Emergency Ward

RAY: And now the United States Mint . . . one of the nation’s leading producers of fine new money . . . presents another dramatic story from the files of Emergency Ward.

(Organ: Dramatic theme)

SNUTTON: Greetings and welcome. I am Doctor Gerhard Snutton – handsome young physician who has not yet established a practice of his own. Instead, I work in the emergency ward of a big city hospital. The emergency ward is a place where the saga of human misery unfolds twenty-four hours a day. Take the other evening, for example. I was utilizing a spare moment to engage in some medical research when my associate, Nurse Rudehouse, turned to me and said . . .

RUDEHOUSE: Why are you standing on top of the desk waving that flyswatter around, Doctor?

SNUTTON: I’m proving that a long-held scientific theory of mine is correct, Nurse Rudehouse. The mere sight of a flyswatter is enough to scare flies away. That means they have enough mentality to learn what can hurt them.

RUDEHOUSE: Well, I don’t see how you can prove a thing like that in a hospital, Doctor. We’re careful not to let any flies in here.

SNUTTON: That’s what I just finished telling you, Nurse Rudehouse. There aren’t any flies in here. And that’s because they all saw me standing on this desk waving my flyswatter around.

(Door opens. Loud metallic twang. Door closes)

MAN: Pardon me. Is this the emergency ward of a big city hospital?

SNUTTON: Yes. And I am Doctor Gerhard Snutton, handsome young physician who has not yet established a practice of his own. I might also mention that the salad fork you have sticking out your ear just scraped against our woodwork as you came through the doorway.

MAN: Yeah. I’m sorry about that. I tried not to damage your paint. But this all ties in with my medical emergency. You see, my wife tried out a new recipe on me tonight. And I didn’t like it. So she got mad and stuck this salad fork in my ear.

SNUTTON: I’ll have to prepare you for X-rays. It could be a punctured ear drum.

MAN: No. I think it was tomato aspic with little pieces of pineapple in it. But you don’t have to take X-rays, Doc. I didn’t swallow any of it.
SNUTTON: I mean X-rays of your ear to see if there’s been damage, dumbbell.

RUDEHOUSE: Well, Doctor – I don’t think his ear drum could be punctured. He seems to hear you all right.

SNUTTON: That’s because I’m a physician, and he knows he’d better pay attention when I’m speaking to him, Nurse Rudehouse.

RUDEHOUSE: Well, I don’t see how that could enter into it.

SNUTTON: I don’t expect you to understand technical relationships like that. After all, you never spent a day of your life in medical school.

MAN: Excuse me. But if you people are planning to have a fight, I think I’ll go get a drink of water.

SNUTTON: Very well. Just don’t get any water in your ear. That could spoil the X-ray pictures.

MAN: Okay. I’ll be careful. And I’ll only be gone a minute.

(Loud metallic twang)

MAN: Sorry.

SNUTTON: Clumsy oaf! Now, Nurse Rudehouse, I want you to call the X-ray department and make a reservation with the photographer on duty.

RUDEHOUSE: I think they call them X-ray technicians, Doctor – not photographers.

SNUTTON: Well, whoever they are – I’d prefer that young redhead who just joined the staff, if she’s on duty this evening.

MAN: Hey, Doc – Look! When I bent over the water fountain – I must have tilted my head to one side – and the salad fork fell out.

SNUTTON: Well, that’s only a natural reaction that you shouldn’t be alarmed about. It’s the law of gravity. I studied it in medical school.

MAN: Gee. It’s really nice to have an educated man like you around to explain these things when they happen. But anyway, I seem to be cured. So what do I owe you, Doc?

SNUTTON: Well, the X-rays would have been seventy-five dollars. But since we never took those I guess a dollar and a half should take care of everything.

MAN: That seems about right – considering how serious my condition might have been. So here you are – and thanks for everything. Good-bye.
(Footsteps and door closes)

SNUTTON: Well, Nurse Rudehouse, you have just seen another hopeless victim walk out of here in radiant good health – thanks to the wonders of medical science. So just make a brief notation in your case book: Patient released – cured.

(Organ: Theme. Establish and under for)

RAY: Join us again soon when the United States Mint – one of the nation’s leading producers of money – will bring you another dramatic story from the files of . . . Emergency Ward.

(Organ. Theme up briefly and then out)