

(REVISED)

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

MOLLY:

ORCH: THE KING'S MEN

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, Gene Carrol and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Millie's

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

ORCH: THE KING'S MEN

APRIL 1st 1947

NUMBER #27

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

4-1-47

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!! will be beautifully clean and shining. That's fine, but then you have the problem of keeping it spotless

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, Gene Carrol and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Millie's Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

ORCH: SWELL AND FINISH

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
4-1-47

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: When the spring cleaning is over all your light painted  
woodwork will be beautifully clean and shining. That's  
fine, but then you have the problem of keeping it spotless.  
If you wash and scrub woodwork too often you may injure  
the finish. What's the answer? Why, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX..  
that newest Johnson Wax polish especially designed for  
furniture and light woodwork. In addition to wax, this  
creamy, white liquid contains two cleansing ingredients,  
so it cleans and polishes at the same time. JOHNSON'S  
CREAM WAX is so easy to use, needs little rubbing. You  
just apply it, then polish lightly. Finger prints and  
smudges completely disappear. It leaves the surface  
satin smooth and oh so beautifully waxed and polished.  
JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX gives similar lustrous beauty and wax  
protection to enameled surfaces like refrigerators...to  
table tops, kitchen cabinets and many other things. You  
probably already use JOHNSON'S Paste and Liquid Wax...  
well, try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, too. You'll like it.

ORCH: SWELL AND FINISH

GALE: I must get back to the City Hall and  
FIB: The City Hall will still be there  
when you get back. Even that bunch of run-down ward  
heels you got workin' for you won't steal the building.  
Or will they?  
GALE: Let's...er...let's just say that they haven't - so far.  
Thank you so much, Molly. It's been very pleasant.  
MOL: Good of you to drop in, your honor.

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: MAYOR LA TRIVIA OF WISTFUL VISTA HAS JUST DROPPED IN  
ON THE FIBBER MCGEES. HIS HOSTESS OFFERED HIM A GUP  
OF TEA, AND HE GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED. WHICH MAKES HIM  
A GOOD JUDGE OF TEA. HIS HOST OFFERED HIM A CIGAR.  
THE MAYOR REFUSED. WHICH MAKES HIM ONE OF THOSE MEN  
WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST. FOR FURTHER DETAILS OF WISTFUL  
VISTA SOCIETY, LET US JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLINK OF TEA SERVICE

MOL: Sure you won't have another slug of tea, Mr Mayor?  
GALE: No thank you, Molly. I've already had two cups.  
FIB: Three.  
MOL: McGee..don't be rude.  
FIB: I'm not being rude. I'm just bein' accurate. My gosh,  
I don't begrudge the guy another shot of oolong. It's  
just dry leaves and hot water. Go on, kid!...take a  
fourth cup.  
GALE: Er..no thank you. I must get back to the City Hall and-  
FIB: AW RELAX, LATRIV.. The City Hall will still be there  
when you get back. Even that bunch of run-down ward  
heels you got workin' for you won't steal the building.  
Or will they?  
GALE: Let's...er...let's just say that they haven't - so far.  
MOL: Thank you so much, Molly. It's been very pleasant.  
MOL: Good of you to drop in, your honor.

LENA: No sir...I was making an upside-down cake.

(2nd REVISION) -5-

FIB: What's all the rush Latrix?

GALE: Well, I'm pretty busy today with our traffic campaign, McGee.

FIB: WITH YOUR WHAT.

MOL: What traffic campaign?

GALE: Didn't you know? We are starting to crack down on careless drivers. Very intensive campaign. Drastic penalties for every violation. We've put so many men on motorcycles, we'll soon have the only bowlegged police force in the country.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!!

FIB: It's about time, La Triv. People are beginning to think them white lines down the middle of the pavement are from a leaky milk wagon.

GALE: Exactly. The only way our fire department can find a hydrant these days is to look behind a parked car. Well, thank you again, Molly, and -

MOL: JUST ONE MORE CUP, MR. MAYOR?

FIB: COME ON, BOY. I'LL HAVE LENA BRING IN SOME MORE OF THEM LITTLE COOKIES THAT YOU ATE ALMOST THE WHOLE PLATE OF. HEY, LENA...LENA!!

DOOR OPEN:

LENA: There ain't any more cookies, folks. I'd run out and get some more but I'm so dizzy from standing on my head out there in the kitchen that I can't hardly walk.

MOL: STANDING ON YOUR HEAD!

GALE: For exerciase, Lena?

LENA: No sir...I was making an upside-down cake.

(REVISID) -5-  
(2nd REVISION) -6-

GALE: Well the little cookies were very good, Lena. Make them yourself, did you?

LENA: Oh bless your heart, Mr. Alderman -

FIB: MAYOR, Lena, This gentleman is our mayor.

LENA: You don't say...and him just as common as any of us!

GALE: But about them cookies, Mr. Honor, I got them from little Hans Beegleman down at the bakery. He's just the cutest little krauthead you ever saw...AND HE'S JUST ROLLING IN DOUGH. (LAUGHS) If he'd quit rolling in it and bake more of it, he'd have more money.

GALE: Exactly. The only way our fire department can find a

FIB: What's all the rush to get back down to that car, marble ballot-box, La Triv? Are you officiating at the christening of a new pork barrel today, or something?

GALE: No, I'm just pretty busy today with our traffic campaign, McGee.

FIB: WITH YOUR WHAT?

MOL: What traffic campaign?

GALE: Didn't you know? We are starting to crack down on careless drivers. Very intensive campaign. Drastic penalties for every violation. We've put so many men on motorcycles, we'll soon have the only bowlegged police force in the country.

MOL: Isn't that wonderful!!

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GALE: Well the little cookies were very good, Lena. Make them yourself, did you?

LENA: Oh bless your heart, Mr. Alderman -

FIB: MAYOR, Lena. This gentleman is our mayor.

GALE: You don't say...and him just as common as any of us! But about them cookies, Mr. Honor, I got them from little Hans Beegleman down at the bakery. He's just the cutest little krauthead you ever saw...AND HE'S JUST ROLLING IN DOUGH. (LAUGHS) If he'd quit rolling in it and bake more of it, he'd have more money.

GALE: Exactly. The only way our fire department can find a hydrant these days it to look behind a parked car.

MOL: Well, thank you again, Molly, and -

MOL: JUST ONE MORE CUP, MR MAYOR?

FIB: COME ON, BOY. I'LL HAVE LENA BRING IN SOME MORE OF THEM LITTLE COOKIES THAT YOU ATE ALMOST THE WHOLE PLATE OF. HEY, LENA...LENA!!

DOOR OPEN:

LENA: There ain't any more cookies, folks. I'd run out and get some more but I'm so dizzy from standing on my head out there in the kitchen that I can't hardly walk.

MOL: STANDING ON YOUR HEAD!

GALE: For exercise, Lena?

LENA: No sir....I was making an upside-down cake, I didn't know what to cook for dessert tonight, so I thought I'd just shut my eyes and stick my finger into the cookbook and make whatever it pointed at. If I'd only used my thumb instead of my finger it would of been cottage pudding. Shorter, you know.

GALE: Well the little cookies were very good, Lena. Make them yourself, did you?

LENA: Oh bless your heart, Mr. Alderman -

FIB: MAYOR, Lena. This gentleman is our mayor.

LENA: You don't say...and him just as common as any of us! But about them cookies, Mr. Honor, I got them from little Hans Beegleman down at the bakery. He's just the cutest little krauthead you ever saw...AND HE'S JUST ROLLING IN DOUGH. (LAUGHS) If he'd quit rolling in it and bake more of it, he'd have more money.

FIB: Yeah...I walked out in the kitchen last week and says WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SMELL, LENA? And she says "That's brimstone, I'm making a devil's food cake." So I says oh you gotta go, Le Trivia? , dearie.

MOL: Well, if there are no more cookies, Lena -

LENA: I'd be awful happy to run you up some cimmanon toast, honey. OR HOW ABOUT SOME HORSE DOOVERS? You know.... like them little anchivvies layin' on a cracker?

FIB: No thanks, Lena, we just --

LENA: OH I DON'T MIND A BIT, MR MCGEE...I JUST LOVE TO COOK, AND FIX THINGS NICE FOR FOLKS. Gracious me, I never even think of serving a lamb chop or anything without garnisheeing it with a little twig of paisley.

GALE: Er...thank you Lena, but I must be leaving immediately. I have a great deal of work down at the City Hall.

LENA: Oh that's all right, your highness. Far be it from I to keep a man from his work. Particularly a politician because goodness knows they do little enough, I always say. My cousin Wilmer was a Republican down South and he never done a thing.

MOL: Well, a Southern Republican is almost --

LENA: He wrote me one time, LENA, he said, IF YOU EVER HAVE A LOTTA PENCILS YOU WANT SHARPENED, GO INTO POLITICS. EVERYBODY HAS GOT A KNIFE OUT FOR YOU. (LAUGHS) WELL, I GUESS THIS BORES YOU AS MUCH AS IT DOES ME SO I GUESS I'LL GET BACK TO WORK. PLEASED TO OF MET YOU, YOUR EXCELLENCY. (EXIT SINGING TO--

DOOR SLAM: CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS! I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM RUNNING-BOARD RUM-DUMS PICK ME UP. I KNOW THE TRAFFIC REGULATIONS IN THIS BURG AS GOOD AS THEY DO. BETTER! EVERY TIME I DRIVE DOWNTOWN THEY EXPLAIN A NEW ONE TO ME.

FIB: Yeah...I walked out in the kitchen last week and says WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SMELL, LENA? And she says "That's brimstone, I'm making a devil's food cake." So I says oh you gotta go, Le Trivia? , dearie.

GALE: Yes, I really must get back and check up on our traffic drive. (LAUGHS) All I can say is it's a good thing YOU'RE not driving today, McGee.

FIB: OH IT IS, EH? WHY IS IT SO GOOD THAT I'M NOT DRIVING AND WHO SAYS I AIN'T? ST MADE YOURSELF A LITTLE WAGER, LENA! EX

MOL: Now, McGee, he just meant..

FIB: I KNOW WHAT HE MEANT! HE MEANT I WAS BOUND TO GET PINCHED FOR SOMETHING, AM I RIGHT, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: Quite.

MOL: Why McGee is a wonderful driver, Mr. Mayor! Oh, I'll admit he likes to stop his car next to an officer and tie up traffic for fifteen minutes while he pretends he doesn't know how to get to the Elk's Club. But that's just playfulness.

FIB: YES AND IF YOU THINK THEM COPS OF YOURS ARE GONNA KEEP ME BOTTLED UP IN THE HOUSE TODAY, YOU'RE BARKIN' UP THE WRONG KETTLE OF FISH, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG.

GALE: I didn't say that, McGee. I merely said that --

MOL: Anyway, McGee, you told me you were going to stay inside today, and relax. five dollars, McGee. Good day, Molly.

FIB: HOW CAN I RELAX WHEN THE POLICE FORCE IN THIS TOWN CHALLENGES MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS! I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM RUNNING-BOARD RUM-DUMS PICK ME UP. I KNOW THE TRAFFIC REGULATIONS IN THIS BURG AS GOOD AS THEY DO. BETTER! EVERY TIME I DRIVE DOWNTOWN THEY EXPLAIN A NEW ONE TO ME.

(2ND REVISION)-9&10-

GALE: I am quite familiar with your driving, McGee. I merely wish to state once more that I think you'd be wiser to stay home until this campaign is over.

MOL: So do I, dearie.

GALE: You'd have a citation before you got out of your own driveway.

FIB: HOW MUCH DOUGH YOU GOT THAT SAYS SO?

GALE: Five dollars.

FIB: OKAY!! YOU JUST MADE YOURSELF A LITTLE WAGER, FELLA! BY GEORGE I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT AN HONEST TAXPAYER CAN GET AWAY WITH! Hey, Molly..you get the car outa the garage while I get my keys.

MOL: It IS out of the garage dearie. You didn't put it away when you came back from the drug store.

FIB: I didn't. Well, that saves me some time. Where's my car keys?

MOL: You left them in the car.

GALE: That must be the reason.

FIB: MUST BE THE REASON FOR WHAT, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: There's a policeman out in front, putting a ticket on your windshield. Leaving your keys in the ignition is a violation in Wistful Vista, you know. You can just mail me the five dollars, McGee. Good day, Molly.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: APRIL SHOWERS

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED) 11-

(REVISED) -12-

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: CAR MOTOR, ESTABLISH AND FADE...TRAFFIC NOISES IN B.G.

FIB: What's the speedometer say, Kiddo? I don't dare take my eyes off the road.

MOL: Thirteen miles an hour. You're allowed twenty along here.

FIB: Well, I take no chances with these ticket salesmen. They'd tag their own grandmothers today for knitting too fast.

MOL: Better slow down, dearie...here's a red light.

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH. MOTOR OUT.

MOL: Why did you shut your motor off?

FIB: BECAUSE I'M NO FOOL, THAT'S WHY! No cop is gonna dash up to ME and say I didn't come to a full stop. I'll wave the ignition key in his big red puss and DARE him to pinch me.

MOL: There's a policeman every ten feet all over town, too. I haven't seen so many stars since I fell out of the window while shaking a rug.

FIB: Me either. But it isn't the NUMBER OF 'em that annoys me.

MOL: It's their sneaky tactics. They always COME UP BEHIND YOU. They NEVER step out in FRONT of a speeding car and - the influence of his wife.

MOL: The light is green, dearie.

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Well, they don't get ME again today, by Eh? Oh yes...

SOUND: GRIND OF STARTER...CAR STARTS...SHIFT GEARS AND DRIVE ON..

FIB: You watch for stoplights for me, Molly..I wanna keep my eyes on the road.

MOL: No..just walking.

FIB: All right. If any of your friends wave at you, I'll wave back for you.

MOL: WALKING!! You got arrested for walking?

FIB: Yes..isn't that silly? You see, I was just walking across an intersection, reading my Bird Book...

(REVISED)

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FIB: Never mind that. Just concentrate on -

MOL: OH...MCGEE!...LOOK...ISN'T THAT MR. WIMPLE STANDING ON THE CORNER?

FIB: Where? Oh yeah..I'll pick him up...

SOUND: BLAST ON HORN..VIOLENT BRAKE SCREECH...MOTOR IDLE.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!

FIB: It's okay, baby..I had my hand out. I'm legal. HIYAH, WIMP!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple..can we give you a lift?

WIMP: Hello, folks..yes..thanks very much..

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE...MOTOR START, SHIFT AND SUSTAIN.

WIMP: I see you're driving very carefully, Mr. McGee.

MOL: He certainly is, Mr. Wimple. You could change tires at this speed.

FIB: Taking no chances today, Wimp. I even took the seat covers off. They were fast colors.

MOL: You were smart not to be out in your car today, Mr.Wimple. I understand they got a man this morning for driving under the influence of his wife.

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Well, they don't get ME again today, by gracious. I've HAD my ticket. I was up early this morning.

FIB: No kidding, Wimp? Speeding?

WIMP: No..just walking.

MOL: WALKING!! You got arrested for walking?

WIMP: Yes..isn't that silly? You see, I was just walking across an intersection, reading my Bird Book... I hope you don't get any citations....Goodbye now.

(END REVISION)

-13-

FIB: Your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. And then it happened.

MOL: What happened?

WIMP: The traffic policeman came over and asked me what I was doing. I said, "nothing - just reading my Bird Book. I'm a Bird Watcher." And he said, "What a co-incidence - so am I! I've been watching jays walking all day long, and you're one of 'em, and here's a ticket and it'll cost you five dollars and costs." Then he blew a blast on his whistle and bawled the bejunior out of a big boy in a Buick.

MOL: Heavenly days...you see, McGee? They're giving tickets for EVERYTHING!

FIB: Not to me they ain't. I know my rights and I -

MOL: LOOK OUT!!!.RED LIGHT!!!!

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH..SHORT AND LOUD..MOTOR DOWN.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Pretty quick stop, eh Wimp? (PAUSE) HEY.. WHERE IS WIMP?

WIMP: (OFF) Here I am, Mr. McGee...you stopped so quickly I fell off the seat. (ON MIKE) Did we hit somebody?

MOL: No, Mr. Wimple....it's just a stop light..All right, McGee..It's turning green.

WIMP: So am I, Mrs. McGee..may I get out here? Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Is this where you wanted to go, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes...wherever it is, this is it. Well, I hope you don't get any citations....Goodbye now.

MOL: Bye, Mr. Wimple!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND SUSTAIN

MOL: I think you frightened Mr. Wimple a little, dearie.

FIB: Ptah...I never drove more careful in my life. That guy gets frightened at card tricks.

MOL: Well, lots of people...MOGEE...YOUR ENGINE IS SMOKING!

FIB: Why not? It's old enough. But I guess driving so slow in second gear kinda heated it up a little. I'll park till it cools off.

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH...MOTOR OUT:

MOL: There's a policeman watching you. And looking at his watch.

FIB: I saw the big ox. But don't worry. This is a ten-minute parkin' zone. AND JUST SO HE DON'T GET THE IDEA HE'S GOT ME BUFFALOED, I'M GONNA SIT THERE 'TILL..Hey --here comes Wilcox!

MOL: Oh yes - hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hi, Molly - hello, Pal.

FIB: Hi, Junior, Climb in and set a spell.

WIL: No thanks. (SOTTO VOICE) Don't look now, Pal, but there are two policemen down the street who've got their eyes on you.

MOL: You thought that speech up yourself?

WIL: I may have read it someplace. "I sell protection" I said, "Protection for the linoleum and other floor coverings in that home - protection against dirt and dust and dampness with Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat!"

FIB: Aww, of all the corny ways to -

WIL: ~~That I turned toward the woman~~ (REVISED)

FIB: So what? I'm parked legal! I got nine minutes left in this zone and - Hey, did they put the sleeve on you yet, Junior? bought it --

WIL: Yep - ~~running through a stop sign~~ <sup>over a stop sign</sup>. Oh, I've had quite a day today, Pal!

FIB: Yeah? What happened, Junior?

WIL: Well, the cop was making out my ticket, you see - and he happened to ask me what business I was in.

MOL: That was a fatal mistake.

WIL: So I thought real fast, and I said "I'm in the protection business," I said, "I sell protection!"...and he said, "Oh-ho, a racket guy, eh? Well, let's just go tell that to the judge," he said.

FIB: Migosh, that was pretty stupid of you, Junior. Took you down, did he?

WIL: By the collar of my coat!

MOL: Heavenly days!

WIL: You kids should have seen me in that courtroom, pleading my own case! I was dynamite! "Your honor," I said, "What is the greatest institution in America today?" "The American home," I said.

MOL: You thought that speech up yourself?

WIL: I may have read it someplace. "I sell protection" I said, "Protection for the linoleum and other floor coverings in that home - protection against dirt and dust and dampness with Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat!"

FIB: Aww, of all the corny ways to -



(2ND REVISION) -16-

DOC:  
WIL: Hello, Molly. And what are you doing out on the street in plain sight of all these policemen, Leadfoot? The way you drive you'll wind up in the pokey with a ball and chain, and I don't mean Molly.

FIB:  
MOL: For your information, Doctor, the police have been unable to pin anything on me -- on account of I am probably the savest driver in this town, that's why! I been drivin' around for an hour and I haven't broke a law yet!

WIL: "--safe under the protection of Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat - Glocoat that you simply pour out -- spread around - and let dry for 20 minutes or less. The finest protection that money can buy!" Then I took a dramatic pause and waited for someone to speak.

FIB:  
WIL: Who spoke.

WIL: The judge. Said "Ten dollars and costs!"...Well, I'll see you, kids, I'm going down to the Bijou and catch a movie.

*End*  
FIB: Yeah? What's there?

WIL: "Lost Weekend."

MOL: That was there last week, wasn't it?

WIL: Yep - it's hung over for another week. So long, kids.

FIB: What a character! You know, sometimes I think he just --

MOL: McGee, look, that's the second time that policeman has gone around the block on his motorcycle. I don't like the way he looks at us!

FIB: Aw, don't let that worry you, Snookie. I'm legal for three minutes yet. Oh, hiyah, Doc -

MOL: Well, Doctor Gamble! Hello, Doctor.

FIB: I'M WATCHIN' IT, DOCKY. Those Blue Serge Buckaroos will find me harder to pinch than a mermaid at 40 fathoms!

(2ND REVISION) -17-

DOC: Hello, Molly. And what are you doing out on the street in plain sight of all these policemen, Leadfoot? The way you drive you'll wind up in the pokey with a ball and chain, and I don't mean Molly.

FIB: For your information, Doctor, the police have been unable to pin anything on me -- on account of I am probably the savest driver in this town, that's why! I been drivin' around for an hour and I haven't broke a law yet!

MOL: No, he hasn't, Doctor - not yet. And the suspense is killing me! How are you making out -- or should I ask?

DOC: As a matter of fact, my dear, they got me! I was handed the first traffic ticket today that I've had since medical school, when we drove the new motorized wheel chair through three stoplights at 4 A.M.

MOL: That's too bad, Doctor. What was it for?

DOC: Well, we usually have two or three accident cases an hour at the hospital - but this morning not a one came in!

MOL: Oh, that's wonderful!

DOC: It was very restful, but I was puzzled. I finally jumped in my car - raced downtown to see what was going on - and got a ticket for speeding.

MOL: Well - that IS a shame!

DOC: And the cop tells me I'm the kind of guy who fills up our hospitals. Incidentally, you know you're in a ten minute zone?

FIB: I'M WATCHIN' IT, DOCKY. Those Blue Serge Buckaroos will find me harder to pinch than a mermaid at 40 fathoms!

(2ND REVISION) - 18 & 19 -

MOL: Personally, I wouldn't dare drive today anyway. My  
driver's license has expired.  
FIB: It couldn't of, kiddo. You got yours the same day I got  
mine.  
(PAUSE)  
DOC: Interesting statement.  
MOL: BUT MCGEE, MINE HAS EXPIRED..THAT MEANS YOURS HAS TOO!  
FIB: Nah..you're mistaken, snooky. Here, I'll show you what..  
(PAUSE) OH MY GOSH..MY LICENSE!!!!..MY WALLET!!!..I  
HAVEN'T GOT 'EM..I LEFT MY WALLET AT HOME!! Shh -- quiet,  
they'll hear me...  
MOL: Oh this is great..we've been nine minutes in a ten-minute  
zone with an overheated motor, no driver's license, and  
three policemen walking towards us.  
FIB: EH..WHERE? OH BROTHER..SEE YOU LATER, DOC!! I'M GETTIN'  
OUTA HERE...FAST...I MEAN SLOW!  
SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADE:  
ORCH: KING'S MEN - "SLOW DOWN"  
APPLAUSE:  
FIB: My gosh...I never thought of that...gimme the ignition  
key!  
MOL: Here.  
SOUND: STARTER GRIND: REPEAT:  
MOL: See what I mean?  
FIB: I flooded the carburetor, I guess...I guess I'm just  
nervous.  
SOUND: STARTER GRIND: HORNS HONK. OFF:

THIRD SPOT

(2D REVISION)-20-1-

SOUND: CAR MOTOR SLOW:  
MOL: Watch it, McGee...there's a squad car coming up on the  
left...  
FIB: Smile at 'em, Molly...SMILE...they ain't got anything on  
me, that they know of...SMILE WIDER...  
MOL: I can't smile any wider...my ears are in the way...  
(LOWERS VOICE) Here they are, McGee...right next to you..  
FIB: They are, eh? HIYA, BOYS!...MIGHTY FINE JOB YOU BOYS ARE  
DOING TODAY! MIGHTY FINE!! I'LL MENTION YOU BOYS TO  
THE CHIEF. (CHUCKLES)  
MOL: That WAS the Chief, dearie.  
FIB: Huh? It was? If I'd know that I'd...OH-OH...STOP LIGHT!  
SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH...MOTOR OFF:  
FIB: Here...you hold the ignition key till the light turns  
green.  
MOL: This is pretty silly, McGee. You don't have to shut the  
motor off at every intersection.  
FIB: I know..but I don't trust myself.  
MOL: But what if you can't get it started again some time?  
Then we WILL get a ticket, for holding up traffic.  
FIB: My gosh...I never thought of that...gimme the ignition  
key!  
MOL: Here.  
SOUND: STARTER GRIND: REPEAT:  
MOL: See what I mean?  
FIB: I flooded the carburetor, I guess...I guess I'm just  
nervous.  
SOUND: STARTER GRIND: HORNS HONK. OFF:

(2D REVISION) -21-

MAN: (OFF) GET THAT HEAP OUTTA THERE, BUDDY...THAT LIGHT WILL NEVER GET ANY GREENER!

FIB: Just be patient, sir. I'll be out of here in a moment.

STARTER GRIND...CAR STARTS...MOTOR UP:

FIB: The big windbag - Them are the kinda smart guys that oughtta get tickets...not guys like me that stay inside the law.

MOL: You're perfectly right, dearie, but do you have to see how far inside of it you can get? We're only doing seven miles an hour.

FIB: I know, but I can't afford to get picked up, without I got my driver's license on me. If I ever get home

without a ticket, I'm gonna have that license tattooed right on my chest...

MOTOR UP:

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MOTOR RUNNING SLOWLY:

MOL: There's another policeman, McGee...writing out a ticket.

FIB: For what? I didn't do anything! He can't -- Oh, for somebody else.

MOL: Of course.

FIB: Little jumpy, is all...Migosh, I was gettin' along fine

at home this mornin' till La Trivia come in there and opened his big fat mouth! I ought not to vote for that guy next -- HEY LOOK, THERE'S OUR HOME! OUR LITTLE

HOME, MOLLY!

MOL: Pretty, isn't it!

FIB: (BIG SIGH OF RELIEF) I never been so glad to see that house since--

SIREN FADES IN BEHIND:

(REVISED) -23-

COP: I didn't say anything about a ticket, Mr. McGee. I've been watching you for an hour and you ought to be very happy to know that you have won today's "Safe Driver" award.

FIB: Yeah, but I been-- I WHAT? YOU HEAR THAT, MOLLY!! I WON AN AWARD! SAFE DRIVER AWARD!!

MOL: My goodness, isn't that wonderful. Not that you haven't earned it. I never had such a safe ride in my life. Scared me to death!

COP: Now, if you'll just let me have your driver's license, I'll stick it right on there, where it'll be in plain sight if you--

MOL: Oh-oh!

FIB: DRI-- Driver's license?...Well, you see, officer...uh... I mean...well, geewhiz, there must be lots safer drivers than me in a town like this. Why doncha look around and give it to some GI - some service man!

COP: No sir, this award is yours! You deserve it! I'd like to paste it right on your license, just like a gold star on your report card.

MOL: Well - uh - you're in a hurry, Officer. Why don't you just let himself paste it on the license himself?

FIB: Yeah - that's it! I'll take it. I'll paste it on when I get home and get my license offa the - er - when I get home!

COP: No no, just hand me the license and I'll -

B

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
4-1-47

-24A-

CUE: TO BE SUPPLIED BY F. PITTMAN

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (for all but So. Calif., Arizona, Fla.)

WIL: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment. Well, today April showers are just beginning to work on May flowers, and that's very nice ... but April showers also bring something not so nice ... trouble for your kitchen floor. Wet, muddy feet do track in with the children home from school and the grocery boy. Am I right? That would mean a lot of extra work, wouldn't it ... if your floors were 'nt polished with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Of course, if your floors are kept sparkling with a beautiful GLO-COAT polish, you don't have to worry about a little thing like wet footprints. A damp cloth quickly wipes up dirt and spilled things from a GLO-COATED floor, leaving it clean and shining, with colors bright and fresh, and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT also saves you work in other ways. It needs no rubbing or buffing. Just spread it on the floor and let it dry. In twenty minutes your floor is protected with a really high, long-lasting polish. Try it ... but be sure to ask for the real thing ... JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT ... the floor finish that gives a brighter shine.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC; FADE FOR

MCGEE AND MOLLY  
4-1-47

-24 B-

CUE: (WIL: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (For So. Calif., Arizona and Fla.)

WALD: Have you ever wondered how some people always manage to keep their old cars clean and shining? Well, of course I don't know how all of them do it, but I can tell you about a great many of them. They use JOHNSON'S CARNU. I know that's true because CARNU is the most popular car polish in the country today. Once you try it, you, yourself, will soon see why...It is because CARNU not only cleans your car easily, quickly and efficiently, it also polishes it at the same time ... there are two jobs at once. JOHNSON'S CARNU is a liquid polish. You simply apply it, rubbing just hard enough to loosen the road grime...and that CARNU shine...well, it's really something to see. Why don't you give your car a beautiful, bright polish for the weekend with JOHNSON'S CARNU? C-A-R-N-U.

WIL: This is Marlow Wilcox speaking for the sales of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry and inviting you to do with us again next Tuesday night...

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)

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 Fla.)  
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TAG

FIB: ...so La Trivia had quite a talk with the Judge about me while I waited, you see.

MOL: What did he tell the Judge?

FIB: Told him who I was - all about me - sort of a character reference, you might call it. Judge dismissed the case.

MOL: That's wonderful! My goodness, I didn't realize what an important person you are around town, dearie.

FIB: Yep. Soon as the Judge really understood all about me, he said that any cop stupid enough to park a bike in front of a car I was drivin', deserved to have it run over!

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: SIGNOFF AND CREDITS

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

(CHIMES)

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
 PHIL LESLIE

WILCOX: The makers of

present with

George, with

Wilcox. The

music by the

ORCH: THESE UP

April 8th, 1947