

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#36

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Tuesday, May 30th, 1944

NBC - RED

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCI: THEME - FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music
by the King's Men and Bill Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "MAKE-WAY FOR TOMORROW" - FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 30, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: The heading of a newspaper article caught my eye the other day. It read as follows: Boxes dropped overboard carry fighters' supplies. It told how overseas shipments of vital spare parts for planes, tanks and jeeps are protected with wax, so they can be thrown overboard and carried in by wind and tide to waiting U.S. detachments in far places. Each spare part is first wrapped in wax cloth or wax paper. This is then dipped in molten wax, packed with other such wax-dipped packages into wooden boxes lined with more waterproof material. Such a package can actually be thrown into the salt water, with its contents -- spare parts, surgical instruments, food -- safe against corrosion or spoilage. And that is just one of many interesting uses that have been found for wax. The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX supply large quantities of special waterproofing waxes for cartons and packages. They have developed other JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for the surface-protection of important war equipment -- for protecting metal, rubber, paper, and leather. And industry has you women to thank for this lesson in wax protection -- because it is from your use of JOHNSON'S WAX in your homes that these industrial waxes have been developed. Take a bow, ladies.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: ORDINARILY, TO GET THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA OUT OF HIS EASY CHAIR WOULD TAKE A BLOCK AND TACKLE. BUT WHEN THE FISHING SEASON ROLLS AROUND, HE'S UP AND AWAY -- WITH MORE TACKLE THAN ANYBODY IN THE BLOCK. AND HERE IT ALL IS, IN THE LIVING ROOM, AS WE MEET --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee...sweetheart...MUST you have all that fishing stuff here in the living room? Can't you take it out on the porch...or someplace?

FIB: Why should I take it out on the porch?

MOL: Oh, just for esthetic reasons. That basket and those rod cases and boots and stuff... It's all faintly reminiscent of last year's trout.

FIB: You mean...?

MOL: IT CERTAINLY DOES!!

FIB: Well, I just wanted to give it the once-over. Be sure it's in shape for the new season. I'M gonna land Old Muley this year if I have to dynamite Lake Dugan and sift the mud through a mustache cup.

MOL: Maybe I spend too much time polishing my diamonds and going to the Opera to be up on the things that really count...but who's Old Muley?

FIB: WHO'S OLD MULEY!! MY GOSH, WOMAN...OLD MULEY'S THE BIGGEST, SASSIEST, TOUGHEST, SMARTEST, ROD-BREAKIN'EST BASS IN LAKE DUGAN. And I'm out to get him, this year.

MOL: I hope you do it, dearie. That sardine you brought home last year was--

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, SARDINE? THAT WAS A PERCH.

MOL: Well, it should never have been taken out from under the canary.

FIB: I just had bad luck last year is all. That's fisherman's luck. Good one year, bad the next.

MOL: You must have about 14 good years coming, McGee. I don't remember you ever bringing back much but wet feet, sunburn, and excellent reasons why they weren't biting.

FIB: OH, I DO ALL RIGHT, BABY! IF I WAS A DUB AT IT, THE FISH WOULD COME RIGHT UP TO ME...BUT THEY KNOW THEY GOT AN EXPERIENCED ANGLER TO DEAL WITH, SO THEY KEEP AWAY, SEE?

MOL: Is that it?

FIB: YOU BET THAT'S IT!! AND IF OLD MULEY DON'T...(PAUSE)

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Hmmm.

MOL: > What's the matter?

FIB: My new fly rod. It isn't here. WHERE'S MY NEW FLY ROD? SOMEBODY STOLE MY NEW FLY ROD!...IT'S MISSING!...CALL THE POLICE!!...MY FLY ROD'S GONE!! MY NEW ONE!!! MY NEW FLY ROD!!!

MOL: Oh, calm yourself...It's perfectly safe.

FIB: Eh? WHERE IS IT, WHERE IS IT?

MOL: Up over the front windows...the curtain rod broke last week, and your fishpole was just the right size.

