

*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 #6

DATE: November '11, 1949

(REVISED)

JIMMY DURANTE

with

DON AMECHE

**AS  
BROADCAST**  
*Master*

NBC (Hollywood Origination)

TIME: 6:30 PM PST

SUPERVISOR

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN

DON BERNARD

CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

CAST:

JIMMY DURANTE  
DON AMECHE  
VERA VAGUE  
FLORENCE HALOP  
ELVIA ALLMAN  
FRANK NELSON  
PETER LEEDS  
HOWARD PETRIE  
CREW CHIEFS QUARTETTE

WRITERS:

NORMAN PAUL  
JACK BARNETT  
JACK ELINSON  
HAROLD GOLDMAN  
DICK POWELL

51458 1306

JIMMY DURANTE  
11-11-49

(FINAL) -1-

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

PETRIE: From Hollywood, Camel Cigarette present the Jimmy Durante Show! Starring Jimmy Durante and Don Ameche, with Vera Vague. / 54

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, what a voice, what a voice! But Jim, I hope your musical activities didn't keep you from voting last Tuesday.

DURANTE: NO DON, I VOTED, BUT WHAT TROUBLES! MY VOTING PLACE WAS IN A PRIVATE HOME, SO I GOT UP AT SIX IN THE MORNING, WENT OVER TO THE HOUSE, RUSHED INTO THE BOOTH, AND PULLED THE LEVER.

AMECHE: What happened?

DURANTE: I GOT A HOT SHOWER, I STEPPED INTO THE WRONG BOOTH!

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

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW  
11-11-49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

PETRIE:     No throat irritation!...Not one single case of throat  
              irritation due to smoking Camels -- that's what noted  
              throat specialists reported in a coast-to-coast test.

BARCLAY:    There were hundreds of men and women in this test. For  
              thirty days, they smoked no cigarette but Camels, averaging  
              one to two packs of Camels a day. Each week, the  
              specialists examined the throats of these smokers and they  
              reported not one single case of throat irritation due to  
              smoking Camels!

PETRIE:     That's how mild Camels are!

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

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51458 1308

MUSIC:      BRIDGE

AMECHE:      You know, although Jimmy Durante is my best friend and there isn't a sweeter guy in the world, my wife just doesn't seem to feel that Jim fits into our social world. For instance, when she finally managed to snare the famous opera singer, Madama Barcaroll for a musicale at our home....who did she leave off the invitation list.....

TUTTLE:      No use arguing, Don. I'm not inviting Jimmy Durante to my musicale.

AMECHE:      But darling, why?

TUTTLE:      The last time I invited him to one of our parties, he ruined everything.

AMECHE:      How?

TUTTLE:      He accepted!

AMECHE:      But I can't turn Jimmy down...you invited Vera Vague and everyone else on the show. Why are you so afraid to have him among your society friends?

TUTTLE:      Well, he's just not very cultured. After all, he's had very little schooling.

AMECHE:      Well, it's not his fault. He was very poor and he had to quit in the third grade and go to work in a factory.

TUTTLE:      How did he get a job in a factory when he was in the third grade?

AMECHE:      They were looking for eighteen year old boys!..Now look, dear...Jimmy's coming over here any minute.. Don't make up your mind about inviting him until you see how refined he can really be.

TUTTLE: All right, I'll give the Schnozz. another chance.

AMECHE: And there's another thing... the Schnozz. Jimmy's very sensitive about his nose. When he comes in, don't make fun of it. Just shake hands with it and let it go at that.

TUTTLE: O.K. O.K. But Don dear ....this strapless evening dress I'm wearing..I bought it especially for the musicale..but I'm a little worried. I have the feeling that it makes me look thin and scrawny.

AMECHE: Well maybe the hem is too long. Stand up on the table and I'll fix it for you.

TUTTLE: Okay. .There.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

DURANTE: HELLO, DON, YOU'RE HAVING A LOT OF PEOPLE AT YOUR PARTY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD'VE GOTTEN A FATTER TURKEY?

TUTTLE: What?

AMECHE: Jimmy, this is my wife.

DURANTE: THANK GOODNESS YOU TOLD ME, I WAS JUST REACHING FOR THE DRUMSTICK.

AMECHE: (FORCED LAUGH) Jim I was just telling my wife what an asset you'd be to our musicale.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY. TO LIVEN IT UP, I'VE EVEN BEEN PRACTISING SOME CARD TRICKS. HERE, MRS. AMECHE, TAKE A CARD..ANY CARD.

