

(REVISED)

AS BROADCAST

✓ MASTER-NEW YORK
Commercials at 11:00 11/8/44

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Thursday, October 26, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

| | | |
|------------------|----------------|----------------|
| BUD ABBOTT | WM. ESTY & CO. | JOHNNY CRAVENS |
| LOU COSTELLO | DICK MACK | FLOYD CATON |
| ARTIE AUERBACH | EDDIE CHERKOSE | ANDY LOVE |
| FREDDIE RICH | ED FORMAN | PAT MCGEEHAN |
| CONNIE HAINES | SID FIELDS | FRED SHIELDS |
| KEN NILES | JOE KIRK | |
| ELVIA ALLMAN | DON PRINDLE | |
| MEL BLANC | RONNIE RACK | |
| MARTHA WENTWORTH | ONNIE WHIZIN | |

ROUTINE

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ORCHESTRA: "PERFIDIA"...INTRO TO:

BAND: 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 according to actual sales records! 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 happy rhythms of Freddie Rich and his orchestra, the swingy songs of Connie Haines, and with Hallowe'en fast approaching we remind you of the time Frankenstein met Dracula and said....

COSTELLO: HEYYYYY ABBBBOTTTT!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

ABBOTT: Costello, where have you been? Why are you all dressed up tonight?

COSTELLO: Abbott, I just came from my Cousin Corporal Hugo Costello's wedding!

ABBOTT: So your cousin Hugo finally got married? Who did he marry?

COSTELLO: *Who did he marry?*
He married a woman!

ABBOTT: You dummy, of course he married a woman! Whoever heard of anybody marrying a man?

COSTELLO: My mother did!

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense! Did your Cousin Hugo have a military wedding?

COSTELLO: It must have been. Her father was carrying a ~~shot~~ gun!

ABBOTT: Well, I hope Hugo will be very happy!

COSTELLO: I think he will, Abbott! Marriage is so romantic---- just think--his ration books ~~and~~ her ration books lying side by side----on the kitchen table!

COSTELLO: Nobody!

ABBOTT: Nobody?

COSTELLO: No. I could have, but I kept my mouth shut!

ABBOTT: No-No--Costello, I mean who led her down the aisle?

COSTELLO: Nobody led her--she knew the way blindfolded!

ABBOTT: Look, Costello--somebody had to lead her down the aisle to meet her spouse!

COSTELLO: To meet her what?

ABBOTT: Her spouse! Hugo is the spouse!

COSTELLO: Wait a minute, Abbott! YOU CAN'T CALL HUGO A SPOUSE!
HE NEVER TOUCHES THE STUFF!

COSTELLO: Side by side. Ration Books....Ration books, side by side!

ABBOTT: Yes!

COSTELLO: That's the biggest hole I'm gonna drill right here. There's no more I guarantee it. Either you do or you don't!

ABBOTT: That is romantic! Who gave the bride away, Costello? I said who gave the bride away?

COSTELLO: Well, let me see what page are you on....Oh, who gave the bride away!

ABBOTT: That's what I said, don't you know that's your own cousin.

COSTELLO: Nobody!

ABBOTT: Nobody?

COSTELLO: No. I could have, but I kept my mouth shut!

ABBOTT: No-No--Costello, I mean who led her down the aisle?

COSTELLO: Nobody led her--she knew the way blindfolded!

ABBOTT: Look, Costello--somebody had to lead her down the aisle to meet her spouse!

COSTELLO: To meet her what?

ABBOTT: To meet her spouse! Hugo is the spouse!

COSTELLO: Are you lost now?

ABBOTT: Don't you understand. A spouse, her spouse.

COSTELLO: Now just a minute. I got it, just a minute.

ABBOTT: Hugo is her spouse.

COSTELLO: YOU CAN'T CALL HUGO A SPOUSE! HE NEVER TOUCHES THE STUFF!

ABBOTT: Okay, okay, Then we'll say Hugo was the groom.

COSTELLO: That's better. He was a groom before he got married too.

ABBOTT: How could he be a groom before he got married.

