

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

197

6:30 PM -
Tuesday - March 21, 1939

NBC-Red

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Company with Jim Jordan as
Fibber, Donald Novis as himself, the four notes as a
quartet, Zazu Pitts as our special guest, and Billy Mills
orchestra as they open the show with -- "Life Begins When
You're in Love"!

ORCHESTRA: "LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE"....FADE FOR:

WIL: (OPENING COMMERCIAL - Page 3)

March 21, 1939
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC
TIME: 55 seconds

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(CUE)
WILCOX: Now we have an announcement of special interest to every housewife.

(~~LAUGH~~...~~LAUGH~~)

Here's a real Bargain offer for you! By acting at once, you can buy JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in big Giant size cans for the same price you usually pay for the regular pound and pint sizes. When you buy these Giant size cans, you get one-third more WAX or Glo-COAT for your money! This offer is made for a limited time only! When the present supply of Giant size cans is gone, there won't be any more. So go to your dealer the first thing tomorrow morning. Buy several cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING ~~GLO-COAT~~ while you can get them at a money-saving price! During Spring cleaning you will want plenty of WAX and GLO-COAT in the house. So don't delay. Get your supply of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow without fail. Ask your dealer for the special Giant size cans and get a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third for the same price you usually pay for one pint or one pound.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"....FADE

(2ND REVISION)

4-5

WIL: WELL, THE VERNAL EQUINOX IS HERE AND THE AIR IS FULL OF CLEAN-UP, PAINT-UP, DRESSUP, EASTER-PARADE ENTHUSIASM. SO ...IN THE SPIRIT OF GENERAL REFURBISHING, OUR HERO IS GETTING HIS SPRING HAIRCUT. AND HERE, WAITING HIS TURN IN THE WISTFUL VISTA TONSORIAL PARLORS, WE FIND -- FIBBER (Goldilocks) McGEE!

SOUND: (CASH REGISTER)

BARBER: Thank you - you next sir!

FIB: Okay bud. Gimme a haircut.

BARBER: Yesir. Shall I go right ahead, or do you want an estimate first?

FIB: Well I did let it get a little long at that. I guess my hair grows fast because I got such a fertile brain. You're a new barber here, ain't you?

BARBER: Yesir. I used to have a shop in the south seas...at Waikiki.

FIB: Oh a beachcomber!

BARBER: No, just a - Hawaiian Clipper.

SOUND: SHEARS

BARBER: Your hair is getting a little thin on top, isn't it?

FIB: Aw it ain't never no such a thing. They ain't a man in my whole family that ever went bald.

SOUND: SHEARS SNIPPING: DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Linen service. Anything today, Frank?

BARBER: Yes..two dozen towels...six aprons..ten bars of soap and another carton of Slick-Dickey Dressing.

MAN: How you fixed for conversation?

BARBER: N-n-no...I guess not today. I still got 18 minutes of the European situation...7 minutes of who'll win the pennant and four minutes of will Roosevelt run for a third term.

MAN: How about five or six minutes of the weather ain't what it was when you were a kid?

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BARBER: No thanks....not today.

MAN: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Say what is this? Six minutes of who'll win the pennant and weather and all stuff like that there?

BARBER: Oh we barbers subscribe to a conversation service....~~a branch of the conversation service~~. Every day they supply us with 15 or 20 minutes of monologue with a few jokes.... enough to last one haircut and a shave. HOLD STILL!

SOUND: SHEARS

FIB: Take plenty off the top, bud.

MAN: Whaddye mean plenty off the top? I'm just a barber....not a magician. You had plenty off the top when you came in.

FIB: Go on! -- you mean you really think I'm losin' my hair? Why shucks, I -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

OLD MAN: Hello there Frank ... how long I have to wait for a shampoo? I gotta heavy date tonight and I wanna smell good...Oh hello there, Johnny. Whatcha doin' - gettin' a fitting for a toupee?

FIB: NO, I AINT...and I'm gettin' a little tired o' bein' told I'm gettin' bald.

OLD MAN: EHHHH?

FIB: I says NO...I AIN'T GETTIN' MEASURED FOR A TOUPEE. I don't need one....and even if I did, this is no climate for a convertible top.....(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, "SAYYYY", he says..."I'M GETTIN' FED UP ON THIS WAR TALK. I'VE HEERED NOTHIN' BUT EUROPE, EUROPE, ALL THRU MARCH!"

