

S. C. Johnson & Son  
Writers:  
Don Quinn  
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(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 241

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 3/19/40

NBC-Red

(2ND REVISION) -2-

WIL: The Johnson's Wax Program . . . . with Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly, WITH BILL THOMPSON, THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA. The show opens with "I GOT RHYTHM".

ORK: "I GOT RHYTHM"

APPLAUSE: SEGUE ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN")

WIL: -- AND HERE IN THEIR LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, FULL OF BREAKFAST AND CONTENTMENT, ALL UNAWARE THAT FATE IS COMING UP THE WALK IN THE FORM OF A MAN WITH A BAG ON HIS BACK -- AND IT ISN'T SANTY CLAUS - WE FIND --  
 -- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY --

APPLAUSE

MOL: Look, McGee...while I do up the breakfast dishes, why don't you take the car down to the garage and get that noise taken out of it?  
 FIB: I took it down yesterday...(LAUGHS) And you know what?  
 MOL: No.....what?  
 FIB: Well...(LAUGHS) Oh, this'll slay you...I drove the car up to the garage and says, HEY, I says, CAN SOMEBODY HERE TAKE A NOISE OUTA THIS CAR? and the guy says, SURE, he says, I'LL HAVE A MECHANIC RIDE ON THE RUNNING BOARD AND SEE IF HE CAN FIND IT. and I says, THIS CAR AIN'T GOT ANY RUNNING BOARD, and he says, THANKS FOR TELLING ME, I LOSE A LOTTA MECHANICS THAT WAY! (LAUGHS) Don't ye get it, Molly?  
 No running board-  
 MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!  
 FIB: Well, it's whimsical, (LAUGHS) Ye see, the laugh comes where -  
 SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: MAILMAN'S WHISTLE OFF MIKE:  
 MOL: Oh, there's the mailman, McGee. Ask him how much air-mail stamps are today.  
 FIB: Okay, I'll pinch a few first to see if they're fresh. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE  
 MAN: (VERY CHEERY) GOOOOOOD Morning..good morning, good mornin' ...here's some mail for you, folks.  
 MOL: Oh thank you Mr. Mailman. I'll take it.  
 MAN: All righty! Now let me see...here's something from the Bon Ton Department store....just a circular...you don't want that....

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: HEY, WHAT THE --  
 MAN: ...and here's your new Colliers. Very funny cartoon on page 26. (LAUGHS) At least, there WAS. (LAUGHS) I tore it out so I could show my wife! (LAUGHS)  
 FIB: Listen, Bud...if all mailmen are like you, no wonder Farley's losin' his hair! Why don't you just --  
 MAN: Oh yes...I almost forgot. Here's a registered letter for you, Mr. McGee. Sign right here!  
 FIB: Eh? Registered letter? Okay, bud.  
 MOL: Who's it from, McGee?  
 FIB: From the City License Bureau. (LETTER OPENING)  
 MAN: Does it bother you if I read over your shoulder?  
 FIB: YES, IT DOES....GET OUTTA HERE!  
 MAN: All righteeeee! You can tell me about it tomorrow. Goodday, Goodday.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Heavenly days....what a snoopy mailman! -- MCGEE...WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
 FIB: DAD-RAT THEM DAD-RATTED, LONG-EARED, HAM-HANDED, BUTTON-BRAINED NUMBSKULLS...THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

...good morning, good morning!  
folks.  
take it.  
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(LETTER OPENING)

r your shoulder?

about it tomorrow.

ailman! -- MCGEE...WHAT'S

RED, HAM-HANDED, BUTTON-

DO THIS TO ME!

MOL: Who can't do what?  
FIB: THEM MUGGS DOWN TO THE CITY HALL...IN THE LICENSE BUREAU!  
THEY SAY WE GOTTA GET A NEW LICENSE!  
MOL: Oh, they do, do they! Well, we can prove we were married  
fair and square, McGee...The idea, after all these years!  
FIB: NO NO NO....Not a marriage license. A DOG LICENSE.  
MOL: But we haven't got a dog!  
FIB: COURSE we ain't gotta dog! But listen to this! --

"MR. FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA,  
UNLESS you appear at this office within two days  
and obtain a 1940 license for your dog, we will  
be forced to proceed against you according to  
Section 1 of Paragraph 3 of City Ordinance 1781,  
in the Old Book....- which carries a penalty of  
a \$5000 fine and/or three years in jail. SO  
THEY'RE GONNA PROSECUTE ME, ARE THEY? I'LL SHOW  
THEM PICKLE PUSSED POLITICIANS DOWN THERE THEY  
CAN'T PULL NO WOOL OVER MY EYES.

MOL: Well...what shall we do.  
FIB: I'll show ye what I'm gonna do. As the guy says when he  
tossed Darwin's book into the fireplace. "They ain't gonna  
make a monkey outa me!" Gimme the telephone.  
MOL: Here.  
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK CLICK CLICK) - HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME  
THE CITY H...Oh, is that you, Myrt?  
MOL: Oh dear.

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

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LICENSE BUREAU!

we were married  
all these years!  
LICENSE.

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a penalty of  
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THERE THEY

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"They ain't gonna  
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RATOR? GIMME

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? WHAT SAY? YOUR LITTLE 10  
YEAR OLD BROTHER? COME STAGGERIN' HOME PLASTERED? (LAUGHS)  
REALLY GOT PIE-EYED, EH, MYRT?

MOL: How disgraceful!

FIB: No, the kid was in a pie-eatin' contest and got so plastered  
up with lemon meringue he couldn't see where he was goin'!  
WHAT SAY, MYRT? Oh. No, never mind, Myrt. Thanks. (CLICK)

MOL: Couldn't you get the City Hall?

FIB: Nope. Myrt says them politicians down at the City Hall are  
so rushed these days you can't get a call through.

MOL: Why are they so rushed?

FIB: It's all on account o' Izzy.

MOL: Izzy who?

FIB: Oh, you know...IZZY GONNA RUN FOR A THIRD TERM? IZZY GONNA  
ANNOUNCE IT SOON? IZZY PLAYIN' POSSUM?

MOL: I see. By the way, is there any law against a third term?

FIB: Nope. Just tradition.

MOL: Oh, just a tradition.

FIB: Yeah. And you know what that means. A tradition is a  
unwritten law that nobody dares to bust on account of if  
they do, it'll be made into a WRITTEN law and somebody's  
liable to repeal it, and then the fat's in the fire. You  
can't repeal a tradition. (LAUGHS) Sayyyyy, that ain't bad.  
Remind me to write that down.

MOL: It is written down.

FIB: Where'd I write it?

MOL: You didn't write it. You read it.

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FIB: Eh? Oh  
THAT DO

DOG FOR

MOL: Has it

FIB: I think

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MOL: Well, I

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FIB: DAD RAT

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FIB: Okay.

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SOUND: DOOR OP

FIB: Dog Lic

TEE: Hi, mis

FIB: Oh, hel

TEE: Why?

FIB: I'm sor

k

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. Now lemme see...what was I doin'? Oh yes...  
THAT DOG LICENSE! DAD RAT THEM GUYS! AND WE AIN'T HAD A  
DOG FOR SEVEN YEARS!

MOL: Has it been that long?

FIB: I think so. Let's see...we got that pup in 19 ought 12...  
Uncle Dennis dropped in for a few days in 1922...went home  
again in 1927...We started work for Johnson's Wax in 1935..  
got our first belly laugh in 1938....SHUCKS, IT WAS ALL OF  
SEVEN YEARS AGO, Molly.

MOL: Well, I guess there's nothing to do but go down to the City  
Hall and get it straightened out.

FIB: DAD RAT IT ANYWAY....It seems like I'm ALWAYS goin' down  
there to complain about somethin'.

MOL: It does, doesn't it? I heard Alderman Brorby say the other  
day that you were gettin' to be quite the Moan About Town.  
Well, let's go.

FIB: Okay. I'll learn that mob o' flag-wavin' baby-kissers they  
can't push Fibber McGee around! Come on.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH AND SIDEWALK

FIB: Dog License! (MUTTERS - CONTINUED)

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello, little girl. Don't bother us now, please.

TEE: Why?

FIB: I'm sore, that's why.

TEE: Gee, that's too bad, mister. If you weren't so big and I  
wasn't so little and we had a place to sit down you could  
sit on my lap and tell me all about it.

FIB: Yes, and if liver wasn't so good with bacon we'd eat more  
eggs. Now, run along and --

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: What?

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: WHADDYE WANT, SIS? WE'RE IN A HURRY.)

TEE: I gotta Esther bunny.

FIB: You mean EASTER.

TEE: No, ESTHER. That's his name. I got Esther for Easter.

FIB: Did your mother buy it for you?

TEE: Sure. I asked her for Esther for Easter.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Reminds me o' the time I was in Panama, sis. I  
crossed the isthmus on business on Christmas, (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: I says I...AW LET IT GO.

TEE: What - my rabbit? Gee I guess I won't let Esther go. I  
betcha. He's a NICE rabbit and she's cute, too.

FIB: You're on the wrong show sis...this sounds like the  
Battle of the Sexes.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well..er..I,..well..to be frank -

TEE: No. It's Esther. Frank is my goldfish.

FIB: I see. But to be Frank about Esther, - you don't seem to  
be sure whether it's a buck or a doe.

(2ND REVISION) 8 - 9  
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ioe.

(2ND REVISION) 3:07 -10-

TEE: She's both.  
FIB: Ohh no she isn't.  
TEE: Ohhh yes she is!  
FIB: OHHHH NO SHE ISN'T!  
TEE: OHHH YES SHE...Well, gee, she cost my mamma a buck and  
that's a lotta dough these days. So long, Mister.

ORCHESTRA: "OOOOH WHAT YOU SAID" -- FADE FOR -

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

S.C. JOHN  
FIBBER MC  
MARCH 19  
TUESDAY  
OPENING C

CUE:  
WILCOX:

ORCH:

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So long, Mister.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
MARCH 19, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-11-

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by:

Wilcox from Hollywood to Pacific Coast Red,  
California Supplementary and Arizona Stations.)

CUE:

WILCOX: ....While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, I'd  
like your attention for just a minute. (PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

.....  
How many times during the year do you ask yourself, "Where does all this dust come from, anyway?" Well, dust comes from a lot of places - in your home it comes mainly from the outdoors - dust blown up from the fields and the streets and carried inside on shoes and clothing - or by the breeze. If you could live in a hermetically sealed house, and never go outside, you could keep this dust out. Obviously you can't do that. What you can do, is to protect your floors, furniture and woodwork with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Dust cannot cling to a gleaming, JOHNSON-WAXED surface. Scientific tests have proved, that when floors, tables, windowsills, picture frames are JOHNSON-WAXED, only half as much dust collects there. This means less work in dusting-- and it means also that your entire home is always cleaner, more beautiful. Genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid, performs the double duty of protection and beauty. Order some tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

FIB:

OLD M:

MOL:

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FIB:

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SH) (APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

FIB: Now look, Molly, now that we're down here, lemme do the  
talkin'. I'll show these dumbbells they can't push a  
honest taxpayer around. HEY, BUD...WHICH WAY IS THE  
DOG LICENSE BUR...Oh, hello there, Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, Johnny. Hello Daughter. Dog Licenses?  
What kinda dog you got?

MOL: We haven't got a dog.

OLD M: Then whatcha want a license for?

FIB: DAD RAT IT...WE DON'T WANT A LICENSE. We came down here to  
tell 'em we ain't gonna buy one,

OLD M: Heh heh heh. That's kinda silly, ain't it, Johnny? But  
on second thought, maybe I better go with ye. I ain't  
gotta dog either.

MOL: Look, Mr. Old Timer. We received notice that we have to  
buy a 1940 dog license or be prosecuted. And we came down  
to protest.

OLD M: EHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: Oh, you're no help. But as the sodamint tablet says to the  
glass of water, "I'M GONNA SETTLE SOMEBODY'S HASH!"  
(LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T  
THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it, Bob Hope says  
to Jerry Colonna, "SAYYYYY", he says, "IS IT TRUE THAT  
THOUSANDS OF DENTISTS RECOMMENT-OUR TOOTHPASTE?"  
"YEP", says Colonna, "THAT'S WHAT THEY KEEP TELLIN' 'EM  
DOWN AT THE ORIFICE!" Heh heh...EH? Oh...dog licenses?  
Right down the hall, Johnny, and scratch at the door.  
So long, kids!



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they can't push a  
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Old Timer.  
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s, "IS IT TRUE THAT  
TOOTHPASTE?"

HEY KEEP TELLIN' 'EM  
? Oh....dog licenses?  
ratch at the door.

FIB: That old stoop!

MOL: Here's the license bureau, McGee.

FIB: Okay - hold my coat while I roll up my sleeves.

MOL: Oh no, McGee...PLEASE...let's try to settle this thing  
peaceably! Besides...you might get hurt.

FIB: Well...all right. But remember...you talked me out of it.  
And the first wise-crack I get from one of these guys ..  
WHAM! You hit him with your purse,

MOL: Now wait, McGee...PROMISE me you'll keep your temper.  
You...you FRIGHTEN me when you fly into these rages. After  
all, you know...you're the killer type.

FIB: Am I, really? Gee...well...come on. I'll try to control  
myself.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Something for you, sir? Marriage license? Building  
license, hunting or fishing license?

FIB: Nope, Dog.

MOL: And we haven't got a dog. ~~We haven't had a dog for seven  
years...and he was fifteen years old...~~

WIL: ~~Well...that's a shame...but how remarkable is that  
a dog...must be getting him wend...~~

FIB: ~~BUD...FOR THE LAST TIME...WE HAVEN'T GOT A DOG, WE WANT  
COME IN HERE TO PLEASE ACQUIRE THE LICENSE!~~

MOL: ~~And we're not...buy a license for a dog we can't  
own!~~

WIL: ~~Oh...you don't own the dog...it's not yours!~~

FIB: ~~ACQUIRE THE LICENSE!~~

e

WIL:

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

WIL:

SOUND:

WIL:

FIB:

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

WIL: Yes sir...then you want a license for a dog you are planning to get...is that it?

MOL: No...it isn't. WE HAVEN'T HAD A DOG FOR SEVEN YEARS... and we don't want another.

WIL: Yes, madam. Then why do you wish to get a dog license?

FIB: DAD RAT IT...WE DON'T WANT A DOG LICENSE. THAT'S WHAT I COME IN HERE TO TELL YOU!

WIL: Excuse me, sir, but if every citizen came in to tell us he didn't want a dog license -

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

WIL: Just a moment, please. (CLICK) LICENSE BUREAU. YES MADAM...YES...DOG LICENSES ARE TWO DOLLARS...WHY, OF COURSE I THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE A DOG...NO NO NO...THEY'R NO TROUBLE AT ALL...WHAT? CERTAINLY NOT! WHAT IF THEY DO TRACK UP YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM? JUST TRY A LITTLE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT AND SEE HOW IT PROTECTS THE LINOLEUM AGAINST DIRT AND SCRATCHES. WHAT? JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT. G.L.O. hyphen C.O.A.T. IT REQUIRES ABSOLUTELY NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING. JUST POUR IT ON, SPREAD IT AROUND AND LET IT DRY...DON'T MENTION IT, MADAM. CAN I EXPECT YOU IN TOMORROW FOR A DOG LICENSE? OH, THAT'S GREAT. GOOD DAY. (CLICK) Sorry to keep you waiting, folks...now what kind of a dog did you say you had?

FIB: A wire-haired ter....DAD RAT IT, I TOLD YOU WE DIDN'T HAVE ONE. LOOK! We got this official notice to come in and get a license.

MOL: But we haven't got a dog.

WIL: You're not concealing your dog to avoid paying the tax?

FIB: I TELL YOU WE AIN'T GOT A DOG!

WIL: ~~Oh, you don't like dogs.~~

MOL: ~~Of course we like dogs. We~~

WIL: ~~But you don't think enough of~~  
~~a license, eh?~~

FIB: ~~What license, now?~~

WIL: ~~Oh, you don't like dogs. St. Bernard~~  
~~St. Bernard. Now, just a minute~~  
~~application. St. Bernard. AG~~

MOL: ~~PLEASE, Walter, - we haven't~~  
~~and he was fifteen years old th~~

WIL: Well, that makes him 22 years o  
a dog. You must be giving him

FIB: BUD...FOR THE LAST TIME...WE H  
COME IN HERE TO PROTEST AGAINST

MOL: And we refuse to buy a license

WIL: Oh, so you don't OWN the dog?

FIB: AGHHHHHHH!...NOBODY DOES, DAD R

WIL: I see. A stray dog. Well, you  
license for him.

FIB: NOW LISTEN HERE, MY FINE-FEATHER  
ONE MINUTE --

MOL: Now McGee...temper...temper!!

FIB: BUT LOOK MOLLY...THEY CAN'T DO T  
WITH THE MAYOR HIMSELF...I'LL T  
STATES SUPREME COURT. YES, I'L  
TELL WALTER WINCHELL! MARK MY  
THE LAST O' THIS!

you are  
VEN YEARS...  
dog license?  
THAT'S WHAT  
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REAU. YES  
..WHY, OF  
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WHAT IF THEY  
Y A LITTLE  
W IT PROTECTS  
HAT?  
IT REQUIRES  
POUR IT ON,  
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DOG LICENSE?  
y to keep you  
you say you  
WE DIDN'T  
ce to come in  
ing the tax?

WIL: ~~Oh, you don't like dogs.~~  
MOL: ~~Of course we like dogs. We love dogs.~~  
WIL: ~~But you don't think enough of the little fellow to buy him~~  
~~a license, eh?~~  
FIB: ~~What little fellow?~~  
WIL: ~~Oh, it's a big dog. St. Bernard, maybe. Wonderful dogs,~~  
~~St. Bernard. Now, just a minute till I fill out an~~  
~~application. St. Bernard. AGE. How old is he?~~  
MOL: ~~PLEASE, Walter,~~ - we haven't had a dog for seven years...  
and he was fifteen years old then.  
WIL: Well, that makes him 22 years old now. Remarkable age for  
a dog. You must be giving him wonderful care!  
FIB: BUD...FOR THE LAST TIME...WE HAVEN'T GOT A DOG. WE JUST  
COME IN HERE TO PROTEST AGAINST THIS NOTICE!  
MOL: And we refuse to buy a license for a dog we don't even own!  
WIL: Oh, so you don't OWN the dog? Who does, then?  
FIB: AGHHHHHHH!...NOBODY DOES, DAD RAT IT!  
WIL: I see. A stray dog. Well, you'll still have to take out a  
license for him.  
FIB: NOW LISTEN HERE, MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIEND. IF YOU THINK FOR  
ONE MINUTE --  
MOL: Now McGee..temper...temper!!  
FIB: BUT LOOK MOLLY..THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US. I'LL TAKE THIS UP  
WITH THE MAYOR HIMSELF...I'LL TAKE IT UP TO THE UNITED  
STATES SUPREME COURT. YES, I'LL DO BETTER'N THAT. I'LL  
TELL WALTER WINCHELL! MARK MY WORDS, BUD...YOU AIN'T HEARD  
THE LAST O' THIS!

WIL: I'm sorry s  
LICENSED., A  
YOU'RE THE  
DOG. GOOD I  
DOOR SLAM  
FIB: Did you hear  
should have  
than -  
MOL: MCGEE...WE  
FIB: Eh? Oh yes.  
straightened  
ain't Fibber  
~~what we~~  
MOL: ~~The~~  
FIB: ~~The~~  
NICK: (FADE IN) W  
Fancy, meeti  
MOL: Oh, hello, M  
FIB: Hiyah, Nick.  
NICK: ~~Hum~~  
LONG ~~FADE TO~~  
MOL: ~~What~~  
NICK: ~~How much~~  
FIB: ~~Never mind~~  
License Clerk  
NICK: Oh my goodnes  
MOL: ~~No. He~~  
~~down~~

...the little fellow to buy him  
 ...had a dog for seven years...  
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 ...THIS TO US. I'LL TAKE THIS UP  
 ...TAKE IT UP TO THE UNITED  
 ...LL DO BETTER'N THAT. I'LL  
 ...WORDS, BUD...YOU AIN'T HEARD

WIL: I'm sorry sir. But it's the law. EVERY DOG MUST BE  
 LICENSED. AND I REGRET TO SAY IT, SIR...BUT I DON'T THINK  
 YOU'RE THE TYPE OF MAN WHO SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO HAVE A  
 DOG. GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Did you hear what he says, Molly? I ain't the type that  
 should have a dog! Why I think more of that dog of ours  
 than -

MOL: MCGEE....WE HAVEN'T GOT ONE...REMEMBER?

FIB: Eh? Oh yes..Well come on, Molly...I'll get this thing  
 straightened out before I leave the City Hall or my name

*I speaking of Fibber McGee, I wonder  
 ain't Fibber McGee. Incidentally, what name?  
 what was become of Herlow Wilson?*

MOL: ~~.....~~

FIB: ~~The way I was getting confused I wasn't quite sure just~~

NICK: (FADE IN) Well, for the scrim's sake...Fizzer and Kewpie...

*Or is it? No, I guess it isn't*

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Depopolis,

FIB: Hiyah, Nick. ~~Hey...somebody found the...~~

NICK: ~~.....~~

~~LONG PAUSE~~

MOL: ~~.....~~

NICK: ~~.....~~

FIB: ~~Never mind, Nick. But~~ we just had a session with the City  
 License Clerk and it looks like we're in a jam.

NICK: Oh my goodness.... a jam session!

MOL: ~~No, Mr. Depopolis.... NO. Not a jam session. Though it~~  
~~does look like we'd have to face the music.~~

NICK:

FIB:

MOL:

NICK:

FIB:

NICK:

MOL:

FIB:

NICK:

MOL:

NICK:

ORK:

APPLAUSE:

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.REMEMBER?

olly...I'll get this thing

re the City Hall or my name  
y of *Arthur McLeod*, I wonder  
y name?  
*Kerlow Wilson?*

red ~~name~~ it quite ~~subject~~

's sake...Fizzer and Kewpie...

n't it? *Or is it? No, I guess it isn't*

body ~~found~~ ~~the~~ ~~subject~~

~~(LAWYER)~~

had a session with the City

e we're in a jam.

on!

jam session. ~~That~~ ~~it~~

the music.

NICK: ~~Would you mind getting in an elevator and coming down to~~  
~~where my brains are? You put my over my head, if the truth~~  
~~is known, and it's bound to leak out.~~

FIB: ~~Look~~ <sup>9.</sup> We gotta notice that we have to buy a 1940 dog  
license, or pay a fine and maybe go to jail.

MOL: AND WE HAVEN'T GOT A DOG, AS YOU KNOW VERY WELL, MR.  
Depopolis.

NICK: No, but I knew very well the dog you used to have. A very  
intelligem K-7, too.

FIB: CaNINE.

NICK: Oh... *was he that old,* ~~thought he was younger than that~~, Fizzer. Anyway,  
that dog was a VERY smart dogs. I think he must have studied  
medicine sometime, because he always knew where there was a  
bone buried in the muscles of my leg. Hah hah..but there's  
no hard feelings, Fizzer...it's all healed up now.

MOL: Yes, but we haven't had that dog for seven years. SO WHY  
SHOULD WE BUY A DOG LICENSE NOW?

FIB: ~~Yes...are we responsible if some dumb cluck kills the~~

~~me~~  
NICK: *I think something has got you there, Kerlow*  
~~Lock, Fizzer... don't be so impulsive. I don't blame you~~  
~~for wanting to go to the mutt..I mean the mutt, about this~~  
~~thing, but it is being my experimences with the records in a~~  
~~City Hall that they are being just like phonogripe records.~~

MOL: How ~~impulsive~~?

NICK: Welllll, if you had to watch them go around all day, you'd  
get dizzy yourself. <sup>But</sup> I hope it will all come out in the  
wash, and I think it will because they're certainly taking  
you to the cleaners! (HAH HAH) So long, Fizzer...goodbye,  
Kewpie!

ORK: "OLD KING COLE".....THE KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

(REVISED) -18-

~~... sitting in an elevator and coming down to  
... and I'll be over my head, if the  
... found to look out,~~

gotta notice that we have to buy a 1940 dog  
a fine and maybe go to jail.

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... are being just like phony records,~~

~~ad to watch them go around all day, you'd  
... but, I hope it will all come out in the  
it will because they're certainly taking  
... (HAH HAH) So long, Fizzer...goodbye,~~

...THE KING'S MEN.

P

(3RD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) 19

MOL: Well...we haven't made much progress, McGee..

FIB: I know...I gotta good notion to go back and argue with  
that license clerk some more.

MOL: I don't think its worth all this fuss, dearie. They can't  
really send you to prison for not having a dog license for  
a non-existent dog.

FIB: You...you sure they can't?

MOL: Why, of course not. And even if they do, you'll always know  
I'll be waiting for you.

FIB: Ohhhhhhhhhhh....

MOL: Yes, McGee darlin'....I'll be there, comin' to see you  
every Visitor's day...seein' that you have cigarettes.....  
and then, when they DO let you out, we'll take up our lives  
just where we left off....I'll stick by ye, even if ye ARE  
a ex-convict. WHAT DO I CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK! LET  
'EM TALK! LET 'EM SAY WHATEVER THEY----

FIB: Stop it, Molly! STOP IT! Boy...this is more serious'n  
I'd thought....I think I better go right up and see the  
Mayor. He's....

MOL: Oh look, McGee...here comes Mrs. Uppington....I wonder what  
she's doin' in the City Hall.

FIB: I dunno...probably gonna complain about the public schools  
bein' too public.

m

McGee..  
and argue with  
earie. They can't  
g a dog license for  
o, you'll always know

min' to see you  
have cigarettes.....  
ll take up our lives  
ye, even if ye ARE  
LE THINK! LET

Is more serious'n  
t up and see the  
gton....I wonder what  
the public schools

MOL: ~~She probably thinks the public schools are too public.~~  
 If she'd come down off her high horse long enough to let  
 the saddle cool off she....OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS.  
 UPPINGTON. SO NICE TO SEE YOU!  
 UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee....and Mr. McGee.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.  
 UPP: Good heavens, Mr. McGee....you seem quite perturbed about  
 something. What is the mattah?  
 MOL: You'd be perturbed too, Mrs. Uppington, if you had to pay a  
 tax on something you didn't have.  
 UPP: Not at all, my deah....I pay just such a tax and I don't  
 mind it a bit.  
 FIB: Oh yeah? What did you pay a tax on that you ain't got?  
 UPP: Lahst yeah's income! (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh, wasn't that  
 clevah of me!  
 MOL: ~~Joking (if you can call it that) aside, Mrs. Uppington,~~  
 what are you doing in the City Hall?  
 UPP: Ohhhhh, just looking up some of the early historical facts  
 about Wistful Vista, my deah. We Uppington's were  
 practically the founders of this city, you know.  
 FIB: So were the McGees, Uppy. In fact, the original McGee  
 log cabin stood right here where this city hall is now.  
 UPP: Reahhly...how veddy interesting.  
 MOL: I didn't know that, McGee.  
 FIB: Oh yes....our living-room was just about where the elevator  
 are....our kitchen was right over there....the bedroom  
 on the left here....and our ba- .... WELL, CAN YOU IMAGINE  
 THAT!  
 UPP: WHAT, MR. MCGEE?

UPP: WHAT, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: Upp  
 UPP: (SC  
 My  
 MOL: Isn  
 FIB: Yeal  
 bal  
 wha  
 MOL: The  
 FIB: Eh?  
 THIN  
 HAL: (FA  
 trou  
 MOL: Oh,  
 FIB: Oh,  
 word  
 MOL: Now,  
 be h  
 HAL: Why,  
 FIB: Yeah  
 to a  
 HAL: Is th  
 FIB: Yes,  
 HAL: Well  
 McGee  
 forty  
 FIB: GILDE  
 when  
 GONNA

...toe public.

...long enough to let

...YOU DO, MRS.

Mr. McGee.

...quite perturbed about

...on, if you had to pay a

...uch a tax and I don't

...that you ain't got?

...LY) Oh, wasn't that

...McGee, Uppington.

...early historical facts

...ington's were

...r, you know.

...the original McGee

...s city hall is now.

...out where the elevator.

...re....the bedroom

...WELL, CAN YOU IMAGINE

FIB: Uppy, you're standing right in our bathtub!

UPP: (SCREAMS) OHHHH....Please, Mr. McGee....don't DO that.  
My goodness..I..er..well...goodbye.

MOL: Isn't she the one, though?

FIB: Yeah....I used to think she really had something on the  
ball, till I seen it was just a figure 8. Now, let's see...  
what was I so sore about?

MOL: The dog license....

FIB: Eh? Oh yes....DAD RAT THEM GUYS ANYWAY!!...WHO DO THEY  
THINK THEY ARE, TRYIN' TO MAKE ME PAY FOR A LICENSE WHEN....

HAL: (FADE IN) AHHHHHHHHH THERE, MCGEE...What seems to be the  
trouble?

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Oh, ge-away, Gildersleeve. I ain't in any mood to bandy  
words with you.

MOL: Now, McGee....I'm sure Mr. Gildersleeve was just tryin' to  
be helpful.

HAL: Why, certainly....

FIB: Yeah? Gildersleeve, you'd be about as much help as mumps  
to a sword-swallower.

HAL: Is that so!

FIB: Yes, THAT'S SO!

HAL: Well, I'm not surprised you've got yourself in another mess,  
McGee..You can get tangled up quicker'n a cub bear with  
forty feet of grapevine." (LAUGHS)

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE...AS the Siamese twin says to his brother  
when they got appendicitis....ONE O' THESE DAYS WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE IT OUT!

MOL:

HAL:  
FIB:)

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

( PAUSE )

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

HAL:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:



ght in our bathtub!  
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?  
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d be about as much help as mumps  
ou've got yourself in another mess,  
ed up quicker'n a cub bear with  
(LAUGHS)  
amese twin says to his brother  
s....ONE O' THESE DAYS WE'RE

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes....sometimes I wish you  
would. I'm getting tired of listening to you two boys trying  
to lasso each other with your vocal cords.  
HAL: (IN UNISON) WELL, IF HE DOESN'T STOP PESTERING ME, I'LL --  
FIB: (PAUSE)  
FIB: Pins!  
HAL: Needles!  
FIB: Cotton!  
HAL: Thimble!  
FIB: What goes up the chimney?  
HAL: Smoke!  
(PAUSE)  
FIB: May your wish and my wish never be broke.  
MOL: What'd you wish, dearie?  
FIB: I WISHED THAT GILDERSLEEVE WOULD GO AWAY. That's what  
I wished....  
HAL: ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, McGEE....(FADE OUT) But, by George....  
one of these days you'll be sorry. Wait'll you try and  
borrow my bow and arrow again.  
MOL: Heavenly days, McGee....why do you have to treat him like  
that? He's really very nice.  
FIB: Aw, he burns me up! I don't like any of his family either.  
They're all alike. Gildersleeve is the bottom button on a  
long line o' stuffed shirts.  
MOL: (SIGHS) Well, this isn't getting that dog license taken  
care of. Where's the Mayor's office?  
FIB: Let's see....I think it's up on the fourth floor right next  
to the....

I wish you  
to you two boys trying  
rds.  
PESTERING ME, I'LL --

ce.  
Y. That's what

But, by George....  
t'll you try and

to treat him like

f his family either.  
bottom button on a

dog license taken

rth floor right next

COP: ALL RIGHT, YOU...YE'RE WANTED IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

FIB: Who is?

COP: You!

MOL: Him?

COP: Yes.

FIB: Oh, well...what's this all about, officer...what have I done?

COP: ALL I KNOW IS THERE WAS A COMPLAINT FROM THE LICENSE DEPARTMENT ABOUT YOU CREATIN' A DISTURBANCE BY REFUSIN' TO PAY YOUR DOG TAX...NOW MARCH ALONG...

FIB: Oh, yeah? Look here, you big oaf....

COP: WHAT WAS THAT YOU CALLED ME?

FIB: A oaf.

COP: A oaf, eh? Is that something bad?

MOL: Certainly not. An oaf is a...er...a...very valuable thing...you know the old saying..."Half an oaf is better than none.."

COP: Ahhhh, none o' yer blarney now, Macushla. Come along to the Commissioner's office and..no...wait a minute...me shoe's untied. Hold onto me a minute so's I can keep my balance..

FIB: Sorry, bud...I been persecuted long enough. (GRUNTS)  
OVER YE GO!

SOUND: THUDS: CRASH:

COP: HEY, WHAT THE ---

FIB: COME ON, MOLLY...RUN!!!!....THEY AIN'T GONNA PUT ME IN NO PRISON!

MOL: I

SOUND: RU

COP: (C

IT

CROWD VOICES U

FIB: TH

SOUND: DC

FIB: HE

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MOL: (P

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FIB: No

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CABBY: Ok

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FIB: I

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FIB: But

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SOUND: (C

ORCH: ("

MOL: I'M COMIN' McGEE...MAKE FOR THE SIDE DOOR!!!!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET:

COP: (OFF MIKE) HEY, COME BACK HERE!!!! STOP 'EM SOMEBODY!!...  
IT'S A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE!!

CROWD VOICES UP.....RUNNING FEET:

FIB: This way, Molly...out here.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE FAST:

FIB: HEY, TAXI.....MORISTAN THE CREVISITE AND MAKE IT PORTIS.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM: MOTOR UP FAST AND FADE:

MOL: (PANTING) Now, what have we done, McGee..now we are in trouble.

FIB: Now, we ain't, Molly....I know what I'm doin'.

CABBY: Excuse me, Doc....I didn't quite catch the address...

FIB: TAKE US TO THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION, DRIVER!

CABBY: Okay, Senator!

MOL: The Governor's mansion! But, McGee...we...you..but after all...we can't take a measly little dog license case up with the Governor!

FIB: I ain't gonna.

MOL: Then what.....

FIB: But he lives right across the street from a pet shop, and I'M GONNA BUY A DOG! STEP ON IT, DRIVER!

SOUND: (CAR UP WITH HORN) (APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("RELAX") (FADE FOR COM'L ON CUE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Before we continue, I'd like to take you for a moment on an imaginative journey -- to a well known nursery school. The children are playing at their various projects -- having the time of their lives. See how clean the walls and windows are -- and look at the floors! They're covered with linoleum rugs, as fresh and bright as the day they were bought. Now let me read you a letter we just received from the head of this school. "I have been using your wonderful GLO-COAT for the linoleum rugs of my nursery school floors for the last five years. Mothers have remarked so many times that our floors look spotless and just like new. Of course, they do -- because I use GLO-COAT on them once a month. I feel so grateful for this easy way of preserving my linoleum -- and always having a clean, bright school -- that I recommend GLO-COAT to all my friends." Now then, before we return to Fibber and Molly, let me urge you to try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your linoleum floors. Remember, GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing whatsoever -- it is SELF-POLISHING.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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 ly, let me urge you to try  
 O-COAT on your linoleum floors.  
 rubbing or buffing whatsoever

TAG GAG

FIB: Well, I didn't buy the dog, Molly!  
 MOL: What made you change your mind?  
 FIB: Oh, I got to thinkin' it over, and I  
 decided two bucks a year for a license plus  
 two bits a day for hamburger was too much so  
 I just bought the license.  
 MOL: (SIGHS) Oh dear....well, considerin' the  
 fact that you worked like a dog to get it  
 straightened out, you ought to wear the  
 tag yourself.  
 FIB: That's what I thought....LOOK!  
 SOUND: TINKLE OF DOG TAG  
 FIB: Goodnight.  
 MOL: Good night, all.  
 ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (SEGUE)  
("SAVE YOUR SORROW") (FADE ON CUE)  
 WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the Makers of  
 Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat,  
 inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night,  
 Goodnight!  
(CHIMES)