

RADIO
CONTINUITY

LUCKY STRIKE
JACK BENNY

OCT. - DEC.
1947

ATK01 0310028

PROGRAM #1
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, October 5, 1947

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0310030

OPENING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL - THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

SHARBUTT - WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE

(SHOT - GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT - GONG)

WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL - IS - MFT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE - (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN - FAST)

SHARBUTT - LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS!

Mr. Furney Simmons King, independent tobacco buyer of Lexington, Kentucky, has bought over 10 million pounds of tobacco in the last 36 years. Mr. King recently said:

VOICE - Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real fine tobacco - ripe, light tobacco that makes a swell smoke.

RUYSDAEL - At auction after auction, experts like Mr. King - men who really know tobacco - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. So ...

SHARBUTT - WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE

(SHOT - GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT - GONG)

WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

And remember ...

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-A1-
OCTOBER 5, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL - LS - MFT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL - So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL .. MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. ^{the} THIS PAST SUMMER, ALL OVER AMERICA
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WENT ON VACATIONS.....AND FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN MANY YEARS, JACK BENNY, THE STAR OF OUR SHOW,
VISITED THE GARDEN SPOTS OF AMERICA...AFTER FINISHING A
SUCCESSFUL RADIO SEASON LAST JUNE, HE WENT DIRECTLY TO
THE BEAUTIFUL SUN VALLEY HOTEL IN SUN VALLEY, IDAHO.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: HOTEL NOISES)

ARTIE: Oh clerk, clerk?

MEL: Yes sir?

ARTIE: My name is Farnsworth. My wife and I have reservations
here starting today.

MEL: Just a second. Let me check that.

JENNY: Isn't this a beautiful hotel, dear?

ARTIE: The nicest I've ever seen, darling.

MEL: Oh yes. Here we are. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Farnsworth.
You're in Suite 316. I'll have your bags taken care of.

(SOUND: BELL TWO TIMES)

MEL: OH BOY..BOY.

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JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: Take Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth to Suite 316.

JACK: (HAPPY) Gee..The honeymoon suite!

MEL: And boy...?

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: This time leave whether they tip you or not.

JACK: Yes sir....This way, please.

(MUSICAL PLAYOFF)

DON: AFTER THREE GLORIOUS WEEKS IN SUN VALLEY, JACK BENNY NEXT
VISITED THE WORLD FAMOUS BROADMOOR HOTEL IN COLORADO SPRINGS.

(COLORADO SPRINGS BRIDGE)

(SOUND: DINING ROOM SOUNDS..CLINKING OF SILVERWARE,
ETC.)

BEA: My goodness, Wilbur, the dining room is certainly crowded..
I do hope we're fortunate enough to get a table.

GEORGE: Well, all we can do is try, Genevieve..I'll talk to the
headwaiter...(UP) Oh Captain?

JACK: Oui, Monsieur.

GEORGE: We'd like a table for two.

JACK: Eh bien...(FRENCH ACCENT) A table for two? I will talk to
one of my waiters and see if we have one available...(UP)
Oh Pierre, Pierre?

ROCH: WEE, MON, CAPITAINE?

JACK: Avon new oon tabl poor dew?

ROCH: JENNAY CRAW PAH.

JACK: Poor kwah pah?

ROCH: EELYA TRO PERSUN EECCEE...EEL AY TRAY CROW-DAY.

JACK: (FRENCH ACCENT) I am so terribly sorry, Monsieur, but no tables for two are available. There will be a one hour wait.

GEORGE: One hour? Look, Captain, here's five dollars.

JACK: (FRENCH ACCENT) Time ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{it}, doesn't it, Monsieur?...Oh Pierre, give this couple a nice table.

ROCH: WEE MON CAPITAINNE..TRAY BEAN, AND REMEMBER, TWO AND A HALF BUCKS OF THAT IS MINE

JACK: What?

ROCH: VIVA LA FRANCE!

(MUSICAL PLAYOFF)

DON: (A LA FITZPATRICK TRAVELOGUE) THE SUMMER WORE ON, AND IT WAS WITH A HEAVY HEART THAT JACK FINALLY SAID FAREWELL TO THE BEAUTIFUL BROADMOOR HOTEL AND SPENT THE REMAINDER OF HIS VACATION AT THAT JEWEL OF THE PACIFIC, CATALINA ISLAND.

MUSIC: PLAYS "AVALON"

(SOUND: STEAMBOAT APPROACHING IN THE DISTANCE)

JERRY: Hey Willie, look, here comes the S.S. Catalina in to dock.

JOHNNY: Yeah..and look, Skinny...look at all the tourists she's bringing in.

JERRY: Gosh, I hope there ain't no cheap-skates on board.

JOHNNY: Yeah....Hey look..they're starting to throw the coins already.

JERRY: Yeah...Get ready to dive. One of the ladies just throw a quarter!

JACK: It's my turn, fellows.

Jack: *Whee!* (SOUND: LOUD SPLASH OF BODY IN WATER)

JERRY: Aw nuts, he goes first every time.

JOHNNY: Yeah...you know, for an old man, he can sure stay under water a long time.

JERRY: You shoulda been here yesterday when a guy threw in a silver dollar.

JOHNNY: Did he stay under long?

JERRY: Twice he sent up for sandwiches.

JOHNNY: Sandwiches?

JERRY: Just the bread, he caught his own sardines....when he finally came up, he was covered with barnacles...Oh, look... ..there he comes up now.

JOHNNY: Nah, that's only his hair.

JERRY: Oh, yeah, ^{well,} Let's wait till his glasses come up and then go.

MUSICAL PLAYOFF)

DON: BUT ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END, AND SO DID OUR HERO'S TRAVELS...AND NOW TONIGHT, AFTER A GLORIOUS VACATION, WE BRING YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW..JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, ^{thank you - thank you}....Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...And Don, even though you did exaggerate, I must say I had a wonderful summer.

DON: I'll bet you did, Jack...When did you get back from Catalina?

JACK: Yesterday afternoon. You see I, I ---Oh, pardon me a minute.

(SOUND: HOLLOW CLAPPING SOUND...FOLLOWED BY HEAVY LONG SQUIRT OF SELTZER BOTTLE)

JACK: I had a little water in my ear...Well Don, here we are back on the air again, and I haven't seen you since last June. What did you do all summer?

DON: Oh, nothing much..I just cruised around on my yacht.

JACK: ^{Well, that's} On your what, Don?

DON: On my yacht.

JACK: You..you..own a yacht?

DON: Yes. I bought it a few months ago.

JACK: Don, you bought a yacht..on what I..on what I--

DON: I was lucky in the stock market ~~last year~~.

JACK: Oh, you must have been. ~~Don~~: you must have been...So you spent most of your time on your yacht, eh? Where did you go?

DON: Oh, I cruised up and down the coast and then, ^I took one trip into the Atlantic.

JACK: Cruising the Atlantic ^{and}.that must have been nice.

DON: Oh, it was, but I had a little trouble getting through the Panama Canal.

JACK: Don, is your yacht that big?

DON: Oh, the boat got through, I had trouble.

JACK: Oh, I see..Well Don, now that we're here--

DON: (GIGGLING) Jack..Jack..ask me what I named my yacht.

JACK: What? Oh, all right, Don, what did you name your yacht?

DON: I call it the Girdle.

JACK: Good good! Let's get on with the --

DON: (GIGGLING) Now ask me why I call my yacht The Girdle.

JACK: Don...Oh, all right..why do you call your yacht the Girdle?

DON: (LAUGHINGLY) Because it takes a lot of little tugs to get her out of her slip. (LAUGHS)

JACK: Don...

DON: (CONTINUES LAUGHING)

JACK: Don.

DON: (LAUGHS A LITTLE LOUDER)

JACK: Don...Don...Freedom Train..Control your caboose...Don..you should've saved that old joke for next Sunday, October twelfth.

DON: Why?

JACK: Because that's Columbus Day and he was the first one to tell it...Don, I'm ashamed of you starting off a season by telling an awful---

(BIG FANFARE)

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: Stand aside, Jackson. It's me...Prince Charming.

JACK: Phil!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil..

PHIL: All you ladies in the audience can sit down now.

JACK: Phil, what kind of an entrance was that?

PHIL: *Well*, This is the first show, Jackson. You gotta come on big..
Harris ain't the modest type...I ain't no stinking violet.

JACK: That's shrinking...but we'll leave it your way..Anyway,
I'm glad to see you, Phil.

DON: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: *Well*, Hello, Donzy. Gosh, Jackson, I haven't seen you all summer...
you pretty strong, you, why you doer --
Come here...let me slap you on the back.

JACK: Phil, Please...

PHIL: Come here... *now, come over here,*

(SOUND: SLAP ON BACK FOLLOWED BY LONG SQUIRT FROM
SELTZER BOTTLE)

JACK: Thanks, Phil, you cleaned out my other ear.

PHIL: Holy smoke, where did you get all that water?

JACK: It's nothing, nothing...By the way Phil, you look awfully
well. You must've taken pretty good care of yourself this
summer.

PHIL: Yeah, I took it easy. *Jackson* I loafed around home for awhile and
then I had to go to Atlantic City for the Bathing Beauty
Contest.

JACK: Oh, were you one of the judges?

PHIL: No, I was "Miss Encino."

JACK: Huh? Phil, how could you be Miss Encino?

PHIL: That's where I live.

JACK: What?

PHIL: It was either me or Alice and I was goin' East anyway.

JACK: Well, better luck next year, Phil. But don't tell me that's
all you did all summer.

PHIL: Well, just before coming back to work, I thought I'd better get a little rest so I spent three glorious weeks at the Frankfort Distillery.

JACK: The Frankfort Distillery?

PHIL: What scenery!

JACK: I can imagine.

PHIL: I sent you a postcard, Jackson, but the mailman drank it.

JACK: That's what I like about you, Phil..entering a beauty contest. vacationing in a distillery..you and Duz will do anything.. only Duz does it with water..Hey, that's a pretty good ^{not} joke!

DON: (LAUGHINGLY) Say Phil, talking about jokes..ask me the name of my yacht.

PHIL: Okay, Donzy, what's the name of your yacht?

DON: I call it The Girdle because it takes a lot of little --

PHIL: Oh no, Donzy..no..no..not that oldie. Save it till next Sunday.

DON: Why?

PHIL: Because that's Columbus Day and Columbus told it to Jackson.

JACK: Now wait a minute..Look fellows, we're starting a new season so let's not --

DENNIS: (SHOUTING) HOORAY..HOORAY FOR ^{The Yankees!} ~~BROOKLYN~~!...HOORAY FOR THE ^{New York Yankees!} ~~BROOKLYN~~ DODGERS!

JACK: Dennis!

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: HOORAY FOR THE ^{New York Yankees.} ~~BROOKLYN~~ DODGERS..WHAT A TEAM!

JACK: Dennis, what're you so happy about? ^{The Yankees lost today.} ~~BROOKLYN~~ Dodgers.

Judy's

DENNIS: I know, I bet on the ~~Yankees~~.

JACK: Oh, oh, well that's different. How much did you bet?

DENNIS: Eighteen million dollars.

JACK: Dennis..are you crazy? How can you make a bet like that?
Eighteen million dollars!

DENNIS: I couldn't resist, they gave me nine to five.

JACK: Now Dennis, I don't want all that silly talk in here..
Nine to five..eighteen million dollars..Anybody who'd
give you a bet like that must have two heads.

DENNIS: .Oh, you know him?

JACK: Yes yes, I know him. The three of us play pinochle together.
Now come on, Dennis, as long as you're here, let's have
your song.

DENNIS: Okay, but wait'll I say hello to Don. I haven't seen him for
four months. Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Dennis.

Dennis
Now, Mr. Benny -

JACK: ...Dennis, aren't you gonna say hello to Phil?

DENNIS: I saw him in Atlantic City. (WHISTLE)

JACK: Phil, roll down your pants legs, the contest is over..Miss
Encino...Now, come on ^{come on} Dennis, let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Wait a minute..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HERB: MR. BENNY..AS THIS IS YOUR OPENING BROADCAST, I CAME
HERE TO -- *well you --*

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JACK: We cut you at rehearsal!

HERB: Oh.

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Poor fellow..I shoulda told him. He bought a tuxedo and
everything..Go ahead, kid.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "NAUGHTY ANGELINE")

(APPIAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

- 11 -

JACK: That was "Naughty Angelina" sung by Dennis Day and accompanied by Miss Encino.. And Dennis, I must tell you that your voice is better than ever.. You know, Dennis, most singers have to study, vocalize constantly, and exercise their diaphragm to attain such rich, vibrant tonal quality. What do you do?

DENNIS: I gargle.

JACK: Oh, well I guess that's good, too. But your voice sounds ~~Nike you had a good rest, a nice vacation.~~

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, speaking of vacations, I spent all my dough and I'd like to borrow a little to tide me over.

JACK: I'm sorry, Phil, but I make it a practice never to lend money.

PHIL: But I only want it for a couple of weeks.

JACK: No, I'm sorry, Phil.. And now--

PHIL: But Jackson, look..I only want a few bucks. It's me.. Phil... How can you turn me down?

JACK: Phil, if I can turn down Bevin, I can turn you down too
~~....so you might just as well forget about the~~

DON: OH JACK, LOOK, LOOK...HERE COMES MARY.

JACK: WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME.

MARY: HELLO, JACK...HELLO, EVERYBODY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Wow! What a reception. See, Mary, everybody's happy that you're back.

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MARY: I'm happy too and Gee, it's good to see all you fellows again. I'm gonna give each one of you a nice, big kiss
....Come on, Don.

DON: Right here, Mary.

(SOUND: KISS)

MARY: Phil....

PHIL: Here I am, Livy, Make me forget about the south.

(SOUND: KISS)

MARY: Dennis....

DENNIS: Come on, Livy, make me forget about Miss Encino.

MARY: Here you are.

(SOUND: KISS)

MARY: And now you, Jack.

JACK: *Glossy. Oh, Mary, not in front of all the*

Mary: Come here. Oh, young to kiss you.
Jack: Oh, all right.
(SOUND: KISS, FOLLOWED BY LONG SQUIRT OF SELTZER BOTTLE)

JACK: Hmm....

DENNIS: Gee, Old Faithful!

MARY: Jack, what in the world was that?

JACK: Oh, I just brought back a little water from Catalina.

MARY: Jack....you always have to bring home souvenirs. Last time it was towels.

JACK: Mary, when did you ever see me walk out of a hotel with a towel?

MARY: The time your pants didn't come back and we had to catch a train.

JACK: Well, that was an emergency. I had to wear that towel.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You made me call you Mother so you wouldn't look silly.

JACK: All right, all right.

DENNIS: Mother wore towels.

JACK: Just until my pants came back. Anyway, Mary, I'm so glad to see you, I don't care what you say.

DON: I am too, Mary, and you look absolutely gorgeous in that new dress

MARY: ~~Will thank you,~~
Thanks, Don.

JACK: It is a lovely dress, Mary, but isn't it unusual coming to a broadcast with a bare midriff?

MARY: This isn't a bare midriff. Phil still has his arm around me.

JACK: Oh, oh...I thought that was kind of a funny place for a tattoo. U.S. Navy...Phil, put your coat on.

DON: Say Mary, are you going in for that new style.. You know the long skirts that all the girls are wearing?

MARY: Well, Don, I haven't made up my mind yet.. but on some types they do look very attractive.

JACK: Well, maybe so, Mary, but I don't think I like them.

MARY: Then why did you let the hem out of your night-gown?

JACK: I didn't let the hem out, I added more lace.. I can go along with a gag, sister. Now Mary, stop being silly.

PHIL: Yes Livy, refrain from that nauseous injechure of ~~levity~~ *extremely spontaneous*

JACK: Yes, be a little...Phil..Phil; would you mind saying that once more?

PHIL: Oh no, Jackson, if you wanta hear it again, listen to the repeat show.

JACK: I thought it was an accident. Any time you use words of more than one syllable--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

PHIL: ONTRAY!

JACK: Shut up!...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Telegram for Jack Benny.

JACK: Oh, thanks, boy..Here's a tip for you...Here.

MEL: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Say Jack, what kind of a tip was that?

DON: Yes..you gave the boy a nickel and a copy of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

JACK: Well, you see, there's a story about me in this month's Cosmopolitan.

MARY: Well, what about the nickel?

JACK: After he reads what they say about me, that nickel will look like a thousand dollars...I know what I'm doing.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, who's the wire from?

JACK: I don't know. Read it, Mary.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: TELEGRAM OPENED)

MARY: Oh Jack, it's from Fred Allen.

JACK: Tear it up.

MARY: I will not. (GIGGLES)

JACK: All right, what does it say?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) It says.. "DEAR JACK..I JUST READ THAT YOU'RE GOING BACK ON THE AIR TONIGHT FOR LUCKY STRIKE..WHAT'S LUCKY ABOUT IT?"

JACK: Hmm..Mary, let me ask you something..Do you think that wire was funny?

MARY: Yes Jack, I think anything Fred Allen does is funny.

JACK: Oh, you do, eh?

DON: I do too, Jack.

JACK: I thought you would. Now, look fellows, we go through this every year. It's about time you admitted that I'm a much better comedian than Fred Allen.

PHIL: (MAD) All right, Jackson, all right, if it'll make you happy, we'll admit it..You're the greatest comedian in radio.

JACK: That settles it.

DENNIS: I like Jack Paar.

JACK: Dennis, we're not discussing Jack Paar..although now that you brought up his name, I think Paar is a very clever fellow..He's bright, witty, and sophisticated...Now, let's--

DENNIS: He's young, too.

JACK: That's right, he is young, but age means nothing in show business. After all, age is a funny thing. I remember when I was eight, I wanted to be eighteen..when I was eighteen, I wanted to be twenty-eight..when I was twenty-eight, I wanted to be thirty-eight..And now that I'm thirty-eight... I don't know what I want to be.

MARY: You've been there long enough to make up your mind.

JACK: Yeah, I guess so. *I don't know.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..MARCHING FEET)

JACK: Anyway, I think that Jack Paar is a..Hey, what's that? Who's that marching in here?

DON: Jack, look..it's your quartet.

JACK: My quartet?

DON: Yes..The Sportsmen.

JACK: Well, what do you know.

(INTRO TO "CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME")

QUART: MR. BENNY, HERE WE COME
 RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM.
 WE'RE HAPPY, SO HAPPY
 JUST TO BE BACK.
 WITH LUCKIES, THOSE LUCKIES,
 ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED.
 MEN WHO KNOW WILL ALL AGREE
 THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR YOU AND ME
 GOOD OLD L S M F T
 MR. BENNY, HERE WE COME

(2ND CHORUS--SOUND OF MARCHING FEET...
 BOYS MARCH UP AND DOWN
 4 GUN SHOTS AND BELLS)

JACK: Boys, stop marching...
 Where are you going?..
 I don't want that...
 Fellows, put down
 those guns..Look
 fellows....

QUART: MR. BENNY, DON'T YOU CRY
 CAUSE WE'VE GOT TO SAY GOODEBYE
 WE WISH YOU WERE THE RED BULL'S EYE
 (GUN SHOT)

QUART: MR. BENNY, HERE WE GO.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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JACK: How do you like that? *How do you like...* They would come over on my opening show.

DON: What do you mean, Jack? They had to come over. They still work for you.

JACK: You mean they're going to be with me another year? How did that happen?

DON: Don't you remember? You signed them to a contract at Catalina with an underwater pen.

JACK: Oh yes, they fooled me..they came down there dressed as mermaids.

MARY: Mermaids?

JACK: Yeah..and I like a fool wanted to marry one of them. I thought I'd save money on nylons...Oh well..if I've signed them, I guess I'm stuck with them..but they better watch themselves, that's all I've gotta say.

PHIL: What are you ^{complaining} ~~boasting~~ about, Jack ~~son~~? They put a little life into the show, didn't they?

JACK: Well, here in the studio, yes..but I wonder how the program is coming over to the listening audience. I'm gonna call Rochester and find out.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK..FADE TO BUZZES)

BEA: Oh, Mable.

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

(APPLAUSE)

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BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah..I wonder what Gray Narcissis wants now.

BEA: I don't know. I'll find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny...at your home?...I'll see if I can get him.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get Rochester.

SARA: Gee, Gertrude, here it is autumn already and it seems like only yesterday that Mr. Benny went off the air.

BEA: Yeah..you know, Mable, I saw him this summer when I went on my vacation to Catalina.

SARA: You did?

BEA: Yeah..and once I went out with him...but I left him after a half hour.

SARA: Why?

BEA: How long can I stay underwater?

SARA: You mean you were under water with Jack Benny for a half hour?

BEA: Yeah and was I embarrassed...Some people went over us with a glass-bottomed boat.

SARA: Well, why were you embarrassed? Did Mr. Benny kiss you?

BEA: Yeah, and I got a mouth-full of pennies.

SARA: How do you like that and he's supposed to be such a big radio star..You know what, Gertrude? I've been thinking of going on the radio too..I have a wonderful idea for a quiz program.

BEA: A quiz program?

SARA: Yeah, "Take It or Drop Dead"...

BEA: Well, you can have it..as far as I'm concerned, there are too many peculiar people in radio now.

SARA: You said it.

BEA: Yeah..it's just like that song.."There's No Business Like Shmoe Business".

SARA: Ain't it the truth.

(SOUND: BUZZER)

BEA: Yes..I'm sorry, Mr. Benny..I'll get him right now.

(SOUND: PLUG IN..TWO BUZZES..FADING TO TWO PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO..DUFFY'S TAVERN, WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO EAT..DUFFY AIN'T HERE. -

JACK: Rochester, it's me.

ROCH: Oh Oh Oh Oh OH, HELLO BOSS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, what do you mean answering the phone like that.. Duffy's Tavern.

ROCH: ONE OF YOUR WRITERS HAS GOT TWO SHOWS.

JACK: Not any more he hasn't...Now I've been trying to get you on the phone. What were you doing?

ROCH: I WAS LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM, BOSS.

JACK: That's what I called you about. How is my program coming over?

ROCH: ...WELL...

JACK: Well, what?

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO WATER IT A LITTLE, OR WILL YOU TAKE IT STRAIGHT?

JACK: I'll take it straight, I've got the water..Now, tell me what do you think of the show?

ROCH: WELL...IT STARTED OUT SLOW.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: THEN IT SAGGED A LITTLE.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: THEN IT SPEEDED UP.

JACK: Well.

ROCH: THEN IT SPEEDED UP A LOT.

JACK: Good.

ROCH: THEN IT MADE A "U" TURN.

JACK: A "U" turn?

ROCH: BACK TO SAG.

JACK: What?

ROCH: THEN THE SAG SAGGED.

JACK: Rochester!

ROCH: AND UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A DYNAMITE FINISH, I'LL MEET YOU IN CATALINA.

JACK: Rochester, stop being silly.

ROCH: WEE, MON CAPITAINE.

JACK: Cut-ay-woo that out! And Rochester, my first program couldn't be as bad as you--

(SOUND: CRASH WITH GLASS BREAKING, TOO)

JACK: Rochester, what was that?

ROCH: MR. COLMAN JUST THREW ~~OUT~~ HIS RADIO. *out*

JACK: Threw his radio out the window? ~~Well, I like that.~~ Rochester, if it isn't broken, bring it in the house.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What're you laughing at?

ROCH: EVERY YEAR, A LITTLE FIXIN' AND WE HAVE ANOTHER RADIO.

JACK: Yeah..Well, Rochester, I'm sure that the program couldn't be that bad..Anyway, I'll see you right after the show.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: By the way, Rochester, what are we having for dinner tonight?

ROCH: FOOD, YOU'RE WORKIN' AGAIN!

JACK: Oh yes yes..Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: SO LONG, BOSS.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: ~~Ladies and gentlemen, it's an old American custom to help the other fellow, and one of the best ways I know of helping those in need is through the Community Chest. By treating vital problems as they arise, Red Feather Services prevent these problems from spreading throughout the community and affecting the welfare of the Nation. By giving to the Community Chest, you benefit millions of Americans directly and all of us indirectly. The sign of the Red Feather is the sign of a good neighbor, so give generously to the Community Chest. Thank you.~~

(APPLAUSE)

DON: ~~Jack will be back in just a moment, but first...~~

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 5, 1947^{-B-}

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON - Jack will be back in just a minute, but first ...

SHARBUTT - WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE

(SHOT - GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT - GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL - LS - MPT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is
what counts in a cigarette.

RIGGS - (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT - LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS!

Mr. Joe Burnett, ace tobacco auctioneer of Buffalo Springs,
Virginia. Recently he said:

VOICE - Year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike
buy fine, light, fragrant tobacco that makes a grand smoke.

RUYSDAEL - And that's not all! For as Mr. Burnett also said:

VOICE - I've smoked Luckies myself for 16 years.

RUYSDAEL - And as Lucky Strike smokers say:

GIRL - That's my kind of a cigarette, real smooth-smoking.

(MORE)

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ATX01 0310056

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-ba-
OCTOBER 5, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT - SO WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE

(SHOT .. GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

And remember ...

RUYSDAEL - LS - MFT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL - So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

SHARBUTT - YES, WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE

(SHOT - GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

(TAG)

Goodnight, folks. See you next Sunday.
JACK: ~~Well, folks, that concludes our first program of the season~~
and Gracie and I want to thank you for--

MARY: Gracie?

JACK: ~~Hmm..that writer must have three shows...Anyway folks, stay
tuned in for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show which follows
immediately and don't forget to listen to A Day In the Life
of Dennis Day next Wednesday..and...er...Oh, just a minute,
ladies and gentlemen..The Department of Agriculture wishes me
to make the following announcement.."Frost Warning."
Fred Allen comes back on the air tonight."...Goodnight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

PROGRAM #2

(REVISED) . . SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCT. 12, 1947

NBC

4:00-4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0310059

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-A-
OCTOBER 12, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL - THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

SHARBUTT - WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE
(SHOT-GONG) KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE (SHOT-GONG)
WHEN YOU BUY-KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL - IS --MFT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RIGGS - (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN - FAST)

SHARBUTT - LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. William
Currin of Durham, North Carolina. Here's what this
top-flight tobacco auctioneer said recently:

VOICE - At more than a thousand auctions, I've seen the makers
of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco that's sweet and mild,
just chock-full of smoking enjoyment.

RUYSDAEL - Year after year, experts like Mr. Currin - the impartial
authorities of tobacco quality - can see the makers of
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that
light, that naturally mild tobacco.

So ...

SHARBUTT: WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE
(SHOT-GONG) KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE
(SHOT-GONG) WHEN YOU BUY -KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!
And remember ...

ATX01 0310060

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 12, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

RUYSDAEL - IS - MFT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL - So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco --Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

X

ATX01 0310061

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. SET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE, AS YOU KNOW, HE LIVES ALONE WITH HIS BUTLER, ROCHESTER. IT'S NINE THIRTY IN THE MORNING AND AS USUAL, ONE IS IN BED WHILE THE OTHER IS IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING THE BREAKFAST.

JACK: (PAUSE) Now let's see, where are the eggs?...Gee, it's so hard to find anything in this refrigerator. Maybe I oughta trade it in. I hear the newer models have a light in 'em. Oh, here's an egg on the bottom shelf.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: (HUMS) "POTATOES ARE CHEAPER"^{*What song doesn't fit now --*} Gee, I'm hungry, I think I'll scramble my egg. Let's see, how do you scramble an -- Oh yes, first I'll break it into this bowl.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG ON SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Hummmmmmm.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG ON SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Gosh, I'm weak in the morning.. Maybe I better have my orange juice first. .Yeah..I'll make some.

(SOUND: CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING JUICE INTO GLASS)

See
JACK: ^ That orange juice sure looks good...Now to get the seeds out
... one..two..oh, there's another seed three.

(SOUND: SETTING GLASS DOWN ON SINK..FIVE FOOTSTEPS ON
WOOD...SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN
THREE STEPS..EIGHT FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL..SOUND OF TROWEL
IN DIRT..SCRAPING..PATTING OF DIRT.)

JACK: Well, they're planted.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL..)

JACK: (SINGS) POTATOES ARE HIGHER. TOMATOES ARE HIGHER, NOW'S THE
TIME TO SELL YOUR CAR. LA LA LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA LA.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP THREE STEPS..ON WOOD..SCREEN DOOR
OPENS AND CLOSES...FIVE FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)

JACK: Now to have my oran--Say, that's funny, the glass is empty..
Somebody drank my orange juice..Hmm..there's nobody in the
house but Rochester and...That's it...Rochester..Wait'll I--

(SOUND: FEW FAST FOOTSTEPS..RUNNING UPSTAIRS ... DOWN
HALL..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester..Rochester, did you drink my orange juice?

ROCH: (SNORE)

JACK: Rochester! You're not fooling me..Get up!

ROCH: (LONG SNORE) BLOOP..BLEEP!

JACK: Rochester!

ROCH: (SNORES AND THEN MUMBLES) I KNOW I'M CUTE, HONEY, BUT CONTROL
YOURSELF.

JACK: Hmm..maybe he is asleep..I'll tickle him and wake him up.

ROCH: (SNORES AND GIGGLES)

JACK: Rochester...

ROCH: (QUICK SNORE) OH, IT'S YOU BOSS, WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT.

JACK: Never mind that ..did you sneak downstairs, drink my orange juice, and get back in bed?

ROCH: ORANGE JUICE? I WAS SOUND ASLEEP.

JACK: Sound asleep?...Then how come you woke up so fast when I tickled you?

ROCH: YOU WERE USING THE HAND YOU HAD IN THE ICE BOX.

JACK: Now, Rochester, I made a glass of orange juice, stepped out in the back yard for a minute, and when I came back, the orange juice was gone.

ROCH: MAYBE THE MICE DRANK IT.

JACK: Mice don't drink orange juice.

ROCH: IN CALIFORNIA?

JACK: All right, we'll talk about it later...Now get up out of that bed. I'll want you to drive me down town to the doctor's office. I've got to go for a physical.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? YOU FEEL BAD?

JACK: No no... it's just that my sponsor is taking out an insurance policy on me and I have to be examined.

ROCH: HOW MUCH IS THE POLICY FOR?

JACK: A million dollars. ~~but if I'm killed accidentally, the sponsor collects two million dollars.~~
but
~~if I'm killed accidentally, the sponsor~~
collects two million dollars.

ROCH: TWO MILLION?

JACK: Yes. *you better keep your --*

ROCH: BOSS, YOU BETTER HOPE THAT GUY KEEPS HIS EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE.

JACK: *Well, that joke was loused up.*
A Oh, you mean the commercial..I'm not worried about that. *You know*
A They shoot that gun in another studio way over on Sunset and Highland. ~~████~~ I don't even pass there on my way home.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT FOR TWO MILLION DOLLARS THEY CAN MAKE A BULLET THAT WAITS FOR YOU AT PICO AND SEPULVEDA.

JACK: What are you talking about? My sponsor is just trying to protect his investment, that's all. Now hurry downstairs.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL AND DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: Imagine him denying that he drank that orange juice..(MAD)
I've got a good notion to make him stay in bed all day..No He'd like that..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS INTO KITCHEN AND STOP..CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING)

JACK: Hum..,no seeds in this one..Oh well..

MARY: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK, ARE YOU UP YET?

JACK: Hub? OH HELLO MARY, COME ON IN..I'M IN THE KITCHEN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SO EARLY?

MARY: Early? I was here ten minutes ago. I came into the house, walked into the kitchen, nobody was there, so I drank a glass of orange juice and left.

JACK: Mary-you..you drank my --

MARY: All right, here's a dime.

JACK: ~~Alright~~ ^{Okay}, Smarty .. I'll bet you'd be surprised if I took it.

MARY: I wouldn't be surprised if you sued me.

JACK: Well, I don't want the dime.. Anyway Mary...I've made a terrible mistake. I accused Rochester of drinking my orange juice.

MARY: Well, that's you, Jack. Always jumping at conclusions.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: What about that morning you got out of bed, and accused Rochester of taking your new suit ..

JACK: Well..

MARY: Then you took your night gown and there it was.

JACK: That wasn't my fault. When I come home tired, he's supposed to undress me.

MARY: Well anyway, I drank your orange juice and you oughta apologize to Rochester.

JACK: (BASHFUL) Oh Mary, I don't have to apologize, he knows I'm sorry.

MARY: He does not and you've gotta tell him.

JACK: Oh Mary: I can't.

MARY: You can too...now be a man.

ROCH: OH, HELLO MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Hello, Rochester...Mr. Benny has something to say to you.

JACK:Oh..

MARY: Jack, go ahead.

JACK: ... Well..

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MARY: Jack..

JACK: Oh all right....Rochester..

MARY: Turn around and face him!

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Go on.

JACK: Well..Rochester..

ROCH: YES BOSS.

JACK:(FAST) I'm sorry. *I said you drank my orange juice.*

(SOUND: 5 FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..LOUD DOOR SLAM)

MARY: JACK, COME BACK HERE!

JACK: (OFF) I WILL NOT!

MARY: What a baby.

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER GET THE CAR OUT. I GOTTA TAKE MR. BENNY TO
THE DOCTOR:

MARY: The doctor..what for?

ROCH: THE SPONSOR TOOK OUT AN INSURANCE POLICY *on Mr. Benny and he* ~~HE~~ HAS
TO BE EXAMINED.

MARY: Oh..do you think he'll pass it, Rochester?

ROCH: PASS IT? OH SURE, MISS LIVINGSTONE.. HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN
HIS MUSCLES.

MARY: Yes, they were hanging on the line when I came in.

JACK: Rochester.

MARY: Oh, you're back.

JACK: Yes..Rochester, get the car now and we'll go. Now *Mary* I've
gotta hurry ~~away~~ *away*, so you--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn it, there's the phone...Just when I'm ready to leave.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DON: (HIGH VOICE) Hello Jack, guess who this is.

JACK: Hu? Who is this. I'm in a hurry?

DON: (HIGH VOICE) I'll give you a hint.'

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Sugar is sweet

And I'm lumpy, too. (LAUGHS NATURALLY)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Don, I have to rush away. What did you call me for?

DON: Well Jack, I've got the quartet here and we've got a wonder wonderful idea for a commercial.

JACK: But Don, I don't want to hear it over the phone. You can wait'll rehearsal. Anyway, I don't like the songs ^{that the sportmen} pick. Why don't they pick some thing classy once in awhile.

DON: Well, we've got one now, Jack. It's "Listen To the Mocking Bird".

JACK: Oh, you mean the one that goes..(SINGS) LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD, LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD"?

DON: Yes, ^{yes} that's the one.

JACK: Oh, oh, well that's swell, let me hear it. Are the boys close to the phone?

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Good, good.

DON: TAKE IT BOYS.

(SHORT ORCHESTRA INTRO)

QUART: LISTEN TO THE MAN WHO KNOWS

LISTEN TO THE MAN WHO KNOWS

HE IS SAYING LUCKY STRIKE'S THE SMOKE FOR ME. JACK: Very good.

LISTEN TO THE MAN WHO KNOWS

LISTEN TO THE MAN WHO KNOWS

LIKE A BIRD HE'S SINGING L S M F T. JACK: Like a bird?

THEY'RE SO ROUND AND SO FIRM AND SO FULLY

SO FULLY FULLY, SO FULLY FULLY JACK: Fully what?

THEY'RE SO ROUND AND SO FIRM AND SO FULLY JACK: Fully what?

THEY'RE SO FULLY, FULLY, FULLY, FULLY WHAT. JACK: Boys..

LISTEN TO THE TARGET RING JACK: Boys..

(SOUND: BELL)

LISTEN TO THE TARGET RING JACK: Don..

(SOUND: BELL)

KEEP YOUR EYE YI YI YI YI ON THE RED BULL'S EYE.

(SOUND: SHOT AND BELL) JACK: I don't want

LISTEN TO THE TARGET RING that.

(SOUND: LOUDER BELL)

LISTEN TO THE TARGET RING

Jack. I don't want this sound effect.

(SOUND: LOUD BELL)

IT'LL BE RINGING IN YOUR EARS UNTIL YOU DIE.

IT'S SO ROUND, AND SO FIRM AND SO FULLY JACK: Boys, that's

SO FULLY FULLY, SO FULLY FULLY not what I

IT'S SO ROUND AND SO FIRM want.....

AND SO FULLY.. Wait a minute..

WAIT A MINUTE..

WAIT A MINUTE!

JACK:Don....Don...why is it ~~that~~ they always start out so nice and then go crazy?...We can't use that commercial, it's too noisy. Where did they get that gun?

DON: They found it on a bench at Pico and Sepulveda.

JACK: NO!

DON: What's that, Jack?

JACK: Nothing, nothing..I'll see you at rehearsal.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hmm..I thought Rochester was only guessing...Well, I'm gonna have my orange juice and then go...Rochester, did you get the car started okay?

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN I KNOW YOU'RE GOIN' OUT THE NEXT MORNING, I LET IT RUN ALL NIGHT.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Jack, letting your car run all night..doesn't that burn up an awful lot of charcoal?

JACK: Not much..Well, come on, Rochester, let's--

MARY: WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE.

DENNIS: Hello everybody..I came in through the kitchen.

JACK: Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, and thanks for the orange juice.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake..Now I'll have to squeeze another one..and only last week the President asked us to conserve food..I know it's a problem, but everybody should do it.

DENNIS: My mother conserves food every night.

JACK: Well, ^{well} she deserves a lot of credit..How does she do it?

DENNIS: When it's time for dinner, she locks me in a closet.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: But I got even with her. I ate the door knob.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Now every little thing turns my stomach.

JACK: Look kid..I haven't had my breakfast yet. What brings you over here, anyway?

DENNIS: Well, I have a new arrangement for ~~arrangement~~ ^{a cute little song that I recorded for RCA Victor} and I wanted you to hear it.

JACK: I know, but do I have to hear it now? So early?

DENNIS: Oh, this isn't early, Mr. Benny. I get up every morning at seven and go out to Griffith Park, set up my easel and do landscapes.

JACK: What?

MARY: Dennis, I didn't know you ~~did~~ ^{did} landscapes.

DENNIS: But I guess I'm not very good because people pass by, look at the canvas, shrug their shoulders, and walk away.

MARY: Well, don't let that bother you.

DENNIS: I can't understand it. I use the most expensive brushes.

JACK: Well, what kind of paint do you use?

DENNIS:Ohhhhhh...PAINT!

MARY: Here, kid, have a door knob.

JACK: Not in the head, Mary....look Dennis, you sing your song
for Mary and she'll tell me how it is. I've gotta
rush away to the doctor's.

DENNIS: I don't blame you. You look awful.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Sing, Dennis.

JACK: You said it..I'll see you kids later..Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."YAH SURE, YOU BETCHA")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-13-

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR)

JACK: Rochester, we're awfully late. Can't you go a little faster?

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MOTOR FASTER)

JACK: You know, right after I take my physical, we'll go down to--

(SOUND: LOUD GUN SHOT)

JACK: Rochester..Rochester..they got me!..they got me!

ROCH: GET BACK IN THE SEAT, BOSS, THAT WAS ONLY A TIRE.

JACK: Oh, ^{see} I should have known, we're only at Pico and Robertson..

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, you change the tire and I ~~can~~ ^{will} walk to the doctor's office from here.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Let me see, his office should be around here..Oh, there it is..Doctors Fenchel and Gordon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT)

BEA: Yes sir?

JACK: I'm Mr. Benny, ^{nurse} I have an appointment for a physical examination.

BEA: Oh yes yes. I'll have to fill out this form...Your full name, please?

JACK: Jack Benny.

BEA: Your birthplace?

JACK: Waukegan, Illinois.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

BEA: Your height?

JACK: Five foot ten.

BEA: Your weight?

JACK: A hundred and fifty-seven.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

BEA: Your home address?

JACK: 700 North Rexford.

BEA: Your business address?

JACK: 360 North Camden Drive.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

BEA: Hmm..Color of your eyes?

JACK: Robin egg blue.

BEA: Well Mr. Benny, if you'll just sit over there and wait,
the doctors will see you in a minute.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SHUFFLING OF CHAIR)

JACK: (HUMS BIT OF "POTATOES ARE CHEAPER")...(Gee, that nurse is an attractive girl...I wonder if she'd go out with me if I asked her for a date.....I wonder how she'd look without those white stockings.....I wonder how she'd look without that uniform.....I wonder how she'd look in a bathing suitI wonder how she'd look-- Oh, I'm being silly... Anyway, I don't think that-- *she'd go out with --*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (UP): SO LONG, DOCTOR, THANKS A LOT.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: PHIL!

PHIL: HIYA JACKSON!

JACK: Phil! What are you doing here?

PHIL: Well Jackson, I didn't want to worry anybody, but I been having terrific headaches.

JACK: You have?

PHIL: Yeah. So I came up here to find out what was wrong, and thd doctors took some X-rays of my head...Here, you wanna see one of them?

JACK: Nah...X-rays are all the same..just bones.

PHIL: Here, here...take a look at mine.

(RUSTLING OF PAPER AND CELLULOID)

JACK: Well, what do you know.....That's the first skull I ever saw with curly hair.....Phil, how did this happen....X-rays never show hair.

PHIL: I had it re-touched.

JACK: Oh..Say, what's this writing down in the corner of the X-ray.. the name of the doctor?

PHIL: No, it says, "To Alice, With Love", I'm giving it to her for her birthday.

JACK: Phil . why in the world would you give Alice an X-ray for a present.

PHIL: Why not? She's got everything else.

JACK: Oh .well, that's logical ...Tell me, Phil .what did the doctors do about your headaches?

PHIL: Plenty..them doctors are ^{plenty} smart, Jackson...First they gave me a complete physical . Then they gave me all the allergy tests. .Then they checked my reflexes..and then they psychoanalyzed me.

JACK: And did they find out why you have headaches?

PHIL: Yeah, my band plays too loud.

JACK: (SHOCKED) No' They had the audacity^{-- the audacity --} to tell you that?^{the audacity? --}

PHIL: Yeah, and in Latin, too....Say, Jackson, what're you doing here?

JACK: Oh, it's nothing...I just came for an insurance examination.

~~PHIL: I'd sure hate to have anything happen to you, Jackson.~~

I'd sure hate to have anything happen to you, Jackson.

JACK: Well, thanks, Phil...

PHIL: I mean it..Gee, if anything happened to you...Why, Jackson, I'd...I'd....

JACK: Yes Phil?

PHIL: I'd just have one show...

JACK: Mmm...

~~PHIL: I'd just have one show...~~

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JACK: Why don't you wait for me, Phil? It won't take long.

PHIL: I can't...I'm meeting Alice downstairs..we're going to a movie.

JACK: Oh?..What picture are you going to see?

PHIL: Mother Was Tight.

JACK: That's Mother Wore Tights.

PHIL: That ain't bad either, *Dad... Goodbye*

JACK: So long, Phil.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

BEA: Mr. Benny, the doctor is waiting for you.

JACK: Good, I'll go right in.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Oh, Doctor...?

NELSON: Yesssss?

JACK: ~~What's the name?~~ *I'm Jack Benny.*

NELSON: Oh, *yes. I've been expecting you.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING OF 5 NUMERALS ON PHONE)

NELSON:Hello, Pierce Brothers' Mortuary?....

JACK: What?

NELSON: I'm having lunch with Ralph Pierce.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: We're quite friendly...I throw him a lot of business.

JACK: Oh I see.

NELSON: Hello Ralph...One thirty at the Brown Derby? Fine...

Goodbye, Ralph.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

NELSON: And now, Mr. Benny, I'll get my associate in here and we'll give you your examination...(UP) Oh Doctor Gordon..

MEL: Yes, Doctor.

NELSON: Will you help me with this examination?..This is Mr. Benny.

JACK: Pleased to meet you, Dr. Gordon.

MEL: Thank you...Now Mr. Benny, will you please strip?

JACK: You mean undress?

MEL: Yes.

JACK: All right.

(BAND PLAYS "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

JACK: Doctor, I don't need the music.

MEL: I'm sorry, our last patient was Gypsy Rose Lee.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Now get behind that screen and take off your clothes.

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: When you're ready, Dr. Fenchel and I will be in the next room.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

NELSON: Oh doctor, I've been concerned about that call you made this morning..any information yet?

MEL: Yes, I got a report from Doctor Stanley and...^{it's}...it's all over.

NELSON: What was the result?

MEL: She ran fifth and we lose four bucks.

NELSON: ...Gee, we took a beating on the Dodgers too...

MEL: Yeah...I wonder what's taking him so long...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny, have you got all your clothes off?

JACK: Yes, yes.

MEL: Then come out from behind that screen.

JACK: Well gee, don't I get ^a ~~any~~ balloon or something?

MEL: Just slip on this gown.

JACK: Yes sir...There, I'm ready.

NELSON: Very well...Now hold still, Mr. Benny, while I listen to your heart...Just a minute, I want to adjust my stethoscope...
There...

fall (SOUND: VERY FAINTLY..SHOT, CLANG...FIVE TIMES)

NELSON: That's certainly a peculiar heart beat.

JACK: It has to beat like that, it's in my contract.

NELSON: Now, Mr. Benny, will you please step behind this fluroscope.

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: Good...contact.

NELSON: Contact.

(SOUND: CLICK..SLIGHT BUZZING OF FLUROSCOPE)

NELSON: Mr. Benny..there seems to be a round metallic object near your kidney.

JACK: That's a quarter I swallowed years ago.

NELSON: Shall we, Dr. Gordon?

MEL: Why not?..Mr. Benny, will you please hiccough?

JACK: Hiccough?

MEL: Yes.

JACK: (HICCOUGHS)

NELSON: (HAPPY) It's tails, Dr. Gordon, you lose.

JACK: What is this anyway?

~~NELSON: [unclear] that [unclear]~~

~~JACK: [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]~~

~~NELSON:~~ *How, Mr. Barney*
NELSON: ~~and~~ drink this glass of barium?

JACK: You mean all that white stuff?

NELSON: Yes..it's a harmless chemical and when you drink it, we can follow its course through the fluroscope.

JACK: Oh...all right....Gee, it tastes awful.

MEL: Drink it all.

JACK:There.

MEL: Oh look, Dr. Fenschel, the barium has reached the esophageal entrance.....there it goes over the cricoid cartilage... behind the tracheal bifurcation....through the arch of the aorta....Now it's passing the esophageal hiatus ~~of the~~ diaphragm.

JACK: If it passes Pico and Sepulveda, it's dead.

MEL: Now it's coming around the esophageal gastric junction

~~[unclear]~~

~~JACK: [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]~~

~~NELSON: [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]~~

~~[unclear]~~

~~[unclear]~~

~~[unclear]~~

JACK BENNY
10/12/47

(REVISED) -20A-

NELSON: (EXCITED) NOW IT'S COMING AROUND THE KIDNEY ON THE
OUTSIDE..HEADED INTO THE HOME STRETCH. IT'S BARIUM
SULPHATE BY TWO LENGTHS.

MEL: COME ON, BARIUM! COME ON, BARIUM!

NELSON: IT'S BARIUM, ^{the winner} BY A NOSE!

JACK: DOCTORS, DOCTORS, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?.....
DID PHIL HARRIS HAVE TO DRINK THAT BARIUM?

NELSON: No, he insisted on a martini.

JACK: A martini? Well, how could you trace it?

NELSON: We followed the olive.

JACK: ^{I should have known}
~~Should have known~~. Is that all, Doctor?

MEL: Yes, that's all for now..you can go.

JACK: Thank you. Goodbye.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

d

ATX01 0310081

~~NELSON: The liver? MEL: Yes, what's that on top of it? NELSON: Well, I'll be darned...onions. JACK: Sixty-nine cents at Thrifty...Is that all, Doctor? MEL: Yes, you can go now.~~

is in the right position.

MEL: Yes yes...but look at the liver.

NELSON: The liver?

MEL: Yes, what's that on top of it?

NELSON: Well, I'll be darned...onions.

JACK: Sixty-nine cents at Thrifty...Is that all, Doctor?

MEL: Yes, you can go now.

~~NELSON: Oh, Mr. Benny...~~

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Oh, Mr. Benny...

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: You better put your clothes on.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: ^{*Got to put my clothes on -- I forgot --*} (SINGS) A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DE DUM DA DUM,
DA DA DUM DUM DA DUM, DA DA DE DA DA DA DA DE DA DA DA DE DA
....Well, I'm all dressed.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Goodbye, doctors.

MEL &

NELSON: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Goodbye, nurse.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty eight....(HUMS) DA DE DA DE,..DA DE DA DE DUM DUM...
DA DA DUM DUM DA DUM.....

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, it's an old American custom to help the other fellow, and one of the best ways I know of helping those in need is through the Community Chest. By treating vital problems as they arise, Red Feather Services prevent these problems from spreading throughout the community and affecting the welfare of the Nation. By giving to the Community Chest, you benefit millions of Americans directly and all of us indirectly. The sign of the Red Feather is the sign of a good neighbor, so give geuerously to the Community Chest. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first....

-C-

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 12, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON - Jack will be back in just a minute, but first ...

SHARBUTT- WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE(SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE(SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL - IS MFT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette..

BOONE - (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT - LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Harry King of Durham, North Carolina. This veteran tobacco buyer recently said:

VOICE - At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real fine tobacco that smokes up smooth and mild.

RUYSDAEL - And that's not all! For as Mr. King also said:

VOICE - I pick Luckies myself. Smoked 'em for 18 years.

RUYSDAEL - And as Lucky Strike smokers say:

GIRL - That's my kind of a cigarette, real smooth-smoking.

ATX01 0310084

-D-

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 12, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT - SO WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE
(SHOT-GONG) KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!
And remember ...

RUYSDAEL - IS - MFT

SHARBUTT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL - So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy
on the draw.

SHARBUTT - YES, WHEN YOU BUY -KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE
(SHOT-GONG) KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

X

ATX01 0310085

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, stay tuned in for Phil Harris's program which follows immediately..and tune into A Day In The Life of Dennis Day on Wednesday night..and--

MARY: Oh Jack, how did your physical come out?

JACK: Oh fine fine ^{Mary} but I have to go back tomorrow.

MARY: Why?

JACK: I forgot my underwear..Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

PROGRAM #3

(REVISED SCRIPT)

A Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCT. 19, 1947

NBC

4:00-4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0310087

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

SHARBUTT: WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE

(SHOT-GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT-GONG)

WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN - FAST)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Henry Snell of Lexington, Kentucky. With 32 years experience in handling tobacco, this warehouse owner said recently:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, mild, ripe tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: At market after market, experts like Mr. Snell - men who really know tobacco - can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. So ...

SHARBUTT: WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE

(SHOT-GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT-GONG)

WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

And remember ...

(more)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 19, 1947

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco,

RUYSDAEL: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy
on the draw.

W

ATK01 0310089

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, .THE LAST FEW WEEKS JACK BENNY
HAS BEEN TAKING HIS GOLF GAME VERY SERIOUSLY, .PLAYING
EVERY DAY..IN FACT, BRIGHT AND EARLY THIS MORNING,
JACK AND ROCHESTER GOT IN THE CAR AND STARTED FOR THE
HILLCREST COUNTRY CLUB.

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR)

JACK: This is gonna be a lovely day, Rochester, I can feel it.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: You know, Fall is the nicest season of the year.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: And it's so invigorating early in the morning.

ROCH: UH HUH.

(SOUND: BRAKES AND CAR STOPS)

JACK: What did you stop the car for?

ROCH: I GOTTA LIFT UP THE DOOR, WE AIN'T OUTTA THE GARAGE YET.

JACK: Oh yes..those quonset huts are so long..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS MOTOR UP)

JACK: Now Rochester, go straight down Rexford and turn right
on--no, turn left on Wilshire Boulevard..I don't
want to pass Pico and Sepulveda.

ROCH: YES SIR.

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JACK: You know, Rochester, Fall
is my favorite season.
When the leaves start turning
gold and brown, and the
fragrant breeze wafts them
gently to mother earth..and at
the close of each day, as the
sun sinks beyond the horizon,
it seems like some elfin painter
has gilded the sky and left it
glowing with a hundred brilliant
colors. Ah, what fools men are,
not to halt their breathless pace,
and admire the beauties of nature.

SOUND: STARTS HERE WITH...
LOUSY MOTOR BEGINS
TO COUGH AND
SPUTTER..THEN IT
WHISTLES..THEN
EVERY TINNY
SOUND COMBINE.)

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, what are you stopping for now?

ROCH: I GOTTA OPEN THE GATE, WE AIN'T OUTTA THE DRIVEWAY.

JACK: Oh yes.

(SOUND: GATE OPENS)

JACK: Better hurry, Rochester, I'm supposed to meet...what're you
looking at?

ROCH: THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF THE EXHAUST PIPE.

JACK: Huh?...Let me see...Oh, that's just a little smoke.

ROCH: A LITTLE?..IF WE COULD GET THIS THING OFF THE GROUND, WE
COULD DO SKY-WRITING.

JACK: Oh, it's all right..Come on, let's get going.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADES)

JACK: I'm supposed to meet Phil Harris at the golf club at ten thirty. I've challenged him to a match, ~~and I'm supposed to~~
~~make a bet on the game,~~

~~ROCH: I'm supposed to meet Phil Harris, Boss, you know how it goes~~
~~you when you go to anything.~~

~~JACK: It does not upset me.~~

~~ROCH: WHAT ABOUT THAT TIME YOU GOT A WRONG NUMBER ON THE TELEPHONE~~
~~AND THEY DIDN'T RETURN YOUR NICKEL?~~

JACK: ~~Hub?~~

~~ROCH: YOU RAISED A BIG FUSS AND I'D BEEN GIVING YOU NOTHING.~~

JACK: ~~The girl was fine indeed, Now stop on it.~~

ROCH: ~~YES SIR.~~

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Oh, boy I can hardly wait till I get out ^{on} that golf course.
The way I've been playing lately I bet I'll--- Oh-oh,
Rochester..Rochester, pull over to the curb and slow down. *Pull over*

(SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN.. ~~HIGH HEELS ON CONCRETE UNDER~~
~~FOLLOWING CURB~~)

JACK: Oh miss?.....Oh miss?.....Going down
Wilshire, Miss?.....Drive on, Rochester.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE...YOU NEVER GIVE UP, DO YOU BOSS?

(SOUND: CAR GOES FASTER)

JACK: Rochester, I merely wanted to give her a lift...You know it
never hurts to be kindly and lend a helping hand to those
less fortunate who haven't got a car. Some day the tables
may be turned and I --

MEL: (OFF) GOING DOWN WILSHIRE, MISTER?

JACK: GET LOST!...the tables may be turned and it might be me who's in that same spot... I wonder why that girl wouldn't. I could understand it if I wasn't good looking, ^{or something} ~~I wouldn't~~ ~~take my glasses off.~~

ROCH: MAYBE IT'S THE CAR BOSS..WHY DON'T YOU TRADE IT IN FOR A NEWER MODEL?

JACK: What for? This car always takes us where we want to go.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT LOOK HOW MUCH OLDER WE ARE WHEN WE GET THERE.

JACK: What's the difference? That's the trouble, Rochester. Everybody's in a hurry. Everybody's rushing through life. They don't stop

to enjoy the beauties of nature.. (SOUND: CAR STARTS TO ACT UP AGAIN AS BEFORE)
Like now...it's Fall..the leaves are turning gold and brown, and the fragrant breeze wafts them gently to mother earth..and at the close of each day, as the sun sinks beyond the horizon, it seems like some elfin painter has gilded the sky and left it glowing with a hundred --

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, STOP, YOU'RE UPSETTING THE MOTOR.

JACK: I guess you're right, and Rochester, drive more in the middle of the street, the falling leaves are denting the fenders... Maybe I will trade this in and-- Oh-oh, Rochester..Rochester, pull over to the curb again.

ROCH: IT'S THE SAME GIRL, BOSS, WE AIN'T PASSED HER YET.

JACK: I don't mean her..the one on the corner.

(SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN)

JACK: Going down Wilshire, honey?

DENNIS: Yeah, thanks, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis! What's the idea of wearing a green dress?

DENNIS: I'm not wearing a green dress, I'm standing behind a mail box.

JACK: Mail box?

ROCH: YOU BETTER WEAR YOUR GLASSES, BOSS...LAST WEEK YOU ALMOST PICKED UP THE SUNSET BUS.

JACK: Yeah..I thought she was winking at me but it was the tail-light...Hop in, Dennis.

DENNIS: Okay, *thanks*.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...MOTOR UP AND FADE)

JACK: Dennis, would you like to come along with me...I'm going to *play* Hillcrest to play golf with Phil. *I'm going to*

DENNIS: That's where I was going..and Phil Harris promised to caddy for me again.

JACK: Phil Harris caddys for you?

DENNIS: Yeah, and it makes it so easy for me to play the game. All I have to do is carry the bag, tee up the ball, and Phil hits it for me.

JACK: Dennis..

DENNIS: If he doesn't start ^{hitting them} ~~quitting~~ better I'm gonna get a new caddy.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis ^{hey} look at me.

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: Let me explain something to you...When you carried the bag, Phil wasn't caddying for you..you were caddying for him.

DENNIS: I was?

JACK: Certainly.

DENNIS: Gee..how I ever got two shows I'll never know.

JACK: It's amazing...Rochester, turn on the radio.

ROCH: WE AIN'T GOT NO RADIO.

JACK: Then sing something, will you, Dennis..I can't stand any more of that talk.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."WHIFFENPOOF SONG")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

Jack here Rochester and I'll meet you on the first table I'm having lunch with Miss Livingstone see you later, Dennis!

(SOUND: ~~ON OUR PADE IN LOUDY MOTOR~~ ON SECOND CUE (HORNS))

JACK: ~~Okay Rochester, here's the first table I'm having lunch with Miss Livingstone~~
~~of the clubhouse and let us off.~~

~~ROCK: YES SIR.~~

(SOUND: ~~FAST STEPS~~)

JACK: ~~Rochester, I'm meeting Miss Livingstone here for lunch,~~
~~and I'll see you on the first tea. Come on Dennis, let's~~
~~get out.~~

~~DENNIS: (DABLING)~~

~~JACK: (DABLING)~~

~~DENNIS: I slipped through the floor board and I've been running~~
~~through the streets.~~

~~JACK: Oh no, I thought there were going wide feet.~~

(SOUND: ~~CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS~~)

~~JACK: I'll see you on the course, Dennis.~~

~~DENNIS: Okay.~~

(SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS...RESTAURANT SOUNDS
...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS) "MY BLUE HEAVEN" DA DUM DUM DUM DUM..DA DUM DA DUM
DUM..DA DUM DA DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello...(SINGS) JUST MOLLY AND ME..AND FIBBER MAGEE..WE'RE
HAPPY WITH OUR NEW HOOPER...*a turn to the right and Dennis is tight* LA LA LA LA LA..LA LA LA LA LA...

I wonder where Mary's sitting..

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello Mary. I thought you were gonna be alone.

MARY: What?

JACK: Who're your friends?

MARY: Those are my golf clubs, put on your glasses.

JACK: Oh, oh..I wondered what they were all doing on one chair...
The niblick looks like Abe Lasfogel...Mary, ^{mary} did you order
something to eat?

MARY: Yes, and I ordered a sandwich for you, too.

JACK: Good good..You know, I can hardly wait to get on that golf
course. ^{you know} I'm playing Phil today.

MARY: Oh Jack, you shouldn't play against Phil. He's too good
for you.

JACK: What're you talking about?

MARY: You know what I'm talking about. Look how George Burns
beat you yesterday.

JACK: Well.

MARY: And the day before that, you took a trimming from Cagney.

JACK: All right..Cagney..so I was off my game..What about last
week when I played O'Brien?

MARY: (DISGUSTED) But Jack, you're so much bigger than she is.

JACK: Well...

MARY: And when she sunk that twenty foot putt, you got so mad you
kicked her doll into the sand trap.

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JACK: Who wouldn't be mad? Every time I got ready to drive, the doll would go "Mama..mama"....What tricks those kids use ...and for ten cents a hole....You'd think that...Oh, Mary, there's Lew Clayton and Artie Stebbins. Gee, they're great golfers..they hit the ball almost every time they swing at it...And Mary..look..there's Norman Krasna over there.

MARY: Norman Krasna?

JACK: Yeah, he's the fellow that loved that joke I told last year... you know...the one about "like a moose needs a hatrack"... He was crazy about it.

MARY: He was?

JACK: Yeah...Watch this...HEY, NORMAN, LIKE A MOOSE NEEDS A HATRACK.

MEL: (OFF) (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: You see...Every time I mention it, ^{he goes crazy. I never saw anything like it.} Hey, there's Don Wilson sitting at the next table.

MARY: Where?

JACK: Right there.

DON: (OFF) OH WAITER, WAITER...WILL YOU TAKE MY ORDER PLEASE?

ARTIE: Yes sir.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS)

ARTIE: (OFF) What'll you have, Mr. Wilson?

DON: Well, ^{lots and} I'll start out with a bowl of ox-tail soup...a combination salad...a nice thick sirloin steak...mashed potatoes ^{some}...string beans...some carrots...a side order of spinach...a little cauliflour. ^{some} some hot rolls and coffee.

L

ARTIE: Yes sir...any dessert?

DON: Well, ^{I don't know} what kind of pie have you got?

ARTIE: Apple, blueberry, peach, custard, raisin, and pineapple.

DON: Good, I'll have them.

ARTIE: Yes sir.

JACK: Hmm...did you hear that, Mary? How can Don digest all that food?

MARY: Don't you remember, Jack..last summer he was operated on.

JACK: Yeah? What did they take out?

MARY: Nothin, they put in a deep-freeze.

JACK: Ha ha ha...That's pretty good, Mary..deep-freeze...HEY, NORMAN, DID YOU HEAR THAT?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: I knew he'd like it...Well, I better ^{in that locker room and just} get going ~~and~~...Oh Mary, there's George Fezio. He's the pro out here at Hillcrest. You remember, let year he won the Canadian open.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: And Mary, I've been taking lessons from him and what he's done for my golf game is simply wonderful..OH GEORGE.. GEORGE..COME HERE A MINUTE, WILL YOU?.....H'ya George.

FAZIO: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{George} I was just telling Mary how much you've helped my game.

FAZIO: I'm glad I have, Jack, and thanks for the check.

JACK: That's quite all right, George, it was money well spent. You know I'm going to play Phil today.

FAZIO: Phil Harris?

JACK: Yes.

FAZIO: Well, do you think you can keep him interested in the game ?

JACK: What do you mean ?

FAZIO: The last time I played with him I had to paint the ball green and put a pimento in it.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: I'll bet he didn't have the heart to hit it.

JACK: Yeah...Anyway I'm going to meet him in the locker room...
Oh boy, I can't wait to get him out on that course.

FAZIO: Do you remember all the things I taught you, Jack ?

JACK: Oh sure sure, *George*

FAZIO: Well, let's find out....Your stance ?

JACK: Feet apart.

FAZIO: Your grip ?

JACK: Interlocking.

FAZIO: Your age ?

JACK: Thirty-eight...Well, I gotta run along now..So long,
George.

FAZIO: So long, Jack.

JACK: Mary, I'm going into the locker room and get dressed...if you want to watch us play, I'll see you on the first tee.

MARY: Okay *Jack*.

DON: HEY JACK, WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?

JACK: I'm going to the locker room to meet Phil.

DON: Wait a minute, Jack, ^{I have} ~~there's~~ something ^{here}, I want you to hear. Come on over to the juke box.

JACK: What?

DON: There's a brand new number the Sportsmen Quartet recorded and it's all about a pack of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

JACK: Don, my quartet recorded a song about a pack of Lucky Strikes?

DON: Yes.

JACK: ^{Well,} ~~Oh-boy,~~ I gotta hear that..Wait'll I get a nickel.

(SOUND: CHANGE RATTLING)

JACK: Hmm..that's funny..I can't seem to find a nickel in your pocket...Oh well, here's one of mine.

(SOUND: COIN IN SLOT)

(ORCH LAST HALF OF "PEG O' MY HEART")

JACK: Don, that song is
about a pack of Lucky
Strikes?

DON: Yes, wait'll you hear
it.

JACK: *About a pack of Lucky --*
But how can they--

QUART: PACK O' MY HEART
 I LOVE YOU
 WE'LL NEVER PART
 I LOVE YOU.

JACK: Packo ?

I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD BE YOU
SINCE I'VE SMOKED YOUR FINE TOBACCO
IT'S YOUR RED BULLS EYE I'M AFTER.

(SOUND: SHOT AND BELL.) JACK: Don..

WHEN I'M ALONE, I PUFF YOU

HOW I HAVE GROWN, TO LUFF YOU JACK: Luff you ?

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE

L S M F T F T, F T, F T, F T, JACK: Don, the record's
F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, stuck.

F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, DON: I'll fix it.

F T, F T, F T, F T, F T, -- JACK: Never mind, I'll hear
 it later.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

JACK: *...where's Phil?*
~~I wonder where Phil is..~~ Well he'll probably be here in
a minute. I better get these clothes off.....(SINGS)
A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DA DA DA DUM....
DA DA DE DE DA DUM, DA DA DA DE DUM..

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, STOP PARADING ON THAT BENCH, ^{this} ~~is~~ AIN'T NO
FUNWAY.

JACK: Oh, hello Phil..I'll be ready to play in a minute..Hand
me my robe, will you ?

PHIL: Which one is yours ?

JACK: The red one with the Royal Crown Cola on it....Thanks...
Say Phil, how about a little bet on the game....Ten
dollars. ^{you know} Just to make it interesting.

PHIL: Ten bucks ? Okay, but you know, I haven't played for
three months...I won't be able to hit the ball.

JACK: But what's the difference, Phil...it's only fifteen
dollars!....Come on,

PHIL: Well look, Jackson..I'm tired. I didn't sleep good last
night. You know that floor's awful hard.

JACK: Phil..Phil, you slept on the floor ? Last night ?

PHIL: Yesh..it's the first time I ever missed the bed.

JACK: What ?

PHIL: You know them single beds ain't easy to hit.

JACK: They are if they're standing still...Now come on, let's
go play ~~golf~~..And Phil, it's not my fault you haven't
played golf in three months or that you didn't sleep
well..remember our bet..twenty dollars.

PHIL: WHAT!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: H'ya Mary..hello Dennis..sorry we kept you waiting..

MARY: Well, holy smoke, get a load of those old fashioned
knickers!

JACK: These knickers are all right.

dk

MARY: And that cap hangin' over one ear!..You look like Jackie Coogan in "The Kid".

JACK: All right all right...Now come on, let's play....You shoot first, Phil.

PHIL: Okay.

DENNIS: Here's your driver, Phil.

(NOISE: LIGHT METALLIC RATTLE OF CLUBS)

PHIL: Thanks ^{hand}...stand back, everybody...FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH - SMACK OF BALL - AND WHISTLE)

DENNIS: WOW, LOOK AT THAT BALL GO!

MARY: LOOK AT IT GO!

JACK: (MAD) Look look..Hm! Two hundred yards at the most..I can't understand it, after the awful life he's led..WELL, IT'S MY TURN NOW...Rochester, tee up my ball

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: A little higher.

ROCH: HIGHER?..IT LOOKS LIKE A LOLLIPOP NOW.

JACK: I guess it's all right...Well, here goes...quiet, everybody..FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH)

JACK: Hmm..I fanned it.

MARY: That's one stroke.

JACK: DON'T COUNT OUT LOUD...I must have been standing too far away.....There, that's better...FORE.

(SOUND: ON CUE - SWISH)

JACK: Hm.

MARY: (GIGGLES)

dk

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JACK: Darn it, another fan...I guess I'm holding the club too tight...Well, I'll get it this time...FORE.

(SOUND: ON CUE - SWISH)

JACK: Hm, I fanned it again.

ROCH: IT OUGHTA BE COOL NOW BOSS, HIT IT.

JACK: (VERY MAD) HOW CAN I HIT IT WITH ALL THESE INTERRUPTIONS. EVERYBODY YELLING AND SCREAMING AT ME...NOW HERE GOES..
FORE..FORE.

MARY: WHAT ARE YOU "FORE IN" ABOUT ?

JACK: THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE STANDING DOWN THERE ON THE GREEN.

MARY: WELL, YOU WON'T BE THERE TILL THANKSGIVING.

JACK: OH YEAH?.....Well watch this FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH..SMACK...WHISTLE)

JACK: WOW.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC GLASS CRASH)

JACK: WHAT WAS THAT?

ROCH: YOU BROKE A WINDOW IN THE CLUB HOUSE BEHIND YA!

JACK: Behind me ?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: NORMAN, SHUT UP.....Gee, I can't get rid of that slice...
Oh well, I'll take a four on this hole...Come on
everybody, let's go..Remember our bet, Phil. Five dollars.

PHIL: Five dollars? You said thirty.

JACK: I said fifteen, you cheat..Now come on.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: All right, stand back, everybody...it's my turn..

(SOUND: BIRDS WHISTLING...SWISH)

dk

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JACK: DARN THOSE BIRDS, I WISH THEY'D STOP SINGING...THEY'RE THROWING ME OFF MY GAME.

DENNIS: Maybe they don't know you're playing for money.

JACK: You can pipe down, too...This is a fine country club anyway with birds all around.

MARY: And trees and grass, it's awful.

JACK: Oh, keep still.

PHIL: Hey, what hole are we on?

JACK: We just finished the seventh...How do we stand, Mary?

MARY: There's just one point between you.

JACK: Good, good.

MARY: Phil has twenty-eight, and you have one twenty-eight.

JACK: Well there are two more holes, I've still got a chance....I don't like this club. ^{Hand me my spoon} Hand me my spoon, Rochester.

ROCH: YOU BROKE IT OVER MY HEAD ON THE LAST HOLE.

JACK: Oh yes...then give me my brassie...Hm, this is the worst game I ever played...Thank Heaven, it's not for money.

PHIL: WAIT A MINUTE.

JACK: Keep quiet, I'm going to shoot...All right, stand back, everybody...FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH)

JACK: GOL DARN IT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME...WHAT DID I DO THAT WAS WRONG, MARY?

MARY: You never should have left Waukegan.

JACK: I MEAN WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY GAME....ROCHESTER, YOU'VE SEEN ME PLAY BETTER THAN THIS.

ROCH: I HAVE?

JACK: YES...WHAT AM I DOING THAT'S WRONG?

DENNIS: Are you right handed?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Are you using right handed clubs?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Well....that ain't it.

JACK: DENNIS, WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL ASK FOR IT.

MARY: Hey Jack..here comes Mr. Fazio, your golf teacher.

JACK: (MAD) Oh yeah.

FAZIO: WELL JACK, HOW'S YOUR GAME GOING?

JACK: I WANT MY MONEY BACK, THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING...Fine teacher.

MARY: Oh come on Jack, hit the ball..It'll be dark pretty soon.

JACK: Okay okay....FORE.

(SOUND: ON CUE: SWISH...THEN A DULL THUD OF BALL)

JACK: (VERY FAST) Where did it go, where did it go, where did the ball go?

DENNIS: There it is, by your left foot.

JACK: Oh yes.

MARY: Congratulations, it was by your right foot when you started.

JACK: You don't have to get cute about it.

JANE: (AS OLD LADY) Pardon me boys, do you mind if I go through?

JACK: Why no, Lady..go right ahead.

DENNIS: Gee..she's pretty old to be playing golf, isn't she?

JACK: She sure is...How old are you, Lady?

JANE: Eighty-three.

JACK: Well...Go right ahead, let's see you hit the ball....Take it easy now.

JANE: FORE.

(SOUND: SWISH..SOCK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: WELL I'LL BE DARNED.

JANE: YIPPEE, I'M ON THE GREEN....THANKS, BOYS.

JACK: You're welcome.

DENNIS: Gee...eighty-three years old, and look at her hit that ball!

JACK: She isn't a day over seventy...Well, I'm too upset..let's finish the game tomorrow, Phil.

PHIL: WE'RE FINISHING IT RIGHT NOW..GO AHEAD AND SHOOT.

JACK: Okay...Now quiet, everybody, while I make this shot...FORE!

(SOUND: SWISH - SOCK OF BALL AND WHISTLE)

JACK: WOW! LOOK AT THAT BALL GO.

MARY: YEAH, RIGHT IN THE WOODS....WHAT A SLICE.

JACK: Oh...Well come on Rochester, let's look for it.

MARY: Oh Jack, you'll never find it.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll join you on the fairway..see you in a minute.

(TRANSITION MUSIC ENDING WITH NIGHT EFFECTS)

(SOUND: NIGHT NOISES...CRICKETS, FROGS)

JACK: Gosh it's dark..that ball must be around here someplace..
I wish I had a flashlight.

ROCH: WHY DON'T WE GO HOME, GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND CONTINUE
THE HUNT IN THE MORNIN'?

JACK: WE'RE GONNA FIND THAT BALL TONIGHT.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST NIGHT.

JACK: Last night? Have we been here two nights?

ROCH: AND THREE DAYS.

JACK: Well, what's the difference, Rochester, it's Fall. The leaves are turning gold and brown, and the fragrant breeze wafts them gently to mother earth..

(MUSIC SOFTLY)

JACK: And at the close of each day, as the sun sinks beyond the horizon, it seems like some elfin painter has gilded the sky and left it glowing with a hundred brilliant colors...

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, here is a message from the U. S. Department of State. Every American can help to alleviate the critical food shortage in Europe by making a voluntary financial contribution to Care. That's Care, C-A-R-E. A non-profit organization, that turns your money into food and distributes it to Europe's hungry. Give now and save a life...Send your contributions to Care, C A R E, Care, New York. Thank you.~~

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --

W

ATX01 0310110

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE
(SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE (SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is
what counts in a cigarette.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. James
Walker, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North
Carolina, has bought tobacco at more than 3 thousand
auctions. Recently he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike
buy 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.

RUYSDAEL: A Lucky Strike smoker for 17 years - that says it.

SHARBUTT: SO WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S EYE
(SHOT-GONG)
KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!
And remember ...

(more)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 19, 1947

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

SHARBUTT: Yes, WHEN YOU BUY - KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE RED BULL'S-EYE
(SHOT-GONG)

KEEP YOUR EYE ON LUCKY STRIKE!

W

ATX01 0310112

(TAG)

JACK: ^{Well, I can see now that the scene is coming up.}
^ Let's see..the ball landed right here on this side of the bush..or was it the other side of the bush...No, I guess it was right here--

ROCH: SAY BOSS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS?

JACK: Scrambled soft.

ROCH: OKAY..I WAS LUCKY I FOUND THAT BIRD'S NEST.

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: AND HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR BACON?

JACK: Bacon? Where did you get that?

ROCH: I BROUGHT IT WITH ME..THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME.

JACK: Oh yes...Now let's see..if the ball hit this tree, it would have landed over by the *bush*

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: (OVER APPLAUSE) Stay tuned in for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show which follows immediately, and be sure to listen to "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" on Wednesday night.

PROGRAM #4

REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCT. 26, 1947

NBC

4:00-4:30 PM PST

L

ATK01 0310114

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: An outstanding example: Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and, year-in, year-out, ... consistently ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. John Cummins of Cynthiana, Kentucky, has sold, basket by basket, over 79 million pounds of tobacco at auction. He recently had this to say:

VOICE: I've sold tobacco at auctions for over 19 years. In all that time I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco ... tobacco that's got quality, real quality. I've smoked Luckies myself for 22 years.

SHARBUTT: Year after year, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Cummins can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. Remember:

(MORE)

L

ATX01 0310115

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 26, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: 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.

L

ATX01 0310116

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP! AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LAST SUNDAY JACK BENNY WENT OUT TO HILLCREST COUNTRY CLUB TO PLAY GOLF, AND ON THE SEVENTH HOLE HE HIT A TERRIFIC SLICE INTO THE WOODS AND LOST HIS GOLF BALL..BUT THAT WAS LAST WEEK..SO NOW LET'S PICK UP JACK AND ROCHESTER AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING.

JACK: Now let's see...the ball came to the left of this bush... which means it probably hit that rock on the right...and bounced off at a thirty degree angle...which would put it ~~there~~---no, we looked there Monday.

ROCH: (OFF)...OH BOSS...BOSS...

JACK: Yes?

ROCH: (OFF) IT AIN'T UP IN THIS TREE, CAN I COME DOWN NOW?

JACK: All right...~~uh~~...

(SOUND: FEET HITTING THE GROUND)

ROCH: LOOK BOSS..WE BEEN OUT HERE ALL WEEK..WHY DON'T WE GIVE UP AND GO HOME?

JACK: No, Rochester...we're going to find that ball...and anyway, what are you complaining about?...It's good to get out in the woods close to Mother Nature, and rough it.

ROCH: MAYBE SO...found BUT IF PRESIDENT TRUMAN ~~found~~ OUT WE ATE THAT GOPHER ON MEATLESS TUESDAY, WE'RE IN TROUBLE.

X

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JACK: Oh, I don't think we need to worry... ^{they} ~~we~~ won't start another investigation just for that, ^{I don't think} Now let's see...the ball might have bounced to the right: ^{here}

ROCH: YOU OUGHT TO GIVE UP PLAYING GOLF, BOSS...IT UPSETS YOU SO MUCH WHEN YOU LOSE ANYTHING.

JACK: It does not upset me.

ROCH: WHAT ABOUT THAT TIME YOU GOT THAT WRONG NUMBER ON THE TELEPHONE AND YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR NICKEL BACK...YOU ~~WERE~~ RAISED A FUSS OVER THAT.

JACK: You're darned right I raised a fuss.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT IT DIDN'T GET YOU ANYTHING.

JACK: The jury was prejudiced....Now let's see...if I were a golf ball, where would I go?....The ground is softer here..maybe--

MEL: (LOW GROWL OF DOG)

JACK: What's that, what's that?

MEL: (WHIMPERS AND BARKS LIKE DOG)

JACK: Oh, it's only a dog..

ROCH: HERE DOGGIE, DOGGIE..

MEL: (HAPPY DOG PANT) HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH..

ROCH: HEY BOSS...I THINK WE MUST HAVE WANDERED FAR AWAY FROM THE GOLF COURSE.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THIS DOG HAS A KEG OF BRANDY AROUND ITS NECK.

JACK: ...Oh, that?...The club had to fix up a dog like this when Phil Harris joined....Run along doggie, we're busy...run along...

MEL: (PANTS...THEN TWO BIG HICCUPS)

JACK: Hmm..the keg must have a leak in it...Now come on, Rochester, let's look over by the...Oh, my goodness..it's twelve o'clock. I've gotta get to NBC...drive me down, ^{will you,} Rochester.

ROCH: OKAY..BUT ARE WE GOING TO COME BACK AFTER THE SHOW AND KEEP LOOKING FOR THE BALL?

JACK: Well...no, I don't think so.

ROCH: THEN I BETTER TAKE DOWN THE TENT.

JACK: Yes, yes...and don't forget to notify the post office we're going back to our old address....Come on..

(TRANSITION MUSIC...FADE TO)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR OF CAR GOING..FADE TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: Rochester, drive straight up Sunset to Vine Street.

ROCH: YES SIR...(SIGHS)..IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE PEOPLE AGAIN.

JACK: Yeah..(SINGS) SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON UP IN THE SKY..
I AIN'T MADE NO MONEY DURING AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, JUNE AND JULY.
Hmmm, I wonder if I could get a summer show...LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA...

(SOUND: COUGHING SPLUTTERING OF MOTOR)

ROCH: OH-OH, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE RUNNING OUTTA GAS.

PR

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JACK: Well, pull into that station on the corner.

(SOUND: CAR UP..DRIVING INTO GAS STATION..STOPPING)

JACK: Hmmm, the attendants seem to be busy!..Oh, look, Rochester.. there's Norman Krasna having his car filled..He never misses my program, he thinks I'm the funniest guy in the world..
HEY NORMAN..NORMAN..IT'S ME.

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: He's wonderful....Honk the horn, Rochester, so we can get some service.

(SOUND: TWO HONKS OF LOUSY HORN)

NELSON: Shall I fill her up, sir?

JACK: Two gallons, please.

NELSON: Oh, hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: YOU MIGHT AS WELL FILL IT UP, BOSS, OR WE'LL HAVE TO STOP AGAIN.

JACK: Errr...How much is gas, Bud?

NELSON: Twenty one cents a gallon..

JACK: Twenty one cents a...Oh, all right..fill 'er up.

NELSON: Yes sir.

(SOUND: LOUD HUMMING OF GAS PUMP...PING OF BELL)

JACK: Twenty one.

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING OF BELL)

JACK: Forty two.

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING OF BELL)

JACK: Sixty three.

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING)

X

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JACK: Eighty four!

(SOUND: HUMMING...PING...HUMMING...PING...
HUMMING...PING...HUMMING...PING)

NELSON: That fills it up, Mr. Benny..Shall I.....Mr. Benny---

ROCH: YOU LOOSEN HIS COLLAR, I'LL GO GET SOME WATER.

JACK: I'm all right now...By the way, did you check the tires?

NELSON: Yes, and congratulations..all four of them are there.

JACK: Good, good.

NELSON: That'll be a dollar ⁸⁶ ~~eighty six~~ for the gas.

JACK: Charge it, please.

NELSON: Yes sir...Your credit car number?

JACK: Two oh six B.Y.

NELSON: Your license?

JACK: Seven W. oh four six.

NELSON: Your age?

JACK: Thirty eight....Well, we better get going, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR..

(SOUND: MOTOR UP...THEN FADES DOWN)

JACK: (UP) SO LONG NORMAN, DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS.

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: Gee, that Norman has a great sense of humor...~~.....~~

~~.....~~
~~.....~~
~~.....~~

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~~JACK: ...~~

~~ROCH: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

Jack: Now hurry, Rochester, or we'll be late.

ROCH: OKAY..I GOT THE RADIO IN THE CAR FIXED..YOU WANT ME TO TURN IT ON?

JACK: YEAH:

(SOUND: CLICK)

~~MEL: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

~~...~~

~~...~~
(Filter)
MEL: A NOW OUR NEXT REQUEST COMES FROM SOMEONE RIGHT HERE IN HOLLYWOOD..WHOSE INITIALS ARE D.D.

JACK: D.D.?

MEL: D.D. REQUESTS US TO PLAY THAT NEW NUMBER "YOU DO"..SUNG BY DENNIS DAY.

JACK: D.D...Must be Deanna Durbin..Turn it up, Rochester, we'll hear it.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."YOU DO")

(APPLAUSE)

PR

ATX01 0310122

(SECOND ROUTINE)

- 7 -

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR)

JACK: D.D....Could be Donald Duck.. No, he's in Washington... Here we are at NBC, Rochester.

(SOUND: MOTOR STOPS)

JACK: Now, Rochester, I've been thinking it over...and maybe you oughta go back to the golf course and look for my ball.

ROCH: A ^{OK, OK.} ~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) TOO MANY RINGS ON YOUR FINGERS, NAUGHTY ANGELINE..
YOU LAUGH AT ROMANCE THAT--

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel..~~_____~~

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I haven't seen you in quite awhile..are you still working at the drug store?

ARTIE: No, I lost that job...and it was a little bit your fault.

JACK: My fault?

ARTIE: Yes...I'm always listening to your show..and on your program the man is saying, "Keep your eye on the red bull's eye."

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JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: And one day, while I'm keeping my eye on the red bull's eye...

JACK: Yes.

ARTIE: Somebody stole the cash register.

JACK: Oh, that's too bad...I hope you have another job.

ARTIE: A much better one...I am ^{now} doing a little extra work in pictures.

JACK: ^{Oh, in pictures.} Well, that's wonderful. What pictures have you been in?

ARTIE: I was in.. "Dark Sausage" "Mendel of the Movies"..And "Forever Esptein."

JACK: Good good.

ARTIE: But most of all I like to work in Westerns..

JACK: Westerns?

ARTIE: "THEY WENT THAT-WAY," AND "SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT, PARTNER."

JACK: ^{you know, Kitzel} Say, you're pretty good.

ARTIE: You should see me on a horse. HOO HOO HOOOOOO!

JACK: Really?

ARTIE: When I'm on a horse, I am looking like Hopalong.

JACK: Cassidy?

ARTIE: Who me?

JACK: Oh, oh....Well, I've got to run into rehearsal, Mr. Kitzel.. see you again.

ARTIE: Denk you..and by the way, Mr. Benny, if you ever come out to Republic Studios look me up.

JACK: I will.

ARTIE: Just ask for Tex, everybody knows me.

JACK: Okay...Goodbye, Tex.

ARTIE: Goodbye..(SINGS..GOING OFF) Give me land, lots of land,
neath the starry skies above... ~~neath the starry skies above~~ *They went that way*

(APPLAUSE)

Jack: Well, I better get to rehearsal.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS,..FOOTSTEPS..CONTINUING
UNDER FOLLOWING SPEECH)

JACK: Gosh, NBC is a nice studio ..they keep it so clean and so--
(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE UP..BODY THUD)

JACK: Hmm...I wish Fibber and Molly would stop waxing these floors
..Oh well....
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder if Mary's in her dressing room..
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: (OFF) COME IN.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello Mary, what are you doing?

MARY: I was just reading the Radio Mirror...There's a picture of you
here on page ~~28~~ *28*.

JACK: Oh yes..that's the one I had taken when I was in the service.

MARY: Gee, you were handsome in that uniform.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Jack...Whose arm is that around you?

JACK: A fellow from the Draft Board..He didn't turn me loose till we got to Europe...Say, what're all those letters over there?

MARY: Fan mail for our show.

JACK: ^{*Fan mail -*}
~~A~~ that's the biggest batch yet.. any for me?

MARY: Yes, a bill from Lady Ester.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: And Jack, I got a letter from Mama too..(GIGGLING) I must read it to you.

JACK: ^{*A letter from*}
~~A~~ Your mother, eh..What does the cure for the hiccups have to say? *Go ahead and read it, Mary.*

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY..I WOULD HAVE WRITTEN YOU SOONER, BUT I 'VE BEEN SO BUSY...TWO WEEKS AGO YOUR UNCLE LOU, YOUR AUNT RUBY DROPPED IN ON US FROM SEATTLE AND WE HAD TO PUT THEM UP IN THE ^{*little*} GUEST HOUSE ^{*in the back*}... I HOPE THEY LEAVE BEFORE HALLOWE'EN AS THE KIDS ALWAYS TIP IT OVER.

JACK: How do you like that?

MARY: AND MARY, IT MAKES ME VERY HAPPY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR SISTER BABE IS GETTING MARRIED NEXT SUNDAY.

JACK: Babe's getting married Sunday?

MARY: THIS WEEK WILL BE A BUSY ONE FOR HER..AS TOMORROW SHE'S
QUITTING HER JOB ... TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY SHE'LL BUY HER
GOING-AWAY OUTFIT...THURSDAY SHE'LL HAVE THE FINAL FITTING ON
HER WEDDING GOWN..AND FRIDAY SHE'S MAKING RESERVATIONS FOR
THE HONEYMOON.

JACK: Well...

MARY: (LAUGHLINGLY) I HOPE SHE DOESN'T OVERSLEEP SATURDAY BECAUSE
THAT'S THE ONLY DAY SHE HAS LEFT TO FIND A MAN.

JACK: Mary, do you mean to say Babe--

MARY: Quiet, ^{Jack} there's some more-- LAST WEEK BABE WAS HELPING YOUR
FATHER WEATHER-STRIP THE HOUSE. THEY WERE ON THE THIRD FLOOR
AND PAPA WAS HANGING OUT THE WINDOW WHILE BABE WAS HOLDING
HIM BY THE FEET..AND NOW PAPA'S IN THE HOSPITAL.

JACK: How did it happen, Mary?..read on.

MARY: WHILE BABE WAS HOLDING PAPA OUT THE WINDOW, HER EX-BOYFRIEND
PASSED BY, THEY HAD AN ARGUMENT. AND BABE THOUGHT HE SAID,
"DROP DAD."

JACK: Oh, that's a shame.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE, WITH LOVE AND KISSES FROM YOUR
MOTHER, BENZEDRINE LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: P. S.

JACK: Oh, there's more?

MARY: Yeah...TELL JACK I HEARD HIS FIRST THREE PROGRAMS.

JACK: Well.

MARY: THAT WAS IN 1932 AND I HAVEN'T LISTENED TO HIM SINCE.

JACK: Hmm...your mother thinks she's smart because she used to be a Gibson Girl..... Now come on, we better get over on the stage.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Look out, Mary...take it easy because these floors are very slippery.

MARY: I didn't have any trouble when I came in.

JACK: Well, I'm warning you, they've just been waxed and *the first thing you know* you'll--

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE UP...BODY THUD)

JACK: See what I mean?

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack.

JACK: I can get up myself...Hm.. *I hope Phil is here --* Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: We won't rehearse any more, gentlemen. That last rendition was exactly as I wanted it...And before you leave I'd like to *compliment* ~~commend~~ each and every one of you upon your dignified compliment here this afternoon...You may go now....and I'd appreciate it if you would leave quietly.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC NOISE OF SCUFFLING CHAIRS...FEET...
OVERTURNED FURNITURE....BOTTLE BREAKING)

PHIL: (ON CUE) Thank you.

JACK: Phil...Phil...Petrillo Boy... *Phil...*

PHIL: Huh? Oh, hello Jackson...hi ya, Livy.

MARY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: You shoulda been here...we just got through rehearsing.....

JACK: I know, Phil. I saw the boys leave....and believe me...I haven't seen a crowd stampede out of a place in such a disorderly manner.... since----

MARY: "The Horn Blows at Midnight." *look, Phil.*

JACK: Only at the preview! Phil, *I don't like to keep bringing this up all the time, but look, for eleven years now* you've had that same bunch of....you should excuse the expression...musicians. ~~the eleven years now, the eleven years~~ *Isn't that right?*

PHIL: Yeah, yeah...that's right.

JACK: And in all that time they have never started together, played on key or ended together...Now why don't you fire 'em?

PHIL: I can't do that, Jackson...I've gotta keep 'em workin'.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: I promised their Parole Board.

JACK: Oh...well, I don't care ~~what~~ *what* you promised, I don't want those guys around me, they make me nervous.

PHIL: My boys? Don't worry about them, Jackson. They wouldn't hurt a flea.

JACK: I know, that's why they have so many of them...Anyway Phil, I don't mind if they stay on the program, but at least make them look presentable *you know* when they're out on the stage.

PHIL: ~~Frankie?~~

JACK: ^{*Shirts*} ~~Shirts~~, too...That's all I ask.

PHIL: I agree with you, Jackson, but it takes time...Look how long it took me to get them to wear neckties.

JACK: Frankie still doesn't wear one.

PHIL: That ain't my fault. I tried everything...I even gave him a spinal.

JACK: A spinal? To put a tie on him? What's ^{*Frankie's*} ~~got~~ got against n neckties?

PHIL: He don't want nothin' around his neck since he had that unfortunate experience under a sturdy oak.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I told him a million times...When you change the brand on cattle, cover up the old one.

JACK: But Phil, if they hanged him, how did he get away?

PHIL: Sharp Adam's apple.

JACK: Phil, please, I'm serious about your band, Unless you---

DON: Oh say, Jack...I have a suggestion ^{*that might fit in*} ~~to make the suggestion~~

JACK: Oh hello Don...what were you going to say?

DON: Well, I was just going to suggest that if you don't want the studio audience to see how bad Phil's orchestra really looks, I'll be very happy to sit in front of them.

JACK: Thank you, Don...You've got a good head on your stomach.....

^{*Well, really,*}
I appreciate it.
^

DON: But Jack, in one way, I think you're very lucky.

JACK: Lucky? What do you mean, Don?

DON: ^{fully since} ~~Being stuck~~ you're stuck with such an awful band, you can take consolation in the fact that you do have a great quartet.

JACK: Yes Don, at least they -- What? You mean the Sportsmen?

DON: Yes, and Jack since next Friday is Hallowe'en and I thought it would be appropriate if the boys did something in the Hallowe'en spirit and ^{you can} ~~you can~~ join in.

JACK: ~~What?~~ Me?

DON: Yes.

JACK: Oh, that'll be a lot of fun....What's the name of the number, Don?

DON: It's called "The Ghost Dance".

JACK: The Ghost Dance...say, that is good for Hallowe'en...Come on, let's run through it.

DON: Okay, take it, boys....

(ORCHESTRA ONE BAR)

~~MAFIA~~
~~BONNIE~~ JACK: Shhhhhh!

QUART: L S M F T.

(ORCHESTRA).

QUART: WE ARE THE GOBLINS WHO KNOW
WHERE THE WARM BREEZES BLOW
AND TOBACCO LEAVES GROW.

~~BONNIE~~ JACK: L S M F T

THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME.

QUART: SO, TAKE A TIP FROM A GHOST
USE TOBACCO THEY TOAST
IT'S THE ONE YOU'LL LIKE MOST OF ALL.

(GUN SHOT..BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

(GUN SHOT..BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

JACK: (LAUGH)

QUART: BENNY IS A SHMOE
Jack: That's it?
(GUN SHOT...BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

(GUN SHOT..BELL)

SARA & BEA: (SCREAM)

QUART: BEFORE YOU GET FRIGHTENED, YOU BETTER START LIGHTIN'
A LUCKY AND THEN YOU CAN GO.
WE ARE THE GOBLINS WHO KNOW
HOW TO LOUSE UP YOUR SHOW.

JACK: COME ON ^{Kids} ~~LET'S~~ LET'S GO.

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PHIL & DON: RIGHT OUT ON THE STREET.
TO PLAY "TRICK OR TREAT".

QUART: NOW, IF YOU'LL HAND US OUR BROOM.
WE'LL BE LEAVING HERE SOON,
AND GO HAUNTING FOR F. B. BOON.

(ORCHESTRA FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Don, this time I must give the boys credit.
They really prepared something great, ^{really} It was very ^{good}

DENNIS: It scared me silly.

JACK: Huh?..Oh, hello Dennis..What made you late?

DENNIS: I happened to be standing in the doorway when Phil
dismissed his boys.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: The next thing I knew I was in the bar across the
street.

JACK: Well, Phil's boys are a little rough.

DENNIS: Yeah..they tied me up, threw me on the ground, and
stuck a hot iron on me. <sup>DENNIS: I was a little
glad, what
was the matter
with you?</sup>

JACK: ^{Jacky took you up how do you get away?} Dennis, stop being silly. <sup>JACK: the matter
with you?</sup> coming in here with jokes
like that, you sound like Jerry Colonna..How can you
do things like that?

DENNIS: (AS COLONNA) I don't ask questions, I just have fun!

JACK: Now cut that out!..Jerry Colonna.

MARY: Say Jack, that reminds me..did you read about Bob Hope
going to England to do a Command Performance?

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JACK: Yes.. that ought to be exciting..being in England at this time with the royal wedding coming up and everything.

DON: By the way, Jack, did you get a reply to the letter you wrote to King George regarding the wedding?

~~UNO: [unclear]~~

~~MARY: [unclear]~~

~~JACK: [unclear]~~

~~DON: [unclear]~~

MARY: He said they wanted a whole orchestra, not just a violin.

JACK: Yeah... I can't understand it..I was willing to go just for expenses....You know Mary, it must take a lot of planning to get married in England with the shortages and everything ^{I mean} even for a princess.

DENNIS: Why doesn't she get married on the Bride and Goom program and get a mix master?

JACK: Dennis, are you crazy? ^{Are you out of your mind?} Princess Elizabeth is of Royal Blood...Her father is the king of England...Her grandfather was the King of England...Her Great ... Grandfather was the king of England.

DENNIS: A mixmaster is a mixmaster.

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JACK: ...Well.. *Oh, for heaven's sake -*
MARY: Jack, *put down that branding iron.*
JACK: Well, he drives me nuts.. Now let's sit down and get this rehearsal started.
DON: Jack, you're acting awfully irritable lately.
MARY: He's been like that ever since last Sunday when he lost the golf ball.
JACK: Mary that was a new golf ball..I only hit it once.
MARY: Go on, you lost it on the seventh hole.
JACK: I still only hit it once....I'm gonna call up the country club right now and see if Rochester's found it...Hand me that phone, Mary.
MARY: Here you are.
JACK: Thanks.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK..FADING TO BUZZ)

BEA: Oh Mable..
SARA: What is it, Gertrude?
BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.
SARA: Yeah..I wonder what Temptation wants now.
BEA: I'll plug in and see.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello?....Yes Mr. Benny.....*Will* ~~and~~ do it.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants me to get the Hillcrest Country Club...You know he lost a golf ball there last Sunday...and what a thing he made over it.

PR

ATX01 0310135

SARA: I know, he came in today wearing a black band on his sleeve.

BEA: Yeah...and speaking of golf, you shoulda seen what happened to me when I used to go out with Mr. Benny.

SARA: I'm listening.

BEA: One night he took me and my mother out to a driving range. I didn't know he was such a rotten golfer, so I let him drive a ball off my nose.

SARA: You did?

BEA: Yeah..and was I sorry!

SARA: Oh my goodness, did he hit your nose?

BEA: No, but he broke my mother's leg.

SARA: I wondered why I missed her at the Palladium.

(SOUND: BUZZING...PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello.....I'm trying to get them, Mr. Benny.....Well, you don't have to get so excited.....What?.....That's no way to talk to a lady....

SARA: (FAST) What did he say, what did he say, what did he say?

BEA: Quiet, he's still insulting me.....(VERY DIGNIFIED) Are you through, Mr. Benny?.....Are you through?.....
.....Are you through?.....Gee, Mable, he must have one of his writers with him.....(VERY MAD) I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but the line is busy.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT...CLICKS OF RECEIVER SEVERAL TIMES)

JACK: Operator!...Operator!...Gertrude!...Snooksie!...Hm..

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

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JACK: Oh well...if Rochester found the ball, I guess he would've called me...Gee, maybe I was too harsh on Gertrude...After all, she and Mable just sit there in that little room by themselves all day long...I wonder what they talk about... Well, I guess it's none of my business....Come on, Kids, let's get on with the rehearsal.

(APPLAUSE)

(PLAYOFF)

~~Mr. [Name] and gentleman, before on [Date] Day, [Location]~~

States Navy will be 172 years old. Its origin is mingled with the very roots of American life and thought from the era of the wooden sailing ships to the present day, its tradition of seamanship and courage has been one of the proudest chapters in our country's history, and so tomorrow, all over the country grateful Americans will be saluting the United States Navy -- "Victor in War, Guardian in Peace." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

~~Mr. [Name] and gentleman, before on [Date] Day, [Location]~~

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

SHARBUTT: At auction after auction, year after year, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

(CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Fred Leonard Evans, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Virginia, who has attended more than 3 thousand auctions. A recognized authority on tobacco - Mr. Evans said:

VOICE: At every auction I've attended, year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine quality leaf ... that fine, ripe, mellow tobacco you can't beat for top smokin' quality. I've smoked Luckies myself for 19 years.

(MORE)

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ATX01 0310139

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OCTOBER 26, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -
remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. First, last, always ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy
on the draw.

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ATX01 0310140

(~~dae~~)

~~JACK: ...~~

follows immediately and listen to a Day in the Life
Dennis Day Wednesday night. And meanwhile --

MARY: Say, Jack --

JACK: Yes?

MARY: A wire just came for you from Rochester.

JACK: From Rochester? Read it to me, Mary.

ROCH: DEAR BOSS, I HAVEN'T FOUND THE BALL YET BUT I GOT THE TENT
BACK UP, THE CAMPFIRE'S BURNING, AND WE'RE HAVING SQUIRREL
FOR DINNER.

JACK: Say Mary, that was a wonderful impersonation, you sounded just
like Rochester.

ROCH: HEE, HEE, HEE HEE...

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

Jack: Be with us next Sunday.

NOT

PROGRAM #5

REVISED SCRIPT

As Provisional

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1947

NBC

4:00-4:30 PM PST

DK

ATX01 0310143

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 2, 1947

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of products is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: Exhibit "A": Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and today, tomorrow, always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Herbert Highsmith, veteran independent tobacco buyer of Robersonville, North Carolina, has handled tobacco all his life. Recently 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. Smoked 'em for 15 years.

SHARBUTT: At auction after auction, 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. Remember:

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

ATK01 0310144

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D

SHARBUTT: Luck, Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

FIRST ROUTINE

(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, LAST FRIDAY, OCTOBER ~~SEVENTY~~ ^{Twenty} FIRST, WAS HALLOWEEN...AND PEOPLE YOUNG AND OLD ALL OVER THE NATION WERE BOBBING FOR APPLES.

JACK: Yes sir.

DON: SO NOW WE BRING YOU A MAN WHOSE GUMS ARE SO TENDER HE HAD TO BOB FOR APPLESAUCE.....JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..and Don..(LAUGH) ^{How} That was a very funny introduction..bobbing for applesauce....~~Bobbing for applesauce~~
~~Bobbing for applesauce?~~

~~(LAUGH) ...~~

JACK: ^{you know} ~~word~~, it's certainly clever....I mean the way you expose all my faults and defects...(LAUGH)

DON: (LAUGHS) People enjoy it, too.

JACK: Yes yes, they do...Hmmm...You know, Don, there's a man in Pomona who gets up at four o'clock in the morning, looks at a thermometer and then broadcasts frost warnings.

DON: I know.

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JACK: Well, one more introduction like that and you'll be his Master of Ceremonies.....In other words--^{and incidentally Halloween} ~~is on the 31st~~ ^{not the 21st}

MARY: Oh Jack, Don didn't mean any harm...He was just trying to get a little laugh, that's all.

JACK: Mary, we want big laughs on this show. If Don has any little laughs, let him ship them east to Fred Allen...And speaking of Halloween, Allen looks like he went bobbing for oranges and got a smudge-pot caught under each eye... he uses them to warm up the audience.

MARY: Say Jack, is Fred Allen older than you are ?

jack: Is he older ? Mary....(LAUGHS) This is cruel, but I've gotta tell it...^{this is awful, but I must.}...Ask me again, Mary.

MARY: All right...Is Fred Allen older than you are ?

JACK: Is he older ?...Mary, Allen died in 1896...what you hear on Sundays are transcriptions...I wonder how he gets those transcriptions..up here....But getting back to Halloween.. Don, what did you do last Friday night...Did you have any fun ?

DON: Oh, I had a wonderful time, Jack. I went to a masquerade party.

JACK: Really ? What did you go as ?

DON: I let a chain drag from the back of my belt and went as a gasoline truck.

JACK: Oh...Well, that's logical...Don always thinks of something unique, doesn't he, Mary ?

MARY: Yeah..I remember last Hallowe'en he painted lines across his back and went as a football field.

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JACK: Uh huh..it was a good illusion except that the field spread out too much around the ten yard line..But everybody has fun on Hallowe'en..especially the kids.

MARY: Say Jack, did you find out who put that sign up in front of your house ?

JACK: No, I didn't

DON: What was that, Mary ?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Soembody took a Chop Suey sign off a Chinese restaurant and nailed it over Jack's front door.

JACK: Mary....

DON: A Chop Suey sign, eh ? Was Jack mad ?

MARY: No, he just put a Kimona on Rochester and went into business.

JACK: Oh, I just did that for a gag...But I had a lot of fun Friday night, too, Don. ^{you know} I went to a Halloween party in Beverly Hills and I met the most wonderful girl, and she was so cute. She came dressed as Little Bo-Peep.

MARY: Little Bo-Peep...that's a cute costume.

DON: What did you wear, Jack ?

JACK: Well, I didn't know I was going till the last minute, so I just wore an old costume I found up in the attic. But kids I gotta tell you about this girl....she wore a little black mask that seemed to -- Oh, I don't know.. she was just wonderful...I really went nuts about her.

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ATX01 0310148

MARY: WELL...I never heard you talk like this before.

JACK: I can't help it...When she came through the door, I looked at her..she looked at me...and I could just feel something run up and down my spine...And Mary, you know what that means.

MARY: Your costume was up in the attic longer than you thought it was.

JACK: I'm serious Mary, this girl didn't say much, but as we were dancing, she would look into my eyes and call me "pumpkins".

MARY: Pumpkins ?

JACK: Yeah...and I called her Little Bo-Peep...She was really--

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, after the program is over, do you mind if I --

JACK: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello...Mr. Benny, after the program is over, do you mind if I --

JACK: Did you just get in ?

DENNIS: Yeah...Mr.Benny, after the program is over, do you mind if I --

JACK: How do you feel, kid ?

DENNIS: Fine.

JACK: That's good.

DENNIS: I had double pneumonia this morning, but I'm all right now.

JACK: Dennis, stop being silly. If you had double pneumonia this morning, how could you come to the studio ? Did you take penicillin ?

DENNIS: No, I took the Sunset bus.

JACK: Now cut that out...Look kid, all you had was a slight cold that's all. How did you catch it ?

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DENNIS: On Halloween, I wanted to play a trick on my father, so I put a pail of ice water over the door so when he opened it the water would fall on his head.

JACK: But you put the ice water up there for your father..How did you catch the cold?

DENNIS: Testing.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: It worked every time.

JACK: Well look, Dennis, if I'da known you were going to stay at home on Hallowe'en, I would've taken you to a masquerade party at the Beverly Hills Club.

DENNIS: Oh, I was supposed to go to that party with Phil, but my folks wouldn't let me..so Phil went alone.

JACK: Phil was there? Gee, that's funny, I didn't see him..what was he dressed as?

DENNIS: Little Bo-Peep.

JACK: Little Bo-Peep? Phil!

PHIL: KISS ME, PUMPKINS.

JACK: No wonder he wouldn't take off his mask..

MARY: Phil, you mean Jack danced with you all evening?

PHIL: Not only that, Livy, he even asked if he could drive me home,

MARY: No!

PHIL: Yeah.....Say Livy, have you ever seen the lights of the city from Mulholland Drive?.

JACK: I can't understand it..How could he shave so close?

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ATX01 0310150

MARY: Phil, I think you carried it too far..Why didn't you tell Jack who you were?

PHIL: What, and spoil an old man's evening?

JACK: All right Phil, you fooled me, you had your little joke, now let's forget it.

PHIL: Forget it, nothin'..I want them nylons you promised me, Alice can use 'em.

JACK: You're not getting those nylons...and I'm not putting you in pictures either...Now^{look} we've got a show to do so---

PHIL: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Hey Jackson..Jackson..come here a minute.

JACK: Phil, we've gotta get on with the show.

PHIL: I know,^{all night} but come here a minute..I just wanta ask you something.

JACK: Oh, all right..What^{what} is it?

PHIL: Look at me.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: Do my eyes still twinkle like two stars in the summer sky?

JACK: OH BOY, DO YOU FALL FOR EVERYTHING YOU HEAR...I really put one over on you, Bud...Now go ahead, Phil, pick up that stick and let's have a band number.

PHIL: Okay, Pumpkins.

JACK: Never mind....But I still can't understand how he could shave so close.

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "The Lady From Twenty-nine Palms" played by Little Shmoe-Peep and his orchestra, ..I still can't get over how ^{well as long as we're happy that's the main thing} he fooled me ^{you know I should have known it was Phil who'd be tripped at every house & could think & drink!}

MARY: Well Jack, it's your own fault. You fall in love with every girl you meet..and then you do the silliest things.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: Tell the fellows what happened when I introduced you to that girl in New York..

JACK: Mary...

DON: What happened, Mary?

MARY: Jack went up to her apartment, turned the lights down low, put one arm around her ^{waist} and whispered, "Darling, I want you to have something to remember me by."

JACK: Mary--

MARY: Then he took off his toupe, pulled out three hairs, and stuck them in her locket.

JACK: Well, that just shows how much I thought of her. Anybody else could grow them back...Me it costs thirty dollars... Now look kids, we've got an important play to do tonight, ^{it's very important} so let's get on with it...Go ahead, Don.

~~SCENE - INTERIOR - DON'S APARTMENT - DON IS SEATED AT HIS DESK~~

~~SCENE - INTERIOR - DON'S APARTMENT - DON IS SEATED AT HIS DESK~~

~~(SCENE - INTERIOR - DON'S APARTMENT)~~

~~SCENE - INTERIOR - DON'S APARTMENT - DON IS SEATED AT HIS DESK~~

~~(SCENE - INTERIOR - DON'S APARTMENT)~~

ROCH: MR. BENNY, CAN I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?
JACK: Rochester, what are you doing here?
ROCH: BOSS, IT'S NO USE..I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR TWO WEEKS AND I JUST
CAN'T FIND THAT GOLF BALL.
JACK: Well, did you look behind all the rocks?
ROCH: UH HUH.
JACK: Did you look in all the bushes?
ROCH: UH HUH.
JACK: Did you look down the gopher holes?
ROCH: I EVEN TOOK THE GOPHERS TO A DOCTOR'S OFFICE AND HAD THEM
X-RAYED.
JACK: You had the gophers X-rayed?
ROCH: SIX ACORNS, A BUNCH OF ROOTS, A CANADIAN PENNY, BUT NO GOLF
BALL.
JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard..taking gophers
to a doctor's office..I wish you wouldn't--.Wait a minute,
Rochester..what's that wiggling around in your pocket?
ROCH: A GOPHER. I'M TAKING HIM HOME. I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE HIM
FOR A PET.
JACK: Oh.
ROCH: LOOK BOSS, HE'S PEEKING OUT AT YOU.
JACK: Huh?...Oh, isn't he cute..Look at that sweet little face..
I wonder if I could get his teeth straightened...And Mary,
look at those eyes..They twinkle like two stars in a summer
sky.
MARY: Better be careful, he might be in costume.

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ATX01 0310153

JACK: Yeah...imagine the patter of little gopher feet around the house...Say, Rochester, how did you happen to pick this one to take home?

ROCH: HE'S THE ONE WITH THE CANADIAN PENNY.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN DO WE OPERATE, BOSS?

JACK: Stop joking...Now Rochester, you better go back out to the golf course and keep looking for the ball. It must be---- Hey, I just thought of something..Maybe we looked in the wrong place. We took it for granted that I hit that ball in the rough. Maybe I hit it on the green.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right..Anyway, you better go back out there and keep looking.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, I'VE BEEN OUT THERE FOR TWO WEEKS. WHY DON'T WE GIVE UP?

JACK: Give up? Rochester, suppose Columbus gave up and didn't discover America..Where would you be?

ROCH: LOOKIN' FOR THAT BALL IN SPAIN.

JACK: You said it..Now run along.

ROCH: SI SI, SIGNOR.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Gee, I hope he finds it soon..I wanta play again....All right, Don, introduce our play.

DON: Okay..(CLEARS THROAT) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT OUR VERSION OF THAT STIRRING..THRILLING WARNER BROTHERS PRODUCTION..."DARK..PASSAGE".

(CHORD)

DON: THIS STORY CONCERNS AN UNFORTUNATE MAN WHO IS SERVING A LIFE TERM IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY..FOR MURDER...BUT WAIT... WHY SHOULD I TELL HIS STORY..LET HIM TELL IT..

(CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO) My name is Humphrey Benny.. I was serving a life sentence for the murder of my wife...It wasn't intentional murder....One night when she went to bed I turned the electric blanket up too high....They never would have caught me if I hadn't put that apple in her mouth.....The next thing I knew I was in Cell thirteen in the State Prison...I remember my first meeting with my cell-mate....I asked him how long he'd been there..and he said--

PHIL: (VERY SOUTHERN) Ah been in this prison for nigh onto twenty years.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) What are you in for, Curly?

PHIL: Arson..

JACK: Arson?

PHIL: Yeah, I signed some other guy's name to a check.

JACK: Wait a minute, that's not arson.

PHIL: Sure it is, I signed it Arson Welles. HA HA HA HA..OH, CURLY, YOU MAY NOT HAVE A SPOON BUT YOU'RE ^{sure}STIR CRAZY.

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JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: What are you in for?

JACK: Murder.

PHIL: Murder?

JACK: Yes, my wife..I was married to her for one year and then I killed here..Here's her picture.

PHIL: Hmm, what took you so long?

JACK: I couldn't face her....Tell me, Curly..what kind of a clink is this anyway?

PHIL: Not too bad as long as you don't break the rules,...But last year they threw me in solitary confinement.

JACK: Solitary!

PHIL: Yeah....(VERY DRAMATIC AND FAST) For two long months they kept me in a cell all by myself...Sixty days I was in there all alone...alone, ALONE, ALONE!

JACK: Gee, that must have been awful.

PHIL: (SWEET) No. I'm crazy about myself.

JACK: What!

PHIL: If I ~~didn't have~~ ^{hadn't had} a mirror, I woulda gone nuts.

JACK: Well, this jail could be worse and---Hey, wait a minute, why did the lights turn dim?

PHIL: They're testing the electric chair...Slugger Wilson goes in a few minutes...Look, here come the guards with him now...

(SOUND: THREE SETS OF FOOTSTEPS DOWN EMPTY CORRIDOR)

PHIL: (CALLS) SO LONG, SLUGGER.

DON: (OFF) SO LONG, CURLY.

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MEL: Hold still Wilson, while we strap you in....There...Now guard, get ready to throw the switch...

DON: (FRIGHTENED) No, no, please don't....please don't....Please!

MEL: THROW THE SWITCH.

(SOUND: CLICK...HUMMING OF ELECTRICITY)

DON: (GIGGLING) CUT IT OUT, ^{oh, but it aint!} THAT TICKLES...(LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)
THAT TICKLES, I TELL YOU.....(KEEPS GIGGLING)

MEL: Wilson, it'll be easier for you if you stop squirming....stop squirming!

(SOUND: CRASH)

MEL: Oh darn it...that's the third chair he broke this week.

JACK: Gee, Curly I thought Slugger Wilson was supposed to go to the chair in June..here it is November.

PHIL: Yeah, it took him four months to eat his last meal.

JACK: Oh.

QUARTET: (HUMS SONG)

JACK: Whats' that?

PHIL: Some boys in the next cell. They sing all the time.

JACK: Hmmm. Why do they always have such good singers in prisons?
I hate that stuff.

PHIL: Me too.

QUART: OH WE WISH WE HAD SOMEONE TO LOVE US
WE'D BE HAPPY AS HAPPY COULD BE
WE WANT SOMEONE TO TAKE US OUT OF PRISON
OR SEND US AN L S M F T.

ONE: THEY'RE ROUND AND SO FIRM AND SO FULLY

THREE: FULLY, FULLY FULLY PACKED
LIKE THE SAFES WE USED TO CRACK.

ONE: FREE AND SO EASY ON THE DRAW.

THREE: ASK THE MAN WHO KNOWS
WHERE THE BEST TOBACCO GROWS.

ONE: THAT'S WHY WE LIGHT UP A LUCKY

THREE: LISTEN TO F.E. BOONE
THERE'S A MAN CAN CHANT A TUNE.

ALL: BEST CIGARETTE WE EVER SAW

ONE: THEY'RE ROUND AND SO FIRM AND SO FULLY

THREE: FULLY, FULLY, FULLY PACKED
LIKE THE SAFES WE USED TO CRACK.

ONE: FREE AND SO EASY ON THE DRAW.

THREE: ASK THE MAN WHO KNOWS
WHERE THE BEST TOBACCO GROWS....

JACK: Hey, Curly

do they do that
all the time?

PHIL: Yeah. Hey,

FELLOWS, WILL
YOU SHUT UP?....

STOP IT..STOP

IT..STOP IT..

STOP IT!!

JACK: Thanks Curly....You know I....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, who's that guy coming down the corridor?

PHIL: Huh? ^{hey}AW, he's a playwright trying to get some atmosphere
for a prison play.

JACK: Let me see....Hey, I know him...That's Norman Krasna. He'll
be heartbroken to see me here in prison..(CRYING) HEY NORMAN
.....NORMAN....LOOK WHERE I AM!

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

(SOUND FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Gee, what a sense of humor... well....I better shave...Hey
Curly, where's the hot water?

PHIL: Are you kidding.. there ain't no hot water in this cell.

JACK: WHAT? NO HOT WATER? Well, I ain't gonna stay in a jail
like this....HEY GUARD

(SOUND: RATTLING OF BARS)

JACK: GUARD....TAKE ME TO THE WARDEN...TAKE ME TO THE WARDEN.

(LOUD LONG CHORD THAT FADES AWAY)

JACK: (ECHO) So the guard took me to the warden...I'll never '
forget that harrowing walk down the long, long corridor...
As I passed the condemned cells, the guard said:

MEL: Poor devils, they're doomed.

JACK: As I passed the solitary cells, the guard said:

MEL: Poor devils, they'll go crazy.

JACK: As I passed the Women's Cells, the guard said:

MEL: (TWO TONED OOMPH WHISTLE)

JACK: As I passed the work cells, I stopped and went back for the guard...Finally we reached the warden's office, and the guard told me to go in myself....I opened the door..

~~(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING, WARDEN'S OFFICE, DOOR CLOSING)~~

JACK: ~~As I opened the door, I saw a man sitting behind a desk. I walked in and~~ and I faced the kindly old gentleman sitting behind the big desk and said... (REGULAR MIKE) Oh Warden, Warden?

NELSON: YESSSSSSS?

JACK: What kind of a prison is this, anyway...What kind of cells have you got here?....No hot water...No mattresses on the bunks...and our television set doesn't work either..And the food is ~~terrible~~ ^{bad} too.

NELSON: Really?..What did you have for dinner last night?

JACK: Well, let me see..we started with soup.

NELSON: Your entree?

JACK: Hash.

NELSON: Your dessert?

JACK: Pudding.

NELSON: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-eight..Now look, Warden, I ain't gonna stand for this kind of treatment, see?

NELSON: You'll stand for it and like it..Now go back to your cell..

L

JACK: I won't go back to my cell..Either let me out of here or
send me to the electric chair...(SOBBING)..Do you hear me..
send me to the electric chair..

NELSON: I'd ~~like~~^{love} to, but our light bill is too high now.

JACK: What?

NELSON: Now get back to your cell and stay there.

(CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO) I went back to my cell determined to escape.. I
planned..I schemed..and after seven long years I got my
chance..A parole came through for Number 60734. That was
Curly's number..so that night I knocked him on the head --

(SOUND: CLUNK OF COCONUT)

JACK: And changed numbers with him...It worked..They took me to the
gate, gave me a new suit of clothes and a ~~one dollar bill~~^{five dollar bill}..
Then they handed me a tube of Bubaloon and told me to Blow...
When I left, I was frightened...confused...things on the
outside were in terrible shape..financial instability..
political unrest...and worst of all..they were wearing them
long again...There was nowhere to go..nothing to see..I
was trudging the lonesome road from the jail towards the
city, when a car stopped beside me..

(SOUND: STOPPING OF CAR)

JACK: And a voice said--

MARY: (A LA LAUREN BACALL) Want a lift into town, Big Boy?

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JACK: I stood there staring for a minute..I couldn't speak..I just couldn't speak..suddenly, it happened...

(SOUND: CORK POPPING)

JACK: My Bubaloon busted.

MARY: That's better, I can see your face now...Hop in the car, Blue Eyes, and I'll take you to town.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Okay, Miss...Miss?

MARY: Bacall..but you can call me Lauren.

JACK: Lauren?

MARY: And if you don't feel like calling, just whistle...Hop in.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES..MOTOR UP AND FADE)

MARY: You've been in prison--haven't you?

JACK: Yeah, yeah..how did you know?

MARY: I saw the picture.

JACK: Oh..(SIGHS) You know, it's swell driving along sitting next to you...I've been in prison so long I've forgotten what girls ~~were~~^{looked} like..and that glorious fragrance...that lovely odor..what is it?

MARY: Gasoline, my tank leaks..Now where would you like me to take you?

JACK: I don't know..at this time of the night..it's too late for the Palladium and too early for Breakfast at Brenemans..Oh I don't know where to go.

MARY: I'll tell you what..We can drive up to the tope of Mulholland Drive... and park.

JACK: No thanks, I was up there on Hallowe'en..Now look, Lauren, I'm in trouble, see..I just broke out of prison and they'll be looking for me in a few hours.

MARY: Well, if that's your problem..I know a plastic surgeon who can change your face so nobody'll recognize you.

JACK: Say, that's -- No..why should I go to the trouble of having my face changed..they might catch me anyway.

MARY: You'd still be ahead.

JACK: Okay, I'll try it ..Then I'll pull a couple of jobs that'll make me rich. *Jobs, that's what I'll do.*

(SOUND: MOTOR UP..AND FADE)

MARY: I don't get your angle, Big Boy have you ever thought of going straight?..You know, I kinda like you...Have you ever thought of getting married?

JACK: Yeah...sometime I think I'd like to get married..settle down in a vine covered cottage with a wife and have ten or twelve children.

(SOUND: SHARP SQUEAL OF BRAKES AS CAR STOPS SHORT)

MARY: Get out, Mister, this is as far as we go.

JACK: Huh? What?

MARY: This is where the plastic surgeon has his office..

JACK: Good, let's go in.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) The doctor's office was on the second floor...I followed her up the stairs...She was wearing them long, too... As we walked down the hall, I began to feel frightened, nervous..afraid...Lauren sensed how I felt and walked over to encourage me...She kissed me...When I came to, I was in the doctor's office....He was feeling my pulse with one hand and my wallet with the other...Finally he said..

ELLIOT:Mr. Benny, as long as I'm going to change your face, who ^{do} ~~would~~ you want to look like?

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) I don't know..I just don't want to be recognized.

ELLIOT:Well, I can make you look like a young man or an old man... or if you really want to disguise yourself, I can put some glass in the back of your head and make you look like a Studebaker.

JACK: No..the windshield-wipers would drive me nuts...But then if you think looking like a Studebaker would do the trick, go ahead,

ELLIOT:Very well..I'll call my assistant...(UP) OH, DOCTOR McNULTY..

DENNIS:(COMING IN) HERE I AM, DOCTOR...SHALL IGosh, you sure loused up this guy's face.

JACK: He hasn't started yet! Look, I'm in a hurry..let's get on with the operation.

ELLIOT:Very well.....I'll go in the next room and put on my gown.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Say Doctor McNulty...will it hurt much?

DENNIS: Oh no...he's the best plastic surgeon in town.

JACK: Really?

DENNIS: Uh huh...Ten years ago a man came in to have his nose
straightened out, so the doctor sat him ^{down} in a chair..stood
behind the man...reached down..grabbed the patient's nose
in both hands and began pulling up...he pulled..and pulled..
and pulled..and pulled and all of a sudden BOINNNNNNNNG!

JACK: Gee, did the guy sue?

DENNIS: Why should he? Today that man is Bob Hope.

JACK: Oh...Well, I hope my operation turns out okay.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) The doctor came back...he was carrying his
surgical instruments and he had slipped into his operating
gown...He was wearing them long, too...They adjusted the
ether cone to my nose...I began inhaling...my head began
to whirl...I began to hear voices...

NELSON: (FILTER..FAST) The light bill's too high now, too high now,
too high now, too high now.

JACK: Then I caught a blurred vision of Lauren looking down at
me ...She was so beautiful, I wanted to marry her...I cried,
"Lauren..Lauren!" ..She looked at me tenderly and said--

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: Her voice was beautiful...Suddenly things got dimmer and
dimmer ..my head whirled faster and faster..and then I
passed out!

(LOUD CHORD ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

JACK: When I came to, the operation was over..they removed the bandages..I looked in the mirror..It was even better than I expected..I looked like a Cadillac..I had white side-wall ears...The doctor was pleased, too..He was smiling and he said--

ELLIOT: How do you feel, Mr. Benny?

(SOUND: TWO FAST BEEPS OF CLASSY AUTO HORN)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) I mean..fine, thank you..

(ECHO) I was so happy that I ran out of the doctor's office.. But my happiness didn't last long. People recognized me..so I went back to the doctor and had my face changed again... This time I looked like a Buick...But people still recognized me..So I had my face changed again..Now I looked like an Oldsmobile..But I still wasn't safe..Not only were people recognizing me, but I was going broke buying license plates...IT WAS NO USE...

(PLAYOFF MUSIC IN VERY SOFTLY)

JACK: FINALLY IN DESPERATION I SOLD MYSELF TO THE SMILING IRISHMAN.. HE PUT A NEW TOP ON ME AND MADE ME INTO A B7S...I AM NOW RUNNING BETWEEN ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA....ALL ABOARD!!!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC UP LOUD)

JACK: Friends, every worth while undertaking usually has a slogan - sort of an identifying phrase to express its purpose. The Community Chest has one -- a fine one which says, "Everybody Benefits -- Everybody Gives." It's sorta like the Golden Rule - "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Others Do Unto You." That's really the purpose of the Community Chest anyway, so let's all help make the slogan of the Community Chest a practical aid to the health and welfare of millions of Americans -- "Everybody Benefits -- Everybody Gives." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first....

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

SHARBUTT: Year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUSYDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Sidney Currin, tobacco warehouseman of Oxford, North Carolina, has spent 25 years on the tobacco markets. Recently he said:

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's got real smoking quality...fine tobacco that smokes up mild, cool and fragrant. Smoked Luckies myself for 26 years.

SHARBUTT: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, remember:

(MORE)

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(CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that smoke
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike -
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy
on the draw.

(TAG)

- 23 -

JACK: Stay tuned in for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show which follows immediately, and be sure to listen to "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" on Wednesday night...and next Sunday on My own show -- I have one, you know -- I'm expecting a visit from my next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.
Goodnight, folks.

(MUSIC & APPLAUSE)

PROGRAM #6
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1947

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

d

ATK01 0310171

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: Exhibit "A"; Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and today,
tomorrow, always...Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. S.M.
Cutts, independent tobacco auctioneer of Oxford, North
Carolina, has sold over 300 million pounds of tobacco
at auction. Recently, he said;

VOICE: Year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike
buy fine tobacco...ripe, prime leaf -- take it from me,
that tobacco's really fine tobacco. I've smoked
Luckies myself for 17 years.

LAING: At auction after auction, 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. Remember....

(MORE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: 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.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

(SOUND: LOUD BUS MOTOR AND HORN)

ARTIE: PASSENGERS, PLEASE STEP TO THE REAR..STEP TO THE ~~REAR~~ ^{back} OF THE BUS, PLEASE.

JENNY: Isn't this awful, Catherine..you'd think some gentleman would get up and give one of us a seat.

DON: I beg your pardon, ladies, but would any of you care to sit down?

JENNY: You're very kind..isn't he, Catherine?

DOROTHY: He certainly is .. he got up and gave the three of us a seat.

JENNY: Yes, he has a very big heart..... Say, aren't you Don Wilson, Jack Benny's announcer?

DON: Yes, yes I am.

JENNY: Oh, I just love that program. It has so many interesting characters..They act so crazy.

DOROTHY: Oh, Jeanette, they only do that to make people laugh on the radio. Those things never happen in real life.

DON: (LAUGHS) ..They don't eh? Let me tell you about something that really happened yesterday.

JENNY: What was it?

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DON: Well, Jack Benny, Phil Harris, and Dennis Day dropped into the corner drugstore to get a bite to eat.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DRUGSTORE NOISES)

JACK: What're you gonna have, Phil?

PHIL: Oh, I don't know, Jackson..What're you gonna have?

JACK: I don't know..What about you, Dennis?

DENNIS: I don't know.

JACK: Gee, it's so hard to decide what to---Hmm..just look at that..
WAITER..WAITER..

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Look..there's lipstick on my glass.

MEL: Well, there's water in it, too, wash it off..

JACK: Hmm..their bread should be that fresh...Well Phil, have you decided yet?

PHIL: Yeah, I think I know what I want, Jackson.

MEL: What'll it be, sir?

PHIL: A roast beef sandwich and a fifth of milk.

JACK: Phil, ~~you can't have a fifth of milk.~~ *milk doesn't come in fifths.*

PHIL: How do I know, it's the first time I ever ordered the stuff.

JACK: Oh...Dennis, have you made up your mind yet?

DENNIS: Yeah. Waiter, bring me a dish of ice cream with a strip of bacon on it.

JACK: Dennis .. ice cream with bacon? That's ridiculous. Why don't you have it with chocolate syrup?

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DENNIS: Okay.. Waiter, bring me some bacon with chocolate syrup.

JACK: Yeah yeah.. That's what I meant.

PHIL: What're you gonna have, Jackson?

JACK: Gee, I don't know...Waiter, what would you suggest?

MEL: How about lamb stew?

JACK: ...Nooo.

MEL: Some veal cutlets?

JACK: ...Noo...I'm going home soon..I just want something to hold me together.

MEL: How about some Scotch taps?

~~MEL: How about some Scotch taps?~~

~~MEL: How about some Scotch taps?~~

JACK: Look, just get their orders and I'll think of what I want...
Let's see...

PHIL: Say Dennis, how's your Colgate show doing?

DENNIS: Oh, it's fine..I like the idea of having two shows.

JACK: (Gee I don't know what to order.)

DENNIS: How's your Fitch Band Wagon doing, Phil?

PHIL: Great kid, great. Alice just picked up my option for another thirteen weeks.

JACK: (Maybe I oughta have--)

PHIL: Holy smoke, Jackson, haven't you made up your mind yet what you want to eat?

JACK: How can I think with you fellows always talking.."I got two shows, I got two shows, I got two shows.." *That's all you hear--*

PR

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MEL: Two shows? You oughta be ashamed of yourself, putting other people out of work with two shows.

JACK: I haven't got two shows, they've got two shows.

MEL: Well, bully for them!

JACK: What?

MEL: Here are your orders, gentlemen..Now, what'll you have?

JACK: Well, I think I'll have a hamburger..and let's see..do you have any hot chocolate?

MEL: No, but here's a Hershey bar and a match.

JACK: Oh nuts!

MEL: They're in it, too.

JACK: Never mind, just give me that piece of chocolate cake right there.

MEL: That's vanilla.

JACK: It is not vanilla, it's chocolate.

MEL: I'll dust it off and show you.

JACK: Don't bother..just give me a piece of that huckelberry pie.

MEL: You want to make a bet?

JACK: Well, give it to me, whatever it is..A man could starve to death in here guessing..Now give me that pie.

PHIL: Hey Jackson..Jackson..

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: Look at that beautiful blonde coming toward the counter.

JACK: Oh yeah..Hey Phil, she's heading this way..I'll move over one, then she'll have to sit between us..

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Hmm..I forgot I was sitting on the end stool..Help me up off the floor, Phil.

PHIL: Well, there's a switch, me picking you up.

JACK: Yeah.. Well, look fellows, I've gotta go home now. I'll see you later..So long.

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, WHAT ABOUT THE CHECK..JACKSON, WHAT ABOUT THE--
(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

PHIL: Hum..after eleven years, you'd think I'd know better...How *light* can a guy be ~~be~~..Hey, Dennis, what're you looking at?

DENNIS: That magazine over there..Ronald Colman's picture's on the

PHIL: ^{cover} *Oh, Ronald* Yeah, gee, look at him..with those broad shoulders... intelligent eyes..pearly teeth..dimple in his chin..if he was one inch taller, he'd look just like me...Yes sir, he sure is handsome.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) Thank you, old fellow, it was awfully nice of you to say that.

PHIL: Hey Dennis, you sounded just like him.

DENNIS: Yeah..I like to do imitations.

PHIL: You know you're pretty good, kid. I can hardly tell the-- wait a minute.

DENNIS: Huh?

PHIL: I've got a great idea..You wanta have a little fun, kid?

DENNIS: Yeah..how?

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PHIL: Let's give Jackson time to get home..then we'll call him on the phone. You disguise your voice like Ronald Colman's and invite him over to his house for a party.

DENNIS: Oh boy, come on, let's go in that phone booth.

PHIL: Take it easy, ^{take it easy} we gotta give him plenty time to get home..He's walkin' and he ain't really ~~thirty~~ eight, you know.

DENNIS: All right..while we're waiting, let's play the juke box..One of my records is in it.

PHIL: Yeah..Here you are, ^{I'll drop a nickel in it.} ~~it's in there~~

(SOUND: COIN DOWN SLOT)

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."AND MIMI")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Well, here's my house..It wasn't such a long walk out to Beverly Hills after all...Hmm..I might as well plant grass on my front yard..they won't let me park cars here anymore...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP TWO STAIRS ON PORCH..)

JACK: Let me see..now where's my key to the front door..

(SOUND: CLINKING OF KEY'S UNDER FOLLOWING)

JACK: Here's the key to my car...here's the key to the back door... here's the key to my hope chest.....key to my trunk...key to the garage...here's the key to that can of salmon I had last night...Why do I save these things?....Oh, here it is.

(SOUND: KEY TURNING IN LOCK..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

ROCH: (OFF) IS THAT YOU, BOSS?

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing at home? You're supposed to be out at Hillcrest, ^{golf course} looking for my golf ball.

ROCH: IT'S NO USE BOSS, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THAT BALL FOR THREE WEEKS NOW AND I JUST CAN'T FIND IT.

JACK: Well, did you look behind all the rocks?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Did you look in all the bushes?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Did you look down the gopher holes?

ROCH: I EVEN TOOK THE GOPHERS TO A DOCTOR'S OFFICE AND HAD 'EM X-RAYED.

JACK: You had the gophers X-rayed?

ROCH: WE FOUND SIX ACORNS, A BUNCH OF ROOTS, A CANADIAN PENNY, BUT
NO GOLF BALL.

JACK: What?

ROCH: ONE OF 'EM HAD GALL STONES AND HE FOOLED US FOR AWHILE.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard..taking gophers
to a doctor's office..I wish you wouldn't---wait a minute,
Rochester..What's ^{that} ~~the~~ wiggling around in your pocket?

ROCH: A GOPHER..I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE HIM FOR A PET.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: LOOK BOSS, HE'S PEEKING OUT AT YOU.

JACK: Huh?..Oh, isn't he cute..Look at that sweet little face..
He's got blue eyes,..just like mine...I wonder if I could get
his teeth straightened...Imagine the patter of little gopher
feet around the house...Say Rochester, how did you happen to
pick this one to bring home?

ROCH: HE'S THE ONE WITH THE CANADIAN PENNY.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: WHEN DO WE OPERATE, BOSS?

JACK: Stop joking...Now Rochester, you better go back out to the
golf course and keep looking for the ball. It must be---
Hey, I just thought of something..Maybe we looked in the
wrong place. We took it for granted that I hit that ball
in the rough...Maybe I hit such a good shot it landed right
on the green.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right..Well, we'll look for the ball
tomorrow...By the way, Rochester, what are we going to have
for dinner?

v

ROCH: SIX ACORNS, A BUNCH OF ROOTS, AND SOUTHERN FRIED GOPHER.

JACK: I don't want that..just open a can of sardines.

ROCH: OKAY, GIVE ME YOUR KEY CHAIN.

JACK: Here you are..and hurry. I haven't had anything but a dusty piece of pie all day...I'll be in the--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone. I'll get it.

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) (FILTER) Hello, old boy, this is Ronald Colman.

JACK: ~~What's the name of the person who called me?~~ Ronald Colman?..

Well, Ronnie, how are you?

DENNIS: Splendid, splendid, thank you.

JACK: Good good, how's Benita?

DENNIS: Who?

JACK: Benita, your wife.

DENNIS: Oh, oh..I thought you said Santa Anita..Benita's fine.

JACK: Good good.

DENNIS: By the way Jack, what are you doing tonight?

JACK: Nothing, nothing..why?

DENNIS: Well, Benita and I are having a little party at the house and we'd love to have you come over.

JACK: Tonight? Gee, that'll be swell, Ronnie..What time should I be there?

DENNIS: Just a minute, I'll ask Santa Anita.

JACK: Who?

DENNIS: Benita, my wife.

JACK: Oh -

DENNIS: (REGULAR MIKE-WHISPERING) Hey, Phil, what time shall I tell him to be there?

PHIL: Nine o'clock..and tell him to bring his girl with him.

DENNIS: (FILTER..AS COLMAN) Hello Jack..Benita says nine would be fine and to bring your lady friend with you.

JACK: You mean my girl, Gladys Zybisco?

DENNIS: Yes, we've both been anxious to meet her.

PHIL: Hey kid..kid..tell him it's a costume party.

DENNIS: Oh by the way, Jack, when you come over tonight, we wish you'd wear something.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: A costume party, you know.

JACK: Oh, a costume party,..Gee, that'll be fun. We'll be there at nine o'clock sharp..Goodbye, Ronnie.

~~.....~~
~~.....~~
~~.....~~
DENNIS: Goodbye, Jack.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hey Rochester..Rochester..I've been invited over to Mr. and Mrs. Colman's for a party tonight.

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO GET YOUR TUXEDO?

JACK: No no, this is a costume party..and gee, I don't know how to dress.

ROCH: WHY DON'T YOU WEAR YOUR TOUPAY UPSIDE DOWN AND GO AS A BIRD'S NEST?

JACK: Say, maybe I--No, it would tickle me...Hey wait a minute.. I know where I can get a cow-boy costume..That's it..I'll go as a cow-boy.

ROCH: ARE YOU GONNA TAKE MISS LIVINGSTONE?

JACK: No, she's out of town this week. I'm going to take my old girl friend, Gladys Zybisco..She'll love it.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR MOTOR UP AND FADE)

JACK: Gee, Gladys, it's nice out tonight, isn't it?

SARA: (NASAL) It sure is, Speedy.

JACK: I'm glad you were able to make it. I thought that since it's so close to Thanksgiving, you might be busy.

SARA: Oh, I got Hilda to fill in for me.

JACK: But can Hilda do your work?

SARA: Oh sure..she can pluck turkeys faster than anybody.

JACK: ...Well...(LAUGHING) That's a feather in her cap. (LAUGHS)

SARA: Gee, you're so witty, Speedy...What people see in Georgie Jessel I'll never know.

JACK: Yeah...Gee, Gladys..you'll like the Colman's..Ronnie and Benita are regular guys..even though they're high class and interested in things like opera and art.

SARA: Art...Oh, then maybe I can --

BENITA: Oh, Ronnie?

COLMAN: What is it, Benita?

(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: Did you close the living-room windows before you got into bed?

COLMAN: ~~Yes~~ I did, ~~sure~~ *darling*.

BENITA: Well, if you're ready to go to sleep, I'll turn out the light.

COLMAN: In just a minute..I'm not quite through reading..You know Benita, this is ~~so~~ ^{really} exciting..you must read it when I'm through with it.

BENITA: Oh, I've already read it..You know, there's one part in there where--

COLMAN: Don't tell me, don't tell me...I want to find out myself what Mumbles is going to do...He's ~~such~~ an interesting fellow.

BENITA: You can find out tomorrow. I'm going to turn out the light.

COLMAN: ^{All right} Just a moment, ~~sure~~...There.. all right, you can turn ~~the~~ ^{it} ~~light~~ out now.

(SOUND: CLICK.....~~click~~)

COLMAN: (AFTER LONG, LONG PAUSE)...You know ^{Benita} ~~sure~~...I hope you don't think I'm conceited..but "Random Harvest" is one of the best pictures ever made.

BENITA: I agree with you, ^{darling} ~~sure~~...Now shut off the projector and let's ^{go} ~~go~~ to sleep.

COLMAN: ~~Benita~~ *All right.*

(SOUND: SNAP)

COLMAN: I'm glad we turned in early tonight. I've got a lot of re-takes at the studio tomorrow morning.

BENITA: Yes, I know..(YAWNING) Goodnight, Ronnie.

COLMAN: Goodnight, ~~Benita~~ *darling.*

(SOUND: LONG LONG LONG LONG PAUSE..THEN ON CUE.....

LONG DOOR BUZZES ONCE..THEN ANOTHER LONG

PAUSE..THEN DOOR BUZZES TWICE)

COLMAN: Benita, you're snoring.

BENITA:I thought that was you. ~~It sounds like a door buzzer.~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER AGAIN)

BENITA: Goodness, it's the front door.

COLMAN: I wonder who in the world could..Well, it's the butler's night off and there's only one way to find out...Go down and see who it is, ~~Benita~~ *darling*

BENITA: Me? But ~~Benita~~ suppose it's a burgler..what would I do?

COLMAN: I don't know, I've never been in a picture with that particular situation.

BENITA: Ronnie, it's probably a telegram. Now put on your robe and go to the door.

COLMAN: Oh, all right

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

COLMAN: *All right - all right*
I'm coming, I'm coming ..Imagine getting a man out of a nice warm bed---

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS ROOM..DOWN STAIRS..ACROSS ROOM AGAIN..DOOR UNLOCKS..THEN OPENS)

COLMAN: Yes?

JACK: (WESTERN) HERE WE ARE, PARDNER, ME AND THE LITTLE WOMAN CAME OVER TO JOIN YOU.

SARA: YIPPIE...

JACK: (SINGS) GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE, GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE, GET ALONG, GET ALONG--

COLMAN: Just a minute..just a minute, there must be some--

JACK: STEP ASIDE YA VARMIN'T...BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN..

(SOUND: TWO PISTOL SHOTS FOLLOWED BY GLASS CRASH)

SARA YAHOO!!

JACK: COME ON GAL..LET'S GO INSIDE AND JOIN THE FUN.

SARA: I'M RIGHT BEHIND YA, BUCK.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

COLMAN: But Jack, Jack, there must be some --

JACK: TELL ME, PARDNER..WHERE'S BENITA?

COLMAN: She's upstairs..we were just--

JACK: WELL, GO ~~UPSTAIRS~~ *get the little woman down here.*

COLMAN: NOW LOCK, BENNY..

JACK: GO ON AND TELL HER, YA VARMIN'T.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT)

COLMAN: All right, all right.

(SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ACROSS ROOM..THEN UPSTAIRS.. THEN ACROSS FLOOR..BEDROOM DOOR OPENS)

COLMAN: Benita...Benita, it's Jack Benny..

BENITA: Jack Benny? ~~Benita...Benita, it's Jack Benny..~~

PR

Yes, and
COLMAN: He has a gun.

BENITA: Well, lend him what he wants and send him home.

COLMAN: He doesn't want to borrow anything..this time..He thinks we're having a party.

BENITA: A party? (LAUGHS)

COLMAN: It's not funny, ^{*my dear*} ~~Benny~~. You should have seen Benny and that girl bursting in here with those silly costumes.

BENITA: (LAUGHINGLY) Costumes?

COLMAN: Yes....Benny is dressed up like Roy Rogers.

BENITA: Oh...and what does the girl look like?

COLMAN: Trigger.

BENITA: Ronnie!...Just because you're angry at Jack, that's no reason to insult the girl...She's probably a pretty little thing... About how old is she?

COLMAN: I don't know...I'd say somewhere between thirty-five and forty.

BENITA: Oh..then she's no chicken.

COLMAN: Not with those turkey feathers all over her...Imagine..
imagine Benny doing a thing like this...I have a good notion
to-- *Yes, that's what I'll do.*

BENITA: Oh Ronnie, we can't stop sending our laundry to him.

COLMAN: I suppose not..he is a master with the starch...Anyway, I think it's absolutely disgraceful for him to--

BENITA: Ronnie, get back in bed, and I'll go downstairs and tell him to leave.

COLMAN: It's no use, ^{*darling*} ~~Benny~~, he won't even listen to you..I have a better idea..get dressed.

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ATX01 0310189

BENITA: What?

COLMAN: I know what I'm doing, Benita..Get dressed.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Gee, I wish they'd hurry down..they've been upstairs a long time.

SARA: They sure have, Speedy...While we're waiting, let's turn on the radio.

(SOUND: CLICK...LITTLE STATIC)

(ORCH: INTRODUCTION TO "PEG O' MY HEART")

JACK: Gee...that's our song they're playing...Let's dance, Snooky.

SARA: It would be an extreme pleasure.

(SOUND: LIGHT SCUFFLING OF COUPLE DANCING)

JACK: What memories this brings back...our first meeting..we were dancing like this, ^{remember} and as we danced, you sang the words into my ear...Sing them again, ~~them~~... *Go ahead, Gladys, I love to hear you sing!*

SARA: (SINGS) PEG O' MY HEART, I LOVE YOU.

WE'LL NEVER PART, I LOVE YOU.

I ALWAYS KNEW.

IT WOULD BE YOU--

Oh, come on,
^ Dance a little closer, Speedy.

JACK: Okay...(GIGGLES AND LAUGHS)

SARA: What's the matter?

JACK: Those feathers are tickling me.

(MUSIC STOPS)

SARA: I'm sorry, but I had to get into my costume at the place where I work.

JACK: Well, don't worry...Gee, I wonder why the Colmans aren't down yet.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

BENITA: Ronnie, do you think it was right of us to sneak out the back way and go to a movie?

COLMAN: Yes, that'll teach Benny a lesson..

BENITA: Well, what movie are we going to see?

COLMAN: I don't know and I don't care..anything to get away from that man.

BENITA: Well, they're still in our house..how long do you think they'll stay?

COLMAN: I have no idea..but tomorrow, open another air-wick.

BENITA: (LAUGHINGLY) I don't blame you for being upset..It's amazing the way Jack Benny brings out the worst in people.

COLMAN: ~~How~~ ^{How} do you mean?

BENITA: Well for instance, take that playwright fellow, Norman Krasna.

COLMAN: What about Mr. Krasna?

BENITA: Usually he's a very brilliant conversationalist...but as soon as he gets around Benny, all he can say is (DOES WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

COLMAN: Benita, please..people are staring.

BENITA: I'm sorry...Here's the theatre, Ronnie.

COLMAN: Oh yes.

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ATX01 0310191

JACK BENNY 11/9/47

(REVISED) - 19 -

COLMAN: Two loge seats, please.

MARGARET: Here you are, sir.

~~(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR OPENS)~~

BENITA: By the way, Miss, we didn't notice..what picture are you showing?

MARGARET: "The Horn Blows At Midnight."

COLMAN:WHAT?

BENITA: RONNIE..RONNIE, LET GO OF THE GIRL, IT'S NOT HER FAULT!
RONNIE!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SARA: Gee, Speedy, do you think the Colmans will mind us going into their kitchen and getting something to eat?

JACK: No, it's half-past twelve and we're hungry.

SARA: Gee, they sure have a big refrigerator.

JACK: Yeah..I wonder what program they won it on...Now let's see what's inside.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR OPENS)

JACK: There's some ham..and half a roast beef..and..Well, how do you like that...Only this morning I sent Rochester over and they told him they were out of eggs..and look..they're lousy with butter too...Say, Gladys..look, look there's a turkey.

SARA: Please, not on my day off!

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot..Well, let's eat something.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

ATX01 0310192

BENITA: Look, Ronnie, you can see them through our window. They're still in the house.

COLMAN: Yes, and I've got to get some sleep... Well, there's only one thing to do.. And I'm going to do it...Come on, Benita.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...UP STAIRS...DOOR BUZZER...
PAUSE... DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHY MR. AND MRS. COLMAN, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG HOUSE. YOU LIVE NEXT DOOR.

COLMAN: We know where we live..just show us Mr. Benny's bedroom, we've got to get some sleep.

ROCH: BUT, MR. COLMAN--

BENITA &
COLMAN: Good night.

ROCH: GOOD NIGHT.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, one of the rarest privileges anyone can have is to be able to say, "I saved a life." By now, we all know what is meant by the word "Care" -- C.A.R.E. This nation's help in alleviating the food shortage in Europe has saved thousands of lives, so let's keep on sending our contributions to C.A.R.E. -- C.A.R.E., "Care", New York. Let's give again and save another life...-- "CARE" -- C.A.R.E. "CARE" New York..Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first --

v

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: Year-in, year-out, at market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. George Webster, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, North Carolina, has spent almost half a century working at tobacco markets in the south. Not long ago he said:

VOICE: 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.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment - remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT.

X

ATK01 0310195

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-D-
NOVEMBER 9, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike, so round, so firm so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

X

ATK01 0310196

(TAG)

(SOUND: BUS MOTOR UP AND FADES)

ARTIE: SUNSET BOULEVARD...NEXT STOP...PLEASE LEAVE THE BUS BY THE REAR EXIT.

DON: Well, this is where I get off, girls.

JENNY: Mr. Wilson, that was a very funny story you told us about Jack Benny...but a thing like that couldn't really happen.

COLMAN: OH YES IT COULD. THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING THE BUS TO WORK.

JENNY: ~~Mr. Wilson~~ *Why, Mr. Colman?*

COLMAN: BENNY'S CAR BROKE DOWN AND HE'S USING MINE.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC:)

PROGRAM # 7

REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1947

NEC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0310198

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: An outstanding example - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and -
first, last, always Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT .. 57 to 59 .. AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS THE MAN WHO KNOWS!
Mr. James Talley, independent tobacco warehouseman
of Durham, North Carolina, has spent a lifetime
in the tobacco business. Recently he said;

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen fine tobacco bought
by the makers of Lucky Strike Yes! Fine
tobacco full of flavor, ripe and mild. I've smoked
Luckies myself for 18 years.

LAING: At auction after auction, independent tobacco
experts like Mr. Talley can see the makers of
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that
fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.
Remember.....

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 16, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL - (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: 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.

RUYSDAEL: Yes - next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

d

ATX01 0310200

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER TIDYING UP JACK'S DEN.

(SOUND: LIGHT DUSTING NOISES)

ROCH:MMM MMM...IT'S SURE MESSY IN HERE....I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE BOSS SAVES ALL THESE THINGS...HE'S SURE SENTIMENTAL...LOOK AT THIS--A PROGRAM FROM HIS FIRST VAUDEVILLE APPEARANCE. *Look what it says:* (CLEARS THROAT AND READS) "THE PALACE THEATRE PROUDLY PRESENTS THAT NEW VIOLIN VIRTUOSO, JACK BENNY...AND SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION, THAT SENSATIONAL NEW INVENTION, THE MAGIC LANTERN".....WELL, I BETTER PUT THESE PICTURES AWAY AND...OH-OH, WHAT'S THIS.. A BUNCH OF ~~REDACTED~~ PINK ENVELOPES TIED WITH A BLUE SATIN RIBBON...(SNIFFS TWICE) SMELL THAT PERFUME...THESE MUST BE SOME OF MR. BENNY'S OLD LOVE LETTERS...I'M GOING TO OPEN ^{up} ONE AND READ IT...

(SOUND: ENVELOPE BEING TORN OPEN)

ROCH: ...WELL, I'LL BE DARNED, CANCELLED CHECKS.....HEE HEE HEE HEE...THOSE ARE LOVE LETTERS TO HIM.....SAY...HERE'S SOMETHING THE BOSS MUST HAVE MISLAID..IT'S A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR WHO EXAMINED HIM AND IT ISN'T OPEN...I BETTER TAKE IT TO HIM.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARG: (FILTER) But John...John, without you, life isn't worth living.

ROCH: SAY, MR. BENNY, I FOUND THIS--

JACK: Quiet Rochester..I'm listening.

MARG: (FILTER) JOHN, OH JOHN, HOW CAN YOU WALK OUT ON ME AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN TO EACH OTHER?

ELLIOT: (FILTER) I'M SORRY, AGNES, BUT MARRIAGE ISN'T FOR US!...IT JUST WOULDN'T WORK.

MARG: IT SERVES ME RIGHT. I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MY FATHER.

ELLIOT: YOUR FATHER, YOUR PATHER, IF HE HAD KEPT HIS NOSE OUT OF IT, THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

MARG: OH, THEY WOULD, EH? WELL, IF I NEVER SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN, IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT WITH ME. GOODBYE.

ELLIOT: THAT SUITS ME FINE. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, this party line is better than a radio...No commercials.

(SOUND: NORMAL RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now what do you want, Rochester?

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I FOUND THIS LETTER FROM YOUR DOCTOR..

JACK: Read it to me,..I haven't got my glasses.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: ENVELOPE TORN OPEN.)

ROCH: IT SAYS...."THE RESULTS OF OUR EXAMINATION SHOW THE FOLLOWING...YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE IS NORMAL...YOUR HEART PERFECT...YOUR LUNGS CLEAR...YOUR BLOOD COUNT AVERAGE AND YOU'RE IN PERFECT CONDITION...(PAUSE) HMM, THE DOCTOR MUST HAVE SENT YOU THIS BY MISTAKE.

JACK: Nonsense, Rochester..I feel wonderful..there's no mistake...
Read on.

ROCH: Yes sir..Now where was I..Oh yes.. "YOU'RE IN PERFECT
CONDITION. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU AND HOPE IT'S A BOY."

JACK: What?!

ROCH: SIT DOWN BOSS AND LET ME GET YOU SOME MILK.

JACK: Now cut that out!

MEL: (SQUAWK..THEN SINGS) M IS FOR THE MILLION THINGS SHE GAVE ME-

JACK: You can shut up too, Polly...Rochester, let me see that
report.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: You see...there...it was sent to the wrong address...

(SIGHS WITH RELIEF) WHEW!...Rochester, stop holding my
hand, I'm all right...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it...you finish cleaning the den..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, hello Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, Mary..it's good to see you again...Everybody missed
you last week.

MARY: Well, it was nice of you to let me go back to Plainfield
for Mama and Papa's fortieth anniversary.

MEL: Anniversary, Anniversary. (SQUAWKS)

MARY: Hello Polly.

POLLY: Well, Hello YOU! (TWO TONED WHISTLE)

JACK: (Poor Polly, she doesn't know she's a girl)...How was the anniversary party, Mary?

MARY: Oh wonderful, Jack..everybody was there..First Uncle Lew got up and made a speech; then cousin Earl got up and made a speech; then Uncle Harry held up papa and he made a speech.

JACK: Mary..your father got...I mean, at his own anniversary he got himself..inebriated?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Well Jack, it was such a gay party..somebody sneaked in and spiked the punch with bourbon.

JACK: No kidding, do you know who did it?

MARY: Yeah, Papa...And Jack, you should have been there to see my sister Babe...She's very fashionable now..She's got that new look.

JACK: It's a shame she's ~~really~~ got those old parts.

MARY: No, she ^{really} looks good. In fact she got her old boy friend back...You remember, Herman Holmquist.

JACK: Oh sure...~~Herman~~...Was he at the party, too?

MARY: No, he couldn't make it..he had to work.

JACK: Well, there's one good thing about Herman, he's a steady worker..and that's what Babe wants, ^{you know} stability...Say there's no chance of Herman ever losing his job, is there?

MARY: Of course not, there'll always be garbage.

JACK: Oh yeah...well, maybe it was better he didn't go to the party...When did you get back from Plainfield, Mary?

MARY: Thursday night...I was just in time for Claudette Colbert's birthday party...How come you weren't there, Jack?

JACK: Well, I was invited..but I felt kind of tired, so I stayed home and played gin rummy with Norman Krasna.

MARY: Norman Krasna.

MEL: (DOES WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH ENDING WITH PARROT SQUAWK)

JACK: Polly, I'm warning you....One more interruption and I won't take you to see "Forever Amber". You know Mary, I kind of wish I could have gone back to.....Mary what are you doing?

MARY: I'm reading this letter from your doctor.

JACK: Oh, that...it was just..

MARY: Why Jack, so that's why you couldn't go to Claudette's party.

JACK: That letter was sent here by mistake...My goodness.

ROCH: (COMING IN) SAY BOSS, I WAS CLEANING UP YOUR BEDROOM AND I FOUND MR. RONALD COLMAN'S HAT

JACK: Oh..take it back to him ^{later} ~~the next time you see him~~

MARY: Jack, what was Ronald Colman's hat doing in your bedroom?

JACK: Oh, ~~it was there when I came home~~..It's a long story, but Ronnie and Benita spent the whole night here.

ROCH: I MEANT TO TELL YOU BOSS...IN THE MORNING MR. COLMAN TOLD ME THAT YOUR MATTRESS WAS MUCH TOO HARD.

JACK: Well, what did he expect..goose feathers.

ROCH: NO...BUT HE DIDN'T EXPECT SILVER DOLLARS EITHER.

JACK: Hrrrrrrrrrr.

ROCH: AND NOT ONLY THAT, HE SAID THE MATTRESS WAS LUMPY, TOO.

MARY: Fort Knox should have lumps like that.

JACK: Yeah.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

JACK: Rochester, answer the door, will you please? I still can't understand what happened last week. ^{Mary} A. Ronald Colman called and invited me over to his house for a costume party and when I got there there was no party at all...As a matter of fact, they sneaked out the back door, came over here and went to sleep.

DENNIS: Something wrong, Mr. Benny?

JACK: No no, Dennis..it's nothing that would interest you...What brings you over here, kid?

DENNIS: Well, I phoned Miss Livingstone's house and her maid told me she was over here...Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Dennis, did you want to see me?

DENNIS: Uh huh...You know, I sure missed you Mary...I thought about you every single day while you were gone.

MARY: Really?

DENNIS: Yeah..you went off with the keys to my car.

MARY: Oh, I'm sorry ^{Dennis} A. I have them in my purse.

JACK: Mary, how come you have the keys to Dennis' car?

MARY: Well, Dennis took me to a football game and I had to drive because...

JACK: Dennis..Dennis, stop reading that letter...its from my doctor.

DENNIS: Why are you keeping it a secret? You should be very happy.

JACK: Dennis, don't be silly. That's a mistake.

DENNIS: But the letter says...

JACK: I don't care what the letter says..it's impossible.

DENNIS: Oh yeah...you're not even married.

JACK: Yes, yes, I'm glad you figured it out.

MARY: Say Jack are we gonna rehearse the program this afternoon like we always do?

JACK: No Mary, I put it off till tomorrow. I have to go down to the Motor Vehicle Bureau and have my driver's license renewed. It expired over a month ago.

MARY: But Rochester does all the driving, why do you need a license?

JACK: Well, I like to have one with me...When I go to a bar they always ask me if I'm over twenty-one....Anyway, Dennis, we'll.....Mary, put down that vase!...Dennis, we'll have our rehearsal tomorrow. But as long as you're here you can let me hear your song now.

DENNIS: Okay.

(INTRODUCTION TO SONG) (OVER APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG...." I WISH I DIDN'T LOVE YOU SO")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-9-

JACK: That's a very good song, Dennis..and your voice is better than ever.

DENNIS: Yeah, that's too bad.

JACK: What ?

DENNIS: If I didn't always have to keep singing on your Sunday Show and my show Wednesday, I'd be a great actor.

JACK: Oh sure, sure..I suppose you'd be another Edward G. Robinson or a..or a Ronald Colman.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) It was awfully nice of you to say that, old fellow.

JACK: Oh stop with those silly imitations, Dennis. You don't sound like Colman at all.

DENNIS: Well, you thought so last week when I called you and invited you to a party, you went.

JACK: What?...Dennis, ^{Dennis boy,} you...you were the one that called me and disguised your voice like Ronald Colman you..you did that?...Dennis, answer me..answer me!

MARY: Jack, take your foot out of his mouth!

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry..Dennis..Dennis, how could you do a thing like that to me..

~~.....~~

~~.....~~

~~.....~~

dk

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JACK: ~~Oh, my God, I realize~~...I realize now what a fool I made myself last week...I don't blame Ronnie for being mad at me...I better call him up and apologize...

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..FIVE DIALS..BUZZING..
RECEIVER UP)

ERIC: The Ronald Colman residence.

JACK: Hello..is Mr. Colman there?

ERIC: Who shall I say is calling ?

JACK: Jack Benny.

ERIC: One moment, please..

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) You know, I feel better already. I'll explain everything to Ronnie, he'll understand, we'll be friends again. After all we do have so much in --

ERIC: Hello.

JACK: Hello, Ronnie ?

ERIC: This is the butler again, sir.

JACK: Well, did you tell Mr. Colman that I'm on the phone ?

ERIC: Yes sir, and it's the first time he ever hit me.

JACK: Hit you ? What's come over him ?

ERIC: I don't know, sir, but when I mentioned your name, he screamed, "Jack Benny! Jack Benny!" and then he mumbled something about dropping dead.

JACK: Well never mind, I'll just write a note and stick it in his laundry bundle..Goodbye.

ERIC: Goodbye, sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: What happened, Jack ?

JACK: Nothing nothing..Ronnie wasn't in.
dk

~~MARK: ...~~

~~...the ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

~~MEL: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

~~MEL: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

JACK: ~~...Dennis~~..Dennis, I can't get over it..How in the world could you think of ^{pulling a trick} like that ?

DENNIS: Well, I don't want to take all the credit, Mr. Benny. Phil Harris helped me think of it.

JACK: What ?

DENNIS: In fact, it was his idea.

JACK: Phil ^{Phil Harris} so it was Phil who put you up to it...Let me at that phone again..

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING...)

JACK: (OVER DIALING) I'll fix him..

(SOUND: BUZZING..RECEIVER UP)

MEL: (MOOLEY) Duh...Phil Harris's residence, Algernon the butler speaking.

JACK: (TO SELF) Butler ? Phil has a butler ?

MEL: And why not, he's got two shows, you know.

JACK: I know, I know..Let me talk to Mr. Harris.

MEL: Okay, okay..keep your shoit on.

JACK: Hum ^{some butler} What I'm going to tell Phil is plenty.

(SOUND: BUZZ...RECEIVER UP)

BEA: Mr. Harria's social secretary speaking.

dk

JACK: How do you like that..a bulter and a social secretary..
having two shows has certainly gone to his head...Put Mr.
Harris on the phone, please.

BEA: Just a minute, I'll tell Sabu to stop fanning him.

JACK: Sabu? Look, tell Mr. Harris I want to talk to him.

BEA: Okay..HEY, MAHARAJA, GET UP OFF THAT PERSIAN RUG, YOU'RE
WANTED ON THE PHONE.

PHIL: (LITTLE OFF) Okay...Alice, you can take off that veil
and stop dancing.

JACK: How do you like a guy like that..

PHIL: Hello.

JACK: Phil, this is Jack.

PHIL: Oh, hi ya, Jackson..what kind of a vitamin pill is
holding you up today ?

JACK: Never mind that, there's something I want to talk to you
about.

PHIL: What is it ?

JACK: Phil, did you put Dennis up to playing that trick on me
last week ?

PHIL: Oh, you found out about it ? Ha ha ha ha...pretty good,
eh Jackson.

JACK: Pretty good ? Let me tell you something...

PHIL: I knew when we did it that you'd appreciate the humor
behind it.

JACK: Look Phil...

PHIL: You're the kind of man who can recognize the basic
fundamentals of ^{satirical} ~~satirical~~ comedy.

JACK: Phil...

dk

PHIL: When it comes to a sophisticated situation that provokes mirth and laughter, you're the very first to perceive it's true value.

JACK: Look, Phil, you can't pull the wool over my...

PHIL: Which is as it should be because you're not only a great artist, but a dynamic scintillating personality.

JACK: I am? ...Phil....

PHIL: Yes sir...that's why the name Jack Benny is regarded by Millions of people as the ultimate in the field of entertainment.

JACK: Well...Phil, it was awfully nice of you to call me. I *certainly* appreciate it.

PHIL: That's okay..Goodybye, Jackson.

JACK: Goodbye, Philsy..OH PHIL, PHIL, I'VE GOT THE MOST WONDERFUL NEWS TO...Oh, I keep forgetting that letter was sent here by mistake...Goodybye, Phil.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: You know, Mary, that Phil is such a sweet guy.

MARY: I thought you were going to bawl him out.

JACK: Mary, I'm too big for that. *I mean* I'm the kind of man who can recognize the basic fundamentals of *satirical* ~~satirical~~ comedy.

MARY: Jack, is that your head, or is your nose stuck on some Bubaloon ?

JACK: It's my head and put down that pin...Now come on with me, Mary..I've gotta go down town and get my driver's license.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

dk

ATX01 0310212

JACK: Hey, here comes Don Wilson...Don, what's the matter with you....you're trembling.

DON: Oh Jack, I just had the most terrible experience...it was horrible....A woman tried to commit suicide.

JACK: Suicide, how?

DON: I was walking down the street and she threw herself in front of me.

JACK: No!

DON: Fortunately, I stepped over her.

JACK: Don, with your stomach, ~~how would you know?~~

DON: ~~how would you know?~~....Well, I hope I'm not late for rehearsal.

JACK: Oh Don...I should have called you. We're not rehearsing until tomorrow, because I have to go and get my drivers license renewed.

DON: Well, Jack, this whole thing only takes a minute and we might as well rehearse the commercial while I have the quartet here.

JACK: ~~Oh, the sportsmen~~ where are they?

DON: Right behind me.

JACK: Oh, oh, hello, fellows.

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: You know boys, you shouldn't always be walking behind Don. ~~I mean~~ ^{you} You're getting pale, need a little sunshine.... Look Don I'm really in a hurry...can't we...

DON: Jack, it'll only take a minute.

JACK: Oh all right...What is this number you've got.

DON: It's a song called "I Believe."

y

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

JACK: Well good, good, let's hear it.

DON: Okay...Now boys, remember what I told you...Just do the first chorus. I don't think Mr. Benny will like the second one.

JACK: Yes, yes, I don't like it when it gets silly...Tell them to go ahead, Don.

DON: All right...Take it boys!

Y
Y

(INTRO TO "I BELIEVE")

QUART: I BELIEVE, I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE IN WISHING WELLS,
AND I ALSO BELIEVE IN A LOT OF THINGS
THINGS THE DAISY TELLS.

I BELIEVE, I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE IN LUCKY STRIKE
LSM, LSM, LSMFT

THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR WE.

IT'S FINE TOBACCO

AND IT COMES FROM WAY DOWN SOUTH.

BUT BEFORE YOU LIGHT IT,

YOU SHOULD PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH.

F. E. BOONE, F. E. BOONE,

F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY RIGGS.

TAKE A TIP, TAKE A TIP,

FROM THE MAN WHO KNOWS

IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE FACE ON DURANTE'S NOSE

L S M F T..YES! THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR WE. JACK: Say, that's

swell.

JACK: Say, that's
cute.

JACK: Well, that's
logical.

QUART: I BELIEVE,
 ONE: YES SIR!
 QUART: I BELIEVE,
 ONE: YOU BET!
 QUART: I BELIEVE IN LUCKY STRIKE,
 L S M, L S M, L S M F T,
 THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR WE.
 N O B, (NOB), N O B, (NOB)
 N O B Q R L G
 L S M, L S M, L S M F T,
 T U X Y Z.
 L U C K Y, S T R I K E S,
 THAT MEANS FINE TOBACCO
 I BELIEVE IT IS THE BEST.
 L S M (LSM) L S M (LSM)
 L S M F F F T
 THEY'RE SO ROUND AND SO FIRM
 AND SO FULLY PACKED
 MADE OF THAT LIGHT
 OF THAT MILD TERBAC
 ASK THE MEN WHO KNOW
 FOR THEY BELIEVE IT'S SO.

JACK: Don..
 DON: I told them not to do it..
 Boys, this is the part Mr.
 Benny doesn't like.
 JACK: Yes, I don't want the
~~pattern~~ *second chorus.*
 DON: He doesn't want the patter.
 JACK: ...Don..Don.
 DON: Boys..
 JACK: Don..
 DON: Boys..
 JACK: Tell them to stop.
 DON: Fellows, you better stop.
 JACK: Fellows, wait a minute.
 DON: Wait a minute.
 JACK: Wait a minute.
 DON: Wait a minute!
 DON & JACK: WAIT A MINUTE!!!

mb

JACK: Don...Don...Humphrey Pennyworth..Don..

~~DON: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

~~...~~

~~...~~

JACK: *Oh, I can't stand them any...*
Come on Mary, I've gotta get down town.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here it is, Mary...Department of Motor Vehicles.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN, FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, here's the girl over here taking application.

BEA: Can I help you, sir?

JACK: Yes, I came here about my driver's license.

BEA: My, how'd you ever think of this place?

JACK: Well, you were recommended by some pedestrians..This is one of the places they told me to go...Now Miss, my license has expired, and I want to get a new one.

BEA: All right..Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

BEA: (TO SELF) Name...Jack Benny...Sex..Male...

MARY: Yeah, but they had him worried this morning.

JACK: Mary.

BEA: What's your height?

JACK: Five feet ten.

BEA: Weight?

JACK: One fifty-seven.

mb

BEA: Hair?

MARY: A dollar ninety-eight.

JACK: Mary, it cost more than -- She doesn't mean that, she means the color...Miss, my hair is sort of a palomino gray.

BEA: Oh yes..I notice you're wearing it side-saddle.

JACK: Hmm.

BEA: Your eyes?

JACK: Lazy lagoon blue...but this suit I'm wearing doesn't do them justice. (SILLY LAUGH)

BEA: All right...take this application and get in line at window three for your eye test.

JACK: Thank you..Come on Mary, I gotta go to window three.

(SOUND; FOOTSTEPS..CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

NELSON: YES SIR, RIGHT OVER HERE, YOU'RE NEXT.

JACK: Thank you..This is my eye test, isn't it?

NELSON: Yes..Now can you read the third line on that chart?

JACK: ...Not very well without my glasses.

NELSON: Can you read the second line?

JACK: Oh yes, yes..It says --

NELSON: Would you mind taking a step back?

JACK: Not at all, why?

NELSON: You're supposed to be at least one foot away from the chart.

JACK: Oh, oh yes, I did creep up a little too close there.

NELSON: Now can you still read that second line?

JACK: Yes..That's.. A..L..X..R..B.

NELSON: You're wrong..That's one, three seven, six, nine.

mb

ATK01 0310218

JACK: That's funny, my making such a glaring mistake..Maybe I ought to put on my glasses..There..Is it all right to drive a car wearing glasses ?

NELSON: Oh sure, I wear 'em too..In fact I think I'll put mine on.

JACK:Say, the rims on your glasses are just like mine.

NELSON: So they are...Now looking at the same chart I want you to...SAY, YOU'RE RIGHT..THAT IS A,L,X,R,B.

JACK: That's funny..Now it looks like one, three, seven, six, nine to me.

MARY: You're both wrong, it says "Uncle Sam wants You."

JACK: Oh yes..Now what do I do next ?

NELSON: You have to take your road test. Go right through that door to the street.

JACK: Thank you..come on, Mary...

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

ELLIOT: WHO TAKES THE NEXT DRIVING TEST ?

JACK: I DO...Mary, you wait here, I'll be back in a minute.

ELLIOT: Follow me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I hope I won't be nervous, I haven't driven in an awfully long time....This is my car right here.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

ELLIOT: Now before we start, I want to find out how much you know about a car.

JACK: Yes sir.

ELLIOT: Where is your gasoline tank ?

JACK: In the rear.

dk

ELLIOT: Your gas line?

JACK: Under the chassis.

ELLIOT: Your guage?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

ELLIOT: What?

JACK: Oh, I thought you said my age...The guage is on the dashboard.

ELLIOT: All right, Mr. Benny, start the car.

JACK: Yes sir.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STARTING WITH MEL DOING COUGHING BIT...MOTOR DIES...)

JACK: Hmm..The motor must be cold.

ELLIOT: Shall I crawl underneath and light a can of Sterno?

JACK: No, no..I'll try it again.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STARTING..MEL COUGING...MOTOR FINALLY CATCHES AND KEEPS RUNNING)

JACK: Well, we're running along smoothly now...Is there anything in particular you'd like me to do?

ELLIOT: Yes, get off the sidewalk.

JACK: Oh, oh pardon me.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND TIRES GO OVER CURB)

JACK: ~~.....~~ *He's o.k. now.*

~~.....~~
~~.....~~

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

~~.....~~
~~.....~~
~~.....~~
~~.....~~

L

~~JACK: I want you to know that I can really drive better than this,~~
~~but I'm a little nervous with an inspector in the car.~~
~~ELLIOT: I understand..Now try and keep your mind on your driving, Mr.~~
~~Benny.~~
~~JACK: I will.~~
~~ELLIOT: You see that big truck in front of you?~~
~~JACK: Which one?~~

(~~SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF CARS~~)

JACK: I want you to know that I can really drive better than this,
but I'm a little nervous with an inspector in the car.

ELLIOT: I understand..Now try and keep your mind on your driving, Mr.
Benny.

JACK: I will.

ELLIOT: You see that big truck in front of you?

JACK: Which one?

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF CARS)

ELLIOT: THAT ONE.

JACK: Hmm.

ELLIOT: You can take your head out of the windshield now.

JACK: Look inspector, I can explain the whole thing..It's just
that--

MEL: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CAN'T YOU SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING,
YOU DUMB OX?

JACK: WHAT?

MEL: YOU HEARD ME..I'VE GOTTA GOOD NOTION TO HAUL OFF AND--

BEA: HIT 'EM, DRIVER.

ARTIE: YEAH, SLUG 'IM.

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JACK: Now wait a minute..wait a minute, driver...we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, standing here arguing when at our feet lies a poor little dog...Come here, puppy..up into my arms...Were you hurt bad?

BEA: Say, he's a nice guy.

ARTIE: Yeah, anybody that loves dogs is okay with me.

JACK: Poor little puppy.

MEL: You know, bud, you really are a nice guy. I had you all wrong..and I'm sorry I flew off the handle.

JACK: It's all right.

MEL: I'll see that my insurance company fixes up your car.

JACK: Thanks...Come on, puppy, let's go home now.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: JACK, JACK..I JUST HEARD A CRASH..ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JACK: Yes, I'm fine...Come on, let's get out of here.

MARY: Okay..but I thought maybe...Jack, what's that you've got cuddled up in your arms?

JACK: My toupey...Come on, Mary, let's get out of here...Come on.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

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ATX01 0310222

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Don: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first...
RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

RIGGS: (CHANT .. 57 to 59 .. FAST SALES .. FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: Year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.
(CHANT UP 59 .. AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS .. THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Percy Joyner, independent tobacco auctioneer of Louisburg, North Carolina, sold 26 million pounds of tobacco leaf in one season alone. Not long ago, he said:

VOICE: At all the auctions I've ever attended, I've seen the makers of Luckies buy really fine tobacco ... ripe, mild leaf that makes a grand smoke. That's why I've been a Lucky Strike smoker for 16 years.

(MORE)

d

ATX01 0310223

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 16, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -
remember....

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that
smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky
Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so
free and easy on the draw.

d

ATK01 0310224

(TAG)

JACK: Well, Mary, I'm sure glad I got my driver's license...For
awhile there I thought that----

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello...Eddie Cantor?...Oh, hello Eddie...Yes, I'll be on
your show Thursday.....By the way, how's Ida?^{Good}...How's
Marilyn?How's Janet?...How's Edna?...How's Natalie?...
How's Marjorie?...How's Sam?...Eddie, Eddie, don't get
excited, I just threw him in to make you feel good....Yes yes,
I'll see you Thursday...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

L

PROGRAM #8
REVISED SCRIPT

The Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1947

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

W

ATX01 0310226

JACK BENNY
11/23/47

- A -

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: Exhibit "A" - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette - and ;
year-in, year-out, always...Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Colonel
Hart Shewmaker, ace tobacco auctioneer of Lebanon,
Kentucky, has sold over 300 million pounds of tobacco
leaf. Recently he said:

VOICE: I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real quality
tobacco ... fine, ripe, mild tobacco. Yes, I've seen
'em do it at thousands of auctions. For my own
cigarette, I pick Luckies.

LAING: At market after market, at auction after auction,
independent tobacco experts like Colonel Shewmaker
can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select
and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild
tobacco. Remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: 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.

ATX01 0310227

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
11/23/47

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: Yes - next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky
Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free
and easy on the draw.

ATK01 0310228

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR MANY YEARS AS AN ANNOUNCER IT HAS BEEN MY PRIVILEGE TO INTRODUCE A NUMBER OF VERY IMPORTANT PEOPLE...BUT NEVER HAVE I FELT THE PRIDE THAT IS GLOWING WITHIN ME TODAY AS I INTRODUCE THE GRACIOUS AND BELOVED STAR OF OUR SHOW.

JACK: Well!

DON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT GIVES ME EXTREME PLEASURE TO PRESENT TO YOU A MAN WHOSE VERY BENEVOLENCE HAS EARNED FOR HIM THE ADMIRATION, RESPECT AND EVERLASTING LOVE OF MILLIONS... AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking....and Don that was the most beautiful introduction I've ever received...the most touching....Whatever made you think of it?

DON: There are only twenty-seven more shopping days till Christmas.

JACK: What?

DON: And I don't want any more of those lousy shoe laces

JACK: Oh...Don you didn't like the shoe laces I gave you last Christmas?

DON: No, I didn't

w

ATX01 0310229

I mean

JACK: Well what was the matter with them, ^y.were they too long...or two short...or what?

DON: Well Jack, I've been with you thirteen years and I didn't think ~~that~~ a pair of shoe laces was an appropriate Christmas gift.

JACK: Oh....Well Don, you silly boy....if you didn't like the shoe laces, you could have exchanged them for a box of Kleenex...or dental floss...or something...Anyway Don, I do appreciate the....

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Telegram for Jack Benny.

JACK: I'll take it, boy...Just a minute...here's a tip for you.

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: I wonder who this telegram...You can go, boy, I gave you your tip.

MEL: But Mr. Benny, these ration stamps aren't good any more.

JACK: Don't be so sure!

MEL: Hmm...if my bicycle was paid for, I'd punch him right in the nose. (SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Go be nice to people...

DON: Jack, who's the telegram from?

JACK: Wait'll I open it.

(SOUND: TELEGRAM OPENING)

JACK: Well... "Dear Jack, please be at the studio tomorrow morning at nine o'clock for further discussions... Signed Jack Warner."

DON: Discussions? About what?

JACK: Didn't I tell you, Don? The Warner Brothers have finally decided to make that picture... you know... the story of my life... it's gonna be....

MARY: Hello Jack.

uh, Mary

Sorry I did that - I mean I've known you for so many years

JACK: Oh, hello Mary. I've got wonderful news! Warner Brothers is gonna make the story of my life.

MARY: Gee, that's swell.. what gave them the idea?

JACK: Well, after I made "The Horn Blows at Midnight", Warner Brothers received thousands of fan letters demanding the life of Jack Benny.... Hmm... I wonder how they meant that...
~~Anyway, they've done a lot of work on the story.~~

~~.....~~

MARY: ~~.....~~ *You mean they've finished the script already?*

JACK: Yes Mary, and it's gonna be great.. there's a lot of action in the opening scene... I've just been born and as the doctor leaves the house, my father shoots him in the back... Really very exciting.

DON: Say Jack, when they made "The Jolson Story," they had Larry Parks play the part of Al Jolson. In your picture, who's gonna play you?

W

JACK: Well, we don't know yet..but to portray the real me, they're considering Errol Flynn. *I guess it's the way I've lived - you know what I mean*...Then there's also the possibility that they might use Clark Gable.

MARY: Well Jack, as long as it's the story of your life, why don't you play it yourself?

JACK: We thought of that, Mary, but we felt we needed someone who was attractive to women, *you see*

MARY: (SWEETLY) Oh Jack, you're just as attractive to women as Clark Gable, any day.

JACK: Well, I wouldn't say that, Mary...That's sweet of you...but Clark is a pretty handsome guy.

MARY: Oh, you're just being modest. You don't hear women talk about you like I do.

JACK: (CUTE) Now Mary, stop, will you?...I'll admit I'm not homely..but...but.....What do the women say about me?

MARY: You asked for it, brother!

JACK: Never mind... If you want to know something, Smarty, ~~it~~ *it* ~~wasn't so long~~ ago I had dozens of girls all around me.

MARY: That's when you were playing with Phil Spatalny.

JACK: (MOCKING) Phil Spatalny, Phil Spatalny... He still owes me two weeks salary. Any way --

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, when I sing my song, do you mind if I --

JACK: Oh..Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello..Mr. Benny, when I sing my song, do you mind if I --

JACK: Did..did you just get in?

DENNIS: Yeah..Mr. Benny, when I sing my song, do you mind if I---

JACK: How..how do you fell, kid?

DENNIS: Fine.

JACK: Good.

DENNIS: I broke my leg this morning but I'm all right now.

JACK: Dennis..just go ahead ~~with~~^{with} your song.

DENNIS: Well, aren't you gonna ask me how I broke my leg?

JACK: No, I'm not..Now go ahead and sing your song.

DENNIS: My mother was right, you don't want me to get laughs.

JACK: Not on silly things like that...Now go ahead and sing.

DENNIS: Okay, but do you mind if I dedicate the song to my new girl?

JACK: Oh, you have a new girl?...What's her name?

DENNIS: Thelma Gray, Hollywood 6265.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Dennis, you didn't have to give Mr. Benny her phone number.

DENNIS: I might as well, he'll force it out of me later.

JACK: Now wait a minute, kid...when did I ever threaten you to get a girl's telephone number?

DENNIS: Remember in New York when you took me to the top of the Empire State building?

MARY: Jack, you didn't?

DENNIS: He held me over the edge by my suspenders.

JACK: Well, you're lucky you didn't go out with that girl..You've still got your watch...The girls he picks up.

DENNIS: But this girl's different, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, you really like her, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah. Last week was her birthday so I took her around to all the clubs. We went to Ciro's. The Mocombo. Slapsie Maxies.

JACK: Really?

DENNIS: How those places stay in business, I'll never know. We were the only ones there.

JACK: Dennis..what night did you go?

DENNIS: OHHHH.....NIGHT!

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, go ahead and sing, kid.

DENNIS: Okay.

(INTRODUCTION TO NUMBER STARTS)

JACK: (OVER INTRODUCTION) Hollywood 6265..I must remember that.. this time I'll leave my watch home.

(DENNIS'S NUMBER - "HOW LUCKY YOU ARE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: That was "How Lucky You Are" ..sung by Dennis Day..Very good;
Dennis....Say Mary--

DENNIS: Aren't you gonna ask me how I broke my leg?

JACK: No I'm not, and stop being silly...Now what did I start to
say?...Oh yeah..You know Mary, I've been giving it a lot of
thought and I don't know just who would be the right one to
play me in The Life Of Jack Benny.

MARY: How about Van Johnson?

JACK: Well, he's good, but ~~he isn't quite old enough.~~ *he isn't quite old enough.*

MARY: How about Cornel Wilde?

JACK: No, he isn't ~~quite~~ old enough.

MARY: Well, how about John Wilkes Booth?

JACK: Oh stop...John Wilkes Booth.

DENNIS: He broke his leg, too.

JACK: Dennis..

DENNIS: Aren't you gonna ask me how?

JACK: No, I'm not...But Mary, I think...Gee, I don't know.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson, what's that dreamy look on your face?

JACK: Oh, hello Phil. I'm thinking..you know Warners is gonna make
a picture...the story of my life and we're trying to figure
out who would be the right personality to play me.

PHIL: Why don't you play it yourself, Jackson?..You're one of the
greatest actors in show business.

JACK: Huh?

ATX01 0310235

PHIL: And coming from me, you know what that means.

JACK: Yes, there are only twenty-seven, ^{more} shopping days till Christmas
...But getting the right guy is really a problem.

PHIL: Say Jackson, I've got an idea. Why don't you let me play the
part? I'd be terrific. I'm handsome, I've got personality,
sex appeal, what more do you want?

JACK: Phil.....

PHIL: Think it over, dad. I'm alive..I'm sharp..I'm a sort of a
Mickey Rooney with just enough Roddy MacDowell to hold me down.

JACK: Phil, ^{Philley, boy -} do you think for one moment that I'd let you play the
lead in a picture as important as this one? You'd be drinking
all the time.

PHIL: Well, what's wrong with that?

JACK: What?

PHIL: You made the Horn Blows at Midnight and you were sober.

JACK: Not after the preview!.....Anyway Phil--

PHIL: Hello Livy..H'ya, Don.

DON: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hello Dennis, how do you feel, kid?

DENNIS: I broke my leg this morning but I'm all right now.

JACK: Dennis...

DENNIS: Just call me John Wilkes Booth.

JACK: Dennis, keep quiet... Now Phil, I hate to be the one to suggest
it, but it's time for a number from your corny band.

PHIL: Corny band? Apparently you haven't heard.

JACK: Heard what?

PHIL: ~~He was~~ ^{He were} invited to go to England and play for the Royal wedding.

JACK: The Royal wedding?

PHIL: Yes sir, right in Birmingham Palace.

JACK: That's Buckingham.. ~~that's Buckingham~~.

PHIL: ~~that's Buckingham~~, if there's a buck in it, you'd know *it*.

JACK: You're darned right.. Now come on, Phil, let's have a band number.

DON: Wait a minute Jack, don't you think it's about time we do a commercial?

JACK: Don, we're not going to do a commercial this week.. Go ahead, Phil.

DON: But Jack--

JACK: Don, I'm running this show! Go ahead, Phil.

DON: But Jack, the quartet worked on it all week.

JACK: I don't care if they did...Go ahead, Phil.

DON: And there's a part in it where you play the violin.

JACK: Hold it, Phil!..What were you saying, Don?

DON: The Sportsmen are going to do the Poet and Peasant Overture and there's a place in it where you do a violin solo.

JACK: Well, that sounds pretty good..I had no idea this was gonna happen. Gosh, this is really a surprise.

MARY: Some surprise. Unbutton your shirt and take out your violin.

it really was -
-12-

JACK: Don, that commercial was really wonderful, and thanks for putting a part in it for me. The boys were just great and the violin solo was out of this shirt--I mean, out of this world....And by the way, kids, before I forget it, next Thursday on Thanksgiving I want you all to come over to my house for a turkey dinner.

DENNIS: Turkey?..Gee..I wonder if I could have one of the legs.

JACK: Sure kid, why?

DENNIS: I broke mine this morning.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake..

~~DON: [unclear]~~

PHIL: Hey Jackson, are you sure it's gonna be a turkey?

JACK: Of course I'm sure, why?

PHIL: Well, last year you said you ran over a turkey, you invited us over to dinner, and it turned out to be a buzzard.

JACK: Well, it's a real turkey this time, isn't it Mary?

MARY: Yeah, I was with Jack when he bought it.

JACK: That's right.

MARY: In fact, yesterday, I called him and suggested that he throw a Thanksgiving Party for the whole gang *(she must have been in a good mood, maybe went for the idea right away.)*

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well Mary, I'm glad you called and it's a good suggestion--

~~we'll go shopping. Goodbye.~~
hurry over &
~~we'll go shopping. Goodbye.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

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JACK: OH ROCHESTER.. ROCHESTER...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Where have you been?

ROCH: OUT IN THE GARAGE TRYING TO FIX UP THE CAR. WHEN YOU HIT THAT TRUCK LAST WEEK, YOU BENT THE AXLE..

JACK: Did you fix it?

ROCH: UH HUH, BUT I HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE.

JACK: Trouble?

ROCH: YEAH..WHEN I LOOSIENED THE NUT THAT HOLDS THE AXLE, THE LIGHTS FELL OFF.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: SO I TOOK A NUT OFF THE REAR DOOR TO FIX THE LIGHTS AND THE STEERING WHEEL FELL OFF.

JACK: Gee.

ROCH: THEN I TOOK OFF THE WIRE THAT HOLDS THE RADIATOR AND USED IT TO TIGHTEN THE STEERING WHEEL.

JACK: And the radiator fell off?

ROCH: NO, THE FENDERS.

JACK: All four of them?

ROCH: ALL FIVE OF 'EM.

JACK: Five? We only have four fenders.

ROCH: HOW ABOUT THE ONE WE HOLD OVER OUR HEAD WHEN IT RAINS?

JACK: I thought we used the side door for that.

ROCH: NO, WE USE THE SIDE DOOR TO CLOSE THE TRUNK IN THE BACK.

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JACK: Oh yes..Gee, I must have hit that truck harder than I thought.

ROCH: SAY BOSS....WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO ~~COME~~ ^{come with} OUT, THOSE NEW CARS
WITH THE MOTOR IN THE REAR?

JACK: In nineteen forty-eight.

ROCH: WELL CONGRATULATIONS, YOU'RE A YEAR AHEAD OF 'EM.

JACK: What? You mean the motor's in the back of my car?

ROCH: ABOUT TEN FEET.

JACK: Oh stop making things up...Now Rochester, I'm going to have
the gang over Thursday for Thanksgiving dinner...What's in
the refrigerator?

ROCH: THE MORNING PAPER, A MAGAZINE, AND YOUR GLASSES.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN THAT LITTLE LIGHT GOES ON, YOU AIN'T WASTIN' IT.

JACK: I'm not talking about that..I mean food for Thanksgiving.

ROCH: WELL, WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING EXCEPT A TURKEY...DO YOU WANT
ME TO GO OUT AND BUY ONE?

JACK: No, Miss Livingstone is come over and -- we're going to
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be her now..So long, Rochester, we'll be back in
about an hour.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE)

JACK: Gee Mary, it's such a nice day, I'm glad we decided to
walk to the market.

MARY: Yeah..I'm glad Thanksgiving will be here soon..it's one of
our nicest holidays.

JACK: Yes..and this year we should all be so thankful..I know I am..When I wake up in the morning, I hear the birds singing.. I've got the beautiful moonlight at night...I get all the fresh air I need..all the sunshine I want.

MARY: So far it hasn't cost you a dime.

JACK: Yeah...Oh Mary..look over there..those boys playing football.

STEVIE: (OFF) HEY JOEY, KICK IT TO ME NOW.

JACK: They're nice kids, Mary..The bigger one is Stevie Kent.. his folks live on the corner...Every time I go for a walk I stop and talk with him....HEY STEVE..THROW THE BALL OVER HERE.

STEVE: (OFF) HUH?...OH, HELLO MR. BENNY...HERE IT COMES..... LOOK OUT, I THINK IT'S TOO HIGH....YOU HAVE TO RUN FOR IT.... ..FASTER....YOU BETTER JUMP FOR IT....WOW! WHAT A CATCH!

JACK: Say, that was a good catch..I gotta hand it to you, Mary.... How did you do it?

MARY: (PUFFING A LITTLE) I don't know, but you can buy me a new girdle for Christmas.

JACK: Okay. *You know, Mary, ALLA could have used you yesterday.*
Yes, sir!

STEVIE: Hey Mr. Benny..this is my friend, Joey.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

JOEY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

STEVE: You know, Joey, Mr. Benny was All American fullback when he played football for Yale.

MARY: Yale?

STEVE: And he broke the hundred yard dash record when he was in the Olympic games.

JOEY: Gee whizz.

MARY: Jack, did you tell these - -

STEVE: And Mr. Benny pitched two no hit games in the World Series when he was with the New York Yankees.

MARY: The Yankees?

JACK: (MODESTLY) Oh, I was just lucky, *that's all.*

STEVE: Say Mr. Benny....tell Joey about the time you knocked out Jack Dempsey.

JACK: Oh, it was nothing! It happened in the first round...We were mixing it in the center of the ring when suddenly Dempsey caught me with a powerful right ~~blow~~ ^{hook to} my chin.. it shook me a little..I realized he was dangerous, so I decided to end it quickly....I shot two lefts under to his midsection..crossed a right to the jaw and down he went...I didn't mean to hit him so hard...He was out for over an hour.

STEVE
& JOEY: GOSH!

JACK: Well, so long kids...We've got to get going.

(SOUND: MAN AND WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE...

THEY GO ON AND ON AND ON)

JACK: (AFTER LONG SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS)....You know, Mary, I --

MARY: Oh, shut up!

JACK: Look, Mary..I only tell the kids stories like that because it helps them if they have a hero to look up to..

MARY: Some hero. ~~There's no hero in that.~~

JACK: Anyway, I just tell the kids harmless little stories..I don't exaggerate too much...Oh look, there's little Georgie Foster...isn't he cute...He's only four. ^{- look at him -} Hello, Georgie.

LITTLE KID: Hello, Mr. President.

MARY: Oh brother.

JACK: Mary...I never told him that...he's just ad libbing...Come on, here's the market.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MARKET NOISES)

JACK: Let's see...Oh, there's the poultry department over there... Come on Mary.

MARY: Okay...and Jack, remember what you promised...this time you're going to get a nice big turkey...not like the last one you got.

JACK: There was nothing small about that turkey.

MARY: Go on...you didn't have the heart to chop its head off.. you beat it to death in a badminton game.

JACK: Mary--

MARY: And I got stuck with the part that went over the net last.

JACK: Mary, stop trying to switch old jokes...Now let's walk over to the counter and --

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing behind the ^{meat} counter?

ARTIE: I am helping out here for the holidays.

JACK: Oh, you're just working here temporarily?

ARTIE: Yes, until my boss gets back from the wedding.

JACK: The wedding...in London?

ARTIE: They had one there, too?

JACK: Yes yes, last Thursday...Well look, Mr. Kitzel, I wanta

^{buy a turkey..are they very expensive?}

ARTIE: ^{Happy one!}
A HOO HOO HOO HOO.

JACK: You mean they're that high?

ARTIE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Come here a minute.

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Step closer. (WHISPERS) Do you know what ~~turkeys~~ ^{Turkeys are} ~~selling~~ ^{selling} for today?

JACK: No. (STUTTERING)

^{It's - it's not how you do be nice now, too.}

ARTIE: A Come a little closer.

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Lean over..

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Eighty cents a pound.

JACK: Why do you have to whisper it?

ARTIE: I don't want the turkeys should get ~~scared~~ ^{hammy.}

JACK: Gee...eighty cents a pound...that's a lot of money for turkeys.

W

Say, they've got to live, too.

ARTIE: ~~Well, Mr. Benny, what is your pleasure, if I can be so~~

~~accommodating.~~
JACK: Well -- *I suppose so.*

MARY: Say Jack..while you're getting the turkey, I better shop around and get some things for the stuffing.

JACK: I think I have everything at home.

MARY: What about cracker crumbs?

JACK: Plenty.

MARY: Stale bread?

JACK: Two loaves.

MARY: Oysters?

JACK: One can.

MARY: Sage?

JACK: Thirty-eight.

MARY: What?

JACK: Oh, I thought you said something else...Yes, we have everything.

ARTIE: Well, Mr. Benny, what is your pleasure, if I can be so accommodating.

JACK: Well, I'd like to get a live turkey...about twenty-five pounds.

ARTIE: The live turkeys are over there...down at the end of the counter.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...Look...I think I'll take that one on the right..

it looks nice and plump
Put on your glasses -
ARTIE: That's my wife.

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JACK: Oh yes. ~~It's a nice turkey, give me the turkey.~~

~~ARTIE: (TO SELF) I wish I could get eighty cents a pound for her.~~

~~ARTIE: (TO SELF) I wish I could get eighty cents a pound for her.~~

ARTIE: (TO SELF) I wish I could get eighty cents a pound for her.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Nothing..I'm daydreaming. ~~It's a nice turkey, give me the turkey.~~

JACK: Now Mr. Kitzel, what would you suggest?

NELSON: Well, if you want a nice live turkey..what about this one over here?

TURKEY: (GOBBLES)

MARY: Say Jack, this one's nice and plump.

JACK: I've seen turkeys look plump and they were all ^{full of} feathers...
I'm going to feel this one myself...Hold still turkey.

TURKEY: (GOBBLES AND GIGGLES)

MARY: You and your cold hands.

JACK: Well Mary...what do you think about it?

MARY: It looks all right.

TURKEY: (GOBBLES)

JACK: Yeah, but I wouldn't have the heart to kill it..Just look at it's eyes...the same color as mine..sultry summer blue.

MARY: Oh Jack...stop being so sentimental...You've already given up eating strawberries because they remind you of Phil Harris's eyes.

JACK: ~~It's a nice turkey, give me the turkey.~~ ^{Mr. Kitzel -} how much does this turkey weigh?

ARTIE: About thirty-six pounds, my scale is broken.

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JACK: Oh, well I'll weigh it over there...come here turkey..

TURKEY: (GOBBLES...ETC...CONTINUES GOBBLING LIGHTLY THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JACK: That's a good girl...Come on, Mary. *She'll go over to the scales.*
(SOUND...FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now hold still turkey...Mary, put in a penny.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND; PENNY IN SLOT OF SCALE..STAMPING OF MACHINE.. DROPPING OF CARD)

MARY: Oh look Jack, a card came out.

JACK: What does it say?

MARY: YOU WEIGH THIRTY-SIX POUNDS AND YOU AIN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD.

JACK: *There's a picture of Fred Allen on the other side.*
Well, that's much too big...Oh Mr. Kitzel..

ARTIE: Your pleasure?

JACK: This turkey's too big. How much does this one weigh? This one right here.

ARTIE: I think, twenty-nine pounds.

JACK: Aren't you sure?

NELSON: Wait a minute, I'll check...Oh Eddie, how much does this turkey weigh?

ONE: Twenty-nine pounds, but I'll check...Hey Joe, how much does this turkey weigh?

TWO: TWENTY-NINE POUNDS, BUT I'LL CHECK...HEY HERMAN, HOW MUCH DOES THIS TURKEY WEIGH?

THREE: TWENTY-NINE POUNDS, BUT I'LL CHECK...HEY SAM...

JACK: ALL RIGHT, I BELIEVE YOU.

(SHORT PIANO INTRO TO SONG)

IN BARNYARDS SHE'S MADE ALL THE ROUNDS

NOW THERE ARE 29 CHICKENS

AS CRAZY AS THE DICKENS

ABOUT THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS

JACK: I know, fellow..

SHE LEFT 29 BROKEN EGGS

I'll buy it.

SHE'S GOT FEATHERS ALL OVER HER LEGS

AND BROTHER I AM NOT BLUFFIN!

YOU OUGHTA SEE THE STUFFIN'

JACK: Fellows, I said

IN THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS

I'll take it.

SHE'S A GOB GOB GOBBLING BIRD

A NEW KIND OF BIRD FROM THE WEST.

SHE'LL MAKE WONDERFUL GRAVY.

IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL IT'S ON YOUR VEST

JACK: Look fellows

SHE ATE 29 BUSHELS OF CORN

you sold me.

SINCE THE 29 MONTHS SHE WAS BORN

SHE'LL LOOK SO LOVELY ON YOUR TABLE

WITH HER LEGS LIKE BETTY GRABLE

JACK: Fellow, I'm sure

SHE'S THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS

it's a good

GOBBLE GOBBLE

turkey. Fellows

THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.

I'll take it. I'll take it

(APPLAUSE)

(APPLAUSE)

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I think you all know that we all have~~
have problems, but when our children are the victims of
circumstances we are responsible for. That's unforgivable.
I'm referring to what is happening in our schools today.
Thousands of underpaid teachers are being forced to leave
their profession to enter better paying fields. We can
correct this situation by being active in the Parent-Teachers
Association, local school boards, and getting to know the
individual teachers better....So let's support our teachers
~~and give them the respect they deserve.~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first....

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
11/23/47

- C -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: Year-in, year-out, at market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Carl Hartfield of Greensburg, Kentucky, has been working as an independent tobacco buyer for the last 29 years. Recently he had this to say:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco -- ripe, prime leaf that's got real smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies for over 28 years.

(MORE)

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM
11/23/47

- D -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- (CONF'D)

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,
remember...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that smoke of
fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike --
so round, so firm, so fully peaked, so free and easy on the
draw.

Jack: L.S. MFT.

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(PAGE)

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~~JACK: (aside and gently) ...~~

Harris-Alice Faye show on Sundays and A Day in the Life of
Dennis Day on Wednesday...Well, kids, I bought the turkey
and I want you all over to my house for dinner on
Thanksgiving...Oh darn it, there's someone I forgot to
invite...Excuse me a minute....

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP. FIVE DIALS..RECEIVER UP)

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Norman Krasna's residence.

JACK: I'd like to speak to Mr. Krasna, please...This is Jack
Benny.

MEL: I'm sorry but Mr. Krasna, is busy at the moment...Could
I give him a message?

JACK: Yes...I'd like you to find out if he can come over to
my house for Thanksgiving dinner Thursday.

MEL: Just a moment, I'll ask him.Hello..

JACK: Hello...what did Mr. Krasna say?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

~~JACK:~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ATX01 0310252

PROGRAM #9
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1947 NBC 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0310253

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

OPENING COMMERCIAL

NOVEMBER 30, 1947

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: An outstanding example: Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and day-in, day-out ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Ed Isaacs, independent tobacco warehouseman of Lebanon, Kentucky, has seen millions of pounds of tobacco sold at auction. Recently he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe tobacco -- the kind of leaf a tobacco man really goes for. My own cigarette for more than 15 years has been Luckies.

LAING: At auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Isaacs can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. Remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: 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.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, SUNDAY NIGHT IS A GREAT NIGHT FOR COMEDY ON N.B.C.....ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING COMEDIANS IS FRED ALLEN...

JACK: What?

DON: HOWEVER, IT'S TOO EARLY FOR FRED ALLEN...SO I BRING YOU HIS CLOSEST FRIEND...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..And Don...Don...Rose Bowl tummy...I'd like to ask you something...After all these years how can you imply that Fred Allen and I are such close friends?

DON: Well Jack, last year when we were in New York, Allen told me personally that of all the friends he has, if he tried to borrow money, you'd be the closest.

JACK: Fred Allen said that?

DON: Yes, Jack, he certainly did.

JACK: Well, Don, I'm the kind of a man who likes to give credit where credit is due..and that joke deserves at least ~~two~~ *five* seconds of silence...Will you people in the audience please bear with us.

(SOUND: ~~BEAUTIFUL~~ BEAUTIFUL SOFT CHIMES ON CLOCK)

DON: And that isn't all Allen said...He told me that --

MARY: Wait a minute, Don...Jack isn't back yet.

DON: Where is he?

MARY: While the bells were ringing, he was out in the audience selling Good Humors.

JACK: I was not..And you're just as bad as Allen...with those stingy jokes *about me*.

MARY: Oh Jack, it isn't only Fred Allen...Everybody is talking about how cheap you are. Even I'm embarrassed.

JACK: What?

MARY: Look what happened last Saturday night at the Brown Derby.

JACK: Mary....

MARY: You ordered a bowl of noodle soup and ate it right down to the last spoonful.

JACK: Well...

MARY: Then you caught a fly, threw it in the soup and refused to pay for it.

JACK: Mary..

MARY: And that was a fine thing you did at that football game last week. *— something else brought a permanent — but not you —*

~~JACK: ...~~

~~MARY: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

DON: What did he do, Mary?

MARY: He painted U.S.C. on his toupay and tied it on a stick.

JACK: Well, I had the winning team, didn't I?

MARY: Yeah, but if you dye it green for Notre Dame, I'll punch you right in the nose.

JACK: *If you hadn't hesitated before green you would have had a great joke.*
1 Just keep that up..sister, you're dimming my Christmas spirit..Now let's get on with the --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (A LITTLE BALMY) Mr. Benny, I'm from Coronet Magazine, and we want to express our appreciation to you for being our quiz editor this month.

JACK: Well, I was glad to do it.

MEL: You were selected because you are a man who always tells the truth.

JACK: Of course.

MEL: Now we'd like some information for our files.

JACK: Anything at all..What is it you want to know?

MEL: How old are you?

JACK:Well.....How old would you say I look?

MEL: Ummm...I'd say about..er..thirty-eight.

JACK: Thank you.

MEL: Do you mind if I borrow your handkerchief?

JACK: Why?

MEL: The wind is blowing through this hole in my head.

JACK: What?

MEL: (STRUMS LIPS WITH FINGER)

JACK: GET OUT OF HERE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I don't know why it is..on other shows when someone knocks on the door, it's a guest star. On my show it's always an idiot.

PHIL: I'll be right with you, Jackson.

JACK: I wasn't calling you..But as long as you're here, Phil,
snap into it and give us a band number.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson, wait a minute...from now on you
don't just stand there and tell me to play a band number...
You request a musical selection.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Then if the maestro is in the mood, he will acquiesce.

JACK: Phil..Phil, are you winking at me, or did you lose the
toothpick that was holding your left eye open?

PHIL: I didn't lose nothing, Jackson, I'm just classy now...didn't
you notice what happened at the opening of the show?

JACK: Notice what?

PHIL: I was leading the band without a stick.

JACK: Well, three cheers and a tiger for you!..without a stick, eh?

PHIL: *Certainly* / ~~Wah~~ it's much more dignified, *Now that I'm like the other great musicians*
Now I'm like Stokowsky..or..
Toscanini..or Spumoni.

JACK: I knew if he talked long enough, he'd hit the jerk pot...
Phil, Spumoni is an Italian ice cream.

PHIL: Well, thank heaven..I thought I said a naughty word.

JACK: No, you're in the clear..unless...No, ice cream is ice cream
no matter how you look at it...And Phil, as far as your
music is concerned --

PHIL: Don't pick on my music, Jackson..I've got enough to do..I gotta come to the studio and rehearse the script..then I gotta rehearse the band and on top of that, I gotta write my own music.

JACK: You mean you make your own arrangements?

PHIL: Yeah, if you paid me enough, I could hire a guy to come in and fix 'em up a little... You know one good note here and there makes a lot of difference.

JACK: Phil, one good note in your arrangement is like throwing a rose into a barrel of Roquefort. ~~And Roquefort is by comparison~~
and anyway
~~name would suggest, the~~...Hey, where's Dennis, it's time for his song.

MARY: He hasn't come in yet.

JACK: Well, Don, while we're waiting, let's have the quartet do a commercial.

~~DON: Mary, Bob, Grace, I thought you said that was the quartet.~~

~~JACK: Don, after all, Don's the one who's supposed to be the~~
~~woman's man, I mean, he's the one who's supposed to be~~

PHIL: Hey Jackson, if you wanta hear something good, me and the quartet have worked up a number that's dynamite.

JACK: You and the Sportsmen prepared a commercial?

PHIL: Sure, didn't we, fellows?.....didn't we fellows?.....

W

JACK: Did you, fellows?

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: You see, I'm the boss here, Phil..Well, go ahead, let's hear it.

PHIL: Okay.

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PHIL: WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY
LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OLD MAMMY
SHE'S SMOKIN' LUCKIES AND BROILING HAMMY,
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

QUART: DOWN WHERE THE SWANNEE RIVER FLOWS,
DOWN WHERE THAT FINE TOBACCO GROWS
WHERE EVERY MAN IS A MAN WHO KNOWS.
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

PHIL: IF YOU LOVE ME LIKE I LOVE YOU
SEND ME LUCKIES, P.D.Q.
I'M GLAD I BET ON S.M.U.
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

QUART: NOW LET'S GO DOWN TO TENNESSEE
THAT'S THE PLACE FOR YOU AND ME
THEY SMOKE L S M F T
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

ORCH VAMP

PHIL: (DURING VAMP) TAKE ONE, JACKSON.

JACK: WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO OLD ST. JOE
WHERE THEY LOVE ME BUT LU KIES MO'
SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRO'
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

PHIL: EVEN DOWN ON BASIN STREET
THEY WOULD RATHER SMOKE THAN EAT
'CAUSE LUCKY STRIKES ARE HARD TO BEAT
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: TAKE ONE, DON.

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DON: FUNNY THING ABOUT AN ESKIMO
THEY ONLY SMOKE IN THE EVENING GLOW
BUT THE NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG YOU KNOW
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE NORTH.

PHIL: I'D RATHER BE IN DIXIE LAND
'CAUSE IN THAT FIELD I 'LL LOOK SO GRAND
WITH A BIG TOBACCO LEAF IN MY HAND
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

QUART: HERE COMES F. E. BOONE WITH ALL THE NEWS
SPEEDY RIGGS IN HIS BUTTON SHOES
AND LUCKY STRIKE'S THE ONE THEY CHOOSE
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

(ORCHESTRA FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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JACK: Say Phil, did you write that number all by yourself?

PHIL: I certainly did Jackson.

JACK: Wrote the music, arranged it and everything...nobody helped you?

PHIL: No, I did it myself.

JACK: Well...Now you know what I mean by roquefort...I can't understand why Dennis isn't here yet... .

DON: I haven't seen him since we had Thanksgiving dinner at your house.

JACK: That's funny.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, maybe the kid ate too much turkey and got sick.

JACK: No, he couldn't have. There were sixteen of us at the table and I still have half the turkey left.

MARY: There were twenty-eight of us and you still have three-quarters of the turkey left.

JACK: What?

MARY: Nobody but you would think of putting sleeping pills in the stuffing.

JACK: Well, I only *Oh, stop, will you -*

~~PHIL: What did you say, Mary? Jackson put sleeping pills in the stuffing?~~

~~MARY: ...~~

~~PHIL: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

~~PHIL: ...~~

JACK: ~~Well, he lives in Paris and he goes to school in New York.~~
I can't understand where Dennis is.

DENNIS: Do you want me to go out and look for him?

JACK: Yeah, see if you can-- Dennis! When did you come in?

DENNIS: Just now.

JACK: Why are you so late?

DENNIS: Well, I had to wait for my mother...she took me down town to buy a suit with two pair of pants.

JACK: Why did your mother have to go along?

DENNIS: The suit was for her.

JACK: For her? Dennis, your mother wears a man's suit?

DENNIS: Well, she used to wear a dress, but one day while she was working, her heel got caught in the hem, she fell down the ladder, and dropped all the bricks.

JACK: Dennis, you mean your mother is a hod carrier? Why doesn't your father do that kind of work?

DENNIS: He has to stay home and do the cooking and the sewing.

JACK: Well, that certainly is a mixed up family..your mother wearing men's clothes and your father in an apron.

DENNIS: Yeah, when I was born, the doctor didn't know which one to take to the hospital.

JACK: Dennis..Dennis --

DENNIS: Lucky for me he took my mother.

JACK: Dennis, what makes you so silly?

MARY: I don't think he's silly, Jack, I think he's cute.

DENNIS: You're cute too Mary..and if you ever think of getting married, my phone number is Gladstone 1975.

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MARY: I'll remember that.

DENNIS: If a man answers, it's my mother.

JACK: Dennis, if Mary was thinking of getting married, it wouldn't be to you, you're just a kid.

DENNIS: I'm not a kid any more. My father told me all about the birds and the bees.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: The birds are the ones with the wings.

JACK: Dennis..the bees have wings too.

DENNIS: Don't get vulgar.

JACK: Dennis, I've got to have some sense of humor, I've got to have some sense of humor.

~~DENNIS: What?~~

~~JACK: I'm not a kid any more.~~

~~DENNIS: Okay.~~

~~JACK: I've got to have some sense of humor, I've got to have some sense of humor.~~

~~DENNIS: What?~~

~~JACK: I've got to have some sense of humor, I've got to have some sense of humor.~~

DENNIS: ~~What?~~ *Okay*

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: (OVER INTRODUCTION) I can understand how he got two shows, ~~but~~ how he ever got a father and mother, ~~and a mother.~~

(DENNIS'S SONG - "DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANYMORE?")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-12-

JACK: That was "Don't You Love Me Anymore" sung by Dennis Day
and very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny, and before I forget it, my mother told me
to thank you for inviting me to your ~~Thanksgiving~~ dinner
^{last} Thursday.

JACK: Well, you were very welcome...and by the way kids, I meant
to tell you..you know you almost didn't have that turkey
for dinner.

DON: What do you mean, Jack?

JACK: Well, somehow I didn't have the heart to kill it...As a
matter of fact, it was the day before Thanksgiving, the
turkey was out in the yard, and it was getting late.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Look at her, Rochester..she's certainly a fine looking
turkey.

MEL: (GOBBLES)

JACK: We've had her almost a week now...she seems to know us.

MEL: (FRIENDLY GOBBLE)

JACK: (SIGHS) Well, it's got to be killed...Here Rochester,
here's the hatchet.

ROCH: YEP, WE GOTTA DO IT.....HERE'S THE HATCHET, BOSS.

JACK: Yes sir, if it's gotta be done it's gotta be done....Here's
the hatchet, Rochester.

ROCH: NO USE WASTING TIME. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE OUT HERE FOR.....
...HERE'S THE HATCHET, BOSS.

JACK: I'll tell you what, Rochester..I'll toss a coin to see
who does it. ^{heads - it's you} Here I'll toss this quarter...Here goes...

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MEL: (GOBBLE)

JACK: Where did it go...where's the quarter?

ROCH: THE TURKEY SWALLOWED IT.

JACK: ~~HE~~ *What?*

MEL: (LOUD VERY TERRIFIED GOBBLES)

ROCH: BOSS! BOSS! WITH THE HATCHET, NOT WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!

JACK: I was just trying to stop her from swallowing it...Now Rochester, let's not fool around any more...Take the hatchet and chop the turkey's head off.

ROCH: BUT BOSS..ISN'T THERE AN EASIER WAY TO DO IT?...WHY DON'T WE KILL IT LIKE MR. HARRIS KILLS HIS TURKEYS?

JACK: Oh...does Mr. Harris kill turkeys a special way?

ROCH: YEAH...HE FEEDS THEM A QUART OF BOURBON AND LETS THEM HICCUP THEMSELVES TO DEATH.

JACK: He gives the turkey a quart of bourbon?

ROCH: ON THANKSGIVING MR. HARRIS WANTS EVERYBODY TO BE HAPPY.

JACK: Well that's silly...how can the turkey be happy...its body will soon be in the oven roasting.

ROCH: ~~HE~~ *Yeah*, BUT ITS HEAD WILL BE OUT IN THE YARD SMILING.

JACK: Oh fine...Well, we're not going to waste any bourbon on this turkey.

MEL: (GOBBLES AND CRIES).

JACK: Look Rochester..we've stalled long enough...Now I'm going in the house...so you kill it.

ROCH: BUT BOSS...I HATE TO.

JACK: I'm not happy about it either, but it's got to be done...
Now go ahead.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...THEN DOOR OPENS..CLOSES)

JACK: All this fuss over killing a turkey....But then..you do get
kind of attached to them.....I remember, I brought her home
Saturday..and every morning she laid an egg.....If she
could give milk too, I'da let her live....But then
what have I got to lose. At least this way I get food
and a duster....But I'm sure gonna miss her..She was
kind of cute.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: She would--

ROCH: WELL BOSS..IT'S ALL OVER.

JACK: You mean --?

ROCH: YEAH...SAY BOSS, I WONDER WHAT "GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE
GOBBLE EGH" MEANS.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THOSE WERE HER LAST WORDS.

JACK: Well, don't worry about it, Rochester, it had to be done...
I'm going into the den and lie down a little...I'm
kind of tired.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Ahhh, it will be good to lie down awhile...
~~lying on the floor...I remember...I brought her home...
Saturday...and every morning she laid an egg...
If she could give milk too, I'da let her live...
But then what have I got to lose. At least this way I get food
and a duster...But I'm sure gonna miss her..She was
kind of cute.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

after all the work I've done 15-

JACK: (YAWNS) Gee, I'm tired. (YAWNS).....I hope the gang enjoys the Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow...(YAWNS)... Thanksgiving is one of my favorite holidays...But it's not like it used to be...I remember when I was a kid back in Waukegan...my father and I used to go out in that big forest and shoot a turkey...Just think, that's where Chicago is now...(YAWNS AND MUMBLES) Gosh, I hated to make Rochester kill that turkey...It was my fault..I didn't want to do it... ..Gee, I feel like I'm falling asleep...Maybe I better take my hat off...(VERY YAWNY) I didn't want to kill that turkey...I didn't want to kill that turkey..I didn't want to kill that turkey..(FOUR SNORES..INTO)

(MUSIC WITH VIBRAHARPS, ETC, ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBBLING..

LOUD RAPPING OF GAVEL)

MEL: ~~(SOUND: RECORD)~~ Order in the court, order in the court.

JACK: Court? Where am I?...Where am I?

MEL: ~~(SOUND)~~ ORDER IN THE COURT..~~(SOUND)~~..

(SOUND: RAPPING OF GAVEL)

MEL: ~~(SOUND)~~ Now the case of the Gobblers of Los Angeles County versus Jack Benny.

JACK: Wait a minute, what am I being tried for?

MEL: ~~(SOUND)~~ You are charged with murder.

JACK: Murder!

MEL: ~~(SOUND)~~ (MANIACAL LAUGH)

JACK: Wait a minute, this is a mistake - I didn't murder anybody... Who did I murder?

BEA: You murdered my daughter. (GOBBLES)

JACK: But you're a turkey..and look..the jury...they're all turkeys too.

(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBBLING...GAVEL RAPPING)

MEL: (~~RISE~~) EVERYBODY RISE, PLEASE..HIS HONOR THE JUDGE!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING AND SITTING DOWN NOISES)

JACK: Judge? How can you be the judge..you're a turkey, aren't you?

NELSON: Well, what do you think I am with this worm in my mouth, an apple?

JACK: What?

NELSON: (GOBBLES)

JACK: But your honor..if you're the judge..why aren't you on the bench...why are you sitting over there?

NELSON: My wife went ~~shopping~~ shopping, and it's my turn to sit on the nest.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: TEMPLE BLOCK)

NELSON: Whoops! Congratulate me, I'm a father....Now let's get on with the trial..(GOBBLES) The prosecution will present its first witness.

MEL: (~~PROSECUTION~~) WILL THE FIRST WITNESS PLEASE TAKE THE STANDYOUR NAME?

BEA: Talullah Turkey.

MEL: Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and : .. nothing but the truth?

BEA: (GOBBLES) I do.

JACK: (YELLS) Tell her to uncross her legs, she's influencing the jury..... (Imagine her coming into court wearing those short feathers.)

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MEL: Now, Mrs. Turkey, when was the last time you saw your daughter?

BEA: When she went out with that man over there...and she lost her head completely.

JACK: That's a corny gag.

BEA: It ain't bad for a turkey..(GOBBLES)

NELSON: ORDER IN THE COURT...(GOBBLES)..ORDER IN THE ---

(SOUND: TEMPLE BLOCK)

NELSON: WHOOPS, THAT'S TWINS....Won't mama be surprised when she comes home.

MEL: Will the next witness please take the nest..I mean the stand,..(GOBBLES) You are here as a character witness, sir. ...What is your name?

OLLIE: My name is Fred Allen.

MEL: Your occupation?

OLLIE: I'm a comedian.

JACK: That's a lie... ~~subject~~! *Subject*

(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBLING..)

NELSON: ORDER IN THE COURT..(GOBBLES) ORDER IN THE COURT.

~~MEL: Now Mr. Allen..(GOBBLES) How long have you known the defendant?~~

~~OLLIE: Yes, when it comes to my turkey, Mrs. Turkey, she's my oldest friends.~~

~~(SOUND: RECORD OF TURKEYS GOBLING..)~~

~~JACK: Now, Mrs. Turkey, when was the last time you saw your daughter?~~

MEL: Now Mr. Allen..(GOBBLES) How long have you known the defendant?

OLLIE: Seventy-four years.

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~~NELSON: ...~~

(~~SOUND: ...~~)

~~JACK: ...~~

NELSON: The prosecution will present its next witness.

MEL: Yes sir..(GOBBLES)...Your name, please?

ARTIE: Mister Kitzel.

MEL: Now Mister Kitzel, in the course of your employment in a poultry market, isn't it true that you sold the defendant a turkey?

ARTIE: Look, Mr. Benny's a very good friend of mine, I don't like to say anything ^{that is going to} ~~that is going to~~ hurt him.

MEL: How long have you been friends?

ARTIE: Since before he murdered the turkey.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel!

MEL: Quiet...Now about this turkey you sold the defendant...Was she nice and plump?

ARTIE: She was beautiful.

MEL: Oh, then she was very well rounded.

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOOO! Her pictures were banned in Boston.

MEL: Now Mr. Kitzel...we want an identification of the deceased turkey. How much did she weigh?

ARTIE: I think twenty-nine pounds.

MEL: You think she weighed twenty-nine pounds? Don't you know?

ARTIE: Wait, I'll ask my assistants...SAY BOYS--

QUART: (CNE NOTE)

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JACK: They're not his assistants...that's my quartet....What's the matter with everybody...are they crazy?

ARTIE: BOYS..HOW MUCH DID MR. BENNY'S TURKEY WEIGH?

(ORCHESTRA INTRO)

JACK: (OVER INTRODUCTION) What kind of a trial is this...What's going on?

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(SHORT INTRODUCTION)

QUART: SHE WAS THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS,
IN THE BARNYARDS SHE MADE ALL THE ROUNDS.
NOW THERE WERE 29 CHICKENS
AS CRAZY AS THE DICKENS
ABOUT THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.
SHE LEFT 29 BROKEN EGGS.
SHE HAD FEATHERS ALL OVER HER LEGS
AND BROTHER I'M NOT BLUFFIN'
YOU OUGHTA SEE THE STUFFIN'
IN THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.
SHE WAS A GOBE GOBB GOBBLING BABY
A NEW KIND OF BIRD FROM THE WEST.
AND SHE'LL MAKE WONDERFUL GRAVY.
IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL IT'S ON YOUR VEST.
SHE ATE 29 BUSHELS OF CORN
SINCE THE 29 WEEKS SHE WAS BORN.
SHE'LL LOOK SO LOVELY ON YOUR TABLE
WITH HER LEGS LIKE BETTY GRABLE
SHE'S THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.
OH, GOBBLE GOBBLE
THE TURKEY OF 29 POUNDS.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: RECORD OF GOBBLING....THEN ON CUE,
RAPPING OF GAVEL)

NELSON: Turkeys of the jury, you've heard the evidence..what is your verdict?

DON: WE FIND THE DEFENDANT, JACK BENNY, GUILTY OF MURDER..

JACK: Don Wilson!

DON: (GOBBLE) LET'S GET HIM, KIDS..(GOBBLES)

(SOUND: TURKEY GOBBLING RECORD)

CAST: (GOBBLES ANGRILY)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE..YOU TURKEYS GET AWAY FROM ME...GET AWAY FROM ME.

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: GET AWAY FROM ME...GET AWAY FROM ME!

(MUSIC TO CRESCENDO..THEN EVERYTHING OUT)

JACK: (HORRIBLE SCREAM)

ROCH: BOSS! BOSS!

JACK: LEAVE ME ALONE, TAKE YOUR CLAWS OUT OF MY FIBS..

ROCH: BOSS, WAKE UP, WAKE UP, IT'S MEEEE.

JACK: Huh? Oh, it's you, Rochester..Gee, what a dream I just had...I dreamed a bunch of turkeys were eating me..I could feel them..One of them kept biting me..and biting me..

ROCH: WELL BOSS, YOU SHOULD NEVER GO TO SLEEP WITH YOUR TEETH IN YOUR POCKET.

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen. It's tough enough when we grown-ups have problems, but when our children are the victims of circumstances we are responsible for...that's unforgivable. I'm referring to what is happening in our schools today. Thousands of underpaid teachers are being forced to leave their profession to enter better paying fields. We can correct this situation by being active in the Parent-Teachers Association, local school boards, and getting to know the individual teachers better....So let's support our teachers and take an active interest in their welfare...Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first.....

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.
 LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
 RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
 LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?
 RIGGS: (CHANT 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND BACKGROUND NOISE)
 LAING: Season after season, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.
 (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)
 RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. James Ball, ace tobacco auctioneer of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, sold 7½ million pounds of tobacco in just 24 days - a world's record. Not long ago he said:
 VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe, mellow leaf ... tobacco that makes a swell smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.
 LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, remember ...
 RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
 LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.
 RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to listen to the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show on Sundays and A Day in the Life of Dennis Day on Wednesday.....Well, kids, I'm glad you all enjoyed the Thanksgiving dinner and---Oh, darn it..I just remembered something...I forgot to invite Norman Krasna ~~to~~ ~~the dinner~~..I better call him up and apologize and ask him out to dinner tonight....

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..FIVE DIALS ..RECEIVER UP)

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Norman Krasna's residence.

JACK: I'd like to speak to Mr. Krasna, please...This is Jack Benny.

MEL: I'm sorry but Mr. Krasna is busy at the moment..Could I give him a message?

JACK: Yes...I'd like you to find out if he can go out to dinner with me tonight.

MEL: Just a moment, I'll ask him.....Hello....

JACK: Hello...what did Mr. Krasna say?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: Good good...Tell him eight o'clock ...Goodbye...

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

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PROGRAM #10

REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1947

NBC

4:00 -- 4:30 PM PST

MB

ATX01 0310281

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: Exhibit "A" - Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette - and day-in,
day-out ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Lucien
Furdom, ace tobacco auctioneer of Springfield, Kentucky
said, not long ago:

VOICE: At every auction I've attended, I've seen the makers of
Lucky Strike buy fine quality tobacco ... that fine, ripe
smokin' leaf that makes a smooth, mild smoke. Smoked
Luckies myself for 22 years.

LAING: At market after market, independent tobacco experts like
Mr. Furdom can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently
select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild
tobacco. Remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: 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.

RUYSDAEL: Yes - next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike -
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. IT IS MORNING AND ROCHESTER IS PREPARING THE BATH FOR HIS BOSS.

(SOUND: WATER ON AND OFF)

ROCH: THERE, THAT'S ENOUGH WATER.....WHEN MR. BENNY TAKES A BATH, HE WANTS EVERYTHING JUST RIGHT....I BETTER CHECK....BATH MAT, BATH TOWEL, BATH SALTS, SOAP, RUBBER DUCK, CELLULOID BOAT, AND LIFE PRESERVER.....I BETTER TIE THE LIFE PRESERVER TO THE FAUCET. LAST TIME THE PLUG CAME OUT MR. BENNY HAD TO ^{fight his way} ~~TO~~ UPSTREAM LIKE A SALMON.....THE TROUBLE THAT MAN GOES THROUGH TO TAKE A BATH. I'M GLAD ^{he} ~~HE~~ ^{do it} DON'T ~~SHOWER~~ OFTEN.... HE SHOWERS MOST OF THE TIME...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WELL, I GUESS THAT'S--

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING BOSS...YOUR BATH IS READY.

JACK: I'm in a hurry this morning so I'll just take a shower.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, THE TUB IS ALL READY.

JACK: I don't care, I'm gonna take a shower.

ROCH: THE BATH MAT..THE TOWELS..

JACK: I'm gonna take a shower.

ROCH: THE BATH SALTS..THE SOAP..

JACK: I'm gonna take a shower.

ROCH: THE RUBBER DUCK..THE CELLULOID BOAT..THE LIFE PRESERVER.

JACK:Well.....

ROCH: YOU GONNA TAKE A BATH?

JACK: No, give me the rubber duck, I'll hold it in the shower...
And Rochester, next time, don't blow this duck up so high.
The way its eyes pop out, it looks like Eddie Cantor.

ROCH: I'LL FIX THAT..

(SOUND: AIR ESCAPING...LOOSE LIP EFFECT)

JACK: No, you better put the air back in..Now it's so wrinkled it
looks like Fred Allen....Never mind, I'll blow it up myself...

ROCH: YOU BETTER HURRY WITH YOUR SHOWER. PROFESSOR LE BLANC, YOUR
VIOLIN TEACHER, IS WAITING IN THE LIBRARY.

JACK: Oh yes, I have to take ^{the violin} lesson today..Well, Rochester, you
go downstairs and get the house cleaned up.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS)

ROCH: GET THE HOUSE CLEANED UP..EVERY DAY IT'S THE SAME THING..
DUSTING..WASHING...CLEANING..SCRUBBING...IF I COULDA GUESSED
WHO MISS HUSH WAS..I'DA..NO, I'D ONLY HAVE MORE THINGS TO
DUST...AND I WAS SO SURE IT WAS LENA HORNE...WELL, I BETTER
GO IN THE KITCHEN AND---

(SOUND: GUN SHOT OFF)

ROCH: OH MY GOODNESS...WHAT'S THAT?

(SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS)

ROCH: MR. BENNY! MR. BENNY! MR. BENNY!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: MR. BENNY, WHAT HAPPENED?

JACK: I broke my rubber duck.....See!

ROCH: SHALL I TAKE IT DOWN AND HAVE IT VULCANIZED?

JACK: No, let's wait and see what Christmas brings....Now Rochester,
tell Professor LeBlanc I'll be right down.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (TWO STRAINS OF EXERCISES)

MEL: No No, Monsieur Benny, please tune up the violin..I will make
ze "A" on the piano.

("A" ON PIANO)

JACK: (PLAYS G SHARP ON VIOLIN)

("A" ON PIANO)

JACK: (PLAYS G SHARP ON VIOLIN)

MEL: No no, you are flat...Pull the string up a little tighter.

JACK: OKAY....

(SOUND: STRING TIGHTENING)

MEL: Tighter.

(SOUND: STRING TIGHTENING)

MEL: Tighter.

(SOUND: STRING BREAKING)

JACK: Oh darn it, the string broke.

MEL: Good, that's one down and three to go.

JACK: Well, you better put a new string on, Professor, while I open
the window. It's kinda hot in here.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..WINDOW OPENS)

JACK: There.

JOEY: KICK IT TO ME, STEVIE, AND THEN I'LL---HEY, LOOK, THERE'S MR. BENNY IN THE WINDOW...HELLO,MR. BENNY.

JACK: OH, HELLO, JOEY..HELLO, STEVIE.

STEVE: HELLO, MR. BENNY.

JOEY: SAY MR. BENNY, SOME OF US KIDS ARE GONNA PLAY FOOTBALL. CAN YOU COME OUT AND PLAY WITH US?

JACK: AW GEE, I CAN'T, JOEY..I'VE GOTTA TAKE MY VIOLIN LESSON... MAYBE A LITTLE LATER.

STEVE: OKAY, WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU.

MEL: Monsieur Benny, you better close the window. It will be quieter.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: WINDOW CLOSES)

MEL: Here's your violin...we will start with the piece I gave you last time..What was it again?

JACK: The Glow Worm.

MEL: Ah oui, Monsieur... The Glow Worm..It is very pretty.. Commence.

JACK: (PLAYS "GLOW WORM" LEANING VERY HEAVILY ON LAST FOUR NOTES)

MEL: Monsieur Benny--

JACK: (PLAYS SECOND PHRASE SAME WAY)

MEL: Monsieur Benny..it is such a small worm, do not kill it.

JACK: Oh, oh, I'm sorry..I'll take it again.

~~(PLAYS "GLOW WORM" LEANING VERY HEAVILY ON LAST FOUR NOTES)~~

~~MEL: Monsieur Benny--~~

JACK: (PLAYS SECOND PHRASE WITH PLINKS AT END)

MEL: Monsieur Benny, what are the plink plinks?

JACK: I'm stepping over the worm.

MEL: Monsieur Benny, please, leave the jokes to the comedians.

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: Perhaps we better limber up a little more with the exercises.

JACK: As you wish.

(PLAYS TWO STRAINS OF EXERCISES)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) PLAY IT SOFTER WITH EMOTION.

DIP YOUR BOW IN JERGENS LOTION.

JACK: (PLAYS ONE STRAIN OF EXERCISES)

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) NERO PLAYED WHILE ROME WAS BURNING,

RIGHT NOW FOR A MATCH I'M YEARNING...

JACK: (PLAYS ONE BAR OF EXERCISES AND HITS CLINKER..)

MEL: Monsieur Benny, Monsieur Benny, you are sounding worse than ever.

JACK: But Professor, I've been practicing two hours every day.

MEL: How can you stand it?

JACK: What?

MEL: Now look..that is enough of the exercises..Let us go back to the lesson...This time to get the tempo right, we will use the metronome.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: TICK, TOCK, TICK, TOCK.)

MEL: TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK.

JACK: (PLAYS "EASTERN COLUMBIA, BROADWAY AT NINTH")

MEL: Monsieur Benny, what is that?

JACK: Eastern Columbia, Broadway at Ninth.

MEL: Oh.

JACK: (PLAYS "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

MEL: And what is that?

JACK BENNY
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(REVISED) -5-

JACK: ^{*Sollis*} Burlesque ~~theater~~, Main Street at Sixth.

MEL: Ah, oui..oui...ze third girl from the end with the red hair..
ooo la la!

JACK: Professor..professor LeBlanc!

MEL: Excuse me...I hope you will not say anything to my wife.

JACK: ^{*your wife...*} ~~No~~..why?

MEL: She is the third girl from the other end.

JACK: Oh, she's the one with the --- Oh, your wife.....Anyway,
Professor, let's get on with the lesson. I want to go out
and play football..

MEL: Oui, oui....Commence.

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES)

(INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: (PLAYS EXERCISES)

MEL: Now, Monsieur Benny, the lesson, she is over..will you please pay me my money now and don't keep me waiting like always.

JACK: Oh yes, Professor, I'll go down in my vault and *get it*
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Excuse me, there's the door.

MEL: The money for the lesson, please.

JACK: I'll be right back.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny..

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis..Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Say Dennis, didn't I see you at the Notre Dame-U.S.C. football game yesterday?

DENNIS: Yeah, I was there.

JACK: Well, I had an awful time getting my tickets, how did you get yours?

~~DENNIS: [REDACTED]~~

~~JACK: [REDACTED]~~

~~DENNIS: [REDACTED]~~

couldn't help me so he called Mayor Bowren.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Mayor Bowren got in touch with Governor Warren and Governor Warren called President Truman.

JACK: Dennis..Dennis.

DENNIS: Then President Truman cabled King George of England..and King George talked to Bob Hope...and Bob Hope told Jerry Colonna to give me his tickets..

JACK: Jerry Colonna?

DENNIS: That's why I went to the game with a moustache.

JACK: Oh, I thought you were eating a hot dog..Anyway Dennis, I know you're just telling me a silly story. I asked you a

~~[REDACTED]~~
tickets?

DENNIS: ~~Well, [REDACTED]~~ from my cousin. He plays for Notre Dame.

JACK: Notre Dame? Oh, of course, certainly..you're Irish..What's your cousin's name?

DENNIS: ~~[REDACTED]~~ Kocikowski.

JACK: ~~[REDACTED]~~ Kocikowski?

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JACK BENNY
12/7/47

DENNIS: His real name is McNulty.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: He changed it to get on the team.

JACK: Oh...Well, anyway there was a lot of excitement and I thought Notre Dame played great.

DENNIS: So did U.C.L.A.

JACK: Dennis...U.C.L.A. didn't play yesterday.

DENNIS: U.S.C. sent for them in the third quarter.

JACK: Dennis, what are you---

MEL: Monsieur Benny, please, I am waiting for my money.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, professor, I'll go in my vault and get it.

DENNIS: *1* ~~Just a minute, Mr. Benny, I've got to go to the recording studio and make a record. I'm gonna be on the program today, and I've got to be there because my agent is waiting for me.~~
It's all right, Mr. Benny, I've got to go to the recording studio and make a record. I'm gonna be on the program today, and I've got to be there because my agent is waiting for me.

~~JACK: Well, you know, my Dennis, I'd like to see you write a few songs.~~

~~MEL: Monsieur Benny, please, I am waiting for my money.~~

~~JACK: Well, you know, my Dennis, I'd like to see you write a few songs.~~
(DENNIS SINGS "DICKENS" (SINGING))
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I wonder who keeps it further underground...me or Fort Knox?.....I must find out some day...when I'm there to collect the rent.

(SOUND: HEAVY IRON DOOR HANDLE TURNING..CHAINS CLANKING...DOORCREAKS OPEN..SIX MORE HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS...SECOND CLANKING OF CHAINS...HANDLE TURNS...HEAVY IRON DOOR OPENS CREAKING...TWO MORE FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt, who goes there...friend or foe?

JACK: Friend.

KEARNS: What's the password?

JACK: The British are coming.

KEARNS: Oh, it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes...We've had that password a long time now, haven't we, Ed?

KEARNS: Yes, ever since that night you hung the lantern in the old North Church.

JACK: Oh yes.

KEARNS: By the way, Mr. Benny, did that fellow on horseback ever make it?

JACK: Why?

KEARNS: I had two dollars on him.

JACK: Oh....Excuse me a minute, Ed...I'm going to open the vault.

KEARNS: How much money are you putting in?

JACK: Nothing, I'm taking some out.

KEARNS: Oh, sickness in the family?

JACK: No, no..everything's all right..Well, I'm going to open the vault..

KEARNS: Shall I take a sleeping pill?

JACK: No no, Ed, you can watch...the combination is right to fortyfive (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 ALARMS WITH BELLS, AUTO HORNS, WHISTLES, THINGS FALLING..ENDING WITH B.O. FOGHORN)

JACK: ^{It's a half a dollar} Now let's see...one violin lesson..a dollar and fifty cents.. there it is...

(SOUND: CLOSING OF VAULT)

JACK: Well, see you later, Ed.

KEARNS: All right...By the way, Mr. Benny..I meant to ask you...How are things on the outside?

JACK: Well, ^{at the moment} winter is nearly here..and the leaves are falling.

KEARNS: Say, that must be exciting.

JACK: No, no Ed..people are wearing clothes now.

KEARNS: Oh!...Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Ed.

(SOUND: HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS GOING UP..HEAVY IRON DOOR CLOSES..NORMAL FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here you are, Professor..a dollar and a half...Here's your dollar..and here's a--Oh darn it, it was so dark down there I got the wrong coin...Professor, have you got change for a Spanish Doubloon?

MEL: No no no..Please, Monsieur Benny, go back to the vault and get me the other fifty cents.

JACK: OK...I'll do it right now.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

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MEL: Monsieur Benny --

JACK: Excuse me a minute, I want to answer the phone.

MEL: Sacre Bleu!

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

JENNY: (FILTER) This is the Palm Springs operator. Miss Livingstone calling Jack Benny.

JACK: This is Jack Benny..I was hoping she'd call...Hello, Mary?

JENNY: Just a minute, I'll have to ring her back.

JACK: All right, I'll wait..Gee, I m sure glad that Mary---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh darn it, there's someone at the door...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

Jack: Oh, hello Don..I'll be with you in a minute.

DON: Jack, I've got the quartet here and we're in an awful hurry.

JACK: Well Don, you'll have to wait till---

JENNY: Will you hold the line, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes yes, I'm waiting.

MEL: Monsieur Benny, my fifty cents.

JACK: Just a minute, professor.

DON: Jack, as long as you're holding the line, I want you to hear a number that the Sportsmen have prepared.

JACK: Don...

DON: It'll fit beautifully if you ever do a western play.

JACK: Wait till I'm through on the phone. Mary is calling me.

DON: It'll only take a minute.

JENNY: I'm ringing Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Good good.

DON: I knew you'd want to hear it.

JACK: Don, I wasn't talking to you. Anyway, if you want me to hear the quartette, make it fast .. Mary will be on the phone any minute.

DON: OKAY.. HIT IT BOYS.

QUART: HE ALWAYS SINGS, RAGGY MUSIC TO HIS CATTLE,
AS HE SWINGS BACK AND FOREWARD IN HIS SADDLE
ON A HORSE (PRETTY GOOD HORSE) THAT IS SYNCOPATED GAITED
THERE IS SUCH A FUNNY METER TO THE ROAR OF HIS REPEATER
SEE HIM SMILE, HE'S BEEN SMOKIN' LUCKY STRIKES
FOR QUITE A WHILE, THEY'RE THE ONES HE LIKES
HE WILL NEVER ROLL HIS OWN, YOU BET
FOR WHAT'S THE USE WHEN HE CAN GET,
THOSE GOOD OLD LUCKIES,
GOOD OLD LUCKIES
GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKES.
OH L S M (L S M)
L S, L S, L S, L S,
L S M (L S M)
DID YOU EVER EVER EVER KNOW
THAT QUALITY OF PRODUCT
IS ESSENTIAL TO CONTINUING SUCCESS.
YES, OH YES, OH YES, OH YES.
AND THAT'S GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE,
SEASON AFTER SEASON
THAT'S BEEN ONE OF THE BETTER REASONS
WE ARE SMOKIN' LUCKIES
SMOKING LUCKIES
SMOKING LUCKY STRIKES.

JACK: Hello...Hello Mary?
Mary..I can't hear
you..What?...Boys,
I'm trying to talk..
Shut up, will you?
MEL: Monsieur Benny, my
fifty cents, please.
JACK: I'll give it to you
later..Hello..Hello,
Mary...Boys...Mary..
Boys...I can't hear
a thing..Hello..
MEL: Boys, wait a minute,
Mr. Benny is
talking.
JACK: Hello.
MEL: Wait a minute.
JACK: Mary?
MEL: WAIT A MINUTE!
JACK: Mary, I can't hear
you.
MEL: WAIT A MINUTE!

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JACK: Hello..Hello..Mary..Mary?..

~~JENNY: Hello..Hello..Mary..Mary?..~~

JACK: Oh damn it, ^{well, I must have hung up}...Well, I'll call her later.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now look, Don, did you have to--

MEL: Monsieur Benny, they went out.

JACK: Oh Gee, and I wanted to tell him something.

MEL: My fifty cents, please.

JACK: In a minute, Professor.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: OH DON..DON....Well, I guess they've gone. Gee, they got away fast.

JOEY: SAY, MR. BENNY, WE'RE ^{still} WAITING FOR YOU TO PLAY FOOTBALL WITH US.

STEVE: YEAH, COME ON OUT.

JACK: Well, ~~there's no time to waste~~ -- Well, I'll do that later.

Come on, Stevie..But we better choose up sides first.

STEVE: How can we? There are five of us.

JOEY: Yeah, that won't come out even.

JACK: Let's see .. Two into five... Yeah, it won't come out even ---

Well, since I'm the biggest, I'll take Joey on my side and we'll play the three of you. Now, come on, let's--

(SOUND: HORN HONKING OFF MIKE)

PHIL: (OFF) HEY, JACKSON..JACKSON.

JACK: Huh? OH, HELLO PHIL.

PHIL: COME HERE A MINUTE.

DP

JACK: OKAY ...Here fellows..here's the ball..I'll be right back.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say Phil...that's the most gorgeous new car I've ever seen in my life.

PHIL: Yeah...I just picked it up and I wanted to show it to you... I'm giving it to Alice for a birthday present.

JACK: Oh? When is Alice's birthday?

PHIL: January third.

JACK: January? Aren't you a month early?

PHIL: No..I'm a year late.

JACK: Hmm...well, with a present like that, I'm sure Alice will forgive you. It certainly is the nicest looking car I've ever seen.

PHIL: Yeah...and come here, Jackson...just a second..Look, read this.

JACK: Let's see...(READS) "To Alice Faye, from her handsome, ever lovin', curly headed, joy boy, Phil Harris."

PHIL: Ain't that beautiful?

JACK: Yes, but you should have written it on a birthday card, not painted it on the door....That's terrible.

PHIL: What's wrong with writing it on the door?

JACK: Well Phil, everybody sees it there.

PHIL: So what? I ain't ashamed of Alice.

JACK: Oh fine...Phil, is this a '47 model, or a '48?

PHIL: I don't know, but it's the latest style...look at them fender skirts, they're two inches longer.

JACK: Yeah, General Motors sure gave it that new look.

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PHIL: Boy, I can't wait to see the expression on Alice's face when I give her this car for a present.

JACK: Oh, is it a surprise?

PHIL: ~~It was supposed~~ ^{It was supposed to be} to be, but they already sent her the bill....
Well so long, Jackson. I gotta beat it home.

JACK: So long, Phil .. I hope Alice likes the car.

JOEY: (YELLS) MR. BENNY...WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR YOU.

JACK: OH BOYS ..COME ON OVER HERE, I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEBODY.....
Boys, this is Phil Harris.

BOYS: Hello, Mr. Harris.

PHIL: Hiya, fellows.

JOEY: Say Mr. Harris, you're married to Alice Faye, aren't you?

PHIL: Yes, sir.

STEVE: She sure is beautiful.

PHIL: Yes, sir.

JOEY: Say, Mr. Harris.....?

PHIL: Yeah?

JOEY: If you ever get tired of her, let me know.

JACK: Joey...how can you say a thing like that?

PHIL: Yeah Joey...me and Alice are a happily married couple...we got two beautiful little daughters.

STEVE: Well, if you ever get tired of them let us know.

JACK: Fellows!

TERRY: (COMING IN) Hiya gang.

JOEY: Oh hello, Terry.

~~STEVE: Hello Terry.~~

JACK: Well, who's this boy?

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STEVE: Oh, he's a new kid that moved into the neighborhood..Terry, this is Mister Jack Benny, and Mister Phil Harris.

TERRY: Hi.

JACK & PHIL : Hello Terry.

STEVE: You know, Terry.....Mr. Benny was all American fullback when he played football for Yale.

PHIL: Yale?

JOEY: And Terry during the war he once shot down 46 Jap Zero planes in one day.

TERRY: Gee whizz.

PHIL: Jackson, did you --

STEVE: And Mr. Benny was the first man to swim the English Channel.

JACK: Oh, I was lucky, the tide was with me.

STEVE: Say Mr. Benny, tell Terry about the time you beat Notre Dame in the Rose Bowl.

JACK: Oh, it was nothing...There were ten seconds left to play in the game, and we were behind seven to six...I got the ball behind our own goal line, started down the sideline..I twisted, squirmed, and stiff-armed my way down the field, and then I saw, standing between me and the goal, Notre Dame's famous Five Horsemen...Realizing --

JOEY: Mr. Benny, don't you mean the Four Horsemen?

JACK: Five, they were making it tough for me..Realizing that they might be hard to get through, I stopped and drop kicked a field goal from the fifty yard line which won the game for us nine to seven.

This scene was a total dog on the part of the writer. I was substituted in place of the horsemen!

STEVE: GOSH.

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TERRY: GEE WHIZ.

JOEY: WOW..

JACK: Well fellows, you go back and warm up a little, and I'll join you soon..

JOEY: Okay..let's go, gang.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY)

PHIL: (AFTER PAUSE)...(SOFT) Hey Jackson..?

JACK: What?

PHIL: (SOFT) Come here.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: You dog, you.

JACK: Oh Phil, I was just--

PHIL: (A LA SUPERMAN)...Look, up in the air, is it a bird..Is it a bullet... IS IT A PLANE?????...NO IT'S SUPER BENNY!

JACK: Cut it out..there's no harm in my..Oh, never mind...see you later..So long, Phil.

PHIL: So long, Lujack.

JACK: Lujack, who's he? - *He's just the other person mentioned in Phil's line*

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES AWAY)

JACK: (PEPPY) ALL RIGHT BOYS..UP ON YOUR FEET...SHOW A LITTLE PEP.. LET'S GET THE GAME STARTED...

STEVE: YEAH, LET'S GO..

JOEY: COME ON.

JACK: Now let's see....Joey is on my side..we'll play the three of you...Stevie, you kick off and we'll receive.

STEVIE: (OFF) ...OKAY....HERE GOES....

(SOUND: RUNNING FEET..KICK OF BALL)

JOEY: I GOT IT, MR. BENNY, I GOT IT!

(SOUND: LIGHT THUMP OF BALL ON CHEST THEN RUNNING FEET...SUSTAIN)

JACK: Attaboy, I'll run interference for you...Keep behind me, Joey.....Keep behind me...Keep behind me...

JOEY: I'm ten feet ahead of you.

JACK: Oh..well then--

(SOUND: BODY THUMP OF TACKLE)

JACK: Oops, tough luck...they got you, Joey....Okay, it's our ball.. first down, ten yards to go...let's go into a huddle, Joey.

JOEY: Yes sir.

JACK: (WHISPERING) Now look, you be center..pass me the ball..and I'll take it around left end.

JOEY: (UP) Okay, let's go...

JACK: SIGNALS....THIRTY EIGHT..THIRTY EIGHT..THIRTY EIGHT..HIKE.

(SOUND: LIGHT THUD OF BALL...RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: HERE I COME KIDS...AROUND LEFT END..BETTER NOT GET IN MY WAY OR I'LL--

(SOUND: HEAVY BODY THUD..WITH LOTS OF AUXILIARY NOISES)

JACK: (GROANS) Ooooooh.

TERRY: Gee Stevie, you sure tackled him hard..his eyes are closed.

JOEY: Yeah..and you knocked his helmet off.

STEVE: Hey, I never saw a helmet like this before..it's got a part in the middle.

JACK: (GROANS) Ooooooh.

ROCH: (OFF) BOYS, BOYS..WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOSS?

JOEY: Mr. Benny was running with the ball, and Stevie tackled him, and he must have hit his head.

STEVE: What'll we do, what'll we do?

ROCH: JUST LET HIM LAY THERE A SECOND, HE'LL COME AROUND ALL RIGHT.

JACK: (GROANS AND MUMBLES) No, no, waiter, give me the check, this party's on me.

ROCH: LET'S CARRY HIM IN THE HOUSE, BOYS, THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT...COME ON BOYS, GIVE ME A HAND.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

ROCH: LET'S LAY HIM RIGHT DOWN HERE ON THE BED, BOYS...

JOEY: Okay...

STEVE: Well fellows, I think we better get going.

TERRY: Gee, I sure hope Mr. Benny'll be all right.

JOEY: Yeah, he's a swell guy.

ROCH: DON'T WORRY, BOYS..I'LL GO DOWN THE HALL WITH YOU...I WANT TO GET HIM A COLD TOWEL.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: (AFTER PAUSE)....(GROANS.....GROANING) Oh, what happened... Where am I?...Huh?...Oh, I'm in my bed...Wait a minute..Who's this in bed with me?

MEL: Monsieur Benny, ~~with you~~ please pay me my fifty cents?

JACK: Oh, it's you professor...Goodnight.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

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DON: Ladies and gentlemen, here is a final message from our Government. As cold weather nears, the food situation in Western Europe grows steadily worse. Widespread crop failures in that area of Europe bring its people closer and closer to actual starvation. In order to protect our own freedom, prosperity and peace...All Americans are urged to back the President's Food Conservation Program. Remember - "Save wheat - save meat - save the Peace."....Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first....

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: Year after year, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

(CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Garland Tilley, veteran independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina, recently said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike -- and believe you me, that tobacco is really ripe, smooth and mild. I've smoked Luckies myself for 17 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

DECEMBER 7, 1947⁻³⁻

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTD)

IAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And Lucky Strike is the ideal gift on every Christmas list. So say "Merry Christmas" 200 times with a carton of two hundred Lucky Strike cigarettes in their beautiful holiday wrapping. And for the specials on your list a special handsome gift box of 500 Lucky Strike cigarettes ... each so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

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(TAG)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO,
AND THE ROSE BOWL...OH HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE...OH, HE'S
IN BED....NO, IT'S NOT SERIOUS..HE JUST SPRAINED HIS ANKLE
PLAYING FOOTBALL.....HUH?...YEAH, I GUESS THE PHONE WILL
REACH OVER TO THE BED..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: BOSS, IT'S MISS LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: (WHISPERING) Oh...Hello, Mary....How are you?...Well, I'm
all right, it's just a little sprain....Are you gonna be on
the show next week?.....Good....Oh, I'll be all right...
Thanks for calling....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: BOSS, WHAT ARE YOU WHISPERING ABOUT?

JACK: Shhh..the professor's asleep...Goodnight, Rochester.

ROCH: (WHISPERS) GOODNIGHT.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

PROGRAM #11

REVISED SCRIPT

A Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, December 14, 1947

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: An outstanding example: Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and today, tomorrow, always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Bryan Williams, veteran tobacco auctioneer of Paris, Kentucky, said recently:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that just can't be beat for real smokin' quality -- yes, sir, it's ripe and mild. I've smoked Luckies myself for 16 years.

LAING: Year after year, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Williams can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. Remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke the smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

(MORE)

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

DECEMBER 14, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTD)

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Lucky Strike -
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

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(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..AS YOU ALL KNOW, LAST WEEK JACK BENNY SPRAINED HIS ANKLE WHILE PLAYING FOOTBALL WITH SOME *of the* NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS...HE HAS BEEN CONFINED TO HIS BED ALL WEEK, AND HIS FRIENDS ARE QUITE CONCERNED ABOUT IT....LET'S DROP IN ON ^{two} ~~some~~ OF THEM....

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARTHA: Say, Emily?

EMILY: What is it, Martha?

MARTHA: Did you hear about Jack Benny spraining his ankle?

EMILY: Yes, I read about it in the paper.

MARTHA: Oh, the poor man....I hope it doesn't interfere with his dancing...He Turkey Trots divinely.

EMILY: Why Martha..did you ever dance with Mr. Benny?

MARTHA: No, but I saw him one night last month when I was the cigarette girl at the Palladium...he called me over and bought a package of Lucky Strikes from me.

EMILY: Really?

MARTHA: And while I was giving him his change.. His hand touched mine...(GIGGLES)

EMILY: Oh, my goodness..then what happened?

MARTHA: I don't know..when I came to, I was in the Ladies' Powder Room.

EMILY: Oh, Martha..you're just making a fool of yourself over Jack Benny.

MARTHA: I am not.

EMILY: You are too...you even went to see The Horn Blows at Midnight.

MARTHA: Well, that was the only place I could be alone with him.... Emily, have you ever noticed his eyes in a Technicolor picture?

EMILY: His eyes?

MARTHA: Yes, they look like the reflection of the evening sky in two limpid woodland pools.

EMILY: Martha, stop talking about him like that..you'll blow the fuse on your hearing aid...

MARTHA: I don't care... You know I sent him flowers this morning.... Gee, I wonder if he received them.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

ROCH: HOW ABOUT ANOTHER PILLOW, BOSS?

JACK: No, I've got enough pillows...But gee, I wish the bed was a little softer.

ROCH: SHALL I EMPTY THE MATTRESS?

JACK: No, you better do that tomorrow morning..the banks are closed today.

ROCH: YES SIR...WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO PUT THESE FLOWERS?

JACK: Over there on the table...You know, I can't figure out who sent--let me see that card again, Rochester.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: (REALS) "To Jack Benny, from someone who admires you tremendously." I wonder who--

ROCH: WELL, YOU KNOW BOSS, LANA TURNER AIN'T GOING WITH TYRONE POWER ANY MORE.

JACK: ^{say maybe - no - no} ~~He~~ he wouldn't send them to me...Rochester, hand me that mirror..I want to see if I need a shave.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Hmm...let's see...oh, I guess I can get by without shavingGee...

ROCH: MR. BENNY..WHY DO YOU KEEP STARING IN THE MIRROR?

JACK: Rochester, don't ~~do~~ my eyes look like the reflection of the evening sky in two limpid woodland pools?

ROCH: UH HUH...IT'S A SHAME YOU HAVE TO CLOSE THEM AT NIGHT.

JACK: Yeah, me and the morning glories.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, BOSS...DO YOU WANT TO FILL OUT THAT FORM FOR YOUR ACCIDENT INSURANCE?

JACK: I don't know...do you think they'd pay off on a sprained ankle?

ROCH: WHY NOT...YOU COLLECTED ON THAT INGROWN TOE NAIL.

JACK: Yes, that's right...Well Rochester, take the pen and start filling out that insurance form.

ROCH: YES SIR....

JACK: You can answer most of the questions yourself.

ROCH: OKAY.....FULL NAME, JACK BENNY....ADDRESS, THREE SIXTY NORTH
CAMDEN DRIVE,..OCCUPATION, RADIO COMEDIAN...AGE, THIRTY-
EIGHT.

JACK: (That's my boy who said that.)

ROCH: WEIGHT, A HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS...HEIGHT, FIVE FEET
TEN...COLOR OF EYES, REFLECTION OF THE EVENING SKY IN TWO
LIMPID--

JACK: Just put down blue, this is a business transaction.

ROCH: YES SIR...YOU BETTER ANSWER THIS NEXT QUESTION, BOSS....
DESCRIBE HOW ACCIDENT OCCURRED.

JACK: Hmm...write this down...During the excitement of a football
game, I was viciously tackled, thrown to the ground, and
knocked unconscious.

ROCH: NAME AND DESCRIPTION OF PERSON CAUSING INJURY TO YOU.

JACK: Steven Kent, nine years old.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, AIN'T THAT GONNA BE SORTA EMBARRASSING?

JACK: Yes....you better make it twelve years old ... Nature of
injury....Severe sprain to left ankle and--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, see who's at the door...we'll finish this later.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY)

JACK: ...Hmmm..Let's see..."To Jack Benny, from someone who admires you tremendously".....It might be Hedy...or Ann Sheridan...or Paulette...Or Betty Grable...or....Gee, I better take off some of these blankets, it's getting kind of warm in here...It might even be-- Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hello Jack...Rochester told me to come right in...I came over as soon as I heard about your accident.

JACK: Well that was nice of you, Don.

DON: And Jack, I brought you this basket of fruit..thought you might enjoy it.

JACK: Gee, what a lovely looking basket..fruit, nuts and everything
Look at that fruit there.
^ ..set it right over there on the table.

DON: Okay...mind if I have an apple?

JACK: No, not at all....

(SOUND: BITING INTO APPLE)

DON: (TALKING WITH MOUTHFUL) How'd the accident happen, Jack?

JACK: Oh, it's really silly..I was playing football with some kids and I tripped and fell.

DON: You know, Jack, I was quite a football player during my college days.

JACK: You were?

DON: Yes sir... Did you ever hear of the Famous Seven Blocks of Granite?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Well, (LAUGHINGLY) I was known as the Seven Barrels of Blubber...(LAUGHS) I just ad libbed that to cheer you up.

JACK: ~~Oh, no, no, no.~~ *Well, thanks.*
You're welcome.

DON: ^ Do you mind if I have a banana?

JACK: No no, go right ahead.

DON: (WITH MOUTH FULL) But seriously, Jack, I was pretty terrific as a football player.

JACK: What did you say, Don?

DON: (STRAIGHT) I'll never forget my last college game back in 1927...With only one minute to go, I scored a touchdown on the hidden ball play by slipping the ball under my jersey.

JACK: Well Don..that was twenty years ago..you can take it out now...By the way Don, how were things at the studio?...How did the rehearsal go?

DON: Everything went fine, Jack.

JACK: Good.

DON: Would it be all right if I had an orange?

JACK: Sure, sure...Go right ahead.

(SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS)

JACK: (UP) ROCHESTER, ~~ROCHESTER~~. ANSWER THE PHONE, PLEASE.

ROCH: ~~COMING...COMING...~~ *Yes, sir.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO....

MEL: Hello, Rochester, this is Professor LeBlanc. Mr. Benny's violin teacher.

ROCH: OH YES, ~~ROCHESTER~~.

T

MEL: I just heard the good news.

ROCH: NO NO, PROFESSOR, IT'S HIS ANKLE NOT HIS ARM.

MEL: Sacre Bleu

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

JACK: Who was that on the phone, Rochester?

ROCH: PROFESSOR LE BLANC.

JACK: Oh

DON: Say Jack, was that your violin teacher?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Mind if I have another banana?

JACK: No no, go right ahead.

DON: (TALKING WITH MOUTHFUL) You know, I was just thinking --

JACK: Say Don, wouldn't they taste better if you peeled them first?
...Huh?

DON: I don't know, I've never tried them that way.

JACK: Well, you should..you know they're-- Oh, hello Dennis, I was hoping you'd come over, I wanted to ask you--

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello...Say Dennis, I was hoping you'd come over, I wanted to ask you--

DENNIS: How do you feel?

JACK: Pretty good...Dennis, I was hoping you'd come over, I wanted to--

DENNIS: How's your ankle?

JACK: Not bad....Dennis, I was hoping you'd--

DENNIS: Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Dennis..Gee, these grapes are good.

JACK: Grapes? Don, when did you start the grapes?

DON: After I finished the tangerines.

JACK: Tangerines? How can a man--

DENNIS: Say Don..come to the window..I want to show you something.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: Look what I bought this morning...see it there against the

curb, ~~and I brought you something~~

DON: Well, ^{a bicycle built for two} I'll be darned.....Say, who's that sitting on the front seat.

DENNIS: My chauffeur.

JACK: Your chauffeur?

DENNIS: I got two shows, you know.

JACK: I know, I know.

DON: Say Dennis..look at this...I brought it over to cheer up Mr. Benny.

DENNIS: Gee, what a beautiful basket.

JACK: Yeah...you should have seen it when there was fruit in it.

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny..I brought you something too...Here.

JACK: Thanks kid..but, er...er...what is it?...It's just a plain stick.

DENNIS: It was a Fopsickle but it melted on the way over.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: And I had it gift wrapped, too.

JACK: Well anyway, Dennis..you meant well.

DENNIS: By the way, Don..I'd like you to drop by my house if you can..
we have our Christmas tree up already..and I want you to see
it.

DON: Sure, I'd love to, Dennis...How do I get to your house?

DENNIS: Drive over to Wilshire Boulevard and follow the pink line down
the middle of the street.

JACK: The pink line!

DENNIS: ..That popsickle was Raspberry.

JACK: Oh...

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny..I've been rehearsing the song I'm going to
sing on the program..would you like to hear it?

JACK: What's the name of it?

DENNIS: "So Far".

JACK: Sure Dennis..Go ahead.

DON: Jack, do you mind if I have one of these walnuts?

JACK: No, Don...I'm glad you didn't bring me any candy, I'm on a
diet... Go ahead and sing, kid.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."SO FAR")

(AFFLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

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JACK: Dennis, that was a wonderful song..and it sounded great.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: CRACKING OF NUTS)

JACK: Don, not so loud with those walnuts. It makes me nervous.

DON: Oh, I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: Anyway, you're liable to---

JACK: (SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)
Who's that? Somebody at the door?

ROCH: I'LL GET IT..I'LL GET IT..

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, how long do you think you'll have to stay in bed with your sprained ankle?

JACK: I don't know, but I've gotta be up by Thursday because I'm gonna be a guest on the Dick Haymes Show.

DENNIS: Dick Haymes, who's he?

JACK: Who's he?..Dick Haymes is a great singer, that's who he is.

DENNIS: How many shows has he got?

JACK: One.

DENNIS: (WITH CONTEMPT) HA!!!

JACK: Dennis, what are you Ha-ing about? Everybody doesn't have to--

ROCH: (OFF) MR. BENNY'S RIGHT IN THERE, SONNY.

STEVE: (COMING IN) Hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello Stevie..it's nice of you to drop in.

STEVE: Gee, I'm sure sorry I tackled you so hard that you hurt your ankle.

ATK01 0310321

JACK: (CHEERFUL) Well, don't worry about it, Stevie...it's all in the game..say Stevie, this is Don Wilson, and Dennis Day.

STEVE: Hi.

DON: Hello, Stevie.

DENNIS: Hello.

STEVE: Mr. Benny, the boys in our club were sorry you got hurt, so we chipped in and bought you this.

JACK: Gee, my favorite magazine, True Confessions...thanks, Stevie.

DON: Say Steve, I understand that you and the kids in the neighborhood have a pretty good football team.

STEVE: Yeah, we have uniforms and everything.

DENNIS: How many footballs have you got?

STEVE: One.

DENNIS: HA!!!

JACK: Dennis, be quiet.

DON: You know, Jack, I think it's wonderful the way the kids in the neighborhood all get together and play football and everything.

JACK: Not only that, Don. These kids have even formed a club...they pay dues and everything...They've already saved up eight dollars and sixty-five cents.

DON: How do you know ?

STEVE: Mr. Benny's the treasurer.

JACK: Yes...They wanted me to run for President but ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Gee, more visitors today..Rochester, see who's at the door, *will you please?*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN)

MARY: Hello, Rochester...How's Mr. Benny?

ROCH: OH, HE'S GETTING ALONG FINE, MISS LIVINGSTONE..YOU KNOW HE'S IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE FOR A MAN OF THIRTY-EIGHT.

MARY: Thirty-eight?..Rochester, Mr. Benny is fifty-three.

ROCH: WELL THEN HOW COME WHEN HE MADE OUT HIS INCOME TAX HE PUT DOWN HIS AGE AS THIRTY-EIGHT?

MARY: The government lets him with-hold twenty per cent...~~that's all~~
~~go in and see him~~

JACK: ROCHESTER, WHO IS IT?

MARY: It's me, Jack.

JACK: Well, Mary...it's sure good to see you.

MARY: Hello Jack...H'ya Don.

DON: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: HA!!!

MARY: What was that?

JACK: He thinks he's better than you are because you've only got one head.

MARY: What?

dk

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JACK: Nothing, nothing...

MARY: How's your ankle, ~~Jack?~~

JACK: Well, I can't walk on it yet..Say Mary, did you bring me a present or anything?

MARY: Yes Jack...I left it in the livingroom. Should I bring it in?

JACK: What is it?

MARY: A rubber duck, you broke yours last week.

JACK: Oh yes...Well, it was nice of you to think of me, Mary....By the way, how are things in Palm Springs?

MARY: Oh, I had a wonderful time, Jack...and just before I left, I got this letter from Mama.

JACK: Oh, a letter from your mother, eh?....What does the Martha Graham of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: I'll read it to you.

(SOUND: NUTS CRACKING)

JACK: Don, don't throw the shells in my bed....Go ahead, Mary, *read the letter*

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT) ...MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...I HATE TO START THIS LETTER WITH BAD NEWS, *I thought your father was on the way out* BUT LAST WEEK YOUR FATHER LOST HIS JOB AS SANTA CLAUS IN THE LOCAL DEPARTMENT STORE..IT SEEMS HE BREATHED ON A COUPLE OF KIDS AND THEIR HAIR TURNED GRAY.

JACK: I knew he could do it.

MARY: HOWEVER, I AM HAPPY TO SAY THAT YOUR SISTER BABE IS ENGAGED AGAIN...THIS TIME TO A VERY NICE MAN...HE'S WORKING AT THE ACME IRON COMPANY AS A STEAM-FITTER.

JACK: A steamfitter, eh?

MARY: BABE HAD TO QUIT WORKING..AS THE FOREMAN WON'T ALLOW MAN AND WIFE ON THE SAME JOB.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame..and after she bought that new set of wrenches.

MARY: WHEN BABE LEFT THE ACME IRON COMPANY, THEY GAVE HER A BONUS, AND SHE'S USING THE MONEY TO HAVE HER TEETH STRAIGHTENED.

JACK: Babe's teeth do protrude a little.

MARY: REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SHE ALMOST GOT MARRIED? WHEN THE MINISTER SAID, "DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN TO BE YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND?"...BABE SMILED, SAID "I DO" AND RIPPED HER VEIL TO SHREDS.

JACK: Oh yes, I felt so sorry for her...with those big holes in her veil, the flies got in.

MARY: THEY INVITED ME TO GO WITH THEM TO NIAGRA FALLS ON THEIR HONEYMOON, BUT IT WAS TOO EXPENSIVE FOR THREE PEOPLE... SO BABE AND I ARE GOING ALONE.

JACK: Mary, it's none of my business but why doesn't your mother stay home?

MARY: She has an answer to that.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: THE REASON I'M SO ANXIOUS TO GO BACK TO NIAGRA FALLS IS BECAUSE IT WILL BRING BACK THOSE WONDERFUL MEMORIES OF ~~1912~~¹⁹¹²... JUST THINK..NO OTHER WOMAN HAS GONE OVER IN A BARREL SINCE THEN.

dk

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JACK: Not only that, your mother did it while the beer was still
in it.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS, SO WILL CLOSE NOW..YOUR LOVING MOTHER..
JERSEY JOE LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: Jersey Joe Livingstone..Your mother sure reaches for those
gags.

MARY: Wait a minute, here's a P.S.

JACK: Oh fine.

MARY: YOUR SISTER BABE JUST CAME IN CRYING HER EYES OUT AND SAID
THE WEDDING IS OFF.

JACK: What?

MARY: HER BOY FRIEND CAME OVER AND HANDED HER A NOTE THAT SAID,
"WE DISAFFILIATE."

JACK: No!

MARY: IT MUST BE THE REAL THING BECAUSE IT WAS WRITTEN IN COAL
DUST.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame...One thing about your mother's letters,
they're always interesting.

(SOUND: NUTS CRACKING)

JACK: Don, please....Say Dennis, hand me that ash tray, will you?

DENNIS: Okay, but Don put some walnut shells in it.

JACK: Well, empty it.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: LONG SOUND OF GRAVEL DOWN CHUTE)

JACK: Thanks.

DON: Wait a minute, Jack, what are you doing with the ash tray?

JACK: I'm putting out my cigarette, I'm finished with it.

DON: But Jack, it's a Lucky Strike and there's almost half of it left.

JACK: I'll light another one later...Say Mary, do you think that--
Don...what are you staring at?

DON: I was just thinking of that Lucky Strike lying there in the ash tray.

JACK: What?

DON: You know, Jack if that unfinished cigarette could think... if it could only talk, I know just what it would say.

JACK: Oh, Don..

DON: Quiet, Jack, I can hear it now----

JACK: What?

(ARPEGGIO)

QUART: ALL OF ME, WHY NOT SMOKE ALL OF ME
HEAR MY PLEA, I'M LONESOME WITHOUT YOU.
PICK ME UP. DON'T LET ME LAY THERE.
ANOTHER PUFF, DON'T LET ME STAY THERE.
CAN'T YOU SEE, WHAT YOUR LIPS MEAN TO ME.
GRAB ME QUICK, WHILE I AM STILL BURNING.
YOU SMOKED THE PART THAT ONCE WAS MY HEART.
SO WHY NOT SMOKE ALL OF ME.

~~FOR THE RECORD~~ LS/MFT

(APPLAUSE)

DON: (SADLY) Jack..Jack..wasn't that beautiful?

JACK: Beautiful? I didn't hear anything..and Don, why are there tears in your eyes?

DON: I caught my finger in the nut cracker.

JACK: Good, good.

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS)

JACK: Gee, I sure wish I could get out of this bed..I'm so uncomfortable.

MARY: Well Jack, you've been lying in the same spot all week.. Why don't you turn around and put your head at the foot of the bed for a change?

JACK: That's a good idea..Help me turn around, will you?

DON: I'll help you, Jack.

JACK: Thanks, Don.

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS)

JACK: Oooooh...ooooh..be careful of my foot,^{*the soles of my sprained ankle*}...oooooh....There, I'm all right now....Thanks, You're right, Mary, it is more comfortable with my head at this end of the bed.

ROCH: THE DOCTOR IS HERE, MR. BENNY.

JACK: The doctor? Send him right in.

NELSON: How do you do, I'm Dr. Nelson..Somebody called me.

ROCH: I DID..IT'S ABOUT MR. BENNY'S SPRAINED ANKLE.

NELSON: Oh..Well, I'll examine that at once....Say, this does look bad...Look how swollen it is...My, what an ugly looking mess.

JACK: Doctor, you're looking at my head, my feet are at the other end.

NELSON: Oh yes, yes...that's your nose, I thought you had a high instep.

JACK: Hmm..Well, how does my ankle look, Doctor?

NELSON: I don't know yet...pull up your nightie.

JACK: Okay

MARY: I'll leave the room.,

JACK: You don't have to Mary, I'm wearing pajamas underneath...

Well, Doctor, *examine my ankle.*

~~NELSON: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

~~NELSON: ...~~

~~JACK: ...~~

NELSON: This little piggy went to market, this little piggie stayed home..This little piggy had -

JACK: Doctor, cut that out!

~~NELSON: ...~~

JACK: ~~Not a thing, I don't want to see that.~~ Now look, Doctor..just examine my ankle and then to go at that.

NELSON: Yes sir, ~~just do it right.~~

PHIL: H'YA JACKSON..HELLO, FELLOWS..WHAT DO YOU SAY, LIVY.

MARY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: How do you feel, Jackson..How's the invalid?

JACK: I'm all right.

MARY: Oh Jack, look what Phil brought you.

JACK: What..Why Phil, you sentimental son of a gun..Thanks for the flowers.

PHIL: These ain't for you, I thought you had a nurse.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...here I am laid up in bed and he brings flowers for the nurse.

PHIL: Ain't you got one?

JACK: No, and if I did have a nurse, how would you know what she looked like?

PHIL: Look Jackson, what have I got to lose? If the dame's pretty I give her the flowers...and if she's homely, Don can eat 'em.

JACK: Well, you've certainly got that figured out.

PHIL: Well, since you ain't got a nurse, Jackson, I'll give the flowers to Livvy...Here you are, Livvy.

MARY: Thanks

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary, I want this room to look nice. Put the flowers in the vase.

MARY: Jack, Phil gave them to me and I'm going to take them home.

JACK: You are not...I'm the one who's laid up, so give me those flowers!

MARY: (MAD) Okay, okay...here.

JACK: After all, it's my house and I--OUCH! Doctor, what did you do to my foot?

NELSON: I bit you, you mean old man!

JACK: Well, you keep out of this, it's none of your business.

PHIL: Well, come on, everybody, let's get the party started.

JACK: PHIL, PUT DOWN THAT BOTTLE, THAT'S TO RUB ON MY BACK.

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: Can't you see what it says on the label?... "For external use only". You're supposed to rub it in the skin.

PHIL: *Rub it in my skin!*
That sounds like a slow way, but with New Year's Eve three weeks ~~away~~ ^{off} maybe I can make it.

JACK: If you rub hard, yes.

PHIL: Well, I'm gonna run, along, Jackson..I've gotta go down to the pool room and rehearse my own show.

JACK: Phil...you rehearse your show in the pool room?

PHIL: Sure, that way I can always pick up my cue..HA HA HA HA--

JACK: Phil....

PHIL: OH, HARRIS, YOU ~~are~~ *may not be the fanciest kid I ever saw*

JACK: Phil, on second thought, don't rub it in, drink it.

PHIL: Well, so long, Jackson.

JACK: So long.

NELSON: Now Mr. Benny, I've got your ankle all taped up and I would suggest that you get some rest.

JACK: *Some rest?*
Okay, doctor.

~~DON: ...~~

~~...~~

DENNIS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny. *I'll see you later. Ha!*

JACK: So long, Dennis, ~~...~~

MARY: I'll run along too, Jack.

JACK: Okay...I'm sorry I got so mad about the flowers.

MARY: That's all right.

JACK: (COY) Then give me a kiss to show me you're not mad.

MARY: Okay..pucker up your lips...a little more...a little more...
Now, here's your rubber duck, blow it up.

JACK: Mary!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Well, it's my own fault for being such a mean old man.
..Gee, my toe hurts...

NELSON: Well, I'll run along too, Mr. Benny...and remember what I
said. Get some sleep.

JACK: I will, I will.

NELSON: Would you like me to leave you a sleeping pill?

JACK: No no, I'll just tune in to Fred Allen. *It's much better that way.* Goodbye, doctor.

NELSON: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: OH ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER,

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: I'm going to try to get a little sleep....I wish you'd read
that might help
that book to me, you know, the one you started yesterday.

ROCH: OH YES...NOW LET ME SEE...WHERE IS IT?

JACK: Here it is, right here...~~It's right here, right here, right here.~~

ROCH: LET'S SEE...WHERE WERE WE...OH YES... (SLOWLY) "IN THIS TOWN...THERE LIVED A FARMER..WHO WAS DISLIKED BY ALL OF HIS NEIGHBORS...BECAUSE HE WAS SO GREEDY..AND ONE DAY HE WALKED OUT TO THE BARN..AND FOUND THAT HIS GOOSE HAD LAID A GOLDEN EGG."

JACK: Gee.

ROCH: "THE NEXT DAY THE FARMER WENT OUT IN THE BARN..AND FOUND THAT HIS GOOSE HAD LAID ANOTHER GOLDEN EGG."

JACK: Gosh!

ROCH: "AND THEN THE THIRD DAY, ANOTHER GOLDEN EGG."

JACK: Boy!

ROCH: ON THE FOURTH DAY, THE GOOSE LAID ANOTHER --

JACK: Rochester, read something else..I'll never go to sleep, that's too exciting...find another story.

ROCH: OKAY..HERE'S ONE...ONCE UPON A TIME..IN A GREAT BIG FOREST.. THERE LIVED THREE BEARS...A MAMA BEAR..A PAPA BEAR..AND A LITTLE BABY BEAR.

(MUSIC STARTS)

ROCH: THESE THREE BEARS HAD A HOUSE IN THE WOODS..AND IN THEIR HOUSE THERE WERE THREE BEDS..A MAMA BED..A PAPA BED..AND A LITTLE, LITTLE BABY BED..

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

cheer and comfort at this Christmas time would be unknown to more than a million Americans. The Salvation Army's Christmas Kettle Drive is now under way and really needs our help. When you see one of those Christmas Kettles on the street corner, give all you can. The Salvation Army will appreciate it and so will "Those other million people."

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

(~~CONFIDENTIAL~~)

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

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ATX01 0310334

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first ...

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO
BACKGROUND NOISE

LAING: At auction after auction, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

(CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. John Pinnix, warehouse operator of Reidsville, North Carolina, said not long ago:

VOICE: At all the auctions I've attended, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco that makes a mild, mellow smoke. That's why for 28 years I've been a Lucky Strike smoker.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, remember ...

W

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

DECEMBER 14, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTD)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And Lucky Strike is the ideal gift on every Christmas list. So say "Merry Christmas" 200 times with a carton of two hundred Lucky Strike cigarettes in their beautiful holiday wrapping. And for the specials on your list a special handsome gift box of 500 Lucky Strike cigarettes ...each so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

ATX01 0310336

JACK BENNY
12/14/47

(REVISED)

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(TAG)

ROCH: THE BABY BEAR SAID, SOMEONE'S BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE
AND ATE IT ALL UP.

JACK: Rochester, don't read any more. I'll try to ---

(SOUND: NUT CRACKS)

JACK: Don! Are you still here? Why didn't you go home?

DON: I can't, I'm sick as a dog.

JACK: Well, no wonder...goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

ATK01 0310337

PROGRAM # 12
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, December 21, 1947 NBC 4:00-4:30 PM PST

M

ATX01 0310338

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: At market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS .. THE MAN WHO KNOWS .. THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSEMAN!

LAING: Mr. Alexander Irvin, well-known tobacco warehouseman of Reidsville, North Carolina said recently:

VOICE: For many seasons, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy ripe, mellow tobacco...fine tobacco you just can't beat for real smokin' quality. Smoked Luckies myself for 14 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, remember....

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

OPENING COMMERCIAL - (CONT'D)

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, And Lucky Strike is the ideal gift on every Christmas list. So say "Merry Christmas" 200 times with a carton of two hundred Lucky Strike cigarettes in their beautiful holiday wrapping.

RUYSDAEL: And for the specials on your list a special handsome gift box of 500 Lucky Strike cigarettes each so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, THERE ARE ONLY THREE MORE SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS...SO LET'S PICK UP JACK AND ROCHESTER ON THEIR WAY DOWN TOWN TO DO THEIR LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES, LOUSEY MOTOR UP ..
LOUSEY HORN)

JACK: Rochester, how far is it from my house to down town?

ROCH: ABOUT SEVEN MILES, BOSS.

JACK: Oh fine..then we oughta be there about noon.

ROCH: YEAH, IT'S A GOOD THING WE STARTED LAST NIGHT.

JACK: Yeah.

Traffic noises -
(SOUND: CLANG CLANG OF TROLLEY)

JACK: Gee, there sure is a lot of traffic this time of year, and I have so much to do..I better check over this list...Clark Gable, a half dozen shirts...Barbara Stanwyck, one dozen initialed handkerchiefs..Gary Cooper, two pair of silk pajamas...Claudette Colbert lace negligee...Rochester I hope we can deliver these things by tomorrow.

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ROCH: YEAH, YOU PROMISED THEM THEY'D HAVE THEIR LAUNDRY BACK BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

JACK: Uh huh...we may have to work nights...Oh well, let's not worry about that now.

(SOUND: CLANG CLANG OF TROLLEY)

JACK: Darn it, we'll never get down town at this rate. It's so slow riding behind this trolley.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT ME TO CAST OFF AND HOOK ONTO A BUS.

JACK: No, I can't stand those fumes...You know, Rochester, ... Christmas is a lot different now than it was years ago...I remember one Christmas Eve when I was a kid...The ground was covered with snow and as I looked out the window .. in the distance I could see someone dressed in red. Suddenly there came a patter of hoof-boats...and a knock on the door..The door flew open and a man said ---

ROCH: THE BRITISH ARE COMING!

JACK: He did not...he said, "Merry Christmas"...It was Santa Claus ...Then he came into the house and gave my cousin Cliff, a sled...my sister Florence a doll...and Rochester, you'll never guess what Santa Claus gave me.

ROCH: WHAT?

JACK: A violin.

ROCH: THAT SWEET OLD MAN DID THAT?

~~JACK: Rochester, don't be so -- Oh-oh, there's the store. We~~

~~better start looking for a place to park. Here's a place. Slow down while I see what it says on the sign. This parking~~

JACK: Rochester, don't be so -- Oh-oh, there's the store. We better start looking for a place to park. Here's a place. Slow down while I see what it says on the sign. "This parking lot reserved for the patrons of the Paddock Swimming Pool Company...One hour free parking with each six thousand dollar purchase." Gee, it's a shame we already have a swimming pool. Oh look, here's another free parking lot. Let me see. "This lot reserved for the patrons of Dr. Whiteside, the Friendly Dentist...One hour free parking with each tooth pulled...Rochester...

ROCH: I WENT LAST TIME, IT'S YOUR TURN NOW.

JACK: Well, never mind. ~~keep parking.~~

~~(SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM)~~

~~JACK: Oh, look, here's another free parking lot. Rochester, don't~~

~~be so -- Oh-oh, there's the store. We better start looking for a place to park. Here's a place. Slow down while I see what it says on the sign. This parking~~

~~lot reserved for the patrons of the Paddock Swimming Pool Company...One hour free parking with each six thousand dollar purchase." Gee, it's a shame we already have a swimming pool. Oh look, here's another free parking lot. Let me see. "This lot reserved for the patrons of Dr. Whiteside, the Friendly Dentist...One hour free parking with each tooth pulled...Rochester..."~~

Let me out and you find a place to park the car. I've gotta meet Miss Livingstone.

ROCH: OKAY.

Lucy motor -
(SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Gee, there are certainly a lot of people down town today.

MARY: JACK..OH JACK.

JACK: Oh, hello Mary.

MARY: Jack, I've been waiting for fifteen minutes.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry. we got held up in traffic...Let's go in the store.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP)

JACK: Mary, you have my Christmas list, haven't you?

MARY: Yes, here it is.

JACK: 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 --"

JACK: The list is on the other side. Give it to me.

MARY: Wait a minute Jack, who's Josephino?

JACK: 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 1946.

JACK: Yech..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, *you are*

JACK: Gee, I still have to buy a present for my old girl friend Gladys Zybisco. I don't know what to get her..Do you think she'd like a lipstick?

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MARY: I don't know, has she got lips?

JACK: Yes, she's -- Oh, stop being so catty...I know what..I'll just send her some flowers...Now come on, before I do any shopping, I want to open a charge account...There's the credit department over there.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

KEARNS: Now Mr. Benny, I think we have all the personal information we need. Now would you tell us something about your financial qualifications..What are your assets?

JACK: ~~My assets~~..Well I own my own home..my own car, I have three paid up insurance policies, I have a radio program, and I own some stocks and bonds.

KEARNS: I see...Now what are your liabilities?

JACK: My liabilities?

MARY: The Horn Blows at Midnight.

JACK: Mary!

KEARNS: The Horn Blows At Midnight..Oh yes, that was a picture.

JACK: Thank you.

KEARNS: Now Mr. Benny, in what bank do you keep your money?

JACK: Bank of America, California Bank, Security Trust Company, Farmers and Merchants Bank, Mercantile Trust Bank, Security Savings Bank, First National Bank of New York, Pittsburgh Trust Company, National Bank of Commerce --

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MEL: Can I help you, young man?

DENNIS: Help me?

MEL: Yes, yes, you've been standing in front of this counter for ten minutes.

DENNIS: Oh, I'm sorry..I'm confused.

MEL: 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.

DENNIS: Well, that explains why I'm confused in December..what about the other months?

MEL: I wouldn't know..I'm just standing behind this counter because in a moment of enthusiasm I sold my pants.

DENNIS: Oh..Well, I'd like to get something for my parents.

MEL: Your mother and father, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah, how did you know?

MEL: Oh, I just figured it out.

DENNIS: Gee whiz, I don't know what to get for my mother.

MEL: (SWEETLY) You know, young man, looking at you I can just picture your mother.

DENNIS: You can?

MEL: Yes...small..petite..gentle..a kindly smile for everyone... and spends most of the time sitting in a rocking chair knitting.

DENNIS: That's my father, now try and guess my mother....Oh boy, she sure makes him toe the mark.

MEL: You mean your father's afraid of your mother?

DENNIS: Everybody's afraid of my mother...When I was born, the stork left me a block away from the house.

MEL: What?

DENNIS: It's a good thing I know the address.....Gee, I wish I knew what to buy my mother for a Christmas present...Oh, I know..I'll get her one of these..What size is this one?

MEL: Thirty-eight.

DENNIS: No, that'll be a little too small..What size is this one here?

MEL: That's a forty-four.

DENNIS: That's fine, put some bullets in it and wrap it up.

MEL: Yes sir.

DENNIS: Send it to Mrs. Patricia Day and put in a card saying, "With all my love, Dennis."

MEL: Yes sir, I'll do that immediately.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: First National Bank, Bank of Manhattan, Sacramento Savings and Trust, San Francisco Bank Exchange, and the Benny Trust Company of Waukegan.

KEARNS: Well well..you certainly keep your money in a lot of different places.

JACK: Yes.

MARY: He's also got a Saint Bernard with a coin slot in the brandy barrel.

JACK: That's in case I get lost.

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KEARNS: Well, Mr. Benny, as far as your credit is concerned,
that's all the information we need.

JACK: Thank you..Come on, Mary, let's get my shopping started...
Let me see that list again..There's Don..Rochester..I know
what to get Dennis..He told me what he wants..and it's
such a silly thing.

MARY: What does he want?

JACK: A bullet-proof vest...Say Mary, what would be a good thing
for a nine year old boy...I want to get something for
little Stevie Kent.

MARY: Stevie Kent? Isn't he the little boy who tackled you
in the football game and sprained your ankle?

JACK: Uh huh?

MARY: And you're buying him a present?

JACK: Mary, it was an accident, he didn't mean to do it.

MARY: Then why are you suing him?

JACK: I'm not suing him...I dropped the case after he paid the
doctor bill. Now come on, let's--

BLANCHE: (PUBLIC ADDRESS FILTER) Mr. Benny...Mr. Jack Benny..please
report to the Credit Department.

JACK: Oh, darn it. What do they want now?

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

PHIL: Pardon me, miss..would you mind waiting on me, please.

VYOLA: (SOUTHERN) Why yes suh, what can I do for you all?

PHIL: WELL! HONEYCHILE..You're the same little gal waited on me last year..You're from Alabama, ain't you?

VYOLA: I sho am...Are you all from the south?

PHIL: AM I ALL FROM THE SOUTH?.....HONEY, WHEN I WAS BORN, THE DOCTOR HELD ME UP BY MY FEET AND SLAPPED ME WITH A CANDIED YAM.

VYOLA: WELL, CORN MAH PONE AND MINT MAH JULEP, IF IT AIN'T LITTLE OL' PHIL HARRIS.

PHIL: That's me, babe..they purchased Louisiana because I was in it.

VYOLA: I don't doubt it for a minute...Now, what would you like to buy?

PHIL: Well....I don't know.

VYOLA: How would you all like to see something nice in lingerie.

PHIL: NOW HONEY..YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T THROW ME A LINE LIKE THAT!

VYOLA: (LAUGHING) Gee, Mr. Harris..You're so cute.

PHIL: Yeah, everybody notices it.

VYOLA: (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.

PHIL: That ain't nothin', wait till I go on television.

VYOLA: Are you all gonna go on television?

PHIL: Honey, when a man is as good-looking as I am, television ain't a luxury, it's a necessity...Now let me see what I can get for my wife...I'll tell you what..give me one of them negligees there.

VYOLA: Yes sir, shall I wrap it as a gift?

PHIL: Yeah, and fix the package up so she can't peek into it...

Seal it all over with some of that Scotch and Soda tape.

VYOLA: (LAUGHS) I'll have it wrapped up for you in ~~two shakes of a~~ *two shakes of a*
~~possum's tail. Wait right here, Mr. Harris!~~ *possum's tail. Wait right here, Mr. Harris!*

(SHORT BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-11-

JACK: Say Mister, there was a call that I report back here to the credit department.

KEARNS: Oh yes, Mr. Benny, the store has checked your financial standing and we are happy to say that the papers are all ready for the loan.

JACK: Loan? I don't wanta get a loan.

KEARNS: No, we do.

JACK: Oh..well how much would you --

MARY: Jack, come on, you came here to do your Christmas shopping.

JACK: Oh yes yes..You better call me at home, Mister...Come on, Mary, I might as well buy the flowers for Gladys Zybisco first.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

RUBIN: (CONFIDENTIALLY) H'yo, Jack.

JACK: Huh..Oh, hello.

RUBIN: Long time no see.

JACK: That's right...Come on, Mary.

MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: Oh, he's that race track tout who used to hang around Santa Anita..What a guy...Come on, ~~let's~~ *let's get away from him.*

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, I want to stop at the lingerie counter.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: I like this shade, Miss, I'll take this pair of two thread hose.

VYOLA: (SOUTHERN) You're wrong, lady, this hose is three thread.

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MARY: Oh, no, it's two thread.

VYOLA: I beg your pardon, but it's three thread.

MARY: Listen, sister, don't argue with me..Not so long ago I was standing right where you are.

JACK: That's telling her, Mary.

MARY: I don't know why I'm so fresh..she's making more money than I am.

JACK: Only during the holiday season...Anyway Mary, you don't have to buy stockings. I was gonna give you a pair for Christmas.

MARY: I'll buy my own..I wore the stockings you gave me last year and everybody thought I was a nurse.

JACK: Well, how do I know what kind you want?..Now come with me while I get the flowers.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny..I see the Yuletide is catching up with you.

JACK: Huh..Oh hello, Mr. Kitzel. Are you doing your Christmas shopping?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO..Look at this arm-load of bundles..the things I am buying!

JACK: What's in that long thin package?

ARTIE: This is a present I am sending to my brother-in-law..It's a hack-saw.

JACK: A hack-saw?

ARTIE: If he gets it in time, he'll be home for Christmas.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, your brother-in-law is a prisoner?

ARTIE: No, he's the warden.

JACK: Well, if he's the warden, why does he want a hack-saw?

ARTIE: He was playing Truth or Consequences with the prisoners and he lost.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Say Mr. Kitzel, what are you getting your wife for Christmas?

ARTIE: I got it already here in this box..It's a beautiful fur coat.

JACK: Well, that's nice. What is it..fox or sable?

ARTIE: On the label it's sable, in the box it's fox.

JACK: Well, don't you know what you bought?..Didn't you ask the salesman?

ARTIE: For twenty-nine dollars I should start an argument.

JACK: Maybe you're right. She'll probably like it anyway. Well, goodbye Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: *Merry Christmas, Mr. Kitzel.*

JACK: *Merry Christmas to you. Merry Christmas - Say,*
 Mary, while you're waiting for your stockings, I'm going over and pick out some flowers for Gladys.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, all these flowers are ^{so} beautiful..but I think I'll get these roses..Yeah, they're the nicest.

RUBIN: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Hey Jack..Jack.

JACK: Huh?

RUBIN: What're you doin'?

JACK: I'm buying flowers.

RUBIN: What kind?

JACK: *I'm buying*
 Roses.

RUBIN: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

RUBIN: Take the carnations.

JACK: But ^{Look -} I don't want carnations, I want roses.

RUBIN: Come here a minute.

JACK: Huh?

RUBIN: ^{Don't be a jerk.} The roses are a buck apiece..that's even money.

JACK: I know but --

RUBIN: The same dough on carnations will get you six to one.

JACK: Six to one?

RUBIN: Don't take my word for it, here it is in the seed catalog.

JACK: Look --

RUBIN: I'll show you..now let's see..(MUMBLING) Poppies..
gladiolas..chrysanthemums..poison ivy..No, that's been
scratched..Violets..daisies..roses...Here it is, Roses..
"Blooms early, fades in the finish."

JACK: Well, I don't care what it says, I'm still gonna buy the
roses.

RUBIN: Okay, it's your money.

JACK: I wish that guy would leave me alone..OH MISS..MISS..

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

DON: Now let me see..I have my rifle..cartridges..my rod and reel
and hooks..

DICK: Yes sir..Now is there anything else you need?

DON: Oh yes..a tent.

DICK: Very well, how about this one over here?

DON: That looks good.

DICK: Shall I have it delivered.

DON: No, just put sleeves ^{on} it, I'll wear it home.

JACK: (OFF) OH DON....DON.

DON: Hello, Jack....Doing your last-minute shopping?

JACK: Yeah, I was just going over to the perfume counter to get a present for my sister Florence.

DON: Well Jack, before you go, I want to show you something I bought you in the toy department. I gave you something like ^{this} last year but you broke it, remember?

JACK: Oh yes...but Don, that was last year...I'm too old for toys now.

DON: But Jack, this is so novel. Just look at it...a set of toy wooden soldiers.

JACK: Don, that's not for me...believe me.

DON: Just watch what happens when I wind them up.

JACK: Don...people are watching.

(SOUND: LOT OF WINDING OF RATCHET)

JACK: (OVER WINDING) Don, you can show it to me at home.

DON: Here it goes.

(ORCHESTRA: 4 BAR MUSIC BOX INTRODUCTION)

QUART: L S M, F T. L S M, F T.
 L S M F, M F, M F F 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

~~They're so~~
 nice if you
 to think of
 s, but-Don,
 don't want

DRUM: BOOM BOOM
 QUART: THEY'RE SO FIRM
 DRUM: BOOM BOOM
 QUART: THEY'RE SO FULLY, FULLY PACKED
 DRUM: BOOM.
 QUART: BETTER BUY LUCKIES
 BETTER BUY LUCKIES
 LUCKY STRIKES THE SMOKE FOR ME
 BETTER TRY LUCKIES
 BETTER TRY LUCKIES
 L S, L S, M F T
 (START TO RETARD)
 BETTER BUY LUCKIES
 BETTER BUY LUCKIES
 L S, L S, M F (FADE OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

DON: On this it, I'll have to wind them up again.

JACK: Never mind, Don, forget it...It was nice of you to think of me, anyway. See you later.

(SOUND; CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Jack, Jack, I've been looking for you.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Mary....I stopped to talk to Don Wilson..Oh, say, Mary, don't let me forget to buy something for Fred Allen.

MARY: Fred Allen?

JACK: Yeah....I don't know what to get him, he has nothing...Oh, I'll buy something for my sister first....here's the perfume counter. Pardon me, sir, I'd like to buy some perfume.

ELLIOTT: (MOOLEY) Okay, Mister, what kinda perfume would ya like?

JACK: Hm...Well, I don't know. What's popular right now?

ELLIOTT: Well, here's sumtin' dat's not too strong, yet leaves a trail of broken hearts.

JACK: Oh.

ELLIOTT: It's called "Aveck Tray Jetame Bookoo My Cherie Tray Been"

JACK: What does that mean? ~~in the French~~

ELLIOTT: I don't know. I didn't ^{take} ~~study~~ French when I was at Harvard.

JACK: Oh, well anyway. I don't think I'd like that. What else have you got?

ELLIOTT: Well, here's some udder perfume called Essense of a Locker Room.

JACK: No no..Say, here's a perfume that looks nice. How much is that?

ELLIOT: Sixty-eight cents a gallon.

JACK: Sixty-eight cents a gallon...What do you think, Mary?

MARY: The same as you, the price is right.

JACK: I didn't mean that.

ELLIOT: If you want sumptin' cheaper, here's some perfume for only twenty-five cents.

JACK: Twenty-five cents..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?

ELLIOT: When I draw it fast, you oughta see da head on it.

JACK: Well, never mind..I'll get something else.

MARY: 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, and once a month they send me here to nootralize me.

JACK: Well, ^{you must have just come up.} ~~what's the matter?~~ Come on, Mary, let's go to another counter and see ~~if we can find~~

MARY: Oh look..there's Rochester buying some cuff-links.

JACK: Yeah..I wonder who they're for..Let's sneak up behind him and listen.

JERRY: I think these are beautiful..They're very unusual.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT I DON'T THINK MY BOSS WOULD LIKE 'EM...THEY
AREN'T HIS STYLE.

JERRY: I see, what type of man is your boss?

ROCH: WELL, HE'S MEDIUM TALL, MEDIUM WEIGHT...AND RATHER
CONSERVATIVE.

JERRY: By conservative, do you mean he's parsimonious?

ROCH: PARSIMONIOUS? WHAT'S THAT?

JERRY: Frugal.

ROCH: WHAT'S FRUGAL?

JERRY: Thrifty.

ROCH: YOU'RE HEADED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION BUT YOU'VE GOT A
LONG WAY TO GO.

JACK: (WHISPERING) Hm..if I had those cuff links already, I'd
fire him.

MARY: Quiet, I wanta hear this.

JERRY: Now let's see. maybe he'd like something else..Why don't
you buy him a nice wallet?

ROCH: HE AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR A WALLET?

JERRY: Well, where does he keep his money?

ROCH: CALIFORNIA BANK, BANK OF AMERICA, SECURITY-FIRST NATIONAL
BANK, AND A PHILCO DEEP FREEZE.

JERRY: A Philco Deep Freeze?

ROCH: MR. BENNY LIKES SOME OF HIS MONEY IN COLD CASH.

JACK: Rochester!

ROCH: OH, HELLO BOSS..I DIDN'T SEE YOU.

JACK: I know you didn't..If you're gonna buy me a Christmas present, buy it, don't discuss my personal affairs.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's go.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISE UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Oh say Mary, there's one thing I still have to get.

MARY: What's that?

JACK: A present for Don Wilson...I can get it right over here at this counter.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, clerk?

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: I was thinking of getting--

MEL: (VERY SWEETLY) Say, your face looks familiar..Didn't I wait on you last year?

JACK: Yes yes..I believe you did...I was thinking of getting --

MEL: Now I remember..you bought a pair of shoe laces, didn't you?

JACK: Yes yes..Now I was thinking of getting--

MEL: You couldn't make up your mind whether to get plastic tips or metal tips.

JACK: That's right, that's right.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack, let's get out of here.

JACK: Wait Mary, I have to buy Don's present..Mister, do you have--

MEL: (STARTING TO LOSE CONTROL AND TALKING FASTER) I remember how you kept coming back..first you'd get plastic tips, then you'd change to metal tips..~~the~~ plastic tips, ~~the~~ metal tips.

JACK: It was a hard decision to make..Mister, I'd like--

MEL: (MADDER) PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS, PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS.

MARY: Jack, get out quick!

JACK: Wait a minute.

MEL: (SCREAMING) AND YOU CAME BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.

JACK: Mister--

MEL: ALL THE OTHER CLERKS WENT HOME, BUT I HAD TO STAY.

JACK: Look, Mister--

MEL: BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA DO IT TO ME THIS YEAR.

MARY: Jack--

MEL: PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS, PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS..(CRYING)
GET OUT OF HERE..GET OUT OF HERE..GET OUT!!!

JACK: Mister--

MEL: (SINGS AND CRIES) (TO TUNE OF JINGLE BELLS)
PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY,
EVERYBODY ELSE HAD FUN, BUT HERE I HAD TO STAY...

JACK: Come on, Mary..let's go.

MEL: (SINGS) PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY.
(SCREAMS WITH HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

(JINGLE BELLS PLAYOFF AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: (AFTER PAUSE) Ladies and gentlemen, since this is our Christmas show, we feel that it is fitting to close with a medley of Christmas carols sung by Dennis Day.

(DENNIS MEDLEY)

(APPLAUSE)

~~Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my committee~~
and my sponsors, the American Tobacco Company,
~~I want to wish you a very happy Christmas.~~

PROGRAM #13
REVISED) SCRIPT

A Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, December 28, 1947 NBC 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0310364

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

- A -
DECEMBER 28, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

IAING: An outstanding example: Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and first, last, always -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS ... THE TOBACCO AUCTIONEER!

IAING: Mr. William Whitley of Henderson, North Carolina has sold over 500 million pounds of tobacco leaf, basket by basket. Recently he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe tobacco ... fragrant tobacco that makes a fine smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 13 years.

IAING: At auction after auction, 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. Remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

IAING: 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.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

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(AFTER COMMERCIAL...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO BACK ABOUT AN HOUR TO JACK
BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE JACK HAS JUST FINISHED
HAVING HIS LUNCH.

JACK: That was a very good lunch, Rochester...the best hash I
ever tasted.

ROCH: I MADE IT FROM LAST NIGHT'S LEFT-OVERS.

JACK: What did we have last night?

ROCH: HASH.

JACK: Oh..Well, I've gotta rush over for my broadcast so let's get
these dishes washed.

ROCH: I'LL DO THEM.

JACK: No, no, Rochester, I'll do them. I want to try out that
new electric dishwasher I got for Christmas.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT.

JACK: Nonsense, you probably don't know how to operate it..I'll
show you how..You put the dirty dishes in like this..

(SOUND: DISHES IN WASHER)

JACK: And close the door.

(SOUND: WASHER DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Now you turn on the switch.

(SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH...HUM OF MOTOR WITH
ROTATING NOISE)

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JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM")..There that oughta be enough,..
And now to take ^{each} the dishes out you open the door like this.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN..SOUND OF BROKEN DISHES DOWN
COAL CHUTE)

ROCH: I TOLD YOU, BOSS, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT.

JACK: Well, there shouldn't be, it's a new machine..I'm gonna
try it again..Get some more dishes out of the cupboard.

ROCH: BUT BOSS--

JACK: Open the cupboard.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CUPBOARD DOOR OPEN..SAME COAL CHUTE EFFECT)

JACK: What was that?

ROCH: ~~THOSE ARE~~ THE DISHES I WASHED YESTERDAY.

JACK: Hmm..I can't understand what's wrong.

ROCH: NEITHER CAN I. I PUT IT TOGETHER THE SAME DAY THAT I
ASSEMBLED THE OTHER KITCHEN APPLIANCES.

JACK: Gee, I don't see why it should break the dishes..It looks
all right from the outside...Let's take a look on the inside.

(SOUND: SQUEAK OF DOOR OPEN)

JACK: ..Oh, for heaven's sake..Rochester, the eggbeater belongs
on the Mixmaster....Not in the dishwasher.

ROCH: THEN I MUST HAVE ^{put} THE PART FROM THE DISHWASHER ON THE
MIXMASTER.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THIS MORNING I TRIED TO ^{make} ~~MEAT~~ A CAKE...WHEN I TURNED ON THE
SWITCH, A BIG ARM CAME OUT, GRABBED ME BY THE BACK OF THE
NECK, THREW ME IN THE BOWL, AND SCRUBBED ME ON BOTH SIDES.

JACK: What?

ROCH: AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS SITTING IN THE CUPBOARD ON THE
THIRD SHELF.

JACK: Gee, they even put them away for you...Rochester, call the appliance company and tell them to come out and fix the machine. I've gotta get down to the studio.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU CAN'T GO IN THOSE OLD CLOTHES..AND YOU NEED A SHAVE, TOO.

JACK: I haven't got time now. I'll clean up at the studio. Now go out in the garage and get the car, *please*.

ROCH: THE CAR AIN'T RUNNING.

JACK: Rochester, did you wreck the car?

ROCH: WELL BOSS, IT WASN'T MY FAULT.

JACK: What happened?

ROCH: WELL, I TOOK THE CAR OUT FOR AWHILE LAST NIGHT AND ON MY WAY HOME, I MADE A SHARP TURN AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A STEAM ROLLER.

JACK: Steam roller? Oh, so that's why you were so quiet when you got home last night. I didn't even hear you open the garage.

ROCH: I DIDN'T HAVE TO, I SLID THE CAR UNDER THE DOOR.

JACK: Rochester, you mean my car was flattened that thin?

ROCH: ~~BOSS~~, IF I'D HAD A STAMP I COULDA MAILED IT ~~HOME~~. *to you*.

JACK: Oh, well you better get it fixed...Anyway, I'll take the bus down to the studio...So long, Rochester.

ROCH: SO LONG, BOSS.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Gee, I'll be late..There should be a bus coming along here ~~say~~ Oh my goodness, I left my money in my other clothes... Well, maybe I can hitch a ride down to the-- Here comes a car now..GOING DOWN TOWN, BUD?

GEORGE: (SOUND OF CAR GOING BY FAST)

JACK: Huh...Oh-oh, here comes another...GOING DOWN TOWN?

GEORGE: (CAR GOING BY FAST)

JACK: Hmm...Here comes a---GOING-- *downtown?*

GEORGE: (CAR GOING BY FAST) *(Twice)*

JACK: Hm... Maybe I better start walking.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES UP)

JACK: Gee, If I don't get a hitch soon, I'll be late for-- *the broadcast*
GOING DOWN TOWN, MISTER?

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

MEL: Hop in, Bud..Move over, Sophie.

BEA: Let him sit in the back.

JACK: Yes yes, the back's all right.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..CAR STARTS)

JACK: I hope I'm not putting you folks to too much trouble.

MEL: That's all right, Bud.

JACK: (ASHAMED) You see, I would've taken the bus, but I didn't have the money.

MEL: You don't have to explain, Bud,..~~Hey~~ Sophie, slip the poor guy a buck.

JACK: But I don't--

MEL: Give him an extra two bits, he needs a shave too.

JACK: Mister, I don't need--

MEL: Where are you going, Bud?

JACK: To N.B.C.

MEL: How do you like that, Sophie. Instead of looking for a job he goes to see radio programs.

~~JACK: Believe me, folks, I'm not looking for a--~~

~~BEA: Hey Max.~~

MEL: What?

BEA: Give me the key to the glove compartment, I wanta look up my purse.

JACK: Look Lady, if you think that--

MEL: No offense, Bud. Sophie still remembers the time we picked up a bum in Omaha...and when our backs were turned he stole her compact.

BEA: ~~Yeah, you wouldn't think an old man would do a thing like that.~~ *He's probably too old to work anyway.*

MEL: *Yeah!* No...By the way, Bud, how old are you?

JACK: Thirty eight.

BEA: (NOT BELIEVING HIM) Hey Max, did you hear what he said.. ~~thirty-eight.~~

MEL: Sophie, when you can't hold a job, your family throws you out, and you bum around the country all your life, when you get to be thirty-eight, you look like that.

JACK: Look Mister--

MEL: Nothing personal, Bud..By the way, where do you live?

JACK: Beverly Hills.

MEL: Get him, Sophie..Beverly Hills. (SARCASTIC) I..er..suppose you have a big house and a butler and a swimming pool?

~~JACK: Yes.~~

BEA: Max, stop teasing him.

MEL: Okay okay.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Gee, this is a nice car you have here..What kind is it?

MEL: A Buick.

JACK: ^{Oh boy -} Gee, I wish I had one like it..What year is it?

MEL: 1928.

JACK: Gosh..This is a beauty.

MEL: Turn on the radio, Sophie.

(SOUND: RADIO ON..STATIC)

PHIL: DID I TELL YOU 'BOUT THE PLACE CALLED DEW WAH DITTY

IT AIN'T NO TOWN AND IT AIN'T NO CITY

IT'S AWFUL SMALL BUT AWFUL PRETTY

WELL DEW WAH DITTY.

SHE'S GOT BAKED YAMS AND

~~BUTTER BEANS~~

~~HAM HOCKS AND TURNIP GREENS~~

~~YOU AND ME AND NEW ORLEANS~~

AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: Hmm..they started the program without me..It's my own fault for..

MEL: Sophie, turn off the radio.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO OFF)

MEL: What's griping you, Bud?

JACK: Plenty..they started the program without me.

MEL: How do you like that, Sophie? This bum's got a ticket to the program and he wants them to wait till he gets there.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mister, you can't talk to me like that.

MEL: All right, all right, calm down.

JACK: I won't calm down. Do you know who I am?

MEL: (SARCASTIC) Sure sure...I suppose you're Bing Crosby..or.er.. Bob Hope..or..Jack Benny.

~~JACK: Yes.~~

BEA: Max, for heaven's sakes, stop teasing him!

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MAX: Okay, okay..Sophie, turn on the radio again.

(SOUND: CLICK..STATIC)

PHIL: Hey Donzy..Donzy, what did Jackson get you for Christmas?
Shoe laces again?

DON: No...Jack didn't know what to get me this year so he painted
my bedroom.....Say Phil, how did Santa Claus treat you?

Came over to my college

PHIL: Oh great, Donzy,great. I got a lot of stuff from my friends..
but the best gift of all is this fountain pen..Just look at
it.

DON: But Phil, you have several fountain pens.

PHIL: Not like this one...You know the little sack inside that
holds the ink?

DON: Yeah.

PHIL: Bourbon.

DON: Bourbon?

PHIL: Yes sir, I've got the only fountain pen with a high-ball
point.

JACK: Hm..if he thinks that's funny, he's got another-

MEL: Sophie, turn off the radio.

(SOUND: CLICK)

MEL: What's griping you now, Bud?

JACK: Nothing, I just didn't think that joke was funny.

MEL: Oh I suppose you can tell 'em better.

JACK: You're darned right I can tell 'em better..Did you hear
the one about the-- ~~was the~~ --

BEA: EHHHHHHH, SHUT UP!

JACK: Hmm.

JACK AND
MEL: Sophie, turn on the radio.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK ..STATIC)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS LONG AS JACK ISN'T HERE
YET, WE,LL KEEP THINGS ROLLING WITH A NUMBER FROM OUR
SINGING STAR, DENNIS DAY...GO AHEAD, DENNIS.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "THE STARS WILL REMEMBER")

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: That was "The Stars Will Remember" sung by Dennis Day...and
Dennis, that was--

JACK: OKAY DON, OKAY...I'M HERE.

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson.

DON: Well, hello Jack.

JACK: ~~Jack who?~~ Hello Don. I'm sorry I'm late fellows but I rode down with
Barbara Stanwyck & Robert Taylor and they wouldn't let me go but
Dennis, you sang beautifully.

~~DON: Huh?~~

JACK: Come on...tell me, Don, tell me...Jack who?

DON: Jack Benny.

MEL: Well, what do you know, Sophie, he was telling the truth.

JACK: You're darned right I was telling the truth..Now if you
wanta see the rest of our show, go sit in the audience.

MEL: Not so fast..give Sophie back that buck and a quarter.

JACK: Oh yes, excuse me..here..Now come on, kids, let's ---

DON: Jack, who are those people?

JACK: Oh, I'll tell you about it later...Now let's get on with the
show...Say Dennis, you sang beautifully.

DENNIS: How do you know?

JACK: I heard the program on the way down..

PHIL: Say, Jackson, didn't Livy come down with you?

JACK: No, Phil, Mary can't be on the show today. She's got a cold.
But she's getting along all right...Now kids----

DON: What did you give her for Christmas, Jack?

JACK: Oh, I gave her a beautiful gift..a pair of alligator
shoes.

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DENNIS: Alligator shoes? That's awful.

JACK: What's awful about it?

DENNIS: Now some poor alligator is running around barefooted.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake....Now kids----

DENNIS: In the winter, too.

JACK: Dennis, quiet..Now kids---

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: See this tie I'm wearing..My girl knitted it for me for

Christmas.

JACK: Tie?... *What are those things hanging on the side?*
~~Well how come it has sleeves on it?~~

DENNIS: *Sleeves.* She started to make a sweater and changed her mind.

JACK: Oh...Well, it looks nice, Dennis..and that's a pretty stick-pin you have in it.

DENNIS: That's one of the needles, she forgot to take it out.

JACK: Oh..well it's a beautiful gift, Dennis..Now kids, I'm sorry I was late, but now that I'm here, we better get on with the show because we've got a very important play to do.

DON: Well Jack..before we go into that, I think we oughta have our commercial. I've got the quartette right here.

JACK: Oh yes, the Sportsmen..Well all right, Don, let's have the commercial.

DON: Jack, the boys have a very bad cold, but they'll do the best they can.

JACK: All four of them have a cold?..Gee, that's too bad...Well, let's hear it anyway.

DON: Okay..TAKE IT, BOYS.

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QUART: HAPPY DAYS ARE (SNEEZE) AGAIN,
WITH NEW YEARS EVE SO (SNEEZE) AGAIN
WE WILL ALL STAND UP AND (SNEEZE) AGAIN. JACK: Gesundheit!
HAPPY DAYS FOR YOU AND ME.
LUCKY STRIKES ARE HERE TO STAY
IN FACT THEY'VE NEVER BEEN AWAY
SO WE'LL CELEBRATE ON ON ON ON
ON ON....NEW YEARS DAY... JACK: Thank goodness!
WITH AN L S M F T.

JACK: TOO BAD YOU'VE ALL GOT THE FLU
I CAN TELL YOU JUST WHAT TO DO.
GET IN BED AND STAY THERE.

QUART: SPEEDY RIGGS WILL BE HERE SOON.
WE GOT IT STRAIGHT FROM F. E. BOONE
SO LET'S LIGHT UP WHILE WE SING THIS TUNE
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN (LOMBARDO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, they must have caught that cold from Guy Lombardo...
Don, wipe off the microphone and we'll get on with the show...
....AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION
TONIGHT....EVEN THOUGH WE HAVEN'T DONE IT FOR A COUPLE OF
YEARS....WE'RE GOING TO PRESENT ANOTHER OF OUR NEW YEARS
FANTASIES CALLED "THE NEW TENANT...OR GOODEBYE 1947, HELLO 1948"
-----NOW IN THIS FANTASY ----

DON: Wait a minute, Jack how are you going to do it without
Mary?She always plays the part of Columbia.

JACK: Oh my goodness, you're right...and Mary can't be here.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, you don't have to throw out our play...I just got an idea.

JACK: What is it?

PHIL: I rehearse my show right across the hall and Alice will be tickled to death to come in and pinch-hit for Mary.

JACK: Well. I don't know, Phil...it's --

PHIL: She'll do it for nothing.

JACK: Oh, well go get her.....go ahead.

PHIL: What do you mean go get her....(LOUD WHISTLE)

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR OPENS)

ALICE: What do you want, honey?

JACK: Hello, Alice.

ALICE: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Alice, I'm so glad you came in. We want you to help us out with our play....You see Mary can't be here.

ALICE: That's too bad...what's wrong with Mary?

DENNIS: She's home in bed with ^{a bad case of} alligator shoes.

JACK: Dennis! ~~I gave her the shoes for a present...~~ Mary has a cold.

~~DENNIS: With those open toes, no wonder.~~

JACK: ~~All right, all right...~~ Now let's get on with the show... Now in our fantasy..I will play the part of the Old Year 1947, who is living in a big boarding house run by Uncle Sam and his wife Columbia....Alice, you'll play the part of Columbia.

ALICE: Columbia?

JACK: Yes.

ALICE: On this network?

JACK: N.B.C. has the holiday spirit...But Alice, I mean that you play Columbia, the Mother of America, and you were born in 1776...Do you know how old that makes you?

ALICE: Thirty-eight.

JACK: Thirty-eight?

ALICE: If it's good enough for you, it's good enough for me.

JACK: Oh...well, there's room there for both of us...Now Phil, you play the part of Uncle Sam, and you and Alice have forty-eight children, and you may soon have another child... Hawaii.

PHIL: Alice, come back, it's only a play!

JACK: Now Dennis, you will represent the different countries in the world that come in and say goodbye to the old year.

DENNIS: But gee, how can I play all the different countries...I'm so confused.

JACK: I couldn't have cast it any better....Now let's get on with our play...!"THE NEW TENANT, OR GOODBYE 1947 , HELLO 1948".... AS THE CURTAIN RISES, IT IS TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON OF DECEMBER THIRTY FIRST, AND OLD MAN FORTY SEVEN IS PACKING HIS BAGS GETTING READY TO MAKE HIS EXIT...CURTAIN.....MUSIC...

(BAND PLAYS AULD LANG SYNE)

JACK: (RUBE) Oh Columbia....Columbia...~~will you~~ Come here a minute, ^{will you?} please?

ALICE: (RUBE) What do you want, Forty Seven?

JACK: Gimme a hand will ya...I gotta get out of here before
midnight and make room for the new tenant.

ALICE: Well, it's only two o'clock in the afternoon, what's your
hurry?

JACK: I got a lot of packing to do...Hand me that, will ya?

~~ALICE: Is this yours?~~

~~JACK: Yup.~~

ALICE: Why Old Timer...bubble gum.

JACK: Yup....love the stuff.

ALICE: But how can you chew it, you ~~have no~~ teeth. *ain't got no*

JACK: I gum my gum, by gum...Hee hee hee hee...

(SOUND: LOUD POP)

JACK: Dern it, my pointy nose always breaks 'em...Say, I wonder
if it's still raining out...

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..RAIN FALLING)

JACK: What a day.

(SOUND: LOUD THUNDER)

JACK: Döggone, it's thundering, too...Isn't that awful on my
last day here.

(SOUND: LOUD THUNDER)

JACK: I'm gonna have a talk with Thunder...OH THOR....THOR....

NELSON: YESSSSSSS.

JACK: Are you Thor?

NELSON: No, just a little ~~angry~~ *angry,*

JACK: ^{*how cut that out!*} Don't be funny, this is my last day on earth.

NELSON: Good.

JACK: What?

NELSON: You've been a lousey year and I'm glad to get rid of you.

JACK: Lousey year? What're you talking about...I've been as busy as a bee...Tremendous production...making automobiles, airplanes, refrigerators, television sets, clothes, typewriters, boats, radios and lots of other things.

NELSON: I know but they all went to the woman who guessed who Miss Hush was.

JACK: Oh, keep quiet.

(SOUND: LOUD THUNDER)

JACK: ^{Dec. 12} I said ~~be~~ quiet!

(SOUND: LOUD THUNDER..DOOR SLAM)

JACK: That Thor makes me sick showing off with his thunder..He's just mad because the Chamber of Commerce won't let him in California...Say Columbia, hand me those songs, will ya?... I'm gonna take 'em with me.

ALICE: Here you are.

JACK: Let's see..."A Feudin', A-Fussin', and A-Fightin'"... "The Lady From 29 Palms"...And oh, here's this one....(SINGS).... "CHIBABA, CHIBABA, CHIUAWA, ENCHILAWA, CUKA LA GUMBA..... CHIBABA, CHIBABA, ~~CHIUAWA~~--"...I never did find out what that meant.

ALICE: Say Old Timer, take this with you, too...I can't stand it.

JACK: What is it?

ALICE: "That's What I Like About the South."

JACK: ^{Do you} ~~Oh~~ yes, never found out what that meant either..Okay, give it to me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (RUBE) ^{Howdy} ~~Hello~~ Old Timer.

JACK: Hello, Uncle Sam..I was afraid you wouldn't get here in time to see me go.

PHIL: Sorry, but I been busy.

ALICE: Whatcha been doin', Sam?

PHIL: Been over in Arizona trying to help some of our children.. Them Navajos.

JACK: The Navajo Indians?

PHIL: Yep...The way we treated them our faces should be red too.

JACK: Yeah, and I hope you see that everything is all right from now on...Well, I better get on with my--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hey, it's my neighbor, Mexico....

JACK: Mexico?

DENNIS: (MEXICAN) Excuse me for talking in your face, Senor, but I came to say goodbye...I theenk.

JACK: Well, thank you.

PHIL: Say Mexico, it was awfully nice of you to come up and say goodbye to the Old Timer.

DENNIS: It was nothing, Senor. I was tired of fiesta so I came up to your country to siesta.

JACK: To sleep?

DENNIS: No, to siesta Williams...(WOLF WHISTLE)

JACK: Esther Williams...You like her, eh?

DENNIS: Chibaba, chibaba, Chiusua!

JACK: Oh, so that's what it means...Well, thanks for dropping in, Mexico..and good luck.

DENNIS: Adios, Senor.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: That was derved nice of him...Well Columbia, I better get on with my-- Say, isn't it too early for the New Year to be getting here?

PHIL: What do you mean, Old Timer?

JACK: Look out the window. Here he comes now without any clothes on..just a cloth wrapped around him...HEY, ARE YOU THE NEW YEAR?

MEL: No, I'm on my way home from Santa Anita.

JACK: Doggone, I thought sure that--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

PHIL: Now who can that be?

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

ALICE: Look, it's England.

JACK: Well hello, England, come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

DENNIS: (ENGLISH) Just dropped in to say goodbye, old chap.

JACK: Thanks..Say wait a minute, England, is it snowing outside?

DENNIS: No, that's rice on my shoulders, we had a big wedding a little while ago.

JACK: Oh yes yes.

DENNIS: And how are you, Uncle Sam?

PHIL: You'll get it, you'll get it, take your hand out of my pocket.

(Appearance)

JACK: Well don't make him wait too long, Sam, he needs it pretty bad.

DENNIS: Thanks, Old Timer, and cheerio.

JACK: So long, England, and good luck.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: You know he's quite a guy...Now let's see, what else can I pack...

ALICE: Do you wanta take these flying saucers with you?

JACK: No, I need them like a moose needs a hatrack...Hee hee hee
Something about how many
hee...I heard that on some radio program...I wonder if it's *hasna*
still raining.

~~ALICE: I'll go out and see.~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)~~

~~ALICE: Say, Old Timer, it ain't raining any more.~~

~~JACK: It ain't?~~

ALICE: No, it's still a little cloudy, but--Oh look, look, the sun's
breakin' through.

JACK: Well doggone if it ain't..Here he comes...HELLO, SOL.

DON: (LAUGHS)...(VERY JOVIALY) HELLO, OLD TIMER.

JACK: Doggone, look at the way that sun is beaming.

PHIL: Yep, and get a load of that beam.

JACK: HEY, SOL, IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO COME OUT ON MY LAST DAY.

DON: I'M JUST WARMING UP FOR THE ROSE BOWL GAME.

JACK: OH YES..WELL, SOL, YOU OUGHTA GO TO NEW YORK AND MELT SOME OF
THAT SNOW THEY'VE GOT OVER THERE.

DON: IT WASN'T MY FAULT. THEY KEPT SINGING ABOUT A WHITE CHRISTMAS
AND THEY GOT IT.

JACK: I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...WELL, SO LONG, SOL.

DON: SO LONG, OLD TIMER...

JACK: Always like to see him..Does my rheumatism good...Well, I better finish packing.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: ^{Degeer,} Well, I'm all alone and it's almost midnight..Gosh, I'm tired. I sure had a tough time. I did the best I could, and I hope the new fellow will do a lot better..~~if people will just~~

(SOUND: FIRST GONG)

JACK: Oh-oh, there's the first stroke of midnight. The new tenant oughta be here any second now...Well, I better get my bags and---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: That must be him now..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, it's the little New Year all right...Hello, Sonny.

BOY: Hello, Old Timer.

JACK: Say, you're a cute little rascal.

BOY: Thank you.

JACK: You've even got that new look..your diaper is two inches longer..Hee hee hee hee....Come on in, make yourself at home, I'm just about to leave....Oh by the way Sonny, before I go I wanta show you my picture album.

BOY: Your picture album?

JACK: Yep..here, I'll show you. Take a good look at this picture..
Here's something I'm mighty proud of,

BOY: That looks like a railroad yard with all those trains.

JACK: Yep..that long one over there is the Friendship Train...
Started out with just a dozen cars,,but every place it stopped,
the people added more and more food for Europe..

BOY: Well, what's this other one over here?

JACK: It's called "The Freedom Train".

BOY: The Freedom Train?

JACK: Yep, and I want you to get as many people as possible to see
it...Our whole way of life is on that train...The Bill of
Rights...The Emancipation Proclamation...The Declaration of
Independence.

BOY: Those are big words...what do they mean?

JACK: I'll sum it up for you in the words of a great man, Abraham
Lincoln..."That government of the People, by the People, and
for the People shall not perish from the earth."

BOY: That makes a lot of sense.

JACK: Well Sonny, I gotta be going now, but I want to tell you one
thing.

BOY: What's that, Old Timer?

JACK: You're even gonna have a tougher job than I had, but you'll
have an extra day to do it..You're a Leap Year.

BOY: Leap Year? ~~what's that?~~

JACK: Well, it's a special year they throw in just for the women..
You ^{so} know, those that ain't been asked ^{can} to do the askin'....
And before the poor guy knows it, he's married.

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BOY: Married, what's that?

JACK: Oh just another version of "Feudin, Fightin' and Fussin'"...
Well sonny, be sure and take care of Columbia and Uncle Sam.

BOY: I will.

JACK: And the rest of the world, ^{aint} ~~isn't~~ in too good shape...There are
a lot of people hungry...but there's a fellow here by the
name of Marshall, who's got a plan to ^{write} help them out.

BOY: Marshall?

JACK: Yep, George Marshall..Now his plan is gonna cost an awful lot
of money...but it's worth every cent of it...Always remember,
Sonny...it isn't money that counts...it's people..and it's up
to ^{those} ~~us~~ who have it to help those who haven't...Well, I'm just
about ready.....Oh yes, one more thing, Sonny.

BOY: Yes sir?

JACK: There are an awful lot of things in the world that ain't good.
Distrust...greed...racial prejudice and hatred...See if you
can do something about it.

BOY: I sure will.

JACK: Well...I gotta be going...good luck Forty-eight.

BOY: Thanks, Old Timer.

JACK: Now be sure and take ~~good~~ care of everybody.

BOY: I will...GOODBYE, FORTY SEVEN.

JACK: SO LONG, SONNY...HAPPY NEW YEAR, EVERYBODY!

(SOUND: TWELFTH GONG)

(MUSIC UP... "OLD LANG SYNE")

(APPLAUSE)

L

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, here is a vital message from our Government. Now that cold weather is here, the food situation in Western Europe is growing steadily worse. Widespread crop failures in that area of Europe bring its people closer and closer to actual starvation. In order to protect our own freedom, prosperity and peace...all Americans are urged to back the President's Food Conservation Program. Remember... "Save Wheat - save meat - save the Race."
.....Thank you.

~~(APPEAL USE)~~

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first...

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

DECEMBER 28, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

LAING: At market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS ... THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSEMAN!

LAING: Mr. Frank Brown of Stoneville, North Carolina has been a tobacco warehouseman for the past 25 years. Not long ago he said:

VOICE: Year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's really fine ... light, ripe tobacco you just can't beat for smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment - remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

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