. I wouldnt be surprised if he was a show dog.

MILLS: Burlesque show?

FIB: Okay okay... I ain't got time to argue. I'm doin' a hurry summons and I gotta get home. Whatcha gonna play Billy?

MILLS: "WHAT GOES ON HERE IN MY HEART?"

FIB: I've often wondered. But so ahead, Billy. COME ON, SIL... COME ON DOGGIE...

DOG: ARF ARF!

ORK: "WHAT GOES ON HERE IN MY HEART"

APPLAUSE:

END SCENE

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FIB: You seen anything of that ball if yet, Sil?

SIL: Nossuh... he ain't showed up yet, suh

FIB: Got them doors all barred and chained?

SIL: Yassuh

FIB: Where's that dog?

SIL: He go out again, suh

FIB: HOW'S HE GETTIN' OUT? I THOUGHT WE HAD ALL THE DOORS LOCKED?

SIL: He go out th'rough a basement window suh

FIB: Oh

SIL: He sho' is grateful fo you pickin' him up and feedin' him suh

FIB: How so?

SIL: Well he always runnin' outdo's an' bringin' back some'm wif him. He already brung in a bag doll, two evenin papers, a golf ball an' a man's hat.

FIB: What size hat?

SIL: 7 1/2

FIB: Give it back to the dog and tell him to try again. My size is only -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Oh oh... careful Sil. Dont let nobody in till we see who it is.

SIL: (SOTTO VOCE) It de man wha live next do' suh

FIB: Okay... let him in.

1. SOUND: SIX LOCKS AND HEAVY CHAIN. DOOR LATCH.

2. MAN: Listen here, McGee. What's the idea of lettin' your
3. dog run all over the neighborhood and steal things?

4. FIB: Shucks bud he's just a stray pooch we picked up. I
5. aint responsible if he's a puptomaniac

6. MAN: YOU CERTAINLY ARE RESPONSIB - SAY WHAT'S MY CAT DOING
7. OVER HERE?

8. SIL: The dog bring it suh. Is that yo' hat?

9. MAN: YES IT IS. AND LOOK AT IT. All torn on the brim!

10. FIB: Whaddye expect a dog to do. Clean and block it for ye?

11. MAN: I'm warnin' you, McGee. TEACH THAT DOG TO BEHAVE, or
12. I'll report you to the authorities

13. DOOR SLAM: SIX LOCKS AND HEAVY CHAIN.

14. FIB: Them six locks is gonna take a lotta time Sil.
15. Better just use the chain. We're only on the air
16. a half an hour.

17. DOG BARKS:

18. SIL: Heah dat lil ole doggie again suh

19. FIB: Hello there Doggie... AHEY WHATCH YOU GOT IN YOUR MOUTH?

20. SIL: It's a ladies purse, suh....

21. FIB: Oh oh... what have we got here anyway, a pick-puppet?
22. Let's see the nice pocketbook Doggie. Give it to
23. Fibber....

24. DOG: ARF ARF !!

25. SIL: He seem real please wif himse'f suh.

1. FIB: Well he thinks he's done a good deed... SHUCKS HE HAS
2. DONE A GOOD DEED... there's forty two bucks, in this
3. purse....

4. DOG: ARF ARF !!

5. FIB: Dad rat it and there aint no identification in
6. here either... WHY, YOU BAD DOGGIE... BAD DOGGIE

7. DOG WHINES:

8. FIB: No no no I didnt mean that dogie you meant all right
9. but your a little too ambitious. Next thing you know
10. you'll be robbin' a filling station HEY COME BACK
11. HERE... COME BACK... dad rat it, ya dont think he
12. WILL rob a filling station do ye Sil?

13. SIL: Ah dunno suh... he gittin' bettah all the time. He
14. staht out wif a rag doll and wo'k up to a purse wif
15. forty two bucks.

16. FIB: Well, we're liable to get in a jam if he dont quit -

17. TELEPHONE:

18. FIB: I'll get it... (CLICK) HELLO... WHO? OH HIYAH MRS.
19. FIDDITCH... WHAT SAY? MY DOG DONE WHAT? SNATCHED A
20. SUIT OF LONG UNDERWEAR OFFA YOUR CLOTHES LINE? WELL,
21. MAYBE HE HADDA FLEA. YOU KNOW HOW LONG UNDERWEAR
22. SCRATCHES----MRS. FIDD--EH?