"WELL, says tother feller, "YOU'RE LUCKY YOU LIVE OVER HERE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO HEAR 'EM MARCH, MARCH, MARCH, ALL THRU EUROPE!"

Heh heh heh....I'll wanta manicure, too Frank...and if you hear bells ringin' tonight it ain't the curfew...that's me kickin' the gong around! So long Johnny!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

FIB: There goes a gentleman of the old school - still a sophomore. Pretty near thru with this haircut, bud?

BARBER: Yessir...all thru...how's it look, sir?

FIB: Pretty good...but you took a little too much off in front there.

BARBER: I didn't touch the front...there wasn't any hair there.

FIB: WHAT? You ... say, kiddin' aside, you really think I'm gettin' bald?

BARBER: Oh I wouldn't say you were getting BALD, exactly - but I bet your comb and brush lay there on the dresser and wonder how they can get on relief. That'll be 90¢ please.

FIB: What! 90¢ for a haircut?

BARBER: Yessir - 75 for the haircut and 15 for a tip. Thank YOU!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: 90¢! That guy's runnin' the wrong kind of a clip-joint! Say, I wonder if I AM losing my hair...

MILLS: Hello there Fibber...What are you looking so worried about?

FIB: Aw the barber just told me I was gettin' bald. You think I am, Billy?

MILLS: Well, frankly, I do, Fibber. I was telling Don Novis yesterday that your face looked a lot LOWER than it used to.

FIB: Oh yeah? How about you? That shiny dome o' yours'd arouse a awful maternal feeling in a ostrich. But you really think my hair's gettin' thin, eh, Billy? I hope I don't get as bald as you.

MILLS: It doesn't bother me. It's a sign of mental activity. There's no grass on a race track, you know.

FIB: Yes I know...your scalp certainly got the run-around, didn't it? Well, go ahead, Billy. FOLKS, DON NOVIS SINGIN' "KISS YOUR HAND, MADAME."

ORCHESTRA: "I KISS YOUR HAND, MADAME" -- NOVIS.
APPLAUSE

FIB: Don, that was simply marvelous. It was great....though you must get tired o' hearin' me say that week after week.

DON: Must I?

FIB: Well-l-l no, you don't have to. I just thought....Oh by the way, Don - take a look at my hair.

DON: Alright....

FIB: See anything to give you a shock?

DON: I certainly do....you gotta haircut!

FIB: No no no!...I mean, you think I'm beginning to lose my hair?

DON: Well, I was just talking to Billy about that. I said that people with wavy hair weren't so apt to get bald.

FIB: And what'd he say?

DON: He said your hair was waving alright -- waving goodbye!

FIB: ~~Oh yeah? Well, you better do somethin' about your own hair, Don. You could use a little cranial reforestation yourself.~~

DON: ~~Don't be like that...I simply have a high forehead.~~

FIB: ~~I'll say you gotta high forehead. I come up behind you yesterday and I seen you were frowning before you even turned your head.~~

DON: ~~Just the same, you'd better do something about yours. Unless you want to be like that sailor I wrote the limerick about.~~

FIB: ~~Oh, did you write a limerick? Let's hear it, Don!~~

DON: ~~Oh...A BALDHEADED SAILOR NAMED BEST,
INCENSED AT SOME LAD'S CRUEL JEST,
NAMED A LOUPE ON THE TRUNK
BY HIS BUNK SO NO PUNK
COULD DENY HE HAD HAIR ON HIS CHEST!~~

Well....see you later, Baldy!

around here

FIB: Baldy! If I can't get a little decent respect ~~any~~
~~own program, I'm gone~~ -

SOUND: (MANY HORSES' HOOVES GALLOPING IN...OUT WITH:)

TOUGH: Whoa, dere...WHOAA...Hey, Buddy - are youse Fibbeh McGee?

FIB: You betcha, Bud...Where'd you get all the horses?

TOUGH: I just drove 'em in from Washin'ton, D.C. Your Congressman sent 'em to ya.

FIB: Hey, wait a minute...there's some mistake....Why's my Congressman sendin' me a herd o' horses?

TOUGH: He said you wrote him a letteh and ast him to send youse a bunch o' steeds.

FIB: I didn't say STEEDS....I says SEEDS!

TOUGH: Oh....I'm SORRY!

(HORSES' HOOVES GALLOP OUT)

FIB: I'll give the Congressman credit for tryin' anyway! He's *He's*
guess I better go look up some scalp specialist.
~~probably heard the old sayin'...."A constituent in time saves nine."~~ Well, I guess I better get over to the Doctor's so --

OH HIYAH, MRS. UPPINGTON!

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mr. McGee....delightful spring weathah, isn't it, reahhly....Do you know that I actually saw a ROBIN this morning...(LAUGHS) A dear little Robin Redbosom!

FIB: A little Robin Redbosom! Well!!! ~~There's a cute switch, folks! A bird gets the censor!~~

UPP: I'm afraid you lack all appreciation for the beautiful springtime Mr. McGee...with the birds and the bees and the wildflowers...Oh, if I knew the language of the flowers... so I could greet each tiny green bud...high up in the trees.

FIB: I can, Uppy.

UPP: Oh HOW, Mr. McGee?...

FIB: ...HI...BUD!

UPP: ~~Oh, Silly Boy! You know Horatio feels the same way I do about the springtime...when I'd like to be back on the farm of his boyhood...so he could get up break of day to tap the maple trees for syrup!~~

FIB: ~~Don't be surprised if he does, Uppy...I hear the sap is rising early this year.~~

UPP: Heavens, Mr. McGee...MUST you be so cynical...really? ~~CAWNT~~ you be more *snit!* ~~cheerful?~~

FIB: No, I cawnt, Uppy. I just had bad news...I'm losin' my hair.

UPP: Oh you are aren't you? Poor boy! What do you suppose is the cause?

FIB: Worry, I guess.

UPP: But what are you worried about?

FIB: About losin' my hair. (~~Though that joke has got whiskers enough to make up for it~~). Well, see you later, Uppy. I gotta go look up a scalp specialist.

UPP: Well try to be more cheerful, Mr. McGee...remembah...it is SPRING, SPRING, SPRING, TRA LA! Oh, it makes me feel so GOOD, REAHLLY...*God* I should like to go out in the early morn and dawnce among the dew-drops like a dainty little fawn!

FIB: Hmmm...some fawn, eh folks?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh I know you think I am just being a silly girl.

(LAUGH) Well..so nice to have seen you, Mr. McGee..goodbyeec

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FIB: A lot she cares about me goin' bald! Springtime...BLAH!...

PINCH: Say Doc...excuse me, but did I hear youse say you was
gettin' bald?

FIB: Yes you did, Bud...Why? You a scalp specialist?

PINCH: No...I'm a tattoo artist...how about tattooin' a little
sentiment on your bald spot...kind of an epitaph, kinda....

FIB: You mean, "HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW?" Somethin' like that?

PINCH: Yeh...or, how about: MY HAIR JUST FELL OUT, FOLKS,
I DIDN'T GET SCALPED.
I TRIED FOURTEEN TONICS
BUT NONE OF 'EM HALPED.

FIB: No thanks, Bud...I guess not. I may look like a pinhead,
but I don't wanna be engraved.

PINCH: Okay...just an idea....

FIB: That tonic might not be a bad idea at that...wonder what's
a good remedy....I might try a....OH HIYA, HARPO.

WIL: Hello, Fibber. I just - SAY, you are getting bald, aren't you?

FIB: You think I'am?

WIL: I sure do - when I walked up behind you just now, I could see
you were frowning before you even turned around.

FIB: Say - How do you keep your hair so healthy-lookin', Harpo?

WIL: I guess I owe it all to my Mother. When I was a little boy,
she used to spend whole mornings and afternoons just brushing
my hair. BRUSH BRUSH BRUSH...right down to the roots.

FIB: Just workin' her fingers to the bone, eh? How'd she ever
have time to do her housework? (GRAB IT, HARPO!)

WIL: ... (FAST) WHY SHE HAD PLENTY OF TIME FOR HER HOUSEWORK BECAUSE SHE USED JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, THE NO-RUBBING, NO-BUFFING POLISH FOR FLOORS AND LINOLEUMS THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES.

FIB: Ain't he wonderful, folks? So you owe it all to your mother, eh, Harpo?

WIL: Yes, I do, Fibber... I remember I used to say to her, "SAY, MOMMY" -

FIB: Wait a minute... take that lollypop outa your mouth!

WIL: (LAUGHS) I'd say, "SAY, MOMMY... WHY DON'T YOU EVER TALK ABOUT HOW TIRED YOU ARE, AND WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ROUGH, SCRUBBY HANDS LIKE THE OTHER LITTLE BOYS' MAMAS?"

FIB: Shrewd little tyke, wasn't you?

WIL: AND THEN MOMMY WOULD TAKE ME ON HER KNEE AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT HOW EASY AND QUICK IT IS TO USE GLOCOAT.. AND THAT'S HOW SHE ALWAYS HAD TIME TO BRUSH MY HAIR. Oh we were great pals.

FIB: Well, a mother's best friend is her boy, they tell me. Have you told her *she better rush out & grab off some of them about how she can save money, how to buy a money savin' special giant size cans before they're all gone. it in the new giant size cans?*

WIL: Don't worry... she knows! *that she also knows she can get a pint & 1/2 for the price of a quart* Well, I gotta be going, Fibber.

and try not to worry too much about that baldness... we all knew it would happen.

FIB: EH? YOU DID?

WIL: Yes... everybody said you were bound to come out on top.

Well, so long, pal!

FIB: He wasn't very helpful... Oh oh!.. HERE'S A SCALP

SPECIALIST RIGHT HERE... DR. HARRY STORRER. I'll try him.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Hiyah sis... can I see the doctor?

PITTS: Dear me, I don't know why not, Mister... he's five feet eleven.

APPLAUSE.

FIB: Yes, it's her again, folks... Zazu Pitts. Tell the Doc I'd like to see him will you sis?

PITTS: You'd better just sit down a while, Mister... Doctor's busy in his laboratory right now...

FIB: He is eh? What's he workin' on? Tryin' to develop a skeleton key for a scalp-lock?

PITTS: No, he's experimenting on wiring a toupee for sound... he wants to see if a clowlick can MOOO... My... You're getting pretty bald aren't you, mister?

FIB: I'm afraid so sis... I hope the Doc can do somethin' about it... You a registered nurse?

PITTS: Well, I'm a nurse... but dear me, even though there's dozens of men in here every day, I don't seem to have registered yet.

FIB: Don't worry, sis... as the Bureau of Identification says to the Burglar... "Some day your prints will come"... You like nursing?

PITTS: Oh yes... I certainly do... I always said if I went into nursing I'd want to *use the highest head* of my profession... and here I am... assistant to a scalp doctor.

FIB: ~~Looks like the only way you could get a promotion is to find~~
~~an older doctor.~~ ^{Will} But how come you chose this particular
branch o' the profession?

PITTS: Oh...you know how it is with a young girl, we get such
romantic ideas...

FIB: You expect to find romance in here?

PITTS: Well, it narrows the field, Mister...very few women get
bald.

FIB: I catch on. But I suspect you won't find no dream man, sis.
Unless you're lookin' for one that's thick in the middle
and thin on top.

PITTS: Oh he don't have to be built to specifications, Mister...
I'll take one out of stock.

FIB: Well just the same, the guys you're liable to meet in this
office will probably be middle aged, fat and gray haired.

PITTS: Yes....I know...but any man who gets to middle age and is
still fat is probably pretty prosperous, and if he has gray
hair it was probably caused by worry, and there's only two
things men worry about...women and money, and if he has
money, and still wants to worry about a woman...well, I
guess I know my duty, Mister.

FIB: You seem to have the situatio....

DOOR LATCH

PITTS: Oh hello, Doctor...here's ~~a gentleman~~ ^{Mr. Nelson} to see you.

DOC: Oh yes...that's fine...did you take his history, nurse?

PITTS: No, but I gave him quite a bit of mine.

DOC: Hmmm...by the way, Nurse..I'm a little puzzled about that
Frangle case..can't quite diagnose it..he says he wakes up
in the morning with dimples all over his scalp.

FIB: I can diagnose that, Doc..tell him to quit usin' the outdoor
sleepin' porch during the woodpecker season.

DOC: Hahaha...very amusing. I see you are suffering from
Alopecia areata yourself.

FIB: You..er..you think you can do somethin' for me, Doc? I
ain't hopeless am I?

DOC: Not with my system, my boy...we can grow hair on a
football helmet. Let me see now...I think your case calls
for Formula 27 ... It's an old Indian remedy for baldness -

FIB: Well, that's my chief worry.

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES

DOC: Ah yes....here we are...take this tonic home with you,
McGee. And these tweezers...

FIB: Tweezers? What's them for?

DOC: This tonic is so efficient it grows eyebrows on the bottle.
Use it liberally, but ONLY on the scalp, remember...one
of my patients- a radio actor - spilled some in his
bathroom the other day...with tragic results.

FIB: What'd he do...grow a mustache on the washbowl?

DOC: No...he spilled a few drops in the bathtub, AND now I'm
afraid, he is definitely typed as an actor.

FIB: How so?

DOC: Well, you'll understand when I say he's now playing the
part of a polar bear on a certain Sunday evening program.

FIB: Oh. Well, much obliged, Doc...I'll run right home and
apply some o' this stuff.

DOC: The sooner the better...good day.

FIB: So long sis....I'll see you again when I come back to
report on the treatment.

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PITTS: Well, I'll be here, mister...sitting here and dreaming my dreams about living in a beautiful penthouse with the man I love.

FIB: Well!! . - and who IS the man you love, sis?

PITTS: Any man who has a beautiful penthouse. Goodbye, mister.

DOOR SLAM

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "THE FUNNY OLD HILLS" - FOUR NOTES

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: THAT WAS THE FOUR NOTES, SINGIN' "THE FUNNY OLD HILLS". AND THAT WAS NICE TIMING ~~AS WE WERE GOING TO SINGIN' KIDS...~~ ^{too} ~~I GOT~~ ^{because} BACK IN THE HOUSE JUST BEFORE YOU FINISHED THE CONSTRUCTION O' THIS SHOW, (Ever notice, folks,--how we weave the music thru the drama?)

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Oh dad rat it...who's that? I want to get busy and try this hair restorer. COME IN!

ADGOR LATCH: SLAM

NICK: Hello there Fizzer.

FIB: Oh, Hiyah Nick.

NICK: Fizzer, what is this I am hearing about your hair doing a strips-tease on your cranium? Or am I labelling under a misappledumpling?

FIB: Nope.:that's right, Nick. ~~But I got some stuff to tell you~~ ~~it. Old Indian Remedy, I got from the Doctor.~~

NICK: ~~Is that some of those red faces are certainly being a smartasses of people. My favorite medicine is being invented by an Indians, too, I'm thinking.~~

FIB: ~~What's your favorite Medicine, Nick? And what Indian?~~

NICK: ~~Old Crow. But tell me about this baldheadednesses Fizzer. What is commencing to start the cause of such a thing happening?~~

FIB: ~~Oh I dunno, Nick.~~ I never noticed it myself till everybody started tellin' me....I thought it was okay...but you know how it is...appearances are deceiving.

NICK: There is smertainly more of a truth than a poultry in that Fizzer. It is like a little stories I am reading last nights-

FIB: Oh oh...well, tell me some other time, Nick...I'm kinda anxious to try this hair tonic and -

NICK: WELL SIR, it was being one of the funniest little nanny goats -

FIB: ANECDOTES.

NICK: I stand connected... ONE OF THE CUTEST LITTLE STORIES I AM EVER READING ~~OUTLINED TO MAKE SURE I MISS NOTHING I WILL HEAR ME DOING IT AND BAWL ME OUT. The name of the story is calling itself by the name of FERDINAND THE COW.~~

FIB: That was THE BULL!

NICK: Who cares? I liked it anyway. Well sir, this little Freddynand was a very pretty little Spanish boy-cow and there was nothing he would not rather do than something else than sit down and sniffle at a bunch of flowers, such as chrysanthebums, and tiger lulus, and garboonias and nastysturtiums.

FIB: Yes I know Nick...he didn't run and play like the other little bulls. It worried his mother too, didn't it?

SURE: Sure, a little bits, but if he wanted to sit and make his nosegay with a flower it was perfectly boquet with her, I'm thinking. WELL SIR, ONE SUMMERS DAY, THERE IS coming to the farm a bunch of squeegees who are being talent scoots for a bullfight, you grab me?

FIB: Yes, I'm familiar with the story, Nick so -

NICK: AND JUST AS THEY ARE SIGNING UP A COUPLE OF BULLS FOR THE WORLDS SERIES BULLS FIGHTS, LITTLE FREDYNAND IS TRYING TO SMELL A FLOWERS AND IS SITTING DOWN ON A BUMBLEBUZZI WHICH IS STINGING HIM RIGHT ON THE CONCLUSIM OF HIS STORY.

FIB: You mean right on the end of his tail.

NICK: Have it my way. ANYWAY, HE IS SO PAINFUL WITH THE STING, THAT HE IS ACTING LIKE A VERY FEROCIPUSS ANIMALS AND THEY ARE PICKING HIM OUT TO FIGHT A DUELS WITH A FAMOUS CUSPIDOR.

FIB: TOREADOR. There's toreadors, mata dors and pidacors.

NICK: Sure..picador and walk don't run to the nearest exits...I know. WELL, SIR, FIZZER, WHAT IS HOPPENING ON THE DAYS OF THE FIGHTS WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON ITS HIND FEET. THEY ARE BRINGING FREDDYNAND OUT AND HE IS STANDING THERE SWISHING HIS TAIL...SWISH! SWISH!

FIB: Yes yes yes..I know...and then he refused to fight. He just sat down and smelled the flowers that the women threw into the bull ring.

NICK: SURE...and everybody is being very disgusted about the whole thing...the toryadors is toring his hair, the matterdors is wondering what is the matter, an the pickadors is picking Freddynand up and throwing him out on his rump roast, ~~if I know what you mean.~~ BUT Freddynand don't care... he is very happy at going home again where he can have a smell time swelling the flowers again. AND THE MORTALS OF THE STORY IS BEING: ~~IF SOMEBODY IS GIVING YOU A BUM STEER- DON'T BEEF!~~ ^{DONT BEEF} Well so long Fizzer.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: ~~Well now that we've got that lily livered longhorn here I don't know, now again maybe I can go to work on this hair tonic....~~

SOUND: POP OF CORK

FIB: Hm...certainly smells terrible. Maybe the theory is to smoke them hidden hairs out into the open. Well here she goes..

SOUND: GURGLE OF LIQUID... ^{SCRATCHING HEAD} ~~SOUND OF RUBBING SANDPAPER~~

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FIB: Whew! Is that strong! I can feel it workin' all right...
One more dose, now.....

SOUND: (SCRATCHING HEAD)

FIB: Now then.....for a look in the mirrow...(PAUSE) OHHHHHHHH...
WELL I'LL BE A WELL CAN YOU IMAG.....WHY THAT DIRTY....
WHAT HAPPENED TO IT...WHERE'D IT GO....GIMME THAT TELEPHONE.
(CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? Oh, Is that you, Myrt. Haven't
got time to kid around today, Myrt, gimme Doc Storrer!
Yeah! (A fine doctor.....he oughtta be) ... HELLO,
DOCTOR STORRER?

PA VOICE: Yes.

FIB: DOCTOR HARRY STORRER?

PA: Yes...what is it, please?

FIB: Well this is Fibber McGee, remember?

PA: Oh yes.

FIB: SAY! WHAT KINDA TONIC WAS THAT YOU SOLD ME ANYWAY?

PA: ~~I sold you.~~ *Why, what happened?*
~~It's an old Indian remedy.~~ *I told you. It's an old Indian remedy.*

FIB: ~~Well it certainly worked.~~ *I look like I been scalped.*

PA: ~~It did, eh?~~ *Well, I told you it was an old Indian remedy.*

FIB: ~~Yes, I just got scalped.~~ *Aw, how!*

ORCHESTRA: ("RAINBOW AROUND THE MOON") FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

3-21-39
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC
Time: 53 seconds

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(CUE)
WILCOX:

Fibber will b
(PAUSE...2 s
But now here!
offer on JOHN
GLO-COAT. Re
get JOHNSON'S
in big Giant
regular pound
extra penny f
women have all
of this Specie
fast. You'lll
JOHNSON'S WAX
the Giant size
featured now b
department sto
for the Giant
pound and one-
one pound.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC..

3-21-59
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC
Time: 53 seconds

-23-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(CUE)

WILCOX: Fibber will be back in just a moment.

(PAUSE...2 seconds)

But now here's a reminder about the special Bargain offer on JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Remember, for a limited time only, you can get JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in big Giant size cans containing one-third more than the regular pound and pint sizes. You do not have to pay one extra penny for these big Giant size cans! Thousands of women have already gone to their dealers to take advantage of this Special Sale. These Giant size cans are going fast. You'll be money ahead if you get a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT while the Giant size cans are still available. They're being featured now by hardware, grocery, paint, drug and department stores. Ask your dealer tomorrow without fail for the Giant size cans and get a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third for the regular price of one pint or one pound.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

(2ND REVISION) -24-

FIB: WELL, FOLKS, IT WAS NICE TO HAVE ZASU PITTS WITH US AGAIN,

BUT AS FOR THAT SCALP DOCTOR, I -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

NICK: Hello, Fizzer...can I have my present now?

FIB: Your present!...what present?

NICK: You know...that little bottle that is saying on it ...
"TO NICK."

FIB: Oh, that wan't "TO NICK".....that was TONIC.

NICK: Oh for scrim's sake! Excuse me all to pieces!

FIB: Okay Nick....good night folks!

ORK: THEME

APPLAUSE: CREDITS....SIGNOFF:
