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(REVISED)

*File - radio
509*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 28, 1947

#18

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX 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 Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
1-28-47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you noticed the wonderful new kitchens in the magazines these days? Maybe yours isn't like these dream kitchens yet, and maybe you can't do much about new fittings for some time. But look, there is one big improvement you can make right now -- you can have a more beautiful kitchen floor...and easily, too. Just give it a coat of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. It's astonishing how beautifully bright that GLO-COAT shine is. GLO-COAT, needs no rubbing or buffing -- you just apply and let dry. Yet in twenty minutes, you come back to find your floor gleaming and sparkling as perhaps it never sparkled before, not even when it was new. You'll find, too, its colors are fresh and bright -- its pattern sharp and clear. But JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT gives you more than a lovely, shining floor. That tough wax film protects the surfaces, too -- adds years to the life of your floors and makes them easy to keep clean. Try it yourself. But don't forget -- if it's a really bright shine you like, be sure to get only JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN TO FINISH

MCGEE
1-28-47

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: ONE WAY TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY IS TO CULTIVATE A PLEASANT VOICE, A QUIET MANNER AND A CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS. ANOTHER WAY TO GROW OLD, BUT NOT QUITE SO GRACEFULLY, IS TO WAIT FOR A BUS AT 14TH & OAK STREETS, IN WISTFUL VISTA. LIKE --

---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

FIB: What's the matter with those doggone busses anyway? Eight of 'em have gone past in the other direction.

MOL: They must go to the end of the line and blow up. How long HAVE we been waiting here, anyway?

FIB: Long enough for me to think up seven pages of dirty comments to write the bus company. You got that schedule on you?

MOL: They don't use a schedule on this line, they use a dream book.

FIB: We just missed a bus when we got to this corner, nine days ago. It WAS nine days, wasn't it?

MOL: I don't know...it seems I've been waiting here since I was an innocent young girl. And if I hadn't been so innocent, I never would have waited for a bus in this town.

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FIB: The way they pack people into 'em is disgraceful, too. Though it has it's advantages.

MOL: Name one.

FIB: Well, I was on a crowded bus last week, and I found sixteen bucks in my pocket I didn't know I had, and it wasn't till I got home I realized I'd been into somebody else's pocket. And by George, when a transit company starts forcing innocent citizens into the pickpocket business it's time something was done.

MOL: That's what I always say, dearie...the busses are always too far apart and the passengers are always too close together. If I were...

FIB: HEY...HERE COMES A BUS, BABY...GET SET!!

SOUND: ROAR OF HEAVY VEHICLE APPROACHING

FIB: HEY! .. BUS!! .. HEY DRIVER...STOP!! HEY!!!!

SOUND: BUS ROARS PAST AND FADES OUT .. PAUSE

MOL: I wish he'd go past again. That breeze was very refreshing.

FIB: WHY THE DIRTY...HE PASSED US UP LIKE...I'M GONNA WRITE A LETTER TO THOSE GUYS THAT'LL BLAST 'EM RIGHT OFF THEIR BIG-FAT FRANCHISES!! IF THEY CALL THAT SERVICE (BICYCLE BELL) HIYAH, WIMP!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: Glad to see you're ridin' your bicycle, Wimp. The busses on this line were all taken away by the dog catcher. He thought they were Greyhounds.

(2ND REVISION) -6-

WIMP: The service is pretty bad on this line, Mr. McGee. One of them went right past Sweetysface last week without stopping. Sweetysface, that's my big old wife.

MOL: Yes, we know, Mr. Wimple...did it make her angry?

WIMP: Oh she was just LIVID, Mrs. McGee...She got the number of the bus, and then she got the driver's name, and started out looking for him.

FIB: That situation was really fraught, Wimp. She ever catch up with him?

WIMP: Yes. I think so.

MOL: What...what did she do to him, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: I don't know. His body was never found.

FIB: That bitter half of yours has sure got a temper hasn't she, Wimp? I hear she threw her mud-pack out the window because it gave her a dirty look.

WIMP: Yes, she has a temper, Mr. McGee...but Sweetysface can be very kind, too.

MOL: In what way, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, for instance, last night she hit me with a chair.

FIB: What was so kind about that?

WIMP: Why she deliberately picked out an easy chair. I thought that was pretty thoughtful.

MOL: Wait till she slugs you with a love-seat, Mr. Wimple. Then you'll know she really cares.

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Yes...Well, I've got to get home now, folksI hope you get a bus...

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: Wait a minute, Mr. Wimple! Aren't you afraid you'll get your trousers caught in the sprocket? I see you don't wear bicycle clips.

WIMP: No...(SNICKERS) I guess I just like to live dangerously Mrs. McGee...GOODBYE NOW...

BICYCLE BELL FADE OUT:

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Well, shall we walk home, dearie...or shall we call a cab?

FIB: WE'LL STAY RIGHT HERE AND WAIT FOR A BUS, IF IT TAKES THE REST OF THE DAY...I'M GONNA SHAME THEM GUYS...THE IDEA... MAKING A WOMAN LIKE YOU STAND HERE WITH ---

MOL: MCGEE...HERE COMES A BUS...WAVE IT DOWN!! QUICK!

SOUND: BUS FADE IN

FIB: HE'S PULLING OVER...HE'S STOPPING!!

SOUND: BUS FADE IN FAST...AIR BRAKES HISS...DOOR OPEN:

MOL: It's awfully crowded, dearie, but I'm in no mood to complain. If I'm going to be a sardine, I want to be a HAPPY sardine.

FIB: Stand right behind me, Molly....I'll run interference for you.

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DRIV: ALL RIGHT...LET 'EM OUT, PLEASE!...STAND BACK, MISTER,...
LET 'EM OUT!

MURMUR OF EXITING PASSENGERS:

MOL: What does he mean "Let them out"? They're packed in so tight the minute he opened the door two of 'em flew across the street.

FIB: Well, come on, snooky, Let's climb on and -

DRIV: NO MORE ROOM, FOLKS. TAKE THE NEXT BUS.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, NO MORE ROOM.!!! (POUNING ON DOOR) YOU JUST LET FIVE PEOPLE OFF...YOU GOT PLENTY OF ROOM!

DRIV: (SLIGHTLY OFF) AND I NEEDED IT, BROTHER. I GOTTA BREATHE, HAVEN'T IT?

MOL: Not on our account you don't, you big larrikin! Open the door, Richard!

DRIV: THE NEXT BUS IS RIGHT BEHIND ME, LADY. WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE NOW.

FIB: WE KNOW YOU'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE, YOU RUMDUM.!! WE BEEN WAITIN' HERE SINCE WE GOT OUT O' HIGH SCHOOL! (POUNDS ON DOOR) COME ON..OPEN UP.!!

DRIV: GET AWAY FROM THAT DOOR, NOISY...YOU'LL GET HURT WHEN I START UP.!!

FIB: YOU OPEN THAT DOOR OR YOU'RE NOT STARTING UP, POPSY. *I'll show you*

MOL: McGee...what are you doing...you're ^{standing} right in front of the bus! You'll get run over and killed.

FIB: IF I AM I'LL SUE 'EM FOR EVERY CENT THEY EVER STOLE FROM THE PUBLIC...ALL RIGHT, BUD...YOU OPEN THAT DOOR OR I'LL STAND HERE IN FRONT OF YOU ALL DAY!!!

MOL: McGee..please...there's a crowd gathering...remember,...
I'M a lady.

HORN HONKS

DRIV: LOOK, MAC...I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE WITH YOU...I GOTTA
SCHEDULE TO MAKE....GET OUTA THE WAY, WILL YA?

MOL: PIPE DOWN, YE BIG HOODLUM.!!! Dearie....please!!we're
being conspicuous.

FIB: I don't care how conspicuous we are. The more conspicuous
the better! I KNOW MY RIGHTS.!!! THIS IS A PUBLIC
TRANSPORTATION AND I'M THE PUBLIC...AND WE'RE TIRED OF
BEIN' PUSHED AROUND...

CROWD CHEERS: You tell 'em boy!....that's the stuff!.etc.etc....

FIB: COME ON....OPEN UP!

DRIV: NO ROOM!

FIB: OPEN UP!

DRIV: NO ROOM!

FIB: OPEN UP!

DRIV: NO ROOM....

