

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
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(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 292

Tuesday - 4/22/41

NBC - Red<sup>4</sup>

(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 MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'  
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "HERE'S MY HEART".

ORCH: "HERE'S MY HEART"

(FADE FOR)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
APRIL 22, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: We hear a lot these days about I.Q. -- you know, your Intelligence Quotient. It's a test the psychologists have developed for measuring your mental powers. Well, I'm going to stick my neck out and start a new one -- I'll call it your H. I. Q. -- let's say Housekeeping I. Q. And my first question is, in how many ways do you use JOHNSON'S WAX to reduce housework -- especially to make Spring Housecleaning a much easier job? Do you JOHNSON'S WAX your floors regularly? Then they not only gleam with rich beauty that makes your entire home more attractive -- but they save you work all year -- and they're not an extra chore at Spring cleaning time. But floors are only part of the JOHNSON'S WAX labor-saving story. You should wax your furniture and woodwork -- your windowsills and radiator covers -- your pantry shelves and refrigerator -- your picture frames and lampshades -- your leather articles and luggage. When all these things are regularly wax-beautified and wax-protected, then you really haven't a Spring cleaning problem at all. And old Professor Wilcox will give you a very high H. I. Q. rating. You can thank me by buying some genuine JOHNSON'S WAX from your dealer this week.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2nd REVISION)

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WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

There comes a time in a husband's life  
When he screws up his courage to tell his wife  
That in spite of all domestic joys  
Tonight's his night out with "the boys"!  
And that is just about what's going to happen this evening  
at the home of--

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: For goodness' sakes, McGee....you're as restless as a bird  
dog tonight....What's the matter with you?  
FIB: Well shucks, I....I thought I'd...aw, I dunno.  
MOL: Sit down and read the paper or something.  
FIB: I did read the paper. Nothing in it but news.  
MOL: Well, do you want to play a game of rummy?  
FIB: Naw, I guess not. That's kinda tame. Tonight I'm in the  
mood for a....well, I feel kinda....Naw, I don't wanna play  
cards.  
MOL: McGee, you're bored! And I must say it isn't very  
flattering to a wife when she knows her husband is bored.  
FIB: Well, shucks, Molly, I--  
MOL: WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO IS GET OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR A WHILE.  
FIB: Eh? You mean that? SAY, I THINK YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE....  
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I BEEN THINKIN'. SO IF YOU DON'T MIND--  
MOL: I don't mind a bit. Get your hat and we'll go to a movie.  
FIB: A...a...movie? What's at the movie?  
MOL: "Adam Had Four Sons" and Bob Hope.

FIB: I've seen all five of 'em.

MOL: Well...(SIGHS) I'm sure I don't know what to do with you.  
AND FOR GOODNESS' SAKES STOP FIDGETING AROUND, McGEE!  
I wish I knew what was the matter with you, —

FIB: I dunno. I guess I'll work--

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Good evening Mrs. McGee....hello, little chum.

FIB: Hiyah Throcky.

MOL: I'M SO GLAD you came in, Mr. Gildersleeve. McGee's been  
restless all evening.

FIB: How's your wife, Gildy?

HAL: My wife's out of town and you know it....because that's  
why we framed this ----

FIB: AHM...I....er....she is, eh? Out of town, eh?

MOL: Where'd she go, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: She went down to her sisters. Her sister's having a baby.

MOL: Did you get a telegram or something?

HAL: Oh no. But every year about this time she-- by the way,  
McGee, what are you doing tonight?

FIB: Who, me? Why...er...I dunno, Gildy. Hadn't given it a  
thought. Thought maybe I'd work a while on my ship model.

MOL: He's making a ship model in a glass bottle, Mr. Gildersleeve.  
Didn't you have some trouble with the keel, McGee?

FIB: Yes, I gotta get the hull outa there and...BUT WHY DID YOU  
ASK GILDERSLEEVE?

HAL: WELL...(LAUGHS) I just thought...well, I'm at sort of loose  
ends tonight and I thought maybe I'd drop down to the Elks  
for a while. How about going with me?

MOL: He can't. They don't allow women down there.

FIB: I AIN'T A WOMAN.

MOL: I am.

HAL: But look, Mrs. McGee....don't you think it would do McGee  
good to get out and mix with the boys for a while?

MOL: Oh will there be a lot of the boys there?

HAL: I'LL SAY THERE WILL, WE'VE ARRANGED--

FIB: OH, THERE WON'T BE MANY THERE ON A TUESDAY NIGHT, GILDY.  
Tuesdays kinda dull at the Elks.

HAL: Er...yes..I...er....(LAUGHS)...Yes, I guess it is, come to  
think of it. But we could have a rousing game of checkers,  
McGee....just you and I.

MOL: Heavenly days...you don't have to go clear down to the  
Elks to play checkers....we have a checkerboard right here.

FIB: Why Molly....I didn't know that. Where is it?

MOL: It's right out in the...YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE...(FADE OUT)...  
I THINK I CAN FIND IT ---- ....

FIB: Think fast, Gildersleeve. How do I get outa here.

HAL: I don't know, chum...but you've GOT to do it. By George  
we've had this poker game lined up for three weeks and you  
know it. Everybody's gonna be there. High stakes and a lot  
of laughs....AHHH, MRS. MCGEE....FIND THE CHECKERS?

MOL: (FADE IN) No, but I did even better. Here's the parcheesi board.

FIB: Parcheesi?!

HAL: I..er....I'm afraid I don't know how to play parcheesi.

MOL: Oh McGee can teach you in two minutes.

FIB: No I can't. He's too dumb.

HAL: Is that so?

FIB: YES THAT'S SO!

HAL: WHY YOU LITTLE....(LAUGHS) Say I guess I am at that. Look, Mrs. McGee....I think it would do McGee a lot of good to go down to the Elks tonight. It's...er...it's sort of special....

MOL: How, special?

HAL: Well, they...er....it's sort of a patriotic affair. In fact they've arranged sort of a patriotic game.

MOL: Really?

HAL: Yes, we call it, THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE. You see, every player gets a certain number of little counters which are colored red, white and blue. And the object of the game is to see who can get the most of them.

FIB: I've played it before, Molly. It's a fascinatin' game.

MOL: Well, that's entirely different. You boys run right along and play games.

FIB: HEY...THANKS, MOLLY! HOT DIGGETY!

HAL: Come on, McGee....we don't want to be late for that Red, White and Blue game, you know. (LAUGHS)

FIB: (LAUGHS) I'll say we don't. WELL, SO LONG, MOLLY...AND DON'T WORRY IF I COME HOME KINDA LATE.

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MOL: I won't dearie....you stay out as long as you want to.

HAL: IF HE'S LATER THAN THAT HE'LL CALL YOU UP.

FIB: G'bye, Molly.

MOL: Bye, dearie...gimme a kiss.

FIB: (FAST) OKAY...(KISS) G'BYE! COME ON THROCKY!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: (LAUGHS) Poor McGee...Now let's see...Well I better get busy on that chili con carne so --

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'! WHO? Oh hello, Mrs. Uppington. What? Oh we'd love to play bridge but MCGEE ISN'T HERE. HE WENT DOWN TO THE ELKS WITH MR. GILDERSLEEVE. WHAT? (LAUGHS) YES THEY HAVE A BIG POKER GAME ON, BUT THEY DON'T THINK I KNOW IT. YES, THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE! GOODBYE, ABIGAIL. (CLICK) (LAUGHS INTO)

ORK: SEXTETTE FROM "LUCIA"

(APPLAUSE)

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FIB & GILDERSLEEVE FADE IN SINGING "MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG" (LAUGHTER)

FIB: Boy is this gonna be a night! I'm gonna paint the town red with purple polka dots!

HAL: We ought to do this oftener, McGee... (LAUGHS) My goodness ...are we men or are we mice?

FIB: You'll think I'm a rat before I get thru playin' poker with you, Gildersleeve. I'm gonna send you home in a barrel.

HAL: Is that so!

FIB: I'll say so. I'm a woolly wolf from wild Wyoming and this is my night to howl...WAHOOOO!!!! Hey wait a minute!... this is where the Old Timer lives. Let's pick him up and take him along to the Elks. He promised he'd be there.

HAL: GOOD IDEA!!!

SOUND: DOUBLE FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH: DOOR KNOCK: DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Well hello there boys...whatcha want?

FIB: Come on down to the Elks and let us brand our initials on you with a little red-hot poker.

OLD M: Can't do it fellows...mamma doesn't want me to go out.

HAL: Oh come on....ASSERT YOURSELF.

FIB: You can't back out of this poker game, old Timer, - It would be unethical, unfair,

HAL: And unprofitable to McGee and me. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Throckmorton, but that ain't the way I heered it. THE WAY I HEERED IT, One feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE THE GOVERNMENT IS GONNA RAISE THE INCOME TAX SOMETHIN' TERRIFIC!" "ZAT SO?" says tother feller.....

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, what's the joke?

OLD M: It's no joke, Johnny. You'll find out!

HAL: Never mind that, Old Timer. You coming with us or aren't you?

OLD M: Well, I don't think mamma wants me to -

FIB: AW GO TELL HER YOU'RE COMIN'. Be independent!

OLD M: You mean speak right up?

HAL: That's it.

OLD M: Don't take any back talk, eh?

FIB: Certainly not. Don't be a mama's boy all your life!

OLD M: Just git up in my hind legs and tell her what's what, eh? Wait here a minute kids! (FADE OUT) HEY MAMMA, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO? I'M GONNA.....

HAL: We're probably doing him a big favor, McGee.

FIB: Sure we are. He's old enough to go out by himself at night.

SOUNDS: OFF MIKE: CRASHES..THUDS..GLASS CRASH..TERRIFIC CRASH.

(LONG PAUSE)

OLD M: (FADE IN) Sorry, boys. Mamma persuaded me to stay home tonight.

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: MUSIC BRIDGE:

FIB: Well, how about it Wilcox? You gonna back out on the biggest poker game we ever had?

HAL: Come on, Wilcox. You promised, you know.

WIL: I'm sorry, fellas...I can't do it. There's a new floor show at the Biltmore and I've got to go.

FIB: A fine thing...here you gotta chance to go out with a swell bunch o' guys!...and you pass it up for a gander at a bunch of chorus girls. GROW UP, WILCOX! DON'T BE A PLAYBOY ALL YOUR LIFE!

HAL: What will a night club do for you that a good poker game can't do? The stakes won't be any tougher.

WIL: I'm sorry. Some other time...besides I'm putting on this floor show myself.

HAL: Oh my goodness!

FIB: Okay okay...you got your foot in the door, Wilcox, you might as well wiggle your toes!

WIL: WELL, I CAN ALWAYS PLAY POKER, BUT I CAN'T PASS UP A CHANCE TO SHOW SOMEBODY HOW JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT WILL PROTECT AND PRESERVE AND BEAUTIFY THEIR LINOLEUM FLOORS CAN I?

FIB: Well, -

WIL: NO, I CAN'T. WHY WHEN THEY SEE HOW GLOCOAT WILL CUT DOWN THEIR WEAR AND TEAR AND SAVE THEM HOURS OF MOPPING AND SCRUBBING, BY SIMPLY POURING ON A FEW DROPS OF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT AND LETTING IT SHINE AS IT DRIES WITH NO RUBBING OR BUFFING, IT'LL MEAN A LOT MORE TO ME THAN SITTING AROUND WITH A BUNCH OF YOU MUGGS IN YOUR SHIRTSLEEVES, SQUINTING AT EACH OTHER OVER YOUR BUSTED FLUSHES! BUT HERE...TAKE THIS.

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HAL: What's this?

WIL: Ten bucks. I always lose anyway, and I don't want you guys to be out any dough because I didn't show up!

ORK: BRIDGE:

FIB: But look, Nick. This is the night of the big poker game. You promised you'd be there.

HAL: You're not going to welsh on us are you?

NICK: I'm not a Welsh. I'm a Grik. And I am not going to go to the Clob tonight. That's all I have to say, and if I don't like it, I know what I can do.

HAL: But look, Depopolis, my wife's out of town and McGee's got the night off and you know you like to play poker.

NICK: Smertainly I like to play poker. But tonight, I'm afraid you'll have to strangle along without Depopolis, because certain circumstinkers have come up which make it impositive

FIB: Is it..er...is it your wife?

NICK: er....yes.

HAL: Won't she let you go?

NICK: Sure she'll let me go.

FIB: WELL IF SHE'LL LET YOU GO WHY DON'T YOU GO? WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY?

NICK: Welllllllll - I am saying to my wife, Lock, Mrs. Depopolis, I am saying, putting my best foot in my mouth, LOOK, MRS. DEPOPOLIS, I AM GOING OUT TO PLAY POKER TINIHTS, I AM SAYING, AND SHE IS SAYING OKAY, SWEETS PATOOTIE, GO AHEAD!  
(~~WELL~~)

FIB: I don't get it. You got her permission, so come on.

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NICK: No sir. I won't do it! If my wife is saying I can't do it, then I would be with you in two jerks of a fairy tale, you grob me? But when she is saying "OKAY..GO AHEAD..."  
NO SIR! SHE CAN'T THROW DEPOPOLIS OUT OF HIS OWN HOUSE!  
I'M GOING TO STAY HOME TONIGHT IF IT TAKES ALL EVENING!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: BRIDGE:

FIB: Well, we seem to be the only guys in town with any spirit of independence, don't we, Gildersleeve:

HAL: Yes, but by George that <sup>shit</sup> ain't gonna spoil it for me!

NO SIR! I'M ON THE LOOSE AND I'VE THROWN AWAY THE WRENCH!

FIB: By the way, before we get to the club, Gildersleeve, there's one thing I wanna say.

HAL: What's that, little chum?

FIB: From the time we set down to play poker, we ain't friends any more. From there on in, it's dog eat dog, SEE? I'm gonna raise you so high you can look down the chimney of a full house.

HAL: IS THAT SO! WHY YOU LITTLE PALOOKA, I'LL BEAT YOUR ALLEGED BRAINS OUT WITH DEUCES BACK TO BACK!

FIB: Yeah? (LAUGHS) Gildersleeve, I hope you got hair on your chest, because you're goin' home without a shirt.

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE, IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE....  
(LAUGHS) But that's ridiculous...you couldn't think for ten seconds!

FIB: You wait till -

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TEE: Him mister!

FIB: Oh hlyah, sis.

HAL: Hello, little girl.

FIB: Ain't you out kinda late, sis?

TEE: So are you, I betcha.

HAL: That's different. We're grown up. Grownups don't need as much sleep as little girls.

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(REVISED)

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TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, because they don't, that's all. Children are so constituted that a maximum of relaxation is necessary for their proper physical development.

TEE: Yes but I - Hmnnnnnnnn?

FIB: I SAYS KIDS ARE SO CONSTITU-....You try it, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Okay. Now look, little girl -

TEE: All righty.

HAL: You know what metabolism is?

TEE: No. Do you?

HAL: Of course I do. Metabolism is the rate at which body energy is built up and torn down.

TEE: Well gee what do you build it up for if you're just gonna tear it down again?

HAL: BECAUSE THAT'S NATURE, THAT'S WHY. IT'S A PHYSIOLOGICAL PROCESS THAT IS NECESSARY TO THE..ER...TO THE...er...take it, McGee.

FIB: Look, sis. Why do you take a nap in the afternoon?

TEE: Because mama has a bridge party.

FIB: NO no no...that ain't the reason at all. You take a afternoon nap to restore the energy expended in your play. You gotta give nature a chance to recharge your dynamo, as it were.

TEE: As it were what?

FIB: JUST AS IT WERE.

TEE: How were it?

FIB: IT WERE - oh pshaw. You try again, Throcky.

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(REVISED)

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HAL: <sup>look here</sup> Now little girl, just consider your energy as fuel. Let's say you're a car and your energy is gasoline.

TEE: How much is Ethyl?

HAL: Ethyl is 21 cents a...IT DOESN'T MATTER!

TEE: It does too, I betcha. If I'M gonna be a automobile, I wanna know how much -

HAL: THIS IS JUST A HYPOTHETICAL CASE.

TEE: Gee, is it?

HAL: CERTAINLY...NOW THEN...LET'S SAY WHEN YOU PLAY OUTDOORS FOR THREE HOURS YOU BURN UP TEN GALLONS OF ENERGY...OR GASOLINE. YOU HAVE TO REPLACE THAT BEFORE YOU CAN KEEP ON RUNNING. SEE?

TEE: I could get somebody to pull me.

HAL: OHHHHHHHH...okay McGee.

FIB: What we're tryin' to get at sis, is this.

TEE: Is what?

FIB: Is this -

TEE: What?

FIB: WELL LEMME TELL YOU, DAD RAT IT!

TEE: All righty.

FIB: Suppose you never got enough rest, or sleep. You know what would happen? You'd get worn out...you'd get pale and anemic. The amount of body sugar that gives you energy -

TEE: What does?

FIB: SUGAR.

TEE: I'M HUNGRY!!!!

FIB: Oh pshaw!!! Go on home, sis! Come on, Throcky!

ORK: "HUT SUT SONG" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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HAL: Well come on in, McGee, and I hope all the card tables aren't taken.

FIB: WELL, IF YOU'D ORGANIZED THIS POKER GAME WITH A LITTLE MORE BRAINS, YOU'D OF RESERVED A TABLE!

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE...you said three weeks ago that YOU were going to organize this game.

FIB: That's why I thought you'd do it. You're always such a buttinski!

HAL: WELL THIS IS ONE TIME I SHOULD HAVE BUTTED IN, YOU FEEBLE, FRUSTRATED LITTLE FUMBLER! YOU COULDN'T ORGANIZE A BOLL WEEVEL PARTY AT THE COTTON CLUB!

FIB: Yeah? The trouble with you, Gildersleeve, is your voice drowns out your brains. You'd be better off if you'd think louder and talk softer.

HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRRD MAN, MCGEE! AND BY GEORGE, WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE TROUBLE I WENT TO --

FIB: Hey, Throcky!

HAL: What, Chum?

FIB: Who's that guy across the street? Ain't he a member of the club?

HAL: No. I never saw him before.

FIB: Okay. Just thought he might be a good victim for us. What was we saying?

H AL: Search me. I - Oh yes. (ROARS) BY GEORGE WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE TROUBLE I WENT TO, TO MAKE PLANS FOR A POKER GAME TONIGHT, I COULD USE YOUR HEAD FOR A HANDBALL!

FIB: GO ON!...YOU CAN'T EVEN USE YOUR OWN HEAD FOR A HEAD! AND IF YOU MAKE ONE PASS AT ME, GILDERSLEEVE, I'LL POP YOU SO HARD, THAT --

HAL: WHY YOU GABBY LITTLE GRUB, YOU COULDN'T POP A STICK OF BUBBLE GUM! AND FURTHERMORE I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF YOUR TWADDLE! I WOULDN'T PLAY POKER WITH YOU TONIGHT IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH, AND YOU PROBABLY WILL BE BECAUSE YOU <sup>ll</sup>BORE EVERYBODY ELSE TO DEATH.

FIB: THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, YOU BIG BAG OF BALOON JUICE! THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHER GUYS IN THE CLUB TO PLAY WITH. I DON'T NEED YOU. I CAN HAVE A BETTER TIME WITHOUT YOU ANYWAY.

HAL: AND THAT GOES FOR ME TOO, IN SPADES, DOUBLED AND REDOUBLED. I'M GOING TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND SEND A NIGHT LETTER TO MY WIFE.

FIB: THAT'S SWELL! GIVE HER MY LOVE. IT'LL GIVE HER THE ILLUSION THAT THERE'S A MAN IN THE FAMILY!

HAL: OHHHHHHHHHH! (*Exit muttering*)

~~FIB: So long, Gildersleeve.~~

~~HAL: Goodnight, little chum.~~

FOOTSTEPS FADING OUT

FIB: (LAUGHS) Good old Gildersleeve. He's got the makin's of a great guy. Got the makin's but he can't roll 'em!.. Oh well....now to show a few of these guys how to play poker.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: (THRU ECHO CHAMBER) HIYAH, EVERYBODY! GET OUT THE TABLES AND THE CARDS...I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH WITH A FLUSH!

(PAUSE)

FIB: (ECHO CHAMBER) HEY....ANYBODY HERE?

(PAUSE)

FIB: That's funny. There oughtta be a FEW guys around here.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well...this is a fine state of how do ye do. Here I am, spring in my heart...full of sulphur and molasses, and what happens? Everybody walks out on me! HEY PORTER! PEABODY!

JIG: Yassuh?

FIB: Ain't there ANYBODY around this joint but me?

JIG: Yassuh! Only Mist' Wallace Wimple, suh! He settin' in the li'bry.

FIB: Well, he's better'n nobody, but not much. Thanks, Peabody.

JIG: Rien de tout, suh?

FIB: Eh?

JIB: That's French fo' think nothin' of it.

FIB: Oh! Well I'll go in and talk to Wimple. Maybe I can whoop him up to go to a show or somethin'.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSE:

FIB: Hiyah, Wimple, old man. Remember me? Fibber McGee?

WIMP: Oh yes indeed. Good evening, Mr. McGee.

FIB: How about a little game o' five hundred rummy? Penny a point?

WIMP: No thank you. I never gamble.

FIB: Oh, you don't. Well.....er....Have a cigar?

WIMP: Thank you, Mr. McGee....I don't smoke.

FIB: You don't? Well, if we had a piece of string we could play cat's cradle. What say we have Peabody bring us in some rootbeer? Wanna wet your whistle?

WIMP: I can't whistle. I had braces on my teeth till I was twenty seven.

FIB: You still got braces on your soul, ain't you? Look, Wimple.

~~WIMP: Yes?~~

FIB: If you don't play cards or billiards or smoke or <sup>be a ke-man</sup> ~~drink on go~~ to shows, why the sam hill did you ever join the Elks?

WIMP: I like to sit in the window. It's the peachiest place in town to watch parades from.

FIB: Oh fer the...HEY WIMPLE...I'M DESPERATE!. I STARTED OUT TONIGHT TO KICK THE GONG AROUND AND SOMEBODY'S HID THE GONG. I WANNA HAVE SOME FUN! I WANNA LAUGH AND PLAY!

WIMP: I could take you home and show you my stamp collection, but my wife is mad at me.

FIB: She is eh? Whatja do?

WIMP: I talked back to her. That's why I'm here. I'm a wife-ugee!

FIB: That's tough, Wimple.

WIMP: She's awful mean to me, Mr. McGee. Sometimes I think I can't stand it another year! You know how it is.

FIB: No, I'm afraid I don't, Wimple. I got the best little wife in the world. Sweet, sympathetic and beautiful! (SIGHS)  
Wonder what she's doin' now?

WIMP: I know what mine is doing,

FIB: What?

WIMP: Rolling out some dough for pies in the kitchen.

FIB: Well at least she's a good cook.

WIMP: She's a terrible cook. But that way when she comes to the door with a rolling pin it doesn't seem too obvious.

FIB: Yeah? I guess I didn't realize how well off I am! I'm probably the happiest married guy in the world, Wimple. Why when I think of the fun, me and Molly have together, I just....well, I dunno why I ever wanna go out alone. In fact I don't know why I'm out alone tonight even.

WHY AM I OUT ALONE? I'M GOIN' HOME....GOODNIGHT, WIMPLE!

WIMP: Goodnight.

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH.... DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well...hello McGee! Did you forget something? It's only 9:15.

FIB: Yes...I forgot how nice it was to...I mean, well I just thought....Aw there wasn't much doin' down at the club so ...(SNIFF SNIFF) Hey, what's that I smell? Makes my mouth water.

MOL: Oh I was just fixing up some chili con carne, McGee. Want some?

FIB: Aw I don't wanna chisel in on any snack you fixed up for yourself.

MOL: That's all right. I fixed enough for two people.

FIB: TWO PEOPLE. YOU EXPECTING SOMEBODY?

MOL: YES.

FIB: WHO?

MOL: You!

FIB: OH!

ORCH: "YOU SHOULD BE SET TO MUSIC" FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
APRIL 22, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

U. S. CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a minute.

(PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

Before they return, let me remind you about the special bargain offer that many JOHNSON dealers are now making. How would you like to have a long-handled GLO-COAT applicator Free? Right now, and for a limited time, many dealers are offering one of these applicators absolutely Free with one quart of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT at the regular price of 98¢. The applicator is washable, and it may be used over and over. You'll find it very convenient -- a companion work-saver with GLO-COAT. Of course, if you don't know what a labor-saver GLO-COAT is, then you do have a treat coming. GLO-COAT is America's champion easy-to-use floor polish. Without any rubbing or buffing from you, GLO-COAT makes your linoleum and other floors sparkle with beauty, protects them against wear, makes cleaning easy. You simply apply GLO-COAT, let it dry for 20 minutes -- and presto, your floors are gleaming. See your dealer right away -- ask for this long-handled applicator Free with one quart of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT at the regular price of 98¢.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: (IN HIS SLEEP) Gimme another stack o' chips, fellas.....

Ohhhhhh.....Ohhhhhh.....OHHHHHH.....

MOL: MCGEEEE!! MCGEE! WAKE UP! YOU'RE DREAMING!

FIB: Well thank goodness..I had an awful nightmare. And I don't feel good....I'm sick. Get me another blanket, willya?

MOL: Chilly?

FIB: Musta been. I had two bowls of it. G'night.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

4/22/41

TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

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

.....

This is Harlow Wilcox, - reminding you that if the community in which you live does NOT observe Daylight Saving Time, - Fibber McGee & Molly will come to you, beginning next Tuesday night, one hour EARLIER. Goodnight.

.....  
if the  
Daylight  
to you,  
ER. Goodnight.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
APRIL 22, 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.  
.....

SON: (CALLING) Mom, can I have a quarter for the movies?

MOTHER: You've had your allowance, son -- but I'll tell you what I'll do -- I'll let you earn a quarter, if you'll wax-polish the car. I just bought a can of CARNU, that new JOHNSON auto polish that cleans and wax polishes in one application.

SON: It's a deal, Mom -- with CARNU, Jimmy Smith did their car in little over an hour -- and his Pop was so pleased he gave him an extra two bits. Hand me that JOHNSON'S CARNU -- you'll be riding in a new car tonight.

t

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

FIBBER

Tuesday - 4/29/41

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