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(REVISED)

#19

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax"

6:30 - 7:00 PM

NBC

February 6, 1945

(REVISED)

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR

WILCOX: The Makers of Johnson Wax products for Home and Industry present Fibber McGee and Molly - written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra!

ORCH: "OKLAHOMA" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Somebody should put up a monument or write a great poem in honor of the man who first discovered linoleum. I don't know who he was, but I do know that he deserves a big bouquet, and I think you ladies will agree with me. He brought cheerfulness and color into your kitchen, added beauty to other rooms in your home. He gave you a floor that will last many years if you take proper care of it. The easy way to do that -- the easy way to protect it, keep it sparkling with very little work is with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. There's practically no work with GLO-COAT -- you simply apply and let dry. In 20 minutes your floor is beautifully polished -- with no rubbing or buffing, because GLO-COAT is SELF POLISHING. What's more, your floor will be protected against dirt, moisture and wear. In fact, your linoleum will last 6 to 10 times longer if you protect it regularly with GLO-COAT. It is recommended by linoleum manufacturers themselves -- and used with great satisfaction in homes everywhere.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THE MCGEE'S HAVEN'T DONE MUCH READING LATELY. IN 1922 THEY BOUGHT THE FAMOUS FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS, BUT WERE PRETTY DISILLUSIONED WHEN THEY FOUND DOCTOR ELLIOTT DIDN'T EVEN TELL WHAT TO DO FOR A SIMPLE CASE OF CHARLIE HORSE! BUT HUNGRY AGAIN FOR GOOD LITERATURE, WE FIND THEM IN THE WISTFUL VISTA BOOK NOOK AT 14TH AND OAK.....

\*\*\*\*\* FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: We'd better be buying a book, dearie. We've been browsing in here for an hour and a half, and the lady in charge is giving us some dirty looks.

FIB: Don't bother me any. I been looked at dirty by experts. HEY...I WONDER IF THEY GOT A COPY OF "A BOUGH GROWS IN BROOKLYN".

MOL: Isn't that a TREE Grows in Brooklyn?

FIB: They wouldn't have that. This is a branch library. Well, lemme see now...Hmmm. Oh-Boy! "THE BOOK OF MODELS"!.... (PAUSE) Oh...airplanes.

MOL: (LOWERS VOICE) McGee, here comes herself. I think we're going to get the old heave--ho.

FIB: Oh yeah? I guess we got as much right in here as - OH HIYAH, SIS. HOW DO YOU FIND BUSINESS.

GIRL: I just look out the front window and it walks past. Have you found a book you like, sir? Finally?

MOL: I'm afraid not, Miss....er....Miss....

GIRL: Mrs. Tolliver, madam.

FIB: Tolliver, eh? YOU ANY RELATION TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE POOL TABLE COMMITTEE AT THE ELKS CLUB, SIS? OLD OLIVER TOLLIVER?

GIRL: I am his first wife.

MOL: His...er...his FIRST wife?

GIRL: Yes, and his last. He says.

FIB: Might tell Oliver we were in, sis. I'm Fibber McGee.  
My wife, Molly.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

GIRL: How do you do. My husband has told me a great deal about  
your Mr. McGee. You'll find the cheap editions on the  
table in the rear.

MOL: My husband is looking for a good interesting book,  
Mrs. Tolliver.

GIRL: How about a good mystery story, Mr. McGee?

FIB: NOW YOU'RE COOKIN', SIS!! TAKE MY LITTLE HOT HAND AND  
LEAD ME TO 'EM! DIG ME ONE.

GIRL: Here is the latest, Mr. McGee. "THE CASE OF THE  
CROSS-EYED CAT." By Ellery Stanley Rinehart.

MOL: Oh he writes good ones!

GIRL: He writes under five different names, you know.

FIB: Modesty?

GIRL: Alimony.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: How much is this, sis?

GIRL: Two dollars, sir.

FIB: TWO BUCKS!!

MOL: We'll take this book, Mrs. Tolliver, Here you are.

GIRL: Thank you.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER. (RINGS EIGHT TIMES)

FIB: What's the idea, sis?

GIRL: (LOWERS VOICE) I ring it up twenty-five cents at a time.  
There's another book shop next door. They think we're  
doing a whale of a business. Shall I wrap the book for you.

