

BASIL RATHBONE, GUEST

(FINAL DRAFT)

November 5, 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 -
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 -
Basil Rathbone, and starring -
BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO.

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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COSTELLO: (YELLS) HEY ABBOTT! HEY ABBOTT!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! Stop that noise - come over here. Why are you so late tonight?

COSTELLO: I couldn't help it, Abbott! While I was walking down the street, a guy stopped me, called me up an alley - and offered me a drink for a quarter. I took it!

ABBOTT: You took it! Costello you ought to be ashamed of yourself! The idea of going up an alley for a drink! Let me smell your breath. (BREATHES) Say, that smells good!

COSTELLO: It should -- it's coffee!

~~ABBOTT: Don't be silly! -- you don't have to go up an alley for coffee -- it isn't that hard to get!~~

~~COSTELLO: Oh no? My Aunt had to come over to my house Saturday night!~~

~~ABBOTT: Why?~~

~~COSTELLO: 'Cause my Uncle was makin' a batch of coffee in the bath-tub!~~

~~ABBOTT: Your Uncle making coffee in the bath-tub? Drip??~~

~~COSTELLO: No, he's a pretty smart guy!~~

ABBOTT: Say, I thought you went to Ken Niles' Hallowe'en Party Saturday night?

COSTELLO: Yeah, it was a good Hallowe'en party, except that Niles is a very cheap guy. He served frankfurters with no meat in them!

ABBOTT: No meat in the frankfurters?

COSTELLO: Yeh - hollow-weenies!

ABBOTT: What else did he serve? Any refreshments?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- and what refreshments! Niles mixed one of his Martini's for Leith Stevens and it burned his tongue.

ABBOTT: That's ridiculous! Martini's aren't hot!

COSTELLO: Oh, no? This one was so hot that the olive stuck out its pimento. Stevens took just one drink of the stuff and he couldn't get into his dinner clothes.

ABBOTT: You mean he had trouble getting into his stiff shirt?

COSTELLO: N o -- he had trouble getting into his shirt STIFF!

CONNIE: (FADES IN) Hello, Mister Abbott.

ABBOTT: Oh, hello Connie.

COSTELLO: What's the matter, Connie? Why don't you say hello to me?

CONNIE: I'm mad at you! That's a fine way you treated me Saturday night at the party. You danced every dance with that blonde, Mrs. Vandercramp!

ABBOTT: Is that true, Costello?

COSTELLO: Yes, Abbott, it's true. I was with her every dance. All evening I never left her side.

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: My tie was caught in her zipper!

NIE S: (FADING IN) Ahh, good evening, Connie -- hello, Bud. AND THERE YOU ARE, COSTELLO! I have a bone to pick with you. Ha ha ha ha

COSTELLO: I'M OVER HERE. What's the matter, Niles? Ain't you speaking to me, either?

NILES: Mister Costello - I have a bone to pick with you. Ha. Ha. Ha.

COSTELLO: Leave your head out of this. ^{Niles} Ha. Ha. Ha.

NILES: I just want to tell you that your manners at my party Saturday night were atrocious. All you did was reach across the table for food.

ABBOTT: Ken is right, Costello. If you wanted food you should have asked for it. You have a tongue, haven't you?

COSTELLO: Yeah - but I can reach further with my hands.

NILES: And another thing. You insulted my wife's cooking. You made fun of the pie she baked.

COSTELLO: Who wouldn't? It was the worst pumpkin pie I ever ate.

NILES: It wasn't pumpkin. It was Boysenberry. I know - I got the berries.

COSTELLO: And I got the Boison.... What a cook your wife is! Did you get a load of the cake I brought to the party? -- I baked it myself.

NILES: Yes, I had a piece of your cake. It was so hard I couldn't bite into it!

COSTELLO: Can I help it if the Government froze my dough!

NILES: Alright - alright - have your fun. But maybe you won't feel so funny when you see this bill for the damage you did at my house! Ha. Ha. Ha.

ABBOTT: Damage? Bill? Let me see that bill, Ken. Listen to this, Costello - You've got to pay \$500 for wrecking Niles' di-van.

COSTELLO: Di-van?

NILES: Yes - yes. It's that overstuffed thing with the heavy legs.

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COSTELLO: That's a fine way to talk about your wife!

ABBOTT: He isn't talking about his wife. A di-van is a couch. And at \$500 the couch is evidently an heirloom.

NILES: That's right, Bud. All my wife's things are heirlooms. Do you realize that my wife has one of the oldest pewter mugs in existence.

COSTELLO: On her it looks good!

NILES: Mister Costello - I resent your reference to my wife's appearance. Of course I'll admit she has a few wrinkles in her neck.

ABBOTT: A few wrinkles! That's the first Venetian blind I ever saw with an Adam's apple!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

ABBOTT: Come in!

cut and send SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

ABBOTT: Why, it looks like Mrs. Niles!

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES WITH A LOUD BANG FOLLOWED BY CRASHING OBJECTS)

COSTELLO: It sounds like Mrs. Niles!

ALLMAN: Oh, there you are - short, fat and flabby!

COSTELLO: IT IS MRS. NILES! Hallowe'en's over. Take off that mask.

ALLMAN: I'm not wearing a mask.

COSTELLO: Then put one on!

ABBOTT: Costello - that's no way to talk to Ken's wife. She belongs to the uppercrust!

COSTELLO: Well, she's starting to crumble!

ALLMAN: Why you little blimp - you windbag -

NILES: Just a moment, dear. I'll take care of Mister Costello. After all, don't I wear the pants in our family? - Well - don't I? (WISTFULLY) Well, gee -- you said I could wear them to the program!

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ALLMAN: Quiet, Kenneth! I didn't come here to bandy words. I want Mister Costello to settle for the damage he did to my home. Not only is my divan ruined - but this morning I discovered that Mister Costello had put a nick in my highboy!

COSTELLO: High what?

ALLMAN: High boy!

COSTELLO: High, Babe!

ALLMAN: Mister Costello - I refuse to tolerate any more nonsense! Either you'll pay me \$500 damages or you'll have to work out what you owe in my pet shop on Hollywood Boulevard!

COSTELLO: Did you say you own a Pet Shop?

ALLMAN: Yes - I raise all kinds of animals. In fact, I'm an expert on animals. Did you know that a giraffe has a tongue 18 inches long?

COSTELLO: Doesn't that make you jealous!

ALLMAN: Oh, you think you're so clever! Tell me - if you're so smart -- how many ribs does a worm have?

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ALLMAN: Take off your coat and I'll count them! Ha ha ha ha!

(PAUSE) (SHARPLY) Well, Kenneth???

NILES: Yes dear, very amusing! ha ha ha ha!

ALLMAN: I certainly chopped him down that time!

COSTELLO: You're just the old battle-axe that can do it!

ALLMAN: Alright, Mister Costello - I'll expect you at the Pet Shop in an hour. You'll find me there surrounded by the dogs!

COSTELLO: Just raise your hand - I'll find you!

ALLMAN: GOODEBYE!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

ABBOTT: Well, Costello - you've got yourself into it now. You'll have to be nursemaid to a lot of dogs!

COSTELLO: I don't care Abbott - I like dogs! I've always liked dogs! The best friend I ever had was a dog. He used to go to school with me every day - but at the end -- we finally had to part.

ABBOTT: Why did you have to part?

COSTELLO: THE DOG GRADUATED!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

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NILES: Say, Lou Costello.

COSTELLO: Yeah, Niles.

NILES: Didn't I see you driving around in a different car today.

COSTELLO: Yeah. I just bought a second hand car and when I drove it out to test it, the motor started knocking. I drove it 500 miles and it was still knocking.

NILES: Why didn't you lift up the hood.

COSTELLO: I did.

NILES: What did you find?

COSTELLO: The mechanic. He was still working on it.

NILES: That's right, Costello. When you buy anything, you ought to test it. Take Camels for instance..

COSTELLO: Every time I'll take 'em.

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NILES: The way to find out about Camels is to give 'em a trial run in your T-Zone. That's "T" for taste, and "T" for throat, anybody's own personal proving ground for cigarettes. Just ask your taste about Camel's full, rich flavor -- the extra flavor that makes Camels wear well, pack after pack, keeps them from going wishy-washy and flat. Then take a tip from your throat on Camel's mildness -- it's the best judge you'll find. Camels are mild, because they're slow-burning and cooler-smoking, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. 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 &
CHORUS: "ROAD TO MOROCCO" - HOLD FOR:

NILES: Leith Stevens, the orchestra and the Camel Five - with the rollicking title song from the new Bing Crosby-Bob Hope picture - "Road to Morocco".

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP

COSTELLO: Hello -- Mrs. Niles' pet shop, Lou Costello speaking -
if you wanta pet, ask for me!

BLANC: LOUD DOG BARKS

COSTELLO: Hello, what's that? ...WHAT?? (YELLS) ROVER, WILL
YOU SHUT UP! (BARKS STOP) Hello --- oh, no ma'am.
We don't have any flea soap, only dog soap - the fleas
have to wash themselves!

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

COSTELLO: All right Rover - go ahead.

BLANC: BARKS LOUDLY, FADING

ABBOTT: Say Costello - what's wrong with that pup?

COSTELLO: The puppy has a cold!

ABBOTT: Well, if the pup has a cold, fill a long tube with some
cold powder, then place one end of the tube in your
mouth, take a deep breath - and blow!

COSTELLO: That's no good - I tried it!

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: THE DOG BLEW FIRST!!

ABBOTT: All right, never mind - let's get busy. Did you polish the goldfish, pinch the Dobermans and crate the boxers?

COSTELLO: Yeah - and I let the air out of the airdales!

ABBOTT: Now don't forget, Costello - Mrs. Niles has her special pet dog here, and we've got to take good care of it. Have you seen her?

COSTELLO: You mean Motorboat? She just had fifteen puppies!

ABBOTT: Why do you call her Motorboat?

COSTELLO: Because she goes pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup!

ABBOTT: Well, just make sure nothing happens to Mrs. Niles' dog because you're in enough trouble now!

EFFECT: (BLANC & NILES) ..LOUD DOG BARKING - CUTS AS:

COSTELLO: Okay, okay - quiet! ... I guess I better feed the dogs, Abbott. This one's name is Hitler. (ROUGHLY) C'mere, Hitler!

BLANC: HITLER BARKING

COSTELLO: That's Hitler -- and this one here is Mussolini!

ABBOTT: (PAUSE) Doesn't he bark?

COSTELLO: No - he just listens to Hitler!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS - RECEIVER UP

ABBOTT: Hello? Yes this is ~~the~~ Mrs. Niles Pet Shop. Oh hello, Mrs. Pike.

COSTELLO: Who's Mrs. Pike?

ABBOTT: Costello, keep still. (BACK INTO PHONE) Yes, Mrs. Pike we feed, bathe and exercise dogs. Fine, I'll send Costello over for it. What kind of a dog have you? A PEKINESE! Okay, MRS. PIKE. (HANGS UP) Costello, I want you to go over and get a peke at Mrs. Pike's.

COSTELLO: Get a peak at her? Why can't I take a good look.

ABBOTT: Listen, you dummy! I want you to go after Pike's peke.

COSTELLO: You want me to go after Pike's Peak? What do I look like - a mountain climber?

ABBOTT: Look Costello. Go to Mrs. Pike's house. You'll see her PEKE around the yard.

COSTELLO: Well, what do you want me to do, play hide and seek with her? I'm busy. I gotta finish washing a dog. That white dog...you know...that...that...

ABBOTT: Spitz?

COSTELLO: No - but he drools a little.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ABBOTT: Oh, oh - here comes Mrs. Niles. She's probably come to inquire about her dog.

ALLMAN: Ah, there you are, Mr. Costello; how's my CHOW?

COSTELLO: What are you asking me for? I never ate at your house.

ALLMAN: Don't get fresh young man - where's my dog?

COSTELLO: The last time I saw him he was going to mail a letter.

ABBOTT: How do you know he was going to mail a letter?

COSTELLO: He had the mailman in his mouth.

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ABBOTT: Didn't I tell you not to take that dog out without a muzzle on?

COSTELLO: I had a muzzle on. But I couldn't breathe through it.

ALLMAN: Mr. Costello, if you've lost my dog, I'll take you to court.

COSTELLO: Look, Mrs. Niles, I'll get you another dog. I'll get you a bird dog.

ALLMAN: I haven't any bird.

COSTELLO: Then I'll get you a sled dog.

ALLMAN: I haven't any sled.

COSTELLO: THEN I'LL GET YOU A BLOODHOUND.....TRY AND GET OUT OF THAT ONE.

ALLMAN: Very well!. If you don't find my dog by this evening, I'll have you put in Alcatraz!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: Alcatraz! What a mean woman! Now I can't spend Thanksgiving with my family!

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: They're all in Leavenworth!

ABBOTT: Oh, you dummy! Now we're really in trouble! We'll have to hire a detective to get her dog back!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BOYS: IT'S BASIL RATHBONE!!

(APPLAUSE)

RATHBONE: I'm at your service, gentlemen -- Hancock Jones, the Great Detective.....known to my mother as Basil --- and even better known to my wife as Stinky!

COSTELLO: Just a second, Hamhock - how did you know we wanted a detective!

RATHBONE: That's my business - I'm always on the job -- day and night, never stopping. For twenty years I've kept my nose to the grindstone!

COSTELLO: It must've been a beaut when you started!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute - who'd you ever work for, Hamhock?

RATHBONE: Ho! Ho! I worked for the shrewdest detective in the world - the Great Pinkerton!

ABBOTT: Who'd you ever catch?

RATHBONE: Pinkerton. Hahaha - I'm sharp as a cracker tonight!

COSTELLO: And twice as crummy! ... ~~Hey Hamhock, how about you and me teaming up? I'm quite a detective myself -- did you ever hear of the Thin Man?~~

~~RATHBONE: Did you work with him?~~

~~COSTELLO: Yeh - we went on a diet together! I cheated!~~

ABBOTT: Tell us Mr. Jones, to what do you attribute your success as a detective?

RATHBONE: My ^{IMAGINATION} ~~thoroughness~~. For instance, ^{WHenever I TRACK down} ~~a cigarette butt which~~ ^{A CRIMINAL I WEAR AN old SUIT WITH HOLES IN IT.} ~~has been left at the scene of the crime, often leads to~~ ^{AT Home I HAVE 4 SUITS WITH HOLES IN THEM.} ~~the capture of the criminal. In my office I have a box~~

~~containing twenty two cigarette butts.~~
^{4 SUITS WITH HOLES IN 'em}

COSTELLO: ~~Twenty two cigarette butts~~ - you're not a detective, you're a BUM.

ABBOTT: Pipe down! Mr. Jones, how do you go about working on a case?

RATHBONE: My theory is Cherchez la femme - find the woman.

ABBOTT: Do you solve many cases that way?

RATHBONE: No - but I have lots of fun!

Who weighed 600 lbs.

COSTELLO: One time I followed a woman crook ~~all over San Francisco.~~
I WAS PICKED HER UP AND CARRIED HER TO JAIL.
~~It was big case - she stole the Golden Gate Bridge!~~

RATHBONE: How could ~~one woman steal a big thing like that?~~
YOU CARRY A 600 LB WOMAN!

COSTELLO: ~~She~~ *I* made two trips!

ABBOTT: Oh cut it out, Costello! We need an experienced man to help us find Mrs. Niles' dog.

RATHBONE: Mr. Abbott's right - and I'm your man! Why, in the Benson Murder Case I got Benson; in the Bishop Murder Case I got Bishop; and in the Canary Murder Case --

COSTELLO: You got the bird!!

ABBOTT: Well, there's one thing I'd like to know, Hamhook - do you ever use a disguise while working on a case?

RATHBONE: Oh yes! Only last week I followed a suspect to the Roseland Dance Palace. I quickly slipped into a dress, and disguised myself as a hostess! And to avoid suspicion, I even danced with one of the men who bought tickets!

COSTELLO: (SLOWLY) Did this happen last Saturday night?

RATHBONE: Yes. .

COSTELLO: And were you wearin' a blue dress with white buttons?

RATHBONE: YES!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) GIMME BACK MY EIGHT BUCKS - GLADYS!!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND INTRO TO CONNIE HAINES SOLO - HOLD FOR:

NILES: And here's Connie Haines, with the Camel Five, to sing the lovely new ballad from Road to Morocco - "CONSTANTLY".

CONNIE & MUSIC: "CONSTANTLY"

(APPLAUSE)

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MUSIC: SNEAK IN MYSTERIOSO OVER APPLAUSE, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: And now, back to the adventures of Abbott and Costello, and the great detective, Hamhock Jones - played by Basil Rathbone. All day long the trio has been searching vainly for the missing dog -- finally the trail leads them to a lonely, road deserted far out in the country. IT IS MIDNIGHT - Hahahaha!

SOUND: SNEAK IN WIND, ESTABLISH AND FADE OUT UNDER:

RATHBONE: Come, come Abbott - you too, Costello - stay close to me. We mustn't get separated in the dark.

BLANC: WOLF HOWL, OFF

ABBOTT: Costello! That sounded like a wolf!

COSTELLO: It can't be - we're too far from Hollywood and Vine!

RATHBONE: Hold on, men - I've found the dog's tracks! See? - they lead through the trees to that old deserted house! (UP) I remember that house - eleven men were murdered there last ~~week~~ ^{SATURDAY.}

COSTELLO: Is that where Stanford played UCLA?

ABBOTT: No! No! He means eleven men were killed there in cold blood!

COSTELLO: THAT'S ALL I WANNA KNOW...LEMME OUTTA HERE!

ABBOTT: COME BACK HERE! We've got to see where those tracks are going!

COSTELLO: You see where they're going - I'll see where they've been!I ain't goin' in that joint, it's haunted - it's probably full of ghosts!

RATHBONE: Ghosts? Hohoho, my dear fellow! There's no such things as ghosts!

ABBOTT: Certainly, Costello - there's no such thing as ghosts!

BLANC: WEIRD MOAN

RATHBONE: What was that??

COSTELLO: That's one of them things there's no such thing as! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

RATHBONE: Gentlemen! We're wasting time - we've got to go in!

SOUND: (WIND AND THEN SHUTTERS BANGING)

ABBOTT: DID YOU HEAR THAT?

RATHBONE: Yes. Those were shutters - on the house!

COSTELLO: (HIS TEETH CHATTER)

RATHBONE: What was that?

COSTELLO: Another shudder!

RATHBONE: On the house?

COSTELLO: No -- this one is on me!

ABBOTT: Oh, stop it, Costello!

cut and stop RATHBONE: Yes, quit acting like a baby! I'll take care of you. If anything terrible happens, we'll all run for a policeman!

COSTELLO: Okay.

RATHBONE: I'll start now - I'm a little lame!

~~COSTELLO: Oh no you don't, Hambock! Abbott - he's tryin' to run out on us!~~

~~ABBOTT: Look Costello, there's nothing to be afraid of. You go on in the house, and we'll wait out here!~~

~~COSTELLO: Oh no! Oh no!~~

~~ABBOTT: All right, then we'll wait out here and you go in!~~

~~COSTELLO: That's better, I'll HEY! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!~~

~~Abbott:~~

~~RATHBONE: Don't be nervous, old man - knock on the door. Go ahead!~~

COSTELLO: (WEAKLY) Okay.

SOUND: LOUD, HOLLOW KNOCKER...PAUSE...DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN

BLANC: (WEIRDLY) W-W-H-H-O-O-O did you want to see?

COSTELLO: N-o-o-o-o-body!

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BLANC: Come in, gentlemen - make yourselves at home..I'm going out
in the back yard
^ to dig you a guest room. (FADES, LAUGHING GHOULISHLY)

SOUND: FADE OFF BLANC WITH QUICK SLIDE WHISTLE

COSTELLO: (QUICKLY) Well, I'll see you later, fellas - I gotta go
back to town to see a sick friend.

ABBOTT: What's his name?

COSTELLO: He was too sick to tell me!

RATHBONE: Don't worry, Costello - we'll soon find the dog. First
we've got to have a little light...where's the light switch
....ah! Here's a button! Say, that's funny - the button
wiggles!

COSTELLO: *Will you*
^ LET GO OF MY NOSE!

ABBOTT: We can't tell where we are in the dark. Costello - light
a match!

COSTELLO: Okay!

SOUND: (SCRATCHING OF MATCH .. THEN A LOUD PUFF OF WIND)

COSTELLO: (YELLS) ABBOTT! ABBOTT! SOMEBODY BLEW THE MATCH OUT!

RATHBONE: It was the wind!

COSTELLO: Since when does the wind eat garlic!

ABBOTT: Maybe Costello's right, Mister ~~Holmes~~ ^{Jones} - maybe the place
is haunted. I hear a strange noise! Listen!

SOUND: (LOUD TICKING OF CLOCK)

RATHBONE: That's nothing but a clock ticking. I tell you this house
is absolutely empty. There's nothing here but that old
clock!

WOMAN: (GIVES ONE HELL OF A LOUD SCREAM)

COSTELLO: What was that?

RATHBONE: Twelve-thirty!

(ABBOTT: I don't like the looks of this. I wish Buck Rogers was here with us!

COSTELLO: I wish Buck Rogers was here without us!

RATHBONE: I think the scream came from the basement! Follow me. I wish we could get to the bottom of this!

SOUND: (CRASH AND THUDS)

COSTELLO: I wish you'd stop wishing!

EFFECT: (ECHO CHAMBER)

ABBOTT: We seem to have fallen into some kind of a cellar!

COSTELLO: Hey, listen, there's an echo! (CALLS, QUIETLY) LOU

COSTELLO!

ECHO: L-O-U C-O-S-T-E-L-L-O!

COSTELLO: BUD ABBOTT!

ECHO: B-U-D A-B-B-O-T-T!

COSTELLO: BASIL RATHBONE.

ECHO: B-A-S-I-L R-A-T-H-B-O-N-E!

COSTELLO: HIROHITO!

ECHO: (LIGHTLY) He is a jerk, isn't he?

COSTELLO: (QUICKLY) Just a second, there's a man in here. I'll get him!

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, STOP)

RATHBONE: Well, Costello, did you get him?

COSTELLO: No, he got away!

ABBOTT: Did you guard the exits?

COSTELLO: Yeah!

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: He must've got out through the entrances!

~~RATHBONE: We'll have to get busy and start tapping on the walls -
perhaps we can find a hollow place where the door's
concealed!~~

~~COSTELLO: Okay, I'll tap here!~~

~~SOUND: TAPPING...SOLID SOUND~~

~~COSTELLO: That's solid - there's nothing there!~~

~~SOUND: TAPPING...HOLLOW WOOD BLOCK~~

~~COSTELLO: Hey! THAT'S HOLLOW!~~

~~ABBOTT: That's my head.~~

~~COSTELLO: There's nothin' there either!~~

RATHBONE: Just a moment - look! There's a man lying over here
in the corner.

COSTELLO: Is he - dead?

RATHBONE: Wait ... yes, I think he's dead!

ABBOTT: How do you know?

RATHBONE: He didn't giggle when I dusted him off!

ABBOTT: Wait a second - this man isn't dead -- his body's still
warm! What'll we do with him?

COSTELLO: They can use him at Lockheed!

SOUND: NOISE IN CLOSET

ABBOTT: Hey, you guys - somebody's in that closet!

COSTELLO: I got a gun, Abbott, I'll handle this! (SHOUTS) Come
on, you - come outta that closet or I'll shoot!
COME OUTTA THERE OR I'LL SHOOT!....Okay, you asked for
it!

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SOUND: (CLICK OF GUN, THREE TIMES...THEN TWO MORE, WITH PAUSES!)

COSTELLO: (SINGS, SCARED) "Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition"
....

RATHBONE: Look here, Costello - no one's going to frighten me! I'll
open the door.... stand back...

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS WITH SQUEAKING)

ALL: AD LIBS OF SURPRISE

COSTELLO: KEN NILES! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN THIS HAUNTED HOUSE!

NILES: Don't shoot! You've got me - I give up! Hahaha!

EFFECT: DOG BARKS

ABBOTT: Costello! That's Mrs. Niles' dog - the one we're searching
for!

RATHBONE: Ah, so you stole it, eh? What's behind all this, man?....
speak up! -- confess!

NILES: (TREMULOUSLY) All right...I'll tell the truth - I've got
to tell somebody! You see, my wife's a vegetarian --
everyday in our house is Meatless Tuesday! She never gives
me anything but spinach, broccoli, cauliflower, string
beans and parsley!

COSTELLO: He's a Victory Garden with suspenders!

NILES: Finally I couldn't stand it any longer! Vegetables were
driving me crazy....and at last my mind snapped! Hahaha!

RATHBONE: Get to the point, Niles! Why did you bring the dog here!

NILES: I didn't bring him here - he followed me!

RATHBONE: Nonsense! Why should the dog follow you?

NILES: (MEEKLY) I stole his bone!

RATHBONE: Well, that's what I suspected all the time. I knew I'd
find the dog!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) YOU found the dog! What d'ya mean! - you couldn't find a goat in a telephone booth!

RATHBONE: I could if the wind was right! ... Come, come, Costello - let's not waste time. Kindly pay me my fee of five thousand dollars!

COSTELLO: WHAT!

ABBOTT: You heard what he said, Costello! Pay the man!

COSTELLO: Pay him for what! We found Niles and the dog!

RATHBONE: Ah, Yes! - but where would you have been without my magnifying glass? I found the trail to this house with my magnifying glass...I located the cellar with my magnifying glass...Niles footprints - I magnified those; Niles' fingerprints - I magnified those!

COSTELLO: Okay, okay - here's your money!

RATHBONE: But this is only a dollar!

COSTELLO: Well, MAGNIFY THAT!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

NILES: How high is a battlefield, and how cold is up? Those are real questions today, and they're being answered by the altitude engineers, men like Tom Floyd of Douglas Aircraft, who knows that "Up" can be as cold as a hundred degrees below zero, and who spends plenty of time in a cold chamber even colder than that testing controls for the bombers of tomorrow. A Camel tastes mighty good when you hop out of a stratosphere ice-box. Tom Floyd has said, QUOTE --

FLOYD VOICE: Camels suit me better all ways, from the first puff after breakfast to the last before bed. Pack after pack, Camels never wear out their welcome.

NILES: UNQUOTE. Yes, and with the men who fly the bombers, men in all the services, Camel is the favorite, according to actual sales records in the service stores where they buy cigarettes. Try Camels yourself for steady pleasure. You'll like the way they have more flavor. And you'll soon find that more flavor means that Camels hold up better, don't get to tasting flat after the first few puffs or the first few cigarettes. Your first pack of Camels will show you, too, that you can have richer flavor right along with extra mildness -- because Camels are slow-burning, and cooler smoking. One reason for that is costlier tobaccos, blended expertly and matchlessly, in the years-old Camel Tradition of quality tobacco blending. Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

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 15 ^{ARMY & NAVY TRAINING STATIONS} camps this week. To date, the shows have played to more than two million men!

MUSIC: BUMPER SELECTION ("SHUT MY MOUTH") - FADE ON CUE FOR:

NILES: And here's a word about next week's program: You'll hear more music from Leith Stevens and the orchestra, more songs by Connie Haines and the Camel Five, and a sensationally dramatic story that takes place behind the scenes in Hollywood, with our guest - Miss Carmen Miranda! Here is a short preview:

MUSIC: "YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES" - FADES FOR:

NILES: The scene is the office of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello - famous motion picture producers! A great new film epic is in the process of being created. Lou Costello, a small genius, speaks! --

COSTELLO: Abbott, I got the greatest idea I ever had!

ABBOTT: What is it, Costello?

COSTELLO: It's a Civil War story -- and the girl's part is terrific -- I think I'll call her Scarlett O'Hara! Then there's the hero -- I'm not sure, but maybe I'll call him Rhett Butler! The big scene of the picture is gonna be a tremendous fire -- the city of Atlanta is burning down --

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, you dummy! That's GONE WITH THE WIND!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) THAT'S HOLLYWOOD - THEY STOLE IT ALREADY!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: (OVER MUSIC ON CUE) Remember, Camels present four great radio shows each week -- The Camel Caravan tomorrow night; Bob Hawk's Thanks to the Yanks on Saturday nights; on Monday, it's Blondie -- and of course our own Abbott and Costello next week at this same time. We'll have Carmen Miranda as our guest -- and the whole show will come to you from the Induction Center at Fort MacArthur in California. And now, this is Ken Niles wishing you all a pleasant goodnight - from Hollywood.

MUSIC: THEME UP

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE

HITCH-HIKE

ANNCR: Fellow says you can take the bite out of a rattlesnake by pullin' out his front teeth -- but he claims there's no way to take the bite out of a rambunctious pipe. Now, that fellow never tried Prince Albert -- the mellow, friendly tobacco that won't bite your tongue, because it's no-bite treated. Crimp cut, too, for firm, easy packing. You'll like Prince Albert's mild, rich taste, and the cool, slow way of burning. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal. You'll see why men call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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