

C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
BROUGHT TO YOU EACH TUESDAY IN AMERICA, AND BY
TRANSCRIPTION AND SHORT WAVE BROADCAST TO OUR MEN IN
UNIFORM OVERSEAS!

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

30-7P
esday - 5/12/42

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(REVISED) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY....
BROUGHT TO YOU EACH TUESDAY IN AMERICA, AND BY
TRANSCRIPTION AND SHORT WAVE BROADCAST TO OUR MEN IN
UNIFORM OVERSEAS!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat, present Fibber McGee & Molly....written by Don
Quinn, with songs by the King's men and Music by Billy
Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with: "Shine On Your Shoes".

ORCH: "SHINE ON YOUR SHOES"

(FADE FOR:)

C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 12, 1942
WEDNESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

MC: If you don't know the best way to take care of the finish of your car, will you let me make a suggestion? There's a JOHNSON combination product called CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U -- that both cleans and polishes in one application. If you will try CARNU just once on your car, I know you'll be delighted with the results. CARNU saves time and work and money. It's a liquid polish - you rub it on, let it dry and wipe it off. It gives your car back its original showroom shine, makes it sparkle with a minimum of work. Then if you want to give added protection to the finish, save car washings, make cleaning still easier, you can add a coat of wax - either JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX or the regular household WAX. Take better care of your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU.

MC: ("SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH") (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WIL: ESPIONAGE HAS COME TO WISTFUL VISTA. AT LEAST FIBBER MCGEE THINKS SO. EVERY PLACE HE GOES, THERE IS A SMALL, DARK MAN WITH A SEMI-CONCEALED CAMERA, TAKING PICTURES OF THIS AND THAT. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, DISCUSSING HIS SUSPICIONS, WE FIND ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: I'm tellin' you, Molly...the guy is a spy! Every place I go, there he is, snappin' pictures...click click click!... with a little camera.

MOL: Where - for instance?

FIB: Oh - outside the Elk's Club, down by the bridge - near the railroad station, the powerhouse and everywhere.

MOL: Well, I don't know, McGee...somehow I can't think of the Elk's Club as a military objective. Though it might be classified as an ammunition dump, there's so much lead sitting around there.

FIB: But the BRIDGE!...AND THE POWERHOUSE!...AND THE RAILROAD STATION! Them are all military objections.

MOL: For that matter, what were YOU doing around the railroad station, and the powerhouse and the bridge?

FIB: I was to all them places on business.

MOL: What business?

FIB: Well, I had to go to the station to mail a important letter. Wanted to get it off on the 1:42.

MOL: Whom were you sending it to?

FIB: The National College of Self-Improvement in Harmonica Playing. You'll admit my harmonica playing could be improved.

b

MOL: I'll confess that without being tortured. But what were you doing down at the power station?

FIB: There was a bunch of linemen down there installing a new transformer. can't be bothered with little

MOL: CHIME: Yes?

FIB: Yes. And I've always been fascinated the way them guys can climb up a telephone pole with them spurs of theirs. One guy...fella named Joe - got a sliver in his leg.

MOL: Remind me to send flowers. But I still don't know what YOU were doing there...hello, hello.

GALE: I WAS WATCHIN' 'EM, DONGGONE IT. A guy can't sit around the Elks playin' rummy all day long, can he? And there was this guy with his little camera.....click click click!....

GALE: You know what first made me suspicious of him?

MOL: What's the difference? You don't seem to realize.

FIB: Well, every time I'd look at him, he'd look away.

MOL: McGee, I love you, but don't get the idea that everybody who doesn't like to look at you for hours at a time is a foreign spy. Heavenly days - the whole country will wind up in a concentration camp!

FIB: Just the same, there was something fishy about that guy. I think he's another hairy Matty.

MOL: A what? some running to wipe your little noses, every time you sneeze - if Mrs. McGee will pardon my plain speaking.

MOL: Mrs. McGee loves it.

FIB: Well, look, La Trivia, I wanted to report a suspicious lookin' guy that's hanging around town.

FIB: A hairy matty. You know...a spy. Hairy matty was shot in the last war when they caught her tryin' to - - - - -

MOL: THAT WAS MATA HARI. town.

FIB: Oh well, I can't be bothered with little -

DOOR CHIME: He's a spy. I'm convinced. He takes pictures, eeky.

MOL: COME IN! - - - - -

DOOR OPEN: He's been followin' me for two days now. He carries a

FIB: Oh Hiyah, La Trivia..

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Right

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee...hello, McGee. Do I understand that you called my office this morning?

FIB: I sure did, La Trivia. They told me you were in a council meeting and couldn't be bothered.

GALE: COULDN'T BE DISTURBED, I believe she said. - - - - -

FIB: What's the difference? You don't seem to realize, La Trivia, that you're workin' for us. We pay you. You're just a public servant and we're the public. When we want somethin' you oughtta snap out of your - - - - -

MOL: MCGEE...Don't talk like that to Mayor La Trivia. What did you call him for anyway?

GALE: Yes...I'd like to know too, McGee. - Like most taxpayers, you seem to labor under the delusion that public officials should come running to wipe your little noses, every time you sneeze - if Mrs. McGee will pardon my plain speaking.

MOL: Mrs. McGee loves it, too? If we all join hands we can

FIB: Well, look, La Trivia, I wanted to report a suspicious lookin' guy that's hanging around town. - - - - -

GALE: - - - - -

FIB: - - - - -

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GALE: McGee...if we arrested every odd looking man in this town,
Wistful Vista would soon be known as the Deserted Village.
It would be a ghost town.

MOL: McGee thinks this man was a spy, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: He IS a spy. I'M convinced. He takes pictures, click,
click, click - of everything of importance in this town.

MOL: He's been followin' me for two days now. He carries a
camera under his coat.

GALE: Does he look intelligent?

FIB: No. In fact, he looks like he had nothin' above his eyes
but sinus trouble. BUT THAT DON'T MEAN -

MOL: I'M inclined to take it lightly myself, Mr. La Trivia...but
maybe it WOULD be safer to investigate.

GALE: Very well. I'll have him picked up for questioning. Do you
wish to sign a complaint?

FIB: Sure I do.

MOL: Then if you were wrong, dearie, there'd be nothing against
you but a charge of false arrest, malicious prosecution and
invasion of private rights.

GALE: That's all...you might get out of it for as little as a
hundred thousand in damages.

FIB: Phew!...why don't I keep my big mouth shut! Forget pickin'
him up La Trivia...I'LL GET THE GOODS ON HIM MYSELF! He
thinks he's trailing me...I'LL TRAIL HIM.

MOL: What fun! Can I play, too? If we all join hands we can
keep better track of each other.

GALE: Well, if that's all you wanted, McGee, I'D better be running
along. WAIT A MINUTE....LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, MCGEE!...

FIB: Eh? Where?

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GALE: Under that big tree across the street...is that the man?

MOL: You mean the one looking this way...with his hat pulled
down over his eyes? ...what... what do you suppose

FIB: THAT'S HIM!!...THAT'S THE GUY!!! What's he doing?

GALE: He looks like he's focussing a camera on your front door,

MOL: McGee... realized that guy was following me, I strung a rope
If they come out good I'll take a dozen.

FIB: THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKING, MOLLY!!! LOOK, LA TRIVIA....
YOU WALK DOWN THE STREET, AND WE'LL SEE IF HE FOLLOWS YOU.

GALE: Me?

FIB: SCARED?

GALE: No, I'll keep my mouth closed so he won't plant a bomb
under my bridges. I'll call you from my office and see
what happened.

MOL: We'll be watching....goodbye, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Goodbye, Mrs. McGee...

FIB: And...er..La Trivia.

GALE: Yes?

FIB: If...if anything happens to you...I...well, I'll always
remember you as...as the best mayor we ever had!

MOL: A friend of the people!

FIB: He wore no man's collar!

MOL: Fearless and independent!

FIB: A credit to his party! The working man's pal and a great --

GALE: STOP IT! STOP IT FOR HEAVENS SAKE! NOTHING IS GOING TO
HAPPEN TO ME. You watch...keep an eye on him, McGee.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Good luck....

DOOR SLAM:

IB: Gee, I hope nothing will cut there. He didn't follow the

OUND: TERRIFIC CLATTER AND CRASH ON FRONT PORCH.....PAUSE:

OL: Heavenly days, McGee...what...what do you suppose --

IB: Oh my gosh...I completely forgot!

OL: Forgot what? why he should be interested in you. You don't

IB: When I realized that guy was following me, I strung a rope
across the porch steps! ~~La Trivia musta stepped over it
comin' in, and forgot--~~

ARK: "HOW ABOUT YOU" I've discovered what it's was in' on.

PPLAUSE: Then they're smarter than I am...what ARE you working on?

IB: You won't tell?

OL: Certainly not.

IB: Okay...I'M workin' on a idea for the signal corps. I'M
gonna try and breed a triple-cross bird. Gonna cross a
homing pigeon with a woodpecker, and then cross the result
of that with a parrot.

OL: With what object in mind?

IB: To get a bird that will fly to the right place, knock on the
door and speak the message!

OL: Oh, marvelous! Why don't you work an ostrich in there too?
Then, if pursued by an enemy, he can stick his head in the
sand and they can't hear what he says.

IB: SAY, MAYBE THAT MIGHT.....naw...tain't practical. I thought

DOOR CHIME:

IB: Oh oh!!! Wonder if that's him.

OL: No..he's still across the street. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

IB: Well, I'll be a...HORATIO K. BOOMER!

MOL: McGee...that man is still out there. He didn't follow the

IB: Mayor at all, does - and a Moony May working on you.

FIB: What'd I tell you. It's ME he's after.

MOL: I don't know why he should be interested in you. You don't

have any military secrets, and even if you did, everybody
knows you couldn't keep 'em...which may be why you haven't
got any.

FIB: Maybe them guys have discovered what I'M workin' on.

MOL: Then they're smarter than I am...what ARE you working on?

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DOOR CHIME: Oh oh!!! Wonder if that's him.

OL: No..he's still across the street. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Well, I'll be a...HORATIO K. BOOMER!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer! ~~Yesterday afternoon...er...WHAT WAS I~~

BOOM: Good day, my dear - and a Messy May Morning to you, ~~length~~
Monkeyface! ~~...had to work on a little drip last night...~~

FIB: Just what is it, you think you can do us for today, Boomer?

MOL: Now that's no way to talk to a guest, McGee. Maybe?

FIB: Mr. Boomer has a very legitimate reason for this intrusio-
BOOM: ~~...this visit.~~ ~~AND THAT STUPID ENGRAVER OF MINE~~

BOOM: CERTAINLY HAVE, MY PIPPIN, CERTAINLY HAVE! SALVAGING METAL
FOR THE GOVERNMENT. WANTED TO SEE IF YOU HAD ANY GOLD OR
SILVER LYING AROUND THAT YOU CAN SPARE. ~~or maybe to take~~

FIB: Gold or silver! ~~...and a check for a short beer...~~

BOOM: That's what I said, pistachio-puss. NOW LET ME SEE...WE
FIB & MOL: COULD START WITH THIS GOLD WRIST WATCH OF YOURS, NEEDLENOSE,
BOOM: AND MAYBE ~~...right out of my mouth...~~ SORRY WE COULDN'T DO
FIB: LEGGO O' MY WATCH, YOU NIMBLE-KNUCKLED NEPHEW OF NICODEMUS!
MOL: We won't give you a thing, Mr. Boomer unless you have some
proper credentials.

FIB: SLAM: I'll say not! You're as crooked as a plate of spaghetti,
MOL: Boomer, and I wouldn't trust you as far as I could nudge the
FIB: Normandie. Let's see your credentials! ~~in anyplace for~~

BOOM: Why certainly, certainly...credentials...have them right
here someplace...now let me see...Here's a fresh package of
bubble gum...take it, my boy! ~~SOME MORE.~~

MOL: What does he want with bubble gum? ~~might happen,~~

BOOM: Don't know, my dear...but I always carry it in case I meet
some little blowhard...NOW WHERE DID I PUT THOSE
FIB: CREDENTIALS... ~~...gag badges, Molly. I gotta deppity sheriff's~~

FIB: Maybe you forgot to forge any.

MOL: You going to make him follow you all the way to Peoria?

BOOM: No, I spent all yesterday afternoon...er...WHAT WAS I
LOOKING FOR? OH YES --CREDENTIALS...here's a short length
SOUND: of lead-pipe...had to work on a little drip last night...
WIL: stubborn fellow...here's a package of new ten-dollar bills..

MOL: What's Lincoln's picture doing on a ten-dollar bill?

FIB: It oughtta be Alexander Hamilton.

BOOM: ISN'T THAT AMAZING! AND THAT STUPID ENGRAVER OF MINE
WIL: MAJORED IN AMERICAN HISTORY AT LEVENWORTH! Now where are
MOL: those credentials...credentials...credentials...Here's a
WIL: small woman's handbag..(LAUGHS)..Given up trying to take
them from large women!...and a check for a short beer...
MOL: WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT! ~~the package~~

FIB & MOL: NO CREDENTIALS!!

BOOM: Took the words right out of my mouth...SORRY WE COULDN'T DO
WIL: ANY BUSINESS, MY TIRESOME LITTLE TWOSOME. BETTER LUCK NEXT
TIME. GOOD DAY, MY DEAR - AND CHEAP CHEERIO TO YOU,
CHIFMUNK! ~~...and a check for a short beer...~~

DOOR SLAM: ~~slammed off down an alley.~~

MOL: I wonder where Mr. Boomer has been all this time.

FIB: Well, when a guy like him ain't been seen anyplace for
FIB: exactly 90 days, you can draw your own conclusions. HEY
LOOK! THAT SPY IS STILL OUT THERE! I THINK I'LL GO OUT
WIL: SOMEPLACE AND SEE I GET FOLLOWED SOME MORE.

MOL: Oh no no...don't, McGee! Something might happen.

FIB: Aw I can take care of myself. I'll wear my badge.

MOL: Which one? Junior G-Man or Chicken Inspector?

FIB: Those are just gag badges, Molly. I gotta deppity sheriff's
badge from Peoria. See?

MOL: You going to make him follow you all the way to Peoria?

FIB: OPEN: No no no! - Look...here's what I'll do...I'll walk kinda casual down to the airport...then out to the steel works...

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

WIL: Hello, folks...what are you looking serious about?

MOL: Somebody's been following McGee around, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: And he keeps takin' pictures of me...click click click!!!

MOL: EVERY PLACE I GO!

WIL: Who is he?

MOL: We don't know..McGee thinks he's a foreign spy.

WIL: That's strange...I had an odd experience last Saturday night myself. I followed a suspicious looking man all over town.

MOL: Heavenly days...I'M getting the creeps! Who was he, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: A spy?

WIL: That's what I thought. He first attracted my attention when

FIB: I saw him come out of a doorway sort of hiding a bundle under his coat...he looked both ways up the street and sneaked off down an alley.

MOL: Excuse me, boys, while I run up and wash my hair...I might as well do it while it's standing on end.

FIB: No, wait, Molly! ..maybe Harlow followed the same guy that's been after me.

WIL: I don't think so, Fibber...you see, I followed this fellow to the far side of town...thru alleys... up side streets, over fences and thru vacant lots.

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks..what are you looking so serious about?

MOL: Somebody's been following McGee around, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: And he keeps takin' pictures of me..click click click!!! EVERY PLACE I GO!

WIL: Who is he?

MOL: We don't know..McGee thinks he's a foreign spy.

FIB: Though I dunno what KIND of a foreign spy. I haven't seen him steal anything, so he can't be a Nazi, and he's too well-fed to be a Italian, and he hasn't stabbed me in the back, so he can't be Japanese.

WIL: That's strange...I had an odd experience last Saturday night, myself. I followed a suspicious looking man all over town.

MOL: Heavenly days..I'M getting the creeps! Who was he, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: A spy?

WIL: That's what I thought. He first attracted my attention when I saw him come out of a doorway sort of hiding a bundle under his coat...he looked both ways up the street and sneaked off down an alley.

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WIL: I don't think so, Fibber...you see, I followed this fellow to the far side of town...thru alleys... up side streets, over fences and thru vacant lots.

DOOR SLAM:
 MOL: He could hardly go thru a lot that WASN'T vacant.
 (PAUSE)
 FIB: Cut it out, Molly..I wanna hear this. Go on, ^{Frank} Harlow.
 WIL: (DRAMATICALLY) Well...finally, he looked around cautiously, and ducked into a garage....I crept up and peeked thru the window....
 MOL: I'll bet he was a bootlegger, with a boot for one of his tires!
 WIL: NO SIR....HE TOOK A CONTAINER OF JOHNSON'S CAR-NU FROM UNDER HIS COAT.....AND IN ALMOST NO TIME HE HAD A DULL, DINGY-LOOKING JALLOPPY LOOKING LIKE IT JUST CAME OUT OF THE SALES ROOM. YOU KNOW HOW CAR-NU CLEANS AND POLISHES IN ONE EASY OPERATION AND GIVES A BEAUTIFUL LUSTER WITH A MINIMUM OF EFFORT. WELL SIR -
 FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, WILCOX.!!! WHAT THE SAM HILL WAS HE SNEAKIN' AROUND TOWN FOR? WHY WASN'T HE PROUD TO BE SEEN WITH A CONTAINER OF CAR-NU, LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?
 WIL: That's what I asked him. He said he didn't want anybody to tell his mother because he was surprising her by polishing her car for Mother's day!
 MOL: MCGEE...STOP GNAWING YOUR NAILS!
 FIB: Well, it was either that or say something the sponsor might regret. Do you HAVE to take advantage of situations like this, Wilcox? Can't you be honest, and manly, and come right out and SELL Car-Nu?
 WIL: The trouble with you, Fibber, is you haven't got any sense of dramatic values. What kind of a story would Robinson Crusoe have been if Victor Hugo hadn't built up the suspense?
 FIB: Well, let me know if YOUR spy is carrying Car Nu, too.

DOOR SLAM:

(PAUSE)
 FIB: Hey, Molly.
 MOL: Yes?
 FIB: Did Victor Hugo write Robinson Crusoe!
 MOL: Of course not. It was written in the first person, so Robinson Crusoe must have written it himself!
 FIB: That's what I thought! Everybody knows Victor Hugo wrote Sherlock Holmes!
 MOL: No, that was Mark Twain.
 FIB: What'd I say..Victor Hugo? I MEANT Mark Twain. Anyway... (PAUSE) What's the matter?
 MOL: McGee...that man is still there, and still watching this house!
 FIB: OH HE IS, EH? Gimme my hat!! I'm goin' out and find out about this!
 MOL: Oh now, McGee... be careful!!!...those men are ruthless, and cruel.
 FIB: Well, waddye think I am? A Caspar Milkshake? I can handle 'em. First, I'll chop 'em across the throat with the edge of my hand like this....OUCH! OHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!.....
 MOL: If you were as dangerous to other people as you are to yourself, I wouldn't let you out of my sight. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, MCGEE?
 FIB: (WHISPERS) I'm gonna take a walk and see if that guy follows me some more.
 MOL: (WHISPERS) Where you going?
 FIB: (WHISPERS) I dunno..just around town a little....

OL: (WHISPERS) Well, for goodness sakes be careful. I don't
 ..(LOUDLY) SAY - WHAT ARE WE WHISPERING FOR?

IB: (WHISPERS) I don't know what you're whispering for, but I
 hit myself in the neck so hard I can't talk! I'll be back
 in a little while!

ARK: SELECTION - "AMERICA CALLING" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

IB: He even took a picture of that. I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF BEIN'
 A PHOTOGRAPHERS MODEL FOR A DOGGONED FOREIGN SPY. CLICK
 CLICK CLICK, ALL DAY LONG!

MOL: It's gettin' on my nerves too, McGee!... I really think
 you ought to call the FBI.

IB: Okay...I'll duck into the cigar store down there and call.
 You wait outside and see what he does.

MOL: I will not...I'll come in with you and watch him thru the
 window. I'm not going to be kidnapped and taken to Germany
 on a submarine! You know how I get seasick!

IB: Aw they won't do any such - OH OH!!..look who's coming down
 the street, Mrs. Uppington!

MOL: I wonder what she's looking so important about.

IB: About three quarters of the time, if you'll ask me.

MOL: Should we tell her about that spy following us?

IB: I think we better - he might take her for a over-age
 battleship and scuttle her.

MOL: It's unthinkable that she'd be sinkable. And besides....OH
 HELLO THERE ABIGAIL DARLING!

IB: OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE...AND MR. MCGEE!

MOL: Hiya stranger...you know you're in danger?

THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: WALKING..TRAFFIC SOUNDS:

FIB: Is he still behind us, Molly?

MOL: Yes, he just ducked into a doorway.

FIB: I'm glad you decided to come with me, after all. Two of us
 can watch him better than just one. Think he knows we're
 onto him? this too, lightly. Dear. For all we know, he may
 have even taken a picture of that. I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF BEIN'
 A PHOTOGRAPHERS MODEL FOR A DOGGONED FOREIGN SPY. CLICK
 CLICK CLICK, ALL DAY LONG!

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 You wait outside and see what he does.

MOL: I will not...I'll come in with you and watch him thru the
 window. I'm not going to be kidnapped and taken to Germany
 on a submarine! You know how I get seasick!

FIB: Aw they won't do any such - OH OH!!..look who's coming down
 the street, Mrs. Uppington! and DEMAND an explanation.

MOL: I wonder what she's looking so important about.

FIB: About three quarters of the time, if you'll ask me.

MOL: Should we tell her about that spy following us?

FIB: I think we better - he might take her for a over-age
 battleship and scuttle her.

MOL: It's unthinkable that she'd be sinkable. And besides....OH
 HELLO THERE ABIGAIL DARLING!

IB: OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE...AND MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Hiya stranger...you know you're in danger?

PP: I beg your pardon, Mr. McGee...in danger of what?

MOL: (LOWERS VOICE) Look, Abigail...see that man over there.
He's a SPY!

PP: GOOD HEAVENS...NOT REAHHLY! Do you suppose he could have
escaped from some Alfred Hitchcock picture?

FIB: Don't take this too lightly, Uppy. For all we know, he may
be planning to blow this whole town up tomorrow night.

UPP: Oh but he CAWN'T do that. I have a bridge pahty planned for
next Friday!

MOL: Even Boston couldn't put a war off for a tea party, Abigail
This man is dangerous. He's been following McGee all day
long ... taking pictures and sneaking around like a regular
easel.

FIB: You mean WEASEL Molly.

UPP: Yes, an EASEL is used for pictures.

MOL: Well, that's what they're using HIM for. Now you be careful
Abigail..he's seen you talking to us, so he may include you
in his dirty work.

UPP: I think this whole thing is simply ridiculous. I have a
good notion to walk over to him and DEMAHND an explanation.

FIB: You won't think that's such a good notion if he pulls a gun
on you.

MOL: That's absurd! It's against the law to discharge firearms
within the City Limits!

UPP: Probably not ... but we're telling you, Abigail...he's a
dangerous character.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...REALLY? What did you do?

UPP: But what should I do?

FIB: Just walk on unconcerned, Uppy. I'M callin' the FBI in a
minute.

MOL: Just take it easy Abigail...we'll let you know what happens

UPP: Well, thank you VEDDY much for warning me. I DO hope this
spy is caught...I should be so helpless in a concentration
camp.

FIB: Why you, particularly?

UPP: Oh Mr. McGee (LAUGHS)...you KNOW how difficult it is for me
to concentrate! Well...good luck!!!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE.

FIB: HEY...HERE'S THE CIGAR STORE...I'M GOIN' IN AND PHONE....
YOU WON'T BE SCARED?

MOL: Certainly not... Now go on, and phone.

FIB: Okay...be right out!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: (SINGS) Me and my shadow...da de da de da daaaaaa....

WIMP: (FADE IN) Oh - hello there, Mrs. McGee...

MOL: Well - for goodness sakes...Hello, Mr. Wimple...Don't look
now, but there's a foreign spy over there taking our pictur-

WIMP: Hello, Mr. McGee...you seem healthy!

WIMP: Oh goodness!...doesn't he look repulsive!

MOL: Yes, . McGee is inside the cigar store now, telephoning the
FBI.

WIMP: There must be quite a wave of crime and espionage in town,
better go too, Molly.

MOL: Mrs. McGee...you know I caught a burglar jimmying his way
into our house when I came home last night!

WIMP: I'm really not an Indian, Mrs. McGee...my father was--

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....REALLY? What did you do?

FIB: She meant this cigar store Indian, Wimp...

WIMP: I opened the door for him, on condition that he'd go in first.

MOL: And did he?

WIMP: Yes....(LAUGHS) The poor fellow!...Sweetface thought it was me and before you could say "Where's the iodine?" she was shaking salt over him.

MOL: SALT! What was that for?

WIMP: Oh, that is just a little joke of Sweetface's. She likes to tie people up in knots like a pretzel and then shake salt over them.

MOL: Well, you're lucky YOU didn't go into the house first.

WIMP: Oh, I don't know, Mrs. McGee....lately, Sweetface has been very nice about my coming in late. The minute I tippie-toe in the front door she gives me my slippers and my pipe and the latest novel--

MOL: She does?

WIMP: Yes - right in the face. You see--
(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: IT'S OKAY, MOLLY!!...THEY GOT A AGENT ON HIS WAY OVER RIGHT NOW. OH, HIYAH, WIMP!

WIMP: Hello, Mr. McGee...my - you seem excited.

MOL: I should think he would be!

FIB: You better get goin', Wimp....there's a Federal dick on his way over here and there's liable to be some gunplay....you better go too, Molly.

MOL: I will not! I'll just stand behind this wooden Indian here!

WIMP: I'm really not an Indian, Mrs. McGee. My father was--

FIB: She meant this cigar store Indian, Wimp....

WIMP: Oh...(LAUGHS) Well, then if you don't need me, I'll be trotting along, folks....I promised to take Sweetface to the circus. LAUGH!...HE'S A SPY, THAT'S WHAT HE IS!

MOL: Oh really...does Sweetface like circuses?

WIMP: This is strictly business, Mrs. McGee....one of the gorrillas is getting vicious and they asked Sweetface to come over and slap him around a little. Goodbye, now.

AD LI: GOODEYES....FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY....TRAFFIC UP....

MOL: What did the FBI say when you called them up, McGee?

FIB: Oh, they said they were gettin' a lotta phoney tips these days, but they couldn't afford to ignore any of 'em so -

MAN: HEY, LOOK!

SOUND: CAR UP FAST WITH BRAKES SCREECH, CAR OUT:

MOL: Heavenly days....LOOK AT 'EM!!...THEY SURROUNDED THAT MAN BEFORE HE EVEN SAW THEM....

FIB: He's showin' 'em some cards.....they're lookin' over here... BOY I BET I GET A MEDAL FROM THE GOVERNMENT FOR THIS! CATCHIN' A FOREIGN SPY IS -

MOL: McGee...look...they're laughing!!

FIB: WHAT THE...don't tell me he's got THEM fooled, too!

MOL: We'll soon know...here comes an FBI man!

MAN: (FADE IN) You Mr McGee? Did you call the FBI?

FIB: You're darn right I did, bud! That guy there has been followin' me around all day....takin' pictures, click, click, click! every place I went.

MAN: And where was that?

MOL: Oh, the Elks Club, and the Railroad station, and the Airport, and the power house "

IB: And that excavation down at 14th and Oak, and the softball game on the corner lot at Maple street, and -

OL: AND EVERY PLACE!....HE'S A SPY, THAT'S WHAT HE IS!

AN: I beg your pardon, madam. We know that man quite well, and he is not a spy.

FIB: OH NO? WHAT IS HE?

AN: He's a photographer for a National Magazine.

CL: THEN WHY HAS HE BEEN FOLLOWING MY HUSBAND AROUND ALL DAY?

AN: Well, he told me to tell you he was sorry if he had caused you any annoyance...but he is working on an assignment.

FIB: A LIKELY STORY!!...WHAT KIND OF AN ASSIGNMENT COULD THAT BE?

AN: He says they wanted him to get up a picture story on

"HOW A SMALL TOWN BUSYBODY SPENDS HIS TIME."

FIB: How a small town busy-b.....Oh pshaw!

ORCH: "ONCE IN A LOVETIME"....FADE FOR:

Protection against wear - and as an extra dividend, it gives that much desired rich, mellow beauty that you find only in wax-protected homes. There are 100 labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid, in your home. You can now buy JOHNSON'S WAX also in Cream form, especially formulated for the care of furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 12, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Any old rags or rubber or metal today, ladies? Have you joined the Scrap Brigade? In this week's issue of Life Magazine there's an advertisement by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX -- with suggestions to patriotic housewives on how to salvage valuable scrap materials for war production. You can help your country while you're doing your own Spring Housecleaning. You'll find suggestions there also on how to make your housecleaning easier all year - by the regular use of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid, for protecting your floors, furniture and woodwork. Wax provides the easy, inexpensive way to take better care of your things. It gives wood, leather, painted surfaces a shield of protection against wear - and as an extra dividend, it gives that much desired rich, mellow beauty that you find only in wax-protected homes. There are 100 labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid, in your home. You can now buy JOHNSON'S WAX also in Cream form, especially formulated for the care of furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the maker's of JOHNSON
WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with
us again next Tuesday night, - and reminding you that the
Government is in urgent need of 55,000 young women to enter
schools of nursing this year and prepare themselves for
National Defense. Ask your state Nurses Association for
further information. Goodnight!

FIB: Hey, Molly...
MOL: Yes?
FIB: You know what?
MOL: No, what?
FIB: I think that guy fooled them government fellas. I still
think he's a spy!
MOL: Oh, you do!
FIB: Yes, and I'M goin' out for a walk and see if he follows
me any more.

MOL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THOSE OF YOU WHO ARRIVED' LATE MAY
REMAIN FOR THE NEXT SHOW. THIS IS WHERE YOU CAME IN!

FIB: Hmm. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH..APPLAUSE: ETC.

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This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the maker's of JOHNSON
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This program has come to you from Hollywood.
This is the NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)