

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

May 25, 1944

**AS**  
**BROADCAST**  
MASTER-NEW YORK

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star

ROBERT YOUNG

---

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, the Metro-  
Goldwyn-Mayer star, Mr. Robert Young and starring.....  
Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8652

COSTELLO: HEYYYY, ABBOT-T-T-T-T!

ABBOTT: Oh, there you are, Costello - where in the world have you been??

COSTELLO: *Oh where in the world have I been, Well I've been*  
I had trouble with my car, Abbott - I ran out of gas!

ABBOTT: How did you get down here??

COSTELLO: *Boy*  
Did I use my head! -- I took the cap off the gas tank and I put in two jiggers of bourbon, a dash of bitters, a lump of sugar, a slice of orange and a cherry on a tooth-pick!

ABBOTT: *How can it be a minute or so of gas*  
You don't put that in a gas tank! That's the way you make an old-fashioned!

COSTELLO: This is an old-fashioned car!!!

ABBOTT: *How*  
~~Tell me, did~~ the car run?? *in town?*

COSTELLO: RUN?? - I had two motorcycle cops for a chaser!!

ABBOTT: Are you crazy, Costello? Putting stuff like that in your car will ruin your pickup!

COSTELLO: It can't hurt my pickup, Abbott. My car has the most terrific pickup you ever saw!

ABBOTT: It has?

COSTELLO: Sure. The headlights wink and the radiator whistles!

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense --

COSTELLO: You should of seen the three girls I picked up yesterday!

ABBOTT: Never mind the girls! What kind of oil do you use in your car?

COSTELLO: The same old oil - I tell 'em I'm lonesome...

ABBOTT: Now, now --

COSTELLO: And I tell 'em I'll get 'em in pictures!

ABBOTT: *Alright, alright, please*  
Will you cut that out?? *Well* You'd better watch the way you *drive* drive that car of yours or you'll have an accident, *Some day, by the way* Did you ever have an accident?

*you thank you, Abbott! why thank you. -2-*

COSTELLO: Yeh. *you say.* One time I ran into a flock of geese!

ABBOTT: Were you hurt?

COSTELLO: No, but I was covered with goose pimples!...But don't worry, Abbott - I won't be able to drive my car no more! I'm all out of gas COWPONS!

ABBOTT: COWPONS??? The word is coo-pons. Coo - coo!

COSTELLO: What???

ABBOTT: Coo - coo. I'm saying COO COO to you!

COSTELLO: And KITCHY-COO to you, Abbott! I didn't know you liked to talk baby talk!

ABBOTT: I'm not talking baby talk. *pluff!* I'm trying to tell you it's COO-PONS. Here, look - it's printed right here on your old ration book.

COSTELLO: Where does it say COO-PONS?

ABBOTT: Right there in front of you. What's the matter - eyes bad

COSTELLO: What?

ABBOTT: I said - eyes bad!

COSTELLO: Is coo?

ABBOTT: *pluff!* Costello, will you stop that baby talk! Listen, haven't you got any gas in your car at all?

COSTELLO: Not a drop, Abbott!

ABBOTT: *pluff!* You dummy, do you realize that we're due out at M-G-M STUDIOS at noon *at MGM Studios?* *ABBOTT: bleeding studios you* sign our new contract? Come on, we'll go out and get a taxicab!

COSTELLO: You're wasting your time, Abbott. I just saw a taxicab out on the corner - AND WAS IT CROWDED! A guy stood there for fifteen minutes hollering: "LET ME IN THAT CAB - LET ME IN THAT CAB!"

51459 8654

*Keenan - please not read COSTELLO: I'm out of gas (pluff)*

*ABBOTT: Well, you're the gas station man.*

ABBOTT: Who was he?

COSTELLO: The driver!

ABBOTT: <sup>The driver</sup> Well, we've got to get a ride with somebody! Wait a minute here comes Ken Niles!

NILES: (FADING IN) <sup>oh</sup> Hello, fellows!

ABBOTT: <sup>greeting</sup> Hello, Ken! <sup>Well that's nice. How about, please!</sup> ~~Hello, Ken!~~ I'm glad you dropped in. Costello is out of gas!

NILES: He is? Who let the gas out of him? Ha! Ha! Ha!

COSTELLO: Look, Niles, no cracks about my figure. <sup>I mean after all</sup> You're so skinny if you had hair on your chest you'd look like a pipe cleaner!

ABBOTT: <sup>Now</sup> Costello, stop that!

COSTELLO: <sup>What</sup> He's so anemic he has to stick his tongue out to get color in his face!

ABBOTT: Will you be quiet, Costello? If you'll just behave yourself, Ken might be kind enough to lend us his car!

NILES: <sup>What</sup> I'm afraid Costello wouldn't fit in my car. It was only built for three people!

COSTELLO: Oh, yeah - <sup>just built for three people, eh?</sup> I saw your car - it was built before there was three people!

ABBOTT: Listen, Ken - we've got to get out to M-G-M Studios by noon to sign our contracts. <sup>Now</sup> Couldn't you give us a lift?

NILES: Well, to tell the truth, Bud, the car really belongs to my lovely wife. Maybe she'll give you a lift!

COSTELLO: Not me, <sup>nothing</sup> I ain't gonna ride with no women drivers!

ABBOTT: What's wrong with women drivers?

COSTELLO: Last night a woman driver started chasing after me in her car and I had to climb up a tree and the car climbed up the tree <sup>right</sup> after me! *o: yes it did!*

51459 8655

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Costello, automobiles don't climb trees!

COSTELLO: Oh, no? - How long have you been in California???:

NILES: Costello, you don't have to worry about the way my wife drives a car. She has a very good head for driving!

COSTELLO: Yeah - for Pile Driving!

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

COSTELLO: Mrs. Niles - what are you doing here without your leash?  
*C: I said it for you to hear. A: Oh now, to be so*

ALLMAN: (INDIGNANT) Mister Costello! That's outrageous! Every week you insult me to my face!

COSTELLO: Every week you have the same face!

ALLMAN: I'll have you know that I spend a great deal of time taking beauty treatments!

COSTELLO: You may've been treated, but you were never cured!

ABBOTT: Costello, will you stop talking like that? Mrs. Niles, Costello is out of gas. Could we borrow your car for a little while?

ALLMAN: I'm sorry, but I was just going over to pick up a dress! I buy my clothes out in Beverly Hills - the same place ~~where~~ that Dorothy Lamour buys hers!

COSTELLO: (SWEETLY) You know, Mrs. Niles - I've always wondered why you didn't wear a sarong??

ALLMAN: Oh, thank you...

COSTELLO: -- over your kisser!!

ABBOTT: Will you cut that out, Costello! Look, Mrs. Niles, it's very important that we get out to M-G-M by noon! Couldn't you possibly drop us off?

COSTELLO: Yes, Mrs. Niles - <sup>please</sup> if you'll give us a lift, I'll do the driving!

ALLMAN: No thanks. My car has fluid drive and I don't need a drip at the wheel!

51459 8656

*very little to say. I've heard me. Just him!*

NILES: (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY) Oh, you certainly told him off that time, dear! You're so cute. You're as cute as a little mouse!

ALLMAN: Oh, no, Kenneth - you're as cute as a little mouse.

NILES: Oh, no, darling - you're as cute as a little mouse.

ALLMAN: And I insist - you're as cute as a little mouse!

COSTELLO: *As did our gentleman*  
If there's anyone out there with a rat trap - what are you waitin' for???

ALLMAN: (FURIOUS) Oh, come, Kenneth - and as far as I'm concerned, Costello - you can walk until your A-Book *is worn down to the cover.*  
~~drags on the sidewalk!~~

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ABBOTT: Well, you certainly fixed us up, Costello. Now where are we going to get a ride?

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

COSTELLO: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Mister Costello - I understand you're out of gas coupons. Now, I have a bunch of C-Coupons here that I could let you have for - er - say, for a dollar apiece!

COSTELLO: (VERY MAD) Why, you yellow cad! *you yellow cad!* This is the most outrageous thing I've ever heard! To think that you would try to sell black market gas to me / Lou Costello! Why, I have a good mind to report you to the O.P.A.!

BLANC: (COY) I am from the O.P.A. - just checking! Ha ha.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

51459 8657

MUSIC: (FOLLOWING PREVIOUS SEQUENCE)

ALLMAN: Knit one...purl one...knit two...

NILES: Well, well, making some sox for a soldier?...(SOTTO VOCE)  
...Poor guy.

ALLMAN: No. Knit one, purl one...

NILES: (HOPING AGAINST HOPE) Sweater for me, ~~maybe?~~ *I hope not.*

ALLMAN: No, not a sweater.

NILES: Well, what are you knitting for me, then?

ALLMAN: Why, a special cable-stitched dunce cap, dunce.

NILES: *What a dunce!* Dunce cap! For me! Say, what's the idea?

ALLMAN: Well, you're always going around bellowing about Camels mildness, aren't you?

NILES: (HOTLY) It's true.

ALLMAN: Sure, but that's not the way to do it. Why not just say in an easy gentle voice..."Look, folks, your own throat can tell you a lot more about Camel's mildness and coolness than I can. Your throat is the best judge of what cigarette is best for you.

NILES: Yeah?

ALLMAN: So, folks, why not try a Camel...and let your throat tell you.

NILES: (WARMING UP TO IT) Yeah! Try Camels and find out for yourself.

ALLMAN: You catch on quick.

NILES: And try Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos on your taste too. Let your own taste decide which cigarette it enjoys most. In War, as in peace, Camel is still Camel!

ALLMAN: Yes, but...

NILES: I know -- <sup>I know</sup> don't tell me. I ought to say...try Camel and find that out for yourself too.

ALLMAN: Right!

NILES: Hey...what are you doing to that knitting? Why rip it up?

ALLMAN: No dunce cap. I'll knit you that sweater instead.

NILES: No matter what I do I can't win!

MUSIC: "LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY".....HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra play Jerome Kern's lovely hit song - "Long Ago And Far Away".

(APPLAUSE)



SOUND: STREET NOISES, HOLD UNDER:

ABBOTT: All right, Costello - here's the ration board! Now look,  
if you play your cards right you might get some extra gas.

*/Be careful what you say, or they'll turn you down! Now mark  
my words.*

COSTELLO: You can depend on me, Abbott - ~~I always know what to say!~~

ABBOTT: (FADES OFF) */all right* I'll wait in the car. Now, remember - be  
diplomatic!

COSTELLO: Leave it to me, Abbott! *I always know what to say!*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

COSTELLO: (YELLS) HEY, WHERE DO I GET THE GAS!

BLANC: SHHHHH! QUIET, YOUNG MAN!

COSTELLO: Are you the head of this ration board??

BLANC: No - get up off your knees and stop licking my hand! -  
Just see that young lady at the Information Desk!

SOUND: TELEPHONE BUZZER

COSTELLO: I beg your pardon, Miss --

BRAYTON: Just a minute -- hello, Hollywood Ration Board, Committee  
in charge: Barton, Beecham, Wilson, Nelson and Birchbark -  
and Barton -- and Beecham, good morning! ... Just a  
moment, please!

COSTELLO: Miss, I'd like to see Mr. Birchbark!

BRAYTON: He's with Mr. Canoe.

BLANC: Where's Mr. Canoe?

~~COSTELLO:~~ *BRAYTON:* He's up the river!

BRAYTON: What did you wish to see Mr. Birchbark about?

COSTELLO: Well, I'm outta gas and I'd like to get some coupons.

BRAYTON: Haven't you got any coupons at all?

COSTELLO: */He's up the river* Well, I got two A coupons about five months ago.

BRAYTON: WHAT? AND YOU'RE BACK ALREADY! ... What have you been doing with your gas?

COSTELLO: (MEEK) *Oh, I did put a coupla drops in my lighter!* ...  
Look, I wanna see Mr. Birchbark. I know him!

BRAYTON: All right, I'll call Mr. Wilson for you.

COSTELLO: I don't wanna see Mr. Wilson, I wanna see Mr. Birchbark!

BRAYTON: All right...

SOUND: SWITCHBOARD EFFECT

BRAYTON: Hello, Mr. Beecham, there's a fellow out here who'd like to see Mr. Nelson! Oh, very well - (TURNS) Who shall I say is calling?

COSTELLO: Use your own judgment! *I ain't gonna.*

BRAYTON: Hello? What? Tell him to wait? Very well...(TURNS) If you'll wait a few minutes, Mr. George will see you.

COSTELLO: Mr. George? Where did he come from?

BRAYTON: Virginia.

COSTELLO: Vacation?

BRAYTON: No, Richmond! ... Why don't you wait in that other room, it's much more comfortable. Just go right through that door.

SOUND: TELEPHONE BUZZER, AND PLUG IN

BRAYTON: Hello, Hollywood Ration Board, committee in charge: Barton, Beecham, Wilson, Nelson and Birchbark, good morning.

Yes...all right...

*BRAYTON: Say, what are you standing around here for?*  
COSTELLO: Look, Miss, I don't see any way to get into that room!

BRAYTON: That's funny - Mr. Barton's in there.

COSTELLO: How did he get in?

BRAYTON: He married Beecham's daughter!

*after all I figured I had wrong.*

51459 8661

BLANC: (FADES IN) Good morning, Miss Brown - is Miss Parker in?

BRAYTON: No, she's not, Mr. Johnson, but Miss Caldwell will take care of you.

BLANC: Thanks - and by the way, if Miss Vance calls, tell her I'll meet her at the Finleys with Miss Prager.

COSTELLO: I'll bet ~~she~~ <sup>Hedda Hopper</sup> will be there: <sup>with her brother degree.</sup> Look, how long do I have to wait to see Mister George?

BRAYTON: Until Mr. Forman is through. Why don't you wait over there in Mister Kirk's office?

COSTELLO: Okay. Is this Mister Kirk's office <sup>over</sup> here?

BRAYTON: Yes, that's it!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

COSTELLO: Good morning, Mister Kirk. My name is Costello!

BROWN: Glad to know you, Mister Bronson. My name is Fletcher!

COSTELLO: Fletcher??? I thought this was Mister Kirk's office?

BROWN: Yes, it used to be, but he's in with Mister Prindle now! We move around - you know how it is - busy, busy, busy!

COSTELLO: I know how it is, dizzy, dizzy, dizzy! Look, mister Fletcher, I came in here to get some gas coupons, and--

SOUND: INTER-COM BUZZER, CLICK

BROWN: Excuse me. (FAST) Hello? Oh, hello, Matthews! What's that? Connelly said what? <sup>about Stebbins</sup> He did! Just wait until <sup>Herman</sup> ~~Fletcher~~ <sup>hears</sup> hears about this! Goodbye. (CLICK) Now, what was that you were saying, Mister - uh - Mister...er...

COSTELLO: BEECHAM! - Beecham! I was just saying I'd like to get <sup>who's Beecham?</sup> some gas, Mister Fletcher!

SOUND: BUZZER AND CLICK

BROWN: Excuse me - Yes Miss Brown??

BRAYTON: (FILTER) Oh, Mister Crawford...?

BROWN: Yes?

BRAYTON: Mister Evans and Mister Franklin are here about Mrs. Randall's girdle priority!

BROWN: Oh, have them see Wagner! I'm tied up with Mister Taylor *Feathered*  
*! This is going to pay now.*  
right now!

SOUND: CLICK

COSTELLO: My mother used to call me stinky!

BROWN: I'm sorry young man, but you know how it is with women--  
girdle, girdle, girdle!

COSTELLO: Yeh--bustle, bustle, bustle. *How about some hustle... uh....*  
How about my gasoline???

I'd like to get it while I'm still young enough to drive!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

BROWN: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

BROWN: Oh, it's you Jackson!

BLANC: Yes, Mister ~~Blanc~~ *Martin*. I delivered that C-Book to Mister Davis!

BROWN: Oh, good...what did he say?

BLANC: Well, Ross wasn't in so I gave it to Heeley. If you want me I'll be in Dudley's office!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

COSTELLO: Look, *hold* HOW ABOUT THAT GAS, MISTER FUNOOKEN?

BROWN: My name isn't Funooken!

COSTELLO: It could be!

BROWN: Well, while we're waiting for your tire inspection record, you can look at that ticker. The latest Washington news is just coming in!

COSTELLO: That's more like it!

SOUND: TICKER, HOLD UNDER:

COSTELLO: Let's <sup>me</sup> see what the news is ---- DEWEY ARRIVES AT MANILA??  
JACK DEMPSEY KNOCKS OUT FIRPO! --- SAY, WHAT IS THIS???

BROWN: Oh, that darn ticker --- it's behind again! Excuse me..

SOUND: CLICK:

BROWN: Miss Brown!

BRAYTON: (FILTER) Yes, Mister Thomas?

BROWN: How many times must I tell you to have that ticker fixed?

BRAYTON: Seven!

BROWN: Well, how many times have I told you already?

BRAYTON: Five!

BROWN: Alright - have that ticker fixed, have that ticker fixed!  
Now, then -- what was I saying???

COSTELLO: (FAST) Have that ticker fixed -- have that ticker fixed!

BROWN: Young man, I have no time for your silly talk -- I have an appointment with Mister Henderson. You just see Miss Brown in the outer office and I'm sure Mister Collins can take care of you. Good day!

COSTELLO: Good day! What's good about it!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

BRAYTON: (FADES IN) Good morning -- Hollywood ration Board.  
Committee in charge: Barton, Beecham, Wilson, Nelson and Brichbark ---- and Barton --- and Beecham --- good morning!

COSTELLO: HERE WE GO AGAIN! / I <sup>Miss</sup> beg your pardon, ~~Mister~~ ---

BRAYTON: Oh, it's you, Mister Quinn!

COSTELLO: COSTELLO'S THE NAME! ~~THE~~ COSTELLO!

BRAYTON: Oh, he's not with us anymore!

COSTELLO: Oh, they fired him, eh! - WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT! (VERY MAD) <sup>Mark</sup> IF THIS IS A RATION BOARD, I'M <sup>David Boone</sup> ~~WENDELL WILKIE!~~

BLANC: (FADES IN, LOUD) CALL FOR MR. ~~WENDELL~~ <sup>Boone</sup>...CALL FOR MR. ~~WENDELL~~ <sup>Boone</sup>.

COSTELLO: (REPRESSED) Look, Miss, I don't wanna sound impatient, BUT I GOTTA GET SOME GAS!

BRAYTON: Why, Mr. Simpson, what'll I tell Mr. Farnsworth!!

COSTELLO: (BUILDING) Just tell 'em that Mr. Hennessy had to go to Lunch with Sherman, Rappaport, Gosch, Hackett, Rockford, Moline, Davenport, Denver Albuquerque and ALL POINTS

WEST --- WOOOO-WOOOOOO! <sup>Train leaving on track soon.</sup> ~~ALL ABOARD!~~

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: (FADES IN) QUICKLY) COSTELLO! Where have you been! <sup>I've got</sup> I just got you a gas coupon!

COSTELLO: NOW HE TELLS ME!

ABBOTT: There's only one condition - we must join the car pool, and we've got to pick up Robert Young right away! He's going to be our first passenger!

COSTELLO: Aw, why do I have to pick up Robert Young!

ABBOTT: What's wrong with Young? - he's very nice!

COSTELLO: I can think of something nicer than Young!

ABBOTT: What?

COSTELLO: SOMETHING A LITTLE YOUNGER!

ABBOTT: Oh, let's go!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: INTRO FOR "GEE I LOVE MY G-I GUY", HOLD FOR:

NILES: Now Connie Haines sings a new tune from her forthcoming picture, A Wavem A Wac and A Marie - "Gee I Love My G-I Guy."

(APPLAUSE)

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*some just mean, they come here*

NILES: Did you happen to read an item in the paper about that concert singer who insured her throat for a million dollars? Well, after all, everyone's throat is a "million-dollar" throat to its owner. An intricate, organ that certainly rates care and attention. Like the careful choice of a cigarette, for example. Try Camels and let your own "million-dollar" throat judge for itself how welcome Camel's mildness and smoothness and coolness are. Also, we know that Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos brings fuller, richer flavor. But... does your taste know? Try a Camel...on your taste and your throat. Maybe, like millions and millions of other smokers, Camel will be your cigarette.

MUSIC:      PLAYOFF

SOUND: ESTABLISH AUTO, HOLD AND FADE UNDER:

ABBOTT: All right, Costello / <sup>Now</sup> Robert Young's house is right around the corner here!

COSTELLO: <sup>What what did you say?</sup> Abbott, why do we have to pick him up?? ~~around the~~ right out to MGM!

ABBOTT: <sup>John</sup> You can't do that! The OPA put Robert Young in your car pool!

COSTELLO: <sup>In my car pool.</sup> I'd like to push 'im off my springboard!

ABBOTT: <sup>Look</sup> Look out for those white lines across the highway, Costello. Hm, the way you drive it's a wonder the pedestrians always manage to get across the street!

COSTELLO: Yeah, sneaky little devils, ain't they!

SOUND: CAR PULLS TO STOP, DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT: Well, here's Bob Young's house. It's a good thing he goes to Metro, to o-we've just a few minutes to get out there and sign our contracts!

SOUND: DOOR BELL.....DOOR OPENS

YOUNG: Yes...?

ABBOTT: Pardon me - we're Abbott and Costello!

YOUNG: Oh, I know I've got enemies, but who sent you guys over here!

COSTELLO: <sup>Abbott</sup> Abbott, who is this fresh monkey????

ABBOTT: Costello! It's Robert Young!  
(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Well, let's go, Bob. The OPA told us to share the ride with you. You're in Costello's car pool!

YOUNG: Costello's pool?? - I'd like to push him off my springboard!

*around the corner. e: Right around the corner. Let's drive... this*

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COSTELLO: JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG! - I DID THAT JOKE BEFORE I RANG THE BELL!

YOUNG: You might've done the joke, but it didn't ring the bell!

COSTELLO: <sup>Now</sup> Look, fancy pants, take off that kimona and let's go! We gotta get to the studio!

YOUNG: But I haven't had breakfast yet!

COSTELLO: We ain't got time to wait for your breakfast!

YOUNG: Oh fine! You've had your breakfast! In fact, you've still got egg on your chin!

COSTELLO: That egg is from yesterday!

ABBOTT: Costello! At least give Bob a chance to get dressed.

YOUNG: Yes, I can get dressed in ten minutes!

COSTELLO: Ten minutes! Ha! I get dressed in three minutes!

YOUNG: Well, I wash!

COSTELLO: I send mine out!

ABBOTT: Be careful how you talk, Costello - the man standing before you has made love to Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Betty Grable.

COSTELLO: And he's still standing????

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet, Costello. Really, Bob---we've got to get going!

YOUNG: (ULTRA) Very well, I'll be ready in half a mo'! Why don't you chaps step into the lib'ry and join me in a bit of brunch?

COSTELLO: Why, don't you stop being a Yank at Oxford and be yourself --a jerk at home!

ABBOTT: <sup>Now</sup> Don't talk like that, Costello. Robert Young is high class. He's observing the social graces!

YOUNG: Costello---old man, help yourself to a spot of tea and a crumpet!

COSTELLO: (MIMICS) I'm afraid/I couldn't handle a dish of tea right now, old boy---I haven't got my gloves on!....Bye-the-bye, old bean is that coffee I smell?

*old fellow I'm afraid all fellow, sounds like I'm being hatched by I'm afraid*

YOUNG: It is--and you do!

COSTELLO: Now, wait a minute, Young! Do you think because I didn't go to college that made me a moron?

*do you think I didn't go to college*

YOUNG: No! No!

COSTELLO: (MUSING) I wonder what did?

ABBOTT: Look, boys--we're wasting valuable time! Get your hat, Bob and let's get going!

YOUNG: Alright, Bud I'm ready. Come on Costello! And be careful not to slam that door. My pater is still asleep!

COSTELLO: Your what is asleep??

YOUNG: My pater! He lives here! Doesn't your pater live at your house?

COSTELLO: Oh, no! My mater gave my pater the gater!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES--FOOTSTEPS)

ABBOTT: (CUE) Come on, Costello get in the car! We've got exactly three minutes to get to the studio!

YOUNG: /<sup>oh</sup> This is a nice little buggy you have here, Costello. Where did you get those nice red sidewall tires???

COSTELLO: ~~What~~ <sup>Sidewall,</sup> red sidewall tires? Those are the innertubes sticking out!

SOUND: (CAR DOOR BANGING)

ABBOTT: (FAST) Alright, Costello--let's go! Let's go!

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SOUND: (CAR STARTS UP)

YOUNG: STOP THE ~~CAR~~, BOYS! <sup>Car. c: (laugh)</sup> STOP THE CAR! *That's what I get for not looking!*

SOUND: (CAR STOPS ABRUPTLY)

COSTELLO: What are ya stopping here for, Young? There's no saloons in this block!

YOUNG: I want to stop at this little flower shop, Costello. You've been so nice, I'd like to give you a boutonniere!

COSTELLO: And I'd like to give you a boot in the britches!

ABBOTT: No, no, Costello! Bob wants to get something for your lapel. What do you wear on your lapel?

COSTELLO: Dandruff!

YOUNG: That looks more like sawdust to me!

COSTELLO: Where would I get sawdust on my lapel?

YOUNG: From your blockhead!

COSTELLO: I'd better get rid of that sharp comb!

ABBOTT: Boys, boy! We've gotta get going.

YOUNG: I'll grab one of these carnations. What do you want Costello?

COSTELLO: Get me one of those brass flowers!

ABBOTT: Brass flowers???? *What are you talking about.*

COSTELLO: ~~Some~~. Spitunias!

YOUNG: Okay----we're all set---let's go!

SOUND: (CAR STARTS UP)

ABBOTT: We've only got two minutes, Costello. We'd better take a short cut through this park! Turn here--- STICK OUT YOUR LEFT HAND!

ALLMAN: (SCREAMS)

COSTELLO: THOSE WOMAN OUGHT TO STAY ~~IN THE~~ CROSS WALKS!

SOUND: (MOTOR UP PRETTY STRONG)

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*off side*

YOUNG: STOP THE CAR! STOP THE CAR, QUICK!

SOUND: (LOUD SHARP SQUEAK OF BRAKES) (BODY THUD)

COSTELLO: Did I stop too fast for you, Young?

YOUNG: Oh, no----I love to sit on the radiator cap!

ABBOTT: What are we stopping here for, Bob?

YOUNG: I want to feed the pigeons!

ABBOTT: FEED THE PIGEONS! But Bob, you know we're in a terrible hurry!

YOUNG: But I can't neglect the poor little pigeons. I feed them every morning! Look at those pigeons ----- aren't they cute?

COSTELLO: You'd better put your hat on. One of them is a woodpecker!

ABBOTT: (MAD) Oh, this is ridiculous! It's almost twelve o'clock! Do you fellows realize we must be at MGM to sign our contract<sup>2</sup>!

YOUNG: Well, we'll have to take a short-cut - there's a back road we can take. Have you got a road map?

ABBOTT: Yes, I've got one <sup>Here</sup> -/I'll spread it out right here on the floor.....

YOUNG: Oh, that's fine -- now look, Bud, you follow this black line and it takes us right to the studio gate! JUST FOLLOW THIS BLACK LINE!

SOUND: BUILD IN AUTO, BLEND WITH:

MUSIC: SNEAK IN HURRY BRIDGE AND FADE UNDER:

SOUND: ESTABLISH AUTO, THEN SPUTTER TO QUICK STOP

COSTELLO: (MAD)/ABBOTT! <sup>That's it! That's it!</sup> WE'RE OUTTA GAS! LISTEN, YOUNG, THIS <sup>doesn't</sup> ~~DOESN'T~~ LOOK LIKE THE RIGHT ROAD! THIS AIN'T METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER!

YOUNG: What does that sign say?

COSTELLO: It's a town I never <sup>even</sup> heard of before.

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YOUNG: What town?

COSTELLO: Burma shave!

ABBOTT: No, no, Bob means the other sign!

COSTELLO: <sup>job</sup> That says Pomona City limits!

ABBOTT: (YELLS) POMONA! COSTELLO, YOU DUMMY, DO YOU REALIZE WE'RE SIXTY MILES FROM HOLLYWOOD! HOW DID YOU GET OUT HERE?????

COSTELLO: DON'T BLAME ME, ABBOTT - I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' THAT MAP ON THE FLOOR! I FOLLOWED THAT BLACK LINE LIKE YOU TOLD ME!

YOUNG: (CONTRITE) Wait a minute, boys, there's been a terrible mistake - but it's all your fault!

ABBOTT: Our fault???

YOUNG: YES! YOU MADE ME GET DRESSED SO FAST THIS MORNING THAT I FORGOT TO TIE MY SHOE!

COSTELLO: WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT????

YOUNG: THAT BLACK LINE YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWING IS MY SHOELACE!

COSTELLO: THROW THAT GUY OUTTA HERE! *Will you Abbott!*

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 Lieutenant Mitchell Paige, of Dravosburg, Pennsylvania, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor. In the Solomon Islands fighting the entire group of Marines he commanded were killed or wounded by enemy force which had just broken through the American lines. Alone, he moved from gun to gun -- under steady, murderous Jap fire. And he kept up his own fire--steady and murderous--against the enemy. Held them--till reinforcements arrived. And on top of that, then proceeded to lead a bayonet charge that drove the Japs back, and held the Marine lines intact. In your honor, Lieutenant Mitchell Paige, the makers of Camels are sending to our Armed Forces overseas 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. Adolphe Menjou.

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

CUE ↓ *Music*

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

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken --- well, Costello, I suppose you know who our guest is next week: Adolphe Menjou! Do you know him?

COSTELLO: No, but I know his brother - Foo Menjou!

ABBOTT: Now, now, don't get so fresh! Adolphe Menjou is the screen's finest dresser. He has all his clothes made in New York!

COSTELLO: So what? Get a load of this suit I got on. I had this made in Patterson, New Jersey!

ABBOTT: You had this made in Patterson! That suit is too big for you!

COSTELLO: Well, I'M A BIG MAN IN PATTERSON!

ABBOTT: Oh, goodnight, folks!

COSTELLO: Goodnight, everybody!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THERE...HOLD UNDER:

FILES: Be sure to tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show, with our special guest, Sr. Adolphe Menjou. Robert Young appeared tonight through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The White Cliffs of Dover". ...And remember, try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness, and flavor click with you! ...This is Ken Niles wishing you a very pleasant goodnight from Hollywood.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEM UP AND UNDER FOR:

SHIELDS: Maybe you know that more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world. But do you know WHY? If you're a pipe-smoker, the reasons are mighty interesting. First of all, of course, that grand taste, and that aged-in-the-wood aroma. Mister, that's smokin'! Then there's the kind and gentle way P.A. treats your tongue...the no-bite treatment sees to that. And then there's the way Prince Albert's crimp cut makes it pack, and draw, and burn just so right down to the bottom of the bowl. And, finally, there's P.A.'s way of treating your pocketbook...each big, red two-ounce package gives you about fifty pipefuls. Yessir, fifty! So...get your pack of P.A....today!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

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