

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY

WRITER DON QUINN
OK

CHICAGO OUTLET (WMAQ)
(8:00-8:30 PM) (DECEMBER 10th 1937) (MONDAY DAY)
11:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

not correct

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE.

WIL: The Johnston Wax Program, presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME - TANNER

WIL: Ted Weems and his Orchestra open the show with "WHO PUT THAT MOON IN THE SKY?"

ORK: "WHO PUT THAT MOON IN THE SKY?" - down for -

WIL: OPENING COMMERCIAL:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

These busy days when you're rushing around trying to catch up with your Christmas list, you certainly don't want to do any unnecessary housework. Well, here's an easy, simple way to keep your kitchen linoleum clean and sparkling so you can be proud to have your friends see it at any time. Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! This remarkable no-rubbing polish seals the floor against dirt and stains -- protects the surface from wear -- makes the floor much easier to clean. No wonder JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT far outsells all other no-rubbing polishes on the market. There is nothing like it for inlaid or printed linoleum, linoleum rugs, rubber tile, asphalt, and painted or varnished wood floors. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORK: SWELL TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME - down for -

WIL: MOLLY IS STAYING ANOTHER WEEK AT AUNT SARAH'S, SO FIBBER, BEING A TEMPORARY BACHELOR, HAS TAKEN A VICARIOUS INTEREST IN OTHER PEOPLES ROMANCES. YES, EVEN TO THE EXTENT OF OPENING UP THE NEW MCGEE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU. AND HERE, SITTING BEFORE A MASS OF CORRESPONDENCE - A BUSY LITTLE BEE GETTING HONEY OUT OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS, WE FIND, FIBBER (TILL-DEATH-DO-US-PART) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: (THEME)

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: Let's see now...Tennessee Mountaineer, 46, wants to meet wealthy widow of 12 or thirteen. (PAPER) Swedish masseuse would like to get in touch with India Rubber Man....

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) Hello. Yes this is the MCGEE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU . "We Get you the Mate, you Bring the Potatoes?" YES. WHAT SAY SIS? YOU THINK HE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU BUT HE AIN'T SURE? WELL, DESCRIBE HOW HE ACTS SIS. HIS EYES LOOK KINDA GLASSY...that's encouraging...YES. HE DON'T SEEM TO EAT MUCH? FINE! FACE IS FLUSHED? I think you got him, Sis. SHORT OF BREATH? Yes...LOOKS DEEP INTO YOUR EYES, WHILE PRESSIN' HIS HAND TO HIS SIDE? Oh, that's...HEY WHICH SIDE, SIS? Oh oh! THAT AIN'T LOVE - THAT'S APPENDICITIS! DON'T MENTION IT! (CLICK) Hey Sil!

SIL: Yassuh, boss?

FIB: Bring me the file on that Spanish Dancer who wants to marry a man whose false teeth click. I wanta see if --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

MAN: MCGEE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU?

FIB: That's me, bud. Wanta Wife? Now my theory is this; always try to marry opposite types. For you I'd find a good-lookin' woman who--

MAN: Listen I'm already married. DO YOU DO ANYTHING ABOUT LOCATING MISSING WIVES?

FIB: You betcha bud.

MAN: HOW MUCH?

FIB: Fifty bucks.

MAN: HERE'S 75. DON'T DO IT!

DOOR SLAM

SIL: You sho' is pickin' up a lotta hitch hikah's on de highway of love, ain' you mist' McGee?

FIB: You betcha Sil - Till I come along there ain't been enough traffic cops on the road to romance. When you consider the dangerous curves, soft shoulders, washouts, and detours, and think how many people try to make it a 3-lane highway, it makes you stop and think. What a public service!! What a - Hey, Sil. You busy?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Take a letter.

SIL: Yassuh. W.

FIB: NO no no...I wanta dictate.

SIL: Is it legal, suh?

FIB: Dad rat it, is WHAT legal?

SIL: Dictatin' wif jus' a lil ole white shirt, suh. Ah thought dictatahs always woh -

FIB: You tryin' to kid me, Sil? Yes, I AM a dictator. I'll be the Mussolini of Matrimony...The Hitler of Happiness, the...er.... the...HERE TAKE THIS DOWN.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: TO MR. GUNDERSON P. SMUGG, IDLEHOUR THEATRE, 890 SQUILCH PARKWAY, PEANUT BRITTLE, PA. DEAR SIR: Got that?

SIL: Got what?

FIB: You got what I been givin' you?

SIL: You didn't give it to me suh. The doctoh, say it's jus' a lil touch o' rheumatism. He say a pain in the neck don' mean nuffin' if -

FIB: AHEM. DEAR SIR: IN RESPONSE TO YOUR INQUIRY OF THE TENTH INST.?

SIL: Inst.? Wha' dat?

FIB: INST. That means...er...that means...why shucks, Sil. Everybody oughtta know what...er...MAKE IT "YOUR INQUIRY OF DECEMBER TENTH"

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: BEG TO STATE IN REPLY THAT OUR PRESENT LISTS OF ELIGIBLE BRIDES DO NOT CONTAIN THE NAME OF A BUXOM DIVORCEE WITH TWIN CHILDREN. PARAGRAPH.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says PARAGRAPH. That means you indent.

SIL: Ah indent to wah?

FIB: You ind...Let it go....take this down. I CONSIDER IT EXTREMELY TOUCHING THAT A THEATRE OWNER LIKE YOURSELF, MR. SMUGG, SHOULD LOVE CHILDREN SO MUCH, BUT WHY TWINS? CAN'T YOU GUYS THINK OF ANYTHING BUT DOUBLE FEATURES? Signed, yours etc etc etc...Type that out right away and-

SIL: Mist' McGee...please suh...iffen you gotta minute to spah...

FIB: What's on your mind, Sil?

SIL: Well, while you is cupidin' aroun' suh, kin you maybe do somep'm fo' me and mah gal...Rosebud?

FIB: For you and Rosebud? Now don't tell me the tarnish of discontent has clouded the silver lining of your personal turtle-doving, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. It do. You see, suh, fuhst off, Rosebud, she was real enthusiastic abou' gittin married wif me, and ah was de holdout. but now that ah is willin' and ready, she is gittin' coy, suh. How do ah fix it so she gonna be willin'?

FIB: Sil, you come to the right office. I'll take the case under advisement I'll think of something tricky to convince her. O' course it don't pay to be too meddlesome with Mendelsoh, but all's fair in Love and War. I'll just -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: That's probably Ted Weems, bringin' the boys in to play, Paris In Swing. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: (GOOF) Is this the McGee Matrimonial Bureau?

FIB: You betcha Bud. I'm the guy who transposed the Song Of Love into one Flat with two keys. I'm Cupids Caddy. You carry the torch, I carry the quiver. I'm the --

MAN: Well, have you got a liddle blonde about this tall, with baby blue eyes and lots of oomph?

FIB: Well, NO, bud, I don't think I -

MAN: Well, I HAVE...WHOOPEEEEEEEEEEE....

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "PARIS IN SWING"

APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT:

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) Hello. MCGEE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY. WHAT SAY, SIR? YOUR AN ELDERLY WIDOWER WITH THIRTEEN CHILDREN AND YOUR LOOKIN' FOR A WIFE WITH...eh? HOW MANY KIDS YOU GOT, DID YOU SAY? 13! SORRY BUD, YOU GOT THE WRONG NUMBER. (CLICK) Ohhhh, can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy B...no, that was last week. Hey Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Anybody waitin' to consult me?

SIL: Yassuh. They's one ole gen'lman, waitin' suh. Real old, suh.

FIB: Tell him to totter in.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH

SIL: Mist' McGee ready to see you suh.

DOOR SLAM

OLD MAN: Hello there sonny. You the Matrimonial Man?

FIB: You betcha bud. I'm the guy with the stethoscope of sympathy, listening to the throbbing Heart of America.

OLD M: EH? WHAT SAY?

FIB: I says I'm the throbbing stethosco ...er...WELL WHAT DID YOU WANT OLD TIMER?

OLD M: Wanta wife. Pappy says I gotta quit playin' around and git married.

FIB: I agree with him. What's your occupation, Grandpa?

OLD M: I'm a lumberjack.

FIB: Oh. Aged in the woods, eh? Well ain't you a little old to ...er...I mean, it seems to me if Love has passed you by this long...

OLD M: OH, ye think I'm too old, eh? Watch me jump up and click my heels together....

SOUND: SHARP GLICK...TERRIFIC CRASH.

FIB: Oh oh. Help him up, Sil. HURT YE MUCH, OLD TIMER?

OLD M: EH? WHAT SAY?

FIB: I says...WELL, I GUESS YOUR PRETTY FIT, AT THAT

OLD MAN: TWASNT A FIT. DID IT ON PURPOSE.

FIB: I see. AHEM. Wel...er...what type of girl did you have in mind as your spouse?

OLD M: AS MY WHAT?

FIB: SPOUSE?

OLD M: WHY DONT YE SET A TRAP FOR IT?

FIB: No no no...I SAYS WHAT KIND OF A WIFE YOU LOOKIN' FOR?

OLD M: Well, how about Mae West? She taken?

FIB: I'm afraid she's that way about a guy named McCarthy, Bud. But first, lemme ask you...are you financially able to assume the burdens and responsibilities of married life?

OLD M: Eh? What say?

FIB: I SAYS ARE YOU PREPARED TO GIVE UP YOUR WILD LIFE AND SETTLE DOWN TO STAY AT HOME?

OLD M: EH?

FIB: STAY AT HOME!

OLD MAN: WISH I HAD!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: What you got there, Sil?

SIL: Heah a lettah just come in fo you, suh. 'Lady wanna hysban'.

FIB: Whats she say?

SIL: Her name is Eleanor Arsenic, suh, and she wanta a husban' wif a lotta insurance who is real fond o' soup.

FIB: Tear it up. She don't sound sincere.

SIL: Yassuh. (TEARING PAPER)

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Hello. McGEE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU. WHO? MR. MACKENZIE? WHAT? YES, TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE. YES...BUT ONLY HALF AS GOOD. D_o'n't mention it, Mac. (CLICK) (SINGS) Ohhhh, here comes the bride. All dressed in white -

WIL: (SINGS) USE JOHNSON WAX AND YOUR FLOORS WILL BE BRIGHT.

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello, Fibber. You've gotta lot of nerve, setting yourself up as a matchmaker.

FIB: How so, Harpo?

WIL: Haven't you heard that Marriages are made in Heaven?

FIB: Yes, but I hear a lot of 'em go to...SAY, YOU aint married are you Harpo?

WIL: No. A woman would be very unhappy, married to me.

FIB: Why?

WIL: Well, a radio announcer must always have the last word, you know. Well, so long, Cupid.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hear that, Sil? That guy thinks a bride suite is a place to keep a polo pony.

SIL: Mist' McGee. About me and mah gal Rosebud, now...wha' can ah do...

FIB: Forget it, Sil. I'm working on your case. It's simply a matter of psycholog--

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh Hiya, Sis. Sil, a chair for the lady.

SIL: Yassuh. Heah you is, ma'am.

GIRL: Thank you. How long have you been a marriage broker, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Marriage broker is a good name for it, sis. I can tell by listening to a man's ticker whether he oughta buy in, or sell short. I been interested in matchmakin' since I was a youngster, sis. Why when I was fifteen, the teacher used to make me stay after school and hold hands. Of course, it'd of been more romantic if she'd o' dropped that ruler, but after all...AHH WELL.. MATCH-MAKER MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS -

GIRL: No!

FIB: Yes! MATCHMAKER MCGEE, THE MASTER MIND OF MATIMONY, MENTAL MARVEL OF MARRIAGE MANEUVERS, MERRY MAESTRO OF THE MAGIC MUSIC OF MIDSUMMER MADNESS, MAKIN' MR AND MRS. OF MANY AND MANY OF MAUDLIN MOONSTRUCK MAN AND MISS, MATING MILLIONS OF MUSHY MAIDENS TO MOONSTRUCK MILLIONAIRE MUGGS WITH A MAXIMUM OF MORALITY AND A MINIMUM OF MONKEYBUSINESS FROM MINNESOTA TO MATAMOROS!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Now then, sis. What's your personal problem? Just lay your trouble in my lap.

GIRL: It's my boy friend.

FIB: In that case, better lay him on the floor and we'll kick him around a little.

GIRL: You see, Mr. McGee, Butch is very jealous of me. I think he really loves me, but he's too bashful to propose. Won't you please tell me how to put the hooks...how to make him pop the question?

FIB: Is Butch the HE-MAN TYPE, sis?

GIRL: Oh, but definitely.

FIB: Then it's simple. Give him a little baby-talk. Nothin' like a little goo-goo to soften up those muscle-bound casanovas, sis.

GIRL: Oh, maybe you're right, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I know I'm right sis. I been studyin' love since the old silent days in the movies. Remember then how the hero's chest used to go up and down when He looked at the gal, and every kiss wore two pair o' pants?

GIRL: Oh I understand. You mean I should cuddle up to him like this.

FIB: Hey now wait a minute, sis...I didn't mean...after all, this is just a...

GIRL: Oh you DREAT BID OLD LOVIKINS...DOES BABY'S ITTY WITTY SNOOKY WOOKUMS...

FIB: Lay off sis. LEGGO O' ME...out it out!

DOOR LATCH

BUTCH: So! DIS IS DE MUGG YOU BEEN SNEAKIN OUT TO SEE!

GIRL: BUTCH!

FIB: Now hold your horses, bud...you don't know the half...er..
I mean there's more to this than you think...I

BUTCH: OH IS DAT SO...BEEN SEEIN' EACH OTHER REGULAR EH? OKAY,
SHRIMP, HERE'S WHERE YOU AND ME DOES A LITTLE TRUCKIN,
WIT ME DRIVIN'. I'M GONNA PLAY YOU LIKE AN ACCORDIAN..

GIRL: Oh, Butch, please ...he was just..

FIB: Listen bud, you don't understand. I was only tryin' to -

BUTCH: SAVE IT, TWO TIMER! I'M GONNA PLAN A LITTLE HANDBALL WIT
YOUR SKULL, SEE? I'M GONNA -

SOUND: CLARK DENNIS OFF MIKE, SINGING

BUTCH: Chee...what's dat?

FIB: That...that's Clark Dennis gettin' ready to sing' I STILL
LOVE TO KISS YOU GOOD NIGHT."

BUTCH: A...a TENOR?

FIB: Yes, he's -

BUTCH: JEEPERS..IS HE GONNA SING RIGHT NOW?

FIB: Why...s-sure...he -

BUTCH: HOLD ME HAND, MCGEE...I'M A PUSHOVER FOR A GOOD TENOR!

ORK: "I STILL LOVE TO KISS YOU GOODNIGHT" - DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:PAPER RATTLING:

FIB: (SINGS) Here comes the bride...the groom tries...let's
see now... Shomaker in Pocotello wants to find a good kid
with a straight last. No French vamps need apply...(PAPER)
Ex- rize fighter who likes to cut out paper-dolls wants sparring
partner, with pair of scissors. I got a knockout for him.
Ahhhh, me. To think of old Fibber McGee,

3rd SPOT:

FIB: Well Sil, think of me, Fibber McGee, responsible for millions of faltering footsteps, clasping each other by the hand as the moonlight of romance filters down thru the leafy dells of-

SIL: Scuse me suh, how kin a footstep clasp hands wif somp'm?

FIB: How can a footst...AHEM.. You got me, Sil. Next time I take off on a flight of fancy, I better strap myself in.

SIL: Yassuh. Now abou' me and Rosebud, Mist' McGee..how soon can we -

FIB: I been workin' on your case Sil. And I got the answer. Listen. All you .

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Tell you later, Sil COME IN:

DOOR LATCH:

SCOT: (FADE IN) Good afterrnoon. Are ye the Misterr McGee, I was makin' inquirrrries of on the phone this afterrrrnoon?

FIB: You betcha scottie. Fibber McGee, the only active Cupid in longpants.

SCOT: Aye. Ye'll rememberr me askin' ye about two livin' as cheaply as one?

FIB: Aye, laddie...er...you betcha bud. You're Mr. Mackenzie, eh?

SCOT: You betcha, bud...er...AYE LADDIE. So I proposed to the girrrrl.

FIB: Good for you..Many happy returns of th..er...I hope you'll be very happy.

SCOT: It's too late, laddie. Somethin' terrible has happened.

FIB: No!

SCOT: Aye. Ma bonny bride left me waitin' at the kirk. She backed oot just beforrrrrre the cerremony.

FIB: Oh that's tough, Scotty. What church was it?

SCOT: Well, laddie, it wasna exootly a kirk, ye ken. As a matterrr of fact, the weddin' was bein' held at ma farrrrm, so the chickens wouldn lose oot on the rrrrice..

FIB: WELL, bud, this Matrimonial Bureau didn't arrange that wedding. You can't hold us responsible if your heart-throb takes run-out powder on you.

SCOT: That's not the point, laddie...I rrrrushed over herrre forr anotherrrr bride.

FIB: WHAT!!! You mean you're goin' ahead with it, anyway?

SCOT: Therres no other way oot, laddie. Ye see, the ministerr's alrready been paid. Hurry, wi' ye?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I'll bet that guy gets eight % on the bonds of matrimony, Sil.

FIB: By the way, Sil.. take a telegram.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: TO DOCTOR FOTHERINGILL X. PRESTWHISTLE, M. D., BEDSIDE MANOR, LOWER TIBIA, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.

SIL: Yassuh. Tha's a day-lettah already suh.

FIB: Message. DEAR DOCTOR. FOUND PERFECT BRIDE FOR YOU. STOP. HAS HAD HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE. STOP. COMMISSION TO ME AND NURSE TO YOU. SIGNED, MCGEE MATRIMONIAL ETCETERA. GET that right off, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. But abou' me and Rosebud, suh. Ah'm gittin' kin'a anxious -

FIB: Well look. You say she don't seem very enthusiastic about gettin' married.

SIL: Yassuh, she don't.

FIB: Well, from my wide experience Sil, here's how to handle a case like this. You do what I say, and she'll walk up that middle aisle, willy nilly.

SIL: Who dat ole Willy Nilly? If he come messin' roun'.

FIB: No no no..I mean..Rosebud'll marry you in spite of herself.

SIL: That'll be a big weddin' then, suh. She sho gotta lotta spite, that gal, has. Wha Ah gotta do, please suh?

FIB: You find some girl friend of yours who'll take in a movie with you this evening. I've written Rosebud an anonymous note that you've been goin' around with this other girl, see, and that if she don't believe it she can see you takin' her to the Bijou theatre about four thirty today. Catch on? You gotta make her JEALOUS, see? When she sees you with this other girl, she'll eat her heart out.

SIL: You mean she gonna bite mah haid off!

FIB: Oh no. You mark my words, Sil, this is gonna work out awell.

SIL: Seem kin' a undahhanded, tho, please suh..

FIB: Aw forget it, Sil. Love must find a way..all's fair in Love and War. Love laughs at lockjaw..er...lockamiths.. Hurry up. You just got time to call a girl, and get to the movie...

SIL: Well suh, ah dunno..

FIB: Go on. I know what I'm doin'...Beat it!

SIL: YASSUH.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Good old Sil. I'd like to see Rosebud's face when -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH: JINGLE BELLS...ENTER...JINGLE A BIT THRUOUT DIALOG

GOFF: Hello, Mister McGee?

FIB: That's me bud...what's the idea O' draggin' them bells in here?

GOFF: I thought I'd need 'em in school.

FIB: School. WHAT SCHOOL?

GOFF: Aint you runnin a school for Santa Clauses?

FIB: No no no...You're three weeks late. Oh I know...you're the guy that didn't show up for rehearsal on that show. Where you been?

GOOF: I tried to harness up a reindeer and I just got outa the hospital.

FIB: Well, there's nothin' for you now, bud. I give it up. I gotta matrimonial agency now.

GOOF: Oh gee. Well, tanks anyway.

FIB: Leave the bells here if you like. They're pretty small for wedding bells, but maybe I can tie up a couple of midgets.

GOOF: Okay.

SOUND: THUMP OF BELLS ON FLOOR. DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, anyway, I'm glad I didn't have to find a better half for that dope. With the high cost o' living what it is, his helpmeet would

WIL: Well HERE'S THE DOPE ON HOW TO HELPEEET YOUR HIGH COST OF LIVING. YOU BETTER HALF A CAN OF JOHNSON'S WAX, AND SAVE TIME, MONEY AND EFFORT IN -

FIB: HARPO! Say, I'm glad you came back.

WIL: Why are you glad?

FIB: Well, this is a matrimonial bureau, you know. And I got the name of your future wife written on this slip of paper.

WIL: I'll bet a dollar you haven't.

FIB: I'll take that. Here's the name. Read that.

WIL: MRS...HARLOW..WILCOX. Oh for the...imagine me, biting on an old wheeze like that...am I dumb or am I dumb...of all the

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh well, everybody can't be-

KNCK AT DOOR

FIB: Well, business is pretty- COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

TED: Hello Fibber.

FIB: Oh Ted Weems. What can I do for you, Ted?

TED: Well, when I stay out late for rehearsing the band, my wife thinks I'm stalling. What'll I do.

FIB: Well, that's married Life, Ted, My Boy. Any guy who goes into double harness is entitled to at least one stall, you know. What you gonna play next, Ted?

TED: Well, I thought we'd have Elmo Tanner Whistle the Matrimonial Agency theme song.

FIB: What's that?

TED: "IT'S Nice Work if You can get it." You see, the underlying motif of the melody is that of a..well, you get a feeling of..of.. it sort of carries an impression of certain...well, I always felt that the significance of this number was more or less..er..it's interpretation is a matter of basic harmonics...well, HERE...LET ME SHOW YOU. ALL RIGHT BOYS! ALL RIGHT, ELMO!

ORK: "IT'S NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT." --

--TANNER

APPLAUSE:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL, ON AUTO WAX

What about that car of yours - this cold weather? You'd better protect the finish right now with a good, tough coat of wax -- or the first thing you know, the wintry blizzards -- sleet and snow will get in their deadly work -- gradually ruin the finish. Once your car is properly wax-protected it can go through any kind of weather and come out bright and gleaming as new! Get the original JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and CLEANER from your regular JOHNSON'S WAX dealer, auto supply store, garage or filling station. Don't delay another day -- wax your car the JOHNSON way.

4th SPOT:

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) Hello. MCGEE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY. YES. MCGEE SPEAKIN.
WHAT? YOUR HUSBAND WE SENT HAS GOT WATER ON THE KNEES AND GURGLES
WHEN HE WALKS. SORRY SIS..BUT WE CAN'T CARRY MARINE INSURANCE ON
ALL OUR CLIENTS. EH? WELL, I SUGGEST YOU PUT ENOUGH MONEY IN THE
BANK TO GET HIM FIXED. BETTER MAKE IT A JOINT ACCOUNT. Okay
sis. (CLICK)
Now let's see....widow in South Bend wants to meet millionaire
with heart trouble...

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: ENTER!

DOOR LATCH:

GOP: Now then, me bye, would you be the wan in charrge of this place
now?
FIB: You betcha, Officer. You lookin' for a nice little colleen to
share your trials and rake-offs, your glory and your graft?
GOP: I would not. Sure and it's meself that's married to Bridget O'Hara
and I wouldn't change her for anny gurrl I iver saw, even if it
would be atall possible, an I don't think it would...or would it,
now?
FIB: No, Officer, I wouldn't advise that. We're here to MAKE happy
homes, nd break up a -
GOP: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT...NONE O' YER LIP, MY FOINE BUCKO. THE
COMMISSIONER SENT ME DOWN HERE TO SEE YOU.
FIB: Why don't you speak for yourself, John.

GOP: Me name is Francis. AND IT ISN'T ON ANNY MATTERMONIAL BUSINESS
I'M HERE ON.

"WHERE'S YER LICENSE?"

FIB: WHERE'S MY...(LAUGHS) ...Bud I got ye there. (LAUGHS) Before I
started this matrimonial bureau I looked up the law in this town.
It don't say anything about this kind of business, so I don't need
a license. (LAUGH)
GOP: Don't be laughin' so hard, me bucko. The Commissioner said you'd
be takin' advantage of a loophole in the law, but he says there's
wan license ye'll have to be takin' out to run a place like this.
FIB: Oh yeah? What am I besides a marriage broker?
GOP: A FIGHT PROMOTOR! - and ye got till tomorrah!
DOOR SLAM.

FIB: A fight promo...shucks, they got me! Why didn't I -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) (WEARILY)- MCGEE FIGHT PROMO..er..MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.
Yes, bud, we list prospective husbands of all nationalities. Eh?
I see. A Check-Slovakian, eh? Just divorced? Okay - we'll file
you among the cancelled Checks. (CLICK) Wonder how old Sil is
makin' -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, Nick Depopolis. Hiyah, Nick.

NICK: Hello Fizzer. What is this I am seeing with your name painted in those windows with a little pink putrid shooting a bows and arrows at somebody?

FIB: That's a CUPID, Nick. Cupid is a symbol of love. Indicatⁱⁿ' that I'm runnin' a matrimonial bureau.

NICK: I don't tell you! Well, will wonders never cease firing!

FIB: Yes, it's quite a business Nick. I let other people do the cooing and I do the billing. (LAUGHS)

NICK: Hah hah...sure, Fizzer, this killing and boeing is some stuff, I'm thinking! I am telling Mrs. Depopolis last nights, I am saying there is no frognasticating what Fizzer is making of himself next! and she is saying OH NO? SHE is saying? I can tell you what he his ALWAYS making of himself, but I am not telling you Fizzer, because it will hurt your fillings.

FIB: Oh well, after all, Nick -after all is said and done...

NICK: Sure, I know. After all is sitting down, a woman is only a lady and a good cigar for five cents is what these countries need. The only difference is being that you can blow some rings with a cigars and throw it away, but with a women, if you are blowing her to a ring, she is making you what I am today, only not so good. In another word, when a man is marching up the aisle with a soft music and a sweet kewpie, he is lucky if he is at a moving show picture, you grob me?

FIB: Yes, I guess I do, Nick. But you seem to be a little cynical about-

NICK: No no, Fizzer. I am not being cylindrical about something. I am only thinking that when it comes to marrying people I am taking it with a dose of salt. Hah, hah. Incidentalfloss, Fizzer, Mrs. Depopolis is reminding you not to forget to tell me that we are having a little games of bridges at our house tomorrow nights, so if you are not too busy with something else, it is too bad, because we have enough people coming now. So long, Fizzer.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Well - I never realized, when I started this -

KNOCK AT DOOR: LATCH:

MAN: Hey, Mister McGee..get busy on this case for me, will you?

FIB: What case, bud?

MAN: I just saw a girl and fell in love with her. I dunno who she is. - you'll have to trace her. I managed to snap this candid snapshot of her. Here.

FIB: Leica?

MAN: Leica! I'm nuts about ah!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Of all the dumb..

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Dad rat the..COME IN!

DOOR:LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh Hiyah Sil...why...what's the matter?

SIL: (PANTING) Ah do it, Mist' McGee...ah go wif 'at othen gal like you says...(PANTS)...and Rosebud she seen us..(PANTSO

FIB: Well calm down...calm down...what's the matter?

SIL: She afteh me, boss...she chasin' me...ROSEBUD...SHE GOTTA GUN
and an' Hanfulo' rocks...and-

SOUND: GLASS CRASH.

FIB: Oh oh.....looks like we got her goat, don't it, Sil...

SOUND: GLASS CRASH.... SHOTS... MORE GLASS.

FIB: Say this is serious....I didn't realize....

SIL: Boss you gotta do somethin'...

FIB: Don't worry, Sil...I will...love will find away...

SIL: Kin love find a way out the back door to this office, please,
suh, you think...

FIB: No now...take it easy Sil... Get down behind the desk there..

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...SHOTS...

FIB: Say this...YOU WAIT HERE SIL....I'LL RUN OUT AND GET A COP....

SIL: Oh that ain' fair, suh,

FIB: You know the old sayin, Sil...all's fair in love and war..

SIL: Is this love?

FIB: No...this is WAR!

SOUND: SHOTS (BIG) GLASS TINKLE..SHOTS..INTO -

ORK: "LAUGH YOUR WAY THRU LIFE" down for -

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ORK: UP TO FINISH.

ORK: MCGEE THEME...DOWN FOR --

TAG GAG:

FIB: Well Sil...you'll admit my plan worked, won't you?

SIL: Yassuh...but ah don' think it would of iffen it
ain been fo' two things, suh.

FIB: What two things?

SIL: Ah run outa the buildin', and Rosebud run outa
ammunition.

FIB: Oh well...what's the difference. You patched
things up, didn't you?

SIL: Yassuh. In three places...twice wheah ah got
hit by brickbats and once wheah she bit me.

FIB: Twice where she...AHM. Well, so long, Sil.

SIL: G'night, suh.

FIB: Goodnight, folks. How, soon, Molly?

ORK: UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF.

mc:gh:ea:mk:12/15/37
11:00 AM

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CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ)

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