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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!  
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WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie #6 N.Y.  
(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
Johnson's Wax

9:30 - 10:00 P.M. EST

NOVEMBER 6, 1945

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!  
ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR --  
WILCOX: The makers of Johnson Wax products for home and  
industry present Fibber McGee and Molly, written  
by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, with music by the  
King's Men and Billy Mills Orchestra!  
ORCH: "SOME SUNDAY AFTERNOON" - FADE FOR --

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC  
FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM EST NBC  
NOVEMBER 6, 1945

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX:

If one of your friends said to you -- "I keep house with WAX" -- would you know what she meant? If you went over her home, room by room, I think you would. Because in every one of those rooms, from the front door through the kitchen, you would find wax protection, wax-polished beauty. Floors that grow lovelier with every application of JOHNSON'S WAX. Table tops, sideboard, chair arms that gleam with wax-protection, that are so easy to keep clean and sparkling. Windowsills that are not afraid of a sudden shower. Venetian blinds, picture frames, leather articles that wear a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX proudly. Yes, you would find in every room evidence of regular applications of JOHNSON'S WAX to all kinds of surfaces, protecting them, preserving them, adding beauty and length of life -- and saving hours of housework. That is what we mean by protective housekeeping with JOHNSON'S WAX. And believe me, it pays big dividends.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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(2ND REVISION)

WILCOX:

KREMER'S DRUG STORE IN WISTFUL VISTA IS NOTED FOR TWO THINGS; ITS WONDERFUL CHOCOLATE FUDGE and THE FACT THAT IT USUALLY HASN'T GOT ANY. BUT TODAY THE SALE IS ON, AND HERE, JUST HOME WITH A BIG BAGFUL OF THE CONFECTION, WE FIND MOLLY OF -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL:

McGee, you know what I got at Kremer's Drug Store?

FIB:

DON'T TELL ME YOU BOUGHT SOME OF THAT QUICK DRYING FOUNTAIN PEN INK OF KREMER'S! THAT STUFF IS TERRIBLE!

MOL:

Why is it?

FIB:

I had some of that on my last trip to Peoria. YOU KNOW HOW YOU ALWAYS SHAKE YOUR PEN AT A HOTEL WALL TO SEE IF THE INK IS FLOWING RIGHT? WELL, THAT STUFF DRIES BEFORE IT HITS THE WALL. RATTLES AGAINST THE WALLPAPER LIKE YOU WERE THROWIN' BUCKSHOT!

MOL:

That's too bad. But that isn't what I started to tell you. Kremer's were having a special sale on --

FIB: THAT OUTFIT IS ALWAYS HAVING A SPECIAL SALE! They think a once-cent sale means giving you four pennies for a nickel.

MOL: But this was --

FIB: KREMER'S IDEA OF A BARGAIN IS GIVIN' YOU TWO OF SOMETHING YOU DON'T WANT, WITH SOMETHING YOU GOTTA HAVE, FOR HALF AGAIN WHAT YOU'D HAVE TO PAY, IF YOU WENT SOMEPLACE YOU'D RATHER GO, IF IT WASN'T RAINING!

MOL: Look, dearie...Will you stop interrupting me a minute?

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Telling you something is like trying to lie on your back and play badminton with hailstones.

FIB: I'm sorry, Molly. I didn't mean to interrupt. Go ahead and talk.

MOL: Thank you. I was going to say that I bought some --

FIB: Anything I hate it's a guy that won't let the other guy talk.

MOL: I know. That's why I --

FIB: It's a form of egotism, that's what it is. Thinks what he has to say is so much more important than what the guy is sayin' he can't keep his <sup>digital</sup> m'outh shut.

MOL: Exactly. Now then -- when I was down at Kremer's drug store --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: FOR GOODNESS SAKES, MC GEE, WILL YOU PLEASE LET ME TALK?

FIB: That wasn't me, Mommy. That was the doorbell.

MOL: What? Oh. Excuse me. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

VIRG: Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Yes?

VIRG: I'm your new neighbor, next door. If we should go away for a few days, would you take care of our boxer?

FIB: You betcha, sis. I'm very fond of dogs.

VIRG: Oh this isn't a dog. It's our cousin, PUNCHY McCLATHCHIE. Thank you very much.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: My goodness, did you ever hear of PUNCHY McCLATHCHIE, McGEE?

FIB: Sure. Six feet of fighting scar-tissue who couldn't batter his way out of a hairnet. Known in prize fighting circles as the WALTZ KING. Gone into more dives than an M.P. in Paris, and made a will leaving his jaw to the Libby-Owens Glass Company. But tell me, kiddo...what were you saying about Kremer's? You got me interested?

MOL: Well, this morning I had a terrific desire for some good chocolate fudge, so I --

FIB: FUDGE? WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT, SNOOKY. I'LL WHIP YOU UP A BATCH. THE OLD FASHIONED KIND!

MOL: Please, McGee. You don't have to make me any fudge. Because I already --

FIB: YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, MADAME! YOU SAYS YOU WERE HUNGRY FOR FUDGE! SOOOOOO....YOU GET FUDGE Now then... what do I need to make fudge...cocoa....eggs....EGGS? No, don't need eggs...HAND ME THE PHONE. I GOTTA CALL THE GROCERY.

MOL: Here, but --

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME JIMMY SALES' GROCERY AND MEAT MARK MY WORDS, - IT'S HER!

MOL: Who?

FIB: Myrt. HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR MARRIED SISTER? IN AN INTERESTING CONDITION, EH?

MOL: Isn't that nice!

FIB: No, she was studying ballet and got her foot caught behind her neck. WHAT SAY, MYRT? YEAH...THE GROCERY STORE. THANKS. (PAUSE) HELLO, SALES' GROCERY? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKING. ~~SO~~. I JUST CALLED TO ORDER SOME EGGS, BUT I HAPPENED TO THINK YOU DON'T NEED EGGS TO MAKE FUDGE. SO FORGET IT. (CLICK) Well, here we go, ~~CLANK~~ and scratchin'. Come on out in the kitchen, baby!

MOL: McGee, for the last time--

FIB: BUT IT PROBABLY WON'T BE THE LAST TIME, TOOTSIE. WHEN YOU FLING A FANG INTO THIS FUDGE I'M GONNA MAKE, YOU'LL REALIZE WHY THE CHIEF OF THE WALDORF IS A MAN.

MOL: That's pronounced CHEF, dearie.

FIB: It is? Well, when I was in the army, I cooked a mess of baked beans for the Commander-in-Chef--

MOL: That's CHIEF.

FIB: Thanks. I cooked a mess of beans for the Commander-in-Chief that were so wonderful he wanted to know the name of the Chief that cooked 'em...

MOL: CHEF.

FIB: The chef that cooked 'em. So I tells the Commander-in-Chef, I says -

MOL: CHIEF.

FIB: (PAUSE) I...er....WELL...WHERE'S THE SAUCEPANS? AHHAH, HERE WE ARE!

SOUND: CLANK OF PANS:

MOL: Those are frying pans, McGee.

FIB: SO WHAT? DIDN'T YOU EVER EAT ANY FRIED FUDGE? FRYING BRINGS OUT ALL THE DELICATE...:(CLANK AND GLATTER) Hey.. what are we keepin' this thing for?

MOL: That's a collendar.

FIB: WELL, IT'S FULL O' HOLES. I ONLY WANT THE BEST EQUIPMENT  
IN ANY KITCHEN OF MINE. THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW!

MOL: Certainly.

SOUND: WINDOW OPEN: CLATTER OF PAN OFF MIKE: WINDOW CLOSE:

FIB: Thank you...NOW THEN... A DOUBLE BOILER....

MOL: Why a double boiler?

FIB: I always boil my fudge twice...(CLATTER OF PANS INTO MUSIC)  
NOW LEMME SEE....SALT....PEPPER...

ORCH: "GOTTA BE THIS OR THAT"

APPLAUSE:

VIGOROUS BEATING LIQUID

FIB: Boy, is this fudge gonna be good! Look at that rich  
brown color.

MOL: Yes, like the back of an old boxing glove.

FIB: BOY, GET A LOAD OF THAT SMOOTH, CREAMY CONSISTENCY! THIS  
STUFF IS GONNA TURN OUT TO BE PURE VELVET!

MOL: Yes, one bite and you have a long nap.

FIB: If it turns out as good as I expect, I might put it on  
the market. "FIBBER'S FINE FUDGE." I can just see the  
billboards...."FEELING FOUL, FOLKS? WHY FRET, FUME OR  
FUSS? FEED YOUR FACE WITH A FISTFUL OF FIBBER'S FINE  
FUDGE!"

MOL: "If feeling low with work and drudgery,  
Drop in on Fibber's Fancy Fudgery!"

FIB: GREAT, MOLLY, GREAT!!! WHY I'LL MAKE THE NAME OF MCGEE  
ANONYMOUS WITH FINE CANDY EVERYPLACE!

MOL: You mean SYNONYMOUS, dearie. It starts with a SYN,  
and if you think I'm whistling Dixie, you're tone-  
deaf!

FIB: I'LL HAVE MY FUDGE IN EVERY DRUG STORE IN THE UNITED  
STATES! BY GEORGE, I'LL ---

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: OFF: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia.....(CALLS) OUT HERE IN  
THE KITCHEN, YOUR HONOR!!!

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia. Have a chair and watch a master  
confectioner confection.

GALE: What witches brew are you concocting there, McGee? If you're  
working on synthetic rubber, don't go any further. A set of  
tires that smelled like that would set the automotive  
industry back 75 years!

MOL: He's making fudge, your honor.

GALE: Oh. Fudge.

FIB: What was that last crack, La Trivia?

GALE: I merely said "OH. Fudge." Indicating that I had, with my  
usual perspicacity, grasped the situation. May I make a  
suggestion?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Well, every time I drop in for a friendly chat, we seem to  
conclude with some unseemly conversational brawl. Let us,  
for once, not get into an argument.

FIB: Okay with me, La Triv. I'm a peaceful citizen. I can get  
along with anybody.

MOL: WELL NOW ISN'T THIS NICE!

GALE: Splendid. People who go around with chips on their shoulders-

FIB: JUST LEAVE MY FATHER OUT OF THIS, LA TRIVIA! THAT'S ALL!

GALE: Your father? What did I say about -

MOL: His father was a carpenter, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: AND JUST BECAUSE AN HONEST CABINET MAKER HAS A FEW CHIPS ON  
HIS SHOULDER, DON'T MEAN --

GALE: I WAS SPEAKING IN A RHETORICAL SENSE, MCGEE. I CERTAINLY DID  
NOT MEAN ACTUAL CHIPS. I MEANT -

FIB: YOU MEAN MY FATHER USED PONEY CHIPS? NOW JUST A DARN  
MINUTE, LA TRIVIA. THERE'S NO MORE HONEST PEOPLE IN THE  
WORLD THAN CARPENTERS AND ---

GALE: (LOUDLY) I DIDN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT CARPENTERS! YOU BROUGHT  
THAT UP!

MOL: No, he brought McGee up.

GALE: (ROARS) I MEAN THAT AN HONEST CHIPPENTER...ER..CARPING  
HONESTER..... WHEN A MAN HAS A CHIP ON HIS FATHER .....

FIB: STOP SHOUTING AT MY WIFE, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: (SHRIEKS) I WAS NOT SHOUTING AT...(WHISPERS) I was not  
shouting at your wife.

MOL: Who were you shouting at, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: (VERY SOFTLY) At your husband.

FIB: SPEAK UP, LA TRIVIA! COME, COME! IF YOU GOT ANYTHING TO SAY,  
OUT WITH IT! DON'T MUMBLE!

GALE: (BROKENLY) I was only trying to ... when I attempted to....  
I was hoping that, for once, we could...McGee, don't you like  
me?

MOL: Of course he likes you, Mr. Mayor!

FIB: You're a fine chap, La Trivia. Inclined to fly off the  
handle now and then , like a cheap hatchet, but a fine chap  
for all that.

GALE: Thank you. Then before I leave may I tell you something I  
have never said to anyone else?

MOL: Of course, your honor.

FIB: What is it, old man?

GALE: Simply this, McGee. You have dripped that horrible mess of  
fudge all over the front of your shirt and pants, and on you  
it looks good!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Why on earth do you suppose he doesn't like carpenters?

FIB: Oh, just a frustration, I'd say. Probably wanted to be a  
carpenter himself and couldn't, because he always put a  
wrong construction on everything.

MOL: Yes, that may be the....OH MCGEE...YOU'VE SPILLED THAT STUFF  
ALL OVER THE FLOOR!

FIB: Ah, so what? I got plenty left. I made a double recipe, so-

DOOR OPEN, OFF:

WILCOX: (OFF MIKE) ANYBODY HOME?

MOL: OUT HERE IN THE KITCHEN, MR. WILCOX!

DOOR CLOSE: OFF

FIB: Hiyah, Junior.

WIL: Hello, Pal. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Do you like fudge?

WIL: Is that what he's making there?

FIB: Yes.

WIL: No.

FIB: Am I to misconstrue that as a reflection on my cookin',  
Junior?

WIL: If the shoe fits, Pal, you can walk for miles without  
finding an argument, GEE, I WISH YOU HAD A COPY OF MY COOK  
BOOK.

~~MOL:~~ FIB: YOUR COOK BOOK!

MOL: I never knew you were interested in cooking, Mr. Wilcox.  
Family recipes, are they?

WIL: No, I just stole 'em, here and there. You know the old  
saying. If you steal from one author, it's plagiarism.  
If you steal from everybody, it's research. Mine's  
research.

FIB: Look, Junior, I know you, and I know you ain't doing this  
strictly for the benefit of frazzled females, You got a  
gimmick in there someplace.

WIL: Well-1-1...there IS one little device I thought was interesting.

MOL: STAND BY, RACINE!

FIB: HERE IT COMES!

WIL: (LAUGHS) You see, every time I mention eggs, or gravy, or soup, or anything that's liable to be spilled, I add a footnote, see? It says, "REMEMBER, SPILLED THINGS ARE EASILY WIPED UP IF YOUR KITCHEN LINOLEUM IS PROTECTED BY JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT."

MOL: Why that's a very unobjectionable reminder, I'd say.

FIB: That's the vicious part of this guy's approach, Molly. He sneaks up on you like Aunt Tessie's Elderberry Wine.

WIL: In the chapter on "PREPARATIONS" of course, I tell how to keep the kitchen always ready for use. How to pour out a little Johnson's Glocoat, spread it around and let it dry. With no rubbing or buffing necessary. And how it beautifies ~~and protects~~ the linoleum and makes it last six to ten times longer and ~~how~~ - HEY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: Six to ten.

WIL: Gee, I gotta go. See you later folks.

FIB: HEY, DON'T YOU WANNA WAIT AND HAVE SOME FUDGE?

WIL: No thanks.

MOL: I always thought you had quite a sweet tooth, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I have, but my sweet tooth takes advice from my wisdom tooth. So long now!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Imagine Mr. Wilcox...AN AUTHOR!

FIB: PTAH! All it takes to be an author <sup>free says</sup> is an idle summer and a publisher with too big an income tax.

MOL: Well, passing up that fertile subject for the time being, dearie.....move aside....while I wipe up that spilled fudge.

FIB: Okay....I gotta beat this painful a little more anyway.

RAPID STIRRING

FIB: This Baking soda don't mix in very good.

MOL: BAKING SODA! DID YOU PUT BAKING SODA IN THAT FUDGE?

FIB: Certainly.....makes it light and fluffy. It's the vinegar that gives it that sharp, tangy smell.

MOL: VINEGAR! OH NOW, MCGEE.....AFTER ALL, YOU DON'T PUT EVERYTHING INTO MAKING FUDGE.

FIB: I didn't put everything into it! Look at that stuff on the shelf there I didn't use. Celery salt, onion flakes, horseradish.....HEY, WOULD A DASH OF HORSERADISH -

MOL: NO!!!

FIB: Okay.

VIOLENT STIRRING:

MOL: Don't stir it so hard, dearie.....you keep spilling it.

FIB: I'll <sup>beat it</sup> ~~go~~ out on the back porch and whip it. Back in a minute.

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE: FEW FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH:

STIRRING:

FIB: (SINGS) Oh, I bought a little goat and his name was Jack... But he got so homesick ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> I gave him ba-a-a-ck.....

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Teeny. Don't get too close to me. I might splash some of this on you, and it's hot stuff...in more ways than one.



STIRRING IN PAN:

TEE: Gee, whatcha makin' mister? Hmm? Whatcha makin'? Hmm?  
Whatcha?

FIB: Fudge, sis. And if you keep quiet like a good kid, I'll  
let you help me lick the pan.

TEE: Ohhhhh boy. Gee! Thanks, mister. I LOVE fudge!

FIB: You do, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says YOU DO, EH?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: LOVE FUDGE!

TEE: I know it!

FIB: Take a look at that, sis. Beautiful, eh? Bet you never  
saw any fudge THAT color before!

TEE: Gee, I betcha I never saw ANYTHING that color before, I  
betcha.

FIB: Well, making good fudge is a fine art, sis. I ever tell  
you why they call it fudge?

TEE: (GIGGLES) No.

FIB: Well, sir, hundreds of years ago, even before One Man's  
Family was on the air, there was a family of little  
elves lived in a great big forest. You know what an elf  
is, sis?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. My daddy is an elf. He goes down to  
the Elf's club every day.

FIB: NO NO NO NO.....I DIDN'T SAY ELK. I SAID ELF. BROWNIES.  
GNOMES. LEPRECHAUNS..PIXIES. ELFS. I mean ELVES.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: Well, sir, one day the Chief of the elves...a little fella  
named Egduf, was out for a beetleback ride and fell off  
his beetle and got lost. He wandered around gettin'  
hungrier and hungrier till he come to a place where some  
human beings had been havin' a picnic.

TEE: How did he know human beings had been there, mister?

FIB: Because the grass was all torn up, and the trees had  
initials carved all over 'em, and there was tin cans  
layin' all around, and dirty newspapers, and broken glass  
and all stuff like that there. Nobody makes a mess like  
that except human beings.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: Well, sir, little Egduf climbs around lookin' for something to eat and he finds a little crumb of brown candy. He eats it. It's delicious...he eats some more.. and he gets so much strength and energy he walks right straight home again without any trouble!

TEE: Oh gee....goody!

FIB: And he tells all the other little elves all about the wonderful stuff he'd found and they all wanted some. So -- Bein' a bright little elf, little Egduf got a bee to bring 'em some honey, and milked a few milkweed plants to get some milk and made a batch of the finest fudge you ever saw!

TEE: Where'd they get the chocolate, mister?

FIB: Why...they got a...er...they had some --er....OH THEY GOT IT, ALL RIGHT! Anyway, all the little elves were so happy about it, and so grateful to Egduf -- and got to like fudge so much you know what they did?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: They called it FUDGE on account of that's Egduf spelled backwards. WELL, I GOTTA GO NOW <sup>SO LONG</sup> MISTER... ~~THAT'S WHAT~~  
~~THAT'S WHAT~~ ~~WAIT FOR ME~~ ~~(PAUSE)~~ ~~THAT'S WHAT~~....

FIB: Why the impudent little point-killer! (RAPID STIRRING INTO)

CRCH: KING'S MEN "TAMPIGO"

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: CLATTER OF PANS:

FIB: (SINGS OVER CLATTER)

OHMMM, I HAD A LITTLE DONKEY  
 HIS NAME WAS KEITH .....  
 HE'D SNUGGLE UP TO PEOPLE AND  
 THEN KICK 'EM IN THE TEETH .....

Oh de da dada .... de da .....

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE...HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED MAKING THAT FUDGE YET?

FIB: Nope. Not quite. Had to boil it over again.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Couldn't taste the mint sauce.

MOL: MINT SAUCE! McGee, this is going to be the most horrible..

FIB: Now, now, take it easy, Mommy. Hey, hand me the vanilla, will you, please?

MOL: Certainly, sir. Here you are.

FIB: Thank you.

SOUND: POP OF CORK. GURGLE OF LIQUID, SUSTAIN FOR SLOW SEVEN

COUNT:

FIB: Ahhh, that oughtta do it!

SOUND: BOTTLE SET DOWN:

MOL: Yes, it really should. I haven't smelled so much vanilla since I walked past the stag line at our High School graduation dance!

MOL: McGee, for goodness sakes, will you please -----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: (OFF)

MOL: WHO IS IT?

DOC: (OFF) Doctor Gamble, Molly. Where are you?

FIB: OUT IN THE KITCHEN, DOC! COME ON OUT!

DOOR CLOSE OFF:

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, this is a happy little domestic scene! You look cute in that apron, McGee. The only difference between you and Ann Sheridan is that you look like Bull Montana.

MOL: He's making a batch of fudge, Doctor.

DOC: Oh! Gee, it smells swell! Let me stir it a while, McGee.

FIB: Okay, kid...you stir five minutes and I'll stir five minutes.

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes. Here, Doctor ... here's an apron for you, too. The Ptomaine Sisters at work!

RATTLE OF PANS:

FIB: You interested in cooking, Doc?

DOC: Love it. Ever eat any of my Guinea Hen Maryland with Sauce Gamble?

FIB: Never been in Maryland, Doc, I got a great little recipe for barbecued meat-balls with wild rice, You get some ground sirloin, soe, and -

DOC: YEAH, BUT WAIT TILL YOU TRY MY SPINACH RING! AND MY SALAMI CACCIATORI! BROTHER YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE TASTED THAT! FIRST YOU TAKE SOME DRY SHERRY ....

FIB: Oh I never use dry sherry, Doc. Always wet sherry. The dry sherry never -

MOL: Look, bosy ... am I in the way here? I can just as well go out on the porch and smoke a cigar.

DOC: No no no, stick around Molly. We were just ....SAY ISN'T THIS FUDGE ABOUT DONE, MCGEE? LOOK...IT'S GETTING HARD!

FIB: Drop a drop <sup>8 it</sup> into this glass of cold water, Doc. It it forms a little bead, it's ready to cool.

DOC: Okay.

SOUND: PLOP IN WATER .... LOUD CLINK:

MOL: Very interesting. It sank like a Mother's heart at Willie's first haircut!

FIB: It's done, Doc. Here ... I'll put it out in this pan ...

SOUND: GURGLE, GURGLE:

DOC: Looks marvelous, McGee. Only green and purple fudge I ever saw.

FIB: Much obliged for helping me, Doc. You can have the first taste of it when it gets cool.

DOC: Oh no. It's your recipe. You're entitled to the first bite.

FIB: You're the guest. You first.

DOC: > Let's compromise...we'll let Molly have the first taste.

MOL: OH NO YOU DON'T...!! OH NO!

FIB: Why Molly...I made it just for you. Gee whizz, after all the trouble I went to because you were hungry for some good homemade fudge...my gosh....

MOL: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...NOW GET OUT OF MY KITCHEN, BOTH OF YOU. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN IT'S COOL. I'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP IN HERE. I HAVEN'T SEEN SO MANY DIRTY PANS SINCE THE ELKS PUT ON THEIR LAST MINSTREL SHOW.

DOC: Okay, Molly. Come on, McGee. I want to tell you about my Venison fricasee.

FIB: And I wanna give you my recipe for pineapple upside down muffins, Doc. (FADE) First you take a pineapple, and turn it upside down, see....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Ah, there goes a good kid! Two good kids, in fact. Too good to be on the receiving end of what I have in mind when I look around this wreck of a kitchen! BUT...NOW TO DUMP OUT THIS MURDER MIXTURE....

SOUND: SCRAPING.....AND THUDS.....

MOL: AND PUT THE FUDGE I BOUGHT AT KREMER'S ON A PLATE.....

SOUND: FUDGE ON PLATE: (PAPER SACK)

MOL: There we are. And three lives saved!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: ALL RIGHT, BOYS...THE FUDGE IS COOL! COME AND GET IT!!

SOUND: STAMPEDE OF FEET FADE IN:

MOL: Ahh, the patter of little feet!

DOC: (FADE IN) Didn't take long to cool off, did it?

FIB: Certainly not. I had sense enough to drop a couple of ice cubes in the last time I boiled it. HEY...THIS LOOKS WONDERFUL MOLLY! Sure changes color when it gets cool, don't it?

MOL: Yes, it does, doesn't it?

DOC: That's as fine a looking platter of goodies as I ever surveyed with these astigmatic old orbs. McGee, your're wonderful!

FIB: I TOLD you it'd be okay when it got cool...Have a piece, doc!

DOC: Thanks. Molly?

MOL: Thank you.

(PAUSE)

FIB: My gosh...it's delicious!

DOC: Best fudge I ever ate.

MOL: It's simply grand, McGee.

FIB: Glad you like it, folks. Make you some any time you like. That's a wonderful recipe I made up, if I do say so myself. And you know the most miraculous thing about it?

DOC: No.

MOL: What?

FIB: When it cools off, it even has nuts in it! See?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Yesssssss.....

ORCH: "IN THE VALLEY" FADE FOR --

S C JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY, 6:30 PM EST NBC  
NOVEMBER 6, 1945

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX:

If you like your linoleum floors to have a bright gloss, one that's easy to maintain, you'll want to protect them with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. If you're using GLO-COAT for the first time, you'll be pleased to see how easily and evenly it spreads -- how smoothly it dries, without any streaking. Twenty minutes after you have applied GLO-COAT, it will be ready to walk on, and shining beautifully. You know, of course, that GLO-COAT is SELF POLISHING -- it shines as it dries, without any rubbing or polishing. It keeps the colors and pattern of your linoleum, rubber or composition tile floors bright as new, and it adds greatly to their life. So for three good reasons -- beauty, easier work, economy -- you'll like JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. It is used in many more homes than any other floor polish -- and with greater satisfaction.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC:... FADE FOR)

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2nd REVISED

TAG:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY -- THAT FUDGE ALL GONE?

MOL: I'M JUST FINISHING THE LAST PIECE, DEARIE.

FIB: OKAY. BY THE WAY, YOU STARTED TO TELL ME ABOUT SOMETHING YOU GOT AT KREMER'S DRUG STORE. WHAT WAS IT?

MOL: WELL NOW LET ME THINK... I HAD IT ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE JUST A MINUTE AGO.

FIB: WELL, NEVER MIND. GOODNITE.

MOL: GOOD NITE, ALL!

(APPLAUSE)

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WILCOX: 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 THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)