

(REVISED)

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (32)

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00 PM PWT

Tuesday, May 4, 1943

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(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM...WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR:

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

ORCH: "GREAT DAY COMING MANANA"

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
May 4, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: I've mentioned several times before a few of the special protective finishes that the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have developed and are making for implements of war. I don't believe I included one very important group of these finishes -- paints, enamels and lacquers. When you think of a ship or a tank, you normally think of heavy steel plates. When you think of a large shell, you think of a steel casing. But to get these implements into the war in proper condition, and to fight the battle against rust and corrosion, requires millions of gallons of protective paints, enamels and lacquers. JOHNSON'S PAINT FINISHES are helping to protect the surfaces of ships, tanks, shells, mortars, hand grenades, life rafts -- the list is very long. The finishes are made to meet the rigid specifications of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Maritime Commission. When the war is over, these paints and enamels will be back doing peacetime protective service. In the meantime, any manufacturer having a finishing problem for any piece of war equipment is invited to write S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WIL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT A MAN WHO IS A BORN LEADER -- WITH HIS CHIN!
A MAN WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF FEAR...WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF CAUTION...WHO KNOWS NOTHING...PERIOD. BUT HERE, ON HIS WAY TO LEARN SOMETHING - FROM A NUMEROLOGIST - WE FIND -

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TRAFFIC, STREET NOISES

FIB: Hey...here's the numerologist's place here, Molly!!!
Must be up over the barber shop.

MOL: *retty looking place*
~~He ought to vibrate himself into a better location.~~ It always amazes me, dearie, that all these people who set themselves up as prophets never look like they made any.

FIB: Well, why look into the future just to see yourself starvin' to death? That would be silly. COME ON, it's time for my appointment.

DOOR OPEN: FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS...(VERY LONG)

MOL: (HALFWAY UP) Are you sure this man is a numerologist, McGee?

FIB: Sure, why?

MOL: He ought to be an astrologer. Forty more steps and he'd be within ten feet of the moon.

FOOTSTEPS UP AND OUT WITH DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: I'll bet this is gonna be a turning point in my life, Molly.

MOL: You've had so many turning points already you'll go down in history as Whirling Fibber McGee.

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FIB: ~~Just the same, if my vibrations --~~

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: HOW DO YOU DO. I AM PROFESSOR CIPHER. PLEASE TO COME IN.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Look, bud, my name is -

PROF: PLEASE. DO NOT ANNOY ME WITH TRIFLES WHICH I ALREADY KNOW.

FIB: You know!

PROF: Certainly. You are Fibber McGee and you wished to consult me because your life is out of harmony with the numerical vibrations of the universe.

FIB: Well my gosh!! HEAR THAT, MOLLY? HE KNEW WHO I WAS AND WHY I CAME!

MOL: You made the appointment in your own name, didn't you? And why should you come to see a numerologist? - to get your ^{trousers} pants pressed? I'm not particularly bowled over, dearie.

PROF: Perhaps when the lady sees the results of this interview, she will change her attitude toward the ancient science of the Egyptians.

FIB: I'll bet she will at that, ^{Prof} Doc.

MOL: The only Egyptians I ever saw were mummies. If this undertaking is anywhere near as good as theirs, I'll buy it.

PROF: Please sit down. Thank you. You may smoke if you wish, Madam.

MOL: Thank you. I don't smoke. The cheaper vices don't appeal to me.

FIB: Well, let's get at it, Prof, old man. What have I gotta do to vibrate eight to the bar?

FIB: ~~Just the same, if my vibrations --~~

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FIB: Well, let's get at it, Prof, old man. What have I gotta do to vibrate eight to the bar?

PROF: Mr. McGee...in every living person's life force, there is an immutable, unchangeable, unalterable pitch of vibration.

MOL: That's what I've been telling him, Professor. All he has to do is get in there and pitch.

PROF: FOR EACH PERSON, HIS FORTUNE DEPENDS UPON HOW CLOSELY HE IS ATTUNED TO HIS VIBRATIONS. IF HE IS IN HARMONY, GOOD LUCK AND HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS WILL FLOW ABOUT HIM. I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO CHANGE YOUR NAME.

FIB: Change my name!!!

