

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#26
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MARCH 26, 1946

(REVISED) -2-

SOUND: TELEPHONE: RECEIVER UP:

MAN: Yes?

WOMAN: Harry? This is Gloria. (VERY SEDUCTIVE) And I'm just
in the mood to go for a long ride in the moonlight, ~~Harry~~.
would you like to pick me up, ^{or} about ^{half an hour?} ~~seven-thirty?~~

MAN: Gee, I'm sorry Gloria. But this is Tuesday night, and
I wouldn't wanna miss --

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

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and
industry present "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" -- with
Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea
Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is
by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. The music by the
King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: SELECTION - FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY (ALTERNATE)
March 26, 1946

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Those of you who use wax polish regularly know all about how your home grows lovelier with every application. But if you've yet to discover the beauty of wax-polishing, you certainly have a most pleasant surprise coming. For example, you'll be really amazed at the shining new beauty of your floors when first you wax polish them with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. For the very first time perhaps you'll appreciate the real beauty of your dining room table top, because JOHNSON'S WAX brings out its beautiful natural grain and gives it a lovely mellow polish. Your chairs and sideboard and bookcase suddenly gleam with a lustrous satiny dry sheen. Ornaments, leather articles, picture frames, are richer looking. And when JOHNSON WAX-POLISHED, your lovely things are wax protected against wear, dirt and spilled things. So for a lovelier home that's easy to keep lovely, get JOHNSON'S WAX -- Paste, Liquid or Cream.

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: (MODERN MAN IS SO DEPENDENT ON HIS RADIO AND NEWSPAPERS THAT IF HE MISSES AN ISSUE OR A BROADCAST, HE IS APT TO BE DANGEROUSLY UNINFORMED. AS YOU WILL SEE WHEN WE JOIN -
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee, I wish you'd get that radio put back together. I've already missed two installments of "HEART-BEATS FOR HOUSEWIVES" and Monday's broadcast of "WHO IS GLADYS MELKENDROP."

FIB: I'll have it assembled again in a jiffy, kiddo. It only needed a minor adjustment.

MOL: What minor adjustment?

FIB: The tone signals were comin' in six minutes early, accordin' to my watch. So I thought I'd --

SOUND: OFF MIKE: SIRENS FADE IN AND OUT:

MOL: My goodness, what's goin on around here anyway? There have been sirens going past here all afternoon. Is there a fire someplace?

FIB: Those aren't fire engines. Those are police cars. Now lemme see...I think if I jump the ground wire past the grid-leak, it might have a tendency to speed up the heterodyne. Whaddye think?

MOL: I don't know any more about it than you do, dearie. (PAUSE) This is sort of a pitiful little confession, come to think of it! When it comes to radio, and we did--

SOUND: SIRENS OFF FADE IN AND OUT:

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MOL: There goes another squad car, McGee. What do you suppose is going on?

FIB: Ahh, probably goin' down to Jos's Grease Spot to get the chief a hamburger. Them guys LOVE to tear down Oak Street with the siren screaming, screech up to a restaurant door with the brakes smokin', run inside with drawn guns and come out with a sack of sandwiches. And then tell ME to "break it up!" Three times last week they --

CJND: SIREN GOING THE OTHER WAY, FADE IN AND OUT:

MOL: There's one going the other way. If that's a hamburger for the chief, he certainly likes it rare.

FIB: Probably sent 'em back for a slice of onion. I always --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello there, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And how are you, Dreamboat?

FIB: Hiyah, Skin-grafter. Is it you them throttle-happy cops have been chasing around the neighborhood? What are they after you for? Leave one of your hacksaws in a patients tummy?

DOC: If you'd listen to your radio, Corncob, you'd know what's going on in the world. OR, you can wait and read all about it in the evening paper. Molly will explain the big words to you.

MOL: But what IS going on, Doctor? We couldn't listen to the radio because little atom-splitter here had an idea for re-wiring it.

(2ND REVISION) -6-

DOC: Re-wiring it for what --- No. Don't tell me. I talk in my sleep and I don't want to bore myself with it. But do you mean to say you haven't heard about Bullets Brannigan breaking jail?

FIB: WHAT? BRANNIGAN BUSTED OUTA THE POKEY?

MOL: My goodness....when, doctor?

