

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (34)

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00 PM PWT

Tuesday, May 18, 1943

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Car-Nu and
Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee
and Molly, written by Don Quinn...with music by the
King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "SING MY HEART" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 18, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: The other day we had an interesting letter from a woman who proposed a use for Johnson's Wax which she thought might belong in our Department of Unusual Uses. It had to do with protecting and improving the looks of porch floors and woodwork now that Spring is here and porches are coming into use again in so many parts of the country. Well, this use for Johnson's Wax really isn't unusual but it's a good idea, especially now that homes throughout the land are getting their Spring Housecleaning. Clean your porch floors now and then spread on a coat or two of Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax. Wax the woodwork, too. You'll be giving the finish - whether paint or varnish - honest-to-goodness protection against dirt and the rains that blow through your porch screens. And you'll make future cleaning easy because the extra dirt and dust that accumulates on porches is easy to wipe off Johnson Waxed floors and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: ONE THING ABOUT BEING AN AVERAGE CITIZEN, IT'S THE EXCITING THINGS THAT HAPPEN TO BALANCE THE DULL THINGS THAT MAKES YOU AVERAGE. LIKE WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW TO --

---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RUNNING FEET ON SIDEWALK...UP STEPS...DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:

FIB: HEY..MOLLY!..MOLLY!..SOMETHING AWFUL HAS HAPPENED!!

MOL: Now take it easy, McGee...Whatever it is, in 20 or thirty years you'll look back at it and laugh.

FIB: I'll be lookin' back it thru the bars of a jail, that's where I'll be lookin' back at it thru the...OH MY GOSH... I'M IN A AWFUL MESS THIS TIME!

MOL: You get into more stews than a restaurant oyster. All right. Tell mother.

FIB: LOOK...I STOLE A CAR AND -

MOL: YOU WHAT?

FIB: WELL, I DIDN'T EXACTLY STEAL IT EXACTLY...I JUST BORROWED IT AND -

MOL: Now wait a minute, dearie....this isn't like you. I've known you to sneak a peek at the discard playing gin rummy, and give yourself a slight edge in your income tax, but I've never known you to STEAL.

FIB: It wasn't exactly stealing...You see, I hadda get downtown in a hurry, see -

MOL: What for?

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FIB: Well, they gotta new punchboard at the cigar store and the first prize is a swell big ashtray showin' Roosevelt and Churchill shakin' hands and it says underneath "PUT IT THERE!" and I know I could of won it if --

MOL: NEVER MIND THAT. WHO'S CAR WAS IT?

FIB: Uppington's. She told me I could borrow it sometime in an emergency and this was an emergency, on account of you don't often see a swell ashtray like that, and -

MOL: BUT WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT? YOU BROUGHT THE CAR BACK, DIDN'T YOU?

FIB: er.....no.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: BECAUSE SOMEBODY STOLE IT FROM IN FRONT OF THE CIGAR STORE!

MOL: They stole.....Oh heavenly days....You ARE in a mess, dearie. Did you report it to the police?

FIB: Sure I did over the phone - And they said what's the license number and I says I dunno, and they says who are you? And I didn't wanna embarrass Uppy, so I says I was Morton J. Muffin of Kokomo, Indiana, and described the car to 'em and hung up quick. Then I run home.

MOL: Well, why didn't you give your right name?

FIB: I couldn't think of it.

MOL: THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR YOU TO DO, DEARIE. CALL ABIGAIL AND EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING.

FIB: I was afraid you'd say that. She'll pin my ears so far back I can hear the battle of Hastings.

MOL: Nevertheless, you have to do it. I'M sure she'll be reasonable.

FIB: Yeah? That old Rhino has gotta tongue sharp enough to shave with. She'll be about as reasonable as a hornet in a hairnet. BUT...hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks...(CLICK) Hello, operator? Gimme Main 792614327. Thanks. (SHORT PAUSE) (CLICK) She ain't home, Molly. Operator rang and rang and nobody answered.

MOL: You didn't give her much time. You were afraid she would answer.

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: OH-OH...IT'S THE COPS!! THEY TRACED ME!! THEY'VE TRACKED ME DOWN! THEY'VE DRAGGED OUT THE THROW NET!!

