

(FINAL DRAFT)

As Broadcast

THE AL PEARCE SHOW FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1940

Program No. 10

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

ELMER: (KNOCKS) 'Fraid you're all smoking Camel Cigarettes, I hope, etc.

MUSIC: (THEME)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WENDELL: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

And now the makers of Camel Cigarettes, bring you Al Pearce from Hollywood!

MUSIC: (THEME...FADE TO AL PEARCE)

51459 0570

7/5/40

- AL: Well, good evening all, and thank you for that snappy reception. Tonight we are going to present another drama. One of the finest pictures of the year was David Selznik's "REBECCA" -- so tonight we bring you OUR version of Rebecca, entitled "THE BIGGEST UPSET OF THE YEAR" -- or, "LOVE IN A CANOE." Oh, well -- on with the show. Dick! Dick Lane!
- DICK: Here, I am, Al.
- AL: Have you got the cast lined up for the play?
- DICK: Not quite. There's a young lady here who wants to try out for a part. Meet Miss Sally Smorgasboard!
- BRAYTON: Oh, Mister Pearce. I had no idea you were such a handsome man. (SILLY GIGGLE)
- AL: Hmmm -- she's practically in!
- DICK: Miss Smorgasboard has been in many pictures.
- BRAYTON: Yes, I played the siren from Mexico!
- AL: Did you ever play the siren from Texaco?
- BRAYTON: No. You're thinking of my sister, Ethyl!
- AL: Well, we can't stand here and gas all night. We'll try you out, Miss Smorgasboard! We still haven't got a leading man! Where are we going to find a big, two-fisted, red-blooded leading man?
- RAYMOND: Greetings, Mister Pearce -- did you call me?

51459 0571

AL: No -- I didn't call you! You can't play the leading role in Rebecca!

RAYMOND: I got a play I wrote myself. Maybe I can play the leading role in that.

AL: Well, all right. I'll listen with an open mind, but I'll tell you right now I don't like it.

RAYMOND: My play is about the circus. It's the story of an elephant with a broken leg.

AL: For goodness sakes, why do you use an elephant with a broken leg?

RAYMOND: So we can have a large cast!...

AL: Haven't you got a Camel in your story?

RAYMOND: No, but I've got one in my pocket. Here -- have one!

AL: Thank you.

RAYMOND: Well, anyway, this elephant is walking down the street in the circus parade when she steps on a poor little bird and breaks the bird's wing --

AL: Oh, that's too bad.

RAYMOND: And the elephant noticed the little bird was a mother bird.

AL: A mother bird?

RAYMOND: Yes, and she told the elephant that she had a nest full of little baby birds. So you know what that elephant did?

AL: What did the elephant do?

RAYMOND: She climbed the tree and sat on the nest!

AL: Now, Raymond, how could that great big elephant sit on a bird's nest?

RAYMOND: Mr. Pearce, it wasn't easy!

DICK: I think we might give Raymond a small part! We need somebody to play an underworld character!

AL: All right. Raymond have you ever been in the underworld?

RAYMOND: Sure. I used to be a motorman in a subway!

DICK: No-no-no. We mean a gangster. Do you know anything about gangsters?

RAYMOND: Do I know anything about gangsters? I'll say I do! Just last week some gangsters got mad at me and took me for a ride.

DICK: What did they have against you?

RAYMOND: A gun.

DICK: No-no -- you dummy...what did you do to them to make them mad?

7/5/40

RAYMOND: I gave them a bum tip on a horserace. So they decided to get even with me. They stuck a gun in my ribs and took me out to the racetrack and put me in a stall with the other horses and made me eat a bale of hay!

DICK: That must have been terrible!

RAYMOND: No. That wasn't so bad. I eat like a horse anyway! But then they put a saddle on me and took me out to the paddock and made me walk around in front of all the people!

DICK: Boy, they really got even with you!

RAYMOND: But that wasn't the most humiliating part. When the bugle blew they led me out and put me in front of the barrier!

DICK: Good Heavens! You mean they stood you in front of all those horses!

RAYMOND: Yes, sir -- and then the bell rang and the horses tore out of the barrier, snorting with fright!

DICK: Ye Gods! I can hear those thundering hooves. What happened?

RAYMOND: Oh, I came in and paid three-twenty to show!

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

AL: Well, before we hire any more people for this colossal production, I think Carl Hoff and the Quartette should provide us with some of that swell music they've been rehearsing all morning. "Six Lessons from Madame LaZonga" -- How about it, Hoffie --

ORCHESTRA AND QUARTETTE: "SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LAZONGA"

WENDELL: Say, Al.

AL: What is it, Wendell, my boy?

WENDELL: How about a part for me in our play tonight. I'd like to play opposite the leading lady.

AL: No, Wendell, I doubt very much if we can get you the leading role. But if you're a good boy you might play one of the extras.

WENDELL: An extra!

AL: Certainly, they often play mighty important roles.

WENDELL: Oh, you mean extras like in Camels. Now you're talking right down my alley. For instance --

WENDELL: Costlier tobaccos...slower-burning tobaccos; To millions of smokers, the slower-burning costlier tobaccos in Camel Cigarettes spell extra smoking pleasure. Extra pleasure because Camels smoke just that much milder...cooler...with that extra measure of flavor that means so much to a steady smoker. Smoking Camels is the kind of smoking that is fun...to the last extra puff. And there's a lot of extra puffs of pleasure to enjoy, because Camels have that slower-burning feature. Recent impartial laboratory tests confirm it. By burning twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested...slower than any of them...Camel Cigarettes give a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. So for extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking, too, turn to 4 slower-burning Camels...the cigarette that gives you the "extras."

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER INTRODUCTION)

WENDELL: (ON CUCKOO) On the wings of the cuckoo bird comes Elmer Blurt! This week our great low-pressure salesman is peddling wall-paper, to hang himself, and he probably will before he's through. All right, Elmer, bang away, "

ELMER: (KNOCKS) 'Fraid they's nobody tuh home in this house, I hope, I hope, I hope..

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELMER: How' ja do, lady ---

ELVIA: You poor man, what are you doing with that big white bandage on your nose?

ELMER: That's orders from the police department!

ELVIA: The police?

ELMER: Yeah, they told me never to show my nose in this neighborhood again...Lady, we're givin' a play tonight called "Rebecca" and I'm tryin' to earn enough money to buy a piano so I can be in the play.

ELVIA: Oh, you want to be in a play. Maybe I can help you!

ELMER: Oh gosh, you sure can! I'm an interior decorator. I'm sellin' wall-paper and with each roll we give absolutely free one headache pill. Here, take the pill now.

ELVIA: But I haven't got a headache.

ELMER: Wait'll you see the wall-paper! (LAUGHS)

DICK: (OFF MIKE) Phoebe! PHOEBE!' PHOEBE!!!
Where's my supper!!!!

ELVIA: You'd better step inside. I've got to go out in the kitchen and pound my husband's chops!

ELMER: Gosh, how long has the fight been goin' on!

ELVIA: No, no, I have to feed him.

ELMER: Then you're an interior decorator, too! (LAUGHS)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DICK: (SHOUTS) Phoebe, I'm hungry, and besides, what's this bum doin' in the house?

ELVIA: This young bum -- I mean -- this young man is selling wall-paper and I'm going to have him paper the dining room with lemon colored paper.

DICK: I don't like lemon-colored paper,

ELMER: It would sure go well with your sour puss!

ELVIA: Henry, sit down and eat your dinner. And young man, start papering the ceiling! I'll make some paste and have Grandpa get you a ladder! Grandpa!

BILL: (DEAF) Eh?

ELVIA: Get this young man a ladder!

BILL: I'm busy shavin'. What did you say?

ELMER: She said get me a ladder! Ladder!

BILL: Sure -- I couldn't shave without it!

ELMER: No, I didn't say lather. I said ladder! Ladder!

BILL: For me? Mail man here already?

ELMER: No, Grandpa, you're gettin' all mixed up. Never mind, I'll stand on top of the table! Here, Grandpa, give me a hand.

SOUND: CHAIR SCRAPING...COMMOTION

DICK: How am I going to eat my supper with you standing on the table?

ELVIA: Sit down there and eat your supper and never mind about him.
Here's your paste, young man!

DICK: (UNDER HIS BREATH) The day I married her, I was a fool.

ELMER: You ain't changed a bit!

DICK: Hey, what are you doing? Are you going to put that new
wall-paper on without taking the old wall-paper off?

ELMER: I can't take this old wall-paper off, this is a California
bungalow!

DICK: What's that got to do with it?

ELMER: The wall-paper's the only thing that's holding the house up!

DICK: Listen you, this house is not to be sneezed at!

ELMER: You don't dare sneeze at it!

DICK: *Phoebe*
~~PENELOPE~~! I'm getting sick and tired of the food you're
cooking for me. This steak is as tough as leather!

ELMER: Get your fork outa my shoe!...Hey, Grandpa, I need a little
help here. Will you help me paste this paper?

BILL: Eh?

ELMER: I said, paste the paper, paste it!

BILL: Okay. (SPITS OUT PAPER) It tastes terrible!

ELMER: I said paste it, not taste it!

DICK: *Phoebe*
~~PENELOPE~~! You burned my shoe-string potatoes, they're all
black!

ELMER: You got your fork in my shoe again.....

DICK: I can't eat my dinner with this lummoX trying to paper the ceiling over my head.

ELVIA: Henry, what are you yelling about now?

ELMER: Every time he opens his mouth I put my foot in it!

ELVIA: Don't pay any attention to him. And, Grandpa, you sit down and eat your dinner!

BILL: I can't sit down now!

ELMER: Oh gosh, I can't get this paper to stick. Lady, you made this paste too thin.

DICK: Well, you can expect that. She can't do anything right! Look at the way she made this soup, it's full o' lumps!

ELMER: Oh gosh, you're eatin' my paste!

DICK: Egads, can you imagine my wife feeding me paste!

ELMER: I'll bet that ain't the first time she gave you a paste in the mouth!

ELVIA: Oh, quit your fightin' you two! And, Grandpa, for the last time, sit down and eat your supper!

ELMER: He can't sit down!

DICK: What do you mean, he can't sit down. Grandpa can sit down if he wants to.

ELMER: Oh, no he can't.

DICK: Why can't he?

ELMER: I got his whiskers pasted to the ceiling!

ORCHESTRA: (ELMER CHASER)

AL:

Friends, we've just had some swell news regarding our plan of presenting from time to time on our program, guest stars who have made good on their own local stations throughout the country. Bonnie King, a grand little singer...from Kansas City, you will recall, was our first guest star several weeks ago. We are very happy to announce that Bob Crosby ~~thought so much of her that he~~ has just signed Bonnie King ^{to sing with} ~~for~~ his grand orchestra. Now that's what I call getting quick results. Well, we wish Bonnie good luck and congratulations, Bob Crosby, we'll be listening in at your new time next Thursday night.

Tonight we bring you a very attractive young lady, nineteen years of age, from station KSFO in San Francisco and of course she's thrilled to her fingertips at this chance to make her first transcontinental commercial broadcast. Who knows -- maybe in a few weeks we might have the pleasure of making the same announcement of good fortune about this young lady as we have just made about Bonnie King. Well, here she is, Virginia Carpenter, singing "Imagination" -- and lots of luck to you, Virginia....

ORCHESTRA AND VIRGINIA CARPENTER:

"IMAGINATION"

AL:

Thanks, Virginia Carpenter, that was swell.

And incidentally, we've been getting some letters from people around the country who want us to bring certain of their local favorites to the coast to put on the program.

If you good people out there have any favorites you would like to hear, why don't you just call the radio station you hear the act on now and they'll get in touch with us and who knows, maybe in a few weeks, your favorite will be an important feature on our show.

WENDELL: Well, Al, I think that's swell, and speaking of important features -- it's well-known among cigarette smokers that the important feature of slower-burning goes with Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. It's just as well-known that this combination of slower-burning and costlier tobaccos means definite "extras" in smoking pleasure and value. For slower-burning Camels give you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And that smoking economy in Camels is a mighty important factor. Today, science explains the extra smoking in Camels this way:

TOMMY: In recent impartial laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested... slower than any of them.

WENDELL: And that means a smoking plus equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Next time you buy cigarettes get the cigarette that gives you the "extras"...Camels! Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

(MUSICAL CURTAIN)

AL: Friends, the time has come for the presentation of our version of "Rebecca." All right, now, let's get on with the play. Where's the director?

KITZEL: Hi Yi Rancho Grande, please give this boy a handy. Yoo Hoo!

AL: I might have known that Mr. Kitzel would be our director!

KITZEL: Look at who's talking! I am professor of dialogue, and correct spooch and master of the King's English!

AL: Oh yeah? What did you ever direct?

KITZEL: Did you see that picture, "Forty-Second Street?"

AL: Yes, did you direct all of "Forty-Second Street?"

KITZEL: No, just the traffic on one corner....

All right, come, come, let's get the cast together. Who's going to play the part of Rebecca?

AL: Well, there's two young ladies here, ready to try out for the part.

ELVIA: Yes, Mr. Kitzel, I'm Miss Fanny Frantic. I was Queen of the Onion Festival!

KITZEL: Queen of the Onion Festival. Well, well, you fit right in because this is "Peel an Onion and Shed a Tear Because the Taxes Just Went Up" week. Tell me my little scallion, what acting have you done?

Cut on 2nd Show

BRAYTON: Just a minute, Mr. Kitzel. I think I'm a better type than Miss Frantic. I am Miss Smorgasboard!

KITZEL: Hmmm -- Smorgasboard -- not a bad dish!

BRAYTON: After all, I think I am better suited. If you remember, Rebecca was a brunette!

ELVIA: Well, if the color of the hair is that important I COULD wear a wig!

BRAYTON: That's a lovely wig you're wearing now!

ELVIA: Oh yeah! Well, they sure must have had your hair in mind when they wrote "EACH DAWN I DYE."

KITZEL: Have you cats had your milk today?

*Cut on show
2*

ELVIA: Listen, my little man. Am I gonna get that part or ain't I? Maybe you ain't heard of my boyfriend, "Spike" Mulligan?

KITZEL: Oh, yes -- Spike Mulligan. I saw his picture in the paper today. He's the gangster who just escaped from Alka Seltzer!

AL: That's Alcatraz!

KITZEL: Well, anyway he had a funny phizz! Now, let me see -- what will we do first?

AL: You'd better rehearse the big love scene between Rebecca and Elmer Blurt!

KITZEL: Okay. Where's Elmer. Elmer! ELMER! ELMER!

ELMER: Oh gosh -- that's the first robin I've heard this spring.

KITZEL: Elmer -- where are you?

ELMER: Here I am, Mister Kitzel! Me and Raymond are down here in the orchestra pit. I bought a piano and we gotta move it up on the stage! Okay -- tip the piano up on its side, Raymond, and look out for the legs!

SOUND: PIANO CLUNK

RAYMOND: All right, Elmer. I got it. Lift her up!

KITZEL: Well, while Elmer's moving the piano, I'll read his lines to you, Miss Smorgasboard -- so you can get acquainted with your part!

ELMER: I got my side of the piano, Raymond.

KITZEL: Ah, my fair Rebecca -- when I first held you in my arms I said to myself --

ELMER: (SLIGHTLY OFF) GOSH! This baby is heavy!

KITZEL: Gosh this baby is heavy!

BRAYTON: WHAT????????????

SOUND: (PIANO NOISES)

KITZEL (MAD) WILL YOU TWO GENTLEMEN KEEP QUIET!

ELMER: But we gotta get my piano up on the stage!

BRAYTON: Go ahead with your lines, Mister Kitzel!

KITZEL: Ah, my lovely Tebecca -- I mean Rebecca -- I can't get
Camels off my mind.

RAYMOND: Pick up your side, Elmer.

SOUND: PIANO

KITZEL: Ah, Rebecca, when I first saw you I said to myself....
Rebecca is different than other women --

ELMER: HER FRONT LEG IS CROOKED!

KITZEL: Her front leg is croo -- JUST A SECOND -- JUST A SECOND!
Elmer Blurt you are interfering with my art. Would you
believe it -- I got a hundred thousand dollars for
directing Barrymore? Would you believe that I got two
hundred thousand for directing Gable? Would you believe I
got a half a million for directing Myrna Loy? Would you
believe it?

ELMER: Yes, I believe it.

KITZEL: You do? Stupid man. I want you mental midgets to stop
that noise while I'm rehearsing!

ELMER: Okay. Take it easy with your side of the piano, Raymond!

RAYMOND: Easy is the word, Elmer!

SOUND: PIANO CLUNK

KITZEL: Now -- Miss Smorgasboard, we'll start where we left off.
You walk toward me with outstretched arms and we greet each
other! Ah, greetings my fair Rebecca!

BRAYTON: Ah, my handsome hero!

KITZEL: What a thrill it is to hold you in my arms!

SOUND: LOUD SINGLE SCRATCH ON WOOD WITH SANDPAPER

ELMER: (YELLS) LOOK OUT -- YOU'RE SCRATCHING HER BACK!

KITZEL: I didn't scratch her back!

BRAYTON: Elmer was talking about the piano!

KITZEL: Pay no attention to those peep-squips! Take your next line.

BRAYTON: Darling -- I thought we'd never come back together again!

KITZEL: Ah, yes -- when you left me the music went out of my soul
and I felt like The Lost Chord.

SOUND: PIANO... "CHOP STICKS"

KITZEL: Elmer, what was that?

ELMER: The Lost Chord!

KITZEL: This is no time to look for it!

BRAYTON: Pay no attention to them, Mr. Kitzel. Now we come to the
big scene where you take me in your arms and kiss me!

KITZEL: Kiss you? Now just a second, Miss Smorgasboard! After all,
I'm just the director. I have no time for Romance. Do you
think that an old "coot" like me would be interested in
kissing a pretty young girl like you? Mmmmyah, could be!

BRAYTON: Well, Mr. Kitzel, if you're bashful, just hold me in your
arms.

ELMER: Okay, lift her up on your shoulder.

KITZEL: Here you go!

BRAYTON: Put me down!

RAYMOND: Raise her higher!

KITZEL: Make up your mind!

BRAYTON: They were talking about the piano!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Oh -- the piano! (LAUGHS) Can you imagine that, they were talking about lifting the piano, and I lifted you -- but I liked it!

BRAYTON: For the last time, Mr. Kitzel, take me in your arms! As you hold me tight, your rival Rudolph enters the room, dagger in hand. I scream. Now embrace me!

KITZEL: Okay, I've got you!

ELMER: Lift her up!

RAYMOND: Steady her!

KITZEL: Okay!

RAYMOND: Grab her leg!

KITZEL: I got it.

BRAYTON: (LONG SCREAM)

RAYMOND: Twelve o'clock whistle, time for lunch!

SOUND: PIANO DROPS...AND BREAKS

ELMER: Oh gosh, Raymond, look what you done now. You broke my beautiful piano all to pieces! (CRIES) After I worked so hard to get the money for it. (CRIES)

BRAYTON: Oh, Mr. Kitzel, isn't that too bad. Elmer broke his piano.

KITZEL: It couldn't have happened to a nicer piano.

BRAYTON: I'm sorry, Elmer, I'm afraid you have to forget all about your piano.

ELMER: I couldn't ever ~~forget~~ my little baby, my little baby grand!

BRAYTON: You poor boy, come into my arms. That's it -- I'll make you forget your piano!

ELMER: No, no, I couldn't never forget my piano.

BRAYTON: Look into my eyes, Darling!

ELMER: That don't make no difference, I still can't forget my piano!

BRAYTON: I'm going to kiss you!

SOUND: LONG, LOUD KISS...POP

BRAYTON: There, now have you forgotten your piano?

ELMER: (WEAKLY) Piano? What piano?

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

WENDELL: Ladies and gentlemen, our version of Rebecca had to be called off tonight because of a broken piano. Tune in next week for Elmer Blurt and Miss Smorgasboard in this soul-stirring drama. To give you an idea of what's in store for you here's a short excerpt from a tense moment in the big love scene! Listen!

BRAYTON: Oh Elmer! (GIGGLES)

ELMER: Gosh!

WENDELL: Can you afford to miss this exciting drama? Can you leave your radio silent next Friday night?

KITZEL: Mmmmmmyeah, could be!

ORCHESTRA: (BUMPER TO NEWSBOY)

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA !...EXTRA !...

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra flavor.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA !

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra mildness and extra coolness.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA !

WENDELL: CAMELS give you extra smoking per pack. Try CAMELS...the cigarette that gives you the extras.

AL: Say, Wendell...I would like to have a word here before we close this evening's program! My good friend, Bob Crosby, who as you know heads another one of our CAMEL shows, will soon change his program time. Tomorrow night you will still hear him at the old ten o'clock on Saturday night time ^{over these stations in which he is regularly heard.} and then next week he moves to Thursday night. So, let's all listen to Bob Crosby tomorrow night, and then listen to him again next week at his new time on Thursday night when Bonnie King joins the program. You'll find the ~~best~~ time in your local newspapers.

WENDELL: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's something extra for your radio enjoyment. And for your smoking enjoyment...try CAMELS, the cigarette that gives you the extras, and brings you extra fun with AL PEARCE every Friday.

AL: Good night folks, we'll be seeing you next Friday, and good luck.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR WENDELL)

WENDELL:

Pipe smokers: You may or may not be interested in facts and figures, but recently a group of scientists set out to find the coolest-smoking pipe tobacco. In laboratory "smoking bowl" tests they found that Prince Albert burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average of the thirty other of the largest-selling brands tested...yes sir, Prince Albert burned coolest of all! Choice tobacco...

and cooler smoking. There is no other tobacco like Prince Albert.

This is Wendell Niles speaking...

*Cut on
1st show*

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!