23. SIL: You bettah apologise suh. Or we gonna git more'n a
24. JURY summons.

25.

1 FIB: That's right, Sil HELLO MRS. UPPINGTON. I'M REAL
 2 SORRY MY PUP SWIPED YOUR BALBRIGG . . . er . . .
 3 MISAPPROPRIATED YOUR APPARAL BUT I'LL MAKE GOOD ANY
 4 LOSS OKAY MRS. UPPINGTON. (CLICK.) Say we gotta
 5 cure that dog o' stealin', Sil
 6 SIL: Yassuh ah knows it. But evah time you say som'n
 7 nice to him an' pat his haid, he run out an' grab som'n
 8 else.
 9 FIB: Hmm. Petting larceny, eh? He's a big help to us
 10 watchin' for that bailiff aint he? A fine protecti-
 11 KNOCK AT DOOR:
 12 FIB: Who's that? (SCOTTO VOCE)
 13 SIL: Ah dunno " "
 14 FIB: Take a look.
 15 SIL: Yassuh. It Mist' Wilcox suh. He gotta featheh stuck
 16 in his haih
 17 FIB: He has? Whate he playin' anyway. Open up, Sil
 18 SOUND: CHAIN RATTLE. DOOR LATCH.
 19 TOM TOM EFFECT
 20 WIL: (INDIAN YODEL) HOW, WHITE BROTHER YOU USE 'EM
 21 JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT? MAKE WIGWAM LOOK VERY PRETTY
 22 MAKE SQUAW VERY HAPPY. UGH! BIG CHIEF VERY GLAD COME
 23 HOME FIND TEPEE CLEAN AND SHINING . . . SAVE UP TO ONE
 24 THIRD WAMPUM ON LARGE SIZE CAN. (INDIAN YODEL)
 25 TOM TOM CATCHUM CAN GLOCOAT NEAREST TRADING POST TODAY UGH!

1 FIB: HARPO!!! WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY? SMATTER WITH YOU?
 2 WHAT'S THE IDEA?
 3 WIL: This Indian summer, Fibber. It get's me every time
 4 WAHOOOOOOOOO!
 5 TOM TOM TO DOOR SLAM. CHAIN.
 6 FIB: Lakum wigwam look very pretty! Imagine that Sil? Old
 7 Harpo as a imaginary Indian offa mental reservation?
 8 Hey where'd that dog go again?
 9 SIL: Oh he go out again.
 10 FIB: That dog's gonna get us into trouble if we aint careful,
 11 Here we hire him as a watchdog and he turns out to be
 12 a canine Capone. He
 13 KNOCK AT DOOR
 14 FIB: Easy Sil. peek out and see who it is
 15 SIL: It's a lady suh.
 16 FIB: Well, let 'er in. I hope that bailiff aint debaptized
 17 his wife.
 18 CHAIN RATTLE AND DOOR LATCH:
 19 WOMAN: Mr McGee? I have a -
 20 FIB: (SIGHS) Okay sis...before ye start complainin' lemme
 21 say I'll gladly pay for it. How much?
 22 WOMAN: 9 dollars.
 23 FIB: Okay..here ye are...now what'd he do?
 24 WOMAN: He wrote some of the finest short stories in the English
 25 FIB: HE DID? MY DOG DID?
 26 WOMAN: No. O'HENRY did. You just bought a complete set. Thank
 you.
DOOR SLAM: AND CHAINS

FIB: I thought it was funny if that pooch'd given up crime for literature.

SIL: Ah think we oughtta advertise fo' that dog's ownah suh. He gonna git us into trouble.

FIB: Shucks, it'd take a small fortune to advertise that dog, Sil. You couldn't describe him in less'n 8 pages. Now if we knew what breed he was...or even how many breeds he was, we could

DOG BARK:

FIB: Hello there poochie...whatcha got in your mouth? Give it to Fibber. That's a nice doggie.

SIL: What is it, suh? Another newspaper?

FIB: Nope, it's some music...a vocal arrangement of "SO HELP ME"
I wonder if -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: See who it is before you open up, Sil.

SIL: It Mistah Novis suh.

FIB: Okay...let him in.

SOUND: CHAINS, DOOR LATCH

FIB: Hiyah Don.

DON: Say Fibber...did your dog bring my music in here? He stole it out of my pocket up the street.

FIB: Yes he did, Don. Here ye are. Who wrote this song?

NOVIS: (NAME OF COMPOSER)

FIB: Oh well, my dog don't read very good yet. He's part German shepherd and thought it was a Berlin number. Go ahead and sing it, Don. "So Help Me".

ORK: "SO HELP ME" - NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Hey Sil... I wonder if that guy was kiddin' me about that
Jury summons.

SIL: Ah dunno suh. But ah think you is wo'kin' a lot hahdeh,
tryin' to evold it, than you would iffen you was to schve
onna jury

FIB: Well, it's the principal of the thing, Sil. I think it's the -
SAY WHERE'S THAT DOG OF OURS?. HE GO OUT AGAIN?

SIL: Yassuh. He the goinest-out dog ah evah did see.

FIB: Well, I hope he stays outa trouble. He's always swipin' some-

KNOCK AT DOOR.

FIB: Who's that?

SIL: (SOTTO VOICE) It de bailiff suh, sho' nuff!

FIB: Oh oh. Don't open the door, Sil. Open the window and talk
to him. Don't tell him I'm here.

KNOCK AT DOOR.SOUND: WINDOW RAISING

SIL: Wha' you want, please suh?

PEARY: Mr. McGee here?

SIL: Who-wanna know, suh?

MAN: I'm a Bailiff.

SIL: You is? Well, we don' wan' any bail today thank you suh.

FIB: Atta boy, Sil!

MAN: Listen, son. I'm not selling any bail.

SIL: You isn't? What is you sellin'?

MAN: I'M NOT SELLING ANYTHING. I have a paper here for Mr. McGee

SIL: You is too late, suh. He gotta paper.

MAN: NO..NO. NO. I mean I want to serve him.

SIL: Ah don' think he kin use nobody else suh. He say ah serve
him okay

FIB: Nice goin' Sil. Keep it up

MAN: Look here, boy. How soon do you expect Mr. McGee back?

SIL: Back from wheah?

MAN: Well, where'd he go?

SIL: Oh he liable to go mos' anyplace suh. He say he always wanna
to to Honolulu fo' one place.

MAN: Honolulu eh? Did he pack a bag when he left?

SIL: A big bag or a lil bag?

MAN: HOW SHOULD I KNOW? Didn't you see him leave?

SIL: Nossuh

MAN: Then how do you know he's left?

SIL: Fo' wheah?

MAN: For Honolulu. I DON'T KNOW FOR WHERE. Listen, are you pulling
my leg?

SIL: Nossuh. Maybe you jus' got youah ganters too tight, please,
suh.

MAN: Listen, boy. I'm a police officer.

SIL: How you like it, suh?

MAN: Oh, it's a pretty good - WHAT DO YOU CARE? I WANNA SEE FIBBER
MCGEE UNDERSTAND? NOW THEN... IS HE OR IS HE NOT AT HOME.

1 SIL: Yassuh.
 2 MAN: Yessir what? IS HE HOME?
 3 SIL: He couldn' be home iffen he is in Honolulu can he suh?
 4 MAN: BOY, I THINK YOU'RE STALLING.
 5 SIL: Yassuh. How'm ah doin'?
 6 MAN: OH YOU ARE EH? LISTEN HERE. YOU OPEN THE DOOR AND LET ME IN
 7 TO SEE MCGEE, OR IF HE ISN'T HERE I'LL WAIT FOR HIM. I DERSTAND.
 8 SIL: Ah cain't do that suh. He lock me in.
 9 MAN: What for?
 10 SIL: Oh ah is always runnin' away suh. Ah is a awful lil ole
 11 rascal fo' that stuff. Ah is terrible.
 12 MAN: I don't believe a word of it.
 13 SIL: Ah don' blame you suh. Ah is real deceitful too.
 14 MAN: YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK MCGEE IS IN THERE WITH YOU. I
 15 THINK HE'S JUST EVADING THIS SUMMONS.
 16 SIL: What's the summons fo' suh?
 17 MAN: Jury duty.
 18 SIL: Yassuh. Tha's wha we thought.
 19 MAN: ARE YOU GONNA LET ME IN?
 20 SIL: Nossuh. Good day suh.
 21 WINDOW CLOSE:
 22 FIB: That was swell. Sil.
 23 SIL: He sho' had me awful close to tellin' a lie theah suh.
 24 FIB: I suppose he'll be hangin' around outside from now on. Kind
 25 of a legal quarantine.

1 SIL: Nossuh... theah he go down the sidewalk.
 2 FIB: Well he won't go far away. He -
 3 KNOCK AT DOOR.
 4 FIB: That him again?
 5 SIL: Nossuh. Tha's that ole Mis' Uppinton'. suh?
 6 FIB: Okay, let 'er in.
 7 SOUND: LOCKS AND CHAINS: DOOR LATCH
 8 FIB: Oh hiyah Mis' Uppington. What's on your mind?
 9 WOMAN: Mr. McGee, your dog had my teeth.
 10 FIB: He what, sis?
 11 WOMAN: Your dog has my teeth.
 12 FIB: Oh I wouldn't say that Mrs. Uppington. He has your eyes, and
 13 there's somethin' about his ears that reminds me of you, but
 14 I wouldn't say he had your teeth. Ain't you just self-consc
 15 WOMAN: MR. MCGEE. YOUR DOG WALKED INTO MY HOUSE AND STOLE MY FALSE
 16 TEETH. NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
 17 FIB: Say, sis, that's serious.
 18 WOMAN: IT CERTAINLY IS.
 19 FIB: Why do you realize what would happen if your teeth bit my dog
 20 while he was carryin' 'em home? We'd have to have you examine
 21 for rabies, Mrs. Fidditch! Why that if -
 22 DOOR SLAM:
 23 SIL: Ah think you shoulda been mo' sympathetic, suh.
 24

1 FIB: I know... but she's got nine sets o' false teeth that I know
2 of. She buys false teeth like other wimmin buy hats. She's
3 always rushin' around for a bicuspoid bargain day. She watches
4 the want ads for second hand snappers. Why, she's just a
5 fang-fancier.

6 DOG BARK:

7 SIL: Heah that lil ole doggie again suh. Hiyah baby

8 FIB: He's slipping SIL. He ain't bringin' nothing back with him
9 this time.

10 SOUND THUMP THUMP THUMP

11 FIB: Who's at the door?

12 SIL: Nobody suh. that puppie is scratchin' hisself.

13 FIB: He is eh? You think he's got guest stars? Anyway, I hope
14 he's given up swipin' stuff from the neighb-

15 KNOCK AT DOOR:

16 FIB: That ain't that bailiff again is it?

17 SIL: Nossuh. It Mist' Novis suh

18 FIB: Let him in.

19 SOUND: CHAIN RATTLE AND DOOR LATCH

20 FIB: Hiyah Don. what's the matter. you already sung your song?

21 NOVIS: DID YOU KNOW THAT JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT WILL SAVE YOU HOURS OF
22 HOUSE CLEANING? THAT IT SHINES AS IT DRIES AND REQUIRES NO
23 RUBBING OR BUFFING? DID YOU KNOW THAT GLO-COAT

24 FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE. What's the idea, Don'? That's Harlow's
25 stuff

26 DON: I know it. But he said if I'd come in with the commercial
27 he'd sing for me next week.

28 FIB: Oh no ye don't... OH NO... I don't mind your mentionin' Johnson's
29 Wax, but as fer Harpo singin'... OH NO... NO, SIR... YOU TELL HIM
30 THAT'S OUT.

31 DON: Okay, but he'll have to return my football then. Say, let's
32 go up to your house and play a little rummy.

1 FIB. WHADDYE MEAN UP TO MY HOUSE... THIS IS MY HOUSE.
 2 DON. YOUR HOUSE? I thought it was a barn. What's the calf doing
 3 in here?
 4 SIL. That ain' a calf suh... it's a doggie.
 5 DON. I didn't know you were a dog fancier, Fizzer.
 6 FIB. Shucks. Don, I was always crazy about dogs.
 7 DON. Is that so?
 8 FIB. Certainly. Why even as a little boy, Don, I loved puppies.
 9 PUPPY LOVE MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

DOG: ARF ARF

11 FIB. PUPPY LOVE MCGEE, PROUDLY PARADIN' MY PEDIGREED POCCHES THRU
 12 PUBLIC PARKS, ... POSIN' FOR PICTURES WITH WITH PRIZE PEKES
 13 PROCURIN' PARDONS FOR POOR PUPPIES PINING IN THE POUND
 14 PROVIDIN' PLEASANT PLACES FOR PET POODLES TO PARK THEIR PAWS
 15 AND PICKED BY A POMERANIAN PLEBISCITE AS THE PIED PIPER OF
 16 PEPPY PUPS FROM THE PREHISTORIC PAVEMENTS OF POMPEII TO THE
 17 PINE TREE PARADIES OF PIKES PEAK.

APPLAUSE

19 ORK. "MY BONNIES LIVES OVER THE OCEAN" - 4 NOTES

APPLAUSE4TH SPOT

2 FIB. Sil, I think it's gonna work. So far we've kept that bailiff
 3 outa here with his summons.
 4 SIL. Yassuh and we is keepin' ourshelves IN. How soon kin we git
 5 outa heah?
 6 FIB. Shucks, I never thought o' that. I wonder how long he can
 7 take to serve a summons. How much food we got in the-

KNOCK AT DOOR

9 FIB. Careful Sil. peek out first.

10 SIL. It Mist. Depopolis suh.

11 FIB. Oh that pest. well, let him in.

CHAIN AND DOOR LATCH

13 FIB. Hiyah Nick.

14 NICK. Hello there Fizzer. what is this you are running in here
 15 a speak noday?

16 FIB. No we got the chain on the door to keep out a bailiff.

17 NICK. Is that so. well I am 'just coming in to tell you about a
 18 sweets little story I am reading last nights. It is -

19 FIB. Oh no Nick please. We got enough trouble here without -

20 NICK. Oh you will get an awful kick in the pants out of this story.
 21 It is all about a rabbit running a walkathon with a turtlewise.
 22 You see.

23 FIB. Oh, I know the story, Nick. EVERYBODY knows it. That's one
 24 of Aesop's Fables.

25

4TH SPOT

FIB. Sil, I think it's gonna work. So far we've kept that balliff
outa here with his summons.

SIL. Yassuh and we is keepin' ourshelves IN. How soon kin we git
outa heah?

FIB. Shucks, I never thought o' that. I wonder how long he can
take to serve a summons. How much food we got in the-

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB. Careful Sil. peek out first.

SIL. It Mist Depopolis suh.

FIB. Oh that pest. well. let him in.

CHAIN AND DOOR LATCH

FIB. Hiya, Nick.

NICK. Hello there Fizzer. what is this you are running in here -
a speak noisy?

FIB. No we got the chain on the door to keep out a balliff.

NICK. Is that so. well I am just coming in to tell you about a
sweets little story I am reading last nights. It is -

FIB. Oh no. Nick please. We got enough trouble here without -

NICK. Oh you will get an awful kick in the pants out of this story.
It is all about a rabbit running a walkathon with a turtleoise.
You see.

FIB. Oh, I know the story, Nick. EVERYBODY knows it. That's one
of Aesop's Fables.

NICK. Sure. but maybe your memory isn't as fresh as you are
Fizzer, so I had better give you a synopsis of the plot.

You see, this little runny babbit -

FIB. Bunny Rabbit.

NICK. Sure. anyway, this little Brussels sprout -

FIB. Brussels sprout. Oh you mean Belgian Ware.

NICK: Sure... he is a little less cheerful on the roof, but
rob me? ANYWAY, he is one day seeing a little turtle
and he is saying to him, with a snore on his face,
LISTEN, SQUEEGEE ON THE HALF SHELL, he is saying,
YOU ARE SLOWER THAN MOLASSIPUSS IN FEBRUARY, AND THE
LITTLE TURTLETOISE IS STICKING HIS HEAD OUT FROM
UNDER HIS OVERCOAT AND IS SAYING, SO WHAT, TWITCHYPUSS?
AND THEN THE RUNNY RABBIT IS SHOWING HIM HOW FAST A
TURTLE IS NOT BEING ABLE TO RUN THAN A HARE. SO -
FIB: I know Nick... I know... then the rabbit challenged the
turtle to a footrace and -
NICK: Don't jump to confusions Fizzer. ANYWAY, THE TURTLES IS
AGREEING TO RUN THE RACES AND THEY ARE GETTING A FOXES
TO BE THE-REEFEROC, AND BANG, THE RACES IS STARTING.
HEH HEH HEH...WELL SIR - THOSE RABBITS IS GONE LIKE A
STRIKE OF LEARNING, AND THE LITTLE TURTLEMUD IS PLEADING
ALONG AN INCHES AT A TIME.
FIB: PLODDING, NOT PLEADING.
NICK: Sure...BUT THE RABBIT IS SO FAR AHEAD OF HIS COMPETITURILE
THAT HE IS LAYING DOWN FOR A LITTLE SNEEZE
FIB: Shooze.
NICK: Shooze to me, too Fizzer. AND WHILE HE IS SLEEPING MY
HEAD OFF, THE TURTLE IS PASSING HIM AND IS WINNING THE
RACES, AND THE MORTAL OF THE STORY IS, FIZZER, THAT IN
THE LONG RUNS, JUST BECAUSE YOUR HARE IS COMING OUT BAD
DOESN'T MEAN YOU ARE LEADING A FAST LIFE. Well so long
Fizzer.

...A:
SIL: Mist' Demopolis sho do a lotta readin' don't he die?
FIB: Yes but he -
DOG WHINES:
FIB: What's the matter with that dog? He cote funny?
SIL: He sniffin' at de so' sun. Maybe they's somebody
outside theah
FIB: Oh oh...MAYBE HE IS A WATCHDOG AFTER ALL... safe a peek
SIL:
SIL: Yessuh... (WHISPER) IT'S DE BAILIFF SUH... HE MIGHTY ON
DE PO'CH.
FIB: He is eh? Well, we'll teach him a lesson when he
GO... you open the door and we'll sic the dog on him.
SIL: What if he bit bit?
FIB: Who, the dog?
SIL: Nossuh, the bailiff?
FIB: Well, that's what he gets for bain' a nuisance... ready?
SIL: GO.
19 DOOR CHAIN AND LATCH.
20 MAN: AH THERE YOU ARE MOGEE...I HAVE A LITTLE SUM ONS FOR
21 YOU AND -
22 DOG ARF ARF ARF.
23 FIB: Beware the dog there bud...BETTER GET OUTA THERE... SIC
24 HIM PUP...SIC HIM...GO AFTER HIM..
25 DOG ARF ARF ARF...

MAN: HEY GET AWAY FROM ME...DOWN, FIDO...DOWN...HEY CALL
OFF YOUR DOG (FADE OUT)...GET AWAY...GO HOME...
DOG FADE OUT...ARF ARF ARF...FIB AND SIL LAUGHING...
FIB: (LAUGHS) Hot dog Sil...we should o' thought o' that
before...
SIL: He sho' since him away didn' he suh? (LAUGHS)
FIB: Boy I ain't had so much fun since -
DOG ARF ARF...
FIB: Ahhhh there you are...NICE DOGGIE...NICE DOGGIE...YOU
GET A BIG HAMBONE FOR THIS, PUP. YOU'LL...HEE WHAT YOU
GOT IN YOUR MOUTH THERE...GIVE IT TO FIBBER...
SIL: He git a piece o' the ballif pants suh?
FIB: Looks like it...GIVE IT TO FIBBER, DOGGIE...That's it...
PAPER RATTLE:
SIL: What is it suh?
MAN: (OFF MIKE) I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS...THAT'S THE
SUMMONS...YOU'RE WANTED FOR JURY DUTY...
FIB: Ow fer the...HOW'D YO' GET THIS DOG TO BRING IT IN HERE
BUD?
MAN: I showed him my star! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S PART POLICE
DOG?
FIB: Polic d...OH PSHAW!!!
ORCH: "ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART" Down for -

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CUE: (WILCOX) -- Now may we have your attention for a moment.
(PAUSE)

Do you know of any woman who still gets down on her hands and knees
and scrubs her floors in the effort to keep them clean? If you know
such a woman, you can do her a great kindness by telling her about
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This easy-to-use, no-rubbing polish
keeps floors so slick and span they never have to be scrubbed.
GLO-COAT gives floors a wonderful, gleaming polish -- shuts out
dirt and germs -- protects floors from scuffing feet and makes
linoleum wear three or four times as long! So you see GLO-COAT
actually saves you money as well as saving you a lot of back-breaking
work. When you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on all your floors and linoleum,
you will get many compliments for being such a good housekeeper and
you will have much more time to enjoy the pleasant things of life.
Ask your Dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in
the attractive yellow and red can. Don't accept a substitute.

ORCH (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

mc:ab:js: 10/18/38: 11:20 AM