

7:00 - 7:30 PM - PWT  
NBC NETWORK

MAY 11, 1944

**AS  
BROADCAST**

✓ MASTER - New York

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star:

Claire Trevor

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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 Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, 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, Miss Claire Trevor, and starring... Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8606

COSTELLO: HEYYYYYYYYYYYYY ABBOTTTTTTTTTTTT!

ABBOTT: Oh, there you are, Costello! *Hey come here you, . . . .*  
last three or four days? *Where have you been for the*  
*last three or four days? / I've been looking all over for*  
*you!* *ai oh ah, oh oh*

COSTELLO: *oh well* I've been up to my Uncle ~~Hugo~~ *Artie Stephens* Ranch picking vegetables.  
I'm helping with the labor shortage, Abbott!

ABBOTT: That's very commendable, Costello!

COSTELLO: *oh sure, oh that's me I continue* Yeh, Abbott -- everybody's helping out, There was even a  
bunch of sailors working up there with me!

ABBOTT: Sailors picking vegetables?

COSTELLO: Yeh - what a sight! It's the first time I ever saw  
sailors PICKING UP TOMATOES WITHOUT WHISTLING AT 'EM!

ABBOTT: Who else was up at the ranch besides you?

COSTELLO: *I had* Oh, a lot of movie stars were up there, Abbott! Dorothy  
Lamour and Betty Grable were working in the potato patch,  
but we had to make 'em stop!

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: THE POTATOES WERE COMING UP BAKED!

ABBOTT: *Costello* Isn't that ranch life a little strenuous for you,  
Costello?

COSTELLO: You said it! Every morning I got up at four A.M. and  
milked the cows with my left hand!

ABBOTT: YOU MILK COWS WITH YOUR LEFT HAND???

COSTELLO: Sure, that's my old cow hand! *That's my old cow hand on*  
*the ris*

ABBOTT: I'd like to have seen you getting up at four in the *grande*  
morning wasn't it dark?

COSTELLO: Dark! When I got up this morning IT WAS SO DARK, that me  
and my Uncle ~~Hugo~~ *Artie* started milking the same cow.

ABBOTT: You both tried to milk the same cow?

51459 8607

COSTELLO: Yeh---there I was on the left side of the cow's crankcase milking away, and my Uncle <sup>Stephen</sup> ~~Hugo~~ was on the right side--- when suddenly I felt something pulling my fingers!

ABBOTT: That's strange!

COSTELLO: I'll say! I've squeezed many a cow in my day, but that's the FIRST TIME A COW EVER SQUEEZED ME!

ABBOTT: Costello, do you realize while you were out of town, the man from your draft board was looking for you?

COSTELLO: I know he was - and he found me, too! He walked up to me while I was milking that cow, and he tapped me on the shoulder.

ABBOTT: What did he say?

COSTELLO: He said "Young man, why aren't you at the front?" And I said----"Because there ain't <sup>any</sup> milk at that end!"

*As And what did you say*

ABBOTT: Costello, the next time you go to the ranch, you'd better take me with you. I'll help milk the cows!

COSTELLO: Sure, Abbott - we can always use an extra jerk!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES:

ABBOTT: Oh, it's Ken Niles. Hello Ken!

NILES: (FADE IN) Well, I see the Fat Boy's back--where has Costello been all week?

ABBOTT: Oh, he just got back from his Uncle <sup>Stephen</sup> ~~Hugo~~'s farm!

NILES: The farm eh? I suppose he brought back a load of corn for the program! Ha ha!

COSTELLO: Listen Niles, I'd like to take you up to the farm! My Uncle <sup>Stephen</sup> ~~Hugo~~ could use a man like you in his cornfield!

NILES: He could?

COSTELLO: Yeh--HIS/SCARECROW WAS DRAFTED!

ABBOTT: Costello! -- how can you compare a man like Ken Niles to a scarecrow???

51459 8608

COSTELLO: You're right, Abbott! I must apologize at once!

NILES: Thank you, Costello!

COSTELLO: Don't thank me----I'M APOLOGIZING TO THE SCARECROW!

ABBOTT: Costello, why do you always try to match wits with Ken Niles? He's a college man!

COSTELLO: That's right, Costello. *you I was a college man.* I was a cheer leader at Southern California. I was the first cheer leader to have the students stand up and form the letters, "U.S.C."

