

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 3/3/42

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM...WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORK: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee & Molly, written by Don Quinn,
with songs by the King's Men and music by Billy Mills.
The show opens with "New Sun In the Sky".

ORK: "NEW SUN IN THE SKY"

(FADE FOR:)

(Insert Commercial - page 3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR:

One thing about this war....it's bringing people in all communities closer together. It offers more and more of us....men, women and children....opportunities to be of service. Many of you ladies face the problem of keeping your homes up, taking care of your families, in less time... so you can give part of your time to defense work when needed. Anything that can save you unnecessary work is welcome....which means that in millions of homes JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is most certainly welcome.

With GLO-COAT you can keep your linoleum and other floors clean and beautiful and save hours of work. You do away with floor scrubbing. And you save again because there's no rubbing or buffing required with GLO-COAT.

The regular use of GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 times longer than an unprotected floor. If you have signed our Government's Consumer Pledge to "take better care of the things you have," you'll find GLO-COAT a great help. Be sure to get the real thing....JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: WE INDIGNANTLY DENY THAT WISTFUL VISTA IS A ONE-HORSE
FIB: town. BUT WE CHEERFULLY ADMIT THAT THE MCGEES ARE A ONE-
MOL: HORSE FAMILY. AND HERE, WITH LILLIAN - (That's the horse)
FIB: IN THE GARAGE, AND HER CO-OWNERS IN THE LIVING ROOM, ONE
MOL: LAYING ON THE SOFA AND THE OTHER KNITTING, WE FIND --
FIB: And then I tried her with some corn flakes. She liked
MOL: those fine. ate--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY ---

APPLAUSE:

MOL: You've got bad table manners, too. You can't eat with a spoon.
FIB: You'll get fat lying down like that, right after a hearty
MOL: lunch.
FIB: Maybe I better feed her after this, huh?

FIB: I won't be available very much
MOL: till after March fifteenth.

MOL: Where will you be until March 15th?

FIB: You know - deep in the Heart of Taxes. The way our ^{auto}
MOL: eats up our income, I ---- HEY, THAT REMINDS ME! Did you
FIB: feed the horse?

MOL: Yes, I fed her. While you were snoring here on the sofa.

FIB: I was not snoring. I'm merely a baritone breather. What'd
MOL: Haven't seen you for a long time, Hoover. What's been
FIB: you give Lillian to eat? Some oats?

MOL: Yes, but she didn't seem to like them very much.

FIB: Frankly, my pastiferous young pickles, I have been
MOL: Never heard of a nag that didn't like oats. Must be off
FIB: working for the government for the past 90 days, as an
MOL: her feed.

MOL: Arkansas geologist.
FIB: Yes, she probably looked in the window....saw you eating
MOL: like a horse, and got jealous.

IB: No kiddin', Molly. Wouldn't she eat her oats?
OL: Not all of 'em. Maybe I put too much cream and sugar
on 'em.
IB: CREAM AND SUGAR.....ON LILLIAN'S OATS? Oh my gosh!
OL: And then I tried her with some corn flakes. She liked
those fine. Ate four boxes of 'em.
IB: That ain't so much for a ^{growing} healthy horse.
OL: She's got bad table manners, too, McGee. She kept blowing
the cornflakes off the spoon.
IB: I guess I better feed 'er after this, Molly.....I
know more.....

DOORBELL

OL: COME IN!
DOOR OPEN
IB: Well, I'll be a ... HORATIO K. BOOMER!
OL: HELLO, MR. BOOMER!
BOOM: GOOD DAY, MY DEAR...and a Tittering Tuesday to you,
Titmouse.
IB: Haven't seen you for a long time, Boomer. Whatcha been
doing?
BOOM: Frankly, my pestiferous young picklepuss, I have been
working for the government for the past 90 days, as an
Arkansaw Geologist.
OL: What on earth is an Arkansaw Geologist, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Very interesting profession. We take big rocks, and
make little rocks.
FIB: I catch on. One of those jobs where your board and
room are thrown in - after you are.
BOOM: Exactly....exactly.
FIB: By the way, Boomer, I never been dunked in a dungeon
myself. What kinda food didja get?
BOOM: Not bad....not bad at all, Bugface. I remember one night
I had a tasty appetizer of stuffed eggs, Romanoff - a
delightful puree de mongole, Julienne - Romaine salad with
Russian dressing - breast of guinea hen under glass - an
artichoke with Hollandaise and a bit of Camembert with
my demitasse....
MOL: Heavenly days - that sounds like a New York restaurant!
BOOM: It was, Golden Girl, it was. Unfortunately, I was
re-apprehended that same evening and returned to the
Bastille, where slum conditions prevail. Which isn't
bad, if you care for slum.
FIB: Well, what did you stop by here for, Boomer?
Want us to join the Crook-of-the-Month Club.
BOOM: (LAUGHS) That's very good, Limber-lip, very good.
And clean, too! I can tell that one to my Mother -
when she gets out. But I just stopped in to request
a small favor.

OL: What's the favor, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: JUST WONDERED IF I COULD LEAVE THIS SUIT CASE IN YOUR CARE FOR A DAY OR SO.

IB: What's in it?

BOOM: A few valuables belonging to an old aunt of mine. She's moving and doesn't want this stuff lying around.

OL: All right, Mr. Boomer ... we'll take care of it. Is your aunt moving today?

BOOM: Yes she is, my dear. Seems that her husband (-my Uncle Winthrop, by marriage, on father's side - and he was the only one who WAS on father's side)...anyway, it seems that he had a little printing press in the basement that made too much noise.

FIB: Neighbors complain?

BOOM: No...but we began to suspect it was being heard in Washington D.C., if you know what I mean, and if you do, keep your trap shut. THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GLAMOUR-GAM, AND A STIFF LITTLE NOD TO YOU, LITTLE STIFF!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "U.S. FIELD ARTILLERY MARCH" -- FADE FOR --

MUSIC FADE FOR ---

WILCOX: Ladies and gentlemen, we ask you again not to let up in your purchase of United States Defense bonds - and we are proud to announce a new bond between this country and its gallant defenders. Fibber McGee and Molly programs for the rest of this season will be sent by delayed shortwave broadcast to our troops in Iceland, Newfoundland, Ireland, Cuba, Bermuda, Trinidad, Panama Canal Zone, the Philippines, the Far East, and all parts of the world! We hope the boys enjoy the broadcasts as much as we do the thought of sending them a few smiles from home!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC SWELL TO FINISH:APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Hey, Molly ... you suppose we did right by keeping this suitcase for Boomer?

MOL: I don't know why not, McGee. Though that was a ridiculous excuse! His dear old aunt moving!!

FIB: Suppose it's full o' counterfeit dough, or stolen goods, or hot inner tubes or something. I gotta good notion to open it.

MOL: MCGEE, YOU'LL DO NO SUCH A THING!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: It wouldn't be right or decent. What's in that suitcase is absolutely none of our business. The idea, betraying a trust like that! FOR SHAME!....

FIB: Well, gee - I -

MOL: Anyway you can't open it. It's locked.

FIB: How do you know?

MOL: Well, my hand accidentally bumped against the latches two or three times and it didn't open.

FIB: I'll bet I could get it open. Gimme a hairpin.

MOL: I will not. It's one thing to have it open accidentally, and quite another thing to deliberately break into it.

FIB: I ... I guess you're right, Molly. After all, Boomer DID trust us with it.

MOL: Of course he did. And if we're not the kind of people who can be trusted with a little suitcase, I'll bet it would spring open if you knocked it off the table.

FIB: I'll bet it would too, but I'd feel awful cheap doin' it.

MOL: I would too.

FIB: Is this table high enough?

MOL: No, the bookcase would be better. It's higher.
FIB: Okay. Now if I leave it up here on the bookcase..(THUD)..
that's it. Now if somebody should slam the door hard, and
it jarred off onto the floor and sprung open...nobody could
blame us. That would be an act of Providence.
~~MOL: Certainly not.~~

DOORBELL:

MOL: See who that is, Providence.
FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh hello, Abigail!
UPP: How do you do, my deah ... and Mr. McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, sis ... what's amiss?
UPP: Oh nothing at all, Mr. McGee ... really. I merely wished
to make some inquiries regarding the horse you purchased
lahst week.
MOL: Why certainly, Abigail.
FIB: You tell her, Molly. You braided Lillian's hair this
morning so you oughta know the mane facts - Ha, ha.
UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr. McGee ... I just ADORE to listen to you
when you are in one of your humorous moods. DO tell some
jokes.
FIB: Okay. WELL, IT SEEMS THERE WAS A TRAVELING SALESM--
MOL: MCGEE!
FIB: Okay.
MOL: Just what was it you wanted to know about Abigail, Lillian?
I mean, Lillian, Abigail?
FIB: Natural mistake.

PP: First, my deah, is she well broken to the saddle?
IB: Oh, she's a ridin' horse all right, Uppy. What kinda saddle you like? Kentucky, McClelland, English or Western?
PP: I personally prefer a modified English type, Mr. McGee. I have jodphurs, you see.
OL: OH, YOU POOR THING! Hear that, McGee? She has jodphurs.
IB: I had jodphurs once ... couldn't ride a horse for six months. Doctor says it was the worst case of jodphurs he ever saw. Started with a small jodphur on my neck and spread to -
PP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE. JODPHURS IS NOT A DISEASE. Jodphurs are a type of riding breeches.
FIB: For women?
PP: Yes.
FIB: Then it's still a disease.
MOL: Oh, you're prejudiced, McGee.
PP: By the way, when I saw Mr. McGee leading Lillian around the block this morning, she seemed...er...well, just a touch...er...SWAYBACKED.
MOL: Oh, really? I hadn't noticed.
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, SWAYBACKED? She ain't swaybacked!...She's just big hearted.
PP: And what has that to do with a sagging spine, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Her spine DON'T sag, I tell you. Her heart is so big it pulls her down in the middle.
UPP: MR. MCGEE, I SEEM TO SENSE AN ATTITUDE OF RIDICULE ON YOUR PART...
MOL: Oh now, Abigail...
UPP: FOR YOUR INFORMATION, MR. MCGEE, I HOLD SEVEN BLUE RIBBONS FOR EQUITATION AND FURTHERMORE - (PAUSE)
FIB: Furthermore what?
UPP: Excuse me, but this suitcase on the bookcase is about to fall off....I'll push it back a little,....there! That's bettah. What was I saying? Oh yes. GOOD DAY!
DOOR SLAM
FIB: Equitation my eye! Suppose she is a good swimmer. What's that got to do with ridin' a horse?
MOL: Search me. But shove that suitcase a little forward again, McGee. It'll NEVER fall off that way.
FIB: Thanks to Uppy, the meddlesome old moose. (SLIGHT COMMOTION)
There we are...It'll fall now if a mosquito winks at it.
MOL: Where can we get a mosquito at this time of year.
FIB: I was just speakin' metaphorically. What I meant was -
DOOR OPEN
WIL: Hello folks. I hear you have a house-guest.
MOL: House-guest?
IL: Yeah...somebody named Lillian.
FIB: Oh...oh, yes. Lillian. Yeah...she's a great kid, too,
Harlow. She's out right now.
WIL: Like to meet her sometime. Blonde or brunette?

MOL: Wel-1-1, I don't know...I'd say she's almost a platinum blonde, wouldn't you, McGee?

FIB: Yes, with big brown eyes, Harlow. Nice white teeth...AND THE SOFTEST lips!

WIL: Oh boy! Married?

MOL: I don't think so. Is she, McGee?

FIB: I think she was once - some old horse named Prince, I think. He's in the Army now...last I heard of him he was...er... well, I think he's just under a major.

MOL: Why did you ask, Mr. Wilcox? You're married.

WIL: Oh, I haven't got any romantic interest in this Lillian - she merely interests me as a prospect for Johnson products. I'd like to have a heart-to-heart talk with her one of these days. How old is she?

