

Fibber McGee and Molly
Fibber Has A Stomach Ache
From October 3rd, 1950.

WILCOX - The Pet Milk Program, with Fibber McGee and Molly! The first evaporated milk, Pet Milk, presents Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie.

COMMERCIAL - Have you ever tasted a cream pie made with Pet Milk, or a rich chocolate pudding, or one of those good smooth cheese sauces? Well, then you can understand why Pet Milk, the first evaporated milk, is the first choice of good cooks. No other form of whole milk gives foods the same richness of flavor. And something else that's mighty important is the extra wholesomeness Pet Milk puts into those favorite family dishes of yours. You see, Pet Milk is good, sweet country milk that's double rich, concentrated to double richness by evaporation. So you're always sure of extra goodness and extra wholesomeness when you use Pet Milk for cooking. Extra compliments, too. And do all those extras cost you extra? No. Definitely no. You can enjoy better food for less money when you use Pet Milk, because Pet Milk costs less, generally, than any other form of whole milk.

WILCOX - One thing which can really foul up a busy housewife's day is having an ailing youngster under foot, a big kid who's just sick enough to stay home but not sick enough to stay in his room, like the big kid at 79 Wistful Vista right now. The illness is just a pain in the tummy, but the patient is a pain in the neck, as we join Fibber McGee and Molly!

FIBBER - Ohhhhhh, my aching everything! I feel awful, Molly. I got more odd pains than a stained glass window.

MOLLY - Now, now, you just take it easy, dearie. You'll feel better soon. Why don't you go upstairs to bed so Mother can get her work done?

FIBBER - No, no, I'll stay here, in the way. I'm too weak to get up off this davenport, anyhow. Bite the end off this cigar for me, willya? I ain't got the strength for it.

MOLLY - Neither have I, for those cigars. If I bit into that thing, I'd be sicker than you are. Where do you hurt, sweetheart?

FIBBER - Well, I hurt upstairs all morning, then I hurt in the dining room

all through breakfast, and now I hurt right here on the davenport. It's mostly my stomach.

MOLLY - That's probably because you ARE mostly stomach.

FIBBER - Yeah. Hey, did you find Doc Gamble yet? Did you tell him it's an emergency? Is he on his way? Did you call him? Did you get him?

MOLLY - No, the doctor is still out on calls, McGee. His nurse will phone us when she finds him.

FIBBER - He'd better sew up whoever he's workin' on and get over here. I know what it is this time, Molly. It's my appendix. You usually claim it's just something I ate, but this time, you gotta admit that I...

MOLLY - Hey, speaking of something you ate, just what DID you eat last night after I went to bed? I heard you prowling around downstairs.

FIBBER - Last night? Hmmm... light snack, something to help me sleep. A bowl of chili, a couple of franks, half a jar of Uncle Will Mills' corn relish, a banana with peanut butter...

MOLLY - Heavenly days!

FIBBER - Well, a sick man has gotta keep up his strength, Molly. When you're sick, you gotta humor those cravings for food, build up your resistance. Right now, I got a craving for some of them dill pickles you put up and...

MOLLY - Dill pickles! Are you sure this is appendicitis, dearie? My sister had a craving for dill pickles and it turned out that she was.... Noooooooo, it couldn't be that.

FIBBER - Don't you worry, I know what it is. It's appendicitis. I keep getting a dull pain. My head aches, my ears ring...

****DOORBELL.****

FIBBER - You see? You hear my ears ring?

MOLLY - That was the doorbell, sweetheart. Come in!

****DOOR OPENS****

MOLLY - Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee. Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD TIMER - Hello, there, kids! Hi, Daughter! Hey, Johnny! Whatcha doin' lyin'... down?

FIBBER - I'm sick, Old Timer. Appendix. Gonna have to have it took out.

OLD TIMER - Well, it's a good thing I stopped by, Johnny. I'll look you over. Stick out your tongue.

FIBBER - Huh? Oh, okay. Bluuuughhh...