COSTELLO: ~~Yes~~--I remember that...you were the one in the middle-- YOU MADE AN "S" out of yourself!

ABBOTT: Cut that out, Costello! *Cut it out.*

NILES: Oh, that's all right, Bud - let him talk! I understand that when Costello went to school he took a four-year course in ignorance!

COSTELLO: Yeah, but I made it in two years!

NILES: Ah, good old U.S.C. That's where I met my little wife. She was studying to be an Entymologist!

COSTELLO: Studying to be a WHAT?

NILES: An ENTYMOLOGIST!

ABBOTT: Yes, Costello - that's a person who goes around chasing little bugs!

COSTELLO: OH, YOU MEAN SHE WAS A CHAMBERMAID!

ABBOTT: Costello, how can you say that about a beautiful woman like Mrs. Niles? *you heard me!*

COSTELLO: Beautiful woman??? The last time I saw a face like that was on a bottle of iodine!

ALLMAN: (FADES IN) I HEARD THAT REMARK, COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: WELL, WHAT ARE YOU SNEAKING IN FOR???. Where've you been, Mrs. Niles?

51459 8609

ALLMAN: I'll have you know I just came from a Plastic Surgeon!

COSTELLO: Was the place closed???

ALLMAN: The Plastic Surgeon spent two hours lifting my face!

COSTELLO: You look like he was interrupted!

ABBOTT: Costello, I think he did a beautiful job!

COSTELLO: That was no job----THAT WAS A PROJECT!

ALLMAN: Listen, Costello -- there's nothing I can do about my face. I can't help the way it looks!

COSTELLO: Well, you could stay home! / YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO ROAMING AROUND!

ABBOTT: / *all right* Oh, don't pay any attention to Costello, Mrs. Niles. He's all puffed up because he did a little work on his Uncle's farm over the weekend!

COSTELLO: Yeh, Mrs. Niles -- I'm a big outdoor man!

ALLMAN: Yes, I know. Everytime I get close to you I realize that you belong' outdoors!

NILES: (LAUGHS) Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. You certainly told Costello off that time! You make me feel like I'm floating on air!

ALLMAN: Oh, no, Kenneth. You make me feel like I'm floating on air!

NILES: / *oh* But I insist dear, I'm floating on air!

ALLMAN: And I say that I'm floating on air!

COSTELLO: LADIES AND GENTLEMAN - YOU HAVE JUST HEARD FROM A COUPLE OF OLD GAS BAGS!...

ABBOTT: Costello! What's the matter with you! / *e; Hey I made it* You should have more respect for Mrs. Niles. Don't you realize that Sunday is Mother's Day!

COSTELLO: Gee, Abbott, that's right--I almost forgot! ~~was~~, I even wrote a beautiful poem, and I dedicated ~~it~~ *the poem* / to you, Mrs. Niles.

51459 8610

ALLMAN: A poem for me, Costello? That's lovely. Go ahead and read it!

COSTELLO: Okay! It is entitled "TO MRS. NILES AT SPRINGTIME!" *here I go!*

Lilacs blooming on the hill,

Give my heart a Springtime thrill.

You are <sup>the</sup> master -- I am <sup>the</sup> slave.....(PAUSE)

ALLMAN: Yes--yes--go ~~ahead~~ <sup>on</sup>. You are master-----I am slave?

COSTELLO: GO SCRAPE YOUR PAN WITH BURMA SHAVE!

ABBOTT: OH, GET <sup>him</sup> / OUT OF HERE!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF:

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8611

NILES: (SOBBING. HE SOBS THROUGHOUT COMMERCIAL. PLEASE KEEP AUDIENCE MIKE ON.)

ALLMAN: Kenneth, Kenneth, what's the matter?

NILES: Oh, I'm a failure, pet, a failure! Look at this -- a survey from the town of Wumpfff, Nevada. In Wumpfff, no one -- no one is looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many he smokes! (SOBS)

ALLMAN: Oh, dear! No one?

NILES: No one! (SOBS) In Wumpfff, everyone smokes Camels! Everybody just goes around with a happy expression, knowing that Camel cigarettes have more flavor, because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos! (SOBS VIOLENTLY)

ALLMAN: What's bad about that, Kenneth?

NILES: (SOBS) In the middle of Wumpfff's Main Street, there's a statue with a "T" in its face, like in the Camel ads. (SOBS) In Wumpfff everybody has tried Camels in his taste and throat, the T-Zone proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! (SOBS)

ALLMAN: Then why are you crying, Kenneth?

NILES: (BAWLING) And of course they all know that in Wumpfff -- just as everywhere -- Camel cigarettes are fresh, cool smoking, ~~and slow burning~~, because they're packed to go around the world! (WAILS)

ALLMAN: Then stop crying, Kenneth!

NILES: I'm a failure! *I'm a failure* Everyone in Wumpfff hears the Abbott and Costello show -- but this survey says only eighty-five people know that Abbott and Costello are sponsored by Camels! Only eighty-five! (BAWLS, LOUD AND LONG)

51459 8612

ALLMAN: But, Kenneth <sup>Rich</sup> look! It says here, the population of  
Wumpfff is seventy-two!

NILES: (SUDDENLY BRIGHT) Well, well, what d'you know!

MUSIC: "ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE"

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra play an old favorite -  
"~~All The Things You Are~~". *"The Way You Look Tonight"*  
(APPLAUSE)



SECOND SPOT

COSTELLO: Hey Abbott! So long, I'll see you later!

ABBOTT: Come back here, Costello! Where are you going?

COSTELLO: /I'm goin' back up to my Uncle Hugo's ranch!

ABBOTT: But what are you doing with those boxing gloves on?? *James is...*

COSTELLO: My Uncle wants me to help him punch cows! *Yuck, just...*

ABBOTT: Oh no, Costello! -- you're staying right here in town!  
This Sunday is Mother's Day - Mrs. Niles just called, and they need a lot of help over at Beaglebottom's department store!

COSTELLO: Oh, Beaglebottom's! -- my cousin, cock-eyed Louie, <sup>he's</sup> the store detective there! Look, here's a picture of him, wearing his badge!

ABBOTT: My goodness, he's very cross-eyed! How could he be a detective?

COSTELLO: /Well, <sup>you're kidding. Take a good look at the picture</sup> look at ~~him~~ <sup>it</sup> can you tell who he's watchin'!!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in...!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: (SCOTCH) Pardon me, Laddies -- m' name is Jock MacGregorrrr!

COSTELLO: Was your mother ever frightened by a riveter!

BLANC: Y' kenna say thot to a MacGregorrrrr!

COSTELLO: Watch out or you'll strip your gears!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! What can we do for you, Mr. MacGregor?

BLANC: If y' dinna mind, I'd like to say a few words in y'r microphone!

COSTELLO: (SCOTCH) All right, Laddie, and it's a bra', bricht, moonlight nicht t'nicht, Jerk -er, Jock!

51459 8614

*James is...  
Yuck, just...  
he's  
you're kidding. Take a good look at the picture  
I always forget my words Costello...*

BLANC: Thank ya, I will.....(UP) Hullo there, Mother, this is y'r son, Jock! I want t' wish ya a happy Mother's Day, and try to get here from New Yorrk if ya can! I know ya dinna wanna spend the money fer the fare, so walk down the road aways - ye might be fortunate enough to git yerself kidnapped by gypsies and save the cost of transportation!

COSTELLO: <sup>Wait a minute</sup> / WAIT A MINUTE! / WHAT D'YA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'!

BLANC: I'm talkin' ta ma motherrr in New Yorrrrrk!

ABBOTT: But Jock, that's crazy! - she can't talk back to you on the radio - how do you expect to get an answer?

BLANC: DINNA WORRY, LAD - SHE'LL ANSWER ME NEXT WEEK ON FRED ALLEN'S PROGRAM!

COSTELLO: <sup>time</sup> GIT/OUTTA ~~HERE~~ HERE...<sup>oh will you get those gypsies out of here Abbott!</sup> SCRRRRRRRRRAHMM!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: You see, Costello - everybody's thinking of Mother's Day. The store's will be crowded, so let's go over to Beaglebottom's and give Mrs. Niles a hand!

MUSIC: HURRY BRIDGE, FADING FOR:

SOUND: CROWD NOISES, DEPARTMENT STORE BELLS, FADING FOR:

ABBOTT: (ON CUE) All right, Costello - here's the employment office. <sup>now</sup> / If we want to go to work in this department, <sup>dept.</sup> store, you'll have to fill out this application blank! Now, here's the first question - what's your name?

COSTELLO: Lou Costello - you know that!

ABBOTT: <sup>you say you know that?</sup> BORN?

COSTELLO: BORN??? CERTAINLY! - How d'ya think my folks got me - with a ration coupon!

ABBOTT: <sup>all right, all right</sup> / Oh, talk sense! Now, what day were you born?

COSTELLO: I don't know. <sup>Shure.</sup> How do you know it was Shure's? Costello's Cousin the next day we had fish.

51459 8615

ABBOTT: Well, was it a Friday?

COSTELLO: No, it couldn't have been a Friday.

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: I'm never home on Friday!

ABBOTT: *Oh, right!* Oh, let's skip your birthday!

COSTELLO: You always do! -- You never give me nothin'!

ABBOTT: Never mind that'. How much do you weigh?

COSTELLO: I don't remember, Abbott.

ABBOTT: Well, what did the little card say the last time you got on the scale?

COSTELLO: It said - YOU WILL TAKE A TRIP OVER WATER!

ABBOTT: And what happened?

COSTELLO: I fell inna sewer!

ABBOTT: Oh, stop the nonsense! *Now!* we've got to get this application filled out! Now, let's see, we have height, weight, oh - here's the next question: Hair!

COSTELLO: Hair? What d'ya think this is on my head - broccoli!

ABBOTT: I mean the color of your hair! It's hard to tell the color because your hair is very thin!

COSTELLO: My hair is thin?

ABBOTT: Yes!

COSTELLO: So what - who wants fat hair!

ABBOTT: *Now, work* Don't be stupid! Here's another question - while working in the store, and you happen to have an accident, whom do you wish notified?

COSTELLO: ME-E-E-E! -- I wanna ~~knew~~ *to know* it first!

ABBOTT: Do you have any mark of identification?

COSTELLO: *Yes, sir.* Yeah - I got a hole in my stocking! -- Here, you wanna see it, Abbott? *Yes, no; come on, take a look at it, come on!* We can play 'this little piggie!! *Work sheet.*

ABBOTT: PUT YOUR SHOE BACK ON! You dummy, you'll never be a success!

COSTELLO: No, but I'll show ya I'm big in de-feet! Hahaha!

ABBOTT: Shut up! <sup>Go to school, please, please</sup> That's all the questions, except for your education. Did you go to school?

COSTELLO: Sure I went to school! It seems like only yesterday that I was in the fourth grade.

ABBOTT: When were you in the fourth grade?

COSTELLO: Yesterday!

FORTE: (FADING IN) Ah, good morning boys! Is there something I can do for you? I am Mister Plushface, the Manager!

ABBOTT: We're Abbott and Costello. Mrs. Niles said you needed some help for the Mother's Day Sale!

FORTE: (FAST) Help! I should say we do need help. The store is so crowded with early shoppers, who shop early to avoid the rush of the late shoppers who shop late to avoid the rush of the early shoppers who shop early! Ha. Ha. Ha. Do you follow me!

COSTELLO: No, I got lost in the rush! Pardon me, Mister Plushface, but is that a pencil sticking out behind your ear!

FORTE: Yes, it is.

COSTELLO: Thank goodness! For a minute I thought you were growing antlers!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! Do you think you can use us, Mister Plushface?

FORTE: Well, have you boys had any experience working in stores?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- I used to be a credit manager.

FORTE: Where?

COSTELLO: At the FIVE and Ten! ... But they fired me - I couldn't remember the prices!

FORTE: Oh, well, we're so short of help we can even use a moron these days! Now, Mister Costello, just <sup>step behind</sup> step behind this training counter and we'll try out your sales ability. Now, you be the salesman and I'll be the customer. <sup>Keep it up you'll make it kid</sup> Here I come! (UP) Good morning, clerk. How much are your bathing caps?

COSTELLO: Fifty cents!

FORTE: FIFTY CENTS?? Aren't you a little dear?

COSTELLO: ~~Yeah~~ - and you're kinda cute yourself, ~~kid~~!

ABBOTT: Oh, <sup>you are a young man</sup> cut it out, Costello!

FORTE: Yes, here I come again. Clerk, how much are your bathing caps?

COSTELLO: Fifty cents!

FORTE: Isn't that a little expensive?

COSTELLO: ~~Yeah~~ - you can get 'em across the street for a dime!

ABBOTT: No, no, Costello! Don't tell the customer that. Try it again, Mister Plushface!

FORTE: All right. Here I come, once more. Good morning, clerk!

COSTELLO: Oh, back again, eh?

FORTE: No no no. You've never seen me before!

COSTELLO: Oh, yes I have. I never forget a face!...especially a puss like yours!

ABBOTT: Never mind that, Costello. He wants to buy a bathing cap!

COSTELLO: See - I told you he was in here before!

FORTE: Oh, this is ridiculous. Let's switch around, <sup>Now</sup> I'll be the salesman and you be the customer! Now, you go out ~~and come in that door~~ <sup>that way door</sup> and I'll sell you a bathing cap for fifty cents!

COSTELLO: But I can get 'em across the street for a dime!

51459 8618

ABBOTT: Costello, go out that door and come in again! <sup>8: 1/2</sup> And  
remember you're buying a bathing cap!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS - DOOR CLOSSES WITH BELL TINKLE

COSTELLO: Okay - here I come!

FORTE: Good morning, sir. What do you want?

COSTELLO: I don't want anything!

FORTE: THEN WHAT DID YOU COME IN HERE FOR?

COSTELLO: It's raining outside!

FORTE: LISTEN - YOU WANT A BATHING CAP!

COSTELLO: OH, no - IT AIN'T RAINING THAT HARD!

ABBOTT: Oh, what a dummy! Costello - go out that door and come  
in again! YOU'VE GOT TO BUY A BATHING CAP!

COSTELLO: ~~ALL RIGHT, ABBOTT~~ If you say so!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

FORTE: All right, Costello, come in again! ... COSTELLO!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! -- DID YOU HEAR THE MAN! COME IN AGAIN!

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS - RECEIVER UP

FORTE: Hello - Beaglebottom's Department Store.

COSTELLO: (FILTER) Hello! <sup>Hello</sup> This is Lou Costello!

FORTE: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, COSTELLO - WHERE ARE YOU?

COSTELLO: In the drugstore across the street!

FORTE: WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE?

COSTELLO: BUYING A BATHING CAP FOR A DIME!

ABBOTT: OH, I GIVE UP!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: INTRO: "GOODNIGHT" - HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Connie Haines sings the lovely new ballad - "Goodnight,  
Wherever You Are".

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8619

NILES: Once the front line, now part of the supply line, is Tarawa, Gilbert Island stronghold of the United Nations. To Americans on Tarawa, to U.S. bases and outposts throughout the world, go Camel cigarettes, by the million, by the ton, for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records! Fresh, ~~slow-burning~~ Camels on all the U.S. - held islands of the Pacific mean fresh, ~~slow-burning~~ Camels around your corner too! If you want a fresh cigarette, cool smoking, ~~and slow-burning~~ -- get Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world! Both at home and overseas more people want Camels -- the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor! So remember, if your store is sold out -- Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's standard of costlier tobaccos is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

SOUND: CROWD NOISES, DEPARTMENT STORE BELLS, ENDS WITH  
CASH REGISTER - ALL FADING FOR:

ABBOTT: (ON CUE) Say, you know, Costello, it certainly was nice of Mrs. Niles to get us a job in this department store.

COSTELLO: Yeah, we've been pretty busy <sup>in the</sup> how much have we taken in so far, Abbott?

ABBOTT: Three hundred dollars!

COSTELLO: That's enough for us - now we can start workin' for the store!

ALLMAN: (FADING IN) Come, ~~come~~, boys! Get busy! Get busy!

ABBOTT: Oh-oh, it's Mrs. Niles!

ALLMAN: Quit loitering behind that counter and wait on the customers. Oh, and while I'm here I think I'll use my employee's discount and buy myself a pair of slacks!

COSTELLO: A pair of slacks, eh? You take size fifty-two, don't you?

ALLMAN: <sup>Well</sup> Yes, I do. How could you tell?

COSTELLO: I used to make saddles for Seabiscuit!

ALLMAN: No wonder you haven't sold anything all morning. Now, I'm going to give you one more chance. Here comes our store's most important customer! She's that lovely screen star - MISS CLAIRE TREVOR!

(APPLAUSE)

TREVOR: Hello, fellas -- can you take care of me?

ABBOTT & COSTELLO: (TOGETHER) CAN WE!!! *We can.*

SOUND: RUSHING FOOTSTEPS

TREVOR: If you two guys don't jump back over that counter, I'll call the store detective! Now let's make with the shopping! My boyfriend opened up a charge account for me. He's got plenty of dough - made it in oil!



COSTELLO: Crude?

TREVOR: Never with me! *you misinterpreted me... you don't see!*  
I want to get him a nice present.  
He's eighty-two years old!

COSTELLO: Why don't you get 'im a bowl?

TREVOR: A bowl?

COSTELLO: Yeh - something to soak his bread in!

ABBOTT: Take it easy, Costello! *Take it easy, take it easy*  
Do you want to get us fired!

Tell me, Miss Trevor, could we interest you in some perfume for your mother, for Mother's Day?

TREVOR: Yeh - that's an idea. Have you got Coty's Sheep?

COSTELLO: Have we got what?

TREVOR: Coty's Sheep?

COSTELLO: No, but we got McCarty's goat!

TREVOR: I think we'd better skip the perfume!

COSTELLO: Oh, come on, Miss Trevor. Why don't you try a little squirt?

TREVOR: You don't appeal to me!

ABBOTT: *you are misinterpreted me!*  
Miss Trevor, try this perfume here. It's our most expensive brand. Ninety dollars an ounce!

TREVOR: Let me smell it. (TAKES A BIG LONG AND LOUD SNIFF) Hmmm  
I'll take fifty cents worth!

COSTELLO: YOU'VE JUST ~~HAD~~ *scriffed* TWO DOLLARS' WORTH! *and stuck in an extra*

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! Here's a nice little item for Mother's Day, Miss Trevor! Our high-powered electric curling iron!

TREVOR: No thanks! I bought one of those high-powered curling irons for my sister last Saturday. She plugged it in, and she's been standing there with it in her hand for the last four days!

51459 8622

COSTELLO: Do you suppose there's anything wrong with her?

TREVOR: I don't know. But every time a streetcar goes by, her nose lights up!

COSTELLO: Maybe she blew a fuse!

ABBOTT: Will you shut up, Costello, so I can make a sale! Miss Trevor, maybe we could interest you in a gift for a Service Man?

TREVOR: ~~Yes,~~ <sup>How</sup> that's an idea! What would you suggest for a sailor about thirty-five?

COSTELLO: A BLONDE ABOUT TWENTY-ONE!

TREVOR: Look, I can't stay in the store all day. I'd like to get something for myself! You know, something snappy!

COSTELLO: Something snappy?

TREVOR: Yes!

COSTELLO: <sup>Yes! Something real snappy.</sup> Would you like a Turtle or a Girdle!

TREVOR: Oh, you don't understand. Do you have any notions?

COSTELLO: Oh, I have my moments!

BLANC: (FADING) Pardon me, Miss. Look here, you two clerks! What kind of a department are you running, here! Look at those messy shelves - and look at that stuff strewn all over the counter! Why can't you be neat and tidy? This place is so sloppy that I can hardly stand to look at it!

COSTELLO: (MAD) Well, if you don't like the way we're doin' - WHY DON'T YOU FIRE US?

BLANC: I can't! I don't even work here!

TREVOR: That fellow's <sup>right</sup> right. I'm going to get somebody with ~~class~~ <sup>class</sup> to wait on me!

51459 8623

COSTELLO: Just a second, Miss Trevor. I'm not used to gettin' brushed off!

TREVOR: ~~Oh, yeah?~~ <sup>you are</sup> You have no idea how much it would improve your appearance!

COSTELLO: ~~WHAT~~ A FRESH DAME!

ABBOTT: Costello, <sup>remember, you, you</sup> remember our jobs! Suppose we look around the store, Miss Trevor.

TREVOR: All right - I think I'll do some shopping on the upper floors.

COSTELLO: Okay - follow me to the osculator!

TREVOR: No, no, you mean escalator! <sup>you know what</sup> An osculator is a person who wants to kiss all the time!

COSTELLO: FOLLOW ME, BABE, AND DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!

ABBOTT: Never mind him, Miss Trevor - let's take this elevator!

BLANC: Step right in, please. Up or down?

COSTELLO: What else have you got?

TREVOR: Take me up to the twentieth floor, please!

SOUND: DOORS CLOSE, SLIDE WHISTLE UP AND CRASH

BLANC: ALL OUT - ROOF GARDEN!

ABBOTT: Costello! Costello, where are you??

COSTELLO: (OFF) <sup>See this flagpole?</sup> THE FLAG IS ME!

ABBOTT: Oh, slide down and I'll catch you!

COSTELLO: (OFF) Okay...

SOUND: LOUD RIP

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: I'm now at half-mast!

ABBOTT: For goodness sake, where's Miss Trevor -- Miss Trevor, are you in the elevator?

TREVOR: *Look*  
In it?? - I'm wearing it! ... WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE ME  
DOWN TO THE SEVENTH FLOOR!

BLANC: Going down!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE DOWN

TREVOR: (LOUD GASP)

ABBOTT: What's the matter, Miss Trevor? - did we come down  
too fast for you??

TREVOR: Oh, no - I always wear my girdle around my neck!

ABBOTT: Step this way, Miss Trevor - here's our fur department.

Can we show you something?

TREVOR: *Will I ever know*  
Have you got a spotted leopard?

COSTELLO: No, but we got a dirty mink!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Costello *Hey I have an idea now*  
there's something that looks  
nice. Go ahead, grab that little number over there!

ALLMAN: (OFF - SCREAMS)

COSTELLO: WRONG NUMBER! ... Hey, Miss Trevor - here's a *beautiful*  
fur coat  
you'd like.

TREVOR: What in the world is that??

COSTELLO: (INDIGNANT) That's genuine weasel with built-in  
mothballs!

TREVOR: (FLATLY) Costello - did your mother ever have any  
children that lived?

COSTELLO: No ma'am, we *just* (TAKE)

FORTE: (FADES IN) Boys, boys, ~~boys~~, I've been watching you! *boys*

ABBOTT: Oh-oh! It's Mr. *The floor walker*  
~~Plushface!~~

FORTE: *As if you were the other guy's flying!*  
Look here, you two - Mrs. Niles asked me to tell you that  
unless you sell something to Miss Trevor immediately,  
you'll have to turn in your pencils and Dixie Cup!

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*Oh my god!*  
ABBOTT: (PLEADS) Please, Miss Trevor, don't make us lose our jobs!

COSTELLO: Yeah, Miss Trevor - we gotta make at least one sale. How about some snowshoes??

TREVOR: (FIRMLY) I never go out in the snow!

COSTELLO: *well* How about some sandals?

TREVOR: I never go out in the sand!

COSTELLO: How about some oxfords??

TREVOR: I've never been out with an ox!

COSTELLO: Why don't you try it some time!

TREVOR: WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT!!

COSTELLO: *nothing, let's go to oxford!*  
GET HER OUTTA HERE!

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 Marine Second Lieutenant James D. Feltman, of Baltimore, who won his commission by exceptional bravery in the South Pacific. While a corporal, Feltman was taken to a Japanese-held island to remain for five days without any assistance from American forces. He obtained secret information, established contact with our men at the end of the five days, and was brought back to safety. In your honor, Marine Second Lieutenant James Feltman, the makers of Camels are sending to our Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: FANFARE  
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel radio 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, Mr. Laird Cregar.

MUSIC: BUMPER... "WAY DOWN YONDER NEW ORLEANS"... FADE OUT ON CUE

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

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken - well, Costello, I suppose you know our guest next week will be Laird Cregar!

COSTELLO: Oh yeah - I saw him in that baseball picture - The Dodger!

ABBOTT: No, you dummy! Not the Dodger - The Lodger! *The Dodger!* Cregar played Jack the Ripper - he went around killing all those women!

COSTELLO: Gee, we can't have that here, Abbott -- I'd better warn all those women in the audience to stay away, and I'll *have to* warn little Connie Haines to stay away --

ABBOTT: But what about Mrs. Niles - she'll be here!

COSTELLO: Yeah, that's right - I'd better warn Laird Cregar!

ABBOTT: Oh good night, folks!

COSTELLO: Good night, everybody!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME...HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Be sure to tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show, with our special guest, Mr. Laird Cregar. ...And remember - get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke - get Camels for more flavor! This is Ken Niles wishing you a very pleasant goodnight from Hollywood.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER FOR:

SHIELDS: Mister Pipesmoker, do people only invite you to outdoor parties? Don't let them do that, man -- get Pipe Appeal with Prince Albert! Yessir, when that mellow, aged-in-the-wood aroma of Prince Albert starts drifting off your pipe, folks will smile with pleasure! You'll go for Prince Albert too -- because it's no-bite treated to keep your tongue cool and happy, and crimp out to pack and burn and draw just right! Lots for your money too! Each big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert holds around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls! No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

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