

1 WILCOX: THE FAT MILK PROGRAM -- WITH PIPPER McDOE AND MOLLY!

2 CRCH: TURN...FAIR FOR:

3 WILCOX: The First Evaporated Milk - Fat Milk - presents Pipper
McDoe and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Arthur Q. Bryan,
Dick Le Grand, Bea Benaderet, Peter Leeds and so,
Harlow Wilcox. The show is written by Don Quinn and
and Phil Leelis, and directed by Max Hutto, with music
by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

4 CRCH: TURN UP AND FAIR FOR:

FISHER MOORE AND MILLY
October 3, 1950

WILDON: Have you ever tasted a cream pie made with Pet Milk? Or a rich chocolate pudding? Or one of those good smooth cheese sauces? 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.

1 WILCOX: ONE THING WHICH CAN REALLY FOUL UP A BUSY
HOUSEWIFE'S DAY IS HAVING AN AILING YOUNGSTER
UNDERFOOT. 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 WINDMILL VISTA RIGHT NOW.
THE ILLNESS IS JUST A PAIN IN THE TUMMY - BUT THE
PATIENT IS A PAIN IN THE NECK, AS WE JOIN---

PINNER MOORE AND MOLLY!!

2 APPLAUSE

3 FIB: (GROANS) GUESS, my aching everything! I feel awful,
Molly! I got more odd pains than a stained glass
window!

4 MOL: Now, now, you just take it easy, dearie, you'll feel
better soon. Why don't you go upstairs to bed, so
mother can--

5 FIB: (WEAKLY) No, I'll stay here. In the way. I'm too
weak to get up off this divanport anyhow. (FIERCELY)
Bite the end off this cigar for me, will you? I ain't
got the strength for it.

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

7 FIB: Well, I hurt upstairs all morning, then I hurt in the
dining room all thru breakfast and now, I hurt right
here on the divanport. It's mostly my stummick.

8 MOL: That's probably because YOU are mostly stomach.

1 VIB: Yeah..Sey...Didja find Doc Gamble yet? Didja tell them it's an emergency? Is he on his way?

2 MCL: No, the Doctor is still out on call, RoGeo. His nurse will phone us when she finds him and -

3 VIB: Be 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 -

4 MCL: Sey, speaking of something you ate - just what DID you eat last night after I went to bed? I heard you prowling around, but -

5 VIB: Last night? Just a light snack is all - somethin' to help me sleep. Bowl of chili - couple of franks - half a jar of corn relish - and a banana with peanut butter.

6 MCL: Heavenly days!

1. FIB: A sick man has gotta keep up his strength, Holly. 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 -
2. HOLLY: Dill pickles? Are you sure this is appendicitis, Doc? My sister had a craving for dill pickles, and it turned out she was -- (PAUSE) So - this couldn't be that!
3. FIB: Don't worry, I know what it is - appendicitis. I keep gettin' a dull pain. My head aches, my ears ring -
4. SOUND: DOOR CHIME

- 1 FIB: HEY YOU HEAR MY EARS BING?
- 2 MOL: That was the doorbell. COME IN!
- 3 SOUND: DOOR OPENS
- 4 MOL: Ohh, it's the Old Timer, McGee! Hello, Mr. Old Timer!
- 5 OLD T: HELLO THERE, KID! HI DAUGHTER! HEY, JOHNNY, WHAT'CHA DOIN'
LEVIN' DOWN?
- 6 FIB: (WEAKLY) I'm sick, Old Timer. Appendix. Gonna hafta have
it took out.
- 7 OLD M. Well, it's a good thing I stopped by, Johnny - I'll look
you over. Stick out your tongue!
- 8 FIB: Huh? Oh, okay, but - (STICKS IT OUT, MUMBLING)
- 9 MOL: (PAUSE) How does it look, Mr. Old Timer?
- 10 OLD M: Like a yard of wet maulin, daughter! How's it look to
you, Johnny?
- 11 FIB: I dunno, I could only see half of it. Besides, I don't--
- 12 OLD M: OH-OH! HEY, that's a mighty bad swellin' on your
stomach there, son! Looks awful red, too!
- 13 MOL: That's a hot water bottle.
- 14 OLD M: It is?
- 15 FIB: Certainly, Migoosh, my stomach is down here.
- 16 OLD M: Whyy down there?? Oh, you're worse off than I thought,
Johnny! But don't worry, I know what to do. Boil some
water, daughter!

- 1 MCL: Boil some water?
- 2 OLD: Yep, and throw some tea leaves in it. I'll take mine with lemon - Johnny can't have any, he's sick. Don't you worry, son, I'll pull you out of this, if it takes a block and tackle.
- 3 FIB: Look... just leave me alone, willya? Just go away and leave share my agony with just my little wife -
- 4 MCL: You're sweet to share it with me, dearie.
- 5 OLD: You know, kids...this looks to me like a clear case of *Clanistoris Metastillis*. Pope had it all his life. Just lay there on the sofa, on his back while women took in washin' to -
- 6 MCL: Yes yes yes....we know. But I don't think this calls for any untour treatment, Mr. Old Timer.
- 7 OLD: ~~WHAATYK MGSAN ANATHUR, DADLETEN!~~ ~~WHY~~ when I was jist a young fella, back in Cairo, Egypt, I was famous as a veterinary surgeon!
- 8 FIB: Yeah? Horse doctor, eh?
- 9 OLD: Nope - camel doctor, Johnny. I wrote endorsements for 'em for the magazine.
- 10 MCL: How'd you like living in Egypt, Mr. Old Timer?
- 11 OLD: Well sir ----
- 12 FIB: When I was in vaudeville I know some Arabians..Tumblers - One of 'em was Sir Achmed Abdallah Fahsi.
- 13 MCL: SIR Ahmed?
- 14 FIB: Yes, he was an Arabian knight.

1 MLL: A beiruin?
2 FIB: No, he was a good-a one.
3 OLD: Beh beh beh...that's pretty good, Johnny...BUT THAT AIN'T
THE WAY I HESSED IT!
4 MLL: Oh dear.
5 OLD: The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller,
"DAYYY", he says, "I HEAR YOUR SCREWBALL BROTHER IS
BUILDIN' AIRPLANES NOW. HE GOT ONE THAT FLIES FASTER THAN
SOUND?" "NOPE", says tother feller, "BUT HE'S GETTIN'
CLOSE; - HE'S GOT ONE THAT SOUNDS FASTER THAN FLIES!"
Beh beh...so long, kids!

6 SOUND: DOOR SLAM

7 CRCH: "DON'T FOCK THE BOAT"

8 (AFFLASH)

- 1 FIB: My gosh, I feel terrible. I sure hope I ain't got anything fatal. Them fatal diseases take so long to recuperate from. Hey, do I feel a draft?
- 2 MOL: At your age? No, I don't think so. Incidentally, what's that you're eating?
- 3 FIB: Mustard Pickle sandwich. And I ain't eatin' it incidentally ... I'm eatin it on purpose.
- 4 MOL: MUSTARD PICKLES! That's a happy little diet for a sick man! If Doctor Gable - ARE YOU LIGHTING ANOTHER CIGARET
- 5 FIB: Yeah...had to. Other one was all sucked up.
- 6 MOL: HUH? CIGARS...MUSTARD PICKLES...What kind of treatment is that for a sick man?
- 7 FIB: Well, my gosh...I gotta be operated on anyway. After all when they take my appendix out it requires a laparotomy.
- 8 MOL: Laparotomy.
- 9 FIB: Yeah, laparotomy. They cut a hole in my lap, and take my appendix outa me. Hoodee, laparotomy which----
- 10 SOUND: DOOR CREAKS:
- 11 MOL: COME IN!!
- 12 SOUND: DOOR OPENS:
- 13 MOL: Oh...it's Ole from the Elv's Club, McGee...Hello, Ole.
- 14 OL: Hello, Missus. Hello, McGee.
- 15 FIB: (WHEWLY) Hello...Ole. Have the folks missed me... down at the Elv's Club?
- 16 OL: Why should they? Somebody else tear the pool table cover so they can't even miss you. What are you doing anyway...taking a nap?

1 MRL: He's ill, Ole. He's been ill, Ole, all day. (REPEATS
TO HIMSELF) Been ill Ole all day....Ole all day....HEW...
I CAN YODEL!!!

2 OLE: What seems to be the matter, McGee? Spring fever, maybe?

3 FIB: How could I have spring fever in October?

4 OLE: Why not? Germs don't got calendars. My cousin Sven, he
got seven year itch when he was 97 years old. Never saw
such a happy fella.

5 MRL: Say, how are the children these days, Ole. All well, I
trust?

6 OLE: Well, don't trust 'em too far, Missus. Little Lars, he's
suffering today from hangunder.

7 FIB: YOU MEAN A HANGOVER? He's only six, isn't he?

8 OLE: Sure....and it isn't hangover...it's hang UNDER. He hang
under ice wagon, snitching a ride, and cake of ice falls
on his head.

9 MRL: I guess that's the way it is in a large family, Ole. Just
one little excitement after another.

10 OLE: Sure....that's how it goes, Missus. But, it's lots of
fun, too. I wouldn't sell my little family for - (PAUSE)
Well, what difference is it? Nobody ever makes me an
offer. So long, missus. So long, McGee.....don't took
any wooden pills.

11 SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

12 MRL: I think Ole is awfully sweet. And SO devoted to his
family.

13 FIB: Well, the bigger the family, the more you gotta devote to
'em. (GROANS) Gosh, do I feel awful. Think a glass of
rootbeer with a raw egg in it would help?

- 1 MOL: Help what? Kill you? Yes, I think so.
- 2 FIB: Well, I gotta keep up my strength, you know. Can't be
operated on in a weakened condition, and --
- 3 SOUND: DOOR CLOSING
- 4 FIB: Ahhh, there's the good doctor, I presume...you be
standing here with your cool hand on my hot forehead,
Molly, while I moan softly -
- 5 MOL: COME IN!
- 6 SOUND: DOOR OPENING
- 7 FIB: Hello, Doctor. Quick, call the hospital and set up an
operation for me! Emergency! I want the best anaesthetist.
- 8 MOL: McGee. Open your eyes, lover, it's not Doctor Gamble.
It's Mr. Wilcox.
- 9 FIB: Eh? Oh, hiyah, Wilcox.
- 10 WIL: Hi, Fel. What's the matter with him, Molly? Sick?
- 11 FIB: I been took ill, Junior. Critical.
- 12 MOL: He has a little attack of indigestion, Mr. Wilcox.
- 13 FIB: ~~WHATYER MEAN, A LITTLE ATTACK OF INDIGES~~ - I GOT THE
APPENDICITIS THAT'S WHAT I GOT! I CAN MAKE JUST AS GOOD
A DIAGNOSIS OF MY CASE AS.... Hey....Molly.
- 14 MOL: Yea, Felt?
- 15 FIB: We got any bakin' soda?
- 16 MOL: Yea we have, and I must say it's the most sensible
suggestion you've made today.

1 YIP: I think so. Look - go get it, mix a little flour with it, and make me some hot biscuits. That'll keep up my strength till I get to the hospital. Hey, you know anything about the Wistful Vista Hospital, Junior? How's the food over there?

- 1 WIL: Well, if you're going to the Wistful Viste Hospital, Pal,
you'll get the best food there is. They're Pet customers
of mine, you know.
- 2 MOL: I can understand that, all right. There are so many ways
to use Pet.
- 3 FIB: I ain't concerned with how they use it, Molly - as long
as the meals are good. Because when I'm in the hospital..
- 4 WIL: Of course every hospital knows no food is more important
to their baby's steady growth than milk. And no other
form of milk is better for bottle-fed babies than Pet
Evaporated Milk!
- 5 FIB: (WEAKLY) I'm sick, Junior. Let's talk about me and -
- 6 WIL: Why is Pet Milk such a wonderful milk for babies? Because
it's easy to digest - because it contains all the
nourishing whole milk substances a baby needs -
- 7 FIB: If YOU had appendicitis, Junior, you wouldn't -
- 8 WIL: - 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!
- 9 MOL: McGee thinks it's appendicitis, but I claim it's just -
- 10 WIL: Not only that, but Pet Milk - sterilized as it is in
sealed cans - is as safe for babies -
- 11 FIB: (MOANS)
- 12 MOL: STOP THRASHING AROUND, MCGEE! LIE DOWN!
- 13 WIL: - as safe from harmful germs as if there were no such
thing in the world! That's why Pet Milk - the first
evaporated milk -

- 1 FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY, MILLY!
- 2 MIL: - is the first choice of smart mothers what?
- 3 FIB: Look, Junior - I'm gettin' a headache from all this yammering! Ain't there something we can do about it?
- 4 MIL: I dunno. What would you do for a headache, Molly?
- 5 MIL: Take a powder, Mr. Wilcox.
- 6 MIL: Okay. So long.
- 7 SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.
- 8 MIL: Oh dear....what did I say?
- 9 FIB: You told old cow-juice to trickle on home and about time, too. I GET LESS SYMPATHY FROM PEOPLE THAN...{GROANS} Ghh, my stomach....I'm sick.....why is it me that always has to get sick? I got a regular monopoly on sickness in this house.
- 10 MIL: You don't mean monopoly, McGee. You mean monogamy.
- 11 FIB: Look, tootsie....weak as I am, everybody knows that's wrong. Monopoly is when a guy only gets married once. Like I to you.
- 12 MIL: That's MONOGAMY, dearie.
- 13 FIB: MONOGAMY? YEAH? THEN WHAT'S OUR DINING ROOM TABLE MADE OUT OF? PHILIPPINE MONOGAMY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS.
- 14 MIL: Philippine MONOGAMY, that is.
- 15 FIB: Then what did I say wrong in the first place?
- 16 MIL: You said you had a monopoly on sickness around here. Monopoly means dull and hardran.

- 1 FIB: HUGHES IS RIGHT! FEEL THIS TUMMY OF MINE...HROOON!
LIKE A DEEM! (GROANS) Oh, why did I ever -
TELEPHONE:
- 2 FIB: I'LL GET IT...!!! No, I'm sick. You get it.
- 3 MOL: All right. (RECEIVER UP) 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McCon
speakin'. OH HELLO, DOCT'N. Yes... Thank you, doctor.
(RECEIVER UP)
- 4 FIB: What did he say?
- 5 MOL: He said to get to the hospital right away...and he'd get
there as soon as he could. 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.
- 6 FIB: Ahhh good old Doc! Call a cab, kiddo!!.....throw
something in a bag for me...my shaving stuff...house
slippers...a few sandwiches...couple bananas...and my
shotgun.
- 7 MOL: Your shotgun!!
- 8 FIB: Yeah...they never pay any attention to the toll. If I
shoot the shotgun into a bedpan....
- 9 MOL: (PAUSE) I'll be right back, dearie....I'll pack your bag
and then call a taxi -

1 FIB: Okay, kiddo. Ahh there goes a good kid! And steady as a rock! Here I am, look critically ill with the appendicitis and does she get flustered and upset? No sir. (PAUSE) Hey, come to think of it she's takin' this thing awful lightly.!! I wonder if -

DOOR CLOMS:

2 FIB: COME IN, DRIVER. Oh...she hasn't called a cab yet has she?
COME IN!

DOOR OPNS:

1 FIB: (WEAKLY) Oh....Kiyah, Teeny. Wn't have much time
to talk to you sis. Going to the hospital.

2 TEE: Gee...somebody sick, mister?

3 FIB: Yeah.

4 TEE: What?

5 FIB: Me.

6 TEE: Oh. Hey, Willie Toops was at the hospital yesterday. He
was fascinated.

7 FIB: By what?

8 TEE: Doctor Gumble.

9 FIB: Well, Doc's an interesting character,ahbut I'd
hardly call him fascinating.

10 TEE: I would, I betcha. He's been fascinating all the kids
in the neighborhood. Gee, it hardly hurts at all, either.

11 FIB: O'GESSH, you mean he was VACCINATED.

12 TEE: That's what I was.....Jhm?

13 FIB: I says you mean he was VACCINATED.

14 TEE: What?

15 FIB: Willie Toops.

16 TEE: What?

17 FIB: Yesterday.

18 TEE: Where?

19 FIB: At the hospital?

20 TEE: What'd it cost?

- 1 FIB: Search me.
- 2 TEE: YAW.....SICK? YOU DONT KNOW SO MUCH!! Hey
there must be an awful lotta sickness around, mister.
Even my lil doggie is sick. Margaret. He's AWFUL sick!
Sicker'n a dog, I betcha.
- 3 FIB: How can a dog be sicker than a dog?
- 4 TEE: Well, we dont think Margaret is all dog. Papa says he
thinks Margaret is part rabbit.
- 5 FIB: why?
- 6 TEE: He eats eggs.
- 7 FIB: Rabbits dont eat eggs.
- 8 TEE: Margaret does. That's why Papa thinks he's part rabbit.
- 9 FIB: Wait a minute.....logically, that dont add up.
- 10 TEE: Well, logically, rabbits dont add anyway. They just
multiply. (GIDDLES)
- 11 FIB: Oh for the -
- 12 TEE: Skip it, mister. You can't convince me Margaret is part
rabbit...he's just a WONDERFUL lil dog, that's all. You
know what he did, now?
- 13 FIB: what'd he do?
- 14 TEE: Saved my life, when I was swimming. I was way, way, way,
WAYYYYYYYYYYY in over my head and Margaret saw I was
in trouble and he ran over and bit the lifeguard.
- 15 FIB: Big help!

1 TEE: Well, it was, I betcha.!! The lifeguard hollered out,
"WHICH BLANKETY NAUGHTY SWEAR-WORD SAE-NAME NUTT IS THIS?"
And everybody pointed at me and he dived in and pulled
me out and spanked me. Gee, if it hadn't of been for
Margaret I'd of drowned. But if you're gonna go to
the hospital Mister....you mustat talk so much! O'bye
now!

2 SOUND: DOOR SLAM

3 OSCH: AND KING'S MEN, "GOODNIGHT, JESSE"

4 AFFAIRS

- THIRD ACT -

HOSPITAL NURSES IN P.O.

1 NURSE: (ON PHONE) Yes, Dr. Gemblo, Mr. McGee is here - he won't 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!

2 INTERIOR: Hah! Keepin' that jerk quiet is like -

3 NURSE: Hush, Eddie?.....Yes, Doctor, we'll try. Could I give him a little sedative to shut him up, Doctor? Like maybe half a pound of morphine?

4 INTERIOR: Or a hit in the head?

5 NURSE: Can't, eh? Well, then is it all right if I take a sedative, Doctor? My nerves are - Thank you - we'll have him ready, Doctor.

NURSE 1

6 INTERIOR: I hope Gemblo gets here pretty soon. If that little pest lets one more yap out of his -

7 YIP: (OFF) HEE NURSE! INTERIOR! WHERE'S MY DINNER? I'M HUNGRY!!

8 NURSE: There he goes.

9 YIP: (OFF) WAIT ON ME, SOMEBODY!! WHERE'S THE NURSE?? SOMEBODY DO SOMETHIN' FOR ME!

10 NURSE: Well, let's go quiet the patient, Eddie. (SCRAPE OF CHAIR; EXISTING, SOUND.)

11 INTERIOR: Give me fifteen minutes alone with him, and I'll quiet him! Nothing wrong with him that taping that loud mouth shut won't - AHHH, and how is our little patient getting along now? Comfortable, are we?

- 1 FIB: NO, I'M NOT COMFORTABLE ARE WE? DADRAT IT, WHAT KIND OF A
RELAPSE-FACILITY ARE YOU GUYS RUNNING HERE, ANYWAY? I'M
A PAYING PATIENT, AND I DON'T WANTA BE LEFT ALONE!
- 2 NOLA: You're not alone, dearie - mother's with you.
- 3 FIB: You don't count, Nolly.
- 4 NOLA: Thank you.
- 5 FIB: Well, I mean I'm payin' for service around here and what
do I get? The run around, that's what I get! (SEVERELY) I'm
sick.
- 6 INTERIOR: YOU'RE sick??
- 7 FIB: BEECHA! AND I'M GONNA GET SERVICE AROUND HERE IF I WANTA
TEAR THIS JOINT APART! BY GEORGE -
- 8 NOLA: Now, now, McGee - calm yourself. Don't get all worked up.
- 9 NURSE: (SEVERELY) No. My goodness, we don't want the other patients
to think we're a bad boy, do we? We don't want them to say
bad things about us.
- 10 FIB: WELL, MIGHH-
- 11 INTERIOR: (SEVERELY) No, we don't want them saying we're a stupid
loudmouthed, insulting little JERK, do we?...You
just relax till Doctor Gumble gets here. He'll examine you
and -
- 12 FIB: I don't need nobody to examine me! Dadrat it, I toldja
what I got - appendicitis! All I want is my appendix took
out and (MOANS) I'm hungry! Where's my dinner?

- 1 MCL: Yes, McGee, Doctor Gumble says you're not to eat anything till he gets here. That's how you got here in the first place - eating.
- 2 NURSE: I know just what we need, Mr. McGee! I'll bet we're ready for our bath right now, aren't we?
- 3 FIB: I don't know about your bath, sis, but I had mine before I left home. And another one when I got here.
- 4 INTERM: 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, HONEY!
- 5 SOUND: CREAK OF WHEELS, OURN!
- 6 FIB: Hey wait a minute! Mighah, I had ten baths already! I can't get dirty just layin' here! Hey -
- 7 NURSE: You come with me, Mrs. McGee. (FADING) We'll go fill out the records and.....
- 8 MCL: All right, mero. (FADING) Be brave, dearie, this won't hurt.....
- 9 FIB: BUT DON'TH IT, I DON'T NEED A BATH!
- 10 INTERM: Doctor knows best, Mr. McGee. That's a good patient - GRAB HIS FEET, HONEY! - WHIP HIS NIGHTGOWN OFF, RAY -
- 11 SOUND: RIP OF CLOTH
- 12 FIB: OUT IT OUT! THAT WATER'S TOO HOT! EADRAH IT - (SPITTING INTO)
- 13 SOUND: HIS SPLASH, SPLASH HIM UP AND DOWN INTO!
- 14 SOUND: WHEEL
- 15 MCL: How do you feel now, dearie?
- 16 FIB: Awful. All washed out! I wish I was home. I'm hungry and -

- 1 MOL: Well now, Doctor Gumble will fix you up, dearie. Don't you worry, he'll be here soon.
- 2 FIB: Well, gee whiz, this is a serious thing Molly, having your appendix out is not like havin' a tooth pulled, you know.
- 3 MOL: I hope not. That wisdom tooth I had was the worst thing I ever -
- 4 NURSE: (FADING IN) He's right in here, Doctor. There you are.
- 5 MOL: Hello, Doctor Gumble - so glad to see you.
- 6 DOC: Hello, Molly - welcome to the Wistful Viets Hospital, egg-face.
- 7 FIB: It's about time you get here, Doc. I'm a sick man! Notice how drawn I look?
- 8 DOC: 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 Fenimore?
- 9 NURSE: Yes, Doctor, we -
- 10 FIB: (HOWLS) HAVE I HAD A BATH, HE SAYS!! I'VE HAD SIX BATHS FATSO! I'VE BEEN WASHED, BATHED, RUBBED, SCRUBBED, RINSED, DUNKED, WHIRLED OUT AND SPUN OUT TO DRY!
- 11 MOL: Oh, McGee, don't get so excited -
- 12 FIB: THEY LIKE TO DROWN ME, THAT'S WHAT THEY'D LIKE TO DO!
- 13 DOC: I don't blame them.
- 14 FIB: IF THEY'D OUF DROWNED ME, I'D OUF BUND THIS JOINT -

- 1 DOC: (OVER NURSE) Stick a thermometer in his mouth, Nurse!
- 2 FIB: (CONTINUES OVER DOC) FOR EVERY CENT THERE - (HUMBLES AND
KEEPS HUMBLING THRU THERMOMETER)
- 3 DOC: That'll keep him quiet while you give me a rundown on his
symptoms, Nolly. What's he got - a little case of hyper-
gluttony?
- 4 NOL: Well, he has been eating rather foolishly, Doctor. Got up
this morning with a pain in his tummy and he's been
between weaning and sneezing all day. He thinks it's his
appendix, but personally -
- 5 FIB: (GLUB...GLUB...GLUB)
- 6 DOC: We'll find out, Nolly. Get me his case history, Miss
Fenimore, please.
- 7 NURSE: (PADDDO) Yes, Doctor, I have it on my desk...
- 8 DOC: And call X-ray, I'll want some pictures...Let's see that
thermometer.
- 9 FIB: (EAGERLY) Whattaya want pictures for, Doc - the newspapers?
I photograph best in a grey suit, with a bow tie and -
- 10 NOL: Hush, dourie - the Doctor's going to X-Ray you - take a
picture of your appendix.
- 11 FIB: What's he want a picture of that for? He can have the
whole de-dretted appendix! Let's get it out! I'll outograph
it for you, Doc, for your trophy room -
- 12 DOC: Will you shut up, Boofball?? - Before I start my carving
on you I'd like to find out what shape you're in - although
I ~~REK~~ shape nobody would believe.

1 FIB: (MOMENT) Aw, you're sweet, Doc, tryin' to cheer me up, kid
me along - but it's no use tryin' to save my feelin's,
I'll be brave! I'm ready for it!

2 MOL: My hero.

3 FIB: If my appendix starts comin' out, that's it! I'm no cry
baby! (CRYING) I know it'll hurt like everything, but I
won't cry...

4 MOL: There, there, don't you worry, Mother's with you.

5 FIB: (CRYING) Sympathize with me, Molly. Tell me how brave I
am, havin' my appendix out.

6 MOL: Of course you're brave. I'm proud of you and -

7 DOC: Now, now, don't you worry nohow! If I operate on you, my
boy, it won't hurt a bit.

8 FIB: WON'T HURT, HE SAYS!! That's what you always say! Higgab,
it hurt like everything the last time you took my appendix
out!

9 DOC: WHAT?

10 FIB: YES SIR! In 1954! You claimed it wouldn't hurt then, but
you like to killed me -

11 DOC: OH FOR -- GO HOME, PAPER, YOU HAVEN'T GOT AN APPENDIX!!

12 FIB: I - I - GEEZE! WHAT A RELIEF! GET THE CAR, MOLLY! HAND ME
MY DARTS, DOC! NO, HOLD EVERYTHING, HERE COMES MY DINNER!!

13 GUN: "THINKING OF YOU"...FADE FOR:

(AFFAIRS)

1 WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment--

From the time your baby is born until he is a year old, he does more growing than at any other time in his life. And what must your baby have in order to make the best of growth -- to build sound teeth and strong, straight bones? He must have the minerals of milk plus enough vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, to put those minerals to work. That's what every baby gets in Fat Milk. And, just as important, Fat Milk is safe for baby -- as free from germs as if there were no such thing in the world. Easy to digest, too. And uniformly rich. Fat Milk, the first evaporated milk, can help your baby grow into the sturdy, happy, well-developed child you want him to be. No wonder, when a baby needs to have milk from a bottle, doctors all over America recommend Fat Milk -- the first evaporated milk -- the first food for babies.

1 MOL: NoOoo, I've been meaning to tell you - I heard the best
 news at the hospital this afternoon.

2 FIB: Yeah?

3 MOL: That nice old Irishman - the one who broke his leg - he's
 up and around again.

4 FIB: Who's that?

5 MOL: You know the one - his name is - uh - ohhh, I can't
 think of his name.

6 FIB: Ah, pobaw.

7 MOL: SHAW! That's the cool!

8 FIB: Oh. Goodnight.

9 MOL: Goodnight, all.

19 CHCH: PLAY OFF AND SIGNOFF

20 WIL: The first evaporated milk - Fat Milk - brings you Fitter
 NoOoo and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again
 next Tuesday night, won't you?

21 CHCH: TUNE UP & SOUND FADE OUT

MARY LOE TAYLOR PET MILK RECIPIES

10/5/50

PETER MOORE & POLLY

NEWS ITEM:

1. WIL: Many a story has been told about mothers-in-law...but the story of the Week on Pet Milk's Mary Loe Taylor program next Saturday morning is a mother-in-law story you'll never forget. Don't miss this chapter in the life of the Carter family. And don't miss the Pet Milk Recipe of the Week for a grand new dessert called SOUTHERN BUT FIB. It's a big double feature program, so be sure to tune in next Saturday morning to Pet Milk's Mary Loe Taylor.

2. GRU: TRUCK

(SIGNOFF)