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Leave It to Beaver

By Bob Mosher

Hello, Beaver!

Hi, Wally!

Mommy, there's Bert,
the pie man!

- Morning, Bert!

- Hello, Mrs. Brown!

Great day, isn't it?

Yep!

- Have a good day, dear.

- You too, honey.

[Electricity Crackles]

- [Barking]

- Oh!

I'll get you for this,
Beaver Cleaver!

[Gasping]

Oh!

[Cat Screeches]

[Whistling]

[Whistling]

- Morning, Bert!

- Morning, Bert!

Morning, boys!

Great day, isn't it?

[Groaning]

[Grunts]

Sorry, mister.

That was the first one I missed all day.

Huh!

Hey, Wally, stop, stop!

Please!

There it is. That's the most
beautiful thing I ever seen.

Well, golly, gee! It's Wally
and the Beaver at the bike shop.

What do you want,

Eddie Haskell?

The usual. See how fast

I can make ya cry.

Hey, knock it off, Eddie. Why you always
givin' Beaver the business?

Well, basically because...

it's so easy.

Wally, I want that bike more than

anything ever, even super powers.
Don't go cry to Wally. You want advice
on how to get a bike? Ask the master.
How will I know
when I see "the master?"
Because he's wearin'
what I'm wearin'.
Now, let's chat, squirt.
Have a seat in my office.
Now, you want a bike,
but you're a screw up.
- Eddie.
- Isn't this the same kid...
who lost his Nikes, broke his Walkman
and almost burned down the garage?
The garage wasn't
Beaver's fault.
You got a birthday comin' up.
As any normal kid knows,
the way to score a cool present
is to suck up to your parents.
- Suck up?
- It's so second nature to me,
I forget others find it hard.
Yes, suck up. Do something
that'll make your old man proud.
He's a frustrated jock. Why not do
something like... play football?
Football?
He'll get demolished.
As appealing as that may sound, Wallace,
it doesn't matter.
The minute you get that bike--
Wham! You quit the team.
But I don't do junk
like that, Eddie. You do.
You flatter me.
Do you want that bike or don't you?
[Sighs]
[Laughing, Chattering]
Hey, Dad! Dad!
- Oh.
- Beaver, wait!
- Aren't ya gonna say hi?

- Hi. When's Dad coming home?

He should be home

any minute.

Maybe I'll just wait

for him outside.

Beaver? Is there somethin'

I can help ya with?

Oh, no, Mom. I'm not supposed

to be sucking up to you.

[Boy]

Here you go.

- Dad! Dad! Dad!

- Hey, Beaver!

Here, Dad, let me help you

with your junk.

Did you do something wrong?

Gee, Dad, how come whenever I act nice,

people think I done something wrong?

Just conditioning, Beav.

Sure you don't want

a hand with those?

Oh, no, Dad.

I want your hands free...

to sign my permission slip

so I can play...

for the Mayfield Mighty Mites.

[Clears Throat]

You wanna play... football.

- [Whistle Blows]

- Yeah!

Go, Beaver!

Pick it up!

[Grunts]

Go! Go! Go!

- Yeah!

- [Whistle Blows]

[Mom]

Beaver? Play football?

You didn't tell him

he could, did you, Ward?

Of course not. I told him

I had to check with you first.

Oh! And make me

the bad guy.

Do you want a repeat
of T-ball season?

Have you forgotten
about the Beaver--

- Who's winning now, Wally?

- I don't know, Beav.

They're talking about stuff in the past
that they're still ticked off about.

Tell me you're doing this because
it's in your son's best interest...
and not to fulfill some lingering
adolescent fantasy of yours.

What? Dear, when I was playing sandlot,
it really changed my life.

I know what you're thinking, but
Beaver's not too small to play football.

Hut! Hut! Hut!

- Hut! Hut! Hut!

- Mayfield!

- Beav, other way! Other way!

- Mayfield!

- One, two, three, four!

- Your mommies, your daddies...

think this isn't
about winning or losing!

One, two, three, six!

One two, three, seven!

One, two, three, eight!

One, two, three, nine!

[Coach] They think it's about building
character, don't they, Cleaver?

We're gonna go over
to this play here.

We're gonna have this guard pull out
here. This guy pulls out here.

The quarterback drops back.

We have an option.

He goes deep,
and we go to him.

[Coach's Voice] Looks the same--
Different look--

- This play is different.

- See?

- It's all relative.

- [Coach Continues, indistinct]
- Hmm? You understand?
- The quarterback sneaks back.
We are here to do two things
and two things only.
That is to win
and to win big!
- [Together] Yeah!
- Yeah!
Break!
- Break!
- Come on, Beaver! Go get 'em!
Down! Set!
- You're lunch meat!
- [Growls] You're mine!
Go!
- [Grunting]
- Put it up, Cleaver!
- [Coach] Put it up!
- [Screaming]
There's gotta be
an easier way to get a bike.
Yeah, well, what'd
you expect, Beav?
There is a reason football
players wear more equipment
than guys who train attack dogs.
Bedtime, boys.
Beaver, decided where you're gonna put
that Heisman trophy?
You mean I don't have to wait till
the end of the season to get a trophy?
He's just jokin' on ya, Beav. You don't
get the Heisman trophy till college.
Well, after watching you today,
I wouldn't rule it out.
You took some licks,
but you didn't quit.
Your mom and I just want you
to know how proud we are of ya.
I wanted to let you know I've decided
to become a doctor when I grow up.
Oh, boy, wait'll
I tell your mom. Ha!

I always said football
is a real confidence builder.
Back when I was playing sandlot
I found that I learned the great many--
Yeah, well,
you've heard this before.
Where did we leave off?
Here we are.
"Now, Dottie the Dinosaur
had never seen a human being before.
"Such a tiny creature who only walks
on two legs and eats berries.
'Couldn't be much
of a hunter,' said Dottie."
Dad! If a guy's old enough
to play football,
then don't you think maybe he's too old
to have his dad read to him?
Well, maybe you have
a point there, Beav.
You read it yourself,
but don't stay up too late.
- Thanks, Dad.
- [Chuckles] Well, good night, Beav.
Uh, Dad, if a guy's
too old to be read to,
then he's probably too old
to get kissed good night to.
Good night, Dad.
Good night.
- I think he took that pretty well.
- Yeah.
But I was worried,
'cause for a minute he had...
that same blubbery look
he had at the end of The Lion King.
[Dog Barking
In The Distance]
[Mom] Okay, everybody, gather around.
It's time for cake.
- Come on!
- Let's go, boys!
- Is everybody ready?
- I'm low on batteries.