DOC: Couple of hours ago. He walked out of the county jail like it was made of jello.

FIB: I always said that hoosegow was strictly for comedy. You could pick your way outa that roach-trap with a paper clip. The bars are farther apart in there than they are in Kansas. The contractor musta been Houndini's cousin.

MOL: This....er....Bullets Brannigan is a pretty desperate character, is he, doctor?

FIB: DESPERATE! Why --

DOC: She was talking to me!

FIB: WHY THAT GUY'S QUICKER ON A TRIGGER THAN ROY ROGERS! HE'S SHOT HIS WAY OUTA MORE TROUBLE THAN A PEORIA POOLSHARK. AIN'T THAT SO, NEEDLENOSE?

DOC: Yes, but I can't condemn the man too much. He had an unfortunate childhood. His father practiced the cornet.

MOL: I hate to think of a criminal like that loose in our own neighborhood. It lowers real estate value.

DOC: Well, don't worry about it. The whole police force is out after him.

FIB: PAHHH! Them fallen arches couldn't catch a broken down hay wagon in a dead-end street. I gotta good notion to go down to police headquarters and show those muggs how to organize a manhunt. I'd drag out a throw net that --

MOL: THROW OUT A DRAG NET, dearie.

FIB: I'd get out my old 12-gauge shotgun and drag that cheap hoodlum into headquarters so fast --

SOUND: SIREN .. OFF MIKE .. FADE OUT

FIB: WHAT WAS THAT?

MOL: That was a siren, sweetheart. The mating call of the squad car.

DOC: Get your hat, McGee. I'll drop you off at police headquarters, and you can show those amateurs what it's all about.

FIB: WHAT? LEAVE MY WIFE ALONE AT A TIME LIKE THIS? YOU THINK I'M A COWARD?

MOL: I could go to the police station with you, McGee. It might be --

FIB: WHAT? LEAVE OUR LITTLE HOME IN A CRISIS LIKE THIS? Why, Molly! When I should be here, defending our little nest against -- HEY, DOC...WHERE YOU GOING?

DOC: Anyplace else. Any time you start talking about getting your shot gun out, the handsome fellow walking rapidly away will be me. I've been duck hunting with you, and I figure I've been living on borrowed time ever since. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Are you really careless with firearms, McGee?

FIB: NAH. In the first place, my shotgun don't work. There's been a shall jammed into the breech for eight months. Perfectly harmless. Besides, I--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: I don't know. It's a tall man in a dark overcoat, with his hand in his pocket.

FIB: Oh. COME IN...(TAKE) er...NO!...WAIT!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Too late, McGee.

FIB: Huh huh huh huh hiya, bud.

MOL: If that's a gun in your pocket, sir, don't bother to take it out. The only Colt I've ever enjoyed looking at was Flicka.

MAN: (LAUGHS) I'm very sorry to disturb you, madam, I'm Sergeant Jeffries, plain clothes detail.

FIB: I knew you were a flattie the minute I popped a peeper on you, Sarge. My name's McGee. This is my wife, Molly.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. What can we do for you, Sergeant?

MAN: We're looking for an escaped desperado, Mrs. McGee.
Bullets Brannigan.

MOL: Oh....Did you think he might be in our house, Sergeant?

MAN: No, madam. But we have reason to believe he might be
in the house across the street. I'd like to stay here
a while, if you don't mind, and keep an eye out your
front window.

FIB: HEY NOW, WAIT A MINUTE....SUPPOSE HE SEES YOU? THERE'S
LIABLE TO BE SOME SHOOTIN', AIN'T THERE?

MAN: It's a distinct possibility, yes. And I'll ask you
to keep quiet about this. We don't want Brannigan
to know I'm -- er....he's being watched.

MOL: Whatever you say, Sergeant. Would you care for a cup
of tea?

MAN: Why...yes, thank you.

FIB: I'LL COME OUT AND HELP YOU MAKE IT, MOLLY. I'LL
STAND BEHIND THE STOVE AND TELL YOU WHEN IT'S
BOILING. CALL ME IF YOU NEED ME, SARGE!

ORCH: "SWAMP FIRE"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TELEPHONE RECEIVER UP AND DOWN FAST:

MAN: (LOW VOICE)(FAST) Hello, operator...gimme 8231...QUICK!
^{BULLETS -- YEAR, BULLETS}
(SHORT PAUSE) HELLO, STOGIE? THIS IS BRANNIGAN. Yeh...
Look...I'M MAKIN' LIKE A COPPER WITH A COUPLA APPLEKNOCKERS
HERE, SEE? SOON AS IT GETS DARK HAVE A CAR READY AT NASTY
NORTON'S. YEH...WAIT A MINUTE...HERE THEY COME! (CHANGES
VOICE) Yes, Lieutenant...Certainly, Lieutenant. I'll stay
right on the job till it gets dark. Okay, Lieutenant.
(RECEIVER UP) Just checking in to headquarters, Mrs.
McGee.

MOL: That's nice. Now you just make yourself comfortable,
Sergeant...er...Sergeant...er...what did you say your name
was?

MAN: Rasmussen.

FIB: You did not. You says Jeffries.

MAN: Certainly. My name is Rasmussen P. Jeffries.. Why?

MOL: I just wondered, is all. The initials on your belt buckle
are G.B.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Yes, that belt buckle was a gift from the Chief.
For good conduct.

FIB: What'd the G.B. stand for?

MAN: Good Boy.

MOL: Isn't that nice! Is that chair perfectly comfortable,
Sergeant?

MAN: Perfectly, thank you.

FIB: (LAUGHS) I used to have that chair rigged up with a couple
dry cell batteries, Sarge. Give people a shock...just for
laughs. Used to call it The Electric Chair.

MAN: Wooooh...
O

MOL: OH, DON'T GET UP, SERGEANT...It doesn't work any more.

FIB: You're perspiring, Sarge...too warm in here?

MAN: Er...no, It's...I'm...it's very comfortable, thanks.
Look, if you folks would like to go out to a movie or something, I'll...er...I'll keep an eye on things for you.

MOL: Oh, no thank you, Sergeant. I'd be afraid to stir out of the house till they catch that beast, Bullets Brannigan.

FIB: The rat! I'll bet he's as yellow as a canary. If I ever- Hey, point that gun some other way, willya, Sarge? From where I'm standing it looks like the Holland tunnel.

MOL: I hope you'll stay and have dinner with us, officer.

MAN: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. If I don't catch sight of Brannigan by dark, I'll be on my way. Back to the--

SOUND: SIREN PAST OFF MIKE. FADE OUT

FIB: Look at the Sergeant, Molly. (LAUGHS) Shakin' like a leaf. You sure are anxious to have a go at old Brannigan, ain't ye, Sarge?

MAN: Yeah...er...(LAUGHS) Yeah. Sure am. I'm--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MAN: WAIT A MINUTE !...STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, FOLKS !... WHO IS THAT?

MOL: Oh, don't be silly. It's just a friend of ours, a Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: Yeah, her husband is the Carstairs that owns all the public utilities, Sarge. He's got more moo than a herd of Holsteins.

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: You'll like Mrs. Carstairs, Sergeant. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Hello, Millicent. So nice to see you.

CARST: How do you do, my dear. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty.

MOL: Mrs. Carstairs, this is Sergeant Jeffries from police headquarters. A plainclothes man.

MAN: Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Good day, Sergeant. In these days of checkered sports coats, fawn colored slacks and atomic neckties, it is a distinct pleasure to meet a plain clothes man.

FIB: I and him are keepin' an eye out for this Bullets Brannigan, Carsty.

CARST: Heavens, I do hope you catch him soon, Sergeant. My husband always keeps five or six thousand dollars in cash in the house, and our burglar alarm is out of order.

MOL: The sergeant is writing it in his little book, Millicent. It's the big house up on the corner of Oak, Sergeant.

FIB: Yeah, and he keeps the dough in a little safe behind the painting of Napoleon at Louisville.

CARST: Waterloo, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Don't kid me, Carsty! Napoleon was never in Iowa in his life!! I guess I know my ---

MAN: Just a minute, Mr. McGee. Let me get this straight. I'll want the boys at headquarters to have this information. You say your husband keeps large sums of money in the house, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: No, not LARGE sums, sergeant. A few thousand, more or less. For incidental expenses.

MOL: Yes, in case he incidentally wants to buy a railroad or something.

MAN: And it is kept in a wall safe behind a picture in the study, I presume?

CARST: Yes. Roebuck, the butler will show you where it is. You'll be glad to meet Roebuck. He was a former pistol shooting champion.

FIB: The sergeant's puttin' his book away, Carsty. Got all the information he needs. Eh Sarge?

MAN: That's right.

CARST: WELL, PLEASE CALL ON US AND SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT OUR BURGLAR ALARM, WILL YOU SERGEANT?

MAN: The minute this Brannigan business is over, madam, I shall give it my closest attention. Believe me!

CARST: Thank you. Good day, Mrs. McGee!

MOL: Goodbye Millicent!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Seen anything suspicious across the street yet, Sergeant?

MAN: No, nothing yet, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Hey Sarge - lemme wear your detective badge a while, willya? Eh? Just for a little while?

MAN: Oh I...er....I couldn't do that, McGee. Against regulations, you know.

MOL: Be your age, dearie. Besides you've got a badge of your own, in your collar-button box.

FIB: Yeah, but there's no fun in just bein' a Chicken Inspector. I wanna see how it feels to be a real cop.... Like Jeffries here. How DOES it feel, Rasmussen?

MAN: Well, it all depends. Right now it feels very good, because....

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello folks --

MAN: GET YOUR HANDS UP, MISTER!! IF YOU MOVE, I SHOOT.

WIL: Yes and if you shoot, I move!

FIB: And they say MY jokes are bad!

MOL: This isn't Bullets Brannigan, Sergeant. This is Harlow Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox, this is Sergeant Jeffries, from headquarters.

MAN: Oh...oh, excuse me.

WIL: Quite all right, Sergeant. But do I look like a crook?

MAN: Crooks don't necessarily look like crooks these days, Mister. I might even be one myself.

LAUGHTER ALL AROUND:

FIB: The sarge is keeping an eye out for Brannigan, Junior. We think he might be holed up in that house across the street.

WIL: Well, I hope you nab him, fellas. Although, personally, I almost hate to see Brannigan caught.

MAN: Is that so?

MOL: Explain that, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Sure. You heard those squad cars dashing around town all afternoon?

FIB: HEARD 'EM! I haven't heard so much screaming since the Legion parade when a mouse ran across in front of the bagpipe band.

WIL: Well, the longer those cars are out, the worse they'll look. That means, they'll all have to be cleaned up. And our police force uses Johnson's Car Nu. You know about Johnson's Car Nu, Sergeant?

MOL: You soon will, Sergeant!

WIL: MOST MARVELOUS TREATMENT IN THE WORLD FOR DINGY LOOKING CARS, MY BOY! AND SO SIMPLE TO USE! APPLY IT, LET IT DRY, AND WIPE IT OFF! AND THERE, IN NINE WORDS, YOU HAVE THE GREATEST BEAUTY FORMULA SINCE CLEOPATRA FELL INTO THE OLIVE OIL.

FIB: Yeah, but if Brannigan --

WIL: That's why I hope they delay finding Brannigan a while. I want those squad cars to get good and dirty! You just ask the boys at the station about Car Nu, Sarge, spelled C-A-R-N-U.

MAN: Thanks, I can hardly wait.

MOL: Got to leave already, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Yes, the man who taught me salesmanship, before I went to work for Johnsons always used to say "MAKE YOUR POINT AND GET OUT, SON!"

FIB: What were you sellin' then, Waxey?

WIL: Pencil sharpeners. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

MAN: You have a lot of visitors, don't you?

MOL: Just on Tuesday night, Sergeant. The rest of the week it's very quiet around here.

FIB: Don't you like people, Sarge?

MAN: I don't like too many people around when I'm...er... on a job.

MOL: Well, I can understand that, of course. But we never --

DOOR CHIME:

MAN: WAIT A MINUTE! WHO COULD THIS BE?

MOL: It's Mr. Wimple, Sergeant.

MAN: AND WHO IS MR. WIMPLE?

FIB: Oh just a guy - he's harmless. His wife is always
beatin' the bejunior out of him. He is the long worm
that has no turning.

MAN: Okay, let him in.

MOL: I was going to. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. Shake hands with Sergeant Jeffries, Wimp.
He's on the Brannigan case.

MAN: How are you?

WIMP: I'm very pleased to meet you, Sergeant. Maybe you know
my wife, Mrs. Wimple. She teaches jiu jitsu to the police
force.

MAN: No, but I haven't been on the force very long.

MOL: You look a little more bruised up than usual, Mr. Wimple.
Has Sweetface been throwing her weight around?

WIMP: No, Mrs. McGee. She's been throwing MY weight around. I
was lying there on the couch and she woke me up and said
"do you want to see how I can lift a hundred and fifty
pound dumbbell, Wallace?" and silly me, half awake, I said
yes and she picked me up and threw me across the room into
the bookcase.

FIB: My gosh didn't that hurt, Wimp?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) No, I guess I'm just lucky, Mr. McGee. I landed
right on top of Mother Goose. But that isn't how I got
these bruises.

MOL: How did you get those then?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh it was so ridiculous, really. Sweetface
had a new hat, and she asked me how I liked it, and I
said she looked as cute as a bug's ear.

MAN: What was the matter with that?

FIB: Fairly flattering, I'd say, Wimp.

WIMP: I thought it was too, but somebody had given her a
microscope for her birthday and she looked at a bug's ear
thru it and the next thing I knew a doctor was asking me
if I'd got the license number. Well, see you later folks,
I hope you catch that badman....

ORCH: KING'S MEN "PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

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MOL: Where'd the sergeant go, McGee?

FIB: He's out in the kitchen, makin' himself a sandwich, I says you'd fiz him one and he said no, there's too many people comin' in and outa here. Makes him nervous.

MOL: That's a little strange, isn't it? A policeman getting nervous.

FIB: Oh I dunno. Chasin' desperades is kinda upsetting. And I made his hair stand on end too, tellin' him about when I was deputy sheriff out in Woody, California. Remember me telling you about the time I caught the Pittman gang, singlehanded?

MOL: Yes, indeed, often.

FIB: Well, you oughta hear me tell it now. I got a new twist on it that's a honey! Instead of -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...MAYOR LA TRIVIA. Come in, your Honor.

GALE: Thank you, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Any progress on the Brannigan thing, La Triv?

GALE: No, McGee.....he seems to have simply dropped out of sight. We have all the roads patrolled, the bus and railroad stations watched, the airport covered, but no results. As a matter of fact he was last seen in this very neighborhood.

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FIB: Sure. He's thought to of holed up in that house across the street, La Trivia. One of your cops is right here in the house, right now, keepin' an eye on it. I'm helping.

GALE: Good. What officer is it? I know most of them personally.

MOL: Sergeant Jeffries, Mr. Mayor. Rasmussen Jeffries.

GALE: (TO HIMSELF) Jeffries....Jeffries....must be a new man.

FIB: He says he will be when he has a sandwich and a bottle of rootbeer. Hey, you comin' to dinner here tomorrow night, La Triv?

GALE: Yes, I am, thank you.

MOL: Oh good; We were afraid you couldn't make it, Your Honor. You said your sister had no one to leave the children with.

GALE: I know, but I managed to find a sitter to come in and watch the youngsters.

FIB: A sitter, eh? English or Irish?

GALE: How should I know?

MOL: You found her, didn't you. What does she look like?

GALE: I don't know what difference it makes, Mrs. McGee, but she's rather small, nice features, red hair -

FIB: RED HAIR, EH? That's an Irish sitter, La Triv. We used to have one. You sure it's all right to leave the kids with her?

MOL: Yes, what if the phone should ring, or something?

GALE: Why she'd answer it, of course.

FIB: (LAUGHS) She would eh? Knock it down and bark into it, eh?

GALE: Are you being amusing, McGee? Besides, I don't care if she doesn't stay inside all the time. I asked her to take the children out for a walk.

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MOL: Heavenly days, isn't that rather taking chances, your Honor. What if she should suddenly start chasing a cat?

GALE: That's ridiculous! She wouldn't do any such stupid thing. Particularly as she is wearing high heels.

FIB: SHE IS? Boy, I'd like to see that. How old is she?

GALE: Mind your manners, McGee. You don't even know her. However I'd say she was about 24.

MOL: Hmmm - that's a pretty ripe old age! Does she like to be petted, Your Honor?

GALE: WELL, I REMEMBER ONE EVENING....FOR GOODNESS SAKES WILL YOU STOP TALKING ABOUT HER AS IF SHE WERE SOME KIND OF DOG?

FIB: Whaddye mean, SOME kind of a dog? She's an Irish sitter. The one we used to have always slept at the foot of my bed. Used to wake me up, stickin' her cold nose in my face.

GALE: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MCGEE.....I THINK YOU'RE.....

MOL: I only hope she doesn't give your sister's children fleas, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: LET'S STOP THIS. YOU ARE EVIDENTLY TALKING ABOUT A DOG.

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

GALE: A SITTER.

MOL: Well, that's much better than a pointer. It's bad manners to point and if the children ever ---

GALE: I TELL YOU SHE IS NOT A POIN....ER....A SWEETER.. SHE'S A YOUNG LADY THAT BARKS.WITH....ER...STAYS WITH MY SISTERS FLEAS....ER....CHILDREN WHEN....I MEAN NO....SHE CAN'T..... YOU ALWAYS....I....YOU.....IT....(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes, Your Honor?

GALE: This Irish setter you had. How long was her tail?

FIB: Ohhhhhh, about.....so long, La Trivia.

GALE: So long.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Did I see you slip La Trivia a note?

MOL: SHH! Yes, you did.

FIB: What about?

MOL: SHHH, I'll tell you when....

DOOR OPEN:

COP: MRS. MCGEE? ^{THE MAYOR'S DRIVER} I'M OFFICER LESLIE. ~~THE MAYOR'S CHAUFFEUR~~.... WHERE IS HE?

FIB: Where's who? The Mayor? He just went....

COP: NO, BRANNIGAN.

FIB: Well, Sergeant Jeffries and I think he's hidin' out in the house across the -

MOL: ^WIn the kitchen, Officer.

COP: Thank you....(TRADE) ALL RIGHT, BRANNIGAN!...COME ON OUT, OR I'M COMIN' IN!!!!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: WHAT THE -

COP: OH NO YE DON'T....DROP THAT GUN, YOU....

SOUND: TWO SHOTS

MAN: OHHHHHHHH....DARN YOU -- You shot a hole right in my sandwich!!

FIB: HEY CUT IT OUT, OFFICER, THAT'S SERGEANT JEFFRIES!

MOL: No, dearie, that's BULLETS BRANNIGAN. TAKE HIM AWAY, OFFICER.

COP: I'll do that, and many thanks, for the tip, ma'am.
COME ON, YOU....

SOUND: STRUGGLE AND FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I'll be a ... YOU MEAN THAT GUY WAS BRANNIGAN ALL THE TIME?

MOL: What did you think - just part of the time?

FIB: Yeah but how...why...who...I mean...WELL GEE WHIZZ, HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T A REAL COP?

MOL: It was very simple, He passed the sideboard in the dining room half a dozen times, and never even took an apple!

ORCH: "TOMORROW IS FOREVER" FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Now that it's so often wet and muddy outdoors, how do you manage to keep your kitchen floor so nice and clean? If you're still doing it the hard way, my suggestion is that you try using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT...you'll find it will save you hours of work. You see, this most popular of all floor polishes forms a tough, protective wax film that keeps dirt away from the actual surface of the linoleum. You simply wipe this smooth, shining surface with a damp cloth. Right away, the mud and dirt and spilled things completely disappear. At the same time, GLO-COAT'S tough, invisible film protects linoleum from wear and tear, so that it lasts far longer. GLO-COAT is easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing. You just apply and let dry. GLO-COAT shines as it dries, doesn't streak, either. In only 20 minutes your floor is clean and sparkling...and all ready to use. Why not take a tip from millions of other women and get some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT this week?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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T A G

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to pay our respects to the late Marlin Hurt - who endeared himself to millions on this program as "Boulah".

MOL: And who went on to make new friends as the star of his own program. We know you will all miss the laughter ^{that} Marlin gave you.

FIB: And we who worked with him will miss him as a friend - a gentleman - and a great performer. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.
(NO APPLAUSE)

WIL: (PAUSE) 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.

ORCH: (SNEAK IN SOFTLY UNDER ABOVE) "TOMORROW IS FOREVER"

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

File

"FIBBER McGEE

FC

JOHNSON

NBC - TUESDAY

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