

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED) # 28

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

NBC

April 10, 1945

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax Products for home and industry  
present Fibber McGee and Molly - written by Don Quinn  
and Phil Leslie, with music by the King's Men and Billy  
Mills' orchestra!

ORCH: "HIGH AND LOW" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
APRIL 10, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Along about this time of year; you can be very thankful if you have been using the WAX method of housekeeping. If you have, then you don't get the jitters over this spring housecleaning business. You can take that job in your stride, because your floors, furniture, woodwork and many other surfaces probably just need a touching up with JOHNSON'S WAX. This famous wax polish is more than just a product - it's a method of protective housekeeping. When you wax your things regularly throughout the year, you accomplish three important objectives. First, your home is more beautiful, it has that mellow, wax-polished radiance that is so much admired. Second, your floors, furniture, woodwork and accessories are protected against wear, dirt and moisture by the tough film of JOHNSON'S WAX. And third, you save hours and hours of work - both in your daily and weekly housework, and in these days of spring housecleaning. Believe me, it will pay you to adopt the modern wax method of housekeeping with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, liquid or cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

McGEE & MOLLY  
4/10/45

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: NEWSPAPER DELIVERY BOYS HAVE A LITTLE GAME THEY PLAY CALLED "LET THE OLD SO-AND-SO LOOK FOR IT!" THE RULES OF THE GAME ARE VERY SIMPLE. IF IT'S A SUNNY AFTERNOON, TOSS THE PAPER UP ON THE ROOF. IF IT'S RAINING, THROW IT IN THE GUTTER. BUT THE MOST FUN IS WHEN THERE IS DEEP SNOW ON THE GROUND. THEN THEY CAN THROW THE PAPER ALMOST ANY PLACE AND IT WON'T BE FOUND UNTIL SPRING, IF EVER. WELL, THE GAME IS ON AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA - AND GUESS WHO'S "IT"! YUP -

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: McGee, where are you?  
FIB: (UP) Over here!  
MOL: Did you look under the rose bushes, dearie?  
FIB: Did I look under the rose bushes, she says! Baby, I got so many thorns stickin' outa my arms, I look like a porcupine. Did you look around the side of the house?  
MOL: Five times. I've worn a rut around the house eight inches deep.  
FIB: If I ever lay my mitts on that delivery kid, I'll blow into his ears until he swells all up, then I'll smack him on the britches till he busts open like a paper bag.  
MOL: I'll admit he's been getting very careless, lately.  
FIB: Don't be silly. There's nothing careless about it when you can hide an evening paper this good. Takes planning and organization.  
MOL: Well, my goodness -

FIB: I can just see him now ... him and his pals, huddling together in an old, abandoned warehouse with a blueprint of our house and <sup>extensions</sup> grounds, arguin' about where to hide the paper tomorrow night.

MOL: I wonder if all the neighbors have the same trouble. There's Mr. Strotz over there on his porch. Ask him.

FIB: By George, I will. HEY, SID!

MAN: (OFF MIKE) Yeah?

FIB: YOU GET YOUR EVENING PAPER TONIGHT?

MAN: (OFF MIKE) Sure. Why?

MOL: Where did you find yours, Mr. Strotz?

MAN: Why the boy rang my doorbell and handed it to me. Why?

FIB: OH NOTHIN'. THANK'S, Sid! SO! He rings other people's doorbells and HANDS 'em their paper, does he! The dirty, little ragapretzel.

MOL: Don't you mean ragamuffin?

FIB: No. Muffins I like. Well, come on in the house, Molly. The kid wins again.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH, DOOR OPEN: GLOSE:

MOL: I wouldn't be too hasty in blaming the delivery boy, McGee. Maybe somebody came along and took our paper.

FIB: Oh, I'm not being hasty, Mrs. McGee. This ain't just a sudden whim of the moment. FOR SEVEN YEARS THE LITTLE BICYCLE BANDIT HAS BEEN HIDING OUR EVENING PAPER. THREE DAYS OUTA THE WEEK HE DOES IT! IF HE'D ONLY ---

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee ... has the evening paper come yet? I want to see what's at the Bijou theatre.

(PAUSE)

ALICE: What's the matter? Did I say something wrong?

MOL: No, Alice. No, dear...but the...er...well, the evening paper seems to have spread its little want-ads and flown away.

FIB: We got a delivery boy with a new technique, Alice. He's discovered a way to dig a hole in the lawn, bury the evening paper and grow grass over the hole again, all in 20 seconds flat.

ALICE: Maybe the boy hasn't been here yet. My little brother, *Merwin*, used to have a paper route, and he fell off his bicycle one day and knocked himself out, and we would never have known about it if we hadn't seen his bicycle come rolling in the front gate with an empty saddle.

MOL: Oh, the boy went past here all right. We know that, Alice. He rang Mr. Strotz' doorbell and HANDED him HIS paper.

FIB: Yeah, how do you like that? And to think that every Christmas I dig down and give the ungrateful little squirt <sup>50¢</sup> a dollar!

ALICE: I happen to know that Mr. Strotz gives him five dollars every CHRISTMAS.

MOL: Heavenly days...FIVE DOLLARS.

FIB: That Strotz guy is gonna ruin things for the whole neighborhood. FIVE BUCKS! THAT AIN'T FAIR!

ALICE: Well, Mr. Strotz makes a lot of money, Mr. McGee. He promotes all the prize fights at the stadium, you know.

MOL: Why don't you give the paper boy TEN dollars every Christmas, McGee? Then maybe he'd bring the paper inside and read it to you.

FIB: NO SIR, I WON'T BE SHOOK DOWN! I'M PAYIN' TO HAVE MY PAPER DELIVERED AND IF THE GAZETTE DON'T FULFIL THEIR PART OF THE CONTRACT I'LL TAKE IT INTO EVERY COURT IN THE COUNTRY! I'LL GO HIGHER THAN THAT! I'LL WRITE A LETTER TO FULTON LEWIS JUNIOR!

ALICE: I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. McGee...I'll run down to Kremer's Drug Store and buy an evening paper.

MOL: Well, thank you Alice, but -

FIB: DON'T DO IT, ALICE!! THERE'S A PRINCIPLE INVOLVED HERE. I'M ENTITLED TO HAVE MY PAPER DELIVERED, AND BY GEORGE, THERE'RE GONNA DELIVER IT!

ALICE: Well, don't shake your fist at me, Mr. McGee. I didn't do anything.

FIB: Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't mean you. I was merely -

MOL: Look, dearie. Control yourself. What's so important about tonight's paper in particular?

FIB: BECAUSE IT'S GOT SOMETHING ABOUT ME IN IT, THAT'S WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT TONIGHT'S PAPER IN PARTICULAR, IS WHY.

ALICE: Creepers, Mr. McGee. Did you write an article or something?

MOL: He probably wrote another nasty letter to the Editor, Alice. Threatening to cancel his-subscription if they don't bring Daddy Warbucks back.

FIB: On the contrary girls, I gave the Wistful Vista gazette an important scoop. There was a reporter and a cameraman out here this morning while you were at the grocery, Molly.

MOL: Well heavenly days! I WONDERED how the living room got so full of cigar butts and empty bottles.

FIB: Boy can those guys put away the root beer!

ALICE: What was the story you gave them, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I'd prefer you read it in the paper, Alice. I'll.... HEY..WE HAVEN'T GOT A PAPER! HAND ME THAT PHONE, MOLLY. I'LL CALL 'EM UP AND DEMAND A LITTLE SERVICE.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE YOU MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR UNCLE! FOUND FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS WHEN HE WAS DIGGIN IN HIS VICTORY GARDEN? FO' THOUSAN, SHO' NUFF?

ALICE: Why the southern accent, Mr. McGee?

(REVISED)

-9-

FIB: It was Confederate money. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL CALL LATER (CLICK) Line's busy.

MOL: Tell us, McGee...what WAS the big scoop you gave the gazette?

FIB: Oh, I don't wanna tell. You'll read about it.

ALICE: Please, Mr. McGee....tell us. What was it.

FIB: Well...all right. I was lookin' out the front window this morning and I saw it.

MOL: SAW WHAT, DEARIE? AN ACCIDENT? A MURDER? HIT AND RUN?

ALICE: A ROBBERY?

FIB: No. The first robin. You'll read all about it in... HEY...WE GOTTA GET A PAPER...GET YOUR HAT, MOLLY...WE'RE GOIN' DOWN TO THE GAZETTE...I'LL TEAR THE JOINT APART!  
~~THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!~~

ORCH: "GANDY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SOUND: NEWSPAPER PRESSES ROARING UNDER...TELEPHONES OFF...TYPEWRITERS,

VOICES: COPY...COPY BOY..COPY..FADE -

MOL: Heavenly days this is a busy place, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Yeah, nothin' like a newspaper office for excitement. And if they don't start deliverin' my evening paper they're gonna have some. HEY SIS!

