



TO Mr. Thomas D. Luckenbill

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

M E M O

SUBJECT ABBOTT AND COSTELLO... AS BROADCAST
SCRIPTS

DATE *February 1,*
~~January 31,~~ 1944

Attached are copies of ABBOTT AND COSTELLO as broadcast scripts
for January 13, 1944.

air mail

DON BERNARD
Dp

51459 8231

7:00 - 7:30 PM
NBC NETWORK

JANUARY 13, 1944

AS
BROADCAST
MASTER

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star

PETER LORRE

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 guest, Peter Lorre,
and starring ... Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

51459 8232

COSTELLO: HEY ABBOTTTTTTTTT!

ABBOTT: Costello! Where have you been? - Look at you; your clothes are dripping wet, there's water running out of your shoes! What happened to you???

COSTELLO: I stopped to get a drink at that faucet outside on the street!

ABBOTT: Faucet?? You dummy, that's no faucet - that's a fire hydrant!

COSTELLO: Fire Hydrant?? No wonder I went half way to Pomona by gutter! ... Gee, ^{GEE-GEE - That's three gees -} I gotta get these wet clothes off and -- (LOUD SNEEZE)

ABBOTT: Please! How many times have I told you, when you sneeze - sneeze the other way!

COSTELLO: I don't know any other way!

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense, will you! Do you realize you've probably caught a cold! Do you want germs to spread?

COSTELLO: I won't let 'em spread!

ABBOTT: How can you keep germs from spreading??

COSTELLO: I'LL MAKE 'EM WEAR A GIRDLE!

ABBOTT: That's ridiculous! You've got a cold in your head. How are you going to keep that cold in your head from going down into your chest??

COSTELLO: I'LL TIE A KNOT IN MY NECK! ... ABBOTT, ^{what're you talking} ~~WILL YA LEAVE ME~~ ^{about - you're not so healthy -} ~~ALONE - THERE'S NOTHIN' WRONG WITH ME!~~

ABBOTT: Oh no! You're condition's bad - you're run down! What you need is exercise! Now look at me. I haven't paid a doctor bill in years!

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COSTELLO: ~~That's what your doctor told me!~~

ABBOTT: ^{I'll have you know, my friend -} I don't need a doctor, because I keep regular hours!

Every night I go to bed with the chickens.

COSTELLO: How do you all get in that little coop??

ABBOTT: No! No! I'm trying to tell that I go to bed early, and I'm up at the crack of dawn. Then, I go out and chop wood for breakfast!

COSTELLO: Chop wood for breakfast? HOW CAN YOU EAT THAT STUFF???

ABBOTT: Listen, Costello - I chop wood for exercise. For example, every morning I jump out of bed and crawl around the room on all fours!

COSTELLO: You crawl around on all fours??

ABBOTT: Yes - that's the athlete in me!

COSTELLO: THAT'S THE MONKEY IN YOU!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS OPENS

ABBOTT: Oh, here's Ken Niles. Say, I'm glad you dropped in. Take a look at Costello - he doesn't feel very well!

NILES: Oh, just let a little air out of his head, he'll be all right! Hahahahaha!

COSTELLO: You got a lot of nerve, Niles, talkin' like that - with such a ~~that~~ swelled head ^{like you got!} of yours!

NILES: I'll have you know I'm not swelled-headed!

COSTELLO: Oh yeah? You're the only guy I know who gets mumps above the ears!!

ABBOTT: Now take it easy, Costello - you're a sick man!

COSTELLO: (RAVES) WHO'S A SICK MAN! I'M ALL RIGHT, I JUST --
(SNEEZES)

NILES: Good heavens, Bud! - Did you hear Costello sneeze??

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COSTELLO: What's wrong with a little sneeze?

NILES: WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT??? Well, if you have to sneeze, why don't you sneeze with your mouth closed!

COSTELLO: I TRIED THAT ONCE AND BLEW OUT THREE OF MY TEETH!

~~ABBOTT: Oh, shut up, Costello! You see, Ken, I've been trying to explain to Costello that he's always catching a cold because his physical condition is bad, his resistance is low!~~

~~NILES: You're perfectly right, Bud!~~

~~COSTELLO: Look who's talking! - My left tonsil weighs more than you do!~~

NILES: ~~There's no use talking that way,~~ *Now, wait a minute -* Costello -- your sneezing is dangerous. I can catch your cold, then I'll go home and my beautiful wife will get it in her lovely throat!

COSTELLO: HER LOVELY THROAT!

ABBOTT: Yes, Costello - Mrs. Niles has a neck like a swan!

COSTELLO: YEAH, AND SHE'S GOT WEBBED FEET TO MATCH!

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

ALLMAN: (FADES IN) I heard that remark! You might be interested in knowing that all my friends think I have perfect features!

COSTELLO: Is that your nose, or are you lookin' through a periscope??

ABBOTT: Oh, stop that! Don't pay any attention to Costello, Mrs. Niles. You see, he's got a cold and we're trying to help him.

ALLMAN: Well, you know the old saying - starve a cold! The first thing to do is put him on a diet - no carbohydrates, no starches, no liquids, and no solids! Think you can stick to that diet, Costello?

COSTELLO: Sure, then what?

ALLMAN: Then Kenneth and I'll split your ration book!

NILES: (LAUGHS) Hahaha, that was a wonderful joke, poochie.

ALLMAN: Don't say that, darling, you're my poochie!

NILES: Oh, no, you're my poochie!

ALLMAN: No, no - you're my poochie!

COSTELLO: IF THERE'S A DOG CATCHER IN THE HOUSE, WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR!

ALLMAN: Humph! Come Kenneth - and as for you, Costello, I hope your cold is nothing trivial!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: I don't blame them for going out. The only way to avoid the flu is to flee.

COSTELLO: What's that?

ABBOTT: I mean you've got to flee flu.

COSTELLO: Gotta flee flu? WHAT KINDA TALK IS THAT?

ABBOTT: I'm trying to tell you the only way to be free from flu is to flee when flu flies! When there's flu, everybody flees!

COSTELLO: Did you say fleas?

ABBOTT: Certainly...I flee, you flee, he flees, she flees,...

COSTELLO: WHAT'VE I GOT, A COLD OR A FLEA CIRCUS!

ABBOTT: You don't understand - to avoid the flu, you've gotta flee!

COSTELLO: I got a flea? ^{GET 'IM OFF - I DON'T WANT ANY FLEAS!} ~~Where is it? On my collar, my coat...~~

help me, Abbott!

ABBOTT: No, no, I don't mean fleas like bugs, I mean flees like flies!

COSTELLO: LET THE FLEAS LIKE FLIES, I DON'T WANNA BREAK UP A ROMANCE!

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ABBOTT: (YELLS) It has nothing to do with fleas and flies! I'm trying to tell you that to avoid the flu, you must flee! The only way to be free from flu is to flee when flu flies.

COSTELLO: Oh, You mean that to be free from flue, I gotta flee when flu flies - and the fleas and flies have got nothin' to do with the flu!

ABBOTT: Now you've got it!

COSTELLO: Now I've got it! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT!

ABBOTT: (YELLS) Costello! Do you want to run around with flu???

COSTELLO: I'D RATHER RUN AROUND WITH HER SISTER, FLO!

ABBOTT: Let me put it this way. You're in the house, you open the window and ^A cold germ comes in.

COSTELLO: A cold germ comes in?

ABBOTT: Yes, what would you do?

COSTELLO: I'd give 'im a cuppa hot tea. Who wants a shiverin' germ sitting around the house!

ABBOTT: That's crazy. This cold germ attacks you and immediately starts to germinate. Before you know it, you've got a

COSTELLO: lot of nasty germs rushin' through your system, ~~the~~ ACCORDING TO MY SYSTEM - Russians are rushin' through the Nazi Germans!

ABBOTT: That's true, Costello---but I'm talking about flu germs. Do you realize that germs travel with the speed of light. One little sneeze-----

COSTELLO: (SNEEZES)

ABBOTT: There you are---the germs are off! They've already traveled from California to Maine -- they are now crossing the Atlantic.

COSTELLO: I didn't even say goodbye to them!

ABBOTT: Costello---right now---at this very minute, someone in Europe is catching your cold.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS - ~~RECEIVER UP~~

COSTELLO: Hello----

BLANC: (ON PHONE) (DOES A LONG STRING OF DOUBLE TALK GERM ALA HITLER)----- (ENDING WITH A LOUD SNEEZE)

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

COSTELLO: Well, I sure fixed Adolph!

ABBOTT: What do you mean?

COSTELLO: He's just sneezin' now - the coughin' will come later!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

7.00

(APPLAUSE)

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NILES: The half track rolls into position on the flank of an enemy tank column. In a matter of seconds its heavy gun is whamming shells into German armor. They've got what it takes, the fellows who man these tank-destroying trucks, and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Both at home and overseas, more people want Camel cigarettes! If your store is sold out today, try tomorrow -- because Camels are worth asking for again! They always have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. And Camel cigarettes 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! Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world! /

MUSIC: "ALONE TOGETHER" -- HOLD UNDER

8.03

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra dress up an old favorite -- "Alone Together".

(APPLAUSE)

9.35

COSTELLO: (YELLS) Abbott! .. Hey, Abbott! ... (PAUSE) Abbott, I tell ya I haven't got the flu. GET ME OUTTA THIS BED!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

ABBOTT: (FADES IN) Stop that screaming, Costello. If you want me, just pull that chord by the bed!

COSTELLO: I did!

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: My pajamas fell down! ... ABBOTT, IF I HAVE TO STAY IN BED WHY DON'T YOU GIMME SOME ATTENTION??

ABBOTT: What're you talking about! Didn't I put some cracked ice on your head!

COSTELLO: Yeah, but you didn't have to wait til you got the ice on my head before you cracked it! .. Abbott, for the last time, tell me what I'm doin' in bed!

ABBOTT: It's part of the health-building course I got from Professor Hercules! ~~If you follow the Professor's advice, you'll wind up as strong as I am!~~

COSTELLO:- ~~As strong as you are. (LAUGHS)~~

ABBOTT:- ~~Don't laugh - I'm as strong as an ox!~~

COSTELLO: ~~I use soap and water!~~

ABBOTT: ~~None of that, Costello! You're going to follow this Hercules routine.~~ Starting tomorrow morning, you're going to get out of bed at five o'clock. Then, at five-ten--

COSTELLO: Back in bed!

ABBOTT: No, no! At five-ten you jump into an ice-cold shower!

COSTELLO: And I whistle!

ABBOTT: You don't whistle!

COSTELLO: I GOTTA WHISTLE!

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: There's no lock on the bathroom door!

ABBOTT: Pay attention. At five-ten you jump into the shower. Can't you just feel the ice-cold water running down your back?

COSTELLO: WHOOOOOOOOO! WHOOOOOOOOOO! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! It's cold -

ABBOTT: Stop that! Then, at five-twenty---

COSTELLO: Back in bed with a hot water bottle!

ABBOTT: Listen! At five-twenty you take a bouncing horseback ride! Five-forty----

COSTELLO: Back in bed, face down!

ABBOTT: Then, at six o'clock, an hour of wrestling; seven o'clock two hours of handball; nine o'clock, you walk thirty miles with a heavy pack on your back; and twelve to one, you climb a mountain!

COSTELLO: Twelve to one I don't make it!

ABBOTT: Oh, you idiot, you never listen to me! Just wait'll you see Hercules - exercise has given him bulging biceps, rippling muscles, a massive chest! He's the strongest man in the world - The Mighty Hercules!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KRAMER: I am ^{the mighty} Hercules! ... Honest I am! ... Honistt I am!

ABBOTT: See, Costello - take a look at Hercules -- get a load of that muscle!

COSTELLO: What muscilo?? The last time I saw a muscle like that was on a sparrow's ankle! ... I could chalk his head and use him for a pool cue!

ABBOTT: Costello!

COSTELLO: HE REMINDS ME OF A RADIO PROGRAM I HEARD - "ONE MAN'S FAMINE!"

KRAMER: Mr. Costello, as I analyze your case, my treatment for you should not be postponed! .. Let me show you what my course can do for you. Hand me the telephone book and I will tear it.....Are You Ready?

SOUND: SMALL PAPER RIP (ONE PAGE)

KRAMER: And now the second page..!

COSTELLO: WHAT's so great about that, Hercules! I can bend bars with my bear hands!

KRAMER: Iron bars?

COSTELLO: No, Hershey bars! And I'll do it the hard way--with nuts!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, don't be silly. You're talking to the mighty Hercules.

KRAMER: Yes, Mister Costello, I'm a mass of muscilo, *you're a mess of something, brother, & while we're on the subject,*

COSTELLO: *Look* brother, you ain't seen nothin' yet. Just feel my muscilo.

KRAMER: Where is it? All I can feel is one little corpuscle!

COSTELLO: Yeh - but ain't it got a hard head!

ABBOTT: Oh, this is ridiculous! Professor, why don't you give Costello a demonstration of your strength?

KRAMER: Very well. Mister Costello, I'm going to let you squeeze my hand as hard as you like. Go ahead----squeeze my hand.

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COSTELLO: Okay...

SOUND: (LOUD CRUNCH OF MACARONI)

KRAMER: Gee, thanks Mister Costello!

COSTELLO: Thanks for what?

KRAMER: ~~You have just put me in 4F!~~
my draft board will never accept me now!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

COSTELLO: Look, Abbott, for the last time I tell you there's nothing wrong with me. Get me out of this bed. Give me a lift!

ABBOTT: Oh, alright!

SOUND: (LOUD TWANG - SPRING EFFECT)

ABBOTT: What was that?

COSTELLO: I had my nose caught in the bed spring!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

ABBOTT: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LORRE: Good evening, gentlemen. I am Peter Lorre!

(APPLAUSE)

LORRE: Mister Costello, I have come here to offer you the services of my sanitarium. I understand your health is run down!

COSTELLO: Wait a minute Lorre! Who told you about this?

LORRE: Nobody told me. You see, I get messages through my brain. My mind is like an open door!

COSTELLO: Waddya hear from the knob?

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello - let me handle this. Mister Lorre, you say you have a private sanitarium?

LORRE: Oh, yes. It's just the place for Mister Costello. It is out in the woods, in a very lonely spot, where he can get away from it all! FAR, far away!

COSTELLO: I DON'T WANNA GET THAT FAR AWAY, ~~BROTHER!~~ GET ME CLOSER TO TOWN! GET A LOT OF PEOPLE AROUND ME. RING THOSE BELLS - BLOW THOSE HORNS! *Noise! I gotta have noise!*

LORRE: Please Mister Costello, you are scaring me!

COSTELLO: I'M SCARING YOU!

ABBOTT: Costello, there's no sense in shouting!

LORRE: That's right Costello --- let us speak low!

COSTELLO: I DON'T WANNA SPEAK LOW! I ALWAYS TALK LOUD! HURRAY! HAPPY NEW YEAR! GATHER AROUND EVERYBODY. GIVE ME SOME JOHN CHARLES THOMAS ----(SINGS LOUDLY) "ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY!" *Hey, they like it. Who wants this Frank Sinatra?*

~~ABBOTT: (INTERRUPTS) Costello! Costello! Will you please calm down!~~

~~LORRE: Yes, please Mister Costello, I cannot help it if I whisper tonight. I too, have a little cold!~~

~~ABBOTT: You have?~~

~~LORRE: Yes, when I went to sleep in my coffin last night I forgot to close the lid!...You understand, don't you?~~

~~COSTELLO: Oh, sure, A thing like that would make anybody a little stiff!~~

ABBOTT: Pay no attention to him Mister Lorre. I'll bring Costello out to your sanitarium tonight!

LORRE: At midnight I hope --- when the moon is down!

COSTELLO: No --- TOMORROW WHEN THE SUN IS UP! WAY, UP ---! PLENTY OF LIGHT, BROTHER! LOTS OF LIGHT! ..TURN ON THE SEARCH-LIGHTS!

ABBOTT: Costello, you're acting like an idiot!

LORRE: Yes, Mister Costello --- I've had thousands of patients at my sanitarium and I've never had one of them complain. You know what that proves, don't you?

COSTELLO: YEH --- dead men tell no tales! GET ME OUT OF HERE!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: INTRO "SPEAK LOW", HOLD UNDER:

15135

NILES: Connie Haines sings the new hit tune - "~~Speak Low~~".
(APPLAUSE) (I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NITE)

1746

NILES: Do you know what more flavor means in a cigarette? Try a pack or two of Camels! I think you'll see that more 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! Test out Camels in your taste and throat, what we call your T-Zone. Your taste will tell you about more flavor -- and your throat will give you the last word ^{on} ~~of~~ Camel's smooth extra mildness. And remember -- Camel cigarettes 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

18.28

NILES: And now, back to Abbott and Costello, who are en-route to Peter Lorre's Sanatarium. The time is midnight!

MUSIC: MYSTERIOSO, FOUR BARS, FADES OUT INTO:

SOUND: BLEND IN WIND, THUNDER, ETC.; ESTABLISH & HOLD FOR B.G.

WITH SOUND OF RUNNING AUTOMOBILE UNDER:

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, we'll be at Peter Lorre's Sanitarium in a minute. He's a great doctor, Costello--he'll see that you get some rest and peace!

COSTELLO: That's what bothers me - I don't wanna rest in peace!

ABBOTT: Quiet! Listen, a friend of mine was just about to die, and Doctor Lorre pulled him over the hump!

COSTELLO: WHICH WAY!

SOUND: AUTO STOP WITH BRAKE SQUEAL, CAR DOOR OPENS, BUILD UP WIND AND LOUD CRACK OF THUNDER!

ABBOTT: Well, here it is, Peter Lorre's Sanitarium - thirteen-thirteen Graves End Road!

COSTELLO: WHAT AN ADDRESS!...Look at the sign on the gate: DELIVER ALL BODIES IN THE REAR!

ABBOTT: Stop complaining. Look how quiet and peaceful it is out here!

ALLMAN: (OFF) LOUD SCREAM.

COSTELLO: That's the first robin I've heard this Spring! *Quite a part wasn't it --*

ABBOTT: Oh, shut up! You know, this is the kind of place I've always wanted to visit -- look at that green stuff clinging to the gate!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) THAT GREEN STUFF CLINGING TO THE GATE IS ME!

ABBOTT: Don't be such a coward! Go ahead up to the door and knock!

COSTELLO: (BRAVELY) *ok, so you think I'm a coward. I'll prove to you I'm a hero.* ~~Okay, Abbott--~~ I'll be brave! I'll show you what I'm made of! I'll knock on the door-- I'll go in there...but before I do, there's JUST ONE THING I WANT YOU TO DO FOR ME!

ABBOTT: What's that!

COSTELLO: TALK ME OUT OF IT!

ABBOTT: Costello, you've got the brains of an idiot!
 COSTELLO: Okay, I'll give 'em back to you in the morning!

ABBOTT: None of that! Go ahead, knock on the door! Don't be afraid! Why, Peter Lorre may not even be at home!

COSTELLO: He's home, all right!

ABBOTT: How do you know?

COSTELLO: I see his straight jacket hanging on the line!

ABBOTT: Costello, once and for all, will you please knock on the door!

COSTELLO: (NERVOUSLY) W-Well, all-all right,...

SOUND: SOUND OF RESOUNDING KNOCKER...DOOR OPENS WITH EERIE SQUEAK

BROWN: (WEIRD GUY) How do you do, gentlemen - did you ring?

COSTELLO: No, I knocked!

BROWN: I thought I heard you whistle! (SILLY HIGH LAUGH)...Let me have your hat, please,

ABBOTT: Don't you want the coat, too?

BROWN: No, just the hat,

ABBOTT: Just the hat!! Who are you???

BROWN: I'm a skull - I'm just going out for a walk! (FADES OFF. WITH CRAZY LAUGH)

COSTELLO: (YELLS) COME ON, ABBOTT, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

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ABBOTT: Shhh, quiet! Here comes Peter Lorre!

LORRE: (FADES IN) Good evening, gentlemen! Welcome to my Sanatarium. Come Mister Costello -- let me take you over close to the fire!

COSTELLO: NO PUSHIN' LORRE! QUIT SHOVIN'! ABBOTT----HELP ME!

ABBOTT: Costello! What's the matter with you?

LORRE: Yes, I mean you no harm. It's cold out tonight. You must be killed -- I mean, chilled!

COSTELLO: I heard you the first time, brother! *Get what I'm collin' brother!*

LORRE: Please do not excite yourself, Costello. All I want you to do is to take a pill!

COSTELLO: I'M TAKING NO PILL, ~~BROTHER~~. I'M TAKING A POWDER--NOW! COME ON, ABBOTT!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Costello! If you want to cure your cold, you've got to listen to Doctor Lorre!

COSTELLO: ABBOTT, I'M NOT SICK! ALL I DID WAS LET OUT A LITTLE SNEEZE!

LORRE: That is dangerous. You know, Costello, flu flies, and in order to be free from flu, you must flee when flu flies!

COSTELLO: (SUSPICIOUS) Say that again, Lorre...!

LORRE: I will!

COSTELLO: I MEAN, WITHOUT THE SCRIPT!.....

LORRE: You must not minimize your illness. Here, take this little blue pill!

COSTELLO: I AIN'T TAKIN' NO PILL!

ABBOTT: (SHARPLY) You heard the man - take the blue pill!

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COSTELLO: *Oh, you always win out!*
Well - okay...(GULPS)

LORRE: Very good. Now, take this red pill!

COSTELLO: What's the red pill for???

LORRE: That's in case the blue pill was poison!

COSTELLO: GET AWAY WITH THOSE PILLS!

LORRE: (SMOOTHINGLY) Just a minute...be calm, take it easy -
relax!

COSTELLO: I DON'T WANNA RELAX - I WANNA JUMP! EVERYBODY, GET UP!
LET'S DANCE! *Don't leave me with this guy - alone. Sounds like I'm alone -*

ABBOT: You see, doctor, I told you that Costello was in bad shape!
What he really needs is some exercise!

LORRE: Oh, splendid. Let us go out and play some golf!

COSTELLO: Golf? - AT MIDNIGHT???

LORRE: Oh yes. Last night I played a fine game with my friend -
Frankenstein.

COSTELLO: There's a gruesome twosome!

LORRE: It was a very interesting game -- Frankenstein made a hole
in one - so I buried him in it! ... You know, I play a
very hot game!

COSTELLO: You probably play in the lower Hades!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS LOUDLY

BLANC: (FADES IN) (CRAZY GUY) Oh doctor, doctor!

LORRE: Excuse me, that's one of my patients!

BLANC: (WEEPS MADLY) Oh doctor, I just killed my keeper! I JUST
KILLED MY KEEPER!

LORRE: But why did you kill him?

BLANC: HE KILLED ME FIRST! (LAUGHS WILDLY, FADING)

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

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COSTELLO: Abbott! That guy wasn't kiddin'! There's the body behind the couch!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) Is he dead??

COSTELLO: I can't tell - his head is missing!

ABBOTT: Say, Costello - look! The body is getting up!

COSTELLO: (SCARED) Hey! He's comin' towards me! Listen, Mister - you're dead, ain'tcha???

BROWN: (WEIRDLY) Yessss, I am - dead!

COSTELLO: Then why aren't ya layin' down!

BROWN: If you must know, the floor is too cold!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) THAT'S THE LAST STRAW, I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

ABBOTT: Stop worrying, - there's nothing wrong with this place!

BLANC: (OFF) SCREAMS.

ABBOTT: What was that???

COSTELLO: One o'clock! ... Let's go!

LORRE: Mr. Costello, I think you're running a temperature. I must call my assistant!

SOUND: TWO SHORT BUZZES

COSTELLO: Who's your assistant, Dracula??

LORRE: No, I'm mad at him - I caught him stealing from my blood bank!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: (STRAIGHT) Doctor Lorre, the operating table's all ready!

COSTELLO: WHAT OPERATING TABLE! YOU AIN'T OPERATING ON ME, BROTHER ... I'M NOT HUNGRY!

ABBOTT: You're not hungry???

COSTELLO: YOU HEARD ME - I DON'T WANT ANY COLD CUTS!

LORRE: I must insist, Mr. Costello. My diagnosis shows that the sneeze caused your cold, which caused poison to go through your system. This has affected your appendix, and your appendix must come out! Put him on the operating table, boys!

COSTELLO: THE FIRST GUY THAT TOUCHES ME GETS A FAT LIP!

ABBOTT: That's no way to talk! You must follow your doctor's advice if you ever expect to get well!

COSTELLO: Okay, then --- Lorre, I'll let you take out my appendix on ~~the~~^{one} condition!

LORRE: Good - what is the condition?

COSTELLO: You gotta take it out from the back?

~~ABBOTT:~~
LORRE: From the back? But why??

COSTELLO: 'CAUSE I GOT A BATTLESHIP TATOORED ON MY STOMACH AND ~~YOU'RE~~^{HE'S} LIABLE TO SINK IT!

ABBOTT: OH, GET OUT OF HERE!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

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

2530

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Marine Private Donald L. Ewers, of Denver, member of a six man **patrol** ordered to destroy several Japanese machine guns on Bougainville. When his lieutenant and corporal were both killed, Private Ewers became senior officer, ordered two men to go back for help, dragged a wounded private to a foxhole, and stood off the Japanese alone, firing a machine gun from the hip, until another patrol came to his aid. In your honor, Marine Private Donald Ewers, the makers of Camels are sending to Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE) (APPLAUSE)

26.08

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 Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday to "Blondie", and next Thursday to Abbott and Costello, with their guest "The Great Gildersleeve". And now, for just a moment I'd like to speak to all women from seventeen to thirty-five who would like a real post-war career -- and a chance to help now.

51459 8253

27.00

BROWN: Join the Cadet Nurse Corps! A new act of Congress provides Cadet Nurses with all-expense scholarships, including tuition, books, board, room, and a full set of uniforms, both for nursing and for optional street wear.

NILES: And, in addition --

BROWN: You will receive a monthly spending allowance.

NILES: All women from seventeen or eighteen to thirty-five may apply. Many schools admit married students. You must be a high school graduate with a good record -- and must be in good health.

BROWN: Your local hospital will give you full information -- or write to U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box eighty-eight, New York, New York.

NILES: That's U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box eighty-eight, New York, New York.

MUSIC: BUMPER, FADE OUT ON CUE: (LOUISIANA HAYRIDE)

27.38

27.55

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

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken -- well, Peter Lorre, it certainly was nice

to have you with us, tonight!

COSTELLO: YES CERTAINLY -

ABBOTT: That's not your line!

LORRE:

Thank you, Budd.. and Costello, I hope you didn't mind ^{coming to} ~~visiting~~ my sanitarium? You should come again sometime!

COSTELLO: I will - on visitors' day!

LORRE: Oh, another thing, Costello - you should take care of your cold. You see, flue flies, and in order to be free from flue, you must flee when flue flies!

COSTELLO: (SUSPICIOUS) Say that again, Lorre.

LORRE: I will.

COSTELLO: I MEAN, WITHOUT THE SCRIPT!

ABBOTT: Oh, get out of here! Good night, folks!

Costello: GOODNIGHT, MOM -

28.30

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Be sure to tune in again next week for another great Abbott and Costello show, with the Great Gildersleeve! And remember, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow

burning, because they're packed to go around the world! *28.55*
This is Ken Niles saying goodnight from Hollywood -

MUSIC: THEME UP TO CUE.

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE

28.58

51459 8255

HITCH-HIKE

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, and when we say P.A.'s got Pipe Appeal -- we mean that you'll like Prince Albert, too! In every big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert you get around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls, each one no-bite treated for tongue-happy smoking comfort! P.A.'s crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

29.39

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