Andy: Barney you wait out here if you will and as soon as Aunt Bea gets everything she wants you can take her on home, all right?

Aunt Bea: I won’t be long, Barney.

Andy: Nice morning ain’t it? I don’t believe it’s going to rain.

Aunt Bea: Oh, it’s closed.

Andy: Well what do you know about that. Here it is after 9:00 and Fred ain’t open yet. He must be having another spell of sickness. Tsk. Well. Come on in Aunt Bea.

Aunt Bea: Now, what did I do with my list? Ah, here it is.

Andy: Well, good morning madam, I didn’t see you come in. You’re the first customer we had this morning. Is there something particular I can do for you?

Aunt Bea: Yes, you can get me some toilet water.

Andy: You figuring on going off on a date? We got all many of goodies over here. Let’s see... I wish you’s look at that pretty bottle. Mmm! Ain’t that pretty “Par-foom nawj days floris aint’ rooy-jay” Made in Paris, France. Whe! I was over there on time during the war. It’s a real nice-smelling country. Mmm. It do smell good.

Aunt Bea: Mmm-mmm! Let’s see. We could use something for Opies’ sniffles.

Ellie: Officers, please burglars.

Barney: What?! Where?

Ellie: Quickly in the drug store. Please hurry.

Barney: All right. I... Sorry... {grunts}

Ellie: Can’t you use the passenger side?

Barney: Can’t now, ma’am. ( grunts )

Ellie: Over there.

Barney: Oh. All right, mister. I got you red-handed, now. Just stick ‘em up. Andy! It's you!

Andy: Well, of course it is. Who'd you think it was, Billy the Kid?

Aunt Bea: Barney, what is the matter with you?!
Barney: Well, she said that...Well... ma'am, ma'am, this ain't no burglar. This is Sheriff Taylor and this is Aunt Bea. You almost had me shoot my own sheriff for heaven's sake!

Ellie: Then what are they doing in this store before it's open?

Andy: Oh, well, Fred was a little late this morning and the key's up over the door and I just... I don't believe I know you.

Ellie: I'm Ellie Walker, but I still don't see...

Aunt Bea: Oh! Fred's niece.

Andy: How-de-do. He told us about your coming to help out. Oh, and it's nice of you too with Fred ailin' and everything. Barney, you heard about the new lady druggist coming. Well, this here's her.

Barney: Well, h-howdy, doc. Or whatever it is you call yourself.

Andy: Just call her a lady druggist, Barney and if they're all as pretty as she is we can sure use a lot more of 'em, couldn't we?

Ellie: I still don't know what you're doing in this store before it's open.

Andy: Oh, well, I reckon I know the store about as good as Fred does so I always help myself even when he's here. Now, let's see: Toting this stuff up is three and two and carry two is $3.23.

Ellie: Sheriff, what are you doing?!

Andy: Why, I'm paying my bill here.

Ellie: If you please! There you are, and thank you.

Aunt Bea: Well... it was very nice meeting you, Miss Walker.

Barney: Uh, y-yeah. It was nice. Be sure and call me any time you see a thief only make sure it ain't the sheriff.

Ellie: Thank you very much, and come again.

Andy: You all, uh...you all go ahead. I'll be there in a, in a minute. ( clears throat )

Ellie: Yes?

Andy: So, uh, you're, uh...you're Fred's niece, are ya?

Ellie: ( laughs softly )

Andy: Fresh out of college, too, I see.

Ellie: That's right.
Andy: 17...

Ellie: Um, excuse me.

Andy: Well, I just thought I might be able to help you a little bit this being your first day and all-- kind of help you find out where things are.

Ellie: You're very kind, but I'll manage.

Andy: Well, now, that's nice. Your diploma right under Fred's. Elinor Walker, PHG. Pharmacy gal? You must be prouder than a prize heifer.

Ellie: Sheriff Taylor, I don't want to be rude, but you do understand if I'm going to help run this store I've got to establish some sort of system.

Andy: Oh! Well, of course you do, course you do. Same thing in the sheriffing business. Got to keep things orderly and know where things are all the time. Wouldn't do to arrest a prisoner and then forget where you put him. Well, now, that's a nice smile. Just as toothy... 'spect folks will take to that. Well, if I can't help you, I reckon I'll go on. I'll see you again, I reckon. Bye.

Ellie: Good-bye.

Emma: Hello, Andy.

Andy: Well, morning, Emma. How are you?

Emma: Terrible. Ran out of my pills last night and couldn't sleep a wink.

Andy: Oh, that's a shame.

Emma: Tried watching that late show on television. Even that couldn't put me to sleep.

Andy: I know. I saw it. It was pretty good, wasn't it? Sure does keep a body awake whenever they slip in a good'un like that. It's lucky they don't have them more often. Well, I'll... I'll see you.

Emma: Andy... Don't you want to know did I have a pain last night?

Andy: Oh... course I do. Did you have a pain last night?

Emma: Did I have a pain? It started right here in the side and shot down my leg, raced up the other side and around my back and then went clean on up my neck.

Andy: Oh... I'll say one thing for you, Emma...when you have a pain, it really goes places.

Emma: Don't it just? (laughing) But as soon as Fred gives me my pills, I'll be fine.

Andy: Oh, oh, oh. Fred ain't here. His niece is helping him out. Uh, Miss Walker?

Emma: She know anything about pills?
Andy: Oh, uh, Miss Walker This is Emma Brand, a real good customer of Fred's. Miss Walker will take care of you. Well, bye again.

Emma: Bye, Andy.

Ellie: Yes, ma'am?

Emma: I'd like my pills, please.

Ellie: Your pills?

Emma: Here's my dime. Now give me my pills.

Ellie: A dime for pills?

Emma: That's what I always pay-- no more, no less. Now let me have my pills.

Ellie: May I see your prescription, please?

Emma: My what?

Ellie: Your prescription-- the written order for your medication?

Emma: Oh, I don't need one; never had one. They're them little blue pills in that jar there. Now give me a handful and I'll be on my way.

Ellie: Mrs. Brand, I'll be glad to give you whatever pills you want and as many as you want if I just had a prescription. Now, if you'd like me to call your doctor, I'm sure...

Emma: I don't need a doctor. All I need is my pills. Now give me my pills.

Ellie: I'm sorry, Mrs. Brand. I'm not allowed to do that.

Emma: Well, you'll be even sorrier 'cause now you've lost all my business. Come Christmas time don't expect me to buy my cotton balls from you.

Andy: Barney, are you cleaning that gun again? You just cleaned it yesterday.

Barney: That's right. Ain't nobody ever gonna say Barney Fife's got a dirty gun.

Andy: But you don't have to clean it that much. You ain't even fired it, have you?

Barney: No. But I Bean pointin' it a lot.

Andy: Yeah, yeah. I guess pointin' does lead to dust collectin'. Especially if you point it into the wind.

Emma: Sheriff!

Andy: Oh, hi, Emma.
Emma: Sheriff, I come to report a murder.

Andy: A murder?

Barney: A murder!

Emma: That's right.

Andy: Somebody's Bean murdered? Who?

Emma: Yes.

Emma: Me.

Andy: You?

Emma: Yes, and I'll tell you who done it. That lady druggist, that's who.

Andy: Miss, uh, Miss Walker?

Emma: She's the one. Now, Sheriff, go arrest her. Do your duty.

Andy: Well, now, Emma, they's...they's just the teensiest little technicality involved here. You ain't quite dead yet.

Emma: Well, I will be. Maybe a week, or ten days. If I don't have my pills, it's just a matter of time.

Andy: Well, why won't you have your pills?

Emma: That lady druggist-- she won't sell 'em to me. Says I have to have a prescription.

Andy: Oh, she does?

Emma: You know I never had to have a prescription before. I just come in and put my dime down and got my pills. That's the way it's always Bean.

Andy: Well, now, that may be the way it's always Bean but with a new druggist, and everything it might be a little bit different.

Emma: Different or not, I want my pills. Now, are you going to make that girl give me my pills or not?

Andy: Well, Emma, the law don't allow me to force anything like that.

Emma: All right, then. I come lookin' for justice and it's blind!

Andy: Now, Emma, don't go away mad.

Emma: To think I voted for you last election. Never even considered nobody else. Bad, bad sheriff!

Opie: Hi.
Ellie: Hi. Anything I can do for you?

Opie: They told me there was a new lady druggist so I come by to look at her. Are you her?

Ellie: I'm her.

Opie: You're pretty.

Ellie: Well, thank you.

Opie: Make good faces, too.

Ellie: Well, I've had a lot of experience. I'm Ellie Walker. What's your name?

Opie: Opie Taylor.

Ellie: Are you any relation to Sheriff Taylor?

Opie: He's my Paw.

