

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

May 18, 1944

**AS
BROADCAST**

✓ MASTER - NEW YORK

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star

Laird Cregar

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! See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself.

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the music of Freddie Rich and his orchestra, the songs of Connie Haines, tonight's guest, Mr. Laird Cregar, and starring...Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8630

COSTELLO: HEY, ABBBBBBB0000TTTTTTTTTTT!

ABBOTT: Oh, there you are, Costello! Where in the world have you been? I've been looking all over for you!

COSTELLO: ~~Abbott~~ - I had the most terrible experience. I just got out of jail!

ABBOTT: Costello, do you mean to tell me you've been in jail?

COSTELLO: Yeh, I got arrested for walking down Hollywood Boulevard in my sleep!

ABBOTT: Why, that's ridiculous! How can they arrest you for walking in your sleep?

COSTELLO: I don't wear pajamas!

ABBOTT: ~~Oh~~, talk sense, Costello! I notice that you've had a lot of trouble sleeping lately. Tell me -- do you sleep on your stomach? *what's wrong?*

COSTELLO: No. I've got a bed!

ABBOTT: All right, all right! So you don't sleep on your stomach. Then you must sleep on the flat of your back!

COSTELLO: Oh, no I don't, I sleep in the back of my flat!

ABBOTT: *flat back* Costello, I'm trying to find out what makes you restless in your sleep. For example, do you still sleep with that brother of yours?

COSTELLO: Oh, he won't let me sleep with him anymore, Abbott, because I bring crackers to bed!

ABBOTT: *What kind of crackers do you bring to bed?* ~~Crackers?~~ What kind of crackers? *firecrackers*

COSTELLO: ~~Firecrackers!~~

ABBOTT: *Firecrackers?* Costello, don't tell me you still play with fire crackers?

COSTELLO: Yeh -- I'm just a little punk!

ABBOTT: *Will* Never mind that, Costello. Listen, how do you dress for bed?

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COSTELLO: Oh, sometime I wear a pajama top!

ABBOTT: A pajama top?

COSTELLO: Yeh, I got it from my Uncle Herman for my birthday!

ABBOTT: Your Uncle Herman just sent you the top of the pajamas??

COSTELLO: Yeh, there was a little card with it that said: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM THE WAIST UP!"

ABBOTT: You must look pretty silly sleeping in just the pajama top!

COSTELLO: It may look silly, but it keeps my underwear clean! *It keeps*

ABBOTT: Costello, you shouldn't have any trouble sleeping. All you have to do is relax!

COSTELLO: I tried to relax last night, Abbott. I sat staring out the window for four hours without moving a muscle!

ABBOTT: And what happened?

COSTELLO: She pulled down the shade!

ABBOTT: Costello, if you can't sleep, why don't you do what I do? I always count sheep!

COSTELLO: I tried that, Abbott, but it didn't work! Everytime I started to count sheep I saw a fellow standing among the sheep, and he kept singing: "What'll I do on a dew, dew, dewey day?"

ABBOTT: Who was the fellow?

COSTELLO: Wendell Wilkie!

ABBOTT: Costello, can't you be serious? I'm trying to find out what's disturbing your sleep? Do you have any dreams?

COSTELLO: Do I? Last night I had the most awful dream. *Abbott* I dreamt that I was a monkey!

ABBOTT: There's nothing so awful about that!

COSTELLO: Oh, no? -- I woke up hanging on the chandelier!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

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

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Wendell Wilkie clean. As you said that, I heard that he was a fellow who was a monkey!

NILES: (FADING IN) Hello, Bud! What are you and the fat boy arguing about tonight?

ABBOTT: Well, Ken, Costello ~~here~~ has been having a lot of trouble going to sleep! *I don't know what's wrong with him.*

NILES: *oh* I don't know why he should have any trouble. All he has to do is lie on his stomach and rock himself to sleep! Ha. Ha. Ha.

COSTELLO: Look, *delicious* Niles I'd like to rock you to sleep if I could find a rock!

