

File

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) # 33

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

MAY 14, 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 Orchestra!

ORCH: "FLYING DOWN TO RIO" FADE FOR

B

ANNCR: Are you in the middle of Spring Cleaning...or have you finished? Either way, I have a special message for you tonight about Protective Housekeeping. That's an extremely important subject, because it offers you a chance to have a cleaner lovelier home all year 'round-- and to save work and money as well. Here's what I mean by Protective Housekeeping. Instead of keeping your floors, furniture and woodwork clean by constant scrubbing, you protect them with a tough coat of JOHNSON'S WAX. This shining coat of wax not only adds a rich polish to wood, it also wards off scratches and dirt, makes cleaning and dusting easier throughout the year and simplifies Spring Cleaning. Dust and dirt cannot cling to a hard, smooth JOHNSON WAXed surface. Fingerprints are quickly wiped away and the lustre is restored. When you consider that JOHNSON'S WAX has 100 extra labor-saving uses, surely you'll agree that Protective Housekeeping with JOHNSON'S WAX is well worth a try.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WIL: ALL IS PEACE AND QUIET IN THE MCGEE HOUSEHOLD AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. NO PROBLEMS. NO TROUBLE. NO DISCUSSIONS. IN FACT, NOBODY IS HOME. SO LET'S GO OUT ON THE SIDEWALK AND WATCH FOR ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK: UNDER-

FIB: Are we almost home, Molly?

MOL: That's a silly question, dearie. Don't you know your own neighborhood?

FIB: Yeah, but I can't see over this pile of groceries.

MOL: Courage, dearie..... We're almost there. Chin up!

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, "CHIN UP?" With these bundles up under my throat, I haven't had my head so far back since I wish I could think of a gag about how far I had my head back.

MOL: All right, Pet. Take three steps and then turn right. We're home and.....OH FOR GOODNESS SAKE..LOOK WHO'S SITTING ON OUR FRONT STEPS!

FIB: Who - that guy from the finance company again? I TOLD THAT SO-AND-SO, I'D PAY HIM JUST AS SOON AS I -----

MOL: No no no....it's Mayer La Trivia. HELLO, THERE, YOUR HONOR.

(REVISED)

-5-

GALE: HELLO, MOLLY. GOOD DAY, MCGEE...LET ME HELP YOU SET
THOSE PACKAGES DOWN....

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER AND THUDS:

FIB: PHEW! Thanks, La Triv! I haven't had such a load
since Liz Hawkins spiked the lemonade at the Parent
Teacher's party in 19 ought 29.

MOL: Been waiting long, Mr. Mayor? We'd have been home
sooner, but himself here got his foot caught in the car
tracks at 14th and Oak. It was a tossup whether he'd
come home in his socks or get run over.

GALE: How did you get loose, McGee?

FIB: Fortunately I got sideswiped by a laundry truck. All
the groceries flew into the air -and there I was --

MOL: - holding the bag. Did you want to see us about
something, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes, I did. A political situation has arisen, in
which I should like to ask McGee's help.

FIB: WELL BOY, YOU SURE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

MOL: You certainly did. This is where he lives.

FIB: Just name it, La Triv. I've often said that I'm one of
the shrewdest political minds in the state. I unseated
Governor Brorby in 1937, you know. Singlehanded.

GALE: How did you do that, McGee?

FIB: He was riding in the park and I waved a newspaper at
his horse.

MOL: Ah, the power of the press!

E

(REVISED)

-6-

GALE: I'm afraid this problem is not quite so simple, McGee.
Do you know Councilman Zindelprang?

FIB: YOU MEAN F. PARKER ZINDELPRANG? What's he done now?
Handed his brother-in-law another paving contract?
That highbinder has built sidewalks so far out in the
country now you could roller skate from here to Kansas
City.

MOL: Personally I always thought Councilman Zindelprang was
a good man, Mr. Mayor. I heard him speak one Fourth
of July and he spoke very highly of the American flag.