FIB: OH MY GOSH...AND DON'T CALL THAT 12-DOLLAR FLY ROD A FISH POLE!! Gee whizz, that's like accusin' Einstein of counting on his fingers. It isn't respectful.

MOL: Well, don't get excited about it. It's no good as a curtain pole, anyway. It's probably no good as a fly rod, either. Look how it droops in the middle.

FIB: IT'S SUPPOSED TO DO THAT. IT'S FLEXIBLE...THAT'S GENUINE SPLIT BAMBOO.

MOL: Then why don't you take it back and get one that isn't split? My goodness, any store that would sell damaged merchandise is--

FIB: IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SPLIT. THEY'RE MADE THAT WAY. Don't you know ANYTHING about fishing? Muley?

MOL: I only know two things. ONE: A fishhook is very painful when stuck through a thumb, and TWO: I'd rather go to the movies.

FIB: Well, that's a woman for you. No sportsmanship. Women wouldn't understand the challenge of a fish like Old Muley to a fisherman like me. It's a battle of wits, that's what it is.

MOL: Isn't it a little degrading to be outwitted by a fish, year after year?

FIB: NAH...OLD MULEY KNOWS I'LL GET HIM EVENTUALLY. The sport is in the fishin', not in the catchin'. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT CLEVER OLD WIGGLER DONE TO ME LAST YEAR?

MOL: Yes, you've told me so many times, I--

FIB: WELL SIR, THERE I WAS, FISHIN' THE SOUTH END OF DUGAN'S LAKE...THE PLACE A FEW OF US GUYS CALL GIMLET INLET --

MOL: Because it's so boring, I suppose.

FIB: I TOSSED OUT A FLY...SKIMMIN' THE SURFACE WITH A DELICATE, FLICKING MOVEMENT, JUST A SNAP OF THE WRIST AND A CLEAN SWEEP BACK, SEE...AND WHAMMO!! OLD MULEY--

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hello, Muley...er...I mean hyah, Alice.

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MOL: Sit down, Alice, and listen with baited breath to a fish story.

FIB: Ever do much fishin', Alice?

ALICE: When I was a little girl I used to go out with my father. But it's kind of hard to see what's going on from up in a tree.

MOL: UP IN A TREE!

ALICE: Yes, he took me along to climb trees and unfasten his hook, when it got caught in a branch. All I ever saw of my father in those days was the top of his hat.

FIB: He just didn't know how to cast, Alice. I practice all summer in the back yard. Lay a newspaper down, and cast at it from the back porch. I got so I could snag a want-ad from thirty feet.

MOL: Yes, you really made history, McGee.

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: I think you're the first man to ever swat a newspaper with a fly.

FIB: You oughtta go out with Doc Gamble and me and take a slug at Old Muley, Alice.

ALICE: Thank you, Mr. McGee, but I never drink anything but soft drinks.

MOL: Old Muley is a bass, Alice. He lives at the bottom of Lake Dugan, until he gets laughing so hard at the fishermen he has to come up for a breath of air.

FIB: I NEARLY GOT HIM LAST YEAR, THOUGH, BY GEORGE!! AS I WAS SAYIN'...I FLICKED THE WATER GENTLY WITH A BROWN HACKLE AND WHAMMO!...A STRIKE!!

ALICE: How many do you get before you're out?

FIB: How many do I get bef-- LOOK, ALICE...IN FISHIN'...WHEN A FISH SNAPS AT THE BAIT...IT'S A STRIKE, SEE?

ALICE: Oh.

MOL: Fishing is like golf that way, Alice. If you talk about it so ordinary people can understand it, you're thrown out of the club.

