

**AS
BROADCAST**

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star

EDWARD ARNOLD

MUSIC: "PERFIDIA" INTRO TO:

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

NILES: The Abbott and Costello Program! Brought to you by Camel,
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
~~METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER~~
~~M-G-M~~-star, Edward Arnold --- and starring...Bud Abbott
and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8158

COSTELLO: HEY ABBOT-T-T-T-T!

ABBOTT: Costello! Here it is Christmas Eve and you're late again!
What kept you this time.

COSTELLO: I had to get the invitations printed for my party tonight.
Here, you wanna see 'em?

ABBOTT: Let me read it -- (READS) "LOU COSTELLO INVITED YOU TO A
CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY TO BE HELD AT HIS HOME..B.A.P.O.B." -
Look, you mean R-S-V-P!

COSTELLO: I mean B-A-P-O-B...bring a pound of butter!

ABBOTT: By the way - are you going to have any mistletoe?

COSTELLO: What?

ABBOTT: Mistletoe! Haven't you ever kissed a girl under the
mistletoe?

COSTELLO: No - I always kiss 'em under the nose!

ABBOTT: Oh, Costello, you drive me to distraction!

COSTELLO: No, you drive me - I only got an "A" book!

ABBOTT: Oh, let's get back to the party tonight. I hope you
remembered to get souvenirs for everybody.

COSTELLO: I did, Abbott - I'm havin' favors for the girls, and at
twelve o'clock I'm gonna turn the lights off.

ABBOTT: Any favors for the men?

COSTELLO: What d'ya call turnin' the lights off!

ABBOTT: Never mind that! Tell me, who are the people you invited
tonight?

COSTELLO: A lotta movie stars --- when I invited Lana Turner, she
kissed me!

ABBOTT: (SKEPTICAL) Lana Turner kissed you???

COSTELLO: This smoke ain't comin' outta my ears for nothin'!

ABBOTT: Just a second, why don't you invite the people on our program? That would be the real Christmas Spirit, - after the way you insult them all year. Go ahead!

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott - (CALLS) Oh, Connie - Connie Haines...?

CONNIE: Hello, my fat little sugar man.

COSTELLO: Oh! That voice! ... Say, Connie, I'm having a big Christmas party tonight, and I'd like you to come.

CONNIE: I'm sorry, but I can't, Mr. Costello. Freddie Rich is taking me to the Trocadero.

COSTELLO: Well, I took you to the Trocadero three times.

CONNIE: I know, but Freddie takes me inside!

COSTELLO: Why do I waste time with her -- I got a million girl friends tearin' their hair out waitin' for me to call them.

ABBOTT: Why don't you call them?

COSTELLO: Who wants bald-headed girls!

ABBOTT: Forget the girls! ^{WHY DON'T YOU INVITE SOME OF THE PEOPLE} ~~Go ahead, invite Ken Niles! And don't~~
~~ON THE PROGRAM -- AND~~
~~make any nasty remarks - try to be nice for once.~~

COSTELLO: ~~All right, don't worry!...~~ ^{OKAY - I'LL INVITE KENNILES} (CALLS) Say Ken...?

NILES: Yes, Lou?

COSTELLO: Would you like to come to my Christmas Party tonight?

NILES: What hamburger stand is doing the catering!...HAHAHAHA!

How do you like that, Fatty?

COSTELLO: ^{LOOK WHO'S CALLING ME, FATTY!} Fatty! Why, you're so skinny you have to swallow a walnut to hold your pants up!

ABBOTT: Ah! Ah!

COSTELLO: (MUMBLES) ^{AFTER ALL, I COULD USE THIS GUY FOR A THING OR} ~~If he had hair on his chest, I'd use him for a~~
~~SOMETHING. HE'S GOT SO MUCH HAIR ON HIS CHEST. I THINK I~~
~~pipe-cleaner!~~ ^{COULD USE HIM FOR A PIPE CLEANER. I}

NILES: Wait a minute, Costello! Are you insinuating that I'm

bony!

51459 8160

COSTELLO: I wouldn't say you're bony - but you'd have a tough time talking your way out of a dog pound.

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, Niles certainly won't come to your party now!

NILES: And neither will my wife! She's going with me to my Uncle's ranch.

COSTELLO: As a guest, or grazing?

ALLMAN: I HEARD THAT REMARK, DARK AND HANDSOME!

