

Wood

file

#11
(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 10th, 1948

7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PDST

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

ORCH: THEME FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self
Polishing Glocoat, 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:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's a seven-letter name that means brighter than bright. The name is Glo-Coat...Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax, Glo-Coat.

For Glo-Coat now makes your linoleum shine more brightly... far more brightly than before. And that brighter shine makes your whole kitchen a richer...warmer looking... pleasanter room to see and work in.

I'd like to suggest that you try it. Just spread Glo-Coat around your linoleum...and (QUICKLY) that's all...you stop right there. Glo-Coat goes right ahead and produces a beautiful finish without any help from you. In ten minutes it starts to glow...in fifteen minutes it's brighter yet...and in twenty minutes it has dried completely and is shining beautifully. Yes, there's a new glow in Glo-Coat and you get it without rubbing or buffing. Why not get Glo-Coat before the holiday rush really starts. Your dealer has this self polishing floor wax with the new glow - in the same familiar red and yellow container. See for yourself that Glo-Coat is a seven letter name that means...brighter than bright.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

WILCOX: TAKE A HANDFUL OF EXPERIENCE, ADD THREE OUNCES OF FORESIGHT, MIX IN A MILLIGRAM OF INSTINCT, ~~SEASON~~ ~~WITH HOPE~~, SOAK OVERNIGHT IN SUPERSTITION, AND YOU'LL HAVE WHAT IS KNOWN AS "A HUNCH". AND A FRIEND OF OURS HAS THE HUNCH OF HIS LIFE, AS WE MEET HIM IN KREMER'S DRUG STORE IN WISTFUL VISTA WITH HIS SKEPTICAL WIFE. YES, IT'S ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: I'm tellin' you, kiddo, it's been naggin' at me all day, like a loose tooth or a garlic salad.

MOL: What has?

FIB: This hunch of mine. This feeling. I woke up this morning in the ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY that this is my lucky day! That something wonderful was gonna happen to me today.

MOL: Well, it'd better hurry, sweetheart. It's almost four p.m. right now. Looks like Lady Luck has stood you up!

FIB: Nope. I still got that feeling. HEY, WAIT A MINUTE... GOT A PENNY? Never mind. I got one. This weighing machine tells fortunes. Let's see what it says.

MOL: Oh, for goodness sakes!! How can a bunch of cogwheels in a box tell you what's going to happen?

FIB: Stranger things have happened, Dreamboat.. I know a woman who got rich just lookin thru a hole into a box fulla celluloid.

MOL: Who?

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FIB: Mary Pickford. Now watch this!

SOUND: PENNY IN SLOT; GRIND OF MACHINE; PLOP OF CARD EMERGING

MOL: Read it to mother, sweetheart. Read me that rich, beautiful prose.

FIB: AHAAA...LISTEN TO THIS!!! (READS) "YOU WERE BORN UNDER A LUCKY STAR..YOU ARE BRILLIANT, ENERGETIC, HANDSOME AND MAGNETIC. YOU MAKE FRIENDS EASILY, HAVE A FORCEFUL PERSONALITY AND KEEN PERCEPTIONS"...My gosh, it's uncanny how a gadget like this can read character, ain't it?

MOL: It's uncanny how much flattery you can buy for a penny. Is that all of it?

FIB: No, it says: "YOU ARE DUE FOR AN UNEXPECTED WINDFALL, PARTICULARLY IF YOU READ THIS ON A TUESDAY." Hey.... what day is this?

MOL: Tuesday.

FIB: THERE...YOU SEE: MY GOSH, KIDDO, ALMOST ANYTHING CAN--

MOL: How much does it say you weigh?

FIB: Eh? Oh. 43 pounds.

MOL: 43 pounds!! I wouldn't trust that scale, dearie. It takes you too lightly.

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McGEE: Oh, I just had one foot on the scale. The fortune was what I was after. BUT DID YOU GET THAT ABOUT THE UNEXPECTED WINDFALL? Gee whiz, maybe-- OH, YOU GOT OUR PRESCRIPTION READY, KREMER?

KREMER: Yes, here it is, McGee. I hope it fixes up that sprained ankle all right.

MOL: Sprained ankle! The prescription was for a gargle, Mr. Kremer.

KREMER: That's all right - it won't hurt his ankle, either.

FIB: BUT I AIN'T GOT A SPRAINED ANKLE, DAD RAT IT!

KREMER: Look, McGee - I had five other druggists look at that prescription at a Rotary luncheon this noon, and all but one of us agreed that it was for a sprained ankle. The other one thought it was a Chinese laundry ticket, BUT WHO ARE YOU TO ARGUE WITH FIVE DRUGGISTS? That'll be a dollar eighty.

MOL: Thank you. Here's two dollars, Mr. Kremer.

KREMER: Thank you. And here are four nickels in change which I will give to your husband. (FADE) The pin ball machine is working again, McGee.

FIB: EH? IT IS? GEE, THANKS, KREMER. HEY, MOLLY, MAYBE HERE'S WHERE MY GOOD LUCK COMES IN. MAYBE I'LL RUN UP THREE MILLION ON THE PIN BALL MACHINE!

MOL: What do you get if you do?

FIB: Six free games!

MOL: Well, it isn't as good as a paid-up 20 year endowment, but it's something. Look, while you spend those four nickles in riotous living, I want to go ~~next door~~ and get some more Christmas Seals. (FADE) I'll be right back.

FIB: Okay, Tootsie! Ahh, there goes a good kid... Now let's try our luck with the pin balls, McGee.

SOUND: THUD OF BALLS BEING RETURNED. CLACK OF PLUNGER; SERIES OF WHANGS, BONGS, RATCHETS, PINGS, WHIRRS, BUMPS, BELLS AND BURPS

FIB: (PAUSE) Shucks, missed everything!!! Well, I still got three more tries! I'll hit this for--

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Eh? OH, HIYA, TEENY!

TEE: Whatcha doon, Mister? Hmm? Whatcha doon? Hmm? Whatcha?

FIB: Now what does it look like I'm doing, sis?

TEE: Looks like you're playing the pin-ball machine, I betcha.

FIB: Well, that's exactly what I AM doing.

TEE: Gee, you didn't do so good, did you?

FIB: No.

TEE: That's because you weren't leaning against it, I betcha.

FIB: Eh? Whatdye mean?

TEE: I'd show you what I mean, only I'm not supposed to play this game on account of I'm not eighteen.

FIB: Oh.

TEE: But I betcha if you bought me some lipstick and a hairnet I could fool almost everybody and --

FIB: NO! I WILL NOT!

TEE: You talkod me into it! Gimmo a nickel.

FIB: Here.

TEE: You see, you lean against the side of it, like this ...

SOUND: PINBALL EFFECT - PINBALL MACHINE FINISHES WITH BONG ... BONG ... BONG .. BONG .. BONG

FIB: Migosh, sis! You rung up two million!!

TEE: (APOLOGETIC) I'm a little off today - but you see what I mean about leaning against it? (FADING) HEY, MISTER KREMER, CAN I HAVE A SODA INSTEAD OF THREE FREE GAMES, ON ACCOUNT OF I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO PLAY THE PINBALL MACHINE. SO LONG MISTER!

FIB: I wonder if that kid's a midgot. Although any midgot that can run up a score like this -- Oh, hi, Molly. You roady to go home?

MOL: Yes, dearie - when you get through playing mechanical marbles. If we hurry, we can get the 4:47 bus.

FIB: Okay. Lot's go!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE ON TRAFFIC SOUNDS - FADE FOR:

MOL: Still fool lucky, McGee?

FIB: Yep, I dunno why, but I do. It's something I -- HEY .. WHAT'S THAT?

MOL: What's what? Oh, that new store? That's the new fish market. They just opened today. Let's go in and take a look.

FIB: Okay ...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: Hello, folks ... something you wanted? We're just about to close up for the day.

MOL: No thank you. We were just admiring your new store.

MAN: Well, thanks. We'll be glad to have your seafood trade, lady. All our fresh fish are flown in daily, you know. Except one kind.

FIB: What kind is that?

MAN: Flying fish - they come in by themselves. SAY ... SEE THE BIG SALMON IN THE FREEZE CASE THERE?

MOL: Heavenly days, what a whopper! Looks like somebody finally caught the one that got away.

FIB: BOY, WHAT A SALMON! Wouldn't I like to fling a fang into that baby! I'll bet I could eat that beauty in one sittin', Molly! Baked with vegetable stuffing! Hey, how much does that fish weigh, bud?

MAN: That's the question, Mac. Person guessing nearest the correct weight before we close today wins the fish. What's your guess?

MOL: Heavenly days, I wouldn't know. It looks like three tons to me.

FIB: Well, as an expert fisherman, Buster, I'd say about thirty-five pounds.

MAN: THIRTY-FIVE POUNDS IS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! (SLIDING CASE OPEN) AND YOU WIN THE FISH .. CONGRATULATIONS!! HERE YOU ARE, MAC --

FIB: (GRUNTS) Hey, wait a minute --

MOL: Can't we have it delivered?

MAN: Sorry, ma'am, we do a strictly cash and carry business. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to lock up. Good night, madam. Good night, sir!

FIB: Hey, quit shovin' me! Hey, I don't want this --

SOUND: DOOR SLAM - LOCKING DOOR

FIB: Did he say thirty-five pounds? My gosh, it feels more like EIGHTY-FIVE! Doggone it, this would have to happen on the day our car's laid up! Hey, see if you can hail a taxi, kiddo.

MOL: At the rush hour? Not a chance, dearie ... it's the bus or streetcar for us.

FIB: (GROANS) The streetcar or a bus ... and me with a thirty-five pound salmon!

MOL: Yes. Come on, Lucky!!

ORCH: "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...TRAFFIC IN BG.

FIB: (GRUMBLING) Of all the silly prizes to win! Migosh...
a 35 pound salmon!

MOLLY: Yes, and it all happened so suddenly, too! Like the
time at the Post Office Auction...when you sneezed and
accidentally bought a dozen porcelain plates. Remember?

FIB: I'll say. They weren't bad lookin' at that, though....
if they hadn't all been uppers...and didn't fit anybody
I knew...

MOLLY: You know...when you got that hunch about today being
lucky, I thought there was something fishy about it!
If I'd known HOW fishy, I'd....

FIB: Feel so dadratted silly, walkin' along the main drag,
in the middle of December with a 3-foot salmon...
(PAUSE) Is it heavy?

MOLLY: YES! And it's wet...and slippery...and cold...and it's
coming unwrapped. Here...you take it awhile.

SOUND: PAPER RATTLES.

FIB: Okay. (GRUNTS) By George that fish market will never
get any of my business again! Any outfit that gives
you a 35-pound salmon and then refuses to deliver it,
oughta be investigated...that's what they oughta be in!

MOL: Let's not look a gift fish in the gills, sweetheart....
let's just get it home. ~~It'll look a lot better in our
deep freeze.~~ Come on...here comes a bus!

SOUND: BUS FADING IN

FIB: Good. You hail him while I get a better grip on this
thing. It's as slippery as a....

SOUND: BUS ROARS PAST...FADES

MOL: Oh dear, it was jammed, McGee! The driver just sneered
politely and kept on going.

FIB: Great! Come on...let's walk up a block. Maybe we can
get the next one before it...

MOL: Oh wait....here comes the Old Timer. HELLO, MR. OLD TIMER!

FIB: Oh, hi, Old Timer.

OLD T: Hello there, kids! I was jist down to...(PAUSE) Hey,
whatcha got there, Johnny?

FIB: What have I got, he says! What does it look like...a
birthday cake?

OLD T: ~~(PAUSE)~~ Nope. No candles on it. Looks more like a
salmon, son.

MOL: Yes, he just won it down at the fish market, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Yep...our car's busted and I'm tryin' to get it home.

OLD T: Have 'em tow it home, Johnny. They can hitch onto the
front axle and tow it...

MOL: No, he means we're trying to get the fish home.

OLD M: Oh. The fish is busted! I thought he said the car. A busted fish ain't hardly worth takin' home to...

FIB: No no no, skip it. This salmon is gettin' heavy and I gotta....

OLD M: I useta have quite a reputation fer salmon fishin', kids! I invented me a recipe fer stuffed salmon that my folks ~~was~~ jist ~~was~~ *crazy about!*

FIB: Stuffed salmon, eh? Sounds good.

OLD M: Yep....you just roll the salmon in ~~sand~~...wrap it in seaweed...stuff it in the nearest culvert...and pick up some pork chops on the way home! I love pork chops!

MOL: Did you ever fish in the ocean much, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: I sure did, daughter! Caught some strange things out of that old ocean, too. I mind one time I hooked into a mermaid..wearin' a rubber boot:

MOL: A real mermaid???

FIB: With a rubber boot on?

OLD M: Yep....hooked her right through the boot-top, and did she gimme a battle! I hung on, though and....

FIB: Aw, cut it out! Migosh, there's no such thing as a mermaid!

OLD M: (HURT) I knew nobody'd believe me, Johnny...but I was lucky this time. I brought the proof home with me. Come over and see fer yourself!

FIB: HUH? No kiddin'...you got a real mermaid over there????

OLD: No, she got away, Johnny - but I'll show you the rubber boot! You come over, too, daughter. So long, kids!

MOLLY: Isn't that interesting, McGee. Do you suppose he really -

FIB: Awww no! That's the silliest - Hey, come on, let's get up to the bus stop.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG PAVEMENT.

MOLLY: Yes, there should be a bus about due.

FIB: Doggone it, I wish somebody'd come along that we know in a car. All the times I've give guys lifts, you'd think -

SOUND: BUS FADING IN.

MOLLY: Well, thank goodness, here's a bus - and it's half empty. I'll be glad to just sit down and -

FIB: Hey, it's comin' pretty fast so ---HEY BUS! WAIT! BUS!

SOUND: BUS ROARS BY...FADES.

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MOL: It's gone. There was plenty of room, too.

FIB: DADRAT THE DADRATTED! If we'd got that bus I coulda paid an extra dime and give this salmon his own seat. Wonder how old he is. Maybe he could of even rode for half fare! Oh, of all the -

WIL: Well, hello there, Molly. Hello, Pal.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Boy am I glad to see you!

WIL: Thanks, Pal. I'm always glad to see you, too, because
(PAUSE) What's that you've got there? Looks like a fish.

MOL: Isn't he observant?

FIB: 35 pound salmon, Junior. I just won it, - if you can call it that - at the new fish market.

WIL: Oh!

MOL: And the reason we're particularly glad to see you, Mr. Wilcox is we thought maybe you'd give us a ride home.

FIB: Yeah, Junior...my car's outa whack, and the busses are crowded, and we can't find a cab.

WIL: Oh gee, kids, I'd LOVE to give the three of you a lift but I can't. First I've got to deliver a load of Glocoat across town and -

MOL: Of what, Mr. Wilcox...

FIB: Molly, my gosh...don't drag this out...this fish is heavy.!!

WIL: Glocoat, I said, Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.

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FIB: Never knew fish come this heavy ---

WIL: Housewives who never use Glocoat and have to use old fashioned mop-and-bucket scrubbing on their linoleum, always say -

FIB: My arms are so tired I can hardly *lift em* -

WIL: Yes, and housewives who are smart enough to use Glocoat - and that is the majority of them - when they buy Glocoat at their dealers ^{then} always think -

FIB: I can hardly wait to get it home ---

WIL: Exactly. Because they know that Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat is the easiest and simplest way to protect and glorify linoleum, and bring out its worn and faded beauty because it's so easy to apply. And there's been a new glow added to Glocoat which is a thought that

FIB: Hey hey hey, Look, Waxey!-

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: If you're thru with that lame excuse about delivering Glocoat, what's the REAL reason you won't drive us home? Snobbish, or something?

WIL: Look, Pal...when I get thru my deliveries, I'm taking my wife a couple of dozen roses for our anniversary, - and I CAN'T give her a bouquet that smells like salmon.

MOL: You could explain the circumstances, couldn't you?

WIL: No. You see, before I was married I used to go with a girl whose father was captain of a fishing schooner AND I DON'T WANT TO REVIVE ANY OLD DISCUSSIONS.....See? So good day, Molly...and good luck with the whale, Jonah.

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

PAUSE

MOL: You want me to hold the fish awhile?
FIB: (DISGUSTED) No...Just pull the paper up over ^{his} ~~the~~ face, willya? It keeps staring at me!
MOL: The paper's all torn. Don't look at ^{him} ~~it~~, dearie.
FIB: Can't help it - it fascinates me. Did you ever try to stare down a 35 pound dead salmon? It's the most exasperating - Hey, here comes, La Trivia! Hi, La Triv.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Nice to see you.
GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee, Hello, McG-----WELL, WHAT'S THIS?
FIB: A salmon.
MOL: 35 pounds.
GALE: Well, that's a very interest--
FIB: Got your car downtown, La Triv? Or could you get us the loan of an old hook and ladder, or a squad car, or a garbage truck, or something with wheels on it?
MOL: We need a ride home.
GALE: If you don't have any transportation how did you ever go out fishing?
FIB: We didn't go out fishing. I won this fish.
MOL: At the new fish market. He guessed the correct weight and they gave it to him.
GALE: Why didn't they deliver it?
FIB: They don't deliver.
MOL: Strictly cash and carry.
GALE: Why didn't you leave it there and pick it up tomorrow?
(PAUSE)
FIB: Gee. I dunno.

MOL: We never thought of it, I guess. We were kind of rushed into this thing. We had the fish and were out on the street before we knew what was cooking.
GALE: Cooking? What are they serving, - fish and chips?
FIB: Who?
GALE: The people who run the fish market. They have no license for that sort of thing, and by George I'm going to look into it!
MOL: But Mr. Mayor, they don't actually serve anything. They -
GALE: (CALMLY) I don't care whether they serve anything or not. Even if you have to serve yourself, so they can save a waitress's wages, they can't -
FIB: BUT DAD RAT IT, NOBODY SERVES ANYTHING. THEY DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO EAT IN THERE.
GALE: Oh, they don't! What do they sell fish for? Bait?
MOL: LOOK, MR. MAYOR...LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT. WHEN WE SAID WE HAD THIS FISH BEFORE WE KNEW WHAT WAS COOKING, WE MERELY MEANT --
GALE: (PATIENTLY) I know. The people who run this market are friends of yours and you don't want the city to crack down on them for violating the restaurant ordinances.
FIB: That's exactly...NO NO NO!...THEY AIN'T FRIENDS OF OUR... WE NEVER SAW 'EM BEFORE TODAY -
MOL: ALL THEY DID WAS GIVE US THIS FISH...THIS 35 POUND SALMON.....
FIB: WE WON IT!!!

GALE: Oh? A fish lottery. A gambling joint! I see. Well, that simply adds to the -

MOL: PLEASE, YOUR SALMON....I MEAN PLEASE, YOUR HONOR...THIS SALMON WAS MERELY COOKING A....WE DIDN'T MEAN THE FISH WHO GAVE US THE PEOPLE WAS...WHO SAID WE...

FIB: Lemme explain, Molly. LOOK, LA TRIV ...

GALE: Yes?

FIB: WHAT MOLLY MEANS IS THAT THIS RESTURA .. THIS MARK FISHET ... ER .. FISH MARKET ... THEY DON'T FISH ANY COOK .. ER . SERVE ANY PEEP --- ... (YELLS) THEY'RE JUST SELFISH ... I MEAN THEY JUST SELL FISH ... THEY GOT SELVES FULL O' SHELLS ... SHELVES FULL OF SHELLFISH THAT ... THEY DON'T .. WE DIDN'T ... WE ... YOU (PAUSE) ~~Look~~. La Triv.

GALE: Yes?

MOL: It begins to look as if we'll have to give this salmon away. Do you care for sea food?

GALE: I'm very fond of it. In fact, I've been eating so much sea food, Doctor Gamble says I'm getting myself a little lobster pot. (CHUCKLES) ... (STERNLY) BUT I DON'T CARE FOR SALMON, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND! Good day

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

FIB: (CALLS AFTER HIM) HEY, LA TRIV ... HOW ABOUT GIVIN' US A RIDE HOME, SO - Oh shucks ...

MOL: Never mind him, McGee .. here comes another bus!!

FIB: Good! Here, you hold the salmon, while I flag him down Don't drop it now ... That's it, both arms.

MOL: Heavenly days, if this isn't an awful thing to --

BUS FADES IN AND STOPS ..

FIB: Pretty crowded, but get in, kiddo.

DOOR OPENS

DRIVER: I've got room for you and the baby, lady, but your husband'll have to wait.

MOL: THE BABY? ... Why you big loogan - you --

DOOR SLAM ... BUS ROARS AWAY

FIB: I've been called a lot of things - but this is the first time I've been mistook for a salmon's father!

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN: "BUTTONS AND BOWS"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

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MOL: You know, sweetheart, this whole thing is getting a little ridiculous.

FIB: You said it! But it hasn't got me licked yet, kiddo! Any time a big walleyed, slackjawed, sliver-sided hunk of dead salmon thinks it can outsmart me, it better get up pretty early in the-- Hey, I wonder what time salmon get up.

MOL: I don't know...but from the looks of this one, he needs more sleep.

FIB: Maybe he comes from a night school of fish and gets home so late he--

MOL: Oh, look, McGee...there goes Doctor Gamble..maybe he'll give us a lift home, if he has his car nearby. YOO HOO ...DOCTOR GAMBLE!

(PAUSE)

FIB: My gosh, he don't hear us...he's walkin' on...HEY, DOC! HEY!! Do something, Molly...whistle thru your teeth!... I dunno how!!!

MOL: All right. (SHRILL WHISTLE)

FIB: That got him!

MOL: It ought to.. It never fails when I want a waiter in a restaurant. OH, HELLO THERE, DOCTOR GAMBLE!

FIB: Hiya, Doc!

DOC: Hello, my dear. Where'd you get the shark, Hammerhead? I mean where did you get the hammerhead shark?

FIB: You mean this bass, Bigmouth? I mean this bigmouth bass? Just caught it out at Dugan's Lake.

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DOC: You WHAT?

MOL: You see, Doctor, McGee and I were in the--

FIB: We were takin' a walk, see, and we went out on the dock at Dugan's Lake and I seen this fish swimmin' past. So, with a devil-may-care chuckle, I whips off my overcoat and dives in, thru three inches of ice.

DOC: Mmmhmm!

FIB: I comes up underneath him, grabs him in a step-over fin-hold, switches to a forward quarter-Nelson, holds his head under till he drowns, then flips him up onto the dock.

MOL: Then we got into our rocket ship, flew three times around the sun to dry off and landed on the roof of Walt's Malt Shop.

DOC: Children, I've had a tough day and I'm in no mood for nonsense. AND WILL YOU PLEASE STAND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF ME, FISHMONGER? I'D RATHER THE WIND WAS FROM ME TO YOU.

FIB: Look, *Seline Solution* ~~Benedictine~~, do us a favor, willya? I'm getting darn tired of cuddlin' this barracuda and the busses are full and my car is laid up in the garage. How's about a lift home?

DOC: Buster, I'd be very happy to accommodate you, but I'M a pedestrian here myself. My car, as I laughingly call it, is also laid up. I had a slight argument with a coal truck and wound up with my lap, such as it is, full of anthracite. NOW WHERE DID YOU GET THE FISH?

MOL: At the new fish market on 14th and Oak, Doctor. McGee guessed the correct weight, thirty-five pounds, and won this salmon.

DOC: You lucky boy. Well, I've got to get back to my office.
FIB: YOU GONNA LEAVE ME HERE STANDING ON THE STREET WITH THIS
DADRATTED SEA LION, YOU BIG, UGLY OLD MAN, YOU? >
MOL: But, dearie...what can he do?
DOC: The only thing I can do is offer my sympathy, my dear.
Maybe if you went past the firehouse they could use the
pulmotor on the salmon and revive him enough so you could
ride it home. Sidesaddle, of course. That dorsal fin might
be a little uncomfortable. Good day, my dear...so long,
Moby Dick!

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

FIB: This is a fine state of how do you do..AND THIS THING IS
GETTIN' HEAVY!!!
MOL: Well, if you hadn't been so lucky today dearie, we'd be
home by now.
FIB: Doggone it, if there was a hardware store open, I'd buy
two sets of roller skates and pull this fish home, but --
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE...I GOT AN IDEA!
MOL: What are you going to do?
FIB: See this guy comin'? Well, watch this! HOW DO YOU DO,
SIR! ARE YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, A FISHERMAN?
MAN: Well, I've done a little freshwater fishing, but --
FIB: I REPRESENT THE ROGUE RIVER SALMON FISHERMAN'S ASSOCIATION
OF AMERICA --

MOL: In fact, he's the head Rogue.
FIB: Er...yeah. NOW WHAT WOULD YOU SAY WAS THE WEIGHT OF THIS
SALMON, BUD?
MAN: (LAUGHS) My goodness, I wouldn't have the slightest --
FIB: GO ON..MAKE A GUESS!
MAN: Oh, I'd say about twenty-two pounds, but --
MOL: WONDERFUL!!
FIB: YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, SIR ... AND YOU HAVE WON THIS
BEAUTIFUL SALMON -- HERE YOU ARE!!!
MAN: Hey, I don't want --
MOL: CONGRATULATIONS!

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MOL: In fact, he's the head Rogue.
FIB: Er...yeah. NOW WHAT WOULD YOU SAY WAS THE WEIGHT OF THIS
SALMON, BUD?
MAN: (LAUGHS) My goodness, I wouldn't have the slightest --
FIB: GO ON..MAKE A GUESS!
MAN: Oh, I'd say about twenty-two pounds, but --
MOL: WONDERFUL!!
FIB: YQU ARE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, SIR ... AND YOU HAVE WON THIS
BEAUTIFUL SALMON -- HERE YOU ARE!!!
MAN: Hey, I don't want --
MOL: CONGRATULATIONS!

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FIB: YES INDEED! COME ON, MOLLY!
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, FADE FAST
MOL: (WAY OFF)..Not so fast, McGee...wait for baby...
MAN: (ON) Gee, I guess this is my lucky day!!
ORCH: "YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS, BABY" ... FADE FOR

FIBBER & MOLLY SHOW.
12-14-1948.

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL.

WILCOX: The other day I heard a woman call the December holidays ... the "kitchen" days. Meaning, I suppose, lots of company ... lots of cooking ... and lots of living in the kitchen. And it can be a very cheerful place -- the kitchen -- when the linoleum has the glossy luster that Johnson's Glo-coat will give it. Especially now that there's a new glow in our self polishing floor wax, Glo-Coat. A glow that shines and glistens more brightly than before. But, you know, with all the activity going on in the kitchen ... you want protection as well as beauty for your linoleum. Glo-coat covers your linoleum with a tough coat that liquids and dirt can't penetrate. As for cleaning ... a few strokes with a damp cloth will whisk dirt off that smooth surface. So make your kitchen days easier for yourself ... and brighter ... far brighter for everyone. Ask for Johnson's Glo-Coat tomorrow. Remember, the Glo-Coat, your dealer now has in the familiar red and yellow container ... is the Glo-Coat with the new glow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

- TAG - (REVISED)

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FIB: Boy, I'm glad I got rid of that salmon. I was sure feeling low.

MOL: I know you were. If your face had stayed where it fell, you'd have gone through life as "Puss in Boots".

FIB: Eh? Oh, yeah. Ha-Ha. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF.

WIL: *Out for
Time -* The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self polishing Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time - and Fred Waring on Monday and Wednesday mornings... Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you..... Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)