COSTELLO: He took care of the general's horse. ~~He was a groom before he got married too.~~
~~how could he be a groom before he got married.~~

ABBOTT: Oh. *Aw shut up* / Skip it! How did the bride look, Costello? Was she wearing a corsage?

COSTELLO: Abbott--how can you ask me such a thing? I'm only a young boy!

ABBOTT: I'M ONLY ASKING YOU IF THE BRIDE WORE A CORSAGE?

COSTELLO: No! With her shape she don't need one!

ABBOTT: Look, Costello---you saw the bride, didn't you?

COSTELLO: Sure.

ABBOTT: Well, what kind of clothes did she wear?

COSTELLO: Oh, she had a beautiful torso!

ABBOTT: Torso?

COSTELLO: Sure, every bride has to have a torso! ~~she was a beautiful girl.~~
~~she was a beautiful girl.~~

ABBOTT: No, no, Costello. You mean true-so! Did you see her true-so?

COSTELLO: ~~He~~ He wasn't there!

ABBOTT: WHO WASN'T THERE?

COSTELLO: ~~THE~~ ROBINSON TRUE-SO!

ABBOTT: Listen, Costello, *COSTELLO: you're talking like a kid!* when the bride came into the church, did you notice her train?

COSTELLO: What train? She drove up in a second-hand Plymouth!

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ABBOTT: I'm talking about the train on her dress. With every bridal dress you get a train!

COSTELLO: What store is giving those away? I bought a suit once and got a baseball bat, and a catcher's mitt---but I never got a train! *What a joke!*

ABBOTT: Costello, will you please listen? When the bride walked into the church was she dragging anything behind her?

COSTELLO: Yeh--my cousin Hugo!

ABBOTT: I'm talking about her dress. Did you see that long, white piece of goods hanging from her dress?

COSTELLO: Oh, yeah--I saw that!

ABBOTT: That was her train!

COSTELLO: ~~She~~ *That was her train,* I tripped over that thing and tore it off! *a: yep!*

ABBOTT: You tore off her train? How did the bride look without a train?

COSTELLO: She looked like a late freight with a loose caboose!

ABBOTT: Costello, you're not fit to talk to an idiot!

COSTELLO: Okay, I'll write you a note!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO-- WILL YOU SHUT UP? I have a definite reason for wanting to know about this wedding! I'm still thinking about your \$75 that we have in the bank. We're going to take that money/and open a Matrimonial agency! *will you listen to me please*

COSTELLO: Not me, Abbott. I ain't gonna be responsible for sticking guys with Mother-in-laws! *(Shout)*

ABBOTT: What's wrong with Mother-in-laws? Do you ~~ever~~ know what a mother-in-law is?

COSTELLO: Yeah. A mother-in-law is the Gestapo with bloomers!

ABBOTT: But, Costello---think what a wonderful thing it would be to bring people together! Why marriage is a wonderful thing!

COSTELLO: Maybe - but I don't like the part where they throw the rice. They throw rice at my cousin Hugo today--and it's too messy!

ABBOTT: Rice isn't messy!

COSTELLO: It is ^{messy} when it's mixed with Chop Suey!

ABBOTT: Oh, nonsense. Weddings are beautiful. Don't you like the old-fashioned unions?

COSTELLO: No. They itch me all over!

ABBOTT: CUT THAT OUT! Your underwear doesn't fit our conversation.

COSTELLO: MY UNDERWEAR WILL FIT ANYTHING! Except me. *where am I tonight?*

ABBOTT: Costello, there's no use arguing. I've made up your mind.

COSTELLO: You always do.

ABBOTT : We're going to take your \$75 and open a matrimonial agency! Why, we can make a fortune by uniting people in the bonds of matrimony!

COSTELLO: The bonds of matrimony?? Are they anything like War Bonds?

ABBOTT: Matrimony has nothing to do with war!

COSTELLO: THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERD IT! And besides, Abbott---
where are we gonna get any customers? A guy has to be
making a lot of money *nowadays* in order to get married!

ABBOTT: That's ridiculous. Do you know what I was getting when
I ^{was} married? ~~matrimony~~

COSTELLO: *As I know what you was getting when you got married?*
No, and I'll bet you didn't either! *ABBOTT: Yea!*

ABBOTT: GET OUTTA HERE!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"

NILES: In Saipan one marine says to another, "Hey, Joe, got a Camel?" and his pal says, "Sure," and hands him one. The same thing happens on an aircraft carrier off the Phillipines.....and in the fighting beyond Aachen. Then, too, people at home are smoking more than ever before. So, unfortunately, and unavoidably, there will be times when your dealer has to say to you "Sorry, no Camels today" when you ask for them. But remember thisCamel's kind, cool, throat-easy mildness and Camel's rich, full, fresh flavor make Camels worth asking for again the very next time you buy cigarettes.

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

NILES: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

ORCH: INTRO TO "VERY THOUGHT OF YOU"....UP & UNDER

NILES: Inspired by Lou Costello's Matrimonial venture, Freddie Rich and his musical matchmakers play "The Very Thought of You", *featuring the trumpet of Paul Hill.*

ORCH: "THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU"

(SECOND SPOT)

INSERT "A"

ABBOTT: Well, Costello -- here we are in our own office -- with our own Matrimonial agency!

COSTELLO: Yeh - Abbott - but who painted our names on those office doors?

ABBOTT: I did. You see, on my door - it says: "BUD ABBOTT -- SENIOR PARTNER." And on your door it says: "LOU COSTELLO, JUNIOR!" ~~AWAY!~~

COSTELLO: I don't like the way you spelled Junior --J-A-N-I-T-O-R! Looks like I'm gonna clean up in this business.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

ABBOTT: Oh, come on Costello.....Answer the phone. It might be a reply to the Matrimonial ad that I put in the papers this morning.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AGAIN.....RECEIVER UP:

COSTELLO: Hello! ABBOTT & COSTELLO MATRIMONIAL AGENCY!
"If you furnish the money we'll get you a honey!"

BLANC: (FILTER) Do you think you could find me a wife? ~~that~~ --
-- You see, I've got to have a wife. I've got two million dollars. I'll give the girl a million dollars and I'll give you a million dollars for your fee!

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COSTELLO:
~~KOSTELLO~~

Well yeah, here we are in our own.....Hello Ken, how are you?

ABBOTT:

Hello Ken!

COSTELLO:

Come over here Ken, how've you been?

ABBOTT:

You've got something to say to the folks, haven't you?

KEN:

I've got something to say to the folks?

ABBOTT:

Why not tell the folks right from our office.

KEN:

Well now I don't have anything to say right here!

COSTELLO:

Well then get away from the mike!

ABBOTT:

Then, what are you doing in the office? (ETC)

How do you like the office, Lou?

COSTELLO:

This is our office?

ABBOTT:

This is our new matrimonial agency.

COSTELLO:

Everything is laying around the office here!

COSTELLO: A million dollars for me. Oh boy - come right over to the office!

BLANC: I can't come over. They won't let me out of here!

But I'M ALRIGHT I TELL YOU! I'M ALRIGHT! (MAD LAUGH)

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

COSTELLO: Abbott -- what paper did you put that ad in?

ABBOTT: The Hardware Journal!

COSTELLO: I thought so. One of the nuts just called up!

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

WENTWORTH: I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A MAN! I MUST HAVE A MAN! I TELL YOU - I MUST HAVE A MAN!

COSTELLO: LADY -- PUT ME DOWN!

ABBOTT: Just a moment, Miss -- what can we do for you?

WENTWORTH: All my life I've been looking for the ideal man -- and at last I've found him! I LOVE THIS LITTLE FAT BOY! SPEAK TO ME, MY CHUBBY LITTLE ROMEO! TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME! SPEAK TO ME! SPEAK TO ME! WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?

COSTELLO: I CAN'T! YOU'RE STANDING ON MY CHEST! GET UP!

WENTWORTH: OH YOU WONDERFUL MAN. TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS MY LITTLE FAT BOY - AND SAY ^{say} THAT I AM BEAUTIFUL! GO AHEAD -- SAY IT!

COSTELLO: (MEEKLY) I don't wanna!

WENTWORTH: Please? PLEASE SAY IT! SAY I AM BEAUTIFUL!

COSTELLO: Okay, I am beautiful!

ABBOTT: Look - Madame! ^{C: There you made me say it.} We'll find you a husband if you'll just answer a few questions. Have you ever been married before?

WENTWORTH: Oh yes - I was happily married for fifteen years - but seven years ago my husband disappeared! I'm afraid the poor man is dead!

ABBOTT: Costello - just look at this poor woman -- her husband is dead!

COSTELLO: I am looking at her - HE ISN'T DEAD - HE'S HIDING! Get her outta here! *Abbott.*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: Abbott - what kind of a business did you get me into? First a crazy guy calls up - and then a dame tries to run away with me. I'm going back to my old racket - raising pigs!

ABBOTT: Raising pigs?

COSTELLO: Yeh - I buy pigs in the Fall for \$2. I fatten them up and sell them in the Spring for \$2.

ABBOTT: You buy the pigs in the Fall for \$2 and you sell them in the Spring for \$2? You can't make any money that way.

COSTELLO: No, but I have the use of the pigs all winter!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Oh, oh - this is probably another customer. Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KITZEL: (SINGS) Hi-Yi-O Rancho Grande. At weddings I'm a dandy!
Te-Hoo!

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ABBOTT: Well, it's our friend, Kitzel, ^(APPLAUSE) What brought you here?

KITZEL: I heard you two boys were in the Matrimonial business, so I left Chicago and came out here on a Greyhound!

COSTELLO: How did you ever stay on his back?

KITZEL: HOW DID I STAY ON HIS BACK? HA. HA. HA. ^{COSTELLO: I know you don't like it!} ~~HOW DID I STAY ON HIS BACK?~~ ^{Kitzel:} I ~~STAY~~ LIKE IT.

ABBOTT: We're very busy, Kitzel. What's on your mind?

KITZEL: I'd like to have the catering concessions at your wedding banquets. ^{Because} I am serving the finest food and drink, ^{who money can buy.} For instance, look at this bottle of Genuine French Champagne!

COSTELLO: That don't look like French Champagne! to me!

KITZEL: Tut-tut-tut. ^{That don't look like French Champagne.} There's the name right on the bottle.

LU-KEE LA-GARE!

COSTELLO: LU-KEE LA-GARE???? That's Lucky Lager!

KITZEL: Lucky Lager -- Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha -- SOME FOAM, EH, KID?

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Kitzel, how much do you charge to put on these wedding banquets?

KITZEL: ^{Well I don't like to disturb you but --} I have two prices for banquets -- five dollars and ten dollars! For five dollars I throw in the dessert!

ABBOTT: And for ten dollars?

KITZEL: For ten dollars I carry it in! Gentlemen, I have here a sample of my most delicious dessert. It's called Policeman Cookies!

ABBOTT: Policeman Cookies?

KITZEL: Yeah -- Cop cakes.

COSTELLO: I suppose you also make Affectionate Pie?

KITZEL: Affectionate pie?

KITZEL &
COSTELLO: That's where the top crust is stuck on the bottom one!

COSTELLO: Hey that's my line!

ABBOTT: *KITZEL: oh I beg your pardon.*
Costello, will you cut it out. Kitzel is just trying to
make an honest living!

KITZEL: That's right, *gentlemen* ~~Winton Abbott~~. I've got a big family to
support. Would you believe it, right now I got living at
my house --- Willie, Tillie, and a *loafer* named Billy!
Terrence and Clarence and all my wife's parents.
Louie and Fred, they sleep under the bed.
Joe and Flo on the back porch there's Moe, NOT TO MENTION-

COSTELLO: Burt, Myrt, and their two-year old squirt.
Annie and Fannie are sleeping with Granny.

ORCH: PIANO... IN QUIETLY

Mike and two tramps are doubling with Gramps.
And old Uncle Abie is sleeping with baby.

COSTELLO: (SINGS) "It's Crowded in My Blue Heaven!"

ORCH: JOINS AT "MY BLUE HEAVEN" INTO PLAYOFF:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: As a possible theme song for the Abbott and Costello
Matrimonial Bureau, our singing star, Connie Haines
suggests "It Had To Be You". Swing it, Connie.

HAINES AND ORCHESTRA: IT HAD TO BE YOU

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: There's a certain young man I wish we had here at the microphone tonight. Maybe you saw his picture on the back cover of this week's Collier's. It's also in Life magazine coming out tomorrow. However, he can't be here because right now he's probably somewhere over the Himalaya Mountains between India and China, flying one of Pan American's big planes. His name is Captain Charles Sharkey, and he's flown over nineteen hundred hours on that Zero-infested run. "After a ten-hour stretch in the cockpit of a DC-53," he says, "nothing tastes so good as a Camel. They are mild and cool and the flavor's swell."

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

NILES: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

ORCH: CAMEL THEME INTO "LOVE NEST" PLAYON...DOWN AT CUE...

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm from the marriage licence bureau. Mister Costello, do you understand the laws governing marriage?

COSTELLO: I do.

BLANC: And Mister Abbott - do you understand the marriage laws?

ABBOTT: I do!

BLANC: Very well, I now pronounce you man and wife - five dollars please!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: This is a fine business, Abbott. I can't understand why we haven't got any customers coming in. I put an ad in the paper this morning.

ABBOTT: How did the ad read?

COSTELLO: *I don't know, Freddie Kitch can probably tell you better than me!*
Gentleman with bottle of olives would like to meet lady with pint of gin. Object @ martinis!

ABBOTT: You silly dope, not martinis, matrimony!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NILES: Well, hello fellows! How's the new Matrimonial Agency?

ABBOTT: Well, it's Ken Niles!

NILES: I just dropped over to bring you some business. I have a little niece at home who's dying to marry Lou Costello!

COSTELLO: WHY DOES EVERYBODY WANT TO MARRY ME? SOMETIMES I WISH I WASN'T SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL...AND COY *f: all night look...* AND CHARMING... AND DEBONNAIRE...AND PETITE...(IN FRENCH, PATOOTE..IN SCOTCH, PATITE..IN IRISH, PATATE..) (I AIN'T GOT NO MORE.)

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Costello! Niles' idea sounds like a good proposition. Has your niece got any money, Ken?

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NILES: Oh, yes. She inherited a very fat dowry from her mother!

COSTELLO: We don't care about her shape - has she got any money?

NILES: How dare you ask such a question, Costello! She is a Niles! I'll have you know we Niles are a proud lot!

COSTELLO: You Niles are a vacant lot!

ABBOTT: Now, now, Costello. Are you really serious, Ken, about your niece wanting to marry Costello?

NILES: Yes, I am. Just last night my little niece was sitting on the floor, playing with her toys - and she looked up at me and said - "That Lou Costello is the sweetest boy, and I'd like to marry him!"

COSTELLO: Awwwwww, isn't that cute? How old is she?

NILES: FIFTY-SEVEN!

ABBOTT: Look, Ken - Costello doesn't want to get married, but we'll be glad to find a husband for your niece!

NILES: Oh, that's wonderful, Bud. She's right out in your waiting room. Shall I bring her in?

COSTELLO: You'd better wheel her in...

NILES: (CALLS) Oh Poincianna!

COSTELLO: Or roll her in!

NILES: (CALLING) POINCIANNA - WILL YOU STEP IN HERE!

SOUND: HORRIBLE SQUEAKING FOOTSTEPS

NILES: Here she comes - on the run!

COSTELLO: She don't run very good. Maybe she needs a grease job!

ABBOTT: QUIET, COSTELLO! How do you do, Miss...ah...

ELVIA: The full name is Poincianna Pidgeon HYPHEN Pidgeon!

ABBOTT: What's the hyphen for?

COSTELLO: That's for the pigeon to sit on!

ABBOTT: Miss Pidgeon, I'm sure that we can find you an ideal husband. Now, if you'll just leave a hundred dollar deposit and one of your pictures --

ELVIA: Oh, I'm afraid I haven't any picture of myself. I did have some taken, but the photographer didn't develop the negatives!

COSTELLO: He was probably afraid to go into the dark room with them alone!

ABBOTT: Don't pay any attention to Costello, Miss Pidgeon. Just sign the contract here and let us have your check!

ELVIA: Oh, not so fast. Before I give you any money you'll have to prove to me that your marriages are successful. I'd like to see a happily-married couple!

COSTELLO: WHO WOULDN'T?

ABBOTT: (PROP LAUGH) Ha ha. He's just joking. *+ You keep quiet you may.* Always joking. Now, Miss Pidgeon, if you'll come to my house at eight o'clock this evening, I will show you a happy family. Myself, my wife, and our little boy!

ELVIA: Oh, this is so thrilling! I'll be there at 8 o'clock!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: Abbott - what did you tell that woman? You haven't got no little boy!

ABBOTT: Costello, we're going to put this deal over. I'm going to give your kid brother, Sebastian, fifty cents to pretend that he's my son!

COSTELLO: ~~What~~ - if you get Sebastian into this thing, you're asking for trouble. He's a pretty nasty little brat!

ABBOTT: HOW ~~DO~~ ^{dare} YOU SAY THAT ABOUT YOUR OWN BROTHER?

COSTELLO: ~~How dare~~ ^{How dare me say that about my own brother.} BECAUSE I'M GOING TO PLAY BOTH PARTS!

MUSIC: "HOME SWEET HOME"

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COSTELLO: Well, Abbott - I brang my little kid brother Sebastian over to play the part of your son.

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Yeah, but I ain't gonna do it!

COSTELLO: (AS HIMSELF) Sebastian, you'll do as you're told!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) OH, YEAH?

COSTELLO: Yeah!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) OH, YEAH?

COSTELLO: Yeah!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) OH, YEAH?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- TIE SCORE!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Oh-oh, there's Miss Pidgeon now! Sebastian, you answer the door and I'll go in the kitchen and get Mrs. Abbott!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELVIA: Good evening, little boy! ^{Well} I'm Miss Pidgeon!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Hi, Miss Pidgeon! ^{A: oh high voice} pull up a perch and sit down! Spread your feathers!

ELVIA: What a quaint little fellow! I just love little boys like you. I wish I had fourteen little boys, and I wish everyone of them was just like you.

COSTELLO: (HIGH) You want fourteen kids just like me????

ELVIA: Yes.

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Let me smell your breath!

ELVIA: My, how cute! Now tell me, my little man, where are your father and mother?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) They're out in the kitchen...passing the time!

ELVIA: Passing the time?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Yeah. They're throwing the clock at each other!

ABBOTT: (FADING IN) Now now, Sebastian, behave yourself! Good evening, Miss Pidgeon. I want you to meet my lovely little wife! Come in here, Snowflake!

WENTWORTH: Coming, Shaky!

ELVIA: My, what a happy little family! Mrs. Abbott, do you do your own cooking?

WENTWORTH: Oh, yes. I was just out in the kitchen baking some biscuits. Buddy simply loves them! Wouldn't you like to sink your teeth into another one, dear?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) No. He'd like to get his teeth out of the last one!

WENTWORTH: Oh, dear little Sebastian, he's always joking. (I'll kill that kid!) (SWEETLY) Miss Pidgeon, won't you stay for dinner? Here, let me take your coat.

ABBOTT: Oh, no, Snowflake, dear...that coat is too heavy for little bittie you. Let me take it! *Snowflake dear.*

ELVIA: Oh, Mister Abbott...you and your wife are such a lovely couple. I've decided to let your Matrimonial Agency get me a husband! If you'll get me the pen and ink, I'll make out the check.

WENTWORTH: I'll get the pen and ink!

ABBOTT: Oh no, Snowflake, darling...you get the pen, and I'll carry the ink. I don't want you to tire your ittie-bittie armie!

COSTELLO: (LOW) I'll help, too - I'll carry the blotter! (FADING)
We'll be right back!

ELVIA: My ~~dad~~, I've never seen such a devoted couple. You're a lucky little boy, Sebastian...to have such a wonderful father and mother. Are they always this kind to each other?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Oh, yes. Did you see the lovely upsweep hair-do my mother is wearing? My daddy gave it to her!

ELVIA: Now, how could he give her an upsweep hair-do?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) He hit her on the head with a broom.

ELVIA: Oh, you're so quaint.

COSTELLO: (HIGH) And he's always buying her presents. / Only this morning he went downtown and bought her a beautiful present. A nice new shotgun.

ELVIA: Does your mother know your daddy bought her a shotgun?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) No, it's a surprise. SHE DON'T EVEN KNOW

that HE'S GONNA SHOOT HER! *He's gonna shoot her! Somebody's gonna get shot!*

ELVIA: A shotgun! He's going to shoot her! Oh, this is terrible! You people are nothing but idiots! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ABBOTT: What happened? Sebastian! Where is Miss Pidgeon-Pidgeon?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) PIDGEON-PIDGEON JUST FLEW THE COOP-COOP!

WENTWORTH: What did you say to her?

COSTELLO: (LOW) I just told her---

ABBOTT: High voice, high voice!

COSTELLO: (LOW) Oh, yes. (HIGH VOICE) I just told her the old gag about the shotgun! *oh, why give me two pasta!*

ABBOTT: Costello, it's about time to teach this kid brother of yours a lesson. He just cost us a hundred dollars!

COSTELLO: (LOW) Sebastian, I don't know why I have to ~~appear before you~~ *become a big*

business magnet all the time. Every time we get a chance to swindle somebody, you always have to gum up the works! *That's what it says.*

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I'm sorry, Louie.

COSTELLO: (LOW) Anybody would think that the least you could do is to lend a helping hand to your own brother!!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I'm sorry, Louie.

COSTELLO: (LOW) But instead you continually hold me up to ridicule and put big blotches on my escutcheon. Don't stand there, Sebastian...SAY SOMETHING!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I'MMMMMMMMM-A BAAAAAAAAAAAAAD BOYYYYYYYYYYY!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: NEUTRAL PLAY-OFF

NILES: Abbott and Costello will be back with you in just a moment!

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Corporal Robert H. True, of Denver, Colorado, right waist gunner on a Liberator bomber, for his heroism in rescuing a combat crew member enveloped in flaming gasoline. In your honor, Corporal True, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the three Camel Radio shows honors a Yank of the Week by sending, FREE, four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the Camel Caravans -- traveling from camp to camp -- have thanked audiences of more than four million yanks with free shows and free Camels. Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore; Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; and next Thursday to Abbott and Costello.

~~ORCH: BUMPER: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"...FADE ON CUE:~~

NILES: Here are Bud Abbott and Lou Costello for a few final words....

ABBOTT: Thanks Ken! *And all we want to say folks is Buy Bonds.*
~~Worry, Costello; Buy plenty of them..~~
~~Costello; Buy plenty of them..~~

~~COSTELLO: Buy Bonds!~~

~~ABBOTT: Thank you!~~

~~COSTELLO: Sure, my girl and my mother.~~

ABBOTT &
COSTELLO: (AD LIB GOODNIGHTS)
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: THEME UP AND CONTINUE UNDER:

NILES: Be sure to tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show. And remember....try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camels mildness, coolness and flavor, click with you!

ORCH: THEME UP AND UNDER ON CUE

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SHIELDS: Somewhere right now a man who's had a hard day is sitting in a soft easy chair, ready to relax as he packs his pipe. He takes a certain famous red package out of his pocket. His nostrils thrill to the rich aroma of fresh tobacco. His fingers notice how firm it packs in his pipe bowl. He lights a match....and ahhh....what a fragrance. What a flavor, too, mellow and full-bodied, but mild, and so tongue-gentle. Someone near him says...."Say, that smells good. What are you smoking." And he says..."What I always smoke.....PRINCE ALBERT." Well, that man is really millions of men all over the map....because more men smoke PRINCE ALBERT than any other tobacco in the whole wide world. And price as well as pleasure is one of the reasons....for there are ^{ground} fifty thrifty pipefuls in one regular two ounce package. Start on P.A.....today!

ORCH: THEME UP AND IMMEDIATELY UNDER:

NILES: The Abbott and Costello show for Camel Cigarettes was directed by Dick Mack and this is Ken Niles wishing you a pleasant goodnight from Hollywood.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: THEME....TO FINISH