

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

*file  
500*

(REVISED) #32

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MAY 7, 1946

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME .... FADE FOR

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry present "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" -- with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. The music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's Orchestral

ORCH: "MAKE MINE MUSIC" .... FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.  
5/7/46

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When your spring cleaning is over, all your light painted  
woodwork will be beautifully clean and shining. That's  
fine, but it's a problem to keep it spotless, isn't it?  
If you wash and scrub woodwork too often, you may injure  
the finish. What's the answer? Why, JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX  
....That newest JOHNSON'S Wax Polish especially designed  
for furniture and light woodwork. In addition to wax,  
this creamy white liquid contains several cleansing  
ingredients, so it cleans and polishes at the same time.  
JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX is easy to use, needs very little  
rubbing. You just apply it, then polish lightly.  
Fingerprints and smudges completely disappear; it also  
leaves the surface satin-smooth and beautifully wax-  
polished. JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX gives similar lustrous  
beauty and wax protection to enameled surfaces like  
refrigerators...to tabletops and kitchen cabinets, and  
many other things. You probably already use JOHNSON'S  
PASTE and LIQUID WAX - well, try JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX,  
too. You'll like it.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: THE TIME: EARLY MORNING.  
THE CAST: MRS. MCGEE, A CHARMING HOUSEWIFE;  
HER HUSBAND, A RATHER DREARY CHARACTER, ~~AS~~  
~~ALWAYS AT THIS TIME OF DAY~~, and  
A LARGE, WET FISH, WEARING AN EXPRESSION  
OF SURPRISE AND HORROR.  
THE PLACE: 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THE HOME OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Look at that fish, willya? A TEN-POUNDER IF HE WEIGHS AN  
OUNGE! LOOK AT HIM!

MOL: You look at him, dearie. A defunct fish has no beauty for  
me. They all have a look in their eyes like a head waiter  
who has just been tipped 15 cents.

FIB: WELL IT'S BEAUTIFUL TO ME, BABY! LYING THERE IN THAT  
SINK IS THE TOUGHEST, FIGHTIN'EST, SMARTEST BASS THAT  
EVER HAD HIS PICTURE ON A HARDWARE CALENDAR! OLD  
MULEY, THE DEMON OF DUGAN'S LAKE!

MOL: Old whatey?

FIB: OLD MULEY! THE FISH THAT EVERY GUY FOR FORTY MILES  
AROUND HAS BEEN TRYIN' TO GAFF FOR FIVE YEARS. AND  
WHO FINALLY HAULED HIM IN? I DID, THAT'S WHO! YOUR  
EVER-LOVIN' HUSBAND! A NEW CHAPTER IN FISHING HISTORY  
HAS BEEN WROTE THIS MORNING!

5

MC GEE -- 5/7/46

(2ND REVISION) -5 & 6-

MOL: What time did you go out to Dugan's Lake, dearie?  
Something woke me up about six, and I discovered  
it was you - not snoring.

FIB: MY GOSH, AT SIX A.M. I'D ALREADY BEEN OUT ON THE LAKE  
FOR TWO HOURS! GEE, IT WAS BEAUTIFUL! You ever see the  
sun come up behind Borglestoff's Brewery?

MOL: No, I never did, sweetheart.

FIB: And to think I was the only fisherman in town with  
ambition and energy enough to get out there before  
daybreak -- YOU WANNA HEAR HOW I LANDED HIM OKAY  
WELL SIR, THERE I WAS SETTIN IN A ROWBOAT WHEN ALL OF A  
SUDDEN, I HEARD A BIG SPLASH!

MOL: OLD MULEY!

FIB: No...my lunch. Fell overboard!

MOL: Tough luck!

FIB: No, it was a stroke of fortune! OLD MULEY WENT AFTER  
THEM JELLY SANDWICHES LIKE CONGRESS AFTER CHESTER BOWLES!  
THAT KEPT OLD MULEY HANGIN' AROUND MY BOAT, SEE?

MOL: Too bad you didn't have some hot dogs. With a pickarel  
in the middle and the mustard etcetera.

FIB: WELL SIR, I RASSED MY LINE GENTLY OVER THE SIDE, AND  
WHAMMO! OLD MULEY STRUCK!

MOL: What for - shorter hours and longer worms?

(2ND REVISION) -7-

FIB: HE HIT THAT LINE LIKE A FAT LADY AT A NYLON SALE! AND  
USING A DELICATE WRIST MOTION, I PLAYED HIM IN AND OUT  
LIKE A YO YO! PRETTY SOON - I COULD SEE HE WAS GETTING  
TIRED. AND HE COULD SEE I WAS GETTING TIRED....IT WAS  
A BATTLE OF STRENGTH AND WITS!

MOL: Knowing how it came out, this is sort of like sitting  
thru a movie the second time.

FIB: WELL SIR, SUDDENLY IT WAS ALL OVER. THERE HE WAS, IN THE  
BOTTOM OF THE BOAT. THERE WAS TEARS IN MY EYES....I WAS  
ALL CHOKED UP. I COULD HARDLY SPEAK....

MOL: You're very emotional about catching a mere fish.

FIB: It wasn't emotion. In the excitement I'd swallowed my  
cigar butt. Anyway --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN...OFF:

WIMP: (OFF MIKE) Hello folks....anybody home?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple, <sup>come out &</sup>...have a cup of coffee?

WIMP: No thank you, Mrs. McGee. I see you have the same  
trouble with the city water we do. Imagine a fish that  
big coming out of the faucet?

FIB: THAT FISH, WALLACE, MY LAD, DID NOT COME OUT OF THE  
FAUCET! HE COME OUT OF DUGAN'S LAKE. THAT...IS OLD  
MULEY! THE BIGGEST, GAMEST BASS THAT EVER THUMBED  
HIS GILLS AT A FISHERMAN!

(REVISED) -8-

MOL: This is the <sup>opening</sup> first day of the season you know, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: My goodness, so THAT'S what Sweetface meant!

FIB: Whaddye mean?

WIMP: Sweetface - that's my big old wife - told me just this morning, WALLACE, YOU POOR FISH, she said, YOU'D BETTER STAY IN THE HOUSE FOR A FEW DAYS, she said. But then, she was a little annoyed with me at the time, I suppose.

MOL: Why was she, Mr Wimple?

WIMP: Oh..(SNICKERS) Just because I made a <sup>teeny</sup> little joke. She was doing some weight lifting and her forehead was all perspiration, and I came in and said, HELLO, SWEATYFACE!

FIB: That's the kind of remark that'll get your neck tied in a lover's knot one of these days, Wimp.

WIMP: Oh, you're so right, Mr McGee! Particularly after last night.

MOL: - and what happened last night, Mr Wimple..if you're healed up enough to tell us?

WIMP: Oh we had another argument, Mrs McGee. I wanted to go out, and Sweetface didnt want me to. But I won.

FIB: ATTABOY, WIMP! YOU WENT OUT, EH?

WIMP: Like a light, Mr McGee! Did you ever know you could knock a man my size unconscious with a copy of the Reader's Digest?

MOL: IS THAT POSSIBLE?

WIMP: It is if you leave it between two brass book ends.  
(SNICKERS) Gracious, when I came to, I had a headache clear down my shoulder and under my arm.

(2ND REVISION) -9-

FIB: HORSEFEATHERS.....HOW COULD YOU HAVE A HEADACHE UNDER YOUR ARM?

WIMP: That's where my head was. MY THAT IS A BIG MACKERAL YOU CAUGHT, MR. MCGEE.

MOL: That is not a wimperal, Mr. Mackle. I mean Mackerel, Mr. Wimple. It's a bass. Isn't it a beauty?

WIMP: Yes...I suppose so....but would you mind turning it the other way? It's got a look in its eye like Sweetface when she catches me shaking my piggy bank. Are you going to cook it tonight?

FIB: WE DON'T COOK THIS FISH, WIMP! IT'S GONNA BE MOUNTED ON A PLACQUE AND HUNG OVER THE MANTEL. JUST AS SOON AS I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH A DERMATOLOGIST.

MOL: You mean taxidermist, dearie.

FIB: I do? I thought a taxidermist was a guy that stood out in front of a hotel with a whistle and stuffed people into cabs.

WIMP: Oh no, Mr. McGee....Anyway, you don't mean a dermatologist.

FIB: WHY DON'T I?

(REVISED) -10-

WIMP: Because a dermatologist is someone who has made a study of the skin, Mr. McGee.

FIB: THAT'S WHAT I SAYS, DAD RAT IT! I WANT THE SKIN OF THIS FISH MOUNTED FOR MY STUDY.

WIMP: Well...(LAUGHS) I might as well go home, I guess.... I can't win here either. Good bye now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "ALL THE CATS JOIN IN"

APPLAUSE:

(2ND REVISION) -11-

SECOND SPOT

FIB: You know, Molly, I can hardly wait to see Doc Gamble's puss when he hears I caught old Muley.

MOL: Incidentally, I hope you don't plan to leave that fish lying in my kitchen sink all day.

FIB: I just wanna leave it there till the photographer gets here, I --

MOL: Till WHO GETS HERE?

FIB: The photographer from the Wistful Vista Gazette. Gonna take my picture holding the fish. I think if I sit here and hold it on my lap, and you stand behind me with your hand on my shoulder and a proud look on your face ---

MOL: No no no....no thank you, pet. Not this time.

DOOR CHIME:

(REVISED)

-12-

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it's Mrs. Carstairs. Hello, Millicent.

CARST: Good day, my dear. And Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ME CATCHIN' OLD MULEY?

CARST: Good heavens.....no! WILL YOU BE QUARANTINED?

MOL: Old Muley is not a disease, Millicent. It's a fish.  
In other words, it isn't catching...it's caught!

CARST: A.....a fish?

FIB: THE BIGGEST, GAMEST, SMARTEST BASS IN THIS PART OF THE  
COUNTRY, CARSTY. I GOT UP BEFORE DAYBREAK, WENT OUT TO  
DUGANS LAKE AND JACK ROBINSON.

MOL: Who is Jack Robinson?

FIB: The fella I had this big fish in the bottom of my rowboat  
before you could say it. You done much fishing, Carsty?

CARST: Some, Mr. McGee. Mostly deep sea fishing. One year  
Mr. Carstairs and I brought home a live octopus we had  
captured. We kept it in a pool in the back yard.

MOL: Heavenly days, an octopus is a rather odd sort of pet,  
isn't it Millicent?

CARST: Oh this was a very intelligent creature, my dear. But it  
seemed to be at such a loss to know what to do with those  
eight long arms that Mr. Carstairs taught it to play two  
tables of bridge.

FIB: OH NOW, MILLY!!

(REVISED) -13-

CARST: It's a fact, Mr. McGee. It was simply amazing to see the  
ungainly thing shuffle and deal.

MOL: I suppose the two arms that were playing dummy passed  
the time with a game of cribbage.

CARST: No, dominos, my dear. Three decks of cards was too  
confusing.

FIB: What ever happened to him, Carsty? I presume it was a  
him.

CARST: We think it was a female, Mr. McGee. It was always  
throwing kisses to the gardener. We finally had to dispose  
of her.

MOL: Shoot her, Millicent?

CARST: Oh no, my dear...not that handsome, intelligent creature.  
We sold her to the Chicago police and she is now  
directing traffic at State and Madison. Well, this has  
all been very interesting, at least to me. So nice to  
have seen you. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT! AN OCTOPUS, PLAYIN' BRIDGE.  
I CAN'T EVEN PLAY VERY GOOD BRIDGE MYSELF!

MOL: Now don't you say that, dearie! I don't know anybody  
who plays bridge more like an octopus than you do.

FIB: Gee...honest?

MOL: Cross my heart. When you get to dealing, reaching for  
the salted nuts, adjusting the lights, straightening the  
legs of the table and passing the cigars, all at the same  
time, I'd SWEAR you had eight arms.

FIB: Yeah, but -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: WELL, HELLO THERE, DOCTOR GAMBLE!

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Jamface.

FIB: Good morning, Lance a Lot, I'm glad you called because I have a very important announcement.

