

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

(REVISED)

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7P
Tuesday - 5/26/42

(REVISED)

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

ORCHESTRA: 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: "A Million
Miles From Manhattan".

ORCH: "A MILLION MILES FROM MANHATTAN"

(FADE FOR:)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 26, 1942

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

In our audience tonight, I'm sure there are many business and industrial executives relaxing a bit from a busy day. The greatly increased responsibility of these men in War production is known to all of us. Their jobs are as important, as vital as any. Nearly every large manufacturer is engaged in some part of war work, directly or indirectly. The last time I went through the JOHNSON'S WAX laboratories and plant I was surprised to learn in how many places there is a need now, greater than ever before, for protective wax finishes and coatings. Special finishes have been developed for waterproofing, weatherproofing, rustproofing-- for planes, ships, automobiles, trucks, trains -- for metals, wood, rubber and leather. Even special paints containing wax have been perfected. So in many ways the protective uses of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS have been extended into manufacturing and industrial plants throughout the country. Any manufacturer having a protective finishing problem related to War production is invited to discuss this problem with S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, or S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., Brantford, Canada.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: THERE'S A MINOR MYSTERY AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA! UNCLE DENNIS HAS BEEN MISSING FOR TWO DAYS. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, ONE WORRIED FOR FEAR HE ^{WILL} ~~HE~~ COME BACK, AND THE OTHER FOR FEAR HE WON'T...WE FIND....

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: McGee, I'm worried about Uncle Dennis.
FIB: Me too. If he don't lay off that stuff he's gonna wind up comin' unwound.
MOL: I don't mean that. I mean I'm afraid something's happened to him.
FIB: That's too bad. (SINGS) Oh te da da de da de da de daaaa... Hey what became of the sporting section of the paper?
MOL: NEVER MIND THE PAPER. I'm worried about Uncle Dennis and I don't like to worry all alone.
FIB: Okay, I'll worry with you. POOR UNCLE DENNIS! OH MY, OH MY, OH MY!
MOL: For goodness' sakes, McGee...haven't you any human sympathy? What if Uncle Dennis has had an accident?
FIB: Accidents only happen when you don't know things are loaded....and we know he always is.
MOL: Now look here, McGee....we'll leave Uncle Dennis's personal habits out of this....let's just think of him as somebody in trouble.
FIB: I gotta better idea.
MOL: What's that?
FIB: Let's not think of him at all.

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FIB: I gotta better idea.

MOL: What's that?

FIB: Let's not think of him at all.

MOL: May I remind you, dearie, that Uncle Dennis, with all his faults, is my relative? He's my father's brother.

FIB: Well, am I your father's brother's keeper? Did I invite him to move in on us till death do us part? Did I suggest that we make our guest room a zoo for pink elephants? Was I the one who--

MOL: OH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKES, MCGEE...CAN'T YOU SEE HOW UPSET I AM? Here he goes out of the house day before yesterday, wearing your new gray suit, and--

FIB: WHAT? MY NEW GRAY SUIT?

MOL: Yes, and--

FIB: OH MY GOSH!!...WE GOTTA FIND HIM! SUPPOSE HE MET WITH A ACCIDENT OR SOMETHING?

MOL: That's what I said. Suppose something--

FIB: WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MOLLY...WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING. CAN'T YOU SEE HOW WORRIED I AM? Gee...my new gray suit....

MOL: All right....you worry about your suit and I'll worry about Uncle Dennis. But let's FIND them!

FIB: What'll we do? Where'll we look?

MOL: Do you know anybody that owns some bloodhounds?

FIB: Bloodhounds wouldn't work on him....we'll have to get boozehounds. HEY, MAYBE I BETTER CALL THE POLICE.... MAYBE I--

MOL: Now now now....let's take this thing quietly, dearie.... what would Ellery Queen or Perry Mason do in a case like this?

FIB: THEY'D WRITE A BOOK ABOUT IT, AND WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR THAT. When did you say you saw Uncle Dennis last?

MOL: Day before yesterday. He was wearing your new gray suit and--

IB: How'd it look?
 OL: Beautiful. Though the sleeves were a little short.
 IB: That's too bad. Next time I buy a suit I'll take him
 with me. I don't want him to be unhappy. WHERE WAS HE
 GOIN' WHEN YOU SAW HIM, AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW.
 OL: Downtown, I think. He usually goes to Joe's Tavern.
 IB: Yeah....I know. He's a ~~stock~~ stockholder.
 OL: He is?
 IB: Sure. He can hold more of Joe's stock than anybody in
 town. GIMME THE PHONE....I'LL CALL JOE AND SEE IF HE'S
 STILL THERE.
 OL: Here.
 IB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME JOE'S TAVERN
 ACROSS THE STREET FROM MYRT! IS THAT YOU?
 OL: Oh dear....
 IB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS, EH. WHAT SAY, MYRT?
 YOUR GRANDMOTHER? PLAYIN' FOR THE BROOKLYN DODGERS?
 OL: What's she playing, McGee....shortstop?
 IB: No - the piano. There's a lot of ball-players livin' at
 her boarding house. WHAT SAY, MYRT? NO ANSWER, EH?
 THANKS ANYWAY. (CLICK) Come on, Molly....get your hat...
 we'll go out and look for him....
 OL: All right. I'm glad I finally aroused your sympathy.
 IB: You have....I certainly hope we find him. AND IF HE'S
 TORE ONE SINGLE POCKET OF THAT GRAY SUIT, I'LL SWARM
 OVER HIM LIKE DOOLITTLE OVER TOKYO!!!

MOL: Now don't get excited, maybe he just -
 DOOR CHIME: Complexion ... being. What is he ...
 MOL: COME IN!
 DOOR OPEN: some high st night.
 GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee... Hello, McGee.
 FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia ... just the guy we wanna see.
 GALE: Why?
 MOL: We've lost an uncle someplace.
 GALE: Maybe he isn't lost ... perhaps you just forgot where you
 put him.
 FIB: You know, Molly ... I just happened to think. Maybe he's
 out house hunting.
 MOL: But he's got THIS house.
 FIB: Yeah ... this is probably the one he's hunting. How about
 GALE: puttin' your police department to work on this case, La
 MOL: Trivia?
 GALE: Why of course, McGee. If you don't think it's too soon.
 MOL: Why too soon?
 GALE: I thought that, seeing it is such a beautiful day, he might
 GALE: have decided to go out for a brisk .. er .. stagger in the
 park.
 FIB: But he's been gone two days, La Trivia. I think you
 oughtta have your cops drag out the throw net.
 MOL: You always get that wrong, McGee... it's THROW out the DRAG
 FIB: net.
 GALE: You are referring to Uncle Dennis are you not?
 FIB: Yes, we are. You want a description of him? Okay, he's
 MOL: kind of a yellow skin -

MOL: HE HAS NOT. He was tanned, and it faded a little.
GALE: Complexion ... beige. What is his height exactly.
FIB: Well it varies. He goes out low in the morning and comes home high at night.
MOL: He's five feet eleven in his socks.
FIB: You mean in MY socks. He ain't worn any of his own clothes since he moved here.
GALE: Five feet eleven. How much does he weigh?
MOL: Well, he's gained a little weight lately.
FIB: Yes, now it takes at least three men to bring him home.
GALE: Well, one man can carry a 75 pound load comfortably... three times 75 would be 225. Stout fellow! What color are his eyes?
FIB: Bloodshot.
GALE: Eyes ... old rose.
MOL: You're giving Mayor La Trivia a terrible picture of Uncle Dennis, McGee.
FIB: Yes, and if he'll give me back the picture I'll give him Uncle Dennis.
GALE: I...er...I don't like to be an alarmist, Mrs McGee ... but we must face the facts ... do you think we should drag the river?
MOL: No, I don't.
GALE: You don't?
FIB: No, he wouldn't be in the river. He hates water.
GALE: Very well. If you'll let me use your telephone, I'll have his description broadcast on police radio immediately.
MOL: Here, Mr. Mayor.

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GALE: Thank you. (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR. PLEASE CONNECT ME WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT- I BEG PARDON? (ASIDE) McGee, who's Myrt?

MOL: Oh just an offstage character, Mr. Mayor. Don't let her get you down.

GALE: HELLO OPERATOR. POLICE DEPARTMENT PLEASE ... NO I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER ... I WANT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! YES.

FIB: Great family girl, Myrt!

GALE: HELLO, CLANAHAN? THIS IS MY HONOR....ER YOUR HONOR..... HIS HONOR...THIS IS THE MAYOR SPEAKING! PUT THIS ON THE RADIO RIGHT AWAY. LOCATE AND BRING IN A MR. DENNIS DRISCOLL. FIVE FEET 11, PINK EYES, WEIGHT 225, COMPLEXION SAFFRON, WHEN LAST SEEN WAS WEARING LIGHT GRAY SUIT AND SILK LAMPSHADE ON HEAD. KEEP ME INFORMED. GOODBYE. (CLICK) Now don't worry, Mrs. McGee.. I'M sure we'll find-

MOL: But Mr. MAyor ... what was that about the lampshade?

FIB: Yeah .. what made you think he was wearing that?

GALE: I was wearing it at a party night before last, and he took it away from me. Now don't worry. WE'LL FIND HIM.

ORK: "JEALOUS"

APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT:

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TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Poor Uncle Dennis ... Surely SOMEBODY must have seen him, McGee. What did they tell you at Joe's Tavern?

FIB: They says he acted very strangely, and I says how do you mean strangely, and they says he just had a lemonade and paid all his I.O.U.'s and just stood there at the bar ... reading a magazine ...

MOL: Oh dear ... and then what?

FIB: Then all of a sudden he looks at Joe and says, JOE, he says, this stuff is ruining my life, and sure enough it was ...

MOL: the lemonade was dripping all over his magazine and then he walked out and Joe hasn't seen him since.

MOL: And the police haven't had any report on him either ... where shall we go first.

FIB: I thought we better ask Billy Mills. He and Billy were always great pals.

MOL: Yes, they're always together at parties. They're two of a kind. Billy never says anything but "YES" and "NO", and Uncle Dennis never says anything but "YES".

FIB: Oh he says more than that. He also says " I DON'T CARE IF I DO", and "WHO PAID FOR THAT LAST ONE?" He's the greatest-

OLD M: (FADE IN) Well, hello there kids ... out for a walk?

MOL: We're trying to locate Uncle Dennis, Mr. Old Timer. Have you seen him?

OLD M: Was he wearin' a racoon coat, roller skates and a catcher's mitt?

FIB: No, he wasn't. What gave you that silly idea?

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OLD M: Nobody, Johnny. Thought of it myself. Much easier to identify if he was dressed like that...

MOL: We're afraid he's been kidnapped or something. Or taken for a ride.

OLD M: Notified the police, daughter?

FIB: Yes we have ... and they're draggin' out the throw net...Why?

OLD M: Well, they're the ones who usually take him for a ride.

FIB: Sayyy, maybe he -

MOL: MCGEE ... LOOK!

FIB: Look at what?

MOL: Where did you get that hat, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: This one? Took it away from a dog, daughter. He was draggin' it up the street and it looked like a good hat so I took it. Just fits, too.

FIB: THAT'S UNCLE DENNIS'S HAT! NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEPLACE. Would you know that dog again if you saw him, Old Timer?

OLD M: Sure would, Johnny. He's a little snippy pup with long ears and a piece of my pants in his mouth. When I took this hat away from him, he chased me and my gal all the way home from the movies. We just made it, too ... run in the house together and slammed the door on him.

MOL: Neck and neck, eh?

OLD M: We sure did, daughter. After we got our breath. Want this hat now?

FIB: No, you keep it till later, Old Timer. We're more interested in finding Uncle Dennis. You know who's dog it was?

OLD M: Sure do, yeh' to find Uncle Dennis ...

BILL: Thought I saw him in the drug store yesterday.

MOL: Who's?

OLD M: Who's dog?

FIB: Yes. You know who's it was?

OLD M: Sure do.

MOL: Who's?

OLD M: Belongs to that rich widder lives around the corner from you. One that rides in a car with a chauffeur.

FIB: MRS. UPPINGTON!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee ... let's go see her.

FIB: After we see Billy Mills ... MUCH OBLIGED OLD TIMER!

OLD M: That's okey, kids ... hope you find your uncle. Know how you feel because we lost a cousin once the same way.

BILL: Cousin Clyde. Back in Hannibal, Missouri.

MOL: Didn't you ever find him again?

OLD M: Heh heh heh!! he never found US again, daughter. Minute we realized he was missin' we all moved to Decatur Illinois. WELL, GOOD LUCK, KIDS!!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Now I know something has happened to Uncle Dennis, McGee!!

FIB: Aw this don't mean anything. He's come home often enough without his hat ... I guess his hat can come home once without him. Come on ... here's Billy Mills' house.

FOOTSTEPS UP ON DOOR. SOUND OF PIANO OFF MIKE:

KNOCK AT DOOR. PIANO OUT. DOOR OPEN:

BILL: Hello, Skimp. Hello, Mom. Come on in.

MOL: We can't now, Mr. Mills ...

FIB: We're tryin' to find Uncle Dennis... you seen him, Billy?

BILL: Thought I saw him in the drug store yesterday.

MOL: You THOUGHT YOU saw him.
FIB: Why were you doubtful it was him? What was he doin'?'
BILL: Drinking buttermilk.
MOL: Then it couldn't have been ... WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE IN YOUR
HAND, MR. MILLS?
BILL: Cigar. Have one?
FIB: NO NO NO ... THE OTHER HAND .. THAT NECKTIE!! .. THAT'S
UNCLE DENNISES! WHERE'D YOU GET IT, BILLY?
BILL: Dog brought it up on the porch. Knew it didn't belong to
the dog.
MOL: How'd you know that?
BILL: Female dog. Girls don't wear neckties. Can't fool Mills.
FIB: WAS IT UPPINGTON'S DOG?
BILL: Yes.
MOL: MC Gee, WE'VE GOT TO GO SEE ABIGAIL! THERE'S SOMETHING
FUNNY GOING ON HERE. Thank you ever so much, Mr. Mills.
BILL: That's okay, Mom. Anything I can do for Dennis, let me
know. I've probably done it before.

DOOR SLAM:

FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH ONTO SIDEWALK..SUSTAIN

FIB: Sure is funny, Molly ... the same dog ... first he drags
Uncle Dennis' hat along the street ... then he brings his
necktie to Billy Mills.
MOL: If Uncle Dennis is doing a strip-tease he's being awfully
public about it.
FIB: Maybe he took off his clothes to go for a swim or something.
MOL: Where would he go that was so close?

FIB: There's a lagoon in the park. Maybe he dove in there.
MOL: Oh I HOPE not!
FIB: Why?
MOL: Uncle Dennis can't swim.
FIB: That wouldn't matter. There hasn't been any water in that
lagoon for over a year. And besides ...
MOL: Look, McGee ...here comes Mr. Wilcox, McGee ... YOOOO HOO,
MR. WILCOX!
WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, folks ... where you going in such a hurry?
FIB: We gotta see a dog about a man.
WIL: Yeah? Say, I had an odd experience with a dog yesterday,
myself.
MOL: How was that, Mr. Wilcox?
FIB: (ASIDE) I have a feeling, folks, that this is gonna end up
in one of them commercial anecdotes that pester a
hard-working comedian.
WIL: What do you mean?
MOL: He means this is probably one of those tales that dogs the
wag.
FIB: Not that you'd ever intentionally connive to get in a
mention about Johnson's Car nu, Harlow ...
WIL: SAY I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT THAT UP, BIBBER. IT WAS CAR-NU
THAT STARTED THE WHOLE INCIDENT!
FIB: (ASIDE) See what I mean folks? ... he's glad I brought it
up. It's the develish ingenuity of the fellow! WELL
WHAT DID CAR NU START WITH THE DOG, HARLOW?

WIL: The dog incident. I'm a member of a neighborhood car pool, you know....a bunch of us got together and we pool transportation in our cars....take turns taking each other to work. Saves tires and gasoline, and conserves the cars.

MOL: Yes we know about that. But where does the dog come in?

WIL: Well, as long as I take people in my car I want it to look nice, see? To say nothing of setting an example of conservation and preservation to the rest of the neighbors....

SOUND: so there I was, giving my bus a going over with Johnson's Carnü...(you know how it shines as it dries in one easy operation)....gee it looked beautiful!!!

MOL: Of course it did. But how about --

WIL: WELL SIR, WHEN I STOOD BACK TO ADMIRE THAT GORGEOUS, GLEAMING

DOOR OPEN: FINISH, - WOOF WOOF!!

MOL: WOOF - WOOF?

FIB: What'dja do - bark your shins on the running board?

WIL: No, it was this dog. Little bitty pup, but very feisty. She saw her reflection in the side of my car....(it was just like a mirror by that time of course)....and she thought it was another dog. So - she dropped the old shoe she was carrying in her mouth and started after her reflection and -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT KIND OF A SHOE WAS SHE CARRYING?

WIL: Oh a brown oxford, with hard heels and a perforated cap. Why?

FIB: That's it, Molly!

MOL: I KNEW it!

WIL: WHAT IS THIS...YOU KNEW WHAT?

FIB: That's one of Uncle Dennis's shoes! Was it Uppington's dog, Harlow?

WIL: Say I guess it was at that...!! How did you know?

MOL: HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO TELL YOU NOW, MR. WILCOX...COME ON, MCGEE!!

FIB: SEE YOU LATER HARLOW!!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...

ORK: WILLIAM TELL...FADE FOR

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..UP ON PORCH....DOOR KNOCK.

FIB: (PANTING) Gee, I hope Uppington's at home, Molly...

MOL: Me, too. I haven't sprinted like that since I saw the garter snake back of the high school the day Wm Jennings Bryan spoke to us sophomores.

DOOR OPEN:

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND Mr. McGee...

MOL: Hello, Abigail...

FIB: Your dog here?

UPP: Fifi? Yes but she can't come out and play with you now... she has been a VEDDY bad girl!

MOL: What'd she do, Abigail? Run thru the sprinkler and frizzle her permanent?

FIB: She's probably sulking because they put the wrong shade of nail polish on her little footsies.

UPP: I beg your pardon, Mr. McGee...I do NOT pamper Fifi with such extravagant treatment.

MOL: Don't you really, Abigail?

UPP: Indeed not. I think for a dog like Fifi, dear as she is to me, that a plain fingah wave and colorless nail polish is good enough. But won't you come in?

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FIB: No thanks, Uppy. We got important things to do. We think Uncle Dennis has met with foul play, and Fifi is mixed up in it somehow.

UPP: HOW DARE YOU, MR. MCGEE!!! Fifi is entirely incapable of(PAUSE).....what did she do?

MOL: Suppose you tell us how she's been a bad girl?

UPP: Oh she was merely mischievous, Mrs. McGee ... she dragged home a man's shirt ... and was tearing it to pieces under the chaise longue.

FIB: A MAN'S SHIRT EH? THAT'S WHAT WE MEAN, UPPY! THAT WAS UNCLE DENNIS SHIRT!

UPP: How uttably fantastic, Mr. McGee Fifi, barely knows your Uncle Dennis.

MOL: If he keeps losing his clothes he'll be barely known by everybody! TELL US ABIGAIL ... WAS IT A BLUE AND WHITE CANDY-STRIPED SHIRT?

UPP: Why ... why yes it was ... BUT IT COULD NOT HAVE BELONGED TO UNCLE DENNIS. It had the initials "F.M." embroidered on one sleeve.

FIB: F.M.!! THAT'S ONE OF MY CHRISTMAS SHIRTS.!! HE WEARS ALL MY CLOTHES.!!

UPP: Good heavens.!!! But where is the dear man? ... what has happened? ...

MOL: THAT, Abigail, is the 64 dollar question! We want to know too. He hasn't been home for two days

FIB: And his clothes have been showing up all over town.

MOL: Usually dragged in by your little haberdashery retriever Fifi!

UPP: But have you notified the police?

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(2ND REVISION)

(2ND REVISION)

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FIB: A likely story. Come clean. (2ND REVISION)
FIB: Yes and they've dragged out the throw net.

MOL: Thrown out the drag net, dearie.

FIB: Oh yes. AND WE WANNA INTERVIEW FIFI, UPPY.

MOL: Fifi is mixed up in this thing somehow, and she may lead us to Uncle Dennis. Only SHE knows where those clothes came from!

UPP: Veddy well ... please come in.

DOOR SLAM

UPP: Now then, if you will just make yourselves comfortable until..

DOG YAPS

UPP: FIFI!!! You bad girl ... didn't mothah tell you to ...

MOL: MCGEE... LOOK WHAT SHE'S GOT!!

FIB: Oh my gosh!!! Uncle Dennis' suspenders...!! OKAY, UPPY! ...
COME CLEAN!! WHERE'D YOU HIDE THE BODY?

UPP: (SCREAM)

ORK: SELECTION: "I'M IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND EFFECTS MAN" -
KINGS MEN

(APPLAUSE)

SHOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Shall we answer it or wait for Abigail?

FIB: No better get it. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: NEW MUFFLE!

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FIB: A likely story.. Come clean, Uppy! I never expected to see you
 UPP: I tell you, Mr. McGee....and Mrs. McGee that both little
 Fifi and I are uttahnly innocent. (TREMLO) I am a veddy
 lonely woman, and Fifi means a great deal to me.. You must
 WIMP: make allowances for a woman - no longer young - with no
 family - no dear ones about her - a woman - who is --.
 MOL: I must admit -- starved for affection.
 (PAUSE) Yes that particular shade of gray is...HEY, WHERE'D YOU
 FIB: I bet I could. WIMP?
 MOL: You bet you could what?
 FIB: Crawl right under that footstool without bending my knees.
 MOL: I feel pretty small myself, Abigail..we're sorry if we
 misjudged you. But we ARE so worried about Uncle Dennis.
 FIB: It ain't Uncle Dennis so much with me...It's my new gray
 suit. Do you think we could use your Pekinese as a
 bloodhound? OR STOLEN AND HIS CLOTHES HAVE BEEN SHOWIN' UP
 UPP: Well - as they say in contract bridge....Mr. McGee .. a Peke
 WIMP: is as good as a finesse. I shall get Fifi's leash
 immediately. (FADE OUT) HERE FIFI ... COME TO MOTHAN!.....
 MOL: ...FIFI!! WIMP!... NOT RIGHT HERE.
 FIB: That little flea circus gets more attention than I ever did
 at her age. Dennis run away?
 MOL: She should - she's better behaved. in town lookin' for him.
 KNOCK AT DOOR even had the police drag out the throw-net.
 MOL: Shall we answer it or wait for Abigail?
 FIB: We better get it. COME IN!
 DOOR OPEN: Maybe he ran away to join the Texas Rangers. I did that
 MOL: MR. WIMPLE!
 MOL: How far did you get?

WIMP: Oh hello, folks...my goodness, I never expected to see you
 here.
 FIB: We just dropped in for a minute, Wimp, old man. Anything
 we could do for you?
 WIMP: Oh no...thank you...I just wanted Mrs. Uppington to see my
 new suit.
 MOL: Well, it's VERY good looking, Mr. Wimple.
 FIB: Yes that particular shade of gray is...HEY, WHERE'D YOU
 GET THAT SUIT, WIMP?
 WIMP: A dog brought it to me.
 MOL: Now Mr. Wimple...that's no way to talk about your wife.
 WIMP: No, REALLY, MRS. MCGEE...a little doggie dragged it up on
 our back porch last night and Sweetface took it away from
 her.
 FIB: THAT'S MY SUIT, WIMP! UNCLE DENNIS WAS WEARIN' IT AND HE'S
 LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN AND HIS CLOTHES HAVE BEEN SHOWIN' UP
 ALL OVER TOWN...
 WIMP: Oh dear...well in that case I'll just have to give it back,
 Mr. McGee and -
 MOL: PLEASE, MR. WIMPLE...NOT RIGHT HERE.
 WIMP: Oh, excuse me...(LAUGHS) I guess I'm just too impulsive.
 UPP: Did Uncle Dennis run away?
 FIB: We dunno, Wimp. We got everybody in town lookin' for him.
 We even had the police drag out the throw-net.
 MOL: Throw out the dragnet.
 FIB: Yes.
 WIMP: Maybe he ran away to join the Texas Rangers. I did that
 once.
 MOL: How far did you get?

WIMP: Oh I got to Texas all right..and they asked me if I could ride or shoot and I said which do I have to learn first, and they said, Oh, ride, so I said Oh shoot, and went home again.

MOL: I'll send you your suit in the morning, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Okay, Wimp...no hurry. I'll just...HEY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEFT EAR?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh nothing much, Mr. McGee...it was just nearly torn off my head, is all...

MOL: Heavenly days...how did that happen?

WIMP: An oak leaf fell on it.

FIB: AN OAK LEAF...HOW COULD A OAK LEAF DO ALL THAT DAMAGE?

WIMP: This was an oak leaf that Sweetyface took out of the middle of our dining-room table. Well tell Mrs. Uppington I called, folks. Goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Wait'll I get hold of Uncle Dennis..I'll show him he can't let dogs drag my best gray suit all over town!

MOL: PLEASE MCGEE..WE..WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO UNCLE DENNIS.

FIB: I know what's GONNA happen to him if he ain't got a reasonable explanation for -

UPP: (FADE IN) COME FIFI....COME!....Well, we're all ready to go, Mr. McGee...I have even given FIFI a sip of black tea, to give her courage.

MOL: Good for you...Now how do we start this manhunt, McGee?

FIB: First we gotta let Fifi smell of some personal object... where's that shirt...oh here...SMELL THAT, FIFI!

SOUND: SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF: WHINE

UPP: Well, really...I DO believe she knows what we want. COME

FIFI! FETCH!

URGENT WHINES: She's heading for Jack's... Uncle Dennis...

MOL: Look...she wants to go out!

FIB: OPEN THE DOOR, UPPY! Uncle Dennis...

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE!

UPP: FIFI! TAKE US TO UNCLE DENNIS!

WHINES: IN THE AIR!

ORCH: (WM TELL OVERTURE)(FADE FOR)

FIB: AND ON THE STAIRS!

SOUND: (WHINE - WHINE - WHINE)

ORCH: (MUSIC OF THIS DANCE) (FADE OUT)

MOL: McGee ... She's heading for Joe's Tavern! We're on the

trail!!!

FIB: Yes, and we'll rescue Uncle Dennis wherever he is!!!

MOL: ON LAND!

ORCH: (TRUMPET CALL)

URFY: IN THE AIR!

SOUND: (AIRPLANE POWER DIVE)

FIB: AND ON THE SEA!!!

SOUND: (WHEEP - WHEEP - WHEEP)

ORCH: ("MEMORY OF THIS DANCE") (FADE FOR)

S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 26, 1942
TUESDAY 8:30 PM PWT NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX:

Do you know the real, number-one reason for putting wax on your floors, furniture and woodwork? It's for protection, to guard these surfaces against wear and dirt, make them last longer, save on costly refinishing. The rich, mellow beauty that JOHNSON'S WAX gives is really an extra dividend. So are the many hours of work that you save when your things are wax-protected. The next time you apply a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX to your floors, or table top, or leather goods, remember that you are only doing what Nature has always done. Did you know that when you rub a red apple and it shines you have merely buffed up a waxed surface? That's true, and man throughout the ages in protecting his things with wax, has merely imitated Nature. Today genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid, has a special role to play in helping you to take better care of your things -- as you are asked to do in the Government's Consumer Victory Pledge.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

WILCOX: (FAST AND DRAMATIC) Ladies and gentlemen...into what dark and treacherous maze is the faithful little Fifi leading our three friends?...What depths of criminal depravity and harrowing experiences lie in store for the intrepid investigators of Uncle Dennis' strange disappearance? Was it foul play?

MOL: And if it was foul play, - was it as foul a play as this has been?

FIB: We doubt it. But tune in again next week and see for yourself. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH, SIGNOFF, ETC.

WIL: Fibber McGee and Molly radio programs are shortwaved each week to all our armed forces throughout the world. 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. This program reached you from HollywoodThis is the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)