

AS  
BROADCAST

*Master - N. Y.*  
*Commercials OK 3/14*  
*PC*

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

NBC - STUDIO "A"  
THURSDAY, MARCH 15th, 1945

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

CAST

TURHAN BEY - GUEST

Elvia Allman  
Mel Blanc  
Sidney Fields  
Connie Haines  
Ken Niles  
Freddie Rich  
Pat McGeehan  
Lou Marcelle

SOUND EFFECTS

HOUSE DOOR  
SLAP  
GLASS CRASH  
BODY THUD  
SELTZER BOTTLE  
SLIDE WHISTLE  
SCUFFLING  
CRASH

51459 9288

.12

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 of costlier properly aged tobaccos.  
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 little pudgy fellow who on St. Patrick's day, will  
address The Hibernians with these famous words ----

COSTELLO: HEEEEEEEEEEYVVVVVVVVV, ABBBBBBOOOOTTTTT!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 9289

ABBOTT: IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE COSTELLO..WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE POST OFFICE THIS MORNING?

COSTELLO: I WAS SENDING A LETTER TO WASHINGTON..THIS NEW TWELVE O'CLOCK CURFEW IS SPOILING THE MOVIES!

ABBOTT: HOW COULD THE CURFEW SPOIL THE MOVIES?

COSTELLO: WELL, LAST NIGHT I WENT TO SEE "THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW" AND AT TWELVE O'CLOCK SHE PULLED DOWN THE SHADE!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO YOU'RE A DOPE..I THINK YOU WERE BORN DOPY!

COSTELLO: I WAS NOT!....I HAVE NO RESPECT FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE BORN DOPY! I HAVE WORKED HARD TO GET WHERE I AM...I'M A SELF MADE DOPE! *Come on lady!*

ABBOTT: I NOTICE YOU'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY LATELY. I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE TAKEN AN INTEREST IN BOOKS.

COSTELLO: WHAT BOOKS?..I'M GOING STEADY WITH THE LIBRARIAN..SILVIA SPECTACLES!...WHAT A GIRL ABBOTT, YESTERDAY SHE KISSED ME!

ABBOTT: YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF..MAKING LOVE IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY..WHERE DID SHE KISS YOU?

COSTELLO: BETWEEN THE NOVELS AND THE NATURAL HISTORY!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, <sup>(applause)</sup> ISN'T THE LIBRARY AN AWKWARD PLACE TO HAVE A ROMANCE?

COSTELLO: YOU SAID IT ABBOTT...JUST WHEN SHE WAS GONNA KISS ME FOR THE THIRD TIME, <sup>(REPEAT) I can't find my place.</sup> SHE HAD TO WAIT ON A CUSTOMER.

ABBOTT: WHAT HAPPENED?

COSTELLO: SHE PUT A BOOKMARK IN MY MOUTH SO SHE WOULDN'T LOSE THE PLACE!

ABBOTT: SYLVIA SPECTACELS SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A GIRL, WHAT DOES SHE LOOK LIKE?

COSTELLO: SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE INGRID BERGMAN..EXCEPT THAT HER EYES ARE SMALLER, HER NOSE IS BIGGER, HER MOUTH IS WIDER, HER HEAD IS KINDA POINTED AND....AW YOU'D BETTER FORGET INGRID BERGMAN...DID YOU EVER SEE LASSIE?

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, LASSIE IS A DOG...YOU ARE GETTING DUMBER EVERY WEEK!

COSTELLO: WELL, I'M GETTING OLDER. *Come on lady!*

ABBOTT: YOU MAKE INSULTING REMARKS ABOUT EVERYBODY, YOU'VE INSULTED MISS SPECTICALS TWO WEEKS AGO YOU INSULTED FRANK SINATRA, NOW TONIGHT TURHAN BEY IS COMING HERE AND I DON'T WANT YOU INSULTING HIM!

COSTELLO: YEAH?...WELL SUPPOSE HE INSULTS ME FIRST?

ABBOTT: HOW COULD TURHAN BEY INSULT YOU?..WHAT COULD HE CALL YOU THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN CALLED ALREADY?

COSTELLO: LETS SEE...MMMMM...*give me a chance to think now.* WELL I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING RIGHT NOW...BUT HE MIGHT!

ABBOTT: NEVER MIND THAT!..NOW WHEN MR. BEY GETS HERE...BE PLEASANT...DISCUSS THINGS THAT WILL INTEREST HIM. FOR INSTANCE, TURHAN BEY IS A GREAT HUNTER..HE LIKES BIG GAME!

COSTELLO: ~~WELL~~ BIG GAME?

ABBOTT: ~~THAT'S~~ THAT'S RIGHT.

COSTELLO: O. K. I'LL FADE HIM FOR TWO DOLLARS!...I'LL SHOW HIM HOW TO MAKE A NINE THE HARD WAY, WITH THREE THREES!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO I WAS ONLY TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT MR. BEY HUNTS BIG GAME...WILD ANIMALS!..FOR INSTANCE..WATER BISON, DID YOU EVER SEE A WATER BISON?

COSTELLO: SURE I SAW ONE THIS MORNING IN THE DRUG STORE.

ABBOTT: YOU SAW A WATER BISON IN THE DRUG STORE?

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COSTELLO: YEAH, THEY HAD A SALE..FIFTY CENTS FOR A WASH RAG, A CAKE OF SOAP AND A WATER BISON!

ABBOTT: YOU DUMMY, YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A WATER BASIN! A BISON IS A SPECIE OF BUFFALO!

COSTELLO: I HAD THAT ONCE AND I DIDN'T LIKE IT.

ABBOTT: YOU HAD WHAT?

COSTELLO: A SPECIE OF BUFFALO...MY UNCLE ARTIE STEBBINS SHOT A BUFFALO AND HE GAVE ME A BIG SPECIE...I GROUND IT ALL UP INTO ITTY BITTY SPECIES...I MADE A BUFFALOBERGER!

ABBOTT: FORGET ABOUT THE <sup>Bison</sup>~~BUFFALO~~...DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HUNTING DEER? (REPEAT)

COSTELLO: I SURE DO, HONEY---I FOLLOWED A DEER ONCE FOR THREE HOURS.

ABBOTT: WHAT HAPPENED?

COSTELLO: THE DEER FINALLY TURNED AROUND AND SAID: "DON'T I KNOW YOU FROM PATTERSON?"

ABBOTT: COSTELLO YOU ARE IMPOSSIBLE! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE KIND OF HUNTING TURHAN BEY IS INTERESTED IN...HUNTING IN INDIA AND AFRICA...HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ON A SAFARI?

COSTELLO: HOW CAN YOU ASK ME THAT ABBOTT?....YOU KNOW I COME FROM NEW JERSEY...EVERY TIME I WENT TO NEW YORK I TOOK SAFARI! (HOBOKEN FERRY, <sup>Hodway Ferry</sup> ~~HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET FERRY, ETC.~~) *after that you gotta dig your way.*

ABBOTT: YOU DUMMY, SAFARI IS A HUNTING PARTY THAT HUNTS TIGERS AND LIONS!

COSTELLO: OH, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO...I SHOT A LION ONCE...WHEN I WAS IN AFRICA.....I SAW THE LION, THEN I RAISED MY GUN AND FIRED A SHOT FOR MAMA!

ABBOTT: A SHOT FOR MAMA?

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COSTELLO: SURE, WHEN I LEFT HOME MY MAMA SAID, DON'T FORGET, EVERY DAY YOU MUST DROP ME A LION! *okay I give up!*

ABBOTT: I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EVER SAW A LION!

COSTELLO: I SAW A LION THIS MORNING IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD!

ABBOTT: THERE ARE NO LIONS IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD!

COSTELLO: THIS WAS A DANDYLION!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! I'M TALKING ABOUT FEROCIOUS LIONS! DID YOU EVER STALK A LION?

COSTELLO: WHY SHOULD I STALK TO THE LION? THE LION DIDN'T SAY NOTHING TO ME!

ABBOTT: NO YOU DUMMY! I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU...WHEN YOU'RE STALKING A LION, YOU SNEAK UP QUIETLY SO HE WON'T HEAR YOU! NOW YOU'RE STALKING!

COSTELLO: WHO'S STALKING? I DIDN'T SAY A WORD! YOU'RE DOING ALL DE STALKING!

ABBOTT: NO, NO, COSTELLO, I'M ONLY TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT WHEN YOU'RE STALKING YOU MUST WALK VERY QUIETLY!

COSTELLO: OH! THEN I'LL TAKE OFF MY SHOES AND WALK IN MY STALKING FEET!

ABBOTT: ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE! BECAUSE THE LION IS STALKING TOO, AND IF HE HEARS YOU, HE MAY BREAK INTO A RUN!

COSTELLO: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?...NOW THE LION HAS GOT A RUN IN HIS STALKINGS!!

ABBOTT: THE LION HAS NOT GOT A RUN IN HIS STALKINGS!

COSTELLO: NO?...HE MUST BE WEARING NY-LION STOCKINGS!...I'LL BET THE O.P.A. WOULD LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT THAT!

ABBOTT: LISTEN, YOU IDIOT! YOU STALK THE LION TILL YOU GET HIS SCENT....THEN THE LION GETS YOUR SCENT!

COSTELLO: ~~AIN'T THAT SOMETHING~~, NOW HE'S GOT ME MATCHING PENNIES WITH A LION!

ABBOTT: FORGET ABOUT THE LION...DID YOU EVER HUNT A HIPPOPOTAMUS?

COSTELLO: SURE, AND HE CHASED ME AND TRIED TO EAT ME UP ALIVE!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, A HIPPOPOTAMUS IS A VEGETARIAN..HE DOESN'T EAT MEAT!

COSTELLO: WELL, HE COULD TASTE IT AND SPIT IT OUT AGAIN!

ABBOTT: YOU DUMMY, I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME DISCUSSING HUNTING WITH YOU...I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EVER HUNTED IN YOUR LIFE!

COSTELLO: IS THAT SO! BACK IN PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY, I'M KNOWN AS DOUBLE-BARRELLED LOUIE!...WE GOT A FOREST BACK THERE! THE TREES GROW SO THICK IN THAT FOREST YOU CAN HARDLY PUT YOUR HANDS BETWEEN THEM...AND IN THAT FOREST WE GOT WILD MOOSE WITH HORNS FIFTEEN FEET LONG!

ABBOTT: JUST A MINUTE, COSTELLO! HOW DO THOSE WILD MOOSE WITH HORNS FIFTEEN FEET LONG GET THRU ~~BETWEEN~~ THOSE TREES???

COSTELLO: THAT'S WHAT MAKES 'EM WILD! *It aggravates 'em. It drives 'em nuts.*

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

6.37

NILES:

✓ Maybe you've got a boy in the Rhineland...or Iwo Jima.  
Maybe in his letters he's told you how much a cigarette means to a fighting man when the going's rugged. Think of that next time your dealer has to say to you, "Sorry, no Camels today." Because billions and billions of Camels go to the service...and the service comes first. The makers of Camels made more cigarettes in nineteen forty-four than ever in their history and production schedules provide for more in nineteen forty-five. They are doing everything, but one thing. They will not make Camels with green, insufficiently cured tobaccos. Camels will not be sold down the river. Camels will still be made with ~~just~~ the costlier, properly aged tobaccos blended in the time-honored Camel way.

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

NILES: Camels! War or Peace, Camels are still Camels. Ask for them every time you buy cigarettes! ✓

7.40

Music: (Camel Playoff)



"Abbott & Costello"  
3/15/45

(REVISED)

-8-

ABBOTT: COSTELLO YOU LOOK TERRIBLE TONIGHT! DID YOU TAKE THAT DOSE OF SULPHUR AND MOLLASSES I FIXED FOR YOU YESTERDAY?

COSTELLO: I TOOK IT ABBOTT..BUT I'M SURE YOU PUT IN TOO MUCH SULPHUR!

ABBOTT: HOW DO YOU KNOW I PUT IN TOO MUCH SULPHUR?

COSTELLO: 'CAUSE THIS MORNING WHEN THE BARBER MASSAGED ME MY NOSE LIT UP!

ABBOTT: THAT'S NONSENSE!...OPEN YOUR MOUTH, I WANT TO SEE YOUR TONGUE!

COSTELLO: AAAAHHHH. *(etc. ad lib)*

ABBOTT: AH HA! I THOUGHT SO, YOU'VE GOT A COAT ON YOUR TONGUE!

COSTELLO: LOOK DOWN FURTHER, MAYBE YOU CAN SEE THE PANTS AND VEST!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, YOUR CONDITION IS DUE TO OVER-EATING! NOW WHEN TURHAN BEY GETS HERE TONIGHT I WANT YOU TO TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM!...THERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF A PERFECT PHYSICAL SPECIMINE!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

COSTELLO: → *Maybe that's Frank Sinatra again. A: That was two weeks ago.*  
MAYBE THAT'S HIM NOW...COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FIELDS: GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN. MY NAME IS TURHAN SCHWARTZ!

COSTELLO: TURHAN SCHWARTZ?..THAT'S A VERY FUNNY NAME.

FIELDS: WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT IT...THERE ARE LOTS OF SCHWARTZ'S! OF COURSE, MY FRIENDS CALL ME PROF. MELONHEAD!

COSTELLO: GET A LOAD OF THAT SHINY SKULL...IS THAT YOUR HEAD, OR DID SOMEBODY PUMP UP A LEMON!

FIELDS: THAT'S YOUR FAULT MR. ABBOTT. YOU'RE A BAD INFLUENCE ON THE BOY..PERMIT ME TO DIVULGE MY IDENTITY! I AM PRESIDENT OF THE LOCKHEED BRANCH, LOCAL 777 TOOLSHOP DIVISION OF THE LOU COSTELLO FAN CLUB! AND I'VE BEEN DELEGATED TO REGISTER A VIGOROUS PROTEST AGAINST YOUR DEROGATORY AND INSINUATING TREATMENT OF OUR IDOL...MR. COSTELLO!

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COSTELLO: YOU SEE THAT ABBOTT...I GOT FRIENDS.

FIELDS: MR. ABBOTT, JUST BECAUSE COSTELLO HAPPENS TO BE A POOR, UNSOPHISTICATED, ILLITERATE, ~~IGNORANT~~ JERK, WITH THE I.Q. OF A DELINQUENT MIDGET, AND IS ABSOLUTELY VOID OF ANY SEMBLANCE OF BRAINS, YOU, <sup>pick on him.</sup> ~~THINK YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF~~ ~~NEEDS~~

COSTELLO: THAT'S TELLING HIM, MR. SCHWARTZ. *Lay it into 'em. (etc)*

FIELDS: FURTHERMORE MR. ABBOTT...HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THAT COSTELLOS' REASONING INVESTURE AND HIS FUNCTIONAL CAPABILITIES FOR LOGICAL DELINIATION OF CO-ORDINATED COMPREHENSION ARE NEGLIGIBLE! IS IT COMPENSATORY FOR YOU TO ABUSE THIS MORONIC SOCIAL INCOMPETENT SIMPLY BECAUSE THE POOR SLOB DOESN'T POSSESS THE MENTAL CAPACITY OF AN IMBECILE?

ABBOTT: BUT MR. SCHWARTZ....

COSTELLO: QUIET ABBOTT...LET THE MAN TALK. YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING TO YOU FOR A LONG TIME!

ABBOTT: BUT MR. SCHWARTZ..I CAN'T HELP IT IF COSTELLO'S STUPID.

FIELDS: VERY TRUE. VERY TRUE. BUT! MUST YOU KEEP REMINDING HIM???

COSTELLO: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT ABBOTT. TRY AND GET OUTTA THAT ONE!

FIELDS: ALSO MR. ABBOTT. JUST GLANCE AT COSTELLO'S BLANK, EXPRESSIONLESS COUNTENANCE! NOTICE THAT RECEDING FOREHEAD! THE THICKNESS OF HIS SKULL! THE PECULIAR ANGLE AT WHICH THE EARS LEAVE THE FACE! THE PECULIARITY OF HIS ANTIDILUVIAN PHYSIOGNOMY...THE CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO THE EARLY FORM OF <sup>Costaus; And they are very rare.</sup> GARGANTUAN APE! ~~..~~ NOW! CAN YOU POSSIBLY BLAME COSTELLO FOR BEING A SLOVENLY, UNKEMPT GRUBBY-LOOKING CRUMB!

COSTELLO: YOU GOT HIM THERE SCHWARTZ! HE AIN'T GOTTA LEG TO STAND ON!

ABBOTT: BUT SURELY MR. SCHWARTZ...YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT---

FIELDS: (IN QUICK) COME NOW, MR. ABBOTT. DON'T QUIB'LE. YOU KNOW YOU'VE SEEN MORE INTELLIGENT LOOKING SPECIMENS THAN COSTELLO IN CAGES!

ABBOTT: OH. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT!

COSTELLO: YOU KNOW, ABBOTT. BUT YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER!

FIELDS: THAT ABOUT SUMS IT UP, MR. ABBOTT. I THINK I HAVE CONVEYED TO YOU <sup>How I</sup> ~~THE PROFOUND FEELINGS OF MYSELF~~ AND MR.

COSTELLO'S FANS, <sup>Feel about this ricompomp.</sup> ~~WHOM I REPRESENT.~~

COSTELLO: <sup>And that is scarcer than a garganchua.</sup> ~~NICE GOING SCHWARTZIE OLD BOY. ABBOTT, HE CERTAINLY TOLD YOU OFF!~~

FIELDS: ~~I HAD TO SAY IT, MR. COSTELLO.~~ NOW YOU KNOW HOW YOUR FANS STICK UP FOR YOU!

COSTELLO: THANK YOU PAL.

*you would be a second Turban Bey*

FIELDS: YOU'RE JUST SWELL...WHY, YOU'D BE ANOTHER BEAU BRUMMEL, <sup>IF</sup> IT WASN'T FOR YOUR POSTURE...YOU SEE. <sup>you're not quite enough</sup> YOUR TUMMY POOCHES <sup>Turban</sup>

OUT AND YOUR HIPS DROOP IN!...ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ELIMINATE THAT.. DOWN IN FRONT...UUUP. IN THE BACK...

THAT'S THE IDEA...DOWN IN FRONT.. UUP IN THE BACK...NOW

<sup>you look like Turban Bey</sup> ~~YOU'RE HANDSOME.~~ (AD LIB BUSINESS REPEATED...POSTURE...

DOWN..UP.)

COSTELLO: NOW LET ME DO IT TO YOU!

FIELDS: YOU SEE MR. ABBOTT.. ALL THIS BOY NEEDS IS THE RIGHT ADVICE...IMPROVE HIS POSTURE...DOWN IN FRONT..UUUP IN BACK.

COSTELLO: HERE WE GO AGAIN. *(etc. ad lib)*

FIELDS: GET RID OF THAT BAD POSTURE AND HE WILL NO LONGER LOOK LIKE A BEER BARRELL WITH A FLAT TOP!....DOWN IN FRONT.... UUUP IN BACK!! YOU SEE COSTELLO. I'M ON YOUR SIDE...I'M STICKING UP FOR YOU!

*C: No hat I gotta big boy.*

COSTELLO: YEAH. AND I'VE BEEN THINKING OVER WHAT YOU SAID MR. SCHWARTZ. AND I'D LIKE YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR!

FIELDS: CERTAINLY..WHAT IS IT?

COSTELLO: THE NEXT TIME YOU STICK UP FOR ME..THROW IN A COUPLE OF KNOCKS! *don't brag too much about me. I don't want* I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK I'M PERFECT!

FIELDS: I'LL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE...GOODNIGHT MR. COSTELLO...AND REMEMBER....

COSTELLO: (DOES IT TO FIELDS) I KNOW...DOWN IN FRONT...UUUP IN BACK!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ABBOTT: WELL, COSTELLO, FRIENDS ARE A WONDERFUL THING.

COSTELLO: YEAH, IF I HAD A COUPLE OF MORE FRIENDS LIKE HIM, I WOULDN'T NEED ANY ENEMIES! *(etc - ad lib)*

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, IT'S TURHAN BEY!

(APPLAUSE)

BEY: GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN.

ABBOTT: WELCOME TO OUR SHOW TURHAN... THIS IS MY PARTNER LOU COSTELLO!

BEY: WELL MR. COSTELLO, HOW DO YOU DO.

COSTELLO: (MOCK DIGNITY) LIKewise I'M SURE!..... YOU KNOW MR. BEY I'M OVER AT UNIVERSAL STUDIOS TOO ... MY DRESSING-ROOM IS RIGHT BEHIND YOURS!

*people to think I'm too perfect.*

BEY: (PUZZLED) RIGHT BEHIND MINE? .. IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, THERE'S NOTHING THERE BUT A WASHROOM!

COSTELLO: OH! I WONDERED WHY I HAD SIX SINKS!

ABBOTT: MR. BEY I'VE BEEN TELLING COSTELLO HE SHOULD GET IN SHAPE.. TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT TURHAN, COSTELLO, THERE IS A MAN! HE HAS THE CHARM OF A DOZEN MEN AND THE BODY OF A PRIZE FIGHTER!.

COSTELLO: OH YEAH?..WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?

BEY: I'D SAY YOU HAVE THE CHARM OF A PRIZE FIGHTER AND THE BODY OF A DOZEN MEN!

COSTELLO: JUST A SECOND TURHAN...I AIN'T THAT FAT!

BEY: YOU'RE NOT FAT?..(LAUGHS)..JUST LOOK AT YOU! AND PEOPLE SAY THAT LOS ANGELES IS SPREAD OUT!

COSTELLO: THAT DID IT. STAND BACK, ABBOTT...I'M GOING TO STUFF A TURKEY...I'LL SMEAR HIM WITH CRANBERRY SAUCE.

ABBOTT: QUIET COSTELLO! ... MR. BEY, YOU'RE A SMART SOPHISTICATED MAN OF THE WORLD!...COULD YOU GIVE COSTELLO A FEW TIPS ON HOW TO IMPROVE HIMSELF?

BEY: HMMM, IT WON'T BE EASY...WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MR. COSTELLO?

COSTELLO: WELL FIRST I'D LIKE TO LEARN HOW TO GET THE WOMEN/LIKE *or whatever it is.*

BEY: AND THEN? *(C:) That's your line. (A:) That's Mr. Bey's line.*

COSTELLO: *(C:) Are we lost? (Bey:) I thank you!* THAT'S ALL!....FROM THERE ON I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES!

BEY: VERY WELL...I'LL GIVE YOU A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION IN LOVE MAKING...COSTELLO, SUPPOSE WE PRETEND THAT YOU ARE A PRETTY GIRL.

COSTELLO: THAT'S EASY....I DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND I'M PRETTY....I AM PRETTY! I'LL JUST PRETEND I'M A GIRL! *Well I am!*

ABBOTT: CUT THAT OUT COSTELLO...GO AHEAD MR. BEY.

BEY: COME COSTELLO LET'S SIT ON THE LOVE SEAT...HERE IN THE  
MOONLIGHT! ...THERE ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC?

COSTELLO: YOU'RE MAKING ME BLUSH!...CUT IT OUT...

BEY: NOW I PUT MY ARM AROUND YOUR WAIST...

COSTELLO: TWO TO ONE HE DON'T MAKE IT!

BEY: NOW I PLACE YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER...

COSTELLO: (GURGLES AND COOS)

BEY: I SAY TO YOU DARLING YOU MUST BE MINE! I CANNOT LIVE  
WITHOUT YOU.....THEN I TAKE THIS DIAMOND RING OUT OF  
MY POCKET, I PLACE IT TENDERLY ON YOUR FINGER.....  
NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY?

COSTELLO: TURHAN...DO YOU BELIEVE IN LONG ENGAGEMENTS?

BEY: (LOUD) GET ME OUT OF HERE!

15.50

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

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✓  
 NILES: Thank you, Bud and Lou. You know, you boys have all the fun...make all the jokes. I've got to give out with the unfunny routine...like telling the folks how sorry we are that they can't always get Camels when they want them. Yes, even though more Camels were made in nineteen forty-four than ever in their history, and production schedules provide for more in nineteen forty-five. You see, Camels are a service "first"...billions of Camels! But when you do get Camels, folks, they're still Camels! Still ~~that inimitable blend of costlier tobaccos!~~ rich, full-flavored...mild and cool. Camels will not be sold down the river. And Camels just wouldn't be Camels if they were made of green, insufficiently cured tobaccos. So ask for Camels -- every time you buy cigarettes.

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

NILES: CAMELS!...War or Peace, Camels are still Camels! ✓

16.43

MUSIC: CAMEL PLAYOFF

51459 9302

MUSIC:      INTRO: "DON'T EVER CHANGE"   FADE FOR:

NILES:   ✓ Lovely Connie Haines brings her Camel fans one of the  
          most popular songs of the day -- "Don't Ever Change".

16.47

MUSIC:      "DON'T EVER CHANGE"           (HAINES AND ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

✓

18.50

51459 9303



ABBOTT: WELL COSTELLO, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TURHAN BEY?

COSTELLO: (LOTS OF FEELING) ABBOTT....I THINK HE'S WONDERFUL...  
HE'S SO HANDSOME ..HE HAS SO MUCH REFINERYMENT...  
FINNESSITY...AND SUBTILTY!

ABBOTT: WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?

COSTELLO: I MEAN HE'S SWAAVE!

ABBOTT: I THINK YOU MEAN, TURHAN IS SUAVE!

COSTELLO: SUAVE IS WHAT I PUT ON MY CORNS...CORN SUAVE!

ABBOTT: NO NO! YOU DUMMY THAT'S SALVE!

BEY: (CALLS) OH, MR. COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: THIS GUY IS WORSE THAN ME. HE AIN'T EVEN IN THIS ROUTINE  
AND HE'S LOST. *Hello Mr. Bey!*

BEY: (ON MIKE) MR. COSTELLO, I HAVE MY DIRECTOR HERE AND HE  
HAS BEEN WATCHING YOU...HE SEEMS TO THINK YOU WOULD FIT  
INTO ONE OF MY PICTURES.

BLANC: COME COME GENTLEMEN, WE'RE WASTING TIME!

COSTELLO: WHO IS THIS MUG?

BEY: BOYS THIS IS MY DIRECTOR, CARTOONEY TECHNICOLORVITCH!...  
CARTOONEY, THIS IS ABBOTT AND COSTELLO!

BLANC: THE FAT ONE REMINDS ME OF A FAMOUR RUSSIAN STAR!

COSTELLO: YOU MEAN BORRA MINIVITCH!

BLANC: NO, PORKEY PIGGOVITCH!

COSTELLO: ABBOTT, DIRECTOR OR NO DIRECTOR I'M GONNA SLUG THIS GUY!

ABBOTT: NOW! NOW! COSTELLO BEHAVE YOURSELF! ...MR..

TEK-NE-COLOUR-VITCH..WHAT DID YOU WANT COSTELLO TO DO  
IN MR. BEY'S PICTURE?

BLANC: WE NEED A STRONG HEALTHY CHARACTER TO ASSIST MR. BEY WITH  
HIS PART, YOU SEE THIS PICTURE HAS SOME STRENOUS SCENES,  
MR. BEY BEING A VERY VALUABLE ACTOR, THE STUDIO DOES ALL  
IT CAN TO PROTECT HIS CLASSICAL FACE AND PHYSIQUE...  
SOOO WHEN THE ACTION IN THE PICTURE GETS TOO ROUGH I  
WANT COSTELLO TO STEP IN AND TAKE MR. BEY'S PLACE!

COSTELLO: ABBOTT..I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA LIKE THIS...

ABBOTT: QUIET COSTELLO! YOU MAY NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS  
AGAIN!

COSTELLO: THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF.

BLANC: ALLRIGHT, WE'RE READY FOR THE FIRST SCENE..MR. BEY IS  
PLAYING THE PART OF A SPY...THE SCENE IS A CAFE..SEATED AT  
A TABLE ALONE IS BUD ABBOTT...TURHAN BEY SEES HIM. HE  
APPROACHES MR. ABBOTT IN HOPES OF OBTAINING SOME  
INFORMATION. MR. BEY IS GOING TO INTERROGATE HIM!

COSTELLO: HE WOULDN'T DARE...HE'S A CAD!

51459 9305

ABBOTT: QUIET COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: HE'S LOWER THAN A CAD!..HE'S AN OLD PONTIAC!

BLANC: (YELLING) LET'S HAVE IT QUIET! QUIET! ..(TALKS) WE'RE  
READY TO SHOOT THE SCENE..LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

BEY: (SOFTLY) GOOD EVENING, MR. ABBOTT. I UNDERSTAND YOU  
ARE IN A POSITION TO SLIP ME A LITTLE INSIDE INFORMATION.

ABBOTT: (TOUGH) WHY YOU FRESH PUNK! HOW DARE YOU INSINUATE THAT  
I WOULD DO SUCH A LOW DESPICABLE THING. I'VE GOT A GOOD  
MIND TO SLAP YOUR FACE.

BEY: YOU WOULDN'T DARE SLAP MY FACE. YOU'RE A YELLOW COWARD.

ABBOTT: OH NO? WELL TAKE -----

BLANC: CUT! .... COSTELLO, STAND IN!

ABBOTT: THAT!....

SOUND: LOUD SLAP

COSTELLO: OW, OW, OW!

ABBOTT: DID I HURT YOU, MR. BEY?

BEY: YOU DID JAR ME A LITTLE!

COSTELLO: (YELLING) HE NEVER TOUCHED YOU! I'M THE GUY THAT GOT HIT!

BLANC: ALL RIGHT...QUIET...QUIET...GO ON WITH THE SCENE!

BEY: MR. ABBOTT, YOU HAVE INSULTED ME. YOU SLAPPED MY FACE.  
HOWEVER, I WILL MERELY TURN MY OTHER CHEEK AND DARE YOU TO  
SLAP ME AGAIN!

ABBOTT: ALL RIGHT, BEY, YOU ASKED FOR IT! TAKE ---

BLANC: CUT!....COSTELLO, STAND IN!

ABBOTT: THAT!....

SOUND: LOUD SLAP

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COSTELLO: <sup>you</sup> ~~HE~~ DID IT AGAIN!..ABBOTT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND. *(al lib)*

~~WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO TO ME? QUICK...GET ME A MIRROR!~~

~~ABBOTT: WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID I HURT YOU?~~

~~GOSTELLO: OH, NO! I JUST WANT TO SEE, IF MY HEAD IS STILL ON!~~

BLANC: <sup>*Quiet - shut up, yes sir Mr. Colovitch*</sup> THAT WAS MARVELOUS, MR. BEY...THAT'S ACTING. I'M PROUD

OF YOU! NOW IN THE NEXT SCENE, THE BARTENDER, WHO IS MR. ABBOTT'S FRIEND, DECIDES TO COME TO HIS ASSISTANCE. *action!*

NILES: HEY YOU, BEY!..WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STARTIN' A FIGHT IN MY SALOON?

BEY: YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE ME...YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A YELLOW CUR LIKE YOUR FRIEND BUD ABBOTT.

NILES: OH YEAH!..WELL I'M GONNA TAKE THIS TWO QUART BEER BOTTLE AND PART YOUR HAIR WITH IT!

BEY: YOU'RE NOT SCARING ME! *N: Well I will scare you.*

~~COSTELLO: 1 MAYBE NOT, BUT HE'S FRIGHTENING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME!~~ *A: Now wait a minute!*

NILES: GIMME THAT BOTTLE, ABBOTT...REMEMBER BEY, YOU ASKED FOR IT.

BLANC: CUT!...COSTELLO, STAND IN!

SOUND: LOUD GLASS CRASH AND BODY THUD

COSTELLO: OOOOCH!..OOOOH! ~~ABBBBOTTTTTTTTT!~~ <sup>*oh get another actor*</sup> ABBBBB0000TTTTT!

ABBOTT: ALLRIGHT, COSTELLO, I'M HERE! DID THAT HURT YOUR HEAD?

COSTELLO: OH NO! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE NINE INCHES TALLER!

BLANC: THAT WAS WONDERFUL MR. BEY..SUCH DRAMATIC SUSPENSE..WHAT A SCENE..YOU HAVE SO MUCH COLOUR!

COSTELLO: GET A LOAD OF THIS, I'M ALL BLACK AND BLUE AND HE SAYS BEY'S GOT COLOUR!

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*will you, please all & do in get hit (repress) etc.*

BLANC: (YELLS) QUIET! QUIET!...NOW WE'RE READY FOR THE NEXT SCENE..YOU ESCAPE FROM THE SALOON..YOU START OUT ACROSS THE TRACKLESS DESERT...YOU HAVE BEEN WALKING ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS FOR FIVE DAYS..YOU ARE DYING OF THIRST.. SUDDENLY YOU SEE A NATIVE WATER CARRIER..YOU PLEAD WITH HIM FOR A LITTLE WATER TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!...ALLRIGHT.. LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

BEY: (DRAMATICALLY)...PLEASE, KIND SIR...GIVE ME SOME WATER.. I'M DYING OF THIRST...I MUST HAVE WATER..I'VE GOT TO HAVE WATER,..GIVE ME SOME WATER!

BLANC: CUT! COSTELLO STAND IN!...NOW READ THE LAST LINE "GIVE ME SOME WATER!"

COSTELLO: (WEAKLY) GIVE ME SOME WATER!

BLANC: NO! NO! SAY "GIVE ME SOME WATER" WITH FEELING!

COSTELLO: O. K...GIVE ME SOME WATER WITH FEELING!

SOUND: LOUD SQUIRTING OF SELTZER BOTTLES..POURING WATER AND SPLASH

COSTELLO: (SPUTTERING AND GASPING). <sup>(ad lib)</sup> QUICK ABBOTT! RUN FOR THE HILLS THE DAM IS BUSTED!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, SURELY YOU CAN STAND A LITTLE WATER!

COSTELLO: A LITTLE WATER? ..ABBOTT BEFORE THAT SCENE I HAD A HERSHEY BAR IN MY ~~BACK~~ POCKET!

ABBOTT: YES.

COSTELLO: AND NOW MY SHOES ARE FULL OF COCOA!

BLANC: (YELLING) QUIET! QUIET! <sup>shut up. (ad lib)</sup> NOW WE ARE READY FOR THE NEXT SCENE...<sub>(repeat)</sub> c: *There ain't going to be no next*

COSTELLO: WHO IS READY FOR WHAT SCENE! ABBOTT I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE, BEFORE THIS GUY THINKS UP A WAY TO KILL ME!

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*scene (etc. ad lib)*

ABBOTT: SHHH! PAY ATTENTION TO THE DIRECTOR!

BLANC: THE NEXT SCENE IS THE DEATH SCENE!

COSTELLO: I KNEW IT! LET ME OUTA HERE!

BLANC: COSTELLO YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A COWARD.

COSTELLO: I'M NOT ACTING!

BLANC: IN THIS SCENE MR. BEY IS STRUGGLING FOR HIS LIFE AT THE  
EDGE OF A CLIFF ... THREE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA!

COSTELLO: BEY IS STRUGGLING FOR HIS LIFE! SUPPOSE HE FALLS OFF THAT  
CLIFF I'M LIABLE TO GET KILLED! (*ad lib*)

BLANC: ALL RIGHT MR. BEY YOU MEET BUD ABBOTT AGAIN ... THIS TIME  
ON THE EDGE OF THE TERRIFIC CLIFF ... YOU START A FIGHT...  
YOU ROLL TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF! ... ACTION!

SOUND: SCUFFLING

BLANC: CLOSER TO THE CLIFF-- CLOSER-- CLOSER-- PICK MR. BEY UP  
IN YOUR ARMS AND GET READY TO THROW HIM OVER THE CLIFF.  
CLOSER-- CLOSE ENOUGH -- CUT! ---- COSTELLO,  
STAND IN!

SOUND: LONG SLIDE WHISTLE...TERRIFIC CRASH...REPEAT

ABBOTT: COSTELLO!...COSTELLO...HE'S DOWN THERE SOMEPLACE..  
COSTELLO...COME UP HERE...WHERE ARE YOU?

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