MOL: That's ridiculous. He changed mine and what good came of it?

FIB: I..er..well, change my name to what, Prof?

PROF: Now let me see...where is my chart...ah, yes...I WOULD SAY PERHAPS FIVE LETTERS IN THE FIRST NAME...ONE MIDDLE INITIAL...AND FIVE LETTERS IN THE SURNAME. THAT WOULD BE ELEVEN..A PRIME NUMBER, WITH NO COMMON DIVISOR BUT ONE.

MOL: That's the stuff. We want no common ordinary divisors in our name, do we dearie?

FIB: Well, what name would you suggest, Bud?

PROF: Well, for the first name...how about HOMER? A fine old name, in the classic tradition.

FIB: Homer, eh? (TRYING IT OUT) Homer...Homer...Homer... Sounds like a pigeon, ~~don't it?~~

MOL: It doesn't seem quite right to call him Homer when he never gets to first base.

PROF: YES, HOMER WILL DO SPLENDIDLY FOR THE FIRST NAME...NOW, A MIDDLE INITIAL...SAY, K. That's the eleventh letter of the alphabet. AND HOW ABOUT "FRINK" FOR THE LAST NAME? HOMER K. FRINK. SPLENDID!

FIB: Hmm. Homer K. Frink. Homer K. Frink. Say, that ain't bad. Sounds kinda distinguished...Well, come on, Mrs. Frink. I guess we --

MOL: AND DON'T CALL ME MRS. FRINK! YOU CAN BE HOMER FRINK IF YOU WANT TO, BUT DON'T INCLUDE ME.

(REVISED) -8-

MOL: ~~We'll go to two different hotels and I'll meet you in the park. BUT I WONT BE MRS. FRINK.~~

FIB: You'll come to it, when you see how successful I'm gonna be. How much I owe you ^{page} ~~doe?~~

PROF: Ten dollars, Mr. Frink.

FIB: WHAT. TEN BUCKS!!

MOL: He's been called a lot of ten dollar names in his day, Professor, but none like Homer Frink.

PROF: MADAM, THIS IS PROBABLY THE GREATEST INVESTMENT HE HAS EVER MADE. A MERE TEN DOLLARS TO LAY THE FOUNDATION OF A FORTUNE...FOR, BELIEVE ME...WHEN HE GOES OUT INTO THE WORLD AS HOMER FRINK, WITH HIS VIBRATIONS ATTUNED TO HIS RIGHTFUL DESTINY, HE WILL REGARD THE PALTRY SUM OF TEN DOLLARS AS PITIFULLY INADEQUATE.

FIB: I'll bet I will, at that. Here you are, Prof.

PROF: Thank you.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Good day, Professor.

PROF: Good day, Madam.

DOOR CLOSE:

FIB: Oh boy....HOMER FRINK!! HOMER K. FRINK...,IN TUNE WITH THE UNIVERSE AT LAST..LADY LUCK, HERE I COME!! NO MORE FUMBLING AND STUMBLING OVER THE --

MOL: LOOK OUT, MCGEE!! THE STAIRS!!

SOUND: THUDDING CRASHES, DIMUENDO, DOWN STAIRS...(PAUSE)

DOOR OPEN

(SECOND REVISION) -9-

MOL: MCGEE...ARE YOU HURT?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) No no, of course not, THANKS! TO HOMER FRINK, IF I'D OF STILL BEEN FIBBER MCGEE, I'D OF BUSTED MY CLAVICLE. *Oh my leg.*

MOL: Oh dear....

ORCH: "IT STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: MCGEE...ARE YOU HURT?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) No no, of course not, THANKS TO HOMER FRINK.
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CLAVICLE. *Oh my gosh*

MOL: Oh dear....

ORCH: "IT STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

TRAFFIC NOISES: FADE FOR --

MOL: (TO HERSELF) Molly Frink....Mrs. Homer K. Frink...NO.....
I WON'T HAVE IT!!

FIB: Smatter, Molly...whatcha muttering about?

MOL: MCGEE, I DON'T WANT TO BE MRS. HOMER-FRINK.

FIB: That's a distinguished name. I know a big newspaper
woman in Chicago named Frink. She's one of the finest --
MOL: I DON'T CARE. I'M SATISFIED JUST TO BE MRS. FIBBER MCGEE,
GOODNESS KNOWS WHY.

FIB: You haven't given Homer Frink a chance yet. I guess the
Professor knew what he was doing, when he ---

OLD M: WELL HELLO THERE..JOHNNY. HELLO DAUGHTER. WHERE YOU
BOUND FOR?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: AND DON'T CALL ME JOHNNY, YOU HEAR, OLD TIMER? Call me
Homer. Or Mr. Frink.

OLD M. Okay, Frank.

MOL: Not Frank. FRINK! It rhymes with...well never mind what
it rhymes with.

OLD M. What's the idea, Johnny? I mean Frank. I mean Frink.

FIB: Got my name changed by a numerologist, Old Timer. With my new name, Homer Frink, my numbers are all in harmony.

MOL: He vibrates.

OLD M: He does? Stand still a minute, Johnny..and lessee...

(PAUSE) SAY HE DOES AT THAT! QUIVERS LIKE A E-STRING!

MOL: It's just excitement, over having his numbers in harmony.

OLD M: Papa was in the numbers racket once, but he couldn't get into harmony with the police.

FIB: Well, this is different. This is a scientific thing.

OLD M: I DUNNO ABOUT THAT, JOH-.er...Homer. I knew a feller changed his name and the results was horrible...IT WAS AWFUL! Fer a while looked like he'd do all right, then his luck went bad. Wouldn't be surprised to see him get hung or shot any day now.

MOL: What was his name before he changed it?

OLD M: Schicklgruber. Well, I gotta be running along, kids. Got to buy my girl Bessie some nuts. She's trimmin' a hat.

FIB: TRIMMING A HAT!

MOL: What does she want the nuts for?

OLD M: To put on the hat, daughter.

FIB: DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, OLD TIMER. WHAT KIND OF NUTS CAN YOU TRIM A HAT WITH!

OLD M: Forget-me. WELL..SEE YOU LATER DAUGHTER. SO LONG, HOMELY.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Got my name changed by a numerologist, Old Timer. With my new name, Homer Frink, my numbers are all in harmony.

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TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Forget-me-nuts! That old muzzle-loader not only don't know what it's all about...he don't even suspect. Come on, Molly...I wanna see a couple o' guys downtown on a business deal. Gonna try my luck as Homer Frink.

MOL: McGee, I wish you'd give up this foolishness. I always go along with you up to a point, but this one is too sharp for me.

FIB: You just keep stringin' along, baby. You been a good kid, and one of these days you'll be proud to be Mrs. Homer Frink. How'd you like to own a big castle in Southern California?

MOL: It would be simply ducky, dearie. I can hardly wait to see the happy peasants trampling out the orange juice.

FIB: Well, don't be surprised if -

MOL: LOOK, MCGEE...HERE COMES MRS. UPPINGTON!

FIB: Get a load of the strut. You'd think she'd get tired of following herself around.

MOL: Now behave yourself. Abigail is a fine woman...OH HELLO ABIGAIL DARLING. HOW NICE TO SEE YOU.

UPP: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND MR. MCGEE.

FIB: If you don't mind, Mrs. Uppington, please address me as Mr. Frink. Homer K. Frink.

UPP: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

MOL: He's had his name changed by a numerologist, Abigail! He now vibrates in waltz time, but I'M sitting this one out.

FIB: I done it for luck, Uppy. Homer K. Frink is got the right number of letters to make me harmonize with the universe. You see, everybody's personality has got what you might call a different wave length -- and the professor says --

UPP: I see. Is yours a permanent, or just a finger wave?

MOL: Either way, it's enough to curl your hair.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA....DERIDE! BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS, MARK MY WORDS -

UPP: Do you mean to say, Mr. McGee...

FIB: Frink.

UPP: Do you mean to say Mr. Frink, that you BELIEVE this preposterous nonsense? Are you that superstitious?

MOL: Indeed he is. He never even let's anyone throw a hat on a bed. My cousin Stetson came to visit us from Peoria once and had to sleep standing up for a week.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...HAVE YOUR FUN, GIRLS...HAVE YOUR FUN!! But any scientist in the world will tell you that every livin' thing is regulated by vibrations...by the cosmic rhythm... by waves that....