Ellie: Oh.

Opie: Ain't got no Maw. But I got Aunt Bea. She takes care of me.

Ellie: I see. Would you like an ice cream cone?

Opie: I'd like one fine only I ain't got no money.

Ellie: I what?

Opie: I ain't got no money.

Ellie: Well, I meant I'd give you one free of charge.

Opie: Free? Honest?

Ellie: On one condition: That you don't say "ain't" anymore.

Opie: Yes'm. Gee, I ai... uh... I haven't ever had a free ice cream cone before. I ain't even had a paid one lately.

Andy: Well, young man what you doin' over here in the drugstore?

Opie: Gettin' a ice-cream cone.

Andy: Well, where in the world did you get the money for that?

Opie: Didn't need any money, Paw. She's going to give it to me free just for not saying "ain't" no more. So I ain't going to say "ain't" no more.
Andy: Well, I don't blame you.

Ellie: Here you are.

Opie: Thank you.

Andy: Certainly is mighty generous of you, Miss Walker.

Ellie: Let's just call it an introductory special, huh?

Opie: She's a real nice lady, Paw, ain't she? I mean, isn't she?

Andy: She sure is.

Opie: Are you married?

Ellie: No.

Opie: My Paw ain't married, either. Bye.

Andy: (clears throat)

Ellie: He's a nice boy.

Andy: Yeah. He does very well. Talks a little too much once in a while. I reckon talkin's good, though. Kind of clears the air. And, uh... speaking of that something come to my attention this morning that I'd kind of like to get straightened out if I could. Uh, I-it's about, um... Um...

Ellie: Just what are you doing?

Andy: Better tell her, Emma.

Emma: All right. I'm getting my pills. If she won't give 'em to me I'll take 'em.

Ellie: That's stealing.

Emma: I don't care what you call it. I want my pills.

Andy: Well, now you can't rightly put Emma in the category of a thief. One thing, she didn't steal anything. For another, she wasn't about to. Let's see what you got in your hand. Look. There's a dime. She was going to pay for them pills. Now, you can't rightly call that stealing.

Ellie: Sheriff Taylor, I've already told Mrs. Brand she can't have those pills without a prescription and yet she sneaks in here and tries to help herself. What's worse, you condone it.

Andy: Well, Miss Walker, if you would just realize...

Emma: Ah-- no use talking to her. She's mean. She's mean and heartless so I'll just go home and suffer. (groaning)
Andy: Poor old soul. She's started to walk crooked. You don't care about seeing another human being suffer, do you? All right. You just go right on. Stick to your rules and regulations. Some of these times, when you're sick and aching and can't get up by yourself, see who helps you. There's a dime for my boy's ice cream.

Andy: Morning, Barney.

Barney: Hi, Andy.

Andy: What you doing?

Barney: Oh, just memorizing these sheriff rules.

Andy: Oh.

Barney: I got the first one all memorized.

Andy: You have it?

Barney: Want to just check me on it?

Andy: Oh, all right.

Barney: I know the whole thing.

Andy: Okay... "Rule number one." All right. Go ahead.

Barney: Uh, you want to just give me the first word then I'll...

Andy: Okay. Uh, "an."

Barney: An. An. An?

Andy: Yeah, "An."

Barney: You sure?

Andy: I'm looking right at it.

Barney: An. An... Uh, you want to just give me the second word?

Andy: Okay. "An officer."

Barney: Oh, yeah. An officer. An officer... An, an officer... An officer... An officer... An officer... An officer, an officer... An officer... An officer...

Andy: "An officer of the..."

Barney: An officer of the... An officer of the, uh...
Andy: An officer of the what?

Barney: An officer of the what... That don't sound right.

Andy: No, that ain't right. "An officer of the law."

Barney: Oh, yeah. An officer of the law. An officer of the law... An officer of the law... An officer of the law... An officer of the law... An officer of the law...

Andy: "Shh..." "Shall..."

Barney: Yeah. An officer of the law shall...

Andy: "Enforce..."

Barney: enforce...

Andy: "the law..."

Barney: the law...

Andy: "and order..."

Barney: and order...

Andy: "without...without..."regard..."

Barney: without regard...

Andy: "to personal..."

Barney: to personal...

Andy: "welfare..."

Barney: welfare...

Andy: and safety."

Barney: And safety.

Andy: Pretty good. You want to go over it again or you think you got it?

Barney: I got it.

Aunt Bea: Hi, Barney, hello, Andy.

Andy: Oh, hey, Aunt Bea. What you got there?
Aunt Bea: Some soup for Emma Brand. She's taken to her bed again, poor dear. Barney, would you drop this off for me if you happen to be up her way?

Andy: I knew it. I knew it!

Aunt Bea: Knew what?

Andy: That girl druggist and her dad-burned technicalities have driven Emma to her sickbed. All right, all right. We'll just get us up some technicalities of our own. Come on, Barney. Bring the soup.

Andy: Well, did you find anything? There must be some way we can make that female druggist give Emma her pills.

Barney: Well, closest I can find is Wilson v. Thorpe's Pharmacy in Mount Corey, 1952.

Andy: What'd it say?

Barney: Uh, "Wilson sues Thorpe "for refusing to sell him arsenic "to kill rats in his cellar. "Pharmacist Thorpe claimed arsenic would be dangerous "to Wilson's personal safety "as Wilson was not a responsible person. " Wilson, however, proved beyond any doubt "that he was safe and responsible "won the case and purchased his arsenic on Tuesday, May 4."

Andy: That's good. We got her.

Barney: "He was buried on Friday, May 7."

Andy: Well, we.... we just lost her again. Better get this soup into Emma. It's getting cold.

Barney: Terrible way to go, that arsenic. Must smart.

Andy: Yeah. I'm gonna tell you the truth, Barney it just sets me on fire how one human being could be so inconsiderate of another. It's enough to make a man's blood boil.

Emma: Come in.

Andy: Oh, listen. That poor old soul's so weak she can't hardly talk.

Barney: Hello, Emma.

Andy: Hey, Emma.

Emma: Oh, Sheriff, more soup?

Andy: Aunt Bea sent it to you.

Emma: Oh, how kind. Just put it over there between the pork roast and the fried chicken.

Andy: It certainly is plain to see you ain't gonna starve to death.
Emma: No, kind friends Bean bringing things all morning.

Andy: Oh, ain't it wonderful how the folks help a body out in time of need. Bless 'em.

Emma: They want my last days to be happy ones. There's no telling how long it will be.

Andy: Now, Emma, don't talk like that.

(knock on door)

Emma: Oh, dear. I hope that's not more soup.

Andy: Well, I certainly didn't expect to see you. May I come in?

Emma: Who is it, Andy? You?! What are you doing here?

Ellie: Well, I came to bring you some soup but apparently, I'm a little late.

Emma: You're late in more ways than one, young woman. I'm going downhill fast and you're the one that pushed me.

Ellie: You try to stay calm, Mrs. Brand and if you're referring to the pills, here you are.

Emma: Those my pills?

Ellie: Mm-hmm.

Emma: Well, what do you know. You giving them to me?

Ellie: I'm selling them to you. The dime will be on your bill. Now you better take one right now.

Emma: I hope they're in time to save me.

Ellie: It's not too bad. You just take one of these every few hours and I'm sure you'll be fit as a fiddle by morning. Now, if you'll excuse me I've got to get back to the store.

Ellie: Miss Walker. Bless you.

Ellie: Thank you.

Emma: Oh, I'm feeling better already. I think I'll eat something. Hand me that fried chicken will you, Barney?

Andy: Uh, Miss Walker?

Ellie: Yes.

Andy: That was, uh... that was a fine thing you did there bringing Emma that soup, and especially her pills.
Ellie: Sheriff Taylor, I brought those pills because I found myself becoming the town villain. It seems everyone who came in the store had something to say about it.

Andy: Is that the only reason you brought them?

Ellie: Well, maybe I thought, "What's the harm?"

Andy: Well, ma'am, not giving Emma them pills is what put her in her sickbed to start with.

Ellie: Don't be silly. Those pills couldn't cure a sniffle. They're nothing but sugar pills.

Andy: Sugar pills?

Ellie: That's right, a placebo. They have absolutely no medicinal qualities whatsoever. It's all in her mind. The pills are nothing. It's just that Emma thinks they do some good. You see, that's why Uncle Fred has Bean giving them to her all these years without a prescription and why he only charges her a dime.

Andy: I always did think that was a low price for a miracle drug. Well, tell me something, then: If you knew they was harmless then how come you insisted on a prescription?

Ellie: Because I'm a pharmacist and there are certain prescribed rules I'm sworn to follow.

