

# AS BROADCAST

MASTER-NEW YORK  
Commercial OK 2/15/45

## THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

N.B.C. - STUDIO "A"  
Thursday, February 1, 1945

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

### CAST

Artie Auerbach  
Elvia Allman  
Mel Blanc  
Connie Haines  
Murrey Leonard  
Ken Niles  
Freddie Rich  
Lou Marcelle  
Fred Shields

### SOUND EFFECTS:

HOUSE DOOR  
THUD  
SHOTGUN  
FOOTSTEPS  
GAVEL  
VOICES IN COURTROOM B.G.  
CLANKING OF HEAVY CHAINS  
ALARM CLOCK  
SLEDGEHAMMER ON ROCKS  
SLIDE WHISTLE  
PRISON DOOR

### ENGINEER

Filter Mike is needed

51459 9158

MUSIC: "PERFIDIA" ... INTRO -- SEGUE

MUSIC: (BAND SING) 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!

.25

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the great rhythms of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the swingy-singing of Connie Haines! AND -- that popeyed little weather prophet who saw the ground hog this morning and calmly said --

.40

COSTELLO: HEYYYYYY ABBBBBBOOTTTTTT!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

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ABBOTT: COSTELLO---WHERE IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR YOU ALL AFTERNOON?

COSTELLO: I'M A BUSY MAN, ABBOTT. I SPENT THE WHOLE DAY IN MY BACK  
YARD HANGING PRUNES ON MY ORANGE TREE!

ABBOTT: HANGING PRUNES ON YOUR ORANGE TREE? WHO TOLD YOU TO DO  
THAT?

COSTELLO: MY GARDENER! HE SAID THE ORANGE TREE NEEDED PRUNING!

ABBOTT: WHAT A DOPE! YOUR GARDENER MEANT YOU SHOULD GET A LADDER  
AND SAW THE LIMBS!

COSTELLO: I DON'T NEED NO LADDER! I SAW THE LIMBS FROM MY WINDOW!

ABBOTT: WHAT KIND OF LIMBS CAN YOU SAW FROM YOUR WINDOW?

COSTELLO: THE LIMBS OF RUBY POOLCUE--SHE LIVES NEXT DOOR!

ABBOTT: I'M TALKING ABOUT THE LIMBS ON YOUR TREE. DID YOU SAW THE  
LIMBS?

COSTELLO: CERTAINLY I SAW THE LIMBS. THEY WAS HANGING RIGHT IN  
FRONT OF ME! .... *You think I'm cockeyed - or something?*

ABBOTT: NO - NO YOU DUMMY -- DID YOU SAW THEM OFF?

COSTELLO: NO -- I JUST TOLD YOU I SAW THEM ON -

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, YOU DON'T SAW THEM ON. YOU SAW THEM OFF.

COSTELLO: THEY WAS OFF - HOW COULD I SEE THEM?

ABBOTT: BECAUSE YOU HAD TO SEE THEM WHEN YOU SAWED THEM?

COSTELLO: I HAD TO SEE THEM WHEN I SAWED THEM? WHAT KIND OF  
ENGLISH IS THAT?

ABBOTT: COSTELLO - WHEN I SAY SAW, I DON'T MEAN THE KIND OF SAW  
YOU SAW WHEN YOU SEE. I MEAN THE KIND OF SAW YOU SAW  
WHEN YOU SAW.

COSTELLO: OH - YOU DON'T MEAN THE KIND OF SAW YOU SAW WHEN YOU SEE.  
YOU MEAN THE KIND OF SEE YOU SAW WHEN YOU SEE-SAW!

ABBOTT: NOW YOU'VE GOT IT.

COSTELLO: NOW I'VE GOT IT. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING  
ABOUT.

ABBOTT: COSTELLO I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU HOW TO PRUNE A TREE.  
LOOK, COSTELLO, IF YOU WANT YOUR TREE TO GROW GOOD ORANGES  
--IT'S GOT TO BE TRIMMED BEFORE THE SAP RISES!

COSTELLO: ~~PRUNE IT~~ BEFORE THE SAP RISES?

ABBOTT: THAT'S RIGHT!

COSTELLO: WHAT TIME DO YOU GET UP?

ABBOTT: WILL YOU TALK SENSE? WHAT KIND OF ORANGES GROW ON YOUR  
TREES?

COSTELLO: THE REGULAR KIND--ROUND ONES!

ABBOTT: NO-N---ARE THEY VALENCIAS OR NAVAL ORANGES!

COSTELLO: THEY'RE NAVAL ORANGES!

ABBOTT: HOW DO YOU KNOW?

COSTELLO: I SAW A SAILOR PICKING SOME!

ABBOTT: HOW CAN YOU BE SO STUPID! YOU CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN ORANGES BY THE COLOR OF THE JUICE! DID YOU EVER  
SQUEEZE ONE OF YOUR ORANGES!

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COSTELLO: YEAH!

ABBOTT: WHAT CAME OUT?

COSTELLO: MILK!

ABBOTT: MILK? HOW COULD YOUR ORANGES HAVE MILK IN THEM?

COSTELLO: I GOT THE TREE FROM A NURSERY! *What's wrong with that?*

ABBOTT: COSTELLO---COME ON WITH ME! WE'RE GOING OUT IN THE BACK YARD AND LOOK AT YOUR TREE-----HEY--WAIT A MINUTE---LOOK OUT THAT WINDOW! THERE'S A BIG CROW SITTING UP IN YOUR TREE!

COSTELLO: THAT CROW'S GOT A LOT OF NERVE! HAND ME MY SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN, ABBOTT!

ABBOTT: HERE IT IS! HEY--THIS GUN HASN'T GOT ANY HANDLE ON IT!

COSTELLO: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT. I SAWED OFF THE WRONG END!

ABBOTT: WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU'RE POINTING THAT GUN RIGHT AT ME! DO YOU WANT TO SHOOT ME!

COSTELLO: DON'T WORRY, ABBOTT! I GOT MY FINGER OVER THE HOLE! STAND BACK, ABBOTT -- I'LL TEACH THAT CROW TO EAT MY ORANGES. WATCH ME GET 'IM!

SOUND: BIG BLAST OF SHOTGUN

ALLMAN: (OFF MIKE---LETS OUT A TERRIFIC SCREAM)

SOUND: THUD

ABBOTT: WAS THAT A CROW?

COSTELLO: NO. THAT WAS THE OLD BUZZARD THAT LIVES NEXT DOOR!

ABBOTT: COME ON--COSTELLO--LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS & RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

ABBOTT: COSTELLO-----THAT WAS YOUR NEIGHBOR MRS. BEANBAG THAT YOU SHOT AT---AND HERE SHE COMES!

ALLMAN: (FADING IN MAD) AHHH---THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE FAT ASSASSIN! HOW DARE YOU SHOOT AT ME WHEN I WAS UP IN THAT TREE PUTTING ORANGES IN MY BUCKET!

COSTELLO: THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR BUCKET OUTTA MY TREE! I'M TIRED OF PEOPLE STEALING MY ORANGES!

ALLMAN: YOUR ORANGES???? IT SO HAPPENS THAT YOUR ORANGE TREE HANGS OVER INTO MY YARD--AND THE LAW SAYS THAT WHATEVER HANGS OVER MY FENCE BELONGS TO ME!

COSTELLO: OH YEAH???

ALLMAN: YEAH!

COSTELLO: LOOK, MRS. BEANBAG! DID YOU EVER SEE A FAT MAN STANDING AT A BAR?

ALLMAN: YES -- WHAT ABOUT IT?

COSTELLO: DOES THE PART THAT HANGS OVER BELONG TO THE BARTENDER?

ABBOTT: NOW, NOW--COSTELLO---APOLOGIZE TO MRS. BEANBAG FOR KNOCKING HER OUT OF THAT TREE!

COSTELLO: SHE OUGHT TO APOLOGIZE TO ME!

ALLMAN: WHAT DID I DO?

COSTELLO: YOU FELL ON MY HEDGE AND BENT MY VERBENA! *Not only that you stamped on my... what other kind of flower*

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, WILL YOU STOP FIGHTING WITH THE LADY!

ALLMAN: YES, YOUNG MAN---YOU HAVE VERY BAD MANNERS! IN MY DAY, MEN DIDN'T FIGHT WITH WOMEN!

COSTELLO: IN YOUR DAY THE MEN WERE TOO BUSY FIGHTING THE INDIANS!

ALLMAN: OOOOHH! THAT DID IT! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! I'M GOING TO CALL MY HUSBAND! HOMER --- I'VE JUST BEEN INSULTED! COME HERE AND SPEAK TO THIS RUFFIAN!

BLANC: (FADING IN--DOPEY CHARACTER) AH, DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-----

*Costello:* *Make it snappy its only a half hour program.*  
HELLO, RUFFIAN!

*she stamped on my  
verbena*

~~COSTELLO: I REMEMBER THIS GUY! HE WROTE ONE SHOW LAST YEAR!~~

ABBOTT: ~~KEEP OUT OF THIS, COSTELLO!~~ LOOK, MISTER BEANBAG,  
COSTELLO HERE MADE A VERY SERIOUS MISTAKE. HE SHOT AT  
YOUR WIFE!

BLANC: HE---A----AH--AH--AH--HE--AH----HE DAH-DA-DA-DA-DA--  
HE--MADE A WORSE MISTAKE THAN THAT!

ABBOTT: WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN SHOOTING AT YOUR WIFE?

BLANC: HE--HE--MISSED HER!

COSTELLO: YOU MADE A WORSE MISTAKE THAN THAT, BEANBAG!

BLANC: ~~WHA-WHA~~ -WHAT'S THAT?

COSTELLO: YOU MARRIED HER! *Blanc: oh yeah!*

ALLMAN: HOMER BEANBAG---ARE YOU GOING TO STAND THERE WHILE THAT  
MAN INSULTS ME?

BLANC: NO-NO-NO-DAH--DAH--DEAR-*A*--BRING ME A CHAIR! *I'm not gonna stand-*

ALLMAN: I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BOTH OF YOU! MISTER COSTELLO---I'M  
TAKING YOU INTO COURT! I'LL TEACH YOU TO FIRE YOUR  
SHOTGUN AT A DEFENSELESS WOMAN! ALL I WAS DOING WAS  
PICKING A FEW ORANGES!

COSTELLO: A FEW ORANGES! LOOK, MRS. BEANBAG, I'VE BEEN WATCHING  
YOU FOR WEEKS! I DIDN'T MIND WHEN YOU REACHED UP AND  
TOOK A FEW ORANGES FOR BREAKFAST. I DIDN'T EVEN MIND THE  
TIMES WHEN YOU CAME OUT AND FILLED YOUR APRON WITH MY  
ORANGES! BUT TODAY WHEN YOU CLIMBED MY TREE WITH YOUR  
BUCKET AND HUNG FROM A BRANCH BY YOUR NOSE SO YOU COULD  
PICK WITH BOTH HANDS! ~~...~~

*you have not only inspired  
on my citrus  
grove but you  
filched my  
marmalade.*

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*Music: (Play off)  
(applause)*

L

NILES: Thank you, Bud and Lou...for a lot of fun. And now I've got to do a quick switchover into the "no fun" department -- a few words about this current cigarette shortage. No, I'm not going into a lot of long explanation...but I do want to say this on behalf of the makers of Camels...They made more Camels in 1944 than ever before in their history and production schedules for 1945 provide for even more. Still the demand for them cannot be met. But when you do get Camels they're still Camels! Rich, full flavor.... wonderful, cool mildness. The CAMEL brand will not be sold down the river -- CAMELS would not be CAMELS if they were made of green, insufficiently cured tobaccos. So every time you buy cigarettes, ask for Camels. The mildness and flavor of their costlier properly aged tobaccos make them worth asking for again -- and again.

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS) C-A-M-E-L-S

NILES: War or Peace, Camel is still Camel!



MUSIC: INTRO "BEGIN THE BEGUINE"

NILES: Camel Cigarettes now presents Freddie Rich with a wonderful arrangement of "Begin the Beguine".

MUSIC: "BEGIN THE BEGUINE" (ORCH UP TO FINISH) ✓

9.30

(APPLAUSE)

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SOUND: (BUZZING OF VOICES IN COURTROOM)

SOUND: RAPPING OF GAVEL

NILES: ORDER IN THE COURT! THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS IS NOW IN SESSION! THE CASE OF MRS. BESSIE BEANBAG VERSUS LOU COSTELLO! THE PRISONER IS CHARGED WITH PERFORATING MRS. BEANBAG'S BUCKET!

COSTELLO: (PLEADING) LOOK, MRS. BEANBAG, WHY CAN'T WE DROP THIS CASE? I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT AT YOU---HONEST I DIDN'T! I'M A NICE LITTLE FELLOW! WHY I EVEN LEAVE MY CHEWING GUM UNDER THEATRE SEATS FOR OTHER PEOPLE!

ALLMAN: WELL, COSTELLO ---I'M WILLING TO DROP THE WHOLE CASE IF YOU'LL PAY ME FIFTY CENTS TO GET A NEW BUCKET!

COSTELLO: OKAY, *you're a swell woman* ~~MRS. BEANBAG~~. HERE'S YOUR FIFTY CENTS!

ABBOTT: (LOUDLY) OH, NO YOU DON'T COSTELLO! IF YOU GIVE THIS WOMAN THAT MONEY *(bluff)* --IT SHOWS YOUR GUILTY! WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT THIS CASE! I'VE HIRED YOU A LAWYER. ~~HERE~~  
~~HE'S COMING NOW.~~

KITZEL: (FADES IN) HI-YI-O RANCHO GRANDE, AS A LAWYER I'M A DANDY! YA-HOO!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: (OVER APPLAUSE) Look, it's Kitzel!

*I'll get my Uncle Artie Stebbins to defend me.*

COSTELLO: ABBOTT---GET THIS GUY OUTTA HERE. ~~HE~~ AIN'T NO LAWYER!

*Costello the name*

KITZEL: PISH-POSH--MR. CAN'T-SMELL-YOU! I HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF THE GREATEST LEGAL MINDS IN THE WORLD. IN MINE FIRST CASE I DEFENDED DREYFUSS!

COSTELLO: ALFRED DREYFUSS OF DEVIL'S ISLAND?

KITZEL: NO---RECKLESS DREYFUSS FROM CONEY ISLAND!

COSTELLO: DON'T GIVE ME THAT STUFF, KITZEL! YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A LAWYER TO ME!

KITZEL: AND WHY DON'T I LOOK LIKE A LAWYER TO YOU?

COSTELLO: YOU'VE GOT YOUR HANDS IN YOUR OWN POCKETS!

KITZEL: ~~YOU'VE GOT YOUR HANDS IN YOUR OWN POCKETS~~---HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA--- I'VE GOT MY HANDS IN MY OWN POCKETS---HA-HA-HA---WHADDYA KNOW I'M BROKE!

COSTELLO: LOOK, ABBOTT---LET'S PAY MRS. BEANBAG THE FIFTY-CENTS AND GET OUT OF HERE!

KITZEL: OVER MINE DEAD ~~MAN~~, MISTER CASTILE. WE CAN'T LOSE THIS CASE. REMEMBER THAT OLD SAYING---" A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH---"! *habeas corpus*

COSTELLO: GO AHEAD!

KITZEL: THERE'S MORE!

SOUND: POUNDING OF GAVEL

NILES: EVERYBODY RISE! PRESENTING---HIS HONOR JUDGE SAM QUENTIN LEAVENWORTH!

BLANC: ALRIGHT, BAILIFF, BRING IN THE *first* (HIC) --BRING IN THE *first* (HIC) BRING IN THE *first* (HIC) ---BRING IN THE WHOLE CASE!

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KITZEL: ~~THANK YOU~~ YOUR HONOR! I AM REPRESENTING THE DEFENDANT,  
MISTER CASTORIA! IT SEEMS THAT MY CLIENT TOOK A SHOT AT A  
POOR DEFENSELESS WOMAN WHILE SHE WAS PICKING ORANGES OUT  
OF A TREE! HE KNOCKED HER TO THE GROUND--RUINED HER  
BUCKET AND DID HER GREAT BODILY INJURY! THE DEFENSE RESTS!

COSTELLO: WAIT A MINUTE, KITZEL! WHO'S SIDE ARE YOU ON!

ABBOTT: QUIET, COSTELLO---KITZEL KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.

KITZEL: YOU SAID IT. THE JUDGE AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS---I CALL  
HIM MORRIS!

COSTELLO: MORRIS WILL GIVE ME THE CHAIR! ABBOTT--WILL YOU PLEASE  
GIVE MRS. BEANBAG THE FIFTY CENTS?

SOUND: GAVEL

BLANC: MISTER KITZEL, YOU MAY PROCEED WITH YOUR QUESTIONING!

KITZEL: THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR---NOW, MISTER KOSTELANETZ, <sup>l: Now I'm a</sup> DO YOU <sup>musician.</sup>  
PROMISE TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING  
BUT THE TRUTH!

COSTELLO: I DO!

KITZEL: YOUR HONOR---WE PLEAD INSANITY!

COSTELLO: HEY---KITZEL--- WHAT'S THE IDEA!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO--HE'S TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE LAW. HE'S MAKING  
USE OF THE INSANITY CLAUSE!

COSTELLO: BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANITY CLAUS! *That's the way it's*  
*written.*

SOUND: POUNDING OF GAVEL

BLANC: THE COURT FINDS THE DEFENDANT, LOU COSTELLO---GUILTY AS  
CHARGED. HE WILL PAY MRS. BEANBAG FIFTY-CENTS OR SERVE  
THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL!

COSTELLO: ABBOTT--GIVE THE DAME HER FIFTY CENTS!

