

(REVISED)

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1943 (18)

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The important war message you have been expecting will be broadcast immediately following the Fibber McGee & Molly program. Keep tuned to this station.

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

ORCHESTRA: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with music by <sup>the King's Men</sup> Billy Mills Orchestra, and the King's Men.

ORCHESTRA: " FREE FOR ALL" ..... FADE FOR:

Last week I was glancing over one of the country's leading newspapers, and I noticed an article called Keeping Your House in Tune with the Times. You know it made me feel right at home, for this is what I read, "Preserving and protecting the surfaces around your house was once the sensible thing for a good housewife to do. Now it's a case of preserve or do without. The situation isn't as bad as it sounds if you take advantage of wax, in any of its forms. Wax is not only a great preservative, but it's also a great time-saver ... for wax surfaces are more easily dusted because the dirt and dush remain on top, and don't penetrate the layer of wax."

Now, doesn't that sound just like Harlow Wilcox talking about Johnson's Wax? I must remember to write them a letter. They've really got the right idea.

H: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: THERE COMES A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN, WHEN THEY THINK THEY CAN WRITE A BOOK. WELL, THE TIDE IS IN AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, AND HERE, BUSILY FILLING PAGE AFTER PAGE OF SCRATCH PAPER, WE FIND THAT PERSISTENT PROPONENT OF PITHY PROSE, THAT PEERLESS PERPRETRATOR OF THE PUNCHY PARAGRAPH, MR. MCGEE, OF --

---FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Socooco, graspin' her in his strong arms, he kissed her tenderly on the forehead, as she run her slender fingers thru his dark curly hair, which she had first took his hat off so she could. Then, as a knock came at the door ----

MOL: MCGEE.... I NEVER HEARD SUCH DRIVEL IN MY LIFE. WHAT ARE YOU READING?

FIB: I ain't reading.....I'M writin'.

MOL: You're WHAT?

FIB: I'M writin' a book.

MOL: So THAT'S what you've been doing the last few days. I thought you were going over the household accounts.

FIB: HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS MY CLAVICIE! When the dough starts rollin' in from this book we'll have so much money the Government won't know what to do with it. Now let's see, where was I? Oh yes -- I was just getting to the place where my heroine, Maisie la Preen has just met Lieutenant Fragwell.....

OL: JUST MET HIM! The last I heard he was taking her into his strong curly arms and was kissing her!

IB: Well, it was love at first sight. You see, he was comin' down the street on roller skates while she was cleaning the front steps and she swept him off his feet. I got some cute dialogue there.

OL: I'll bet you have!

IB: The plot really gets torrid later on. This is a love story that'll have every woman in America drippin' mascara. Where's my fountain pen? Oh -- Here it is..."runnin' her fingers thru his dark curly hair, which she had first took his hat off so she could....Then as a knock come at the door...."

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Boy, is this realistic! "THEN, AS A KNOCK COME AT THE DOOR...."

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Look, author, I hate to disillusion you, but that WAS a knock at the door.

FIB: WELL, IT'S PLAGIARISM, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: For goodness sakes...ABIGAIL UPPINGTON!

UPP: How do you do, my deah...and Mr. McGee.

FIB: My dear Mrs. Uppinton...what a charming surprise. Do come in! (CLAPS HANDS) I say, FRANCOIS...chill another bottle of sparking rootbeer for Madame...Oh I say,...this IS jolly, isn't it? When was it we met lahst...on the French Reviviera, was it not? (LAUGHS) Ahh remember that romantic evening over the gaming tables at Monte Carlo? The night Fiffy de Goominack shot the duke? Hah hah....How gay! I remember how the stars shone down like a million jewels on the velvet canopy of night!

(PAUSE)

UPP: Let's start over, Mr. McGee. I wasn't here when the game started.

MOL: Don't mind him abigail. He's writing a book and he thinks he's E. Phollops Ippenheim, or somebody.

FIB: Ah yes...fine chap, Ippenheim. I remember one afternoon we were sitting in a gay little cafe in the Latin Quarter. I remember it, because I didn't know any Latin, and Ippy didn't have a quarter. (LAUGHS MERRILY) You know, it's those little experiences --

MOL: OH COME OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE, MCGEE..BEFORE IT THROWS YOU.

UPP: I find this veddy interesting, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Didn't think I could write a book, eh?

UPP: I didn't think you could write. Period.

MOL: Oh he's been working like a little beaver, Abigail. Chew a tree down and build a dam for the lady, Little Beaver.

FIB: AHHH, LAUGH IF YOU WILL, MY FINE FEATHERED FRIENDS! The time will come when you'll point to my picture in the magazines and say...I KNOW THAT MAN....THAT'S ERLE STANLEY MCGEE, THE AUTHOR!

MOL: Who?

FIB: Erle Stanley McGee. That's my nom de prune.

UPP: I think you mean NOM DE PLUME, Mr. McGee.

FIB: I MEAN NOM DE PRUNE. I'M gonna show the writing business some new wrinkles.

MOL: When you get the manuscript finished dearie, let me give it to Uncle Dennis.

UPP: Is he acquainted with some publishers, my dear?

MOL: Oh I've often heard him say he knows every bookmaker in the country.

UPP: You know, I suppose, that you should have a lit'ry agent, Mr. McGee.

FIB: A what?

- UPP: A lit'ry agent. Some one to act as a middle man for you. To make a good arrangement with some publishing house. To protect your rights. You artistic people are SO unbusinesslike, you know...
- FIB: (DREAMILY) Yes, I suppose we are....we authors live in a world of dreams, Uppy. We are shy, impractical creatures. We should be shielded from the cruder....the harsher aspects of life.
- MOL: Could you face the crude fact that your fountain pen is dripping on your pants leg, McGee?
- FIB: Eh? Oh? HEY, UPPY....I THOUGHT YOU JOINED UP WITH THE WAACS? When do you go?
- UPP: I don't go, Mr. McGee...I was...er...declined with thanks.
- MOL: Oh that's too bad, Abigail! I'M so sorry.
- FIB: That's a shame, kid! They shouldn't ought to of turned down a big sensible girl like you. What was wrong?
- UPP: Mr. McGee....there was a time when I would have approached the answer to that question with some trepidation....I would have evaded a direct reply with all the delicate finesse at my command - but the cold brutal fact remains, THAT I AM TOO DARN OLD! Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "COULD IT BE YOU"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, how's the book coming along, Erle?

FIB: Who?

MOL: Erle. I thought that was your nome de prune. Erle Stanley McGee.

FIB: Oh...oh yes. (GETTING AFFECTED AGAIN) Oh I say, I think I'M coming along rawther well, you know. Top hole, and all that. Working on a jolly situation at the moment. This Lieutenant lad...Fragwell, you know, frightfully decent chap - Oxford and all that.....

MOL: OH STOP IT! First thing I know you'll start wearing a manacle.

FIB: If you mean eyeglass, my dear girl...the word is barnacle.

MOL: It's no such thing. A barnacle is a seashell that sticks to the bottom of a boat.

FIB: I thought that was a binnacle.

MOL: A binnacle is a collarbone.

FIB: THAT'S A CLAVICLE!

MOL: Than a binnacle is where they keep a ships' compass.

FIB: You're thinking of a monacle.

MOL: THEN WHAT ARE MANACLES?

FIB: Handcuffs!

MOL: THAT'S WHAT I SAID. YOU WANT TO BE ARRESTED FOR MURDER?

FIB: Watcha mean?

MOL: You're killing me with that English accent.

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

FIB: You answer the phone, will you, Molly? I got Lieutenant Fragwell at the bottom of a forty-foot cistern and I gotta figure a way to get him out.

MOL: Let his girl friend hold a big sirloin steak over the edge. I'd jump forty feet for that, myself!

FIB: Well, in this case --

TELEPHONE RING:

FIB: Bally nuisance, the telephone! (PHONE CLICK) HELLO....  
Fibber McGee speakin' WHO? (BACK INTO BRITISH) Oh yes..  
this is Erle Stanley McGee, the Novelist...yes...AH HOW DO  
YOU DO, MISS CHELTENHAM.....

MOL: Miss who?

FIB: OH THAT WOULD BE JOLLY..OF COURSE...I SHOULD BE HAPPY TO  
DISCUSS THE MATTAH..OH RAW-THER. YES, I SHALL CARRY ON  
TILL YOU GET HEAH. PIP PIP! (CLICK)

MOL: You keep carrying on like that, and I'll get the pip,  
myself. Who is Miss Cheltenham?

FIB: (EXCITED) SHE'S A AGENT...A LITERARY AGENT! SHE'S GONNA  
SELL MY BOOK!!! AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

MOL: How'd she ever hear about you? Thru a ouija board?

FIB: OH THE WORD GETS OUT ABOUT THESE THINGS...HEY..I GOTTA GET  
BUSY!..DON'T LET ANYBODY BOTHER ME!! LOCK THE DOOR!! THIS  
MAY MEAN MILLIONS!

MOL: How are you getting Lieutenant Fragwell out of the  
cistern?

FIB: Easy. I just start the next chapter by saying, "ONCE  
SAFELY OUT OF THE CISTERN, FRAGWELL MADE HIS WAY TO THE  
NEAREST BAROOMBA!"

MOL: What's a baroomba?

FIB: That's an Abyssinian word meaning railroad.

MOL: Do the Abyssinians know that?



FIB: They will when they read the book. NOW REMEMBER, MOLLY...  
I GOTTA WORK FAST...I AINT HOME TO ANYBODY. IF THE  
DOORBELL RINGS --

DOORBELL:

MOL: I'M afraid Lieutenant Baromba will have to wait in the  
Fragwell for a minute, dearie. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello there kids...whatcha doin'?

FIB: I'm tryin' to write a book if I can get some peace and  
quiet around here.

OLD M: Well you go right ahead, Johnny..me and daughter wont let  
anybody bother you. Wanted to be a story book writer once  
myself, but the grammar got me. Teacher says I didn't know  
a subject from a pelican.

MOL: You mean a predicate.

OLD M: I do? Aint a preddikit one of them little salty crackers  
that you git with a glass o' beer?

FIB: That's a pretzel.

OLD M: Well, they're dangerous things. Grandpa had one go off  
right in his face once. Didnt know it was loaded. It was  
an old horse pretzel that -

MOL: DONT YOU MEAN HORSE-PISTOL?

OLD M: I sure do, daughter. Granpa was in the horsepistol for  
three weeks, with a day nurse and a night nurse and a -

FIB: THAT'S A HOSPITAL.

OLD M: Yes sir!!! Most hospital folks granpa ever lived with.  
~~Couldn't do enough for him. Course it cost him 18 dollars~~  
~~a day but -~~

MOL: I THINK YOU MEAN THEY WERE HOSPITABLE.

OLD M: No, they took his eatin' tobacco away from him when he went in. Granpa always says -

FIB: LOOK OLD TIMER...CAN'T YOU STOP CHANGING THE SUBJECT?

OLD M: No I can't, Johnny. Teacher always told me I couldn't tell a subject from a pelican.

MOL: BUT YOU DON'T MEAN PELICAN.

OLD M: WHY DON'T I?

FIB: BECAUSE A PELICAN IS A BIG BIRD!

OLD M: You're tellin' me, Johnny? TEACHER GAVE ME A BIRD SO BIG IT BLEW ME OUTA SCHOOL AND I NEVER WENT BACK. Well, I won't bother you, Johnny. So long daughter.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: All right, Erle Stanley McStuff. You go to work on your masterpiece, and I'll stand here and guard the door like Voracious at the Bridge.

FIB: You mean HORATIUS. Voracious means havin' a big appetite.

MOL: Well, this whole thing is strictly from hunger. So you get busy and I'll --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks...am I intruding?

FIB: Frankly, old chap, yes you are. Jolly good of you to drop in, you you know...sporting, and all that, but I'M doing a spot of work on a book, and all these interruptions are devilish disconcerting. I say...would you mind frightfully, old radish, if I awsked you to stop by another time? That 's a good fellow!

(PAUSE)

WIL: What's the matter with him, Molly? Did he fall asleep in a Ronald Colman movie?

MOL: He's writing a book, Mr. Wilcox. He thinks that phoney Piccadilly accent gives him a certain air.

WIL: It does. Why don't you open a window?

FIB: OH NOW I SAY, OLD FELLOW....

MOL: Stop it, McGee. You sound like some dentist had just fitted you with a London bridge.

WIL: What's this about him writing a book, Molly?

FIB: Lemme tell you about it, Junior. You see, my hero, Lieutenant Fragwell, of the Navy. -

WIL: THE NAVY! Hey could you say something about battleship linoleum and then sneak in a few words about Johnson's Glocoat?

FIB: This is a NOVEL, Wilcox..not a advertising folder. Anyway, he falls in love with a girl named Maisie la Preen, because she reminded him of his mother....

WIL: And YOU remind me of MY mother.

MOL: MCGEE REMINDS YOU OF YOUR MOTHER, MR WILCOX?

WIL: Yes, when he is happy and excited like this, he acts just like my mother used to when she was telling somebody about Glocoat. How easy it was to use, and how it shines as it dries and -

FIB: ARE YOU GONNA LET ME TELL ABOUT MY BOOK?

WIL: Oh excuse me, go ahead.

FIB: Well, just as Fragwell and Masie are on their way to her house to get married, up comes a messenger in a cloud of dust --

WIL: SO WHAT'S A LITTLE DUST! With Johnson's Glocoat, dirt and dust wipe right up with a damp cloth...and, anyway, Glocoat protects -

MOL: Better let him go on, Mr. Wildox...he's turning green.

WIL: Pardon me. Then what, Fibber?

FIB: IT'S A MESSAGE FOR LIEUTENANT FRAGWELL TO REPORT FOR DUTY! THE MARRIAGE IS OFF! HE'S BEEN CALLED BACK INTO THE SERVICE

WIL: Well, the surface is an important thing. If you protect the surface of your linoleum against dirt and wear, it will almost last forever, because Glocoat is the finest...

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY SURFACE. I SAYS SERVICE...C.E.R.V.I.S.E.... SERVICE! YOU SEE, FRAGWELL IS A WEST POINTER -

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee? If Lieutenant Fragwell was in the Navy, why did he go to West Point?

FIB: AHHH, WOULDN'T HITLER LIKE TO KNOW THAT! But military secrets aside - HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN', Junior?

MOL: Don't you want to hear the finish, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No, I don't, Molly. I'm so used to the sparkling, gleaming immaculate wax coating that Johnson's Glocoat gives, it's spoiled me for inferior finishes. See you again.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, of all the unappreciative..INFERIOR FINISHES MY CLAVICLE I TELL YOU THE ENDING OF MY BOOK HAS GOT A WALLOP THAT'LL TEAR YOUR HEART OUT!

MOL: What is it?

FIB: I don't dare tell. But get this -- after the book ends, I'M inserting three pages of crossword puzzles. Give the readers a chance to calm down. The book has got such a smash climax that I don't wanna be responsible for people going hayseed.

MOL: You mean haywire.

FIB: I thought haywire was a movie actress.

MOL: THAT'S HAYWORTH .

FIB: What IS HAY WORTH?

MOL: By the bale?

FIB: I'll buy the bale if it's cheap enough.

MOL: Oh stop it, McGee!

FIB: What are we talkin' about?

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN! Thank goodness!

DOOR OPEN:

GORDON: Good afternoon...I am -

FIB: I'm SORRY SIS, WHATEVER IT IS, WE DON'T WANT ANY. WE GOT ALL THE LINENS WE NEED...AND IF IT'S MAGAZINES, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME BECAUSE I -----

GORDON: Are you Mister McGee?

FIB: Yes, I am, sis, and let me tell you again -

GORD: I am Virginia Cheltenham, the Literary Agent.

(PAUSE)

FIB: You're...er...well, gee, if I'd only of knew...I....er,  
oh, my gosh!

MOL: Got caught with your accent down, didn't you, dearie?  
Come in, Miss Virginia-ham.

GORD: CHELTENHAM...VIRGINIA CHELTENHAM. I suppose you're  
a mighty proud girl to have a father who could write  
a book!

FIB: SHE AIN'T MY FATHER! I'M HER...er...oh, excuse me. Miss  
Cheltenham...my wife, Molly.

MOL: How do you do, -I'M sure!

GORD: Your WIFE!! OH, HOW SPLENDID. Let me tell you something  
about myself, Mr. McGee. I am a literary agent of long  
standing...

FIB: Have a chair, Chelt?

GORD: I beg your par...Oh. Oh, yes, thank you. Mr. McGee -  
are you familiar with serial rights, Motion Picture rights,  
dramatic rights, foreign translations, and the other  
hundred things regarding which a busy author must protect  
himself?

MOL: Heavenly days, and I thought an author just wrote a book  
and took his money and that was that!

FIB: No...I...er...I never knew there was so much to it, Miss...  
er...sis...

GORDON: Well, they are all very important. I was having tea one afternoon with..now let me see there was Red, and Jack and El and Ernie -

MOL: Who are they?

GORDON: Red...that's Red Lewis, of course...Sinclair Lewis, you know.

FIB: Oh yes. .I read his book...ARROWSMITH. Disappointed though. No Indians in it. Who are them other guys?

GORDON: El...that's Ellery Queen...Ernie Hemingway and Jack Steinbeck.

MOL: Did you ever do any business with Charlie and Vic?

GORDON: Who, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Charlie and Vic. You know...Charlie Dickens and Vic Hugo. (LAUGHS) (LOUDLY) WELL, I'LL BE GOIN OUT AND MAKE A POT OF TEA, FOLKS...YOU GO AHEAD AND TALK BUSINESS, MCGEE...(FADE) Don't mind me, I'll....

FIB: Okay. Well, Miss Cheltenham. -- here's about my book. This Lieutenant Fragwell....

GORDON: I shall want to read the manuscript myself, Mr. McGee... may I?

FIB: Well it ain't finished. I got three chapters to go.

GORDON: I'll take it as is. A manuscript needn't necessarily be complete to make a sale, you know.

FIB: Oh swell. Well this Lieutenant Fragwell meets a -

GORD: Now my usual business procedure is this, Mr. McGee... I TAKE  
FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PROMOTION AND SALE OF ALL RIGHT  
IN YOUR LITERARY WORK.....YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, IN ALL  
(FADE) CONTRACTS AND MATTERS PERTAINING TO.....

ORK: SELECTION: "AND STILL THE VOLGA FLOWS"...KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:



*Miss Cheltenham*

MOL: Did you say she took the manuscript with her, McGee?

FIB: (ALL EXCITED) YEAH, AND YOU KNOW WHAT? FIRST SHE'S GONNA SELL IT TO MAYBE A MAGAZINE LIKE THE REDBOOK OR MAYBE TIME MAGAZINE AND -

MOL: Time Magazine doesn't run novels.

FIB: SHE SAYS THEY WILL WHEN THEY SEE THIS ONE! IT'S GONNA MAKE HISTORY, SHE SAYS...AND THEN SHE SAYS SHE'LL SELL IT TO MAYBE RANDOM HOUSE AS A BOOK, YOU KNOW THEM, THEY PRINTED THAT BOOK "I LOST MY GARTERS", AND SHE SAYS -

MOL: "I LOST MY GARTERS"...I don't remember that book.

FIB: Well, maybe that wasn't exactly the...OH, NO...IT WAS "THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"...ANYWAY, THEN SHE'LL HAVE IT DRAMATIZED INTO A BROADWAY PLAY, AND THEN SELL IT TO THE MOVIES. GEE WHIZZ...

DOORBELL:

FIB: HEY, MAYBE THAT'S A MESSENGER WITH A CHECK FROM SOME PUBLISHER! MAYBE A THOUSAND BUCKS!

MOL: Don't start counting your chickens, just because you've laid an egg, dearie. COME IN!!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP, OLD MAN! HOW'S EVERYTHING. HAVE A CIGAR... TAKE TWO, I'M GETTIN' SOME BETTER ONES, ANYWAY.

WIMP: Oh, no thank you, Mr. McGee...my wife doesn't permit me to smoke.

MOL: NOT AT ALL, MR. WIMPLE?

WIMP: Not at all, Mrs. McGee...SHE THINKS, anyway. (SNICKERS)  
But I fool her, sometimes.

FIB: You do, eh?

WIMP: Yes...and maybe when you have corn on the cob next summer  
you'll save me the cornsilk.

MOL: YOU SMOKE CORNSILK?

WIMP: Yes, but don't look so shocked, Mrs. McGee...I don't  
inhale. But why are you wearing that green eye shade,  
Mr. McGee?

FIB: I been writing a book, Wimp. Gonna make me a fortune,  
too. I'll send you a autographed copy. I do the  
lighthearted, gay, sophisticated stuff. Like Somersault  
Maugham.

MOL: SomerSET, McGee.

FIB: I know they are, but I ain't. I can write like Somersault  
Maugham or anybody else.

WIMP: Oh, that's the sort of thing I always wanted to write  
before I turned to free verse.

MOL: Incidentally, Mr. Wimple...why do they call it free  
verse?

WIMP: Did you ever try to sell any of it?

MOL: Well-1-1 no, but -

FIB: You ever do any serious writing, Wimp? I might be able to give you a few pointers. Plot motivation and stuff.

WIMP: Oh I did do one short story, Mr. McGee, when I was single. I called it "THE DREAMER". Then I wrote a sequel to it after Sweetiface and I were married.

MOL: And what was the title of that?

WIMP: "The AWAKENING".

MOL: You know you don't look very well, Mr. Wimple. Have you been ill?

WIMP: Oh no, Mrs. McGee. I'M really quite....OH I GUESS YOU DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT MY TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE..

FIB: What was that Wimp?

WIMP: You know that HORRIBLE rainstorm we had last week?

MOL: Yes...

WIMP: Well I was nearly DROWNED! I must have swallowed five gallons of water.

FIB: Don't you know enough to come in out of the rain, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh I WAS in Mr. McGee...I didn't stir one little tippie toe outdoors all evening.

MOL: WELL THEN HOW DID YOU SWALLOW ALL THAT WATER?

WIMP: Oh our ceiling started to leak like everything and Sweetiface said oh Wallace, what'll I do and I said put a pan under it, silly, and she did. Mine.

FIB: That was a dirty trick Wimp. One of these days that woman is gonna go too far!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes..and I hope she stays there! .....well goodnight.

DOOR SLAMS:

FIB: HEY MOLLY, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO WITH THE FIRST FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS I MAKE OFF MY BOOK? I'm gonna - - -

MOL: Tell me later, McGee...I've got to take these tea things out....

CLINK OF DISHES....(FADE OUT)

FIB: YOU WAIT MOLLY! (CALLS) ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL LOOK BACK AND WONDER HOW WE COULD LIVE IN A DUMP LIKE THIS! (TO HIMSELF) There's a little woman that's gonna have a dozen pairs of silk stockings if I have to stand over those silkworms with a horsewhip! Yes sir...she don't -

DOORBELL:

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

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. Hear about my book?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says, did you hear about my book?

TEE: You gotta book?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, HAVE I GOTTA BOOK! I JUST WROTE ONE. I'M AN AUTHOR.

TEE: You're another what?

FIB: Not another anything. I SAYS I AM AN AUTHOR. I wrote a book about a young Naval Lieutenant named Fragwell who falls in love with a girl.

FIB: HEY MOLLY, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO WITH THE FIRST FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS I MAKE OFF MY BOOK? I'm gonna - - -

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DOORBELL:

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

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh hello, little girl. Hear about my book?

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FIB: Not another anything. I SAYS I AM AN AUTHOR. I wrote a book about a young Naval Lieutenant named Fragwell who falls in love with a girl.

TEE: Well gee, whatja think he'd fall in love with...a horse?

FIB: DON'T BE SO FRESH, SIS. REMEMBER, A HAIRBRUSH AIN'T  
EXACTLY OBSOLETE AS PART OF A CHILD'S EDUCATION.

TEE: I don't get it.

FIB: One more smart crack and you will. Look, haven't you got  
any place to go but here?

TEE: Sure. I gotta go down to the Bon Ton Department store and  
return these tiddley winks.

FIB: Smatter with 'em?

TEE: Too much tiddley and not enough wink.

FIB: Oh. Well look...lemme tell you more about my book. You  
see this Lieutenant Fragwell...

TEE: Draw me a picture mister? Please, will you, Hmm. Please?

FIB: Sorry sis. I used up all my paper writin' my book.

TEE: Here...draw on the back of this, mister.

FIB: Okay. First I'll draw a ... (PAUSE) Hey...HEY...WHERE'D  
YOU GET THIS PIECE OF PAPER? THIS IS PART OF MY BOOK!

TEE: I found it. It was in that green box down by the corner,  
the one that says "HELP KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN." Gee it's  
full of papers like this, Mister...

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU...MY BOOK IS STUFFED INTO A TRASH CAN THAT..  
Oh no...You...you're kiddin' ain't you sis? Tell me you're  
kidding?

TEE: Yeah...? And get that hairbrush?

FIB: NO NO NO...THIS IS TERRIBLE...HEY MOLLY....MOLLY...!!!!

MOL: I heard the whole thing, McGee...

FIB: OH THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE...WHERE'S THAT AGENT'S PHONE  
NUMBER?...I'LL CALL HER UP!

MOL: I already called it. There isn't any such number. (ASIDE)  
You'd better go home, little girl.

FIB: Yeah..beat it sis...see you later.

TEE: Okay, mister.

MOL: I KNEW THAT WOMAN WAS NO GOOD.

TEE: Who, me?

FIB: No, not you, sis.

TEE: Oh, Goody. G'bye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: OHHHHHH..OH MY GOSH..ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING...MY CAREEER

MOL: How much money did she take you for, McGee?

FIB: Well, gee whizz, she sounded legitimate and -

MOL: HOW MUCH DID SHE GET?

FIB: Well, she asked me for five hundred to promote the book...  
advertising and stuff and -

MOL: How much did you give her?

FIB: Then she come down to two hundred and fifty and I said -

MOL: HOW MUCH DID SHE GET?

FIB: (PAUSE) All I had. Twenty-seven seventy-five. OHH WHAT A  
FOOL I BEEN....

MOL: Well it was a pretty cheap lesson at that . Now forget it  
and tell me what you want for supper.

FIB: OHHH....AM I EVER THE CHUMPEROO!

MOL: Yes, dearie. BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR SUPPER?

FIB: Oh just put some oats in a pail.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Yeah. As long as I made a jackass of myself I might as well  
*get like one*  
~~follow thru! (FADE OUT) AND WHAT A CHARACTER THAT FRAGWELI~~  
~~WAS! WHAT COURAGE!!! WHAT INTEGRITY!! WHAT AN EXAMPLE I~~  
~~THE AMERICAN BOY OF TODAY.....WHY WHEN I STOP TO THINK....~~

ORK: "LET'S GET LOST"...FADE FOR:



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you noticed an increase in neighborliness in recent months? With less driving around there's more visiting back and forth. I'm sure that in many homes tonight friends and neighbors are sitting around listening to this program together. The makers of Johnson's Wax are glad they can bring Fibber and Molly into your home...and they want me to thank you again for your continued loyalty to all Johnson's Wax products. All of us on the show are happy to be working for a company whose products are so helpful in these times. The regular use of Johnson's Wax protects your floors, furniture and woodwork at a time when conservation is so vital. It saves you many hours of work, when manpower and womanpower are so important. Besides, it makes your home more beautiful and more sanitary, because a waxed home is a clean home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



## TAG GAG

FIB: I SAY OLD GIRL. THIS HAS BEEN QUITE A DAY, EH, WHAT?  
JOLLY OLD NOVEL GONE UP THE SPOUT AND ALL THAT.

MOL: OH, STOP IT. YOU SOUND LIKE A BUNDLE FROM BRITAIN  
DELIVERED BY MISTAKE.

FIB: I DON'T GET IT, OLD GIRL.

MOL: YOU KEEP CALLING ME OLD GIRL AND YOU'LL GET IT ALRIGHT!

FIB: EH? OH! GOOD-NIGHT. *Tallyho.*

MOL: GOOD NIGHT ALL.

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: The characters of the Old Timer and Wallace Wimple, heard  
on this program were played by Bill Thompson. 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. This program has  
reached you from Hollywood...This is the National  
Broadcasting Company.