

TAG GAG

FIB: Say, Molly, wasn't your Uncle Dennis out here once?  
MOL: Sure he was. He was a big director.  
FIB: Whatever became of him?  
MOL: Oh, he had a terrible accident.  
FIB: He did?  
MOL: He surely did - He got his megaphone wrong side to, one day, and directed himself right over a cliff.  
FIB: Over a cliff - ahem - Good night.  
MOL: Good night all!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: SIGNATURE

SIGNOFF.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

KFI - HOLLYWOOD

5:00 to 5:30 PM PST - EAST ONLY  
8:00 to 8:30 PM PST - PACIFIC COAST ONLY

MAY 17th, 1937  
MONDAY

ORCHESTRA: (1ST PHRASE)

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: (2ND PHRASE)

WILCOX: Presenting Marion and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORCHESTRA: (FINISH THEME)

WILCOX: Jimmy Grier and his orchestra open the show with  
"52ND STREET."

ORCHESTRA: ("52ND STREET") \* (FADE OUT ON CUE FOR COMMERCIAL).

~~One more Johnson interview~~

Consider Douglas Harbo + Verble's point.

6/10 - 7

Johnny Gibson - Fast Talking paper trader  
Conrad Ogden - dramatic script.  
Ludwick - 'Arb-arb' - dog.

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~~Over the Johnson Interview~~

Consider Rangy Hoops + Vertigo

Chas - 7

Johnny Gibson - Fast Talking paper trader  
Conrad Ogden - dramatic fufuf.  
Ludrick - 'arf-arf'-dog.

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's your chance to win a magnificent, deluxe Covered-Wagon Trailer and have the time of your life this summer. Think what freedom - what adventure could be yours. With a beautiful home-on-wheels, equipped with modern comforts - everything you need for convenient living, (ice box, stove, clothes closet, water tank, - and two double beds with special springs!)

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One of these luxurious Covered-Wagon Trailers can easily be yours! The makers of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner are giving away twelve de luxe Trailers (one each week for twelve weeks) in their nationwide ~~Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner~~ contest now in progress. All you have to do is complete this sentence: "I like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner, because.." You finish this sentence in fifty words or less, telling your own experience with these fine products.

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Send in your entry with the top of the combination package in which you get your Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. ~~(with the top of the combination package)~~ Go at once to your regular Johnson Wax Dealer, Auto Supply store, Garage, or Filling station. ~~Complete contest rules will be found in each combination package. Read the rules carefully. Then mail your entry (with the box top), to S. C. Johnson & Son, - Racine, Wisconsin.~~

ORCHESTRA: (PICK UP "52ND STREET" AND FINISH IN EIGHT OR SIXTEEN BARS)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN" - FADE)

WIL: After two weeks in the cinema capital, - Fibber has decided that what Hollywood needs is a good school of dramatics. And so here, on Hollywood Boulevard, waiting for students in the new "Fibber McGee Academy of Dramatic Art, Acting and Bagpipe Instruction", - we find - FIBBER-McGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Oh I wish you hadn't gone into this thing, McGee. What do you know about acting?

FIB: Who, me? Say, the owner of this building mistook me for Joe E. Brown.

MOL: ~~What makes you think he did?~~

FIB: Well, he said ~~I only had to pay one month in advance on account of~~ I had a fine, open face.

MOL: Just the same I think you should have answered a couple of those wonderful want ads I cut out for you...What did you do with them?

FIB: I saved one of 'em, - the one that wanted a utility man at the Old Ladies Home.

MOL: I don't remember that one. What'd it say?

FIB: Here it is. It says: "WANTED. HANDY YOUNG MAN FOR GARDENING, TENDING FURNACE AND WASHING WIDOWS". Probably a typographical error.

MOL: Probably. *Where on earth did you get the* ~~But the name of this school...heavenly days.~~

The FIBBER MCGEE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART, ACTING, AND BAGPIPE INSTRUCTION. *Why* ~~What on earth~~ *have to* did you add that bagpipe business ~~from~~?

FIB: Well, there's kind of a subtle little bit o' psychology there Molly.

MOL: You don't say!

FIB: Certainly. Suppose somebody comes in here and don't wanna learn to act. I immediately figger he's self-conscious. Self conscious people like to be by themselves. And can you think of anybody that oughtta be by himself more than a bagpiper?

MOL: I think you've got something there.

FIB: I think so.

MOL: And you're welcome to it! . . . . Say, what's this legal looking document?

FIB: Why that's our Paramount Picture contract.

MOL: Well, put it away.

FIB: *Just to* ~~No, leave it~~ *out the desk* here to impress people.

(TELEPHONE BELL)

FIB: Hot dog..the first customer! (CLICK) HELLO..YES, THIS IS THE FIBBER MCGEE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART, ACTING AND BAGPIPE INST..EH? You BETCHA SIS...WE TEACH LIP READING.

MOL: We do not.

FIB: Quiet. WHATSAY SIS? OH NOW WAIT A MINU..HELLO...HELLO..aw shucks. (CLICK)

MOL: Who wanted to learn lip reading?

FIB: Some dame. She said she always finds lipstick on her husband's handkerchiefs and she wants to be able to identify 'em.

(KNOCK AT DOOR:)

FIB: Well, there's kind of a subtle little bit o' psychology there Molly.

MOL: You don't say!

FIB: Certainly. Suppose somebody comes in here and don't wanna learn to act. I immediately figger he's self-conscious. Self conscious people like to be by themselves. And can you think of anybody that oughtta be by himself more than a bagpiper?

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(TELEPHONE BELL)

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MOL: Who wanted to learn lip reading?

FIB: Some dame. She said she always finds lipstick on her husband's handkerchiefs and she wants to be able to identify 'em.

(KNOCK AT DOOR;)

MOL: Come in.

(DOOR LATCH)

FIB: What's on your mind, bud..and make it snappy.

MAN: You repair reed instruments?

FIB: Certainly bud. Bring 'em in.

MAN: All right. I'll go get 'em.

FIB: Wait a minute. What kind of reed instruments? Sax or clarinet?

MAN: Neither. Two porch chairs and a settee.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Imagine that guy wantin' me to repair reed furniture?

MOL: It's probably for his wife. Women are the wicker sex. (LAUGHS) Don't ye get it? I says women are - -

FIB: 'Tain't funny, Mrs. McGee!

(TELEPHONE)

FIB: Hello. FIBBER MCGEE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART, ACTING AND BAGSTRUCK INPIESHUN..ER..BAGPIPE INSTRUC-. WHAT SAY? YOU BETCHA SIS..WE TEACH PERSONALITY, POISE AND SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS. OKAY. (CLICK) She's gonna come over and take a course in poise and personality.

MOL: Well, you're the one to teach it to her.

FIB: What do you mean? X

MOL: Well, you certainly have a poison personality.

FIB: AHEM. I been told often that my personality is positively magnetic....electric!

MOL: You mean shocking, " and to think of you teaching ----

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

MOL: Come in!

(DOOR LATCH)

SCOT: Good mornin' to ye. Is this the Fiberrrr McGee Academy of Actin'.

MOL: Yes it is.

FIB: What can we do for ye, bud. We teach Russian Ballet, tight wire walkin', ukulele and charm.

SCOT: I'd be inquirrrrin' the whereabouts o' me favorrrrite actorrr. I'd like to be takin' him oot to dinnerrr.

MOL: Sorry sir. We don't like to give out the addresses of *our* actors.

FIB: Besides, I can't believe that a guy with a burr like yours, *who* *Scotty*, would be treatin' anybody to dinner. *Nestly?*  
Who's the actor?

SCOT: Charrrie McCarrthy. *His with Cozar Puzan*

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...Charlie McCarthy is only a ventriloquist's dummy.

FIB: Well maybe Scotty likes a stuffed date now and then.

(LAUGHS) Don't ye get it, Molly? Ventriloquist's dummy... stuffed ---

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY MCGEE!

FIB: Really? I kinda enjoyed it. I wish somebody'd- - -

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MOL: Come in.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MOL: Oh it's Jimmy Grier.

FIB: Hiyah, Jimmy. Welcome to the Fibber McGee Academy of *cut*  
~~Dramatic Art, Acting and Bagpipe Instruction.~~

GRIER: Hello folks....Say, I'd like to havo you listen to my orchestra.

FIB: Oh have you got an orchestra? That's fine.

GRIER: Yes, some of the neighborhood boys and I got together and formed a band.

MOL: Really?...well let's hear 'em. What would you like to play?

GRIER: "Mr. Ghost Goes To Town".

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's kinda cute. The Host of the Coast makes the most of a Ghost. Go ahead, Jimmy.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "MR. GHOST GOES TO TOWN"

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND SPOT)

FIB: That was fine, Jimmy. I think you boys got a great future. I noticed a touch o' vibrato on the fertissimo passages, but you hit them glissandos very nice. Come in again and I'll explain it to ye.

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Heavenly days...you're telling Jimmy Grier how to play orchestra music!

FIB: Well..why not? I used to be in the high School Band, back in Peoria.

MOL: What instrument did you play?

FIB: Well, I didn't exactly play an instrum-..er..that is, I wasn't exac-

MOL: COME COME.. What did you do in the orchestra?

FIB: I carried the front of the bass drum, but shucks, I was just as much a part of the orch-

(TELEPHONE)

FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) FIBBER MCGEE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART, ACTING AND BAGPIPE INSTRUCTION. PRESIDENT MCGEE SPEAKIN'. DO WE WHAT? DO WE WRITE PLAYS? YOU BETCHA BUD. EH? OKAY...A DOZEN OF 'EM FOR FALL PRODUCTION. Okay. (CLICK)

MOL: Who on earth wants a dozen new plays for Fall production?

FIB: Notre Dame football team.

(DOOR KNOCK: OPEN & CLOSE)

*cut*

MOL: Well, Mrs. Wearybottom!

FIB: Well fer the...HIYAH, WEARY!

WEARY: <sup>1</sup> Oh hello folks, imagine you running a dramatic academy, and signed up for pictures, too I suppose you'll be the comedy relief, When you're in the picture it's comedy and when you're not it's a relief <sup>2</sup> I came out here to visit my brother he's got a lemon grove near Pasadena but the frost nearly ruined him last winter he says it gave him a kick right in the citrus <sup>3</sup> I hear that Shirley Ross and Buddy Rogers and Ned Sparks and Mary Livingston are in your picture for Paramount so I guess I'll go see it after all isn't it strange how so many pretty girls and handsome boys go to Hollywood I guess it's because loving conditions are better out here are you going to act under your own names I just asked because names are so important just think Ben Blue can sign five autographs while Edward Everett Horton is writing his name once I wish you'd take that make-up off your face you look simply horrible.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: What does she mean get this make-up off...I ain't got any on.

MOL: Well, put some on.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MOL: COME IN!

(DOOR LATCH AND SLAM)

*cut*

FIB: Just have a chair, brother...be with you in a minute...  
 (ASIDE) Get a load of him, Molly...he must BE somebody.  
 Pipe the nifty clothes and the cane....probably a big actor.  
 MOL: He certainly is impressive. I wonder what he wants.  
 FIB: Search me. HIYAH BROTHER...I..er..haven't I seen your face  
 before?  
 MAN: (DRAMATIC) and wheah did you expect to see it - behind?  
 MOL: Well, we just thought..er..we thought you were somebody  
 importa- that is -  
 FIB: Anyway, what can we do for you, bud?  
 MAN: My deah fellow I'll tell you. For yeahs, I have been  
 playing a famous role on the air...I now feel that I am  
 ready for larger parts. So I came to the nearest dramatic  
 academy for advice.  
 MOL: What did you do on the radio sir?  
 MAN: Ah, my dear, I have been playing a very famous role..  
 familiar to you all. But I do not wish to be typed..to  
 play the same sort of ~~parts~~ <sup>character</sup> yeah aftah yeah.  
 FIB: Yeah, but what have you been -  
 MAN: You would recognize me instantly were I to give you a  
 sample of my work.  
 MOL: Well step right over there to the microphone and show us.  
 FIB: Get a entrance blank ready for this guy, Molly. He's big  
 stuff.  
 MAN: (OFF MIKE) Ready?  
 FIB & MOL: Ready.

(SHORT PAUSE)

MAN: (OFF MIKE) ARF ARF!!...ARF ARF!!  
 MOL: What on earth ~~is he~~ <sup>are you trying to do?</sup>  
 MAN: What you don't recognize the airedaile on the Pipsniggle  
 Puppy Pie Program! Ah how fleeting is fame! How transient  
 this illusion of glory. I am going mad...(FADE OUT) ARF..  
 ARF ARF!!

(DOOR SLAM)

*He got his tail caught in the door*

MOL: Good thing he left before he bit somebody.  
 FIB: ~~I'd hate to think what'd happen if he ever played~~ <sup>posite</sup>  
~~Daniel Bone.~~ <sup>He'd better go use his tail for the</sup>  
<sup>little theatre</sup>

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Hello. FIBBER McGEE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART, ACTING AND  
 BAGPIPE INSTRUCTION. Oh yes...yes, I see...that's tough,  
 brother..I'll see what I can do. (CLICK)  
 MOL: Who's that?  
 FIB: A comedian. He says he's hungry and wants to get in a  
 picture where they'll throw pies at him. He's -

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

MOL: Well, we don't make much money, but we're awful busy.  
 COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

FIB: Welcome to the Fibber McGee Academy of Dramatic Art, Acting, and Bagpipe Instruction, Bud. How about a nice ten week course in the musical saw? Or maybe we can work you up a dog and pony act...and LOOK...you don't dress right. That necktie is terrible. It don't fit your personality, - and another thing...~~you slouch when you walk. Throw your head back...chin up.....~~

TOMMY: Do you teach singing?

MOL: Well, we - oh, it's Tommy Harris, McGee.

FIB: Oh, - well I didn't recognize him with shoes on.

TOMMY: Say, Molly - I want to place my voice.

FIB: Okay Tommy. Place it on the desk there and we'll have it ready for you about Tuesday.

TOMMY: What are you talking about? Listen Molly, I can't make up my mind whether I'm a tenor or a baritone.

FIB: I think you're a coloratura alto, Tommy. Ye see, your voice is-

TOMMY: I'm talking to Molly.

MOL: Well now, Tommy, I don't know...suppose you sing something and let us judge.

TOMMY: Shall I give it everything?

FIB: ~~How can you?~~ <sup>How</sup> You ~~can't~~ got everything?

MOL: MCGEE! (SWEETLY). Go ahead Tommy. I think it will be too marvelous for words.

TOMMY: Aw - you looked!

(APPLAUSE)

HARRIS & ORCHESTRA. . . .("TOO MARVELOUS FOR WORDS")

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

TOM: Well...how was it? What am I? alto or tenor?

FIB: How much you get a week, Harris?

TOM: Three thousand.

FIB: You're a high Baritone.

TOM: Thanks.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ye know, Molly, I might even run a scenario school in conjunction with this place.

MOL: There's no money in it. You'll end up in the Plotters Field.

FIB: I was talkin' to Jake Schurtzen this morning about opening a casting bureau out here.

MOL: Talking to who?

FIB: Jake Schurtzen. You know...he makes those Schurtzen shorts. He says-

TELEPHONE:

MOL: (CLICK) Hello, THIS IS THE FIBBER MCGEE ACADEMY OF-ETCETERA Yes...yes. WAIT AND I'LL SEE. (ASIDE) Will you teach scenic designing too, McGee?

FIB: Gimme the phone. HELLO BUD...YOU BETCHA WE TEACH SCENIC DESIGNING. EH? WHAT'D I EVER DESIGN? WHY SAY...I DREW

ALL THE DROPS FOR "RAIN". Remember that? AND I DREW

~~THE ACT CURTAIN FOR "PEANUT PASSION" AND FOR "A BOWL~~

~~OF SUGAR" (I DREW THE FLIES.)~~ You betcha. Come in any time.

CLICK:

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in.

*Paul in 10*

*draw the chair  
for Paul Harris  
3 men  
draw the f  
a case (mol)  
of sugar*



DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

WOMAN: How do you do. Is this the Fibber McGee Academy of Dramatic Art, Acting and Piccolo Instruction?

FIB: Bagpipe instruction, sis.

WOMAN: I know, but I hate bagpipes.

MOL: What can we do for you, dearie?

WOMAN: I'm having a screen test tomorrow at Paramount and I wished to check up on my dramatics.

FIB: That's fine, sis. You come to the right shop. Now repeat these words after me. "I LOVE YOU REGINALD!"

WOMAN: (With wrong inflection) I love you Reginald.

~~MOL: Reginald needs to be hit harder.~~

~~WOMAN: That's what I think. He tried to kiss me last night.~~

FIN: No sis. You got the wrong idea. EMPHASIZE THE WORD REGINALD. Like this. I love you, REGINALD, as though you'd just discovered it yourself, see?

WOMAN: I LOVE YOU REGINALD.

FIB: Marvelous. Now say this line. I LOVE YOU, REGINALD, WHEN YOU LOOK INTO MY EYES ACROSS THE TABLE, and put a little pause before the words "the table."

WOMAN: I LOVE YOU REGINALD WHEN YOU LOOK INTO MY EYES WITH YOUR LITTLE PAWS ON THE TABLE.

MOL: No, dearie...not with HIS paws on the table.

WOMAN: Well if you knew Reginald, you'd know that was the safest place for 'em.

---

FIB: AHM. Well try this line, sis...suppose you enter the room and find your lover in another woman's arms. What do you say?

WOMAN: I say, "LISTEN YOU RAT, WHAT IN THE-

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

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WOMAN: I say, "LISTEN YOU RAT, WHAT IN THE-

-13-

FIB: No no no...that's too tough.

WOMAN: It would be too tough for him, let me tell you.

MOL: ~~You dont get the idea, darlin'.~~ Now look...this is just  
an imaginary scene. You come in and see your lover  
kissing another girl. You  
FIB: ~~You give kind of a start.~~

WOMAN: ~~Like this? (BUSINESS)~~ *Fibber:*

FIB: ~~That aint a start. That's a twitch. Just come to a~~  
sudden halt and say..."AHHH!"

WOMAN: Ah.

MOL: More dramatic.

WOMAN: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

FIB: Try it with a question in it..like this...AHH?

MOL: Or maybe with disappointment. Like this. AAhh.

FIB: AaaaaAAAAAhhhhHHHHHH!

WOMAN: Ahhhhhh!

MOL: Ahhhhhh?

WIL: AHh, TO THINK HOW BEAUTIFUL YOUR CAR WILL LOOK WITH A  
GLEAMING PROTECTIVE COAT OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. ~~THE~~  
~~EASY-TO-APPLY -~~

FIB: Harpo.

WIL: Hello folksies.

MOL: That's all dearie for today.

FIB: Yes sis...you can go now..just tell Paramount you been  
coached by Fibber McGee. That'll get you a nice break.

MOL: Or at least a clean fracture.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now then, Harpo...what do you want here?

WIL: Do you teach radio announcing?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Wilcox.

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WIL: I've always wanted to be an announcer.

