

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)
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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

January 7, 1947

NBC

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX SHOW ^{Program} 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, 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:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
1-7-47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: You know, times certainly change. Do you remember how our grandmothers tried to keep linoleum floors clean by continually scrubbing them? And how they used to litter the floor with newspapers while it was drying? It was an awful mess - and what did that scrubbing accomplish anyway? It was hard work, it never protected the linoleum....in fact, in time cracks appeared, the linoleum split and had to be renewed. But that was before the days of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You'll never have a floor problem again once you start protecting your kitchen floors with this easy-to-use wax floor polish. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing,...it is self-polishing. It dries in twenty minutes, leaving your floors sparkling with beauty and thoroughly wax-protected against scratches, dirt and wear, its colors clear and fresh. And floors are so easy to keep looking nice with GLO-COAT. - Try it, won't you? - But look -- for a really bright shine, be sure to use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: MUSIC UP ... FADE FOR

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(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: THEY SAY THAT HOMING PIGEONS, FLYING OVER A RADIO TOWER, GET CONFUSED AND LOSE THEIR WAY. THAT'S WHAT THEY GET FOR BEING SO NOSY.

THE SMARTER PIGEONS STAY HOME AND LISTEN TO THE RADIO IN THEIR OWN LITTLE NESTS. IN THIS CASE THE NEST IS AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, AND OUR LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS ARE -----
-----FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Boy, this new radio is sure an improvement over our old one, isn't it, Molly?

MOL: It would almost have to be, dearie! All we could get on the old one was static.. .and then only under favorable conditions.

FIB: Well this one's a lulu, kiddo! (CLICK) Wonderful tone... clear as a bell!.....listen to it!

QUARTET: JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY.....
WHOOOPSIE DOOPSIE SOAPSIE FLAKESIES BRIGHTEN WASHIE DAY
OHHH.....(CLICK)

MOL: Let's throw it out and use the old one!

FIB: Oh I can get other stuff. I had Fred Waring this morning, and his 76 Pennsylvanians.

MOL: He has 67, dearie.

Soundtrack took 74 in the middle
FIB: ~~He had 76 this morning. I heard 'em!~~ Now lemme see,

(CLICK) I think WWIS is.....

ANNCR: - AND SO ENDS ANOTHER THRILLING CHAPTER OF "ESTHER MARBLEHEAD'S DILEMMA." WILL ESTHER MARRY CLINT DOPPLEWHITE, THE BUBBLE GUM SALESMAN? OR WILL SHE GO BACK TO RUNNING A BADGER GAME WITH HER SCHOOLGIRL SWEETHEART, BLACKLABEL BARTON?

A

MOL: That's an interesting program, if you don't take it too serially.

FIB: I like it. Everybody in it has so much grief it makes my life look pretty rosy. One time I -

ANNCR: TUNE IN AGAIN TOMORROW AT THIS SAME TIME FOR ANOTHER JUICY HUNK OF LIFE IN THE RAW, BROUGHT TO YOU BY A SPONSOR WHO NATURALLY PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS. YOUR ANNOUNCER IS MUSHMOUTH GLIBWELL, WHO WAS BORN IN 1902 SO HE COULD BE WITH YOU AT THIS MORE CONVENIENT TIME.

SOUND: CHIMES: (CLICK)

FIB: Isn't that a swell tone, Molly? Best radio set we ever had.

MOL: Why do they call them "SETS"? They're all in one piece.

FIB: They didn't used to be. My first radio set was two yards of bakelite with 18 dials, three batteries, a morning-glory horn, four headphones and a pair of overshoes.

MOL: OVERSHOES! What were they for?

FIB: So I could run next door in the winter and tell the neighbors I had England on the short wave.

MOL: Heavenly days, did you really tune in England?

FIB: Nah...I just thought I had. There was some stuff that looked like tea running out of the radio, but it was only a melted wire. Now lemme see... (CLICK) oughtta be a newscast about now, and --

ANNCR: - AND NOW FOR THE LOCAL NEWS, BROUGHT TO YOU BY CAPISTRANO, THE ROOTBEER WITH THE SWALLOWS THAT COME BACK. CAPISTRANO ROOTBEER HAS THAT EXTRA TANGY GOODNESS WHICH IS SO GOOD AT PARTIES, ON PICNICS, AND USED IN SQUIRT GUNS AGAINST VICIOUS DOGS.

