

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#4

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

10-31-44

NBC

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

* ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music
by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: "BOJANGLES OF HARLEM" - FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

-3-

WILCOX: While you're shaking the mothballs out of your winter coat in anticipation of the months ahead, give a moment's thought to the finish of your car. You can't wrap the paint job up in woolens, but you can get it ready for winter with a thorough cleaning and polishing. Cold weather, and rain and snow and ice, are hard on the finish. Give it the extra care it needs with JOHNSON'S CARNU. CARNU will remove the road grime and dirt easily, without damage to the finish. CARNU will restore that beautiful showroom shine you probably haven't seen much of lately. And you'll gladly do the job yourself because CARNU is a real work-saver -- it does two jobs at once, both cleans and polishes with one application. You'll probably be driving your car for some time yet, so it will still pay to take good care of it. Your dealer has JOHNSON'S CARNU now -- it's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: ONE REASON THEY CALL THIS TIME OF YEAR THE "DUCK" SEASON, IS THAT WHEN YOU TURN CERTAIN PEOPLE LOOSE WITH A SHOTGUN, EVERYBODY HAD BETTER! NOT TO MENTION NAMES, LISTEN TO A MIGHTY HUNTER SOUNDING OFF, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: AHHH, THE THRILL OF IT!! CROUCHIN' DOWN IN THE BLIND...
WAITIN' FOR 'EM TO SWEEP OVER YOUR HEAD...AND THEN...
THE THUNDER OF WINGS AND YOU RAISE YOUR GUN...BANG! BANG!
I GOT 'EM!! BANG! BANG!!! LOOK OUT!...THERE GOES ONE
TO THE RIGHT...BANG!!

SOUND: THUD AND GLASS CRASH

MOL: For goodness sakes, dearie, put down that broomstick before you break every lamp in the house!

FIB: I'm sorry I busted it, but by George if that lamp had been a duck, I'd of got it right thru the white meat!

MOL: You realize what you just did, dearie?

FIB: Sure. I busted the lamp. So what?

MOL: You broke the lamp that you won at the fairgrounds throwing darts at the balloons, and now you'll have to think up something else to give Aunt Sarah for Christmas.

FIB: Oh my gosh!...and I'll never again be able to get anything so horrible so cheap.

MOL: I think you have the wrong attitude about Aunt Sarah, McGee. After all, she's the closest relative I have.

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FIB: She's the closest relative anybody ever had. That poor old Bermuda goes around all winter with chapped knuckles because she ain't open-handed enough to get her gloves on.

MOL: I prefer to change the subject. What time are you going duck hunting in the morning?

FIB: What time am I going! You're going, too. You promised.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, just because in a moment of weakness, I...

FIB: NOW NOW NOW...NO WELCHING, BABY! COME ON...IT'LL BE FUN. JUST YOU AND ME (PAUSE) AND DOC GAMBLE.

MOL: How on earth did you get the Doctor to go? Blackmail or bribery?

FIB: WHY, DOC LOVES TO GO DUCK HUNTING. He says as a member of the Medical Association, it's his duty to take a crack at a quack.

MOL: How about shells? I thought shotgun shells were frozen.

FIB: They melted a few for the hunting season. I found three boxes of 'em. AND THE MAIN THING IS, I FOUND THE IDEAL SPOT TO SHOOT FROM! NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT BUT ME. I made a private dicker with the guy that owns the property to keep everybody out but my party.

MOL: And where is this happy, I hope, hunting ground?

FIB: Shut the door.

MOL: What?

FIB: SHHH...shut the door.

MOL: All right.

DOOR SHUT:

MOL: OH, STOP LOOKING UNDER THE DAVENPORT. THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US!

FIB: (LOWERS VOICE) You don't seem to realize what it means to find a absolutely untapped hunting ground. I know guys that would stop at nothing to find this place.

MOL: Shall I go over the walls for hidden dictaphones?

FIB: That might be a very wise precau-- Oh, no. Nobody but I and the farmer and Doc knows that I know, see?

MOL: Well, where is it...where is it?

FIB: (LOWERS VOICE) It's at the North FORK of Sweeny's Swamp.

MOL: SWEENY'S SWAMP!

FIB: You betcha! I paid Sweeny five bucks for the exclusive use of it this year. And I gave him a handful of cigars to seal the bargain.

MOL: Your own cigars?

FIB: Certainly.

MOL: Then I don't want to go. By now, it's enemy territory.

FIB: AW, COME ON. DON'T YOU THINK EVERY WIFE OUGHTA BE A PAL TO HER HUSBAND?

MOL: As I recall, duck hunting was not mentioned in the marriage ceremony.

FIB: WELL, DOGGONE IT, THE DUCKS BRING THEIR WIVES.

MOL: That does it! I'll go! When do we start?

FIB: DOC'S PICKIN' US UP AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

MOL: THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! HEAVENLY DAYS! IT TAKES AN EARLY WORM TO GET THE BIRD, DOESN'T IT?

FIB: Well, if we leave here at 3, that gets us out to Sweeny's Swamp and all set up by about five, see?

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE. I HAVEN'T GOT A HUNTING LICENSE!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hmmm. Well, you can get one next year. You come along this time and see how it's done. I'll take you skeet shooting next summer and learn you how to handle a shotgun.

MOL: Nothing doing, dearie. I won't shoot anything I can't eat, and I never ate a skeet in my life.

FIB: Look, Molly, a skeet is just a hunk of clay.

MOL: Aren't we all!

FIB: WHAT I MEAN IS-- HEY...WHERE'D I PUT MY DUCK CALL?

MOL: Your what?

FIB: My duck call that I carved out of a turkey bone. Or was it a turkey call I carved out of a duck bone? No, it was a duck call I carved out of a turkey bone.

I wonder where...OH, HERE IT IS.

MOL: What on earth do you use that for?

FIB: It's to call the ducks with. It lure's 'em in. They think it's the mating call of another duck, you see, and swoop down to pitch a little woo. Listen...

SOUND: HORRIBLE SQUAWK ON CLARINET

MOL: If that's a mating call, and I was a duck, I'd stay a bachelor.

FIB: I'M a little outa practice. Listen to this...

SOUND: DIFFERENT PITCH ON CLARINET, BUT STILL HORRIBLE

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, YOU GOT ONE!

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice...you didn't have to knock...

ALICE: Well, I heard a funny noise, and I thought maybe somebody was sick. Hiya, Pop!

MOL: That noise was a duck call, Alice. Theoretically, it does to a duck what sheer stockings, baby talk and Chanel Number 5 does to a man. It comes under the heading of Love is a Funny Thing.

ALICE: But what do you use this duck call for?

FIB: We're going hunting in the morning, Alice. Ever do any shooting?

ALICE: No, but I had an Uncle out West that was always shooting somebody. He was my mother's brother and our only outlaw in-law.

MOL: An outlaw-inlaw. Who did he shoot?

ALICE: He shot a dentist for one. The dentist overcharged him, and our outlaw in-law said it was too much outlay for an inlay and gave him a lead filling.

FIB: Your uncle was probably just high strung, Alice.

ALICE: Oh he was. Ten minutes after they caught him.

MOL: Well, I hope we won't disturb you when we leave in the morning, Alice. We're getting up at three.

ALICE: Don't worry about that, Mrs. McGee. I sleep like a log.

MOL: So does McGee...like a log going thru a sawmill.

FIB: Don't tell me you're staying home tonight, Alice. Our phone our of order?

ALICE: No, but this is my night to write letters to the service men.

MOL: What do you mean - YOUR night?

ALICE: Oh, us girls at the airplane plant formed a club to write to all the soldiers and sailors and marines we know. We call it the "G.I. Hope He'll Answer It" Club.

FIB: Whaddye do, Alice? Jus give the boys the local chit-chat?

ALICE: ^{y²}Oh, I just toll 'em about what's going on...what plays and Movies are playing the theatres and so on. Like about yesterday I saw a cute movie at the Bijou. They call it "HEAVENLY DAYS".

FIB: Hmmm! How'd you like the leading man, Alice?

ALICE: Oh, he was CUTE! But he made an awful droop of himself in the picture. I thought I'd die when he got thrown out of the Senate, and when...Oh, but I'd better not toll you. You might want to see it.

MOL: Yes. We probably will, six or seven times.

ALICE: And the man's wife in the picture looked a lot like you, Mrs. McGee. AS A MATTER OF FACT, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, THEY WERE USING YOUR NAMES!!!! FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. CAN YOU SUE THEM FOR THAT?

FIB: Oh, I suppose we could, Alice, but it might deprive millions of people of the joy and happiness and excitement and amusement of seeing the picture.

MOL: End of ad.

ALICE: What, Mrs. McGee?

FIB: Never mind, Alice. I think that letter-writing club of yours is a wonderful idea. The only thing a soldier likes better'n mail, is female.

ALICE: Yes, and you know what our club motto is?

MOL: What, Alice?

ALICE: "WRITE TO A SERVICE MAN. ONE LITTLE LETTER CAN CHANGE HIS CARES TO A CARESS". Well, good hunting, Pop!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "HOW MANY HEARTS HAVE YOU BROKEN"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

MOL: You'd better be getting to bed, McGee.

FIB: You go ahead...I'll be up soon's I check this equipment.
Now lemme see...my shootin' jacket. Three boxes o' shells.
... Mosquito lotion...

MOL: What's the string on your finger for?

FIB: Eh? OH, MY GOSH...THAT WAS TO REMIND ME TO'....to....er...
Hmmm. Now what WAS that on my finger to remind me of?

MOL: Lunch?

FIB: Nope. Beulah's already fixin' that.

MOL: Hip boots?

FIB: Nope. Got 'em.

MOL: Cigars?

FIB: Nope.

MOL: Game bag?

FIB: Nope..

MOL: Hunting license?

FIB: Nope...OH, DOGGONE IT...IT WAS SOMETHING THAT ANY GUY
OUT DUCK HUNTING WOULD NEED...Now what the dickens...

MOL: Shotgun?

FIB: SHOTGUN!....THAT'S IT!!! Much obliged.

MOL: You say Beulah's putting up the lunch?

FIB: Yeah...I told her all about it, and she offered to stay
tonight and put up the lunch. I'll see how she's comin'
along. OH, BEULAH...BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN

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BEULAH: Somebody bleatin' fo' Beulah?

MOL: How you coming along with the bird banger's
banquet, Beulah?

BEULAH: (LAUGHS) Iffen you means the dubk-dodgers
delicatessen, ma'am, I'm comin' along okay. I is
down to the k's on Mist' McGee's list of stuff.

FIB: K's...what did I ask for that begins with K?

BEULAH: Kase o' rootbeah.

FIB: Oh. Oh, yeah.

BEULAH: You is real intelligent not to git yo'self included
in this heah expedition, ma'am. Gittin' up at
3 A.M. in the mawnin' is foul enough without goin'
after ducks.

MOL: But I am going, Beulah.

~~(PAGES)~~

BEULAH: OH, YOU PO' DARLIN'! ^{Miss McGee} WHAFFO' YOU WANNA DRAG THAT
LIL GIRL OUT IN THAT OLE MUD-SWAMP FO, ~~NEST~~
~~MOOSE~~ SHE GOT NO BUSINESS DANIEL BOONE-DOGGLIN'
AROUN' NO DUCK BOAT!

FIB: That's a lotta nonsense, Beulah. She'll love it.
Why, my gosh, it'll be worth it just to see the
glorious sunrise.

BEULAH: Sunrise over Sweeny's Swamp! Now, THEAH is a
postcard that would remain un-bought in ANY
drug sto'!

MOL: I don't know how I got finessed into it, Beulah,
but you know Mr. McGee. He could talk the leaves
off a major.

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FIB: She's never been duck hunting, Beulah. Next year, I'll bet we have to tie her up to keep her home. It gets into the blood.

BEULAH: Yassuh. So do pneumonia.

MOL: Oh, I'll be all right, Beulah. I might even enjoy it - a far-fetched possibility if I ever heard one!

FIB: You wait, Molly...once you get snugly settled down' in that old duck blind...Incidentally, Beulah...you know how to make a duck blind?

BEULAH: Nossuh.

FIB: Tie a handkerchief around his head.

BEULAH: Yes, but how you gonna git close enough to-- OHHHHH... I GIT IT...MAKE A DUCK BLIND!! (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!!!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, I suppose we better turn in, Molly. It's almost nine o'clock now, so if we get up at three, that gives us a good 12 hours sleep.

MOL: 12 HOURS!

FIB: Six for you and six for me.

MOL: What time do you think we'll be back tomorrow?

FIB: Oh, around noon. Or noon-thirty at the latest. Come on!

MOL: All right, dearie.

ORCH: "THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING"...FADE FOR:

FIB: (SNORING) (REPEAT)

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK RINGING: SUSTAIN UNDER:

MOL: (SLEEPILY) McGee... McGee, wake up!

FIB: (MUMBLING) I don't wanna go to school today, mamma.

MOL: MCGEE...WAKE UP!!! WAKE UP!

FIB: (YAWNS) Why don't somebody answer the phone?

MOL: THAT ISN'T THE PHONE!..THAT'S THE ALARM CLOCK!!

FIB: Eh? (YAWNS) Oh.

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK OFF

MOL: Now don't go back to sleep. Doctor Gamble will be here any minute.

FIB: Eh? What for? Am I sick?

MOL: NO NO NO...WE'RE GOING DUCK HUNTING THIS MORNING..REMEMBER?

FIB: (YAWNS) Oh yeah...duck hunting. Might be fun...let's us go, too.

MOL: WE ARE GOING...

FIB: Who with?

MOL: Doctor Gamble...

FIB: (YAWNS) Good idea. You call him up and ask him, while I take a lil nap, and...

MOL: MCGEE...WAKE UP!! COME ON, NOW...OPEN THOSE SLEEPY LITTLE EYES...~~THAT'S IT! My goodness, the sand man must have hit you with a baseball bat!~~

SOUND: OFF MIKE: TELEPHONE:

FIB: What's the matter with that dad ratted clock? I shut it off once.

MOL: That isn't the clock. It's the telephone. Run down and answer it.

FIB: If we keep quiet, maybe they'll go away. (YAWNS)

TELEPHONE, OFF MIKE:

MOL: MCGEE...RUN DOWN AND ANSWER THE TELEPHONE.

FIB: (SLEEPILY) I did shut it off once.

MOL: THAT WAS THE CLOCK! COME ON...NOW...GET GOING...I'LL
START GETTING DRESSED.

FIB: Okay...Where's my slippers...Oh, here they are...(YAWNS)

TELEPHONE, OFF MIKE:

FIB: I'M COMING...I'M COMING...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS...TELEPHONE AT INTERVALS

SOUND: RECEIVER UP:

FIB: (YAWNS) H'lo.

WIL: (FILTER) HELLO, FIBBER? HARLOW WILCOX! WHAT'S THE
MATTER? ANYTHING SERIOUS?

FIB: No...why?

WIL: WELL, I JUST GOT IN FROM A LATE SALES MEETING AND FOUND A
MESSAGE TO CALL YOU ON AN URGENT MATTER. SORRY TO CALL
YOU AT THREE A.M., BUT I WAS WORRIED. WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

FIB: Oh...oh, that...(YAWNS) I called las' night...see 'fyou
wanted go duck huntin' with Doc 'n' me. Goin' out to
(YAWNS)
Sweeny's Swamp. 'Bout twenny mints. ~~(YAWNS)~~

WIL: SWEENY'S SWAMP...IS THAT THAT MARSHLAND THAT RUNS ALONG
THAT STRETCH OF WOODS?

FIB: Assa place, Junior...fulla ducks...Lots sport. (YAWNS)
Ducks c'mit suicide 'n' climb in your bag. Wanna go?

WIL: NOT OUT THERE, PAL...I CAN'T STAND GOING THRU THOSE WOODS.

FIB: (YAWNS) Why?

WIL: WHADDYE MEAN, WHY? YOU EXPECT ME TO ENJOY THE SIGHT OF
ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL OAKS AND MAPLES AND BIRCHES AND ELMS
STANDING THERE EXPOSED TO THE WEATHER AND UNPROTECTED BY
EVEN SO MUCH AS A THIN FILM OF JOHNSON'S WAX?

FIB: Yeah...get a lotta ducks. Good place. (YAWNS)

WILCOX: YOU KNOW WHAT IT DOES TO ME, PAL, TO SEE A NEGLECTED PIECE
OF FINE WOOD. WHEN IT COULD SO EASILY BE PROTECTED WITH
A WAX FINISH, AND WHEN I SAY WAX FINISH I MEAN JOHNSON'S
WAX, OF COURSE, WHICH IS THE FINEST --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Hold the phone, Junior...there's been a nasty accide...
er.. I mean there's somebody at the door.

WILCOX: I DIDN'T INTEND TO KEEP YOU WAITING. I JUST WANTED TO
SAY THAT WITH JOHNSON'S WAX...

SOUND: AS RECEIVER IS LAID DOWN:

FIB: As the guy says when the King of the Cannibals ate one of
his people, "that guy is sure full of his subject."

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN,!!

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT:

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Doc.

DOC: Hello, Droopy, WHY AREN'T YOU DRESSED? YOU TOLD ME SEVEN
TIMES TO BE HERE AT THREE A.M. SHARP, AND HERE I FIND YOU
SLOPPING AROUND IN A PURPLE BATHROBE LIKE A DOPEY LITTLE
SOMNAMBULIST.

FIB: DON'T YOU CALL ME A SOMNAMBULANCE, YOU BIG TONSIL-SNATCHER!
FINE LOT OF APPRECIATION I GET FROM YOU! HERE I FIND
THREE BOXES OF SHOTGUN SHELLS, WHEN THEY'RE SCARCER THAN
A SAILOR'S POCKETS, AND MAKE A PRIVATE DEAL WITH OLD MAN
SWEENY FOR A PRIVATE SHOOTIN' GROUND, AND YOU GET ANTSY
PANTS BECAUSE I AIN'T SITTIN' ON THE CURBSTONE WAITIN'
FOR YOU!

DOC: WHY YOU BIOLOGICAL MISFIT, THE ONLY ENGAGEMENT YOU EVER KEPT IN YOUR LIFE WAS WITH THE STORK, AND THAT TRIP WASN'T REALLY NECESSARY. GET ME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO....Where's Molly?

FIB: She's gettin' dressed, Doc. I had to come down and answer the phone.

DOC: McGee, if I ever write my memoirs and I probably will because every doctor is a frustrated author - the censors will never pass the part where I let you talk me into going duck hunting.

FIB: I TALKED YOU INTO IT!! WHY YOU BEGGED ME TO GO. YOU SAID YOU LIKED TO SHOOT DUCKS BECAUSE THEY WERE SO MUCH LIKE PEOPLE.

DOC: They are, too. Every time they open their bills, they squawk. Buy why I ever let myself be --

MOL: (FADE IN) Well, good morning, Doctor!

DOC: Hello, my dear. Why don't you whip up a fast pot of java while Millard the Mallard gets out of that Kingfish Levinsky bathrobe?

MOL: That I will, Doctor...that I will. GO ON, MCGEE, GO GET DRESSED.

FIB: OKAY, OKAY, OKAY...I'M GOIN'. YOU PACK THE STUFF INTO YOUR CAR, DOC...I'LL BE DOWN BEFORE YOU CAN SAY --

MOL: MCGEE...THE TELEPHONE'S OFF THE HOOK!

DOC: I'll hang it up, Molly. GO GET YOUR PANTS ON, PIXIE PUSS!

MOL: Who on earth could be calling us at this hour of the morning?

DOC: Search me. But they've probably hung up by now.
(SMALL SOUND OF PICKING UP RECEIVER) HELLO!!! HELLO!!!

WILCOX: (ON FILTER)--AND FURTHERMORE, PAL, TO DRIVE THRU THOSE WET, DRIPPING WOODS, AND THINK HOW JUST ONE SIMPLE COAT OF JOHNSON'S WAX WOULD PROTECT AND PRESERVE THEM AGAINST---

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOL: Who was it, Doctor?

DOC: The Finnish Ambassador. WELL...WHERE'S THAT COFFEE, MADAM? TIME'S A-WASTIN'!!

ORCHESTRA: "AND HER TEARS FLOWED LIKE WINE". KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE: FADE FOR:

MOL: I hope to goodness you know where you're going, McGee.
It's as dark as the inside of a horse.

FIB: DON'T WORRY, BABY ... I'LL KNOW THE PLACE ALL RIGHT.
I BLAZED A BIG TREE WHERE THE HEADLIGHTS WOULD PICK
IT OUT.

DOC: You would chop a hole in a tree, you little vandal.
You're one of those people who travel around carving
their initials on Mount Vernon. Every time you see
a National Monument, you start yelling "LEAVE US
DEFACE IT!"

FIB: IS THAT SO? WELL BY GEORGE....HEY!....HERE'S THE PLACE,
DOC.....PULL OFF THE ROAD!

SOUND: CAR SOUND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH...DOOR SLAMS:

MOL: "Pull off the road" was superfluous advice, dearie.
Most of that road was pulled off years ago.

DOC: I hope the Eagle Scout here knows where we are.
Personally I'M lofter than I've ever been in my life.

FIB: Don't worry, kids. I know what I'M doing. You carry
the lunch, Molly.....I and Doc will bring the other
stuff.

MOL: All right. And I hope those shotguns are not loaded.

FIB: CERTAINLY THEIR NOT LOADED. WE CARRY 'EM WITH THE
BREECHES OPEN....if you'll pardon the expression. Ready,
Doc?

DOC: Lead on, MacDuff, I got the stuff. Which way do we go?

FIB: North-north east till we come to a big boulder, then
due west to the hollow stump and then southeast by east
till we stumble over a root, and then straight north.

MOL: Well...go ahead. Get started.

FIB: I'M feeling for moss on this tree so I'll know which way
is north. Ahh, here's the --

DOC: (YELLS) LET GO MY LEG, STUPID!

FIB: Oh excuse me. I thought you were a...AHHH, HERE WE
ARE. AND STAY CLOSE TO ME...OR YOU MIGHT GET LOST.....I
CAN'T SEE MY HAND IN FRONT OF MY FACE.

MOL: Take it out of your pocket.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes...now I can see it. WELL COME ON...FOLLOW ME.

SOUND: CRUNCH OF FEET THRU UNDERBRUSH UNDER FOLLOWING:

MOL: (SINGS) Heigh ho..heigh ho, it's off to work we go.

FIB: HEY CUT IT OUT, MOLLY.....YOU'LL SCARE THE DUCKS. I'll
have to teach you about woodcraft. First thing you
gotta know is how to know directions in the woods. Hand
me your compass, Doc.

DOC: I haven't got a compass. Where's yours?

FIB: I haven't got one either. Anyway, we--

MOL: Here. Here's a compass. I just thought it might come in
handy.

FIB: Oh...thanks. Anyway, you'll probably be pretty green at this outdoor stuff for a while, Molly. Pretty dumb about it. But after you get some experience....HEY DOC.....
GOTTA CIGAR?

DOC: No, I never thought to bring any.

FIB: My gosh...neither did I.

MOL: I did. Here...here's five apiece for you.

DOC: Thanks, Molly.
(FOOTSTEPS)

MOL: Now what were you saying, McGee?

FIB: I was saying that proper equipment is the main thing to outdoor life. Just watch what I do and...GIMME A MATCH, DOC.

DOC: Haven't got a match, McGee.

MOL: Here. Here's a box of matches.

FIB: THANKS. AS I SAY, MOLLY...YOU'LL PROBABLY FEEL PRETTY USELESS TILL YOU CATCH ONTO THINGS. YOU'LL PICK UP A LOT OF KNOWLEDGE LIKE HOW A DUCK ALWAYS LANDS WITH THE WIND BEHIND HIM--

MOL: He lands with the wind in front of him.

DOC: Certainly.

FIB: What'd I say...behind him? (LAUGHS) I'm sorry. Anyway...
HEY...IS THIS THE BIG BOULDER WHERE WE TURN?

DOC: How would I know? I'M a stranger here myself.

FIB: Turn your flashlight on it.

DOC: I haven't got a flashlight.

MOL: Here...use mine.

FIB: Oh. Thanks. YUP...THIS IS THE PLACE...NOW WE TURN RIGHT.

MOL: Left.

FIB: Oh yes..left. Just follow Doc and me, Molly, and don't be nervous we won't let you get lost.

DOC: You mean she won't let US get lost.

FIB: AH DON'T TALK SILLY. I KNOW THESE WOODS LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND.

DOC: You must have a pair of odd gloves on.

FIB: SHHHHHH....BETTER BE QUIET, FOLKS...DON'T WANNA SCARE THE DUCKS. (FOOTSTEPS)

DOC: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

DOC: Would it be asking too much of you to keep the muzzle of that shotgun out of my left eye?

MOL: He said it wasn't loaded, Doctor.

DOC: Yes, I know. And I wish I had fifty cents for every slug I've dug out of people who said the same thing.

FIB: SHHHHH!!!! BE QUIET!! WE'RE ALMOST THERE. (SPLASH)
Ooops! We are there.

MOL: So this is a duck blind.

FIB: AND A GOOD ONE, TOO. BY GEORGE...AND NOT A HUNTER WITHIN TEN MILES OF US. THANKS TO ME.

DOC: Thanks.

MOL: Thanks.

FIB: You're welcome. You see, I found this place myself and got the use of it exclusive. Well, we better load up, Doc. Hand me the shells.

DOC: HAND YOU THE SHELLS. YOU'RE THE ONE THAT WAS BRINGING THE SHELLS.

FIB: OH MY GOSH...THE SHELLS!! WHAT DID I DO WITH THE SHELLS?
OH THIS IS AWFUL...17 MILES FROM HOME AND ---

MOL: Here, McGee. I brought 'em. You left them on the hall table.

FIB: Whew....thanks, kid. Here Doc...take a ~~handful~~ ^{shoo}.

DOC: Thanks...it ought to be sunrise any minute now....My nose is turning pink.

FIB: That particular sunrise has lasted thirty years, Doc.
HEY....DO I HEAR DUCKS? LISTEN!!

SOUND: DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE:

MOL: That's one on you, McGee. They're travelling south by train this year.

FIB: NO...I HEARD DUCKS. LISTEN!

SOUND: DUCKS WAY OFF MIKE:

DOC: Ducks all right, if I ever heard one. And I don't think I ever did.

FIB: It's light enough to shoot by, too. I'LL TRY MY DUCK CALL.

(PAUSE)

DOC: Well...go ahead.

FIB: Can't find my duck call. I'd of swore I had it in my left pants pocket.

MOL: Here it is, dearie. You left it in the car and I brought it.

FIB: Oh thanks. Well, get ready to shoot when I call 'em in, Doc.

SOUND: THIN TWEET:

DOC: Is your hunting license good for humming birds?

FIB: Musta got some lint into it. I'll try it again.

SOUND: BASS BLAST ON TUBA:

MOL: You have quite a repertoire on that thing, McGee. Can you play the Webfoot Boogie?

FIB: Oh well, we won't need it anyway....LOOK out here....
THERE'S THOUSANDS OF DUCKS.

MOL: Well...why don't you start shooting?

DOC: Can't shoot 'em till they get off the water, Molly.
That isn't sporting.

FIB: WE'LL GET PLENTY...DON'T WORRY...TEN THOUSAND DUCKS AND
JUST THE TWO OF US SHOOTING. MATCH YOU FOR THE FIRST SHOT
DOC.

DOC: Okay....got a coin?

FIB: No, haven't you?

DOC: No.

MOL: I have. Here, McGee.

FIB: CALL IT, DOC, I'M FLIPPING!

DOC: HEADS.

(PAUSE) SPLASH:

FIB: Oh oh....threw it too far. WELL, YOU TAKE THE FIRST SHOT
DOC....I DON'T WANNA GET MY LIMIT TWO QUICK.

DOC: Okay. And before I forget it, McGee, accept my profound
apologies for doubting your word. This is really
exclusive.

FIB: SURE IT IS...I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. NOT A SOUL WITHIN
TEN MILES AND HERE WE--

MOL: LOOK, BOYS...THEY'RE RISING!

DOC: One side, McGee, while I--

SOUND: SHOT IN DISTANCE:

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Somebody down that way about a hundred feet, McGee.

DOC: He's got a lot of nerve busting into our private hunting
preser---

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preser---

SOUND: CRASH OF GUNFIRE...ALL SORTS OF GUNS

MOL: WELL...THERE GOES THE DUCKS!

SOUND: CRASH OF GUNFIRE

DOC: BLAST YOU, MCGEE!...YOU SAID WE HAD THIS PLACE TO
OURSELVES!

SOUND: CRASH OF GUNS

FIB: DAD RAT IT, CAN I HELP IT IF SWEENEY SOLD ME OUT?

SOUND: CRASH OF GUNS:

MOL: RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, BOYS, WE'LL ALL BE KILLED.

FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, I ---

CRASH OF GUNS INTO MUSIC

ORCHESTRA: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING" - FADE FOR

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-26-

WILCOX: Wouldn't it be too bad if you still had to scrub your linoleum floors to keep them presentable? Those old Saturday down-on-hands-and-knees days are gone and, fortunately, almost forgotten. Linoleum is better cared for, is more beautiful, lasts much longer, and you save yourself hours of work, thanks to JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. You simply apply and let dry. The tough film protects the surface against dirt and wear -- brings out the beauty of the linoleum colors and patterns -- and because it's made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, you can always count on the uniform high quality and service of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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(2ND REVISION)

-27-

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK A MOMENT TO OUR FRIENDS IN CANADA, AND WISH THEM EVERY SUCCESS IN THEIR SEVENTH VICTORY WAR LOAN DRIVE. WE KNOW YOU CANADIANS WILL MAINTAIN YOUR WONDERFUL RECORD FOR FOLLOWING THROUGH, WITH INDIVIDUAL PURCHASES OF VICTORY BONDS.

MOL: HISTORY HAS SHOWN THAT WHEN CANADA FIGHTS FOR A CAUSE THE IDEA OF FAILURE IS LIKE THE BORDER BETWEEN OUR TWO COUNTRIES --

FIB: PURELY IMAGINARY! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

PLAYOFF & SIGNOFF

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(CHIMES)

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