TUTTLE: Well, I.....

DURANTE: GO AHEAD, TAKE ONE. NOW PUT IT BACK. NOW I SHUFFLE ALL THE CARDS, CUT....AND...IS THIS YOUR CARD?

TUTTLE: No.

DURANTE: WELL....FIFTY ONE TO GO!

TUTTLE: See what I mean, Don? Mr. Durante, the <sup>people</sup>~~party~~ I'm inviting to my musicale just aren't your kind. We would have to seat you at the dinner table between John Schyler, President of the Metropolitan Opera Association and William Jensen, Chairman of the American Institute of Art. Now do you honestly think you'd be happy with them?

DURANTE: IF THEY DON'T MAKE PIGS OF THEMSELVES WITH THE BOILED POTATOES, WE'LL HIT IT OFF FINE!...BUT MRS. AMECHE, IF YOU FEEL THAT THOSE FELLOWS AND I WON'T GET ALONG...

TUTTLE: (EXPECTANTLY) Yes?

DURANTE: DON'T INVITE 'EM!

TUTTLE: (SLOW AND MENACING) Don, dear?!

AMECHE: Jim, maybe you and I better go into the den.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, DON, I DIDN'T TELL WHY I CAME HERE. LOOK BEHIND MY BACK, MRS. AMECHE, I BROUGHT YOU A VASE OF FLOWERS FOR THE MUSICALE.

AMECHE: Aw, look dear, isn't that sweet of him? He brought all kinds..zinnias, delphiniums, chrysanthymums, rhodedendrons, and nasturtiums, trimmed with blooming pyracanthum philidelphus.

DURANTE: YOU'RE WRONG, DON. I DO HAVE ZINNIAS, DELPHINIUMS, CHRYSANTHUMS, RHODEDENDRONS AND NASTURTIUMS, BUT THEY ARE NOT TRIMMED WITH BLOOMING PYRACANTHUM PHILIDELPHUS.

TUTTLE: But they look like blooming pyracanthum philidelphus.

DURANTE: BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE NOT BLOOMING PYRACANTHEM PHILIDELPHUS. AND PLEASE LET'S NOT ARGUE ABOUT IT ANYMORE.

AMECHE: Why not?

DURANTE: THIS VASE HAS A SLOW LEAK AND THE WATER IS DRIPPING ALL OVER ME!

TUTTLE: Ohhh, if you'll excuse me, I have to call up our guest of honor, Madame Barcaroll.

DURANTE: OH, THAT REMINDS ME, MRS. AMECHE. IF YOU NEED AN ACCOMPANIST I'D BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO PLAY THE PIANO FOR HER.

TUTTLE: Hah!

AMECHE: Well, Jim, I don't think you're up to that classical stuff.

DURANTE: DON, I'M SHOCKED BEYOND CHAGRIN. WHY, I PLAY THE PIANO BETTER THAN JASHA HEIFITZ.

TUTTLE: But Yasha Heifitz plays the violin.

DURANTE: I KNOW, I MADE IT SO HOT FOR HIM, HE HAD TO TAKE UP ANOTHER INSTRUMENT!

TUTTLE: Well, I've already got someone in mind for the job.

DURANTE: WELL, I'LL STAND BY IN CASE YOU NEED ME. BUT NOW I MUST BE GOING. GOODBYE DON. BOODBYE, MRS. AMECHE. OR AS THEY SAY IN SPANISH, "AUF-WEED-ER-ZAIN".

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TUTTLE: Don, I've made up my mind. I can't risk having Jimmy at my party.

AMECHE: But he's my friend..I want him to be there.

TUTTLE: Don, you never agree with me about anything anymore.  
Sometimes, I wonder what made you marry me.

AMECHE: Please...let's keep your mother out of this!

TUTTLE: Now let's not argue anymore. Will you please go out and  
mail THE REST OF these invitations. I've still got Madame  
Barcaroll to call.

AMECHE: All right. (ASIDE) Oh, Vice President Barkley, if you  
only knew what you were letting yourself in for! ...  
(ALoud) Goodbye, precious.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE...PHONE DIALING

TUTTLE: (OVER DIALING) Oh, If Barkley's fiancée only knew what  
she was letting herself in for. Hello? Madame Barcaroll?  
This is Mrs. Ameche. Wonderful news! You know the famous  
pianist, Michael Perry, you're dying to meet. Well, I've  
invited him to our musicale as your accompanist. Yes, the  
one and only Michael Perry...I'm sure you'll be....

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Oh, there's a mail box up the street. Just look at these  
invitations. The Kensington's ... Mrs. Rhinehart...  
Michael Perry..people I don't even know. But not my friend  
Jimmy! Well, I guess I'll get the invitations off. Er..  
pardon me, Miss, has there been a mail pickup lately?

VAGUE: No, but it isn't because I'm not trying!

AMECHE: Why, Vera Vague!  
(APPLAUSE)



VAGUE: Hello, Mr. Ameche, I've just been shopping for some things to wear at your musicale. I bought a very daring strapless evening gown, with a little emergency kit in the back.

AMECHE: An emergency kit for a strapless evening gown?

VAGUE: Yes. In case anything happens, I press a button and it lays down a smoke screen while I hook up a pair of suspenders! Oh, toujours la safety zone!

AMECHE: Well, I'm sure you'll be a sensation at our affair.

VAGUE: Oh, I just love parties. I'll never forget the first party I ever went to. I was sweet sixteen and so bashful. One boy tried to kiss me and I refused. And today I have just one thing to say to that boy.

AMECHE: What?

VAGUE: Where are you, now that I need you?

AMECHE: But Miss Vague, I don't understand. Here you're complaining about men and look at your third finger left hand. There's a diamond wedding ring on it.

VAGUE: Well, it isn't exactly a wedding ring and there's not really a diamond in it.

AMECHE: Well, what is in the ring?

VAGUE: A little note that says, "Vacancy...please see management!" But Mr. Ameche, about the party I hope you have some men my own age there.

AMECHE: Sorry but A.J. Jolson couldn't make it. (LAUGHS)

VAGUE: Oh bless you, Mr. Ameche, I've got my car running on the street. Would you like to come over and smell the exhaust pipe for awhile!

AMECHE: Well, I'm sorry, Miss Vague, you caught me in kind of a bad mood. You see, I've got to do something right now and it might mean that I'll lose my best friend.

VAGUE: Oh...you're going to have a tooth pulled! But I know why you're blue. You've been fighting with your wife over not inviting Jimmy to the party.

AMECHE: Miss Vague, you're up to your old tricks. You've been spying on my wife and me again.

VAGUE: I <sup>was</sup>~~was~~ not.

AMECHE: Then how did you know all that?

VAGUE: I just happened to be walking past your keyhole on my knees. But <sup>Mr Amiche</sup> what kind of a man are you to do this to your best friend.

AMECHE: Well...you're right, Miss Vague. I'm going to have Jimmy at that affair. I'll pick out one of these invitations and give it to him. Let's see...Here's one for Michael Perry.

VAGUE: I don't know him.

AMECHE: Neither do I and I doubt if my wife does...come on over to Jim's home, Miss Vague. He's getting Michael Perry's invitation!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

VAGUE: Hello, Jim.

AMECHE: Hiya, Jim

DURANTE: OH DON...VERA...WELCOME TO MY RESADOO. SORRY I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN, BUT I WAS ENGROSSED IN READING THE LATEST BOOK IN MY LIBRARY...ARROWSMITH!

AMECHE: Jim, are you still on that book? You've had it for years.

DURANTE: I KNOW, DON, BUT I WAS TOLD THAT TO BE EDUCATED, YOU HAD TO READ THIRTY MINUTES EVERY DAY....AND THAT'S BEEN MY TROUBLE.

VAGUE: What do you mean?

DURANTE: BEFORE I CAN GET TO THE END OF THE FIRST SENTENCE, THE THIRTY MINUTES ARE UP AND THE NEXT DAY I GOTTA START ALL OVER AGAIN! (AND I 'M GETTING TIRED OF "COPYWRITE..NEW YORK....1923")

AMECHE: Well, you can get back to the book in a minute, Jim. Here.....I brought you your invitation to our musicale. My wife forgot to give it to you at the house.

DURANTE: OH, THAT EXPLAINS IT. THE WAY SHE WAS ACTING, I THOUGHT SHE WASN'T GONNA INVITE ME. BUT I KNEW YOU'D INVITE ME TO YOUR SOIREE, DON. WHAT A PAL YOU ARE! YOU'RE THE BEST GUY IN ALL LOS ANGELES.

AMECHE: No, Jim, you're the best guy in all Los Angeles.

DURANTE: DON, YOU'RE THE BEST GUY IN ALL CALIFORNIA.

AMECHE: No, you're the best guy in all California..

DURANTE: YOU'RE THE BEST GUY WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

AMECHE: No, you're the best guy west of the Rockies.

VAGUE: Attention, Kansas City, they should be passing through any minute.

AMECHE: Now, don't forget, Jim, the invitation says you have to come formal. Do you have a tuxedo?

DURANTE: NO, BUT I KNOW WHERE I CAN RENT ONE.

AMECHE: Well, don't get anything too flashy, Jim. After all, you know your taste in clothes is not impeccable.

DURANTE: DON, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW WHEN IT COMES TO CLOTHING, I'M JUST AS PECCABLE AS THE NEXT GUY. WHY, I'M KNOWN AS ONE OF THE BEST DRESSED MEN IN AMERICA.

11 30

(INTO JIMMY'S SONG "DURANTE, THE WELL DRESSED MAN")

JIMMY THE WELL DRESSED MAN

-12 and 13-

DURANTE: I 'M JIMMY THAT WELL DRESSED MAN  
AN INTERNATIONAL SORT OF DAPPER DAN  
ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON I CAN 'T RESIST THE URGE  
TO WALK DOWN THE BOULEVARD IN MY SHINY BLUE SERGE  
(DON 'T WORRY, WHEN I PASS A PEDESTRIAN I SWITCH IT TO DIM)  
*(what I did, it do to that sentence)*  
JUST FEEL THIS NIFTY PIECE OF GABARDINE  
YOU KNOW IT 'S THE FINEST PIECE OF GOODS YA EVER SEEN.  
I HOPE YA DON 'T THINK THAT THIS SUIT IS ALL THAT I OWN  
IT 'S RIDICULOUS (WHY I SPENT THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR  
ON MOTHBALLS ALONE!  
I 'M JIMMY THAT WELL DRESSED MAN  
DENY THAT IF YOU CAN.

AMEGHE: I can't deny it!

~~DURANTE: I 'M JIMMY THAT WELL DRESSED MAN.~~

2nd CHORUS

I 'M JIMMY THAT WELL DRESSED MAN  
MORE FAMOUS THAN LADY WINDERMERE 'S FAN  
YOU KNOW JUST YESTERDAY I WALKS OUTTA HART SHAFFNER AND  
MARX

WEARING MY NEW SLACKS BUT  
THEY WAS TOO TIGHT...I BENDS OVER AND WHAT HAPPENS?  
HART SHAFFNER AND MARX DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP!

(SINGS) I 'M JIMMY THAT WELL DRESSED MAN

DENY THAT IF YOU CAN, *yes, sir - deny that if you can.*

~~AMEGHE: I can't deny it.~~

~~DURANTE: I 'M JIMMY THAT WELL DRESSED MAN!~~

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU SAY, DONSY, SHALL WE HAVE A CAMEL?

AMECHE: Why, that's the best idea you've had tonight!

DURANTE: LIGHT?

AMECHE: Delighted!

PETRIE: Ah, it's wonderful to see those two boys so happy!  
You know, friends, Camels are the favorite cigarette  
of millions of smokers. Camel's costly tobaccos are  
expertly blended to give you just what you want in a  
cigarette -- rich, full flavor and cool, cool mildness.  
Make the Camel thirty-day test and see just how mild  
Camels are!

BARCLAY: 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!

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! *Don't you want*  
~~WON'T YOU TRY A CAMEL?~~

(APPLAUSE)

*Music: Bridge*

AMECHE: Well, so Jimmy finally had an invitation to my wife's big musicale...even though he didn't know the invitation was really supposed to go to Mr. Michael Perry. And <sup>now</sup> ~~now~~ Jim was making preparations. On the day of the party, when I came into his room, I heard the shower going.

DURANTE: (77) OH, DON, IS THAT YOU?

AMECHE: Yeah, Jim.

DURANTE: (77) GOOD...YOU CAN HELP ME. THROW IN MY UNDERSHIRT AND SHORTS TO PUT ON.

AMECHE: O.K., here you are.

DURANTE: (77) NOW MY THICK SOCKS.

AMECHE: Here it is.

DURANTE: (77) NOW MY NICE WARM SWEATER.

AMECHE: There you are. Just coming out of the shower, huh?

DURANTE: (77) NO, JUST GOING IN, I'M NOT AS RUGGED AS I USED TO BE!

AMECHE: Well, you better take the shower, Jim. Your barber just came in. Slip into your bathrobe.

DURANTE: (77) GOOD, I'VE <sup>asked him over especially.</sup> ~~BEEN EXPECTING HIM,~~ I WANNA LOOK RIGHT FOR THE PARTY. OH, HELLO, MONSIEUR BARBER, GLAD YOU GOT HERE.

LEEDS: Are you ready for the haircut?

DURANTE: YES, I'LL SIT RIGHT DOWN HERE. NOW I WANT CLIPPERS ON THE BACK ONLY, SCISSORS ON THE SIDE, SIDEBURNS MEDIUM LENGTH, TRIM THE FRONT A LITTLE, NOT TOO MUCH OFF THE BACK AND NOT TOO SHORT NEAR THE PART.

LEEDS: O.K., here I go.

SOUND: ONE SNIP OF SCISSORS

LEEDS: That does it, ...see you again next month!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: GOOD BARBER, EH DON?

AMECHE: Yeah, I never thought he'd find it that fast!..But Jim,

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

DURANTE: THAT MUST BE MY MANICURIST. DURANTE IS GOING ALL OUT  
FOR HIS SOCIETY DEBREE. COME IN.

AMECHE: Well, Jim, we haven't got much time. She'll have to  
hurry.

HALOP Relax, boys, it's Hotbreath Halahan.

DURANTE: PASS THE SAUCE, SHE JUST BARBECUED MY RIBS!...BUT MISS  
HOTBREATH, YOU KNOW DON AMECHE, MY COLIC.

HALOP: Hello there..tall, tan..and how did you ever crowd so  
many teeth into one mouth!....would you like one of my  
special deluxe manicures. It includes a kiss on each  
pinky.

AMECHE: What does it do for the fingernails?

HALOP: They curl up and fall off...but they die happy!

DURANTE: IF YOU'RE GONNA GO, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY!....BUT HOTBREATH  
I'M THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO GET THE MANICURE.

HALOP: Okay, Banana Beak. My, what tantalizing tips.  
But this finger here....it has a hangnail.

DURANTE: GOSH, WILL YOU HAVE TO USE TWEEZERS TO TAKE IT OUT?



HALOP: No, I just lean close, the hangnail takes one look at me, turns to the cuticle and says, "So long fellas, I've got a better place to go!"

AMECHE: I was wondering why my toenails were trying to fight their way out of my shoes!

HALOP: It's not unusual, Fringe Lip. I've got plenty of appeal.

AMECHE: (IMITATING HOTBREATH) Well, I've got a little appeal myself.....cute, cuddly.....and how did you ever get so many curves into so little dress!

DURANTE: MY BOY HAS COUNTER-ATTACKED!.....BUT, FRAULEIN HOTBREATH, NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED MY MANICURE, WHAT ELSE CAN YOU SUGGEST TO MAKE ME IRRESISTABLE FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT?

HALOP: Well, if you really want to be irresistible, you ought to put something behind each ear.

DURANTE: LIKE WHAT?

HALOP: For you, something exciting, something different..... hair! So long, boys!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS: *closes*

DURANTE: WELL, DON, I'M ALL SET NOW EXCEPT FOR THE TUXEDO.

SOUND: PHONE RING:

AMECHE: I'll get it.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP:

AMECHE: Hello? What? Oh no! Well, I'll tell him.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN:

AMECHE: That was the Tuxedo Service, Jim. A wedding came up and they had to rent out the tuxedo you reserved. Haven't you got an old one around you can wear?

DURANTE: YEAH, DON, BUT IT'S TWENTY FIVE YEARS OLD AND WHEN I PUT IT ON, IT HAS A BARE MIDRIFF. IT'S A SCOTCH TWEED.

AMECHE: What do you mean?

DURANTE: THE PANTS TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND THE COAT TAKES THE LOW ROAD.

AMECHE: Come on, we'll find you one somewhere.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: This is the last place left to get that tux, Jim...Surrey Brothers, Limited. They cater to the English set here in Hollywood.

DURANTE: YEAH, DON, WHAT A HIGH CLASS HABERDASHERY. I'M AFRAID.

AMECH: Oh, it's not too high class. Er...there's the floorwalker. How do you do, sir? I parked my Cadillac in your lot. May I have a parking check please?

NELSON: Parking check for your Cadillac? Good heavens, man, haven't you heard...we don't give them back.

DURANTE: LOOK GARSON, WE CAME HERE TO BUY SOME THINGS. WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF US?

NELSON: Very well. Do you have a charge account?

AMECHE: No, we thought we'd pay cash.

NELSON: Cash? Do you have any means of identification!...But now tell me what you want and I hope we haven't got it.

AMECHE: My friend here, needs a complete outfit for a musicale.

DURANTE: YES, I'D LIKE A STIFF SHIRT, BLACK SILK SOCKS, CUFF LINKS, BLUE BVD'S AND A TUXEDO.

NELSON: Well, I think I can get you a cutaway.

DURANTE: A CUTAWAY? THEN YOU BETTER MAKE THAT PINK BVD'S. IF THEY'RE GOING TO SHOW, I WANT SOMETHING FANCY!

NELSON: (DISGUSTED) Ooooh, I don't think you're the type we serve.  
We're used to getting the British crowd.

AMECHE: But Mr. Durante here is a very good friend of the James  
Masons.

DURANTE: YES, HAD TEA WITH THEM JUST YESTERDAY.

NELSON: Oh, then you probably know the Basil Rathbones too.

DURANTE: YES, HAD TEA WITH THEM THE DAY BEFORE.

NELSON: And the Rex Harrison's

DURANTE: TEA WITH THEM THE DAY BEFORE THAT.

NELSON: My, you're quite popular.

DURANTE: OH, YES, MY TEA BAG HASN'T BEEN DRY FOR WEEKS!

NELSON: Ooooooooooh, aren't you the soggy one!

AMECHE: Come on, let's see a tuxedo.

NELSON: Don't rush me, brush mush. We have just one left. Here it  
is..... it's a size forty eight.

AMECHE: We haven't got any time left, we'll have to take it.

DURANTE: BUT DON.....

NELSON: It may not be too big. Here...slip on the jacket.

DURANTE: O. K. THERE.

NELSON: Whoops...you missed the arm hole.

DURANTE: I DIDN'T MISS IT, I FELL THROUGH IT!

NELSON: Well, your nose hooked onto the other sleeve and broke the  
fall. But try it on again. There...you're into it.

AMECHE: It does look a trifle large, Jim. Turn around, I want to  
see the back.

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT.

AMECHE: Turn around again....the jacket didn't move!

NELSON: If I put a table in there, you can set up light housekeeping.

DURANTE: WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT. LET'S GO.

AMECHE: Wait a minute, Jim, aren't you going to put on the pants?

DURANTE: WITH A JACKET LIKE THIS, PANTS ARE A MOCKERY!

AMECHE: Well, come on. We're set for the musicale!

MUSIC: BRIDGE:

SOUND: PARTY NOISES UNDER:

TUTTLE: Oh, Don, dear, I wonder why the accompanist I invited for Mrs. Barcaroll hasn't arrived yet. She's beginning to look restless.

AMECHE: Don't worry, he's bound to show up soon. Oh, there's Vera Vague. Miss Vague, having a nice time at the party?

VAGUE: Oh, wonderful! But, I must keep circulating. I think that crowd over there is starting another game of spin the bottle. And I just know that the bottle will always stop at me.

AMECHE: How do you know?

VAGUE: I'm no fool.....I brought along a loaded bottle!.....

~~Toodlee.~~

AMECHE: What a character.

TUTTLE: Wait a minute, Don. Isn't that Jimmy Durante coming in in that ridiculously large tuxedo?

AMECHE: Yes dear, I meant to tell you. I invited Jimmy after all.

TUTTLE: Don, you didn't! Oh, he's coming this way!

AMECHE: (ASIDE) Please try to be nice to him. (ALoud) Jim, I'm glad to see you. Let me shake your hand.

DURANTE: JUST A MINUTE, DON, I COULD HAVE SWORN I HAD IT IN THIS SLEEVE SOMEWHERE!.....OH, GOOD HEAVENS MRS. AMECHE. MY, YOU LOOK DISTINCTIFIED. WHAT A LOVELY EVENING GOWN.

TUTTLE: Thank you.

DURANTE: TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T HAVE YOUR SIZE EITHER.

TUTTLE: Oh, what a night. Durante here.....and now, Madame Barcaroll told me she'd leave unless she could meet the famous pianist, Michael Perry, and he isn't here yet.

AMECHE: Michael Perry! Holy smoke! I gave Jimmy Michael Perry's invitation.

TUTTLE: Oh, heavens!

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I'M HERE UNDER A MISPREAPREHENSION!

TUTTLE: Oh, Don, my musicale is ruined!

AMECHE: Darling, Jimmy can play the piano...for tonight, he can be Michael Perry.

TUTTLE: But Jimmy couldn't.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT, DON, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

AMECHE: It's simple. All you have to keep saying is "delighted".  
Come on, I'll start introducing you around. (CALLS)  
Oh, Mr. Kensington, I'd like you to meet Mr. Michael  
Perry.

PETRIE: How do you do, sir.

DURANTE: DEE - LIGHTED!

AMECHE: Er...Stanford Clinton....Michael Perry.

JELLIS: It's an honor to meet you.

DURANTE: DEE - LIGHTED!

AMECHE: Oh, Mrs. Simmons, this is Michael Perry.

HALOP: Charmed.

DURANTE: DEE - LIGHTED!

HALOP: Mr. Perry, my husband was so anxious to meet you, but he  
couldn't make it tonight. He was hit by a car and broke  
his leg.

DURANTE: DEE - LIGHTED!

AMECHE: Oh, he didn't really mean that. Mr. Perry, you weren't  
actually glad to hear that her husband was run over by  
a car, were you?

DURANTE: DEE - LIGHTED!

HALOP: Oh, I'm leaving!!

DURANTE: DEE - LIGHTED!

AMECHE: Jimmy, you better get off that delighted routine. Here  
comes Madame Barcaroll. For heaven sakes', talk music.

ELVIA: Oh, I've just heard through the guests that you've  
arrived. So this is the famous Michael Perry.

DURANTE: GOOD EVENING, MADAME BARBASOL. I 'M SORRY I WAS LATE,  
BUT I JUST TOOK A PIANO LESSON FROM PETER ILLIAITCH  
TACHAKOWSKY.

ELVIA: But he's dead!

DURANTE: NO WONDER HE WOULDN 'T TAKE ANY MONEY!

AMECHE: Yes, Tschakowsky is sentimental that way.

ELVIA: Oh, come, Mr. Perry, let us go out onto the balcony  
and you can tell me all you know about music.

DURANTE: VAUGHN MONROE....THAT SAVES US BOTH A TRIP!

ELVIA: Oh, you are so droll! I feel that I should get much  
closer to you.

DURANTE: THEN, STEP INSIDE MY TUXEDO, THERE'S ROOM IN THERE FOR  
EVERYONE!

ELVIA: Oh, never mind. Mr. Ameche, announce us. We're ready  
to begin the concert.

AMECHE: O.K. (ANNOUNCES) Ladies and gentlemen, our concert  
is about to begin.

CAST: SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE

AMECHE: Madame Barcaroll is now taking her place in front of  
the piano....Mr. Perry's tuxedo is now sitting down on  
the piano stool. Now, Mr. Perry sits down.

ELVIA: Allright, Mr. Perry, let's proceed. *Ladies and Gentlemen* My first number will be Die Meistersinger from Tannhauser, opus number five, allegro con moto. I begin. (SINGS FANCY OPERA STUFF .. THEN STOPS)

MUSIC: PIANO HITS "INKA DINKA DOO"

ELVIA: Wait a minute .. wait a minute .. is that Die Meistersinger from Tannhauser?

DURANTE: NO, IT'S THE INKA DINK FROM DOO!

ELVIA: Do you call that piano playing? I'm disappointed in you. I must have a real piano player, like Jose Iturbi.

(INTO "WHEN A REAL PIANO PLAYER") *24<sup>25</sup>*



REAL PIANO PLAYERS

DURANTE: I'M EVEN BETTER! CAN HOSAY ITURBI PLAY THIS. (CHORD)  
OR THIS? (CHORD) OR THIS? (CHORD)  
OR THIS? (CHORD) OR THIS? (CHORD))  
OR THIS? (CHORD) OR THIS? (CHORD)  
AH HOSAY MAKE WAY FOR NOSAY.

ALLMAN: Why my dear, you're sensational! What are we waiting for?  
Let's go!  
(SINGS) 'CAUSE IT'S A THRILL WHEN A REAL PIANO PLAYER  
SITS DOWN AT THE KEYS  
IT MAKES ME WEAK IN THE KNEES  
TO HEAR HIM....

DURANTE: (PLAYS RUN)

DURANTE: WHAT A KICK..WHEN A REAL PIANO PLAYER STARTS TO TINKLE  
AWAY

ALLMAN: IT MAKES YOUR VOICE LIGHT AND GAY  
WHEN HE GOES...

DURANTE: (PLAYS RUN)

ALLMAN: I'M COMPLETELY GONE...I'M BESIDE MYSELF

DURANTE: SAY, I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR BLISS  
DON'T GET EXCITED MISS...CONTROL YOURSELF!

ALLMAN: BUT ITURBI WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

DURANTE: LISTEN CLOSE ....(RUN) (YOU KNOW, THAT AIN'T CHOPPED  
LIVER!)

ALLMAN: OH HEAR THOSE HARMONIES.

51458 1330

SONG (CONT)

-25A-

DURANTE: YOU KNOW THIS IS VERY TIRING..I PLAY WITH ALL MY MIGHT  
ALLMAN: KEEP THOSE IV'RIES TINKLING, I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT  
DURANTE: 'CAUSE IT'S A THRILL WHEN A REAL PIANO PLAYER SITS DOWN  
AT THE KEYS. (PLAYS SOLO ENDING IN LONG RUN)  
ALLMAN: Ohhhh, look at that technique! He's magnificent!  
DURANTE: (RUN ON PIANO)  
ALLMAN: Oh, please, stop it please. Oh please, please stop! I'm  
only human.  
DURANTE: I SHOW NO MERCY. (LAUGH) (PIANO RUN CONTINUES)  
DURANTE: PADEREWSKI, ITURBI....WERE GUYS I ADMIRED!  
ALLMAN: FORGET THEM ALL...NAME YOUR PRICE...MY BOY YOU'RE HIRED!  
DURANTE: WHAT A THRILL WHEN A REAL PIANO PLAYER  
SITS DOWN AT THE KEYS!  
ALLMAN: I'm swooning!  
DURANTE: YES, <sup>sits</sup> ~~WHEN I~~ SIT DOWN AT THE KEYS!  
(APPLAUSE)

26 45

(FINAL)

-25B-

CAST: APPLAUSE

VAGUE: Oh Jimmy, you were wonderful, you were superb!

AMECHE: Jimmy, you were the hit of the evening.

TUTTLE: That's right Mr. Durante, you saved the musicale! I was  
all wrong about you! If I ever say another harsh word  
against you I wish you'd kick me.

DURANTE: DEE - LIGHTED!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD COMMERCIAL

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

PETRIE:     No throat irritation!...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.

PETRIE:     The makers of Camels have sent more than one hundred and  
                 ninety-million gift Camels to members of the Armed  
                 Services. This week, the gift Camels go to the following  
                 'servicemen's and veterans' hospitals: Veterans' Hospital,  
                 Aspinwall, Pennsylvania..U.S. Naval Hospital, Corpus  
                 Christi, Texas....Veterans' Hospital, Roanoke, Virginia.

MUSIC:     "WHO WILL BE "

28<sup>40</sup>

27<sup>56</sup>

DURANTE: 'NOW WHO WILL BE WITH YOU, WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY  
WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY.....LEMME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO.  
WHAT A NOTE!

VAGUE: A delectable note, Mr. Durante.

AMECHE: Well, Jim, just think, in an hour from now we'll all be  
aboard a train heading for New York and your opening at  
the Copacabana Night Club.

DURANTE: RIGHT, DON.

VAGUE: Oh Mr. Ameche, maybe you'll have dinner in the dining car  
with me some evening.

AMECHE: Sorry, Miss Vague, I'll be busy reading.

VAGUE: Well, Mr. Durante, maybe you'll have dinner in the dining  
car with me some evening.

DURANTE: SORRY, I'LL BE BUSY PRACTISING MY NUMBERS.

AMECHE: Miss Vague, where are you going?

VAGUE: To get a can of dog food -- I may be able to go Dutch  
Treat with a cocker spaniel in the baggage car!

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

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE)

28 5'

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 *New York*.  
(APPLAUSE)

CHANDLER: Pipe smokers, Prince Albert has been America's largest-selling smoking tobacco for a long, long time. You see, P.A.'s choice tobacco is rich and flavorful... it's crimp cut for smooth, even-burning and cool smoking. Yes, and it's specially treated to insure against tongue-bite. Try Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke!

MUSIC: SNEAK:

29<sup>12</sup>

PETRIE: Camel Cigarettes also invites you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday evening over these same stations. On Thursday, November 17th, Camel Cigarettes will present <sup>she</sup> "Street with No Name", starring <sup>Richard Widmark</sup> Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens, and Lloyd Nolan. Be sure to listen!

MUSIC: UP:

29<sup>15</sup>

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS (2 beat pause) ON NBC.