

ANNCR: Palmolive Soap, your beauty soap and Lustre Creme Shampoo, for soft, glamorous, caressable hair bring you Our Miss Brooks.

MUSIC: **Opening theme**

ANNCR: For many people, Friday, the 13th brings the feeling of impending misfortune. But Our Miss Brooks, who teaches English at Madison High School doesn't believe such superstitions.

BROOKS: No, indeed. I don't need any special day to be unlucky. In fact, ladders shy away when I come near them, and every mirror in the house has seven years bad luck 'cause **I'm** always broke. Last Friday was no exception. Have you ever opened your eyes in the morning and felt that everything was going to go wrong that day? And then realized that you'd already made your first mistake by opening your eyes? Well, that's how I felt on Friday when Mrs. Davis entered my room.

SOUND: **Door opens**

Mrs. DAVIS: Up you go, Connie. Up! Up! Up! Rise and shine.

BROOKS: I'm up, Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. DAVIS: Up we go. Out of the sack and hit the deck.

BROOKS: I'm hitting.

Mrs. DAVIS: (**Singing**) When you're down and out, lift up your head a shout, it's going to be a great day.

BROOKS: Well, I'll try, it. "It's gonna be a great day!" (**Unenthusiastic**) It's gonna be nothing and I know it.

Mrs. DAVIS: Why, Connie, I'm surprised at you. You're not nervous about it being Friday, the 13th, are you?

BROOKS: Oh, certainly not, Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. DAVIS: Well, I am. And so is Minerva.

BROOKS: The cat?

Mrs. DAVIS: Yes. Especially after what happened to her this morning.

- BROOKS:** What was that?
- Mrs. DAVIS:** A black dog crossed her path. Now cheer up, Connie. You'll feel better when you've got a nice breakfast under your belt.
- BROOKS:** Breakfast. Yes, that should help.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Then you'll go to school, you'll see your pupils and your friends on the faculty.
- BROOKS:** Yes, that'll be nice.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** And your principal, Mr. Conklin ...
- BROOKS:** There goes breakfast. Mrs. Davis, I think you have just psychoanalyzed me. The reason I never want to get up in the morning is that I'm afraid to face Mr. Conklin.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** You may not believe this, Connie, but he's probably just as afraid to face you. It's like my brother Victor's experience. You remember me talking about Victor, don't you? The absent-minded one?
- BROOKS:** Yes, I remember him, Mrs. Davis.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Of course, he's not as absent-minded as my sister, Angela. She's really a case.
- BROOKS:** Yes, I know. But about your brother ...
- Mrs. DAVIS:** (*Absent-mindedly*) My brother?
- BROOKS:** Victor.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Victor? What about Victor?
- BROOKS:** You started to tell me about his experience.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Oh, yes, he's had a lot of experience. Well, I'll fix some breakfast now.
- BROOKS:** Please, Mrs. Davis, drop the other shoe. You know. Your brother Victor had an experience that had something to do with my being afraid to face Mr. Conklin.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Oh, that's right. Well, Victor was terribly afraid of a certain dog in his neighborhood would bite him if he ever got too close to him. But the psychiatrist who took care of Victor explained that the dog was probably afraid that Victor was going to kick him.

- BROOKS:** And ...
- Mrs. DAVIS:** After a couple of months with the psychiatrist, my brother went right into that dog's yard and they stayed there together for over an hour.
- BROOKS:** Really? What did they do?
- Mrs. DAVIS:** They just stood around, biting and kicking each other. But a policeman came by and stopped it.
- BROOKS:** Yes, that was fortunate. Your brother probably couldn't have taken much more of that kicking. But, Mrs. Davis, I'm afraid my trouble with Mr. Conklin isn't really psychological. Whenever we get together, little accidents keep occurring.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Accidents?
- BROOKS:** Yes. Ink spilled on his shoes, flower pots fall on him, and yesterday while he was bawling me out for transferring a tiny, little flower pot from my windowsill to his head, he broke his glasses.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Well, maybe you better just stay out of his way for a while, dear. Now, before you do anything else, you've got to get a snapshot ready.
- BROOKS:** Snapshot?
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Yes. Walter Denton called and said they're getting the yearbook ready and they need snapshots of the faculty.
- BROOKS:** Oh.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Now I brought in your album and we'll pick out a nice picture to give him.
- BROOKS:** Fine.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Now, let's see ... where's a nice one of you, Connie?
- BROOKS:** You want to sit on the edge of the bed?
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Oh, yes, I'll just sit on the edge of the bed, if I may ...
- SOUND:** **Crashing noise**
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Oh, here's a nice one of you, Connie. Oh, Connie! How did you get down there on the floor?

BROOKS: I just came down with the mattress. Mrs. Davis, this is the second time this bed has collapsed and you've got to do something about it.

Mrs. DAVIS: I will, Connie. I'll see that you get lighter pillow slips. Now you better get up and get dressed, ... and we can look over the album at breakfast.

BROOKS: All right, Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. DAVIS: Watch those springs, Connie, they still have plenty of life in them.

SOUND: **Spring sound**

Mrs. DAVIS: Connie! Connie, where are you now?

BROOKS: You were right about those springs, Mrs. Davis. I'm in the shower.

MUSIC: **Bridge**

Mrs. DAVIS: Now we'll just push the breakfast dishes to one side. There ... and look through your album for a nice picture for the yearbook.

BROOKS: I haven't gone through this album in a long time.

Mrs. DAVIS: Oh, look at this one of you, Connie. I love your hair that way - curling all over your head. Makes you look so youthful.

BROOKS: That's what Mother thought. She didn't cut it till I was nine weeks old.

Mrs. DAVIS: Dear little Connie - draped out on that rug. What is it? Bear skin?

BROOKS: They certainly are. No, I don't think that would be the ideal picture for the yearbook, Mrs. Davis. Too dressy.

Mrs. DAVIS: Oh, here's one, taken at the beach. My, what a stunning bathing suit.

BROOKS: That's my French model bathing suit. It was taken at Lakeview Beach last summer.

Mrs. DAVIS: And those sandals. Exquisite. Such a pretty design. That's all hand work in the front, isn't it?

BROOKS: Sort of. Those are Blue Jay corn plasters. I better get ready. Walter Denton and Stretch Snodgrass should be picking me up any minute.

- Mrs. DAVIS:** Oh, they're such nice boys. But you know, Connie, I can't help but feel sorry for Stretch. He's a wonderful athlete, I know, but honestly, for a sixteen year old boy he has the mind of an eight year old simpleton.
- BROOKS:** Oh, that isn't fair, Mrs. Davis, Stretch has every bit of the mentality of a sixteen year old simpleton.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Well, somewhere along the line that boy's mental development has been arrested.
- BROOKS:** Arrested? It's been sentenced and shot. Now, you put away that album ...
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Wait just a minute, Connie. Has ... eh ... Mr. Boynton ever seen you in this ...
- BROOKS:** In the album?
- Mrs. DAVIS:** No. In the French bathing suit you're wearing in this snapshot.
- BROOKS:** Why, No. I don't believe the bashful biologist has seen me in that.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Well, he should. That would take his eyes off his frogs for a minute. Now, let's take this picture out of the album so you can give it to the boys when they get here.
- BROOKS:** Oh, you're joking, Mrs. Davis. If Mr. Conklin saw a picture like that in the yearbook, steam would shoot through the top of his head.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** (**Laughing**) I don't mean the whole picture, Connie. I've got this scissors here to cut off your head. That's all they'll need.
- SOUND:** **Cutting paper with scissors**
- Mrs. DAVIS:** There, sweetheart. There's your head, Connie.
- BROOKS:** Just in time, Mrs. Davis. Now I can finish my coffee. That was very nice.
- SOUND:** **Door buzzer**
- BROOKS:** Oh, would you mind answering that, Mrs. Davis. I'll go get my hat and bag and put the finishing touches on my face.
- Mrs. DAVIS:** Very well, Connie.
- SOUND:** **Footsteps - Door Opens**

WALTER: Hi, Mrs. Davis.

STRETCH: Hi, Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. DAVIS: Hello, Stretch, ... Walter. Come in. Miss Brooks will be with you in a minute. She's just putting her face on.

WALTER: Oh, we're in no hurry. Say, what's that picture you got in your hand?

Mrs. DAVIS: This? Oh, this is Miss Brooks.

STRETCH: Let's see. Gosh! Now I know what you meant when you said she's puttin' on her face.

WALTER: But where's her head, Mrs. Davis?

Mrs. DAVIS: Her head? Oh, she's probably got that in her purse.

STRETCH: Oh. (**Suddenly surprised**) Her purse? How's she get along with no head?

WALTER: Coming from you, Stretch, a question like that could be very embarrassing. Apparently this picture's been torn, Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. DAVIS: Naturally. You said you just needed a snapshot of Miss Brooks head for the yearbook, Walter, so we split that part off for you.

WALTER: Oh, I get it. But, Mrs. Davis, can we have this lower part of the snapshot, too.

Mrs. DAVIS: I don't see why not, Walter. When you get through with the yearbook, you can paste both parts together again.

WALTER: Gosh! If I may say so, Miss Brooks figure sure looks beautiful in a bathing suit.

Mrs. DAVIS: Especially in that one, Walter. That's a French bathing suit.

WALTER: Yeh! How do you like it, Stretch?

STRETCH: Oh, I don't know. I don't understand French so good.

WALTER: Well, neither do I, but in this case, all you got to do is read between the lines.

STRETCH: Yeah. ... Yeah. Hey, want me to carry the snapshot for ya, Walter?

WALTER: Oh, no thanks, Stretch. It's not heavy.

BROOKS: Well, I've got two chauffeurs today. Hello, boys.

STRETCH: Hi, Miss Brooks.

WALTER: Oh, Stretch picked me up today on account of I had a little trouble with my clutch.

BROOKS: What kind of trouble, Walter?

WALTER: I lost it.

BROOKS: You lost your clutch?

WALTER: Oh, yes ma'am, but I'll find it all right. It can't be much more than a block away from where the emergency brake fell off.

BROOKS: That's probably just a stone's throw from the motor. Oh, before I forget, here's a snapshot for the yearbook.

WALTER: A snapshot of who? Oh, this is your face. Aha. Thanks, Miss Brooks.

STRETCH: Well, we better be goin' if we're goin'.

Mrs. DAVIS: Yes, it's getting late. Now remember what I told you, Connie. Be sure and invite Mr. Boynton to take you swimming soon so he can see you in the bathing suit.

BROOKS: Really, Mrs. Davis, if Mr. Boynton wants to take me swimming, he'll take me swimming. I'm certainly not going to do anything about suggesting it to him. ... Until lunch time.

WALTER: We better step on it. We've got to pick up Mr. Conklin on the way to school.

BROOKS: Mr. Conklin?

WALTER: Yeah. Harriet called me and told me that her mother had to take their car downtown early this morning and she was counting on me to pick them up.

BROOKS: But, if I had known that, I would have gone to school on my pogo stick.

STRETCH: So would I have. But we can't let Walter down now, Miss Brooks. Besides, Mr. Conklin isn't so bad. For all we know, he's just as nervous about us as we are about him.

BROOKS: Stretch, you're not related to Mrs. Davis' brother Victor, are you? Well, I guess you take from the same psychiatrist.

MUSIC: **Bridge**

ANNCR: Our Miss Brooks will continue in just a moment, but first ...

ANNCR 2: Here's wonderful news, ladies. Wonderful, wonderful news! Now there's something thrillingly new with Palmolive Soap's famous beauty lather. Yes, something thrillingly new. Palmolive's famous beauty lather now brings you new fragrance, new charm, new allure.

VOICE: Millions of women will prefer beauty lather Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps the minute they try it. For Palmolive's famous beauty lather now has a new, clean, flower-fresh fragrance for new allure, new charm.

ANNCR 2: So, ladies, forget all other beauty care, and use Palmolive soap the way doctors advise for a lovelier complexion. Just stop improper cleansing and instead wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times a day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful beauty lather on to your skin for sixty seconds each time to get a full, beautifying effect. Then rinse. That's all. All types of skin - young, older, oily respond to it quickly. Don't wait another day to try Palmolive beauty lather. You'll be thrilled by its new fragrance, new charm, new allure. Thrilled again by the fresher, brighter complexion doctors proved may soon be yours.

VOICE: For a new loveliness all over, use big, bath size Palmolive - in tub or shower.

MUSIC: **Bridge**

ANNCR: As Our Miss Brooks and the boys are on their way to pick up Mr. Conklin, let's look in on Madison's beloved principal as he and his daughter, Harriet are finishing breakfast.

HARRIET: Well, Daddy, how did you like your breakfast?

CONKLIN: It was very adequate, Harriet. Now, if you'll hand me my hat please.

HARRIET: Here you are, Daddy.

CONKLIN: It's a brand new one. How do you like it, my dear?

HARRIET: Well, it isn't very colorful, is it, Daddy?

CONKLIN: Very few black Homburgs are. This suit is also new - it's the latest thing - black shark skin. Do you like it?

- HARRIET:** It's real chic, Daddy.
- CONKLIN:** Of course, this tie may be a trifle loud with it - it's midnight blue. Do you think it's too loud, Harriet.
- HARRIET:** I can't hear a thing, Daddy. I - I mean it looks fine.
- CONKLIN:** This is the outfit I had my picture taken in - the one that's pinned on the bulletin board. In as much as you are the yearbook editor, I want you to have a good photo.
- HARRIET:** Thanks, Daddy. Walter will appreciate it, too.
- CONKLIN:** (**Annoyed**) Denton? What has he got to do with it?
- HARRIET:** Well, he's associate editor of the yearbook and he's giving us a lift today.
- CONKLIN:** He doesn't give me a lift. In fact, if I may borrow an expression from the undergraduate body, "He brings me down." What you see in that booby is beyond me.
- HARRIET:** He isn't a booby. Walter's the manager of the baseball team and editor of the Madison Monitor and ... well, he's just an all around ...
- CONKLIN:** (**Interrupting**) He's just an all around ...
- HARRIET:** (**Interrupting**) Daddy!
- CONKLIN:** All right. I won't say mine if you don't say yours.
- HARRIET:** I think it's very nice of Walter and Stretch to pick us up. After all, they had to get up earlier in the morning to stop for us after picking for Miss Brooks.
- CONKLIN:** Miss Brooks! Will she be along?
- HARRIET:** Of course! Walter always takes her to school. What have you got against Miss Brooks?
- CONKLIN:** Nothing at all, Harriet. At least nothing that some new shoes, new glasses and a head free of a flower pot won't straighten out. I don't know what it is about that woman, but when she's in the vicinity, disaster rings in my bones. Today is Friday the 13th - oooh!

- HARRIET:** Oh, please, Daddy, you're exaggerating. Miss Brooks is probably just as nervous about facing you as you are about facing her.
- CONKLIN:** I doubt it. I wish we could get to school some other way. If only it wasn't so late, we ... oh, well, they've lifted the Berlin blockade, maybe there's hope for me.
- MUSIC:** **Bridge**
- SOUND:** **Car coming to a stop - screeching brakes**
- WALTER:** Well, here's Mr. Conklin's house.
- STRETCH:** Is he still sore at ya, Walter?
- WALTER:** Yeah, but I just can't seem to put my finger on the reason. The way when Mr. Conklin looks upon me with his, eh ...
- BROOKS:** Would repugnance do it?
- WALTER:** Is that bad?
- BROOKS:** Very bad.
- WALTER:** Then that would do it. That's why I wrote I wrote this speech when I knew we were taking him to school.
- STRETCH:** Speech?
- WALTER:** Yeah. So by the time we get to Madison, my future father-in-law and I'll be buddies. Oh, before I honk the horn, I'd like you to hear the speech, Miss Brooks. It goes - (**clears throat**) Mr. Conklin, ... Sir ...
- BROOKS:** (**Interrupting**) Excuse me, Walter, but "Mr. Conklin, Sir" and his daughter, Harriet, just came out on the porch.
- STRETCH:** Well, they must have seen us pull up.
- BROOKS:** She's leading him down the steps. Something must have happened to his glasses. (**Remembers**) Oh, yes.
- HARRIET:** Hello, Miss Brooks. Hi, boys.
- WALTER:** Hi, Harriet.

- STRETCH:** Hi, Harriet.
- BROOKS:** So, how are you this morning, Mr. Conklin?
- CONKLIN:** Very well. ... So far. Get in, Harriet.
- HARRIET:** Yes, Daddy. I'll sit in the front with the boys.
- BROOKS:** And you sit back here with me, Mr. Conklin. Here, I'll hold the door for you.
- CONKLIN:** Thank, you.
- BROOKS:** That's a lovely suit you have on. Is it new?
- CONKLIN:** Yes, Miss Brooks.
- SOUND:** **Cloth tearing**
- CONKLIN:** (**Annoyed**) Brand new.
- BROOKS:** It's just your pocket, Mr. Conklin. I'll sew it up when we get to school. Go ahead, Stretch.
- WALTER:** Ahem, Mr. Conklin ... Sir ...
- CONKLIN:** (**Interrupting**) Shut up, you boob.
- MUSIC:** **Bridge**
- BROOKS:** Well, I fixed Mr. Conklin's suit and unruffled his feathers when we got to school, and by lunch time I was beginning to lose some of my feeling of foreboding - especially since Mr. Boynton had invited me to the cafeteria for lunch. Remembering Mrs. Davis' advice, I thought I'd try and get Mr. Boynton to ask me out swimming so I could show off my French Bathing suit. I was extremely subtle about it. Did you enjoy your lunch, Mr. Boynton?
- BOYNTON:** Oh, very much, Miss Brooks.
- BROOKS:** Me, too. Let's go for a swim.
- BOYNTON:** Isn't it a little early for that sort of thing?
- BROOKS:** Well, we could wait 'til after school. It will be later, then.
- BOYNTON:** I ... mean early in the year. It's still quite brisk out.

- BROOKS:** Once you get in, the water's warm. Especially at Lakeview Beach. That's only an hour's drive from here.
- BOYNTON:** No, I'm afraid I don't care much for beaches, Miss Brooks. They're bad for my sinus trouble.
- BROOKS:** Oh.
- BOYNTON:** But I like swimming in a pool, though.
- BROOKS:** Wonderful, Mr. Boynton, let's go for a swim in your pool.
- BOYNTON:** I'm afraid that's impossible, Miss Brooks, my pool's at the YMCA.
- BROOKS:** I guess it would alter their routine a bit if I were to walk in there. Oh, I know what we might do - work on you lawn for a while.
- BOYNTON:** I don't have any lawn, Miss Brooks. I live in a bachelor apartment. All I've got's a window box.
- BROOKS:** Perfect! That's just what we'll do.
- BOYNTON:** What's just what we'll do?
- BROOKS:** We'll put on bathing suits and water your window box.
- BOYNTON:** Why do we have to put on bathing suits to water a window box?
- BROOKS:** All right, you wear what you want and I'll wear what I want.
- BOYNTON:** I'm afraid I won't be free this afternoon, Miss Brooks. You see, I've been searching high and low for another frog like my pet, MacDougal. He's a lipto-dactylis pento-dactylis, you know.
- BROOKS:** That's obvious.
- BOYNTON:** I can't seem to find one anywhere. None of the laboratory supply houses handle them and ... well ... I've got to get one for an experiment.
- BROOKS:** If I bump into one I'll give you a buzz. Now if you'll excuse me, Mr. Boynton, I'm going over to the dessert counter. It's getting pretty crowded in here.
- BOYNTON:** Well, is there something I can get for you, Miss Brooks?

BROOKS: No, I rather enjoy the exercise. I can still get a good post position right on the rail. See you in a few minutes,

SOUND: **Crash of metal tray**

CONKLIN: Oooops!

BROOKS: Oh, I'm terribly, Sir, it was all my fault.

CONKLIN: Yes, it was, Miss Brooks.

BROOKS: Mr. Conklin! Huh! I didn't recognize you. You've got new glasses on.

CONKLIN: I wish you had them on.

BROOKS: Sit down, Mr. Conklin. I'll replace everything you had on your tray. Now, what can I get you?

CONKLIN: Well, suppose we start out with some nice split pea soup.

BROOKS: Split pea soup. Yes, sir. About how much?

CONKLIN: About a much as I now have in my vest pocket. Miss Brooks, after you've served me and before you go back to your classroom, stop at the bulletin board, will you.

BROOKS: The bulletin board?

CONKLIN: Yes. There's a picture of me on it and I'd like you to see just how this suit looked before I met you.

MUSIC: **Bridge**

SOUND: **Hammering on wood**

WALTER: There, that'll teach him to call me a boob.

STRETCH: Ho, ho, ho. Ha, ha, ha. It sure looks funny, Walter. Miss Brooks in a bathing suit with Mr. Conklin's head nailed on the shoulders. This won't get Miss Brooks in trouble, will it Walter?

WALTER: How can it get her in trouble? These could be anybody's legs.

STRETCH: Anybody but Mr. Conklin's, that is.

- WALTER:** Let's get out of here, Stretch. Somebody's coming.
- STRETCH:** Okay. But I'd sure like to see Mr. Conklin's face when he spots his picture.
- SOUND:** **Footsteps**
- BROOKS:** Well, here's the bulletin board, Mr. Boynton. I'll just ... Mr. Boynton, do see what I see?
- BOYNTON:** Yes, I think so, Miss Brooks. Is this the suit Mr. Conklin wanted you to see him in?
- BROOKS:** That happens to be me, Mr. Boynton. It was taken at Lakeview Beach.
- BOYNTON:** You? Ah, that must be a pretty old snapshot. Frankly, I like you better without the mustache.
- BROOKS:** Thank you. I'm a lot less bald now, too. Those darn kids must have put my picture over Mr. Conklin's for a rib, but if he finds out this is my picture, he'll take my head off permanently.
- BOYNTON:** Hmm!. Maybe we will drive to Lakeview Beach this afternoon. But first, I better get this picture down, Miss Brooks. Whew, they didn't use thumb tacks. These are real nails and they're hammered way in.
- BROOKS:** Oh, I better find a hammer to pick them out with. Come on, Mr. Boynton, the keys to the supply room are in Mr. Conklin's office.
- MUSIC:** **Bridge**
- BOYNTON:** Now here's his door, Miss Brook, but I'd better knock.
- BROOKS:** Oh, don't bother, Mr. Conklin must still be at lunch. You wait here and I'll go in and get the key.
- SOUND:** **Tinkling of glass**
- CONKLIN:** How do you do.
- BROOKS:** I was just coming in, Mr. Conklin.
- CONKLIN:** I was just going out, Miss Brooks.
- BROOKS:** I thought you were still in the cafeteria.

CONKLIN: I wish I were. (**pause**) Just for a moment, gaze upon me. It will be evident, even to you, that by banging the door in my face, you have broken my glasses. The regrettable fact remains, however, that even without my glasses, I can still see you.

BROOKS: I just wanted to get a hammer, Mr. Conklin.

CONKLIN: A hammer? You've done a splendid job without a hammer. Miss Brooks, call me a foolish dreamer, if you will, but somehow I had hoped that today's pocket ripping and soup spilling incidents would appease your voracious appetite for mayhem. But, no. No, for the second time in a few days, you have shattered my glasses.

BROOKS: Please, Mr. Conklin, I can't stand this war of nerves. If you hold me responsible for those accidents, why are you so restrained? You've got high blood pressure - use it. Give me a good, loud dressing down and get it out of your system.

CONKLIN: Miss Brooks, such crude behavior would be unbecoming to the principal of a high school. To lose control in the presence of others is to betray ill-breeding. Now then, would you be good enough to excuse me for a moment while I walk over to the closet.

BROOKS: Of course, Mr. Conklin.

CONKLIN: Thank you, My dear.

SOUND: **Footsteps - then door opens and closes**

CONKLIN: (**Off Mike**) (Screams) Ahhhhh!

SOUND: **Footsteps**

CONKLIN: I feel much better now. And here, I found a hammer in the closet. You may have it, Miss Brooks.

BROOKS: Oh, thank you, Mr. Conklin. I'll just take this ...

SOUND: **Hammer is dropped on floor**

BROOKS: I'm ... sorry I dropped the hammer on your foot, Mr. Conklin.

CONKLIN: That's all right. I have another foot.

MUSIC: **Bridge**

- STRETCH:** Oh, Miss Brooks, could I see you for a minute?
- BROOKS:** Why, Stretch, school's been out for ten seconds. Why are you loitering in the hall?
- STRETCH:** Well, I've been lookin' for you, Miss Brooks. I even asked Mr. Conklin if he knew where you were. But a funny thing - the minute I mentioned your name, he ran into the closet.
- BROOKS:** Yes, I know.
- STRETCH:** But why did he do that, Miss Brooks?
- BROOKS:** Quiet, Stretch.
- CONKLIN:** (**Off mike**) (Screams) Ahhhhh!
- BROOKS:** That's why. Now what is it you wanted to see me about, Stretch?
- STRETCH:** Well, Harriet Conklin wanted a full figure picture of you for the yearbook, so I pasted your head to the lower part of the picture we took off the bulletin board.
- BROOKS:** Hmm! I've never had a full figure picture in the yearbook. I guess Friday, the 13th isn't so unlucky after all ... unless you happen to be Mr. Conklin.
- WALTER:** Oh, there you are, Miss Brooks. Isn't it terrible?
- BROOKS:** Isn't what terrible, Walter?
- WALTER:** Harriet Conklin just got the proofs back for the year book, but look at the snapshot section. Look here where it says: "This is our Miss Brooks."
- BROOKS:** Oh, let's see it. Oh, no! Stretch, you pasted the wrong parts together. This is a picture of my face attached to a blubbery body wearing a black shark skin suit.
- STRETCH:** Gee. Maybe there is something to Friday, the 13th.
- WALTER:** Oh, it's an awful break, Miss Brooks. Every teacher and student at Madison will see this. You'll be the laughing stock of the whole school.
- STRETCH:** Gosh. I wouldn't blame you if you bursted out crying.
- BROOKS:** Not me, boys. To lose control in the presence of others is to betray ill-breeding. (**Near tears**) Would you ... excuse me a minute?

SOUND: **Footsteps - then door opens**

CONKLIN: And now, Miss Brooks?

BROOKS: I just want to borrow your closet, Mr. Conklin.

SOUND: **Footsteps and then door opens and closes**

BROOKS: (Off mike) (Scream)

MUSIC: **Bridge**

ANNCR: Our Miss Brooks returns in just a moment, but first ...

ANNCR 2: (Singing) Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Luster Creme girl

ANNCR: Tonight, show him how much lovelier your hair can look after a Luster Creme shampoo. Only Luster Creme brings you Kay Dumas' magic formula blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin - gives loveliness lather even in hardest water - glamorizes your hair as you wash it.. Luster Creme - not a soap - not a liquid, but a dainty cream shampoo. Leaves hair fragrantly clean - free of loose dandruff - glistening with sheen - soft - manageable. Gives new beauty to all hairdos or permanents. Four ounce jar, one dollar. Smaller sizes, either tubes or jars. Tonight, try Luster Creme Shampoo, and be a ...

ANNCR 2: (Singing) Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Luster Creme girl. You owe your crowning glory to ... a Luster Creme shampoo.

ANNCR: And now, once again, here is ... Our Miss Brooks.

BROOKS: Well, it looked as if the day might end a little better that it began when Mr. Boynton took my arm as we were leaving the school and said ...

BOYNTON: Eh, let's hurry, Miss Brooks. I'd like to get to Lakeview Beach while the sun's still out.

BROOKS: Oh, fine, Mr. Boynton. But let's stop at the house and pick up my French bathing suit.

BOYNTON: Oh, you won't need a bathing suit, Miss Brooks.

BROOKS: Then why are we going to Lakeview Beach?

BOYNTON: Because of that picture of you on the bulletin board. We've got to stop at the

same spot where that picture was taken.

BROOKS: But, why?

BOYNTON: Well, I noticed in the snapshot there was a lipto-dactylis pento-dactylis frog right near your left foot.

BROOKS: If you don't mind, Mr. Boynton, I'd still like to pick up my bathing suit.

BOYNTON: For what?

BROOKS: If it fits the frog, you two can go steady.

MUSIC: **Closing theme**

ANNCR: Next week, tune in to another Our Miss Brooks show, brought to you by Palmolive soap, your beauty soap and Luster Creme shampoo, for soft, glamorous, caressable hair. Our Miss Brooks starring was produced by Larry Burns, written by Al Lewis with music by Wilbur Hatch.

MUSIC: **Closing theme again under closing announcement**

ANNCR: For mystery, liberally sprinkled with laughs, listen to Mr. And Mrs. North, the exciting, fun-packed adventures of an amateur detective and his beautiful wife. Tune in Tuesday evening over most of these same stations. And be with us next week at this same time for another comedy episode of Our Miss Brooks. Stay tuned now for Life with Luigi which follows over most of these stations. This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.