FIB: Oh, I'd say about 18 or 19.

WIL: Oh GREAT. Just the right age...she'll be getting hitched one of these days and have a little home of her own. And I hate to think of a girl settling down without knowing about Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. Incidentally...is Lillian a local girl?

MOL: No...she's from Kentucky, Mr. Wilcox. The Blue Grass country.

WIL: Accent?

FIB: Ju-u-u-st a trace of a Southern drool at times, Harlow. Why?

WIL: Well, these southern girls know how to make a home. Famous old southern hospitality, you know. The old mansions down there have always been great users of Johnson's Wax. That's why some of them have been so well preserved.

MOL: And it's even more important now, isn't it?

WIL: It surely is. And there's nothing like Johnson's wax to give longer life and better wear to wood and enameled products and a thousand other things. Just like Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-coat beautifies and preserves linoleum, with a minimum of expense and work. Gee, I wish Lillian was here, so I could tell her.

MOL: Well you come back any time, Mr. Wilcox. We'll be glad to introduce you.

FIB: If you really wanna make a hit with her, Harlow, bring her an apple or a carrot.

WIL: Oh - vegetarian, eh?

MOL: Strictly.

WIL: SAYYY, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA! MY WIFE IS GOING TO A FASHION SHOW AT THE BON TON TOMORROW. I'LL HAVE HER CALL LILLIAN AND INVITE HER TO GO ALONG. HOW'S THAT?

FIB: Wel-l-l, I dunno, Harlow -

WIL: OH A GIRL'S GOT TO GET OUT AND MEET PEOPLE. SHE CAN'T JUST HANG AROUND HOME AND EAT CARROTS AND APPLES. WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE IS...A HORSE? SO LONG!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

DOOR SLAM: No it ain't. She's just makin out her income tax. WHAT

FIB & MOL: LAUGHTER OKAY...THANKS ANYWAY, MYRT. (CLICK) She

MOL: I can just see Lillian at the Bon Ton, McGee. Giving the
new spring hats the horse laugh.

FIB: Wait'll Harlow tries to call her. She'll give him the
old stall. (LAUGHS) I'll bet he...HEY!

MOL: What?

FIB: That suitcase didn't fall down when he slammed the door.

MOL: Maybe he didn't close it tight, McGee...close it again.

FIB: Okay.

**DOOR OPEN AND SLAM HARD: SOUND: THUD OF SUITCASE ON FLOOR...JINGLE
OF SILVER:** This is enough to -

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK!! LOOK WHAT CAME OUT OF THAT SUITCASE!

FIB: Get a load o' the Silverware!!

MOL: It's stolen! That's what it is! Look at the watches!

FIB: And the nick-nacks!

MOL: And the Jewelry!

FIB: and MONEY!! LOOK AT THAT WAD OF DOUGH! Hey this is a
case for the cops, Molly!!

MOL: Certainly it is. Call them up, quick, McGee....I don't
want this stuff in the house any longer than necessary.

FIB: Gimme the phone! Thanks! (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR?
GIMME THE POLICE DEPARTM- OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...oh dear...oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR SISTER, GYPSY RUTH - THE FAN DANCER? WANTS ME TO
WHAT? CHECK HER FORM AND SEE IF SHE'S TAKING OFF TOO MUCH!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE! THAT'S INDECENT!

FIB: Thanks. Horses don't appreciate the value of this stuff
nowadays. DON'T LET LILLIAN KICK YOU, SIS.

FIB: No it ain't. She's just makin out her income tax. WHAT
SAY, MYRT? OKAY...THANKS ANYWAY, MYRT. (CLICK) She
can't take any calls from us, Molly, I forgot to pay the
bill!!

MOL: Oh dear oh dear...I'LL RUN OVER TO MRS. TOOPS AND USE
THEIR PHONE, MCGEE...(FADE)..YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THIS
JEWELRY AND STUFF...EVERY SUMMER..

FIB: I'll say I will.....

DOOR SLAM: THAT'S WHAT I SA- Oh all right. Go on, sis. Go see

FIB: Boy what a load of loot! (JINGLE OF SILVER) And what
silver! I never realized Boomer was such a sterling
character. This is enough to -

DOOR CHIME: Oh, yes she sure, I betcha.

FIB: Oh oh...better get this stuff outa sight!

**SOUND: FAST CLINK OF SILVER AND STUFF INTO SUITCASE...SLAM OF CASE
THUD...DOOR CHIME:** what makes you think our horse has

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPEN: My daddy said so.

TEE: Hi, mister. WHAT LOWE HE KNOW ABOUT OUR HORSE?

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. Go way, willya? I'm busy. Got
some important business to tend to. Gwan. Beat it.

TEE: Aw you're ALWAYS too busy to talk to me, I betcha. I
just wanted to go out in the garage and see your horse.

FIB: Okay okay okay...go ahead.

TEE: Gee, thanks, mister. Can I feed her a lump of sugar?

FIB: You better just talk to her, sis. Give ME the lump of
sugar,

TEE: Here.

FIB: Thanks. Horses don't appreciate the value of this stuff
nowadays. DON'T LET LILLIAN KICK YOU, SIS.

TEE: Aw, I'M not afraid of horses, I betcha. I go down to a farm every summer.

FIB: Oh, you do!

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS OH..YOU DO!

TEE: Do what?

FIB: GO DOWN TO THE FARM EVERY SUMMER.

TEE: Gee, so do I!

FIB: THAT'S WHAT I SA- Oh all right. Go on, sis. Go see Lillian.

TEE: All righty. I wanna see her little baby, too.

FIB: BABY! OUR HORSE AIN'T GOT ANY BABY.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Oh, yes she has, I betcha.

FIB: Oh no she hasn't!

TEE: Ohhh YES SHE HAS.

FIB: OHHHHH NO SHE - Well, what makes you think our horse has a baby?

TEE: My daddy said so.

FIB: OH HE DID! WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT OUR HORSE?

TEE: Gee, I dunno, mister, but this morning when you were leading Lillian around the block, daddy saw you out the window and he said to my mamma, HEY SUSY...GET A LOAD OF THE HOOPS ON THAT HAYBURNER! IF SHE ISN'T A MUDDER I NEVER SAW ONE!

Well, thanks, mister.

DOOR SLAM: I hope they caught...

ORK: "DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS" -- KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Did you call the cops, Molly?

MOL: I certainly did, McGee....I told them to arrest Mr. Boomer and come and get this suitcase full of stuff. I won't have it in the house.

FIB: Me either. I'M no fence, even if I am always around the house. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? Stolen goods? Fence? Around the hou--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: I got a big laugh with it in a high school play, once. Wrote it myself, too.

MOL: You did?

FIB: Yeah. I called it ABIE'S IRISH ROSE and it was all about a young couple that -

MOL: You didn't write that. Anne Nichols wrote it and it ran for years in New York!

FIB: IT DID? AND SHE NEVER PAID ME A DIME ROYALTIES! How do ya like that! I guess I better copyright my other one.

MOL: What other one? "Tobacco Road"?

FIB: No, but that's a good title. I can use that sometime. My other play is about a rich millionaire playboy that gets married seven times. His name is Moore, and I call the play, "MOORE, THE MARRIER" see? It's a play on words and -

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FAST ON PORCH..OFF MIKE..HAMMERING ON DOOR

MOL: Here's the police, McGee...get the suitcase!

FIB: I hope they caught Boomer. That guy is as slippery as a plate of watermelon when you're wearin' your best white pants

MOL: Who?

FIB: Me.

MOL: Oh.

SOUND: HAMMERING ON DOOR:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh Hiyah, La Trivia...we thought it was the cops.

MOL: AND MR. BOOMER! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TWO DOING TOGETHER?

BOOM: Seems to have been a slight error in judgement my dear.

Yes indeed.

FIB: I'll say there was. By leavin' that suitcase here you -

GALE: Excuse me, please. I'll handle this. MRS. MCGEE...YOU

CALLED THE POLICE, I BELIEVE, AND HAD THEM ARREST MR.

HORATIO K. BOOMER?

MOL: Indeed I did. Any man who would deliberately leave a

suitcase full of stolen goods with -

BOOM: AH YES...BETTER AND BETTER. I am now accused of being a

thief..and in front of witnesses, too.

FIB: Well, you are! I often hear dogs tellin' each other that

they got hind legs as crooked as Boomer.

GALE: I think you'd better not say any more, McGee, until you're heard the whole story.

MOL: What story?

GALE: We have checked thoroughly on Mr. Boomer and we find that his Aunt IS moving today; this suitcase and contents IS her property, and Mr. Boomer DID leave it with you for safekeeping. There is no case against him whatsoever.

MOL: Oh. Oh dear...well...

FIB: Sorry, Boomer. But you know how it is. Give a dog a bad name and people are bound to bark up the wrong tree.

- BOOM: Keep your condolences, prune-pit. I have been sorely wounded...cut to the quick...my self-esteem has been rudely shattered and I shall seek equity in a court of law. My attorneys, Wagstaff, Wormser, Clamwell, Offendorfer, Burgheim, O'Toole and a sightly wench in their outer office will serve papers on you shortly. You have been guilty of libel, slander and defamation of character.
- MOL: Can he do that to us, Mr. Mayor?
- GALE: As a public official, Mrs. McGee I cannot advise you. But privately in my capacity of lawyer, I should say he has a clear-cut case. He can recover large amounts of damages.
- BOOM: I'll make it easy, Riff-Raff. Fifty thousand.
- MOL: FIFTY THOUSAND!! WHY YOU BIG CROOK, -
- BOOM: HUNDRED THOUSAND!
- FIB: Oh yeah? I'LL BET YOU PLANTED THAT SUIT CASE HERE ON PURPOSE. KNOWING THAT WE COULDN'T RESIS..er...KNOWING THAT IT MIGHT COME OPEN AND THEN YOU COULD SUE US. YOU CHISELER!!
- BOOM: Two hundred thousand. Do I hear any further bidding? Going, going, gone to the-to the overnourished little termite in the repulsive necktie!
- GALE: If I might make a suggestion, my friends.....let's talk this thing over. I'm sure there has been some misunderstanding.
- BOOM: Two hundred thousand..not a cent less. The honor of the Boomers is at stake, and if there's anything I like, it's a good stake. Yes indeed....
- GALE: I'm quite sure that if a proper apology was made to Mr. Boomer -
- FIB: I WON'T APOLOGIZE. THE GUY'S AS CROOKED AS A HOTEL COATHANGER AND HE WON'T GET A NICKEL OUTA ME.

MOL: Excuse me, a minute. Isn't there something in the law, Mr. Mayor about a complainant coming into court with clean hands?

GALE: Yes there is, Mrs. McGee, now that you speak of it. If a complainant wishes to sue and his past record has been such that..

BOOM: I'll come down to fifty thousand.

FIB: HE CAN'T SUE ANYBODY. HE'S BEEN IN MORE COURTS THAN HELEN WILLS! AND IF HE THINKS FOR ONE MINUTE ---

BOOM: Ten thousand.

MOL: Why he's got a prison record as long as my arm and if the government were asked about him -

BOOM: Five hundred.

GALE: Just a moment, Mr. Boomer. I think it might be wise to drop the case right here. If it's true that you have a criminal record -

BOOM: NOTHING OF THE SORT. NOTHING OF THE SORT. MERELY BECAUSE I HAVE, ^{frequently} BEEN THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF LEGAL PERSECUTION IN APPROXIMATELY ~~32~~ OF THE ~~FORTY EIGHT~~ STATES, - NO...33 - COUNTING THAT AFFAIR OF THE MINING STOCK IN NEVADA... NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT HORATIO K. BOOMER WOULD NOT SEEK TO VINDICATE HIS INTEGRITY. How about a hundred bucks, Pipsqueak?

MOL: How about it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Under the circumstances, Mrs. McGee, I don't like to see you do it, but if he really starts suit, it would cost you more than that to defend yourself.

MOL: Pay him, McGee.

FIB: Well, okay. Just got a hundred on me, Here, Boomer.

BOOM: AHHH...THANK YOU, MY BOY, THANK YOU. We shall consider the whole unfortunate matter closed as of now. Come, Mr. Mayor. Let us not intrude further upon the time of these good peasants... AHH..MY SUITCASE PLEASE....THANK YOU.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well of all the dirty, lowdown....

MOL: MCGEE....LOOK....OUT THE WINDOW!!

FIB: Eh, where?

MOL: On the perch! BOOMER IS GIVING THE MAYOR SOME MONEY.... HE'S DIVIDING UP THE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

FIB: OH THOSE DIRTY CROOKS. IT WAS A FRAMEUP! LEMME AT 'EM.

DOOR OPEN:

BOOM: forty..forty five..fifty. There you are, Mr. Mayor! and I hope that in our future dealings -

FIB: ALL RIGHT..JUST A MINUTE THERE! CAUGHT YOU IN THE ACT, DIDN'T I!

GALE: What do you mean, McGee?

MOL: OH WE SAW YOU DIVVYING UP THE SWAG, DIDN'T WE MCGEE.

FIB: I'LL SAY WE DID! WORKIN' TOGETHER EH? JUST A COUPLE OF SHAKEDOWN ARTISTS! BUNCO BOYS! A FINE MAYOR.!!!!

MOL: Yes, helping a crook like Boomer to shake down innocent citizens..Why of all the -

GALE: Excuse me, Mrs. McGee. Mr. Boomer's aunt is moving into a house owned by me. The first month's rent, in advance, is fifty dollars. THIS is the fifty dollars.

MOL: Oh. Oh I'M sorry.

FIB: I..er...excuse me, La Trivia, I..er..guess I was..er...

LE: MY LAWYERS WILL CALL ON YOU TOMORROW, MCGEE, TO START SUIT
FOR DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER. AND I HAVE NO PRISON RECORD.

Good day.

Oh dear...

Oh pshaw!

OH TAXI!

ARK: "ONCE IN A LOVETIME"...FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 3, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Nearly everybody has had the experience of rubbing a nice, red apple to make it shine. But few people realize that the apple shines because it is protected with a coating of WAX. The petals of the rose are also WAX-protected - so marvelously does Nature safeguard the life and beauty of her kingdom. Centuries ago man began to copy Nature by using WAX for protection. Over 50 years ago S. C. JOHNSON perfected a blending of WAXES for use on floors. Today JOHNSON'S WAX is used in millions of homes not only for protection of floors, furniture and woodwork - but also to bring greater beauty to our homes. A JOHNSON WAXED floor grows more beautiful every day. Floors that are WAXED never need scrubbing. They are easily cleaned and work is saved throughout the year. Be sure always to have genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, either paste or liquid or cream, in your home. It has over 100 labor saving uses.

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

TAG GAG

FIB: Hey, Molly. La Trivia just called up.
 MOL: What does he want now?
 FIB: He isn't gonna sue. He was just scarin' us.
 MOL: That's nice. SAY....HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A HUNDRED DOLLARS IN YOUR POCKET?
 FIB: Who, me?
 MOL: Yes, you. Where did you get it?
 FIB: Outa that suitcase. I thought it might be counterfeit and was gonna check with the bank.
 Goodnight.
 MOL: Goodnight all!
 ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF, ETC.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly)...Goodnight all.

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for home and industry - inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 3, 1942

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: To be read from a quiet studio.

CUE: (Wilcox)....invite you to be with us again next Tuesday
night...Goodnight.

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Have you looked carefully at the paint job of your car
recently? Chances are it needs cleaning and polishing, an
essential part of any program of better car maintenance.
You can give your car back its original showroom shine with
JOHNSON'S CARNU, the labor-saving polish that both cleans
and polishes in one application - two jobs at once, in quick
time. It's no fun driving a car that's dull and dingy --
why not make a note now to buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU
tomorrow - it's spelled C-A-R-N-U.