

Charles Laughton
Guest.

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

DECEMBER 31, 1942 CAMEL CIGARETTES
NBC RED NETWORK. 4:30 and 7:00 P.M.

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 Mr. Charles Laughton, and starring -
BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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COSTELLO: HEY ABBOTT.....

ABBOTT: Costello, here you are - late as usual! Where have you been?

COSTELLO: I was makin' a bet on tomorrow's Rose Bowl game, Abbott.
And I got a wonderful bet - twelve to one on U.C.L.A.

ABBOTT: Twelve to one?

COSTELLO: Yeah, a dozen eggs to a pound of butter!

ABBOTT: Quiet! Do you know anything about the teams? Who do you think has the best line?

COSTELLO: U.C.L.A.

ABBOTT: Who has the best offense?

COSTELLO: Georgia!

ABBOTT: And who has the best back?

COSTELLO: Hedy Lamarr!

ABBOTT: Oh! That shows you know absolutely nothing about football.

COSTELLO: Is that so? I was on the football team at college. I was a triple threat man!

ABBOTT: A triple threat man?

COSTELLO: Yeah, the coach didn't know if I was gonna tumble, stumble, or fumble!

ABBOTT: Well, did the coach ever let you play?

COSTELLO: Sure -- I'd have won the big game if I hadn't had an intercepted puss.

ABBOTT: You mean pass!

COSTELLO: I mean puss! I was just about to make a touchdown when a guy stuck out his hand and intercepted my puss!

ABBOTT: Sounds like an exciting game.

COSTELLO: Was it! By mistake the water boy handed me some gin instead of water.

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: I was the only player who ever threw a forward pass and held on to it!

ABBOTT: Oh, forget about football! This is New Year's Eve, and let's talk about something more important -- what about your New Year's resolutions?
Costello: I don't care about revolutions - I like the law the way we got it in this country (and show)

COSTELLO: That's right -- 1943 will see a new Lou Costello -- no more chasing girls!

ABBOTT: What if the girls don't chase you?

COSTELLO: 1943 will see the old Lou Costello!

ABBOTT: Girls! - girls! - girls! -- don't you ever think of anything else but girls?

COSTELLO: Why - is there somethin' else?

ABBOTT: But tell me, haven't you made any other resolutions for the New Year?

COSTELLO: Oh - I'm making a very important resolution, Abbott. Startin' ^{now} tonight there's not going to be any more comedy on this program -- I'm gonna ^{do} ~~be~~ a dramatic ^{play} ~~actor!~~

~~ABBOTT: That's ridiculous! How can you be a dramatic actor?~~

~~COSTELLO: I was one of the Abbey players.~~

~~ABBOTT: What did you ever play in?~~

~~COSTELLO: Abbey's Irish Rose!~~

~~ABBOTT: Where else did you play?~~

~~COSTELLO: I was once a member of a road company!~~

~~ABBOTT: You were?~~

~~COSTELLO: Sure -- I'll even show you the chain marks on my ankles!~~

~~ABBOTT: I thought you said that for the New Year you were going to present a play, and I was going to have a part in it?~~

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bbbe? Am I going to have a part in it? (FINAL DRAFT) -3-

COSTELLO: You have a part in the play. In the second act you go away to forget.

ABBOTT: Don't I do any acting in the first act?

COSTELLO: That's what you go away to forget!

ABBOTT: Oh, skip it! Now that it's New Year's Eve it would be nice if you would ask Ken Niles and his wife to appear in your play.

COSTELLO: Okay - tonight I'm going to be nice to everybody. I'll ask Niles. Hey Niles.

NILES: Yes, Costello.

COSTELLO: I'm putting on a very dramatic play tonight. Would you like to support me?

NILES: What do I look like - a girdle? Ha ha ha! ... I'm hot as a hot dog tonight.

COSTELLO: And just as full of baloney!

NILES: Is that so! Well, let me tell you Costello I'm the one thing on the program that gives it a lift.

COSTELLO: From where I'm standing it looks more like a jerk!

ABBOTT: That settles it! Niles certainly won't appear in your play now!

COSTELLO: I wouldn't have him anyway. He's too skinny!

NILES: Who's skinny?

COSTELLO: Listen, I've seen more meat on a five cent soup bone.... when we could get a soup bone!

NILES: Is that so -- I have vim and vigor.

COSTELLO: ~~You mean~~ you got rigor and mortis!

ABBOTT: Costello, shut up! Listen Ken, Costello has written a dramatic play and he'd like you to play a part in it.

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NILES: Well, ordinarily I wouldn't, but I love the drama. In the last play I was in, when it came to the big love scene, the audience were glued to their seats.

COSTELLO: Well, that's a neat way to keep them there!

NILES: If you want me in your play, you must find a part for my beautiful wife.

COSTELLO: Don't worry, she'll get a part -- just picture this scene: a blue sky - the sun is shining down, a field of daisies and lovely green grass.....

ABBOTT: But where's Mrs. Niles?

COSTELLO: She's the cow in the middle of the scene!

ALLMAN: I heard that remark, you B-19 with a nose!

COSTELLO: Oh, Mrs. Niles. I read in the paper you'd be here.

ABBOTT: In the paper?

COSTELLO: Yeah - the weather report said "BIG WIND COMING!"

ALLMAN: Listen, you worm! I heard you were putting on a play tonight, and I want a part.

COSTELLO: But Mrs. Niles, this is gonna be a sad play.

ALLMAN: Well, why not put me in it?

COSTELLO: What, and make it gruesome!!!

ABBOTT: Costello! Don't talk like that to Mrs. Niles! She might be very good. Tell me, have you had any experience, Mrs. Niles?

ALLMAN: ^{CERTAINLY} I was in "George Washington Slept Here."

COSTELLO: What did you do - change the sheets?

ALLMAN: Of course not! Why, when I played in the theatre my admirers used to pelt me with roses.

COSTELLO: From the looks of your puss they left them in the pot!
And it wasn't pelt. It was belt. They belted you.

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ALLMAN: What's more, Costello, they quaffed champagne from my slipper.

COSTELLO: During Prohibition those guys would drink anything!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: Well, you've done it again! You started out the New Year by insulting everybody. How do you expect to put on a play?

COSTELLO: Well, I still got Botsford Twink, our sound man. Hey Bots!

BLANC: Yes, Mr. Costello.

COSTELLO: Listen, tonight I'm putting on a real dramatic play, and I want very dramatic sound effects. Have you got that straight?

BLANC: Yes, Mr. Costello, I understand perfectly. I won't make the slightest sound effect 'till you give me the cue.
but until I give you the cue.

COSTELLO: That's fine. I want this show to go over with a bang!

BLANC: A bang? Yes sir!

SOUND: TWO SHOTS

COSTELLO: BOTSFORD! NOT NOW!

ABBOTT: Oh, Costello! Why do you have to yell at him!

COSTELLO: (GENTLY) I'm sorry, Botsford -- I wanna be nice tonight -- I wanna be the kind of fellow everybody will adore!

BLANC: A door? Oh, yes sir!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SEUTS LOUDLY

COSTELLO: (YELLS) LEAVE THOSE DOORS ALONE, BOTSFORD!

BLANC: (PRIM, FIRM) Don't tell me what to do with doors, Mr. Costello. I know doors.....I make my own doors! -- I grow my own trees to make the doors...I'm part of every door -- I'm part of every tree!

COSTELLO: You said it - you're the sap!

ABBOTT: Never mind him, Costello - what about the play?

COSTELLO: Abbott, when this play goes on, and I do my dramatic scene, the audience'll go nuts! They'll stand up and cheer, the rafters'll ring --

BLANC: (LOUD) CHEERS? RINGS?

SOUND: LOUD CHEER RECORD, LOUD GONGS - CUT FOR:

COSTELLO: BOTSFORD! STOP IT! STOP IT! Look, Bots, did you ever go to a phrenologist?

ABBOTT: A phrenologist reads people's heads!

COSTELLO: That's right - Botsford, C'mere and I'll read the bumps on your head!

BLANC: (BRIGHTLY) But I haven't any bumps on my head!

SOUND: TWO WOOD BLOCKS

COSTELLO: YOU HAVE NOW!!!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

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NILES: Say Lou - Lou Costello?

COSTELLO: Yeah, Niles.

NILES: Tell me, Lou, did you have a pleasant Christmas at your house?

COSTELLO: Oh, everything was okay except for my little nephew. He caused us some trouble.

NILES: Really, what happened?

COSTELLO: Well, he got a chemistry set for Christmas, started mixing some of the stuff and put together a home-made bomb. The thing exploded and blew my aunt and uncle right through the roof.

NILES: That's terrible!

COSTELLO: No, it ain't - it's the first time they've been out together in years!

NILES: Well, Lou, I know a fellow who knows all about bombs - his name is Jerry Lorigan. He's a steel forger who helps to make those big five hundred pound aerial bombs. And, like plenty of defense workers, Jerry is one of our steady customers. He's said: (QUOTE)

LORIGAN:
(VOICE)

There's nothing like a Camel for steady pleasure! No matter how often I smoke 'em, they never tire my taste or wear out their welcome. And Camels go easy on my throat!

NILES:

UNQUOTE. Yes, and with men in all the services, Camel is the favorite, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. Take a tip from these men, to whom cigarettes are so important. You'll like Camels, too. You'll find that no matter how many you smoke, Camels hold up, pack after pack, won't go flat. That's partly because of Camel's extra flavor - and partly because this flavor is combined with the smooth Camel extra mildness - a mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. Yes, Camels are ~~better because they're~~ made of costlier tobaccos, blended in the years-old Camel tradition of quality tobacco blending. 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 package tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

*cut
1st show*

MUSIC: GREAT DAY COMIN', MANANA!...FOR FOR:

NILES: Here's Freddie Rich, the orchestra and the Camel Five with an appropriate tune - "There's A Great Day Comin' Manana!"

(APPLAUSE)

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*cut back
shows -
cut
in error*

NILES: Camels! Get a package tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the Service. Here's a special announcement for all our listeners -- beginning next week, Next Thursday night, January 7th - this program will be heard two and a half hours later. In other words, if you've been listening to Abbott and Costello at 7:30 Eastern War Time, you will now hear their show at 10:00 o'clock. If you've been listening at 6:30 Central War Time, tune in next Thursday night at 9:00 o'clock over these same stations.

MUSIC: GREAT DAY COMIN' MANANA!HOLD FOR:

NILES: Here's Freddie Rich, the orchestra and the Camel Five with an appropriate tune - "There's A Great Day Comin' Manana!"

(APPLAUSE)

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ABBOTT: Well, Costello, the guest star for your play will be here soon. Are you getting things ready?

COSTELLO: Yeah - and after tonight, I'm gonna give the play a tryout in a barn theatre.

ABBOTT: In a barn? Who'll be there?

COSTELLO: Five hundred chickens.

ABBOTT: Chickens?

COSTELLO: Sure -- this time the audience lays the eggs!

ABBOTT: What about your own acting? You need a lot of poise on the stage. Why don't you try balancing books on your head!

COSTELLO: Balancing books on my head strains my eyes!

ABBOTT: Why should it be a strain on your eyes?

COSTELLO: You try reading that way!

ABBOTT: Remember, Costello, when you're delivering your lines, pull in your stomach.

COSTELLO: I can't -- it holds up my pants!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: That's probably our guest star now!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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

COSTELLO: Abbott, it's Matilda again! Look, Matilda, why do you have to come here every week and talk like an idiot!

GRAY: 'Cause you're the only one who understands me!

COSTELLO: Abbott, I'm gonna tie a string around this kid's neck and use her for a yo-yo!

GRAY: CRIES BITTERLY

ABBOTT: Now look what you did - you hurt Matilda's feelings! See, she's got a lump in her throat -- that's cruelty!

GRAY: No, that's bubblegum!

COSTELLO: It's too bad your father isn't a bartender!

GRAY: Why?

COSTELLO: So he could put a head on ya!

ABBOTT: Nonsense, Costello! - there's plenty in that head of hers!

COSTELLO: ^{(stumbles) What kind of line is this? (hand show)} Nothin' there that a good shampoo wouldn't get rid of!

ABBOTT: Say, maybe you can use Matilda in your play tonight!

GRAY: Yes, Uncle Louie - my whole family was on the stage. My Aunt Susie was a balloon dancer! - she had 'em rolling in the aisles.

COSTELLO: The audience?

GRAY: No, the balloons..hahaha!

COSTELLO: Matilda, you oughta be ashamed of yourself - where do you hear such things??

GRAY: I sneak up on people, I'm only tree and a half years old!

ABBOTT: Costello, you're making the child very nervous - she's biting her fingernails. Stop her!

COSTELLO: I will when she gets up to her elbow!

GRAY: CRIES LOUDLY

ABBOTT: Now you made her cry ^{AGAIN} - make up with her!

COSTELLO: (GRUDGINGLY) Oh, c'mere Matilda -- I'll give you a kiss!

GRAY: (BAWLS) Now you're threatening me!

COSTELLO: What this kid needs is a good spanking, and I'm gonna give it to her!

SOUND: (SLAP-SLAP-SLAP-SLAP)

GRAY: (YELLS) Oww! ~~Don't spank me there!~~

COSTELLO: ~~Why not?~~ *Doesn't your conscience hurt you?*

GRAY: ~~That part belongs to daddy!~~ *I can't tell till I sit down.*

COSTELLO: Matilda, get outta here! Go on - duck!

BLANC: Duck? Yes sir! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

COSTELLO: Botsford, cut it out! I told you to wait for the play!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

ABBOTT: See who's at the door, Costello!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LAUGHTON: Is this the Abbott and Costello program?

COSTELLO: Cant'cha tell?

LAUGHTON: No, I have a cold!

COSTELLO: Abbott! Who is this guy?

ABBOTT: Don't you know? He's that great actor - Charles Laughton!

(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: Listen, Laughton, if you didn't think our program was good enough, why did you show up tonight?

LAUGHTON: Well, with the present food shortage, I thought you could furnish me with a little corn!

COSTELLO: You're going to be a big treat to me too....you know, there's also a shortage of ham!

ABBOTT: Mr. Laughton, I've often wondered if you get nervous when you play before a big audience.

LAUGHTON: Of course not, when I step out on the stage the audience ceases to exist.

COSTELLO: You mean they walk out on you?

ABBOTT: No, no, Costello! He means that he is all wrapped up in himself.

COSTELLO: He makes an untidy package! *He isn't neat like me.*

LAUGHTON: See here, Mr. Costello, I've never met you before, for which I am very thankful. However, in the event I permit such a catastrophe to occur once again, I shall depart, as a measure of self-discipline, to a small tropical island. There I shall mount my head on a tripod and spend my declining years kicking myself in the face at regular five-minute intervals.

COSTELLO: With your face it could only be an improvement!

ABBOTT: Here, here, Costello! Mr. Laughton was invited here to help with our play. Let's get down to business.

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott - Mr. Laughton, this is gonna be a very romantic play tonight - a story of the South Seas! A bunch of sailors leave England in an old bark --

BLANC: Bark? Yes, sir! (BARKS LOUDLY)

COSTELLO: Botsford! Wait for the play - STOP THAT BARKING!

BLANC: Yes, Mr. Bones!

ABBOTT: You see, Mr. Laughton, when the play begins, the ship sails from a port in England.

LAUGHTON: From Stratford on Avon!

COSTELLO: No, from drooling on the lapel!

ABBOTT: You are a member of the crew - later, we learn that you were once a concert pianist!

LAUGHTON: And why did I learn to play the piano?

COSTELLO: 'Cause when you put a glass of beer on a violin it falls off!

ABBOTT: Well, Mr. Laughton, would you take a chance on doing a play with Costello?

LAUGHTON: I'd take a chance on anything. Why do you think I'm here?

COSTELLO: What a disposition this guy's got! Did you ever model for a whiskey sour!

ABBOTT: Don't mind him, Mr. Laughton. Costello's very enthused about you. You see, some day he hopes to put on this play in the Hollywood Bowl.

COSTELLO: Mr. Laughton, do you think this play will wind up in the Bowl?

LAUGHTON: With you in it, it'll probably wind up in the drain!

COSTELLO: Them's fightin' words where I come from.

LAUGHTON: Why?

COSTELLO: We're all morons!

ABBOTT: Easy now, Costello!

COSTELLO: Look, Laughton, let's face facts. I'm boss of this play -- how much do you want a week?

LAUGHTON: Five hundred dollars! - and that's pretty cheap!

COSTELLO: I'll give you thirty bucks, and that's pretty dear!

LAUGHTON: I, Charles Laughton, work for thirty dollars a week??

COSTELLO: Well, after all, you're only an actor, not a welder!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: "CRAZIEST DREAM" - HOLD FOR:

NILES: Here's Connie Haines, with the Camel Five, to sing one of the season's big songs -- "I Had The Craziest Dream."

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: SEGUE TO "HAWAIIAN WAR CHANT" AND HOLD UNDER:

NILES: (ON CUE) And now, ladies and gentlemen, we present the treat of the evening - our play! This is an adventure of the South Seas entitled: "Life on the Sandwich Island, or Pardon My Nucoa!" ... starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, and their guest - Charles Laughton! As the scene opens, Abbott and Costello's ship has just been wrecked, and our heroes are struggling up on the beach of a lonely island, after hours in the water! (GLEEFUL MENACE) Little do they know what lies in store for them..hahahaha...!

COSTELLO: (SHIVERING) Brrr! Oh Abbott!

ABBOTT: What's the matter, are you cold?

COSTELLO: I've been in the water so long, even my red flannels have turned blue!

ABBOTT: Cut out the nonsense! - we've got to find out where we are. There's nothing around us but dense, tropical jungle!

SOUND: (MONKEYS CHATTERING)

COSTELLO: Hey Abbott, look up in that tree - it's a Jap!

ABBOTT: THAT'S A MONKEY!

COSTELLO: They sure fool ya, don't they?

ABBOTT: Hurry up, Costello - climb up that tree and see if there are any other signs of life around!

COSTELLO: But the monkey might bite me!

ABBOTT: Oh, just speak to him!

COSTELLO: Okay -- hi, little monkey!

NILES: Hi, brother -- hahaha!

COSTELLO: Niles! Get outta the play!

SOUND: RUSTLING IN UNDERBRUSH

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! I hear somebody coming -- yes! It's a white man!

COSTELLO: Say look! - IT'S CHARLES LAUGHTON!

LAUGHTON: (WACKY) Laughton?..Laughton? Yes, I am Charles Laughton -- I seem to remember, now. And you - you are Clark Gable! Yes! It's coming back to me - you are Clark Gable!

COSTELLO: ^{You're nuts} Clark Gable? What're you talkin' about?

LAUGHTON: Silence! Listen to me!

COSTELLO: I'm all ears!

LAUGHTON: I knew you were Gable!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Mister - there must be some mistake!

LAUGHTON: There is no mistake - I know this scurvy rat! - he thought he would leave me here to die. He took my ship, he cast me adrift in an open boat - I, Captain Bly -- but I did not die! I am here, ready to carry out my promise - I'll see you hanged! I'll hang you myself!

COSTELLO: (NERVOUS) ~~Hey! Hey Laughton - put me down! You're overdoing this!~~

ABBOTT: ~~Sure, this is just a play!~~

LAUGHTON: ~~A Play? Step aside, churl - I shall hang this man from yonder tree!~~

COSTELLO: No! No, don't hang me from that tree -- pick out a higher tree!

ABBOTT: Why do you want to hang from a higher tree?

COSTELLO: I wanna see the Rose Bowl game!

LAUGHTON: Enough of this childish prattle -- I'm going to stretch your neck until your eyes pop!

BLANC: Pop? Yes sir --

SOUND: LOUD POPPING

COSTELLO: STOP THE PLAY, STOP THE PLAY! Botsford, will you leave those sound effects alone! *If I hear another peep out of you I am going to give you the bird.* ~~I don't wanna hear another thing from you - NOT ONE PEEP!~~
Bird (goes into bird imitations)

~~BLANK:~~ Peep? Yes sir --

~~SOUND:~~ PEEPS...

COSTELLO: GET OUTTA HERE! -- Let's get back to the play. Go ahead, Abbott!

ABBOTT: Okay -- (UP) Just a minute, Captain - before Costello is hung, he's entitled to a last meal. We're both starving!

LAUGHTON: Very well, he shall have the best I can offer. I'll take you to my humble hut. Of course, it isn't much of a hut, it's not really fit to live in, it's unworthy of your presence -- I apologize for it's condition!

COSTELLO: If it's that crummy, let's skip it!

ABBOTT: But we must have food, Captain.

LAUGHTON: Then you shall try my specialty - elephant meat. That's all I ever eat -- elephant meat!

ABBOTT: Elephant meat? Doesn't it have any strange effects on you?

LAUGHTON: Not at all....by the way, do you have any peanuts??

COSTELLO: Abbott - here comes a beautiful native girl!

ABBOTT: Yes - she's wearing a grass skirt!

She'd better NOT BACK INTO
 COSTELLO: ~~Quick--~~ get me a lawnmower!

GIRL: (SEDUCTIVE) My name Bandalayo -- I like little fat man -- I would love to have you for dinner.

COSTELLO: See? - she wants to have me for dinner.

LAUGHTON: Why shouldn't she? - she's a cannibal!

COSTELLO: LEMME OUTTA HERE!

GIRL: Oh, handsome white man, do not believe him. Come with me; make this island your home?

ABBOTT: His home? But how could he make a living here?

GIRL: He can raise sugar cane.

COSTELLO: I got a better idea.

GIRL: What?

COSTELLO: Let's raise cane sugar!

LAUGHTON: STOP! Leave that girl alone! I tell you Bandalayo belongs to me!

ABBOTT: Maybe she's got a sister!

GIRL: I have - her name is Mandalayo and she lives down that road. She is much more beautiful than I.

COSTELLO: Okay Laughton - you take Bandalayo, and I'll take the road to Mandalayo!

LAUGHTON: That's the worst joke I've heard in all my years of sailing 'round the Horn!

BLANC: Horn? Yes sir...

SOUND: LOUD AUTO HORN TOOTS

COSTELLO: BOTSFORD!¹ *where did you get your "c" card?* There's no horn on a desert island! Cut it out!

ABBOTT: Never mind, Costello -- pick up where you left off!

COSTELLO: All right -- (UP) Okay Laughton - ^{TELL ME} ~~you take~~ Bandalayo, ~~and I'll take the road to Mandalayo!~~ *where's your sister*

GIRL: Here comes my beautiful sister now. Say something, oh lovely sister.

GRAY: I'M ONLY TREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!

LAUGHTON: Good heavens, what a cast! Where did you get all these amateurs!

ABBOTT: Amateurs? This is little Matilda - she's funnier than Costello!

LAUGHTON: Who -- isn't ---???

COSTELLO: If I get any more ribs on this program, I'll open up a barbecue joint! (YELLS) ~~Matilda, you're bustin' up the play!~~

SOUND: JUNGLE DRUMS, HOLD UNDER:

LAUGHTON: Listen, do you hear that??? JUNGLE DRUMS! Drums! Drums!
Drums! - beating up and down again! Drums! Drums!

ABBOTT: Costello, do you hear anything?

COSTELLO: Yeah - I hear Laughton overacting!

LAUGHTON: You fools! - run for your lives, the cannibals are coming!

EFFECT: (BLANC, NILES, GRAY) SAVAGE YELLS

ABBOTT: It's too late, we're surrounded! Look who's leading the cannibals - a white woman!

NILES: (NATIVE) Silence! You are in the presence of the great White Queen! She is about to speak - what is your desire, O Queen of the Cannibals??

Costello: cannibal play in this "eat the people"

ALLMAN: (GRAVEL) I'm in the mood for a manburger! ... All right, men, let's take the little fat one first!

COSTELLO: D-D-Does th-th-that mean m-me??

LAUGHTON: It doesn't mean ^{me}, -- I'm such a ham, I'm half-baked already!

ALLMAN: Do you, have anything to say before I light the fire?

ABBOTT: I haven't anything to say!

LAUGHTON: Do I have time for the Gettysburg Address?

ALLMAN: What about you, fat boy?

COSTELLO: I only wanna say this, Queen -- I don't care if you cook me, I don't care if you season me with salt and pepper and cover me with chili sauce. But if you're gonna eat all of us, please be patriotic - DON'T FORGET RATIONING!

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ALLMAN: RATIONING???

COSTELLO: Yeah - only one person to a person!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

NILES: Tonight as the New Year comes in, thousands of men and women the world over will have a Camel in their hands. And some of them, Camel smokers for five, ten, or twenty-five years may think of other New Year's Eves when they lit a Camel between choruses of "Auld Lang Syne". To all these, our old friends, we say "Happy New Year" once again, and to our thousands of new friends, we say "Greetings". We hope you'll make true in the future what we believe has been true in the past - that more people have smoked Camels longer than any other cigarette. Yes, year-in, year-out loyalty like that is real proof of Camel character. Test Camels for yourself in your own T-Zone... "T" for taste and "T" for throat - your own proving ground for flavor and mildness - you'll see that Camel has rich, full flavor, the kind of extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And Camels have smooth extra mildness, too, because they're slow burning and cool smoking. Try Camels - you'll find that costlier tobaccos, expertly blended, make a better cigarette!

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

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

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

NILES: And now, I have a very pleasant surprise for every Abbott and Costello fan. With us tonight is one of Hollywood's most distinguished men - a noted producer - as well as President of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is a privilege to present -- Mr. Walter Wanger!

(APPLAUSE)

WANGER: Thank you, Mr. Niles, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I speak to you tonight in behalf of an outstanding publication of the film industry - The Motion Picture Herald. Each year, this magazine conducts a poll of more than seventeen thousand ~~exhibitors~~ ^{THEATRE MANAGERS & OWNERS} to select the star who has proved to be the leading box office attraction of the nation! In other words, you, ladies and gentlemen, by the tickets you have purchased at your theaters, have chosen as your favorite screen stars of 1942 -- the team of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

(APPLAUSE)

Bud and Lou - this award not only means that you are the number one box office stars of America, but it also signifies far more than that...it means that, with your rare abilities to make people laugh, you have contributed countless hours of happiness and entertainment to millions of theater-goers. And so, for the Motion Picture Herald, and the ~~exhibitors~~ ^{THEATRE MANAGERS & OWNERS} of the entire country, I present you with this scroll.

ABBOTT: Thank you very much, Mr. Wanger; this is really a great honor! ... Well, Costello, aren't you going to say something?

COSTELLO: I demand a recount!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! You dummy - we won!

COSTELLO: (MEEKLY) Oh! I'm sorry, Mr. Wanger! I thought they stuffed the box office!

WANGER: (CHUCKLES) Well, seriously, boys, by winning this award you follow in the footsteps of such great artists as Marie Dressler, Will Rogers and Mickey Rooney. It is a fine tribute to your rare talents; and I know I echo the hope of everyone listening that you will continue to make audiences laugh all over ^{the world} ~~America~~.

COSTELLO: Well, we'll keep trying, Mr. Wanger...and we want to express our thanks to you for being here tonight and to all the exhibitors who voted for us!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

(NOTE: PAGE 24 TO COME)

NILES: Remember, Canels presents four great radio shows each week - the Camel Caravan tomorrow night, Bob Hawk on Saturday, Monday nights it's Blondie, and next Thursday Abbott and Costello, with their guest George Raft.

And don't forget -- our program will come to you two and a half hours later. If you've been listening at 7:30 Eastern War Time, you will now hear Abbott and Costello at 10:00 o'clock; if you've been listening at 6:30 Central War Time, be sure to tune in at 9:00 o'clock. And now, This is Ken Niles wishing you all the happiest of New Years and a very pleasant goodnight - from Hollywood.

*Put
2nd show*

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE

ANNOUNCER: Say, are you still having trouble breaking in that Christmas pipe? Here's an easy way. Fill it half way up with Prince Albert, increase the amount of tobacco a little with each pipeful that follows, and your pipe will smoke sweet as a nut! P.A. won't bite your tongue, either, because it's no-bite treated. And wait'll you see how easy Prince Albert is to pack, and how easy-drawing it is - that's because it's crimp cut. You get around fifty mild, rich-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.