

Andy Devine
Guest

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

DECEMBER 24, 1942

NBC RED NETWORK

4:30 and 7:00 PM

MUSIC: PERFIDIA 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, Andy Devine, and starring -
BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH:
(APPLAUSE)

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FIRST SPOT

COSTELLO: HEY ABBOT-T-T-T-T!

ABBOTT: Costello! Here it is Christmas Eve and you're late again!
What kept you this time.

COSTELLO: I had to get the invitations printed for my party tonight.
Here, you wanna see 'em?

ABBOTT: Let me read it -- (READS) "LOU COSTELLO INVITES YOU TO A
CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY TO BE HELD AT HIS HOME...B.A.P.O.B." --
Look, you mean R-S-V-P!

COSTELLO: I mean B-A-P-O-B...bring a pound of butter!

ABBOTT: By the way - are you going to have any mistletoe?

COSTELLO: What?

ABBOTT: Mistletoe! Haven't you ever kissed a girl under the
mistletoe?

COSTELLO: No - I always kiss 'em under the nose!

ABBOTT: Oh Costello, you drive me to distraction!

COSTELLO: No, you drive me - I only got an A book!

ABBOTT: Oh, let's get back to the party tonight. I hope you
remembered to get souvenirs for everybody.

COSTELLO: I did, Abbott -- I'm havin' favors for the girls, and at
twelve o'clock I'm gonna turn the lights off.

ABBOTT: Any favors for the men?

COSTELLO: What d'ya call turnin' the lights off!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet! Have you arranged for the guests to play
any games at the party?

COSTELLO: Sure -- we're gonna start off by playing Pin the Tail on Hitler.

ABBOTT: You mean Pin the Tail on the Jackass!

COSTELLO: That's what I said!

ABBOTT: Are you going to play Santa Claus at the party?

COSTELLO: Not me.

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: I don't wanna sit up all night and wait for myself!

ABBOTT: Say, Andy Devine's our guest tonight -- do you think we could get him to play Santa Claus?

COSTELLO: Yeah - he's my neighbor, Abbot!

ABBOTT: That's right -- and he's the Honorary Mayor of Van Nuys... no matter how far he travels, he still keeps his seat in the Mayor's chair.

COSTELLO: It's a neat trick if he can do it!

ABBOTT: Never mind that! Tell me, who are the people you invited tonight?

COSTELLO: A lotta movie stars -- when I invited Lana Turner, she kissed me!

ABBOTT: (SKEPTICAL) Lana Turner kissed you???

COSTELLO: This smoke ain't comin' outta my ears for nothin'!

ABBOTT: Just a second, why don't you invite the people on our program? That would be the real Christmas Spirit - the spirit of Brotherly Love! Just close your eyes and think of everybody as a brother....Are you doing it?

COSTELLO: I'm tryin' to -- but I'm havin' a tough time with Lana Turner!

ABBOTT: Oh, stop it! Now go ahead - invite some of the people to the party.

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott -- (CALLS) Oh, Connie...Connie Haines...?

CONNIE: Hello, my fat little sugar man.

COSTELLO: Oh! That voice! ...Say, Connie, I'm havin' a big Christmas party tonight, and I'd like you to come.

CONNIE: I'm sorry, but I can't, Mr. Costello. Freddie Rich is taking me to ^{the} Bandbox!

COSTELLO: Well, I took you to ^{the} Bandbox three times.

CONNIE: I know, but Freddie takes me inside!

COSTELLO: Why do I waste time with her -- I got a million girl friends tearin' their hair out waitin' for me to call them.

ABBOTT: Why don't you call them?

COSTELLO: Who wants bald-headed girls!

ABBOTT: Forget the girls! Go ahead, invite Ken Niles! And don't make any nasty remarks - try to be nice for once.

COSTELLO: All right, don't worry! ...(CALLS) Say Ken...?

NILES: Yes, Lou?

COSTELLO: Would you like to come to my Christmas Party tonight?

NILES: What hamburger stand is doing the catering!...HAHAHAHA!
How do you like that, Fatty?

COSTELLO: Fatty! Why, you're so skinny you have to swallow a walnut to hold your pants up!

ABBOTT: Ah! Ah!

COSTELLO: (MUMBLES) If he had hair on his chest I'd use him for a pipe cleaner!

NILES: WAIT A MINUTE, COSTELLO! ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I'M BONY!

COSTELLO: I wouldn't say you're bony - but you'd have a tough time talking your way out of a dog pound.

- ABBOTT: Well, Costello, Niles certainly won't come to your party now!
- NILES: And neither will my wife! She's going with me to my Uncle's ranch.
- COSTELLO: As a guest, or grazing? *That's Twice This Thing Died (midshow)*
- ALLMAN: I HEARD THAT REMARK, DARK AND HANDSOME!
- COSTELLO: What d'ya mean, dark and handsome!
- ALLMAN: (GRAVEL) If it's dark - you're handsome!
- COSTELLO: Look who's talkin' - she takes ugly pills to improve her appearance!
- ABBOTT: Now look, Costello, will you quit that! Mrs. Niles works on a newspaper - she could write about your party!
- ALLMAN: Yes - I have a nose for the news!
- COSTELLO: And enough left over for the Times and Examiner!
- ABBOTT: That's some Christmas spirit, Costello. You oughta be ashamed of yourself! Here Mrs. Niles is all dressed up, and looks very charming. Can't you say something nice for a change!
- COSTELLO: (SWEETLY) I'm sorry, Mrs. Niles...you do look lovely tonight. You look just like a doll.
- ALLMAN: That's the nicest thing you've ever said. What makes you think I look like a doll?
- COSTELLO: Your hair is pasted on!
- SOUND: DOOR SLAMS
- ABBOTT: Well, you did it again! Nobody's going to come to your party! Who can you ask now?
- CCSTELLO: Botsford Twink, the sound man'll come -- hey, Bots?
- BLANC: Yes, Mr. Costello.

COSTELLO: Botsford, at my Christmas party tonight I'm gonna tell the story of Santa Claus, and I want you to do the sound effects. Are you ready?

BLANC: Ready, Mr. Costello.

COSTELLO: It's a cold night at the North Pole, and we see Santa.

MUSIC: TRUMPET - BOOTS AND SADDLES

COSTELLO: Santa Claus, not Santa Anita!

ABBOTT: What happens after that, Costello?

COSTELLO: Santa Claus calls to his reindeer - (CALLS) Here Dancer and Prancer and Cupid and Donder!

ABBOTT: Where's Blitzen?

COSTELLO: Blitzen is mitzen! ...The night is beautiful - the stars are out and the moon is shining.

BLANC: HICCUP

COSTELLO: Botsford, what's that!

BLANC: Moonshine!

COSTELLO: WILL YOU GET THE SOUND EFFECTS RIGHT! ...The moon is shining down, and the night is filled with gentle zephyrs!

BLANC: MOO!...MOO!

COSTELLO: I SAID ZEPHYRS, NOT HEIFERS!

ABBOTT: Stop COWING the boy!

COSTELLO: He gave me a bum steer! ...All right, we'll continue. Santa Claus is all ready, and throws his bag into the sled.

ALLMAN: (YELLS) OUCH!

COSTELLO: Wrong bag...!

ABBOTT: Costello! Finish the story!

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott...Santa dashed across the roof-tops, into a house, and there he sees a beautiful girl! Shyly, she drops her eyes.

SOUND: PLINK! PLINK!

COSTELLO: BOTSFORD! PICK UP THOSE EYES!

ABBOTT: Get on with it!

COSTELLO: The girl sits on Santa's lap, and Santa kisses her. Just then her husband walks in, sees what's going on - and leaves!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute! The husband walks in and sees Santa Claus kissing his wife! Doesn't he say anything?!

