

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")

P

WIL: -- AND HERE IN THE OF BREAKFAST AND COMING UP THE WALL BACK -- AND IT ISN -- FIBBER

APPLAUSE

MOL: Look, McGee...whil don't you take the noise taken out of

FIB: I took it down yes

MOL: No.....what?

FIB: Well...(LAUGHS) Oh, to the garage and TAKE A NOISE OUTA I'LL HAVE A MECHANIC HE CAN FIND IT. an BOARD, and he says, MECHANICS THAT WAY!

No running boar-

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE

FIB: Well, it's whimsical comes where -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: MAIL

MOL: Oh, there's the mail stamps are today.

FIB: Okay, I'll pinch a IN!

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NBC-Red



and

Polishing

McGee

ND

GOT

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 SANTI 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 OUT 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

MAN: (VERY CHEERY)

....here's some

MOL: Oh thank you M

MAN: All righty! N

Bon Ton Depart

want that....

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: HEY, WHAT THE

MAN: ...and here's

page 26. (LAU

out so I could

FIB: Listen, Bud...!

Farley's losin

MAN: Oh yes...I almo

you, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Eh? Registered

MOL: Who's it from,

FIB: From the City L

MAN: Does it bother

FIB: YES, IT DOES..

MAN: All righteeeee!

Goodday, Goodda

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Heavenly days..

THE MATTER?

FIB: DAD-RAT THEM DA

BRAINED NUMBSKU



SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: (VERY CHEERY) GOOOOOOD Morning..good morning, good morning!  
....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!

s

MOL: Who can't do what?

FIB: THEM MUGGS DOWN TO THE  
THEY SAY WE GOTTA GET A

MOL: Oh, they do, do they!  
fair and square, McGee.

FIB: NO NO NO....Not a marri

MOL: But we haven't got a d

FIB: COURSE we ain't gotta d

"MR. FIBBER MCGEE

UNLESS you appea

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THEY'RE GONNA PR

THEM PICKLE PUSS

CAN'T FULL NO WO

MOL: Well...what shall we do

FIB: I'll show ye what I'm g

tossed Darwin's book in

make a monkey outa me!"

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK CLICK C

THE CITY H....Oh, is th

MOL: Oh dear.

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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.

s

FIB: How's every little thing, Myrt? W  
YEAR OLD BROTHER? COME STAGGERIN'  
REALLY GOT PIE-EYED, EH, MYRT?  
MOL: How disgraceful!  
FIB: No, the kid was in a pie-eatin' co  
up with lemon meringue he couldn't  
WHAT SAY, MYRT? Oh. No, never mi  
MOL: Couldn't you get the City Hall?  
FIB: Nope. Myrt says them politicians  
so rushed these days you can't get  
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  
ANNOUNCE IT SOON? IZZY PLAYIN' POS  
MOL: I see. By the way, is there any la  
FIB: Nope. Just tradition.  
MOL: Oh, just a tradition.  
FIB: Yeah. And you know what that means  
unwritten law that nobody dares to  
they do, it'll be made into a WRITT  
liable to repeal it, and then the f  
can't repeal a tradition. (LAUGHS)  
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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CLICK CLICK - HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME

, is that you, Myrt?

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) Sayyyyyy, 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.



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.

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TEE: Gee, that's too bad, mister  
wasn't so little and we had  
sit on my lap and tell me a

FIB: Yes, and if liver wasn't so  
eggs. Now, run along and -

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: What?

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: WHADDYE WANT, SIS? WE'RE I

TEE: I gotta Esther bunny.

FIB: You mean EASTER.

TEE: No, ESTHER. That's his name

FIB: Did your mother buy it for

TEE: Sure. I asked her for Esthe

FIB: (LAUGHS) Reminds me o' the  
crossed the isthmus on busin

TEE: (GIGGLES) HMMMMMMMM?

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

TEE: What - my rabbit? Gee I gue

FIB: You're on the wrong show sis

TEE: betcha. He's a NICE rabbit a

FIB: Battle of the Sexes.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well..er..I..well..to be fr

TEE: No. It's Esther. Frank is

FIB: I see. But to be Frank about  
be sure whether it's a buck

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goin' down  
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SIDEWALK

please.

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: Hmmmmmmm?

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'sa 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.

TEE: She's both

FIB: Ohh no she

TEE: Ohhh yes s

FIB: OHHHH NO S

TEE: OHHH YES S

that's a l

ORCHESTRA: "OOOOH WHAT

WIL: COMMERCIAL



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Easter,

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(LAUGHS)

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't seem to

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 -

WLL: COMMERCIAL:

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

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (T

CUE:  
 WILCOX: ....While

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

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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)

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Now look  
talkin'.  
honest  
DOG LICE  
OLD M: Hello th  
What kin  
MOL: We haven  
OLD M: Then wha  
FIB: DAD RAT  
tell 'em  
OLD M: Heh heh  
on secon  
gotta do  
MOL: Look, Mr  
buy a 19  
to prote  
OLD M: EHHHHHHH  
FIB: Oh, you'l  
glass of  
(LAUGHS)  
OLD M: Heh heh  
THE WAY I  
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 . (PAUSE 2 SECONDS)  
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 ask yourself, "Where  
 " Well, dust comes  
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 ing - or by the breeze,  
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 o protect your floors,  
 OHNSON'S WAX. Dust  
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 en floors, tables,  
 ON-WAXED, only half as  
 less work in dusting--  
 me is always cleaner,  
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SECOND SPOT

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!

FIB:  
 MOL:  
 FIB:  
 MOL:  
 FIB:  
 MOL:  
 FIB:  
 SOUND:  
 WIL:  
 FIB:  
 MOL:  
 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: Ch...

MOL: Of...

WIL: But...

FIB: W...

WIL: Oh...

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MOL: PLEASE

and he

WIL: Well,

a dog.

FIB: BUD...

COME I

MOL: And we

WIL: Oh, so

FIB: AGHHHH

WIL: I see.

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FIB: NOW LIS

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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, that little 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. Mister,~~ - 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!

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EVERY DOG MUST BE  
SIR...BUT I DON'T THINK  
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e of that dog of ours

MBER?

I'll get this thing

City Hall or my name

*Did he Mc Cole, I wonder  
w Wilson?*

~~...it quite...~~

...Fizzzer and Kewpie...

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

~~...ound to be the...~~

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session with the City

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

FIB: ~~Look...~~ 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. *would be that old.*

NICK: Oh... ~~...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 in some dumb cluck balls the  
...are...~~

NICK: *I think something has got you where, Fizzer*  
~~Look, 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 experiences with the records in a  
City Hall that they are being just like phoenix records.~~

MOL: ~~How...?~~

NICK: Welllll, if you had to watch them go around all day you'd  
get dizzy yourself. ~~...I~~ 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: Wel

FIB: I k

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MOL: I d

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FIB: You

MOL: Why

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FIB: Ohh

MOL: Yes

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FIB: Stop

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MOL: Oh l

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*John Kasper*  
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~~about this~~  
~~in the records in a~~  
~~phonograph records,~~

~~ed all day you'd~~  
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certainly taking  
fizzer,..goodbye,

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: Ohhhhhhhhhh....

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.

MOL: ~~She's~~  
If she  
the sa  
UPPING

UPP: Oh, ho

FIB: Hiyah,

UPP: Good h  
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MOL: You'd  
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UPP: Not at  
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FIB: Oh yea

UPP: Lahst  
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MOL: ~~Joking~~  
what a

UPP: Ohhhhh  
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FIB: So wer

UPP: Reahhl

MOL: I did

FIB: Oh yes  
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THAT!

UPP: WHAT, I



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out the public schools

MOL: ~~She's a real snob. She's the only one who's too polite.~~  
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: Last 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?

FIB: U  
UPP: (

MOL: I  
FIB: Y

MOL: T  
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MOL: O  
FIB: -O

MOL: No  
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FIB: Ye

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FIB: Ye

HAL: We  
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FIB: GI  
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GO



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) ANHHHHHHHH THERE, McGEE...What seems to be the trouble?

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Oh, go 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: Well, for would. I to lasso

HAL:) (IN UNISO  
FIB:)

FIB: Pins!

HAL: Needles!

FIB: Cotton!

HAL: Thimble!

FIB: What goes

HAL: Smoke!

( PAUSE )

FIB: May your v

MOL: What'd you

FIB: I WISHED T  
I wished..

HAL: ALL RIGHT  
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borrow my

MOL: Heavenly d  
that? He'

FIB: Aw, he bur  
They're al  
long line

MOL: (SIGHS) W  
care of.

FIB: Let's see.  
to the....



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....

COP: ALL I

OFFIC

FIB: Who

COP: You

MOL: Him?

COP: Yes.

FIB: Oh, w

done?

COP: ALL I

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FIB: Oh, y

COP: WHAT

FIB: A oaf

COP: A oaf

MOL: Certai

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COP: Ahhhh,

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FIB: Sorry,

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SOUND: THUDS:

COP: HEY, W

FIB: COME O

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STOP PESTERING ME, I'LL --

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that dog license taken

rice?

the fourth 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!

b

MOL:  
SOUND:  
COP:

CROWD V

FIB:

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FIB:

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MOL:

FIB:

CABBY:

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CABBY:

MOL:

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MOL:

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b



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)

WILCOX: Before we contin  
an imaginative j  
The children are  
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and windows are  
covered with lin  
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been using your v  
of my nursery sch  
Mothers have rema  
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because I use GLO  
grateful for this  
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recomment GLO-COA  
we return to Fibb  
JOHNSON'S SELF-PO  
Remember, GLO-COA  
-- it is SELF-POL

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FA



OR!!!!

POP 'EM SOMEBODY!!..

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/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)

FIB: We

MOL: WH

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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)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLL

NBC - RED