

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

#7 N.Y.
REVISED

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

9:30 - 10:00 P.M. EST

NOVEMBER 13, 1945

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR --

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax products for home and industry
present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn and
Phil Leslie, with music by Billy Mills Orchestra!

ORCH: "RIDIN' HIGH" - FADE FOR --

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: When you meet an old friend, you give him a friendly smile and a handclasp. Have you ever stopped to think that a friend's first glimpse of your home is like that first friendly smile? That's why colorful linoleum, kept beautifully polished with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, is so appropriate in your front entrance hall or outside vestibule. With GLO-COAT you can keep all your linoleum surfaces glistening with a minimum of work. From the letters of praise, that I see myself, I know that GLO-COAT has outstanding popularity the world over. It is recommended by linoleum manufacturers themselves and used in millions of homes with supreme satisfaction. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing, takes practically no work from you. Simply apply and let dry, and come back in 20 minutes to find your floors smiling at you. Regular care with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT adds greatly to the life of your linoleum. Use it on your asphalt or rubber tile, and finished wood floors, too.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: WELL, THE PEOPLE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA BOUGHT A CAR A FEW WEEKS AGO AND ITS JUST BEEN DELIVERED. AND THE MASTER IS AT THIS MOMENT OFFERING TO TUTOR THE LITTLE WOMAN FOR HER DEGREE OF F.S.D. (**FRONT SEAT DRIVER**) AS WE MEET --

FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE :

FIB: NOW THEN, BEFORE YOU START ACTUALLY LEARNING TO DRIVE, THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS YOU GOTTA KNOW. TRAFFIC REGULATIONS, DRIVING COURTESY, RULES OF THE ROAD, AND ALL STUFF LIKE THAT THERE.

MOL: All right, dearie.

FIB: Good. NOW, SUPPOSE YOU WERE IN THE LEFT HAND LANE, AND YOU WANTED TO TURN RIGHT. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

MOL: Put both hands on the right hand side of the steering wheel and yank down.

FIB: NO NO NO! YOU CAN'T MAKE A RIGHT HAND TURN FROM A LEFT HAND LANE. IT'S UNLEGAL. YOU GOTTA --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh, McGee, it's that new lady next door. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

VIRG: Good day. Have you done any boxing, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Oh, I've shuffled around a little, sis. Nothin' professional. Why?

VIRG: Well, my cousin, Punchy McClatchie, the prize fighter is looking for a sparring partner. He has a big fight coming up next month.

MOL: But heavenly days, Mr. McClatchie is sixty pounds heavier and ten inches taller than my husband! It would be murder!

VIRG: Yes, I ~~know~~. We're trying to build up his confidence. Think it over, will you, Mr. McGee? We pay two dollars a round and your insurance premiums.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That's the best offer I've had since 1918, when they offered me 30 bucks a month to fight the German Army.

MOL: I wonder if she's his manager.

FIB: I dunno, but he can use one. All McClatchie's brains are in his knuckles. That round thing up there between his shoulders is just to keep his ears from chafing each other. That guy has spent more time on the canvas than Mona Lisa. He's so dumb --

MOL: OH NEVER MIND HIM. Let's get to my driving lesson.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Okay.

VIRG: Good day. Have you done any boxing, Mr. McGee?

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MOL: OH NEVER MIND HIM. Let's get to my driving lesson.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Okay.

MOL: How about signals, dearie? When do I put my hand out, for what?

FIB: Look, Tootsie...you're a woman.

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: And after I teach you to drive, you'll be a woman driver.

MOL: Yes.

FIB: And women drivers aren't SUPPOSED to know about signals. It ain't expected of 'em. When a woman driver sticks out her hand it's because A. She wonders if it's raining. B. She's got a new diamond ring. Or C. Her nail polish is still wet.

MOL: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MCGEE...I'VE KNOWN SOME PRETTY GOOD WOMEN DRIVERS. There isn't a man in Wistful Vista who drives as carefully as Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: CARSTY?

MOL: Certainly. I rode downtown with her yesterday and she stayed RIGHT IN THE SAFETY ZONES, all the way!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well. This may take a little longer than I'd planned. Now look. The first thing you do when you get into a car is --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: OH HELLO, DOCTOR GAMBLE.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And good day to you, Moosejaw. Am I interrupting a family tete-a-tete, or something?

