

*As Broadcast on Time 43*

# RADIO SCRIPT

"THE DANNY KAYE SHOW"

MARCH 22, 1946



CBS

FRIDAY

7:00 - 7:30 PM PST

DANNY KAYE  
 DICK POWELL  
 BENAY VENUTA  
 DAVE TERRY  
 BUTTERFLY MCQUEEN  
 DICK JOY  
 LEE BRODY  
 JOHN BROWN  
~~DICKIE~~ MONOHAN  
 DICK RYAN

WILLIE SCHORR  
 SYLVIA FINE  
 AL LEWIS  
 HAL KANTER  
 JESSE GOLDSTEIN  
 ARTHUR ALSBERG  
 HERBIE BAKER  
 NORMAN MACDONNELL  
 BERNE SURREY  
 CHARLES DOUGLAS  
 GERTRUDE KLEIN

WARWICK & LEGLER, INC.  
 E. L. MORRIS  
 NATE PERLSTEIN  
 CECIL UNDERWOOD

ROUTINE

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KID: Hey, you, Danny Kaye! You got a minute for an average radio listener?

KAYE: Oh, oh! This week my average listener is a little boy.

KID: It ain't C. Aubrey Smith!

KAYE: Oh, I see where I'm gonna have trouble with you.

KID: I wouldn't say that, Mr. Kaye...us kids all look up to you.

KAYE: (PLEASED) You do?

KID: Yeah....you're taller than us!

KAYE: Well, sonny, I don't mind what you say about me...but please don't criticize my program. I feel toward this show as though it were my own little baby.

KID: Don't look now, Mr. Kaye...but your baby needs a change!

KAYE: Listen, kid -- you better run home before your mother rents your room.

KID: Wait a minute, Mr. Kaye -- don't be so precocious!

KAYE: I'm precocious? Why, you're the freshest kid I've ever seen.

KID: No, I'm not, Mr. Kaye...not really. My father believes in that old saying.. "Spare the rod and spoil the child".

KAYE: In your case, I'm afraid he spoiled the child.

KID: He had to...last month I hocked his rod.

KAYE: You're a happy little monster, aren't you? Why are you hanging around here, anyway?

KID: On accounta they trun me outta the pool room.

KAYE: They trun ya out?

KID: Yeah...forcibly ejected, you know.

KAYE: Yes, I know....and listen, my pool-room Pinocchio -- you can look forward to being forcibly trun out of here, too..

KID: Now, wait a minute, Mr. Kaye....if I leave here, I go right back to the snooker parlor. Would you want to contribute to juvenile delinquency?

KAYE: In your case, you can put me down for ten bucks!....So long, Junior.

MUSIC: (QUINTET INTO PABST OPENING THEME)

JOY: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Dick Joy introducing the Danny Kaye show from Hollywood - presented by the makers of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer...with Butterfly McQueen...Dave Terry and his orchestra, and our special guests this evening...Miss Benay Venuta and the star of the RKO picture, "Cornered", Dick Powell. Now, here is the star of our show --

KAYE: (SCAT SONG)

JOY: .....DANNY KAYE!

(APPLAUSE & WHISTLING & STAMPING FROM SMALL FEET)

JOY: Gosh, Danny...you scat singing was wonderful tonight....but wasn't it a little longer than last week's scat?

KAYE: Yeah...I guess my scat had skittens.

JOY: Well, I really can't blame you for trying to get in your singing first tonight. After all, Dick Powell and Benay Venuta are both excellent vocalists.

KAYE: Yes, they are...but they're not going to be here tonight.

JOY: (VERY SURPRISED) They're not? Why not?

KAYE: I will tell you this much, Joy-Boy...They had a terrible experience last week.

JOY: They did?

KAYE: Yes...Ever since Dick Powell started playing those hard-boiled detective characters strange things have been happening to him....all sorts of mysterious people keep bothering him and ---

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SIAMS SHUT

BROWN: (COMING ON) Where's Dick Powell? Dick Powell...I gotta see him.

KAYE: Just a moment, mister....I'm Danny Kaye ---

BROWN: I got my own troubles. Where's Dick Powell? They told me he'd be here tonight....

KAYE: Well, he was supposed to be here, but ---

BROWN: Talk, talk, talk! I don't want talk...I want Dick Powell!

KAYE: I'm trying to tell you, Mr. Powell won't be able --

BROWN: Yata ta tata ta...Stop talking and say something! Where is he? Why isn't he here? Where can I find him?

KAYE: Will you please --

BROWN: Stop firing questions at me! I've got to get hold of Dick Powell. Don't just stand there...where is he?

KAYE: Please mister....why don't you.....

BROWN: Questions, questions, questions! Stop hounding me! I can't stand this merciless grilling!

(GOING OFF) What have I done to deserve this? What've I done? What've I done? What've I done?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SIAMS SHUT

KAYE: What has he done? I'm still trying to find out what Mildred Pierce did! --- You see what I mean, Dick?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SIAMS

BRODY: (HYSTERICALLY) Where is that man Powell? Dick Powell...  
I've got to see him immediately...right away...now....

KAYE: Just a moment, madame. I'm Danny Kaye....

BRODY: Oh, you poor man! But I've got to find Dick Powell ....  
it's a matter of life and death! Important...vitally  
important!

KAYE: But, madame --

BRODY: Oh, it's not only me. I know I don't mean anything to you,  
but think of the children! The little children.....

KAYE: Children? We haven't even been introduced yet!

BRODY: I've got to see Mr. Powell.... Oh, if you could have seen  
little Victor lying in his crib when I left....poor, helpless  
little Victor.....

KAYE: Victor who?

BRODY: How can you be so cruel! He's only a baby....a tiny,  
defenseless infant!

KAYE: Ohh, that Victor! Well, madame --

BRODY: Oh, I can't bear this any longer...this is insane! A mad  
farce! There's no sense talking to you -- you're just a  
nervous wreck!

KAYE: Who - me?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT

~~KAYE~~: Did she call me a nervous wreck? Me - Nervous? Who's nervous  
Not me - I'm fine, how are you? How is who? There's nobody  
here! What is ----

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

VENUTA: Hello, Danny....I finally made it! I didn't think I could,  
but I did....and here I am.

KAYE: Oh, I'm glad...I didn't think you -- how did you ever --  
but you did, didn't -- WHO ARE YOU?

VENUTA: Danny! Don't you recognize me?

KAYE: He's not here, I tell you. I don't care what you say...  
he's not here. He's not!

VENUTA: Danny, calm down. I'm Benay Venuta.

KAYE: I got my own troubles. I know I don't mean anything to  
ybu, but ----

VENUTA: Danny, what are you talking about?

KAYE: Stop firing questions at me! Oh, if only you had seen the  
children when I left --

VENUTA: Children? Why, Danny...congratulations!

KAYE: Have a cigar. Oh, you should have seen poor little  
Victor lying there on his pool table....

VENUTA: Danny, will you please --

KAYE: Talk, talk, talk! I can't stand this merciless grilling.  
What've I done to deserve all this? (GOING OFF) What've  
I done? What've I done? What've I done? (MEEKLY-STRAIGHT)  
By the way, what did I do?

VENUTA: Now, Danny, relax! I realize you've been through a lot  
this past week.

JOY: Danny, what have you been through this past week? What's  
going on here? Where's Dick Powell?

KAYE: (EMOTIONALLY) Oh, if only you could have seen him lying  
there in his little crib --

JOY: Who - Dick Powell?

KAYE: No, Victor! I mean, I --

VENUTA: Danny! Control yourself! Let's put the whole thing  
out of our minds. Let's be gay!

KAYE: Yes...gay! (PHONEY LAUGH)

VENUTA: That's right...let's drown our memories in song.

KAYE: No, I'm too nervous to sing now, Benay...but if you sing,  
I'll toss in a note here and there.

VENUTA: Okay...Dave Terry, orchestrate!

MUSIC: ("JOHNNY ONE NOTE".....VENUTA, KAYE & ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

"JOHNNY ONE NOTE"

BENAY: Johnny could only sing one note  
And the note he sang was this:

KAYE: Ah.....

BENAY: Poor Johnny One Note  
Sang out with gusto  
And just overlorded the place.

*Kay: Ab...* Poor Johnny One Note  
Yelled willy-nilly

*Kay: Ab...* Until he was blue in the face  
For holding one note was his ace.

KAYE: Ah.....

BENAY: Couldn't hear the brass.  
Couldn't hear the drum  
He was in a class --

KAYE: 2-B-2 *I was in & I can dress myself*

BENAY: - by himself, by gum!

KAYE: (MAKES POPPING NOISE LIKE CHEWING GUM)

Double X - bubble gum - can you blow bubbles, hey,  
hummm? Etc

BENAY: That's silly. You can only sing one note.

KAYE: Well, I want to sing. <sup>*a song*</sup> You sing and when my note comes  
along I'll sing it.

BENAY: That sounds very peculiar.

KAYE: Don't forget. Don't you sing on my note.

BENAY: Well, all right.

THEY GO INTO:

BENAY: Believe me if all those endearing

KAYE: young charms

BENAY: Which I gaze on so fondly to-

KAYE: day

BENAY: Were to go by tomorrow and fade in

KAYE: my arms

(CONTINUED)

BENAY: Like fair-

KAYE: y.....

BENAY: Gifts fading a-

KAYE: way.

BENAY: Sing Johnny One Note  
Sing out with gusto  
And just overwhelm all the crowd.

KAYE &  
BENAY: Sing, Johnny One Note, out loud!

JOY: *I thought you wanted to be gay & that was such*  
Why, Miss Venuta, ~~I think that's~~ a sad song.....

A very sad song.....

KAYE: <sup>what</sup> Sad about it, Dick? Are you kiddin'?

JOY: Just think of that poor little Johnny One Note.  
Why, it breaks my heart...The poor little guy  
with only one single note to sing...When he should  
have at least thirty three fine notes....Just like....  
like.....

KAYE: Here we go again.....

JOY: Yes...Like blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon. You  
see, our truly great beer is not just one brew or two  
brews or a dozen brews...But never less than  
thirty-three fine brews perfectly blended to give you  
the very tops in smoothness, in taste...in real beer  
flavor. That's why you can always order it with  
*That blended - splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon*  
confidence....Serve it with pride. <sup>^</sup> Come on, you  
thirty-three noters. Make with that theme song.

QUINTET: (INTO PABST THEME)

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

JOY: Now, Danny, for the last time -- what happened to you, Miss Venuta and Dick Powell last week?

KAYE: Oh, I hate to talk about it - but - this is the way it was -- (MUSIC) It all started last Monday. I went over to Dick Powell's house to talk about his appearance on tonight's show. (BOARD FADE) I walked up the front steps and knocked on his door.....

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS

KAYE: Hello, Dick.

POWELL: Hello, Danny. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES

POWELL: Danny, I'm glad you came over to talk about your program, because there's one thing I don't want to do.

KAYE: What's that, Dick?

POWELL: Don't make me come in and say "My sister married an Irishman" and you say "Oh, really" and I say, "No, O'Riley

KAYE: Oh, don't worry, Dick. I've decided to leave that joke out of the script.

POWELL: Oh, really?

KAYE: No - omit it!

POWELL: Well, I'm glad to hear that. And another thing, Danny -- I'd rather not pretend I'm a detective.

KAYE: But, Dick, the F.W. Fitch Company sponsors you on the air as Richard Rogue --

POWELL: That's just it, Danny -- my listeners are taking me too seriously. I can't live a normal life any more. Things are happening to me.

KAYE: Like what, for instance?

SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS & THUD

POWELL: Like that, for instance.

KAYE: Look! It's a big rock..with a note on it. It came flying through the window.

POWELL: That's all right...it has an air mail stamp.

KAYE: Look -- the note says: "If you value your life, you will not attempt to follow us to New Orleans on the seven forty-five today." Signed.....  
The Sinister Six.

POWELL: Wait a minute - here's a P.S. It says "P.A.B.R.R."

KAYE: What does P.A.B.R.R. mean, Dick?

POWELL: Please answer by return rock.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT

VENUTA: (COMING ON) Oh, Dick Dick -- the most horrible thing just happened to me!

POWELL: Just a moment, Benay. You've met Danny Kaye, haven't you?

VENUTA: Yes - but that's not it!

KAYE: Thanks, Benay --

VENUTA: Dick, I hate to bother you with my troubles, but you're the only one I can turn to. The Sinister Six is after me!

POWELL: The Sinister Six?

VENUTA: Y's - a man in a long black coat has been following me --

KAYE: Look! There's a face in the window! (SCREAMS)

POWELL: What'd you say?

KAYE: (SCREAMS)

POWELL: I thought that's what you said.

VENUTA: He's the man who's been following me!

KAYE: O'mon, Dick -- let's get that guy! (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

POWELL: There he is --

KAYE: Watch out, Dick, he's got a black-jack in his hand!  
(DULL THUD...BODY FALLS)

POWELL: (GROANS)

VENUTA: Oh! He's been sapped!

MUSIC: (STINGS)

KAYE: The man in the black cloak escaped us. But when Dick came to...four hours later...we were determined to track down the Sinister Six. So we hopped a rattler for New Orleans. We should've taken the train, it was a pretty slimy trip. When we arrived in New Orleans, we headed for a waterfront dive (BOARD FADE) where the derelicts of the underworld made their headquarters....

MUSIC: (HONKY-TONK PIANO PLAYING THRU BABBLE OF CONVERSATION:  
FADE FOR:)

POWELL: Y'know - I don't like the looks of this crummy rat-nest. It's strictly a bring-down.

KAYE: Yeah, a bring-down.

POWELL: But we gotta nail that two-bit punk that sapped me in L.A.

KAYE: Yeah...sapped ya in L.A.

POWELL: Wait a minute...lamp this oily-lookin' character. He looks like he wants to buzz us.

KAYE: Yeah...buzz us.

MAN: Hey, you two...Twelve-finger Frankie wants to see yese in d'back room.

KAYE: Yeah...d'back room!

POWELL: Oh, he does, eh? What's he want?

MAN: He's got somethin' for ya....step right thru this  
arch-way....

POWELL: I don't know about this --

KAYE: Look out, Dick! He's got a lead pipe in his hand!

SOUND: DULL THUD

POWELL: (GROANS)

SOUND: BODY FALLS

MUSIC: (STING)

KAYE: The next morning, Dick was as good as new. You'd never know he'd been slugged except for a bump on the back of his head...An egg-shaped bump about the size of an eggplant! By now we had learned the Sinister Six had fled to Havana, so we followed them there. Walking down a darkened street, Dick said:

POWELL: I know where we can find these lamisters, Danny.

KAYE: Where...Sloppy Joe's?

POWELL: No -- right next door to it -- Disgusting Dave's.

KAYE: Wait a minute... Look through the window.

POWELL: Yeah...that's Disgusting Dave himself...he's sitting with his partner, disgusting business.

KAYE: Disgusting business? What an odd name for a partner!

POWELL: Let's go in.....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...BABBLE OF CONVERSATION...DOWN FOR:

POWELL: Get a load of this crib, Danny. It's enough to make your skin crawl.

KAYE: Don't say that....mine's crawling up to my chin.

POWELL: Oh...I thought you were wearing a turtle-neck sweater!

KAYE: Never mind ...let's talk to these muggs.

POWELL: Okay..(UP)..hey, you punks. C'mere...I wanna talk t'ya!

DAVE: Say, Dave..look who wants t'talk to us.

RALPH: Yeah..Blondie and Dagwood!

DAVE: Should we give 'em a coupla minutes of our time?

RALPH: Oh, leave us give 'em even better'n that!

KAYE: Look out, Dick -- He's got a baseball bat in his hand!

SOUND: THUD

POWELL: (GROANS)

SOUND: BODY FALLS

MUSIC: (STING)

KAYE: Two days later....Dick was on his feet again, looking as good as new...in spite of the baseball bat message. Of course, he had a little lump on his head that looked like a fat short-stop. But by now, we were more determined than ever to follow the Sinister Six, even though the trail now led to Rio de Janeiro.....

MUSIC: (FEW BARS OF RHUMBA...FADE FOR:)

KAYE: C'mon, Dick...let's get on the trail right away.

POWELL: Wait a minute...let's see what this fellow wants....

SPANISH: (COMING IN) Ahhh, mi amigos! Saludos amigos!

KAYE: Dick, what's that "amigos" stuff mean?

POWELL: That means "friend".

KAYE: Look out -- your friend is swinging a Spanish shilaley!

SOUND: ON WOOD BLOCK...RAPS IN CONGA RHYTHM

POWELL: (GROANS)

SOUND: BODY FALLS (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OFF)

KAYE: Dick, speak to me!

POWELL: Oooh -- my achin' head! (HA)

KAYE: Aw, this is ridiculous, Dick! Everytime you get hit you fall down on the job.

POWELL: Ooooooh. This lump! I can't tell where my head ends and the lump begins!

KAYE: Never mind, Dick - I think that was our man. C'mon -- let's get him!

POWELL: This one's on you. Just let me lie here in the gutter.

KAYE: But, Dick -- you might get hurt. Come on and I'll put you in this cab.....

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

POWELL: Danny, look -- there's a man in this cab -- he's sitting in the corner.

KAYE: So what? Get in, Dick --

POWELL: O.K. --

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

KAYE: Driver, to the Hotel Nationale.....

POWELL: Danny, what about this man sitting -- UGHH!

KAYE: You take that knife out of my friend's back!

POWELL: No-no-no Danny, leave it there....my head need the rest!

MUSIC: (STINGS)

KAYE: The next day, after having Dick's puncture vulcanized, we were off on the trail anew. Much to our surprise, our next clue took us back to Los Angeles and a smoky little rendezvous known as "Old Man Moe's-Cambo". We entered....

SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES..PIANO IN B.G.....FADE UNDER:

KAYE: Come on, Dick....follow me.

POWELL: Stop pushing me, Danny!

KAYE: Here's the headwaiter....let's get started.

POWELL: Okay. Say, waiter -- give me a table for two.

MAN: Certainly, sir. I'll be glad to give it to you.

KAYE: Watch out, Dick -- he's got a table in his hands!

SOUND: CRASH

POWELL: (GROANS)

SOUND: BODY FALL

KAYE: (CALLS SWEETLY) Dick...Dickey-boy...get up! Get up!

POWELL: Aw, Mom, lemme sleep...there's no school today.....

KAYE: But, Dick -- we have work to do.

BUTTERFLY: Hello, Mr. Kaye.

KAYE: Why, Butterfly McQueen. What're you doing here?

BUTTERFLY: I'm fine, thank you.

KAYE: Oh, you are...Well, that answers some question.

BUTTERFLY: Mr. Kaye, who's that lovely gentleman lying at your feet.

KAYE: He's a detective.

BUTTERFLY: What's he doing, Mr. Kaye - looking for footprints?

KAYE: (SARCASTICALLY) No, fingerprints! We're chasing a crook  
who walks on his hands. *B: oh, I see* Now, look, Miss McQueen....we're  
very --

POWELL: (GROANS) Ooooh...my head!...Danny, help me up.

BUTTERFLY: Gee, look at him, Mr. Kaye -- his head has a head on it!

KAYE: Yes - you'll have to excuse us, Miss McQueen -- Mr. Powell  
and I have to find the Sinister Six. C'mon, Dick.

BUTTERFLY: Oh, that reminds me -- I have a message for you,  
Mr. Powell.

POWELL: A message?

BUTTERFLY: Yes -- from Miss Benay Ventura.

KAYE: Benay Ventura?

POWELL: Never mind that...what about the message? Lemme have it.

KAYE: Yeah -- let him have it.

BUTTERFLY: All right...here.

SOUND: CLUNK

POWELL: (GROANS)

SOUND: BODY FALLS

BUTTERFLY: Oh, I forgot to take the rock off the message!

KAYE: Dick, where are you?

BUTTERFLY: He's looking for fingerprints again.

KAYE: Get up, Dick....are you all right?

POWELL: Never mind -- Lemme see that message....hey!!  
The Sinister Six have Benay in the back of this joint.

KAYE: Then what are waitin' for? Let's go!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OFF: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

VENUTA: Oh, Dick! Danny! At last! Save me from the Sinister Six.

POWELL: Who are the Sinister Six?

VENUTA: They're that awful jive band outside. They want me to be their vocalist!

POWELL: Oh, they do, huh? Well, we'll see about that!

KAYE: Look out, Dick -- here they come!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

VENUTA: The man in the black cloak! He's their leader!

KAYE: Watch out -- he's got a cymbal in his hand!

SOUND: CLUNK...CYMBAL CRASH

POWELL: (GROANS)

KAYE: Look out, Dick -- they've all got instruments!

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASHES...CLUNKS...GROANS...BIG DISCORD FROM

BAND FADE OUT...BOARD FADE

KAYE: So you see, Dick Joy -- that's why Dick Powell won't be here tonight.

JOY: That sure is a clamity -- and, speaking of clams.....

KAYE: Oh no, Dick.

JOY: Yes, speaking of clams....You know, there's nothing like a beautiful plate of cherrystones and a tall, sparkling glass of blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon. Why, from clam to ham, that truly great beer just naturally blends its own wonderful flavor with the flavor of any fine food. Yes, with meals....between meals...You just can't top the taste of....

*blended-splendid  
Pabst Blue Ribbon*

QUINTET: (INTO PABST THEME SONG)

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

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VENUTA: Well, Danny...you'll have to excuse me now...I want to run over to the hospital and see how Dick Powell is getting along.

KAYE: All right, Benny -- and I'll go with -- (DOOR KNOCK)  
Wait a minute -- Come in. (DOOR OPENS) Why, Dick! Dick Powell!

POWELL: Hello, folks.

KAYE: Gosh, Dick - you made it!

POWELL: Yes - I'd have been here earlier, but I stopped at a drive-in for an aspirin-burger. You know, Danny, I'm thinking of giving up that detective character and going back to singing.....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SIAMS SHUT

BRODY: There you are! Oh, Mr. Powell -- I've looked everywhere for you...I've searched high and low -- I've got to see you!

POWELL: But lady, what do --

BRODY: Oh, I know I don't mean anything to you.

POWELL: Lady, please! I can't help you!

KAYE: Tell him about Victor, lady...that'll soften him up!

BRODY: Yes - poor, innocent, helpless, little Victor --

POWELL: All right, all right. What's the matter?

BRODY: It started with my husband..he accused me of flirting with the ice-man...so he ran the ice-man out of town and I got so mad, I shot my husband.

POWELL: If you shot your husband, what do you need a detective for?

BRODY: I want to find that ice-man!

POWELL: Lady, I'm sorry, but I --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

BROWN: He's here -- I know he's here -- I followed him all the way down here!

KAYE: Now just a minute, mister --

BROWN: Powell, I've got to see you.....

BRODY: Armand! My ice-man!

BROWN: Anastasia! My sweet!

POWELL: What's the meaning of all this?

BROWN: <sup>ala</sup>~~So~~ -- you were gonna try and trail me, eh?

KAYE: Watch out, Dick -- he's got a pair of ice tongs in his hand! Hey, look where you're swingin' that --

SOUND: CLUNK OF METAL

KAYE: (GROANS)

SOUND: BODY FALLS

POWELL: Danny...get up!

KAYE: Oooooh....Dick, if I'm gonna start getting hit in the head, I wanna get paid for it.

POWELL: Paid for it, Danny?

KAYE: Sure...you and me and Benay will go in to the detective business.

POWELL: But I've had enough of this detective stuff. I want to go back to singing.

KAYE: Well, <sup>I just had a wonderful idea</sup> we can open a musical detective agency..can't we, Benay?

VENUTA: Sure....

(INTO SPECIAL SONG)

TRIO DETECTIVE NUMBER

ALL: Rat-tat-tat  
You dirty rat  
If you wanna save the day  
Just call on

DICK: Dick the dick

BENAY: Benay the chick

DANNY: And Dead-eye Danny Kaye

ALL: Who lurks around  
Who hears a sound  
Then promptly runs away.  
Who?

DICK: Dick the slick

DANNY: Kaye the quick

BENAY: And Battlehouse Benay

ALL: If there's a sign of danger we look but we don't leap  
And don't forget our motto: While you work we sleep!  
We've trained our ear  
To know no fear.

SOUND: BOOK DROP

DANNY: Ooh -- what was that?

DICK: Oh, nothing -- just dropped the book I was reading.

DANNY: What kind of book?

DICK: It tells you how to lie in wait for your victim and  
spring on him from behind.

DANNY: What's it called?

DICK: Forever Ambush!

DANNY: Is it any good?

DICK: Any good? It helped me solve the case of Hop Head Harrigan.  
*Danny: I* Remember that night? *Dick:* We were driving along in our  
patrol car.

FILTER: Calling car 89...Calling car 89. Why haven't we heard  
from you all day? Is it anything we said?

DICK: That was the night we solved the case of the missing toothpick.

BENAY: A pointed problem.

DANNY: A sticky thing.

DICK: Most daring robbery in years. That toothpick was stolen right out from under the chap's nose.

DANNY: And just as we were about to apprehend the culprit he foiled us.

DICK: Yes, he drank a bottle of veneer so he could see his own finish.

ALL: We come complete  
With two flat feet  
And burglars yell Hurray

DICK: For Mopy Dick

BENAY: Benay the chick

DANNY: And Desperate Danny Kaye

ALL: We're in demand  
In every land.  
Our dialect is grand  
Czechoslovak slovak slovak  
Remember the dame from Czechoslovakia?

BENAY: How do you do, Inspector. I am Benayvakes

DANNY: *That's a very pretty name. I like it.*  
A Madam, where is your husband, Czechoslovakian Sam?

BENAY: Ah, eet ees verree sad. He come home. He beat me. Every night he beat me. I knowk with six -- he have five. Finally I get mad. I take Czechoslovakian Sam and throw him out window. He fall fifteen stories, but alas he bounce back. He was bad Czech!

DICK: We love our work -- the fees don't matter one way or the other.

DANNY: No -- you'd even steal the silver threads among the gold from your own mother.

BENAY: That's a scandalous thing to say.

DICK: That's infamy -- that's what it is.

DANNY: *how dare you*  
Infamy! -- Infamy fa you -- Infamy fa you fa me.

ALL: Although we're barred  
From Scotland Yard  
We very often play

DICK: Dr. Watson Dick

BENAY: Benay ~~was~~ <sup>the</sup> chick

DANNY: And Inspector H I J Kaye

FILTER: Calling Inspector Kaye... Proceed to 1515 Trafalgar Square...  
New development in Streetcar Murders. That is all....  
Herman!

DANNY: Herman?

FILTER: Roger's been fired!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DANNY: Inspector Kaye speaking. Hello, Dr. Watson Dick.

~~DICK: Amazing. How did you recognize my voice before I spoke?~~

DANNY: ~~Obvious -- I'd recognize that voice anywhere.~~ Where are you, Doctor?

DICK: Trafalgar Square -- by the clock -- I'm standing right under the Six.

DANNY: Good work <sup>man, good work</sup> I'll be over before you can say Jack Robinson.

SOUND: PHONE CLICK

DICK: Jack Rob -- *Dick: What took you so long?*

DANNY: Hello, Doctor! ~~sorry I'm late...~~ <sup>Danny:</sup> Blasted fog... well, here's the house -- think I'll press the doorbell.

DANNY: Pardon me, Madam. Blasted fog. What's happened, Doctor?

DICK: Oh, it was 'orrible, sir -- three men all shot to death.

DANNY: ~~Where are the bodies?~~ <sup>Dick: There are no bodies.</sup>  
~~What were they doing?~~ <sup>Danny: No bodies?</sup>

DICK: Waiting for a streetcar. <sup>What were they doing?</sup>

DANNY: Hmmm. Whom do you suspect?

DICK: That's just it. The motorman had no motive, and there were no passengers in the car.

DANNY: Obviously then, an open and shut case. The murderer was the streetcar.

DICK: The streetcar? But three men shot -- how was it done?

DANNY: Elementary. Bang, bang, bang went the trolley!

DICK: Amazing.

"DANNY KAYE" 22-D  
3/22/46

ALL: We slip into a mustache and before your very eyes  
Make Mata look like Harry 'cause we're masters of disguise

DANNY: Disguise Number One: (BARKS LIKE A DOG)

DICK: What's that?

DANNY: A bulldog.

DICK: What's your name?

DANNY: I'm Drummond -- I'm Drummond.

DICK: Disguise Number Two: I am Honorable Charlie Chan.

VOICE: I am number two ~~son~~ <sup>Chan</sup>.

VOICE: I am number three ~~son~~ <sup>Chan</sup>.

DANNY: (Chinese double talk.)

DICK: Who are you?

DANNY: Oh, <sup>lets say</sup> I'm just one more Chan.

DICK: Oh, really?

DANNY: No, Oriental.

ALL: Ah ha ha  
Oh ho ho  
From here to Mandalay.

DICK: Just howl for Powell

BENAY: Send a scoota for Venuta

DANNY: And save the day with Kaye

ALL: The butler did it  
Get Powell, Venuta and Kaye!

KAYE: Well, Benay...and Dick...I want to thank both of you for coming over to my show this evening.

VENUTA: It was a lot of fun, Danny.

POWELL: Yes..but after what I went through this week, Danny, I thought you'd be reading about me in the newspapers.

KAYE: Oh, really?

POWELL: No - obituary!

KAYE: Oh, no, Dick....not you, too! (MUSIC: IN) We can't do that joke!

MUSIC: (IN FOR FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

JOY: The makers of Pabst Blue Ribbon wish to remind you that no matter how severe may be the government restrictions on grain...however much Pabst must curtail its output to protect quality -- every bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon you buy will continue to live up to its name. There will be no cutting corners, no lowering of standards of flavor and goodness...no compromise with quality. And now, before we tell you about next week's guests --

here's a message from the star of our show --

KAYE: <sup>Ladies & Gentlemen</sup>  
Although many millions of veterans have returned from overseas...there are still thousands of our men serving us in foreign lands, from Berchtesgaden to Tokyo, in almost six hundred and fifty American Red Cross clubs, the American serviceman can find some of the comfort and friendliness that we have here at home. So give, and give generously, to the American Red Cross.  
Good night, folks.

JOY:

Our guests next week will be Jean Hersholt and Georgia Gibbs. This program was brought to you by the Pabst Brewing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Friday night on CBS is the biggest show in town, so be sure you stay tuned to MAISIE, which follows immediately over most of these stations. This is CBS....THE COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.