

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#223

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 11/14/39

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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WIL: The Johnson Wax Program with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee
& Molly - Jimmy Shields - Bill Thompson - & Billy Mills'
orchestra.

The show opens with "Good Morning".

ORK: "GOOD MORNING" FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
11-14-39
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNCR: When you left your kitchen a little while ago, did you happen to notice your linoleum floors? Were they something to be proud of -- or ashamed of? Are the colors still fresh and bright -- or are they faded and gloomy? Is the floor sparkling and gleaming, so you're happy to work there -- or is it the kind of floor that never seems to get clean?

Those of you who already use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, know how easy it is to have beautiful kitchen floors -- with practically no work. Those of you who don't know GLO-COAT, order a can tomorrow. Pour it onto your floors -- spread it around -- and let it dry. That's all there is to it -- there's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. In 20 minutes it dries to a beautiful, hard, long-lasting polish that brings out the colors of your linoleum, saves you cleaning work, and makes the linoleum itself last practically forever. You really couldn't ask for more than that from any polish, could you?

Remember the name -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- Spelled G-L-O-hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH...APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, SOME PEOPLE AFE MAKING PROVISIONS TO OBFSEVE THANKSGIVING ON THE 23RD -- AND SOME PEOPLE AFE MAKING PROVISIONS TO CELEBRATE THE 30TH, BUT THE WISTFUL VISTA MARKET JUST MAKES PROVISONS -- AND HERE, LOADING ARMS FULLS OF THE SAME INTO THEIR CAR, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: I thought we'd never get to the car with all those heavy packages you were carryin', Molly. Pile the stuff in the back seat.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER AND THUMP OF PACKAGES:

MOL: Let's see now - have we got everything? There's the mincemeat, and the cranberries...

FIB: Here's a half a turkey.

MOL: A half a turkey?

FIB: Sure. This is for the 23rd. I'll get another half on the 30th. Y'know, that's a wonderful idea, Molly - double holidays. Two Thanksgivings, two Fourth of Julys, two Christmasasasas.

MOL: Two New Years' Days would be an awful headache.

FIB: I'll drive, Molly - you hold the turkey.

MOL: Why don't I drive and you hold the turkey?

FIB: Let's compromise - I'll hold you, and we'll let the turkey drive. (LAUGHS) Doncha get it, Molly? I says, I'll hold you, and --

MOL: Tain't funny, McCee.
FIB: It ain't?
SOUND: (POLICE WHISTLE - SHRILL - THREE TIMES)
MOL: McGee that policeman over there is whistling at us.
FIB: Fresh guy. We don't know him?
MOL: I think we're going to.
COP: (FADE IN) AH, SO THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU.
FIB: Oh, you have, eh?
MOL: Why, officer - what've we done?
FIB: Don't let him kid you, Molly -- we ain't done anything.
(LAUGHS) Okay, Little Boy Blue - run along and have fun with your whistle. We been shoppin' and I'm tired, and we gotta be --
COP: PIPE DOWN, YOU! AND DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T SEE THAT SIGN! "TWENTY MINUTE PARKING ONLY". This car's been here for two hours!

FIB: Anyway, so what? We ain't tourists. We're CITIZENS! You don't seem to realize, my red-faced friend, that you're talking to a couple a tax payers. We're your employers.
~~And don't take no back talk from the servants!~~
~~get that Number 13 brogan of yours off~~
our running-board, we'll --
COP: (ROARS) AND NONE OF YOUR IMPUDENCE! OR I'LL RUN YE IN FER RESISTIN' AN OFFICER!
FIB: Oh, come, come! You know we couldn't resist you, Officer. You ~~aint~~ ^{quit} big, handsome ~~bloke~~.
MOL: Fer goodness' sakes, McGee, - be quiet! The officer's only doing his duty. We're very sorry, Mr. Policeman -- we won't do it again.
COP: I'm givin' ye a ticket just the same. What's your name?
MOL: Molly McGee! Molly Driscoll as was.
COP: Ah, Driscoll was it? A fine old name, is Driscoll. Would ye be havin' any Flanagans in the family?
MOL: No - me mother was a Houlihan. Why - are you a Flanagan?
COP: No, ma'am - Donohoo. Me mother was O'Sullivan.
FIB: Say, what is this? A pinch - or a wake?
MOL: Donohoo - Donohoo. Now where have I heard that name before?
OH, HEAVENLY DAYS! AREN'T YOU THE OFFICER DONOHOO THAT WAS AFTHER HAVIN' HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPER FOR HOLDIN' UP TRAFFIC WHILE A CAT WAS CARRYIN' HER LITTLE KITTENS ACROSS THE STREET?
COP: I was that.
MOL: Faith, and it was a lovely thing to do!
COP: Ah, t'was nothin'!

MOL: Ah, yes it 'twas! 'Twas a sweet and charitable act - and it's proud I am to talk to such a kind and thoughtful gentleman as Officer Donohoo!

FIB: *as before!*
COP: G'wan with your blarney, now. And seein' that you're a lover of animals ^{like} meself, I'm going to let yez off aisy this time. But after this, watch them parkin' signs, *collen*. Now, take your father and run along.

MOL: Oh, thank you, officer.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, HER FATHER? I'M HER HUSBAND - AND WHAT'S MORE,

MOL: ~~McGee!~~

FIB: AND WHAT'S MORE - I DON'T CARE IF YOU STOP TRAFFIC FOR FIFTY THOUSAND ^{had rather} PUSSY CATS! TO ME YOU'RE JUST TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF HOT AIR GOEN! THROUGH A TIN WHISTLE!

COP: OH, IS THAT SO! WELL, JUST FOR THAT, ME BUCKO, I'M GIVIN' YOU THE TICKET!

FIB: I guess you don't know who I am, Bud. I'm Fibber McGee.

COP: NO!

MOL: Yes, he is, Officer.

FIB: In person!

COP: Well fancy that, now. I wonder if it would be presumin' too much to ask for yer autygraph?

FIB: Eh? Oh! No, I guess not. Forget and forgive is my motto. Where d'you want me to sign it?

COP: (LOUD AND TOUGH) RIGHT ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS PARKIN' TICKET! AND SEE THAT IT'S PAID IN 24 HOURS OR I'LL COME AFTER YE! NOW, BEAT IT, THE BOTH OF YE!

ORK: "DING DONG THE WITCH IS DEAD!"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CAR MOTOR RUNNING BEHIND DIALOG...OCCASIONAL TOOT OF HORN

FIB: (MUTTERS)

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...why did you have to butt in while I was smooshin' the policeman? I had him talked out of givin' us a ticket. Now you got to pay two dollars.

FIB: Oh, no I don't...not me.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Not with my connections...I don't pay any chisselin' traffic fine like that. I'm gonna get this ticket fixed...

MOL: That's the wrong attitude, McGee...you violated an ordinance and you got to pay the fine.

FIB: Well, everybody else violates it too...why pick on me? Anyway, I don't pay it. My pals in the City Hall will fix this up in fifteen minutes...AND WHAT'S MORE I'LL GET THAT COP'S JOB.

MOL: Oh now, McGee--

FIB: I'LL HAVE HIM TRANSFERRED SO FAR OUT IN THE STICKS HE'LL HAVE TO WALK HIS BEAT WITH AN INDIAN GUIDE. Here's the City Hall....

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: HMMMMMMMM...gotta get them brakes fixed...

SOUND: (CAR DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Come on in and watch how I handle this. You'll get a new idea of my importance in this town.

MOL: That's fine...I never did like the old one. Who do you know in the City Hall, McGee?

FIB: EVERYBODY. From the Mayor on down to the doorman, here. HIYAH, MARCOWITZ!

PINCH: My name's Hoppelfinger. Marcowitz ain't been here for t'ree years.

MOL: Well, I hope the rest of your connections are more up to date, McGee.

FIB: Don't worry,-- they are. Come on, we'll take the elevator up to the Mayor's office.

~~SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR CLANG~~

~~OLD M: ELEVATOR DOOR CLANG UP~~ *elevator*

FIB: ~~Oh my, Johnny.~~ HEY ~~Bob~~ -- WHICH FLOOR'S THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ON?

OLD M: 2nd floor! OH, HELLO THERE, JOHNNY! HELLO, DAUGHTER! Glad to see you.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. Me husband wants to see the Mayor about fixin' a traffic ticket.

OLD M: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: Well, he didn't have no right givin' me this ticket! The trouble with cops is they don't realize that arrestin' a influential citizen is like shoppin' for grapefruit -- you pinch 'em today and they spit in your eye tomorrow!

(LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh heh! That's pretty good, Johnny - but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one lamb chop says to tother lamb chop, "SAAYYYY", he says, "WHY ARE YOU WEARIN' THEM PAPER PANTS?"

"AIN'T YOU HEARD?" says tother lamb chop, "WE ALWAYS DRESS FOR DINNER HERE." Hsh heh heh! All right, folks - face the front of the car, please. GOIN' UP.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR CLANG: WHINE OF ELEVATOR: DOOR CLANG

OLD M: 2ND FLOOR! FIRE COMMISSIONER, HEALTH COMMISSIONER, PARK COMMISSIONER, SCHOOL COMMISSIONER, TAX COMMISSIONER AND THEN THE MAYOR RAN OUT OF RELATIVES. ALL OUT! So long, Kids - see you later!

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES: ELEVATOR DOOR CLANG: WHINE UP AND OUT:

FIB: Now let's see...I wonder which way the Mayor's office is...

WIL: Well, hello there Fibber!...Hello, Molly!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox...what are you doing down here?

WIL: Oh, I've been having an argument with the Power and Light Commissioner. He's blaming me because people aren't using enough electricity.

MOL: Well why on earth is he blaming you?

WIL: On account of I'm a Johnson Wax Salesman.

FIB: Elucidate, Harlow...As the hook said to the eye on the fat lady's dress - "I don't get the connection".

WIL: Well, with housewives learning about the beautiful gleaming polish that Johnson's Wax gives dining room tables, people are getting so they eat more by candlelight. They love the soft rich reflections on a Johnson Waxed surface.

MOL: Hmnmnm. Has the Commissioner of Streets and Alley's West any complaints?

WIL: No, but the Health Commissioner has. He says he hasn't anything to do in this town because homes are cleaner and more sanitary, without the germ filled dust that's so easily wiped off a Johnson waxed surface.

FIB: (We might as well see this through to a finish, folks.) How about the Park Commissioner, Harlow?

WIL: OH HE LOVES ME! He says with housework so much easier, people have more time to play. They get out more and enjoy his parks. WELL SO LONG, FOLKS!

MOL: Goodbye Mr. Wilcox! This must be the Mayor's office right here, McGee.

FIB: Well let's go in and get this ticket fixed. I'll show that cop he can't go around pinchin' public people in prominent places.

MOL: What?

FIB: I mean pinchin' prominent people in public places.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Yes? Did you wish to see Mayor Applepuss?

MOL: Yes, we did, Dearie.

FIB: I'M FIBBER MCGEE SIS...a old pal o' the Mayor's. (LAUGHS)
In fact I'm the guy that give him the idea of revisin' the
alphabet in the Wistful Vista Grade Schools.

GIRL: I didn't remember that it had been revised, sir.

MOL: What was the idea, McGee?

FIB: Well, it was so the kid's grow up with the idea that the
letter "X" always meant a vote for Applepuss. So he had
all the schoolbooks reprinted so the alphabet would read
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W - Applepuss -
Y Z. (LAUGHS)

GIRL: What was it you wished to see the Mayor about sir?

FIB: It's a personal matter sis.

GIRL: Is your ticket for speeding or parking?

MOL: Parking.

FIB: Yes, I ... HEY ... HOW DID YOU KNOW?

GIRL: It's usually one or the other. I don't think the Mayor will
see you today...he's terribly busy. Besides, he never uses
his influence to fix traffic tickets.

FIB: Listen Sis... I'M ONLY ASKIN' FOR JUSTICE, SEE? I'M A
AMERICAN CITIZEN AIN'T I? I'M ENTITLED TO A HEARING, AIN'T
I? I GOT MY RIGHTS, AIN'T I? AIN'T I? (PAUSE) Well, I
gotten all right.

SOUND: BUZZER

GIRL: Excuse me a minute...

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~~Yes, I heard what you said...~~

GIRL: YES? MAYOR APPLEPUSS? YES...THERE'S A GENTLEMAN TO SEE
YOU, YOUR HONOR. HE SAYS HIS NAME IS FIBBER MCGEE...No,
FIBBER MCGEE...

FIB: (LAUGHS) Hey sis...ask him if he remembers the time me and
him glued the stuffed woodpecker to Bud Morriss's wooden
leg. (LAUGHS)

GIRL: WHAT DID YOU SAY, MR. MAYOR? NO SIR...YOUR GOLF CLUBS ARE
ALL READY OUT THERE...YES...THE OTHER GENTLEMEN SAID THEY
WOULD MEET YOU AT THE NINTH HOLE. YES YOUR HONOR. (CLICK)
Sorry sir...the Mayor says he'll be in conference all
afternoon.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN IN CONFERENCE...I HEARD WHAT YOU...WHY HE
CAN'T DO THIS TO ME...I'M HIS PAL...HERE I AM IN TROUBLE
AND HE WON'T EVEN --

MOL: Come on, dearie.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Imagine that guy, Molly? Wait till he wants a favor from
me. I'll tell just what I --

MOL: A lot of political influence you got, McGee. You haven't
enough pull to tear the petals off a daisy!

FIB: Don't worry. I got plenty other friends down here. Just
because I begin at the top don't mean I -

BOOM: AHH THERE? OYSTER FORK! AND Good day to you, My Dear...
What are you doing in this pitfall of political piracy?

MOL: Oh, McGee's got a traffic ticket he's tryin' to get fixed,
Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: IS THAT SO...I know a man who will take care of it for
you, paperweight.

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(2ND REVISION) 12-13

FIB: HOT DOG...YE DO? What'd I tell you Molly. There's always
a way when you know the right people...

MOL: Who is it, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: A bailiff in the Traffic Court. His name is...er...well,
well...imagine that! Forgotten his name! But I have it
on a slip of paper right here someplace...now let me see...
BAILIFF BAILIFF BAILIFF...WHERE'D I PUT THAT BAILIFF...

MOL: Oh, Dear!

FIB: Come on, Boomer...hurry up!

(2ND REVISION) -14 & 15-

BOOM: Don't get in an uproar, upstart. Have it right here
someplace...now where did I put that bailiff...here's a
small bottle of rat poison...know any rats you want
poisoned?...snapshot of my little nephew's pet goat...tiny
little animal isn't it? Sort of a peanut butter, you might
say...newspaper photo of my brother with a detective...
Hmmm...(Must be great friends...they have bracelets
exactly alike)...note from a friend of mine - a bank
examiner....wants me to help him examine a bank some
night...Package of stage money...at least I THINK it's
stage money...Came across it in the box office of the
Bijou theatre...and a check for a short beer...WELL WELL!
IMAGINE THAT!! NO BAILIFF!..WONDER WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE
WITH IT! MUST HAVE CARELESSLY PLACED IT IN THAT BILLFOLD
WHEN I PUT IT BACK IN SOMEBODY'S OVERCOAT....I'LL GO SEE
IF I CAN FIND IT AGAIN...

ORK: PLAYOFF:

FIB: Folks, we're very happy this evening to welcome our new
tenor, Mr. Jimmie Shields, who will introduce himself to
you with "BEGIN THE BEGUINE!" Jimmie Shields!

ORK: "BEGIN THE BEGUINE" -- SHIELDS

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD SPOT)

(REVISED)

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FIB: Thank you Jimmie Shields, and welcome to Wistful Vista.
MOL: Why don't you describe him to our audience, McGee?
FIB: Not a bad idea, Molly. Folks, in height, Jimmie is -
MOL: VERY TALL...STRIKINGLY TALL...He's very good looking!
FIB: Oh I wouldn't say STRIKINGLY TALL, Molly...just a good
height..AND HIS HAIR IS KIND OF A MEDIUM -
MOL: It's not medium..it's a very nice blond, and has a LOVELY
wave in it.
FIB: Oh Yeah? (I'd like to see him after nine holes o' golf in
the rain. I'd soon know whether Heaven or the Hairdresser
give him them waves.) ANYWAY, FOLKS MR. SHIELDS IS WEARIN'
A FAIRLY-GOOD-LOOKIN' -
MOL: A HANDSOME, WELL-TAILORED SUIT OF _____ WITH
A SOFT SHIRT AND A BEAUTIFUL _____ NECKTIE.
FIB: And he's wearin' shoes --
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, McGEE..OF COURSE HE'S WEARIN' SHOES!
FIB: YOU DIDN'T LEMME FINISH...HE'S WEARIN' SHOES OF BLACK CALF.
AND BLACK SILK SOX. HIS SHORTS -
MOL: MCGEE...That's enough...
FIB: Okay...but it was kinda sketchy. THAT'S ALL FOR NOW FOLKS...
But we wanna say we're glad to have Jimmie with us, and we
hope you like him, too. Now where was we, Molly?
MOL: We're still in the city hall tryin' to get that traffic
ticket fixed. Remember?
FIB: ~~Oh yes, that dad ratted ticket.~~ Now let's see...maybe my
pal, the City Clerk can ~~fix the ticket~~ *fix the ticket* for me.
MOL: Look, McGee...why don't you ask the Elevator Man to fix it
for you?

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(2nd REVISION)

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FIB: The Elevator man? What could he do about it? else.
MOL: Nothing, probably..He'll let you down easier than anybody/
FIB: You wait...I ain't begun to use my influence yet. *Wait*
Whoope - oh hello there little girl
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
TEE: ~~_____~~ *Hi, mister*
FIB: ~~_____~~
TEE: ~~_____~~
MOL: ~~I say...or for the...but maybe I better be more specific.~~
~~CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE OFFICE OF THE CITY CLERK IN THIS~~
~~BUILDING?~~
MOL: ~~No.~~
FIB: ~~Thanks.~~
MOL: ~~Hi...?~~
FIB: ~~I say...!~~
MOL: ~~For what?~~
FIB: ~~For telling me how small now you didn't tell me, did you?~~
Z say, ~~But~~ what's a kid your age doin' in the City Hall sis?
Gettin' a marriage license?
TEE: Gee, can you get marriage licenses here?
FIB: Why sure...(LAUGHS) But you're a little under age, sis, to
be considerin' matrimony.
TEE: I betcha I'm not, I betcha.
FIB: Oh yes you are.
TEE: Ohh no, I'm not.
MOL: OHHH YES YOU ARE.
TEE: OHHHHHH NO I'M NOT!
MOL: OHHHHHH, YES YOU -

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MOL: MCGEE..STOP ARGUIN' WITH THE CHILD...Maybe she is old enough.
Maybe she's a midget.

FIB: Are you, sis?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says ARE YOU?

TEE: Are I what?

FIB: A midget?

TEE: What's a midget?

FIB: Doncha know what a midget is?

TEE: No.

FIB: Aw sure ye do. What do you call little tiny people who act like great big people?

TEE: (PAUSE) PRECOCIOUS, I betcha!

FIB: Okay sis...you win. But you didn't tell us what you're doin' here.

TEE: I wanna puppy license for my puppy. Will the man sell me one, mister..Hmmm..will he hmm? You think?

FIB: Oh I think he will...what's his name?

TEE: Gee I dunno...I haven't asked him yet?

FIB: Asked who?

TEE: The man..

FIB: I meant the puppy.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS, I MEANT THE PUPPY. What's his name?

TEE: Margaret. Gee, he's cute, too.

FIB: Oh he is, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, I think the man will see that Margaret gets his license all right. You tell him Mr. McGee sent you and see what he says.

TEE: Oh he don't say anything, I betcha. He just barks.

FIB: Who, the man?

TEE: No, Margaret.

FIB: I meant the man.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says I MEANT THE..well never mind. I'd like to have you bring him over sometime, sis....does he bite?

TEE: Who the man?

FIB: Yes, the..NO..THE PUPPY..

TEE: No, he don't bite, Mister.

FIB: Well be sure you tell the license man that. And tell him what his name is, too.

TEE: Who's name?

FIB: The name of the...now wait a minute..where were we? Oh yes..the MAN..Tell the man what the puppy's name is.

TEE: Margaret.

FIB: Yes, I know...but tell the license man.

TEE: What's HIS name?

FIB: Margar..no that's the puppy, aint it?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I...listen sis...let's call it a day, and give my regards to Margaret.

TEE: Okay Mister. G'bye.

FIB: G'bye. Come on, Molly...if I don't get this traffic ticket fixed pretty soon everybody'll be leavin' for the day.

~~MOL: All right, McGee. Who do you wanna see and you say, "The~~

~~Yeeh, she knows me and how much power I'm using.~~

HAL: AHH THERE, MCGEE...HELLO, MRS. MCGEE...COME DOWN TO PAY YOUR TAXES?

MOL: Well goodness'sakes...it's Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Hiyah Gildy. Say, I'd like to speak to you about ---

HAL: Sorry I can't stop to talk McGee. I've just been appointed temporary judge of the traffic court and I'm on my way to the courtroom.

MOL: Oh heavenly days..you hear that, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) What'd I tell you, Molly? You think I ain't got friends in the right places eh? Our next door neighbor is a traffic judge. Look, Gildersleeve, old man. ... I gotta ticket for parkin' over time...fix it for me will you?

HAL: FIX IT FOR YOU? MCGEE...DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? A JUDGE - FIXING A TRAFFIC TICKETS? ... IT'S...IMPOSSIBLE.

MOL: Well look, then, Mr. Gildersleeve...(Give him the ticket, McGee)

FIB: Here, Gildy...

HAL: WELL..I .. er...

MOL: Wait a minute...we'll go to court with you..and you call McGee's case first..that isn't unethical is it?

HAL: Well no..er..I..I guess not.

FIB: I get the idea now...you let your conscience be your guide, Gildersleeve.....That's all we ask..and as your next door neighbors...we know you'll treat us right...

HAL: ALL RIGHT, McGee..I see nothing injudicial about that. COME ALONG!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN - BUZZ OF VOICES) (GAVEL)

BAILIFF: RISE PLEASE...JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE IS ENTERING THE COURT..

RISE PLEASE....Here's the Docket, Your Honor.

HAL: Ah..thank you...

SOUND: GAVEL

HAL: (AHHH) The..er..first case...CITY OF WISTFUL VISTA VERSUS FIBBER MCGEE...IS MR, MCGEE IN COURT?

FIB: (WHISPERS) Watch him dismiss the case, Molly! HERE, YOUR HONOR!

HAL: McGee -- you're charged with illegal parking at Fourteenth and-Oak. Guilty or Not Guilty?

FIB: Whaddye mean, Gailty or not guilty? I thought you were gonna -- I --

HAL: GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

FIB: Well, I guess I'm guilty, but --

HAL: Two dollars!

FIB: BUT JUDGE, LET ME EXPLAIN! THE COP INSULTED ME! HE REFERRED TO ME AS MRS. MCGEE'S FATHER, and besides, I was fully seven feet from that fire plug --

HAL: This ticket doesn't mention the fire plug, McGee -- that will be an extra five dollars.

MOL: But, Mr. Gildersleeve -- I mean, Your Honor....we couldn't have been gone as long as the officer said....why, we even left the motor running!

HAL: Motor running? That's in violation of Ordinance 42. That'll be another three dollars!

FIB: But, dad rat it -- I had to leave the motor running! My battery's so dead it won't even light the headlights.

HAL: Oh, no headlights! Violation of Ordinance 389! Four dollars and a half!

~~Well, if you don't mind my mentioning it, Mr. Gildersleeve, Your Honor, we don't really need headlights. We've been here as long as you see, we have a light on the car --~~

~~HAL: A light on the car is illegal! Three dollars!~~

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

MOL: Oh dear. What's the total up to now, Your Honor?

HAL: ¹⁴Seventy five!

MOL: All right -- we're ready to pay.

HAL: Very well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. McGee -- I'll suspend the fine and just revoke your husband's driving license for thirty days.

FIB: (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

MOL: McGee -- be quiet!

HAL: Well, McGee -- what do you find so amusing?

FIB: (STILL LAUGHING) I gotcha this time, Gildersleeve -- (LAUGHS) I AIN'T EVEN GOT A DRIVER'S LICENSE! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh!

HAL: NO DRIVER'S LICENSE, EH? VIOLATION OF ORDINANCE 442! Twenty five dollars!

FIB: But, listen, judge -- I --

MOL: McGee! Shut up and pay up!

FIB: Okay. Who do I pay?

HAL: Pay the Clerk of the Court, McGee! And after this I hope you'll have a proper understanding of judicial integrity! (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR UP AND FADE:

MOL: Ahhh, your influential friends! Your political pull! Your power in the City Hall!

FIB: Okay, don't rub it in. After all, you were primarily responsible.

MOL: I was!

FIB: Sure. If you hadn't been with me, the cop wouldn't've called me your father, and I wouldn't've got sore. And I wouldn't've got a ticket. C'mon, get in the car -- and let's go home.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM: STARTER:

COP: ALL RIGHT, YOU! DON'CHA KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO PARK IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL?

MOL: Sorry, officer -- but please don't give us a ticket. We've just been in paying for one.

COP: Well, all right then -- drive on, lady. And tell your father he'd better not be givin' me any of them dirty looks!

FIB: WHAT? HER FATHER? WHY, LISTEN HERE, YOU (DEFLATE)...er....
ahem...Okay, officer. You're perfectly right. Drive on,
daughter!

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT INTO "HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"--FADE--

S. C. Johnson & Co., Inc.
11-14-39
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: How long will a hardwood floor last, and stay beautiful,
if you protect it properly? Every home-owner who goes to
the trouble of putting down an expensive floor, wants
an answer to that question. The answer is this -- the
floor will last indefinitely -- practically forever --
if you keep it WAX-protected. WAXED floors in famous old
châteaux and homes of Europe are still in good condition,
long after their stone steps have worn away. JOHNSON'S WAX
shields your floors against the things that cause them to
wear out -- against sharp heels, scraping shoes, children's
toys, wet weather. And it doesn't matter how your floors
are finished -- whether with varnish, shellac, or paint --
they still need JOHNSON WAX protection. Besides this
protection, JOHNSON'S WAX gives you floors of mellow, rich,
gleaming beauty that you can obtain in no other way. WAXED
floors are easy to clean -- never need scrubbing. JOHNSON'S
WAX, in fact, saves you work throughout the year.

Look for the 100 extra uses for this famous WAX polish listed
on the familiar red and yellow package.

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

g Commercial

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 ses for this famous WAX polish listed
 yellow package.

TAG GAG

FIB: THANK YOU FOR LISTENING TONIGHT, FOLKS...AND WE'D LIKE TO
 TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO URGE ALL OUR NEIGHBORS OUT THERE
 IN GREATER WISTFUL VISTA TO GIVE THEIR SUPPORT TO THE
 ANNUAL ROLL CALL OF THE RED CROSS.

MOL: THE LITTLE WHITE BUTTON WITH THE RED CROSS ON IT IS A
 PRETTY IMPORTANT SYMBOL, TO ALL OF US.

FIB: YES..WHEN YOU GOT ONE O' THEM ON YOUR LAPEL, FOLKS, IT
 SHOWS WHERE YOUR HEART IS! GOODNIGHT!

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

CREDITS..SIGNOFF:

S C JOH

FIBBER

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