

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

DUFFY'S TAVERN - STARRING EDWARD F. GARDNER

GUEST STAR - NONE

AGENCY: YOUNG & RUBICAM

SPONSOR: BRISTOL MYERS

SCRIPT: #20

9-930 pm

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1949

6:00 - 6:30 PM PST

REHEARSAL: FEBRUARY 14, 1949

MONDAY

CAST

NBC DIRECTOR

STUDIO "G"

11:00 - 12:30 PM

11:00 - 12:30 PM

11:00 - 12:30 PM

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1949

STUDIO SET UP:

ORCHESTRA:

ENGINEER:

NBC DIRECTOR:

SOUND: 12:30 - 1:30 - 5:30

CAST: 12:00

CAST CALL BACK: 5:30

COMMERCIALS 5:30

STUDIO "D"

10:00 AM

10:30 AM

10:30 AM

10:30 AM

10:30 AM

6:30 PM

2:00 PM

6:30 PM

6:30 PM

SOUND

PHONE

PHONE BELL

FOOTSTEPS

DOOR

STREET NOISE

TACKING PICTURES ON WALL

CASH REGISTER

CAST

ARCHIE.....Edward F. Gardner

FINNEGAN.....Charlie Cantor

EDDIE.....Eddie Green

MISS DUFFY.....Florence Halop

JOE MORAN.....Eddie Stanley

SALESMAN.....Alan Reed

WILLIE GUNDIG.....Ken Christy

STAFF

DIRECTOR:

WRITERS:

ANTONY STANFORD

VIN BOGERT, LARRY RHINE, PHIL SHARP,

LOU GRANT, MORRIS FREEDMAN, BOB

SCHILLER, BILL FREEDMAN, AL JOHANSEN

KEN PETERS

MATTY MALNECK

CHARLAS NORMAN

JOHN MORRIS

BOB GRAPPERHAUS

(HOLLYWOOD - RUBY IRWIN)

SYLVIA DOWLING

ANNOUNCER:

MUSICAL DIRECTOR:

ENGINEER:

NBC DIRECTOR:

SOUND:

COMMERCIAL SUPERVISOR:

COMMERCIAL WRITER:

DUFFY'S TAVERN
2-16-49

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: PIANO

SOUND: PHONE ON CUE

PETERS: Trushay, the hand lotion with the "beforehand" extra and Vitalis for well-groomed hair, bring you Duffy's Tavern starring "Archie himself" - Ed Gardner!

PIANO: "IRISH EYES".....OUT ON CUE.

PETERS: Here's the proven way to keep your hair well groomed! The way successful men in both sports and business keep their hair looking its very best. It's Vitalis and the 60 second workout. See how the Vitalis workout helps your hair - stimulates your scalp - see how it prevents dryness - routs loose dandruff and helps check excessive falling hair. And see how Vitalis keeps your hair handsome and healthy looking with never a trace of a greasy patent leather shine. For there's not a single drop of mineral oil in Vitalis. So try Vitalis and the 60 ~~second~~ workout. You'll like it and you'll like what it does for the looks of your hair.

MUSIC: PIANO ALONE..."IRISH EYES"

SOUND: PHONE BELL

MUSIC: PIANO OUT

ARCHIE: (ON PHONE) Hello...Duffy's Tavern, where the elite meet to eat, Archie, the manager speakin', Duffy ain't here. Oh, hello, Duffy. Oh, nothin' new. The letter carrier was just in - delivered a stack of poison pen letters ... yeah, bills! Well, so much for the bulk of the mail ... now for the complaints. There's a letter here from the department of sanitation. Yeah, they say we'll have to do somethin' about the garbage. They claim it ate a hole through the bottom of their truck. Well look, Duffy, I gotta go over the rest of the mail ... I'll call ya back. (HANGS UP) What else we got Eddie?

EDDIE: There's a personal letter to you from the finance company.

ARCHIE: Oh yeah?

EDDIE: Yeah. They say if you don't settle up right away they're gonna throw you in jail.

ARCHIE: Oh yeah? What else do they say?

EDDIE: I dunno ... I ain't opened it yet.

ARCHIE: Them finance companies! When you first go to them, they're as sweet as pie, but just overlook a couple of years' payments and you find out their real character! Hey, wait a minute..look-a here...a letter from the Ritz Carlton. Who do I know that lives at the Ritz Carlton? Let's see here "Dear Archie: Haven't seen you since our school days at P.S. 4, but have often thought about you. Many's the time I think about our old class motto - "Sic in hoc transit hospis!"

EDDIE: What's that mean?

ARCHIE: Nothin! It's Latin. It was the class code. "Will be down to see you at the tavern tonight. Signed, Your Old Classmate, Willie Gundig!" Willie Gundig. I wonder if I'll recognize him. It's been such a long time since I was in school.

EDDIE: Yeah. And you was there such a short time.

ARCHIE: Yeah. Willie Gundig ... livin' at the Ritz Carlton!

EDDIE: Good friend of yours?

ARCHIE: Well, no. Him and me never hit it off too good, Eddie. He was always rubbin' it in because he got better marks than me. But I happen to know it was because he cheated.

EDDIE: Cheated?

ARCHIE: Yeah ... he studied. Livin' at the Ritz Carlton!
Never could stand the guy! Always thought he was such
a big shot just because his old man owned his own pushcart!
Always walked around with his nose in the air like he was
smellin' somethin' bad.

FINN: Duh ... Hello, Arch.

ARCHIE: Oh, hello, Finnegan. Guess who I just got a letter from?

FINN: Er ... General Smuts?

ARCHIE: No.

FINN: Then I give up. Can you give me a clue, Arch?

ARCHIE: He was in P.S. 4 with us and his initials is W. G.

FINN: Er ... George Washington?

ARCHIE: Wrong again, Finnegan. Willie Gundig.

FINN: Willie Gundig.

ARCHIE: You remember him, Finnegan. Remember the guy was always
bein' punished for puttin' the girls' hair in the
inkwells ... tyin' the cans on dogs' tails .. er puttin'
tacks on the teacher's chair?

FINN: Yeah.

ARCHIE: Well, Willie Gundig was the guy that always squealed on
me.

FINN: Oh, that Willie Gundig!

ARCHIE: Yeah, the guy the year book said was the most likely to
succeed. Yeah....wait a minute...I wonder if I still got
that year book in the safe?

FINN: Good old P.S. - er - P.S. - er ...

EDDIE: Four?

FINN: Yep. Wonderful school, Eddie. What memories it brings back!

EDDIE: Them was the good old days, huh?

FINN: Yep, Eddie. They don't make days like that no more.

ARCHIE: (COMING ON) Here we are, Finnegan. Our old year book. Look-a this picture.... Remember these guys?

FINN: No.

ARCHIE: You don't?

FINN: No. That was the graduatin' class!

ARCHIE: Oh. But look at them, though.... What a tough bunch of kids that was!

EDDIE: Really tough, huh?

ARCHIE: Eddie, we used to eat the apples and bring the teacher the worms. Any guy that was in P.S. 4 didn't have a broken nose was either the principal or a new pupil.

EDDIE: Let's see.....How come the kids is standin' around in their shirtsleeves with all that snow on the ground?

ARCHIE: Eddie, that ain't snow - that's teeth!

EDDIE: Tell me ... who's the girl on the end with the black eye?

ARCHIE: The teacher. Wait a minute ... There he is!

EDDIE: Who?

ARCHIE: That jerk - Willie Gundig!

EDDIE: Let's see. It says here he was voted the student most likely to succeed.

ARCHIE: Yeah.

EDDIE: Er - Where's your picture, Mr. Archie?

ARCHIE: It's somewhere in there. It's hardly worth lookin' for though - it was a very bad picture.

FINN: Wait a minute, Arch - here it is on the next page.

ARCHIE: Er.....anybody want to see pictures of the girls volley ball team?

EDDIE: No. We want to see your picture.

ARCHIE: Oh. Well, here it is.

EDDIE: Mr. Archie...your thumb!

ARCHIE: What about it?

EDDIE: It's coverin' what you was most likely to.

ARCHIE: Oh. Sorry.

FINN: What does it say, Eddie?

EDDIE: "Archie, the man most likely to be a failure."

ARCHIE: Must-a been a misprint.

EDDIE: I dunno--Willie Gundig's livin' at the Ritz Carlton.

ARCHIE: Y'know, I'm just thinkin'....I betchat Willie Gundig himself wrote them "most likely to's." He was always jealous because of me and Alice Vanderwater, y'know.

FINN: Alice Vanderwater.

ARCHIE: Yeah.....the prettiest girl in the school.

FINN: Yeah, I remember her, Arch - the tall, skinny, bowlegged dame with the buck teeth.

EDDIE: Okay, so she was the second prettiest girl in the school.

MISS D: Funny thing, I just ran into Alice Vanderwater the other day over on Avenue A.

ARCHIE: Oh, really, Miss Duffy?

MISS D: Yeah.

ARCHIE: Is she married?

MISS D: Yeah. She married Elmer Zinsser.

ARCHIE: Elmer Zinsser?

MISS D: Yeah, and guess what...they got fifteen kids.

ARCHIE: Fifteen kids!

MISS D: Yeah. But I don't think she's very happy.

ARCHIE: Why?

MISS D: She says she can't stand Elmer.

FINN: Hey, wait a minute, Arch...Ain't this my picture?

ARCHIE: Oh yeah...Yeah...Finnegan, what was you doin' with the debatin' team?

FINN: Arch, what do you think they was debatin' about?

ARCHIE: Hey, wait a minute....here's the one that brings back memories - the old baseball team. We sure had a great ball team that year, didn't we, Finnegan?

FINN: Boy, I'll say. Look, there's Lefty Shultz, the first baseman.

ARCHIE: Yep. Lefty Ryan, the shortstop.

FINN: Lefty McManus, the catcher. Lefty Shapiro, the center fielder.

ARCHIE: Georgie Baker, the third baseman.

EDDIE: Georgie Baker? How come he wasn't left-handed?

ARCHIE: He was. It was just that we ran out of nicknames. By the way, Finnegan, tell Eddie who was the star of that team.

FINN: You tell him, Arch.

ARCHIE: Well, I don't like to brag....

EDDIE: Oh, come on, Lefty - tell me.

ARCHIE: Well, Eddie, I'll never forget the day we played P. S. 6 for the Division C Championship. Get this, Eddie.... get the drama. I'm pitchin' for P.S. 4. It's the ninth innin', there's two out and the bags is loaded. Up to the plate comes Home-run Feigenbaum - the heaviest hitter of P. S. 6. So I look him in the eye for a couple of seconds and I start me wind-up. Eddie, I threw three straight strikes at him -- the guy got his bat off his shoulder. I'm tellin' ya the crowd went nuts!

EDDIE: That strike-out won the game for P.S. 4?

ARCHIE: Not exactly. They nosed us out forty-three to nothin'. All on account of that Willie Gundig droppin' that high fly in the second innin'! The guy most likely to succeed! It happens a lot of other P. S. 4 guys succeeded, too.

MISS D: Archie, stop braggin'! You know that P. S. 4 turned out nothin' but bums.

ARCHIE: Oh, yeah? What about Al Peters for instance?

MISS D: Who's he?

ARCHIE: Only the chief herring salter at the Fulton Fish Market! And what about Henry Sharp?

EDDIE: Another success?

ARCHIE: Merely the head of the Will Call Department of Fineberg's Tiny Tot's Toggery Shop! And what about Gus Christophoulos, the famous Television actor?

MISS D: A famous Television actor?

ARCHIE: Ain't lost a fall in fifteen straight bouts! And they picked Willie Gundig as the one most likely to succeed! Hmph!

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, here comes Joe Moran, the radio announcer. Wasn't he one of your pals at P.S. 4?

ARCHIE: Sure. Hiya, Joe.

JOE: Hiya, Lefty!

ARCHIE: We was just goin' over the old year book here. Remember - Willie Gundig!

JOE: Willie Gundig. Yeah, whatever happened to him?

ARCHIE: He's livin' at the Ritz Carlton.

JOE: Oh, that's swell. I'm always glad to hear that one of the old gang made good.

ARCHIE: Yeah....me, too.

JOE: I wonder if Willie knows that I am now a ~~radio~~ announcer.

ARCHIE: Well, if he don't, I'll break it to him gentle. I'll tell him first that you're dead.

FINN: Hey Arch--is Joe's picture here in the year book?

ARCHIE: Yeah. Let's see....Here you are, Joe.

JOE: What a silly picture! Look at me, with my mouth wide open.

ARCHIE: Yep. Even in them days you looked like a radio announcer. Why do you guys have to open your mouths anyway, Joe?

JOE: What do you mean?

ARCHIE: Well, people never listen to them commercials. Anyhow, why don't you just save your breath and read them silently to yourself?

JOE: But Arch, if the people listening heard nothing but silence, what would they think?

ARCHIE: That radio had at last been perfected.

JOE: Arch, that's silly. You mean I should just stand there and move my lips?

ARCHIE: Why not? Go ahead. Just move your lips and see if I can tell what you're sayin'.

JOE: Okay. (MOVING LIPS) Trushay is the different hand lotion.

ARCHIE: Trushay is the different hand lotion.

JOE: Right. (MOVING LIPS) It not only keeps hands feeling smoother - looking lovelier all the time.....

ARCHIE: It not only keeps hands feeling smoother - looking lovelier all the time ...

JOE: Right. (MOVING LIPS) But Trushay also has a unique beforehand extra that protects hands from chapping.

ARCHIE: You stuttered a bit. What did you say?

JOE: Trushay also has a unique beforehand extra that protects hands from chapping.

ARCHIE: Try another one.

JOE: (MOVING LIPS) As long as Trushay is on your hands, they're guarded against painful chapping.

ARCHIE: As long as Trushay is on your hands, they're guarded against painful chapping.

JOE: Right.

ARCHIE: Water-chapping as well as weather-chapping.

JOE: Arch, I didn't say that!

ARCHIE: Well, I didn't want to make you seem like a blabber-mouth. Now that's the way to do a commercial. Joe, tell me something. When Willie Gundig gets here, what can I do to impress him that I'm also a big success?

EDDIE: You could hide.

JOE: Arch, you sound like you're sore at Willie Gundig.

ARCHIE: Why? Just because he's livin' at the Ritz Carlton?
I'm glad he's a success! Good luck to him! But don't
give him too much credit don't forget success is
all in the breaks.

EDDIE: What do you mean, "It's all in the breaks"?

ARCHIE: Well, take me. Nine years ago, when I answered Duffy's
ad for a bus boy.

EDDIE: What about it?

ARCHIE: If I'd looked two inches to the left, I'd have seen
that ad for an expert suspension bridge engineer.

EDDIE: What do you know about being a suspension bridge
engineer?

ARCHIE: What did I know about bein' a bus boy? That's what I
say it's all in the breaks. Look, Eddie, when
Willie gets here I want you to bear me out in
one little white lie.

EDDIE: What's the white lie?

ARCHIE: I'm gonna tell him I'm a millionaire.

EDDIE: Then, how you gonna explain to him why you're workin'
as a bartender?

ARCHIE: I'm occentric.

EDDIE: But them clothes of yours? How you gonna explain all
them spots?

ARCHIE: Money stains. Wait a minute ... Why couldn't I have
me stock broker come in and tell me what a fortune I
made.

EDDIE: Who's gonna be the stock broker?

ARCHIE: Lemme think

FINN: Duh Say, Arch!

ARCHIE: Hmmm ... Eddie, I know what you're thinkin', but who else is there? Look, Finnegan, when Willie Gundig gets here tonight, I want you to tell him that you're a big stock broker from Wall Street.

FINN: What's Wall Street.

ARCHIE: Well, it's sort of an unsocial Pyramid Club.

FINN: Oh. But, Arch, if I'm gonna be a broker, shouldn't I know something about stocks?

ARCHIE: Finnegan, believe me, you know as much about them as anybody. But just in case, I'll try to explain how the market works. Y'see, the dollar, or as it was originally known as - the wampum - was used as a barter until the gold standard came in. Now this change didn't just take place over night. It took many years of civilization for the dollar to get up to as little value as it has today. Now to continue, as you probably know ...

FINN: Arch, let's not take anything for granted.

ARCHIE: Okay. As you probably don't know

FINN: That's better.

ARCHIE: All business is based on money. Now when you have money, it's called capital. When you're tryin' to get it, it's called labor. This is what they call the Dow-Jones Averages. Y'see, when you buy stocks and they go up, you get a seat on the stock exchange.

FINN: I see. But what happens if the stocks go down?

ARCHIE: Then you lose your seat.

FINN: But Arch, if you lose your seat, where do you sit?

ARCHIE: You sit on a thing called "the curb." Any further questions?

FINN: Yeah.

ARCHIE: What?

FINN: How can I be a stock broker when I can only count up to ten?

ARCHIE: Finnegan, with stocks the way they are today, you don't have to count any higher. That is, unless you happen to be Willie Gundig. Hmph! Probably come rollin' down here in a big car and.... Hey, wait a minute - a big car.... Eddie, call Mutual 9-5000.

EDDIE: Who is that - the Laughing Lithuanian or the Chuckling Czech?

ARCHIE: Eddie, quit makin' up names! (DIALS) Hello...I'd like to talk to Nick, please. Yes, the Giggling Greek. Hello....Nick? This is Archie from Duffy's Tavern. Send over a Cadillac limousine, will ya? Huh? The money? Look, Nick, if I buy the car, you'll get the money! Okay. (HANGS UP) Eddie, I don't think that car will look right standin' outside the Tavern without a chauffeur. (PAUSE) Eddie, I don't think the car will look right standin' outside the Tavern without a chauffeur.

EDDIE: Now wait a minute...I was hired as a waiter.

ARCHIE: Eddie, you can also be fired as a waiter. Well?

EDDIE: Will you be needin' the car today, sir?

ARCHIE: That's better. I'll show that Willie Gundig!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DEALER: Good afternoon, sir. I'm looking for the gentleman who ordered the new limousine.

ARCHIE: I am that millionaire.

DEALER: (PAUSE) You?!

ARCHIE: You see any other millionaires around? C'mon, Chauffeur, leave us go outside and take a look at the car.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS

DEALER: Well, there she is, gentlemen - a brand new 1949!

EDDIE: Hot diggity! With a car like that I could be the Ali Khan of Harlem!

ARCHIE: Just a minute, my good man - looks ain't everything. A car is like a dame - it's what's under the hood that counts. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to check the motor.

DEALER: Check the motor? Look, Bud, this is a 1949 Cadillac!

ARCHIE: I am not impressed by sales talk! If you don't mind, I'd like to look over the motor meself.

DEALER: Okay, if you insist.

ARCHIE: Now let me lift up the hood here. Uh huh...uh huh... uh huh. Yeah, it looks like a pretty good motor.

DEALER: You're looking in the trunk compartment.

ARCHIE: Huh?

DEALER: Bud, the motor is up at the other end of the car.

ARCHIE: Oh. I just wanted to see if you knew your business. Now tell me....is this the model with the hydro-chloride clutch?

DEALER: The what?

ARCHIE: Well, I'll try to put it simply. What is the horsepower?

DEALER: It's a hundred and sixty.

ARCHIE: On what basis is that computed?

DEALER: Well, it's figured on the basis of 550 foot-pounds in one second or 33,000 foot-pounds in one minute.

ARCHIE: I'm afraid you haven't answered my question. What I'm tryin' to find out is - does this horsepower have ball bearings?

DEALER: Er - I give up.

ARCHIE: See, Eddie? I got him stumped. Now lemme see here....
Hmmm.....I see they got the new-type carburetor.

DEALER: Bud, that's the horn!

ARCHIE: Oh. Oh, yes. This is the carburetor over here.

DEALER: That's the battery!

ARCHIE: Oh. Hey, here's a cute little gadget. What's that?

DEALER: That? Well, that mixes gasoline with air to form a vapor that explodes when injected into the cylinders.

ARCHIE: Oh, really? What do they call it?

DEALER: The carburetor.

ARCHIE: Oh.

EDDIE: You was doin' better in the trunk rack.

ARCHIE: Well, look, young man, just leave the car parked here at the curb for a few hours and I'll think it over.
By the way, what's the price?

DEALER: Six thousand dollars.

ARCHIE: Uh huh.

EDDIE: Only twelve thousand payments and she's yours.

ARCHIE: It's worth it though, just to burn up that Willie Gundig. Well, look, young man, as I say, I'll think it over. Just leave it parked here in front of the Tavern for a few hours until I make up me mind.

DEALER: Okay. But you don't mind if I take the key, do you?

ARCHIE: Not at all. Just be sure that you leave the price tag in a prominent place.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: HAMMERING ON WALL

EDDIE: What you doin', Mr. Archie?

ARCHIE: Hangin' up some pictures. I'll show that Willie Gundig! Look at this autograph, Eddie.

EDDIE: Let's see...(READS) "Sorry, Archie, but I'm marrying for love...money isn't everything. Signed Rita Hayworth."

ARCHIE: Me! The man most likely to be a failure! Hmph. Gimme another tack, will ya?

EDDIE: Here you are.

ARCHIE: I want to tack up this map of the world.

SOUND: HAMMERING

ARCHIE: There. How's that look?

EDDIE: Lemme see..."To Archie: Thanks for the loan. Signed, France, Italy and Great Britain."

ARCHIE: That's the same Archie that was voted most likely to fail. Wait'll that guy gets here! Between me stock broker, me chauffeur, me Cadillac, and these autographs, I'll have that Willie Gundig borryin' money from me. Hey, wait a minute...this looks like him comin' in now. Willie?

WILLIE: Archie?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

WILLIE: You ain't changed a bit.

ARCHIE: Oh, I wouldn't say that. So you're Willie Gundig, the man voted most likely to succeed.

WILLIE: That's right, Arch. You remembered that, huh?

ARCHIE: I certainly did.

WILLIE: Arch, tell me...do you remember the time that....?

ARCHIE: I remember it very well!

WILLIE: Well, it's great to see you again, Arch.

ARCHIE: Thank you. I notice that your letter was wrote on Ritz Carlton stationary.

WILLIE: Yeah. That's what I was goin' to talk to you about.

ARCHIE: Don't brag about it...there's a couple of other people that have been doin' okay, too. Did you see that limousine outside?

WILLIE: Yeah.

ARCHIE: It's mine.

WILLIE: Well, I'm glad to hear you're doing so well, Arch.
As for me...

ARCHIE: Just a second, Willie. Oh, James!

EDDIE: Yes, m'lord?

ARCHIE: Better put the limousine in the garage and get out the convertible, it's beginnin' to look like rain.

EDDIE: Okay, sire.

ARCHIE: James is my chauffeur, y'know.

WILLIE: Oh, a chauffeur, huh?

ARCHIE: Oh, by the way - James!

EDDIE: Yes, sir.

ARCHIE: When I go for me usual drive in the park, be sure to cover me with me buffalo robe. And be sure to tuck me in with the fur side towards me.

EDDIE: Why?

ARCHIE: Well, you always keep the fur side closest to you - it's warmer that way.

EDDIE: Uh huh. Too bad the buffalo didn't know that.

ARCHIE: That'll be all, James. But enough about my fabulous success, Willie. Tell me about yourself.

WILLIE: Well, I'll tell ya, Arch...

ARCHIE: That Cadillac cost six thousand dollars!

WILLIE: Well, this is sure a surprise, Arch. Y'know I always thought you'd end up... Well, you remember what the year book said about you.

ARCHIE: Leave us not bark at sleeping dogs. Now where was we... Oh yes, you was talkin' about what a big shot you was.

WILLIE: Well..

ARCHIE: Excuse me a minute. (CALLS) Oh, stock broker!

FINN: Yes, chief?

ARCHIE: Have we heard anything from the Secretary of the Treasury?

FINN: Yeah. He says he wants you to send in your taxes the government needs the money.

ARCHIE: Oh. How much is me taxes.

FINN: A half a million bucks.

ARCHIE: Okay. Go down to the bank and get it out. Wait a minute - forget the bank! Take it out of petty cash! Well, Willie, how are things with you?

WILLIE: Well....

ARCHIE: Just a minute... Oh, stock broker!

FINN: Duh....Yeah?

ARCHIE: What's the latest on the ticker?

FINN: The doctor says not to worry - it's just gas.

ARCHIE: You'll have to excuse him, Willie...he was stunned in the Crash of '29. But enough about me and my sensational success. Tell me about you, Willie - how you doin'?

WILLIE: Well, frankly, Arch, I could use ten bucks.

ARCHIE: Oh, Stock Broke-- what did you say, Willie?

WILLIE: I could use ten bucks.

ARCHIE: You mean you're broke?

WILLIE: Yeah.

ARCHIE: But how can you be broke and live at the Ritz Carlton?

WILLIE: I don't live there - I just work there....that is, until yesterday.

ARCHIE: Then why did you have to write your letter on their stationery just to make me believe you was a big shot?

WILLIE: Well, I can explain that, Arch.

ARCHIE: Willie, if there's anything I hate it's a phoney!

WILLIE: Arch, don't get sore! I just thought maybe, for old times sake, you could let me have ten bucks. It wouldn't mean anything much to a guy like you.

ARCHIE: Well, I guess not. After all, if I can afford a six thousand dollar Cadillac, I guess ten bucks ain't gonna break a man of my means. Oh - er- James!

EDDIE: Find some other means!

ARCHIE: You really need the ten, huh Willie?

WILLIE: I sure could use it.

ARCHIE: Okay, kid.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER.

ARCHIE: Here you are - here's ten bucks.

WILLIE: Thanks, Arch. You're still a great guy. And if I run into any of the old gang, I'm sure goin' to tell 'em what you did for me.

ARCHIE: Willie, just tell the ones with money. Well, nice to have seen you again, kid. Sic in hoc transit hospis.

WILLIE: So long, Arch.

ARCHIE: So long, kid. (PAUSE) Good old Willie. Nice guy, Eddie. I always liked him. Funny thing with that year book though, huh?

EDDIE: What dya mean?

ARCHIE: I was the guy voted the most likely to be a failure, and here he has to come to me for ten bucks. Ain't it funny how life sometimes works out?

MUSIC: IN, UP UNTIL CUED OUT FOR HITCHHIKE
(APPLAUSE)
(INSERT HITCHHIKE & CLOSING)

DUFFY'S TAVERN
2/16/49

H I T C H H I K E

PETERS: Men, the quickest way to discover something better is to try it. That's why I want you to try Benex Brushless Shave Cream. Benex is the new wonder shave with the sensational beard-softening formula that has brought better shaving to thousands of men.

MAN: Benex Brushless leaves your face feeling extra smooth and comfortable.

PETERS: And Benex doesn't clog your razor or drain, either.

MAN: But don't take our word for it. Just try Benex yourself. Get a tube at your nearest drug counter.

PETERS: Or....we'll send you a trial tube free. Write your name and address on a postcard and mail to Benex..
B-E-N-E-X....Empire State Building, New York, 1, New York

MAN: Remember! Buy Benex Brushless...or try it free, by writing Benex, Empire State Building, New York. Hurry...
Offer limited!

MUSIC:

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

ARCHIE: Hello....Oh, hello, Duffy. Next week Mickey Rooney.
Mickey, Duffy! Like in "slip him a". That's right -
Joe Yule's kid. Yeah, he's gonna be with us next
week. Yeah, with Mickey around, it looks like the
tavern will be jumpin'next week. Goodnight, Duffy.

SOUND: (HANGS UP)

MUSIC: IN

DUFFY'S TAVERN
2/16/49

COMMERCIAL

CLOSING:

PETERS: (OVER MUSIC) It's time now to leave Duffy's tavern for this evening, but let's meet here again at the same time next Wednesday, when our guest will be Mickey Rooney. Duffy's Tavern is brought to you by Vitalis for well-groomed hair and Trushay, the hand lotion with the "beforehand" extra. Each Wednesday, Bristol-Myers brings you Duffy's Tavern, (PAUSE).....and Mr. District Attorney, with follows immediately over most of these stations.

MUSIC: UP AND APPLAUSE:

NBC ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.