

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00PM
Tuesday - 1/13/42

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY...WRITTEN BY DON QUINN, WITH SONGS BY THE KING'S MEN, AND MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS. THE SHOW OPENS WITH: "WHO KNOWS".

ORCH: "WHO KNOWS"

(FADE FOR:)

several things especially. First, it's easy to use. You simply spread it around and it'll do the job. Second, GLO-COAT is economical. Because it's so easy to use, it'll save you a lot of money. Third, it's safe and won't hurt your hands. Fourth, it's the smoothest of any shoe polish. Because the GLO-COAT film is so flexible, it'll last a long time. If you watch for these points carefully, you'll realize there is only one shoe polish...and that's JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT...and that's the only one in the world. Buy it in the familiar red and yellow package.

ORCH: END MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

NCR: When you left your kitchen a while ago, did you happen to notice your linoleum floor covering? Have you taken as good care of it as you should? It should be regularly protected with a coat of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT....the no-rubbing floor polish that not only saves the linoleum, but also saves you hours and hours of work. The next time you use GLO-COAT I want you to notice several things carefully. First, how easy it is to apply.... you simply spread it around and let it dry....that's all. Second, notice how little it takes to do your floor. Yes, GLO-COAT is economical, because a little goes a long way. Third, notice how even and smooth the GLO-COAT finish is....no streak or tiny bumps, and no chipping, because the GLO-COAT film is a flexible, not a brittle film. Fourth, notice how long the GLO-COAT lustre lasts. If you watch for these points carefully, you'll realize there is only one JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT....and that it always pays to insist on this finest no-rubbing polish, in the familiar red and yellow package.

ARCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: AS THE PEACOCK SAID, WE HAVE QUITE A TALE TO UNFOLD, SO WE WON'T WASTE ANY TIME. IT'S 79 WISTFUL VISTA, AND HERE AT BREAKFAST, WE FIND --
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (CLINK OF SILVER & CHINA)

FIB: Pour me another cuppa java, will you, Molly? Thanks....

(CLINK OF DISHES)

MOL: I never saw you drink so much coffee!!...AND DON'T USE SO MUCH SUGAR! You're overweight, as it is.

FIB: Yeah....I found that out yesterday.

MOL: How?

FIB: A cop took a look at my tummy and followed me all over town. Thought I was bootleggin' tires. I was--

MOL: McGEE!!....WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

FIB: Whatcha mean....what AM I doing?

MOL: You put a slice of toast in your pocket and you're buttering the back of your hand!

FIB: Oh fer the-- Well, I....I'm kinda nervous this morning, Molly. Upset.

MOL: I've noticed that. You're as wiggly as an octopus in a washing machine. What's the matter with you?

FIB: Had a terrible nightmare....anyway, I HOPE it was a nightmare!

MOL: You HOPE?

FIB: Yeah....it was awful. Gee - I almost hate to tell this.

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ate to tell this.

MOL: Oh come on, and stop that worrying. Heavenly days -
you're getting circles under your circles.

FIB: Well - I DREAMT that last night I got up and dressed,
walked over to Mrs. Uppington's house and heaved a rock
thru the big front window! Never had a more realistic
dream in my life!

MOL: Nevertheless, it MUST have been a dream. You wouldn't
do a thing like that.

FIB: No? Then how come my shoes were all wet this morning?

MOL: Oh - they're still damp from when you shoveled the
snow off the porch last night.

FIB: Maybe - but I wonder if -- AW THAT MUST BE IT!....SURE!....

(LAUGHS) BUT BOY, THAT NIGHTMARE WAS REALLY A LULU!

(LAUGHS) Hand me the paper, will you? Thanks....

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: McGee, whose picture is that on the back page. Looks
familiar from here.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: Where? Oh. ..HEY, IT'S MRS. UPPINGTON. SHE'S -- OH MY
GOSH! MOLLY! LOOK! GET A LOAD OF THAT HEADLINE!

SOUND: (PAPER SHAKING)

MOL: Well, stop shaking....hold it still....How can I read it.

FIB: It says: "MIDNIGHT HOODLUMS SMASH WINDOW AT UPPINGTON
MANSION! POLICE THROWING OUT DRAGNET. (GROANS) Ohhhh
I knew it!....I KNEW that couldn't have been just a dream.

MOL: Now now now....take it easy, dearie....it could still
be just a coincidence.

FIB: Yes,

MOL: Why
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FIB: You w

MOL: How c

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FIB: Sh-sh

MOL: No -

(DOOR

MOL: Who's

FIB: That

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FIB: Let

MOL: COME

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OLD M: HELL

MOL: OH G

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(R)
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evidence.

FIB: Yes, but--
MOL: Why - you're not the type of man to prowl around in the
middle of the night and heave rocks thru people's windows
like a common criminal and I hope nobody saw you do it.
FIB: You won't tell anybody - will you?
MOL: How can I? I'm your wife. And a wife can't testify
against her husband.
FIB: Sh-sh-sh-sh she can't?
MOL: No - that's the law.
(DOORBELL)
MOL: Who's ~~that?~~ *at the door?*
FIB: That's the law, too. Well - bake me a cake with a hacksaw
in it, Molly. And come and see me on visitor's day.
MOL: Oh, stop worrying. When you get out they always give you
ten dollars and a new suit, and you need a new suit.
(DOORBELL....DOUBLE)
FIB: Let 'em in, Molly. I'll go quietly.
MOL: COME IN!
(DOOR OPEN)
OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS...AM I INTERRUPTING YOUR BREAKFAST?
MOL: OH GOOD MORNING, MR. OLD TIMER!.....YOU DON'T KNOW HOW
GLAD WE ARE TO SEE YOU!!!

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thru people's windows
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ING YOUR BREAKFAST?
...YOU DON'T KNOW HOW

FIB: YEAH, SIT DOWN AND HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE, OLD TIMER....
GET OUT THE GOOD CHINA AND THE REAL LINEN NAPKINS, MOLLY!!

OLD M: Oh - no thanks, kids...sure appreciate the warm welcome but
I just stopped by to see if these gloves belonged to
Johnny. Got his initials on 'em.

MOL: Why yes...those are his, Mr. Old Timer. AREN'T THEY,
MCGEE?

FIB: Yep. They're mine all right. I know 'em on account of the
third finger on the left one is gone. Tore it off tryin'
to get a nickle back out of a pay telephone. Almost lost
my finger, too. Thanks very much Old Timer.

OLD M: Forget it, Johnny. Er -- no reward offered for 'em...
I suppose?

MOL: REWARD! FOR A PAIR OF DOLLAR-98 GLOVES THAT WOULDN'T
BRING A DIRTY LOOK AT A RUMMAGE SALE?

FIB: Anyway, that ain't the right attitude, Old Timer. You
mustn't do things for the sake of a reward. You gotta do
things because it's the decent thing to do. Weren't you
ever a Boy Scout?

OLD M: Nope. They wouldn't take me, Johnny.

MOL: Why not?

OLD M: Well, where I lived as a kid, daughter, they only had the
Eagle Troop and I didn't have the beak for it.

FIB: Well - thanks for returning the gloves, Old Timer.

MOL:
OLD M:

(PAUSE)

OLD M:

MOL:

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OLD M:

FIB:

OLD M:

MOL:

FIB:

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MOL: Yes indeed! Incidentally where did you find them?
OLD M: Eh? OH. Found 'em in a snowdrift in front of that
Uppington Girl's house, daughter. I was -

(PAUSE)

OLD M: Smatter, kids?
MOL: McGee...hadn't you better reconsider that reward business?
After all, you'd really hate to lose them ... where they
were lost ... wouldn't you?

FIB: Eh? Oh yeah...yeah...YEAH YEAH YEAH!!! I'LL SAY SO. It's
worth a lot to me to get my gloves back again, Old Timer.
I really LOVE those kids! Here...here's five bucks for
your trouble.

OLD M: MUCH OBLIGED, KIDS.

FIB: Much obliged to YOU..and look!...I'd...er...I'D appreciate
it if you didn't say anything about this to anybody. I..er..
I'd hate to have people think I was so careless as to leave
my gloves all over town. Hah hah...you know how it is!

OLD M: Sure, sure...

MOL: Yes, McGee has very sensitive hands and when his hands
get cold, they get red and he hates to get caught
red-handed.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Yeah...

OLD M:

DOOR SL

MOL:

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APPLAUS

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... get cold, they get red and he hates to get caught

... red-handed.

... (LAUGHS) Yeah...

OLD M: Heh heh heh!!..Well so long, Johnny - and don't worry
about a thing. I ain't seen the morning paper!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee....he knows! But you paid him to keep quiet.

FIB: That's just it...one crime leads to another..now I got
bribery on my list!! WHO KNOWS WHERE THIS'LL WIND UP?
I MIGHT GO FROM WINDOW SMASHIN' AND BRIBERY TO BLACKMAIL
AND ROBBERY. MAYBE FORGERY...I'M GETTIN' DESPERATE.
HAND ME THAT KNIFE!

MOL: Wha...wha-..what are you going to do?

FIB: I'M gonna spread me another slice of toast and think this
over!

ORK: "THE VOLGA BOATMAN"

APPLAUSE

(REVISED) -10-

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MAN"

SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED) -11-

MOL: McGee...stop brooding! Maybe you broke Mrs. Uppington's
window last night and maybe you didn't. ~~But either way,
it won't do any good to worry about it.~~

FIB: ~~I know...I know...~~ ^{Yeah} MAYBE I HEARD THE WINDOW BREAK
WHILE HALF ASLEEP AND DREAMED THE REST OF IT....her house
isn't far from here you know...

MOL: Only a stone's throw, in fact. NO NO..I DIDN'T MEAN THAT,
DEARIE..I just meant --

DOORBELL:

MOL: Now, McGee...you must get over turning pale every time
the doorbell rings.

FIB: You're right. The worst that could happen is a cop comin'
for me and who's afraid of a cop?

MOL: That's the way to talk. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

COP: Good morning madam. I'M Officer Frink of the Burglary squad.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure. And this is my husband, Fibber
Mc- (PAUSE) well, he was here a moment ago. MCGEE!!!

COP: Never mind, madam. I just wanted to ask you a couple of
questions.

MOL: Why certainly, officer. ~~Glad to assist the law in anything
reasonable, AND YOU'D BETTER BE REASONABLE! What is it?~~

COP: Were you at home last night?

MOL: Yes, we were. And I can prove it because we were listening
to the radio.

COP: How would that prove it?

...you broke Mrs. Uppington's
you didn't. ~~But either way,~~
~~about it.~~
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MOL: Because since my husband fixed the radio nobody knows how
to work it but us, so if somebody was listening to our
radio who else could it be?
COP: Very logical! Hear any disturbance last night?
MOL: No, why?
~~COP: Anything unusual happen?~~
~~MOL: Well I-I...to be truthful, yes. Something very unusual.~~
~~COP: Hear! What?~~
~~MOL: Well, when my husband undressed for bed, he didn't leave
his shoes in the middle of the floor and then fell over
them when he went to brush his teeth.~~
COP: ~~You don't understand.~~ I'm investigating a window-smashing
job in the neighborhood, and we traced some footprints
from that house right over to your front steps.
MOL: Animal or human?
COP: It was a man. I thought he might have broken one of your
windows, too.
MOL: He better not let me catch him at it or I'll...NO...NO
OFFICER. HE DIDN'T BREAK ANY WINDOWS HERE.
COP: Okay. Sorry to have disturbed you. He must have come over
here and then got frightened.
MOL: Oh I'm sure he is.....or was. But if I hear of anyth...
COP: WAIT A MINUTE.....who's that under the davenport?
MOL: Why that must be my husband...I'd know those feet under
any davenp--- under any circumstances. MCGEE!...COME OUT,
DEARIE....THERE'S A MAN HERE TO SEE US.

SCRAMBLING

FIB:
COP:
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. MCGEE!...COME OUT,

US.

FIB: (FADE IN) Oh...hiyah, bud...what can I do for you?

COP: What were you doing under the davenport?

FIB: Eh? Oh, doctor's orders, bud.

COP: YOUR DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO CRAWL UNDER THE DAVENPORT?

MOL: Of course he did. Tell him what the doctor said, McGee...

if you can remember.

FIB: Sure I remember...I remember it just like it was yesterday.

MOL: It was yesterday.

FIB: That's why I remember. You see, bud, the doc thought

I was gettin' a little heavy, and I says, "AM I, DOC?"

I says, "IS IT DANGEROUS?" Well, he says, "NO, AS

LONG AS YOU CAN CRAWL UNDER THE DAVENPORT, YOU'LL BE

ALL RIGHT", HE SAYS..so every day about this time, just

to check up, I crawl under the davenport.....

COP: Okay Okay.... BUT YOU'D BETTER LOCK YOUR DOORS AT NIGHT.

THERE SEEMS TO BE PROWLERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

FIB: Thanks for the warning, bud.

COP: That's alright!

DOOR SLAM: ~~slams the door.~~

FIB: Phew!!...that was a close one, Molly! It kinda haunts me,
the idea that I might of walked in my sleep and slung a
dornick at Uppy's big bay window.

MOL: Don't be silly. I'm convinced you were dreaming the
whole thing.

FIB: But why should I dream about breakin' windows? I never
dream like that! I always dream I'm runnin' down the
railroad track without any clothes on, or maybe --

DOORBELL:

MOL: MCGEE..

FIB: Think t

MOL: You sta

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, goo

GALE: Good mo

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MOL: Yes, we

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FIB: I DID N

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MOL: Of cours

GALE: Ah yes..

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MOL: MCGEE...COME AWAY FROM THAT DAVENPORT!
 FIB: Think the hall closet will be better?
 MOL: You stay right here. COME IN!!
 DOOR OPEN
 MOL: Oh, good morning, MR. Mayor.
 GALE: Good morning, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Did you hear about Mrs. Uppington's window being broken last night!
 MOL: Yes, we read about IT in the paper, Mr. Mayor. And a funny thing about that. McGee threw the -
 FIB: I DID NOT!
 MOL: Quiet, dearie. I was going to say that McGee, through the whole morning has been puzzled by the affair.
 FIB: Hey, you used to be a lawyer before you were Mayor, didn't you, La Trivia?
 GALE: Oh, yes...yes, indeed. I was a junior partner in Abernathy, Crondheit, Massey, Witherspoon, Witherspoon, Smythe, Witherspoon and La Trivia.
 FIB: Your clients must have had to kneel down to read your name on the door.
 MOL: That partner of yours, Mr. Massey, was pretty famous, wasn't he?
 GALE: Not very, I'm afraid.
 MOL: Of course he was! Everybody's heard of the Laws o'Massey.
 GALE: Ah yes...yes...(LAUGHS) But why did you ask, McGee?
 FIB: Well, I wondered if you'd give me a little legal advice?
 GALE: Why certainly, McGee. Certainly. Having trouble with the finance company again?

FIB: No...but look
 the guy that
 Could he be
 GALE: (GOES INTO F
 MOL: What's so fu
 GALE: (LAUGHING TH
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 Well, I've g
 Good day. V

DOOR SLAM

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a little legal advice?

Having trouble with

FIB: No...but look...about this window smashing thing..what if
the guy that did it was walkin' in his sleep at the time?

Could he be held responsible?

GALE: (GOES INTO ROARS OF LAUGHTER...SUSTAIN)

MOL: What's so funny about that?

GALE: (LAUGHING THRU) Oh, I was just thinking what a rosy time
you'd have convincing a judge that you WERE asleep! (LAUGHS)

Well, I've got to meet the D.A. over at Mrs. Uppington's.
Good day. WALKING IN YOUR SLEEP, INDEED! (EXIT LAUGHING)

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Wha

You

MOL: How

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FIB: I d

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MOL: Tha

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FIB: No,

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DOOR OPEN

WIL: HEL

MOL: Yes

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WIL: Yea

(PAUSE)

FIB: I d

MOL: How

WIL: I w

FIB: TAK

WIL: No

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asleep! (LAUGHS)
Uppington's.
EXIT LAUGHING)

FIB: What did he mean "convincing a judge that I was asleep?"
You think he knows it was me?

MOL: How could he know when you don't even know? Say, where's that dream book we used to have? We could look up breaking windows and see what it signifies.

FIB: I dunno where it is. And all I remember is that dreaming about CUT glass means you'll be admired for your brilliance.

MOL: That doesn't fit this case. But maybe a broken window could be considered cut glass if it was hit with a real sharp stone. Was it a sharp one you used?

FIB: No, it was a smooth, rounded - I NEVER NO SUCH A THING! You're just tryin' to trap me into ---

DOOR OPEN

WIL: HELLO FOLKS...Hear what happened over ^{at} Uppingtons?

MOL: Yes we did, Mr. Wilcox. Imagine anybody sneaking up in the dead of night and breaking her windows?

WIL: Yeah...who'd ever dream of such a thing?

(PAUSE)

FIB: I didn't say anything.

MOL: How did you hear about it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I was just over there, taking pictures.

FIB: TAKING PICTURES ... FOR THE POLICE, YOU MEAN?

WIL: No no no ... for advertising.

MOL: Why advertise a broken window? Is there much demand for that sort of thing?

WIL: Look, I was
big rock car
blowing all
MOL: Yes, but why
WIL: But the floo
Johnson's Se
a bit of har
office.
FIB: (ASIDE) Mayb
idea what a
YES, MR. WIL
WIL: That's all .
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MOL: Yes, but wit
WIL: OH SHE DOES
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You know ...
20 minutes.
THE WINDOW .
FIB: WHO'S A HOOD
MOL: ANYBODY WHO
GLOGOAT.
FIB: I'LL SAY THE
suspicions w
WIL: They've got

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SUCH A THING! You're

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WIL: Look, I was taking pictures of her front hall. After that
big rock came thru the window the wind and snow started
blowing all over the floor.

MOL: Yes, but why did you -

WIL: But the floor was inlaid linoleum and protected with
Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat and the snow didn't do it
a bit of harm. So I took some pictures to send the home
office.

FIB: (ASIDE) Maybe this one ^{does} ~~break~~ a little folks, but you got no
idea what a trick it is to work these things in every week.

YES, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: That's all ... but that hallway of Mrs. Uppington's is really
beautiful with that handsome, gleaming linoleum on the floor
and she says it's really amazing this winter weather how
footprints wipe right up, and how easy it is to keep it
protected with Glocoat.

MOL: Yes, but with a houseful of help.

WIL: OH SHE DOES IT ALL HERSELF. She says Glocoat is so little
work and so much fun to use she won't let anybody else do it.
You know ... no rubbing...no buffing, and it only takes about
20 minutes. AND THEN WHEN THIS HOODLUM HEAVED A ROCK THRU
THE WINDOW. -

FIB: WHO'S A HOODLUM?

MOL: ANYBODY WHO WOULD THROW ROCKS AT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLOCOAT.

FIB: I'LL SAY THEY ARE. OUGHTTA BE HUNG! They..er...they got any
suspicions who done it, Harlow?

WIL: ~~They've got a pretty definite clue.~~

WIL: Yes,

cha

MOL: But

WIL: Well

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FIB: EH?

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WIL: Only

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DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ever

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MOL: Do

FIB: Yeah

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it is to keep it
Flocoat is so little
let anybody else do it.
and it only takes about
HEAVED A ROCK THRU
ON'S SELF-POLISHING
They..er...they got any

WIL: Yes, they have...all the evidence points definitely to a
chauffeur Mrs. Uppington discharged last month.
MOL: But what's the clue to him?
WIL: Well, when she let him go, he got sore and said he'd come
back and break every window in the house.
FIB: EH? HE DID? (LAUGHS) WELL, I GUESS THAT LETS ME ... er...
I guess that lets me think he's the guy all right...
WLL: Only trouble is, they looked for this chap and found out
he'd been in San Francisco for 3 weeks and couldn't have
done it. WELL, SEE YOU LATER!
DOOR SLAM
FIB: Every time I think I'm out of it, I get deeper! MOLLY, TELL
ME FRANKLY...DO YOU THINK I DID IT?
MOL: Do you?
FIB: Yeah.
MOL: So do I.
FIB: That isn't being very loyal to your husband! Suspecting him
of doin' stuff like that.
MOL: But you think so yourself.

FIB: Sur
cou
DOORBELL:
MOL: Oh
FIB: Go
MOL: COM
DOOR OPEN:
MOL: MRS
UPP: HOV
FIB: H-M
hav
UPP: No
inc
MOL: Yes
UPP: The
MCO
FIB: YOU
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FIB: WH
UPP: Yes
as
MOL: Wh
UPP: Fre
FIB: UP
MOL: HE
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(2ND REVISION) -18-

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and last month.

more and said he'd come
house.

ESS THAT LETS ME ... er...

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this chap and found out
weeks and couldn't have

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?

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(REVISED) -19-

FIB: Sure but you know me. Always wrong. My suspicions don't
count because -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear ... shall I let 'em in, McGee?

FIB: Go ahead ... I didn't hear any bloodhounds.

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: MRS. UPPINGTON!

UPP: HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR ... AND MR. MCGEE!

FIB: H-h-hiyah, Uppy? Won't you come in and break a win...er...
have a chair?

UPP: No thank you. I suppose you heard about the ghastly
incident of last night?

MOL: Yes we did, Abigail. I'm SO sorry it happened.

UPP: Thank you. I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT IT, MR.
MCGEE.

FIB: YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!

MOL: I SHOULD SAY NOT. WHAT IF HIS SHOES WERE WET? WHAT IF HIS
GLOVES WERE FOUND -

UPP: Please please ... I don't know what you are talking about..
I wish to engage Mr. McGee's services to track down the
culprit.

FIB: WHO, ME?

UPP: Yes...I have heard some amazing stories of your cleverness
as a detective...and of your courage and tenacity.

MOL: Where did you ever hear any stories like that?

UPP: From Mr. McGee. WELL...WILL YOU TAKE THE CASE?

FIB: UPPY....I'M THE VERY MAN YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR!

MOL: HE CERTAINLY IS!

t.

UPP:

FIB:

UPP:

FIB:

UPP:

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH:

APPLAUSE

My suspicions don't

UPP: Thank you SO much! I shall be expecting you.

FIB: JUST A MINUTE THERE, UPPY. COULD THIS ROCK HAVE BEEN
THROWN BY THE WHEEL OF SOME PASSING AUTOMOBILE?

UPP: I hardly think so!

FIB: How so come why not?

UPP: BECAUSE, MR. MCGEE, AN AUTOMOBILE WHEEL WOULD HARDLY HAVE
ATTACHED A NOTE TO THE ROCK READING: "THIS FOR YOU, UPPY!"
Come right ovah, won't you, please?

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

FIB:

UPP:

MOL:

FIB:

UPP:

FIB:

UPP:

MOL:

FIB:

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you, please?

"IN" KING'S MEN

THIRD SPOT

FIB: So this is the window that the rock was thrown thru, eh
Uppy?

UPP: Yes, Mr. McGee.

MOL: That was a shrewd deduction, McGee...seeing that it's
the only broken window in the house.

FIB: Oh, yeah...Uppy...I want you to answer this question
honestly.....THIS IS IMPORTANT!

UPP: You...you've found a clue, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I think so. MRS. UPPINGTON...DID ANYBODY EVER WANT TO
POISON YOU?

UPP: WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT!...I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT.

MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: Look thru this magnifyin' glass at the window sill...
see that? GROUND GLASS!

the rock was thrown thru, eh

n, McGee...seeing that it's

the house.

ou to answer this question

TANT!

Mr. McGee?

N...DID ANYBODY EVER WANT TO

.I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT.

glass at the window sill...

UPP: OF COURSE IT'S GROUND GLASS.... THE WINDOW WAS BROKEN.

FIB: Oh, that's right. I thought I had something there for a minute. Now lemme see....what would Basil Rathbone do if

MOL: ^{he had a case like this?}
~~I don't know, but I know what his sponsor would do.~~
Well he too smart to have a case like this!

SOUND: HOLLOW THUMPING.....REPEAT.....REPEAT AGAIN WITH SHAVE-AND-

A-HAIRCUT:

UPP: Good heavens,..WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: It was kind of a thumping noise.

MOL: NO!

FIB: Yes it was. In detective work you gotta learn to distinguish between thumping, rapping, pounding and ---

SOUND: MORE THUMPING:

UPP: MR. MCGEE.....THAT SOUND IS RIGHT IN THIS ROOM! WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

FIB: I am doing something. Can't you see I got my hands over my ears? Now let's see....if that rock was thrown thru the window in this direction, it would -

MOL: MCGEE!!.....THERE'S SOMEBODY INSIDE THAT WINDOW SEAT! LISTEN!

THUMPING:

FIB: Oh oh...there is at that! It may be the criminal we're lookin' for!

UPP: PRETEND YOU HAVE A GUN, MR. MCGEE...TELL HIM TO COME OUT OR YOU'LL SHOOT!

FIB: I...I gotta better idea. I'll tell him to stay in there or I'll shoot. Then I'll run out and get a cop while you girls -

d.

SOUND:

MOL:

FIB:

UPP:

LATCH:

MOL:

SOUND:

WIMP:

UPP:

MOL:

WIMP:

UPP:

FIB:

MOL:

UPP:

FIB:

WIMP:

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GUN, MR. MCGEE...TELL HIM TO COME OUT

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en I'll run out and get a cop while

SOUND: LOUDER THUMPING:

MOL: Oh this is too silly. I'm going to see who's in there.
Come on, Abigail. Come on, McGee.

FIB: You go ahead...I'll stand over here by the door, ready to
leap in and tear him apart if he starts anything.

UPP: Veddy well...unfasten the catch on the window seat, Mrs.
McGee...that's it...

LATCH: SLAM

MOL: ALL RIGHT...COME OUT OF THERE, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

SOUND: SCRAMBLING:

WIMP: Hello, folks!

UPP: GOOD HEAVENS!!

MOL: MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: My goodness I'm glad you let me out of there. Did you ever
spend two hours with your face inside an old overshoe with
an umbrella up your trouser leg?

UPP: PLEASE!!...MR. WIMPLE!...

FIB: (FADE IN) AHHHHHH SO IT WAS YOU, WIMPLE!...JUST AS I
SUSPECTED WHEN I HEARD YOUR VOICE!

MOL: Well...Philo Vance is back on the job.

UPP: WOULD IT BE RUDE OF ME, MR. WIMPLE, TO AASK WHAT YOU WERE
DOING IN THAT WINDOW SEAT?

FIB: Yes, explain yourself, Wimple. I'm in charge of this case..

WIMP: Oh, it's really very simple..(LAUGHS) I was walking past
here this morning when I saw all the police in here and I
walked in too, to see what was going on and I sat down on
the edge of the window seat and a big policeman bumped into
me and I fell in and the cover fell down and there I was
with my ears full of mothballs, trying to pick the lock
with a banana I had in my pocket.

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 McGee,
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 RE, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

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ocket.

FIB: A LIKELY STORY, WIMPLE!
 MOL: It sounds reasonable enough to me, McGee.
 UPP: Yes..the poor man! After this, I shall leave a few
 sandwiches in that window seat in case this evah happens
 again.
 FIB: WELL HE DON'T GET OUT OF THIS THAT EASY! WIMPLE...WHERE
 WERE YOU BETWEEN THE HOURS OF LAST NIGHT?
 WIMP: Oh Sweetiface would just KILL me if I told you that,
 Mr. McGee!
 MOL: What's your wife got to do with it, Mr. Wimple?
 WIMP: I was with her until four o'clock this morning.
 FIB: Now we're gettin' somoplace! OKAY WIMPLE...TAKE YOUR
 CHOICE. TELL US, OR TELL THE POLICE...WHAT WERE YOU DOING?
 WIMP: Well....(LAUGHS) You know how it is, trying to buy certain
 household goods these days, and while we KNEW it was a
 little illegal.....
 FIB: NEVER MIND THE EXCUSES.....WHAT WERE YOU DOING?
 WIMP: Well, if you must know, nosey, - Sweetiface had to see a
 smuggler about a new hot water bottle.
 UPP: And you don't know who is responsible for my broken window
 then, Mr. Wimple?
 WIMP: Oh no, Mrs. Uppington...I really don't.
 FIB: WELL I DO!
EXCLAMATIONS:
 FIB: I finally got it figured out! AND BELIEVE ME, IT'S GONNA
 SURPRISE YOU!

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UPP:

MOL:

FIB:

UPP:

FIB:

SOUND:

WIL:

ORK:

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UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE....I CAWN'T STAND THIS SUSPENSE...WHO
DID IT?
MOL: Are you sure you want to tell, McGee?
FIB: YES. I DO. THIS THING HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH. I CAN'T
STAND IT ANY LONGER MYSELF. UPPY -
UPP: YES?
FIB: THE PERSON WHO BUSTED YOUR WINDOW IS --
SOUND: THREE SHOTS...SCREAM: (PAUSE)
WIL: (VERY DRAMATIC) - AND THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
CONCLUDES TONIGHT'S EPISODE IN THE STRANGE AND BAFFLING
"CASE OF THE PULVERIZED PANE." WHO WAS IT THAT SCREAMED?
WHO FIRED THOSE SHOTS? WHO IS GUILTY? TUNE IN AGAIN NEXT
WEEK AT THIS SAME TIME FOR THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF THIS
THRILLING EPIC OF CRIME AND HIGH ADVENTURE!
ORK: SELECTION: FADE FOR --

-25-
.WHO
N'T
FLING
REAMED?
AIN NEXT
OF THIS

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
JANUARY 13, 1942

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

In these days ahead, when all of us will be called upon to put forth an extra effort, we certainly don't want to add unnecessary work in the home -- and yet it is imperative to take extra good care of the things we have. I'm glad it's part of my job to tell you about the many uses for JOHNSON'S WAX. For instance -- just try wax polishing your table tops, windowsills, venetian blinds, leather goods with JOHNSON'S WAX -- the same wax you use on your floors. Notice first how beautiful these waxed surfaces are. In the weeks to come, notice how much easier your daily cleaning has become. The coat of wax acts as a shield against dust, dirt and wear. Fingerprints and smudges are quickly wiped away. Home Economics authorities call the regular use of JOHNSON'S WAX protective housekeeping. It will pay you to adopt it in your home. Ask for the original, genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, available in paste, liquid or cream wax form.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

b

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLE
SOMETHING TO LAU
AND WE ARE NOW B
TO WHOM THE WORD
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MOL: YES, - AND FOR M
FIB: GOODNIGHT.
MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!
ORCH: UP TO FINISH, AP

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 xed surfaces are. In
 easier your daily
 wax acts as a shield
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 s authorities call the
 tive housekeeping.
 r home. Ask for the
 available in paste,

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE LIVE IN A LAND WHERE A GAG IS
 SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.
 AND WE ARE NOW BEING THREATENED BY INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS
 TO WHOM THE WORD "GAG" MEANS JUST ONE THING...THE
 THROTTLING OF FREE SPEECH. WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT THEM WITH
 EVERYTHING WE HAVE. TIME, WORK, AND MONEY. SO WE ASK
 YOU AGAIN - FOR THE LAND'S SAKE - BUY DEFENSE BONDS!
 MOL: YES, - AND FOR MERCY'S SAKE, SUPPORT THE RED CROSS!
 FIB: GOODNIGHT.
 MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!
ORK: UP TO FINISH, APPLAUSE. SIGNOFF

S. C. JOHNSON &
 FIBBER MCGEE &
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly)

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BY INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS
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PPORT THE RED CROSS!

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly) ... Goodnight, all.

.....

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

S. C. JOHNSON
FIBBER MCGEE
TUESDAY 6:30
JANUARY 13,

TO FOLLOW CL

CUE: (Wilco

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.....
the makers of JOHNSON'S
- inviting you to be
oodnight.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC
JANUARY 13, 1942

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: To be read from quiet studio

CUE: (Wilcox) ... invite you to be with us again next Tuesday night.

Goodnight.

.....

We're all talking about taking better care of our
automobiles to make them last. But what are you doing
about it? Have you cleaned and polished your car lately?
No? Well then, try this. Give your car a simple treatment
with CARNU, the sensational auto polish that both cleans
and polishes in one application -- two jobs at once, in
quick time. CARNU is inexpensive, easy to use. Ask your
regular JOHNSON'S WAX dealer, auto supply store, or service
station for JOHNSON'S CARNU, spelled C-A-R-N-U.

S. C. Johnson
Writer: Don

6:30-7:00PM
Tuesday - 1/2