

NBC

ADVERTISER S. O. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & CO.
CHICAGO OUTLET (WMAQ - RED ())
8:30-9:00 PM DECEMBER 15, 1938 TUESDAY
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

WRITER
OK WINSOR ANDERSON
DON QUINN

SECOND CORRECTION

Page 2.

1. WIL: The Johnson's Wax Products Program.
2. ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"
3. WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's
4. Self-Polishing Globbat present Fibber McGee &
5. Company with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis,
6. The Four Notes and Billy Mills Orchestra. The
7. show opens with "YOU NEVER KNOW"!
8. ORK: "YOU NEVER KNOW"
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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

If you housewives want to save yourselves a lot of work and worry during the busy holiday season, be sure that your floors are protected with a shield of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Then, when food is spilled on the kitchen linoleum or when holly berries and mistletoe get crushed on the hall floor, no harm will be done. The stains will wipe right off the GLO-COAT polish and you'll be saved the back-breaking job of floor scrubbing. GLO-COAT is very easy to apply! Just spread a little of this remarkable liquid lightly over the floor with a soft cloth, or long-handled GLO-COAT Applier. Let it dry for 20 minutes. Then see the transformation! In place of a dull, dingy floor you have a beautiful polished floor, clean and sanitary -- safe for the children to play on. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Don't accept a substitute. You'll never be satisfied with cheap, inferior polishes that smear and streak. Get the real thing -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC UP TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

1. WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS A REAL JOB NOW...MANAGER OF THE
 2. BIGGEST HOTEL IN TOWN -- THE WISTFUL VISTA GILTMORE!
 3. SOUND: SWITCHBOARD CLICKING:
 4. 1st GIRL: Wistful Vista Gilmore! What is it, madam? You carried
 5. away one of our page boys by mistake? Well, just drop
 6. him in the nearest mailbox. We pay the postage...don't
 7. mention it...WISTFUL VISTA GILTMORE...
 8. 2nd GIRL: WISTFUL VISTA GILTMORE...yes sir...you wish to leave a
 9. call? For five A.M.? Yes sir...shall we have the
 10. garage send your milk wagon around at that time, sir?
 11. (ASIDE) Take the switchboard will ya, Maizie? I'm
 12. goin' out for a smoke. Say, did you get a load of the
 13. new manager?
 14. 1st GIRL: Yeah...ain't he a scream? I hear the owners hired him
 15. to put the hotel on its feet so they could sell it.
 16. 2nd GIRL: That guy? He couldn't put a centipede on its feet.
 17. Well, I'll be back in a minute, Maizie...
 18. 1st GIRL: Okay kiddo. WISTFUL VISTA GILTMORE!.. (FADE OUT) A
 19. reservation? Just a moment and...
 20. WIL: (LAUGHS) AND HERE, SITTING AT A BIG DESK, SURROUNDED
 21. BY PUSHBUTTONS, CORRESPONDENCE AND AN AIR OF IMPORTANCE,
 22. WE FIND, FIBBER (SERVICE-WITH-A-SMIRK) MCGEE!
 23. APPLAUSE: THEME
 24. FIB: (SINGS) In a small hotel...by a wishing well...
 25. WHERE'S MY SECRETARY?

1. SOUND: BUZZER DOOR LATCH

2. GIRL: Yessir?

3. FIB: You my personal Secretary, Sis?

4. GIRL: Yessir. I'm Miss Gregg.

5. FIB: Okay. Take a memo.

6. GIRL: Yessir. To whom did youse wish it to go to?

7. FIB: TO THE ENTIRE STAFF:

Effective this day, the Wistful Vista Giltmore enters a new era of super-service. SUCH practices as shining guests' shoes and returning them one shoe at a time to get two tips, will be eliminated.

9. GIRL: How do you spell eliminated?

10. FIB: E.l.i...double M...er...make it "DONE AWAY WITH."

11. GIRL: Yessir.

12. FIB: PARAGRAPH: Head WAITERS WILL RESERVE THREE TABLES FOR GUESTS WHO WISH TO FIGURE THEIR INCOME TAX ON TABLE CLOTHS. THOSE TABLES WILL BE EQUIPPED WITH TWO TABLECLOTHS WITH CARBON PAPER IN BETWEEN, TO BE PRESENTED TO THE GUEST WHEN HE LEAVES.

13. GIRL: That will be all sir?

14. FIB: Yes, that's all for now. Is there -

15. TELEPHONE:

16. GIRL: I'll answer it, sir...

1. FIB: OH NO YE DON'T!!! IT MIGHT BE FOR ME. (CLICK) Hello,

2. ...yes this is the manager...What say bud? Send up

3. the house detective? What for? YOUR WIFE RAN OUT ON

4. YOU? You don't want the house dick...you want the

5. baggage room. I think you've lost your grip. (CLICK)

6. Anybody waitin' to see me, Miss Gregg?

7. GIRL: Yes sir. A gentleman.

8. FIB: Has he been waiting long?

9. GIRL: Has he! He's still wearing a straw hat!

10. FIB: Well, tell him I'm busy. We got chicken pot-pie on the

11. menu tonite and I gotta figure out how much veal we're

12. gonna need.

13. GIRL: I think this man wants to buy the hotel.

14. FIB: He wants to...HEY BRING HIM IN...RIGHT AWAY...You

15. shouldn't keep people waitin' like that!

16. DOOR LATCH AND SLAM...DOOR LATCH

17. MAN: The manager?

18. FIB: You betcha bud...have a chair..

19. MAN: Thank you. Now what-I -

20. FIB: Have a cigar?

21. MAN: Thanks, I have one.

22. FIB: Ye got two? Thanks. My name is McGee, bud.

23. MAN: I'll get right to the point, McGee...I want to buy

24. this hotel.

25.

1. FIB: Well, we wanta sell it, too. How much you prepared to
 2. offer?
 3. MAN: Fifty thousand but I'll pay 75 thousand.
 4. FIB: Well, I'm supposed to ask a hundred'n fifty thousand
 5. and come down to a hundred thousand, so we're only 25
 6. grand apart. Pretty cozy situation, ain't it?
 7. MAN: Very tidy. I'll be in later and we'll discuss it.
 8. FIB: Why not discuss it now?
 9. MAN: I cut my hand on a razor blade this morning. I'll
 10. be in when it heals up.
 11. FIB: What's that got to do with it?
 12. MAN: Well, when I argue, I like to pound on the desk with
 13. my fist. See you later.
 14. DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.
 15. FIB: Hmm... a desk pounder. MISS GREGG.
 16. GREGG: Yessir?
 17. FIB: Run out and get me a low collar to wear when he comes
 18. back. I wanna be able to shake my head comfortably.
 19. GREGG: Yessir.
 20. FIB: And tell the desk clerk to inform the Bell Captain
 21. where guests are registered from and slip their home-town
 22. paper under their doors.
 23. GREGG: Yes sir. How about Mr. MacTavish, in 1403, sir? He's
 24. registered from Edinburgh.
 FIB: Slip him the Detroit Free Press.

1. GREGG: Yessir.
 2. FIB: Any interesting personalities registered today?
 3. GREGG: Yes sir... George Washington just checked in with Martha.
 4. FIB: Good. Tell our publicity department to get the inside
 5. story on the Boston Tea Party, with pictures. Whaddye
 6. think o' that for a stunt?
 7. GREGG: It's revolutionary.
 8. FIB: AHEM. Push the button that summons the Bell Captain
 9. and all his bellboys.
 10. GREGG: Yes sir.
 11. SOUND: BUZZER
 12. GREGG: There was an important item for your attention,
 13. Mr. McGee.
 14. FIB: Yes yes yes?
 15. GREGG: A damage suit has just been filed against the Hotel
 16. by Mrs. Wilbur Clutton.
 17. FIB: What's the case? Did she find a crossword puzzle in
 18. our alphabet soup?
 19. GREGG: No sir... she fell off a stool in the coffee shop.
 20. She said she was on the top deck of a 3-decker sandwich
 21. and got seasick.
 22.
 23.
 24.

FIB: Mr. Wilbur Glutton, eh? Tell her to see our lawyer.
Who is our lawyer?

GREG: Wilbur Glutton.

FIB: Oh. Ahem well---

DOOR LATCH: MARCHING FEET IN AND OUT WITH ONE-TWO COUNT

BELL CAPT: Beg to report sir, all bellboys present or accounted for except number 34.

FIB: Where's he?

CAPT: The guest in room 2245 asked him to put five dollars on a horse at Santa Anita. He should be back by Friday.

FIB: Well, I'm glad it wasn't the Calcutta Sweepstakes
NOW BOYS, AFTER ALL, I'M A EMPLOYEE OF THIS HOTEL AS WELL AS YOU, AND I WANT YOU TO CONSIDER ME AS THE FATHER OF ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY.

BOY: Hey Pa...buy me a bicycle?

FIB: Maybe I better just be a stepfather. Now LISTEN BOYS I heard one o' you paging a guest in the lobby this morning, and I heard the man's name VERY DISTINCTLY. That aint right. Page 'em like this....CALLING MR. SNHWKMALW....
CALLING MR. FNLPLRFS .. See? Don't be so definite.
It's the misunderstood people in this world that gets all the help and sympathy.

CAPT: Sorry sir...we'll correct that. BOYS! REPORT TO THE CLOAK ROOM ON THE MEZZANINE AT 4 P.M. TO PRACTICE MUMBING

CHORUS: YESSIR!

1. CAPT: ATTEN-SHUN! FORWARD...MARCH!

2. SOUND: MARCHING FEET FADE TO DOOR SLAM.

3. FIB: That's a bright bunch o' boys, Miss Gregg. A guest

4. told one of 'em to go get the grip in his car, and the

5. kid come back and told the guy he'd rode around all

6. day with the top down and could only get a slight sniffle.

7. Watch the office Miss Gregg...I'm goin' down to the barber

8. shop for a shave.

9. GREGG: You'd better not, sir.

10. FIB: Why not?

11. GREGG: Your telephone is going to ring at the bottom of this

12. page.

13. FIB: Oh...thanks. (SINGS) In a small hotel...by a wishing

14. well.....

15. TELEPHONE:

16. FIB: MANAGER'S OFFICE UNLESS IT'S A COMPLAINT...OTHERWISE,

17. WRONG NUMBER...EH? Mr. Sampson in room 4536? I see.

18. Okay, Mr. Sampson...I'll see what we can do (CLICK)

19. GREGG: What did he want, sir?

20. FIB: A full length mirror. He says he's only gotta half-length

21. mirror in his room and twice he's gone down to the

22. dining room without his pants.

23. DOOR LATCH:

24. MILLS: Did you ring for me, Fibber?

25. FIB: No, Billy, I didn't.

MILLS: I know it. But you'll admit it's a better entrance than if I just walked in and you said "OH HHH, BILLY MILLS" and I said "OH HHH HELLO FIBBER," as if it were a great surprise. That's too dilly for me.

FIB: Okay, Billy... you're in, anyway. Whatcha gonna play?

MILLS: Jeoper Creepers, and the Four Notes are going to sing the chorus.

FIB: JEEPERS CREEPERS EH? I love those old-fashioned folk songs. My old mammy used to sing that to me, when I was just a baby.

MILLS: It isn't a lullaby... it's a hot number.

FIB: Well, I was an incubator baby. Well, you go ahead with it, while I take a quick run thru the hotel and check up on things. FOLKS, BILLY MILLS AND THE FOUR NOTES, PLAYIN' AND SINGIN' "JEEPERS CREEPERS"?

ORK: "JEEPERS CREEPERS"

APPLAUSE: \

1. 2nd SPOT:

2. FIB: Thank you, Billy and the Four Notes. You certainly

3. crept up on that Jeoper. (SINGS) "TWO CREEPY JEEPLE,

4. BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT-----

5. FIB: Hey desk clerk? How's business?

6. CLERK: Very good, Mr. McGee. Had a little trouble a minute

7. ago, but it's all smoothed over.

8. FIB: What was wrong?

9. CLERK: Oh some man in the Marine Room got three sheets in

10. the wind and couldn't navigate.

11. FIB: Hmmm. Tell the bartender to get a baseball bat, and

12. change the name to the TAP ROOM.

13. CLERK: Yessir and I wish you would speak to your friends about

14. not taking up so much space on the register sir. Look

15. at this page. This man just registered.

16. FIB: Let's see it... Hmmm... NAME: Harlow Wilcox

17. ADDRESS: 14th & Oak, Wistful Vista

18. FIRM NAME: S. O. JOHNSON & SON

19. Racine Wisconsin, makers of Johnson's self-polishing

20. Gloccoat, the finest protective finish for floors, and

21. linoleum. Johnson's Gloccoat is a favorite among good

22. housewives because it requires no rubbing or buffing, and

23. ---HEY, HE CAN'T DO THAT ON OUR HOTEL REGISTERS... WHERE IS

24. HE?

25.

CLERK: Right over there Sir - watching nickels with the porter
 2. FIB: I'll talk to him. Hey HARPO!
 3. WIL: Oh Hello, Fibber, Nice Hotel. Say do you allow dogs
 4. in here? I'm taking care of my sister's pup. Mind if
 5. I keep it in my room?
 6. FIB: What kind of a dog is it?
 7. WIL: Pekinese.
 8. FIB: Oh...I was gonna say, if it was a wire hair, I'd have
 9. the electrician take care of it
 10. WIL: Who takes care of the Pekes?
 11. FIB: The house detective. NOW LISTEN HARPO...Our registers
 12. ain't for advertisin'....they're so our clerks can
 13. memorize the names of the guest. It gives a more
 14. friendly feeling in the hotel.
 15. CLERK: EXCUSE ME, MR. COGSWELL, YOUR ROOM IS READY.
 WIL: MY NAME IS WILCOX.
 CLERK: Oh, excuse me, sir. BOY, TAKE MR. HITCHCOCK'S BAGS TO
 1. ROOM 1235.
 19. FIB: Ahem. You get good accomodations, Harpo?
 20. WIL: Well, not what I wanted...I asked for a quiet room
 21. inside and all you had left were outside rooms
 22. FIB: Yes, there's a lawyer's convention in town and they all
 23. want rooms facin' the court. Well, see you later, Harpo.
 24. WIL: Okay, Pal.
 25.

1. FIB: Now lemme see... (HUMS -- "SWELL HOTEL") I think I better
 2. get that old duffer outa the lobby...he's been sleepin'
 3. in that chair all day...HEY YOU BUD...ARE YOU A
 4. REGISTERED GUEST?
 5. OLD MAN: Oh Hello there Johnny! How's my credit for a dinner
 6. check?
 7. FIB: Oh I guess I can okay it for you, Old Timer. Pretty
 8. hungry?
 9. OLD MAN: Ehrrrrrr?
 10. FIB: I says you always eat here?
 11. OLD MAN: Well, I was supposed to meet a friend of mine in the
 12. lobby here for lunch, but he only brought enough for
 13. himself.
 14. FIB: (LAUGHS) Well if people are gonna start havin' picnics
 15. in our lobby -- I suppose the hotel better take out
 16. some foyer insurance -- (LAUGHS)
 17. OLD MAN: Heh heh heh - That's pretty good Johnny, but that ain't
 18. the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says
 19. to tother feller, "SAYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE CHICAGO
 20. GONNA HAVE A NEW MAYOR. SECRETARY ICKES MIGHT RUN AGAINST
 21. BIG HILL THOMPSON. THINK HE CAN BEAT HIM?" "I DUNNO," says tother
 22. feller, "ICKES AINT BEEN SCARED BY A BIG BILL YET!" Heh hehheh... I
 23. always say, Johnny, if anybody oughtta have intestinal fortitude, it's a
 24. Secretary of the Interior. (FADE OUT) Heh heh heh...
 25.

FIB: Intestinal forti...why that old Fudge-busset
 Imagine him hangin' around a hotel lobby? He'd be
 an old rake if he had any teeth! AHEM. Now lemme
 see...I guess I better inspect the baggage room.
 (SINGS) In a small hotel...by a wishing WELL, HIYAH
 SIL: How's it goin'?

SIL: Hiyah Mist' McGee suh. Thanks fo' gittin' me this
 heah job as Po'tah.

FIB: Oh that's okay Sil. Glad to help ye out.

SIL: Yassuh...ah tell Rosebud. (ROSEBUD, that's mah gal)
 ah tell Rosebud ah is gotta job as Po'tah and shew
 her mah red cap and she say it real cute...she wanna
 put a lil feathah in the hat band but ah say NOSSUH...
 you caint do that honey.

FIB: Oh there wouldn't be no objection to a little feather
 in your porter's cap, Sil. Why not let Rosebud do it?

SIL: Nossuh...not me. suppos'n ah's wrasslin' a big trunk
 th'ough the lobby and somebody see that feather...they
think ah'm a sissy!

FIB: Sissies don't wrestle trunks, Sil. It's pretty hard to
 swish with a two hundred pounds o' leather on your back.
 How's everything else goin'?

1 SIL: Okay suh. Exceptin' fo' that lady in room 1452. Ah sho
 2 hope sho don' catch mo' cold.

3 FIB: Whtcha mean, catch more cold?

4 SIL: Well, suh, she ask me to bring up a heavy ole trunk
 5 up to her room and when ah do it, she open it up, take
 6 a lil hankehchief out an' say, OKAY BOY...TAKE IT BACK!
 7 Wht she needs is hot applications. next time she calls
 8 take her up a steamer trunk. What's them bags there
 9 with the rice all over 'em. Newlywed stuff?

10 SIL: Yassuh. the man check 'em while he look up trains to
 11 Niagra Falls, suh.

12 FIB: Takin' a bridal tour?

13 SIL: Nossuh...she goin' along real quiet.

14 FIB: No, I meant -

15 UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, Mr McGee.

16 FIB: Hiyah Mrs. Uppington.

17 SIL: Hiyah Mis' Uppin'ton, ma'am.

18 UPP: Good day, Silvius. Delightful hotel you have here, Mr
 19 McGee...SIMPLY delightful. Except for the plumbing,
 20 of course.

21 FIB: Something wrong with the plumbing in your room, Uppy?

22 SIL: Ah'll have the plumbah right up, theah, please ma'am

23 FIB: Wht's the matter, Uppy?

24 UPP: It's my bawth.

25 FIB: Your bawth?

UPP: Yes...the watah drains out so SLOWLY. It's veddy annoying.

FIB: Shucks, that ain't the plumbing, Uppy. It's your personal charm. The water just hates to leave. (LAUGHS)

UPP: Mister McGee.....PLEASE...and Mr. McGee...the girl in the beauty shop was VEDDY rude to me this morning. VEDDY rude.

FIB: She was eh? What's she do, Uppy?

UPP: Well, I asked her how she thought I would look with my hair done up on top of my head the new way, and she awsked me if I could stand on my head and walk on my hands.

FIB: What'd she wanna know that for?

UPP: She said it would be a cute way to apply Johnson's Glocoat to the kitchen floor! HEAVENS!

FIB: I'm afraid she's like a floor that ain't ever had Glocoat, herself, Uppy. Not quite bright. OH YES... MRS. UPPINGTON.....when you gonna pay your bill?

UPPY: My Bill!

FIB: Yes...the cashier says you been stayin' here seven weeks and ain't paid a cent. I don't blame you for bein' coy with the cash, but don't be so remiss with the reunits.

UPP: Good heavens, Mr. McGee...I didn't know one was supposed to pay ones bills in this hotel?

FIB: NOT PAY YOUR BILLS! WHY NOT?

1. UPP: I understood it was run on the EUROPEAN PLAN. Well

2. good day, Mr. McGee....good day Silvius.

3. SIL: So long, ma'am.

4. FIB: Reminds me of a argument I had with one o' the other

5. guests, Sil. As long as I got excited about his bill,

6. he refused to pay.

7. SIL: What's you do, suh?

8. FIB: After that I just stayed calm, and collected! Well, I

9. gotta go inspect the kitchen, Sil. You stay on the job

10. and

11. BOOM: Just a moment there, Short subject! I'd like to reclaim

12. some luggage. The name is Boomer. Horatio K. Boomer.

13. FIB: You checkin' out, Boomer?

14. BOOM: Yes, my boy...my room is a little too chilly...left the

15. ice water running last night while I went to a movie.

16. and when I came back, the mice were holding an ice

17. carnival under my bed. Hand me that handsome airplane

18. bag over there, my boy. I'll give you the check later.

19. FIB: Oh yeah? Listen Boomer...you can't get no baggage

20. outa here unless you gotta check for it.

BOOM: Oh yes...a check...let me see now...should have one here somewhere...baggage check, baggage check. Where's my baggage check...Here's a small cake of soft wax...a good impression is the key to success, my boy...floor plan of the First National Bank..(never can find the men's washroom in there)...muzzle for a large dog... they will chase me with bloodhounds, will they! Street car transfer - hunting case watch - I'd better watch out in case they're hunting for it ----- fishing line and a couple of hooks...splendid for bedroom-window casting... caught a pair of trousers last night this long...and you should have seen the topcoat that got away...Hmmm... ace of spades...bottle of mouthwash... or is that nitro-glycerine? And a check for a short beer... WELL WELL...NO BAGGAGE CHECK...Imagine that...careless of me. Must have left it in somebody's pocket. WELL JUST HOLD MY LUGGAGE FOR ME, SMALL FRY.... I'VE GOT TO GO SEE SOME ANIMAL LOVERS ABOUT A BADGER GAME...YES... YES...

FIB: I think that guy is the missing link from a chain gang! Oh well, I better go inspect the kitchen.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. CLATTER OF PANS.

27. WIL: Ahhh... eet ees ze managairre!

3. FIB: Hiyah, Chef...how's it goin'?

4. WIL: Everything in ze kitchen, she is vairy good, M'sieu.

5. For ze dinnair tonight, I 'ave prepare a deesh w'ich

6. is magnifique...it ees extraordinaire...eet ees

7. merveilleuse...- in fact, M'sieu...it ees ze nuts!

8. FIB: That's swell...what is the piece-de-overcharge tonight?

9. WIL: Escargots een casserole.

10. FIB: Well, sounds very good. Sayyyy, this is quite a

11. staff o' cooks you got in the kitchen, Pierre. I

12. better tell the waiters to keep their gravy boats

13. headed into the wind...there's so many white caps

14. out here... (LAUGHS) Don't you get it, Pierre?

15. WIL: Ze managairre is please to make ze joke?

16. FIB: Yes, and when ze managairre is make ze joke, ze chef

she is better laugh or ze managair will make ze salary

18. cut. Say, gimme a taste o' that stuff.

RATTLE OF PAN

20. FIB: MMMM...delicious...gimme some more... (SMACKS LIPS)

21. Oh boy...is THAT somethin'! Send me up a flock o'

22. that for my dinner tonight.

23. WIL: Oui, M'sieu.

24. FIB: That's the best stuff I ever -- OH HIYAH DON.

25. DON: Hello, Fibber.

FIB: Smatter, Don? Gotta cold?

FIB: Hey Don...take a taste of this stuff Pierre has cooked up for tonight...it's marvelous...I'm havin' it for dinner.

DON: What is it?

FIB: It's er.....it's...what'd you say it was Pierre?

WIL: Escargots een casserole

FIB: And it's delicious, too. Never et nothin' like it. Try it, Don.

DON: No thanks. I don't care for snails.

FIB: Oh you don't know what you're missi...EH? YOU DON'T CARE FOR WHAT?

DON: SNAILS. Escargots are snails.

FIB: SNAIL...is THAT what I been -- O hhhhhhhh

SOUND: TERRIFIC CLATTER OF PANS. THUD.

WIL: You should not 'ave tell him M'sieu...he is faint in ze soup!

ORK: ??

APPLAUSE:

1. 3RD SPOT:

2. FIB: Folks, that was

3.

4.

5.

Oh, Miss Gregg!

6.

GREGG: Yes sir?

7.

FIB: Has that guy come back yet...about buyin' the hotel?

8.

GREGG: No sir, but there's a man who wants to reserve a suite for himself and five children.

9.

FIB: Can't take him...we're full up.

10.

GREGG: But he says you'd get a lot of publicity for the hotel

11.

....The children are quintuplets.

12.

FIB: I don't care...with me, a full house beats five of a kind.

13.

14.

TELEPHONE:

15.

FIB: (CLICK) Hello...yes, this is Marager McGee...WHO? Miss Fifi LaRue of the Fiddle Faddle Follies? Room 1345? WHAT? Why yes, Miss LaRue, I'll stop it right away. (CLICK) Miss Gregg...tell the housekeeper the window washers have washed Miss LaRue's windows 12 times this afternoon.

16.

17.

GREGG: Yes sir.

18.

FIB: When we advertise every room with a view, we mean for the guests, not the help.

19.

20.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

21.

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Hello there McGee...now about the price on this hotel...
How about 80 thousand?

FIB: Ninety thousand.

MAN: 85 thousand.

FIB: 85 THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED

MAN: 85 thousand 2 hundred and fifty

FIB: 85 thou...hey wait a minute...we're gonna close the
deal too quick at this rate. We oughtta at least
have the fun of bargaining. Let's start over.

MAN: All right...80 thousand...

FIB: Too low bud...how about ninety thous --

GREGG: Excuse me, sir...a Mr. Depopolis to see you.

FIB: Can't talk to him now, sis.

GREGG: But he insists, sir...he says he always comes in
on this part of the program.

FIB: I CAN'T HELP IT...I'M BUSY TALKIN' TO THIS
GENTLEMAN AND --

DOOR LATCH:

NICK: Well, hello there Fizzer...I hope I am not protruding
on a business confidences.

FIB: I'm sorry to say you are, Nick. If you can come back
some other time, I'll --

NICK: Oh that is ucky duckly, Fizzer. Whatever you are doing,
just go right ahead and let me talk.

FIB: Now Nick, please...this gentleman and I have a important
matter to --

NICK: THE REASONS I AM COMING IN TO SEE YOU FIZZER, is to
tell you a about a little stories I am reading lasts
nights in a book which my boy Demetrios is getting from
the public raspberry.

FIB: LIBRARY...and I ain't got time to --

NICK: It IS one of the most fascinasty pieces of friction...
am reading since pup was a heck, Fizzer. The name of it
was being known by the title which was being called by
the name of THE LITTLE DUTCH BOY WHO IS SAVING THE
DYKE..

FIB: Yes, I know the story, Nick...he saw a leak in the dyke
and --

NICK: NOW DON'T JUMP TO CONFUSIONS, Fizzer...let me tell this in
your own way. WELL SIR, THE SCENES OF THE STORY IS
TAKING PLACE A LONG LONG LONG TIME AGO, IN A LITTLE
CITY WHICH IS CALLING ITSELF AMSTERSHUCKS.

FIB: Amsterahu...OH YOU MEAN AMSTERDAM.

NICK: Not on the radio, Fizzer.. WELL SIR, THE GEOGRAPUSS IN THIS COUNTRIES IS BEING VERY WET...BECAUSE THE OCIM IS BEING UP HIGHER THAN THE AGRICULTURAL, WHICH IS A GOOD TRICK IF YOU CAN DO IT, AND THEY DID IT.

FIB: I know, Nick, I know..now if you'll excuse me, this gentleman and I have a very important --

NICK: WELL SIR, ONE DAY, THERE IS A LITTLE DUTCH SQUEEGEE, WHO IS BEING CALLED HANS. LOTS OF THOSE DUTCH PEOPLE IS CALLING HIMSELF HANS, FIZZER..THAT IS BECAUSE THEY ARE LIVING IN SUCH CLOSE PROXIMIPUSS TO THE OCIM. YOU KNOW..HANS ACROSS THE SEA...Heh heh heh..I am making a fine joke, I'm thinking.

FIB: LISTEN, Nick..tell me some other time..I'm busy and

NICK: WELL SIR..THIS LITTLE BOYS, WHO IS WEARING A PAIR OF WOODEN SHOES, EVERYBODY THERE IS WEARING WOODEN SHOES, FIZZER..I THINK THEY ARE SAVING MONEY BY GETTING A SHOE SHINE WITH JOHNSON'S WAX, YOU GROB ME? ANYWAY, THIS SQUEEGEE IS WALKING ALONG THE DYKE, WHICH IS BEING A HIGH WALL TO KEEP THE FISH FROM BITING THE PEDESTRIMANS, AND ALL OF A SUDDENLY, WHAT DO I THINK YOU THINK HE IS SEEING?

FIB: Oh he saw a little trickle of water seeping thru the dyke!..but --

1. NICK: SURE..IT WAS A VERY TRICKLISH SITUASIPUSS! HE IS
2. KNOWING THAT IF THE LITTLE TICKLE OF WATERS IS GETTIN
3. BIGGER, IT IS MAKING A BIGGER HOLES IN THE DYKE AND
4. THE WHOLE NETHERLANDS IS DUNKING ITSELF. SO HE IS
5. STICKING HIS THUMB IN THE HOLE AND STOPPING THE LEAKS,
6. WHICH ALL THE WHILE HE IS HOLLERING FOR A PLUMBER.

7. FIB: Yea yes yea..I know..I know..HE KEPT THE LEAK PLUGGED
8. UP ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT TILL SOMEBODY CAME ALONG AND
9. SAW HIM AND HE GOT CREDIT FOR SAVING HOLLAND.

10. NICK: THAT IS THE STORIES IN A NUTCRACKER. AND THE MORALS
11. OF THE STORY IS, FIZZER, "IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT BRAINS
12. ENOUGH TO USE YOUR THUMB FOR SOMETHING BESIDES
13. HITCHHIKING, YOU ARE LIABLE TO GET IN DUTCH! Well
14. so long, Fizzer.

15. DOOR SLAM:

16. FIB: Sorry for the interruption, bud. Now let's get back to
17. business; You ready to pay 85 thousand for this hotel?

18. MAN: Certainly..You can have my certified check in the
19. morning.

20. FIB: Oh that ain't necessary, bud..you don't have to have it
21. certified..I trust you. Just simply oash it and bring
22. in the money.

23. MAN: Very well. There is only one more item..there will
24. have to be clause in the bill of sale to the effect
25. that the building must be torn down within two weeks.

FIB: THIS HOTEL TORN DOWN? Hey..what's the idea?
MAN: I don't want a hotel. I'm buying this space for a parking lot.
FIB: Well, yes, but..but shucks, I can't tear this building down inside o' two weeks..that's impossible. Why -

DOOR LATCH:

GREG: Telegram, Mr. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Excuse me, bud..(TEARING PAPER) (LAUGHS) WELL..THIS TELEGRAM SOLVES THE WHOLE THING, BUD.

MAN: How so?

FIB: (LAUGHS) THIS BUILDING WILL BE A COMPLETE WRECK INSIDE O' TEN DAYS.

MAN: How can you do that?

FIB: WE JUST BOOKED THE AMERICAN LEGION CONVENTION, IN HERE!

ORK: "THIS CAN'T BE LOVE" FADE FOR -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

1. Fibber will be back in a moment and now may I make a suggestion about
2. your Christmas shopping. Why not give your friends something really
3. useful - something to make their homes more attractive and their work
4. easier? Give them a can of Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat and
5. they'll appreciate it a lot more than something for which they have
6. no particular use. GLO-COAT works like magic on floors and linoleum.
7. Gives a grand polish without rubbing or buffing! GLO-COAT keeps floors
8. clean and bright - does away with the drudgery of floor scrubbing. If
9. you haven't yet tried JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your own linoleum and
10. floors, then make yourself a Christmas present! Let GLO-COAT polish
11. your floors for you while you sit back and watch!

12.
13.
14. Anytime during the year you are buying polishes for your floors,
15. furniture or linoleum or for your car, remember you can have special
16. confidence in Johnson's Wax products.

17. ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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