

(REHEARSAL DRAFT)

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMELS CIGARETTES

NBC NETWORK  
February 4, 1943  
10:00-10:30 P.M.

Constance Bennett,  
Guest Star

MUSIC:           PERFIDIA THEME

BAND:            C..A..M..E..L..S!

WALLINGTON:   Camels! The cigarette that's first in the service  
presents--for its second program from New York City--  
THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM!

MUSIC:           UP AND UNDER:

WALLINGTON:   With the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the  
songs of Connie Haines, tonight's guest - Miss Constance  
Bennett, and starring: BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC:           UP TO FINISH:  
(APPLAUSE)

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FIRST SPOT

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COSTELLO: Hey Abbot-t-t-t-t!

ABBOTT: Costello! Here you are, late as usual. I thought you were coming back from Washington with me, after the President's Birthday Ball?

COSTELLO: I was, Abbott - but I stopped off at the White House. I walked up the steps..rang the front door bell - the door opened...and boy, was I surprised!

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: Eleanor was home!

ABBOTT: You know, I met Mrs Roosevelt, too -- isn't she a wonderful person?

COSTELLO: You said it, Abbott -- she introduced me to a couple of senators, and I learned a big military secret. (ASIDE) Did you know that the United Nations are planning to open up a second rear??

ABBOTT: You mean a second front!

COSTELLO: No - REAR! - we're planning to give Hitler a kick in the FRANCE!

ABBOTT: Did you have any fun at the Birthday Ball?

COSTELLO: Yeah, we played a wonderful game, Abbott -- we put a picture of <sup>Mussolini</sup> Hirohito on the floor, and everybody danced around it!

ABBOTT: What's that game called?

COSTELLO: Ring around the rodent!

ABBOTT: Well, playing games is all right, but your conduct at the dinner was terrible. What was the idea of giving Governor Dewey a hotfoot? - did he say anything?

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COSTELLO: I'll say - it was the first time a Republican ever made a fireside chat!

ABBOTT: After that, none of the Hollywood crowd would have anything to do with you. All you did for the rest of the night was lean against W.C.Fields!

COSTELLO: (MEEKLY) That's right, Abbott!

ABBOTT: What did Bill Fields do after you left him?

COSTELLO: He fell down!

ABBOTT: Well, you must admit one thing, Costello -- down in Washington everybody is nice and friendly.

COSTELLO: Yeah, and they all talk with Southern accents! I walked up to one guy and said - Well, SHUT MAH MOUTH! - and he did!

~~ABBOTT: You deserved it! The way you acted down there was disgraceful!~~

~~COSTELLO: Is that so! What about you, Abbott? I saw you on Pennsylvania Avenue winking at a girl!~~

~~ABBOTT: I wasn't winking! It was windy and something got in my eye!~~

~~COSTELLO: She got in your ear, too!~~

~~ABBOTT: Oh, you're just jealous! Didn't you have a good time in Washington?~~

~~COSTELLO: Everything but the accomodations. Boy, was my hotel crowded. I think there was somebody else sleepin' in my room!~~

~~ABBOTT: What made you think so?~~

COSTELLO: When I took a bath, there were three hands scrubbing my  
back!

ABBOTT: That's ridiculous! It wasn't that crowded!

COSTELLO: No kiddin', Abbott - everytime the bellhop opened the  
door, the door knob got in bed with me!...I couldn't  
stand it any longer, so I finally complained to the  
Manager, and he gave me the Blue Room.

ABBOTT: The Blue Room? Where's that?

COSTELLO: Under the desk, with a leaky inkwell! (I SHOULD HAVE  
~~BLOWND THAT JOKE!~~)

WALLINGTON: (FADES IN, BIG SMILE) Well, good evening boys - how are  
you tonight!

COSTELLO: Oh, it's Jimmy Wallington!

ABBOTT: Hello, Jimmy...say, we looked for you down at the  
President's Birthday Ball. Couldn't you make it?

WALLINGTON: Well, no, Bud -- you see, I'm a great sports enthusaist,  
so I spent the week-end at Lake Plahcid.

COSTELLO: Lake Plahcid??? Hey Abbott, what kinda talk is that!

ABBOTT: You dope, that's the way cultured people talk. Don't  
you think Jimmy sounds polished?

COSTELLO: He sounds like he's shellaced!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet! Tell me, Jimmy, what did you do up at Lake  
Plahcid?

