

(car horns honking)

- Dames, acting like I was some kind of a nut or something. Let me show you. Step right in, Ms. O'Neill.

- Hi, Pussycat.

- Oh brother. You ain't seen nothing yet. Watch. Ms. Thomas, how are you?

- I let three buses go by for you, Harry.

- That's my problem. Started three weeks ago, when Mama said-

- Harold, you know I mind my own business, but if you're ever going to get married, for pity's sake, Harold, will you do something about your breath?

- But I already-

- Now, I'm not finished. I just found this marvelous new mouthwash, Scope. They say, "First thing in the morning, and your breath feels fresher for hours." And it tastes good. And Harold, once in the morning does it.

- That's the story. Nothing but headaches since. (women shrieking)

- Ladies, ladies, hold it. Go back in the bus, please. Please, go the the back- (women laughing) Go back in the bus, please. Please, please?