

Fibber McGee and Molly
"Fibber And Doc Dine Out"
by
Don Quinn and Bill Leslie

Originally broadcast Feb. 19, 1946

The Cast

Announcer
Fibber McGee
Doc Gamble
Mrs. Carstaz
Old Timer
LaTrivia (the mayor)
Restaurant Host
Wilcox
Susie (the waitress)
Restaurant Manager
Woman in restaurant
Man in restaurant

Announcer: And now, Johnson Wax presents one of America's best loved situation comedies, Fibber McGee and Molly. This time, Fibber and Doc Gamble decide to have dinner out on the town.

(Theme music swells and then fades)

Announcer: The Johnson's Wax Program!

(Music and applause)

Announcer: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present the "Fibber McGee and Molly Show". Molly, we regret to say, being absent this week; a flu victim. The script is by Don Quinn and Bill Leslie.

(Theme music swells and then fades)

Announcer: When a man persists in walking through the snow and slush with no overshoes; when he goes out into the sub-zero morning to get the mail in his bathrobe; when he runs around his cold bedroom floor with bare feet, what inevitably happens? That's right, his wife gets the flu. That's why the doctor is at 79 Wistful Vista, the home of Fibber McGee and Molly!

McGee: How is she doc, huh? How is she doc? Huh? Is she alright doc? Huh? Is she alright?

Doc Gamble: Oh, be quiet would you, you little fuss budget. Molly has a slight case of the flu, that's all.

McGee: Oh...

Doc Gamble: Here's all the medicine she needs, and the balance of my prescription includes twenty-four hours of rest in bed.

McGee: Okay doc, okay. I'll see that she gets it, and I'll make her some hot lemonade every half hour. I'll keep remindin' her to take her medicine. I'll take her temperature...

Doc Gamble: That's exactly what I was afraid of!

McGee: Hm?

Doc Gamble: Leave the woman alone. Go away and hide. Lose yourself.

McGee: Yeah, but what if she needs some.....

Doc Gamble: If she needs anything, Mrs. Carstaz will see that she gets it.

McGee: Carsti? Is she coming over?

Doc Gamble: Yes. She did a great deal of nursing during the war. When I'm short of nurses she helps me out.

McGee: Ohh.

Doc Gamble: Incidentally, you don't look very well yourself. Get your bay window caught in a waffle iron or something?

McGee: No.... I et something last night that didn't agree with me.

Doc Gamble: What?

McGee: Oh, just a little sandwich I fixed up about midnight. Fried egg, bologna, bermuda onion, cream cheese and mustard pickles.

Doc Gamble: Oh fine. Rigamortis on rye bread.

McGee: No, no, no. Whole wheat.

Doc Gamble: Well how did you sleep?

McGee: Like a log.

Doc Gamble: You don't say, huh?

McGee: Like a log was layin' across my stomach.

Doc Gamble: My boy, you have interior arrangements that make a forty ton drill press look like it was made of sponge cake. In all my weary years of practicing medicine, I never.....

(sound of door bell interrupts)

McGee: Oh, oh, oh, oh...that must be Carsti now. Come in!

(sound of door opening)

Doc Gamble: Oh, hello Mrs. Carstaz. Nice of you to come over.

Mrs. Carstaz: Very glad to help Mrs. McGee out, doctor. Good evening, Mr. McGee.

McGee: Hi Carsti. I sure appreciate this. I hope it ain't interfering with any social engagements.....

Mrs. Carstaz: Have you any instructions for me doctor? Or any suggestions?

Doc Gamble: They're all written out on the hall table upstairs. You know, the usual routine. Keep her warm, quiet. Feed her lightly.....

McGee: Yeah, just let me know when you want something cooked up for her, Carsti, like milquetoast or hot coffee.....

Doc Gamble: Look, bird brain, I'm going to take you out of here. You're going to go down town and have dinner with me.

McGee: Yeah but doc, suppose she needs me for somethin'? I'm.....

Doc Gamble: The only thing she needs right now is a little less confusion.

McGee: Confusion?

Doc Gamble: Confusion, spelled M-c-G double e.

Mrs. Carstaz: I shall prepare anything she wants, Mr. McGee. Just set your mind at rest.

McGee: What, you mean you can cook, Carsti?

Mrs. Carstaz: My dear Mr. McGee. When I first met Mr. Carstaz, I was slinging oh (nervous giggle...she is clearly flustered) my goodness, I'd better take a look at my patient. Don't worry about a thing, Mr. McGee.

(sound of Mrs. Carstaz's footsteps going up stairs)

Doc Gamble: (with a chuckle) Come on, McGee. Get your leggings and mittens on. We'll go downtown and kick a few calories around.

McGee: Oh gee, doc, I don't think I oughtta. I oughtta stay here and.....

Doc Gamble: Get your coat and stop arguing, noisy, or they'll find your body in a snow drift strangled with a stethoscope.

McGee: Okay, okay, where'll we go?

Doc Gamble: We might try that new place on Oak Street. Joe's Gravy Bowl.

McGee: You ever eat there?

Doc Gamble: No, but my office nurse told me she had.

McGee: She like it?

Doc Gamble: No, but she said she ate there under unfortunate circumstances.

McGee: What unfortunate circumstances?

Doc Gamble: She was hungry. Come on, come on, come on, McGee. Quit stalling. I've got to have dinner and get back to the hospital so I can.....

(sound of door bell)

McGee: Oh, for the love of.....Come in!

Old Timer: (yelling) Hello there kids! How are ya doc? Where's daughter, Johnny?

Doc Gamble: She's got the flu, upstairs, old timer....and lower your voice about forty decibels. You sound like the mating call of a sea lion.

Old Timer: (quietly) Well, okay fellers. (yelling again) Sorry to hear about the kid. Anything I can do?

McGee: No, thanks, old timer, not a thing. Hey, we're having dinner at Joe's Gravy Bowl. You know anything about it?

Old Timer: Eh?!

McGee: You know anything about.....

Old Timer: (always yelling) Joe's Gravy Bowl, eh? I know one of the waitresses down there. Lily Dugan. Fine girl. Maybe you've seen her in there. Tall, red headed kid, put half your coffee in the saucer?

Doc Gamble: We never ate there, old timer.

McGee: How's the food?

Old Timer: Eh?

McGee: I said how's the f.....

Old Timer: Not bad, Johnny, not bad at all. Ask for their t-bone steak smothered in mushrooms with sauce Bordelaise. You don't get it, but it's fun to watch their face when ya ask for it! (he laughs)

Doc Gamble: Would you care to join us for dinner, old timer? We'll flip a coin. Odd man for the check.

Old Timer: Sorry, saw bones. I'd like to join ya, but I got a date to go horseback ridin' with my girl, Bessie.

McGee: I had a horse once that could talk, old timer.

Old Timer: Eh?

Doc Gamble: He said he had a horse.....

Old Timer: A talkin' horse, eh? Hey, that's wonderful, Johnny, what d''ya do with him?

McGee: I sold him. He was an Arabian horse, and nobody understood Arabian.

Old Timer: (laughing loudly) That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heard it! The way I heard it, one feller says to the other feller, "Saaaaayyy," he says, "I see where we might be able to travel to the moon one of these days." "What do ya mean, 'one of these days?'" say the other feller. My sister's already been there. "No!" says the first feller. "Yep," says the other feller, "Got a picture of her settin" in it. Took at Coney Island!" (he laughs at his joke) (suddenly quiet) Well, I hope that daughter feels better, Johnny.

INTERLUDE WITH THE SPORTSMEN

(sound of street noises) (sound of rain)

McGee: Aw, come on, Doc. Move those fat, little legs of yours. It's starting to rain hard.

Doc: Yeah, it's too bad they can't have a little of this rain out west where the soil is blowing away.

McGee: Yeah, my gosh, half an hour of this rain right now would do them more good in five minutes than a month of it would do us at any other time.

Doc: Uhh, how was that again, pivot tooth?

McGee: I says a half an hour of this rain would do them more good.....oh, hey, there's Latrivia. Hi, Latrivia.

Latrivia: Hello, McGee. Good evening, doctor.

Doc: Good evening, Mr. Mayor. Better step into this doorway out of the rain.

(sounds of feet stepping into doorway)

Doc: That's it.

McGee: Let me in there too.

Doc: You know, Mr. Mayor, I like to be present when you get over pneumonia, not while you acquire it.

Latrivia: After a few years in the Coast Guard, doctor, dry clothing seems a trifle effeminite. Uh, McGee, where's Molly?

McGee: (laughing) She got bit by the flu bug, Latrivia. I hadda get doc out of the house so she'd get well quicker. (he laughs at himself)

Doc: Little gabby here is not what you might call a soothing influence to the ailing, Mr. Mayor. He was yammering around the house like a southern senator reading corset ads into the congressional record. So I'm taking him to Joe's Gravy Bowl for dinner.

McGee: You ever eat there, Latrivia?

Latrivia: As a matter of fact, McGee, I just came from there.

McGee: Would you have to eat?

Latrivia: Sand dabs.

McGee: Sand dabs?

Latrivia: Yes, that's fish with little dabs of sand in them.

McGee: Well if that's such a bad place to eat, why don't you go some place else?

Latrivia: Well I eat there for old times sake, McGee. I went to college with the owner. As a matter of fact, we both played in the school band.

McGee: What did you play Mr. Mayor?

Latrivia: I played a tuba.

McGee: A tube a what?

Latrivia: It wasn't a tube of anything. It was a musical instrument.

McGee: Oh. That's pretty ingenious, Latrivia. Would you do? Hold your finger over the end and then squeeze it? I knew a guy who could play the air hose at a filling station like it was a bagpipe. He used to.....

Latrivia: I'm afraid I didn't make myself clear McGee. I played the tuba. Don't you know what a tuba is?

McGee: That all depends on what it's a tube a.

Latrivia: (clearly growing more frustrated) I tell you, it was not a tube of anything. It was a tuba. T-U-B-A, tuba!

Doc: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Well we're being a little silly McGee. You know what a tibia is. It's the inner and larger bone of your leg.

McGee: (laughing also) Oh, sure. A tubia. I used to play

Latrivia: I did not say tibia. I said TUBA. It's a wind instrument. As I'm sure everyone in the world but you two gentlemen knows.

McGee: Wind instrument, eh? What'd you do, hollow out the bone, kinda like a primitive flute? Say, that must've been.....

Latrivia: IT WAS NOT A BONE, I TELL YOU! IT WAS BRASS!

McGee: Aw, now you know better than that, Mr. Mayor. Nobody ever had a brass tibia.

Latrivia: I didn't say anybody had a brass tibber.....uh....tibular....uh.....braska....Listen, I said I played a tuba.

McGee: But you didn't say a tube a what.

Latrivia: OF COURSE I DIDN'T !! A TUBA DOES NOT HAVE TO BE A WHAT OR A TIBULAR. I mean to say that a lind instrument....a windstrument. A BRASS TIBIA....A TUBA..BAA...BAIT'S A THING THAT EVERY ORCHESTRA HAS. IT'S A BRASSTABICKKBUBU. TUBLIA...TIB....IBBY....I.....YOU..... (suddenly composed) McGee. Doctor.

McGee: Yes, your honor?

Doc: Do you like to play baseball?

McGee: I love it, Latrivia.

Doc: So do I, Mr. Mayor.

Latrivia: Then I think I'll write a letter to Cleveland tomorrow.

McGee: Hmm?

Latrivia: I think you both should be given back to the Indians.

(MUSIC)

Doc: Hey, uh...is this the restaurant, McGee?

McGee: Looks like it, doc. Yeah, this is it.

(sound of restaurant door opening) (sound of crowd noises...people eating)

Doc: Crowded, isn't it.

McGee: Yeah. That don't mean anything these days, doc. These days you could put a camp stove in a snake pit and people would stand in line three deep to get a plate of French fried heartburn at three bucks a spasm. Hey bud! How about a table for two.

Host: I'm sorry sir, there will be just a few moments wait. Did you have a reservation?

Doc: No we didn't. We couldn't find your name in the phone book.

Host: I know. We have an unlisted number, sir. Keeps out the riffraff. I'll seat you very shortly.

McGee: Well, not a bad lookin' joint, is it? Clean at least. Maybe they.....

Doc: Oh look, McGee, there's Wilcox.

McGee: Well, it can't be so bad if he eats here. Hiya, Junior.

Wilcox: Hello pal. Hello Doc. Where's Molly?

Doc: Home with the flu, my boy. Getting egg-head here out from under foot was part of my prescription.

McGee: You just finishin' eating, Junior? What'd you order?

Wilcox: Well, I ordered eggs stuffed with caviar for an appetizer....

McGee: Uh-hmm....

Wilcox: ...and then a couple pureed au mongol julienne, a mixed, green salad with roqueforte dressing, baked mountain trout with almond sauce, a side order of french-fried zucchini, Baked Alaska and a demitasse.

McGee: You got all that stuff?

Wilcox: No, that's what I ordered. I got a club sandwich and a glass of milk.

Doc: How was the club sandwich?

Wilcox: Great, great. I could even taste the clubs. I think they'd been used by the Keystone Cops.

McGee: I take it you don't have a very high regard for this joint, joinior...I mean, joint, junior. What do you eat here for Junior, if it's so bad?

Wilcox: Lower your voice, pal. The proprietor buys a lot of GloCoat from me. Have you been out in the kitchen?

McGee: No we haven't , Junior. Is it pretty awful?

Wilcox: No, it's awful pretty. Imagine....the linoleum shines like a mirror. You know how easily things are wiped off of Johnson's spill-coated linoleum.

McGee: Oh, yes. I know how that is.

Wilcox: Why these people keep the place so clean that you could even operate out there, doc.

Doc: Well if they'd give me a knife and a pork chop, I'd like to operate in here.

Wilcox: The owner told me that even with the wear and tear on a busy kitchen like this, the linoleum lasts a lot longer and looks infinitely better when he protects it with Glo-Coat....

McGee: Yes, but wh.....

Wilcox: ...he says that with the help shortage and all, they can't

spend all day scrubbing kitchen floors....

McGee: Well that's what....

Wilcox: ...but with Glo-Coat so easy to use, requiring no rubbing or buffing, it's a cinch.

McGee: Yeah, but.....

Wilcox: You just pour it out; spread it around, and in twenty minutes or less....

McGee: Yeah, but what's that got to do with th.....

Wilcox: ...that's why I don't want you fellas to criticize too loudly. He's doing the best he can under difficult....

McGee: Oh, yeah.....

Wilcox:and personally I'd rather eat bad food from a clean kitchen than fine food from a messy one. Say, incidentally, what did you order?

McGee: We haven't ordered anything yet, waxy. So far we've been given the brush like a couple of bad boys on papa's knee.

Doc: What do you recommend, son?

Wilcox: I don't recommend anything, doc. I was just going to say that if you try the Swiss steak, you'll understand why the Swiss are always neutral. That would take the fight out of anybody. So long now!

McGee: Let's go some place else, doc. Gee whiz, if they don't want to....

Host: I have a nice table for you now, gentlemen. Right this way, please.

(sound of footsteps) (sound of restraint noises and talking)

Host: Will this table be satisfactory?

Doc: It will be if you put something on it to eat.

McGee: This place is a little run down, don't you think? No ketchup on the table.

Host: Your waitress will get you some if you wish, sir. Susie! Table twelve. Here are the menus, gentlemen.

Doc: Thank you. Tell me, what is the chef's specialty?

Host: Drinking lemon extract, sir. But if you have any difficulty, please call me.

McGee: Well, seems to be a pretty good choice of stuff, Doc.

Doc: Um -hmm.

McGee: Country fried chicken looks good to me.

Doc: It's scratched off my menu. Hmm...how 'bout the roast beef?

McGee: The roast beef is scratched off my menu.

Doc: Hmmm... Well we might try the lobster thermadore.

McGee: That's scratched off my menu. How 'bout the turkey curry?

Doc: That's off mine.

McGee: Lamb chops?

Doc: Off mine.

McGee: Liver and bacon?

Doc: Off.

McGee: Pork?

Doc: Off. What else is there?

McGee: The only thing left that ain't scratched off either one of our menus is this here, "closed all day Monday." I think I'll have that on whole wheat.

Doc: Well they must have a few things that.....

Susie (waitress): Okay, folks, I'm your waitress. What did you want?

McGee: What have you got?

Susie: I asked ya first, let's play fair.

Doc: My peristolts has slowed up so much by now it would take me five minutes to hiccup. What's ready, Susie?

Susie: The hard rolls and ice.

McGee: Look, sis, we didn't come all the way down here to dine off of hard rolls . How's the Minute Steak?

Susie: Well named. The minute you eat it ya wish ya hadn't.

Doc: We don't want to be fussy, Susie, but what can you recommend?

Susie: Sir, I do not wish to seem unloyal to my employer, but there's a hamburger stand two blocks north of here that.....

McGee: Oh, come on, come on, sis. Surely you must have something fit to eat in here. What are all these other people eating?

Susie: Well, let me see, mister. Those four men at the next table, they're gamblers. They're having the chicken croquets.

Doc: How 'bout the two ladies at the third table there?

Susie: That's the boss's wife and his sister. They're having sliced ham and potato salad.

McGee: Well, that ain't much of a dish for a cold night like this, but I'll have that.

Susie: I'll ask if they can spare you some, they brung theirs with them.

Doc: Look, uh, look, Susie, knowing what you know, and I bet it's plenty, what would you suggest we eat?

Susie: Omelets.

McGee: Okay, okay, that'll do it. Two omelets. Okay, Doc?

Doc: Okay.

Susie: Two eggs or three eggs?

McGee: Does it matter?

Susie: Well, with three eggs, you got another thirty-three and a third chance of getting a tired one. Why push your luck?

McGee: Okay, okay. Two eggs, then....and lots of fried potatoes and ketchup.

Susie: Coffee now or later?

Doc: I'll have mine now.

McGee: Me too.

Susie: In here we call that a suicide pact. Okay, gents. Just write the names of your nearest relatives on the table cloth and I'll take care of everything.

(music swells, a little musical interlude) (music fades to sound of restraint again)

Doc: How was your omelet, McGee?

McGee: Not bad, what there was of it. If that was a two egg omelet, though, they must have used canary eggs.

Doc: Mine was a little skimpy too. I tried to fill up on bread and butter, but there wasn't enough butter.

McGee: There wasn't enough of anything. I never did get any water.

Doc: Yeah, I saw you trying to get the waitress' attention.

McGee: I've been beckoning to her for so long I got a charly horse in

my forefinger. Oh, oh! Here she is, here she is.

Susie: Did you want me, folks?

Doc: Yes, give me the check, will you please.

McGee: Oh, it's my check, Doc. You suggested this for Molly's sake, so I'll pay.

Doc: Alright.

McGee: (pause) You, uh, you don't put up much of a fight, do you, pal.

Doc: On what I've had to eat, I couldn't Indian wrestle Margaret O'Brien. How much is it, Susie?

Susie: Four dollars and forty cents, gentlemen.

(spit takes from both the men)

Susie: And believe me, it's been a distinct pleasure to have waited on ya.

McGee: (still choking a little) Four forty! Did you hear that, Doc?

Doc: Yes I did. The table cloth must be by Adrienne.

McGee: Four bucks and forty cents for the privilege of sittin' here with a bent fork, a dry, water-drowned glass and malnutrition! By George, I'll.....

Doc: Calm yourself, blow torch, calm yourself. Come on, pay that ransom note and let's get out of this turnip trap.

McGee: Let me check it again. Here. Hey, look at this, Doc.

Doc: Look at what?

McGee: What it says here on the back of this check. "If you have any criticisms or suggestions for the improvement of our food or service, please notify the manager."

Doc: Oh-oh...

McGee: Oh boy, hang on to your hat, doc, here we go. Hey, manager! Manager! Come here a minute!

Doc: Well, as the man said when they found an elephant in his state room, "I brought this on myself."

Manager: Yes, sir, did you wish to speak to me?

McGee: Indeed I did, buster. I have a few criticisms and suggestions I'd like to offer, as per your request on the dinner check.

Manager: That's very kind of you, sir, what are they?

McGee: In the first place, why don't you give your patrons a glass of water now and then?! What did you do before you ran a restaurant? Herd camels?

Manager: You're quite right to complain, sir. I realize that the help we have now is inadequate.....

McGee: And as long as your running a restaurant, did it ever occur to you to get some food in the joint?!

Manager: I know, I know our supplies are inadequate sir, but if you want to know the trouble we have getting meat and butter and.....

Doc: Oh, leave the man alone, moose jaw. It isn't entirely his fault....

McGee: He asked for suggestions, and he's gonna get suggestions!! Look, buster! Look at this steak knife. You not only don't have steaks, but if you had, you couldn't cut the gravy with this thing.

Manager: I know sir. I agree with you completely....

McGee: And another thing.....!!!

Doc: Do you mind if I smoke while you burn?

McGee: No. Go ahead, doc. And another thing, buster, the service! I never waited so long to get service in my life! You come in here and.....

Manager: Excuse me, sir. Were you ever in the restaurant business?

McGee: No, I wasn't.

Manager: Well you are now, sir.

McGee: Huh?

Manager: I'm a lot sicker of it than you are. You've only been here two hours and I've been here two months! I...I....I'm givin the place to you!

(sound of spoon tapping on glass)

Manager: Attention, please!! Patrons of Joe's Gravy Bowl!.....

McGee: Oh,no,no,no,no.....

Manager: This establishment has just been changed! Your new proprietor is Mr.....uh, what's your name, sir?

McGee: Patsy McGee.

Manager: Your new proprietor, Mr. Patsy McGee. Thank you and good bye forever.

Doc: Well, now that you're the owner, McGee, I have a few suggestions

to make to you..... Oh...oh....grab a sugar bowl, McGee, here they come!

McGee: Oh...what...oh.....

Woman: Look here, mister! I found a nail in my spinach!

Man: You call this library paste mashed potatoes?! I've got a good mind to....

(general sounds of people complaining and yelling)

McGee: Now just a minute, folks. I..... Oh....this is ridiculous!!!

(more sounds of yelling, and then the theme music swells) (music fades)

McGee: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you, and I'm sure Molly will be back next week. Good night.

(music swells again, and then fades slightly for announcer)

(theme music)