

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#34

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

NBC

6:30 - 7:00 PM

May 15, 1945

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE 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: "MEET THE PEOPLE" - FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 15, 1945

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: One of the reasons you have linoleum on your kitchen floor is because it has a bright, colorful pattern. That makes your kitchen a more cheerful place in which to work. But if you don't take proper care of the linoleum, it loses its beauty - and if you scrub it continuously, it begins to break down. So when you protect it with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, you accomplish two things. You preserve its original color and beautiful pattern, and you make it last a much longer time. And of course, in addition, you save yourself lots of work all year 'round, because GLO-COAT is self-polishing -- it needs no rubbing or buffing, takes practically no work from you. Simply apply and let dry - that's the GLO-COAT story. The tough film of GLO-COAT guards the surface against wear, dirt and moisture - seals the pores - gives a beautiful polish that's easy to maintain. Why not join the legion of satisfied users of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: YOU KNOW WHAT AN AUCTION ROOM IS? IT'S AN INDOOR JUNK YARD WHERE, IF THE AUCTIONEER CATCHES YOU NODDING, YOU'RE THE NEW OWNER OF AN ANTIQUE GOBBLERS BENCH THAT YOUR TEN-YEAR-OLD SON COULD HAVE MADE A BETTER ONE IN MANUAL TRAINING. BUT AUCTIONS HAVE A DEFINITE FASCINATION FOR SOME PEOPLE...AMONG THEM BEING --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (CALLS) Ten dollars!

MAN: (OFF) TEN DOLLARS, THE MAN SAYS! TEN DOLLARS FOR THIS LOVELY TEA CADDY...A GENUINE ANTIQUE...A GIFT FROM JULIUS CAESAR TO MARIE ANTOINETTE! DO I HEAR FIFTEEN?

~~VOICE:~~ FIB: (OFF) FIFTEEN!!

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee...stop bidding. We don't need a tea caddy. I can carry my own tea.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh, I won't get it. I'm just having fun. I get a bang out of auctions. Somebody will top my bid like--

VOICE: SEVENTEEN FIFTY!

FIB: See?

MAN: SEVENTEEN FIFTY I'M BID! DO I HEAR TWENTY?...GOING ONCE AT 17.50...GOING TWICE AT 17.50...GOING THREE TIMES AT 17.50. ^(GAUDEL) SOLD! FOR THREE TIMES SEVENTEEN FIFTY, WHICH IS EXACTLY FIFTY-TWO FIFTY, TO THE LUCKY GENTLEMAN IN THE FOURTH ROW!

MURMUR OF VOICES

MOL: Come on, McGee. Let's go home. The weather has cleared up. And we've proved we knew enough to come in out of the rain..

FIB: Aw, let's stick around a while. I LOVE these things.

MAN: ITEM FOUR TWELVE! AS YOU WILL SEE BY YOUR CATALOGS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS AN INLAID HIGHBOY --

FIB: Hi, boy!

MAN: HI! THIS IS AN INLAID HIGHBOY OF ROSEWOOD AND IVORY, FROM THE PALACE OF THE GRAND DUKE WHICH WAS SITUATED ON THE RAPIDS OF THE DANUBE RIVER. TO PROVE IT IS AUTHENTIC, ON THIS FADED OLD LABEL WE CAN STILL MAKE OUT THE WORDS "GRAND" ... AND "RAPIDS". WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS LOVELY PIECE...WHICH WAS A GIFT FROM CLEOPATRA TO HENRY THE EIGHTH?

CARST: (OFF) Twenty-five dollars!

MOL: Heavenly days, that sounds like Mrs. Carstairs!!! McGEE, IT IS MRS. CARSTAIRS.

FIB: Well, she's made her bid, she'll have to lie in it.

MAN: TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS I AM BID. WHO WILL MAKE IT THIRTY?

FIB: Thirty! For that broken down old...

MAN: THIRTY I HEAR!!!! WHO'LL MAKE IT FORTY? DO I HEAR FORTY?

