

The Life of Riley

“Are we ever going to get a car?”

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CAST of CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER

PEG

RILEY

BABS

JUNIOR

GILLIS

MAN 1

MAN 2

BUS DRIVER

WOMAN

HARRY

FRANK

MR. LOCKHART

MRS. LOCKHART

DIGBY (Digger) O'DELL:

MR. ROBERTS

ANNOUNCER: It's new, It amazing, it's Prell. P R E L L. Proctor and Gamble's new radiant cream shampoo in the handy tube.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Prell brings you the Life Riley

ANNOUNCER: Prell. The shampoo that removes unsightly dandruff in as little as three minutes and leaves hair radiantly clean, radiantly lovely, presents "The Life of Riley," with William Bendix as Riley.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: At least once a year the subject of buying a car comes up in the Riley household. For example in 1937, Mrs. Riley was heard to say to her husband...

PEG: Riley, when are we gonna get a car?

RILEY: Next year, I promise.

ANNOUNCER: Then In 1941, she said...

PEG: Riley, are we ever gonna get a car?

RILEY: Next year, I promise

ANNOUNCER: Now it's 1947, and Mrs. Riley is saying.

PEG: Are we ever gonna get a car?

RILEY: Next year, I promise. Did I ever break a promise?

JUNIOR: Boy you should see the swell Buick Pinky's Johnson's father's got.

BABS: Oh honest, Daddy, it's simply dreamy.

JUNIOR: I wish pop could afford a car like Mr. Johnson. Boy, some kids are lucky.

RILEY: Oh, so just because I'm your father you're outta luck, huh?

JUNIOR: Oh, I didn't mean that,

RILEY: Let me tell you something young man. I can afford anything the four flusher Johnson can afford. I ain't broke you know.

PEG: All right, Riley.

RILEY: I got a job, I get paid every week.

PEG: That's enough Riley.

RILEY: I got money in the bank, plenty of money. I'm not a bum you know.

JUNIOR: Well, if you're doing so good pop, how about raising my allowance?

RILEY: All right, have it your way, I'm a bum.

BABS: Gosh, daddy, it looks like we'll never have a car.

RILEY: Well, I know why you want a car. So every Saturday night you and one of your boyfriends can park up there on Mulholland Drive till all hours.

BABS: (GASP) Daddy.

RILEY: And what about me, I'll freeze sittin behind that wheel half the night. Now stop botherin me about a new car, we'll get one, we'll get one.

BABS: But when?

RILEY: Next year, I promise.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

RILEY: You wanna go bowling after supper Gillis?

GILLIS: Nuthin doin. Tonight I'm gonna stay home and enjoy myself. My wife's goin out.

RILEY: Well, what's the matter, is honeybee been pickin at you again?

GILLIS: Always naggin on me for dough. Yadidda yadidda yadidda. Believe me, I'm glad I ain't rich or I'd have to give it to her.

RILEY: That's a good point, Gillis.

GILLIS: And my kids. Always hounding me for things. If I was only a bachelor, would I laugh in their faces.

RILEY: Yeah, Yeah, like they say, Gillis, raising a family is no job for a married man. Now when we was juvenile...

GILLIS: Hey, look at that store window. Brother, what a display.

RILEY: Yeah they sure got wonderful stuff here. Look, a new Hoover vacuum cleaner.

GILLIS: Yeah. And look at that set of Goodrich silvertown tires in the corner.

RILEY: Oh boy, my junior would sure like that Hallicrafters radio over there.

GILLIS: Yeah. Hey ain't they nice, Them values and shakes. Right next to that Serville refrigerator.

RILEY: Yeah, they got terrific stuff here. Now this is what I call a real drugstore.

GILLIS: Y'know Riley, if I was a big manufacturer, I'd never put my name on the product.

RILEY: Why not, Gillis?

GILLIS: Well, first thing you know, my mother-in-law hears I'm in business, and she starts talking to me again. Who needs her? Hey, Riley. Look what they got in the next window here.

RILEY: Holy Smoke, a Buick. Oh I think that's overdoin it a little.

GILLIS: No they ain't sellin it. They're givin it away. You see the sign? "A new 1947 Buick convertible, free, with each purchase you make..."

RILEY: Well come on, what are we waitin for? Let's buy a box of aspirin and drive the cars home.

GILLIS: Read the rest.

RILEY: Huh? Oh. "With each purchase you will receive an entry blank for our grand contest. Guess the number of beans in the bowl." Ohhhh, wise guys.

GILLIS: Well sure, what'ya expect? "The customer who guesses closest to the actual number of beans will win this beautiful new Buick. All entries must be..."

RILEY: Aww, I'd give anything to win that car. No more ridin busses to work. Every Sunday I'd take the family for a drive. And in the summer we could take a trip to the Grand Canyon. Gee, I wish I had that car. I could sell it for \$4000.

GILLIS: Stop dreamin.

RILEY: Boy, if I won this car, I could just see Peg and the kids faces when I pu... Gillis, I'm entering that contest.

GILLIS: You're crazy. What chance you got guessing the correct number?

RILEY: I won't guess, I'll get the exact number. All I gotta do is get a bowl that exact same size fill it with beans and then count em. It's a cinch.

GILLIS: Go on. How do you know every night they don't put in more beans or take some out?

RILEY: You know, that's the difference between you and me, Gillis. You don't trust nobody. You're a septic. But me... I'm anti-septic. Gillis, you really think they'd fool me?

GILLIS: Positive. Course, if you had a spy in the store to keep an eye on the bowl so they couldn't pull nuthin.

RILEY: Yeah, if I had somebody who I could... Ohhh, I got a great idea. I'm a cinch to win now. What a brain.

GILLIS: What, Riley? What what what?

RILEY: All I gotta do is.. uh.. ohhh, naw, this is one time I'm keeping my big mouth shut.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

RILEY: Peg, Peg. Peg, where's junior?

PEG: Oh for heaven's sake Riley, must you shout so?

BABS: Junior's next door daddy. He went to borrow Mrs. Gillis' candlesticks.

RILEY: Did they shut off our electricity again? What's this country comin to when they shut off a decent citizen's electricity just because he won't pay his bills?

PEG: They're not shuttin it off, I paid the bill yesterday. We need the candlesticks for the table. The Lockharts are comin to dinner on Thursday.

RILEY: The Lockharts?

BABS: You know, daddy. Don Lockhart's parents. They were passing through town and Don's at Yale now, and the least I could do is invite them to dinner. For Don's sake.

RILEY: Oh. Ohhh, so that's they way it is? Romance, eh? Well, in that case, I'm glad they're comin. I'd like to have a little talk with this Mr. Lockhart.

PEG: Now dear, you don't want to embarrass Babs.

RILEY: I'm not gonna embarrass Babs. I'll just have a little talk with him. You know, about stocks and bonds.

PEG: Oh, you don't have any stocks and bonds.

RILEY: I know, I'm gonna talk about his.

BABS: Oh Daddy.

RILEY: OK, OK, I'll behave. I'll sit at that table like a dummy. You'll be proud of me.

SOUND: (DOOR)

JUNIOR: Here's the candlesticks mom. Oh, hiya pop.

PEG: Oh thanks, Junior. Babs dear, will you give me a hand with the laundry?

JUNIOR: I'll see you later, pop.

RILEY: No wait, Junior, I want to talk to you.

JUNIOR: Why? What'd I do now, Pop?

RILEY: I'll shut the door, this is private.

SOUND: (DOOR) Junior, get ready for a big surprise.

JUNIOR: A surprise?

RILEY: you know that drug store?

JUNIOR: Which one?

RILEY: That big new one. Remember you took me there to show me that new bicycle you want?

JUNIOR: Oh yeah, the new bike.

RILEY: Well, son, you're gonna work in that store. Surprise?

JUNIOR: Work?

RILEY: Yeah, you're gonna love it.

JUNIOR: But I don't want to work in a drug store.

RILEY: OK son, but, eh, don't you want some Christmas money?

JUNIOR: Well, yes I do. OK, I'll take a job.

RILEY: Atta boy. I knew you'd be reasonable. That's why I didn't try to force you.

JUNIOR: I'll work at the gas station.

RILEY: Nothing doing. You'll work in that drug store if I have to force you.

JUNIOR: Aw, but I don't want to work in a drug store.

RILEY: Junior, I'll make a deal with you. You work in that drug store, and I'll let you drive my new Buick convertible every Saturday.

JUNIOR: You're Buick conv... Ma!

RILEY: Shhh. I wanna surprise your mother and Babs.

JUNIOR: Aw, but you haven't got a Buick.

RILEY: I will if you work in the drug store. They need a busboy, see, and then you can watch those beans in the window.

JUNIOR: Oh, you mean you're in that dopey contest.

RILEY: Yes sir, and I'm gonna win it. I got a surefire system but I gotta have someone in that store watching those beans in case they put more in her or take some out.

JUNIOR: Oh I see,

RILEY: Yeah just for a few days until the contest is over.

JUNIOR: Well, that's different. OK pop, I'll do it.

RILEY: That's my boy.

JUNIOR: And if you win, will you let me drive the Buick?

RILEY: That's a promise. I'll let you drive me around wherever I have to go. And not only that, I'll buy you a chauffeurs uniform!

(MUSIC)

RILEY: 10...11...12...13... 14...15...

JUNIOR: But pop, I still don't get it.

RILEY: Shh. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 now look, Junior, I bought this bowl, see, the same size as the one in the drug store. And I filled it up full with the same kind of beans. Then I filled all my pockets with beans from the bowl. Wherever I go I'm gonna count these beans and keep on countin.

JUNIOR: Oh, I see.

RILEY: Yeah.

JUNIOR: And when the bowl is empty, You'll have the exact amount.

RILEY: That's right. Now don't interrupt me. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25...

JUNIOR: Aw, gee pop, you're a cinch to win.

RILEY: Sure. Just keep your eye on that bowl in the store. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30...

JUNIOR: Oh pop, it's after 8:00, you'll be late for work.

RILEY: Oh yean, now hide that bowl where you're mother can't find it. 30, 31, 32, 33 so long junior. 34, 35, 36

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS AWAY)

JUNIOR: So long, pop.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

RILEY: 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42

WOMAN: Pardon me, sir, but I'm conducting a survey for Parent's magazine.
How many children do you have?

RILEY: 43, 44...

WOMAN: Forty-Four!?

RILEY: Scuze me lady, I'm still countin. 45, 46, 47, 48...

(MUSIC)

RILEY: 20,995. 20,996. 97... 98... 99... 21,000

JUNIOR: Hiya pop.

RILEY: Oh Hiya son How's things at the store today, any changes in the beans?

JUNIOR: Oh no, it's on the level. Nobody's touched the bowl.

RILEY: Fine. I'm almost through countin, the bowl's almost empty. I just gotta count off this batch of beans in my pocket and I'm all set.

JUNIOR: Well, isn't this your night for lodge meeting?

RILEY: Yeah, I'm just leaving. So long, sonny. 21,001 21,002

JUNIOR: So long, pop.

RILEY: 21,003... 21,004... 21,005

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AND FOOTSTEPS)

RILEY: 21,006

MAN 1: Come on, Shorty, we're gonna miss the movies.

MAN 2: All right, I'm comin, I'm comin. I'm just tying my shoelace.

RILEY: 21,007... 21,008

MAN 1: Hey, let the man pass.

RILEY: 21,009 (continues mumbling)

MAN 2: Look! Mumbles!

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (BUS SOUND) (DOOR OPENS)

DRIVER: Step lively please. (FOOTSTEPS) Watch the door. (DOOR CLOSE, BUS DRIVING OFF)

RILEY: 22,547... 22,548

DRIVER: Put a fare in the box, please.

SOUND: (SOUND OF BEANS SPILLING)

DRIVER: Pardon me sir, I know it's very silly of us, but this company does not accept kidney beans as legal tender. Now put a nickel in the box.

RILEY: Oh, ohh, yeah. Here.

SOUND: (COIN DROPPING)

DRIVER: Move to the rear, plenty of seats to the rear.

RILEY: 22,549 scuze me, 22,550... pardon me, madam. 22,551

FRANK: Yeah that's right, Harry, I just put it in escrow today. That's the third income property I bought this month.

RILEY: 22,552

HARRY: What'd you pay for it, Frank?

FRANK: 67,500

RILEY: 67,501... 67,502

HARRY: I don't know, Frank. That's pretty high.

FRANK: Oh, I could sell it tomorrow for 75,000.

RILEY: 75,001... 75,002 (BUS PULLS OVER. DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: Is this the 200 block, driver?

RILEY: 75,003

DRIVER: Eh, what number are you looking for, madam?

WOMAN: 212.

DRIVER: Get off here, madam.

RILEY: 213, 214, 215,

DRIVER: Step lively.

GILLIS: HOLD IT, DRIVER.

SOUND: (BUS LEAVES)

GILLIS: Made it.

RILEY: 216, Oh. Hiya, Gillis.

GILLIS: Oh, hi Riley. Still countin the beans?

RILEY: Yeah, I'm almost finished. 17, 18, 19... 20. I'm finished. At last. What a job, countin that big bowl of beans. Over fifteen pounds.

GILLIS: Never thought you'd make it, kid. How many beans in the bowl?

RILEY: Exactly Two hundred and twenty-one!

GILLIS: 221 in that big bowl?

RILEY: Yep,

GILLIS: Ah, go on, you're full of beans.

RILEY: No wait a minute, there's something wrong, there must be 2,021. Or maybe 200,021, no that can't... A minute ago there was only 67,000... or was it 75,000? 67... 220... WHAT A REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT THIS IS!

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: We'll have the second half of the Life of Riley in a moment.

PRELL GIRL: Say, Ken, Thousands prefer new Prell, Proctor and Gamble's radiant cream shampoo in the handy tube.

ANNOUNCER: Of course. Prell's winning friends for two reasons.

PRELL GIRL: First, there's glamour in a tube of Prell. Because Prell leaves hair more radiant than any soap or soap shampoo. And Prell can't leave a soap film to dull the natural highlights of your hair. Prell washed hair is radiantly soft, radiantly smooth.

ANNOUNCER: Second, Prell removes embarrassing dandruff in as little as three minutes. Examinations by a group of doctors proved it.

PRELL GIRL: And that handy Prell tube's winning friends, too. No messy jars, no slippery bottle

ANNOUNCER: So, for hair radiantly clean, free of unsightly dandruff, get the shampoo to sing about.

(MUSIC)

PRELL GIRL: P R E L L, Prell shampoo.

Leaves hair radiant, clean and bright.

Not a bit of dandruff is in sight

Comes in a tube

Handy too

P R E L L, Prell shampoo.

ANNOUNCER: Buy Prell.

(RILEY MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: And now back to "The Life of Riley," with William Bendix as Riley.

JUNIOR: Gee pop. That's too bad you had to buy more beans and start countin all over again.

RILEY: Well, that's the breaks, but this time I ain't gonna let nuthin mess me up. I'm gonna start all over with an empty head and keep fillin it with beans.

JUNIOR: Uh pop, the bowl's almost full enough now.

RILEY: Yeah, just one more sack (BEANS POURING) There. Right to the top.
Well, here I go again. 1,2,3,4,5,6

JUNIOR: When does the entry have to be in, pop.

RILEY: Tonight at midnight

JUNIOR: But the Lockharts are comin to dinner tonight.

RILEY: I know, I ain't got much time so don't interrupt me. Where was I?

JUNIOR: uh, 6.

RILEY: 7, 8, 9, 10, 11,

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

RILEY: 12

JUNIOR: oh I'll get it.

RILEY: 13, 14,

JUNIOR: Hello.

RILEY: 15, 16, 17

JUNIOR: Well, he's busy, can I take a message?

RILEY: 18, 19, 20,

JUNIOR: Oh, that's terrible. Yeah, I'll tell him. (HANGS UP) Hey pop, you're lodge is on fire.

RILEY: WHAT? Oh, I gotta get down there. Here, hide the bowl of beans.
Remember, where I stopped... 22.

JUNIOR: OK

RILEY: And tell your mother I may be late for dinner.

JUNIOR: But the Lockharts...

RILEY: I can't help that. Which would you rather have in our garage, a long new Buick or them short fat Lockharts?

(MUSIC)

BABS: Gosh, I hope daddy's not late for dinner. Junior said it was a big fire.

PEG: Oh, I new that lodge would catch fire someday, the way all those members are giving each other hotfoots. Well, I'd better start dinner.

BABS: Mother, what are you serving tonight?

PEG: Well, I got a nice Virginia Ham and I thought we'd have some green peas and cauliflowers

BABS: But Mr. Lockhart despises cauliflower, I remember from last summer.

PEG: Oh dear, now what can I serve?

BABS: What's good with ham? How about beans?

PEG: Hmm, yes. That'd be fine, but, I doubt if we have enough beans in the house. Take a look dear.

BABS: Let's see. Oh mother, look, there's a whole bowlful.

PEG: Whe... where did that come from? Well, there must be over ten pounds.

BABS: Daddy must have bought another one of his bargains.

PEG: Well, for once it's something we can use. He'll be tickled pink.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (KITCHEN SOUNDS)

PEG: Here Babsy, put the beans on the table.

BABS: All right, mother.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

RILEY: Peg, are they here yet?

PEG: Oh Riley, why are you so late, of course they're here. We're at the meat course already.

RILEY: Well, I couldn't help it Peg, the fire.

PEG: And look at your clothes.

RILEY: Well, I'll go and change.

PEG: There's no time. Now come on in the dining room.

RILEY: All right.

SOUND: (WALKING AND DOOR)

(GENERAL COMMOTION)

PEG: Well folks, he's here at last. Dear, you know the Lockharts.

MR. & MRS. LOCKHART: How do you do Mr. Riley?

RILEY: Likewise folks. I'm sorry I'm late, but we just now put the fire out.

MRS. LOCKHART: was it a bad fire Mr. Riley?

RILEY: Oh, you should'a seen them flames. Murder.

BABS: Daddy, what happened to your clothes?

RILEY: Well you don't expect a guy to be neat after he's been in and out of a burning building half a dozen times? But luckily I was able to save four.

PEG: Oh Riley, you were in that burning building?

RILEY: Yes Sir!

LOCKHART: That took real courage, Mr. Riley, carrying four people to safety.

RILEY: People? Oh, no. Slot machines.

PEG: Better eat your dinner, dear.

RILEY: Yeah, Pass the rolls please.

LOCKHART: I'll have some more of those baked beans, if I may. They're delicious.

PEG: We almost didn't have them.. I was going to make cauliflower but Babs told me you don't like it and then luckily I found this bowl of beans my husband...

RILEY: (MOUTH FULL) That's the kind of husband I am. Always bringing something home for the table. If it ain't a bowl of beans, it's (CHOKING and GASPING) Peg. Are these beans... my beans?

PEG: Why, yes.

RILEY: From my bowl?

PEG: That's right.

RILEY: EVERYBODY STOP CHEWIN!!! NOBODY SWALLOW!!!
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,

PEG: Oh, Riley, what are you doing with Mr. Lockhart's plate?

LOCKHART: Something wrong with the beans? I'm afraid I'm chewing some.

RILEY: Open your mouth! 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 no that's a gold tooth. 12

BABS: Daddy, for heaven's sake

MRS. LOCKHART: Oh dear, I hope there's nothing wrong with them. I just swallowed some.

RILEY: WHAT!!!!??? NOW I'LL HAVE TO HAVE YOU X-RAYED!

PEG: Riley, have you gone crazy? What's wrong?

RILEY: What's wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong. They just swallowed my Buick.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

RILEY: 63, 64, 65... Oh gee, it's 11:00 already. Oh I just gotta make the deadline.

DIGBY O'DELL: (Hauntingly) In that case, I'm rooting for you.

RILEY: Who's that?

DIGBY O'DELL: It is I, Digby O'Dell. The friendly undertaker. I've been following you for two blocks.

RILEY: Oh, I didn't see you Digger.

DIGBY O'DELL: You walk very quickly. But I always catch up with people... in the end. Pray tell me, what are you doing out in the black of night with that bowl of beans?

RILEY: Oh, that's for the contest I'm in.

DIGBY O'DELL: Ah yes, at the drugstore.

RILEY: Yeah.

DIGBY O'DELL: I adore contests. I'm in the annual one sponsored by the UEPBBJ

RILEY: UEPBBJ?

DIGBY O'DELL: The Undertakers Embalmers and Pallbearers Body Building Jamboree. Last year I took first prize... for weightlifting. But I lost the obstacle race. For the first time in my life I couldn't get out of a ditch.

RILEY: Well, it looks like I ain't gonna win either. I had a system, but then I got all mixed up and I couldn't remember what the number was.

DIGBY O'DELL: You should've let me help you. I always keep my figures straight.

RILEY: Then I started to count all over again and my wife used up some beans and I was all over town trying to get more beans and now it's so late...

DIGBY O'DELL: Why not just take a guess? I'll give you a number. 73541.

RILEY: Why? Is that you're lucky number?

DIGBY O'DELL: Yes, it's the license on my business vehicle. Use that number and you're bound to cash in.

RILEY: No, no, I'm gonna count em.

DIGBY O'DELL: Then I will assist you.

RILEY: Oh that's swell, Digger, but we can't go to my house. There's people there and they'll disturb us.

DIGBY O'DELL: Come to my place. There are people there too, but they won't disturb us. Hurry up. We'd better be... shoveling off.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (WALKING)

RILEY: Hurry up Peg, Babs, I wanna be there when I win that car.

BABS: Oh daddy, you're just building yourself up for an awful let down.

PEG: You never one anything in your life Riley.

RILEY: Well, that's gratitude. I try to do something for my family. I stay up half the night countin... hey look, there's the car, they moved it outside.

PEG: Oh my, look at the crowd.

RILEY: Yeah, come on , lets get up closer.

BABS: Oh it's gorgeous. Maroon, my favorite color.

RILEY: Hey, look at those kids. Hey you! Get away from my car, you kids.

PEG: Riley. You haven't won it yet.

(CROWD SOUNDS)

MR. ROBERTS: Attention folks, attention.

RILEY: Oh that's Mr. Roberts, the store manager.

MR. ROBERTS: The judges have just checked the entries and we're now ready to announce the winner.

(CROWD MUMBLES)

The exact number of beans in the bowl was 24,720. And the winner, the contestant who came closest to that amount with a guess of 24,512 was... Chester A. Riley.

(APPLAUSE)

PEG: Oh we won, we won!

BABS: Mother, I can't believe it.

MR. ROBERTS: Is Mr. Riley present? Mr. Riley? Are you here, Mr. Riley?

SOUND: (HORN)

RILEY: Yeah, here I am! In my car!

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (CAR MOTER)

RILEY: Boy, listen to that motor. How's it ride in the back, Peg?

PEG: Oh wonderful.

BABS: Oh daddy, it's just super.

MR. ROBERTS: It handles well, eh Mr. Riley?

RILEY: Oh terrific, Mr. Roberts. I never drove a car like this. I can't thank you and your company enough. To think that just an hour ago I was a common pedestrian.

BABS: Oh look out daddy.

SOUND: (HONK)

RILEY: Outta my way, you common pedestrian! Did you see him jump? Ha ha.

MR. ROBERTS: Well, it's getting late, Mr. Riley, would you mind taking me back to the store?

RILEY: No wait, we're coming to a highway. Let's see how she handles on the open road, huh.

SOUND: (CAR ENGINE)

RILEY: Aw, boy, this is living, eh dumpling?

PEG: Wonderful dear.

RILEY: Too bad Junior isn't here. You know my boy, Mr. Roberts.

MR. ROBERTS: No, I don't believe I had the pleasure.

RILEY: Oh, you must know him. Her works in your store.

MR. ROBERTS: Your son is an employee in my store?

RILEY: Yeah.

MR. ROBERTS: Mr. Riley, would you mind pulling over to the curb?

RILEY: Sure thing.

SOUND: (CAR STOPPING)

MR. ROBERTS: Now, may I have that pink slip I gave you?

RILEY: Sure thing.

MR. ROBERTS: And the white slip?

RILEY: Sure thing.

MR. ROBERTS: And now, may I have the keys?

RILEY: Help yourself.

SOUND: (KEYS)

MR. ROBERTS: And now, Mr. Riley, please move over. I'm driving this car back.

RILEY: Ah, sorry Mr. Roberts, but I can't do that. You know how it is, new car. Ha ha ha.

MR. ROBERTS: I hate to say this, Mr. Riley, but you can't have this car.

RILEY: Come again, Mr. Roberts?

PEG: Mr. Roberts, what do you mean?

MR. ROBERTS: Your son works in my store. If you had read the rules you'd have known that no employees or relatives of employees are eligible for this contest. SO I'm afraid that...

RILEY: No. Nooo. No it can't be, you can't do this to me.

MR. ROBERTS: I'm sorry, he's your son.

RILEY: I'll disown him.

MR. ROBERTS: Now now, Mr. Riley,

RILEY: He ain't really my son. He... he's my wife's son. I'm only his father.

MR. ROBERTS: Well, it makes no difference as long as she's your wife.

RILEY: I'll divorce her tonight. You ain't getting this car.

MR. ROBERTS: Now let's be reasonable, Mr. Riley.

RILEY: No sir. You'll have to fight me for it. Take your hand off that wheel!

MR. ROBERTS: Mr. Riley...

PEG: RILEY, DON'T!

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (WALKING)

PEG: Oh, ooh my feet. Oh, How much further to the bus stop?

RILEY: We'll come to one in a couple of miles.

BABS: Oh, these high heels are killing me.

PEG: Well, thank your father. It's bad enough we didn't win the car, he had to go punch Mr. Roberts in the nose.

RILEY: Well, I'm sorry, Peg. I.. I didn't mean... well, gee, what're you blaming me for? Junior's your son, too, you know. Gee, I do my best.

PEG: Oh, I'm sorry dear. Of course it's not your fault. Now, let's forget all about it.

SOUND: (CAR MOTOR)

RILEY: Yeah, I Hey. A lift. (CAR PASSES) Hey, would you give , would ya... You'd think one of these cars would have the decency to give us a lift. Those car owners, they're a mean bunch.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: The Riley's will be back in just a moment. Everywhere people welcome new Prell, Proctor and Gamble's radiant cream shampoo in the handy tube, Mrs. Scott Johnson of Chicago, Illinois writes...

PRELL GIRL: I've found Prell to be the answer to soft clean easy to manage hair. Usually there are several shampoos at our house, but now we all agree that Prell is tops with us.

ANNOUNCER: And Prell will be tops with you. Once you see how quickly Prell removes unsightly dandruff leaves hair radiantly clean, radiantly lovely, you'll sing about...

(MUSIC)

PRELL GIRL: P R E L L, Prell shampoo.

Leaves hair radiant, clean and bright.

Not a bit of dandruff is in sight

Comes in a tube

Handy too

P R E L L, Prell shampoo.

(MUSIC)

(WALKING)

BABS: Oh, we must have walked ten miles.

RILEY: Oh, my poor dogs.

PEG: If you ever enter another contest...

RILEY: I know Peg. (MOTOR) Hey, a lift.

(CAR PULLS OVER)

PEG: Oh it looks like...

DIGBY O'DELL: Going my way?

RILEY: Hello, Digger.

PEG: Oh, Mr. O'Dell, I'm so glad it's you. Can you give us a lift?

DIGBY O'DELL: It'll be a pleasure.

RILEY: Oh, thanks, Digger. Go on, get in, Babs. Get in, Peg.

DIGBY O'DELL: Oh, dear, it's kind of crowded in here. I'm afraid there isn't room for you, Riley.

RILEY: Oh, Digger, you gotta make room. I can't walk. I'm dead.

DIGBY O'DELL: In that case, hop in the back.

RILEY: It's a losing fight.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Proctor and Gamble invites you join us again next week to hear “The Life of Riley”, with William Bendix as Riley. The script is by Alan Lipscomb and Ruben Schiff.

(MUSIC)

MALE SINGER: Oh, she was a primadonna, with always a man in tow.
She washed all the finery on her, with wonderful Ivory Snow.

ANNOUNCER: Ah, wonderful Ivory Snow. A regular beauty bath for blouses, lingerie and sheer nylons. And your hands will tell you why Ivory Snow keeps lovely washables lovely longer. Prove it. This week wash dishes with Ivory Snow. When you see how it pampers your hands, you’ll know it’s extra kind to fine fabrics. There’s no other soap like it. Ivory Snow’s the only soap, both Ivory mild and in granulated form. Makes suds instantly in lukewarm, even in cool water. Your hands will tell you why./ Ivory Snow is so kind to your hands, you just know it’s kind to sheer nylons, lovely lingerie and blouses

MALE SINGER: Ooooooh, wonderful Ivory Snow.

ANNOUNCER: S-N-O-W

(MUSIC)

This is Ken Carpenter reminding you that for radiantly clean, lovely hair, get the shampoo in the tube. PRELL, Prell shampoo. And listen again next week when Prell brings you “The Life of Riley” Good Night.

This is NBC. The national broadcasting company.