UPP: REALLY, MR. MCGEE...I MUST TELL MY SISTER. SHE'LL BE SO PLEASED.

MOL: Is she a scientist, Abigail?

UPP: No. She's a Wave. Good bye, my deah...good day, Mr. Flunk.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

FIB: Trouble with Uppington is she won't admit anybody knows anything but her. She's narrow minded.

MOL: Well, give her credit, dearie. It's the only place she IS narrow. Look at her walkin' down the street!

FIB: Yeah...if she was taller and better lookin', she'd be high, wide and handsome. WELL, LET'S GO, MOLLY. I want to see these guys ----

MOL: ~~Suppose you run along by yourself, dearie.~~
Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!
WIL: (FADE IN) HELLO, THERE MOLLY. HOW ARE YOU, FIBBER?
FIB: I'M fine, Junior. But I'm not Fibber.
WIL: Well, that's aHUH?
FIB: I says I'M fine, but I'M not Fibber McGee, like you evidently mistakenly think I am, evidently.
MOL: You have the dubious pleasure of speaking to Mr. Homer Frink, Mr. Wilcox. No relation to Benjamin Frinklin, or Frinklin D. Roosevelt.
WIL: I don't get it.
FIB: Well, you see, Junior --
WIL: NO NO NO...PLEASE. LET MOLLY EXPLAIN IT. I'M CONFUSED ENOUGH.
FIB: You were born confused, son.
MOL: Well, he went to a numerologist and got his name changed. He is now in tune with the universe, which isn't so hard right now, because the universe is slightly off key.
FIB: I vibrate to the right numbers now, Junior. I got rhythm.
WIL: For anybody with as big a brass section as you've got, Pal, it's a good thing. But I'M glad everybody doesn't believe in that stuff.
MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox?
FIB: OH MOLLY..YOU SHOULDN'T OF ASKED HIM! THAT'S LIKE ASKIN' A INSURANCE SALESMAN WHAT HE'S GOT IN THE BRIEFCASE.

MOL: ~~Suppose you run along by yourself, dearie.~~
Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!
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FIB: OH MOLLY..YOU SHOULDN'T OF ASKED HIM! THAT'S LIKE ASKIN' A INSURANCE SALESMAN WHAT HE'S GOT IN THE BRIEFCASE.

WIL: What I mean is, wouldn't it be silly of us to change the name of say...Johnson's Car-Nu, for instance, when it's so well known and liked everywhere as the automobile polish that cleans and polishes in one easy application. Why when a name means as much to car owners as Johnson's Car Nu does, you'd as soon break a leg as change it.
FIB: You almost broke an arm reaching for that one, Junior!
MOL: But he's right, McGee.
WIL: Certainly I'M right. If we changed the name of Car Nu,, how could motorists know what to ask for, when they wanted a product that was so thoroughly time-tested and customer-endorsed? A polish that's so simple and easy to use that a child could do it? That you just apply, let dry and wipe off with a soft cloth to get practically a show-room finish on your car? NO SIR...WE WON'T CHANGE THE NAME OF JOHNSON'S CAR NU!
FIB: Look, Junior, I wasn't sugges---
WIL: IT'S NO USE, FIBBER. THE JOHNSON PEOPLE WOULD NEVER HEAR OF IT. AND I DON'T BLAME THEM!
FIB: DOGGONE IT WILCOX, NEITHER OF US -
WIL: NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO! CAR-NU IT IS , AND CAR-NU, IT STAYS. AND RACINE IS GOING TO BE PRETTY SORE WHEN I TELL 'EM YOU WANTED TO CHANGE IT, TOO! (FADE OUT) OF ALL THE RIDICULOUS...STUPID...FANTASTIC IDEAS...Change the name of Car-Nu...why it's the most...

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Your cosmic rhythm seems to have missed a couple of beats, dearie. If Mr. Wilcox tells Racine you want to change the name of Car-nu your luck is REALLY due for a change. And I don't mean good!

FIB: But doggone it, I DIDN'T WANNA change any names! That guy has got seven silver cups he's won jumpin' to conclusions. I didn't --

MOL: MCGEE..LOOK..

FIB: Eh? Where?

MOL: Right ahead of us...there's a man lying on the sidewalk! Maybe he's ill!

FIB: Looks kinda of familiar too...I wonder who...HEY IT'S WIMP!E!

MOL: WALLACE WIMPLE!!!

WIMP: (FADE IN) DID I HEAR SOMEONE CALL MY...Oh Hello folks.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. What's the idea layin' on the sidewalk?

WIMP: Just self-defense Mr. McGee...(CHUCKLES) I thought I saw Sweetieface coming down the street.

MOL: But how would lying flat on the sidewalk help, in that case?

WIMP: Well, she told me she was going to slap me wall-eyed as sure as I was a foot high.

FIB: You're safe, Wimp. She ain't anywhere around.

WIMP: Thank you, Mr. McGee.

FIB: The name is Frink, Wimp; Homer K. Frink.

WIMP: Oh how do you do. Have we met someplace?

MOL: Mr. McGee has changed his name, Mr. Wimple. A numerologist told him to, for luck.

WIMP: Oh I see - well I've got to hurry and meet Sweetieface. She'll be horribly angry if I'm late.

FIB: What's the rush, Wimp?

WIMP: I'M meeting Sweetieface at the Marines Pistol Range. She's going to show them how she shoots a cigarette out of my mouth with a .44 pistol.

MOL: MY GOODNESS, ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS, MR. WIMPLE?

WIMP: Oh no, silly girl...(CHUCKLES) I never inhale. Goodbye now.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

MOL: Come on, McGee...I'M tired of walking the streets. Let's go home.

FIB: Well....okay. I'LL start out early tomorrow and test out my new name. Let's cross over here.

MOL: NO NO, MCGEE...THE RED LIGHT IS ON. WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE GREEN.

FIB: Aw come on. We're not yokels. There's hardly any traffic. Here...take my arm.

MOL: All right..and the first truck to come along will take the other.

TRAFFIC UP.....LOUD..SUDDEN POLICE WHISTLE..SEVERAL BLASTS....

COP: HEY HEY HEY....WHERE DO YOU THINK YE'RE GOIN'! (FADE IN) WHAT'S THE IDEA OF JAYWALKIN'! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO CROSS ON THE RED LIGHT?

FIB: Sure but gee whizz, officer, there was hardly any traffic, and -

COP: STOP ARGUIN'. WHAT'S YOUR NAME.

MOL: My name is Molly McGee...

COP: McGee, eh? AND A FINE OLD NAME IT IS, MACUSHLA! AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FIB: Who me? I'M Homer Frink. Homer K. Frink.
COP: Well, never let me catch either one of ye...(PAUSE) WHAT
DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
MOL: He said it was Frink. Homer K. Frink.
COP: Ye don't say...Now don't go away for a minute....HEY
HENNESSY!
VOICE OFF: Yeah?
COP: CALL THE WAGON! I GOT HOMER FRINK!!!
MOL: YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM AWAY IN THE WAGON FOR CROSSING AGAINST
THE LIGHT!
FIB: I should say not!
COP: THAT'S THE LEAST OF THE THINGS THIS BIRD IS WANTED FOR,
LADY. HOMER K. FRINK! WANTED IN SEVEN STATES FER ARSON,
MURDER, BANK ROBBERY, FORGERY, SWINDLING, PAROLE
VIOLATION AND BIGAMY! KEEP YER HANDS UP THERE, FRINK!!
FIB: Now look, officer, -
COP: SHUT UP....YOU! OR I'LL TAKE ME STICK TO YE. ALL RIGHT...
MAKE ROOM THERE ALL OF YE....THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS....
MOL: HE IS NOT!
FIB: I AM TOO! I MEAN I WILL BE IF THIS BABOON DON'T STOP
ACTIN' SILLY...NOW LOOK, OFFICER....
SOUND: SIREN IN DISTANCE:
COP: Here comes the wagon...NO FALSE MOVES NOW, FRINK....
FIB: NOW LOOK...I'M NOT..I DIDN'T...HEY MOLLY...MOLLY!! GET
A LAWYER. CALL THE MAYOR....GET ME IDENTIFIED!!
MOL: DON'T WORRY, DEARIE...I'LL STRAIGHTEN IT ALL OUT...SEE
YOU LATER....
SOUND: TRAFFIC..UP..SIREN...CROWD MURMUR...CONFUSION...
ORCH: "I GOT PLENTY OF NOTHIN" - "KING'S MEN"
APPLAUSE:

FIB: Dad rat it - for the 49th time I'm tellin' you I'm not
Homer Frink!!
CHIEF: Yeah, we know. We know!!!
FIB: And get that spotlight outta my eyes!!
COP: Aw, lemme talk to him a minute, Chief.
CHIEF: Clancy! Put down that rubber hose!
FIB: Yeah - put it down.
CHIEF: You know them things is rationed, Clancy.
FIB: You guys are gonna be sorry for this. When I get hold of
the Mayor I'll --
COP: Aw, shaddap, Homer!
CHIEF: Now, what were you sayin' about that stickup in Boston,
Homer?
FIB: I didn't say nothin' about a stickup and you -
COP: Maybe he'd like to tell us about that Jewelry deal in
Florida, or that Chicago job he pulled.
FIB: Dad rat it, I - - Aw, what's the use? (SIGHS) All right,
you guys - wanta hear about my Chicago job, do you? I'll
tell you about it.
CHIEF: Now you're talkin' sense, Homer. Write this down, Clancy.
COP: Okay, Chief.
FIB: All right - so it was in the fur warehouse, see? I come
in late at night - musta been around midnight - half a
million bucks wortha furs in there and not a soul around,
see?
CHIEF: Howja git in - thru a skylight?
FIB: Skylight? (SCOFFS) Whattaya think I am, crawlin' thru
skylights? I come in the front door.

CHIEF: Oh - had a key made, eh?

COP: Sure, Chief, Homer's no punk, he knows his stuff.

(WRITING IT DOWN) "Entered front door".....

FIB: First thing I done was lock the door behind me, see, then I took a good look around with my flashlight, see? Make sure they was nobody hidin' anyplace, see?

COP: Don't talk so fast. (MUMBLES) "look around...nobody... hiding".

FIB: All right. So the next thing I does is ease over to the storage vault. It's locked, but that don't stop me, see?

CHIEF: It don't?

FIB: Noooo! I got the combination all wrote down. I hauls it outta my pocket, opens up the vault and strolls casually inside.

CHIEF: (ADMIRINGLY) What a nerve!

FIB: Aw, it was nothin'. I picks me out a bale of sables over in a corner -

COP: (MUMBLING) "Bale of sables" -

FIB: Drags a flock of ermine wraps over next to it -

COP: (MUMBLING) "Pile of ermine"

FIB: Curls up on it and takes me a little snooze.

CHIEF: You what? You lay down on all those furs and went to sleep?

COP: Gee!

FIB: Sure. I hadda sleep sometime - I was the only night watchman they had. That was my job in Chicago.

CHIEF: Aw fer the -- Frink, I got a good notion to poke you right in a cell and throw away the key.

FIB: Oh yeah? I know my rights - and you can't hold me here incognito like this!

CHIEF: You don't mean incognito, Homer - you mean incommunicado.

FIB: I never no sucha thing, neither! Incommunicado is a fruit that grows in California!

COP: Them's avacadoes.

FIB: I thought a avacado was a kind of a run on the piano.

CHIEF: That's obligatto.

FIB: Then doggone it, what's incognito?

CHIEF: Incognito's when you use a different name.

FIB: A different name!! I could think of a different name for guys like you every two seconds for four hundred years!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: (OFF) Right in here, Doctor. (FADING IN)...McGee! Dearie! Are you all right?

FIB: Oh, sure, I'm fine! Nothing wrong with me that a short walk out the front door of this joint won't cure!

MOL: I brought Doctor Gamble to identify you, dearie. We'll have you out of here in no time.

DOC: Hello, Chief - hello, McGee. Say, you've got a mighty high color there, my boy, been yelling your head off again, have you?

FIB: Of course I been yelling. These flatheads --

CHIEF: You know this guy, Doc?

DOC: (SIGHS) Yes, I'm afraid I do, Chief. McGee, I've told you repeatedly about watching your blood pressure - about losing your temper. If you blow up some day like a nickel balloon and pop - don't say I didn't warn you!

FIB: How much are you gonna charge me for that? I didn't ask you to come down here, and if you think you're gonna send me a bill for medical advice, you're as --

MOL: McGee!!

DOC: Oh, I don't pay any attention to him, Mrs. McGee. I've warned him so many times about his blood pressure --

FIB: Yeah - at three bucks a warn!

CHIEF: Well, if you can positively identify this bird as McGee, Doc - we'll have to turn him loose.

FIB: AND ABOUT TIME, TOO! I'M GONNA SUE EVERY ONE OF YOUR COPS FOR FALSE ARREST AND MALPRACTICE. THERE'S GONNA BE SO MANY STARS FLYIN' AROUND HERE, IT'LL LOOK LIKE A PLANETARIUM. WHY, I --

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. How are you going to identify him, Doctor?

CHIEF: If he has a birth-mark, or something...

FIB: SHE WASN'T ASKIN' YOU, YOU BULL-NECKED, COW-FACED, STEER-BRAINED --

MOL: McGEE!

DOC: I CAN identify him, all right. TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT, McGEE.

FIB: DOGGONE IT, DOC, I HOPE I NEVER MEET YOU AT 14th AND OAK STREETS. I NEVER SEEN YOU YET I DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE OFF SOMETHING!! WHAT FOR THIS TIME?

DOC: Appendicitis scar. I operated on you, remember?

CHIEF: That won't prove anything, Doc. Too many people got appendicitis scars.

FIB: NOT LIKE MINE! THIS HAM-HANDED PILL ROLLER GAVE ME A SCAR THAT IF I EVER HAVE MY FACE LIFTED IT'LL SHOW OVER MY COLLAR. THERE...SEE?

CHIEF: Okay. If you guarantee this guy isn't Homer Frink, Doc, he can go.

DOC: I guarantee it. Come on, McGee...

FIB: Mind if I put my shirt back on, first? Just a suggestion, of course.

MOL: I don't know why they ever made such a ridiculous mistake in the first place.

CHIEF: He said he was Homer Frink, lady. Look at this circular. Homer Frink is wanted for everything but the shootin' of Dan McGrew. How'd you happen to pick that name?

MOL: He didn't. The numerologist gave it to him. Professor Cipher.

CHIEF: PROFESSOR CIPHER!

FIB: Yeah...why?

CHIEF: HE'S MY BROTHER-IN-LAW. I GAVE HIM ONE OF THESE FRINK CIRCULARS YESTERDAY!

MOL: Why, of all the dirty...you mean he deliberately...*framed* McGEE!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: Gonna go back and see the Professor. *But* GET-OUT ANOTHER CIRCULAR, CHIEF. "FIBBER McGEE...WANTED FOR MURDER"!

CRIES OF: "NO NO!".."COME BACK!"..."YOU CAN'T DO THAT!"...ETC. FROM MOLLY, DOC, CHIEF, COP -- INTO:

ORCH: "KEEP THAT SMILE" - FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 4, 1943

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: How long should a piece of good quality linoleum last?
I suppose that's a hard question to answer, because for
one reason, it depends upon how much wear it gets.
But it depends upon something else even more -- the care
that's taken of it. If you protect it regularly with
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, it will actually last
6 to 10 times longer than if it were unprotected. The
tough film of GLO-COAT acts as a shield, guarding the
linoleum itself from wear. That same film of JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT gives the linoleum great beauty, keeps the colors
looking like new. And of course, GLO-COAT is self-
polishing -- it needs no rubbing or buffing, so it takes
practically no work. There are still some women who clean
their linoleum by the old-fashioned scrubbing method --
which is really harmful. If you are one of these, you'll
find JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT easier, more economical, and a
great help in these days when we all need to make our
things wear longer.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE:)

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TAG

MOL: OH, MCGEE, I WAS SO WORRIED WHEN YOU RAN OUT OF THE
POLICE STATION! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO REALLY KILL
THAT NUMEROLOGIST.

FIB: I would of, too. But it took me forty minutes to cross
14th Street, and by that time I'd cooled off.

MOL: Why couldn't you cross?

FIB: I was seein' red, and couldn't tell when the light
changed.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yes. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

MUSIC:

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF.