

Mehl-----Joe, the old man' s on the ropes. Don't you think you'd better stop it.

Knack-----What for, I'm not getting hurt. And anyway I've lost my curfew.

Mehl-----I know but he's bleeding at the nose, both eyes are closed and it looks like all his teeth have been knocked out.

Knack-----I don't care. Hit him again, kid.

Mehl-----Say, wait a minute. You're the referee. You can't do that.

Knack---Who can't. What did the old year ever do for me. Brought me nothing but bills and taxes.

Mehl-----And your aunt.

Knack-----Yeah, and my aunt. And also a lot of bad predictions. I never picked a winning horse , never picked a winning football team and had the wrong team in the world's series. So why should I feel sorry for the old man. Hit him again kid.

Mehl-----He's down, Joe. Start counting,

Knack-----He won't get any long count from me. I don't like him.

Mehl-----Joe, he's trying to get up. But he can't make it. He's gone.

Knack-----I think he wants to tell me something. I'll lend him my ear. What's that?

Mehl-----What did he say, Joe?

Knack---Ernie, this will give you a laugh. The old year says he knows he's gone but he has a dying request fo make. He's hear d