

MYRTLE MAE & DUANE WILSON

Side #1

WILSON: OK, Doctor. (*MYRTLE is fascinated by WILSON. SHE lingers and looks at him. HE comes over to her, grinning.*) So, your name's Myrtle Mae?

MYRTLE: What? Oh – yes - (*SHE backs up. HE follows.*)

WILSON: If we grab your uncle you're liable to to be comin' out to the sanitarium on visiting days?

MYRTLE: Oh, I don't really know – I –

WILSON: Well, if you do, I'll be there.

MYRTLE: You will? Oh –

WILSON: And if you don't see me right away – don't give up. Stick around. I'll show up.

MYRTLE: You will - ? Oh –

WILSON: Sure. (*HE is still following her.*) You heard Dr. Chumley tell me to wait?

MYRTLE: Yeah –

WILSON: Tell you what – while I'm waiting I sure could use a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

MYRTLE: Certainly. If you'll forgive me I'll precede you into the kitchen. (*SHE tries to go. HE traps her.*)

WILSON: Yessir – you're all right, Myrtle.

MYRTLE: What?

WILSON: Dr. Chumley noticed it right away. He don't miss a trick. (*Crowds closer; raises a finger and pokes her arm for emphasis.*) Tell you somethin' else, Myrtle –

MYRTLE: What?

WILSON: You not only got a nice build – but, kid, you got something else, too.

MYRTLE: What?

WILSON: You got the screwiest uncle that ever stuck his puss inside our nuthouse.

(MYRTLE starts to exit in a huff, and WILSON raises hand to give her a spank, but she turns and so he puts up his raised hand to his hair. They exit.)

DUANE WILSON & JUDGE GAFFNEY & DR. CHUMLEY

Side #2

WILSON: Okay – is he here?

JUDGE: What? What's this?

WILSON: The crackpot with the rabbit. Is he here?

JUDGE: NO – and who, may I ask, are you?

WILSON: (*stepping into hallway and calling.*) Not here, Doctor – Okay – (*To JUDGE*) Doctor Chumley's comin' in, anyway. What's your name?

JUDGE: Chumley – well – well – well – I've got something to say to him! (*sits.*)

WILSON: What's your name? Let's have it.

JUDGE: I am Judge Gaffney – where is Chumley?

WILSON: The reason I asked your name is the Doctor always likes to know who he's talkin' to. (*Enter CHUMLEY.*) This guy says his name is Judge Gaffney, Doctor.

JUDGE: Well, well Chumley –

CHUMLEY: Good evening, Judge. Let's not waste time. Has he been here?

JUDGE: Who? Elwood – no – but see here, Doctor.

WILSON: Sure he ain't been here? He's wise now. He's hidin'. It'll be an awful job to smoke him out.

CHUMLEY: It will be more difficult, but I'll do it. They're sly. They're cunning. But I get them. I always get them. Have you got the list of the places we've been, Wilson?

WILSON: Right here, Doctor.

CHUMLEY: Read it.

WILSON: We've been to 17 bars, Eddie's Place, Charlie's Place, Bessie's Barn -dance, the Fourth Avenue Firehouse, the Tenth and Twelfth and Ninth Avenue Firehouses, just to make sure. The Union Station, the grain elevator – say, why does this guy go down to a grain elevator?

JUDGE: The foreman is a friend of his. He has many friends – many places.

WILSON: Dr. Chumley, I've been with you for ten years. Are you gonna believe – what's your name again?

JUDGE: Gaffney. Judge Omar Gaffney.

WILSON: Thanks. You take the word of this old blister Gaffney –

CHUMLEY: Wilson!

WILSON: Me! Me and a dame who sees a rabbit!

DUANE WILSON & DR. CHUMLEY

Side #3

WILSON: *(Very impressed with **DR. CHUMLEY** and very fond of him.)* Hello, Dr. Chumley.

CHUMLEY: Oh, there you are.

WILSON: How is every little old thing?

CHUMLEY: Fair, thank you, Wilson, fair.

WILSON: Look – somebody's gonna have to give me a hand with this Simmons dame – order a restraining jacket or something. She's terrible. *(To **KELLY.**)* **Forgot me**, didn't you? Well, I got her corset off all by myself.

DR. SANDERSON & MISS KELLY & WILSON

Side #4

KELLY: Thank you. I may call later. (Hangs up.)

WILSON: How about the stuff in your room, Doctor – upstairs?

SANDERSON: (Puts box on table.) All packed – thanks – Wilson.

WILSON: Tough your getting' bounced. I had you pegged for the one who'd ,ake the grade.

SANDERSON: Those are the breaks.

WILSON: When you takin' off?

SANDERSON: As soon as Dr. Chumley gets back.

WILSON: (To KELLY) Did you get a report back yet from the desk sergeant in the police accident bureau?

KELLY: Not yet. I just talked to the downtown dispensary. They haven't seen him.

WILSON: It's beginning to smell awful funny to me. Four hours he's been gone and not a word from him. (Goes t SANDERSON -extends hand.) I may not see you again, Doctor, so I want to say I wish you a lot of luck and I'm mighty sorry you got a kick in the atpray.

SANDERSON: Thanks, Wilson – good luck to you, too –

WILSON: (Starsts to exit, but stops at door, turns toward KELLY.) Look, Kelly, let me know when you hear from the desk sergeant again. If there's no sign of the doctor, I'm going' into town and look for him. He should know better'n to go after a psycho without me.

SANDERSON: I'd like to help you look for the doctor too, Wilson.

WILSON: That's swell of you Doctor, right after he give you the brush.

SANDERSON: I've no resentment against Dr. Chumley. He was right. I was wrong.
(HE rises.) Chumley is the biggest man in his field. It's my loss not to be able to work with him.

WILSON: You're not so small, yourself, Doctor –

SANDERSON: Thanks, Wilson.

WILSON: Don't mention it.

DR. CHUMLEY & WILSON

Side #5

WILSON: (*Enters. CHUMLEY enters, whitefaced.*) How didja get out here, Doctor? I just saw you go in there.

CHUMLEY: I went out through my window. Wilson – don't leave me.

WILSON: No, Doctor.

CHUMLEY: Get that man Dowd out of here.

WILSON: Yes, Doctor. (*Starts to exit.*)

CHUMLEY: No, don't leave me!

WILSON: But you said –

CHUMLEY: Dumphy – on the telephone.

WILSON: Yes, Doctor. Dumphy – give that guy Dowd his clothes and get him down here right away. (*A knock on the door.*)

CHUMLEY: Don't leave me!

WILSON: Just a minute, Doctor. (*Goes to door*) Judge Gaffney.