

*As Broadcast  
Joined copy*

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

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #4

DATE: OCTOBER 28, 1949

(REVISED)

JIMMY DURANTE

with

DON AMECHE

**AS  
BROADCAST**  
*Master*

NBC (Hollywood Origination)

TIME: 6:30 P.M. PST

SUPERVISOR:

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN

DON BERNARD

CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

CAST

JIMMY DURANTE  
DON AMECHE  
VERA VAGUE  
SARA BERNER  
LURENE TUTTLE  
VERNA FELTON  
HANS CONREID  
DINK TROUT  
HOWARD PETRIE  
CREW CHIEFS  
GEORGE BARCLAY  
ED CHANDLER

WRITERS

NORMAN PAUL  
JACK BARNETT  
JACK ELINSON  
HAROLD GOLDMAN  
DICK MACKNIGHT

51458 1243

(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 DINK A DINK A DEE  
A DINK A DOO A DINK A DEE

(APPLAUSE)

OH WHAT A TUNE FOR CROONING

INKA DINK A DEE----

AMECHE: Ah Jimmy, you're singing even better since you attended the opening of the Los Angeles Opera this week.

DURANTE: YEAH DON, WHAT A CLASSY FEEASKO. ONE WOMAN WORE A DIAMOND TEEARA ON HER HEAD-- ANOTHER WOMAN WORE A CROWN OF RUBIES ON HER HEAD. BUT ALL EYES WERE UPON ME.

AMECHE: Why, what was on your head?

DURANTE: POP CORN! SOME BUM IN THE BALCONY HAD A LEAKY BAG!

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

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JIMMY DURANTE SHOW  
10-28-49

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

PETRIE:       In a coast-to-coast test, hundreds of people smoked only  
              Camels for thirty days, on an average of one to two packs  
              a day. Each week, noted throat specialists reported:  
              Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking  
              Camels! Make your own Camel mildness test -- you'll see  
              how rich and full-flavored, how cool and mild a cigarette  
              can be!

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

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MUSIC:       BRIDGE

(FINAL) -3-

AMECHE: You know, being a bachelor, Jimmy has a lot of time to go to the fights, wrestling matches, football games...and he always keeps dragging me along with him. He doesn't seem to realize that my wife sometimes gets suspicious when I'm not home night after night. He keeps right on including me in his plans. Like the other day, I answered the phone and sure enough....

DURANTE: (FILTER) HELLO DON, THIS IS JIMMY -- START PACKING. TOMORROW WE'RE HEADING FOR A HUNTING TRIP IN THE MOUNTAINS. THEY TELL ME THE <sup>wild game</sup> ~~DEER~~ ARE RUNNING AMUCK IN THE HIGH SARAHs.

AMECHE: But Jimmy....

DURANTE: IT'S ALL ARRANGED. I EVEN WENT AHEAD AND BOUGHT A HUNTING DOG FOR EACH OF US.

AMECHE: Wait a minute, Jim. It all sounds very nice, but what about my wife.

DURANTE: I'D LOVE TO HAVE HER ALONG, BUT I THINK THE DOGS WILL MAKE BETTER RETRIEVERS!

AMECHE: Now, Jim, I.....

DURANTE: DON, YOU OUGHT TO SEE THESE DOGS. ONE OF THEM IS A GENUINE PEDEGREE. IT'S A POINTER SETTER.

AMECHE: A pointer setter?

DURANTE: YEAH, IT POINTS WHERE IT SHOULD SET AND IT SETS WHERE IT SHOULD POINT! (A CANINE CATASTRASCOPE)

AMECHE: I might've known it! That's the dog for you. Now, what kind of dog is the other one?

DURANTE: I'M NOT SURE, BUT I KNOW IT AIN'T ONE OF THEM QUAIN'T SAINT BERNARDS....

AMECHE: Jimmy, how many times have I told you - there's no such word as ain't. It's isn't! Wherever you say ain't you *should* say isn't. Now what kind of dog is the other one?

DURANTE: I'M NOT SURE BUT I KNOW IT ISN'T ONE OF THEM QUISNT SIZZENT BERNARDS. BUT DON, START PACKING, THE DOGS AND I ARE PULLING AT THE LEECH.

AMECHE: Sounds wonderful Jim, but how can I talk my wife into letting me go?

DURANTE: LEAVE IT TO ME DON. I'LL COME OVER AND PURSUADE YOUR SPROUSE.

AMECHE: Oh Brother!

DURANTE: I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I MAKE A PHONE CALL TO WASHINGTON. I WANNA REGISTER A COMPLAINT WITH THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

AMECHE: A complaint?

DURANTE: YES, I SUFFERED A GREAT HUMILIATION. I WAS LAYING DOWN SUNNING MYSELF THIS MORNING WHEN TWO ADMIRALS WALKED BY, POINTED AT MY SCHNOZZ AND SAID, "YOU SEE, WE WERE RIGHT, THOSE B-36'S CAN'T EVEN GET OFF THE GROUND.

AMECHE: (CHUCKLING) All right, Jim, I'll see you later, after I talk to my wife.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER

AMECHE: Darling, darling, turn off that vacuum cleaner for a minute.

SOUND: VACUUM OUT

AMECHE: I'm still trying to got an answer. Why won't you let me go on that hunting trip with Jimmy?

TUTTLE: Because I'm tired of being neglected, Don. You're so busy running around with that Durante all the time, I'm constantly being left alone. People are beginning to talk.

AMECHE: What do you mean?

TUTTLE: When I walk down the street, the neighbors turn to each other and say, "Look, there goes Don's Other Wife."

AMECHE: Now darling, it's not that bad.

TUTTLE: Not that bad? Monday night you went to the wrestling matches. Wednesday night you went to the fight, Thursday night you went to the hockey game....and I suppose that tonight you're going to have another fun-filled evening.

AMECHE: Why no, darling, I'm going to stay home with you....Errr I mean.....

TUTTLE: And another thing, how do I know where you're really going with Jimmy. The other day I found a strange hair on your coat lapel. It's probably another woman.

AMECHE: Another woman?

TUTTLE: Yes, I can just see it. Some slinky creature with long blonde hair, tempting lips, sultry eyes, who wears a daring evening gown that exposes every curve.

AMECHE: Never mind how she looks --- what's her phone number?

TUTTLE: OH!

AMECHE: I'm just trying to show you how silly you are. That hair you found on my coat was probably Jimmy's. There's no other woman.

TUTTLE: Well, maybe so, but you can't blame me for being hurt. You wanted to go on a hunting trip and you completely forgot about taking me to the Halloween dance *tomorrow night*. *And I even ordered a new dress.*

AMECHE: Halloween dance? Oh, I did forget, and I'm sorry. I'll tell Jimmy the *hunting trip* ~~whole thing~~ is off.

TUTTLE: Well, that's more like it. Now I'd better get back to my cleaning. Help me move the couch, dear.

AMECHE: Okay.

SOUND: MOVING OF FURNITURE.

TUTTLE: There's so much dust in this corner I'd better get down behind the couch and clean it.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: HELLO DON, ABOUT THAT HUNTING TRIP, I THINK I GOT A SCHEME TO GET AROUND YOUR OLD LADY.

AMECHE: Jimmy, ixnay,..the wife-ay is behind the couch-gay.

DURANTE: I KNOW IT'S A VERY GAY LOOKING COUCH BUT LEMME TELL YOU HOW WE CAN GET AROUND YOUR OLD LADY.

AMECHE: Jim--Jim--the hunting trip is off...I have to take my wife to the Halloween dance tomorrow.

DURANTE: DON, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU. YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE FIRM WITH HER.

AMECHE: Jimmy, behind the couch...behind the couch!

DURANTE: AFTER ALL, A WOMAN IS JUST A RAG, A BONE AND A HANK OF HAIR.

TUTTLE: Hello, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: OH HELLO HANK!

TUTTLE: Schemes, eh? Something else to do with women, I bet. Maybe I wasn't wrong about that strange hair on Don's coat lapel.

AMECHE: Oh, there she goes again. Explain to her Jim..tell her that hair belonged you.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, I'LL LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND CHECK IF ANY ARE MISSING...ONE..TWO..THREE..SORRY, DON, THEY'RE ALL THERE. (WHEN THERE'S SO LITTLE MERCHANDISE, IT'S VERY EASY TO TAKE INVENTORY)



TUTTLE: Well, it's all adding up now. You know, lately Don hasn't been very attentive. Why he even forgot to send me flowers on my thirtieth birthday.

DURANTE: PLEASE MRS. AMECHE, LET'S NOT BLAME A MAN FOR SOMETHING HE FORGOT TO DO TEN YEARS AGO.

TUTTLE: What!?

AMECHE: Jimmy...Jimmy...Jimmy.,.,

DURANTE: (PLEASE DON I'M HELPING YOU!)

AMECHE: (SOTTO) Yeah the way President Truman helped Admiral Denfield.

TUTTLE: Well somehow Don and I are not as close as we used to be. Don hasn't taken me to a romantic spot in years.

DURANTE: SHE'S RIGHT, DON. WHY DON'T YOU TWO GET IN THE CAR ALONE, DRIVE TO THE TOP OF "LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN" AND SIT THERE AND SPOON AWHILE.

TUTTLE: But won't the police bother us?

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT,....DON KNOWS ALL THE COPS UP THERE!

TUTTLE: What!?

AMECHE: What he means is that I do police benefits and naturally they know....

TUTTLE: Don't bother to explain....I'm going upstairs.

AMECHE: But darling...I ...Ohhh, what's the use! Ah, that's marriage for you.

DURANTE: YEAH, IT'S LIKE THE ARMY AND NAVY AS SOON AS THEY UNIFY, THEY START FIGHTING.

AMECHE: Well one thing is definite, that hunting trip is off. And you went to the trouble of getting those dogs for you and me.

DURANTE: DURANTE AIN'T LICKED YET. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET IN GOOD WITH YOUR BITTER HALF. SAY MAYBE I COULD FINISH VACUUMING THE RUG FOR HER.

SOUND: VACUUM---DOOR BUZZER

AMECHE: Oh there's someone at the door, I'll get it.

SOUND: VACUUM OUT -- DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: (TOUGH) Package for Mrs. Ameche from Antoine and Pierre's.

AMECHE: Is that the dress my wife ordered?

PETRIE: Yeah and it's simply beautiful. It's got a gorgeous slim bodice of lace flounces with a white organdy hem and a simply darling shirred waistline.

AMECHE: You just deliver packages. How do you know all that?

PETRIE: Oh, I'm a cad....I peeked!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

AMECHE: I'll open the box and see how it looks.

SOUND: UNWRAPPING

AMECHE: Gee, it's beautiful! All white.

SOUND: VACUUM

DURANTE: WELL DON, I FINISHED THE VACUUMING AND I'LL EMPTY THE DUST BAG NOW.

AMECHE: Jimmy - wait - not in here --

SOUND: AIR BLOWING THROUGH HOSE

AMECHE: (COUGHS) Jimmy, look, my wife's dress!

DURANTE: IT'S LOVELY DON - BUT WHAT MADE HER PICK OUT BLACK?

AMECHE: Black! It was white before you got that dust all over it. Jimmy, what'll we do! My wife has to have this dress for the dance tomorrow.

DURANTE: THIS IS AN EMERGENCY - WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS DRESS DOWN TO THE CORNER LAUNDROMAT AND WASH IT OURSELVES

AMECHE: (WHISPERING) Let's sneak out with it quick, before my wife finds out.

TUTTLE: (CALLS) DON, WHAT ARE YOU TWO WHISPERING ABOUT?

AMECHE: (WHISPERING) Jim, think of something quick.

TUTTLE: Where are you going?

DURANTE: TO LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, DON IS DOING ANOTHER BENEFIT FOR THE POLICE!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: SLIGHT HUB BUB

AMECHE: Gosh, Jim, look how crowded this Laundromat is. You'd better take the dress up to the other end and look for an empty machine. I'll wait here.

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT. DURANTE WASHING DRESSES! AND WHAT'LL IT GET ME! CHAPPED HANDS AND A DISH PAN NOSE!

AMECHE: Someone might be through soon. Oh there's a woman who seems to be finishing. Oh pardon me Miss, are you all washed up?

VAGUE: No, I just look this way before I put my make-up on.

AMECHE: Why, Vera Vague.

(APPLAUSE)

AMECHE: What are you doing here, Miss Vague?

VAGUE: I've been here for hours washing my underthings, but I'm afraid I'm not too good at it....the machine seems to be stretching them just a little too much.

AMECHE: Why, what's happened?

VAGUE: My snuggies are now loosies! I don't think I'll ever come back to this laundromat. It's so discouraging.

AMECHE: What do you mean?

VAGUE: Look at the clothes the other girls are washing. That girl over there has a blouse with an embroidered heart that says, "With all my love...Eddie". And that one there has a pair of lace undies that say "To my passion flower.. George.".

AMECHE: What about you?

VAGUE: I've got a slip marked, "Yours truly..Sears and Roebuck!"  
~~Oh, toujours la Sigmund Engel!~~

AMECHE: Well I'd like to use your machine. Can you hurry it up a little.

VAGUE Listen, I'm pretty busy myself. I have to get ready for the big Halloween dance. You know, I'm going as a goblin!

AMECHE: Really, Miss Vague, I thought you usually go to costume affairs! (LAUGHS IT UP)

VAGUE: Oh bless you, Mr. Ameche. Has the city ever thought of condemning your mouth for overcrowding!

AMECHE: Well come on, Miss Vague, your clothes are finished. I'll help you put them in the bundle.

VAGUE: They're not finished yet. You've got to put them through the wringer.

AMECHE: Listen, don't tell me about washing clothes. After all, I'm the father of six children.

VAGUE: My, you've been through the wringer already! *Oh toujours la Sigmund Engel!*

AMECHE: Now listen here....

DURANTE: SAY, DON, I...OH, HELLO, MISS VAGUE!

VAGUE: Hello, Jimmy.

DURANTE: DON, I FINALLY GOT A MACHINE AND YOUR DRESS IS ALMOST DONE.  
IT'S RIGHT IN HERE.

AMECHE: O.K., let's see how it's doing. (EXCITED) Jimmy!  
Look..the dress! It's ripped up into little shreds.

DURANTE: *my own laundry could've done better*  
~~YOU'RE RIGHT, DON. WHAT A CATASTROPHIC!~~

AMECHE: Oh, that expensive dress. It was Antoine and Pierre's.

VAGUE: Now it's flotsam and jetsam.

AMECHE: Jimmy, it's ruined. What kind of soap did you put into  
that machine.

DURANTE: I CAN'T REMEMBER...SOMETHING WITH AN "O".

AMECHE: Sudso?

DURANTE: NO.

AMECHE: Flakeso?

DURANTE: NO.

AMECHE: Soapso?

DURANTE: NO.

AMECHE: What did you put in that machine?

DURANTE: NOW I REMEMBER...DRAINNO!

AMECHE: Oh, now we'll have to go to Antoine and Pierre's and get  
a new dress just like it. Now Miss Vague, whatever you  
do, don't tell my wife anything about this dress.

Understand?

VAGUE: (SUSPICIOUS) Oh sure, I'm beginning to understand very  
clearly.

AMECHE: Come on, Jim. Now remember, Vera...not a word to my wife.  
Goodbye.

VAGUE: Don't worry, my lips are sealed.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..PHONE RECEIVER UP..DJALING

VAGUE: Hello? Mrs. Ameche? This is Vera Vague. I don't want to upset you, but I think your husband has been buying a dress for another woman.

TUTTLE: Well Don's been acting strangely, but I can't believe he went that far!

VAGUE: That's the trouble with you...you're just like every other woman. You trust men too much. You'd do anything to hold a man, you have no pride, you'd throw yourself at a man's feet. Now I'll come over to your house and give you all the details. First, I've gotta find a pencil.

TUTTLE: Oh, do you want to take down my address?

VAGUE: No, I wanna write my phone number on the wall of this booth...you never know when a man may come along!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DURANTE: SAY DON, ON THE WAY TO ANTOINE AND PIERRE'S LET'S STOP OFF AT MY HOUSE. I WANNA SHOW YOU THOSE TWO HUNTING DOGS I BOUGHT.

AMECHE: (ANGRY) Oh please Jim, we're in enough trouble already.

DURANTE: DON, DON'T BE MAD AT ME.

AMECHE: Oh, I'm not mad at you, it's just that everything you do seems to turn out wrong.

DURANTE: I'M SORRY, DON, I GUESS I ALWAYS PUT MY FOOT IN IT.

MUSIC: "BORN TO BE PUSHED AROUND"

BORN TO BE PUSHED AROUND

DURANTE: I NEVER DO THE WRONG THING AT THE WRONG TIME  
IF I DO WRONG IT'S ALWAYS AT THE RIGHT TIME  
WHEN THINGS ARE GOING GREAT..I ALWAYS MESS THEM UP FINE  
I MUST HAVE BEEN BORN BENEATH A HARD LUCK SIGN!

SOME FOLKS WERE BORN UNDER ARIES...SIGN OF THE RAM  
SOME WERE BORN UNDER CAPRICORN ... SIGN OF THE GOAT  
SOME WERE BORN UNDER TAURUS..SIGN OF THE BULL  
BUT ME..I WAS BORN UNDER A STOP SIGN..YOU SEE THE  
AMBULANCE.....COULDN'T MAKE THE HOSPITAL!

WHY EVERYTIME I OPEN MY MOUTH...I'M ALWAYS IN A JAM  
I DON'T MEAN TO DO NO WRONG...IT'S JUST THE KIND OF GUY I  
AM!

CHORUS

SOME FOLKS WERE BORN TO BE PRESIDENT  
SOME FOLKS WERE BORN FOR WEALTH I HAVE FOUND  
SOME WERE BORN FOR FAME...BUT HONEST IT'S A SHAME!  
IT SEEMS THAT I WAS BORN TO BE PUSHED AROUND!

I KNOW I'M NO SOPHISTICATE - I NEVER ACT ALOOF  
AFTER ALL I'M ONLY HUMAN - BUT DON'T ASK ME FOR PROOF!

DURANTE;  
(CONT'D)

SOME FOLKS WERE BORN TO BE MILLIONAIRES  
IT'S GOT ME FLABBERGASTED AND CONFUSED  
WHY I TRIED BEING QUIET...MY LIPS I TRIED TO LOCK!  
BUT I TRIED IT ON A BUS...AND WHAT HAPPENED....HE WENT  
PAST MY BLOCK!  
I TAKE IT AND GRIN....WHAT A FIX I'M IN!  
IT SEEMS THAT I WAS BORN TO BE PUSHED AROUND!



DURANTE:

FOR EXAMPLE I 'M RIDING ON THE SUPER CHIEF AND I MEET A FELLOW NAMED JOE. HE'S SITTING IN THE DINER CRYING CAUSE HE HAS NO BERTH...SO I INVITED HIM TO SHARE MY UPPER.

IT WAS TOO CROWDED UP THERE FOR BOTH OF US TO GET UNDRESSED AT THE SAME TIME. SO....I COMES DOWN...JOE STAYS UP....HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT... THEN JOE COMES DOWN...I GOES UP...I TAKES OFF MY SHOES...I COMES DOWN.....JOE GOES UP..HE TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT. JOE COMES DOWN... I GOES UP....I TAKES OFF MY PANTS. I COMES DOWN...JOE GOES UP...HE PUTS ON HIS PAJAMAS...JOE COMES DOWN...I GOES UP.. I PUTS ON MY PAJAMAS. NOW WE'RE READY TO LIE DOWN AND GO TO SLEEP. AND WHAT HAPPENS...IT'S MORNING!

WE GOTTA START ALL OVER AGAIN!

I COMES DOWN...JOE STAYS UP. HE TAKES OFF HIS PAJAMAS.. JOE COMES DOWN...I GOES UP...I TAKES OFF MY PAJAMAS. I COMES DOWN...JOE GOES UP...HE PUTS ON MY PANTS. JOE COMES DOWN...I GOES UP..I PUT ON HIS SHIRT...I COMES DOWN...JOE GOES UP..HE PUTS ON MY SHOES. JOE COMES DOWN...I GOES UP...I PUTS ON HIS COAT. NOW I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M JOE, OR JOE IS ME. IT'S A CASE OF DOUBLE ~~IDENTITY~~ *exposure*. HE GETS OFF AT MY STATION AND I GETS OFF AT HIS STATION. HIS WIFE RUNS OVER TO ME, THROWS HER ARMS AROUND MY NECK, GIVES ME A KISS AND SAYS, "CONGRATULATIONS, JOE, YOU'RE THE FATHER OF A NINE POUND BABY BOY! WHAT A DILEMIA!

2ND CHORUS

I TAKE IT AND GRIN....WHAT A FIX I'M IN!

IT SEEMS THAT I WAS BORN TO BE PUSHED AROUND!

YES, SIR, IT SEEMS THAT I WAS BORN TO BE PUSHED AROUND!

(APPLAUSE)

BARKLEY: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today! 16<sup>22</sup>

AMECHE: You know, Friends, I've discovered a lot of things in the movies. And now I'd like to tell you about something I discovered in real life. I discovered just how mild a cigarette can be! That cigarette was Camels. Try Camels yourself and see if you don't agree with me.

PETRIE: Why thanks, Don! You make my work just that much easier. Friends, millions of smokers make Camels their regular cigarette -- because they like the rich, full flavor of Camel's costly tobaccos and because Camels are so wonderfully cool and mild. Among the millions of Camel smokers are many, many doctors. More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette, according to a nationwide survey. One hundred thirteenth thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors were asked what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel!

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 we had to replace that dress of my wife's before she found out it was ruined, so Jimmy and I lost no time in getting down to Antoine and Pierre's.

SOUND:      STREET NOISES

DURANTE:      THIS IS THE PLACE DON. ANTOIN AND PIERRE DRESS SALOON.  
WHAT AN EXCLUSIVE JOINT!

AMECHE:      Yeah. Just look at that sign. "If you see what you want in this window don't ask for it..you couldn't afford it!  
Come on, let's go in.

SOUND:      DOOR OPEN

CONREID:      (FRENCH) At your service, gentlemen. I am Pierre.

DURANTE:      OH HOW ARE YOU?

CONREID:      Comme ci comme ca....la la la...And you?

DURANTE:      CHIRABEE CHIRIBEE YA YA YA. (LAUGHS) .. PIERRE, YOU'RE  
NOT LAUGHING!

CONREID:      And that is the way it is going to be.

AMECHE:      Jim, I'll take over...Pierre, we'd like to exchange this dress.

CONREID:      Of course, but first I must see if it is damaged.

SOUND:      UNWRAPPING OF PAPER

CONREID:      Heavens to Adrian! Just look at this dress. Ze skirt is half torn off, the sides are missing, there is no more back and the front is all ripped off. I couldn't sell this to my customers.

DURANTE:      WHY NOT?

CONREID:      Not daring enough!

AMECHE:      Pierre, if you won't exchange it, can I buy one just like it. I'm desperate -- I must have it!

CONREID: Sorry, there is only one other model and it's already been bought by Mrs. Vanderwater. And oh, that reminds me, she's due here any minute for her final fitting and all my fitters are at lunch. I must go find them. Good day, Bon Ami.

DURANTE: AND A CAN OF OLD DUTCH CLEANSER TO YOU, TOO!...  
 AMECHE: *Oh and I thought I could replace that*  
~~And my wife thinks she's going to wear that dress to a~~  
~~Halloween dance.~~

DURANTE: *Don't it look like you've been*  
~~YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL HER, DON. YOU CAN'T KEEP HER~~  
 LABORING UNDER A MISPREAPREHENSION.

AMECHE: Wait a minute, Jim, that's Mrs. Vanderwater coming in now with her husband, I've seen their pictures in the paper.

DURANTE: SO WHAT?

AMECHE: Don't you see, this is our chance. While Pierre is out, maybe we can talk her out of that dress by pretending we're.....

SOUND: BOARD FADE

FELTON: Oh Egbert, aren't you glad I bought my dress here at *Antoine*  
*and* Pierres? It's so luxurious. These thick carpets...you sink right in.

TROUT: Yes, pick me up, dear, it's over my head.

FELTON: And wait till you see the elegant sales-people they have. Oh, here comes two of them now.

AMECHE: How do you do. I am Marcel Ameche, and this is Jacques Durante.

DURANTE: YES MADAME, WE'RE FRENCH COOTER-ARES.

FELTON: Oh, what do you specialize in?

DURANTE: COOTS!

FELTON: You know, it's strange that I haven't seen you around here before.

DURANTE: WELL WE JUST CAME OVER FROM PARIS.

FELTON: Really? What part of Paris?

DURANTE: FRANCE!

FELTON: How interesting....just over from Paris. You must know the latest fashion news. Tell me, are bustles on the way out.

DURANTE: THAT DEPENDS ON WHICH WAY YOU'RE FACING, MADAME.

FELTON: And what about those new French bathing suits. Are they really as shocking as they say?

AMECHE: Well, let me tell you about the new French polka dot bazing suit.

FELTON: What about it?'

AMECHE: One dot!

FELTON: Oh, what's it called?

DURANTE: TEN DOLLARS OR THIRTY DAYS!

FELTON: Oh Egbert, aren't they perfectly charming? Especially Monsieur Durante. Look at his face...isn't it typically French?

TROUT: Yes and I see he brought the Eiffel Tower over with him.

DURANTE: I HEAR A VOICE BUT ALL I CAN SEE IS A RUG!

(FINAL) -17-

AMECHE: Madam shall we proceed with ze fitting of ze dress?

FELTON: Of course. I'll go into the dressing room and slip it on.  
Egbert, will you come in and hold up my hem.

TROUT: Very well, dear. I'll get a chair to stand on.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: GOSH, DON, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO TALK HER OUT OF  
BUYING THE DRESS BEFORE PIERRE GETS BACK.

AMECHE: Yeah, we'll have to convince her in a hurry that the dress  
looks horrible.

DURANTE: GET SET DON. HERE SHE COMES, WEARING THE DRESS.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FELTON: Well, how do I look?

AMECHE: (FRENCH) I beg your pardon, sir?

FELTON: Sir?

AMECHE: Oh, it is you Mrs. Vanderwater, I didn't recognize you in  
that horrible outfit. That dress makes you look twenty  
years older, makes your figure lumpy, one shoulder droops,  
and from the back it gives you the appearance of...how <sup>you</sup> say,  
a grey hound bus.

FELTON: Oh, what do you think, Monsieur Durante?

DURANTE: WELL, I DON'T THINK IT LOOKS QUITE THAT NICE ON YOU!

AMECHE: Madame, you can not wear it. This dress is much too small.

FELTON: But it's just my size.....

DURANTE: THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS...MARCEL, LET'S TAKE HER MEASUREMENTS.

AMECHE: Oui, oui.

DURANTE: PLEASE, THIS IS NO TIME TO ARGUE...LET'S BEGIN.

AMECHE: Neck?

DURANTE: TWENTY FOUR.

AMECHE: Shoulders?

DURANTE: TEN (A VERY FAST DROP)

AMECHE: Waist?

DURANTE: FORTY TWO

AMECHE: Hips?

DURANTE: FORTY SIX. NOW I'LL TAKE THE OTHER HIP.

AMECHE: Length of right arm?

DURANTE: THIRTY EIGHT.

AMECHE: Length of left arm?

DURANTE: THIRTY SIX.

FELTON: Goodness, how did that happen?

DURANTE: YOU'VE BEEN USING YOUR RIGHT ARM TO PULL DOWN YOUR GIRDLE!

FELTON: Oooh, all this is ridiculous. Egbert, do you hear what they're saying? Neck, twenty-four, waist, forty-two, hips, forty-six.

TROUT: Yes, you are a tub!

FELTON: You keep quiet or I'll drop you back into the carpet.

AMECHIE: Has Madam decided about ze dress?

FELTON: Yes, I'm not taking it. Come on Egbert let's get  
out of here. These men are crazy.



TROUT: All right dear, but don't worry, to me you'll always  
be beautiful.

FELTON: Oh Egbert darling, do you really mean it?

TROUT: Yes, I'm a little crazy too!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CONREID: Well, Mr. Ameche, since Mrs. Vanderwater doesn't want  
the dress I'm having it sent to your house.

AMECHE: Zank you....errrr....I mean, thank you.

DURANTE: DON, YOU BETTER SEND IT TO MY HOUSE. YOU DON'T WANT  
YOUR WIFE TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

AMECHE: Oh you're right, Jim. Pierre, you understand, don't you?

CONREID: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Perfectly.

DURANTE: WELL IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU PIERRE. THE NEXT TIME  
I GO TO PARIS, MAYBE I CAN STIR UP SOME BUSINESS FOR YOU.

CONREID: Oh then you know Paree. You know Montmarte, Rue de  
la Paix, Arc de Triomphe.

DURANTE: CERTAINLY, THEY'RE THREE OF THE NICEST GUYS I EVER MET.

AMECHE: Now remember Pierre, not a word of this to my wife....  
(FADING) Not a word!

CONREID: Monsieur, my lips are sealed!...Au revoir.....Now let's  
see what is Mrs. Ameche's phone number. (BOARD FADE)

TUTTLE: And he paid cash for another woman's dress? (SOB)  
Thank you, Pierre. Goodbye.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN:

TUTTLE: Vera, you were right, Don's over at Jimmy's house right now! And I know there's another woman involved in this. Let's go over and catch them red-handed.

VAGUE: All right. Oh why am I always on the wrong end of these raids!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well, Jim, the worst is over, so while we're waiting for the dress to arrive let me take a look at those two hunting dogs you bought.

DURANTE: DON, YOU'LL LOVE THEM, AND I WANT YOU TO PICK OUT THE ONE YOU LIKE BEST -- COME ON, MY HOUSEKEEPER, MRS. MATARTZA IS GIVING THEM A BATH IN THE BACK ROOM.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN....BARKING OF DOGS:

BERNER: Come on a Bubbles and a Queenie. I gotta the tub ready. Nice a hot soapy water with a little flea powder. One.... two.....three....

SOUND: BIG SPLASH:

BERNER: Isn't that a nice? Now I'll get a out, and you get a in.

DURANTE: WELL, HOW ARE THE DOGS GETTING ALONG, MRS. MATARATZA?

BERNER: Okay, but I don't know why you bought this one. Look, it's a got a no hair on top, a big nose and when it barks, it's a voice sounds a like a sand paper.

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?

BERNER: Mr. Durante, if that dog ever learns a to play a the piano, you is a through.

BERNER:  
AMECHE:

(LAUGH)

BERNER: Mr. Durante, you're not laughing!

DURANTE: AND THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE.....THAT'S RIDICULOUS!  
MUSICAL DOGS!

BERNER: Not so ridiculous. These a two dogs always listen to the  
radio and they have a favorite a song.

AMECHE: Really? What's their favorite song?

BERNER: "Let's a Take an Old Fashioned Walk."

DURANTE: WELL DON, DO YOU WANT TO PICK OUT WHICH DOG YOU WANT NOW?

AMECHE: Okay.

BERNER: Oh, there's a somebody ringing the front door bell. I  
better go answer it.

SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS

BERNER: Oh, hello Mrs. Ameche. Hello Miss Vague.

TUTTLE: Never mind....where's Don?

BERNER: He's in the back room with Mr. Durante.

TUTTLE: I knew it. They're probably having a gay party. Come on,  
Vera! Oh, I knew I couldn't trust a man with a moustache!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

VAGUE: Well, if we put our ears to this ventilator, we can hear everything they say.

TUTTLE: ~~All right. We'll just tip our ears and listen.~~

DURANTE: (FADE ON) AREN'T THEY A COUPLE OF BEAUTIES DON?

AMECHE: Yeah, and this Bubbles is so affectionate. When I stroke her hair she just sits in my lap and snuggles!

TUTTLE: Oh, no!

DURANTE: WELL BUBBLES LIKES YOU BUT DON'T FORGET QUEENIE. LOOK AT THE WAY SHE SITS UP AND WAITES FOR YOU TO SCRATCH HER.

TUTTLE: Oh this is terrible!

VAGUE: Yes, some girls have all the luck!

AMECHE: It's kinda hard to choose between them. Queenie's got nice legs,

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT GET A LOAD OF BUBBLES. SINCE I PUT THAT LITTLE SWEATER ON HER SHE'S REALLY SOMETHING.

TUTTLE: Oh this is too much. Shall we break in now?

VAGUE: Not yet, this is educational.

AMECHE: Bubbles, please, I don't mind your kissing me, but your nose is cold! But Jim, I've decided. Bubbles really goes for me, so I think I'll take her home.

DURANTE: ARE YOU SURE YOUR WIFE WON'T MIND?

AMECHE: Naw, she's a good sport. They could even share the same room.

TUTTLE: Huh?

AMECHE: And if I want to pet Bubbles in the morning, all I gotta do is whistle!

VAGUE: I'm afraid we've heard enough.

TUTTLE: Yes, let's break this door down.

SOUND: DOOR BREAKING

AMECHE: Darling, what are you doing here?

TUTTLE: Don't darling me, you....you...philanderer...you two-timing  
....you....you...why, they're dogs!

VAGUE: Oh brother, have we been laboring under a mispreaprehension!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Jimmy - I explained everything to my wife and she's so  
embarrassed she's given me permission to go hunting with  
you.

DURANTE: THAT'S WONDERFUL. WE'LL LEAVE TOMORROW AT THE CRACK OF DAWN.

AMECHE: Ah, I can just see it! The thrill of the chase! Danger  
lurking behind every tree! Man against beast! The  
furious roar of the wounded animal surging toward us! A  
crack of the rifle and it's all over! Once more man  
conquers the savage beast. Oh, by the way, what are we  
going to hunt for?

DURANTE: (CUTE) RABBITS!!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF:

(APPLAUSE) ✓

27<sup>20</sup>

"THE JIMMY DURANTE SHOW"  
October 28, 1949

(REVISED)

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COMMERCIAL

27<sup>20</sup>

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

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

PETRIE: Each week, the makers of Camels send gift cigarettes to  
servicemen's and veterans' hospitals around the country.  
This week, the cigarettes go to: U.S. Army Station  
Hospital, Rapid City Air Force Base, South Dakota....  
U. S. Marine Hospital, Kirkwood, Missouri....Veterans'  
Hospital, Waco, Texas.

More than one hundred eighty-nine million free Camels  
have now been sent to servicemen, servicewomen and  
veterans. ✓

28<sup>05</sup>

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE

MUSIC: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU?"

DURANTE: NOW, WHO WILL BE WITH YOU  
WHEN I 'M FAR AWAY  
WHEN I 'M FAR AWAY, FROM YOU.  
LEMMIE HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO.

AMECHE: A delightful note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A MELLIFLURIOUS NOTE, MR. AMECHE.

AMECHE: Well Jim, looks as if we're all set for that hunting trip.

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT I FEEL SO BAD ABOUT HAVING TO INSULT MRS.  
VANDERWATER TO GET THE DRESS BACK THAT I CALLED MR..  
VANDERWATER OVER TO TELL HIM THAT WE'RE SORRY.

AMECHE: Yes, Mr. Vanderwater, we had to lie a little. Your wife *doesn't*  
*have a 42 waist and 46 hips and she*  
isn't fat and dumpy and she doesn't look like an old tub.

DINK: Please, I'll be the judge of that.

AMECHE: (LAUGHS) Good night Mr. Vanderwater. Good night Mr.  
Durate.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. AMECHE. GOOD NIGHT FOLKS. GOOD NIGHT MRS.  
CALABASH, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

MUSIC: PLAY OFF

(APPLAUSE) —

*2840*

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. ✓

28<sup>50</sup>

(APPLAUSE)

CHANDLER: Men, pack your pipes with Prince Albert! P.A.'s choice tobacco is rich and flavorful, and it's crimp cut for smooth, even burning and cool smoking. Yes, and it's specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Get Prince Albert, America's largest-selling smoking tobacco! It's the National Joy Smoke! ✓

29<sup>09</sup>

MUSIC: SNEAK:

PETRIE: Camel Cigarettes also invites you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday evening over these same stations. On Thursday, November 3rd, Camel Cigarettes will present "A Letter to Three Wives", starring Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell. Be sure to listen! ✓

29<sup>25</sup>

MUSIC: UP:

PETRIE: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS (2 beat pause) ON NBC!