GIRL: Yes sir? What can I do for you sir?

MOL: Our evening paper was not delivered and we --

TELEPHONE RINGS:

GIRL: Excuse me madam. (CLICK) WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE! ... YOU SAW A WHAT? A BABY BEAR SHUFFLING ALONG AT 14TH AND OAK STREETS? OKAY JOE...I'LL TELL 'EM. (CLICK)

FIB: Who's Joe, sis?

GIRL: One of our cub reporters. Now what was it you were saying, madam?

MOL: Our evening paper was not delivered this evening and --

DOOR OPENS FAST:

MAN: (TALKS FAST) HEY, BABY!..CALL EDDIE AND TELL HIM TO CHANGE THE LEAD ON THE CREVINSHAW YARN WE'RE DOUBLE TRUCKING THE BULLDOG AND USING A SPILLOVER FOR ART NEXT TO THE MAST-HEAD WITH A BOILERPLATE MURPHY JUST PIED PAGE THREE AND ANDY'S ON THE LOBSTER TRICK GET RIGHT TO IT!

GIRL: YES SIR!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: My gosh ... what did he say sis?

GIRL: Search me, mister. I've worked here six months and I still don't know what they're talking about. Now - what was it again?

MOL: Well, our evening paper was not -

FIB: LEMME HANDLE THIS MOLLY. NOW LOOK, SIS. I'M AN OLD SUBSCRIBER AND WHEN I -

TELEPHONE RINGS:

GIRL: Excuse me. (CLICK) WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE. YES..YES.. OH YES, LILLIAN LOVEJOY'S "ADVICE TO THE HEARTBROKEN" COLUMN. YES...WELL, SOMEBODY ELSE WILL HAVE TO WRITE IT FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS. YEAH...OKAY. (CLICK)

MOL: Oh I just love Lillian Lovejoy's column! I hope nothing has happened to her.

GIRL: His wife just beat him up again, that's all. Now then, you were saying?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS, I WAS SAYING THAT I'M AN OLD SUBSCRIBER TO THIS PAPER, AND I PAY FOR HAVIN' IT DELIVERED. BUT TONIGHT --

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: HEY KID - TELL ETTTELSON WE NEED A NEW LEG MAN ON THE CITY HALL BEAT.

GIRL: What happened to the other one?

MAN: Broke his leg.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Something doing every minute around here isn't there?

FIB: Used to be in the newspaper racket myself, sis. Had a pretty soft touch too. In Death Valley that was.

GIRL: What was your assignment?

FIB: I covered the waterfront. BUT LOOK...IF THIS HALF-BAKED, ILLITERATE RAG DON'T WANT A LAWSUIT ON IT'S HANDS, THEY'D BETTER -

GIRL: I think you should see the managing editor, sir. Right thru that door there.

MOL: Thank you very much. Come on, McGee.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: I shouldn't ought to waste my time with these small fry. I should oughtta by rights take this up directly with the publisher.

MOL: Who is the publisher?

FIB: Don't know, it's never been published.... HEY BUD, ARE YOU THE MANAGING EDITOR?

MAN: Yes, Pro Tem.

MOL: How do you do, Mr. Tem.

FIB: Hiyah, Pro. LOOK, I'M MR. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA AND -

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: OH COME IN, MRS. CARSTAIRS!

MOL: Well heavenly days!.HELLO, MRS. CARSTAIRS.

CARST: Oh. How do you do, Mrs. McGee..what a pleasant surprise, finding you without your...Oh..there you are, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Aren't you a little outa your league, messin' around with these newspaper stumblebums?

MAN: Mrs. Carstairs occasionally drops in to assist Mrs. Rice, our society Editor, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Isn't that interesting! I always read the society column, myself. And when I saw the item last night about Betty Swizzlestick getting engaged to Mortimer Borden Eggworthy the Third, I was so thrilled I almost burned the hamburgers.

CARST: Well, my dear, I feel that with my entree to the homes of our better element, I can better assist in discouraging the nouveau riche in their aspirations to social ascendancy.

MOL: er...how was that again, Mrs. Carstairs?

