

(REVISED)

**AS  
BROADCAST**

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

MASTER-N.Y.  
*Commercial Office 11/28*

NBC Studio "A"  
Thursday, November 9, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

CAST

Artie Auerbach  
Elvia Allman  
Mel Blanc  
Cliff Nazarro  
Connie Haines  
Ken Niles  
Freddie Rich  
Pat McGeehan  
Fred Shields

51459 8841

ORCH: "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! ✓

.28

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the ~~g~~ rhythms of Freddie Rich and his  
Orchestra, the swingy-singing of Connie Haines!

AND (RECITES) THAT BRAVE YOUTH WHO <sup>Boo</sup> ~~BOO~~ THROUGH SNOW  
AND ICE! A BANNER WITH THIS STRANGE DEVICE!

COSTELLO: HEYYYYYYYYYYY ABBBOOOTTTTTTTTT!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

FIRST SPOT

BLANC: (LOUD HORSE WHINNIES OVER STAMPING OF HOOVES)

COSTELLO: WHOA! WHOA PEANUT BUTTER! WHOA! *Peanut Butter.*

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! COSTELLO! WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

COSTELLO: What do you think it is?

ABBOTT: It's a horse isn't it?

COSTELLO: Certainly it's a horse - what does it look like -- A HIT--'IM A POP ON TOP OF THE OMNIBUS?

ABBOTT: Costello---tell me the truth now. Where did you get that horse?

COSTELLO: I bought him for a dollar and a half from a fellow wearing a white suit! This horse is a hero. He won the Distinguished Service Cross! Look, it says right on his blanket. D.S.C.

ABBOTT: DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS? / *c: yeah he won it!* That means the Department of Street Cleaning!

COSTELLO: You mean that fella in the white suit was a Street Cleaner?

ABBOTT: Certainly!

COSTELLO: No wonder when I first spoke to him he gave me the brush!

ABBOTT: Costello, you've gotta cut out this nonsense. Last week you bought a dog, this week you bought a horse. The next thing I know you'll be buying an elephant!

COSTELLO: I did buy an elephant, ~~that's~~ ---but I had to give him back!

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: They wouldn't let me bring him home on the streetcar!

ABBOTT: Costello, take that horse out of here right now and give him back to the man!

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COSTELLO: Awww, Abbott! *I love animals, I want to keep him.* Don't make me give Peanut Butter back! He's the sweetest horse I've ever met! Come here Peanut Butter!

BLANC: (WHINNIES)

COSTELLO: That's a nice girl. *That's a pretty girl.* Give Abbott a great big kiss!

BLANC: (A LOUD SLURPING SMACK)

ABBOTT: UUUUUGH!

COSTELLO: IT SURE COOLS YOU OFF -- DON'T IT!?

ABBOTT: Costello--take that horse out side *right now* and turn him loose!

COSTELLO: But Abbott---I can't do that! Peanut Butter is hungry! I gotta feed him! What does a horse eat, Abbott?

ABBOTT: A horse eats his FODDER!

COSTELLO: HE EATS HIS FODDER???

ABBOTT: Certainly!

COSTELLO: That's fine! And what does the horses fodder eat?

ABBOTT: He eats HIS fodder!

COSTELLO: What do you know! And what does the horse's mudder eat?

ABBOTT: She eats HER fodder!

COSTELLO: WHAT ARE THEY -- ~~THEY~~ CANNIBALS?

ABBOTT: Certainly not! Every horse has to eat his fodder!

COSTELLO: Oh, I see--he eats his fodder, then HIS fodder eats His fodder and then his mudder eats HER fodder! And the next thing you know there won't be NO FODDER'S LEFT FOR

~~COSTELLO:~~ FODDER'S DAY!

ABBOTT: No no, you dummy! To feed a horse, you take a bag and put

*his fodder in it!*

*COSTELLO: -- Does he stand for it?*

*ABBOTT: -- Certainly!*

COSTELLO: You put his fodder in a bag?

ABBOTT: That right. And you hang his fodder on his nose!

COSTELLO: Now ain't that a pretty picture---A HORSE WALKING AROUND WITH HIS FODDER HANGING ON HIS NOSE!

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense, Costello! If you intend to keep that horse around here, you'll have to take care of him *yourself*. You're going to be the horse's groom?

COSTELLO: I'm gonna be the horse's what?

ABBOTT: His groom! You said you loved the horse didn't you?

COSTELLO: Certainly I love him! But I don't have to marry him!

ABBOTT: Look, Costello! When I say groom, I mean you have to curry the horse!

COSTELLO: *I have to what? A:- Curry him, Curry!*  
~~Why should I marry him?~~ He's big enough to walk! I'm gonna take Peanut Butter out to Hollywood Park and enter him in the races!

ABBOTT: The track is pretty muddy - do you think he'll be able to race? What is he -- a mudder?

COSTELLO: A what?

ABBOTT: I said---Is HE a mudder?

COSTELLO: HOW CAN HE BE A MUDDER? Ain't a SHE always a mudder?

ABBOTT: Certainly not! Sometimes a HE makes a better MUDDER than a SHE!

COSTELLO: Well, waddya know! LISTEN, ABBOTT...Suppose a mama horse has little horses. Don't that make her a mudder?

ABBOTT: That depends on her feet!

COSTELLO: *you* ~~do~~ learn something new every day!

ABBOTT: Costello, a Mudder is a horse that likes to run in mud on account of having sore feet!

COSTELLO: Well, in that case, I guess Peanut Butter is a mudder, because I saw him limping on his two front feet!

ABBOTT: Oh, I see. He's having trouble with his FORELEGS!

COSTELLO: Yeah, *certainly because when* -- (TAKE) What'd you say?

ABBOTT: I said: "He's having trouble with his FORELEGS!"

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FIRST SPOT

(REVISED) -4-

COSTELLO: (MAD) I JUST ~~got through telling you he was~~ <sup>got through telling you he was</sup> ~~got through telling you he was~~ LIMPS WITH THE TWO FRONT LEGS!

ABBOTT: Costello --- Your horse's FORELEGS ARE IN FRONT!

COSTELLO: HIS FOUR LEGS ARE IN FRONT???

ABBOTT: YES!

COSTELLO: WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS IN THE BACK? CRUTCHES?

ABBOTT: You don't understand. Your horse has FORELEGS IN FRONT -- AND HIND LEGS IN BACK!

COSTELLO: FOUR LEGS IN FRONT AND HIND LEGS IN BACK!

ABBOTT: That's right!

COSTELLO: WHAT HAVE I GOT - A CENTIPEDE?

ABBOTT: Look, Costello - your horse has only four legs!

COSTELLO: I know - but he only races on three of them!

ABBOTT: What does he do with the other leg?

COSTELLO: HE TRIPS THE OTHER HORSES. *He's a dirty horse! A:- I can imagine that! c:- He cheats!*

ABBOTT: Costello - that broken down horse doesn't belong on a racetrack. Who'd ever bet on a nag like that?

COSTELLO: I would! I'm gonna take all my money out of my piggie bank -- I'm even gonna sell my erector set and my ping-pong paddles - *and my marbles* and I'm gonna bet every cent of the money on my horse! *A:- Big gamblers don't do that!*

ABBOTT: *c:- oh no well the biggest gambler that ever lived did that* That's ridiculous, Costello... Putting all your money on a horse! Big gamblers don't do that!

COSTELLO: Oh no? The biggest gambler that ever lived did it!

ABBOTT: And just who was the biggest gambler that ever lived?

COSTELLO: Lady Godiva!

ABBOTT: Lady Godiva was a gambler?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- she put everything she had on a horse!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE) ✓

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6.05

NILES: The news is pouring in from everywhere...the Siegfried line and the Philippines...Burma jungles and Italian battlefields. And everywhere the war is being fought, Camels are being smoked. Besides, more people on the home front seem to be smoking more now than ever before. All of which I mention to explain why sometimes your dealer has to say, "I'm sorry, sir, no Camels today." So remember this. The rich, full, fresh flavor of Camels and their kind, cool, throat-considerate mildness make Camels worth asking for again the very next time you are buying cigarettes. Keep on asking for...

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

NILES: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos! ✓

6.46

ORCH: INTRO TO "TICO TICO" ... UP & UNDER

NILES: Freddie Rich now in a special treatment of a swell hit --

*samba*

*from Latin Amer.* "Tico Tico".

ORCH: "TICO TICO"

(APPLAUSE) ✓

8.50

51459 8847

SOUND: GALLOPING HORSE

COSTELLO: WHOA! WHOA PEANUT BUTTER!

BLANC: (WHINNIES)

SOUND: HORSE COMES TO STOP WITH A TIME STEP FINISH - "SHAVE AND  
A HAIRCUT, BAY RUM"

ABBOTT: Costello, where did your horse learn that dance step?

COSTELLO: He's a HORSETESS AT THE HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN!

ABBOTT: *How not hostess*  
You mean hostess -- Alright, Costello -- come on! Here we  
are at the Hollywood Racetrack! We've got to see one of  
the officials and register your horse. *He didn't want to vote*

COSTELLO: Why register him now? The election is over! *anything.*

ABBOTT: No, no - you dummy-----In order to enter your horse in a  
race you've got to show his pedigree! For instance ---  
who was your horse foaled by?

COSTELLO: He wasn't FOOLED by anybody! He's a very smart horse! *My horse*

ABBOTT: No-no, *you don't understand* Costello! You've got to tell them all about your *it's no*  
horse...his age, his weight and your horse's height! Do *dummy.*  
you know your horse's height?

COSTELLO: Sure I know him. He's a very good friend of mine!

ABBOTT: Who's a friend of your's?

COSTELLO: HORSE'S HEIGHT -- THE BAND LEADER! *I know him very well*  
*because* I run around with his  
brother -- Gesundheight!

ABBOTT: Oh, cut out the nonsense! Come on, let's see if we can  
find a jockey to ride your horse!

KITZEL: (FADES IN) Hi-Yi-O Rancho Grande, as a Jockey I'm a  
dandy.

ABBOTT: Well, well, it's our old friend, Kitzel!

KITZEL: *(applause)*  
Hello, Mister Abbott - and you too, Mister *Carmello*

~~you're my old friend.~~ I haven't seen you in  
a long distance! I understand you're ~~needing~~ *looking for* a jockey!



ABBOTT: Now just a minute Kitzel, Are you trying to tell us that you know how to ride a horse?

KITZEL: DO I KNOW HOW TO RIDE A HORSE??? I'm laughing -- Ha. Ha. Ha. For your information, I just got <sup>finished</sup> ~~through~~ riding a horse across the whole country -- from New York to Hollywood! I rode for days and days until the seal of my trousers were worn thin -- and here I am!

COSTELLO: You finally came through!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) I FINALLY CAME THROUGHT! Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

~~IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY -- YEAH -- COULD BE!~~

ABBOTT: <sup>(fluff)</sup> Listen, Kitzel, Costello has just bought a horse and he's looking for a good jockey!

KITZEL: Look, no further, <sup>because I'm just the man you're looking at.</sup> ~~no more complaining!~~ I'll have you know I only lost one race this year -- and that was because my horse was scratched in the handicap.

COSTELLO: That's a very tender spot!

<sup>Costello:</sup> ~~Costello:~~ <sup>anybody that gets scratched in the handicap.</sup> No, no. Costello -- the handicap is like a derby.

Kitzel, did you ever ride in a derby?

KITZEL: No, I always wear a stocking-cap!

COSTELLO: Look, Kitzel, you ain't gonna ride my Peanut Butter, I'm gonna get my kid brother, Sebastian to ride him!

KITZEL: You're making a big mistake -- <sup>Because</sup> I'll have you know I won the Dixie Handicap riding on that famous horse -- OCEAN CRACKER!

COSTELLO: OCEAN CRACKER???? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

KITZEL: He's the father of SEA BISCUIT! I can see that you know very little about horses!

COSTELLO: Oh yeah? I hang out with all the famous cowboys. Last night I shot craps with Pink Ryder!

ABBOTT: PINK RYDER??? Costello -- I thought it was RED Ryder?

COSTELLO: It was - but I faded him. (*applause*)

KITZEL: Gentlemen *gentlemen* I can see that you doubt my ability as an Equestrian! I'm going to give you a sample of my fancy riding on my own horse! That's him over there with the wooden saddle!

ABBOTT: You ride a horse with a wooden saddle?

KITZEL: Certainly -- I like a wooden saddle -- watch me jump into it!

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS -A LOUD CLUNK-AND LONG RIP OF CLOTH)

KITZEL: (YELLS) Hi --- OWWWWWWW -- ~~sliver~~ *sliver* AWAY!

SOUND: (HOOF'S GALLOPING OFF)

ABBOTT: Hey, Costello, look -- here comes your little brother Sebastian!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Hello Louie -- *ello* Hi Uncle Bud! Well, I'm all ready to ride Peanut-Butter in the big race. I brought along a special saddle!

ABBOTT: Do you call that a saddle? / *o, yes!* That looks like one of your mother's old girdles!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) It is! If I see the horse is gonna lose -- I can let him out in the stretch!

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ABBOTT: All right, Costello-- you go over and register your horse while I teach Sebastian how to ride!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) You ain't gonna teach me nothin'!

COSTELLO: (LOW) Sebastian, you listen to your Uncle Bud!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I won't!

COSTELLO: (LOW) You will!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I won't!

COSTELLO: (LOW) You will!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I won't!

*Costello:* *I'm going crazy*  
COSTELLO: You will! -----well, that was a photo finish!

ABBOTT: Oh, go on, Costello -- I'll take care of Sebastian! Now, Sebastian we're going to give the horse a workout! All right -- hold still Peanut Butter!

BLANC: (WHINNY AND SNORT)

ABBOTT: Now, Sebastian -- put that harness over his head! That's it! Now give him a bit in the mouth!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Give him a what?

ABBOTT: Give him a bit in the mouth!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Give him a bit in the mouth? What kind of English is that? You mean -- GIVE HIM A BITE IN THE MOUTH!

ABBOTT: Never mind that. Now you've got the bridle on! What happens to the reins?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) THEY GO AWAY WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT!

ABBOTT: No, no -- I mean the reins on the horse!

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Let it rain on the horse -- Whaddya want me to do -- Hold an umbrella over him?

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ABBOTT: Sebastian -- why must you always be a smart aleck. *c: I don't know*  
Your brother is depending on this horse to win the race --  
and what are you doing? You stand here and ridicule this  
poor old horse! A horse that probably has a large family.  
He wants to win this race and go back to his green  
pastures -- *don't you think* and you won't help him! What's the matter  
with you?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Oh I don't know *A: you don't know* / I GUESS I POSSESS A CRUEL STREAK!  
I GOT A WARPED NATURE! I HAVE NO CONSIDERATION FOR DUMB  
ANIMALS. I SHOULD RUN THE RACE AND LET THIS POOR OLD  
HORSE SIT IN THE SADDLE!

ABBOTT: I'll say you should., (ANGRY) But why do you continually  
persist in doing these things?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) *oh,* I'm a baaaaaad boy! ✓

1570

MUSIC: PLAYOFF (SEGUE INTRO "TROLLEY SONG)  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: FADE INTRO FOR:

NILES: While Abbot and Costello are riding their horse out to Hollywood Park lets all take a ride with Connie Haines on a trolley car.

SOUND: STREET CAR BELL

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH) "TROLLEY SONG" - HAINES

(APPLAUSE) ✓

17.40

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NILES: Ah, Connie, that was swell. A delightful demonstration of the loveliness that can come out of the human throat. And you know, you folks listening out there, your throat is just as important to you as Connie's is to her. You, too, surely want to give it proper care and attention -- like the right choice of cigarette, for example. Undoubtedly you have often asked yourself which cigarette is best for you. Well, the answer is in your T-Zone -- that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Try Camel's kind, cool mildness on your throat. See how it feels after a long days's smoking. And try Camel's rich, full, fresh flavor on your taste. See if the last cigarette of the day doesn't taste as good as the first.

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

NILES: Camels! Try their mildness and flavor on your T-Zone tonight. ✓

18.35

MUSIC: "HORSES" BRIDGE INTO: "BOOTS & SADDLES" (TRUMPET)

NILES: GOOD AFTERNOON RACING FANS AND WELCOME TO THE HOLLYWOOD TRACK. THE RACES WILL START IN FIFTEEN MINUTES AND WE HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A WONDERFUL DAY HERE AT THE CLEANERS--- I MEAN AT THE RACETRACK. AND ABOVE ALL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN---BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS--DON'T LET THEM GET YOUR MONEY! SAVE IT FOR US! (SILLY GIGGLE)

COSTELLO: (FADING IN) Hey, Abbottttt! We're in trouble! I just came from the stable and they don't wanna let my horse run! They said he wasn't in condition!

ABBOTT: Who told you that?

COSTELLO: The track vegetarian!

ABBOTT: Not vegetarian, you dope! That's VETINARIAN!

COSTELLO: Veterinarian??? That's what my grandfather is!

ABBOTT: Your ~~grand~~father is a horse doctor?

COSTELLO: *My grandfather* No -- he's a vetrenarian -- a vetrenarian of the Spanish-American war!

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense, Costello. What did the doctor say was wrong with your horse!

COSTELLO: He said he was bugs! He said he had the crickets!

ABBOTT: He didn't say crickets. Your horse has rickets!

COSTELLO: RICKETS?? That's what my father drinks every night!

ABBOTT: Your father drinks rickets?

COSTELLO: Yeh--Sloe-Gin Rickets!

ABBOTT: Costello--SHHHH! QUIET! Here comes the Doctor now!

NAZARRO: Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am Doctor ~~Goodie~~ *Nazarro*, the racetrack veterinarian!

ABBOTT: I'm glad to meet you Doctor! Is it true that Costello's horse can't run this afternoon?

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NAZARRO: Well, I suppose he could run if he had the proper medical treatment. I'll tell you what you do, Costello-----Run over to the drugstore and get a tube of Flaxdangle---then you buy a hypodermic needle and shoot the medicine in the left dolefin, above the kringflin, between the booty and the horseneffer. (That's right below the twan.)

*C: Below the what? N: I tell you you put it right below the twan.*  
COSTELLO: I COULD NEVER DO THAT TO MY HORSE!

NAZARRO: You've got to Costello! Now take your pencil and write this down! "Dear Druggist: Please give Costello one tube of Tranablitz, one bottle of Pataphataphlis, and a jar of Zinblanteen. Now, have you got that written down?"

COSTELLO: I got it all but one part!

NAZARRO: What part did you miss?

COSTELLO: THE PART THAT COMES AFTER "DEAR DRUGGIST":

ABBOTT: (MAD) That's because you're not paying attention, Costello.

NAZARRO: Yes, I simply told you to get (DOUBLE TALK) AND I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

COSTELLO: YOU -- AND NOBODY ELSE!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! HOW DARE YOU INSULT THE DOCTOR? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU!

COSTELLO: YOU CAN'T UNDERSTANT ME??? LISTEN TO HIM!

NAZARRO: This is the most outrageous thing I've heard in all my life! I'm a graduate of the Vetinarian College of (DOUBLE TALK) -- I took medicine for eight years!

COSTELLO: YEH -- BUT YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE SPOON OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!

ABBOTT: Costello, <sup>(fluff)</sup> cut that out or the Doctor won't treat your horse!

NAZARRO: That's right, young man. Do you realize that your horse is suffering from a severe case of Lunibar faggathrautz. Do you know that in his condition he's liable to walk out on that track and fiditz!



COSTELLO: HE WOULDN'T DARE!

ABBOTT: Never mind, Costello, Doctor--go ahead and get the horse ready for the race; *please.*

NAZARRO: Very well---and where shall I send the bill!

COSTELLO: (ASIDE IN SOFT VOICE) Now it's my turn----- (LOUD) BRING YOUR BILL TO Room 509 in the BALDINFONG -- DOBEEBERT'OB BUILDING AT THE CORNER OF FIGGLEDINGLEHOP ~~AND~~ AND SICKLEGRINSMEAR STREET!

NAZARRO: Okay--I'll be there!

COSTELLO: WHERE?

NAZARRO: YOU SAID IT!

*C: What did I say!*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: ABBOTT --WAS THAT GUY REAL OR AM I DREAMING! I KNOW IT SEEMS SILLY--BUT I'M PINCHING MYSELF!

CONNIE: Young man--you're pinching me!

COSTELLO: I'm not so silly after all!

MUSIC: RACETRACK BUGLE CALL

NILES: ATTENTION EVERYBODY! THE HORSES ARE AT THE POST FOR THE FIRST RACE!

ABBOTT: Come on, Costello. Your horse doesn't run till the last race! Let's make a few bets on the other races!

ALLMAN: (AS BARKER) RACING FORMS! GET YOUR RACING FORMS! HOW ABOUT A RACING FORM YOUNG MAN?

COSTELLO: A what?

ALLMAN: I HAVE THE RACING FORM!

COSTELLO: Well, keep your ~~coat~~ *coat buttoned* and nobody will notice it!

ABBOTT: Costello, this woman is a bookie!

COSTELLO: A BOOKIE! QUICK, ABBOTT --LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HER HUSBAND COMES. I'M AFRAID OF HIM!

ABBOTT: You're afraid of her husband?

COSTELLO: Sure. Everybody's afraid of the BOOKIE-MAN!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet Costello --let's make a bet!

ALMAN: Yes---how about placing a bet with me!

COSTELLO: What race are you running in?

ALMAN: Well, I'd have won the last race but my saddle----WHAT DO YOU MEAN? Young man, would you like to buy one of my special dope sheets. In this dope sheet there's one horse that pays 200 to 1 - there's another horse that pays 500 to 1 and my BIG DOPE SHEET SPECIAL ---PAYS ONE THOUSAND TO ONE! And do you know what I think?

COSTELLO: I THINK YOU'D BETTER QUIT EATING THE DOPE OFF THOSE SHEETS!

ABBOTT: Never mind her, Costello ---The first Race is about to start! I'll take your bet!

*C:*  
COSTELLO: *You're going to take my bet.*  
Okay---I'll bet two dollars. Here's the money!

SOUND: LOUD BELL

ABBOTT: They're off! THE RACE IS OVER ----YOU LOSE!

COSTELLO: WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! What kind of a bet was that?? THEY'RE OFF --THE RACE IS OVER --YOU LOSE!  
What kind of a race was that---A ONE STEP?? Come on, run that race over again...I wanna see it!

ABBOTT: Pipe down. Now in the next race...I want you to double up!

COSTELLO: DOUBLE UP? I AIN'T EVEN STRAIGHTENED UP FROM THE LAST ONE!

ABBOTT: I mean I want you to bet \$4.

*C:*  
COSTELLO: *You want me to bet \$4?*  
Four dollars - my eye!

ABBOTT: MY EYE?? THAT'S A GOOD HORSE. IT'S A BET!

SOUND: LOUD BELL

ABBOTT: THEY'RE OFF - THE RACE IS OVER - YOU LOSE!

COSTELLO: *Will you wait a minute*  
~~WILL YOU WAIT A MINUTE?~~

ABBOTT: Stop squawking --accidents will happen. Maybe the horse got dust in his eye. You know what dust is?

COSTELLO: Sure --dust is mud with the juice squeezed out!

ABBOTT: NOW IN THE NEXT RACE----

COSTELLO: THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO NEXT RACE!

ABBOTT: But there's only two horses in the next race--JELLYBEAN AND LOLLYPOP! You bet on each horse and you can't lose!

COSTELLO: Yeh--that's right. Two horses *I'd'm a sucker anyway.*  
~~I~~ I bet on each horse--  
I can't lose. Okay--here twenty dollars on JELLYBEAN AND HERE'S TWENTY ON LOLLYPOP!

ABBOTT: GOOD! The horses are at the post now!

SOUND: BELL

ABBOTT: THEY'RE OFF! LOLLYPOP first - JELLYBEAN - second!

COSTELLO: COME ON JELLYPOP!

ABBOTT: You mean LOLLYPOP!

COSTELLO: I mean JELLYPOP - I'm bettin' on the two of them!

ABBOTT: They're rounding the turn - LOLLYPOP FIRST - JELLYBEAN SECOND!

COSTELLO: COME ON - SOMEBODY!

ABBOTT: They're in the stretch, LOLLYPOP - first - JELLYBEAN second! THEY'RE UNDER THE WIRE --and THE WINNER --

HERSHEY BAR!

COSTELLO: *Hershey Bar,*  
AIN'T THAT THE NUTS!

ABBOTT: Just a minute. In the last race...

COSTELLO: That WAS my last race!

ABBOTT: But wait a minute, Costello -- there's only one horse in the last race!

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COSTELLO: One horse, eh? Abbott, you sound like one of them race track trouts, but I <sup>(fluff)</sup> wouldn't make another bet if there was no horses in the race.

ABBOTT: But, Costello --it's your own horse--PEANUT BUTTER!

COSTELLO: PEANUT BUTTER? <sup>you mean my own little horse?</sup> THAT'S DIFFERENT! I'M GONNA BET

EVERYTHING I GOT ON PEANUT BUTTER! Here, Abbott -- Put ten dollars on the nose!

ABBOTT: Ten dollars on the nose!

COSTELLO: Put ten dollars on the tail!

ABBOTT: Ten dollars on the tail!

COSTELLO: And here's another ten dollars--put it under the saddle!

ABBOTT: What for?

COSTELLO: IN CASE HE COMES IN SIDEWAYS!

ABBOTT: You can't lose. It's a ONE HORSE RACE!

SOUND: BELL

ABBOTT: THEY'RE OFF IN A BUNCH!

COSTELLO: How can one horse be in a bunch?

ABBOTT: At the half-- it's PEANUT BUTTER!

COSTELLO: COME ON, PEANUT BUTTER!

ABBOTT: At the three-quarters - PEANUT BUTTER!

COSTELLO: COME ON PEANUT BUTTER --SPREAD! SPREAD OUT!

ABBOTT: IN THE STRETCH---AND THE WINNER --PEANUT BUTTER!

COSTELLO: HOORAY --I WIN! <sup>my little Peanut Butter wins</sup> GIMME MY MONEY!

BLANC: (OVER SPEAKER) Just a minute, folks. It's a photo finish!

COSTELLO: ~~GO ON, PEANUT BUTTER!~~ <sup>a photo finish</sup> ? HOW CAN IT BE A PHOTO FINISH?

BLANC: (P.A.) LOLLYPOP JUST CAME IN FROM THE LAST RACE.

COSTELLO: He must be one of Bing Crosby's horses. Look Abbott, *look over there.*  
no wonder I lost. (CRIES) Here comes my little brother  
Sebastian riding on Peanut Butter. What's the matter  
with that kid? Look at the way he's riding! He's  
riding underneath the horse!

ABBOTT: Sebastian,..you should've won that race. What was the  
idea of riding underneath the horse instead of on top  
of him.

COSTELLO: (HIGH) It was Doctor Nazarro's orders!

ABBOTT: Doctor Nazarro told you to ride under the horse?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) YEAH! HE SAID THE HORSE WAS SICK AND HE TOLD  
ME TO WATCH HIS STOMICH!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE) ✓

27.18

51459 8861

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

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: "Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Marine Corporal George Y. Mazarakos, of Chicago, Illinois, a tank gunner, for his valiant service in the conquest of Saipan. In your honor, Corporal Mazarakos, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas, four hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes! ✓

27.43

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:~~

28.18

51459 8862

*here's Bud & Lou with a final word!*

NILES: And now ~~here's Bud & Lou with a final word!~~  
~~and Lou Costello.~~

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken. Well, Costello, we had a rough day at the races but we're still together, eh pal? We always stick together, don't we?

COSTELLO: You said it. Remember, in the old days, when I asked you to lend me five dollars. What did you say?

ABBOTT: I said, "No."

COSTELLO: Well, now that you've won all my money on the races and you've got plenty money of your own, will you lend me five dollars?

ABBOTT: No.

COSTELLO: Well, I'm glad to see that prosperity hasn't gone to your head.

ABBOTT: ~~Oh, come on.~~ Good night, folks.

COSTELLO: Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE) ✓

28.32

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 Camel's mildness, coolness, and flavor click with you! ✓

28.46

ORCH: THEME UP AND UNDER ON CUE

ABBOTT: *We've just got time to say Goodnight folks and buy Bonds.*

COSTELLO: *Yes folks Buy Plenty of them. Goodnight.*

SHIELDS:

~~(ISOLATION BOOTH) I heard a Hollywood photographer say that when he really wants to give an actor appeal to woman, one of the first things he does is take his picture with a pipe in his mouth. No doubt about it; women like the looks of a pipe. But the odor? -- well, that's something else again. But you don't need to worry about~~

*Pipe smokers,*  
~~that's~~ pack your pipe with Prince Albert. That swell aged-in-the-wood aroma clicks with folks around you, as well as with yourself. You'll like Prince Albert's flaver too....rich, full-bodied, yet wonderfully mild. You'll like the crimp cut that makes Prince Albert pack firmly, draw smoothly, and burn evenly right down to the bottom of the bowl. Your pocketbook will like the economy of smoking Prince Albert -- just about fifty pipefuls in that regular two-ounce package. More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world. ✓ 29.29

ORCH: THEME UP AND IMMEDIATELY UNDER:

NILES: The Abbott and Costello show for Camel Cigarettes will be back at this very same time next week. Don't miss it! This is Ken Niles in Hollywood wishing you a pleasant goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: THEME...TO FINISH:

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY. ✓

29.40

51459 8864