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# W.C. Fields: 6 Short Films

By Unknown

Ever since you came down here to | Florida, you've positively ignored me.  
- I never saw anything like it. You men are all alike. | - But...  
Well, I think you're a naughty, | mean man, to make poor itty me cold.  
- I'm not gonna let you go without me. | - Oh, why...  
Seen my wife around?  
- Huh? | - There.  
- So, it's you, is it? | I've been laying for you...  
for the last | three or four days,  
- Now I'd like to see you. | - Murder!  
- You can't do this to me! | - I can't, eh? I'm doin' it.  
- You're gonna get in a lot of trouble. | - Help! Help!  
- I'd say the same to you, if you take advantage. | - Murder! Help!  
Say, can't I leave you | alone for one minute,  
without one of these guys | trying to flirt with you?  
Huh? Oh.  
Now, if any of these birds | annoy you, just let me know.  
Yes, hubby dear.  
Gee, did you see what he did | to that poor fellow?  
Boy, that house detective's | wife is going to get some guy murdered.  
She'll flirt with anybody | that wears pants.  
Not me, little bright-eyes.  
- I'm going to join your party. | - Oh, yeah?  
Well, of all the nerve...  
Hey, you. Is there a gig by the name | of J. Effington Bellwether...  
camping in this joint?  
- Mr. Bellwether is out. | - Well, he'll be out like a light...  
if he don't come through | with the 40 bucks he owes me...  
for taking him out | in me fishing boat.  
Why, the chiseler's been | giving me the runaround for me dough!  
And I'm gonna take it | out of his hide.  
You tell | the big lob that.  
Oh, Mr. Bellwether is a guest in this | hotel. I can't deliver any such  
message.  
- But if you care to, leave him a note. | - Well, I've brought me thumb.  
Will youse write | it out for me?  
Certainly. | Pleasure.  
Well, commence, then.  
"Dear Mr. Bellwether:  
"Listen, you four-flushin' | horse collar.  
"If you don't come through | with the jack you owe me,  
"I'll knock your | sappy-lookin' block off.  
"There ain't no heel | like you...  
"gonna put nothin' | over on me...  
"without gettin' a knuckle massage.

"Affectionately Yours,  
Deep Sea McGurk, alias | the Slaughterhouse Kid. "  
Finished. | You know, uh...  
- Okay. | - Hey-ho.  
Happy days are here... | Hello, Walter.  
- How do you do, Mr. Bellwether? | - Any telegrams, cablegrams, radios...  
- Televisions... | - Yes, sir. A little note.  
A little note? | Oh, thank you, Walter.  
Thank you, | my bonny boy.  
Hmm. J. Effington Bellwether, | that's me.  
Silly little girl.  
Ah!  
Dangerous things, | those lighters.  
I bought one in | Copenhagen one time.  
It was a combination | cigar lighter and matchbox.  
The matches | were very good.  
- Hey, mister! | - Uh, hello little boy. I'm...  
- Would you give me a dollar? | - Oh, it's a little girl.  
Hello, little girl. | How old are you?  
Five years old.  
- Five years old! | - Would you give me a dollar to put in my bank?  
I'll give you a dollar | to put in your bank...  
- If you'll sing me a song. | - Give me the dollar first.  
Ah, you're more than five. | Go on, get out of here.  
- Aw, come on. Gimme a dollar. | - Come on, scram. Oom-scray. Get away.  
I don't care.  
I got \$50 | in my bank already.  
- You have \$50 in your bank? | - Yes.  
Ah...  
Probably has a pin | sticking in her, yes.  
Well, well, Mr. Bellwether. | What are you doing down in Florida?  
Oh, I was, uh, just | negotiating for a bank.  
- That's your little girl? | - I don't know whose little girl it is,  
but she's trying to get money out of me.  
She's a wonderful | little child, though.  
I was just playing | with her silken hair.  
- You can lift me up by my hair if you want to. | - Just as silk and  
beautiful...  
"I can lift her up | by her hair if I want to. "  
- She's as game as a pebble. | - Lift me up!  
Look at that! | Isn't it wonderful?  
It really is remarkable. | And light as a feather.  
Come on! Lift me up! | Lift me up!  
She wants me to do it again!

You know, it really is | something to be proud of.  
Yes, it's marvelous, you little minx, | you... you wonderful little gal.  
- Lift me way up! | - Wants me to lift her way up.  
Wants me to show it | to everybody in the hotel. Look.  
Why, it's little...  
Little, uh...  
Say, was that guy | trying to flirt with you?  
Who?  
Oh, you big silly, there hasn't been | a man anywhere near me.  
Oh, don't try to kid me. If I catch | him playin' around you again, I'll...  
- pulverize him! | - Oh, you're such a big brute!  
Now, if any of these fellows | make any wise cracks to you,  
just tip me off!  
All right, Daddy dear.  
How do you do?  
Oh, I beg your pardon.  
Rather silly of me, wasn't it? | Now, was that your father?  
- Oh, no. | - And he was about to strike you?  
Well, perhaps he would have, | if you hadn't been here.  
Why, the great | hulking brute.  
You know, I've never | struck a woman in my life.  
- You haven't? | - Not even my own mother.  
Oh, I could see that | you were the very soul of kindness.  
Oh, I'm very kind,  
but of course I can be cruel | if needs be.  
- You can! | - Oh, a veritable tiger!  
But you have courage | written all over you.  
It's the laundry marks, dear.  
Oh, they're going | to play golf.  
Oh, it must be wonderfully romantic | and secluded out on the golf course.  
Oh, it's a marvelous game. | I'm going to play this afternoon myself.  
- Would you like to join me? | - Ooh, I'd love to!  
- Do you play? | - Oh, no. I wouldn't even know which end of the caddy to  
use.  
Oh, but you do know | something about it.  
Permit me.  
Thank you.  
Oh, I just love it out here.  
- So nice and green and everything. | - Yes, it is.  
Rather "park-y" | this morning, though.  
I have never been on such a crowded | golf course in all my life.  
You little sissy.  
Did you bring | a ball with you?  
Wonderful.

Now, stand clear, | and keep your eye on the ball.

- Everything is form. | - Mm-hmm.

This is what they call | the "explosion shot" from the tee.

- It won't hurt you. | It won't hurt you at all.

- Oh. | - Stand clear, boy.

Wrong club.

- What? | - Wrong club. Try this putting niblick.

A "putting niblick"?

Really, the little chap doesn't | understand the nomenclature of the game.

Now, stand clear, boy, | and keep your eye on the ball.

No, I have it.

Stan...

It's all right. | Come here.

Stand back here. He gets | all hot and bothered about nothing.

I lost a very dear friend | in the Canary Islands many years...

What are you doing | with a club like this in the bag?

Don't play | with these clubs.

I lost a very dear friend in | the Canary Islands many years ago.

- How dreadful! | - Chap by the name of Pumphrey Pothelwhistle.

- Oh-ho, what a funny name. - Ah, he's | one of the Pothelwhistles from Twickenham.

If you've ever been | to Twicken...

Stop that, will you?

Fore!

- Whoo! Quite a driver! | - Yes, he is.

Yes. | Yes, he is.

Mm.

Hmm. Yeah.

Yes, we lost old Pothelwhistle in the | Canary Islands. He was kicked to death.

- Oh, that's a shame! | - Yes, kicked to death by two infuriated canary birds.

- Oh, why is that? | - Someone had been feeding them meat.

I happ... | Excuse me. I...

- Anything strange about this, love? | - It does look rather odd.

Yes. I think the shaft is warped. | Give me another bat.

Ha-ha, that's better!

- That's much better. | - Yes.

- Now, stand clear, boy, and | keep your eye on the ball.

This is what they call "hitting past | the chin," as I told you before.

Gives you a remarkable shot.

What have you got here, | after all?

A pie!

Fancy bringing a pie | to a golf course.

A pint, yes.  
But a pie, never.  
Why, it's like, uh...  
It's like carrying...  
carrying, uh...  
something or other...  
somewhere or other,  
as the case may be.  
Now, you stand clear | and keep your eye on this ball.  
Stand clear, boy. | Keep your eye on the ball.  
Stand cl...  
- Quite a breeze. | - Yes, it is quite a breeze.  
Yes, there is. | Quite a breeze. Yes.  
Here's your overcoat.  
Now, stand clear, boy, | and keep your eye on the ball.  
- As I say, this is | "hitting past the chin. "  
Yes.  
- Hitting as far past the | chin as possible. - Mm-hmm.  
Never stand close to the ball | after you hit it.  
- Sounds like one of those birds | that fly backwards.  
- Stand clear, boy. | Keep your eye on the ball.  
He's coming this way.  
- Gives me the creeps. | - Me, too.  
- Stop that, you! | Stop acting... Stand still.  
Now, you stand clear and keep your eye | on the ball. Stand still.  
Don't get moving 'round here | with those inhabited feet of yours.  
As I was saying, it requires | a great deal of quiet nerve...  
And slow...  
Stand still and | keep your eye on the ball.  
I'm sorry, dear. | Did I lose my temper, huh?  
What is it? | Ohh!  
Godfrey Daniel. | Tsk, tsk.  
Wring your neck.  
Aah.  
Put your foot | on that, will you?  
I wouldn't have you again | with me as a caddy...  
for all the tea in China.  
Tea or coffee or chop suey | or whatever it is they have there.  
I said I'd like | to wring your neck.  
Like to wash it first, | and then give it a good wring.  
Give it a "wring" | they'd hear for...  
miles.  
Miles.  
- Would you take that out, please? | - Oh, yes, of cour...

Thank you. Put it in there, | will you, girl? Thank you.  
- This is really disgusting. | - Oh, it's terrible!  
- I'm sorry that you had to see this. | - Oh, that's all right.  
Now, stand clear | and keep your eye on the ball.  
Stand still!  
Ooh!  
Keep your eye | on the ball.  
Mm-hmm.  
- Hello, Sheriff. | - How are you?  
The sheriff is looking | for Mr. Bellwether.  
Ohh.  
- Well, where is he? | - He's out playing golf with your wife.  
With my wife? | Come on! Holy smoke, let's get him.  
- There it is. | - Huh?  
- There! | - Where?  
- On the end of your club. | - Oh...  
- So it is, so it is! | - Oh, yes!  
What an eye he has.  
Now, you stand clear | and keep your eye on the ball.  
Oh, I've forgotten something.  
Huh? Oh.  
Probably forgotten | her horse.  
Well, I won't | need it anyway.  
Won't need a horse. | Want to ride it...  
I won't need it either!  
Here's a club for you | for short holes.  
Now, stand clear, | and keep your eye on the ball.  
I lost a horse one time. I forgot him | and left him down the Grand Canyon.  
Grand Canyon and...  
That's a beautiful camel | you have with you.  
Crazy about me.  
Now, stand clear, boy, and keep... | Don't stand there.  
Don't you know I'll smite you | on the sconce with this truncheon?  
He's standing right... | and go, boom away!  
Great, silly boy.  
- I'll have to have it reblocked. | - Oh, that's a shame.  
Yes.  
Thanks! | Thanks for nothing!  
You stand clear | and keep your eye on this ball.  
As I was saying, this is | "hitting past the chin. "  
- Mm-hmm. | - Stand clear, boy.  
So it's you, is it?  
I'd like to take | this club and...  
- I'll tee that up, dear. | - All right.

Now, stand clear and | keep your eye on the ball.  
Another thing I forgot | to tell you was...  
keep the wrists | together.  
- Never let the wrists separate. | Take the club back slow...  
Now, now. | Ooh!  
As I was saying before, you've got | to keep the wrists close together.  
Never let the wrists...  
Keep the wrists close together.  
Close together. | Never let the wrists separate.  
Keep them close together.  
Keep the wrists | close together.  
- Where are my glasses? | - They're on your head.  
Oh. Yeah. | Right.  
- Where's the newspaper? | - You're sitting on it.  
Oh.  
Land o' goshen. | Another baby.  
Up until May, uh-huh.  
Say, | that's a funny one.  
- Look. | - Fifty pounds, and chop it fine.  
"Mrs. Unclebeck... " | What do you mean,  
"fifty pounds | and chop it fine"?  
- Oh, I thought you were Arthur. | - Who's Arthur?  
He's the man | I intend to marry.  
Oh, well don't tell me anything | about it. I'm only your father.  
I can read it in the newspaper. | What does he do?  
- Well, he's the iceman. | - An iceman?  
- Yeah, he goes to college. He's a Cornell man. | - Iceman!  
- Red Grange was an iceman. | - He's still an iceman, as far as I'm  
concerned.  
Put it down there | and get out.  
Okay.  
Go. | And stay out.  
Now, you're so smart. How are you | going to get it in the icebox?  
I'll put it in myself.  
Listen, don't ever do | that... that to me!  
Oh, God.  
Hello, hello, hello.  
No, he's not in.  
- Oh, hello, Frobisher. | - I've been waiting for ya!  
I'll meet you on the first tee. | Hurry up over.  
Okay, Charlie. Okay. | I'll be over in a half a tick.  
Okay. All right.  
Did you put the ice in the icebox? | - Yeah.  
- How'd you do it? | - It was easy.



- Where are my golf clubs? | - In your golf bag.  
Yeah, but where is the golf... bag?  
- You just fell over it. | - Yeah. I see that.  
Look at that. | Look at that.  
I don't know. Where did that | good old driver go?  
Oh, that's enough.  
- What's my first appointment this morning? | - Miss Pepitone, at 10:30.  
Well, I just have time | for 18 holes.  
- Where's my cap? | - You never wear any.  
- Oh, yeah. That's right. | - Where's the ice?  
- In the icebox! | - There's just a little piece left.  
Now I'll have | to get some more.  
Keep that iceman out of here. | I'm gonna order a Frigidaire.  
- That's mine. | - Oh, yeah.  
Well, we can't | look for it all day.  
We've been at it | twenty minutes now,  
and I got to get back | to the office at half past ten.  
- I'm gonna drop another ball. | - Okay, drop another.  
If it isn't unfair | to either of you gentlemen,  
- I can tell you where the ball is. | - Where?  
Under that leaf.  
Thanks.  
"If it isn't unfair to either of us. " | We've been looking for the ball 20  
minutes.  
- Fore! | - I'd wait a minute. They're still on the green.  
Well, let 'em | get out of the way.  
- This is certainly a great game | for your health.  
"A ball lying in | a sprinkler connection...  
may be dropped without penalty, | no nearer the hole. "  
Get those teeth out of there too. | They're right in my line.  
- Two. | - You can't do that!  
What do you mean, I can't do it? | Read the card.  
- You had one strok... | - Dropped in the wa... Wha... Don't.  
- You had two strokes... | - Don't quibble. Don't quibble. Don't quibble.  
- Snappy little hole. Don't you think so? | - Yes, it is.  
Give me | the mashie niblick.  
Mashie niblick... | Oh, thanks.  
Fore!  
What are they doing? | Having a basket party over there?  
Get rid of those ducks.  
Don't stand there! | Stand over here!  
Those ducks are | throwin' me off.  
Over again.  
Don't stand behind me | when I'm shooting!

- You told me to stand over there, sir. | - Never mind where I told you to stand.

You stand | where I tell ya.

That kid's so dumb | he doesn't know what time it is.

- Say, by the way, what time is it? | - I don't know.

**- 10:**

Now, stand clear and | keep your eye on the ball.

Oh, wait. | You can't do that.

What do you mean | I can't do that?

I can do anything | I want to do.

You can take this golf course and...

- Hello, Joe. | - Hiya, Doc.

- How about a little golf? | - Ah, just threw my clubs away.

- What, again? | - The funniest thing happened.

I'm takin' my second stroke. I bean an | old geezer on the sconce with my ball.

Right near the green. | It was headed for the pin.

The ball rolls back | into a water connection.

I pick it up, | drop it over my shoulder,

it dribbles down | into the hole!

- I'm down in two. | - Well, uh...

What do you mean, "Well"? | They gave me the same argument.

I'm down in two. | Look at the back of the card.

They wanted me to do it over again, | after I had a fine drop.

- Where's the soap? | - It's in your hand.

Huh? Oh.

- How 'bout tomorrow, Doc? | - Uh, what time?

- Oh, about... | - No, I won't be able to go.

- Why not? | - I'm going duck shooting.

- Well, I'll run along... | - Say, boy. You should have been there.

- What? | - I took this mashie niblick, see...

I hit this straight shot for the pin.

It beans this old geezer.

- Down into the water connection | it goes. Coming back...

Oh, to hell with her!

- Drops into | the water connection, I pick it up...

and drop it over my shoulder | and down into the hole it goes!

- Well, I'll give you a ring tomorrow, Doc. | - Okay.

Were they burned up!

You could have fried eggs | on the back of his neck.

Send her in.

How do you do? | Will you sit down?

Put it in here, please.

You won't hurt | my leg, will you?  
My doctor says | I have a very bad leg.  
Your doctor | is off his nut.  
I don't believe | in doctors, anyway.  
There's a doctor lives | right down the street here.  
Treated a man | for yellow jaundice for nine years,  
and then found out | he was a Jap.  
- You know, a little dog bit me the other day. | - Dr. Coolataw.  
He bit me right here.  
- Dog bit you? | - Yes. It was a little dachshund.  
- Oh, yeah. | - A little tiny dog, but he sneaked up behind me...  
and bit me | right like that!  
You're rather fortunate it wasn't | a Newfoundland dog that bit you.  
Will you sit down?  
- Shall I use gas? | - Well, gas or electric light.  
I'd feel nervous to have you | fool around me in the dark.  
Come on, this isn't gonna hurt now. | I just want to look in there.  
It's not gonna hurt. Come on, come on.  
Come on. Come on, now.  
I'll try not to be so cruel this time. | Come on. Come on!  
Ow!  
- Oh, Doctor, I can't let you do that again! Oh! | - Hmm.  
- Tell her I'm out. | - But, Doctor, she has a 3:00 appointment.  
I wouldn't care if she had | a 4:00 appointment.  
Boy, when I was in Darjeeling, | oh, it was tigers...  
What? | Tell her I'm out!  
Go on out there | and tell her I'm out.  
How do you do? | How are ya?  
We've been waiting for you.  
Sit down.  
When I tell ya to go out and tell | one of these palookas...  
that I'm out, go out | and tell them I'm out.  
Don't have these buzzards | walk in on me.  
I... When I don't want | to see 'em, I don't...  
When I don't wanna | see 'em, I don't wanna see 'em.  
Don't stand there | and look at me that way. Now, I'm...  
You just come in | for the ride?  
Haven't I seen your face | somewhere before?  
Oh, probably you've seen me | at the horse show.  
- Jockey? | - Sir.  
Mm. Oh, yeah. | Can you open your mouth?  
Come on now. You've got | a bigger mouth than that. Open up.  
Mm. | Oh, beautiful!  
Yeah.

Hand me that 404 | circular buzz saw, will you?  
Dropping, dropping | Dropping, dropping  
Is that a 4-0-4 conical | you've given me?  
Ah.  
There you are. | Now, that didn't hurt, did it?  
I knew | it wouldn't hurt you.  
Uh, here. | Give me that packing, please.  
Thank you.  
Put that tin there | and just stuff it in her mouth.  
Pardon me for | just a moment.  
You wouldn't let Arthur | come here to see me,  
so I'm going to see him.  
You're gonna do nothing of the kind.  
Excuse me a moment, folks!  
Get up there. | Come on. Get up there.  
Get up there! | Hyah!  
And stay in there. | Now, what do you think of that?  
Keep you waiting?  
You said a mouthful, there. | Open it... just a moment, there.  
All your lines busy?  
Why, it came out easily, | didn't it?  
Yes, it did. | Yes, it did.  
It surprised me.  
Open wide. Open wide.  
Uh, excuse me just a...  
- Open that door! | - I can't. You locked me in.  
- Where's the key? | - In your pocket.  
Huh? Oh.  
Stop it.  
Shh! Shh!  
Stay there. | There are people downstairs.  
- Any patients? Huh? | - Miss Macy.  
Oh. Oh, yes.  
- Have you ever had this tooth pulled before? | - No!  
This won't hurt you... | much.  
Get your foot out of the... | Get it out!  
Janice, help!  
Thank you.  
Whew!  
- I'm gonna give her gas. | - Ooh!  
Not gonna pull me | all around the floor.  
Ow!  
Relax.  
Would you like a drink?

- What is it? | - Water.

No, thanks.

Stop!

Cease.

Well, it won't | be long now.

- That female wrestler gone? | - Yes, she's gone.

Is he standing | in a hole?

No, he's just | a little fella.

Hmm. Send him in. | I'll fix him.

This way, please.

How do you do? | How's everything up in Moscow?

Got two strikes on the boys, eh? | Will you sit down?

Thank you.

I can't find his mouth.

Hand me that stethoscope, | will you?

Thanks. | Will you say "ahh" please?

- Ahh. Ahh! Ahh! | - Again? Again?

- I almost had it. Ag-Again? | - Ahh.

- Ha. Ohh. | - Ahh. Ahh. Ahh.

Ah, I got it here! | Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

And a very | pretty thing too.

Yes. Let me see, now.

Hand me that drill.

Thank you.

Now, just | open your mouth.

This can't hurt. Okay.

You can't say | that hurt you.

Doctor, your daughter is | going out with the iceman.

- Don't be silly. I got her locked in the room. | - But they're using a ladder.

- Where do you think you're going? | - That's him!

- So, you're they guy that hit my father on the head. | - Wanna make anything out of it?

- I'd like to see you do that again. | - Is it necessary to do it again?

No, it isn't!

Father, you're not really | going to buy a Frigidaire, are you?

Fifty pounds, | and make it snappy.

- Who's thar? | - Officer Postlewhistle of the Canadian Mounted.

- Hello, officer. | - Good evening, Mr. Snavely.

- Is it still snowin'? | - I don't know. To tell you the truth, I never looked.

- Did you get your man? | - Not yet, but I got my eye on 'im.

Well, that's somethin'.

- You pullin' out? | - Figurin' on goin' over the Rim tonight.

How's your son Chester?  
You heard | from him lately?  
I ain't a-heard | from Chester...  
it'll be a year, | come Michaelmas.  
I was thinkin' of the song | that you writ about him.  
I wanted to sing it | to my wife last night.  
You know, we got a boy | just about Chester's age...  
who's got a hankerin' | to go to the city.  
- Have you got your dulcimer here? | - Yes, I have, officer.  
I wonder if you would mind | singin' me that song.  
I'd be tickled to death.  
You'll have to excuse me, | though, if my voice isn't just right.  
You know, we can't get any ipecac | up in this part of the country.  
Go right ahead, | Mr. Snavelly.  
You won't consider me rude | if I play with my mitts on, will you?  
Not at all, Mr. Snavelly. | Not at all.  
There was once | a poor boy  
And he left | his country home  
And he came to the city | to look for work  
He promised | his ma and pa  
He would lead | a sinless life  
And always shun | the fatal curse of drink  
Once in the city  
He got a situation | in a quarry  
And there he made | the acquaintance  
Of some | college students  
He little thought | they were demons  
For they wore | the best of clothes  
But good clothes | do not always make the gentleman  
So they tempted him | to drink  
And they said | he was a coward  
Until at last he took | The fatal glass of beer  
When he found | what he'd done  
He dashed the glass | upon the floor  
And he staggered | through the door  
With delirium tremens  
Once upon the sidewalk  
He met | a Salvation Army girl  
And wickedly | he broke her tambourine  
All she said | was "Heaven...  
"Heaven bless you"  
And placed a mark | upon his brow  
With a kick | she'd learned  
Before she had been saved

Now, as a moral | to young men  
Who come down | to the city  
Don't go 'round breaking | people's tambourines  
That certainly is a sad song.  
Don't cry, constable.  
It is a sad song.  
My Uncle Ichabod said, | speakin' of the city,  
"It ain't no place | for women, gal,  
but pretty men go thar. "  
He always said somethin' | to make you split your sides a-laughin'.  
Comical old gentleman he was.  
Well, I think I'll | be a-hightailin' it over the Rim.  
- And it ain't a fit night out | for man nor beast.  
Otto!  
Ahh! Hee!  
Otto, mush!  
Otto!  
Otto!  
Mush! | Mush!  
Hee!  
Otto! | Mush!  
March! March!  
Tastes more like corn flakes. March!  
March!  
Hee!  
- And it ain't a fit night out | for man nor beast.  
Hullo-wah!  
Hello there!  
Hello!  
Hello.  
- How, Mr. Snavely? | - How, Chief.  
- How. | - And how.  
Vamoose!  
Oom-scray.  
Lamb.  
It ain't a fit night out | for man nor beast.  
And it's been a-stormin' | for almost a "fort-nit. "  
- Who's thar? | - It's me, Ma.  
Did you find any gold | down at the gulf, Pa?  
I found that "nougat. " | It be on the table.  
A "nougat. " | A golden "nougat. "  
Just what you been a-combin' them thar | hills for for nigh on to 30 years.  
It must be worth | almost a hundred dollars.  
Help to pay off the mortgage | on the old shack.

Has that pill from Medicine Hat | been here again?  
- Yes, and he wants more money. | - Rot his hide.  
He wants more money, and if he | don't get it, he'll take our malamute.  
- He won't take old Bozo, my lead dog. | - Why not, Pa?  
'Cause I 'et him.  
You 'et him?  
He was mighty good | with mustard.  
We was a-mushing over | Blind Nag Rim last night.  
I got mighty hungry.  
You better take | your mukluks off, Pa.  
Captain Pepitone | of the Canadian Mounted...  
smuggled a police dog | across the border for you.  
Smuggled a police dog | across the border for me?  
Yes, and he says for you | to keep it under your hat.  
- How big is it? | - About so high.  
He's crazy.  
Pa, it's just | three years today...  
since they put our dear son in jail | for stealing them thar bonds.  
- And I know he never stole 'em. | - Sure he never stole 'em.  
Our Chester | never stole nothin', from nobody.  
Hardly ever.  
Do you think he'll come | headin' for home...  
when they turn him loose | from that plagued jail?  
- I reckon, guess and | calculate he will, Ma.  
Who's thar?  
Chester!  
Our son | back again!  
My own...  
- Chester, my darling boy! | - Chester!  
It ain't a fit night out | for man or beast.  
Don't cry, Ma. We got our son | back again, ain't we?  
Welcome home, Chester.  
Thank you, Pa.  
I don't suppose | we'll have him with us long.  
Once the city gets | into a boy's system,  
he loses his hankerin' | for the country.  
- Sit down, Chester. | - Thank you, Pa.  
- Will you have some soup, Chester? | - That's my soup, Ma.  
Hand me that bread | I was dunkin', will ya?  
Thanks.  
Dad, I ain't ever gonna leave | the old farm again.  
- I've come back here | to stay with you and Ma,  
and I ain't ever | gonna leave again.  
It's so good | to see you both again.



And I'm so glad to be back | home with you and Ma that I can't talk.  
I'd like to go | to my little bedroom...  
and lay on the bed | and cry like I was a baby again.  
Thar, thar.  
Go to your room and | have a good cry, dear.  
I know how you feel.  
I feel so tired, | I think I'll go to bed.  
Why don't you lie down | and take a little rest first, Chester?  
- Well, good night, Pa. | - Good night, Chester.  
- Good night, Ma. | - Good night, Chester.  
- Sleep well, Chester. | - Thank you, Pa. You too.  
- Thank you, Chester. | - Sleep well, Chester.  
- Thank you, Ma. You sleep well. | - Thank you.  
Don't forget to open | the window a bit.  
- Don't forget to open yours a bit, Pa. | - I won't, son.  
Yes, don't forget | to open your window a bit, Chester.  
- Put yours up a bit, too, Ma? | - Good night, Chester.  
- Good night, Chester. | - Good night, Pa.  
- Good night. | - Good night.  
Good night, Chester.  
I think I'll go out | and milk the elk.  
Don't forget | your moose horn, Pa.  
Thank you, Ma.  
It ain't a fit night out | for man or beast.  
Lida.  
Lida, honey. | Papa's calling.  
Yoo-hoo! | Papa's calling ya.  
Lida!  
My old embouchure | ain't what it used to be.  
Hello, Lida.  
Hello, Li... | Say, Elmer, have you seen Lida?  
Tell her | Mr. Snavelly wants...  
Hello, Li... Certainly a bright | moonlight night tonight.  
Hello, Li...  
Hello, Lida.  
Hey, Lida! It's me! Come here! | Don't you know me? Mr. Snavelly.  
Battered old hide.  
Chester, did you | steal them bonds?  
Yes, Ma, | I stole them bonds.  
I was a bank messenger, | and they caught me fair and square.  
I wasn't framed.  
I knowed you stole 'em,  
but I never would admit it | to your father.  
If he thought | you stole 'em,

it would break | his poor old heart.  
Never tell him | any different.  
- Good night, Chester. | - Good night, Ma.  
And it ain't | a fit night out...  
for man or beast.  
Has Chester | gone to bed yet, Ma?  
I don't think so, Pa.  
- Chester? | - Yes, Pa?  
- Can I speak to you a minute, son? | - Yes, Pa.  
Chester,  
did you steal | them bonds?  
I knowed you | stole 'em, son,  
but I never would admit it | to your mother.  
She thinks | you're innocent.  
You must never tell her | any different.  
If she thought | you stole 'em,  
it would break | her poor old heart.  
Oh, it's so good | to be home, Dad.  
I'm gonna stay here now | with you and Ma for all time.  
Chester, have you | any of them bonds on you...  
or any of that money?  
No, Dad, I ain't got | any of them bonds on me.  
And I took that tainted money | and threw it away.  
And you came back...  
to me and mother.  
- Yes, Pa. | - Hmm.  
To sponge on us | the rest of your life, you block...  
You lug! | Get out of here!  
Get out...  
you tramp, you!  
Get out of here!  
And it ain't a fit night out | for man or beast.  
Get out of here! | Get out of here!  
Stop that! Do you wanna | break that machine?  
How do you do, Mr. Dilweg?  
It doesn't matter how I do. | Get out of here.  
- Hello? | - Hello.  
Oh, it's you.  
- Where have you been? | - At the firehouse.  
- Playing contact bridge with the firemen. | - Did you win?  
What kind we do | with hose cart?  
I sold the hook and ladder | to a couple of drunken painters.  
- Anybody been here since I've been gone? | - Yes, about 50 people.  
- What did they want? | - Stamps.

Do you know since I've had | that big electric sign painted,  
our stamp business has | picked up 100 percent?  
- What do they want? | - They've been here since you left about 10:00 this  
morning.  
And they haven't made a single move | in three and one half hours.  
Why don't you get them out of here? | They never buy anything.  
They just | borrow matches all day.  
You better come up and get your dinner. | Soup's on the table.  
Coming right away, dear. | Coming right away.  
- How about a cocktail? | - They're already mixed.  
- All you have to do is put in the ice. | - Oh, good.  
- Hello, Pop. | - Hello. Don't do that.  
- Will ya stop it? | - What's the matter, Pop? Don't you love me?  
- Certainly I love you. | - What are you doing?  
She's not gonna tell me | I don't love her.  
- Here. You wanna play? | - Goody.  
Whew!  
Remind me to order some more stamps | tomorrow, will ya?  
- That's fine. That's fine. That's enough. | - I wanna do it some more.  
- Let go, will ya? | - Oh, let me do it just a minute, Pop.  
Listen, | will you stop it?  
Gee, let me do it.  
Is Papa's little angel | going to sit down?  
Won't Papa's little | doll baby sit down?  
Or will Papa bust | her sponce in with...  
What do you mean? | Have you gone crazy?  
Sit down | and behave yourself.  
Oh, gee whiz.  
Mom, what's | technocracy?  
- Ask your father, dear. | - Pop, what's technocracy?  
Uh, yes, indeedy. | That's, uh...  
Say, will you eat your soup | and stop asking silly questions.  
And stop that.  
Aw, gee, | I like to pop it.  
One more pop, | and I'll pop you in the eye.  
That's pretty.  
I have a chewing gum olive, and she | makes a martini out... Get out of  
here!  
Oh, gee, I'm hungry.  
Why don't you learn | that kid some manners?  
Teach, my dear. | Teach.  
And it might be a good example | if you would take your hat off.  
I have hay fever. | Another thing is, there's no top in it.  
That doesn't matter.

She's eating | the canary bird!

- Godfrey Daniel! | - Get into that room...

Wait a minute. | Not yet.

- My ear! | - Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Aren't you ashamed | of yourself?

- Go over there and behave yourself. | - Sit down there.

Oh, gee, Mom.

Yeah, just 'cause | I'm a little girl, you hit me.

- Pick on somebody your own size. | - Don't be insolent to your father.

She should see me down at the firehouse | rassling with them firemen.

I take six or eight of them, | throw 'em over my head and backwards.

Well, three, anyway.

Who taught that parrot | to do that?

Stop it.

Stop it. Stop it.

What did you want to eat | a canary bird for anyway?

I couldn't help it.

- Hello, kiddo. | - Hello, Leana.

- Where have you been? | - Cuthbert and I have been to the Blue Ballroom.

Cuthbert, | that sissy.

How do you know? | Why, you've never even seen him.

I don't have to see him. I never knew | a Cuthbert that wasn't a sissy.

When I went to school as a kid, I licked | every kid in school named Cuthbert.

Shh.

That kid's getting | awfully fresh.

If that's for me, I'm taking a bath. | I'll call 'em up later.

Hello? | Oh, hello, Cuthbert.

- Am I surprised, Cuthbert. | - Am I.

No, Cuthbert.

Really, Cuthbert?

Well, who told you that, | Cuthbert?

Somebody would have | to tell him.

- He'd never find it out himself. | - Really, Cuthbert?

Oh, Cuthbert. Oh, Cuthbert, | that's very, very funny.

Yeah, tell it to us. | Make us laugh too.

- Well, am I surprised, Cuthbert. | - Yeah, you'd be surprised.

- Well, tell me some more about it, Cuthbert. | - Oh, this is getting too much.

Tell him more. She's been talking | for an hour. Stop her.

Oh, that'll be fine, | Cuthy.

Cuthy. | It's Cuthy now.

- Be Cuth in a minute, okay? | - You're so cute, Cuthy.

- Yeah, I'll bet he's cute. | - You did, Cuthbert?

- Mm-hmm. | - Oh, yes, Cuthbert.  
- Will you make her stop, please? | - She can't be rude, dear.  
- Yes, I would, Cuthbert. | - You would, huh?  
- Surely, Cuthbert. | - Yeah.  
Yes, Cuth. Tomorrow.  
I tell ya, she's making me sick.  
That's good. | I'm glad I have to go downstairs.  
All right. | Sure I will.  
Hello? | Yes. Yes.  
This is Dilweg's Drugstore. | Yeah, Mr. Dilweg speaking.  
What's that? | Box of cough drops? Uh-huh.  
Yeah, I know | what kind you mean.  
Yeah, the gentleman with the whiskers, | one on each side, yeah.  
Yeah. Uh, no.  
No, I'm very sorry. | We can't split a box. No.  
Yes, oh, yes, | we can deliver them. Yes.  
Uh-huh. Where is it?  
Uh-huh. Eighteen miles | straight out on route 96.  
Turn to route 13 | and four and a half miles.  
Yeah, yeah, all right.  
All right. | A box of cough drops. Yes, yes.  
We can deliver them | this afternoon. Yes.  
Uh-huh. I'll send our truck out | with them right away.  
Yes.  
All right. Good-bye.  
Just sold another box | of cough drops.  
Sit down | in your chair properly.  
- What do you mean up on your knees? | - I can't do nothin'.  
Cuthbert!  
Oh, you silly | thing, you.  
There goes those chimes again. | I gotta go downstairs.  
Yes, Cuthbert.  
- How do you do? | - How do you do? Is there a lady in attendance here?  
- Huh? | - Is there a lady in attendance here?  
Oh. Uh, yes, yes. Yes, yes. I'll | be right down. She'll be right down.  
Thank you.  
Hurry up downstairs, | dear.  
There are two ladies | that won't let me wait on 'em.  
They want a lady | to wait on 'em.  
- I simply can't go down there. | - They won't tell me what they want.  
- You sit there and eat. | - I'll go down, Pop.  
- Will you hurry up? | - Well, if I'm going to clerk in the drugstore,  
I'll simply have to get | some decent-looking clothes first.  
Hurry up, dear. | We're gonna lose their trade.

She'll be down | in half a moment.

You read Mother India?

Sex Life of the Polyp?

The Grover Boys | in Newsome?

Cake a la mode.

Fresh every Tuesday.

A rather amusing | little beggar.

Just a little fly speck, | that's all.

Old Moscow | in the winter.

Could I interest you | in a stamp?

- Yeah, give me a stamp. | - Oh.

No. Give me | a purple one.

Well, I'm sorry. We haven't any | purple ones. I could paint one for you.

I don't want | a painted one.

A person hasn't got any rights | in this country anymore.

The government | even tells you...

- What color stamps you gotta buy. | - Yeah, it's pretty tough.

That's the Democratic | Party for you.

I've written to Washington | about it.

What do you wanna write | to Washington for? He's dead.

- How much are your stamps? | - Three cents.

- All right. Give me one. | - Oh, thank you.

No. Don't give me | that dirty one.

Give me a clean one. | Give me the one out of the middle.

Well...

Sorry to keep you waiting.

Pardon my fingers. | Is that all right?

- Ah, shall we send it? | - No, I'll take it along.

Oh, yes.

- Huh? | - You got change for a hundred dollars?

No. I'm very sorry. | I haven't.

- I'll pay you the next time I come in. | - Just a moment.

Just a moment. We're giving these little | souvenirs away with every purchase.

Well...

We won't be able | to wait much longer.

Oh, uh... uh... uh... uh, | she'll be down, uh... she'll be down.

She'll be right down. | Just, uh... She won't... Just wait...

She'll be right down.

Uh, where's | your, uh...

- Oh, I'd love to, Cuthbert. | - Dear...

- Close the door and get out of here. I'm coming right down. | - Hurry up.

Those old ladies are getting very | impatient. We're gonna lose their trade.

Oh, Cuthbert.

Oh, I think that'd be lovely.

That's right. | Eat your spinach. Eat your spinach.

She'll be right down now. | Coming now.

What can I do for you?

Is there | a ladies restroom here?

Yes. Right over there.

- The first door on your left. | - Thank you.

You fool! | Why didn't you tell them?

- They didn't ask me anything about it... | - Ohh!

They never did tell me.

How you gonna know if...

How do you do, sir? | How are you?

What can I do for you?

Huh?

Certainly not.

You don't think | I'd break the laws...

of this great and grand | and glorious United States of ours...

just to satisfy | your depraved tastes?

A thousand no's.

I've never had or sold a bottle | of liquor since I've opened this place.

No? Well, | you're not fooling me.

- I'll get you yet. | - Huh?

Maybe and maybe not.

He looked a little screwy | when he came in here.

Did I understand you to say you were | giving souvenirs away.

- Oh, Mother. | - No, that's all right. Yes, that's all right.

Yes, we are, here.

- Here. | - Oh, thank you.

Oh, Mother, | isn't it lovely?

- Aren't you glad I asked? | - Would you like one?

- Oh, you're so kind. | - Oh, that's quite all right.

Thank you so much. | Aren't they gorgeous?

- Whenever you want any stamps, don't forget us. | - Thank you. We won't.

I've been in the same place | 15 years now.

I control all the stamp business | in this neighborhood.

What, more stamps?

Is she blotto | or not?

Yeah, some smelling salts. | Just crack that bottle off.

- That's right. | - Everything's free here.

If anybody's hurt, | it's all right.

I don't know | who she is.

Yeah, she's liable | to get diphtheria there.

- Where am I? | - Uh, Dilweg's Drug Company.

- Mr. Dilweg here. | - What happened?  
I don't know.  
- That horrible man again. | - I never saw her in all my life.  
- Get her some whiskey. Get whiskey. | - Uh...  
Hello? Hello?  
Yeah. Uh-huh. | Mrs. Riggensmith?  
Those cough drops | haven't arrived?  
Oh, I'm very sorry.  
Oh, I'm very sorry, yes. | They'll be there any minute.  
I sent them out at 3:00 this afternoon | on our truck, yeah.  
Good-bye. | Good-bye, Mrs. Riggensmith.  
Wait a minute, dear. | There's so much noise out here,  
I can't hear | a word you say.  
There.  
I want you to meet | a very wonderful young man.  
- Mr. Smith, this is Mrs. Dilweg. | - How do you do?  
Oh, dear, come here. I want you to meet | a very wonderful and brave young  
man.  
He's just saved my life.  
- This is my daughter. Mr. Smith. | - Cuthbert!  
Oh, Leana!  
I wanna meet Cuthbert!  
Ha ha ha. Listen, dear, | go upstairs and eat your pogo.  
- Then you can jump on your spinach after. Go! | - I wanna meet Cuthbert.  
Pretty good town you got here.  
You bet we have. A public library and | the largest insane asylum in the  
state.  
Come on, Joe. | Let her down.  
All right, all right. | Slack it up.  
They sure were great fights | last night, O'Hare.  
Yes, they were, yeah. | Never saw better fights in my life.  
- I got a kick out of them. | - So did I. So did I.  
Fought like | a couple of dressmakers.  
I see fights like that, I feel | like getting back into condition...  
and getting into | the fight game myself again.  
Ah, that's better.  
Hello, O'Hare. | What do you know?  
Not a thing. Not a thing.  
That lug tells his wife | everything he knows.  
Don't tell him anything.  
- Good morning, Mr. O'Hare. | - Good morning, Mrs. Coggins.  
- How's Mr. Coggins? | - He's not so well this morning.  
Oh, that's unfortunate. | I'm sorry to hear that.  
- I'm worried about him. | - Yeah, I am too.



He was out on one of his benders | last night again.  
Boy, how he can drink that raw alcohol | and live I don't know.  
Fine mayor he is.  
Get out. Get out. | Get out. Get out. Get out of here.  
All I gotta do all day long | is paint that bowl?  
Pop, Ma says to come up | and get your vittles right away.  
Get my vittles? | I'll be right with you, Ronald.  
- Pop, you wanna hear a riddle? | - I'd love to hear a riddle.  
- Why is a cat's tail like a long journey? | - I'm afraid you have me,  
Ronald.  
- Why is a cat's tail like a long journey? | - 'Cause it's far to the end.  
Oh, Ronald very good. | Absolutely sidesplitting.  
- Sit down and eat your dinner. | - What, no meat?  
Vegetables contain | more minerals.  
Pop, you wanna hear | another cat riddle?  
Yes, I would, Ronald. | I'd love to.  
What looks most like a cat looking | out of a window?  
I don't know. What looks most | like a domestic feline...  
contentedly gazing | from the window?  
I'll tell you, Pop, what looks most | like a cat looking out of a window.  
Another cat | looking in.  
Oh, very good, Ronald. | Very good.  
Eat your spinach. | Eat your spinach. Eat your spinach.  
- Pop, would you like to hear another riddle? | - Don't encourage him.  
Eat your carrots.  
Dear, that shows he's awfully smart. | Mr. Lincoln used to tell riddles.  
That, as much as anything else, made him | the wonderful president that he  
was.  
Pop, why is a load of hay | like a mouse?  
Don't. | My poor brain.  
He gives me skull pains | with these terrible riddles.  
Do you know why a load of hay | is like a mouse?  
No, Ronald, I do not.  
I've never noticed a similarity | between a small rodent...  
and a large amount | of horse's provender.  
Why does...  
a small rodent | resemble a load of hay?  
'Cause a cat'll eat it.  
Cat'll eat it? | Cat'll eat it?  
Very good, Ronald. | Very...  
Eat your spinach. | Eat your spinach.  
- Hey, where are you? | - Yeah? Coming, coming.  
Coming, coming, | coming, coming.  
- Hey, where are you? | - Coming, coming, coming, coming.

I'm coming.

Hello. I hear you | wanna to buy a fiddle.

Oh, no. I have Lena here. | I'm perfectly satisfied with her.

Oh. But him | is a fine fiddle.

He may be a fine fiddle, | but I get very sweet music out of Lena.

Then somebody told me | that you wanna buy a fiddle.

Two weeks ago I did. | But I had Lena all fixed up...

and I'm perfectly | satisfied with her now.

- And me push him for three miles. | - Oh, I'm sorry about that.

Hey, hey, can I keep him here | till I come back from work?

Surely. Put him right | in the corner here.

- That's fine. | - Put him right in there.

- That's okay. That's fine. | - Take good care of him.

- I'll take good care of him. | - So long.

Good-bye.

How do you do, | Miss Sharp?

- Have a nice lunch? | - Yes.

I had a wonderful steak | at the lunch counter.

Steak. I love meat.

But we never have it | at our house.

My wife's a vegetarian.

All we have | is vegetables.

Say, I was practicing | last night on Lena out in the garage.

And I think I got | that down fine now.

- Would you mind listening to it? | - Oh, I'd love to.

- You like that? | - I think it's sweet.

Yeah, I think it's much better | than it was. Isn't it funny?

My wife doesn't think | it's music.

Guess she just has | no ear for it.

Here's the other one. | This is the second motif.

That's more difficult that way when you | have to move your hands around that way.

Howdy do, sir? | Will you sit down?

- Manicure? | - No.

- Haircut or shave? | - Yeah.

- I beg your pardon. Isn't your name Flogg? | - Yeah.

I thought so. I didn't recognize | your face when you first came in.

No, it's all healed up | since I was in here last.

Oh, Mr. O'Hare,

I see they're offering | a \$ 2,000 reward...

for that bandit who robbed the bank | in Cucamonga City.

Two thousand dollars. | I'd like to get that dough.

If I wasn't so busy, | I'd go over and choke that guy to death.

I'd teach him not to rob banks | in and around City.

Oh, Mr. O'Hare,  
did you know you had | your hat on backwards?  
- I beg your pardon? | - Did you know you had your hat on backwards?  
Oh, no. | Thank you very much.  
I had it on backwards | day before yesterday...  
and a friend of mine | came up and kicked me in the stomach.  
Joe, don't miss it!  
Be careful, boys. | Be careful.  
Throw it out here, | Mr. O'Hare!  
I haven't thrown a spitball since I was | first line pitcher on the  
Baltimore Orioles.  
All right, son!  
- Get on the other side of the street. | - Okay.  
There she goes.  
Ow!  
Well, he...  
He didn't hit it.  
Just sharpening | the blade, that's all.  
Shut your eyes, please.  
That tickle?  
A little in your ear. | But that won't hurt.  
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Okay. It wasn't your fault. | I can fix that.  
No harm done. | No harm done.  
Got a mole?  
- Yeah. I've had it all my life. | - Mm-hmm.  
Won't have it anymore.  
You wanna shave | right here.  
- Okay. Okay. Okay. Okay. | - Ah! Ah! Ah!  
That's all right. I...  
Uh, how do you do?  
Is it true that you can take weight off | in that steam room of yours?  
I positively | guarantee it.  
My wife says if I don't get some | of this fat off, she'll leave me.  
Step right this way, | will you?  
Right in here. | Here's the room right here.  
Just go | into this hangar.  
Change your clothes | in there.  
If he ever took his shoes off, | he'd go right up in the air.  
Hey, what's that dog | doing in here?  
It's a very funny thing. | The other day a man was in here.  
And I was shaving him. | The razor slipped and I cut his ear off.  
The dog got it. Ever since he's been | hanging around here for...  
Go away. Go away. | He can't get another ear.

Got to follow through, | the same as you do with a hockey club.  
I guess my strop | freezes up the moment I...  
Ah! There you are.  
Here we are. | Here. See? Steam room.  
Right in there. | Right in there and sit down.  
There, there. I'll turn | the steam on right away.  
Come on, Ethel. | Get excited.  
There you are.  
Now, don't stay in there | over a minute.  
If it gets too hot, just press | that button and the light will go on.  
If you get into any trouble, | just pull that rope...  
and the horn | will blow up there,  
and I'll get you | right out.  
He's in there a minute, | it'll take a ton off.  
Just one little hot towel, | and you'll be like new again.  
All right. | All right. All right.  
All right.  
All right.  
- All right. | - Oh!  
All right.  
There you are.  
The police car. | I bet they're after that bandit.  
Which way did they go? | They went up that way.  
When I hear that old siren, | I feel like an old horse.  
Wanna get back | in the harness again.  
- I used to be a detective once. | - Really, Mr. O'Hare?  
- Yes, yes. | - You seem to have been everything.  
- Well, I guess I was. My wife calls me every... | - Cornelius!  
Yes, yes, my | will-o'-the-wisp?  
- Did you mail that letter I gave you yesterday morning? | - Uh... Uh...  
Uh, yeah... Yes.  
- Yes, I did, dear. | - I think I'll go have my dress fitted.  
Yes, have your dress | fitted, yes.  
- How do you do, Mrs. Broadbutter? | - How do you do, Mr. O'Hare?  
Would you mind taking care of the baby | while I go in the drugstore?  
- I'd love to. | - Thank you.  
- How's Mr. Broadbutter? | - Fine. I'll be just a minute.  
Okay. Here. What's this? | Come here. Come here.  
My little wooly britches. Don't you | know to swallow that will kill you?  
I'll get it. Here she is.  
Oh!  
Wouldn't you like to wait | for a little powder?  
I'd like to have enough powder | to blow you up, if you wanna know.  
Have you had enough?

Have I had enough?

Ah, been biting | your nails again, eh?

If I had | my former weight,

I'd choke you to death.

I'll sue you...

and take this barbershop | away from you.

Oh, well, | I don't care.

And I just got this | nice new steam room put in too.

I'll have the law | on you for this.

Well, I told you | not to stay in over a minute.

- Did you have a nice lunch? | - Cornelius?

- Ah, yes, my slendery? | - I'm going downtown.

- I need clothes. Give me some money. | - You got change for a dollar?

Give it to me. I think | I'll have my nails manicured too...

while I'm out.

- Pop, you wanna hear another riddle? | - Not now, Ronald.

Run along. | Run along, son.

Play your | little baseball.

O'Hare?

If you think you've heard | the last of this, you're mistaken.

- You deliberately locked me in that room. | - Why, that's a colossal fib.

I'm a very | kindhearted person.

I've never hurt man, | beast or child.

Except when I had to.

Well, Lena, | let's get going.

I'm glad you like this.

- How do you do? | - Oh, howdy do? Howdy do?

- I'd like to have my little girl's hair cut. | - Oh, surely.

She's a very pretty little girl. | I'd love to cut her hair.

- And she knows where to go, doesn't she? | - Yes, she does indeed.

- It's a very pretty hat she has on. | - She's been to a maypole dance.

- Has she? | - Yes.

- Want your hair cut? | - No.

- Gloria. | - Oh, have your hair cut. I'll just take her hat off.

- Do you mind? | - I don't want my hat off.

I'll have it off.

- You can't wear a hat when you're having your hair cut. | - No indeed.

There's two hats.

- Maybe she better keep her hat on. | - It might not be bad.

Now, look here, | there's a nice stick of candy for you.

- Aren't you ashamed? | That's the barbershop candy.

- I've got plenty of it. | - You think they were really chasing the bandit?

Sure it was. For two pins, I'd close | this shop and go over and get him...

and choke him to death | with my bare hands.

That's the way we used to choke wolves | to death years ago in the northwest.

I belong to the Bare Hand | Wolf Chokers Association.

Had to choke a wolf to death | before you could belong to the asso...

Um, yes, sir, | yes, sir, yes, sir?

Listen, barber, get rid of those people | and get rid of them quick.

- I'm sorry, folks. This gentleman is ahead of you. | - That's absurd.

- After I've waited here this length of time. | - He telephoned in...

- He telegraphed... | - What's the matter with you?

- He was here. He came... | - You act like an idiot.

Come on, Gloria. | We'll get out of this place.

- Think I'll go upstairs. | - Stay where you are.

Listen, barber, you've got ten minutes | to make me look like another man.

- Yes, sir. | - I gotta get out of this town fast.

Get that thing off there. | Come on. Make it snappy.

- I think I'll go home, Mr. O'Hare. | - Stay where you are.

Listen, barber, get this. | Take the mustache off.

Take the tabs off. Take the eyebrows | off. Close-crop the hair.

- And make it snappy. | - Have you tried that good barber at the hotel?

- He's wonderful. | - Get busy.

I'm the worst barber in town. | My wife will tell you that.

- Will you take those off? | - Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

What are you doing? Are you gonna | get going, or are you gonna get going?

- I'm gonna get going. | Lock the door, Miss Sharp.

Gangway, please! | Excuse me.

Stop in the name | of the law!

Stop | in the name of the law!

Get out of the way, you fools! | You wanna get killed?

Wretched bicycle!

I didn't mean it!

Get out of the way, you fools! | I didn't mean it.

Let me up. Let me up. | I didn't try to get ya.

I like bandits. | Some of my best friends are bandits.

The president of the bank | comes up to our house.

- Congratulations, Mr. O'Hare. | - Yeah?

You get the \$2,000 reward. This is | the fella we've been looking for.

- I told ya I'd get him, didn't I? | - What's the matter here?

- What happened? | - I caught the bandit.

- You caught him? | - Yeah, I get the \$2,000 reward.

I had to chase him | around the block three times...

before I got the revolver | away from him.

- I don't believe my own ears. | - One side, folks. Just a minute.

Here's the brave little lad | that captured the bandit.

He hit a liner with a baseball that | struck him right on the top of his

head.

He knocked poor Mr. O'Hare here | right off his bicycle.

- Are you hurt, Mr. O'Hare? | - Not physically, no.

- Come on, Dick. Get these folks out of here. | - All right. Come on, you.

That's a brave | little lad, Ronald.

In regards to the reward, Mr. O'Hare, | step over to the station tomorrow.

I'll see that | you get it.

So, you caught | the burglar.

Come, Ronald.

- Pop, you wanna hear another riddle? | - Not now, Ronald. I'm not in the mood.

- Go upstairs and eat your spinach. | - Never mind, Mr. O'Hare.

- I know you caught the bandit. | - I know I caught him too.

What's the good of arguing with | those people? They're all nervous.

You can't talk | to 'em at all.

Come on, Lena. | Let's talk to her.

Lena!

Little devils. | You're just as lively as can be too.

Lena, how could you?

You dog, you.