WALLINGTON: Oh, I spent most of the time exercising in the  
gymnahzium!

COSTELLO: GYMNAHZIUM! Abbott, how do those phoney words come out  
from under that guy's mustache!

*(Sounds like he's still carrying  
Eddie Cantor around!)*

WALLINGTON: Leave my mustache out of this! Do you think I'm putting on the dog!

COSTELLO: You look like you swallowed the dog and left the tail hanging out!

ABBOTT: Oh, keep still! - I want to hear more about this gymnahzium!

WALLINGTON: Yes, Bud - you see there's nothing like a gymnahzium to build up the human bodey!

COSTELLO: You said it - it sure deveelops the moosels!

~~ABBOTT: Stop making fun of the way Wallington talks. He just happens to have a broad 'A'.~~

~~COSTELLO: He better get back to the gymnahzium!~~

WALLINGTON: You may scoff at my exercising, Costello - but I was a rowing champion in college. I can show you a picture of me, sitting in my scull!

COSTELLO: Neat trick if you can do it!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: He thinks he's strong! Hey Wallington, here's a picture of me and my nurse, taken when I was two years old!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute -- how come the nurse it sitting on your lap!

COSTELLO: Shows you what a man I was at two!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

ABBOTT: COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MINNIE: (LOUD) Hiya fells, y'know what I mean!

ABBOTT: Say Costello, look - it's Mrs Niles sister, Minnie.

COSTELLO: Another dumbbell from the gymnasium!

ABBOTT: Now don't say that, Costello - Minnie looks very smart tonight!

MINNIE: Yeah - I'm wearin' my hour-glass gown!

COSTELLO: An hour-glass gown on a beer-glass figure!

MINNIE: Hey, this gown is a hundred years old!

COSTELLO: What did you do - make it yourself!

ABBOTT: Costello, please!

MINNIE: Costello, my mother gave me this dress on my sixteenth birthday! - y'know what I mean!

COSTELLO: It held together better than you did, y'know what I mean!

ABBOTT: Minnie, don't pay any attention to Costello! It takes all kinds of people to make a world!

MINNIE: He oughta go somewhere and make a world of his own!.. I don't care if he likes me - I'm the Lana Turner of Brooklyn, y'know what I mean!

ABBOTT: You are?

COSTELLO: Yeah, she's a sweat-shirt girl!

ABBOTT: Will you stop talking like that! Minnie, I think you're very attractive - and your perfume smells so nice!

MINNIE: But I don't use perfume.

COSTELLO: No - she uses Flit!

ABBOTT: By the way, Minnie - how did all your friends like you on the program last week!

MINNIE: They thought it was wonderful - they all chipped in and sent a basket of fruit to my dressing room!

COSTELLO: You're lucky you weren't there when it exploded!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! Why do you insult people? Why do you make people look small? Sometimes you even make me look small!

COSTELLO: That ain't true, Abbott -- in Washington I told some fellow what a big man you are! I told 'im how much you made, about all the property you own, about those stocks and bonds -- I told the guy you were loaded with dough!

ABBOTT: That's wonderful! Who'd you tell all that to?

COSTELLO: THE INCOME TAX COLLECTOR!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF!  
(APPLAUSE)

Ladies & gentlemen, I'd like to tell you about  
one of Camels

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WALLINGTON:  
WILLES:

~~... now for instance, Lou, just look at one of our~~  
customers, <sup>her name is</sup> Shirley Osborn, <sup>and she</sup> who helps build the nose  
sections for those big B-24 Liberator bombers. Like  
thousands of other war workers, Shirley Osborn smokes  
Camels. She's said, QUOTE --

OSBORN VOICE: I stick to Camels always. No matter how often I smoke  
them, Camels never tire my taste or wear out their  
welcome. And they're easy on my throat, too!

WALL:  
WILLES:

UNQUOTE. Yes, and Camels are first with men in the  
Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according  
to actual sales records in the stores where they  
spend their own money for cigarettes. Remember that  
next time you're sending a carton to camp -- and  
remember it next time you want to smoke a better  
cigarette yourself. You'll like Camel's flavor, the  
extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up, keep from  
going flat, no matter how many you smoke. And you'll  
be glad that in Camels, mildness goes along with  
flavor, for Camels are slow-burning and cool-smoking.  
For steady smoking pleasure, stick to Camels, the  
cigarette that's made of costlier tobaccos, expertly  
blended! Your throat and your taste will tell you!

CHORUS:

WALL:  
WILLES:

C-A-M-E-L-S!  
Camels! Remember you can still send Camels to Army  
personnel in the United States, and to men in the  
Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard wherever they are.  
The Post Office rule against mailing packages applies  
only to those sent to men in the overseas Army.

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MUSIC: "BUGLE CALL RAG" - HOLD UNDER:

WALLINGTON: Here's Freddie Rich and the orchestra to give out  
with a super special arrangement of an oldie --

"Bugle Call Rag!"

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: (FADES IN) Look, Costello, there's no use arguing  
*with me tonight--- I've got a date*  
you're not going ~~to horn in on my date~~ with Constance  
Bennett; *the movie star!*

COSTELLO: But gee, Abbott--

ABBOTT: Quiet! I've got to call her and arrange things. Look  
up her number in the phone book - <sup>Bennett</sup> B, as in Bertha;  
E as in Edith; N as in Nora; N as in Nancy; E as in  
Esther; T as in Teresa and T as in Tessie!

COSTELLO: Make up your mind - which dame do you want?

ABBOTT: What makes you so dumb??

COSTELLO: I dunno - I guess it comes natural!

ABBOTT: I want Connie Bennett. Look in the phone book, the names are alphabetical, ~~You can find~~ Constance Bennett -- letter B.

COSTELLO: Well let 'er be, I'm not bothering her.

ABBOTT: Costello, letter B in the phone book.

COSTELLO: Let 'er be any place she wants to be. I don't even know the girl.

ABBOTT: You dummy! I told you the names are listed alphabetically. Abbott would be under A -- Bennett under B. Now what's your phone under?

COSTELLO: Under the table in the bed room.

ABBOTT: Give me that phone book! Here it is, Constance Bennett----Wyoming 8-8900. You dial W...y!

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ABBOTT:: You don't know what?

COSTELLO: Why I dial W.

ABBOTT: Listen numbskull! You don't dial W ... you dial W ...Y!

COSTELLO: You tell me why.

ABBOTT: I just told you Y.

COSTELLO: Look, you want me to get a phone number. The first letter is W - now tell me the second letter?

ABBOTT: Y.

COSTELLO: Just because I'd like to know.

ABBOTT: That's why I told you.

COSTELLO: You told me what?

ABBOTT: What's not in this.

COSTELLO: Who's not in this?

ABBOTT: Who's on first base?

COSTELLO: DON'T GET INTO THAT BASEBALL STUFF AGAIN!

ABBOTT: Costello, when I say Y -- I don't mean WHY.

COSTELLO: What DO you mean?

ABBOTT: I mean Y.

COSTELLO: Abbott, when I say you're crazy, I don't mean you're crazy.

ABBOTT: What DO you mean?

COSTELLO: I mean YOU'RE NUTS!

ABBOTT: Costello, the number is WY-8-8900. Now get it for me.

COSTELLO: Okay.

SOUND: (RECLIVER UP)

COSTELLO: Hello, Bon Jour - La' Mour - tres' jour! Mon-sewer!

ABBOTT: Why are you saying that?

COSTELLO: This is a French phone!\*

ABBOTT: Will you please dial Connie Bennett's number.

COSTELLO: This dial is no good.

ABBOTT: What's the trouble?

COSTELLO: It's got holes in it.

ABBOTT: Costello, I'm losing my temper. Dial that number!

SOUND: (DIALING)

COSTELLO: It's no use Abbott - the dial's broke.

ABBOTT: What do you mean broke?

COSTELLO: Everytime I push the little hole around, it comes back.

ABBOTT: Stop wasting time. ~~Get the operator to give you the number.~~ *Give me that phone*

SOUND: DIALING  
(~~JIGGLES RECEIVER~~)

~~COSTELLO: Hello operator...get me Wyoming 3-8900 on the trans-Atlantic phone.~~

~~ABBOTT: Costello, we're calling a party right here in New York! Why are you wasting time and money calling by trans-Atlantic phone?~~

~~COSTELLO: I like to do it the hard way.~~

~~ABBOTT: Give me that phone!~~

~~SOUND: (DIALING)~~

ABBOTT: Hello, is this you, Connie? This is Bud Abbott --- is our date still on?....Oh, that's swell! I'll expect you here at eight o'clock, for dinner - just the two of us! Goodbye, Connie darling.