KITZEL: OH, NO YOU DON'T! WE'LL APPEAL THIS CASE TO A HIGHER COURT!  
DON'T FORGET THE WORDS OF THAT GREAT POET---STONE WALLS  
DO NOT A PRISON MAKE, NOR IRON BARS A CAGE!

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COSTELLO: YEH--AND DON'T FORGET THE WORDS OF THAT OTHER POET! *Max Zisserman*  
THIRTY DAYS HAS SEPTEMBER, APRIL, JUNE AND LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC: SNEAK IN BRIDGE AND COME UP AND THEN FADE UNDER:

SOUND: RAPS OF GAVEL

BLANC: THE SUPREME COURT IS NOW IN SESSION. FIRST CASE---  
MRS. BEANBAG VERSUS COSTELLO! THE PRISONER WILL STEP  
TO THE BAR!

SOUND: CLANKING OF HEAVY CHAINS DRAGGING, AND STOP UNDER:

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, ARE THE CHAINS HEAVY!

COSTELLO: NO---BUT WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING UP THIS FIVE-HUNDRED POUND  
BALL! ABBOTT--WHY DON'T YOU PAY MRS. BEANBAG THE FIFTY  
CENTS!

~~NILES: THE JURY WILL PLEASE RISE AND CALL THEIR NAMES!~~

BLANC: HUNTLEY BEANBAG!

ALLMAN: MYRTLE T. BEANBAG!

FREDDIE: ROSCOE BEANBAG!

CONNIE: HONEY SUCKLE BEANBAG!

BLANC: MORTIMER Q. BEANBAG!

ALLMAN: THEODOSIA KUMQUAT BEANBAG!

NILES: AND THAT GENTLEMEN ON THE END---WHAT'S YOUR NAME!

BLANC: PAT COSTELLO!

NILES: OH--TRYING TO FIX THE JURY, EH!

COSTELLO: THIS IS A FRAMEUP---I DEMAND A FAIR TRIAL!

NILES: DON'T WORRY MY BOY----REMEMBER I'M THE JUDGE---AND YOU'LL  
GET A FAIR TRIAL AS SURE AS MY NAME IS LEFFINWELL P.  
BEANBAG!

~~COSTELLO: RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! WE'RE SURROUNDED!~~

KITZEL: YOUR HONOR, I WOULD LIKE TO ASK MY CLIENT JUST ONE  
QUESTION.

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NILES: REQUEST GRANTED!

KITZEL: THANK YOU. NOW MISTER CANTOLOPE TELL THE JURY---WHERE WERE YOU ON THE AFTERNOON OF FEBRUARY FIRST?

COSTELLO: I WAS HOME?

KITZEL: YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME. I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME. I HAD TWO BOTTLE OF SEPPNING!

COSTELLO: SEPPNING?? WHAT'S SEPPNING?

KITZEL: NOTHING MUCH. WHAT'S SEPPNING WITH YOU? THE DEFENSE RESTS!

COSTELLO: ALCATRAZ---HERE I COME!.

SOUND: TWO RAPS OF GAVEL

NILES: THE COURT HAS CONSIDERED THE NEW EVIDENCE IN THIS CASE. PRISONER COSTELLO, WHEN YOU FIRED YOUR SHOTGUN AT MRS. BEANBAG, SOME OF THE BUCKSHOT LODGED IN THE ORANGES! THE WOMAN'S HUSBAND, HOMER BEANBAG, ATE ONE OF THE ORANGES AND DIED OF LEAD POISONING. THEREFORE, LOU COSTELLO, YOU ARE FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE AND IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT THAT YOU SHALL SPEND THE TERM OF 99 YEARS AT HARD LABOR! COSTELLO - DO YOU HAVE ANY LAST REQUEST TO MAKE BEFORE I SEND YOU AWAY?

COSTELLO: YEH --- DON'T FENCE ME IN! ✓

15.35

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

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MUSIC:       INTRO: "TROLLEY SONG"   FADE FOR:

NILES:        Responding to hundreds of requests from her Camel fans,  
              Connie Haines repeats her treatments of "The Trolley Song".

MUSIC:        "TROLLEY SONG"   (HAINES AND ORCHESTRA) ✓

17.50

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: DREAMY...UNREAL

NILES: (FILTER) (OVER MUSIC) Package of Camels please.

