

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ - RED
(8:30-9:00 PM) (NOVEMBER 8, 1952) (TUESDAY)
TIME DATE DAY
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 and Glocoat present.
4. Fibber McGee & Company, with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald
5. Novis, the Four Notes & Billy Mills Orchestra. The show
6. opens with "FOR NO RHYME OR REASON."
7. ORK: "FOR NO RHYME OR REASON" - Down for -
8. WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:
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1. OPENING COMMERCIAL:
 2. You are conscious, no doubt, of the fact that floors should be the
 3. key note to the decoration of the entire room. Beautiful, polished
 4. floors set off your furniture to the best possible advantage. But
 5. you may not realize that floors are an important factor for health.
 6. If your floors and linoleum are wearing a shining GLO-COAT polish,
 7. they will stay cleaner -- protected from dirt and germs -- a safe
 8. place for your children to play. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT seals every
 9. crack and pore -- makes your floors as easy to clean as a platter.
 10. Here are the simple directions for applying GLO-COAT. Pour a little
 11. of this remarkable, no-rubbing polish right onto the clean floor.
 12. Spread the liquid lightly around with a soft cloth or long-handled
 13. GLO-COAT Applier. In twenty minutes your floors will be gleaming like
 14. new and you'll be thrilled by the transformation. Ask your dealer
 15. in the morning for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and remember it
 16. always pays to specify one of the JOHNSON WAX products no matter what
 17. type polish you need. Look for the name, JOHNSON, on the yellow and
 18. red can. Don't accept substitutes.
 19.
 20. ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)
 21. SEGUE
 22. ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)
 23.
 24.
 25.

1. WIL: WELL, A MINOR IRRITATION HAS DEVELOPED AT 79 WISTFUL
 2. VISTA WHICH THREATENS THE STATE OF FIBBER'S NERVES.
 3. CREAKY FLOORS! AND HERE, COMPLAINING BITTERLY ABOUT IT
 4. TO SILLY WATSON, WE FIND FIBBER "WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN
 5. TO ME) MCGEE!
 6. APPLAUSE: THESE
 7. * * *
 8. FIB: Dad rat it Sil, these floors is gittin' on my nerves....
 9. CREAK CREAK CREAK! ! ! I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER.
 10. SIL: Is they that bad suh?
 11. FIB: IS THEY! ... er... ARE THEY! They're awful. I don't
 12. mind if the walls have ears, but if the floors are gonna
 13. start squealin' on me --- Here ... listen while I walk
 14. across the room.
 15. SOUND: CREAK CREAK CREAK CREAK
 16. FIB: See what I mean? I ain't familiar with the noise that
 17. annoys an oyster but that creakin' d give a whale the
 18. jitters.
 19. SIL: Wah you gonna do about 'em suh?
 20. FIB: I'm gonna call up a contractor, have him tear up all the
 21. floors and stairways and re-lay 'em.
 22. SIL: It gonna cost you plenty suh. Ah wouldn't be surprised
 23. iffen fixin' it undahfoot is gonna run into a big ovalhead.
 24.
 25.

1. FIB: Well, what of it? I ain't afraid to spend money.
 2. SIL: You ain't? Then maybe you won' mine payin' me fo' the las
 3. five weeks, suh.
 4. FIB: That's different. You don't squeak.
 5. SIL: Nossuh...but ah is about due.
 6. FIB: Oh well, you can't expect -- HERE, GIMME THE TELEPHONE.
 7. I'll call a contractor.
 8. SIL: Yassuh...heah you is.
 9. FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME A - Oh is this
 10. you Myrtle. Fibber McGee. How's everything, Myrt?
 11. That's good. EH? Oh yes, except the floors in my house
 12. creak. Yeah. Kind of a long-drawn out squak. Kind of a
 13. drawl. Must be Southern pine. HEY MYRT. LOOK UP A GOOD
 14. CONTRACTOR IN TOWN AND CALL ME BACK WILL YE? Thanks Myrt.
 15. How's the family? Except for what? Your brother? HE WAS?
 16. SENT UP FOR LIFE EH? Tst. Tst. Well, don't worry about
 17. it Myrt. He'll be okay. So long, Myrt. (CLICK) Imagine
 18. that Sil? Her kid brother was sent up to the corner
 19. Magazine stand for Life. Why don't she subscribe to it and
 20. quit worrying?
 21. SIL: She gonna look up a constrictor for you suh?
 22. FIB: Contractor, Sil. A constrictor is a snake that squeezes
 23. the life outa ye.
 24. SIL: You evah build a house suh?
 25. FIB: AHEN. Well, I -

1. TELEPHONE:
 2. FIB: There's my call. (CLICK) Hello. Oh hiyah Myrt. Okay,
 3. connect me. (SWITCHBOARD CLICKS) HELLO...THIS THE BUILDIN'
 4. CONTRACTOR? THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE - MY HOUSE IS FULL O'
 5. CREAKS! CREAKS! EH? WHADDYE MEAN, DAN 'EM UP AND BUILD
 6. A SWIMMIN' POOL? I SAYS THEY SQUEAK. S.K.W.E.E.K....
 7. SQUEAK! YEAH....I GOTTA HAVE 'EM REPAIRED. CAN YOU GIMME
 8. A QUOTATION EH? "A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE" No no no...
 9. NOT THAT KIND OF A QUOTATION....I MEAN AN ESTIMATE...
 10. WHAT? SEVERAL THOUSAND! JUST TO PICK UP A FEW BOARDS
 11. AND LAY 'EM DOWN AGAIN? LISTEN BUD - where's your office?
 12. 14th & Oak. I'll be down and talk to ye. Okay bud. (CLICK)
 13. SIL: He say THOUSAN'S suh?
 14. FIB: Yes...imagine that?
 15. SIL: Ah din' think he do it jus' fo' the thrill of it, suh,
 16. but ah didn't know it gonna be so much.
 17. FIB: Thousands o' dollars! He must think I belong to the
 18. Bank Book-o'-the-month-club. Why if --
 19. DOOR KNOCK
 20. FIB: COME IN!
 21. DOOR LATCH:
 22. FIB: Oh, Billy Mills...hiyah Billy. Lister, you gotta number
 23. you can play while I run down to the contractor's office?
 24. MILLS: Well, confidentially, Fibber, that's what I can in for. To
 25. play for the Four Notes singing TOM TOM THE PIPER'S SON!

1 FIB: Honest? Well for the!!! Whaddye know about that. Now
 2 if a story writer wrote that, Billy, folks'd say it was
 3 stretchin' coincidence too far. Imagine you comin' in
 4 to play a number just the very minute we're ready for it!
 5 It....it kinda makes ye stop and think don't it, Billy.
 6 Kinda renews your faith in things.

7 MILLS: It's amazing. But what are you seeing a contractor about,
 8 Fibber?

9 FIB: It's the floors in this house, Billy. They creak and
 10 groan.

11 MILLS: Probably warped. Why don't you build a house in California
 12 where it's dry.

13 FIB: DRY! Whaddye mean dry? Last time I was in Los Angeles
 14 the fog was so thick, they had outboard motors on the
 15 bicycles. Go ahead with that music, Billy. THE FOUR
 16 NOTES SINGIN' TOM TOM THE PIPER'S SON! Take it, kids!

17 ORK: "TOM TOM THE PIPER'S SON." - FOUR NOTES
 18
 19
 20
 21
 22
 23
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 25

2nd SPOT:

1 FIB: Nice work, quartetty! Folks, that was TOM TOM THE PIPER'S
 2 SON, which was published by Eddie Cantor's producer, Vic
 3 Knight, who also got out that jitterbug classic, FLAT FOOT
 4 FLOOGIE. That guy knows his songs, don't he? But you know
 5 the old saying - "the Knight shall be filled with music."
 6 No wonder Cantor's a success...why ain't I ed talented
 7 guys like that around me? Why -

8 WIL: EXCUSE ME, FIBBER, but time's a-wastin'...you're supposed to
 9 be in the contractor's office.

10 FIB: Oh oh yes...excuse me folks. WE ARE NOW ENTERING THE
 11 CONTRACTOR'S OFFICE WHERE FIBBER MOGEE IS GONNA GET A
 12 ESTIMATE ON FIXIN' UP HIS CREAKY FLOORS. That sets the
 13 scene, folks, for them tuning in late. MOOD MUSIC, Mills!
 14

15 ORK: "NARCISSUS" FADE FOR -

16 FIB: Fine mood music...he must think I'm gonna take a crocheting
 17 lesson.
 18
 19
 20
 21
 22
 23
 24
 25

DOOR LATCH

GIRL: Yessir? Whom did youse wish to see, sir?
 2 FIB: I wanna see the contractor...is he in?
 3 GIRL: Yessir. But he's putting on his makeup right now sir...
 4 He's starting a new house this afternoon.
 5 FIB: MAKEUP? You mean he has to put on paint and powder to build
 6 a house?
 7 GIRL: Oh no sir. Just foundation cream.
 8 FIB: Oh well...that puts a different complexion on things. Tell him
 9 I wanna see him.
 10 GIRL: Have you a card?
 11 FIB: You betcha...here ye are sis.
 12 GIRL: Thank you. (CLICK) MR. HAMPTON...THE TEN OF SPADES IS HERE
 13 TO SEE YOU.
 14 FIB: Oh I'm sorry sis... I gave you the wrong card. Here.
 15 GIRL: Correction Mr. Hampton. MR. FIBBER MCGEE HERE TO SEE YOU.
 16 Yes sir. You may go in, Mr. McGee.
 17 FIB: Thanks sis...You like to go to the theater?
 18 GIRL: Oh indeed I so.
 19 FIB: Me too...fun, ain't it?
 20 DOOR LATCH:
 21 You Hampton, the contractor, bud?
 22 HAL: Yes, I am. But I'm very busy today, so if you'll make it brief
 23 FIB: Business is pretty good eh?
 24
 25

1 HAL: Yes it is.
 2 FIB: I thought so. I was walkin' past a couple o' carpenters
 3 yesterday who were chewin' tobacco, and I says to a friend
 4 o' mine, well...I says, I see there's quite a sourt in
 5 the buildin' trades, I says, and he says --
 6 HAL: What is your business, Mr. McGee?
 7 FIB: I gotta squeak.
 8 HAL: That's too bad. What is it - arthritis?
 9 FIB: No no no...I MEAN I GOTTA SQUEAK IN MY FLOORS.
 10 HAL: OH YOU'RE THE MAN WHO CALLED ME UP FOR AN ESTIMATE, WHERE
 11 IS YOUR PLACE MCGEE?
 12 FIB: 79 Wistful Vista.
 13 HAL: Oh yes...the frame house with the brick porch and the man
 14 sitting in the window in his stocking feet? Are those the
 15 best tenants you could get?
 16 FIB: I'M the tenant, bud.
 17 HAL: OH...(LAUGHS) I...er...where do you buy your socks, McGee?
 18 Very good looking.
 19 FIB: Thanks. Now listen, bud...I think what we gotta do is tear
 20 up all the floors and the stairs, and lay 'em down again.
 21 HAL: And how do you expect to get around while this is being done?
 22 On a flying trapeze?
 23 FIB: Oh, I'll go stay with Harlow Wilcox, while ye do the work.
 24 He won't mind. He's a bachelor and...
 25 DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Excuse me, Mr. Hampton...about those floors in the Uppington residence. They won't have to be refinished for years. Mrs Uppington has kept them waxed with Johnson's and they're in perfect shape. So - OH HELLO FIBBER. What are you doing here?

FIB: Hiya Harpo. Say you mind if I come over and park at your house while my house is bein' fixed up.

WIL: Well-l...er...

FIB: I insist on payin' half the rent, of course. How much is the rent?

WIL: Two hundred a month.

FIB: Two hundr---- Where does Billy Mills live?

WIL: He lives with me.

FIB: Oh, then I'd only have to pay one third the rent. That's about 65...Hmmm! Where does Don Novis live?

WIL: He lives with me and Billy Mills.

FIB: Well, that'd be only a fourth of the rent then. NOW if we can get the orchestra to move in...

HAL: EXCUSE ME, MCGEE...BUT LET'S CONCLUDE OUR BUSINESS...I HAVE TO LEAVE VERY SHORTLY.

FIB: Okay bud...you through, Harpo?