FIB: She says that bein' able to crash the crumpet group herself, she can put the slug on the hoi polloi with the fast folding dough when they try to mingle with the Mayflower mob. Slap me down if I called it wrong, Carsty.

CARST: It was admirably - if a trifle crudely, expressed, Mr. McGee. You see, we of the Social Register feel that family background and good breeding are so much, MUCH more important than the possession of mere money.

FIB: WHAT'S SO DARN MERE ABOUT MONEY?

MOL: I know exactly what she means, McGee. She just hates to see the Four Hundred marked down to three ninety-eight. By the way, Mrs. Carstairs, how are you getting along with your old clothes?

CAR: My old clo-- I beg your-- Oh! You mean our collection for war victims. Oh, splendidly, my dear...splendidly.

MAN: Excuse me...but I'm a busy man and I have work to do. What did you want to see me about, Mrs. Carstairs?

CAR: What did I wish... OH! Oh, yes...I think this is a very interesting item for tomorrow's society column, Mr. Canfield. About Mrs. Winterbottom Huntley winning first prize at the Horse Show.

MAN: Okay, Mrs. Carstairs. Go ahead and use it.

CAR: Thank you.

(REVISED)

-15-

FIB: Yeah, I've seen pictures of her, Carsty, and she'd win a prize at any Horse Show.

MOL: He's just joking, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Of course, my dear. However, I must say that the resemblance to dumb animals is not exclusive with any one section of society. Good day.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: What'd she mean by that last crack? Was she incinerating that I --

MAN: Excuse me, Mr. McGee...what did you want to see me about?

MOL: Well, our paper was not delivered tonight, Mr. Editor and --

TELEPHONE:

MAN: Excuse me. (CLICK) MANAGING EDITOR! WHAT? WELL LISTEN, CLANCY, I'M GETTING TIRED OF YOUR EXCUSES. YOU COME BACK WITH THAT YARN OR YOU'RE FIRED, SEE? (RECEIVER UP HARD)

FIB: Important story, bud?

MAN: No, my wife is trying to finish knitting a sweater and I sent one of the boys out for some more wool. Now what was your trouble?

MOL: Well, our paper wasn't delivered tonight and we thought --

FIB: I'M PAYIN' TO HAVE MY PAPER DELIVERED BUD, AND BY GEORGE --

DOOR OPEN:

WILCOX: *HEY!* WHERE'S THE MANAGING EDITOR?

MAN: I'm the managing editor. What's on your mind?

WIL: I WANT TO REPORT A CRIME! I WAS WALKING UP OAK STREET AND -- Oh Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

G

(REVISED)

-16-

FIB: Hiya, Junior. What was it -- a shooting? Reason I asked was --

MAN: PLEASE...LET THE MAN TALK. LET'S HAVE IT, SON. WE CAN STILL MAKE THE LAST EDITION. WHAT WAS THE CRIME?

WIL: (FAST) WELL, I WAS WALKING UP FOURTEENTH STREET, SEE, AND THIS TOUGH LOOKING GUY STEPS OUT OF A DOORWAY AND FORCES ME INTO A TAXICAB AT THE POINT OF A GUN.

MOL: Heavenly days...

FIB: No crime in that Junior. Only way you can get a cab these days is with a gun. *MY GOSH, DID YOU EVER-*

MAN: LET THE MAN TALK, WILL YOU? GO ON, WILCOX!

WIL: WELL, WE WENT OUT TO THE SUBURBS AND I WAS TAKEN INTO A HOUSE. NICE HOUSE, TOO, EXCEPT THE KITCHEN LINOLEUM WAS FADED AND WORN AND IN VERY BAD SHAPE. WELL, SIR, I SAID TO THE MAN, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? AND HE SAID YOU REPRESENT THE JOHNSON WAX MOB, DON'T YOU. AND I SAID YES, AND --

FIB: Since when did anybody have to FORCE you to admit that, Waxey? I never knew you were --

MAN: PIPE DOWN WILL YOU, MCGEE? GO ON, SON!

G



WIL: WELL, THE GUY SAID TELL ME WHAT TO DO ABOUT THIS  
LINOLEUM, AND I DID. I SAID GET SOME JOHNSON'S SELF  
POLISHING GLOCOAT, I SAID. POUR OUT A LITTLE BIT, SPREAD  
IT AROUND AND LET IT DRY. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHAT  
GLOCOAT WILL DO TO BRING BACK THE SPARKLE AND BEAUTY OF  
LINOLEUM. MAKE IT LAST SIX TO TEN TIMES AS LONG AND MAKE  
YOUR WIFE'S WORK TEN TIMES AS EASY BECAUSE SPILLED THINGS  
WIPE UP SO EASILY, AND IT ELIMINATES OLD FASHIONED FLOOR  
SCRUBBING. Well sir, the man was so happy about it, he  
drove me bask downtown, shook hands and drove away.

MOL: But what was the crime, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: WHY GEE WHIZZ, LETTING HIS LINOLEUM GET INTO SUCH A  
CONDITION! WHEN A LITTLE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WOULD SO  
EASILY PRESERVE AND PROTECT IT. DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S  
A GOOD HUMAN INTEREST STORY FOR THE GAZETTE?

MAN: No.

WIL: Okay.

DOOR SLAM

MAN: Friend of yours?

FIB: Just on Tuesdays.

MAN: I don't get it.

MOL: If you went around with us, you would.

FIB: BUT ABOUT OUR EVENING PAPER, BUD, WHEN I SUBSCRIBED TO IT,  
IT WAS UNDERSTOOD IT'D BE DELIVERED EVERY NIGHT, BUT  
TONIGHT --

MAN: I think you ought to talk to our circulation manager about  
that. Second door down the hall.

MOL: Thank you very much.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Does it seem to you we're gettin' pushed around here,  
Molly?

MOL: I haven't seen a prettier run-around since they closed the  
race tracks, dearie.

FIB: WELL, I'M BEGINNING TO BURN, THAT'S WHAT I'M BEGINNING.  
HERE I GO GIVE THEM A SWELL SCOOP ABOUT SEEING THE FIRST  
ROBIN AND--

MOL: Oh, McGee, look who's coming down the hall.

FIB: Where? OH, HIYA, BEULAH!

BEULAH: (FADE IN) WELL FO' GOO'NESS SAKES...MY PEOPLE!

MOL: What are you doing down here, Beulah.

BEULAH: I'M lookin' fo' the classifried advertisin' department,  
ma'am.

FIB: What are you advertisin' for, Beulah?

BEULAH: Nothin', suh. I'M answerin' a ad I saw in las' night's  
papeh. But what you folks doin' heah...if I ain't bein'  
too noseey?

MOL: We came down to complain about our paper not being  
delivered, Beulah. And we haven't got to first base,  
though we left home some time ago.

BEULAH: (CHUCKLES) That papeh delivery boy he sho' gittin'  
careless, ma'am. Ias' Friday he flang the papeh smack up  
into the ole ellum tree in the front yahd. I lak Mist'  
Winchell, but I ain' gonna climb no tree to read about  
who is expectin' what.

(REVISED)

-19-

FIB: Well, they make newspapers outa trees Beulah. Looks like we're gonna have the only tree in the country made outa newspapers.

BEUL: (LAUGHS) Oh there he go again! Only tree in the country made outa newsp-

MOL: What did you say you were going to advertise for, Beulah?

BEUL: Me, ma'am? I ain't advertisin' fo' nothin'. They ain't anything I need. Got a job an' my health and a boy friend. Long's I got ma health I kin hang onto my job: long's I got my job I kin hang onto ma boy friend. Long as I got my boy friend evahthing is kippasettik.

FIB: I thought you said you were looking for the classified advertising department, Beulah.

BEUL: Yassuh, that's fo' true, suh. I saw ad in las night papeh I gonna answer.

MOL: What kind of an ad, Beulah?

BEUL: Heah tis right heah, ma'am...(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

It say: "WANTED: COOK FOR SMALL FAM'LY, ~~MUST BE PLEASANT AND CONGENIAL...~~

~~FIB: Congenial,~~

BEUL: Yassuh. ~~Congenial~~. "MUST BE PLEASNT AND CONGENIAL. HIGH SALARY FOR RIGHT PERSON. TWO DAYS A WEEK OFF. USE OF CAR. NO LAUNDRY. BOX 227, GAZETTE."

MOL: Oh Beulah...I'M so sorry to hear that!

BEUL: Heah what, ma'am?

FIB: If you're answering that ad, it looks like you weren't quite happy with us, Beulah. However, if you can do better someplace else, I guess I don't blame you.