COSTELLO: What - and lose his presents!!!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: This is a Christmas greeting to all Americans at home and overseas, from ~~a few~~ ^{SEVERAL} thousand men and women in a city in North Carolina...from the men and women of Winston-Salem who make Camel Cigarettes. To all the millions of Camel smokers they send greetings on Christmas Eve. They send greetings and sincere thanks for your year-in, year-out loyalty to Camels, a loyalty that has made possible for them so many merry Christmases in the past ... yes, for some of them, more than twenty-five Christmases. Bud and Lou and all of us on the Abbott and Costello show join the men and women of Winston-Salem in saying...thank you...and a Merry Christmas. We hope you'll continue to have as much pleasure from Camels in the year to come as you have in the years past.

MUSIC &
CHORUS: "JINGLE BELLS" COMMERCIAL TAG

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, I see you're getting ready for your Christmas party. I hope some of the people come.

COSTELLO: Don't worry, Abbott -- this is going to be an exclusive party, and no one gets in without an invitation.

ABBOTT: How does one get an invitation?

COSTELLO: I got a man giving them out on the street!

ABBOTT: Did you hang your stockings over the fireplace?

COSTELLO: No, I hung them up last year, and Santa came down and sent them to the laundry.

ABBOTT: Well, the guests will be arriving soon. Why don't you finish decorating the Christmas tree?

COSTELLO: I can't - the decorations keep falling off!

ABBOTT: Why don't you try tying twine through the tree twigs.

COSTELLO: You mean I should tie tying twings thru the twine tree.

ABBOTT: NO! You should try tying twine through the tree twigs.

COSTELLO: THAT'S WHAT I SAID! Tying twigs through the twine tree, tying twing twine through -- DO YOU MIND IF I USE STRING!!

ABBOTT: I hope you've taken care of the food for the party?

COSTELLO: I'm going to serve ham sandwiches with Musterole.

ABBOTT: Musterole is for a cold.

COSTELLO: Well, this is cold ham.

ABBOTT: What are you going to do about the drinks?

COSTELLO: The same as last Christmas. Boy, the champagne flowed like water.

ABBOTT: It tasted like water.

COSTELLO: IT WAS WATER!

~~ABBOTT: If I were you, Costello, I wouldn't serve too many drinks.~~

~~COSTELLO: It won't hurt. This year I'm going to put a vitamin pill
in each drink.~~

~~ABBOTT: What for?~~

~~COSTELLO: You build yourself up while you're tearin' yourself down!~~

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

ABBOTT: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

BLANC: Hey, who's having the Christmas party?

COSTELLO: I am.

BLANC: Did you order six dozen eggs, four pounds of sugar, five
pounds of butter, and ten pounds of meat?

COSTELLO: That's right.

BLANC: BOY, YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ABBOTT: Let's get organized and start putting the gifts under the
tree. Here's my present for Connie Haines; what did you
give her?

COSTELLO: I bought her a corsage!

ABBOTT: You mean corsage! A-G-E is pronounced "ahge" as in corsage,
garage! Where did you get it?

COSTELLO: From the man who comes to collect the garbange!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

COSTELLO: Say, that must be Andy Devine -- he promised to play Santa
Claus tonight.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GRAY: I'm only tree and a half years old.

COSTELLO: Matilda! What are you doin' here?

ABBOTT: Say, Costello, that's the little girl who got lost on our
program last week. How are you, Matilda?

GRAY: I'm fine, uncle Bud. Can I come to your Christmas party,
Uncle Louie?

COSTELLO: I can tell you in one word - positively no!!

GRAY: That's two words.

COSTELLO: Well, you gotta bargain!

GRAY: That's a very nice Christmas tree -- what a pretty shade
of green.

COSTELLO: (YELLS) YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT ME -- THE TREE IS OVER THERE!

GRAY: Can I help you, Uncle Louie?

ABBOTT: Matilda! Look out - what are you doing with that hammer?
DROP IT!

SOUND: HAMMER DROPS

COSTELLO: OWWWWW! Not on my foot!!!

GRAY: I'm only tree and a half years old!

COSTELLO: You'd like to be four, wouldn't you!

ABBOTT: Don't be so harsh with the child, Costello. She just wants
to help us.

GRAY: That's right. I wanta put up the Christmas balls.

COSTELLO: Look out where you're walking!

SOUND: CRUNCHING OF GLASS

ABBOTT: Matilda, you stepped on the Christmas balls!

GRAY: Did I break any?

COSTELLO: DID YOU! One, two, three, four balls!

GRAY: I'd better take a walk!

COSTELLO: Abbott, I can't stand this!

ABBOTT: Oh, she's just a child. Listen, Matilda - when you went
home last week, did you tell your mother all about Mister
Costello?

GRAY: I talked about Uncle Louie all day!

COSTELLO: (EAGERLY) You did?

GRAY: Yes, and my mama kept washing my mouth out with soap!

COSTELLO: This kid would make a perfect stranger!

SOUND: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

ABBOTT: (ASIDE) Say, Costello, that must be Andy Devine all dressed up as Santa Claus. We don't want Matilda to see him.

COSTELLO: (ASIDE) Yeah, that's right. (UP) Matilda, why don't you go in the kitchen and have a cookie?

GRAY: Can I have as many as I want?

COSTELLO: Yeah - eat yourself into a stupor!

GRAY: (FADES) All right, Uncle Louie.

SOUND: OFF - DOOR CLOSES

ABBOTT: Go ahead, let Andy in. Open the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES - UNDER

DEVINE: Hi'ya fellows!

(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: Hello Andy,

ABBOTT: Say, what kind of a costume is that, Andy?

DEVINE: Well, I got this red Santa Claus jacket on, but I'm waitin' for my pants.

ABBOTT: Are they at the cleaners?

DEVINE: No, at Lockheed -- my wife's wearin' 'em!...I just stopped in to tell you that I'll be all ready in a little while. I gotta go home and pack up.

COSTELLO: Are you gonna be carrying a heavy load tonight, Andy?

DEVINE: Nope, I'll be sober!

COSTELLO: By the way, Andy, when you start giving out Christmas presents tonight, don't give me an electric bed warmer like you did last year.

DEVINE: Electric bed warmer? That was an electric toaster!

COSTELLO: No wonder it kept popping up and throwing me out of bed!

ABBOTT: By the way, Andy, do you think you can get down the chimney tonight?

DEVINE: Sure, Bud, I'm very athletic - watch this -- I'll do a split.

SOUND: CLOTH RIPPING

COSTELLO: (AWED) Gee, pants and all.

DEVINE: Well, fellows, I'll see you later.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

GRAY: (OFF) Look at me, Uncle Bud, I'm up on the ladder - no hands!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) Matilda! Get away from that tree! Get down off that ladder!

ABBOTT: Lookout, Costello!

SOUND: CRASH - AND WOOD BLOCK CLUNK

COSTELLO: OWWWWW! Abbott, look at the bump on my head -- it's gettin' higher and higher! --- Hurry up, get Washington on the phone!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) How can Washington help the bump on your head??

COSTELLO: I WANT 'EM TO PUT A CEILING ON IT!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: ("HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND" -- FADE FOR:)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Connie Haines and the Camel Five introduce a brand new song from Paramount's new star-studded musical, "Star Spangled Rhythm" -- it's called, "The Road to Dreamland" ---

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, you certainly planned some party. It's almost twelve o'clock and nobody showed up. Why don't you put Matilda to bed.

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott...Hey, Matilda!

GRAY: One...(NOISE)..two...(NOISE)...three (NOISE)

COSTELLO: Matilda! Are you spitting in the goldfish bowl!

GRAY: No, but I'm comin' close!

COSTELLO: (BURNS) C'mere! You gotta go to sleep!

ABBOTT: Why don't you tell her a bedtime story?

COSTELLO: That's a good idea..listen, Matilda, I'll tell you about the time I was a bad little boy. My mother made me eat spinach because I hadda have nitrates!

GRAY: Why did you have to have nitrates?

COSTELLO: 'CAUSE THEY WERE CHEAPER THAN DAY RATES! NOW KEEP QUIET!

ABBOTT: Costello, don't yell at her!

GRAY: Uncle Louie, why don't you tell me the one about the farmer's daughter instead!

COSTELLO: WHAT! I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A STORY!

GRAY: I did - an' I only tree and half years old!

COSTELLO: Would you like some broken glass to play with??

ABBOTT: Never mind - Matilda has to get some sleep. Maybe you'd better sing her a lullaby!

COSTELLO: Okay..now listen, Matilda..(SINGS, SOFTLY) I'm dreaming of a (YAWNS) White Christmas..just like the ones (YAWNS AND SNORES)...I used to know..(SNORES AND MUMBLES) ~~I was a~~
~~b-a-a-ad boy... (SNORES)~~

MUSIC &
CHORUS: SNEAK IN, HOLD UNDER:

GRAY: Look, Uncle Louie's fallin' asleep -

ABBOTT: Shh - let's not disturb him.

MUSIC &
CHORUS: SWEEPS UP, ESTABLISH, AND FADE OUT FOR:

MOTHER: (OFF, CALLS) LOUIS! LOUIS COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: (AS A BOY) I'm comin', Ma.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOTHER: (FADES IN) Oh dear! Just look at you on Christmas Eve -
a five year old boy..how did you get your clothes so muddy?

COSTELLO: I was tryin' to pull a worm outta the ground.

MOTHER: What happened?

COSTELLO: The worm pulled first!

SOUND: (OFF) KNOCK AT DOOR

MOTHER: I'll see who's at the door - you go wash your dirty face!

COSTELLO: Why can't I just ~~put~~ ^{cover the dirt up with} powder on ~~it~~ like you do!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT &
NILES: (TOGETHER AS KIDS) MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. COSTELLO!

MOTHER: Why, it's the little Abbott boy, and the Niles boy!

ABBOTT: We came over to stay with Louie tonight!

COSTELLO: (SNEERING) Ah-ah, Kenny Niles is teacher's pe-et! Is your
father ridin' a bird tonight, Kenny!

MOTHER: Kenny's father riding a bird! Whatever gave you that idea?

COSTELLO: I heard his mother say he was on a bat last night!

ABBOTT: Shame on you, Louis - Santa Claus won't leave you any
presents!

COSTELLO: Oh, button up your lip, Buddy Abbott - the braces on your
teeth are showin'.

MOTHER: You children stop arguing and jump into bed! And I don't
want to hear one word out of you until morning!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: Hey, Buddy, you havin' a Christmas tree this year?

ABBOTT: No - we put a green suit on my father and stuck some lights on him!

COSTELLO: Well, that's just as good - he's always lit up anyway!

SOUND: (OFF) SLEIGH BELLS..HOLD IN B.G. UNDER;

NILES: Gee, fellows - hear those sleigh bells? It must be Santa Claus!

ABBOTT: Listen! Someone's coming down the chimney!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE..LOUD THUMP AND CRASH OF SLEIGH BELLS, ETC.

DEVINE: Hello, boys! (APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Gosh! It's Santa Claus, all right!

DEVINE: Wait'll I get out of this fireplace - OUC-H-H! Who built that fire in there?

COSTELLO: I did - I was tryin' out somethin' new: A SITTING HOTFOOT!

DEVINE: You better be careful, young fellow, or you won't get anything for Christmas!

COSTELLO: Say, if you're really Santa Claus, where's the rest of your whiskers? They look like they were chewed off!

DEVINE: Oh, so they are - I thought my shredded wheat tasted funny this morning!

ABBOTT: Gee, I hope you brought me some nice presents.

DEVINE: Only the boys who aren't listed in my big black book get presents! Louis Costello, here's a report I get from your teacher!

COSTELLO: (GULPS) D-D'ya have to read it now?

DEVINE: It says here that you painted all the blackboards red, you chopped off the legs of the chairs, you put a goat in the cloakroom, you filled the inkwells with glue and you put frogs in the lunch boxes! What do you say to that?

COSTELLO: None of us is perfect!

DEVINE: Young man, you sound like a tough little kid! Do you run around with a gang?

ABBOTT: Yes, he does run around with a gang, Santa!

COSTELLO: Ah, you snitcher! - I'm the head guy on my block!

DEVINE: You look like a blockhead! HO HO HO! I'm such a jolly fellow! HO HO HO! (LAUGHS VERY HEARTILY)

COSTELLO: All right, don't knock yourself out!...Are you sure you came down the chimney?

DEVINE: Certainly - why do you ask?

COSTELLO: I thought maybe you came down the drainpipe - you're such a drip!

NILES: Don't pay any attention to him, Santa - Louie Costello always acts that way.

ABBOTT: Yeah, and he was fightin' with me yesterday after school!

DEVINE: What! Abbott and Costello fighting?

COSTELLO: (DEFENSIVELY) It wasn't so bad -- I just accidentally hit him with a brick, then he slugged me with a baseball bat, so I picked up a piece of pipe and knocked him down about twelve times. That's when we got mad and started to fight!

NILES: And not only that, Santa Claus, but last week Louie was kept in after school!

DEVINE: (SHARPLY) Why were you kept in after school, Louis?

COSTELLO: I didn't know where the Aleutians were!

DEVINE: Hm, you didn't, eh? Well, next time try to remember where you put things! ... Now, Buddy Abbott, what do you want for Christmas?

ABBOTT: I want a chemistry set!

DEVINE: That's a wonderful choice -- I like chemistry, too! There's something about pouring things in glasses that always gets me.

COSTELLO: Pourin' stuff in glasses gets a lot of people!

DEVINE: Well, here you are, Buddy Abbott -- for being such a good boy, here's a nice chemistry set. ^{Abbott: THANKS SANTA} And Kenny Niles -

Niles: because you were the teacher's pet - here's a nice doll! ^{Does it say Mommie and Daddy.}
...Now you two boys run along to bed!

ABBOTT & NILES: (TOGETHER) Thank you, Santa Claus...Good night!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DEVINE: Now, Louis Costello, let's see what else is in my black book -- ^{Costello: Don't go ANY farther in that Black Book.} Ah, I see that even several years ago you flirted with a little girl in school. Is that true?

COSTELLO: (BASHFUL) Uh-huh.

DEVINE: Did you give her your class pin?

COSTELLO: What class pin? -- I was only two years old -- I gave her the only pin I had!

DEVINE: Let's let the whole thing drop!

COSTELLO: That's what happened!

DEVINE: Well, that settles it, Louis. I'm afraid there's nothing I can leave you for Christmas. Maybe when you've learned to behave yourself, I may come back again. Goodnight, Louis.

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COSTELLO: Wait a minute, Santa Claus -- there must be somethin' I deserve!

DEVINE: There is - but how can I hang a kick in the pants on a tree!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: I'M A B-A-A-A-A-D boy!

MUSIC: SNEAK IN "SILENT NIGHT" FOR B.G. UNTIL CUE TO CUT:

COSTELLO: (ON CUE) (TEARFULLY) Nobody likes me any more...Santa Claus is givin' me a brush-off...Buddy Abbott is gettin' all the presents...I'm gonna write a note and run away from home -- (SNIFFS) -- "Dear Mom and Dad...When you read this, I will be a thousand miles away...do not try to find me, because I'm not gonna come back...maybe someday, when I'm old - about fifteen or sixteen - (SNIFFS) - and after I make a million dollars...you'll be sorry you were so mean to me! ...Please don't forget to feed my rabbit twice a week -- the can of food is behind my roller skates in the closet...P.S. - Don't forget to let my turtle swim in the bath-tub on Saturday nights -- Your loving son, Louis Costello..." (SNIFFS)

MUSIC: SWEEP UP FROM DIMINUENDO WITH "SILENT NIGHT" FOR FOUR BARS...CHORUS IN FOUR BARS "WHITE CHRISTMAS" AND OUT WITH DIMINUENDO

COSTELLO: (ON CUE) SNORES

GRAY: (WHISPERS) Uncle Bud, look - Uncle Louis is still sleepin'!

ABBOTT: (QUIETLY, ON CUE) Yes, Matilda - don't make any noise - we'll put the presents around the tree!

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING AT DOOR - DOOR BURSTS OPEN

COSTELLO: BROKEN SNORES

ALL: MERRY CHRISTMAS...MERRY CHRISTMAS...

ABBOTT: COME ON, COSTELLO - WAKE UP!

COSTELLO: (SLEEPILY) Gee, everybody came after all!

DEVINE: Sure, Lou - I'm Santa Claus!

COSTELLO: And you brought your horse with you!

ALLMAN: (GRAVEL) What horse! It's me!

COSTELLO: Oh, pardon me, Mrs. Niles.

MATILDA: Uncle Louie was sleepin'!

COSTELLO: Boy, did I have the most horrible dream!

MUSIC: CELESTE PICK UP FOR "WHITE CHRISTMAS"

COSTELLO: "I was dreamin' of a slight Christmas,
I thought my friends had passed me by --

ABBOTT: Why you know, Costello,
~~Connie~~: That you're one fellow

~~CONNIE~~: That we all think is aces high!

NILES: You are loved by both the kids and old folks,

GRAY: (CUTELY) Tho' you have whiskers on your jokes!

COSTELLO: MATILDA!

GRAY: (QUICKLY) I'm only tree and a half years old!

CHORUS & CONNIE: May your life be merry and bright --

DEVINE: (SINGS AND FALTERS ON LAST NOTE:) And may all your
Christmas-es be-e-e-e-e --

COSTELLO: (QUICKLY) Help 'im, Mrs. Niles!

ALLMAN: (SINGS, GRAVEL) WHITE-E-E-E!

MUSIC: MODULATE UNDER:

ABBOTT: All right, everybody! Lets all join in and sing one of the most beautiful songs of the year -- ready...?

ALL: (SING CHORUS OF "WHITE CHRISTMAS", STRAIGHT)

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know;
Where the tree tops glisten.
And children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.
I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
With every Christmas card I write.
May your days be merry and bright,
And may all your Christmases be white.

(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: That was swell, folks! And now, Bud and I, all of us on the show, and the makers of Camels Cigarettes join in wishing everyone of you listening --

ALL: "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Remember, Camel presents 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 Charles Laughton as their guest. Also, we'll have a special visit from the noted motion picture producer, Mr. Walter Wanger. Don't miss this great New Year's Eve show. And now, this is Ken Niles, reminding you to listen to the Camel Caravan tomorrow night, and wishing you all a very happy holiday - from Hollywood.

MUSIC: THEME UP TO CUT

(APPLAUSE)

ANNOUNCER: Say, Mister Pipe-Smoker, if it just happens that Santa Claus brings you a new pipe tomorrow, remember that all new pipes don't have to bite! Try Prince Albert when you break it in! You'll find P.A.'s no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort...Yes, sir, and crimp cut, too, for easy packing and drawing. Whether your pipe's new or old, you'll agree that Prince Albert is mild, mellow and rich-tasting, Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal. It's the National Joy Smoke!

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