FIB: LOOK...YOU WANNA HEAR THIS STORY, OR DON'T YOU?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Of course you do. WELL SIR, I FINALLY HAD OLD MULEY ON THE HOOK. BOY, WHAT A MOMENT!! SLOWLY I REELED IN --

ALICE: Wait a minute...how did you know it was Old Muley on your hook, Mr. McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Only an amateur would inquire an interrogation like that question, Alice. WHY, I'D HAD OLD MULEY ON MY HOOK SO OFTEN I KNEW HIM LIKE A BROTHER. AND HE KNEW ME, TOO. WELL, SIR, I REELED HIM IN... SLOWLY...SUDDENLY HE TURNED AND DIVED TO THE BOTTOM... I LET THE LINE OUT EVEN AND EASY...THEN I PULLED IN AGAIN... ..UP! UP! UP!...THEN LIKE A FLASH, I DIPPED WITH THE NET... AND THERE IT WAS...AN OLD RUBBER TIRE. OLD MULEY HAD GONE TO THE BOTTOM, TOOK OFF THE HOOK AND SNAGGED THE CASING WITH IT!!

MOL: Was the tire any good?

FIB: IT WAS PERFECT! IT WAS IN SUCH PERFECT SHAPE I WAS SCARED TO TAKE IT HOME ^{SO} AND HEAVED IT BACK IN THE LAKE.

ALICE: GEE, I'm going to tell my boy friend all about it when he calls up, Mr. McGee. I'll bet he'd like to go fishing with you sometime.

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FIB: GLAD TO HAVE HIM ALONG, ALICE!' ANY TIME.
ALICE: Will you let me know if he calls, Mrs. McGee?
MOL: We won't be here very long, Alice. McGee is going to the
City Hall to get a fishing license, and I'm going with
him.
ALICE: Well, maybe I'll hear the phone, myself. YOU'RE SURE
YOU DON'T MIND IF HE GOES WITH YOU SOMETIME, MR. MCGEE?
FIB: OF COURSE NOT, KID!! BE A PLEASURE TO HAVE HIM ALONG.
MOL: McGee's always glad to meet another fisherman, Alice.
ALICE: Oh, he's never done any fishing.
FIB: Eh?
ALICE: BUT, CREEPERS...how he can use that spare tire!!
FIB: Oh, Pshaw!!!

ORCH: "HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

MCGEE
5/30/44

(2ND REVISION)

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SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES...FADE:

MOL: Where do you get your fishing license, McGee?
FIB: Right down the hall here at the License Bureau.
First time I ever came here I didn't come to squawk about
something.
MOL: That's why they call this the seat of government...
everybody comes down here to kick.
FIB: Remember when I was on the grand Jury, Molly?
And I didn't get home for three weeks?
MOL: Yes and I'll never forget how worried I was!
FIB: Because I was locked up in a hotel room every night?
MOL: No. Somebody told me it was a hung jury and I didn't
know what they were hanging you for.
FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh well, we were -
MOL: LOOK, McGee..isn't that Mr. Wellington coming up the hall?
FIB: It ain't his brother. Look at that strut! You'd think
he owned this building and was just comin' in to
foreclose the mortgage on it.
MOL: Oh I wouldn't say -- HELLO THERE, MR. WELLINGTON!
WELL: Ahh good day, Mrs. McGee.. It's so, so nice to see you!
And McGee, it's.....so-so.
FIB: Hiyah, Wellington. What you doing around here? Gonna
throw your collar in the ring and run for dog catcher?

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WELL: You appear to be sadly deficient in your knowledge of City politics, my friend. The office of dog catcher is not elective. It is appointive, and my nephew has been the incumbent for many years. Perhaps you know him...Harry Barkwell.

MOL: Harry Barkwell, the dog catcher. How interesting!

WELL: Yes, anytime you lose a dog..just wire Harry.

FIB: I had a cousin used to be Sewer Commissioner. Name was Manuel Wolstein Coverly, better known as Old Manhole-Cover.

WELL: Hmmm. Amusing! I'm afraid I didn't have the pleasure of his acquaintance, although I knew him very well. AHM. But what brings you into this sink of official iniquity and public indifference, McGee?

MOL: He's going to get a fishing license, Mr. Wellington.

WELL: Indeed! Are you by any chance a dry fly fisherman?

FIB: Well, I'M a fly fisherman but I always keep a couple bottles of rootbeer hangin' in the water. You an angler, Wellington?

WELL: I have been accused of it, McGee..though I don't fish.

MOL: Here in the city hall on business, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: Yes, I dropped in to pull a few strings on behalf of my brother. He is in the trucking business.

FIB: What can he get outa the city hall?

WELL: The City Hauling. WELL, GOOD DAY, BOTH. DROP IN AND SEE ME IN THE NEAR FUTE.

MOL: -URE?

WELL: Sure.

FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY:

FIB: Wise guy. It ever occur to you, Molly, what a wonderful stranger he'd make?

MOL: I rather like him, McGee. He's so well read and all.

FIB: He oughtta be. His old man was a bookmaker. Well, come on Molly. Here's the license Bureau right here.

DOOR OPEN: CHATTER OF VOICES..MOSTLY MALE: FADE:

MOL: Heavenly days, what a mob!

FIB: Looka the people in front of the window I wanna get to!

MOL: That's the longest fish line I ever saw!

FIB: COME ON! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE: CUT OFF CHATTER:

MOL: What's the matter? Aren't you going to get a fishing license?

FIB: SURE I AM! BUT I AIN'T STANDING IN LINE ALL DAY FOR IT. I'M NO PEASANT! I got some influence in this joint and there was never any better time for me to swing it.

MOL: Who do you know in the City Hall?

FIB: WHO DO I KNOW! (LAUGHS) I KNOW ROSS DIXON HIMSELF, THAT'S WHO I KNOW! PLAY RUMMY WITH HIM AT THE ELKS ALL THE TIME.

MOL: Who on earth is Ross Dixon?

FIB: Just the man behind the Mayor, that's all! Ross Dixon is the real power in this town. He's the guy who collected forty thousand bucks from the Barber's Union, tellin' 'em it was the pole tax.

MOL: Sounds like a fascinating personality. What's his official title?

FIB: I dunno. But you mention Ross Dixon to any ward heeler in town and he'll start shakin' so hard you could mix a double malted in his hip pocket.

MOL: But where's his office?

FIB: Third floor...department of Weights and Measures.

MOL: What does he do there? Just waits and measures, I suppose.

FIB: I dunno. I think he -

WIL: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE, FOLKS.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior....say do you know Ross Dixon?

WEL: Never heard of him. Who is he?

MOL: WHO IS HE? WHY HE'S THE MAN BEHIND THE MAYOR!

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WIL: Oh I see....what did you want to see him for?

MOL: He wants a fishing license and there's too long a line in front of the license window, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: AND I DON'T STAND IN LINE FOR ANYTHING, WAXEY. THAT'S FOR THE PEASANTS. I'LL BE HOME CLEANING MY FISH BEFORE THOSE LINT-HEADS GET UP TO THE WINDOW.

WIL: I think you're being very silly, Fibber. Ever hear of Johnson's Car NU?

FIB: I ain't sayin' I have, and I ain't sayin' I haven't.

MOL: And he ain't talkin' loud enough to be heard in Racine, either.

FIB: BESIDES..WHAT'S JOHNSON'S CAR NU GOT TO DO WITH THE SUBJECT?

WIL: Well, it's simply a case of doing the best job the simplest way, that's all. You hate to stand in line so you start making things complicated for yourself. Some people put off polishing their cars...not realizing how simple and easy it is with Johnson's Car Nu. They don't realize it cleans and polishes in one easy application. Just spread it on, let it dry...wipe it off and there you are. Shining like new! These days even an automobile has to keep up its morale. And with cars, morale is spelled C.A.R...NU. Well happy fishing pal.

FIB: Thanks Junior. Glad to have you come along sometime.

MOL: You haven't been fishing with me since Dewey took Manila.

WIL: Did Dewey take Manila? Gee that won't hurt his campaign a bit will it. Well so long now.

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FOOTSTEPS FADE OUT:

MOL: Shall we go back and stand in line, McGee?
FIB: NO SIR..I'M GONNA GET THIS FISHING LICENSE THE EASY WAY.
ALL I GOTTA DO IS FIND ROSS DIXON, And he'll be with
the Mayor.
MOL: So where do we find the Mayor?
FIB: Logical place might be the Mayor's office. And by a
peculiar coincidence, and also to save time, here it is,
right here.

DOOR OPEN:

GIRL: Yes sir?
FIB: IS THE MAYOR IN, SIS?
GIRL: No sir. He is officiating at the opening of the new
shirt factory on 14th. street, sir.
MOL: How? By breaking a bottle of blueing over the
cornerstone?
GIRL: No, he is going to hide the frist pin in the first shirt.
FIB: Well, where can we find Ross Dixon, sis?

GIRL: HE's with the Mayor sir. He was afraid His Honor wouldn't
know which end of the pin was sharp.
MOL: Will they be back soon?
GIRL: Almost any minute, madam. The Mayor is addressing a
political meeting in half an hour. I'm just fixing his
speech now.
FIB: Fixin' it how?
GIRL: Well, he made several definite statements, which of course
is a terrible mistake, politically.
MOL: I see what you mean.
FIB: Yeah...that guy has carried water on both shoulders so
long he gurgles when he walks. Can I help you with that
speech, sis?
GIRL: Oh no..thank you. It's so vague now, I don't know what
he's talking about, so it must be nearly right.
MOL: Well, thank you very much.
FIB: We'll stick around the hall and wait for him, sis.
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: Politics must be a lot of fun, McGee.
FIB: Yeah, I guess so. Whole thing is just a matter of pace.
MOL: What do you mean, PACE?
FIB: Well, if you start to run, you can't stop till gallop says
you'll win in a walk.
MOL: How about your fishing license? Shall we go get in line?
FIB: No sir. Not me. I'm gonna wait right here and intercede
the Mayor when he makes for his office.
MOL: Good idea, but you don't mean intercede..you mean intercept.

FIB: OH NO I DON'T. INTERCEPT MEANS CLUMSY. AWKWARD.
BUTTERFINGERS.

MOL: No, dearie...that's INEPT.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh yeah? You must think I'm completely illiterary. I know what inept means. It means somebody isn't likely to do something. Like if I wanted to borrow fifty bucks, from Wellington, he inept to let me have it.

MOL: I don't like to argue, dearie, but in that case it would be "ISN'T APT". HE ISN'T APT TO LET YOU HAVE IT.

FIB: I'll say he isn't. Last time I tried to borr..HEY...THEN WHAT DOES INTERCEDE MEAN?

MOL: Well, let's break it down. Inter means between.

FIB: AND SEED is something you plant. So intercede means between plantings, which means wintertime. MY GOSH, IF WE GOTTA WAIT HERE ALL SUMMER AND FALL FOR THE MAYOR, I -

MOL: LOOK, MCGEE..HERE COMES BEULAH! Oh Beulah...BEULAH!

BEULAH: (FADE IN) Well fo' goodness sakes..MY people!

APPLAUSE FROM THE MARLIN HURT FAN CLUB AND DUQUOIN ILLINOIS HEAD-SET AND HANDCLAP ASSOCIATION, LIMITED

FIB: Just as a throwaway line, Beulah, what you doin' in the City Hall?

BEULAH: I come down heah, suh, to recti-fry a misdemeanor in my personal propitty tax. It seem like they make a small mistake of one thousand dollars.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..A THOUSAND DOLLARS...WHAT AN ERPOR!

FIB: What's the total amount of the tax, Beulah?

BEULAH: One thousand and four dollars, suh. See?

MOL: Looks like you been carrying this notice around for some time, Beulah.

BEULAH: Yas'm. (LAUGHS) Eveybody I know has seen it, ma'am, and socially I has moved up several brackets. Locally, I is now known as the Sepia Barbara Hutton.

FIB: Well, the whole mistake is they got the decimal in the wrong place, Beulah.

BEULAH: Says they got the which?

MOL: The decimal, Beulah. Don't you know what decimal means?

BEULAH: Yes ma'am. That's what they chances is o' tappin' Beulah for a thousan' bucks. Pretty dismal.

FIB: Not dismal, Beulah. DECIMAL. That's a numerical system that has a well it's based on tenths and a decimal is a kind of a period that denotes a....well, take a dollar...

BEULAH: OH THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SUH!

MOL: He means just for instance, Beulah.

BEULAH: Yes'm.

FIB: Take a dollar. You write "ONE, PERIOD, OH OH."

BEULAH: What's a mattah..you make a mistake?

MOL: No, Beulah. Oh, is zero.

BEULAH: Zero.

FIB: Yes.

BEULAH: That means you dealin' in cold cash.

MOL: No.

BEULAH: Ma'am?

FIB: Look Beulah...the decimal system is based on tenths. Therefore, fractions are reduced decimally and indicated by the placement of the decimal point. Now what would ZERO, PERIOD, FOUR-OH mean?

BEULAH: (LAUGHS) Oh that real simple, suh. Forty below zero!

MOL: No, Beulah. The decimal system has nothing to do with temperature.

BEULAH: No ma'am. I don't think it so hot either. I guess I just stick to the ole fashion gazinto system. Two gazinta four, an' stuff.

FIB: Might be simpler at that, Beulah. That's why Arabic numerals are more practical than Roman.

MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: Easier to handle. The Romans did their figuring with chisels;..we do our chiseling with figures.

BEULAH: They do their chisellin' with..(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

MOL: Well look Beulah, maybe next year when you get the form to make out your personal property tax, you'd better get Mr. McGee to help you.

FIB: Sure..be glad to, Beulah.

BEULAH: You is very kind, Mr. McGee, but that's how this got all un-decimalled. You helped me this year. Remembah?
(LAUGHS FADE OUT)

ORCH: "27 TIMES AROUND THE BLOCK" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

FIB: Well, we've been in almost every office in the building Molly, but the Mayor has gotta be here someplace.

MOL: Not necessarily. Anyway, if you have to find the Mayor to locate this Ross Dixon, why don't you ask the Mayor himself to get you a fishing license?

FIB: Because Ross Dixon is the guy that tells the mayor what to do, see. The mayor is just a figurehead. Except that he's got no head for figures.

MOL: I still think it would be simpler to go back to the License Bureau and get in line, with the common people.

FIB: No sir, by George, I'm gonna get that fishing license the easy way even if it turns out to be twice as hard as the hard way. I never was so - OH HIYAH, DOC!!

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, McGee. Hello, Molly. What are you two taxpayers loafing around the municipal building for? Trying to sell your vote?

MOL: Why doctor...you know we wouldn't sell our votes. Would we McGee?

FIB: The very suggestion is insulting and preposterable, and the price is too low anyway. What are you doing down here doc? City revokin' your license?

MOL: Why should they McGee? Dr. Gamble knows more than any doctor in town.

FIB: Horsefeathers. You could take everything - he knows and write it on the head of a pin with a dull hatchet, and what you doin' here Doc?

DOC: I am a member of the Board of Health, snoopy. You know what Health is, I suppose. That's what people are always drinking to - just before they fall down. And now may I ask just what are YOU doing here?

MOL: He's getting a fishing license, Doctor.

FIB: I swore I was gonna get old Muley this year Doc.

Remember old Muley out at Dugan's Lake?

DOC: WHAT? YOU GET OLD MULEY? WHY THAT BASS HAS GOT MORE BRAINS IN HIS DORSAL FIN THAN YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR ENTIRE CARCASS.

FIB: YEAH. JUST BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T KEEP HIM ON A HOOK LONG ENOUGH TO GET YOURLINE WET. DON'T HAND ME THOSE SOUR GRAPES, YOU BIG RUMDUM. I COULD CATCH MORE FISH WITH A UMBRELLA HANDLE AND A BENT PIN THAN YOU COULD SNAG BY DRAINING LAKE ERIE.

MOL: Now look, boys -

DOC: WHY YOU INSUFFERABLE LITTLE BRAGGART!! THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL FISHING YOU EVER DID WAS FOR NICKLES, WITH CHEWING GUM ON A STICK THRU A SIDEWALK GRATING.

FIB: IS THAT SO!!

DOC: YES THAT'S SO!!

MOL: What repartee!!

FIB: WHY YOU EGOTISTICAL, EGOCENTRIC E'GHEAD, YOU COULDN'T TRAP A 12 POUND SALMON IN A TWO-GALLON KEG WITH A TENNIS NET. YOU'RE A FAKE ON A LAKE AND A WET SMACK WITH A DRY FLY.

DOC: LOOK WHO'S TALKING!! I'VE CAUGHT MORE FISH WITH A PIECE OF RED FLANNEL UNDERWEAR THAN YOU EVER BOUGHT AND SNEAKED HOME FROM THE CORNER MARKET. YOU'VE GOT AS MUCH CHANCE OF CATCHING OLD MULEY AS I HAVE OF WINNING THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR THE LONGEST CHAIN OF PAPER CLIPS.

FIB: WHY YOU OLD...Hey doc.

DOC: Yes?

FIB: You know Ross Dixon?

DOC: Very well. Why?

MOL: We've been looking all over for him, Doctor. ^{McGee} ~~Himself~~ here wants to see him on business.

DOC: Well, you don't have to look far, McGee....he's right across the hall here. I was just talking to him.

FIB: Oh my gosh...thanks Doc...you're a pal!

DOC: Anything for a friend, my boy. Come on....I'll show you where I left him.

FOOTSTEPS ON BLACK AND WHITE TILE WITH GEOMETRIC PATTERN

MOL: Well, it almost looks like "mission accomplished", doesn't it, McGee.

FIB: It's in the bag, baby! I'll show you how it pays to know people in the right places. In here, Doc?

DOC: That's it. Right in here. S2

DOOR OPEN: BUZZ OF VOICES

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, THIS IS THE LICENSE BUREAU! THIS IS WHERE WE STARTED.

FIB: That makes it all the handier. Where's Dixon, Doc?

DOC: You see that line of people waiting for fishing licenses?

FIB: Yes.

DOC: See the man second from the end of the line?

MOL: Yes.

DOC: That's the Mayor. Ross Dixon is the man behind the Mayor.

FIB: Oh yes, I see him. (CALLS) HEY, ROSS, WHADDYE DOIN'?

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Trying to get a fishing license, McGee.

FIB: Oh, my gosh....

MOL: ALL RIGHT, PEASANT...GET IN LINE!

ORCH: "RED GROW THE ROSES".....FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 30, 1944

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: We hear a lot these days about morale. I think one of the reasons so many of you ladies use JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT for your linoleum floors is that it does a lot for the morale of your kitchens and for your own morale, too. It's a pleasure to work in a colorful kitchen, one that's bright and cheerful. When you consider the importance of the floor area in such a room, you know mighty well that it pays in good spirits alone to keep linoleum sparkling and clean. It's good for your morale also to save unnecessary work, and GLO COAT certainly does that. It takes practically no work to apply, needs no rubbing or buffing. Add to these morale builders the fact that you make linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer by protecting it regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT, and you certainly have a picture of why GLO COAT is so satisfactory for linoleum and other floors.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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DE ON CUE)

TAG

MOL: I told you we should have taken a street car home, McGee.
That cab was horribly crowded.

FIB: Well, I was all wore out from trampin' around the City
Hall. And they shouldn't put that many people in a cab.
Did you hear me give that taxidermist a piece of my mind?

MOL: That what?

FIB: That guy in the red cap that lines up the taxis for people.

MOL: What did you call him?

FIB: Taxidermist. He stuffs taxicabs.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAY OFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The character of Mr. Wellington heard on this program was
played by Ransome Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox
speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX for home and
industry, and inviting you to be with us again next
Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)