COSTELLO: What d'ya mean, dark and handsome!

ALLMAN: (GRAVEL) If it's dark - you're handsome!

COSTELLO: Why, you old - - -

ABBOTT: Ah-ah! Remember the Christmas Spirit!

COSTELLO: Oh, that's right. (SWEETLY) Gee, Mrs. Niles, I want to thank you for that beautiful Christmas card you sent me.

ALLMAN: Oh, it was just a picture of me - smiling.

COSTELLO: I know, but how did you get your teeth to spell out "Merry Christmas"?

ABBOTT: Now, look, Costello, will you quit that! Mrs. Niles works on a newspaper - she could write about your party!

ALLMAN: Yes - I have a nose for the news!

COSTELLO: And enough left over for the Times and Examiner!

ABBOTT: That's some Christmas spirit, Costello. You oughta be ashamed of yourself! Here Mrs. Niles is all dressed up, and looks very charming. Can't you say something nice for a change!

COSTELLO: (SWEETLY) I'm sorry, Mrs. Niles...you do look lovely tonight, You look just like a doll.

ALLMAN: That's the nicest thing you've ever said. What makes you think I look like a doll?

COSTELLO: Your hair is pasted on!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: Well, you did it again! Nobody's going to come to your party! Who can you ask now?

COSTELLO: Botsford Twink, the sound man'll come -- hey, Bots?

BLANC: Yes, Mr. Costello.

COSTELLO: Botsford, at my Christmas party tonight I'm gonna tell the story of Santa Claus, and I want you to do the sound effects. Are you ready?

BLANC: Ready, Mr. Costello.

COSTELLO: It's a cold night at the North Pole, and we see Santa.

MUSIC: TRUMPET - BOOMS AND SADDLES

COSTELLO: Santa Claus, not Santa Anita!

ABBOTT: What happens after that, Costello?

COSTELLO: Well, I make a bet/^{ABOUT \$2.} Oh, no - - - Santa Claus calls to his reindeer - (CALLS) Here Dancer and Prancer and Cupid and Donder!

ABBOTT: Where's Blitzen?

COSTELLO: Blitzen is mitzen! ^{CAN'T FIND HIM} /... The night is beautiful - the stars are out and the moon is shining.

BLANC: HICCUP

COSTELLO: Botsford, what's that!

BLANC: Moonshine!

COSTELLO: WILL YOU GET THE SOUND EFFECTS RIGHT! ... The moon is shining down, and the night is filled with gentle zephyrs!

BLANC: MOO! ... MOO!

COSTELLO: I SAID ZEPHYRS, NOT HEIFERS!

ABBOTT: Stop COWING the boy!

COSTELLO: He gave me a bum steer! (^{I THINK WE} Well, ~~I~~ milked that enough!) NEXT JOKE! I WOULDN'T LAUGH AT THAT IF I WAS YOU, LADY-

ABBOTT: Costello! Finish the story!

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott. Santa dashed across the roof-tops, into a house, and there he sees a beautiful girl! Shyly, she drops her eyes.

SOUND: PLINK! PLINK!

COSTELLO: BOTSFORD! PICK UP THOSE EYES!

ABBOTT: Get on with it!

COSTELLO: The girl sits on Santa's lap, and Santa kisses her, Just
then her boy friend walks in, ^{AND CATCHES HIM - BOY, WAS} sees ~~what's going on, and~~
^{THAT A BREAK FOR ME!}
~~gets VERY MAD! BOY, WAS I LUCKY!!!~~

ABBOTT: ~~Wait a minute... why were you lucky?~~ ^{HOW WAS THAT A BREAK FOR YOU -}

COSTELLO: BECAUSE IF HE CAME IN FIVE MINUTES SOONER, HE WOULD
CAUGHT ME!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8163

NILES

Into a muddy jungle airstrip slithers a fighter plane, after a mission shelling and machine-gunning a Jap camp. They've got what it takes, these low-level attack pilots and so has their cigarette -- Camels! -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Some Camel cigarettes are on their way out to that airstrip -- to any airstrip -- right now -- and when they get there, they'll be fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world. Both at home and overseas, more people want Camel cigarettes, and that may be why your store's 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 &

CHORUS:

JINGLE BELLS PLAYOFF

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells -
 Jingle ALL THE DAY -
 Oh, what fun it is to trim
 A great big Christmas tree!

51459 8164

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, let's get the house in order for your party.
What about trimming the Christmas tree?

COSTELLO: Gee, Abbott, I couldn't find any tinsel this year, so ~~I~~
^{TRIMMED}
~~gone to trim~~ the tree with spaghetti. It's wonderful!

ABBOTT: What's wonderful about trimming a tree with spaghetti?

COSTELLO: Every time I plug it in the meatballs light up!

ABBOTT: Oh, Costello, talk sense! I hope you've taken care of the
food for the party?

COSTELLO: I'm going to serve ham sandwiches with Musterole.

ABBOTT: Musterole is for a cold.

COSTELLO: Well, this is cold ham.

ABBOTT: What are you going to do about the drinks?

COSTELLO: The same as last Christmas. Boy, the champagne flowed like
water.

ABBOTT: It tasted like water.

COSTELLO: IT WAS WATER!

ABBOTT: Let's get organized and start putting the gifts under the
tree. Here's my present for Connie Haines; what did you
give her?

COSTELLO: I bought her a corsage!

ABBOTT: You mean corsage! A-G-E is pronounced "ahge" as in
corsage, garage! Where did you get it?

COSTELLO: From the man who comes to collect the garbahge!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

COSTELLO: Abbott, that must be Edward Arnold. He promised to play
Santa Claus for us tonight. Come in, Eddie!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Eddie? I'm me - Mrs. Niles!

COSTELLO: Oh, I thought you were Edward Arnold.

ALLMAN: Do I look like Edward Arnold?

COSTELLO: Of course not. Edward Arnold has no moustache!

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense, Costello - That's her fur scarf! What can we do for you, Mrs. Niles?

ALLMAN: My nephew, Little Hector, is staying with us over the holidays and I wonder if you'd mind taking care of him while I do some last minute shopping? Hector, darling - this is Mister Abbott. Say hello to the man!

DON: Hello to the man! Ha. Ha.

COSTELLO: Hey, Abbott --- this kid is dumber than me!

ABBOTT: You mean DUMBER THAN I!

COSTELLO: Okay. He's dumber than both of us!

DON: Oh, Aunty Niles --- look at that Christmas tree. What a funny shade of green!

COSTELLO: YOU'RE LOOKING AT ME! Hey -- what goes with ~~this kid~~ ^{that dope!}

ABBOTT: Now, Costello. The little boy didn't mean anything. Did you, little Hector?

DON: Oh, no. Here, Mister Costello, have some peanuts!

COSTELLO: I don't like peanuts!

DON: That's funny. All the other monkeys do!

COSTELLO: Now look, Mrs. Niles, you'll have to get that kid out of here!

ALLMAN: But little Hector isn't doing anything!

COSTELLO: HE'S BREATHING, ^{AIN'T} ~~ISN'T~~ HE? NOW GET THAT BRAT OUT OF HERE!

51459 8166

ABBOTT: Oh, stop that! Don't worry, Mrs. Niles, we'll take care of little Hector.

ALLMAN: Thank you, Bud. Well, Hector - kiss Aunty Niles goodbye!
. Oh! Hector! You knocked my hat off!

COSTELLO: Here's your hat, Mrs. Niles.

ALLMAN: Thank you.

COSTELLO: And here's your hair!

ALLMAN: / ^{DON'T WORRY ABOUT HECTOR -}
(YELPS) I'll be back for him late tonight!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DON: Y'know, Mr. Costello, I saw your broadcast last week!

ABBOTT: Really, Hector? And did you tell your mother all about it?

DON: Oh, I talked about Mr. Costello all day!

~~COSTELLO:~~
ABBOTT: You did?

DON: Yes - and my mama kept washing my mouth out with soap!

COSTELLO: / ^{YOU KNOW ABBOTT - I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION -}
This kid would make a perfect stranger!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Say, that must be Eddie Arnold all dressed up as Santa Claus.
Open the door, Costello.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ARNOLD: Pardon me, boys - where can I find Lou Costello?

COSTELLO: I'm Lou Costello - can't you tell???

ARNOLD: No - the wind was in the wrong direction! (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

~~COSTELLO: Abbott, who is this fat laughing boy?~~

~~ABBOTT:~~
ABBOTT: Costello - it's EDWARD ARNOLD!

~~COSTELLO:~~
COSTELLO: Oh, so it is!
(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: Hello Eddie.

ABBOTT: Say, what kind of a costume are you wearing? **EDDIE**

51459 8167

ARNOLD: Well, I got this red Santa Claus jacket on, but I'm waiting for my pants.

ABBOTT: Are they at the cleaners?

ARNOLD: No, at Lockheed - my wife's wearin' them! I just stopped in to tell you that I'll be ready to play Santa Claus for you in a little while. ~~I gotta go home and pack my bag.~~

~~COSTELLO: Are you gonna be carrying a heavy load tonight, Eddie?~~

~~ARNOLD: Nope, I'll be sober!~~

COSTELLO: By the way, Eddie, when you start giving out Christmas presents tonight, don't give me an electric bed warmer like you did last year.

ARNOLD: Electric bed warmer? That was an electric toaster!

COSTELLO: No wonder it kept popping up and throwing me out of bed!

ABBOTT: Quiet, will you!

ARNOLD: (ANNOYED) Yes, Costello - if you didn't like what I brought you last Christmas, why did you ask me to play Santa Claus this year!

COSTELLO: Because you've got just the kind of pot that'll look good in my fireplace!

ARNOLD: Oh yes? You're as big as I am! Suppose you play Santa Claus!

COSTELLO: Not me - I'm afraid I'll get stuck in the chimney!

ARNOLD: Why should you be afraid - you've been making an ash of yourself for years! (CHUCKLES) Well, see you later, fellows!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DON: (OFF) Look at me, Mr. Abbott, I'm up on the ladder - no hands!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) Hector! Get away from that tree! Get down off that ladder!

ABBOTT: Look out, Costello!

SOUND: CRASH - AND WOOD BLOCK CLUNK

COSTELLO: OWWWWW! Abbott, look at the bump on my head - it's gettin' higher and higher! Hurry up, get the O.P.A. on the phone!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) How can the O.P.A. help the bump on your head??

COSTELLO: I WANT 'EM TO PUT A CEILING ON IT!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: ("HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND" - FADE FOR:)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Connie Haines and the Camel Five ~~sing a~~
~~modern Christmas lullaby, -- it's called,~~ "Hit the Road to
Dreamland."

MUSIC: UP
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: What's the difference between trying one or two Camel cigarettes and trying two packs? Try a pack or two and you'll see that more flavor is the thing that helps Camel cigarettes hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Test your second pack of Camels in your T-Zone -- your taste and throat. Let your taste tell you about more flavor -- and let your throat give you the last word on Camel'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: Camel cigarettes! They're first in the service!
They've got what it takes!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

51459 8170

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, here it is twelve o'clock and no one showed up for your party! That's what you get for insulting people. You might as well put little Hector to bed!

DON: I don't wanna go to bed - it's too cold to sleep in my long underwear!

COSTELLO: Why don't you keep your trap shut!

DON: Before I go to bed, ^{MIR. COSTELLO} can I recite a poem about little Jack Horner!

ABBOTT: Yes go ahead, Hector.

DON: Little -- er -- er --

COSTELLO: I'll help you, Hector. "Little Jack ---

DON: --er - Horner...

COSTELLO: Sat in a ---

DON: -- er - corner...

COSTELLO: Eating his Christmas --P-P-P-P-P

DON: ^{DON!} ^{CAKE} Pie! ^{COSTELLO!} ^{PIE!} EATING HIS CHRISTMAS PIE!

COSTELLO: He put in his ---

DON: --er - thumb...

COSTELLO: And pulled out a ---

DON: -- er - p - p - er - plum....

COSTELLO: And said what a good boy am ---

DON: I! ... I know lotsa poems! Ha! Ha!

COSTELLO: Hey ~~kid~~, ^{HECTOR, DO YOU FEEL LIKE EATING A LITTLE GROUND GLASS.} would you like to play with some broken glass?

ABBOTT: Costello, you'll never get Hector to sleep that way! Maybe you'd better sing him a lullaby!

COSTELLO: Well - okay, Abbott! Now listen, Hector --- (SINGS, SOFTLY) I'm dreaming of a White Christmas... (YAWNS)...just like the ones... (YAWNS) I used to know... (SNORES)

MUSIC & CHORUS: SNEAK IN: NEXT FOUR BARS UNDER:

51459 8171

DON: Look, Mr. Costello's fallin' asleep -

ABBOTT: Shh - let's not disturb him.

MUSIC & CHORUS: SWEEPS UP, ESTABLISH, AND FADE OUT FOR:

MOTHER: (OFF, CALLS) LOUIS! LOUIS COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: (AS A BOY) I'm comin', Ma.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOTHER: (FADES IN) Oh dear! Just look at you on Christmas Eve - a five year old boy...how did you get your clothes so muddy?

COSTELLO: I was tryin' to pull a worm outta the ground.

MOTHER: What happened?

COSTELLO: The worm pulled first!

SOUND: (OFF) KNOCK AT DOOR

MOTHER: I'll see who's at the door - you go wash your dirty face!

COSTELLO: Why can't I cover it up with powder ~~on it~~ like you do!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT & NILES: (TOGETHER AS KIDS) MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. COSTELLO!

MOTHER: Why, it's the little Abbott boy and the Niles boy!

ABBOTT: We came over to stay with Louie tonight!

COSTELLO: (SNEERING) Ah-ah, Kenny Niles is teacher's pe-et! Is your father riding a bird tonight, Kenny!

MOTHER: Kenny's father riding a bird! Whatever gave you that idea?

COSTELLO: I heard his mother say he was on a bat last night!

~~ABBOTT: Shame on you, Louis - Santa Claus won't leave you any presents!~~

~~COSTELLO: Oh, button up your lip, Buddy Abbott - the braces on your teeth are showin'! That's good gold, too!~~

MOTHER: You children stop ^{TALKING}~~arguing~~ and jump into bed! And I don't want to hear one word out of you until morning!

51459 8172

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: Hey, Buddy, you havin' a Christmas tree this year?

ABBOTT: No - we put a green suit on my father and stuck some lights on him!

COSTELLO: Well, that's just as good - he's always lit up anyway!

SOUND: (OFF) SLEIGH BELLS...HOLD IN B.G. UNDER:

NIES: Gee, fellows - hear those sleigh bells? It must be Santa Claus!

ABBOTT: Listen! Someone's coming down the chimney!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE...LOUD THUMP & CRASH OF SLEIGH BELLS, ETC.

ARNOLD: Hello, boys!

ABBOTT: Gosh! It's Santa Claus, all right!

ARNOLD: Wait'll I get out of this fireplace --OUC-H-H! Who built that fire in there?

COSTELLO: I did - I was tryin' out somethin' new: A SITTING HOTFOOT!

ARNOLD: You better be careful, young fellow, or you won't get anything for Christmas!

COSTELLO: Say, if you're really Santa Claus, where's the rest of your whiskers? They look like they were chewed off!

ARNOLD: Oh, so they are - I thought my shredded wheat tasted funny this morning!

ABBOTT: Gee, I hope you brought me some nice presents, Santa.

ARNOLD: Only the boys who aren't listed in my big black book get presents! Louis Costello, here's a report I get from your teacher!

COSTELLO: (GULPS) D-D'ya have to read it now?

ARNOLD: It says here that you painted all the blackboards red, you chopped off the legs of the chairs, you put a goat in the cloakroom, you filled the inkwells with glue and you put frogs in the lunch boxes? What do you say to that?

COSTELLO: None of us is perfect!

ARNOLD: Young man, you sound like a tough little kid! Do you run around with a gang?

ABBOTT: Yes, he does run around with a gang, Santa!

COSTELLO: Aaah, you snitcher - you're a snitcher-snitcher...that's worse than one snitcher! Santa, I'm the head guy on my block!

ARNOLD: You look like a blockhead! HO HO HO! I'm such a jolly fellow. HO HO HO! (LAUGHS VERY HEARTILY)

COSTELLO: All right, don't knock yourself out! ... Are you sure you came down the chimney?

ARNOLD: Certainly - why do you ask?

COSTELLO: I thought maybe you came down the drainpipe - you're such a drip!

NILES: Don't pay any attention to him Santa - Louie Costello always acts that way.

ABBOTT: Yeah, and he was fightin' with me yesterday after school!

ARNOLD: WHAT! Abbott and Costello fighting?

COSTELLO: Yeah. I had a sack of candy, and Buddy Abbott wanted some of it.

ARNOLD: Did you let him have it?

COSTELLO: Sure - right in the kisser!

NILES: And not only that, Santa Claus, but last week Louie was kept in after school!

ARNOLD: (SHARPLY) Why were you kept in after school, Louis?

COSTELLO: I didn't know where the Aleutians were!

ARNOLD: Hm, you didn't, eh? Well, next time try to remember where you put things! ... Now, Buddy Abbott, what do you want for Christmas?

ABBOTT: I want a chemistry set!

51459 8174

ARNOLD: That's a wonderful choice -- I like chemistry, too!
There's something about pouring things in glasses that
always gets me.

COSTELLO: Pourin' stuff in glasses gets a lot of people!

ARNOLD: Well, here you are, Buddy Abbott - for being such a good
boy, here's a nice chemistry set. And Kenny Niles -
because you were the teacher's pet, here's a lovely
little Tinker Toy!

NILES: Oh, THANK YOU, SANTA -

COSTELLO: That's a great present - a little Tinker Toy for a big
tinker!

ARNOLD: Quiet, Louis! All right, Kenny, you and Buddy run along
to bed!

ABBOTT &
NILES: (TOGETHER) Thank you, Santa Claus...goodnight!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ARNOLD: Now, Louis Costello, let's see what else is in my black
book.

COSTELLO: (YELLS) DON'T GO ANY FURTHER WITH THE BLACK BOOK, WILL
YA!!!

ARNOLD: Ah, I see that even several years ago you flirted with a
little girl in school. Is that true?

COSTELLO: (BASHFUL) Uh-huh.

ARNOLD: Did you give her your class pin?

COSTELLO: What class pin? -- I was only two years old -- I gave
her the only pin I had!

ARNOLD: Let's ~~let the whole thing~~ drop the whole thing!

COSTELLO: That's what happened!

ARNOLD: Well, that settles it, Louis! I'm afraid there's nothing
I can leave you for Christmas. Maybe when you've learned
to behave yourself, I may come back again. (YELLS)

COSTELLO: Wait a minute, Santa Claus - there must be somethin' I deserve!

ARNOLD: There is - but how can I hang a kick in the pants on a Christmas tree GOOD NITE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: I'M A B-A-A-A-A-D BOY!

MUSIC: SNEAK IN "SILENT NIGHT" FOR B.G. UNTIL CUE TO CUT

COSTELLO: (ON CUE) (TEARFULLY) Nobody likes me any more...Santa Claus is givin' me a brush-off...Buddy Abbott is gettin' all the presents...I'm gonna write a note and run away from home -- (SNIFFS) -- "Dear Mom and Dad...When you read this, I will be a thousand miles away -- do not try to find me because I'm not gonna come back. Maybe someday, when I'm old - about twelve or thirteen - (SNIFFS) - and after I make a million dollars, you'll be sorry you were so mean to me! Please don't forget to feed my rabbit twice a week - there's a head of lettuce behind my roller skates in the closet! P.S. - Don't forget to let my turtle swim in the bathtub on Saturday nights -- Your loving son, Louis Costello..." (SNIFFS)

MUSIC: SWEEP UP FROM DIMINUENDO WITH "SILENT NIGHT" FOR FOUR BARS...CHORUS IN FOUR BARS "WHITE CHRISTMAS" AND OUT WITH DIMINUENDO

COSTELLO: (ON CUE) SNORES

DON: (WHISPERS) Oh look, Mr. Costello is still sleepin'!

ABBOTT: (QUIETLY) Yes, Hector. All of his friends are just coming up to the porch. Don't make any noise and we'll surprise him!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS LOUDLY

ALL: (YELL) MERRY CHRISTMAS...MERRY CHRISTMAS...

COSTELLO: (BROKEN SNORES) Oh -- I -- wha --

51459 8176

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) Come on, Costello. Wake up!
COSTELLO: (SLEEPILY) Gee, everybody came after all!
ARNOLD: Sure, Lou. I'm Santa Claus!
COSTELLO: And you brought your horse with you!
ALLMAN: (GRAVEL) What horse! It's me!
COSTELLO: I better go back to sleep again!
DON: Gee, Mr. Costello was sleeping for the longest time!
COSTELLO: Yeah, and did I have a horrible dream! Boy, it was terrible!

MUSIC: CELESTE PICK UP FOR "WHITE CHRISTMAS"

COSTELLO: "I was dreamin' of a slight Christmas,
I thought my friends had passed me by -"
ABBOTT: Why you know, Costello,
CONNIE: That you're one fellow
CONNIE: That we all think is aces high!
NILES: You are loved by both the kids and old folks
DON: (CUTELY) Thought you have whiskers on your jokes!
COSTELLO: Hector!
DON: (QUICKLY) Ha! Ha!
CHORUS & CONNIE: May your life be merry and bright --
ARNOLD: (SINGS AND FALTERS ON LAST NOTE:) And may all your
Christmas-es be-e-e-e-e-e---
COSTELLO: (QUICKLY) Help 'im, Mrs. Niles!
ALLMAN: (SINGS, GRAVEL) WHITE-E-E-E!

MUSIC AND CHORUS: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Abbott and Costello, with their guest, Edward Arnold,
will be back in just a moment ...

51459 8177

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

~~VOICE:~~
MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Fireman First Class Aurelio Tassone, of Milford, Massachusetts, one of the Navy's fighting Seabees who was driving a twenty-ton bulldozer when our forces landed on the Treasury Islands. Seeing a heavy coconut-logged pill box, full of Japanese who were manning a big gun against our forces, Tassone drove his unarmed bulldozer around to a blind spot in the rear, raised the scraper high as a shield from bullets, and plowed ahead, lowering his scraper in time to crush the pill box, burying the gun and a dozen enemy soldiers. In your honor, Seabee Aurelio Tassone and in honor of all the building and fighting Seabees on their second anniversary December 28th, the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

~~ANNOUNCER:~~
ANNOUNCER: 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, Bert Gordon - "The Mad Russian" of radio. And now, back to Edward Arnold.

ARNOLD: Thank you, Ken ---- well, Bud and Lou, I haven't taken off my radio Santa Claus suit just yet, because I'm still in the role of Kris Kringle.

COSTELLO: (NERVOUSLY) You mean you're gonna keep on reading from that little black book???

ARNOLD: No, Lou --- tonight I really have a wonderful Christmas present for you. The Showmen's Trade ^{REVIEW}~~Weekly~~ Magazine has again conducted its annual poll among seventeen thousand motion picture exhibitors and ^{85 MILLION} theatre ~~owners of~~ ^{GOES} America -- and lo! And behold - the names of Abbott and Costello once more lead all the rest ^{OF THE MALE STARS} as top box office for 1943! And so, here is your Christmas gift-- on behalf of the motion picture industry throughout the country, and because your abilities to make people laugh is precious in times like these - I present to both of you these plaques! Congratulations, boys.

(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: Thanks, Eddie -- this is the swellest Christmas present we could possibly receive!

ABBOTT: Thanks from me, too, Eddie -- and to all the theatre exhibitors of America, we just want you to know that you've made this a wonderfully White Christmas for us. As a matter of fact - we're going to ask all our friends in the audience here to join us in sending out our thanks to you with Irving Berlin's great song ---- ready everybody? All right, Freddie ----

MUSIC: "WHITE CHRISTMAS"

51459 8179

ALL: (COMMUNITY SING CHORUS OF "WHITE CHRISTMAS", STRAIGHT)

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know;
Where the tree tops glisten
And children listen

COSTELLO:

To hear sleigh bells in the snow.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CAROL LOU -- See you later, Pop!
I'm dreaming of a White Christmas

With every Christmas card I write.

over

May your days be merry and bright,
And may all your Christmases be white.

(APPLAUSE)

~~COSTELLO: That was swell, folks! ... And now, Bud and I, all of us --
on the show, and the makers of Camels Cigarettes join in
wishing everyone of you listening ---~~

~~ALL: "MERRY CHRISTMAS"~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

~~MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:~~

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Edward Arnold appeared tonight through the
courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer - producers of the
technicolor musical, "Thousands Cheer". Remember, there's
still time to give Camels for Christmas: Give Camel
Cigarettes -- they stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow
burning, because they're packed to go around the world!
This is Ken Niles, wishing you all a very happy holiday -
from Hollywood.

~~MUSIC: THEME UP TO CUT~~

(APPLAUSE)

~~ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE:~~

McGEEHAN: Chances are your store still has some Christmas-wrapped
Shields: pound or half-pound containers of Prince Albert -- just
the thing to give that fellow who smokes a pipe! Why,
you know more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other
tobacco in the whole world! Yes, he'll like Prince Albert,
all right! He'll like the way it's no-bite treated, to give
him tongue-happy smoking comfort, even in a new Christmas
pipe! He'll like the way P.A.'s crimp cut, to pack and burn
and draw just right and the way it's sweet-smoking and
rich-tasting. Get a Christmas-wrapped pound or half pound
container of Prince Albert for every pipe-smoker on your
list!

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY