

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

TAPE  
SHOW  
NO. 1

THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!! (REVISED)

THEME...FADE FOR:

The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing  
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson,  
Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, and  
me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil  
Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

2/21/50

THURSDAY

6:30:38 — 6:31:38 — 1:00

6:43:15 — 6:44:15 — 1:00

6:56:30 — 6:57:15 — :45

6:58:25 — 6:59:10 — :45

3:30

(REVISED) -2-

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
2/21/50

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

ORHC: THEME...FADE FOR: Molly join us in a moment --- Have you heard

the big news? There are three big reasons why housewives  
everywhere are enthusiastic about Johnson's Self  
Polishing Glo-Coat.  
First - It's positively water-repellent. Second -  
it now lasts up to four times longer. Third - it's the  
most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy

ORHC: THEME UP AND FADE FOR: d linoleum.

You can see how all three statements go together.  
Because it's water-repellent, Glo-Coat doesn't lose its  
shine...the wax on your floor doesn't dissolve and  
disappear -- when you spill or drip water on it. Because  
of that, it lasts up to four times longer. You can even  
damp-mop a Glo-Coat protected surface repeatedly without  
wiping off the wax protection. And because it lasts up  
to four times longer, you get more for your money in  
every drop of Glo-Coat you use. It's water-repellent...  
it lasts up to four times longer...it's the most  
economical self polishing floor wax you can buy.  
Be good to yourself and your floors. Get Johnson's  
Water-Repellent Glo-Coat tomorrow -- at your dealer's.

ORHC: BRIDGE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
2/21/50

ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER STANDARDS, WHEN A DOG BITES A MAN  
OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment --- Have you heard the big news? There are three big reasons why homemakers everywhere are enthusiastic about Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat.

First -- it's positively water-repellent. Second --

it now lasts up to four times longer. Third - it's the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy for your floors and linoleum.

You can see how all three statements go together.

Because it's water-repellent, Glo-Coat doesn't lose its shine...the wax on your floor doesn't dissolve and disappear -- when you spill or drip water on it. Because of that, it lasts up to four times longer. You can even damp-mop a Glo-Coat protected surface repeatedly without wiping off the wax protection. And because it lasts up

to four times longer, you get more for your money in every drop of Glo-Coat you use. It's water-repellent...

it lasts up to four times longer...it's the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy.

Be good to yourself and your floors. Get Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat tomorrow -- at your dealer's.

ORCH: BRIDGE.

WILCOX: ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER STANDARDS, WHEN A DOG BITES A MAN IT IS NOT NEWS.

BUT WHEN A MUTT MERRILY MONCHES ON A MAILMAN IN THE FRONT YARD OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, IT CAN CAUSE A MESS OF TROUBLE

EVEN IF IT DOESN'T INTEREST THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. FOR THE COMPLETE DETAILS OF THIS FASCINATING OCCURRENCE, LISTEN TO --

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: But dearie, did you EXPLAIN to the mailman that we don't own a dog - that it was not our dog that bit him?

FIB: EXPLAIN!! Did you ever try to explain something to a guy that's hoppin' around, hollerin' his head off, pickin'

letters and postcards outa the bushes and tryin' to hold the seat of his britches together at the same time?

MOL: (THOUGHTFULLY) Wel-l-l, now let me think. No, I don't believe I ever did. Somehow, things like that never seem to happen to me.

FIB: Well, they do to me, kiddo. ALL THE TIME!!

MOL: I know.

FIB: My gosh, my ancestors musta been frightened by the hole in a phonograph record. I seem to of inherited a gift for <sup>always</sup> bein' in the middle!

MOL: I hope you apologised to the mailman..

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: Why should I apologize to him? I didn't bite him. -6-  
I'll admit that I've thought of it a few times, like  
when he won't take my personal check for overdue postage,  
but - for fifty thousand bucks because a dog nibbled  
MOL: Whose dog was it? front yard.  
FIB: Toopses. The flop-eared, beady-eyed, car-chasing,  
travelling flea-circus that Mort refers to as a "bird dog".  
BIRD DOG! HAH! That cat-happy mutt couldn't smell an  
ostrich carrying a leaky bucket full o' Chanel Number 5.  
--And dumb!! <sup>You know what he does?</sup> He spends all spring down by Pittman's  
Creek, barkin at the pussy willows! <sup>Did I say? You</sup>  
MOL: Oh now, McGee. That's a very friendly dog. He and I  
are great friends.  
FIB: Anybody that gives him a pork chop every time he stops,  
scratching long enough to hoist himself up on the back  
porch and slap the floor with his big fat tail and  
him are <sup>very</sup> good friends.  
MOL: But I still don't see how all this affects you.  
MAN: I'm from the (COUGHS) we got notice that - (COUGHS)...I...  
MOL: Why of course, you poor man. Sit right here.  
MAN: Gee...thanks. (COUGHS, GROANS)  
FIB: You sure look awful, bud. Bad cold?  
MAN: Yeah...bad cold...stomach ulcers...rheumatism...and a  
coupla impacted wisdom teeth.  
MOL: You're in pretty bad shape, sir. But what can we do  
for you?  
MAN: Well-l-l...(COUGH) I'm from the Department of Health...  
FIB: YOU?

(REVISED) (2ND REVISION) -6-

MAN: Yeah (COUGH) gotta warrant here to get  
dog. He bit somebody, seems like.  
FIB: I'll tell you how, kiddo. The mailman says he's gonna  
sue me for fifty thousand bucks because a dog nibbled  
his nickers in MY front yard.  
MOL: That's ridiculous. I'll have to report you for refusing to  
FIB: Sure it's ridiculous. Strictly nonsense. Kid stuff.  
BUT, it won't look so ridiculous when a jury of 12  
selected melonheads fine me ten thousand fish and gimme  
six months in the pokey for exposing a civil servant to  
grievous maltreatment. CIVIL servant, did I say? You  
should have heard him! Why the language that guy used --  
~~ugh~~ --  
SOUND: DOOR CHIME he... don't yell like that! got bad ear  
MOL: Come in!  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
MAN: McGee's residence?  
FIB: Why?  
MAN: I'm from the (COUGHS) we got notice that - (COUGHS)...I...  
(WEAKLY) May I sit down? I don't...I don't feel well.  
MOL: Why of course, you poor man. Sit right here. better get  
MAN: Gee...thanks. (COUGHS, GROANS)  
FIB: You sure look awful, bud. Bad cold?  
MAN: Yeah...bad cold...stomach ulcers...rheumatism...and a  
coupla impacted wisdom teeth.  
MOL: You're in pretty bad shape, sir. But what can we do  
for you?  
MAN: Well-l-l...(COUGH) I'm from the Department of Health...  
FIB: YOU?  
NM

(REVISED)

-7-

MAN: Yeah. (COUGH) Gotta warrant here to pick up your (COUGH) dog. He bit somebody, seems like.

MOL: Well, we don't have a dog, sir.

FIB: No, so just totter along back to the City Hall, Buster, while you can still make it.

MAN: Okay. (COUGH) But I'll have to report you for refusing to honor (COUGH) a warrant. If you change your mind, bring your dog down to the City Pound. (COUGH) Otherwise you're in trouble, because -

FIB: (YELLS) WE ARE NOT IN TROUBLE... I TELL YOU WE AIN'T GOT A DOG AND THE DOG THAT BIT OUR MAILMAN BELONGS TO SOMEBODY ELSE AND I WON'T TELL YOU WHO BECAUSE I'M NO STOOL PIGEON, ~~SEE~~ - AND FURTHERMORE --

MAN: Please, brother... don't yell like that! I got bad ear drums. BUT, if that's the way you feel about it. (COUGHS) So long.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: So he represents the Health Department! I wonder if it's true that the Water Commissioner drinks nothing but gin.

FIB: You hear what he says, Molly? They got a warrant out for me. That's the first step. What I better do is, I better get a lawyer myself and - you're really guilty of is murder. The English language lies dead at your feet. Let me find out from your wife what this is all about. She's gonna be a shrew. What goes on, Molly?

MOL: In words of one syllable, Doctor, the mailman got bit in our front yard by 'Dog's dog. He's filed suit. Against MOGEE.

(REVISED)

-7-

MAN: Yeah. (COUGH) Gotta warrant here to pick up your (COUGH) dog. He bit somebody, seems like.

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MOL: In words of one syllable, Doctor, the mailman got bit in our front yard by 'Dog's dog. He's filed suit. Against MOGEE.

(REVISED) -8-

MOL: You'd better call Mr. Toops, instead McGee. Tell him that it was his dog that caused all the trouble.

FIB: Mort won't believe it. He thinks that dog is the smartest pup that ever lived. Just because he brings Mort home the evening paper every night and -

MOL: HE DOES? My goodness, isn't that smart?

FIB: Not the way he does it. He brings Mort the evening papers offa everybody's porch for three block around. Ever see Toopses porch about six P.M.? Looks like it was under two feet of snow. That dog don't-----

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Well, get your hat, dearie. It's probably a bailiff.  
COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Relax, McGee. It's just Doctor Gamble. Hello, Doctor.

DOC: Hello, my dear. And what are you scowling about, Acid-puss?

FIB: I got plenty to scowl about, Skin-grafter. You haven't ever been sued for fifty grand by a guy that it wasn't your fault if he got bit by a dog that didn't belong to you so how can I be legally liable anyway, have you?

DOC: Jellyhead, what you're really guilty of is murder. The English language lies dead at your feet. Let me find out from your wife what this is all about. She <sup>went to school</sup> ~~retained the~~ ~~third grade~~. What goes on, Molly?

MOL: In words of one syllable, Doctor, the mailman got bit in our front yard by Toop's dog. He's filed suit. Against McGEE.

(REVISED) -10-

DOC: I'll personally see to it that you have the most sanitary

(REVISED) -9-

FIB: Yes, and further the more, the Health Department has got a warrant out to impound my dog, and they said if I don't --- HEY.....YOU'RE THE CITY HEALTH COMMISSIONER!

DOC: Well, don't make it sound like I'd been appointed by Jack the Ripper. What do you want me to do -- quarantine the police department?

MOL: I think he'd like you to tell your Health Department to go boil a buffalo.

FIB: You said it!

MOL: Thank you! I thought it was rather concisely put, myself.

DOC: Well, I don't know why you're in such a fever, Blister. ~~In the first place, nobody can take a dog away from you if you haven't got a dog. That's pretty elementary. Just because a man gets bit in your front yard -- (PAUSE) S5yyy, my brother got butted by a goat once and collected SIXTY thousand. The goat was in somebody else's yard and my brother sued the property owner and...Oh, sonny... you're really in trouble!!!~~

MOL: You mean he's liable to be ---

FIB: You mean that legally they can ---

DOC: ~~Now don't you worry about a thing, Lumpfee!~~ As Health Commissioner of this City, I am not entirely powerless, you know.

FIB: Good old Doc!!!

DOC: I'll personally see to it that you have the most sanitary  
 cell in the whole jail! After all, what are friends for?  
 So long, Molly.  
 SOUND: DOOR SLAMS  
 FIB: "What are friends for?" he says. I wonder if anybody ever  
 ever thought of using 'em for shark-bait? HAND ME THE  
PHONE, KIDDO...I GOTTA GET ME A LAWYER!!!  
 ORCH: "WAITIN FOR THE ROBT.E.LEE"  
 (APPLAUSE)

HELLO, THERE DAUGHTER. HIYAH, JOHNNY...WHAT'S THIS I  
 HEAR ABOUT YOU COMEPPIN' ASSAULT AND BATTERY ON A  
 YOU'RE A BILLY TO GET UP IN THE MORNIN'.  
 FIB: Molly, I called three different sets of lawyers,  
 and nobody'll handle my case.  
 MOL: NONE of them?  
 FIB: Nope. They says that legally I'm deader than a  
 red shirt on television. I'm gettin' a little  
 worried, because...  
 SOUND: DOOR CHIME  
 FIB: Well, I'll go quietly. Get me my long-sleeved  
 sweater, Kiddo. I don't want the handcuffs to  
 show. You may stop down. Now then, kids what's this all  
 It's at the cleaners, dearie. Brazen it out.  
 COME IN!  
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
 FIB: I don't think Molso is legally responsible...  
 the wellman was in front of our house...  
 FIB: I'm mainly not.

OLD T: HELLO, THERE DAUGHTER. HIYAH, JOHNNY....WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU COMMITTIN' ASSAULT AND BATTERY ON A GOVERNMENT MAN? YOU'RE LI'BLE TO WIND UP IN TENWORTH.

MOL: Leavenworth.

OLD T: Tenworth. I'm givin' him a year off fer good behaviour, Daughter. Well, Johnny? How about it?

FIB: Wel-l. I---

OLD T: Is it true, that you, said owner of aforesaid property, did wilfully and with malice aforethought ipse facto and with due cause? Answer yes or no!

FIB: No.

OLD T: Good! You may step down. Now then, Kids what's this all about? Is it true your nearsighted dawg mistook the mailman for a rump roast?

MOL: It wasn't our dog, Mr. Old Timer. We don't have a dog. I don't think McGee is legally responsible simply because the mailman was in front of our house when he got bit.

FIB: Certainly not.

OLD T: Now wait a minute, kids. Take the case of Abernathy versus McKecknie, Pennsylvania 1921. Court held plaintiff guilty of criminal malfeasance simply because defendant, ex post facto, denied a writ of compliance, thus affecting the adverse outcome. Appeal was demanded and granted. Case is now up for a hearing in Apellate Division. Soon's I hear how it comes out, I'll leave you know. Meantime, how about ten bucks as a retainer?

FIB: A RETAINER!

MOL: Retainer for what?

OLD T: Well lock, kids, if you want me to advise you legally --

FIB: WE DON'T!

OLD T: In that case, make it five bucks. I'm no ambulance chaser.

MOL: BUT WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LAW?

OLD T: Studied it by mail, daughter. Which reminds me! - I gotta git down to the post office and try a case. Postmaster says the address label come off it and all the clerks are helpin' their-selves. See you later!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I don't think people are takin' this thing serious, Molly. My gosh, I'M bein' sued for fifty thousand dollars and that ain't pipe-cleaners!

FIB: Yeah, but getting back to the dog biting the mailman.....

MOL: Tell us about it, won't you?

MOL: Look, McGee, can't we persuade Mr. Toops to admit that it was his dog? Won't he do that?

FIB: I tried that a while ago. But I balled it all up, and Mort won't raise a hand to help out. Just because I mispronounced a couple of words.

MOL: What words?

FIB: I just says: "LOOK, MUTT, THAT MORT OF YOURS BIT OUR MAILMAN" and that's as far as I got. My gosh, if he....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hiyah, Molly. Hiyah, Pal. Look, when you come to trial and need a character witness, call on me.

FIB: Thanks, Junior...

MOL: Had any experience in court, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Plenty! I was called in as an expert witness once in Domestic Relations Court.

MOL: Tell us about it, won't you?

FIB: OH, MOLLY...WHY'D YOU ASK HIM THAT? You know very well what he's trying to...

WIL: Well, it seems this man wouldn't buy his wife the proper housekeeping supplies. She wanted some Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-coat and he was too tightfisted to give it to her. Or probably he didn't realize how important it was to her.

FIB: Yeah, but getting back to the dog biting the mailman.....

WIL: It is the finest product of its kind in existence. There never will be a finer floor wax. Not in a THOUSAND years..unless the Johnson people make it! That's what I said!

MOL: Tell us about it, won't you?

FIB: OH, MOLLY....WHY'D YOU ASK HIM THAT? YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S TRYING TO ---

WIL: Well, it seems this man wouldn't buy his wife the quality house-keeping supplies. She'd heard about Johnson's sensational Water-Repellant Glocoat, and he was too tight-fisted to give it to her. Or, maybe he didn't realize how important to a housewife the ---

FIB: YEAH, BUT GETTING BACK TO THE DOG BITING THE MAILMAN --

WIL: Seems the woman had to live there day after day, using an inferior product for floor-protection when what she wanted all the time was Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat, the quality self-polishing floor wax that stays on and stays bright even after repeated damp moppings, because Glocoat IS positively water-repellant. So, I ----

FIB: That dog wasn't even mine, Junior, but when he took a hunk outa the mailman, he -- might as well take up --

WIL: I explained on the witness stand how Johnson's Water-Repellant Glocoat protects wood floors and linoleum and how it was so smooth-spreading, so quick-drying, and didn't show any unsightly streaks when spilled things were wiped up, and --

MOL: And, to think of the mailman wanting fifty thousand dollars just because a hungry little puppy --

WIL: ..And I told the court that Johnson's Water-Repellant Glocoat is the finest product of its kind in existence. There never WILL be a finer floor wax. Not in a THOUSAND years..unless the Johnson people make it! That's what I said!!



(REVISED) -15-

FIB: Migosh, that's a pretty strong statement, Junior. Why  
did you hafta say that?  
WIL: What else could I say, Pal? I had to tell the truth! I  
WAS UNDER OATH! So long, kids.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Fine character witness he'd make! He'd probably tell the  
judge they couldn't lay a hand on me, because I was  
protected from scuffs and scratches with Johnson's Self-Pol  
-- Where you goin', kiddo?

MOL: Got to go sort the laundry, McGee. I must have things in  
good order around here if you go to...I mean, if the worst  
comes to the...that is, if your trial is - (FADE) Well, you  
know what I mean.

FIB: Yeah, I know what you mean, snooky! Oh this is ridiculous.  
I ain't legally responsible for who somebody's dog bites in  
my front yard when ...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: OKAY, COME IN!!! I might as well take my --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES) me you'd leare the bad news?

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Teeny. Heard the bad news?

TEE: Sure I did, I betcha. Gee, was I ever sorry!

TEE: Why it didn't, I betcha! My mama saw the fire engines  
go past with her own eyes! So there.

FIB: FIRE ENGINES! What fire engines?

TEE: The fire engines that went to my school because  
it was on fire.

(REVISED) -16-

(2ND REVISION) -16-

FIB: Well, thanks, sis. It's nice to hear a sympathetic voice.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Did you do it?

FIB: Certainly not. It wasn't my dog in the first place.

TEE: What dog?

FIB: The dog that bit the mailman.

TEE: What mailman?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, SIS. THE MAILMAN THAT GOT BIT BY THE DOG  
THAT HE'S SUING ME ABOUT IT, FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS,  
IN MY FRONT YARD!

TEE: Gee, you're gettin' sued by a DOG?

FIB: NO NO NO! I'M BEING SUED BY THE MAILMAN.

TEE: Oh boy. That's too bad, mister. I hadn't heard about  
that.

FIB: What? You hadn't?

TEE: Nope.

FIB: Then why did you tell me you'd heard the bad news?

TEE: My mamma told me. This mornng.

FIB: IT DIDN'T HAPPEN THIS MORNING. IT HAPPENED RIGHT  
AFTER LUNCH.

TEE: Why it didn't, I betcha! My mama saw the fire engines  
go past with her own eyes! So there.

FIB: FIRE ENGINES! What fire engines?

TEE: The fire engines that went to my school because  
it was on fire.

**FIB:** I just heard you talking on the phone, McGee. Have you  
Well, I'm afraid we're talking about two different  
got this silly case all straightened out?  
things, sis. I asked you did you hear the bad news  
Straightened out!!! My gosh, tootsie, it gets worse  
and you said yes. I didn't realize your bad news was the  
every minute! The mailman is suing me for fifty grand,  
schoolhouse catching fire.

**TEE:** It wasn't, I betcha. They got there on time and put the  
fire out. THAT was my bad news. Tell me about yours  
some time, Mister....'bye now.

**SOUND:** DOOR SLAM

**ORCH:** KING'S MEN: "WHISTLER AND HIS DOG"  
(APPLAUSE)

**OLE:** More complications, I presume.

**FIB:** You presume! You got a sure thing there, kiddo. COME IN!

**SOUND:** DOOR CHIME

**OLE:** Well, for goodness sakes. It's the janitor from the  
Elk's Club. Come on in Ole.

**FIB:** Thanks, Missus. Hello, McGee.

**OLE:** Hiyah, Ole. Glad to see you! At least YOU ain't gonna  
hound me about that dog that bit the mailman.

**OLE:** Well, no...but I just wanted to warn you, McGee...the  
mailman is first cousin to my missus' sister...He wants  
I should be a testimonial against you.

**FIB:** (GROANS) Oh, my gosh...AIN'T I GOT ANY FRIENDS LEFT?

**MOL:** I just heard you talking on the phone, McGee. Have you  
got this silly case all straightened out?

**FIB:** Straightened out!!! My gosh, tootsie, it gets worse  
every minute! The mailman is suing me for fifty grand,  
the Health Department is after my scalp for not giving 'em  
my dog, when I ain't even GOT a dog, the cops think I'm  
holding out on 'em, Mort Toops is mad at me for insulting  
both him and his pup...my gosh...this is really  
COMPLICATED!

**MOL:** Well, I'M sure it will all come out all right, dearie.  
After all...

**SOUND:** DOOR CHIME

**MOL:** More complications, I presume.

**FIB:** You presume! You got a sure thing there, kiddo, COME IN!

**SOUND:** DOOR OPEN

**MOL:** Well, for goodness sakes. It's the janitor from the  
Elk's Club. Come on in Ole.

**OLE:** Thanks, Missus. Hello, McGee.

**FIB:** Hiyah, Ole. Glad to see you! At least YOU ain't gonna  
hound me about that dog that bit the mailman.

**OLE:** Well, no...but I just wanted to warn you, McGee...the  
mailman is first cousin to my missus' sister...He wants  
I should be a testimonial against you.

**FIB:** (GROANS) Oh, my gosh...AIN'T I GOT ANY FRIENDS LEFT?

MOL: ~~Take it easy, McGee. Ole didn't say he was going to~~  
OLE: ~~testify against you. Anyway, what could he say? What~~  
would your cousin want you to say in court, Ole?  
OLE: He wants I should tell the judge McGee is irresponsible  
character. He wants I should say that McGee has got  
prejudice against mailmen.  
FIB: THAT'S RIDICULOUS! I GOT NOTHING BUT SYMPATHY FOR  
MAILMEN! YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE I BEN LEFT HOLDING  
THE BAG ALL MY LIFE SO I KNOW EXACTLY.....  
OLE: Took it easy, McGee....Took it easy! Let me tell you  
what I told my missus' forst cousin.  
MOL: Yes, tell us, Ole.  
OLE: I say, "Look, Forst Cousin to my missus", I says....  
McGee is friend of mine. If I am a testimonial for  
anybody, I am testimonial on his side.  
FIB: THANKS, OLE, OLE MAN!!!  
MOL: Go on, Ole!!  
OLE: Then I told him you got no dog. I say McGEE DON'T GOT  
A DOG...ANY DOG McGEE GOT WOULD STARVE TO DEATH BECAUSE  
McGEE IS TOO STINGY TO FEED HIM.  
MOL: Why Ole!!! How terrible....  
FIB: You...you said that....about ME, Ole? Your friend?  
FIB: Well, why I go. Off to Alcatraz. Bake me a cake with  
a habeus corups in it, kiddo.

OLE: Sure (CHUCKLES) It was just nonsense, McGee. I was just  
trying to prove you got no dog so how could a dog you  
don't got bite somebody? See?  
MOL: I see. Very shrewd of you, Ole.  
FIB: Yeah, thanks, Ole. I guess.  
OLE: But, I think you lose the case anyway, McGee. My missus's  
forst cousin say if you are so mean to dogs, no wonder  
he bites everybody in your front yard. So, I guess when  
I stood up for you, I'M just donatin' my time. So long,  
Missus. So long, McGee.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: See what I mean, Tootsie. See how involved this thing is  
getting. My gosh, I'll be lucky to get off with ten  
years in the sneezer. And a fine of ten grand, AND  
DAMAGES, AND COURT COSTS...WHY GEE WHIZZ...  
MOL: Oh, now, now, now...let's not borrow trouble, McGee. The  
whole thing comes back to the fact that it was NOT your  
dog that caused all the trouble.  
FIB: You said it! It was not only not my dog, but I wouldn't  
own that mangy old ~~beast~~ ---  
SOUND: DOOR CHIME  
FIB: Well, here I go. Off to Alcatraz. Bake me a cake with  
a habeus corups in it, kiddo.

(2ND REVISED) -21-

MOL: I'll do better than that, dearie. I'll bake you some  
angel food and you can fly over the wall. COME IN!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: LA TRIVIA!!! JUST THE GUY I NEED ...HEY, MOLLY...WHY  
DIDN'T I THINK OF HIM BEFORE?

MOL: I don't know, I'm sure. Come in, Mr. Mayor!

GALE: Thank you. What's all the excitement, McGee?

FIB: La Trivia, as Mayor of Wistful Vista, you're in a  
position to correct a foul injustice!

MOL: It's lucky we know you, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Er...thank you. Will somebody please inform me just  
what...

FIB: Look, La Triv. Here's the story in a nutshell. A dog  
bites the mailman. The mailman is suing me for fifty  
grand. The Health Department is on my tail because I  
won't hand over my dog. Which I don't own one. <sup>a dog</sup> The  
cops are layin' for me because I wouldn't honor the  
warrant for my dog from the Health Department. So here's  
where you come in, La Triv...

GALE: If I'd known this I wouldn't have!

(2ND REVISION) -22-

MOL: Mr. Mayor. All you have to do is call off the police and  
the Health Department. This whole thing is nonsense.

FIB: You KNOW I haven't got a dog!

GALE: Yes. Yes, I know that. But if the man was bitten on your  
property while rendering you a service, it seems to be  
willful negligence on your part, and as such, subject to  
due process of law. Of course, if I had been an  
eyewitness to the affair, it might have been a horse of  
another color.

MOL: That's silly. It wouldn't have been a horse at all. It  
would still have been a dog.

FIB: And the color of the dog is immaternal and rear-elephant,  
La Trivia. This dog was kind of a dun colored goat, that-

GALE: I was not speaking of an acutal animal, McGee. I was  
merely -

MOL: Well, we're glad you realize that this animal is  
unspeakable, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: I'll say. And if that mailman says he got bit by a HORSE  
that belonged to me, I'll

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY YOUR MAIL-HORSE BIT A DOG-MAN! I MEAN, WHEN  
I SAID IF I'D BEEN A DOG WITNESS...AN EYE DOGNESS...

MOL: PLEASE ... Mr. Mayor ... let's control ourselves. Let's  
not scream at one another.

(2ND REVISION)

-23-

(2ND REVISION) -23-

FIB: I'm only quoting your own words, La Trivia....and let me emphasize once more that the case involves a dog, not a horse.

GALE: I know. I was only trying to say that --

MOL: And when you say a horse of a different color, Your Honor, you're straying from the subject.

FIB: And a horse couldn't of bit the mailman in the same place, either. He'd of had to bend down too far. But all this dog had to do was ---

GALE: I DON'T CARE WHAT THE DOG HAD TO DO...I MEAN, YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO GET ME ALL HORSED UP..ER..MAKING A DOG OF MY...LISTEN!! THE QUOTATION "A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT DOGGER"...I MEAN "THE DOG OF A DIFFERENT HORSEMAN"...A HARNESS OF DOGMARK!...MAILFUSS!...COLORMUTT....I DIDN'T... YOU SAID...WE DON'T....(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: Let me assure you that I shall do everything in my power to affect the outcome of this case...

MOL: THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR...!!

FIB: You're a pal, La Triv! You'll appear in court then?

(2ND REVISION)

-24-

GALE: I'll be there, believe me. And Molly...try not to stand directly behind him. BECAUSE AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED THEY CAN THROW THE BOOK AT HIM!!! Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well...there goes your last hope, McGee.

FIB: Yup. We should never have got him into one of them things when we needed a favor out of him. WELL, THAT LEAVES ME JUST ONE ALTERNATIVE, TOOTSIE. GET ME TWENTY BUCKS OUTA THE COOKIE JAR.

MOL: Twenty dollars? What for?

FIB: WELL, I GOT A LAWSUIT PENDING FOR FIFTY GRAND. I GOT TROUBLE WITH THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT. I GOT THE COPS SORE AT ME. I GOT MORT TOOPS ON MY NECK. THE MAYOR IS GONNA SWING THE COURT AGAINST ME AND HOW DID IT ALL START? BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE A DOG.

MOL: So? You mean...

FIB: You betcha. ~~I might as well have one friend even if I have to pay for him.~~ GET YOUR HAT...I'M GONNA GO OUT AND BUY A DOG!!!

ORCH: "I CAN DREAM CAN'T I?" FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
2/21/50

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment --- When you shop off for Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat, don't expect a new and different Glo-Coat package. There's no change in the container, remember. All the difference is inside. And what a difference! For at last there's a self polishing floor wax that is positively water-repellent. It doesn't dissolve when water is spilled, dripped or tracked onto it. And you don't wipe up the wax when you wipe up the water. Glo-Coat stays on...stays bright...even after repeated damp-mopping. In fact, it now lasts up to four times longer! That makes it the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy. Tomorrow, get Johnson's Glo-Coat. It's the self polishing floor wax that lasts up to four times longer -- because it's positively water-repellent.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC FADE FOR:  
Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
2/21/50

-26-

TAG

FIB: Well, it's all okay now, Molly. The lawsuit is called off.  
MOL: Oh good. How'd you arrange that, McGee?  
FIB: I bought the dog from Mort Toops. That squared me with Mort.  
MOL: But I thought you didn't like the dog?  
FIB: I turned him over to the authorities. That squared me with the Health Department and the ~~cop~~ mailman.  
MOL: BUT MCGEE..HOW COULD YOU BE SO CALLOUS? I LIKED THAT DOG.  
FIB: I know. So I busted the door on the dog catcher's truck and the dog ran back to Mort's. That square me with you?  
MOL: Yes.  
FIB: Good! Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
2/21/50

TAG COMMERCIAL:

ANNOR: When you choose a cream furniture polish for your furniture, remember this. Of all leading cream furniture polishes on the market today, only one offers you protection from "fade-out" shine. That's Johnson's Cream Wax.

Yes, recent test show that Johnson's Cream Wax is the only leading cream furniture polish whose shine comes from wax instead of oils. A wax shine gives you a hard, dry, dust-free finish that lasts for weeks and weeks instead of just a day. An oil shine catches dust, turns foggy and cloudy overnight.

So -- when you buy furniture polish -- be sure to get the polish that protects you from "fade-out" shine! Get Johnson's Cream Wax. At your dealer's.

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

*Beck*

Tuesday, February 28, 1950

6:3

6:30:39 — 6:31:31 —  
6:44:25 — 6:45:10 —  
6:56:45 — 6:57:35 —  
6:58:35 — 6:59:15 —