

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star

ARTHUR TREACHER

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7:00 - 7:30 P.M.

DECEMBER 9, 1943

MUSIC: "PERFIDIA" INTRO TO;

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

NILES: The Abbott and Costello Program! Brought to you by
Camels, the cigarette that's first in the service.
Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around
the world!

125

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra,
the songs of Connie Haines, Cliff Nazarro, tonight's
special guest, Arthur Treacher -- and starring.....
Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

37

51459 8109

COSTELLO: Heyyy ABBOTTTTTTT!

ABBOTT: Costello! What are you doing in the bath-tub?

COSTELLO: What do you think I'm doin'? - I'm takin' a bath!

ABBOTT: What are you doing with your underwear on?

COSTELLO: The water's cold!

ABBOTT: Will you get out of that tub and put your bathrobe on!

COSTELLO: I got the bathrobe on!

ABBOTT: You're wearing your bathrobe in the tub??

COSTELLO: Sure, I don't wanna get my suit wet!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute - what are you doing in a bath-tub on Thursday night?

COSTELLO: Abbott, didn't I tell ya -- Lynn Bari, the beautiful movie star, is comin' here for dinner. I'm gonna have big, swanky party!

ABBOTT: Oh, are you expecting people???

COSTELLO: Certainly - what d'ya think I'm expecting - a flock of cows?

ABBOTT: Not flock - herd!

COSTELLO: Heard what???

ABBOTT: Herd of cows!

COSTELLO: Of course I heard of cows -- I'm no dummy!

ABBOTT: I mean a cow herd!

COSTELLO: What do I care if a cow heard - I didn't say anything I was ashamed of!

ABBOTT: All right, all right! Let's say no more about cows. I'm not in the mood!

COSTELLO: What mood??

ABBOTT: A cow mood!

COSTELLO: Who cares if a cow mooded!! Let 'er moo! *maybe it wants its little kittens -*

51459 8110

ABBOTT: Forget about cows - you don't know anything about cows!
(STRONG) Do you know that a cow gives milk!

COSTELLO: NO SHE DON'T -- YOU GOTTA TAKE IT AWAY FROM 'ER!

ABBOTT: Well, that's the first thing you've said right -- you take the milk from the cow's udder.

COSTELLO: I beg your pardon?

ABBOTT: The cow's udder!

COSTELLO: The cow's udder what!!

ABBOTT: Costello, you take the milk from under the cow!

COSTELLO: You mean the crank-case -- that's the thing that's fastened to the cow's skin!

ABBOTT: Not skin - hide!

COSTELLO: Why should I hide - I didn't do nothin'!

ABBOTT: No! Hide on the cow!

COSTELLO: How am I gonna hide on a cow!

ABBOTT: LISTEN! Hide, hide, the cow's outside!

COSTELLO: WELL BRING 'ER IN AND LET 'ER LISTEN TO THE PROGRAM!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT: Oh, here's Ken and Mrs. Niles...

ALLMAN: (FADES IN) Hello Mr. Abbott, and you too, Costello, Are you surprised to see me?

COSTELLO: No ma'am, I was expecting a cow!

ALLMAN: WHAT???

COSTELLO: I mean another kind of a cow!

ALLMAN: (LOUDER) ~~WHATTTT???~~ *I'm not a Cow - I'm going to talk to you any way - care -*

ABBOTT: Will you stop that, Costello - that's no way to insult Mrs. Niles

COSTELLO: Do you know a better way??

NILES: Just a second, Costello - I'm getting red in the face!

51459 8111

COSTELLO: Where are you getting the blood?

ALLMAN: Are you calling my Kenneth anemic?? Just look how trim he is in that blue suit. He looks like Gainsborough's Blue Boy!

COSTELLO: HE LOOKS MORE LIKE GINBURG'S BELL BOY! *That's a pretty shade of blue, ain't it -*

ALLMAN: You're a fine one to talk, FATSO

COSTELLO: Me fat?? I just dropped twenty pounds!

ALLMAN: YOU DIDN'T DROP IT FAR ENOUGH!

ABBOTT: Let's stop this fighting. Mrs. Niles, Costello invited Lynn Bari to the house and he needs some help with dinner.

ALLMAN: Oh, I might be able to help - I've been cooking for twelve years.

COSTELLO: You oughta be well done by now! *Look at the kisses on that kid!*

ABBOTT: You see, Mrs. Niles, what Costello really needs is a butler. Do you know where we can get one?

ALLMAN: My uncle runs an employment agency. Here's the address. Just go over there and ask for my uncle.

COSTELLO: *That's very nice of you, Mrs. Niles -*
~~Okay~~ - what's his name?

ALLMAN: Hugo! Ask for him.

COSTELLO: Yeah - I go - but who do I ask for?

ABBOTT: She told you Hugo.

COSTELLO: I KNOW I GO! BUT I GOTTA ASK FOR SOMEBODY!!!

ALLMAN: I told you to see my uncle!

COSTELLO: Uncle what?

ALLMAN: Hugo!

COSTELLO: Don't say that again! DON'T TELL ME I GO!!

ABBOTT: Stop saying "I go" when Mrs. Niles says Hugo!

COSTELLO: ALL RIGHT - YOU GO AND I WON'T HAVE TO GO!!

ALLMAN: Costello, you don't understand - my uncle's first name is Hugo.

COSTELLO: Why didn't you say so in the first place. What's his last name?

ALLMAN: GUESSIT!

COSTELLO: Why should I???

ABBOTT: Why should you what?

COSTELLO: Guess his name?

ABBOTT: She didn't tell you to guess his name!

COSTELLO: Mrs. Niles, didn't you tell me his name was Hugo?

ALLMAN: Yes.

COSTELLO: What's his last name?

ALLMAN: I said Guessit!

COSTELLO: That's what I thought you said! Is it Murphy?

ALLMAN: No!

COSTELLO: Is it Jones or Smith?

ABBOTT: No, no, Costello - Guessit!

~~COSTELLO: Abbott, do you mind if I ask you a question?~~

~~ABBOTT: No, of course not. Ask me anything.~~

~~COSTELLO: WHO'S ON FIRST??~~

~~ABBOTT: That's right!~~

~~COSTELLO: I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WAS HER UNCLE!~~

ALLMAN: Costello, I'm telling you for the last time...HUGO

GUESSIT. ~~Do you understand~~ HUGO GUESSIT!

COSTELLO: AND YOU GO JUMP IN THE LAKE!!! *Close the door*

ALLMAN: I'll do nothing of the kind. Come Kenneth.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, they're mad again. Now you've burned your bridges behind you.

COSTELLO: That's okay - it won't show with my coat on!

51459 8113

ABBOTT: Nonsense! You've got to have a butler for the party.
Here's Mrs. Niles' uncle's card. Call him up.

COSTELLO: Boy this sure is a funny phone number.

ABBOTT: What does it say?

COSTELLO: Established 1903!

ABBOTT: That isn't the phone number! That's the year he started
in business. He founded it in 1903.

COSTELLO: Oh! He founded the business. Who lost it?

ABBOTT: Nobody lost it!

COSTELLO: But you said her uncle found it!

ABBOTT: I said he founded it!

COSTELLO: Can I help it if you don't speak good English?

ABBOTT: Costello, her uncle founded the employment agency business!
He simply went out and founded it!

COSTELLO: Where did he look?

ABBOTT: He didn't look anyplace! It was there!

COSTELLO: HOW COULD ANYTHING BE FOUND IF IT WASN'T LOST????

ABBOTT: Because there wasn't anything there till he founded it!

COSTELLO: FOUND WHAT???

ABBOTT: The business! He founded the business! He started the
business! He owns the business! It's his business! The
business has always been his business because there wasn't
any business there till he started the business.

COSTELLO: STOP, ABBOTT!! STOP! CUT IT OUT!!

ABBOTT: What am I doing?

COSTELLO: YOU'RE GIVING ME THE BUSINESS!!

ABBOTT: Costello, you should be ashamed of yourself. Mr. and Mrs. Niles were kind enough to tell you where you could hire a butler. I was kind enough to explain how to contact the man - but did you appreciate it? No! All you do is stand there and give me silly answers.

COSTELLO: I'M A BAAD BOY!

ABBOTT: You certainly are!

COSTELLO: Don't tell my scout master on me!

ABBOTT: Well, I should.

COSTELLO: Oh, if you do he'll take away my scout pins. I have one pin for Courtesy, one for bravery and one for safety.

ABBOTT: I can see the pin for courtesy and the pin for bravery, but where's the pin for safety?

COSTELLO: IT'S HOLDING MY PANTS UP!!

6.07

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: High over an island marked for invasion flies a Lightning fighter plane, with cameras in its nose instead of cannon and machine guns, its only protection the skill of its pilot. They've got what it takes, these unarmed reconnaissance pilots, and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. To our island bases go Camel cigarettes, by the ton -- and we know they'll be fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! More Camel cigarettes overseas may mean less in your store -- but remember, when you get Camels you always get more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

7.10

MUSIC: INTRO FOR "I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU" - HOLD UNDER

NILES: Freddie Rich and his orchestra play a Cole Porter favorite, "I Get a Kick Out of You".

(APPLAUSE)

7.23

ABBOTT: All right, come on, Costello - the Hugo Guessit employment agency is right down this hall. Let me handle this and I'll get you a butler!

COSTELLO: Look, Abbott, I'm just expecting Lynn Bari - why do I need a butler!

ABBOTT: But a butler in your house will make you more stable!

COSTELLO: Stable?

ABBOTT: Certainly - just picture a butler in his livery.

COSTELLO: What've I got, a house or a livery stable!

ABBOTT: You don't understand - he'll make you distinctive - he'll give your house a certain air!

COSTELLO: What am I hiring, a butler or a skunk???

ABBOTT: Oh shut up...now come on in the employment agency, and let me do the talking....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

BLANC: (CRIES MADLY) (SLIGHTLY OFF) OH PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME A MAID! MY MAID QUIT TODAY AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS! I'VE LOST MY MAID! I'VE LOST MY MAID! OHHHHHH!

COSTELLO: Hey Mister - why did your maid leave?

BLANC: SHE CAUGHT ME KISSING MY WIFE! (CRIES OFF, CUT BY:)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

~~ABBOTT: Stop wasting time! Maybe some of these fellows sitting around would like a job. I'll ask this one here - Pardon me, my good man, would you like a job?~~

~~BLANC: (POLITE) Sorry, but I'm not interested. I only do highly specialized work, and I expect to go to work any day now.~~

~~ABBOTT: What do you do?~~

~~BLANC: I'm an old Indian fighter.~~

51459 8117

ABBOTT: ~~But why aren't you fighting?~~

COSTELLO: ~~He can't find any old Indians!~~

ABBOTT: Never mind him. - let's talk to the clerk at the desk.

BROWN: (FADES IN, PRISSY) How do you do, gentlemen, what can I do for you?

COSTELLO: Well, I'd like to hire a butler.

BROWN: (INCREDULOUS) YOU'D LIKE TO HIRE A BUTLER!!! (WILD LAUGH)
YOU MAD, IMPETUOUS BOY! AHAHAHAHAHA! HAHahaha!

COSTELLO: All right, brother, don't knock yourself out! I just wanna hire a butler!

BROWN: YOU JUST WANT TO HIRE A BUTLER! Hahaha! Oh, you fool!
- Why don't you ask me for a date with my wife!

COSTELLO: Okay, but one thing at a time!

BROWN: Now, Mr. Costello, I'll have to ask you a few questions for files. First of all, do you work in a defense plant?

COSTELLO: No, I don't.

BROWN: Then how can you afford a butler?...Do you own any steel mills?

COSTELLO: No.

BROWN: Polo ponies?

COSTELLO: No.

BROWN: Steamship companies?

COSTELLO: No - I'm in a rut, ain't I?

ABBOTT: Costello! Answer the questions!

BROWN: Now, do you have any references?

COSTELLO: Sure - my friend, Bud Abbott.

BROWN: Is he a character reference?

COSTELLO: No, but he's a character!

51459 8118

ABBOTT: Listen clerk, we're in a great hurry. Haven't you got a butler we can hire!

BROWN: Well, there's only one - Judson; but right now he's ^{over there} ~~in~~ that little booth. Mr. Morganbilt, the millionaire, is talking to him...

BLANC: (FADES IN, IN PAIN) Now listen, Judson, I'll give you five nights a week off and thousand dollars a week...all right, make it seven nights a week off.....I'll give you my car, ~~I'll do your laundry. All right you're hired my "A" coupons - you can have anything you want~~ ---- ONLY

PLEASE STOP TWISTING MY ARM! (SCREAMS)

COSTELLO: (QUIETLY) ^{nobody's looking!} Lucky fella - he's got a butler...~~he can always get another arm!~~ *just by a twist of the wrist.*

ABBOTT: Look, clerk, this isn't helping us - we've got to have a butler. Lynn Bari, the movie star, is coming to dinner tonight.

BROWN: (SNIDELY) Lynn Bari coming to dinner?? So you'll be putting on the dog, eh?

COSTELLO: No, we're havin' roast beef! WHAT KINDA TALK IS THAT!

BROWN: Well, I'm afraid I can't help you - ~~you'll~~ come with me and see our manager, Mr. Nazarro. Right this way...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BROWN: Mr. Nazarro...?

CLIFF: Yes?

BROWN: This is Mr. Abbott and Mr. Costello - Costello would like to hire a butler.

CLIFF: (AGHAST) YOU WANT TO HIRE A BUTLER! Good heavens, man, do you realize that butlers (DOUBLE TALK)...

COSTELLO: Maybe he'll be reclassified!

51459 8119

CLIFF: You don't understand! See here, Brown, didn't you tell Mr. Costello that (DOUBLE TALK)...and didn't you tell him (DOUBLE).. didn't you tell him that?

BROWN: Yes, I did!

COSTELLO: YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT, BROTHER!

ABBOTT: Don't interrupt the man!

CLIFF: That's right. I'm trying to show you that (DOUBLE TALK)... do you get the picture I'm painting?

COSTELLO: YEAH, BUT YOU SMEARED IT UP IN THE MIDDLE!

ABBOTT: Costello! He's trying to tell you that today most people are doing their own work. Even Cary Grant washes at his house!

BROWN: Yes, Mr. Costello - do you wash?

COSTELLO: Certainly I wash - what d'ya think I am, a slob??

CLIFF: No! No! All the picture stars are washing. I passed Ann Sheridan's house yesterday, and I saw her washing (DOUBLE TALK). Don't you wash your own ^(double) ~~flabidigastides??~~

COSTELLO: Yeah, but my buttons always break off!

ABBOTT: Never mind your buttons!

COSTELLO: Never mind my buttons??? WHAT D'YA WANT ME TO BE, A PIN UP BOY!

CLIFF: Mr. Costello, let me ask you a question - when you had your last butler, did you pay him babba dit-dit?

COSTELLO: No, I only paid him babba dit.

CLIFF: AND WHY DIDN'T YOU PAY HIM BABBA DIT-DIT??

COSTELLO: 'CAUSE HE DIDN'T DID-DIT!

CLIFF: Look, Costello, let's not get nasty - I'm trying to tell you there's a shortage of men. Butlers today are (DOUBLE) - do you see what I mean??

COSTELLO: Frankly, I'm a little confused.

ABBOTT: (YELLS) WHY DON'T YOU PAY ATTENTION TO THE MAN!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) THAT'S WHAT'S CONFUSING ME!

CLIFF: Well, I could put it another way -- :

COSTELLO: YOU COULD, BUT WOULD YOU???

CLIFF: (ANGRY) Just a minute, you can't come in here and (LONG DOUBLE).

COSTELLO: (BURNS) OHHH, FUDDLE-DEE DUDDLE!

CLIFF: Fuddle-dee duddle? THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

COSTELLO: That doesn't make sense?

ABBOTT: Of course it doesn't!

BROWN: It certainly does not!

CLIFF: Of all the ridiculous things I ever heard in my life, it's fuddle-dee duddle!

COSTELLO: All right, brother - WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SAID???

CLIFF: I'D HAVE SAID, ~~FRENASASIS!~~ (*Double talk*)

COSTELLO: ~~Frenasasis?? Doggone it,~~ THAT'S THE WORD I WAS TRYIN' TO THINK OF!

ABBOTT: OH, GET OUTTA HERE!

MUSIC: INTRO TO "BABY", HOLD UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Connie Haines sings the new rhythmic hit, "If That's The Way You Want It, Baby".

(APPLAUSE)

15,00
15,12

NILES: "Try a Camel cigarette!" says the fellow on the radio, and you say, "I have!" Like it, didn't you? And yet, maybe you're not a steady Camel smoker. You see, one or two Camel cigarettes aren't enough to appreciate what more flavor really means. Camels do have more flavor -- ask anyone -- it's the result of our expert way of blending costlier tobaccos. This extra flavor is what helps Camel cigarettes hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Give your second pack of Camels a thorough check-up in your T-Zone. That's taste and throat -- your proving ground for flavor, yes, and for Camel cigarette's smooth extra mildness, too. And remember, Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

NILES: Camels! They're first in the service! They've got what it takes!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

18.17

51459 8122

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, what are you going to do? Here it is the night of your big party for Lynn Bari, and you haven't got a butler!

COSTELLO: Yeah, but we did get a cook. I'll call up the kitchen and tell her what to do.

SOUND: PHONE UP

Abbott: Be careful what you say now -
COSTELLO: Hello...Kitchen? This is Mr. Costello - I wanna talk to my cook, Mrs. Blank... What? She did? - At four o'clock in the morning?...Wow! How much did it weigh? -- Nine pounds! At her age, too! *I never heard of such stuff.*

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

COSTELLO: What d'ya think of that, Abbott -- Mrs. Blank got up at four o'clock this morning and ate a nine-pound turkey!

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER *Knock*)

ABBOTT: Costello, that must be Lynn Bari...

COSTELLO: (EXCITED) Lynn Bari -- oh boy, oh boy! At last! I'll go -- *I like her 'cause she's a big girl -*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Fifty pounds of ice for Mrs. Smith.

COSTELLO: Mrs. Smith lives next door!

BLANC: Do you mind if I leave it here - her husband's home.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: I guess her husband don't like ice! *oh that was a piparos!*

ABBOTT: Costello, you'd better forget about Lynn Bari - I don't think she's coming.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

COSTELLO: Oh, no?? I'll bet that's her now...(PHONE UP) Hello, Lynn, my darling, my precious one, my loved one, my own little snookie...I LOVE YOU!

51459 8123

BROWN: (HEBE) Boy, oh, boy, have I got the wrong number!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

COSTELLO: I can't stand this waiting -- I'M LOSIN' MY MIND!

ABBOTT: You're not losing your mind any more than I am.

COSTELLO: That's close enough!

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER *Knock*

COSTELLO: Abbott, this MUST be Lynn Bari -- I'll answer it...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY

COSTELLO: DARLING, COME INTO MY ARMS!

TREACHER: Aren't you a bit high strung, old boy???

ABBOTT: Costello, look who it is -- it's Arthur Treacher!

(APPLAUSE)

Costello: Ad like hello -
ABBOTT: How do you do, Mr. Treacher. I'm Bud Abbott, and this is Lou Costello.

TREACHER: I'm glad you told me - I thought it was cabbage cooking!

COSTELLO: Wait a minute, Treacher - the only reason I don't poke you in the nose is because I'm bigger than you!

TREACHER: It so happens that I'm bigger than you.

COSTELLO: That's a better reason!

ABBOTT: Look, Mr. Treacher, don't mind Costello - he was expecting Lynn Bari, and he's down in the dumps!

TREACHER: Yes, that's where she'd told me I'd find him!

COSTELLO: Wait a minute, Treacher --

TREACHER: Mr. Treacher to you, punk!

COSTELLO: Mister punk to you, Treacher!

ABBOTT: Now stop that, Costello!

COSTELLO: I WANNA KNOW WHAT HE'S DOIN' HERE!

51459 8124

TREACHER: For your information, you ^{poisonous person} ~~chese-buffoon~~, I am Miss Bari's butler. Before she sets one dainty foot in this hovel, I wish to inspect the premises, the service and the food ovah heah!

COSTELLO: (IMITATES) Hyahhh?

TREACHER: Heah!

COSTELLO: Oh, deahhh! (*ad lib imitation*)

ABBOTT: Costello, don't talk like that - he's English!

COSTELLO: If he was any more English, he couldn't talk at all! (*Imitates*)

ABBOTT: Look here, Treacher, who are you to come in here and question Costello's social standing?

TREACHER: After all, I sprang from nobility!

COSTELLO: YOU DIDN'T SPRING FAR ENOUGH!

TREACHER: I'll have you know that my family is very prominent, socially. My father has a country seat in Wembly and a city seat in Devonshire!

COSTELLO: Your father has two seats??

TREACHER: Yes.

COSTELLO: Does Ripley know about it????

ABBOTT: Now, Costello, ^(Costello: *Imitates*) be careful how you talk to Mr. Treacher - he's ~~got a lot of~~ polished gentleman -

COSTELLO: He ~~should be selling it!~~ *sounds like he's shellacked*

ABBOTT: (YELLS) You don't understand!

TREACHER: I'M FROM ETON!

COSTELLO: YOU'RE FROM HUNGER!

ABBOTT: You're impossible! ^(Costello: *Yowie nitz*) Mr. Treacher's an educated man - he's a linguist.

Costello: you told me he was English before -
TREACHER: Yes - perhaps I can make you understand in French.

Parlez-vous francais?

51459 8125

COSTELLO: Oui oui.

TREACHER: Bien. Vous avez etudez dans un pension?

COSTELLO: Oui oui.

TREACHER: Combien des annes habitez-vous dans le Sorbonne a Paris?

COSTELLO: Oui oui. Hey, Abbott, I'll bet he runs out before I do!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet!

TREACHER: You might as well know it now, old boy...I'll never permit Miss Bari to attend your dinner.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER *knock*

COSTELLO: Oh yeah? There's Miss Bari now --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

COSTELLO: HELLO, LYNN, MY DARLING!

ALLMAN: (RASPY) Oh, it's me - Mrs. Niles - am I late?

COSTELLO: Sure, by about forty years! ... What is this, witches' night out?

ABBOTT: Costello, ~~stop that!~~

COSTELLO: *you sure get around -*
/ What have you got - a "C" card for your broom?!

~~NILES: Costello, how can you insult my wife, after we came here to lend dignity to your party?~~

~~ALLMAN: Yes! You know, I go around with the upper set.~~

~~COSTELLO: Yeah, but you gotta take 'em out when you go to bed!~~

ABBOTT: Oh, step aside, Costello. Mr. Treacher, I'd like to have you meet Mr. and Mrs. Ken Niles.

TREACHER: Which one is Mrs. Niles???

COSTELLO: (YELLS) WAIT A MINUTE, MR. TREACHER! I DON'T GO FOR THAT!
"WHICH ONE IS MRS. NILES"!! THESE PEOPLE ARE FRIENDS OF
MINE - THEY ARE GUESTS IN MY HOUSE! HOW D'YA LIKE THAT,
ABBOTT - WHICH ONE IS MRS. NILES?

ALLMAN: Good for you, Costello.

COSTELLO: You keep outta this, Ken!

ALLMAN: WHATTT? KENNETH, ARE YOU GOING TO STAND FOR THIS? COSTELLO IS TRYING TO MAKE A MAN OUT OF ME AND A WOMAN OUT OF YOU!

NILES: (MEEKLY) Maybe we'd be happier that way!

ABBOTT: Will you please stop those fights!

TREACHER: I've heard enough, Costello. I could never allow Miss Bari to associate with the illiterate likes of you.

COSTELLO: Gee, Treacher, don't keep Lynn Bari away from my house! You don't seem to really know me!

TREACHER: I don't seem to really know you? Ha! You corpulent little corpuscle -- do you realize you just split an infinitive?

COSTELLO: Why - does it show?

ABBOTT: No, you dummy - he's correcting your grammar! You made a mistake!

COSTELLO: Who made a mistake? Listen, Treacher, when the adjective modifies the predicate adverb, then the pronoun of the subjunctive mood modifies the dangling participle - leaving the infinitive UNSPLIT! ... D'ya know what I mean, Treacher?

TREACHER: Certainly.

COSTELLO: Then explain it to me!

ABBOTT: Costello, you're not going to get Lynn Bari this way!

COSTELLO: Gee, Mr. Treacher, I gotta have Lynn Bari here - I'm in love with her. She's my whole life! She means everything to me -- I GOTTA HAVE HER! *I can't live without her*

TREACHER: Does she really mean that much to you?

COSTELLO: Yes - she's the only one that can string my yo-yo!

TREACHER: Very well, if she means that much to you, let me see how you'd make love to her. Just pretend that Mrs. Niles, here, is Lynn Bari,

COSTELLO: What an imagination you got, brother!

ABBOTT: Do what the man says! Take Mrs. Niles in your arms and kiss her.

ALLMAN: (COYLY) Oh, but Mr. Abbott - in my whole life I've only been kissed by two parties!

COSTELLO: Yeah, THE DEMOCRATS AND THE REPUBLICANS! / *(applause)*
Costello: That's enough - think you, mother -
... C'mere, my proud beauty!

ALLMAN: Ohh, I'm not proud.

COSTELLO: You're no beauty, either!

TREACHER: Well, Costello, what are you waiting for?

ABBOTT: Go ahead and kiss her!

COSTELLO: Not me! Treacher, if you know so much, you kiss her!

TREACHER: I kiss her! Now look here, that is, I mean -- no! I can't--

COSTELLO: What've you got to lose - there'll always be an England!

ABBOTT: Oh, come on, Mr. Treacher *Costello: Imitates oval head -* you show Costello the proper approach to kiss Lynn Bari. Take Mrs. Niles in your arms!

TREACHER: (BRAVELY) All right, I'll do it -- I have her in my arms; what do I do now?

ABBOTT: You put your face next to hers -- now you're cheek to cheek!

COSTELLO: From where I'm standing, it looks like a dead heat at Bay Meadows!

ABBOTT: Quiet!

TREACHER: Now what do I do?

COSTELLO: Treacher, now you kiss 'er!

SOUND: LOUD KISS, ON MIKE, ENDS WITH LOUD POP

TREACHER: Now what do I do???

COSTELLO: GIVE HER BACK HER TEETH!

MUSIC: PLAY-OFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Abbott and Costello will be back in just a moment!

27.30

27.37

51459 8129

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Marine Private John Perella, of Springfield, Massachusetts, whose patrol was cut off behind Japanese lines on Bougainville Island. Knowing that an American barrage was scheduled to hit this very spot, Private Perella volunteered to swim a strange tropical river past enemy positions, and, in spite of heavy enemy fire, continued till he reached American positions, just in time to prevent his companions being killed by our own guns. In your honor, Private John Perella, the makers of Camels are sending to Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)
(APPLAUSE)

28.20

NILES: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked over three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels. Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, to "Blondie"; and next Thursday to Abbott and Costello, with their guest, Miss Lynn Bari.

29.02

51459 8130

MUSIC: "BESAME MUCHO", FADE OUT ON CUE

NILES: And now, here's Abbott and Costello with a final word ----

SOUND: DIALING OF PHONE UNDER ABOVE LINE:

ABBOTT: Costello, what're you doing? Who are you phoning?

COSTELLO: Lynn Bari -- she didn't show up at my house tonight!

SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK

CLIFF: (FILTER) Hello.

COSTELLO: This is Lou Costello. I'd like to speak to Miss Bari, please.

CLIFF: I'm sorry you can't speak to Miss Bari because (DOUBLE)---

COSTELLO: Oh I didn't know -- I'm sorry she burned her fudge{.....
Lemme talk to her.

CLIFF: All right....

ALLMAN: (SWEETLY) Hello, Lou -- I'm sorry I couldn't be there tonight, but I was with my boy friend, Hugo.

COSTELLO: Hugo who?

ALLMAN: Hugo Guessit!

COSTELLO: (BURNS) Hugo Guessit! YOU GO ----

ALL: AH-AH-AH-AH!

COSTELLO: You go back to your boy friend -- I'll see you next week, that's all!

MUSIC: THEME HOLD UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8131

*Abbott
and
Costello: Goodnight folks -- we're a little
late, see you next week --*

NILES: Be sure to tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show with their guest, Lynn Bari. And remember, Camel cigarettes make the best Christmas gift of all! Whenever you buy them, wherever you send them, Camels will be fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

This is Ken Niles, wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight from Hollywood.

29.25

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE

ANNCR: Remember, when you give pipe tobacco for Christmas --
give him the brand he wants. You know, more pipes smoke
Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world --
and that means P.A.'s mighty welcome gift for a pipe-smoker!
Prince Albert comes in special Christmas-wrapped pound and
half-pound packages, each one full of rich-tasting, swell-
smoking P.A. -- no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy
smoking comfort! For each one of your pipe-smoking friends,
get a special pound or half-pound Christmas package of Prince
Albert!

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