

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY
Fibber Meets a Racketeer

10-28-41 Tuesday
5:30PM PST NBC (2ND REVISION)

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.

JOHNSON'S
So I take my hat off to you - and to the makers of
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 those 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 GOL-
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, WITH HER HUSBAND, (NO
SOCK-
DARNER HE), TURNS THE PAGES OF THE EVENING PAPER WITH
DISINTEREST. YES....AS IT MUST COME TO ALL MEN,
TUESDAY EVENING COMES TO--

FIBBER MCGEE AND 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 out if I wear 'em out? I'm an 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 A MATCH)

FIB: Mmmmmmmmmmm. 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: Rally?

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 hen!

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, Pook, Poke, 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: Yeah. 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: Well....I'm holdin' 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
gotta
didn't have any protection. Every reasonable fam'ly has
bucks
guard against catasstopies, buddy. Now for only five
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 MOUSTACHES. 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 have. 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 CITY HALL AND---

DOOR KNOCK: (PAUSE)

MOL: Oh dear....McGee, you don't suppose he's back?

FIB: What if he 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:

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 came 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!

FIB: NOT THIS WEEK!

MOL: WHERE IS IT?

FIB: HALL CLOSET! COME ON, EVERYBODY!

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

WIL: Martha Tilton sings!

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 reacketeers.

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, Tiddly-wink and Tippling Club. Ever play Tilden?

FIB: No, how do you play it?

OLD T: Heh he 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, ON FELLER SAYS TO T'OTHER FELLER, "SAYYYY," he says, "I SURE AM BUSY ON TEUSDAY NIGHTS THESE DAYS." "ZAT SO," says t'other feller, "YOU MEAN LISTENING TO BURNS AND ALLEN, FIBBER AND MOLLY, BOB HOPE AND RED SKELTON?" "YEP" says t'other feller. "AND MY WIFE WON'T LET ME 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 LaTrivia 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 deah. 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 LaTrivia....such a CHARMING man, my deah. 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. 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 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 ought to be in the
army.

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 foud FIFI,
your pekinese puppy 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 hair-do did you 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 ACCENT 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.

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,

back they still scrub the linoleum in the old fashioned,
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
POLISH GLO-COAT. THE FINEST NO RUBBING, NO BUFFING FLOOR
MINUTES OR THAT MONEY CAN BUY. SHINES AS IT DRIES IN TWENTY
LIFE LESS, AND SAVES THE TAXPAYERS MONEY BY PRESERVING THE
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 advantage 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 next week?

WIL: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!
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: 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 Boyse in the City Hall" or "Why the Old
Mayor
Turned Gray".

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Hiyah, Mayor La Trivia.

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

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, LaTrivia. 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 man came to our door and said that for so much a sweek 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'VE SLAPPED HIM DOWN WITH A SHEET OF KLEENEX! FRIGHTENED, MY EYE! IF I EVER - -

MOL: Quiet, McGee. Look, Mr. Mayor...what are you 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 CALDWELL, CONNECT ME WITH THE POLICE RADIO! (CLICK) HELLO, IS THIS THIS W9 X JPD 12 X 12 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 AROUND 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 an 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.

back If that gangster comes back...you maneuver so that his

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 checkin' up
on the finish. Needs a little Johnson's Wax. Ha hah..
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 such leads 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!

HE'LL 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....

COP: 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 ther yourself, McGee.

FIB: I don't wanna hog 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-win. 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 FizzelFoam Fire

Extinguisher. Now look, all you gotta do is -----

ORCH: "DON'T CRY" -- FADE FOR -

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 and venetian blinds. And
this

extra beauty is a plus value, because 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 Loucille Ball, to be premiered in San
Fransisco 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)

CLOSING TAG:

MOL: Goodnight, all

WIL: 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.

Good night.