

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

✓  
*As Broadcast  
Timed Copy*  
JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #29  
DATE: APRIL 21, 1950

(REVISED)

**AS  
BROADCAST**  
*Master*

JIMMY DURANTE

WITH

DON AMECHE

NBC (HOLLYWOOD ORIGINATION)

TIME: 6:30 PM PST

SUPERVISOR: DON BERNARD

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN  
CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

CAST:

JIMMY DURANTE  
DON AMECHE  
VERA VAGUE  
HOWARD PETRIE  
LURENE TUTTLE  
FLORENCE HALOP

WRITERS:

NORMAN PAUL  
JACK BARNETT  
JACK ELINSON  
DAVE SWIFT  
MORRIS FREEDMAN

51458 2045

(FINAL) -A-

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!

ORCHESTRA: 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)

INKA DINKA DEE A DINKA DOO

AMECHE: Say Jimmy, I see you've got that healthy look from working in your garden. Tell me, how's your garden doing?

DURANTE: GREAT, DONSIE! I'VE GOTTEN THE MOST UNUSUAL FLOWERS OF THE YEAR....ROSES!

AMECHE: Well, what's so unusual about getting roses?

DURANTE: I PLANTED ~~ZINZAS~~. *Chrysanthemums*

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

"THE JIMMY DURANTE SHOW"  
4/21/50

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

SINGERS:     How mild,  
              How mild,  
              How mild can a cigarette be?

1ST ANN:     In a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people who  
              smoked only Camels for thirty days, noted throat  
              specialists reported: Not one single case of throat  
              irritation due to smoking Camels! Test Camels in  
              your "T-Zone" -- T for taste, T for throat -- and  
              see how flavorful and how mild Camels are!

2D ANN:     Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels  
              today! ✓

125-

MUSIC:    BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well, the big league baseball season opened this Tuesday... and like guys all over the country, Jimmy and I could think of nothing but baseball. In fact, for the past few days, we both sneaked out to get in a little practice. But there was just one little trouble....my wife. One afternoon, while I was waiting on the front porch for Jimmy to pick me up, she finally cornered me!

TUTTLE: (YELLS) Donald Ameche, are you going out to play baseball with that Durante again?

AMECHE: Why, er, yes dear.

TUTTLE: Oh, you think more of playing baseball than you do of your own family.

AMECHE: That's not true.

TUTTLE: Baseball....baseball. What about our six children?

AMECHE: As soon as we get it up to nine, we'll play them!...But there's no harm if a fella goes out and plays a little ball.

TUTTLE: How do I know that's all you do....especially when you're with Durante...Maybe you meet a couple of girls and take them to a movie.

AMECHE: Don't be silly darling, I haven't been to a movie in months.

TUTTLE: Then how about taking me to the Bijou tonight. They have that new Vaughn Monroe picture, "Singing Guns".

AMECHE: I saw it last night!...er.. I mean I came back from the ball park early and you weren't home. So I went to a movie alone.. Come to think of it, you weren't home the last few nights before that either. Where were you?

TUTTLE: Well, I.. er. I don't see why I have to explain my actions if you can't explain yours any better. The way you always run around. Everywhere Durante goes, you have to go.

AMECHE: Well, what's wrong with that?

TUTTLE: I stay home while you follow the Cry of the Wild Nose!

AMECHE: Well, don't change the subject. I'd still like to know where you've been the past few nights and I .. Oh here comes Jim in his car now.. we'll talk about it later.

(CALLS, Jim, it's kinda crowded on this side..you better park across the street.

DURANTE: NONSENSE, I'LL PARK RIGHT BETWEEN THESE TWO CARS. HERE GOES.

SOUND: GUNNING OF MOTOR - THEN CRASH. MORE GUNNING - ANOTHER CRASH. MORE GUNNING - ANOTHER CRASH

DURANTE: THAT MAKES THE SPACE - NOW TO PARK THE CAR! (I'M ALSO A DEVIL IN THE SUPERMARKET WITH MY WIRE BASKET!)

AMECHE: Jim, you should have parked across the street. There's more room there.

DURANTE: BUT THAT WOULD MEAN I'D HAVE TO WALK BACK OVER TO THIS SIDE AND THAT'S TOO DANGEROUS. I TRIED WALKING ACROSS THE STREET YESTERDAY AND A CAR HIT ME AND KNOCKED ME FIVE HUNDRED FEET IN THE AIR. THEN THEY ARRESTED ME.

AMECHE: What for?

DURANTE: FOR LEAVING THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT! (LAUGHS) AH, THAT WAS PRETTY FUNNY, EH, MRS. AMECHE .. PRETTY FUNNY.

