

The Luck of the Irish

written by **John Belushi**

Jane Curtin: And now we come to St Patrick's Day and John Belushi is here to discuss the luck of the Irish.

John Belushi: Thank you, thank you very much. Well, it's come that time again, St. Patrick's Day has come and gone and well, the sons of Ireland are basking in the glow. When I think of Ireland I think a lot of colorful Irish expressions like, "Top of the morning to ya," "Kiss the barney stone," "May the road rise to meet ya," "May you be in heaven an hour before the devil knows you're dead," "I'd like to smash you in the face with my shillelagh," "Danny-boy," "Begorra," "Wail of the banshee," and "Whiskey for the leprechauns, whisky for the leprechauns." But the expression I think most people identify with the Irish, is, of course, the luck of the Irish.

The luck of the Irish. Sure. Let's say you're in a pub somewhere in Ireland, oh, anywhere in Ireland, some guy comes up to you and says, "Hey is that a bomb on you I hear ticking?" And then BAM!!! Your small intestines are on the ceiling and your brains are on your car across the street. That's the luck of the Irish for ya, who's kidding who, okay?

Let's talk about the bad luck of the Irish, all right? How about this, POTATO FAMINE!! How about that? It scares them, doesn't it? Well, it should. That's why they came here in the first place. So they wouldn't have to work in the potato fields. That's why they became politicians, priests, and cops. Luck? Gimme a break.

(he gets more and more worked up as he continues)

I got a friend, his name is Dan Sullivan, he's Irish as they come. We used to drink together a lot. After two drinks, he would look like an Irish pirate. You know? You think he had luck? In one day he got his car stolen, and the stupid, he had no insurance, and no license, and he gets locked up for being drunk. And after that, he takes off for someplace like India or Nepal, or someplace like that. And his mother dies, ya know, so they wire him to tell him to come to the funeral. It's his mother's funeral, that's all. And he's in India or Nepal, sitting squat-legged listening to some sacred cow. So he comes back and he gets stopped at U.S. Customs for trafficking illegal drugs, not holding, he's trafficking. I mean, here's this guy Sullivan, his old lady kicks off, he gets popped at the border and he's sitting on fifty pounds of black Tibetan finger hash and two keys of slam. Now that's not bad luck, that's DUMB luck. I don't think luck has anything to do with it, I don't think he has any brains at all. First of all, he's drunk, then he's a junkie. I don't know what's worse! Don't ask me, ask Sullivan! And what happens?! He calls me up and says, "Hey man, I got busted at the border. I need five grand bail." I said, I said, "Five grand man!? Hey man, I've never even seen five thousand dollars in my life, so don't ask me for it, man, why don't you ask your mother!!!" **(aside)** Which was a dumb thing for me to say because his mother just died. **(returns to his loud tirade)** Right now, I got this drunken Irish junkie who

wants to kill me because of what I said about his mother being in terminal dreamland!
Oh pal. One thing! One thing!!! They love their mothers, boy, oh they love their
mothers. It's mamma this, mamma that. **(starts flailing his arms wildly in the way
only John Belushi could)** Oh my Irish mother! Ireland must be heaven, because my
mother.. aaauugghhh! Aaaauugghhh!!! **(as he flails he nearly slams his head on the
desk and then falls off his chair, still screaming)**