MOL: McGee, for goodness sakes, be quiet. If nobody says forty you're stuck for --

MAN: I HEAR FORTY!!! LADY WITH THE LITTLE MAN IN THE REAR BIDS FORTY, AND --

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, BUD, SHE DIDN'T....

CARST: FIFTY DOLLARS!

MAN: AHHH, FIFTY DOLLARS! DO I HEAR SEVENTY FIVE? GOING ONCE AT FIFTY...TWICE...(GAVEL) SOLD! FOR FIFTY DOLLARS, TO MRS. CARSTAIRS! Shall we deliver it for you, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: Thank you, no. My chauffeur will call for it.

MOL: YOO HOO...HELLO THERE, MRS. CARSTAIRS!

CARST: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee....

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. That was quite a slug of moolah you just put out for that worm-eaten pile of condemned lumber. Darn thing's got three legs like Queen Anne and one like Leon Errol.

MOL: I guess Mrs. Carstairs knows what she's doing, dearie.

CARST: I happen to be buying this highboy for my husband, Mr. McGee. Mr. Carstairs is extremely fond of antiques.

FIB: There's as perfect a straight line as I ever heard, Carsty. But I haven't got the heart to deliver the boff.

MOL: That's a pretty heavy piece of furniture for your chauffeur to handle, Mrs. Carstairs. Maybe McGee would help him carry it out.

CARST: Thank you, my dear, but my footman will assist him. We still have one footman you know, although our domestic staff has been cut to the bone.

FIB: He has? How?

CARST: Slicing toast for hors d'ouvres. Did I tell you, Mrs. McGee, that I was forced to discharge my upstairs maid last week?

MOL: Oh that's too bad, Mrs. Carstairs. Why?
CARST: The impudent girl came downstairs.
MOL: ...Tell me, Mrs. Carstairs...do you plan to stay in town all summer?
CARST: We are undecided, my dear. We might go to our hunting lodge in Maine, our chalet in the Berkshires, our hacienda in Acapulco, or we may visit our orange groves in Santa Barbara.
FIB: What kind a oranges you raise, Carsty? Valencias of navels?
CARST: The latter, Mr. McGee, although we refrain from using the more vulgar term. Mr. Carstairs and I refer to them as Citrus Umbilicus. Good day, Mrs. McGee.
MOL: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs.
FIB: So long, kiddo! Boy, what a character!
MOL: You and she just don't seem to get along, do you, McGee?
FIB: I get along all right, but she don't. She forgets the upper crust is just a lotta crumbs held together by their own dough.
MOL: Well, my goodness, she -
MAN: YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. ITEM FOUR THIRTEEN IN THE CATALOG. A GENUINE DREADNAUGHT TRUNK, 75 YEARS OLD, CONTENTS UNKNOWN, FROM THE ESTATE OF MR. J. FARTHINGTON CRAMPWELL.

FIB: Crampwell!! Hey, he's the rich millionaire that had all his money hid around his house. That trunk might be full o' cash!
MOL: Not very likely, McGee. His estate spent forty years in probate court. If there was any money in that trunk there'd be three lawyers sitting on the lid.
FIB: Just the same I gotta good notion to -
MAN: WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS STURDY, INTERESTING OLD TRUNK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN? A DREADNAUGHT TRUNK IS PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE, AND -
FIB: TWO DOLLARS!
MAN: The little man bids two dollars. A RIDICULOUS OFFER, FRIENDS. TWO DOLLARS FOR A HANDSOME TRUNK WHICH MIGHT CONTAIN VALUABLE PROPERTY WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!
VOICE: Four dollars!
MAN: FOUR DOLLARS!
FIB: FIVE DOLLARS!
MAN: FIVE DOLLARS!
VOICE: SIX DOLLARS!
MAN: SIX DOLLARS..AH, WHAT SPIRITED BIDDING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WILL SOME MAD, IMPULSIVE SPENDTHRIFT RAISE THE BID TO SIX FIFTY?
FIB: SEVEN BUCKS!
MAN: SEVEN DOLLARS, THE LITTLE MAN OFFERS! LET'S STOP MATCHING NICKELS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND GET ON WITH BUSINESS. THIS IS AN AUCTION SALE, NOT A --
FIB: NINE DOLLARS AND THAT'S MY LAST OFFER!

(2ND REVISION) -9-

MOL: McGee, if you plan to put that moth-eaten old grab-bag in our hall closet, I'll...

MAN: NINE DOLLARS I'M BID..DO I HEAR --

VOICE: TEN DOLLARS!

FIB: TEN DOLLARS AND THREE CENTS.

MAN: What was that again, son?

FIB: I SAYS TEN DOLLARS AND THREE CENTS. TAKE YOUR EARMUFFS OFF, BUSTER. SPRING IS HERE.

MAN: GOING ONCE AT TEN DOLLARS THREE CENTS. GOING TWICE..

(GAVEL) SOLD TO THE SHORT SPORT IN THE LONG SWEATER.

MOL: Oh dear...here we go again.

FIB: AND HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, WISE GUY. IN CASH!

MAN: AND A PLEASANT SURPRISE IS IT, MY FRIEND. Will you take it with you or shall I have our twelve beautiful dancing girls carry you home in it?

MOL: That's an interesting question, McGee. How do we get it home?

FIB: You stay here a minute, Molly. (FADES) I'll go get a cab and the driver'll help me load it on.

MOL: HURRY, MCGEE. (PAUSE) Do you really think this trunk has something valuable in it, Mr. Auctioneer?

MAN: Lady, I'm going to be honest, for the first time today. That's the worst hunk of junk that ever broke an express company's heart and I wouldn't give you a counterfeit dime for it if it was full of nylons, T-Bones and Greer Garson. (GAVEL) AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ITEM FOUR FOURTEEN IN THE CATALOG....

ORCH: "DREAM"

APPLAUSE:

(2ND REVISION) -9-

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ORCH: "DREAM"

APPLAUSE:

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: THUDS..BUMPS..SCRAPES:

FIB: Boy, is that trunk heavy! Cab driver said he hadn't had a bigger load on since New Year's Eve.

MOL: You're not going to leave it out here on the porch are you?

FIB: Why not?

MOL: Well, people might think we've just come back from someplace. In which case they must have thought we'd been away. And if they didn't miss us any more than that, my feelings are hurt.

FIB: I guess I better get it in the house at that. If it's full of money it'll be safer inside. Open the door, will you?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Okay...ONE !...TWO !...THRE !!!

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SOUND: SCRAPES..THUDS..BUMPS..GRUNTS..DOOR SLAM

FIB: WHEW!!! (SLIGHTLY OFF) That's the heaviest piece of luggage I ever saw ... but did you hear it jingle when we moved it?

MOL: Yes ... what do you suppose it's full of? Pie tins?

FIB: Look, snooky. These trunks haven't been manufactured for 75 years. And 75 years ago they used gold money. If this trunk is full of ten-dollar gold pieces, for instance, we're modestly, rich, in a filthy sort of way.

MOL: We're also in trouble with Uncle Sam, aren't we?

FIB: NAW ... the government will pay us thirty-two bucks an ounce for gold - or something like that. And this thing must weigh 300 pounds. Allowing sixty pounds for the trunk, that leaves 240 pounds, and 16 times 240 is how much.

MOL: Three thousand, eight hundred and forty, though I'd like to check that with the Quiz Kids.

FIB: That's near enough. 3840 times thirty-two bucks is ... er...

MOL: A hundred twenty-two thousand, eight hundred and eighty.

FIB: WOW! A HUNDRED AND TWENTY THREE THOUSAND BUCKS!!! WE'RE RICH!! NOW I CAN TAKE ANTHONY ADVERSE BACK TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY!

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee ... before we fill the swimming pool with champagne...hadn't we better see what's actually IN this trunk?

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FIB: Sure..but it's just a formality, kiddo. SUPPOSE IT'S ONLY GOT FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECES IN IT? THAT'S STILL SIXTY THOUSAND FROGSKINS! Where's my keys..(JINGLE) Ahhh, here they are...Now we'll see....