SOUND: (PHONE DOWN)

COSTELLO: Do you think she'll bring a girl for me?

ABBOTT: Get a load of what wants a girl! Why don't you take a good look at yourself in a mirror?

COSTELLO: Why should I hurt my own feelings!

ABBOTT: Well she'll be here at eight. Boy, am I excited. My head is in the clouds -- my feet are on the ground.

COSTELLO: You'd better pull yourself together!

ABBOTT: Keep quiet and get my tuxedo out of the closet. I haven't worn it in over a year.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

COSTELLO: Here it is. I'll shake it out!

SOUND: (SHAKING OF CLOTHES - THEN AIRPLANE MOTOR, UP AND OUT QUICKLY)

COSTELLO: MOTHS.....WITH TWIN ENGINES, TOO!

ABBOTT: That suit makes me think of the days when things weren't going so good for me. When I bought that suit, I was down in the dumps.

COSTELLO: Well you can pick up some nice clothes down there.

ABBOTT: Talk sense! I've got to get this suit pressed. Get the electric iron out of the bathroom. Wait a minute! Look at the water coming under the bathroom door. There must be a drip in the bathroom!

SOUND: (SPLASH OF WATER - DOOR OPENS)

COSTELLO: There's a drip in here, all right!

MATILDA: AND I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!

COSTELLO: Matilda, didn't I ask you not to dive in the bathtub with your clothes on?

MATILDA: I was looking for jewelry.

COSTELLO: What jewelry?

MATILDA: Uncle Bud said "ev'ry time you take a bath you leave a ring in the tub. (LAUGHS)

COSTELLO: Never mind that! Didn't Uncle Bud tell you the next time you were tempted to dive in the tub, you should say "GET BEHIND ME SATAN"?

MATILDA: I did - and he got behind me and pushed me in. (LAUGHS)

~~COSTELLO: Well you've got to get out of the tub. Here - give me your hand. NOW...READY-PULL!~~

SOUND: ~~(SPLASH OF WATER)~~

COSTELLO: ~~ABBOOTT!~~

ABBOTT: (FADING IN) Costello, you should be ashamed of yourself, -- at your age, playing in the bath tub.

COSTELLO: WHO IS PLAYING?...THE KID PULLED ME IN!

ABBOTT: Look at this bathroom, it's a mess! Water all over the floor - glue all over the sink.

MATILDA: That ain't glue -- it's hair oil, Uncle Bud.

COSTELLO: Matilda that's glue.

MATILDA: No wonder I can't get my hat off.

COSTELLO: You're the dumbest kid I ever saw! Why didn't you read the label on the bottle?

MATILDA: I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD.

ABBOTT: Never mind that! We've got to get this place cleaned up and that kid in bed before Connie Bennett gets here. Costello, get those wet clothes off Matilda and put her to bed with your hot water bottle.

MATILDA: Uncle Louie -- you'd better put me to bed with my sling shot.

COSTELLO: Sling shot. I don't understand how you could get rubber to make a sling shot?

MATILDA: You will when you look for your hot water bottle!

COSTELLO: Matilda, get those wet clothes off and Uncle Bud will bring you a bowl of soup.

ABBOTT: (ASIDE) Look, Costello, we're going to be here in New York two more weeks so we've got to get rid of that kid. Now listen - we'll get into an argument over the soup. I'll say it's too hot, you say it's too cold. If she sides with you I'll put her out; and if she sides with me, YOU put her out.

COSTELLO: Okay. (UP) MATILDA, the soup is ready.

ABBOTT: Costello that soup is too hot.

COSTELLO: And I say the soup is too cold. What do you say Matilda?

MATILDA: I say "HOT OR COLD I'M STAYING TWO MORE WEEKS."

MUSIC: "I HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE" - HOLD UNDER.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLINGTON: (OVER MUSIC) Connie Haines sings the lovely new ballad, "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To".

(APPLAUSE)



THIRD SPOT

ABBOTT: Gee, Costello --- I can hardly wait. Do you realize that Constance Bennett will be here any minute. I don't know how to act---what am I going to say to her?

COSTELLO: Take it easy, Abbott ---take it easy! Don't be nervous!

ABBOTT: I'm not nervous! I'm not a bit nervous!

COSTELLO: Then why are you biting my nails?

ABBOTT: I'm not biting your nails! And by the way, look at your nails---you need a manicure. You need your cuticle cut.

COSTELLO: My what?

ABBOTT: Your cuticle!

COSTELLO: You're cuticle too, Abbott! I think you're peachy!

ABBOTT: Cut it out, Costello --- and when Miss Bennett gets here I want you to behave yourself. She travels with a nice class of people. She associates with Aristocrats.

COSTELLO: What do you means, Aristocrats?

ABBOTT: Well, they're people who live a life of leisure. They haven't worked for generations. Their grandparents never worked ---their parents never worked and they never worked. In New York, we call them Aristocrats.

COSTELLO: In Brooklyn we call them bums!

SOUND: (DOOR BUZZER)

ABBOTT: I'll answer the door.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

ABBOTT: Well, if it isn't Constance Bennett. Come in Connie!  
(APPLAUSE)

CONNIE: Good evening, Buddy dear. You may kiss my hand.

COSTELLO: What about me?

THIRD SPOT

CONNIE: Oh --- would you like to kiss my lily white hand?

COSTELLO: I'd like to kiss your wight hand, your weft hand, and your wooby wed wips!

CONNIE: Just a minute! Buddy dear, who is this little character?

ABBOTT: Oh, this is my partner, Lou Costello.

CONNIE: Oh, yes ---I have such an appalling memory for faces -- and he has such an appalling face!

COSTELLO: Come on Bennett, don't try to high-hat me. How about a kiss, kid?

ABBOTT: Costello! How dare you ask Miss Bennett for a kiss. Remember -- I'm here!

COSTELLO: I know ---but I'd rather kiss her!

ABBOTT: Why should you kiss her? She's my guest!

COSTELLO: Oh, don't be so selfish. She's got enough kisses for the three of us.

CONNIE: The three of you?

COSTELLO: Yeah ---Me, Abbott and then ME again!

ABBOTT: Look, Costello --why don't you stop annoying Connie?

CONNIE: No, that's alright Bud. If Costello thinks he's such a Romeo I'll give him a chance to prove it. You may kiss me my fool!

COSTELLO: I'll say I'm going to kiss you. But I'm ~~warning you~~ --MY KISSES ARE LIKE FIRE!

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP FAST)

COSTELLO: Hello? No-No! ---I said my KISSES are like fire. Go back to bed, Mayor La Guardia!

SOUND: (PHONE DOWN)

ABBOTT: Come on Costello---if you're going to kiss Connie quit stalling!

COSTELLO: Okay --come here Connie. See how you like this?

SOUND: (LOUD KISS)

COSTELLO: There---how did you like that, Connie? That's what I call fire!

CONNIE: Hm, you'd better throw on some more coal!

ABBOTT: Well, Costello --you've had your little fun. Now if you'll excuse us, Miss Bennett and I have a date!

CONNIE: Oh, I'm so sorry, Bud. That's what I dropped in to tell you <sup>about</sup>. I have to report to my organization Bundles for Blue Jackets, tonight! You see---it's sort of a Ladies Auxiliary of the Navy!

COSTELLO: How do you like that, Abbott--a lady sailor! Would my uncle laugh at that.

ABBOTT: Your uncle?

COSTELLO: Sure. I got an uncle who's been a sailor for twenty years.

CONNIE: What's his capacity?

COSTELLO: Five quarts!

ABBOTT: No-No!--she means what kind of work does he do?

COSTELLO: He was on a tanker!

CONNIE: Where is he now?

COSTELLO: On a bender!

CONNIE: Well, let's find out how much you know about the Navy <sup>boys</sup>.  
What do you say we take an imaginary cruise?

ABBOTT: That sounds great, Costello. And we'll let Connie be the Captain!

THIRD SPOT

COSTELLO: A woman Captain! Who wants to be on a ship with a slip?  
I'll be the captain!

CONNIE: Who wants to be on a sloop with a droop!

ABBOTT: You're right Connie---you're in command. Heave Ho! *m' hearties!*

MUSIC: "SAILING, SAILING" -- FADE OUT FOR:

CONNIE: (YELLING) Avast you swabs! Larboard the mainsail, raise  
the jibsail, lower the sheets and change the bedspreads!

COSTELLO: Ahoy, Captain Bennett. Admiral Costello reporting!

ABBOTT: A fine Admiral you are Costello! You've got your pants  
on backwards!

COSTELLO: That's alright - I'm a rear Admiral!

CONNIE: Pipe down, sailor. We've got to get this boat moving. The  
first thing to do is to get steam up!

COSTELLO: Get what?

ABBOTT: GET STEAM UP!

COSTELLO: Okay. (YELLS) HEY STEAM- STEAM! GET UP!

ABBOTT: Just a minute Capatin Bennett...before we pull out--what  
about the crew? Is your crew forward?

CONNIE: I don't think so. They've been perfect gentlemen to me!

COSTELLO: Abbott, what did I tell you about a woman sailor? She don't  
even know what "Forward"means.

ABBOTT: Do you?

COSTELLO: Certainly! Forward is the front of the boat --aft is the  
back of the boat---the starboard is the right side---

ABBOTT: And where's the port?

COSTELLO: In a bottle in the icebox!

CONNIE: Oh, goody---look! The boat is moving! It's pulling out  
of the slip!

SOUND: (LONG LOUD RIP)

CONNIE: I guess my slip was too tight!

ABBOTT: Isn't this wonderful, Costello? Here we go over the bounding waves----Up and Down --Up and down! Up and down!

COSTELLO: STOP THE BOAT! STOP THE BOAT! IF YOU DON'T STOP IT, SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

ABBOTT: How do you know something terrible's going to happen? Are you Psychic?

COSTELLO: No----I'm seasick!

CONNIE: Costello, you'll never make a good sailor---you eat too much!

COSTELLO: What makes you think I eat too much?

CONNIE: You've got a bulge in your bilge!

ABBOTT: Say, Captain Bennett, at the rate we're going we'll soon be out of the harbor.

COSTELLO: Hey, Abbott--what are those guys working on over there in the shipyards?

ABBOTT: That's a hull of a ship!

COSTELLO: ~~I didn't ask for your opinion. I said what are they working on!~~ *You're telling me --but what are they working on!*

ABBOTT: Oh, skip it! Look Captain Bennett---the barometer is falling!

CONNIE: Well, pick it up before somebody steps on it!

COSTELLO: Pick it up! Abbott--I told you we shouldn't go sailing with a dame! We're liable to get out here and run into a bunch of octopusses!

ABBOTT: Octo pusses?

COSTELLO: Yeah. That's a fish with eight faces!

CONNIE: A fish with eight faces? How do you figure that out?

COSTELLO: Well, Octo means eight ---and PUSS IS A PUSS!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Captain Bennet there may be trouble ahead at that! Those clouds look like a storm is brewing!

CONNIE: I don't think there'll be any sotrm!

COSTELLO: How about a shower?

CONNIE: Take one if you think you need it!

COSTELLO: ABBOTT---GET ME OFF THIS BOAT! This dame's got bats in her crowsnest!

CONNIE: Full speed ahead!

SOUND: (ENGINE BELL- NOISE OF WAVES)

COSTELLO: Hey don't go so fast! Cut it out! Abbott, how many miles an hour are we going?

ABBOTT: This boat doesn't go miles!

CONNIE: That's right---this boat goes knots!

COSTELLO: How do you like that. Of all the boats in the world, we got to pick one that goes knots!

ABBOTT: Costello---you don't understand. Knots are nautical miles. If you ask a sailor how fast a boat is going--he won't say miles to you. He'll say Knots to you!

COSTELLO: Yeah? And I'll say knots right back at him!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello. Captain Bennett--have you any idea where we are?

CONNIE: Why of course I do...we're out on the ocean!

COSTELLO: The ocean?? WHICH OCEAN!

CONNIE: Why? Is there more than one?

COSTELLO: THAT'S ALL I WANNA KNOW--GIVE ME THAT WHEEL! AT least I know how to find south!

ABBOTT: How do you find it?

COSTELLO: You face North, and turn around quick!

CONNIE: Mister Costello, let go of that wheel! There's nothing to worry about. I know every rock along this coast!

SOUND: (HELL OF A LOUD CRASH)

CONNIE: There's one of them now!

COSTELLO: That did it! Give me that wheel! From now on I'll run the boat!

SOUND: (BELLS)

COSTELLO: (YELLS) ENGINE ROOM ---FULL SPEED ASTERN!

(PAUSE)

I SAID ENGINE ROOM FULL SPEED ASTERN!

(PAUSE)

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?

MATILDA: I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!

ABBOTT: It's Matilda!

COSTELLO: Matilda--what are you doing down in the engine room?

MATILDA: There's a big hole in the side of the boat Uncle Louie... and the water is rushing in. But I fixed it!

COSTELLO: How did you fix it?

MATILDA: I bored a hole in the other side to let the water run out!

CONNIE: Costello --where is the hole in the boat?

COSTELLO: It's below the water line!

CONNIE: Oh, thank goodness --then it won't show!

ABBOTT: Say look--we've drifted off the rock now. Do you think you can run the boat into port, Costello?

COSTELLO: Can I? I'll show you that a man is a better sailor than a woman anytime. Watch me travel. Ten knots--fifteen knots --twenty knots!

SOUND: BRING IN WAVES, SHIPS MOTOR

ABBOTT: Look out, Costello---there's a little fishing boat ahead!

WALLINGTON:(YELLING OFF MIKE) FRESH CLAMS---TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A DOZEN  
---FRESH CLAMS ---TWENTY FIVE CENTS A DOZEN!

CONNIE: LOOK OUT ---WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

SOUND: (CRASH)

COSTELLO: (SLIGHT PAUSE) CLAM CHOWDER--TEN CENTS A BOWL--CLAM  
CHOWDER, TEN CENTS A BOWL'

MUSIC: PLAY OFF  
(APPLAUSE)



WALLINGTON: They're writing "nineteen-eighteen" on the walls in Europe today to remind the people of the first Allied victory. Nineteen-eighteen was a great year for Camels, too; for then, as now, Camel was the soldier's cigarette. Even more important, we think, is the fact that thousands of those ex-soldiers are still smoking Camels, after twenty-five years...yes, still smoking Camels, the cigarette we believe more people have smoked longer than any other. I think that's mighty good proof of Camel character. The only better test of character I can think of is one you can make yourself, in your own T-Zone--"T" for taste and "T" for throat, your own proving ground for flavor and mildness. Let your taste tell you about Camel's flavor --the extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And let your throat tell you about Camel's mildness! Yes, Camels are rich-tasting, cool-smoking, slow-burning---better--- because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S'

WALLINGTON: Camels! Get a pack tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow! And here's special news for service men--the traveling Camel Caravans, which entertain you men throughout the country, will make eleven appearances in Army, Navy and Marine encampments this week. Watch for Camel Caravan, fellas, when it comes your way!

MUSIC: "LET'S DO IT"--FADE OUT FOR:

WALLINGTON: And now, here's Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, with their guest - Miss Constance Bennett - for a last word.....

COSTELLO: Thanks, Jimmy - well, Connie, it's been a lot of fun having you with us tonight.

ABBOTT: That's right, Connie -- and you know, I want to tell you that my wife and all her girl friends use Constance Bennett cosmetics.

CONNIE: That's fine, Bud -- how about you, Lou?

COSTELLO: Oh, I make my own cosmetics. I put a mud pack on my girl three weeks ago and she's still wearin' it!

CONNIE: But why don't you take it off??

COSTELLO: Aah, she looks better with it on!

CONNIE: (LAUGHS) Good night boys!

BUD & LOU: Good night, Connie.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME: HOLD UNDER --

WALLINGTON: (OVER MUSIC) Remember Camels present four great radio shows each week - the Camel Caravan tomorrow night, Bob Hawk on Saturday, Monday nights it's Blondie - and next Thursday night our own Abbott and Costello -- in a super-colossal mystery show with their guest, Mr. Peter Lorre. And now, this is Jimmy Wallington reminding you to hear the Camel Caravan tomorrow night -- and wishing all goodnight - from New York.

MUSIC: THEME UP TO CUT

ENGINEER: CUT ON CUE FOR HITCH HIKE

/nc  
5:30 pm  
2/4/43

HITCH-HIKE

VOICE: Now if you throw water on a red-hot skillet you'll get a noise like this--

SOUND: (HISSS!)

VOICE: And it may remind you of the way your tongue feels after a long session of pipe-smoking. Well, if it does, you need to switch to Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that's no-bite treated for cool, gongue-happy smoking comfort. Prince Albert's crimp cut just right for easy packing and drawing, too, and for stay-lit burning. Yes, you get around fifty mild, rich-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

NBC: THIS IS THE NBC....