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
You smell like a wino
Happy birthday to you
- Make a wish, Beaver.
- Big wish, Beav.
Make a wish.
- [Cheering]
- Way to go, Beav!
[Murmuring]
[Eddie] Hey, Lumpy, quit stuffin'
your face and pay attention.
I've put together a little photographic
compilation of my future soul mate.
And here's Karen
takin' her dog for a walk.
And here she is
at the store with her mom.
Oh! That's my
favorite outfit of hers.
Eddie, you might want to
back off a little bit, huh?
What are ya talkin' about?
I'm doin' great.
A week ago we were total strangers.
Last night... I was in her bedroom.
Yeah, you were in her bedroom,
all right.
But Karen and her family
were at the movies.
Can't you ever just
be happy for me? Hmm?
Mom, Dad, can we open the presents now?
Please, please, please, please.
June, you really should monitor
the boy's sugar intake.
Here we are.
- This one is from Gilbert!
- Oh, come on, Mrs. Cleaver.
Don't blame me, Beav.
It's a recycle.
I wouldn't wear it when I got it,
so my mom's giving it to you.
Well, that's

a lovely gesture, Gilbert.

Well, I guess that's it.

- No, Beaver. There's more.

- Really?

Wheel it out, Ward!

[Together]

Whoa!

Wow.

- A computer.

- From your Aunt Martha.

Thanks. Nothin' I like more than an educational gift.

- Aw!

- [Ward] Well, Beav!

What more could

a boy ask for?

Yeah. I guess that's about all

a guy could ask for, huh?

I'm glad you feel that way, but your mom and I wanted to get you something else.

[Whistles]

Wally!

[Boys]

Whoa!

Whoa!

Thanks, Mom! Thanks, Dad! You're the bestest parents in the whole universe!

Whoa! Awesome!

Whoo!

Whoa!

- Bye, Dad. Bye, Mom.

- Here you go.

Bye.

- Bye, Mom.

- Good-bye.

- See ya, Dad.

- Oh, Wally, could you do us a favor?

I'll do my homework every day without you guys havin' to crawl up my a--

That's great, Wally,

but we weren't really going there.

Beaver's never ridden his bike

to school before.

We were hoping you could go with him

the first few days.

- Show him the ropes.

- Oh! I get ya.

You just don't want some truck
turnin' the Beaver into road kill.

Something like that.

Yeah.

- See ya, Wal.

- Okay, Dad.

- [Sighs]

- [Sighs]

Well, there they go.

[Chattering]

- [Bell Rings]

- [Chattering Stops]

L-A-N-D-E-R-S.

I play tennis.

I like to travel.

And I enjoy curling up in front of the
fire with a big pile of book reports.

- Yes?

- Excuse me, Miss Landers.

- But how many N's are there in tennis?

- Two.

But you don't need to take notes.

You aren't going to be tested on this.

- I'd rather be safe than sorry.

- [Gags]

- [Belches]

- Then go right ahead.

Now, why don't you tell me
about your summer vacations?

- Susan Akatsu.

- Hi, Miss Landers.

This summer we went to Mount Rushmore,
and then my grandmother died,
but not at Mount Rushmore.

- Oh, Susan, I'm very sorry to hear that.

- Yeah!

Everyone was sad,

except my dad,

'cause she always said

he never made enough money.

Thank you, Susan.

Gilbert Bates.

Y o, I'm Gilbert. This summer,
my parents shipped me off to camp.
I caught impetigo, and when I got back,
my dad had moved out.

Only since then, he moved back.
But he's still sleepin' in my room,
and I'm sleepin' on the couch.

Thank you, Gilbert,
for being so candid.

Oh! And while I was away,
my cat got "runned" over.

[Class]

Ewww!

Uh, Theodore Cleaver.

- [Snickering]

- [Laughing]

Isn't that your name?

Yeah, but everyone calls me Beaver
on account of it's my nickname.

But you can call me

whatever you want,

'cause I don't wanna get you mad
and have you give me a bad grade.

Well, if it's okay with you,

I'll just call ya Theodore.

I got an awesome bike. My brother
snuck me into an "R" rated movie.

And I'm playin' football,

so I gotta wear a cup.

Thank you, Theodore.

Oh, and nobody
in my family died.

- Hey, Wally!

- Hey, guys!

- Ah, Wallace, how fortuitous.

- What do you want, Eddie?

Karen is in there with
a litter of her friends.

So? What you need me for?

I thought you'd want to be
a witness to history.

What's he talkin' about,
Wally?

It means he's too chicken to try and scam on her by himself.

Hey, Lumpy, ain't you late for your shrink appointment?

You promised you weren't gonna tell anyone!

And you trusted me. Big mistake.

[Laughing]

Come on, Wally, a little help?

You're my best friend, right?

That's what you keep tellin' me.

Ah, what a sport.

Hey, can't you read?

No dogs allowed.

Aw, come on, Eddie.

I'm supposed to be watchin' him.

This is for mature audiences only.

Tie him up to a lamppost, and we'll bring him a bowl of kibble.

Just wait here.

This won't take long.

[Laughing, Chattering]

[Sniffs]

[Chattering]

Man, I wish

I were that straw.

- Oh, my God.

- I'll do the talking.

You just stand there and laugh and shake your head, like, "Where the heck does he come up with this stuff?"

Take another step and I'll file a restraining order.

Easy. We come in peace.

Hey. Aren't you

Wally Cleaver?

Yeah. And I guess you already know my friend Eddie?

We've never formally met.

Well, we just came to say hi.

- See ya.
- You don't have to leave yet.
Don't you wanna sit down?
Really?
[Humming]
- Choice wheels.
- Thanks. I got it by lying to my dad.
You ridin' B.M.X., man?
Oh, no. I'm only
allowed on the sidewalk.
Oh, a flatlander.
Let me do some wheelin', huh?
- Y-You wanna ride it?
- Hey, thanks, dude!
Cool!
Where'd you learn
all that stuff?
It's a feel thing.
I got a few more tricks.
Cool!
Can you show me?
Yeah, sure.
I got one you'll never forget.
- Hey!
- Don't worry! I just need
to whip up a little torque.
[Beaver]
Awesome, dude!
Hasta la vista, baby.
Hey!
Hey!
Come back here! Hey!
[Panting]
So, did you feel
the electricity between us?
- You didn't say a word in there.
- Exactly!
A few sorrowful looks,
some well-placed grunts,
just like my man,
Brad Pitt.
[Scoffs]
Come on, Beav.
Let's go home.

- I can't.

- How come?

This cool guy came up
and wanted to show me...
these cool bike tricks,
and I let him ride my bike.
He did these cool bike tricks.
I thought it was pretty cool.
He wanted to show me another
trick, and I let him ride it.
Then he rode away and away
and never came back!

You got your
new bike jacked?

Beav, how could you
let that happen?

I guess it's cause he stole it
a little bit at a time.

Oh, man.

Thanks again
for the ride, Fred.

Don't worry. I won't let you forget it.

[Laughing]

- Well?

- I don't know.

But his hair looks kind of messed up,
like he's been yelled at all day.

You know, Beav, you may have
lucked out, after all.

- Yeah, it's pretty good.

- It's good, Mom.

- It's just delicious.

- Yeah, I cooked dinner.

- Would you pass the meat, please?

- Sure, Dad.

- June, you've outdone yourself.

This meat is outstanding.

- It's great, Mom.

Here you go.

Did you get some bread?

Beaver? Why are you
eating so fast?

So I can be excused.

Don't be in such a hurry.

Tell us everything you did today.
Everything?
Yes, tell us about
your first day of school.
Oh, yeah, school.
I rode my bike there.
My teacher's name is Miss Landers.
She was real nice, but they always are
on the first day so you don't freak.
Then the bell rang and I got on
my bike and left and, uh--
Now I'm talking to you.
May I be excused?
What about after school?
After school?
Uh, what did we do
after school, Wally?
Well, I picked him up on his bike,
just like you told me to.
And then we just did...
stuff.
Yeah, Dad, we did stuff.
Well, what kind of stuff?
Well-- Hey, Mom,
can I have some broccoli?
Are you sure that's all
that happened today?
Oh, yeah, sure.
Right, Beav?
Boys, there's something
bothering you, isn't there?
No, Dad.
Why do you say that?
Well, for one thing,
you hate broccoli.
All right, I'm going to ask you again.
This time I want an honest answer.
Did something happen that you
don't want us to know about?
Yes.
Well?
What was it?
I'm on the football team, and I'm going
to be a doctor, maybe even in Africa.

Beaver.

My bike got "stoled."

Stole?

How could this happen?

You've only had that bike
for five days!

Actually, it's only been four.

Dad, I'm sorry! Honest!

Well, "sorry" isn't gonna bring
back your bicycle, is it?

Or your Ken Griffey Junior
rookie card.

Or your Game Boy.

I'm not even gonna
mention the garage.

Ward, the garage
was not Beaver's fault.

All right, fine.

You're right, dear.

What bothers me is that you have no
respect for your personal possessions.

- Do you?

- No, sir.

- How can you say that?

- I thought that's what
you wanted me to say.

- Ward.

- This is another example
of what happens...

when you're not paying attention,
isn't that right, Wally?

But, Dad,

I didn't do anything.

Exactly. Weren't you supposed to be
looking after your brother today?

- Yeah--

- Well, where were you
when all this happened?

Inside the soda shop
havin' a shake with Eddie.

Oh! Fine! Fine!

We looked everywhere
for it, Dad!

We really expected

a lot more from you, Wally.

Boy, parents are weird, huh?

I mess up, and

they get even madder at you.

[Groans] Hey--

[Groans]

What did ya shove me for?

I'm sick of always

baby-sitting ya.

I'm sick of ya

following me around.

"Hey, Wally, can I come?

Can I play too? Can I, Wally?"

- Shut up!

- Make me, fart breath!

- That's it. I'm telling.

- No! You're not!

- [Beaver Screams]

- You know what bothers me?

When something like this happens, why do they feel they have to cover it up?

Maybe they were afraid

you'd fly off the handle without

giving them a chance to explain.

You didn't disappoint them,

did you?

- [Grunts]

- [Grunting]

When I was growing up, I said

I'd never holler at my kids...

like my dad did,

and I did it again, didn't I?

Why is it all men are more concerned

about their relationships...

with their fathers than they are

their own children?

My father was like that too.

Hmph.

[Beaver Shouts,

Faint]

[Grunting]

- [Growling]

- [Grunting]

[Beaver Grunts]

I got it.
Whoa!
[Shouting]
[Wally Grunts]
Don't let go, Beav.
Don't let go.
- I still think you overreacted.
- Well, maybe you're right, dear.
You know, I ought
to go right up there...
and apologize for losing it.
That would be nice.
I just don't want them to
get off the hook so easily.
Is it too much to ask
for them to accept...
a little responsibility
for themselves?
For what that bike cost,
they can sweat it out a little longer.
[Both Straining]
Come on, Beav.
Thanks. Oops!
Oh, no!
Tsk.
[Grunts]
You know, June, maybe I should give
those boys a little more credit.
- Mm-hmm.
- [Thudding]
[Grunting]
[Grunting Continues]
Whoo! That was close.
Just because you saved my life doesn't
mean I forgot you called me fart breath.
[Grunts, Shouts]
Boys!
[Gulps]
[Barking]
Good afternoon, Mrs. Cleaver. I took
the liberty of bringing you your mail.
Well, thank you, Eddie. But the boys
are grounded so you can't come in.
Do I detect

a new fragrance?

- Would that be patchouli oil?

- Thank you for noticing.

You know, Mrs. Cleaver,
and I say this with all due respect,
for a mom,
you're quite the babe.

[Door Closes]

Uh, behold a prime specimen
of "teenus screw-upius."

What do you want?

You know how it is
when you're driving on the freeway.

You see an accident.

You can't help but look at the wreckage.

Yeah, thanks for
stoppin' by, Eddie.

Now, what I need you to do
is call up my petite flower...
and find out how much she digs
me without sounding like I'm
the guy that put ya up to it.

Oh, yeah?

What's in it for me?

The proud glow you'll feel realizing
you've helped launch a successful union.

And who knows, maybe she has
some nice quiet friend for you.

Forget it, Eddie.

You're not gonna sucker me
into being the go-between.

[Phone Ringing]

Hello?

Um, hello? It's me!

[Laughs]

W-Wally Cleaver.

- Oh, hi.

- [Purring]

Yeah, um, I'm just callin'
out of the blue to,
you know, say hi.

Well, I'm glad you did.

I'm sort of...

having this boy-girl party on Saturday,

and I wanted to invite you.

- Really?

- I wanted to ask you at the soda shop,
but it was a little awkward
with that Eddie standing there.

Yeah, I can understand that.

Enough with the cutesy banter.

Start talkin' me up.

- Do you wanna do this?

- No. Fine.

You know, Eddie's not such a creep
once you get to know him.

Oh, my God. He's standing right
next to you, isn't he?

Yeah, that's--

that's quite true.

I guess I can't invite you
without inviting him too.

- That would be terrific.

- What? What-- [Gasps]

Listen, Wally,

now that you have
my number and all,

next time you're alone,

why don't you give me a call?

It was great talking

to you too, Karen.

Good-bye.

- Something on your mind, Beaver?

- Kinda.

On TV it showed this guy
who used to play football,
but can't anymore on account of
he got tackled so hard.

Come on, Beav. When I was your age,
playing peewee, I took my lumps.

Got knocked down

and I picked myself up.

That's football.

That's a lot like life really.

I just wanna make sure all

my body parts are workin' right.

What are you saying?

You wanna quit the team?

Do I? Thanks, Dad!

What a relief.

Well, you can't.

Why not?

Because first it's this,
next thing you quit school.

Then one day you quit your job,
your marriage and anything else
that gives you trouble in life.

- I can quit school?

- Beaver--

You're not listening to me.

If you really wanna make your dad proud,
then don't be a quitter.

Okay, Dad. I'll quit
tryin' to be a quitter.

Beaver.

You stick with it.

Keep playin' hard.

Who knows? One day you may be riding
a new bike around Mayfield.

[Growls]

[Growling]

[Growls]

[Chattering]

[Man On P.A. System]

Welcome to Centennial Field...

for the opening game
of Mighty Mite football.

Thank you. Oh, boy,
you want some popcorn, huh?

- How are sales, June?

- Good, dear! What would you like?

[Grunting]

[Grunting]

[Both Groaning]

[Announcer] Mayfield will be
kicking off to Oak Park.

[Coach] Okay, everybody,
get ready for the kickoff.

Look alive!

[Whistle Blows]

Beav! Go!

[Whistle Blows]

[Whistle Blows]
Hey! Mayfield!
Don't take uh-uh!
[Announcer] With 38 seconds
left in the game,
Mayfield has a five-point lead
and the ball.
Okay, the rules say
I gotta play everyone.
Let's see.
Cleaver.
Yeah, Coach?
Son, I want you to run
a strong right 28 "T" on go. Got it?
Got it.
All right, fellas! Be strong
out there! Protect that ball!
Go tell the quarterback
the play.
- Oh! I get it.
- [Chuckles]
Go, Beaver!
Strong right 28 "T" on go.
Strong right 28 "T" on go.
So, what's the play?
- Well?
- Uh, I'll be right back.
[Announcer] Seems to be a little
confusion at the Mayfield huddle.
- Go, Beaver!
- Go, Beaver!
- Yeah!
- Break!
[Man] Move it, boys!
Move it!
Down!
Set! Go!
Yeah!
Whoa!
[Grunts]
- Go!
- Yes!
- Yes!
- [Growling]

- Beaver, throw me the ball.

- No!

No!

- What?

- [Spectators Gasping]

- [Whimpers]

- [Spectators Shouting]

[Whistle Blowing]

[Announcer]

Unbelievable! Oak Park wins!

Hey, Beav, how could you throw the ball
to an Oak Park guy?

That was George Tibbles. At camp
we were on the same team in Color War.

Maybe if you started crying,
people would feel sorry for ya.

Don't worry about it, Beav.

You'll get 'em next time.

In fact, I'm looking
forward to it.

Thanks a lot, Eddie.

I am very pleased with the results
of the astronomy test.

Although, there's still
some confusion about Pluto.

While its planetary classification
is still uncertain,
it is definitely
not Mickey's dog.

Rats.

Wow, Beaver, you really
pulled up your grade.

- You got a "C"!

- I did?

Yeah, a "See me after class."

[Laughs]

- [Bell Rings]

- [Gasps]

[Screaming]

Okay. Good-bye, Judy.

Thank you, Judy. Bye-bye.

Theodore, I thought it might be better
if we had a chance to talk in private.

I want you to understand

this is not a punishment.
Don't worry. I know what you look like
when you get mad.
I was there the time you caught
Larry going through your purse.
Theodore,
did you have a chance
to study for this test?
I worked real hard, Miss Landers.
I studied till my head hurt.
I guess I just
didn't get any of it.
- I'd really hate to see ya fall behind.
- Yeah, me too.
Nobody likes being the guy who makes you
listen to the same junk over and over...
that you got bored
listening to in the first place.
I'm sure that's
a terrible feeling.
Would it help if you and I reviewed this
material after school for a few days?
[Whistle Blowing,
Boys Shouting]
[Coach]
Let's go! What are ya doin'?
You mean you'd be willing to help me
after school more than just today?
If you needed to.
If I was real dumb, could we meet every
Tuesday and Thursday until about 4:30?
And maybe even
some Saturdays too?
[Door Slams]
It is the mental errors
that will cause a team to lose.
- I don't wanna name any names--
- Go ahead and say his name
all you want.
Beaver's not here. He's falling behind,
and he's gotta stay after school.
Oh. He will be missed.
[Dog Barking]
[Bicycle Approaching]

[Tires Skidding]

[Chuckling]

[Whirring]

[Humming]

- Hi!

- You're home early.

- June.

- [Vacuum Off]

You're vacuuming in pearls.

You know what that does to me.

Hmm. Stick around.

Later I'll slip into
a pair of oven mitts.

Oh!

Geez! Why don't

you two get a room?

- [Laughs] Wally.

- Oh.

- [Chuckles]

- [Chuckles]

Oh, hi.

I'm just getting home.

- How was practice today?

- Uh, about the same as always, I guess.

I want to talk to you

about your game on Saturday.

You do?

[Gulps]

I'm sorry I can't be there.

I have to go out of town on business.

Oh!

I'll be there the following

Saturday for sure.

You will?

But, Dad, you promised you were
comin' to my game that day.

I did?

Now, boys, your father
can't be two places at once.

You go ahead

and see Wally play, Dad.

He's older than I am, so he's got
a lot less games left in him.

That's very considerate

of you, Beaver.

Yeah, I'm real 'siderate. That's what
it said on my second grade report card.

Come on, my little
football star.

Why don't you go upstairs
and get cleaned up for dinner?

Okay, Mom.

- Hello, Mr. Haskell.

- Hey, Wally.

Oh, I guess nobody skimped
on the aftershave. [Laughs]

So, your first boy-girl party.

[Laughs]

Let me take this opportunity
to impart upon you a little wisdom...

culled from years of
experience in the field.

That's very generous
of you, Dad.

Boys, women are all
a bunch of bloodsuckers,
out to get ya
any way they can.

When they finally succeed
in breaking your spirit,
they'll flush you
like a dead goldfish.

Now, you boys be on your way
and have a great time.

There was a time my brothers
didn't want me tagging around with them.

- Did it bum you out?

- Not really. I'd tag along anyway.

They'd go to the drive-in with their
girlfriends. I'd sit in the backseat--

- Ward.

- Shh.

- Ward?

- Oh, yeah.

We didn't ask if Karen's party
was gonna be chaperoned.

June, please, they're
12-year-old boys. Come on.

Underneath all that
preening and strutting,
they live in wide-eyed fear
of the opposite sex.

No.

Ewww!

I'll be waiting
in the laundry room...
while you two budding
beauties fight it out.

[Together]

Ewww!

So, Tammy, you won, huh?

No, I lost.

Let's just get this over with.

Wow! All new
copper plumbing.

Must have set Karen's
old man back a pretty penny.

Do you not want to do this?

- Don't you?

- Sort of, but not with you.

I can appreciate that.

- Whoo!

- All right! All right!

[Girl]

How was it?

- So, did you?

- Do you even have to ask?

- Wow.

- [Girl] Wally's up.

- Come on, Wally. Yeah.

- Hey, come on, Wally.

[Girl]

Wally, Wally.

You want the lights
on or off?

I think maybe off is better.

- This is pretty awkward, huh?

- Yeah.

But if I have to do this with someone,
I'm glad it's someone I really like.

Really?

You couldn't tell?

I was really trying
not to notice...
because of Eddie and all.
You're a good friend, Wally.
But I don't think you two
will ever be this close.

- Hi, Miss Drucker!

- Hi, Miss Drucker!

- [Laughing]

- [Barking]

[Laughing]

Sorry.

[Shrieking]

- [Camera Clicks]

- [Laughing]

[Quacking]

[Together]

Ewww!

Well, maybe it's like
when you get a new toy,
and after a few days
you get sick of playin' with it.
Looks like he's havin' more fun with her
than I ever did with a Slinky.

- I'm gonna miss Wally.

- He's still my brother.

Beav, the friend or brother
you once knew is dead.

No, Wally's different.

Hey, my brother and I were pretty tight
too, then he got a girlfriend.

Now all we ever do is fight.

- Really?

- Every time she gets mad
at him, I get my butt kicked.

- Don't worry, Beav. You still got us.

- Yeah.

- Let's go.

- [Grunts]

I used to want to stay a kid
my whole life.

But lately, I just
want to get it over with.

[Landers]

Theodore is my best helper.

His lima bean has grown
faster than anyone else's.

But there's a problem,
isn't there, Miss Landers?

Why don't we take a look
at Theodore's "Me" book?

- Oh, it's great.

- Oh! [Laughs]

- His bike.

- Bike.

He did a lovely job with
the bay windows in the front.

At this age, we're looking
for more detail in the drawings.

For example, clothes.

Fingers. Feet?

I hardly think a few missing fingers
is anything to be alarmed over.

Here in class Theodore is having
a lot of trouble keeping up.

I think his self-image
is really suffering as a result.

I took the liberty of discussing this
matter with our principal, Mrs. Rayburn.

She would like a meeting between your
family and our district psychologist.

- Ward?

- Hmm?

I'm worried
about the Beaver.

So, Theodore, why don't you tell
me a little about yourself?

Well, I'm four foot, three.

I go to school, and I got
some European in my blood.

That's very nice.

Do you enjoy school?

Oh, yes, excepting
for "noman ruminals."

That's a tough one,
all right.

So, what do you
like to do for fun?

I'm a normal kid. I like to do normal junk just like normal regular kids do.

The Beaver has always shown a real interest in science.

He's very close with his brother.

And he plays football for the Mayfield Mighty Mites.

I didn't know they played football at that age.

You're never too young to play a sport that teaches you...

self-confidence, coordination, discipline.

- Were you a football player, Ward?

- I played some sandlot.

- Interesting.

- [Ward] Oh!

Wait a minute. I know what you're doing.

I can assure you you're wrong.

- Wrong about what?

- I'm not one of those fathers.

- What do you mean?

- One of those fathers

who push their kids...

to try to fill the gaps

in their own lives.

No, no.

June, back me up here.

I've always felt that eight was a little young to be playing such a violent game.

Oh, really?

I do not think this is the time or place to have this discussion.

Oh, I think learning to have discussions is exactly why we're here.

No. What you really want to do is gang up on me...

for pushing my kids

into sports.

Let me remind you that Wally started playing football the same age as Beaver.

Last year he was M.V.P., an honor student, president of his class.

I don't know many boys his age who can whip up a better Spanish omelet, right?

No. I'm not

who you think I am.

I'm a terrible person.

My best friend just wanted to know

what she thought of him,

and the next thing I knew

we were in her laundry room,

- makin' out.

- Making?

I can't eat. I can't sleep.

My whole body feels heavy.

I can't go on like this any longer,

but I won't give her up!

I won't!

Please, continue.

[Clicks, Whirs]

[Ringing]

I'm sorry, Eddie. I don't believe Wally is expecting you--

Don't think you need to create a smoke screen for your son, Mr. Cleaver.

Wallace and I have discussed

his relationship with Karen...

and ultimately we feel our friendship is strong enough...

to survive some

schoolboy dalliance.

Oh, hello, Eddie.

Beaver's upstairs in his room.

- What? You're here to see Beaver?

- Yes.

We're having

a little PJ party.

Now that Wallace doesn't have as much time as he used to for young Theodore,

I have taken it upon myself

to slip in and fill that void.

Well, I'm gonna sleep

a lot better knowing that.

Oh, hi, Eddie. I got a model.

I rented a video.

And look at these. I got

about a thousand pennies we can wrap up.
Let's get something
straight, Beavis.
I didn't come here to have a good time.
I'm just using you.

Oh.

Wallace, what's the occasion?

Job interview?

Cut it out, Eddie. You know I'm taking
Karen skating tonight.

Oh, sure, throw it in my face.

You're out having a Ice Capade
with my babe, while I watch

Balto with the Beaver.

So we are going
to watch the movie?

- Shut up.

- Eddie, what did you come over for?

-To see how miserable you could make me?

-Pretty much.

Well, I got news for you. Karen was
never interested in you at all.

Then why'd she invite me
to her party?

I made sure she invited you,
because I felt sorry for you.

So, in other words,
you're a backstabber and a liar.

All right. That's it, Haskell.

Let's do it right now!

You know, he just hasn't been the same
since the growth spurt.

Come, Theodore. Last time I was here I
hid pudding pops in back of the freezer.

Hmph!

Boy, Wally, I never knew
you were such a crummy guy.

- Me first!

- I'll race ya!

- All right! Come on!

- Come on!

[Laughing]

Come on.

Karen, I-I was thinking...

-that maybe if tonight went real well...

-[Boy] Karen!

- that--

- Kyle!

- [Gasps]

- [Laughs]

- Hey.

- I thought you, like, moved?

My mom booked, so now we're
living with my dad's parents.

- It sucks, but I'm never home anyway.

- Yeah.

Oh, this is my--

Uh, this is Wally.

- Cool sweater.

- Nice earring.

Kyle and I grew up

across the street from each other.

- We used to, like, take baths together.

- Ha, ha.

Ha, ha. Ha.

- [Keyboard Keys Clicking]

- Hey, Eddie, did you know there was...

a real dog named Balto,
and he cured diphtheria?

Well, I'll be.

Your old man's always cryin' poverty,
but he's sittin' on a sweet nest egg.

Are you supposed to be
looking at all that stuff?

What's with you? Don't you like
doin' things you're not supposed to?

I would if I could
get away with 'em,
but I'm just not
as good at it as you are.

[Clicks, Tone Strikes]

It's a good thing you found out
what a rat your brother is now,
instead of waitin' for when they're
carvin' up your old man's estate.

Yeah, I've been real

'spicious of him...

since that time at the Twin Pools when

he held me underwater.
I'm tellin' ya,
ya just can't trust the guy.
I think we should sneak off to the
skating rink, spy on the little gigolo.
I don't think my parents
would like that.
What to do.
What to do.
Mom! Dad! Can we
camp out in the backyard?
Far be it from me to inhibit
the boy's sense of adventure.
[Eddie] "...in the living room, while
my parents either read or play Scrabble.
Come time to go to bed, it took several
times to get the Nintendo shut off."
I'm not so sure I like Eddie
being so nice to the Beaver.
Oh, now, Ward, if you gave the boy half
a chance, he might just surprise you.
Maybe so, but there's
something about him I just don't trust.
[Eddie]
"He said I was crazy.
[Eddie Continues,
indistinct]
"Well, something about that TV
must have been bothering me.
"Because I just laid awake
in bed staring at the ceiling.
The more I tried not to feel
scared, the scarer I became."
[Chattering]
[Beaver]
There's Karen.
But where's Wally?
There he is,
pickin' up splinters.
Hey, babe, let me
go grab my stuff,
then we can blow
outta here.
- Thanks for the fizz, bud.

- Anytime.
Listen, Wally,
I hope you don't mind?
Kyle's really upset.
He really needs someone to talk to.
Are you mad at me?
No. I mean, it's obvious
the guy's got a lot of problems.
Thanks. You're
such a nice guy.
[Kissing Sound]
I wish people
would quit saying that.
She dumped him.
Once again, fate has
dealt me a winning hand.
If Wally hadn't have stole Karen
from you, you'd be the one down there...
Lookin' like you're about ready
to cry in front of the whole world.
So, in a way, it's kind of
like Wally did you a favor.
So then at the ice skating rink, right?
I'm skating, and I'm--
- Hey, dude!
- Hey, Kyle!
- Dig the ride.
- Thanks. Stole it from some kid.
So, uh, who's the Betty?
Uh, just some chick.
I stole her from some guy.
Oh! See ya later.
See ya, man.
Hey, Karen. Pizza?
So, back to the story
about the ice skating rink--
- Hey, Romeo.
- What are you guys doin' here?
Just educating young Theodore
on the perils of teen dating.
Wait. Were you guys
at the rink?
[Beaver] But don't worry, Wally.
We still love you.

Hey, look, my bike!
Come back here!
Give me back my bike!
[Wally] Come on! Come on!
Stop, you thief!
Let's get him!
[Wally]
Hurry up!
Where'd he go? There he is.
Get back here!
- Hmm?
- [Beaver] Hey, you, come back here!
- Fish!
- Whoa!
- Ewww!
Adios, amigos!
Good evening,
Mrs. Hensler.
And what a fine automobile
you're driving tonight.
- What are you boys doing here?
- Well, Wallace, um,
Theodore and myself just got
a sudden craving for sushi.
Ha!
Hey, that was
Mrs. Hensler.
[Wally]
Big mouth.
[Together]
Dad! We gotta get home!
[Phone Ringing]
- Hello?
- Ward, Claire Hensler.
Isn't it a little late
for Beaver to be vandalizing a
fish market on a school night?
Beaver's not vandalizing a
fish market on a school night.
He's safely tucked away in a tent in our
backyard, listening to scary stories.
What a relief.
What I must have seen was only the clone
of young Theodore covered in mackerel.

Despite what you may think,
I know my boys better than you do.
- [Phone Slams, Dial Tone Hums]
- [Chuckles]
Beav, stay back.
You smell rank!
- [Thudding]
- Eddie.
[Eddie] "My mouth got dry,
and my heart started thumping so hard.
I thought it was going to
come clear out of my chest."
[Whistling]
- Oh!
- [Tires Screeching]
- Sorry again, mister!
- [Sighs]
[Grunts]
Ick!
[Eddie]
"...downstairs.
"I walked into the living room
and checked out the TV.
"It was real warm, as if someone
had just been watching it.
"Then out of nowhere,
it pops on...
"and begins to play that same weird
Nintendo game I saw earlier.
"Well, I almost
jumped out of my skin.
"To make matters worse,
the piano...
"begins to sound off
with a strange little song.
I turned back
to stare at the cat--"
- W-Wally?
- Shh. This is the good part.
All right.
Good night, boys.
[Sniffs] Anyone ever hear
the word bath?
"Pepper is strutting

across the keys.

His tail straight up
behind him."

Scary stories just aren't as scary
when you don't have a bike anymore.
Yeah, they're not that great when
you don't have a girl anymore either.
Maybe I should get something stolen
from me so I can join you two mopesters.
You better help us
get that bike!

[Bell Ringing]

Okay, good work, everybody.

Don't forget.

We have a spelling pretest tomorrow.
Wanna come over to my house and watch my
sister making out with her boyfriend?

I can't. I got
"football" practice.

Oh, right. Gotcha.

I've been having a hard time
keeping up with the math stuff again.

Maybe we should
go over it some more.

I'm sorry. I won't be
able to help you today.

I have a teacher's conference,
but maybe Judy could help you.

Certainly, Miss Landers!

I sure would hate to see
Beaver get left behind.

Thank you, Judy. I'm sure
Theodore will be in very good hands.

[Drum roll]

All right!

Sit down and shut up!
You're gonna learn this stuff
if I have to shove it down your throat!
And where do you think
you're going, Beaver Cleaver!
Thanks anyway, Judy, but I'd rather go
through third grade a hundred times...
than listen to your ugly voice
for one minute.

- Gee, Larry, take a breath.

- [Chattering]

Hello, Beaver.

Oh. Hi, Karen.

Go ahead. Ask him.

[Karen]

Uh--

Beaver, so, how's

Wally been doing?

He's been kind of crummy.

Why has he been so crummy?

Lately he's had the same look
on his face the Hunchback did...

when Esmeralda ran off
with the good-looking guy.

Bye, Beaver.

Hey, we got an hour and a half
to kill till practice is over.

Wanna go to the library?

Okay. We can look at
that National Geographic...

with the native girls
of Chiluga.

- Yeah.

- Hey, Beav, you gonna eat that?

Mm-mm.

[Fred]

Well, Frank, you did it again.

Now, come on. Get outta here
before I call Security.

- Bye-bye.

- Bye!

- Bye-bye.

- Thanks again.

That is how the game
is played, Ward, old man.

Drill 'em, fill 'em
and bill 'em.

Take notes and one day, maybe,
you'll have a corner office.

I'll say this, Fred.

What I saw today, I'm sure
they don't teach in any business school.

Learn it, use it

and pass it on.
The best part is, I finally have time
to make it to one of Beaver's games.
So long, Fred.
It's due back
on the 19th.
I want to check this out.
Hey, Beav, look.
That's the biggest
coffee cup I've ever seen.
Hey, that place
finally opened, huh?
Yeah, and I can't wait to have
my first iced "mochaccino."
Hey, it's you!
Give me back my bike!
Your bike? I get the feelin'
I'm being accused of somethin' here.
You know what he's
talkin' about, Kyle?
Yeah. You stole his bike,
and he wants it back.
Give me my bike back,
or I'll call my brother.
You mean, Wally?
Doesn't he have enough trouble
hanging onto his own belongings?
I'll tell you what.
I'll make you a deal.
Me and Kyle have been arguing
about that big cup up there.
He says there's coffee in it,
and I say there isn't.
It's probably not coffee. They probably
got a machine up there that makes steam.
That's what I said,
but the sign says it's coffee,
and Kyle thinks there's a law
against fake advertising.
So what's the deal?
You climb up there
and prove I'm right...
and that there's no coffee in it,
I'll give you your bike back.

You want me to
climb up there? No way!
I guess you're right, man.
This kid here, he's got no spine.
Come on, man. Let's blow outta here.
I gotta meet Karen.
Wait. How do I know once I get up there,
you'll really give me my bike back?
Dude, what other choice
you got?

[Sighs]

[Snickers]

[Grunting]

[Shouting]

[Coach] Let's see some hustle now.

Come on. Move it!

- There's so sign of the Beaver.

- Maybe he was drafted by the Packers.

[Fred Laughing]

Ah! There he is.

Surprise, Beaver.

Oh! Uh, have a good game, son.

Go get 'em!

Boy, it's high up here.

It just looks that way,
'cause you're way up there.

But from down here,
it's not that high at all.

[Panting]

Coach Gordon?

Hello. Ward Cleaver.

Oh, yeah, hi.

How are ya?

- This is Fred Rutherford.

- Coach.

So, your son doing
any better in school?

Pardon?

That's why he had to leave
the team, so he could get
extra help after school, right?

Geez, you'll have
to excuse me, Coach.

I seem to find myself

out of the loop on this one.

[Grunts]

- Whoa!

- Come on, Beav! Quit screwin' around!

[Grunting]

You made it, Beaver!

You made it!

Hey, Larry!

I can't see inside!

Whoa!

[Grunts]

Hey, guess I win the bet!

I didn't hear a splash.

- Do I get my bike back now?

- Deal's a deal.

Come on down and get it.

- I can't get out!

- Are you welching on your deal?

- Kids today!

They just got no moral code.

- Yeah.

Hey, Larry, I'm gonna

be stuck in here forever.

Okay, okay, don't panic.

I'll get the police.

No, the cops will tell my

parents, and then they'll find

out I quit the football team!

If that's what you're worried about,

you deserve to be seeing a shrink.

[Feet Scraping Side]

[Whistling]

Wally! What are you doing?

We're gonna be having dinner soon.

Don't worry, Mom.

I'll be done by then.

Hello, dear.

How was your day at the salt mines?

June, where's the Beaver?

Um, he's at his game.

No, he's not. They haven't

seen him in two weeks.

I think this is one of those

conversations I should go upstairs for.

Wally, your father and I need
to know what's goin' on right now.
Okay, but if you
don't mind me saying so,
I don't think that going and thrashing
on the Beaver is gonna help any.
I was not planning
to thrash on anyone, Wally.
I'd just like to know what's
going on under my own roof.
All right.

[Sighs]

Well, we all
like the Beaver,
except we all know
he's not the smartest guy...
or the best-lookin' and that he's got
a tendency to lose things.
Your point being?

The guy's got enough
trouble in his life...
without always havin' to
worry about lettin' ya down.

- [Doorbell Rings]

- I'll get it.

Hi, Mrs. Cleaver.

I sure hope you're
in a good mood.

[Giggles Nervously]

[Siren Wailing]

Stand back!

Step aside here!

[Dispatcher On Police
Radio, indistinct]

Hey, Wally, looks like we just crowned
a new village idiot.

[Helicopter Whirring]

Ah, Mr. Cleaver,

I hope you're as moved...
by this fine show of civic support
for your second born as I am.

- Be right back.

- Okay.

I might add, Mrs. Cleaver,

even in the most dire circumstances...

you look as though you've
just walked off the runway.

- Eddie.

- Yes, Mrs. Cleaver.

Cut the crap.

Things are really percolating

here in downtown Mayfield...

as a little boy,

caught in a giant coffee cup,

has refused attempts

by rescue personnel to extricate him.

Now it appears that that job has landed

on the shoulders of his father.

- Th-That's Dad!

- Beaver?

Oh!

- [Helicopter Whirring]

- Hello, Beaver.

- You all right?

- Yes, sir.

If it's okay, I'd rather you yell at me
up here than in front of the whole town.

I have no intention
of yelling at you.

You say that now, but you just might
forget once you hear everything.

I know all about

the football team, Beaver.

Thanks a lot, Wally.

The problem isn't who I heard it from.

It's that I didn't hear it from you.

- I wanted to tell ya, Dad!

- Then why didn't ya, Beav?

'Cause I couldn't

decide which was worser:

screwin' up by playin'

or screwin' up by quittin'.

Either way, I didn't want to
go disappointin' ya again.

Why would you say

something like that?

'Cause it's true.

Ever since my bike got stole,

you've been
givin' me the look.
What look is that?
It's a look like you don't like what
I'm doin', but you don't wanna tell me.
Beaver, I don't
give you any--
Oh, I do that, huh?
My dad used to do that.
Used to make me feel like nothin'
I ever did was good enough for him.
If you didn't like it when
your dad gave you the look,
then why'd you
give it to me?
Well, Beaver, I--
I guess I just forgot
what it felt like...
to be a little boy.
Maybe one day
when you're in my shoes,
you won't make some of
the same mistakes with your son.
Yeah, but if I grow up
and have as dumb a kid as me,
it'd be hard
not to want to belt him.
[Laughs]
Oh, Beav.
You know what unconditional
love is, Beaver?
Uh-uh.
It means that
when you're a parent,
you love your children
exactly the same,
no matter if they get straight A's
or stuck in a giant coffee cup.
- You understand?
- Well, sure, I get it, Dad,
'cause that's the way
I feel about you.
Oh, Beaver.
Thank you, son.

That's the nicest thing
anyone has ever said to me.
Let's get out of this steam bath.
What do you say? Come on.
Hey, Dad, now that we talked
about all this junk,
do you think it'd be all right
if I sorta went back to the team?
You don't have to play football, Beaver,
or do anything you don't want to,
except take a bath.
It's just next week the game's against
Benton, and we're gonna get killed,
so all the parents will probably
buy us pizza to make us feel better.
[Laughs]
Come on. Up you go.
I got ya.
[Grunts]
[Crowd Cheering]
Yay!
- [Whistle Blows]
- Go, Mayfield!
Don't forget to visit the Mayfield
Harvest Festival after the game.
Here we are. Look at this beautiful
chocolate pie.
Look at that. You were
last year's winner, weren't you?
- Come on, Stacy!
- [Girl] Coming, Judy.
Here we go.
- Here you go.
- Hey, this is good.
- Hey, Kyle, could you get me a soda?
- Oh, sure.
I'm a little short.
You got a buck?
Be right back, babe.
- Hey, couple of sodas.
- [Man] Sure thing.
Thanks, bud.
[Announcer] Time-out, Mayfield, with
ten seconds left in the game.

- Hey, Karen! Here's your soda.

- Thanks.

Hey, man,

let's get some popcorn.

Yeah, but you

better stay here.

You might see something

that'll kill your appetite.

- You wanna go to the festival?

- Sure.

- Cool.

- Yeah.

Mayfield is down to its final play,

trailing Benton 24 to 20.

[Giggles]

Hi, everybody.

If you're worried about us

jumping all over you for losin'

that game for us, forget it.

Yeah. The coach said makin' fun

of a guy is un sportsmanlike.

- Thanks, guys.

- Huddle up!

[Together]

We are alive! Go!

So, uh, what's the play?

Oh! Pass protection,

86 on go.

- Ready!

- Break!

[Whistle Blows]

- Come on!

- Go, Beaver!

Down! Set!

- Go!

- [Grunting]

- There goes Beaver!

- Go, Beaver!

[Grunts]

- [Crowd Cheering]

- Go, Cleaver! Run!

- Run, Beaver!

- Run!

- Cleaver, run!

- Come on, Beaver!
- Run!
- Oh, no! Wrong way!
- Cleaver's running the wrong way...
- Stop him!

toward the Benton goal line!

- Beaver!
- [Grunting]

Cleav--

My bike! Stop!

- Come on!
- Come back here!

Go!

- Go!
- Go, Beaver!

[Coach]

Go, Cleaver! Go!

- [Whistle Blows]
- Touchdown!

[Announcer] Unbelievable!

Cleaver scores! Mayfield wins!

[Panting]

- You want some fudge?
- Sure.
- How about a brownie?
- Okay.
- Hey, bro.
- Give me back my bike!

[Kyle Laughing]

Go, brother! Go!

- What a loser family.
- Oh, yeah?

Aah!

- Aah!
- Nobody messes with my brother!

I'll be right back.

Here. You need

a little bit of topping.

[Murmuring]

[Gasps]

One hot dog with mustard.

Here you go, sir.

- Hey! Hey!
- Careful!

Whoa!

[Grunts]

- Not again!

- Ooh!

[Gasps]

- Ha, ha, ha.

- [Groans]

Yes!

- Gotcha!

- All right, Beav!

- Nice dress, Judy.

- [Gasps]

[Beaver Humming]

[Beaver Humming]

[Humming Continues]

Give it a rest, Beav.

You're gonna be so tired from polishing it, you won't be able to ride it.

Don't worry about that. I figure it's a lot safer if I don't ride it anymore.

- Come on, boys. Time for bed.

- [Humming]

Beaver, this bike isn't going to stay up here forever, is it?

Oh, no, Mom. When I get married, I'll move it into my new house.

Well, good night, Wally.

- Good night, Mom.

- Good night. [Kissing Sound]

- Good night, Beaver.

- Night, Wally.

- [Kissing Sound]

- [Sighs]

Hey, maybe we can make an exception tonight about me giving you a kiss.

Yeah, Dad, I guess it wouldn't kill anybody.

- Good night, Beaver. [Kissing Sound]

- Good night.

Dad, even though

I'm playing football, it might still be okay for you to read to me now and then, wouldn't it?

Are you sure

about that, Beaver?
I figure I'm not gonna
be a little kid forever.
So we ought to do as much
of this kind of junk while we still can.
"Now, Dottie the Dinosaur
had never seen a human being before.
"Such a tiny creature who only walks
on two legs and eats berries.
"'Couldn't be much
of a hunter,' said Dottie.
"'I heard that,' Billy cried to
the towering beast above him.
"'Could you speak up?' Dottie said.
'I can barely hear you down there.'
"Billy could hardly imagine
what the next insult...
"coming out of this long-necked,
sharp-toothed, drooling beast would be.
"And as Billy
started to walk away,
"a big leathery-fanged paw scooped
him up and held him to its nose.
"But this time, in a quieter,
sweeter voice, Dottie said...
with what seemed like a tear
running down her cheek--"
Hey, Dad, I really
like the way you read to me.
Why, thank you, Beaver. You wouldn't
be suckin' up again, would ya, son?
Oh, no, Dad. It's still a while
till Christmas.
"'Well, what did she
look like,' Billy said--"
[Continues Reading,
indistinct]