

DEL AND HARVEY

Those were the days!

HARVEY

Anyhoo, Del, I got a funny story for ya. So I'm at the shuffleboard court this afternoon, beatin' the pants off Mr. Weinblatt as usual —

(ESTHER runs in)

ESTHER

Wait! Stop!

DEL

Esther, we're right in the middle of the show!

ESTHER

You're never gonna guess what I got in my hand!

HARVEY

Looks like a telegram.

ESTHER

You're never going to believe what it says!

HARVEY

It says "WESTERN UNION." I can read it from here.

ESTHER

Would you button it? This telegram is from the American Bandstand!

DEL

No!

ESTHER

Yeah! They're sending a producer named Artie Shields to the Catskills on Sunday Night! He heard that you're the hottest songwriter around, and he wants to see for himself!

DEL

No!

ESTHER

Yeah. They wanna hear a brand new song by Del Delmonaco. And if Mr. Shields likes what he hears, they're gonna put you on the air with Mr. Dick Clark!

DEL

No!

ESTHER

Yeah!

HARVEY

What a break!

ESTHER

Oh, I'm so proud of you! Seems like only yesterday you were just our little cabana boy.

DEL

Thank you, Esther!

ESTHER

But isn't this just the sort of delightful surprise that's always happening here at Esther's Paradise? It's like my husband Sammy — God rest his soul — always said: "Success is 98% perspiration, 1% inspiration, and 12% hard work."

HARVEY

Sammy wasn't much for math.

DEL

OK. Anyway —

ESTHER

Oh, and while we're talkin', the buffet tomorrow morning is at eight o'clock. Not 8:15. Not 8:30. Eight o'clock. I'm talking to you, Mr. Weinblatt!

DEL

Esther Simowitz! That's our show, folks, but don't forget about tonight's campfire. Esther will be leading the singalong and Harvey will be roasting the wieners.

HARVEY

And the Steins and the Shapiros, too!

ESTHER

Goodnight!

("Sweet Sixteen" play-off.

LIGHTS SHIFT)