

My Friend Irma

Irma Meets Jane

Originally aired April 11, 1947

CAST:

ANNOUNCER – Steve Schroeder

JANE – Debbie Witt

IRMA – Margie Gustafson

AL – Lars Timpa

RICHARD RHINELANDER III – Randy Knott

MRS. O'REILLY – Linda Timpa

SPORTSMEN QUARTET – Lars, Randy, Steve, Craig

SFX: High heels on cement
Woman bumping & falling
Dress ripping
Phone: ringing
Phone: receiver picks up
Phone: receiver hangs up
Phone: dialing
Door knocking
Door opening & closing
Footsteps
Window opening & closing

MUSIC: FOUR BARS OF FRIENDSHIP – THEN PAUSE IN MUSIC

ANNOUNCER: The Columbia Broadcasting System presents a new comedy:

JANE: My. Friend. *Irma*.

MUSIC: STING

ANNOUNCER: Starring Marie Wilson as Irma and Cathy Lewis as Jane, with John Brown as Al.

MUSIC: UP; SPORTSMEN QUARTET SINGS:

QUARTET: (SINGING) Friendship, Friendship,
Just a perfect blendship,
When other friendships have been forgot,
Theirs will still be hot,
Lahdle lahdle lahdle mmm mmm mmm...

JANE: Sure, it's something to sing about; and they can sing about it maybe cause they haven't any friends. But I'm singing the blues about it because I've got a friend. My friend Irma. Now don't get me wrong – I love that girl, most people do. It's just that Mother Nature gave some girls brains, intelligence, cleverness... but with Irma? Well, Mother Nature slipped her a mickey. I will never forget the first time I met her.

MUSIC BRIDGE: STREET SCENE

SFX: HIGH HEELS ON CEMENT. CONTINUES UNDER:

JANE: I was walking along looking for a place to live in New York and by a strange coincidence I am having a very tough time. And I keep bumping into people and I keep saying "I beg your pardon." "Scuse me." "Excuse me," until...

SFX: JANE BUMPS INTO IRMA AND FALLS

IRMA: Oh, excuse me! I just never look where I'm going. I just keep walking with my head high, just like the doctor told me, and taking deep breaths, inhaling and exhaling like this: (BREATHES DEEPLY) and I keep counting to myself, onnnne, twooooo, threeee...

JANE: Look, miss, will you stop counting long enough to help me up?

IRMA: Oh, of course! You must be uncomfortable on your knees.

JANE: Ohhhh, not at all, honey. I'd just love it down here... if I was *Al Jolson!*

IRMA: Did you see that picture, *The Jolson Story*? Oh, I just loved it. (TEARFULLY) I cried and cried...

JANE: Fine, fine. Now would you please help me up?

IRMA: Oh, certainly, here give me your hand. Oh *my*, what a beautiful ring! You know, my boyfriend Al was going to get me one just like that, we had it all picked out, only you know what happened?

JANE: It wouldn't fit your nose.

IRMA: It wasn't for my nose, it was for my finger. It wouldn't fit in my nose.

JANE: I wish it had, I could have *pulled* myself up.

IRMA: Oh, oh, you wanna get up, don't you?

JANE: Yes, if you'd please; I can't make much time crawling.

IRMA: I can't either. I always walk. Well, here we go... Upsi-daisy – oh, careful, your dress!

SFX: JANE'S DRESS RIPS

IRMA: (GASPS) Oh. Huh. (BEAT) We *ripped* it, didn't we?

JANE: Yes. We did.

IRMA: But you know something? They're wearing split skirts New York this year.

JANE: Yeah, I know; but not all the way up to the neck.

IRMA: Hey, we haven't been introduced yet. My name's Irma. What's yours?

JANE: Goodbye.

IRMA: That's an unusual name. What's your last name?

JANE: Forever.

IRMA: That's a pretty name – Miss Goodbye Forever.

JANE: Oh, *Irma!*

MUSIC: BRIDGE

JANE: That's when I should've run. But I didn't! Apartments are really hard to find these days and Irma, bless her heart, is really a sweet kid. So I moved in with her in that one-room furnished freight elevator she called home.

MUSIC: BRIDGE – BOUNCY HOME SWEET HOME

SFX: PHONE RINGING. CONTINUES UNDER:

IRMA: (AFTER 2nd RING) Jane, the telephone's ringing! (BEAT) Jane, the telephone's ringing.

JANE: Aren't you gonna answer it?

IRMA: I don't know if it's for *me*.

JANE: Well, take a chance. It's not your nickel.

IRMA: (COMING IN EARLY) Hello?

SFX: PHONE STOPS RINGING. RECEIVER PICKS UP

IRMA: I mean, Hello? Yes, she's here. Jane! It's for me! Hello? Al? Jane, it's Al!

JANE: Well what are you waitin' for? Run down to the police station with the bail.

IRMA: Ohhhhh, don't be silly, he's not in jail. Hello, Al? Eh? Ayye. Ohhh. You?

JANE: That's enough for the vowels, Irma; now try the consonants.

IRMA: Okay, Al. Goodbye!

SFX: RECEIVER HANGS UP

IRMA: Ja-ane. Al's coming over!

JANE: Ohhh, honey. Why do you have to spoil our Sunday by having that jobless, phony, windbag of an Al over?

IRMA: Ja-ane?

JANE: Yes?

IRMA: What's your opinion of Al?

JANE: I like him! (BEAT) I think he's a live wire and it's just a matter of time before they hook him up and put a chair under him.

IRMA: (CRYING) Oh, Jane. I wish you wouldn't pick on Al. Because someday I hope to be (SNIFF SNIFF) Mrs. Al.

JANE: Oh, Sweetie... oh, Sweetie, look, I didn't mean it. Now stop sniffing, you'll ruin your pretty face with your mascara. Come on...

IRMA: But I *love* Al.

JANE: Yeah, I know you do, Irma. That's the reason I'm hard on him. I wanna be sure that the guy who gets my little Irma's heart has a big enough heart to match it.

IRMA: Gee, thanks, Jane. (BEAT) Gee, wouldn't it be wonderful if I married Al, and we could have a double wedding?

JANE: A double wedding? How do you figure that?

IRMA: It would be if you married Richard Rhineland the Third.

MUSIC: STING – GOING UPSCALE

JANE: (COMMENTING ON MUSIC) That was my blood pressure rising.

MUSIC: BRIDGE – STREET SCENE

JANE: She *would* mention his name. You see, Richard Rhineland the Third is my boss and I'm his private secretary. I'm in love with him, but I have no chance to marry him because he's Richard Rhineland the Third and I'm Jane Stacey the First. Oh, I've tried everything to impress him. I even told him I lived in a Very Intellectual Atmosphere and that my roommate is a Promising Young Novelist. Oh, Stacey, you fool, you. If he ever finds out how you live and what a mental midget Irma *really* is, you must end up right between the eight, nine and ten balls. Gee, I'd love to marry him... (BACK TO SCENE) Irma, wouldn't it be wonderful if I ended up being Mrs. Richard Rhineland the Third?

IRMA: The Third? What good is that if he has two *other* wives?

JANE: You know, I won't even stop to answer that one.

IRMA: Gee, I... I couldn't marry a wealthy man and have to go to the opera – I don't know a *thing* about Shakespeare.

JANE: Honey, with five million dollars, all you've gotta know about Shakespeare is that he's dead and you're alive. Well, let's forget about Mr. Rhineland; I'll never marry him cause there's a difference in family – (SLIGHTLY MOCKING) *his* ancestors were Mayflower people.

IRMA: Gee, they made all that money out of doughnuts?

JANE: Irma, I'm going to take a bath.

IRMA: Well, Jane, don't use all the hot water. This is the day we wash dishes.

SFX: PHONE RINGS ONCE. RECEIVER PICKS UP

IRMA: Hello? Who did you want to talk to? Jane? Who's this? (GASPS) Oh, Mr. Richard Rhineland! Well, Jane's busy. You wanna hang on about twenty minutes? Yes, this is Irma, her roommate. How's my *book*? (BEAT) Oh, I finished it and I'm starting another. Hard on me? No, you know those giant comics are mostly pictures. Oh, I'd like to meet you, too, Mr. Rhineland. Say, I've got an idea – why don't you dash over for dinner tonight? Huh? Oh, it's no bother! We'd love to have you. Oh and, uh, by the way, if it's not inconvenient, ask your mother to bake us some doughnuts! Remember, see you at seven-thirty

and don't bother to dress – it's strictly au gratin.

SFX: **RECEIVER HANGS UP**

SFX: **SIX DOOR KNOCKS**

IRMA: Now who can that be?

SFX: **SIX DOOR KNOCKS**

IRMA: Come in!

SFX: **DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS**

AL: Hiya, Chicken! How are ya?

IRMA: Hello, Al honey! Gee, I'm glad you came over.

AL: Didn't think I could make it. Took time off from three deals that were just *simmerin'*! Dyin' to burst into flames. Stuff like Stucco Bathtubs – “Scratch while u bathe!” Tremendous projects.

IRMA: Gee, Al, I just love to hear you talk like that. Come over here and look in my eyes. What do you see?

AL: (BEAT) Murine. Now there's another great money maker. Wish I'd thought of that.

IRMA: Al, I know how ambitious you are, but can't you forget business and be a little more romantic?

AL: Well, I'd love to, kid, but in order to give you the good things in life, I gotta start thinkin' about this big deal I got brewin'.

IRMA: Aw, gee, Al, if your deal comes through, maybe you and I could settle down on a little ranch...

JANE: (ENTERING) I can see it now: *The Egg and Irma*.

AL: Hiya, Janey! What's the good word?

IRMA: Jane, Al's got a big deal on!

AL: And what a deal! I just happened to line up no less than a hundred thousand dollars worth of surplus army goods.

IRMA: Gee, Al, what kind of surplus are you going to sell?

AL: (PAUSE) Ripcords!

JANE: *Ripcords?!*

AL: This is a big deal! I got a pajama manufacturer lined up to take the whole lot of 'em. I even got an advertising gimmick with these ripcords. Listen to this: “You get up in the mornin' and bail out of your pajamas!” You like it, Jane?

JANE: I don't know how I ever lived this long without it.

IRMA: I think it's wonderful! What do you think, Jane?

JANE: You know the whole thing has tired me out? I'm going back and take another shower.

SFX: EXITING FOOTSTEPS, DOOR SHUTS

AL: (SIGHS) You see, Chicken? I'm a beaten man. Jane doesn't believe in me.

IRMA: Well, that's not true. Jane likes you, Al. She always takes two showers on Sunday.

AL: I see. One for herself and one for those dirty looks she gives me.

IRMA: And besides, Al, once you get to know Jane, you'll know her bark is worse than her tree.

AL: You know honey, I wouldn't say this to anybody else... but things are going so badly for me lately that I may be forced to do somethin' desperate.

IRMA: Al, you're gonna get a job?

AL: Irma! Watch your language!

IRMA: I'm sorry, Al, I only thought...

AL: A *job*? Irma, supposin' a man like me would consent to go to work say, for a bank at a small startin' salary of five hundred dollars a week. Naturally, somebody like me moves fast, at the end of the year I'm makin' a thousand a week as a second vice president. In two years I'm makin' two thousand a week as a first vice president. In ten years time, I'm president of the bank and I've got a hundred thousand dollars. Where do I go from there? I'm in a *rut*.

IRMA: But, Al...

AL: Irma, I'm in a *rut now* and it didn't take me ten years to get there. So you see how foolish it'd be for me to get a job. You understand, kid?

IRMA: It's clear to me, Al.

AL: It is? (BEAT) Well, I'm glad. You're a great girl and you deserve the best.

IRMA: But I don't want the best, I want *you*, Al! Gee, I wish there was something I could do to help you.

AL: Thanks, Chicken. But a guy like me, with my ideas, has gotta mix with the Right People. If I could only meet a man who's a millionaire.

IRMA: Well, Al, suppose you met a millionaire who's got *money* besides.

AL: Irma, whaddy mean?

IRMA: Well, Al, I'm throwing a dinner party tonight.

AL: Dinner party?

IRMA: Uh huh. Yes. I've invited Jane's boss over. You know, the millionaire Richard Rhineland the Third?

AL: Richard Rhineland the Third?

IRMA: Yeah, she's crazy about him and I thought an intimate gathering would bring them together socially and financially it would bring the two of you together. So why don't you just surprise us and drop over casually after dinner and bring your ideas?

AL: The millionaire, Richard Rhineland the Third! You know, Irma, if a guy like me, with my ideas could meet a millionaire like Jane's boss, it'd be a natural combination.

IRMA: Ooo, wonderful, Al, it'll be perfect! I can kill you and Jane with one stone!

AL: But won't Jane mind my comin'?

IRMA: No, it's a surprise party. She doesn't even know Richard Rhineland's coming.

AL: Thanks, baby, you're a genius! I'll be there.

IRMA: (SWEETY/SEXY) Oh, before you go, Al, haven't you forgotten something?

AL: Heh? Oh, yeah! What time does Rhineland get here?

SFX: ENTERING FOOTSTEPS

JANE: (ENTERING) Irma, has Al left y... ? Oh.

AL: Just leavin' now! So long, ladies! See you later!

IRMA: Honey, be careful going home. There's a crime wave on.

JANE: Yeah, Al, keep your hat turned down. You don't wanna get picked up.

AL: (CAN'T SPOIL HIS MOOD) Ha, ha, HAAAA! You fracture me! So long, Chicken. See you later!

SFX: DOOR OPENS & SHUTS

JANE: We're having a dinner party?

IRMA: Yes, I've invited your boss Richard Rhineland to dinner tonight.

JANE: You invited my boss to dinner tonight? *Here?* Irma, how could you?

IRMA: It's simple. He called up and asked to talk to you and you were busy, so I invited him.

JANE: Oh, no. This is all a dream.

IRMA: And after dinner Al is gonna come over, and if Professor Kropotkin comes up, it'll be a wonderful party!

JANE: Oh, no. This is a nightmare. Hand me that phone.

SFX: RECEIVER PICKS UP, PHONE DIALING

JANE: Maybe it's not too late to stop him. (WHILE DIALING) Oh, dear... (THEN:) Hello! Hello, is Mr. Rhineland there? He's not? Well, could you please tell me where he went? He left to go to a dinner party at a Miss Jane Stacey's. Thank you.

SFX: RECEIVER HANGS UP

IRMA: Jane! Jane! What are you doing?

JANE: Nothing. Just writing a suicide note.

MUSIC: ACT ENDING MUSIC.

JANE: (GRIMLY) Well, Richard Rhineland the Third is coming to dinner. Now I'm really trapped because I told him I lived in an artistic neighborhood and that my roommate was a budding novelist. How could I justify having him sit around with that scintillating duo of conversationalists, Irma and Al? Mr. Rhineland is expecting an evening of table talk a la *Information, Please*. What he's gonna get is *People Are Funny* or *It Pays to be Ignorant*. Well, finally seven-thirty rolled around, the bottle of martinis was catching a chill in the icebox and I was running a fever in the living room. Richard would be arriving at any minute, and Irma wasn't ready. (INTO SCENE) Irma! Sweetie, it's seven-thirty.

IRMA: I know, Jane. I'm just getting into my dress. How do you like it?

JANE: (BEAT) Don't you think you ought to get a little further into it?

IRMA: Al likes this dress.

JANE: Al would... but Mr. Rhineland wouldn't. Now come on, huh?

IRMA: Okay!

JANE: Oh! Irma, I'm so nervous.

IRMA: Well, don't worry. I'll handle everything. Haven't you confidence in me?

JANE: Certainly I have.

IRMA: Well then, why are you shaking?

JANE: I always shake like this before I have a nervous breakdown. Now... now, Irma, ...let's not be nervous, huh? Let's... let's just take it easy. Let's see... now we, uh... first we serve the martinis...

IRMA: I don't have to drink a martini, do I, Jane?

JANE: What's that got to do with it?

IRMA: I'd rather have milk.

JANE: How can you drink milk when we're drinking martinis?

IRMA: Oh, I know. I'll drink milk, but I'll put an olive in it.

JANE: Oh, Irma.

SFX: DOOR KNOCKS

JANE: He's here. Oh, he's here. Now, now, listen, Irma. I'm not worried.

SFX: DOOR KNOCKS

JANE: I'm not worried. I've got confidence in you and I know you'll do everything right because if you don't I think I'll kill myself and then you.

SFX: DOOR KNOCKS

JANE: You ready? Okay. Irma – put the broom away.

SFX: DOOR KNOCKS

JANE: Come in!

SFX: DOOR KNOCKS

RICHARD: I beg your pardon, but does Jane Stacey live... oh, of course.

SFX: DOOR SHUTS

RICHARD: Good evening, Jane. I didn't recognize you for a moment.

IRMA: That's because she didn't take the curlers out of her hair.

JANE: How silly of me. Come in, come in, Mr. Rhineland. May I present my roommate, Irma.

RICHARD: How do you do?

IRMA: Hello.

JANE: Irma, would you mind taking Mr. Rhineland's hat?

IRMA: I can't.

JANE: Why not?

IRMA: His head is still in it.

RICHARD: Oh! Oh, I'm sorry. Here it is.

JANE: Irma, now that you have Mr. Rhineland's hat, would you mind taking the broom away from him?

IRMA: Oh.

JANE: Irma, now that you have the broom, would you mind taking Mr. Rhineland's hat away from him?

IRMA: Oh.

JANE: Won't you sit down, Mr. Rhineland?

RICHARD: Oh, thank you, Jane, but you don't have to be so formal. My friends

always call me “Richard”.

JANE: Thank you. Cigarette, Richard?

RICHARD: Thank you.

JANE: Match, Richard?

RICHARD: Thank you.

JANE: Ash tray, Richard?

RICHARD: Thank you. Cigarette, Irma?

IRMA: Thank you.

RICHARD: Match, Irma?

IRMA: Thank you.

RICHARD: Ash tray, Irma?

IRMA: No, thank you. I don't smoke.

RICHARD: Ahhh, you writers, you're all alike. Witty and eccentric.

JANE: Yes, I knew you'd like Irma's wit. It's so... it's so natural.

RICHARD: Yes, so I noticed. My, what a charming apartment you have here. When will the remodeling be finished?

IRMA: Remodeling? This is it.

JANE: Uh, yes, yes... it's small, it's small, but our neighbors are so interesting. Artists, writers, musicians, you know – for instance, there's a very famous violinist who lives downstairs, he's... Professor Kropotkin?

RICHARD: Kropotkin? Kropotkin?

IRMA: Yeah, he plays in the Paradise Burlesque. Have you ever been there?

RICHARD: Uhh... I don't think so...

IRMA: Well, it doesn't matter. You wouldn't have seen him anyway because he plays a violin under the runway.

JANE: Uhh... yes, a lot of our neighbors are eccentric, but they're all artistic.

RICHARD: Oh, I know what you mean. A charming environment.

JANE: Yes.

IRMA: You know, it's hot in here. I think I'll open the window.

SFX: WINDOW OPENS

O'REILLY: (YELLING; OFF-MIKE) Hey, Mrs. Flannigan!!!! Did you hear the news about Johnny O'Toole downstairs?! Last night he came home roarin' drunk

and staggered up the stairs like...

SFX: WINDOW SHUTS

JANE: (BARELY HOLDING IT TOGETHER) Shall we go in to dinner?

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN SWITCH TO STREET SCENE

JANE: If I live to be the oldest woman in the United States and Canada, I'll never forget that dinner. It started with Irma taking from the right and serving from the left. She also did a little dropping in the middle. And Mr. Rhinelanders looked very fetching wearing a hamburger over his right eye. Then we got to the dessert. And it seems that Irma put the dessert in the wrong tray in the icebox. It's the first time I'd ever tasted cauliflower sherbet. So much for the food; the conversation was a monster in its own right. Richard said:

RICHARD: Fortunately, I've been able to travel considerably. Irma, do you like to travel?

JANE: And Irma says:

IRMA: Oh yes! It's really the only way to get anywhere.

JANE: Well, finally it was over and we decided to have our coffee in the living room.

RICHARD: Well, Jane, that was an excellent dinner...

JANE: Thank you.

RICHARD: Wonderful food...

IRMA: That's nothing unusual. We always have food for dinner.

RICHARD: Oh, Irma, you have a priceless wit. Hasn't she, Jane?

JANE: She has? Oh! Yes, she has.

IRMA: You know, Mr. Rhinelanders, I envy Jane working for you.

RICHARD: Yes, the investment business can be exciting, but you know, I wish I had more time for sports.

JANE: Oh, you do love sports, don't you, Richard?

RICHARD: Yes, I don't like to brag or appear stuffy, but at college I won my letter in six different sports.

JANE: Oh, that's wonderful. And weren't you voted the best looking man on the campus?

RICHARD: Oh, well, Jane, that was only kid stuff. But, uh, getting back to sports, since going into business with Dad, he's sort of kept me hopping – well, you know how the office is, but... Jane, with you being the capable secretary you are, I... uh (HE'S BLUSHING), I've been able to find some time for squash and badminton at

the Athletic Club.

JANE: Well, personally, I love golf; it's such an exciting game and yet it's so simple.

RICHARD: Yes, but you know, tennis has a dash of that same excitement.

IRMA: I swim, ride horseback, play tennis, bowl and shoot pool!

RICHARD: Irma, do you really do all those things?

IRMA: No, but I have to keep up my end of the conversation.

JANE: More coffee, Richard?

RICHARD: No, thank you.

JANE: I think you're wise. Coffee does keep one awake.

RICHARD: Yes, coffee does have that effect on me. How about you, Irma?

IRMA: They've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil.

JANE: Irma, we know you're in the conversation, dear. Just take it easy.

IRMA: Okay. Well, I think I'll open the window.

JANE: (OVERLAPS "WINDOW") No, don't...! No, Irma; the window...!

SFX: WINDOW OPENS

O'REILLY: (YELLING; OFF-MIKE) And the next night Johnny O'Toole comes home roarin' drunk again and staggered up the stairs, carryin' on like...

SFX: WINDOW SLAMS SHUT

JANE: Chilly out tonight, isn't it, Richard?

IRMA: Well now, let's get down to business! When are you two going to get married?

JANE: Irma! Oh! Oh, Richard, I really don't know what to say...

RICHARD: Well, Irma, really, I'm very fond of Jane, but of course, you know there's my father...

IRMA: Your father? Let him get his own girl.

JANE: Oh, Irma!

SFX: SIX DOOR KNOCKS

JANE: Oh... come in!

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

AL: Hiya, folks!

IRMA: What a surprise! Look, Jane, it's Al!

JANE: The next sound you hear is Jane Stacey blowing her brains out.

IRMA: Al, I'd like you to meet Richard Rhineland the Third. Richard, this is my boyfriend, Al.

RICHARD: How do you do?

AL: Well, hiya, Richard. Heard a lot about you!

JANE: Richard, wouldn't you care to go to a movie or something?

AL: No sense in breakin' up the party! Let's sit around and chew the fat.

IRMA: Richard's not hungry, Al, we just finished dinner.

AL: Well, Rich, what's new on the street?

RICHARD: The... "street"?

AL: Yeah, you know – the exchange.

RICHARD: Oh. Well, cotton was a little slow this past week...

AL: Uh huh. Knew it! What about steel?

RICHARD: It's a little low.

AL: Knew it! Richard, you can see for yourself, the handwritin's on the wall.

RICHARD: Really?

AL: You gotta get out of Wall Street.

RICHARD: I do?

AL: Absolutely. Sure, you can plug along, makin' a million here and a million there, but have you got security?

RICHARD: Well, Al, I'm pretty satisfied with the investment business. I think there's a great future in it for me. Granddad was president, then Father became president and soon I'll be president.

AL: You see what I mean, Irma?

IRMA: Yeah, the whole family's in a rut.

AL: But it's not too late, Rich. There's a place for you in *my* organization.

JANE: Richard, *let's go to a movie...*!

IRMA: No, Jane, let 'em talk. This whole thing may develop into a merger.

AL: Merger! You're right, Irma. Richard, I'm gonna make a big man outta you. How would you like to team up with me?

RICHARD: Well, I...

AL: Now listen to me, Richard. Here's the plan: we've a chance to corner the market on surplus ripcords.

MUSIC: BRIDGE COMES IN UNDER AL; BUILDS

AL: We'll go into the open market! Buy short! Sell long! (FADES UNDER MUSIC)

MUSIC: OUT UNDER IRMA

IRMA: Jane, the evening's going along just like I planned. The boys are in there getting along beautifully!

JANE: "Beautifully"? If Richard reaches for his wallet, he'll shake hands with Al.

IRMA: Now, Jane...

JANE: Now listen to me, Irma! You've ruined me! I should never have moved in with you!

IRMA: But Jane...

JANE: Don't "But Jane" me!

IRMA: But I thought that...

JANE: I don't care what you thought! You've ruined everything. Imagine him coming from his mansion on Park Avenue to this dump. Now to top it off, your... your boyfriend Al is trying to sell him ripcords!

IRMA: But Jane, Al's only trying to fix it so he has security!

JANE: Irma, I have news for you: Richard Rhineland the Third has five million dollars he hasn't even counted yet.

IRMA: But after he counts it, what then? He'll be in a rut!

JANE: By inviting him to dinner tonight you've just ruined me. Now, I'm going back in there, apologize, quit my job and spend the night at the WYCA.

IRMA: But Jane, are you a member?

JANE: NO, BUT I'LL JOIN! And another thing – the next time we meet on the street, I only want you to say one thing: "Good bye"!

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

AL: "Will General Motors *go* for it"?! Richard, their tongues are hangin' out for ripcords.

RICHARD: Well, Al, I really don't...

JANE: (OVERLAPS WITH "AL,") Richard – I mean Mr. Rhineland – I can't tell you how sorry I am...

RICHARD: Sorry? About what?

JANE: Oh, about bringing you down here and having you meet people like Al and Irma, and...

RICHARD: Why, Jane, you have nothing to be sorry about. I'm delighted to meet two such real people as Al and Irma.

IRMA: And we're delighted to have met a millionaire with money!

JANE: Oh, Irma, how *could* you... ?!

RICHARD: Now, now, leave her alone, Jane. That's what I like about Irma and Al. They're so natural and honest.

AL: Ahhhh, Dickie... thank you for that vote of confidence.

IRMA: Gee... I'm so happy for you, Mr. Rhineland. Now you can have security.

RICHARD: You see, Jane?

JANE: You see, Richard... you were so wealthy and you live on Park Avenue and everything and I thought your coming here... well... I tried to impress you and I guess I've just been a fool. And I don't know what to say.

RICHARD: Well, I'd like to say thank you, Jane, for a splendid evening. I like your apartment and I think Al & Irma are swell. And Al, if you've got time I'd like you to drop into the office and maybe we can go over your ripcord idea at length. Well, I've got to run along now. Good night, Jane, and please invite me again real soon.

SFX: DOORS OPENS

JANE: Good bye, Richard.

SFX: DOORS SHUTS

AL: Well! Gotta run now!

IRMA: Where you going, honey?

AL: Where am I goin'?! Now I gotta see if I can get a hold of some ripcords!

SFX: DOORS OPENS AND SHUTS

IRMA: That's my friend Al!

JANE: And that's my. Friend. Irma.

MUSIC: BRIDGE – ACT ENDING

MUSIC: FRIENDSHIP

ANNOUNCER: *My Friend Irma* was written and directed by Cy Howard. (PAUSE)
This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: OUT

THE END