TUTTLE: Ooooooh, what a revolting person!

AMECHE: Jim .. Jim .. maybe we better call it off for today. You see, my wife doesn't like the idea!

DURANTE: DON'T BE SILLY, DON, WE'LL TAKE HER ALONG. COME ON, MRS. AMECHE, YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL WITH US.

TUTTLE: Me play baseball?

DURANTE: SURE, YOU'RE STILL IN SHAPE FOR IT.

TUTTLE: Why thank you!

DURANTE: SO COME ON, DON, LET'S TAKE YOUR WIFE OUT ON THE FIELD AND SWING THE OLD BAT!

TUTTLE: What!

AMECHE: How can he mean things so sweet and make 'em come out so sour?

TUTTLE: Mr. Durante, you are an unmitigated, uninhibited boor whose aberational idiosyncrasies are exceeded only by your insipid cognizance of social amenities.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, DO YOU MEAN TO SAY I'M AN UNMITIGATED, UNINHIBITED BOOR WHOSE ABERATIONAL IDIOSYNCRASIES EXCEEDED ONLY BY MY INSIPID COGNIZANCE OF SOCIAL AMENITIES?

TUTTLE: Yes, you are an unmitigated, uninhibited boor whose aberational idiosyncrasies are exceeded only by your insipid cognizance of social amenities.

DURANTE: SHE WINS -- I COULD NEVER MAKE THAT TRIP AGAIN.

AMECHE: What I want to know is how did he ever make the first one! But look, dear, I'll be back at eight and we can have dinner somewhere together.

TUTTLE: Eight? Er...well, I won't be home at eight.

DURANTE: STEPPING OUT ON YOUR SPROUSE, HUH, MRS. AMECHE? (LAUGHS)

AMECHE: Yeah, stepping out ---- (LAUGHS LIKE MAD...THEN DOES TAKE)  
Darling, where are you going at eight?

TUTTLE: I don't think I have to explain anything to you. I'm going upstairs now...if Mr. Durante wants something to drink, show him to the medicine chest!....Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AMECHE: What's she up to now? Oh...women! They cause all the trouble.

DURANTE: YEAH, WOMEN! SOMETIMES I THINK THIS WORLD WOULD BE BETTER OFF IF THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS WOMEN. JUST MEN AND CHILDREN! (THERE'S A FLAW IN THAT STATEMENT BUT I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO FIND IT!)

AMECHE: Well, I can't understand what my wife's been up to these last few nights. It couldn't be another man!

DURANTE: YOU CAN NEVER TELL. I KNEW A FELLER WHO SUSPECTED HIS WIFE OF GOING AROUND WITH OTHER FELLERS. SO TO GET HER AWAY FROM THEM, HE MOVED TO A LONELY HOUSE WAY UP ON TOP OF A HIGH HILL. BUT HE WAS STILL SUSPICIOUS.

AMECHE: Why?



DURANTE: HE KEPT MEETING TOO MANY GUYS WHO WERE OUT OF BREATH!  
(HE WAS ESPECIALLY WORRIED ABOUT ONE GUY WITH A CLIMBING  
ROPE WHO YODLED!)

AMECHE: Well, I'm not really suspicious. But I would like to  
know what's going on.

SOUND: PHONE RING

AMECHE: I'll get it.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

AMECHE: Hello? What's that? What? Now wait a minute, I .. oh,  
he hung up. Jim, that was some Frenchman called Charles  
Duval telling my wife to show up again at eight tonight!

DURANTE: AMEECH, IT'S HAPPENED - YOU'RE FACE TO FACE WITH THE  
INTERNAL RECTANGLE!

AMECHE: I knew it! My own fault. I neglected her too much. There  
goes my wife, my home .. nothing left.

DURANTE: DONSIE, YOU STILL HAVE ME.

AMECHE: You? When I come home from a hard days work, could you *light*  
*up my candles, put on my slippers and bring me the*  
~~bring me my pipe and slippers?~~ *evening paper?*

DURANTE: I'LL TAKE ON THAT JOB.

AMECHE: Could you make the world seem like a brighter place with  
just the music of your gay laughter?

DURANTE: I'LL TAKE ON THAT JOB.

AMECHE: Could you make me forget my troubles just by sitting close and letting me run my fingers through your thick wavy hair?

DURANTE: WHERE DO I GO TO GET MY UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE!

AMECHE: Wait a minute .. this is silly. I'm going upstairs and talk this over with my wife. Maybe even apologize.

DURANTE: HOLD IT, AMEECH, THAT'S THE WRONG APPROACH. YOU'VE GOTTA FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE! MAKE HER JEALOUS - GO OUT WITH ANOTHER WOMAN.

AMECHE: Say, maybe it wouldn't hurt at that. She has been taking me for granted lately. You're right, Jim .. I'm not going up to my wife and apologize. Now what girl did you have in mind?

DURANTE: I GOT THE VERY ONE - VERA VAGUE.

AMECHE: I'm going up to my wife and apologize.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, DON, YOU'VE GOTTA DO THIS TO SAVE YOUR CANNIBAL BLISS. AS THE POET SAID, "BLESSINGS ON THEE LITTLE MAN, BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK OF TAN."

AMECHE: Jimmy, that saying has nothing to do with what we're talking about.

DURANTE: YES, BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE I KNOW AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M BOUND TO HIT A SITUATION WHERE IT'LL FIT!.....COME ON, LET'S GO OVER TO VERA VAGUE'S HOUSE AND START OPERATION FALSE AMOUR!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(FINAL) -8-

TUTTLE: (CALLS) Don, I've been thinking it over and the reason I won't be here at eight is...oh he's gone. Well, maybe I'll keep it a surprise as I originally planned. When he sees that portrait I'm having painted of <sup>me</sup> ~~my~~ by Charles Duval, I know he'll be delighted.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR PULLING TO STOP...CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

AMECHE: Jim, maybe I better go in first and talk to Miss Vague by myself.

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT, MEANWHILE I'LL GO BUY MISS VAGUE SOME PERFUME.

AMECHE: Perfume?

DURANTE: YEAH, I KNOW A KIND THAT'S TERRIFIC. I ONCE HAD A DATE WITH A BLONDE AND BEFORE I BROUGHT IT TO HER, I DABBED SOME ON ME TO TEST IT.

AMECHE: Well, did you enjoy your date with the blonde?

DURANTE: WHAT BLONDE - IT SMELLED SO GOOD, I STAYED HOME ALL NIGHT AND DANCED WITH MYSELF! (CHUCKLING) SEE YOU IN A NONCE, DON.

AMECHE: O.K., Jim.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

AMECHE: This is Miss Vague's apartment over here. Oh, how can a woman be so careless? She left her purse lying on the floor. I'll just bend down and pick it up.

SOUND: BELLS RINGING, SIRENS WAILING, ALL BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE...THEN FINAL SHUTTING OF STEEL DOOR

VAGUE: The trap worked .. I caught another one!

AMECHE: It's Vera Vague alright!

(APPLAUSE)

VAGUE: Oh Mr. Ameche it's you! I'm so sorry. Can I make up for it by serving you a little lunch?

AMECHE: Why thank you. Could you fix me a hard boiled egg sandwich?

VAGUE: Oh I'm afraid not. For some reason I can't seem to make a hard boiled egg.

AMECHE: How come?

VAGUE: Every time I get the chicken in the hot water she refuses to lay one.

AMECHE: Yeah, I know. Sometimes they're very stubborn. But forget the lunch, the reason I came over was to ask you a rather personal question. Would you consider being my girl friend for an evening?

VAGUE: Ooooooh, what fun!

AMECHE: Now wait a minute, it isn't really....

VAGUE: Oh, we'll make it a wonderful evening. We'll drive up the hill near my house and we can be alone on Lookout Mountain!

AMECHE: Lookout Mountain? You don't know your geography ..  
that's Eagle Point.

VAGUE: You don't know me .. if I ever get you alone on that  
mountain .. lookout!

AMECHE: Please, Miss Vague, you don't understand. You aren't  
actually going to be my girl. The whole thing is simply  
going to be an act to make my wife jealous.

VAGUE: Oh.

AMECHE: But it really has to be convincing. I want you to act  
like you really like me. Pretend that you're throwing  
your arms around me, holding me close, squeezing me,  
kissing me. Do you think you can do it?

VAGUE: Shake hands with next year's Academy Award winner!

AMECHE: Oh, I've got a feeling all this won't work. Miss Vague,  
I don't believe my wife would ever be jealous of you.  
You're not glamorous enough.

VAGUE: Not glamorous enough? Why, at the beauty parlor, I'm  
taking a course of eight treatments that are guaranteed  
to make me the most beautiful girl in town. I've already  
had seven of them.

AMECHE: Boy, that eighth one must be a pip! (LAUGHS) I must have  
my little joke.

VAGUE: Yes .. that's what your mother said when you were born!

AMECHE: Miss Vague, that's besides the point. I'm here to find out if ..