Andy: Well, I know, and that's good. I mean, rules and different things like that are fine things to have, I reckon but sometimes, well, once in a while you have to think about the folks involved. Like Emma getting sick 'cause she didn't have them pills. What do they call it in the books? I believe, what-- the human equation, I think it is. You must believe that, too or you wouldn't have brought them to her.

Ellie: Well, maybe.

Andy: Yeah. I bet you do. I wish you'd looky yonder. Don't that beat anything?

Ellie: What are you doing?

Andy: Well, I have to give 'em a ticket.

Ellie: Why?

Andy: Well, they parked in front of a fireplug; broke the law.

Ellie: What happened to your human equation?

Andy: How's that?

Ellie: What about the person? Maybe they didn't see the hydrant. Maybe they ran out of gas and had to leave it here. Maybe there was an emergency and it couldn't be helped. Are you going to make it worse by giving them a ticket?
Andy: I-I don't know whether you got a point there or not, but I'm dogged if I ain't a-feelin' right generous. I'll just forget it this time.

Ellie: Good, and don't you feel better for it?

Andy: (chuckling): I reckon I do.


Andy: Bye.

Andy: Uh, Miss...Miss Walker.

Ellie: Hi, Sheriff Taylor.

Andy: I see you're closing up.

Ellie: Yes-- is there anything I can do for you, though?

Andy: Well, I just was over at Emma Brand's house see how she's getting along...

Ellie: Oh, how is she, completely recovered?

Andy: Well, no.

Ellie: No?

Andy: Miss Walker, them pills-- you're sure they won't help her no matter how many she takes?

Ellie: Did she send you here for more?

Andy: Well...

Ellie: Believe me, those pills are ineffectual, and she is not sick.

Andy: But, Miss Walker...

Andy: Well, you saw Emma sitting there eating all that soup and turkey and chicken and pork roast. Honestly, it's all in her head.

Andy: Well, no, it's all in her stomach. She ate all that food, and now she really is sick.

(both chuckling)
Clara: Anybody home?

Aunt Bea: Oh Clara, come on in.

Clara: Well here they are

Aunt Bea: Oh you’ve Bean putting up pickles

Clara: And I do believe these are the best one’s I’ve ever done. Of course I’m not an expert.

Aunt Bea: Oh Clara Johnson, you are anyone who wins the blue ribbon at the fair for 10 years in a row

Clara: Eleven

Aunt Bea: Eleven

Clara: And it’s just possible that these may make it twelve.

Aunt Bea: Just think of that.

Clara: Confidentially I’m using more old spice, what do you think?

Aunt Bea: Simply delicious, oh Clara these are wonderful.

Clara: I think so myself, oh you’re entering the contest too.

Aunt Bea: No no those are just for my family.

Clara: Oh but Bea you should enter, where’s your sporting blood.

Aunt Bea: No no no no contest can’t say I haven’t tried, I tried for ten years and I lost for ten years.

Clara: Eleven

Aunt Bea: Eleven

Clara: Well I know your pickles would stand a wonderful chance here, let me try one.

Aunt Bea: They’re better than the others.

Aunt Bea: What do you think Clara?

Clara: Oh uh their very nice, very nice indeed their quite pleasant and nice.

Aunt Bea: Really?

Clara: Oh yes, yes indeed I wouldn’t change them one single bit. Except maybe the brine might be just a touch too heavy.
Aunt Bea: Oh well I was very careful.

Clara: But that’s the only thing, maybe an extra sprig or two of parsley steeped in the vinegar and possibly if you could get younger cucumbers they wouldn’t be so soft then drain them more and use fresher spices but other than that their quiet nice.

Aunt Bea: Well I just put them up for the boys.

Clara: Oh yes, we’ll let me leave my jar for Opie.

Aunt Bea: Thank you, Clara.

Clara: See you later.

Aunt Bea: Bye

Clara: Oh you might try boiling the vinegar just two seconds more, too.

Aunt Bea: Thank you, Clara.

Clara: But they’re nice.

Andy and Barney: (humming) (door opening) Oh, hi, Aunt Bea.

Aunt Bea: Hi. Anybody ready for some lunch?

Andy and Barney: Oh, we sure are. Yeah, boy.

Aunt Bea: I have a little surprise for you today.

Andy: Oh, a surprise. Did you hear that, Barney?

Andy: Aunt Bea’s brought us a surprise.

Andy: Now don’t you tell me it’s some of that good old apple crumb pie.

Aunt Bea: Better than that.

Barney: You made potato pancakes?

Aunt Bea: No. Even better than that.

Andy: Well, what?

Aunt Bea: Roast Beef sandwich...

Andy: Uh-huh.

Aunt Bea: coleslaw...
Andy: Yeah.

Aunt Bea: And here's the surprise-- some of my new homemade pickles.

Andy: Well, that certainly is a wonderful surprise.

Andy: Look at it that, Barney-- Aunt Bea's brought us some of her homemade pickles.

Barney: I see. It sure is wonderful.

Barney: You really shouldn't have, Aunt Bea.

Andy: That's right, Aunt Bea.

Andy: You go to way yonder too much trouble to please us.

Aunt Bea: Oh, it's no trouble at all.

Aunt Bea: There's plenty. I made eight quarts.

Andy: Eight quarts?

Andy: Oh, Aunt Bea made eight quarts.

Barney: Eight quarts.

Aunt Bea: So you can have some every day.

Barney: Oh well I had an awful big breakfast; I just stuffed myself something terrible.

Aunt Bea: Oh well you have just enough room for just a pickle.

Aunt Bea: Here you are.

Aunt Bea: And here you are.

Barney: Here I am.

Barney: Well? That's homemade alright I can tell that. Cute little fellow isn't it?

Aunt Bea: Well go ahead and taste it.

Barney: Well I don't want to waste it. Being full and everything I think I'll just wait and smoke it. Eat it after...

Aunt Bea: Just go ahead and enjoy it now and if you want some more after super I'll bring over a whole jar. You do like pickles, don't you?

Barney: Oh sure I do, who don't?
Aunt Bea: Well?

Barney: There's no mistake about-- that's a pickle.

Andy: Yeah, boy.

Aunt Bea: I'm glad you boys liked them.

Aunt Bea: Well, I don't want to keep you from your work.

Aunt Bea: Enjoy the pickles.

Andy: (door closes) Where we throw them?

Andy: No. Wait.

Andy: She might find out, and it'd break her heart.

Barney: Well, we got to do something. We can't-- shoo, fly.

Barney: It's dead.

Andy: Well, we got to figure some way to dispose of these pickles so there won't be a trace of 'em.

Barney: Yeah, but how?

Barney: I can't understand it. Why does she keep on making them?

Andy: I don't know. I reckon like most women she just automatically figures that anything homemade has got to be better than something from the store.

Barney: Well, store pickles are ten times better than these.

Barney: A hundred times better. I don't know how I can face the future when I know there's eight quarts of these pickles in it.

Andy: Hey, wait a minute.

Andy: You just had an idea there. Huh?

Andy: Now let's examine the situation here.

Andy: Now we're more or less bound to consume the pickles in them jars, right? Yeah.

Andy: Now, if they was good ol' store pickles, we could eat them.

Barney: But they ain't good ol' store pickles. They're bad ol' home pickles.

Andy: We'll just turn them into store pickles.
Barney: How?

Andy: We'll get eight quarts of store pickles and put 'em in Aunt Bea's jars.

Andy: And then we wouldn't hurt her feelings.

Andy: We could eat the pickles, and she'd be tickled pink.

Andy: Tonight we go into Operation Pickle Switch.


Barney: Pretty good.

Andy: Two more now.

Andy: You got 'em, Barn? Yeah.

Andy: Now, Opie, I want you to understand.

Andy: Ordinarily, I don't approve of doing things behind folks's back.

Opie: I get it, Paw.

Barney: We better hustle while she's still over at Mrs. Johnson's.

Andy: OK.

Barney: Let's empty these jars and switch the pickles.

Andy: Now, you know why we're doing this?

Opie: Uh-huh. 'Cause we don't want to hurt Aunt Bea's feelings, and you don't want me to get sick again.

Andy: I guess that's right.

Andy: Unscrew them things.

Andy: Now the cloth.

Barney: 11 minutes. That's not bad. We're on schedule.

Andy: Yeah, only one thing left to do.

Andy: Now we got to get rid of Aunt Bea's pickles, and we got to get rid of 'em in such a way that she'll never detect a sign of them.

Barney: Okay, You can trust me. The job will be done right.

Andy: Opie, you better get on upstairs. Aunt Bea'll be back any second.
Opie: Okay, Paw.

Barney: You know I'd say this whole thing's come off pretty smooth.

Andy: I'd say so.

Andy: Hey, wait. You better go out this way so you'll be sure not to run into Aunt Bea.

Aunt Bea: Hello.

Andy: Oh, hi, Aunt Bea.

Aunt Bea: I came through the back. I had to get some things off the clothesline.

Aunt Bea: Barney, you going someplace?

Barney: Huh?

Aunt Bea: Your suitcase.

Barney: Uh... uh... the suitcase?

Andy: Oh, uh, Barney's, uh...

Andy: Barney's going on a trip. Ain't ya, Barney?

Barney: Uh... trip. That's right. I'm going on a trip.

Barney: That's right. I'm gonna visit my aunt... uh, cousin. Uh, I'll be back tomorrow, though. I would have brought my own suitcase but it's in the cleaners.

Andy: Yeah uh have a good time. Bye, Barney.

Barney: You don't know him, and he don't have a phone so there's no use trying to call him up to check on it.

Aunt Bea: What?

Barney: My cousin-- the one I'm visiting.

Aunt Bea: Why should I do that?

Aunt Bea: Opie's in bed, I suppose.


Barney: I just decided to go at the last minute so I just pickled a few things to... picked a few things to take with me.

Aunt Bea: Well, that sounds like a good idea.
Barney: Oh, uh, well... I'll be going now.

Barney: (jars clang) Uh... uh, shaving lotion.

Barney: I shave a lot when I travel so I brought some lotion with me.

Barney: That's perfectly natural.

Barney: Everybody shaves.

Barney: Well, men, that is, and I'm a man.

Barney: And so there's really nothing to be suspicious about.

Barney: And if I was you, I'd just forget the whole thing.

Aunt Bea: Well, Barney, have a nice trip. I'll see you when you get back.

Barney: This cousin of mine-- see, he lives way over...

Andy: Would you just go?

Barney: Boy, that was close.

Andy: Yeah. Now, get rid of the you-know-what.

Barney: Yeah, the-- get rid of what? Oh, the pick...!

Barney: Bye, Aunt Bea! I'm leaving on my trip to my cousin's house!

Motorist from Oregon: What's up, Officer? I do something wrong?

Motorist from Oregon: I wasn't speeding.

Barney: Oh, no. I see by your license plates that you're from Oregon.

Motorist from Oregon: That's right. Portland.

Barney: On your way back there now, are you?

Motorist from Oregon: Well, yes, as a matter of fact, I am.

Motorist from Oregon: What's the trouble?

Barney: Oh, no trouble at all. Like you said, you wasn't speeding. As a matter of fact, you was handling your car so perfect that you qualify for our safe driving award.

Motorist from Oregon: Safe driving award?

Barney: That's right.
Barney: And here she is. Mayberry says thanks and happy motoring.

Barney: Have a nice trip now and don't stop for anything.

Aunt Bea: Barney, you never told us a thing about your trip.

Barney: What trip?

Barney: Oh, oh. The trip.

Barney: Uh, uh, well, it was just fine, fine.

Barney: They were just pickled tink to see me.

Andy: I bet they didn't serve you any pickles as good as these, huh?

Andy: They sure are tasty.

Barney: They're the best I ever had.

Barney: Let me have another one.

Andy: All right.

Aunt Bea: I've never seen you boys eat so many pickles.

Andy: Well, they're just plain irresistible, Aunt Bea.

Andy: Care for some, Ope?

Opie: Sure would, Paw.

Aunt Bea: I think I'll try one myself.

Andy: Oh, yeah, help yourself. You'll like 'em.

Aunt Bea: Mmm. Say, they are good, aren't they?

Andy: They are that.

Aunt Bea: And I was beginning to think you boys didn't really care about my pickles.

Andy: Oh, now, Aunt Bea.

Aunt Bea: Well, I'm not blind.

Aunt Bea: They weren't disappearing very fast.

Aunt Bea: As a matter of fact, I decided this last batch would be my very last.
Barney: Your last?

Barney: Mm-hmm.

Aunt Bea: I see you really do like them.

Aunt Bea: And another thing.

Aunt Bea: I decided not to be in the contest this year, but, you know, I've changed my mind.

Aunt Bea: I think I've hit on just the right recipe.

Aunt Bea: Gonna enter the competition after all.

Barney: Y-y-you are?

Aunt Bea: Mmm, this may be the year to beat out Mrs. Johnson for the blue ribbon.

Aunt Bea: Yes, sir. I'm gonna enter these pickles.

Opie: These?

Barney: These?

Andy: These?

Aunt Bea: These.

Barney: It ain't our fault, Andy.

Barney: Whoever would have thought she'd actually enter them in the contest?

Andy: Well, the thing that bothers me is them's good store pickles, Barney.

Andy: She might even win that contest, and it wouldn't be fair to the others.

Barney: Well, what's wrong with her winning?

Barney: After 11 years of trying, she's certainly entitled to one blue ribbon.

Andy: But they're not her pickles.

Barney: Well, it means so much to her.

Andy: Well, yeah, it does that.

Barney: You know, if she did win, it might be a good joke.

Andy: (both chuckling) Imagine Aunt Bea walkin' off with a fixed pickle contest.
Barney: (both laughing) Just a harmless joke is all.
Andy: Yeah.
Clara: Sheriff, are you busy?
Andy: Well, of course not, Mrs. Johnson. Come on in.
BARNEY: How are ya, Mrs. Johnson?
Clara: Just fine, thank you.
Clara: I brought ya a little something.
Andy: Oh, you did? What?
Clara: Some homemade pickles.
Andy: Oh, I declare.
Andy: Well, lookit there, Barney.
Andy: Mrs. Johnson brought us some pickles.
Barney: Uh-huh.
Clara: Well, I think you'll like them.
Clara: They're sort of special.
Clara: This year, I went wild with all spice.
Barney: Oh, Mrs. Johnson, I'd have never thought it of ya.
Clara: (chuckling) Well, aren't you going to taste one?
Andy: Well, the fact is, me and Barney just had a sizable lunch.
Barney: Yeah, and I got to go out on patrol.
Barney: Wouldn't do for me to stop anybody with all spice on my breath.
Clara: Barney...
Clara: Well, aren't you going to try just one?
Andy: Well, yeah, me and Barney'll try one pickle, won't we, Barn?
Andy: Come on and let's have one of Mrs. Johnson's pickles.
Barney: No, you-you go ahead, Andy. I gotta bring the car around.

Andy: Barney!

Andy: Well... maybe just a little one. Hey, these are good.

Clara: Do you really think so?

Andy: Mmm, just as flavorsome as can be.

Clara: Oh, I'm glad you like them so much.

Clara: I do spend an awful lot of time on them.

Clara: Maybe more than I should.

Andy: Well, you can certainly tell it.

Clara: You know, when Mr. Johnson was alive, he just loved them so much.

Clara: He always used to say to me: "Clara, when my time comes, and I go to heaven, "I'll just bet they don't put down a pickle that can compare with yours." That's what he always said, rest his soul.

Andy: Yeah.

Clara: I guess now he has a chance to find out.

Andy: I'd say chances are, he is exactly 100% right.

Clara: Did you ever see my scrapbook with all the prizes I've won for my pickles?

ANDY: Uh, yes...

Clara: I've got it right here. Pasted in everything-- the blue ribbons from the fair.

Clara: First place every year for 11 years.

Andy: That's quite a record.

Clara: You know, whenever I get discouraged or lonely, I take out my book and look at my ribbons.

Clara: I don't know how to explain it, but... it's a great comfort to know that there's something I can do.

Clara: Why, I suppose I'm just a foolish old lady.

Andy: Oh, well, now, I wouldn't believe that for a minute.

Clara: You probably think I'm just putting on airs, but I do try to make my pickles better every year.

Clara: It means so much to me.
Andy: Barney, we have got us a mess.

Barney: Well, how's that?

Andy: We was dead wrong about figurin' that contest didn't mean anything.

Andy: What's small potatoes to some folks can be mighty important to others.

Barney: Are you talkin' about Mrs. Johnson?

Andy: Mm-hmm. Barney, that poor soul just lives for that contest, and if she got nosed out by a store pickle, I'd never forgive myself.

Barney: But, Andy, like we said, it'd just be a little joke.

Andy: No, not to her it wouldn't. No chance of gettin' Aunt Bea's old pickles back, is there?

Barney: They're scattered all the way from Oregon to Nova Scotia.

Andy: We got to make this contest fair and square, and that means the pickles Aunt Bea enters has got to be the pickles Aunt Bea makes.

Barney: But Andy, the pickles she made, they're gone.

Andy: I know it. We're just gonna have to get her to make another batch.

Barney: You can't be serious. You mean you actually want her to make another batch of them kerosene cucumbers?

Barney: (sighs) All right. How're we gonna do it?

Andy: Well... somehow between now and the contest we're gonna have to eat up all the store pickles that Aunt Bea's got on hand.

Barney: Why don't we get rid of them the same way we got rid of the others?

Andy: No, no. That won't work. See, she's got to see them pickles disappearin', and she's got to see us likin' 'em so much that she'll want to make another batch.

Barney: Oh, Andy, I gotta tell ya, now, my heart ain't in this.

Andy: Well, it's not so much your heart we need-- it's your stomach. Now, we got to eat up eight quarts of pickles.

♪ ♪

Aunt Bea: Lunchtime!

Andy: Hi, Aunt Bea.
Aunt Bea: You know, the most terrible thing-- I was fixing your lunch, and I went to get some pickles, and do you know they're all gone?

Barney: Really?

Andy: They're gone?

Aunt Bea: I can't imagine where they went.

Barney: Oh, I can.

Aunt Bea: I know you boys have been eating a lot lately, but I never thought we'd get through all of them.

Aunt Bea: Oh, this is terrible. The contest is almost here, and I don't have a single pickle to enter.

Andy: Oh, it's all our fault no two ways about it.

Aunt Bea: No no I'm Glad you boys enjoyed them

Andy: Gluttons, gluttons, gluttons and I'm just a shame of both of us. Ain't you Barney?

Aunt Bea: I've already told everybody I'm going to enter the contest, and now I'll look ridiculous if I don't.

Andy: I guess there's nothin' you can do outside of makin' a new batch.

Aunt Bea: I guess not.

Andy: Hey, that's an excellent idea, Aunt Bea, and ain't you the clever one to think of it.

Aunt Bea: Think of what?

Andy: What you said about makin' a new batch.

Aunt Bea: I did?

Andy: Yeah, but you'll have to hurry some.

Aunt Bea: Oh... Another batch-- that's it.

Barney: Yeah, you can get all the stuff.

Andy: Course.

Aunt Bea: Mrs. Dredmar has some nice cucumbers.

Barney: You got lots of empty jars.

Aunt Bea: Plenty of vinegar.
Andy: And Mrs. Johnson, she'll loan ya some extra spices.

Aunt Bea: Yes, yes, I think I can do it.

Andy: Of course you can.

Aunt Bea: I'll just put off the sewin'.

Andy: Put off the sewin'.

Aunt Bea: The kettle's...

Andy: Kettle's done.

Aunt Bea: (Aunt Bea talking excitedly) Oh, my goodness, I'm going to have to hurry, won't I?

Andy: Oh, you gonna have to hurry.

(animated music playing) (talking quietly)

Andy: They just up to the preacher's wife now.

Aunt Bea: Oh I'm just so excited I just can't stand it.

Andy: Oh, Aunt Bea calm yourself.

Aunt Bea: Look, they're up to mine now.

Judge 1: Well, what would you say?

Judge 2: Kerosene?

Judge 1: Precisely.

(applause) ANDY: Oh, it's Mrs. Johnson again.

Aunt Bea: Oh, just look at her. She looks so happy.

Barney: She's floatin' on a cloud.

Andy: Well, it means a lot to her.

Clara: I'm so happy!

Andy: Congratulations, Mrs. Johnson.

Aunt Bea: Congratulations. I think it's just wonderful

Clara: Just imagine-- blue ribbon number 12.
Aunt Bea: And you deserved it, dear.
Clara: Oh, I'm so happy. I'm so very happy.
Clara: I could almost cry.
Clara: I worked and suffered for this so long.
Andy: Yes, well, we all have.
Clara: Oh, well, I must go and thank the judges.
Clara: Where did they go to?
Barney: Uh, they're over there at the water fountain washin' their hands.
Clara: Oh.
Andy: Well, Aunt Bea, maybe next year.
Aunt Bea: Oh, it doesn't matter. I don't care.
Aunt Bea: As long as my family likes what I make, that's blue ribbon enough for me.
Andy: Good for you, Aunt Bea. Right, Barney?
Aunt Bea: Actually, you boys are going to be the winners.
Barney: That's right.
Aunt Bea: I made a double batch this time, you liked my pickles so much-- 16 jars.
Andy: Sixteen?
Barney: Sixteen?
Aunt Bea: Mm-hmm.
Andy: 16 jars Aunt Bea made.
Aunt Bea: And I'll see that you get some every day. Come along, Opie.
Andy: 16 jars. Well, there's only one thing to do. That's what we should have done in the first place.
Barney: You mean, uh...
Andy: Learn to love 'em. Help yourself, Barn.
(knocking)
Andy: Yo.

Barney: You comin' to work today?

Andy: Is it 8:00 already?

Barney: Are you kiddin'? Three past.

Andy: Oh, I can't hardly get started this morning. Just let me drink my coffee here. Sit down, have some toast and jelly or something.

Barney: Yeah, I believe I will. (sighs) It's a nice day.

Andy: Is it?

Barney: You been doin' some paintin' in here?

Andy: No, no. Probably just some glue Opie's using on model airplanes.

Barney: No, it don't smell like glue to me.

Barney: Smells more like ammonia.

Andy: You don't reckon that gas stove's leakin', do ya?

Barney: I found it.

Andy: Aunt Bea was a'workin' in here yesterday.

Barney: Don't tell me Aunt Bea's makin' marmalade now.

Andy: Well, don't just stand there. Go get the suitcase.

Captioned by Media Access Group at WGBH access.wgbh.org
Barney: Mailman.

Andy: Oh yeah I'll get it.

Andy: I'll take it, Billy Ray.

Billy Ray: Oh no, you don’t the mail most go through.

Andy: But I’m standing right here. Hand it to me, Billy Ray.

Billy Ray: You’re not an authorized receptacle.

Barney: But he’s an official of this county.

Billy Ray: Well he’s nothing to me, I’m a FED.

Barney: Wait ‘til you park that mail truck of yours in an illegal spot sometime.

Billy Ray: As long as I’m carrying resident mail I got the right a’way over ambulance, Police cars Fire Engines and heavier than air craft.

Barney: Put a mail sac on some people and it goes right to their heads.

Barney: Occupant...

Otis: Anything for me?

Barney: This is not your mailing address, Otis. Occupant Andy Taylor, Barney Fife. (chuckles)

Barney: Hey, get this, Andy-- Amalgamated Oxidation and Aluminum Corporation of America.

Barney: “Dear sir, we are pleased to announce that as a result of a banner year in both production and sales your company has declared a dividend for all shareholders.”

Andy: I’ll be dogged. Is there a check in there?

Barney: Yeah. Enclosed fine check for twenty-seven cents.

Andy: How about that?

Barney: Yeah.

Andy: Yeah.

Andy: I didn't know you was in the stock market.

Barney: Yeah, well, I got an eighth of a share with Floyd and Wally and some of the boys.
Andy: Good idea.

Barney: Well, you know, you got to plan for the future.

Andy: (chuckling): YEAH.

Andy: Huh?

Barney: Something the matter?

Andy: I don't know. Look here.


Barney: I know that name.

Barney: Wait a minute.

Barney: Ain't he the fella you wounded in that gas station holdup?

Andy: Yeah, yeah.

Andy: Shot him in the leg.

Andy: Never did do too good.

Andy: Last I heard, his leg went kind of game.

Barney: Oh, that's a shame.

Andy: Yeah.

Barney: 1952-- That's a long time ago.

Barney: "Been wanting to see you for a long time to set things straight between us." Well, look, he should've known better than to hold up that service station in the first place.

Barney: And he shot at you first, remember? And you could've killed him, but you didn't. What a nerve. Now he's coming here to gun you down for revenge.

Andy: Gun me down?

Barney: Well, it's all right here, Andy between the lines. All you got to do is look for it.

Andy: Well, I don't know about that, barn.

Barney: Well, what do you think he's coming here for? To give you a medal for saving the gas station?

Andy: Well, I don't rightly know why he's coming here.
Andy: I reckon I'll just have to wait and see.

Barney: You don't know why he's coming here? Well, maybe there's something about this I don't know. Maybe he's a long lost relative or a lodge brother or something. Or maybe he just misses the fun you used to have shooting him in the leg.

Andy: Come on, barn.

Barney: Now, you listen and you listen good.

Barney: Everything about that letter -- the way it's written, the way it's folded, the way the envelope is sealed -- everything about it says just one thing: R-e-v-e-n-g.

Barney: You know what I mean.

Barney: Well you look here Andy. I'm not going to take no for an answer.

Barney: You've got to get out of town for a week. Go up to the mountains, fish a little bit.

Andy: Barney, I don't want to leave town.


Barney: All right, all right, all right. I'm not going to argue with you.

Barney: But let me do this -- let me deputize some of the boys and give you some protection.

Andy: No.

Barney: Then wear a gun.

Andy: No.

Andy: (phone rings) Hello, Sheriff's Office.

Andy: Oh, yes, Mrs. Peterson. Oh.

Andy: Well, I'll take care of it right away.

Andy: Yes, ma'am. Bye.

Andy: Mrs. Peterson's Fluffy's on the roof again.

Barney: This is a time for pussycats?

Barney: With a killer on the loose?

Andy: Well, Fluffy's got kittens and you know how you feel seeing your mother on the roof.

Barney: Andy?
Barney: Take this. Put it under your shirt.

Andy: I won't need it, barn. Fluffy and I have Bean friends for years.

Barney: Okay, but if you get all shot up I don't even want to hear about it!

Barney: All right, men Andy might get back any minute so let's get this over with.

Barney: We've got to give him 24-hour protection.

Barney: Raise your right hands and repeat after me, “As a deputy of the county of Mayberry .. I swear to uphold…”

Barney: Otis, get your hand up.

Otis: My time is up, Barney. Can't I go home now?

Barney: You listen to me, Otis.

Barney: If anything should happen to Andy we might get us a new sheriff. And if we get a new sheriff he might not be so easy on you.

Barney: You might not be able to wander in and out of here at your own convenience. Now, get your hand up!

Barney: “As a deputy of the county…”

Otis: Can I ask a question?

Barney: Yeah.

Gomer: Are we going to get guns?

Barney: You are.

Gomer: Do we get to ride in a patrol car?

Barney: You do.

Gomer: You're a fool, Otis, this is gonna be fun.

Otis: Be quiet, Gomer.

Otis: Sounds like somebody could get hurt.

Otis: Isn't that right?

Barney: Could be.

Otis: That's what bothers me.
Otis: I never cared much about injuries. They're very painful. I don't want any part of this.

Barney: Now, you listen to me, both of you-- we're here to protect one of the all-time greats.

Barney: And how you can even think-- think, mind you-- of backing down is beyond me and mine.

Barney: I realize that some of you have family responsibilities and if, for that reason-- or any other-- you feel this mission is too dangerous and you wanna pull out. Well alright. You're free to walk right out that door.

Bareney: Hold it! Get back here.

Barney: Now, you get them hands up.

Barney: You're both going to be deputies whether you like it or not.

Barney: Now, let's take it from the top.

Barney: as a deputy of the county of Mayberry, I swear to uphold the laws and regulations therein set to by statute 4-2-6-c county rules and regulations, put there by this date city of Mayberry, county of Mayberry thereon.

Barney: All right.

Barney: Now, this is going to be a plainclothes operation.

Gomer: I've got a brown suit that's pretty plain.

Barney: Yeah, that'll be fine. We've got to protect him without him knowing.

Otis: Oh, it'll never work, Barney it'll never work.

Barney: Will you listen to me? Will you just listen to me? Will you do me that favor and just listen to me?

Gomer: I got a dark grey one...

Barney: Hold it! You're at attention.

Gomer: I didn't know that.

Barney: All right, now, we've got to protect Andy without him knowing it. So just happen to be where he is. As far as he's concerned everything is perfectly normal.

Barney: But every minute of every day one of us will be standing by to spring to his side.

Barney: Now, any questions?

Barney: Yeah.
Otis: Suppose this guy shows up, pulls out a gun bang-bang-bang-- let's us have it.

Otis: none of us is very good at this sort of thing including you, Barney.

Barney: You darn fool, Andy will be there every minute.

Barney: He'll look out for us.

Andy: Ok. That's enough for me I'm bushed I'm going to bed

Barney: Oh uh. One more game, Andy.

Andy: We played five games it's nearly 11 o'clock.

Barney: Oh well let's just play 'til 11.

Andy: Oh alright.

Andy: (faint whistling) What was that?

Barney: What was what?

Barney: I didn't hear any whistle.

Barney: Well, I got to go, Ange.

Andy: I thought you wanted to play another game.

Barney: Well, it's getting kind of late.

Andy: That's what I said a minute ago.

Barney: Well, I guess I didn't hear you.

Barney: I'll see you tomorrow, Ange.

Andy: Well goodnight. Oh uh, Barn.

Barney: Yeah?

Andy: I sure am glad you calmed down on that Luke Comstock business.

Andy: You didn't even bring it up once this evening.

Barney: que sera, sera.

Andy: Well, if you say so.

Barney: (gasps) (whispering): DARN FOOL! JUMPING OUT AT ME LIKE THAT!
Barney: Are you ready to take over?

Gomer: I think so.

Gomer: I noticed this brown suit's got a little bitty white thread running through it. It might not be plain enough.

Gomer: Come over to the light...

Barney: That suit's fine! Where's Otis?

Gomer: He's around yonder in the back.

Barney: Remember, if anything suspicious happens you call me.

Gomer: Right.

Gomer: Hey, Barn?

Gomer: I ain't got no phone out here.

Barney: You civilians just don't know how to think on your feet, do you?

Aunt Bea: (muffled footsteps) (footsteps continue) (rustling) Who's there?

Otis: (meowing) (yowling continuing) (pot thuds; meowing stops)

Barney: So help me, Andy, I don't know what you're talking about.

Andy: Now, don't think I don't think it's a sweet idea, Barney but having Gomer and Otis out there all night freezing is pretty ridiculous.

Barney: Gomer? Otis? Out where?


Andy: I don't need them, Barney, okay? I'm going to the post office.

Barney: Post office. Right.

Andy: Who you signaling to?

Barney: All right-- you won't protect yourself so we decided to protect you. What's so terrible about that?

Andy: (sighs) I appreciate that, Barn, I really do.

Andy: Luke Comstock might not even show up.

Andy: Did you ever think of that?
Barney: It’s the truth, Andy. Otis seen him just as plain as day a fellow with a limp getting off the bus.

Andy: It could have been anybody barn a lot of fellows limp.

Barney: Yeah but get this he was carrying a long leather shotgun case.

Aunt Bea: Oh Andy.

Barney: And Gomer seen the shotgun case too and Allan the bus driver mentioned it, now I don’t care what you do but me and my boys are gonna be on are toes.

Andy: Now, Barney.

Barney: Now I don’t want to discuss this any further.

Andy: Barney you just don’t..

Barney: Take a lock!

Aunt Bea: Oh Andy I know Barney is excitable but an he has a wild imagination but this does sound serious. It certainly would hurt to take some precaution.

Andy: Aunt Bea I don’t know what more I can do about I just wait and.

Andy: Hello

Andy: Speaking

Andy: Uh-huh

Andy: Well yeah that’d be fine.

Andy: Goodbye.

Aunt Bea: Anything Wrong?

Andy: No, no That was Luke Cumstock; he’s coming over.

Aunt Bea: Well what did he say?

Andy: Nothing. Just said he’s coming over.

Andy: Opie, why don’t you give Aunt Bea a hand on these dishes in the kitchen?

Opie: Sure, Paw.

Aunt Bea: Well what are you going to do?

Andy: Why don’t you and Opie go to Clara’s for a little bit?
Aunt Bea: Well you are going to call Barney aren’t you?
Andy: No I’d rather not.
Aunt Bea: Andy maybe we ought to…
Andy: Please Aunt Bea now I can handle this. You better take Opie’s jacket it’s a bit nippy out there.
Aunt Bea: Well I guess you know best.
Opie: Paw?
Andy: Yes, son?
Opie: Are you scared of the trouble that’s coming?
Andy: What makes you think trouble is coming?
Opie: You sending me and Aunt Bea over to Ms. Clara’s.
Andy: Oh well I just got some business to talk over.
Opie: Are you scared, Paw?
Andy: Oh well I’m a little nervous.
Opie: Is this your first time?
Andy: No I’ve been scared a lot of times.
Opie: Really, Paw? Gosh you sure couldn’t tell it.
Aunt Bea: Here you are. Come on, Opie.
Barney: Uh-huh.
Aunt Bea: Now Barney don’t do anything rash, but perhaps you can keep an eye on him.
Barney: You just leave it to big Barn, Aunt Bea. I’ll handle it. You just stay calm everything is going to be fine and dandy.
Gomer: I could get you real good, Otis.
Barney: Hey what are you doing? Don’t you ever point a gun at nobody.
Otis: Barney, let me out of this and let Gomer go.
Barney: Now Otis.
Otis: Two’s company, three’s a crowd.

Barney: Otis, if you back out of this now I’m gonna spread it all over town that you’re a yellow bellied chicken.

Barney: Now do you wanna be known as a yellow bellied chicken?

Otis: Oh I don’t mind.

Barney: You shape up mister.

Barney: Now. Put that down! Settle down Gomer let’s shape up let’s get with this, this is important.

Otis: I know but I don’t wanna carry a gun.

Barney: Alright let’s get moving. Let’s make this look like a posse.

Otis: Wait a minute. I got an idea.

Barney: What?

Otis: I’ll pick up some sandwiches and meet you there later.


Andy: Luke won’t you come in?


Luke: After that shooting straight we had, Sheriff, I laid on my back in a hospital bed for six whole months.

Andy: Oh well that must have been pretty rough on you.

Luke: I had a chance to review my whole life, from when I was a boy to where I was laying with my leg gamed for life. All I could think was what a waste.

Luke: So I made up my mind then and there, I was gonna make something of myself, Sheriff.

Luke: I began reading and studying while I was still in that hospital, I developed quiet an interest in mathematics and electricity.

Luke: Well one thing lead to another. Today I went to a chain television repair store in Cleveland. I’m leading a good life.

Andy: Well I am certainly glad to her that, Luke.

Luke: If you wouldn’t have laid me up. Who knows where I would be today.
Andy: You come all the way down here to tell me that?

Luke: That and to bring you a little gift of appreciation. I know how you people down here love to hunt so I brought you this shotgun.

Andy: Well that will bring down them northern honkers. They have a wing spread about that big.

Gomer: Too late he got the drop on him.

Otis: What do we do? What do we do?

Barney: I know the light switch.

Barney: Come on the back door.

Andy: Must be a fuse, Luke.

Andy: Come on out here.

Luke: What’s this?

Andy: Uh this here is are Mayberry knot Tying class. Meets here every Tuesday. That’s a nice one you got there boys.

Barney: Alright alright. How was I supposed to know? I can’t read somebodies mind for gosh sakes.

Barney: Gun stacks and ex-cons I took it from there. Why don’t we just forget about it?

Andy: It’s forgotten barn. We talked about it all last night and all this morning so far as I’m concerned the matters closed. No harm done.

Barney: Good let’s just drop it.

Andy: I’m for that.

Barney: A man’s been train for law work all his life and then his instincts take over.

Andy: Forget it.

Barney: It’s forgotten.

Otis: Andy?

Andy: Hello

Otis: Listen I’m sure sorry about last night. I didn’t wanna be deputy anyways.

Andy: Oh it’s ok Otis.

Otis: It was all Barney’s...
Barney: Oh well you hold it. That subjects been closed.

Andy: We agreed not to talk about it anymore.

Otis: Oh I see. Take a lock.

Barney: Take a lock!

Andy: Take a lock.

Otis: It was all his fault...

Barney: Otis shut up Otis!

Andy: Barney the fact...

Barney: Take a lock, Andy!
Barney: UH-Oh

Andy: Just what?

Barney: Ain't chicken spelled I N

Andy: No he's got it right

Barney: You sure?

Andy: Uh-huh

Andy: I before E except after C and E before N in chicken.

Barney: Oh yeah I always forget that rule.

Barney: Can't you see a man doing a delicate piece of artistic work here go around the back.

Andy: I do believe that's Briscoe darling's truck there.

Andy: Briscoe Darling, come on.

Barney: Man at work here. Man at work.

Andy: High there, Mr. Darling.

Andy: What in the world brings you down the mountains?

Briscoe: Trouble Sheriff, we got ....is it alright to talk in front of him?

Andy: Oh sure this is my deputy Barney Fife. Briscoe Darling.

Andy: I married Mr. Darling's daughter to Doug Wash.

Barney: You did?

Andy: Oh, yeah, that's right.

Andy: It was when you and your mother was on that bus trip to Charlotte.

Andy: Say you got trouble?

Briscoe: It's a sight.

Andy: Well, what in the world's the matter?

Briscoe: Well, there's this fella up home-- Ernest T. Bass.
Briscoe: He just don't take to dud and Charlene bein' married.

Andy: Well, it was all legal.

Andy: I gave you a copy of the marriage certificate and kept a copy here for my files.

Briscoe: I know that.

Briscoe: But that don't signify with Ernest T. Bass.

Briscoe: He keeps botherin' Charlene, yellin' in the night, throwin' rocks through the windows. Can't you and your boys handle him?

Briscoe: Well, we thought about killin' him.

Briscoe: Kinda hated to go that far.

Barney: Well, uh, it's a wise man that knows it's illegal to take the law into one's own hands.

Briscoe: He arguin' with me?

Andy: No, he's agreein' with you.

Briscoe: Just so's I know where I stand.

Briscoe: Do you s'pose you could find the time to come on up there and straighten this thing out for us?

Andy: Well, sure.

Andy: We'll come up there tomorrow.

Briscoe: Good.

Briscoe: Oh-uh you better travel by daylight. It gets kind of rough lee natural bridge.

Andy: We'll get a early start.

Barney: I won't even go home tonight. I'll sleep right here.

Briscoe: I'll expect you tomorrow.

Andy: We'll see you.

Barney: Adios, amigo.

Briscoe: He one o' ours?

Andy: Sure.

Briscoe: More power to you.
Andy: I'll see you.


Andy: It's a oak tree that fell across a shallow spot in the creek.

(snoring)

Andy: Barney? Barney!

Andy: (alarm rings shrilly) (alarm still ringing) (alarm stops) (clears throat) Barney?

Andy: It's 4:00 in the morning.

Barney: (mumbling)

Andy: Come on, Barney.

Andy: We got a long drive ahead of us.

Andy: Up you go.

Andy: For heaven's sakes, Barney will you wake up?

Barney: Yeah, I'm awake.


Andy: Barney. Barney, will you listen to me?

Barney: it's 4 o'clock in the morning, and we got to get going up in the mountains.

Barney: (snoring) (sighs) (snoring)

Andy: Oh, you sure are a hard one to wake up. Will you wake up?

Barney: I'm awake.

Andy: Okay. Wake up!

Barney: (snoring)

Andy: (blows whistle)

Barney: (snoring)

Andy: (snaps)
Barney: Hi, Andy.

Andy: You awake?

Barney: What you gotta do is just (snaps) And I'm up.

Barney: (yawns)

Andy: It ought to be close by here somewhere.

(bluegrass band strumming lively tune)

Andy: Listen.

Barney: Sounds like that one up there.

(band continues playing)

Andy: Come on.

(playing bluegrass music)

Andy: Good! Extra good!

Andy: Mr. Darling, boys, good!

Briscoe: Howdy, sheriff.

Briscoe: Glad you made it.

Andy: Oh, sure-- howdy, Charlene.

Charlene: Hi.

Andy: Howdy, boys.

Andy: Boys are talkative today.

Briscoe: They all keyed up.

Andy: I don't believe y'all ever met my deputy, Barney Fife.

Barney: Charlene Darling, now Mrs. Dud Wash.

Barney: Howdy, ma'am.
Andy: The boys.

Barney: Boys

Andy: Darling, what do you think we ought ..

Andy: Well, howdy, Dud!

Dud: Howdy, sheriff.

Andy: My deputy, Barney Fife, Dud Wash.

Dud: Sure proud you could see fit to intervene, sheriff.

Andy: Oh, it's a pleasure, Dud.

Dud: There's my Darlin' person.

Charlene: Dud, don't!

Dud: Aw, come on.

Briscoe: Dud!

Briscoe: We got more important things to tend to.

Briscoe: Try to curb them hot flashes.

Briscoe: Did you tell Ernest T. Bass the sheriff was lookin' for him?

Dud: Well, I couldn't find him, Mr. Darling.

Dud: His cousin said he went off into the woods to kill a mockingbird.

Andy: Don't sound like a very nice person.

Briscoe: One of the worst we got.

Andy: Maybe we ought to look for him.

Dud: Oh, he's a pestilence and the pestilence will find you.

Dud: You just wait-- he'll be along.

Charlene: Hey how about I fix you and your gun hand a mouth full to eat?

Andy: Oh Well.
Charlene: I can heat up some hog backbone or some fish muddle

Andy and Barney: (mumbling)

Briscoe: Well, you'll probably be a while before Ernest T. bass comes along.

Briscoe: You bring your stringin' instrument, sheriff?

Andy: Oh, I didn't think we'd have time for any music.

Briscoe: Got time to breathe, you got time for music.

Briscoe: How many strangs you used to?

Andy: There are six on my guitar.

Briscoe: Well, here's one with five.

Briscoe: Just kinda let that thumb hang free and enjoy the music.

Dud: How about playin' "Mever hit your grandma with a great, big stick"

Charlene: No, dud, that makes me cry.

Andy: Well, how about "Dooley"?

Briscoe: Oh, that's a good'un.

Brisco: A one, a two and away we go.

(band begins playing) ♪♫ Now, Dooley was a good old man ♪♫
♫♫ he lived below the mill ♪♫
♫♫ Dooley had two daughters ♪♫
♫♫
♫♫ one gal watched the boiler, the other watched the spout ♪♫
♫♫ and mama corked the bottles ♪♫
♫♫
♫♫ Dooley, slippin' up the holler ♪♫
♫♫ Dooley, tryin' to make a dollar ♪♫
♫♫ Dooley, give me a swaller ♪♫
♫♫
the revenuers came for him, a-slippin' through the woods

Dooley kept behind them all and never

now, Dooley was a trader when into town he'd come

Briscoe: Oh that’s a good one

(Smash)

Barney: What’s that?

Charlene: That’s him, Earnest T. Bass.

Dud: You better watch out Earnest T. Bass we got the law in here now.

Briscoe: “Charlene I still love you and want you. Earnest T Bass.”

Andy: I better go have a talk with him.

Andy: I don’t see him.

Briscoe: There he is.

Briscoe: Earnest T. Bass, come out here the sheriff wants to talk to you.

Earnest: I can hear him from here.

Barney: You better do as your told fellow this is the law speaking.

Earnest: Let the gun be, mister.

Andy: Now look here Mr. Bass I’m the justice of the peace in Mayberry and I married Charlene and Dud and I have copy of the marriage certificate here to prove it.

Earnest You a preacher?

Andy: No

Earnest: Then they ain’t rightly married. I have chance to sweet talk and wooh and charm her with my ways.

Briscoe: Take a shot at him sheriff, you got a legal right.

Andy: Now wait a minute, Mr. Darling, we can handle this now without anybody getting hurt.

Andy: Earnest T?
Earnest: Huh? I hear you.

Andy: Hears what we gone do we gone get Charlene and Dud married by a preacher.

Briscoe: Tomorrow being Sunday the preacher will be by.

Andy: Good. Then we'll have them married by a preacher tomorrow.

Earnest: Tomorrow. Huh that gives me 24 hours to coat her!

Briscoe: Now you just hold on.

Earnest: 24 hours I still got a chance.

Andy: If you ask me this Earnest T. Bass is a strange and weird character.

Briscoe: Just plain hungry that's what he is.

Barney: I think he's a nut.

(Snoring)

Barney: Hey Andy?

Andy: Hum?

Barney: Are you asleep?

Andy: Are you kidding?

Barney: Have you ever hear anything like it in your life?

Andy: It's cause they're all sleeping on their backs.

Barney: Suppose we turn them over on their sides it will help?

Andy: It's worth a try.

Barney and Andy: (Mumbling)

Barney: Well what do you know it worked?

Andy: Night.

Barney: Night

Andy: (Sighs)

(Snoring)
Dud: What was that?

Andy: Earnest T. Bass is paying us another visit it looks like.

Briscoe: Earnest T. Bass?

Earnest: In person.

Briscoe: You’re a lowdown pesky buzzard. Doggone you.

Earnest: Sticks and stones will break my bones but names may never touch me.

Andy: Earnest T. Bass, you better quit throwing rocks through this window.

Andy: Now this is the sheriff talking. I’m gone have to arrest you if you don’t go on home.

Andy: You disturbing the peace keeping these folks awake.

Earnest: Well tell them all to go to sleep. It’s just Charlene I wants to talk to.

Barney: You listen to me out there. This is Deputy Fife speaking and I’m armed.

Barney: And if you don’t go away I’m liable take a shot out this window.

Barney: You cut that out.

Briscoe: You better stop that deputy of yours he’ll get us stoned to death.

Barney: What we gonna do?

Andy: Only one this to do. Make him speak his peace and maybe he’ll go on home.

Andy: Earnest T?

Earnest: I’m a still here.

Andy: Listen a min’

Earnest: Keep on talkin’

Andy: What do you got in mind?

Earnest: I told you I come to plot my thoughts to Charlene

Dud: She’s been plotted!
Andy: Charlene, come on over here and let him talk to you.

Dud: Now wait a min’

Andy: Let him talk to her maybe he’ll get it out of his system and go on home and we can get some sleep.

Andy: Go on, Charlene.

Charlene: I’m here. What do you want?

Earnest: Charlene, this here is Earnest T. Bass here. I’m declaring for you.

Charlene: Yeah?

Earnest: Charlene? Look out here. Can you see me?

Charlene: I see you.

Earnest: Good Charlene you ain’t never give me a chance to court you proper to prove to you that I’m the man for you.

Earnest: First off I wants to serenade you.

Charlene: Alright. Serenade away.

Earnest: Alright listen.

Earnest: Humming

(Music) (Earnest Singing)

Andy: Tell him it was good.

Charlene: That’s good, Earnest T.

Earnest: Now you wanna hear me sing eating goober peas?

Charlene: No thanks. Good night.

Earnest: Wait a min’ look at here. I can do 18 chin ups.

Charlene: That’s good. Good night.

Earnest: I can do chin-ups, I’m the best rock star in the county and I’m saving up for a gold tooth.

Earnest: I’m the man for you Charlene and you know it. Now can I come over there and kiss you on the jaw.
Dud: No you can’t Earnest T. Bass this here is my plotted bride and tomorrow we having a preacher wedding to satisfy you. Now go on home.

Earnest: You just a think you’re having a wedding tomorrow maybe you ain’t.

Dud: what’d you say?

Earnest: I said I don’t chew my cabbage twice and you ain’t heard the last of Earnest T. Bass.

Briscoe: Everybody duck.

Briscoe: Well I guess we can all get some sleep now.

Andy: Hold still Mr. Darling.

Briscoe: Ever since I say hanging I’ve been nervous about wearing one of these things.

Briscoe: You look just like your Ma.

Dud: You look nice Charlene.

Andy: Beautiful Charlene. Don’t she look pretty boys?

Briscoe: Boys ain’t much on compliments.

Andy: Not Earnest T. Bass again.

Barney: He said we ain’t heard the last of him.

Andy: There’s a not on this here rock.

Andy: It says maybe you gone have a preacher and maybe you gone have an alter but maybe you not gone have a bride, you ever think of that?

Dud: What’s he mean by that?

Barney: Andy you don’t think that nut will come here and try to steal the bride away do you?

Briscoe: Wouldn’t put it pass him. He’s as mean as a snake.

Dud: Well you just let him try boy I’ll show him a couple of things I learned in the army and guerilla warfare.

Dud: First you take his head and you yank it (Mumbling)

Briscoe: Stop that boy you want your face to freeze that way?

Andy: It won’t be necessary for that, Dud.
Dud: Well I ain’t gone just stand by and let Earnest T. Bass make off with my darling person.

Andy: Don’t worry about it Dud. I got an idea.

(Music)

Preacher: Dearly Beloved we are gathered together in the face of company to join together this man and this woman in matrimony.

Earnest: Stop that wedding.

Andy: Don’t know body move

Barney: He’s shooting. He’s actually shooting.

Barney: Shooting again.

Andy: Stop worrying. He ain’t gone shoot the woman he loves.

Barney: You’ve had some ideas in your time but this one’s the worst.

Earnest: Hands up everybody!

Earnest: Keep em’ up.

Andy: Alright let’s go.

Andy: Charlene

Andy: Hurry Rev. before Earnest T. Bass discovers who his bride is.

Preacher: Dearly beloved we are gathered in the face of this company to join together this man and woman.....

Earnest: You mine. You was meant to be mine. You will be mine. Charlene I’ll make you a fine husband.

Earnest: I’m a little mean but I’ll make up for it by being real healthy but say you’ll be mine. Say you’ll be mine my beloved.

Barney: I wouldn’t marry you if you were the last man on earth.

Preacher: You promise to love, honor and obey Charlene for as you both shall live.

Dud: I do

Preacher: By the power invested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife. You can kiss her now, Dud.

Andy: Well it’s done for the satisfaction for Earnest T. Bass and everybody.

Andy: Nice wedding Preacher.
Preacher: Thank you

Briscoe: I’m kind of worried about the little fella your deputy.

Andy: Yeah maybe I better go look for him.

Barney: Andy!!


Briscoe: Go on. Shake it.

Earnest: if I ever hear you ain’t good to her I’m gonna call that lady sheriff and you gone be in real trouble.

Dud: Oh I’ll be good to her Earnest T.

Briscoe: Alright let’s get on to the celebration.

Charlene: Hey Paw, how about you play something me and Dud can dance too?

Dud: Yeah something like that anniversary waltz?

Briscoe: Alright.

Briscoe: Let’s do “lets dance til your stockings are hot and round”

Barney: What are you doing?

Earnest: I’d appreciate a dance with you.

Barney: Get out of here. Andy!

Earnest: I’m a good dancer.

Barney: I don’t care what you are.

Earnest: Awh come on.

Barney: Nut!