

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

DUFFY'S TAVERN - STARRING EDWARD F. GARDNER.

GUEST STAR

AGENCY - YOUNG AND RUBICAM.

SPONSOR - BRISTOL MYERS.

SCRIPT - # 38.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1949.

5:00 - 5:30 PM PST.

(TAPED JUNE 13TH, 1949)

9-930 pm

SOUND:

HAMMERING ON WATER PIPES:
FALLING WATER PIPES:
SQUEAKY BOARDS PULLED FROM FLOOR:

PHONE:
PHONE BELL:
MAT FOR PHONE:
CHAIN FOR PIANO:

CAST:

ARCHIE.....	Edward F. Gardner.
FINNEGAN.....	Charlie Cantor.
EDDIE.....	Eddie Green.
MISS DUFFY.....	Florence Halop.
JOE MORAN.....	Ken Peters.
MR. REED.....	Alan Reed.
PROFESSOR WAGNER.....	Rolfe Sedan.

STAFF:

WRITERS:

VIN BOGERT, LARRY RHINE, PHIL SHARP
 LOU GRANT, MORRIS FREEDMAN,
 BOB SCHILLER, BILL FREEMAN,
 AL JOHANSEN, EDWARD F. GARDNER.
 KEN PETERS.
 MATTY MALNECK.
 BOB GRAPPERHAUS.
 (HOLLYWOOD - INNIS HARRIS)
 SYLVIA DOWLING

ANNOUNCER:
 MUSICAL DIRECTOR:
 SOUND:
 COMMERCIAL SUPERVISOR:
 COMMERCIAL WRITER:

DUFFY'S TAVERN
6-22-49

-A-

OPENING

MUSIC: PIANO

SOUND: PHONE ON CUE

PETERS: Bristol-Myers, makers of Mum, the safer deodorant and
Vitalis, for well-groomed hair, bring you Duffy's Tavern,
transcribed and starring "Archie" himself - Ed Gardner!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: "IRISH EYES" - ORCH. - THEN PIANO ALONE

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'...I'm just goin' over the mail here. Yeah...got a nice postcard from Nitro McNulty the safecracker. Yes, he's summering at Alcatraz. Yeah, he says, "Wish you were here...doing wonderful time". Then we got a vicious, nasty letter from the Health Department. Well, I don't know what it says...I ain't opened it yet. Look, Duffy, I'll call ya back...I want to go over the rest of the mail. (HANGS UP)

EDDIE: There's a letter there from your girl friend, Peaches LaTour.

ARCHIE: The strip-tease? Wait a minute...how do you know it's from Peaches?

EDDIE: The stamp is peelin' off. Then there's another letter from the Acme Encyclopedia Company

ARCHIE: Oh, let's see.

SOUND: ENVELOPE TORN OPEN

ARCHIE: Mmm...let's see it says, "Congratulations...You have been selected as the 'Genius of the Week' by our sales department. Our representative will call on you to present you with a special award". Eddie!

EDDIE: Yeah.

ARCHIE: At last me brains have leaked out!

EDDIE: Amazing!

ARCHIE: Whatdya mean?

EDDIE: How all them brains could leak out from a head with such a small hole in it. You, the "Genius of the Week"!

ARCHIE: Eddie, after all these years you don't seem to realize that there's nothin' that I don't know something about.

EDDIE: Yeah, but on the other hand there's something that you don't know nothin' about.

ARCHIE: What?

EDDIE: Everything.

ARCHIE: Is that so? For your edification I have forgotten more than I ever knew. Mmm...I wonder how much this genius award will amount to.

EDDIE: Well, the Nobel Prize runs up to about forty thousand dollars.

ARCHIE: Yeah, that's right. And that Nobel Prize is just for foreign geniuses. They work cheap. Look Eddie, when their representative gets here, I gotta impress him. Have we got one of them graduation hats around?

EDDIE: What?

ARCHIE: You know, the kind that's round on the bottom and square on top?

FINN: Hello, Arch.

ARCHIE: Oh, hello, Finnegan.

FINN: Arch, guess what!

ARCHIE: What?

FINN: Me kid brother just started to crawl today!

ARCHIE: Oh, really? That's nice. How old is the little tyke?

FINN: Fourteen.

ARCHIE: Fourteen! Well, he sounds very advanced.

FINN: He sure is. He can even spell his name backwards.

ARCHIE: What's his name?

FINN: Otto.

ARCHIE: Mmm...this Otto sounds like a fellow genius.

FINN: What?

ARCHIE: I have just been voted the "Genius of next Week".

FINN: Really? Well, I just hope you don't let your brains go to your head.

ARCHIE: Why should I? It's just an accident...just a freak of nature that I'm cursed with this mentality. Would you care for a demonstration of me brilliance?

FINN: Is it on the house?

ARCHIE: Yeah. Ask me a question...any question.

FINN: A question. Lemme see...okay...What time is it?

ARCHIE: Finnegan, I'm a genius. Ask me something real tough.

FINN: Okay. "What's the capital of Ohio?"

ARCHIE: Er....It's a quarter after nine.

FINN: Really? I'd-a sworn it was Columbus.

ARCHIE: You was probably thinkin' of the circle.

MISS D: Say, Archie, is there any mail for me?

ARCHIE: Any male for you. I suppose so...There's two billion people in the world.

MISS D: Stop always tryin' to be funny!

ARCHIE: I'm sorry. Yeah, here's a postcard here for you.

MISS D: Let's see.....Well, listen to this! "Dear Miss Duffy:
I guess this is farewell....I have gone to join the
Foreign Legion."

ARCHIE: Who's it from?

MISS D: Emma Pfeffer.

ARCHIE: That's funny. I always figured Emma more for the
Northwest Mounted. But even us Geniuses can be wrong.

EDDIE: Mr. Archie! The man from the encyclopedia company
is here.

ARCHIE: Oh. Good eveing, sir.

REED: Wait....that high forehead...that profound expression
...those alert, quivering ears! You must be Archie.

ARCHIE: Quite right, sir....I am that ham.

REED: I knew it the minute I looked at you. Let me see....
What great man is it that you remind me of?

ARCHIE: Well, a lot of people say that I'm the spittin....er...
I mean, the expectorating image of Einstein.

REED: Einstein?

ARCHIE: Yes. Sir Isaac Einstein....you know, the guy that
invented the apple. But leave us not shilly-dally.
Did you bring the money with you?

REED: Money?

ARCHIE: Yes....the award.

REED: Oh. Well, before we grant this award, I would like
to impress you with its importance. "The Genius of the
Week" is a title that we only bestow on men of higher
education.

ARCHIE: Well, I don't like to brag, but in college I had so
many degrees that I was known as "Archie the Thermometer."

REED: You went to college?

ARCHIE: It's obvious.

REED: Which college?

ARCHIE: Eddie, tell him.

EDDIE: Harvard, Class of '25.

ARCHIE: Eddie, please! Let's us not exaggerate! There was only
nineteen in the class. Now Eddie, tell the gentleman
about me graduatin' honors.

EDDIE: He graduated Magna Cum Loud-Mouth.

REED: What was that?

ARCHIE: He speaks broken-Latin. I'm always shocked when I hear it.

REED: Shocked? Why? Do you speak the dead languages?

ARCHIE: Like a corpse. Now I'm a busy man...what about this award?

REED: Not so fast. Before you receive the award, our committee requires that you answer a question selected from our encyclopedia.

ARCHIE: Okay, shoot the question to me Herbert.

REED: Very well. "Which is more important to life on the earth....the sun or the moon?"

ARCHIE: The moon of course....it shines in the nighttime when you really need the light.

REED: I'm afraid that is not quite correct.

ARCHIE: Could I have another crack at it?

REED: No, but our committee is very liberal....I'll give you another question.

ARCHIE: Okay, shoot.

REED: "What animal is known as 'Man's Best Friend'?"

ARCHIE: Woman?

REED: No.

ARCHIE: Man's best friend....

EDDIE: (BARKS LIKE A DOG)

ARCHIE: A seal?

REED: No, but you're getting warm.

ARCHIE: Man's best friend....and I'm gettin' warm. You sure it ain't a woman?

REED: Noooooo.

ARCHIE: This is a tough one. Eddie, please stop wavin' that bottle of ammonia under me nose!

REED: That's it!

ARCHIE: What?

REED: What you said,

ARCHIE: Stop wavin'?

REED: No.

ARCHIE: Under me nose?

REED: No.

ARCHIE: Bottle of ammonia?

REED: Bingo.

ARCHIE: You mean I'm "The Genius of the Week"?

REED: Correct. And now, I have the great fortune to bestow on you the honor and privilege of purchasing this encyclopedia for only forty-nine dollars!

ARCHIE: I pay forty-nine dollars?

REED: Do you realize that this Encyclopedia contains three thousand pages, in addition to an appendix?!

ARCHIE: How much is it if we cut out the appendix?

REED: Look, Bud, I ain't got time to haggle. Do you want to be the "Genius of the Week" or dontcha?

ARCHIE: How much is it if I ain't the "Genius of the Week"?

REED: Forty-nine dollars.

ARCHIE: Now just a minute!

REED: I know what you're thinking....But the "Genius of the Week" only has to pay two dollars down.

ARCHIE: Oh. Well that's different. For a second I thought I might just as well be a dope. Two dollars down, huh? How do I pay the balance?

REED: In one easy installment.

ARCHIE: When?

REED: Tomorrow.

ARCHIE: But where am I gonna get forty-seven bucks by tomorrow?

REED: You're a genius, aren't you?

ARCHIE: Well, yes.

REED: That's good enough for me. See you manana.

ARCHIE: Mmmm...Eddie!

EDDIE: Yeah?

ARCHIE: Have we still got that old bed sheet in the back room?

EDDIE: Why?

ARCHIE: Well, this encyclopedia....with an award like this, I think we should have a formal unveiling.

EDDIE: That's what I like about Duffy's....there's always something normal going on.

FINN: Duh...I wouldn't say that.

EDDIE: Sorry, Mr. Finnegan.

JOE: Hello, Arch.

ARCHIE: Hello, Joe.

JOE: What have you got there?

ARCHIE: A new encyclopedia.

JOE: Oh. May I look at it?

ARCHIE: Why not?

JOE: Let's see... "Vibraphone, victrola, vitamins..." Arch, they've left out Vitalis!

ARCHIE: Well Joe, you know the type that writes them encyclopedias -- just a bunch of old bald-headed guys! Maybe they couldn't find the right words to describe Vitalis.

JOE: Well, that shouldn't be tough, Arch.

ARCHIE: Oh, no? How would you describe it?

(INTO COMMERCIAL FOR VITALIS)

COMMERCIAL

JOE: Well, I'd say that Vitalis makes your hair look well groomed -- no matter how it's looked before. That's because Vitalis tames down dry unruly hair. Vitalis protects hair, too -- protects it against the drying effects of the hot sun, and all those extra showers you take in summer. Why, no other hair preparation can give your scalp and hair better protection than Vitalis and the 60-second workout. For the Vitalis formula contains two of the same ingredients that many skin specialists prescribe for dry, flaky scalps -- plus all the other extras that make your hair more handsome, more healthy looking. So try the Vitalis 60-second workout -- let it prevent scalp and hair dryness -- rout flaky dandruff and give you the best looking, healthiest looking head of hair you ever had. You'll look your best tomorrow, if you get a bottle of Vitalis today.

MUSIC: IRISH EYES

SECOND SPOT:

ARCHIE: Forty-seven bucks.... Eddie, I'm afraid I chewed off a little more than I can bite.

EDDIE: I thought little things like money never worried geniuses.

FINN: Well don't forget, Eddie, Arch is new at it - his head ain't broken in yet.

ARCHIE: Mmmm...Forty-seven bucks to be a genius. Eddie, how would you like to be my partner?

EDDIE: Shake hands with an idiot.

ARCHIE: Mmmmm...Finnegan!

FINN: Yeah?

ARCHIE: How would you like to be a genius?

FINN: I dunno, Arch. What's the hours?

ARCHIE: We can discuss that later...I'm lookin' for a partner. Tell me...have you got forty-seven bucks?

FINN: Are you kiddin'?

ARCHIE: Mmmmm.....Is your Old Man workin'?

FINN: Yeah.

ARCHIE: Well, the partner I have in mind might temporarily embezzle his Old Man's pay envelope.

FINN: Well, I dunno, Arch. I think that....

ARCHIE: That's the kind of a partner I need - a man who can think! When's your Old man's next pay day?

FINN: Tomorrow.

ARCHIE: Put 'er there, partner!

FINN: Just a minute, Arch. Suppose I swipe the money and then I find out I ain't a genius?

ARCHIE: Well, we can test you right now. Now the encyclopedia is open to the "V's". Okay. Tell me.... "What is a vacuum?"

FINN: A vacuum.

ARCHIE: Yeah.

FINN: A vacuum...Mmm...I got it right in me head.....

ARCHIE: The answer is absolutely correct! Now tomorrow you bring in your forty-seven bucks and you're a genius.

FINN: Arch, that was too easy. Can't I have another one?

ARCHIE: Okay. Here's one on history?

FINN: Nope...I hate history. That stuff causes nothin' but wars.

ARCHIE: All right, I'll give you a question about wars.

FINN: That's better.

ARCHIE: Tell me...How long did the Thirty Years war last?

FINN: The Thirty Years war. Boy, that's a tough one.

ARCHIE: Well tell me...How old is your fourteen year old brother Otto?

FINN: He's fourteen years old.

ARCHIE: Then how long did the Thirty Years War last?

FINN: Fourteen years.

ARCHIE: Correct. I couldn't have picked a more intelligent partner.

FINN: When do I start learnin' the business, Arch?

ARCHIE: Well, there's no time like the present. Now let's look through the book here.

FINN: Okay. Hey, Arch....What's that thing there?

ARCHIE: Where?

FINN: That picture?

ARCHIE: Oh. That's a dinosaur.

FINN: Gee, he's pretty. What do you call him again?

ARCHIE: A dinosaur. It's an animal that lived millions of years ago, during the Matzo-zoic Age...sort of a lizard with an overactive thyroid.

FINN: Millions of years?

ARCHIE: Yeah. They existed about twenty thousands neons ago.

FINN: Neons?

ARCHIE: Yes....light years.

FINN: Oh. How big was they, Arch?

ARCHIE: Well, if we could believe Semantics - you know, the oldtime Philosophers - these dinosaurs was as big as a house. But since they didn't have houses in them days, nobody really knows how big they were.

FINN: There's none of them left though, huh?

ARCHIE: No. Y'see, they was very vociferous eaters. They used to eat fishes, and fossils and alligators and mammals, until finally there was nothin' left to eat, so they started eatin' each other. This was where they made their big mistake. Before they knew it, they had extincted themselves to death. And that's why, to this day, Finnegan, every time you see a dinosaur, it looks like a skeleton.

EDDIE: Mr. Archie, I'm havin' a little trouble with the water faucet. Better call the plumber.

ARCHIE: The plumber! With this encyclopedia, what do we need with a plumber! Now let's see here...P-L-U-M-M-E-R... Mmmmm....don't seem to be here.

EDDIE: Got news for you. The word "Plumber" has a "P" in it.

ARCHIE: Oh. A "P" huh? Let's see...B-L-U-M...That don't seem to be here neither.

EDDIE: The "P" is in the middle. - "P-L-U-M-B."

ARCHIE: Eddie, that's a fruit! Hey, wait a minute...what do I need this book for? I'm "The Genius of the Week"! And if a genius can't fix a lousy water pipe, he might just as well remain a dope. Partner!

FINN: Yeah?

ARCHIE: Get a flashlight and a monkey wrench and come down to the cellar with me.

FINN: Okay, Arch.

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE

FINN: Boy, it sure is dark down here in the cellar.

ARCHIE: Yeah. I just hope we find the right pipe. I think I'll hammer on this one and see what happens.

SOUND: TWO METALLIC BONGS, THEN ONE DULL BONG

FINN: Ouch!

ARCHIE: Sorry, partner. Let's try this one here.

SOUND: THREE METALLIC BONGS

ARCHIE: (CALLS) Eddie!

EDDIE: (OFF) Yeah?

ARCHIE: Did the water go on up there?

EDDIE: (OFF) Yep.

ARCHIE: Good.

EDDIE: (OFF) But now the lights is out.

ARCHIE: Mmmmm ... better try this one.

SOUND: ONE METALLIC BONG, THEN SOUND OF PIPES FALLING

FINN: Good shot, Arch, you busted it right in half!

ARCHIE: Mmmmm ... Quick! Gimme that wrench back! Now, let's see ... I'll hook this pipe here like this ... then I'll move these wires over here. That should do it. (CALLS) Eddie!

EDDIE: (OFF) Yeah?

ARCHIE: The lights back on?

EDDIE: (OFF) Yep, the lights are on.

ARCHIE: How about the water?

EDDIE: (OFF) Fine. Comin' out of the stove now.

ARCHIE: Hmmm ... Well, there's more than one way to skin a cat.

FINN: What you goin' to do, Arch?

ARCHIE: Send for the plumber. Wait ... we'll take one more crack at it. Help me lift this floor-board here.

SOUND: BOARD BEING PRIED LOOSE

ARCHIE: Okay now ... let's feel our way. Hey wait a minute!

FINN: What is it, Arch?

ARCHIE: My foot just hit somethin' here ... Finnegan, quick! Flash on the flashlight!

FINN: Okay.

ARCHIE: Europa!

FINN: Arch, what is it?!

ARCHIE: Bones, Finnegan - bones!

FINN: Arch, you think they're ...?

ARCHIE: What else? Finnegan, remove your hat. You are in the presence of a dead dinosaur!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ARCHIE: (EXCITED) Eddie, look! Look what we found in the cellar!

EDDIE: Huh?

ARCHIE: Look, man! The bones of a dead dinosaur!

EDDIE: Oh, that's nice. Didn't happen to see any nice pink elephants while you was down there, did you?

ARCHIE: Eddie, don't scarf in the face of Science! This is the greatest discovery since Louis Pasture hit that mad dog! Quick! Gimme that 'phone! (DIALS) Hello ... Smithsonian Institute? ... Start dickerin'. Well, this is Archie of Duffy's Tavern and I just discovered some dinosaur bones. You don't believe it? Okay, come down here and I'll show 'em to you in the flesh. You'll be right down? Okay.
(HANGS UP)

EDDIE: Look ... Mr. Bones...

ARCHIE: What?

EDDIE: When are we gonna get the faucet fixed?

ARCHIE: The water faucet! The water faucet! Eddie, this is no time for a guy like me to have water on the brain.

MUSIC: TAG

(INSERT MUM COMMERCIAL)

COMMERCIAL:

PETERS: (SOFTLY) Have you got a three-cent stamp handy? Well look - that's all you need to get a generous sample package of Mum. M-U-M, Mum, the underarm deodorant. No matter what other deodorant you've been using, I think you'll discover Mum is the better way to safeguard your freshness and charm. Just send your name and address and that three-cent stamp to cover mailing costs to Mum - Box 888 - General Post Office, New York 1, New York. You'll really like Mum, because it's different - it has a unique cream formula that protects freshness all day - all evening. And because it contains no harsh or irritating ingredients, Mum is safer for skin - for clothes, and most important, for your personal charm. So use this easy, inexpensive way to get your package of Mum. Just send a three-cent stamp to Mum, M-U-M, Box 888, General Post Office, New York 1, New York. Do it tonight because this offer is limited. Remember - when you want to be sure you're nice to be near, use Mum.

MUSIC: BRIDGE:

THIRD SPOT:

WAGNER: Good evening.

ARCHIE: Oh, good evening, sir.

WAGNER: I'm Mr. Wagner from the Smithsonian Institute.

ARCHIE: Oh. Happy to meet you, sir. Always glad to meet a fellow bone-lover.

WAGNER: Just a second. What an interesting fossil!

ARCHIE: Mr. Wagner....That happens to be my partner. These are the dinosaur bones over here.

WAGNER: Those are dinosaur bones?

ARCHIE: Yes.

WAGNER: Young man, are you insane?!

ARCHIE: Sir, we seem to have a difference of opinion. Why don't we leave it to a third party?

WAGNER: Who?

ARCHIE: Professor Finnegan here.

WAGNER: Professor Finnegan?

ARCHIE: He happens to be an LL.D, a PH.D, and an A.B.

WAGNER: Does he have an M.A.?

ARCHIE: The sweetest little old lady you ever saw! Now Professor Finnegan, there seems to be a difference of opinion about these dinosaur bones. Tell us...what do you think of them?

FINN: I think they're delicious.

ARCHIE: Professor, stop nibblin' on the exhibits! Now, aside from their nutritional value, what do you think of them?

WAGNER: Young man, I am not interested in these so-called dinosaur bones!

ARCHIE: You ain't, huh.

WAGNER: No. But I am interested in the Professor here.

ARCHIE: Well, I should think you would be. You heard of that famous expedition to find the Missing Link?

WAGNER: Professor, don't tell me you went out with that expedition!

FINN: No. I came back with it.

WAGNER: Professor, come closer. Mmm...the shaggy brow...the thick skull....the long arms...the furry neck...I wonder.

FINN: Duh...have a banana.

WAGNER: I was right! The Neanderthal Man! Look, Professor.... how would you like a job at the Smithsonian Institute?

FINN: What does the job pay?

WAGNER: A hundred dollars a week.

ARCHIE: A hundred bucks a week! Professor....

WAGNER: Yes?

ARCHIE: Duh...Have a banana.

WAGNER: I don't understand.

ARCHIE: For a hundred bucks I might take a job at the Smithsonian myself.

WAGNER: Sorry. You'd be too unbelievable.

ARCHIE: Mmmm...That's what I get for being the "Genius of the Week!"

(2ND REVISION) 27-28-29

WAGNER: Well, come along, Professor, we've got to get to the
Institute to begin our studies.

FINN: Okay. What do I study.

WAGNER: Nothing. We study you.

MUSIC: TAG

(APPLAUSE)

HITCHHIKE:

PETERS: Mister....we're sure of it! Try just one tube of Benex Brushless Shave Cream and we're sure you'll use Benex for life!

MAN: Because so many thousands of men have found that Benex... B-E-N-E-X....gives them the best shaves they've ever had.

PETERS: Benex gives you extra easy shaves....thanks to a special beard-softening formula.

MAN: Benex is extra-smooth, lighter....so different it rinses off your razor instantly!

PETERS: Benex gives you extra comfort.....a special after-shaving action leaves your face feeling wonderful!

MAN: Just try Benex....see for yourself! Benex Brushless Shave....B-E-N-E-X....at your nearest drug counter. Get Benex tomorrow.

MUSIC: IRISH EYES:

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. Duffy's Tavern transcribed, is brought to you by Mum, the safer deodorant and Vitalis for well-groomed hair. Each Wednesday, Bristol-Myers bring you Duffy's Tavern (PAUSE) and Mr. District Attorney, which follows immediately over most of these stations.

MUSIC: UP AND APPLAUSE:

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.