

(FINAL DRAFT)

November 26, 1942  
NBC RED NETWORK  
4:30 and 7:00 P.M.

Herbert Marshall,  
Guest Star

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM  
FOR  
CAMEL CIGARETTES

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MUSIC: PERFDIA INTRO, TO:

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

NILES: CAMELS! - The Cigarette that's first in the service  
presents - THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM!

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND HOLDS UNDER:

NILES: -- With the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the  
songs of Connie Haines and the Camel Five, tonight's guest -  
Herbert Marshall, and starring - BUD ABBOTT AND  
LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH:

(APPLAUSE)

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COSTELLO: HEY ABBOTT...

ABBOTT: Costello, Stop yelling. Where have you been? - I gave you ten dollars to buy a turkey, and hurry right back.

COSTELLO: I did, Abbott. I bought the turkey, and rushed right back here in a taxicab. I wish I'd have brought the cab into the studio with me.

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: I left the turkey in it.

ABBOTT: Costello, you left our bird in the cab. That's awful.

COSTELLO: Yeah - the poor thing won't be able to pay his fare.

ABBOTT: I'm not worrying about the turkey - what about us? Do you realize you spent the last cent we had.

COSTELLO: Haven't we got any money left in our bank account?

ABBOTT: No - I called the bank and it's over-drawn.

COSTELLO: Call another bank -- they can't all be over-drawn.

ABBOTT: Oh, I don't know why I put up with you. This is a fine Thanksgiving Day...no money. No turkey. No place to eat. But what do you care - you're big and fat.

COSTELLO: I ain't big and fat, Abbott -- I only weigh ninety pounds.

ABBOTT: How can you say you only weigh ninety pounds. Why, you're fifty-two inches around the waist.

COSTELLO: Yeah - but I'm hollow.

ABBOTT: Now what are we going to do? ~~Where~~ are we going to have our Thanksgiving dinner? -- wait a minute, I've got an idea -- we'll go to my Uncle Hugo's.

~~COSTELLO: I don't wanna go to your Uncle Hugo's -- that's where we went last Thanksgiving.~~

~~ABBOTT:~~ Well, what was wrong with it?

~~COSTELLO:~~ <sup>No thanks</sup>  
This year I'd like to eat with a knife and fork.

~~ABBOTT:~~ Why do you make fun of my relatives and their manners?

~~After all, there were twelve people at the table, and thirteen pieces of turkey. Everybody was nice enough to offer you the extra piece.~~

~~COSTELLO:~~ Yeh - but when I reached for it, the lights went out. When they came on again I had twelve forks stuck in the of my hand.

~~ABBOTT:~~ Listen, my relatives are still talking about the way you sneered at your portion of turkey, *last year.*

~~COSTELLO:~~ I don't care what they say - I still claim the part they gave me was not the nose.

~~ABBOTT:~~ Well, if we're not going to eat at Uncle Hugo's, where else are we going to eat? We'll have to get somebody to invite us to dinner.

~~COSTELLO:~~ That's a good idea....How 'bout Connie Haines - she goes for me. I'll ask her. (CALLS) Oh Connie...?

~~CONNIE:~~ (QUICKLY) I'm in a hurry, Mister Costello - my boy friend's taking me out to dinner.

~~SOUND:~~ DOOR SLAMS

~~COSTELLO:~~ (PAUSE) Well, Abbott, where else would you like to eat?

~~ABBOTT:~~ Wait a minute - don't give up that easily. There are other people on our show -- what about Freddie Rich, our new orchestra leader?..

~~COSTELLO:~~ Sure, he would be a pushover. (CALLS, SWEETLY) Oh Freddie... Mr. Rich...?

~~RICH:~~ Yes, Lou?

COSTELLO: Freddie, we just can't begin to tell you how happy we are to have you on this program.

RICH: Gee, thanks, fellows. I wish I could do something for you.

COSTELLO: We were thinking of a turkey dinner.

RICH: Great. What time shall I be there?

COSTELLO: (PAUSE) Well Abbott - where else would you like to eat???

ABBOTT: Listen, Costello, this is getting serious. SOMEBODY on this program must have the Thanksgiving spirit.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, OFF

ABBOTT: (ASIDE) Say, here's Ken Niles. Now if you don't insult him like you do every week, maybe we can have dinner at his house.

COSTELLO: Leave it to me, Abbott -- (UP, BRIGHTLY) Hyah, Ken old boy. I sure am glad to see you.

NILES: Why Lou, the pleasure's all mine.

COSTELLO: But I say the pleasure's all mine.

NILES: Oh no - the pleasure's all mine.

COSTELLO: AND I SAID THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE.

ABBOTT: COSTELLO. LET NILES HAVE HIS WAY.

COSTELLO: WHY SHOULD HE HAVE ALL THAT PLEASURE.

ABBOTT: QUIET.

COSTELLO: (MUMBLING) Aw, how can I be nice to a guy I don't like..etc.

ABBOTT: (YELLS) I said keep quiet.

COSTELLO: I'm talkin' to myself.

ABBOTT: Well, don't talk so loud.

COSTELLO: I GOTTA HEAR WHAT I GOTTA SAY.

ABBOTT: (ASIDE) You have to play up to him...Say, Ken, old pal, how is that lovely wife of yours?

COSTELLO: Yes - how is that lovely wife of yours? I was so sorry to hear her cat was stolen?

NILES: You heard her cat was stolen?

COSTELLO: Yeh - somebody told me she had her puss lifted.

NILES: There you go picking on my wife again. I'll admit she has a few lines in her face.

COSTELLO: Lines?? Rommel should have 'em for trenches.

ABBOTT: Incidentally Ken, we sort of thought - well - that you might invite us to your house for dinner tonight.

NILES: Oh, - well, I don't know what my wife's plans are. She's stopping by to pick me up and --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

NILES: That's probably her now. (CALLS) Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

NILES: Ah, there you are, my little punkin.

ALLMAN: Hello, my little plum.

NILES: I missed you, my little pomegranate.

ALLMAN: And I missed you, my little apple.

COSTELLO: WHY DON'T YOU TWO OPEN UP A FRUIT STAND.

ABBOTT: (ASIDE) Costello! The dinner! Turn on the charm..My gracious, Mrs. Niles, don't you look lovely and beautiful tonight,

COSTELLO: Yeh, Mrs. Niles - I've never seen you looking so young.

ABBOTT: That's right - you don't look a day over forty-two.

ALLMAN: Well, I'll settle for that. HAHAAHA.

COSTELLO: Settle for it? SHE SNAPPED AT IT.

ALLMAN: WHAT DID YOU SAY?

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) He said you look very snappy, didn't you Costello?

COSTELLO: That's right. Honest, Mrs. Niles, if you weren't married to Ken, I would throw my little self right at your feet!

ALLMAN: Your little self?

COSTELLO: I'd look little alongside those feet!

ALLMAN: Kenneth! Did you hear what that worm said to me!

NILES: Oh, he didn't mean it, honeybunch. Why, just a few minutes ago they were talking about coming over to our house for dinner.

ALLMAN: Oh, so that's it! Well, he'll never eat any turkey in my house!

COSTELLO: Okay, you Pegasus!

ALLMAN: Pegasus was an immortal steed!

COSTELLO: Well, you're an eternal nag!

ALLMAN: Humph! Come, Kenneth - GOODBYE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: Well, Abbott - where else would you like to eat?

ABBOTT: Well, now you did it again! There's only one person left - our sound man.

COSTELLO: Oh, yeah - Botsford Twink! I'll take care of him...(CALLS, SWEETLY) Oh, Botsford...Botsford Twink? How would you like to do a lot of sound effects on the program tonight?

BLANC: Oh, I'd love to, Mr. Costello. I'd like to give you my sound effects impression of the sailing of the Pilgrims! You know, I'm just mad about the sea...I study the sea - the sea talks to me -- I talk to the sea!

COSTELLO: Do you know any Waves?

BLANC: No, but I know a couple of WAACS!...Well, the Pilgrims sailed from England in a ship called a galleon! It was the only galleon they had!

COSTELLO: Boy, are we lucky!

ABBOTT: What do you mean?

COSTELLO: They only had one galleon, and we're gettin' four!

ABBOTT: Costello! Let Botsford tell his story.

BLANC: Well, here we are in 1620. Early one morning, the Mayflower pulled out of its slip.

SOUND: LOUD RIPPING

COSTELLO: Tight slip! Well, that's that, Botsford, you've had your sound effect-- now, how about taking us home for a turkey dinner?

BLANC: Why, I'd love to. All I have to do is call my wife... just a minute--

SOUND: PHONE UP AND DIALING UNDER:

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COSTELLO: Oh boy, Abbott - we finally made it!

BLANC: Hello dear - I have a great surprise for you....I'm bringing my bosses, Mr Abbott and Mr. Costello, home for dinner tonight....What?....Yes, dear. GOODBYE.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

BLANC: Well, boys - where else would you like to eat?????

COSTELLO: (YELLS) GET 'IM OUTTA HERE!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

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NILES: Oh, Lou Costello?

COSTELLO: Yeah, Niles!

NILES: You know that every day now there are hundreds and hundreds of parachute jumps? That every few minutes a man is making a parachute jump.

COSTELLO: Doesn't he ever get tired?

NILES: Lou, it's not the same man!

COSTELLO: I know. I made a parachute jump once, and I'm not the same man yet!

NILES: No kidding?

COSTELLO: I jumped out and counted to five?

NILES: Yes!

COSTELLO: I counted to ten!

NILES: Yes!

COSTELLO: It wouldn't open up!

NILES: What did you do - sue for damages?

COSTELLO: No! I had plenty of damages! I sued for repairs!

NILES: With an expert parachute rigger like Adeline Gray, a thing like that wouldn't happen.

COSTELLO: It wouldn't, huh?

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NILES: No, Miss Gray is willing to trust her life to her skill. After rigging up a new nylon 'chute, she wanted to make the first jump with it - her own "live" test - and she did! When it comes to cigarettes, Adeline Gray likes to make her own tests, too. She trusts only the judgment of her own taste and her own throat. She's said, QUOTE --

GRAY VOICE: I always smoke Camels! Have for years! The flavor is just the way I like it, round, rich, and full. No matter how often I smoke, they never tire my taste or get my throat.

NILES: UNQUOTE. Yes, and Camels are the favorite, too, with men in all the services, according to actual sales records in the stores where they buy their cigarettes. Try Camels for steady pleasure yourself! No matter how many you smoke, you'll find that Camels hold up, wear well, don't get to tasting flat - because Camels have more flavor, extra flavor. You'll like the way Camels are mild, too, with the smooth extra mildness that comes from slow burning and cool smoking. That's because Camels are expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos. Remember, you're the one who's doing your smoking! Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that fellow  
in the service!

MUSIC: INTRO. FOR "ROLLEO", HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Here's Freddie, the Orchestra, and the Camel Five with  
the new novelty tune -"ROLLEO ROLLING ALONG."

MUSIC &  
CHORUS: "ROLLEO ROLLING ALONG"

(APPLAUSE)

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SOUND: TRUDGING FOOTSTEPS, FADE OUT UNDER:

COSTELLO: Hey, look Abbott -- we've been walking for miles and miles out in the country here - and this gun is gettin' heavy.

ABBOTT: Quiet! We're going to shoot our Thanksgiving dinner the way the pilgrims did. We've got to get ourselves a wild turkey!

COSTELLO: Let's get a tame one and irritate it!

ABBOTT: Costello! Stop pointing that gun at me - it might go off!

COSTELLO: That's okay - I got more bullets!

ABBOTT: WILL YOU PUT THAT GUN DOWN BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS!

COSTELLO: Stop worrying - the bullet can't come out -- I got my finger over the hole!

ABBOTT: Well, be on the lookout -- there are all sorts of wild-life out here. If we see anything that looks good to eat, you shoot it!

COSTELLO: Maybe I can shoot a pheasant!

ABBOTT: Oh, pheasants are out of season!

COSTELLO: I'll shoot it and season it myself!

ABBOTT: Wait a second! - there's something moving in that pasture over there. Get your gun ready -- I'm hungry enough to eat a horse!

SOUND: GUNSHOT

ABBOTT: No! No! Costello!

COSTELLO: But you said you were hungry for a horse!

ABBOTT: But that's just an old expression!

COSTELLO: Well this was an old horse! It's a good thing I missed him.

ABBOTT: Costello! Isn't that a duck over there?

COSTELLO: Yeah - I'll get 'im!

SOUND: GUNSHOT

ABBOTT: Well?

COSTELLO: Could you go for some gopher?

~~ABBOTT: I told you to shoot that duck! GIVE ME THAT GUN!~~

~~COSTELLO: No, no -- I'll get 'im for you....~~

~~SOUND: GUNSHOT~~

~~COSTELLO: (PAUSE) The goat is very nice today!~~

~~ABBOTT: Will you quit talking nonsense -- you didn't hit anything!~~

~~What I wouldn't give for some turkey!~~

SOUND: TURKEYS GOBBLING OFF

ABBOTT: Say! Look across the road in that farmyard. There must be five hundred turkeys in the coop. Quick, climb over the fence and grab a turkey - pick out a Tom.

COSTELLO: How d'ya like that! - out of five hundred turkeys, I gotta pick out one named Tom!!

SOUND: TURKEYS GOBBLING, ON MIKE, CUT FOR:

ABBOTT: Go ahead, Costello - grab that big one.

BLANC: HITLER GOBBLE

COSTELLO: He sounds like Hitler!

ABBOTT: Come on, you got him on the run!

COSTELLO: This time next year we'll have 'im stuffed!

ABBOTT: LOOKOUT, COSTELLO! Be careful he doesn't bite you.

COSTELLO: Oh, that happened to me before.

ABBOTT: You mean you've been bitten by a turkey in a coop!

COSTELLO: No - but I've been slapped by a chicken in a sedan!

SOUND: GOBBLING

ABBOTT: Can't you get that turkey with less noise?

MARSHALL: (OFF, CALLS) Say there! Who's in that coop?

COSTELLO: (CALLS) If you think we're gonna say 'nobody but us turkeys, you're crazy!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Costello! -- look who it is.. HERBERT MARSHALL!

(APPLAUSE)

MARSHALL: Alright now, you two - would you mind telling me what you're doing prowling around my turkey coop?

ABBOTT: Now wait a minute - we're not prowlers!

COSTELLO: No. We're Abbott and Costello. You've probably heard our radio program!

MARSHALL: I never miss it!

COSTELLO: You don't?

MARSHALL: No. I don't hear it and I don't miss it!

COSTELLO: Well, it's been nice seeing you, Mister Marshall -

MARSHALL: Not so fast, Costello -One of my best turkeys is missing. What's that under your shirt?

COSTELLO: My chest!

MARSHALL: Your chest? It's the first chest I've seen with feathers on it!

COSTELLO: Can I help it if I'm pigeon breasted!

ABBOTT: Costello - go ahead and prove to Mister Marshall that you haven't got a turkey under your coat! Raise your right hand and swear.

COSTELLO: I'll raise my left hand!

MARSHALL: Why won't you raise your right hand?

COSTELLO: If I do I'll drop the turkey!

MARSHALL: Just as I thought - you did steal my turkey!

ABBOTT: Costello -- you might as well confess. Tell him why you stole it!

~~COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott. It all happened like this Herbert!...~~

~~MARSHALL: By the way, I wish you wouldn't call me Herbert. My friends call me Bart!~~

~~ABBOTT: Bart?~~

MARSHALL: Yes - that's a contraction of Herbert - and the "e" is pronounced like an "ah".

COSTELLO: ~~The "e" is pronounced like an "ah"?~~ Just call me  
~~Cost-AH-lo!~~

ABBOTT: Go ahead, Costello - tell him about the turkey!

COSTELLO: Oh, yeh - well, you see, Bart - nobody would invite us to Thanksgiving Dinner, so I was gonna take one of your turkeys and cook it.

MARSHALL: I suppose the devil prompted you to steal the turkey?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- but cookin' it was my own idea!

ABBOTT: Honestly, Bart - Costello was going to pay you for the turkey, later. Isn't that right, Costello?

COSTELLO: Sure - when my Uncle dies I'll be financially independent.

MARSHALL: What's he leaving you in his will?

COSTELLO: A pound of butter, a can of coffee and a B-Card!

ABBOTT: And another thing, Bart - we didn't know this was your place.

MARSHALL: Oh, I'm only here for the day. You see besides this farmhouse I have a colonial house in Beverly Hills, a beach house at Malibu - a Ranch house in the Valley --

COSTELLO: Where do you stay?

MARSHALL: <sup>In</sup> ~~I have~~ a furnished room in Glendale!...As a matter of fact, I'm worried about my own Thanksgiving dinner. I have some important guests coming, and my cook and butler just left - they took a job at Lockheed.

ABBOTT: Really?

MARSHALL: Yes - unfortunately, my application has been delayed!

COSTELLO: Don't worry about your dinner, Bart - Abbott and I will cook and serve the food, if you'll let us eat here.

MARSHALL: Well - all right, boys..but if the dining-room is crowded you'll have to eat out of doors.!

COSTELLO: Eat out of doors! For goodness sakes, ain'tcha got any plates?

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ABBOTT: Of course he's got plates! This going to be a high class party!

MARSHALL: Yes, it's going to be rather formal - everybody will dress!

COSTELLO: I hope so!

ABBOTT: Bart means the men will wear tails!

COSTELLO: Who's comin' - Mickey Mouse?

ABBOTT: Keep quiet! Bart, suppose you tell us exactly what you want us to do.

MARSHALL: Well, when the dinner is served, I will sit at the head of the table. One guest of honor will sit on my left hand, and the other will sit on my right hand.

COSTELLO: How are you gonna eat - with your feet!

ABBOTT: Will you please listen!

MARSHALL: Now Bud will serve the first course, and Costello - you will serve the turkey and dessert.

*Abbott*  
COSTELLO: Who serves the nuts?

*Costello*  
MARSHALL: ~~You fellows~~ <sup>we</sup> will have to serve yourselves!

COSTELLO: WHATTA FRESH GUY!

ABBOTT: Never mind! Bart, I'd better do the serving, and Costello can handle the cooking. He makes the most wonderful stuffing for turkey.

MARSHALL: Really? What do you put into it?

COSTELLO: Well, first, I put a dozen, <sup>scallions</sup> then eight onions, then a lot of garlic. After that I add more onions, more garlic. And more onions and more garlic, and more onions -

MARSHALL: COSTELLO! JUST A MINUTE!

COSTELLO: -- And more onions, and more garlic, and more onions -

MARSHALL: COSTELLO! WHEN DO WE EAT IT?

COSTELLO: Eat it? You can't even get near it!

P (APPLAUSE)



MUSIC: INTRO. FOR CONNIE HAINES, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Here's Connie Haines, with the Camel Five,  
to sing the new Jerome Kern hit - "Dearly Beloved."

MUSIC

CONNIE

CHORUS: "DEARLY BELOVED"

(APPLAUSE)

(FINAL DRAFT)

COSTELLO: (SINGS) Patty-Cake, Patty-Cake Baker Man  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can  
Roll it and twist it and don't dilly-dally  
And when it's all done throw it out in the alley!

ABBOTT: Costello, cut out the nonsense and get busy. We've got to get this dinner cooked for Mister Marshall's guests or we don't get anything to eat. Wait a minute---what's the idea of rubbing that lard all over your face?

COSTELLO: It says in the cook-book, before you cook anything be sure to grease your pan.

ABBOTT: You dummy--~~I thought you said you were an experienced cook?~~

COSTELLO: I am, Abbott. ~~Me and my brother used to fry pancakes in the front window of a big restaurant. My brother would take the pancake turner and throw the pancakes way up in the air.~~

ABBOTT: What did you do?

COSTELLO: I scraped them off the ceiling!

ABBOTT: Never mind that! Hurry up and get those biscuits in the oven.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MARSHALL: (FADING IN) Well-well, boys--what's this? Isn't the dinner cooked yet? Costello, what's the delay?

COSTELLO: Well, I had to change my clothes!

MARSHALL: That shouldn't have taken so long! Couldn't you find the butler's pantry?

COSTELLO: Yeah---but I couldn't find his COATRY and VESTRY.

ABBOTT: We really have been busy, Mister Marshall. I just finished polishing off the silverware.

MARSHALL: Just a minute--where is that big bowl of punch that I made?

COSTELLO: We polished that off, too!

MARSHALL: Good heavens, man--do you mean there's none left for my guests? That was a special recipe--my Leon Handerson punch!

ABBOTT: <sup>What?</sup> ~~Leon Henderson punch? What's that?~~

MARSHALL: One drink and you hit the ceiling!

SOUND: (DOORBELL RINGING)

MARSHALL: There's the doorbell. I'll go answer it--and in the meantime, if you don't get that dinner cooked, you'll have to go hungry!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

ABBOTT: Did you hear what he said, Costello?

COSTELLO: Well, why are you picking on me? Why don't you do something? I'm cooking the turkey, ain't I?

ABBOTT: He wants other things besides turkey. I have to pound his chops.

COSTELLO: I'd like to take a poke at him myself!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

MARSHALL: The boy just came with the flowers. Look at them--aren't they beautiful? What could be nicer than flowers on the table?

COSTELLO: Meat and potatoes! Listen, Bart - how soon are we going to eat?

MARSHALL: I told you--as soon as the dinner is cooked. Let's see how you're getting along. Is this the soup here, or is it gravy?

COSTELLO: What does it taste like?

MARSHALL: It tastes like dishwater.

COSTELLO: Then that's the gravy! The soup tastes like kerosene!

MARSHALL: If this is a sample of your cooking I'd better check up on the rest of it!

ABBOTT: Try these biscuits--Costello made them!

MARSHALL: Hand me one of them--Thanks!

SOUND: (LOUD CRUNCHING)--(THEN HEAVY OBJECTS STRIKING FLOOR)

COSTELLO: You dropped some crumbs!

MARSHALL: Do you call these bisquits??

ABBOTT: Yessirr! Would you like to sink your teeth into another one?

MARSHALL: (SHARPLY) NO, I'D LIKE TO GET MY TEETH OUT OF THIS ONE!...

For goodness sakes, I've never seen so much trouble over one dinner! What's happened to the turkey?

COSTELLO: That's a very tough turkey.

MARSHALL: Tough?

COSTELLO: Yeh - every time I tried to put him in the oven he blew the gas out!

~~ABBOTT: Stop it, Costello - Bant, why don't you take a look at the turkey? It's right here in the oven.~~

MARSHALL: All right-- I'll stick this knife in the turkey...if the knife comes out clean, the bird is done!

ABBOTT: We did that already, and the knife came out real clean.

MARSHALL: It did??

COSTELLO: Yeah - so we stuck all the other dirty knives in, too!

SOUND: LONG DOOR BELL.

MARSHALL: (POINTEDLY) Costello - did you hear the doorbell?

COSTELLO: (CUTELY) No.

MARSHALL: Wel-l-l-l-l .. I heard it!

COSTELLO: Wel-l-l-l-l .. you answer it!!

ABBOTT: Costello, answer the door! or we won't get anything to eat!

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott, I'll do anything for one slice of turkey.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOCK CHIMES THREE TIMES

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COSTELLO: How d'ya like that - seven-thirty! .. Nothing to eat yet --  
what do they think I am?

SOUND: CUCKOO CLOCK - (TWICE)

COSTELLO: You said it, brother!

SOUND: (DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN)

COSTELLO: OKAY-OKAY--I'M COMING!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: (VERY POMPOUS) What kept you young man? Kindly tell Mister  
Marshall his guests are here. I am Judge Clinker -- I have  
been sitting on the bench for twenty years!

COSTELLO: How does it feel to be standing up?

MARSHALL: (FADING) Well, well--Welcome everybody. How are you Judge--  
and you too, Mrs. Clinker!

LADY: I'm fine Bart--but I've been standing here holding my wraps  
and your butler hasn't even looked at me!

COSTELLO: You don't appeal to me!

ABBOTT: Costello--help the lady off with her fur!

COSTELLO: Okay. Hey, Babe--toss me that skunk!

LADY: How dare you!

MARSHALL: Yes, Costello. You've got a lot of nerve calling that fur  
a skunk.

COSTELLO: Well, she's got a lot of nerve calling that skunk a fur!

ABBOTT: Costello--do as you're told! Hang the fur up!

BLANC: (YELLS) Oh, you clumsy oaf! You stepped on my toe! Why  
don't you put your foot where it belongs?

COSTELLO: Don't tempt me!

MARSHALL: Costello--you are talking to JUDGE ~~ABBOTT~~ <sup>Clinker</sup>!

BLANC: Yes. And I must say this is the most contemptible thing I've ever heard in all my years at the bar!

COSTELLO: A little less time at the bar and you wouldn't be so contemptible!

MARSHALL: That will do! Come Judge, and Mrs. Clinker, let's sit down at the table.

LADY: That's a good idea. I'm awfully hungry!

MARSHALL: Very well--take my arm!

COSTELLO: She ain't that hungry!

ABBOTT: Mister Marshall, how soon do Costello and I eat?

MARSHALL: Just as soon as we serve the turkey. But first let us have the soup!

COSTELLO: Okay--everybody--here's your soup! *(noise) wait until I put it on the table, will you?*

SOUND: (BOWLS BEING PUT ON TABLE)

LADY: Well the soup doesn't look bad. Did you make it, Mister Costello?

COSTELLO: Well, I had a hand in it!

BLANC: (YELLS AND SPITTERS) The soup--the soup *h*--it burned me--it *Marshall: Whats the matter Judge Clinker?* burns all the way down!! Some soda--give me some soda!

~~ABBOTT: Don't stand there, Costello--give him some soda!~~

COSTELLO: ~~Okay!~~

SOUND: (SIPHON BOTTLE SQUIRTING)

BLANC: (GULPS AND BUBBLES)

MARSHALL: ~~No-No--not soda water! He wants baking soda!~~

~~BLANC: Yes, you idiot--get me some bicarbonate of soda!~~

COSTELLO: Okay--where's your coupon?

BLANC: A coupon for Baking Soda?

COSTELLO: Yoah--GAS RATIONING!

MARSHALL: Look--let's got this over with. Kindly serve the turkey--  
you can sit down and eat and then leave here!

COSTELLO: Oh, boy--that's what I've been waiting for all day--that  
turkey!

ABBOTT: All right, Costello--step aside! Here's the turkey!

SOUND: (PLATTER ON TABLE)

COSTELLO: Okay--Abbott--let's sit down!

MARSHALL: Wait a minute, Costello! Bud is all right, but you're not  
dressed properly. Take off that apron!

COSTELLO: All right--I'll hang it up!

MARSHALL: Well--COME EVERYBODY--LET'S EAT!

SOUND: (LOUD CLATTERING OF PLATES AND SILVERWARE---SOUNDS OF  
GULPING AND MUNCHING - RATTLE OF CROCKERY---THEN IT COMES  
TO AN ABRUPT STOP)  
(A SLIGHT PAUSE)

LADY: Oh, what a splendid dinner!

BLANC: I never ate so much in all my life!

MARSHALL: I am simply stuffed. How about you, Abbott?

ABBOTT: Me too. WHAT A MEAL! COSTELLO---what did you think of the  
turkey?

COSTELLO: WHAT TURKEY???? I STOPPED TO HANG UP MY APRON!!  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

NILES: Twenty-five years ago there were drums and bugles and battalions of men marching on Fifth Avenue. Today troops board transports quietly and sail in the night. But then, as now, thousands of men carried Camels -- the soldiers' cigarette. Thousands of those men of 'seventeen and 'eighteen are still smoking Camels -- the cigarette ~~that~~ <sup>we believe</sup> more people have smoked longer than any other. We say there's no better proof of Camel character than year-in, year-out loyalty like this. There's character in the rich, full Camel flavor -- the extra flavor that helps make Camels wear well, hold up pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. There's character in Camel's smooth, extra mildness, too -- the mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. Test Camels in your T-Zone, "T" for taste, and "T" for throat, your own proving ground for flavor and mildness. You'll agree that expert blending of Camel's costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette! Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!



(REVISED FINAL DRAFT)

MUSIC:        IN

NILES:        Are you listening, men of Morrison Field, Florida?  
To you and the men in twelve other Army and Navy training  
stations throughout the country, Camel sends greetings!  
This coming week you'll be entertained by one of the three  
traveling units of the Camel Caravan. Have a good time!

MUSIC:        BUMPER: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW" - FADE FOR:

COSTELLO:    We're a little late, folks - so Bud and I want to wish  
you all a very happy Thanksgiving and a very pleasant  
goodnight.

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MUSIC:      THEME, HOLD UNDER:

NILES:      Be sure to tune in next week at this same time for more music by Freddie Rich and the Orchestra, more songs by Connie Haines with the Camel Five, and more comedy from Abbott and Costello - with their special guest; Miss Billie Burke! And remember, Camels present four great radio shows each week -- the Camel Caravan tomorrow night; Bob Hawk on Saturday; Monday night it's Blondie; and next Thursday, our own Abbott and Costello, with Billie Burke.

Now, this is Ken Niles <sup>Reminding you to listen to the Camel</sup> wishing you all a very pleasant good night, from Hollywood!   
 Caravan Tomorrow night and

MUSIC:      UP TO CUE

(APPLAUSE)

ENGINEER:      CUT FOR HITCH-HIKE

Herbert Marshall will soon be seen in the R.R.O. picture "Flight For Freedom"

HITCH-HIKE

ANNOUNCER: Mister, you take the kindest, best-natured pipe in your whole pipe rack, and it can still bite you! But not with Prince Albert! Because P.A.'s no-bite treated for honest-to-goodness smoking comfort. P.A.'s crimp cut, too, and that means firm, easy packing, and cool, stay-lit burning. You'll find around fifty mild, rich-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal! You'll say, too, it's the National Joy Smoke! This program came to you from Hollywood. THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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