MOL: IT'S THROW OUT THE DRAG NET, AND DON'T GET SO EXCITED. I peeked out and it's just a woman.

FIB: Thank goodness. Whatever she's selling, I'll buy a dozen.

MOL: You'll be buying Abigail's automobile for the next hundred years, so don't get liberal. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

VIRG: Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha, sis. What magazines you selling? You're a little old to be workin' your way through college, but a grayhaired co-ed is better'n a platinum dumbbell, I always say. (MERRY LAUGH) So I'll be glad to subscribe to whatever --

VIRG: Mr. McGee, I am a bailiff.

FIB: That's great, sis. It's a fine thing when people...YOU'RE A WHAT?

MOL: She's a bailiff, McGee. Meaning, the police want you. Serve your papers, dearie.

VIR: This isn't official, Mrs. McGee. But they WOULD like to have Mr. McGee drop in at the Police Station as soon as convenient. Thank you.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Boy, this looks bad...you see how polite she was? "THEY WOULD LIKE" to have me drop in at the Police Station. And when I do, they'll wham the bejud^{near} outa me with a rubber hose!!

MOL: Well, after all, they COULD have sent a squad car after you. They're giving you the benefit of a doubt.

FIB: Oh yeah? Those guys wouldn't give you the habeas off a corpus. I'll bet they want me to make a break for it, so when I come running out they can shoot me down like a dog.

MOL: Oh, don't be so gang busterish. You haven't committed any crime.

FIB: Is that so? I gave the cops the wrong name, didn't I?

MOL: You weren't under oath.

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FIB: OH WASN'T I? YOU SHOULD OF HEARD 'EM! I WAS UNDER MORE OATHS THAN A COURTROOM BIBLE.

MOL: Well...come on, McGee.

FIB: Eh? Where?

MOL: To the Police Station. Might as well get it over with.

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T...I AIN'T WALKIN' INTO NO TRAP! I GOTTA GET ME SOME CHARACTERS REFERNCES. I GOTTA GET A LAWYER.

MOL: Well...do you know any lawyers?

FIB: Sure I do. Friend of mine in the Elks. Old Oliver Pross. We all call him Nolly Pross. COME ON...LET'S GO SEE HIM.

MOL: All right,,I'll run up and put my face on. (FADE OUT)
I'll be right down and we'll...

FIB: Ahhhh, there's a good kid! Stickin' by me thru thick and thin. I'll bet if they send me to prison, she'll...AW, THEY CAN'T SEND ME TO PRISON FOR BORROWIN' A CAR. Oh no? Boy, they can throw the book at you for that! WELL, I DIDN'T STEAL IT. Yeah, but can you prove you didn't? I DON'T HAVE TO PROVE IT. ALL I DONE WAS --

DOOR BELL:

FIB: Oh my gosh...they got me! Well, I'll go quietly. Car stealin' is bad enough without beatin' up a couple o' cops. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: HI, mister. Whatcha stickin' your hands out for?

FIB: I thought I was gonna be...OH, HIYAH, SIS. GLAD TO SEE YOU.

TEE: Gee...are you?

FIB: I sure am.

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TEE: Why?
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Hmm?
FIB: WHY WHAT?
TEE: Why are you glad to see me? Gee, you hardly ever almost never are.
FIB: Well, it's just sheer relief, sis, old sis. I was expecting some very unpleasant visitors, and while you're nothin' to be cast away on a desert island with, you're a darn sight better'n a couple o' harness bulls.
TEE: Gee, are you getting some harness bulls, mister?
FIB: On the contrary, sis.
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: Look, sis - I - I guess you better run along now. I don't wanna be unhopspit - er, inhospitch - that is, well, I don't wanna be an old nasty, but - well, I gotta be alone with my thoughts.
TEE: (PAUSE) Look, mister.
FIB: Yeah?
TEE: We been friends a long time, haven't we?
FIB: Well, it certainly seems like a long time - I gotta admit that.
TEE: You've got something on your mind - I know! (DRAMATIC)
Some secret sorrow, gnawing at your heart like an evil serpent -

FIB: Huh?
TEE: I know you don't like to burden others with your sorrows - you don't like to lean the weight of your sorrows upon other shoulders - you're the strong, silent type!
FIB: Who - me??
TEE: What good is a friend if not to share your sorrows? To lighten your burden as we struggle down life's road together? Why don't you open your heart and pour out your trouble to a woman - a woman whose understanding heart will help you bear your lonely load? Come on - what's the matter? HMMMMM???
FIB: Gee, sis, that's - - well, that's awful nice -
TEE: (BRIGHTLY) That's from a radio serial I heard last night - it's called "The Bleeding Heart."
FIB: Well, that's a mighty pretty hunk of sentiment, sis
TEE: Yeah, but it's a lotta malarkey! If anybody gave me that baloney when I was in a jam I'd slap him silly!
FIB: That's a fine idea, and I'll -
TEE: Oh, no you don't! I'm gettin' outta here!
DOOR SLAM
ORCH: ("LET'S GET LOST")
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: So you see, Nolly, old Man, I didn't really steal the car. I had permission to use it. Where do I stand with the cops?

MOL: Yes, Mr. Pross, we've got to say the right thing at the Police station.

PROSS: (HEAVY) Well, as I see, it, the crime, if it was a crime, and there will be extenuating circumstances, to wit: the fact that you had permission to use the vehicle and that you reported the theft, even though, you used a fictitious name, though in the Case of Crampton Vs Jannovik, Nebraska, 1907, court held that subsequent actions of defendant were, per se, incompatible with motivation of original act, and therefore, under the law, was cited by Justice Handershank, Virginia Statutes, 1911-1912, bona fide malfeasance was indicated by causa sine qua non. See what I mean?

MOL: In words of one syllable, NO.

FIB: Me either, Nolly. You gonna handle my case?

PROSS: My friend, you're hotter than a dime store frying pan and I wouldn't touch this case with the mast of the Mayflower. Is that clear?

MOL: It is. And thank you, Mr. Pross, for your trouble, and if there's anything we can ever do for you, just ask us, -

FIB: - and we'll kick you right in the olavicle. Come on, Molly.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Well, he was a big help. You got any more big hearted friends that will rush to your defense, dearie?

FIB: No, but I ain't worried....all I need is some character witnesses.

MOL: It might be smart to leave your character out of this, sweetheart. If Mr. Pross was too scared to handle the case, you must be half way to the hot seat right now.

FIB: AWW THAT'S SILLY. I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING...GEE WHIZZ THEY CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE I WAS -

OLD M: WELL HELLO THERE KIDS...whatcha doin' in this building.

MOL: We had to consult a lawyer, Mr. Old Timer.

OLDM: OHHHH KIDS...DON'T DO IT! DON'T DO IT. PATCH UP YOUR TROUBLES, AND MAKE THE BEST OF IT. LOOK DAUGHTER, MAYBE JOHNNY HERE IS kinda impulsive and is always puttin' his best foot in his mouth...SO WHAT? AND JOHNNY, --

FIB: What are you talkin' about?

OLD M: YOU TWO KIDS SEEIN' A LAWYER WHEN YOU BEEN SO HAPPY TOGETHER... WHY, JIMINEEE, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT MARRIAGE IS A WONDERFUL THING AND NOBODY -

MOL: Who's talking about marriage? We had to see a lawyer about somebody stealing a car.

OLD M: Oh. I thought fer a minute you and Johnny were...AND IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA, EITHER. HOW YOU EVER MANAGE TO GIT ALONG DAY AFTER DAY WITH THAT LITTLE SQUIRT...BRAGGIN' AND SHOOTIN' OFF HIS BAZOO..WHY, IT'S A SHAME!! -- YOU TROT BACK IN THERE, DAUGHTER AND FILE PAPERS!

FIB: Aw cut it out. I got no time for kiddin', Old Timer... Look..how'd you like to be a character witness?

OLD M: Fer who?

MOL: For McGee...

OLD M: (SNICKERS) Johnny, I'd do it jest for the fun of it. I seen a lotta characters in my day, but by ginger you top 'em all. Wait'll I talk to 'em "IS HE A CHARACTER!" I'LL SAY, "--

FIB: NO NO NO ... all I need is somebody to vouch for me with the cops. Tell 'em I'M a good citizen...

OLD M: Hmmm. ~~Oh.~~

MOL: Tell 'em he wouldn't steal!

OLD M: Hmmm.

FIB: Tell 'em I'm upright and honest.

OLD M: Oooh.

MOL: Tell 'em he's straightforward -

FIB: And truthful...

OLD M: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, JOHNNY...DON'T REACH! AND ANYWAY I CAN'T MAKE IT TODAY. You'll have to git somebody else.

MOL: I see. I always heard that a man's best friends were dogs, and they're certainly acting like it.

FIB: Okay, Old Timer...but don't ever ask me any favors.

OLD M: Aw now kids...don't be like that...I'd do it if I could.... I'd go with you in a minute, except....

MOL: Except what?

OLD M: Except that in a minute I gotta appointment with another feller. WELL GOOD LUCK, JOHNNY. REMEMBER, IF THEY HANG YOU, YOU GOTTA LEGAL RIGHT TO A CHICKEN DINNER!

(FADE OUT CHUCKLING)

FIB: Why that old vinegar-lip!!

MOL: It just goes to show you dearie....friendship is just relative.

FIB: Whadye mean?

MOL: I mean you can only depend on your relatives for friendship.

FIB: Aw this don't mean anything. Nobody's turned me down except a old droop that don't know his left foot from a hot rock, and a two-bit lawyer that only passed the bar because nobody'd buy him a drink. I'LL FIND SOMEBODY TO HELP ME.

MOL: I hope so. Your circle of friends is narrowing down so it looks like a wheel off a roller skate. Who can you get?

FIB: Well now lesee,..who could I get?

MOL: How about Billy Mills?

FIB: Nope. Billy's sore at me.

MOL: What for?

FIB: Well, I showed him a song I wrote which the name of it was "MY SISTER'S GOTTA DATE WITH A BOMBARDIER, SO TAKE A RUN-AROUND THE BLOCK, BUSTER!" and Billy said it was lous...er,,no good, and I says what do you know about music, and he said why don't I grow up and I says after seein! what it did to him I didn't wanna, and he said I'd be a corny comedian if I was a comedian and one word led to another and -

WIL: WELL HELLO THERE FOLKS.....

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: JUST THE GUY I WANTED TO SEE, JUNIOR!

WIL: What's on your mind, pal? - to give you the benefit of a wide spread doubt.

MOL: He's got trouble, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: No kiddin', Junior, I'm in a hot spot. I'm practically a fidgetive from judgement right now.

WIL: Elucidate, chum.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: EXPLAIN IT TO HIM, DEARIE.

FIB: Oh. Well look, Junior. I'll state the case hypodermically. Suppose you'd borrowed somebody's car, see? and maybe you parked it someplace with the motor running and while you were in a cigar store workin' on a punchboard to win a swell big ashtray that believe me, I really need, and while you were in there, somebody copped the jalloppy?

WIL: YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU BORROWED SOMEBODY'S CAR AND THEN SOMEBODY STOLE IT? Who's car was it?

MOL: Abigail Uppington's.

WIL: Oh brother! Pal, I wouldn't be in your shoes for all the teabones in Texas. She doesn't think any more of that limousine that I do of my right eye, and that's my good eye, too.

FIB: I know, I know...it's a pretty fancy car all right.

MOL: Everything she owns is fancy. She even uses monogrammed mothballs.

FIB: WELL. WHAT'LL I DO? WHAT'LL I DO? I GOTTA NOTICE TO APPEAR AT THE POLICE STATION.

WIL: You want my advice?

MOL: Indeed we do, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Whaddye think I been tellin' you all this for - just to ruin your mascara?

WIL: What you need, my friend, is a couple of good character witnesses.

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MOL: AHFFF, NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE!

FIB: I knew I could depend on you Junior! Where would a guy be without his friends?

MOL: I'd begun to think you were going to find out.

WIL: WELL - THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CHARACTER WITNESS. THE MORE THE BETTER. Take Johnson's Wax for instance --

FIB: Friendship is a beautiful thing....

WIL: WHY THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF WITNESSES TO THE HIGH CHARACTER OF JOHNSON'S WAX. AND THEY'D ALL TESTIFY TO ITS TIME AND LABOR SAVING CHARACTER...TO ITS DEPENDABILITY AND QUALITY..

FIB: Friendship!..what a grand old word....

WIL: WHY WHEN A PRODUCT HAS CHARACTER AND QUALITY LIKE JOHNSON'S WAX, IT NEVER HAS TO WORRY ABOUT FRIENDS TO RECOMMEND IT. THEY ALL KNOW THAT JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE FINEST THING IN THE WORLD TO PROTECT AND PRESERVE FLOORS AND FURNITURE AND WOODWORK AND ENAMELED SURFACES AGAINST DUST AND DAMPNES....

FIB: Friendship!! Ahhh - "Let me sit by the side of the road, in a house, and be friendly"...

MOL: Can you go to the Police Station with us right now, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: WHO..ME? OH NO, I'M SORRY. I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT. SORRY, PAL. (FADE OUT) YOU'LL FIND SOMEBODY. SO LONG NOW....

(PAUSE)

MOL: How do you do it, dearie?

FIB: Do what?

MOL: Inspire such unselfish devotion and loyalty in your friends? They all leap to your aid like a bunch of iron deer.

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FIB: Yeah....like a fleet of ships deserting a sinkin' rat.
MOL: STOP IT. You cant talk to you about you like that.
FIB: Well, I'M glad I got one friend, if it's only my wife, and
HEY!!!
MOL: What?
FIB: I KNOW WHO'LL VOUCH FOR ME....DOC GAMBLE!! HIS OFFICE IS
RIGHT DOWN THE HALL HERE.
MOL: Oh, a wonderful idea, McGee! AND I PAID HIS BILL JUST
YESTERDAY! Come on!

RAPID FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee...
MOL: Hello, doctor.
FIB: Hiyah, Doc. Look...
DOC: Make it snappy, McGee. I've got to go out on a call.
Mrs. Toopses little boy just swallowed a nickel.
FIB: Well, maybe he'll get the wrong number and get it back.
LOOK, DOC...
MOL: McGee's in a jam, Doctor.
DOC: WHAT'S ABNORMAL ABOUT THAT? THE FIRST TIME I SEE HIM WHEN
HE'S NOT IN TROUBLE, I'LL GO SEE A DOCTOR.
FIB: But look, doc...I gotta go to the Police station and clear
myself see? They've dragged out the throw net -
MOL: THROWN OUT THE DRAGNET.
FIB: Yes...anyway, they're after me, and I need a couple o'
character witness, see? How about it, Doc? Will you
witness my character?

(PAUSE)

DOC: Take off your shirt, McGee.

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FIB: THERE YOU GO AGAIN. "TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT!" LET'S GO
SWIMMIN' SOMETIME, DOC. I GOTTA TAKE OFF MY SHIRT EVERY
TIME I SEE YOU ANYWAY.
MOL: Why does he have to take off his shirt to get you as a
character witness, Doctor?
DOC: It has nothing to do with that, Mrs. McGee. I want to
listen to his heart. He's too excited.
FIB: I AM NOT EXCITED!! I just got a police from the call, and
if I dont throw 'em in jail, they'll show up. I mean,
they think I'M crime of a guilty, and I gotta prove down
there and go I'm not!
DOC: No, he's not excited. MCGEE, IF YOU DONT LEARN TO CALM
DOWN AND TAKE THINGS EASIER, YOU'RE GOING TO FALL RIGHT
ON YOUR FACE, WHICH WILL PROBABLY IMPROVE IT.
FIB: FORGET MY FACE, WILL YOU?
DOC: It would make me very happy.
MOL: LOOK, DOCTOR...THIS IS REALLY SERIOUS. MCGEE'S GOT TO
HAVE SOMEBODY TO TELL THE POLICE THAT HE'S A REPUTABLE
CITIZEN.
FIB: Yes...come on doc.....gee whizz, if a guy cant depend on
his family physician, who can a guy depend on?

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DOC: I'M SORRY, MCGEE...BUT LOOK AT THIS LIST. I'VE GOT TO SEE A SMALL BOY ABOUT REMOVING A NICKEL. I'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT GETTING HIS THUMB OUT OF A BOWLING BALL. I'VE GOT TO SEE A WOMAN AIRPLANE SPOTTER WHO THINKS SHE SEES A STORK COMING; I'VE GOT TO SEE AN ELDERLY LADY WHO SAYS SHE HEARS STRANGE NOISES IN HER ATTIC, AND SHE LIVES IN A TRAILER. I HAVE TO VISIT A YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS SOME ADVICE ABOUT GETTING MARRIED AND WONT TAKE IT WHEN I GIVE IT TO HIM (LOUDER) I'VE GOT TO WASTE A PERFECTLY GOOD AFTERNOON SEEING A DOZEN ASSORTED DARN FOOLS ABOUT IMAGINARY AILMENTS, AND NOW YOU COME ALONG AND WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU TO THE POLICE AND TELL 'EM YOUR GOOD TO YOUR MOTHER. TELL 'EM YOURSELF!!!...I'M BUSY!!!...GOOD DAY!!

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Take off your shirt....I want to cry in it.

ORCH: "COMIN' IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER" -- KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

MOL: Well, here's the Police Station, McGee...let's get it over with.

FIB: Wait a minute...I gotta get my story straight in my mind... (TO HIMSELF) So you see, Captain, I am perfectly innocent. I had permission to use the car...and the only reason I didn't give my right name, when I called up, I fell in a coal hole and everything went black...That's why I.... OKAY, MOLLY. COME ON!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, officer. Can I speak to you a minute?

FLAN: WELL WHY NOT, WHY NOT? I'M A PUBLIC SERVANT, AND WITH SERVANTS SO HARD TO GET, THE PUBLIC DOESN'T DESERVE ME. COME ON COME ON...WHAT IS IT NOW?

MOL: He wants to explain about a stolen car, Captain.

FLAN: IT'S NOT A CAPTAIN I AM, MACUSHLA, I'M ONLY A SERGEANT DUE ENTIRELY TO POLITICS. COME COME, WHAT IS IT?

FIB: Look, sarge...I'M Fibber McGee...79 Wistful Vista...

FLAN: Wait a minute now. CLANCY!

COP: Yeah, sarge?

FLAN: TAKE THIS DOWN IN LONGHAND.

COP: I can take it down in shorthand.

FLAN: I SAID TAKE IT DOWN IN LONGHAND, YE OMADHAUN! WITH LONGHAND, ONE OF US CAN READ IT. WITH SHORTHAND, NEITHER OF US CAN. Now go ahead, me bhoy.

MOL: Let me tell this, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Look, Captain...

FLAN: Sergeant.

MOL: Well, you OUGHT to be a captain.

FLAN: And who knows it better than me, unless it's you? Get on with it, Mavourneen.

FIB: Well, in the first place -

FLAN: BE QUIET, YOU! Go on, lady.

MOL: Well, my husband here, borrowed a lady's automobile...

FLAN: CLANCY!

COP: SIR?

FLAN: TAKE YER FEET OFF THE DESK. THIS WOMAN IS A LADY.

COP: Yes sir.

SOUND: THUDS:

FLAN: Go ahead now, alanna.

FIB: Well, it all started when --

FLAN: PIPE DOWN.

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Look. My husband borrowed a car from a friend..with permission, of course. He parked it downtown and while he was in a store somebody stole it. He reported it to the police and -

FLAN: And who was the legal owner of said vehicle now?

FIB: Mrs. Abigail Uppington....

FLAN: UPPINGTON IS IT!! AHA....CLANCY!!

COP: Yes sir.

FLAN: **BRING IN THE THIEF WE CAUGHT DRIVIN' THE STOLEN VEHICLE!**

COP: Yes sir.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Are those tickets for the Police picnic I see on the desk there, Sergeant? McGee...buy a ticket from the sergoant.

FIB: Eh? Why should I.....OH...OH YEAH...HOW MUCH ARE THEY SARGE?

FLAN: A buck a copy, me bhoy, and ye'll understand ye're under no compulsion to buy a single one of 'em. You'll be wantin' about ten, no doubt?

MOL: 12.

FIB: TWELVE!

MOL: Yes, 12!

FIB: Better make it fifteen. Here you are sarge. 15 bucks.

FLAN: THANK YOU. YE'RE A PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN, AND WE ALL....

DOOR OPEN:

COP: Here she is, Doc...she was drivin' the stolen car when Fitzpatrick and Goldberg picked her up.

UPP: THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!!! I DEMAND TO SEE A LAWYER, IMMEDIATELY!!

MOL: ABIGAIL!!!

FIB: UPPY!!

UPP: MR. MCGEE...WILL YOU TELL THIS, THIS...PUBLIC DETRIMENT EXACTLY WHO I AM?

MOL: This is Mrs. Uppington Captain...the owner of the car my husband borrowed.

UPP: YOUR HUSBAND BORROWED...SO IT WAS MR. MCGEE WHO TOOK MY CAR AND LEFT IT OUTSIDE A CIGAR STORE WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING!!!

FIB: Yeah but look, Uppy...you tole me I could take it sometime in a emergency and there was a swell big ashtray with Roosevelt and Churchill shakin' hands, and I -

FLAN: CLANCY!! LET GO THE LADY'S ARM. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU. DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE THE RIGHTS OF A CITIZEN AND A TAXPAYER? LADY, THE APOLOGIES OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT...

UPP: Thank you. AND NOW, MR. MCGEE -

ALL TALK AT ONCE: COP: Just for the record, sarge -

FIB: I'LL EXPLAIN THIS WHOLE THING UPPY, IF YOU...

MOL: You see Abigail, MCGEE WAS MERELY -

FLAN: ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, AND WHEN...

UPP: AND I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED IN MY...

FLAN: BE QUIET...ALL OF YE. LADY, YOU CAN GO. SORRY FER THE MISTAKE.

UPP: THANK YOU. I REALIZE THAT YOU WERE ONLY DOING YOUR DUTY, OFFICER, BUT WHEN MY LEGAL ADVISORS GET THRU WITH THIS MAN HERE, THIS MR. MCGEE, HE WILL BE LUCKY TO OWN THE SHOESTRING HE STARTED ON.

DOOR SLAM LOUD:

FIB: (LAUGHS MERRILY) Well, I guess that's all cleared up. Much obliged, Sarge.

MOL: Yes, thank you very much. But what I want to know, is how did you ever trace my husband.

FIB: Yeah...I gave the name of Morton Muffin when I reported the car stolen.

FLAN: WE DIDN'T TRACE HIM.

FIB: But a bailiff came to the door and said -

FLAN: SHE'S BEEN GOIN' TO ALL THE DOORS. ASKIN' PEOPLE TO DROP IN AND BUY TICKETS TO THE POLICE PICNIC.

MOL: OH...(LAUGHS) Well, we've done that too, so everything's taken care of. Come on, McGee.

FIB: So long sarge. And thanks for -

FLAN: NOT SO FAST, YOU, CLANCY!

COP: Sir?

FLAN: HOLD THIS MAN FER DRIVIN' WITHOUT A LICENSE, PARKIN' IN A NO-PARKIN' ZONE, LEAVIN' HIS MOTOR RUNNIN' WHILE PARKED, GIVIN' A FALSE NAME TO THE POLICE. LOCK HIM UP!!!

ORCH: "WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD"

APPLAUSE

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APPLAUSE

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM FWT NBC
MAY 18, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: When I mention JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on this program, nearly every one of you will immediately think of your linoleum floors. And that's not merely because I've told you many times that GLO-COAT is self polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing -- and besides saving you hours of work, also saves your linoleum by making it last longer. It's really because so many of you by now have tried GLO-COAT and found these things out for yourselves. You know how easy GLO-COAT is to apply -- how quickly you can wipe up spilled things from a GLO-COATED floor. It is a great convenience to have JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your shelf in times like these, when you want to take extra good care of your floor surfaces and still save time to devote to essential war activities.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: Hey, Molly. What did you tell that cop to let me out of jail? Gee, he shook hands with me and everything!

MOL: It was a funny thing about that, McGee. We found we were distant relatives. His mother was an O'Brien, and that was my maiden name.

FIB: IT WAS NOT! YOUR MAIDEN NAME WAS DRISCOLL.

MOL: Well, if you can give the wrong name to get into jail, I guess I can do the same to get you out.

FIB: Oh pshaw. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WIL: The character of the Old Timer, heard on this program, was played by Bill Thompson. 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. This program has reached you from Hollywood.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)