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WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

December 2, 1947

6:30 - 7 PM PST

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME ....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie--Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:



FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
12-2-47

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Do you sometimes wish you could make your kitchen linoleum bright and smooth as the day it was new? If you do, I have some good news for you. Of course, I can't promise to make an old piece of linoleum brand new. But I can come mighty close. All you need ... Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. It's easy to apply... there's no rubbing or buffing. And Glo-Coat takes only a few minutes to dry. But what a difference that shining coat of wax makes to your kitchen floor! You'll say it hasn't looked so smooth and bright in years... its colors never so fresh and gay. You see, the shine you get with Johnson's Glo-Coat is brighter than ever today ... in fact, almost twice as bright as before. And listen to this, Johnson's Glo-Coat will also save you lots of work. Dirt and spilled things wipe up so easily with just a damp cloth. Try it. Brighter-than ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. No easier way to bring out the beauty of the home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -  
Shine up the right side -  
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BRIDGE

FIBBER AND MOLLY MCGEE  
DECEMBER 2, 1947

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: THE BUSIEST PLACE IN WISTFUL VISTA TONIGHT IS THE LIVING ROOM AT NUMBER 79 - FOR MR. MCGEE IS PLANNING A HUNTING TRIP! ...YEP, EVERY YEAR AT THIS SAME TIME, HE GOES OUT TO THE SAME LAKE TO SHOOT THE SAME GUN AT THE SAME DUCKS, WITH THE SAME LUCK - NO DUCKS. MRS. MCGEE IS HELPING HIM GATHER HIS GEAR, AS WE JOIN FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Boyoboy, I can hardly wait to get out to Dugan's Lake tomorrow, Molly! That place is crawlin' with ducks! I bet there's a million mallards millin' around out there!

MOL: Well, I hope the ducks are as eager as you are, dearie!

FIB: Yeah. Lemme see now, I got my lunch basket...shotgun shells...hipboots..cigars..hey, I wonder if I oughta take some dry socks.

MOL: What are you wearing now - wet ones?

FIB: I will be!....Or maybe I oughta just patch the leak in my boots-...No, it's easier to take dry socks.....

MOL: Take plenty of warm clothes. It gets pretty cold out at Dugan's Lake, you know!

FIB: Don't worry I'll be warm! OH HEY MY BATHING SUIT!  
Don't lemme forget my bathing suit, Molly!

MOL: Your bathing suit? Why your bathing suit?

FIB: My shotgun's rolled up in it.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Keeps it from gettin' rusty. Lemme see now, I'll take my hunting knife....and my stocking cap.....



MOL: Incidentally, who's going on this wild goose chase with you, anyhow?

FIB: Not wild geese, tootsie - ducks!

MOL: If I remember your last duck hunt, it was a goose chase, dearie. Although if you want somebody to go along and--

FIB: Oh, didn't I tell you? Doc Gamble and I cooked up the trip, and Wilcox and Foggy Williams are goin' with us. They're gonna pick me up here in Doc's car at four o'clock in the morning, tonight. What time is it?

MOL: Seven-thirty. My, I'll bet you do have a lot of fun. I-uh- I suppose the car will be crowded, with the guns and all?

FIB: Oh no, we'll have plenty of room. Lemme see now, I don't wanta forget my shells (CLUNK OF BOX) ...and my duck call.

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Well, Horatio K. Boomer-in person! Hi, Boomer.

MOL: Come in, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Thank you, my little Buttercup! Greetings to you, Butter ball!

FIB: Hey Boomer-what are you gonna be doing tonight at four o'clock tomorrow morning?

BOOM: SIR! That question is an unwarranted intrusion upon the privacy of a duly qualified citizen! I refuse to answer on the grounds that anything I say might incriminate me! It always does.

MOL: Himself here is going hunting, Mr. Boomer. For ducks.

FIB: Yeah, I and Doc Gamble and Wilcox and the weather man, Boomer. Care to go along?

