

7:00 - 7:30 PM  
N.B.C. NETWORK

FEBRUARY **AS** 1944

**BROADCAST**

MASTER ✓

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

for

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star - SYDNEY GREENSTREET

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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! / 23

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra,  
the songs of Connie Haines, tonight's guest, <sup>the Warner Bros. Star</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>appearing in</sup> ~~the~~ "Passage to Marseille"  
Mr. Sydney Greenstreet, and starring... Bud Abbott and Lou

Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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FIRST SPOT

-1-

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

ABBOTT: Oh, there you are, Costello -- where have you been? Why are you late???

COSTELLO: Oh, I'm in a lot of trouble, Abbott ---- I was comin' down to the studio in my car, and I drove through a red light! Now they wanna fine me two thousand dollars!

ABBOTT: Two thousand dollars! They can't fine you two thousand dollars for going through a red light!

COSTELLO: Oh no? - This light was in a drugstore window!

ABBOTT: Costello, that's terrible!

COSTELLO: And not only that, Abbott - they also wanna charge me three dollars and eighty cents for costs!

ABBOTT: What're the costs for?

COSTELLO: Well, when my car hit the drugstore, I sailed over the windshield and slid down a long soda fountain, En route, I picked up four malteds, eight sandwiches, two hard boiled eggs, thirty cents in tips - and wound up on the toothpaste counter between Irium and Miriam! - - - Hey, Abbott, have a toothbrush?

ABBOTT: Oh, shut up!

COSTELLO: Have two of them - you gotta big mouth!

ABBOTT: Now just a minute, Costello - where did this accident happen?

COSTELLO: (HESITATES) Well, I don't like to tell you, Abbott - it happened out where you live - in Sherman Oaks!

ABBOTT: (YELLS) Sherman Oaks! Why, I've just been elected Mayor of Sherman Oaks! To think that you, my best friend, should disgrace me! *why*

~~COSTELLO: (SADLY) Oh, I'm a rat! .. I'm a mouse - marked down from a rat!~~

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ABBOTT: (ANGRILY) Costello, I don't know what to do with you!  
You've harrassed me, besmirched me, subjected me to  
contumely - and now you've put a blot on my escutcheon!

COSTELLO: I what????

ABBOTT: You put a blot on my escutcheon!

COSTELLO: I DID EVERYTHING ELSE BUT I DIDN'T DO THAT!

ABBOTT: I'm disgusted with you, Costello. Tonight I had a  
surprise for you - as Mayor of Sherman Oaks I was going to  
appoint you Sheriff. <sup>tonight</sup> but now I've changed my mind!

COSTELLO: (WEEPS) Please don't do that, Abbott -- everybody has a  
badge but me: a cop has a badge, a fireman, a motorman -  
even a little Boy Scout has a badge. Abbott, I just gotta  
have one!

ABBOTT: Why do you have to have a badge???

COSTELLO: I'm tired of holdin' up my pants with my teeth!

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, if I give you this job as Sheriff, you've  
got a lot of brave men to follow. Listen to the record of  
their backgrounds: Sheriff Jones, Red Coats, Northwest  
Mounted - 1931: Sheriff Brown, Red Coats, Northwest Mounted  
1938....

COSTELLO: Sheriff Costello, Sport Coats, May Company Basement, 19.95!

ABBOTT: Oh, Costello, you don't know anything about being a  
Sheriff. You've never trailed a crook!

COSTELLO: Yes I did, Abbott - I once trailed a crook! He dressed  
himself up in woman's clothes, but he couldn't fool me!

ABBOTT: How did you know it was a man dressed as a woman?

COSTELLO: When he went past a mirror he didn't stop to pull down  
his girdle!

ABBOTT: But how could you identify him as the crook?

COSTELLO: The minute he opened his mouth he gave himself away - he had freckles on his tongue!

ABBOTT: That's crazy! How could a man get freckles on his tongue?

COSTELLO: FROM EATING SWISS CHEESE OUT IN THE SUN! *you better get with it folks, if you know what's good for you!*

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, you've convinced me! I hereby appoint you Sheriff of Sherman Oaks! Step forward, and I'll pin this badge on you!

COSTELLO: Okay, your honor! .. OW! OOOOOO! OW! ABBOTT! (COUGHS)

ABBOTT: Costello, hold still! I'm tearing your shirt!

COSTELLO: I AIN'T WEARIN' A SHIRT! *you're pinning it on my skin!*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

NILES: Well, good evening, boys. Hello, Mayor Abbott.

ABBOTT: Oh, it's Ken Niles. Ken, you're just in time to congratulate Costello -- I've just appointed him Sheriff of Sherman Oaks!

NILES: Sheriff of Sherman Oaks?? Hahaha - that's a laugh! What a Sheriff he'll make - he couldn't run down a pair of heels!

COSTELLO: Just a second, Niles -- I'll have you know I used to be with the F.B.I.

NILES: What's that - The Fat Boy's Institute??? HAHAHA! ... Bud, how could you appoint such a weakling as Costello, Sheriff??

COSTELLO: WHO'S A WEAKLING! I'LL BETCHA TWO TO ONE I COULD LICK JOHN L. SULLIVAN!

NILES: Sullivan's dead!

COSTELLO: THEN I'LL BETCHA THREE TO ONE!

ABBOTT: Oh, stop fighting, Costello!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

NILES: Say, Bud, here comes my beautiful wife! Why don't you appoint her policewoman of Sherman Oaks! She's a regular bloodhound!

COSTELLO: From the looks of her ears she's part cocker spaniel, too!

ALLMAN: (FADES IN) I HEARD THAT REMARK, COSTELLO, <sup>COSTELLO: I said it for you</sup> I won't take <sup>to hear</sup> anymore insults from you, FATTY!

COSTELLO: Fatty?? Listen, Mrs. Niles, I weighed myself this afternoon, and I tipped the scales at one hundred and ten pounds.

ALLMAN: Tipped it! YOU MUST'VE BRIBED IT!...

NILES: Oh, that's a good one, sweetheart! -- And I have some news for you, dear -- Bud Abbott has just appointed this dopey dumpling the Sheriff of Sherman Oaks! Ha-Ha-Ha!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute! I think Costello will make a fine Sheriff!

ALLMAN: Oh, yeah??? I saw him in front of the courthouse this morning reading a sign that said: "Murderer Wanted! ... and he went in and applied for the job!

NILES: (GLEEFULLY) That's telling him, dear! You're the perfect match for me!

ALLMAN: Oh, no dear -- You're the perfect match for me!

NILES: Oh, no -- You're the perfect match for me!

ALLMAN: But I insist, Kenneth - You're the perfect match for me!

COSTELLO: WOULD ANYBODY LIKE A PAIR OF MATCHING BOOK-ENDS WITH SKIN?!

ALLMAN: You've got a lot of room to talk about me, you fat tub. I have beautiful skin!

COSTELLO: Yeh - I got an Uncle who would give you two hundred dollars for your skin!

ALLMAN: What is he - a plastic surgeon?

COSTELLO: No - He makes alligator bags! *He makes alligator bags, you old*

ALLMAN: Ooooooh----I've never been so insulted in my life---Come Kenneth!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ABBOTT: Costello, you've simply got to stop all these insults or pretty soon everybody is going to hate you!

COSTELLO: Oh, I'm used to that Abbott. Nobody likes me at first. Why, I was fifteen years old before my mother would let me in the house.

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense, Costello! I am about to appoint you the Sheriff of Sherman Oaks, so get ready to take the oath of office. Now repeat this after me...."I PROMISE TO DEFEND THE COMMUNITY OF SHERMAN OAKS WITH MY VERY LIFE."

COSTELLO: (WEAKLY) My very life! *Every inch of my life! Is that me talkin'?* ~~---er---okay!~~

ABBOTT: Costello, you don't sound very convincing. Are you *sure* you're physically and mentally strong enough to be Sheriff?

COSTELLO: Abbott, I'll make a great Sheriff. If I meet a bunch of crooks, I'll shoot till all my bullets are gone - then I'll throw away my gun and I'll fight 'em with my bare hands!

ABBOTT: Now, you're talking, Costello!

COSTELLO: If they cut off my right arm, I'll fight 'em with my left arm! If they cut off both my arms -- I'LL KICK 'EM WITH MY FEET!

ABBOTT: That's the spirit, Costello!

COSTELLO: If they chop off my feet I'll BUTT them with my head and BITE 'em with my teeth!

ABBOTT: Excellent, Costello -- that's fine -- YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE OF MAN WE WANT FOR SHERIFF!

COSTELLO: Yeah -- BUT DON'T YOU THINK I'M A LITTLE BIT NUTS???

(APPLAUSE)

*6-45*

MUSIC: PLAYOFF:

NILES: Somewhere in Labrador, on the route of the bombers north-bound to England, you'll find American soldiers. And to Labrador, north of Newfoundland, to U.S. bases 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. And when the Camels get to Labrador -- or to you -- they're fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Today more people want Camels, both at home and overseas; more people want the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor. If your store was sold out today, remember that 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!

MUSIC: "I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU" ... HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra play an old favorite -  
"I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU."

(APPLAUSE)

7.98  
9.39

ABBOTT: Well, Sheriff Costello - this is your office. You can take over at once!

COSTELLO: Oh, boy, Abbott -- I can hardly wait to get started. I'm gonna clean up this town! I'll clean out all the poolrooms ----I'll clean out all the dens ----I'll scour the alleys....

ABBOTT: What do you want to do that for?

COSTELLO: I gotta side job with the Street Cleaning Department!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS - RECEIVER UP

COSTELLO: Hello, Sheriff Costello speaking! What? A man broke into your room. Yes Ma'am....I'll put it on the police radio right away.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

COSTELLO: (RADIO VOICE) Calling all Cars! Calling all Cars! Go to 754 Palm Street. An old maid just found a burglar in her room.....Proceed with caution....THE OLD MAID IS ARMED!

ABBOTT: Well, you're catching on to your job fast Costello!

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

BROWN: (EXCITED) SHERIFF! SHERIFF! I JUST MET A MAN WHO WAS STUCK UP!

COSTELLO: What did you do?

BROWN: I ignored him, the conceited thing!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

COSTELLO: Who was that, Abbott?

ABBOTT: He's the head of the Riot Squad!

SOUND: FAST DOOR OPEN

BROWN: Yes, and AIN'T I A RIOT!

COSTELLO: Look, why don't you take a nap under a falling axe?

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS



ABBOTT: Now, come on, Costello, and---

SOUND: (TIN CUP BANGING ON IRON BARS)

ABBOTT: Costello! Who's making that noise? *in the jail?*

COSTELLO: That's the prisoner in Cell Three!

SOUND: HAMMERING NOISE REPEATED

BLANC: (RAVING SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME  
OUT OF HERE! I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN! I PROMISE! IF YOU  
LET ME OUT I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!

ABBOTT: Who is that man?

COSTELLO: He's the guy that wrote "MARZYDOATS!"

ABBOTT: Oh, never mind him! There's a car pulling up in front.  
Say, it's Mrs. Niles!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Oh, Mayor Abbott - I'm glad I found you in! I have news for  
you. I JUST PICKED UP A SCENT!

COSTELLO: Here's four cents more -- grab a bus and get out of town!

ABBOTT: Now, just a minute, Costello. Mrs. Niles may be in trouble

ALLMAN: That's right, Mister Abbott. Something terrible has just  
happened.

COSTELLO: What did they do----find your birth certificate!

~~ABBOTT: Costello, pay attention to Mrs. Niles. As the Sheriff  
it's your duty to hear her out!~~

~~COSTELLO: If it'll make you happy---I'll throw her out!~~

ABBOTT: Never mind him, Mrs. Niles. Let's have your story!

ALLMAN: (EXCITED) Well, for the last couple of nights there've  
been lots of strange noises, screams and gunshots coming  
from that old empty house next door to me! Suddenly, at  
two o'clock this morning, as I was standing by the stove  
making fudge - LOUD SCREAM!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) What happened??

COSTELLO: She burnt <sup>THE</sup> ~~her~~ fudge!

ALLMAN: No! I saw a mysterious man, peering out of the attic window! He made an ugly face at me, like this!

COSTELLO: NO! NO! DON'T DO THAT!

ALLMAN: I HAVEN'T MADE THE FACE YET!

COSTELLO: HOW CAN I TELL?????

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello - this may be more serious than you think!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

S.G.: Pardon me - I'm looking for the Sheriff!

ALLMAN: THAT'S THE ONE! HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS MAN!

ABBOTT: Costello, it's Sydney Greenstreet!

(APPLAUSE)

S.G.: Sheriff Costello, as a new resident of Sherman Oaks I contend that this woman here has been prying and trespassing on my property. I demand that she be apprehended, incarcerated, and held incommunicado in your bastille!

COSTELLO: WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE GREENSTREET <sup>(Costello repeats twice)</sup> -- THERE MAY BE A SAILOR IN THE AUDIENCE.

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Costello. Mr. Greenstreet, I'm the Mayor of Sherman Oaks - what's the nature of your complaint??

S.G.: Well, I'll put it in simple language that even a moron can understand!

COSTELLO: Step aside, Abbott - he's talkin' to me! ... Now listen, Greenstreet, I'm the Sheriff around here and I'm gonna ask some questions. Now what're those screams in your house at midnight?

S.G.: That's my business!

COSTELLO: And what about those gunshots??

S.G.: That's my business!

ALLMAN: And ask him about those dead bodies in the basement!!

S.G.: That is also my business!

COSTELLO: This guy's doin' a heck of a business!....Now look, Greenstreet, come clean or I'll see that you get the jug.

S.G.: Thanks, old man - I haven't been able to get a fifth!

*Costello:* *You came down near not getting it at all!*  
ABBOTT: Costello, be careful how you talk to Mr. Greenstreet. Do you realize he was the killer in that picture, "The Maltese Falcon!"

S.G.: (SUAVELY) Gentlemen, you misjudge me...I wouldn't hurt a fly. In fact, I love the little creatures!

COSTELLO: You - (GULPS) love flies???

S.G.: Yes, I raise flies as a hobby! As a matter of fact, one of my mother flies had a baby only last week.

ABBOTT: (AWED) How's the baby doing??

S.G.: Not very well. In fact, his mother walked the ceiling with him all night!

ABBOTT: That doesn't explain why you're living in that mysterious house here in Sherman Oaks!

S.G.: Gentlemen, let me tell you the story of the Maltese Falcon!

MUSIC: MYSTERIOSO SLUR, HOLDING UNDER:

S.G.: This story begins two years ago in R-R-Rangoon!

COSTELLO: (IMITATES) R-r-rangoon??

S.G.: Yes, Rangoon! It was there that I discovered the real Maltese Falcon - a statue encrusted with priceless jewels - emeralds, diamonds and r-r-rubies!

COSTELLO: In R-r-rangoon???

S.G.: Yes, in Rangoon! There I learned the Falcon was in the possession of a Hindu Prince! For two years I followed him all over the world -- to Tibet, the land of the Ilama; to Ceylon, the land of tea; to Burma --

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COSTELLO: The land of shaves! *Must be a foreign audience!*

S.G.: Finally, I tracked down this elusive character in the very depths of the Casbah. Then, at the cost of many lives, the Falcon became...mine! Mine! MINE! I TELL YOU! MINE!

*Music:*  
COSTELLO: (*Cut off*) (IMITATES) Yours, yours....okay, YOURS! (*Imitates Greenstreet*)

ABBOTT: Costello, this is an impossible situation! We can't have that Falcon here in Sherman Oaks! It leaves a trail of death!

COSTELLO: You're right, Abbott - we gotta get it away from him! Come on, Greenstreet, gimme the bird!

S.G.: (LAUGHS, SNEERINGLY) Haha - don't tempt me!

COSTELLO: (BRAVELY) All right, then - I might as well warn you -- if you won't give up that Falcon, I'm comin' over to your house and get it!

S.G.: Very well then, let me warn you! If you set one foot inside my house, you will have the choice of being boiled in oil, eaten alive by hungry rats, thrown into a pit of quicklime, or you may have the choice of being burned at the stake!

COSTELLO: May I see the menu???

ABBOTT: OH, SHUT UP! " *15:40* *Besame Mucho* "

MUSIC: ~~INTRO FOR: "SPRING WILL BE A LITTLE LATE THIS YEAR", HOLD~~  
UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Connie Haines sings the season's *new hit - "Besame Mucho"* ~~lovely new ballad - "Spring Will be A Little Late This Year."~~

(APPLAUSE)

*18.00*

NILES: She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes!  
ORCH: "She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes!"  
NILES: But it's a flat mountain, see?  
ORCH: "She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes!"  
(LAST FEW NOTES VERY FLAT.)

NILES: That's really flat! And it can be worse in your cigarette!  
Has war-time flatness hit your cigarette? If it has, if  
you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter  
how many you smoke, get Camels! Camel cigarettes do have  
more flavor -- more flavor that comes from expert blending  
of costlier tobaccos. It's more flavor that helps Camel  
cigarettes hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how  
many you smoke! Give Camels the T-Zone test -- right in  
your own taste and throat! Prove what we say about more  
flavor in your own taste, and let your own throat give you  
the last word on Camel Cigarettes' smooth extra mildness!  
And remember, Camels 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!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

19.16

MUSIC: SEGUE TO MYSTERIOSO OPENING BRIDGE, FADING INTO:

SOUND: BLEND IN CAR COMING TO STOP, BRING IN WIND, <sup>THUNDER</sup> RAIN, ETC.,

HOLD LIGHTLY UNDER AND GRADUALLY FADE OUT ON CUE.

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, here we are - Sydney Greenstreet's house!

COSTELLO: (SCARED) Abbott - it's awful dark in that house!

ALLMAN: But you've got to go in there and look for that Falcon.

COSTELLO: Let's look for it out here - there's more light!

ABBOTT: Costello, as Sheriff of Sherman Oaks you must locate that Falcon and destroy it. It's a menace to our community!

ALLMAN: Yes, that's right! I'm not afraid!

COSTELLO: Mrs. Niles, why are your knees knockin'?

ALLMAN: My knees can't possibly knock - I'm bowlegged!

COSTELLO: Then one of them is reaching!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! This is a very dangerous mission - we've got to sneak up to the house without Greenstreet hearing us. Come on...

SOUND: SQUEAKING SHOES

ABBOTT: Costello! Your shoes are squeaking!

COSTELLO: All right, I'll take 'em off! Okay, they're off. Let's go.

SOUND: SAME SQUEAKING.

COSTELLO: How d'ya like that - my toes squeak too! ... Hey, Mrs.

~~Niles, who's that lookin' over your shoulder??~~

ALLMAN: ~~No one's looking over my shoulder!~~

COSTELLO: Oh, I'm sorry - it's your ears!

ABBOTT: Just a second - stop kidding around. Do you realize we're facing death! Look carefully - maybe you can find a secret entrance to the house!

COSTELLO: Abbott! Here's a tunnel in the ground!

*I ain't gonna take 'em off -*

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ABBOTT: Don't be silly, that's a gopher hole!

~~BROWN:~~  
~~BLANE:~~ Hey, will you quit shining that flashlight in my eyes!  
I'm tryin' to get some sleep!

COSTELLO: Say Mister, what're you doin' in a gopher hole?

~~BROWN:~~  
~~BLANE:~~ Housing shortage!

ABBOTT: You're just wasting time, Costello - we've got to find a way into this house!

ALLMAN: Wait, Mr. Abbott, I've found an opening -- I'll put my hand in. Oh dear! - it's awfully cold and damp in there!

COSTELLO: TAKE YOUR HAND OUTTA MY MOUTH!

ABBOTT: Say, I found an entrance - and the door's open! We must go in! Costello, you go first and I'll follow behind you!

COSTELLO: Oh no your ~~don't~~ not gonna trick me with that stuff, *brakes*

ABBOTT: All right, then I'll follow behind you and you go first!

COSTELLO: That's better!

ABBOTT: Just a minute - I'll open this door....

SOUND: CLICK AND DOOR CREAKS OPEN SLOWLY

ABBOTT: (WHISPERS) Now, don't make any noise -- tip-toe down the stairs!

COSTELLO: Okay, here I go!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE AND CRASH

~~ABBOTT: Costello! What happened!~~

COSTELLO: (OFF MIKE, YELLS) *Hey Abbot - t - t - t - t -* LOOK OUT FOR THAT FIRST STEP, IT'S A LULU!

ALLMAN: That's the cellar, Mr. Abbott - let's go in --- now I'll shine the flashlight around and see ---

COSTELLO: (QUICKLY) Abbott! Look over there -- THERE'S A BODY ON THE FLOOR!

ABBOTT: Is he dead??

COSTELLO: I CAN'T tell - his head's missing! *and it's singin' "I ain't got no body" -*

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ABBOTT: Listen, Costello - you look around down here, and Mrs. Niles and I will search the upstairs!

COSTELLO: (CRIES) Abbott...please! Don't leave me alone here with a corpse!

ABBOTT: What're you worrying about? - a dead man can't hurt you!

COSTELLO: I know, but can he do me any good!!

ABBOTT: Costello, what are we - mice or men??

COSTELLO: I dunno about you, but I'm glad there's no cat around!

ALLMAN: Mr. Abbott, I think the three of us better go up together.

ABBOTT: Suppose we try this door right here - now take it easy ----

SOUND: DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN

S.G: (EVENLY) Good evening - won't you please come in!

ALL: (EXCLAMATIONS OF SURPRISE) HEY! IT'S GREENSTREET! ETC.

*Costello: Greenstreet! Here's where I get off!*  
S.G: WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CELLAR!

COSTELLO: We're lookin' for a short-cut to R-R-Rangoon!

S.G: It is indeed regrettable that you chose to ignore my warning! You're risking your life!

COSTELLO: (BRAVELY) Don't gimme that, Greenstreet! I'm the Sheriff in this town, and you got a dead guy laying down there in the cellar.

S.G: Yes, I know <sup>he</sup> lives there!

ABBOTT: But if he's dead why don't you throw him out??

S.G: I can't! - his rent's paid 'till April first!

~~BROWN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) HEY! WILL YOU GUYS KEEP QUIET IN THAT HOUSE! I CAN'T GET ANY SLEEP!~~

~~COSTELLO: Who are you - the man in the gopher hole??~~

~~BROWN: No, I threw him out - I'm the gopher!~~

*Costello: Costello, there are a*  
ABBOTT: *That's me,* Costello, there are a lot of mighty strange things going on around here.

*Costello: What page are you on, Abbott*  
*Abbott: There are some mighty strange things going on here.*  
*Costello: You said it! I still don't get it! Let me see - I'll just pick out any line -*

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COSTELLO: Yeah, and I'm just the detective who can handle this case! *me, a detective - I never lose my cases!* I studied under the great Philo Pants!

S.G: Philo Pants??? I never heard of him. Was he good?

COSTELLO: Good?? Pants never fell down on the job!

ALLMAN: Sheriff Costello, I demand that you get to work immediately and find that statue of the Falcon before something terrible happens!

COSTELLO: Okay. Abbott, you keep Greenstreet covered *you got a job there* - and I'll go to work.

S.G: What are you going to do?

COSTELLO: I'm gonna look for clues!

S.G: Ha! Where do you expect to find them?

COSTELLO: Right here in this clues closet!

S.G: Stop! Listen to me, Costello - don't touch that door! That closet has never been opened in two hundred and fifty years!

COSTELLO: Aaaa! I don't believe that! I'm gonna open it!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: (HORSE NEIGH, THEN YELLS LOUDLY) RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! THE BRITISH ARE COMING!

SOUND: QUICK HORSE HOOFS AND DOOR SLAMS

*Costello: Holy mackerel - Paul Riveter!*  
ABBOTT: Listen, Costello, this isn't helping us find that Falcon. Look under the bed!

~~COSTELLO: Okay.~~

SOUND: METALLIC CLANK AND IRON BANK RATTLING

~~COSTELLO: OOOOO! WHO PUT THAT PIGGIE BANK UNDER THERE! Hey,~~

*Costello:* Abbott, look - there's a trunk under this bed!

ABBOTT: Pull it out and open it!

SOUND: SLIDING OF TRUNK AND OPENING

COSTELLO: Wow! Get a load of this! - machine guns, bullets, rifles, revolvers, dynamite! *Cop pistols, even caps. He's got trunk, too.* Come clean, Greenstreet - WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' WITH ALL THAT STUFF!

S.G.: (SHAMEFACED) Well, you might as well know - I'm storing them for Flat-Top!

*Costello:* *That's a honey of an answer -*  
ABBOTT: Never mind that, Costello - push the trunk back under the bed....

SOUND: SLIDING OF TRUNK AND THEN CREAKING, AS OF DOOR OPENING

ALLMAN: MR. ABBOTT! LOOK! THE BED IS MOVING -- THERE'S A SECRET PANEL IN THE FLOOR!

COSTELLO: HEY! ABBOTT, D'YA SEE WHAT'S IN THERE - IT'S THE FALCON!

MUSIC: MYSTERIOSO SLUR, AS BEFORE

ALLMAN: Goodness gracious, I don't see any diamonds or rubies - that Falcon's nothing but a statue!

ABBOTT: (STRONGLY) Come on, GREENSTREET, we've got you covered --- what's this all about!

S.G.: Very well, I have no alternative -- I will tell you the secret of the Falcon. It has a magic power - "whomsoever shall rub the Falcon's nose...his wish shall be granted unto him!"

*rub his nose - come on -*  
COSTELLO: Come on - everybody *tweak his beak!*

S.G.: Hold on! The Falcon has the power to grant only one wish - AND THAT WISH SHALL BE MINE!

*I've got that saved for somebody else -*  
COSTELLO: Not today, Greenstreet! Abbott, you're my pal, my buddy - and you're the Mayor -- you rub the Falcon's nose and make a wish!

ALLMAN: Oh, that's splendid - go ahead, Mr. Abbott - make the wish!

ABBOTT: (TOUCHED) Thank you, friends -- I wish...I wish that I could kill Hitler!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP

COSTELLO: Hello....Yes. *you don't mean it!* Oh, that's great! Goodbye!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

COSTELLO: ABBOTT! YOUR WISH HAS BEEN GRANTED! YOU'RE GONNA KILL HITLER!

ABBOTT: Who was that on the phone???

COSTELLO: YOUR DRAFT BOARD - YOU'RE IN 1-A!

ABBOTT: OH GET OUTTA HERE!

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

27.37

(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 twenty-three year old Corporal Richard Fisco, of St. Albans, Long Island. One of a seven-man patrol on the Rome Beachhead, he crawled for six hours behind enemy lines, killed eight Germans himself with a tommy gun, aided his companions in killing seventeen more, and returned to American lines under cover of smoke grenades. In your honor, Corporal Richard Fisco, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

27.15

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel 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 guest, Miss Hedda Hopper!

BUMPER: "LIZA" FADE OUT ON GUE

27.58

51459 8393

NILES: And now, here's Abbott and Costello with a *to say goodnight* ~~final word~~...  
 ABBOTT: *okay, and folks, we're a little late so from Lou*  
~~Thanks, Ken - well, Costello, as Mayor of Sherman Oaks,~~  
~~and myself, goodnight and God bless you all -~~  
~~I want to congratulate you on the splendid job of recovering~~

the Falcon.

COSTELLO: Thank you, your honor! Say, who's gonna be our guest star next week?

ABBOTT: Oh, that famous newspaper columnist, Hedda Hopper. You know, she's a very interesting person, Costello - she's traveled to the four corners of the world!

COSTELLO: Has she ever been to R-R-Rangoon??

ABBOTT: She certainly has.

COSTELLO: THEN BRING 'ER IN - I'LL RUB HER NOSE NEXT WEEK!

~~ABBOTT: OHHH! Good night, folks!~~

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME...HOLD UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Be sure and tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show, with our special guest, Miss Hedda Hopper. / 28.22  
 ...And remember, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! / 28.29  
 ...This is Ken Niles wishing you a very pleasant goodnight from Hollywood. / 28.34

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH-HIKE

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! And if you make your pipe one more pipe, you'll find out why we say P.A. stands for Pipe Appeal! Every big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert holds around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls, each one no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort. P.A.'s crimp cut, too, to pack and draw and burn just right! Remember -- more pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY!

29.36