

DIANA BARRYMORE, GUEST

(FINAL DRAFT)

October 29, 1942
NBC RED NETWORK
4:30 PM
7:00 PM

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

MUSIC: PERFIDIA INTRO TO:

BAND: (CHORUS) C...A...M...E...L...S!

NILES: CAMELS! - The cigarette that's first in the service
presents -- (SHOUT) THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM!

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP, HOLDS UNDER:

NILES: -- With the music of Leith Stevens and his orchestra,
the songs of Connie Haines and the Camel Five, tonight's
guest - Miss Diana Barrymore, and starring -
BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO.

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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COSTELLO: Hey Abbott -- HEY ABBOTT!

ABBOTT: Costello! Costello, stop that yelling! What's the trouble?

COSTELLO: LOOK WHAT I GOT, ABBOTT! I just bought a carrier pigeon -- I'm going to train him!

ABBOTT: You're training a carrier pigeon? WHAT FOR?

COSTELLO: I want to send a bird to Germany -- right in Hitler's face!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Costello -- what's the idea of coming into the studio barefooted!

COSTELLO: The Government won't let them make shoes any more.

ABBOTT: What are you talking about?

COSTELLO: Didn't the Government say - "EVERYTHING FOR VICTORY AND NOTHING FOR DE-FEET!"

ABBOTT: That's no excuse for coming in here like this. Where are your old shoes?

COSTELLO: I wore them out dancing in a jitterbug contest with Connie Haines!

ABBOTT: Jitterbug contest?

COSTELLO: Yeh -- what a dance! -- a Commando Raid with music!

ABBOTT: Personally, I prefer Spanish dancing. Do you rhumba?

COSTELLO: Only when I eat radishes!)

CONNIE: (FADES IN) Hello, my fat little sugar man!

COSTELLO: That voice! - Hello, Connie, dear!

CONNIE: I certainly enjoyed dancing with you last night.

COSTELLO: The Pressure was all mine!

*Cut
2nd
show*

CONNIE: Ever since last night I see your face before me --
on the street -- in the house -- I see your face
in every corner.

COSTELLO: That's me -- puss in the corner!

ABBOTT: Say, Connie -- that's a beautiful new dress you're
wearing.

CONNIE: Oh, it's really an old dress -- my first formal. I
came out in this dress three years ago.

COSTELLO: Don't move or you'll come out again!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! Everybody comes to the studio dressed up but you. Why don't you try to make a dapper appearance?

COSTELLO: What appearance?

ABBOTT: Dapper! Dapper!

COSTELLO: That's silly, Abbott -- I'm too old to wear dappers! *I Am A big boy*
Besides I didn't have no time to dress up -- I was busy all afternoon writing my new play!

ABBOTT: Writing a play? I don't believe it! You can't even write your own name!

COSTELLO: I can too write my own name!

ABBOTT: All right, let's see you do it!

COSTELLO: What, from memory?

ABBOTT: Skip it! Now let's get to the play -- what's your play all about?

COSTELLO: Well, it starts with me kissing the leading lady for twenty minutes.

ABBOTT: You kissing the leading lady for twenty minutes? THEN what happens?

COSTELLO: Then the curtain goes up and the play begins! *I got in the mood*

ABBOTT: That's no way to write a play, Costello! First you've got to collect your data. Where's your data?

~~COSTELLO: What?~~

~~ABBOTT: Where is your data?~~

COSTELLO: At home with my mama!

ABBOTT: No! No! I mean the data for your drama! Where is your drama?

COSTELLO: She's home with drampa!

ABBOTT: Oh, we're not getting anyplace! What's your play all about?

COSTELLO: It's a historical play, Abbott - a story of the first Indian Gypsy Rose Lee!

ABBOTT: The first Indian Gypsy Rose Lee?

COSTELLO: Yes - STRIP POCAHONTAS!

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES)

ABBOTT: Oh, here's Ken Niles. Hello, Ken.

NILES: (COMES IN) Good evening, Bud. Ah, there you are, Costello -- I hear you've written a play and without experience! Ha ha ha ha!

COSTELLO: Yeh, and without you! Ha ha ha ha!

NILES: Naturally, you have me in mind for a leading role?

COSTELLO: Sure, Niles! You're gonna play the part of Gorgonzola!

NILES: You must mean Emile Zola -- Gorgonzola is an imported cheese!

COSTELLO: What are you - domestic?

ABBOTT: But Costello, Ken Niles is a fine actor. You should give him a part with meat in it.

COSTELLO: Meat's rationed! - I'll throw 'im a fish!

ABBOTT: That's no way to talk about Ken Niles!

COSTELLO: Oh yeah? -- if he gets a part in my play, then he'll wanna put his wife in it!

NILES: (INDIGNANT) And why shouldn't she be in it? My wife is a great actress .. to me she's another Bernhardt!

COSTELLO: To me she's another heart-burn!

NILES: That's an insult! My wife has had a fine record in the theatre -- she's played with such stars as Tallulah Bahnkhead, Henry Phonda and Bette Dahvis!

COSTELLO: Did she ever run across Spencer Trahey or Clark Gooble???

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ABBOTT: What's the matter with you, Costello? Why do you want to keep Niles and his wife out of your play?

COSTELLO: 'Cuase if they get parts, then even the sound man will want a part!

BLANC: And why shouldn't I?

COSTELLO: Oh, I should've known - now it's Botsford Twink, the soundman! What do you want this week, Bots?

BLANC: What do I want! What does any sound man want! I want to make sounds! ^{Costello, oh, bless him.} The sound of a bee, making its buzz; the sound of a peach, fondling its fuzz; the sound of a P-38 in flight; the sound of a swing-shift, shifting at night! These sounds I can give you, I, Botsford Twink; and if you don't use me, your program will--

COSTELLO AND ABBOTT: Ah - ah!

BLANC: Suffer!

~~COSTELLO: Oh! I thought he was gonna say S-T-I-N-K!~~

~~ABBOTT: Costello!~~ **STET - Ad Lib**

~~COSTELLO: What's the matter, did I spell it wrong?~~

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet! Botsford is absolutely right, Costello - you can't possibly put on your play without sound effects.

COSTELLO: Okay, Botsford, you can be in the play - this is what you do -- Pocahontus is in love with me, and she plays on my heartstrings. You're the sound. She holds me close and smothers me with kisses. You're the sound. Then her father catches us, and jerks me out of her arms!

BLANC: Am I the sound?

COSTELLO: You're the jerk!

ABBOTT: Costello, behave yourself. Give the kid a chance to show what he can do!

BLANC: Yes, Mr. Costello -- after all, I've made a great study of bird calls.

COSTELLO: Bird calls? I know a few of them myself. Listen to this one -- a night bird!

ABBOTT: (PAUSE) I didn't hear anything.

COSTELLO: Blackout!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet! Go ahead, Botsford - let's hear your bird calls.

BLANC: *d.* Thank you. These will just fit the play. First I will give you the whipperwill. (FLAT WHISTLE) Now, the next is the humming bird. (SAME WHISTLE)

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, they both sound alike!

COSTELLO: They probably took from the same teacher! Go ahead, Botsford.

BLANC: The next is the Baltimore Oriole. (WHISTLE) the Weaver Bird, (WHISTLE) ... That was the male; here's the female: (WHISTLE) Some people get those two confused.

COSTELLO: Well, some people are stupid!

BLANC: (QUICKLY) ... there's the kingfisher, (WHISTLE) - the robin - (WHISTLE); the thrush (WHISTLE); the cuckoo - (WHISTLE); ~~the blue jay (WHISTLE); the sparrow (WHISTLE)~~ --

COSTELLO: (INTERRUPTS, YELLING) Wait a minute! Take it easy! BOTSFORD! Can you imitate the Australian Auk?

BLANC: The Australian Auk? I don't think so.

COSTELLO: It's very simple -- just put your neck between my two hands.

BLANC: Like this?

COSTELLO: Yeah.

BLANC: (YELLS) A-A-U-U-KKKKKK!

COSTELLO: THAT DID IT!

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Say, Lou Costello?

COSTELLO: Yeah, Niles?

NILES: What was that I saw you eating at lunch today?

COSTELLO: That was fish. It's brain food, y'know!

NILES: Brain food?

COSTELLO: Sure, all week long I've been eating fish - Monday I ate tuna fish; Tuesday oysters; Wednesday flounder; today mackerel!

NILES: What happened?

COSTELLO: Nothin'! I'm still a dope!

NILES: But tell me, Lou, the important thing is - how did the fish taste -- was it good?

COSTELLO: You wanna know, huh?

NILES: Oh, yes.

COSTELLO: You don't wanna get started talking about Camels?

NILES: Well, the subject of flavor might lead me into a brief discussion of Camels.

COSTELLO: It might, huh?

NILES: Yes, when you think of flavor, you naturally think of Camels, and vice versa. That's because Camels have more flavor, always have had. It's that extra flavor, full and rich, that makes Camels hold up, pack after pack, keeps them from going wishy-washy and flat. Try Camels in your T-Zone--

(MORE)

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NILES:
(Cont'd)

"T" is for taste and for throat, your own proving ground for cigarettes. Your taste will give you the last word on flavor, and your throat is the world's best judge of mildness. You'll find that Camels are slow-burning and cooler-smoking, too, because they're made of costlier tobaccos, blended in the years-old Camel tradition of quality tobacco blending. Remember, you're the one who's doing your smoking! Your throat and your taste will tell you!

CHORUS: C...A...M...E...L...S!

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC: "IDAHO" (FADE FOR)

NILES: Here's Leith Stevens and the orchestra with the Camel 5 to swing out in favor of -- IDAHO.
(APPLAUSE)

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ABBOTT: Now listen, Costello, I want to talk to you about ---

COSTELLO: Just a second, Abbott, I'm figuring out my cast for the play tonight. (MUMBLES) Let's see, I'll need some Indians, a few ponies, couple of wigwams ---- answer the phone, Abbott.

ABBOTT: It didn't ring.

COSTELLO: Why wait 'till the last minute?

SOUND: (TELEPHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

COSTELLO: There, you see? Hello, Costello speaking.

MAN: (FILTER) Mr. Costello, I understand you're putting on a play tonight, and I wondered if you could use me.

COSTELLO: I might be able to -- what do you do?

MAN: I talk!

COSTELLO: YOU TALK! What's so wonderful about that? Everybody in my play can talk!

MAN: I know -- BUT I'M A HORSE. (WHINNY AND HICCUP)

COSTELLO: Somebody must have spiked his oats!

ABBOTT: Costello, I want to talk to you. As long as you're

determined to do this play tonight -- I'd better be the leading man. *Why when I played The Biltmore Theatre*
Do you remember the night I played
You could hear The Apphause clear across
opposite Katherine Cornell?
The street

Costello: What was playing across the street?

COSTELLO: ~~Yeah -- she was good and you were the opposite!~~

ABBOTT: ^{Quiet} ~~That isn't true.~~ Not only am I a great actor, but I also starred in musical comedy as a dancer. Would you like to see my ballet?

COSTELLO: No -- your face is bad enough! There's no use arguing, Abbott, because I'm going to be the leading man, and Universal Studios is lending me Diana Barrymore for my leading lady!

ABBOTT: Don't be absurd. You can't be her leading man. Diana Barrymore would make a fool out of you in two minutes!

COSTELLO: Yeah, but think of those two minutes!

ABBOTT: All right -- if you're so smart -- just how would you make love to Diana Barrymore? If she walked in that door, how would you approach her?

COSTELLO: I'd just go (LOUD WHISTLE) H'ya Babe!

ABBOTT: I thought so. Don't you realize that in Hollywood a gentleman never whistles at a lady?

COSTELLO: Oh, no? Them things that chirp at the corner of Sunset and Vine ain't canaries!

ABBOTT: All right, Costello - if you insist on playing the leading man -- I'd better instruct you in the art of love making! Now let's say that you're the man and I'm the woman!

COSTELLO: You're what?

ABBOTT: I'm a woman!

COSTELLO: And to think of the stories I've told you!

ABBOTT: No-no-no-----I'm a woman in fancy!

COSTELLO: In fancy what?

ABBOTT: IN FANCY NOTHING!

COSTELLO: That's a good way to catch cold!

ABBOTT: WILL YOU TALK SENSE I'M TRYING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE LOVE! Take me in your arms --

COSTELLO: I don't wanna!

ABBOTT: Come on -- take me in your arms!

COSTELLO: You don't appeal to me!

ABBOTT: Hold me close -- that's it. Now look into my eyes and ask me the question that's burning on your lips!

COSTELLO: Who's on first?

ABBOTT: That's right - and what's on second!

COSTELLO: Who's on second?

ABBOTT: No, what's on second -- Aahh! Wait a minute! We're not getting anywhere! Now, let's trade places. I'll be the man this time and you be the woman! Are you ready?

COSTELLO: Oh goody - I'm gonna be the woman! Am I a young woman or an old woman? Am I pretty or homely?

ABBOTT: Look - you can be young or old, pretty or ugly - you can be bald-headed and bowlegged! I don't care as long as you're a woman!

COSTELLO: You men are all alike!

ABBOTT: What do you know about women? Suppose you were going to get married - who would you marry -- a homely girl or a pretty girl?

COSTELLO: I'd marry a homely girl!

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: If you marry a pretty girl, she's liable to run away!

CUT -
and show

ABBOTT: Well, a homely girl is liable to run away!

COSTELLO: Yeah, but who cares!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR) (DOOR OPENS)

BARRYMORE: Pardon me, may I come in?

ABBOTT: Of course, young lady, you ~~(TOGETHER)~~ Say! Look
who it is -- Diana Barrymore!

(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: Oh, boy -- Diana Barrymore! What a lovely leading
lady! Diana, what makes you so beautiful?

BARRYMORE: Every day I bathe in milk!

COSTELLO: Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

BARRYMORE: Not at all.

COSTELLO: (CUTE) How do you get into the bottle?

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! Diana, it was very nice of Universal to let you come down here tonight!

BARRYMORE: Yes, they're very sweet. They always allow me to pick up a little extra!

COSTELLO: Some of those little extras ain't bad -- I was out with one the other ---

ABBOTT: COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: Gee, my play is bound to be a success with you in it, Diana - You sure have a lot of fans!

BARRYMORE: So have you.

COSTELLO: And you have a swell personality!

BARRYMORE: So have you!

COSTELLO: And you have a wonderful figure. (SILENCE) I should have quit when I was even!

BARRYMORE: Seriously, though - I saw your last picture!

COSTELLO: You did? Didn't ^{you} think it had a very happy ending?

BARRYMORE: Yes, everybody was glad when it was over!

COSTELLO: ^{So was I} What a fresh kid!

ABBOTT: Costello - cut that out!

COSTELLO: Diana - tell me - what was your last picture?

BARRYMORE: "Between Us Girls?"

COSTELLO: No -- tell everybody!

ABBOTT: Come - come, Costello - tell Diana what the play is all about.

COSTELLO: Okay -- it's the story of Pocohontas and John Smith, Diana, you're Pocohontas and I'm John. As I come walking through the woods, we meet each other -- the sun is shining and the birds are singing --

Birds

BLANC: (AS SOUNDMAN) ¹ Bob-o-link (WHISTLES AS IN OPENING SPOT)
Meadow lark (WHISTLES) Bull-finch --

COSTELLO: QUIET, BOTSFORD! Where was I -- oh, yeah -- for this part,
Diana, you'll have to speak Indian.

BARRYMORE: Oh, I speak Indian. I speak several languages -- French,
Chinese, Turkish, Egyptian --

COSTELLO: How's your Persian?

BARRYMORE: She just had kittens! Ha. Ha. Ha. ~~Isn't that a foul joke?~~

COSTELLO: ~~I don't get it - send me a litter~~
~~Yeah -- and here's the egg to prove it!~~ As I was saying --
I meet you in the woods and we fall in love.....but your
father, the Chief, captures me and tries to cut my head off,
but I escape -- then he captures me again and tries to
chop my head off --

ABBOTT: He tries to chop your head off twice?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- it's a double header! Then you come in, Diana, and
save me -- you throw yourself in my arms and as I stand
there with my lips pressed to yours -- the curtain comes
down!

BARRYMORE: Why, Mister Costello -- that's wonderful. Why, I'm simply
wild about the part!

COSTELLO: The part where I kiss you?

BARRYMORE: No, the part where the curtain comes down!

ABBOTT: All right, Costello -- get your cast together and let's get
on with the play.

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott. (CALLS) EVERYBODY ON STAGE -- WE'RE READY TO
START THE PLAY....and if you all give a good performance,
I'll take everybody out for a snort.

BARRYMORE: A snort?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- a swallow!!

BLANC: (SOUNDMAN) Swallow -- (WHISTLES) Blue jay (WHISTLES)
~~magpie~~ (WHISTLES)

COSTELLO: GET HIM OUTTA HERE!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: INTRO. FOR "KEEP SMILIN'" (FADE)

NILES: Here's a swell suggestion from Connie Haines and the Camel
Five -- she says: "Let's Keep Smilin!"
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC (INDIAN MUSIC AND FADE FOR:)

NILES: And now, ladies and gentlemen, this is Ken Niles, about to bring you the treat of the evening -- OUR PLAY -- "JOHN SMITH AND POCOHONTAS," starring DIANA BARRYMORE, BUD ABBOTT, Lou Costello, AND ME! Ha ha ha ha. (In the play I am Big-Chief-Running-Water....hot and cold!

CUT - second show

COSTELLO: You are Big-Chief-Punk-Gag -- no laugh! GET ON WITH THE PLAY!

NILES: And now to our story -- It is a bitter cold winter night -- John Smith Costello and Bud Abbott are fighting their way through the forest, searching for food -- little knowing that the Indians are on their trail. As they pause to rest,

CUT - 2nd CURTAIN

John speaks: CURTAIN! *Bud Abbott speaks.*

COSTELLO: (AFRAID) Let's not go any further, Abbott - I'm scared! There are a lot of wild beasts in this forest - mountain lions!

SOUND: (LION ROAR)

CUT - second show

ABBOTT: Was that a lion?

COSTELLO: It wasn't somethin' I et! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

ABBOTT: But you're John Smith - a soldier of fortune, a man of the world!

COSTELLO: Yeah - and I wanna stay in it!

ABBOTT: Listen, we may be close to the Indians. Put your ear to the ground and see what you can hear!

COSTELLO: Okay -- oh - oh -- oh!

ABBOTT: What did you pick up?

COSTELLO: A gopher, two ants and a worm named Sheikelgruber!

ABBOTT: What's the matter with you? I thought you were supposed to be a game hunter!

COSTELLO: I am, Abbott. I'm a good hunter. Once I followed a silver fox for three miles!

ABBOTT: What happened?

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COSTELLO: I got my face slapped!

ABBOTT: I said a game hunter!

COSTELLO: Oh, I thought you said a dame hunter!

ABBOTT: Shhh - quiet! There's someone coming through the bushes!

SOUND: (RUSTLING IN BUSHES)

COSTELLO: Look, Abbott - IT'S A GIRL! AN INDIAN SQUAB!

BARRYMORE: Greetings, Palefish!

COSTELLO: No - no --- not fish -- FACE!

BARRYMORE: Greetings, Fishface! Welcome to the land of Minnie.

COSTELLO: Ha ha?

BARRYMORE: What's so funny?

COSTELLO: (YELLS) HOW D'YA LIKE THAT! JUST LIKE A BARRYMORE -- WANTS TO STEAL THE PLAY! -- Pardon me, folks - I stepped out of character.

ABBOTT: Permit us to introduce ourselves. I am Bud Abbott --

COSTELLO: And I am John Smith.

BARRYMORE: And I am Pocahontus!

COSTELLO: Pocahontus, I kiss your hand.

BARRYMORE: Oh, John, your kiss is so warm -- why did it burn me so?

COSTELLO: I forgot to take the cigarette out of my mouth!

ABBOTT: Tell us, fair Indian maiden, are we the first white men you've ever seen?

BARRYMORE: No, Wendell Willkie went through here yesterday! ... I think you had better hide in the woods. If the Indians in my tribe catch palefaces, they roast them alive.

ABBOTT: It looks like you're in trouble, Smith. You're a paleface!

COSTELLO: Well, make me an Indian!

ABBOTT: How can I make your face red?

COSTELLO: Tell me a traveling salesman story!

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SOUND: (WHIZZING OF ARROWS)

COSTELLO: (YELPS) Abbott! Abbott! The Indians shot an arrow around my neck!

ABBOTT: WELL?

COSTELLO: How do I look in an Arrow Collar!

BARRYMORE: I think we are safe now -- the arrows are getting more scanty.

SOUND: (LOUD ARROW WHIZ FINISHING UP IN DULL THUD)

COSTELLO: Ouch!

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: I just got a scanty in my panty!

BARRYMORE: Take my advice, white men, and flee for your lives.
My tribe is on the warpath.

ABBOTT: How many men in your tribe?

BARRYMORE: Forty-two bucks and a chief.

ABBOTT: Who's the Chief?

COSTELLO: The guy with the forty-two bucks!

BARRYMORE: You do not realize your danger. Even though you are brave men, this is no lark.

BLANC: Lark (WHISTLE) Robin - (WHISTLE) --

COSTELLO: BOTSFORD, GET OUTTA HERE!

EFFECT: (NILES, BLANC, ETC.)FADE IN WITH INDIAN WHOOPS - STOP AS

COSTELLO: Abbott! We're surrounded by a bunch of savage Indians!

ABBOTT: Don't worry - let me talk to them. Say you - where are you Indians from?

INDIAN: (INDIAN) We come from upper headwaters: Winnebago.

COSTELLO: (IMITATES) We come from crick in back - LUMBAGO!

BARRYMORE: Be careful how you speak to him -- he is a very important warrior.

INDIAN: Yes - me in charge of scalping!

COSTELLO: Oh - top sergeant!

INDIAN: Come white man -- follow me -- WE TAKE YOU TO BIG CHIEF!

COSTELLO: No -- no -- I don't wanna go---save me, Pocohontas!

ABBOTT: Shame on you, Costello -- hiding behind a woman's petticoat!

COSTELLO: Hiding behind a woman's petticoat -- just a minute.

DIANA----- (WHISPERS)

BARRYMORE: Why, no---

COSTELLO: Nyah -- who's hiding behind a petticoat!

BARRYMORE: Quiet, John Smith -- we are approaching the camp of the Seminoles. Listen -- you can hear them singing their Seminole War Song!

BOYS: (BLANC- NILES- STEVENS) (SING) "SEMINOLE COWHAND FROM THE RIO GRANDE" (GO INTO WAR WHOOPS)

BARRYMORE: Halt, white men. This is tepee of Big Chief - my father!

COSTELLO: Abbott, get a load of that Chief - whatta savage looking savage!

ABBOTT: Don't be afraid -- see, he's got a pipe of peace in one hand!

COSTELLO: Yeah -- and a piece of pipe in the other!

BARRYMORE: Oh, father I must speak to you, oh wise Chief!

NILES: SILENCE! You are in presence of Big Chief Running Water, Big Thunder, Big Rain! Who are these men?

COSTELLO: We are Big Chief Hollywood Chamber of Commerce -- Big Sun, Big Fog, Big Smudgepots in bloom!

NILES: Away with these Palefaces, oh daughter---throw them to the dogs!

BARRYMORE: I did, father--but the dogs refused them!

NILES: Then they shall die on the chopping block. I have spoken!
(LAUGHS)

COSTELLO: Chief, this is what I think of you---You're abominable, contemptible and despicable!

ABBOTT: Costello, those are hard words!

COSTELLO: Plenty hard--but I said them!

BARRYMORE: (Father, spare this man's life--I love him---he is John Smith!

NILES: John Smith! Every man who calls on you signs the registers

*cut
and
show*

John Smith!) You warriors!--SEIZE THIS MAN AND PLACE HIS

HEAD ON THE BLOCK! I WILL KNOCK HIS BRAINS OUT WITH A CLUB!

BARRYMORE: But father, you have no club!

COSTELLO: That's all right -- I have no brains!

NILES: The white man must die---bring me my axe!

BARRYMORE: No-No-father--do not kill him---kill me instead!

NILES: No-I will kill him!

BARRYMORE: No-No-father - kill me!

COSTELLO: Why don't you humor the kid!

ABBOTT: Costello, before you die--is there anything you wish to say?

COSTELLO: Yes, Abbott--I'd like to say one word.

ABBOTT: What is it?

COSTELLO: (YELLS) HELP!

NILES: It is too, late--the axe descends----

ABBOTT: Goodbye, John Smith -- you were a brave soldier!

BARRYMORE: Please father -- Spare oh, spare him; spare, oh, spare him!

COSTELLO: Yes--Spare, oh spare, oh

BLANC: (AS SOUNDMAN) Sparrow--(WHISTLES) Robin Red Breast -

(WHISTLES)

COSTELLO: (YELLS) STOP THE PLAY! ---STOP THE PLAY! --(CALLS) ---

(SWEETLY) Oh, soundman!

BLANC: Yes, Mister Costello!

COSTELLO: Botsford, there's one birdcall you forgot to do.

BLANC: Oh, you're not going to pull that Australian Auk on me again are you?

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COSTELLO: No this is a different one, Botsford!

BLANC: What kind is it?

SOUND: (GUNSHOT)

COSTELLO: DEAD DUCK!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF - SEGUE TO LOW TROMBONE CHORD -- SUSTAIN TO CUE TO

CUT:

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NILES: Rolling through the Barents Sea to Murmansk and across the Pacific to Sydney go the convoys - and every ship that docks means thousands of tons of tanks and planes and guns that will roar into battle.

MUSIC: (FADE)

NILES: Getting the guns to fighting men is the job of the Merchant Marine, a long job, a hard job, and one that knows no Sundays off, and no holidays till port is reached. Many of these men say that cigarettes are one of their greatest comforts on a long voyage. Captain Harry N. Sadler, skipper of one of the crack Moore-McCormack ships, has said, QUOTE - You bet I stick to Camels! I go for that rich Camel flavor.. doesn't tire my taste or wear out its welcome. And I 'specially like the way Camels are so mild - so easy on my throat!

SADLER:
(VOICE)

NILES: UNQUOTE: Yes, and men on the front line go for Camels, too. Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Try Camels yourself for steady pleasure. Camels have more flavor, rich and full, and it's flavor that makes Camels wear well, pack after pack, keeps them from going wishy-washy and flat. You'll like the way Camels are mild and cooler-smoking, too, because they're slow-burning. The reason behind Camel's goodness is costlier tobaccos, blended as only Camel knows how to blend. Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

(Commercial continued)

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! And remember -- the Army Post office says to mail over-seas Christmas presents during October. Send that fellow his Christmas carton of Camels--- tomorrow!

MUSIC: TRUMPET CALL

NILES: And here's the latest news about the Camel Caravans, those traveling shows that entertain our boys in the service. The Caravans will visit 19 more camps this week. To date, the shows have played to more than two million men.

MUSIC: "HIP HIP HOORAY" (FADE OUT)

NILES: *(ON CUE OVER MUSIC)* Here's a word about next week's program. You will hear more music from Leith Stevens and the orchestra more songs from Connie Haines and the Camel 5, more comedy from Abbott and Costello - and a gripping, spine-tingling mystery drama with our guest star - Basil Rathbone. Here is a short and gruesome preview -

*cut
and
show*

MUSIC: SNEAK IN MYSTERIOSO MUSIC FOR B.G & FADE ON CUE UNER:

*2nd show -
Costello: We're a little late folks - so goodnight.*

NILES:

Abbott and Costello are trapped in an old deserted house, miles away from civilization. Bound hand and foot, their only hope of rescue is the arrival of Sherlock Holmes, played by Basil Rathbone. Suddenly, with a deafening roar, the building bursts into flames. Abbott and Costello are trapped in this blazing inferno, victims of a fiendish plot! Gasping for breath, Abbott speaks...

MUSIC: CUTS

ABBOTT: (COUGHING) Costello - it looks like Holmes won't get here in time. The flames are coming closer and closer! Is there anything you want to say?

cut and about

COSTELLO: THIS IS NO TIME FOR A FIRESIDE CHAT!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME...FADE FOR:

NILES: Be sure to tune in next Thursday night at this same time for another big comedy show starring Bud Abbott and Lou Costello....with Basil Rathbone as our guest. Tomorrow night listen to the "Camel Caravan" with Lanny Ross, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat, Our Town and their special guest -- Jack Pearl. (And here's big news about another great show for Camel cigarettes. Beginning this Saturday evening, Bob Hawk, that faster quiz master of the air returns with a brand new quiz program over another network that's destined to reach new highs. It's called "Thanks to the Yanks", and you'll be cheering every minute. Don't miss Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" every Saturday evening. Then on Mondays -- it's Blondie all brought to you with the compliments of Camel cigarettes.)
And this is Ken Niles wishing you a very pleasant goodnight
---from Hollywood.

cut first show

MUSIC: THEME UP...FADE FOR:

ENGINEER: SWITCH: HITCH-HIKE

51459 7567

ANNOUNCER: Say, mister, you have trouble keeping your pipe lit? Switch over to Prince Albert -- the pipe tobacco that's crimp cut for stay-lit, one-match burning. P.A.'s no-bite treated, too, for smoking comfort -- has a mild, rich taste. And remember, every handy pocket package of Prince Albert holds around fifty pipefuls. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal - it's the National Joy Smoke!