FIB: Well don't worry about it. I knew a guy once who  
wanted to be a sword swallower. He was all cut up  
about it, when he failed.

MOL: ~~I think Mr. Wilcox would be a GOOD announcer, McGee.~~

FIB: Oh, I dunno. A good announcer has gotta have  
personality...he's gotta git enthusiasm into his voice.  
He's gotta announce with gusto.

WIL: What program is he on now?

MOL: Who?

WIL: Gusto.

FIB: He's with the Marx Brothers now. Groucho, Harpo, Chico,  
and Gusto. You Harpo's outta get together.

WIL: Isn't Harpo Marx the one who's always chasing blondes?

MOL: That's him.

WIL: Gee, I wonder if he'd catch one for me.

MOL: Give Mr. Wilcox an audition, McGee.

FIB: Well, I know it ain't any use but never let it be said I  
didn't give a guy a chance. You got something you can  
read on the microphone Harpo?

WIL: Can I read anything?

MOL: Oh certainly...Just step up to the microphone there..  
that's it.

FIB: Now don't be nervous. NO NO NO..not so close...There.  
Go ahead.



CRACKVOICE: I know...but I can't keep a stiff upper lip with the run-a-round I been getting. I dunno what they got against me for pictures.

MOL: Let's hear you throw your voice again, - from further away.

CRACKVOICE: OKAY...er..okay. I'll throw my voice out the window there. Watch.

MOL: I think this will be....HERE...WHERE ~~HE~~ <sup>you</sup> GO? ~~I CAN'T SEE HIM.~~

(GLASS CRASH)

CRACKVOICE: (ON MIKE) HOW WAS THAT...er...how was that, Folks?

FIB: Imagine that guy, Molly? He left his voice here and threw himself out the window.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "AFTER YOU'VE GONE"

(APPLAUSE)

(TELEPHONE BELL AND RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

FIB: Hello...yes, this is the Fibber McGee Academy of Dramatic Art, Acting, and Baggy-- what's say? Well you better drop in and see us, sis. Okay. (RECEIVER ON HOOK) Girl wanted to know what I thought her chances were out here. She's been workin' carnivals as a dancer, but she wants to pose for artists.

MOL: Well, I think her chances are fair to modeling. She ---

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

FIB: Come in.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

TEE: Hi Mister.

FIB: Well, hello there little girl. Ain't you in the wrong place?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says, ain't you in the wrong place?

TEE: The wrong place for what?

FIB: Well, that depends on what you want.

TEE: Well gee, what I want depends on what you got, I betcha. You sell candy?

FIB: No.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says NO..WE DON'T SELL CANDY.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well because we don....LISTEN SIS...I DUNNO WHAT YOU COME BUSTIN' IN HERE FOR BUT WE'RE BUSY.

TEE: Doin' what?

FIB: Well, training people to be actors and actresses and dancers and stuff.

TEE: Gee I wish I could act like Shirley Temple, I betcha.  
 FIB: Oh you wanta be another Shirley Temple.  
 TEE: No. I wanta be the same one.  
 FIB: WELL DAD RAT IT YOU CAN'T BE THE SAME ONE.  
 TEE: Hmmm?  
 FIB: I SAYS YOU CAN'T BE THE SAME..I MEAN ONE OF 'EM IS ALL...  
 that is, YOU CAN'T BE SOMEBODY ELSE.  
 TEE: Sure you can I betcha. Actors are always somebody else.  
 FIB: Well, that's different.  
 TEE: Hmm?  
 FIB: (SIGHS) Listen sis...why don't you run back to your  
 mamma and be a good girl. We're busy. No go on...beat it.  
~~TEE: Okay mister..but mark my words, you're passin' up a good  
 bet. Mamma says I'm a genius, I betcha.  
 FIB: You don't even know what a genius is.  
 TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. A genius is a guy that makes a  
 thousand dollars a week or over.  
 FIB: Well, I guess you're pretty close, sis. Now go on..scram.  
 TEE: Okay..but you won't talk to me like that when I'm famous,  
 I betcha.  
 FIB: I'm willing to stop talkin' to ye now.  
 TEE: Okay. (FADE OUT) Hey mamma..I thought you said this guy  
 was a smart promotor...gee he don't know the -~~

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Dad rat these kids that -----  
 MOL: Now, McGee, you simply got to learn how ----

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

FIB: Come in.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MOL: Oh, how do you do.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Bud. Welcome to the Fibber McGee Academ ----  
 RUSS: ALLO TOVARICHICH...ALLO BABOUSCHKA. IS THIS THE PLACE  
 WHERE DANCE IS TEACHING?  
 FIB: If you mean do we teach dancing here..why yes, Vodka, we  
 do.  
 RUSS: ALL KINDS OF DANCING IS TEACHING HERE?  
 MOL: Well, I don't ----  
 FIB: You betcha, bud...why?  
 RUSS: I AM GREAT RUSSIAN ADAGIO MAESTRO. IN ROSSIA, I AM DOING  
 ALL ADAGIO TEACHING FOR THE LITTLE WHITE FATHER.  
 MOL: What'd he say, McGee?  
 FIB: He's a fan dancer. He uses a little white feather. Well,  
 what can we do for you, Bud? What made you think we  
 could use you?  
 RUSS: I AM DREAMING LAST NIGHT I AM INSTRUCHCHKOR FOR YOU IN  
 ADAGIO.  
 FIB: Oh, you dreamed you were teaching adagio dancing here.  
 RUSS: Sure - I WAS TOSSING ALL NIGHT. (EXIT SINGING)

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: You should have hired him, McGee...what do you know about  
 adagio dancing?  
 FIB: I learned a lot about it from my cousin.  
 MOL: I'll never forget the last dance your cousin did...  
 jumpin' up in the air and wigglin' his feet fast...  
 remember?  
 FIB: My cousin? Which one?

*next! How many papers have we signed up?*  
*File. Well, with the repl. one and this was -21- used*  
*leave three.*

MOL: ~~The one they hung.~~

FIB: ~~Oh yes, - the suspense was horrible.~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MOL: Come in.

(DOOR LATCH AND SLAM)

FIB: Hiyah bud..what can we do for you? A little course in personality? How to make friends? Or how about -

MAN: (FAST TALKER) Listen folks, I got the greatest act in the world I'd like to show you. It's a wow - why back in Yonkers I laid 'em in the aisles so hard they're still finding bodies under the seats...remember, me?

MOL: Well, no, I -

MAN: I'M RIPPO, the Paper Tearer...gimme any old piece of paper and I'll fold it up and tear it so it comes out a bunch of flowers or dancing dolls or Dewey's flagship... it's marvellus...you never seen nothing like it folks.

FIB: Well, I don't believe we -

MAN: Here gimme a piece of paper and I'll demonstrate...what's this on the desk...this'll do...now watch...I'll fold it this way..and this way...now what'll it be...quick now.. how about a motto "Home Sweet Home,"swell! WATCH THIS!

SOUND: PAPER TEARING

FIB: Say he's pretty good at that, ain't he Molly...Lookit him tear through that paper.

MOL: Very very interesting.

SOUND: PAPER TEARING.

MAN: I'll tell you folks..you'll die when you see how this comes out..now watch.. one more tear..(RIP) and I unfold this -

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER.

MAN: Aw darn it..I didn't have a big enough piece of paper... all I could tear was HOME SWEET, - but that's where you'll find me folks if you need me. Remember..RIPPO the Paper tearer..

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Heavenly days...didn't he do that quick? You can imagine what he could do if he'd had a larger piece of pa-MC GEE!

FIB: - Eh? What's matter?

MOL: HE TORE UP OUR PARAMOUNT CONTRACT!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "I'M BUBBLING OVER" --(FADE ON CUE FOR COMMERCIAL)