ABBOTT: *hey* Costello, take it easy. Maybe Ken can help you! *you can't tell.*

NILES: Yes, I find that exercise will always put me to sleep. When I can't sleep I always go out and play a game of cricket! Do you know how to play cricket?

COSTELLO: Sure. All you have to do is rub your legs together!

ABBOTT: Costello, *please* loss of sleep is a serious thing. It could be injurious to your health! *you know.*

COSTELLO: What are you talking about, Abbott? My grandfather only slept three hours a night and he died at a hundred and ninety-seven!

NILES: A HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN????

COSTELLO: Yeh, a Hundred and Ninety Seven Main Street!

ABBOTT: *now look* Costello, will you please listen to Ken? He might be able to give you some advice!

NILES: Costello, you should talk to my beautiful wife! Every night she sleeps like a log!

COSTELLO: She should sleep like a log, she's got knots on her knees!

ALLMAN: (FADING IN) I HEARD THAT REMARK COSTELLO! *is that it for you to hear.* And I do not have knots on my knees!

ABBOTT: That's right, Costello, you must apologize at once!

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at Mrs. Niles
COSTELLO: ~~All right~~...I'm/sorry, Mrs. Niles -- they're not exactly knots. They're more like knuckles!

ABBOTT: KNUCKLES????

COSTELLO: Yeh, when she sits down her knees make a fist!

ABBOTT: Oh, don't pay any attention to Costello, Mrs. Niles, he's had a lot of trouble getting to sleep at nights!

ALLMAN: What??? Why that fat, lazy buffoon sleeps so much he could get a job as a model in the operating room of the County Hospital!

at Mrs. Niles
COSTELLO: /A model in an operating room????

ALLMAN: Yes! - when a patient gets to look like ~~you~~ they'll know he's had enough chlorophorm!

NILES: (LAUGHS) Oh dear, you really told him off that time, darling! You're my little potato bug!

ALLMAN: Oh no, dear - you're my little potato bug!

NILES: No, no, pet - you're my little potato bug!

ALLMAN: /But I insist, you're my little potato bug!

COSTELLO: /IF THERE'S ANYBODY OUT THERE WITH A CAN OF FLIT, WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR??

ALLMAN: Oh! ~~I've never been so insulted!~~ Come, Kenneth!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

ABBOTT: /*That's fine... that's fine and sturdy*
Now, you did it again, Costello! Mrs. Niles might have been able to tell you how to get some sleep!

COSTELLO: /*at Abbott*
I could get some sleep if I could only move out of my apartment. But I can't do it. I signed a 99-year lease!

ABBOTT: A 99-year lease???? What ever made you sign a lease like that?

COSTELLO: Well, the landlord told me my window faced Lana Turner's window!

ABBOTT: Well, does it?

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COSTELLO: Sure. But he put up a venetian blind with a quarter meter on it!

ABBOTT: ~~Oh~~, that's silly, there's nothing wrong with your apartment!!

COSTELLO: Oh, yes there is, Abbott. There's a lot of strange things going on around there! The night before last I woke up and the room was dark...suddenly I heard something and I sat up ---

ABBOTT: Yes, yes ---

COSTELLO: And there at the foot of my bed was a big white hand!

ABBOTT: A BIG WHITE HAND??? WHAT DID YOU DO?

COSTELLO: What did I do?? I reached under my pillow and pulled out my trusty gun. I said: "TAKE THAT HAND AWAY OR I'LL SHOOT!"

ABBOTT: Yes? *yes*

COSTELLO: The hand didn't move an inch! --- so I pulled the trigger and fired! (SCREAMS)

ABBOTT: (YELLS) AND YOU SHOT THE BURGLAR??

COSTELLO: WHAT BURGLAR??? I SHOT OFF FOUR OF MY TOES!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

ALLMAN: (IN ALARM) Ken! Kenneth! What in the world are you doing!

NILES: (OFF MIKE AND DOWN LOW) /^{oh}This is very good because...

ALLMAN: Standing on your head....and at your age!

NILES: (STILL OFF - BUT COMING IN) /^{now}Look, my little plum blossom, do you realize that you are interfering with a man at work? Must I put up a sign?

ALLMAN: At work? Standing on your head? That isn't lovely work, even if you can get it. Explain yourself.

NILES: (WEARILY) /^{well}All right, all right. /^{that}Haven't you ever heard of that famous Metropolitan opera singer and movie star who always stands on his head for a moment before he goes on stage to sing. Claims he sings all the better for it. Well, if it can help him sing better, maybe it'll help me talk better...and believe me, I've got something to say, important to everybody!

ALLMAN: Yes?

NILES: Concerning that wonderful, delicate, intricate mechanism known as the human throat. I want to say, with all the oratorical power I can summon, to everyone listening now....try Camels... and see what your throat has to say about them. See if Camels' wonderful mildness and mellowness and smoothness don't make your throat say - "Keep on with those Camels, Boss". And the taste..ahh.. that full, rich, never-go-flat famous Camel flavor! The matchless blend of costlier tobaccos - the same, superb blend as always despite the times. Camels are still Camels.

ALLMAN: ^{Just put} /You don't need to stand on your head, pet. Why don't you just let Camels speak for themselves.

NILES: Right. - So listen, everybody, try Camels right away - on your throat and your taste, and see what happens - as if I didn't know!

MUSIC: "SWEET LORRAINE"...HOLD UNDER FOR:

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra play an old favorite, with a modern touch -- listen to "Sweet Lorraine"!

COSTELLO: SNORES SEVERAL TIMES

~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY~~

ABBOTT: Costello!...COSTELLO, WAKE UP! *Come on*

COSTELLO: Huh? ~~Wha? Oh, what is it, Abbott?~~ (YAWNS) *What's the matter Abbott?*

ABBOTT: /How can I help you unless you pay attention to me?

COSTELLO: WHAT'RE YA WAKIN' ME UP FOR??

ABBOTT: (STRONG) You forgot to take your sleeping pill!

COSTELLO: Abbott, it's a good thing you woke me up - I was havin' a terrible nightmare! I dreamt ^{that} I was chasin' Hedy Lamarr!

ABBOTT: What's terrible about that??

COSTELLO: I couldn't catch her!

ABBOTT: Oh, you're hopeless! Anyway, I've been worried about your condition, and I sent for a psychiatrist to examine you!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: /That must be the doctor, now! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ARTIE: HI-YI-O-RANCHO GRANDE, I ALWAYS COME IN HANDY! YAHOO!
Well, well - don't don't
./Gentlemen, don't be nervous, I'm at your service - I am Doctor Kitzel, C.B.

ABBOTT: C. B.?

ARTIE: Mmm, Could be!!...Mr. Costello, take one of my cards!

COSTELLO: /Thank you!

ARTIE: What does it say?

COSTELLO: King of Spades!

ARTIE: I got the ace; you lose ten dollars!

COSTELLO: WAIT A MINUTE! *Wait a minute* /I thought you came here to give me advice??

ARTIE: /I did - never play cards with strangers!..Now we'll start the examination. Mr. Costello, open up ^{your} ~~the~~ mouth, /stick out the tongue, ^{or yawn} and say 'AH'.

COSTELLO: AHHHH!

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ARTIE: Higher--

COSTELLO: AHH!

ARTIE: Higher!

COSTELLO: AHH!

ARTIE: Now hold it!

COSTELLO: AHHHHhhhhhhh, (SINGS) sweet mystery of Life at last I found you!

ARTIE: *For goodness sake, for goodness sake,*
~~Just a minute~~ - don't be so uppity-puppity!

ABBOTT: Look here, Doctor Kitzel, I'm counting on you to help Costello's sleepless condition!

ARTIE: *Doc, the first time I saw you, you got to help him*
Leave everthing to me! *New York!* Costello, before I can prescribe for you, I must know something about your background and your early childhood!

COSTELLO: *Thank you, doctor, my life*
Well, Doc, for two years after I was born I led a dogs life

ARTIE: How's that?

COSTELLO: My father thought I was a cocker spaniel!

ABBOTT: Costello, I didn't know that! What did your father do when he found out you weren't a dog??

COSTELLO: He made me dig up my bones and give 'em back!

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) HE MAKES YOU DIG UP THE BONES AND GIVE THEM BACK....HAHAHAHA - I don't like it!

COSTELLO: (MAD) Hey, Abbott, are you sure this guy's a doctor??

ARTIE: *Well, of course, I'm a doctor*
~~What do you men, am I a doctor??~~ I WENT TO COLLEGE IN NEW YORK!!

ABBOTT: N. Y. U.?

ARTIE: *With a fine question ask me*
And why not???...I am devoting my entire life ~~in~~ ^{to} the service of my fellow man - treating sick people day and night - and ~~all I'm~~ ^{at that time} asking for myself ~~is~~ ^{nothing except} a handsome profit!

COSTELLO: *My*
Abbott, this guy's a phoney. My brother's a better doctor than he is!

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Doctor Kitzel understands ARTIE: why does he make me dig up my bones?

ARTIE: ~~Pish-pish~~, my little man, tell me - what's so great about your brother??

COSTELLO: He's a great doctor / nobody can hold a candle to him!

ARTIE: And why not??

COSTELLO: I guess nobody ever thought of it!

ARTIE: The solution to the whole thing is very simple - what Mr. Costello needs is a ^{complete} rest! ~~Why doesn't he~~ come to my beautiful ~~home~~ ^{lady's} on the Louisiana Swamp?? ~~There's a picture~~ ^{Now look right} ~~of it.~~

ABBOTT: Just a second, that's not a swamp, it's a bayou!

ARTIE: Bayou??

ABBOTT: Yes, bayou - it's a lake!

ARTIE: By you it's a lake, by me it's a swamp!

COSTELLO: Abbott, this guy ain't no doctor - he never treated anybody in his life!

ARTIE: Mr. Costello, for your information I have treated such people as -- announcers, bouncers, and gorgeous fan douncers...Chauffeurs, gophers and ^{all} kinds of loafers, Tailors, sailors, whalers and jailers, Crooks, cooks, and even Baby Snooks, (BREATH)

~~Not to mention~~ --- ^{years but how about:} Plumbers, drummers, Abners and Lummers, Lackeys, hackies, the Waves and the Wacies, Singers, swingers, and Swiss Bell Ringers, On trains and boats and Mairzy Doats, (SINGS) A kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you! YAY!

COSTELLO: GET 'IM OUTTA HERE! ^{Get him out!}

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: Abbott, ~~you're~~ ^{there's} no help - I gotta get some sleep! Let's see if there's an empty studio across the hall.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, this studio looks empty-- ^{Let's look in!}

What you a picture of it.

CREGAR: (OFF, YELLS) JUST A MINUTE! WHAT ARE YOU TWO JANITORS DOING IN MY STUDIO??

COSTELLO: JANITORS?? WE'RE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO!

CREGAR: (YELLS) Abbott and Costello? Good heavens, open the windows! Air out the place!

COSTELLO: ^{Hey} Abbott, who does this guy think he is?

ABBOTT: Costello, don't you recognize the screen's famous man of mystery? It's Laird Cregar!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: ^{Hi Laird Cregar, how c: all right with} / Sorry we interrupted you, Laird--

CREGAR: The feeling is mutual!

ABBOTT: No, what I mean is - Costello's had a lot of trouble with his sleeping, and he wanted to take a nap in here!

CREGAR: Trouble sleeping! ^{Hey} Costello, that's utterly ridiculous! In fact, the inability to sleep is simply a condition of the mind!

COSTELLO: ^{That's all right?} / ~~Yeah~~, mind over mattress!

CREGAR: (EVENLY) Mr. Costello, after listening to you on the radio, I catalogued you in my mind as a congenital idiot; but now that I've come face to face with you, I am forced to concede that you are nothing but an apprentice moron!

COSTELLO: I accept your apology!

ABBOTT: ^{now} / Talk sense, Costello!...Laird, it seems to me that you've made quite a study of sleeping habits!

CREGAR: Yes, I have, Bud - as a matter of fact, certain types of sleeplessness can be overcome by the application of numerology! For example, I vibrate to number three!

COSTELLO: I always shake for seven or eleven!

ABBOTT: ^{Now look} / Let me handle this, Costello. You see, Laird, Costello is suffering from insomnia that's caused by nightmares and dreams! Can you do anything to help him?

Laird Cregar - of you

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CREGAR: Well, in a complicated case like this, we should explore his subconscious mind! It so happens that I'm having a seance at midnight tonight; we're calling on the spirits! You know, I've had trouble getting the spirits lately!

COSTELLO: I haven't been able to get any of that stuff, either!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! Laird, we'll be at your house at midnight tonight, and you can probe Costello's mind!

CREGAR: Very well - I'll expect you at the stroke of twelve!

SOUND: CHINESE GONG, WIND WHISTLE, DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: (SCARED) Abbott! The guy disappeared! I ain't goin' to his house - he played in that picture The Lodger...he cut off all those dames' heads!

CREGAR: (ECHO MIKE) You cannot escape me, Costello! I, Laird Cregar, am watching your every move!

COSTELLO: You are??

CREGAR: Yes-s-s! No matter where you go, I will be at your side!

COSTELLO: You will?

CREGAR: Yes-s-s!

COSTELLO: -Er- Will you be at the Odd Fellow's Dance tomorrow night!

CREGAR: I will be there!

COSTELLO: Then you'll be there alone - THE DANCE IS SATURDAY NIGHT!

MUSIC: INTRO FOR "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY", HOLD FOR:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: (ON CUE) Little Connie Haines sings the theme melody of David Selznick's new production - "Since You Went Away."

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

NILES:

ah
very
Lovely, Connie, very lovely! You know, it's wonderful the beauty that can come out of the human throat. And, getting not too subtly to the subject of smoking and cigarettes...what goes into that throat - your throat, ladies and gentlemen, is very, very important! Your throat has very definite opinions on cigarette smoke. Now we don't say that the blue, mellow, fragrant smoke of Camels costlier tobaccos is best for your throat - even though Camels agree with millions and millions of throats. No, we simply say - try Camels - and see for yourself. Smoother? Milder? Mellow? Let your throat tell you. And as for the flavor - that rich, full, never-go-flat flavor - just give your taste a chance to give you the verdict on that. For your throat - for your taste - try -

MUSIC: (CHORUS) C-A-M-E-L-S

NILES: Camels!

MUSIC: MYSTERIOSO BRIDGE

SOUND: MOTOR RUNNING...WIND NOISES, FADE FOR:

COSTELLO: (ARGUING) I tell ya, Abbott - I don't wanna go out to this Laird Cregar's house. He's a dangerous man - a regular Jerk the Ripper!

ABBOTT: Be quiet!! We're late. Here we are at Cregar's driveway. I'll turn in!

SOUND: MOTOR UP LOUD...TERRIFIC GRINDING & SCREECHING OF BRAKES

COSTELLO: Hey, Abbott - what kind of driving is that? You're gonna kill somebody one of these days!

ABBOTT: Look, it's my car and I'll drive it that way until it falls apart!

SOUND: BIG COMEDY EXPLOSION...ESCAPE OF STEAM, LOUD POPPING OF NUTS & BOLTS FALLING INTO A PAN, FENDERS FALL OFF, THEN BIG FULL CRASH

COSTELLO: (PAUSE) Abbott, you gotta be careful what you say in front of one of Muntz's used cars!

ABBOTT: Oh, come on, Costello! Let's get up to the house. Laird Cregar is expecting us!

SOUND: CRICKETS...NIGHT NOISES...WIND BLOWING

COSTELLO: What a spooky-looking place, Abbott!

BLANC: (LONG, MOURNFUL HOWL)

ABBOTT: Costello, that sounded like a wolf!

COSTELLO: It can't be! - We're too far from the Navy Yard!

ABBOTT: Come on, Costello - we gotta go in the house.

COSTELLO: I don't wanna go in that place, Abbott. It's probably full of skeletons!

ABBOTT: Oh, don't be a baby! After all, what are skeletons?

COSTELLO: (FLIP) Yeh - they're just bones with the people scraped off!

ABBOTT: Oh, be quiet. It's so dark I can't find the doorbell.
 Ohhh, here it is. That's funny, the button wiggles!

COSTELLO: Abbott, take your fingers off of my nose!

ABBOTT: Oh, Costello -- go ahead and knock on the door!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS WITH WEIRD SQUEAK

BLANC: (GHOSTLY VOICE) WHOOOOOOOOO DID YOU WISH TO SEE?

COSTELLO: ~~The ghost gets more laughs than us!~~ He must have a ghost writer!

BLANC: I am not a ghost. We just talk this way so as not to disturb the spirits!

COSTELLO: I'm sorry, I did not mean to spook so loud!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT: Costello, here comes Laird Cregar!

CREGAR: (FADE IN) Ah, good evening, gentlemen. You are just in time - the seance is about to begin. Some of your friends are already here!

ALLMAN: Hello, Costello!

COSTELLO: Oh, Mrs. Niles. *Where are you coming from?* ~~How did you get here? You must have~~
~~flown out on the early broom!~~

CREGAR: *No you should not* ~~Now now - don't insult my guests!~~

COSTELLO: I always knew she was a witch on the side!

ABBOTT: Please, Costello. These people are all trying to help you!

CREGAR: That's right, Costello! By communing with the spirits, we may be able to put your mind at peace, and the night will bring you refreshing repose. The spirits are a wonderful thing!

COSTELLO: Look, Cregar - after fooling with the spirits all the time, how do you feel?

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They are trying to get rid of the witch on the side of your ghost - Niles, Mr. Cregar

CREGAR: Oh, just medium! ~~Medium!~~ *We will place ourselves* Now, if you'll just sit down at this table, I will first try to read your mind with this crystal ball!

COSTELLO: Crystal ball? That little thing looks like a moth ball!

CREGAR: I use different sizes for different minds! - ~~Now, if you~~ will concentrate, Costello, I will transform you into a spirit!

COSTELLO: A spirit?

CREGAR: Yes!

COSTELLO: You mean I'll be able to walk through walls?

CREGAR: Yes!

COSTELLO: LANA TURNER - HERE I COME!

ABBOTT: Costello, will you please act like a gentleman!

CREGAR: ~~You~~, *Be quiet* quiet, everybody! *quiet* I am going to put out all the lights...

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

CREGAR: And now, you will all join hands under the table!

COSTELLO: Okay!

ALLMAN: (SCREAMS) COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: Mrs. Niles, I told you you had knees like a fist!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! - Laird Cregar is going into a trance!

SOUND: FOUR RAPS ON WOOD

CREGAR: Shh! The spirits are talking!

SOUND: TRICK RAPS

COSTELLO: That ain't what he said the first time!

ABBOTT: *will you* Shut up, Costello - you'll break his contact with the supernatural!

CREGAR: Yes, I've got to summon the spirits! (LOUD SCREECH)

ABBOTT: What are you doing?

CREGAR: Just testing!

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COSTELLO: *Come on* / Hurry up and get those spirits so I can get outta here!

CREGAR: Don't rush me! I must get in contact -- SWITCH OFF!

BLANC: (OFF) SWITCH OFF!

CREGAR: SWITCH ON!

BLANC: SWITCH ON!

CREGAR: CONTACT!

SOUND: AIRPLANE ROARS UP, THEN QUICK CUT OFF

COSTELLO: WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE???

CREGAR: That's my mind! *my ancestor* / It's going up, up, UP! - to contact the spirits of your ancestors!

COSTELLO: My ancestors?

CREGAR: Yes!

COSTELLO: You're goin' in the wrong direction!

ABBOTT: Listen, Laird, this isn't helping Costello with his sleeping! You must find out what's preying on his mind!

CREGAR: I'm working on it! *I'm working on it. That* / Costello, maybe your subconscious is trying to contact someone in the other world! Whom do you wish to talk to?

COSTELLO: *Uncle Herman? CREGAR: To whom?* / I'd like to talk to my Uncle Herman!

CREGAR: Very well -- COME IN, UNCLE HERMAN! COME IN!

ARTIE: (ECHO)(MONOTONE) Mmmmmmmmmmm!

COSTELLO: Is that you, Uncle Herman??

ARTIE: Mmmm. could be!

CREGAR: ~~Wait!~~ Listen, everyone! *(yell) c: Thank you Mr. Cregar.* / (I think I'm getting something!) *(yell)*

COSTELLO: *CREGAR: I've got it.* / Getting something? - you've had it for a long time!

CREGAR: No, no! It's a message, Costello - coming to you from the Beyond! One of your Aunts is going to leave you a million dollars!

COSTELLO: *a million* / Hey, that's good!

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CREGAR: No! That's bad - because another Aunt won't let her do it!

COSTELLO: Say, that is bad.

CREGAR: No, that's good - because the first Aunt won't pay any attention to the second Aunt!

COSTELLO: Oh, that's good!

CREGAR: No, that's bad - because there's a third Aunt who won't give the money to the second Aunt, who was going to give it to the first Aunt!

COSTELLO: This guy's got Aunt's in his trance!.....(MAD) ^{How} See here, Cregar, enough of Tom Foolery and James Cagney! I came here to find out why I can't sleep, at night.

CREGAR: Well, I ^{Heck} can finally give you a diagnosis! - You are suffering from an adhesion of the telencephalon, which in conjunction with the opacity of the perilax, causes your cerebellum to press on your medula oblongata!

COSTELLO: CREGAR, WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE! -- I got my mother's picture in my pocket!

ABBOTT: Costello!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF:

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

MUSIC: YANKS FANFARE:

McGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private First Class Warren L. Watsabaugh, of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Wounded himself, he nevertheless brought in his wounded Sergeant to safety from a foxhole on the Cassino front to a dressing station. It took him two days to travel that thousand yards, for it was under constant and murderous fire. But...he made it. Today both he and the Sergeant are alive and recovered. So, in your honor, Private First Class Warren L. Watsabaugh, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

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 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. Robert Young.

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

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

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken. Well, Costello, I suppose you heard - Robert Young is going to be our guest star next week...And you'd better be careful because he's going to make a hit with all the women!

COSTELLO: I ain't worried, Abbott *I'm not worried* Robert Young is no competition for Me!

ABBOTT: Oh, really?????

COSTELLO: Sure! I got more women than I can shake a stick at!

ABBOTT: Well, where are all your women?

COSTELLO: I ran out of sticks!

ABBOTT: Oh, goodnight folks!

COSTELLO: Goodnight, 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. Robert Young. ...And remember - try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camels mildness, coolness, and flavor click with you!

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER FOR:

51459 8650

SHIELDS: There are times - well, like before the fireplace on a rainy night, or out fishin', say - when a pipe's just got to be part of the picture. Well, sir, if you'd really like to make the most of moments like those, why load up the old pipe with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. That mellow, aged-in-the-wood aroma just makes a pleasant moment perfect. And keeps on doing it, no matter how many pipefuls you treat yourself to on account of that no-bite treatment Prince Albert gets. Cool and clean on your tongue. And crimp cut to pack and burn and draw just so. Big bargain, too. Each big, red two-ounce package holds around fifty pipefuls. Light up, sir, and you'll know why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world.

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MUSIC: UP TO FINISH