

*As Broadcast  
Timed Copy*

Produced by -  
WILLIAM ESTY CO., INC.  
For - CAMEL CIGARETTES  
R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
WINSTON-SALEM, NO. CAROLINA

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #15

DATE: JANUARY 13, 1950

(REVISED)

JIMMY DURANTE

with

DON AMECHE

**AS  
BROADCAST**  
*Master*

NBC (Hollywood Origination)

TIME: 6:30 PM PST

SUPERVISOR: DON BERNARD

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN

CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

CAST

JIMMY DURANTE

DON AMECHE

VERA VAGUE

SARA BERNER

FRANK NELSON

HOWARD PETRIE

PETER LEEDS

WRITERS

NORMAN PAUL

JACK BARNETT

JACK ELINSON

HAROLD GOLDMAN

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW  
1/13/50

(REVISED)

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(ORCH & QUARTET: C-A-M-E-L-S)

PETRIE: From Hollywood Camel Cigarettes present the Jimmy Durante Show! Starring Jimmy Durante and Don Ameche with Vera Vague!

(ORCH: INKA DINKA DOO)

DURANTE: (SINGS) INKA DINKA DINK A DINK A DEE  
A DINK A DOO A DINK A DEE  
OH WHAT A TUNE FOR CROONING --  
(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: INKA DINKA DEE A DINKA DOO

AMECHE: Why Jimmy, Jimmy you sound so gay tonight -- and this is Friday the 13th!

DURANTE: WELL, I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP UP MY SPIRITS. I'M VERY SUPERSTITIOUS. I ALWAYS WALK AROUND <sup>Lana Turner</sup> ~~THE WINDOW OF THE SHOW.~~

AMECHE: But Jim, that superstition is to walk around a ladder.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE YOUR SUPERSTITIONS... I'LL HAVE MINE!

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Jimmy Durante, Camel Show with Don Ameche, Vera Vague, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, Sara Berner, and yours truly Howard Petrie brought to you by Camel Cigarettes. ✓

THE JIMMY DURANTE SHOW  
1/13/50

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FIRST COMMERCIAL

SINGERS:       How mild,  
                  How mild,  
                  How mild can a cigarette be?  
                  Make the Camel thirty-day test  
                  And you'll see!

PETRIE:         Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking  
                  Camels - that's what noted throat specialists reported  
                  in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people who  
                  smoked only Camels for thirty days! That's how mild  
                  Camels are!

BARCLAY:        Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels  
                  today! ✓

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MUSIC:        BRIDGE

AMECHE:        You know, every town has its big social event. With us here in Hollywood, it's the movie premiere. And this week was the most exclusive premiere of all. The latest picture of that new French sensation, Jaques Duval. The only way I could get Jimmy invited was to assure everyone he would make a good impression so I decided to go over to his house and help him get ready. His housekeeper, Mrs. Mataratza answered the door.

SOUND:        DOOR OPEN

BERNER:        Oh, hello Mr. Ameche.

AMECHE:        Hello, Mrs. Mataratza.

BERNER:        I haven't seen you around in a long time. How's a you six kids?

AMECHE:        Fine...and how's your fifteen kids?

BERNER:        Fine. Well...that takes a care of "We, the People"....what else shall we talk about?

AMECHE:        Well, I came over to help Jimmy get ready for the movie premiere ~~Saturday~~ night.

BERNER:        Oh yes, Mr. Durante asked me and my husband to go along with him, but we never go to the movies. You see, we gotta seven sets of twins.

AMECHE: Seven sets of twins? What does that have to do with not going to the movies?

BERNER: I couldn't stand for the usher to walk up and say, "Would a you care for two in a the mezzanine?"

AMECHE: (CHUCKLING) Okay, oaky, but tell Jimm I'm here, huh?

BERNER: All right (CALLS) Hey Shnozz, come on a down -- it's a Toothy!

AMECHE: Shnozz! Why do people always call him that. When we get to the premiere I'm not gonna let anyone make fun of Jimmy's nose. I'll just have the attendant park it and let it go at that! But I wish he'd come down..I'd like to-

DURANTE: (COMING ON MIKE) OH HERE YOU ARE, DONSIE...SORRY BUT I WAS FIXING THE WATER PIPE. I BEEN PUTTING IT OFF FOR DAYS, BUT LAST NIGHT I REALIZED THAT LEAKY PIPE UPSTAIRS WAS GETTING TO A CRISIS!

AMECHE: What made you think so?

DURANTE: AT DINNER, I FINISHED MY SOUP THREE TIMES!

AMECHE: Jim, you're always having trouble with this house...the water pipes, the heating, the roof!

DURANTE: YEAH, DON, THE JOINT IS FALLING APART! I NEVER SHOULDA BOUGHT ONE OF THESE HOUSES WHERE YOU PAY A THOUSAND DOLLARS DOWN AND HAVE TWENTY YEARS TO PAY THE REST. YOU PAY, AND PAY AND PAY.....

AMECHE: Yes?

DURANTE: AND JUST WHEN YOU'RE BEGINNING TO HATE IT, YOU OWN IT!.. (I'M THE VICTIM OF A BRIGHT REAL ESTATE AGENT AND A DARK NIGHT!)

AMECHE: Jimmy, ~~what am I going to do with you?~~ I promised to have you immaculately groomed for the premiere and just look.. your nails are a mess. I've got to take you to a manicuring shop.

DURANTE: DO I HAVE TO<sup>go</sup> DON? I'M EMBARRASSED IN THOSE PLACES. I WENT INTO ONE THE OTHER DAY AND ASKED THEM FOR A PEDICURE BUT I DIDN'T LIKE IT.

AMECHE: But Jim, a pedicure is when they do your toe nails!

DURANTE: NO WONDER THEY SAID I WAS MAKIN 'EM DO IT THE HARD WAY, I DIDN'T TAKE OFF MY SHOES.

AMECHE: But Jim, I want you to look your best.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, DONSIE, DURANTE WILL BE EMACULATEDLY BROOMED. IN FACT, I MADE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE MY SPECIAL BARBER. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO PART MY HAIR JUST RIGHT!

AMECHE: Part your hair? But, there's just three of them.

DURANTE: JUST BECAUSE THERE'S NOT MUCH TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD DON'T MEAN THERE SHOULDN'T BE A WHITE LINE DOWN THE MIDDLE!

AMECHE: Why don't you face it, Jim? That used to be a road, but it's now a dead-end street!

DURANTE: ASSASSIN!

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

DURANTE: NOW WHO'S THAT?

AMECHE: I'll get it, it's probably the English tailor from Surrey Brothers, Limited. I asked him to come around and fit you for a tuxedo for the premiere.

DURANTE: DON, I WON'T DO IT -- IT WON'T FIT OVER MY SWEAT SHIRT.

AMECHE: Well, it's time you had one.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LEEDS: Good morning, Mr. Ameche. It's always a pleasure to gaze upon a man whose beautifully tailored suits reflect an air of elegance.

AMECHE: Thank you. Now here's Mr. Durante.

LEEDS: Oh, so this is what happens to the clothes the Salvation Army refuses. (INDIGNANT) Mr. Ameche, Surrey's Limited only fit clothes for gentlemen of character.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE...WHO AIN'T GOT NO CHARACTER?

LEEDS: Well, look at you! Why you have a patch in the seat of your pants.

DURANTE: PLEASE SIR, A PATCH IN THE SEAT OF A MAN'S PANTS IS NOT THE WINDOW TO HIS SOUL!

AMECHE: Now don't get mad, Jim. Come on Carl, get his measurements.

LEEDS: All right...let's see now. Waist twenty eight. Chest, twenty four. Shoulders eighteen. Chest twenty four? Shoulders eighteen? Mr. Durante, how come your shoulders are so stooped and your chest so caved in?

DURANTE: NOSE THIRTY SIX!

AMECHE: (PROUD) Everything else has to suffer to keep that thing flying! But, now Carl, what kind of evening clothes do you think would be right for Durante?

LEEDS: Well, I see Mr. Durante in modulated lapels of shimmering gabardine, accenting an indigo cummerbund embodying the sartorial resplendence of the inverness cape.

AMECHE: Well, I disagree. I see Mr. Durante in a classical cutaway festooned with black onyx accessories on an immaculately white whip cord weskit which sets off the iridescence of midnight blue cheviot material.

DURANTE: I DISAGREE WITH BOTH OF YOU. I DON'T SEE MYSELF IN MODULATED LAPELS OF SHIMMERING GABARDINE, ACCENTING AN INDIGO CUMMERBUND EMBODYING THE SATORIAL RESPLENDECE OF THE INVINES CAPE...AND, NEITHER DO I SEE MYSELF IN A CLASSICAL CUTAWAY FISTOONED WITH BLACK ONYX ACCESSORIES ON AN EMACULATELY WHITE WHIPCORD WESKIT WHICH SETS OFF THE IRRIDESCENCE OF MIDNIGHT BLUE CHEVIOT MATERIAL.

AMECHE: Well, what do you see yourself in?

DURANTE: A NIGHTSHIRT. AFTER GETTING THROUGH THAT, I'M READY FOR BED! (SHIMMERING GABARDINE, MIDNIGHT BLUE...WHAT AM I.... A MAN, OR A PEACOCK!)

AMECHE: Calm down, Jim. Carl, do the best you can for him.

LEEDS: Very well...Goodbye, Mr. Ameche and Mr. Durante...as we say in England...."tally ho"!...

DURANTE: GOODBYE...OR, AS WE SAY IN BERMUDA...."ONIONS"!

AMECHE: Well that takes care of your clothes, Jim. Now, do you have some nice girl to escort to make a good impression?



DURANTE: DURANTE ONLY GOES OUT WITH THE CREAM DE LA KREM. I'VE GOT JUST THE GIRL IN MIND FOR THE PREMIERE...VERY HIGH CLASS.

AMECHE: Why, that's wonderful. Call her up right now.

DURANTE: VERY WELL.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP...SEVEN DIALS

DURANTE: HELLO? JOE'S FISH MARKET? MACKERAL DEPARTMENT PLEASE! LET ME TALK TO THE HEAD SCRAPER! WHAT'S THAT? SHE'S MARRIED AND HAS A FAMILY? WELL GOODBYE.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

AMECHE: Married and has a family, huh?

DURANTE: YEAH, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT. I KNEW SHE WAS GOING WITH A GUY IN THE SALMON DEPARTMENT BUT I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE GETTING READY TO SWIM UPSTREAM!

AMECHE: Jim, I just had a wonderful idea. Why don't you take Vera Vague?

DURANTE: VERA VAGUE? WELL, I DON'T KNOW...VERA'S BETTER LOOKING BUT MY GIRL FROM THE FISH MARKET HAS MORE OF AN AIR ABOUT HER.

AMECHE: Well, look, that's settled. I'll go over to Vera's apartment and fix up the date for you. You come over later.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well, this is Vera's apartment right here. I'll just ring the bell.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

VAGUE: If it's the gas man, don't bother going down to the cellar ...I moved the meter next to the love seat in my living room!

AMECHE: It's Vera Vague all right!  
(APPLAUSE)

VAGUE: Oh, Mr. Ameche...come in. But excuse the apartment..it's a little messy. I was digging in my closet to get my trousseau ready...then I had to polish my diamond wedding ring.....and sew my lace veil.

AMECHE: But you haven't got a man yet...why are you bothering with trousseaus, wedding rings and veils?

VAGUE: Well, I'm like Joe Louis...just because I'm not ready for the title yet doesn't mean I can't be in training!...Oh, toujours la towels marked "Hers" and "Anybody".

AMECHE: Well Miss Vagure, I came over here to....

VAGUE: Oh, please don't look at me yet! I haven't put on my powder, my lipstick, my rouge, my eyeshadow, my mascara.

AMECHE: Miss Vague, do you put all that stuff on every morning?

VAGUE: Where do you think they got the idea for "That Old Master Painter!"

AMECHE: Oh, so that's why everyone gives you the brush!....But now I'd better tell you what I came here for. How would you like to go to the big premiere Saturday night?

VAGUE: Well!

AMECHE: Now don't get your hopes up too high,...This someone who wants to take you isn't too handsome and has got kind of a scrawny build...he's not too young any more ... in fact most women even consider him odd-looking.

VAGUE: Oh stop worrying, I'll be glad to go with you!

AMECHE: Huh?

VAGUE: Oh, we'll have so much fun at the premiere, Mr. Apinchee.

AMECHE: That's Ameche.

VAGUE: I know, but as soon as I metchee, I wanna pinchee!

AMECHE: Now wait a minute..I'm not the one who's taking you.

VAGUE: Well, fiddle on your sticks then. In that case, I won't let you come to the premiere when they open the picture of my life story.

AMECHE: They're making your life story?

VAGUE: Certainly...you know how in those Jolson pictures, they use Larry Parks face and Jolson's voice? Well of course, for someone my age, it's gonna be a little different.

AMECHE: Well naturally...they'll have to use Jolson's face! (LAUGH)

VAGUE: Oh, I love that mustache and those teeth. It looks like a black cat climbing out of a saucer of milk!....But Mr. Ameche, I just figured out who's probably going to take me to the premiere. He's probably a millionaire playboy. I'm in for an evening of champaigning.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: HOLD IT...YOU'RE GOING WITH DURANTE...YOU'RE IN FOR AN EVENING OF SEVEN UPPING! (NOT TO MENTION SEPARATE CHECKING!)

VAGUE: So Jimmy, you're the one who wants to take me. Well, I'll be glad to go with you.

AMECHE: Well, that's swell Jim. You've got a dress suit...a girl ...now what else do you need to make a big impression?

DURANTE: I KNOW DON...LOW LICENSE PLATES WITH MY INITIALS ON THEM TO SHOW I'M DISTINCTIFIED.

AMECHE: Well, that's going too far!

DURANTE: NO DONSIE, I NEED THEM. LAST YEAR, I DROVE UP TO A PREMIERE AND THE COP SAYS, "YOU GOTTA PARK TWO BLOCKS SOUTH". SO I DRIVES TWO BLOCKS SOUTH AND ANOTHER COP SAYS, "SORRY, YOU GOTTA PARK IT TWO BLOCKS SOUTH". AGAIN I GOES TWO BLOCKS SOUTH AND ANOTHER COPS SAYS, "ALL FILLED UP, GO TWO BLOCKS SOUTH", BUT FINALLY I FINDS A PARKING LOT.

AMECHE: Oh, how much did they charge you?

DURANTE: TWO PAY-SOS, BY THAT TIME I WAS IN MEXICO! (I WAS SO MAD I TRADED IN MY CAR FOR A USED EN-CHILL-ADAH!)

VAGUE: Well, Jim, that idea about low license plates is wonderful.

AMECHE: Yeah, but you have to be pretty important. Do they know you at the license bureau?

DURANTE: EVERYBODY KNOWS DURANTE. IN FACT, MY LATEST MGM RECORD IS SELLING LIKE HOTCAKES. (WHICH MAKES FOR STICKY PLAYING)

VAGUE: Why, Jim, I didn't know you made a new record.

DURANTE: OF COURSE. AND SINCE YOU'RE GONNA BE MY DATE, MAY I SING IT TO YOU? ✓ 12'2

MUSIC: BIBBIDI BOBBIDI BOO

YOU KNOW FOLKS, A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE CHALLENGED ME AND SAID THIS SONG DONT MAKE ANY SENSE. WHY THEY'RE CRAZY! THIS SONG HAS A LOT OF VALUE WHEN IT COMES TO ROMANCE. SOME FELLERS SAY TO A GIRL, "I LOVE YOU". SOME FELLERS SAY "KISS ME". BUT WHEN I SIT ON A COUCH WITH A GIRL I JUST SAY "BIBBIDI BOBBI DI BOO. I DONT GET ANY KISSES BUT HER KID BROTHER UNDER THE COUCH GOES CRAZY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT MEANS!

-12A-

"BIBBIDI BOBBIDI BOO"

VERSE:

I'VE READ POEMS BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,  
AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY I COULD QUOTE,  
SHAKESPEARE, SO THEY SAY, WAS QUITE A STRONG FELLOW,  
THOUGH I NEVER UNDERSTOOD A WORD HE WROTE.  
BUT, I FOUND A PIECE OF LITERATURE THAT'S SUITED TO MY BRAIN  
IT ANSWERS EVERYTHING AND MAKES IT PLAIN!

CHORUS:

SAL-A-GA-DOOL-A MEN-CHIC-KA BOO-LA BIE-BI-DI-BOB-BI-DI-BOO,  
PUT 'EM TOGETHER, AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT! BIB-BI-DI-BOB-BI-DI-BOO.  
SAL-A-GA-DOOL-A MEN-CHIC-KA BOO-LA BIB-BI-DI-BOB-BI-DI-BOO.  
IT'LL DO MAGIC, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BIB-BI-DI-BOB-BI-DI-BOO,  
SAL-A-GA-DOOL-A MEANS MEN-CHIC-KA BOO-LE-ROO.  
BUT, THE THING-A-MA-BOB THAT DOES THE JOB IS BIB-BI-DI-BOB-BI-DI-BOO  
SAL-A-GA-DOOL-A MEN-CHIC-KA BOO-LA BIB-BI-DI-BOB-BI-DI-BOO.  
PUT 'EM TOGETHER, AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT BIB-BI-DI-BOB-BI-DI-BOO.

PATTER:

FOLKS, WISDOM IS A MARVELOUS THING -- AND I'M GONNA SHARE MINE WITH YOU.  
MY FORMULA ISN'T X PLUS Y -- IT'S BIBBIDI BOBBIDI BOO,  
IT'S NOT HOW MUCH MONEY YOU'RE MAKING -- IT'S NOT HOW MUCH MONEY YOU'VE GOT.....  
IT'S BIBBIDI BOBBIDI BOO, FOLKS ----- EH, WHAT?  
AFTER ALL, SUCCESS CAN'T BE MEASURED -- BY A YARD-STICK OR EVEN A RULER.  
SO, IF YOU WANT TO BE EXTRA SPECIALLY SURE -- THEN THROW IN A MENCHIKA BOOLA!  
AND, DON'T GET YOURSELF IN A DITHER -- OR WRINKLES WILL COVER YOUR BROW!

51458 1613

(MORE)

~~JUST MENCHIKA BOOLA AND BOBBIDI BOO -- SEE, DO YOU GET IT NOW!~~

IF THERE'S STILL A DOUBT AMONGST YOU -- IF ANYONE CAN DENY IT,  
HE'S UNDER A MISPEAPPREHENSION AND I CAN CLARIFY IT!

SAL-A-GA-DOOL-A MEANS MENCHICKA-BOOLE-ROO,

BUT, THE THING A MA BOB THAT DOES THE JOB IS BIBBIDI BOBBIDI BOO,

SAL-A-GA-DOOL-A MENCHICKA BOOLA BIBBI DI BOBBI DI BOO.

PUT 'EM TOGETHER, AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT!

BIBBI-DI-BOBBI-DI BIBBI-DI-BOBBI-DI BIBBI-DI-BOBBI-DI-BOO!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

14 3 2

51458 1614

ANNCR #1: Friends, here on tape is an interview between Don and a lovely lady named Elana O'Brian.

AMECHE: Hello, Miss O'Brian!  
(Tape)

O'BRIAN: Hello, Don!

AMECHE: I believe you have something interesting to tell the radio-audience about cigarette mildness?

O'BRIAN: That's right, Don! I made the Camel thirty-day mildness test.

AMECHE: Well, that must have been very pleasant! Will you tell us something about it?

O'BRIAN: Well, for thirty days I smoked no other cigarette but Camels. I smoked about two packs a day.

AMECHE: I see.

O'BRIAN: At the end of each week, I went to a throat specialist and he examined my throat. He said there wasn't any sign of throat-irritation from smoking Camels!

AMECHE: Well, that sounds as though Camels are mild, all right!

O'BRIAN: They're the mildest cigarette I ever smoked!

AMECHE: I take it you like Camels?

(MORE)



COMMERCIAL (CONT.):

O'BRIAN: I certainly do! They're mild -- that's for sure! And, they taste mighty good!

AMECHE: Would you like a Camel right now?

O'BRIAN: Why, thank you, Don!

ANNCR #1: Friends, hundreds of men and women from coast-to-coast made the same test as Miss O'Brian. They smoked only Camels for thirty days, averaging one to two packs a day. Noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported not one single case of throat-irritation due to smoking Camels!

ANNCR #2: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today!

DURANTE: AND, I'D LIKE TO ADD.....  
I RIP OFF THE CELLOPHANE, OPEN THE PACK,  
TAKE A LITTLE PUFF, AND JUST SIT BACK..  
GOING FROM JOKES TO THE GREATEST OF SMOKES..  
FOLKS! WON'T YOU TRY A CAMEL? ✓

15-2-3

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:      BRIDGE:

AMECHE:      Well, the only way I could get Jimmy invited to the big premiere of Jacques Duval's picture, "~~Les Enfants~~", was to assume full responsibility for Jim making a good impression. Jim went all-out to help...maybe a little too far out, when he decided to get low license plates for his car. But, together we went down to the license bureau.

DURANTE:      DON, GET A LOAD OF THE CROWD HERE.

AMECHE:      Yeah, and it's the strangest thing. All these people waiting in line for license plates are men, and yet, when you're on the road, ninety percent of the cars are driven by women.

DURANTE:      THAT'S THE AMERICAN FAMILY SYSTEM. THE HUSBAND STANDS IN LINE FOR EIGHT HOURS TO GET THE LICENSE PLATES.....

AMECHE:      Yes?

DURANTE:      THEN, THE ONLY TIME HE SEES THE CAR IS WHEN IT GOES OVER HIM AS THE WIFE BACKS IT OUT OF THE GARAGE!

AMECHE:      You're right, Jim.....and, I've got the tire marks to prove it! But, come on, ~~Jim~~.....if you want those plates, let's get in line.

DURANTE:      O.K. WE CAN GET RIGHT BEHIND THIS FELLOW HERE.... ER., PARDON ME, STRANGER, IT'S A PRETTY LONG LINE, AIN'T IT?

PETRIE: (TOUGH AND COMPLAINING) Long line? I'll say it is. The way they push you around. They take your money but they still push you around. I'm a citizen...I pay taxes...and I gotta be pushed around from one window to another. I run over here on my lunch hour and I get pushed around.

AMECHE: Gee that's too bad. Er...what kind of car do you have, Buddy?

PETRIE: Who's got a car...I just like to get pushed around!

DURANTE: ~~I KNEW HE LOOKED FAMILIAR... I MET HIM TWO WEEKS AGO IN THE ROSE BOWL LINE!~~  
*everywhere you go - candidates for the Academy Award.*

AMECHE: Oh look Jim, the line's moving pretty fast...it's your turn now. Go on up to the window.

BERNER: Next applicant please.

DURANTE: I'M NEXT, MADAM. I AM JAMES DURANTE AND I WOULD LIKE A LICENSE NUMBER WITH MY INITIALS J.D.

BERNER: Well, first we'll have to fill out this registration certificate. Let's see now...Cylinders? ~~Acetylene cylinders?~~

DURANTE: SIX

BERNER: Weight of car?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW.

BERNER: How come?

DURANTE: EVERYTIME I GET IT ON THE DRUG STORE SCALE THERE'S NO ROOM FOR THE LITTLE CARD TO COME OUT!

AMECHE: Put down twenty five hundred pounds.

BERNER: Allrighty. Now Mr. Durnate. What type of car do you have?

DURANTE: COOPER JEEPER TRUCK.

BERNER: Cooper Jeeper Truck?

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT. YESTERDAY I WAS DRIVING ALONG FIFTY MILES AN HOUR IN MY COOP....THERE WAS A TRUCK IN FRONT OF ME AND A JEEP BEHIND ME....SUDDENLY THE TRUCK SLAMMED ON HIS BRAKES....COOPER JEEPER TRUCK!

AMECHE: Well, it wasn't a bad accident, Miss. He just ran into a chicken truck.

BERNER: Oh, was anybody hurt?

DURANTE: NO, BUT TWO CHICKENS BECAME MOTHERS A DAY AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!

BERNER: I see the incubator is still hanging on to the front of your face. But let's get on, Mr. Durante, what type of fuel do you use in your car?

DURANTE: CAMEL CIGARETTES.

BERNER: Instead of fuel you use Camel Cigarettes?

DURANTE: WHY NOT....THEY'VE KEPT ME GOING FOR YEARS! (LAUGHS)  
I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM - A MILLION OF 'EM!

AMECHE: Well that finishes the application. Now remember -- my friend wants a real low license number.

BERNER: Well, I'll see what we have. My, this is unusual. We just happen to have a pair of plates left marked J.D.1. I guess it's all right to give them to you.

DURANTE: WELL THANKS A LOT.

BERNER: Oh it's nothing. Well, so long fellows. I leave you with the United States Safety motto. "Drive Carefully".

DURANTE: AND I LEAVE YOU WITH THE LOS ANGELES DRIVER'S MOTTO, "LOOK OUT!"

BERNER: (ASIDE) Nice chaps. I....

LEEDS: Oh, Miss Bladerdash, the chief wants those J.D.1 license plates right away.

BERNER: But I just gave them away.

LEEDS: Oh good heavens...those were the plates reserved for that famous French movie actor, Jacques Duval. Every cop has instructions to show any car with J.D.1 plates as much respect as the Governor's car.

BERNER: What!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR MOTOR UNDER:

VAGUE: Well, boys, we're finally on the way to the premiere. It looks like a big evening.

AMECHE: Yeah, but Jim, why don't you put those new J.D.1 plates on the car? Why have you got 'em in the front seat?

DURANTE: I'LL PUT 'EM ON JUST BEFORE WE GET TO THE THEATRE.  
BUT I BETTER SPEED UP A LITTLE OR WE'LL BE LATE.

SOUND: CAR MOTOR SPEEDING UP.. THEN POLICE SIREN.

VAGUE: Jim, there's a motorcycle cop behind us....you better  
stop.

DURANTE: O.K.

SOUND: BRAKES SCREECH

DURANTE: I'LL HANDLE HIM, DON. ER....OFFICER.. DID I DO SOMETHING  
WRONG?

NELSON: No, I was just following you because I'm mad about the  
smell of exhaust pipes!

AMECHE: (TRYING TO BE NICE) Now look, officer, you're not going  
to give us a ticket, are you?

NELSON: Oh, you mad dreamer you!

DURANTE: PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS, WHAT ARE THE CHARGES?

NELSON: Well, for one thing you were speeding.

DURANTE: THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE OFFICER. THIS CAR IS TOO HEAVY.  
WHEN I DRIVE IT IT CAN'T GO MORE THAN FIFTEEN MILES  
AN HOUR.

NELSON: Too heavy? But it's a coupe '49. What's weighing it  
down?

DURANTE: NOSE, THIRTY-SIX!

VAGUE: Officer, you shouldn't try and give us a ticket.  
We're important people. The three of us work  
together in show business.

NELSON: How nice, Which one are you..Harpo?

VAGUE: Oh, that's clever..But it's natural. Sitting on a motorcycle all day, you must use your brains a lot.

NELSON: That does it...I'm going to start writing the tickets.

DURANTE: BUT OFFICER...

NELSON: Number one, going through a red light. Number two, going through a green light, ~~number three~~, exceeding the speed limit...

AMECHE: Please, don't give us all those tickets. Look...I'm smiling at you.

NELSON: That's another offence...~~number four~~...using brights on the highway! Also driving too fast in a twenty five mile zone...driving too slow in a forty mile zone...

DURANTE: I THINK THIS IS A PLOT TO RAISE THE FORTY TWO BILLION DOLLARS FOR TRUMAN'S BUDGET ALL AT ONCE!

VAGUE: Well, Officer, give us the tickets. We've got to get going.

NELSON: Wait a minute, I just noticed you don't have your nineteen fifty license plates.

DURANTE: YOU CAN'T PIN THAT ON ME. HERE YOU ARE, OFFICER, I HAVE THEM RIGHT IN THE CAR...J.D. ONE.

NELSON: J.D. One! Oooh, my goodness!

AMECHE: Officer, what are you doing?

NELSON: Licking your windshield...it's a little dirty!

DURANTE: (ASIDE) (YOU SEE, DON'T YOU? THOSE LOW LICENSE PLATES WORK LIKE A CHARM.) NOW OFFICER, IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE GOTTA GO TO THE BIG PREMIERE.

NELSON: Very well, I'll escort you to the premiere myself, Mr. Duval.

VAGUE: Duval?

AMECHE: (ASIDE) Oh my goodness, Jimmy, he thinks you're Jaques Duval. You'd better tell him the truth.

DURANTE: WHAT, AND GET ALL THOSE TICKETS! UNTIL WE GET INSIDE THE THEATRE I'LL HAVE TO BE JACQUES DUVAL.

NELSON: Okay, let's go Mr. Duval and party. Oh, what an honor. It's worth giving up my Canasta game behind the billboard for this. Well, here we go!

SOUND: SIREN

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: ~~SIREN FADING IN~~ -- CROWD NOISES



PETRIE: Ladies and gentlemen, here we are in front of the Bijou theatre. What a premiere! All the stars are here tonight - Clark Gable, Greer Garson and everyone who's anybody in Hollywood. But now the crowd is awaiting the arrival of Jaques Duval, who's coming in from Paris. Oh, here comes a party with a strange looking man in front, accompanied by a motorcycle policeman. Good evening sir, what is your name?

DURANTE: ER...

NELSON: Don't be bashful....tell him.

DURANTE: AUFWIEDERSEHN EVERYONE....I AM JACQUES DUVAL...

PETRIE: You are Jacques Duval?

DURANTE: WEE, SENIOR, I JUST ARRIVED FROM FRANCE ON THE MAYFLOWER.

PETRIE: But the Mayflower arrived in ~~1620~~<sup>1620</sup>...how come you're just getting here?

DURANTE: VERY LONG GANGPLANK!

PETRIE: But I still don't understand. In the movies, you're supposed to have long wavy hair, broad shoulders, bulging muscles in your arms. What happened to them?

DURANTE: I CAN'T BRING 'EM ACROSS THE BORDER UNTIL THEY GET THEIR  
TYPHOID SHOTS!

PETRIE: Well, who are these other people with you?

DURANTE: ER...THIS GENTLEMAN HERE IS MY MANAGER, ANTOINE AMECHE. THE  
BEST MANAGER IN ALL FRANCE.

AMECHE: (FRENCH) That is right. I manage all zee French stars. I  
am personally responsible for ze success of Charles Boyer.

PETRIE: What did you do for Charles Boyer?

AMECHE: I was ze one who stretched his lower lip!

DURANTE: AND LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE FOR ME - NOSE, THIRTY-SIX!

PETRIE: Well, you haven't introduced us to this woman in your party  
yet.

DURANTE: OH HOW OOVRAY LA FENETRA OF ME. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY  
LEADING LADY, EEVETTE EEVETTE.

PETRIE: Oh how nice. Miss Yvette, since you just arrived from  
France what would you like to say to the men of America?

VAGUE: Marsay 5...6734.

DURANTE: AND NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, WE'D LIKE TO GO INSIDE AND  
FAIR-MAY OUR PORT!

NELSON: Oh no no -- tell him more, Mr. Duval, tell him more.

PETRIE: That's right. About this new picture of yours...we hear there's a really torrid love scene in it. Could you re-enact part of it now for our radio audience.

DURANTE: I'LL BE GLAD TO. I TAKE THE HEROINE IN MY ARMS AND SAY, (ROMANTIC) "MA PETEET.....MON SHERRY...JAY VOOZ EM...JAY VOOZ A-DOOR. VOOLAY VOO EMBRACE A MA."

PETRIE: Why that's beautiful. What does it mean?

DURANTE: DO YOU HAVE A BONE? MY FRENCH POODLE IS HUNGRY.

AMECHE: Oh, zat is very funnee. Mr. Duval, you have ze wit!

VAGUE: Yes, as a matter of fact, in France, he's known as one of our biggest have wits!

AMECHE: (ASIDE) Come on Jim, let's get into the theatre quick before the real Mr. Duval comes.

DURANTE: (ASIDE) O.K. DON. (ALoud) WELL FOLKS, WE REALLY MUST GO INTO THE MOVIES NOW. DOES ANYONE HAVE TEN CENTS FOR THE CRAPE SUZETTE MACHINE?

NELSON: Goodbye, Mr. Duval.

LEEDS: (FRENCH) Mr. Duval? Sacre Bleu! What is going on here? That is impossible - I am the real Jacques Duval.

NELSON: You're Jacques Duval.

DURANTE: THIS MAN IS AN IMPOSTER. I AM JACQUES DUVAL.

LEEDS: But this is fantastic. I am him. I was born in 1895 on the Champs Elysees.

DURANTE: BUT I WAS BORN IN 1895 ON THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

LEEDS: My mother's name was Madeline Charlemagne.

DURANTE: MY MOTHER'S NAME WAS MADELINE CHARLEMAGNE.

LEEDS: But if we were born at the same time and have the same mother, we must be twins. How come I never saw your face?

DURANTE: MOM COULD ONLY AFFORD ONE DIAPER SO SHE HADDA PUT US BACK TO BACK!

LEEDS: Oh this is too much. Look, here are my credentials.

AMECHE: It's no use - give up, Jim.

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT, I'M JIMMY DURANTE.

NELSON: Ooooh, you're a naughty one! Well, back to making out those tickets.

VAGUE: Look, everyone's staring at us.

AMECHE: Yes, by tomorrow we'll be the laughing stock of all  
Hollywood.

DURANTE: SO WHAT? I'LL BE AMUCK WITH ALL THOSE TRAFFIC  
TICKETS.

NELSON: Well, they're all made out now - come along to jail,  
Mr. Ameche.

AMECHE: Me! But Durante was driving the car, why don't you  
take him to jail?

NELSON: We have no room in jail for him.

AMECHE: How come?

NELSON: Nose, thirty six!

DURANTE: IT'S SAVED ME AGAIN.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE) ✓

2708

JIMMY DURANTE  
JANUARY 13, 1950

-25A-

SINGERS: How mild,  
How mild,  
How mild can a cigarette be?  
Smoke Camels and see!

PETRIE: Among the millions who enjoy Camels are many, many  
doctors. More doctors smoke Camels than any other  
cigarette, according to a nationwide survey. One  
hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven  
doctors were asked what cigarette they smoked. The brand  
named most was Camel!

BARKLEY: Buy your Camels the handy, thrifty way -- by the carton!

PETRIE: Each week, the makers of Camels send gift cigarettes  
to servicemen's and veterans' hospitals. This week,  
the Camels go to: Veterans' Hospitals, Cleveland, Ohio  
and Oakland, California...U.S. A.A.F. Station Hospital,  
Mitchel Field, New York...U.S. Naval Hospital, Camp  
Lejeune, North Carolina.

More than one hundred ninety-million free <sup>cigarettes - free</sup> Camels have  
now been sent to servicemen, servicewomen and veterans. ✓ 2802

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE

AMECHE: Well, Jim, I'm still kinda sorry I missed that premiere.

DURANTE: DONSIE, I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. LEMME TAKE YOU TO THAT NEW MOVIE THEATRE DOWN THE BLOCK. WHAT A JOINT! I WENT THERE LAST NIGHT AND THEY GOT TELEVISION IN THE LOBBY, TWO SODA MACHINES, A QUICK LUNCH COUNTER, A NURSERY FOR THE BABIES.

AMECHE: Well, how was the picture?

DURANTE: PICTURE? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT.... I KNEW THEY FORGOT SOMETHING!

AMECHE: (LAUGHS) Goodnight, Jim.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, DON.... GOODNIGHT FOLKS.... GOODNIGHT MRS. CALABASH WHEREVER YOU ARE.

(APPLAUSE) ✓

2844