

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
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(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#289

Tuesday - 4/1/41

NBC - Red

(2ND REVISION) -2-

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 MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "I STRUCK A MATCH ON THE
MOON"

ORCH: ("I STRUCK A MATCH ON THE MOON")

(FADE FOR)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
APRIL 1, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Well, well, well, imagine it being April the first!
It's an awful temptation for a radio announcer to play
April Fools tricks on all you good people out along the
ether waves. But you know there's one thing I just
couldn't fool you about -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT gives such honest, commendable service to so
many of you women in saving you work and saving your
floors from wear that it's practically fool-proof. I
suppose, in a year's time, GLO-COAT saves you as many
hours of work as anything you ever used in your home.
That's because GLO-COAT, the modern floor polish,
doesn't need any rubbing or buffing. You simply apply
and let dry -- and in 20 minutes GLO-COAT has protected
your linoleum floors with a gleaming long-lasting polish
that is a delight to the eye. And there's no fooling
about that protection either -- because GLO-COAT really
makes your linoleum last much longer -- and keeps its
colors fresh and bright -- at the same time it saves you
work. If you're not using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT on your floors, try some this week.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: SOME WOMEN ARE BETTER DRIVERS THAN SOME MEN, BUT SOME MEN
DON'T THINK SO - INCLUDING THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA.
AND HIS CONVICTIONS WOULD APPEAR TO BE SUPPORTED AS WE
FIND, DRIVING HOME FROM A SHOPPING TRIP, WITH MRS.
UPPINGTON AS PASSENGER AND THE LEFT REAR FENDER MISSING,
MOLLY, OF -

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! ---

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: MOTOR IN WAY UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH:

MOL: Well, here we are, Abigail ... home again safe and sound!
Won't you come in and have a slug of hot tea?
UPP: No, thank you, my deah. I must run down to the beauty
parlor and have my hair touched up a bit.
MOL: Oh, nonsense...I was just noticing this morning as we
started out, that you didn't have a gray hair in your head.
UPP: That, - was this morning!
MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh now Abigail ... you don't mean my driving made
you nervous! Heavenly days, you talk just like McGee!
UPP: Reahhly?
MOL: (LAUGHS) Yes, he's absolutely forbidden me to take the
car out alone unless he was with me. But I guess this will
show him I can drive. It was fun, wasn't it?
UPP: Oh a delightful experience, my deah ... all those people
honking and swearing at us. SO exciting! Well, thank you
for the lift, Mrs. McGee. (CAR DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)
MOL: Oh not at all. I was very glad to - what's the matter?

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UPP: Mrs. McGee...may I ask a rather personal question?—
MOL: Why certainly ... go right ahead.
UPP: How many fenders did you have on this car when we started out?
MOL: Four, I think. One on each corner. Why?
UPP: (OFF) Look! One seems to be missing from the left rear.
MOL: WHAT?!!! ... WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS!!!! I'VE BEEN ROBBED! Oh, dear!!!
UPP: I ... I imagine it happened when we ... scraped against that truck, at 14th and Oak, don't you?
MOL: YES, AND I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON HIM, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! SUCH CARELESSNESS.
UPP: But Mrs. McGee...the truck was parked. The driver was not even in it.
MOL: THAT MAKES IT WORSE....LEAVIN' THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT! Oh my goodness....what will McGee say! Now he never will let me drive again!
UPP: Er need he know?
MOL: Oh, I'll have to tell him Abigail. I never keep anything from him. We never have any secrets from each other.
UPP: Really. How horrible!
MOL: OH DEAR, OH DEAR, OH DEAR! WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME! AND I DID SO WANT TO SHOW HIM I COULD REALLY DRIVE!
UPP: It would seem that his opinion of women drivers was about to hit a new low, my dear. But aftah all, -
HAL: (FADE IN) Ah there, girls! Lovely day, isn't it? Been doing your Easter shopp---? (PAUSE) WELL! I see you lost a fender!!

MOL: Yes, and Mrs. Uppington says I shouldn't tell McGee about it.
HAL: Well, why should you? It's none of his business.
UPP: Exactly what I was saying. As women, we owe it to the women drivers of Ameddica to hush this up!
MOL: Well, I don't know now....it seems kind of deceitful of me.
HAL: Oh it's just a temporary measure, Mrs. McGee..that's all.
MOL: What do you mean by that? The fender's gone isn't it?
HAL: Certainly...but look...you stick the car in the garage... quickly...I'll run down to the dealer's and we'll have another fender on there before you can say, OH MY GOODNESS.. HERE HE COMES!
UPP: Why should she say that, Mr. Gildersleeve?
HAL: Because he is! HURRY UP, MRS. MCGEE...GET IN THE CAR AND GET IT IN THE GARAGE!!!
MOL: But don't you think I should....
UPP: HURRY MY DEAH....HURRY....THROCKMORTON!...YOU RUN UP THE STREET AND SEE IF YOU CAN DELAY MR. MCGEE A FEW MINUTES!
SOUND: CAR STARTER..MOTOR...UP AND FADE: (FADE IN FOOTSTEPS)
FIB: (FADE IN) Ohhhh. I had a little dog and his name was Moke, Didn't have a cent but he never was broke...
HAL: AH THERE MCGEE...HOW'S EVERYTHING WITH YOU? NICE DAY ISN'T IT? YES IT CERTAINLY IS..FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR..THOUGH WE OUGHT TO HAVE A LOT OF NICE WEATHER FROM NOW ON. EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE RAINY SPELL NOW AND THEN...BUT THAT'S.....
FIB: Hey what are you gabbin' about Gildersleeve? Skippin' along the street jabberin' about the spring weather. HEY DIDN'T I SEE UPPY AND MOLLY OUT IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE?

HAL: Who?

FIB: Mrs. Uppington and Molly. MOLLY. That's my wife, remember? She lives with me, next door to you. She's that nice looking woman that -

HAL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKE I KNOW. Yes, you did see her. She and Mrs. Uppington have been shopping. She was ... er.. just putting the car away. There they are!

FIB: OH YEAH ... OH HIYAH MOLLY. HIYAH, UPPY. HAVE A NICE TIME DOWNTOWN?

UPPY: Oh, it's been a veddy pleasant day, Mr. McGee, thank you.

MOL: All except for one thing. I had a little acc-

Both at UPP:OH MY GOODNESS ... I WONDER IF I LEFT MY GLOVES IN THE BON once:
TON DEPARTMENT STORE!

HAL:ER ... MY THAT'S A NICE LOOKING NECKTIE YOU HAVE ON THERE, MCGEE!

FIB: HEY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO? You're as jumpy as a couple o' tiddleywinks. Hey, Molly, gimme the keys to the car will you?

MOL: The er the keys?

UPP: To the ... er ... the car?

HAL: He ... er.... he wants the keys to the car ... I guess.

FIB: Boy you people sure catch on quick.

MOL: You ... you're not leaving are you, McGee?

FIB: Yeah ... gotta take the car down and get it greased.

HAL: Oh I wouldn't do that, McGee. My goodness, the car hasn't cooled off yet?

FIB: So what?

UPP: Oh, one cawnt put cold grease on a hot car, Mr. McGee.... It ... er... it would melt and run right off, wouldn't it, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Not only that, some mechanic is liable to burn his hand on the exhaust pipe and sue you for plenty. Ten thousand dollars, maybe.

UPP: Twenty thousand!

MOL: Oh, dear!

HAL: And what if they won the suit and you couldn't pay the damages. You'd go to prison, Think of it, McGee ... spending the rest of your life in Alcatraz ... never again to see the green grass ... and hear the birds singing ... pining away for a little gayety and laughter ... while your hair turned white and your -

MOL: (SOBBING) OHHHHH AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!!! MCGEE ... CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME!

FIB: Look, TAKE IT EASY MOLLY. DON'T GET A LUMP IN YOUR THROAT SUGAR. I AIN'T GOIN' TO JAIL. There ain't any hurry about gettin' the car greased if it makes that much difference.

THREE HEAVY SIGHS OF RELIEF

HAL: Welllll, I have a little business downtown. And I'll take care of that little matter for you, Mrs. McGee ... don't worry.

MOL: Oh thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve!

FIB: What little matter? I'll do it, Molly ... you don't have to bother Gildy with it.

HAL: NO NO NO ... not trouble at all, McGee ... I ... er .. she wanted me to er ... well, (LAUGHS) It's a secret ... and are you going to be surprised! Well come on Abigail.

So long folks. (AD LIB GOODEYES)

MOL: McGee ... I think I'd better tell you what this is all about. You see, what happened was --

FIB: PLEASE ... MOLLY ... DON'T TELL ME! I wanna be surprised.

MOL: But I really SHOULD TELL YOU, McGee. I wanted to all along but Mr. Gildersleeve and Mrs. Uppington said I ---

FIB: AND THEY WERE RIGHT! Shucks, a surprise is a surprise.

MOL: But McGee ---

FIB: I WON'T LISTEN! *I'll change the subject*

MOL: All right ... but please remember I did my best to tell you!

FIB: Okay. Now let's go in and get a bite to eat. What have we got in the refrigerator?

MOL: I think there's a little cold roast fender...

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I MEAN COLD ROAST BEEF (LAUGHS) What am I thinking of! (FADE INTO MUSIC) and some chicken left over from Sunday and a little dab of chocolate pudding ---

ORK: ("ANITRA'S DANCE")

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

MOL: Are you comfortable in that chair, dearie?

FIB: Eh. Oh yes...sure. Shucks, I always sit in this chair... you know that.

MOL: Let me get your slippers for you.

FIB: No thanks. I'm okay. I'm just gonna...HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?

MOL: I'm filling your pipe for you, darlin'..

FIB: Okay...but the tobacco don't go thru the stem. It goes in the bowl part.

MOL: Oh...aren't I the clumsy one, though! (LAUGHS) There you are, McGee. And here's a match.

FIB: Boy am I gettin' service....If I didn't know better I'd say you had something on your conscience. (LAUGH)

MOL: Oh dear...LOOK, MCGEE...ABOUT THE CAR ---

FIB: Oh forget the car - SAY, I forgot to tell you. GUESS WHO I SEEN DOWNTOWN YESTERDAY! Remember old Dangle Punkley that we used to go to school with?

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...DANGLE PUNKLEY!

FIB: Yeah...he was forward on the basketball team, remember?

MOL: He was pretty forward on sleigh rides too. What's he doing now?

FIB: I dunno.. He gimme his business card and...OH OH...I -- I left it in the glove compartment of the car. I'll run out and get it.

MOL: OH NO NO NO!! Please, McGee...don't do that!

FIB: Eh? Why not? Just take me a minute and -

MOL: I don't want you running around like that. You're a busy man and you need your rest. You can show me the card some other time.

FIB: That's okay. I'm goin' out to the garage anyway.

MOL: What for?

FIB: That right front tire's carryin' too much air. I kicked it this morning and almost busted my toe.

MOL: Did you have your bedroom slippers on?

FIB: Say I guess I did, at that, ~~come to think of it~~! But I better check up anyway. I'll only be gone a minute and -

MOL: MCGEE...PLEASE...DON'T GO OUT AND LEAVE ME HERE IN THE HOUSE, ALL ALONE.

FIB: Whatcha mean? You're here alone half the time. What are you

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WIL: Well, Hello there folks! Hey Fibber, come on out to the garage with me a minute, will you?

FIB: Sure, Harlow. Be glad to. What's the --

MOL: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS...PLEASE...What do you want to go out to the garage for?

WIL: I want to show Fibber how Johnson's Car-Nu will make his car look like new again with only --

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS...HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT CAR NU...WE USE IT ALL THE TIME. Sit down and tell me all about Johnson's Wax for floors and furniture.

FIB: Hey what is this? You been hearing about Johnson's Wax for floors and furniture for six years the fifteenth of this month, Molly.

MOL: I know it! And I NEVER get tired of it! Mr Wilcox tells about it SO INTERESTINGLY!

WIL: Gee, do you think so, Molly? Honest?

MOL: Oh I certainly do. Sit down, Mr Wilcox...that's it, Now tell us all about how Johnson's Wax seals the pores of wood surfaces against dust and dirt and dampness. And how it makes housework so much easier and saves so much time.

FIB: But, Molly.....

MOL: Quiet, McGee...cant you see I'm just FASCINATED BY Mr Wilcox's story?

WIL: You mean about -

MOL: I mean about how Johnson's Wax is used by discriminating housewives all over the world, Mr Wilcox. Because it beautifies and protects so many nice things.

WIL: Well, that's the story, all right.

MOL: Oh tell me some more...go on!

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE. Dont lead him on, Molly. You know very well if you give him an inch he'll grab the whole tape measure!

MOL: Oh so you're not interested in Johnson's Wax.

FIB: I AM SO!

WIL: You dont act like it. I've got a good notion to report you to the company.

MOL: There...you see, McGee?

FIB: DAD RAT IT I DIDNT SAY ANYTHING....JUST BECAUSE I -

WIL: Never mind!!..you've made it pretty clear how you feel about it. Thank you for listening, Molly. Good bye.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: McGee....aren't you ashamed?

FIB: Well, gee, I ... well I'm kinda...kinda confused...all I done was to ... I mean ... well shucks ... YOU'VE HEARD ALL THAT STUFF BEFORE, AND YOU KNOW IT. How you can sit there with a look of breathless excitement while that big ~~guy~~ ^{smooth} goes thru his rubber stamp routine gets me! You were just puttin' on a act for some reason.

MOL: Oh, so now I'm not sincere!

FIB: LOOK, MRS. GUFFY -- I DIDN'T SAY YOU WASN'T SINCERE. ALL I SAYS WAS THAT --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Well, well! ~~How'd you do?~~ Hiyah, Boomer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Good day, my dear. And good day to you ~~and my~~ ^{lumpy, lumpy}

FIB: See you got your arm in a sling, Boomer. How'd you fracture the flipper? Waving goodbye to Warden Lawes?

BOOM: Not at all, not at all. It was just the result of a childish prank. I tried to hook a ride on an armored bank truck and a guard brushed me off with a bag of nickels.

MOL: Oh that's too bad, Mr. Boomer. Did it hurt much?

BOOM: Have you ever had your biceps trampled by a thousand buffalos?

FIB: It kinda cramped your poker playin' style, didn't it, Boomer? I hear you got caught last night with two aces up your plaster cast.

BOOM: THAT'S AN OUTRAGEOUS FALSEHOOD! It wasn't last night. It was Sunday night.

MOL: Well what are you doing for the arm, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: I'M suing the bank that owned the car that carried the guard that threw the nickles that broke my hold, my arm, and a dozen eggs I was taking to a sick actor who hadn't had an audience in three years.

FIB: Well, I don't like to be unsympathetic, Boomer, but now that we've all had a good cry about your limping lunchhook, maybe you'll explain just why you dropped in?

BOOM: Oh yes... glad you mentioned it, Jellybean. Just wanted to serve a couple of subpoenas on you.

MOL: SUBPOENAS...WHAT FOR?

BOOM: Want you to serve as character witness in a case that's coming up against me. Seems the district attorney claims they found my fingerprints on a safe after a jewel robbery. Nonsense of course. Had my gloves on all the time.

FIB: Well, give us the papers, Boomer, and shove off.

BOOM: Can't reach them with the wounded wing, Limberlip. Would you mind going thru my pockets for me? You'll find 'em there someplace.

MOL: Why certainly. Look in his pockets, McGee!

FIB: Okay...now lemme see...subpoenas..subpoenas...where'd he put those subpoenas...

BOOM: Had them here a moment ago...

MOL: Here's something...is this it?

FIB: No, that's a postcard from Sheila the Shoplifter.

BOOM: Yes...she says she's been specializing in stockings and handkerchiefs this last week. Had the flu and the doctor doesn't want her to lift anything heavy.

FIB: Here's a small bottle of perfumed hair oil.

BOOM: That's for my nephew, Guernsey Boomer. It's the only way I can get some scents into his head.

MOL: What's this? This heavy leather thing?

FIB: HEY, THAT'S A BLACKJACK.

BOOM: Certainly is. I ordered some chewing gum by mail and a careless shipping clerk sent me that instead. Put the blackjack back, Jack.

FIB: Okay. And here's a book of traveler's checks, made out to a guy named Sweeny. Who is Sweeny?

BOOM: Couldn't say...I only met the chap for a minute...in the subway.

FIB: Well, that's all there is in your pockets, Boomer. And I didn't see ^{any} legal papers.

BOOM: WELL WELL, IMAGINE THAT..NO SUBPOENAS! Ah well, come to think of it you'd be very bad character witnesses for me anyway.

MOL: Why?

BOOM: You know my character. Well, good day, my dear, and to you a pleasant April, Fool!!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: SELECTION - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

MOL: McGee, there's something I've just got to tell you.
 FIB: Okay. Tell me when I come back.
 MOL: Where you going?
 FIB: Out to the garage. I left my magazine out there
 that I was readin' yesterday.
 MOL: Oh no - no - no - I - er -
 FIB: What's the matter?
 MOL: I brought it in. It's upstairs in our room.
 FIB: Thanks.
 MOL: And I want to compliment you on your improved taste
 in literature too, McGee.
 FIB: Eh?
 MOL: I'm glad you've given up those trashy magazines. And I
 think it's splendid that a prominent citizen like you
 should take so much interest in law enforcement.
 FIB: Law enforcement?
 MOL: Yes....you'll find your Police Gazette up on our
 dresser.
 FIB: Much obliged....I'll run up and get it.
 MOL: Oh dear...I wish I knew how to break the news to him
 about that Fender...he's so -

DOOR OPEN

HAL: Psssstttt!!..where's McGee?
 MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) He's upstairs, Mr. Gildersleeve....why?
 HAL: (STAGE WHISPER) Look keep McGee out of the garage for
 awhile. I'm going out and put this new fender on for you.
 See here it is.
 MOL: Here he comes!
 HAL: Here I go.
(DOOR SHUT)
 FIB: Hey, Molly. Did I hear you talkin' to somebody down here?
 Thought I heard voices.
 MOL: Maybe the house is haunted.
 FIB: It could be. Ever since Uncle Dennis moved in on us,
 you can even SMELL spirits around here. I never saw
 such a -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TEE: Hi, Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Hiyah, sis. (PAUSE) Well ... whatcha starin' at me for?
 TEE: I guess my papa was wrong, I guess. He said you
 didn't stand up straight.
 FIB: OH HE DID, DID HE! WELL YOU CAN GO RIGHT HOME AND
 TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO GO PLUMB --
 MOL: MCGEE!
 FIB: Eh?

TEE: Oh that's all right, Mrs. McGee. Mamma tells papa that too. Every morning.

FIB: She does?

TEE: Sure she does, I betcha. She hands him his hat and kisses him goodbye and says, ALL RIGHT, NOW YOU CAN GO PLUMB--

FIB: HOLD IT SIS! Then what does your father do?

TEE: Oh he goes to somebody's house and plumbs.

FIB: OH ... HE'S A PLUMBER!

TEE: I know it!

FIB: Oh I see. (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: For a minute there you had me goin' sis. I shoulda known you were too well bred to -

TEE: Too well what?

FIB: Bred.

TEE: I'M HUNGRY.

FIB: Aw fer the...WELL ANYWAY, SIS, YOU CAN RUN ALONG HOME AND TELL YOUR FATHER THAT I DO STAND UP STRAIGHT.

TEE: All righty.

FIB: I dunno what give him the idea that I didn't, in the first place.

TEE: I do, I betcha.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: WHAT MADE HIM THINK I DIDN'T STAND UP STRAIGHT?

TEE: Well, he said he saw you on the street this morning and did you look stupid! So long, Mister.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WHY THAT LITTLE FRESHIE! I'll teach her a thing or three.

MOL: What are you going to do, McGee?

FIB: I'M gonna call up her old man, that's what I'm going to do. Gimme the phone. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE RESID- OH, is that you, Myrt? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH.? WHAT SAY, MYRT? THE STORK CAME TO YOUR HOUSE THIS MORNING?

MOL: Oh how wonderful! Boy or girl, McGee?

FIB: They don't know. But they got it tied up, and if it lays an egg it's a girl! WHAT SAY, MYRT? Gee, I dunno. I forgot now. Okay Myrt. (CLICK) Who was I callin' anyway... and about what?

MOL: Well it doesn't matter now. You were just -

SOUND: (HAMMERING WAY OFF MIKE)

FIB: Hey..what's that?

MOL: What's what?

FIB: That noise. Sounds like it's out in the garage. You hear anything?

MOL: Wait a minute.

SOUND: HAMMERING; WAY OFF MIKE

MOL: No. I don't hear a thing.

FIB: Must be my blood pressure. YOU SURE YOU DON'T HEAR IT?

SOUND: HAMMERING IN DISTANCE

MOL: No. Just the wind.

FIB: That's the bumpiest wind I ever heard. Maybe it's somebody out in Gildersleeve's garage. Listen.

(PAUSE)

MOL: OH GOODY!! HE MUST HAVE IT FIXED!

FIB: Who's got what fixed?
 MOL: Whoever was making that noise.
 FIB: I thought you said it was the wind. I THINK I BETTER GO OUT
 IN THE GARAGE AND INVESTIGATE. IT MIGHT BE SOMEBODY THAT -
 SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:
 MOL: COME IN!
 SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
 HAL: Ah there folks. I just thought I'd stop in and -
 FIB: DAD RAT IT, GILDERSLEEVE, QUIT TRACKIN' THAT MUCK ALL OVER
 OUR FLOOR! LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE MESS!
 MOL: Now McGee...what if Mr. Gildersleeve IS a little smudgy?
 Maybe he's been workin' on something.
 HAL: (LAUGHS) That's a very shrewd guess, Mrs. McGee. (LAUGHS)
 But..I'm all finished now.
 MOL: Oh that's fine!
 FIB: So that was you makin' all that racket out there, was it!
 What's the matter....too cheap to hire a mechanic?
 HAL: HHHHHH!!...
 MOL: McGee!! that's no way no talk. Here's Mr. Gildersleeve, all
 tired and dirty -
 FIB: I'll say he's dirty. He looks like he'd found a grease pit
 with a diving board on it.
 HAL: IS THAT SO...NOW YOU LOOK HERE, YOU LITTLE NINCOMPEEP -
 MOL: Nincompipel
 HAL: PIP!
 FIB: Pop!
 HAL: POOP!
 MOL: He sound like a bunch of firecrackers.

FIB: Well, dad rat it, Gildersleeve's got no business comin' in
 here and gettin' our house all dirty. If he wants to work
 on his car let him....OH HEY...THAT REMINDS ME, MOLLY!
 HAL: Oh oh!
 FIB: You drove our car downtown today, didn't you?
 MOL: Yes...yes, I...I did.
 FIB: I forgot to ask you...wasn't it kinda embarrassing..
 without that left rear fender?
 HAL: OH MY GOODNESS...HE KNOWS ABOUT IT!
 MOL: FIBBER MCGEE, HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THAT FENDER?
 FIB: WHADDYE MEAN HOW DID I FIND OUT! I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO
 KNOW.
 HAL: You - you were?
 FIB: Yes, I tore it off last night, - backin' out the garage.
 MOL: Well, heavenly days!!!! AND I THOUGHT -
 HAL: Oooooohhhh!!
 FIB: Hey leave me alone Gildersleeve - I didn't do anything.
 Hey - quit you're chokin' me.
 ORK: ("GIVE ME MUSIC IN THE EVENING") (FADE ON CUE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
April 1, 1941
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: We've been talking about Spring these last few weeks, but it's really here now -- and time to freshen up that kitchen of yours. You know, it's lots more fun working around a cheerful kitchen than one that's a little drab and dull. And it's wonderful how much cheer and new life you can add with new curtains, fresh oilcloth and gay-colored enamels -- without spending much money either. Of course, the quickest, most inexpensive way to make a big difference is to treat your linoleum floors to a bright, sparkling, GLO-COAT polish. GLO-COAT brings out the colors of the linoleum, keeps them as bright and fresh as new. It protects the linoleum surface against wear, makes it last much longer. And it does all this with practically no work, because GLO-COAT is self polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing. If you're still scrubbing linoleum floors, or using less satisfactory polishes, may I suggest that just once you try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT?

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: (LAUGHING) So you thought all the time that YOU'D knocked that fender off, didja, Molly?

MOL: Yes, I did. And I'm still ashamed of myself for tryin' to deceive you about it.

FIB: Aw forget it. I don't tell you everything, either. For instance I never did tell you about - (PAUSE)

MOL: About what?

FIB: Never mind. Now we're even. Good night.

MOL: GOOD NIGHT, ALL!

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
4-1-1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly)... "Goodnight, all"

.....
WILCOX: 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.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
April 1, 1941
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: This 30 second closing commercial is to be delivered from a quiet studio.

CUE: (WILCOX) inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

.....
WOMAN'S VOICE:

Quick, George, here come the Browns again in that shabby-looking car of theirs. Wouldn't you think they'd be ashamed to ride around in it?

ANNOUNCER: Isn't it funny how some people can be so neat about their own clothes and yet let their cars get so dingy looking? I guess it's just because they don't know how easy it is to wax-polish their car with JOHNSON'S CARNU. CARNU, you know, cleans and wax-polishes in one operation -- in less than half the time it used to take. And it costs very little. Why not wax-polish your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U