MOLLY - How's it look, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD TIMER - Like a yard of wet muslin, daughter. How's it look to you, Johnny?

FIBBER - I don't know. I can only see half of it. Besides, I don't think...

OLD TIMER - Uh oh! Hey, that's a mighty bad swellin' on your stomach there, son! Looks awful red, too!

MOLLY - That's a hot water bottle.

OLD TIMER - It is?

FIBBER - Why, certainly! My gosh, my stomach is way down here.

OLD TIMER - Way down there? Whoa, you're worse off than I thought, Johnny.

Don't worry, I know what to do. Boil some water, Daughter!

MOLLY - Boil some water?

OLD TIMER - Yep! And throw some tea leaves in it. I'll take mine with lemon. Johnny can't have any. He's sick. But don't you worry, son. I'll pull you out of this if it takes a block and tackle.

FIBBER - Aw, look, just leave me alone, willya? Just go away and let me share my agony with just my little wife.

MOLLY - You're sweet to share it with me, dearie.

OLD TIMER - You know, kids, this looks to me like a clear case of Clinostauris Metastillis. Papa had it all his life. Just laid there on the sofa on his back while Mama took in washing so...

MOLLY - Yes, yes, we know. But I don't think this calls for any amateur treatment, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD TIMER - Whataya mean "amateur," Daughter? Why, when I was just a young fella back in Cairo, Egypt, I was famous as a veterinary surgeon.

FIBBER - Yeah? Horse doctor, eh?

OLD TIMER - Nope, Camel doctor, Johnny. I wrote endorsements for 'em for

the magazines.

MOLLY - How'd you like living in Egypt, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD TIMER - Well, sir...

FIBBER - When I was in Vaudeville, I knew some Arabians. Arabian tumblers.

One of them was Sir Ahmed Abdullah Fazee.

MOLLY - Sir Ahmed?

FIBBER - Yeah, he was an Arabian Knight.

MOLLY - A Bedouin?

FIBBER - No, he was a Good-uin.

OLD TIMER - Heee hee hee hee! Heee hee hee! Well, that's purty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one fella sez to t'other fella, "SAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaay," he sez... "I hear your screwball brother is buildin' airplanes now. He got one that flies faster than sound?" "Nope," sez t'other fella, "but he's getting' close. He's got one that sounds faster than flies!" Well, so long, kids!

FIBBER - So long!

****DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES****

FIBBER - Gosh, I feel terrible. I sure hope I ain't got anything fatal, you know it? Them fatal diseases take so long to recuperate from. Hey, do I feel a draft?

MOLLY - At your age? I don't think so, dearie. Incidentally, what's that you're eating?

FIBBER - Mustard pickle sandwich. And I ain't eatin' it incidentally. I'm eatin' it on purpose.

MOLLY - Mustard pickles! That's a happy little diet for a sick man. If Doctor Gamble... are you lighting another cigar?

FIBBER - Yeah. I had to. The other one was all smoked up.

MOLLY - But cigars, mustard pickles... what kind of treatment is that for a sick man?

FIBBER - Aw, my gosh, what difference does it make? I gotta be operated on anyway. After all, taking my appendix out is no simple thing. That

requires a laparotomy.

MOLLY - A laparotomy?

FIBBER - Yeah, a laparotomy. They cut a hole in my lap and take my appendix outta me. Laparotomy, which means...

****DOORBELL****

MOLLY - Come in.

****DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES****

MOLLY - Oh, it's Oley from the Elks' Club, McGee. Hello, Oley.

OLEY - Well, hallo, missus. Hallo, McGee.

FIBBER - (feigning a weak voice) Hello, Oley. Have the fellas asked about me down at the Elks?

OLEY - Vy shood dey? Sumbuddy else tear the pool table cover, so they don't even miss you. What are ya dooin, anyway, tookin' a nap?

MOLLY - He's ill, Oley. He's been ill, Oley, all day. (to herself) "Been ill Oley all day..." Hey! I can yodel!

OLEY - Vell, what seem to be the matter, McGee? Spring fever, maybe?

FIBBER - How could I have spring fever in October?

OLEY - Vell, vy not? Yerms don' get calendars. My cousin Sven, he got seven-year-itch when he was 92 years old. Never saw such a happy feller.

MOLLY - Say, how are the children these days, Oley? All well, I trust.

OLEY - Vell, don' trust 'em too far, missus. Little Lars, he's suffrin' today from a hangunder.

FIBBER - You mean a hangover? He's only six, isn't he?

OLEY - Shoor. But it isn't hangover. It's hangunder.

FIBBER - Oh?

OLEY - He hang under ice wagon, snitchin' a ride, and a cake of ice falls on his head.

MOLLY - Well, I guess that's the way it is in a large family, Oley. Just one little excitement after another.

OLEY - Shoor. That's the way it goes, missus. But it's lotsa fun, too.

Vy, I voodn't sell my little family for... vell, what difference is it? Nobody ever makes me an offer. Vell, so long, Missus. So long, McGee. Don't took any vooden pills.

****DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES****

MOLLY - Goodbye, Oley! I think Oley's awfully sweet, and so devoted to his family.

FIBBER - Well, the bigger the family, the more you gotta devote to 'em. Ohhhh, I feel awful. Hey, Molly, you think a glass of root beer with a raw egg in it would help me?

MOLLY - Help what? Kill you? Yes, I think so.

FIBBER - Well, I gotta keep up my strength, you know. This is only Tuesday. I can't be operated on in a weekend condition.

****DOORBELL RINGS****

MOLLY - Come in!

****DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES****

FIBBER - (trying to sound weak and pitiful) Hello, Doctor. Quick! Call the hospital and set up an operation for me. Emergency! I want the best antheta-sist-thetasist.

MOLLY - McGee... open your eyes, lover. It's not Dr. Gamble. It's Mr. Wilcox.

FIBBER - Oh. Oh, hi, Milk-Ox.

WILCOX - Hi, pal. What's the matter with him, Molly? Sick?

FIBBER - I've been took ill, Junior. Critical.

MOLLY - He has a little attack of indigestion, Mr. Wilcox.

FIBBER - Whadaya mean, "a little attack of indigestion!" I got the appendicitis, that's what I got! I can make just as good a dog-nossis of my case as the next guy. Hey, Molly!

MOLLY - Yes, pet?

FIBBER - We got any baking soda?

MOLLY - Yes, we have, and I must say it's the most sensible suggestion you've made today.

FIBBER - Well, look, you get it and mix a little flour with it and make me some hot biscuits. That'll keep up my strength 'til I get to the hospital.

Hey, you know anything about the Wistful Vista Hospital, Junior? How's the food over there?

WILCOX - Oh, they serve the best food there is, pal. They're Pet customers of mine, you know.

MOLLY - Well, I can understand that, all right. There are so many ways to use Pet.

FIBBER - I ain't concerned with how they use it, Molly, as long as the meals are good. Because when I'm in that hospital, by George...

WILCOX - Of course, every hospital knows no food is more important to their babies' steady growth than milk, and no other form of milk is better for bottle-fed babies than Pet evaporated milk.

FIBBER - I'm sick, Junior. Let's talk about me and me goin' to the hospital.

WILCOX - Why is Pet Milk such a wonderful milk for babies? Because it's easy to digest. Because it contains all of the nourishing whole-milk substances a baby needs.

FIBBER - If you had appendicitis, Junior, you wouldn't let me...

WILCOX - Because Pet Milk, the first evaporated milk, is fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, which helps a baby to develop sound teeth and strong, straight bones.

MOLLY - McGee thinks it's appendicitis, but I claim it's just...

WILCOX - Not only that, but Pet Milk, sterilized as it is in sealed cans, is as safe for babies...

FIBBER - (Moans in exaggerated agony)

MOLLY - Stop thrashing around, McGee, and lie down.

WILCOX - ...as safe from harmful germs as if there were no such thing in the world. That's why Pet Milk, the first evaporated milk, is the first choice for smart mothers...

FIBBER - Hey, hey, Milky!

WILCOX - What?

FIBBER - Look, Junior, I'm getting a headache from all this yammering. Ain't there something we could do about it?

WILCOX - I don't know. What would you do for a headache, Molly?

MOLLY - Take a powder, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX - Okay. So long.

****DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES****

MOLLY - Now, what did I say?

FIBBER - You told old Cow-Juice to trickle on home. About time, too. I get less sympathy from people around here... Ooooh, my stomach! I'm sick.

Why am I the one that always has to get sick? I got a regular monotony on sickness in this house.

MOLLY - You don't mean monotony, McGee. You mean monopoly.

FIBBER - Look, Tootsie, weak as I am, everybody knows that's wrong. Monopoly is when a guy only gets married once, like I to you to me.

MOLLY - That's monogamy, dearie.

FIBBER - Monogamy? Oh, yeah? Then what's our dining room table made out of? Phillipine monogamy, that's what it is.

MOLLY - Phillipine mahogany, that is.

FIBBER - Well, what did I say wrong in the first place?

MOLLY - You said you had a monotony on sickness around here, and monotony means dull and humdrum.

FIBBER - Humdrum is right! Feel this tummy of mine. Hummin' like a drum!

****PHONE RINGS****

FIBBER - I'll get it! No, no, I'm sick. You get it.

PHONE RECEIVER LIFTS*

MOLLY - 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speaking. Oh, hello, Doctor. Yes, thank you, Doctor.

FIBBER - What did he say?

MOLLY - (all in one breath) He said to get to the hospital right away and he'd get there as soon as he could and he said to hurry and he said he doubted if it was really serious but he said it was silly to take any chances even with YOUR life.

FIBBER - Ah, good ol' Doc. Well, call a cab, kiddo. Throw somethin' in a bag for me. My shaving stuff, house slippers, a few sandwiches, a

couple of
bananas, and my shotgun.

MOLLY - Your shotgun?

FIBBER - Yeah, they never pay any attention to them bells at the hospital.

Shoot the shotgun into a bedpan and they'll come a-running.

MOLLY - (gasps in disgust and leaves the room)

FIBBER - Ah, there goes a good kid, and steady as a rock. Here I am, took critically ill with appendicitis, and does she get flustered and upset? No, sir. Hey, come to think of it, she's takin' this thing awful lightly. I wonder if...

****DOORBELL RINGS****

FIBBER - Come in, driver! Oh, she hasn't called the cab yet. Come in.

****DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES****

TEENY - Hiya, mister!

FIBBER - Oh. Oh, hi, Teeny. I won't have much time to talk to you, Sis. I'm goin' to the hospital.

TEENY - Gee, somebody sick, Mister?

FIBBER - Yeah.

TEENY - Who?

FIBBER - Me.

TEENY - Oh. Hey, Willie Toops was at the hospital yesterday. He was fascinated.

FIBBER - By what?

TEENY - Dr. Gamble.

FIBBER - Oh. Well, Doc's an interesting character, Sis, but I'd hardly call him fascinating.

TEENY - I would, I betcha. He's been fascinating all of the kids in the neighborhood, and it hardly hurts at all, either.

FIBBER - Oh. You mean he was vaccinated.

TEENY - That's what I... Hmmm?

FIBBER - I sez you mean he was vaccinated.

TEENY - Who?

FIBBER - Willie Toops.

TEENY - When?

FIBBER - Yesterday.

TEENY - Where?

FIBBER - At the hospital.

TEENY - What did it cost?

FIBBER - Search me!

TEENY - Yeah. Y'see? You don't know so much. Ohhh, there must be an awful lot of sickness around, Mister. Even my little doggie is sick. Margaret. Poor little Margaret. He's just a wonderful little dog. You know what he did once?

FIBBER - What'd he do once?

TEENY - Saved my life when I was swimming. I was way, way, way in over my head, and Margaret saw I was in trouble, and he ran over and bit the lifeguard.

FIBBER - That's a big help.

TEENY - Well, it was, I betcha. The lifeguard hollered out, "Whose blankity-nasty-swear-word-bad-name mutt is this?" And everybody pointed at me, and he dived in and he pulled me out and spanked me. Gee, if it hadn't been for Margaret, I'd have drowned. But if you're goin' to the hospital, Mister, you mustn't talk so much. Goodbye now.

FIBBER - Goodnight, Irene.

****MUSICAL INTERLUDE****

(Scene changes to the hospital.)

NURSE - (into phone) Where are you calling from, Doctor? Oh, I see. Yes, Dr. Gamble, Mr. McGee is here, heaven help us. Been here an hour and he's got the whole hospital in an uproar. How's that, Doctor? Keep him quiet?
(aside) Keep him quiet, he says, Eddie.

EDDIE - Hah! Keepin' that jerk quiet is like...

NURSE - Hush, Eddie, hush. (into phone) Yes, Doctor, we'll try. Could I give him a little sedative to shut him up, Doctor? Like maybe half a pound of morphine?

EDDIE - Or a hit in the head.

NURSE - Oh. Can't, huh? Wel, then, is it all right if I take a sedative, Doctor? My nerves are... oh, well, thank you. We'll have him ready, Doctor.

****HANG UP PHONE****

EDDIE - Well, I hope Gamble gets here pretty soon. If that little pest lets one more yap out of him, I'll...

FIBBER - (from off mike) Hey, Nurse! Intern! Where's my dinner? I'm hungry!

NURSE - There he goes.

FIBBER - Wait on me, somebody! Where's the nurse? Somebody do something for me! Hey, nurse!

NURSE - Let's go quiet the patient, Eddie.

EDDIE - Give me fifteen minutes alone with him and I'll quiet him. Nothing wrong with him that taping that loud mouth shut wouldn't...

****DOOR OPENS****

EDDIE - (suddenly in a condescendingly cheerful tone) Oh! And how is our little patient getting along now? Comfortable, are we?

FIBBER - No, I'm not comfortable, are we! Dad-drat-it, what kind of a relapse factory are you guys running here anyhow? I'm a paying patient, and I don't want to be left alone!

MOLLY - You're not alone, dearie. Mother's with you.

FIBBER - You don't count, Molly.

MOLLY - Well, thank you.

FIBBER - I mean, I'm paying for service around here. And why don't I get it? The runaround, that's what I get. I'm sick.

EDDIE - YOU'RE sick!

FIBBER - You betcha, and I'm gonna get service around here if I have to tear this joint apart. By George, if I don't get my dinner...

MOLLY - Now, McGee, Dr. Gamble says you're not to eat anything until he gets here. That's how you got here in the first place, eating.

NURSE - I know just what we need, Mr. McGee. I'll bet we're ready for our bath right now, aren't we?

FIBBER - I don't know about OUR bath, Sis, but I had mine before I left home, and I had another one when I got here.

EDDIE - Well, a nice bath will make you feel a lot better. In fact, a bath for you will make us all feel better. WHEEL THE TUB IN, BERT!

FIBBER - Hey! Hey, wait a minute! My gosh, I've had two baths already! I can't get dirty just laying here!

NURSE - You come with me, Mrs. McGee. We'll go fill out the records.

MOLLY - All right, nurse. Be brave, dearie. This won't hurt.

FIBBER - But doggone it, I don't need a bath!

EDDIE - Doctor knows best, Mr. McGee. Ah, that's a good patient. GRAB HIS FEET, BENNY! RIP HIS NIGHTSHIRT OFF, RAY!

FIBBER - Hey, cut it out! Hey, that water's too hot! Dad-drat-it, it's...

****RIPPING SOUNDS, SPLASHING WATER, FIBBER GULPING ****

****MUSICAL INTERLUDE****

MOLLY - How do you feel now, Dearie?

FIBBER - Awful. All washed up. I wish I was home. I'm hungry, and...

MOLLY - Well, now, Dr. Gamble will fix you up, dearie. Don't you worry, he'll be here soon.

FIBBER - Well, gee whiz, this is a serious thing, Molly. Having your appendix out is not like having a tooth pulled, you know.

MOLLY - I hope not. That wisdom tooth I had was the worst thing I ever...

NURSE - Right in here, Doctor. There you are.

MOLLY - Hello, Dr. Gamble. So glad to see you.

DOC GAMBLE - Hello, Molly. Welcome to the Wistful Vista Hospital, Egg-Face.

FIBBER - It's about time you got here, Fat. I'm sick. Notice how drawn I look?

DOC GAMBLE - Now that you mention it, you DO look drawn. Like you were drawn with broken chalk by a left-handed student in a kindergarten art class. Has he had his bath, Miss Fennimore?

NURSE - Yes, Doctor...

FIBBER - HAVE I HAD A BATH??? I've had six baths, Fatso! I've been washed, bathed, rubbed, scrubbed, rinsed, doused, wrung out and hung out to dry!

MOLLY - Now, McGee, don't get so excited.

FIBBER - They like to drown me, that's what they like to be doing!

DOC GAMBLE - I don't blame them.

FIBBER - If they'd have drowned me, I'd have sued this joint for malfeasance of practice!

DOC GAMBLE - Stick a thermometer in his mouth, Nurse.

(Fibber suddenly goes quiet with the thermometer in his mouth.)

DOC GAMBLE - That'll keep him quiet while you give me a little rundown on his symptoms, Molly. What's he got? A little case of hyper-gluttony?

MOLLY - Well, he has been eating rather foolishly, Doctor. Got up this morning with a pain in his tummy and he's been between moaning and munching all day. He thinks it's his appendix, but personally...

FIBBER - (mumbling past the thermometer) I tell you, I got appendicitis...

DOC GAMBLE - Well, we'll find out, Molly. Get me his case history, Miss Fennimore, please.

NURSE - Yes, Doctor. I have it on my desk.

DOC GAMBLE - And call X-Ray. I'll want some pictures and a blood count.

FIBBER - You don't count blood, Tummy-Thumper. You measure it.

DOC GAMBLE - Will you shut up, Beef-Ball? Before I start any carving on you, I'd like to find out what shape you're in. Although your shape nobody would believe.

FIBBER - Aw, you're sweet, Doc, trying to cheer me up, kidding me along, but there's no use trying to save my feelings. I'll be brave. I'll be

ready for it.

MOLLY - My hero.

FIBBER - My appendix has got to come out. That's it. (sobbing) I'm no cry-baby. I know it'll hurt like everything, but I won't cry.

MOLLY - Oh, now, there, there, McGee. Don't you worry, Mother's with you.

FIBBER - Sympathize with me, Molly. Tell me how brave I am, having my appendix out...

MOLLY - Of course you're brave. Of course you're brave, and I'm proud of you.

DOC GAMBLE - No, no, no, don't you worry a bit, my boy. If I take your appendix out, it won't hurt a bit.

FIBBER - Won't hurt a bit, he says! That's what you always say! Why, back in 1934...

NURSE - Here's Mr. McGee's history, Doctor... 1929, removed thumb... from bowling ball. 1932, set broken arm, fractured while patting self on back after winning Elks' Club pool tournament... 1934, appendectomy... 1935...

DOC GAMBLE - Just what I thought! You haven't GOT any appendix, Beetle-Brain! I took it out in 1934!

FIBBER - You mean - you mean it don't grow back? I got immunity?

MOLLY - Of course it doesn't grow back, McGee!

DOC GAMBLE - Now, get out of here, you little faker. The hospital needs this room.

FIBBER - Oh, boy! What a relief! You hear that, Molly? I got immunity! I got no appendix! Call a cab! Hand me my pants! Hand me my shotgun!

****SOUND OF A CART WHEELING IN****

FIBBER - No, hold everything... here comes my dinner!

****MUSIC AND CURTAIN CALL****