

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"

(FINAL DRAFT)

STARRING

JACK CARSON

CBS
7:00 - 7:45 P.M. PWT
FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1943

VIRGINIA BRUCE
JINX FALKENBURG
GUESTS

MUSIC: ("PERFIDIA" INTRODUCTION, HOLD LAST NOTE FOR:)

NILES: THE CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN! -- Starring Jack Carson,
Virginia Bruce, Jinx Falkenburg, and Herb Shriner....
and presented by:

CHORUS: C...A...M...E...L...S!

NILES: Camels! -- the cigarette that's extra mild,
slow-burning, cool-smoking, rich tasting -- better!
Try a pack! Let your throat and your taste decide!

MUSIC: (THEME, HOLD UNDER:)

NILES: Yes, Camels present Herb Shriner, Billy Gray as little
Matilda, Freddie Rich and his orchestra, Connie Haines,
tonight's special guests -- Virginia Bruce and
Jinx Falkenburg. And now, here he is, the star of
our show -- JACK CARSON!

MUSIC: (THEME TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

BLANC: My, Mr. Carson, you certainly are looking well today -- chipper, I might say!

CARSON: (GAILY) Of course, Jerkins -- look at the beautiful day it is. I got up this morning, raised the window and took a deep breath!

BLANC: Yes...?

CARSON: That's all I remember!..You know, Jerkins, when I woke up this morning and saw that sunshine I felt like taking an ice-cold shower, hiking ten miles, and I felt like boxing seven or eight rounds!

BLANC: What did you do, sir?

CARSON: I stayed in bed until that feeling went away!

BLANC: But now that you're up, sir, how are you going to spend the day?

CARSON: I don't know, Jerkins -- I wish I had a date with a beautiful girl.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS, PAUSE, PHONE UP AS:

CARSON: I'll take it -- Hello, Hot Lips Carson speaking...who? -- JINX FALKENBURG! WELL!!! (ASIDE) Jerkins, it's Jinx Falkenburg, the beautiful movie actress and model.... (UP) Well, hello, Jinx...what, will I play tennis with you? Well, naturally! Okay, I'll meet you -- one o'clock at the Hollywood Country Club. Goodbye, Jinx.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

BLANC: Mr. Carson, are you going to play tennis, sir?

CARSON: Well don't act so surprised! I'll have you know at one time I beat the great Alice Marble -- that's my game!

BLANC: Tennis?

CARSON: No, marbles!

BLANC: But Mr. Carson, Jinx Falkenberg is a great athlete -- she'll make a fool out of you!

CARSON: A fool out of me??? Jerkins, do you realize that in college I was a noted athlete?

BLANC: What team were you on, sir?

CARSON: I was a string-changer on the yo-yo team!

BLANC: I go in for rugged sports, too, sir! Why, a few years ago in England I went on a combination Fox Hunt and Crap Game!

CARSON: A combination Fox Hunt and Crap Game???

BLANC: Yes, sir. I shot a fox the hard way. Ho-Ho-Ho -- Ho-Ho!

CARSON: Jerkins -- do you have a frog in your throat?

BLANC: Oh, yes sir! He's been there for quite a while!

CARSON: Isn't it uncomfortable?

BLANC: Oh, no, sir. He's sitting on a toadstool!

CARSON: Never mind, Jerkins -- get busy and see if you can find my tennis racquet!

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL...CHIMES...RATCHET...GONG...PEANUT
WHISTLE

CARSON: Front door! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MARR: Mister Carson, I hear you've got a date to play tennis with Jinx Falkenburg?

CARSON: That's right!

MARR: Tell you what I'm gonna do! I have here the new Flippo Feather Weight Tennis Racquet, which I am going to sell to you with no strings attached! This Flippo Feather Weight Racquet does not weight sixteen ounces, it does not weigh eight ounces, six ounces or even four ounces.

CARSON: How much does it weigh?

MARR: Seventy-three pounds!

CARSON: Play tennis with a seventy-three pound racquet??
Why, I couldn't even lift it!

MARR: You say you can't lift the racquet, friend? Tell you what I'm gonna do. I have here a trial package of Bulgy-Wulgy Muscle Pills.

CARSON: But I have muscles!!

MARR: Are they bulgy? No!! Are they Wulgy? No!! All you have to do is take one of these pills and it will give you the strength of twenty mules!

CARSON: Okay -- I'll take it. Now, when do I get the strength of twenty mules?

MARR: As soon as I sell nineteen other jackasses!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

CARSON: Oh, come on, Jerkins -- I've got to get out of here! Help me into these tennis shorts! (GRUNTS) Boy, I haven't had these shorts on for ten years... (GRUNTS)

BIANC: Those things are awfully tight, sir! Look at yourself in the mirror!

CARSON: Yeh -- what a picture. White shorts with a purple face!

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL, CHIMES... RATCHET... GONG... EXPLOSION

CARSON: I've got to have the squeak taken out of those hinges.
COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NILES AND ALLMAN: (AD LIB HELLOS)

CARSON: Oh, it's Ken Niles, and you're with your wife again!

NILES: What do you mean "again." I'm always with my
beautiful wife. In fact -- without her I have nothing!

ALLMAN: Oh, thank you, Kenneth. Without you I have nothing!

CARSON: There's two people with plenty of nothing!... Listen,
I haven't got time to bother with you people now.
I've got a date with Jinx Falkenburg, the famous movie
actress. Her picture's on every cover.