MOL: That little one in the middle looks like it might fit.

FIB: That's the key to the padlock on the tool shed on Uncle Sycamore's ranch I stayed at in 1915.

MOL: Heavenly days, DON'T YOU EVER THROW AWAY A KEY?

FIB: Nope.

SOUND: RATTLE OF KEYS

MOL: No good?

FIB: Nope...I'll try this one. Key to a briefcase I had when I sold insurance in 1919. (RATTLE) Nope..too flat.

MOL: You could pry it open with a crowbar, McGee. Or drop it out of an upstairs window. If you can find nine friends stupid enough to carry it upstairs.

FIB: No, there's a right way and a wrong way to do things, tootsie. And I haven't used up the wrong ways yet. Now let's see....

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mr. McGee...and Mrs. McGee...CREEPERS, WHAT'S THE TRUNK FOR? Going someplace?

MOL: We're going everyplace, Alice. If this trunk is as full of money as himself here, thinks. We bought it at an auction.

FIB: Used to belong to a rich millionaire, Alice. Miser. J. Farthington Crampwell. When he kicked off, they found money hid all over his house.

MOL: Overlooking this trunk, of course, out of sheer courtesy to Mr. McGee.

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ALICE: Well, jeepers, who'd be dumb enough to think of a trunk like this being full of money?

MOL: I don't like to mention names, but I could stroke his five o'clock shadow from where I'm standing.

FIB: OKAY OKAY..SCOFF IF YOU WANNA!..DERIDE ME!! BUT BY GEORGE, WHEN I GET THIS TRUNK OPEN AND START COUNTIN' OUT COLD CASH YOU GOT ANY TRUNK KEYS, ALICE?

ALICE: No, I haven't, Mr. McGee. I don't own a trunk. I just have airplane luggage.

MOL: Oh, do you like airplane travel, Alice?

ALICE: DO I! CREEMINY...TO SAIL ALONG FIFTEEN THOUSAND FEET IN THE AIR...WITH YOUR MEALS BROUGHT TO YOU, AND NO TIPPING, AND WITH THOSE GOOD LOOKING PILOTS SAYING EXCUSE ME WHEN THEY BUMP INTO YOUR ELBOW THAT YOU STUCK OUT WHEN YOU SAW THEM COMING AND EVERYTHING...JEEPERS...I'LL BET I'D LOVE IT IF I EVER TRIED IT!

FIB: Look, kids...this chatter is very amusing, I'm sure, but with a forty-cent lock standing between me and a hundred thousand bucks I ain't in any mood for prattle. YOU GOT ANY KEYS, ALICE?

ALICE: Well, here's a key to my tool box at the factory.

MOL: Try it, McGee....

FIB: Okay...(RATTLE) Nope. That won't unlock it.

ALICE: Isn't that a coincidence? It won't unlock my tool box either.

MOL: It WON'T? Then how do you work if you can't get at your tools?

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ALICE: Oh I don't keep them in my tool box. They get, too dirty. You see, it's a toolbox that one of the boys that he works at the next bench made for me.

FIB: Things have changed since my day, I guess. I always had to give girls candy or flowers. Now you gotta woo a gal with a hunk of sheet iron and five hours overtime.

ALICE: Well he made me a perfectly super toolbox, Mr. McGee. I keep my bobby pins and nail polish and compact in it, But I can't get the toolbox open so I look simply a mess at work.

MOL: Well, why don't you take some extra cosmetics along Alice?

ALICE: (INDIGNANTLY) AND HURT THE BOY THAT HE WORKS AT THE NEXT BENCH TO ME'S FEELINGS? Oh no! Well, I hope you get that trunk open, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Thanks, kid!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: She was a big help!

MOL: Well, you bought this trunk, dearie. Getting it open is your problem.

FIB: DON'T WORRY...I'LL GET IT OPEN! Lemme try some more of these keys.

JINGLE OF KEYS:

MOL: Talk about inefficiency! I'll BET YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TWO THIRDS OF THOSE KEYS ARE FOR!

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: OH, I DON'T EH? WELL FOR YOUR INFORMATION, MRS. MCGEE, THIS KEY HERE IS FOR THE IGNITION LOCK ON THAT APPERSON JACKRABBIT, I USED TO DRIVE FOR OLD MR. BALDERSON, IN PEORIA.

MOL: That was thirty years ago!

FIB: WELL, HE TOLD ME NOT TO LOSE IT, DIDN'T HE? And this key here is to...er...well, I'll admit that one's no good. Here, throw it away.

MOL: Do you mind if I don't?

FIB: No...why?

MOL: That's the key to our front door.

FIB: It is? My gosh, I never even --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. How's the...(PAUSE) Well, what's the trunk for? Taking a trip?

MOL: No, Mr. Wilcox. McGee bought this trunk at an auction. You know what an auction is.

WIL: Sure. That's a place where a bunch of strangers stand around and bicker about who pays the most money for something none of them really wants.

FIB: Sure, but this trunk is full of dough, Junior---I think. YOU GOT ANY KEYS WITH YOU, JUNIOR?

WIL: No.

MOL: You see, McGee? There are men who don't consider it necessary to carry four pounds of keys. Himself here always has so many keys on him he's getting round-shouldered in the hips, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, why doesn't he use one of them to open the trunk?

FIB: BECAUSE NONE OF 'EM SEEMS TO FIT, THAT'S THE REASON WHY I DON'T. (JINGLE OF KEYS) Now, let's see... this one here might...

WIL: Gee, it's a shame to let a handsome sturdy trunk like that get looking so shabby when ~~it's~~ just a little ---

FIB: Oh, now wait a minute, Waxey...You don't have to---

WIL: It's a lucky thing I just happened to have some Johnson's Wax and a cloth with me. Let's see what it'll do for that wood and leather.

WIL: No.

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MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox...you don't have to do that...my goodness..

FIB: GET AWAY FROM THAT TRUNK, JUNIOR...I GOT WORK TO DO.

WIL: So have I. Only waxing a piece of baggage like this isn't really work...It's fun.

FIB: Aw fer the -

WIL: See how the Johnson's Wax ^{helps} bring back the beauty of the wood even after all this time? AND SEE WHAT IT DOES FOR THE LEATHER? Gee whizz, it's criminal not to protect an expensive trunk like this with Wax, save it from dampness and dryness and dust...why you'd be amazed how much protection a coat of Johnson's Wax gives a thing like this.

MOL: Oh I don't know, Mr. Wilcox. We amaze very slowly.

FIB: LOOK, WAXEY....GET AWAY, WILL YOU...I AIN'T INTERESTED IN THE OUTSIDE OF THIS TRUNK. IT'S THE INSIDE I WANNA GET AT.

WIL: Oh I don't think you'll find it necessary to wax the inside, Pal. You see, the inside -

FIB: (SCREAMS) DOGGONE IT, CAN'T YOU FORGET WAX FOR ONE SECOND?

(PAUSE)

WIL: No.

MOL: Well, I will say it looks a lot better already, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Of course it does. You see Johnson's Wax...

FIB: LOOK, JUNIOR....

WIL: Yeah?

FIB: I don't like to be inhospitable, but if you can't contribute more toward gettin' this trunk open than a lecture on wax, go on home, will you?

MOL: Now, McGee.....

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WIL: Where'd you say you got this trunk, pal?

FIB: At an auction sale. Used to belong to a rich millionaire.

WIL: Sayyy, a cousin of mine, Big Moxie Wilcox, brought a 40 year old wooden box at an auction once, and he said it was the smartest thing he ever did in his life. Boy, was he happy when he got home and opened it up! You know what was in it?

FIB: Here's your hat, Junior. If that box was full of Johnson's Wax, put it on and scam.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM:

MOL: I don't think that was very polite of you, McGee.

FIB: Any guy with my dough, doesn't have to be polite. Doggone it, I wish one of these keys would fit... HAVEN'T WE GOT ANY TRUNK KEYS IN THE HOUSE?

MOL: Oh, someplace, I suppose. I'll ask Beulah. OH, BEULAH!...BEULAH!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Hey, we got any trunk keys layin' around, Beulah?

BEULAH: If we has, suh, they ain' neveh come to Beulah's attention. Whesh this ole trunk come from?

MOL: Mr. McGee bought it at an auction, Beulah. He thinks it might be full of ten dollar gold pieces.

BEUL: Ten dollah gold pieces ... what is they?

FIB: Molly, please ... you're too excited about this thing! Hold yourself down a little. It might not be full of ten dollar gold pieces at all. Might be only FIVE dollar gold pieces.

MOL: I didn't say I thought so. I said YOU thought so.

BEUL: Ma'am, if I had me a trunk I suspicioned was only full o' Indian pennies, I'd teah the lid off wif mah teeth and nails.

FIB: You wouldn't tear the lid off this one that way, Beulah. This is a genuine Dreadnaught trunk. They built these things to toss off the top of a stage coach.

BEUL: Yassuh. But my point was, that if they was just a old trunk between Beulah an' affluence, (CHUCKLES) ah could kick a hole in it wif mah bare feet!

MOL: What would you do with all that money, Beulah?

BEUL: MY GOODNESS, MA'AM, I'D ... I'D er ... Well doggone if I know! Anything over ten bucks, I gits stage fright. BUT I COULD THINK O' SOMETHIN'.

FIB: You and Ira could really get married on a trunk full of money, couldn't you Beulah?

BEUL: Nossuh.

MOL: What?

BEUL: Ira he be too proud to marry me if I was a rich woman. In which case I'd dump it in the riveh. Tain't much fun settin' in the movies, holdin' hands wif a bank book. Not that I evah try it.

FIB: Well, I'll take a chance on being unhappy, Beulah. Right now I'm in the position of a amateur musician who's got a chance to conduct the symphony.

MOL: Why, McGee, said she, shaking her tambourine.

FIB: If I can find the right key, I'll be in the money.

BEUL: Listen to the man say if he find the right key he'll
(SCREAMS WITH LAUGHTER)
LOVE THAT MAN!

DOOR SIAM:

ORCH: "YAH TA TA YAH TA TA"

APPLAUSE

FIB: DAD RAT IT, MOLLY, I'VE TRIED EVERY KEY I OWN AND THIS LID HASN'T BUDGED AN INCH. Haven't you got any trunk keys hid away?

MOL: No, dearie, I haven't. But there's an axe in the basement. You can chop a hole in it.

FIB: Yeah, I thought of that, but there's heavy penalty for defacing United States currency. If the axe should slap into one of those ten dollar gold pieces, I'd be in trouble.

MOL: Yes, there's that, too. And if it's full of diamond rings you might dull the axe. Might as well think of everything.

FIB: Now lemme see ... I hate to call a locksmith because he'd blab all over town that McGee was in the bucks. And I want to blab it!

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, Small Fry.

FIB: Hiyah, Pasteur. You got any trunk keys on you?

DOC: No, and I left my burglar's jimmy home, too. Careless of me.

MOL: McGee bought this trunk at an auction, Doctor. He can't get it open.

DOC: It's probably just as well.

MOL: Yes, but he's sure it's full of money, Doctor. It jingles and it's so heavy you can't lift it.

DOC: That's too bad. Otherwise, he could carry it down to my office and have it ex-rayed.

FIB: EX-RAYED! MY GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

DOC: I was sure you hadn't. It was too sensible an idea.

MOL: I guess the only answer is either break it open or call a locksmith, McGee.

FIB: My gosh, I hate to bust a trunk open that I paid ten dollars for --

DOC: TEN DOLLARS! FOR THAT SUPERANNATED EGG CRATE? BROTHER, YOU'RE REALLY A YOKEL! DID ANYBODY EVER TRY TO SELL YOU THE STATUE OF LIBERTY?

MOL: We don't talk about that, Doctor.

DOC: Why not?

FIB: BECAUSE WE DON'T, THAT'S WHY, NOSEY. MY GOSH, I WAS MERELY GOING TO PRESENT IT TO THE GOVERNMENT. Patriotic gesture.

MOL: How would you suggest getting this trunk open, Doctor?

DOC: Well, I don't like to stress the obvious, but I'd find out who made the trunk, go to the local agency and get a key.

FIB: That's the kind of a bright suggestion I'd of expected from you, Skin-grafter. THEY HAVEN'T MADE THESE TRUNKS FOR 75 YEARS.

DOC: The alternative, then, is get a locksmith. OR, you could wait till next winter, fill the lock with cold water and let the ice expand it open.

MOL: I'd be nervous having two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the house all that time.

DOC: HOW MUCH?

FIB: That's what I figured, Doc. 220,000. If it's full of ten dollar gold pieces. Or, a hundred and ten thousand if it's full of five dollar gold pieces.

DOC: I see. Would you think it forward of me, if I wanted to take your temperature, sonny?

FIB: YES I WOULD....AND GET YOUR BIG FAT HAND OFF MY FOREHEAD!

MOL: He's not feverish, Doctor. After all there's a slight chance that this trunk MIGHT have money in it.
FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!

DOC: WELL ~~MY GOD~~, WHY DOESN'T HE LOOK!

FIB: I been telling you, dumbell....I haven't got a key that will open it. The only key that will fit a Dreadnaught trunk is a Dreadnaught key. That's why I....MOLLY....
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MOL: Just trying something, dearie....my little brother got locked in a trunk once and my mother opened it with a hairpin.

FIB: Oh don't be ridiculous. That trunk will have to be chiseled open.

DOC: Don't be so sure, gabby. Women can do more with a hairpin than --

SOUND: LOUD RATTLE

MOL: AHHHH, THERE IT IS, MCGEE ... I UNLOCKED IT!!!

FIB: Oh boy ... take that end of it, Doc ... when I say THREE ... tip it over.

DOC: Why don't we just raise the lid and peek in?

FIB: More dramatic this way ... ready? ONE..TWO...THREE!!!

SOUND: THUD: LOUD CLINKING OF METAL...SUSTAIN: (PAUSE)

MOL: Heavenly days ... what are they?

DOC: Dreadnaught trunk keys. My -- my --- You'll need a bigger key ring now.

FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "I WALKED IN" ...FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30-PM PWT NBC
MAY 15, 1945

(2ND REVISION) -25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Some time ago I gave a friend of mine a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU to try on his car. He is now an enthusiastic CarNu user. "Why, this stuff is even better than you said it was," he volunteered. Then he brought his car around to show me what CARNU had done for it -- a light gray 1940 model that really was beautiful, spic and span with a showroom shine. In these days when it's hard to get your car serviced, you can still keep it beautiful and protect the paint job with JOHNSON'S CARNU - because CARNU is so easy to use you can quickly do the job yourself. CARNU is the auto polish that does two things at once - cleans and polishes with one application. It's a liquid - you apply it with a cloth, let it dry to a white powder and wipe off the powder. CARNU does an amazing cleaning job, without injury to the finish and with minimum elbow grease. And it leaves a satin-smooth finish that's easier to keep clean. You have to try CARNU to know how good it is - your dealer has it, the same reliable JOHNSON'S CARNU - spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC..FADE FOR

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

FIB: Ohhh, I had a trained flea and his name was Daniel Who was saving up his money to buy a spaniel...

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR OPEN, CLOSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...you know what I did?

MOL: Had I better sit down before you tell me?

FIB: No, look...I took all those Dreadnaught trunk keys - seven thousand of 'em - to a locksmith and he gimme twenty bucks for 'em!

MOL: Well, good for you, dearie. You made a profit on your investment, after all.

FIB: And, because you were smart enough to open the trunk with a hirpin, I bought you a little present.

MOL: Well, thank you darling...what is it?

FIB: Package of hairpins.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yup. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF: SIGNOFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: This is The National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)