BOOM: I'd love to, my boy, except for one thing. I have a date with a friend of mine at 4 o'clock in the morning to go house-hunting. Careless fellow! Imagine anyone losing a house?

MOL: Maybe he just forgot his address, Mr. Boomer.

BOOMER: No, I wrote it down myself, my dear, in my address book. Got it right here in my pocket. Address book.... where I put that address book?

MOL: Oh dear.....



(REVISED)

-7-

BOOM: Here's an interesting thing a used car dealer gave me. A set of Cadillac hub caps to use when selling an Oldsmobile....Here's a beaver tophat (CHUCKLES) Those little fellows must look cute in tophats!....Invitation to a coming out party for a friend of mine. Just finished a stretch for tall-johnning a truck.

FIB: Tall-Johnning a truck?

BOOM: Hi-Jacking to you, Plowboy!...What did I do with that address book?...Here's an eight-ball. Gift from the chief of police. I spent so much time behind it they let me bring it home....AHHH, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? Ohh yes, small pocket mold for making buffalo nickels.

FIB: No kidding, Boomer? Can you really make nickels with that thing?

BOOM: Yes indeed - highly impractical, though, my boy. Cost fifty cents apiece to make them...and a check for a short beer. Well well, <sup>imagine that -</sup> no address book! If you'll excuse me now, I must get over to the barber shop for a haircut. (CHUCKLES) Be very interesting to watch someday clip ME for a change! Happy hunting, Mallard-Mouth. Farewell, Fair one!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Where was I when Boomer came in? Oh yeah, lemme see now - I wanta take plenty of matches to build a fire to dry off by when I fall in the lake.....

MOL: When you fall in the lake? Do you ALWAYS fall in the lake when you go duck hunting?

(REVISED)

-8-

FIB: Well, natch! Don't everybody? Migosh, you can't fire a double barrel shotgun, standin' up in a boat and leanin' over backwards without - OH HEY, I don't wanta forget my boat!

MOL: Boat?

FIB: My 16-man rubber life raft that I bought at the war surplus store. The one that got inflated in the living room. Remember?

MOL: How can I ever forget it?

FIB: That baby gets its first workout on this trip. For once I'm gonna have a boat big enough for everybody and -

MOL: Oh, wonderful! I remember when you bought it you said I could go with you this year, but -

FIB: As soon as it gets warmer, kiddo. You wouldn't want to go on a day like tomorrow's gonna be. Cold and clammy and -

MOL: I wouldn't mind the weather, dearie. I think it would be fun to -

FIB: Aww, you wouldn't like it, Molly. Too rugged. Hey, if you're goin' upstairs for anything, bring down some sweaters for me and stuff, willya?

MOL: All right...(FADING)I suppose you know best, but....

FIB: Ahhh, there goes a good kid! She knows I don't think she oughta go ----- so is she gonna be sweet and reasonable about it? No sir! She'll heckle me all evening! She wants to go hunting the worst way, and if there's any worse way than with me - in a rubber boat - I don't know what -

DOOR CHIME



(REVISED)

-9-

FIB: Come in!

DOOR OPENS

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hi, Teeny. Say, aren't you out a little late, sis?  
It's almost eight o'clock.

TEE: Sure. I went to the movies and stayed for three  
pitchers and hey watcha doon with all the stuff piled  
up there, mister? Hmmm? Watcha?

FIB: I'm goin' hunting in the morning, sis - duck hunting.  
Out to Dugan's Lake.

TEE: Oh. My daddy likes to go hunting, I betcha. He always  
gets something when he goes hunting, too.

FIB: He does, eh?

TEE: Sure he - HM?

FIB: I says he does, eh?

TEE: Who does?

FIB: Your daddy!

TEE: Does what?

FIB: Always gets something!

TEE: When?

FIB: When he goes hunting!

TEE: I know it!...He's got a wonnerful hunting dog, too,  
I betcha. He always takes him. He's a setter.

FIB: The dog?

TEE: No, my daddy. He just sets on a log and waits till the  
ducks come over.

(REVISED)

-10-

FIB: Very intelligent.

TEE: Sure - he <sup>doesn't</sup> ~~don't~~ like to get his feet wet.

FIB: Your daddy?

TEE: The dog. (GIGGLES) Sometimes he <sup>doesn't</sup> ~~don't~~ get a single  
duck - but he always comes home full of chiggers!

FIB: The dog?

TEE: Both of 'em! (GIGGLES) Hey, mister, ask me what's his  
name. Go on, ask me?

FIB: Okay, what's his name?

TEE: My daddy?

FIB: No, the dog.

TEE: Oh. Oh boy, you'll be glad, I betcha! (SWEET) Our dog's  
name is "Mr. McGee".

FIB: (PLEASED) No kidding? Named your dog for me, didja, sis?

TEE: Sure. My daddy named him. He says he's always hungry,  
he sleeps all day, and he's always puttin' the bite on  
somebody!

(GIGGLES) So long, mister.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "TALJAHASSEE"



OCCASIONAL CLATTER, ETC.

FIB: Migosh - ten o'clock already! Lemme see now - I got my gun..shells..thermos bottle...lunch basket..extra sweaters..blankets...

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Huh?

MOL: I'll bet you'll have a wonderful time out there tomorrow. You know, I wouldn't get in the way at all, if you'd just-

FIB: Aww, you and I'll go huntin' one of these days, Molly - when the weather's nicer. Geewhiz, this is no trip for a womar! Cold wind blowin' - maybe drizzlin' rain - probably won't get any ducks - and besides - after I've crawled half a mile through four inches of ice water, draggin' a 16-man life raft and carryin' my shotgun, and get to the lake to find I left my shells in the car -- I TALK AWFUL!

MOL: Heavenly days - it DOESN'T sound like much fun ---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble! Hello, Doctor.

FIB: Migosh, you're not ready to go yet, Doc? It's only ten o'clock!

DOC: No - just on my way home to get some slee - Great Scott! What are you packing for, Admiral - a trip to the South Pole? We're just going out to Dugan's Lake you know.

FIB: Well, I like my comfort, Medicine Man! And who'll be the first one to ~~turn~~<sup>turn</sup> blue and start beefin' for a blanket? You will! I've got two of 'em sewed together here, so they'll reach almost clear around you!

MOL: Say, I'll bet you boys will have fun out there today, I'd love to -

DOC: We will if little Scattershot here will watch his gunnery, my dear. Last time I went duck hunting with him, I was to busy ducking to hunt!

FIB: Oh yeah? Don't worry about my gunnery, Bull's Eye! I was raised with shotguns and high-powered rifles! I've always been known in gun circles as strictly a high-caliber guy!

DOC: Yee - I've heard that said about you many times.



(REVISED)

13-

MOL: Really, Doctor?

DOC: Not in those exact words, of course. They usually say "Here comes that Big Bore, McGee".

FIB: Don't change the subject, Fatso! We're talkin' about huntin' - and for your information, I been huntin' ducks for 30 years!

MOL: That long, McGee?

FIB: Certainly! And one of these days I'll get one, too!

DOC: And you'll deserve it, my boy! I've watched you on hunting trips before, and you ought to get the bird!

FIB: (GRAVELY) That's better, Doctor. I appreciate your respect. You're not just sayin' that because you admire me?

DOC: No, I'm not - believe me!

MOL: Is this your first hunting trip this season, Doctor?

DOC: Yes, I've been too busy with other people's trips so far, Molly. Mort Toops gave me a frantic call yesterday. I went over to his house and probed a hatfull of birdshot out of the fleshy part of his brother-in-law.

FIB: You oughta watch yourself out hunting, Doc. You walk so much like a duck that anybody's liable to make a mistake.

DOC: Thank you, My boy. Look, do you mind if I give you a few simple rules to follow out at the lake tomorrow?

FIB: Not at all, Doctor, rattle 'em off. See if I care.

(2nd REVISION)

-14-

DOC: Well, in selecting a target out there tomorrow, I wish you'd remember just three things: If it has horns it's a cow. If it has overalls - it's a farmer. And if it gets up off the lake with yellow bill, webbed feet and green feathers, don't shoot - I've already got a bead on it! See you at four. Good night, Molly!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: I hope you WILL be careful out there, McGee. Doctor Gamble is, isn't he?

FIB: He TALKS careful, sure! But THERE'S THE GUY TO WATCH WITH A GUN, MOLLY! Migosh, last time we went huntin' Doc shot three guys before we'd been there an hour!

MOL: Oh no, McGee!

FIB: Certainly! They got their feet wet, see, and Doc shot 'em full of penicillin, so they wouldn't - Oh hey, you seen my camp stool? I like to sit down when I'm in the blind.

DOOR OPENS

WIL: May I come in, Folks?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox - by all means.

FIB: Hi, Junior. I'll be with you in a minute (RATTLE OF JUNK) Soon's I finish ---

WIL: Maybe I can help you, Pal. What are you looking for?

FIB: Looking for?



(2nd REVISION) -15-

WIL: Yeah, rummaging through that pile of junk there.  
FIB: Whattaya mean, junk?? This is the equipment I'm takin' with me tomorrow!  
MOL: He likes to be prepared for anything, Mr. Wilcox. I imagine the harpoon there is in case a whale happens to blow while you're out on the lake.  
FIB: That's a boathook! And it's come in handy plenty of times to fish guys outta the lake, too! I got rips in three pairs of pants to prove it.

R

(REVISED) -16-

WIL: Hunting should be good tomorrow. They say that - Hey, that's a handsome shotgun you got there! Lemme see it.  
FIB: You like it? (PROUDLY) It set ~~me~~ <sup>Fooby Wilcox 50</sup> back ~~twelve~~ bucks.  
WIL: It looks it! You shouldn't let the stock get in that condition, though, Pal. That's a nice piece of walnut, ~~in spite of the initials carved on it.~~ You know, a little Johnson's Wax would do wonders for it.  
FIB: Awww...  
WIL: Just one application of Johnson's Wax would bring out all the natural beauty of the grain and restore this piece of fine wood to its original handsome finish.  
MOL: Guns too, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Oh, absolutely, Molly. You know what wonders you can do for any sort of fine woodwork with Johnson's Wax. How beautiful it makes it, and how it protects it against dirt and dust and dampness. Matter of fact, I keep my entire gun covered with Johnson's Wax, always.  
FIB: Awww...  
MOL: McGee keeps his covered with an old bathing suit.  
WIL: Well, it's no substitute for wax, believe me! For your floors and furniture and leather goods, there's only one -  
FIB: Aw. Look, Omaha!  
WIL: Yes, Pal?  
FIB: You play baseball, don't you?  
WIL: A little ..Why?



(2ND REVISION) - 17 -

FIB: Suppose you were on third base and I hit a double. What would you do?

WIL: Go home, Pal.

FIB: I'm already home. YOU GO HOME!

WIL: Okay, see you at four. Night, Molly!

MOL: Goodnight!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Weren't you a little rough on him, McGee?

FIB: Aw, Waxey don't mind. Migosh I gotta get busy. It's gettin' late.

RATTLE OF STUFF

MOL: You know, I could carry a lot of this stuff for you if I went along, McGee. I think it would be fun to watch you boys shooting -

FIB: Awww, that's no kind of a trip for a girl, Molly! Mud all over your feet - guns bangin' away all around - it's noisy and cold! You wouldn't like it.

MOL: I could dress warm. My goodness, I've got sweaters and mittens and -

FIB: Look, kiddo, you know I'd be the first one to take you if I thought you'd enjoy it. But you wouldn't, so there's no use me forcin' you to be uncomfortable. I'm too thoughtful a guy to take any wife of mine on a --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Ohhh - COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

(2ND REVISION) - 18 - 19

*Ok, hi ya*  
FIB: ~~Migosh, the~~ Old Timer!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids. Whatcha doin' up so late?

FIB: I was just gonna ask you the same thing. I haven't seen you out this late since Hallowe'en.

OLD M: Awww, I couldn't go to sleep, Johnny.

MOL: Why not?

OLD M: I didn't go to bed. Hey, you goin' huntin', kids?

MOL: Himself here is, Mr. Old Timer. I'd like to go, but -

FIB: I and Doc Gamble and Wilcox and Foggy Williams, Old Timer. Goin' out to Dugan's Lake for ducks...4 o'clock in the morning - tonite.

OLD M: You are? It's a good thing I come along! I'll go with you and show where to find the ducks!

FIB: Well, I don't know - you see, we're goin' in Doc Gamble's car, and it's kind of crowded, and -

OLD M: Don't apologize, Johnny, I don't mind a bit! If it gits too crowded I can ride in somebody's lap....If I can find somebody in that crowd that's GOT a lap!

MOL: Do you do much hunting, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Ever time anybody asks me like this, daughter. I'm **just** the feller to show these boys where the ducks is!

FIB: **Ducks ARE!**

OLD M: They sure are, Johnny. AND geese! I was out there yesterday and got myself four ducks.

FIB: Four ducks? Migosh, what were they - mallards?

OLD M: No.

MOL: Canvasbacks?

OLD M: Nope - some new kind, daughter. Feller I showed 'em to said they were called Dee-coys.



FIB: *Decays? Migosh, those are made out of wood.*  
(REVISED) -20-

OLD M: Is thaaat so? I THOUGHT they were flyin' awful low!...  
Hey, I'll run home and change my clothes and grab my gun  
and git over to Doc's house. I'll be settin' on his  
front steps at 3:30 - right on the button!

MOL: On the button?

OLD M: Yep, I always wear my huntin' pants backwards, for  
luck!....So long, Kids. See you later!

ORCH: & KING'S MEN: " A FRIEND OF YOURS "

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21-

RATTLE AND CLUMP OF STUFF

FIB: ....my shells...the flashlights....here's my old hip  
boots...my rubber lifeboat's on the front porch...and  
here's the oars. (CLATTER OF DROPPED OARS) There -  
I got everything now, Molly!

MOL: I hope so, dearie. Look at the time - 10 minutes to  
4!

FIB: Omigosh - we been workin' on this stuff all night!  
Doc and the boys'll be here any minute! I wish I  
had time to rest awhile before they get here.

MOL: You know, you said when you bought that rubber boat  
that it would be big enough so I could go, too. You  
PROMISED, McGee! You said I could --

FIB: And I'll keep my promise too, kiddo! You WILL go!  
One of these days. Hey I think I'll stretch out  
here on the davenport a minute till Doc gets here..  
AHHHHHHHHHHH!



MOL: Seems to me if it's a big enough boat for 16 men, it ought to hold one woman. A small one, anyhow.

FIB: (YAWNING) Sure...Don't you worry, we'll go.....

MOL: I could sit way back in the scow - or the prow - in the back there somewhere. I wouldn't be a bit of - (PAUSE) McGee!

GENTLE SNORE....KEEP IT IN

MOL: Oh dear! They'll be here before he can get any rest. He should have --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: -- gone to bed long ago. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Williams! Come in. How are you?

GALE: Fair - thank you....somewhat cloudy at the moment, of course, due to having just gotten up. Dr. Gamble asked me to be here at four, so -- Oh, I didn't see Mr. McGee sleeping there.

MOL: He just lay down there this minute, Mr. Williams. We've been up all night getting all his things ready here.

GALE: I see....That's quite an impressive pile of - of equipment - Oh say, that's where my flashlight disappeared to! Wonderful!

MOL: Flashlight?

GALE: The new one sticking out of his pocket there! What a nice surprise! I thought I'd lost it!

MOL: Well, I only hope you haven't, Mr. Williams! Sometimes McGee forgets to -

DOOR CHIME - TWICE, FAST

MOL: Here they are. COME IN.

DOOR OPENS ENTHUSIASTICALLY

NOISY AD LIB EFFLUS .. DOC, HARLOW, OLD TIMER AND MOLLY AND GALE

DOC: You still up, Molly? Where's your little - Oh, sleeping as usual, is he?

MOL: (DEFENSIVE) He JUST laid down there, boys. Just this minute.

DOC: COME ON, MCGEE, FOUR O'CLOCK! Let's get his stuff out to the car, fellows.

CLATTER OF JUNK

GALE: I'll take a stack of these sweaters and his boots.

OLD T: I'll load you up, Foggy. Here, you can carry more than that!

BIG CLATTER OF DROPPED FLASHLIGHTS, BOXES, ETC.

WIL: (HURRYING) I'll pick up that stuff, Foggy. (FADING) Let's get going....

GENTLE SNORING

DOC: Just look at him sleep! Isn't that a beautiful expression? Like a lump of putty that fell off a truck!

OLD T: I think a lump of putty is a mite more rosy-cheeked, Doc.

DOC: COME ON, SNORE-SNOOT, LET'S GO HUNTING!

HARLOW AND GALE BACK IN WITH HEAVY FOOTSTEPS .. BEHIND:

GALE: (FADING IN) I'll take the oars and some more sweaters and his gun.

WIL: (FADING IN) I got the lunch basket and some sweaters.



MOL: (OFF) Don't forget the sweaters over here on the piano,  
boys!

GENTLE SNORING

OLD T: Deep breather, ain't he?...Lungs in his stummick!

DOC: Look at that Jughead go! By George, that proves a  
theory of mine that the brainier a man is, the lighter  
he sleeps.

MOL: Oh! I'll wake him! MCGEE, SWEETHEART! BREAKFAST IS  
READY!

GENTLE SNORE

MOL: Heavenly days, he IS asleep! Oh, he wanted to go hunting  
so badly, Doctor!

DOC: We can't fool around any longer, Molly - or we'll be  
out of luck. Anybody that wants to sleep that badly,  
~~don't~~ <sup>doesn't</sup> want to go hunting, anyhow!

OLD M: Sleepin' like a baby! A baby beef!

DOC: Say look, Molly <sup>have got</sup> everything ~~loaded in the car~~. Why  
don't you go with us?

MOL: ME? Oh, I shouldn't - although McGee wouldn't mind -  
but I wouldn't want to be a bother, Doctor - although  
I'd stay out of the way, Of course - but (EAGERLY) DO  
YOU THINK I SHOULD????

OLD M: Come along, daughter! Glad to have you! Johnny here  
won't need you.

STEADY SNORING

DOC: Yeah, you'll enjoy it, Molly. Go get ready, we'll wait.

MOL: Well, I -- (FADING) I really shouldn't, but - I WON'T  
BE BUT A MINUTE!

FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS

OLD M: Johnny's age shows on him when he's sleepin', don't it,  
Doc? His face is looser'n a bucket of BB's.

DOC: Yes. Here, help me get this box of shells out from  
under him...That's it.

FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS AND IN

MOL: (OUT OF BREATH) I'm ready. Did I keep you waiting?  
I hurried.

DOC: Fine. Let's go.

SCUFFLE OF FEET



MOL: Shhh! Don't drag your feet! Don't wake him! He's sleeping so --"

DOOR CLOSE

FIB SNORES GENTLY INTO

ORCH: BRIDGE

FIB SNORING GENTLY

DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS IN

MOL: ...and I don't know how to thank you boys for taking me! I had a marvelous time!

DOC: Glad you could come, Molly. You did all right for yourself, too!

WIL: I'll say she did! I've got your ducks right here, Molly.

MOL: Thanks, Mr. Wilcox, just lay them down there. (CHUCKLES)  
My goodness, imagine me getting four ducks!

DOC: Yes, I didn't know you could shoot like that! You're quite a -

MOL: (MODESTLY) Ohh, I was just lucky! Wait till McGee sees me with four ducks and - Oh, look, Doctor! Look at him!

BRING SNORING UP CLOSE

DOC: Great Scott! Practically noon, and he hasn't even turned over!

MOL: McGee! Sweetheart! Wake up!

SNORE..SNORT..WAKES UP

FIB: Huh? Omigosh, you here already, Doc? I musta dozed off! I'm ready, though, everything set! Don't hafta wait for me! Hand me my sweater, Molly! Get my gun, Junior! Doc grab those ducks and let's - (PAUSE) DUCKS????

MOL: (PROUDLY) I shot them myself, McGee! Four of them!

FIB: You shot 'em yourself? You mean you went without me?

DOC: You were asleep. We couldn't wake you.

FIB: Well, gee whiz, you mighta shook me a little - or called me. What time is it? Just because I happened to -

DUCKS??? OMIGOSH, FOUR OF EM! WHERE'S MY GUN??? OH, YOU SHOT 'EM YOURSELF??? LOOK AT THE DUCKS!!

ORCH: "NEAR YOU".....FADE FOR



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a moment.  
I think you'll agree with me when I say that the brighter the shine you give your kitchen linoleum the more beautiful it becomes. Think then how really beautiful you can make your kitchen floor ... with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. You see, the shine you get with this old favorite is brighter than ever today. In fact, the Johnson's Glo-Coat your dealer is now selling gives your linoleum and other floors nearly twice as much shine as before. And say -- you'll like the wonderful smooth wax finish you get with Glo-Coat, it never streaks. Easy to use? Nothing to it... just apply and let dry... there's no rubbing or buffing. Johnson's Glo-Coat is easy on you in other ways, too. For instance, muddy footprints and spilled things wipe up with just a whisk of a damp cloth. Try it. Now brighter than ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, to bring out the beauty of the home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -  
Shine up the right side -  
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER. . . FADE FOR.

WEST COAST DRAX ANNOUNCEMENT TO BE READ IN 60 SECONDS

ANNCR: Tonight I'd like to tell you about a new beauty treatment for your washables. Now, hold on a minute, I'm not talking about a new soap. This is something quite new ... something completely different from anything you ever used before. It's called DRAX -- D-R-A-X -- and it's made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. Actually, DRAX is an invisible wax rinse that gives washables a soft, smooth, like-new finish. Tiny particles of wax surround each thread of the fabric ... ~~make~~ it resist soil and many stains. DRAX-protected clothes are easier to wash and easier to iron -- 20% easier by ironing tests. DRAX is so easy to use, too. You simply add a little to your final rinse water or starch solution -- and that's all! You'll find DRAX is wonderful for all your washables -- dresses, children's playclothes, shirts, curtains, tablecloths. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy, too. And ask for DRAX service at your laundry and dry cleaners. DRAX is now available at your neighborhood store. Get some soon!



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TAG

CLINK OF KNIFE AND FORK ON PLATE

MOL: More duck, McGee?

FIB: No thanks kiddo. I'm loaded...Oh hey, did Wilcox send that telegram to Racine? To the Johnson regional managers meeting?

MOL: Yes, he read it to me on the phone. It said "Best wishes from all of us to all of you."

FIB: Very clever wording...Hey, this duck is swell. There's just one thing that woulda made it better.

MOL: What's that?

FIB: A hunk of cheese.

MOL: Cheese with wild duck?

FIB: Sure - you know how I love cheese and quackers. (CORN  
LAUGH)

MOL: MCGEE!!

FIB: Huh? Oh, goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.  
Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC .... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER M

JOH

DECEMBER 9, 1947

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