ORCH: DRUMS PICK UP TEMPO, AND SEGUE INTO "ON THE OTHER END

OF A KISS"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

TRAFFIC AND AUTO HORNS, ESTABLISH AND FADE TO CROWD MURMUR:

DRIV: HEY LOOK, MISTER...LET'S BE REASONABLE...MOVE OUTA THE
WAY, WILLYA? YOU WANT I SHOULD LOSE MY JOB?

FIB: BUD...THE DAY YOU GET FIRED, THERE'LL BE DANCING IN THE
STREETS AND I'LL DONATE ANOTHER TWENTY BUCKS TO THE
MARCH OF DIMES....

MOL: He won't move till you open that door, Driver. If
there's anything he hates, it's stubbornness.

SOUND: LOUD BLAST ON HORN.

FIB: THAT WON'T GET YOU ANY PLACE, LUNKHEAD. I KNOW YOUR
TYPE. AND THERE OUGHTTA BE A LAW AGAINST LETTIN' GUYS
LIKE YOU WEAR CAPS WITH VISORS ON 'EM. YOU GET TOO
IMPORTANT! YOU WERE HIRED TO DRIVE PEOPLE AROUND, NOT
PUSH 'EM AROUND.

CROWD CHEERS: That's telling him, mister. Give it to him, Mac!!
ETC. ETC.

MOL: You've got public opinion behind you, dearie. Make the
best of it. The minute you start losing ground, they'll
drop you like a hot anvil.

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DRIV: MISTER...FOR THE LAST TIME...YOU GONNA GET OUTA THE WAY
AND LEMME DRIVE THIS BUS? OR DO I COME OUT THERE AND
TWIST YOUR POINTED LITTLE HEAD OFF?

CROWD CHEERS: You said it, Driver! ... smack the little runt!!!

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE FOLKS...I'M A CITIZEN...THIS IS PUBLIC
TRANSPORTATION ISN'T IT? AND I'M PART OF THE PUBLIC,
AIN'T I?

CHEERS:

DRIV: WELL, FELLA? WHADDYE GONNA DO? LET THIS BUS GO ON, OR
STAND THERE LIKE A JERK? I'M ONLY TRYIN' TO DO MY JOB,
Y'UNNERSTAN'?

CROWD: Yeah...he's just doing his job...give the driver a break...
throw that guy off the street...etc. etc.

MOL: Just ignore the mob, dearie. They're out for blood, and
they don't care whose it is.

FIB: They don't understand. NOW LOOK, FOLKS...I BEEN A
TAXPAYER IN THIS TOWN FOR 20 YEARS...I'VE RODE THESE
BUSSES EVERY TIME I HAD TO. I'VE STUCK ENOUGH DIMES
INTO THAT REGISTER TO CHOKE A RHINOCEROS, AND WHAT DO I
GET? A DOOR SLAMMED IN MY FACE!!! IF THIS IS A SAMPLE
OF THE SERVICE US CITIZENS ARE...

SOUND: SIREN WAY OFF: MOTORCYCLE FADE IN FAST.

MOL: It's the police, McGee. Grow a beard...quick!

COP: (FADE IN) ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...BREAK IT UP THERE...
GET OUT YER DRAFT CARDS, AND GIVE YER RIGHT NAMES.

FIB: Hey, Mahooney...it's me! Fibber McGee.

MOL: Remember us, Officer Mahooney?

(2ND REVISION) -12-

COP: Faith and I do now, Machushla. And what is your little
scut of a husband doin' standin' out there in front of
the bus?

FIB: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M DOIN', MAHOONEY! THIS
BEAVERTOOTHED BOHUNK THAT'S JOCKEYIN' THIS TEN-TON
KIDDIECAR SLAMMED THE DOOR IN OUR FACES. WOULDN'T LET
US ON. AND I AIN'T GONNA MOVE A STEP, TILL HE OPENS
THAT DOOR!

COP: Hmmm. I'd better check this with the driver. WHY DIDN'T
YE LET THESE PEOPLE ON, DRIVER?

DRIV: THERE WASN'T ANY ROOM, OFFICER.

FIB: NO ROOM, MY CLAVICLE...LOOK AT THE BACK O' THAT BUSS...
YOU CAN SHOOT DEER IN THERE.

DRIV: WELL, HALF OF 'EM HAVE LEFT BY NOW...

