

C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
ter: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

NBC-Red

30-7:00PM
uesday - 1/20/42

(REVISED)

-2-

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: "BE YOUNG AGAIN"
ORCH: "BE YOUNG AGAIN"
(FADE FOR:)

ke to read a letter
., President of S. C.
the Treasury Department.

e you to pass on to the
F S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
ful cooperation with the
ense Savings Plan, and a
of the fact that 82.6% of
le already own Defense

y put a small per cent of
through a Payroll Defense
epartment will be
nce our National Defense

Payroll Defense Savings
Army, warships for our Navy,
apons that aid the fight for

more than this, every
ady growing nestegg of

(MORE)

(OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT - 2)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

Once again, thanks to the employees of S. C. Johnson & Son,
Inc., one of the many great concerns which are cooperating
splendidly with the Treasury Department's Payroll Defense
Savings Plan and entire Defense Savings effort.

Sincerely,

Harold N. Graves

Assistant to the Secretary

UNQUOTE

AND-ALL OF US ON THE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SHOW ARE HAPPY
TO SUBSCRIBE TO THIS PLAN ALSO.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL:

(APPLAUSE)

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

FIB:

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Sincerely,
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Assistant to the Secretary

UNQUOTE

AND MOLLY SHOW ARE HAPPY

WIL: "WHO THREW THE ROCK THRU MRS. UPPINGTON'S WINDOW?"
THAT IS A MYSTERY WHICH BIDS FAIR TO GO DOWN IN HISTORY
WITH THOSE OTHER IMMORTAL ENIGMAS SUCH AS "WHERE DO THE
SWALLOWS GO FROM CAPISTRANO?" AND "WHO THREW THE EXTRANEOUS
MATTER INTO MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER?" AND HERE, AT 79
WISTFUL VISTA, STILL DISCUSSING THE MATTER WE FIND --

--FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: I'm still not sure whether I threw that rock thru Uppy's
window, or whether I just dreamed I did.

MOL: Well how are you ever gonna find out?

FIB: I finally figured out a way. You know what I'm gonna
do Molly?

MOL: What?

FIB: I'M GONNA RE-ENACT MY DREAM.

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

FIB: Yeah, on the way home, I ate a candy bar... just a small one. Then for dinner, we had pork chops, mashed potatoes, green beans, biscuits and honey, upside-down cake and coffee.

MOL: (FADING OUT) Heavenly days if I have to prepare all that, I'd better get started.

FIB: Okay, Molly. Now lemme see... after dinner I listened to Lum and Abner on the radio because I'd sent them a card sayin' "program comin' in fine" - and I wanted to see if they'd read my name over the air ... Then I lit a cigar---

DOOR BELL:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hiyah, sis. Don't bother me now. I'M reconstructing a dream.

TEE: Well... Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS I'M BUSY. DON'T BOTHER ME. Whatcha want sis?

TEE: Hey, somebody threw a rock thru Mrs. Uppington's window.

FIB: Did you know it?

TEE: No, she DID.

FIB: OKAY OKAY... Let's go back to Mrs. Uppington's window.

TEE: Yes... and peek in?

FIB: Did you have some sly purpose in all that?
TEE: Well, gee, I was just wondering who Mister. Mrs. Uppington told my dad who did it, she was going to arrest mischief.

FIB: For what?

TEE: Delicious mischief.

FIB: You mean MALICIOUS.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: IT'S MALICIOUS...NOT DELICIOUS.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Because it was an act of MALICE.

Malice is?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. I gotta Chr!

FIB: From who?

TEE: From Alice. She's my cousin. A gr too.

FIB: She is, eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAID SHE IS, EH?

TEE: No, she DID.

FIB: OKAY OKAY... Let's get back to Mrs

TEE: Gee... and peek in?

(2ND REVISION) -6-

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DON'T BOTHER ME. Whatcha want sis?
w a rock thru Mrs. Uppington's window.

(2ND REVISION) 7 & 8

FIB: Did you have some sly purpose in askin' me that?
TEE: Well, gee, I was just wondering who could of done it is all,
Mister. Mrs. Uppington told my daddy if she ever found out
who did it, she was going to arrest him for delicious
mischief.
FIB: For what?
TEE: Delicious mischief.
FIB: You mean MALICIOUS.
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: IT'S MALICIOUS...NOT DELICIOUS.
TEE: Why?
FIB: Because it was an act of MALICE. Don't you know what
Malice is?
TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. I gotta Christmas present from her.
FIB: From who?
TEE: From Alice. She's my cousin. A great big beautiful doll,
too.
FIB: She is, eh?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I SAID SHE IS, EH?
TEE: No, she DID.
FIB: OKAY OKAY...Let's get back to Mrs. Uppington's window.
TEE: Gee...and peek in?

FIB: NO NO NO....I mean let's discuss the matter further. For several reasons I'm kinda interested in the subject. You got any idea who could of done it?

TEE: Have you?

FIB: I asked you first.

TEE: Willie Toops owns a slingshot.

FIB: OHHHH HE DOES EH? WELL...NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEPLACE. SO WILLIE TOOPS HAS GOTTA SLINGSHOT HAS HE?

TEE: No.

FIB: EH?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: YOU SAYS WILLIE HAS GOT A SLINGSHOT AND THEN YOU SAY HE HASN'T.

TEE: No mister...no. He OWNS one but he hasn't GOT it. He loaned it to somebody.

FIB: Well, we're still hot on the trail! WHO'D HE LOAN IT TO?

TEE: You.

FIB: ME?

TEE: Sure he did, I betcha. Last summer when you said that cat was keeping you awake all night, remember?

FIB: Oh my gosh..... *that's right*

TEE: Willie and I talked it all over and we thought people might think you did it if they knew you had Willie's slingshot, and I said well gee, Willie, I said, we mustn't tell on Mr. McGee because he's always been so nice to us and he's always giving us fifty cents for a soda -

FIB: FIFTY CENTS!

d

TEE: Well, you know how it is with the war, is goin' up. AND WILLIE SAID, GEE, WHEN I FORGET EVERYTHING I EVLR KNEW, HE SAID,

FIB: Okay sis..okay. It's blackmail, but I'll give you here's a dollar. Split it with Willie,

TEE: Oh gee, mister...THANK YOU. A WHOLE DOZ. Willie be happy, when I tell him!

FIB: WELL GO ON HOME AND TELL HIM THEN.

TEE: Oh I won't have to go clear home, mister. outside.

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: HEY WILLIE.....IT WORKED!! G'bye, mister

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "TOSELLI'S SERENADE"

APPLAUSE:

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TEE: Well, you know how it is with the war, Mister, - Everything
is goin' up. AND WILLIE SAID, GEE, WHEN I HAVE A SODA I
FORGET EVERYTHING I EVLR KNEW, HE SAID, AND I SAID -
FIB: Okay sis..okay. It's blackmail, but I'll pay. Here...
here's a dollar. Split it with Willie, the little gangster.
TEE: Oh gee, mister...THANK YOU. A WHOLE DOLLAR. Boy will
Willie be happy, when I tell him!
FIB: WELL GO ON HOME AND TELL HIM THEN.
TEE: Oh I won't have to go clear home, mister. He's waiting
outside.

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: HEY WILLIE.....IT WORKED!! G'bye, mister.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "TOSELLI'S SERENADE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: Oh boy am I full! Now before I go to bed, Molly, I want the same pajamas I wore that other time. I think I wore my purple ones didn't I?

MOL: Yes..I remember that because you lost the string out of the pants and were using a piece of rope for a belt.

FIB: Oh, the string wasn't lost, exactly. I was usin' it to patch the clothes line in the back yard. It was three feet too short.

MOL: And why?

FIB: Yeah, I know. It was my fault. I cut a little hunk of the clothesline to tie around that old trunk in the attic.

MOL: - and what became of the strap off the trunk?

FIB: Well I was usin' it in the dining room window because the cord was missing off the sashweight.

MOL: What happened to the cord off the sashweight?

FIB: I dunno. It musta...OH MY GOSH...THAT'S THE CORD I WAS USIN' TO HOLD UP MY PAJAMAS!

MOL: Well if you aren't the most...OH MCGEE...I ALMOST FORGOT! THE FIRST THING TOMORROW I'VE GOT TO RUN DOWN AND DO SOME SHOPPING FOR MRS. UPPINGTON. She's so upset over this window breaking affair, she hasn't had any time.

FIB: Okay. I'll stay here and keep an eye on things. What you gotta get her?

MOL: A turtle.

FIB: A TURTLE! WHAT THE...what does she want a turtle for?

MOL: Search me. Maybe it's a playmate for her Pekinese. Anyway, it's none of our business why she wants it.

FIB: Imagine a woman her age want the old!

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh, dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mrs. Uppington....come!

UPP: Thank you, my dear. Good day

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Get a new pane

UPP: No, I feel perfectly splend-
Yes, it is all repaired. Bu
McGee for effering to do my

MOL: Oh, I'll be glad to do it, A

UPP: Oh by the way, MAY I USE YOU

MOL: Certainly dearie...right the

UPP: Thank you...(FOOTSTEPS) (DO

CLICK:

UPP: HELLO OPERATOR...THE BON TON
BON TON? MISS MUDGETT IN LI
HELLO, MISS MUDGETT? MRS. U
MRS. UPPINGTON. MRS. MCGEE
UP! A GIRDLE FOR ME. YOU KNO
GIRDLE. THANK YOU. GOODBYE
(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)(FOOTSTEP

UPP: (FADE IN) I called the Bon
Miss Mudgett, and she'll cha

MOL: You needn't have gone to all
paid cash. They only cost a
little ones.

Now before I go to bed, Molly, I want I wore that other time. I think I wore dn't I?

That because you lost the string out of e using a piece of rope for a belt. sn't lost, exactly. I was usin' it to line in the back yard. It was three

But I wanted to thank you, Mrs. was my fault. I cut a little hunk of to tie around that old trunk in the attic. of the strap off the trunk? it in the dining room window because the off the sashweight. the cord off the sashweight? ta...OH MY GOSH...THAT'S THE CORD I WAS MY PAJAMAS! t the most...OH MCGEE...I ALMOST FORGOT! TOMORROW I'VE GOT TO RUN DOWN AND DO SOME . UPPINGTON. She's so upset over this affair, she hasn't had any time. here and keep an eye on things. What you THE...what does she want a turtle for? e it's a playmate for her Pekinese. e of our business why she wants it.

FIB: Imagine a woman her age wantin' a turtle for a pet. Why the old -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh, dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mrs. Uppington....come in, Abigail.

UPP: Thank you, my deah. Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Get a new pane in your bay window?

UPP: No, I feel perfectly splend-....Oh. OH MY WINDOW! (LAUGHS)

Yes, it is all repaired. But I wanted to thank you, Mrs.

McGee for offering to do my shopping tomorrow.

MOL: Oh, I'll be glad to do it, Abigail.

UPP: Oh by the way, MAY I USE YOUR TELEPHONE MRS, MCGEE.

MOL: Certainly dearie...right there in the hall.

UPP: Thank you...(FOOTSTEPS) (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

CLICK:

UPP: HELLO OPERATOR...THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE PLEASE (PAUSE)

BON TON? MISS MUDGETT IN LINGERIE, PLEASE. (PAUSE)

HELLO, MISS MUDGETT? MRS. UPPINGTON SPEAKING. YES...THE

MRS. UPPINGTON. MRS. MCGEE IS COMING IN TOMORROW TO PICK

UP A GIRDLE FOR ME. YOU KNOW MY SIZE. YES...NO, JUST A

GIRDLE. THANK YOU. GOODBYE. (CLICK)

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)(FOOTSTEPS FADE IN)

UPP: (FADE IN) I called the Bon Ton, Mrs. McGee...Just ask for

Miss Mudgett, and she'll charge it to my account.

MOL: You needn't have gone to all that trouble. I could have paid cash. They only cost about thirty-five cents for the little ones.

Why

(LAUGHS)

Mrs.

(PAUSE)

...THE

O PICK

UST A

ask for

have

for the

UPP: Ohhh FLATTERER! (LAUGHS) But I did want to get one now, My deah, because I hear they are going to be difficult to get.

FIB: That's a lot of malakey, Uppy. I could go out into the country tomorrow and get you a dozen. All ^{shapes and} sizes.

UPP: REAHHLY! And how do you know so much about such matters, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He used to have one when he was a little boy, didn't you McGee?

FIB: Sure I did. Had my initials carved on the back of it too.

UPP: CARVED! How silly. I always have mine embroidered.

MOL: Not really! (LAUGHS) Doesn't it hurt 'em, Abigail?

UPP: On the contr'y my deah...I believe it re-inforces them.

FIB: (LAUGHS) It does, eh? None of 'em I ever saw needed much re-inforcement. They're tough little devils.

UPP: Yes they are quite durable, with proper treatment. Do you... er...undahstand the type I want, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: I think so.

FIB: Hey - you want one that snaps, Uppy?

MOL: I think they'll all do that, McGee.

FIB: Yeah, I guess they do. And they say once they get a hold of you, they don't let go till it thunders.

UPP: I DON'T BELIEVE I QUITE UNDERSTAND. ~~WASNT~~ -

MOL: (LAUGHING) You know, McGee says when he had his, it just used to tickle him like everything when it started creeping up on him.

FIB & MOL: LAUGH HEARTILY:

FIB: They're persistent little cusses!

UPP: Reahhly, Mr. McGee...wasn't that sort of a strange thing for a boy to own?

FIB: Naw...all us kids

UPP: HOW SHOCKING!

FIB: You know, I finally big.

MOL: Besides it bit his

UPP: IT BIT HIS GRANDMO

FIB: Yup. But it was s

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DOOR SLAM:

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FIB: laundry.

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DOOR OPEN:

WIL: (HURRIEDLY) HEY,

MOL: STATION, AND the c

FIB: a weird dream that

MOL: and heaving a rock

FIB: AH - AH - AH - we

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FLATTERER! (LAUGHS) But I did want to get one now, Leah, because I hear they are going to be difficult to

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UPP: HOW SHOCKING!

FIB: You know, I finally had to get rid of mine, Uppy. Got too big.

MOL: Besides it bit his grandmother.

UPP: IT BIT HIS GRANDMOTHAW!!!

FIB: Yup. But it was self defense. She pulled his leg.

UPP: AND I THINK YOU ARE PULLING MINE!! NEVAH MIND, MRS. MCGEE!..

I SHALL GET IT MYSELF! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM: ~~Announced by Mrs. Johnson's Salt-Following, Madam.~~

FIB: Well..what's she gettin' so ritsy-snitzy about?

MOL: I don't know, but it's all right with me. Let her buy her own turtle, if she wants one so bad. But I'd better run upstairs and see if your purple pajamas are back from the laundry.

FIB: Yes and look, Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Let's not discuss the dream at all.. I wanna keep my mind clear and unaffected.

MOL: That's very sensible. The less it's discussed the less influence it'll have over your sleeping tonight. They say--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: (HURRIEDLY) HEY, FIBBER, I JUST CAME FROM THE POLICE STATION, AND the cops have heard that you had some kind of a weird dream that night about walking over to Uppington's and heaving a rock through the window...

MOL: AH - AH - AH - we don't want to talk about that, Mr. Wilcox. Let's talk about something else.

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WIL: Yes, but the police -
FIB: Let's discuss Johnson's Seal Harlow. The product that g self-respecting household.
WIL: WAIT A MINUTE, FIBBER. THE
FIB: Now getting back to Glocoat protects linoleum aganst w saves hours and hours of ho neighbors from making crack linoleum by using Johnson's the no rubbing, no buffing
WIL: DARN IT, LET ME TALK, WILL IN VIEW OF THE DREAM YOU HA
MOL: Don't forget that it dries finish in 20 minutes or les
FIB: I'LL SAY IT DOES. JUST POU AROUND, GO KNIT A SHELTER E
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FIB: Let's discuss Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, Harlow. The product that goes on the shelf of every self-respecting household. The genuine -

WIL: WAIT A MINUTE, FIBBER. THE POLICE THINK -

FIB: Now getting back to Glocoat, Harlow, think of how it protects linoleum against wear and dirt, and how it saves hours and hours of housekeeping. Keep the neighbors from making cracks about the cracks in your linoleum by using Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, the no rubbing, no buffing -

WIL: DARN IT, LET ME TALK, WILL YOU? THE POLICE THINK THAT, IN VIEW OF THE DREAM YOU HAD, THAT YOU -

MOL: Don't forget that it dries to a lovely glistening finish in 20 minutes or less, McGee!

FIB: I'LL SAY IT DOES. JUST POUR A LITTLE OUT, SPREAD IT AROUND, GO KNIT A SHELTER BLANKET FOR 20 MINUTES AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? THE KIND OF A KITCHEN FLOOR YOU DREAM ABOUT. WHY -

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

WIL:

DOOR SLAM:

MOL:

FIB:

DOOR OPEN:

WIL:

FIB:

MOL:

WIL:

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FIB:

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~~MOL: Yes, Apostroph-~~
WIL: SAY WHAT IS THIS? QUIT CHANGING THE SUBJECT, WILL YOU?
FIB: Who's changing the subject? WE WANNA TALK ABOUT GLOCOAT.
MOL: Why certainly. We LOVE Glocoat. In addition to its other
wonderful properties, it keeps us off the streets on Tuesday
nights.
FIB: It's a marvelous product. ^{Suppose} WHY DO YOU ~~THINK~~ MILLIONS OF
HOUSEWIVES ALL OVER THE WORLD -
WIL: Oh all right!!
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: Nice goin', McGee.
FIB: I sure got him off the subject didn't I? So the police think
I did it, eh? Well let 'em try and prove it. By george -
DOOR OPEN:
WIL: I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU FIBBER, THE POLICE ARE CONVINCED
YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: What?
WIL: THEY REMEMBER YOU PLAYED FIRST BASE AGAINST THE POLICE
SOFT-BALL TEAM LAST SUMMER AND THEY KNOW YOU COULDN'T HIT A
SIX-FOOT WINDOW FROM THIRTY FEET AWAY. EVEN WHEN YOU WERE
AWAKE!
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: Oh, they think I can't throw straight, don't they! Get your
hat Molly.
MOL: Why....where are you going?
FIB: I'M gonna go down to the police station, stand across the
street and heave a brick thru the window. I'll show those -

MOL:
FIB:
MOL:
FIB:
MOL:
DOORBELL
MOL:
DOOR OPEN
GALE:
MOL:
FIB:
GALE:
FIB:
MOL:
GALE:
MOL:
t..

MOL: NO NO NO!! CONTROL YOURSELF! Take it easy, McGee.. Don't you see what they're doing?

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: THEY WANT YOU TO PROVE YOU CAN DO IT. Then they'll have you! It's a trap!

FIB: Oh my gosh...and I nearly fell for it. Thanks, Molly.

MOL: That's all right, dearie.. That's what a wife is for.

DOORBELL

MOL: Oh dear - Come in!

DOOR OPEN

GALE: Good evening, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Mayor La Trivia.....good evening!

FIB: Hiyah, LaTriv. Wanna see me about something?

GALE: No, McGee, I wanted to see Uncle Dennis for a moment. Is he in?

FIB: I dunno. Is Uncle Dennis in, Molly?

MOL: I don't think so, Mr. Mayor.. I think he's out buying a motorcycle.....YOU DON'T SUSPECT HER!

GALE: A motorcycle?

MOL: Yes - Anyway he said he had to see a man about a sidecar.

FIB: Yeah we know. He always does.

GALE: Exactly. And he asked the proprietors for a room and they

they didn't have room and they... So he just took a room.

HE'S THINKING UP TO SEE IF HE FOUND A ROOM ANYWHERE.

THEY DON'T TELL HIM THEY'RE APPOINTING. Goodnight!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Poor Uncle Dennis!

FIB: t..

FIB: Yeah....!

night who

knees. A

own room

his head

"DOES THI

GALE: Yes yes y

I saw him

pair of t

MOL: Tweezers!

GALE: Yes, he s

bit him.

him some

FIB: Hey, La T

Uppington

GALE: The polic

thing I w

MOL: HEAVENLY

GALE: My men ar

night, he

FIB: Yeah we k

GALE: Exactly.

They did

WE'RE CH

But don't

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Unc

d

SELF: Take it easy, McGee. Don't

ng? ...

was so weary he didn't know his

YOU CAN DO IT. Then they'll have

y fell for it. Thanks, Molly.

... That's what a wife is for.

... Hello, McGee. ...

... Hello, McGee. ...

... evening!

... e me about something?

... ee Uncle Dennis for a moment. Is

... s in, Molly?

... yor. I think he's out buying a

... had to see a man about a sidecar.

FIB: Yeah...he gets all worn out walkin! He was so tired last night when he come home he went upstairs on his hands and knees. And even then he was so weary he didn't know his own room when he got to it. He butted the door open with his head and says,

"DOES THIS TRAIN STOP AT ST. LOUIS?"

GALE: Yes yes yes...I know. (LAUGHS) Great fellow, Uncle Dennis. I saw him the other day walking down the street waving a pair of tweezers.

MOL: Tweezers!!

GALE: Yes, he said he was going to get a hair of the dog that bit him. BUT, if he isn't at home, I shall have to see him some other time.

FIB: Hey, La Triv...they know yet who threw the rock thru Uppington's window?

GALE: The police are still working on it, McGee. That's one thing I wished to see Uncle Dennis about.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...YOU DON'T SUSPECT HIM!

GALE: My men are working on a clue. It seems that late ^{that} ~~last~~ night, he went into a...a...a...

FIB: Yeah we know. He always does.

GALE: Exactly. And he asked the proprietor for a rock and rye. They didn't have rock and rye. So he just took a rye. WE'RE CHECKING UP TO SEE IF HE FOUND A ROCK ANYPLACE. But don't tell him I was inquiring. Goodnight!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor Uncle Dennis!

walkin! He was so tired last
ent upstairs on his hands and
so weary he didn't know his
He butted the door open with

LOUIS?"
HS) Great fellow, Uncle Dennis.
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s.
roprietor for a rock and rye.

re. So he just took a rye.
HE FOUND A ROCK ANYPLACE.

quiring. Goodnight!

FIB: Whaddye mean POOR UNCLE DENNIS! He brings it all on
himself. That guy has beckoned to more men in white than
Dr. Kildare. Now what was I -- Oh, my purple pajamas!

MOL: I'll run right up and get 'em dearie. (FADE) You lock
the doors and....

ORK: "LYDIA" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: You, did you say, the...?

FIB: You, did you say, the...?

MOL: Well, I hope you'll...?

DOORBELL:

FIB: At last...?

FIB: who...?

MOL: I'm...?

FIB: We'll...?

FIB: at this time of night...?

MOL: that...?

FIB: you...?

DOORBELL:

FIB: MAY...?

DOOR LOCK:

MOL: ...?

THIRD SPOT:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

DOORBELL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

DOORBELL:

FIB:

DOOR LOCK:

MOL:

ANNIS! He brings it all on
koned to more men in white than
I -- Oh, my purple pajamas!
'em dearie. (FADE) You lock

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Hey Molly....are you sure these are the same purple
pajamas I wore that other night?
MOL: Certainly. Did you lock the back door?
FIB: Yeah. Did you wind the clock?
MOL: Yes, did you put out the milk bottles?
FIB: Yes, did you empty the ash-trays?
MOL: Yes did you go out to the car and count the tires?
FIB: Yes.
MOL: Well, I guess we're all ready for bed then. And I certainly
hope----

DOORBELL:

FIB: Aw fer the.....HAND ME MY BATHROBE, MOLLY. I'LL go see
who that is.
MOL: I'm presentable, McGee....I'll go.
FIB: WE'LL both go. I don't like you goin' to the door alone
at this time of night. Might be a telegraph boy.
MOL: What harm would there be in that?
FIB: You always tip 'em too much. Fifteen cents is plenty.

DOORBELL:

FIB: OKAY OKAY. WE'RE COMIN'!

DOOR LOCK RATTLE: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, MR. WIMPLE!

FIB:

WIMP:

MOL:

WIMP:

FIB:

MOL:

WIMP:

FIB:

WIMP:

MOL:

re the same purple

door?

tles?

count the tires?

bed then. And I certainly

E, MOLLY. I'LL go see

goin' to the door alone
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teen cents is plenty.

FIB: Hiyah Wimp!

WIMP: Oh I'M sorry to bother you folks...really I am. I had no idea you went to bed this early.

MOL: We don't, ordinarily, Mr. Wimple. But Buck McGee has a nightmare he wants to ride again. Won't you come in?

WIMP: No thank you, Mrs. McGee. I was just sort of lonesome tonight and I thought I'd see if Mr. McGee wanted to play a few games of flinch. Or parcheesi.

FIB: Gee, I'm sorry, Wimple. Some other night, maybe. And let's make it tiddleywinks. I get too excited playin' parcheesi.

MOL: How come you're so lonesome tonight, Mr. Wimple? Isn't your wife at home?,

WIMP: Yes, but she doesn't like to play parcheesi. And anyway she was taking a bath and got her toe caught in the drain pipe. OH BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU GOT A PIPE WRENCH, MR. MCGEE?

FIB: No, I haven't, Wimple....sorry.

WIMP: Oh that's all right. I didn't think you would have.

MOL: Isn't your wife going to be angry if you take too long getting her loose, Mr. Wimple?

a

WIMP:

FIB:

WIMP:

MOL:

WIMP:

FIB:

WIMP:

MOL:

WIMP:

FIB:

WIMP:

DOOR SLAM:

MOL:

WIMP: Probably, Mrs McGee. But I don't get a chance to get out like this very often, you know. Sweetyface is SO jealous. (LAUGHS) Though goodness knows I've never even LOOKED at another woman since we were married. Tell me, are they still wearing hobble skirts?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Aw you're a card, Wimp! Hey, is your wife still teaching wrestling and jiu jitsu to the Police Force?

WIMP: Oh yes...she takes her Police work very seriously, Mr. McGee. TOO seriously I sometimes think.

MOL: Too seriously, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes....I told her it was ridiculous to have a siren on the front of her vacuum cleaner.

FIB: And what did she say?

WIMP: Oh..she just gave me one of those mischievous ^{little} smiles and kicked my feet out from under me. Sometimes I think she doesn't know her own strength..and then again, sometimes I think she does.

MOL: You certainly must have a wonderful constitution, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Yes, I have, Mrs. McGee... the only trouble is, I'm always having to go to the doctor and the dentist for some amendments. SAY, DO YOU THINK MRS. UPPINGTON MIGHT HAVE A PIPE WRENCH?

FIB: I doubt it, Wimple.

WIMP: Oh fine...I think I'll go over there next. GOODNIGHT.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Ahhhhhh poor Mr. Wimple...what he needs is a personal defense program.

FIB: Oh well...let's hit in my sleep, I want get all wrinkled.

MOL: Wait till I look t

SOUND: CLICKING OF LOCK

FIB: Okay...come on...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MOL: (YAWNS) I'm kind I don't have your

FIB: Wouldn't do you an

MOL: McGee - what on ea rope?

FIB: I'm going to tie o other end to my an

MOL: But what -

FIB: Then if I DO start get far. Hey - wo this bed clear ove

MOL: Don't worry. It w in bed.

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FIB: Oh well...let's hit the hay. If I'm goin' anywhere
in my sleep, I wanna get to bed before my pajamas
get all wrinkled.

MOL: Wait till I lock the door again...

SOUND: CLICKING OF LOCK

FIB: Okay...come on...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MOL: (YAWNS) I'm kind of sleepy myself, McGee. I hope
I don't have your nightmare.

FIB: Wouldn't do you any good. You can't throw straight.

MOL: McGee - what on earth are you going to do with that
rope?

FIB: I'm going to tie one end to the bedpost and the
other end to my ankle.

MOL: But what -

FIB: Then if I DO start walkin' in my sleep, I won't
get far. Hey - wouldn't it be awful if I dragged
this bed clear over in front of Uppington's?

MOL: Don't worry. It won't go thru the door. Now get
in bed

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to bed before my pajamas

again...

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are.

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n' in my sleep, I won't
it be awful if I dragged
ront of Uppington's?
o thru the door. Now get

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CREAK OF SPRINGS

MOL: Shall I wish you sweet dreams, dearie or not?

FIB: No, I'M on my own, now. G'night.

MOL: Good night.

CREAK OF SPRINGS.....SIGHS....

MOL: Is that rope all right, before I turn the light out, ~~dearie?~~

FIB: It's all right. Gives me a nice feeling of security.
G'night.

MOL: Good night.

SOUND: CLICK

YAWNS:....CREAK OF SPRINGS....

ORCH: SNEAK IN WITH SLEEP MUSIC...SUSTAIN: FADE OUT: WITH
ROOSTER CROW

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK: SHUTS OFF ABRUPTLY

FIB: (YAWNS) Boy, that's the best night's sleep I've had for...
OUCH!! ...What the...oh my gosh...the rope!!! I'M STILL
TIED TO THE BED...I HAVEN'T BEEN ANYWHERE...HEY MOLLY!!!
MOLLY!!!

MOL: (SLEEPILY) Probably just a burglar, dear...go back to sleep.

FIB: MOLLY!! ... WAKE UP... I GOT GREAT NEWS!!!

MOL: Wha...(YAWNS) What on earth are you shouting about at this
hour of the morning?

FIB: LOOK...THE ROPE. I'M STILL TIED UP! I DIDN'T WALK IN MY
SLEEP. I'M INNOCENT. I'M IN THE CLEAR!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well...aren't you happy about it? Aren't you GLAD?

(PAUSE)

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

ORCH:

v

INGS

you sweet dreams, dearie or not?
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WAKE UP... I GOT GREAT NEWS!!!

What on earth are you shouting about at this
morning?

ROPE. I'M STILL TIED UP! I DIDN'T WALK IN MY
INNOCENT. I'M IN THE CLEAR!

t you happy about it? Aren't you GLAD?

FIB: What...What's the matter?

MOL: I was just wondering, dearie. You weren't wearing that hat
when you went to bed.

FIB: I wasn't wear...what h... OH MY GOSH!!!

ORCH: "I LOVE YOU MORE AND MORE" - FADE FOR -

e. You weren't wearing that hat

OH MY GOSH!!!

- FADE FOR -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Today, North and South American countries are working together to promote closer cultural and commercial relations. It is clear that the more we can use each other's products, the better off we will all be. For many years an important ingredient of JOHNSON'S WAX has been the vegetable wax, CARNAUBA, which comes from Brazil. It is, in fact, one of that country's principal exports. CARNAUBA wax is important to Brazil's economy, and it helps us produce a better wax polish for the protection of your floors, furniture and woodwork. The CARNAUBA is skillfully blended with other waxes to give you a wax polish that is easy to use...one that adds rich beauty to all finishes...and enables you now to protect and take better care of the things you have. There are over 100 protective uses for this wax polish in your home. You can buy genuine JOHNSON'S WAX in three forms...PASTE, LIQUID, and in the NEW CREAM WAX."

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

ORCH:

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, On January 30th, President Roosevelt will celebrate his Diamond Jubilee Birthday. A hundred and 30 million loyal Americans have an opportunity to tell the President we're behind him - by joining in a cause that is close to his heart - the fight against Infantile Paralysis.

MOL: Yes, let's all give as many dimes and dollars as we possibly can in our local campaigns.

FIB: And let the President know that he has every man, woman and child in the nation on his side. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, All.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

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

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox s
JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES
you to be with us again

th, President Roosevelt
Birthday. A hundred
an opportunity to
- by joining in a
the fight against
nd dollars as we
has every man, woman
. Goodnight.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

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

WILCOX: 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
JANUARY 20,
TUESDAY 6:30

TO FOLLOW CI

CUE:
.....

all.

.....
speaking for the makers of
for home and industry -- inviting
n next Tuesday night. Goodnight,

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JANUARY 20, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: Read from quiet studio

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

.....
I can't tell you how you can get new tires for your car,
but I can tell you the easy way to take care of the paint
job and keep it new looking. Just give it an occasional
treatment with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the sensational auto
polish that both cleans and polishes in one application --
two jobs in one. CARNU is inexpensive, easy to use, gives
your car back its original showroom shine. Don't wait -
buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU this week - spelled C-A-R-N-U.