

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writers: Don Quinn  
Len Levinson

(REVISED)

Fibber McGee & Molly

# 237

NBC - Red

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 2/20/40

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(REVISED)

-2

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee &  
Molly, with Bill Thompson, The King's Men and Billy Mills  
and his orchestra.

The show opens with "I Know That You Know"...

ORK: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: WELL, A RIGHT-THINKING, SERIOUS-MINDED GROUP OF CITIZENS HAS SELECTED A PROMINENT SPEAKER TO DELIVER AN ORATION NEXT THURSDAY ON "GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS IDEALS". AND HERE, IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, REHEARSING HIS SPEECH --

- WE FIND --- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (FADE IN) ...and so, my friends, LET US LOOK BACK AT THOSE FEARFUL DAYS AT GETTYSBURG, ER, - BULL RUN - ER - WHERE WAS THAT? OH YES VALLEY FORGE.....WHEN, DISCOURAGED AND RAGGED, A LITTLE BAND OF FAITHFUL MEN LISTENED TO THEIR LEADER AS HE TALKED TO THEM ACROSS THE CAMPFIRES...AMERICA'S FIRST FIRESIDE CHAT. "MY FRIENDS", he says....

MOL: McGee!!! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

FIB: I'm rehearsing my speech, Molly. "MEN, WE MUST CROSS THE DELAWARE, TONIGHT! ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA....."

MOL: Stop your malarkey now, Fibber McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What's this all about?

FIB: I told ye. It's my speech. I'm talkin' on the subject of "GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS IDEALS" in front of a large and important group next Thursday morning. Hey, how's this for a gesture when I talk about Crossin' the Delaware...with my hand up to my forehead like this...like I was lookin' into the distance...

MOL: You look like a Sinus Headache looking for an Aspirin. AND WHO IS THIS LARGE AND IMPORTANT GROUP YOU'RE GOING TO DAZZLE WITH YOUR ELECTROCUTION?

FIB: It's ELOCUTION...not electrocution.

MOL: I know it.....I was just pulling a switch.

FIB: And if you MUST know, I'm speaking to the Wistful Vista Grammar School Pupils.

MOL: Heavenly days...the whole student body?

FIB: Well-l-l-l...no. Just the Fourth Grade.

MOL: Ahhhh, the poor little things! And what time of the day will this leaking gas be detected?

FIB: At 11:30 A.M.

MOL: 11:30...do you mean those innocent little kiddies have to take that stuff on an empty stomach?

MOL: You're a FINE one to be talkin' about George Washington.

FIB: Oh, I suppose you don't think I'll do right by George.

MOL: By George, I don't think you could.

FIB: Why, Molly? You...you...surely you ain't accusin' me....

Fibber McGee...YOUR OWN HUSBAND -- of toyin' with the truth

MOL: TOYING with it! You make a Municipal Playground of it!

Did you ever tell the truth for one hour?

FIB: WHY, OF COURSE I DID!

MOL: McGeeeeeee.

FIB: Well, I bet I could if I wanted to.

MOL: What'll you bet?

FIB: Anything!

MOL: All right. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'LL BET YOU A BOX OF CIGARS AGAINST THAT FUR COAT I'VE BEEN WANTIN', THAT YOU CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH FOR ONE HOUR!

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FIB: A box o' cigars against that fur coat? Hmmm. As the castor  
oil says when it heard the baby whimper..."I think I've been  
taken!" BUT OKAY...I'LL DO IT!

MOL: It's a bet. (SOUND: TWO CUCKOOS) It's two o'clock and  
for the next 60 minutes...YOU TELL NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

FIB: RIGHT...(and I don't think I'm gonna like it, either!)

MOL: Well, you've made your bet, now don't lie in it. Now,  
remember, for one whole hour, you'll have to....

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Somebody at the door, Molly. You answer it. My foot's  
asleep.

MOL: Is that the truth?

FIB: Well, no. The truth is, I'm just too lazy.

MOL: Ahh, now we're getting somewhere! Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

OLD MAN: Hello there, Daughter! Hello, Johnny. Wanna buy a couple  
o' cut-rate tickets for skiing lessons? Or do you know how  
to ski already!

FIB: Who, me? Know how to ski? Why, say, when it comes to  
skiin', Old Timer'--

MOL: A box of cigars against that fur coat, McGee...

FIB: Eh? Oh. AS I WAS SAYIN', OLD TIMER, WHEN IT COMES TO SKIIN'  
I'M PROBABLY THE DUMBEST GUY THAT EVER SLAPPED A SLOPE.  
I'M AWFUL. TOO FAT. TOO CLUMSY. TWO LEFT FEET. I'M  
HOPELESS.

(PAUSE)

OLD MAN: Guess I'm in the wrong studio, folks...thought this was the  
Fibber McGee program.

b

MOL:

FIB:

OLD MAN:

SOUND:

ORCH:

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MOL: It is, Mr. Old Timer....My husband has just made a bet to  
tell the truth for an hour.

FIB: And believe me, the next fifty-five minutes are gonna crawl  
along like a beetle with a bunion. Oh well....if nobody  
ever stuck their neck out, they'd make Pullman windows  
easier to open. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh....that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't  
the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says  
to t'other feller, "SAYYYYYYYY", he says, "YOU GOT ANY IDEA  
HOW THE FIBBER MCGEE PROGRAM RANKS THESE DAYS?" "NOPE",  
says t'other feller, BUT IT SURE IS, AIN'T IT?" Heh, heh,  
heh....well, Johnny, if the truth gets too tough for ye,  
remember George Washington. The reason he wore a three-  
cornered hat was because he was always gettin' backed into  
a corner. So long, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.....(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: "THE LITTLE RED-FOX".....(APPLAUSE)

(TO BE  
MUSICAL

Wilcox,  
Red, Ca

CUE:  
WILCOX:

ORCH:

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
2-20-40 - Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Opening Commercial

(TO BE READ DURING MIDDLE OF THE SECOND  
MUSICAL NUMBER BY:

Wilcox, from NBC, Hollywood to Pacific Coast  
Red, California Supplementary & Arizona stations.)

CUE:  
WILCOX: .....While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return,  
I'd like your attention for just a minute. (PAUSE 2 SECONDS)  
.....  
Have you ever heard of a Consumer Dividend? Probably not.  
I don't know that any company has ever declared one before.  
Well, you get a Consumer Dividend now when you buy  
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S Paste or  
Liquid WAX. In short, you get one-third more for your money.  
On most dealers' counters right now -- while they last --  
you'll find extra-large packages of these famous polishes --  
containing one-third more than the regular sizes. You pay  
only the regular price. The extra one-third is your  
Consumer Dividend -- in appreciation of the way you have  
been buying JOHNSON Polishes. This offer is good for all  
important sizes -- pints, pounds, quarts, gallons, etc.  
But you'd better hurry! We've shipped dealers an awful  
lot of these extra-large containers -- but a lot of  
housewives use these polishes: So ask your dealer tomorrow  
for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S Paste  
and Liquid WAX -- and get one-third extra FREE!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

~~SECRET~~

~~SECRET~~

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

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FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

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MOL:

UPP:

FIB:

UPP:

MOL:

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IB: Dad rat it I never seen the time go so slow. When'll my hour be up, Molly? (TELEPHONE) I'll get it. (CLICK)  
 Hello.....YES.....OH, YOUR TAKING A RADIO POLL, EH? I SEE...  
 WHAT? WELL...I...I..HAVE I GOTTA ANSWER THAT, BUD? OKAY...  
 I...SHUCKS, I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT I THINK...FIBBER MCGEE &  
 MOLLY IS THE BEST PROGRAM ON THE AIR. YES...Okay, Bud.  
 (CLICK)

OL: Well, if that isn't conceit! Of all the peanut-fed, hickory-smoked, sugar-cured HAMS I ever heard --

IB: Now, wait a minute, Molly. That ain't fair, I had to tell the truth didn't I?

OL: Oh dear...

OUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

IB: Who's that?

OL: Wait'll I peek out the window. Oh, it's Mrs. Uppington.

IB: You mean old 3.95?

OL: Why 3.95?

IB: That's as close as she'll ever get to the four hundred.  
 (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says --

OL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE! COME IN!

OUND: DOOR LATCH

OL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington,..SO nice to see you,

PP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee,..and Mr. McGee,..

IB: Hi, Uppy.

PP: Well, what seems to be the trouble with you today, Mr. McGee?  
 You don't seem to be as cheerful as usual.

OL: He has a slight cramp in his style, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Really? It must be something he ate. I just thought it strange to see Mr. McGee so silent. He is usually so... so loquacious.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN LOQUACIOUS! I ain't touched a drop since New Year's Eve!

MOL: She means GABBY, Gabby.

FIB: Oh.

UPP: Yes....(LAUGHS) As Maestro Mills was saying to me lahst night, Mr. McGee was born with a silver spoon in his mugg and there's been something funny stirring there ever since (LAUGHS) Really, I thought that was SO whimsical.

FIB: Wait'll I catch up with that guy. I'll wham the whimsey out of him.

UPP: Oh now, Mr. McGee..I didn't mean....er...AHM...But WHAT I CAME OVER FOR, MRS. MCGEE, WAS TO GET YOUR OPINION OF MY HAT.....TELL ME...HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? JUST ARRIVED FROM PARIS.

MOL: Why..it's simply divine...it really is. SO UPTOWN, and SO CHICK!

UPP: Do YOU like it, Mr. McGee?

FIB: You....er...you want the truth, Uppy?

UPP: Why....er...why yes..I do.

FIB: Okay. You asked for it. UPPY, THAT HAT IS THE --

MOL: MCGEE...will you get me a glass of water? I think I feel little faint.

UPP: Oh, you poor dear....why don't you sit down...there..

FIB: BUT GETTIN' BACK TO THAT HAT...(LAUGHS) You better sit down, too, Uppy!

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 't you sit down...there..  
 ...(LAUGHS) You better sit

MOL: But before he says anything, Mrs. Uppington...let me warn  
 you. NEVER TAKE MCGEE LITERALLY...HE ALWAYS MEANS JUST  
 THE OPPOSITE.  
 UPP: Oh really. (LAUGHS) How quaint...but I'm sure I'll value  
 his opinion. Go on, Mr. McGee.  
 FIB: Okay, Uppy. I THINK THAT HAT IS.....MARVELOUS! IT'S THE  
 MOST BECOMING HAT YOU EVER WORE. MAKES YOU LOOK 20 YEARS  
 YOUNGER.  
 MOL: Well, heavenly da --  
 UPP: OH, MR. MCGEE...DO YOU REALLY THINK SO? (LAUGHS GAILY)  
 20 YEARS YOUNGER...REALLY.....OH...and you always mean  
 the opposite of what you say...SO YOU MEAN I LOOK TWENTY  
 YEARS OLDER!.....WELL...GOOD BYEEEE!!!  
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM!  
 MOL: Look, McGee, -- let's call the bet off. It's too nerve-  
 racking.  
 FIB: Why, Molly...you..you mean you want me to LIE about  
 things?  
 MOL: YES I DO...I mean NO, I don't...THAT IS, I DON'T WANT YOU  
 TO LIE WHEN...or, at least you might be diplomati...OH,  
 WHY DID I EVER START THIS THING? What makes you so  
 contrary?  
 FIB: I ain't contrary. I'm just keepin' my word. When Fibber  
 McGee says he'll do something he's gonna do it in spite  
 of you-can't-say-it-on-the-radio or high water!  
 SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)  
 MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Depopolis....

FIB:  
 NICK:  
 MOL:  
 FIB:  
 NICK:  
 MOL:  
 FIB:  
 NICK:  
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 popolis....

FIB: Hiyah, Nick.

NICK: Hello, Kewpie...hello, Fizzer. I am making a Good Will  
 Detour. Because I am trying to find out why my customers  
 is staying away from my Kandy Kitchen in such a big crowd.  
 If all the people who are not doing business with Depopolis  
 are laying end to end, I'd step on his face.

MOL: Well, I'm sure I don't know why your business is so bad,  
 Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Well, I know.

NICK: You DO, Fizzer? Then tell me what is wrong before I am  
 going into bankruptcy.

MOL: Now McGee...please don't --

FIB: Look, Nick. In the first place, your sandwiches are too  
 thin. People that eat in your joint don't pry a sandwich  
 apart to see what kind it is -- they just hold it up to  
 the light.

NICK: Be a little more pacific, Fizzer. What kinds of sandwiches  
 are you refereeing to?

FIB: Well, your minced olive sandwiches for one.

NICK: Oh. Well, it IS hard to mince an olive so it is making a  
 decent showing between two slices of bread.

MOL: I think Mr. Depopolis' candy is very good, McGee.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well, while I'm tellin' the truth, the whole  
 truth and nothin' but the truth, lemme tell you what I think  
 of his candy.

NICK: Sure...go ahead, Fizzer. But be kind to my chocolate  
 rabbits...They might be somebody's Mother!



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s Mother!

FIB: Okay..Forget the candy...but that chicken salad of yours -  
its awful.

NICK: Is that so. Depopolus' chicken salad is made out of the  
finest tuna-fish money can buy.

MOL: Of course, Mr. Depopolus. McGee, you've said enough.

FIB: I AIN'T SAID HALF ENOUGH. NICK ~~...I will go into McGee's  
details, but McGee's Coffee Shop is the~~ your Coffee Shop is the  
place where every good little sodamint tablet wants to go  
when it dies. Do I make myself plain?

NICK: Plain? You make yourself positively ugly. Fizzer, you and I  
are always being a bosom friend, but one more smart cracks  
from you and one bosom is finding a carving knife in itself  
and guess who? So long, Kewpie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well!!! NOW you've done it again.

FIB: Done what?

MOL: Broken up another beautiful friendship with your brutal  
frankness.

FIB: AHHHHHHHHH, so you're beginning to see what tellin' the  
truth really means, aintcha? But that's always the way. Why,  
I mind one time when I was elephant hunting in Africa, I -  
(Wooops! Hold on there! What am I talkin' about? I never  
been in Africa.

MOL: Nice recovery, McGee.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

WIL: Hello, folks....Say, I hear Fibber's going to make a speech  
to the Grammar School Pupils on Washington's Birthday.

MOL: Yes, he is, Mr. Wilcox. How'd you know?

WIL:

FIB:

WIL:

MOL:

WIL:

FIB:

WIL:

MOL:

FIB:

WIL:

SOUND:

MOL:

FIB:

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ils on Washington's Birthday.

How'd you know?

WIL: I just came from the school. I had to make a speech there  
myself. To the Class in Domestic Science.

FIB: You did? What was your subject, Mr. Wilcox, said he, with a  
sly wink at Racine, Wisconsin.

WIL: Well, I talked on the subject of "TOO MANY COOKS CAN'T SPOIL  
THE LINOLEUM WHEN IT'S PROTECTED WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-  
POLISHING GLOCOAT".....Cute title, isn't it?

MOE: Oh, very...if it leaves you any time for your speech.

WIL: I didn't need much time. I just told the kids how they  
could keep their kitchens so much more clean and bright and  
cheerful with Johnson's Glocoat....because if they spilt a  
little gravy or a gob of goulash on the linoleum, they could  
just wipe it off with a damp cloth. You see? Though of  
course Johnson's Glocoat was an old story to most of those  
youngsters. Their mothers have been using it for years.

FIB: It's true, folks. Absolutely true. Every word of it.

WIL: WHAT?

MOL: He said everything you've been saying is true, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Certainly is.

WIL: Well, I'll be a - you mean I could come in here, talk about  
our product, without being subject to a lot of heckling that  
.....MY GOSH...NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! So long, folks!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Look, McGee it's all very well to tell the truth but do you  
have to work so hard at it and frighten all our friends?

FIB: Molly, when I say I'll do something, I DO it. No half-way  
measures.

SOUND: TELEPHONE



ettin' afraid to have you

I feel kinda tough, today.

s went around with a chimp

.WHO? NO, MR. GILDERSLEEVE

D, I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE..

IN THE STATIONERY STORE

TINE. EH? OH, YOU KNOW,

ONE WITH THE RED HEARTS...

T?

SURE..YOUR HUSBAND EVEN

. WHY SURE I REMEMBER IT.

LUE AS THE SKIES,

OLD AND FAIR,

S GRIEVE,

Gildersleeve) Hello? Hello?

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AND BROWN EYES!

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what Confucious said about

wait a minute. The King's

S. TELL 'EM WHAT CONFUCIOUS

3RD SPOT:

(REVISED)

FIB: Say, Molly, how much longer have I got on this truth business?

MOL: Not long, dearie. About eight minutes. Can you hold out?

FIB: I dunno. I'll try, but -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Oh, dear. - COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, hello there little girl,

TEE: Hi, mister. Whatcha doin?

FIB: Just markin' time, sis. Waitin' for Tempus to Fugit, you might say.

TEE: Hmhmhmhm?

FIB: I says I'm waitin' for Tempus to Fugit. That's Latin. Tempus Fugit means TIME FLIES, see?

TEE: Gee, how do you ever do it?

FIB: How do you do what?

TEE: Time flies.

FIB: Look, sis...I ain't timin' a fly. I'm..I'm..oh, never mind.

TEE: Alllllll-righty! Will you tell me a story, Mister? Hmhmhm? Will you? Please, mister? Gee, you tell dandy stories I betcha.

FIB: Why sure, sis. I ever tell you about the time I fought the bear single-handed?

TEE: Gee, did you really?

FIB: Did I! Well sir, here was this great big bear -

MOL: MCGEE...REMEMBER THE FUR COAT.

FIB:

TEE:

FIB:

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FIB: Yes, this bear had a coat o' fur so long that - Eh? OH,  
OH THE FUR COAT! YOU MEAN OUR WAGER. Sorry sis. The  
bear I meant was a little teddy bear and I was only three  
years old at the time, and he got the best of me at that.  
Sorry.

TEE: Awwww, that wasn't a very good story, I betcha.

FIB: I know, but I'm workin' under kind of a handicap today,  
See me tomorrow. You go home and get your mother to  
tell you a story.

TEE: Can't.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: She isn't home, I betcha. She went downtown to buy a  
snood.

FIB: A what?

TEE: A snood. Gee, you know what a snood is. My daddy says  
it's a bustle that a woman wears on her brains. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, if your old man is such a wit, let him tell you a  
story.

TEE: He isn't home either. He's downtown buying a monster.

FIB: A MONSTER! Go on, you can't buy a monster.

TEE: You can too, I betcha.

FIB: Oh no you can't.

TEE: OHHHH, YES you can!

FIB: OHHHHH, NO YOU CAN'T.

TEE: OHHHHHHHHH, YES YOU CAAAAAAN!

FIB: OHHHHH, don't gimme that stuff, sis. Where can anybody  
buy a monster?

TEE:

SOUND:

FIB:

SOUND:

HAL:

FIB:

MOL:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

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TEE: At the Bon Ton Department Store. They're having a  
MONSTER SALE, Today Only? So long, Mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Monster Sale Today Only. I think I'll wait for Dollar  
Day and go down and buy a few bucks. Now lessee....What'd  
I do with my speech? Oh here tis - AND SO, KIDDIES, YOU  
MUST ALL TRY AND PATTERN YOURSELVES, ----

SOUND: (TERRIFIC LOUD KNOCKING....DOOR OPEN & SLAM HARD)  
(PAUSE FOR THREE COUNT)

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, McGEE....YOU'VE INTERFERED IN MY LIFE ONCE  
TOO OETEN!

FIB: Now take it easy, Gildersleeve....and quit pointin' that  
gun at me. I can explain everything. (Or can I)

MOL: You see, Mr. Gildersleeve, McGee thought --

HAL: McGEE NEVER THOUGHT IN HIS LIFE!

FIB: OH, IS THAT SO? YOU CAN'T TALK TO MY WIFE LIKE THAT ABOUT  
ME.

HAL: OH, I CAN'T! I'M A DESPERATE MAN, McGEE....YOU'RE TRYING  
TO BREAK UP MY HOME. YOU TOLD MY WIFE I SENT A VALENTINE  
TO ANOTHER WOMAN.

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

MOB:

HAL:

FIB:

HOL:

MOL:

HAL:

FIB:

SOUND

MOL:

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

HAL:

FIB:

They're having a  
Mister.

I'll wait for Dollar  
Now lessee....What'd  
- AND SO, KIDDIES, YOU

ES, ----

OPEN & SLAM HARD)

INTERFERED IN MY LIFE ONCE

and quit pointin' that  
ing. (Or can I)  
thought --

MY WIFE LIKE THAT ABOUT

McGEE....YOU'RE TRYING  
WIFE I SENT A VALENTINE

FIB: I NEVER NO SUCH A THING. I TOLD HER YOU SENT IT TO HER.

HAL: BUT I DIDN'T SEND IT TO HER! I SENT IT TO MY AUNT FANNY.

FIB: Yes, yes.....Your Aunt Fanny!

HAL: SO HELP ME THAT'S THE TRUTH, BUT MY WIFE WON'T BELIEVE IT!  
AND JUST FOR THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED ME, McGEE...I'M  
GOING TO TAKE MY REVENGE RIGHT NOW....

MOL: (SCREAMS).....PUT THAT GUN DOWN...PLEASE..Mr. Gildersleeve!

HAL: IT'S TOO LATE!

FIB: Now wait, Gildersleeve. You wouldn't shoot a guy with  
glasses on wouldja? Where's my glasses, Molly?

MOL: One side, Mrs. McGee....I'm not a very good shot. ONE!.....

MOL: Oh dear....what have I done....

HAL: TWO!.....

FIB: You'll know in a minute, Molly.

SOUND: (CUCKOO CLOCK STRIKES THREE;)

MOL: ~~.....~~...McGEEEE....YOUR TIME IS UP!

FIB: Whoopeeeeee....I'M SAVED!

HAL: What is this?

FIB: (VERY GLIB) Now look Gildersleeve here's what happened.  
This whole thing was a joke...a frameup....(LAUGHS) I  
planned this whole thing with your wife just for a laugh,  
see?

HAL: What? You did? (LAUGHS) Not really!

FIB: Sure....(LAUGHS) The whole thing was a gag....(LAUGHS)  
You go on back home and ask her.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY  
FEBRUARY 20, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. Ladies, here's a recipe for a cheerful kitchen! Take one can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- add practically no work at all -- and just watch that old linoleum floor gleam and sparkle! In fact, you can sit back in an easy chair for 20 minutes of relaxation, and watch it "shine while it dries", GLO-COAT requires no rubbing or buffing-- you simply apply and let dry. The hours of work that GLO-COAT saves you over a period of time you can use for some of those many other things that are hard to squeeze into your busy days -- for reading, bridge, shopping or personal beauty care. And in the meantime, with your floors protected with GLO-COAT, your kitchen will be a more cheerful place to work in -- and your linoleum itself will last longer. So order a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

FIB: Well, I ma  
MOL: That's righ  
FIB: And it's a  
MOL: What do you  
FIB: Now I don't  
MOL: (CHEERFUL)  
FIB: Whatcha  
MOL: I cannot te  
yesterday.  
FIB: Aw-pshaw!  
MOL: Goodnight,  
ORK: (CLOSING ST  
WIL: This is Har  
JOHNSON'S W  
inviting you  
Goodnight,  
ANNCR: This is the



T A G

FIB: Well, I made it - 3,600 seconds without telling a lie.  
 MOL: That's right,  
 FIB: And it's a load off my mind, too.  
 MOL: What do you mean?  
 FIB: Now I don't have to buy you that fur coat,  
 MOL: (CHEERFUL) That's right, you won't. (LAUGH)  
 FIB: Whatcha <sup>laughin' at</sup> Molly?  
 MOL: I cannot tell a lie, McGee - I bought that coat  
 yesterday.  
 FIB: Aw-pshaw! GOODNIGHT!  
 MOL: Goodnight, all.  
 ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of  
 JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT,  
 inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.  
 Goodnight.

ANNCR: This is the NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

( C H I M E S )

S. C. Johnson & Son

Writers:  
Don Quinn  
Len Levinson

6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 2/27/40

oment. Ladies,  
 Take one can of  
 practically no  
 moleum floor  
 back in an easy  
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 bbing or buffing--  
 of work that  
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 C-O-A-T.