VOICE: (FILTER) (OVER MUSIC) Certainly sir. Or would you like a carton..or a couple of cartons? (CUT MUSIC ABRUPTLY)

SOUND: RINGING OF ALARM CLOCK

VOICE: (NORMAL) Wake up chum.. eight o'clock...heh-heh-heh.  
(STAGE LAUGH)

NILES: (NORMAL) Oh, what a lovely dream....those good old days. But now, well, let's face it -- Camel is a hard brand to get. In spite of the fact that the makers of Camels have been turning out more cigarettes than ever before in their history. But when you do get Camels they're still Camels. ~~Camels are the only brand~~ This ~~brand~~ brand ~~will~~ will not be sold down the river. You can count on that! Only the choicer tobaccos...properly aged....go into Camels. So every time you buy cigarettes, ask for Camels. The mildness and rich, full flavor of their costlier tobaccos make them worth asking for again -- and again.

MUSIC: BAND SINGS C-A-M-E-L-S

NILES: Camels! War or Peace, Camel is still Camel! ✓

18.53

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MUSIC: IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL

SOUND: HEAVY SLEDGE HAMMER ON ROCKS

COSTELLO: ABBOTT--WILL YOU PLEASE GET ME OFF THIS ROCK PILE!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS COMPLAINING? YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL THAT I GOT MYSELF A JOB AS GUARD SO I COULD BE WITH YOU!

ANOTHER JOB. WHAT KIND OF A JOB WOULD YOU LIKE?

COSTELLO: I'D LIKE TO BE A TRAVELLING SALESMAN!

ABBOTT: CHEER UP, COSTELLO---HERE'S SOME BOOKS I BROUGHT YOU! HERE'S A GOOD ONE---"OUTDOOR LIFE"!

COSTELLO: OUTDOOR LIFE! I'M IN HERE FOR 99 YEARS AND THIS GUY WANTS ME TO READ ABOUT OUTDOOR LIFE! LOOK, ABBOTT, THIS BOOK I'M INTERESTED IN---

ABBOTT: WHAT'S THE NAME?

COSTELLO: ~~OUTDOOR LIFE!~~

*Prisoner*

BLANC: (FADING IN) MRS. BEANBAG TO SEE, ~~SEE~~ COSTELLO!

ALLMAN: OH, MISTER COSTELLO--THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE--- MY HUSBAND, HOMER, DIDN'T DIE OF LEAD POISONING AFTER ALL! THE DOCTOR'S REMOVED ALL THE BUCKSHOT!

COSTELLO: THANK HEAVENS. HOMER GOT THE LEAD OUT!

ALLMAN: YES, I'M SO HAPPY. TOMORROW MORNING YOU CAN WALK OUT OF HERE A FREE MAN!

BLANC: GUARD! PUT THE PRISONER IN HIS CELL UNTIL MORNING!

ABBOTT: ALRIGHT, COSTELLO---IN YOU GO!

SOUND: CLANKING OF DOOR AND LOCK

COSTELLO: ABBOTT---I DON'T WANNA SPEND THE NIGHT IN THIS CELL! THE PLACE IS FULL OF RATS!

ABBOTT: DON'T BE AFRAID--I'M HERE!

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COSTELLO: YEAH -- BUT IT'S THE LITTLE RATS I'M AFRAID OF! -- HEY,

ABBOTT -- COME BACK HERE. THERE'S ANOTHER GUY IN MY CELL!

ABBOTT: THAT'S YOUR CELLMATE. HE'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU FOR COMPANY! SEE YOU LA TER, COSTELLO -- SO LONG.

*I don't like the looks of the guy.*

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

COSTELLO: HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT COMPANY ALREADY! ~~HE'S SCURVY~~ ~~HIMSELF!~~ WHAT A RAGGEDY INDIVIDUAL! WHAT ARE YOU IN HERE FOR, PARTNER?

LEANORD: HUH? OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE TALKING TO ME! THANK YOU FOR CALLING ME PARTNER. THOSE ARE THE FIRST KIND WORDS I'VE HEARD IN YEARS! YOU HAVE A VERY KIND FACE, LITTLE MAN -- SORT OF AN OPEN ONE! YOU SEE, I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN A RAGGEDY SCURVY LOOKING OUTCAST LIKE YOU. IF YOU HAVE SOME MEASURE OF INTELLIGENCE, MY STORY MIGHT INTEREST YOU! DID YOU GO TO SCHOOL?

COSTELLO: SURE I WENT TO SCHOOL LAST YEAR!

LEANORD: DID YOU PASS YOUR EXAMINATION?

COSTELLO: NO. BUT I WAS FIRST ON THE LIST OF THOSE THAT FAILED!

LEANORD: VERY WELL, I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY. WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY FATHER GAVE ME THE BENEFIT OF A VERY GOOD EDUCATION! EIGHT YEARS AT PREPARATORY SCHOOL AND COLLEGE! I WORKED HARD AND DILIGENTLY. I SOON BECAME A SUCCESS AND SETTLED DOWN IN A SMALL AND THRIVING COMMUNITY. AND THEN I MET HER! AND WE WERE MARRIED! THE GODS OF FORTUNE SMILED UPON US AND BLESSED US WITH A BABY BOY. A BOY, MIND YOU! AND I HAVEN'T SEEN MY BOY SINCE THAT VERY DAY!

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COSTELLO: *you haven't seen your little boy* DID HE HAVE CURLY HAIR?

LEANORD: YES! *black*

COSTELLO: DID HE HAVE LITTLE BLUE EYES?

LEANORD: YES -- YES!

COSTELLO: DID HE HAVE TWO LITTLE TEETH IN HIS MOUTH!

LEANORD: YES!

COSTELLO: PAPA!

LEANORD: ~~PLEASE! PLEASE!~~ I WORKED HARDER THAN EVER FOR MY LITTLE FAMILY -- AND THEN ONE DAY THE OTHER MAN CAME INTO OUR LIFE! HE WAS A POOR MAN -- BROKEN IN HEALTH AND IN SPIRIT. I WELCOMED HIM INTO MY HOME GLADLY. I SAID: "MAKE MY HOME YOUR HOME" --- AND HE DID!

COSTELLO: OH YOU POOR MAN!

LEANORD: ~~SAD BUT TRUE!~~ ONE DAY I RETURNED FROM WORK TO FIND THAT HOME WAS NO LONGER HOME! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS!

COSTELLO: THIRD BASE? *Leanord: No! c: Shortstop? L: No! c: Second base? L: No!*

LEANORD: NO--NO--MY HOME WAS AN EMPTY SHELL! MY WIFE, THE BABY AND THE STRANGER HAD FLED! THEN STARTED A SEARCH THAT LASTED FOR YEARS. I FOLLOWED THEM AROUND THE WORLD... HONOLULU, CHINA, SINGAPORE, INDIA, THEN ONE DAY, ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER POKO-MOKO, I FOUND HIM! WHEN I SAW HIM STANDING THERE--ALL THE HATRED, ALL THE PENT-UP EMOTION OF YEARS OF SUFFERING WELLED UP WITHIN ME! SO -- WITH MURDER IN MY HEART -- SLOWLY I TURNED --

MUSIC: ("STEP BY STEP" PLAYED IN TIME WITH TREAD OF FEET)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN TIME WITH MUSIC - SLOWLY

LEANORD: STEP BY STEP----STEP BY STEP---I CREPT UPON HIM AND WHEN I SAW THE EVIL SNEER UPON HIS FACE---I STRUCK!

MUSIC: LOUD CHORD OF TERROR

LEANORD: I TOOK HIM BY THE THROAT LIKE THIS! I CHOKED THE BREATH OUT OF HIM LIKE THIS---AND I LET HIS LIMP BODY DROP!

COSTELLO: (YELLS THROUGH ABOVE) HEY ABBOTT--HELP! HELP!

SOUND: ~~BODY THUD~~

COSTELLO: GET ME OUTTA HERE, ABBOTT!

ABBOTT: *Get up off the floor* COSTELLO--WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? ~~DON'T LIE THERE~~

~~THE MAN'S THERE.~~ *Maybe the man wants to talk to you.*

LEANORD: OH, GAD ZOOKS! WHAT HAVE I DONE! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!

COSTELLO: WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME???

LEANORD: OH YES--I REMEMBER YOU NOW! YOU'RE THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE KIND FACE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU--BUT EVERY TIME I HEAR THE WORD POKO-MOKO---I WANT TO KILL!

COSTELLO: THAT'S ALRIGHT, PAL! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! I WOULD OF DONE THE SAME THING IF I'DA SEEN THAT NASTY MAN IN POKO----

LEANORD: (GROWLS)

COSTELLO: I DIDN'T SAY IT! I DIDN'T SAY IT!

*Leanord:* YOU DIDN'T SAY WHAT?

COSTELLO: POKO-MOKO!

LEANORD: P-O-K-O-M-O-K-O! SLOWLY I TURNED -----

COSTELLO: (YELLS) HERE WE GO AGAIN!

MUSIC: "STEP BY STEP"

LEANORD: STEP BY STEP---STEP BY STEP---I CREPT UPON HIM AND WHEN I SAW THE SMIRK UPON HIS COUNTENANCE...I STRUCK!

MUSIC: TERROR CHORD

LEANORD: I TORE AT HIM WITH MY GNARLED FINGERS---I BASHED HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL---THEN I THREW THE VILE CREATURE FROM ME!

*Abbott!* (fluff)  
SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE AND CRASH

*C: Abbott get me out of here!*  
ABBOTT: COSTELLO---WILL YOU PLEASE GET UP *off that floor.*

COSTELLO: WHAT FOR--HE'LL JUST KNOCK ME DOWN AGAIN!

ABBOTT: GET UP! GET UP! HERE COMES THE WARDEN!

BLANC: (FADES IN) MISTER COSTELLO----I HAVE HERE YOUR RELEASE! YOU'VE BEEN COMPLETELY EXONERATED AND YOU MAY LEAVE THE JAIL AT ONCE!

~~COSTELLO: OH, THANKS, WARDEN... YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME! AND BEFORE I GO -- I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU ONE FAVOR! DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE THIS POOR GUY WITH ME! HE'S REALLY A NICE FELLA AND I'D LIKE TO HELP HIM!~~  
BLANC: WHAT MAN ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?  
~~COSTELLO: THIS MAN RIGHT HERE! THE GUY FROM POKOMOKO!~~

51459 9178

ABBOTT: WELL -- COSTELLO -- SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR OLD CELL MATE AND LET'S GET GOING.

COSTELLO: I DON'T THINK I'D BETTER GO NEAR THAT GUY, ABBOTT. HE EATS TOO MANY WHEATIES.

ABBOTT: OH NONSENSE - HE LOOKS LIKE A NICE OLD MAN.

COSTELLO: HE MIGHT OF BEEN A NICE OLD MAN ONCE BUT SOMETHING MUST OF HAPPENED TO HIM AT POKO---

LEANORD: (GROWLS)

COSTELLO: I DIDN'T SAY IT. I SAID POCOHONTAS! HE THOUGHT I WAS GONNA SAY THAT WORD!

ABBOTT: WHAT WORD?

COSTELLO: POKO---

LEANORD: (GROWLS)

~~COSTELLO: HE SAID POCOHONTAS! HE THOUGHT I WAS GONNA SAY THAT WORD!~~

~~ABBOTT: WHAT WORD?~~

COSTELLO: YEH - HE THOUGHT I WAS GONNA SAY POKOMOKO -✓

25.35

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Abbott and Costello will be back for Camel Cigarettes in just a moment.

MUSIC: QUICK FANFARE

MARCELLE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week: Tonight we salute Lieutenant Betty Berry, of Forest Hills, Long Island, just awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement in the China-India-Burma theater. She is one of the first women in this area to be given this coveted decoration. In your honor, Lieutenant Berry, the Makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. ✓

26.15

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. Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are rebroadcast to practically every area in the world where our men are fighting and, in cooperation with the Good Neighbor Policy, also to Central and 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. ✓

26.54

MUSIC: ~~EMERALD~~ DANCING IN THE DARK

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: AND NOW HERE ARE BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO WITH A  
FINAL WORD.

ABBOTT: WELL COSTELLO, YOU HAD A PRETTY ROUGH TIME TONITE.  
HOW ABOUT COMING OUT TO MY HOUSE FOR SOME REFRESHMENTS?

COSTELLO: GEE THANKS, ABBOTT, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

ABBOTT: 2964 POCOMO~~co~~

LEONARD: POCOMO~~la~~- SLOWLY I TURNED ---

COSTELLO: GET ME OUTTA HERE!

ABBOTT: GOOD NIGHT FOLKS!

COSTELLO: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY! ✓  
(APPLAUSE)

27.15

MUSIC: THEME UP AND CONTINUE UNDER.



NILES: Be sure to tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show.... and remember -- CAMELS are worth asking for every time. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness and flavor click with you. ✓

28.06

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER...FADE OUT ON CUE.

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SHIELDS:  
(Isolation  
Booth)

Some men swear by a corncob pipe. Others like the good old brier. Still others are meerschaum fans. But no pipe, however good, can be any better than the tobacco you pack in it. Have you tried Prince Albert? Have you discovered this unique tobacco that gives you that real, rich, full-bodied he-man tobacco flavor -- and yet is tongue-gentle too? As easy on the tongue as a lover's whisper on the ear. Prince Albert gets a special no-bite treatment, and, Mister, does your tongue notice the difference. Prince Albert is crimp cut, too, for firm packing, smooth drawing, even burning. And a great value -- just about fifty pipefuls in one regular two-ounce Prince Albert package. ✓

29.03

MUSIC: SNEAK IN THEME UP FADE FOR

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 good night. ✓

29.25

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO FINISH

NBC ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY ✓

29.40