ALLMAN: So what?? My picture's on every cover, too!

CARSON: Magazine or manhole??

NILES: Just a moment, Jack -- I resent that! My wife makes
fifty dollars a week posing as a model!

CARSON: Ohh, that isn't so good!

NILES: No?? How much do you get, posing as a comedian! Hahaha!

ALLMAN: (LAUGHS) Ohh, darling! You really told the big boob
that time!

NILES: I'll say I did, honey lamb!.. Jack, you can have your
cover girls, but whenever my wife walks down the
street men turn around to take a second look at her!

CARSON: Sure, they can't believe what they saw the first time!...
C'mon, Jerkins, grab my tennis stuff and let's go.
Jinx is waiting for me! See you later, Ken.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

CARSON: Those two drive me crazy! *Jerkins, throw the stuff in the back seat of the car!*

SOUND: AUTO DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES, MOTOR STARTS UNDER:

BLANC: I'll take the wheel, Mr. Carson...

CARSON: All right...Back the sedan out of the driveway...

JERKINS! LOOKOUT, THERE'S A CAR COM....OHHHHH!

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES AND AUTO CRASH

CARSON: Oh well, I always wanted a coupe!

BLANC: (YELLS) IT'S THAT WOMAN'S FAULT, SIR! SHE SAW ME
COMING OUT! SIR!

CARSON: (YELLS) THAT'S RIGHT! LOOK HERE, LADY, I'M GONNA HAVE
YOU ARRESTED! WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE! LET'S SEE YOUR
LICENSE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME!

VIRGINIA: My name is Virginia Bruce!

CARSON: I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE -- VIRGINIA BRUCE! Jerkins,
you're fired!

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Gosh, Virginia, imagine bumping into you this way.
I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever met!

VIRGINIA: Thanks, Jack -- but look at my car. You wrecked my
radiator, smashed my running board, bent my fenders
and ruined my windshield!

CARSON: Yeah, but your chassis okay!

BLANC: (FADES IN) Mr. Carson, I'm afraid Miss Bruce's car is out of commission -- it'll have to be towed in, sir!

VIRGINIA: That's great! Now what am I going to do, Jack? -- I was on my way for a swim!

CARSON: That's simple, Virginia -- I'll go swimming with you. I've always wanted a date with you! Jerkins, is my bathing suit in the house!

BLANC: Yes sir -- but it has a hole in the knee!

CARSON: That's all right -- it won't show with my long underwear! Well, Virginia, I'm all set to go.

VIRGINIA: Tell me, Jack, do you really know how to swim?

CARSON: Are you kidding? -- I come from a family of swimmers. Last week my eighty year old grandfather was down at the beach...he started to float on his back with his whiskers up in the air!

VIRGINIA: What happened?

CARSON: A strong breeze came up and he won the yacht race to Catalina!...Well, let's go. Jerkins, you drive -- Miss Bruce and I will sit in the back!

BLANC: Mr. Carson, I must talk to you, sir.

CARSON: Pardon me, Virginia -- (ASIDE) What is it, Jerkins?

BLANC: (ASIDE) What about your date with Miss Falkenburg at the Hollywood Country Club? If she knows you made another date she'll be very angry, sir?

CARSON: (ASIDE) How'll she know. I'll go swimming with Miss Bruce, and go to the Hollywood Country Club later! Just forget it! (UP) Well, Virginia, where would you like to go swimming?

VIRGINIA: Oh, out to the Hollywood Country Club!

~~CARSON AND BLANC: (TOGETHER) AWAHI! AWAHI! AWAHIHIHI!~~
*Mr Carson, you are up the proverbial creek
Carson: Now that ain't the way I looked it.*

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ALLMAN: Oh, Kenneth!

NILES: Yes, honeybunch?

ALLMAN: Isn't it time for us to do the commercial?

NILES: It's time for me to do the commercial sweet.

ALLMAN: You certainly can't do it all by yourself, Kenneth!

NILES: I don't see why not, pet! Other announcers can talk about Camels without their wives. Last night, ^{on the Gay Moore show} did Howard Petrie need his wife along to tell people that Camels are cool smoking and slow burning? Monday, ^{on "Dodie"} did Harlow Wilcox need Mrs. Wilcox to help him say that Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos?

ALLMAN: You mean you don't need me any more, Kenneth?

NILES: It's not that, pet! It just doesn't take two people to sell Camels. Folks like Camels -- they're good -- they taste better -- they've got more flavor. It doesn't take two people to say that!

ALLMAN: (SNIFFLING) All right, I'll just go home, Kenneth!

NILES: No, no, sweet! I like to have you behind me!

ALLMAN: Everybody says they want me behind them.

NILES: I know, pet. Out front they can see you. ^{allman: oh shut up Kenneth} Look, sweet, with Camels all you have to do is just get folks to try 'em -- to give 'em a test run in the old "T-Zone" -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat, everybody's own proving ground for flavor and mildness. Just let 'em find out for themselves how Camel's extra flavor helps 'em hold up, pack after pack!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

ALLMAN: Camels! Get a pack tonight! You'll want to buy a
carton tomorrow! There, you see, Kenneth!

mmm dear
NILES: All right, sweet!

MUSIC: ("I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN"...FADE FOR:)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Freddie Rich and the orchestra with a
lovely arrangement of a favorite tune -- "I've Got
You Under My Skin!"

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: And now, back to Jack Carson -- who is arriving at the Hollywood Country Club with Virginia Bruce, knowing full well that he also has a date with Jinx Falkenburg at the same place. Jack doesn't know how he's going to keep the two girls apart, I don't know either -- and what's more -- I don't care! HAHHAH!

SOUND: AUTO PULLING TO STOP, DOORS OPEN

BLANC: Well, Mr. Carson, this is the North Hollywood Country Club.

VIRGINIA: I'll jump into my bathing suit and meet you by the swimming pool in five minutes!

CARSON: Wait a minute, Virginia! These clubs are always so crowded. Why don't we slip away some place where we can be alone? Why don't we go for a ride in the country? You and I could have a barrel of fun!

VIRGINIA: No fooling?

CARSON: Well -- a little --

VIRGINIA: I was afraid of that. No -- I think I'd rather stay here and swim. It isn't so strenuous!

CARSON: But Virginia -- you've been working very hard at the studio. A nice long ride with me would make you feel better.

VIRGINIA: Yes. I bet it would put me right on my feet!
No thanks, Hot Lips. Besides swimming has done a lot for me. In fact it's made me quite shipshape.

CARSON: I'll admit you have a beautiful cargo!

VIRGINIA: Thank you. Well, I'm going to run in the locker room and change. (FADING) I'll see you by the pool.

CARSON: Jerkins, what am I going to do? She wants me to go swimming.

BLANC: But you also have a date with Miss Falkenburg out here, too.

CARSON: Yeah -- for months I've been trying to get a date with a beautiful girl and now I've got a date with two of them at the same time. Tell me, Jerkins -- could you love two women at once?

BLANC: Immediately, sir!

CARSON: Never mind that. Look, Jerkins, I'm going in and put on a bathing suit. You stay out here and if

Miss Falkenburg comes along -- tell her I'm late. Keep her away from here -- play a game of tennis with her.

BLANC: Tennis??? Not I, sir! The last time I played tennis I had all my teeth knocked out!

CARSON: Hmm -- I'm very sorry to hear you lost the set!

BLANC: Lost the set! Ho-Ho-Ho -- very good, sir!

CARSON: It wasn't that funny! Now look -- stay out here and keep your eyes open! And above all, don't let those two girls meet!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR...TINKLE OF DESK BELL AS THOUGH SOMEONE POUNDING FOR SERVICE

CARSON: Oh, Attendant! ATTENDANT! How about a little service, please?

BLANC: Are you talking on top of me, Senor?

CARSON: Why it's my old friend, Pablo!! Can you fix me up with a nice bathing suit, Pablo?

BLANC: Si, Senor -- here is a nice little bathing suit!
It used to be the home of a bashful moth!

CARSON: A bashful moth?

BLANC: Yes, he always takes a back seat!

CARSON: But, Pablo -- I've got to have a bathing suit. Haven't you got anything without holes in it?

BLANC: Just one moment, Senor. I ask Pancho! (CALLING)
OH PANCHO!

TUGWELL: SI!

BLANC: Can inform Senor Carson por los hombres two per cent woolo quiere conocer en la vista por los vulcanize en holo in rompers?

TUGWELL: No. Inform Senor Carson, por los hombres two per cent woolo gabardine shortos quiere conocer en la vista por los diving board por los hole in rompers en San Luis Obispo y Avacado!

CARSON: Well, has he got any bathing suits without holes?

BLANC: No, Senor. He say it looks like the bottom has dropped out of our business!

CARSON: Oh, all right -- give me some kind of a suit. Maybe somebody in here has a spool of thread! I'll sew the holes up!

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Carson: oh you again

MARR: Y'say your bathing suit's got holes? Tell you what I'm gonna do! I have here a bottle of Black Magic Liquid Shoe Polish. Only a dime, ten cents. One application of this shoe polish on your skin, with this little brush, and they won't be able to tell you from a hole in your bathing suit!

CARSON: But this bathing suit is fulla holes! When I jump in the pool won't the polish wash off!

MARR:: Whadda you care, friend -- It's fun to be out in the open!

CARSON: Oh, get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

BLANC: Oh, Mister Carson, sir! Miss Falkenburg is just driving into the Country Club!

CARSON: Oh, oh! -- I'd better get rid of her before Virginia Bruce comes out of her dressing room!

BLANC: Too late, sir! Here comes Miss Bruce now!

VIRGINIA: (FADING IN) Well, Jack -- I see you're all ready for your swim!

CARSON: (STUTTERS) Oh, it's you, Virginia. Yes. -- I'm all ready. How do you like my bathing suit?

VIRGINIA: I think the sleeves are too long! ^{and} ~~But~~ what's the idea of the water wings?

CARSON: They're not water wings! The pool's cold -- These are hot water bottles!

JINX: (CALLING OFF MIKE) Oh, Jack! JACK!

VIRGINIA: Someone seems to be calling you, Jack.

CARSON: Who? Me???

BLANC: (ASIDE) It's Miss Falkenburg, sir!

CARSON: (ASIDE) I know who it is, Jerkins -- shut up!

JINX: (OFF) Oh, JACKIE! JACKIE CARSON!

CARSON: C-COMING MOTHER!

VIRGINIA: Mother? From here she looks awfully young to be your mother!

CARSON: Well, she married very young. She's a hill-billy!
Look, Virginia -- I'll see what mother wants and I'll
be right back!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

JINX: (FADES IN) Jack Carson -- where in the world have you
been?

CARSON: Well, well, if it isn't the lovely JINX FALKENBURG!
(APPLAUSE)

JINX: (COLDLY) Well, Hot Lips -- I see you're quite busy with that lovely little blonde over there. Couldn't wait until I got here!

CARSON: What blonde?

JINX: That blonde!

CARSON: Oh! Well Jinx! -- That's MY MOTHER!!

JINX: Well, she seems very pretty from here -- I'd like to meet her, Jack.

CARSON: Oh, she's busy, Jinx -- I mean, let's get away from here! Why don't we go for a ride?

JINX: I'm afraid not, Jack.

CARSON: But when you get out in the country everything is so fresh.

JINX: That's what I'm afraid of!.....I know your reputation, Hot Lips! Last night I saw you at Hollywood and Vine, winking at a girl!

CARSON: I wasn't winking! It was windy and something got in my eye!

JINX: She got in your car, too!.....Jack, I'm going over and say hello to your mother, and you're going with me.

CARSON: No.....er...that is...well, ~~I can't!~~ I won't!

JINX: OH YES YOU WILL!

CARSON: Jinx! ^{Jackenburg} YOU PUT ME DOWN!.....Well, all right, I'll introduce you...(CALLS) Oh Virginia.....?

VIRGINIA: (COMING IN) Yes, Jack...?

CARSON: I'd like you two girls to know each other....

JINX & VIRGINIA: (TOGETHER) Hello, Mother.

VIRGINIA: Hello, Jinx, what are you doing out here?

JINX: Oh, I've got a date with Jack.

VIRGINIA: What?? He made a date with me, too!

CARSON: Now look, wait a minute....

JINX: Fine thing! One girl isn't enough for you. You have to have two!

VIRGINIA: Yes! It's men like you who're responsible for rationing. Jack Carson, you're a wolf!

CARSON: I'm a wolf? I'M A WOLF?????

VIRGINIA: Look, he even admits it!...After the word gets around about this two-timing, Jack, you'll never get another date with a girl!

CARSON: (AIRILY) Ohh, well don't threaten me, please. I've got lots of girls - fifty, sixty, seventy!

JINX: Then why don't you leave us alone?

CARSON: Who wants girls fifty, sixty, seventy! Aw, listen girls, why can't we forget this little mix-up and have some fun, just the three of us? You like me, don't you, Virginia? You like me, don't you, Jinx?...

BLANC: (JERKINS) I don't like you either, Sir!

CARSON: JERKINS! I DIDN'T ASK YOU!

BLANC: No, but you were going to!

CARSON: Look, let's not make a scene here -- it's very embarrassing! We'll go over to my house, huh?

JINX: I wouldn't go near your house!

CARSON: Oh yeah? If you'll come over, I'll give each of you a dish of ice cream!

VIRGINIA: So what! We can get ice cream anywhere!

CARSON: But you can't get ice cream like this!

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JINX: Why not?

CARSON: THIS - IS WITHOUT SHERBERT!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: ("YOU'LL NEVER KNOW", FADE UNDER)

NILES: HERE'S THE LOVELY BALLAD FROM THE NEW MOTION PICTURE

"HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO" -- CONNIE HAINES SINGS:

"YOU'LL NEVER KNOW"

(APPLAUSE)

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*Stop*SOUND: ESTABLISH AUTO AND HOLD FOR BACKGROUND UNDER:

VIRGINIA: Well, Jack, when do Jinx and I get to your house?

CARSON: In just a second, Virginia -- and you girls will love the place. It's one of those new Victory Houses, I made it out of some string, cardboard and paste!

JINX: I'll bet that saved you a lot of money, Jack!

CARSON: No it didn't, Jinx...last week I picked up a piece of string, and before I knew it I unraveled three rooms!

SOUND: AUTO TO STOP, DOORS OPEN

CARSON: Well, girls - here it is...this is humble little home! How do you like it?

VIRGINIA: It's fine, Jack - but don't you think it's a little gaudy?

CARSON: What d'ya mean?

VIRGINIA: Well, "Hot Lips Carson" in neon lights!

CARSON: Yeah, I guess you're right -- I think I'll turn off the "Carson"...Oh, Jinx, have you got my key?

JINX: Your key?

CARSON: Yeah, I gave it to you to hold when I changed from my bathing suit!

JINX: Oh, I'm sorry, Jack -- I lost it!

CARSON: But I thought you said you put it in your stocking??

JINX: I know - but I forgot I was wearing leg make-up!

CARSON: Well, Jenkins is probably home by now.

SOUND: (KNOCKS)CARSON: → Wait'll you see ^{the inside} this house, kids -- I designed everything myself! The bedroom is very unusual - it's forty-five feet long and three feet wide.*Well, here's my house
girls, and*

VIRGINIA: Forty-five feet long and only three feet wide. How come?

CARSON: At night I like to bowl!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Come in, Mr. Carson sir - I've been expecting you.

CARSON: Thank you, Jerkins -- while I'm showing Miss Bruce and Miss Falkenberg around the house, get out some of the champagne I made!

JINX: Champagne? Jack, how could anyone make champagne!

CARSON: Easy - I bought three bottles of seven up and a bicycle pump!

VIRGINIA:

Jack if you designed this house, how come you forgot to put drainpipes under the sink?
~~Jinx, this is all very dull - let's go back to the Country Club!~~

~~CARSON: But wait a minute, Virginia - I'm sure you girls will like me better if you see me in my own house - get to know the real me!~~

~~JINX: Well, if you designed this house, Jack, there's one thing that's wrong: the foyer doesn't belong in the back!~~

~~CARSON: Yeah, you're right, Jinx -- I SHOULD GET A ZERO FOR THAT, SHOULDN'T I????~~

~~VIRGINIA: Is that the only mistake you made, Jack?~~

~~CARSON: No - I also forgot to put drainpipes under the sink -- that was a mistake but it turned out all right!~~

~~VIRGINIA: Really?~~

~~CARSON: Yes, this way I can wash my hands and knees at the same time! Gosh, I better see what's holding up Jerkins with that champagne. (FADES) I'll be right back, girls!~~

JINX: I wish he'd hurry with those drinks, I'm thirsty.

VIRGINIA: I'm parched!

GRAY: I'M ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!

(APPLAUSE)

JINX: Why Virginia, it's a little girl. Hello, little girl.

GRAY: Hello -- have you seen Hot Lips?

VIRGINIA: HOT LIPS! How do you like that - he made three dates for today!

GRAY: You don't understand - he's my Uncle Jack. I have to find him, 'cause I'm wearin' his long underwear and it's draggin'.

JINX: Then why don't you cut the legs off?

GRAY: (LAUGHS) That's not where it's draggin'! I'M ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!

VIRGINIA: What's your name, little girl?

GRAY: My name is Matilda - what's yours?

VIRGINIA: My name is Virginia Bruce, and this is Jinx Falkenberg! Tell us, Matilda - does your Uncle have many girl friends?

GRAY: Sure - he has a girl for every day in the week...and a skinny one for meatless Tuesdays! -- ~~He's quite a character!~~

JINX: ~~You're telling us!~~

JINX: Oh, that Jack Carson -- he's been around more girls than a bath towel at a sorority house.

BRUCE: Tell us, Matilda -- is your Uncle Jack really girl crazy?

GRAY: Well, the only reason he built this house is because Ann Sheridan lives next door.

BRUCE: Now I know why Ann Sheridan put up that fifty foot wall.

GRAY: Yes, Uncle Jack can't get over it!

JINX: So, Ann Sheridan lives right next door, eh? That's near, by golly!

GRAY: Uncle Jack says it's nearer by tunnel! Well, I gotta run along now girls. I got a date with my boyfriend. He's only one and a half years old.

BRUCE: He's only one and a half years old??? He must be cute!

GRAY: Yes -- he's my pin-up boy! Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

JINX: Well, Virginia, how do you like that Carson? He's trying to date everybody in town. I think we ought to walk out on him!

BRUCE: No, Jinx, I've got a better idea. When Jack comes in we'll pretend that we're both simply wild about him...then we'll give him the horselaugh and walk out! That'll teach him a lesson!

JINX: Okay, Virginia -- Shhh -- here he comes!

JACK: (FADES IN) Well, girls, I'm sorry the champagne isn't ready yet but I made some ~~four-decker~~ sandwiches.

BRUCE: You mean three-decker!

JACK: No, I always put a poopdeck on them.

JINX: (SOFTLY) Oh, Jack, let's not talk about food now. It's
you that I'm hungry for. I love you! ^{Carson, Nut! Carson, Wace!} I adore you! I
love your hair--it's so wavy and rippling. It reminds
me of Lake Louise.

JACK: Lake Louise...? Gosh, I'm lucky...THE TROUT ARE JUST
STARTING TO RUN.

BRUCE: Don't be so selfish, Jinx. I'm in love with Jack, too.
Jack -- I must confess -- since the very first moment
I saw you I was smitten.

JACK: Really??

BRUCE: Yes. My heart ran away with my head.

JACK: Which way did they go?

JINX: Never mind her, Jack. It is you and I who were made for
each other. Even as we stand here now -- there is
something sparking between us!

JACK: Oh, that's my key-chain dragging on the floor!

BRUCE: Jack -- ~~Jack -- don't believe her. It is I, Virginia,~~
~~who really loves you.~~ ^{I love you darling} Come to me Jack; your arms
belong to me.

JINX: But his lips belong to me!

BRUCE: His heart belongs to me.

JINX: But his brain belongs to --WAIT A MINUTE. I'm getting
the short end!

JACK: Now, wait a minute, girls. You're just toying with my
affections. You're playing with me like an octopus plays
with a --Say, what does an octopus play with?

BRUCE: Another octopus!

JACK: Look, girls -- I don't know what to say. You make me feel so uncomfortable the way you're fighting over me. Maybe I'd better go out and get us a cold drink.

BRUCE: Don't go, Jack -- please don't leave me, Hot Lips! Kiss me!

JINX: No, No. Kiss me, Jack! Kiss me!

JACK: Holy Smoke --a couple of WOLVERINES! I'll be back in a minute!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM OFF

BRUCE &
JINX: (BOTH LAUGH IT UP)

JINX: Boy, he went for it hook, line and sinker!

BRUCE: Yes, what a sap! Say -- I have an idea how we can have more fun! Do you see those pistols over the fireplace...?

JINX: Virginia -- you don't mean the old suicide gag??

BUUCE: That's it, exactly. We'll get into an argument -- fire two shots -- and pretend we've killed ourselves over him!

JINX: All right -- let's spread it on thick! (LOUD BOISTROUS VOICE) LISTEN TO ME, VIRGINIA BRUCE -- I WANT YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY JACK!

BRUCE: Your Jack!!! Hot Lips is mine -- all mine, do you hear me?

JINX: I'll never let him go! NEVER! NEVER! Get away from that fireplace! Put down that pistol!

BRUCE: If I can't have him, nobody will have him...I'll kill you and then I'll kill myself!!

JINX: (SCREAMS)

SOUND: TWO PISTOL SHOTS -- BODY THUDS -- DOOR BURSTS OPEN --

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

CARSON: (FADING IN) VIRGINIA! JINX! Where are you?
BLANC: Here they are, sir - on the floor.
CARSON: Why - Jerkins, they're dead! They've killed themselves
over me! Oh, Jerkins, why did I have to be born with this
fatal charm? Sometimes I wish I wasn't so pretty!!
BLANC: (FADES) I'll go out in front and get a policeman, sir!
CARSON: (SADLY, TO HIMSELF) Well, I guess this is the end of
Hot Lips Carson! When the police get here, it will be
Hot Seat Carson!

JINX &
VIRGINIA: (LAUGH)

CARSON: Why Virginia, Jinx, you're alive!! Oh! I'm so glad!
VIRGINIA: I'll bet you are -- and I hope this teaches you a lesson,
pretty boy!
JINX: Yes -- you and your fatal charm!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Here's the officer, Mr. Carson.
TUGWELL: Well - well, come, come - where are the bodies?
CARSON: (EMBARRASSED) There are no bodies here - officer-
TUGWELL: Are you kidding? (WHISTLES WOLFISHLY)
CARSON: Look, officer -- I can explain -- this is all a practical
joke.
TUGWELL: Practical joke, eh? This is a fine time to play jokes!---
Do you realize you're wearin' out my seventeen coupon,
wearin' out my tires, usin' up my "C" book - and you call
this a joke!
CARSON: I DIDN'T THINK --

TUGWELL: You can think it over for thirty days in a cell!

CARSON: WAIT A MINUTE! JERKINS, HE'S TAKIN' ME TO JAIL. WHAT AM
I GONNA DO!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY

MARR: Mr. Carson, I hear you're goin' t' jail - Tell ya what
I'm gonna do - ~~I'm gonna sell you this handy Jim Dandy
jail-breakin' kit combination apple pie and hack-saw!~~

CARSON: ~~WILL YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!~~

MARR: ~~Y'say you're not gettin' enough for your money, tell ya
what I'm gonna do --~~

CARSON: Ohh, take me to jail!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

NILES: Folks, do you have any heavy artillery around the house? If you do, don't bother to mail it to that fellow in Camp. Soldiers don't have to furnish their own artillery -- and besides, what he wants is cigarettes! And I might add that the kind of cigarettes to send is Camel -- first in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. Get Camels for yourself, too, if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat, no matter how many you smoke. Yes, Camels' extra flavor helps 'em to wear well, pack after pack. Camels are extra mild, too, and slow burning, and cool smoking -- because they're expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos!

CHORUS: C A M E L S!

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

CARSON: Thanks, Ken -- and now the Camel Comedy Caravan must pause for just a few seconds -- we'll all be back, and meanwhile, light up a Camel while Ken tells us that:

NILES: THIS IS THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

MUSIC: PENTHOUSE THEME, FADES AFTER THIRTY SECONDS FOR:

CARSON: This is Jack Carson again, with Virginia Bruce, Jinx Falkenberg and Herb Shriner, continuing the Caravan. And now, it's Connie Haines time again -- Connie sings the swell new rhythm tune - "Do I Know What I'm Doin'?"

MUSIC: DO I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: One thing that everyone is interested in is news, so lean back in your easy chair while our Indiana Correspondent reports to his editor. (ORCHESTRA: SNEAK IN INDIANA) And here he is, that Corn Cob Kaltenborn....
Wabashful Herb Shriner...

(APPLAUSE)

SHRINER: Hello...I was supposed to come up with a big headline for my paper this week, but the other papers got all the big news. They're all featuring a story Hitlers commanding general in Africa being captured. Just think how busy that old paperhanger is gonna be...now that he's lost his Von Arnim. Of course maybe we shouldn't make fun of just one fella...maybe we should think of Germany as a whole.... and that's what it will be before long.
Course I never have no luck gettings scoops like that... fact, my stories aren't scoops at all...just spoonfuls. Like this story I got here about a midget who was arrested for havin two wives...that's serious...pygmy bigamy. If you think that's a sad headline, what about this...Man found pecked to death by chickens...police suspect fowl play.

~~That reminds me...I got some news about a poultry dealer who was sellin overage eggs....didn't last long though... the O.P.A. got wind of it. You know, a poultry dealer shouldn't have to go in for tricky methods like that...the poor chickens are workin overtime now tryin to keep their ends up.~~

~~One fella went too far tryin to speed up production...he had his chicken yard paved...now when the sun shines the~~

~~(CONTINUED)~~

SHRINER;
(Cont'd)

~~cement gets so hot that the poor hens have to lay their
eggs from a standin position. (And so do I)~~

Speakin about chickens...did I ever mention my girl on this program? Oh, I got a girl. You know Hotlips Carson ain't the only fella that the girls fight over...one time back home two girls fought over me. (it's possible) they fought and fought but finally one of them had to take me. Funny part was they thought I was wealthy...heck, they didn't know I still owe two cents on my library card.

You won't believe this...but you know, girls didn't used to pay no attention to me on the street at all...till I started takin vitamin pills. Now they just walk right up, and slap my face.

You know it's a funny thing about that girl of mine..I fell in love with her the very first time I met her found out she had a car. She's got real pretty hair too...just as black as coal. Plenty of it too, about half a ton. She can't comb it...she has to shovel it into place.

I wish you wouldn't laugh at her please...that girl deserves a lot of credit ... do you know she quit her job on the garbage wagon to go to work in a defense plant. She had a job as a metal worker, that is until she got caught in that heavy press...now she's a sheet metal worker. They didn't know what to do with her at the factory so they just slipped her into her pay envelope and mailed her home.

But girls ain't nuthin but trouble...like last Sunday Jack Carson invited us out to his farm. We was walkin out there and she started complaining cause she was wearin out the bottoms of her shoes. I had to give her my number

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER:
(Cont'd)

seventeen coupon. Guess that makes me her sole support? That Carson is lucky with women though...his girl never complains. Like that day...he had her out in the garden choppin wood...and she hit herself in the head with a axe. She never said a word...never even opened her head. ~~But Jack is lucky with everything...you ought to see his garden..it sure is swell. He let me stand around in it all day...I must have scared away twenty crows.~~

~~Besides raising vegetables Jacks got a great idea now...~~
He wants to keep a number of rabbits down on his farm. But that's impossible, you can't keep the number of rabbits down. Oh, everybody makes jokes about Jack Carson...but not me. No matter what you say about hotlips...you got to admit he's swell to his folks. He sent his mother a beautiful big package for Mothers Day. She's going to return it too just as soon as she washes and irons the stuff.

Well, here it is time to sign off with my harmonica again..
~~and I'm the kind of a fella that will play a harmonica at the drop of a hat. Maybe that's why no one ever drops a hat around me.~~

Tonight I'm gonna dedicate my solo to Mussolini...it's entitled. "Who's that knockin at my door."??? Here we go...

MUSIC: (CZARDAS)

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Thank you, Herb Shriner.

VIRGINIA: Oh Jack...?

CARSON: Yes, Virginia?

VIRGINIA: I've listened to your program every week, and this is usually the time when you do your travesties of radio programs. So....???

CARSON: Say no more, Virginia...if you and Jinx will mention your favorite broadcasts, we'll try to do them.

JINX: Well, my favorite is the daytime serial about the young girl whose life is so terribly miserable.

CARSON: I know that program by heart, Jinx, and we'll do it right now. All right, Freddie, let's have the theme song,...

MUSIC: (ORGAN THEME, FADING OUT UNDER:

CARSON: THE MAKERS OF FOIGEL'S FISH FOOD FOR FRISKY FISH!
PRESENTS! -- "The Romance of Portia Plotnick -- Girl Barber!"....Before we bring you today's episode, here is a word from our sponsor...
Friends, are your fish lonely?..Do you miss their happy, bubbling laughter?..Do your fish throw gravel at you as you pass by the bowl?..Remember Foigel's Fish Food is a liquid - it contains....GIN! Add a few drops to your fish bowl daily; then, at the end of each week, there is no need to change the water -- simply drink it! Switch to Foigel's Fish Food today -- and you too will drink like a fish!

MUSIC: (ORGAN THEME, THEN OUT UNDER:)

NILES: (LOW, CONFIDENTIAL) And now -- The Romance of Portia Plotnick, Girl Barber! -- It is morning at the Barber Shop. Portia's father opens the door, throws in the his toupee and says, "Give me a haircut and shampoo -- I'll be back in twenty minutes!" Suddenly a hand darts out and intercepts the wig! It is the hand of Ruby DeVere, a shady manicurist! Portia, in anger, cries out! --

VIRGINIA: Ruby, take your grimy talons off my father's wig or I'll push back your cuticle!

JINX: Portia, the time has come for me to tell you -- I've always loved your father! ... If I can't have him -- I'll have his wig!

VIRGINIA: Never! I would rather have a baldheaded father than call you Mother!

JINX: But I love your father! At night, when the shop is closed, I sit alone in the back room, running my fingers through his toupee!

VIRGINIA: Ruby, you're a sneak. I know why you want my father's wig -- you've been pulling out the gray hairs and pasting them on your silver fox jacket! .. Drop that wig this instant.

JINX: I won't!!

VIRGINIA: You will!!

JINX: (YELLS) STOP! If you come a step closer I'll cut up this toupee in little pieces and lock it in the cash register!

CARSON: TUNE IN TOMORROW! WILL PORTIA'S FATHER GET BACK HIS WIG, OR WILL THE CUSTOMERS GET MUSTACHES FOR CHANGE!

MUSIC: (ORGAN RUN TO FINISH)

VIRGINIA: Gee, Jack, that was a lot of fun.

CARSON: Thanks, Virginia; now, what is your favorite program?

VIRGINIA: Well, my favorite program is the one that comes on first thing in the morning -- you know, the getting up exercises.

CARSON: We're all ready for you, Virginia -- you and Jinx lend a hand and we'll begin. All right, Freddie -- let's have our morning theme song....

ORGAN: (RISE AND SHINE, FADING FOR:)

CARSON: (HAPPILY) Well, goody good morning to all my radio friends.. here it is, three o'clock in the morning -- TIME TO GET UP! Ah - ah - ah! -- Charlie Jansmere of 326 South Street, I said get up, not TURN OVER!....All right everybody, out of bed, into your clothes -- and take a brisk walk to your teeth! Before we start the exercises, let's have a word from our sponsor.

VIRGINIA: Friends, the Sunshine Clothing Company brings you Happy Jackie. Have you been down to Sunshine lately? Have you seen our new number -- it's a peachy suit...a genuine herringbone, with a smelt in the back! And fellas, it comes with high rise pants that reach your arm-pits! You wear no belt or suspenders -- you hold your pants up with your teeth! And now, a word from the wife of a satisfied customer, Mrs. ^{LARA} ~~Hefy~~ Schmetnick.

JINX: Since my husband is wearing sunshine suits -- he's a killer. He bought the combination special -- top hat, white tie, tails and sneakers! Honest to goodness girls, since my husband, Nunally Schmetnick, has been buying from Sunshine, he's become the Adolph Menjou of Boyle Heights thank you!

VIRGINIA: And now, our morning exercises, with HAPPY JACK!

ORGAN: RISE AND SHINE, FADE FOR:

CARSON: Well, it certainly is a beautiful sunshiny day
(AND DON'T FORGET SUNSHINE CLOTHES, HAAAA! Gotta
keep my job, y'know!) Ready? Everyone go to the
window, stick your hand out for five minutes...if it's
nice tomorrow, you can stick your other hand out! Now,
we'll demonstrate deep breathing -- stick out your chest.,
further...FURTHER..COME ON, FRIENDS - FURTHER....STICK
YOUR CHEST OUT JUST TWO INCHES MORE AND IT'LL BE EVEN
WITH YOUR TUMMIES! THAT'S FINE! And now, surprise,
surprise, SURPRISE! One of our listeners is with us in
the studio - Oscar Earmuff of Shortcake, Ohio. He's
going to try out my newest exercise for relaxing the
muscles. Ready, Oscar? - in your new Sunshine suit?

BLANC: Ready, Happy Jackie. And I love my free pair of open-
toe Army shoes!

CARSON: Now begin -- lie on the floor - er - raise your right
foot and put it behind your neck...and with a sweeping
motion, put your left foot behind your back! That's
fine, Oscar. Now grab your left ear-lobe and stretch
toward the ceiling. And NOW, WRAP YOUR right arm around
your chest, and then with your left hand grasp your
RIGHT FOOT! AND BRING IT UP OVER YOUR SHOULDER! Oscar,
you look very relaxed. That's the entire exercise,
Oscar - now simply take a deep breath and stand up.

BLANC: All right...Ow, MY BACK! MY HEAD! MY ARM! OHHHH!

CARSON: YOU HAVE JUST LISTENED TO HAPPY JACKIE!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF (APPLAUSE)

NILES: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week -- Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

VOICE: To Corporal Joseph Krchnavy of Breckenridge, Pennsylvania, who was part of a small company of Americans cut off and surrounded by the enemy in the fighting for Mateur, in Tunisia. At the risk of his life, Corporal Krchnavy crept out with a telephone line to American artillery, enabling his company to direct shell fire on the enemy surrounding them, and to reach American lines. We salute you, Corporal Krchnavy, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our victorious men in North Africa three hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the three traveling Camel Caravans, which since Nineteen Forty-One have given free shows and free Camels to nearly three million service men, and which visit fifteen more camps this week. Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow night, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks;"

(CONTINUED)

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN" 36-A
5/14/43

NILES:
(Cont'd)

Monday, "Blondie;" Thursday, Garry Moore and
Jimmy Durante; and next Friday, the Camel Comedy
Caravan starring Jack Carson, with Claire Trevor
and Charlie Ruggles as our guests.

MUSIC:

("I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"...FADE FOR:)

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"

5/14/43

-37-

CARSON: Well, it's time to ring down the curtain on another Camel Comedy Caravan - next week we should have lots of fun with Claire Trevor and Charlie Ruggles, so please tune in, will ya? Thanks. And thanks to Virginia Bruce and Jinx Falkenburg for a swell job tonight.

VIRGINIA

AND JINX: Goodnight, Jack --

CARSON: Goodnight kids - Goodnight folks!

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Remember - if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke - try a pack of Camels! You'll find that Camels' rich, extra flavor helps 'em hold up, pack after pack! Let your throat and your taste decide! Jinx Falkenburg can be seen in the forthcoming Columbia Picture, "Cover Girl" - and now this is Ken Niles, wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight - from Hollywood!

MUSIC: THEME UP

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIK

ANNCR:

Talk about pipe collections! Just think of the pipes that are smoking Prince Albert right now! Corn cobs, briars, meerschaums, calabashes -- by the thousands -- because Prince Albert's by far the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America -- has been for years. You'll see why when you light up some good, mild, mellow, better-tasting Prince Albert yourself. See how cool and easy and comfortable it is on your tongue -- because P.A.'s no-bite treated. Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right. Get a handy pocket package of Prince Albert tonight! It's the National Joy Smoke!

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.