MOL: WE'RE NOT LEAVIN, THOUGH. NOT TILL YOU OPEN THAT DOOR!

COP: OH NOW COME, COME, MACUSHLA..YE'D BETTER LET THE BUS GO
ON, OR I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YE.

FIB: YEAH?...ON WHAT CHARGE, YOU PUG-NOSED BÔG-TROTTER?

COP: Fer obstructin' traffic.

MOL: Traffic means moving vehicles. This vehicle is not moving.

(2ND REVISION) -13-

COP: Well, now wait a minute till I think up a law that'll cover the situation.. drunk and disorderly? ... No, he's sober, the dirty little prohibitionist...flyin' an airplane too low over a residential dist...No..Murder? No... Counterfeitin'? No...

DRIV: HEY, OFFICER...IF I SLUGGED HIM AND HE SLUGGED ME BACK COULD YOU NAIL HIM ON ASSAULT AND BATTERY?

FIB: You make one pass at me, Puttyface, and I'll feed you a knuckle sandwich!!

DRIV: YEH? YOU HOLD ME UP MUCH LONGER, MAC, AND I'LL PART YOUR HAIR WITH A TIRE IRON!

MOL: Oh, stop it, or I'll spank the both of you.

COP: YES, LAY OFF IT, YE SCUTS...IF THERE'S ANY SUCH BRAWLIN' GOIN' ON, I'LL TAKE ME NIGHTSTICK AND...wait a minute... where's me nightstick? Bless the saints, I left me nightstick at McNally's Tavern...NOW DON'T GO WAY..I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!!

SOUND: MOTORCYCLE ROARS OUT:

MOL: Maybe we better call it off, McGee. He'll be back here with enough charges to throw us in the pokey for ninety years.

FIB: HE WON'T DARE!!! BESIDES-----

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WIL: HELLO, PAL..HELLO, MOLLY...

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox....

FIB: Hiyah, Junior....whatcha carryin' the chair around fog? Demonstratin' that stuff to somebody?

WIL: No, I was in Kremer's Drug store when I heard about you and this bus driver. so Kremer sent Molly this chair to sit on and I brought you some sandwiches and a couple of malted milks. Here, sit down, Molly!

MOL: Well now wasn't that thoughtful of you and Mr. Kremer..!! Thank you so much, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Is there an egg in my malted, Junior?

WIL: Why no, I don't...

FIB: DOGGONE IT, KREMER KNOWS I ALWAYS HAVE AN EGG IN MY MALT!! WHAT KINDA SERVICE IS THIS ANYWAY?? MY GOSH. HERE I AM FIGETIN' THE VESTED INTERESTS..THE TRANSIT CORPORATION THAT HAS THIS CITY IN ITS GREEDY CLUTCHES SINGLE HANDED...AND WHAT DO I GET...A MALT WITH NO EGG IN IT!! THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!!!

MOL: Now wait a minute, McGee ..you didn't order this food, you know...so stop looking a gift sandwich in the tuna fish.

WIL: Sorry about the egg, Pal. I'll remember that at supper time. If you're still here.

FIB: I'LL BE HERE ALL RIGHT! I'LL EVEN SLEEP HERE TONIGHT IF THAT LEAD FOOTED FENDER CRUNCHER DONT OPEN THE DOOR AND LET US IN THIS BUS. (YELLS) HOW ABOUT IT, STUPID? YOU READY TO LET US IN?

DRIVER: IN A MOOSE'S EARDEUM, SNAKEFACE! AND I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO MOVE ON, OR I'LL START THIS ENGINE AND RUN YOU DOWN!!

BLAST ON HORN

MOL: Oh, you will, will you, ye big hooligan!! You turn a key in that ignition and my husband will climb in the window and pin your ears back with a piston rod. Won't you, dearie?

FIB: Er...yeah.

DRIVER: LADY, IF THAT MONKEY LAYS A PINKY ON THIS BUS, SO HELP ME, I'LL COME OUT THERE AND KICK THE BEJUNIOR OUT OF HIM!

CROWD: CHEERS

FIB: OH YEAH? WHY YOU GREASY LITTLE----

WIL: Wait a minute, Pal.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What's the matter, Mr. Wilcox? What are you going to do?

WIL: Look, kids. This is getting us noplac. The driver looks like a reasonable guy. Let me talk to him.

FIB: Go ahead, Junior. It's a free country. If he gives you any lip, call me. I've tackled bigger guys than him... and while I been licked ever time, this may be the exception.

MOL: What are you going to say to him, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: You can listen if you like. (SLIGHT FADE) HEY, DRIVER. I'M HARLOW WILCOX.

DRIVER: (FADE IN) Well, don't blame me, buddy, I never been to a christening in my life.

WIL: No, look. I was just noticing how clean you keep the interior of this bus.

DRIVER: Yeah?

WIL: Yeah. What do you use to keep the panelling so clean and sparkling?

MOL: (OFF MIKE) If that actor says anything but "Johnson's Wax", he'll really be driving a bus!

DRIVER: Well, just between you and me, mister...I use Johnson's Wax ..

WIL: NO!!

DRIVER: Yeah..whenever I get to the end of a run....like it don't look like I'm going to again for a week or two, I always give the inside of the bus a once-over with Johnson's

WIL: I can understand that, because with --

DRIVER: WITH JOHNSON'S WAX, I CAN KEEP THE SEATS AND WALLS AND FIXTURES SO MUCH CLEANER. YOU SEE JOHNSON'S WAX SEALS THE SURFACE PORES, BUDDY----DUST AND DAMPNESS DON'T PENETRATE...

WIL: Yeah. I'M quite famili-

DRIVER: I ALWAYS USE JOHNSON'S WAX. MY WIFE SAYS SHE ALWAYS USES IT AT HOME ON THE FLOORS AND WOODWORK, AND EVERYTHING SO, I USE IT MYSELF ON THE INSIDE OF THE BUS- AND CARNU ON THE OUTSIDE!

WIL: Great--the reason I asked was -

DRIVER:: YOU OUGHTTA TRY IT SOMETIME, BUDDY. GREAT STUFF!

WIL: Yes, I -

DRIVER: GO DOWN TO THE JOHNSON'S WAX BRANCH OFFICE ON OAK STREET. TELL 'EM JERRY BABB SENTCHA. HEY...AIN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEPLACE BEFORE?

WIL: Probably. I announce the program for Johnson's Wax.

DRIVER: YEAH! HEAH! YEAH!...THAT'S IT...THAT'S WHERE I SEEN YA. THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE RESEMBLANCE. Well, see ya later, Wilson.

WIL: Wilcox.
DRIVER: DON WILCOX?
WIL: No Harlow Wilcox.
DRIVER: Scuse me. I got you confused with Harry Von Zell.
WIL: (FADE OUT) You got me confused all right. Thanks, Jerry.
MOL: What did he say, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: (FADE IN) He uses Johnson's Wax. That proves he's a sensible guy. Why don't you people get together....
FIB: I'LL GET TOGETHER WITH HIM ALL RIGHT!!! I'LL TEAR HIS HEAD OFF AND JAM IT DOWN HIS THROAT!!!
DRIVER: YOU AND HOW MANY MARINES, DOUGH-HEAD?
CROWD CHEERS: HORN HONKS... TRAFFIC UP...
MOL: Oh dear, this is so embarrassing.
FIB: Yeah...look at Waxey sneakin' off thru the crowd! He hates scenes, and anybody that played as much bum Shakespeare in Chataqua as he did, ought to. Look.. I'M gonna---
SIREN FADES IN.....CAR STOPS
MOL: Oh dear! If this is Officer Mahoney again, I'm going home and start looking up recipes for Hackshaw cookies.
DOC: (FADING IN) STAND BACK, PLEASE - I'M A DOCTOR! LET ME THRU, PLEASE! GIVE THE PATIENT AIR! Joe, get the license number of the bus and--MOLLY!
MOL: Thank goodness it's you, Doctor Gamble!
DOC: Who's hurt, Molly? When did the accident happen?
MOL: It HASN'T yet, Doctor - but I've been expecting it momentarily ever since McGee stepped in front of that bus.

DOC: IN FRONT OF A BUS??? GREAT SCOTT! IS HE BADLY
(ANNOYED) Oh - there you are.
FIB: Yep - relax, Belt Buster. And wipe that greedy look off your face - you're not gonna make a nickel offa me today! I'm in great shape.
DOC: If you call that baggy collection of lard a great shape, lowbucket, the kind of doctor you need is an eye doctor! The shape you're in shouldn't happen to a lump of putty!
FIB: OH, IS THAT :O??
DOC: AND GET OUT OF THE STREET, YOU SILLY LITTLE FRACTURE-COAXER, BEFORE THAT BUS RUNS YOU SO FAR INTO THE ASPHALT YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A TRAFFIC BUTTON WITH EARS!
FIB: When I want advice from you, you big Powder-Peddler, I'll come to your office for it! I'm not moving!
MOL: The driver wouldn't let us on the bus, Doctor. And after we'd waited for hours, too - almost! So himself here just stepped right in front of him and he won't let the bus move an inch.
DOC: Oh, great
SOUND: (HORN HONKS.)
FIB: AW, PIPE DOWN! YOU GONNA OPEN THAT DOOR?
DRIVER: YOU GONNA GET OUTTA THE WAY??
DOC: I don't know about you, McGee - but I AM! STAND BACK, PLEASE! (CROWD MURMUR) LET ME UP ON THE SIDEWALK HERE!
DRIVER: BETTER TAKE YOUR FAT FRIEND WITH YOU, DOC - IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES I'M GONNA ROLL HIM OUT LIKE A PIE CRUST!
MOL: McGee - sweetheart - I think he means it this time! He looks tougher than a tax return!!

FIB: Aw, don't worry - he won't DARE start that bus! (I HOPE)
DRIVER: I'D OF RUN OVER YOU LONG AGO, BUT YOU'RE JUST THE KIND OF
A JERK THAT'D CARRY NAILS IN YOUR POCKETS TO RUIN MY
TIRES! THOSE TIRES COST EIGHTY BUCKS APIECE! GET OUTTA
THE WAY!!

FIB: (CHUCKLES HAPPILY) AHHAAA! See there, Molly, - I got
him buffaloeed! HE'S AFRAID OF ME!

CROWD CHEERS

FIB: This is not just a private argument any more, Doc! Look
at that crowd behind me! THIS IS A CAUSE! This is
One Man Standin' up for the Rights of the Common People!

CHEERS OF CROWD

DOC: Well, I'd love to stay here and see Justice triumph -
but I've got to get back to the hospital - I've got an
accident case coming in there this afternoon.

MOL: Really, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, a rather bad one. Several fractured ribs - multiple
contusions and abrasions - slight concussion - all the
usual things.

FIB: Gee whiz, Doc - anyone we know?

DOC: Yes, my boy - YOU!

FIB: WHAT?

DOC: (SWEETLY) I'll have everything ready. Don't hurry!
I'll be waiting!!

FIB: Oh, YEAH? WELL, FOR YOUR --

HORN HONKS LOUDLY.....MCGEE SHOUTS BACK.....BEDLAM INTO:

ORCH: AND KINGS MEN "ZIPITY" AND "SOONER OR LATER" MEDLEY

APPLAUSE

TRAFFIC:

FIB: Doggone it, Molly, I've give that fathead every chance in the world to settle this thing on my own terms, haven't I?

MOL: Oh, indeed you have, dearie. You've asked the driver to open that door at least a thousand times.

FIB: Certainly! BUT I'LL SWEAT HIM OUT! AS LONG AS I GOT THIS CROWD BEHIND ME, I'LL-- (PAUSE) Hey! Where IS the crowd?? WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO, MOLLY??

MOL: I don't know, dearie. They just sort of lost interest and trickled away. It takes at least a few broken noses to hold a crowd that long, you know.

FIB: Aww, the traitors! You heard what I told those newspaper reporters, though...this is a fight to the finish...I'm gonna bust this transit company open like a ripe watermelon! I'm gonna--

DRIVER: (FACETIOUS) AT THE NEXT TIME SIGNAL, THE TIME WILL BE - EXACTLY HALF PAST! (BEEP BEEP OF HORN) THIS IS WV - RTC, THE WISTFUL VISTA RAPID, UNTIL NOW, TRANSIT COMPANY!

FIB: Don't pay any attention to him, Molly! He thinks that's funny!

MOL: (CHUCKLES) I sort of thought so myself, dearie, to tell you the truth.

FIB: Just ignore him - like I do. (ROARS) WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, BUS BOY, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DRIVE A BARGAIN IN THE BON TON BASEMENT! I GOT INFLUENCE IN THIS TOWN! I KNOW THE MAYOR!

GALE: (FADING IN) And I know that attitude! It's McGee!

MOL: Oh, McGee, it's the Mayor! Hello, your honor! I'm SO glad to see you.

GALE: Hello, Molly.

FIB: Oh, hi, La Triv... Pull up a front bumper and sit down. Just happen to be passing, did you?

GALE: Uh - yes. Police headquarters is in an uproar because they don't have an ordinance handy to arrest you on - and the Bus Company is threatening to sue the Police Force for not arresting you! Yes - I just happened to be passing, my boy!

FIB: You hear that, Molly? I got this whole town over a barrel!

MOL: I'm beginning to feel a little like I've been IN a barrel, myself...going over Niagara Falls! This thing is--

FIB: Boyoboy, wait'll you see the papers tonight, Molly. I'll be all over the front pages!

GALE: If that driver starts that bus you'll be all over 14th and Oak, at least.

FIB: Don't worry...I got him stopped like a busted clock!

GALE: So I see.

FIB: And I'm not budging an inch!

GALE: Look, McGee...as Mayor of this city, I'd like to see this controversy settled as soon as possible. State your case, please.

MOL: Well, we waited a long time to get on this bus, Your Honor --

FIB: -- and this bozo slammed the door in our faces and wouldn't let us in!

MOL: So himself here stood in front of the bus, and I'm proud of him. I keep telling myself.

GALE: I see...DRIVER...WILL YOU STATE YOUR CASE, PLEASE?

DRIVER: Sure, Your Honor. You see, the bus was full, and--

GALE: THANK YOU! It seems to me that both parties in this case have suffered sufficient discomfort and annoyance - so why don't you open the door, driver? And why don't you get in the bus, McGee? And why don't you see that he gets safely home, Molly? Please??

DRIVER: Yeah, but-- Aw well...okay. You win, Mister. BUT ONLY BECAUSE THE MAYOR ASK ME TO. AND ANYHOW, I'M AN HOUR OVERTIME NOW.

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Thank goodness!

FIB: It's about time! If you'd of opened that door a long time ago, we'd-- (PAUSE) NO! NO SIR! I WON'T EVEN RIDE WITH THE GUY, NOW! Let him go, Molly...we'll wait for the next bus.

GALE: WHAT???

MOL: Oh no, McGee!

FIB: I was standin' too close to the front end, I guess.

GALE: Too close for what?

FIB: To read the sign. This is the Fourteenth Street bus... we want the Oak Street bus! (YELLS) ALL RIGHT, FATHEAD, GO ON...GET THAT BATTLESHIP OUT OF THE WAY! HERE COMES OUR BUS!

MOL: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "AND SO TO BED"

McGee - 1/28/47

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's a riddle for you. Can you think of anything that gives you more time off when you put it on? Why sure, it's JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, of course. Put it on your kitchen floor and you'll be surprised how much time it saves you. In fact, with GLO-COAT, you save time in two ways. First, it's so easy to use. Just apply GLO-COAT, then let it dry. In 20 minutes, without rubbing or buffing, your linoleum is wax polished and really shining, its colors bright and fresh. Then JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT also gives you more time off because it protects your linoleum and other floors...makes them easier to keep clean. You know how things get spilled and how the children will track in dirt. Well, with regular GLO-COAT protection, you don't have to keep constantly scrubbing your floors to keep them looking nice. You just wipe the surface with a damp cloth and right away it's sparkling clean again. Try it. But look - for a really bright shine, be sure to get JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

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FIB: Ladies and gentlemen...this is the closing week of the annual March of Dimes...the drive for funds to fight the most viciouscrippler of our children...infantile paralysis. A dime these days will buy very little of most things...but enough dimes will buy a lot of health and a lot of happiness for a lot of children.

MOL: A smile on the face of a youngster who knows he's at last going to be able to run and play again is an awfully good buy for a dime. So give generously...to the March of Dimes...won't you?

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 again next Tuesday night.
 Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

WRITERS: DON QUINN
 PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MC

JOHN

FEBRUARY 4, 1947