

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

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT PRESENT FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY....WRITTEN BY
DON QUINN, WITH SONGS BY MARTHA TILTON AND THE KING'S MEN,
AND MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS. THE SHOW OPENS WITH:

"A ROMANTIC GUY, I."

ORCH: "A ROMANTIC GUY, I"

(FADE FOR:)

(INSERT COMMERCIAL....page 3)

U.S. Opening Commercial

ANNCR: The other day I was looking thru some old magazines of 50 years ago, and I got a big laugh out of some of the pictures. Just imagine the clothes women wore in those days....yards and yards of petticoats, all dustcatchers....and even bustles. And how they filled their living-rooms with doodads. And yet, while I got a laugh, I realized that all thru those changing fashions, right down to the streamlined modern styles of today, you women were trying to make our lives more attractive....first by making yourselves more decorative....and second, by making our homes more beautiful.

So I take my hat off to you - and to the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, also....because when it comes to adding beauty to your homes, they have given you some very good assistance. Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX has been beautifying and protecting floors, furniture and woodwork all during these 50 years. More recently, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has solved that important kitchen floor problem---protecting the linoleum, keeping its colors fresh and bright, saving you hours of tedious work. I've noticed that more and more housekeepers keep both genuine JOHNSON'S WAX and GLO-COAT always on hand.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: (A LA MARCH OF TIME) AS WE ENTER THE McGEE HOME AT 79
 WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT, WE PAUSE UPON A SCENE FRAUGHT WITH
 SIGNIFICANCE AND TENSE WITH POTENTIAL EXCITEMENT BECAUSE HERE,
 STABBING WITH SWIFT AND DEADLY PRECISION, WE FIND THE LADY
 OF THE HOUSE, DARNING SOCKS, WHILE HER HUSBAND, (NO SOCK-
 DARNER HE), TURNS THE PAGES OF THE EVENING PAPER WITH
 MOUNTING DISINTEREST. YES...AS IT MUST COME TO ALL MEN,
 TUESDAY EVENING COMES TO--

--FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: Anything in the paper, dearie?

FIB: Well, here's a story about--

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, HOW ON EARTH DO YOU WEAR YOUR SOCKS OUT LIKE
 THIS? I can't even tell which end to mend.

FIB: Well, can I help it if I wear 'em out? I'm a active guy.
 I'm energetic. I'm dynamic. Hand me a match, willya?

MOL: They're as close to you as they are to me.

FIB: The heads are closer to you. Thanks.

SOUND: (SCRATCH OF MATCH)

FIB: Mmmmmmm. Good cigar.

MOL: Where'd you get it?

FIB: Mort Toops. Just had a baby.

MOL: Boy or girl?

FIB: Who - Mort? He's a boy. Wife's a girl, though.

MOL: You don't say! Isn't biology interesting! McGee, did you ever do any mountain climbing?

FIB: Eh. Why yes....years ago....why?

MOL: Well, these must be the very socks you had on. But why didn't you wear your shoes, too?

FIB: Aw, don't be so fussy. Socks ain't immortal.
(RATTLE OF PAPER) HEY....IT SAYS HERE THAT WISTFUL VISTA'S GOT A CRIME WAVE!

MOL: Really?

FIB: Listen to this: "POLICE SEEK MEMBERS OF SHAKEDOWN RACKET. GANGSTERS INVADE CITY. EXTORT MONEY FROM CITIZENS FOR PROTECTION. MAYOR LA TRIVIA INDIGNANT...
(LAUGHS) Ain't that a panic?

MOL: What's hilarious about that?

FIB: Aw it's a lot of baloney. Newspaper talk. Somebody swipes a chocolate bar out of a drug store and makes a getaway on a hot tricycle and Mayor LaTrivia starts blattin' about a crime wave. That guy wouldn't know a yegg if he took it out from under a hon!

MOL: You're certainly a typical citizen, McGee.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: Oh you holler for honest city officials and then when they go to work you say....OHOOO!! POLITICS!

FIB: Well, I'd bet a thousand bucks there ain't a racketeer or a gangster....

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: -- within a hundred miles of here. COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN)

FIB: WELL, IF IT AIN'T RONALD COLMAN....and it certainly ain't! Whatcha want, bud?

MAN: Fibbeh McGee and Molly live here?

MOL: Yes, they do.

FIB: -- and don't tell us you're workin' your way thru college, either. We already subscribe to Life, Time, Pick, Peek, Peko, Pack, Collier's, Post, Better Homes and Horses--

MAN: But look --

MOL: We take "Look", too.

MAN: Yeah, but listen --

FIB: LISTEN? That's a new one on me, bud. Picture magazine?

MAN: WAIT A MINUTE....WAIT A MINUTE. You better listen to what I gotta say, folks...or you're gonna be sorry.

MOL: Is that so. What are you selling?

MAN: Protection, lady.

FIB: Well, we don't want any pro- ...WHAT WAS THAT? PROTECTION!!!

MAN: Yeh. The boss t'ought you'd be a good prospect. Foist, lemme ast youse a couple questions....

MOL: DON'T TALK TO HIM MCGEE!

MAN: Look, lady....would youse try to keep a guy from oinin' a honest livin'?

FIB: HONEST LIVIN' MY GRANDMOTHER!

MAN: Good for her! Now look....

MOL: I warn you, we've read all about you people in the newspapers!

MAN: Dat's swell. It's advertisin' dat breaks down consumer resistance. Now look...you like this little house don't you, buddy. You wouldn't want nuttin' to happen to it? Or to the little woman.

FIB: Now wait a minute, bud. You ain't scarin' me. I'M....hey.. OPEN YOUR EYES, BUD.

MAN: Wait...I'M seein' a vision. I'M seein' a vision of you and the wife....it's midnight...you're out in the street... shiverin' wit' cold...there was a explosion...de house is burnin' down...youse is ruined...and why? Because you didn't have protection. Every reasonable fam'ly has gotta guard against catasstopies, buddy. Now for only five bucks a week ----

MOL: DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, MCGEE....CALL THE POLICE.

FIB: They're probably in this too. I'll handle this myself. Now look, bud. ONE MORE THREAT OUTA YOU -

MAN: Who's t'reatenin'?

FIB: ONE MORE WORD OUTA YOU AND I'LL BEAT YOUR SKULL DOWN TILL YOU HAVE EYEBROWS FOR MUSTACHES. I AIN'T AFRAID OF YOU OR YOUR WHOLE MOB. NOW BEAT IT!

MAN: Okay, mister...but let's not be hasty. I'll be back later wit a sample and -

FIB: GET OUTA HERE!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Good for you, McGee! I thought for a minute you were gonna slug him.

FIB: If he'd said one more word and been twenty pounds lighter, I would of. The idea...trying to shake down a couple of law-abiding citizens like us. It's preposterous.

MOL: WELL DO SOMETHING...DON'T JUST STAND THERE....GET A MOVE ON!

FIB: I'm afraid to.

MOL: Why.

FIB: You'll SCOLD ME FOR WEARING MY SOCKS OUT.

MOL: McGEE...PLEASE....CALL THE MAYOR!..CALL THE POLICE!....
CALL EDWARD G. ROBINSON!

FIB: COME ON...LET'S GO DOWN TO THE CITY HALL AND---

DOOR KNOCK: (PAUSE)

MOL: Ohhh dear...McGee, you don't suppose *his back?*

FIB: What if ^{he} ~~is~~ is! THEY CAN'T INTIMIDATE FIBBER MCGEE.

MOL: Good for you!

FIB: Give me five minutes and then open the door. I'll run out the back way and down to the police station and -

MOL: OH NO YOU DON'T....YOU'LL STAY RIGHT HERE WITH ME.

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Look...get the poker...(CLANK OF METAL)...that's it!

Now when I open the door, hit him on the head.

FIB: Lemme open the door and YOU hit him. I..I don't know my own strength.

MOL: That's all right...the poker's bent anyway. READY?

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Ready.....

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: NO NO NO, MCGEE!...DON'T HIT HIM! IT'S BILLY MILLS!

FIB: Wow! Billy, you don't know how close you come to signin' up with a new orchestra....playin' the harp.

BILL: What's the idea, Skimp?

MOL: We've been threatened by a gangster, Billy. They're trying to shake us down for protection.

FIB: We gotta call in the police. . You know anybody in the City Hall, Billy?

BILL: Sure.

MOL: Who?

BILL: Can't think of his name. Runs the elevator.

FIB: Aw fer the...WELL I'M GONNA TAKE THIS UP WITH MAYOR
LA TRIVIA HIMSELF! Got your car outside, Bill?

BILL: Yes..come on - I was on the way downtown myself. Gotta
send a new song to Washington for a copyright.

MOL: Oh a new song! What's the name of it, Billy?

BILL: "I WANT THE WAITER WITH THE WATER FOR THE DAUGHTER OF
JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR."

FIB: Oh pshaw...WELL COME ON - LET'S GO!!!..READY, MOLLY?

MOL: I'M READY.....AREN'T YOU WEARING YOUR HAT!

MOL: NOT THIS WEEK!

FIB: HALL CLOSET!! COME ON, EVERYBODY!

ORK: "I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE" - TILTON

Wil: *Martha Tilton sing*
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (BUZZ OF VOICES) (FOOTSTEPS)

MOL: Which way is the Mayor's office, McGee?

FIB: Now let's see...I think it's right down this corridor and -

OLD TIMER: WELL HELLO THERE KIDS. What's all the hurry.

FIB: Police business, Old Timer. We got trouble with racketeers.

OLD T: Zat so? Where do you kids play?

MOL: Play what?

OLD T: Tennis. I used to be a racketeer with the old South Side Tennis, Tiddlywink and Tippling Club. Ever play Tilden?

FIB: No, how do you play it?

OLD M: Heh heh heh...how do you play it! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT.

MOL: Oh dear....

OLD T: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY," he says, "I SURE AM BUSY ON TUESDAY NIGHTS THESE DAYS." "ZAT SO," says tother feller, "YOU MEAN LISTENING TO BURNS AND ALLEN, FIBBER AND MOLLY, BOB HOPE AND RED SKELTON?" "YEP" says tother feller. "AND MY WIFE WON'T LEMME GO TO BED TILL I WASH MY FACE, POLISH THE LINOLEUM, BRUSH MY TEETH, AND SMOKE TEN CIGARETTES." Heh heh heh. Too bad Winchell ain't on that night or I could wind the clock with my soft, white, romantic hands! See you later, Kids!

SOUND: FAST WALKING:

FIB: Gabby old fuddy-duddy!

MOL: How old do you suppose he is, McGee?

FIB: I dunno. But he used to have a livery stable and he's got a autographed picture of Paul Revere.

MOL: Well, this isn't getting our job done. Do you think Mayor La Trivia will see us?

FIB: He better see us. I helped elect him.

MOL: You worked for the other party.

FIB: I know...he always says that helped elect him, I could -

MOL: Oh look, McGee...here comes Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: Let's dodge her..we ain't got time to stop now. We've -

MOL: It's too late, dearie. The old war horse is galloping right toward us. OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON.

SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, my dear. AND MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

MOL: We haven't much time to talk, Abigail. We're on our way to see the mayor.

UPP: Mayor La Trivia....such a CHARMING man, my dear. I just came from his office myself.

MOL: What were you seeing him about Abigail, if it's any of our business.

- UPP: It isn't, ~~to be frank, my dear.~~ But I was merely awsking-
for protection.
- FIB: HEY...THEM GANGSTERS BEEN SHAKING YOU DOWN, TOO, UPPY?
- UPP: I don't know what you mean, Mr. McGee. I was referring to
the rude young men who stand around near the drug store
at 14th and Oak and flirt with us girls as we pass by.
I told him that idle men like that should be in the army.
- and what did he say?
- MOL: - and what did he say?
- UPP: He said that men with such poor eyesight couldn't get in
the army. (LAUGHS) Wasn't that amusing?
- FIB: That was a dilly! Incidentally, Uppy, you found FIFI,
your pekinese pup okay, didn't you?
- UPP: Oh yes, Mr. McGee, and she was SO glad to see me, the dear
little thing. I had left her in the beauty parlor, you
know.
- MOL: Yes, I remember, Abigail. What kind of a hair-do did
she get? A pupadour?
- UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mrs. McGee...a PUPADOUR! (LAUGHS) That's
a pun, isn't it?
- FIB: Yes, a hair-pun. (LAUGHS) Get it, girls? Uppy says is
that a pun and I snaps right back with -
- MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE.
- FIB: It ain't? Well, it'll look better when it's combed out.
WE GOTTA BE GETTIN' ALONG, UPPY. SEE YOU LATER.
- UPP: Oh yes indeed, Mr. McGee. DON'T ACCEPT ANY WOODEN FIVE
CENT PIECES! (LAUGHS) Slang, you know! (EXIT LAUGHING)

MOL: Wooden five cent pieces! I'm afraid Abigail is one village belle who should have been tolled...what it was all about?

FIB: HEY...WE GOTTA GET GOIN'. WE DON'T WANNA GET HOME AND FIND THE PLACE A HEAP OF ASHES!

MOL: I should say not...now where's the Mayor's office?

FIB: Well, I'd better make sure. Let's ask in here.

MOL: What office is this?

FIB: County Assessor.

DOOR OPEN

WIL: - AND I SAY ONCE AGAIN, MR. ASSESSOR, YOU'RE TAXING THEM TOO MUCH. IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! AS A CITIZEN OF THIS COMMUNITY I SAY --

MOL: McGee....it's Mr. Wilcox. YOO HOO....MR. WILCOX!

WIL: Oh hello, Molly. Hiyah, Fibber,

FIB: What are you crabbing about, Wilcox? Who's taxing who too much?

WIL: Do you realize, Fibber, that in some of our institutions, they still scrub the linoleum in the old fashioned, back breaking way? AND I SAY IT'S TOO MUCH OF A TAX ON THE STRENGTH OF OUR JANITORS -

FIB: That's why he went into Radio instead of pictures, folks -- he's allergic to mop scenes!

WIL: I CERTAINLY AM! THAT'S WHY I SELL JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. THE FINEST NO RUBBING, NO BUFFING FLOOR POLISH THAT MONEY CAN BUY. SHINES AS IT DRIES IN TWENTY MINUTES OR LESS, AND SAVES THE TAXPAYERS MONEY BY PRESERVING THE LIFE AND BEAUTY OF THE LINOLEUM IN OUR PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

FIB: Don't get so excited, Wilcox, One of these days you're gonna explode from sponsortaneous combustion.

WIL: Well, I can't help it. Think of our janitors not having the full advantages of cleanliness and economy. And they should be told also that there is only ONE genuine JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT and not to accept substitutes! Do I make myself understood?

MOL: I think so, Mr. Wilcox. But just to make everything clear, will you go over it again at this same time next week?

WIL: OHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Don't mind him, Mr. Assessor. He's got a single track mind.

FIB: - and it leads right up to the loading platform at Racine, Wisconsin. HEY WHERE'S THE MAYOR'S OFFICE?

MAN: Right next door. But you'd better hurry. His Honor is just about to leave for the Evening Gazette. They're dedicating a new gossip column.

MOL: - and what's the Mayor going to do there?

MAN: Turn the first spadeful of dirt.

FIB: Thanks, bud. Come on, Molly.

DOOR OPEN: SHUT....WALKING....

FIB: Here it is.

MOL: - and about time, too. I was thinking we'd have to call this "The Rover Boys in the City Hall" or "Why the Old Mayor Turned Gray".

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Hiyah, Mayor La Trivia. ~~We'd like to see you about~~

MOL: SHHHH...quiet, McGee...can't you see the Mayor is on the phone?

~~FIB: Oh couse me.~~

GALE: YES...YES...THIS IS MAYOR LA TRIVIA SPEAKING. WHO? NO MADAM...I WAS NOT AWARE THAT THE ELM TREES IN THE PARK WERE IN SUCH BAD CONDITION. THANK YOU FOR CALLING. I SHALL TAKE IT UP WITH OUR COMMITTEE FOR THE CITY, BEAUTIFUL! I MEAN FOR THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. GOODBYE! (CLICK) Ahh, Mr. and Mrs. McGee!

FIB: Look, La Trivia. We're in a spot!

MOL: We need protection.

GALE: From what?

FIB: Gangsters!

GALE: What are they after you for?

MOL: Protection.

GALE: Now wait a minute...start at the beginning and tell me the whole story.

FIB: Okay, I was born in Peoria, of poor but honest parents one cold November day ---

MOL: MCGEE...You don't have to go back that far.

FIB: Eh? Oh!

MOL: Look, Mr. Mayor. ^a ~~This~~ man came to our door and said that for so much a week we wouldn't have to worry about our house being blown up or burned down and he said he'd be back later.

GALE: Well, I don't blame you for being frightened.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN FRIGHTENED? I COULD OF SLAPPED HIM DOWN WITH A SHEET OF KLEENEX! FRIGHTENED, MY EYE! IF I EVER --

MOL: Quiet, McGee. Look, Mr. Mayor...what are we going to do?

GALE: We'll give you the full co-operation of our entire police force, Mrs. McGee!

FIB: Thanks La Trivia. Whatcha gonna do - drag out the throw-net?

GALE: We call it throwing out the drag-net, McGee. MISS CADWELL, CONNECT ME WITH THE POLICE RADIO! (CLICK) HELLO, IS THIS W9 X JPD 12 X 13 W?

FIB: Some station! They have to buy a half hour's time to give the call letters!

MOL: Quiet, McGee!

GALE: THIS IS MAYOR LA TRIVIA SPEAKING! GENERAL ALARM! PUT ME ON THE AIR.

FIB: Isn't this exciting, Molly?

GALE: ATTENTION ALL CARS! ATTENTION ALL CARS! MURPHY! - QUIT FIDDLING WITH THAT WINDSHIELD WIPER AND PAY ATTENTION!

VOICE ON P.A. Yes sir.

GALE: ATTENTION ALL CARS...SURROUND BLOCK AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA AND STAND BY.. LET EVERYONE IN AND NO ONE OUT! SUSPECTED SHAKEDOWN. OFFICER NICHOLS STAKED OUT IN HOUSE... I WILL REPEAT...(FADE OUT) SURROUND HOUSE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA AND...

ORCH: "GAY RANCHERO" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

WIL: The King's Men sing "Gay Ranchero"

APPLAUSE

MOL: All right, officer. Come right in the living room and make yourself comfortable.

COP: Thank you, ma'am.

FIB: Have a cigar, bud. Here's one that's hardly been used.

COP: Thanks...I don't smoke on duty.

MOL: Good for you, officer. By the way, what was your name again?

COP: Nichols.

FIB: Nichols, eh? I had a uncle named Nichols. Rob Nichols. Streetcar conductor. Must be an old man by now.

MOL: That must be an awful old joke by now, too. Well, what's your plan, Mr. Nichols?

COP: Lieutenant Nichols, Ma'am.

FIB: Oh, an army man. I was in the old 49th during the last war, bud. Corporal. Everybody said I --

COP: I'M NOT AN ARMY MAN. I'M a police lieutenant.

FIB: Oh rejected, eh? Well, we can't all be --

MOL: MCGEE BE QUIET. What did you say the plan was, Officer?

COP: I'll stand right here, behind the book case, near the door. If that gangster comes back...you maneuver so that his back is toward me.

FIB: GOOD IDEA! SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK! MUCH THE SAFEST WAY BECAUSE --

COP: I'M not going to shoot him. I'M going to slip the handcuffs on him.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: Very well officer. When McGee opens the door --

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN WHEN I OPEN THE DOOR? You open the door.

I'LL be under the davenport, so if he overpowers the lieutenant, I can leap out like a thunderbolt and ---

MOL: Thunderbolt is right. He'll thunder and you'll bolt. Now let me see if I have this right, Lieutenant.

FIB: I understand it, Molly. The minute a knock comes at the door,

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Like that - I'll be standing....HEY THAT WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR! LEMME PAST, MOLLY! LEMME PAST!

MOL: Where you going, McGee?

FIB: Down in the basement. Find a piece of rope in case I have to tie him up. You wait here and --

COP: TAKE IT EASY!!...I'LL HANDLE THIS!

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Ready?

COP: Ready?

FIB: Don't be nervous, officer! I'M right behind you.

COP: Well, let go my hand! Open the door, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR LATCH:

WIMP: Good day, Mrs. McGee...I just - OH MY GOODNESS!!!

SOUND SCUFFLE:

WIMP: Dd-don't choke me...dear?...I'll...be good!!

MOL: HOLD IT OFFICER...THAT'S THE WRONG MAN...THIS IS A FRIEND OF OURS.

COP: Oh, I'M sorry. Did I hurt you, sir?

- WIMP: Well, a little, but don't mind me. I'mwhy, Mr. McGee... whatever are you doing behind the piano?
- FIB: Oh, Hiyah Wimple. I er...I...well, I was just checkin' up on the finish. Needs a little Johnson's Wax. Ha ha.. Yes, indeed. AHEM....I er... hope you weren't hurt in the scuffle, Wimple.
- WIMP: Oh no indeedy. I wish you'd ALWAYS GREET ME LIKE THAT. Makes me feel right at home.
- MOL: We were expecting a little trouble with a hoodlum, Mr. Wimple, so Officer Nichols here is on guard. Lieutenant, this is Mr. Wimple.
- COP: How do you do.
- WIMP: Hello, officer. You must know Sweetface, my wife. She teaches jiu jitsu to the police force.
- COP: OH YES...very powerful woman.
- WIMP: She really is, Mr. Jitney.
- COP: Nichols.
- WIMP: Excuse me. Did you know my wife could break a man's right arm...SNAP! with just a simple twist of her wrist?
- FIB: Really, Wimple?
- WIMP: Really, Mr. McGee. And, you know, I was surprised to find how easily I could learn to do things with my left hand.
- MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wimple...Hasn't she ANY sympathy whatsoever?
- WIMP: Oh she's a very sympathetic woman, Mrs. McGee. Why you should hear her out in the yard, with her roses...cooing and talking baby-talk to the little blossoms. Only one time ---

FIB: One time what?

WIMP: Oh - I suppose I'm telling tales out of school, but one time she got stuck by a thorn and she kicked the whey out of the whole garden, including an old oak tree. Well, if you're expecting a caller, I'll be running along. Goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM

COP: Strange little fellow, isn't he? A bit henpecked, you'd say?

FIB: Henpecked! That guy leads such a dog's life, he bays at streetlights. Why, I never--

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Oh my gosh....here he is! GET BEHIND THE BOOK-CASE, BUD!! YOU SIT DOWN, MOLLY, AND I'LL SIT ON YOUR LAP, AND HE'LL THINK WE'RE SWEETHEARTS AND IF HE'S GOT ANY HUMAN SENTIMENT, HE'LL--

MOL: Oh be still. McGee....you be ready to back up officer Nichols.

FIB: Okay....I'll....I'll be ready to back up...the officer....

MAN: All right. Mrs. McGee....let him in.

DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh, HOW DO YOU DO. AREN'T YOU THE MAN WHO WANTED TO SELL US PROTECTION?

MAN: Dat's me, lady. And dis time I think I can convince youse-- HEY....WHAT'S DE IDEA?

SOUND: (TERRIFIC SCUFFLE...GRUNTS....THUDS....BREATHING, etc.)

FIB: Sock him, Nichols!!..SOCK HIM!!..WHERE'S YOUR SPIRIT?
GET IN THERE AND FIGHT!

MOL: Get in there yourself, McGee.

FIB: I don't wannahog the glory, Molly. May mean a promotion for
the man. ATTABOY OFFICER!!..SLUG THE LUG!

SOUND: MORE BATTLE. CRASH OF GLASS...CRACK OF FURNITURE:

MOL: Heavenly days, they're wrecking the place!

FIB: Might as well have let the guy blow up the place as this!
GET IN THERE NICHOLS! EARN YOUR DOUGH!!!!

SOUND: MORE BATTLE...SUDDEN LOUD THWACK...GROAN: THUD OF FALLING
BODY.

PAUSE: HEAVY BREATHING: SUSTAIN

MAN: (PANTING) WELL!!! Now that DAT'S over...let's talk business.

FIB: Okay, bud...you...you w-w-w in. I'LL pay off! What's the
proposition.

MAN: Now you're talkin' sense, buddy. Look, for only five bucks
a week, we'll equip your house wit' de Fizzel-Foam Fire
Extinguisher... greatest protection any home could have....
just imagine --

FIB: FIRE EXTINGUISHER!! You mean that's all you...(WEAKLY)
Ohh!! Move over, lieutenant!!

SOUND: THUD OF BODY:

MOL: MCGEE!

MAN: Don't worry lady...dey all fall for the Fizzel Foam Fire
extinguisher. Now look, all you gotta do is -----

ORK: "DONT CRY" -- FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 28, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

I've got a good idea that I'd like to pass along to careful housekeepers -- those of you who admire those little "extra touches" that make some homes so attractive. Why is it that certain rooms just seem to glow with beauty and charm? From my observation there are two reasons. One is the good taste with which the furnishings are selected -- not necessarily the cost either. The other is very apt to be that invisible safeguard, genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. The lustrous film of genuine wax does give a warm beauty, a rich glow to everything it protects -- to floors, furniture and woodwork -- and to countless other objects around the home, such as window sills, picture frames, leather articles, venetian blinds. And this extra beauty is a plus value, because JOHNSON'S WAX does more than full service in saving you work all year, and protecting your things against wear and tear. JOHNSON'S WAX has been giving complete satisfaction for over 50 years. It is available in three forms -- PASTE, LIQUID or the new CREAM WAX made especially for furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Hey, Molly - I gotta surprise for you. We're gonna be on Edgar Bergen's show with Charlie McCarthy next Sunday.

MOL: NOT REALLY! Will it be a surprise to Edgar, too?

FIB: No, I think he suspects it. But what worries me, is what'll we talk about?

MOL: Well, could we talk about the RKO picture we made with Edgar, "LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING"....directed by Allan Dwan, and featuring Lucille Ball, to be premiered in San Francisco November 12th?

FIB: Yes....we COULD. It's been done though. Incidentally, I was talkin' to Allan Dwan the other day, and--

MOL: WHY SO WAS I! I was visiting at the Dwan home--

FIB: At the what?

MOL: Dwan home.

FIB: OTAY. DOODNIGHT.

MOL: DOODNIGHT ALL.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: CLOSING SIGNATURE

(FADE ON CUE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10-28-41
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (MOLLY) ... Goodnight, all

.....

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.

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