

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN  
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#87) OK  
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ  
7:00-7:30 PM ) ( DECEMBER 7, 1936 ) ( MONDAY )  
PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS REBROADCAST: 11:00-PM

*How up*

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. (FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY) MONDAY, DEC. 7, 1936  
WMAQ (RED) 7:00-7:30 PM-ALSO REBROADCAST- (ADDITIONAL MATERIAL)

COMMERCIAL #1

According to schedule this is the moment when we tell you housewives how you can give your floors and linoleum a beautiful bright polish without any work or rubbing or buffing -- that is if you use GLO-COAT (Johnson's self-polishing GLO-COAT). While you sit back and take it easy, this remarkable liquid polish makes your floors gleam like new. You have no idea how much more attractive your rooms will look after your floors are polished with GLO-COAT. It seems to give freshness and brightness to the whole house. And the work it saves you! GLO-COAT protects floors with a wear-resisting polish that sheds dust and dirt and reduces floor cleaning work to practically nothing. Ask your dealer tomorrow for GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can. Spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. Johnson's self-polishing GLO-COAT -- made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S-WAX.



COMMERCIAL #2

Page 2.

You'll probably have a lot of company in your home around the holidays. The kitchen will be a busy room with baking and candy making going on, and lots of things are likely to be spilled on the floor. That means extra work for you, unless your linoleum and floors are protected with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. If your floors do have a shining GLO-COAT polish you won't have to worry about grease spots or stains. Dirt can be easily wiped off the surface and the floor will stay bright and clean for a long time. Why don't you save yourself a great deal of work by ordering JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow? It takes only a few minutes to apply. There's no rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT dries to a beautiful polish in just 20 minutes. When you order GLO-COAT, made by the makers of Johnson's Wax remember you save money by getting the larger sizes

eu:9:30 AM  
12 5-36

Page 2.

ORK: 1ST PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME UP TO FINISH --- - TANNER

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH -  
(\_\_\_\_\_).

ORK: SELECTION - (\_\_\_\_\_).

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:



ORK: MC GEE THEME - "RIDIN' AROUND" - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT):

WIL: WELL, AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD ELSEWHERE, CHRISTMAS IS APPROACHING, SO FIBBER IS LOOKING THRU THE NEWSPAPER FOR A TEMPORARY JOB TO MAKE A LITTLE YULETIDE PIN MONEY. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, READING THE PAPER AND DARNING SOCKS RESPECTIVELY, WE FIND, FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

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APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee...why don't you go out and help Silly with the dishes before you read the paper?

FIB: Oh, Silly's gettin' along all right. (CALLS) AIN'T YE, SILLY? (PAUSE) Sure he is. AHM. Say, here's an interestin' item in the paper, Molly. (PAPER RATTLE)

MOL: <sup>what is it</sup> I know. Mae West is recoverin' from her operation nicely.

FIB: <sup>Mae</sup> What was she operated on for?

MOL: <sup>7-1</sup> It was the only way they could get her hand off her hip

FIB: <sup>Here's an</sup> ~~Here's an~~ <sup>item</sup> this item is about Sing-Sing, Molly.

MOL: Oh, read it to me, McGee! Your friends are my friends, you know

FIB: AHM. Listen. It says that psychologists took mental tests o' the prison guards and the prisoners. And they proved that the prisoners are smarter'n the guards! I guess they got more time to think.

*7-1: read for that I would read it to you*

MOL: Well, there's no bars on a brain-cell. Personally I'd rather be foolish and free than a genius in the jug

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES FADE IN

SIL: Scuse me please ma'am. Scuse me, mist' McGee.

FIB: Smatter, Silly?

SIL: Wheeah at do the sauce'n cuppers go?

MOL: Where do the what go?

SIL: The sauce'n cuppers?

MOL: You mean the saup and cussers.

FIB: No, he means the causa 'n suppers.

SIL: Yassuh. Wha'd ah say?

MOL: You said the sauce'n cuppers?

SIL: Did ah? (LAUGHS) Wa'n' that cute?

MOL: No

SIL: No ma'am. But wheeahat do they go, please ma'am?

MOL: On the top shelf to the left of the cabinet, Silly?

SIL: Yas'm.

SOUND: (CLATTER OF DISHES ... FADE OUT)

FIB: HERE'S another cute item, Molly. (RATTLE OF PAPER) It says here that

MOL: I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOOKIN' AT THE WANT ADS FOR A JOB!

FIB: OH, I'll git to 'em soon enough, Molly. Nobody ever got a job by leapin right into 'em like that. Ye gotta sneak up on 'em.

MOL: Well don't worry. It won't bite ye, very hard.



FIB: Whaddye mean, bite me very hard?

MOL: You'll probably find a soft snap.

FIB: AHEM. What I was gonna say, Molly, I see where the Huskies are gonna battle the Panthers in the Rose Bowl.

MOL: Who's gonna do what, where?

FIB: The Huskies. Gonna play the Panthers. In the Rose Bowl.

MOL: Now that would be very interesting if I knew who the Huskies or the Panthers were or what a rose bowl was. It sounds like a dog-fight in a hot-house.

FIB: Where you been all your life, Molly? The <sup>Huskies</sup> Panthers is the University of Washington football team. The Panthers is Pittsburgh and the Rose Bowl is a stadium out in Hollywood.

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: NOSSUH!? Did you say nossuh?

SIL: Yassuh!

MOL: You mustent interrupt us like that Silly.

SIL: Nossuh. Ah mean no, ma'am. But Mist' McGee, he was wrong, ma'am.

FIB: Who, me?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You mean about the Panthers?

SIL: Nossuh

FIB: Oh you mean about the Huskies.

SIL: Nossuh

FIB: About the Rose Bowl?

SIL: Yassuh. Lil ole rose-bowl ain' in Hollywood, please suh. Rose bowl, am out in Pasadeena.

FIB: AHEM. Listen Sil. You go and finish the dishes and quit interruptin'.

SIL: Yassuh. On'y ah din wan' you-all to go out Hollywood instead o' Pasadeena an' miss that lil ole football game, please suh.

MOL: He's not going to the game Silvius. He was just reading about it.

FIB: Besides, that game aint till New Year's Day.

SIL: Yassuh. Happy New Yeah, suh!

FIB: The same to y-... GO ON BACK AND FINISH THEM DISHES!

MOL: I see where they think Mr. Roosevelt was pretty successful with his Pan American mission, McGee.

FIB: Yeah... that's what's known as the European technique, Molly.

MOL: What?

FIB: Panning Americans. It says here (RATTLE PAPER) Thet Europe is considerin' payin' a little on their debts to us so's to re-establish their credit.

MOL: Well, it's the old story. There's hoodlum's in the neighborhood so the cop on the beat gets a cigar. (PAUSE) Did you hear me McGee?



FIB: I was readin', Molly. LISTEN TO THIS This is 'pretty hot  
It says that "BILL MCGEE, COLUMBUS RIGHT-HANDER, LEADS THE  
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FER 1936 WITH A AVERAGE O' 619"  
Bill McGee. Wonder if that could be my cousin Willie that  
I taught to pitch back in Peoria in 1916... or was it 17?  
No, it was 1916. Let's see now. what time is it now? X

MOL: Eight minutes after six.

FIB: I thought so. It was 1920. AHEM. I taught 'Bill to pitch  
when I was top southpaw in the Three-Eye League.

MOL: <sup>3 I</sup> That would be your league all right. I...I. I

FIB: AHEM. I taught young Bill McGee to pitch a baseball by  
throwin' lemons at nails I pounded into the side o' the big  
barn. Made him throw lemons till he could stick 'em onto a  
nail every time. By the Spring o' '21 that barn was stained  
lemon-yellow all over. Funny thing, too, - the acid  
in them lemons was so astringent that it shrunk the barn way  
down and we had to use it for a doghouse!

MOL: I suppose he wrote that song - "Pitcher Me Without You."

SIL: Jouse me, please ma'am.

MOL: Now what's the matter Silly?

SIL: Wheeah at do the shakers go, please ma'am?

MOL: The shakers?

FIB: Most of 'em go into burlesque shows, Sil ~~Why'd you ask?~~

MOL: SALT SHAKERS, Iggnuts.

FIB: Oh.

SIL: Yassuh!

MOL: They go on the lower shelf to the right, Silly.

SIL: Thank ye ma'am. Ah's pretty nesh thru now, ma'am.

MOL: Well straighten things up and you can go home.

SIL: Yas'm.

FIB: ~~←~~ (RATTLE PAPER) Listen to this, Molly. It says here that  
Japan is tryin' to influence the elections in China. They're  
offerin' free rice for voters.

MOL: I see. As Chow Maine goes, so goes the country.

FIB: AHEM. Say... I'd like to see this <sup>novel</sup> picture, Molly. It's  
all about that old Army officer who gets up at daylight to  
~~put blackin'~~ <sup>darken</sup> into his Gray hair.

MOL: What picture is that?

FIB: The General Dyed At Dawn. And I'd like to see this Charge o'  
the Light Brigade, too.

MOL: <sup>The Charge of the Light Brigade</sup> That reminds me, McGee. The bill from the electric company  
came this morning. AREN'T YOU AT THE WANT ADS YET?

FIB: Just readin' 'em now, Molly...let's see...real estate,  
suburban... business opportunities building materials.  
lost 'n found... HERE WE ARE... HELP WANTED MALE. HAAAAA  
here's just the thing.

MOL: What?



FIB: The Wistful Vista Jewelry shoppe needs a helper. I think I'm gonna enjoy that job.

MOL: Oh, you think you will! Why don't you get the job first?

FIB: Shucks, that's in the bag, Molly. Watch what you can do with brains and personality. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: (CLICK) Hello, operator. Gimme 7-11. (PAUSE) Hello, number 7-11? Oh excuse me. (CLICKING) Hello OPERATOR I DIDN'T GET SEVEN ELEVEN. THROW 'EM AGAIN! (PAUSE) HELLO, WISTFUL VISTA JEWELRY SHOPPE? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN' YES.

MOL: Ask him for the job nice, now.

FIB: (QUIET, MOLLY) HELLO, MR. SINFULBAUM? SAY, I WAS DRIVIN' PAST YOUR JEWELRY STORE THIS MORNIN' ABOUT THIRTY MILES AN HOUR AND I NOTICED YOU GOT A STICKPIN IN YOUR WINDOW WITH A DIAMOND IN IT. SURE...BUT I NOTICED A FLAW IN THE DIAMOND. OKAY. I'LL HOLD THE PHONE WHILE YOU TAKE A LOOK. (HUMS)

MOL: HOW could you see a flaw in a diamond in a window across the street at thirty miles an hour!

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Take it easy. HELLO SINFULBAUM. IT HAS GOT A FLAW, EH? (LAUGHS) I THOUGHT SO. WHAT? OH THAT WASN'T SO TOUGH FER A FELLER THAT KNOWS STONES LIKE I DO. EH? WHY...OH NO - I WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED - EH? - NO! - NO - EH? WELL - SAY I MIGHT AT THAT. HOW MUCH DOES IT PAY? SURE... JUST FER A FEW DAYS, EH? WELL I'LL TAKE IT, JUST AS A FAVOR TO YOU, SINFULBAUM. OKAY. Be right down. (CLICK) WELL, MOLLY... WE GOT A JOB!

MOL: McGee... what is this? How did you know there was a flaw in that diamond?

FIB: Oh I used to own it, Molly. I lost it to Mort Toops in a poker game and he sold it to Sinfulbaum. I seen it in the window yesterday. Come on... let's go

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: SELECTION:( ) - COMO.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT):

WIL: That was Ted Weems playing Who Sins You, featuring Perry Como. AND NOW TO THE WISTFUL VISTA JEWELRY SHOP. MR SINFULBAUM, THE PROPRIETOR HIGHLY IMPRESSED BY MCGEE'S EXPERT, (if only vocal,) KNOWLEDGE OF JEWELS, HAS TAKEN THE DAY OFF AND LEFT OUR FRIENDS IN CHARGE.



MOL: What on earth do you know about jewelry, McGee?

FIB: Oh don't worry about me, Molly. Nobody's gonna take any diamonds from under my nose.

MOL: Whose gonna take the rings from under your eyes?

FIB: Go on. You think nobody else knows anything about jewelry just because your Uncle Dennis was took away in bracelets and put to work polishin' pecks.

MOL: Don't be funny, McGee. Me uncle was only detained on a technicality.

FIB: Sure and that technicality carried 50,000 volts, they tell me.

MOL: Don't be silly. What I wanta know is suppose somebody comes in here and wants you to fix a watch or something.

FIB: ~~Don't worry about me.~~ I used to remodel 8-day clocks into wrist watches for 6-day bike racers. Say <sup>supplains</sup> what did he say about the burglar alarms?

MOL: He says always press this button before you open the showcases or the alarm rings...like this...see?

SOUND: SHRILL ALARM BELL. OUT:

FIB: I git it. If ye press the button first it don't ring. < I suppose if ...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh how do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hiyah sis. What can we do fer ye?

GIRL: (TOUGH). Hello, buddy. Listen. Me boy friend is gonna gimme a ring fer Christmas, see and he dunno what's me boithstone. <sup>see</sup> What's me boithstone, buddy?

FIB: Let's see...we'll look it up. What month, sis?

GIRL: Septembeh.

MOL: Heavenly days! ... (KINDA <sup>hard</sup> TOUGH, ISN'T SHE, MCGEE) What's <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~ birthstone?

FIB: FLINT, sis!

GIRL: T'anks, buddy.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Fine salesmanship, McGee! Why didn't you try to sell her something?

FIB: We ain't interested in that class o' trade, Molly. Fine jewelry has gotta have fine customers.

MOL: You forget where jewelry comes from, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Gold out of dirt, diamonds out of clay, coral out of mud and pearls out of dyspeptic oysters!

FIB: Well, many a queen wears a skunk coat, Molly. They don't --

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hiyah, bud. What can I do fer ye?

SCOT: Good day to ye, laddie. I dinna want a thing. I just coom in to set ma watch.

MOL: Oh, go right ahead.



SCOT: Thank ye, lass. But which clock is the richt one?

FIB: Well we got all kinds o' clocks here bud. Just pick out any one, and eet your watch by it.

SCOT: Aye but they'rrrrrrre all differrent times.

FIB: Well the time is different all over the world, Scotty. And we got a international reputation. Where you from?

SCOT: Edinburrgh.

FIB: Okay. Set it by that clock over there. It's about 11:30 in Edinburgh right now, I'm sure.

SCOT: A M or P.M.?

FIB: I am.

SCOT: So am I.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well of all the silly....MCGEE. Tell me something.

FIB: What?

MOL: Tell me WHAT EVER BECAME OF YOU?

FIB: AHEM Say, Molly did ye see the cute little cuff links they got here in the showcase? They --

SOUND: ALARM

MOL: The BUTTON MCGEE...THE BUTTON...SHUT IT OFF...

SOUND: ALARM OUT:

FIB: I dunno why I always forget that thing. I was gonna say that these cuff links remind me o' some I had once. Still got one but the other's missin'.

MOL: It would be. You're the type.

FIB: What type?

MOL: The Missing Link type.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Oh hiyah, sis? What can I do for ye. Somethin' fer a Christmas Gift? How about a silver mounted clinical thermometer? Swell thing fer the sick room. How do ye feel now? Let's see your tongue. Nos. Then how about a nice set o' silverware?

WEARY: I guess you don't remember me, folks, though I remember you quite well, we've met several times before I think the last time was when you were raffling off a racehorse only thank goodness I didn't win it I wouldn't have known what on earth to do with it if I had won it so I remember you folks very well you're Mr. and Mrs. McGee aren't you, I'm Mrs. Wearybottom.

FIB: Ohhhhh yes. Mrs. Wearybottom, ~~Wally~~ Hiya Weary. How you been?

WEARY: Oh I've been all right though goodness me this Christmas shopping just wears a body out don't it it certainly does it seems that I'm on the go from morning till night and don't seem to get a thing accomplished that I set out to do and I've got a shopping list as long as your leg only you're a little too short have you got any fountain pens?

FIB: Fountain pens, sis? Well yes, but shucks, you better think twice before you get a fountain pen? I don't believe you got the confidence to work cross-word puzzlee with a pen, and besides, think how they're liable to leak.



MOL: McGee... maybe Mrs. Wearybottom WANTS a fountain pen!

FIB: I know... but I was just gonna tell about my old Pal, *Wileop*  
~~Wip~~ *Wip* Typer was his name. He ~~was~~ *was* a radio announcer.  
 Well sir, *Wip* took him a fancy for a fountain pen, just  
 like you, Mrs. Wearybottom, and it leaked so much he had to  
 take up undertaking. Didn't dare wear anything but black!  
 There he was, a radio announcer at heart, forced into a  
 business where he had to talk in whispers. Just on account  
 of a little fountain pen!

WEARY: Well my goodness imagine that now I guess it just goes to  
 show doesn't it what a little thing can do it seems harmless  
 and yet it can change the whole course of a body's life and  
 just when I was considering opening up a little bakery over  
 on 14th and Oak streets too and here I almost buy a fountain  
 pen imagine me as a mortician I don't believe I could do it  
 Merry Christmas to both of you.

DOOR SLAM: *applause*

FIB: Well, Molly, at least we're buildin' up a reputation for  
 service. If we

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Hi there What have you got in the shape of cigarette cases

MOL: Compacts!

MAN: No thanks!

DOOR SLAM: *applause*

FIB: As I was sayin', Molly, it ain't the tinkle of the cash  
 register that tickles a merchant. It's the happy gleam  
 in the eyes of his custo-

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh how do you do.

FIB: Yiyah, bud, what's on your mind? I got some real nice pearl  
 handled opera glasses, if ye want somethin' nifty for the  
 ball and chain. Or how about a set o' --

BLOT: Don't waste the salesmanship - my boy... save it for the  
 customers. Are you the proprietor of this magnificent  
 emporium?

MOL: Wel - 1-1 no, we just --

FIB: Sure, bud. What's on your mind?

BLOT: *Saw* Allow me to introduce myself. I am Horatio K. Bommah, suh.  
 Yes yes. Of the Brazilian Bommahs.

MOL: ~~Oh, a Brazilian Bommer! How do you do, I'm sure.~~  
 This is me husband, Fibber McGee.

FIB: Make it snappy, Bud! This is my busy day. AHEM.

BLOT: Very glad to make your acquaintance, my young friend. I can  
 see from the way you lean on the counter that you are an  
 expert in gems.

FIB: You betcha, bud. I used to own the biggest opal in the world.

MOL: Opal sauce.

BLOT: What say, my dear?

MOL: Nothing, Mr. Bommer. Go ahead.



BLOT: Oh yes...well, I was about to say, my dear sir, and madame, ~~that~~ <sup>and</sup> as half owner on the Boomer Mines, in Brazil, the <sup>world's</sup> greatest diamond-bearing strata... (yes and getting strata and strata all the time)... ~~in the Western Hemisphere~~, I am authorized to part with a small handful of our genuine Brazilian stones at a sacrifice to ~~a few preferred customers~~

MOL: Whose sacrifice - ours?

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Let's see some of 'em Boomer.

BLOT: Certainly my boy... certainly. Here. A dozen o' dese'll dazzle you.

SOUND: RATTLE ON COUNTER (PEBBLES ON GLASS)

FIB: Wait'll I put a magnifying lens in my eye... there... SAY THIS HERE IS A BEAUTIFUL STONE, MOLLYS... LOOK. A PINK DIAMOND AND ~~ONLY A TRIFLE SCRATCHED!~~ <sup>with a black seife</sup>

BLOT: Sorry my boy, - that's my fingernail you're looking at.

MOL: You got the glass wrong-side-to your eye, McGee <sup>Jefferson</sup>

FIB: Oh yes. AREM. Well, they're goodlooking stones, Molly. How much a pound, bud?

BLOT: A POUND!

MOL: Heavenly days... a pound of diamonds.

FIB: Well then how about two pounds. I saw some with FLAWS in 'em.

WIL: BUT YOUR FLAWS AND LINOLEUM WILL LOOK LIKE NEW AGAIN AFTER A BEAUTY TREATMENT OF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT®.

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Don't pay any attention to him, Molly. He's just a rough diamond lookin' for a place to set. How much a pound for the stones, bud?

BLOT: Well, let me see... I'd say in the neighborhood... of... well in the neighborhood of...

MOL: Remember it <sup>will</sup> MIST be a nice neighborhood.

BLOT: Yes, I'd say in the neighborhood of fifty dollars a pound and I can only spare a couple of pounds.

FIB: Let's see how much money there is in the cash register...

MOL: MCGEE! You can't go ahead and buy a lot of --

FIB: Quiet, Molly. This is an important deal.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

FIB: Sorry Boomer. There's only about 27 bucks in the ~~shop~~ <sup>till</sup>

BLOT: Well now let me see... perhaps I can make some small adjustment in the price. The hand that has tilled the soil can never sell the till, if that means anything, and it probably doesn't... Just a moment till I figure out the export duties and the demurrage... 19% advalorem 40% to Peoria Glass Company... new front fender... a short beer YES MY FRIEND... I FIND I CAN MAKE THE PRICE EXACTLY 27 DOLLARS A POUND. And I don't mind telling you, you've made a good bye. And so have I. Good bye.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hot dog. Imagine that, Molly? A pound of diamonds for 27 bucks! Real Brazilian ones too. And ye know what that means.

MOL: What Brazilian?

FIB: Yes.

MOL: Yes.

FIB: What?

MOL: Nut's both of ye!



ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: SELECTION ( )

WIL: COMMERCIAL (?)

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ORK: McGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WIL: WELL, MR. SINFULBAUM, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE JEWELRY STORE, IS STILL AWAY, LEAVING FIBBER AND MOLLY IN CHARGE. THEY HAVEN'T SOLD ANYTHING YET, BUT AS FIBBER SAYS, "THEY'RE BUILDING GOOD WILL". WHO ARE THEY TO PUT BUSINESS BEFORE SENTIMENT? AND HERE THEY ARE TALKING TO A CUSTOMER

MAN: Yes, ~~but I tell you~~ I want an engagement ring. Something good. (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) You know how it is.

MOL: Isn't it sweet, McGee? I feel so romantic, selling an engagement ring I feel sort of like a cupid.

FIB: This ain't any weather to feel like a cupid. Molly. Make it Santy Claus and keep your mittens on.

MAN: Listen here... I... I (LAUGHS) Well I suppose it's more important to me than you... (LAUGHS) But how about an engagement ring?

FIB: Listen, bud... I don't believe you understand the seriousness of this business. You considered pretty well takin' this step?

MAN: Well (LAUGHS) I... er

FIB: There... ye see? You haven't considered all the angles. Have you got any right to gamble on this girl's future? Suppose she loses her job? How do you know what fortune holds for you? What's waitin' round the corner?

MAN: My girl... (LAUGHS) you see. we...



FIB: Anhh, then I'm still in time? You just go home and think it over, bud, and years later, you'll be dandlin' a little feller on your knee and tellin' him thank goodness, Mr. McGee talked me outa that marriage!"

MOL: Who's the "Little fellow" then?

FIB: It's his nephew. So, long bud, and good luck. NO NO...don't thank me. It's perfectly all right. I'd do it fer anybody.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: A fine business. Tryin' to talk a man out of his own wedding.

FIB: Listen, Molly. An engagement ring might look pretty small to you but it's big enough so nine men outa ten can put their foot in it. Now look at these little solitaire rings here in the case....

SOUND: ALARM...

MOL: THE BUTTON MCGEE...THE BUTTON... SHUT IT OFF...THE BUTTON!

SOUND: OUT

FIB: I keep forgettin' that dad ratted alarm. Why, if

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh hello there little girl.

FIB: Hi there sis.

TEE: Hi.

FIB: What can we do for you?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says what is it you want? (CUTE ISN'T SHE MOLLY) Doin' your Christmas shoppin' sis?

TEE: I'm not going to do any I betcha.

FIB: Ye aren't eh? Why not?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says why not?

TEE: Why not what?

FIB: Why not do any Christmas shopping?

TEE: Who for?

FIB: Why...er fer ANYBODY.

TEE: Oh no, Mister. I can't shop for just anybody, I betcha.

FIB: No, I mean...well...for your. LISTEN...WHAT DID YOU WANT?

TEE: I wanna doll buggy anna sled anna bottla perfume anna ski suit anna

FIB: NO NO NO...I didn't say what did you want

TEE: You did too. I betcha.

FIB: Well, I meant what did you want in HERE. What'd you come in for?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says oh fer the...LISTEN...WHAT IS IT YOU WANT US TO DO?

TEE: Fix my wrist watch I betcha. It's always the same time. Look

FIB: Let's see it...Hmmm. Look, Molly. A ten cent wrist watch with the hands painted on it.

MOL: Talk yourself out of THAT, SMART BOY!

FIB: Well now I dunno, sis. This here's a pretty good watch. It says twelve o'clock on it just as plain.

TEE: I know it. but gee it isn't ALWAYS twelve o'clock I betcha.



FIB: ~~3~~ Now but listen... (WHISPER) Twelve o'clock is about the time Santa Claus comes down your chimney. And this watch is so's you won't forget to watch for him... see?

TEE: Awww.....

FIB: Yes sir! Look at that little face, Molly. Drinkin' in every word, so you just wait up till Santa Claus comes down the chimney sis, and then look at your watch. It'll say just twelve o'clock exactly!

TEE: Do you really think Santa Claus will come down our chimney, Mister.

FIB: You betcha sis!

TEE: AND TO THINK I'D ASK A <sup>dumb</sup> GUY LIKE YOU TO FIX A <sup>m</sup> WATCH!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well fer the-

~~DOOR SLAM~~

RUSS: All Tovarish! ~~Allo Babouschka.~~

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

FIB: What's on your mind, bud?

RUSS: I want to buy CHRITCHMAS PRASANT FOR MY LITTLE BOY.

MOL: I see... something for the little boy. Maybe a nice silver comb...

RUSS: NO NO NO BABOUSHKA. COMBS IS FOR SISSY. MY LITTLE BOY HE IS WANTING TOY POLICEMEN. ~~NOTHING WILL SATISFY HIM A TOY POLICEMEN EXCEPT.~~

MOL: I'm very sorry but we have no toy policemen.

RUSS: THEN YOU ARE HAVING A SIGN IN THE WINDOW WHICH IS BEING ~~ON TREETHEFT FOR TALLING LIES TO PEOPLE.~~

FIB: Now wait a minute bud, We don't advertise any toy policemen in our windows.

RUSS: LISTEN, TOVARISH. IT IS SAYING IN WINDOWS "WE HAVE FINE LINE OF SILVER COPS" I AM READING VERY GOOD ENGLISH AND WHEN I AM READING SILVER COPS I AM WANTING SAME THING TO BUY SOME.

MOL: Ohhhh, Silver cups. Those little muggs.

RUSS: SURE... COPS IS ALWAYS MUGGS, I THINK

FIB: Where'd you learn English, that you read so good, bud?

RUSS: In NIGHT SCHOOL.

FIB: I thought so. You got no business usin' night school English in broad daylight. You come back tonight and read that sign again.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Fast thinkin', McGee. Only you MIGHT have tried to sell him something else. Heavenly days, you talked a man out of marrying, and a woman out of buying a fountain pen, and another man out of buying a finger ring because you said he was the acid type, and a girl out of buying an umbrella because we wouldn't have any more rain till spring... do you call THAT good business?

FIB: Well I dunno, Molly, it's good psychology. It keeps the customer's good will if we make 'em think you're lookin' out fer their interests and...

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh it's Silly Watson...hello Silvius. What have you got there?



FIB: Hiyah, Sil. What's on your mind?

SIL: Hiyah, Ma'am. Hiyah Boss. Can yo all fix this lil ole clock, please suh?

FIB: Wno me? (LAUGHS) Smucks, Sil, you come to the best clock fixer in the business today. I gave Big Ben his first haircut and put three new crystals in the Watch on the Rhine. "CAN I FIX A CLOCK" Ha Ha!

MOL: Well... can you?

SIL: Yassuh. Can yo', suh?

FIB: Why Sil, out in Cooper, Colorado I used to be knowed as Clock Doctor McGee. CLOCK-DOCTOR MCGEE, THE CONSCIENTIOUS CORRECTOR OF CHRONOLOGICAL CREATIONS AND CLEVER CRYSTAL CRAFTSMAN OF COOPER, COLORADO.

SOUND: CUCKOO. CUCKOO

FIB: Who said that?

SIL: Nobody suh. Tha's this lil ole clock, please suh. She done ~~COCK~~ <sup>Cuckoo</sup> when she oughta ROO, and versa visa, suh.

MOL: I see Silly, You mean the cuckoo clock has gone cuckoo.

SIL: In roun numbehs, Ma'am. Yas'm?

FIB: Well whaddye want me to do with it, Sil?

SIL: Fix it please suh.

FIB: Well just what's wrong with it?

SIL: Effen ah know dat, please suh, ah'd fix it mahself.

FIB: Oh you would, eh? (LAUGHS) No, you done right bringin' it to a expert sil.

MOL: A what?

FIB: ExPERT I says.

SOUND: CUCKOO.

SIL: You see. She done cookoo 'w'en she ain supposed to

FIB: Jes needs a little adjustin' Sil. Hold it like this hand me a screw driver, Molly. I think I know what's wrong thanks. Now let's see... Oh yes... hold it now Sil.

SIL: Yassuh...

SOUND: CLINKERING...WHIRRRRRR

FIB: (OVER WHIRR) Now listen... I THINK IT GOT IT NOW

SOUND: WHIRR INTO BIRD CALLS

MOL: Heavenly days, it's gone Elmo Tanner on us!

FIB: Masta turned it the wrong way. HOLD IT AGAIN SIL. I THINK I GOT THE IDEA NOW...

SOUND: CUCKOO

FIB: SHUT UP!

DOOR SLAM

WOMAN: Excuse me please, have you the correct time?

SOUND: CUCKOO CUCKOO CUCKOO

WOMAN: Thank you. Can you imagine that? I was four hours off?

DOOR SLAM

MOL: One touch of cuckoo makes the whole world kin.

SIL: The whole worl' kin wah?

FIB: ~~The whole world kin try to hold this clock still while I fix it.~~ <sup>make them houses lighter will fly</sup> GRAB IT SIL... HOLD IT STEADY.

SIL: ~~Yassuh.~~ <sup>Cuckoo</sup>

FIB: ~~One more little adjustment.~~ <sup>Small bird you got there Sil</sup>

DOOR SLAM



WHEE: WHO'S THE PROPRIETOR IN HERE, SONNY?

FIB: Oh hello. there grandmaw. (SOTTO VOICE) Wait on her. Molly  
will ye while I fix this clo-

MOL: Wait on her yourself, Master mind. You've sold nothing yet  
today. I'll see what I can do with the clock.

FIB: Okay, but if she--

WHEE: WELL SKIPPY...DO I GET WAITED ON OR DON'T I?

FIB: Comin' grandmaw...what was it you wanted? Something in a  
nice...

WHEE: NEVER MIND GOIN INTO <sup>you screw talk Skippy</sup> ~~THE ROUTINE~~, ~~SHORTY~~ I know what I want.  
I want a slave bracelet for my ankle.

FIB: What does your Uncle want with a Slave bracelet

WHEE: No. FOR MY ANKLE!

FIB: Oh...a slave bracelet for your ankle. (LAUGHS) You a slave,  
grandmaw.

WHEE: I'LL say so ~~shorty~~. A SLAVE TO LOVE. AHHHHHHH LEE!

SOUND: CUCKOO

WHEE: OH IS THAT SO... ELL LISTEN HERE, SONNY *Shorty*

FIB: That wasn't me grandmaw...we're fixing a clock over there.  
Now let's see...what size.

WHEE: OH JUST FIT IT ON MY ANKLE, SONNY. HERE. I'LL PUT MY FOOT  
UP ON THE COUNTER SO YOU CAN -

FIB: HEY WATCH THE GLASS GRAN'MAW!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH. ALARM BELL...

MOL: (C/F MIKE) THE BUTTON MCGEE... THE BUTTON... SHUT OFF THE  
BUTTON.

FIB: IT DON'T WORK...THE GLASS IS BUSTED...LISTEN GRANDMAW...

SOUND: CUCKOO CUCKOO...STEADILY TILL END

FIB: DAD RAT IT KEEP THAT THING QUIET...

SIL: WE GOT IT FIXED MIST' MCGEE...

WHEE: WELL WHERE' MY SLAVE BRACELET...COME ON NOW...I GOT A DATE...

FIB: NEVER MIND THAT ALARM YOU CUCKOO...NOT YOU GRANDMAW. I  
MEAN KEEP THAT CUCKOO QUIET...CUT THE WIRE SOMEBODY. DO  
SOMETHIN'...

SOUND: CUCKOO UP...ALARM UP...WHEE: SHOUTING...ALARM OUT CUCKOO  
OUT

(PAUSE)

FIB: I' I THINK I GOT IT STOPPED NOW. MOLLY. I.. WELL WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

TEE: HI MISTER. I JUST HEARD THE NOISE SO I CAME IN I BETCHA  
GEE ARE YOU HAVING THE FUN THOUGH? CAN I PLAY.

FIB: CAN YOU PL. HEY MOLLY...HOLD THESE WIRES SO I CAN

SOUND: ALARM CUCKOO...WHEEDELDEAK...ETC ETC WAY UP TO MUSIC

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE

WILL: COMMERCIAL



ORK: SELECTION ( )

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG GAGS

TAG GAGS:

MOL: McGee... what ever <sup>Clock</sup> was wrong with that clock of Silly's?

FIB: Well, I didn't want to say anything, Molly. After all, a clock's got the right to lead it's own life.

MOL: Yee, but what -

FIB: Shhhh... when I got the clock apart, I found the cuckoo had laid a egg!

MOL: Shhhh... how about us?

FIB: Shhhhhh... good night.

MOL: (SOFTLY) Good night, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

ANNOUNCER: DO NOT MENTION CHICAGO STUDIOS IN SIGNOFF.

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12/7/36



ORK: SELECTION (

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG GAG:

TAG GAG:

MOL: McGee... what ever was wrong with that clock of Silly's? <sup>Clock</sup>

FIB: Well, I didn't want to say anything, Molly. After all, a clock's got the right to lead it's own life.

MOL: Yes, but what -

FIB: Shhhh... when I got the clock apart, I found the cuckoo had laid a egg!

MOL: Shhhh... how about us?

FIB: Shhhhh... good night.

MOL: (SOFTLY) Good night, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

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