GALE: Well, at least Councilman Zindelprang has shown a
great talent for finance. On a salary of forty-five
hundred dollars a year, he has scrimped together
enough to buy a country estate, a yacht, five cars
and a string of race horses.

MOL: Honestly?

GALE: I rather doubt it. However the situation which has
come up is this: Mr. Zindelprang is leaving town.

FIB: Good! We needed a purse-snatcher like him around
here like Lake Erie needs rain. BUT WHAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM, LA TRIVIA?

GALE: Simply this. His leaving town creates a vacancy on
the City Council.

MOL: His membership on it, was very little more than a
vacancy.

E

(2ND REVISION) -7-

GALE: Exactly. Now the man we want to fill this interrim appointment, must be a man of integrity and character, and have a majority support of the other council members. My personal choice is Clay Morgan.

FIB: CLAY MORGAN!! THAT CHEAP WARD HEELER? THAT STOGIE PEDDLING BACK-SLAPPING, BALLOT-STUFFING CHISSELER? WHY THAT GUY HAS TAKEN SO MUCH HUSH MONEY HE HAS TO WHISPER HIS BANK DEPOSITS!

GALE: You have Morgan all wrong, McGee. He is well educated, a thoroughgoing gentleman, and has a splendid reputation,

FIB: NOT WITH ME, HE HASN'T!

MOL: Now, McGee, just because he blackballed you at a lodge meeting way back in 1927 --

GALE: Oh. So that's it! Well, if you don't want to lend your support, McGee, it's all right. But the only other man mentioned for the vacancy, was such a nonentity that I felt sure you'd get behind Morgan for me.

FIB: LA TRIVIA....I'M TOO BIG A MAN TO LET A PERSONAL MATTER COME BEFORE THE GOOD OF OUR CITY. WHADDYE WANT ME TO DO, BOY?

(REVISED) -8-

MOL: A little campaigning, Mr. Mayor? If so, himself here is just the man for the job. He licked so many envelopes in the last election everything he ate for months tasted like mucilage.

GALE: This must be a quiet campaign, McGee. All we have to do is get people to ask their own councilman to support Clay Morgan. Can I depend on you?

FIB: ONE HUNDRED PERCENT, OLD MAN! CLAY MORGAN IS AS GOOD AS APPOINTED AS OF NOW! AND I KNOW WHEREOF I SPEAK. I BEEN DABBLING IN POLITICS SINCE I WAS A MERE BOY. PEOPLE NEVER REALIZED MY POW'ERE BECAUSE I HAD SUCH A CHILDISH FACE. (PAUSE) "BABY KISSER MCGEE," I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS....

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: BABY KISSER MCGEE, THE BATTLING BANTAM OF THE BALLOT BOX, BOISTEROUS, BRAINY AND BRILLIANT, - BAWLIN' THE BEJUNIOR OUTA BUTTON BRAINED BOSSES, BEATIN' THE BLOOMERS OFF BICKERING BILBOS, BULLDOZIN' BIG-MOUTH BUREAUCRATS, BLEATIN' THE BIGGEST BROMIDES A BIGSHOT COULD UTTER - Watch the groceries, La Triv!...you got your foot on the butter!

APPLAUSE

ORCH: "ATLANTA, G.A."

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -9-

FIB: Boy, do I know my politics!!! Them councilmen are gonna go crawlin' to Clay Morgan on their little fat hands and knees and BEG him to be on the council! And I hope he'll remember it, when I get to be governor!

MOL: Heavenly days....are you seriously considering running for Governor?

FIB: Yes, but just as a stepping stone to higher things. My ultimate goal is being Ambassador to Havana.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Better cigars. BUT, THAT'S FOR THE FUTURE. I gotta get busy. Hand me the phone again, willya.

MOL: I shudder to think what our phone bill will be this month. You've made more calls than a brush salesman with a hungry family of twelve.

FIB: I'm conducting this campaign in a dignified way. I think if we get a higher type of man into public office there'll be less graft. And with less graft, things won't get done so fast, thus giving more work to more people. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here, Hahnegan.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME AL'S BARBER SHOP AT 14th AND OAAA, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOU WHAT. GOT SOME REAL NYLON HOSE?

MOL: (EXCITED) Ask her where and what sizes are available, McGee!

B

(REVISED) -10-

FIB: WHERE'D YOU GET IT AND WHAT SIZE, MYRT? Oh.

MOL: What's she say?

FIB: At Doc Shellenberger's Hardware store. And it only comes in one size. Twenty-five feet including the nozzle. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY....THANKS.....

MOL: (MUTTERS) I'd have this phone taken out, if it wasn't so hard to get another one!

FIB: (IN PHONE) HELLO, AL'S BARBER SHOP? HIYAH, AL. FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKING. HOW'S THE OLD CLIP JOINT DOING, AL? SWELL! (LOWERS VOICE) Look, kid....here's an inside tip. The city council is considering a new tax on barbershops, see? But if we can get Clay Morgan on the city council, he'll kill it. Yeah....contact your own councilman and have him plug for Morgan. Okay, Al. Don't mention it, boy! See you in July for my next haircut. (CLICK)

MOL: What's all this bread pudding about a tax on barbershops? I hadn't heard about that.

FIB: Neither had anybody else. But there's nothing like a barber as a political agent. Nobody's gonna argue with a guy who's hangin' over his throat with a razor. You see, my theory is --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

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

CARST: Good day, my dear....how do you do, Mr. McGee....good heavens, you look busy. With all those pencils and that pile of papers.

d

FIB: In the middle of a political campaign, Carsty. One of the city councilman is leaving town.

CARST: Yes, I know. Mr. Zindelprang. I understand he had been dipping into the pork barrel so long he couldn't shake hands without grunting.

FIB: YOU SAID IT, KIDDO! He's as crooked as Harry Lauder's cane. THE MAN WE WANT FOR THE NEW COUNCILMAN IS CLAY MORGAN!

MOL: Himself here is campaigning for Mr. Morgan, Millicent. And believe me, any man that my husband gets behind is way ahead!

FIB: You betcha. Now, look, Carsty. Your husband bein' a big man in public utilities, his word oughtta swing a little weight. Tell him THAT IF HE'LL THROW HIS INFLUENCE BEHIND CLAY MORGAN, I WON'T OPEN MY TRAP ABOUT THAT INCOME TAX DEAL OF HIS IN 1942. A favor for a favor, is the way I work.

CARST: Mr. McGee, that sounds suspiciously like blackmail.

FIB: NEVER MIND NOW. YOU JUST TELL YOUR HUSBAND WHAT I SAYS CARSTY. THAT'S ALL.

CARSTY: I will, Mr. McGee. Although I'm sure, I don't know what you are talking about.

MOL: Which makes it practically unanimous.

FIB: Just tell him, that's all. Income tax, 1943.

CARST: You said 1942.

FIB: HE'LL KNOW. AND I AIN'T THE KIND OF A RUN-DOWN HEEL THAT WOULD TRY TO COLLECT A PERCENTAGE FROM THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT FOR TURNING A GUY IN EITHER. All I want from him is his support for Clay Morgan.

CARST: I shall tell him exactly what you said, Mr. McGee. And if I may say so, I think you are definitely cut out for a political career.

MOL: Do you really think so, Millicent?

CARST: I do indeed! He has the head of a statesman.

FIB: You really think so, Carsty?

CARST: I really do, Mr. McGee. You have the type of head that should be stamped on - (PAUSE)

MOL: A coin?

CARST: No, my dear, just stamped on. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, that was dirty politics! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MR. CARSTAIRS INCOME TAX?

FIB: (LAUGHING) Not a thing, baby, not a thing!

MOL: Then what good will it do for her to mention it to him?

FIB: Don't be nave, my dear. To any guy in a tax bracket like his, all you gotta do is say "INTERNAL REVENUE" and he starts shakin' like a wet spaniel.

MOL: Even if he's innocent?

FIB: PARTICULARLY if he's innocent. An innocent guy has got so much respect for the Government it scares him to death. It's the black-market big-shots that laugh it off.

MOL: I don't believe it. The Government was very fair with you when you tried to claim a deduction for being the sole support of the Elk's pool table. Because you were always tearing the cloth.

FIB: Oh, they're fair enough. But a guy like Carstairs ----

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh hello there, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. I wanta talk to you, son. You got any influence with the City Hall mob?

WIL: I know a few of the boys, yes. And if it's about that campaign of yours to get people to take the keys out of their cars, I hear that---

MOL: No, it has nothing to do with that, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, anyway, the campaign is going wonderfully. Juvenile car stealing is down fifty percent and the police department is issuing summonses to people who leave their cars with the key in the ignition.

MOL: Yes, we know. McGee got one.

WIL: HE DID? WHEN, PAL?

FIB: Last Wednesday. I was in a hurry and forgot. Left my car outside the Careful Driver's Club with the key in it.

WIL: What were you in such a hurry for?

MOL: He was late and he had to make a speech about not leaving car keys in the ignition.

FIB: Sure taught me a lesson, Junior. Now I tie a string onto the ignition key and the other end on my cuff links.

MOL: So far he's torn the sleeves out of five shirts and lost seven pairs of cuff buttons.

FIB: BUT I GET THE KEY OUT THOUGH! Anyway, Junior, that ain't the campaign I wanna discuss. You hear about Councilman Zindelprang leaving town?

WIL: Yeah. Great little character! ~~Too bad he'll get to Aleatras too late for the shooting.~~ What about him Pal?

FIB: Well, the council has gotta appoint a guy to replace him, see? A couple fellas are being considered, but the man we want in there is Clay Morgan.

WIL: Yes, Morgan is a good man. He's from Racine, Wisconsin, you know.

FIB: NO KIDDIN' JUNIOR? YOU KNOW HIM FROM THERE, DO YOU?

WIL: Oh quite well. In fact, when I first started selling Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat -

MOL: Selling what, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.
FIB: How do you spell it?
WIL: G.L.O. trapeze, C.O.A.T.
MOL: Don't you mean HYPHEN?
WIL: I call it a trapeze, because thereby hangs a tale. You see, Johnson's Glocoat -
FIB: Excuse me for interrupting, Junior..but what does this Glocoat do?
WIL: ARE YOU KIDDING?
MOL: Yes.
WIL: I thought so. You know as well as I do that it's the standard beauty treatment for linomelelum...er..lilomen... I MEAN, YOU JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND, AND IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS IT DRIES TO A GLITTERING, PROTECTIVE FINISH. ELIMINATES OLD FASHIONED SCRUBBING AND MAKES FOOTPRINTS AND SPILLED THINGS EASY TO WIPE OFF.
FIB: Off what?
WIL: Your kitchen limolem...manoleu...YOU KNOW! THAT FLOOR COVERING THAT JOHNSON'S NO-RUBBING, NO-BUFFING GLOCOAT RESTORES THE BEAUTY TO, AND GIVES IT THAT EASY TO CLEAN SPARKLE.
MOL: You mean Linoleum.
WIL: That's what I said.
FIB: You said what?
WIL: What Molly said.
MOL: Linoleum.

A

WIL: Certainly.
FIB: Look, Waxey...I'll make you a deal. You pass the word to your friends on the city council to back Clay Morgan, and I won't snitch to Racine about you not being able to pronounce that word.
WIL: You mean Linoleum?
FIB: Yeah.
WIL: It's a deal, Pal! *see you later*

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee...did you hear him? He said it!
FIB: He said what?
MOL: Manoleum...lilom...well, anyway, he said it was a deal. You think Mr. Morgan will get the appointment?
FIB: With me behind him, snooky, he can't miss. It's a lucky thing for him that La Trivia begged me to organize this campaign. Lucky for the city, too. My gosh, we might of--

TELEPHONE

MOL: I'll get it.
FIB: Better let me. It may be Harry Truman, wanting me to handle his next campaign. (CLICK), CLAY MORGAN-FOR-COUNCILMAN HEADQUARTERS, CAMPAIGN MANAGER MCGEE SPEAKING. EH? WHO? OH HIYAH, LA TRIVIA. EH? SURE...IF YOU WANT ME TO. NO, I WON'T HAVE TO WRITE IT OUT. I'LL SPEAK EXTEMPORONIOUS. YEAH. OKAY, BOY. JUST RELAX. I'LL BE THERE. (CLICK)
MOL: Be where?
FIB: City Hall. La Trivia wants me to give a short speech to the council, in favor of Clay Morgan.

MOL: May I go with you? I'd like to get one good look at the characters who decided that forty-five minutes was time enough to park and try to buy new bed linen. If men only knew ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Oh hello there Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. What's the matter with you? You look kind of cast down.

WIMP: I was Mr. McGee. Down the front steps. I had a little argument with Sweetysface. Sweetysface, that's my big old wife.

MOL: It must have been pretty humiliating to be thrown down your own front steps, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Yes, I'm pretty blue about it.

MOL: You are eh?

WIMP: Yes..and black, too.

MOL: By the way, Mr. Wimple? Do you know Clay Morgan?

WIMP: Oh indeed I do, Mrs. McGee! He's a fine man. If I ever have a son, I hope he grows up to be just like Clay Morgan. You know.....wealthy.

FIB: I'm glad you like him Wimp. I'm handling his campaign to get him onto the city council, see? Soon as you can, get in touch with anybody you know in the city hall and give him a plug. Okay?

WIMP: Oh I'll be very happy to, Mr. McGee. In fact, I'll go down to the city hall personally.....I don't dare go home for a while anyway.

MOL: Why not, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh Sweetysface is really on the warpath today, Mrs. McGee. She's just LIVID. You see, we were going to take a hike through the woods, and Sweetysface put on a new pair of tights to go walking in and --

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TIGHTS?

MOL: Don't you mean slacks, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) They may be slacks on some women, Mrs. McGee, but on Sweetysface, they're tights! Anyway, she asked me how they looked, and I said "VERY SHIPSHAPE," forgetting that her father had been captain of a tugboat, and she knew what shape a ship was. OHHH, I PAID FOR THAT REMARK, BELIEVE ME!

FIB: Is your wife at home now, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes. Up on the roof.

MOL: What on earth is she doing up on the roof?

WIMP: Oh, she climbed up to fix the radio aerial and some thoughtless person took the ladder away.

FIB: Who'd do a thing like that?

(REVISED)

-19-

WIMP: (SNICKERS) I wonder!! WELL, I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR
MR. MORGAN, MR. MCGEE, GOODBYE NOW!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "HARRIET" - KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -20-

Edward Smerman
MOL: This is the first time I've been in the city hall for a
long time McKee. Who are all those people standing around
in the corridors?

FIB: My dear girl, that is one of the great mysteries of every
city hall in the country. There is one scientific theory
that they are people who were left over from watching the
excavating when the building was built. Another theory is
that...OH HIYAH, DOC. Hey, Molly...here's Doc Gamble!

MOL: HELLO THERE DOCTOR GAMBLE!

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, String-Saver. What
brings you two honest taxpayers down into this marble
palace of greed and corruption?

FIB: That's a fine way for the City Health Commissioner to
talk, Duckfoot. Are you inferring that the present
administration is crooked?

MOL: Personally, I don't believe it. Not with Mayor La Trivia
in office.

DOC: You are perfectly right, my dear. I was just joking,
with my usual bad taste. Wistful Vista has about the
cleanest government of any city in the country. The Mayor
is painfully honest, the Commissioners are a splendid body
of men, and I should know, being one of them. And the
City Council are, with one exception, beyond reproach.

FIB: We know who you mean, too, Zindelprang.

MOL: But he's moving out of town, doctor.

DOC: He certainly is. We have arranged to have his baggage searched at the airport, to be sure he doesn't walk off with the Oak Street Bridge, or some playground equipment.

MOL: You know who McGee is campaigning for, to take over the vacancy in the council, Doctor?

DOC: Why, I naturally supposed that -

FIB: Well, you can stop supposing, Pill-roller. I'm handling the Clay Morgan campaign.

DOC: YOU! How did it happen that the Mayor picked you to handle the situation, Titwillow? When it comes to Politics you are wetter than a handkerchief at a showing of "Sentimental Journey".

MOL: I think he's done very well with this campaign, Doctor. He's lined up everybody with influence in town, just about.

FIB: For your information, Capsulehappy, I am the Jim Farley of Wistful Vista. When it comes to politics, nobody can hold a candle to me.

DOC: Too bad! Seems like a wonderful idea! WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET UPSTAIRS AND WRANGLE WITH THE SEWER COMMISSIONER,.

MOL: A matter of public health, Doctor?

DOC: No - a matter of 97 cents he owes me for gin rummy...See you later, Molly. So long, Fancy pants.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AWAY

MOL: Isn't it about time you're due in the council chamber, McGee?

FIB: Yeah...where's that extempomoronius speech I wrote out? Oh, here it is. Now lemme see...(TO HIMSELF) GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL...I AM HERE ON THE BEHALF...

MOL: Not on THE behalf, dearie. I am here "ON BEHALF".

m

FIB: But you're not here on anybody's behalf. I am.

MOL: That's not the point. You don't say THE behalf. Just be-half.

FIB: Just be half what?

MOL: Skip it. Go on with the speech.

FIB: GENTLEMEN, AT A TIME OF POLITICAL CRISIS, LIKE THIS HERE ONE, I MEAN LIKE THIS ONE HERE, IT ILL BEHOOVES US...^{to put our shoulder to the wheel}
(BOARD FADE: OUT OF WHICH COMES MURMUR OF VOICES:)

FIB: - AND SO IN CONCLUSION, GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL, I SAY APPOINT CLAY MORGAN! A MAN OF THE PEOPLE! A MAN WHO HAS THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PUBLIC AT HEART! A MAN WHO HAS A SPLENDID RECORD OF BING CROSBY SINGING "DON'T FENCE ME--

MOL: (FIERCE WHISPER) No, McGee...NO!

FIB: What was it? White Christmas" -- Eh? Oh, I MEAN A SPLENDID RECORD OF CIVIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS. GENTLEMEN, CLAY MORGAN, IS THAT MAN! I THANK YOU.

MURMUR OF MALE VOICES:

GALE: Thank you, Mr. McGee! Now if you and your wife will be so kind as to step out into the corridor, the council will take an immediate vote.

FIB: You betcha, kid. Take your time, Come on, Molly.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: That was a very convincing speech, McGee. You made Clay Morgan sound like a combination of Daniel Boone, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Kaiser and Santa Claus.

FIB: Well, when I throw my influence behind a man I always -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

GALE: Well, McGee, it's all set. Morgan got the appointment. And I -

m

TAG

FIB: I'm sure glad I got Clay Morgan onto the city council,
Molly. You know why?

MOL: No, why?

FIB: Because Morgan is President of the Bar Association.
Now I can pop into any joint in town, grab a handful
of pretzels, and nobody'll say a word!

MOL: The BAR ASSOCIATION, dearie, is an organization of
lawyers.

FIB: WHAT? IT IS? Oh well, I don't care much for pretzels
anyway. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF & 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)

TAG

FIB: I'm sure glad I got Clay Morgan onto the city council,
Molly. You know why?

MOL: No, why?

FIB: Because Morgan is President of the Bar Association.
Now I can pop into any joint in town, grab a handful
of pretzels, and nobody'll say a word!

MOL: The BAR ASSOCIATION, dearie, is an organization of
lawyers.

FIB: WHAT? IT IS? Oh well, I don't care much for pretzels
anyway. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF & 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)