

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

DUFFY'S TAVERN - STARRING EDWARD F. GARDNER

GUEST STAR - NONE

AGENCY: YOUNG & RUBICAM

SPONSOR: BRISTOL MYERS

SCRIPT: #21

*9-9:30 pm*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1949

6:00 - 6:30 PM PST

REHEARSAL: FEBRUARY 21, 1949

STUDIO "G"

MONDAY

11:00 - 12:30 PM

CAST

11:00 - 12:30 PM

NBC DIRECTOR

11:00 - 12:30 PM

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1949

STUDIO "D"

SOUND

STUDIO SET UP:

10:00 AM

PHONE

ORCHESTRA:

10:30 AM

PHONE BELL

ENGINEER:

10:30 AM

CASH REGISTER

NBC DIRECTOR:

10:30 AM

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

6:30 PM

CAST: 12:00

2:00 PM

CAST CALL BACK: 5:30

6:30 PM

COMMERCIALS 5:30

6:30 PM

CAST

ARCHIE:.....Edward F. Gardner

FINNEGAN.....Charlie Cantor

EDDIE.....Eddie Green

MISS DUFFY.....Florence Halop

JOE MORAN.....Howard Petrie

SLIPPERY MCGUIRE.....Alan Reed

STAFF:

DIRECTOR:

ANTONY STANFORD

WRITERS:

VIN BOGERT, LARRY RHINE, PHIL SHARP,  
LOU GRANT, MORRIS FREEDMAN, BOB  
SCHILLER, BILL FREEDMAN, AL JOHANSEN  
KEN PETERS

ANNOUNCER:

MATTY MALNECK

MUSICAL DIRECTOR:

CHARLAS NORMAN

ENGINEER:

JOHN MORRIS

NBC DIRECTOR:

BOB GRAPPERHAUS

SOUND:

(HOLLYWOOD - RUBY IRWIN)

COMMERCIAL SUPERVISOR:

SYLVIA DOWLING

COMMERCIAL WRITER:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

MUSIC: PIANO

SOUND: PHONE ON CUE

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

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

PETERS: Listen! This is important to every woman. Get more from your hand lotion by getting Trushay, for Trushay is the different hand lotion with the "beforehand" extra. Trushay not only makes your hands feel softer and smoother but Trushay's unique "beforehand" extra actually chap-proofs your hands, too. As long as Trushay is on your hands while you're doing dishes or while you're outdoors, your hands will be protected against that red, rough condition known as chapping - water chapping as well as weather chapping. And you can continue this protection during prolonged exposure by using Trushay frequently. So for softer, lovelier, chap-proofed hands all the time - begin today to use Trushay.

MUSIC: PIANO ALONE... "IRISH EYES" ..

SOUND: PHONE BELL

MUSIC: PIANO OFF

ARCHIE: (ON PHONE) Hello, Duffy's Tavern where the elite meet to eat, Archie the manager speakin', Duffy ain't here. Oh, hello, Duffy...what's new? You're goin' on a vacation with Mrs. Duffy? Goin' to get away from it all? Huh? Duffy, that ain't getting away from it all - that's takin' it all with you. Where you goin'? Florida? You mean the place where California sunshine goes to spend the winter? I'm only kiddin', Duffy, - I mean in California I'm kiddin'. Huh? You're goin' swimmin', horseback ridin'...horse back ridin'! Duffy, remember the last time Mrs. Duffy rode a horse .... She couldn't sit down, and the horse couldn't stand up!...Now look, about my vacation? What? But Duffy, you work me seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year! I'm tellin' ya, if I was a horse, they'd throw you in jail! What? Okay---This is the last straw! This is the hump that breaks the camel's back! Bad cess to ya on your vacation! (HANGS UP) What a job?

EDDIE: What're you complainin' about? At least you're eatin' and sleepin'.

ARCHIE: Yeah...but what and where? No sir, Eddie, in this job I can see very little future to be a millionaire. Now be honest.....Ain't it struck you as peculiar that a guy of my charm and talent ain't already rich.

EDDIE: Well, now that you mention it - no. Look, Mr. Archie, you don't seem to realize it takes a lot of things for a guy to make a million dollars.

ARCHIE: Like what?

EDDIE: An understanding of political economy....

ARCHIE: Proceed ahead.

EDDIE: A workin' knowledge of income taxes.

ARCHIE: Go on.

EDDIE: A keen insight into the fluctuations of the investment market....

ARCHIE: Go on.

EDDIE: Hard work.

ARCHIE: (PAUSE) So what's wrong with a half a million?

MISS D: Archie, I like the nerve of your gratitude!

ARCHIE: In what respect?

MISS D: The way you talk about my father! Don't you know that Papa looks on you as one of the family?

ARCHIE: And I hate him, too!

MISS D: Oh, what's the use. You're enough to make a person sick to his or her stomach!

ARCHIE: Miss Duffy, let's understand each other --- it ain't that I hate your father - although I do - it's just that I gotta get out in the world and try to make some dough.

MISS D: That's the trouble with you - all you think about is money! Money don't bring you happiness?



ARCHIE: Maybe not, but it puts ya in a pretty good bargaining position. And why shouldn't I make money? I got as much brains as the next guy.

FINN: Hello, Arch.

ARCHIE: Oh, hello, Finnegan.

FINN: Whatcha doin'?

ARCHIE: I'm tryin' to figure out how to make a million bucks.

FINN: Simple, Arch. All you gotta do is make two million and lose one!

ARCHIE: Yeah, but how do you make the two million?

FINN: Arch, when we solve that, we got the problem licked! But it can be done.

ARCHIE: How?

FINN: Well, take me Uncle Herman. Made a fortune! And started on nothin' but a shoestring.

ARCHIE: How did he make the fortune?

FINN: Sellin' shoestrings!

ARCHIE: Oh!

FINN: But he lost it when the bottom suddenly fell out of the shoestring market.

ARCHIE: When was that?

FINN: When the button shoe came in. But right away he ~~made~~ another fortune in the food business.

ARCHIE: The food business!

FINN: Yes, it was his idea to have carrier pigeons instead of mailmen.

ARCHIE: How did this affect the food business?

FINN: When you get hungry, you send yourself a letter and eat the mailman.

ARCHIE: Sounds yummy. Did your uncle invent any more brilliant things like this?

FINN: Oh, sure. He was the guy that invented the horseless carriage.

ARCHIE: Your uncle invented the automobile?

FINN: No. He invented a carriage without a horse.

ARCHIE: But if the carriage ain't pulled by a horse, how does it run?

FINN: Goats! Yep, Arch, that's the only way to make dough - invent something.

ARCHIE: Yeah. I think you gave me the mucous of an idea. Now let's see ... what ain't been invented yet.

EDDIE: Now, Mr. Archie, you know that you don't know nothin' about inventing things.

ARCHIE: So what? What did the Jukes family know before they invented the Juke Box? Now let's see ...

MCGUIRE: Hiya, Arch, old pal.

ARCHIE: Well, Slippery McGuire! I didn't know you was in town.

MAGUIRE: I just got out ... I mean, I just got in!

ARCHIE: Oh, yeah? Where you been?

MCGUIRE: On a vacation. Thirty days. But enough about me, Arch - what have you been doin' with yourself.

ARCHIE: Oh, same old thing .... still foolin' around with me inventions.

MCGUIRE: Oh. Have you patented anything yet?

ARCHIE: Well, frankly no.

MCGUIRE: You haven't! Then, Arch, don't waste time inventin' stuff -- the real dough is in the patents!

ARCHIE: Yeah, huh? I didn't think anybody ever got a patent ... I thought them was just things that was always pending.

MCGUIRE: Arch, you trust me, don't you?

ARCHIE: Oh, sure, Slip.

MCGUIRE: Forget the inventing - get a patent!

ARCHIE: But what could I patent?

MCGUIRE: C'mere! Are you listening?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

MCGUIRE: Do you know that nobody's ever taken out a patent on electricity!

ARCHIE: Slip, say it again.

MCGUIRE: Do you realize that there's no patent on electricity? And that if a well known inventor like you should apply for a patent ....

ARCHIE: Slip, I'm beginnin' to see the light.

MCGUIRE: "See the light" ... Ha ha! What a mind! Arch, what a team you and Edison would have made! He had a great sense of humor, too. But we gotta act fast! You gotta get busy and grab that patent on electricity before somebody beats you to it.

ARCHIE: But, Slip, do you think it's honest?

MCGUIRE: Arch, I'm sure Edison would-a wanted it that way! Quick! Give me the phone and we'll make sure!

ARCHIE: Here.

MCGUIRE: (DIALS) Hello, Washington? Patent Office? Clever Ideas Department, please ... Hello, George? Slippery speakin'. Look, I want you to make a thorough search of your records and see if electricity has ever been patented ... Yes, I'll hold on. (HUMS ONLY ONE NOTE) What's that? It hasn't? Hold the wire. (TO ARCHIE) Do you want it or not, Arch?

ARCHIE: It's a deal!

MCGUIRE: (ON PHONE) Hello, George. Register it quick! Yeah ... the inventor's name is Archie. Thanks a lot, kid. (HANG UP) Well, old pal, this is a solemn moment.

ARCHIE: You mean ...?

MCGUIRE: Arch, you own electricity. Now if you'll let me have the ten bucks ...

ARCHIE: Ten bucks! What for?

EDDIE: Edison would-a wanted it that way.

ARCHIE: Quiet, Eddie! What's the ten bucks for, Slippery?



MCGUIRE: Arch, you don't want a patent worth millions of dollars for nothing, do you?

ARCHIE: Well, naturally not. Okay - here's the ten bucks. Mmm.. I'm just thinkin', though.....What a dope!

MCGUIRE: Who?

ARCHIE: Benjamin Franklin. He invents the stuff and here I wind up ownin' it.

MCGUIRE: Well, Arch, he wasn't as shrewd a business man as you are.

ARCHIE: How could a thing like that happen, though?

MCGUIRE: Didn't you ever hear the story?

ARCHIE: No.

MCGUIRE: Old Ben was out there flyin' his kite, y'see, when he discovered electricity, in the excitement of the moment, he lost his head and instead of patenting electricity, he took out a patent on the kite!

ARCHIE: What a jerk! No wonder they call him Poor Richard!

MCGUIRE: Well, Arch, I'd better run down and file these papers with my attorney. I'll see you later.

ARCHIE: Okay, Slip. Holy Cat! The Czar of Electricity.... the king of the Kilowatts!

EDDIE: Look - Your Majesty...

ARCHIE: Yes?

EDDIE: Got a message here from one of your subjects.

ARCHIE: Who?

EDDIE: The electric company. They say either we pay the bill or they turn off the lights. What'll we do?

ARCHIE: Ignore the vassals! Tell 'em if they send me one more bill they're out of business! What a break, huh? Who would ever think that I'd wind up ownin' electricity?

EDDIE: Yeah, I always connected you more with natural gas!

ARCHIE: Just imagine it....A monopoly on electricity!

FINN: Yeah. I'll make a fortune! There's no competition.

EDDIE: Except candles and glow-worms.

FINN: Arch, would you mind explainin' this invention of yours?

ARCHIE: Electricity?

FINN: Yeah.

ARCHIE: Well, you know in the old days, Finnegan, our ancestors used to get it from rubbin' the backs of cats. But as time progressed forwardly, these cats wore out, so nature was forced to invent the wall socket. Is that clear to ya?

FINN: Except for one thing.

ARCHIE: What?

FINN: When you talk, what makes your adam's apple go up and down?

ARCHIE: I'll try to be clearer. Look, do you see that light switch on the wall?

FINN: Yeah.

ARCHIE: And you see that bulb up on the ceiling?

FINN: Yeah.

ARCHIE: Well, the stuff in between them is called electricity.

FINN: Thanks, Arch. Boy, what an adam's apple!

ARCHIE: I give up.

MCGUIRE: (COMING ON) Well, Arch, I just talked to my patent attorney and he....Oh, hello, Eddie.

EDDIE: Hiya, Kingfish.

MCGUIRE: Mmmmmmmmm.....Well, Arch, the attorney says we got to issue stock certificates.

ARCHIE: I don't get it.

MCGUIRE: We gotta start a corporation.

ARCHIE: I still don't get it.

MCGUIRE: Well Arch, we'll need more money.

EDDIE: Get it?

ARCHIE: Slippery, who do we need more money?

EDDIE: Edison woulda wanted it that way.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

ARCHIE: Excuse me a minute. (ON PHONE) Hello? Duffy's Tavern, Archie the electrical maggot speakin...Oh, yes....Hold the wire. It's for you, Slip.

MCGUIRE: Thanks, Arch. (ON PHONE) Hello?....Oh, yes--I'll ask him....(TO ARCH) Arch, Mayor O'Dwyer wants to know about the lights on Broadway.

ARCHIE: What about 'em?

MCGUIRE: Do you want 'em on or off?

ARCHIE: Tell him to keep 'em burnin' - the show must go on!

MCGUIRE: (ON PHONE) Hello, Permission granted. (HANGS UP) Now, Arch, as my attorney was sayin', we'll need a little extra money.....

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

ARCHIE: Hello...Oh, it's another call for you.

MCGUIRE: (ON PHONE) Hello? Oh, yes, Warden?..Yes..Well, I'll have to ask the President of our company. (TO ARCH) Arch, the Warden up at Sing Sing wants to know if it's okay for them to use a little extra current tonight.

ARCHIE: For how long?

MCGUIRE: Oh, about thirty seconds.

ARCHIE: Tell him it's okay.

MCGUIRE: Warden, throw the switch! (HANG UP) Arch, that was sweet of you.

ARCHIE: Well, you know, you gotta live and let live. Now what was this about your attorney?

MCGUIRE: He says we got to get these blue prints printed.

ARCHIE: I thought you said "stock certificates."

MCGUIRE: Oh, did I? Well, anyway, they're goin' to cost us three dollars.

ARCHIE: Three dollars? Okay, slip-here. You got my last nickel, but it's worth it.

MCGUIRE: Thanks. Now you better get busy and start sellin' some stock so we can get this monopoly up on the big board.



ARCHIE: Okay, Slip...I'll get goin' right away. Holy cat! Wall Street! The big board! Eddie, just think....I'm a public utility - just like American Can and Maternity Ward. Now all I need is a sales force to go out and sell this stock.

JOE: Hiya, Arch.

ARCHIE: Well, Joe Moran! Joe, guess what I just sewed up?

JOE: What?

ARCHIE: A terrific thing that everybody uses

JOE: Vitalis?

ARCHIE: No.

JOE: Trushay?

ARCHIE: Nope.

JOE: What else is there?

ARCHIE: Joe, you are talkin' to the owner of electricity!

JOE: Arch, have you blown a fuse?

ARCHIE: If I have, Kid, it's payin' me royalties! Now I'm lookin' for a salesman. Joe, how would you like to sell some stock in a hot monopoly?

JOE: Why not, Arch? I'm a natural to sell electricity! Everybody says I'm a live wire! (LAUGHS)

ARCHIE: Uh huh. Eeny meeny miney moe.

JOE: What's that?

ARCHIE: I'm tryin' to decide between you and Finnegan. But look, Joe, before I give you this job, I'd like to test you as a salesman. Now I'm one of them big, busy executives. I'm there in the office, sittin' on me chair, and you come in to sell me stock. Whatdya say?

JOE: Well, I'd say, "How do you do, sir. I'm Joe Moran, a former radio announcer."

ARCHIE: That sounds like progress, son. Get to the point.

JOE: (LIKE POMPOUS RADIO ANNOUNCER) Well, sir, how would you like to buy something that would pay you big dividends?

ARCHIE: Sounds like a very good investment. Now tell me...whom are your satisfied clientele?

JOE: Well, for one, Stan Musial, the famous baseball player.

ARCHIE: He takes from you?

JOE: Of course.

ARCHIE: Stocks?

JOE: No....Vitalis! You see, he likes Vitalis because it tames down dry, hard to manage hair.

ARCHIE: But, Joe, what has this got to do with investments?

JOE: Arch, what better investment in good grooming could you make than a bottle of Vitalis?

ARCHIE: Let's get back to the stocks.

JOE: Okay, Sir, I'm sure that a smart business man like you knows that Vitalis will keep your hair handsome and healthy looking....you know, well groomed, without a greasy, patent leather shine. Why? Because there's not a single drop of mineral oil in Vitalis.

ARCHIE: Look, son, I'm a busy man and I....

JOE: Busy? Then you're just the man to use Vitalis and the famous sixty-second workout.

ARCHIE: Joe, did you say you are a former radio announcer?

JOE: Yes.

ARCHIE: You are now a former electrical stock salesman. Now take a short circuit!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

ARCHIE: (ON PHONE) Hello...Yes. Huh? Either I pay the bill or you'll what? Oh, yeah. Just for that remark you are out of business!

SOUND: HANGS UP

EDDIE: Who was that?

ARCHIE: A former electric light company.

MCGUIRE: Well, Arch, I'm back.

ARCHIE: For how much?

MCGUIRE: Five bucks.

ARCHIE: What for?

MCGUIRE: Well, Arch, I'm sorry but I have a confession to make. You know that patent I got?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

MCGUIRE: Arch, I hate to tell ya this.

ARCHIE: What is it?

MCGUIRE: I forgot D.C.

ARCHIE: You forgot D.C.! You oaf! You mean all we got is B.C.?

MCGUIRE: Arch, don't rub it in! I feel bad enough already.

ARCHIE: But Slip, I ain't got five bucks. I'll have to give you an IOU.

MCGUIRE: Arch, you can't.

ARCHIE: Why not?

MCGUIRE: You know an IOU isn't any good.

ARCHIE: Whatdya mean?

MCGUIRE: I've given you dozens of 'em, haven't I?

ARCHIE: Yeah.

MCGUIRE: Was there a single one that was any good?

ARCHIE: No.

MCGUIRE: There you are.

ARCHIE: Hmmmm....I guess you're right.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

ARCHIE: Okay, here's the five bucks.

MCGUIRE: Thanks, Arch. Have you sold any stock yet?

ARCHIE: Well, I ain't been able to find no salesman.

MCGUIRE: Well, why don't you do it yourself?

ARCHIE: Me! A big electrical tycoon? You want me to run around like an electrical Fuller Brush Man?



MCGUIRE: But Arch, nobody else has your personality. Why don't you get on the phone and try it?

ARCHIE: Okay, Slip. (DIALS) I guess I do have a lot of personality at that. (ON PHONE) Hello....Chin Lee's Laundry? Oh, hello, Chin...Vos machst du?

MCGUIRE: Vos machst du?

ARCHIE: He changed his name for business purposes. (ON PHONE) Look, Chin, this is Archie. How you like buy velly glood stock in velly glood clompany? Yes. Sell you electrical stockel...MMMM...velly cheap. Okay, Chin...chop, chop.

SOUND: HANG UP

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ARCHIE: (ON PHONE) Hello....Schimmelbocher's Bakery? Herr Schimmelbocher, please! Hello, Schimm? Herr Archie. How is by you da housefrau?...Gut...Schimmelbocher, ich haben ein electrical holding company mit sehr gut stock... Carensie to buy some?...Gut genug. Now Schimmelbocher, tell me, that son-in-law of yours....O'Casey....do you think he'd be after likin' to buy a few shares himself begorra?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ARCHIE: (ON PHONE) Hello, Russian Kretchma?...Er..Comrad Archie from Duffyetsky's Tavern...Da! How you like to buy stock and increase your....you should pardon the expression... capital?

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ARCHIE: Finnegan, did you see Schimmelbocher?

FINN: Yep.

ARCHIE: Chin Lee?

FINN: Yep.

ARCHIE: The Kretchma?

FINN: Yep.

ARCHIE: Did you collect the money for the stocks?

FINN: Yep.

ARCHIE: How much?

FINN: Nine fingers and twenty-two toes.

ARCHIE: Thirty-one bucks, huh?

FINN: Yep. Here it is, Arch.

ARCHIE: Look at that, Eddie...thirty-one smackers. (CUE FOR LIGHTS) Boy, that electricity is a gold mine! If this keeps up, I won't be here in Duffy's Tavern another... Hey, what happened? The lights went out!

FINN: Yeah, it's pitch dark in here.

ARCHIE: Miss Duffy, did you turn the lights off?

MISS D: Of course not.

ARCHIE: Then who did?

EDDIE: Dare I suggest that it was the electric light company?

ARCHIE: You mean because I didn't pay five lousy bills, they turned the lights off?

EDDIE: You was expecting maybe a medal?

ARCHIE: Why, the nerve of them! Me! The guy that holds the patents on electricity! Turnin' the lights off on me for a lousy nine dollars and twenty-three cents!

MCGUIRE: (COMING ON) Arch, how come it's so dark in here?

ARCHIE: Who's that?

MCGUIRE: Slippery McGuire.

ARCHIE: Oh, glad to hear you. Sorry, Slip, but they turned the lights off on us. But forget that ... Did you see the Attorney?

MCGUIRE: Yep. He says we have to have a partner to form an international electrical cartel. Now you'll have to sign these papers as the sole owner of electricity.

ARCHIE: Okay. Finnegan, light a match, will ya? Just a minute, Slip ... who's my partner in this cartel?

MCGUIRE: Come here till I whisper.

ARCHIE: Who?

MCGUIRE: The Ali Khan.

ARCHIE: Slip, how did you ever get a guy like that?

MCGUIRE: I happen to have an important contact in Hollywood.

ARCHIE: Say no more, Slip. Holy cat! Me and the Ali Khan partners in the International Electrical Cartel! Finnegan, light another match, will ya? -

MCGUIRE: Tell me, Arch ... did you sell any stock?

ARCHIE: Yeah. Thirty-one dollars worth. Now what'll it cost to start this cartel?



MCGUIRE: Well, with the Ali Khan as our partner, we'll only have to put up four thousand rupees.

ARCHIE: How much is that?

MCGUIRE: Thirty-one bucks. And with that thirty-one bucks, we'll make a million, Arch. You got a map of the world here?

ARCHIE: Yeah. You got a flashlight?

MCGUIRE: No.

ARCHIE: Eddie, get me a candle.

EDDIE: It's too dark here .... I can't find the candle.

ARCHIE: Oh. Okay, Finnegan, light another match.

SOUND: STRIKE OF MATCH

ARCHIE: Now here's a map of the world ... Hold it a little higher, Finnegan. Now let's divy it up, Slip. I'll take Africa, Asia, and Madagascar, and the Ali Khan can have ...

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, I found the candle.

ARCHIE: Good. Light it, Finnegan.

FINN: Sorry, Arch, I'm out of matches.

ARCHIE: Okay, I'll light it meself. What an organization! Here I am, the electrical king of the world, and I got to do everything meself! Now let's see here ... here's Alaska --- Wait a minute ... In Alaska the nights is six months along, ain't they?

MCGUIRE: You mean ...?



ARCHIE: Yep. We'll have a light in every igloo by Christmas! Boy, I'll make a million on this monopoly! Eddie, move the candle - it's drippin' on me foot. Wait a minute... I'm goin' to call up that electric company! Turnin' off the lights! I wonder if they realize that with a flick of me patent I could put them out of business! Gimme that phone! Eddie, hold the candle over here so I can see the dial. (DIALS) Hello...Electric light company? This is Duffy's Tavern. I have reason to believe that you people have turned our lights off.....and I want to warn you sir, that a few heads are goin' to roll for this! Who am I?...I happen to be the sole owner of the patent on electricity...Huh?.....What?.....Are you sure?.... Slip, the guy says I don't own it!

MCGUIRE: Er...there must be some mistake, Arch... Hang up on him until I check with Washington again.

ARCHIE: I'll call ya back. (HANGS UP) Slip, this is terrible! We gotta get Washington in a hurry! Eddie, quick! Hold the candle over the dial!

MCGUIRE: (DIALS) Hello, Operator? Get me the patent office in Washington....Hello, Patent Office? Slippery McGuire... Say, what's goin' on down there anyway? Does Archie own the patent on electricity or don't he?.... What?... A mix-up in the records?...I see....uh huh.....uh huh.... Okay. (HANGS UP) Arch, there's been a slight mistake. They found out Benjamin Franklin took out the patent after all.

EDDIE: Oh shucks!

ARCHIE: Slip, this is terrible!

MCGUIRE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Oh, you think so? Arch, the cloud has a silver lining.

ARCHIE: A silver lining?

MCGUIRE: Yep. I just got the tip-off. (SLOWLY) Benjamin Frankin did not take out a patent on the kite.

ARCHIE: Oh ho! Slipped up, huh?

MCGUIRE: Without changing the cartel one bit, do you know how many kites we could sell..? Take a windy city like Chicago...millions of 'em.

ARCHIE: Yeah, Slip, I think you're right---we could make a fortune.

MCGUIRE: Now let's look over this map again for new territory.

ARCHIE: Okay. Eddie, the candle, please!

MCGUIRE: Now Arch, you know the kite is the comin' thing.

ARCHIE: No doubt about it. Slip, from here in we're gonna concentrate on the kite and forget about electricity.

EDDIE: Good. Edison would have wanted it that way.

MUSIC: IN, UP UNTIL CUED OUT FOR HITCHHIKE

(APPLAUSE)



SOUND:        PHONE RINGS

ARCHIE:        (ON PHONE) Hello .. Oh Hello, Duffy. Next week, Mickey Rooney. Mickey, Duffy! Like in Let's "Slip him a." Well have a good time in Florida.

(HANGS UP)

PETERS:       Ladies and Gentlemen - this is Brotherhood Week ... sorta of a reminder for all of us that our democratic way of life is pretty good. Now be honest -- do you ever feel you're a little better than the next person because his skin is a different color - or his religion isn't the same as yours. Well, if you do, you're not pitching for the American way of life. You see, unless we get rid of racial and religious hatreds, we're going to kill the very thing that made America great.

MUSIC:       IN



MCGUIRE: (DIALS) Hello, Operator? Get me the patent office in Washington...(HUMS A LITTLE)...Hello, Patent Office? Slippery McGuire...Say, what's goin' on down there anyway? Does Archie own the patent on electricity or don't he?... What?...A mix-up in the records?...I see...uh huh... uh huh...Okay. (HANGS UP) Arch, there's been a slight mistake. They found out Benjamin Franklin took out the patent after all.

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ARCHIE: Oh ho! Slipped up, huh?

MCGUIRE: Without changing the cartel one bit, do you know how many kites we could sell? Take a windy city like Chicago... millions of 'em.

ARCHIE: Yeah, I can see that.

MCGUIRE: Now let's look over this map again.

ARCHIE: Okay. Eddie, the candle, please!

MCGUIRE: Now as you know, Arch, the kite is the comin' thing.

ARCHIE: Maybe you're right, Slip. I think I'll forget about electricity.

EDDIE: Good. Edison would have wanted it that way.

MUSIC: IN, UP UNTIL CUED OUT FOR HITCHHIKE

(APPLAUSE)

DUFFY'S TAVERN  
2-23-49

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:

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CLOSING PHONE CALL AFTER HITCHHIKE

-25-

SOUND:        PHONE RINGS

ARCHIE:        (ON PHONE) 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 .. Oh and by the way, Duffy, did you know that this is Brotherhood Week? Yeah, sorta of a reminder for all of us that our democratic way of life is pretty good. Now be honest, Duffy, do you ever feel you're a little better than the next guy, because his skin is a different color - or his religion ain't the same as yours. Well if you do, you're not pitching for the American Way of Life. You see, Duffy, unless we get rid of racial and religious hatreds, we're going to kill the very thing that made America great .. Think it over .. Goodnight, Duffy.

(HANGS UP)

MUSIC:        IN

DUFFY'S TAVERN  
2/23/49

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 "before-hand" extra. Each Wednesday, Bristol-Myers brings you Duffy's Tavern, (PAUSE)...and Mr. District Attorney, which follows immediately over most of these stations.

MUSIC: UP AND APPLAUSE:

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