MOL: And usually people don't announce things to a doctor. He announces things to them.

DOC: Well, get with it, Gabby.

FIB: Okay. Look, fatso, you know what I did this morning? I went out to Dugan's lake and with the skill, patience and fortitude for which I am noted, I caught the biggest bass in inland waters....OLD MULEY.

DOC: Well, that isn't such a.....(PAUSE) YOU DID WHAT?

MOL: He caught old Muley, doctor. It's out in the kitchen sink, packed in ice cubes, which are melting slightly faster than our refrigerator can make them.

FIB: If you're a good boy, Little Iodine, I might take you out in the kitchen and unseal it so - (PAUSE) What's the matter?

DOC: Let me get this straight, you little bandit. You poacher! YOU WENT OUT THIS MORNING AND CAUGHT THE BIG BASS?

MOL: That he did, doctor. THAT...HE...DID!

DOC: WELL, OF ALL THE DIRTY, DOUBLE CROSSING, ILLEGAL, LOWDOWN, UNSPORTSMANLIKE -

FIB: WHAT'S SO UNSPORTSMANLIKE AND ILLEGAL ABOUT BEATING YOU GUYS TO OLD MULEY ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON, YOU BIG SCREHEAD? IF I'M AMBITIOUS ENOUGH TO --

DOC: Look. What day is this?

MOL: May the seventh, doctor.

FIB: He knows very well what day it is, Molly. He knows the fishin' season opens today.

DOC: YES....AT MIDNIGHT!

(PAUSE)

MOL: At midnight.....AT MIDNIGHT!

FIB: Oh my gosh.....I never.....I thought it was.....

DOC: You, are in trouble, Buster.

MOL: Heavenly days...this is terrible. DOCTOR...IS THERE ANY WAY YOU CAN GIVE ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION TO A FISH? IS IT TOO LATE TO ..... Yes ... yes, I suppose it is.

FIB: Gee, Doc....what am I gonna do? It was all a mistake. I thought -

DOC: It's a mistake that will cost you plenty, chiseller!

MOL: Is there a heavy penalty for fishing out of season, doctor?

DOC: They'll throw the book at him, dear girl! He's going up the river, but not for fish. When you see him again, he'll have a crew haircut and be talking out of the side of his mouth.

FIB: I'LL NEVER NO SUCH A THING. THIS WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE AND WHEN I EXPLAIN IT TO THE GAME WARDEN....hey....who is the game warden?

DOC: A chap named Jordan, Gordon Jordan.

MOL: How interesting. Gordon Jordan the Warden.

FIB: Look, Doc...is he...does he belong to the Elks?

DOC: No, he does not! And he's throughly incorruptible, if you had any idea of buying your way out of this jam with a fast sawbuck.

MOL: Now look, boys...let's be realistic. Who would report this to Gordon Jordan the Warden? I'M sure you wouldn't, doctor. And I know, Mrs. Carstairs wouldn't. Who else knows about it, McGee?

FIB: Well, I called the Gazette...and I told the guy at the filling station, when I wanted to use the phone to call the Gazette, and I told Mort Toops because I borrowed a nickel from him to make the call when I called the Gazette from the filling station, and I told a fella named Harry, who was with Mort when I borrowed the nickel to use the phone to call the -

DOC: In other words, you've told everybody in town. SONNY, I WOULDN'T BE IN YOUR WELL WORN, UNSHINED, OVERSIZE SHOES FOR ALL THE ORE IN OREGON.

FIB: Oh now, Doc....you wouldn't turn me in...not you...not my old fishing pal, Doc.....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

WIL: WHO'S AN OLD FISHING PAL OF WHOSE? HELLO, WOLLY..HI, DOC.

AD LIB HELLOS.

FIB: (WEAKLY) Hello - Junior.

WIL: What's cooking, fellows? Getting ready for the opening day of the bass season tomorrow? Because if you are - count me in! I want a crack at Old Muley this year.

DOC: (PAUSE) The fishing season for Old Muley is over, Harlow.

MOL: (SADLY) Yes it is, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: What?

DOC: This little piscatorial pirate - this poacher - this - this--

FIB: (FEELS LIKE A DOG) Thief in the night.

DOC: This thief in the night - sneaked out to Dugan's Lake today - this morning, Harlow - in the wee small hours - and caught Old Muley!

WIL: OH, NO!! Out of season??

MOL: He didn't mean to, Mr. Wilcox. For the first time in his life he got somewhere early - and it was wrong.

FIB: Of course I didn't do it on purpose. (PLEADS) You believe me, don't you - Harlow?

WIL: Ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the law, Pal. Oh, that's terrible! Old Muley!

FIB: He's out in the kitchen in the sink. Under a--*sink*

DOC: Never mind! I'd rather not see him! He's like an old friend - betrayed!

WIL: Pal - I never thought you'd do a thing like that!

FIB: Yeah, but - gee whiz, fellows --



(REVISED) -19-

WIL: Those laws are made to give the fish a chance, Pal.  
That's the protection they have against their enemies -  
just as Johnson's Wax is the protection your furniture  
has against dirt and dust and dampness!

MOL: Yes, but Mr. Wilcox --

WIL: Johnson's Wax protects your floors and fine woodwork  
against their enemies - keeps them bright and gleaming -  
gives them the protection they need.

DOC: ~~But what that get to do with--~~

WIL: -- the protection all worthwhile things must have if  
they are to survive! If you didn't protect your precious  
belongings, they'd soon be gone - and if we don't protect  
our game fish against poachers, they'll soon be gone,  
too. And I've got to get going myself, kids.

DOC: I'll go with you, Harlow. We won't turn you in, McGee -  
that's up to your conscience!

FIB: Doggone it, my conscience is clear! I just made a  
mistake, that's all!

DOC: I hope the judge sees it that way.

MOL: Oh dear.

WIL: But look, Pal - don't you worry about having to spend  
any time in a dark, dingy old jail cell. I can at least  
keep you from that.

FIB: You can, Waxey? Well gee, that's mighty nice to--

(REVISED) -20-

WIL: Sure - I'll send you a couple of cans of Johnson's Wax!  
You can have the brightest, shiniest cell in a couple of  
days that anyone ever served six months in! So long,  
Molly!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "MY FICKLE EYE" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED)

-21-

FIB: Gee, this is an awful mess, Molly! I always been known as a pretty good sportsman...Never shoot a sittin' bird, always put out my fires in the woods...never go into camp with a loaded gun...obey all the rules...and now look at me! CATCHIN' FISH OUTA SEASON!

MOL: Well, you didn't realize it was out of season, dearie. You know what I'd do if I were you?

FIB: What?

MOL: Call the game warden and tell him the whole story. Your past record will speak for you. I thought you'd be doing that while I was out shopping.

FIB: YEAH, BUT WHAT IF THIS WARDEN GORDON JORDAN IS A TOUGHIE? HE CAN THROW ME IN THE SNEEZER FOR FIVE YEARS. I'LL HAVE MY PICTURE IN ALL THE PAPERS AND...OH MY GOSH..THE PHOTOGRAPHER! IF HE COMES, DON'T LET HIM IN!

MOL: He was already here. I told him the doctor had just been here and you had a severe attack of Huro Floridana and couldn't see anybody.

FIB: I HAD WHAT?

MOL: Huro Floridana. That's Latin for largemouthed black bass. I looked it up. Look, pet...call the warden and confess. GET IT OVER WITH.

FIB: I dunno...maybe they'll...

MOL: Everybody in town knows it anyway.

FIB: My gosh..they do at that. WELL, SIR...AS LONG AS SOMEBODY IS BOUND TO SNITCH ON ME ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL DO MY DUTY. NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT FIBBER MCGEE DODGED AN ISSUE, WHEN CORNERED LIKE A RAT. HAND ME THE PHONE!

MOL: That's the spirit, dearie. Here!

(2ND REVISION)

-22-

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR. GIMME THE FISH AND GAME COMMISSN'T THAT YOU, MYRT? NOT THIS WEEK, MYRT, I'M IN TROUBLE ENOUGH. NOW LEMME SPEAK TO GORDON JORDAN THE WARDEN. YEAH...(PAUSE) HELLO, IS THIS WARDEN JORDAN? LOOK, GORDON, THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA, I CAUGHT A BIG BASS OUTA SEASON THIS MORNING, BY MISTAKE. YOU WANNA COME OVER AND DISCUSS IT? YOU DO EH? OKAY, GORDY, G'BYE.

(CLICK)

MOL: How did he sound, McGee?

FIB: He sounded like the voice of doom. Sore as a crapshooters knees. DAD RAT IT, WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THE SEASON DIDN'T OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT. MY GOSH I WOULD OF --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: If that's Gordon Jordan the Warden, he must be jet prpelled. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, thank goodness....MAYOR LA TRIVIA.

DOOR SLAM:

GALE: Hello, Molly. Good day, McGee. What's the matter? You're as pale as a fish's stomach.

MOL: An unfortunate simile, Mr. Mayor. Himself here is up to his clavicle in fish.

FIB: I done wrong, La Triv. I caught a big bass outa season.  
GALE: That wasn't very good judgment, McGee. However...(LAUGHS)  
As long as it wasn't Old Muley out at Dugan's Lake, I'll...  
MOL: BUT IT WAS OLD MULEY, YOUR HONOR.  
GALE: WHAT?  
FIB: Look, La Triv. I didn't realize the season started at  
midnight. I thought it started this morning. That's all.  
GALE: Well, everybody makes mistakes.  
MOL: I'm sorry you didn't get a chance at Old Muley yourself,  
Mr. Mayor.  
GALE: That's all right, Mrs. McGee. There are still plenty of  
fish out there. In fact, I think I'll take my rod and  
reel out there tomorrow morning.  
FIB: Better not, kid. They don't approve of that stuff out  
there. In fact, if they know it, they won't even rent you  
a boat.  
GALE: WHO WON'T RENT ME A BOAT IF THEY KNOW WHAT?  
MOL: Your condition.  
GALE: AND WHAT IS MY CONDITION?

FIB: Pretty obvious, isn't it? You reeling out there with  
your fishpole and "  
GALE: I DIDN'T SAY I WAS REELING ANYPLACE.  
MOL: You said you were going to take your rod, and reel out to  
Dugan's Lake, Mr. Mayor. Now personally, I am not one to  
criticize a person's habits, but if I may make so bold --

GALE: JUST A MOMENT MRS. MCGEE. I'M GETTING A LITTLE FED UP WITH HAVING YOU TWO PEOPLE INVOLVE ME IN THESE NONSENSICAL ARGUMENTS. I THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO BAIT ME INTO MAKING A FOOL OF MYSELF.

FIB: Let's drop it, Molly. Look at the trouble I'm in just from baiting a hook.

MOL: Very well, McGee. Sorry, your honor. You take your fishpole and go reeling out to Lake Dugan any time you like.

GALE: Thank you. Now then, McGee, if you'll give the exact circumstances of the case, I think I might influence the game warden to -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Whatever you're going to influence him to do, get ready to do it, My. Mayor. COME IN!

GALE: STOP BHAKING, MCGEE...THIS IS NOT HANGING OFFENSE.

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: McGee's residence? I am Gordon Jordan, the warden.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. This is his honor, Mayor La Trivia. (MURMUR HOW-DO-YOU-DOS) And this is the unfortunate lad who, in his manly way, wants to make-----

FIB: Look, Warden. I was merely...

MAN: Let me see the fish, please.

MAN: PLEASE. THERE WON'T BE ANY ARREST. THERE ISN'T EVEN A CASE. MR. MCGEE, ACCEPT THE THANKS OF THE STATE FISH AND GAME COMMISSION FOR REMOVING THIS FISH FROM LAKE DUGAN.

FIB: Eh?

MAN: THIS IS NOT A BASS..IT'S A CARP. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CLEAR THEM OUT OF LAKE DUGAN FOR TWENTY YEARS. YOU CAN CATCH ALL OF THESE YOU WANT ANY TIME. GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

GALE: Well, I guess that settles that, McGee. Now I'm going out to Lake Dugan myself....and fish for old Muley! GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He may fish for him, but he won't catch him.

FIB: Why won't he?

MOL: Because old Muley is still out in the kitchen sink.

FIB: WHAT? THEN WHAT'S THIS?

MOL: You heard what the man said. This is a carp. And don't think I didn't have to run all over town trying to find one big enough.

FIB: Oh, this is humiliating!

ORCH: "I FEEL A SONG COMING ON" - FADE FOR --

(REVISED)

-26-

MOL: I'll get it, McGee. (FADE) Though how a mere slip of a girl like me is supposed to carry a whale like that is....

GALE: If I may intrude a word, Warden, without attempting to unduly influence your judgment, I can assure you that this whole matter was a --

FIB: LEMME HANDLE THIS, LA TRIV. LOOK, BUD, I...Oh excuse me. Have a cigar?

MAN: Thank you. I have one.

FIB: You got two? Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner. Now then --

MOL: (FADE IN) WELL HERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN. THE CORPUS DELICTI.

MAN: Let me have it, please, Mrs. McGee. (PAUSE) Hmmm. Cyprinus Carpio.

GALE: It's a beauty, isn't it?

MAN: Of its type, yes.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN OF ITS TYPE? THAT'S THE FINEST BASS THAT WAS EVER CAUGHT IN INLAND WATER, BUD! IF YOU'RE SO IGNORANT THAT ---

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Have a cigar, Warden?...er...no, you got one.

GALE: How do you fix the fines in cases like this warden? So much a pound?

MAN: Ordinarily yes.

GALE: And this is about ten pounds?

MAN: Yes, but there won't be any fine.

MOL: YOU MEAN HE HAS TO GO TO JAIL? OH MCGEE.....

FIB: IT'S FALSE ARREST, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. AND BY GEORGE, I'LL.....

(REVISED)

-27-

MAN: PLEASE. THERE WON'T BE ANY ARREST. THERE ISN'T EVEN A CASE. MR. MCGEE, ACCEPT THE THANKS OF THE STATE FISH AND GAME COMMISSION FOR REMOVING THIS FISH FROM LAKE DUGAN.

FIB: Eh?

MAN: THIS IS NOT A BASS..IT'S A CARP. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CLEAR THEM OUT OF LAKE DUGAN FOR TWENTY YEARS. YOU CAN CATCH ALL OF THESE YOU WANT ANY TIME. GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

GALE: Well, I guess that settles that, McGee. Now I'm going out to Lake Dugan myself...and fish for old Muley! GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: He may fish for him, but he won't catch him.

FIB: Why won't he?

MOL: Because old Muley is still out in the kitchen sink.

FIB: WHAT? THEN WHAT'S THIS?

MOL: You heard what the man said. This is a carp. And don't think I didn't have to run all over town trying to find one big enough.

FIB: Oh, this is humiliating!

ORCH: "I FEEL A SONG COMING ON" - FADE FOR --

FIBBER & MOLLY  
5/7/46

-28-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you noticed when your friends look in for a little visit in the evening, how often you all end up back in the kitchen? There's something very cozy about a little snack in this favorite of all rooms. When friends and neighbors do drop in, you can always lead them proudly into your kitchen if you keep your linoleum floors wax-polished and sparkling with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Even dull, rather old linoleum shines like a million when you GLO-COAT it. The bright colors are restored and the attractive patterns stand out again. Spilled things or muddy tracks are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. Of course, it isn't for looks or beauty alone that millions of women GLO-COAT their kitchen floors. It's also because GLO-COAT protects linoleum against everyday wear, makes it last much longer. GLO-COAT needs no buffing or rubbing....it shines as it dries, doesn't streak, either. Just apply and let dry -- that's all there is to it. Try it....JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION)

-29-

TAG:

MOL: You know, dearie....this ought to teach you a lesson.

FIB: It has, snooky....it has.

MOL: Next time you catch a big fish like that, keep quiet about it. You have too much in common.

FIB: Whaddye mean? What have I got in common with a big mouth bass? (PAUSE) Oh. I see. Insulting, but true.  
Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)