R

(REVISED)

-20-

BEUL: HEAH THE MAN TALK! WHY FO' GOODNESS SAKE, MIST' MCGEE....I AINT GONNA LEAVE YOU FOLKS. HOW YOU GIT A RIDICKLUS IDEA LAK THAT?

MOL: But if you're happy with us, Beulah, why are you answering ads like this?

BEUL: (CHUCKLES) Why bless yo' heart, ma'am, this lil ole ad look lak it was aim right at me. I is a good cook, aint I? I is pleasant and congenial, aint I?

FIB: Yes, but -

BEUL: Well, suh, so I think it only polite of me if I come down heah and tell Mist' Box 227 that I don't want the job.

MOL: Oh! Yes...that's er...that's very courteous of you, Beulah.

FIB: You had me scared there for a minute though, Beulah. Any time you quit cooking for us, I'll have our napkins bordered in black.

BEUL: Any time I quits cookin' fo' them he gonna have the napkins lissen to the man say (LAUGH HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

ORCHES: KING'S MEN: "THREE CABALLEROS"

APPLAUSE:

R

FIB: Which door down the hall did that guy say, Molly?  
 MOL: Third, wasn't it? This is the third door right here.  
 Go on in!

DOOR OPEN:

GIRL: (SOBS) Yes...what was it you wanted, please...  
 FIB: Circulation department, sis. We were --  
 GIRL: It's the next door...to the left, sir...(SOBS)  
 MOL: Why, what's the matter, dear...what's wrong?  
 GIRL: Oh, nothing, madam...(SOBS) This is the comic strip  
 department...(SOBS) Dick Tracy is caught in that box car...  
 Orphan Annie is on the lam again...(SOBS) Dagwood can't  
 get any sleep...(SOBS) It's just trouble, trouble,  
 trouble!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Come to think of it, Molly, there is nothing sadder than  
 a funny paper these days.  
 MOL: Yes, compared to the comic strips, the radio serials are  
 just full of happy laughter. Here we are, McGee...right  
 in here.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

DOC: Well, hello there, folks.  
 MOL: Why, Doctor Gamble!  
 FIB: Hiya, Arrowsmith. What you doing down here? Tryin' to  
 wangle a little free publicity?  
 DOC: If it's any of your business, Knucklehead, I have just  
 finished giving the circulation manager an examination.  
 He hasn't been feeling very well.  
 MOL: He's the one we want to see, too, Doctor.

DOC: Well, you'll have to wait a few minutes, my dear. Let  
 him get his shirt and pants back on.  
 FIB: You probably scared the pants off him. Anybody that comes  
 to you for medical advice is just beggin' to put you on a  
 pension.  
 DOC: I don't know of anyone more deserving -- but, what are  
 you doing here, Molly? Is the poor man's Ernie Pyle here  
 giving out with some editorial advice?  
 MOL: No, Doctor. We just came down to complain about our paper  
 not being delivered.  
 FIB: THOUGH WHILE I'M HERE, TONSIL SNATCHER, I COULD VERY WELL  
 GIVE 'EM AN EDITORIAL OR TWO.  
 DOC: You don't say! Let's go sit under the Oaks, Dumbarton,  
 and discuss the matter.  
 MOL: Really, Doctor, himself here has a wonderful idea for  
 permanent peace in the world.  
 DOC: I'd dearly love to hear it. The solution has eluded the  
 best minds of the past few centuries. It would be just  
 like a little peasant like him to pop up with the  
 answer.

DOOR OPEN:

g

(REVISED)

-23-

FIB: AND I GOT THE ANSWER, TOO. LOOK...GERMANY STARTS ALL THE WARS, DON'T SHE? WELL, I'D TAKE GERMANY AND CALL IT SWITZERLAND, SEE? THAT'S A PEACEFUL NAME. THEN I'D TAKE SWITZERLAND AND NAME IT GERMANY.

DOC: Fascinating!

FIB: THEN THE NEXT TIME GERMANY WANTED TO START A WAR, SHE'D LOOK AROUND AND SEE HOW SMALL SHE WAS, SITTING UP THERE ON TOP OF THE ALPS, AND SHE'D CHANGE HER MIND. SIMPLE, AIN'T IT?

MOL: I thought it was a wonderful idea, Doctor.

DOC: It staggers the imagination! If you'll excuse me, I want to run home and lock myself in my study with a pony of buttermilk and ponder the suggestion. See you later, friends.

FIB: So long, butcher boy.

MOL: By the way, Doctor...what was wrong with the circulation manager?

DOC: Poor circulation.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You know, Molly...I might apply for a job as a political analyst on this newspaper.

MOL: You might, indeed, dearie. And you've got a fifty percent chance of getting it, too!

FIB: Gee, you really think so?

MOL: I certainly do. They'll either say yes or no, which gives you an even break.

FIB: They might even send me to Europe as a foreign correspondent--

DOOR OPEN:

(REVISED)

-24-

MAN: You wished to see me?

MOL: Are you the circulation manager?

MAN: Yes, madam.

FIB: WELL, WHADDYE KNOW!! WE FINALLY GOT TO SOMEBODY THAT CAN GIVE US AN ANSWER. LOOK, BUD, I BEEN SUBSCRIBIN' TO YOUR EVENING WAHOO FOR A LONG TIME NOW, SEE? AND WHEN I PAY FOR HAVIN' A PAPER DELIVERED, I WANT IT DELIVERED!

MAN: You haven't been getting your paper?

MOL: If we got it tonight, it was printed on cellophane and delivered by the Invisible Man.

FIB: IF YOU GUYS WANT A LAWSUIT ON YOUR HANDS FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT, YOU CAN HAVE IT. MY PATIENCE IS JUST ABOUT WORE OUT, BUD. AND BY GEORGE--

MAN: Just a minute, please...what was the name?

MOL: The Wistful Vista Gazette. We've been subscribing to it for--

MAN: No no no...YOUR name.

FIB: Fibber McGee.

MAN: Just a moment...I'll look in the file. M...M...M...

Hmmmm... AHH...HERE WE ARE! FIBBER MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA?

MOL: THAT'S RIGHT.

FIB: AND NONE OF YOUR PHONEY ALIBIS, EITHER, BUD. THEY HAND THE GUY ACROSS THE STREET'S PAPER TO HIM. SID STROTZ. I'M SICK AND TIRED OF--

MAN: Excuse me, Mr. McGee. According to our files, your subscription expired three weeks ago. We delivered up to last night as a courtesy. You were sent three notifications, which you ignored.

(REVISED)

-25-

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes...  
FEB: Oh my gosh...well gee whizz...I...er...(LAUGHS  
EMBARRASSEDLY) Well, I'll write you a check, bud...start  
delivering it again tomorrow.  
MAN: Sorry, sir. Under present conditions, we are taking  
no new subscribers. ~~Good-bye~~  
FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous...!  
ORCH: "IT DOESN'T COST ANYTHING TO DREAM" .... FADE FOR:

-26-

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
APRIL 10, 1945

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: This being the month of showers and rubbers, it's a good  
time to be sure your linoleum floors are protected with  
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Muddy or wet tracks and spilled  
things are wiped up quickly with a damp cloth if your  
floors are GLO-COATED. And that means you can keep your  
linoleum clean and beautiful, protected against wear and  
moisture, with a very minimum of work on your part. It's  
so easy to use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You  
simply apply and let dry - and in twenty minutes, without  
any rubbing or buffing, your floors have taken on a  
beautiful polish, the colors of the linoleum fresh and  
bright. The regular use of GLO-COAT will add greatly to  
the life of your linoleum, and that's very important in  
these times. If you are not already using JOHNSON'S  
GLO-COAT, try some, won't you?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC, FADE FOR:

showers and rubbers, it's a good  
 bleum floors are protected with  
 ly or wet tracks and spilled  
 kly with a damp cloth if your  
 And that means you can keep your  
 iful, protected against wear and  
 nimum of work on your part. It's  
 SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You  
 - and in twenty minutes, without  
 your floors have taken on a  
 lolors of the linoleum fresh and  
 of GLO-COAT will add greatly to  
 um, and that's very important in  
 e not already using JOHNSON'S  
 t you?

TAG

RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER:

FIB: I wouldn't even have bought their dirty old swindle sheet  
 if it didn't have my name in it! Of all the --

MOL: Oh, wait -- here's the story, dearie! With a picture of  
 the robin.

FIB: Never mind the robin -- what's it say about me?

MOL: Let's see - it says - "Wistful Vista's first robin was  
 sighted this morning -- by a neighbor of Mr. Sidney  
 Strotz, long-time subscrib---

FIB: WHAT?? WHY, THOSE --

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Aw - goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of  
 JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting  
 you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)