MOL: Yes, please.

GIRL: All right. In the first place, it's very badly written.  
The characters are corney, the plot is louzay, and the  
action is ---

FIB: HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GIRL: Rapping the book.

MOL: I thought you meant wrap it UP.

GIRL: That book I can rap up and down. Do come in again, folks.

FIB: Thanks. Remember me to Oliver, Mrs. Tolliver!

GIRL: Leave it to me, Mr. McGee!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

ORCH: BRIDGE: ("DRAMATIC RAG") FADE FOR--

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH UNDER:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) (READS): "and, as Jeffrey Hawkins The Hawk,  
known to <sup>the</sup> trembling underworld (STUMBLES)...."

MOL: Watch that top step, McGee.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

FIB: Where was I? Oh yes...AS JEFFERY HAWKINS, KNOWN TO A  
TREMBLING UNDERWORLD AS "THE HAWK", RAISED HIS KNIFE AND  
FIRED THREE TIMES....

MOL: Raised WHAT, and fired?

FIB: His knife. This detective had a trick knife that was a  
combination pistol, see? Kept it in his hat.

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MOL: Must have been very handy. He could shoot from the hip, if he was double-jointed.

FIB: This guy's got everything! He's terrific. There's been seven murders already, and five of 'em, -

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. Been out for a walk?

MOL: Went down to the book shop, Alice. Show Alice the book we bought, McGee.

(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee, show Alice the book we bought.

ALICE: He doesn't hear a word we're saying, Mrs. McGee...what on earth is he reading?

MOL: It's a murder mystery. (SHARPLY) MCGEE!

FIB: (LOUDLY) OH NO DON'T, YOU BLACK-HEARTED DEVILS! THE CHAINS WERE NEVER FORGED THAT WOULD HOLD JEFFREY HAWKINS AGAINST (PAUSE)...er...somebody speak to me? Hiyah, Alice.

OH!...are we home?

MOL: We came home five minutes ago, Jeffrey.

ALICE: That must be a terribly interesting book, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Oh baby..this is a doozer! Seven murders already and I'm just getting to the interesting part!

MOL: Sounds like it would make a great picture...with Gory Cooper.

FIB: You can read this when I get through, Alice. It's the Case of the Cross-Eyed Cat.

(2ND REVISION) 8 & 9

ALICE: OH THAT ONE! THAT'S THE ONE WHERE THE MURDERER TURNS OUT TO BE THE -

FIB: HEY HEY HEY...DON'T TELL ME!!!...MY GOSH!

MOL: Don't give the plot away, Alice. Though I'll bet that's the only way the author could get rid of it.

ALICE: I read it last week, Mrs. McGee. Have you got to the place yet where Jeffrey Hawkins goes into the opium den disguised as the Chinese crooner, Bing Sing Low?

(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee...Alice asked you a question.

(PAUSE)

ALICE: We'd better let the poor man read his book, Mrs. McGee.

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MOL: All right. Let's go upstairs where we can talk.  
ALICE: Swell. I want you to show me again how to knit a sweater.  
I'll have to rip out the one I started because I don't  
know any soldiers with three arms.  
MOL: Come on, I'll show you...

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: I don't know which of you has more trouble with your  
yarns...you or McGee. (FADE) In the first place -

DOOR SLAM: LOUD:

FIB: HAH..YOU MISSED ME, YOU THIEVING RATS! ONE MORE SHOT AND..  
(PAUSE) HEY, Molly...Where's Alice? WHERE'S MOLLY? Oh.  
Musta left her at the book store...now lemme see where  
was I? Oh yes...(MUSIC IN) HAND OVER HAND, JEFFREY  
HAWKINS CLIMBED THE RADIO TOWER AS POISONED ARROWS HISSED  
THROUGH THE SMOKE FROM THE BURNING AMMUNITION TRAIN...

ORCH: "ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

FIB: Hey, Molly..listen to this. "JEFFREY POISED HIMSELF  
GRACEFULLY AT THE TOP OF THE WALL....DOWN BELOW, THE  
HARDENED CRIMINALS WERE MAKING THE NIGHT HIDE OUSE  
WITH THEIR YELLS OF DEFIANCE....

MOL: They were making the night what?

FIB: Hide ouse. That's what it says here. Hide ouse.

MOL: How's it spelled?

FIB: H-i-d-e-o-u-s.

MOL: That's HIDEOUS, McGee.

FIB: I think it is, too. Them foreign words always throw me.  
Back on page thirty nine there's a (SNIFFS) What's  
cookin'?

MOL: Beulah's baking an apple pie.

FIB: Smells good. Can I have a piece to eat while I read my  
book and a glass of rootbeer?

MOL: I'll ask Beulah if it's done yet. (CALLS) BEULAH...  
OH BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah...how about a slab of that pie to eat while I read,  
Beulah?

MOL: He wants to ruin his stomach while he improves his mind,  
but I think it's too near dinner time.

G-

BEULAH: I don't believe in that "don't eat between meal business", Ma'am. (LAUGHS) My mamma always say "BEULAH", she say, "THIS HEAH IS A TOUGH OLD WORLD. REST WHEN YOU CAN, EAT WHEN POSSIBLE, AND WORK IF YOU GOTTA...AND YOU GOTTA". (CHUCKLES)

FIB: Personally, I always like to take up the slack with a snack. Love to sit down with a hunk o' pie and good book like this.

BEUL: DON' TELL ME YOU IS READIN' "THE CASE O' THE CROSSEYED CAT", MIST' MCGEE!

MOL: Yes he is, Beulah.

FIB: You know the book?

BEUL: Not puhsonnaly, suh. But Ira, he was readin' it las' night. Ira, that's the gentleman to whom I am engage to mo' than to anybody else.

MOL: Did Ira like the book, Beulah?

BEUL: Ma'am, he say it the wors' kind o' trash, but he like it. Ira say stuff like mystery stories is "escape" literature.

FIB: A very intelligent analysis, Beulah. They call it that, Molly, on account of books like this help you escape the realities of life.

MOL: Thank you too

BEUL: That ain' what anybody seein' the fire escape

MOL: But he enjoyed

BEUL: Oh yes, ma'am he afraid to p

FIB: You can say th

BEUL: Yassuh. He se afraid to -

MOL: No, Beulah.

FIB: I'll say so. books it's a w

MOL: I like a good stupid, but lo

BEUL: Cupid may be s LOVE THAT LIL'

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Look, McGee, t will you? We McGee.

(PAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Thanks, Beulah I'll eat it in OF THE BOX CAR JEFFREY HAWKIN TRIGGER... (PAU

MOL: Thank you too much, professor.

BEUL: That ain' what Ira mean, suh. He means he so ashame of anybody seein' him readin' that junk, he take it out on the fire escape to read.

MOL: But he enjoyed it.

BEUL: Oh yes, ma'am! He say that book so full o' sudden death he afraid to put his fingah in it to mark his place.

FIB: You can say that again!

BEUL: Yassuh. He say that book so full o' sudden death he afraid to -

MOL: No, Beulah, No...Mr. McGee was just agreeing with you.

FIB: I'll say so. They use so darn much ammunition in these books it's a wonder the WPB don't clamp down on 'em.

MOL: I like a good drippy love story myself. Cupid may be stupid, but love gets you funder than murder.

BEUL: Cupid may be stupid but murder... (LAUGHS HEARTILY)  
LOVE THAT LIL' LADY!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Look, McGee, try and limit yourself to one piece of pie, will you? We're having a nice meat loaf for dinner and -- McGee.

(PAUSE)

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Thanks, Beulah. Just set the pie on the table there and I'll eat it in a minute. (READS) "CROUCHED IN A CORNER OF THE BOX CAR, KIDNAP CARSON DREW A BEAD ON THE BACK OF JEFFREY HAWKINS' HEAD...SLOWLY HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER...(PAUSE) What?...somebody speak to me?"

MOL: It can wait till you kill Mr. Hawkins, dearie. Though I can hardly.

FIB: Where's my pie? Where'd Beulah put it?

MOL: She hasn't brought it in yet.

FIB: WHY, SHE DID TOO! I HEARD HER SPEAK TO ME, AND I TOLD HER TO SET IT ON THE TABLE THERE.

MOL: Look, McGee...you get so buried in that homicide handbook that you don't know WHO is speaking to you. I merely asked you not to eat too much before dinner.

FIB: Okay, okay, okay...now where was I?

MOL: Kidnap Carson's finger was tightening on the trigger.

FIB: Kidnap Carso-- Oh, yeah...here it is. SUDDENLY --

MOL: Who is Kidnap Carson?

FIB: Look, Molly. You can read it when I get through...all I ask is to be left in peace. My gosh, a man can't even read a book around here without--

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks...

FIB: Oh, for the-- This is all I need.

MOL: Don't be rude, McGee. How are you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Swell, Molly. How are you, pal?

(PAUSE)

WIL: What's the matter? What's he sore at me for?

MOL: It isn't you, Mr. Wilcox. He's got a new murder mystery and he can't tear his eyes off it.

WIL: I'm sorry, pal. I just dropped in to pass the time of day.

FIB: What time you got, Junior?

WIL: 4:17.

FIB: I got 4:22. Now can we consider the time of day passed, and can I get on with my book?

MOL: McGee, you're being very uncivil.

WIL: No, he's right, Molly. Sorry I interrupted you, Fibber.

FIB: Aw, that's okay, Junior. But when a guy finds a marvelous book like the Case of the Crosseyed Cat, a guy would like to---

WIL: THE CASE OF THE CROSS-EYED CAT! Gee, I just read that night before last. Know who the killer is yet, pal?

FIB: No I don't, and furthermore---

WIL: WELL, YOU'LL BE JUST AS SURPRISED AS I WAS WHEN IT TURNS OUT TO BE THE---

MOL: MR. WILCOX...PLEASE!!!

FIB: DON'T TELL ME, YOU POINT-KILLER! IF YOU LIKE TO READ MYSTERIES, YOU OUGHTTA HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO TIP THE PLOT.

WIL: Yeah...I guess I should, at that. I don't read them very often any more, though. They irritate me.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Oh-oh! Here it comes.

WIL: Well, for the love of mike, in those books the police are always checking somebody's fingerprints. No self-respecting crook leaves fingerprints in this day and age.

FIB: I still dunno how he's gonna do it, but he's gonna do it.

MOL: Can't a crook be careless, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh, I suppose so, but my point is that fingerprints are so out-dated. Every good housewife knows that. With the furniture and woodwork protected with a coat of Johnson's Wax, fingerprints are a thing of the past...

FIB: What'd I tell ya?

WIL: If these fiction writers knew as much as a smart housewife they'd forget that fingerprint stuff. <sup>Hubba-hubba-hubba</sup> Women know that when lampshades and table tops and chair arms and bannisters have their surfaces sealed against dust and dampness with Johnson's Wax, the mere flick of a dustcloth eliminates unsightly smudges. *Talk, talk, talk* -

MOL: Yes, but you're taking it for granted that all those crimes take place in well-regulated homes, Mr. Wilcox. This Jeffrey Hawkins seems to spend most of his time in box cars and opium dens. Would an opium den be apt to use Johnson's Wax?

WIL: I don't know why not. Even a dope knows Johnson's Wax is the finest product of its kind. Well, get on with your book, pal. I'll see you later.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You might at least have said goodbye to him, McGee.

(PAUSE)



MOL: Oh, dear...looks like I'd have to sue Jeffrey Hawkins for alienation of affections. McGEE...I'M GOING UPSTAIRS AND MEND SOME SOCKS.

(PAUSE)

MOL: He's going to miss me like Jones misses Wallace. Ah well..

(FADE) I suppose he'll come back to me around page 310...

FIB: (READING TO HIMSELF) "IT WAS THEN THAT JEFFREY HAWKINS REALIZED HE WAS NOT ALONE IN THE MURKY DARKNESS OF THE OLD, ABANDONED CIDER MILL...THE ATMOSPHERE WAS TENSE WITH SINISTER POSSIBILITIES...SUDDENLY, A SHOT RANG OUT!"

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: My gosh, this is realistic! "JEFFREY WHIRLED, SENSES ALERT, MIND CLEAR AS A BELL..."

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Boy, can this guy write! I can almost hear the--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Aw, fer the-- HEY, MOLLY, THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE-- HEY, MOLLY! Oh, pshaw...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. Look, would you be cut to the quick if I told you to come back some other time? I'm busy.

TEE: Doon what, mister? Hmmm? Doon what?

FIB: I'm reading a mystery story, sis. *The Case of the Cross-Eyed Oak* under difficulties, too. When people aren't interrupting me, they're trying to tell me who the murderer is.

TEE: Who is it?

FIB: I dunno, sis. I'm baffled. Ordinarily it would be some mousey little character who was always in the background..but he got strangled on page 82,

TEE: Gee ... will you read it to me, Mister? Himmn, willya hmmm?

FIB: Oh don't be silly, sis. I've almost finished the book. I don't wanna go clear back over the whole thing.

TEE: Well, gee, mister can't you gimme kind of a short sinatra of it?

FIB: Sinatra? You don't mean a sinatra, you mean a SYNOP, sis.

TEE: Well gee cantcha tell me?

FIB: No.

TEE: Okay. Anyway, I betcha I know the story anyway, I betcha. My daddy's read that book. I'll tell you who the murderer is for a quarter.

FIB: I DON'T WANNA KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS! EVERYBODY WANTS TO TELL ME!!

TEE: (SINGS) I know who the killer is, I know who the killer is.

FIB: WELL DON'T TELL ME!

TEE: For a quarter, I won't tell you.

FIB: I won't pay it.

TEE: Okay. The killer is the -

FIB: STOP!!! DON'T TELL ME! Here .. here's a quarter, sis. Now beat it, will you?

TEE: Gee thanks, mister. You're awfully nice to littul childrun,

FIB: I wish the littul childrun would reciprocate.. SCRAM,  
WILL YOU?

TEE: Okay.

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: Now whaddye want?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I didn't know who the killer was atall!! Gee  
are you ever a patsy.

FIB: Yes, I guess I am, sis. Otherwise I'd never have been  
fooled by it myself.

TEE: *Foiled* By what, mister?

FIB: That lead quarter I just gave you.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I still think that kid is a midget! Now lemme see ....  
where was I? ... Oh yes ... (READS) "JEFFREY'S HAND  
FLASHED TO HIS SHOULDER-HOLSTER AND THE MOONLIGHT GLINTED  
ON THE BLUE STEEL OF HIS AUTOMATIC. CAUTIOUSLY HE  
SCALED THE PALACE WALL AND PEERED IN THRU THE HALF OPEN  
WINDOW. THERE, BEFORE HIS EYES, SAT THE KING, AND THE  
KING'S MEN.."

ORCH: "THE CHOOOL SONG": KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: And, by an odd coincidence, here are the King's Men  
to sing "The Chool Song2.

THIRD SPOT

FIB: (READS) Jeffrey Hawkins reviewed the clues one by one,  
and he knew he could solve the case easy as pie. Pie! --  
Hey, Molly. I THOUGHT BEULAH WAS GONNA BRING ME A PIECE  
OF PIE.

MOL: I brought you a piece of pie and a glass of milk 20  
minutes ago.

FIB: Yeah? What'd I do with it?

MOL: You ate it.

FIB: My gosh ... whaddye know about that. Gee, I hope I  
enjoyed it.

MOL: You know, I'll be awfully happy when you finish that  
book, dearie. Know who the murderer is yet?

FIB: Nope. But Jeffrey Hawkins is just as dumb as I am. He  
don't know either. However, I only got a page and a  
half to go, so --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WILL YOU LISTEN TO THAT DOORBELL! ALL  
AFTERNOON...CLANG CLANG CLANG!! .. DING DING DING!!...  
BONG BONG BONG!! NEVER A MINUTE'S PEACE!

MOL: Don't be silly, dearie. It's only rung twice.

FIB: Well, tell whoever it is, to go thread a noodle!  
I'm busy.

MOL: I'm not. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, String-Saver.

y one,  
Pie! --  
A PIECE

e I

chat

am. He  
nd a

L

!!!...

FIB: Hiyah, Magpie. Pie! -- Hey, Molly, did Beulah ---

MOL: Yes. You ate it, McGee.

FIB: Oh!

DOC: Look, Lumpy, have you any semi-formal social commitments for this evening?

MOL: Nary a commitment, Doctor, formal or otherwise.

FIB: Why, Nosey?

DOC: Because if not, I should like to borrow back the dress shirt you borrowed from me last month when you thought you were going to be invited to Washington to the President's Birthday Ball. Heaven knows why.

MOL: Well, when he sent in his contribution to the March of Dimes, he enclosed his card saying "FINE EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKER, DOES CARD TRICKS, SINGS HARMONY GOOD, AND CAN TAKE OFF VEST WITHOUT REMOVING COAT."

FIB: Clark Gable was invited and what's he got that I haven't got?

DOC: Talent, to mention one little item out of two or three million.

MOL: Are you going to a formal party tonight, Doctor?

DOC: Medical society is meeting, Molly. I'm reading a paper.

FIB: You're just bad-mannered enough to do it, too. Sit there all evening and read a paper, while all the other --

MOL: THE DOCTOR MEANS HE'S MAKING A SPEECH, SILLY. What's the subject of your paper, Doctor?

DOC: Oh it's just a si  
"A PRAGMATIC APPR  
AND IT'S CORRELAT  
TO MASS PSYCHOLOG

FIB: Sounds a little d  
it up for you?

DOC: All I want from yo  
Do I get it or do

FIB: Okay, Doc, come on  
a-wastin', and I g

DOC: Just what is that  
Hemingway you're s

MOL: A new mystery, Doc

DOC: Oh, that's the one  
the ---

FIB: CUT IT OUT, WILL YA

DOC: Oh sorry ... Come  
meeting tonight's

ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE

DOC: Thanks very much, M  
I hate to make a st

FIB: Thanks for lending  
you? I wanna finis  
my book? HEY, MOLL  
HERE ON THE TABLE W

MOL: I'm sure I don't...  
SOLDIERS TOOK IT AL

DOC: Oh it's just a simple little thing. The title is  
"A PRAGMATIC APPROACH TO THE HISTOLOGY OF HYPERTENSION  
AND IT'S CORRELATION WITH FREUDIAN HYPOTHESES RELATED  
TO MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF WARTIME STRESSES."  
FIB: Sounds a little dull, kid. Want me to take it and gag  
it up for you?  
DOC: All I want from you, Broadbitches, is my dress shirt.  
Do I get it or do I have to swear out a writ of replevin?  
FIB: Okay, Doc, come on upstairs and identify it..... Time's  
a-wastin', and I gotta get back to my book.  
DOC: Just what is that lurid little hunk of half-baked  
Hemingway you're so involved with?  
MOL: A new mystery, Doctor. The Case of the Crosseyed Cat.  
DOC: Oh, that's the one where the murderer turns out to be  
the ---  
FIB: CUT IT OUT, WILLYA? I WANNA READ IT MYSELF!  
DOC: Oh sorry ... Come on ... let's get the shirt. This  
meeting tonight's ---  
ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE  
DOC: Thanks very much, McGee. Sorry to have troubled you, but  
I hate to make a stiff **speech in a soft shirt.**  
FIB: Thanks for lending it to me, Doc. Now go on home will  
you? I wanna finish my book before the...(PAUSE) Where's  
my book? HEY, MOLLY...WHERE'S MY BOOK? I LAID IT RIGHT  
HERE ON THE TABLE WHEN I WENT UPSTAIRS.  
MOL: I'm sure I don't....OH HEAVENLY DAYS...I'LL BET THOSE  
SOLDIERS TOOK IT ALONG WITH THE OTHERS!

FIB: SOLDIERS? WHAT SOLDIERS?  
DOC: I saw a jeep out in front while we were upstairs.  
MOL: Yes, the soldiers stopped to pick up some books I had  
ready for them for the camp library and I suppose McGee's  
book got mixed in with them and--  
FIB: OH MY GOSH!!!...THIS IS TERRIBLE!!!...I ONLY HAD A PAGE AND  
A HALF TO GO. I GOTTA GET IT BACK!!!! WHERE'S MY HAT?  
WHICH WAY DID THEY--  
DOC: Watch your blood pressure, Fatso. That jeep is miles  
away by now, and--  
FIB: THEN I'LL CHASE 'EM!! GIMME YOUR CAR KEYS, DOC...  
DOC: Now wait a minute ---  
JINGLE OF KEYS:  
FIB: THANKS A LOT!! BE RIGHT BACK, MOLLY!!!

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL - FADE FOR --

SOUND: CAR MOTOR SLOW DOWN: BRAKE SCREECH:

FIB: HEY, BUD...DID YOU SEE A JEEP FULL O' BOOKS GO PAST HERE?

MAN: Yeah..they turned south on 14th street, mister. Anything wrong?

FIB: YEAH..THEY TOOK MY CROSSEYED CAT AND I GOTTA FIND OUT WHO THE KILLER IS! THANKS, BUD!

MAN: (TO HIMSELF) I don't know why these drunken drivers are so-

SOUND: CAR UP FAST -- INTO -

ORCH: WILLIAM TELL - FADE FOR -

SOUND: CAR MOTOR SLOW DOWN: BRAKE SCREECH:

FIB: HEY, LADY...DID A JEEP GO PAST HERE FULL O' SOLDIERS AND BOOKS?

WIRG: Yes, it turned West on Oak Street. Is something the matter?

FIB: I'LL SAY SO! THEY CATNAPPED MY KID..ER..KIDNAPED MY CAT... I MEAN THEY BOOK MY TOOK..ER..BOOK...NEVER MIND...THANKS, SIS!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP FAST INTO -

WILLIAM TELL: FADE FOR -

SOUND: CAR MOTOR SLOW DOWN..BRAKE SCREECH:

FIB: HEY, MAC....DID YOU SEE A JEEP GO PAST HERE FULL O' BOOKS?

MAN: YES, I DID!

FIB: HOW LONG AGO?

MAN: THREE WEEKS AGO FRIDAY!

FIB: AH, GO FRY A PIG!

MAN: AH, GO MILK A COCOANUT!

SOUND: MOTOR UP FAST....SUSTAIN:::MOTORCYCLE AND SIREN FADE IN FAST:

COP: ALL RIGHT, BUDDY...PULL OVER!

SOUND: CAR AND MOTORCYCLE FADE AND OUT:

FIB: Look, Officer, I was merely -

COP: Driver's license.

FIB: I haven't got a driver's license. This is a friends of mine car and I -

COP: Did he say you could borrow it?

FIB: Well, no, not exactly but -

COP: Forty-two miles an hour in a 20-mile zone. Left turn with no signal. No driver's license. Stolen car, Citizen, you're in trouble.

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE! I WAS ONLY TRYIN' TO GET A MYSTERY BOOK BACK THAT WAS TOOK BY MISTAKE BY SOME SOLDIERS BECAUSE I HADN'T FINISHED IT YET AND I ONLY HAD A PAGE AND A HALF TO GO AND -

COP: Murder Mystery? What's the title?

FIB: The Case of the Crosseyed Cat.

COP: You like it?

FIB: LIKE IT! IT WAS MARVELOUS! THAT JEFFREY HAWKINS WAS THE GREATEST CHARACTER I EVER -

COP: I thought it was junk, myself.

FIB: Oh, a critic! Clifton Fadiman in puttees. DID YOU READ THE CASE OF THE CROSS EYED CAT?

COP: Read it! I wrote it. Now get outa here and behave yourself.

ORCH: "JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES" - FADE FOR --

WIL: Here's something that's worth repeating over and over again: "To take better care of your things, try waxing them." Getting replacements is still difficult -- and anyway, it's just good sense to make things last, keep them clean, protect them against wear. Dust and dirt, you know, wear things out more than anything else. That's why I say, take better care of your things by waxing them. Give your floors, furniture and woodwork a protective shield of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Protect all wood, leather and enameled surfaces with this same wax polish. Every application of JOHNSON'S WAX gives not only greater protection, but brings out all the natural beauty of the finish. Floors that are regularly waxed grow lovelier every year. And they never need expensive refinishing. There are 100 extra labor saving uses in your home for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, which you can buy from your dealer in one of three forms -- paste, liquid, or cream.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: So that's how it was, Molly. I didn't get my book back, but at least they didn't toss me in the pokey,  
MOL: Well, don't feel bad about the book, dearie. We got a new mystery in the mail this afternoon.  
FIB: We did? What's the name of it?  
MOL: "MURDER ON MARCH 15TH", by H. MORGENTHAU.  
FIB: How does it pay off?  
MOL: That's the mystery.  
FIB: I see what you mean. Good night.  
MOL: Good night, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: 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. Good night.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.