

**AS  
BROADCAST**

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

MASTER

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

7:00 - 7:30 P.M.

NBC

March 9, 1944

GUEST STARS:

Penny Singleton

Arthur Lake

MUSIC: "PERFIDIA" INTRO TO:

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

NILES: The Abbott and Costello Program! Brought to you by  
Camel -- the cigarette that's first in the service!  
Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning,  
because they're packed to go around the world! .25

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra,  
the songs of Connie Haines, ~~tonight's guests~~ *the stars of the Monday nites*

*Penny* Singleton and Arthur Lake ~~as Blondie and Dagwood!~~ *Blondie Program*  
*invites guests of,*  
~~And starring...~~ Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8420

FIRST SPOT

COSTELLO: HEY, ABBOTT-T-T-T-T!

ABBOTT: Oh there you are Costello. - Why are you late this time?  
Where have you been.?

COSTELLO: Oh boy, Abbott - I just got back from the Naval Base at  
San Diego! I got a message of great importance from all  
the sailors to every woman and girl in this audience.

ABBOTT: What is it?

COSTELLO: (LOUD FLIRTING WHISTLE)

ABBOTT: Shut up, Costello! What were you doing down at the  
Naval Base?

COSTELLO: I was helping them launch a submarine, and they gave me  
the most important job on the boat!

ABBOTT: Really? What was it?

COSTELLO: When the sailors got the submarine ready to dive - I ran  
forward and held its nose!

ABBOTT: Then what happened?

COSTELLO: Down we went, Abbott - sixty feet of water. When we got  
down to the bottom, I hopped off and took a walk!

ABBOTT: You took a walk in sixty feet of water??

COSTELLO: Why not, I had my rubbers on!!

ABBOTT: Costello! -- You know, after all we have to give those  
sailors credit. They're wonderful!

COSTELLO: I like sailors, too, Abbott - but I'm really in love with  
a Marine!

ABBOTT: You're in love with a Marine???

COSTELLO: Yeah - Maureen O'Hara!

ABBOTT: Talk sense, Costello! Between you and me love is silly!

COSTELLO: Between you and me love would be ridiculous!. *You don't even appeal to me.*

ABBOTT: Never mind all this - we've got important work to do. The government has started a national waste paper drive, and as Mayor of Sherman Oaks, I mean to collect every scrap of paper in this town!

COSTELLO: I gave all of my paper, Abbott - I even ripped the paper off walls. Then I repapered the walls with the rolls of music from the player piano!

ABBOTT: You covered the walls with the player piano rolls? That's fine!

COSTELLO: Fine nothin'! Now everytime I sneeze the walls play mairzydoats!

~~ABBOTT: Costello, this drive is serious - and our community must make a good showing! Where else can we get paper?~~

~~COSTELLO: I can get a lot of paper from Tommy Manville!~~

~~ABBOTT: Tommy Manville?~~

~~COSTELLO: Yeah, he promised me all his old marriage licenses!~~

ABBOTT: Listen, will you get down to business, please! This campaign is important, and I want you to do your part by going from door to door. Can you do it?

COSTELLO: That used to be my racket! One time I went from door to door sellin' mosquitoes!

ABBOTT: That's idiotic! Who'd buy mosquitoes?

COSTELLO: Nobody.

ABBOTT: Then why did you sell them?

COSTELLO: No competition!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT: Oh, here's Ken Niles....

51459 8422

KEN: Well, hello fellows. How's the waste paper drive coming along, Mayor Abbott?

ABBOTT: Just fine, Ken. Costello has just promised to go all over town collecting scraps of paper from houses, scraps of paper from offices, and scraps of paper from vacant lots!

KEN: Well, you couldn't have picked a better man - he's scrap-happy anyway! Hahaha! See what a sense of humor I have, Costello - one, two, three and I jump all over you!

COSTELLO: Four, five, six and you get right off!

ABBOTT: Now let's not start an argument! Say, Ken, what did your wife say when I appointed her head of the paper drive committee?

KEN: She was very happy, Bud. She says people will think she's the ~~luckiest~~ <sup>most fortunate</sup> girl!

COSTELLO: She'll be ~~lucky~~ <sup>fortunate</sup> if people think she's a girl!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY

ALLMAN: I HEARD THAT REMARK, YOU ~~POT-BELLIED PORCUPINE!~~ <sup>overstuffed law boy -</sup>

COSTELLO: / <sup>I said it for you to hear skinny denny.</sup> Just a minute, Mrs. Niles - I ain't that fat!

ALLMAN: Oh no? You look like two thirds of we the people!....

ABBOTT: Costello, you should treat Mrs. Niles with respect. She has character! - look how high she carries her head!

COSTELLO: She's had her face lifted so many times it's a wonder she can stay on the ground!

ALLMAN: Costello, I never had my face lifted. (COYLY) Of course, I have used face-lift lotion!

COSTELLO: <sup>you have used lift lotion -</sup> ~~Yount~~, I once used that same lotion on a horse!

ABBOTT: Did it lift the horse's face?

51459 8423

COSTELLO: *I don't know, we can't get him off the chondalier.*  
~~I sold that horse to a circus for a giraffe!~~

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR.

ABBOTT: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: (RECITES) Bonds and bombs will beat the Axis,  
So be sure to pay your income taxes;  
Save your old tin cans, your iron and lead,  
And give all your waste paper to Dagwood Bumstead"

ABBOTT: Costello, it's Dagwood! Where's Blondie, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, she's out in the car - I'll call her. (YELLS) BLONDIE!  
(APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE: (FADES) I'm coming, Dagwood, I -- Oh, hello, Mr. Costello,  
Mayor Abbott. Dagwood and I are helping Mrs. Niles with  
the waste paper drive!

COSTELLO: Well, the first thing you oughta throw in is the paper  
that poem was written on!....Hey, Dagwood, did you make  
up that poem yourself, or did some other jerk help you?

DAGWOOD: Oh no, I made it up myself - you had nothin' to do with it!

COSTELLO: Just a minute, Deadwood...!

ABBOTT: Deadwood?

COSTELLO: ~~Er - I mean~~ Driftwood!

DAGWOOD: Hahah, my name's Dagwood! ~~Driftwood is something that's~~  
~~washed up!~~

COSTELLO: *Have you been inspected for termites.*  
~~You'll get no argument outta me!~~

BLONDIE: Oh now, Mr. Costello, don't you and Dagwood have a fight  
when there are so many important things to be done.

51459 8424

*paper*

DAGWOOD: Yeah - and we want every bit of waste/you've got in this house. Some men I know are even giving up their college diplomas. Have you got a college diploma, hah?

COSTELLO: Nah!

DAGWOOD: Oh. Have you got a high school diploma, ~~hah?~~ *hey*

COSTELLO: ~~Nah!~~ *hey!*

DAGWOOD: Then have you got a grammar school diploma??

COSTELLO: No, but you're getting warm!

BLONDIE: Never mind the diplomas, Dagwood. Have you got the waste paper ready, Mayor Abbott!

ABBOTT: Yes, Blondie - it's all collected. Costello, carry that old burlap ~~bag~~ *sack* out to the truck!

COSTELLO: Okay...

ALLMAN: (YELPS) COSTELLO, YOU PUT ME DOWN!

COSTELLO: You always fool me, Mrs. Niles! *I mean the way you fold yourself over*

BLONDIE: Thanks for your help, everybody -- Dagwood, you gather up those loose papers and hurry. We've got lots of stops to make.

ABBOTT: Well, you're doing a wonderful job, Blondie - and you keep up the good work, Dagwood!

BLONDIE: Don't worry, Mayor Abbott - Dagwood'll work his head to the bone for you. C'mon, Dagwood, hurry up!

DAGWOOD: *I* *got to get going* - Hold the door open for me, ~~sombody.~~ *Blondie*

BLONDIE: (QUICKLY) Stand back, Mr. Costello - he moves very fast!

SOUND: RUSHING FOOTSTEPS WITH INCREASING WIND AND PLANE MOTOR, TO

DOOR SLAM AND ALL NOISE CUTS ABRUPTLY!

ABBOTT: Costello, aren't they nice people? ... Costello, why don't you answer me!

51459 8425

COSTELLO: Wait'll I stop spinning!

ABBOTT: Well, come on, Costello - we've got to get down to the studio for our broadcast. Where is our script for tonight?

COSTELLO: I got it right here and -- ABBOTT! THE SCRIPT IS GONE!

ABBOTT: IT WAS RIGHT HERE A MINUTE AGO! Do you suppose they took it with the waste paper???

COSTELLO: Yeah! Hey Abbott, we gotta catch that Dogwood Bedspread! *whatever the guys name is*  
....OUTTA MY WAY, ABBOTT, I MOVE VERY FAST! HERE I COME!

SOUND: SAME EFFECT AS ABOVE, BUT ENDING WITH LOUD DOOR CRASH

COSTELLO: OWWWWW!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) Costello, you're supposed to open the door!

COSTELLO: NOW HE TELLS ME! 7,58

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: West of the Ivory Coast and the Gold Coast is the independent African nation of Liberia, now host to U. S. Army and Navy men. To Americans stationed in Liberia, to U. S. bases and out-posts throughout the world go Camel Cigarettes, by the million, by the ton, for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Whether Camel cigarettes go to West Africa -- or to you -- they stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! Yes, you can be sure Camel cigarettes are fresh, sure too that they have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Freshness and more flavor are two reasons why more people want Camels today, both at home and overseas. If your store is sold out, remember -- Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's standard of costlier tobaccos is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!  
*9/16/ and now back to Abbott and Costello who are still searching for the missing radio script -*

~~MUSIC: "BEGIN THE BEGUINE" ... HOLD UNDER.~~

~~NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra with Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine".~~

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8427

SOUND: CAR PULLING TO STOP CAR DOOR CLOSING:

ABBOTT: Come on Costello, we've got to find our radio script,

COSTELLO: Abbott, are you sure this is Dagwood's <sup>home</sup> ~~house~~?

ABBOTT: Certainly. And are they classy! Look, they've got their names painted in gold on the mailbox.

COSTELLO: That's nothin'. You should see my house. I got the Costello Coat-Of-ARMS painted on the front door.

ABBOTT: What's the Costello Coat of Arms?

COSTELLO: Two sheriffs jumping up and down on a second mortgage!

ABBOTT: Oh, go ahead--knock on the door!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS:

ABBOTT: Oh, it's Blondie's little boy, Alexander. Hello, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: How do you do, gentlemen! Come right in - pull up a chair and sit down.

COSTELLO: Thanks Alexander. We're Abbott and Costello!

ALEXANDER: *Oh, well in that case I'd better open the window*  
~~Oh, then pull up a window and sit down!~~

COSTELLO: Oh, this is a nice kid, Abbott. I must invite him over to the house to play with my old razor blades! *ad lib- it has to come out one way or another-*

ABBOTT: Now stop that Costello. Look Alexander, we're looking for your mother and father. *They've got our radio script -* Do you know where they are?

ALEXANDER: I ain't saying yes, and I ain't sayin' no!

COSTELLO: What are you sayin'?

ALEXANDER: I ain't sayin'.

COSTELLO: ~~Hmmmm~~--he ain't sayin'. How old are you Alexander?

ALEXANDER: ~~Seven,~~  
*nine!*

COSTELLO: ~~You'll never reach eight!~~  
*you're gonna reach ten the hard way -*

51459 8428

ABBOTT: Shut up, Costello! Alexander -- we've simply got to find your mother and father. They've got our radio script and we have to go on the air in fifteen minutes!

ALEXANDER: That's too bad. Don't you remember any of the jokes in your script?

ABBOTT: I remember the first joke. I say to Costello.... "Why is a Mexican Dinner like a weather report?"

COSTELLO: And I say: "Because it's Chili Today and Hot Tamale----  
Ha. Ha. Ha. (then weak laugh) ---- ha-ha-ha-

ALEXANDER: (FLATLY) Are the rest of the jokes in the script like that?

COSTELLO: Yeah---just like that!

ALEXANDER: Well, don't worry. If my father's got that script, he'll certainly bring it back.

ABBOTT: Say Costello - look out the window.....there's Dagwood and Blondie going into that house across the street! C'mon, we've got to get that radio script!

COSTELLO: Yeah -- STEP ASIDE, ALEXANDER, I MOVE PRETTY FAST!!

ABBOTT: Out of the way, Alexander - he's coming through!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, AND LOUD CRASH OF DOOR:

COSTELLO: (DISGUSTED) I don't know how that Dagwood does it - he gets through every time!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, TRAFFIC NOISES IN AND HOLD UNDER LIGHTLY:

ABBOTT: (FADES OFF) Hurry up, Costello, we've got to <sup>get</sup> cross the street while the light is green.

COSTELLO: (CALLS) Abbott, wait for me!

SOUND: POLICE WHISTLE:

BLANC: (IRISH COP) Hey you - fat boy! Get back there on the curb!

COSTELLO: But Officer ---

BLANC: Don't but me! What d'ya think the traffic lights are for?

COSTELLO: The red light is the signal for the pedestrians to cross the street!

BLANC: (SARCASM) Oh, the red light is, is it! Then tell me, what's the green light for??

COSTELLO: That's the signal for the automobiles to cross the pedestrians!

BLANC: Oh, <sup>a</sup> wise guy! Well don't try to cross the street again until y' get the green light and I blow me whistle twice!

*Abbott:* - or I'll give ya a ticket fer jaywalkin'!  
*Costello - hurry up, will ya?*

SOUND: TWO WHISTLES

BLANC: Now go ahead!

BRAYTON: (FADES IN) Ah, so there you are, young man!

COSTELLO: (QUICKLY) Look, lady, don't stop me - I got the green light! You don't even know me!

BRAYTON: (FAST) Oh yes I do, you're Mr. Squawkie from Milwaukee!

~~Turn around so I can see you - Oh no, you're not him, but you look just like him, only he was about seven feet tall and weighed ninety eight pounds! Outside of that you look exactly like him!~~

COSTELLO: ~~LADY, I GOTTA GET MY RADIO SCRIPT ACROSS THE STREET!~~

ABBOTT: (OFF, YELLS) ~~Costello, stop fooling around!~~

BRAYTON: My goodness, I can't get over the resemblance, [Of course, Mr. Squawkie had a mustache and was bald-headed, but honestly you could pass for brothers, and you dress exactly alike, only he was a street car conductor. Could I have the wrong street car conductor??

COSTELLO: Lady, you're off your trolley! Will ya lemme get across the street!

SOUND: ONE WHISTLE

BLANC: HEY YOU! SO YOU'RE CROSSIN' AGAINST THE RED LIGHT AGAIN!.

COSTELLO: AGAIN?? I'D LIKE TO GET OVER ONCE!

ABBOTT: (OFF, YELLS) COSTELLO, WILL YOU HURRY UP OVER HERE!!

SOUND: TWO WHISTLES

BLANC: All right - now go ahead!

FORTE: Pardon me, young man, I'm from the recruiting office. How

would you like to join the Navy??  
COSTELLO: *How would I like to join the navy?*  
I'D LIKE TO JOIN ABBOTT!

FORTE: But the Navy's a great place for you. Think of it, you can cross the ocean!

COSTELLO: Cross the ocean?? I CAN'T EVEN CROSS THE STREET! I'll see you later! (CALLS) *Hey Abbott* I'm comin', ~~Abbott!~~

SOUND: ONE WHISTLE

BLANC: Oh-ho! IT'S YOU AGAIN!

COSTELLO: Oh-ho! It's you again! *sing together*

BLANC: This is the third time you've ~~started to cross~~ *crossed the street* against the red light! Come with me, I'm takin' ya to the police station.

COSTELLO: Where's the police station?

BLANC: Across the street!

COSTELLO: Good! I FINALLY MADE IT!

ABBOTT: (FADES) Listen, Officer, we're Abbott and Costello - our radio script is lost and we only have a few minutes to get on the air!

BLANC: Oh, so you're Abbott and Costello eh? I never miss your program!

COSTELLO: You don't???

BLANC: No, I don't hear it <sup>so</sup> ~~and~~ don't miss it! .. Now git along with ya, and go peddle your corn!

COSTELLO: Abbott, I'm gonna take a sock at --

ABBOTT: Quiet! Look, there's Blondie and Dagwood coming out of that building!

COSTELLO: (CALLS) OHHHH, BLONDIEEEEEEEEE!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) HEYYYYYY, ABBOTTTTTTTTTT! Hahahahaha!

*Costello's Imposter*  
BLONDIE: (FADES IN) What's the trouble, Mayor Abbott! What's wrong!

ABBOTT: Blondie, when you took that waste paper out of our house, you must've taken our radio script, too. We're due on the air any second! Maybe our papers are on that truck!

BLONDIE: No, that load was sent out on the train hours ago! See what you did, Dagwood - now what are Abbott and Costello going to do on the air tonight?

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, maybe I can help them out. My whole family was good at making jokes!

COSTELLO: They certainly did all right with you!

BLONDIE: Just a minute, boys - I've got a great idea! I've got something here in my purse - it's a school play that little Alexander wrote. You can do it on the air - I'm sure Alexander would give you the rights!

COSTELLO: I'd like to give Alexander the rights and a couple of good lefts!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Costello, this might be just what we need!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, yeah - it's a dandy play -- all about Snow White and *the* Seven Dwarfs! And I know just the part I'm gonna play!

b-

*COSTELLO*

DAGWOOD;  
~~COSTELLO~~: So do I -- come on, Dopey! 14.45

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: INTRO FOR "TAKE IT EASY", HOLD UNDER:

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Here's little Connie Haines to sing the novel new rhythmic hit -- "TAKE IT EASY!" 15.00

(APPLAUSE)

17.00

NILES: Fellow, let's have that song about the Buffalo Gals.

ORCH: (VERY FAST) "Buffalo gals, ain'tcha comin' out tonight,  
ain'tcha somin' out tonight, ain'tcha comin' out tonight--"

NILES: Now knock 'em flat!

ORCH: "Buffalo gals, ain'tcha comin' out tonight -- and dance by  
the light of the moon!"

(LAST FEW NOTES VERY FLAT)

NILES: That's flat all right -- and it can be worse in your  
cigarette! Say good-bye to wartime flatness! Get Camels!  
Camel cigarettes are blended of costlier tobaccos --  
blended to give them more flavor -- and it's more flavor  
that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter  
how many you smoke! Prove for yourself that Camel  
cigarettes do have more flavor -- and extra mildness  
in the bargain! Prove it in your T-Zone, your taste, and  
throat. Your taste is your own best yardstick of flavor --  
and your throat will give you the last word on Camel's  
smooth extra mildness! And remember -- Camel Cigarettes  
stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're  
packed to go around the world!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! They're first in the service! They've  
got what it takes!

18.17

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

51459 8434

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ABBOTT: Come on, Costello--let's get in the studio. We're due on the air in a few seconds. Where's Dagwood and Blondie?

BLONDIE: (FADE IN) Here we are, Mister Abbott, and I have <sup>the</sup> a story of Snow White right with me. Now if you'll all gather around I'll assign each one his part. First, I will play the part of the princess, Snow White!

DAGWOOD: Oh, goody-goody, and I will be the handsome Prince, hah?

COSTELLO: Wait a minute, Dogwood! I play the leading parts around here. I'm a real actor. I was born in the theatre!.... and it cost my father twenty-five cents extra.

ABBOTT: You were born in the theatre and it cost your father twenty-five cents extra? <sup>for what?</sup> ~~What for?~~

COSTELLO: The stork dropped me in a loge seat!

ALLMAN: The stork that brought you should have been arrested for smuggling dope!

DAGWOOD: That's a good one, Mrs. Niles, Ha. Ha. Ha,

BLONDIE: <sup>Dagwood</sup> You keep out of this, ~~Dagwood~~. I think Costello is right, Mrs. Niles. This is his program and he should have the leading part!

ALLMAN: What does Costello know about acting? Now take me....I am part of the theatre!

COSTELLO: ~~Yes~~ your lower lip looks like the second balcony!

ABBOTT: Now, Costello--you know that Mrs. Niles was a <sup>dramatic</sup> ~~legitimate~~ actress!

ALLMAN: That's right, Mister Abbott. It's been only five years since I left the New York Stage to poke my nose into Hollywood.

COSTELLO: You didn't have to leave New York for that!

ABBOTT: Costello, <sup>please</sup> will you cut that out and let Blondie assign the parts for the play!

DAGWOOD: Please give me a good part, Blondie. With Abbott and Costello's audience I'll be able to reach thirty ~~thousand~~ <sup>million</sup> people!

COSTELLO: <sup>It's a good thing</sup> ~~You're lucky~~ they can't reach you!

BLONDIE: Don't mind Dagwood, Mister Costello -- he's always wanted an acting career.

DAGWOOD: That's right fellas. (HOKEY) Every time I get near you real actors I get the smell of the grease paint in me nostrils!

COSTELLO: The smell of the what in your who?

DAGWOOD: The smell of the grease paint in me nostrils.

ABBOTT: Dagwood that word is nostrils, not nastrils!

COSTELLO: What's the difference - nostrils - nostrils -- he's got the smell!

BLONDIE: Dagwood just doesn't know what to do about it.

COSTELLO: The smell?

DAGWOOD: No, my career!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why don't you recite one of your poems for Mister Costello, <sup>you know, like you do on our own Monday</sup> He might like to hear it! <sup>nite show</sup>

COSTELLO: Do you wanna bet?

ABBOTT: Costello, give him a chance. Go ahead, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Thank you Mister Abbott. You're a kind man...you remind me of my father!

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, Mister Abbott only has one head!

COSTELLO: <sup>what am I laughing at</sup> Why don't I think of jokes like that!

ABBOTT: Go ahead, Dagwood --- recite your poem!

51459 8436

DAGWOOD: Very well, this is called The Raven --

As I sat rocking, gently rocking,  
Rocking on my chamber floor.  
Came a knocking, gently knocking,  
Knocking at my chamber door.  
Quoth the Raven --- Never more!

There, how did you like that?

COSTELLO: Don't look now, but the raven just laid an egg!

ABBOTT: Costello, let's get on with the play. Ken Niles, will  
<sup>please</sup>  
you set the scene?

NILES: Okay, Bud. (UP) Ladies and Gentlemen, we now present the  
Waste Paper Players, <sup>starring</sup> ~~featuring~~ Abbott & Costello ~~and~~  
~~assisted by~~ Dagwood and Blondie ~~and starring~~ ~~MRS. KENNETH~~  
~~NILES. Ha! Ha! Ha!~~

ALLMAN: ~~Oh, thank you Kenneth, you're my little cabbage.~~

NILES: ~~And you're my little turnip.~~

ALLMAN: ~~And you're my cauliflower!~~

NILES: ~~And you're my little tomato!~~

COSTELLO: ~~WOULD ANYBODY BE INTERESTED IN A 35-CENT VEGETABLE DINNER!~~

ABBOTT: ~~Quiet, Costello. Go on, Ken!~~

NILES: We present tonight, an episode from Snow White and the  
Seven Dwarfs, entitled "THE SEVEN SWARFS SAT ON THE WAGON,"  
or, "THE SURREY WITH THE SHRIMPS ON TOP!" As the scene  
opens, The Princess is calling to her Prince.

BLONDIE: Oh, Prince! Oh, Prince! Here Prince! (WHISTLES) Come  
Prince. Come Prince!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

COSTELLO: Here I am Princess. I have come to save you from your  
cruel stepmother. I have just arrived by Greyhound. (BARKS)

BLONDIE: What's that?

51459 8437

COSTELLO: My dogs are tired!...Ah, my lovely Princess, let me smother you with kisses.

SOUND: LOUD KISSES

BLONDIE: Oh, Prince! (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! What's going on? He's kissing you!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- this is just a play!

DAGWOOD: Yeh -- but he isn't playing!

ABBOTT: Dagwood you're not supposed to talk now. You represent the forest, You play the part of a tree.

DAGWOOD: What part?

COSTELLO: The sap!

ABBOTT: Never mind that Costello, go on with the play.

COSTELLO: *how we can go on with the play*  
Ah, my lovely princess, let me smother you with kisses!

DAGWOOD: But you just did that kissing scene, Mister Costello!

COSTELLO: (EVENLY) Isn't that Deadwood a little too young for you, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, in this play, Mister Costello is my brave, bold knight.

DAGWOOD: But I thought knights were big, tall fellas!

COSTELLO: This is spring and the nights are getting shorter!

ABBOTT: Costello, will you read your next line?

COSTELLO: My fair Princess, what brings these tears to your lovely eyes?

BLONDIE: (WEEPS) My stepmother is so cruel to me. She makes me do all the drudgery--all day long it's wash and scrub and wash and scrub, and at night she makes me sleep in the broom closet!

COSTELLO: What do you hear from the mop?

BLONDIE: Oh woe is me! All I do is work, work, work. I work my fingers to the bone and what have I got to show for it?

COSTELLO: Boney fingers!

~~SOUND:~~ HORSES HOOPS

ABBOTT: Hark! Hark! Princess! The Queen, your wicked stepmother approaches!

BLONDIE: But how did she get across the moat!

COSTELLO: She must have caught the guard with his bridges down!

MUSIC: RACETRACK BUGLE CALL!

ABBOTT: Here comes the Queen now!

COSTELLO: Win, ~~place or show?~~

ALLMAN: (FALSELY) Ah, good morning my little Princess, I have brought you a nice red apple.

DAGWOOD: Blondie - don't eat that apple! It's poison!

BLONDIE: How do you know?

DAGWOOD: I'm reading on the next page! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ABBOTT: Costello, don't let the Princess eat the apple! You must save her.

COSTELLO: Here, Snow White, give me that apple: I'll make the ugly ~~Queen eat it~~ herself. Open your mouth Queen!

ALLMAN: You silly baboon, this is me over here. You're feeding the apple to my horse!

COSTELLO: The teeth fooled me!

BLONDIE: Ah, my brave Prince, you have saved me from the poison apple. How can I ever repay you!

COSTELLO: Come into my arms and let me smother you with kisses!

DAGWOOD: / *Too much kissing going on* BLONDIE -- I don't like this play! / *BLONDIE: I do!* Let's go home, huh?  
I'm getting hungry!

COSTELLO: What a spot for the poison apple! Here Deadwood - open your mouth and I'll toss you the apple!

SOUND: LOUD SINGLE CRUNCH - FOLLOWED BY THREE DISTINCT PELLETS HITTING ON HARD SURFACE.

COSTELLO: Brother, he was really hungry, Only three seeds hit the ground!

ABBOTT: Costello, will you stick to the play!

BLANC: (FADES IN EXCITEDLY) Pardon me, everybody, pardon me - I'm the NBC usher in this studio. HOLD THE DOOR OPEN, COSTELLO, STAND BACK EVERYBODY,, THEY MOVE VERY FAST!.

MUSIC: BAND STOMPS FEET, ENDS WITH SHARP CUT OFF AS:

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS LOUDLY

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) Costello, what was that!

COSTELLO: (MAD) What d'ya think it was - THE AUDIENCE!

ABBOTT: Oh, get out of here! 26.08

MUSIC: PLAYOFF - ~~SCUE TO HANKS PANFARE~~

APPLAUSE

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

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Second Lieutenant Paul M. Koerner of Pontiac, Illinois, who led twenty-two Americans and four of our tanks against a German-held town on the Cassino front. After smashing a German self-propelled gun and a tank, Lieutenant Koerner and his men attacked fortified houses, taking thirty prisoners. Then, sending some men back with the prisoners, the young Lieutenant and ten other men using tanks and bazookas, took the town -- capturing about fifty more German prisoners, including a whole battalion staff! In honor of you and your men, Lieutenant Paul M. Koerner, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes! 27,03

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel <sup>RADIO</sup>/shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels. Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday to "Blondie"; and next Thursday to Abbott and Costello, with their guests *Alon Hale and Sally Eilers* - 27,45

51459 8441

MUSIC: BUMPER...."LIZA".....FADE OUT ON CUE

NILES: And now, here's Abbot and Costello, with a final word...

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken. Well, Blondie and Dagwood - thanks very much for being with us tonight!

COSTELLO: Hey Dagwood, I listen to your program every Monday night - and I'd like to know how you get through those doors without crashing!

BLONDIE: Oh, there's nothing to it, Mr. Costello - Dagwood, take his hand and show him!

DAGWOOD: Okay, here we go --- open the door, Blondie - we're moving fast....GOODBYE!

SOUND: RUSH OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR SLAMS ON 'GOODBYE'

ABBOTT: Gee, they made it...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT: (CALLS) I don't see them --- (CALLS) DAGWOOD, COSTELLO, WHERE ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: (COSTELLO'S MIKE) We're down here!

COSTELLO: WHO LEFT THE COVER OFF THIS MANHOLE!

ABBOTT: ~~Oh~~, good night folks! 28.28

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Be sure and tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show with their special guests, Mr. Alan Hale and Miss Sally Eilers! ...And remember -- get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke -- get Camels, for more flavor!

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MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

*28.46 This is Ken Niles wishing you a very pleasant goodnight from Hollywood - 28.55*

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE