

**AS
BROADCAST**

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star

LYNN BARI

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 P M

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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!

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the
songs of Connie Haines, tonight's special guest, the STAR OF THE
Twentieth-Century-Fox ^{PICTURE, "TAMPICO"} ~~star~~, Miss Lynn Bari -- and starring
...Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8134

COSTELLO: HEYYYYY ABBOT-T-T-T-T! ... (EXCITED) Come on, Abbott, help me get dressed -- I gotta get to the broadcast right away!

ABBOTT: Take it easy, there's lots of time. What's the excitement?

COSTELLO: Abbott! Tonight we're having Lynn Bari as our guest star - and I'm gonna make love to her! Oh boy! Gee, if I'm late she might walk out on me!

ABBOTT: So what, let her walk out! There's plenty of fish in the sea!

COSTELLO: Yeh - but who wants to park in the dark with a shark!

ABBOTT: Talk sense, Costello. Do you mean to say you want to make love to Lynn Bari?

COSTELLO: Sure -- but I'm nervous, Abbott; I don't know how to act.

ABBOTT: Oh, there's nothing to it. When I meet my girl, I rush over to her, crush her in my arms - and give her a great big kiss! Why don't you do the same??

COSTELLO: I don't know your girl well enough!

ABBOTT: Oh never mind! Get your clothes on and let's go!

COSTELLO: I can't, Abbott - I'm waitin' for my new suit. Boy, it's gonna be beautiful - the coat is red, with green stripes, pink lapels and orange buttons!

ABBOTT: (YELLS) A red coat with green stripes, pink lapels and orange buttons? I suppose you're going to wear yellow pants!

COSTELLO: What, and have people stare at me! -- What a dope, yellow pants! They clash with my purple shoes! ... (MUMBLES)
Huh! Yellow pants!

ABBOTT: All right, all right - drop the pants!

COSTELLO: I CAN'T!

ABBOTT: Why not???

COSTELLO: My red underwear won't match my lavender vest!

ABBOTT: Don't be ridiculous! I wouldn't let you meet Lynn Bari in clothes like that! You'd better wear one of my suits - I'll lend you my ~~tuxedo~~. *DRESS SUIT* -

COSTELLO: That old thing??? It's FULLA MOTH HOLES!

ABBOTT: There isn't a single moth in that suit!

COSTELLO: NO, THEY'RE ALL MARRIED AND GOT CHILDREN!

ABBOTT: Just a minute - we don't have any moths in our clothes closet!

COSTELLO: No moths, eh? Just open that closet door and see.

ABBOTT: Okay, I will.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY, LOUD AIRPLANE MOTOR ZOOMS AND FADES

OUT

COSTELLO: No moths, eh???

ABBOTT: All right, so there's one!

COSTELLO: ONE?? THAT WAS THE MOTHER! HERE COMES THE CHILDREN!!

BLANC: (SEVERAL BLURPS ACROSS MIKE, ENDS WITH TINY BLURP)

COSTELLO: That last one was just hatched!

ABBOTT: Forget about the moths! I'll lend you one of my other suits -- let's see, there's a worsted, a plaid, a tweed - and that dark one is a twill.

COSTELLO: A twill??

ABBOTT: Certainly! Didn't you ever have a twill??

COSTELLO: Sure -- I GET A BIG TWILL WHEN I WIDE ON A WOLLY TWOASTER!

ABBOTT: Oh, don't be silly! Wait a minute, here's just the suit for you - it belongs to my father! It's his dinner suit.

COSTELLO: There's a little breakfast on it, too!

ABBOTT: No, you dummy! That's his soup and fish!

COSTELLO: It looks like egg to me!

ABBOTT: Listen Costello, when you lived at home - didn't your family dress for dinner!

COSTELLO: Certainly we dressed - WHAT D'YA THINK WE DID - COME TO THE TABLE IN OUR UNDERWEAR!

ABBOTT: What's the matter with you! Didn't you ever wear dinner clothes!

COSTELLO: Yeah, I always wear pajamas!

ABBOTT: Pajamas are not dinner clothes!

COSTELLO: THEY ARE IF YOU EAT IN BED!

