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(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, April 18, 1944

NBC

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM TONIGHT STARTING ITS 10TH YEAR
WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!....

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry
present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn,
with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR: ("TOO MUCH IN LOVE")

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 18, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Victory Gardens are moving into the limelight again and already I hear my friends and neighbors planning how many rows of carrots and beans, and how many tomato plants they should set out to make 1944 even a better garden year than 1943. And while I think about it, I'd like to tell you how you can make your gardening work easier this year. It's by taking better care of your tools -- your rake, hoe and spade. You've undoubtedly noticed how much more fun it is to use tools that are clean and well-cared-for. Then try this. Clean them thoroughly -- get off the dirt and rust. And then wax them -- both the metal parts and the wooden handles -- with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You'll find them easier to use, easier to keep clean. Always clean them off before you put them away -- and at the end of the season give them another good JOHNSON'S WAXing. They will last longer -- will be protected against corrosion. Yes, the same JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX that you use to protect and beautify your floors, furniture and woodwork will prove to be a good protector of your Victory Garden tools.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

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WILCOX: WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE CONVINCED A GERMAN SPY LIVED ACROSS THE STREET FROM YOU? YOU'D KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, WOULDN'T YOU? WELL, HERE, KEEPING AN EYE ON THE MAN ACROSS THE STREET, WE FIND THAT EMINENT COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT, "X-13", BETTER KNOWN IN CIVILIAN LIFE AS MR. MCGEE, OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Look at him...the dirty Nazi!! I'll bet he blows up the postoffice before the week is out. ~~The big Prussian squarehead.~~ If he only knew --

MOL: (FADE IN) MCGEE...WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING, PEEKING OUT THE WINDOW? The collector for the piano won't be here for another two weeks.

FIB: I know that...I'm watchin' the guy across the street.

MOL: You mean Mr. Schmaltz?

FIB: Yeah, Frank Schmaltz. You know what that guy is? HE'S A NAZI SPY, THAT'S WHAT HE IS! HE'S A DIRTY SABATINI!

MOL: You mean saboteur. Sabatini is a writer.

FIB: SURE HE'S A WRITER. AND IN CODE, TOO, IF YOU'LL ASK ME. I've had my eye on that guy ever since he refused to let me borrow his lawnmower.

MOL: If everybody who refused to loan you things was a German spy, dearie, we might as well give up. We're surrounded.

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FIB: Oh it wasn't just that, baby. I got this guy nailed on several counts. In the first pla-....OH OH...GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!!! HE'S COMIN' OUT!! ... NO!...HE WENT BACK IN AND SHUT THE DOOR! You see? Would an innocent guy do stuff like that?

MOL: Look Dearie...there are Four well-known Freedoms. The fifth one is the privilege of opening and shutting your own front door whenever you wantto.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA! DERIDE ME!! BUT BY GEORGE WHEN THEY HANG THIS GUY BY THE NECK UNTIL HE'S DEAD IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, YOU'LL ADMIT THAT I WAS--

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: WHO'S THAT!!...DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT...WHO IS IT.... WHO...WHO...

MOL: Oh calm yourself, McGee. It's just Alice.

ALICE: What's the mater, Mr. McGee? You seem kind of nervous.

FIB: Keep away from the window, Alice. There's a German spy across the street. That guy Schmaltz.

MOL: McGee thinks he's a spy because he wouldn't loan him his lawnmower.

ALICE: But I've met Mr. Schmaltz and I think he's very nice, Mr. McGee. I see him all the time out near the airplane plant.

FIB: AHAAA!...OUT NEAR THE AIRPLANE PLANT, EH? YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY?

MOL: I've walked out near the airplane plant lots of times myself without getting any nasty notes from J. Edgar Hoover

ALICE: I'm sure he doesn't mean any harm, Mr. McGee. All he does is walk around and take pictures.

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FIB: (SCREAMS) TAKE PICTURES!!! OH IS THAT ALL!!! JUST GOES OUT TO THE AIRPLANE PLANT TO TAKE PICTURES!!! MY GOSH GIRLS, DON'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

MOL: It does to me. It means that all the time he's out there, you haven't once broken into his garage to borrow the lawnmower.

ALICE: Besides, Mr. McGee he doesn't take pictures of the airplane plant.

FIB: Eh? He doesn't?

ALICE: No. He just takes pictures of us girls when we're out on the lawn during the noon hour.

MOL: See. McGee? He's merely a middle-aged masher with a negative personality.

FIB: You sure he don't take any pictures of the plant, Alice?

ALICE: Oh never, Mr. McGee...and I don't even see how his pictures of us girls ever come out good with all those airplanes parked in the background, gee you'd think he'd---

FIB: AIRPLANES!...WHY, HE LINES YOU KIDS UP TO TAKE YOUR PICTURE JUST FOR AN EXCUSE TO GET THE AIRPLANES IN THE PICTURES! ...CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? WHAT KIND OF CAMERA'S HE GOT?

ALICE: Creepers, Mr. McGee.....I don't remember. But I think it's a little Leica.

FIB: A LITTLE LIKE A WHAT? ... COME COME, GIRL! THIS IS IMPORTANT! A LITTLE LIKE A WHAT?

ALICE: Just a little Leica.

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FIB: AHHHHH, WOMEN!!! MY GOSH...CAN'T GET ANY SENSE OUT OF 'EM.
I'LL TELLING YOU, THIS GUY IS A DANGEROUS CHARACTER THAT
OUGHTTA --

SOUND: BANG BANG...GLASS CRASH:

FIB: LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR!..QUICK!! HE'S CAUGHT ON TO ME!
HE'S SHOOTIN' AT US...LIE DOWN..MOLLY!! LIE DOWN!!

MOL: Oh don't be silly. That was a milk truck, backfiring.

ALICE: But what broke the window?

MOL: McGee stuck his hand thru it when the truck backfired.
Are you cut dearie?

FIB: EH? Oh..no..just tore my coatsleeve a little. (LAUGHS)
Well, just goes to show you, you gotta be ready for
anything MIND MY WORDS, ALICE...KEEP AN EYE ON THAT
SCHMALTZ GUY....

ALICE: Oh I will, Mr. McGee. I'M sure he doesn't mean any harm.
He usually just picks out the prettiest girl there and
asks me if he can take my picture. But I'll be careful.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now do you begin to see, Molly? He goes out to the
airplane plant and takes pictures with a German Camera.
He's got a German accent and a German haircut.

MOL: A haircut doesn't mean anything. You see thousands of G.I.
haircuts these days but they don't mean German Intelligence

FIB: OH IT ISN'T JUST THOSE THINGS, KIDDO!! I MET HIM COMIN'
OUTA THE MUSIC STORE THE OTHER DAY WITH SOME SHEET MUSIC
UNDER HIS ARM..... AND YOU KNOW WHO WROTE IT?

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: Who?

FIB: Berlin!

MOL: Well, if you really feel that way about it, why don't you
report him to the authorities?

FIB: Hand me the phone.

MOL: Though, if you're not absolutely sure --

FIB: HAND ME THE PHONE, PLEASE.

MOL: There's such a thing as the law of slander, you know, so
if you ---

FIB: PLEASE, MRS. MCGEE.....THE PHONE!

MOL: Or is it libel I'm thinking of...I never knew the
difference between libel and slander, but the main thing
is that ---

FIB: I'll get it myself. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE
LOCAL OFFICE OF THE F.B.I. SAY, IS THAT YOU MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear!!

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR COUSIN IN THE NAVY? CHIEF PRETTY OFFICER EH?

MOL: It isn't PRETTY, McGee.....it's PETTY!

FIB: Petty oughta see this pretty...she's a WAVE. WHAT SAY,
MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK) FBI'S BUSY.

MOL: What are you going to do row?

FIB: I'm just gonna keep my eye peeled until....OH OH....GET
AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!!! HE'S COMING OUT!!! LOOK....HE
JUST THREW A CIGAR BUTT OVER THE PORCH RAILING....NOW HE'S
GONE BACK IN!!

MOL: Well, that seemed innocent enough!

FIB: INNOCENT!! MY GOSH, DON'T YOU GET IT? HE THREW A CIGAR INTO THE ROSE BUSHES WITH HIS RIGHT HAND WHILE GAZIN' UP IN THE AIR... THAT'S CODE!!! IT MEANS WRITE TO ROSE IN HAVANA THAT THINGS ARE LOOKING UP!!! HAND ME THAT PHONE AGAIN.....(CLICK CLICK CLICK).....OPERATOR!! OPERATOR! QUICK!!.....OPERATOR!!

(CLICK CLICK)....

ORCH: "RUSTLE OF SPRING"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, McGEE.....ARE YOU STILL PEEKING OUT THAT WINDOW?

FIB: You bet your sweet life I am, baby. That guy across the street is a Nazi spy if I ever saw one. I called the chief of police and told him, too.

MOL: What'd he say?

FIB: Told me to stand by!

MOL: HE DID? IN SO MANY WORDS? TO STAND BY?

FIB: Well, not in so many words, no...he told me next time I go past a book stand buy a good mystery story. The lint-head! Here I wrap a case up and drop it in his lap and he laughs it off. My gosh, I don't want any glory outa this....nor even any publicity. Even if they gimme the Congressional Medal or something I'd try to keep it outa the papers. Though I suppose the newsreels would have to have it. Maybe I better have a short statement ready to give 'em when the time comes to ---

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN...WITH YOUR HANDS UP!!! YOU'RE COVERED!!!!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: McGee, it's just Mr. Wellington. You may put your hands down, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Thank you. Are you playing G-Man, Junior? Or Junior G-man?

FIB: JUST KEEPING AN EYE ON THE GUY ACROSS THE STREET...SMALTZ.. HE'S A GERMAN SPY!!

WELL: Really. And what is the basis of this somewhat startling conclusion?

MOL: He wouldn't lend McGee his lawnmower!

WELL: AHH, CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE IF I EVER HEARD IT!
UNDOUBTEDLY GUILTY ALSO OF THE CHICAGO FIRE, THE
BLACK TOM EXPLOSION, THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW,
THE WRECK OF THE OLD 197 AND A BROTHER-IN-LAW OF
FLAT TOP!

MOL: Personally, I think McGee is off on the wrong foot
this time. Which, in his case, is either one. Is
there anything we could do for you, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: I merely wished to inquire if this was your
bicycle clip which was left in my theatre the
other night, McGee?

FIB: OH SURE...MUCH OBLIGED, SIG....I WONDERED WHERE
I LOST THAT SLEEVE GARTER.

WELL: Sleeve garter! Then you don't ride a bicycle?

MOL: Not since he was a boy, Mr. Wellington. In those
days he used to ride a bicycle with gay abandon.

FIB: She rode on the handlebars.

WELL: Who did?

MOL: Gay Abandon. That was Looie Abandon's little daughter that
lived down the street from McGee. He had quite a crush on
her when he was ten years old.

FIB: I was only nine. I just looked ten because I always wore
my football suit. I always wore my football suit because
it was padded and I was always falling off my bicycle.
SO YOU DON'T THINK FRANK SCHMALTZ IS A SPY EH, WELLINGTON?

WELL: I do not! Definitely! In fact, I should be inclined to
pooch-pooch the whole idea, except that I do not consider it
worthy of a double pooch. However, I shall give the story
to my cousin, a police lieutenant who likes to see his
name in the paper for a few para.

MOL: Graphs?

WELL: Y-y-yes, a few thousand a year, I suppose. Well, good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Your spy theory isn't getting much support, dearie.

FIB: IT'S SICKENING!!!. THAT'S WHAT IT IS..SICKENING!!! A guy
as obvious a spy as old Frank D. Schmaltz over there and
nobody but me catches onto it!!

MOL: That's just the trouble, McGee. He's too obvious to be
a spy.

FIB: THAT'S EXACTLY HOW CLEVER HE IS, SEE? DON'T YOU GET IT?
HE ACTS LIKE A SPY, SO EVERYBODY WILL SAY, MY GOSH, HE
ACTS SO MUCH LIKE A SPY HE CAN'T POSSIBLY BE ONE! AND I'M
THE ONLY ONE THAT CAUGHT ON!

MOL: Well, my goodness, the man won't -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: HIYA, WAXEY. Look, you know anything about that guy Schmaltz that lives across the street? That Nazi spy?

WIL: What makes you think Frank is a spy, pal? That Erich Von Stroheim haircut?

MOL: He wouldn't loan McGee his lawnmower, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: AW, IT ISN'T THAT...ENTIRELY. IT'S A LOT OF THINGS, JUNIOR. He's always takin' pictures out at the airplane plant. And he keeps pigeons.

WIL: How large a cote has he got?

MOL: I'd say about a forty-four stub, Mr. Wilcox...with padded shoulders.

FIB: HE MEANS A DOVE COTE, MOLLY.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Big enough for forty or fifty birds, Junior. I caught one in a net Saturday, and found a message tied to his leg.

WIL: What did it say?

MOL: IT SAID: "ROSES ARE RED, VIOLETS ARE BLUE,
I MIND MY OWN BUSINESS,
WHY DON'T YOU?"

FIB: Well, just the same, one of these fine days I'm gonna manage to get his finterprints and when I send 'em down to Washington, he'll --

WIL: GEE, WILL YOU SHOW 'EM TO ME, PAL?

FIB: EH? Why sure, Junior.

MOL: You interested in espionage, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No, I'm just interested in fingerprints.

FIB: You are, eh?

WIL: I sure am. They fascinate me. I guess that's because I see so few of them.

MOL: In police stations, you mean.

WIL: No, in people's homes and offices. You see, with so many people using Johnson's Wax on their furniture and woodwork, it makes dust and fingerprints so easy to wipe off that I almost never see them.

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

WIL: There was a time, you know, before people started using Johnson's Wax, that the surfaces of furniture and woodwork and stuff were simply COVERED with fingerprints...

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF--

WIL: It was sort of a rogue's gallery of bad housekeeping, you might say. But now that people know how to keep all those wood and enamel surfaces bright and clean and gleaming with Johnson's Wax--

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

WIL: -- I almost never see any fingerprints.

MOL: What were you going to say, McGee...Ladies and gentlemen what?

FIB: I was gonna say Ladies and gentlemen, we will now hear from Mr. Wilcox on behalf of something or other, but it seems kinda silly now. SO YOU DON'T THINK SCHMALTZ IS A SPY, EH, JUNIOR?

WIL: I think the very idea is ridiculous.

FIB: OH YEAH? WELL, I GOT TO TALKIN' TO THE MAILMAN THE OTHER DAY...AND WAS SORT OF IDLY THUMBIN' THROUGH THE MAIL WHILST TALKIN' TO HIM, AND YOU KNOW WHAT?

MOL & WIL: WHAT?

FIB: HE HAD SOME MAIL ADDRESSED TO "FRANKLIN DELANO SCHMALTZ". WHO DOES HE THINK HE'S KIDDIN' WITH THAT STUFF?

WIL: So what? People have been naming children after presidents for a hundred years.

MOL: Yes, but I'll have to admit Mr. Schmaltz has a very heavy beard for a 12-year-old boy.

FIB: I'll say he has. Franklin Delano Schmaltz...IT'S AN ATLAS, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

WIL: A what, bud?

FIB: AN ATLAS...YOU KNOW...AN ASSUMED NAME.

MOL: You mean ALIAS, dearie.

FIB: I DO, EH? THEN WHO WAS THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WALKED THROUGH THE LOOKIN' GLASS?

WIL: Alice.

FIB: OH, YES...WELL, WHO IS THE GUY THAT HOLDS THE WORLD UP ON HIS SHOULDERS?

MOL: That's Atlas.

FIB: (LAUGHS) What are you two tryin' to do...make me out a complete illiterate? Atlas is the horns on a moose and you know it.

WIL: No, pal...those are ANTLERS.

FIB: YEAH? THEN WHAT'S THE TERM FOR A BABY ANT?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Antler. So quit quibbling. AND YOU THINK SCHMALTZ IS OKAY, EH, JUNIOR?

WIL: I certainly do. As a matter of fact, from something I saw him do the other day, I'd say he was a typical American.

MOL: What was that, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: He left his engine running outside the gas Ration Board while he went in and yelled for forty minutes about how they were making it so tough for him. Forget it, pal...you're on the wrong track.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: See, McGee...you're getting all worked up over nothing. Heavenly days, just because a man won't let you take his lawnmower, doesn't make him an enemy alien.

FIB: It makes him an enemy.

MOL: Oh, dear. Well, can you leave your witch-hunting long enough to go wash up for dinner?

FIB: No, I'm sorry. I ain't gonna stir from this window. I'll have my dinner right here.

MOL: All right, my lord and master. Your slightest whim is my command. Up to a point. Which we haven't quite reached. But we're getting close. I'll have Beulah set a card table here by the window. OH, BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody scream fo' Beulah in heah?
FIB: Yeah...Look, Beulah. I wanna keep an eye on the guy across the street. Would you mind serving our dinner right here on a card table?
BEULAH: No suh. Wherever you wants it, you gits it. Who de man across de street, suh?
MOL: Man named Schmaltz, Beulah. Mr. McGee thinks he might be a Nazi spy.
BEULAH: Fo' goodness sake!! He come Nazi spyin' roun' me an' I gonna gestapo him across the haid wif a fryin' pan!
FIB: Make it a roasting pan, Beulah. I gotta feeling we're gonna cook his goose!
BEULAH: GOTTA FEELIN' WE'RE (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!!!
MOL: What are we having for dinner tonight, Beulah?
BEULAH: Oh, it gonna be real tasty, ma'am! Potage Rockaway, followed by Beef Richelieu and Sauce Creole, pain de ble and a Poudang Chateau fo' dessert.
FIB: Wow!...aren't we getting kinda fancy, Beulah?
BEULAH: Nossuh. (LAUGH) That's jus' cookbook fo' Clam chowder, Hamburger an' onions, corn bread and cottage puddin'.
MOL: I don't mind telling you, Beulah, you're one of the best cooks I ever knew...in French or English.
BEULAH: Thank you, ma'am. And in return may I say you is two of the finest eaters I evah knew includin' de Scandinavian named Olsen I work for in 1932.
FIB: You ever go to a school of domestic science, Beulah?
BEULAH: The best one they is, suh. The O.P.K. Academy.

MOL: O.P.K.? Where is that?
BEULAH: OTHAH PEOPLE'S KITCHENS.
FIB: Well, you sure learned your racket, Beulah. You stick pretty close to the cookbook?
BEULAH: Well, my mamma use to tell me, "BEULAH" SHE SAY, "ALWAYS REMEMBAH - SOME COOKS KIN MAKE A OLE HOT WATER BOTTLE TASTE LIKE A FINE PIECE OF BEEF, BUT THE VERSA KIN REALLY GET TO BE A VICE!" Well, scuse me now, ma'am.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH & KING'S MEN - "IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: HEY MOLLY - YOU KNOW WHAT? SCHMALTZ HAS SPENT THE WHOLE AFTERNOON PUTTIN' UP A RADIO AERIAL?

MOL: You were four days putting ours up, - and then we couldn't get anything but local stations unless we shut off the refrigerator and wore headphones.

FIB: THIS IS A DIFFERENT THING...SCHMALTZ HAS GOTTA AERIAL NINETY FEET LONG. LOOKA THE DARN THING!

MOL: Hmmm. You sure that isn't a clothesline?

FIB: THIRTY FEET OFF THE GROUND? EVEN HIS LONG UNDERWEAR ISN'T THAT LONG. I'm telling you that guy can send messages to Tokyo with an aerial like that.

MOL: McGee, this is a lot of nonsense. You spend the whole day peeping out of windows and -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: GET IN FRONT OF ME...QUICK! I'LL SHOOT OVER YOUR SHOULDER!

MOL: Oh don't be silly...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Doctor Gamble. Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly.

FIB: Hiyah, medicine man.

DOC: And how are you today, Decibel? Wanna go for a walk?

FIB: Can't leave the front window, Doc. Keepin' an eye on the guy across the street. He's a German spy.

DOC: FRANK SCHMALTZ - A GERMAN SPY? (LAUGHS) MCGEE, YOU KILL ME!!

FIB: That's the first sensible suggestion I've heard today. But I TELL YOU DOC, THE GUY IS A DANGEROUS ALIEN.

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DOC: OH, CHUTNEY! THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, MCGEE, IS YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH TO OCCUPY YOUR MIND. SIT AROUND ON YOUR IMAGINATION ALL DAY AND DREAM UP FANCY CRIMES FOR THE NEIGHBORS!

FIB: IS THAT SO! WHY YOU SHORT SIGHTED, DULL WITTED, WALKING DELEGATE OF THE BUTCHERS UNION, YOU CAN'T SEE A CASE OF SABOTAGE WHEN IT'S DANGLED IN FRONT OF YOUR PUFFY OLD EYES!

MOL: Now boys...

DOC: WHY YOU LITTLE DIME STORE DICK TRACY, YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE A SPY IF YOU SAW HIM COMING ASHORE IN A RUBBER BOAT. GO DOUSE YOURSELF WITH SOME TANNIC ACID. YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM THIRD DEGREE WILLIAM J. BURNS.

FIB: IS THAT SO...BY GEORGE, YOU -

MOL: BOYS...STOP IT!

DOC: Certainly.

FIB: Wel-1-1....

MOL: You think Mr. Schmaltz is all right, do you Doctor?

DOC: Certainly. What makes you think he's a spy?

MOL: He wouldn't lend McGee his lawnmower.

DOC: Well, - HYPO-MY-DERMIC! GOODDAY!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: But Molly, not loanin' me his lawnmower didn't have much to do with it...all that done was to make me suspicious in the first place.

MOL: Nevertheless the Doctor is right. This whole thing is silly and I'll go help Beulah set up a card table. (FADE)

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FIB: Ahh, there goes a good kid...but she don't realize the seriousness of this situation. Here I am...the only guy in town that's caught onto this guy...and who can I convince? Nobody. My gosh if he realized I knew his secret he'd bump me off so fast -

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: DON'T SHOOT! I MEAN PUT 'EM UP!...I SEE YOU! WHO IS IT?
ANSWER YES OR NO.....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, sis. COME IN...QUICK...GET OUTA THE LINE
OF FIRE!

DOOR SLAM

TEE: What line o' what fire, mister?

FIB: Never know when there might be shootin', sis.

TEE: Ohhhh, goody!!..who's gonna shoot somebody?

FIB: If that guy Schmaltz across the street catches onto the fact that I'm onto his game, he'll be shootin' at me. You realize that guy is a German spy, sis?

TEE: Gee, honest, mister. Howja know?

FIB: He wouldn't lend me his lawnm-- er...WELL, I KNOW IT, THAT'S ALL! HE TAKES PICTURES OF WAR PLANTS...HE'S GOTTA GERMAN ACCENT. HE KEEPS PIGEONS...

TEE: I know it, I betcha. Career pigeons.

FIB: CARRIER pigeons.

TEE: My daddy says when a man spends as much time with his pigeons as Mr. Schmaltz does, it's a career.

FIB: OH, SO YOUR OLD M-- SO YOUR FATHER NOTICED IT TOO, DID HE?

TEE: Hm?

FIB: I says your father noticed this guy's activities too, eh?

TEE: Sure. My daddy says if Mr. Schmaltz's pigeons don't quit eating our garden seeds, we're either gonna have grilled Schmaltz or squab on toast.

FIB: Your garden seeds ain't important, sis. This guy is a sabatini. He's perfectly likely to throw a handful of incenderarary bombs into the car barns and disrupt transportation.

TEE: Gee, did you tell the cops, mister? Hmm? Didja? Hmm? Didja?

FIB: I've told the cops...I've wired Washington...I've squawked to everybody...AND WHAT HAPPENS? NOBODY BELIEVES ME. I'M AN ALARMIST! I'M A BIG STUPE! I'M A FUSSY OLD FOOL!

TEE: I know it.
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: I TELL YOU, SIS, SOMETHING HAS GOTTA BE DONE! But quick!
TEE: Okay, I'll get Willie Toops and we'll take his air rifle and we'll bust a couple of his front windows and when he comes running out, I'll go in his garage and let the air out of his tires and while I do that, you cut his telephone wires, and--
FIB: HEY HEY HEY!...NOT SO FAST, SIS...NOT SO FAST. WE GOT NO AUTHORITY FOR STUFF LIKE THAT!
TEE: Weell, gee, has he got any therority for throwing insanitary bombs into the carbarn?
FIB: WELL, NO, BUT MY GOSH--
TEE: Okay then, Willie busts the windows, I let the air out of his tires, you cut the phone wires, Willie chases the pigeons away, I'll sneak in the cellar windows and--
FIB: NO NO NO NO!...SIS...NO!
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: Gee whizz, we can't take the law into our own hands like that. The guy may be a rat, but he's entitled to the due processes of the law, see? We gotta be legal.
TEE: Is it legal to be a German spy?
FIB: Wel-l-l, no, but--
TEE: OKAY THEN...WILLIE SHOOTS THE WINDOWS, I LET THE AIR OUT OF HIS TIRES, YOU CUT THE PHONE WIRES--
FIB: NO NO NO, SIS, NO!

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TEE: (FADE) WILLIE CHASES THE PIGEONS...I SNEAK IN THE CELLAR WINDOW -- HEY WILLIE -
DOOR SLAM
FIB: Gee whizzz...that kid's liable to ruin everything. Gonna run over there and --
MOL: (FADE IN) Did I hear you talking to somebody, McGee?
FIB: Yeah...the little girl from across the street. I told her about Schmaltz and she's all for burning down his house, wreckin' his car, and --
MOL: That's what always happens when you don't let the proper authorities handle things like this. Heavenly days, we --
SOUND: (OFF MIKE) SHOTS...YELLS...SIREN FADE IN FAST...GLASS CRASH...SHOTS
FIB: OH MY GOSH...SHE DID IT!! THE LITTLE MUGG!!
MOL: McGee...you can't let her get into trouble like that... you'll have to help her.
FIB: OKAY...I WILL...WHY CAN'T I KEEP MY BIG FAT MOUTH SHUT WHEN -- WELL, HERE I GO...
SOUND: DOOR OPEN: YELLS...SHOTS...SIREN
MAN: (OFF MIKE) GET BACK IN THE HOUSE THERE, YOU...BEFORE YOU GET HURT!
MOL: WHAT'S THE MATTER, OFFICER?
FIB: WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
MAN: ARRESTING ONE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS...GUY NAMED SCHMALTZ. HE'S A GERMAN SPY.
FIB: Hear that, Molly! Schmaltz is a German spy.
MOL: That's what you said, dearie.
FIB: I did' I DID!!! I caught a spy. Call the newspapers - call the news reels, call -----
ORCH: ("MY SHINING HOUR") (FADE ON CUE)

1

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
APRIL 18, 1944

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Conservation is something we hear a good deal about today, and rightly so. There's no argument about it -- we've all got to take the best possible care of our things to make them last. But if you've been protecting your linoleum with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, you've been practicing sound conservation right along. You've been giving those linoleum surfaces protection against the destructive influence of dirt and moisture, and scuffing feet. That's why we say that the regular use of GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer. The film of GLO-COAT takes all the wear, and the surface underneath is safe. When you consider that in addition to that protection, SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT saves you hours of work and keeps your linoleum floors gleaming with beauty, then you can understand why GLO-COAT has become so tremendously popular. It needs no rubbing, no buffing, because it is self-polishing. You simply apply and let dry, and GLO-COAT does the rest. Wherever you have floors of linoleum, asphalt tile or rubber tile, you'll find JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT offers the easy, economical way to care for them.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) -27-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS PROGRAM BEGINS OUR TENTH YEAR ON THE AIR FOR JOHNSON'S WAX, AND WE'D LIKE TO EXPRESS OUR THANKS TO THE JOHNSON WAX PEOPLE, THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY...AND YOU.

MOL: AS ALWAYS, YOUR LOYALTY AND SUPPORT HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL AND WE DEEPLY APPRECIATE IT. NEXT YEAR WE...FOR GOODNESS SAKE, MCGEE, STOP FIDGETING! HAVEN'T YOU ANY APPRECIATION?

FIB: SURE. AND I GOT HOPE, TOO.

MOL: HOPE FOR WHAT?

FIB: THAT SCHMALTZ LEFT HIS GARAGE UNLOCKED. THAT'S WHERE HE KEEPS HIS LAWMOWER. I'LL RUN OVER NOW AND SEE.

Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: THE CHARACTER OF MR. WELLINGTON, HEARD ON THIS PROGRAM, WAS PLAYED BY RANSOM SHERMAN. THIS IS HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY, AND INVITING YOU TO BE WITH US AGAIN NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT. GOODNIGHT.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)