WIL: Yes, I just wanted to say, Mr. Hampton, that if you'd recommend Johnson's wax to all your new home owners, they'd never have any trouble with floors scuffing or wearing.

HAL: I'll do that, Wilcox. Drop in again.

WIL: Okay. So long, Fibber.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now then, bud...to get down to cases...have a cigar?

HAL: Thanks, I've got one.

FIB: Got two? Thanks. Now then -

HAL: McGee...I think the cost of removing all the floors and stairways would be prohibitive.

FIB: That's okay, as long as it don't cost too much.

HAL: I mean, it WILL COST a great deal. I'd say in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars.

FIB: Two thousand bucks! Oh that's too much.

HAL: Much too much?

FIB: Oh much, much too much much... 2 thous...oh no. What's say we haggle a while, bud?

HAL: Sorry, McGee...that's my lowest figure. It might be even more if I saw the house.

FIB: In that case, I could arrange to lead ye down there blindfolded.

HAL: That's ridiculous. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to look over some blueprints.

FIB: You print the prices on them plans, bud?

HAL: No...why?

FIB: I just wondered what made 'em so blue. Come on, bud...let's dicker a while. Two thousand dollars is too --

1. WIL: Okay. So long, Fibber.
 2. DOOR SLAM
 3. FIB: Now then, bud...to get down to cases...have a cigar?
 4. HAL: Thanks, I've got one.
 5. FIB: Got two? Thanks. Now then -
 6. HAL: McGee...I think the cost of removing all the floors and
 7 stairways would be prohibitive.
 8. FIB: That's okay, as long as it don't cost too much.
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 20 over some blueprints.
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 22 HAL: No...why?
 23 FIB: I just wondered what made 'em so blue. Come on, bud...let's
 24 dicker a while. Two thousand dollars is too --
 25

HAL: COME COME MCGEE...I'M A VERY BUSY MAN AND YOU'RE WASTING MY
 TIME...
 FIB: OKAY OKAY...IF YOU'RE GONNA BE STUFFY ABOUT IT. I'LL DO THE
 JOB MYSELF...I GUESS IT DON'T TAKE NO GIANT INTELLECT TO POUND
 A FEW NAILS. IT MAY TAKE A LITTLE MORE TIME, BUT I GUESS
 I'M SMART ENOUGH TO HANDLE IT. SO...YE SEE? YOU JUST DONE
 YOURSELF OUT OF A JOB? GOOD DAY!
DOOR SLAM
 FIB: This is a fine how do ye do...but - if he's gonna take that
 altitude...
 11 GIRL: Did Mr. Hampton see you sir?
 12 FIB: See me! He raised me! Shucks, if I'd a knew
 13 DON: Oh hello there Fibber...
 14 FIB: Donald Novis...Hiya Don.
 15 DON: What are you looking so perturbed about?
 16 FIB: Ooooh nothin! I just gotta stiff price from this guy for
 17 fixin' my floors...they squeak. The way he figgers, he must
 18 think they was laid with 14-karat golden oak. What you doin
 19 here, Don, aside from the fact that you're gonna bust into
 20 song any minute?
 21 DON: I'm going to see the contractor about building a doll house
 22 for my little girl.
 23 FIB: A doll house! How old is your little girl, Don?
 24 DON: 22. AND SOME DOLL, KID!
 25

1 FIB: AHEN. Whatcha gonna sing, Don?
 2 DON: DON'T YOU KNOW?
 3 FIB: Oh yes...you're gonna sing that one about the gray haired wise
 4 man. FOLKS, DONALD NOVIS SINGS: "THERE'S SILVER ON THE
 5 SAGE TONIGHT." Take it away, Billy!
 6 ORK: "THERE'S SILVER ON THE SAGE TONIGHT"
 7 APPLAUSE:

1. 3rd SPOT
 2 FIB: Thanks Don...that was beautiful. I'd like to hear Andy.
 3 Devine sing one o' them desert songs...he'd really get the
 4 sand in it. COME ON SIL...LET'S GET BUSY ON THESE FLOORS...
 5 SOUND: HAMMERING...NAIL PULLING...CLATTER OF BOARDS:
 6 (INTERMITTENT THRUOUT AS INDICATED)
 7 SIL: Wah you gonna do suh, iffen you git all these boahds pulled
 8 up an' laid down again an' they still squeaks?
 9 FIB: Don't worry ..when I get thru, these boards'll have less play
 10 in 'em than a kid with the numps.
 11 SOUND:
 12 SIL: Hey list' McGee...look...look wah ah foun' undah the floo'
 13 boahd.
 14 FIB: What is it, Sil?
 15 SIL: The fuhst radio scrip' you evah do fo' Johnson's Wax.
 16 FIB: Well, for the ..lessee it, Sil...((LAUGHS) Look how the
 17 mice have nibbled on it...they musta thought it was a piece
 18 of cheese.
 19 SIL: Yassuh.
 20 FIB: WHAT?
 21 SIL: Ah say yassuh...
 22 FIB: OH. AHEN. Well come on...let's get goin'

23 KNOCK AT DOOR:

1. FIB: Come in!

2. DOOR LATCH:

3. UPP: Mr. McGee...

4. FIB: OH HIYAH MRS. UPPINGTON! Come on in, - but look out for them
5. loose boards there.

6. CLATTER OF BOARDS:

7. UPP: Heavens... WHAT A TURMOIL!

8. FOB: Turmoil, eh... WHERE? QUICK SIL... GIMME THAT HAMMER, MRS.

9. UPPINGTON SAW A TURMOIL... where'd ja see it, Uppy?

10. UPP: See what, Mr. McGee?

11. FIB: The turmoil... shucks, I didn't know we had 'em in this part o'
12. the country. Must o' crawled outa the floorboards. They eat
13. the foundations right out from under the house if ye don't -

14. UPP: I SAID TURMOIL... NOT TERMITE, Mr. McGee

15. FIB: Oh Oh yeah. Turmoil. I -- er... well what's on your mind
16. Uppy?

17. UPP: I came over to protest about the horrible clatter you are
18. making over here, McGee... it's disturbing the entiah neighbor-
19. hood.

20. FIB: Oh yeah? Well, listen Uppy old gir... er... MRS. UPPINGTON. I
21. don't wanna seem unneighborly, but if you don't like the noise
22. why don't you git out and go to a movie?

23. UPP: Movie?

24. FIB: Yes, there's a good double feature down at the Bijou... KING
25. KONG AND BORIS KARLOFF.

1. UPP: Heavens... those HORROR pictures! Having quite a vogue aren't
2. they? Have you seen any of them?

3. FIB: SEEN 'EM. I WAS IN ONE.

4. UPP: Oh yes... This Way Please... I saw it... I'm still shuddering.
5. But Mr. McGee... what ARE you doing with all this... this...
6. this CARPENTRY?

7. FIB: The floors squeak, Uppy. Somethin' awful. There's one
8. right in this floor here that's a pip.

9. UPP: Ohhh, I believe I heard about it.

10. FIB: Ye did? From who?

11. UPP: Mrs. Fidditch. She was telling me of the awful little pip
12. squeak she heard over here. Well, TRY TO BE MORE QUIET, MR.
13. MCGEE!

14. DOOR SLAM:

15. FIB: Must be worse'n I thought if Mrs. Fidditch heard it clear over
16. at her house. Well, come on Sil... get busy...

17. SOUND:

18. SIL: We sho' is gittin' the squeak outa these heah floo's the
19. hard way ain' we suh?

20. FIB: How'd you think we could get it out? Take the floors over to
21. a filling station for a grease job? Shucks, we gotta -

22. DOOR LATCH:

23. OLD MAN: HELLO THERE JOHNNY! IS THIS WHERE YE VOTE?

24. FIB: No it ain't, old timer.

25. OLD MAN: EHHHHH?

FIB: I says no... it ain't... you got the polls confused with the Irish. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: 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, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "I see WHERE THE GOVERNMENT WANTS MILLIONS O' DOLLARS FOR NEW WAR PLANES AND BATTLE SHIPS. WHERE DO THEY GET ALL THAT DOUGH? OUTA THE SINKIN' FUND?" "NO," SAYS THE OTHER FELLER, "OUTA THE FUSS-BUDGET." Heh heh he... funny thing ain't it Johnny? Politicians are the only ones who can appropriate other peoples money without gettin' pinched!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that old coot. War planes and battleships reminds me o' the time I seen a officer in the signal corps carryin' a crate o' pigeons... so I walks up to him. Hiyah Cap. I says -- Carrier pigeons? No, thanks, he says. I'm only goin' across the street. Well sir --

SOUND:

FIB: QUIT THAT POUNDIN' SIL... I'M TRYIN TO TALK.

SIL: Yassuh... ah was jus' tryin' to get busy so --

FIB: SIL... QUIT THAT TALKING. I'M TRYIN TO WORK.

SIL: Yassuh!

SOUND:

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Say, Fibber -

1. SIL: Oh hiyah Harpo... just the guy I wanna see. You still sellin' Johnson's Glocoat?

2. WIL: WHY YOU KNOW I AM.

3. FIB: Sure I do, when I stop to think. But you do it so smooth and graceful, I ain't hardly conscious of it.

4. WIL: You ain't hardly conscious.

5. FIB: That's what I sa -- EH? Listen Harpo... the question I wanted to ask is this: WILL JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT KEEP THE CREAKS OUT OF YOUR FLOORS?

6. WIL: No, but it will keep the creaks out of your back, because Glo-Coat requires no bending over or hard rubbing. Just spread a little on the floor or linoleum with the long handled applicator and in 20 minutes or less, it dries to a beautiful luster that -

7. FIB: Okay Okay Okay ... you answered the question, Harpo... Now whadja want?

8. WIL: I just wanted to tell you, I'm afraid you'd better not plan on staying at my apartment. I have some relatives coming for a visit.

9. FIB: Close relatives?

10. WIL: No... they'll pay their share. So long pal.

DOOR SLAM

11. FIB: I wonder if he meant somethin' by that? Oh well... come on Sil... get busy...

SOUND:

FIB: OH OH...HEY SIL...LOOK...Here's a package under the floor.
...SOMEBODY MUSTA HID IT HERE!

SIL: Hot diggety...who do dat?

FIB: I'll bet I know...When Uncle Dennis was stayin here he was
always inventin' somethin' and hidin' it. YES THIS TAG
IS IN HIS HANDWRITIN'.

SIL: Wha do it say suh?

FIB: It says HANDS OFF. OLD INDIAN FORMULA FOR REMOVING
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Hot dog... I'll bet he's forgot it was here.
Sill there might be a fortune in this.

SIL: Yassuh, but it says hand off.

FIB: That's what I told him about my neckties and shirts, too. But
he didn't pay no attention. I'm gonna open it.

PAPER RATTLE

FIB: OLD INDIAN FORMULA FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. I wonder
what it (PAUSE) Well for the -

SIL: Fo' goodness sake! A tomahawk!

FIB: Oh well...let's get busy...we ain't hardly got --

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: SAY WHAT IS THIS? COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

1 NICK: Well hello there Fizzer...what on earth do I think you're
2 doing with all this noise, for the sake of goodness?

3 FIB: I'm takin' up these boards, Nick, to get the creak outa the
4 floors.

5 NICK: IS THAT SO...YOU MUST BE QUITE A BEHIND IN YOUR WORK FOR
6 SUCH A BIG RUMPUS, I'M THINKING.
7

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1. FIB: Listen Nick...we're pretty busy, so if ye don't mind --

2. NICK: Oh that is uckly duckly with me, Fizzer. There is nothing

3. like a good honest labor, if there's no way to get out of

4. it. But I just thought I would tell you about a sweets

5. little nannygoat I am reading last nights.

6. FIB: You mean ANECDOTE.

7. NICK: Sure an antidote. WELL SIR, THE NAME OF THIS STORIES IS

8. BEING KNOWN BY THE TITLE WHICH THE NAME OF IT WAS BEING "THE

9. HOPPERGRASS & THE ANTS."

10. FIB: You mean the Grasshopper and the Ants. That's another one

11. o' them Aesop's Fables and we all know it and we don't wanna

12. hear it again and so --

13. NICK: WELL SIR FIZZER, THAT IS A GOOD THING ABOUT THE RADIO - NOBODY

14. CAN STOP ME IF I'VE HEARD IT. Well sir, in this stories these

15. little ansies are being very hardworking little insectipusses

16. and they are putting away a marshall field of food for the

17. winterstime, you grob me?

18. FIB: A marshall field....OH YOU MEAN A BIG STORE OF FOOD. But

19. please Nick, I ain't got time to -

20. NICK: BUT THIS HOPPERGRASS, FIZZER, He was just being a jitterbug.

21. AND HE IS NOT SAVING A SWEET FOR A RAINY DAY.

22. FIB: You mean he didn't lay up a cent.

23. NICK: Sure. He wanted to be a cake-eater and have it, too. AND

24. YOU CAN'T DO IT!

25. FIB: Certainly not. If he'd been more ambitious, he mighta got

his picture in the paper.. "LOCUST BOY MAKES GOOD."

1. NICK: Heh heh heh ... that is very good Fizzer. I think you can

2. make a joke out of that. WELL SIR, WHEN WINTER IS COMING

3. ALONG IN FEBRUARY, THOSE LITTLE ANSIES ARE HAVING ALL THE

4. FOOD THEIR LITTLE HEARTBURN DESIRES, BUT THAT OLD HOPPERGRASS

5. IS HAVING A VERY CRUMMY TIME IN THE BREAD LINE, YOU GROB ME?

6. FIB: Yes yes yes ... I know...then he went to ants for some food

7. and they turned him down because he'd played all summer while

8. they worked and so --

9. NICK: THAT IS THE WHOLE TRING IN A NUTMEG, FIZZER. AND THE MORTAL

10. OF THE STORY IS BEING: "IF YOU ARE FULL OF HOPS IN THE

11. SUMMER TIMES, YOU ARE LIABLE TO HAVE ANTS IN YOUR PANTRY, THIS

12. WINTER." Well, so long Fizzer.

13. DOOR SLAM!

14. FIB: Come on Sil....we ain't makin' much progress, are we?

15. SIL: Ah ain' makin' any, suh.

16. FIB: Why not?

17. SIL: Ah busted mah hammeh.

18. FIB: ANWWW SILL...WHY'D YOU DO THAT? How can we WE GOTTA

19. FINISH THIS JOB...THE HOUSE IS IN A TERRIBLE MESS NOW.

20. SIL: Yassuh...it sho is, ain't it?

21. FIB: Oh well...we can't work without tools....COME ON. Let's go

22. down to the hardware store and get another hammer.

23. SIL: Okay suh...

24.

1 FIB: Shucks, if I'd of knew what a job this was gonna be, I'd
2 never of..... Come on, Sil...you ready?
3 SIL: Yassuh.. Go ahead suh.
4 DOOR SLAM
5 SOUND: SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK...
6 FIB: Listen to that Sil. Shucks, EVEN THIS CEMENT SIDEWALK SQUEAKS.
7 SIL: Mistah McGee...we is made a awful mistake.
8 FIB: Mistake?
9 SIL: Yassuh... them floo's nevah did squeak.
10 FIB: WHATCHA MEAN?
11 SIL: It's yo' SHOES!
12 FIB: My shoe...OH PSHAW!
13 ORK: "THERE'S A BRAND NEW PICTURE IN MY PICTURE FRAME"(FADE FOR)
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1 CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

2
3 When friends drop in to see you, do you ever suddenly feel
4 ashamed of your floors? Do you hope your friends won't notice how
5 faded and unattractive your linoleum looks -- how dull and lifeless
6 your wood floors are? If your floors are shining with JOHNSON'S GLO-
7 COAT, you can be proud of them at all times. You'll want people to see
8 them! GLO-COAT gives them such a spick and span look -- keeps the
9 colors of your linoleum bright and beautiful -- makes your floors easy
10 to clean -- saves you the drudgery of floor-scrubbing! And here's
11 something important that perhaps you don't know. Linoleum that is
12 protected with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT will wear three or four times as long,
13 and that means a big saving in money! Don't put it off any longer.
14 Buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the morning and enjoy
15 the satisfaction of having clean, polished floors that everyone will
16 admire. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-
17 POLISHING GLO-COAT, made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.
18
19 ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON GUE)
20
21
22
23