ABBOTT: That isn't what I mean! You see, as long as I can remember, the men in our family have always worn their tails to dinner!

COSTELLO: That's a very pretty picture!

ABBOTT: Yes, it is! Where I come from, a man with tails is called a gentleman!

COSTELLO: WHERE I COME FROM, WE CALL 'EM MONKEYS!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR.

COSTELLO: ~~Hey Abbott, maybe that's the tailor with my new suit...~~

~~ABBOTT: COME IN!~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

NILES: Hello fellows - time to go to the broadcast!

ABBOTT: Oh, it's Ken Niles. Say Ken, Costello needs a suit in a hurry; can he borrow ~~one of~~ yours?

COSTELLO: I wouldn't wear his clothes, Abbott! THAT SUIT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS SLEPT IN!

NILES: It was -- I wore it to your last picture! HAHAAHAAAA!.
Ah, that's one of my father's jokes!

COSTELLO: What are you, one of your mother's! Hahahaha!

51459 8137

ABBOTT: ~~Oh, cut it out, Costello! Your tailor isn't here yet, and we'll be late for the broadcast. How about lending him the suit, Ken?~~

NILES: Well - er - I'll have to go outside and ask the little woman!

COSTELLO: LITTLE WOMAN??? HER NECK ALONE IS THREE FEET LONG!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY.

ALLMAN: (FADES IN, LOUDLY) I HEARD THAT REMARK, COSTELLO! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY NECK IS NOT LONG!

COSTELLO: Oh no? Last time I saw a neck like that, a jockey was bending over it! *Am I insultin' you!*

ALLMAN: WHAT! How dare you compare me to a horse! I have an aristocratic face -- my grandfather was a Count!

COSTELLO: Sure - COUNT FLEET!.

ALLMAN: Oh! Kenneth, are you going to stand there and let Costello compare me to a horse!!

NILES: Neigh, neigh!

COSTELLO: That was a very snappy part.

ABBOTT: Costello, with your appearance, you're a fine one to talk about Mrs. Niles!

ALLMAN: Certainly! Just look at yourself, FAT BOY!

COSTELLO: I'M NOT FAT!

ALLMAN: Oh yes?? I SAW YOU FALL DOWN YESTERDAY, AND YOU ROCKED YOURSELF TO SLEEP TRYING TO GET UP!

ABBOTT: Oh, let's stop this fighting. Look, Mrs. Niles, Costello has to borrow a suit for the broadcast tonight.

NILES: Yes, dear - may I lend him mine??

ALLMAN: WHAT?? BEFORE I'D LET YOU DO THAT I'D LOCK YOU UP IN THE ATTIC!

NILES: But gee, dear - you just let me out!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

COSTELLO: Oh, it's my friend Meyer, the Butcher. What's goin' on, Meyer?

BROWN: Oh boy, Louie, am I excited! What's happening to me today shouldn't happen to two dogs - one dog couldn't handle it!

COSTELLO: What's the matter?

BROWN: It's my wife, Sophie - after ten years it's gonna happen. Today is the day -- and I gotta be by her side. So you have to come over right away, Louie, and take care of mine butcher shop!

COSTELLO: I can't do that! We're going to the broadcast - I'm gonna do a love scene with Lynn Bari!

BROWN: But Louie, would you rather do a love scene with Lynn Bari than mind the butcher shop??

COSTELLO: Can a duck swim?

BROWN: That's a silly answer.

COSTELLO: You ask silly questions, you get silly answers!

ABBOTT: Costello, come on - we have to get to the studio.

BROWN: Wait a minute, think of mine wife, Louie, you never do anything for me!

COSTELLO: Who doesn't? Five years ago I gave you the money to open the butcher shop: when you were sick I paid for the operation; then, when the government was gonna put you in jail, I paid your income tax; and six months ago, when your house was on fire, I ran into the burning building and saved your life! AND YOU SAY I NEVER DO ANYTHING FOR YOU????

BROWN: Yeah - but what have you done for me lately????

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: The Ventura bomber rolls to a stop at a U.S. airfield, her depth bomb racks empty after a battle against enemy submarines. They've got what it takes, the Navy men who fly these sea-going land planes, and so has their cigarette -- Camels! -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. To every far-flung base go Camel cigarettes -- always fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning -- because Camels are packed to go around the world! More people want Camel cigarettes now, both at home and overseas, so your store may be sold out from time to time. But remember, Camels are worth asking for again -- because they've always got 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!

MUSIC: ~~INTRO FOR "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT"~~ HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Freddie Rich plays ~~an old Jerome Kern favorite --~~ "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT", A COLE PORTER FAVORITE, (APPLAUSE) "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN"

51459 8140

ABBOTT: Well Costello, you had to open your big mouth - just because you want to help Meyer, we're stuck here in a butcher shop. Come on, we might as well get the orders ready - you dress the chickens.

COSTELLO: Why should I - they're old enough to dress themselves!

ABBOTT: Ohh! I'll dress the chickens, you bring me the other fowl!

COSTELLO: What fowl?

ABBOTT: Duck!

COSTELLO: WHY SHOULD I DUCK? - I'M NOT ASHAMED TO HELP MEYER!

ABBOTT: NO! I mean duck!! Duck: in the icebox!

COSTELLO: Why should I duck in the icebox? YOU DUCK IN THE ICEBOX!
YOU BIG SISSY - I'M GLAD
~~I'm not ashamed~~ to help Meyer and his wonderful little woman!

ABBOTT: All right!

COSTELLO: I know what they're going through -- why only last week a little stranger came to live at our house!

ABBOTT: Really???

COSTELLO: Yes -- my sister married a midget!

ABBOTT: Costello, you're impossible!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP

COSTELLO: Hello, Meyer's Butcher Shop...

BROWN: (FILTER) Hello - this is Meyer on the wire.

COSTELLO: (EXCITED) Meyer, how's the wife? Anything happen yet?

BROWN: No, Louie, it's a very slow process. How's things by the shop?

COSTELLO: ~~Deliveries are slow here, too!~~ ... Listen, Meyer, Mrs. Jones sent back the Christmas turkey you sold her. She says it only has one leg!

BROWN: What does she want to do - eat it or dance with it???

SOUND: PHONE SLAMS

ABBOTT: Well, did Meyer say when he's coming back? Do you realize Lynn Bari's probably at the studio now waiting for us!

COSTELLO: This is more important, let 'er wait! I got plenty of women waiting for me - FIFTY, SIXTY, SEVENTY!

ABBOTT: Fifty, sixty, seventy?

COSTELLO: YES! ~ I wish I could find some a little younger! ... Abbott, beautiful women chase after me. At any minute a gorgeous girl is apt to walk in that door ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS WITH BELL TINKLE

ALLMAN: (GRAVEL) Oh, there you are, Costello!

COSTELLO: HOLY SMOKE - THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, MRS. NILES! (YELLS)
ABBOTT, GET THE KIDS OFF THE STREET! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

ABBOTT: All right, all right! Quiet! Quiet!

ALLMAN: ~~Oh no!~~ So you wanted to borrow my Kenneth's suit, eh? So you were going to make love to Lynn Bari, eh? And now I find you in a butcher shop, EH???

COSTELLO: You're gonna run out of A coupons!

ABBOTT: Costello! For your information, Mrs. Niles is one of Meyer's best customers. Now take her order!

COSTELLO: *DID YOU COME IN WITH AN ORDER? WHERE DO YOU WANT ME TO TAKE IT?*
ALLMAN: Yes! I want twenty cents worth of dog meat!

COSTELLO: Shall I wrap it up or ^{*DO YOU WANT TO*} eat it here!

ALLMAN: No, wrap it u -- OH! (WEEPS) That's the last straw!
(CRIES)

ABBOTT: Now look what you've done!

ALLMAN: I've never been so insulted in all my life! After all these years of trading with Meyer, I have to come in here and be humiliated -- insulted -- it's awful.... (WEEPS)

ABBOTT: Costello! Don't stand there! APOLOGIZE! ~~DO SOMETHING!~~

COSTELLO: Okay, okay --- (SWEETLY) Mrs. Niles.... *IF I SAID ANYTHING TO OFFEND YOU - I'M GLAD OF IT -*

ABBOTT: *I said APOLOGIZE!*

COSTELLO: Mr. Niles - I'm sorry I suggested that you eat dog meat here - wait until you get home -

51459 8142

ALLMAN: (SNIFFLES) Yes...?

COSTELLO: Here - ~~BLOW YOUR NOSE IN MY APRON!~~

ALLMAN: That's all! CANCEL MY ORDER!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: Well, you lost Mrs. Niles' order, Costello - you'll have to change your slip.

COSTELLO: (MEEKLY) I can't, Abbott.

ABBOTT: What do you mean you can't change your slip!

COSTELLO: I'm not wearin' any!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS WITH BELL TINKLE

~~COSTELLO: PARDON ME, where do I find Lou... oh... that ain't me?~~
BARI: Pardon me - where do I find Lou Costello?

COSTELLO: Here I am - over by the pickle barrel!

BARI: Well, raise your hand so I'll know which one is you!

COSTELLO: Hey Abbott - who is this fresh dame?

ABBOTT: Costello, don't you recognize Lynn Bari????

(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: (IN LOVE) Gee, Miss Bari, how did you know you'd find me in this butcher shop?

BARI: Where else would I look for a fat meatball??? ... See here, Costello, I'm supposed to do a play on your program tonight Where do you expect to put it on - in this butcher shop???

COSTELLO: WHY NOT?? Lots of plays were done about butcher shops! Did you ever hear of Hamlet? -- the Merchant of Venison? ... Abie's Irish Roast!

ABBOTT: That's ridiculous!

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COSTELLO: Oh yeah? How 'bout that story about a hog - PYGMALION!

BARI: That's crazy!

COSTELLO: THEY EVEN WROTE A GREAT PICTURE ABOUT COWS!

ABBOTT: What picture?

COSTELLO: GUADALCANAL DAIRY! Boy did I milk that one!

BARI: Come to think of it, how about your last picture, Hit The Ice?

COSTELLO: THERE WAS NO MEAT IN THAT ONE!

BARI: I dunno - I saw two hams in it!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Lynn - don't pay any attention to Costello. He isn't very B..R..I..G..H..T!

BARI: Yes, he does appear to be rather S..T..U..P..I..D!

COSTELLO: I HEARD THAT! WHAT D'YA THINK I AM, A D..O..P..E! ...

Gee, I've been waiting for two weeks to meet you, Miss Bari. Now, to think you've been here for five minutes - and you haven't kissed me yet!

BARI: I came here to say funny things - not to kiss them! ...

Listen, Mr. Abbott, what about this play?

ABBOTT: Well Lynn, it's an original play - and Costello will be your leading man.

BARI: Costello? He could never play that part!

COSTELLO: WHY NOT???

BARI: My leading man must be able to brush me into his arms, sweep me off my feet and carry me away!

COSTELLO: You don't want a leading man, you want a street cleaner!

ABBOTT: Costello! That's no way to talk to our guest. Can't you be nice!

COSTELLO: Miss Bari, if you'll do this play with me in the butcher shop, I'll take you out after the broadcast. We'll go for a drive!

ABBOTT: But Lou, there's no more pleasure driving.

COSTELLO: Yeah, but there's still pleasure parkin'! (WHISTLES)

BARI: Who wants to park in a coupe with a droop!

ABBOTT: Your technique is all wrong, Costello. If you want to take out a beautiful girl like Lynn Bari, the first thing to do is hire a limousine and chauffeur.

BARI: A Rolls-Royce, of course. They you buy me flowers ---

ABBOTT: Orchids, naturally. Then, cocktails at the ~~Mooambo~~ ^{Sunset House} ---

BARI: Dinner at Romanoff's --

ABBOTT: With caviar --

BARI: And champagne!

ABBOTT: Then tickets for the theatre --

BARI: First row --

ABBOTT: After that, you make a round of the night clubs --

BARI: Winding up at the Trocadero!

ABBOTT: And then, you get into your limousine again, drive down Wilshire Boulevard --

COSTELLO: STOP THE CAR! STOP THE CAR! I ~~WANNA GET OUT!~~

ABBOTT: What for???

COSTELLO: I WANNA STOP AT THE FINANCE COMPANY AND MAKE A LOAN!

MUSIC: PLAYON FOR "MY IDEAL", HOLD UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Connie Haines sings the lovely ~~new~~ ballad, "MY IDEAL".

(APPLAUSE)

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NILES: Now Camel cigarettes do have more flavor -- and if you've ever tried one I think you'll say, "Yes, I know!" And yet you may not be a steady Camel smoker. Well, here's the difference between trying just one or two Camel cigarettes -- and trying a couple of packs. Camel's extra flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos, is what helps them to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Give your second pack of Camel cigarettes a real test in your T-Zone -- your taste and throat. You'll find out about flavor -- and I think your throat will give you the last word on Camel's smooth, extra mildness, too. And remember, your Camels will stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

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

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, we're all ready to do your play. What's it all about?

COSTELLO: Oh, it's a great story, Abbott - it's about Buffalo Bill and Wild West. Can you play a western gal, Miss Bari???

BARI: (WESTERN) Kin ah play a Western gal? Why, where ah comes from, they all call me Tex!

COSTELLO: Wheah you-all from, Tex?

BARI: Oklahoma!

ABBOTT: Just a second, Costello - since when are you a western character?

COSTELLO: (WESTERN) Are you kiddin', podner???. Why, they used to call me six-gun Costello - but ah hadda change it to Two-Gun!

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: 'Cause with six guns, every time ah took a step mah pants fell down! YEAH! *That's another character*

BARI: Well, Six-Gun, ah'll agree t' play the paht -- sounds fahr n'n squahr t' me!

COSTELLO: Whut's thet??

BARI: Ah said it sounds fahr n'n squahrrrrrr!

COSTELLO: Oh, fahr 'n' squahr? - Ah used t' hunt bahr down thahr every yahr....YHAHHH!

ABBOTT: I don't believe all this, Costello - don't know anything about the West!

COSTELLO: Oh no???. Why, ah wuz raised on a dud ranch!

ABBOTT: You mean a dude ranch!

COSTELLO: Ah said dud ~~ranch~~ - no women!

BARI: Musta been near Nogales, Arizona! Hahr! Hahr!

COSTELLO: Fahr 'n' squahr! Yahr!

ABBOTT: (DISGUSTED) Oh, this is ridiculous! Go ahead, Ken -
set the scene.

Costello: *Somebody better set the scene!*
NILES: Okay, Bud. (STRONGLY) AND NOW! - OUR PLAY OF THE EVENING,

A SAGA OF THE ADVENTUROUS WEST: "THE LIFE OF BUFFALO
BILL" . . . BROUGHT TO YOU DIRECT FROM MEYER'S BUTCHER
SHOP! . . . AND STARRING THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEATBALL
PLAYERS!

MUSIC: "OH SUSANNAH", FADING OUT ON CUE UNDER:

NILES: (ON CUE) Lou Costello portrays the hero, Buffalo Bill,
his partner is Buckskin Bud Abbott; Lynn Bari plays the
Indian Princess, Moon Eyes - and as an extra special
attraction, Meyer has goose liver at ten cents a pound!
As the scene opens, Buffalo Bill and Buckskin Bud are on
the trail. Suddenly a shot rings out!

SOUND: QUICK TELEPHONE RING, RECEIVER UP

COSTELLO: (DRAWL) Hello --!

BROWN: (FILTER) Hello, dis is Meyer on de wire!

COSTELLO: Hello thar, Meyer - this is Buffalo!

BROWN: Who wants long distance! Give me mine butcher shop!

COSTELLO: This is Costello, Meyer - what's new with Sophie!

BROWN: It's still a very slow process! What's happening by
the store, Louie?

COSTELLO: Ah cain't talk to ya now, Meyer - ah gotta go out and
kill some Indians!

BROWN: What's the matter? - we're running out of meat???

COSTELLO: Call me back, Meyer!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

BARI: This is the craziest play I ever heard. When do I come in?

51459 8148

ABBOTT: In just a second, Lynn - Costello and I ^{ARE} still on the trail, approaching the camp of your father. Read your line, Costello.

COSTELLO: Oh yeah -- (WESTERN) Buckskin Bud, it's gittin' dark and we're gonna be inna heap o' trouble!

ABBOTT: (WESTERN) Yes, Buffalo! ~~But~~ ^{IF} we don't reach the stockade by sundown, the Indians will massacre us in the dark, they'll scalp us alive! Whut are ya gonna do??

COSTELLO: WE GOTTA GET WORD THROUGH T' GENE AUTRY!

ABBOTT: (WHISPERS) Shhh! Buffalo, look! - here comes an Indian Chief! He's gonna speak to us!

BLANC: (INDIAN) HOW! COLA GALLA BALLA MOOLA!

COSTELLO: HOW! Meela Poola Goonda Munda Malla Goo!

ABBOTT: (STRAIGHT) Costello! I didn't know you spoke Indian!

COSTELLO: (STRAIGHT) I don't - something went wrong with my typewriter!

BLANC: Me welcome you -- me Chief Flatfoot!

ABBOTT: Who gave you that name - Great White Father?

BLANC: No - Great White Draft Board!

COSTELLO: Chief Flatfoot, ah came to marry yo daughter, Moon Eyes over there!

BARI: (INDIAN) Moon Eyes could not come -- I am her sister, Cross Eyes....Me glad to meet you; greetings, White Fish!

COSTELLO: Not fish -- FACE!

BARI: Greetings, Fish Face! ...

ABBOTT: Ah don't think she likes you, Buffalo!

COSTELLO: Lemme handle this! Look hyah, Cross Eyes, ah wants to marry you! Whut do ya say, gal?

BARI: No marry you -- me marry the Bicarbonate Kid?

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ABBOTT: The Bicarbonate Kid???

BARI: Yes - Wild Bill Hiccup!

COSTELLO: Ah used to know him as Hopalong Acidity!

BLANC: Then everything is settled -- White Man, you go!

COSTELLO: (LOUDLY, BROAD WESTERN) WHUT'S THAT! Ah've been an Indian Scout for nigh onto twenty years, and yore the most despicable, obnoxious, incorrigible renegade that ah ever encountered!

ABBOTT: Them's hard words, Buffalo!

COSTELLO: HARD WORDS, BUT AH SAID 'EM!

BARI: Buffalo Bill, you be careful what you say to my father. He strong Indian Chief!

COSTELLO: I smell him -

BLANC: Yes! Me not wear shoes; me not wear clothes; me sleep in wind, rain and snow - no roof; me eat raw corn, raw meat, raw fish!

COSTELLO: You do all that??

BLANC: Yes, and I'm sick and tired of the whole thing!

~~ABBOTT: Now's your chance, Buffalo - her father's gone! Make love to her!~~

~~COSTELLO: Yeah - yeah! (UP) Cross Eyes, come into mah arms...gal, you remind me of -- you remind me of --~~

~~SOUND: QUICK DOOR OPEN, BILL TINKLES~~

~~BLANC: (STRAIGHT) A pound of hamburger!~~

~~COSTELLO: A POUND OF HAMBURGER?? Take is easy, Mister - I'll wait on you as soon as I finish with Buffalo Bill!~~

~~BLANC: Buffalo Bill! IF HE WAITED THAT LONG FOR SERVICE, I'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER STORE!~~

~~SOUND: DOOR SLAMS~~

51459 8150

BARI: (DISGUSTED) Oh boy, whatta play!

COSTELLO: I'm glad you like it

ABBOTT: Come on, back to the play, Costello - propose to ~~the girl!~~ *MISS BARI!*

~~COSTELLO:~~ *Oh, my!* ~~Indian~~ *Indian* gas, ah want you to marry me!

BARI: Is no use - you cannot marry me unless you get my mother's consent!

COSTELLO: I've taken care of that, Cross Eyes! I married your mother, so now ah'm yore father; so listen, daughter - you have my consent to marry me as soon as ah kin git a divorce from yore ^{old lady} mother!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Buffalo - the Indians are going to attack us!

BARI: Me afraid, Buffalo!

COSTELLO: Don' worry, Cross Eyes, get behind me. If you hear a shot, get in front of me!

ABBOTT: (STRONGLY) Look out - here they come ! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

ALL: (TOGETHER) WAR WHOOPS, YELLING....

SOUND: LOUD STAMPEDING FEET

MUSIC: SERIES OF CRESCENDOS, DISCORDANT SUSTAINED NOTE, SHARP CUTOFF

EFFECT: ALL NOISE AND YELLING CUTS ABRUPTLY WITH MUSIC
(PAUSE, THEN:)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, BELL TINKLES

BROWN: Hello, Louie - it's me, Meyer - I'M BACK!

BARI: Oh boy, whatta play!

BROWN: Costello, Abbott, Miss Bari, I want to thank you sincerely for watching mine/^{butcher shop} while my wife Sophie is having a crisis.

COSTELLO: Gee, Meyer, what happened?

BROWN: Oh-ho, such a day. Girls with white uniforms are rushing in and out...I'm walkin' up and down, I'm biting my nails, I couldn't eat nottin -- but everything turned out wonderful beautiful, Sophie resting up -- I'M SO EXCITED!

51459 8151

ABBOTT: Gosh, what a lucky fellow!

BARI: Congratulations, Meyer!

COSTELLO: Yeah - what was it - a boy or a girl?

BROWN: THE ^{most beautiful} ~~PRETTIEST~~ PERMANENT WAVE YOU EVER SAW!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF ... (APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: QUICK FANFARE

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Liberty ship Captain Henry A. Fritz, of Detroit, Michigan, whose freighter was docked between two Allied vessels at a North African port. During an air raid, both the adjoining vessels began to burn and explode, tearing huge holes in the American ship's hull. Captain Fritz ordered his men to abandon ship, but went himself to the bow, and though seared by flames, chopped the bow lines, and enabled the ship to be moved to safety. In your honor, Captain Henry Fritz, the makers of Camels are sending to Merchant Marine men on the high seas three hundred thousand Camel Cigarette

MUSIC: FANFARE..(APPLAUSE)

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 ~~AUDIENCES OF~~ more than 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, Mr. Edward Arnold. And here's a special message to all young men of seventeen. Listen to this!

NILES
CONT'D:

Right now you can join the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps Aviation Enlisted Reserve. If you want to be an Army flier join the reserve now -- and continue your school or job until you are eighteen. Then you'll start training to become a pilot, navigator, or bombardier. Talk to your parents about this -- you must have their permission. You can receive full information and printed literature by writing or visiting your nearest Army Aviation Cadet Examining Board or Naval Office of Procurement. Any Army, Navy, or Marine recruiting station will tell you how to find it.

MUSIC: BUMPER -- FADE OUT ON CUE: (CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER)

51459 8154

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

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken --- well, Lynn Bari, thanks for being our guest tonight!

BARI: Just a minute, Bud! Look, Costello - I want to know how that play ended before Meyer came in!

COSTELLO: Oh, it was a terrific finish -- I'm standin' on a hill all alone. Ten thousand blood-curdling Indians are coming at me!

BARI: How many?

COSTELLO: One thousand screaming redskins --

ABBOTT: How many?

COSTELLO: Fifty ferocious savages ---

BARI: HOW MANY?

COSTELLO: So I killed the old squaw fahr 'n' squahr!

BARI: LET ME OUT OF HYAR! Goodnight!

A & C: (Goodnights, etc.)

COSTELLO: *Let us all out of here! GOODNITE TO EVERYBODY IN PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY - GOODNITE UNCLE MARTY -*

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

51459 8155

NILES: Tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show with our guest, Edward Arnold. And remember...Camels for Christmas! Yes, Camel cigarettes make a wonderful gift! Wherever you send them, you can be sure that they'll be fresh when they arrive, because Camels are packed to go around the world! This is Ken Niles, wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight from Hollywood.

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE

ANNOUNCER: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Remember that if you're looking for just the thing to give that pipe-smoker for Christmas, Prince Albert comes in special Christmas-wrapped pound or half-pound containers. They make beautiful presents -- and what's more important, Prince Albert will give him hundreds of hours of real smoking enjoyment. Yes, P. A. is rich-tasting and sweet-smoking and it's no-bite treated to keep his tongue cool and comfortable. Get a Christmas -wrapped pound or half-pound container of Prince Albert for every pipe-smoker on your list;

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