FIB: Come on, come on, come on!....give us the news!

ANNCR: AND NOW, NEWS!! THE GREATEST MAN HUNT THIS CITY HAS SEEN IN YEARS IS BEING PRESSED THRUOUT THE DOWNTOWN AREA THIS MORNING, IN AN EFFORT BY CITY, STATE AND COUNTY POLICE TO CORNER THE FOUR DESPERADOES WHO SHOT THEIR WAY OUT OF STATE PRISON, LEAVING A TOLL OF FOUR DEAD AND THREE WOUNDED!

FIB: My gosh!!

MOL: Isn't that terrible?

ANNCR: IN A RUNNING GUN BATTLE WITH CITY POLICE EARLY TODAY, THE GUNMEN ABANDONED THEIR GETAWAY CAR NEAR THE RAILROAD YARDS AND ARE BELIEVED TO BE IN HIDING ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN.

FIB: They oughta drag out a thrownet.

MOL: It's "THROW OUT A DRAGNET!"

FIB: Oh yes.

ANNCR: THESE ESCAPED CONVICTS ARE DESPERATE KILLERS AND THE POLICE DEPARTMENT URGENTLY REQUESTS THAT WOMEN AND CHILDREN STAY OFF THE STREETS UNTIL THEY ARE CAPTURED..

(CLICK)

MOL: Why should anybody want to capture the women and children?

FIB: He means the desperadoes.

MOL: Oh! Well, just imagine four desperate killers loose in Wistful Vista! I won't sleep a wink tonight!

FIB: I wonder if I oughtta go down and volunteer my services to the police.

MOL: My hero!

FIB: On the other hand, my first duty is to stay here and protect you.

MOL: My husband!

FIB: Although, if I got out my old shotgun---

MOL: My goodness!

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: DON'T GO TO THE DOOR!! DON'T ANSWER IT!! IT MIGHT BE THEM CRIMINALS!!

MOL: Why should they go around ringing doorbells...this isn't Halloween. COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: See, dearie? It's only Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Hello, folks!!

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP...HEY, YOU HADN'T OUGHTTA BE OUT ON THE STREETS TODAY.....DONTTCHA KNOW THAT?

WIMP: You mean on account of the way I look? With this black eye, and all these bruises and everything?

MOL: Well, now that you speak of it, Mr. Wimple...you ARE sort of banged up, aren't you?

FIB: DID THEM DESPERADOES DO IT, WIMP?

WIMP: No, Mr. McGee....Sweetface did it. Sweetface..that's my big old wife.

MOL: Yes, we know. But why did she do that to you?

WIMP: Well..(SNICKERS) we were driving along in the car, and I was driving and Sweetface was in the back seat and she kept saying "WALLACE, GET GOING!! WALLACE...SLOW DOWN!! WALLACE LOOK OUT FOR THAT TRUCK!! WALLACE, BE CAREFUL!!"

FIB: Yeah? And then what?

WIMP: Well, I finally turned around and said, "Any time you get tired, honey, I'll drive a while." And the next thing I knew I was in the back of a drugstore, drinking ammonia.

FIB: Well, you'd better be careful, Wimp! THERE'S FOUR KILLERS LOOSE IN TOWN.....DESPERATE MURDERERS...THEY'LL ~~END~~ YOU OFF ON SIGHT....

WIMP: Are they all men?

MOL: Why yes...they are.

WIMP: Well who's afraid of men! I'm going out in the woods with my bird book, and I'd like to see anybody stop me!

FIB: With your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. I'm going out and watch birds today.

MOL: Is there any real future in bird watching, Mr. Wimple? What do you expect to get out of it?

WIMP: Well, eventually, I hope to go in business with my brother, Mrs. McGee. He's a storekeeper.

FIB: A storekeeper, eh? What does he sell?

WIMP: He doesn't sell anything...he keeps storks. Well, goodbye now.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: A storkkeeper! Migosh, of all the--

MOL: Turn the radio on again, McGee...I want to see what's happened.

FIB: Okay, but I hope they don't call for volunteers to help catch them muggs. I'd feel I had to go, me being a war veteran. From world war one. The Big war.

MOL: Well, go ahead, turn it on.

FIB: Okay, (CLICK) I hope they corner those --

ANNCR: -- SHOT THEIR WAY OUT OF A POLICE TRAP NEAR THE POST OFFICE, AND ESCAPED IN A STOLEN CAR!! ALL ROADS OUT OF THE CITY ARE BEING BLOCKED AND A POSSE OF CITIZENS IS BEING FORMED AT THE CITY HALL!!

FIB: Boy, I'd join that posse in a minute, if I didn't have to go to New York on business!

MOL: What business?

FIB: I dunno...but I'll think of something...

ANNCR: ...THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HAS JUST ISSUED A PLEA FOR ALL ABLE BODIED WAR VETERANS AND RETIRED POLICE OFFICERS TO COME TO THE CITY HALL IMMEDIATELY, ARMED IF POSSIBLE! KEEP TUNED TO THIS STATION FOR FURTHER--(CLICK)

FIB: All...able-bodied men...he said. Well...looks like I'd have to do my duty.

MOL: OH NO, MCGEE..NOT YOU...THOSE MEN ARE DANGEROUS...YOU MIGHT. OH NO!!

FIB: Come to think of it, able bodied means perfect health. That ingrown toenail I got on my left foot is - HEY .. WHAT AM I SAYING _ YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO BE A COWARD WOULD YOU? Or would you?

MOL: No. I wouldn't.

FIB: You wouldn't, eh? Hmm. You don't put up much of a fight, do you? WELL..WHERE'S MY DOUBLE BARRELED SHOT GUN..? MY GOSH. I LOANED IT TO WIMPLE JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS, DIDN'T I? HA HAH....I CAN'T GO. NO SHOTGUN!

MOL: He brought it back last week, dearie.

FIB: WHAT? WHY THAT DIRTY LITTLE...I'll never lend him anything again as long as I live. Well..where is it?

MOL: Right here in the hall clos--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CLOSET EFFECT: BELL TINKLE: FAUSE:

FIB: I really oughtta stay home and clean out this closet!

ORCH: "HAWAIIAN CAPERS"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

SOUND: RATTLE OF JUNK:

FIB: Now lemme see...I got my double-barrelled shotgun, box of shells - air-raid warden's helmet....pair of handcuffs....

MOL: HANDCUFFS.!! Where on earth did you get some handcuffs?

FIB: Came with that box of magic tricks. Remember the time I put on the magic act at the Elk's Club and I had somebody lock me in these handcuffs, and I had the key hidden in my mouth where I could drop it into my hand, and Doc Gamble slaps me on the back and says "GOOD LUCK, BOY!", and I swallowed the key, remember?

MOL: Oh yes...and how DID you get out of the handcuffs?

FIB: Held up my arms, let 'em slide down to my shoulders, and took 'em off over my hips.

MOL: THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.!!

FIB: Not if you know magic. Now lemme see...Better take a flashlight....

MOL: MCGEE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STAY OUT AFTER DARKKKK!..WITH THOSE DESPERADOES IN TOWN!

FIB: Of course, if you're worried, snooky...I'll stay home. you ARE worried, arent you? Okay...I'll stay home!

MOL: No, dearie....I wont have you making any such a sacrifice for me. You go join the posse.

FIB: I know what I'll do.!! I'll call the police. I'll tell 'em I'll take charge of this district....and my headquarters will be right here, and if they want me for anything, I'll --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello, Doctor Gamble. Do come in.

DOC: Hello, my dear. And how are you today, Turtle-Brain?

FIB: Hiyah, Kidney-snooper! How's everything in the world of medicine? ~~Not that~~ you'd know. Your medical education ended when you discovered that baldness was caused by lack of hair.

MOL: *Loving* McGee..don't talk to the doctor like that! He's forgotten more than you have ever remembered.

DOC: Let him talk, my dear. He fascinates me. How a man with a brain so small can talk so big is something I like to puzzle over on long winter evenings.

FIB: The evenings wouldn't seem so long, Melon-belt, if you'd get married. Why don't you and Fifi Tremayne get hitched?

MOL: McGee, it's really none of our business you know. But why didn't you ever get married Doctor?

DOC: I've been trying to find a woman with whom no other woman could find any fault. It's about as foolproof a way to stay single as any I know.

FIB: Well, as long as you got no responsibilities, Skin-Grafter, why don't you go down to the City Hall and join the posse?

DOC: What posse?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE NEWS, DOCTOR? There are four escaped convicts hiding out on the south side, and the police are asking all able bodied men to help find them.

FIB: "Able-bodied", Lard-hips, means bein' able to cross your legs without usin' a block and tackle. Which lets you out.

DOC: Look - Custard-Muscle. Remarks about other people's physical condition come badly from you.

FIB: Well, I -

DOC: You yourself have the fresh, ruddy complexion of a soiled tennis ball....

FIB: Yeah but-

DOC: Your chest is flatter than a share-cropper's wallet....

MOL: Yes but he -

DOC: Your lungs are so full of nicotine, they wont even let you blow up the balloons for the Elk's parties.

FIB: Oh, I dont -

DOC: Your arches are flatter than yesterday's beer, and if you were ever boiled down for fat, you'd make enough cheap soap to scour the Lincoln Highway from Turkey Run, Indiana, to Buffalo Hump, Arizona. *Wyoming*

MOL: Oh I dont think he -

DOC: Furthermore, - if you'll excuse the interruption, my dear, little Scorpion-face here has about as much resilience as a flop-house mattress and the dynamic energy of cold oatmeal. Shall I continue, Wagon-Tongue, or does that give you a faint idea of your limitations?

MOL: (PAUSE) Did you say you didn't know anything about these escaped convicts, Doctor? Or the big manhunt?

DOC: No, but that's hardly surprising, I delivered four babies before breakfast, did three tonsillectomies before lunch, an ex-rayed a bear just before I left the hospital.

MOL: YOU EX-RAYED A BEAR, DOCTOR?...A GRIZZLY BEAR?

DOC: No, one of the Chicago Bears. He swallowed his noseguard in a scrimmage. Well, be careful if you go chasing gangsters, McGee. You're overweight, even without a skin full of buckshot. Good day, my dear.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: They will too let me blow up the balloons for the Elk's parties!

MOL: But you WILL be careful won't you, dearie? You WON'T come home full of buckshot will you?

FIB: Naw, of course not. Hey...turn the radio on. If they've caught them guys....I won't have to go.

MOL: All right...(CLICK) My, radio was a wonderful invention! You can hear more things to worry about in five minutes than our grandparents heard in five weeks. It's almost -

ANNCR: - and that concludes another thrilling episode in the LIFE OF MARCIA TUMBLEWEED, GIRL ACROBAT, WILL SLIME DOLLIVER RETURN THE TURQUOISE HOOVER BUTTON TO THE F.B.I. IN TIME TO PREVENT SHANGHAI LIL FROM DYNAMITING THE HAUNTED CAFETERIA, WHERE JOHN'S OTHER BROTHER IS SLOWLY DROWNING IN A VAT OF CLAM CHOWDER? TUNE IN AGAIN TOMORROW, AT THIS SAME TIME, OR, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HEAR IT, FIFTEEN MINUTES EARLIER.

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MOL: Remind me to tune in on Marcia Tumbleweed, McGee.
FIB: Me too. A turquoise Hoover button is --
ANNCR: AND NOW, OUR SURPRISE GUEST FOR TODAY! A MAN WHO NEEDS
NO INTRODUCTION -- SO, I'LL GIVE HIM TO YOU COLD!
WIL: THANK YOU, GEORGE. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT IS THE EASIEST-TO-USE POLISH FOR
YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM YOU CAN BUY.....

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MOL: My goodness..that sounds like Mr. Wilcox...
FIB: It sure does...I wonder if he-
WIL: JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT NEEDS NO RUBBING OR BUFFING. JUST POUR
A LITTLE OUT....SPREAD IT AROUND AND PRESTO! --
MOL: Try another station, McGee...
SOUND: WHINING OF RADIO TUNING
FIB: Here's one...
WIL: AND PRESTO! ... A SPARKLING, GLEAMING LINOLEUM THAT RESISTS
WEAR AND STAINS...THAT IS CLEAN AND IS EASY TO KEEP CLEAN.
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT ELIMINATES...
SOUND: RADIO TUNING
FIB: He can't be all over the dial....Here!
WIL: GLOWCOAT ELIMINATES OLD FASHIONED FLOOR--SCROBBING.
FIB: It's Waxey again!
MOL: He must have poured himself out and spread himself around!
WIL: TRY JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT TODAY, GIRLS.
REMEMBER! THE HOURS YOU SAVE IN THE KITCHEN, YOU CAN
USE IN ^{the} BEWITCHIN'! And now, a news buletin!
FIB: Here it is!!
MOL: Good!
ANNCR: ATTENTION PLEASE! THE GOVERNOR HAS OFFERED A REWARD OF
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE FOUR ESCAPED
CONVICTS WHO HAVE BEEN TERRORIZING THE COMMUNITY SINCE
DAWN THIS MORNING! TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS DEAD OR ALIVE!!
FIB: Hot dog...ten grand!!
MOL: Shh! LISTEN!!

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ANNCR: THE POLICE ARE STILL REQUESTING ARMED CITIZENS, EX-SERVICE MEN AND RETIRED POLICE OFFICERS, TO JOIN THE POSSE. REPORT AT THE CITY HALL FOR ASSIGNMENTS. KEEP TUNED TO THIS STATION AND --

SOUND: CLICK.

FIB: That does it, Molly...I see my duty, now! Ten Thousand bucks! I GOTTA JOIN THAT POSSE. Hand me my air raid warden's helmet!!

MOL: Here you are. What are all those dents in it?

FIB: I wear this to play golf on the public links. Some o' them sharpshooters can knock your teeth out at 400 yards. Where's my flashlight?

MOL: Here...but there's no battery in it.

FIB: Good!! Makes a wonderful cigar case. Where's my hunting knife?

MOL: Its upstairs dearie. I'll go get it. (FADE) Now don't leave without telling me...

FIB: OKAY, I WON'T ... Ahh, there goes a good kid! ... she knows I'm scared stiff to join this posse..but will she say anything? Not her...she's got principal!...and I'd be just as glad if she didn't have so ^{god haled} ~~damn~~ much of it, too! If she'd only ask me to stay home and protect...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister!

FIB: Oh hiyah, Sis. HEY YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT ON THE STREETS TODAY, TEENY!! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!!

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TEE: Gee, I'll say so, mister! The way people drive is just TERR'ble! My daddy says walking may be healthy, but a lot of pedestrians wind up in a run-down condition. (GIGGLES)

FIB: I wasn't referring to traffic conditions, sis. There are four very desperate characters loose in this town! They're killers! ... get in their way and you'd get bumped off like a jockey with boils.

TEE: Aw, nobody'd hurt a lil girl, I betcha. Everybody likes littul childrun, because they're so unsofristicated.

FIB: So what?

TEE: That's what I say, mister. So what! Gee, I betcha if anybody...

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID? LITTLE CHILDREN ARE SO WHAT?

TEE: Unsofristicated.

FIB: Yeah.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I said YEAH. That was it.

TEE: That was what?

FIB: That was what you said... ✓

TEE: What?

FIB: Unfrosistri...--WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN?

TEE: Unsofristicated?

FIB: THAT'S IT!!

TEE: What about it?

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FIB: Oh, nothing - I was just amused. Now look, Teeny, you better run along home till we get things straightened out around here. I don't want you to worry about it, but - well, some men broke out of jail, you see.

TEE: Ohhh.....

FIB: Yeah - I shouldn't have mentioned it to you in the first place. It's nothing for a child to worry about at all.

TEE: Ohhh....are they real bad men, mister? Hmm? Are they?

FIB: (SERIOUSLY) Pretty bad, Teeny. These are men who broke out of prison. But skip it, it's nothing a little girl like you would understand. You run along home now, and stay there.

TEE: Okay, mister....IF THIS IS ONE OF THOSE DEALS WHERE A BUNCH OF LIFERS THROW A HEATER ON THE COPPERS IN THE BULLPEN, RAID THE BUNRACK, AND BLAST THEIR WAY OUT OF STORAGE WITH A TOMMYGUN, I WANT NO PART OF IT, ANYHOW!!

FIB: HUH???

TEE: BECAUSE IF THEY'RE THE KIND OF STIR BIRDS THAT CHOP DOWN A HARNESS BULL WITH A TYPEWRITER AND TRY TO BEAT THE RAP BY TAKIN' IT ON THE LAM FOR THE BIG TOWN IN A HOT CAR, I'M GONNA SCRAM TILL THE HEAT'S OFF!! I'LL BE HOME UNDER THE BED, MISTER! SO LONG!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I still think that kids' a midget!

ORCH & KING'S MEN: "MY PRETTY GIRL"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: Well, here I go to join the manhunt, Molly. Have I got everything?

MOL: No....you haven't got the kitchen sink....but that's about the only thing you're not carrying.

FIB: Well, this posse business is a serious thing. Man can't have too much equipment. Lemme see, now...flashlight...shotgun...handcuffs...rope...sun helmet and snowshoes...

MOL: SUN HELMET AND SNOWSHOES!

FIB: You betcha....when McGee gets on a man's trail, he follows it thru desert heat and Arctic snow.....a McGee never gives up! WELL....HERE I GO.

MOL: Good luck, dearie!

FIB: Thank you. (PAUSE) Wonder if I've forgotten anything.

MOL: I don't know what it would be.

FIB: Wonder if I oughtta take some jelly sandwiches. No.... No, I guess not. WELL....SO LONG, KIDDO.

MOL: Goodbye, McGee.

(PAUSE)

FIB: You sure you won't be afraid....all alone in the house?

MOL: Not a bit.

FIB: I feel like a dog, leavin' you here alone and unprotected. Matter of fact, a dog wouldn't be guilty of such behavior. Do I want to be more disloyal than a dog? NO, BY GEORGE! I'LL STAY HERE AND FIGHT AT THE SIDE OF THE WOMAN I LOVE! WITH MY BACK TO THE WALL, I'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST -- OUCH!!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Had my back to the wall and there was a nail in the
woodwork. Remind me to --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes....Mayor La Trivia. Good
day, Your Honor.

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, La Triv.

GALE: WHAT ARE YOU ALL EQUIPPED FOR, MCGEE? If you're going
to establish a covered wagon trail to California, you're
too late. The railroad has gone thru.

MOL: He was going to join the posse, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Posse? What posse?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHAT POSSE? WHAT KIND OF A HALF-BAKED
MAYOR ARE YOU, LA TRIVIA? HALF THE TOWN SCARED TO
DEATH OF SOME ESCAPED KILLERS, AND THE MAYOR HIMSELF
DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! A FINE STATE OF HOW-
DO-YOU-DO!

GALE: How do you do.

FIB: Fine, thanks. How's every little ^{cut last auto} - QUI? INTERRUPTING
ME! WHERE YOU BEEN, LA TRIVIA? DON'T YOU KNOW THEY'VE
ISSUED AN EMERGENCY CALL FOR EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN TO
GET HIMSELF A GUN AND JOIN THE POSSE?

MOL: You don't know anything about it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: WHY NO! I'VE BEEN OUT OF TOWN ALL DAY AND HAVEN'T
CHECKED WITH MY OFFICE! THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT'S
IT ALL ABOUT, MCGEE?....BRIEF ME -- BRIEFLY!!

FIB: (FAST) EARLY THIS MORNING, LA TRIV!...FOUR LIFERS!....
CRASHED OUTA THE STATE POKEY!...KNOCKED OFF THE GUARDS..
STOLE A CAR....SHOT THEIR WAY OUT OF SEVERAL POLICE
TRAPS...HOLED UP NOW ON THE SOUTH SIDE....TEN GRAND
REWARD FOR 'EM....DEAD OR ALIVE!

GALE: Good heavens! I'd better get right down to City Hall
and get that hunt organized! Come on, McGee, let's go!

FIB: Oh - uh - okay, La Triv....Uh - wait'll I polish up my
shotgun awhile longer and - uh --

GALE: WAIT? THERE'S NO TIME TO WAIT, MCGEE!! I'M GOING!
IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO COME ALONG - I'LL GO ALONE!

FIB: WHAT?? YOU DON'T THINK I'M GONNA STAND HERE AND LET
OUR MAYOR GO OUT ON THAT STREET WITHOUT PROTECTION,
DO YOU?

MOL: Good for you, dearie!

FIB: RISK THE LIFE OF OUR CITY'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE? LET
HIM WALK INTO THEM GANGSTERS ALONE - AND UNPROTECTED?
NO SIR!!

GALE: Thank you, McGee.

FIB: HERE - YOU TAKE MY SHOTGUN, LA TRIV!....I'll stay here
and phone the city hall later to see if you made it.

GALE: GREAT SCOTT, MAN - THIS IS NO TIME TO ARGUE! THIS IS A
CRISIS! WHAT ARE WE, ANYWAY - MEN OR MICE???

MOL: Oh sit down, both of you - I'll go fix you some cheese
sandwiches.

GALE: Yes, that would be - er no! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS
INFORMATION ANYHOW, MCGEE.

FIB: WHERE DID I GET IT? MIGOSH, IT'S BEEN ON THE RADIO ALL DAY, LA TRIV. Turn it on again, Molly.

MOL: Yes, (CLICK) Maybe they've caught the gangsters and --

ANNCR. 2: THE LATEST ON THE BIG MANHUNT, FOLKS....THE ESCAPED CONVICTS ARE TRAPPED IN A LOFT BUILDING IN THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. POLICE HAVE THE BUILDING SURROUNDED, AND CHEMICAL EXPERTS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE SCENE WITH TEAR GAS! STAY TUNED TO THIS STATION FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS....THIS IS STATION WHPO, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

MOL: TEXAS! OH, DEAR!

GALE: Take off your helmet, officer, your crime wave is washed up.

FIB: Texas! Ohh this is wonderful!!

ORCH: FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOREVERMORE

FIB: MISSOURI! WHAT THE...!

MOL: Take off your helmet, officer, your crime wave is washed up.

FIB: Missouri! Ohh this is wonderful!!

ORCH: SELECTION - FADE FOR!

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you a long list of good resolutions this year? If you're like me you have plenty of material to work on. But I can't refrain from tossing just one at you in case you haven't realized the work you can save by adopting the wax housekeeping method. I'm sure you've heard me say before that JOHNSON'S WAX is more than a product for beautifying your home. It's a labor-saving way of keeping house. By regular applications of JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, furniture and woodwork, you not only protect these surfaces against wear and tear; you also keep your home cleaner all year and save yourself lots of work. Of course, you know how lovely JOHNSON'S WAX makes things look. Everything it touches glows and sparkles with beauty. JOHNSON'S WAX gives a rich, mellow polish to everything from floors to leather articles, from venetian blinds to radios and a hundred other things. Try this wonderful wax method of housekeeping. Resolve right now to have a bright, shining home this year with less work, using genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You'll want to use all three forms - Paste, Liquid and Cream!

ORCH: MUSIC UP - FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: Oh, stop grouching around, dearie - just because you couldn't join a posse --

FIB: Aw, it ain't that - I'm sore at Doc.

MOL: Why now?

FIB: He said if I HAD met any gangsters they'd of picked me off like a sitting duck.

MOL: Why should that make you angry?

FIB: He said with my shape it'd be a natural mistake.

MOL: MMM-HMM!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: THEME PLAYOFF

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 AGAIN NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT. GOOD NIGHT.

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

CHIMES