

(FINAL DRAFT)

CAMELS CIGARETTES

PRESENT

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

NBC NETWORK
MARCH 11, 1943
7:00-7:30 P.M.

Mr. Bert Lahr
and
Miss Janet Blair,
(guests)

MUSIC: PERFIDIA INTRO TO:

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

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

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:

NILES: --with the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the
songs of Connie Haines, Billy Gray as little Matilda,
tonight's guest Miss Janet Blair, and starring BUD ABBOTT
- who plays host to MISTER BERT LAHR!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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ABBOTT: Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen -- this is Bud Abbott. As you all probably know, Lou Costello will not be with us tonight because of illness. However, pinch-hitting for Lou will be a grand comedian - a swell guy - and our pal -- Bert Lahr!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Bert, it certainly was nice of you to come over tonight and fill in for Costello.

LAHR: It's nothing at all, Bud - nothing at all. I'm only too glad to help out a chum. Me and Costello went to school together.

ABBOTT: How long did you go to school?

LAHR: Countin' kindergarten?

ABBOTT: Yeah, countin' kindergarten.

LAHR: One year! What pals me and Costello were -- we were insufferable! We was brought up together -- there's nothin' I wouldn't do for Costello, and there's nothin' he wouldn't do for me!

ABBOTT: Is that so?

LAHR: Yeah, that's how we've gone through life - doin' nothing for each other!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in ----

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Mr. Lahr, I'm from the Income Tax Bureau. I see you're working this week. Now about your taxes for 1944 --

LAHR: Wait a minute! - this is only 1943!

BLANC: Impatient, aren't we!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: Bert, you should pay your income tax promptly. They'll pin a medal on you.

LAHR: They didn't leave anything for me to pin it on!

ABBOTT: Well, don't worry about that now. First, I want you to meet the members of our cast -- there's our announcer, Ken Niles. (CALLS) Oh, Ken ---?

NILES: (FADES IN) Hello, Bud!

ABBOTT: Ken, I want you to meet a pal of mine.

NILES: Oh, I've seen you on the screen many times, Mr. Dracula!

LAHR: ^{thanks}Dracula! I like that -- I like that! Get a look at my profiley. I'll have you know Clark Gable's face and my face were cut from the same mould....in fact, my face is even mouldier!

ABBOTT: Ken, I'm ashamed of you -- I thought everybody knew Bert Lahr -- the great comedian!

LAHR: Imagine -- calling me Dracula -- his eyes must be pigeon-toed!

ABBOTT: Now, Bert, I'm sure Ken Niles didn't mean to be rude. That's not his real nature.

NILES: That's right, Bert. My friends say I'm polite.

LAHR: My friends say I'm very polite!

NILES: My friends say I have a nice personality.

LAHR: My friends say I have a very nice personality.

NILES: My friends say I have charm and manly beauty.

LAHR: (SLIGHT PAUSE) I should've quit when I was ahead!

~~ABBOTT: By the way, Ken, I forgot to tell you that Bert Lahr came~~
here tonight to substitute for Costello.

NILES: Why?

LAHR: Whaddaya mean, why?

NILES: Oh, I always ask why. That's how I learn things. Every morning when I get up I go to the window and ask myself why -- why is the rain falling -- why is it hailing -- why is the sun so hot -- why is the snow drifting -- WHY?

~~LAHR: That's California weather!~~

ABBOTT: Look, Boys -- we've got work to do. I promised Costello that I'd find a play for our next picture at Universal.

NILES: Well, as long as Costello isn't here, this is finally my chance to play the handsome lover!

LAHR: The lover! With that physique?? Why, you're so bony, everytime you go out in the backyard the dog buries you!

ABBOTT: Now, Bert, that isn't nice.

NILES: I may not look it, but I'm in very good condition. Why every morning I kick the back of my head fourteen times.

LAHR: That explains a lot of things!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

WENTWORTH: Hello, fellas.

ABBOTT: Bert, I'd like to have you meet a new member of our cast -
Peaches Gooch!

LAHR: What a fat dame! And what a name -- Peaches Gooch!

WENTWORTH: (LAUGHS) That's me, in the flesh!

LAHR: Looks like the meat shortage is over!

ABBOTT: You know, Bert, Peaches works at the shipyards and makes good money.

WENTWORTH: That's right, I get paid by the hour!

LAHR: You'd make more if you got paid by the pound!

ABBOTT: Now wait a minute, Bert -- you're as bad as Costello, the way you talk about people. I think Miss Gooch is rather attractive.

WENTWORTH: Thanks Mr. Abbott. After all, I got my nickname because I have the complexion of a peach.

LAHR: You said it -- yellow and fuzzy!

WENTWORTH: Oh! I'm not so bad to look at -- on the way over here a fellow was flirting with me.

ABBOTT: Flirting with you?

WENTWORTH: That's right - what does it mean when a fellow sits in his car and goes ttttccchhh -- tttccchhh -- tttccchhh at me?

LAHR: ^{it} ~~He~~ means his car is out of gas and he wants you to pull it!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

~~LAHR: Well, I'm glad she's gone. Where does Costello get dames like that? She looks like something Orson Welles put together!~~

ABBOTT: Well, never mind her, Bert. Costello sent over a little love scene that we're going to do tonight, and I'd like you to help me rehearse it. Now I'm going to play the part of the handsome love and I want you to be the girl.

LAHR: Oh, wonderful -- I'm gonna be a girl. How old a girl am I?

ABBOTT: Oh, it doesn't matter.

LAHR: ^{IT DOESN'T MATTER!} That's a man for you!

ABBOTT: All right now, We'll say your name is Petunia. I want you to get behind that door and I'm going to call on you to propose marriage.

LAHR: Okay - come ahead -- little Petunia is waiting! - behind the door. (SINGS)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR -- SILENCE -- LOUDER KNOCK

ABBOTT: Petunia, why don't you open the door?

LAHR: I'm playin' hard to get!

ABBOTT: Get back of that door and we'll try it again. Here I come

SOUND: KNOCK - SILENCE - KNOCK FURIOUSLY

ABBOTT: Petunia, why don't you answer?

LAHR: I'm putting on my two way stretch.

ABBOTT: ^{why} ~~well~~, does that take so long?

LAHR: ^{Well} ~~Yeah~~ - it's stretching three ways!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Petunia, open the door!!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LAHR: (COYLY) Hello, Buddy, my darling.

ABBOTT: Say Petunia, that's a very pretty dress, but I didn't know you were so bowlegged!

LAHR: ^{What if I AM} Bowlegs? I'll have you know many a fish has been caught with bent pins!

ABBOTT: Incidentally, that's quite a large bustle you have there!

LAHR: That's my lunch pail. A girl has to have a sandwich and coffee!

ABBOTT: Come, sit down here, darling - on my knee!

LAHR: Well -- all right, I'll sit on your knee.

SOUND: METALLIC CRUNCH

ABBOTT: What was that?

LAHR: My lunch pail again!

ABBOTT: Ah! There's a ^{odd} ~~weird~~ feeling stealing over me -- can that be love!

LAHR: No - that's coffee!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

BLANC: (GLIB SHARPIE) Pardon me, ^{PA!} ~~but~~, are you Ken Niles?

NILES: That's right.

BLANC: Your wife wasn't fooling when she said you were skinny. How do you get around -- by V-Mail?

NILES: Did my wife send you?

BLANC: She wants me to help you in your work. With a wife like that you need all the help you can get. I'm the guy that sells those Indians outside the tobacco stores.

NILES: We don't need any.

BLANC: My latest creation ^{is} of entitled Chief "T" in the Face.

NILES: You mean Rain in the Face.

BLANC: I mean "T" in the Face, like the man at the bottom of the Camel ads. He's got a built-in letter "T" right smack in the middle of --

NILES: How about the expression?

BLANC: The expression?

NILES: Does he look happy -- the way a fellow does when he tries Camels in his T-Zone -- "T" for taste, "T" for throat -- anybody's proving ground for flavor and mildness?

BLANC: Well, the face is a little flat, but --

NILES: Flat? Why, your taste will tell you that Camel's extra flavor is the very thing that helps 'em to wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

BLANC: But I'm telling you --

NILES: And your throat will tell you about Camel's extra mildness -- the result of cool smoking and slow burning.

BLANC: But Niles -- the Chief can sing, too!

NILES: For steady smoking pleasure, get Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos! Did you say this wooden Indian could sing?

BLANC: Yes, listen!

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

NILES: Okay, I'll buy it! And you, folks, go on and buy a pack of Camels! You'll want to get a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC: "WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS" - HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Freddie Rich lends a modern touch to an old favorite - "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans"!

SOUND; TYPEWRITER NOISES

ABBOTT: (FADES IN) Oh, Bert -- Bert Lahr! What're you doing at the typewriter?

LAHR: Well, Bud, I didn't think much of the play you were doing tonight, so I'm decomposing one of my own.

ABBOTT: But do you know what you're doing?

LAHR: (INSULTED) Do I know what I'm doing!! I am writing a story about myself -- Bert Lahr, the great lover! I am in love with seven girls. The first girl I meet is very wealthy -- she has three toothbrushes.

ABBOTT: Three toothbrushes?

LAHR: Yeah - one for each tooth!

~~ABBOTT: Just a minute, Bert. I can't understand why funny-looking people like you and Costello always imagine that you're the great lover type!~~

LAHR: Tut, tut and pish, pish, my boy. Why, only last night Ann Sheridan asked me to dance with her!

ABBOTT: She did?

LAHR: She did. She put her arms around me -- she put her cheek next to mine -- and she held me tight in her arms! And you wanna know something --?

ABBOTT: What?

~~LAHR: The poor kid can't dance!~~

ABBOTT: Just as I thought. And you call yourself a ladies man!

LAHR: Yes, I am. We Lahrs are all a rheumatic bunch. I'll never forget the premiere of my last picture. The women tore after me and actually mobbed me.. They ripped each others clothes trying to get near me.

ABBOTT: That must have been exciting!

~~LAHR: What a night! I sold three hundred pistachio bars!~~

ABBOTT: Well look, Bert---now that Costello isn't here---I'd like to play the part of the lover for once! I have arranged for Janet Blair, one of the stars of "MY SISTER EILEEN", to help us with our play!

LAHR: Ah--Janet Blair! What a beautiful dame! I'll sweep her off her feet! We'll go for a ride on my convertible scooter... .

(RECITES) Ah, to drive down a country road
With the girl I love so much,
We will park by a shady lane,
Pull up the brake and clutch!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

ABBOTT: That must be Miss Blair now!

LAHR: Let me open the door! When her eyes meet mine----

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LAHR: My, goodness Miss Blair!---How you've shrunk!

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

(APPLAUSE)

GRAY: Uncle Bud ---who is this funny looking man?

LAHR: (LAUGHS) Funny looking man? GET A LOAD OF THE PUSS ON THAT KID!

ABBOTT: Matilda didn't mean what she said Bert. She's just surprised to see you here!

GRAY: No, I ain't surprised. It's spring---and almost anything can come up these days! (LAUGHS)

LAHR: So now I'm a worm! If it wasn't for my gentility of breeding---the superior quality of my character and my inbred sense of tact and diplomacy---I'D KICK THIS KID RIGHT IN THE KISSER!

~~ABBOTT: Now, you see Matilda, you've offended Mister Lahr. He's a great actor. Haven't you seen Bert Lahr on the stage?~~

GRAY: No--My Uncle Louie never lets me go to burlesque shows!

LAHR: Say, Abbott, -- who is this little irksome urchin?

ABBOTT: This is Matilda---Costello's niece. She comes here every week.

~~LAHR: Now, I know what made him sick!~~

ABBOTT: Matilda, you better run along. We're about to start rehearsing our play for tonight!

GRAY: I wanna be in the play!

ABBOTT: No--not tonight! You can't be in the play!

GRAY: If you don't let me be in the play I'll jump in the bathtub and drown myself.

LAHR: Let me run the water!

ABBOTT: Now Bert! Matilda isn't doing anything!

LAHR: She's still breathin', isn't she?....Matilda, if I tell you a story, will you go to sleep?

GRAY: Yes!

LAHR: All right - have you ever heard the story of the three oil gushers?

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GRAY: No.

LAHR: WELL! WELL! WELL! Ha ha ha, ~~I made that up out of my~~ ^{IM SHARP AS A MEAT DOLL} ^{TONIGHT}
~~head!~~

GRAY: Mr. Lahr, will you take your hat off? = I'd like to see the blotter?

ABBOTT: Matilda, what makes you think Mr. Lahr has a blotter in his hat?

GRAY: He has to have something to absorb the sap!

LAHR: (YELLS) GET THAT KID OUTTA HERE!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

LAHR: What a thing to put up with, just to make a little income

BLANC: Oh Mr. Lahr, speaking of income, have you filed your 1942 return?

LAHR: Why - are you worried about my filing?

BLANC: No - we're worried about your chiseling!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

ABBOTT: ^{WHAT A CHARACTER}
 ^ Come in--!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

ABBOTT: Bert! Look who it is---our leading lady for tonight---

MISS JANET BLAIR!

(APPLAUSE)

BLAIR: Hello, Mister Abbott---and I suppose this little fellow here is Costello!

LAHR: Costello?

BLAIR: Come on, Lou, you can't fool me with that make-up. Take off that putty nose!

LAHR: How do you like that dame? A putty nose! I challenge anybody in the audience to take hold of my nose and see if it isn't real. Won't somebody come up and hold my nose? (PAUSE) How do you like that---they'd rather sit there and hold their own!

BLAIR: What is this all about, Bud?

ABBOTT: Well, you see Janet---Costello's sick tonight so Bert Lahr is taking his place on the program!

LAHR: That's right, Janet. Tonight I am going to be your lover. *LA GUERRE, BON VIVANT. BON-BON-BON*
 Toujours-Lamour, C'est ~~Magnifique c'est merveilleux, but~~
~~certainment - alone I will love you to perfection! Allons!~~

BLAIR: Is that French?

LAHR: If it ain't it's adnoids!

ABBOTT: Well, Janet, now that you're here, we can start rehearsing tonight's play.

BLAIR: Oh, Bud, I've heard you've been searching for an idea for your next picture, so I wrote one for you myself! It's the story of Sir Lancelot and The Lady Elaine. Here's the script, Mister Lahr--would you care to look it over?

LAHR: Here, Bud, you'd better take it---my old trouble's cropping up again.

ABBOTT: What old trouble?

LAHR: I can't read!

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BLAIR: Never mind I'll read it myself. In this play, I am the Lady Elaine...and I am kidnapped by the Black Knight ~~as I am going to market. Do you understand?~~

~~LAHR: certainly, you're kidnapped at night as you're going to the black market!~~

ABBOTT: Bert! Quiet! What happens next, Janet?

BLAIR: The Black Knight takes me to his castle..and tries to make me his prisoner!

ABBOTT: Say, I know that story, Janet. I can play the part of Sir Percival and Bert can be Sir Lancelot. We come galloping to your rescue on our horses.

LAHR: Okay - here I come to rescue you on my horse -- Clop! Clop! Clop!

ABBOTT: What's that clop, clop, clop?

LAHR: I'm ridin' a three-legged horse!

BLAIR: The Black Knight sees you. He runs across the moat and drops his bridge. Then he runs around in back and drops the other bridge.

LAHR: Who does his dental work!!

ABBOTT: But we swim across the moat--over-power the Black Knight and save the fair Elaine.

BLAIR &
LAHR:

And that's when we do our big love scene, Bert. We walk out into the garden and stand by the rose bushes..(uh-huh) ...you take me in your arms and hold me tenderly...(uh-huh) ...you hold me closer and closer...(uh-huh)...and as we drink in the perfume of the roses, ~~suddenly~~ something strange seems to creep over me!

LAHR: THEY'RE CREEPIN' OVER ME TOO - LET'S GET AWAY FROM THESE
BUSHES!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: "SAVIN' MYSELF FOR BILL" - HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Connie Haines sings one of the season's most popular
ballads - "SAVIN' MYSELF FOR BILL".

(APPLAUSE)

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MUSIC: "INTERMEZZO - FADE OUT FOR:

NILES: Ladies and gentlemen - our play! ^{A gripping} a gripping story by Tennyson entitled "Sir Lancelot and the Fair Elaine. Lovely Janet Blair will portray the heroine, Bert Lahr will leer through the part of Sir Lancelot, and Bud Abbott will play his friend, Sir Percival. As the scene opens, Lancelot and Percival are approaching the Fair Elaine's castle! Curtain!....

ABBOTT: Hurry, Lancelot - we must reach Elaine's castle before the Black Knight arrives. Get on your horse!

LAHR: I can't ride a horse!

ABBOTT: It's simple - when the horse goes up, you go up; when the horse comes down, you come down!

LAHR: I tried that once -- I got on, and when the horse went up, I went up; and when I came down --

ABBOTT: Yes...?

LAHR: The horse was gone!

ABBOTT: Oh, get into the saddle!

SOUND: STAMPING HOOPS

BLANC: NEIGHS!

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Lancelot! Why are you riding your horse backwards!

LAHR: He gets nervous if anybody looks over his shoulders!

ABBOTT: Shh! Some one approaches from the woods!

BLANC: (FADES IN) (WITH MESSAGE) I TELL FORTUNES! I TELL FORTUNES!
BEWARE OF THE IDES OF MARCH! BEWARE OF THE THAW!

LAHR: You mean the Spring thaw?

BLANC: (SWITCH) No, this March - I mean Morgenthau!

LAHR: That guy's in again !

ABBOTT: Never mind him, Lancelot! We've got to hurry - we must reach the Fair Elaine's castle before the Black Knight gets there! On your horse!

SOUND: HORSES HOOPS IN STRONG...SLOW AND FADE OUT UNDER:

ABBOTT: Whoa! Whoa! Well, Lancelot, here we are at Elaine's castle. And remember, if you see the Black Knight - be careful. He has sworn to kill you.

LAHR: I'm not afraid of the Black Knight.

ABBOTT: Why not?

LAHR: I'm an Air Raid Warden!

ABBOTT: Quiet! I'll knock on the gates!

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING...CLANKING OF BOLTS AND HEAVY DOOR CREAKS

OPEN

NILES: (OLD MAN) Welcome, oh masters! Thy presence honors our low abode. I am your faithful servant..I grovel before thee.. I am dirt beneath thy feet!

LAHR: Conceited, isn't he!

ABBOTT: Arise, lackey! Tell thy mistress Elaine that Sir Percival and Sir Lancelot are here!

NILES: (FADES) Yes, masters -- kindly wait over there in the ante-room.

ABBOTT: Come on, Lancelot - this must be the ante-room.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WENTWORTH: SCREAMS

LAHR: Who are you?

WENTWORTH: I'm auntie! (LAUGHS)

LAHR: Whatta play! Abbott, what is Peaches Gooch doin' in our play?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

ABBOTT: Ah, here comes the fair Elaine, now.

BLAIR: (FADES IN) Oh, there you are, my good knights - I was worried! What kept you?

ABBOTT: We took the road to Tuscany!

BLAIR: Why not the road to Saxony?

LAHR: Detour! - Crosby and Hope are makin' a picture!

BLAIR: This is no time for jesting, Sires. Any moment the Black Knight will swoop down upon us. He will draw his sword, cross that moat, lift that gate --

LAHR: (IN RYTHM) -- tote that barge, lift that bail - (SINGS) get a little drunk and you land in jail -----!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Lancelot! Don't you know that Elaine loves you?

BLAIR: Yes - can't you see that I want to woo?

LAHR: Woo who?

BLAIR: Woo you!

LAHR: Woo! WOO!... You don't have anything to worry about, Elaine, What you need is a strong, red-blooded man to protect you.

BLAIR: That's right - do you know any???

LAHR: You said it - Huh?

ABBOTT: But Lady Elaine, I have fought in many a battle with Sir Lancelot - he is a brave man!

LAHR: You said it, Sir Perc...I'll never forget the time I fought a savage mountain goat with my bare hands.

BLAIR: A savage mountain goat?

LAHR: Yeah -- I walked right up to this goat...and he backed away like a coward!

ABBOTT: What did you do?

LAHR: I backed away, too! - I wanted to humor 'im ... Then he side-stepped, and I side-stepped! Then he turned his back on me, and I turned my back on him! That's where I made my first mistake!

BLAIR: I don't get it!

LAHR: I did - never turn your back on a goat!

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

NILES: (OLD MAN, FADE IN) Lady Elaine! LADY ELAINE! THE GUARDS HAVE SEEN THE BLACK KNIGHT. HE IS ALMOST UPON US!

BLAIR: TRUMPETER! QUICKLY - SOUND THE CALL TO BATTLE!

MUSIC: (TRUMPET) DOES FIRST TWO PHRASES OF "HERE COMES THE BRIDE

LAHR: (YELLS) THAT'S THE WRONG BATTLE!

ABBOTT: Never mind! You're in great danger, Sir Lancelot. We must plan your strategy!

BLAIR: I have an idea -- I will make love to the Black Knight, and you can catch him off his guard! I'll take his lance and put it on the floor.

Abbott
~~BLAIR:~~ What good will that do?

LAHR
~~BLAIR:~~ Then you ~~can~~^{!!!} catch him with his lance down!

~~ABBOTT: That's a great idea -- when he's lost his lance, you jump in and attack with your sword.~~

~~LAHR:~~ What do I do?

ABBOTT: You grab the sword...swing, then shift! Swing, then shift (FASTER) Swing...shift, swing, shift, swing-shift, swing-shift...

LAHR: What're you? - a cheer-leader at Lockheed!

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ABBOTT: Look, here comes the Black Knight through the gate!

SOUND: ROAR OF AUTOMOBILE, STOPS WITH LOUD SCREECH OF BRAKES!

LAHR: STOP THE PLAY! STOP THE PLAY! There were no automobiles in the old days!

BLAIR: Oh, yes there were, Bert - didn't you ever hear of Queen Elizabeth and her Essex!

LAHR: Whatta play! My father was right - I shoulda learned a trade!

ABBOTT: Let's get on with with the story. Go ahead, Black Knight read your first line!

KNIGHT: AHA! So I fanally caught up with you, Lancelot. You are a coward, me thinks!

LAHR: Who thinks?

KNIGHT: Me thinks!

LAHR: You can talk plainer than that!

BLAIR: Sir Lancelot, you must accept the Black Knight's challenge to a duel. Remember, you promised to face death for me.

LAHR: Yeah - but this guy ain't dead!

ABBOTT: Lancelot, if you do not fight this duel, you will lose your face.

~~LAHR:~~ ^{my} In ~~his~~ case it's no loss!

KNIGHT: Now that you've shown your true colors, Lancelot, I'll show you who your friends are. Lady Peaches, whose side are you on?

WENTWORTH: Your side, Black Knight.

KNIGHT: Sir Percival, whose side are you on?

ABBOTT: Your side, Black Knight.

KNIGHT: And Lady Elaine, whose side are you on??

BLAIR: Your side, Black Knight!

~~THATS ALL I WANT TO KNOW. MY MIND IS MADE UP-~~
~~I guess there's only one thing left for me to do.~~
~~WHAT DO YOU MEAN?~~
~~What's that?~~

LAHR:

KNIGHT:

LAHR:

~~I'm goin'~~
go on your side, too!

ABBOTT:

Sir Lancelot, I never thought you'd turn out to be a coward! I'm disgusted!

BLAIR:

I'm surprised!

KNIGHT:

I'm amazed!

GRAY:

And I'm on'y tree and half years old!

LAHR:

HOLD IT! HOLD EVERYTHING! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!

GRAY:

Then why don't you drink from the bottle!

LAHR:

That's what I mean!

ABBOTT:

What's wrong, Bert!

LAHR:

I'm sufferin' from nervous pasteurization! Nothin' but interruptions - poor Costello! This program is enough to tax anybody's strength!

SOUND:

~~KNOCK AND DOOR OPENS~~

BLANC:

About your Taxes, Mr. Lahr ---

LAHR:

That's the end!- gimme the phone ---

SOUND:

CLICK OF PHONE

LAHR:

Operator--- get me Lou Costello --

BLAIR:

But Bert, Lou is sick in bed!

LAHR:

I know what I'm doin', Janet!--- hello, Lou? - MOVE OVER!

MUSIC:

PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Ah, there's nothing more carefree than a sailor ashore. Not a thing on earth can bother him...

VOICE: What am I gonna do with Mabel? We meet up with Harry and she spots a Crow on his arm, so she says "Gosh, I always wanted to meet an Admiral".

NILES: Well, that just proves, folks, that you better learn how to tell a Petty Officer from an Admiral if you know anybody in the Navy...and that goes double with Army insignia, too.

VOICE: But don't get me wrong. Mabel's Four-O with me. Thanks to her, my ditty box is always filled up with Camels.

NILES: And of course Camels are first in all the services, according to actual sales records in post exchanges and canteens.

VOICE: But what about Mabel's lack of a naval education?

NILES: Well, brother, I can fix that in a minute. You simply drop a penny post card with your name and address on it to the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston Salem, North Carolina. If you forget that the address is on every pack of Camels. We'll send free a folder that shows the rank insignia of officers and enlisted men in the Army, Navy and Marines. It's a four-color folder that can be opened flat to go on the wall -- has pictures of sleeve and shoulder insignia including three new ones you probably never saw before. Just send a penny post card with your name and address to the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston Salem, North Carolina. Write today.

~~MUSIC: BUMPER SELECTION, FADE OUT FOR:~~

~~NILES: And now, ladies and gentlemen, here's Bud Abbott again, with a final word --~~

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HILES: (CONT'D) And don't forget the traveling Camel Caravans - they'll visit twelve Army, Navy and Marine encampments this week. Look for them, fellows --- we know you'll enjoy the show.

MAGIC: NUMBER SELECTION, PAIR. OUT FOR:

HILES: And now, ladies and gentlemen, here's Bud Abbott with a final word ---

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken... Well, Bert, it certainly was nice of you to be with us tonight, and pinch-hit for Lou Costello.

LARK: Don't mention it, Bud.....I know Lou is listening in, and I just want to tell him that everybody in Hollywood is pulling for him to get well in a hurry.

ABBOTT: Thanks, Bert -- Good night, ^{Lou} Folks.

MUSIC: TITLES, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Don't forget - next week at this same time - another great Abbott and Costello program, with our guest, Hal Perry, the Great Gildersleeve. And remember to get your free copy of the Camel four-color folder showing the service insignia. Just drop a post card with your name and address to R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Janet Blair, who appeared with us tonight, can now be seen in the new Columbia picture, "Something to Shout About." And now, this is Ken Niles, wishing you all a very pleasant good-night -- from Hollywood!

ENGINEER: CUT FOR MATCH HERE

HITCH HIKE

ANNOUNCER: Mister Pipe-Smoker, do you know that Prince Albert is the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America, and has been for years and years? That's why we're pretty sure you'll find Prince Albert's the brand you're looking for -- especially if you want tobacco that's cool, and easy and comfortable on your tongue -- because Prince Albert's no-bite treated. Just taste the ripe, rich, better tobacco -- see how easy it packs, how smooth it draws -- and you'll say P.A.'s got Pipe Appeal for you, too! It's the National Joy Smoke!

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