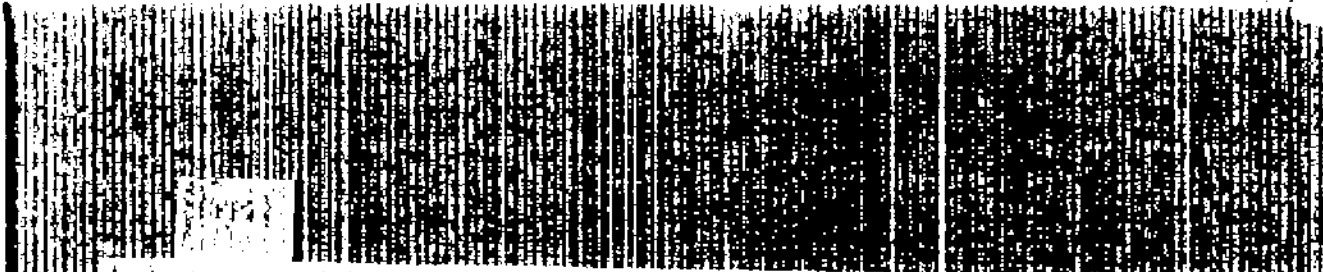


0795169-001

ATX01 0234126



# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_ NETWORK: \_\_\_\_\_ NBC  
LUCKY STRIKE APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST  
SEPTEMBER 29, 1946 REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 023412B

(REVISED)

"THE JACK BENNY SHOW"

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1946

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

RTX01 0234129



BC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

9-29-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

100-7:30 PM EST SEPTEMBER 29, 1946 - PROGRAM #1

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

SIMS: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RIGGS: (CHANT - 58 to 60 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

BARUCH: Yes, sir!  
(Excl. G)

RUYSDAEL: You said it!

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky  
Strike means fine tobacco. <sup>Year after year</sup> Yes, today, tomorrow, always,  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)

EARUCH: Year after year, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

FUYSDAEL: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

BOONE: (CHANT - 58 to 60 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-4-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MYSTERICUSO MUSIC)

MEL: Just sit there, Benny, and keep your trap shut.

MARR: Yeah ...One false move and we'll slug ya.

JACK: (PLEADING) But fellows, please untie me. My program is on..I should be there..I'll lose my job if I miss my first broadcast.

MEL: You're gonna miss 'em all, Benny.

JACK: What?

MARR: You ain't gonna drive us nuts any more.

MEL: (TOUGH) For fifteen years we've been listening to that (MIMICS BENNY) "Hello again. This is Jack Benny talking." (TOUGH) Well, we've had enough of it, see.

MARR: Yea, let's bump him off.

JACK: No no, fellows, please don't kill me..I don't want to die. Spare my life. I'll make it worth your while..I'll give you each ten dollars..Please, please, don't kill me.

MEL: Go ahead, Joe, let him have it.

MARR: Wait a minute..we ain't had no fun. Let's torture him first.

MEL: Okay...I'll burn him with my cigarette.

JACK: (HYSTERICALLY) No, no, no, don't burn me, DON'T BURN ME, DON'T -- What kind of a cigarette is that?

MEL: A Lucky Strike.

JACK: (HYSTERICALLY) Okay..burn me..(CRYING)..Burn me where it will show...after all, Lucky Strikes are made of that the lighter, that finer, that naturally mil-l-l-l-l-l.. let go of my tongue..What's the matter with you guys anyway?

ATX01 0234132

MEL: All right, Joe, we've stalled long enough. Lift him out of the chair and lay him on the table.

MARR: Okay. But I want to do a neat job on this guy. Hand me my rubber gloves.

MEL: Here you are.

JACK: No, no, fellows, don't kill me. I'll make it eleven dollars..I mean it.

MARR: Ready?

MEL: Ready.

MARR: Knife.

MEL: Knife.

MARR: Ax.

MEL: Ax.

MARR: Poison.

MEL: Poison.

MARR: Rope.

MEL: Rope.

MARR: Knife.

MEL: Knife.

JACK: You've got that already.

MARR: Thanks.

MEL: Thanks.

JACK: Please fellas.

MARR: GUN.

MEL: GUN.

MARR: BULLET.

MEL: BULLET.

MARR: ATOMIC BOMB.

MEL: ATOMIC BOMB.

JACK: WHAT?

NEL: GIVE IT TO HIM!

(SOUND: THREE GUN SHOTS AND EXPLOSION)

JACK: (SCREAMS THREE TIMES)

ROCHESTER: BOSS..BOSS, WAKE UP..WAKE UP!

JACK: (SCREAMS)

ROCHESTER: BOSS..WAKE UP.

JACK: (SCREAMS - WAKING UP) Huh? What? Oh..oh it's you, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yeah.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, what a nightmare I just had...I was with two fellows... two of 'em... what a horrible dream.

ROCHESTER: Did you get stuck with the check again?

JACK: No no, nothing like that. I dreamt I was held captive by a couple of thugs. They were going to keep me from going back on the air..it was terrible.

ROCHESTER: It must have been, boss, you look pale...sick...Let me see your tongue.

JACK: (STICKS OUT TONGUE) AAAAAAH.

ROCHESTER: Hm..fingerprints.

JACK: That's funny, there should'nt be...He wore rubber gloves.

ROCHESTER: What did you say?

JACK: Oh, nothing, nothing. You weren't there.

ROCHESTER: Doggone, boss, that sure must have been a realistic dream ... look how you thrashed around in the bed.

JACK: Yeah.

ROCHESTER: You even pulled an arm off your teddy bear!

JACK: Oh darn it..and I've had it ever since I was thirty.  
What a nightmare! Seems like I always dream like that  
before an opening broadcast. Well...I better start  
getting dressed.

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS..FOOTSTEPS..TRIP..BODY  
THUD)

JACK: Hmm..Rochester, I told you to shorten my nightgown..  
Why didn't you?

ROCHESTER: I WAS GONNA, BOSS, BUT I HATED TO CUT THOSE ROSE BUDS  
OFF THE BOTTOM.

JACK: Well, get the car, Rochester, and as soon as I get  
dressed we'll go to the studio.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Drive carefully, Rochester. I'm nervous. You know how  
it is before an opening broadcast.

ROCHESTER: What are you worrying about, boss..you've been on the  
radio fifteen years.

JACK: Well..

ROCHESTER: IF THEY AIN'T FOUND OUT BY NOW, THEY AIN'T NEVER GONNA  
FIND OUT.

JACK: I guess not, but take it easy anyway. I don't want to  
have to ..

(SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES AND CAR CONTINUES)

JACK: Rochester! When you come to an intersection, blow your  
horn.

ROCHESTER: I can't, the rubber bulb is broken.

JACK: Well then put it in your mouth and blow it.

ROCHESTER: PETRILLO WON'T LET ME.

JACK: Anyway here we are at N.B.C.

(SOUND: BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

JACK: Want to come in and watch the show, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: No thanks, boss. I'll sit here and listen to it on the radio.

JACK: Okay..the earphones are in the glove compartment. Here's the key.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: Good luck, boss.

JACK: Thanks.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) TAKE BACK YOUR SAMBA, HI! YOUR RHUMBA, HI! YOUR CONGA, HI YI YI YI...TAKE BACK YOUR --

HERB: I beg your pardon, Mr. Benny ...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Yes?

HERB: May I have your autograph, please.

JACK: My autograph? Certainly.

HERB: Would you mind signing it in this pail of water, I want to try out my new pen.

JACK: Sure. Just a minute, I'll pull up my sleeve.

(SOUND: WATER SPLASH)

JACK: There you are.

HERB: Thank you.

JACK: You're welcome.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) TAKE BACK YOUR RHUMBA..HI!..YOUR SAMBA, HI!.. YOUR--Gee, those pens are becoming popular. Maybe I oughta do some jokes about them on my program. Nah.. the public isn't ready for it yet.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) TAKE BACK YOUR SAMBA, HI! YOUR RHUMBA, HI! YOUR CONGA, HI YI YI YI ... H'ya, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, well, Don, we'll be on the air in a few minutes.

DON: Yes, sir. How does it feel getting back in the groove again, Jack?

JACK: Well, to tell you the truth, Don, I'm a little excited. I got a nervous stomach.

DON: I know just how you feel, Jack. I've got a nervous stomach, too.

JACK: Well .. you're just about thirty inches more nervous than I am. But you'll be all right ... Say, Don, have you got everything all set for your part of the program ... you know, just the way you want it?

DON: I sure have, Jack, and I took the liberty of hiring a quartette to work with me during the commercial.

JACK: A quartette for the commercials? .. Well, that sounds novel.

DON: I knew you'd like it, so I put them under contract for eight weeks and it will only cost you five hundred dollars a week. That isn't too much, is it?

JACK: Why no .. I mean no .. I mean no. But, Don, that quartette must be sensational for that kind of money.

DON: Oh, they are, Jack. This will start a new style in radio. Talking commercials with a big vocal background. You'll be crazy about it.



**JACK:** I know, but five hundred dollars a week for 8 weeks...  
Well, if it's as good as you say, Don, it might be worth it.  
How much time have we got before we go on the air?

**DON:** About five minutes.

**JACK:** Well, have the orchestra warm up. I'll be right out.

**DON:** Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

**JACK:** (SINGS) TAKE BACK YOUR SAMBA, HI! YOUR RHUMBA, HI! YOUR  
CONGA -- five hundred dollars for a quartette ... HI YI  
YI YI .. I CAN'T KEEP MOVING MY CHASSIS, HI, ANY LONGER,  
HI YI YI ..

(BAND NUMBER - "GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: JACK JACK..IT'S ALMOST TIME.

JACK: Coming.

DON: ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY..STAND BY!

JACK: TAKE IT BOYS.

(MUSIC OPENING THEME)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT JACK BENNY HAS MADE MORE PEOPLE LAUGH THAN ANY OTHER COMEDIAN WHO EVER LIVED. AND NOW WE BRING YOU THE MAN WHO SAID IT... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...and Don, that was a very nice introduction for our first show but I wish you wouldn't make people think that I'm conceited enough to say that I made more people laugh than any other comedian...it's true...but I didn't say it. Well, Don, here I am starting my fiftieth...fifteenth year in radio..and just think, for thirteen of those years you've been with me.

DON: I know, Jack, and I'll always be grateful. Why when I started out with you thirteen years ago, I was just a little nobody....and look at me today...a big fat slob.

JACK: Oh, don't thank me, Don, I'd have done the same for anybody. And Don, the nice part of our association is that it's always been so pleasant and happy. I don't know, I like just being around you..especially when you laugh...I haven't heard you laugh for seventeen weeks ...go ahead, Don, laugh.

DON: No no, Jack, you embarrass me.

JACK: Come on, Don, come on, laugh..Kitchy Kitchy Koo..

DON: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Come on, laugh some more..real hard this time.

DON: (LAUGHS HARDER)

JACK: Now to you--now to you people sitting in the audience.. if you ever want to get in here again..that's what I mean...And Don, I know it's a little early in the show, but I want to hear this idea you have for the commercial ..you know, with the quartette. You know after all it's \$500. Are the boys ready?

DON: They're still rehearsing but they'll be here in a few minutes.

JACK: Good, good. I can hardly -- well, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack. Hello, Don.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mary, I haven't seen you in four months..let me look at you...Gee, you look swell..you look wonderful..different ..what have you done to yourself?

MARY: Well, Jack, this summer I really took it' easy and I gained twelve pounds.

JACK: Twelve pounds? Let me look at you again..Hmmm...Yes sir ..Hmmm...Hmmm...Hmmm...And your face looks fuller, too ..Come here, Mary--let me see if I can still get my arm around you.

MARY: Oh, Jack, don't be silly.

JACK: (COY) Come here, Mary, come here...Jackie's got you now.

MARY: (EMBARRASSED) Jack, now stop it..stop it..ooh, you're so so strong.

JACK: Come here...come here..gimme a kiss.

MARY: Jack, you're hurting me..where did you get those muscles?

JACK: Eastern Columbia, Broadway at Ninth. It's a swell department store. Now, come on, Mary, give me a kiss.. a nice big one.

MARY: All right, all right.

(SOUND: BIG KISS)

JACK: There...

MARY: (AMAZED) Gee, what a kiss..Jack, what's come over you?

JACK: I don't know. I'm nervous..maybe it's the tremble you like.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: You know, Mary, you may not believe this but I haven't kissed another girl in four months. I'll bet you can't say that.

MARY: I can too. I haven't kissed another girl in four months,

JACK: I mean fellows. Anyway, Mary, tell me what did you do all summer?

MARY: Well, I worked most of the time, I got laryngitis, and made a lot of money, too.

JACK: Really? What did you do?

MARY: I tiptoed into radio studios and whispered "Martha Ivers."

JACK: Oh, was that you?

DON: Say, Mary, are you glad to be back on the program again?

MARY: I sure am.

JACK: I am, too ... but you know, Mary, I must admit I'm a little nervous about the opening show.

MARY: Jack, if you think you're nervous .., what about Phil Harris ... he has two opening shows today.

JACK: Well, as a rule I'm not .. What? .. What did you say?

MARY: Phil has two opening shows .. yours and the Fitch Bandwagon. He has his own program.

JACK: Phil .. has his own program .. Gee, I didn't know that .. Hmm, that's gratitude for you .. the least he could have done is let me know. He could have dropped me a post card.

MARY: Or called you up.

JACK: No, my phone's disconnected during the summer. Hm .. His own program .. Phil .. Gosh, Mary .. what in the world can Phil do for a full half hour?

MARY: I don't know .. but if he adds two more choruses to "That's What I Like About the South," he's in.

JACK: I can't get over it .. So Phil has his own program.

MARY: Do you mind?

JACK: Of course not ... I like to see people get ahead ... I want everyone to be a success ... in fact, I'd even like to see Dennis Day get his own show.

MARY: He has.

JACK: WHAT? MARY, DID I HEAR YOU RIGHT?

MARY: If that thing in your ear is connected, you did.

JACK: This is no time to be funny. You're kidding about Dennis, aren't you?

MARY: No. He starts his own program Thursday night for Colgate. You're not mad, are you?

JACK: ... Of course I'm not mad ... I'd be in fine shape if I let little things like that bother me. What do you think keeps me looking so young and strong?

MARY: Eastern Columbia, Broadway at Ninth.

JACK: Besides that ... Anyway, with me, it's just a matter of principal, that's all .. if Phil and Dennis feel that they can go on their own shows and get laughs, it's all right with me. I don't care. (PHILOSOPHICALLY) Perhaps the little chicks feel that the nest that I built is too small and that they no longer need the sheltering wings of the mother hen --

MARY: If you lay an egg, I'm gonna punch you right in the nose.

JACK: Mary, I was just being --

DON: Oh, Jack, Jack .. we can do the commercial now. The quartette is ready.

JACK: Oh, good good. Mary, I want you to hear this. This is a new commercial Don thought of with a quartette behind it. I've got them tied up for eight weeks at five hundred dollars a week. Go ahead, Don, let's hear it.

DON: Okay. Ready boys. Let's go.

LS/MFT. LS/MFT. YES SIR, YOU BET, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO .. YES .. LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

DON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN A CIGARETTE IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS AND LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO. SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE A LITTLE HIGHER)

DON: LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF THAT FINE, THAT LIGHT, THAT NATURALLY MILD TOBACCO, SO FOR REAL DEEP-DOWN SMOKING ENJOYMENT, SMOKE THAT SMOKE OF FINE TOBACCO, LUCKY STRIKE.

QUARTETTE: (TWO NOTES)

JACK: For this I'm paying five hundred dollars?

DON: YES LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO CONTINUING SUCCESS AND LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

QUARTETTE: (FIVE NOTES)

JACK: Wait a minute .. wait a minute. Don .. is that all?

DON: Yes.

JACK: For that I'm paying five hundred dollars a week .. for eight weeks? Stand aside, Don. I want to talk to this quartette. Listen fellows, if you think I'm gonna pay you five hundred dollars a week just for that you're crazy.

QUARTETTE: (TWO NOTES)

JACK: Now out that out .. and get out of here. Don, I thought you had something like --

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson.

HELLO FOLKS, DON'T FEEL LOW

YOU'LL SOON HEAR HARRIS ON HIS OWN, VERY OWN SHOW ...

YES SIR ... HALLELUJAH!

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Lemme hear it folks, lemme hear it.

JACK: Phil .. Phil, Mary told me .. I know you got your own show .. and I'd like to have a little talk with you.

PHIL: Sorry, Jack, I ain't usin' no stooges.

JACK: I didn't want to talk to you about that .. yet. I only want to know one thing .. You've been with me for nine years. Why did you go out and take another show?

PHIL: MO/NEY .. MO/NEY.

JACK: So that's why, eh? Well, that's the trouble with you, Phil. All you think about is money -- women and money.

PHIL: Well, I don't know of a better parlay, do you?

JACK: Hm. I knew I didn't have that nightmare for nothing.

PHIL: Hello, Donsey.

DON: Oh, hello, Phil.

PHIL: H'ya, Livey.

MARY: Hello, Phil. You look great .. doesn't he, Jack?

JACK: Yeah, he looks swell.

MARY: Did you go away for the summer, Phil?

PHIL: Yeah, I sure did, Livy. There were just the two of us .. and we really did have a wonderful time.

JACK: Just the two of you? Who did you go with?

PHIL: Ray Milland.

JACK: You and Ray Milland?

PHIL: Yeah, we lost all of July and part of August.

JACK: Well, for all the good you're gonna do me, you could have lost September and October, too.



PHIL: Now now, Mr. Benny, please don't be facitious.

JACK: Facitious?..Phil, where did you get a word like that?

PHIL: My uncle died and left it to me!

JACK: Congratua...

PHIL: But you know, Jackson, it's mighty good to see the old gang again and I...Say...who are these four guys?

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: I told you to get out of here...Say, where's Dennis? It's time for his song and he's not here yet.

MARY: I saw him this morning..he was going to rehearse for his program.

JACK: His own program...his own program..What should I do with my program?

MARY: No coaching from the audience.

JACK: Well, I'm gonna call his house and find out why he's not here.

(SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK)

JACK: Operator! Operator!

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK..FADE TO BUZZ)

BEA: Oh, Mabel...?

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

(APPLAUSE)

BEA: Stage "B" is flashing. It must be Mr. Benny.

SARA: Oh year...I wonder what "Notorious" wants now.

BEA: I'll find out.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny.....Who?.....Dennis Day....I'll try and get him for you.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: Gee, Mabel; don't it feel strange getting back to work after a vacation?

SARA: I'll say..but I really enjoyed myself..I spent two lovely weeks at Lake Winipa-hocka-mooka in the Pines.. It sure was invigorating...Where did you go, Gertrude?

BEA: I spent my two weeks in the mountains at Ginsberg's Rest.

SARA: And what did you do?

BEA: Ginsberg let me alone so I rested.

SARA: Oh say, you know, Gertrude, I had a wonderful time...every day I went swimming...look, here's a picture of me in my bathing suit.

BEA: Oh boy, what a picture! It doesn't even look like you ...where did you get those beautiful curves?

SARA: Eastern Columbia, Broadway at Ninth.

BEA: Well, what do you know.

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK)

JACK: Operator .. Operator!

BEA: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Benny. Dennis Day does not answer.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: How do you like that .. This is a fine opening program. You'd think that at least everybody in my cast would show up on time.

DENNIS: Who's late, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Dennis Day. He should've been here an hour ago.

DENNIS: Why don't you call him?

JACK: I did .. I just tried -- Dennis! Where have you been?

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, I just tried to get you on the phone. To find out why -- Hey, wait a minute .. you're soaking wet. Is it raining out?

DENNIS: No. A man asked me for my autograph and I fell in.

JACK: Oh, that must have been the same guy -- Stop being nervous, it's not your own show yet. Get nervous on your own show! Now, listen, Dennis, there's something I want to talk to you about .. Why did you go out and get your own program without consulting me?

DENNIS: Well ...

JACK: And after all I've done for you ... I found you when you were just a kid ... I groomed you for radio ... I gave you your big chance ... I let you sing on the air every Sunday. And I've been doing this for you, Kid, for eight years. Now, why did you go out and take another show?

DENNIS: I was hungry.

JACK: You silly boy! Why didn't you tell me you were hungry?  
MARY: Yeah .. Mother Hen Benny could have laid you a couple of  
eggs.  
JACK: Mary, this is no time to be facetious ... Now, Dennis ...  
Phil, stop taking bows. I knew that word before you did.  
MARY: You knew that word before Webster did.  
JACK: Yes, yes, all right .. Now, Dennis I want to tell you  
something .. and Phil, this goes for you, too. You can all  
have your own shows if you want to. If necessary, I'll  
get myself a new cast .. new people .. people who can get  
laughs .. like .. like the mad Russian .. like Senator  
Claghorn.  
PHIL: Somebody .. I say .. somebody said Claghorn.  
JACK: I said it, and I'm gonna ...  
PHIL: Out with it, son, out with it.  
JACK: I'm gonna ...  
PHIL: Your mouth's wide open but your tongue's on strike.  
JACK: I'm gonna ...  
PHIL: That's why you can't express yourself ... Herald, that is.  
JACK: Oh, what's the use. What's the use. This is a fine how  
do you do.  
DENNIS: (A LA MAD RUSSIAN) HOW DO YOU DO!  
JACK: Dennis, stop it. I meant what I said and that goes for  
everybody .. and you four guys, too.  
QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)  
JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake. Go ahead and sing, Dennis. I am  
going home. Come on, Mary!  
(DENNIS' SONG: "TO EACH HIS OWN")  
(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR)

JACK: Take it easy, Rochester. Nice song Dennis picks for his first show .. "TO EACH HIS OWN SHOW." Well, that's fine. Phil's got his own show. Dennis's got his own show, own show, own show. I don't know why they had to go out and get their own programs, anyway.

MARY: Well, Jack - what are you so mad at them for? Don Wilson has four shows and you're not mad at him.

JACK: Well, he pays me commission.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, leave Miss Livingston off first and then take me home.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: And take it easy Rochester, will you?

MARY: Oh, Jack, stop being so nervous and upset.

JACK: Why wouldn't I be upset. Nobody thinks of me. Phil has his own show ... Dennis has his own show ... my writers are still stranded on the gambling ship ... I'm stuck with a lousy quartette ... and this can go on week after week, month after month, year after year ... That's radio for you. It's enough to drive a guy crazy.

MARY: Well, then, why don't you quit?

JACK: I WILL NOT!

ROCHESTER: He he he. Every year the same thing.

(CLOSING MUSIC)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend L.A. (Speed) Riggs.

JACK BENNY PROGRAM - 9/29/46

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - (TIME: 1:27)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

RIGGS:

(CHANT - 58 to 60 - American)

BARUCH:

Make no mistake - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco. Mr. Charles Jackson Gunter, of Mount Airy, North Carolina, who has been an independent tobacco buyer for fifty-three years, said:

VOICE:

Season after season, I've seen the makers of LUCKY STRIKE buy tobacco that's really tops in smoking quality - fine, ripe, smooth-smoking tobacco that pays off in extra smoking enjoyment. I've smoked LUCKIES myself for 29 years.

RYMS:

Independent tobacco experts like Mr. Gunter know that it takes fine tobacco to make a fine smoke. Yes, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco. LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - LUCKY STRIKE.

TICKER:

(2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL:

LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

BARUCH:

Yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL:

The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. "Speed" Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - 58 to 60 - American) and Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - 58 to 60 - American). Basil Ruysdael speaking for LUCKY STRIKE, the cigarette that means fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(TAG)

MUSIC:      THEME

ROCHESTER:    Say, boss, are you going out for dinner, or are you gonna stay home?

JACK:            I think I'll go out.

ROCHESTER:    Oh, with Miss Livingstone?

JACK:            Oh no, she said she was going to bed early. Well, I'll call up and get a date.

(SOUND: PHONE UP...SIX DIALS)

BEA:            (ON FILTER) Hello..National Broadcasting Company.

JACK:            Hello, Mable?

BEA:            No, this is Gertrude.

JACK:            Oh, well let me talk to Mable.

BEA:            I'm sorry, she left about ten minutes ago.

JACK:            Where did she go?

DON:            This is N.B.C. The National Broadcasting Company.

ATX01 0234152

001



PROGRAM #2  
(REVISED SCRIPT)

*As Broadcast*

"THE JACK BENNY SHOW"

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1946 - "AS BROADCAST" - 4:00-4:30 PM PST.

ATX01 0234154

JACK BENNY OPENING COMMERCIAL FROM NEW YORK FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1946

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TIME: 1:06

**BARUCH:** The JACK BENNY Program - presented by LUCKY STRIKE.

**RUYSDAEL:** Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

**DOONE:** (CHANT - 58 to 60 - AMERICAN)

**SIMS:** LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

**TICKER:** (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

**RUYSDAEL:** LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

**SIMS:** Right you are!

**BARUCH:** Yes sir!

**SIMS:** LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down enjoyment for you.

**BARUCH:** Yes, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and year after year, at market after market, the makers of LUCKY STRIKE consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

**RUYSDAEL:** Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you - so smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - LUCKY STRIKE - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

**RIGGS:** (CHANT - 58 to 60 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD)

MUSIC:      OPENING THEME

DON:            THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:            Ladies and gentlemen, last Sunday Jack Benny started his  
fifteenth year in radio. All week long he has been  
receiving letters and telegrams of congratulation and his  
friends in Hollywood have been constantly calling him.  
So now let's go out to Jack's home in Beverly Hills where  
we find him talking on the phone.

JACK:          Well, I... Well, I ... Oh, it wasn't that good...What?...  
Oh, Ingrid, you're ... you're so kind and coming from  
you, it's a great compliment...You know, Ingrid, praise  
is the life blood of an actor...so thanks for the  
transfusion. (SILLY LAUGH) Well, thanks so much for  
calling, it was so sweet of you ... Oh, by the way,  
Ingrid, I hope I'm not being too presumptuous but may  
I...may I take you to lunch Thursday?...I may?... Oh,  
no, no, Ingrid, I won't forget. (SWEETLY) Goodbye.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK:          Oh, Rochester.

ROCH:          Yes, boss.

JACK:          Mark this down - lunch Thursday with Ingrid Krausmeyer...  
at one o'clock.

ROCH:          IS THAT KRAUSMEYER, BOSS?

JACK: Yes...She works at Republic. She's in charge of all the saddles ... Well I certainly feel happy getting all these telephone ...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There it goes again .. Oh well, that's the price of fame.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (VERY SWEET) Hellooooo. Yes, this is Mr. Benny...Well... Well, thank you, thank you very much. (SWEET) Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Another one of my fans. You know, Rochester, I appreciate people calling me up and telling me how good I was, but it can get a little annoying.

ROCH: YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT TROUBLE WITH "THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT."

JACK: You can kid all you want to, Rochester, but that picture will go down in history.

ROCH: IT SURE WILL. THAT'S THE FIRST THING GROMYKO EVER WALKED OUT ON.

JACK: Well, if Gromyko walked out on that picture, it was because he doesn't understand English.

ROCH: HIS INTERPRETER WAS LEADING HIM.

JACK: All right, all right.

ROCH: AND MOLOTOV WAS RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

JACK: Rochester, that's enough...I'm going into the library and --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, darn it..Sometimes I wonder if it's worth all the --

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (SWEET) Helloooo...Yes, this is Mr. Benny...What?... I MAILED THAT YESTERDAY...Oh yeah...well, you can't disconnect it while I'm talking on it...What...(SOFTLY) You're up on the pole now? Well, put away those snippers and get down from there, I told you I mailed it.

(SOUND. RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: How do you like that? Rochester, did you know there was a man up the telephone pole?

ROCH: YOU MEAN SAM?

JACK: Oh, you know him?

ROCH: SURE, HE GOES UP THERE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.

JACK: Well, what do you know...Say, Rochester, what time is it?

ROCH: It's about a quarter to eleven.

JACK: Good, the World Series will be on pretty soon. I want to hear it. I'll listen to it in the --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, there goes that phone again..You answer it,Rochester. And tell them I'm not at home.

ROCH: Yes sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: (SWEET) HELLOOOO...NO, I'M SORRY BUT MR. BENNY'S NOT AT HOME...WHO?...THANK YOU, I'LL TELL HIM YOU CALLED.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Who was it, Rochester?

ROCH: IT WAS INGRID BERGMAN THIS TIME.

JACK WHAT! ... GIMME THAT PHONE!

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello..hello..hello...NOT YOU, AND GET DOWN OFF THAT POLE. Hello..Hello..Hm.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Rochester, why didn't you call me?  
ROCH: YOU TOLD ME TO SAY YOU WERE OUT.  
JACK: Hmm..just wait till you get a call.  
ROCH: BUT, BOSS, YOU TOLD ME TO SAY YOU --  
JACK: Never mind what I told you...you should know if I'll talk  
to Krausmeyer, I'll talk to Bergman..Now, I'm going into  
the other room and listen to the World Series.  
ROCH: Okay.  
JACK: And, Rochester, early this morning I put in a long  
distance call to New York, so plug the phone in the  
library.  
ROCH: Yes sir.  
JACK: Gee, I wonder if St. Louis will win the -- well, I'll  
know pretty soon.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS) I'LL ANSWER IT, ROCHESTER. (SINGS) Take back  
your Rhumba, Aye! Your Samba, Aye! Your Conga, Aye!  
Aye! Aye!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.  
JACK: Well, hello, Mary. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: You're just in time. I'm going to listen to the World  
Series.  
MARY: The World Series. Who's playing?  
JACK: Boston against Ingrid Bergman -- I mean Boston and  
St. Louis. Come on in the library.

MARY: Say, Jack, did you read the wonderful things the critics said about your opening program?

JACK: Well, no, Mary. After all I've been on the air for fifteen years, and I feel that when I have a show to do I just go out and do the best I can and I don't concern myself with what the critics say.

MARY: Then why have you got the reviews pasted on your glasses?

JACK: Those are the line-ups for today's game. I want to have them handy. Well, the game oughta be on pretty soon.

MARY: Oh, Jack, before I forget it, I got a letter from Mama yesterday.

JACK: Your mother? Well..what did the Truculent Turtle of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: She mentioned your first broadcast and she liked it very much.

JACK: She did? Your mother, that sweet little gray-haired old lady who fractured your father's skull liked my program?

MARY: Yeah. And she even took the bandages off so papa could hear it.

JACK: Well, well, that was nice.

MARY: And Jack -- (LAUGHS)

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Mama was so cute...she said she was preparing dinner when she listened to the radio and while your program was on she peeled four pounds of onions.

JACK: Oh, fine...listening to me and peeling onions.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Mama said she was laughing on the inside and crying on the outside.

JACK:

Say, that's pretty good. But you know, Mary, if your mother thought last week's show was something, wait until she hears the one we got for this week.

MARY:

But, Jack, how do you get your scripts .. if your writers are still stranded on the gambling ship?

JACK:

I sit on the beach and they wig wag them to me. The scripts are over there on the table, Mary. You better take a look at 'em.

MARY:

Okay.

JACK:

Just brush the sand off...Let's see, I wonder what station the World Series will be on. It should be around..

MARY:

Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack. I'm not gonna do this gag here.

JACK:

Where?

MARY:

Right here on page three. It's too corny.

JACK:

Mary, that's a topical joke and we have to do that kind of stuff.

MARY:

I DON'T CARE IF IT IS TOPICAL, I'M NOT GOING TO SAY THAT YOU GO OUT WITH A GIRL IN BROOKLYN BECAUSE YOU CAN'T DODGER.

JACK:

Dodger..don't you get it, Mary?...the Brooklyn Dodgers... That's a baseball joke.

MARY:

Well, I'm not going to do it.

JACK:

All right, all right, if you don't want the gag I'll give it to Dennis. He'll be very happy with it.

MARY:

Dennis is happy if he looks in a mirror and he's there.

JACK:

Well, look, Mary, I don't want to discuss it now. The game will be on pretty soon and I want to listen to it.



MARY: Okay...Say, wait a minute, Jack ... what's that black crepe on your radio for?

BACK: Fred Allen comes back on the air today.

MARY: He does? What time?

BACK: We light the candles at five thirty.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BACK: Well, we still got a few minutes before the game ... let's get some music.

(SOUND: STATIC)

(BAND NUMBER: "FIVE MINUTES MORE")

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND ROUTINE

JACK: Well ... now I'll try and get the ball game...

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: I wonder who's gonna pitch for St. Louis?

MARY: Look on your glasses and see.

JACK: Oh yes ... Well, they have Poulette scheduled but then you never can tell...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh there goes the phone again. Mary, it's been like this all week long. Congratulations ... compliments ... I've never seen anything like it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (SWEET) Hellooooo. Yes, this is Mr. Benny ... well, thank you, thank you very, very much. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Who was it?

JACK: There will be a two hour delay on my call to New York.

MARY: Well, don't let it go to your head, they say that to everybody.

JACK: Yes, but the way she said it I knew she liked my program. Oh Rochester! Ro--- Do me a favor, will you, please?

ROCH: Yes boss.

JACK: Pick up these scripts and put them in my brief case. I don't want to forget 'em when I go to the studio.

ROCH: YES SIR. I'LL PUT THEM RIGHT NEXT TO YOUR CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLES.

JACK: Good, good. Thank you.

MARY: Say, Jack, when I was looking through the script before I didn't see a commercial.

JACK: I know, Mary, and I don't know what to do about it. Don Wilson got me to hire that lousy quartette and put them under contract for eight weeks at five hundred dollars a week. For five hundred dollars all they did was HMMMMMM. Imagine four big jerks going HMMMMMM.. and one bigger jerk paying them.

MARY: Why don't you break their contract?

JACK: I don't know how.

MARY: Well, how did Warner Brothers do it to you?

JACK: They didn't break my contract...they just burned down my dressing room..I'll never forget the look on Jack Warner's face when he found out I wasn't in it at the time. And when do you think they

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, there's the phone again.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (SWEET) Hellooooo. Yes...Well, thank you, thanks very much. And you also liked me on Dennis Day's program? Well, that's awfully sweet. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Who was that?

JACK: Dennis..He's coming over here pretty soon. Well...it's almost time for the World Series, I might as well try and--

MARY: Hey, Jack, look out the window. Here comes Don Wilson with that quartette.

JACK: Oh yes. I wonder what they want now?

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: HELLO, JACK. HELLO, MARY.

JACK & }  
MARY } Hello, Don.

DON: Say Jack, look who I brought with me.

JACK: I know, I know..Hello, fellows.

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: That's what I mean. Don, I'm glad you brought the quartette over. I want to talk to you about them.

DON: What's wrong?

JACK: What's wrong? I'm not going to keep paying five hundred dollars a week just to hear them go HMMMMMM during a commercial.

DON: Well, Jack, at the end of our show last week when you kicked me in the stomach, I suspected you weren't quite satisfied.

JACK: You bet I wasn't satisfied. I'm not going to pay five hundred dollars to a quartette for one note... and another --

DON: Jack, Jack, calm down. I've got it all fixed up now. That's why I brought the boys over..Now here's the way we're gonna do our commercial today.

ATX01 0234165

JACK: Look, Don, I don't want these fellows to --  
DON: Just listen to this, Jack. I'm sure you'll like it.  
MARY: Yes, Jack, give him a chance.  
JACK: All right, all right.  
DON: Now here's the way we'll do it. Get set, boys. Here we  
go. L S / M F T ... L S / M F T. LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE  
TOBACCO..YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.  
QUARTETTE: L S, L S / M F T  
LA LA LA LA LA HE HE HE  
L S, L S / M F TAA  
LA LA LA LA LA HA HA HA.  
DON: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED..SO FREE AND EASY ON  
THE DRAW.  
QUARTETTE: L S, L S, M F T  
LA LA LA LA LA HE HE HE  
LS, LS, M F TOE  
LA LA LA LA LA HO HO HO!  
DON: LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF THAT FINE, THAT LIGHT, THAT  
NATURALLY MILD TOBACCO..SO FOR REAL, DEEP DOWN SMOKING  
ENJOYMENT..IT'S --  
QUARTETTE: LS, LS, M F T  
LA LA LA LA LA HE HE HE.  
L S, L S, M F TIE  
LA LA LA LA LA AYE YI YI.  
JACK: WAIT A MINUTE.  
QUARTETTE: LS, LS, M F T  
LA LA LA LA LA HE HE HE  
JACK: WAIT A MINUTE. For heaven sake ... What kind of a  
commercial do you call that? What's the matter with you  
guys?

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Look, Don, listen to me will you please? Will you please listen to me? Don, can't you understand that isn't what I want. That's corny. Five hundred dollars for -- Why I can get better singers out of Ellis Island.

MARY: What island?

JACK: Ellis.

QUARTETTE: ELLIS ELLIS M F T  
IA IA IA IA LA HE HE HE.

JACK: Now out that out... And, Mary, you didn't have to trick me into that... NOW LISTEN TO ME WILSON, THIS IS ALL YOUR IDEA NOT MINE AND IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT I'M GONNA...

(SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (SWEET) Hellooooo. Yes...Thank you. Thanks very much.. it was so nice of you to tell me. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: NOW WILSON, IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT I AM GONNA --

MARY: Who was that, Jack?

JACK: It's only a one hour delay now. DON, IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT I'M GONNA BE STUCK WITH THIS QUARTETTE, YOU'RE CRAZY. AND TO SHOW YOU I MEAN WHAT I SAY, I KNOW HOW TO BREAK THEIR CONTRACT.

MARY: JACK, PUT DOWN THOSE MATCHES!

JACK: Well, I can't help it, I'm mad.

ROCH: OH, BOSS IF YOU WANT TO HEAR THE WORLD SERIES, IT'LL BE ON PRETTY SOON.

JACK: O.K. Thanks, Rochester.

DON: The world series, Jack? Do you mind if we stay and listen, Jack?

JACK: I guess not, Don...now let's see...I think the game comes over station ...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (SWEET) Helloooo.

MARY: That's the door buzzer.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, everybody.

MARY: Look, Jack, Dennis brought his father with him.

JACK: Hm...Imagine him coming here in his old greasy overalls.  
How do you do, Mr. Day.

DENNIS: That's my mother, she just came from work.

JACK: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Day.

VERNA: HOW DO YOU DO.

DENNIS: Now remember, Mother, you promised you wouldn't hit him.

JACK: Hit me.

DENNIS: Yeah..there's something about you that brings out the beast in her.

JACK: Now, Mrs. Day, I don't know what you have in mind, but I'd like to talk to you some other time. Right now, I wanna listen to --

VERNA: You'll listen to me first.

JACK: All right, and put down that wrench. Now what is it?

VERNA: Well, Mr. Benny, now that my Dennis is a star on his own show, you must uphold his dignity by giving him more lines, more songs, his own dressing room, and at all times he must be treated with the utmost respect.

DENNIS: Yeah .. utmost.

JACK: NOW, LOOK, MRS. DAY, YOU CAN RUN DENNIS'S PROGRAM IF YOU WANT TO BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA RUN MINE.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny, my father wouldn't dare talk to her like that.

JACK: Your father! What a weakling he must be. Where did your mother ever get him anyway?

DENNIS: Eastern Columbia, Broadway at Ninth.

JACK: Gee, they have everything. Now, Mrs. Day, I don't want to talk any more about it, and that's settled.

VERNA: All right, if that's the way you feel about it, come on, Dennis, we'll go home.

JACK: Dennis stays right here. I want to hear the song he's going to do on my program.

VERNA: Very well, but I'm leaving. I'll wait for you outside, Dennis, Goodbye!

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: ..... Hmmm.

DENNIS: Gee, she's a character, isn't she?

JACK: I'll say she is. Now go ahead, Dennis, I want to hear the song you're gonna do. I have trouble with everybody.

DENNIS: Okay.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE ... "YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG" ... DAY)

(APPLAUSE)



(THIRD ROUTINE)

-14-

JACK: Well, that was very, very good, Dennis. By the way, you just recorded that number, didn't you?

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Well, it's swell .. Now we're gonna listen to the World Series, kid, you wanta stay?

DENNIS: No, I better run along. The character is waiting for me.

JACK: So long, kid.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

MARY: Come on, Jack, the game must be starting about now.

JACK: All right, I'll turn it on .. Now let's see ..

(SOUND: CLICK .. STATIC)

MEL: (FILTER) AND NOW A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSOR, THE HAPPY HOME SWEET HOME REAL ESTATE COMPANY.

NELSON: (FILTER) FRIENDS.. DO YOU HAVE A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD, OR HAVE YOU BEEN ROUGHING IT IN THE LA BREA TAR PITS .. HMMMM? DON'T PAY THE EXORBITANT PRICES FOR HOUSES THAT ARE BEING ASKED TODAY BY OUR COMPETITORS..DON'T GO OUT BLINDLY AND BE HOOKED BY JUST ANYONE..COME TO US.. REMEMBER, WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS.

MARY: Jack.

JACK: Wait a minute, I want to hear this.

NELSON: (FILTER) LISTEN TO THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL OFFER. FOR ONLY SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU CAN GET A BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA MONTEREY STYLE QUONSET HUT.

JACK: Gee, they've gone down.

MARY: Jack, get the ball game.

JACK: O.K.

(SOUND: STATIC)

(SHORT PIANO INTRODUCTION)

ATX01 0234170

SARA:

(SINGS) IN A QUAIN'T CARAVAN, THERE'S A LADY THEY CALL  
THE GYPSY  
SHE CAN LOOK IN THE FUTURE AND DRIVE AWAY ALL YOUR FEARS.  
EVERYTHING WILL COME RIGHT --

(SOUND: STATIC)

BEA:

(VERY DRAMATIC) NO NO, JOHN, DON'T LEAVE ME ... I BEG YOU  
... I IMPLORÉ YOU..PLEASE, JOHN, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU..

JACK:

Say, this sounds interesting.

BEA:

JOHN, IF YOU NO LONGER CARE FOR ME, THINK OF THE CHILDREN..  
THINK OF WILLIAM..LINDA, MILTON, JEANETTE, PERCY, ELLEN,  
HILDA, STEVEN, KENT, PEGGY, HARRIET, MARGARET, RICHARD,  
DOROTHY, AND LITTLE FOUR-YEAR-OLD HERBERT, OUR ELDEST.

JACK:

Herbert is only four years old?

MARY:

Jack..the ball game!

JACK:

Oh, I thought she was giving the line-ups.

(SOUND: STATIC)

SARA:

(SINGS)  
SHE LOOKED AT MY HAND AND TOLD ME, MY LOVER WAS ALWAYS TRUE

(SOUND: STATIC)

JACK:

Why can't I get it?

(SOUND: STATIC)

NELSON:

THINK OF IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A CALIFORNIA MONTEREY  
QUONSET HUT FOR ONLY --

(SOUND: STATIC)

JACK:

I wish I knew what station that ball game is on .. I don't  
know why ..

BEA:

NO NO, JOHN, DON'T LEAVE ME.. ALL DAY LONG I DO THE  
HOUSEWORK, NOT TO MENTION THE MENDING .. FOR WILLIAM,  
LINDA, MILTON, JEANETTE, PERCY, ELLEN, HILDA, STEVEN ..

JACK: If she thinks I'm gonna wait for Herbert, she's crazy ...  
I must find the ball game.

(SOUND: STATIC)

SARA: BUT I'LL GO THERE AGAIN, 'CAUSE I WANT TO BELIEVE THE  
GYPSY (THE WAY SHE SHAKES HER TAMBOURINE)

(SOUND: STATIC)

JACK: I don't know what's the matter. I can't seem to get it.

PHIL: H'YA JACKSON. HELLO, EVERYBODY.

MARY & DON: Hello, Phil.

JACK: Phil, sit down a minute, will you? I'm trying to get the  
ball game ... Say, Phil, you haven't forgotten about our  
bet, have you?

PHIL: Of course not.

MARY: How much did you bet, Jack?

JACK: It wasn't money. Phil has St. Louis, I have Boston, and  
the winner gets to kiss Betty Grable.

MARY: What about the loser?

PHIL: He holds Harry James.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well, if Jack wins, who's going to hold Betty Grable?

JACK: Don't be funny. Sit down, Phil, maybe I can get the game  
now.

PHIL: I am sorry, Jackson. I can't stay. I just dropped in to  
invite you to a little stag party we're giving for Frankie,  
my guitar player. He's getting married.

DON: Frankie's getting married? Who's he marrying, Phil?

PHIL: That little girl who plays the harp in my band.

JACK: Gee, imagine Frankie getting married. I didn't even know  
they were serious. I know he went out with her once.

PHIL: That's what did it. When he brought her home, her father was standing on the front porch with a clarinet and Frank thought it was a shot gun.

JACK: Well, well, that's a logical mistake.. Don't rush off, Phil, sit down and listen to the ball game.

PHIL: Sorry, Jackson, I gotta run along. I'll see you at the party.

JACK: Okay.. but I'll get there a little late. I'm on Charlie McCarthy's program today.

PHIL: Okay..so long, everybody.

DON & MARY: Goodbye, Phil.

JACK: So long, Phil, and give my regards to Alice.

QUARTETTE: ALICE ALICE MFT

LA LA LA LA LA HE HE HE.

JACK: I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU. NOW BE QUIET AND WE'LL HEAR THE GAME.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC)

SARA: ...THE GYPSY..

SHE CAN LOOK IN THE FUTURE AND DRIVE AWAY ALL YOUR FEARS...

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake.

(SOUND: STATIC)

NELSON: IF YOU BUY ONE OF OUR LOVELY HOMES FOR SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU WILL HAVE ROOM FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY..INCLUDING WILLIAM, LINDA, MILTON, JEANETTE, PEROY, ELLEN, HILDA, STEVEN --

(SOUND: STATIC)

BEA: Oh, John, what's come over you...you've changed so..You were never like this until we moved into this California Monterey style quonset hut.

JACK:

There must be something wrong with this radio ..

(SOUND: STATIC..CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL:

AND HERE WE ARE IN THE THIRD INNING OF THIS VERY CRUCIAL  
FIRST WORLD SERIES GAME.

JACK:

THAT'S IT, THAT'S IT.. I'VE GOT IT.

MEL:

A HUSH FALLS OVER THE CROWD..THE COUNT IS TWO AND THREE  
AND HERE COMES THE PITCH..

(SOUND: CRACK..CROWD NOISES UP & DOWN)

MEL:

IT'S A LONG DRIVE OUT TO LEFT FIELD, WILLIAMS IS GOING  
BACK..HE CAN'T GET IT.. IT'S A HIT AND GREENBERG'S ON THIRD.

JACK:

GREENBERG! THAT WAS LAST YEAR'S GAME.

MEL:

YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GREENBERG'S ON THIRD..THE BASES  
ARE NOW LOADED AND COMING UP TO BAT IS THE GYPSY.

JACK:

THE GYPSY!

MARA:

IN A QUAIN'T CARAVAN, THERE'S A LADY THEY CALL THE GYPSY..  
THE WAY SHE SHAKES HER TAMBOURINE...

JACK:

OH THIS IS ALL MIXED UP...I'LL READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS.

(CLOSING MUSIC)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen:- I'd like to say a few words about the U.S.O. Fund-Raising drive for 1947. The war is not yet over for 200,000 veterans still in our hospitals.. to say nothing of the men "sweating out" their discharges, the troops overseas, the teen-age soldiers away from home for the first time. The U.S.O. has served them well and it has been a big responsibility and it will be ahead for next year. Let's continue to support our veterans by giving generously to the U.S.O. through your Community Chest or your local U.S.A., U.S.O. Campaign. Thank you.  
(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

JACK BENNY CLOSING COMMERCIALS FROM NEW YORK FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6,

1946

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

TIME - 1:30

BOONE: (CHANT - 58 to 60 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco. And in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - really know tobacco. For example, Mr. Herbert T. Highsmith, independent tobacco buyer of Robersonville, North Carolina, has bought and sold tobacco for 15 years. He said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of LUCKY STRIKE buy quality tobacco ... fine tobacco with real flavor ... smooth, ripe and mild. So for myself, I pick LUCKIES. I've smoked 'em for 15 years.

BARUCH: Quote - "Season after season, I've seen the makers of LUCKY STRIKE buy quality tobacco." Yes, year after year, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Highsmith can see the makers of LUCKY STRIKE consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SIMS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

BARUCH: Yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco. So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

WACK BENNY CLOSING COMMERCIALS FROM NEW YORK FOR SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6,

1946

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D) TIME-1:30.

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (Chant - 58 to 60 - American) and Mr. L. A. "Speed" Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (Chant - 58 to 60 - American). Basil Ruysdael speaking for LUCKY STRIKE, the cigarette that means fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD)



6)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...CLICK)

JACK:

(SWEETLY) Helloooo...Oh, my New York call ...Yes, I'm ready.. Hello, hello...Yes, this is Jack Benny...Well, what about my offer...No no, I can't do it...I can't do it... fifty dollars is all I ... all right, sixty dollars... Okay, it's a deal. Goodbye.

MARY:

Jack, who was that?

JACK:

I just bought the Brooklyn Dodgers.

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

300 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. - WILMINGTON 7, DE.

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION:

NETWORK: NBC

LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

13, 1946 - Program #3

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "T H E J A C K B E N N Y P R O G R A M"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234179

X9XX

-A-

NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

10-13-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:30-7:33 PM EST

OCTOBER 13, 1946 - PROGRAM #3

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

SWYDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

SWYDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

BARUCH: Of course!  
(Incl. H)

SIMS: That's it!

SWYDAEL: Right you are!

BARUCH: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234180

SIMS:

It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

STYSDALE:

No doubt about it! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

BIGONE:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

ANN: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM. STARRING JACK BENNY. WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. ONCE AGAIN IT'S SUNDAY...AND IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY THAT JACK AND MARY ARE WALKING TO THE STUDIO.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gosh, Mary, isn't this a perfect day for a walk?

MARY: It sure is. The sun is so warm, and bright. I'm glad we're ... Jack, what are you doing?

JACK: I'm rubbing some sun-tan oil on me.

MARY: Well, pull down your shirt, you look silly with a bare mid-riff.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: Pull your shirt down.

JACK: All right, all right, I was just trying to get a little sunshine. You know sunshine is very healthful.

MARY: Say, look Jack, isn't that Hedy Lamarr's nurse coming this way, pushing that baby carriage?

JACK: Where? ... Oh yes. You know, Hedy's baby must be over a year old now.

MARY: Yeah. And awfully cute.

JACK: Yeah. Here they come. Hello, you cute little thing. Cutchy, cutchy, cutchy ... cutchy cutchy coo ...

MARY: Jack, leave the nurse alone and pay attention to the baby.

RTX01 0234182

JACK: Huh? ... Oh yes my glasses are so thick... Say, nurse, this is Hedy Lamarr's baby isn't it?

VIOLA: Oui oui, Monsieur ... C'est une bebe tellent bien cleve.

MARY: JZH NAY PA NEW LA MEHR DE LAS BEBE DEPWEE DAYZANNAY. COMB ON VATAIE.

VIOLA: Elle va tres bien merci, elle me taile souvent de vous.

JACK: EXKOOSAY MWA JE VOODRAY OON PWATON DU PUM FREET.

VIOLA: Qioi?

JACK: Mary, what did I say?

MARY: You asked her for an order of French fried potatoes.

JACK: Oh..oh..I meant to say she was a ripe, a nice tomato...

MARY: Oh, Jack.

JACK: What ..

MARY: That baby is so cute.

JACK: Yeah.

HAUSNER: (COOS...)

JACK: Listen to that.

HAUSNER: (GURGLES...)

JACK: Cutchy, cutchy, coo...

HAUSNER: (CRIES...)

JACK: Don't cry, don't cry. Does the itty bitty baby want the gweat big man to play with you?

HAUSNER: (GURGLES...)

JACK: All right. Here's a little game that all babies like ... Now, pay attention, baby ... This little piggy went to market ... This little piggy stayed home ...

HAUSNER: (GURGLES...)

JACK: This little piggy had roast beef, and this little piggy had none.

EAUSNER: (GURGLES...)

JACK: And this little piggy went woo wee wee wee wee ...

MARY: Jack, we've got a long walk yet, let's get going.

JACK: Okay. Wait'll I put my shoe on... There. Goodbye, baby.

EAUSNER: (GURGLES ..)

MARY: Au revoir, Mademoiselle.

WOLA: Au revoir je lui diarai que je vous ai vu.

JACK: Jay estray key voo nay may traynave paw a stewpeed.

MARY: What was that?

JACK: I cancelled the French fried potatoes. Come on, Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, there's N.B.C.

MARY: Yeah, we're a little early, too. Let's stop in the drug store and get a sandwich.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, TINKLE OF BELL, DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary, here's a paper. I want to look up the line-ups for today's game.

(SOUND: RUSTLES PAPER)

MARY: What do you want to know?

JACK: I want to find out who is gonna pitch for St. Louis and whom is gonna pitch for Boston. I've gotta feeling whom didn't do so good today. That's funny, it doesn't say. Come on, Mary, let's take those two vacant stools on the end.

MARY: Here are two right here.

JACK: Oh yes. Oh, waiter - waiter --

NELSON: Yesssss.

JACK: Are these two stools available?

NELSON: No, they're reserved for Caesar and Cleopatra.

JACK: Hm. A drugstore with an M.C. Sit down, Mary.

MARY: Waiter, I'd like a chicken sandwich on white toast.

NELSON: Yes, ma'am. And you???

JACK: Well... I don't know ... Have you got a menu?

NELSON: Here.

JACK: Now let me see...

NELSON: Don't bend it, it's the only one we have!

JACK: I'm not...

NELSON: And stop drooling on it, there's nothing on there that's good.

JACK: Hm. Every time I come in here it's the same thing.

MARY: Jack, it's your own fault. You antagonize him.

JACK: I do not.

NELSON: You do too.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake ... Gimme a cup of coffee and some bread for these sardines.

MARY: Oh, hurry my sandwich, will you, waiter?

NELSON: Yes, ma'am.

MARY: And would you please put some lettuce on it?

NELSON: Yes, ma'am. (SHOUTS) ONE CHICKEN SANDWICH WITH LETTUCE!

ARTIE: YOU WANT THE CHICKEN IN THE MIDDLE WITH THE LETTUCE ON TOP, OR THE LETTUCE IN THE MIDDLE WITH THE CHICKEN ON TOP?

JACK: Say, Mary, that voice...sounds familiar. Waiter, tell the chef to come out here.



NELSON: Very well. (CALLS) OH, CHEF, COME ON OUT HERE... A CUSTOMER WANTS YOU.

ARTIE: A customer wants me? I know there's a meat shortage but this is ridiculous.

JACK: Say, aren't you the little hot dog man?

ARTIE: (SINGS) Pickle in the middle and the mustard on top... just the way you like 'em and they're all red hot.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I knew it, I knew it. Say, don't you remember me? ... I bought hot dogs from you last year.

ARTIE: Oh, sure...sure...I recognize the mustard on your lapel.

MARY: Jack, have you had that mustard on your lapel for a whole year?

JACK: Well...I hated to take it off...it looks like a discharge button. But, Mr. Kitzel, I can't understand you working as a chef in a drugstore. What happened to your hot dog stand?

ARTIE: Alas and alackadaisical my hot dog stand is no longer under my jurisdiction.

JACK: Well, how did you lose them ... What happened?

ARTIE: Well, today, I bet on Boston.

JACK: Mmm .. the game must be over.

MARY: Well, that's a shame. Why didn't you bet on St. Louis?

ARTIE: And go against mine home town?

JACK: Oh, you're from Boston?

ARTIE: Where do you think I got this accent?

JACK: Oh...well, it's nice seeing you again, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Mutual.

JACK: Well, let's go, Mary. Mary, I wanna get in a little early because I asked Edgar Bergen to meet me in the studio. I have a little business I wanna talk to him about.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: Oh, waiter, I'll take the check.

NELSON: Here you are. That will be eighteen dollars and sixty-five cents.

JACK: What??? ... One chicken sandwich can't come to eighteen dollars and sixty-five cents.

NELSON: I know, but no matter what it is I'll have to fight for it, so let's make it worth while!

JACK: (MAD) Ohh..here's fifty cents and that's plenty. Let's go. Mary..this is the last time I ever come to this drugstore.

MARY: But, Jack, if it's good enough for Caesar and Cleopatra, it's certainly good enough...

JACK: Mary - one M.C. is enough. Come on, come on --

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER - "ALL THE WORLD")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Mary, I'm going out on the stage... get the gang together and we'll have a mike rehearsal.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: And tell Don that --

GEORGE: HEY, CHUM ...

JACK: Me?

GEORGE: YEAH, WHEN DID YOU GET OUT OF THE ARMY?

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, wipe that mustard off your lapel.

JACK: I'll have it cleaned ... see you later, Mary ...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Take back your samba, Aye, your rhumba, Aye, your --

ROCHESTER: Hello, boss.

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester. What are you doing here? I gave you the day off.

ROCHESTER: I know, boss...but I've got a date with my new girl friend and..er..I thought .. er .. Well, I thought maybe you'd let me use your car.

JACK: Oh, ya got a new girl, eh?.. Well, of course, Rochester, of course you can have my car to take her out.

ROCHESTER: Gee, thanks, boss. And can I borrow that fancy gadget you use when you take your girl for a ride?

JACK: Gadget?

ROCHESTER: YEAH..THAT THING THAT MAKES YOU RUN OUT OF GAS WHEN YOU REACH MULHOLLAND DRIVE.

ATX01 0234188

JACK: Oh, that thing. No, no, it isn't dependable. Twice it stopped when I was driving Mary's mother to the station. But, Rochester, Rochester, tell me more about this new girl of yours.

ROCHESTER: (COOLY) She's wonderful, boss..just wonderful.

JACK: I never knew a girl could have such an effect on you. What does she look like, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: You want me to describe her to you, boss?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: (SLOWLY AND POETICALLY) Have you ever seen a California sunset ... just as Mother Nature extinguishes its last golden glow ... with the tranquil waters of the blue Pacific?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: WELL, PUT A SWEATER ON IT AND YOU GOT IT.

JACK: Oh, I see.

ROCHESTER: Well, I better run along now. So long, boss.

JACK: So long, Rochester, have a good time ... but be home by ten o'clock.

ROCHESTER: What?

JACK: I said, be home by ten.

ROCHESTER: ....YOU WANT ME TO DESCRIBE HER TO YOU AGAIN, BOSS?

JACK: No, no, never mind ... go ahead.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) Well, I can't remember .. I can't remember Rochester being so crazy about a --

MARY: Jack, everybody's here now.

JACK: Oh, good, good. OH, PHIL.

PHIL: Just a minute, Jackson, my boys are limbering up.

JACK: Well, they don't have to do it now. Pick up those dice and listen to me.

PHIL: Okay. HEY, FELLOWS, PUT AWAY THE DICE, TAKE THE MONEY OFF THE BASS DRUM, AND GIVE FRANKIE HIS CLOTHES BACK.

JACK: Now, Phil, when you do --

NELSON: (LOUD SNEEZE)

JACK: It's your own fault, Frankie. You shouldn't play if you can't afford to lose. You don't catch me gambling... unless it's a sure thing.

MARY: Sure thing..you wouldn't bet on Lifeboy against B.O. Plenty.

JACK: Mary.

PHIL: HA HA HA HA ...WHAT A GAG .. OH, LIVY, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR ... JOIN THE THROG ... GET YOUR OWN SHOW, KID!

JACK: Phil, it wasn't that funny ... Now, Don ...

DENNIS: Gee, I thought it was funny.

JACK: Now, Don .. Dennis, when I want your opinion, I'll ask for it. Now, Don ...

DON: Yes, Jack.

JACK: There's something I want to talk to you about.

DENNIS: I thought it was most amusing.

JACK: Dennis, quiet. Now, Don.

DON: Yes, Jack.

JACK: When you start do your ..

DENNIS: I thought it was not only humorous, but sophisticated.

JACK: Dennis..when I want your opinion, I'll ask for it. Now, Don.

DENNIS: He's mad because I'm alluring.

JACK: Dennis! That's silly .. a man saying he's alluring.

PHIL: What's wrong with that, Jackson, the doctor said I was alluring to strawberries.

JACK: That's allergic! That kind of gag I want you to do on your own show. Now let's forget it. Don ..

DON: Oh, yeah.

JACK: I want to talk to you about the commercial.

DON: It's all fixed up, Jack, I've got the quartet right here.

JACK: Oh no you don't. Now, listen, Don, I've made up my mind we're not going to have commercials with that quartet any more and that settles it.

DON: But, Jack, I worked all week on it and the one for today is sensational.

JACK: You told me the same thing last week, and look what happened.. (SINGS) IS, IS, MPT, LA LA LA LA LA, HE HE HE" ... A fine commercial. You four guys probably thought that was good.

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: That does it. Now, look, Don, I'm not going to keep paying five hundred dollars a week for this lousy quartet. Now get 'em out of here.

DON: But, Jack. We worked so hard all week .. this one is really high-class. Please listen to it.

JACK: I don't want to hear it.

MARY: Oh Jack, give them another chance.

JACK: I'm .. Oh, all right .. but this is the last time.

DON: ALL RIGHT, BOYS. GET READY ... AND GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT..  
HERE WE GO.  
L S / M F T ... L S / M F T ... LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE  
TOBACCO ...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO. SO  
ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED ... SO FREE AND EASY ON  
THE DRAW.

(MUSICAL INTRODUCTION TO BLUE DANUBE)

ONE: L S M F T  
TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF  
ONE: L S M F T  
TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF  
ONE: L M N O P  
TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF  
ONE: OH ROBERT E LEE.  
TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF  
TENOR: M N O P Q  
TRIO: (YODEL)  
TENOR: Q R S T U  
TRIO: (YODEL)  
ALL: L S M F T, LA LA LA LA LA  
M F T, LA LA LA LA LA  
THAT'S THE SMOKE OF SMOKES FOR ME, LA LA LA

(ORCHESTRA CONTINUES)

(QUARTET WALTZES WITH EACH OTHER AND SING LA LA LA etc.)

JACK: STOP WALTZING..STOP WALTZING..STOP DANCING WITH EACH  
OTHER. DON, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW..YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY.

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE..GO AHEAD AND SING, DENNIS.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS SONG .. "IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD")

(APPLAUSE)



(THIRD ROUTINE)

-13-

JACK: Dennis, Dennis, that was a very good song and you sang it well.

DENNIS: When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I guess that'll hold me.

JACK: I hope so. Now, fellows, Edgar Bergen will be here pretty soon, so let's get on with the rehearsal.

PHIL: Say, Jackson, it must have been fun working with Bergen last week.

JACK: It was, Phil, and I really envy that guy.

MARY: But why envy him, Jack ... you're both big radio stars and you're both very popular...

JACK: I know, but look at the set-up Bergen has ... what a cast ... No agents, no contracts, no salaries -- just a paint job once a year ... Anyway, kids, when he comes ... I wish you would leave us alone ... I want to talk a little business with him.

PHIL: What's the matter, Jackson - didn't he mail it to you?

JACK: It's not that, Phil. He's a nice guy and I think Edgar Bergen is a great comedian.

DENNIS: I like Fred Allen better than anybody.

JACK: If you could get it these days, I'd wash out your mouth with soap.

MARY: You know, Jack, I heard Fred's opening show and he had a very clever idea ... His guest stars were Lowell Thomas and H. V. Kaltenborn.

ATX01 0234194

JACK: I know, I know... he was also supposed to have Gabriel Heatter, but thank goodness, Heatter had some ethics and turned him down.

MARY: What do you mean ethics?

JACK: Mary, how could Gabriel Heatter possibly go on a program that introduces Fred Allen and starts off with "AHHHHH YESSSS, There's Good News Tonight" ... Some good news ... All I know is that if Allen keeps on --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BERGEN: Hello, Jack .. Hello, everybody!

JACK: Well, Edgar, glad you dropped in!

(APPLAUSE)

BERGEN: By the way, Jack, I brought Charlie along with me -- hope you don't mind, do you?

JACK: Of course not ..I'm always glad to see the root of all evil. (SILLY LAUGH)

CHARLIE: Let's go, Bergen, the guy's corny.

BERGEN: Charlie, please.

MARY: Look at him, kids, isn't he cute?

PHIL: ) Look at that little dimpled chin.

DON: } And that turned up nose.

LENNIS: ) Such little ears!

CHARLIE: Uh uh uh uh .. Just look me over, folks, don't finger the merchandise.

BERGEN: Why, Charlie -- that's no way to talk to these folks ...  
they're very important people.

CHARLIE: What do you mean important people -- I don't even know  
who they are.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Charlie .. This is my cast... I'll  
introduce you to them.

CHARLIE: Oh, do, do, doooo!

JACK: Now there's .. now, there's Don Wilson, my announcer.

CHARLIE: Where?

JACK: Right over there.

CHARLIE: Wow! Hand me my harpoon, there's a whale off the  
starboard bow!

BERGEN: Charlie, now you must show more respect ... After all,  
Mr. Wilson is highly regarded in radio circles.

CHARLIE: I'm just curious, Bergen ... is that his stomach or is  
he taking home the family wash?

JACK: (LAUGHS) That was a good one...

BERGEN: Jack, I wish you wouldn't encourage him.

JACK: I'm sorry, Edgar ... Now, Charlie, this is my orchestra  
leader, Phil Harris.

CHARLIE: Not the Phil Harris.

HARRIS: That's right the one and only.

CHARLIE: Gosh, Mr. Harris --I've always wanted to meet you.

HARRIS: You have?

CHARLIE: Yes ... Hiccup for me, will you?

JACK: Not now, Phil. You'll peel the paint off his face.

BERGEN: You know, Charlie -- Mr. Harris is not only a  
musician, he's also a singer.

CHARLIE: Oh yes ... I seem to recall ... yes ... (SINGS A LA HARRIS) Ham hocks and turnip greens, you and me and New Orleans, and that's what I like about the South, Yeah! ... That must make Bing Crosby feel awfully insecure ... It must worry the South, too, a little.

PHIL: You better lay off me, Bub, or I'll rub you and Mortimer Snerd together and start a fire.

JACK: Phil, don't be rude. And now, Charlie, I'd like you to meet someone I know you'll like very much, the singer of our show, Dennis Day.

CHARLIE: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, McCarthy. Are you Irish?

CHARLIE: (LOUSY IRISH) Shure and that I am.

DENNIS: (IRISH) Ah, it's a pleasure to meet a man in whose veins flows the water of the lakes of Kilarney.

CHARLIE: (LOUSY IRISH) I'm fresh from the old sod, too, I'll have you know and I still have me father's shillelagh ... (STRAIGHT) ... Watch it, Bergen, your Swedish accent is showing.

JACK: Ha ha ha ha. Now, Charlie, I've saved this next introduction for the last. I know you're interested in the ladies, so I'd like to present Mary Livingstone.

MARY: Hello, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Well, well, well ... HUBBA HUBBA AND BOBBALOC BOB-A-LOO! The rest of you peasants can leave now, I'm about to begin "Operations McCarthy!"

MARY: (LAUGHING) Oh, Charlie -- you're the cutest thing I ever saw.

CHARLIE: Oh .. Mary .. Mary .. what a beautiful name .. just perfect for such a beautiful girl.

MARY: (COYLY) Oh, Charlie.

CHARLIE: You know, Mary, it isn't often one sees a girl as gorgeous as you are.

MARY: (COYLY) Charlie.

CHARLIE: Your beautiful soft silky hair, your deep brown eyes, your kissable lips ---

BERGEN: Charlie, now stop, you're embarrassing Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Yeah, Edgar, let him talk -- I'm liable to learn something.

CHARLIE: Ah, Mary --

MARY: Yes, Charlie ...

CHARLIE: Come here, Mary .. come here .. let me put my arm around you ... that's it ... (PANTS) GIVE ME YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, BERGEN, MY MONOCLE'S STEAMED UP AGAIN.

MARY: Come here, Charlie, I'm going to give you a great big kiss.

CHARLIE: I'll be right there, baby.

BERGEN: Charlie, now behave yourself.

CHARLIE: Let me loose, Bergen, after all, I'm not made of wood, you know.

JACK: Gee, and I always thought ..

BERGEN: Say, Jack .. I've got to get to my rehearsal ... what was it you wanted to see me about?

JACK: Well, Edgar ... it's a business matter .. I thought we'd talk about it in private ... Now, look, kids ..

PHIL: All right, Jackson -- we can take a hint.

MARY: Yeah -- let's all go get a cup of coffee.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

BERGEN: Well, Jack -- what is it you wanted to talk to me about?

JACK: You know, Edgar, I've always admired you ... I watched you start in radio ... I watched you climb and become bigger and bigger and bigger ... and each year I was happy because of your success.

CHARLIE: CAREFUL BERGEN ... THE LAST GUY WHO STARTED OUT LIKE THAT SOLD YOU THE BIKINI GALOON.

JACK: Galoon!

CHARLIE: All right, so Bergen ain't paying attention!

JACK: Please, Charlie. Now look, Edgar...you're at the pinnacle of your career ... one of the greatest stars in radio ... but I have something that will make you even greater, and I'm not gonna be selfish enough to keep it from you.

BERGEN: My goodness, what are you going to give me, Jack?

JACK: My new quartet.

BERGEN: A quartet?

JACK: Yes, and for only a thousand dollars a week.

BERGEN: What?

JACK: Seven fifty.

BERGEN: No, no, Jack -- it's not the price ...I'm just .. I'm sure they're worth a thousand .. but .. wait a minute, are you talking about the quartet you hired for your commercials?

JACK: ... Oh ... you've heard them?

BERGEN: Yes.

JACK: Three hundred dollars.

BERGEN: No..no, Jack. I'm really not interested at all.

JACK: But Edgar, how can you pass up such an opportunity as this.. just think of it .. three hundred dollars for the best quartet in Los Angeles.

CHARLIE: Bergen wouldn't pay three hundred dollars for Los Angeles.

JACK: I wouldn't sell it to him .. Now, listen, Edgar, before you say no definitely you gotta hear those boys once more. I want to show you what they can do with a commercial.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: HEY, DON.. BRING YOUR BOYS IN HERE A MINUTE.

DON: (OFF MIKE) OKAY. COME ON IN FELLOWS.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DON: (ON MIKE) What is it, Jack?

JACK: I want Edgar to hear what those boys can do with a commercial.

DON: Why certainly. Just listen to this. Take it, boys.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION TO "BLUE DANUBE")

ONE:	OH CHASE AND SANBORN	
TRIO:	DRINK, DRINK, DRINK, DRINK.	CHARLIE: BERGEN, LET'S GET
ONE:	AT NIGHTTIME OR MORN	OUT OF HERE.
TRIO:	DRINK, DRINK, DRINK, DRINK.	JACK: TWO FIFTY.
ONE:	THE FLAVOR'S SO GOOD.	BERGEN: NO, JACK, NO, NO.
TRIO:	SIP, SIP, SIP, SIP.	CHARLIE: BERGEN, BERGEN.
ONE:	AND THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD	TAKE ME OUT OF
TRIO:	SIP, SIP, SIP, SIP	HERE, I CAN'T
ONE:	IT'S GROWN IN THE SHADE	STAND IT.

TRIO: YUM YUM, YUM YUM.  
COP: AND THAT'S HOW IT'S MADE  
TRIO: YUM YUM, YUM YUM.

JACK: TWO HUNDRED  
BERGEN: NO NO, JACK.  
JACK: ONE FIFTY.  
CHARLIE: COME ON, BERGEN,  
LET'S GO.  
BERGEN: I'M SORRY, JACK.  
SO LONG.  
JACK: SO LONG, SO LONG

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

(CLOSING MUSIC)



JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen: Once again we're all asked to contribute to the Community Chest campaign for 1947. All over America local Community Chests are now trying to raise their, their largest amount of money for the health and welfare of our people. By giving generously to your local Community Chest you can be sure that you are supporting the friendly, neighborly service which helps your community day after day and month after month. So please give your full support to a service that is most vital to the health and welfare of millions of Americans.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend L. A. (Speed) Riggs.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

ROYSDAEL: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.SIMS: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Take a tip from  
the independent tobacco experts, men like Mr. Sidney M.  
Cutts, independent tobacco auctioneer of Oxford, North  
Carolina, who has been in tobacco for 25 years.  
He said:VOICE: Season after season, year after year, I've seen the  
makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco - good, ripe,  
prime leaf -- take it from me, that tobacco's really  
tobacco. I've smoked Luckies myself for 17 years.BARUCH: Year-in, year-out, at market after market, independent  
tobacco experts like Mr. Cutts can see the makers of  
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that  
light, that naturally mild tobacco.SIMS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco! Yes, Lucky Strike  
means fine tobacco, and fine tobacco means real deep-  
down smoking enjoyment for you.

TICKER: (2 &amp; 3, 2 &amp; 3)

ROYSDAEL: LS - MFTLS - MFTLS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0234203

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

XXX

10-13-46

BARUCH:  
(Exper.  
Imp.Tag)

Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So Smoke that  
smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL:

The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program  
were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North  
Carolina, (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN) and Mr. F. E.  
Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - 57 to 59 -  
AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the cigarette  
that means fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0234204

(TAG)

-23-

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now look, Mary, I'm glad we walked to the studio because this time of evening it's nice walking home.

MARY: Yeah.....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, Mary .. radio's a funny business. Sometimes you have a good joke on the end of the show and you run short of time so they cut you off the air.

MARY: You mean like it happened to us on our opening show?

JACK: Yeah ... And now tonight, when we've got all the time in the world, we've got nothing funny to say.

MARY: Well, that's life for you.

JACK: Well, I guess there's nothing to do but walk.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ANNOUNCER: Well, this is NBC

ATX01 0234205

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

242 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK - WICKERSHAM 1-6600

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

BROADCAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

DATE: OCTOBER 20, 1946

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. EST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "T H E J A C K B E N N Y P R O G R A M"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MPT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234206

NBC

XGXX

10-20-46

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

1:00-7:30 PM EST

OCTOBER 20, 1946 - PROGRAM #4

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

SIMS: And - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT  
LS - MPT  
LS - MPT

BARUCH: Of course!  
(Excl. D)

RUYSDAEL: You said it!

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - for it  
takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And year  
after year, at auction after auction, the makers of  
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine,  
that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

(MORE)

ROYSDAEL:

Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RIGGS:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM .. STARRING JACK BENNY ... WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. AS YOU ALL KNOW, A FEW DAYS AGO  
PRESIDENT TRUMAN TOOK THE CONTROLS OFF MEAT .. WHICH OF  
COURSE INCLUDED HAM. AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you .. hello again .. this is Jack  
Benny talking. And, Don, how could you possibly  
introduce me a suave, dynamic, sophisticated comedian  
that way?

DON: Well, Jack, I thought it was good.

JACK: Good! Think, Donsy, think! I mean a little of you  
must be brain .. you can't be all blubber. Concentrate.

MARY: Jack, I saw nothing wrong with the way Don introduced  
you. I thought it was timely.

JACK: I know, but it was so Fred Allenish. I mean he always  
starts out on a topical thing and then beats it to  
death. I'll show you what I mean. Go ahead, Mary,  
you be Portland.

MARY: Oh Jack --

JACK: No, no, Mary, go ahead, I'll show you what I mean.

MARY: Okay. (A LA PORTLAND) Oh, Mister Allen.. Mister Allen.

JACK: (A LA ALLEN) Well, Portland? Gee whiz.. what's now?

MARY: (A LA PORTLAND) I see by the papers that President  
Truman took the controls off meat.



JACK: (A LA ALLEN) Yes, I know, Portland, and things certainly have happened fast. Controls were off meat on Monday .. and on Thursday St. Louis slaughtered Boston. Ho ho ho ...

MARY: (A LA PORTLAND) Papa says he hasn't seen so much meat decontrolled since Mama split her girdle.

JACK: You stopped after the wrong word, you know. That's what I mean, Mary, and I don't wanna catch anybody doing jokes like that on this program.

PHIL: You're right, Jackson. This meat shortage is a serious thing.

JACK: You're not kidding.

PHIL: Yeah .. if people can't get meat they'll take all the grain and start making foolish things like bread and then there will be a liquor shortage.

JACK: Liquor?

PHIL: Yeah, that's the stuff that keeps you pickled in the middle with the ice bag on top .. HA HA, HA HA... OH HARRIS, THEY OUGHTA PUT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD SO PEOPLE COULD SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE.

JACK: You've got a hole in your head, just pull the cork out .. and cut out that silly stuff.

MARY: Aw leave him alone, Jack, I think he's cute.

JACK: Well, I don't.

DENNIS: I do.

JACK: Well, I .. Dennis, where did you come from?

DENNIS: That's what I asked my mother, but she said my father will explain it to me.

JACK: Dennis, sit down.

AFX01 0234210

DENNIS: The state line ran right through the hospital.

JACK: I said, sit down.

DENNIS: Oh well .. To Each His Own.

JACK: And now -- To Each His Own .. what's that?

DENNIS: I don't know, it gets laughs on other shows.

JACK: Well, I don't want laughs on this one .. it spoils the mood.

MARY: And believe me, we've just had five minutes of mood.

JACK: We have not .. the people out there laughed as hard as they could .. just like it said on their tickets .. Anyway that's radio for you, you say "To Each His Own" and it gets a big laugh .. I remember when I was in vaudeville things weren't that easy. Gee, I used to have to go out there with sock material .. and when I had the audience where I wanted them, I sang two hot choruses of "My Merry Oldsmobile" and killed them .. and I used to look pretty good in those goggles and duster .. I was the biggest hit in show business.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson, how about Al Jolson?

JACK: What was so wonderful about Jolson? He used to come out on the stage and go through his act down on one knee. Some trick. Why, I did my act on one knee long before Jolson ever thought of it.

MARY: He was singing, you were ducking.

JACK: (MIMICKING) He was singing, I was ducking .. he was singing, I was ducking.

MARY: This is where To Each His Own fits.

JACK: Mary, if you keep making cracks like that you're not gonna come to my house for dinner tonight, and you'll be the only one missing.

DON: What are we gonna have, Jack?

JACK: Well, we're.. oh, my goodness, I forgot to tell Rochester to dress the turkey and chill the wine.

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, are we gonna have wine?

JACK: SAUTERNLY .. HA HA HA HA, OH BENNY, STAND STILL FOR A WHILE THEY'LL PROBABLY WANT TO TAKE PICTURES .. THAT WAS A GOOD ONE.

MARY: (SINGS) In my merry Oldsmobile.

JACK: (SINGS) What a car, with my sweetheart .. MARY! ... I told you if you .. Oh yes, I was gonna call Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP ... CLICK, CLICK)

JACK: Operator. Operator.

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK FADE TO BUZZ)

BEA: Say, Mabel.

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Oh yeah .. I wonder what Little Beaver wants now.

BEA: I'll insert the plug and see.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: Hello.

JACK: Operator, will you please get me my home?

BEA: Just a minute, Mr. Benny, I'll try.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: Mabel, have you been listening to Mr. Benny's program this season?

SARA: Yeah .. and as far as I'm concerned, South America can take him away.

BEA: Why, Mabel Flapsaddle .. how can you say that? I think Jack Benny is wonderful.

SARA: Well, look, Gertrude .. everybody's entitled to their own opinion.. that's why they have a horse of another color.

BEA: Yeah.

SARA: If you want to like Jack Benny, that's your prerogative.

BEA: Like him .. I'm crazy about him. Everytime he says "Hello again," I'm lousy with goosepimples ... sometimes I don't smoothen out till Monday.

SARA: Well, he just happens to affect you that way .. me he doesn't send.

BEA: Oh, Mabel, you're just jealous because Mr. Benny went out with .. Oh, gee, I promised not to tell.

SARA: Aw come on, Gertrude .. I always tell you everything.

BEA: Okay, you talked me into it... this summer I went out with Mr. Benny and he made such love to me, I almost fainted.

SARA: WHY GERTRUDE GEARSHIFT!!!!

BEA: No, honest, Mabel, it's the truth .. he told me I had hair like spun silk .. eyes like limpid pools .. a complexion like rose petals .. and ears like little sea shells.

SARA: Gee .. what did he say about your teeth?

BEA: Nothing. I would forget them on a night like that.

SARA: I don't know why, but every time you always --

(SOUND: BUZZ AND CLICK)

JACK: Operator, operator.

BEA: I'm sorry, but the phone at your house is busy.

JACK: Oh.. well, I'll try it again later.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Come on, Dennis, let's have your song.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "THE WHOLE WORLD IS SINGING MY SONG")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "The Whole World is Singing My Song" sung by Dennis Day and very good, Dennis. And now, ladies and gentlemen ..

DENNIS: (MOCKING) Very good, Dennis, very good Dennis .. you always say the same thing .. why don't you tell me I'm terrible sometimes.

JACK: All right, all right, you were terrible.

DENNIS: You're just mad because I sing good every week.

JACK: Oh, be quiet, will you? What do you want? AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE REALLY HAVE A SURPRISE FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO DO OUR VERSION OF THAT THRILLING, SPINE-TINGLING MYSTERY SERIES, THE WHISTLER.

(TYMPANI - BOOM BOOM)

GEORGE: (WHISTLES THEME)

JACK: Wait a minute.

GEORGE: (KEEPS WHISTLING)

JACK: Wait a minute .. who are you?

GEORGE: (ECHO MIKE) I AM THE WHISTLER! ... And I walk by night .. I influence the lives of innocent people .. and sometimes I even drive them to murder. (WHISTLES.. STARTS TO WALK AWAY)

JACK: Well, I'm certainly glad you dropped in because tonight you can help me with the sketch we're gonna do.

MARY: Jack, Jack, who are you talking to?

JACK: That man .. that man right there.

MARY: What man? I don't see anybody.

JACK: That man right there who was whistling.

Whistling? I didn't hear anybody, Jackson.

HEIL:

JACK:

Are you kids crazy? I'm telling you there was a man standing right there at that microphone. Dennis, you saw him, didn't you?

DENNIS:

Yeah .. he was kind of a mysterious looking fellow with a brown suit, penetrating eyes, and a scowl on his face.

JACK:

DENNIS:

That's right, that's right! And what was he whistling? To Each His Own.

JACK:

He was not. It was the Whistler's theme song.

MARY:

Oh, Jack, what's the matter with you? You didn't see anybody and neither did Dennis.

JACK:

Well, I .. Gee, I thought I did. Maybe it's because I've got my mind all wrapped up in the play we're gonna do. Now Mary, in this sketch you're gonna be the --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK:

Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK:

Hello.

BEA:

Oh, Mr. Benny I've been trying to get your home, but your line is still busy.

JACK:

Thank you, Gertrude, but keep trying will you?

BEA:

I will. (COY) And .. er .. and .. er .. Mr. Benny ..

JACK:

What is it Gertrude?

BEA:

Say it for me, will you?

JACK:

Huh?

BEA:

You know .. Say it once more, please?

JACK:

Oh, I don't wanna.

BEA: Aw, come on, please .. just once.

JACK: Oh, all right .. Hello again.

BEA: (LONG SIGH)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Darn it, she fainted again .. Oh, Gertrude .. Gertrude.

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK)

JACK: Gertrude!

SARA: This is Mabel.

JACK: Oh, did Gertrude hurt herself?

SARA: No .. luckily the goosepimples broke her fall.

JACK: Good, good.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, she faints all the time .. this Christmas I'll have to give her some smelling salts.

MARY: Yeah .. then you can stop carrying that water pistol.

JACK: Yeah .. Now kids, in the play that we're going to do tonight, Mary's gonna ..

DON: Oh Jack, before you go into the play we've got to do the commercial.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, Don .. I'm glad you reminded me.

DON: I've got the quartette right here.

JACK: Well, all right .. but they're gonna have to do what I wrote. No more of that silly stuff. As long as I have to pay them five hundred dollars a week I'm gonna write their stuff myself. Now, look boys...

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: You're gonna cut that out, too. Now look ..



DON: Jack, I know you're the boss, but if you think that you can write better than Nelson Eddy's .. Nelson Eddy's music teacher .. Well, that's up to you. You're the boss ..

JACK: The boss? What did you say, Don?

DON: Well, I said as long as you're the boss and you think you can write as well as Nelson Eddy's music teacher .. why that's up to you.

JACK: Don, I'm the boss. I don't care what .. Nelson Eddy's music teacher?

DON: Yes, he's been training the quartette all week. And Jack, you'll simply love what they've prepared.

JACK: Well, that sounds a little better, Don .. now we're getting some place. Sit down, kids, this should be all right. Quiet, everybody. Go ahead, Don, let's hear it.

DON: Okay, ready fellows .. Gimme that introduction.

QUARTET: (FOUR NOTES AND HOLD CHORD)

JACK: Well ..

DON: L S, M F T ... L S, M F T .. LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO, YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO .. SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

(PIANO INTRODUCTION)

QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES LS, LS,  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T. HI!  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.

JACK: Wait a minute.

ONE: LIGHT UP AN L  
An L?

JACK: LIGHT UP AN S

ONE: Don! I'm the bus ..

JACK: LIGHT UP AN L S

ONE: GENTLEMEN!

JACK: M F T - OH

QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, LS,  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T. HI!  
HI'YA.

JACK: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,  
(SLOW) MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F

JACK: Thank goodness!

QUARTET: (FAST) MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T. HI!  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.

ONE: LIGHT UP AN L JACK: Wait a minute!

LIGHT UP AN S Wait a minute!

LIGHT UP AN L S M F T WAIT A MINUTE!

QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES LS, LS, WAIT A MINUTE!

MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.

JACK: Don .. Don .. Don .. have you gone entirely crazy? Is  
this what they've been practicing all week?

DON: But, Jack, that was Shortening Bread.

JACK: I don't care if it was Apple Pan Dowdy, get those guys  
out of here .. Now, come on, fellows .. out, out, OUT!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES ... 4 FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: AND STAY OUT!

CHARLES:

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmmm ... what a program. All I have is trouble, trouble trouble ..

EMILIS: I'll bet it'll be just as bad on the repeat show, too...

JACK: Oh, quiet .. Now, come on, kids, let's get on with the play .. take it, boys .. ladies and gentlemen, we now offer our version of that blood-curdling thrilling murder mystery, The Whistler.

(MYSTERIOSO MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO MIKE) I am the Fiddler. (PLAYS THEME ON VIOLIN)  
Yes, I AM THE FIDDLER! I PLAY BY NIGHT .. THEY WON'T LET ME PLAY IN THE DAYTIME .. (MANIACAL LAUGH)

(MYSTERIOSO MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO MIKE) .. I KNOW MANY STRANGE THINGS .. I INFLUENCE THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE .. YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? .. LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. PARK .. GWENDOLYN AND GRIFFITH .. AS WE LOOK IN ON THEM, IT IS MORNING, AND THEY ARE HAVING BREAKFAST. THEY ARE HAPPY .. BUT NOT FOR LONG .. HEH HEH HEH. FOR I AM THE FIDDLER.

(COMPANY)

JACK: (VIOLIN THEME)

(SOUND: RATTLING OF DISHES ... ETC.)

EMILIS: Gosh, Gwendolyn, this looks like a wonderful breakfast.  
GRY: I'm glad you like it, Griff ... because I have a surprise for you. My mother is coming to live with us.

DENNIS: Oh bully, that's wonderful!

JACK: (ECHO) HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH .. SEE, THEY'RE HAPPY, BUT I'LL CHANGE THAT.

DENNIS: Gwendolyn, when is your dear, darling mother coming.

MARY: Tomorrow.

DENNIS: I'm glad you told me in time. Now I can buy her a present .. I wonder what I should give her ..

JACK: (ECHO) WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HER A KICK IN THE TEETH?

DENNIS: No Gwendolyn .. your father gave her that last year.

MARY: What did you say, dear?

DENNIS: I just answered your question.

MARY: But I didn't say anything.

DENNIS: Oh, I thought you did ...

JACK: (ECHO) YOU SEE.. I'VE GOT THEM CONFUSED ALREADY.

DENNIS: Well, I better finish my breakfast.

MARY: Yes .. here's a great big bowl of cereal ... wait, I'll pour the cream on it for you.

(SOUND: POURING OF CREAM ... SLIGHT PAUSE ... THEN MILLIONS OF POPPING, CRACKLING AND TINKLING NOISES)

MARY: ... (PAUSE) You can take your fingers out of your ears now, they've stopped crackling. Now eat your cereal.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

DENNIS: Gee, that was a stubborn little one, wasn't it?

MARY: It certainly was, darling.

JACK: (ECHO) DARLING .. DARLING .. COME ON, COME ON, HIT HER WITH SOMETHING ... I'VE GOT OTHER HOMES TO BREAK UP.

MARY: What did you say, Griffith?

DENNIS:

I didn't say anything, -- my mouth was full of the  
Breakfast of Champions.

MARY:

Oh yes, that's why you're so strong .. and powerful ..  
and masculine and .. stop looking around, I'm talking  
to you.

DENNIS:

Gee, thanks .. Well, I better finish my breakfast and  
hurry to the office ... give me a couple of eggs,  
dear, and some bacon ... about twelve slices of bacon ..

MARY:

Yes, dear.

JACK:

(PLAYS THEME ON VIOLIN)

JACK:

(ECHO MIKE) YES .. I AM THE FIDDLER .. I KNOW MANY  
STRANGE THINGS ... I EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY GOT THAT  
BACON ... HEH HEH HEH ... AND NOW, GRIFFITH IS AT HIS  
OFFICE ... WHILE HIS WIFE, GWEN, IS AT HOME WAITING FOR  
HER SWEETHEART, THE ICE MAN .. AND NOW LOOK ... LOOK  
DOWN THE PATH THE ICE MAN COMETH ... YES THE ICE MAN  
COMETH.

HIL:

(SINGS) Won't you cometh with me to Alabamy, there  
we'll meet my dear old mammy, she's frying eggs and  
broilin' hammy ...

JACK:

(ECHO) EHHHH .. SHUT UP! NOW KNOCK ON THE DOOR ...  
SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU.

(SOUND: KNOCK .. DOOR OPENS)

HIL:

Hello, Baby.

MARY:

Hello, Kilroy ... Come in.

HIL:

Wait a minute I gotta get rid of this ice.

MARY:

(OOMPHY) Gimme a kiss and I'll melt it for you ...

Come on ..

(SOUND: BIG KISS)

PHIL: Gee, I wonder what your husband would say if he caught you kissing me, his best friend.

MARY: I'd tell him you're congratulating me on my birthday.

PHIL: But you've told him that twenty-eight times this year. Isn't he getting wise?

MARY: No but he's getting mad, buying me all those presents .. Gee, Kilroy .. you and I could be so happy together .. if it weren't for my husband.

JACK: (ECHO) AH - NOW YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK .. WELL .. GO AHEAD .. WHY DON'T YOU KILL YOUR HUSBAND?

MARY: Kilroy! I just got an idea.

PHIL: So did I.

MARY & PHIL: Let's kill Griffith!

MARY: It must be love, we said it together.

JACK: (ECHO) THAT'S IT, THAT'S IT .. NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. GO AHEAD, KILL HIM.

PHIL: (MYSTERIOUS) Gwendolyn, I know just how to kill your husband .. we'll take him down to the Union Station and throw him under the wheels of a passing train.

MARY: But at Union Station ... all those people will see us.

PHIL: So what .. they'll think it's a stunt for "Truth or Consequences!"

JACK: (ECHO) SURE .. YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT .. AND YOU'LL GET A BOX OF DUZ BESIDES.

MARY: No, no, Kilroy, I have a better way ... When he comes home, you hide in the closet and when he hangs up his coat you can strangle him ... and no one will ever know.

JACK: NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ... EXCEPT ME (DIRTY LAUGH) ...  
FOR I AM THE FIDDLER. (PLAYS THEME ... HITS CLINKER ..  
PLAYS THEME AGAIN ... HITS CLINKER AGAIN AND IMMEDIATELY  
GOES INTO VIOLIN EXERCISES ... THEN PLAYS THEME  
CORRECTLY)

(MISTERIOSO CHORD)

JACK: And now it's evening .. the office is closed and  
Griffith, the unsuspecting husband is walking home  
without a care on his mind.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JENNIS: ...Gee, it'll be nice to get home to my loving wife,  
Gwendolyn .. I feel sorry for her ... she's alone all  
day.

JACK: (ECHO MIKE) ARE YOU SURE SHE'S ALONE?

JENNIS: Yeah .. of course, about twice a week our best friend,  
Kilroy, drops in ... but that's only on her birthday.

JACK: HER BIRTHDAY?

JENNIS: Yeah, I'm three .. three presents behind this month  
already ... What's the matter with me ... I'm acting  
silly, talking to myself.

JACK: LOTS OF MEN TALK TO THEMSELVES WHEN THEIR WIVES ARE  
IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN ... AND KILROY WAS THERE.

JENNIS: Aw, she can't be in love with Kilroy ... after all, when  
we were married - he was our best man.

JACK: YES, AND AFTER THE CEREMONY ... YOUR WIFE KISSED HIM,  
REMEMBER?

JENNIS: But all brides kiss the best man after the wedding.

JACK: FOR THREE AND A HALF HOURS? (DIRTY LAUGH)

FENNIS:

It was either that or take him on the honeymoon... Gee, what's wrong with me ... the way I keep talking to myself ... Anyway, I know that my wife doesn't see Kilroy any more!

JACK:

OH, SHE DOESN'T, EH? THEN HURRY HOME .. YOU'LL FIND THEM TOGETHER.

FENNIS:

All right, I'll go home and see for myself .. Gee, I better be prepared ... (SINGS) Happy birthday to you .. Happy birthday to you ...

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

JACK:

YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN .. HERE ARE THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE AND I HAVE PLANTED THE SEEDS OF SUSPICION AND HATE WHICH WILL SOON GROW INTO MURDER ... AIN'T I A STINKER? OH WELL ... TO EACH HIS OWN ...

(SOUND: KEY IN LOCK .. DOOR OPEN)

MARY:

Darling, you're home early.

FENNIS:

Step aside, woman, I'm gonna search this house ... Aha, look on the carpet ... footprints .. big footprints made by size twelve shoes ... (HAPPY) DARLING, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME .. YOUR MOTHER IS HERE!

JACK:

(ECHO) HER MOTHER ISN'T HERE, YOU LITTLE FOOL ... THOSE ARE KILROY'S FOOTPRINTS ... HER MOTHER WEARS SIZE FOURTEEN. NOW DON'T WASTE TIME ... ASK HER ABOUT KILROY ... GO ON, ASK HER ABOUT KILROY.

FENNIS:

Huh? .. Oh, yes .. Darling, was Joe here?

JACK:

(ECHO) NOT JOE .. THAT WAS YESTERDAY .. IT'S KILROY TODAY ... AND WEDNESDAY IS BING'S DAY .. NOW COME ON GRIFFITH, COME ON ... YOU'VE GOTTA GET MURDERED ... GO ON .. GO ON, OPEN THAT CLOSET DOOR.



DENNIS: No, no ... I don't want to .. I'm afraid.  
JACK: (ECHO) COME ON, DON'T WASTE TIME ... OPEN THAT CLOSET  
DOOR.

DENNIS: No, no!  
JACK: All right then, I'll open it for you.

(SOUND: SIX FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (ECHO) NOW, SIT TIGHT, FOLKS, THIS IS GONNA BE GRUESOME  
... ALL RIGHT, GRIFFITH, PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM..  
I'M GONNA OPEN THAT DOOR NOW.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,  
MA MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T,  
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.

JACK: OH DARN IT, I OPENED THE WRONG DOOR.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK:  
Ladies and gentlemen; the chief hope of our enemies during the war was to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice now, anymore than we would have spread enemy rumors during the recent conflict. Through our behavior we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

ION:  
The name of our quartet is The Sportsmen. Our telephone operators are played by Sara Berner and Bea Benadera. Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend, Mr. F. E. Boone.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BUYSDAEL: Mr. Harry R. King, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina, has been in the tobacco business for 21 years. He said:

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real fine tobacco - the kind of tobacco that smokes up smooth and mild. Yes, for a real smoke, I pick Luckies - smoked 'em myself for 18 years.

SIMS: Quote: "At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real fine tobacco." -- Unquote. Season after season, independent tobacco experts like Mr. King can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BARUCH: And this fine, light, naturally mild Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

HICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

BUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

KGGK

10-20-46

SMS:  
Dep. Tag  
(1)

Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL:

The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike - the cigarette of fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(TAG)

JACK:

(PLAYS VIOLIN THEME)

I AM THE FIDDLER ...

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

JACK:

(CONTINUES TO PLAY THEME) LOOK .. NO HANDS!

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 2-0000

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

LUCKY STRIKE

OCTOBER 27, 1946

REVISION:

APPROVAL: FINAL

NETWORK: NBC

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234231

REC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

10-27-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

1:00-7:30 PM EST

OCTOBER 27, 1946 - PROGRAM #5

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

BOYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

BOYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

BARUCH: Remember!  
(Excl. K.)

SIMS: Year in!

BOYSDAEL: Year out!

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And in a cigarette  
it's the tobacco that counts.

BOYSDAEL: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and  
warehousemen - men who spend their lives buying,  
selling and handling tobacco, can see just who buys  
what tobacco. (MORE)

STYSDAEL:  
(CONT'D)

And year after year, at auction after auction, they can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

MS:

Remember: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

SCENE:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)



(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON:  
THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM .. STARRING JACK BENNY .. WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON:  
Ladies and gentlemen, people often wonder what a  
comedian does after he finishes his radio program.  
Well, let's go back to last Sunday afternoon .. The  
Jack Benny program is over and Jack and Mary are  
leaving the studio.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, Mary, I liked that show we did tonight, didn't you?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Wasn't that a terrific mystery sketch I did -- The  
Fiddler ... Gee ... (A LA FIDDLER) I AM THE FIDDLER  
... I INFLUENCE THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE. I MAKE  
THEM STEAL .. HATE .. AND EVEN MURDER.

MARY: Jack, put away that knife, the program's over.

JACK: I was just cleaning my fingernails .. Anyway, I thought  
that was a wonderful sketch.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: I'll never forget the look on your face when you opened  
the door where you thought the murderer was and found  
the quartette instead.

JACK: Oh yes, them. You know, Mary, those guys are driving  
me nuts .. I wish there was some way I could get rid  
of 'em .. If I could just ... Say, I've got it.

MARY: Oh no, Jack -- where would you hide the bodies?

JACK: I wasn't thinking of that .. Anyway, I've got to figure out some way.

MARY: Jack, let's stop in the drug store for a snack.

JACK: Well .. look, Mary, it's only five o'clock. If you'll wait till later, I'll take you out and buy you a full course dinner.

MARY: I'm no gambler .. I'll take a sandwich now.

JACK: All right, all right, come on.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLY BELL .. DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Here are two seats, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes. What are you gonna have, Mary?

MARY: I don't know .. Oh, here's something that looks good .. a Dunker's Special.

JACK: A Dunker's Special? .. What's that?

MARY: Coffee, doughnuts, and a rubber glove, fifteen cents.

JACK: No, don't get that, I had it last time ... The glove had a hole in it.

MARY: What are you gonna have?

JACK: Gee, I don't know. Oh, waiter .. waiter!

WILSON: Yesssssss.

JACK: Oh, him again. Now, let's see ..

MARY: Waiter .. I'll have a Chiss sweese sandwich.

JACK: She'll have a Chiss sweese .

MARY: I'll have a Swiss cheese sandwich.

WILSON: Yes, ma'am. ONE SWISS CHEESE SANDWICH.

CHIEF: One Swiss cheese .. (YODELS) Oh lee oh lay he hoo!

JACK: Well, I see Mr. Kitzel is still working here.

NELSON: Have you made up your mind yet, musclebound?

JACK: Yes .. I'll have a chocolate malted milk.

NELSON: ONE CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK PUT AN EGG IN IT.

JACK: Wait a minute .. I don't want an egg in it.

NELSON: Have you looked in the mirror lately?

JACK: What? Oh, all right .. gimme a malted milk with an egg in it.

NELSON: Fried or scrambled?

JACK: Look, I want a malted milk with an egg in it ... just a plain raw egg.

NELSON: All right ... ONE MALTED MILK FOR A BARBARIAN.

JACK: Look, waiter, why is it you always have --

MARY: Oh, Jack, let it go. You know you always antagonize him.

JACK: I do not.

NELSON: You do too!

JACK: You know, Mary, I'm never gonna come in here again if that waiter doesn't stop --

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, can I sit here with you and Miss Livingstone?

JACK: Hello, Dennis.

MARY: I thought you went home.

DENNIS: I came in for a sandwich first .. and you know what, I just weighed myself.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, stripped.

JACK: Stripped!

DENNIS: Yeah, I took the weighing machine into the phone booth.

MARY: Dennis!

DENNIS: And when I put in the penny, a little card came out.

JACK:

What did it say, kid?

GENIE:

It said, "Put on your pants, a lady wants to use the phone."

JACK:

Oh, stop being silly.

NELSON:

Here's your sandwich, Miss.

(SOUND: PLATE ON TABLE)

MARY:

Thank you.

NELSON:

And here's yours.

(SOUND: LOUD CLUNK)

JACK:

Hey, wait a minute, I ordered a malted milk ... this is an ice cream soda.

NELSON:

That's not ice cream, that's an egg.

JACK:

Well, at least you could have broken it. Can't you break an egg?

NELSON:

If I could break an egg, I'd punch you right in the nose.

JACK:

Oh, you would, eh .. well, let me tell you --

MARY:

Jack .. Jack.. sit down! Everybody's looking at you.

JACK:

Well, all right, but I don't want this malted milk. I'm gonna have a cup of coffee, and I don't want this guy waiting on me. (CALLS) OH, MR. KITZEL ... MR. KITZEL.

ARTIE:

(OFF MIKE) JUST A SECOND, PLEASE, I'M READING THAT NEW BOOK ... "THE HERRING AND I."

JACK:

Well, come here a minute, will you?

ARTIE:

Yes sir.

JACK:

Mr. Kitzel, I always have trouble with this waiter. Will you please take care of me?

ARTIE:

With pleasure. What will you have?

JACK:

A cup of coffee.

ARTIE: Sanka, pankka, or shmanka?  
JACK: Just plain coffee ...  
ARTIE: In a jiffy.  
JACK: Thank you.  
DON: HELLO, EVERYBODY.  
JACK: Well, Don .. sit down .. have a sandwich or something?  
DON: Oh, no, thanks. I just dropped in to weigh myself.  
JACK: Oh.  
MARY: Is that the little card you got out of the scale, Don?  
DON: Yes.  
MARY: Let me see it.  
DON: (EMBARRASSED) Oh, no, no, Mary.  
MARY: Come on, let me see it.  
DON: Okay .. here.  
JACK: Say, Don, do you --  
MARY: (LAUGHS)  
JACK: What are you laughing at, Mary?  
MARY: (LAUGHS)  
JACK: What's the weight on the card, Mary?  
MARY: It doesn't give any weight, it just says, "Get off, you're hurting me."  
JACK: (LAUGHS) Hey, that's pretty good. Say, Don, as long as you're here, I want to talk to you about that quartette ... Now I'm not going to --  
PHIL: WELL WELL, IF IT AIN'T THAT OLD GANG OF MINE.  
JACK: Hello, Phil, how did your show go today?  
PHIL: Dynamite, Jackson, dynamite. And, say, you know that gag you called me up and gave me yesterday?  
JACK: Yeah, yeah.

PHIL: It laid there. But I didn't need it .. my charm and personality made it roll, Jackson, it rolled.

JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: HEY, WAITER!

NELSON: What'll it be?

PHIL: Gimme a Phil Harris Special.

NELSON: Okay ... ONE HAM OMELETTE, PUT A WAVE IN IT.

JACK: That's a good one, ya know.

NELSON: Want anything to drink with it, Mr. Harris?

PHIL: No thanks, I'm on the wagon.

JACK: Phil, he means coffee or tea or milk.

DENNIS: Oh, waiter, I'll have a cup of tea, please.

NELSON: Do you want cream or lemon with it?

DENNIS: Gee, that sounds good .. Gimme the cream and lemon and never mind the tea.

JACK: Dennis, grow up, will you?

MARY: Jack, I'm through with my sandwich.

JACK: Okay .. come on, Mary, I'll walk you home .. So long, fellows.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

PHIL: (OFF MIKE) HEY, JACKSON, WHAT ABOUT THE CHECK?

JACK: You and Dennis can split it. You've both got shows of your own now .. Come on, Mary.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

(END NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Take back your rhumba, aye ... your samba, aye .. your conga, aye, aye, aye ... Now, let me see, where's my house ... Oh, there it is. I don't know what I'd do without these fog lights on my knees.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALK ONTO PORCH .. FOOTSTEPS STOP .. DOOR BUZZER .. PAUSE .. DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: HELLO, BOSS .. YOU'RE HOME A LITTLE LATER THAN USUAL.

JACK: (ASIDE) Yes, yes, Rochester. (LOUD) YOU SEE, MISS LIVINGSTONE FELT HUNGRY, SO I TOOK HER TO THE MOCAMBO.

ROCHESTER: DID YOU SAY THE MOCAMBO, BOSS?

JACK: YES. THEN ON OUR WAY HOME WE STOPPED OFF FOR A FEW DANCES AT CIRO'S.

ROCHESTER: CIRO'S?

JACK: YES.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: AND THEN I THOUGHT, AS LONG AS I TOOK HER TO THE MOCAMBO AND CIRO'S .. IT WOULD BE NICE IF I --

ROCHESTER: Boss, you're in the house now and the neighbors can't hear, HOW WERE THINGS AT THE DRUGSTORE?

JACK: Huh? Rochester, how did you know that I was at the drugstore?

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY, YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS ALL OF THE TIME, AND ALL OF THE NEIGHBORS SOME OF THE TIME .. BUT I AIN'T A NEIGHBOR, I LIVE HERE!

JACK: Oh, I've been to Ciro's and you know it .. Well, it's been a long day, Rochester, so I think I'll go up to bed.

ROCHESTER: JUST A MINUTE, I'LL STRAP ON MY INDIAN PAFOOSE BAG.

JACK: You don't have to carry me ... I can walk upstairs myself. Now make my bed, will you please?

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: I'm going in the library and got a book.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

POLLY: (TWO SQUAWKS)

JACK: Hello, Polly.

POLLY: Hello hello ... (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Did Polly hear daddy on his program today?

POLLY: Hello again, hello again (WHISTLE)

JACK: Oh, then you did hear the show. Come on now, Polly, what else do you hear on my program? Come on, come on, what else did you hear?

POLLY: Ham hocks and turnip greens ..

JACK: That's right .. keep on .. Come on, Polly, keep going ..

POLLY: And that's what I like about ..

JACK: About what? .. Come on, Polly, about what?

POLLY: That's what I like about .. that's what I like about ..

JACK: Oh, never mind, I'll teach you tomorrow .. Now, let's see, what book do I want here .. This one will do.

POLLY: The South .. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: That's right, Polly .. That's it .. Now say the whole thing .. That's what I like about .. Come on, Polly, say the whole thing .. That's what I like about ...



POLLY: That's what I like about the whole thing. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Yeah, yeah, the whole thing .. Well, I'm going to bed, goodnight, Polly.

POLLY: (WHISTLE)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES .. FOOTSTEPS GOING UPSTAIRS)

JACK: I don't know what's the matter with that bird. She can't keep her mind on things. Every year at this time she acts the same .. and stays that way until the swallows come back to Capistrano .. Oh, well, I guess if I had feathers, I'd understand.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: YOUR BED'S ALL READY, BOSS. HERE ARE YOUR PAJAMAS.

JACK: Good good.

ROCHESTER: WHY ARE YOU GOING TO BED SO EARLY?

JACK: It's not early, it's half past eight .. Anyway, I'm always nervous and upset after the program on Sundays and I've got that quartette that always sings the commercial to thank for it.

ROCHESTER: BUT, BOSS, I THINK IT'S NICE TO HAVE MUSIC WITH A COMMERCIAL.

JACK: Rochester, all Wilson has to do is say: L S / M F T -- L S / M F T -- LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO -- YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO. SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED .. SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW. That's all he has to say and People will walk down to the nearest store and buy Lucky Strikes.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BUT IF YOU DO IT WITH MUSIC, THEY'LL DANCE DOWN.

JACK: Rochester, I'm Jack Benny, not Arthur Murray. Now I'm going to go to bed. Please turn out the light.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK)

ROCHESTER: Goodnight, Boss.

JACK: Goodnight.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: YES, BOSS --

JACK: Blow out my Jack o' Lantern, it scares me.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR. (BLOWS) GOODNIGHT.

JACK: GOODNIGHT.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

(SOUND: BEG SPRINGS)

JACK: Oh, gee, I'm certainly glad I went to bed early .. and I don't feel like reading, either. Maybe I'll listen to the radio a little while.

(SOUND: CLICK AND STATIC)

GEORGE: (FILTER) AND THAT CONCLUDES ANOTHER SESSION OF OUR VERY POPULAR QUIZ PROGRAM ... "TAKE IT AND GO ALREADY."

JACK: Hm.

BACK: (FILTER) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE FOLLOWING IS A SPOT ANNOUNCEMENT.

KEL: (BARKS)

JACK: THANK YOU, SPOT.

JACK: What was that?

BACK: AND NOW .. IN ANSWER TO MANY REQUESTS, LOVELY PATRICIA DUVAL SINGS THAT LILTING BALLAD .. "I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS" ...

JACK: Gee, I love that number.

(PIANO INTRODUCTION)

SARA: I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS.

HOLD YOU IN MY DREAMS.

JACK: Must be something wrong with my radio.

SOMEONE TOOK YOU OUT OF MY ARMS

STILL I FEEL THE THRILL OF YOUR CHARMS.

(OH, YOUR EVER LOVIN')

JACK: It must be the radio.

LIPS THAT ONCE WERE MINE

TENDER EYES THAT SHINE.

JACK: People requested that?

(LET 'EM SHINE, MAKE 'EM SHINE, LIKE THE STARS ABOVE YOU)

THEY WILL LIGHT MY WAY TONIGHT

JACK: What a voice!

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS.

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION TO "DREAMS")

QUARTET: DREAM, WHEN YOU'RE FEELING BLUE

DREAM, THAT'S THE THING TO DO

JACK: Hey, say, that's a nice quartet. (YAWNS)

JUST WATCH THE SMOKE RINGS RISE IN

THE AIR

YOU'LL FIND YOUR SHARE

OF MEMORIES THERE.

DREAM, WHEN THE DAY IS THROUGH

Why can't my quartet sing as good as that.

(SOFTER)

DREAM AND THEY MIGHT COME TRUE

THINGS NEVER ARE AS BAD AS THEY SEEM

(FADE OUT) SO DREAM, DREAM, DREAM.

(SNORE SOFTLY)

JACK: (SNORES FOUR TIMES)

(VIBROPHONE DREAM MUSIC)

JACK: (SNORES TWO TIMES)

QUARTET: (SOFTLY) Oh, Mr. Benny.

JACK: (SNORES)

QUARTET:

Oh, Mr. Benny.

JACK:

(QUICK SNORE) Huh? Huh .. Who are you? What are you doing in my bedroom?

QUARTET:

We just came out of your radio .. We're the quartet called the Sportsmen.

JACK:

Say, you fellows are wonderful. Gee, I wish you were my quartet.

QUARTET:

We are.

JACK:

You mean you're the same fellows who do my commercials?

BASS:

(ONE NOTE)

JACK:

Hmmm .. say, you are the guys ... Lemme ask you something .. why don't you sing for me like you did on that program I just heard?

QUARTET:

Because you antagonize us.

JACK:

I do not!

QUARTET:

You do too!

JACK:

Now wait a minute, you fellas. This is some trick. You're not the same guys who do my commercials.

BASS:

Oh, we're not, eh?

QUARTET:

L S, L S, M F T

LA LA LA LA LA, HE HE HE!

JACK: Stop it .. Stop

L S, L S, M F TIE

it .. STOP IT!

LA LA LA LA LA, AYE, YI YI!

JACK:

You guys think you're so smart. Well, this is the last time I'm gonna have trouble with you.

QUARTET:

PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

JACK:

IT'S TOO LATE NOW .. TAKE THAT!

(SOUND: GUN SHOT .. BODY THUD .. GUN SHOT ..  
BODY THUD .. GUN SHOT .. BODY THUD .. GUN  
SHOT .. PAUSE .. TWO RAPID SHOTS .. BODY  
THUD)

JACK: Gee, tenors are hard to kill. Well, well, I guess that  
will hold you for a while ... Now come on, you guys ..  
come on, get out of here .. get out of .. wait a minute,  
they're dead .. I killed them .. I killed them .. but  
I didn't mean to.

(MIED DREAM MUSIC ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

(SOUND: RAPPING OF GAVEL .. FIVE TIMES)

MEL: Order in the court! Order in the court!

JACK: In the court? .. What am I doing here?

MEL: THE NEXT TRIAL WILL BE "THE CASE OF JACK BENNY VERSUS  
THE PEOPLE OF ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND MY IVANLING CLEMENTINE.

JACK: Wait a minute .. What am I charged with?

MEL: You're charged with killing your quartet!

JACK: That's a crime?

MEL: Yes! And not only murder .. but the court attendant  
will read the following charges.

JACK: (INCREASING SPEED) On the night of September thirtieth  
Jack Benny wilfully and with malice aforethought did  
(GOES INTO TOBACCO AUCTIONEER CHANT WINDING UP WITH  
"YOU'LL BE SORRY")

JACK: ... I did all that?

MEL: Yes, and anything you say will be used against you ...  
you better let your lawyer do all the talking.

JACK: But .. but .. I haven't got a lawyer. This is a fine  
how do you do.

DENNIS:

How do you do.

JACK:

You Dennis .. you're my lawyer?

DENNIS:

Silly boy.

JACK:

Dennis, you're my lawyer?

DENNIS:

Don't you remember you hired me for thirty-five dollars a week.

JACK:

But, kid, I only hired you to sing on my radio program.

DENNIS:

Yes, but in the fine print of my contract it says that I have to be your lawyer when I'm not mowing your lawn.

JACK:

Oh yes .. yes .. I remember I hired you because you weighed one hundred and forty pounds stripped.

(SOUND: RAPPING OF GAVEL THREE TIMES)

MEL:

... EVERYONE RISE - HERE COMES HIS HONOR, THE JUDGE.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

JACK:

What is this? .. I don't need any trial .. when the judge hears my story, he'll know that I'm innocent .. he has such a kind, intelligent face ... (UP) ... Oh, Judge?

MELSON:

YESSSSSSSSSS?

JACK:

Oh .. Oh .. are you the judge?

MELSON:

Yes and let's get on with the execution.

JACK:

YOU MEAN TRIAL.

MELSON:

I KNOW HOW IT'S GOING TO END.

JACK:

You mean I'm gonna be ... Dennis, Dennis .. you're my lawyer, say something.

DENNIS:

To Each His Own.

JACK:

What?

DENNIS:

It's either that or plead guilty.

JACK:

Gee, I'm glad you thought of that.

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson.

JACK: Phil .. Phil .. what are you doing here?

PHIL: I'm the District Attorney .. and I ain't gonna rest till you're executed.

JACK: Phil .. you're the District Attorney? .. You've got two shows now .. Who appointed you District Attorney?

PHIL: PETRILLO.

JACK: Oh. But Phil .. you're not a lawyer .. you're a musician .. I know you're a musician.

PHIL: Oh, trying to plead insanity, eh?

JACK: But I'm not .. I'm not trying to plead insanity.

GEORGE: (FILTER) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE INTERRUPT THIS TRIAL TO BRING YOU A SPOT ANNOUNCEMENT ...

NEL: (BARKS)

JACK: THANK YOU, FIDO.

JACK: FIDO? ... What happened to Spot? .. Oh well, he was probably just a summer replacement ... anyway .. anyway, I know I'll get out of this mess, I know I will.

DON: Sure you will, Jack. Don't worry.

JACK: Don, Don .. where did you come from?

DON: Eastern Columbia, Broadway at Ninth.

JACK: What?

DON: I'm the big cluok.

JACK: That's clock!

PHIL: AND NOW THE PROSECUTION CALLS ITS SURPRISE WITNESS, MISS MARY LIVINGSTONE.

MUSIC: (TWO STRAINS OF "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY")

MARY: (OOMPHY) Hello, Philsy .. Hi ya, Judge.

NELSON: Miss Livingstone .. please take your usual seat.

MARY: No, Judge, I might spoil the crease in your pants .. I better sit in the witness chair.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIR ... PAUSE ... THEN EVERYBODY WHISTLE)

JACK: ... Gee ... and they're nylon, too ... and look at those fog lights on her knees ... with dimples on 'em.

PHIL: MISS LIVINGSTONE, BEFORE YOU'RE ALLOWED TO TESTIFY - THE BAILIFF WILL SWEAR YOU IN .. GO AHEAD, BAY!

ARTIE: Miss Livingstone, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, with the pickle in the middle with the mustard on top.

MARY: No .. with the mustard in the middle and the bananas in the refrigerator.

JACK: .. Gee .. is that the way they swear in witnesses today?

PHIL: NOW, MISS LIVINGSTONE .. AS THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, I WANT TO ASK YOU ... HAVE YOU EVER BEEN OUT ON A DATE WITH THE DEFENDANT, JACK BENNY?

MARY: Yes ... several times.

PHIL: Did Mr. Benny ever attempt to kiss you?

MARY: Sure .. Mr. Benny is the cave man type of lover.

PHIL: Cave man type of lover?

MARY: Yes, one kiss and he caves in!

JACK: I do not!

PHIL: Now, Miss Livingstone - concerning the alleged murder of this quartet - do you --

NELSON: OBJECTION OVER-RULED.

JACK: But nobody objected.

NELSON: I know, and it was getting awfully dull!



JACK: Dennis, the judge is against me ... I'm afraid .. I'm afraid, I tell ya!

(MISERD MUSIC PLAYS FOR FEW SECONDS ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

PHIL: ORDER IN THE COURT, THE FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY SEVENTH DAY OF THE TRIAL OF JACK BENNY IS ON.

JACK: Gee, I'm so tired.

PHIL: NOW MISS, YOU'RE A BRAND NEW WITNESS ... PLEASE TELL US ALL ABOUT YOURSELF.

BEA: (SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY) I am a telephone operator .. My name is Gertrude Gearshift ... I work at NBC ... Wednesday is my night off, if you know what I mean.

PHIL: NOW WHEN YOU WORK AT NBC .. YOU HEAR ALL THE TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS THAT COME THROUGH, DON'T YOU?

BEA: No, there are other switchboards ... I'm on the first .. Mabel's on the second ... and Greenberg's on Third.

JACK: Greenberg! How did he get in here?

PHIL: NOW, MISS GEARSHIFT ... YOU ASKED TO BE BROUGHT HERE AS A WITNESS ... TELL THE COURT IN YOUR OWN WORDS EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAID TO ME IN MY OFFICE THIS AFTERNOON.

BEA: I said, "Stop you're smearing my lipstick."

PHIL: No .. no.

BEA: I said that, too, but you wouldn't listen.

JACK: Dennis, Dennis, I don't like the way the trial is going ... I tell you, I'm worried.

PHIL: NOW, MR. BENNY, WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE THE STAND.

JACK: Yes sir.

PHIL: MR. BENNY, WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?

JACK: I AM THE FIDDLER ... I PLAY BY NIGHT, I INFLUENCE --

(SOUND: FOUR LOUD GAVEL RAPS)

WILSON: Order in the court ... the Jury will now give their verdict.

BOE: So fast?

WILSON: Foreman, have you reached a verdict?

POLLY: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

WILSON: Good .. what is your decision?

POLLY: We find the defendant, Jack Benny, guilty of .. guilty of ..

WILSON: Guilty of what?

POLLY: The whole thing. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

BOE: But this is ridiculous .. I'm innocent, I tell you .. I never was responsible for anyone's death in my entire life.

ROCHESTER: WHAT ABOUT THE GAS MAN?

BOE: Rochester! Rochester, stand aside.

WILSON: Mr. Benny, the Court sentences you to thirty-two years in jail.

BOE: But --

WILSON: Would you like to try for sixty-four?

BOE: NO...NO .. YOUR HONOR, YOUR HONOR, PLEASE LISTEN TO ME .. (PLEADING CALMLY) Your honor, I admit that I killed my quartet .. but it was justifiable homicide .. They were making me a nervous wreck .. (SLOWLY) They were driving me crazy .. (ONE SNORE) I was paying them five hundred dollars a week and ... (TWO SNORES)

ORCHESTRA IN ON FIRST STRAIN OF DREAMS)

QUARTET:

... DREAM, THAT'S THE THING TO  
DO.  
JUST WATCH THE SMOKE RINGS  
RISE IN THE AIR  
YOU'LL FIND YOUR SHARE  
OF MEMORIES THERE ...  
SO DREAM, WHEN THE DAY IS THROUGH  
DREAM AND THEY MIGHT COME TRUE  
THINGS NEVER ARE AS BAD AS THEY  
SEEM  
SO DREAM, DREAM, DREAM.

JACK: And they never  
sang good for me  
(SNORE) but they  
always sang  
beautifully on  
other programs ..  
(TWO SNORES) so  
pretty .. with  
such beautiful  
harmony .. (SNORE)  
I remember  
because I heard  
them the night I  
killed them. I  
was lying in bed  
and I turned on  
my radio and they  
...(THREE SNORES)  
(TWO SHORT SNORES)  
(YAWN) ... Gee, I  
must have fallen  
asleep .. (YAWN)  
Well, what do you  
know, I forgot to  
turn off the  
radio.

QUARTET LOUDER INTO APPLAUSE FOR FINISH)

ANN:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is  
my good friend, Mr. L. A. "Speed" Riggs.

ATX01 0234252

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

JOHN:

Remember this all-important fact. It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MICHAEL:

JOHN:

Mr. John L. Pinnix, independent tobacco warehouseman of Reidsville, North Carolina, has operated tobacco warehouses for 28 years. He said:

JOHN:

At all the auctions I've attended, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that just can't be beat when it comes to smoking enjoyment - that's why for 28 years I've been a Lucky Strike smoker.

JOHN:

Year after year, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Pinnix can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

JOHN:

Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

JOHN:

(2 & 3, 2 & 3)

MICHAEL:

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

(MORE)

LMS:  
(Imp. Tag  
07)

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

RUYSDAEL:

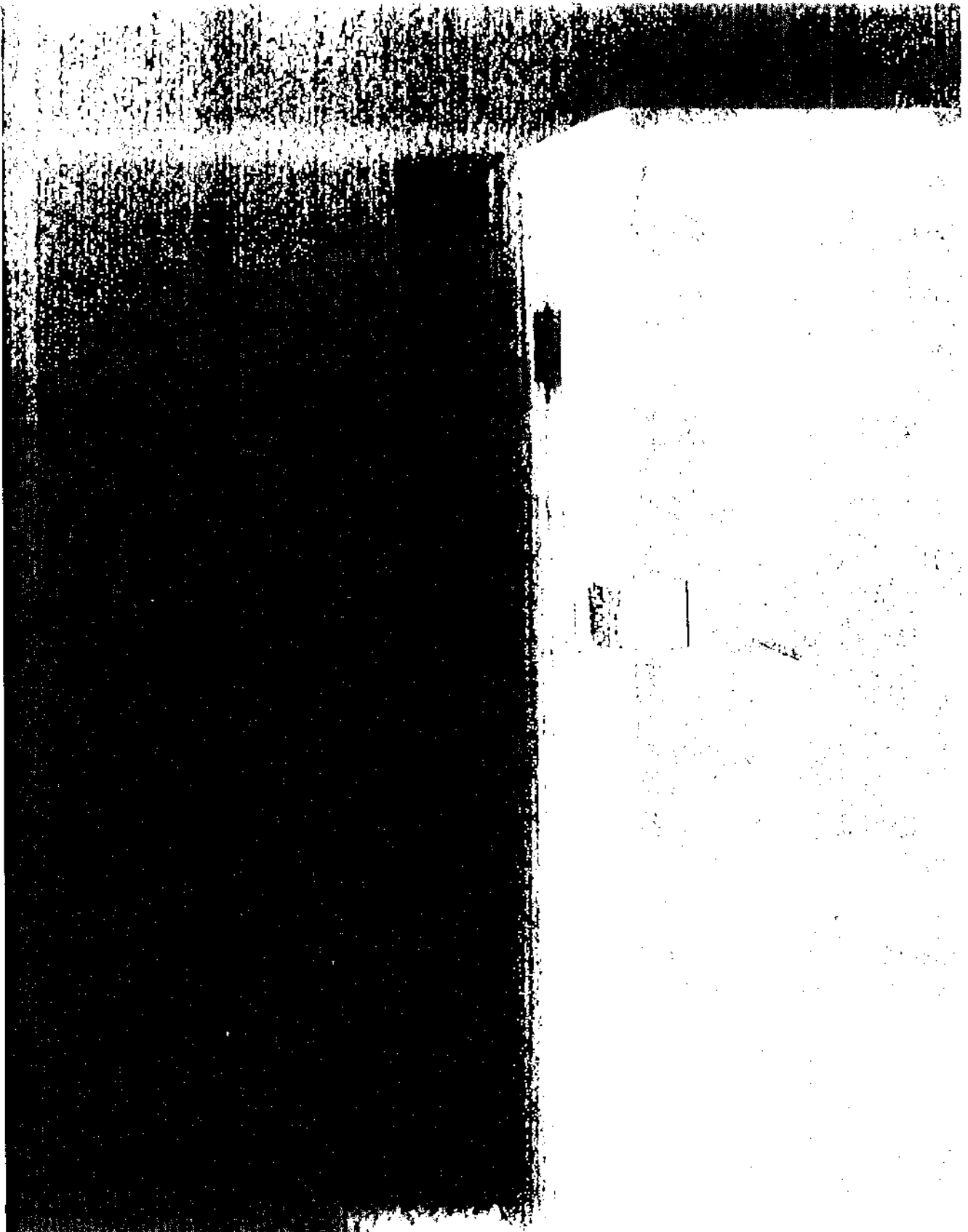
The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN) and Mr. P. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike - the cigarette of fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(YAWNS) Gee .. Gee, that was one of the silliest dreams I ever had. Oh, well, I'll get back to sleep again ...

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS)

(YAWNS) .. (SCREAMS) Darn that Rochester ... I told him to blow out my Jack o' Lantern.



# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

*Advertising*

247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 2-6000

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION:

NETWORK:

LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL FINAL

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

3, 1946 - PROGRAM #6

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- IS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234257



XXXX

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

11-3-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

NOVEMBER 3, 1946 - PROGRAM #6

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BAUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

WYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

MOORE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

WMS: For your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,  
remember - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

HICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

WYSDAEL: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

WYSDAEL: Right you are!

WMS: Yes sir!

WYSDAEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes, first, last,  
and always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

WMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and year  
after year, at auction after auction, the makers of  
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine,  
that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

(MORE)

11-3-46

BARUCH:

Fine - light - naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

MOOS:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

ATX01 0234259

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-2-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

JOE: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM .. STARRING JACK BENNY .. WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

JOE: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LAST FRIDAY JACK BENNY ASKED THE  
MEMBERS OF HIS CAST TO COME TO HIS HOUSE AT TWO P.M. ...  
SO LET'S GO BACK TO FRIDAY AND FIND OUT WHY JACK  
CALLED THE MEETING.

JACK: Is everybody here, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: All but Dennis Day .. He phoned and said he'd be a  
little late.

JACK: That's funny, Dennis is always on time ... I wonder  
what delayed him?

ROCHESTER: He said that last night was Hallowe'en, and some kids  
took the wheels off his bicycle.

JACK: Hmmm .. well, why didn't he take the Sunset bus?

ROCHESTER: THEY TOOK THE WHEELS OFF THAT TOO!

JACK: Well, that's what Dennis gets for living in that kind  
of a neighborhood ... I'm glad the kids around here  
aren't that rowdy.

ROCHESTER: Me too, Boss.

JACK: By the way, Rochester -- go out and take the bathtub  
off the front porch and put it back in the house  
again ... well, what are you waiting for .. take the  
bath tub off the front porch.

ROCHESTER: Okay, but there ain't much gas in the car.

JACK: Gas in the car? What's that got to do with it?

ROCHESTER: The front porch is in Pasadena.

ATX01 0234260

JACK: What!

ROCHESTER: And Pasadena is in Pomona.

JACK: You mean the kids.

ROCHESTER: No, the wind.

JACK: Oh, stop being silly and do what I tell you.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: Now I'm going in the library to talk to my gang.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Shine on, shine on, harvest moon, up in the sky. I ain't had --

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh oh .. I better hide these bicycle wheels, Dennis is liable to get sore ... I'll put them in the closet ...

(SOUND: CLOSET DOOR OPENS ... PAUSE ... THEN CLOSSES ... FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: (SINGS) I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June, or July .. La la .. Hm .. the other months weren't so good either .. Oh well ..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: H'YA, KIDS.

MARY & DON: Hello, Jack.

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson.

JACK: Say, I'm glad you're here early, kids, I've got great news for you.

POLLY: (TWO SQUAWKS AND A WHISTLE)

JACK: You too, Polly ... Now, kids, I want to read you a telegram I received this morning.

JACK: (READING UP) DEAR MR. BENNY ... I HEARD YOUR PROGRAM  
LAST SUNDAY, AND OF ALL THE STINKING -- WHOOPS, WRONG  
TELEGRAM. Where ... Where's that other one...

MARY: Don't take a chance, maybe you just read the good one.

JACK: No no ... Oh, here it is. (READING UP) DEAR MR. BENNY  
.. SINCE EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT YOUR PROGRAMS THIS  
SEASON, WE ARE SENDING OUR PHOTOGRAPHER TO TAKE PICTURES  
OF YOUR GROUP. IF CONVENIENT PLEASE HAVE THEM ALL AT  
YOUR HOME FRIDAY NOVEMBER THE FIRST AT THREE P.M. ....  
SIGNED .. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

DON: The Associated Press ... Gee, our pictures will appear  
all over the country.

PHIL: Pictures ... Gee -- I wish you'da told me ... I'da had  
my sweatshirt pressed.

JACK: Phil, just be happy the pictures aren't in color so your  
red eyes won't show.

MARY: Say, if the photographer is going to be here soon, I  
better make my face up .. Oh, Don, hand me my purse, will  
you please .. It's on the chair next to you.

DON: Here you are, Mary.

MARY: Thanks.

(SOUND: CLICK OF PURSE OPENING ... THEN FATTLING  
OF SEVERAL SMALL OBJECTS THAT WOMEN CARRY  
IN PURSE)

JACK: (INHALES DEEPLY AND PLEASANTLY THEN EXHALES WITH HAPPY  
AHHHHHHH!) Gee, that smells wonderful, Mary ... What  
is it?

MARY: Money!

JACK: I mean besides that!

MARY: Oh, it's some new perfume I'm wearing .. it's called "Get Away From Me, Boys, I'm Going Steady."

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Now let me see ... my lipstick.

(SOUND: MOVING OF SMALL OBJECTS LIKE KEY CHAINS)

MARY: Lipstick ... lipstick ...

DON: Why don't you turn your purse upside down and empty it, Mary?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: MILLIONS OF THINGS POUR OUT OF PURSE  
FINISHING WITH NOISE OF COAL POURING  
DOWN A COAL CHUTE.)

JACK: ... MARY, EMPTY THE REST OF IT IN THE HALL, THIS ROOM'S FILLED ALREADY ... What a lot of junk -- and look ... three chiss sweese sandwiches ... There ... There's your lipstick, Mary.

MARY: Thanks.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone. I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis ...

JACK: Hello, Dennis, we're waiting for you. What's taking you so long?

DENNIS: I couldn't get a taxi.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: So my mother's driving me over in her steam roller.

JACK: But Dennis -- I thought it was your Uncle Harry that drove the steam roller.

DENNIS: Not anymore.

JACK: Why, what happened?

DENNIS: Well, yesterday something was wrong with the front roller, so he got out to look at it, and some kids played the meanest Hallowe'en trick.

JACK: Dennis, that's terrible -- where's your Uncle now?

DENNIS: Well, you know that white line that runs down the middle of Wilshire Boulevard?

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: The dark part of it is Uncle Harry.

JACK: Dennis! Stop making things up like that. Your uncle passed here this morning.

DENNIS: Didn't he look thin?

JACK: Oh, hang up and get over here.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a kid... Dennis will be here in a few minutes.

POLLY: (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, what are you doing with the parrot?

MARY: Oh, just playing with her -- she's cute ...

JACK: Yeah, and she's smart too ... Last night I taught her her name ... Polly Benny ... Go ahead, Mary, ask her what her name is.

MARY: Okay ... Come on, Polly -- what's your name ... What's your name?

PARROT: (A LA JACK) I AM THE FIDDLER! (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Oh fine -- she got that listening to the radio.

MARY: Polly want a cracker. Polly want a cracker?  
POLLY: Polly want a chiss sweese sandwich. (WHISTLE)  
JACK: See, I told you.  
MARY: Say, Jack, how long do parrots live?  
JACK: Oh, a long time, Mary .. some of them live very long.  
PHIL: How old is this one, Jackson?  
JACK: Sixty-three ... and she's still got all her feathers.  
PHIL: That's more than you can say, Bub.  
JACK: Phil, don't be funny. You always try to be a wise guy .. like at Mary's Hallowe'en party last night.  
PHIL: What's the matter -- what did I do wrong?  
JACK: Trying to make jokes about everything ... and that costume you wore ... Imagine .. covering yourself with cobwebs and coming as a wine cellar ... what an outfit.  
PHIL: Well, at least I spent dough for my costume .. that's more than you did.  
JACK: What do you mean?  
PHIL: You didn't spend a dime ... you put on a pair of shorts, stood out in the cold and came as Little Boy Blue.  
JACK: Oh, you're just mad because Mary gave me the first prize.  
MARY: Well, you deserved it, Jack.  
JACK: Thanks, Mary, they were swell, but they don't quite fit my car.  
PHIL: What was the prize, Mary?  
MARY: Four wheels off the Sunset bus.  
JACK: Yeah.  
MARY: But I thought Don Wilson's costume was the best of all. I should have given him the prize.

ATX01 0234265



JACK: Well, Don, I'll admit it was original.

DON: Thanks, Jack.

JACK: Who else but you would ever have thought of putting on an old straw hat and standing out on the lawn holding up a big tobacco leaf ... Come to think of it, Don, why did you stay out there so long?

DON: Well, Jack, I just hated to come in ... (SLOW AND EMOTIONALLY) It was so wonderful watching the moonbeams filtering through that beautiful golden brown tobacco.

JACK: It must have been a lovely sight.

DON: And there in the stillness of the night ... I could hear a lonely cricket calling to his mate ... (SOFTLY) L S / M F T .. L S / M F T.

JACK: A cricket said that?

MARY: They make that noise by rubbing two Lucky Strikes together.

JACK: Gee, I'm thirty-seven and I never knew that.

DON: And then the little boy cricket kissed the little girl cricket .. and the little girl cricket must have liked it because she said (HIGH) Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

JACK: Don, if anyone besides you told me that I'd never believe it.

DON: Well, you can believe this, Jack, Luckies are so round, so firm, so fully packed.

POLLY: (FAST) So free and easy on the cricket. (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hey, that's clever. Don, teach Polly the rest of the commercial.

PHIL:

You do and we'll have a new announcer.

JACK:

Say, maybe the Polly could .. No, what would happen to all our fat jokes ... Don't worry about it, Don, you can always ..

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK:

Oh, the phone .. ROCHESTER, WILL YOU ANSWER IT, PLEASE?

ROCHESTER:

(OFF) YES SIR.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCHESTER:

JACK BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO AND WILL SELL TWO BICYCLE WHEELS AT RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE.

DENNIS:

Hello, Rochester, this is Dennis. Please tell Mr. --

(TAKE) Hey, what did you say about two bicycle wheels?

ROCHESTER:

OH OH ... ME VELLY SOLLY ... YOU HAVEE LONG NUMBLA .. MAYBE YOU HAVE BLETTER LUCK BY EM BY .. SO LONG EGG FOO YUNG.

DENNIS:

Lochester, Lochester, I tly talkee to Lochester and allee timee I talkee to Chinese boy.

ROCHESTER:

SO SOLLY, NO LOCHESTER .. NOBLODY HERE EXCEPT US CHOP SUEYS CHOP CHOP ... GLOODBYE PLEASE ...

JACK:

ROCHESTER, STOP PLAYING GAMES AND GIVE ME THAT TELEPHONE ... Hello, who is this?

DENNIS:

Hello, Mr. Benny -- this is Dennis, and Rochester said you had a pair of bicycle wheels that --

JACK:

So solly long numble, goodbye.

DENNIS:

Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny ...

JACK:

Look, Dennis, why aren't you here?

DENNIS: Well, I'm in a music store ... I dropped in to buy a copy of a song I'm going to do on Sunday ... It's called, "Rumors Are Flying."

JACK: Oh yes, I heard that song. Does it have a good arrangement?

DENNIS: Oh, it's swell, but what about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Dennis, the song ... How does it go?

DENNIS: Do you want me to sing it for you?

JACK: Yes yes ...

DENNIS: But what about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Just sing the song, will you please?

DENNIS: Okay.

SARA: What about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Operator, you keep out of it ... Go ahead, Dennis.

(DENNIS'S SONG - "RUMORS ARE FLYING")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-11-

JACK: Dennis, Dennis, that was swell .. Now, hurry over.  
Goodbye.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now, kids, the photographer will be here any minute so  
when he takes the pictures I'll sit in that big arm  
chair and you all gather around behind me ... Phil,  
you'll be kneeling at my right ...

PHIL: Uh huh.

JACK: Don .. you'll be at my left, down on one knee.

DON: Okay.

JACK: And Mary --

MARY: I'll put the crown on your head.

JACK: No, no, this will be informal .. Now, let's try it.  
Phil, you kneel on my right.

PHIL: Okay.

JACK: Don, you're here on my left.

DON: All right.

JACK: Now, Mary ---

MARY: Yes, Your Majesty.

JACK: Now cut that out! I'm just trying to get an idea of ..

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, that's probably the photographer. COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Well, here I am.

JACK: Dennis ... How in the world did you get here so fast?

DENNIS: Mother's steam roller has an over-drive.

JACK: Oh for -- look, Dennis. Stop with that steam roller  
nonsense, and shut the door.

ATX01 0234269

DENNIS: Just a second, Mr. Benny ... (CALLS) GOODBYE, MOTHER.  
(SOUND: THREE TOOTS ON A STEAM WHISTLE)

JACK: Hm .. and I thought he was making the whole thing up.  
(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: Now, Dennis, the reason we're all here .. the reason we're  
all here is we're going to take publicity pictures.

DENNIS: Gee ... I thought today was payday.

JACK: What made you think that?

DENNIS: Everybody's kneeling.

JACK: That's for the picture. Now, come here, Dennis. You  
stand along side of...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be him. COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

SANDY: Mr. Benny - my name's Johnson. I'm a photographer from  
the Associated Press.

JACK: Good, good .. we've been expecting you ... you're right  
on time.

SANDY: I know .. and I have other calls to make so let's get on  
with the pictures.

JACK: Okay .. now, kids .. everybody gather around and -- PHIL!  
Put down that glass, you're not posing for the Man of  
Distinction ... Now come on, everybody...

SANDY: Just a second, there's something wrong.

JACK: Wrong.

SANDY: Yes, there are five of you. I always thought that in a  
quartet there are four.

JACK: Quartet? What are you driving at, Mr. Johnson?

SANDY: The Associated Press sent me over to take pictures of your new quartet ... Where are they?

JACK: Well, that does it. Come on Mr. Johnson, take your camera and GET OUT OF HERE ... OUT ... OUT ... OUT ...

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hm .. that's the last straw. I'm gonna see my lawyer and get rid of that quartet if it's the last thing I do. Mary, do you want to go with me?

MARY: Well, Jack, I've got some shopping to do ... I'll meet you at his office.

JACK: All right, I'll see you there. ROCHESTER, GET THE CAR OUT. WE'RE GOING DOWN TOWN.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: MOTOR ... HORNS)

JACK: Rochester, my lawyer's office is at Broadway and Ninth.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: (HAPPY) Oh, boy, why didn't I think of this before ... My lawyer will take care of that quartet for me.... Gosh, I feel better already ... (SINGS) Margie, I'm always thinking of you, Gertrude, I'll tell the world I ... Gee, I'm fickle... Oh, say Rochester, slow down. There's a fellow sitting on the curb ... his clothes are all ragged ... and look at his shoes .. He's probably been walking for weeks. Let's give him a lift. SAY, BUDDY, WOULD YOU LIKE A RIDE?

EZEB: (OFF) NO, THANKS, I'M WAITING FOR A NASH.

JACK: Oh. Keep going ... Funny, I thought he was looking for a ... Watch it, Rochester, the light's changing.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL .. BRAKES)

JACK: (SINGS) Shine on, shine on, harvest moon up in the sky ...

EMILY: Say, Martha, isn't that Jack Benny?

MARTHA: Where, Emily?

EMILY: Sitting in that car.

MARTHA: Well, I do declare. It is him. Oh, Emily, isn't he handsome?

EMILY: And so dignified, too. Just look at those big blue eyes.

MARTHA: I think he's adorable.

EMILY: Oh, Martha, at your age.

MARTHA: Well, I just can't help it. Just looking at him gives me renewed strength ... Look ... my cane ... it isn't even touching the ground.

EMILY: Oh, Martha.

MARTHA: (MIMICS) Oh, Martha ... Oh, Martha ... Loosen up, Emily. Stop being so loyal to Tom Brenneman!

EMILY: Well ... I guess you're right ... Jack Benny is kinda cute ... yes ... yes ... he certainly is cute.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL)

JACK: Don't go yet, Rochester, I want to hear this.

MARTHA: He's so clever, too. I love him on the radio.

EMILY: So do I.

MARTHA: And, Emily ..

EMILY: What?

MARTHA: Did you see him in The Horn Blows at Midnight?

JACK: (FAST) Let's go Rochester! ... Come on, come on. Let's go.

(SOUND: CAR STARTS ... MOTOR)

JACK: They were two nice old ladies and I wanna remember them  
that way. Keep driving.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER - "BUTTERMILK SKY")

(APPLAUSE)



(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, Mary, you got here before I did.

MARY: Yeah, and I thought I was gonna be late.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Is this your lawyer's office?

JACK: Yeah. H. M. Fisher, Attorney at Law. Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hm ... there's a new girl at the reception desk. Pardon me, Miss, I'd like to see Mr. Fisher.

SARA: (BROOKLYN DAME) Do you have an apperntment?

JACK: Well, I -- what?

SARA: Do you have an apperntment?

JACK: Yes, I have an appointment.

SARA: What?

JACK: I said I have an appointment.

SARA: What?

JACK: An Apperntment.

SARA: Oh, go right in.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: (ON PHONE) Now look, Mr. Smith, I'm a busy man ... I can't stay on this phone all day. I told you I won't settle this case for less than two million dollars. I'm sorry, Mr. Smith. That's up to you Mr. Smith. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hello, Mr. Fisher.

NELSON: How do you do, Mr. Smith.

JACK: No, no, Benny ... Jack Benny.

NELSON: Oh, yes yes ... please forgive me. It's just that I've been so busy lately and have so many things on my mind.

JACK: I understand, Mr. Fisher, I'd like you to meet Miss Livingstone.

NELSON: How do you do, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: How do you do.

NELSON: Er .. haven't we met before?

MARY: I don't think so.

NELSON: That's funny, your name is so familiar. It keeps running through my mind. Smith, Smith, Smith.

JACK: No, no. Her name is Livingstone.

NELSON: Oh, yes, yes, how stupid of me, your name is Smith.

JACK: No, no, look, Smith was on the telephone.

NELSON: What happened to Benny?

JACK: I'm Benny, Jack Benny.

NELSON: Oh, yes. Now, what can I do for you?

JACK: Well, Mr. Fisher, what I came to see you about is ...

(SOUND: BUZZER)

NELSON: Pardon me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

NELSON: Yes? ... Oh .. well, send them right in.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN.

NELSON: This won't take long. It seems to be very urgent. A domestic case.

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

NEL: Mr. Fisher, I want to --

NEL: I'LL DO THE TALKING AND YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT.

NEL: MY BIG MOUTH ... YOUR LIPS COULD BE STRETCHED OVER A PIANO STOOL.

NELSON: Now, now, we can settle this without harsh words.  
BEA: THAT'S OKAY WITH ME. I WANNA DIVORCE THIS JERK.  
NELSON: Very well, but you'll need grounds.  
BEA: IF I HAD THAT I'D BURY HIM.  
MEL: OH, YEAH?  
BEA: YEAH.  
NELSON: Please .. please.. let's not resort to that. What are your names again?  
BEA & MEL: MR. AND MRS. KRAUS.  
NELSON: Very well, I'll file the application. Goodbye.  
(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)  
NELSON: Now, getting back to you. What did you come to see me about?  
JACK: Well, as I started to say.  
NELSON: Oh yes, I remember. You two want a divorce.  
JACK: No, no. That's Kraus.  
NELSON: Of course, of course. I had you confused with Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone who just left.  
MARY: I'm Miss Livingstone.  
NELSON: Oh, yes, yes, then you're Mr. Kraus.  
JACK: No, I'm Smith ... I mean, Benny.  
NELSON: Oh, yes, Benny Livingstone. Now, what's on your mind?  
JACK: Well .. I've got a quartet on my radio program and I want to break their contract. Here it is.  
NELSON: Umm, it looks like an iron clad agreement ... but ... I've got a very clever idea.  
JACK: You can break the contract?  
NELSON: Not only that ... but with my idea I can make them refund all your money.

JACK: All my money? How .. how .. tell me .. tell me..

MARY: Jack, he can't talk, let go of his collar.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.

NELSON: All I have to do is ..  
(SOUND: BUZZER)

NELSON: Excuse me.  
(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

NELSON: Yes? ... What? ... Good, good ... send them right in.  
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

NELSON: It's that couple who were just in here for a divorce.  
Mr. and Mrs. Fisher.

JACK: Your name is Fisher.

NELSON: I mean Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone.

MARY: Their name is Kraus.

NELSON: Oh, yes. Thank you, Miss Smith.

JACK: Hm.

MARY: Jack, isn't this the lawyer who pleaded a case and got  
the jury so confused they sent the judge up for twenty  
years?

JACK: Oh, oh, so you read about it, huh?

MARY: Read about it! I thought I made up a joke. You mean  
it's true?

JACK: Yes.  
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

NELSON: COME IN ...  
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Come, doll face, carry me over the threshold.

MEL: No, lover, you carry me .. you're stronger.

BEA: Okay ... ups-a-daisy.

MEL: Whoops, not so high, I'll get a nose bleed.

NELSON: Come come, I'm a busy man, are you sure your minds are made up?

BEA: Yes. Me and star dust don't want the divorce.

NELSON: Fine fine. I won't file the application ... and good luck to both of you.

MEL & BEA: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

NELSON: Now where were we, Mr. Livingstone?

JACK: Now, please .. please, let's not waste any more time. Benny's the name. Jack Benny. This is Miss Livingstone, Mr. and Mrs. Kraus just left. You're Fisher and Smith was on the phone. Now, tell me, Mr. Fisher, you said you knew how to break the contract with my quartet. Now how are you gonna do it...

NELSON: Now let's see ... Since you're suing them for two million dollars we can --

JACK: I'm not suing them for two million dollars!

NELSON: Oh yes, that was Kraus.

JACK: That was Smith on the phone!

NELSON: Well, what are you doing here?

JACK: I don't remember .. all I know is I had an apperntment -- I mean appointment.

NELSON: Oh yes, you came in here about a quartet. I remember now .. you came in with this girl here ... Miss .. er .. Miss .. er ..

MARY: Eaglebottom.

JACK: Mary .. Please, Mr. Fisher .. about my quartet, you've got to break that contract ... here it is on your desk.

NELSON: Oh, that one. Well, I'm sorry, but that contract is unbreakable. You haven't a chance. So I advise you, as your lawyer ...

(SOUND: BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: Now what.

NELSON: COME IN --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: I'M GONNA DIVORCE YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, YOU SPONGEHEAD!

MEL: THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU. AFTER WE LEFT HERE I CARRIED YOU ALL THE WAY DOWN THE HALL SO YOU WOULDN'T TIRE YOUR BIG FLAT FEET.

BEA: WELL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DROP ME DOWN THAT LAUNDRY CHUTE.

JACK: LAUNDRY CHUTE?

BEA: I HIT BOTTOM LIKE A SACK OF WET WASH!

MEL: WITH YOUR SHAPE HOW ELSE COULD YOU HIT.

BEA: LOOK, MR. FISHER ...

NELSON: I've got the applications right here.

BEA: GOOD, WE'LL SEE YOU IN COURT. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Gee ... that's a shame ... gee, and they're such a nice couple. And they've got their own shows, too.

NELSON: Oh, I wouldn't worry about them ... this has been going on for twenty years .. they'll get back together. But I am worried about the children.

JACK: Children?

NELSON: Yes... that's the tragedy of divorce ... who's gonna take care of the little ones?

JACK: Hm... and I think I have troubles... Mr. Fisher... I'm glad I dropped into your office today. I've got a big home ... a butler ... a swimming pool. And I'm gonna do something that'll make me happy too. I'm gonna have their children come home and live with me until their parents make up their minds.

MARY: Mr. Kraus, that's the noblest thing you've ever done.

NELSON: Yes, it's a wonderful thing ... and from now on the children are your responsibility.

JACK: Good .. good.

NELSON: And the children are here ... right here in the next office.

JACK: Well, gee, may I see the little rascals now?

NELSON: You certainly may. Go right in.

JACK: Thank you ...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You ... you're the children?

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Oh, for goodness sakes.

MARY: JACK, DON'T STAND THERE, LET'S RUN.

JACK: I CAN'T LEAVE NOW, I'M THEIR MOTHER ...

QUARTET: M IS FOR THE MILLION THINGS YOU GAVE US,  
O MEANS ONLY THAT YOU'RE GROWING OLD. JACK: Oh quiet!

JACK: I'M NOT GROWING OLD ... Come on, Mary, let's go.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

JACK:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: AMERICA'S VETERANS NEED HOMES. MILLIONS HAVE BEEN HIT BY THE CRITICAL SHORTAGE, BUT OUR VETERANS ARE BY ALL ODDS THE WORST SUFFERERS. THEY FEEL THE SHORTAGE MORE ACUTELY BECAUSE THEY INTERRUPTED THEIR LIVES TO GO INTO THE ARMED SERVICES. SO IT IS ONLY FAIR THAT THE VETERANS' FAMILIES SHOULD GET FIRST CHANCE AT ALL VACANCIES. THEY'LL BE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR COOPERATION. THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST, HERE IS MY GOOD FRIEND, MR. F. E. BOONE.



V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

WOTSDAEL: Year-in, year-out, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.  
And in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts.

SIMS: Mr. James Alfred Walker, of Durham, North Carolina, has  
been an independent tobacco buyer for 27 years and he  
really knows tobacco. Here's what he said --

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky  
Strike buy good, ripe tobacco ... that smooth, fragrant,  
fine tobacco that makes a real fine smoke. So it's  
only common sense for me to pick Luckies for my own  
cigarette. Smoked 'em for 17 years.

BRUCH: Quote: "I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy good,  
ripe tobacco." - Unquote. Yes, season after season,  
independent tobacco experts like Mr. Walker can see the  
makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that  
fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

DS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike  
means fine tobacco!

WYER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

WOTSDAEL: LS - MPT

LS - MPT

LS - MPT

(MORE)

ATX01 0234282

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

XBX

11-3-46

BUCH:  
(Imp. Tag  
#8)

It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. So  
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike -- so  
round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the  
draw.

BUYSDAEL:

The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's  
program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky  
(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed)  
Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - 57 to 59 -  
AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for the cigarette  
that means fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

RTX01 0234283

JACK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we'll be with you again next Sunday at the same time and for our feature attraction we will present our version of Mark Hellinger's great Universal picture ... "The Killers."

(SOUND: TWO SHOTS)

HERB:

(SCREAMS)

JACK:

That's the third one we've killed and we're just auditioning. Goodnight, folks. Don't forget to vote Tuesday.

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

212 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. TEL. BR 1-5341

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

NOV. 10, 1946 - Program #7

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- IS - MPT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234285

XXXX

-1-

NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

11-10-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

1:00-7:30 PM EST

NOVEMBER 10, 1946 - PROGRAM #7

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

BUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SIMS: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and  
first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

BUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

BARUCH: Remember!  
(Excl. K)

SIMS: Year in!

BUYSDAEL: Year out!

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and in a cigarette  
it's the tobacco that counts.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234286

SINS: Season after season, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BUYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-2-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY SCREEN PROGRAM .. STARRING JACK BENNY ... WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: And now, ladies and gentlemen ... we take you back  
fifteen minutes ... Jack Benny is in his dressing room  
where Rochester is trimming his hair ...

(SOUND: SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

JACK: Just a little more off the sides, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir ...

(SOUND: SNIPPING AGAIN)

JACK: You know, Rochester ... it may sound funny, but when I  
was a kid, I had the most beautiful head of thick  
golden curls. .

ROCHESTER: You did?

JACK: Yeah ... in fact, my mother was so proud of them that she  
gave a curl to every one of our relatives.

ROCHESTER: WELL, YOU BETTER WRITE TO 'EM, BOSS, IT'S TIME TO GET  
'EM BACK!

JACK: Yeah ...

(SOUND: COUPLE OF SNIPS)

JACK: Hold it, Rochester. How much have you trimmed off the  
sides?

ROCHESTER: Almost a handful.

JACK: Good, now sprinkle it around on top ... Thanks.

ROCHESTER: HE HE HE HE ..

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: THIS AIN'T NO HAIRCUT THIS IS A LANDSCAPING JOB.

ATX01 0234288

JACK: Well, it's a little trick I learned in Agriculture school ... Good old Bendini Tech. Yes sir.

ROCHESTER: I better start shaving you now.

JACK: But Rochester, I thought you said you forgot my shaving cream ...

ROCHESTER: I did, but this stuff will work fine.

JACK: Well, I don't know - are you sure it's good for shaving?

ROCHESTER: Yeah ... it says so on the box ... "DUZ DOES EVERYTHING!"

JACK: I guess so .. but I wish my face could have that oxydol sparkle.

ROCHESTER: Now hold still, Boss, while I lather you up ... maybe you better open your shirt first.

JACK: Okay ... there you are.

ROCHESTER: Say, Boss ... Why do you wear that penny around your neck on a string?

JACK: It's for sentimental reasons, Rochester -- this is the first penny I ever owned. And you know that dollar I have framed up in my bedroom?

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: That's the first dollar I ever owned. And you know that picture of my Maxwell that hangs in the den.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: That's the first car I ever owned.

ROCHESTER: THAT'S THE FIRST CAR ANYBODY EVER OWNED.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: THAT CAR SCARED MORE HORSES THAN THE MEAT SHORTAGE.

JACK: Oh I don't know ... now hurry up and shave me, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Okay ... hold still while I lather you up.

(SOUND: LATHERING NOISES)



JACK: (MUFFLED VOICE) Rochester, do you have to use that much?

ROCHESTER: Hold still, Boss ...

(SOUND: LATHERING)

ROCHESTER: There, that ought to be enough lather ... Now, where's the ...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

ROCHESTER: COME IN ...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hiya, Roch, I was passing by and I - SAY! THAT LOOKS WONDERFUL ... (PHIL GIVES ONE BIG BLOW)

JACK: PHIL, STOP TRYING TO BLOW THE FOAM OFF, IT'S ME! AND GET YOUR FOOT OFF MY KNEE, IT'S NOT A BRASS RAIL. What a guy.

PHIL: O.K. I'm sorry, Jackson.

JACK: What do you want, Phil?

PHIL: Well, I'd like to ask ya what number I should play on the program today - I been rehearsing two of 'em all week.

JACK: What are they?

PHIL: Well, one of them's "Star Dust."

JACK: What's the other one?

PHIL: "That's What I Like About The South."

JACK: You better play the first one, Phil - I don't think the public is ready for the second one yet ... Go ahead, Rochester, start shaving me.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

PHIL: Oh say, Jackson - I want you and the rest of the gang to come over to the house tonight ... I'm giving a little surprise party for Alice.

Surprise party? What's it for?

PHIL: Well, I think it's her birthday.

JACK: Think?

PHIL: Yeah ... it's either today, March twelfth, or June 29th.

JACK: Phil! For heaven's sake ... You mean to tell me you don't know when Alice was born?

PHIL: Look, Jackson, I'm her husband, not her mother!

JACK: Hmmm ... All right, Phil, I'll be glad to come ... shall I have dinner first?

PHIL: Well, of course not -- I got everything all set ... I prepared it myself.

JACK: What are you having?

PHIL: Well, there'll be martinis, manhattans, old fashioned's, bourbon highballs, scotch and soda --

JACK: PHIL! PHIL! ... I mean what kind of food are you serving?

PHIL: What?

JACK: Food! Food!

PHIL: Well, how do you like that - I knew I forgot something?

JACK: Phil, how in the world could you -- OUCH! Rochester, you cut me.

ROCHESTER: IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU FELT IT, I DID IT A MINUTE AGO.

JACK: Why didn't you tell me?

ROCHESTER: I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

JACK: Don't be funny. Did you cut me bad?

ROCHESTER: IT'S NOTHING BOSS, I JUST SNIPPED THE STEM OFF YOUR ADAM'S APPLE.

JACK: Oh, you clumsy thing ... Now I have to buy a collar button ... Phil, about the party. I'll be at your house at eight o'clock -- that'll give me enough time to buy a gift for Alice. I think I'll get her some candy.

ATX01 0234291

PHIL: You gave her candy last year and she never got to eat any of it.

JACK: She didn't?

PHIL: Nah, she was carrying it upstairs and the bag broke.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame ... and those jaw breakers roll so, too ... I'll have them put in a double bag this time.

ROCHESTER: Oh oh!

JACK: What's the matter, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Did I cut you again?

JACK: Can't you tell?

ROCHESTER: WELL IT WOULD HELP IF YOU'D BLEED A LITTLE.

JACK: Well, I'm not gonna force myself just for you ... Say, Phil, what are you giving Alice for her birthday?

PHIL: Jewelry, Jackson, I got it right here in this little box ... lemme show it to you ... Ain't that a pretty?

JACK: Oh Phil -- what a beautiful gold locket. She'll love that.

PHIL: Open it up, Jackson -- there's a picture inside.

JACK: Aw Phil, I'd rather not ... Alice should be the first one to see it.

PHIL: We don't mind, Jackson .. you're like one of the family ... Go on, open the locket.

JACK: Well ... all right.

(SOUND: LITTLE CLICK OF LOCKET OPENING)

JACK: AW .. NOW ISN'T THAT SWEET ... A PICTURE OF PETRILLO! ... How thoughtful.

PHIL: (SOFTLY) Yeah.

JACK: That's very nice ... Phil, you can raise your head, I closed the locket ... Here.

PHIL: Look, Jackson ... I better get out on the stage and get my musicians ready for the broadcast. I'll be seein' you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, I guess I better get into the studio too ... and Rochester wait for me here in the dressing room.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: And you can tune in the radio and listen to my program if you wish.

ROCHESTER: IF I WISH?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: ONCE I DIDN'T LISTEN TO IT AND YOU PUT ME IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

JACK: Now, Rochester, you know I didn't compel you to stay in that room.

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT YOU TOOK AWAY ALL MY CLOTHES, TOLD ME I WAS FREE AS A BIRD AND POINTED TO CAPISTRANO.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: I WAS SHOT DOWN OVER PISMO BEACH.

JACK: Oh, stop being silly. I'll see you after the broadcast.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES ... FOOTSTEPS AND STOP)

JACK: Gee, that Rochester makes up the wildest things ... but they're kinda funny .. I wonder if he'd be good on the radio ... Nah, he'd always be late for rehearsal. Gee, I hope we have a good show today.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ARTIE: Oh, Mr. Benny ... excuse me.

JACK: Well ... hello, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE:

Pardon the intrusion .. but last week you promised me a ticket for your broadcast.

JACK:

Oh yes ... yes ... I have one right here in my pocket .. here you are.

ARTIE:

Denk you.

JACK:

You must like my program, eh, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE:

Oh, it's one of mine favorites. I like your program .. Fibber McGoo and McGee .. Take it or Levi.

JACK:

Huh?

ARTIE:

A Date with Julius.

JACK:

Julius?

ARTIE:

And on Friday night I am listening to People are Schnooks.

JACK:

No no .. you mean People are Funny.

ARTIE:

With this ticket I'll soon find out.

JACK:

Oh yes .. yes .. Well, you better hurry in. I'll save you a seat in the first row ... and laugh as hard as you can.

ARTIE:

My heart is broken and he tells me I should laugh.

JACK:

Your heart is broken - why?

ARTIE:

Because yesterday mine alma matza didn't win the football game.

JACK:

Your Alma Mater?

ARTIE:

Notre Dame.

JACK:

Oh, did you go to Notre Dame?

ARTIE:

Hoo hoo hoo ... do you remember the Four Horsemen?

JACK:

Yes.

ARTIE:

I was the stable boy.

JACK:

Oh, oh .. you better hurry, Mr. Kitzel, it's time for the show.

PARTIE:

Okay ... Goodbye.

JACK:

Goodbye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

PHIL:

HEY JACKSON, WE'RE ALL SET.

JACK:

OKAY, PHIL, LET'S GO.

(APPLAUSE AND ORCHESTRA NUMBER - "SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE IT AWAY")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: You see, "Swing with the French in America, Take It Away" played by Phil Harris and his orchestra and that strange click clack in the back was his boys shooting dice ... and now -- ladies and --

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Thanks, Mary. I thought that was pretty clever myself. That strange click clack in the back was ...

MARY: I wasn't laughing at that ..

JACK: What?

MARY: I was reading a letter from Mama.

JACK: Oh, a letter from your mother, eh? Well .. what does the Hildegarde of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: (GIGGLES) It's so funny.

JACK: I know, I know. After her last letter she had to join the Radio Writers Guild .. Go ahead, let's hear it, Mary.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MARY: (READING) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY ... I RECEIVED YOUR LAST NOTE AND WAS VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU ... AS YOU KNOW, LAST TUESDAY WAS ELECTION DAY SO YOUR FATHER GOT UP EARLY, WENT TO THE POLLS, AND VOTED FOR HOOVER.

JACK: What?

MARY: HE FEELS HE OWES IT TO HIM BECAUSE SINCE 1928, HOOVER HAS BEEN THE TOP BUTTON ON HIS UNDERWEAR.

JACK: That's what I like about your father, he's so loyal. Go on, Mary.

MARY: YOUR SISTER BABE HAS BECOME A CAREER WOMAN AND NOW HAS A VERY NOVEL JOB ... SHE'S A LIFEGUARD AT ONE OF THOSE NEW FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANIES.

JACK: A life guard at a pen company?

MARY: IF ANYONE WRITES "HELP" UNDER WATER, SHE DIVES IN AND SAVES THE PEN.

JACK: What a girl.

MARY: BABE ALSO RECEIVED A LOT OF MONEY FROM A PICTURE STUDIO IN HOLLYWOOD ... SHE SENT A PHOTOGRAPH OF HERSELF IN HER BATHING SUIT AND THEY SENT HER A CHECK FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ...

JACK: Your sister Babe?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) THEY SAID HER LEGS GAVE THEM THE IDEA FOR "THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE!"

JACK: I knew she could do it! Say, Mary, does Babe still go with that slap-happy prize fighter?

MARY: Naw, she couldn't stand it any longer.

JACK: Why, what happened?

MARY: Well .. they'd be sitting in the living-room and every time the phone rang he'd jump up, shake hands, and give her a right hook to the jaw.

JACK: Oh, well then I don't blame her.

MARY: Well, Babe didn't mind getting hit but she had to keep in training all the time.

JACK: Oh .. oh. Well, go on with the letter, Mary.

MARY: Okay ... LAST SATURDAY NIGHT PAPA AND I WENT TO A BIG FORMAL AFFAIR: AUNT EDY'S SILVER WEDDING.

JACK: Gee, has your Aunt Edy been married twenty-five years?

MARY: No, twenty-five times ... Now don't interrupt any more, Jack ...



JACK: Okay. Okay.

MARY: AND MARY, SPEAKING OF AUNT EDY, DO YOU REMEMBER LITTLE HAROLD WHO WAS THE RING BEARER AT AUNT EDY'S FIRST WEDDING? ... WELL, THAT'S THE ONE SHE'S MARRIED TO NOW.

JACK: What do you know.

MARY: OUTSIDE OF THAT, PAPA AND I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH ... ALTHOUGH LAST WEEK WE WENT TO THE MOVIES AND SAW MERLE OBERON IN A WONDERFUL PICTURE ... GOSH, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL ... YOUR FATHER TOOK ONE LOOK AT HER .. THEN LOOKED AT ME ... AND WHEN WE GOT HOME I REALIZED WHAT BABE WENT THROUGH WITH THAT PRIZE FIGHTER.

JACK: Gee.

MARY: FORTUNATELY MY GIRDLE BROKE AND I WEDGED HIM INTO A NEUTRAL CORNER.

JACK: Hm. There's more?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: Gee your mother's a riot.

MARY: BY THE WAY, MARY, I CERTAINLY ENVY YOU BEING OUT THERE IN CALIFORNIA. IT WAS SO COLD HERE YESTERDAY THAT PAPA'S TEETH CHATTERED ALL NIGHT ... THEY MADE SO MUCH NOISE HE TOOK THEM OUT OF THE GLASS AND PUT 'EM BACK IN HIS MOUTH.

JACK: Her mother's a card. What a family.

MARY: THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. WILL WRITE AGAIN NEXT WEEK. YOUR LOVING MOTHER, AMBER LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: Say, that's a nice letter, Mary.

MARY: Oh, wait a minute, here's a P.S. ... I SUPPOSE JACK WILL START WRITING TO US AGAIN NOW THAT AIR MAIL IS DOWN TO FIVE CENTS.

JACK: What does she mean five cents -- I can get Rochester to fly it there for nothing. Ha ha ha Livy's a good one.

MARY: I don't see anything funny about that.

PHIL: Neither do I Jackson.

JACK: You don't?

MARY & PHIL: No.

JACK: Hm. Rochester and his crazy jokes .. Now, kids ...  
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.  
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, everybody. What's cooking?

JACK: Hello, Dennis. Dennis, you're a little bit late, where were you?

DENNIS: Well, I'da been here earlier, Jackson, but I stopped across the bar in a bar. You gotta live, bub, you gotta live.

JACK: Jackson? Bar? Bub? That sounds like chiss sweese sandwich.

DENNIS: Oh boy, am I dizzy .. (WHISTLES) YIPPEE!

JACK: Dennis .. do you mean to say they served you a drink?

DENNIS: No, they said I was too young, so they just spun me around on the stool.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Hey Livy, how about you and me painting the town?

JACK: DENNIS!

DENNIS: WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, BUB, YOU WANNA FIGHT?

JACK: A fight?

DENNIS: HEY, PHIL, HOW ABOUT AN ALKA SELTZER?

JACK: You don't need one. Dennis, what's the matter with you? All they did was spin you around on the stool.

DENNIS: Yeah, but they held my head in one place.  
JACK: You mean they --  
DENNIS: I don't know whether I'm coming or Dennis.  
JACK: Believe me, you're Dennis and out out all this nonsense.  
DENNIS: Okay .. he hates me because I'm headloose and fancy free.  
JACK: Dennis, nobody hates you .. Now, come on, let's have your song.  
DENNIS: Okay.  
JACK: That kid can find more .. PHIL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?  
PHIL: I'll be back in a minute, Jackson .. HEY, DENNIS, WHAT STOOL WERE YOU ON?  
JACK: PHIL COME BACK HERE .. DENNIS IS GONNA SING. Now, go ahead, kid.

(DENNIS'S SONG - "SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT")

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: That .. That was "Somewhere in the Night" sung by Dennis Day and Dennis, you sang that beautifully.

DENNIS: I wouldn't know, I'm loaded.

JACK: You're not loaded .. and I don't wanna hear any more talk like that. You oughta be ashamed of yourself.. Now sit down.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Hmmm .. and now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight we're going to do a sketch entitled "The Strange Loves of Martha Benny."

MARY: (LOUD WHISPER) Whisper his age.

JACK: Mary! Now in this play --

MARY: Wait a minute, Jackson, last week you announced that we were gonna do The Killers.

JACK: Well, we were but I'm gonna postpone it until two weeks from tonight.

MARY: Why did you do that, Jack?

JACK: Because Mark Hellinger, the producer of the picture, asked us to wait two weeks before we louse it up ... and by that time the picture will have played in more cities.

MARY: Well, what's this thing you're gonna do tonight?

JACK: Well, actually, Mary, it's gonna be a story based on my career as an entertainer. It opens with the actual incident of my first appearance on the stage in Washington, D.C. ... I'll never forget that night. My performance was so great that right in the middle of my act, one of my fans got so excited he jumped right on the stage.

MARY: That was John Wilkes Booth, he was making his getaway.

JACK: Chiss sweese, chiss sweese ... Now, in this play, ladies and gentlemen ...

DON: Oh say, Jack, before we do the sketch, what about the commercial.

JACK: Oh, yes yes, go ahead, Don.

DON: Okay. READY FELLOWS?

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Not with them! That quartet is out.

DON: But, Jack, you've got them signed for three more weeks.

JACK: I don't care if they're signed for three years .. And another thing they've got an option coming up and I'm dropping it.

DON: Okay if that's the way you want it .. Well, you fellows can take that offer you got from the Hollywood Bowl.

JACK: It's all right with me, just so they ... Hollywood Bowl? ... They had an offer from the Bowl?

DON: Yes .. I hated to bring this up, Jack, but they were offered so much money that they ---

JACK: Oh yeah. Well -- I've got them under contract and they can't break the contract. I know, because I've already tried.

DON: Well all right then --- will you listen to the commercial we've prepared?

JACK: Well - all right -- what's it gonna be?

DON: Our musical background will be .. "Till The End of Time."

JACK: Oh, that might be good. Go ahead.

DON: READY BOYS ... L S / M F T, L S / M F T ... LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO ... YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

QUARTET: L S M F T  
L S M F M F T  
L S M F F F M F F F M F M F M F T

JACK: Don. Don.

QUARTET: L S M F TIE

JACK: Tie?

QUARTET: AYE YI YI YI YI YI YI YI JACK: Don.. Don.. that  
SALO: THEY ARE SO FREE AND SO isn't what I want.  
EASY, SO EASY ON THE DRAW. Wait a minute,  
fellows.

JACK: Don, look at me .. look at me. I'm being nice ... Look,  
I'm smiling. Don, can't you see that that isn't in  
keeping with the rest of the program? It's too slow,  
Donsy. It has no pep.

DON: Well, Jack, if you want something lively, listen to  
this.

JACK: What?

DON: THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE ... HIT IT BOYS.

QUARTET: L S M, L S M, L S M F T  
WHAT A SMOKE, WHAT A SMOKE, WHAT A SMOKE FOR ME  
L S M, L S M, L S M F TAW  
IT'S SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Don!

QUARTET: L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! JACK: Wait a  
L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! minute!  
L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! WAIT A MINUTE!  
L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! WAIT A MINUTE!

JACK: (SOFTLY) All right, fellows ... get out ... get out ...  
out ... out ... You guys are driving me crazy ... I'm  
going mad.

MARY: Jack, Jack, stop pulling your hair.

JACK: I'm only taking the ones that were sprinkled on ...  
Now, come on fellows .. get out .. get out.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: AND AS FOR YOU, DON WILSON, YOU GOT ME INTO THIS AND YOU  
BETTER GET ME OUT.

MARY: Jack, don't get so excited!

JACK: WELL, I AM EXCITED ... I'M SO MAD I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO  
DO THE SKETCH TONIGHT.

PHIL: But, Jackson, you've gotta finish the show.

JACK: LET DON FINISH IT ... HE'S SO SMART ... HE KNOWS  
EVERYTHING ... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM .. WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

GEORGE: Hello, Mr. Benny, may I have your autograph?

JACK: OH, SHUT UP.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS --- INTO MAD MUSIC ---  
FOOTSTEPS --- SCREEN DOOR OPENS ---  
SIX FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)

MEL: What will you have, Mister?

JACK: How much is a Scotch and Soda?

MEL: Seventy-five cents.

JACK: Hmmm. How much is a Bourbon and Coke?

MEL: Sixty cents.

JACK: Well ...

MEL: Come on, Buddy, come on .. what'll you have?

JACK: Just spin me around a couple of times.

MEL: OKAY, BUDDY ... HERE YOU GO.

(SOUND: SPINNING)

JACK: WHEEEEEEE.

(THEME MUSIC & APPLAUSE)

JACK: HEY, BARTENDER, ONE MORE SPIN AND I'LL GO HOME.

MEL: OKAY.

(SOUND: SPINNING)

JACK: WHEEEEEEE ... ONCE MORE.

MEL: Excuse me a minute .. Now, will you gentlemen have the same as usual?

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Well, look who's here ... my old buddies ... my pals.  
(CRYING) You know what, fellows ... I been mean to you.

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Yes I have. And you know what I'm gonna do ... I'm gonna make it up to you ... I'M GONNA PICK UP YOUR OPTION AND GIVE YOU MORE MONEY. HEY, BARTENDER!

MEL: What?

JACK: GIVE THESE FELLOWS A SPIN ON ME.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)



JACK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Saving Bonds are vitally important to the nation's battle against price inflation and for the future and welfare of us all. Finally, it is important that we who have developed habits of thrift during the War continue to build financial security for ourselves and our children. Protect your future, buy extra bonds now. Thank you.  
(APPLAUSE)

JOHN:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend, Mr. L. A. Speed Riggs.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

HIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BUYSDAEL: Make no mistake - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Mr. James Maynard Talley, independent tobacco warehouseman of Durham, North Carolina, has been in the tobacco business all his life. He said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen good tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike. Yes, good tobacco, full of flavor, ripe and mild. I've smoked Luckies for 18 years.

BARUCH: Yes, year after year, independent tobacco experts, men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco, men like Mr. Talley can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BUYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

HICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

BUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0234307

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

x8x

11-10-46

IMS:  
(Exp. Imp.  
tag)

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0234308

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be back with you next  
Sunday at this same time when our guests will be  
Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Coleman and Leo Durocher. Goodnight,  
everybody.

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK 17, U.S.A.

CLIENT: THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

DATE: NOV. 17, 1946 - Program #8

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST

(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "T H E J A C K B E N N Y P R O G R A M"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MPT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234310

NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

11-17-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

1:00-7:30 PM EST

NOVEMBER 17, 1946 - PROGRAM #8

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

WYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

HIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

AIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And -

WYSDAEL: LS - MFT

AIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BARUCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and, year after year, independent tobacco experts, auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

WYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234311

1-00-1  
SIMS:

So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

STONE:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: Well, dear, it's two thirty .. I guess I better get over to the studio.

ANN: All right, goodbye, darling .. and don't forget your script.

DON: Oh, I won't.

ANN: Oh, by the way, Don .. I meant to ask you .. what happened at Jack Benny's house last Wednesday that caused so much commotion?

DON: Oh that. (LAUGHS) I thought you knew ... everybody's talking about it.

ANN: No, dear, tell me what happened?

DON: Well, as you know, it was last Wednesday .. The evening started out quietly enough ... in fact, Jack had just finished having dinner...

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Aaaaahhh, Rochester, that certainly was a good dinner.

ROCHESTER: Thanks, Boss.

JACK: And that first dish you brought in ... that was good. Did you make it yourself?

ROCHESTER: OH NO, BOSS, THOSE WERE POP-OVERS FROM THE BAKERY.

JACK: Oh. What was on the other dish?

ROCHESTER: LEFT-OVERS FROM TUESDAY.

JACK: Wait a minute .. I happen to know that last night we had lamb stew and spare ribs .. and what I had tonight looked like a lamb chop.

ROCHESTER: I KNOW, BOSS .. I TOOK THE MEAT OUT OF THE STEW, DRIED IT IN THE SUN, GLUED IT TO A RIB, AND PUT A PANTY ON IT.



JACK: Gee ... you sure fooled me. And Rochester, what happened to the rest of the stew, you didn't throw it out, did you?

ROCHESTER: NO SIR ... YOU KNOW THOSE OLIVES YOU HAD FOR LUNCH?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: THOSE WERE THE GREEN PEAS, I PUMPED 'EM UP.

JACK: Well, what do you know. And Rochester, that other dish ... it tasted like squash ... what was it yesterday?

ROCHESTER: SQUASH ... I COULDN'T DO A THING WITH IT.

JACK: Oh. Well, Rochester, don't buy squash anymore ... it's so inflexible. Well, I think I'll go in the library and relax awhile. Hand me my slippers, will you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Thanks.

ROCHESTER: HE HE HE HE.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: YESTERDAY THOSE WERE HIP BOOTS, I CUT 'EM DOWN.

JACK: Well, what are you gonna do with the tops?

ROCHESTER: I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.

JACK: Good. Now, Rochester, do the dishes, will you please? I'm going in the library.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) ON THE BOARDWALK AT ATLANTIC CITY DA DA DA DA DA DA DA DA -- Gee, I wish they'd have bathing beauty contests for men ... Nah ... it's enough that I'm a star of stage, screen, and radio ... (HUMS) ... da da da da da da ...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, fellows, I've been expecting you ... Come on in.  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DENNIS: Gee .. rubber bedroom slippers!

JACK: Yeah.

PHIL: Hey, we'da been here earlier, Jackson, but we missed the first bus.

JACK: Oh, well come on in the ... Say, Phil, did you come all the way over here on a bus like that?

PHIL: Like what?

JACK: Look.

PHIL: Well, how do you like that .. I put on a glove that was holding a Scotch and Soda.

JACK: Come on, let's go in the library ... Say, Dennis, I'm surprised to see you here tonight. I know your mother hates me. I can't understand why your mother dislikes me so much. How can your family be so divided. Your father likes me, doesn't he?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: But, Dennis, when you brought your father to the broadcast he told me that he liked me ... he said I was the most wonderful guy he ever met.. He said that last Sunday. .

DENNIS: Monday they took him away.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame ... I need him, too.

POLLY: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Oh, hello, Polly. How do you like the way daddy polished up your cage?

POLLY: (WHISTLE)

JACK: Yes sir.

PHIL: Hiya, Polly ... why don't you get somebody to send you a cracker with a file in it so you can break out of that thing?

JACK: Phil, don't give her any ideas .. Just say hello to her.

PHIL: Hello, Polly.

JACK: Polly, Mr. Harris said hello to you ... Say hello to Mr. Harris ... Polly, say hello to Mr. Harris.

POLLY: Hello. (HICCOUGHS)

JACK: Hm ... now where'd she pick that up?

PHIL: I said hello to her yesterday.

JACK: Oh ... now, Polly, say hello to Dennis.

POLLY: (ONE SQUAWK)

JACK: Now, now ... come on, Polly, say hello Dennis.

POLLY: Hello Dennis (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

DENNIS: Hello, Polly. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Dennis, stop imitating her ... Say, fellows the evening' young yet, what'll we do to kill a little time? I know let's play bridge.

PHIL: Bridge!

JACK: Yeah. We'll get out the card table and -- oh, gee, fellows we can't play.

PHIL: Why not?

JACK: To play bridge you have to have four hands.

DENNIS: I've only got two of 'em.

JACK: I mean four people.... Anyway, fellows, we'll think of ..

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'LL GET IT, ROCHESTER.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #8

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

-6-

JACK: (SINGS) On the board walk at Atlantic City ... da da da  
da ..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well.

ARTIE: Pardon mine intrusion, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel ... what are you doing here?

ARTIE: Yesterday when you had lunch, at the drugstore, you left  
your hat on the counter.

JACK: Oh, yes, I did forget it ... How did you know it was  
my hat?

ARTIE: When I looked on the band I saw the initials J.B.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: But he said it wasn't his.

JACK: Who?

ARTIE: George Burns.

JACK: No no, Mr. Kitzel .. George starts with a G.

ARTIE: He told me that when he found out the hat was too small.

JACK: Oh. Well, it was very nice of you to return it.

ARTIE: Denk you.

JACK: Oh by the way, Mr. Kitzel. Oh say, we need a fourth hand  
for bridge and I was wondering if you play the game?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo hoo, do I play bridge?

JACK: Good .. what system do you use?

ARTIE: The best ... Claudette Culbertson.

JACK: Well, then come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: ROCHESTER, WILL YOU PLEASE BRING IN A CARD TABLE AND  
SOME CARDS?

ROCHESTER: (OFF MIKE) YES SIR.

ATX01 0234317

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Thanks, Rochester ... All right, fellows, let's go.

DENNIS: One No Trump.

JACK: Dennis, we haven't dealt the cards yet.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Hm.. and he has to be my partner. Go ahead, Phil, you deal.

PHIL: Okay.

(SOUND: RIFFLE OF CARDS)

JACK: Rochester, it's getting a little warm in here ... Open the window, will you please?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

(SOUND: WINDOW OPENS .. SOUND OF NEW YEARS HORNS, BELLS, RATCHETS, ETC.)

JACK: Hm.. the Republicans are still celebrating ... You better close it, Rochester.

(SOUND: WINDOW CLOSES)

PHIL: Okay, Jackson, pick up your cards.

JACK: All right ... lemme see ... Hm...Hm... I bid two spades.

ARTIE: I pass.

JACK: ... Dennis, I bid two spades, what do you do?

DENNIS: Which ones are spades?

JACK: The black ones.

DENNIS: I've got two kinds of black ones.

JACK: Those are spades and clubs ... Now what do you do?

DENNIS: I pass.

JACK: ...Dennis, you can't pass... you're my partner.

DENNIS: Now that I've got my own show, I'm his partner yet.

JACK: I don't mean that ... you're my partner in the game. I bid two spades. That's a forcing bid. I'm trying to find out what you've got in your hand.

DENNIS: I got a seven of diamonds, a nine of hearts, a king of --

JACK: Not that way! Mr. Kitzel, look at his hand and help him.

ARTIE: Okay ... Hoo hoo hoo hoo.

JACK: What does he do?

ARTIE: He passes.

JACK: But he can't pass. He's my partner.

ARTIE: All right, he bids seven spades.

JACK: Seven spades!

ARTIE: With a ten in the middle and the Ace on top.

JACK: What do you do, Phil?

PHIL: I open for two dollars.

JACK: Phil .. Look .. this is bridge.

PHIL: I don't care what it is, I got a full house, a straight and a flush.

JACK: Now don't be silly, Phil, that doesn't mean anything in bridge.

PHIL: Oh.

(SOUND: CHAIR PUSHED BACK)

JACK: PHIL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

PHIL: I'm taking this hand over to the pool hall, it's worth a fortune over there.

JACK: Come back here and sit down. Now where were we?

POLLY: I pass. (SQUAWK)

JACK: Polly, you're not even playing.

POLLY: Hello, Dennis. (WHISTLE)

JACK: Oh, quiet.. Now let's get back to the game. Phil ..  
Phil, it's your bid.

PHIL: Let's see.

JACK: And don't bend those cards. It's a new deck.

DENNIS: I just got a deck of cards for my birthday.

JACK: Did you, kid?

DENNIS: Boy, when I opened them up, was I disappointed!

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: On the box it said bicycle.

JACK: That's the name of the cards.. Bicycle Cards. Now,  
Phil --

DENNIS: I think it's misleading.

JACK: Phil, it's your --

DENNIS: I oughta sue them.

JACK: Dennis, you can't sue them. It says Bicycle Cards and  
that's what they are .. Bicycle cards ... Now, Phil ..

DENNIS: It would be hard to shuffle bicycles.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake. Phil, what are you going to ...

PHIL: I'm gonna phone Alice and thank her for not having any  
boys.

JACK: Well, I don't blame you. Now let's get going.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester, will you answer that?

ROCHESTER: (OFF MIKE) Yes sir.

JACK: Phil, it's up to you now.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCHESTER: Mr. Benny's residence, star of stage and radio.

JACK: Rochester, star of screen, too.

ROCHESTER: I don't want to start any argument.

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: Who? Oh, it's for you Mr. Benny. Palm Springs calling.

JACK: For me? ... Palm Springs? ... I wonder who -- Hello .. Hello .. Mary! Mary, why didn't you tell me you were going to Palm Springs? ... Where are you staying? At the Mission Inn? ... But the Mission Inn is in Riverside It's in Palm Springs? ... Rained that hard, eh? ... Well don't feel bad, Mary .. it's been raining here, too .. Yeh ... the water is so deep the only one who's not afraid to go out is Gary Cooper ... he passed my house and he was alone ... I think ... what? Oh certainly, Mary, sure I'll be glad to ... have a nice rest ... Goodbye, Doll.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

PHIL: What'd Mary want, Jackson?

JACK: She wanted me to send her some chiss sweese sandwiches, they haven't got them there .. Well, let's get on with the game.

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, we got all balled up so I dealt a new hand. I dealt for you.

JACK: Okay ... Now, let's see ... hmmm ... what a hand .. I pass.

ARTIE: I pass.

DENNIS: I pass.

PHIL: I bid twelve spades.

JACK: Phil, how could you get twelve spades?

PHIL: I'da had the other one, too, if you'da stayed on that phone a little longer.

JACK: Gimme those cards. I'll deal 'em myself.



(SOUND: RIFFLE OF CARDS)

ARTIE: Would you gentlemen like a cigarette?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: I'll have one ... Say, Mr. Kitzel, I notice you're smoking Lucky Strikes.

ARTIE: You bet. Yes sir. Vy sure .. It's my favorite brand.

JACK: Good, good.

ARTIE: And I'm crazy about the auctioneer .. (SINGS TO TUNE OF IRISH WASHERWOMAN) Hoo ha, deedle de diddle de deedle de doodle de diddle de doodle de deedle de diddle de.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel. Stop jiggling!

DENNIS: (IRISH) Let him alone, let him alone. The back of me hand to you. He's a man after me own heart.

JACK: Dennis! Now come on, fellows, let's get on with the game.

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND ROUTINE

JACK: Ha ha ha. I made every trick that time ... a grand slam.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, A TELEGRAM JUST CAME FOR YOU.

JACK: For me? .. Did you give the boy a tip?

ROCHESTER: Yeah .. YOU OWE ME A QUARTER.

JACK: A quarter! You mean to tell me you tipped him a quarter?

ROCHESTER: I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN SO I MADE HIM GIVE ME A RECEIPT.

JACK: A receipt? Lemme see it.

ROCHESTER: Here it is, boss.

JACK: Rochester, this is a carbon copy!

ROCHESTER: I SENT THE ORIGINAL TO MY LAWYER.

JACK: WHAT?

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, why don't you just read the wire .. maybe it'll take your mind off the two bits.

JACK: Oh .. yes yes ...

(SOUND: TELEGRAM OPENING)

JACK: (READS) DEAR JACK .. ARRIVING LOS ANGELES TO SPEND WEEK WITH YOU .. SHOULD BE AT YOUR HOUSE WEDNESDAY EVENING ABOUT EIGHT .. SIGNED, LEO DUROCHER ... Well, did you hear that, fellows? Leo Durocher is gonna spend a week with me and he arrives Wednesday. Hey, that's tonight . You guys are really in for a treat ..

PHIL: No kidding. Hey Jackson, is this the Leo Durocher who manages the Brooklyn Dodgers?

JACK: That's him .. You know, I spent most of my vacation traveling with the team.

DENNIS: My mother used to play with the Giants.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: She had to quit when I was born.  
 JACK: Dennis, please .. And you know, fellows, you know I love baseball so much it was a thrill traveling with the team ... I got to like every player. Gee .. I hope I live to see the day when the Brooklyn Dodgers win the World Series.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, at your age that ain't a bad wish.

JACK: Well, I'd still like to --

PHIL: Hey, wait a minute .. Hey, if you're such a good friend of Durocher, why were you always rooting for St. Louis?

JACK: That was the St. Louis Browns in the American League .. In the National League I always rooted for the Dodgers ..  
 OH, ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: YES, BOSS.

JACK: When Mr. Dur -- Durocher arrives, he'll probably be hungry, so you better fix him something to eat.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

JACK: What have you got in the refrigerator?

ROCHESTER: WHITE ENAMEL AND ICE CUBES.

JACK: Rochester I happen to know there's some hamburger in the freezing compartment. Now, get it out and make some fresh coffee, too.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR .. OH BY THE WAY WE'RE ALL OUT OF SUGAR.

JACK: No sugar .. Hm... Well, Rochester, go over to the Ronald Colemans next door and borrow some.

ROCHESTER: Okay, boss.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

COLMAN: Oh, Benita ... Benita?

BENITA: Yes, Ronnie.

(APPLAUSE)

COLMAN: Who was that at the door?

BENITA: It was Mr. Benny's butler, Manchester.

COLMAN: Oh .. what did Benny want this time?

BENITA: Just a cup of sugar.

COLMAN: Never have I seen such a man. Borrow, borrow, borrow.

BENITA: Oh, darling, don't let it upset you ... He only borrows trivial things.

COLMAN: Trivial things?

BENITA: Yes ... like yesterday he was out working on his lawn and he came over to borrow some oil for the lawnmower.

COLMAN: Did you let him have it?

BENITA: I thought it best to ... after all, it's our lawnmower.

COLMAN: Oh, that man ... Just listen to the things he's gotten from us since the first of the month ... One cup of sugar one can of oil, one lawnmower, one mixmaster, two slices of bacon, two razor blades, three onions, one brown shoelace ... one card table, two decks of cards, four bridge chairs, one Doctor Sholl's Foot Pad ... a monkey wrench, a screw-driver, one Band-aid .. small size ... two light bulbs, and .. er ... and ... er ... I know I've forgotten several things ... it's too difficult memorizing every item.

BENITA: Why don't you write them down?

COLMAN: He's got my fountain pen, too ... my new fountain pen .. the one I just received from England.

BENITA: Oh, Ronnie! You mean the one that writes under tea?

COLMAN: Yes, yes .. that's the one .. Now let me see .. what else did he borrow?

BENITA: Oh, let it go .. it's not important.  
COLMAN: Yes it is, I want to remember them ... Now let's see ...  
there was an umbrella, a half pound of coffee, the comic  
section from the Sunday times .. (I never did find out  
whether or not Dick Tracy knocked off Gargles.)

BENITA: Well, don't worry about it. I'll call C. Aubrey Smith.  
He'll tell us what happened.

COLMAN: Good, good ... Oh, and another thing Benny borrowed ..  
just the other night .. three Tootsie Rolls.

BENITA: Ronnie, he didn't borrow them.

COLMAN: Benita, I distinctly saw you give him those Tootsie Rolls.

BENITA: I know, but it was Hallowe-en and he knocked on the door  
and said "Trick or Treat".

COLMAN: Oh yes .. imagine him rolling up his pants legs, knocking  
on our door and saying ..

(BABY TALK) Please give me some candy,  
Some cake, or some pie,  
And if you don't do it,  
I'll spit in your eye.

Yes ... and then he curtsyed and his toupe fell off.

BENITA: Oh, Ronnie, let's forget about him .. Would you like to  
go to a movie tonight?

COLMAN: Oh, I don't know, what's playing?

BENITA: I'll look in the paper and see.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

BENITA: There's "The Jolson Story," "Margie," "Nobody Lives  
Forever," "The Dark Mirror," and "Undercurrent." That's  
about all that's showing at the first run theatres.

COLMAN: Well check the neighborhood theatres. "Lost Horizon"  
must be playing somewhere.

BENITA: (LAUGHING) Oh Ronnie .. how many more times do we have to sit through ..

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

BENITA: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... THEN DOOR OPENS)

BENITA: Oh, hello.

ROCHESTER: I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU AGAIN, MRS. COLMAN.

BENITA: That's quite all right ... what is it, Manchester?

ROCHESTER: WELL, MR. BENNY WANTS TO SERVE BAKED POTATOES TONIGHT AND HE'S ALL OUT OF POTATOES ... WE'LL NEED FOUR IF YOU CAN SPARE THEM ..

BENITA: All right, I'll get them for you.

ROCHESTER: AND MR. BENNY SAYS WE'LL ONLY NEED A HALF POUND OF BUTTER THIS TIME.

BENITA: Well, all right .. just wait here ..

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

COLMAN: ... Oh, I say, Dorchester ..

ROCHESTER: Yes, Mr. Colman?

COLMAN: I'm quite curious about something .. is ours the only house in the neighborhood that Mr. Benny ever borrows from?

ROCHESTER: OH NO, SIR .. DO YOU KNOW THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THAT BIG HOUSE ON THE CORNER ... THE ONE WITH THE BIRD-HOUSE ON THE FRONT LAWN?

COLMAN: Yes?

ROCHESTER: WELL, WE OWE THE BIRDS A HALF DOZEN EGGS.

COLMAN: Oh ... Well, tell me .. as you know, Mr. Benny has borrowed so many things ... Do you think he ever intends repaying us?

ROCHESTER: OH I'M QUITE SURE HE DOES ... YOU'RE MENTIONED IN HIS WILL.

COLMAN: Mentioned in his will?

ROCHESTER: YEAH ... YOU COME RIGHT AFTER THE BIRDS.

COLMAN: Ah .. that's life for you ... one day the star of "Lost Horizon" .. the next day second billing to a sparrow .. You know, I think ..

BENITA: Here you are, Manchester ... I've got everything for you ... Four potatoes ... a half pound of butter ... and four napkins.

ROCHESTER: BUT I DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY NAPKINS.

BENITA: I know ... I thought I'd save you another trip.

ROCHESTER: WELL, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MRS. COLMAN ... GOODBYE.

BENITA: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

COLMAN: ... Well ... How long is Benny going to keep this up? When is it going to stop? ... I'm asking you ... When .. is .. this .. going .. to .. stop? That's all I want to know .. THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW.

BENITA: Ronnie .. Ronnie ..

COLMAN: Well, I'm going to find some way to --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

COLMAN: I'll get it this time.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS)

COLMAN: Yes?

LEO: Pardon me, does Jack Benny live here? .. I'm Leo Durocher.

(APPLAUSE)

COLMAN: Mr. .. Mr. Benny lives next door .. The house on the left, goodnight.

LEO: Thanks, I'll .. SAY! Haven't I seen you somewhere before? I know, the movies, you're Ronald Colman, aren't you?

COLMAN: Yes, yes .. Mr. Benny's house is that one right over there. Goodnight.

LEO: Gosh, you're wonderful in the movies. I loved you in "Lost Horizon."

COLMAN: (ENTHUSIASTIC) Mr. Benny's house is .. YOU DID? .. WELL, COME IN, COME IN, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY WIFE.

LEO: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

COLMAN: OH BENITA, BENITA COME HERE .. I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEONE WHO LOVED ME IN -- I MEAN, I WANT YOU TO MEET A FRIEND OF MINE.

BENITA: (COMING IN) Yes, darling, who is it?

COLMAN: I'd like you to meet Mr. Leo Durocher.

BENITA: YOU DON'T MEAN "LIPPY?"

COLMAN: (PUZZLED) Lippy?

LEO: Yes, that's my nickname.

COLMAN: Oh, then .. oh, then you two have met before?

BENITA: No, no, Ronnie -- but I've read about him in the papers. I think it was in connection with the last election .. He was elected Mayor of Brooklyn or something.

LEO: No, no, Mrs. Colman, I manage the Brooklyn Dodgers.

BENITA: Brooklyn ... Dodgers?

LEO: Yeah. Dem Bums. You know who Dem Bums are, don't you?

COLMAN: We should, we live next door to one!



BENITA: RONNIE!

COLMAN: Anyway, Benita, the Brooklyn Dodgers is a baseball team.

LEO: Thanks.

BENITA: Oh, so that explains why you're visiting Mr. Benny ...  
he's an important man in baseball too.

LEO: Benny an important man in baseball?

BENITA: He must be .. he kept Greenberg on third for two years.

LEO: (LAUGHING) Oh no, that's just a gag .. anyway my visit  
to Benny is strictly a social one .. He's one of my  
best friends.

BENITA: Oh, so you're the guest they're expecting for dinner.

LEO: I sure am.

COLMAN: Look. Well, would you do us a favor, please ... when  
they pass the butter, take it easy, it's ours.

LEO: I'll do my best, Mr. Colman .. You know, I haven't seen  
Benny since the baseball season ended in September and  
I was wondering.

COLMAN: Oh, excuse me for interrupting, Leo .. but I just  
noticed, you belong to the Elks, don't you?

LEO: The Elks?

COLMAN: Yes ... those Elks teeth hanging on your watch chain.

LEO: No no -- these are umpires' teeth.

BENITA: Umpires? Oh, are umpires animals?

LEO: In Brooklyn, yes.

COLMAN: Benita, he's only joking .. an umpire is an official  
in a baseball game. He makes the decisions and even has  
the power to remove a player from the game and send him  
to the showers.

BENITA: My, how sanitary!

LEO: Well, I better be running along .. I'm kind of anxious to see Jack again.

COLMAN: Before you go, Leo, I want you to know that I felt badly when your team failed to win the pennant.

LEO: Well, that's baseball. You can't figure it. One day you're great and the next day you stink ... pardon me, Mrs. Colman.

BENITA: That's quite all right, Mr. Colman's pictures weren't all great either.

LEO: Well, anyway, I brought my team in second and it's great to know that we still have thousands and thousands of loyal fans.

COLMAN: You certainly have, Leo.

LEO: Well, I better be running along. I know Benny's waiting for me.

COLMAN: You know, it's rather strange ... if you and Benny are such great friends, then why was he so anxious for St. Louis to win the pennant?

LEO: St. .... Louis?

COLMAN: Yes ... I remember he used to sit by the radio and cheer every time St. Louis got a hit.

LEO: What? Lemme get this straight .. Did I hear you say that Benny was rooting for St. Louis?

COLMAN: Yes yes, that's right.

LEO: You're sure there isn't some mistake?

COLMAN: No no. You heard him, didn't you Benita?

BENITA: Yes.

LEO: Hm ... Well, I better run along. It was nice meeting you folks.

COLMAN: Goodnight, Leo.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES ... THEN FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH,  
GOING DOWN STEPS ... THEN LONG LONG FOOT-  
STEPS ON CEMENT WALK ... THEN FOOTSTEPS  
GOING UP STEPS AND ON FRONT PORCH .. DOOR  
BUZZER RINGS ... PAUSE ... THEN DOOR OPENS)

JACK: LEO!

(SOUND: LOUD SOCK IN JAW ... TWO FOOTSTEPS  
STUMBLING, TWO CHAIRS FALL OVER ... BODY  
THUD)

JACK: (GROANS) OOOOOHHHHH. Leo ... Leo, why did you do that?

LEO: A fine pal you are, rooting for St. Louis.

JACK: St. Louis? But, Leo, that was the St. Louis Browns in  
the American League.

LEO: Oh .. I'm so sorry, Pal. Here .. Let me help you up.

JACK: Thanks ... Hey, you know what, Leo? You almost had  
another tooth for your chain.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON:

Ladies and gentlemen, the majority of America's hospitals now have patients waiting to be admitted and the situation in many areas is growing steadily worse, because of insufficient nursing personnel. All young women between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five who are high school or college graduates are urged to apply for admission in any one of the thirteen hundred accredited schools of nursing. Apply to the one nearest you. Thank you.

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend, Mr. F. E. Boone.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

TIME: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

WYSDAEL: Let the chant of the tobacco auctioneer remind you that year-in, year-out, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.

WYFUCH: Independent tobacco experts, auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen really know tobacco. Mr. William D. Whitley of Henderson, North Carolina, has been an independent tobacco auctioneer for 18 years and he said:

VOICE: I speak as an eyewitness when I say that season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe tobacco -- that good fragrant tobacco that makes a fine smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 13 years.

WYSDAEL: Quote: "I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe tobacco." Unquote. Yes, at market after market, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Whitley can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234334

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

~~XXXX~~

11-17-46

SIMS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

BARUCH: Remember -

BYGDAEL: LS - MFT

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(TAG)

ANN: So that's what happened last Wednesday night.

DON: Yes, dear.

ANN: Well, I'm glad that Mr. Benny and Mr. Durocher made up

DON: So am I. And you'd never know Jack had a black eye.

ANN: How did he get rid of it so fast?

DON: He sent Leo over to the Colman's to borrow a steak  
for it.

ANN: Well, what do you know. You better run along now, dear  
or you'll be late to rehearsal.

DON: Goodbye, darling.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

212 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17 • WILSONIAN 2-6600

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_

NETWORK: NBC

LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

Nov. 24, 1946 - Program #9

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MF" (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234337



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

11-24-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

11:30-7:30 PM EST

NOVEMBER 24, 1946 - PROGRAM #9

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

WJGH:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

WYSDAEL:

Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

WJGH:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

WJGH:

Let that historic chant remind you that year-in, year-out, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

WJGH:

It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and

WYSDAEL:

LS - MFT

WJGH:

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

WJGH:

In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and, season after season, at market after market, independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

WYSDAEL:

Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. No doubt about it, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

RTX01 023433B

REUOH:

So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --  
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy  
on the draw.

SCHE:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

FIRST ROUTINE)

AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADE)

ANN: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM ... STARRING JACK BENNY, WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY," DON WILSON.

APPLAUSE ... MUSIC FADES)

ANN: Now ladies and gentlemen, we take you out to Jack Benny's  
house in Beverly Hills where we find Jack and Rochester  
in the garage.

JACK: Hm... I can't understand why the car won't start. Try  
it again, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: LONG STARTER ... LOUSY MOTOR STARTS,  
SPUTTERS, AND DIES WITH TIRED DUCK CALL)

JACK: Hm .. try it again, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: OKAY.

(SOUND: LONG STARTER ... LOUSY MOTOR STARTS AND  
DIES AND METALLIC CLUNK)

JACK: Try it again, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: WAIT TILL I PUT THE DOOR BACK ON.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR PUT BACK ON .. STARTER ... AND SAME  
MOTOR STARTS, BACKFIRES SPUTTERS AND  
DIES WITH DUCK CALL.)

ROCHESTER: WELL, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

JACK: Rochester, Roch .. it didn't start.

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT THE DOOR STAYED ON.

JACK: Oh good, good ... I can't understand what's wrong.

ROCHESTER: MAYBE THE MOTOR'S WORN OUT.

JACK: Oh no, that's impossible. The speedometer only says eighteen thousand miles.

ROCHESTER: OH COME NOW, BOSS, WE PUSHED IT FURTHER THAN THAT.

JACK: Well, you better go up in the house and call Mr. Harris and tell him to pick me up on his way to the studio.

ROCHESTER: OH, I DID THAT BEFORE WE CAME OUT TO THE GARAGE.

JACK: Oh then you knew there was something wrong with the--- Rochester, did you use my car last night?

ROCHESTER: WELL .. ER .. ER ..

JACK: Rochester, I just found a bobby pin on the front seat.

ROCHESTER: A BOBBY PIN?

JACK: Yeah.

ROCHESTER: HE HE HE HE ...

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: THERE'S ONLY TWO OF US HERE AND IT AIN'T MINE.

JACK: Well it isn't mine either. Rochester, you used my car last night to take your girl out.

ROCHESTER: UH HUH.

JACK: Well, how did it go?

ROCHESTER: OH, VERY GOOD, VERY GOOD .. PURRED LIKE A KITTEN.

JACK: That's funny, and today it won't even start.

ROCHESTER: OH, YOU MEAN THE CAR!

JACK: Yes, the car. How did it go?

ROCHESTER: OH FINE, BOSS, FINE ... TILL I LOST THE TIRE OFF THE FRONT WHEEL.

JACK: You lost a tire .. Well, why didn't you come back home?

ROCHESTER: THE RIM GOT CAUGHT IN THE TROLLEY-CAR TRACKS AND I HAD TO GO ALL THE WAY TO PASADENA BEFORE I COULD MAKE A LEFT TURN.

JACK: Pasadena?

ROCHESTER: YEAH. AND ON THE WAY BACK WE GOT STALLED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SANTA CLAUS LANE PARADE.

JACK: You and your girl, huh? .. What happened?

ROCHESTER: NOTHING .. WE PREFER MULHOLLAND DRIVE.

JACK: Oh .. Well, Rochester, in the future when you want to go out joy-riding borrow your friend's car ... you know who I mean ... Sam. He loaned it to you once before.

ROCHESTER: SAM AIN'T GOT THAT CAR ANY MORE. HE'S GOT TWO MOTORCYCLES NOW.

JACK: Oh, he traded his car in, eh?

ROCHESTER: NO, HE BACKED INTO A BUZZ SAW.

JACK: Oh my goodness. Did Sam get hurt?

ROCHESTER: NO, BUT IF HE HADN'T LEANED OVER TO PUT DOWN THE WINDOW HE'DA BEEN TWINS.

JACK: Well, look, Rochester, there's no use working with this any ...

(SOUND: CLASSY AUTO HORN)

PHIL: (OFF) OKAY, JACKSON, I'M HERE.

JACK: BE RIGHT WITH YOU, PHIL. So long, Rochester, I'll see you after the broadcast.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: I'm sorry to take you out of your way Phil, but I couldn't get my car started.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, when you bought that car, it's too bad you didn't wait just one more year. They came out with a wonderful improvement.

JACK: Yeah? What was it?

PHIL: The Pony Express.

JACK: All right, all right ... Come on, let's get to the studio.

(SOUND: NICE MOTOR STARTS ... AND RUNS ... NICE HORN)

JACK: Say, this car really runs nice.

PHIL: Well, you know me, Jackson ... nothing but the best for Harris.

JACK: Oh, boy ... what a fancy dash-board ... What're all those buttons for?

PHIL: That's the radio ... I push this button and get Australia. I push this button and get London ... This button, China ... This button, France ... and on up to eight countries.

JACK: Gee, on my radio, I've only got three buttons ... Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga ... I can only get Anaheim when I'm in Azusa.

PHIL: How do you get Cucamonga?

JACK: Short wave ... They've got a wonderful program from there, too ... John's Other Smudge Pot ... I never miss it.

(SOUND: NICE MOTOR UP AND NICE HORN)

JACK: Oh boy, this is a swell car. How much did it cost, Phil

PHIL: Thirty-five hundred dollars.

JACK: Thirty-five hundred dollars!! Gee, I wish I had two shows ... Hey, Phil, Phil, the traffic light is changing.

PHIL: I see it. I see it.

JACK: Watch it, will you kid?

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL AND MOTOR STOP)

EMILY: Oh, Martha, look who's sitting in that car ... Jack Benny.

MARTHA: Well, isn't that a coincidence ... Three weeks ago we were standing here and he drove by then, too.

EMILY: Yes ... isn't he handsome?

MARTHA: (SNIFFLES)

EMILY: Martha, what are you crying about?

MARTHA: Well, I can't help it ... When Mr. Benny was in vaudeville, he was my husband's favorite comedian.

EMILY: Well, that's nothing to cry about.

MARTHA: I was thinking of my husband. He's been dead for forty years.

EMILY: Oh .. Say, Martha, I've just noticed who's sitting next to Mr. Benny.

MARTHA: Who?

EMILY: Look.

MARTHA: Well, box back my coat and button my shoes if it isn't Ham Hocks and Turnip Greens.

EMILY: What a thrill. Let's go over to the car and ask 'em for their autographs.

MARTHA: Oh no, Emily, they'll think we're trying to pick them up.

EMILY: Yeah.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC BELL .. CAR DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Gee, those two old ladies are sweet ... You know, Phil, I saw them at the football game yesterday.

PHIL: Oh, did you go, Jackson? There was such a mob out there ... how did you ever park your car?

JACK:

Oh, I didn't take my car. It was such a nice day I  
decided to swim ... Fortunately, it was down stream ...

(SOUND: MOTOR LOUD)

(BAND NUMBER ... "IT'S A PITY TO SAY GOODNIGHT" ..)

(APPLAUSE)



That was "It's A Pity To Say Goodnight" played by the orchestra and now, ladies and gentlemen --

JACK:

Okay, Don, Okay, we're here. I'm sorry we were late, but I couldn't get my car started ... and then we got held up in traffic.

DON:

That's all right, Jack, we filled in with a couple of orchestra numbers.

JACK:

Good, good, Don ... but who led the band?

DON:

Frankie.

JACK:

Frankie! What does he know about music?

PHIL:

Are you kidding, Jackson ... Frankie's a natural ... He was born with a banjo on his knee.

JACK:

He was?

PHIL:

Yeah ... they had to operate on him before they could get his pants on ... HA HA HA HA ... Keep that up and you'll be another Carmen Lombardo, Philly ...

JACK:

I'll settle for anybody ... Now, Don, Mary is still in Palm Springs so when we do our play tonight we'll have to ---

DENNIS:

Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK:

Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS:

Hello, Phil.

PHIL:

Hi ya, kid.

DENNIS:

Hello, Don.

DON:

Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS:

Hello, Mary ..... (I guess she's mad at me.)

JACK:

Dennis, she's not mad at you. Mary isn't here, she's in Palm Springs.

DENNIS:

Oh.

JACK: Now Don ...

DENNIS: Well, if she isn't mad, why doesn't she call me up?

JACK: She has no reason to call ... Dennis, take my word for it, if Mary were here, she'd say hello to you.

DENNIS: Oh yeah ... well, I wouldn't even answer her.

JACK: All right, all right, don't answer her. Now Don ...

DON: Yes, Jack.

JACK: As you know, two weeks ago we were going to do our version of The Killers but we had to postpone it until tonight.

DENNIS: Who does she think she is anyway?

JACK: Dennis ... I told you, Mary's in Palm Springs. Now will you please forget it.

DENNIS: Okay.

DON: Say, Jack, before you tell me about the play tonight, do you mind if I talk to you about a very delicate subject?

JACK: Delicate subject... What is it, Don?

DON: The quartette is here ready to do the commercial.

JACK: Don ... Look Don, I want to talk to you a minute ... not in anger ... look kid, look Don .. just a nice friendly chat. Sit down, Don.

DON: There isn't any chair here.

JACK: Well, sit on the quartette ... Go ahead.

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Get up, you're hurting them. Now, Don, let's get one thing straight. The quartette is through .. finished.

DON: Listen, Jack ... Give them one more chance and if you don't like what they've prepared for today ... I'll never bother you again.

JACK: Don, look.  
 DON: COME ON, BOYS .. IL TROVITORE.  
 JACK: I don't want Il Trovitore  
 DON: L S, M F T ... L S, M F T ...  
 JACK: Don.  
 DON: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO ... YES, LUCKY STRIKE  
 MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JACK: Don.  
 (BAND INTRO. TO IL TROVITORE)

QUARTETTE: QUEL SUON QUELLE PRE CI  
 SO LEN NI, TU NE STE EMPIVONQUE STAEREE  
 L S M F T, L S, L S, M F T, L S L S M L S N  
 L S O, L S M L S, O U L S, L S, L S, L S,  
 M F, M F, M F, M F T, L S M F T  
 SMOKE THAT SMOKE OF FINE TOBACCO  
 YES, FINE TOBACCO  
 L S, L S, M F T  
 QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL ESSENTIAL  
 L L S M F T, L L S M F T, M F T, O H M F T  
 L S M F T, L S M F T, L S M F T.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Did you hear that applause, Jack. They were sensational.  
 JACK: Don, I don't care if they applaud all night. Opera has  
 no place on this program.  
 DON: ALL RIGHT, JACK, THEN LISTEN TO THIS.  
 JACK: Don, I've had a ...  
 DON: TAKE IT BOYS ... HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS.  
 JACK: Don!

QUARTETTE: (SINGS HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS UNTIL JACK INTERRUPTS AFTER SECOND STRAIN)

L S, L S, M F, M F T, OH ME OH MY OH GEE

N R A I L O V E Y O U I D O

R S V P D Q, M I O K FOR YOU, BABE.

L S, L S, M F, M F T, OH ME OH MY OH GEE

N R A I L O V E Y O U I D O

R S V P D Q, M I O K FOR YOU BABE.

JACK: Wait a minute ... Wait a minute ... WAIT A MINUTE ...  
WAIT A MINUTE!!! Don ... Don ... I've had enough ... I  
can't stand it any longer ... Where's that contract?  
Here it is.

(SOUND: TEARING OF PAPER INTO LITTLE PIECES)

JACK: There ... that settles that.

DENNIS: (LAUGHING) HA HA HA HA HA Oh, Jack, I don't blame  
you. If you feel that way about that quartette, that's  
the best thing to do ... tear up their contract.

JACK: Their contract ... that was yours.

DENNIS: WHAT?

JACK: Sing, Dennis. I guess that'll hold him for a while.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOREVERMORE")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "For You, For Me, Forevermore," sung by Dennis Day ... Very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: What was that?

DENNIS: I'm giving her one more chance.

JACK: Oh, go sit down.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: TONIGHT FOR OUR --

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: NOT ON THE QUARTETTE ... FIND A CHAIR ... Hm, I wish Mary was here and I was in Palm Springs ... AND NOW ...

DENNIS: I wouldn't say hello to you either.

JACK: Oh, quiet ... AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... TONIGHT, AS OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION, WE'RE GOING TO DO OUR VERSION OF MARK HELLINGER'S THRILLING, EXCITING, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE ... THE FAMOUS HEMINGWAY STORY ... THE KILLERS.

(TYMPANI DRUM ROLL ENDING WITH TWO LOUD BEATS)

DON: This is the story of two gunmen who walk into a little lunch room looking for a guy called .. The Swede ... It is midnight and the lunchroom is deserted ... except for one lonely customer.

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

PHIL: Well ... I think I'll have a bite to eat and then go home.

JACK: I wish I could close up and go home myself ... This place is quieter than a coal mine ... It's kind of a dreary night, too.

PHIL: Yeah ... Say, Charlie, don't the Swede usually drop in about this time?

JACK: Uh huh, but he hasn't been in now for two or three weeks. I understand he's sick in bed.

PHIL: Oh, a Democrat, huh?

JACK: Yeah ... I miss him too... Used to stay here for hours .. Just sittin' by the Juke Box listening to the Missouri Waltz ... Well, what'll ya have to eat?

PHIL: I don't know.

JACK: Well ... how would you like some squab baked in wine?

PHIL: Naw ... Have you any ham hocks stewed in bourbon?

JACK: No, we're all out of ham hocks.

PHIL: Good, just bring me the juice.

JACK: Okay ... Say, Curley, next week when you come here you won't know this joint. It's gonna be real ritzy ... new curtains and drapes and rugs on the floor ... nice new lamp shades and everything. This lunch room is gonna be beautiful.

PHIL: Well, it's about time. This joint looks like the sweat band out of the Brown Derby.

JACK: Well, don't worry. I'm gonna fix everything. In fact, I've already hired the interior decorators. Say, Curley, hurry up and finish eating, will you? It's such a nasty night I wanta close up and go home.

PHIL: I'll be through in a minute. How about a napkin?

JACK: Use the drapes, I'm getting new ones anyway... Yes, sir, I can just see the way this place is gonna ... mmmmm ...

PHIL: (AFTER PAUSE) What's the matter, Charlie?

JACK: Look out the window .. Two guys just stepped off the curb and are crossing the street. I never seen 'em before.

ATX01 0234351

PHIL: Yeah.. they look kinda tough ... Hey, I'm gettin' out of here ...

JACK: No no, don't go ... I don't wanna be here alone. One of them guys looks like Edward G. Robinson ... Hey, look, they're coming this way! Yeah ...

(MYSTERIOSO CHORD)

(SOUND: 8 SLOW DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL ... UP TWO WOODEN STAIRS ... SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES ... 6 FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD AND STOP)

JACK: (PAUSE ... NERVOUSLY) What .. what'll it be, gentlemen? ... I say ... what'll it be, gentlemen? .....  
Gentlemen, what'll it be?

ROBINSON: What're you shaking for Blue Eyes? ... It ain't cold in here.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'm getting ready to close up, gentlemen, so if you want something to eat, you better order it.

ROBINSON: Hey, Slugger.

EDDIE: What is it, Eddie?

ROBINSON: Blue Eyes is in a hurry ... maybe we oughta slow him down.

EDDIE: Yeah down.

JACK: Now look, gentlemen, I don't want no trouble. What'll you have? You can have some ham and eggs ... or some corned beef hash ... or a mixed green salad.

(SOUND: TWO SLAPS)

JACK: Ouch!

ROBINSON: I don't like salads.

JACK: Oh. Now look, Mister, I wanta close up this joint, so you better order or get out of here, because if you don't, I'll call the police.

ROBINSON: Well ... did you hear that, Slugger ... Blue Eyes is gonna call the police.

JACK: Yes, I am.

ROBINSON: One move out of you and I'll fill you so full of holes you'll look like a chiss sweese slandwich.

JACK: That's swiss cheese.

ROBINSON: Don't tell me how to get a laugh.

JACK: What?

ROBINSON: It amuses Slugger.

TENNIS: Yes ... (HIGH SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: Now see here, Mister, I want to ask you a question ... Would you ...

ROBINSON: Look, Bright Boy -- I ask the questions around here, see? .. You just answer them, and do as I tell you, see? If not, you'll get hurt, see? Now get me something to eat, see?

TENNIS: And be quick about it, look?

JACK: Look?

TENNIS: Where?

ROBINSON: Oh, shut up, Slugger!

JACK: Now wait a minute, I don't have to stand for this ... I'm a citizen and I pay my taxes. I've got my rights and you can .. can't come in here and push me around.

ROBINSON: We can't, eh?

JACK: No you -- wait a minute ... WHAT ARE YOU REACHING IN YOUR BACK POCKET FOR?



ROBINSON: Just my handkerchief.

EDDIE: Your ... handkerchief?

ROBINSON: Yeah.

(SOUND: THREE SHOTS)

JACK: You must have a bad cold.

ROBINSON: Yeah ... I just took those shots for it ... HA HA HA HA  
.. OH, EDDIE YOU KEEP THAT UP AND YOU'LL BE ANOTHER PHIL  
HARRIS.

JACK: Now look, will you fellows ... Wait a minute ... now I  
know who you guys are ... You're The Killers and you're  
looking for The Swede.

ROBINSON: Did you hear that, Slugger? .. Bright Boy thinks we're  
lookin' for the Swede.

EDDIE: Well, ain't we bane looking for the Swede?

ROBINSON: No, bright boy, we ain't lookin' for no Swede. We came  
in here to talk to you.

JACK: Me?

ROBINSON: Yeah ... you ... we heard you're gonna get this dump  
redecorated.

JACK: Yes, I am, but what's that got to do with you?

ROBINSON: Well, we wanta know something ...

JACK: What ...

ROBINSON: Who're you getting your chintz from?

JACK: Chintz?

ROBINSON: Yeah ... and the silk lining for your drapes ...

JACK: I'm not going to have 'em lined.

ROBINSON: You hear that? Listen, Bright Boy, you're gonna have  
drapes and you're gonna have 'em lined ... and you're  
gettin' them from us, see?

JACK: I can't get 'em from you. I'm buying all my curtains and drapes from Johnson and Company ... right on the corner.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION)

ROBINSON: Johnson ain't there any more.

JACK: You mean to say that --

(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: Johnson, he just passed by.

TENNIS: Gee, Rumors are Flying and so is Johnson.

JACK: Well you guys can't frighten me. I'm buying my curtains, drapes and chintz from anybody I like, see? And that gun in your hand ain't scaring me either, see. I don't even think you can shoot straight.

ROBINSON: Oh, I can't, eh? ... You see that row of plates up there?

JACK: Yeah.

ROBINSON: Well, watch this.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT ... PLATE BREAKS)

ROBINSON: And the plate next to it.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT ... PLATE BREAKS)

ROBINSON: And the plate on the other side.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT ... PAUSE)

JACK: Hah, you missed.

(SOUND: PLATE BREAKS)

JACK: Hm.

ROBINSON: I PUT A CURVE ON THAT ONE.

JACK: Oh yeah .. well I'm not afraid of you now. You took three shots before and three shots now. You're out of bullets.

ROBINSON: Oh no I ain't, Bright Boy ... This is an Eversharp gun ..  
It's got a six months' supply of lead.

JACK: Gee, I should have known with that deep pocket clip.  
You know, the gun I have only shoots six times ... Look  
here, I'll show you.

(SOUND: DRAWER OPENS)

JACK: See.

ROBINSON: Say, that's a pretty nice gun you've got there.

JACK: You're darn right it is. COME ON, NOW, UP WITH YOUR  
HANDS, BOTH OF YOU.

ROBINSON: OH, YOU WANNA SHOOT IT OUT, EH .. WELL, TAKE THAT!

(SOUND: SEVEN SHOTS)

JACK: HA HA HA, YOU MISSED ME TWICE! ... NOW YOU TAKE THIS!

(SOUND: THREE SHOTS)

ROBINSON: (VERY DRAMATIC) Oooooooh ... He got me, Slugger ... He  
got me ... I'm dying, Slugger ... I knew the day would  
come ... I knew I couldn't get away with it ...  
Everything's getting dark ... I can't see ... I'm  
dying, Slugger ... They finally got me, Me, Little  
Caesar ... Goodbye, Slugger ... I'm dying ... dying ..  
dying.

ENNIS: Well, fall down you big ham!

JACK: Maybe this will help him.

(SOUND: THREE SHOTS)

ROBINSON: Ooooooooooh.

(SOUND: LOUD BODY THUD)

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Well, how do you like that, he fell on the quartette ...  
Come on, Curley, let's go home.

BY:

Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, Mr. L. A. Speed Riggs.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BOYSDAEL: Common sense will tell you, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Mr. George Alfred Webster, independent tobacco warehouseman of Durham, North Carolina, has seen millions of pounds of tobacco bought and sold at auction - and he said:

VOICE: At market after market, at auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco - tobacco that makes one grand smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.

MARUCH: Year-in, year-out, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Webster - men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SIMS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So remember -

BOYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

MS:

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

RUCH:

So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

TAO

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Edward G. Robin for appearing with us tonight through the courtesy of Thalia Productions, producers of that soon-to-be-rele picture, The Red House. We'll be with you next Sunda at the same time ... Goodnight, Mary.

DON:

Goodnight, Mary.

DENNIS:

Goodnight, Herman.

JACK:

Herman?

DENNIS:

I'm mad at Mary.

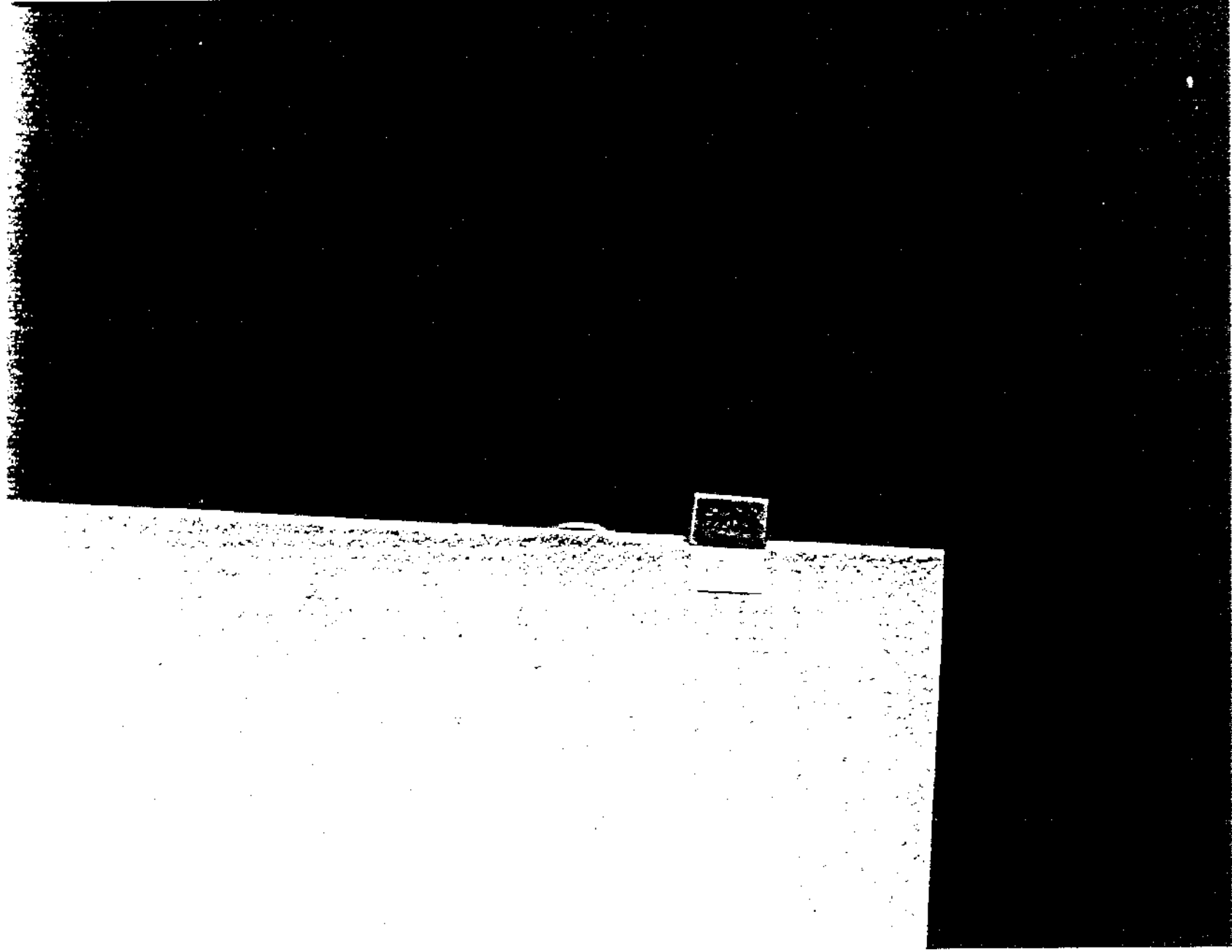
JACK:

Oh yes, yes, I forgot ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

The quartette on our show is called The Sportemen.



0234361 01X01



# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

*Advertising*

217 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK - WICKLIFFS 2-6500

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.	REVISION:	NETWORK: <u>NBC</u>
LUCKY STRIKE	APPROVAL: <u>FINAL</u>	B'CAST: <u>7:00-7:30 P.M. EST</u>
Ex. 1, 1946 - PROGRAM #10		REPEAT: <u>9:30-10:00 P.M. PST</u> (By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

RTX01 0234362

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

12-1-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

DECEMBER 1, 1946 - PROGRAM #10

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BRUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

WYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

STONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

WINS: For your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment - remember  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

WYSDAEL: LS - MFT

WINS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and in a cigarette it's  
the tobacco that counts.

BRUCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and season  
after season, at auction after auction, independent  
tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -  
men who really know tobacco, can see the makers of Lucky  
Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light,  
that naturally mild tobacco.

WYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, year-in, year-  
out, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco  
means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234363

ANNOUNCER:

So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike! So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

ANNOUNCER:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL ... MUSIC UP AND FADES)

TON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM ... STARRING JACK BENNY ... WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP AND FADES)

TON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S  
HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE JACK IS TAKING HIS VIOLIN  
LESSON FROM HIS SAME OLD TEACHER, PROFESSOR LE BLANC.

JACK: (PLAYS TWO STRAINS OF BLUE DANUBE ON VIOLIN AND HITS  
CLINKER)

EL: No, no, no, Monsieur Benny, no!

JACK: I'm sorry, Professor.

EL: Perhaps you are not ready for that yet.

JACK: Oh, but I am, Professor ... Look, I'll show you. (PLAYS  
ONE STRAIN OF BLUE DANUBE WITH LAST TWO PLINKS ON G  
STRING) Oh darn it ... My finger slipped off.

EL: It should be your head.

JACK: What?

EL: Come, let's go back to the exercises ... I'll count  
for you ... Allons! ONE AND TWO AND THREE AND FOUR  
AND ...

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES TWICE)

EL: PLAY IT GENTLY, DO NOT KICK IT.  
THIS WOULD MAKE PETRILLO PICKET.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

EL: PLAY IT SMOOTHER, NOT SO JERKY,  
THIS COULD MAKE ME LOSE MY TURKEY.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE)

MEL: I WISH I WAS SOMEPLACE ELSE,  
PLEASE GIVE ME AN ALKA SELTZER.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES ONCE MORE AND HITS CLINKER)

Hm ... what did I do wrong?

MEL: You are gripping the violin too tight around the neck ...  
Stop it, it gives me ideas.

JACK: Oh well, I'll try the first one again.

MEL: Very well ... allons.

JACK: (PLAYS TWO STRAINS OF BLUE DANUBE ALONE)

MEL: (COMES IN ON THIRD AND FOURTH STRAINS SINGING:)

DA DA DA DA DA, PLINK, PLINK, PLINK, PLINK,

DA DA DA DA DA, I THINK YOU STINK.

JACK: (ONE MORE STRAIN OF BLUE DANUBE AND HITS CLINKER)

MEL: No no, Monsieur Benny ... Please, please play  
something else.

JACK: But Professor, at the end of last week's lesson you  
yourself suggested The Blue Danube.

MEL: To jump into, not to play!

JACK: Now Professor ...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'm paying you good money to come here and --

CHESTER: PARDON ME, BOSS, BUT YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE.

JACK: Okay. Now don't go away, Professor ... my lesson still  
has two more minutes to go.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR CLOSSES)

MEL: Two more minutes! Two more minutes! What a man! He even stops the watch during the eight bar rests ... Rochester ... I would like to ask you a favor.

ROCHESTER: A FAVOR? WHAT IS IT?

MEL: My ankle hurts me. Will you please loosen this chain a little ..

ROCHESTER: ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY ... HMMM ... YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR .. YOUR ANKLES ARE EXACTLY MY SIZE.

MEL: How do you know?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S THE SAME CHAIN I WORE THE FIRST FIVE YEARS I WORKED HERE.

MEL: What?

ROCHESTER: I'M A TRUSTEE NOW.

MEL: I cannot understand Monsieur Benny ... but then life is full of so many surprises.

ROCHESTER: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PROFESSOR?

MEL: Well, I remember when I came to America fifteen years ago ... I was standing on the deck as the boat steamed into New York Harbor ... Then I saw her ... The Statue of Liberty ... THE GIFT THAT MY COUNTRY, LA BELLE FRANCE, GAVE TO YOUR COUNTRY, THE GLORIOUS AMERICA ... AS I LOOKED AT THE STATUE, A LUMP CAME INTO MY THROAT ... I REALIZED WHAT IT STOOD FOR ... LIBERTY! FREEDOM! ... I REACHED OUT MY ARMS AND WALKED .. WALKED TOWARDS IT.

(SOUND: FIVE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWED BY  
HEAVY BODY THUD)

ROCHESTER: OH OH, I SHOULDA WARNED YOU, YOUR CHAIN IS ONLY FIVE FEET LONG.

MEL: (CRIES) LIBERTY! ... FREEDOM!

JACK: Okay, Professor .. let's finish the lesson ...  
Rochester, go back in the kitchen and fix dinner.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR. SHOULD I SET A PLACE FOR PROFESSOR LE BLANC?

JACK: No no, I'm giving him the money this time .. Go ahead.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MEL: Come, Monsieur Benny ... Let us resume ze lesson .. Go ahead, play.

JACK: (HOPEFUL) The Blue Danube?

MEL: No, no, ze exercises ... Go ahead ... Allons!

JACK: (STARTS PLAYING EXERCISES ... THEN BEGINS TO PLAY IT SWINGY ... THROUGH IT ALL MEL SAYS ...)

MEL: No no no ... Not so jazzy ... Monsieur ... Monsieur ...  
Monsieur Benny ... Wait a minute! Wait a minute! WAIT  
A MINUTE! ... WAIT A MINUTE!

JACK: (INNOCENT) Something wrong, Professor?

MEL: No, no ... Nothing is wrong ... Only the lesson, she is fini ... pay me...

JACK: Okay, Professor ... I'll have to go down in my vault and get the money.

MEL: And please don't keep me waiting like you did last time.

JACK: I won't. I won't.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, Professor, would you please answer the door?

MEL: The chain.

JACK: Oh, oh yes, I forgot. I'll answer it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis ... Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES AND FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, Dennis, I was going to call you ... I heard your program Thursday night and I thought you were swell.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DENNIS: Gee, thanks ... And I heard you on Phil Baker's quiz program last week.

JACK: You did, kid ... Really?

DENNIS: Yeah ... boy, were you stupid!

JACK: Dennis! The questions on Phil Baker's program were very difficult ... Anyway, I answered all but the last one.

DENNIS: You sure fool a lot of people.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: You don't look stupid.

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: How you ever got to be my boss, I'll never know.

JACK: Look kid, besides starting an argument, what did you come over here for, anyway?

DENNIS: Well, you always want to hear my song before I do it on the program.

JACK: Well, all right, let's hear it.

DENNIS: Okay ... Why don't he stay home instead of going on quiz programs.

JACK: Dennis! Go ahead and sing your song ... No wonder my hair is gray.

DENNIS'S SONG - "SEPTEMBER SONG"

(APPLAUSE)



(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was all right, Dennis. That song will do for the program.

DENNIS: How about some lunch?

JACK: You can eat when you get home ... Now, Dennis ...

MEL: Monsieur Benny, please .. I am waiting for my money.

JACK: Oh yes yes ... I'm sorry .. Dennis, this is Professor Le Blanc, my violin teacher.

DENNIS: HE'S YOUR VIOLIN TEACHER?

MEL: (FRANTICALLY) Please, please not so loud ... I am trying to keep it a secret.

JACK: What?

MEL: That's why I come in overalls so people will think I'm the plumber.

JACK: Oh Professor, don't be so temperamental ... I'll go and get you your money.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS AND STOP)

JACK: (HUMS BLUE DANUBE) IA IA IA IA IA, PLINK PLINK,  
PLINK PLINK

IA IA IA IA IA --

I do not! ... IA IA IA IA IA --

(SOUND: ONE LOUD DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack. I'm here.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mary, where are you?

MARY: Right in front of you.

JACK: Oh well, brush off the fog and lemme see you..Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Gee, I'm glad to see you. When did you get back from Palm Springs?

MARY: I just drove in, just this minute.

JACK: Well, welcome home. Come here, lemme kiss you.

(SOUND: KISSES)

MARY: Oh, Jack.

JACK: I can't help it, Mary, I haven't seen you for two whole weeks.

(SOUND: KISSES)

MARY: Jack ...

JACK: Don't try to pull away ..

(SOUND: KISSES)

MARY: Jack, please ... you're getting my ring all wet.

JACK: Oh, oh, I'm sorry .. Gee, I'm happy you're back ...

Come on, Mary, let me carry you into the house!

MARY: Oh, Jack, stop being silly.

JACK: I'm not being silly. I just wanna carry you in ...

Come on now .. Ups a daisy ... (GRUNTS TWICE)

MARY: Shall we walk?

JACK: Mary, have you gained weight?

MARY: One pound.

JACK: I thought so ... OH, ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Rochester, hang up Miss ...

ROCHESTER: OH, HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE ...

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: (VERY SOUTHERN) WELCOME HOME, MISS LIVINGSTONE, WELCOME HOME ... THE OOOOLE PLANTATION HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THE DAY YOU WENT AWAY.

JACK: Plantation?

ROCHESTER: NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK, WE'LL BE SITTING AROUND THE OOOOLE CABIN DOOR A SINGING AND STRUMMING THE OOOOLE BANJOES IN THE MOONLIGHT.

JACK: Banjoes?

ROCHESTER: AND AS THE SUN SETS ON THE COTTON FIELDS THERE'LL BE JOY IN OUR HEARTS AS WE GATHER BENEATH THE OOOOLE MAGNOLIA TREE.

JACK: Rochester, put down that mint julep and take her coat!

ROCHESTER: YES, COLONEL, SUH.

MARY: What's the matter with Rochester?

JACK: He found some wild mint in the back yard and tamed it. Well, tell me, Mary, did you have a real good time in Palm Springs?

MARY: (DREAMY) I sure did, Jack.

JACK: Did you miss me?

MARY: Gee ... The first day I got there Gregory Peck took me out to dinner. And the next morning I went swimming with Van Johnson.

JACK: Did you miss me?

MARY: That same afternoon I played golf with Clark Gable. And last Saturday Robert Taylor and I went horse-back riding.

JACK: Did you miss me?

MARY: All day Monday I was on a picnic with Gary Cooper .. And that night I went dancing with Tyrone Power.

JACK: Mary, did you miss me?

MARY: Well, of course I missed you.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: You know I always hate to be away from you, Jack ...

JACK: Jack ... What's that last name again, bub?

MARY: Spiegelmier ... Cosmo Spiegelmier and you don't have to be so smart. When you were gone I wasn't exactly sitting home knitting.

JACK: Oh no? Where did you get that sweater?

MARY: I finished that before you even left ... Thought you had me there, didn't you? Come on in the other room and tell me all about ---

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, now that you've heard my song, can I ---

MARY: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, now that you've heard my song, can I ---

JACK: Dennis, Mary said hello to you. Why don't you answer?

DENNIS: I'm mad at her.

MARY: Mad at me ... Why?

JACK: Because last week when he came on the program, he said hello to you and you didn't answer him.

MARY: But that's silly, Dennis. When you said hello to me, you were here and I was in Palm Springs... So I couldn't answer you.

DENNIS: Did you see anybody in Palm Springs you knew?

MARY: Yes ... a lot of people.

DENNIS: Did they say hello to you?

MARY: Certainly.

DENNIS: Did you answer them?

MARY: Of course.

DENNIS: Well, I'm as good as they are.

JACK: Look, Dennis ..

GRY: Wait a minute, Jack. I'll fix this up right now ... Come here, Dennis. I'm going to give you a kiss ... Come here.

(SOUND: KISS)

GRY: There ... Now, Dennis, are you still mad at me?

DENNIS: You're just after my money.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: But who cares about money? (WHISTLES)

JACK: Dennis! I don't know what's come over you lately.

Every time you ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCHESTER: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: OKAY.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND WILL START DELIVERING THE HERALD-EXPRESS AGAIN TOMORROW ... WHO'S CALLING, PLEASE?

PHIL: (FILTER) This is Phil Harris, star of stage, screen, radio, and Associate Editor of the Hobo News... Rochester, let me talk to Mr. Benny.

ROCHESTER: OKAY ... IT'S FOR YOU, BOSS ... IT'S MR. HARRIS.

JACK: Thanks ... Hello, Phil, what do you want?

PHIL: Look, Jackson, when I got my own program, you and I made a little deal, didn't we?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: Well, I sent you the bottles of Fitch Shampoo, where are my Lucky Strikes?

JACK: Phil, the reason I didn't send you the Lucky Strikes is because you promised me twelve bottles of Fitch Shampoo and you only sent me eight.

PHIL: I sent you twelve.

JACK: You sent me eight.

PHIL: I sent you twelve ... one for each hair.

JACK: Well, next week, make it thirteen ... I'm expecting ... Congratulations.

JACK: Thank you ... Okay, Phil, I'll send you the six cartons of Lucky Strikes tomorrow.

PHIL: Our deal was for ten cartons.

JACK: Ten?

DON: (FILTER) Hello.

JACK: Hello.

DON: Hello.

PHIL: Hello.

JACK: Hello.

DON: Hello, Jack.

PHIL: No, this is Phil.

JACK: This is Jack ... Who're you?

DON: Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh, hello, Don. Are you at Phil's house?

DON: No, I'm home. I dialed your number and got cut in.

JACK: Oh, well, look Don --

PHIL: What about my Lucky Strikes?

DON: They're so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and ...

JACK: Don, wait a minute .. Phil's talking to me.

PHIL: I'm talking to who?

JACK: To me.

JACK: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO. HELLO.

JACK: Hello.

PHIL: Hello.

ROCHESTER: SEND ME FOUR POUNDS AND DELIVER IT TO THE BACK DOOR.

DON: Four pounds of Lucky Strikes?

ROCHESTER: I THOUGHT I WAS TALKING TO THE BUTCHER.

JACK: Rochester, where are you?

ROCHESTER: I'M ON THE EXTENSION IN THE KITCHEN.

JACK: Well, Rochester, hang up, I'm talking to Phil.

DON: What about me?

JACK: Don, get off the phone.

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Where did they come from?

PHIL: Hello.

ROCHESTER: HELLO.

JACK: Oh, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: You know, Mary, the most peculiar ...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

PHIL, DON & ROCHESTER: GOODBYE!

JACK: GOODBYE!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: I can't understand how ...

PHIL: Monsieur Benny, please ... I am waiting for my money.

JACK: In a minute, Professor, in a minute.

MARY: Jack, why don't you give Professor Le Blanc his money?

JACK: I'm going down to the vault to get it.

MARY: I'll lend it to you ... Here ... All I have is a  
twenty-dollar bill.

JACK: Oh, I haven't got change.

DENNIS: Maybe I can help ... I've got an eighteen dollar bill.

JACK: An eighteen dollar bill? Dennis, where did you get that?

DENNIS: A friend of mine sold it to me for three dollars.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake ... Dennis, that isn't right.

DENNIS: I know, but I'm not gonna tell the jerk.

JACK: That's right, that's right, don't tell him ... Now  
Professor, I'll get your money .. er .. Let's see, how  
much do I owe you ... I didn't pay you for the last  
lesson ... and the one before that ... and ... er ...

MEL: Three before that.

JACK: Oh yes ... altogether, I think it comes to ...

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: That's six lessons at two-fifty a lesson ... It comes to  
fifteen dollars.

MEL: No no, Monsieur, it is seven lessons.

JACK: Professor, I'm sure I owe you for six.

MEL: No no, I am positive it is seven ... I only weigh one  
hundred and ten pounds.

JACK: One hundred and ten pounds? What's that got to do with  
it?

MEL: The last time you paid me, I weighed one hundred and  
eighty pounds ... and I lose ten pounds a lesson.

JACK: Okay, Professor.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (HOPEFUL) You are going to get the money and pay me?

MARY: No, he's going to get the scales and weigh you.



JACK: (OFF) I AM NOT ... I'M GOING TO THE VAULT.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS .. HEAVY IRON DOOR HANDLE  
TURNING .. HEAVY IRON DOOR OPENS WITH  
CREAKING OF CHAINS .. SIX MORE FOOTSTEPS ..  
HOLLOW EFFECT ... SECOND HANDLE TURNS ..  
SECOND IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN .. TWO MORE  
FOOTSTEPS)

SANDY: Halt! Who goes there, friend or foe?

JACK: Friend.

SANDY: Oh, it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes.

SANDY: Well, well, nice to see you again. How are things on  
the outside?

JACK: Fine, fine .. It's winter now, you know. And by the way,  
we recently had an election and the Republicans won  
in nearly all the forty-eight states.

SANDY: We have .. forty-eight of them now?

JACK: Yes yes .. since 1912 .. Ed, light a candle for me, will  
you, so I can see what I'm doing .. Ed .. I asked you to  
light a candle...

SANDY: I'm looking for the flint.

JACK: We have matches now ... Here ...

(SOUND: MATCH STRIKES)

JACK: Hold it up a little ... Say!

SANDY: What's the matter?

JACK: Up there in the corner ... What's that hole in the wall?  
Did somebody try to break into my vault?

SANDY: Oh no, Mr. Benny .. that happened when I first came down  
here.

BOB:

It did?

ANDY:

Yes, some man was digging a tunnel and got in here by mistake.

BOB:

Gee, that's funny ... I wonder who it was?

ANDY:

Well, I don't know, but he mumbled something about being Monte Cristo.

BOB:

Well ... I better open the safe now .. Now, let's see .. the combination is right to forty-five ... (LIGHT TURNING SOUND) ... Left to sixty (LIGHT SOUND) ... Back to fifteen (LIGHT SOUND) ... Then left to one ten (LIGHT SOUND)... There.

(SOUND: HANDLE TURNS .. USUAL ALARM WITH BELLS, WHISTLES, ETC... ENDING WITH B.O.)

BOB:

Hm. Sounds kinda weak. I guess Rochester must be running my Mixmaster ... Now, let's see ... there ... I guess that'll be enough money.

(SOUND: SAFE DOOR CLOSES)

BOB:

Well, so long, Ed ... see you in the Spring.

ANDY:

Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. HEAVY IRON DOOR CLOSES ... FOOTSTEPS)

BOB:

Hmmm ... If John L. Lewis ever hears about Ed, I'm sunk ..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB:

Well, here's your money, Professor LeBlanc.

EL:

Thank you very much, Monsieur Benny.

BOB:

You're welcome ... Goodbye.

EL:

Goodbye, Monsieur.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS AND BODY THUD)

BOB:

Oh, I forgot to unchain you ... Here, I'll unlock it.

(SOUND: CHAIN UNLOCKED)

JACK: There.

JACK: Thank you, you are so kind. Liberty .. Freedom.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: OH, MARY .. DENNIS .. Hm ... I guess they went home.  
Well, I think I'll go in and practice a little more  
before dinner.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ROCHESTER ... SEE WHO THAT IS.

ROCHESTER: (OFF) YES SIR.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES IN HIGHER KEY)

ROCHESTER: OH, BOSS. IT'S MR. PHIL BAKER.

JACK: Phil Baker, what does he want?

BAKER: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil, what are you doing here?

BAKER: Jack, I have to stay in California longer than I thought  
and I've been having an awful time trying to find an  
apartment.

JACK: (SARCASTICALLY) Well, isn't that too bad.

BAKER: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: The way you treated me on your program and you expect me  
to give you a room .. How would you like to sleep on an  
old park bench?

BAKER: I don't care how you've got it furnished, I'll take it.

JACK: Well, you're not going to get it.

BAKER: Jack, you've got no reason to get sore at me.. If you had  
answered the last question on my program correctly, I  
would have given you the sixty-four dollars.

BUCK: But that was such a tough question nobody could answer it ... I'll bet that -- Hey, wait a minute ... wait a minute .. I did answer that correctly and you owe me sixty-four dollars.

BAKER: You did not answer it correctly.

BUCK: I didn't eh .. Ask me that same question again.. Go ahead, Baker, ask me.

BAKER: Okay .. Paderewsky was one of fifty contestants in a musical contest ... and Paderewsky was the winner.

BUCK: Go on, go on ...

BAKER: Now my question was ... Can you name the forty-nine losers?

BUCK: That's right, and what did I say?

BAKER: You said, "No, I can't."

BUCK: That's the correct answer .. I can't name them, and give me the sixty-four dollars .. Come on, give me the dough.

BAKER: O.K. .. Here.

BUCK: In television that would have been good. Thanks .. Now, Phil, I've got a little practicing to do, so I'll see you again some time.

BAKER: But, Jack, I'm really up against it. I haven't got a place to live .. can't you help a pal out with a room ... anything?

BUCK: Well, let's see ... Hey, I've got an idea .. You can sleep in the .. No, Ed likes to be alone ... I'm sorry, Phil, I have no vacancy ... Now, if you'll excuse me, I wanta finish practicing.

(PLAYS ONE STRAIN OF EXERCISES)

BAKER: (SINGS) I DON'T NEED A ROOM THAT'S CLASSY  
ALL LAST WEEK I SLEPT WITH LASSIE.

JACK: Phil, please .. I'm trying to practice, and stop  
scratching yourself.

BAKER: Well, Jack, let me practice with you on my accordian.

JACK: Your accordian? Phil, do you always carry that with you?

BAKER: Sure ... (CONFIDENTIALLY) And say, Jackson ...

JACK: What?

BAKER: The left side of Vine Street is hot this week.

JACK: What?

BAKER: You know, the Christmas spirit and everything.

JACK: Oh, yes, my agent told me ... Now, Phil, will you please  
let me practice?

BAKER: Okay, go ahead.

JACK: (ONE STRAIN OF EXERCISES IN OTHER KEY)

BAKER: (JOINS JACK ON SECOND STRAIN ON ACCORDIAN)

JACK: Phil ... Phil, please.

BAKER: All right.

(TWO STRAINS OF EXERCISES)

BAKER: (STARTS ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND)

JACK: (CONTINUES EXERCISES)

BAKER & JACK: (ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND)

CHESTER: (SINGS) IF YOU WANTA HEAR THE SWANEE RIVER PLAYED IN  
RAG TIME ..

COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR, ALEXANDER'S  
RAG TIME BAND.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

Ladies and gentlemen ... Many communities are still collecting food to help save the lives of millions of men, women and children in Europe who are starving. We here in America are the best fed nation in the world, and we are asked to make a voluntary sacrifice for those unfortunate people. All Americans should understand that this is not charity ... not a gift. Every ounce of wheat and fats we make available is purchased ... not given away. However, cash contributions can be made or canned goods can be given. So call your local Emergency Food Collection Committee, and they will tell you how you can best help the people of starving Europe. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

Jack will be back in a minute, but first here is my good friend, Mr. F. E. Boone.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

SCENE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

MS: Here's one thing you can depend on, always -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MSDAEL: Mr. Porter Gray Wall, Sr. of Pilot Mountain, North Carolina has been an independent tobacco buyer for 29 years. He knows tobacco, for tobacco is his business. He said:

MSICE: When you've been in the tobacco business as long as I have, you get to know good, fine tobacco at a glance. And I've seen plenty of that good, fine tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike. At auction after auction, I've seen American buy tobacco that's really fine. For 14 years now, I've smoked Luckies myself.

MSBUCH: Quote: "At auction after auction, I've seen American buy tobacco that's really fine." - Unquote. Yes, at market after market, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Wall can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

MS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, yes --

MSDAEL: LS - MPT

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

~~XXXX~~

12-1-46

NEWS:

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.

TRUCK:

So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0234385



(G)  
JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be with you again next Sunday night at the same time, and I want to thank Phil Baker who appeared here tonight through the courtesy of the housing shortage. Goodnight.

APPLAUSE)

ANN:

The part of Professor LeBlanc was played by Mel Blanc.

# FOOTE, CONE & BEEDING

Advertising

217 PARK AVENUE - NEW YORK - WICKERHAM 2-6000

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

LUCKY STRIKE

3, 1946 - PROGRAM #11

REVISION:

APPROVAL FINAL

NETWORK: NBC

B'CAST 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

REPEAT 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- I.S. - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234387

XDEX

-1-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

12-8-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:30 PM EST

DECEMBER 8, 1946 - PROGRAM #11

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

RUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

YSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SSS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

MS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and --

YSDAEL: LS - MPT

MS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts, men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco, can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

YSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

RTX01 0234388

SIMS:           So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco, Lucky Strike, so  
                  round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on  
                  the draw.

BOONE:           (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

FIRST ROUTINE)

AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

ANN: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM .. STARRING JACK BENNY .. WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

APPLAUSE .. MUSIC UP AND FADES)

ANN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, CHRISTMAS WILL SOON BE WITH US ..  
AND MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE RUSHING AROUND MAKING HASTY  
LAST MINUTE PURCHASES. SO LET'S GO BACK TO LAST MONDAY  
AND LOOK IN ON A LOCAL DEPARTMENT STORE IN BEVERLY HILLS.

(SOUND: FADE IN CROWD NOISES .. DEPARTMENT STORE  
NOISES AND CASH REGISTER)

WEL: Have you made up your mind yet, Mister?

JACK: Well .. well .. I don't know.

ANN: THAT WAS MONDAY .. WE NOW BRING YOU UP TO WEDNESDAY ..  
SAME STORE.

(SOUND: SHORT CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

WEL: Now look, Mister .. you've examined them both very  
carefully .. haven't you made up your mind yet?

JACK: Gee ... I don't know which one I want.

ANN: THAT WAS WEDNESDAY .. WE NOW BRING YOU UP TO SATURDAY ..  
SAME STORE.

(SOUND: SHORT CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gosh .. I wish you hadn't shown me both of them ... Lemme  
see that first one again.

WEL: Look mister ... I got a wife and five kids .. I haven't  
been home in a week .. Now make up your mind, will you?

JACK: Gosh, I .. I can't decide .. This one looks nicer, but  
the other seems to be more durable.

MARY: Oh, Jack, for heaven's sake .. shoe laces are shoe laces.

WACK: Mary, when you're buying a gift for somebody you don't rush into things ... Now let's see .. If I take the --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

EL: Oh .. pardon me ..

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

EL: HELLO ... YES .. OH, THANKS .. THANKS FOR TELLING ME. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

WACK: Gee, it's so hard to ..

EL: Look, Mister, I wanta go home .. I've got six kids now.

WACK: Oh, well, congratulations ... A new baby .. do you mind if I buy something for the little fellow?

EL: No no, why don't you buy him a razor?

WACK: A razor?

EL: Yes, by the time you pick it out, he'll be old enough to use it.

WACK: Hm ... That's an old joke.

MARY: It was new when we came in here.

WACK: Well, look, Mister, I'll take these shoe laces ... the shorter ones.

EL: Well, thank heavens .. Now, do you want the metal tips or the plastic tips?

MARY: Here we go again!

WACK: I'll take the plastic ones .. the metal ones rust.

MARY: You're right, Jack .. but of course you know the plastic ones crack.

WACK: Oh .. well then wait a minute .. Lemme see ..

EL: If that phone rings again, I'm gonna punch you right in the nose.

ROCK: All right, all right, gimme the metal ones.

EL: (SIGHS) Yes sir.

JACK: I'll pick them up later .. I'm opening a charge account.  
Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

ROCK: Mary, you have my Christmas list, haven't you?

MARY: Yes, here it is.

ROCK: What does it say?

MARY: It says .. (READING) "DEAR JACKIE BOY .. I COULDN'T MEET YOU LAST NIGHT BECAUSE A CUSTOMER SPILLED A CHOCOLATE SODA ALL OVER MY UNIFORM, SO I HAD TO --"

ROCK: The list is on the other side. Give it to me.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, who's Josephine?

ROCK: The little blonde car hop at Simon's Drive-in .. She used to work at the Glendale branch but they promoted her to Beverly Hills. Gee, I hope that chocolate soda incident doesn't send her back to Glendale. You know, she's very pretty, Mary. The drive-in uses her picture in all their newspaper ads.

MARY: Oh yes, I remember. She was Miss Cheeseburger of 1945.

ROCK: Yeah .. She'da made it this year too, but her mustard was on crooked. Just goes to show you ... fate .. a little thing like that. Lemme see that list, Mary.

MARY: Here.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

FERRY: Can I help you, young man?

BENNY: Help me?

FERRY: Yes yes, you've been standing in front of this counter for ten minutes.

BENNY: Oh, I'm sorry .. I'm confused.

FERRY: Well, that's understandable. You're confused because it's Christmas time .. you've got the Christmas spirit .. you're doing your Christmas shopping and you're looking at so many different things.

BENNY: Well, that explains why I'm confused in December .. what about the other months?

FERRY: Well, I wouldn't know .. I'm a coal miner by trade .. I'm just doing this to help pay the fine.

BENNY: Oh ... Gee, I'd like to get something for my parents.

FERRY: Your mother and father, eh?

BENNY: Yeah, how did you know?

FERRY: I .. I just figured it out.

BENNY: Oh, I know .. I think I'll get my mother a new corset.

FERRY: Well, don't you think she should come down and pick out her own corset?

BENNY: Oh, mother hasn't left the house for three days.

FERRY: Is she sick?

BENNY: No, the string broke on her old one and she can't get through the door.

FERRY: That's too bad.

BENNY: Yeah ... we were spending a quiet evening at home when BOYINNG! and steel stays flew in all directions.

FERRY: Oh, my goodness, was anybody hurt?

BENNY: No, but my father got pinned to the wall ... Anyway, wrap me up that size forty-four corset and I'll take it with me.



Yes sir.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

Now let's see that list again, Mary .. Oh yes, a dozen blades for Phil ... Some handkerchiefs for Rochester ... and some little toy for Dennis ..

You told me at Ciro's last night you were going to buy Dennis a grand piano.

Last night I had four glasses of Muscatel .. I'm all right now, so where's the toy department?

Wait a minute, Jack, what about your producer, Robert Ballin?

Oh yes .. I don't know what to get him.

Oh Jack .. look .. why don't you get him one of those new canvas golf bags?

Yeah, he'd love that.

And it's only fifteen dollars.

Oh ... Gee, I just happened to think .. he .. he doesn't play golf.

Well, why don't you get him a nice cocktail shaker?

Say, say .. that sounds good.

And it's only twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Oh ... I just happened to remember, he doesn't drink either. What else can I buy him?

A knife and fork. Let's see you get out of that.

Oh, stop ... I'll think of something. Now, let's see ...

(CONFIDENTIALLY) Hiya, Jack. Long time no see.

Huh ... What .. Oh .. oh hello ... Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Who was that?

JACK: Oh, he's a race track tout I used to see at Santa Anita .. You remember we ran into him at the Union Station last year.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: Say, Mary, I wanta get a watch for my sponsor. I wonder where the jewelry department is.

MARY: There's the floorwalker .. ask him.

JACK: Oh yes .. OH, FLOORWALKER .. FLOORWALKER.

NELSON: YESSSSSSSSS.

JACK: Can you tell me where the jewelry department is?

NELSON: Yes, but you'll hate yourself in the morning.

JACK: Look, I didn't ask for any wise cracks. You either give me a civil answer or I'll report you .. Now, where is the jewelry department?

NELSON: IT'S ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

JACK: Thanks.

NELSON: LIKE FUN IT IS.

JACK: Never mind, I'll find it myself .. Hmm.. this is a fine store to do business with.

NELSON: YOU WALKED IN HERE, LOTUS BLOSSOM, NOBODY DRAGGED YOU.

JACK: Oh quiet .. Come on, Mary, we'll find it.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Mary, let's go upstairs and get that watch for my sponsor. We'll take one of these elevators.

MARY: Number five is just about to go up.

JACK: Yeah, let's hurry.

MIBIN: Hey, Jack .. Hey, Jack.

JACK: Huh .. Oh, it's you again.

MIBIN: Yeah .. come here a minute.

JACK: What is it?

MIBIN: Where you going?

JACK: Upstairs.

MIBIN: Which elevator you taking?

JACK: Number five.

MIBIN: ... Uh uh ..

JACK: What?

MIBIN: Take Number Three. It'll beat five to the top by two and a half floors.

JACK: But number five is about to go up.

MIBIN: I know, I know .. but she's carrying too much weight.

JACK: Well, I don't know .. what do you think about number one?

MIBIN: Uh .. uh .. local, can't go the distance.

JACK: Oh .. What about number two?

MIBIN: Slow starter.

JACK: Well, it really doesn't make any difference .. I'm only Christmas shopping.

MIBIN: Okay .. it's your money.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hm ... I wonder where he gets his information.

MARY: Jack, are we going up or not? So far all you've bought is a pair of shoe laces.

JACK: Well, at least the .. Say, Mary, I was thinking .. maybe you were right about those plastic tips. I think they are better than the metal ones .. I'll go back and change them.

MARY: Oh, Jack.

JACK: Come on .. I'll change these shoe laces.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

PHIL: Pardon me, miss ... would you mind waiting on me, please?

WYOLA: (SOUTHERN) Why yes suh, what can I do for you all?

PHIL: WELL! HONEYCHILE! Where are you all from?

WYOLA: Alabama ... You know, that's down South!

PHIL: WELL CORN MAH PONE AND MINT MAH JULEP, SHAKE HANDS WITH A FELLOW REBEL!

WYOLA: Oh, are you from the South, too?

PHIL: AM I FROM THE SOUTH? .. JUST RUN YOUR HANDS THROUGH MY HAIR AND FEEL THOSE BOLL WEEVILS.

WYOLA: Well, ah declare .. say, wait a minute .. your voice is awfully familiar ... Haven't I heard it before?

PHIL: Why sho' you did, babe ... I'm Phil Harris, The Texas Toscanini.

WYOLA: Well, imagine that ... just wait till I tell the other girls that I waited on Phil Harris ... Now, what would you like to buy?

PHIL: Well, Sugar ... I don't know.

WYOLA: How would you all like to see something nice in lingerie?

BEN: NOW HONEY .. YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T THROW ME A LINE LIKE

WOLA: (LAUGHING) Oh, gee, Mr. Harris ... You're so cute.

BEN: Yeah, everybody notices it ...

WOLA: (LAUGHING) You know, Mr. Harris ... you're so much different than I pictured you to be ... On the radio you're such a braggart ... You sound so conceited.

BEN: I ain't really like that ... but Benny's writers always write me that way.

WOLA: His writers?

BEN: Yeah ... every time they get hold of a beautiful hunk of man they make him conceited ... Now let's see what can I get for my wife? I know .. one of them negligees there.

WOLA: Yes sir, shall I wrap it as a gift?

BEN: Yeah, and fix the package up so she can't peek into it ... You know ... Seal it all over with some of that there Scotch and Soda Tape.

WOLA: (LAUGHS) I'll have it wrapped up for you in just a minute.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

BEN: But look, Mister, plastic tips or metal tips, what difference does it make?

WOLA: Well, it's a gift and I want it to be right.

BEN: But those shoe laces are more expensive.

WOLA: I don't care .. I'll take them anyway.

BEN: When he buys shoe laces, money is no object.

WOLA: That's right ... Give me the expensive ones.

All right, all right. You're not hurting me, I work on

...

Just wrap them and I'll pick them up later. Come on,  
Mary.

Jack, I want to stop a minute at the lingerie counter.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

I like this shade, Miss, I'll take this pair of two  
thread hose.

(SOUTHERN) You're wrong, lady, this hose is three  
thread.

Oh no, it's two thread.

I beg your pardon, but it's three thread.

Listen, sister, don't argue with me ... Not so long ago  
I was standing right where you are.

That's telling her, Mary.

Well, hello, Mr. Benny .. I see the Yuletide is catching  
up with you.

Huh ... Oh hello, Mr. Kitzel. Are you doing your  
Christmas shopping?

Hoo hoo hoo ... the things I am buying. For my little  
daughter I am buying, you should excuse the expression,  
a piggy bank.

Uh huh.

And my little boy is at the age where he is going in  
for sports ... but I don't know what to get him.

Why don't you buy him a badminton set?

Eh, I'll pay a little more and get him a good minton set.

What?

Christmas .. Christmas only comes once a year.

JACK: I guess you're right.

ARTIE: Let's see what's in the appliance department.

JACK: What's that?

ARTIE: A mish mosher.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: A mish mosher.

JACK: Oh no .. you mean a mix master.

ARTIE: That's right .. a mix mosher.

JACK: Well, I'm sure you'll find one in the appliance department.

ARTIE: Denk you.

JACK: .. Well, goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye.

JACK: Mary .. Mary, while you're buying the stockings, I'll go over to the toy department to get something for Dennis.

MARY: All right, Jack .. I'll meet you later.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

SANDY: Well, there you are, Mr. Wilson, how does that shoe feel?

DON: Oh, it fits perfectly. I'll take that pair.

SANDY: That's fine, and would you like some extra shoe laces?

DON: No, I always get a pair for Christmas.

SANDY: Well, that must keep you excited.

DON: Yes, I never know whether I'm going to get plastic tips or metal tips.

SANDY: Well, I'll have these shoes wrapped for you in just a minute, Mr. Wilson.

DON: Fine.

SANDY: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hiya, Jack .. Doing your Christmas shopping?

JACK: Yeah, I was just going over to the toy department.

DON: I just came from there .. and I bought you the most novel thing you've ever seen in your life.

JACK: For me?

DON: Yes .. in fact, I'm not even gonna wait till Christmas. I'm going to show it to you right now.

JACK: Well, what is it?

DON: Look.

JACK: But Don, that's nothing but a set of toy wooden soldiers.. That's not for me.

DON: Just watch what happens when I wind them up.

JACK: But Don ..

(SOUND: LOT OF WINDING OF RATCHET)

MUSIC: FIRST TWO STRAINS OF "PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS"

QUARTETTE: L S M - F T, L S M - F T

L S M F - M F - M F M F T.

IT'S THE SMOKE FOR YOU, IT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME

IT'S THE SMOKE FOR WE.

L S M, L S M, L S M F F F, M F F F

M F F, M F F, M F T

L S M, L S M, L S M F F F, M F F F

M F F, M F F, M F T.

THEY'RE SO ROUND

BOOM BOOM

QUARTETTE: THEY'RE SO FIRM

BOOM BOOM

QUARTETTE: THEY'RE SO FULLY, FULLY PACKED.

JACK: Don, it was nice of you to think of me, but -- Don, I don't want that.



FRUM: BOOM.  
BETTE: BETTER BUY LUCKIES,  
BETTER BUY LUCKIES,  
LUCKY STRIKES THE SMOKE FOR ME.  
(BEGIN TO RETARD)  
BETTER BUY LUCKIES,  
BETTER TRY LUCKIES,  
L S, L S, M F -- (FADE OUT)

TON: Oh darn it, I'll have to wind them up again.

JACK: Never mind, Don, I don't want it. But it was a nice thought anyway. See you later.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Oh, don't bother wrapping them as a gift.

YOLA: Here you are.

MARY: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Miss Livingstone. Gee, am I tired. I just walked up to the sixth floor and back.

MARY: Walked? Why didn't you take the elevator?

DENNIS: Well, I was gonna take elevator number three, but some man came over and told me it was scratched.

MARY: Oh yes, he's a friend of Jack's ... what are you doing here in the music department?

DENNIS: I was just going to buy some records ... Here's a swell one, Mary ... You wanta hear it?

MARY: Yes, put it on.

DENNIS: Okay.

(DENNIS'S SONG ... "OLE BUTTERMILK SKY")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Mary, I was looking for you. Where have you been?

MARY: I was just talking to Dennis.

JACK: Oh .. let me look at that list again, will you?

MARY: Here you are.

JACK: Gee, I still have to get a present for my old girl, Gladys Zybisco. I don't know what to get her. Do you think she'd like a lipstick?

MARY: I don't know, has she got lips?

JACK: Don't .. don't be so catty. I .. I think .. I think I'll buy her a bottle of perfume ... And let's see, what else ... Oh yes, I'll have to send something to Fred Allen.

MARY: Fred Allen? I didn't know you and Fred exchanged gifts.

JACK: Oh sure. This year, I'd like to get him something he needs ... I wonder what department sells plasma ... Oh, well, come on, I'll get the perfume first. I think it's right over.

ZEDES: (OFF) Oh, look ... look, there's Jack Benny, hello!

JACK: What ... what's that?

ZEDES: May I have your autograph, Mr. Benny.

JACK: My autograph?

ZEDES: Yes, it will make me so very happy, yes indeed, so very happy.

JACK: Hmmm .. Well, I'll .. I'll be glad to ... There you are.

ZEDES: Oh, thank you, Mr. Benny, thank you very much ...

Goodbye! Goodbye!

JACK: Goodbye. Who was that guy, anyway?

WOMAN: What's the difference as long as he's happy, happy.

WOMAN: Yeah.

WOMAN: Well, here's the perfume counter.

WOMAN: What .. Oh yes, yes. Pardon me, sir, I'd like to buy some perfume.

WOMAN: (MOOLEY) Okay, Mister, what kinda perfume would ya like?

WOMAN: Hm .. Well, I don't know ... What's popular right now?

WOMAN: Well, here's sumtin dat's not too strong, yet leaves a trail of broken hearts.

WOMAN: Oh.

WOMAN: It's called "Aveck Tray Jetame Bookoo My Cherie Tray Been."

WOMAN: What .. what does that mean in English?

WOMAN: Condensation of steam that's been forced through a motorman's glove.

WOMAN: Gee, they go to so much trouble. No no, I don't think I'd like that.

WOMAN: Well, here's some udder perfume called Essence of Smog.

WOMAN: Well, I don't know .. Mary, do you think I oughta take a bottle of this?

WOMAN: (LOW VOICE) Duh ... Coitenly..

WOMAN: Mary! How much is it, Mister?

WOMAN: This is twenty-five bucks an ounce .. and de udder one I showed you is thirty bucks.

WOMAN: Well, haven't you anything a little more reasonable?

WOMAN: Yeah .. I even have some perfume for twenty-five cents an ounce.

WOMAN: Twenty-five cents an ounce .. What kind of a bottle does that come in?

ELLIOT: It don't come in no bottle, we keep it on tap.  
 JACK: On tap?  
 MARY: I'll bet they serve pretzels with it.  
 JACK: Yeah ... well I don't think I'll take any. By the way, Mister, how come they put a fellow like you behind the perfume counter?  
 ELLIOT: Oh, my regular job is in de delicatessen department slicing Limburger cheese.  
 JACK: Limburger cheese?  
 ELLIOT: Yeah, once a month they send me here to nootralize me.  
 JACK: Well, what do you know ... Come on, Mary, I'll get the perfume later .. let's go home ... I'm .. I'm tired.  
 MARY: Don't forget to stop at the notions counter to pick up the shoe laces you bought. The ones with the plastic tips.  
 JACK: The shoe laces.. Yeah, I'll bet .. Hey, wait a minute, did I get the plastic tips.  
 MARY: Sure, you went back and changed them.  
 JACK: Oh yeah .. You know, Mary, now that I think about it --  
 MARY: Jack!  
 JACK: Yes, Mary, I might as well get what I want. And I'd rather have the metal tips. Come on.  
 MARY: Oh, look there's Rochester buying some neckties.  
 JACK: Yeah and that floor walker's waiting on him. Let's sneak up behind him.  
 NELSON: I think this tie is beautiful ... It's very unusual.  
 ROCHESTER: YEAH, BUT I DON'T THINK MY BOSS WOULD LIKE IT ... IT ISN'T HIS STYLE.

ELSON: I see. What type of man is your boss?  
CHESTER: WELL, HE'S MEDIUM TALL, MEDIUM WEIGHT ... AND RATHER CONSERVATIVE.  
ELSON: You mean he's conservative in appearance?  
CHESTER: IT GOES DEEPER THAN THAT ..  
ACK: (WHISPERING) Hm ... At least he's subtle.  
RAY: Quiet, I wanta hear this.  
ELSON: Now here's a nice tie .. Maybe he'd like this one.  
CHESTER: YEAH, THAT'S A PRETTY THING .. HOW MUCH IS IT?  
ELSON: It's only three dollars and fifty cents.  
CHESTER: HOW MUCH?  
ELSON: Three dollars and fifty cents.  
CHESTER: .....TOO BAD.. HE WOULD HAVE LIKED THAT ONE.  
ACK: (Oh fine.)  
ELSON: Well, if you don't want to spend quite so much, here's a nice tie for eighty-nine cents.  
CHESTER: WELL, THAT'S CLOSER TO WHAT I HAD IN MIND .. AND WALLET.  
ELSON: Of course, it might be a little too plain for your boss. Is he a young man?  
CHESTER: .... NO.  
ELSON: Is he middle-aged?  
CHESTER: .... NO.  
ELSON: Is he elderly?  
CHESTER: WRAP IT UP!  
ACK: Rochester Van Jones!  
CHESTER: OH, HELLO, BOSS ... I DIDN'T SEE YOU.  
ACK: I know you didn't ... And don't be buying me any eighty-nine cent tie.  
ELSON: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, I'M WORKING ON COMMISSION.

JACK: I will not. Now, look, Rochester, you've been with me ten years now and I've been very nice to you .. I've always tried to make things pleasant for you and keep you happy, haven't I?

ROCHESTER: I'D LIKE TO HEAR JUDGE GOLDSBORO'S OPINION OF THAT.

JACK: Never mind ... Now, I'm leaving you here and I want you to decide for yourself whether or not I'm worth more than an eighty-nine cent tie ... Come on, Mary, let's go.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say, Mary, which tie do you think Rochester's going to buy me ... the one for three fifty or the one for eighty-nine cents?

MARY: Well ... if you were Rochester, which one would you buy?

JACK: I'll fire that guy ... Oh, here we are, Mary ... here's the notions counter. Oh, say, Mister ...

CL: Yes.

JACK: About the shoe laces I bought.

CL: Oh yes yes, I've got them all wrapped up ... Here you are.

JACK: Well, I've been thinking about the plastic tips and I think the metal tips would be much better.

CL: No no .. no no .. no!

JACK: But all I want to do is change them.

CL: Change them, change them he says .. This can't be happening to me ... This must be a dream.

JACK: Look, mister ...

CL: (CRYING) I've always been a good man ... always did the right thing ... worked hard in this store .. a loyal employee ..

BACK: Look clerk ..

GL: WHEN THE CHRISTMAS SEASON STARTED, THEY GAVE US OUR  
CHOICE OF DEPARTMENTS .. I KNOW I COULD HAVE HAD ANY  
COUNTER I WANTED .. BUT I TOOK SHOE LACES ... SHOE LACES  
... AND WHY? .. BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE EASY ...  
SIMPLE ..

BACK: Mister ...

GL: METAL TIPS, PLASTIC TIPS .. AND WE'VE GOT RUBBER TIPS, TOO  
.. BUT I WOULDN'T TELL YOU .. I WOULDN'T TELL YOU ...

(MANIACAL LAUGH) I WOULDN'T TELL YOU ... (STRONGER  
MANIACAL LAUGH ENDING UP BY CRYING A LONG TIME)

BACK: Come on, Mary, there's a crowd forming, let's get out  
of here.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

SEE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #11.

-21-

JACK: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here is my good friend, Mr. L. A. Speed Riggs.

ATX01 0234409



V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

WIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts - and today, tomorrow, always -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

WIMS: Mr. Dewey H. Huffines, independent tobacco auctioneer of Reidsville, North Carolina was born and raised in the tobacco business. He said:

WICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's mild, ripe and mellow - fine tobacco that tastes good and smokes good. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.

WYSDAEL: Year after year, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Huffines - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BARUCH: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco ... real Lucky Strike tobacco. Yes -

WYSDAEL: LS - MFT

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

12-8-46

SIMS:

So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.  
So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and  
easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0234411

(GAG)

JACK: Say, Mary, that department store was certainly crowded, wasn't it?

MARY: It sure was.

JACK: And they had so many people working there. There was Mel Blanc, Gerald Moore, Frank Nelson, Benny Rubin, Vyola Vonn, Artie Auerback, Sandy Bickart, Pete Leeds, Elliot Lewis .. and you know those little wooden soldiers that sang?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: They sounded just like that quartette, The Sportsmen .. I was gonna mention my writers, too, but they wouldn't even come in for the show .. they stayed in Palm Springs. I hope they run out of sun-tan oil. Goodnight, folks.

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_

NETWORK: NBC

LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

15, 1946-PROGRAM #12

REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. EST

(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MPT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234413

1946

-1-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

12-15-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:30-7:30 PM EST DECEMBER 15, 1946 - PROGRAM #12

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: The Jack Benny Program - presented by Lucky Strike.

WYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

WONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and -

WYSDAEL: LS - MFT

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

WINS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and season after season, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

WYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco - real Lucky Strike tobacco! ... fine tobacco that means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234414

BARUCH: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

HIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY ... WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ONCE AGAIN WE TAKE YOU  
TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS, WHERE WE FIND  
JACK AND ROCHESTER IN THE LIBRARY.

JACK: (SOFTLY) Rochester ... Rochester ... do we have to be  
this quiet?

ROCHESTER: (VERY SOFTLY) Shhhh .. be patient boss ... I'm trying  
to use psychology.

JACK: Psychology?

ROCHESTER: Yeah ... watch this ...

(VERY VERY SOFTLY) 'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring  
Not ... even ... a --

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

ROCHESTER: WE GOT HIM THAT TIME, BOSS!

JACK: Good good ... Now take the mouse out of the trap.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

ROCHESTER: HEY BOSS, GREAT NEWS, GREAT NEWS!

JACK: What is it?

ROCHESTER: WE GOT HIM BEFORE HE COULD EAT THE CHEESE.

JACK: Well, it wouldn't have done him any good anyway, it's  
wax .... Now, come on, Rochester, let's finish  
addressing my Christmas cards.

ROCHESTER: OKAY.

JACK: Now let's see ... we finished the ones to my relatives ... Now let's address the cards to the movie stars I know ...

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: I've got the right list here ... Rodney Dangerfield ... M.G.M. Studios.

ROCHESTER: (SLOWLY) RODNEY ... DANGERFIELD.

JACK: Cyril Forsythe, Universal-International Studios.

ROCHESTER: CYRIL ... FORSYTHE.

JACK: Marcella Underwood, Warner Brothers Studios.

ROCHESTER: MARCELLA ... UNDERWOOD.

JACK: Anthony Fisk, Paramount Studios.

ROCHESTER: ANTHONY ... FISK.

JACK: Yeah.

ROCHESTER: WELL ... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE PICKETS, LET'S GET TO THE STARS.

JACK: These are stars ... every one of them. Now, let's see ... Oh yes ... Ilka Thistledown, M.G.M. Studios.

ROCHESTER: ILKA ... THISTLEDOWN.

JACK: Gee, how she ever missed getting the Academy Award last year I'll never know ... she was wonderful in "Andy Hardy Blows His Nose" ... Bertram Holmquist, Twentieth Century Fox Studio.

ROCHESTER: BERTRAM ... HOLMQUIST.

JACK: Gary Cooper, Paramount Studio.

ROCHESTER: GARY ... COOPER ..... WHO'S HE?



JACK: A big tall fellow ... He's a pretty big star. Of course he's not a Rodney Dangerfield but he's coming along. Now let's see ... who else ... Oh yes ... Geraldine ...

ROCHESTER: (SOFTLY) Shh, just a minute Boss .. I think I hear another mouse.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: Quiet ...

'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring  
Not ... even ... a --

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

ROCHESTER: WE GOT HIM TOO.

JACK: Good good. Is he a big one?

ROCHESTER: OH OH ..

JACK: What's the matter.

ROCHESTER: THERE'S NOTHING IN THE TRAP BUT A NOTE.

JACK: A note?

ROCHESTER: YEAH ... IT SAYS, "YOU CAN RECITE GUNGA DIN, YOU AIN'T GONNA CATCH ME."

JACK: Oh stop making things up.

ROCHESTER: Well, all I know is we didn't catch him.

JACK: Yeah .... Set it again, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: SAY BOSS, WITH ALL THESE MICE IN THE HOUSE WHY DON'T YOU GET A CAT?

JACK: Mouse traps don't drink milk ... That's why. Well, we're through with the Christmas cards, and I think I've got the presents all set up ... Oh, I meant to do this before ... I've got to get Don Wilson's house on the phone.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP AND DIALING)

JACK: (SINGS) DA DA BUM BUM, DA BUM BUM, DA DUM BUM BUM, BUM, BUM, BUM, BUM, I GOT THE SUN IN THE MORNING AND THE SMOG AT NIGHT ... GOT THE -- Hello ... Oh, hello, Mrs. Wilson, this is Jack Benny ... Yes, I was just singing to myself ... Yes I know Don is at the studio, that's why I picked this time to call ... Now, Mrs. Wilson, I'm giving Don a beautiful pair of show laces for Christmas ... Yes, with metal tips ... Oh no! Of all the things he should have ... Are you sure he already has metal tips? ... Oh gosh ... Well, I'll just have to exchange them again. Well anyway, Mrs. Wilson don't tell Don what I'm giving him ... What ... You wouldn't dare? ... (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) ... Thank you, the same to you ... Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Wouldn't you know it, Rochester ... and all the trouble I went through at that department store last week ... I could have taken plastic tips ... but no, I had to take metal ones ...

ROCHESTER: BY THE WAY, BOSS, THIS IS SATURDAY. YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING YOUR REHEARSAL ARE YOU?

JACK: Oh no no . Miss Livingstone's sister, Babe, is going to pick me up and drive me to the studio.

ROCHESTER: MISS LIVINGSTONE'S SISTER?

JACK: Yes, Mary has a cold and Babe came out from Plainfield to spend the holidays with her. Now, Rochester, bring me that package with the shoe laces, I'm going to stop by the store and exchange them.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR ... AND SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Yeah.

ROCHESTER: IF YOU SEE A MOUSE TRAP THAT RECITES "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS" BUY IT ... I'M GETTING HOARSE.

JACK: I'll look around

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: I'm glad Mary's feeling better today, Babe.

BABE: Yes, she'll be all right in a couple of days.

JACK: Good ... hmm .. nice delivery. You can talk .. we're driving in a car. Gee, I hope Myrt's listening in.

(HUMS) Got no dum dum, Got no dum, Got no dum bum ...

Gee, it's a nice day for a -- Babe! Put on your brakes quick! There's a car coming right for us!

BABE: That's going the other way, it's a new Studebaker.

JACK: Gee, you can't tell when those Studebakers are coming or going.

BABE: I know. The other day my boy friend was hit by one.

JACK: How?

BABE: Well, he was standing on the corner trying to figure out whether it was coming or going and the darn thing went sideways.

JACK: Well, what do you know. Hey, there goes another one .. It's a cute car, isn't it .. and so much glass.

BABE: Yeah, looks like a silex on wheels.

JACK: Yeah. Well, another star is born. Don't be nervous, Babe. That's a new Studebaker. I wonder what model that one is.

BABE: They have four models. Champion, Commander, Regular and Drip.

JACK: Oh yes ... You know, Babe, I was just thinking .. people who live in Studebakers shouldn't throw stones. HA HA HA HA ... OH, JACKSON, YOU KEEP THIS UP AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR OWN SHOW, TOO ... Yes sir.

BABE: No wonder my mother hates you.

JACK: Well, you should read some of the stuff your mother writes about you. Believe me you'd ... Hey, there's Dennis standing over there on the corner. Let's stop and pick him up.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: OH DENNIS, DENNIS.

DENNIS: Oh hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What are you doing standing on the corner, kid? You should be at the studio rehearsing.

DENNIS: I'm waiting for the Pico bus.

JACK: But Dennis, how can you get the Pico bus on Sunset Boulevard?

DENNIS: My mother drives it.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: And it doesn't cost me anything to ride, either.

JACK: It doesn't?

DENNIS: No mother pulls the bus up to the curb, and shouts  
"NO CHARGE FOR BABIES IN ARMS" ... then she gets out  
and carries me in.

JACK: Dennis, stop that nonsense and get in the car.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Dennis, this is Mary's sister, Miss Livingstone.

DENNIS: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

BABE: You can call me Babe.

DENNIS: You can call me Toots.

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: (WHISTLES)

JACK: Dennis! That's her name ... Babe.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Let's go, Babe.

(SOUND: CAR STARTS)

JACK: Say Babe, after we stop at the studio, I want to go  
down to the department store and exchange the gift I  
bought for Don Wilson.

BABE: The shoe laces?

JACK: Yeah, how did you know?

BABE: Mary told me all the trouble she went through with you  
last week.

JACK: Yeah, well I can't help it. I've gotta go back and  
get the shoe laces with plastic tips. I want Don to  
be happy.

BABE: Plastic tips, metal tips, with his stomach he'll never see them anyway.

JACK: Hey, that's pretty good. Take a bow. I'm alone in the car. I guess you've never heard of mirrors ... have you?

DENNIS: What did you buy me for Christmas, Mr. Benny?

JACK: I'm not gonna tell you Dennis, but it will be under the tree on Christmas morning.

DENNIS: Gee, another pine cone.

JACK: Oh no it isn't. Say Babe ...

DENNIS: Every year I get a pine cone.

JACK: Say Babe ...

DENNIS: The first year I didn't know it was a pine cone.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I thought it was an artichoke and I ate it.

JACK: Oh Dennis, stop. Imagine eating a pine cone. Say, Babe ...

DENNIS: The doctor pumped out my stomach and built a fire.

JACK: A fire?

DENNIS: Yeah. I was empty on the inside and burning on the outside.

JACK: Oh quiet! Now, Babe, when we get to the studio we'll only stay a little while so I can go to the store. Phil is probably rehearsing Dennis's number.

DENNIS: I rehearsed my song all morning. Would you like to hear it?

JACK: Well, if you've gotta open your mouth, I'd rather have you sing. Go ahead.

DENNIS: But we're riding in a car.

JACK: I know. Babe, put the top down ... some people may want to show their appreciation.

(DENNIS'S SONG ... "THE OLD LAMPLIGHTER")

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

ACK: That's very good, Dennis .. Well, here we are at the studio ... Wait in the car for me, Babe ... I'll only be a minute.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

EL: (COCKNEY) I beg your pardon, Guvernor, but you can't park your car here in front of Buckingham Palace, they're changing the guard, you know.

ACK: Buckingham Palace? This is N.B.C. in Hollywood.

EL: Hollywood? My my, in this fog I must have strayed a bit off my beat.

ACK: You certainly must have. I'll see you in a few minutes, Babe.

BE: O.K. I'm hungry so I'll go to the drug store and get a chiss sweese sandwich.

ACK: Must run in the family. O.K. Dennis, let's go.



(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN ... CAR DOOR CLOSE ...  
FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now Dennis, when you go over your number with Phil, be  
sure and ...

ARTIE: OH, MR. DAY .. MR. DAY .. (FOOTSTEPS STOP) MAY I HAVE  
YOUR AUTOGRAPH PLEASE?

DENNIS: Why certainly. Have you got a pencil?

ARTIE: Yes sir.

DENNIS: ..... There you are.

ARTIE: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ..... Hm ... Now, Dennis, as I was saying ... I don't  
wanta tell you how to do your song even though I am  
the star of the show ... but when you try ...

JEANETTE: Pardon me, Mr. Day, but may I have your autograph?

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DENNIS: Why certainly, Miss. Have you got a pencil?

JEANETTE: Yes sir.

DENNIS: ..... There you are.

JEANETTE: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ..... Dennis ...

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: I'm afraid you'll have to give up your own show ... Now,  
as I was saying...

DENNIS: But Mr. Benny, people like me ... Two of them just asked  
me for my ---

JACK: I know what they did! You've only had your show now thirteen weeks and you're going around signing autographs. You don't have to be so hammy, you know.

DENNIS: But they asked me.

JACK: You didn't have to encourage them. You know, kid, when you've been in radio as long as I have you take those things in your stride. You don't make such a big thing out of it.

EL: OH, MR. BENNY. (FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Why certainly, have you got a pencil?

EL: Huh?

JACK: Come on, gimme your pencil if you want my autograph. I'm a busy star. Come on.

EL: I just want two nickels for a dime so I can use the phone.

JACK: Oh. Well, I haven't got change. Come on, Dennis.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hm.

DENNIS: I've got change for a dime.

JACK: All right, all right, you little show off ... (MIMICS DENNIS) I've got change for a dime, I've got change for a dime .. It's my own fault ... I picked you up when you had absolutely nothing ... I put you on my show ... I trained you, coached you ... and after working for me for seven years, what happens?

DENNIS: I got change for a dime.

JACK: All right, all right ... I'm going in the studio to see how Phil is doing. I'll see you later, kid.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: NOW LOOK, FELLOWS, WE'VE BEEN REHEARSING THIS FOR TWO HOURS ... NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME. COME ON .. A-ONE .. A-TWO ...

(DARNDDEST LOUDEST NOISE YOU EVER HEARD WITH DRUM LOUDER THAN ANYTHING)

PHIL: HOLD IT, HOLD IT, HOLD IT .. HOLD IT.

(MUSIC STOPS)

PHIL: NO NO NO, FELLOWS .. THAT'S NOT IT EITHER. I CAN'T HEAR NO BRASS.

JACK: Oh Phil ..

PHIL: Just a minute, Buster .. NOW LET'S TRY IT ONCE MORE, FELLOWS. AND GIVE .. GIVE .. NOW COME ON ... A-ONE . A-TWO ..

(LOUDER RACKET THAN EVER)

PHIL: NO NO NO NO.

(MUSIC STOPS)

PHIL: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS ANYWAY? ... YOU'RE NOT GIVING ME NOTHING.

JACK: Phil, what are you rehearsing?

PHIL: White Christmas.

JACK: Phil ... Phil, are you crazy? White Christmas is a beautiful song ... it should be played softly and with feeling. Can't your band play pianissimo?

PHIL: They're having enough trouble with "White Christmas."

JACK: Phil, pianissimo is not a song ... it's a musical term meaning softly.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, why don't you just take care of the jokes and leave the music to me?

JACK: I won't leave the music to you. This is my program and I want the music to be good.

PHIL: What're you talking about? I'm rehearsing this for my own show.

JACK: Your own show?

PHIL: Certainly. Why else would Alice be playing the trombone.

JACK: What? You've got a lot of nerve rehearsing the music for your show on my time. Eighteen men at six dollars a man .:. that's a hundred and eight dollars. Do you expect me to pay for that?

PHIL: Why not. You've been doing it all season.

JACK: Well, how do you like that? I've got a good mind to take those boys and throw them right off the program. In fact I think I will right after the first of the year.

PHIL: You're only bluffing.

JACK: I am not.

PHIL: Then why wait till the first of the year ... why don't you fire them right now?

JACK: Because their green complexions and their blood-shot eyes make a nice color scheme for Christmas ... That's why ... Now I haven't got time to argue with you, I gotta go down town to the department store.

DON: Oh Jack, can you spare a minute for me?

JACK: Oh hello, Don.. I didn't see you. What do you want?

DON: Well, I'm rehearsing the commercial with the quartette and I want you to hear it.

JACK: I'm glad you brought that up. Last week was the first time that I thought that quartette was really all right. And if they can give me something like that again it'll be okay.

DON: Jack, I'm glad to hear you say that because this week we've got something even better.

JACK: Good good, Don ... Lemme hear it.

DON: Okay ... READY BOYS ... LET'S GO ...  
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO ... YES, LUCKY STRIKE  
MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

(INTRODUCTION TO PIZZICATO)

QUARTETTE: OH LS, SS, SS, LS, M F T.

OH MF, FF, LS, MF, 1 2 3.

JACK: Don.

L SS, MF, FF, FF, P D Q.

SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED

SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DREW.

JACK: Drew?

OH LS, MF, LS, MFT, (DING DING)

OH MF, MF, LS, MFT (DING DING)

OH LSSS, LSSS, MP, F, F, F, F, F, M, F, T.

JACK: Don.

QUARTETTE: (CONTINUES WITH BIRD WHISTLE)

JACK: Don look ... Don, hold it a minute ... Look fellows ...  
Wait a minute ... Wait a minute .. WAIT A MINUTE ...  
WAIT A MINUTE! ... Don ... Don ... Elephant Boy ... Look  
Don ... I'm not going to raise my voice ... I'm not  
going to get excited ... I'm not going to lose my  
temper ... I just don't want the quartette any more  
that's all ... and now I'm going to the department  
store and finish my Yuletide shopping. Goodbye, boys.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #12

-17-

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Goodbye, Don.

DON: Goodbye.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS ... BODY THUD)

JACK: The tenor tripped me! ... Goodbye!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0234431

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, Babe, the store is even more crowded than it was last week.

BABE: Yeah. Did you have to come back here just to exchange those shoe laces. I think it's ridiculous.

JACK: Babe, I might as well get what I want. After all I'm ..

BABE: (WHISPERS) Jack ... Jack ...

JACK: Huh?

BABE: (WHISPERS) Watch out for that fellow in back of you.

JACK: What?

BABE: He looks like a pick-pocket.

JACK: Oh yes. Don't worry, Babe, watch this ...

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring  
Not even a --

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

MEL: OUCH!

JACK: I got him, Babe, I got him ... Hey, Buddy, what were you doing with your hand in my pocket?

MEL: I was just returning the junk I stole from you last week.

JACK: Junk?

MEL: When I turned that stuff in, I was almost thrown out of the Pickpocket's Guild.

JACK: Well, I oughta have you thrown in jail. Come on, Babe, let's exchange these shoe laces and get out of here.

BABE: Okay.

SARA: (NASAL) Well, Babe Livingstone, of all people!

BABE: Well, Sara Sauerbrotten.

JACK: Sara Sauerbrotten?

SARA: What are you going in town, Babe?

BABE: Oh, I just came out here to get a little California sunshine.

SARA: Oh ... you'll be out here a long time... You know, Babe, I always thought you'd marry Steve Ferguson, the fellow who worked at the gas station.

BABE: Oh, we broke up, Sara ... I haven't seen Steve in years.

SARA: Well, you shoulda hung onto him, he's got his own gas station now, with three grease pits.

BABE: He had those grease pits when I went with him ... that's why we broke up.

SARA: Really?

BABE: (LAUGHINGLY) Yeah .. every time I sat on his lap, I slipped through.

JACK: Come on, Babe, let's go.

SARA: Say ... who's this gentleman with the mousetrap ... anything serious?

JACK: Babe, come on, I've got a lot of shopping to do ..

SARA: Well, so long, Babe ... I've got to get back to the music counter ... I demonstrate songs here.

BABE: Okay ... Goodbye, Sara.

SARA: Goodbye, I'll tell Steve I seen you.

JACK: Let's go, Babe. I wanta change these shoe laces.

PETE: Well well, if it isn't Jack Benny ... Oh, Mr. Benny ..  
Hello!

BABE: Who's that, Lily Pons?



JACK: I don't know.

PETE: Mr. Benny, may I have your autograph please?

JACK: I gave you my autograph last week.

PETE: Yes I know, but on my way home I lost it ... I'm so carelcss ... yes indeed so very careless.

JACK: There you are.

PETE: Thank you, Mr. Benny, thank you very much.

JACK: You're welcome. Goodbye.

PETE: Goodbye.

JACK: What a character ... Oh, Babe, there's the notions department right beside the music counter. Come on.

(PIANO INTRODUCTION TO "FIVE MINUTES MORE")

JACK: Oh look, Babe, your girl friend is gonna sing.

SARA: (SINGS) GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE

ONLY FIVE MINUTES MORE

LET ME STAY, LET ME STAY

IN YOUR ARMS.

(IT'S SO THRILLING AND I'M SO WEAK AND WILLING)

HERE AM I BEGGING FOR

ONLY FIVE MINUTES MORE

ONLY FIVE MINUTES MORE

OF YOUR CHARMS.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Here we are, Babe ... Here's the notions counter. Now I can exchange the shoe laces.

BABE: But Jack, I don't see the man that waited on you last week.

JACK: I don't either ... well, I'll find out where he is ... Oh Madam ...

WOMAN: Yes.

JACK: Where's the gentleman who was at this counter last week?

WOMAN: Oh you mean my husband, he's in a sanitarium.

JACK: Oh that's too bad. What happened.

WOMAN: Well ... (CRYING SOFTLY) Some jerk came in here to buy some shoe laces and he couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted plastic tips or metal tips and he drove my husband crazy. (CRYING LOUDER) ALL WEEK HE'S BEEN LYING IN BED STARING INTO SPACE AND SCREAMING, "PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS, PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS" AND ONCE HE SAID, "I'VE GOT RUBBER TIPS TOO, BUT I WON'T TELL HIM, I WON'T TELL HIM, I WON'T TELL HIM." (CRIES A LONG TIME AND THEN CONTROLS HERSELF) I'm sorry. I do hope you'll forgive me ...

JACK: That's all right.

WOMAN: Now what can I do for you?

JACK: Well ... er ... well ...

BABE: Tell her, you coward.

JACK: Babe. Never mind, madam ... I'll come in again some other time ... Come on, Babe.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BABE: Aren't you gonna exchange the laces?

JACK: No, Don will have to take the metal tips and like it. He's not gonna drive people crazy with those lousy shoe laces ... Let's go home.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)



V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Remember this all-important fact! Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette - and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BUYSDAEL: Mr. Garland Fletcher Tilley, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina, has bought millions of pounds of tobacco during the last 25 years. He said:

VOICE: Season after season, at auction after auction, I've seen tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike -- and believe you me, that tobacco is really good - ripe, smooth and mild ... tobacco you just can't beat for real smokin' quality. I've smoked Luckies myself for 17 years.

BARUCH: Yes, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Tilley - men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SIMS: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco - Remember, year-in, year-out ...

BUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0234437

SARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: And fine tobacco makes a fine Christmas present. So here's a gift suggestion that will say "Merry Christmas" for you two hundred times. Give that ever-welcome gift of fine tobacco -- a carton of Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: And remember -- Christmastime and all the time -- for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

(TAG)

JACK: Say, Babe, it was nice of you to come in and pinch hit for Mary ... You were good, too ...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Come on, Babe, we left the car right around the corner.

BABE: Yes I know.

JACK: Say Mary, did I tell you next Sunday we're going to broadcast for the boys at Birmingham General Hospital.

BABE: Gee, that'll be swell.

JACK: Yeah, I'm looking forward to it ... And you know who's gonna be with me?

BABE: Who?

JACK: A lot of people who used to be on my show ... Kenny Baker ... Andy Devine ... Sleppeyman ... Larry Stevens ... and of course my own gang.

BABE: That oughta be a lot of fun.

JACK: Yeah, it'll be good to see my --

BABE: Just a minute, Jack ... just a minute.

JACK: What's the matter.

BABE: I've got a cinder in my eye.

JACK: Where?

BABE: Right here in the corner.

JACK: Wait'll I get out my handkerchief.

(SOUND: LOUD SNAP)

JACK: OUCH! Darn it. I forgot I re-set it ... Goodnight, doll.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, next Sunday we're going to do our Christmas broadcast from the Birmingham General Hospital and a lot of our old gang will be on the show ... Kenny Baker ... Andy Devine ... Slepberman ... and Larry Stevens. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

ION: Meantime, here's a Christmas suggestion. Say "Merry Christmas" to your friends two hundred times! How?

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS N.B.C. .... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

217 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17 • WICKELSHAM 2-6000

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_ NETWORK: NBC  
LUCKY STRIKE APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 PM EST  
DEC. 22, 1946. PROGRAM #13 REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 PM EST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "T H E J A C K B E N N Y P R O G R A M"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234441



IBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

1  
REVISED  
12-22-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

DECEMBER 22, 1946 - PROGRAM #13

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

BOYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and --

BOYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, fine tobacco!

BARUCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts, auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BOYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco ... real Lucky Strike tobacco ... fine tobacco, that means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you and for your friends.

(MORE)

RTX01 0234442

NEWS:

Yes, fine tobacco makes a fine Christmas present. So here's a gift suggestion that will say "Merry Christmas" for you two hundred times. Give that ever-welcome gift of fine tobacco -- a carton of Lucky Strike.

WISDAEL:

And remember -- Christmastime and all the time -- smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

PHONE:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: FOR THE BOYS AT BIRMINGHAM VETERANS ADMINISTRATION HOSPITAL  
... THE LUCKY STRIKE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM, STARRING JACK  
BENNY ... WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER,  
DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE THIS IS THE SUNDAY  
BEFORE CHRISTMAS, JACK IS EXPECTING HIS WHOLE GANG AND  
SOME OF HIS OLD FRIENDS TO DROP IN FOR HIS ANNUAL CHRISTMAS  
PARTY. SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS  
WHERE WE FIND JACK AND ROCHESTER PREPARING FOR THE  
OCCASION.

JACK: Rochester, hold the broom upside down.

ROCHESTER: LIKE THIS, BOSS?

JACK: Yes. Now spread the straws out a little ... and now we'll  
tie these two feather dusters on the handle ... and then  
(SOUND: PLOP)

JACK: Oh, darn ... it fell over again. Here, Rochester, hold it  
up once more.

ROCHESTER: OKAY BOSS, BUT IF IT DOESN'T WORK THIS TIME, LET'S GO OUT  
AND BUY A CHRISTMAS TREE.

JACK: Maybe you're right ... what are they selling for now?

ROCHESTER: A DOLLAR A FOOT.

JACK: A dollar a foot, eh?

ROCHESTER: SHALL I HOLD THE BROOM UP AGAIN, BOSS.

JACK: No no, I'll buy a Christmas tree. I'd like to get one that would touch the ceiling.

ROCHESTER: TOUCH THE CEILING? IT'LL TAKE A TWELVE DOLLAR TREE TO DO THAT.

JACK: Not if we put the tree on a box.

ROCHESTER: THAT'LL SAVE YOU TWO DOLLARS.

JACK: Then we'll put the box on a chair.

ROCHESTER: THAT'LL SAVE YOU FOUR DOLLARS.

JACK: Then we can put the chair on the table.

ROCHESTER: THAT'S SIX DOLLARS.

JACK: Then we'll put the table on the piano ... That'll save me ten dollars.

ROCHESTER: HE HE HE HE.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: IF WE CAN GET THE PIANO ON THE MANTLE-PIECE, WE CAN TOUCH THE CEILING WITHOUT A TREE.

JACK: Say, we could at ... No, ya know Roch you've got --- we oughta sandwich a tree in there someplace ... I wonder if ...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCHESTER: OH OH, SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR. I'LL GET IT.

JACK: No no, Rochester, I'll get it. You pick up the broom and make believe you're sweeping.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) I think that I shall never see ... A broom as lovely as a tree ... Da Da Da Da Da ---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: HELLO, JACK. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

JACK: WELL, MARY ... SAME TO YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Glad to see you, Mary, and I'm sure glad you're over your cold.

MARY: Thanks Jack, I feel fine now. I got over it fast.

JACK: Well, you must have had a good doctor.

MARY: Oh I did, Jack. In fact, he was an Army doctor.

JACK: An Army doctor?

MARY: Uh huh ... and he was so cute. When he came into the room he put on his white coat, patted my hand, and kissed me on the forehead.

JACK: What?

MARY: And then he said, "Oh pardon me, I thought I was at the Birmingham Hospital".

JACK: Mary, you mean at Birmingham Hospital the doctor kisses the patients on the forehead?

MARY: They have to do something now that the war is over they've dispensing with saluting.

JACK: Well anyway, Mary, you got over your cold and that's all that matters.

MARY: Yeah.... but Jack, you should have seen the pills he made me take ... Green ones, red one, orange ones, yellow ones, pink ones, blue ones ...

JACK: What were they for?

MARY: He said as long as he had to take an X-ray he might as well see how I looked in Technicolor.

JACK: Hm ... a fine X-ray. I'd like to see it.

MARY: You can ... it's opening at the Chinese theatre next Tuesday.

JACK: Oh stop beingsilly and come on in.

MARY: Wait a minute Jack, I have something on the porch for you.

JACK: For me? Gee, it's awfully nice of you to --- Mary, why did you bring me a Christmas tree?

MARY: Because my vacuum cleaner is broken and I want my broom back.

JACK: Oh, Oh ... Come on, Mary, I'll help you carry it in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: OH ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER ... LOOK WHO'S HERE.

ROCHESTER: WELL WELL, MISS LIVINGSTONE. GLAD TO SEE YOU UP AND AROUND AGAIN, AND MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MARY: Thank you and the same to you, Rochester.

JACK: Say Mary, this is a beautiful tree ... it's a Silver Tip.

MARY: As long as it isn't a plastic tip or a metal tip I'm happy.

JACK: Yeah.

(SOUND: HAMMERING)

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing?

ROCHESTER: I'M NAILING THE TREE TO THE FLOOR.

JACK: Good good, then it won't fall over ... Here, Mary, you start with this box of ornaments and decorate the lower branches.

MARY: Wait a minute Jack, these ornaments are pretty, but the red ones are too small. Why did you buy them?

ROCHESTER: WE DIDN'T BUY THEM. MR BENNY TOOK A DOZEN MOTH BALLS AND DIPPED THEM IN CATSUP.

JACK: Never mind.

ROCHESTER: WE WERE GONNA HAVE YELLOW ONES TOO BUT WE RAN OUT OF MUSTARD.

JACK: Rochester ... Get the Christmas gifts out of the closet and put them around the tree.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: Oh say Mary, I meant to tell you, I bought a gift for your sister Babe. You know it was awfully nice of her to take your place last Sunday when you got sick.

MARY: She got a big kick out of it too, but when she got home, she was awfully nervous.

JACK: Nervous?

MARY: Yeah, she couldn't keep anything on her stomach but water.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame.

MARY: Every hour she drank a whole gallon of water.

JACK: That's a lot of water. How is she now?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I don't know, she just sits there in her rocking chair and sloshes.

JACK: I can imagine ... Well anyway, your sister Babe did a swell job since she was on the program and you weren't, I'm going to show my appreciation and send her your check.

MARY: Oh Jack, send her twenty-five dollars, I'll pay the difference.

JACK: Well all right.

POLLY: (TWO SQUAWKS)

JACK: Hello, Polly.

MARY: Merry Christmas, Polly.

POLLY: Merry Christmas (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Look Mary, I fixed Polly up for the holidays ... notice that red ribbon I've got around her neck.

MARY: Yeah, it looks cute.

JACK: And I also gave her a manicure ... but I think I cut her claws a little too short ... she keeps falling off her perch.

MARY: Oh Jack, you and your fancy ideas.

JACK: But Mary, I thought it would ---

(SOUND: PLOP AND SQUAWK)

JACK: Hm .. she fell off again.

ROCHESTER: WELL I'M ALL FINISHED DECORATING THE TREE BOSS, EXCEPT PUTTING THE STAR ON THE TOP.

JACK: I'll do that, Rochester, you go in the kitchen and make the egg nog.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: Hm ... how am I going to get the star on top ... the tree almost touches the ceiling.

MARY: You better get your ladder.

JACK: I haven't got that ladder any more ... I lost it two weeks ago.

MARY: Oh yes. (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: Rochester told me how you tried to elope with your girl, Gladys Zybisco.

JACK: Oh, he did eh?

MARY: Yeah, he said that you got up at daybreak, carried a ladder over to her house, climbed up to the window, woke Gladys up. (LAUGHINGLY) And when you saw what she looked like in the morning, you ran so fast you beat your shoes home by two blocks.



JACK: Yeah, and my ankle's a lot better now ... It was a two-story jump, you know. Anyway, I wish I had the ladder. The tree won't look right without a star.

MARY: Maybe we could tip it over.

JACK: No, Rochester's got it nailed to the floor. Oh, I know ... I'll reach up as high as I can and bend the tree down.

MARY: I'll help you, Jack.

JACK: Okay ... now pull ...

(SOUND: TREE BENDING AND CREAKING)

JACK: Now just a little more ... (GRUNTS)

(SOUND: TREE CREAKING)

JACK: A little more ... (GRUNTS)

(SOUND: CREAKING)

JACK: There ... I've got the end. I can hold it now, Mary, you can let go.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE UP ... TWANG ... PUNCHING BAG SLAPPING)

JACK: (OFF) MARY! MARY! GET ME DOWN ... I'M UP ON TOP OF THE TREE. MARY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MARY: SOMEONE WAS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

JACK: (OFF) THAT WAS MY HEAD BANGING ON THE CEILING.

MARY: Oh.

JACK: (OFF) MARY, I CAN'T STAY UP HERE ... THINK OF SOMETHING ... WHAT'LL I DO?

MARY: PUT YOUR TOUPE ON YOUR CHEST AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE TARZAN.

JACK: (OFF) DON'T BE FUNNY. GET ME DOWN FROM HERE.

MARY: Okay, wait a minute, I'll bend the tree again.

(SOUND: TREE BENDING AND CREAKING)

JACK: A LITTLE MORE.

MARY: I'm getting it, Jack.

(SOUND: MORE CREAKING)

MARY: Now, just a little--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh darn it, the door buzzer.

MARY: I'll get it.

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE UP...TWANG..SLAPPING  
OF PUNCHING BAG)

JACK: (OFF) MARY! OOOOOH, MY HEAD.

MARY: I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON, DENNIS  
& PHIL:

HELLO EVERYBODY..MERRY CHRISTMAS!

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: HELLO DON, PHIL, DENNIS..COME ON IN.

DON: Say Mary, I brought the quartette with me.

MARY: Oh good. Merry Christmas, fellows.

QUARTETTE: (ONE NOTE)

MARY: Come on, everybody, let's go in the living room.

DON: Okay, Say, Mary, I'm awfully glad you got over your cold  
in time for the Christmas party.

MARY: Thanks Don.

PHIL: Yeah, Alice said she hopes you -- OH NO..NO..HOLY SMOKE,  
LOOK AT JACKSON! THE PARTY HASN'T EVEN STARTED YET AND  
HE'S HIGH ALREADY.

JACK: (OFF) PHIL!

DON: I know ornaments are hard to get, but this is ridiculous.

DENNIS: Maybe if we plug him in, his nose will light up.

JACK: (OFF) NOW CUT THAT OUT! COME ON, FELLOWS, GET ME DOWN..  
YOU CAN ALL HELP BEND THE TREE.

PHIL: Okay Jackson..Come on, boys..pull..(GRUNTS)

(SOUND: TREE BENDING AND CREAKING)

JACK: A LITTLE MORE...

PHIL: (GRUNTS)

(SOUND: MORE CREAKING)

JACK: A LITTLE MORE..

ROCHESTER: THE EGG NOGS ARE SERVED, COME AND GET IT!

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISLTE UP..TWANG..SLAPPING OF  
PUNCHING BAG)

JACK: (OFF) OOOH, MY HEAD!

PHIL: Come on Rochester..pass out the egg nogs.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: (OFF) ROCHESTER, I'M WAY UP HERE, WHAT ABOUT ME?

ROCHESTER: DON'T WORRY, BOSS, I'LL GO OUT AND GET A LONG STRAW.

JACK: Good good.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, the star looks pretty good up on the top of the tree, doesn't it?

DENNIS: I think you looked a lot better.

JACK: I know, but it was uncomfortable.

MARY: Come on kids, let's have some fun...let's get the party rolling

DON: Well, what do you think we ought to do?

DENNIS: I know, let's play Post Office.

PHIL: Yeah, that's a swell kissing game.

JACK: Wait a minute, that wouldn't be fair..Mary's the only girl here.

MARY: You keep out of this.

JACK: Mary, I was only thinking of you.

PHIL: I got it...Let's play "Life Can Be Beautiful".

JACK: How do you play that?

PHIL: Give me a bottle of bourbon and I'll show you.

JACK: Bourbon?

PHIL: Yeah...this game is Spin the Bottle, only you spin with it.

JACK: Phil, we're too old to be playing spin the bottle or Post Office....They're kid games.

POLLY: Kid games, kid games. (ONE SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

DON: Hello Polly, Merry Christmas.

POLLY: Merry Christmas.

(SOUND: PLOP AND SQUAWK)

JACK: Oh she fell off her perch again.

POLLY: Ooooh my head. (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Here Polly, I'll help you up.

POLLY: You and your fancy ideas. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Well, daddy's sorry....All right everybody, let's think of something else...we don't wanta play those kid games.

DENNIS: You're right, Mr. Benny...Those are the games I used to play with my first girl friend.

MARY: Your first girl friend.

DENNIS: Yes...I was eight and she was seven..(WHISTLES)

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Gosh Dennis..I'll bet she was a cute little girl.

DENNIS: She sure was...and we had so much in common..we both wore braces on our teeth.

JACK: Both of you wore braces?

DENNIS: Uh huh....I'll never forget the first time I kissed her, BOINNNNNNNNNNNNG.....It took a plumber three hours to separate us.

JACK: Allright, Dennis..that's enough reminiscing. Anyway, why don't we hold off the games until everybody gets here. You know, I've invited some of my old gang who used to be with me on the program..Larry Stevens, Kenny Baker..Schlepperman.

DON: Gee, it'll be good to see them all again.

JACK: Yeah..Meanwhile let's do something that we'll all enjoy.

ROCHESTER: SAY BOSS, WHY DON'T YOU PLAY THE VIOLIN.

JACK: Say, that's a good idea, I think I will.

PHIL: (CRYING) OH NO NO, NO, JACKSON..NO..MAKE ME A MALE NURSE THERE AT BIRMINGHAM, BUT NOT THAT.

JACK: Phil, please.

PHIL: It's all your fault, Roch...what'd you ask him to play  
the violin for anyway?

ROCHESTER: WELL...

PHIL: You never hear me ask him to play, do you?

ROCHESTER: WHEN I GET TWO SHOWS I WON'T ASK HIM EITHER.

JACK: Now quiet everybody quiet. I'm gonna play

(PLAYS ONE STRAIN OF LOVE IN BLOOM)

DON: SAY JACK..INSTEAD OF PLAYING THE VIOLIN, WHY DON'T YOU  
LET THE QUARTETTE ENTERTAIN..THEY'VE GOT A SWELL  
CHRISTMAS NUMBER AND IT'S VERY SHORT.

JACK: Don, I'm not going to--

JACK: (COME ON JACK..LET THEM SING...ETC.)

JACK: Well, all right, I'll let them sing first and then I'll  
play.

DON: Good..TAKE IT BOYS.

QUARTETTE: JINGLE, JINGLE, JINGLE, JINGLE

JINGLE, JINGLE, JINGLE, JINGLE

JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS

JINGLE ALL THE WAY,

OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE

IN A ONE-HORSE OPEN SLEIGH.

JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS

JINGLE ALL THE WAY

OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE

IN A ONE-HORSE OPEN SLEIGH.

ZACK: Very nice, fellows.

(PLAYS BIT OF LOVE IN BLOOM)

QUARTETTE: LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE  
THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME.  
KIND OF GIFT I'D LIKE TO FIND  
BENEATH MY CHRISTMAS TREE,  
LUCKY STRIKES, LUCKY STRIKES  
L S M F T  
SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED  
SO EASY ON THE DREE

JACK: Dree? That was swell, that sure was swell fellows, swell.  
(STARTS TO PLAY LOVE IN BLOOM)

DON: Oh Jack..Jack..I just thought of a wonderful Christmas  
suggestion. Say "Merry Christmas" to your friends two  
hundred times!

JACK: Two hundred times! How?

DON: With that ever-welcome gift of fine tobacco - a carton of  
LUCKY STRIKE. Yes, say "Merry Christmas" with LUCKY  
STRIKE

JACK: A very good idea, Don, very good.  
(STARTS TO PLAY "LOVE IN BLOOM")

QUARTETTE: L S M, L S M  
L S M F T  
L S L S M F T  
200 TIMES FOR ME  
I O U, P D Q  
R S T U V  
OF ALL THE LETTERS I LIKE BEST  
IT'S L S M F T.

JACK: (STARTS TO PLAY LOVE IN BLOOM)  
(SOUND: LOUD DOOR BUZZER)

PHIL: HURRAY, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

LARRY: SEE WHO IT IS, ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: OKAY

JACK: Hmmm...Every time I start to play something always...

ROCHESTER: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MR. LARRY STEVENS.

FRANK: LARRY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Larry Stevens..Rochester, where is he?

ROCHESTER: He'll be right in, he's checking his coat.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

JACK: Well, Larry..how are you, how do you feel?

LARRY: Twenty-five cents lighter.

JACK: Good good. Say what's that you've got under your arm?

LARRY: A Christmas present for you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: A present? For me? Gee, thanks.

LARRY: Yes...I hope you like it.

FRANK: COME ON, JACK..OPEN IT UP..OPEN IT..

JACK: You bet I'll open it..right now.

(SOUND: PACKAGE BEING TORN OPEN)

JACK: Oh, Larry..isn't that wonderful...and it's gold.

LARRY: Gold? What is it, Jack?

JACK: A fish..Gee, this is swell...I always did hate to be alone in the bath-tub. Thanks very much Larry.

LARRY: You would like it. Larry, how could you give Mr. Benny a fish for a Christmas present.

LARRY: Well, he didn't give me such a nice present last year. He promised me a wrist watch and he only gave me a sweater.



JACK: What?

LARRY: You said you were going to give me a Bulova.

JACK: I said pull-over..pull over. That's a sweater.

LARRY: Oh. Well, anyway it feels good to see the whole gang once more..And you too. Polly....Aren't you going to say "Hello", Polly?....Come on, Polly say something.

POLLY: (A LA DENNIS) BOINNNNNNNNNNNNGGGG!

JACK: Hmm...she heard Dennis say that before... Come on, Polly, say hello to Larry.

POLLY: Hello Red (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Gee and I always thought she was color blind.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Gee she's clever....she picks up things so quickly.

JACK: Hey if you think that's clever listen to this...Come on Polly, recite the poem I taught you...Now everybody be quiet...Shh... Come on Polly..recite the poem ... come on...

POLLY: (SLOWLY) 'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring  
Not...even...a---

(SOUND: SNAP OF TRAP)

ROCHESTER: BOSS...POLLY GOT A MOUSE.

JACK: What do you mean a mouse..she got two mice.

PHIL: TWO MICE..HOW COME?

JACK: HA HA HA, I BAITED THE TRAP WITH MISTLETOE...Now come on, everybody, be quiet..I wanta play my violin for Larry.

(PLAYS BEGINNING OF LOVE IN BLOOM)

MARY: (WHISPERING) Jack, Jack..look who just came in.  
JACK: Who?  
MARY: That crazy border you used to have..Mr. Billingsley.  
JACK: Oh yes, he was an eccentric sort of a fellow. Oh well..  
(STARTS PLAYING LOVE IN BLOOM AGAIN)  
ED: Hello, Mr. Benny...still playing the piano, I see.  
JACK: Hello, Mr. Billingsley.  
(APPLAUSE)  
JACK: You know, Mr. Billingsley..I didn't see you come in.  
ED: I know..I came down the chimney.  
JACK: Down the chimney? Oh...are you trying to play Santa  
Claus?  
ED: No...I built my nest in it.  
JACK: Nest?  
POLLY: (TWO SQUAWKS)  
ED: Sorry old girl, I'm already married.  
JACK: Well, it's good to see you again, Mr. Billingsley.  
ED: Thank you...I just dropped in to say Merry Christmas.  
JACK: Merry Christmas to you, too.  
ED: My, that is a coincidence...Well, I'll must be running  
along..Oh Rochester, will you please bring me my hat?  
ROCHESTER: YES SIR...WHICH HAT IS YOURS?  
ED: The one with the head in it.  
JACK: Hm. Well Mr. Billingsley, I'm glad you dropped in...  
Goodbye.  
ED: Yes, as long as it's spelled backwards it's good.  
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Gee...he's such a strange fellow.

(PLAYS FEW BARS OF LOVE IN BLOOM)

ROCHESTER: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..MR. KENNY BAKER.

GANG: KENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

KENNY: HELLO EVERYBODY...MERRY CHRISTMAS.

JACK: Well, I'm sure glad you could drop over, Kenny. Come on in and ..By the way, where's your coat?

KENNY: I didn't wear one.

JACK: Oh..How about your hat?

KENNY: I didn't wear a hat either.

MARY: Well, take off your shoes bub, you gotta check something.

JACK: Mary, he doesn't have to..it's just a little convenience I have for my guests.

KENNY: Oh hello Don.

DON: Hello Kenny. You know, Jack, I'm the announcer on Kenny Baker's program too.

JACK: I know, I know you're on every program..in fact I heard one program where you weren't the announcer and I thought it was shortwaved from Pago Pago..If you ever got sick one week, radio would have to fold up. Say, Kenny..I tried to call you one day last week. Aren't you living at your Uncle Willie's house?

KENNY: No, I moved.

JACK: How come?

KENNY: Oh, I couldn't stand him any more...he'd get up in the morning and yell at his wife, then he'd bawl me out, then he'd scold the maid and spank the baby and kick the cat, and then he'd go to work.

JACK: What does he do?

KENNY: He's a Good Humor man.

JACK: Hummm.

KENNY: So now I'm living on my cousin Jasper's farm..It's a lot of fun..and it's healthy, too you know...Only it's a little tough on these cold mornings when I have to milk the cows...I nearly freeze my hands off.

JACK: Well, gee Kenny...gee you ought to wear gloves.

KENNY: Oh, I do...I wish the cow would.

JACK: That's silly, how could a cow wear a ..OH! OH! OH! I SEE...Come here, Kenny, I'd like you to meet Larry Stevens.

KENNY: Hello Larry.

LARRY: Pleased to meet you, Kenny.

JACK: And you remember Dennis Day.

KENNY: Sure..Hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Gee, the place is lousy with Tenors.

JACK: Yeah.

DENNIS: Say Kenny, I listen to you on Glamour Manor and I think you're wonderful.

KENNY: Thanks Dennis, and I hear your program every Thursday and it sure is swell.

DENNIS: Thanks, but starting this week my program's gonna be on Wednesday instead...in fact it starts on Christmas Day.

KENNY: What time?

DENNIS: Gee, I forgot to ask.

JACK: Dennis, it's eight o'clock in the east, seven o'clock in the middle-west, and nine o'clock in the west.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny knows everything and he's not even a tenor.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, I know everything.

PHIL: Wait a minute fellows, wait a minute. You're all popping off about your show, what about mine?

JACK: Phil, we know all about your show. It goes on between my show and Charlie McCarthy's.

PHIL: I know, Jackson, and I'm getting rich in that nitch for Fitch.

JACK: Which nitch?

PHIL: The fitch nitch.

JACK: Well, Phil, we got as much as we can out of that. Now quiet everybody ... we'll have a little music ... I'll play the violin ... (FEW SECONDS PAUSE) ... Oh Mary ... answer the door, please.

MARY: Jack, the bell didn't ring.

JACK: I know ... but it will as soon as I start playing.

MARY: Oh don't be funny, if you're gonna play ... play.

JACK: Okay.

(STARTS LOVE IN BLOOM)

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I knew it, I knew it ... COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

SHLEPPERMAN: HELLO STRANZER.

JACK: Well, Shlepperman.

(APPLAUSE)

(SING: (AD LIB HELLOS TO SHLEPPERMAN))

JACK: Shlep, it's sure good to see you.

SHLEPP: The feeling is likewise.

JACK: Tell me, Shlep, how do you feel ... what're you doing now?

SHLEPP: Well, I am in the radio on Kenny Bagel's program.

JACK: Uh huh.

SHLEPP: And I am also connected with the Gezundheit Insurance Company.

JACK: Gezundheit Insurance Company?

SHLEPP: If you get a cold, we pay through the nose.

JACK: Oh.

SHLEPP: On Jimmy Durante we lose money.

JACK: Well, Schlepp, I been thinking of taking out some more insurance myself. Maybe you and I can do business.

SHLEPP: It's possible ... How old are you?

JACK: Thirty seven.

SHLEPP: How old?

JACK: Thirty seven.

SHLEPP: That's what I like about you, Jackie.

JACK: What?

SHLEPP: You look like C. Aubrey Smith and you talk like Errol Flynn.

JACK: Ha ha ha --- the same old Shlep. Well, sit down, ... make yourself comfortable and we'll have some fun.

SHLEPP: Excuse me a minute, I wanta call home on the telephone ... You know my wife is expecting.

JACK: Well ... Congratulations.

SHLEPP: What for? She's expecting me for dinner.

JACK: Oh oh.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Who can that be?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HEL: (WITH DEEPEST VOICE POSSIBLE) HELLO EVERYBODY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

JACK: Hey, that must be Santa Claus.

MARY: No, it's my sister Babe...

JACK: Oh yes ... Hello Babe.

GANG: HELLO BABE ... MERRY CHRISTMAS, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

JACK: Well, kids, now that we're all together, let's finish our party with the real Christmas spirit.

PHIL: Let's all gather around the piano and sing.

JACK: No wait a minute ... I got a better idea. Larry Stevens' here and Kenny Baker ... and Dennis ... and the quartette ... How about them singing the Christmas Carols.

GANG: YES ... COME ON ... COME ON ...

JACK: Rochester, turn out all the lights except the Christmas tree.

ROCHESTER: OKAY.

(SOUND: CLICK OF LIGHT)

JACK: Gee, that's pretty...

(INTO MUSIC AND SINGING BY DENNIS, LARRY, KENNY AND QUARTETTE)

JACK: That was swell ... MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY.

GANG: MERRY CHRISTMAS ... MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(BAND PLAYS "JINGLE BELLS")

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I would like to say a word to you fellows here at Birmingham Veterans Administration Hospital in fact all of you veterans in hospitals in America. The war has been over a year and four months now. The country has not forgotten you fellows. No American will ever forget what you did on Guadalcanal, Normandy, Iwo Jima and other stations throughout the world and we need you now badly. We need your skill and courage. We need all the things today that carried America through her greatest peril. Most of you are learning new trades. Starting a new life. Our country too is starting a new era and she wants your aid and your help and so with the promise of your new life we want to wish you luck and a very Merry Christmas to you everywhere.



# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

212 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17 • WILMINGTON 1, DEL.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION:

NETWORK: NBC

LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

DEC. 29, 1946-PROGRAM #14

REPEAT 9:30-10:00 P.M. EST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

### ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MFT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234466

X99XX

-1-

NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

12-29-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

DECEMBER 29, 1946 - PROGRAM #14

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SIMS: Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. And --

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Today, tomorrow,  
always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BARUCH: In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts - and  
season after season, at market after market, independent  
tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen  
- can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently  
select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally  
mild tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco ... fine Lucky  
Strike tobacco that means real, deep-down smoking  
enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

RTX01 0234467

SIMS:           So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --  
                  so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy  
                  on the draw.

RIGGS:           (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY ... WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY,  
AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(MUSIC UP AND FADE)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... LET'S TURN BACK THE CLOCK TO  
YESTERDAY ... JACK BENNY ASKED HIS CAST TO DROP IN FOR  
AN EARLY REHEARSAL, AND AT THE MOMENT WE FIND ROCHESTER  
IN THE LIBRARY PREPARING FOR THEIR ARRIVAL.

ROCHESTER: (SINGS TO TUNE OF "OLD MAN RIVER")

OLD MAN BENNY  
DAT OLD MAN BENNY  
HE WON'T WASTE NUTHIN'  
AND DON'T SPEND NUTHIN'  
HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN'  
HE KEEPS ON ROLLIN' ALONG.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: (SINGS) CAN IT BE THE TREES  
THAT FILL THE BREEZE  
WITH RARE AND MAGIC PERFUME.

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCHESTER: OH NO, IT ISN'T THE TREES ---

JACK: Rochester, Rochester, I've been calling you.

ROCHESTER: SORRY BOSS, I WAS CARRIED AWAY WITH MY VOICE.

JACK: Oh fine.

ROCHESTER: WELL, I'M BECOMING QUITE A POPULAR SINGER ... YOU KNOW  
THEY CALL BING CROSBY THE GROANER.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: AND THEY CALL ANDY RUSSELL "THE SWOONER."

JACK: I know ... I know .. What do they call you?

ROCHESTER: THE RAZOR'S EDGE.

JACK: ... You sound more like The Yearling ... Now Rochester, my cast ... my .. my cast comes later by the way .. my cast should be here soon for rehearsal ... have you got everything ready?

ROCHESTER: YES SIR ... I'VE GOT THE CHAIRS, THE SCRIPTS, AND THE PENCILS.

JACK: Good.

ROCHESTER: AND I FILLED THE COCA COLA MACHINE AND TURNED OFF THE WATER.

JACK: Turn the water on again ... at our last rehearsal Miss Livingstone fainted, nobody had a nickel, and we had an awful time bringing her to ... Anyway, this is the holiday season ... and I'd like to serve them the egg nog I told you to make this morning ... You did make it, didn't you?

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: Is it good?

ROCHESTER: WANNA SMELL MY BREATH?

JACK: No thanks, I'm on the wagon ... But you know, Rochester, that's a strange drink ... I wonder why anyone would ever think of mixing eggs and bourbon.

ROCHESTER: IT'S PURELY PSYCHOLOGICAL, BOSS.

JACK: Psychological?

ROCHESTER: YEAH ... You see, the eggs make you think you're getting something very healthful.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCHESTER: AND THE BOURBON MAKES THAT FACT UNIMPORTANT.

JACK: Well, that's logical ... by the way, Rochester, how much egg nog did you make?

ROCHESTER: ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY GALLONS.

JACK: Two hundred and fifty gallons ... For goodness sakes, Rochester ... I want to bathe in it, I don't want to drink it. I DON'T want to bathe in it, I want to drink it. I defy your next line to get a laugh.

ROCHESTER: WELL ... TO EACH HIS OWN.

JACK: Well, you fooled me all right, all right ... make some sandwiches, too.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

JACK: (SINGS) Come away with me, Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile --  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) You can go as far as you like with me in my merry Oldsmobile ... (I think I'll get a green one ... it blends into the sage brush on Mulholland drive.)  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Mary ... Come on in ... You're the first one here.

MARY: Jack ... how come you called rehearsal so early?

JACK: (COYLY) Well, Mary ... Er ... I ... well, to tell you the truth, I have a date tonight with Gladys Zybisco.

MARY: Gladys Zybisco? Oh Jack ... surely you can do better than that.

JACK: Look Mary ... Gladys is very nice ... She may not be the most beautiful girl in the world ... but she's got a nice figure.

MARY: I know, but does she have to walk that way?

JACK: Mary, that's not her fault ... she's near-sighted and she anticipates the curb in the middle of the block. Anyway, we're going to have a nice time ... I'm taking her to a night club.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Slapsy Maxie's?

JACK: (VERY SORE) Slapsie Maxie's with Gladys? ... Not after what happened last time.

MARY: Well, Jack, it wasn't the manager's fault that people came up to her and said, "May I have your autograph, Maxie!"

JACK: Hmm ... Imagine mistaking Gladys for Slapsy Maxie ... She's only got one cauliflower ear. By the way, Mary, would you like a glass of egg nog?

MARY: Sure, Jack, I'd love to have a -- wait a minute, who made the egg nog?

JACK: Rochester.

MARY: Uh uh ..

JACK: Why ... what's the matter?

MARY: Well, last Christmas I tasted some of Rochester's egg nog and the next thing I knew, I was at the Rose Bowl Game.

JACK: Oh ... You saw the game?

MARY: Saw it nothing ... I was playing left tackle for Alabama.

JACK: Stop kidding. Now come on ... have a ...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'LL GET IT ...

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: (FILTER) Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis ... what time is rehearsal?

JACK: One o'clock.

DENNIS: (FILTER) Well, what time is it now?

JACK: A quarter to one.

DENNIS: Oh ... then I guess I won't have enough time to shave.

JACK: Dennis, why should it take you fifteen minutes to shave?

DENNIS: I haven't got the fuzz yet.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

DENNIS: It takes me three months to get a five o'clock shadow.

JACK: All right, all right ... now hurry over here ... Goodbye.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hm, all that fuzz over a little fuss.

MARY: Jack, was that Dennis on the telephone?

DENNIS: Yeah, it was me.

JACK: Yeah, he said .. (TAKE) DENNIS! How'd you get here so quickly?

DENNIS: I was on the extension in the kitchen.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I would have been here sooner, but I couldn't get a cab.

JACK: Stop that now. Dennis, will you stop being so silly and have a glass of egg nog.

DENNIS: Oh boy, egg nog ... that's for me ... (SUSPICIOUS) Wait a minute ... who made that egg nog?

JACK: Rochester.

DENNIS: Uh uh.

JACK: Why not?



DENNIS: Last Christmas I tasted some of Rochester's egg nog and the next thing I knew, Mary was playing in the Rose Bowl.

JACK: Yeah, I know, I know.

MARY: Say Dennis, I meant to ask you ... how do you like your broadcast on its new time.

DENNIS: Swell .. we did our first one last Wednesday and we have a new slogan for the program.

JACK: Slogan?

DENNIS: Yeah ... "LISTEN TO DENNIS DAY ON WENNIS DAY!"

JACK: Say, that's cute ... "Listen to Dennis Day on Wennis Day."

DENNIS: Wouldn't it be awful if my name was Hassenfeffer.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: "Listen to Hassenfeffer on Wassenfeffer Day."

JACK: Yes yes .. tune in next week at the same Tassenfeffer ... I know.

MARY: Say Jack, I forgot to tell you ... I got a note from Mama yesterday.

JACK: Mama? You did? Well, what did the Judy Canova of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: She was very excited about my sister Babe taking my place on the program.

JACK: Really.

MARY: But you know, Jack, you made a mistake when you announced that it was Babe's first appearance.

JACK: Mary, you mean your sister's been on the radio before?

MARY: Uh huh ... Mama said Babe's been on the Bride and Groom program four times.

JACK: Four times?

MARY: And she wants to go on again, but they won't let her.

JACK: Why?

MARY: Because every time they pause ten seconds for station identification the groom gets away!

JACK: Holy smoke! What does Babe do?

MARY: What can she do ... (LAUGHINGLY) She leans into the microphone, calls Doctor I.Q. and says "I'll take that gentleman you have in the balcony."

JACK: Mary, if I didn't know your sister Babe, I'd think you were making this whole thing up.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: HELLO JACK, MARY, DENNIS.

GANG: AD LIB HELLOS TO DON.

JACK: Come in, Don, we're about ready to rehearse.

DON: Jack, before we do anything, I want to show you something.

JACK: What?

DON: Look.

JACK: Don ... you're wearing the shoe laces I gave you for Christmas ... How nice.

MARY: Don, you can take the card off, everybody knows who gave 'em to you.

DON: Well, I'm not taking it off. I wanta make sure people know what a cheap gift Jack gave me.

JACK: What?

DON: THIRTEEN YEARS I'VE BEEN WITH YOU, JACK ..THIRTEEN YEARS . AND YOU SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION WITH A LOUSY PAIR OF SHOE LACES.

JACK: Well, that's certainly gratitude for you .. talk about appreciation .. what're you complaining about? That certainly wasn't such a hot gift you sent me.

MARY: What did he send you, Jack?

JACK: A gold watch ... a wrist watch yet.

MARY: What's wrong with a gold watch?

JACK: What's wrong with it? .. You walk down the street wearing an expensive thing like that ... somebody hits you over the head, takes it away from you, and your money, too. Anyway Don, let's shake hands and forget the whole thing.

DON: Okay, Jack. I'm sorry I lost my temper.

JACK: That's all right, Don ... By the way, would you like a glass of egg nog?

DON: Egg nog! Say, that's one of my favorite ... Wait a minute. Who made it?

JACK: Rochester.

DON: Uh uh.

JACK: What's the matter with Rochester's egg nog?

DON: Last Christmas I tasted some, and the next thing I knew

DON & JACK: Dennis was playing Mary in the Rose Bowl.

JACK: Everybody comes in with the same thing.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER AND THEN DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hiya, Jackson... Hello, everybody ... Happy New Year!

ANG: (AD LIBS HAPPY NEW YEAR TO PHIL)

PHIL: Say, Jackson, what's the idea of calling the rehearsal so early?

JACK: I'm going to a night club, Phil ... I got a date.

PHIL: (SURPRISED) With a girl?

JACK: WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK - A HORSE?

PHIL:       COULD BE ... THEY'RE RUNNING AT SANTA ANITA AGAIN AND OATS ARE CHEAPER THAN ORCHIDS. HA HA HA ... OH HARRIS, YOU OUGHTA BE WITH JOAN CRAWFORD AND JOHN GARFIELD, YOU'RE SO HUMORESQUE. OH, YOU DOVE, YOU!

JACK:       Phil, why don't you jump in the lake and see if that point on your head will write under water?

MARY:       Oh come on, Jack, everyone's here ... let's get on with the rehearsal.

JACK:       Okay ... Oh, by the way Phil ... would you like a glass - a glass of egg nog?

PHIL:       Egg nog? Now you're talking, bub ..a egg nog? Where's the -- wait a minute, who made the egg nog?

JACK:       Rochester.

PHIL:       LEAD ME TO IT! LEAD ME TO IT, DADDY.

JACK:       Hmm ... Oh Rochester ... will you pour a glass of egg nog for Mr. Harris?

ROCHESTER:   (SLIGHTLY OFF) YES SIR.  
              (SOUND:       POURING OF EGG NOG INTO GLASS)

ROCHESTER:   HERE YOU ARE, MR. HARRIS.

PHIL:       Thank you, Roch ... Ah, this looks wonderful ... Shangri La with a head on it ... Tell me, Roch ... how'd you make this egg nog?

ROCHESTER:   I USED ONE EGG TO FIVE QUARTS OF BOURBON.

PHIL:       Well ... here's down the hatch. (DRINKS AND GULPS AS THOUGH DRINKING ... THEN SPUTTERS AND COUGHS AND GAGS AND CHOKES ..)

ROCHESTER:   MR. HARRIS .. MR. HARRIS ... WHAT HAPPENED?

PHIL:       Are you sure that egg was fresh?

ROCHESTER:   DRINK IT DOWN MR. HARRIS .. THE FIRST SIP IS THE HARDEST..

PHIL: Okay .. here goes. (LONG SWALLOWING SOUND ENDING WITH A HAPPY "AAAAAAHHH")

JACK: Well, Phil, how do you like it ... Phil ... how do you like it?

PHIL: (VERY SURPRISED) JACKSON ... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THE ROSE BOWL?

JACK: I'm not at the Rose Bowl yet. Rochester, pour me a ticket.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR ... I'LL TAKE YOUR GLASS, MR. HARRIS.

PHIL: WELL ... BUDDY YOUNG, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JACK: Look, Phil ... you had your drink, you had your joke, now let's get on with the rehearsal ... Dennis, we'll have your song first.

DENNIS: Okay.

DENNIS'S SONG - "THE GIRL THAT I MARRY")

APPLAUSE)

## SECOND ROUTINE)

ACK: That was swell, Dennis ... Now, come on kids let's rehearse the script and make it quick so I can leave early ... Say, would any of you kids like to join us? I'm taking Gladys to a night club.

ON: Thanks Jack, but I can't make it.

PHIL: Me either.

MARY: I'd like to go, Jack.

ACK: Okay. How about you, Dennis?

DENNIS: Sure .. fine .. I'll take Mary.

MARY: That'll be swell.

DENNIS: Say, Mary, will you gimme a kiss when I take you home?

MARY: I don't know, Dennis ... I'll think about it.

DENNIS: Well think fast, sister, I ain't blowing my dough for nothing.

ACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: I heard that line in the movies but I never had a chance to use it before.

ACK: Well, I'm glad you got it off your chest. Now kids --

PHIL: Say Jackson, what're you going out tonight for ...why don't you wait till New Year's Eve?

ACK: No, Rochester and I always celebrate New Year's Eve at home.

ON: At home?

ROCHESTER: YEAH .. AT FIVE MINUTES TO TWELVE I TIP TOE UP TO MR. BENNY'S ROOM, WAKE HIM UP, HE BLOWS A HORN, FALLS BACK ON THE PILLOW, AND THAT'S IT.

ACK: Yeah.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: You just can't get away from it, can you, Jack?

JACK: Away from what?

MARY: The Horn Blows at Midnight.

JACK: Oh cut it out will you kids .. we've got to -- Oh my goodness, look what time it is. I'll tell you what .. we can all go over the script tomorrow morning .. I gotta leave now and pick up Gladys. Come on, Mary. Come on, Dennis, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Jack, you'll never get a table in this night club ... it's too crowded.

DENNIS: Yeah, look at those people in that little room. Boy, are they jammed together.

JACK: That's the coat room. Those are coats.

DENNIS: Oh ... I wondered why they didn't have their pants on.

JACK: Never mind, I'll get a table... Come on, Gladys.

MARY: Right behind yuh, Speedy.

JACK: Good. Now let's see, where's the head waiter ... OH MISTER .. MISTER.

ELSON: YESSSSSSSSSS.

JACK: Are you the head waiter?

ELSON: Well, what do you think I am in this tuxedo, a shill for Forest Lawn?

JACK: Hmm .. Look, I'd like to get a table for four.

ELSON: Well, thank heavens you didn't ask for five.

JACK: Why?

NELSON: I wouldn't sit with you for a million dollars.

JACK: Now cut that out and get us a table.

NELSON: All right, walk this way.

JACK: It's an old gag, but I'll try .. Okay .. come on, kids.  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: Here you are, folks.  
(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

JACK: Say, this is a pretty good table at that, isn't it, Gladys?

SARA: It sure is, Speedy.

DENNIS: Boy, what a crowd.

JACK: Mary, where are you sitting?

MARY: Right behind you, Speedy.

JACK: Oh, oh, well pull your chair over ... well kids, come on, let's order.

MEL: (DRUNK) Pardon me folks, pardon me, but have you seen my wife.

JACK: No no, we haven't seen her.

MEL: Oh well, thank you and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

JACK: The same to you ... Now let's see, what do I --  
(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

HERB: HAPPY NEW YEAR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS HERBIE VIGRAN, YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES FOR THE EVENING.  
(BAND APPLAUDS)

HERB: IN JUST A MINUTE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME DANCING BUT WHILE THE ORCHESTRA IS SETTING UP, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOKE FOR YOU.

JACK: Hey, this guy looks pretty sharp, doesn't he Gladys?

SARA: I've only got eyes for you, Speedy.



JACK: I know.

MARY: Oh brother!

JACK: Mary!

HERB: A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE CLUB TONIGHT. .  
A PANHANDLER STOPPED ME ON THE STREET AND SAID, "HEY  
MISTER, WILL YOU GIVE ME FIFTY DOLLARS FOR A CUP OF  
COFFEE?" SO I SAYS TO HIM, "FIFTY DOLLARS FOR A CUP  
OF COFFEE?" AND HE SAID, "YES, I WANNA DRINK IT AT  
THE ROSE BOWL GAME." HA HA HA HA.

JACK: Whew, what a lousey joke .. I wonder if Fred Allen  
knows this guy is stealing his stuff .. That was awful,  
wasn't it, Gladys?

SARA: Ain't it the truth?

JACK: Yeah.

HERB: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, EVERYBODY DANCE.

(BAND PLAYS LOUD INTRODUCTION TO "ALWAYS" AND VERY SOFT CHORUS)

JACK: What do you say we dance, kids? Come on Dennis, get  
up.

DENNIS: Gee, I'd love to but what will the girls do?

JACK: I mean you dance with Mary. Gladys and I will sit  
this one out.

MARY: Come on, Dennis.

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DENNIS: Gee, you're a swell dancer, Mary.

MARY: Thanks Dennis, but don't hold me so tight.

DENNIS: Okay ... Say, Livy, have you ever thought about getting  
married?

MARY: What?

DENNIS: I got my own show now, you know.

MARY: Dennis, stop being silly.

DENNIS: If you turn me down, I'll kill myself. (WHISTLE)

MARY: (LAUGHS) Dennis, you're crazy, but you're kinda cute.

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gladys, shall we get up on the floor and show them something.

SARA: A little later, Speedy, let's sit here ... just the two of us.

JACK: Okay.

SARA: Say Speedy, do you mind if I hold your hand?

JACK: No, I'd love you to Gladys.

SARA: Thanks ... Gee Speedy, your hand's as smooth as silk.

JACK: You've got my tie ... You know, Gladys, when we're holding hands I feel like a heel. .

SARA: Oh Sugar Boy, don't talk like that.

JACK: Well, I can't help it, I never should have let you take that job ... the pipe wrench has skinned your knuckles.

SARA: I know, but thanks to me, West Los Angeles has sewers now ... By the way, it was thoughtful of you to send me perfume for Christmas.

JACK: That's all right ... Anyway it won't be long now ... Three more miles, the pipe will be out to the beach and you can quit.

SARA: Yeah.

MEL: (DRUNK) Pardon me folks, pardon me, but have you seen my wife?

JACK: No no, we haven't.

MEL: Oh well, thank you and a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

JACK: Same to you, same to you. Come on, Gladys, let's dance.

ATX01 0234483

SARA: Right behind yuh, Speedy.

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say, this is swell music, ain't it, Gladys?

SARA: You said it.

JACK: Yeah ... I love dancing with you .. (HUMS 3 BARS OF SONG)

SARA: Ouch! My foot!

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry Tootsie Roll ... I hope I didn't dirty your shoes.

SARA: No, I left them under the table.

JACK: Oh. I thought you looked shorter.

(INTRO TO COMMERCIAL)

QUARTETTE: THE NIGHT IS YOUNG  
THE SKY IS CLEAR  
IF YOU WANT TO GO WALKING DEAR  
IT'S DELIGHTFUL, IT'S DELICIOUS, IT'S DE-LOVELY.  
OH L S M, OH M F T  
OH L S S S, M F F F  
THAT'S FOR ME.  
IT'S DELIGHTFUL, IT'S DELICIOUS, IT'S DE-LOVELY.  
YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE  
WHAT A SWELL NIGHT THIS IS FOR ROMANCE  
YOU CAN HEAR DEAR MOTHER NATURE MURMURING LOW

BASS: SMOKE THAT FINE TOBACCO

QUARTETTE: ROUND AND FIRM  
FULLY PACKED  
FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW  
HI YA, JACK.

JACK: HI YA.

QUARTETTE: IT'S SO L S  
IT'S SO M F  
IT'S SO L S M  
IT'S SO M F T  
IT'S SO L S S IT'S SO M F F, IT'S DE-LOVELY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hm . that's my quartette .. the Sportsmen ... So this is where they're working ...

NELSON: Well folks, are you ready to order your dinner?

JACK: Yes ... I'm hungry. What'll you have, Gladys?

SARA: Wreck a pair on a raft, save the grease.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Gladys this ain't a drive-in. Waiter, she wants scrambled eggs on toast.

JACK: What'll you have, Mary?

MARY: I don't think they've got them here ... (LAUGHINGLY)  
But I'd like a chiss sweese sandwich.

NELSON: Yes Ma'am ... Shall I fill the holes with mustard or do you like to play peek-a-boo?

JACK: Bring the mustard on the side, we'll ad lib ... Now let's see.. I think I'll have a Crab Meat Louie ...  
Now you order, Dennis.

DENNIS: I'll have Spaghetti Louie.

JACK: Spaghetti Louie?

DENNIS: I thought that was the waiter's name.

JACK: Of course not.

NELSON: It is too.

JACK: Louie?

NELSON: No Spaghetti.

JACK: Oh oh ... well, hurry the food waiter.

MEL: Pardon me folks, pardon me, but have you seen my wife?  
JACK: No no, we haven't seen your wife.  
MEL: Well if you ever do, you'll know why I started drinking.  
JACK: What?  
MEL: HAPPY NEW YEAR!  
JACK: .I didn't think he was gonna come down that time. What a guy.

(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL)

HERB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BEFORE WE START OUR GALA FLOOR SHOW, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT WE'RE HONORED TONIGHT BY HAVING WITH US A VERY FAMOUS CELEBRITY.  
JACK: I wish they'd leave me alone in these places.  
HERB: THIS GENTLEMAN WHOM YOU ALL LOVE IS A VERY POPULAR STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO.  
JACK: Gladys, let me have your comb.  
SARA: Here you are.  
HERB: SO I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING TO YOU THAT POPULAR IDOL OF MILLIONS ... RODNEY DANGERFIELD.

(BAND APPLAUDS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: What ... Here's your comb, Gladys.  
HERB: YOU'VE ALL SEEN MR. DANGERFIELD IN THOSE OUTSTANDING WESTERN PICTURES AND WITH A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT MAYBE WE CAN GET HIM TO SAY A FEW WORDS.

(BAND APPLAUDS AND WHISTLES)

ELLIOT: (WESTERN) THANK YOU, FOLKS, THANK YOU KINDLY ... IT SURE IS A THRILL AND A PLEASURE TO MEET SO MANY OF MAH FANS.  
JACK: (WHISPERS) What a ham.

ELLIOT: AND I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT MAH NEXT PICTURE, "HOP ALONG SHAPIRO" ... IS GONNA BE EVEN BETTER THAN MAH LAST PICTURE, "THE CACTUS BLOOMS AT MIDNIGHT."

JACK: He stole that from me.

ELLIOT: AND NOW, FRIENDS, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE MAH CO-STAR WHO'S RIGHT HERE AT THE TABLE WITH ME ... TAKE A BOW, DESERT PAINT.

MEL: (WHINNEYS)

JACK: How do you like that, he even brought his horse.

MEL: (BLOWS)

JACK: Gladys, gimme your handkerchief ... Thanks.

ELLIOT: ANYWAY YOU FOLKS DIDN'T COME TO HEAR ME TALK ALL NIGHT SO I JUST WANTA --

JEANETTE: Pardon me, Mr. Dangerfield, but would you please put your autograph on this menu?

ELLIOT: Why certainly, Miss.  
(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JEANETTE: Thank you.

ELLIOT: SO FOLKS, I JUST WANTA WISH YOU A VERY HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.  
(BAND SHOUTS HAPPY NEW YEAR - APPLAUD AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Imagine introducing a ham like Rodney Dangerfield. Come on, kids, let's get out of here.

MARY: But Jack, we ordered food.

JACK: I don't care what we ordered ... let 'em give it to the horse. I'm going home.  
(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

HERB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE ANOTHER CELEBRITY WITH US TONIGHT ... NONE OTHER THAN JACK BENNY.

ATX01 0234487

JACK: Well.

(BAND APPLAUDS AND WHISTLES)

MARY: Are you gonna stay now, Jack?

JACK: Certainly ... What're you mad about. Sit down, Gladys.  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MASTER OF CEREMONIES, MY WORTHY  
COLLEAGUE, MR. DANGERFIELD ... AND --

MEL: (BLOWS)

JACK: Why don't you turn your head? ... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
FOR A MOMENT I WANT YOU TO FORGET THAT I'M JACK BENNY,  
THAT SCINTILLATING STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, AND RADIO.

(MUSIC IN SOFTLY)

JACK: AND I WANT TO TALK TO YOU AS ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS.  
I WANT TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WISH ALL OF YOU  
AND YOURS AND EVERYBODY ALL OVER THE WORLD GOOD HEALTH  
AND HAPPINESS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

(MUSIC LOUD)

JACK: AND NOW I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU JUST A FEW THINGS ABOUT MY  
NEXT PICTURE ... MY NEXT PICTURE IS GONNA BE EVEN  
GREATER THAN -- (FADE)

(MUSIC LOUD)

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is  
my good friend, Mr. F. E. Boone.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: As an independent tobacco auctioneer for 24 years, Mr. William Lee Currin of Durham, North Carolina speaks as an authority on tobacco. He said:

VOICE: At more than a thousand auctions, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's really good ... fine tobacco that's sweet and mild, just chock-full of smoking enjoyment. I've smoked Luckies myself for 23 years.

SIMS: Remember, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Currin speak from their own experience; for year after year, at auction after auction, they can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BARUCH: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco ... real Lucky Strike tobacco. Yes ---

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

RTX01 0234489



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

~~XXXX~~

12-29-46

SINE:           So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --  
                  so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy  
                  on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

RTX01 0234490