MOL: No, McGee's just started to teach me to drive, Doctor.

FIB: We're startin' from scratch, Arrowsmith. And if you'll take a look at our fenders at the end of the week, you'll see what I mean.

DOC: I am very sorry to hear about this, my friends. Although you will probably be interesting case histories for my book.

MOL: Heavenly days, Doctor are you writing a book?

FIB: Sure. He's writin' a book entitled "HOW TO REMOVE TONSILS, or, I'D CUT YOUR THROAT FOR A HUNDRED BUCKS."

DOC: No, I am preparing a semi-scientific work on the effect of the internal combustion engine on the human race. How the automobile has changed our lives, from the standpoint of health.

MOL: Yes, it's been a wonderful thing hasn't it? Gets the doctors to their patients so much faster.

DOC: That is a minor point, my dear. The human body, such as it is, was designed to function best when man walked on all fours with the ^{INTERNAL} vital organs suspended from the spinal column. Then man started walking upright because, I suppose, he found he could get into telephone booths better that way.

FIB: No, he quit walkin' on all fours, Doc, 'cause stuff kept falling out of his coat pockets.

DOC: That's an interesting theory, Mouseface. Anyway, no sooner had man learned to walk upright, than some practical joker invented the automobile. ~~We are now a race of animals who have learned to breathe carbon monoxide with rubber tires for feet, springs for muscles, and nervous systems that respond only to police whistles and brake screeches.~~ ^{AND NOW} Any person who takes a long walk in the woods nowadays is considered a tramp, an eccentric or just plain stupid.

MOL: When did you take your last walk in the woods, Doctor?

DOC: Yesterday afternoon. My car broke down and I had to hike four miles to a filling station. It was horrible!

FIB: I'm afraid you're just a horse-and-buggy doctor at heart. Arrowsmith. And, you could sell the buggy and just be a horse doctor.

DOC: Splendid idea! I'll start carrying a revolver, in case you break your leg.

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...MCGEE IF YOU'RE GOING TO TEACH ME TO DRIVE TODAY. YOU'D BETTER GET WITH IT.

FIB: I will, if this gabby old dreamer will go away.

DOC: You mean, my dear, you are actually entrusting life and limb - if you'll pardon the expression - to this lead-footed lint head?

MOL: Oh he's a good driver doctor. Back in Peoria he always used to take me for rides.

FIB: I'll say. Every moonlight night, people would see us go whizzin' by and say "WELL, THERE GOES LITTLE MOLLY DRISCOLL AND HER FAVORITE SWINE."

MOL: Not swine, dearie. You mean SWAIN.

FIB: I do? I thought a swain was one of them long-necked birds that swim in the pond at the park.

DOC: That, my ignorant little Audubon, is a SWAN.

MOL: Certainly.

FIB: OH YEAH? DON'T GIMME THAT STUFF, KIDS. A SWAN IS A HINDU FORTUNE TELLER.

DOC: You're thinking of a swami.

MOL: Is he really, Doctor? I always thought a swami was kind of an Italian sausage.

DOC: THAT IS SALAMI, AND AS FAR AS YOU TWO FUGITIVES FROM GUFFER'S THIRD READER ARE CONCERNED, NOAH WEBSTER LIVED IN VAIN.

FIB: WELL IF YOU'RE SO SMART, WHAT DID I SAY WRONG IN THE BEGINNING?

MOL: You said swine when you mean swain.

DOC: AND A SWINE IS A HOG, AND A HOG ON THE ROAD IS A ROADHOG AND ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES. YOU WERE RIGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

FIB: Doctor, you have insulted me under my own roof. Take your hat, sir! And go!

DOC: I wasn't wearing a hat.

FIB: Wear one of mine.

DOC: Thank you. Where is it? Right here in the hall clos--??

FIB & MOL: NO NO NO ... DON'T OPEN THAT--

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: AVALANCE OF JUNK, BELL TINKLE:

(PAUSE)

FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!

ORCH: "BUT I DID"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

-10-

MOL: Are you sure you want to go thru with this, McGee?
Maybe it will take weeks to teach me to drive.

FIB: Ptah! I'M a born teacher. You know that.

MOL: Yes, I remember you almost made a finished swimmer of Uncle Dennis in one lesson. You shoved him off the dock and he went down like a bucket of beer at a political picnic.

FIB: Well you can't teach a guy to swim when he's got the hiccups. Every time he'd head for the dock he'd hiccup and shoot himself back five feet. Hey, that reminds me ... did I fill the car with gas?

MOL: Yes, you went down to the filling station this morning.

FIB: Well, I hope it runs okay. That cheap gas ain't much good.

MOL: Then why do you buy it?

FIB: It don't cost as much.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Besides, he don't usually have much of the high test stuff (LAUGHS) You know what he says when I asked him how the good gas was holding out?

MOL: WHAT DID HE SAY, she asked, jabbing the parson slyly in the ribs.

FIB: He says he can fuel some of the people some of the time and some of the people all the time but he can't fuel all the people all time. (LAUGHS) Get it? It's a play on words. I says FUEL instead of fool, which gives the -

MOL: TAIN'T BUNNY, MCGEE!

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FIB: Taint? That's strange. It's one of my standard oil jokes. WELL THROW A WRAP OVER YOUR SOFT SHOULDERS AND DANGEROUS CURVES, TOOTSIE ... I HEAR THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD!

MOL: You go get the car started, dearie. (FADE) I want to run upstairs and get my coat.

FIB: Okay, Mommy! Now lemme see what do I need ... road maps ... driver's license ... identification ... (in a show like this there's bound to be cop trouble) ... AHHA, I guess that's everything...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN; SHUT. FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH ... ON SIDEWALK ...

FIB: That's a pretty good-lookin' bus we got! It ain't as long as Carstairs limousine, but it's a heck of a lot higher. Besides, it's ... HEY, WHAT YOU DOING IN MY CAR, LADY!

CAR DOOR OPEN:

TEE: (GIGGLES) It isn't any lady, I betcha. It's just me.

FIB: O hiyah, Teeny. WHADDYE DOING?

TEE: Just playing, mister. I was pretending I was Joan Crawford and my chauffeur was driving me to the studio to make a pitcher with Van Johnson and Clark Gable and they were having a fight to see who would kiss me.

(GIGGLES)

FIB: And who dia, sis?

TEE: Robert Walker.

FIB: Van Johnson, Clark Gable and Robert Walker, eh? Who do you like best?

TEE: Roy Rogers.

SECOND REVISION
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FIB: Kinda playin' the field, aren't you sis?
TEE: Well, mister when one is in the public eye, one must
be romantic. One must always -- HEY MISTER... YOU THINK
I'M A GOOD TYPE FOR MOVIES?
FIB: Yes, I do, sis.
TEE: Gee... HONEST, MISTER? HOW DO I DO IT, HMM? HOW DO
I GET INTO THE MOVIES?
FIB: Get in the movies? You want to be an actress?
TEE: Sure, I wanna have a lot of pretty clothes and have little
thin eyebrows and be a pinup girl and when the war is
over I'll travel all over the -
FIB: WHEN THE WHAT?
TEE: When the war is over I'll -- *travel all*
FIB: WHERE YOU BEEN, SIS? THE WAR IS OVER?
TEE: Yeah? (GIGGLES) You tried to get a hotel reservation lately,
mister?
FIB: Well, no, but...
TEE: AND WHEN THE WAR IS OVER I'LL TRAVEL *all over* ~~TO~~ EUROPE AND
INDIANA AND AND TAKE A SUIT AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA
AND 'p ---
FIB: SUITE!
TEE: Hmmm?

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FIB: You'll take a SUITE.
TEE: Okay. Roy Rogers. And we'll --
FIB: Look, sis ... I don't like to be a barnacle on your
dream-boat, but I gotta use this car. Would you mind
climbin' outa there?
TEE: Where ya goin', mister? Hmm? Whereya goin'? I got
nothing to do. I can go with you, I betcha.
FIB: Okay, if you want to sis. I'm just taking my wife out
for a driving lesson.
TEE: Well, I - HMMM?
FIB: I says I was just going to take my wife out for a
driving lesson.
TEE: Oh boy. That's all Brother! LEMME OUTA HERE!
SOUND: DOOR SLAM: *so long mister*
FIB: Silly kid! (LAUGHS) Day dreaming about getting into
the movies! HEY ... that reminds me ... the casting
director out at 20th Century Fox never did mail my
photographs back! And I sent return postage, too ...
MOL: (FADE IN) Who were you talking to, McGee?
FIB: Eh? Oh, the little girl from across the street. You
ready for your first driving lesson, kiddo?
MOL: I am.
FIB: Okay. Get in.
DOOR SLAM:
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AROUND CAR. DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You'll take a SUITE.
TEE: Okay. Roy Rogers. And we'll --
FIB: Look, sis ... I don't like to be a barnacle on your dream-boat, but I gotta use this car. Would you mind climbin' outa there?
TEE: Where ya goin', mister? Hmm? Whereya goin'? I got nothing to do. I can go with you, I betcha.
FIB: Okay, if you want to sis. I'm just taking my wife out for a driving lesson.
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DOOR SLAM:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AROUND CAR. DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now then...first thing you do, is insert the key in the ignition.

MOL: That doesn't seem very complicated.

FIB: Then you step on the starter, see? Like this.

SOUND: STARTER...REPEAT...AGAIN

FIB: DOGGONE IT! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE. .

MOL: When I rode with Doctor Gamble the last time he TURNED the key in the ignition.

FIB: EH? OH. (LAUGHS) Ah, that's very clever of you, my dear. Just wanted to see if you were paying attention. Certainly we turn the key. Like this. THEN we step on the starter.

SOUND: STARTER...CAR STARTS)

MOL: (SLIGHT PAUSE) What's wrong? We're not moving.

FIB: I haven't put it in gear yet. You see this lever here? That's the gear shift. Here's low...here's second and here's high. This is reverse, up here. When it wobbles like this....it's in neutral.

MOL: Let's drive with it in neutral for a while, till I get used to it.

FIB: YOU CAN'T DRIVE A CAR WITH THE GEARS IN NEUTRAL.

MOL: THEN WHAT DO THEY HAVE A NEUTRAL GEAR FOR?

FIB: THAT'S FOR WHEN YOU'RE NOT DRIVING.

MOL: That's ridiculous. To put a gear on a car to use when you're not driving.

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SECOND REVISION
15 & 16

FIB: IT AIN'T TO USE WHEN YOU'RE NOT DRI...er...look. When it's in neutral, it is NOT IN GEAR. See? When you put the car in gear, it ---- well, you can learn all that stuff later. Now, watch carefully - we're ready to go. I put it in reverse....like this.....Just ease it in, gently.

VICIOUS GRIND OF GEARS: ~~REPEAT~~

MOL: Aren't you supposed to do something with the clutch, or something first?

FIB: AHHHHHH, NOW YOU'RE CATCHING ON. YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. DEPRESS THE CLUTCH PEDAL. PUT GEAR SHIFT LEVER IN REVERSE...RELEASE CLUTCH SLOWLY WHILE ACCELERATING SLIGHTLY...AND WE BACK GENTLY OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY!

MOTOR UP

MOL: Did you look to see if there were any cars coming?

FIB: Naw, there's never any traffic on this street during the -

SCRAPE AND GRIND OF FENDERS, WILCOX SHOUTS, OFF MIKE: MOTOR OUT:

CAR DOORS OPEN AND SLAM:

FIB: NOW LOOK HERE, BUD! YOU HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO SEE ME BACKIN' OUT OF MY OWN DRIVEWAY! IT'S YOKEL DRIVERS LIKE YOU THAT....

WIL: Calm yourself, Pal. There's no damage done.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, IT'S MR WILCOX!

SECOND REVISION
-17-

FIB: YOU OUGHTTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, JUNIOR! WHIZZING THRU A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD LIKE THAT! YOU WERE DOING AT LEAST FORTY FIVE! FOR SHEER, RECKLESS DRIVING, I --

WIL: Excuse me, Pal. I have been parked at the curb here for forty five minutes. Been making out some sales reports. Feel my radiator. Stone cold.

MOL: My goodness, he's right, McGee. It's as cold as a penguin's pinkie.

FIB: WELL, HE COULDA HONKED HIS HORN, COULDN'T HE? SITTING THERE IN HIS CAR, PAYIN' NO ATTENTION WHATSOEVER TO PASSING TRAFFIC. THAT'S THE KINDA NEGLIGENCE THAT CAUSES ACCIDENTS, JUNIOR. LEMME SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE!

WIL: Okay -- Here. Read that.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) "JOHNSON'S CAR-NU CLEANS AND POLISHES YOUR CAR IN ONE SIMPLE APPLICATION. JUST APPLY AND LET DRY, THEN WIPE IT OFF WITH A SOFT CLOTH AND -- "hey, this isn't a driver's license!

WIL: Wel-l-l no....that's what you might call a car OWNER'S license. Because a man who takes pride in the appearance of his car is quite likely to keep it in good mechanical condition, too.

FIB: Yeah, but what does that ----
WIL: DID YOU EVER HEAR OF STATUTE 75, paragraph seven,
page twelve in the Old Book?
MOL: No, what statute is that, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: IT STATES DEFINITELY THAT THE OPERATOR OF A MOTOR
VEHICLE WHICH IS IPSO FACTO, PROTECTED FROM ROAD GRIME,
DAMPNESS AND DUST WITH JOHNSON'S CAR NU IS PER SE,
UNDER THE LAW, ASSUMED TO BE A PERSON OF RESPONSIBILITY AND
INTELLIGENCE AND IS TO BE GIVEN THE BENEFIT OF DOUBT IN
ALL CONTROVERSIES. AND THAT'S ME, PAL. LOOK AT THAT
BEAUTIFUL SHOW ROOM SHINE ON MY CAR. THAT'S BECAUSE
CARNU ALWAYS --
MOL: How long has that statute been in effect, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: Oh it isn't in effect yet, Molly. I'm trying to get it
thru the City Council right now.
FIB: WELL, YOUR CAR AIN'T HURT, IPSO ..BUT WHO'S GONNA PAY
FOR MY DENTED FENDER?
MOL: You are, Facto -
FIB: Okay. Just wanted to have everything clear. Come on,
Molly...get in.

DOOR OPEN

MOL: See you later, Mr Wilcox.
WIL: Okay, Molly!

DOOR SLAM

WIL: Going for a little spin, Pal?

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DOOR OPEN

MOL: See you later, Mr Wilcox.
WIL: Okay, Molly!

DOOR SLAM

WIL: Going for a little spin, Pal?

FIB: Teaching Molly how to drive, Junior. Wanna come along,
just for laughs? *la la la*

WIL: Look, Pal. See how my hand shakes? See how my face
twitches? Have you noticed I have a slight limp?

FIB: Yeah. What's the matter with you?

WIL: I taught my wife to drive six months ago. I never got
over it.

FIB: How'd you hurt your foot?

WIL: I kept sticking it thru the floorboard and burning it
on the engine. WELL, SEE YOU LATER, PAL.

FIB: Poor Junior! I'd be nervous too, with a man from the
finance company in the back seat. ... SHALL WE GO,
MOLLY?

MOL: Yes, let's.

STARTER: ...CAR MOVES AWAY...SUSTAIN MOTOR UNDER

FIB: I'll just drive around the quiet streets first, Molly.
We can try you out in downtown traffic later. Now about
emergencies. ... what would you do if a big ten-ton
truck should shoot out in front of you?

MOL: SCREAM, and scrouch down on the floor.

FIB: No, I mean if you were driving.

MOL: Oh. Scream ... and jump over into the back seat!

FIB: Mmm Hmm. Well, we'll take that up later, when -

SOUND: SIREN IN DISTANCE.

MOL: MCGEE... LISTEN! I HEAR A SIREN!

FIB: MY GOSH ... MUST BE A FIRE SOMEPLACE!! LET'S GO SEE ...
WHERE'S THE SIREN ... UP AHEAD?

MOL: I CANT TELL ... LISTEN!!

SOUND: SIREN FAINTLY, IN DISTANCE:

MOL: .. It's OFF TO THE LEFT, ISNT IT?

FIB: NO, I THINK IT'S TO THE RIGHT! - BUT WE'LL FIND IT!
(LAUGHS HAPPILY) I HAVENT CHASED A FIRE ENGINE IN
YEARS !!! HANG ON, BABY ... HERE WE GO! WHOOFEEE!!!!

SOUND: MOTOR UP FAST: SIREN IN DISTANCE:

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL. BRIDGE: FADE FOR --

MOL: (OVER MOTOR) ARE WE GETTING ANY CLOSER TO THE FIRE,
MCGEE?

FIB: MUST BE ... I SMELL SMOKE!

MOL: THAT'S JUST YOUR VEST SMOULDERING ... YOU DROPPED SOME
CIGAR ASHES ON IT!

SIREN: IN DISTANCE: FADE IN SLIGHTLY:

FIB: MUST BE GETTIN' CLOSER ... THE SIREN IS LOUDER!

MOL: TRY MAPLE STREET ... THERE HASNT BEEN A FIRE ON MAPLE
STREET FOR YEARS!

FIB: OKAY ... HOLD YOUR HAT!

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH ROAR:

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL BRIDGE ... FADE FOR --

SOUND: OUT OF MUSIC: CAR UP AND FADE IN ... SCREECH OF BRAKES ...
MOTOR OUT

MOL: Well, that was a wild goose chase if I ever was in one.
And I was. Just now.

FIB: Must be an awful big fire someplace, though, even if we couldn't find it. HEY, I CAN STILL HEAR THEM SIRENS!
LISTEN!

SOUND: SIREN IN DISTANCE...UP FAST WITH MOTORCYCLE... OUT

MOL: Don't look new, dearie, but the long arm of the law is with us up to the elbow.

FIB: But what -

COP: ALL RIGHT, MAC. WHERE'S THE FIRE?

FIB: We don't know, Bud. We been lookin' all over town for it. Did you hear all them sirens?

COP: The siren was me, Mac. I been chasing you for twenty minutes. You went thru a red light at 14th street.

MOL: How red was it?

COP: Very red, lady. Like a sergeant's eyeballs at 5 A.M. And you passed a street car on the left at Oak and Twelfth.

FIB: Had to, Bud. I was drivin' in the car tracks and there's a switch there.

COP: I see. Well, can you explain knocking over a small banana truck at Elm and Foster?

MOL: My goodness, I wish I'd seen that. We need some bananas

COP: You have some, lady. You have about thirty five dollars worth. They're a little bruised, but they're all yours.

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, OFFICER. WE CAN'T --

COP: Your driver's license, please.

FIB: Here.

MOL: It's a little ragged, but my goodness, he's had it for 13 years.

COP: Well, so what? He's only missed four renewals. Let me see your draft registration card, please.

MOL: Oh, flattery!

COP: No ma'am. O'Reilly. ALL RIGHT, ^{ML} MCGEE...WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?

FIB: My gosh ... for twelve years I been afraid somebody would ask me that!

COP: Never mind. You'll probably have to close it up for about ninety days anyway. Here you are. This summons is to be presented in traffic court not later than nine a.m. Tuesday November 27th. And it's been GRAND, meeting you both. Good day.

MOTORCYCLE STARTS WITH ROAR ... FADES OUT . (PAUSE)

FIB: Hey, you know what?

MOL: No. What?

FIB: I forgot to find out where the fire was.

MOL: Well, I must say, dearie, that as a lesson in driving, this was ... OH THERE'S MAYOR LA TRIVIA! YOO HOO, MR. MAYOR!!! COME ON, MCGEE GET OUT OF THE CAR!

DOOR SLAM TWICE

FIB: HIYAH, LA TRIVIA ... JUST THE GUY I WANTED TO SEE!

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee. What's the matter?

MOL: McGee just got a citation, your honor!

GALE: Well. Congratulations, McGee! You certainly waited long enough for it. What is it for? The battle of Chateau Thiery? Or Belleau Wood.?

SECOND REVISION

-23-

FIB: IT AIN'T AN ARMY CITATION, LA TRIVIA. ONE OF YOUR
COPS JUST GIMME IT. HERE. LOOK!

GALE: Hmm. You seem to be charged with everything except
fratricide, arson, perjury, and jury tampering. WHAT
DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT THIS, McGEE?

FIB: I WANT YOU TO FIRE THAT COP! I WANT HIM TRANSFERRED SO
FAR OUT IN THE STICKS HE'LL HAVE TO TRAP MUSKRATS TO
KEEP BUSY.

GALE: WHAT DID HE DO?

MOL: He gave us a summons. That's what he did.

GALE: Was he rude about it?

FIB: HE WAS SO DARN POLITE HE MADE MY BLOOD BOIL! DON'T HE
KNOW HOW TO ACT LIKE A COP? DON'T HE EVER GO TO THE
MOVIES?

GALE: McGee, the officer was perfectly right. I wash my
hands of the whole thing.

MOL: Certainly, your honor. Just walk inside and it's to
the right at the head of the stairs.

SECOND REVISION

-24-

FIB: And when you come back, La Trivia, I wanna talk to you
about --

GALE: When I come back from where?

MOL: Washing your hands.

GALE: I am not going to wash my hands, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: If you're afraid of soiling our guest towels, Mr. Mayor,
we -

GALE: I AM NOT AFRAID OF SOILING YOUR TOWELS, MRS. McGEE...I
HAD NO INTENTION OF WASHING MY HANDS.

FIB: Oh. You didn't. LOOK, LA TRIVIA...

GALE: YOU LISTEN TO ME, McGEE! I AM NOT GOING TO GET INTO ONE
OF THOSE WRANGLES WITH YOU. AND I AM NOT GOING TO USE
MY OFFICE AS MAYOR TO HUMILIATE A POLICE OFFICER WHO WAS
ONLY DOING HIS DUTY. SOME OF YOUR INFRACTIONS MAY HAVE
BEEN OVERLOOKED, BUT SPEEDING THRU THE CITY STREETS AT
42 MILES AN HOUR --

FIB: WELL CAN I HELP IT IF MY ACCELERATOR STICKS?

MOL: Yes, can he help it?

GALE: Oh. So your accelerator sticks.

FIB: Yes.

MOL: It does.

GALE: A LIKELY STORY! THAT HAS BEEN THE GUILTY MOTORISTS
FAVORITE ALIBI SINCE THE AUTOMOBILE WAS JUST A LOUD NOISE
AND A BAD SMELL.

FIB: Well, okay, La Trivia...if you won't take my word for it.

MOL: Now let's all go in the house and have a slug of tea.
Put the car in the garage, McGee.

FIB: Can't. I'm too nervous. Can't you do it?

MOL: Good heavens, no! Not after just one lesson.

GALE: I'll put your car away for you, McGee. Is the key in it?

FIB: Yeah. Thanks, La Trivia. But if you -

GALE: DON'T WORRY ... I KNOW HOW TO DRIVE.

CAR DOOR SLAM: STARTER: MOTOR UP .. SUDDEN ROAR .. FADE SLIGHTLY:
CRASH OF TIMBERS...FALLING WOOD..GLASS CRASH..PAUSE:

MOL: Heavenly days...he went right thru the back of the
garage! ARE YOU HURT, MR MAYOR?

GALE: (OFF) No..no, I'm all right. AND YOU CAN TEAR UP THAT
CITATION, MCGEE. YOUR ACCELERATOR DOES STICK!

FIB: Well, whaddye know!...it's the first time it ever done
that!

ORCH: "WAIT AND SEE" .. FADE FOR --

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: There are so many extra uses for JOHNSON'S WAX we're
apt sometimes to forget that its first use is to protect
and beautify your floors. After all, they get the
hardest wear of any part of your home. If a floor isn't
beautiful, it's almost impossible to have a lovely,
attractive room. On the other hand, a gleaming, richly
polished floor sets off your furnishings to their best
advantage. So there's every reason to keep all of your
floors well polished and well protected with genuine
JOHNSON'S WAX. Actually, they take on greater beauty
with every waxing. The tough film of JOHNSON'S WAX
seals the pores of the wood against dirt and moisture,
protects the finish itself and thus saves costly
refinishing. You need not rewax the entire floor -- you
can touch up as often as necessary those areas of extra
heavy traffic, such as doorways and the entrance hall.
Remember, also, that a JOHNSON-WAXED home is a clean
home, and a clean home is more healthful.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC ... FADE FOR

SECOND REVISION

-27-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WE HAVE ALL BEEN ASKED AGAIN TO BUY VICTORY BONDS. BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHY ANYBODY HAS TO BE ASKED.

MOL: BECAUSE INVESTING THREE DOLLARS TO GET FOUR IS REALLY A FAVOR TO OURSELVES; BUYING SECURITY FOR US AND OUR FAMILIES AND PREVENTING A RUINOUS INFLATION WOULD SEEM TO BE SIMPLE COMMON SENSE.

FIB: OF COURSE, IF YOU FEEL THAT THE CARE OF OUR WOUNDED, AND THE REHABILITATION OF OUR FIGHTING MEN, THE PROTECTION OF THE FAMILIES OF THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IS IMPORTANT THOSE ARE PRETTY GOOD REASONS, TOO.

MOL: IT MIGHT EVEN BE SAID THAT THE U.S.A. HOLDS YOUR I.O.U.!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAY OFF AND SIGN OFF:

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

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

tp/ak
11/13/45 pm

Writers: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY"

for
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

Nc