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: AH, GREETINGS, MY LITTLE LOVE BIRDS .. I ASSUME EVERYTHING IS ALL ARRANGED.

AMECHE: Jim, I'm glad you got here. I've been thinking it over and I'm convinced that Miss Vague isn't the one to .

DURANTE: JUST A MOMENT, DONSIE .. FIRST ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MISS VAGUE WITH THIS LITTLE GIFT. MADMOISELLE, PLEASE ACCEPT THIS PERFUME WITH WHICH TO GRACE YOUR VANITY STABLE!

VAGUE: Oh, how exciting. Is that the one for twelve dollars a bottle called, "Tonight's the Night"?

DURANTE: NO.

VAGUE: Well, is it the eight dollar bottle .. "Tonight or Never"?

DURANTE: NO.

VAGUE: Is it the three dollar bottle .. "Tonight We Love"?

DURANTE: NO.

VAGUE: Well, what is it?

DURANTE: I PAID EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS FOR IT .. IT'S CALLED, "POSSIBLY THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW"!

AMECHE: Jim, can I talk to you alone out in the hall for a minute?

DURANTE: SURE THING, AMEECH. DON'T FORGET MISS VAGUE, TONIGHT WE  
RONDAY-VOO AT MY RESIDOO.

VAGUE: O.K., Jim.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: NOW WHAT IS IT, DONSIE?

AMECHE: Jim, I can't go through with it. My wife would never take  
anyone like Miss Vague seriously. It'd be a waste of time.

DURANTE: WELL, MISS VAGUE ISN'T THE ONLY FISH IN THE SEA. I'VE GOT  
A LOT OF GIRL FRIENDS OF MY OWN THAT I CAN FIX YOU UP WITH.  
YOU SEE, WOMEN HAVE BEEN GOING CRAZY ABOUT ME LATELY.

AMECHE: Lately? What's the improvement?

DURANTE: IT'S MY NICE PINK SKIN REFLECTING THE GLOW OF MY RED BLOOD  
CORP-SUCKLES. LEMME TELL YOU HOW I GOT THAT WAY! — 12 1/2

MUSIC: "I'M A MAD MAN FOR A MASSAGE"

I'M A MAD MAN FOR A MASSAGE

VERSE

SOMEHOW I FEEL LIKE I'VE GOT A BRAND NEW PHYSIQUE  
TO LIFT A TON WOULD JUST BE BABY'S PLAY  
AND I WANT TO TELL YOU ALL I USED TO BE WEAK  
BUT OH HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED AS OF TODAY  
  
I WANT YOU FOLKS TO KNOW I WEIGH A HUNDRED AND FORTY  
POUNDS, STOOPED OVER. I GOTTA WEIGH MYSELF STOOPED OVER...  
I CAN'T GET THE BATHROOM SCALE OUT FROM UNDER THE SINK!  
  
YES, I JUST GOT A MASSAGE AND AM I THE HEALTHY ONE CAUSE  
PAL, THAT'S REALLY LIVING...IT'S GREAT...IT'S GOOD...  
IT'S FUN!

CHORUS:

YES, I'M A MAD MAN...FOR A MASSAGE  
I'M BLUBBER FOR A GUY WHO IS A RUBBER  
I'M A MAD MAN FOR A MASSAGE  
I'M A FOOL FOR A FOIL  
FOR EUCYLIPTUS OIL!  
WHAT A SHAME...EACH GUY HAS QUITE A TUSSLE  
CAUSE IT TAKES ONE HOUR...JUST TO FIND ONE MUSCLE  
IT'S MUSIC WHEN MY MASSUER  
STARTS TO HURT MY VERTABRAY  
MY MASSAGE TAKES ALL DAY...I JUST LIE THERE AND POSE  
THEY SPEND AND HOUR ON MY BODY....23 ON MY NOSE  
IT MUST BE GREAT CAUSE I MUST STATE  
MY MASSEUR'S LOOKING GREAT  
YES, I'M A MAD MAN FOR A MASSAGE!



PATTER

FOLKS, I JUST HADDA BUILD MYSELF UP. I USED TO BE A NINETY EIGHT POUND WEAKLING AND WAS IT HUMILIATING! WHEN I WENT TO THE BEACH, A TWO HUNDRED POUND BULLY KICKED SAND IN MY FACE. SO WHAT DID I DO? I WENT TO A GYMNASIUM AND BUILT MYSELF UP TO TWO HUNDRED POUNDS TOO.. THEN I WENT BACK TO THAT VERY SAME BEACH LOOKING FOR THAT GUY AND WHAT HAPPENED? A FOUR HUNDRED POUND BULLY KICKS SAND IN MY FACE!

YOU KNOW, THE LATEST THING IN THE MOVIES IS HAVING THE MALE STARS EXPOSE THEIR PHYSIQUE. ALAN LADD COMES OUT ON THE SCREEN STRIPPED TO THE WAIST. (CHORD)  
CLARK GABLE COMES OUT STRIPPED TO THE WAIST. (CHORD)  
VICTOR MATURE COMES OUT STRIPPED TO THE WAIST. (CHORD)  
BUT WHEN I COME OUT ON THE SCREEN ALL EYES ARE UPON ME.  
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO EXPOSES SHORTS DESIGNED BY GORGEOUS GUSSIE!

2ND CHORUS

IT MUST BE GREAT CAUSE I MUST STATE  
MY MASSEUR'S LOOKING GREAT  
YES, I'M A MAD MAN FOR A MASSAGE

(APPLAUSE)

15-00

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

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

AMECHE: You know, so many people in show business -- actors,  
singers, announcers -- smoke Camels; and here, on tape,  
is that lovely singer, Fran Warren, to tell you why.

WARREN:  
(TAPE) "Hello, there! This is Fran Warren, You know, anybody  
who sings as much as I do has to be pretty choosy about  
cigarettes. I've tried a lot of different brands and  
I'm sold on Camels! I made the Camel thirty-day test  
and I know that Camels agree with my throat."

PETRIE: Friends, try Camels in your "T-Zone" -- T for taste  
and T for throat. You'll see how rich and flavorsome  
Camels are...and you'll see just how mild a cigarette  
can be!

2D ANN: In a coast-to-coast test, hundreds of people smoked only  
Camels for thirty days. Each week, their throats were  
examined by noted throat specialists who reported:  
Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking  
Camels.

PETRIE: 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? ✓  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: BRIDGE

- AMECHE: Well, Jimmy had poked his nose into my life again. Because of a combination of circumstances, I was a little suspicious of my wife, and Jimmy immediately devised a plan of counterattack. Let my wife see me with another girl and make her jealous. So there we were at Jim's house trying to figure out what girl.
- DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, DON, DURANTE WILL BE ABLE TO GET YOU YOUR CHOICE OF FEMALE FEMININITIES.
- AMECHE: Please, Jim, don't start with all those stories about how many girls you know.
- DURANTE: I DON'T WANTA BRAG, DON, BUT YOU SEE THIS LITTLE BLACK BOOK IN MY HAND?
- AMECHE: Yes.
- DURANTE: SEE ALL THOSE NAMES AND ADDRESSES IN THEM?
- AMECHE: Well, what about it?
- DURANTE: THAT'S NO MILK ROUTE!...I 'VE GOT 'EM CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO A SYSTEM. IN THE FRONT PART OF THE BOOK, I GOT THE NAMES OF THE GIRLS WHO NECK.
- AMECHE: What about the back part?
- DURANTE: I 'M HAPPY TO REPORT THERE AIN'T NO BACK PART! (THERE'S NO ROOM FOR SLACKERS ON DURANTE'S LIST!)
- AMECHE: Well, let's see what girls you have. (READS) Betty, cuddly type. Phylis, ..when you take out on date, will only kiss you goodnight. Say, that's quite a problem, Jim.

DURANTE: BUT DON, I SOLVED THAT PROBLEM.

AMECHE: How?

DURANTE: SHORT DATE - LONG GOODNIGHT!....~~BUT CONTINUE, DON.~~

~~AMECHE: Mary Beth - skinny, buck-teeth, bow legs, stringy hair ---  
Jim, what's this one doing in here?~~

~~DURANTE: THAT'S MY WARNING SIGNAL. THE MINUTE I FEEL LIKE CALLING HER  
UP, I KNOW I NEED A NEW BOOK.~~

AMECHE: Oh, brother. Jim, I can't go out with any of these girls.  
Haven't you got any that are high class?

DURANTE: YOU JUST CAME TO IT, DON. THE ONE RIGHT HERE...I'LL CALL HER  
UP.

SOUND: PHONE DIALING

DURANTE: (OVER DIALING) THIS ONE IS REAL CLASS! HELLO? SAM'S GARAGE?  
LUBRICATION DEPARTMENT PLEASE! LUBRICATION DEPARTMENT?  
BOTTOM PIT PLEASE! HELLO....I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO CRANKCASE  
MABEL! OH, SHE'S OUT, HUH? GOODBYE.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

AMECHE: Thank goodness.

