

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7P
Tuesday - 6/2/42

(REVISED)

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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' orchestra.

The show opens with: "You Do Something To Me".

ORCH: "YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME"

(FADE FOR:)

(Insert commercial.....page 3)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Do you know what an entomologist is? That's the fellow who knows all about bugs. I'm not really an entomologist, but I do know one thing about bugs....they hit your windshield and the hood of your car with a bang at this time of year....and they do a lot of damage to the finish, if you don't remove them.

Washing won't take them off as a rule....what you need for that job is JOHNSON'S CARNU, the sensational new polish that cleans and polishes your car with one application....that does two jobs at once, in short order, Carnu is not only a wonderful time and labor-saver, but it's the easy way to keep your car looking its best. Carnu is a liquid - you rub it on, let it dry, wipe it off. Carnu brings back your car's original showroom shine. If you want to give added protection to the finish and save money on car washings, you can apply a coat of wax. Use either the special JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, or the regular household wax.

Ask your auto supply store, service station or regular wax dealer for a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU....spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: UNCLE DENNIS IS STILL MISSING.. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, SORTING OUT POLICE REPORTS, SIFTING CLUES AND RUMORS ABOUT THEIR RAMBLING RELATIVE, WE FIND --

---FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!---

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: McGee, it's been NINE days since Uncle Dennis disappeared. And I'm awfully worried.

FIB: Me, too. I'm gettin' awful anxious about him, myself.

MOL: Oh I KNEW you were really fond of him, McGee.

FIB: I ain't half as fond of him as I am of my wrist watch. He's wearin' it.

MOL: Don't talk like that. And you KNOW how dear Uncle Dennis is to me.

FIB: He's dear to me, too! About 14 bucks a week as close as I can figger. Besides -

(TELEPHONE)

MOL: ANSWER IT QUICK, MCGEE.....MAYBE THAT'S SOME NEWS ABOUT HIM!

FIB: Okay(CLICK) FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'!....WHO..... POLICE DEPARTMENT?.....EH?.....REPEAT THAT DESCRIPTION AGAIN PLEASE.....YES.....BLUE GREY EYES!

MOL: THAT'S HIM!

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WISTFUL VISTA, SORTING OUT POLICE REPORTS, SIFTING
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ABOUT HIM!

FIB: Okay.....(CLICK) FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'!....WHO.....
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DESCRIPTION AGAIN PLEASE.....YES.....BLUE GREY
EYES!

MOL: THAT'S HIM!

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FIB: (INTO PHONE) BUSHY HAIR!

MOL: Yes.....bushy hair!

FIB: (INTO PHONE) NICE WHITE TEETH!

MOL: He's always been proud of his teeth!

FIB: (INTO PHONE) LEFT EAR MISSING!

MOL: OH NO!.....HEAVENLY DAYS!!!

FIB: Take it easy, Molly. (INTO PHONE) WHAT WAS THAT LAST
ITEM, SARGE?.....A TWENTY-THREE INCH TAIL?

MOL: WHAT???!!

FIB: (IN PHONE) NO, I DUNNO WHOSE CAT THAT COULD BE,
SARGE. But thanks for calling. (CLICK) Hey, Molly
hand me them last reports from the detective bureau.

MOL: Here.....(RUSTLE OF PAPER) What's in those reports -
if anything?

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: Well, here's one that's interesting! Says OFFICERS
CHESTER GOFF AND NORRIS LAUCK INVESTIGATED LOUD
GROANS COMING FROM PARKED CAR A WEEK AGO TONIGHT.

MOL: My goodness....who was groaning?

FIB: Three people listening to Fibber McGee and Molly....
AND LISTEN TO THIS ONE... PLAINCLOTHESMAN ORSON
SCHMALTZ OF THE 23rd PRECINCT REPORTS.....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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COP: (THOMPSON: FLANNELMOUTH) Mr. McGee here?
FIB: I'M Mr. McGee, Officer. You got any news about Uncle Dennis?
COP: Nothing important, Sir. But Abdul Scrimoogian, owner of the Turkish Bath at 14th and Oak Streets, says a man answering your Uncle's description came in a week ago Monday night -
MOL: THAT'S THE NIGHT HE DISAPPEARED!
FIB: That's right...we call it Blue Monday, because that's the day he blew! (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says we call it -
MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!
FIB: Well, we gotta keep a sense of humor thru this.
MOL: You've kept that one too long. It's spoiled! BUT WHAT DID UNCLE DENNIS DO IN THE TURKISH BATH, OFFICER?
COP: Well, lady all he wanted was an alcohol rub -
FIB: THAT WAS HIM ALL RIGHT!
COP: - And while he was gettin' it, a little dog come in thru the open door and run away with all his things.
MOL: SO THAT'S HOW FIFI GOT ALL HIS CLOTHES.... YES YES.... GO ON OFFICER!
COP: Well, all he had left was his shorts and socks and a walking stick. While the Turkish Bath man was out for a minute, this man left.
FIB: HE LEFT WEARIN' ONLY HIS SHORTS AND A WALKING STICK, EH?

MOL: Dear Uncle Dennis...he was always SO fussy about his appearance. Is that all, officer?
COP: Yes, ma'am. OH NO! His money was in his clothes that the dog took, so he couldn't pay for his alcohol rub, so he left his gold wristwatch as security. I'll let you know if we hear anything more, folks.
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: At least he was honest enough not to skip out without paying for his alcoho-...HEY THAT WAS MY WRISTWATCH!! HE CAN'T DO THAT WITH MY PROPERTY!!! GIMME THE PHONE, MOLLY...
MOL: Now now now....keep calm, McGee.
FIB: I'M CALM...I'M COOL...I AIN'T EXCITED. WHERE'S THE PHONE?
MOL: IN YOUR HAND!
FIB: WHICH HAND?...Oh!!! I GOT IT. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE TURKISH BATH AT 14th AND OAK, UPSTAIRS OVER, MYRT, IS THAT YOU?
MOL: Oh dear....
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS' EH? WHAT SAY MYRT? YOUR LITTLE NIECE? GEE, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, MYRT!
MOL: What happened to her little niece, McGee?
FIB: She got 'em all skinned up, shootin' craps last night. WHAT SAY, MYRT. oh! OKAY I'LL CALL 'EM LATER. (CLICK) That burns me up, Molly...leavin' my wristwatch to pay for his alcohol rub!
MOL: Well, as Rudy Vallee says, Your time is his time. And ~~anyway we~~ ^{you} can buy a new watch, but we only had one Uncle Dennis.

FIB: I prefer the watch...it kept better hours. Where you going?
MOL: I'M going up to his room once more and see if I can find any
clues. Call me if you hear anything, McGee.....
FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Shorts, socks, and a walking stick, eh?
Well, he won't get far in that costume, because ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Probably another cop...COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh Hello, there sis. DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, BECAUSE I'M ALL
UPSET ABOUT UNCLE DENNIS BEIN' MISSING.

TEE: Well, gee, if I were you mister, I'd get into something
loose and lie down and relax and eat only blonde foods for
a few days.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, BLONDE FOODS? YOU MEAN BLAND FOODS...SOFT
FOODS, LIKE MILK AND EGGS AND...ER...EGGS...AND MILK.

TEE: I know it. All us nurses recommend that when you're upset
about something -

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE SIS...WHAT'S THIS ABOUT US NURSES?

TEE: I guess you don't read the papers or listen to the radio
much, Mister. The government is calling for 54,999 women
to enter schools of nursing and prepare themselves for
national defense.

FIB: How many?

TEE: 54,999.

FIB: The way I heard it, it was 55 thousand.

TEE: I know, but my application is already in.

FIB: You're a little young to be a nurse, aren't you sis?

TEE: Well gee, they said on the radio they WANT young women.

And I been practicing all week on my dolls.

FIB: You have eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says YOU HAVE, EH?

TEE: Have what?

FIB: YOU BEEN PRACTICING ALL WEEK ON YOUR DOLLS!

TEE: How'd you know, mister?

FIB: Why you just...Well, never mind. You know how to treat a
case of sturtified wimsies, sis, with a compound franniss
of the porticran?

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: I'M serious, sis. What would you do in a case like that?

TEE: I'd give him two teaspoonsfull of braddelfreg every half
hour.

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~~TEE: There isn't any such disease either, I betcha.~~

FIB: You got me, sis.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says YOU GOT ME.

TEE: *Yes, but* I don't wantcha, I betcha. And I'M serious about being a nurse too, Mister. Here, read this.

FIB: What? Okay...(READS) "NURSING ALWAYS FURNISHES GREAT OPPORTUNITIES FOR SERVICE; AND NEVER MORE THAN AT PRESENT WHEN THE NATIONS ARMED FORCES NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF EVERY PERSON IN THIS COUNTRY. WE STRONGLY URGE QUALIFIED YOUNG WOMEN TO CONSIDER NURSING AS A CAREER AND TO THINK ALSO OF THE GREAT OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED BY THE NURSE CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY."

TEE: There, see?

FIB: Why sure, sis....I knew that, but I still think you're just a trifle on the underdone side to be volunteering your services. What could you do?

TEE: I betcha I could drive a ambulanche, I betcha.

FIB: Oh yeah?

TEE: Sure...and us women are better drivers than men, too!

FIB: Is that so! How do you figure that?

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TEE: Well, you show me just one man that can powder his nose in the rear-view mirror, straighten the seams in his stockings, talk to three friends, signal for a left turn, make a right turn, and drive thru traffic all at the same time! JUST SHOW ME, MISTER!

(PAUSE)

TEE: What did you say, mister?

FIB: Nothing.

TEE: I know it, AND I'M PROUD OF YOU! G'bye now.

(DOOR SLAM)

ORK: "FASCINATIN' RHYTHM"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Did you find any clues in Uncle Dennis' room, Molly?

MOL: Only one thing, McGee...he's apparently on a diet. But I don't know why he doesn't take from our milkman.

FIB: MILKMAN!.....What are you talkin' about?

MOL: Look....I found a bill for a dozen bottles of Teacher's Highland Cream.

FIB: Oh, yeah. Highland Cream. He pours it in his oatmeal.

MOL: He doesn't like oatmeal.

FIB: Okay - then he just pours it in.

MOL: Poor, poor Uncle Dennis...I wonder if we'll ever know what happened to him.

FIB: You'll probably never know and I'll probably never care... That guy to me was always a --

DOOR CHIMES:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

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

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

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. How's Fifi, the puppy?

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UPP: Fifi, the deah little thing, is COMPLETELY worn out, Mr. McGee. I think she KNOWS about Uncle Dennis, and is suffering intensely.

MOL: She's suffering! How about me? Uncle Dennis is the only Uncle I have.

FIB: I hope I can depend on that. Well all I can say Uppy is that pinheaded little pooch of yours sure led us a merry chase last week! There's a Hound that oughtta go back to the Baskervilles!

UPP: PLEASE, Mr. McGee...FIFI did all she could under the circumstances. After all...she is NOT a bird dog!

MOL: Why should we want a bird dog?

UPP: I understood Mr. McGee to say that Uncle Dennis was full of Old Crow when he flew the coop.

FIB: Didn't you have a kind of a yen for the old corkscrew at one time, Uppy?

MOL: DON'T YOU CALL UNCLE DENNIS AN OLD CORKSCREW, MCGEE.!

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FIB: Well, the old tavern trotter then. How about it, Uppy?
Wasn't you and him slightly on the goo-goo in the quite recent?

UPP: If that is the King's English, Mr. McGee, please extend my sincere sympathy to the Queen!

MOL: Oh you know what he means, Abigail. Weren't you and Uncle Dennis flinging a little woo?

UPP: If you mean to convey that Uncle Dennis and I were veddy good friends at one time....I might even say ROMANTICALLY attached..er....Yes. But (SIGHS) we quarreled...

MOL: I never did know what happened, Abigail. Though, if it's any of my business, and I know it isn't, but I hope you'll tell me anyway, even if I haven't any excuse for asking, except for mere curiosity, which you forgive in anybody...er..(PAUSE) what did I start out to say?

FIB: You started to ask Uppy which of 'em flatted the high notes in their Song of Love.

UPP: Oh it was all so foolish Mr. McGee...as I look back upon it, the whole incident was simply RIBICULOUS. I merely told him I didn't like the way he parted his hair.

MOL: AND HE RESENTED A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT?

UPP: Indeed he did. He FLUNG down his knife and fork and stalked out of the dining room.

FIB: Just because you didn't like the way he parted his hair?

UPP: Yes....we were having a rabbit dinnah, and his carving was atrocious! WELL, LET ME KNOW IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING. GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Rabbit dinner....parted his hare!..O, brother!

MOL: Don't sneer, McGee! Heavenly days, when I remember what you've been quoted as saying in that pocket magazine, I marvel ---

FIB: You marvel at what?

MOL: At what those Reader's Digest!

FIB: Well, gee whizz, a guy can't -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. HEY HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING ABOUT UNCLE DENNIS?

MOL: Not a word, Mr. Wilcox...except that he was last seen in a Turkish bath

FIB: He was gettin' a alcohol rub, Harlow, which would be anybody's first guess. You heard anything?

WIL: No, but I just thought I'd stop in to tell you how my aunt found MY uncle when he turned up missing.

MOL: OH HOW, MR. WILCOX...TELL ME!!!!

FIB: Easy there, Molly. Any time this guy volunteers any information, you always wind up at your nearest dealers buying a container of guess what.

MOL: I DON'T CARE....I WANT TO KNOW HOW MR. WILCOX FOUND HIS
UNCLE. NOT THAT I EVER KNEW HE HAD ONE.
FIB: Me either. I knew he had Aunts, but not Uncles.
WIL: Well, it was a pretty snappy idea at that. The MINUTE my
uncle had been missing five days -
MOL: ~~Five days!!~~
FIB: ~~Imagine her sitting under that calendar for five days,~~
~~timing him! WELL, WHAT'D SHE DO, HARLOW?~~
WIL: ~~The minute he'd been missing five days,~~ she dashed out to
the store and bought some Johnson's Wax --
MOL: Yes...yes.....
WIL: THEN SHE DASHED HOME AGAIN..AND USED JOHNSON'S WAX ON HER
FLOORS, FURNITURE, WOODWORK, WINDOW SILLS, LAMPSHADES....
EVERYTHING THAT REQUIRED A PROTECTIVE, BEAUTIFYING FINISH
THAT WOULD KEEP OUT THE DAMPNESS, KEEP OFF THE DUST, KEEP
EVERYTHING LOOKING SMART AND BRIGHT, KEEP the -
FIB: Oh KEEP KEEP KEEP!!!!. How about your Uncle?
WIL: WELL, SIR....HER HOUSE LOOKED SO CHEERFUL AND CLEAN THAT
ALL THE NEIGHBORS WERE RAVING ABOUT IT. THE GOSSIP FINALLY
GOT TO MY UNCLE AND HE CAME HOME OUT OF SHEER CURIOSITY.
HE WAS AN INQUISITIVE OLD CUSS!!
MOL: But where had he been all this time?
WIL: He wouldn't tell us. And you know why?
FIB: I'm a fool. I'll bite. Why?
WIL: Because he said if my aunt ever stopped using Johnson's Wax,
he was going back there again! Just think that over, Molly!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: But McGee...I DO use Johnson's Wax. That won't bring back
Uncle Dennis.
FIB: Quiet, or it'll bring back Uncle Harlow. Hey gimme the
phone.
MOL: Who are you going to call?
FIB: Mayor La Trivia. He promised us he was gonna have his
police force drag out the throw net -
MOL: THROW OUT THE DRAG NET.
FIB: Yes...he promised. Gimme the phone.
MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME THE OFFICE OF
MAYOR LA TRIVIA ON THE TOP FLOOR OF MYRT! HOW ARE YOU?
MOL: HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
MOL: McGee...we've already done one of those!!
FIB: We have? Oh yes. HOLD EVERYTHING, MYRT? WE'VE ALREADY
DONE ONE. YEAH....WHAT SAY, MYRT? NO, I WANTED TO TALK
TO THE MAYOR ABOUT -
DOOR CHIME:
MOL: COME IN!
DOOR OPEN:
GALE: HELLO, MRS. MCGEE. HELLO, MCGEE....
FIB: Hiyah, LA TRIVIA. RUN UPSTAIRS AND GRAB THAT EXTENSION
PHONE. I BEEN TRYING TO GET YOU.

L: MCGEE, YOU DON'T HEAR THE PHONE. HE'S RIGHT HERE.
B: Where? OH...OH YEAH...HELLO, MYRT? NEVER MIND. THANKS
ANYWAY. (CLICK) Hiyah, La Trivia.
IE: Hello.
L: Tell us, Mr. Mayor...HAVE you heard anything about poor
Uncle Dennis?
ALE: Mrs. McGee, I regret to say that up to date we have had no
really important clues. BUT DON'T GIVE UP!
IB: I wish you hadn't said that La Trivia. I kinda wanted to
give up.
OL: Well I won't! Tell me, Mr. Mayor...isn't there any hope?
ALE: Of course there is, Mrs. McGee.. .most missing persons are
found in the course of time. I remember one case a few
years ago. Bank clerk of Grand Rapids Michigan, absconded
with thirty thousand dollars. He was found years later
right here in Wistful Vista!
IB: Doin' what?
ALE: He was our Chief of Police. THAT'S WHY I TELL YOU, MRS.
MCGEE..AS HORACE GREEELY SO WELL SAID..."DON'T GIVE UP THE
SHIP!"
OL: I thought John Paul Jones said that.
ALE: No, it was John Paul Jones who said "YOU MAY FIRE WHEN
READY, GRIDLEY!"
IB: THEN WHO SAID "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN?"
OL: Jimmie Doolittle.
ALE: NO, THAT WAS PATRICK HENRY, I BELIEVE.
IB: Couldn't have been. He couldn't fly an airplane.
ALE: Who said he could?

MOL: If he went with Jimmie Doolittle he'd HAVE to.
GALE: But that's ridiculous ... PATRICK HENRY WAS BORN IN 1736!
FIB: AIN'T THAT MARVELOUS? IMAGINE A GUY HIS AGE FLYIN' A
AIRPLANE!
MOL: Maybe one of the younger men helped him.
GALE: BUT I TELL YOU IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE!
FIB: To guys like Doolittle NOTHING is impossible, La Trivia.
MOL: Besides, he's a General now, and if he wanted to take
Patrick Henry with him, he had plenty of authority.
GALE: BUT MRS. MCGEE ... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ... PATRICK HENRY
IS NOT LIVING!
FIB: (LAUGH MERRILY) LISTEN TO HIM, MOLLY! HERE'S A GUY THAT
FLIES WITH DOOLITTLE AND BOMBS TOKYO AND LA TRIVIA SAYS
HE AIN'T LIVING! (LAUGHS) I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU CALL
LIVING!
MOL: Me, too. I don't think you have the right attitude about
this whole thing, Mr. Mayor.
FIB: Yeah ... makin' nasty remarks about our air force!
GALE: I MADE NO NASTY REMARKS!!!! I MERELY TRIED TO TELL YOU
THAT PATRICK HENRY DIED IN 1799. HE WAS A CONTEMPORARY OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON.
MOL: And what was so contemptible about Washington, I'd like to
know!
GALE: I DIDN'T SAY HE WAS CONTEMPTIBLE. I SAID PATRICK HENRY
WAS -
FIB: OH SO PATRICK HENRY WAS CONTEMPTIBLE, TOO, WAS HE. GIMME
THE PHONE, MOLLY ... I'M CALLIN' THE FBI RIGHT NOW.
MOL: Aren't you ashamed, Mr. Mayor!!! a man of your standing ...

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GALE: PLEASE ... JUST LISTEN TO ME!! ... PUT DOWN THAT PHONE,
MCGEE ... (VOICE BREAKS) THIS IS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING.
I'M AS GOOD AN AMERICAN AS YOU ARE.

FIB: A likely story!!!

GALE: BUT I AM ... WHY EVEN NOW I AM ON MY WAY DOWN TO ADDRESS A
MASS MEETING AT THE COLISEUM.

MOL: What about?

GALE: NURSES ... THE GOVERNMENT IS ISSUING A CALL FOR 55,000
YOUNG WOMEN...

FIB: Yeah ... we heard about that, La Trivia.

GALE: AND I AM GOING TO TRY TO IMPRESS UPON PEOPLE THE URGENT
FACT THAT THE DEMAND FOR TRAINED NURSES WILL NOT CEASE
WITH THE END OF THE PRESENT EMERGENCY.

MOL: What do you mean, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: I mean that when peace finally comes, the whole war-torn
world will be looking to America for help ... for food ...
for medicine and materials to rebuild its shattered cities
and broken people. We shall need nurses and doctors in
untold numbers to prevent complete collapse. Nursing
offers more security and wider opportunities than any
other occupation open to young women ... and I shall urge
all of them who hear me to get in touch with their state
Nurses Association, or see their local Red Cross Unit for
information.

FIB: Good for you, La Trivia. Go to it!

MOL: It's a good cause, Mr. Mayor ... and forget about Patrick
Henry ... we were just fooling.

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GALE: You ... you were?

FIB: Sure we were. WE knew you wouldn't make any snide remarks
about a guy that had gumption enough to fly with Doolittle.

GALE: BUT I TELL YOU, MCGEE, THAT Never mind. I just
hope he enjoyed the trip. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: KING'S MEN ... "CHUCKLEHEAD"

APPLAUSE:

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THIRD SPOT

FIB: You know, Molly, it's beginning to look kinda hopeless -
about Uncle Dennis.

MOL: DON'T say that, McGee! Heavenly Days, a man can't just
drop out of sight like that, altogether.

FIB: Oh I dunno. How about Rudolph Hess and..and..the Man On
The Flying Trapeze? Who ever heard about them any more?

MOL: That's different...they're just temporarily out of the
public eye.

FIB: Well don't get upset about it. The police are still working
on it and when they drag out the throw net -

MOL: IT'S THROW OUT THE DRAG NET!...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Ahhh, maybe this is some news. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello folks.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Wimple. What's the matter with you?

WIMP: What?

MOL: What do you mean, what's the matter with him, McGee?

FIB: Take a look. There ain't a mark or a bruise on him. What's
wrong, Wimp? Sweetface outa town, or something?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh no, Mr. McGee..I just look like this because
I've been running things around our house lately.

MOL: YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING THINGS YOURSELF?

WIMP: ~~Oh I wouldn't say that, Mr. McGee.~~ ^{yes} I've just been running
the errands, and the vacuum cleaner and the washing
machine - and things.

MOL: In other words, everything's about as usual at the Chateau
Wimple.

WIMP: Yes. But have you heard anything about Uncle Dennis?

FIB: No we haven't, Wimp. Why?

WIMP: Well, I just got to thinking, Mr. McGee..(LAUGHS) Maybe he
was kidnapped by some gangsters, and if they bring him
back, will you please tell them I'd like to talk to them...
I'd like to get some idea of what they charge.

MOL: Oh don't talk like that, Mr. Wimple..I'm sure Uncle Dennis
will show up, sooner or later.

WIMP: I hope so, Mrs. McGee...As I was saying to Sweetface just
this morning when she was working in her Victory Garden -

FIB: Oh has she got a Victory Garden, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes she has, Mr. McGee...and how I hate it...staring at
those rows of corn, hour after hour, day after day...

MOL: Well why do you do it?

WIMP: I can't help it. She hangs me up on a clothes pole to scare
the crows away.

FIB: Does she farm scientific, Wimp?

WIMP: How do you mean, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Well, does she believe in things like crop rotation?

WIMP: Oh my goodness - she certainly does. Just last night she
grabbed me by the neck and rotated my crop till I could
hardly breathe! But I've got to be going now..I really
hope you find Uncle Dennis.

FIB: What's your hurry...where you going?

WIMP: I have to meet Sweetface at the Insurance office. She's insuring her right thumb for \$10,000 dollars.

MOL: Her thumb! For Ten thousand dollars? Is she going to take up hitch-hiking or something?

FIB: Nobody's thumb is worth ten thousand bucks, Wimp!

WIMP: Hers is, to her! That's the one she keeps me under. Well, goodbye!

Mol. Poor little man, what a life he leads. FIB as a martyr of fact, I think he's a martyr of fact.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)(APPLAUSE)

QUARTET: (OFF MIKE SINGING PIE-EYED VERSION OF "SWEET ADELINE")

MOL: Now what on earth is that!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)(QUARTET COMES UP QUICKLY TO FULL MIKE)

(FINISH SONG)

VOICES: (RAUCOUS LAUGHTER)(GOODNIGHTS, ETC)

SOUND: (STUMBLING PROGRESS UP STAIRS.....DISTANT DOOR SLAM)

VOICE #1: There goes the bes' baritone we ever had!

MOL: McGee! It's Uncle Dennis! He's home!

VOICE #2: Now we gotta find another bar'tone.

FIB: HEY FELLAS....I'M A BARITONE!

VOICES: (CHEERS)

VOICE #1: Well come on Buddy, come on!

FIB: Okay, see you later, Molly!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("SONNY")(FADE FOR COMMERCIAL ON CUE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: We hear a lot today about conservation. To many people it seems to be a new idea....certainly an important one now, with a war to win. But to a great many housekeepers, conservation isn't anything new....they've been practicing conservation every time they've protected their linoleum floors with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

GLO-COAT has already increased the life of perhaps a million linoleum floors. It actually makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer than if it were unprotected. That's real conservation, isn't it.

Besides that, there's another big saving...many hours of work....because GLO-COAT is so easy to apply....and it polishes itself without rubbing or buffing. And, of course, GLO-COAT makes floors beautiful and easy to keep clean. All good reasons for protecting your linoleum floors regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

Sound (Ravelling)

MOL: Oh are you home already, McGee? Didn't you like the quartet?

FIB: Naw....we had a argument. I wanted to sing "Down By the Old Mill Stream"....and they wanted to sing down by Joe's Tavern. Anyway, I was afraid you'd get worried and have the cops throw out the drag net again.

MOL: IT'S DRAG OUT THE THROW NET!....er...no...It isn't either. Excuse me.

FIB: Don't mention it. Goodnight.

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)....etc.

WIL: Fibber McGee & Molly programs are shortwaved each week to our armed forces throughout the world.

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

Goodnight.

This program has reached you from Hollywood....This is the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)