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#9
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

November 26, 1946

N.B.C.

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX ^{Program} SHOW, WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: 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 Benaderet and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Do you remember the story of Cinderella? Her Fairy Godmother waved a magic wand and in a twinkling Cinderella changed from a dull drab kitchen maid into a beautiful girl in a bright new dress! Well, knowing me, you can guess what that story reminds me of -- the way JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT turns a dull linoleum floor into a thing of shining beauty. It's true you do a little more than wave a magic wand -- you do apply GLO-COAT to your floor. But while your back is turned, GLO-COAT dries to a beautiful shining wax polish all by itself. There's no rubbing or buffing with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Dirt and spilled things can be whisked away with a damp cloth in double quick time. And, of course, the tough wax protection keeps your linoleum new looking years longer. Why not try it. But look -- for a brighter shine that will really last, be sure to ask for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: THEME UP TO FINISH:

WILCOX: THE AVERAGE DOCTOR SOON ACQUIRES AN IMMUNITY TO LIFE'S LITTLE DRAMAS. IT TAKES AN EVENT OF ALMOST ATOMIC PROPORTIONS TO REALLY PERTURB HIM. BUT SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE GOT THE EMINENT DOCTOR GAMBLE OF WISTFUL VISTA IN A BIT OF A TIZZY. AND HERE, WAITING FOR HIM, AND WONDERING WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, WE FIND ----

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: But what did the doctor say when he called, McGee?

FIB: Well, I picks up the receiver, see, and I says, "Duffy's Tavern," I says, "where the elite meet to eat and the snide meet to hide", and he says, "You gonna be home for awhile, McGee?" and I says, "Well, I says, I may have to run down to Washington and take John L. Lewis a cake with a hacksaw in it, but I'll wait for you." And he says, "Please do. I want your advice."

MOL: He wants your advice.

FIB: Yup.

MOL: Well, now I've heard everything. At least until Hattie Carnegie calls and wants my advice about hobble skirts.

FIB: I dunno what's so amazing about it. Doc's a professional man, no business sense. Naturally, when he gets in a jam he calls the only guy he knows with a level head, sound judgment and a genius for analyzing problems.

MOL: Who's that?

FIB: Me.

MOL: Oh. I didn't know you in that disguise.

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FIB: Don't kid yourself, snooky. I may clown around, but everybody knows that underneath these twinkling blue eyes, there beats a heart of gold, and a mind like a steel trap.

MOL: No wonder the doctor wants to see you. You're a biological curiosity. I wonder if --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. May I have a minute of your time, Droopsnoot?

FIB: Certainly, Doctor. Pray be seated. No, maybe you better lie down on the couch, and close your eyes. Pull down the shades and dim the lights, Molly. Now just relax, Doctor. Talk to me as you would your father. Tell me everything you --

MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SALES, MCGEE! COME OFF IT!

DOC: Yes, Limberlip, as a psychoanalyst you'd make a splendid sponge-diver. You have the ingratiating personality of a cottonmouth moccasin, and the tact of a pile driver.

FIB: COME ON, COME ON....QUIT TEE FIDDLE FADDLING AND GET DOWN TO BRASS MOWLEYS. WHAT'S EATING YOU, FATSO?

DOC: Well, frankly, I'm worried about Miss Tremayne, McGee.

MOL: FIFI? Heavenly days, Doctor, what's wrong with her?

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FIB: She eloped with LaTrivia, Doc? Very intelligent of her, I'm sure. He's a fine guy with a great future, and you're just a human telephone extension with a bag full of benzedrine. Anybody with a speck of sense would --

DOC: BE QUIET, WILL YOU?

MOL: Yes, dearie, give the doctor a chance. The only way he can get a word in with you, is to operate and leave a dictionary in your peritonium.

FIB: Okay, Doc. I'm just as good a listener as I am a talker. Not as interesting, maybe, but tender and sympathetic. Now then...what cooks with Fifi?

DOC: Someone is following her. Watching her apartment. Every night lately, I see a big mysterious looking stranger -- sneaking down the alley past her house!

FIB: What's the guy doing while you're sneaking down the alley past her house? AND WHY DON'T YOU WALK ON THE SIDEWALK, LIKE AN HONEST MAN, AND --

MOL: McGee!

DOC: WILL YOU PLEASE LET ME GET A WORD IN, FERRET FACE?

FIB: Well, if you'd quit interrupting me, I'd soon wear myself out.

MOL: Go ahead, Doctor. About this mysterious stranger?

DOC: I don't like it, Molly! This man is always accompanied by a big vicious dog, and he has his hat pulled down over his eyes.

FIB: The dog has? SAY, THAT IS MYSTERIOUS! A DOG WITH HIS HAT PULLED DOWN OVER HIS --

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DOC: NO NO NO...NOT THE DOG....THE MAN!

FIB: Oh.

MOL: Well look, Doctor. Why don't you report it to the police?

DOC: OH NO!! NOT ME. THAT WOULD PUT MAYOR LATRIVIA IN THE POSITION OF BEING HER PROTECTOR. I'D LIKE TO HANDLE THIS MYSELF.

FIB: Then why don't you? Walk up to this mugg and ask him his business. He'll probably slug you with a blackjack, and while you're in the hospital with a busted skull, Fifi'll be so sorry for you --

MOL: MCGEE, FOR GOODNESS SAKES....DON'T BE SO GRUESOME.

DOC: The only time I see this man is when I'm on my way to the hospital, and I never have time to stop and make inquiries. What would you suggest, McGee?

FIB: This is a dangerous situation, Doc. I gotta give it a little thought. I'll maul it over in my mind and let you know.

DOC: Thanks very much. Give me a buzz, Beanbrain.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey, this is really a situation, you know it? This is really fraught!

MOL: Strange the doctor should lay it in your lap.

FIB: Well, by George, if anybody ever hung around this house threatening a hair of your pretty little marcel, I'd step out and unbutton his skin for him!

MOL: My hero!

FIB: AND IF THAT BIG SERUM SALESMAN HASN'T GOT THE MOXIE TO DO IT, I'LL HANDLE THIS THING MYSELF! Hand me the phone!

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE CITY DETECTIVE BUREAU. (PAUSE) HELLO - DICK?

MOL: Dick who?

FIB: They're all dicks down there. LOOK, DICK....I GOT A JOB FOR YOU! SEND SOME COPS OVER HERE TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA. WANT YOU TO PICK UP A CRIMINAL. BRING TEAR GAS, SAWED OFF SHOTGUNS AND FIVE GRAND IN CASH. OKAY, DICK. (CLICK)

MOL: Why the five thousand, McGee?

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FIB: May be a reward out for the guy, and I don't want 'em to stall on the payoff. Now lemme see...where's my squirt gun and a bottle of ammonia...and my air raid warden's helmet...

MOL: I'm sure I don't remember where--

FIB: OH, I KNOW...THEY'RE RIGHT HERE IN THE HALL CLOS--

DOOR OPEN: CABINET EFFECT...BELL TINKLES. PAUSE:

FIB: Let's fill this thing fulla sofa pillows some time and surprise everybody!

ORCH: "SOLILOQUY"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT

FIB: Doggone it, I wish them cops would get here. Now lemme see...where'd I put that heavy walking stick?

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, DEARIE!...WHY DON'T YOU LET THE POLICE HANDLE THIS? I DON'T WANT YOU COMING HOME WITH A COUPLE OF CORNFLOWER EARS!

FIB: "Cauliflower ears" is the expression.

MOL: I think cornflowers are prettier.

FIB: Besides, I ain't gonna brawl with the fella unless it's unavoidable. I'm too dangerous, when I really lose control. I ever tell you about the time I used my Eskimo hammerlock hip-throw on a guy?

MOL: No. What happened?

FIB: I broke my leg.

MOL: Mmmhm. Tell me, if you're going to avoid an encounter with this ruffian, why do you need your heavy walking stick?

FIB: When I lead them coppers up to that character and say, OFFICERS...THERE'S YOUR MAN!., I gotta have something to point with. Otherwise, I'd--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh, it's Elsie from the beauty parlor...Hiya, Else.

MOL: Hello, Elsie.

ELSIE: Hello, Mrs. McGee, you left your compack in the beauty saloon again, so I brung it back for ya. The lady that set under the dryer after you found it. Remember the one that was gettin' her hair did?

FIB: Done, Elsie.

ELSIE: No, it was more of a dabble gray than a dun, Mr. McGee... or maybe kind of a roan.

MOL: I didn't notice her, Elsie. Incidentally, how does my hair look?

ELSIE: Dearie, if I do say so myself as always does, that's really a stunning coiffure.

FIB: It oughtta be. She coiffed up five bucks for it!

(LAUGHS) Get it, kids? Coiff, coiffure? The humor of it lies in the similarity of the--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: No kiddin'? My gosh, I been waitin' three years for somebody to throw me that straight line, so I could... Oh well.

ELSIE: Would I be too personal, Mr. McGee, if I ast you what was you doing with the walkin' stick? You gotta Charles horse, or somp'm?

MOL: You mean charlie horse, Elsie?

ELSIE: Yes, but with an older man such as Mr. McGee is, I think Charles is more respectfil.

FIB: I ain't so old that I can't handle this prowler, Elsie. OH, you don't know! There's been a mugg hangin' around Fifi Tremayne's house these nights. We're gonna trap him tonight.

MOL: He's using the walking stick to point him out to the police, Elsie.

ELSIE: That'll be something, won't it? A crook on both ends of it?

FIB: ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT -- Oh. You mean the handle! Oh. Ha ha.

MOL: Besides, this man has a big vicious dog with him they say, and McGee may have to beat him off with the cane.

FIB: I don't think so. I get along good with dogs. When I was only six years old, Santa Claus brought me a little beagle.

ELSIE: Was that all you ast him for, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I didn't even ask him for that. I was tryin' to get a bugle, and didn't know how to spell it.

MOL: Well, I hope you won't have any trouble with this man and his dog tonight, dearie. I can mend your trousers, but there isn't any skin in my sewing basket.

ELSIE: If you catch him, Mr. McGee, and think he might want a good home, call me up.

MOL: Isn't that a nice thought!

FIB: Like dogs, Elsie?

ELSIE: Oh, I gotta dog. I was talkin' about the man. Just lemme know, Mr. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: She must have broken up with her boy friend again.

FIB: Yeah....the poor guy isn't doing so well. He's an old newspaperman, you know.

MOL: Got fired?

FIB: No, there's just no money in old newspapers.

MOL: There's no money in old jokes either, dearie. Well, not to change the subject, but why don't you stay home tonight and let the police handle this Tremayne affair?

FIB: BECAUSE DOC AST ME TO HANDLE IT -- AND IF HE'S GOT TOO MUCH SENSE TO GO AFTER A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL LIKE THAT HIMSELF, WHO AM I TO GO MAKING LIKE A FRANK MERRIWELL AND STICKING MY BIG FAT NECK OUT FOR A GUY THAT HASN'T GOT THE -- Hey, that ain't workin' out right, is it?

MOL: No.

FIB: Well, never mind - when I go sailing in there behind that squad of cops with sawed-off shotguns --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, Molly. Hi, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Do come in.

FIB: He did come in. Haven't much time to chew the fat with you right now, Junior. Expecting the cops any minute.

WIL: The cops? Don't give 'em your right name, pal! Tell 'em you're Harlow Wilcox! No, don't tell 'em that! Tell 'em.

MOL: Oh, the police already know his right name, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Certainly they do.

WIL: Well, tell 'em you weren't there at the time it happened then! I'll back you up. I'll swear you were right here watching me give Molly a demonstration of Johnson's Wax. Watching me show her how Johnson's Wax, with a hundred home uses, helps --

FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY! Slow down! Hold it! I called the police myself, Junior!

WIL: OHH, YOU FOOL, YOU!

MOL: He called them for Miss Tremayne, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Certainly! Me and the cops are going over to her house tonight to pick up a dangerous criminal. Doc Gamble reports the guy has been hanging around Tremayne's house every night, casing the joint!

WIL: Really? Well, I hope you bring him in, Pal! A guy like that should be pisted right in the nose!

FIB: Right!

WIL: He should be liquidated!

FIB: Yessir!

WIL: He should get the third degree -- from the cream of our police force!

FIB: RIGHT!

WIL: PASTE, LIQUID ^{and} CREAM! NO MATTER WHAT FORM YOU BUY
JOHNSON'S WAX IN, IT MAKES YOUR HOUSEWORK A HUNDRED TIMES
EASIER! *and faster!*

MOL: For goodness sakes! Of all the

WIL: IT PROTECTS, AND BEAUTIFIES YOUR FLOORS, FURNITURE, AND FINE
WOODWORK - YOUR WINDOW SILLS AND LEATHER GOODS! JOHNSON'S
WAX, IN PASTE, LIQUID OR CREAM, IS THE HOUSEWIFE'S BEST

FIB: LOOK, WAXEY!

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Have you gotta go now? Because if you do *you're scared*

WIL: Wait a minute. One question.

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Let me in on this man hunt. I haven't played cops and
robbers for a long time.

FIB: Sorry, Junior. This is just for the grownups. You got the
physique, but you haven't had the experience.

WIL: Awwwww, geeee....

MOL: Where did you get the experience, McGee?

FIB: Friend of mine is a private detective. Used to be in
vaudeville same time I and old Fred Nitney from Starved Rock
Illinois had our act. My gosh, Ole and I used to sit in the
dressing room night after night, and work out crime problems.

WIL: Ole who?

FIB: Fella named Leahy. Used to be a yodeler.

MOL: OH, I REMEMBER HIM...OLE O. LEAHY!

FIB: That's the one. Got any more questions, Juney?

WIL: Yes, one. WHERE DID THAT FOOTBALL GO LAST WEEK?

MOL: Himself here is still trying to work it out, Mr Wilcox.

FIB: Got me baffled, Junior. If Kimmick passed to Joyce, and
Joyce faded back to fake a lateral to Bieman, the ball would
be in the...no, Beilman gave it to Cole...Cole handed it to
...now wait a minute...in that case the ball would be...Gimme
a pencil.

MOL: NO NO NO....FORGET IT, MCGEE....Why did you have to get him
started, Mr Wilcox? He's been trying to solve that all week.

WIL: Sorry. Just trying to pick up an honest dollar. Coach
McKale offered me 25 bucks if I could get the answer.

FIB: HEY, IF I FIGURE IT OUT, WHAT'LL HE PAY ME?

WIL: He says if YOU tell him, he'll change his plans about you.
He'll shoot you where it went ^{down} ~~hunt~~. Let me know if you get
the answer.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, I've got to go up and get into some street clothes if
we're going to go out and do some street fighting.

FIB: WHADDYEMEAN...WE? YOU'RE NOT GOING!! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

MOL: That may be, but a manicure is too expensive.

FIB: What's that got to do with it?

MOL: It's either go out with you and maybe get hurt, or stay here and bite my nails, waiting for them to bring you home in installments! (FADE OUT) Let me know when the police get here.

FIB: OKAY. Ah, there goes a good kid! But I sure wish she'd stay out of this. She might get hit with some flying glass, if I forget to take my spectacles off. This is no...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: AHH, THE COPS! LATE, AS USUAL. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: EH? OH HIYAH, SIS. What's on your chubby little mind?

TEE: My daddy just won a turkey on a wrastle, mister. Wasn't he lucky?

FIB: I think you mean he won it on a raffle, sis. Don't you?

TEE: No.

FIB: You don't?

TEE: I don't what?

FIB: You don't mean that?

TEE: Don't mean what?

FIB: DAD-RAT IT!, YOU DON'T MEAN YOUR DADDY WON A TURKEY IN A RAFFLE!

TEE: No.

FIB: NO WHAT?

TEE: No sir.

FIB: LOOK, SIS...WHERE DID YOU SAY YOUR OLD M...YOUR FATHER WON THIS TURKEY?

TEE: In a wrastle. It was the last turkey in the butcher shop and daddy grabbed it just as a lady grabbed it, and they wrestled all over the butcher shop, and my daddy won. Daddy says he thinks she was Man Mountain Dean in disguise.

FIB: Well, frankly sis, it wasn't very dignified of your father to fight over a turkey with a woman. He should have given her the bird.

TEE: He did, when he left the butcher shop. (GIGGLES) Bey is, it ever a swell turkey, I betcha. You gonna eat turkey for Thanksgiving, mister?

FIB: I dunno, sis. Anyway, it isn't so important what you eat on Thanksgiving. The important thing is to be grateful that you GOT something to eat.

TEE: Gee, honest?

FIB: You betcha. ~~Thanksgiving, sis, is strictly an American institution.~~ You know what Thanksgiving commemorates?

TEE: Sure. We read all about Captain John Smith and Hockapontas in school, I betcha.

FIB: Pocchontas, sis?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: Never mind...what did you read about 'em?
TEE: Well, the Injuns were gonna cut off his feet and his head and -
FIB: NO NO NO...THEY WEREN'T GOING TO CUT OFF HIS FEET. They were just going to behéad him.
TEE: My book said they defeeted him first.'
FIB: Okay. I'll buy that.
TEE: And before they could hit him with the hatchet, a beautiful Injum princess named Hókapontas -
FIB: Pocchontas.
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: Never mind. Make it Hókapontas. You know, sis, it was the Indians that took care of the Pilgrims at first...and fed 'em, and helped plant their crops.
TEE: I know it. Our teacher says ALLLLLLLLLLL this big, rich, country used to belcng to the Indians.
FIB: That's right, sis.
TEE: Did we buy it from 'em, mister? Hmm? Did we? Hmmm? Did we? Did we, mister?
FIB: Well...er...we bought some of it from 'em, sis. Like Manhattan Island. We paid 25 bucks for that. Without the Holland tunnel, even. Very speculative, at the time.
TEE: How about the rest of the country, mister? Like Wyoming and Michigan and Texas, and stuff? Did we buy that from the Indians?

FIB: Well-ll...no..sis. I guess you might say we just kind of acquired it.
TEE: That's why I've always wondered, mister.
FIB: What have you always wondered, sis?
TEE: What have the Indians got to be thankful for?
FIB: Sis...you got me!
ORCH: KING'S MEN....."CINDY"
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

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MOL: Did you get the police station on the phone again, dearie?

FIB: Yep. Sergeant said they're on their way over here - on the double.

MOL: Whatever that means.

FIB: With those Keystone cops, it probably means two on a tandem bicycle. I hope they send plenty of sawed-off shotguns, because when I tell those boys to fire, I want to hear it!

MOL: Oh dear, McGee, don't you think we ought to let the police handle it by themselves?

FIB: Can't let the police handle it, Molly. The only way the sergeant would agree to send anybody was if I'd go with 'em. He said they were tired chasing all over town on my false alarms and--

SOUND: RAP OF NIGHTSTICK ON DOOR

MOL: What was that?

FIB: Sounded like a night stick on the-

SOUND: HARD RAPPING

COP: (THRU DOOR) OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, YE HOOLIGAN! COME OUT WITH YER HANDS UP OR I'LL COMIN' IN!

SOUND: KICKING ON DOOR

FIB: Aww, it's that flatfoot Mahooney! COME ON IN, YOU BIG LUG!

SOUND: CRASH OF DOOR AS HE PUTS HIS SHOULDER TO IT.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!

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FIB: Hey, what the dadblamed -

COP: NOW DON'T DISPLAY ANY VIOLENCE, YE SCUT - AND THERE WON'T BE ANY BROKEN HEADS! IF IT'S TEAR GAS YE WANT, I'M HAPPY TO -

FIB: AW, CUT IT OUT, YOU PENSION HUNGRY SHAMROCK SHILL! SPIT OUT THAT MOUTH FULL OF BLANKET YOU'RE TALKING THRU AND SIT DOWN! We're the ones that called you!

COP: Oh were you now. And what was it you're callin' on the brave bnoys in blue for and breakin' up a foine pinochle game in the basement at headquarters? AND IF IT'S TO RESCUE A CAT OUT OF A TREE NOW, OR --

MOL: No no no, Officer Mahooney. This is a serious matter. One of our friends has got prowlers.

FIB: Miss Fifi Tremayne, Mahooney. The actress. There's a guy been skulkin' thru the alley by her house...with a big vicious dog, and -

COP: AND DO YE THINK ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PATROL THE ALLEYS BECAUSE A BIT OF FLUFF IN GRACEPAINT GETS THE HYSTERICS?

MOL: She's the Mayor's girl friend, Officer.

COP: IT DOESN'T MAKE A BIT OF.....ah...the Mayor's sweetheart is it? AS I WAS SAYIN'.....TIS GRATEFUL WE ARE WHEN A CITIZEN CALLS A MATTER LIKE THIS TO OUR ATTENTION! ANNOYING A LADY IS HE? PROWL'S THRU ALLEYS, DOES HE? I I'LL BEAT THE TEETH OUT OF HIM AND ARREST HIM FER SPITTIN' ON THE SIDEWALK...ONE SIDE, IAD...OFFICER MAHOONEY IS ON HIS WAY!!!!

FIB: Wait a minute....I'm goin with you

DOOR OPENS

MOL: McGee! Wait for baby!

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR MOTOR: LOW SIREN:

MOL: What's the idea of sounding the siren, Officer Mahooney?

COP: We always approach the scene of a crime ^{blowing the siren} ~~this way~~,
Mavourneen. Otherwise, the rascallions might still be
hangin' about and start shootin'.

FIB: Well, cut it out, willya? We wanna catch this guy. HEY,
HOLD IT...TURN INTO THE ALLEY ~~HERE~~, AND STOP THE MOTOR
AND TURN OUT THE LIGHTS...

COP: Right!

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT: PAUSE:

~~COP:~~ ^{When he gets the brakes fixed}
MOL: This is about the time of night when he shows up,
Officer.

FIB: Here's the way I got this thing planned, Mahooney. You
leap out first when you see this guy...then the dog grabs
you by the leg...I'll blind the guy with the spotlight,
and Molly screams to distract him..then, when I get back
here --

COP: GET BACK HERE, IS IT? AND WHERE WERE YE GOIN'?

FIB: As soon as the scuffling starts, I'll run back to the
house and get some clothesline...to tie him up with...

MOL: Fifty cents says I'll beat you up the front steps, dearie.

COP: NOW WAIT A MINUTE...AS SOON AS THIS HOOLIGAN SHOWS HIS
DIRTY FACE, I'LL--

FIB: SHHHH!! LOOK!

MOL: Heavenly days, it's him!!! HAT PULLED DOWN...AND A BIG
DOG!! THERE HE IS AT THE END OF THE ALLEY...

FIB: OUT OF THE CAR, MAHOONEY!! WE'LL COVER YOU!

COP: AFTER YOU, McGEE...CITIZENS FIRST. I'LL BACK YE UP TO THE
FULL EXTENT OF ME NIGHTSTICK.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: ^{Cheer}

DOC: Wait a minute...can I get in on this?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...DOCTOR GAMBLE!!

FIB: HIYA, DOC...YOU'RE JUST IN TIME...HE'S COMING THIS WAY.

COP: ALL RIGHT, NOW...ALL OUT OF THE CAR...COME ON...EXCEPT
THE LADY.

MOL: Don't worry about the lady...she'll be right behind
whoever is nearest end biggest...

DOC: Don't be afraid to mix it with him, Officer. I'm
a doctor!

COP: Isn't that nice, now... LOOK OUT...HERE HE COMES...STAND
BACK WHILST I BACK ^{him} UP FORNIST THE WALL...

FIB: SHHH...QUIET...

(PAUSE)

COP: (YELLS) ALL RIGHT, NOW! GET YER HANDS UP AND DON'T
MAKE A MOVE!

HELL BREAKS LOOSE: SCUFFLING, THUDS, GRUNTS, SHOUTING, DOG BARKING

HAPPILY:

FIB: HOLD HIS HANDS, MAHOONEY!!

DOC: I GOT ONE ARM, OFFICER...

MOL: I'VE GOT THE OTHER...

FIB: I GOT HIS HAT!! AND THE DOG...DOWN, BUSTER!! DOWN!

COP: ALL RIGHT, YE SCUT...COME OVER TO THE LIGHT AND LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT YE.

(2ND REVISION) -25-

GALE: (FANTING SLIGHTLY) Take a good look at me, Mahoney!
So you'll know me when you see me in the commissioner's
office in the morning!

COP: BEGORRA, AND MAY THE LITTLE PEOPLE PROTECT US...TIS
HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!! THE MAYOR!!

DOC: LA TRIVIA!!

FIB: H-h-h-hiya, La Triv. imagine meeting you here.

MOL: Are you the man who's been here every night with this
dog, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I am. And in my capacity as a private citizen, I believe
I have a perfect right to see that Miss Tremayne's dog
gets a walk in the evening.

COP: You have that!! Yes indeed!! T'was yerself that said it!

GALE: BE QUIET, OFFICER!

COP: Yes, sir.

DOC: Mr. Mayor...I'm very sorry about this...if I had only
suspected it was you..but this dog looks so BIG at night.
When I walk him for Fifi in the mornings..

MOL: WHAT'S THIS??

FIB: YOU WALK THIS DOG IN THE MORNINGS??

DOC: Certainly...I know I'm a fool, but I never thought the
Mayor in all his dignity would lower himself to--

EVERYBODY STARTS TALKING AT ONCE:

COP: Faith now and if I'd ever suspected.

MOL: Good heavens, I never thought.....

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FIB: My gosh, La Triv, if we'd known...

DOC: I never considered the possibility of..

GALE: Now let's get this straightened out...

SOUND: WINDOW UP: OFF:

MAN'S VOICE: (YELLING OFF) HEY! -- WILL YOU KEEP QUIET DOWN THERE AND
GET THE ~~FILE~~ ^{down hill} OUT OF THAT ALLEY, OR SHALL I CALL THE
POLICE?

FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous..

ORCH: "WHAT MORE CAN I ASK FOR" FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: From time to time people ask me this question: Is JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT good for other kinds of floors besides linoleum? Yes, it certainly is. GLO-COAT is good for painted or varnished wood floors, for inlaid as well as printed linoleum...and for floors covered with rubber of asphalt tile. GLO-COAT gives all these floors a coat of wax protection... gives them shining new beauty and makes cleaning really simple. And it's just as easy to use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on these floors as on linoleum. You simply apply it, then let it dry. GLO-COAT shines as it dries, without rubbing or buffing. Most women, of course, find GLO-COAT especially helpful in wax protecting their kitchen floors, because these floors get more than average wear. Why not find out as soon as you can what beautiful linoleum and other floors you can have in your home...with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

(2ND REVISION) -28-

MOL: Was Mayor La Trivia angry with Officer Mahooney for knocking him down, McGee?

FIB: Didn't you see him shake hands with Mahooney and send him away with Doc Gamble?

MOL: No -- what for?

FIB: Broken fingers.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS for home and industry and inviting you to be with us ag^an next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

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

(CHIMES)