DURANTE: YEAH, SHE WOULDN'T'VE BEEN MUCH FUN ANYWAY. I ONCE TOOK HER  
TO A DRIVE IN MOVIE AND IT WASN'T AS ROMANTIC AS I THOUGHT  
IT'D BE.

AMECHE: What do you mean?

DURANTE: WHILE I WAS SITTING IN THE FRONT SEAT EATING POPCORN, SHE WAS  
UNDERNEATH THE CAR DRAINING THE OIL!

AMECHE: Jim, let's forget about the whole thing. Maybe I'll just have a heart to heart talk with my wife and tell her I forgive her.

DURANTE: NO, DON, YOU GOTTA TEACH YOUR WIFE A LESSON. YOU HAVE TO SHER-SHAY WITH ANOTHER FEMM!

AMECHE: Maybe so, but we can't....

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

DURANTE: I'LL GET THE DOOR.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HALOP: Relax, boys, it's your friendly manicurist, Hotbreath Halahan.

DURANTE: ATTENTION CENSUS TAKERS....THIS IS WORTH GOING BACK AND COUNTING TWICE....BUT HOTBREATH, YOU'VE GOT GRASS ALL OVER YOUR SHOES. YOU'VE BEEN WALKING ON MY NICE NEW LAWN AGAIN.

HALOP: Well, I couldn't help it. You know that sign outside that says, "Keep off the grass"?

DURANTE: YEAH?

HALOP: When I came by, it went back in the ground and another one popped up that said, "Trample on me...I love it!"

AMECHE: If they're building lawn mowers like that, I'm gonna buy one.

HALOP: Quit the kidding, boys, I came over to give Mr. Durante his weekly manicure.

DURANTE: FORGET THE MANICURE, HOTBREATH. FATE HAS DROPPED YOU INTO OUR LAPS. DONSIE, DON'T YOU SEE?

AMECHE: Yeah, I get it...she's the one to make my wife jealous.

HALOP: Wait a minute...I refuse to be mixed up in a conspiracy against a member of my own sex. Remember boys...I too am a woman.

DURANTE: BELIEVE ME, HOTBREATH, THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY DOUBT IN MY MIND!

AMECHE: It won't be much, Hotbreath. When my wife comes in, all you'll have to do is give me a little kiss....

HALOP: A little kiss? Listen, tall, dark...and see all those nice white shiny teeth of yours? Well, one kiss from me.....

AMECHE: Yes?

HALOP: Charcoal cubes!

DURANTE: WELL, SHE HAS THE FIRE GOING...ANYBODY GOT SOME STEAKS?...

HALOP: Well, I'll go through with this Mr. Ameche. But I warn you, I might make you forget your wife.

AMECHE: You make me forget my wife Lurene? You make me forget Lurene? Just because you've got that gorgeous hair,...that beautiful face,...that lovely figure! You make me forget --- by the way Jim, what is my wife's name?

DURANTE: NEVER MIND THAT -- WITH HER AROUND I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY OWN NAME! BUT HOTBREATH, I BET YOU'RE A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED THAT IT'S NOT ME YOU'RE GONNA MAKE LOVE TO.

HALOP: Don't be so sure, Banana Beak! You see, Mr. Ameche is very handsome. He goes to my head like bubbling champagne.

DURANTE: WHAT ABOUT ME!

HALOP: When I can get bubbling champagne, what would I want with flat old root beer!

DURANTE: MAYBE SO, BUT REMEMBER..YOU CAN ONLY GET CHAMPAGNE ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS-ROOT BEER IS ALWAYS AROUND WHEN YOU WANT IT'...BUT HOTBREATH, LET'S GET BACK TO THE BUSINESS OF MAKING DON'S WIFE JEALOUS. CAN YOU BE BACK HERE AT SEVEN O'CLOCK?

HALOP: Sure thing..and to help things along, I'll wear my strapless, backless, sideless dress.

AMECHE: Strapless,backless and sideless? But won't it fall off?

HALOP: Why should it? It can't think of a better place to go!...  
So long until tonight, Rover Boy's?

DURANTE: SO LONG, HOTBREATH.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

AMECHE: Jim, the closer we're getting to this, the more nervous I'm getting. There's still time to call the whole thing off.

DURANTE: AMEECH, HOW CAN YOU TALK LIKE THAT. REMEMBER THIS FAMOUS LATIN SAYING, "IN HOCK SINCHA VINCA ES PLURIBUS UNUM VIA TRESTE."

AMECHE: Say, that's cute. What does it mean in English?

DURANTE: IF I KNEW WHAT IT MEANT IN ENGLISH WOULD I GO TO THE TROUBLE OF SAYING IT IN LATIN!

MUSIC: BRIDGE.

DURANTE: EVERYTHING'S SET, DON. I CALLED UP YOUR SPROUSE AND SHE'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

AMECHE: Swell, Jim. Hotbreath and I will go into the next room and when I hear you open the door, we'll fly into each others arms. Let's go, Hotbreath.

HALOP: O.K., honey.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

DURANTE: THAT'S MRS. AMECHE AT THE DOOR NOW. I'LL GET IT.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPEN

TUTTLE: Mr. Durante, you said you have something very important to tell me. I haven't got much time .. what is it?

DURANTE: MRS. AMECHE, I'VE GOT SHOCKING NEWS. DON HAS BEEN GOING OUT WITH OTHER WOMEN. HE'S A PHILANTHROPIST!

TUTTLE: I don't believe it. I do Don's laundry and not once have I seen lipstick on his handkerchief.

DURANTE: WHY DO YOU THINK HE GREW THAT MUSTACHE - AFTER HE KISSES A GIRL, HE USES IT TO BLOT UP THE EVIDENCE!....AND IF YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME, LEMME SHOW YOU WHAT'S IN THE NEXT ROOM.

TUTTLE: Well, make it fast. I've got my regular eight o'clock appointment to sit for my portrait by Charles Duval. It's a surprise for Don.



DURANTE: EIGHT O'CLOCK? PORTRAIT? BROTHER, HAVE WE BEEN  
LABORING UNDER A MISPAHAPRAHENSION. SHE'S PERFECTLY  
INNOCENT!

TUTTLE: Stop that mumbling and show me what's in that next room.

DURANTE: (STALLING) ER.....ER.....IT'S REALLY NOT IMPORTANT. I  
JUST CALLED YOU OVER TO HELP ME ON SOME INSTRUCTIONS.  
YOU SEE, I'M KNITTING LITTLE BOOTIES.

TUTTLE: You're knitting little booties? What for?

DURANTE: I JUST NOTICED A CLAUSE IN MY HOSPITAL INSURANCE THAT  
SAYS I'M ENTITLED TO FOUR FREE WEEKS IN THE MATERNITY  
WARD!

TUTTLE: Oh, good Heavens, you can't become a mother!!

DURANTE: THOSE MEN KNOW THEIR BUSINESS - IF THEY THINK I HAVE A  
CHANCE, I GOTTA TRY AND MAKE GOOD!

TUTTLE: This is getting ridiculous! But there's something  
wrong.....I'm going to see what's in the next room.

DURANTE: ER.....IT'S NOT NECESSARY. I REALLY JUST CALLED YOU  
OVER TO ASK YOU WHAT TIME IT IS. YOU SEE, I HAVEN'T GOT  
A CLOCK IN THIS HOUSE.

SOUND: SEVEN CHIMES OF CLOCK:

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU KNOW - THAT SHIP IS GOING DOWN MY STREET  
AGAIN!

TUTTLE: A ship going down your street?

DURANTE: CERTAINLY, THIS IS CALIFORNIA, THEY WANT A CHANCE AT  
THE PEDESTRIANS LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

TUTTLE: Well, if you really wanted the time, you could have found out by calling the phone company.

DURANTE: I CAN'T, MY PHONE IS OUT OF ORDER.

SOUND: ONE PHONE RING

TUTTLE: Oh yeah? Your phone just rang.

DURANTE: I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

SOUND: ONE PHONE RING

DURANTE: I DIDN'T HEAR IT AGAIN! AND BESIDES I JUST REMEMBERED I'VE RUN OUT OF CAMELS. COME ON, LET'S WALK A MILE FOR ONE.

TUTTLE: Stop stalling. I'm going into that next room and see what's there.

DURANTE: MRS. AMECHE, YOU CAN'T! WAIT A MINUTE!

TUTTLE: Stop holding me back! Take your hands off me!

DURANTE: BUT PLEASE ..

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

AMECHE: Say, Jim, I've been wondering where ... Jimmy. My wife is in your arms! I see it all now. You're the one she's been running around with!

DURANTE: HOLY SMOKES, I'VE CREATED A FRANKENFURTER!

TUTTLE: What are you talking about, Don. He was just trying to keep me from going into the next room.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT, I FOUND OUT HER EIGHT O'CLOCK MEETINGS WERE JUST TO HAVE HER PORTRAIT PAINTED.

AMECHE: Portrait painted! Oh, what a relief, darling. I'll never doubt you again. There's no question of it. You're a one man woman and I'm a one woman man.

DURANTE: SOUNDS CONFUSING BUT I'M SURE THEY CAN SORT IT OUT WHEN THEY  
GET HOME!

AMECHE: Yes, dear, I'd never look at another woman.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HALOP: Ameche boy, I'm ready to give you that kiss you've been  
waiting for. Here goes.

SOUND: KISS EFFECT

AMECHE: But...but...but....Hotbreath.

TUTTLE: Donald Ameche, there must be an explanation for this.

AMECHE: O.K., let's hear it!

HALOP Why explain, Mrs. Ameche, your husband just found someone  
with a more exciting figure!

DURANTE: HOTBREATH, CUT IT OUT!

TUTTLE: Well, you do have a nice figure, dear. I always said that  
lumps would come back into style!

AMECHE: Girls, please!

TUTTLE: Nice figure indeed. Why, I'll match my legs against ~~your~~  
any day

HALOP: Don't be silly....your legs don't even match each other!

DURANTE: GET OUT THE CATNIP -- THESE GIRLS MAY NEED REFRESHMENTS  
BETWEEN ROUNDS.

AMECHE: Look, darling, we just got Hotbreath to make you jealous..  
Believe me, there's no other woman.

TUTTLE: (HALF CONVINCED) Well.....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

VAGUE: Donsie, my lover boy .. let me throw my arms around you!

TUTTLE: Another one!

DURANTE: THEY KEEP COMING IN! WHAT A SPOT FOR AN ENCHILADA STAND!  
....DON.. WE FORGOT TO STOP MISS VAGUE!

AMECHE: You got me into this, Jim. Do something.

DURANTE: THIS HAS ALL BEEN A MIX UP. VERA, YOU GO HOME .. AND  
DON, YOU TAKE YOUR WIFE HOME AND EXPLAIN THE MIX-UP TO  
HER. AND HOTBREATH, YOU STAY HERE.

HALOP: What for?

DURANTE: IF THIS IS GONNA BE AN EVENING OF MIX-UPS, I WANNA GET  
MIXED UP WITH SOMETHING GOOD!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE) ✓

27 25-

JIMMY DURANTE  
4/21/50

2ND ANNCR: What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

PETRIE: That was the question asked of one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors -- doctors in every branch of medicine!

2ND ANNCR: What cigarette do you smoke, doctor?

PETRIE: The brand named most was Camel! Yes, according to this nationwide survey, more doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

2ND ANNCR: Friends, try Camels in your "T-Zone" -- T for taste and T for throat. You'll see how flavorful and how mild a cigarette can be!

PETRIE: Friends, the many men in servicemen's and veterans' hospitals like to know that they're remembered. Every week, these men receive gift Camels as a token that they are not forgotten. This week's Camels go to: Veterans' Hospitals, Excelsior Springs, Missouri and Bath, New York...U.S. Army Station Hospital, Fort Benning, Georgia. ...U.S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Massachusetts. The Camel people have sent more than one hundred ninety-one million Camels to servicemen, servicewomen and veterans! ✓

28-55

MUSIC:      WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

~~AMECHE:      Jimmy, you know I can't get over all the publicity you've  
been getting...your picture in True Story, Esquire, Radio  
Mirror, Daily News, Life...~~

DURANTE:      YES, DONSIE, AND THEY EVEN WANTED TO RUN MY PICTURE IN  
READERS DIGEST BUT I WOULDN'T LET 'EM.

AMECHE:      Why not?

DURANTE:      IF THEY EVER CONDENSE THIS NOSE I'M THROUGH!

AMECHE:      I get your point...goodnight Mr. Durante.

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

MUSIC:      UP

(APPLAUSE) ✓

28 45

JIMMY DURANTE  
4/14/50

-26-

PRINCE ALBERT

PETRIE: The Jimmy Durante Show was produced and directed by Phil Cohan and brought to you by Camel Cigarettes. Listen in again next Friday night, when Jimmy Durante, Don Ameche and Vera Vague will be back on the Jimmy Durante Camel Show from Hollywood. ✓ 29<sup>10</sup> -

CHANDLER: P.A. stands for pipe appeal -- and Prince Albert, America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. P.A. is crimp cut for smoothness...and specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Men, get Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke! ✓ 29<sup>10</sup> -

MUSIC: SNEAK

PETRIE: Camel Cigarettes also invite you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday evening, over these same stations. On next Thursday, April 27th..they will present "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim", starring Betty Grable and Dennis Morgan. Be sure to listen. ✓ 29<sup>25</sup> -

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE)