

1948

APR. - JUNE

JACK BENNY

LUCKY STRIKE

CONTINUITY

RADIO

APRIL 1951

PROGRAM #27
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0310743

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL
4/3/48 - PROGRAM NO. 27

-A-

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

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 AMERICAN)

LAING: Lucky Strike - and Lucky Strike alone - offers you important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence reveals the smoking preference of auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - the men who really know tobacco. Here's what the Crossley Poll found:

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment -

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies and to the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you may expect from fine tobacco. And when these veteran tobacco experts name LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE for their own personal smoking enjoyment, then you know....

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike! Remember -

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS!

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

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ATX01 0310744

(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..AS MOST OF YOU KNOW..LAST WEEK JACK BENNY VISITED THE RONALD COLMANS AND HE PERSUADED RONNIE TO LEND HIM HIS ACADEMY AWARD OSCAR:....AS JACK LEFT ^{the} COLMAN HOUSE, THE FOLLOWING INCIDENT HAPPENED...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Gee, it was awfully nice of Ronnie to let me take his Oscar home so I could show it to Rochester...it sure is dark tonight...no moon...Oh well..(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

EDDIE: Hey Bud....bud?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh?

EDDIE: ^{you} Got a match?

JACK: Yes, ^{yes} I have one right here ~~in my pocket~~--

EDDIE: DON'T MAKE A MOVE...THIS IS A STICK-UP...

JACK: Mister, put down that gun, ~~please~~ ^{come on}

EDDIE: SHUT UP...I SAID THIS IS A STICK UP...NOW...YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE...(LONG PAUSE)...LOOK BUD...I SAID YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

JACK: I'm thinking it over! Now look, mister--

EDDIE: COME ON...GIVE ME YOUR WALLET OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT.

JACK: All right Mister..don't shoot..don't shoot..Here's my wallet.

EDDIE: GOOD...AND I'LL TAKE THAT PACKAGE YOU'RE CARRYING TOO.

JACK: This package..but it isn't mine...it belongs to Ronald Colman
..he won--

EDDIE: PIPE DOWN AND GIVE IT TO ME OR I'LL DRILL YOU.

JACK: All right, ALL RIGHT, ^{don't drill me} HERE IT IS...

EDDIE: NOW LAY DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK AND COUNT TO A HUNDRED.

JACK: Y-Y-yes sir.....One, two, three, four, five--^{rip}

(LOVE IN BLOOM)

DON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED SUNDAY NIGHT
...AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK NOW ...IT'S THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

(SOUND: PACING OF FLOOR)

JACK: Mary, I've thought of a million different things--~~but~~ I don't
know what to do.

MARY: ^{Oh} Jack, stop pacing the floor and sit down...you're making a
nervous wreck of yourself.

ROCH: HE WAS LIKE THAT ALL NIGHT, MISS LIVINGSTONE...NEVER SLEPT A
WINK...

JACK: Well, what am I going to do--how can I ever explain this to
Ronnie.

MARY: Jack, you've got to control yourself or you'll have a
breakdown. ^{now} why don't you have some breakfast?

JACK: No Mary..I couldn't eat a thing..I don't care if I never eat again.

ROCH: MMMM MMMM...HE HASN'T BEEN THIS UPSET SINCE THEDA BARA GOT MARRIED.

JACK: I'm at my wits end...I can't tell Ronnie his Oscar was stolen, he'll never speak to me again...I can't tell the police about the hold-up because then it will get in the papers...^{oh - I don't know} What in the world can I do?

MARY: ^{hell} Why don't you kill yourself?

JACK: Say, that's not a ~~hell~~...Oh, stop...I'm not in the mood for jokes...~~hell~~ there must be some way I can get that Oscar back.

MARY: Why don't you put an ad in the Beverly Hills paper and offer a reward?

JACK: No Mary, a reward would just be a waste of time...who'd return it for what I'd offer?

ROCH: ~~hell~~ MR. BENNY, IF IT WILL GET YOU OUT OF THIS MESS, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE THE REWARD SUBSTANTIAL...GIVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS?
(LONG PAUSE).....WELL, WE'RE BACK TO KILLING YOURSELF.

JACK: Yeah....there must be some other way out...It seems impossible that I should be held up right in front of my own house.

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MARY: You know, you still haven't told me what happened..I don't know any of the details yet..

JACK: You..you don't? Well Mary..this is exactly what happened..
...As I was leaving Ronnie's house, he loaned me his Oscar
... so I could show it to Rochester....I was walking home,
carrying the Oscar under my arm (FADE) when a sinister looking
man stepped out of the hedge.

(SOUND; THREE FOOTSTEPS COMING IN)

EDDIE: Hey Bud..Bud?

JACK: Huh?

EDDIE: ^{you} GOT A MATCH?

JACK: Yes, I have one right here ~~stuck~~

EDDIE: DON'T MAKE A MOVE..THIS IS A STICK-UP.

JACK: (VERY TOUGH) A STICK-UP? PUT DOWN THAT GUN OR I'LL THRASH
YOU TO WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!..PUT IT DOWN I SAY.

EDDIE: (SLIGHTLY NERVOUS) N-now, ^{n-now} just a s-second mister...don't come
any c-closer.

JACK: (TOUGH) So you think you can scare me with a gun..why, I'll
break your arm.

EDDIE: (NERVOUS..ALMOST CRYING) Look Mister...I didn't want to
do this...But I had to..(BEGINS CRYING) I had to get money
for my wife and children.

JACK: Well, you didn't have to pull a gun on me...if you wanted money....all you had to do was ask....~~Now~~ I'm going to take that gun away from you and--*you'll see*

EDDIE: Look, I'm warning you..don't come any closer...all right, you asked for it...Take that.

(SOUND: HEAVY SOCK)

JACK: Oh yeah...Well you take that.....and that.

MARY: Jack, what were you doing to the crook when you said, "Take That and That?"

ROCH: HE WAS HANDING HIM HIS WALLET AND ^{the} OSCAR.

JACK: I was not. ^{mary} while I was beating him up, I dropped the Oscar, he picked it up and ran off down the street.....Honestly, I never was so--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, who can that be...I don't want to see anyone today.

MARY: ^{Oh} Calm down Jack..I'll go to the door.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (TO HERSELF)....Gee, I feel ^{so} sorry for poor Jack..he's trying so hard to be brave, but I know he's been crying...His mascara's running.....I hope he can get out of this mess.

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh hello Don.

DON: Hello Mary, where's Jack?...I've got something ^{very} important to tell him.

MARY: ^{hell} Don..this isn't a good time to talk to him..he's very upset ...Suppose you tell me what it is.

DON: Well...it's about the quartet...They won't be able to appear on the program Sunday.

MARY: ^{hell} Why not?

DON: Well Mary..you might not believe this..but all the members of the quartet became fathers this morning.

MARY: Don..Don..you mean that each one of the four singers had a baby?

DON: All except the baritone..he had twins.

MARY: No.

DON: Yes..between them they had five of the cutest babies you ever saw...And Mary, you'll never guess what they've named them.

MARY: What?

DON: L, S, M, F, and Barbara.

MARY: Barbara?

DON: It was a girl.

MARY: ...Well, that's logical....Look Don, I'll go in and tell Jack ^{all} about it.

DON: Okay Mary..thanks a lot...Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS..FOOTSTEPS)

MARY:Imagine all the singers in the quartet having babies ~~and~~
the same day..That's what you call Close Harmony..(LAUGHS)
Oh..brother..bag my eyes and call me Fred Allen...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: What took you so long, Mary? Who ~~was that person who~~

MARY: ~~was that person who~~ ^{oh -} it was Don..He said the quartet won't
be on the broadcast Sunday.

JACK: Oh fine..everything happens to me.

MARY: Well, they couldn't help it, Jack..their wives All had babies
the same day...And you'll never guess what the baritone's wife
had.

JACK: Unless it's an Oscar, I'm not interested.

MARY: She had twins....But Jack, what are you going to do about
a quartet for the broadcast?

JACK: I don't know..It's a fine time for them to have children..
why couldn't they have transcribed them for release at a more
convenient time..anyway, I've got enough to worry about
without ~~the~~ quartet.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, I GOT A GREAT IDEA.

JACK: What?

ROCH: ~~SOME~~ FRIENDS OF MINE ARE MAKING A PERSONAL APPEARANCE HERE IN
TOWN AND MAYBE THEY'D COME OVER AND HELP YOU OUT.

JACK: Who are they, Rochester?

ROCH: THE INKSPOTS.

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MARY: The Inkspots, ^{oh} They would be wonderful... Do you think they'd do it, Rochester?

ROCH: SURE, I'LL CALL THEM AND HAVE THEM HERE IN A FEW MINUTES.

JACK: Good..use the phone in the hall.

ROCH: YES SIR.

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

ROCH: I BETTER CALL THEM RIGHT AWAY SO THEY CAN--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: EMM...BETTER ANSWER THE DOOR FIRST.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hello ~~Rochester~~, is the Master of the Metropolis at home?

ROCH: YEAH .. COME IN MR. HARRIS..YOU'LL FIND HIM IN THE LIBRARY BUT HE'S FEELING MIGHTY LOW.

PHIL: Well, it's a good thing I came over-- I'll cheer him up...I'll go in there and throw some of that Harris sunshine on him and bring back the bloom to those withered old cheeks...See you later, ^{Roch}.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: ^{oh} Hi'ya Livvy, you dream doll!

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Hello Phil.

PHIL: (WAY UP) Hiya Jackson.

JACK: (DOWN) Hello, hello.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, did you hear the one about the two sparrows who were arguing on the pump and one of them kept flying off the handle? (LAUGHS IT UP)

JACK: (DOWN) Hmmm.

PHIL: Hm, looks like the smog is moving in on that Harris Sunshine.

JACK: ...Look Phil..I'm ~~in~~ no mood for jokes.

MARY: That's right, Phil..Jack's feeling pretty bad...On the way home last night he was held up.

PHIL: Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of..I been held up many times on my way home.

JACK: PHIL, I WAS ROBBED....Now, what did you come over here for?

PHIL: ^{Yeh, look} Jackson, I'm figurin' on buyin' a small ranch..and I got most of the dough, but I need a little more to swing the deal. I was kinda wonderin' if you'd lend me ten thousand dollars.

JACK: Mary, tell him I'm not ^{at} home, ^{Jackson} will ya?

PHIL: Aw, ~~wait~~ wait a minute, I don't like askin' you, but I went to the bank, and they turned me down...now if you turn me down too, well, ^{well} I'll, ^{will} I'll just have to go to Alice!

JACK: ^{Hell} Phil, I'd like to help you, but --

PHIL: Look, Jackson, I ain't askin' you to give me nothin'...We'll make it a regular business deal like when you loaned me money before...I'll sign papers for the loan ~~and~~ pay you interest and everything.

JACK: Well...are you ^{are you} willing to put up security?

PHIL: Yeah, but not like last time..we missed the kids.

JACK: All right, Phil --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'll have my business manager draw up the papers and---

ROCH: EXCUSE ME FOR INTERRUPTING, BOSS..BUT MR. RONALD COLMAN CALLED.

JACK: Oh no!

ROCH: OH YES ... HE SAID HE'S HAVING GUESTS FOR DINNER AND WANTS YOU TO RETURN HIS OSCAR IMMEDIATELY.

MARY: ...(SHORT PAUSE)Phil, you better go get the money from Alice.

JACK: Now Ronnie wants his Oscar back..this is the last straw..Mary, you know what I'm going to do?

MARY: Not now, Jack, a gun is so noisy and I've got a splitting headache.

JACK: I don't mean that....I'm going to check a list of all the people who ever won Oscars, and maybe borrow one of them so I can give it to Ronnie till I get his back.

MARY: Say, that sounds like a pretty good idea...Let's see, ^{now} last year the Oscars were won by Frederic March and Olivia De Havilland.

JACK: Well, that won't help..Freddy's out of town..and Olivia hasn't talked to me since I put too much starch in her dollies ...Who else is there?

PHIL: Well Ray Milland won an Oscar..AHHH..WHAT A PICTURE!

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MARY: Yeah..and so did Joan Crawford and Loretta Young..and Big Crosby and--

JACK: ^{Hey} That's it, Mary..he's the one..Bing Crosby..I did him a big favor..I was on his show a couple of weeks ago and it isn't easy to be on his show..the needle scratches..I'm going over to see Bing right away and ask him to lend me his Oscar.

MARY: Okay Jack, I'll drive you there..I have my car right outside.

JACK: Good good.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hmm..now who can that be?

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS,..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WELL,..HELLO GENTLEMEN,..COME RIGHT IN...HEY BOSS..BOSS..

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: IT'S THE INKSPOTS.

JACK: The Inkspots.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Well} Hello fellows.

THREE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

BARITONE: ^{Well} Mighty glad to meet you.

JACK: Thank you.

ROCH: NOW GENTLEMEN, AS I TOLD YOU OVER THE PHONE, MR. BENNY'S QUARTET CAN'T BE ON THE PROGRAM NEXT WEEK AND HE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU DO A NUMBER FOR HIM ON THE SHOW SUNDAY'S

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THREE: We'd be very happy to.

BARITONE: Yes...very happy.

JACK: Good good..Well fellows, I was just leaving, so could I hear
the number right now?...Do you happen to know "If I Didn't
Care"?

BARITONE: Do you know "Love in Bloom"?

JACK: Oh..oh ^{yeah} I see what you mean..Well, go ahead boys..let's have
it.

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Fellows, that was absolutely wonderful, I can't wait till you do it on the show.

THREE: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

BARITONE: Yeah, thanks very much.

JACK: ...er...Rochester, come here a minute.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: (WHISPERING) How much are they gonna charge me to be on my show?

ROCH: (WHISPERS) WHY BOSS, THEY SAID AS A FAVOR TO ME, THEY'D GO ON YOUR SHOW FOR NOTHING.

JACK: For nothing?..Why, I wouldn't think of it. That's ridiculous. Go in the kitchen and fix them some sandwiches.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE..THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, WHEN IT COMES TO GUEST STARS, BREAD IS NO OBJECT.

JACK: Yeah yeah..Come on Mary, drive me over to Crosby's.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Mary, ~~there~~ ^{there} is Bing Crosby's house ^{over there} ~~right there~~ on the left. Just pull into the driveway and ..

MARY: I can't, Jack...there's a sign..it says "Keep Driveway Clear, Trucks Loading."

JACK: Hm..he must be sending ^{his} money to the bank..Well, toot the horn and we'll see if he's home.

(SOUND: AUTO HORN..(OFF) WINDOW UP)

JACK: Oh, there's Bing in the upstairs window.

BING: (OFF) HEY..WHO'S THAT HONKING IN C-SHARP?

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: HELLO, BING.

BING: ~~Hi~~ MARY..WELL, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE..COME UP TO THE FRONT DOOR ~~Hi~~ I'LL LET YOU IN.

(SOUND: WINDOW DOWN)

MARY: Come on, Jack.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Now remember..you just can't come right out and ask him to lend you his Oscar..Be a little subtle about it.

JACK: I know, I know..Watch these steps, Mary.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BING: (HAPPY) HELLO MARY, COME RIGHT IN AND....(DOWN) Oh, Jack's with you..(and I ran all the way.)

JACK: What?

BING: Come on in, come on ~~Hi~~ *come on in*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

BING: I hope you folks'll forgive the way I'm dressed..I wasn't expecting anybody or I'da ^{with} dressed up.

JACK: ~~Hi~~.that shirt you've got on looks like Finnian's Rainbow...especially with that pot on the end of it.

BING: ^{well, well,} ~~Welllllll~~, it's rumored you're pretty funny on the air, too. ^{however} ~~let's~~ let's not discuss one's alleged talent in the entrance hall. This is the first time you've been to this house. ^{isn't it?} Did you have any trouble finding it?

JACK: No no, I just followed my nose.

BING: Hope tried that once ~~wound~~ up on Mt. Wilson. ^{shoot him down}

JACK: ^{well} Wellllll, it's rumored you're pretty funny on the air, too.

BING: Say, you're pretty fast ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{ad lib} ~~all~~ you have to do is hear it once, ^{isn't it?}

JACK: Yes, yes..You know, Bing, we were just driving by and thought we'd drop in for a social visit,

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack..get to the point..but be subtle.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Leave it to me..(UP) Bing, how about showing us the house..you know, take us into the den..or do you keep your Oscar in another room?

BING: ~~Oscar?~~ ^{Oh-} I've got that in the trophy room.

JACK: Good. ^{Good.}

BING: ^{however} ~~if~~ if you insist on seeing the den, ^{I'd love to} ~~show~~ show it to you.

JACK: No no, Bing, we'd rather see the--

BING: ^{come on -} Right through this door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Gee, what a beautiful den.

JACK: ^{now} Well..we've been here long enough, ^{into - let's go to} let's go ~~to~~ the trophy room.

MARY: Oh Jack..look at that picture on the mantlepiece...Bing,
are those your children?

BING: Yes, those are ^{the} ~~the~~ four boys. The two on the end are twins.

JACK: Twins? Well, ~~that is~~ ^{that is} a coincidence. This morning my baritone's
wife had an Oscar.

MARY: Jack...Bing, it must be wonderful having four children..
By the way, where's Dixie?

BING: Oh, she had to go to the hospital.

MARY: What?

BING: (FAST) To visit her cousin.

JACK: Bing, are you sure it isn't the stork?

BING: Positive..I've got him in my trophy room.

JACK: Well, let's go see him. ^{you know} I've never seen a stuffed Oscar--
I mean stork.

BING: Okay..just follow me.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

BING: ^{Oh, would you} Excuse me a minute.

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

BING: Hello....Well, hello...Fancy hearing from you....Sure I
want you on my show..I've been expecting you for a long
time....How long will it take you to get here?....Two days?
...Well good..I'll meet you at the train...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Who was that?

BING: Rudolph Shmoehopper...It'll take him a couple of days to
get here.

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JACK: Where does he live?

BING: Doo Wah Ditty.

JACK: More people come from there..Now Bing, how about going to the trophy room?

BING: Oh yes, the trophy room...Right down this hall.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BING: Here Mary, I'll lift you over.

MARY: No ~~no~~, I'll just walk around him.

JACK: Hmm..fine place for a horse to sleep..I can't understand why a--

MEL: (WHINNEYS)

(SOUND: FOUR HORSES HOOVES)

JACK: (OFF) BING..I WAS STEPPING OVER HIM AND HE GOT UP...HELP ME OFF.

BING: Don't worry, Jackson, he can't stand up long.

JACK: What?

(SOUND: BIG BODY THUD)

JACK: ^{See} I guess you're right...poor old thing.

BING: ^{yet} The veterernarian said he was gonna die yesterday, but none of my horses finish on time.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BING: Well, here we are, kids...here's the trophy room.

MARY: Jack, look at all the heads mounted on the wall...Gosh Bing, you sure must have done a lot of hunting.

JACK: Yeah, what's that big head over there?

MARY: Yours, you're looking in the mirror.

JACK: No, no, I mean the one with the brown eyes ... That big head over there.

BING: That's a moose.

MARY: Well, what's the small one?

BING: A mouse.

JACK: No.

BING: Yes, sir .. shot the mouse in Wyoming and caught the moose under the icebox .. You oughta try hunting, Jackson .. very gay .. very exciting.

JACK: You didn't expect that one to get anything, did you? Surprised the whole joint, didn't it?

BING: Big game hunting is very exciting, Jackson. You ought to try it .. especially the big game.

MARY: Bing, the only big game that Jack's interested in is a buffalo and it has to be on a nickel.

JACK: Mary.

MARY: He traps them with one finger in a telephone slot.

JACK: Well, it ain't easy, sister ... Well, Bing, this is really a beautiful room ... I never saw so many ... Wait a minute ... Say, Bing, why have you got that picture of Frank Sinatra on the wall.

BING: The kids throw darts at it.

JACK: Oh .. I thought he had Chicken Pox ... There now, Bing, let's see the trophies, will ya?

BING: There they are .. right over there in the cabinet.

JACK: Oh boy, look at all those cups!

MARY: What did you get them for, Bing?

BING: Well, I grabbed this cup for winning a golf tournament at Lakeside .. and I got this one for winning the Santa Anita Handicap.

JACK: Santa Anita handicap? What horse?

BING: No horse, ~~ran~~ myself..paid six-ninety.

JACK: Oh..oh.
Photo finish - just got up the last jump.

MARY: Say Bing, what's that little tiny cup on the end?

BING: That's not a cup, that's a thimble...With four kids, ~~gotta~~
gotta do a lot of sewing.

JACK: Yes yes.

BING: And you see this one here *Jack* I got this when I got married.

MARY: When you got married?

BING: Yeah, it's a Dixie Cup. HA HA HA HA HA. *Why do I take*
~~it from Phil Harris?~~

JACK: Oh brother..Well look, Bing..the trophy that I'm most interested in is the Oscar you won for "Going My Way."

MARY: Yes, we'd love to see that one, Bing.

BING: Oh, the Oscar. ~~what~~, why didn't you say so...I'll get it for you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. KNOCK ON DOOR)

BING: (OFF) ~~what~~, LINNIE. ~~what~~-YOU IN THERE?

JOHNNY: (OFF) YEAH, POP, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

BING: YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME MY OSCAR.

JOHNNY: I CAN'T NOW, I'M TAKING A BATH.

BING: OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHY DON'T YOU USE SOMETHING ELSE FOR A STOPPER?

JACK: Bing..You let your son use the Oscar for a stopper in the bathtub?..That's terrible.

BING: Yeah..it's always wet when I want to crack nuts with it.

It is murder.

JACK: ^{well} Hmm, I'm really anxious to see the Oscar, Bing, but we can wait till your boy gets through with his bath.

BING: He'll be through in a minute.

MARY: Say Bing, while we're waiting, how about singing a song for us?

JACK: Oh, Mary, Bing doesn't want to sing.

BING: I do, too..What would you like to hear, Mary?

MARY: Anything, Bing!

BING: ^{Anything, Bing!} ~~Anything~~ ^{Shell} I'll try out a new tune on you called "Haunted Heart"..It's ~~rather~~ ^{a clever number. I hope} you'll like it.

(APPLAUSE) ^{Watch your tempo, Mr. Harris. No rag tempo. Ballade, please!}

(BING'S SONG.."HAUNTED HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

MARY: Gee Bing, that song was beautiful.

BING: Thanks, Mary. *That's pretty good for a chorus. Dennis Day gets a chorus and he help. I get a chorus.*
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BING: *But* If you want, I'll sing a couple more.

JOHNNY: HEY POP, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

BING: Hmm..the other three put him up to ~~me~~ *that, huh*

MARY: Say Bing, look...your son brought out the Oscar and put it on the table.

JACK: Yeah..Gee, doesn't that Oscar look wonderful...Now Bing, I might as well get right to the point..I'm in an awful spot.. I've just got to borrow your Oscar for a little while.

BING: Well look, Bub, if you need an Oscar, instead of going around trying to borrow one, go make a picture ~~and~~ win one.

JACK: Hey, I never thought of that...But Bing, it's too late for that..I need it now..You can't make a picture in one day.

BING: They took longer on "The Horn Blows At Midnight"?

JACK: Yes, I was sick a couple of days..it took almost a week, *To make* But Bing, look..I just want it for a few days..I'll give it right back to you.

BING: But Jack, what's the deal? Why do you need an Oscar all of a sudden?

JACK: Well..

MARY: Jack, why don't you tell him the truth..tell him what happened.

JACK: All right, I will..You see Bing, I was over at Ronald Colman's house and he let me borrow his Oscar to take to my house to show Rochester. I was walking home carrying the Oscar (FADE) when suddenly a sinister looking man stepped out of the hedge.

(SOUND; THREE FOOTSTEPS)

EDDIE: Hey Bud..Bud.

JACK: HUH?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

EDDIE: ^{You} Got a match?

JACK: Yes, I've got one right here--

EDDIE: DON'T MAKE A MOVE, THIS IS A STICK-UP!

JACK: What?

MEL: YOU HEARD HIM..THIS IS A STICK-UP.

JACK: OH, TWO OF YOU, HUH? YOU THINK YOU'RE SCARING ME WITH THOSE GUNS..I'LL MAKE YOU EAT ~~THEM~~ AND SPIT OUT BULLETS.

MEL: Hey. Pete, this guy's pretty tough..we better call the rest of the gang.

EDDIE: Yeah..(WHISTLES) ALL RIGHT MEN, COME ON..WE NEED HELP.

(SOUND: LOTS OF MARCHING FEET)

JACK: OH, THERE'RE TEN OF YOU, EH?..WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY COAT OFF.

EDDIE: Now look Mister, we don't want no trouble with you..We've got guns.

MEL: And hand grenades.

JACK: SO WHAT?..YOU CAN'T SCARE ME.,I'LL TAKE ON YOUR WHOLE OUTFIT.

(MUSIC STARTS)

(SOUND: FISTS..GUNS..BOMBS..AIRPLANES DIVING AND STRAPPING..BULLETS FLYING..MACHINE GUNS, ETC.)

(EVERYTHING SILENT)

JACK: ^{And} ~~Well, my~~ Bing, when the whole thing was over, I knocked out all their men but one. ~~(In his excitement, Jack said)~~

~~that he had seen some of the boys who had been with me in the States. He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead.~~

~~He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead.~~

~~He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead.~~

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~~He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead. He said that they were all dead.~~

(AT THE END OF THE SCENE)

~~_____~~
Army Day and the theme is "A strong America is a peaceful
America", and this event is to remind us that the regular
Army is our Army and requires the backing and support of
every loyal citizen. For information about the Army's
peace time activities can be had from your nearest Army
Public Information Officer. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

RIGGS: (CHANT 57 to 59 AMERICAN)

LAING: The famous Crossley Poll has just completed an impartial survey in eleven southern tobacco states. This Poll - taken among tobacco experts - reveals the smoking preference of the men who really know tobacco. Yes-

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment -

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These are the experts -auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - and we believe their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results - now listen to what Mr. Floyd Clay, veteran warehouse owner from Kentucky, recently said:

VOICE: Up through the years I've seen American buy tobacco that's ripe and mild ... tobacco with real flavor and mellowness. I've smoked Luckies 17 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment - remember -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

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

(SAG)

PROGRAM #28

REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

ATX01 0310772

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL - APRIL 11, 1948 - PROGRAM NO. 28

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

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 TO 59 - AMERICAN)

LAING: Lucky Strike- and Lucky Strike alone - offers you important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence reveals the smoking preference of auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - the men who really know tobacco. Here's what the Crossley Poll found:

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment -

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies and to the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you may expect from fine tobacco. And when these veteran tobacco experts name LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE for their own personal smoking enjoyment, then you know

...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike! Remember -

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

ATK01 0310773

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM PALM SPRINGS CALIFORNIA..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, WE BRING YOU THE STAR OF OUR
SHOW..TOUGHENED BY THE DESERT WIND..TANNED BY THE DESERT
SUN..AND FRIGHTENED BY THE DESERT PRICES...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

~~JACK: Thank you, thank you. Hello again, this is Jack Benny,~~
talking..And Don, I'm not the least bit frightened by the
prices here in Palm Springs...After all, this is a resort,
and when you're on a vacation, you expect to let yourself go
and have a good time.

DON: But Jack, don't you think the hotels here are rather
expensive?

JACK: Not a bit, Don, considering what you get..Those are just
jokes that comedians make up..High prices..It's ridiculous..
Why, you take the Palm Springs Biltmore, the El Irisado, the
Racquet Club, and the Desert Inn..Why, they're the last word
in swank and luxury..It's worth twice as much as they charge.

DON: Oh, I agree with you, Jack..By the way, you're stopping at
the Desert Inn, aren't you?

JACK: No..No Don...I have a lovely room at--

DON: The Racquet Club?

JACK: No..No Don..I'm living at the--

DON: The Biltmore?

JACK: The Biltmore?..No..No Don..I have a lovely room at the Gitchy Goomy Motel..It's a little bit out of town where it's not quite so crowded.

DON: Gitchy..Goomy..Motel?

JACK: Yes..it's run by a fellow named Hiawatha Ginsberg. He wears a feather in his hair, but I doubt that he's an Indian... However, come to think of it, Don, the bellboys are Indians.. Full blooded, too.

DON: Indian bellboys?

JACK: Yeah..and what a novel way they have of getting you up..I left a call for seven o'clock this morning and one of them came in and hit me on the head with a tomahawk..darn near scalped me.

DON: By the way, Jack, I don't remember passing the Gitchy Goomy Motel. Where is it located?

JACK: ~~Well, you know the road that leads to--~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Pardon me, Don..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

UKIE: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

UKIE: On behalf of the Chamber of Commerce, I want to take this opportunity to welcome you to this desert paradise.

JACK: Well, thank you very much..By the way, I don't want to get personal, but how did you happen to lose your hair?

UKIE: I left a call for seven o'clock.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm..with that tomahawk still in his head, he looks like a sundial...
IT ALSO LOOKS LIKE THE LAST OF THE SHENWHERAN'S
What was that you were asking, Don?

WHAT WAS THAT

34
DON: I asked you about that motel you're stopping at..Where ^{WHERE} is it located?

JACK: Oh, the Gitchy Goomy?...Well, here's how you get there, Don..You know the street right back here..the one that leads to Cathedral City?

DON: Oh, it's this side of Cathedral City.

JACK: No no, Don..you go through Cathedral City...and then you know how the road curves out and goes on to Indio? ^{THERE}

DON: Indio? Why, you're not living way over in Indio, are you?

JACK: No Don, you go through Indio..you stay ^{YOU SEE YOU STAY} on Highway Sixty-six and the only delay is when they stop you at the Arizona Border..You know, for plant inspection.

DON: ^{OH} My goodness, Jack, you mean to tell me that while we're all in Palm Springs, you're living way out in Arizona?

JACK: Sand is sand, I'm still on the desert...~~Now~~ Don, I told ~~you~~ Well, lock who's here!

MARY: Hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well!

DON: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hi, Don.

JACK: Hello, Mary.

MARY: ~~Jack~~ Jack, what are you doing in town?

JACK: I came in with a safari..What am I doing in town.

MARY: Why didn't you stay in Beverly Hills? That's closer to Palm Springs than where you're living now.

JACK: I couldn't stay in Beverly Hills because I sublet my house.

MARY: Oh fine, he's here for five days and he sublets his house.

JACK: I may be here for fourteen days..who knows.

MARY: You even look for a tenant when you go out to lunch.

JACK: Now you're reaching, sister.

DON: Say Mary, you look wonderful today and that sure is a novel dress you're wearing.

MARY: ^{Oh} Do you like it, Don?

DON: I certainly do..What's it made of?

MARY: Twenty dollar bills.

JACK: Twenty dollar bills? What gave you that idea?

MARY: I went into a store here to buy a dress and it was cheaper to sew the money together.

JACK: Oh for..You see Don, ^{you see} what did I tell you? Everybody's gotta make jokes about the high prices...By the way, Mary, where are you staying?

MARY: At the Racquet Club..You know, that's run by Charlie Farrell, he used to be a big movie star.

JACK: I know, I know.

MARY: Cosh..Charles Farrell..I'll never forget him in "Seventh Heaven."

JACK: Neither will he...Anyway--

DON: Say Mary, since you're staying at the Racquet Club, how about you and I playing some tennis?

MARY: Oh, I'd love to, Don, but it's been so windy lately.

JACK: It sure has..especially yesterday.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

DON: What're you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Jack and I were walking down the street and it was so windy I put my hair in a bandanna and Jack put his in his pocket.

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JACK: (MOCKING) Put in his pocket, put in his pocket..Mary, stop with the jokes. I came to Palm Springs for rest and relaxation.

MARY: You came to Palm Springs because you can't face Ronald Colman since you lost his Oscar.

JACK: Look--

DON: ^{OH} By the way, Jack, have you done anything about it?

JACK: Don, I don't know what I'm going to do..^{ABOUT RINNE'S OSCAR.} but at least while I'm down here, I want to relax and try to forget about it.. You know, it isn't my fault that--^{EVERY}

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny..Hello, everybody.

JACK: Well, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, you came in here just ~~in a cowboy suit~~---^{DENNIS} Dennis, where did you get that cowboy suit?

DENNIS: It used to belong to the roughest, toughest bronco buster in the West.^{WHAT DAY I USED TO BELONG TO THE ROUGHEST}

JACK: Who's that? ^{TONGHEST BRONCO BUSTER IN THE WEST,}

DENNIS: My mother.

JACK: Your mother?

DENNIS: Yeah, she used to sing bass with the Sons of the Pioneers.

JACK: Oh, ~~and~~ she gave you that cowboy suit, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah..and I'm glad I've got it, too, because I've been doing a lot of horseback riding.

MARY: Dennis, I didn't know you could ride a horse.

DENNIS: Oh sure..the only trouble is when the horse is running along, the spurs make him nervous.

JACK: Well Dennis, maybe you didn't fasten the straps tight enough when you put the spurs on your ankles.

DENNIS: ...OHhhh...MY ANKLES!

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake.

DON: By the way, Dennis..where are you staying?

DENNIS: ^{Oh!} I'm living with Mr. Benny, over the hills and far away.

JACK: That's right, he's with me at the Gitchy Goomy Motel..It's nice there, isn't it, Dennis?

DENNIS: I'll say...We saw a swell movie in Phoenix last night.

JACK: We made it in no time.

MARY: Jack, I know the Gitchy Goomy ~~Motel~~ is in Arizona, but why go all the way to Phoenix to see a movie?

DENNIS: We were going there anyway, that's where the washroom is.

JACK: Dennis.

DON: Jack, isn't it lonesome living so far from everybody?

JACK: No no, we like to rough it.

DENNIS: We've even got Indian bellboys.

JACK: Yeah.

DENNIS: Gosh, am I lucky..I told them to wake me up at seven o'clock this morning and I didn't even feel it.

JACK: Well Dennis, you're the only guy I know who sleeps with his hat on...Now how about singing your song?

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BAGBY: Telegram for Jack Benny.

MARY: I'll take it.

JACK: Say buddy, you've got a little more hair than the other fellow that was here, haven't you?

BAGBY: Yeah, I left a call for seven-thirty.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: He looks like Phil's piano player. ^{DOESN'T HE} Amazing. he can't read music but he can read lines. ^{YOUR DRUMMER WORKS LIKE HE LEFT A CANN F} ...Who's the wire from, ^{MARY, MARY (MARY: YES, JACK)} ~~who's~~ four o'clock?

MARY: It's from Fred Allen.

JACK: Fred Allen? What does he say?

MARY: He says.. "DEAR JACK.. JUST HEARD YOU'RE IN PALM SPRINGS..
(LAUGHINGLY) BUT WHEN I TOLD YOU TO GO TO A WARMER CLIMATE,
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT."

JACK: He probably meant Banning....Go ahead and sing, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover" sung by Dennis Day...And Dennis, you were in very good form. This dry desert air is marvelous for your tonsils.

DENNIS: I haven't got any tonsils.

JACK: Oh, I didn't know that...AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

DENNIS: I had 'em taken out about three years ago.

JACK: Oh...^{You Did} Oh I see...AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

DENNIS: You're not mad, are you?

JACK: No..No, you can have ^{YOU CAN HAVE} your tonsils out if you want to...I had mine snipped, too...and by a wonderful doctor.

MARY: Doctor nothing, Rochester took 'em out.

JACK: He did not, I finally wound up going to the doctor...You know that.

MARY: Well, you were considering Rochester.

JACK: Oh, considering! ... I asked him if he knew how, that was allIsn't it amazing Don, all I said to Dennis was.."This desert air is wonderful for your tonsils," and look at the routine I got into...Dennis, go sit down..And Mr. Merrick, before we continue, I want to thank you for conducting the orchestra.

MAHLON: You're welcome.

JACK: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

MARY: Jack, isn't Phil going to be on the show today?

JACK: No Mary, that's why Phil's musical arranger, Mahlon Merrick, led the orchestra..and if I say so myself, he did a very good job.

MARY: But Jack, why did he use such a long baton?

JACK: You know Mary, I thought it was peculiar, too...OH, MR. MERRICK?

MAHLON: Yes.

JACK: When you conduct Phil Harris's boys, why do you use such a long stick?

MAHLON: ^{WELL} In that way I can lead the band and shoo the flies off ^{OF} them at the same time.

JACK: Oh yes, the flies..But Mr. Merrick, why don't you do what Phil Harris does? ^{SEE} When he leads the band, he waves a horse's tail.

MAHLON: On him it looks good.

JACK: ~~Go~~, ^{WINE} He reads as well as the piano player...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..AS A TRIBUTE TO PALM SPRINGS..FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT AN ORIGINAL MYSTERY MELODRAMA ENTITLED "MURDER AT THE RACQUET CLUB"..OR.."HE TOOK HIS TENNIS RACQUET TO A PSYCHIATRIST BECAUSE IT WAS HIGH-STRUNG"...NOW, ^{HE} I'LL PLAY THE PART OF--

DON: By the way Jack, you come to Palm Springs quite often, why don't you join the Racquet Club?

JACK: Well, Don, the only reason I haven't joined the Racquet Club is because they don't take in actors.

MARY: THEY DON'T TAKE IN ACTORS?

JACK: No.

MARY: Don't tell me all that ham around there is just for sandwiches.

JACK: All right, all right...Now look kids, we have a very long play to do so--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, darn it..nothing but interruptions.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

JENNY: This is the Long Distance operator sneaking. I have a call from Beverly Hills.

JACK: I'll take it.

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh hello, Rochester..why did you call?

ROCH: WELL..THE CITY OF BEVERLY HILLS IS HAVING AN ELECTION NEXT TUESDAY..APRIL THIRTEENTH.

JACK: I know.

ROCH: AND THEY WANT TO USE YOUR GARAGE AS A POLLING PLACE.

JACK: A polling place?

ROCH: THEY'LL PAY ^{YOU} TWELVE DOLLARS.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: I TRIED TO GET FIFTEEN..BUT IT SEEMS THEY HAVE A POLICY.

JACK: Rochester..that's ^{DISGRACEFUL} disgraceful, dickering with the city officials...Why I'd have done it for nothing.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FAST CLICKS OF PHONE)

ROCH: OPERATOR, OPERATOR..I HAVE THE WRONG PARTY!

JACK: You have not! ~~But~~ Rochester, will there be room in the garage for all those voting booths?

ROCH: YEAH..I LINED THE BENDIX WASHING MACHINES ALONG ONE WALL.. AND THE VOTING BOOTHS ALONG THE OTHER..AND I ALREADY THOUGHT OF A GREAT SLOGAN.

JACK: What is it?

ROCH: CAST YOUR VOTE AND LUX YOUR UNDIES AT THE SAME TIME!

JACK: Oh..well look, Rochester, how is everything at home?

ROCH: WELL..EVERYTHING WAS FINE UNTIL LAST NIGHT WHEN MR. HARRIS CAME OVER AND THREW A PARTY.

JACK: You let Phil Harris throw a party in my house?

ROCH: OH, IT WASN'T MY FAULT..YOU SEE I WAS CLEANING THE FRONT WINDOWS WITH SOIL-OFF WHEN MR. HARRIS AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS DROPPED IN.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: I SAID, "HELLO GENTLEMEN"...THEY NODDED, GRABBED THE BOTTLE OUT OF MY HAND..AND ^{PLACE}LEVITY TOOK ~~IT~~ FROM THERE.

JACK: ^{JUST ONE PHHEARSON - THAT'S ALL I ASK.} They drank Soil-off..that's awful.

ROCH: MAYBE SO..BUT THEY'VE GOT THE CLEANEST HANGOVERS IN TOWN.

JACK: Oh, they have, eh?..Well, I'll talk to Mr. Harris about it when I get home..Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE...OH SAY, BOSS?

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: THERE'S A LOT OF ACTIVITY OVER AT MR. RONALD COLMAN'S HOUSE AND I THINK HE'S GOING TO SUE YOU FOR LOSING HIS OSCAR.

JACK: Oh my goodness..what makes you think he's gonna sue me?

ROCH: HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE LAW FIRM OF WORTHHEIMER, DONALDSON, FITZPATRICK, ELROY, AND MACARTHUR?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, THEY'RE ALL HERE BUT MACARTHUR AND HE'S FLYING IN FROM JAPAN.

JACK: Look Rochester, see if you can stall Mr. Colman for awhile and I'll try to think of something.

ROCH: WELL, YOU BETTER THINK FAST, BOSS, MR. COLMAN'S SO MAD HE'S PUTTING SLUGS IN YOUR BENDIX.

JACK: Oh no!

ROCH: OH YES! .. HE HIT THE JACKPOT AND GOT GREER GARSON'S NIGHT-GOWN.

JACK: Rochester, don't worry me now..I'll call you back later..
Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, I've just got to do something.

MARY: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: Ronald Colman's really upset about my losing his Oscar...He
might even sue me.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault for borrowing it.

JACK: I guess so..But Mary, it's amazing how fate works..Rochester
wanted to see an Oscar..I borrowed Ronald Colman's..I got
held up and lost the Oscar..and because of that Greer
Garson is going to be cold tonight.

MARY: What are you talking about?

JACK: Nothing, nothing, I'll tell you later..We've gotta get on
with the show..All right, Don, introduce our play.

DON: Okay.

(FANFARE)

DON: MURDER AT THE RACQUET CLUB.

(TRUMPET MIMICS DON)

JACK: Mr. Merrick, that wasn't funny!

MAHLON: A fly got in his trumpet.

JACK: Oh..oh...Go ahead, Don.

DON: THE SCENE OPENS AT THE PALM SPRINGS POLICE STATION..CAPTAIN
O'BENNY IS SITTING AT HIS DESK ATTIRED IN A SUN HELMET, TIN
BADGE, AND SHORTS...CURTAIN...MUSIC.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (SINGS) I'M LOOKING OVER A ^{EIGHT} ~~SEVEN~~ LEAF CLOVER THAT I OVER-
LOOKED BEFORE...Gosh, I'm glad I got these new bifocals...

(HUMS) DA DA DE DA DA, DA DA DE DA DA--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

DENNIS: There's the phone, Chief.

JACK: I'll get it O'Day.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello..Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop..Captain O'Benny speaking...Oh, it's you, Sergeant..What's that?... You arrested two fellows..Well, let them loose...I know they're crooks, but this jail is for tourists..I'm getting twelve dollars a cell American Plan. We can catch crooks during the summer...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: Morning, Chief.

JACK: Morning, O'Wilson..How're things on your beat?

DON: Marvelous, I sold forty pounds of dates.

JACK: Good..keep going like that and you'll soon be a lieutenant.

DON: Thank you, sir..Is that better than a big fat Sergeant?

JACK: Yes...O'Day, where are you going with those lace curtains?

DENNIS: I though I'd make Cell Nine and Ten into a bridal suite.

JACK: That's a good idea..and put a canopy over the bunk...You know, if business--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello..Palm Springs Police Station and Date Shop..Captain O'Benny speaking.....What's that?...What?..Murder at the Racquet Club?

DENNIS: Gee, that's the title of our play!

JACK: Quiet you...Yes....Yes, we'll be right over.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: What's up, Chief?

JACK: Townsend Trueheart, the well-known playboy has been murdered...O'Wilson, get the police car.

DON: Yes sir.

JACK: And we better take along the Strong-arm Squad...O'Shannassey, O'Mallory, O'Flannery, and O'What-A-Pal-Was-Mary....(he gets mad if I don't use his full name)...Are you ready, boys?

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: Good..now come on, fellows and I'm going to find the murderer of Townsend Trueheart or my name ain't--

(HURRY MUSIC)

QUART: WHAT A CIGARETTE, WHAT A CIGARETTE
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO,
TAKE ANOTHER PUFF, TAKE ANOTHER PUFF,
ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED, OH,
L S M F T, L S M F T
ALL THE MEN WHO KNOW CONFESS
THAT QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

(SOUND: MOTOR AND SIREN UP AND DOWN)

UKIE: (FILTER) CALLING ALL CARS..CALLING ALL CARS..BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR NEWLY-WEDS..BRIDAL SUITE NOW AVAILABLE AT
POLICE STATION...THAT IS ALL.

JACK: He forgot to mention the lace curtains..and I crocheted
them myself. *STAY ON THE GAS, SARGE.*

ORCH: TWO PHRASES

QUART: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

ORCH: TWO STRAINS

QUART: ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED, OH,

L S M F T, L S M F T

ALL THE MEN WHO KNOW CONFESS

THAT QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS..HEY!

JACK: Okay boys, here' ^{WE ARE} ~~antimicrobials~~.

(SOUND: LOUD BRAKES)

DENNIS: Are you sure this is the right place?

JACK: Certainly..See that sign there.. "Racquet Club. Owned by Charlie Farrell, Star of "Seventh Heaven"..Members Only."

(SOUND: LOUD BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: OPEN UP..OPEN UP..IT'S THE POLICE,

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: ^{I'M THE D. I. A.C.} ~~What's~~ what can I do for you?

JACK: I'm the Chief of Police and I want to get in here.

NELSON: Are you a member of the club?

JACK: No, I'm here to investigate a murder..I want to see the body.

NELSON: Well, if you're not a member, you can't come in.

JACK: What?

NELSON: I'll have to throw the body over the fence to you.

JACK: WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT..A MAN HAS BEEN MURDERED ON THESE PREMISES AND I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHO DONE IT.

NELSON: That's who did it..No wonder you're not a member of this club.

JACK: Oh fine..Now look, bud..please..We've gotta get in here.

NELSON: You can't come in here wearing that sunsuit..take it off.

JACK: But where will I pin my badge?...Now let us in.

NELSON: I'm sorry, but you'll have to speak to the owner, Charlie Farrell..Star of "Seventh Heaven"..Here he comes now.

JACK: ^{Oh} Hello, Mr. Farrell.

FARRELL: What's going on here, anyway?

(APPLAUSE)

FARRELL: Thank you..thank you very much.

JACK: Stop bowing..Now listen, Farrell, I'm Captain O'Benny of the Palm Springs Police Department.

FARRELL: Glad to know you..I'm Charlie Farrell, Star of "Seventh Heaven".

JACK: I know, I know..Now listen..Townsend Trueheart has been murdered on these premises and I'm gonna find out who done it.

FARRELL: Who done it?

NELSON: I warned him.

JACK: All right, did it, did it...Now come on, men, follow me. .

ORCH: (HURRY MUSIC)

QUART: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED AND EASY ON THE DRAW, HEY!

JACK: Now Mr. Farrell, ^{Mr. Farrell} tell your clerk I want the names of everybody that lives here.

NELSON: Why don't you look in the register.

JACK: I think I will.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER OPENING)

NELSON: Not that one!

JACK: (Hmmm..I thought it was peculiar that Washington and Lincoln should both be staying here.)

DENNIS: Captain O'Benny, here's the guest register.

JACK: Good good..read me the names of all the people who are living here.

DENNIS: There's Clark Gable, Pat O'Brien, Robert Taylor, James Dunn--

JACK: James who?

DENNIS: James Dunn.

JACK: That's Did..Watch it, O'Day..We've been warned..Now tell me, Mr. Farrell, was Townsend Trueheart alone when he was murdered?

FARRELL: No, there were several people with him.

JACK: I see..Well, the first thing I'm going to do is grill the suspects.

FARRELL: I'm sorry, the Grill doesn't open until noon.

JACK: What?

NELSON: I had that line, but I wouldn't touch it.

JACK: I don't blame you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GANG: (EXCITED MUMBLING)

JACK: Well, here we are in the lounge..Quiet everybody.

DENNIS: DATES..DATES..GET YOUR NICE FRESH DATES HERE.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: Would you like a box of stuffed dates, sir?

JACK: Not him, that's the body!

DENNIS: Oh...shall I give him his money back?

JACK: Certainly..Wait a minute, let me see that wallet, I wanna look for identification...Here's a card.."Property of Townsend Trueheart..in case of accident please notify Charlie Farrell, star of "Seventh Heaven"....Hmm.

FARRELL: That's me.

JACK: I know, I know..Now everyone line up..I'm gonna find out a few things around here...Who are you, Miss?...Miss, I said, who are you?

MARY: ^{WHO} ~~AM I - I HAPPEN TO BE~~ Mitzie La Roo. ~~THE~~ movie star. (Sneezes)

JACK: What's the matter, Miss La Roo..Have you got a cold?

MARY: Yeah, I caught it in "Naked City".

JACK: Wait a minute, I saw "Naked City", what were you?

MARY: ~~The~~ bare midriff.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: From now on I'm ^{WORKING IN} ~~making~~ shorts.

JACK: What?

NELSON: I had that line, too, but the censor took it away.

JACK: Oh, well, I'll get back to you later, Miss La Roo. ~~SEE~~ see who's in the next room...Come on, men..follow me.

QUART: L S M F T, L S M F T

ALL THE MEN IN SEVENTH HEAVEN KNEW THAT CHARLIE FARRELL WAS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS..HEY!

JACK: Hold it, men..there's a suspicious looking character sitting over there in that chair...Hey you..come over here...What's your name?

LUKAS: My name is Paul Lukas.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Paul Lukas, huh..Well, what do you know about this murder?

LUKAS: Nothing at all..I was ^{NOT SITTING HERE TALKING TO ANYBODY} ~~here~~ ~~running my own business when~~ ~~CHARLIE FARRELL WAS IN SEVENTH HEAVEN~~ ~~STABBED~~

JACK: Just a second you..how'd you get that continental accent?

LUKAS: ^{OH} Well, I wasn't born here... I was born in Austria in a little town called Novga Geshmornishick Bolechov.

JACK: A likely story..Novga Geshmornishick Bolechov....What does that mean in English?

LUKAS: Doo Wah Ditty.

JACK: Gee...they have one over there, too...Well, tell me, Mr. Lukas, what is your occupation?

LUKAS: ^{OH} I'm a movie actor. (Sneezes)

JACK: ~~Get undressed.~~ ^{CATCH THAT COLD IN NAKED CITY.}

LUKAS: ~~Not in "Naked City".~~ ^{NO I WAS WATCHING APRIL SHOWERS IN A BARE MIDRIF.}

JACK: Oh..well, if you haven't an alibi then--Hey, wait a minute--aren't you the Paul Lukas who made "Watch On The Rhine"?

LUKAS: That's right.

JACK: Oh..(STRAIGHT) Well, Paul..step in the other room a minute..I want to talk with you alone.

LUKAS: Yes, Captain O'Benny.

JACK: You can call me Jack.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ~~Now~~ look, Paul..didn't you once win an Academy Award Oscar?

LUKAS: Yes, I did...It was in 1944, and the picture was "Watch On The Rhine", which I made for Warner Brothers.

JACK: Oh yes...they're still talking about it over there.

LUKAS: Thank you.

JACK: ~~You know,~~ I made "The Horn Blows At Midnight" at Warner Brothers.

LUKAS: Oh yes...they're still talking about it over there.

JACK: Thank you....Now look, Paul..I'll be honest with you..I'm in an awful jam and you can help me out if you'll just lend me your Oscar for a couple of weeks.

LUKAS: But why?

JACK: Well, two weeks ago I borrowed Ronald Colman's Oscar and it was stolen from me..Now he wants it back...I tried everything..Last week I even went over to Bing Crosby's house and tried to borrow his.

LUKAS: Well, wouldn't Bing lend it to you?

JACK: I don't know, they cut me off before the program was finished...Now come on, Paul, help me out..lend me your Oscar for just a little while.

LUKAS: ^{NOW} Jack, please ^{PLEASE} don't ask me for my Oscar...It means the world to me..everything..It's my good luck charm.

JACK: Gee...Well Paul, can't I at least see it?

LUKAS: I'm sorry, but I lost it at the Cove.

JACK: At the Cove..~~You mean?~~

LUKAS: Yes, ~~I'll never play Parcheesi again.~~ ^{THAT'S THE PLACE THAT MADE PALM SPRINGS THE NAMED CITY}

JACK: Oh..well then you can't help me out..I'll see you later, Paul.

LUKAS: Wait a minute, Jack, what's going on in the other room?

JACK: We're doing a murder mystery.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ALL RIGHT, MEN..~~LINE UP THE SUSPECTS AND WE'LL FIND THE MURDERER OF TOWNSEND TRUEHEART OR MY NAME AIN'T--~~

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: What's that?

DON: Somebody threw a rock through the window.

DENNIS: Look, Chief, there's a note on it.

JACK: Give me that.

BAGBY: Let me read it, I haven't had a line in the whole play.

JACK: You're the body..lie down! You're dead..lie down..Down
this climate....Now where's that note, it may be something
important...Hmn..it is important. It's from the National
Broadcasting Company.

DON: What does it say, Chief?

JACK: It says, "Talk faster or you'll be out off the air again."
...Well then we better hurry up...Hey you over there..You
look suspicious..Now what have you got to say about this
murder..and talk fast.

(SOUND: SQUIRREL TALK RECORD...STOP ON CUE)

JACK: I thought so..a full confession! ... All right, Men..you
know your duty..get going!

DON: DATES..DATES..GET YOUR FRESH DATES HERE.

DENNIS: GIFT WRAPPED IF YOU LIKE.

QUART: DATES..DATES..FRESH DATES..GET YOUR FRESH DATES HERE.

(MUSIC STARTS)

QUART: SEND SOME TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME...DATES..DATES..FRESH
DATES..

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Ladies and gentlemen, the American Red Cross finds it necessary to continue its fund raising campaign to help our hospitalized veterans, to say nothing of its many other services to our communities. Please give generously to your local Red Cross Chapter. It needs money more than ever before.~~

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is Basil Ruysdael.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - APRIL 11, 1948 - PROGRAM NO. 28

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 TO 59 - AMERICAN)

LAING: The famous Crossley Poll has just completed an
impartial survey in eleven southern tobacco
states. This Poll - taken among the tobacco
experts themselves - reveals the smoking prefer-
ence of the men who really know tobacco.
Yes -

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment -
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These are the experts - auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen - and we believe their overwhelming
preference for Lucky Strike has a direct
relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase
for Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results - now listen to what
Mr. George Swinebroad, ace tobacco auctioneer
from Kentucky recently said:

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen ripe, light,
sweet-smokin' tobacco bought by the makers of
Lucky Strike. I've smoked Luckies 21 years.

(CONTINUED)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,
remember -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

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

(TAG)

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to hear the Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show on Sundays and "A Day In The Life of Dennis Day" on Wednesdays....I want to thank Paul Lukas and Charlie Farrell for appearing on our program tonight..Paul Lukas will soon be seen in "Berlin Express" .. and Charlie Farrell can be seen behind the cash register at the Racquet Club...."Seventh Heaven", incidentally, was produced by Nineteenth Century Fox.....Goodnight, everybody.~~

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

PROGRAM #29

REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1948 NBC 4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

ATX01 0310799

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL - APRIL 18, 1948 - PROGRAM NO. 29

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

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 TO 59 - AMERICAN)

LAIRD: Lucky Strike - and Lucky Strike alone - offers you important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence reveals the smoking preference of auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - the men who really know tobacco. Here's what the Crossley Poll found:

BUYSACK: For their own personal smoking enjoyment -

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

ALWAYS CHOOSE LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAIRD: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies and to the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you may expect from fine tobacco. And when these veteran tobacco experts make their choice - FIRST CHOICE! - for their own personal smoking enjoyment, then you know ...

BUYSACK: ...

...

LAIRD: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So when the smoke tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike! Remember -

BUYSACK: ...

... ALWAYS LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: TRYING IT AGAIN FROM PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA..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, AS YOU ALL KNOW, FOR TWO CONSECUTIVE WEEKS WE HAVE LOST PART OF OUR SHOW. LAST WEEK WE NOT ONLY LOST THE ENDING, BUT ALSO THE BEGINNING... HOWEVER, WE STILL HAVE THE PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE..AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..And Don, you don't have to make jokes about what happened..Radio is our bread and butter..You know, if I lose my job, you lose your stomach...It's a very serious thing..We lost the finish of the show two weeks ago and lost the finish again last week.

MARY: ~~(LAUGHS)~~

JACK: ~~Mary, what are you laughing at?~~

MARY: *W* If you're running long this week, Fred Allen said he'd be very happy to give you time on his program.

JACK: Fred offered to give me time to finish my program?

MARY: Yeah..he said he'd do anything to hear the end of Benny.

JACK: Oh well..he's so homely he has to be clever. *for himself.*

DON: Jack, why do you always keep saying that?...After all, Fred Allen isn't so ugly.

JACK: He isn't, eh? Allen makes the Hunchback of Notre Dame look like the Man of Distinction..and he's not only homely, Don, but he's so cheap that he--

MARY: *oh* Wait a minute, Jack, don't say that Allen is cheap..he's a good sport and you know it.

JACK: Oh, he is, eh? Remember the time we were in New York and you and I had lunch with him?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Well, who picked up the check?

MARY: I did.

JACK: You're darned right..Allen just sat there ~~and~~ didn't move a muscle..So he's got a lot of nerve making jokes about my being cut off the air..It's a very serious thing.

DENNIS: I don't think it's so serious, Mr. Benny.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: My mother was listening to the radio show Sunday and she didn't even know that you lost the end of the program.

JACK: *oh* That's peculiar.

DENNIS: No it isn't..when I get through singing, she shuts it off anyway.

JACK: Oh, she does, eh?..Well, I've got a good mind to move your song down near the end so she'll have to listen to my whole program.

DENNIS: That'll teach her.

JACK: You said it.

MARY: Jack, I don't know *why* ~~what~~ you're making such a fuss ~~about~~.. So you lost the tail end of your program..Does it make any difference?

JACK: Does it make any difference? Mary, we were doing a sketch..people were interested..Now they'll never know what happened.

DENNIS: I know just what you mean, Mr. Benny. I was listening to a daytime program the other day and the announcer said, "Tune in tomorrow and hear another chapter of "John's Other --" and then the radio went off..And now people will never know what John has that he has another of.

JACK: Yeah, ^{yeah} they'll never know.

DENNIS: I've been racking my brains all day...It could be John's Other House..or John's Other Bicycle.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: Maybe it's John's Other Head.

JACK: Dennis, forget it..you're ^{will you} only taking up time and I don't wanta be cut off the air again.

MARY: Well, I don't blame you, Jack..You know, last week Edgar Bergen lost his whole program.

JACK: Mary..Bergen lost his whole program?

MARY: Yeah..and his sponsors were so upset that both Chase and Sanborn started drinking Sanka.

JACK: No kidding.

DON: (LAUGHINGLY) Mary..what did you say they were drinking?

MARY: Sanka.

DON: . You're welcome.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Mary, there isn't a court in the country that will convict you...Now let's get on with the program.

DENNIS: Maybe it was John's Oher Toothbrush.

Dennis

JACK: ~~Dennis~~, quiet...You know, Mary, I just thought of some-
thing..Maybe ^{*you know I don't know maybe*} my programs have been cut off the air because
I'm too easy going..I'm gonna step into the control room
and talk to Mr. Foster, the engineer..I'll tell him a
thing or two.

MARY: Now Jack, control yourself..If you feel that you're losing
your temper, count up to ten dollars.

JACK: I will, I will.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

*about why
was cut off
the air
last week*

JACK: Oh, Mr. Foster, I'd like to talk to you for a minute.

MEL: Okay, Mr. Benny..but watch those wires, please. ^{*see here*}

JACK: Say, you do have a lot of wires in here.

MEL: Well each wire is put in here for a definite purpose..

now
On this wire we have the transformer..on this wire we have
the oscillator..on this wire we have the transmitter..

JACK: I see..and what are those things on that wire up there?

MEL: Clothes pins, I just washed my sox.

~~JACK: Oh, well, Mr. Foster, I appreciate cleanliness..but I came
in to ask you about something that happened last Sunday.
Why did I lose part of my program?~~

~~MEL: I don't know, maybe you've got a hole in your socket.~~

JACK: Mr. Foster, I'm here on business..what's the idea of
trying to be so funny?

MEL: I've got the wires open and my wife is listening in.

JACK: What?

MEL: HELLO, TILLIE..PUT YOUR MOTHER BACK IN THE GARAGE, I'M
SLEEPING HOME TONIGHT.

JACK: Now cut that out! ... I'll talk to you later.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Everybody has to be a comedian...Oh well, I know what I'll do..I'll call Niles Trammell, the President of N. B. C. ... Mary, give me that phone, will you?

MARY: Here you are.

DENNIS: Maybe it was John's Other Yo Yo.

JACK: Oh, quiet..I'm trying to use the phone.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...ONE DIAL)

JACK: Hello, operator..get me the National Yo Yo Company -- I mean the National Broadcasting Company in Hollywood...Yes, I'll wait...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM..FADES)

(SOUND: BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD..PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello..National Broadcasting Company...Yes...Yes sir, I'll try to get him right away.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: Say Mable, it's Mr. Benny calling from Palm Springs.

SARA: Gee, I wonder what Kiss of Death wants now.

BEA: Well, they cut him off the air last week and oh boy is he mad! You know, he's got a terrible temper.

SARA: He has?

~~BEA: Yeah,,i saw him when he lost his temper once..His lips narrowed to a straight line,a cold glint came into his eyes, and his hand shook so much his handkerchief fell out of his sleeve.~~

~~SARA: What made him so mad?~~

BEA: *giddy* One Sunday Phil Harris didn't show up for rehearsal and Mr. Benny got so mad he blew his top.

SARA: Really?

BEA: Yeah, it took us an hour to find it.

SARA: Oh, I remember that time. That's the maddest Jack's been in all his thirty-nine years.

BEA: Do you really believe he's only thirty-nine?

SARA: Well, I did until one time he took me to the museum.

BEA: The museum?

SARA: Yeah, we were looking at the ^{skeleton} dinosaur and Mr. Benny was the only one who knew the hip bone was in the wrong place.

BEA: Gee, what a memory. But you know, I kinda envy him. He's been spending so much time lately in Palm Springs.

SARA: (DISTAINFULLY) Ehh, Palm Springs.

BEA: So what's the matter with Palm Springs?....I like it there ...that's where I first met Jack Benny..It was in a little place called La Hacienda Sol de la Vista de la Carmillita Cresta.

SARA: La Hacienda Sol de la Vista de la Carmillita Cresta?

BEA: Yeah, that's Spanish for "The Season Is Only Five Months Long But Don't Worry, We Charge You For Twelve".

JACK: Operator, operator.

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK)

JACK: Operator!

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but Mr. Trammell doesn't answer.

JACK: All right, I'll call him later.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~Mr.~~ Trammell isn't in....Come on, Dennis, let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BAGBY: Telegram for ^{Jack} Mr. Benny.

JACK: I'll take it..Here's a tip for you.

BAGBY: Oh goody, a nickle, now they can open the Cove again.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Go be nice to people..Here Mary, read the telegram.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: PAPER RATTLING)

MARY: Oh-oh.

JACK: What's the matter?

MARY: It says, "IF YOU DON'T RETURN MY OSCAR WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, I WILL NOT ONLY TAKE LEGAL STEPS BUT I WILL DRAG YOUR NAME THROUGH THE MUD AND EXPOSE YOU TO THE PUBLIC AS A BLACKGUARD, A PHONY, AND AN UNMITIGATED FRAUD...SIGNED RONALD COLMAN.. P.S. BENITA SENDS HER LOVE TO MARY.

JACK: Gee.

MARY: Isn't that ^{simple} ~~cute~~?

JACK: Yeah, but you know Mary, I'm really in a spot..I never should have borrowed that Oscar...What am I going to do?

DON: Why don't you tell him the truth, Jack?

MARY: Yeah, why don't you tell Ronnie that you were held up and it was ~~stolen~~?

JACK: No..no..^{I can't}there must be something else I can do.

DENNIS: I'VE GOT IT..I'VE GOT IT.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: It's John's Other Cuspidor.

JACK: Dennis, stop being silly. ^{now} and come on, let's have your
song..John's Other Cuspidor..that's the most ridiculous
thing I've ever heard.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: The things that kid can think of.

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "NOW IS THE HOUR")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Now Is The Hour" sung by Dennis Day, and very good Dennis. ...And now, ladies and gentlemen, because of what happened last Sunday, for our feature attraction tonight we are going to present another chapter of last week's mystery melodrama, entitled--

(SHORT FANFARE)

JACK: Murder at the Racquet Club..Or..He Asked Her For A Little Wine..So She Gave Him Both Barrels...In this new version you will hear--

(CHORD)

JACK: A new story.

(CHORD)

JACK: New characters.

(CHORD)

JACK: New jokes.

(CHORD)

JACK: And with luck, an ending! Set the scene, Don.

DON: Okay...OUR SCENE OPENS AT THE PALM SPRINGS POLICE STATION.. CAPTAIN O'BENNY IS SITTING IN HIS CHAIR WITH HIS FEET UP IN THE AIR..SOMEBODY STOLE HIS DESK...CURTAIN...MUSIC.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (SINGS) *low key*
CLIMB UPON MY KNEE, SONNY BOY,
travel over 23
~~YOU ARE ONLY THREE, SONNY BOY,~~
is a new way to pronounce making that a great
DA DA DA DA DE DUM, DA DA DA DA DE DUM. *of course*

(SOUND: (ON CUE) PHONE RINGS)

DENNIS: There's the phone, chief.

JACK: Thank you, O'Day...That kid's a great detective..He knew it was the phone right away....I'll take it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello, Palm Springs Police Station and Mud Baths...We make you come clean....What's that, madam, you lost your cocker spaniel?...Don't worry, we'll find him for you, ~~take~~.. What?...Be sure to return the leash?...Oh, your husband's on the other end....Have you a description?..the one with the cold nose is your husband...All right, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: We get the silliest requests here of any police station in--

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

DENNIS: There's the phone, chief.

JACK: I knew it couldn't last...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Morning, Chief.

JACK: Good morning, Sergeant O'Wilson...Hey, wait a minute..this place is for customers..did you sneak in and take a mud bath?

DON: Not me, Chief..I haven't been near the mud baths.

JACK: Don't lie to me..there's a gopher peeking out of your ear.. Now look, a woman lost her dog and I want you and O'Day to--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Is that the phone?

DENNIS: I think so, there's nobody at the door.

JACK: Oh..I'll take it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello, Palm Springs Police Station and Mud Baths..Captain
O'Benny speaking...What's that? WHAT?...MURDER AT THE
RACQUET CLUB?

DENNIS: Gee, this is getting monotonous.

JACK: Quiet!...YES?...YES?....Okay, we'll be right over.
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: What's up, chief?

JACK: The well-known playboy..Cary Carew..has been murdered...
O'Wilson, get the police car.

DON: Yes sir.

JACK: And we better take along the strong-arm squad...O'Shannasy,
O'Mallory, O'Flannery, ~~and~~ OH Promise Me....Are you ready,
boys?

QUART: HMMMMM.

JACK: Now come on, fellows...and I'm going to find the murderer
of Cary Carew, or my name ain't--

(HURRY MUSIC)

QUART: L S M F T, L S M F T,
L S, L S, L S, M F
L S M F T, L S M F T,
L S, L S, L S, M F
L S M F T, L S M F T,
L S, L S, L S, M F
L S M F T MEANS FINE TOBACCO, YES SIREE..HEY!

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND SIREN UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (FILTER) CALLING ALL CARS..CALLING ALL CARS..ATTENTION
POLICE OFFICERS..BEFORE GOING OUT ON A CRIMINAL
INVESTIGATION, FIRST LOAD YOUR GUN AND THEN TAKE ONE OF
OUR BATHS..WHY BE HALF SAFE?

JACK: Hmm.,there must be something else on this radio.

(SOUND: STATIC)

MAHLON: AND SO THIS CONCLUDES ANOTHER CHAPTER OF THAT VERY POPULAR DAYTIME SERIAL.. "JOHN'S OTHER CUSPIDOR".

JACK: Gee, the kid was right.

MAHLON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF YOU DON'T HAVE ONE OF OUR CUSPIDORS IN YOUR HOME, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.

JACK: Could be...Come on, Sarge, step on the gas.

QUART: ~~SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE, SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE,~~

~~ACCORDING TO THOSE GROSSLEY POLISTERS~~

~~SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE, SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE,~~

~~COWBOYS KEEP THEM IN THEIR HOLSTERS.~~

L S M F T, L S M F T

F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY RIGGS SAY

QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS, HEY!

JACK: Okay men, here we are.

(SOUND: LOUD BRAKES)

DENNIS: Are you sure this is the place, Chief?

JACK: Certainly, see that sign there..Racquet Club..Thirty dollars a day European plan..Forty dollars a day American Plan.. Two million dollars a day Marshall Plan....Hmm, how can Herbert Marshall afford it?...Let's go in, men.

(SOUND: BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: OPEN UP..OPEN UP..IT'S THE POLICE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

FARRELL: Yes?

JACK: I'm Captain O'Benny of the Palm Springs Police Department.

FARRELL: I'm Charles Farrell, star of "Seventh Heaven".

JACK: I know, I know.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Now look, Mr. Farrell, this is the second time in a week that a murder has been committed at the Racquet Club. Why does it always happen here?

FARRELL: Because people won't be found dead in any other place. HA HA HA HA..OH FARRELL, YOU MAY NOT BE A COMEDIAN, BUT YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO PLUG ^{that} ~~your~~ JOINT!

JACK: Stop with the wisecracks..Who are some of the people who are staying here ~~now~~?

FARRELL: Well, there's Lana Turner, Tyrone Power, Betty Grable, Gary Cooper, Irene Dunne, and--

JACK: Who?

FARRELL: Irene Dunne.

JACK: That's Did! remember last week...Watch it.

DENNIS: You promised us new jokes.

JACK: That one slipped in..Now look, Mr. Farrell, we're going--

FARRELL: Oh don't be so formal..you don't have to call me Mr. Farrell.

JACK: Okay, Charlie.

FARRELL: No no, that's too informal.

JACK: Well, what do you want me to call you?

FARRELL: Star of Seventh Heaven.

JACK: ~~Oh -rats~~..Now we're going inside and investigate this murder...Come on men..follow me.

(ORCHESTRA HURRY MUSIC)

QUART: LET US FOLLOW CAPTAIN BENNY.

(ORCHESTRA)

QUART: HE'S GOT DOUGH BUT DON'T SPEND ANY.

(ORCHESTRA)

QUART: LET US FOLLOW CAPTAIN BENNY

FOR HE IS ESSENTIAL TO OUR EATING EVERY DAY, HEY!

JACK: Here we are in the lobby, men.

~~DENNIS: Yeah chief..and there's the body lying in the center of the floor.~~

~~JACK: Yes, that's the body all right and he. Wait a minute, that's the body of Townsend Truchheart who was murdered last week.~~

~~FARRELL: Last week, doesn't anybody ever sweep up around here?~~

~~JACK: Evidently not. Now look, Farrell, I don't care anything about Townsend Truchheart. I'm here to investigate a new mystery..the murder of Cary Carow.~~

~~FARRELL: Ah, poor Cary Carow, he was shot and killed just a half hour ago in this very room.~~

JACK: Well then, where's ^{the} his body?

FARRELL: We moved it out by the swimming pool.

JACK: By the swimming pool?

FARRELL: Just because he's dead is no reason he shouldn't get a tan.

JACK: (//) Oh..well come on, men..we're going out to the swimming pool and see the body...Follow me.

QUART: L S M F T, L S M F T

~~AND THE~~ PEOPLE AT THE RACQUET *Club*

KNOW HOW MUCH A SUN TAN IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS...HEY!

JACK: Here we are at the pool, men..Now let's find Cary Carew's body.

MARY: (OOMPHY) Hello Chiefie.

JACK: Hold it men, I founda better one...What's your name, Miss?

MARY: Well, last week I was Mitzie Laroo, but yesterday I married Cary Carew and became Mitzie Laroo Carew.

JACK: Mitzie Laroo Carew? That's kind of monotonous, isn't it?

MARY: Not any more.. a half hour ago somebody slew Carew and I'm back to Laroo.

JACK: Good for you.. *now* ~~But~~ wait a minute, I think you're the one that did it..You've got a smoking gun in your hand.

MARY: That doesn't mean anything.

JACK: Why not?

MARY: This gun's been smokin' for nigh onto twenty years.

JACK: Oh, it has, eh?

FARRELL: You ought to arrest her, Captain..that's her gun..and Cary Carew was shot with it.

MARY: But I didn't do it...This morning I filled my gun with bullets and left it in my room and went out for a walk.

JACK: A likely story...You mean to say that after putting bullets in it you walked out and left the gun in the room all by itself?

MARY: Yeah..it was lonely but loaded.

JACK: Well, we'll go over and examine the body because--

MEL: (OFF MIKE) (HORRIBLE ANGUISHED SCREAM)

JACK: What's that..another murder?

FARRELL: No, one of the guests just got his bill.

JACK: Oh..Now Miss Laroo, I want to get all the details regarding the murder of your husband, Cary Carew..He may have been poisoned before he was shot..What did he have for dinner?

MARY: He had a filet mignon.

JACK: A steak, eh? How was the steak cooked?

MARY: It was well did..you're not gonna catch me.

JACK: Well now look, sister..I'm holding you for the murder because--

DENNIS: (COMING IN EXCITED) HEY CHIEF..CHIEF.

JACK: Yeah yeah..what is it, O'Day?

DENNIS: I was out searching the grounds and I saw a man walking along with a ^{dog} leash..so I questioned him.

JACK: Did he have an alibi?

DENNIS: No, a cocker spaniel.

JACK: Hmmm.

FARRELL: I had that line, but I wouldn't touch it.

JACK: You keep out of this, Farrell..Now O'Day, tell me about this man you saw..can you describe him?

DENNIS: Yeah, he was dressed like a cowboy.

JACK: Was he a real cowboy or a Dude?

DENNIS: That's Did!

JACK: Never mind that..Now look--

DON: OH CHIEF..CHIEF.

JACK: What is it, O'Wilson?

DON: I couldn't find the man or the dog, but here's the leash.

JACK: The leash?

I'm not a leash

SINATRA: ~~PUT ME DOWN~~, I'M FRANK SINATRA. *+ put me down*

JACK: Oh, hello Frankie.

(APPLAUSE) *Sinatra*

JACK: ~~Frankie~~, what are you doing here at the Racquet Club? I thought you were staying at the El Irisado.

SINATRA: I am..I was taking a sunbath over there and I guess it's windier than I thought.

JACK: *Benny!* Well now listen, *Benjamin* Sinatra, what do you know about the *Benjamin* murder of Cary Carew? *Well I guess I blew that*

SINATRA: Cary Ca-who?

JACK: Carew.

SINATRA: *W* I don't know anything about it..I'm just *waiting around* here till another wind comes up.

JACK: Oh..well look Frankie, everyone here at the club is under suspicion so I'll have to hold you till we can--

(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hm...Poor Frankie..He thinks he's going back to the El Irisado..That was the five o'clock breeze for Banning.. Oh well, he can get off at Cabizon and take the local zephyr back..Well, come on men, let's go into the lobby and start grilling the suspects..Follow me.

QUART: L S M F T, L S M F T
EVERYONE BUT FRANK SINATRA
IS SO ROUND AND FIRM AND VERY VERY FULLY PACKED, HEY!

JACK: Just a minute, *men*, there's a very suspicious looking man over there..Hey you..don't move, I want to question you.. now, what's your name?

GOLDWYN: ~~My name is Samuel~~ Goldwyn.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Samuel Goldwyn?..Wait a minute, are you that famous, talented, colossal, inimitable genius of the motion picture industry?

GOLDWYN: That's what it says on my driver's license.

JACK: Never mind the wisecracks.. This is murder!

GOLDWYN: I know, I've been listening to it.

JACK: I don't mean that.. Now tell me, Mr. Goldwyn, what were you doing when the shot was fired?

GOLDWYN: I was standing here ^{what were you doing} hating myself for not producing ^{stop laughing or we want get off the air again.} ~~Seventh Heaven~~ ^{Gone With the Wind}

JACK: Oh I see.. you know who was the star of Seventh Heaven? ^{new list Goldwyn - that's it}

GOLDWYN: Certainly, it's embroidered on ^{every} the guest towel.

JACK: ~~I thought so~~.. Now Mr. Goldwyn.. er.. I'd like to talk to you alone.. Would you mind stepping into the ^{other} ~~next~~ room?

GOLDWYN: Not at all.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Now Mr. Goldwyn, I have a confession to make.. I'm not really a police captain.. I'm Jack Benny.

GOLDWYN: Well then we're even.

JACK: What?

GOLDWYN: I'm not really a genius, I'm just colossal.

JACK: Oh oh, good good.. Now Mr. Goldwyn, what I want to talk to you about is.. well. as you probably know, I borrowed ^{this book} Ronald Colman's Oscar and lost it and I thought maybe you could lend me one. ^{now} You did win one last year for "The Best Years of Our Lives", didn't you?

GOLDWYN: I won nine.

JACK: You won nine Oscars?

GOLDWYN: *now* Now that I think of it, I am a genius.

JACK: Yes yes..That picture also won the Award in England, didn't it?

GOLDWYN: Cheerio, *you know Mr. Goldwyn!*

JACK: Now Mr. Goldwyn, I thought that maybe as a personal favor to me, you'd just lend me one of your Oscars.

GOLDWYN: But Jack, didn't you win an Oscar for The Horn Blows At Midnight?

JACK: No, but I was close..they hit me over the head with ~~one~~ *it*...
Now, Mr. Goldwyn..please let me have one of your Oscars...
~~It'll only be for a couple of weeks.~~

GOLDWYN: ~~I can't do that, Jack, but I will give you a cert in my~~
~~next picture, it's a musical.~~

JACK: A musical?

GOLDWYN: ~~Starring Hugo Garmichael~~

JACK: ~~No no, that's Hoagy.~~

GOLDWYN: ~~Oh yes, Hugo Hoagy.~~

JACK: Well, we've done all we can with that...Now Mr. Goldwyn,
~~I'm in trouble, I've gotta have the Osear now, won't you~~
~~help me out.~~

GOLDWYN: Well maybe I can help you out..If I lend you an Oscar,
~~when do you think you could..~~

(SOUND: WIND WHISTLE)

JACK: ~~Oh darn it, he caught the five-thirty sandstorm for San~~
~~Fernando...Oh well, I might as well finish our mystery.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: All right men..line up the suspects, and I'll find the murderer of Cary Carew or my name ain't--

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: What's that?

DON: Somebody threw a rock through the window.

DENNIS: Look Chief, there's a note on it.

JACK: Give me that.

BAGBY: Let me read it, I haven't had a line in the whole play.

JACK: You're the body..Lie down...You're dead..lie down...
Darn this climate...Now where's the note...it may be something important...Hmmm..it is important...It's from the National Broadcasting Company.

DON: What does it say, Chief?

JACK: It says, "Talk faster or you'll be cut off the air again."
...Well ~~then~~ ^{I saw} we better hurry up...Hey you over there...
You look suspicious..Now what have you got to say about this murder..and talk fast.

(SOUND: SQUIRREL TALK RECORD...STOP ON CUE)

JACK: I thought so..a full confession! ...All right men, you know your duty..get going!

DON: MUD BATHS..MUD BATHS..GET YOUR MUD BATHS AT THE PALM SPRINGS POLICE STATION..

(MUSIC IN SOFT)

DENNIS: DON'T BE A DUD, GET IN THE MUD.

QUART: MUD BATHS..MUD BATHS..MASSAGES..A FREE GOPHER WITH EVERY ONE..MUD BATHS..MUD BATHS.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, the American Red Cross finds it necessary to continue its fund raising campaign to help our hospitalized veterans, to say nothing of its many other services to our communities. Please give generously to your local Red Cross Chapter. It needs money more than ever before.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is Basil Ruysdael.

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is
Basil Ruysdael!

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 AMERICAN)

LAING: The famous Crossley Poll has just completed an impartial
survey in eleven southern tobacco states. This Poll -
taken among tobacco experts - reveals the smoking
preference of the men who really know tobacco. Yes-

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment -
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These are the experts - auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen - and we believe their overwhelming
preference for Lucky Strike has a direct relationship to
the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results - now listen to what
Mr. Charles Belvin, veteran tobacco buyer from Durham,
North Carolina, recently said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike
buy ripe, mild tobacco. I've smoked Luckies 16 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment,
remember -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT
LS - MPT

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

(TAG)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to hear the Phil Harris-
Alice Faye Show on Sundays and "A Day In The Life of
Dennis Day" on Wednesdays...I want to thank Samuel *next Sunday our guest will be Dorothy Dand of metropolitan*
Goldwyn for appearing here tonight through the courtesy *of Metropolitan*
of Samuel Goldwyn... Frank Sinatra can be heard every *night*
Saturday night on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, and can
be seen on the screen in that R.K.O. picture, "Miracle
Of The Bells"...Charlie Farrell, star of Seventh Heaven,
can currently be seen behind the cash register at the
Racquet Club...Incidentally, Seventh Heaven was produced
by Nineteenth Century Fox....And next week we'll be back
in--

MEL:

OH MR BENNY..MR. BENNY.

MARY:

Jack, the engineer wants you.

JACK:

Oh..What is it, Mr. Foster?

MEL:

I've got terrible news for you.

JACK:

Oh my goodness, were we cut off the air again?

MEL:

No, they heard every word.

JACK:

How do you like that..if it's not one thing, it's another..

Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0310823

PROGRAM #30
SCRIPT
REVISED

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - EST

P

ATX01 0310824

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

IAING: Lucky Strike -- and Lucky Strike alone -- offers you important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence reveals the smoking preference of auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- the men who really know tobacco. Here's what the Crossley Poll found.

HUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment --

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS--

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE --

LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

IAING: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies and to the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you may expect from fine tobacco. And when these veteran tobacco experts name Lucky Strike -- first choice for their own personal smoking enjoyment, then you know ...

HUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

IAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike. Remember --

HUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE. -

LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

T

(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, JACK BENNY HAS JUST RETURNED FROM HIS STAY IN PALM SPRINGS... SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS..IT'S MORNING AND WE FIND ROCHESTER IN THE KITCHEN.

ROCH: (SINGS) I'M ^{OVER-LOOKING} ~~LOOKING~~-OVER A SINK FULL OF DISHES
THAT I OVERLOOKED ALL WEEK.
THERE'S SPOONS AND THERE'S SAUCERS
AND DIRT ON THE FLOOR
IF I DON'T GET BUSY
HE'LL DOCK ME SOMEMORE.

DA DA DA DA DA, DA DA DA DA DA....

WELL, I BETTER ROLL UP MY SLEEVES AND...WAIT A MINUTE, THERE AIN'T NO HURRY ABOUT WASHING THESE DISHES...THIS IS ONLY THE END OF APRIL...THERE'S MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER.....I CAN START IN JUNE AND STILL GET TO THE TURKEY PLATTER IN TIME FOR THANKSGIVING...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (SINGS I'M LOOKING OVER --

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, OH, GOOD MORNING, BOSS .. DID YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT?

JACK: Oh, pretty good, Rochester, but as you know, I had a difficult time falling asleep...I counted three thousand sheep.

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ROCH: THREE THOUSAND AND TWENTY, TO BE EXACT.

JACK: Was it that many?

ROCH: YEAH...AND BOSS, TONIGHT WHEN YOU GO TO BED, WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE A LITTLE PILL?

JACK: ~~Now~~ Rochester, I prefer to count sheep.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT I FEEL SO SILLY PUTTING ON THAT WHITE COAT AND
JUMPING BACK AND FORTH OVER YOUR BEDPOST.

JACK: ~~Stop being funny and~~ *Rochester, IF I can toss and TURN, you CAN JUMP A LITTLE. NOW*
pour me some coffee.

ROCH: OKAY...JUST A MINUTE, BOSS.

(SOUND: SHADE PULLED DOWN)

JACK: ~~Rochester~~, why did you pull down the shade?

ROCH: IN CASE MR. COLMAN LOOKS OUT OF HIS WINDOW I DON'T WANT HIM
TO SEE YOU.

JACK: Oh yes yes..he is still mad about my losing his Oscar, isn't
he?

ROCH: MAD? YESTERDAY HE CAME OVER AND GOT ONE OF OUR LAWNMOWERS.

JACK: Well, that's all right.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT HE MOWED HALF HIS LAWN BEFORE HE PUT THE FLAG
DOWN ON THE METER.

JACK: Gee, Rochester, if Mr. Colman finds out I'm back from Palm
Springs, no telling what he'll do..but I have to go to the
stuido..How am I gonna get out of the house without him seeing
me?

ROCH: ~~WELL...LET'S~~ *LEMME* SEE....I KNOW.

JACK: What?

ROCH: GET DOWN ON ALL FOURS, I'LL THROW THE BEARSKIN RUG OVER YOU,
AND LEAD YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE ON A LEASH.

JACK: No, ^{NO} that wouldn't work... Suppose he comes over to pet me.

ROCH: I'LL LEAVE THE MUZZLE OFF SO YOU CAN BITE HIM.

JACK: No, I'd probably break my tooth on his garter, ^{SILLY}..But I've gotta get out of the house without Mr. Colman seeing me.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, I KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO.

JACK: What?

ROCH: YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR OLD CHARLIE'S AUNT COSTUME. WHY DON'T YOU PUT THAT ON?

JACK: Say, that's a wonderful idea. ^{IF I'M DRESSED LIKE A WOMAN, HE WON'T RECOGNIZE ME.} ~~Let's go in my room and~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: You take it, Rochester. I'll go in and put on my Charlie's Aunt costume.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND WILL ACCEPT THE NOMINATION ^{FOR} OF ANY PARTY THAT'LL LET HIM RENT OUT ROOMS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Hello, Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone.

ROCH: OH..OH..HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE..HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR TWO ^{STAY} WEEKS, IN PALM SPRINGS?

MARY: Oh, Wonderful, Rochester...I was on the golf course with Mr. Benny every day.

ROCH: I KNOW..AND MR. BENNY ^{AID} ~~TOLD ME~~ YOU OWE HIM FOUR DOLLARS AND THIRTY FIVE CENTS.

MARY: That's right.

ROCH: I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD BEAT YOU.

MARY: He didn't beat me, he caddied for me.

ROCH: OH.

MARY: By the way, Rochester, how does Mr. Benny feel now?

ROCH: MUCH BETTER...BUT WHEN HE GOT HOME FROM PALM SPRINGS, HE WAS GREEN. WHAT MADE HIM SO SICK?

MARY: He stopped at an orange juice stand that said, "All you can Drink For Ten Cents", and we had to roll him back in the car.

ROCH: OH, SO THAT'S WHAT IT WAS...HE WOKE ME UP WHEN HE CAME SLOSHING INTO THE HOUSE.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well Rochester, please tell Mr. Benny that I'll pick him up in a few minutes on my way down to the studio.

ROCH: THAT'LL BE FINE, MISS LIVINGSTONE..BUT..WOULD YOU MIND WAITING FOR HIM DOWN ON THE CORNER?

MARY: On the corner? Why?

ROCH: MR. BENNY WILL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU WHEN HE SEES YOU.

MARY: All right, Rochester....Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN..FOOTSTEPS..KNOCK ON DOOR)

ROCH: ARE YOU ^{DECENT} ~~READY~~, BOSS?

JACK: (OFF) YEAH, COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{ROCHESTER} ^ ..How do I look in my Charlie's Aunt Costume?

ROCH: WELL..LET ME SEE..YOU'VE GOT THE WIG ON STRAIGHT..AND YOUR CURLS TUMBLE DOWN OVER YOUR FOREHEAD IN A TANTALIZING MANNER.

JACK: Thank you, thank you.

ROCH: YOUR MASCARA IS JUST HEAVY ENOUGH TO ACCENTUATE THE BLUE OF YOUR EYES.

JACK: Good.

ROCH: YOUR LIPS HAVE THE RED GLOW OF A SUMMER SUN AS IT SLOWLY
SINKS INTO THE PEACEFUL PACIFIC.

JACK: Well.

ROCH: AND YOUR...OH-OH.

JACK: What's the matter?

ROCH: YOU BETTER ^{PULL UP} RAISE YOUR SHOULDER STRAPS, THE HAIR ON YOUR CHEST
IS SHOWING.

JACK: Oh, nobody will notice that when I wear my shawl...Oh my
goodness, look what time it is..I better get started for the
studio..

ROCH: I TOLD MISS LIVINGSTONE TO PICK YOU UP ON THE CORNER.

JACK: That's a good idea..Gee, I hope nobody recognizes me...
Rochester, does this dress really make me look like a woman?

ROCH: BOSS, IF THIS WAS MOTHER'S DAY, YOU'D BE LOUSY WITH FLOWERS.

JACK: Good good..So long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS..FOOTSTEPS
ON CEMENT)

JACK: Hrrm..~~It's~~ a little chilly..I'm glad I wore this shawl..

(SINGS) A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DA DA DE DUM
.....Gee, if I pass Georgie Jessel, I'm dead, ^{BUT IT WILL BE INTERESTING}.....Oh
well, as soon as I get in Mary's car, I'll take off this dress
and --Oh-oh...Oh my goodness, here comes Ronald Colman walking
this way...I'll just put down my head and cross the street.

(SOUND: AUTO HORN..CAR GOING BY)

JACK: Gee, that was close!

COLMAN: You'd Better be careful, Lady.

JACK: Huh?

(APPLAUSE)

COLMAN: May I help you across the street?

JACK: (FALSETTO) Well, thank you, thank you very much...But I can
manage by mySELF

COLMAN: ^{WELL, WELL} ~~Here~~, let me take your arm.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Well, ALL RIGHT

(SOUND: DOUBLE FOOTSTEPS..CONTINUING)

COLMAN: Am I walking too fast for you, Mother?

JACK: (FALSETTO) No no, not at all.....Well, here we are across the
street.

COLMAN: Yes..^{NOW} watch the curb..Ups-a-daisy!

JACK: (FALSETTO) Thank you, thank you very much, Mr. Colman..~~Now~~-I
have-to--

COLMAN: Oh, you recognized me.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Yes yes..now I have to --

COLMAN: Would you like my autograph?

JACK: (FALSETTO) Not now I'm in a hurry..I have to --

COLMAN: It will only take a minute.

JACK: (FALSETTO) I'm sorry but I don't have a pencil and paper.

COLMAN: Oh, I don't need pencil and paper..I have them written out on
little cards..You know the ^{the} demand has been quite heavy lately.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Oh, then I'll take one.

COLMAN: Take two, give one to your husband.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Thank you, ^{HE'S DEAD.....} he'll be thrilled, to DEATH.

COLMAN: By the way, Madam, am I the first movie star you ever met?

JACK: (FALSETTO) Well no no, I once met Charlie Farrell, star of Seventh Heaven.

COLMAN: Charlie Farrell? ^{NO, NO} He must've been before my time.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Well, thanks again Mr. Colman, you're my favorite Oscar-- I mean actor.

COLMAN: What? *was THAT?*

JACK: (FALSETTO) Goodbye, goodbye.

COLMAN: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..CONTINUING)

JACK: Gosh, that was a narrow escape..I don't know how much longer I could've held out..there's a fly under my wig...I'll get him.

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

JACK: I'll comb him out later..Now let me see, Rochester said that Mary would pick me ~~up~~-at...Oh, ^{where's} her car over there.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..CAR DOOR OPENS)

MARY: I beg your pardon, Madam, but I'm waiting for--

JACK: Mary, it's me, it's me!

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack, what are you doing in that outfit?

JACK: I had to put it on so I could sneak out of the house without Ronald Colman recognizing me..It's a good thing I did, too, because I bumped into him.

MARY: *why*, I just saw Ronnie, too.

JACK: Oh my goodness, if he saw you, he'll be sure to know that I'm around.

MARY: Oh, he didn't see me, Jack..he just walked by the car and threw his autograph in the back seat.

0

JACK: The back seat?...Oh, yeah..here it is...Well, what do you know..This one has glue on it so you can stick it on your windshield...Come on, Mary, let's go.

MARY: Jack, you're not going to go to the studio dressed as Charlie's Aunt are you?

JACK: No no, Mary, I have my suit on underneath..I'll slip the dress off while you're driving.

MARY: No no, Jack, don't take it off..I wanta remember you just the way you are.

JACK: What?

MARY: The way your curls tumble down over your forehead in a tantalizing manner.

JACK: Say, Rochester said the same thing.

MARY: And your mascara is just heavy enough to accentuate the blue of your eyes.

JACK: That's funny..he said that, too.

MARY: And your lips have the red glow of a summer sun slowly sinking into the LaBrea Tar Pits.

JACK: Mary..

MARY: I'll bet he didn't think of that one.

JACK: No no..he didn't...Now come on, let's hurry to the studio..I can get this dress ^{GETTA GET THIS} off before we get there.

(SOUND: MOTOR STARTS)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, I'm going into my dressing room..call me when you start the rehearsal, will you?

JACK: Okay..I'll see you later.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Oh, ^{oh} there's Mel Blanc...Hello Mel.

MEL: Hello Jack..are you gonna use me on your show today?

JACK: No, ^{no} Mel..I spent too much money in Palm Springs..Maybe next week..So long, Mel.

MEL: So long..(PORKY PIG) T-T-T-That's all folks!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, he's a clever guy..It's a shame he won't work cheaper....

Oh well..(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

PHIL: (OFF) ^{#1YA} HEY JACKSON..JACKSON..LONG TIME NO SEE!

JACK: Oh, hello Phil.

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Hey Jackson, lemme look at you..You know your stay in Palm Springs did you a lotta good...You're two inches taller.

JACK: ^{PHIL! YOU'RE TALLER.} What?..Oh darn it, I forgot to take off these high-heeled shoes..But Phil, no kidding..I sure missed you on our last two shows.

PHIL: I know.

JACK: What?

PHIL: You need me, Jackson, you need me!

JACK: What do you mean?...I got big laughs, didn't I?

PHIL: Yeah...you got laughs...but there was something missing. You know, your program without me is like a Persian rug.. it looks good but it just lays there.

JACK: Phil..

PHIL: Look Jackson, you tried it without me for two weeks...^{Now} Have you learned your lesson?

JACK: What?

PHIL: If you can't take the talent with you, stay where the talent is.

JACK: Phil...Phil...Shrinking Violet...How can you possibly be so egotistical.

PHIL: I ain't egotistical, Jackson...I just say if you got an effervescent personality, let it fizz, let it fizz.

JACK: Well, if that doesn't stop the air conditioning, nothing will...Now Phil, this week we've got a very important show, so let's get started with the rehearsal.

PHIL: I'll be with you in a minute, Jackson. I wanna go in and run over Dennis's song with him.

JACK: Okay, I'll come along with you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

(ORCHESTRA TUNING UP)

alright, alright, alright, come on - come on - come on
PHIL: ~~OKAY MEN~~, LET'S RUN THROUGH DENNIS'S NUMBER ONCE MORE.

alright, come on
(INTRODUCTION...DENNIS'S SONG..."NATURE BOY")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-11-

JACK: That was ^{very} good, Dennis..that song sounded swell.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny..but I think the orchestra should've played it with just a little more rhythm.

JACK: I ^{guess} think you're right, Dennis..Oh Phil --

PHIL: I'll take care of it..^{hey} SAY FELLOWS..WHEN WE DO THE NUMBER ON THE SHOW, PLAY IT A LITTLE ^{bit} MORE ^{little} PISTACHIO.

JACK: That's pizzicato! ^{PHIL: PISTACHIO}..^{JACK: when we give you the wrong word you can't pronounce it.} Say Dennis, ^{what time did you} get home from Palm Springs Sunday night? ^{Dennis, say Dennis}

DENNIS: I didn't get home Sunday..I got home late Wednesday and almost missed my own show.

JACK: But you left Palm Springs Sunday night...What took you so long...did your car break down?

DENNIS: No, but I ran into a lot of traffic in Salt Lake City.

JACK: Salt Lake City? Dennis, why did you go from Palm Springs to Los Angeles by ^{the} way of Salt Lake City?

DENNIS: I wanted to avoid the traffic light in Banning.

JACK: Well...that's logical.

DENNIS: But that wasn't the only reason..I also wanted to break in my new car...My mother gave it to me for my birthday.

PHIL: Hey, congratulations, kid..When was your birthday?

DENNIS: Last week...and I had a swell party, too...Refreshments and dancing and games like Post Office. (TWO TONED WHISTLE)

JACK: Well, ^{well} who was there?

DENNIS: Just me.

JACK: Just you? Dennis, how could you dance and play games all by yourself?

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DENNIS: It's done with mirrors.

JACK: Oh fine.

PHIL: Me having two shows I can understand, but this kid's a mystery.

JACK: Dennis, why don't you --

MARY: Say Jack, I-- Oh hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

PHIL: Well, hiya Livvy...You ravishing ^{gorgeous} beauty you.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Hello Phil...Say Jack, the drug store just sent back the pictures we took in Palm Springs.

JACK: Oh good good...let's take a look at them.

MARY: Here's a picture of me taken ^{near} by the pool in my bathing suit.

PHIL: Lemme see that, Livvy.

MARY: Here. *you are*

PHIL: WELL...SCUDDA HOO, SCUDDA HAY....Say, that's really a gorgeous bathing suit.

MARY: (SHY AND COY) Oh, it's nothing.

JACK: That he can see..Believe me.

MARY: And Phil..(LAUGHING) Here's one of Jack in his bathing trunks..

PHIL: Let me ^{have a look at that.} see that...OH NO NO NO NO NO...(LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

PHIL: You look like a spider with four legs missing.

JACK: All right, Phil, you can stop fizzing.

DENNIS: Say Mary, can I see that picture of Mr. Benny?

MARY: Here you are, Dennis.

DENNIS: Gee...I don't know what Phil was laughing at.

JACK: Thanks, kid.

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DENNIS: For a spider, you look pretty good.

JACK: ~~Dennis~~... ^{Well} Now I don't know whether you fellows are kidding or not but--

MARY: Say Jack, we better start rehearsing..we go on the air pretty soon.

PHIL: Yeah, let's get going, Jackson..the music is all ready.

JACK: Good ~~god~~..Now all ~~we need is~~...Hey, wait a minute..where's Don...DON..

DON: (OFF) HERE I AM, JACK.

JACK: Well Don, it's getting kinda late and we have to-- Don..Don.. did ^{you} pass an orange juice stand?

DON: No, I always look like this.

JACK: Oh..Well look Don, we've got practically everything ready but the quartet..did you rehearse them?

DON: ^{Oh}, Yes Jack, and I've got a great surprise for you.

JACK: A surprise?

DON: Yes..for weeks now your quartet ~~has~~ been rehearsing an operatic number, but they needed a soprano for the lead.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: So I took the liberty of asking Miss Dorothy Kirsten to come over and join them.

JACK: Well, I think it was very-- Dorothy Kirsten?..~~Don~~, you don't mean Dorothy Kirsten of the Metropolitan Opera?

KIRSTEN: Yes, Mr. Benny, and here I am.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Miss Kirsten, this is indeed an honor and a great privilege having an operatic star like you on my program.

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KIRSTEN: Thank you, Mr. Benny..coming from a violinist of your reputation, I consider that quite a compliment.

JACK: (MODESTLY) Well..speaking of my violin playing...I really shouldn't take too much credit for a talent that comes naturally...(SILLY LAUGH)

MARY: Some talent...Your father used to tie a flat-iron on the end of your bow so you could practice the violin and press pants at the same time.

JACK: Mary..please...Oh Miss Kirsten, this is Mary Livingstone.

KIRSTEN: How do you do, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: How do you do.

JACK: And this is Dennis Day.

KIRSTEN: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Glad to know you, Miss Kirsten.

KIRSTEN: Dennis, you must be very proud to be associated with a man of Mr. Benny's stature and importance.

DENNIS: ^{a backing seat} In the picture he looks like a spider.

JACK: ^{Mr Day} Dennis...He's such a kid.

DON: Oh Miss Kirsten, I wanted to tell you that I saw you in "Madam Butterfly" Wednesday afternoon and I thought your performance was simply magnificent.

KIRSTEN: Well, ^{thanks thanks awfully! IT'S} that's awfully kind of you, Mr. Wilson...but who could help singing Puccini, it's so expressive.... *AND* particularly the last act starting with the allegro vivacissimo.

DON: Well, that's being very modest, Miss Kirsten, but not every singer has the necessary Bel Canto and flexibility or ~~range~~ range to cope with the high tessatura of that first act.

thank you, and don't
 KIRSTEN: ~~Wait~~, Mr. Wilson, ~~didn't~~ you think in the aria "Un Bel Di Vedremo" that the strings played the Con Molto Passione exceptionally fine and with great sostenendo?

JACK: Well, I thought--

MARY: Oh shut up. *that's not cricket*

JACK:Mary, I was only trying to be sociable.

DENNIS: Gee, Miss Kirsten...I wish my mother were here...she'd enjoy meeting you...She's a singer too.

KIRSTEN: Oh...is your mother a soprano or a contralto?

DENNIS: She's a baritone.

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: You know, my mother wanted me to become an opera singer.

KIRSTEN: Well. it's a very exciting profession..but it requires intensive voice training and study....I prepared for my career eleven years...I spent seven of those years in the Conservatory of Music.

JACK: In Milan?

KIRSTEN: No, in Doo Wah Ditty.

JACK: ~~Hmm~~ *Dennis now,* Miss Kirsten, as I understand it, you're going to sing a number with my quartet...is that right?

KIRSTEN: Yes yes...we rehearsed all week...didn't we, boys?

QUART: HMMMMM.

JACK: Well, this is really a big event on my show, Miss Kirsten and I'm certainly thrilled having you..but..er..but..er.. pardon me.. Don..Don..step over here a minute, will you?

(DON GOES OVER TO JACK'S MIKE)

I mean how much is she

JACK: (WHISPERING) Don, how much is Miss Kirsten going to charge me?

DON: Lean over, Jack., I'll whisper it to you.

JACK:Whoops!.....Hmm.....Gee, she gets more than Mel Blanc...Well.

KIRSTEN: Mr. Benny, I hope you're not concerned about the financial arrangements.

JACK: Oh no no..that is, I'm not worried for myself..I'm worried about the rest of my cast, they'll have to take a cut, you know...Miss Kirsten, what number have you and the boys prepared?

KIRSTEN: The Quartet from Rigoletto.

JACK: Oh, well that should be wonderful on the show..May we hear it now?

KIRSTEN: Certainly.

JACK: Don, announce it now just the way we're gonna do it on the show, will you?

DON: Okay...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT WE HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BRINGING YOU THE QUARTET FROM RIGOLETTO WITH THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET..AND STARRING MISS DOROTHY KIRSTEN OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA.

MISS KIRSTEN
& QUARTET:

(FIRST PART IN ITALIAN!)

L S M F T

THAT'S THE ONE AND ONLY SMOKE FOR ME.

THEY'RE SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED

AND THEY'RE SO VERY FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW

FOR DEEP SMOKING

THERE'S NOTHING FINER

THEY GROW TOBACCO

IN CAROLINA

OH, L S M F T..L S M F T..L S M F T..L S M F T

THEY'RE SO ROUND

YES SIR

SO FULLY PACKED

WHY SURE

SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW

YOU BET

SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE

*Keaton has
other lyrics
check notes*

(APPLAUSE)

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JACK: Dorothy....I must call you Dorothy now...That was simply superb.

KIRSTEN:Thank you, Jack.

DENNIS: My mother wanted me to become an opera singer.

KIRSTEN:Well, it's a very exciting profession..but it requires intensive voice training,.....I studied ten years.

JACK: In Milan?

KIRSTEN:No, Doo Wah Ditty.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well Dorothy, when you do this same number on the show, I'd like to ask you a favor..when you finish the number, don't leave the stage, we may want an encore.

KIRSTEN:Very well, Jack...and now there's something I'd like to ask you.

JACK: What is it?

KIRSTEN:Where did you get those darling open-toed shoes?

JACK: Oh these...I'm sorry, I meant to take them off..It's a long story...Here's what happened --

DEL: (OFF) EVERYBODY ON STAGE...EVERYBODY ON STAGE...THE PROGRAM GOES ON IN TWO MINUTES.

JACK: Come on, Dorothy...come on kids..and let's give them a great show.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Dorothy....I must call you Dorothy now...That was simply superb.

KIRSTEN: Thank you, Jack.

DENNIS: My mother wanted me to become an opera singer.

KIRSTEN: Well, it's a very exciting profession..but it requires intensive voice training,.....I studied ten years.

JACK: In Milan?

KIRSTEN: No, Doo Wah Ditty.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well Dorothy, when you do this same number on the show, I'd like to ask you a favor..when you finish the number, don't leave the stage, we may want an encore.

KIRSTEN: Very well, Jack...and now there's something I'd like to ask you.

JACK: What is it?

KIRSTEN: Where did you get those darling open-toed shoes?

JACK: Oh these...I'm sorry, I meant to take them off..It's a long story...Here's what happened --

DEL: (OFF) EVERYBODY ON STAGE...EVERYBODY ON STAGE...THE PROGRAM GOES ON IN TWO MINUTES.

JACK: Come on, Dorothy...come on kids..and let's give them a great show.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

TAG

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JACK: Be sure to listen to the Phil Harris - Alice Faye Show on Sundays and "A Day In The Life of Dennis Day" on Wednesdays...I want to thank Miss Dorothy Kirsten of the Metropolitan Opera for helping us out tonight...and I also want to thank Ronald Colman for helping me across the street...And now if you'll excuse me, folks, my feet are killing me... Goodnight, ~~folks~~.

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE --
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

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

LAING: The famous Crossley Poll has just completed an impartial
survey in eleven southern tobacco states. This Poll --
taken among tobacco experts -- reveals the smoking
preference of the men who really know tobacco. Yes --

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment --
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE. --
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

LAING: These are the experts -- auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen -- and we believe their overwhelming
preference for Lucky Strike has a direct relationship to
the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results -- now listen to what Mr.
Furney Simmons King, independent buyer from Lexington,
Kentucky, 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. I've smoked Luckies 19 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment --
remember --

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

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

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PROGRAM #31
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

RTX01 0310847

OPENING COMMERCIAL

LAING: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- presented by LUCKY STRIKE,

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

LAING: Lucky Strike -- and Lucky Strike alone -- offers you important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence reveals the smoking preference of auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- the men who really know tobacco. Here's what the Crossley Poll found.

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment --

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE --

LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

LAING: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies and to the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you may expect from fine tobacco. And when these veteran tobacco experts name Lucky Strike -- first choice for their own personal smoking enjoyment, then you know...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike. Remember --

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, *Lucky Strike, first choice,* OVER ANY OTHER

BRAND.

(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, AS THERE ARE ONLY EIGHT MORE PROGRAMS LEFT IN THE CURRENT LUCKY STRIKE SERIES, AT THIS TIME I WOULD LIKE TO PAY TRIBUTE TO A MAN WHO FOR THE PAST THIRTY WEEKS HAS BROUGHT JOY AND HAPPINESS INTO MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES.

JACK: Don't forget the five hundred and sixty nine thousand trailers.

DON: A MAN WHOSE WIT, CHARM, AND PERSONALITY HAVE ENDEARED HIM TO THE HEARTS OF HIS PUBLIC.

JACK: Keep going, Don, we have a half hour.

DON: A MAN WHO IS LOVED, ADMIRER, AND RESPECTED BY EVERY MEMBER OF HIS CAST.

JACK: How true.

DON: A MAN WHO EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME PICKS UP OUR OPTIONS... *Jack Benny*

JACK: Oh, so that's it.

DON: JACK-BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..and Don..~~I know you were trying to be clever, but that introduction was about as subtle as John L. Lewis sending a Valentine to Judge Goldsborough..~~ But Since you brought the matter up, I suppose you received the contract I mailed you for next season.

DON: Yes, I did, Jack, and I'm not quite satisfied with some of the clauses.

JACK: Huh?

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JACK: Well, I can fix that, too...Now look, Don, I've been very fair about this whole thing and I ~~think~~--Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack..What are you talking about?

JACK: Oh..Don isn't satisfied with his new contract for next season.

MARY: He isn't?

JACK: No.

MARY: Oh my goodness, and after all you've done for him.

JACK: Well, that's the way it goes, Mary..there isn't much gratitude in this business.

MARY: Why, Don Wilson, you ought to be--

JACK: Never mind, Mary..Thanks just the same..By the way, have you read your new contract?

MARY: Yeah..What're you trying to do, bring back slavery?

JACK: Oh, so I'm going to have trouble with you, too,ⁱⁿWhat's wrong with your contract?

MARY: I don't like Clause Seven.

JACK: Clause Seven?...Oh, Mary,^{mean't}it only happens once or twice a year.

MARY: I don't care..if you buy a turkey, kill it yourself.

JACK: Mary, can I help it if I'm sentimental?

MARY: You're not sentimental...When you pay for a whole turkey, you hate to chop anything off.

JACK: Oh stop.

MARY: Sentimental..You even use the head for badminton.

JACK: I stopped doing that,^{mean't}I couldn't stand the way it came over the net staring at me..Anyway Mary, you've got a lot of nerve complaining about your contract..After all--

PHIL: H'YA JACKSON, H'YA DON....HELLO, LIVVY.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Hello, Phil.

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JACK: Phil, it's about time you got here. What made you ^{so} late?

PHIL: It ain't my fault, Jackson..I had plenty of time to get here, but just as I left the house, Alice fainted.

JACK: Oh my goodness..that must've scared you to death.

PHIL: ^{Now!} No-ne, it happens every time I kiss her goodbye.

MARY: Oh brother!

PHIL: That's what she said as she hit the floor.

JACK: Phil..Phil, do you really have that effect on Alice?

PHIL: Jackson, she won't even let me shave with a mirror..She don't want my love divided.

JACK: Phil..if I paid you by the pound, your head would ruin me..^{you know that} Now look, just pick up your baton and let's have a band number.

PHIL: Oh no, Jackson, I ain't making with the down-beat till I talk to you about that new contract you sent me..My lawyers don't like it.

JACK: Your lawyers? Who are they?

PHIL: Kirchy, Bagby, Fletcher, and Fink.

JACK: Oh..Well Phil, just what is it you and your lawyers object to in the contract?

PHIL: We don't like the clause that says I've gotta get to bed on Saturday night before three a.m.

JACK: Well, it's for your own good, Phil. After all, you have a program to do on Sunday, and I want you to look bright and fresh.

PHIL: I know, but if I lose that red glow in my eyes, I ain't got no personality.

JACK: Phil, I've been playing badminton with a turkey head for two years and it looks better than you do. Anyway, I'll talk to your lawyers about your contract later, but right now, let's have a band number.

PHIL: Okay Jackson, what would you like to hear?

JACK: Henry Busse, but I'm stuck with you...Go ahead, play anything.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it a minute, Phil..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, look who's here.

ARTIE: Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, it's certainly nice to see you.

ARTIE: I'm sorry to bother you, but I wonder if you could spare a ticket to your next week's broadcast for my uncle who is visiting me from the East.

JACK: Oh, you have an uncle visiting you, eh? What part of the East is he from?

ARTIE: Pomona.

JACK: Oh, oh..Well, anyway Mr. Kitzel, I'll be very glad to give your uncle a ticket.

ARTIE: Thank you and for this he will send you a box of oranges...He owns an orange grove.

JACK: An orange grove?...Oh, of course, Pomona is in the citrus belt.

ARTIE: Belt..suspenders...during the drought, he lost his pants.

JACK: Oh well, that's too bad.

ARTIE: Thank you../anyway Mr. Benny, I hope my wife will have better luck.

JACK: Your wife?

ARTIE: Yes, she is opening a restaurant on Olvera Street..called Mama Kitzel's Adobe Hacienda.

JACK: But Mr. Kitzel, that's Spanish...can your wife cook Spanish food?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO...She specializes in tamales with Sour Cream.. Enchiladas with chopped liver..Chili Con Corned Beef..and Spanish ^{Smoked} Blintze.

JACK: Spanish ^{Margarita} Blintze..What's that?

ARTIE: A herring that ^{is} ~~is~~ making siesta on top of a slice of onion.

JACK: Well, that sounds novel.

ARTIE: And the tortillas you'll be crazy about ^{it}.

JACK: Tortillas?

ARTIE: That's a Crepe Suzette that shouldn't happen to a dog.

JACK: Ch...Well, Mr. Kitzel, let me know when you open your restaurant and I'll come down and visit you.

ARTIE: Buenos Dias, Signor.

JACK: Goodbye.

ARTIE: What did I say?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mama Kitzel's Adobe Hacienda..That's a ^{good} name..All right, Phil, let's have the number.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

Well, we finally got to the band rummies - 7 -
JACK: That was "The New Lock" played by Phil Harris and his Gin Rummy Orchestra...Eighteen rummies full of gin...And now, ladies and gentlemen for our--

MARY: Say Jack, where's Dennis?

JACK: *Dennis?*
I don't know, but I hope he gets here pretty soon. I wanta talk to him about his new contract for next year.

MARY: A new contract for Dennis? I thought you had him signed up till next Haloy's Comet.

JACK: Well, it's the same contract, Mary, but I added a new clause.

PHIL: Hey Livv, you shoulda seen the clause Jackson tried to get into my contract.

JACK: Never mind.

MARY: What was it, Phil?

PHIL: If I ever find a dime..before I can spend it, I gotta call Jackson and find out if he lost one.

JACK: Phil, I ~~just~~ did that for a gag..where's your sense of humor? I mean, just because--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Maybe that's Dennis..I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY..THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Hello, Rochester, what do you want?

ROCH: I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO THE PROGRAM, BOSS, AND IT OCCURRED TO ME ~~THAT~~ WE HAVEN'T DISCUSSED MY CONTRACT YET.

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JACK: Well Rochester, you've been working in my house for ten years and I feel there's no necessity for a written contract.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Everything is perfectly clear and we have what is known as a verbal agreement.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: That means we have a mutual understanding...Why put things on paper..The amount of money involved is too small.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT I MEAN..LET'S GET IT UP!

JACK: You'll be taken care of..and believe me, Rochester, there's no necessity for a written contract.

ROCH: BUT MY ATTORNEYS ADVISED IT, WHEREAS AND TO WIT.

JACK: Your attorneys? Who are they?

ROCH: REMUS, BEMUS, SUGARFOOT, AND SMYTHE.

JACK: Oh, well, tell Remus, Bemus, Sugarfoot, and Smythe to get in touch with Kirchy, Bagby, Fletcher, and Fink...Let them handle it.

ROCH: IT'S THE SAME FIRM..THEY 'VE GOT A BRANCH ON CENTRAL AVENUE.

JACK: Ch...well, anyway Rochester, you've got nothing to worry about..I'm giving you a substantial raise next year.

ROCH: SUBSTANTIAL?

JACK: Yes, you know what the word means, don't you?

ROCH: I AIN'T ILLITERATE, I'M SKEPTICAL.

JACK: Well, you're getting it, so don't let it bother you...I'll see you later..Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE, OH SAY, BOSS..

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: ARE YOU STILL GONNA HAVE COMPANY FOR DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT?

JACK: Oh yes, I'm glad you reminded me..You better run down to the store and get a leg of lamb.

ROCH: A LEG OF LAMB?..WHY DON'T YOU GET A TURKEY?

JACK: Why?

ROCH: AFTER DINNER THEY MAY WANTA PLAY BADMINTON.

JACK: No..just get a leg of lamb and a small squab....Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE..~~HEE HEE HEE HEE..DOGGONE, IF HE AIN'T THE STINGIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, HE'S SURE CROWDING HIM.~~

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCH: OH, ~~EXCUSE ME, BOSS, I THOUGHT I HUNG UP.~~

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~He better watch himself...Oh Don..Don..~~
He better watch himself...Oh Don..Don..

DON: Yes Jack.

JACK: I think right now would be a good time for a commercial.

DON: But Jack, the quartet isn't here. How are we gonna get laughs?

JACK: ^{It's} It's simple..Remember a few weeks ago when you did the commercial wearing that old straw hat? People loved that..

DON: I know Jack, but we don't wanta do that again.

JACK: We don't have to, Don..The idea is to give the people something different.

DON: What do you mean?

JACK: Every announcer in radio reads his commercial standing up at the microphone.

DON: Well, how else can you do it?

JACK: You can lie down.

DON: What?

JACK: Go ahead, Don..lie down on the floor..I'll bet you the audience ~~will~~ be crazy about it.

DON: But Jack, I think it's silly to do a commercial lying down on

JACK: ^{the--} ~~Don~~..believe me, I know what I'm talking about..lie down.
But it's different.

DON: *Oh* Okay.

JACK: But do it gently, we don't want *we don't wanta - Don, we don't want* to disturb the seismograph at Berkeley.

(JACK GOES TO DON'S MIKE..DON GETS DOWN ON THE FLOOR ON HIS BACK)

JACK: Now Don, I'll hold the microphone down ~~close~~ to your face...
~~There~~..Now go ahead, Don..read the commercial.

DON: *Oh* Okay...L S, M F T..L S, M F T..LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..AND IN A CIGARETTE IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS..SO SMOKE THE SMOKE TOBACCO EXPERTS SMOKE..LUCKY STRIKE..SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Don, talk louder, the radio waves aren't getting over your stomach..go ahead..continue.

DON: AH I'VE BEEN SMOKIN' LUCKY STRIKES FOR NIGH ONTO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BECAUSE I'VE SEEN THE MAKERS OF LUCKY STRIKE BUY THAT FINE, THAT LIGHT, THAT NATURALLY MILD TOBACCO.

JACK: All right, folks..wasn't that clever?

(APPLAUSE)

(DON GETS UP DURING APPLAUSE)

JACK: You see, Don, ^{you did get laughs}..and I've got a Lulu for next week..You're gonna read the commercial with your head sticking out of a cement mixer.

MARY: Say Jack, while you and Don were doing that classy commercial,
a note came for you.

JACK: ^{1 note} Who's it from?

MARY: Dennis Day.

JACK: From Dennis? What does it say?

MARY: It says, "DEAR MR. BENNY..MY MOTHER WON'T LET ME BE ON THE
PROGRAM UNTIL SHE TALKS TO YOU ABOUT MY NEW CONTRACT. YOUR
LOYAL SUBJECT, DENNIS DAY."

JACK: Well, how do you like that.

MARY: ^{Wait} Wait a minute, Jack, there's more.

JACK: More?

MARY: Yeah.. "P.S...I FOUND A DIME TODAY. PLEASE LET ME KNOW AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE AS THE GOOD HUMOR MAN IS WAITING."

JACK: Imagine Dennis not showing up..He's supposed to sing..

What're we going to do for a song? ^{What're we going to do for a song?}

DON: ^{What're we going to do for a song?} Say Jack, I've got an idea.

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: Frank Sinatra is rehearsing a special broadcast in Studio
B...Maybe he'll come over and help you out.

JACK: Sinatra?..Say, that would be great..Oh Mary, will you please
go over to Studio B, and if Sinatra is there, ask him if he'll
come over, will you?

MARY: ^{I'll be right back.} Okay, Jack..I'll be right back..

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

MARY: ~~Before going over to Frankie's studio, I better step into
my dressing room and see if my make-up is on okay..~~

(SOUND: ~~FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS~~)

She, am I excited -

MARY: Yeah. I guess everything looks all right...I better see if my stockings are straight..Or maybe Frankie'd like it better if I'd roll them down....There, that'll do it..

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS
..SUSTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

MARY: Let's see ^{uh} Studio B is at the other end of the hall..(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)..No, that's Jack's tune..He's liable to sue me..Gosh, I'll bet millions of girls all over the country would love to be in my place right now..Going to see Frank Sinatra...but I don't feel any different..It hasn't the (VOICE TRAILS OFF) slightest effect on me at all..(NERVOUS GIGGLE) (FIRMLY) Steady girl, steady...well, here goes.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

SINATRA:(OFF MIKE) All right, fellows..now-I'd-like-to-rehearse, ^{S I}
"But Beautiful" once more.

(APPLAUSE)

(SINATRA'S SONG.."BUT BEAUTIFUL")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-13-

SINATRA: Thank ^{you very much that was great, men.} fellows, that was ~~fine~~...That'll be enough for today.

MARY: Oh Frank..Frankie.

SINATRA: Huh? Oh hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Frankie..nice seeing you again.

SINATRA: Nice seeing you...^{Let}Gosh, you sure look gorgeous today,
Mary...

MARY: (PAUSE) Steady girl, steady...Say Frank, I came to ask you
to step over to our studio, Jack would like to see you.

SINATRA: Well, that's a coincidence...I was just going over to see
^{him} Jack myself..I'm a little peeved at him..He's ruining my
singing on the Hit Parade.

MARY: ^{Well,}I don't understand. How can Jack hurt your singing?

SINATRA: I can't hit those high notes anymore..he puts too much
starch in my collars.

MARY: ...Oh..well, that's Rochester's fault..Jack's specialty
is rough dry.

SINATRA: ^{Well,} And that isn't my only complaint...Yesterday my bundle of
laundry came back and two of my handkerchiefs were missing..
and they were the handkerchiefs that Bing Crosby gave me
for my birthday.

MARY: ^{Well,} How do you know they were the handkerchiefs Bing gave you?

SINATRA: They had chloroform on them.

MARY: Well, Jack doesn't want to see you about the laundry..He'd
like to have you sing a song on his program.

FRANK: Today?

MARY: Yes..right now.

SINATRA: Well, come on..let's go over and I'll talk to him.

(SCUND: FOOTSTEPS)

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SINATRA: Where's Jack broadcasting from, Mary?

MARY: Right here in Studio "C"...let's go in.

SINATRA: Wait a minute, Mary..I'll open the door for you.

(SOUND: DOOR KNOB TURNS)

SINATRA: (GRUNTS)

(SOUND: DOOR KNOB TURNS AGAIN)

SINATRA: (GRUNTS AGAIN)

(SOUND: DOOR KNOB TURNS AND DOOR OPENS)

SINATRA: Thanks, Mary.

MARY: Oh, that's all right, I kill turkeys, too.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) AND LISTEN DON, IF FRED ALLEN THINKS HE'S THAT FUNNY, HE'S GOT A...OH, HELLO, FRANKIE.

SINATRA: Hello Jack...did you want to see me?

JACK: Yes yes..come right in...by the way, you know my gang, don't you?

SINATRA: Sure...where's Don Wilson?

JACK: Anyplace you look...Hey Don, here's Frank Sinatra.

DON: Hello, Frankie.

SINATRA: (STARING AT DON) Holy smoke, I'm surrounded!

JACK: Yes, yes..there is quite a difference in your size.

DON: I've got a goose pimple bigger than him.

JACK: Don, please..go lie down..Now Frank, I'll get right to the point...Dennis couldn't be here today, so I'd like to have you sing a song on my program.

SINATRA: Well..

JACK: Oh it's strictly business, Frank..I intend to pay you.

SINATRA: You're gonna..pay?

JACK: Certainly..

(SOUND: THREE FAST DIALS ON PHONE)

JACK: Frank, what are you doing?

SINATRA: I'm calling RKO....This is another Miracle of The Bells.

JACK: Well, you can hang up and we'll talk business..Now how much would you want to sing just one song?

SINATRA: Five thousand dollars.

JACK: (VERY LONG PAUSE)

MARY: (ON CUE) Why doesn't he fall down, I know he fainted.

JACK: Mary, please...Well look, Frank..for five thousand dollars, you sing both the verse and the chorus of a song, don't you?

SINATRA: Certainly. *Uh-uhuh*

JACK: ~~Uh-huh~~...Now Frank, most people don't know the verse anyway, *now what what now* what would you charge for just the chorus?

SINATRA: Three thousand dollars.

JACK: Humm..Well we won't need a whole chorus...You see, I wouldn't want to be cut off the air again..Now how much would you charge me for..say..sixteen bars?

SINATRA: Fifteen hundred dollars.

JACK: Gee, that's almost a hundred dollars a bar..Can't you give me something a little less expensive?

SINATRA: For ten bucks I can blow my nose in C Sharp. *that's a gift - not yet*

JACK: No no, Frankie...I know you're short two handkerchiefs.

SINATRA: Now look Jack, what's the use of dickering..my price is five thousand dollars.

JACK: *cut* Now look Frank..let's compromise..I'll give you five hundred dollars.

SINATRA: Five thousand.

JACK: ...Five hundred and one.

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SINATRA: Four thousand nine hundred ~~and~~ ninety nine.

JACK:Five hundred and two.

SINATRA: Four thousand nine hundred ~~and~~ ninety eight.

JACK:Five hundred and three...

(SOUND: THREE DIALS ON PHONE)

JACK: Mary, what are you doing?

MARY: I'm calling Paramount, this is going to be another Lost Weekend.

JACK: Never mind...Now Frank...since we're so close to an agreement on price..why don't you ^{why don't you} just do your song and we'll settle it after the program..We shouldn't haggle in front of the audience..It makes you look cheap.....Now come on, sing your song.

SINATRA: Well, okay Jack...but who's ^{who's} going to accompany me?

JACK: Phil Harris's Orchestra.

SINATRA: Oh, no no no no. ^{not that}

JACK: Wait a minute, Frankie, a few weeks ago on my show they accompanied Bing Crosby.

SINATRA: I know, but he's ^{already} already made his.

JACK: Oh, well, I'll tell you what..I'll accompany you on the violin and Frank Remley on the guitar.

SINATRA: Frank Remley?

JACK: That's Phil Harris's Nature Boy....Now I'll get my violin and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn it..excuse me, Frank.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY..THIS IS ROCHESTER AGAIN.

JACK: ~~Hi~~..what is it, this time Rochester?

ROCH: WELL, I'M LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM..AND I JUST HEARD FRANK SINATRA.

JACK: That's right..he's here..What about it?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE GOT TO GET AN OSCAR TO GIVE BACK TO MR. COLMAN.

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, MR. SINATRA WON AN OSCAR A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO ~~FOR~~ *in a*
called
~~THE~~ PICTURE, "THE HOUSE I LIVE IN."

JACK: Say, that's right..he did...I wonder if he'd lend it to me.

ROCH: HE MIGHT IF HE HASN'T THROWN IT AWAY.

JACK: Now why in the world would he throw an Oscar away?

ROCH: COULD BE JEALOUSY..IT WEIGHS MORE THAN HE DOES.

JACK: Gee, Rochester..I'm glad you told me about it..and by the way, I think you're putting a little too much starch in Mr. Sinatra's collars...he looks like a dehydrated Herbert Hoover..Be careful *will ya?*

ROCH: I WILL...GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye. *Now look Frank,*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

SINATRA: I'm all ready now, Jack. *you* get your violin and we'll--

JACK: Look Frank, let's hold the song for a minute...I want to talk to you about something very important.

SINATRA: What is it? *Jack!*

JACK: No, ~~it~~..not here..Let's go out in the hall.

SINATRA: Okay.

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

JACK: Frank, I'm not going to beat around the bush...As you know, I lost Ronald Colman's Oscar...and I've got to get one to replace it.

SINATRA: Yes?

JACK: Now you won an Oscar, didn't you?

SINATRA: Yes ^{we} Jack, ~~I~~ we won it for "The House I Live In." *Jack*

JACK: Well look, Frankie, you can do me a great favor.

(SOUND: ELECTRICAL HUMMING BEGINS FADING IN
GETTING LOUDER ALL THE TIME)

JACK: I'll only need it for a few weeks...You see, I've gotta get an Oscar back to Ronald Colman before he--*comes*

MEL: HEY, WOULD YOUSE GUYS MIND MOVING OVER..WE'RE TRYIN' TO VACUUM THIS HALL.

JACK: In a minute, in a minute..They're always cleaning up around here..Now Frankie--

SINATRA: Yes Jack.

JACK: I've never been in such a spot in all my life..I'm not asking you to give me the Oscar..I just want you to lend it to me until--

MEL: NOW LOOK, YOUSE GUYS, I'M TRYIN' TO VACUUM THIS CORRIDOR.. I'M ASKIN' YOU ONCE MORE TO MOVE.

JACK: Don't be in such a hurry Bud..Now Frankie, look..How about it..Let me have your Oscar.

SINATRA: Well, Jack as long as you're in that kind of a spot and it's only for a few weeks, maybe I can--

(SOUND: LOUD SLIDE WHISTLE UP)

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JACK: Frank..Frankie..Frankie...^DOh darn it, he got too close to
the vacuum cleaner....Now I'll have to go outside and wait
till they empty the bag..^{Everything happens to me.}Oh my goodness, ~~look what time~~
~~it is!~~

(SOUND: ~~PAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS~~)

JACK: ~~PLAY, PHIL.~~

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SAVINGS BONDS ARE VITALLY IMPORTANT IN THE NATION'S BATTLE AGAINST PRICE INFLATION AND FOR THE FUTURE WELFARE OF ~~THE~~ ^{all of us} ALL OF IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE CONTINUE TO BUILD FINANCIAL SECURITY FOR OURSELVES AND OUR CHILDREN. PROTECT YOUR FUTURE. ^{Buy} ~~Buy~~ EXTRA SECURITY BONDS NOW.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST HERE'S BASIL RUYSDAEL.

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE. --

LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

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

LAING: The famous Crossley Poll has just completed an impartial survey in eleven southern tobacco states. This Poll -- taken among tobacco experts -- reveals the smoking preference of ~~the~~ men who really know tobacco. Yes --

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment --

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE. --

LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

LAING: These are the experts -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- and we believe their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results -- now listen to what Mr. Carl Hartfield, 29 years an independent tobacco buyer, recently said.

VOICE: At auction after auction I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco ... good, ripe leaf that's got real smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies 28 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment -- Remember --

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

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

JACK: Gosh, where could he have emptied that vacuum cleaner...
I've looked in every rubbish can in the alley...

(SOUND: TRASH AND BOTTLES MOVED AROUND)

JACK: Frankie..Frankie..Frankie, where are you?

MEL: (MEOW TWICE)

JACK: Well, he's not in this one.

MEL: (MEOW)

JACK: Go away, Kitty, ^{I'm work...} I'm working this side of the alley....
FRANKIE...Well, there's nothing left for me to do...
Next week I'll just have to go over and apologize to
Ronald Colman.

MEL: (MEOW) Rrronald Colman?

JACK: Yes ^{give}..Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

PROGRAM #32
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

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ATX01 0310871

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"
May 9, 1948

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

LAING: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- Presented by LUCKY STRIKE!
BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 -- AMERICAN)
LAING: Lucky Strike -- and Lucky Strike alone --- offers you
important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the
world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence reveals the
smoking preference of auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen
-- the men who really know tobacco. Here's what the
Crossley Poll found -
RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment -
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE!
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!
LAING: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming
preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct
relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for
Luckies and to the real, deep down smoking enjoyment
you may expect from fine tobacco. And when these veteran
tobacco experts name Lucky Strike -- first choice for
their own personal smoking enjoyment, then you know...
RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and in a cigarette
it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke the smoke tobacco
experts smoke -- Lucky Strike! Remember --
RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE --
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

RTX01 0310872

(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...WE TAKE YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER CLEANING OUT THE ATTIC.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING SOUNDS)

ROCH: WELL...I GOT ALL THE MAGAZINES STACKED UP...NOW I'LL MOVE THIS BOX OVER AND---HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?...HMM...I NEVER SAW THESE BOFORE...A BUNDLE OF MR. BENNY'S OLD LOVE LETTERS..I WONDER IF I SHOULD...NO, I'D BE A HEEL IF I READ THEM..BUT ...WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE..NOBODY ^{ill} WOULD KNOW I'M A HEEL BUT ME.. ...AND I AIN'T GONNA TELL ANYBODY....I THINK I'LL OPEN THIS PINK ONE FIRST.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

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ROCH: Well, look at this..(READING)...."MY DARLING BLOSSOM BOY"...
BLOSSOM BOY???...."I'VE BEEN THINKING OF YOU ALL DAY...I STILL
 THRILL TO THE MEMORY OF HOW YOU SAID GOODNIGHT TO ME AND
 CRUSHED ME IN YOUR POWERFUL ARMS"...(Powerful arms?...That
 can't be the boss.) ..."I KNOW HOW EXCITED YOU MUST BE ABOUT
 HAVING BEEN ELECTED CAPTAIN OF OUR SCHOOL ^{baseball} FOOTBALL TEAM, BUT
 I CAN'T GET OVER YOUR RELUCTANCE TO TALK ABOUT IT...YOU'RE
 SO MODEST.".....(Modest? That can't be the boss)...."WE SURE
 HAD FUN CELEBRATING YOUR ELECTION AT THE ICE CREAM PARLOR....
 AND WASN'T IT LUCKY THAT I HAD MY PURSE ^{with me} WHEN YOU DISCOVERED
 YOU FORGOT YOUR MONEY."
THAT'S ~~MY~~ ^{THE} BOSS!....."THANK YOU FOR INVITING ME TO GO
 TO THE JUNIOR PROM WITH YOU ON FRIDAY NIGHT, BUT I'D BETTER
 MEET YOU ON THE CORNER...YOU SEE, DADDY IS VERY ANGRY WITH YOU
 AND IN A WAY I DON'T BLAME HIM...I KNOW THAT BUSINESS IS
 BUSINESS, BUT WHY DID YOU HAVE TO FORECLOSE ON OUR HOUSE?.....
 AND ANOTHER THING--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (COMING IN) Oh Rochester...when you finish up here in the
attic, I-- What are you doing with those old letters?

ROCH: I'M PUTTING THEM AWAY.

JACK: Rochester, have you been reading my old love letters?

ROCH: OH NO, BOSS, NOT ME.

JACK: Well then, put them away and straighten up this pile of books
in the corner.

ROCH: OKAY, BLOSSOM BOY.

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JACK: Oooooohh....so you have been reading them.

ROCH: JUST ONE OF THEM, BOSS..THE ONE THAT'S SIGNED ELOISE.

JACK: (THINKING) Eloise?....Oh, yes, Eliose Stanley..Rochester, you should have seen her...Long ^{blonde} golden curls..Big brown eyes... rosy cheeks..and when she smiled, she had the prettiest gold brace you ever saw. ^{1942 at} Now come on, let's finish straightening the attic...Put that carton on top of the trunk.

ROCH: YES SIR. (GRUNTS ONCE)

(SOUND: SCUFFLING SOUNDS)

ROCH: HOW ABOUT PUTTING THE---BOSS, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

JACK: This old picture album...most of them were taken when I was a kid.

ROCH: OH YEAH.

(SOUND: PAGE TURNS)

ROCH: SAY,..WHO'S THAT MAN IN THIS PICTURE HERE...A RELATIVE?

JACK: No, he was my first violin teacher...may he rest in peace... And oh look..here's a picture of me taken when I was two years old...Look at me lying there in bed hugging that big teddy bear.

ROCH: YEAH...DOGGONE, IT'S ALMOST AS BIG AS THE ONE YOU SLEEP WITH NOW.

JACK: Not quite.

(SOUND: PAGE TURNS)

JACK: And this is my sister Florence.

ROCH: WHO'S THAT ON THE OTHER PAGE?

JACK: That's my second violin teacher...may he rest in peace...Oh look..here's a picture of my graduating class in grammar school.

ROCH: GEE, THEY SURE ARE A NICE LOOKING BUNCH OF KIDS..WAIT A
MINUTE, BOSS, I DON'T SEE YOU.

JACK: I took the picture, I had a little photography business on the
side....And look..here's a picture of our house in Waukegan.

ROCH: IT SURE IS A NICE PLACE...WHO'S THE MAN STANDING OUT IN FRONT?

JACK: He's my third violin teacher..

ROCH:(PAUSE)...IS HE RESTING IN PEACE?

JACK: I don't know, he ran away and joined the Foreign Legion...And
Rochester..here's a picture ~~of~~--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER OFF)

JACK: Oh, that must be some of my gang..we're going to rehearse
here today....I'll see you later.

(SOUND: LONG RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS..THEN NORMAL
WALKED FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) THERE WAS A BOY..A ^{They used to call him Blossom Boy} ~~VERY STRANGE ENCHANTED BOY~~...LA
IA LA IA IA..

(SOUND: BUZZER..BUT LOUDER AND CLOSER THIS TIME)

JACK: COMING..COMING.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny. (GIGGLES)

JACK: What are you giggling about, kid?

DENNIS: This morning I went out in my yard and caught a gopher.

JACK: Why should that make you laugh?

DENNIS: I got him in my shirt and he tickles.

JACK: Dennis! You've got a gopher inside your shirt?

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DENNIS: No, I just said that for a joke..why didn't you laugh?

JACK: Joke?

DENNIS: You've got no sense of humor at all.

JACK: Look ~~Dennis~~ --

DENNIS: ^{listen} ~~No~~ wonder you've only got one show.

JACK: Oh, close the door and come inside, *well ya*

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

DENNIS: Am I on time for rehearsal, Mr. Benny?

JACK: You're the first one here..I asked you to come a little early on purpose...did you receive your new contract? I mailed it to you last week.

DENNIS: Yes, Mr. Benny, but I didn't like it.

JACK: What was wrong?

DENNIS: There was two cents due on the postage.

JACK: ~~Oh~~..well, your raise will take care of that.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Anyway, ^{of} I'm glad you received it..Did you sign ~~on~~ the ^{contract?} ~~dotted~~ ~~line~~?

DENNIS: I was going to, but ~~my~~ ^{it} ~~contract~~ hasn't come back from the doctor yet?

JACK: ^{the} ~~doctor~~?

DENNIS: My mother knows how you like to hide clauses, so she's having it X-Rayed.

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JACK: Oh, your mother..she's never satisfied with anything.

DENNIS: You're wrong about that..she liked the present I gave her this morning for Mother's Day.

JACK: Say, today is Mother's Day...What did you give your mother, Dennis?

DENNIS: Something she's always wanted..so I had them made for her... a set of dishes..and every dish is shaped like an "L".

JACK: Why would your mother want all her dishes "L" shaped?

DENNIS: When she throws them at my father, in case she misses, they come back to her.

JACK: "L" shaped dishes...that's the silliest thing I ever heard of.

DENNIS: Yeah..she hasn't missed in twenty years.

JACK: That I can believe..~~what else did your mother get?~~

DENNIS: ~~Well, everybody in the family gave her a present... She got a bouquet of flowers, a box of candy, nylon stockings, earrings, and a negligee.~~

JACK: ~~That was nice.~~

DENNIS: What did you get for Mother's Day? *My Benny*

JACK: DENNIS...Why should I get presents on Mother's Day?

DENNIS: It's in our contract.

JACK: Oh yes,

DENNIS: Gee, I don't know what to get you for Labor Day.

JACK: You'll think of something...Now Dennis, what song are you going to do on the program this afternoon?

DENNIS: I thought I'd sing, "I'd Give a Million Tomorrows."

JACK: Good...Now run over it once for me before the rest of the gang gets here for rehearsal.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG--"I'D GIVE A MILLION TOMORROWS")

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: How did you like it, Mr. Benny?

JACK: That was fine, ^{Dennis} and it will probably sound even better ^{you know} when you --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh...hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack.

JACK: Well, summer must be just around the corner...when you come to rehearsal in a bare midriff.

MARY: Well, at least it's comfortable.

DENNIS: Yeah, but it must be very inconvenient.

MARY: What do you mean inconvenient?

DENNIS: No place to carry a gopher.

MARY: ~~What?~~

JACK: ~~Mary, it's too silly to talk about.~~

DENNIS: ~~I wouldn't wear a bare midriff for anything.~~

JACK: Dennis, be quiet...But you know, ^{Mary} I think those ^{are} dresses are a little immodest.

MARY: Immodest...why everybody out here wears them.

JACK: My girl friend Gladys doesn't.

MARY: That's not modesty..she doesn't want to show her tattooing.

JACK: (MOCKING) Tattooing, tattooing..one little battleship and you make a thing out of it.

MARY: ~~Anyway, you've got a nerve to talk about immodesty...after what you did last Thursday down at the beach.~~ ^{you should}

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~~JACK: Mary, that was just for a gag, forget it. Now as soon as everybody gets here for rehearsal, we'll --~~

~~DENNIS: What did he do at the beach, Mary?~~

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, please.

MARY: (LAUGHING) He put on a pair of flame colored swimming trunks, and shaved the hair on his chest to spell out "Gorgeous George."

JACK: Mary, I was only having a little fun...after all, ~~you~~ you can't--*just*

ROCH: (COMING IN) SKY BOSS, I JUST--OH, HELLO MISS LIVINGSTONE... HELLO, MR. DAY.

MARY &

DENNIS: Hello, Rochester.

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I JUST FINISHED CLEANING THE ATTIC AND I FOUND YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

JACK: My birth certificate, give me that...I'll be back in a minute, Mary...I'm going to put it down in my vault.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny sure seemed upset about Rochester finding his birth certificate.

MARY: Well, Dennis, that's understandable..you see, Mr. Benny is a big star...and people in the public eye must keep their private affairs a secret.

DENNIS: I guess you're right...^{But} how old do you think Mr. Benny is?

MARY: I don't know, but when the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, the first words they heard were "Hello Again."..Say Dennis, have you signed your new contract yet?

DENNIS: No....my mother doesn't like some of the clauses..and besides she thinks it ties me up for too long.

MARY: How many years does Jack want you to sign up for?

DENNIS: It doesn't say...the clause just reads, "For better, for worse, till death do us part."

MARY: What?

DENNIS: I don't know whether to sign it or give him ~~back~~ his ring. *back*

MARY: *Well* I guess I'd sign it...after all we do have ^a very bright future. You have another show...Phil has another show... and when Jack opens his swimming pool for the summer, I have the towel concession....So you see, Dennis, we're really *not*

JACK: Say Mary..I happened ^(door opens) to look out the window and there's an express truck out in front of the Colman's. I wonder what's going on?

MARY: Well, Jack, didn't you know Ronnie and Benita are leaving for England tomorrow.

JACK: Gee, I didn't know that..So they're going to England, eh?

MARY: And you know, there's a possibility that they ~~may make~~ Ronnie a knight.

JACK: ~~--- a knight?~~

DENNIS: ~~Gee, what a duet we'd make...knight and Day.~~

JACK: ~~--- Oh that up.~~

MARY: You know, Jack...this will be your last chance to go over there and explain to Ronnie what happened to his Oscar.

JACK: You're right, Mary..but ^{gee} I just haven't the courage to face him...Maybe if I-

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Get that, will you, Mary?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: REEVEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello...Mr. Benny's residence..star of stage, screen, and radio...Mary, the towel girl speaking.

PHIL: Oh hello, Liv..what are you doing at Grant's Tomb?

MARY: (LAUGHS) Phil, where have you been keeping yourself? I haven't seen you for a couple of days.

PHIL: I just came in from Salton Sec...I went out there with Guy Lombardo when he tried to break the speedboat record.

MARY: Gee, that must have been exciting.

PHIL: It ~~sure~~ was, Livvy...you should have seen Lombardo's boat.. It's twenty five feet long..and you oughta see that motor.

MARY: Really?

PHIL: Yeah..what a sound when he opened her up...Thirteen hundred horse power going (LOMBARDO ENDING) Dum Dum, Dum de Dum.

MARY: Phil, what did you call for--do you want to speak to Jack?

PHIL: Yeah, is the Queen Bee in the Hive?

MARY: Just a second, I'll call him...It's Phil, Jack..he wants to talk to you.

JACK: Okay...Hello?

PHIL: Hi'ya, Dad..I just called to tell you I'm gonna be late for rehearsal.

JACK: Late? Why?

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PHIL: Well Sammy, my drummer, just got married...and he asked me to stand up for him.

JACK: Well, I hope you made it...So Sammy ^{Sammy} finally got married.. Was it a nice wedding?

PHIL: Yeah..everything went along swell..Except that just five minutes ago Sammy took a punch at Remley because he caught him kissing the bride.

JACK: Phil, at a wedding you're supposed to kiss the bride.

PHIL: I know, but he caught Remley doing it last night.

JACK: Oh!....Gee, I hope that didn't spoil the wedding.

PHIL: No no..everything went off fine..and what a classy affair... the church was filled with flowers..everybody was dressed beautiful..then suddenly a hush fell on the crowd...and the bride and groom walked slowly down the aisle as the organ *at the wedding*

At the wedding played, "That's What I Like About The South."

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake...Phil, you mean to say the organ played "That's What I Like About the South?"

PHIL: Well, what'd ya expect at a wedding, Tiger Rag?

JACK: No....I guess not...unless two tigers are getting married. Anyway, Phil, hurry over as soon as you can, will you?

PHIL: I'll be there..Goodbye. *goodbye*

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Phil is going to be a little late, kids..so as soon as Don comes, we'll start the rehearsal.

MARY: Look Jack..before we start..don't you think you ought to go over to Ronald Colman's house and apologize to him for losing his Oscar?

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JACK: That can wait till next week.

MARY: But he's leaving for England tomorrow.

JACK: I can't help it...this whole thing was Colman's fault.

MARY: Colman's fault?

JACK: Certainly. This never would have happened if he hadn't won the Oscar in the first place, *believe me,*

~~MARY: What?~~

DENNIS: Mr. Benny's right.

JACK: Certainly.

DENNIS: Mr. Colman should be smart and make pictures like "The Horn Blows At Midnight."

JACK: You're darn tootin'....Anyway Mary, it wasn't my fault ~~that~~ the Oscar was stolen from me.

MARY: I know, Jack, but the least you can do is go over and explain the whole thing to him.

JACK: Well, okay...I'll go over to the Colman's after rehearsal... I hope he's not too angry.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

BENITA: Are you all finished packing, Ronnie?

COLMAN: I will be in just a minute, Bonita.

(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: You know, Ronnie, I'm really thrilled about our trip.

COLMAN: Yes...(SIGHS)..Ah to be in England now that James Mason is over here.

BENITA: (LAUGHS) Oh Ronnie...Now hurry and finish your packing.

COLMAN: It won't take long...I hope we have a nice crossing...how is the weather on the North Atlantic this time of year?

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BENITA: It's rather cold and windy.

COLMAN: Oh...then I better take a ~~few~~ pair of the long ones...Oh say, Benita did you call the newspaper office and tell them to forward our copies to London?

BENITA: No, that would be silly....they have all the news in the English papers.

COLMAN: They don't have little Orphan Annie.

BENITA: Yes, they do...Only they call her, "Parentless Penelope."

COLMAN: Good, good....

BENITA: ~~Ronnie~~ ^{Ray} dear...isn't it a shame you haven't the Oscar to take to England with you?

COLMAN: Benita..please..my doctor told me not to discuss that.

BENITA: Well don't give up hope yet...Why don't you go over and speak to Jack Benny...the Oscar must be around ~~there~~ someplace... Things don't just disappear.

COLMAN: They don't eh?...Nine years ago a gas man went into Benny's house and hasn't been seen since....Now let's forget it.

BENITA: Very well, I'll help you finish packing.

(SOUND: DRAWER OPENS)

BENITA: You'll want to take these shirts.

COLMAN: (EXCITED) Uh uh uh, Benita, I'll pack those shirts myself.

BENITA: I don't mind helping..here, put them in your--

(SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC CLUNK)

BENITA: ...Ronnie...Ronnie...Look what fell from between these shirts...Your Oscar.

COLMAN:Yes...yes, so it is.

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BENITA: Well, you certainly don't seem very surprised at finding it.

COLMAN: No, I'm not... I mean, yes, I am... Well, let's finish ^{the} packing, ~~hurry~~

BENITA: Ronnie..there's something very peculiar going on...When did you get your Oscar back?

COLMAN: We'll discuss it on the boat, Benita...

BENITA: We'll discuss it now...Tell me everything.

COLMAN: All right..but I don't know all the details myself...I'll have our chauffeur tell you.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..WINDOW OPENS)

COLMAN: (CALLS) OH EDDIE..EDDIE..WILL YOU PLEASE COME IN HERE A ~~MINUTE?~~ ^{moment.}

(SOUND: WINDOW DOWN)

~~BENITA: Ronnie..when did you get the Oscar back?~~

~~COLMAN: Five minutes after Benny left here with it.~~

BENITA: You've had it all the time..And you let Jack Benny suffer all these weeks?

COLMAN: Yes...(WILD LAUGH) Life can be beautiful....I'm sorry you discovered it so soon...I could have made Benny--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

EDDIE: You wanted to see me, Mr. Colman?

COLMAN: Yes, Eddie...Mrs. Colman has discovered our little secret..

^{Now} ~~So~~ I want you to tell her the whole story about the Oscar.

EDDIE: Oh that....Well, you see, ma'am...Mr. Colman was pretty fed up with Jack Benny's constant borrowing....So the night he borrowed the Oscar, Mr. Colman tipped me off and told me what to do ^{well}...I went out ^{the} in front of the house....I was hiding behind a tree...when ^{the} Benny came out of your house (FADING) and walked down the sidewalk humming..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

EDDIE: Hey Bud...Bud?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh?

EDDIE: Got a match?

JACK: Yes, I have one right here ~~is my~~--

EDDIE: DON'T MAKE A MOVE...THIS IS A STICK-UP.

JACK: Mister, put down that gun, ~~it might~~--

EDDIE: SHUT UP....I SAID THIS IS A STICK UP....NOW COME ON, YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE..(LONG PAUSE)....LOOK BUD...I SAID YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

JACK: I'm thinking it over! Now look, ^{Jack} Mister--

EDDIE: AND I'LL TAKE THAT PACKAGE YOU'RE CARRYING, TOO.

JACK: This package..but it isn't mine...it belongs to Ronald Colman ..he won it ~~for~~--

EDDIE: PIPE DOWN AND GIVE IT TO ME OR I'LL DRILL YOU.

JACK: All right, all right, here it is.

EDDIE: NOW LAY DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK AND COUNT TO A HUNDRED.

JACK: Y-y-yes sir....One, two, three, four, five (FADE) six, seven, eight, nine, ten....

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EDDIE: (ON CUE) And that's exactly what happened, ma'am... ^{and then} then I brought the Oscar right in the house and gave it to Mr. Colman.

COLMAN: Thank you, Eddie...you may go now.

EDDIE: Yes sir.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSES)

COLMAN: ... ~~Benita, she's~~ ^{Don't stare} ~~staring~~ at me like that... ^{darling} it was time Benny was taught a lesson...and I'm glad I did it.

BENITA: (SERIOUS) Ronnie, that was an awfully mean thing to do - ~~HAPPILY~~ ^{and} but I love you for doing it.

COLMAN: I'm glad you see it my way...Benita, are you sure the expressmen picked up all the trunks?

BENITA: Yes...now let's finish the valises and then we'll--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

COLMAN: Benita, would you answer the door, please..I'm trying to close this ~~valise~~ ^{bag}

BENITA: All right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..THEN DOOR OPENS)

BENITA: Oh...hello Jack.

JACK: Hello, Benita...I heard you were going to England, so I brought you this as a going-away gift.

BENITA: Oh Jack, what a beautiful bouquet of white roses.

JACK: Do you really like them?

BENITA: They're my favorite flower..in fact, I have a bush of them right over ~~by the~~ ^{there}...that's funny, they were there this morning.

JACK:Well, I was afraid that while you were in England they might wither and die, ^{you see} so I--

COLMAN: (OFF) WHO'S AT THE DOOR BENITA?

BENITA: (UP) IT'S MR. BENNY, HE'S COME TO SAY GOODBYE.

COLMAN: (OFF) GOODBYE!

BENITA: RONNIE!.....Come on in Jack....Ronnie's in the other room.

will (SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, almost ~~all~~ packed, I see.

COLMAN: Yes Jack...and tomorrow we'll be on our way.

JACK: Ronnie...I thought on the boat, *you know* time might hang heavy on your hands, so I brought you this book....Here.

COLMAN: Well...thank you, Jack...nice of you to return it.

JACK: And that isn't all I brought, Ronnie, *see* I've got something here for both you and Benita...a carton of Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

BENITA: A carton of Lucky Strikes?

JACK: ~~Yes~~, *you know Ronnie* and you'll love them...they're so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the Oscar....I mean on the draw..draw..

COLMAN: I know, Jack..L.S.M.F.T. stands for Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.

JACK: Yes yes...and quality of product is essential to continuing success...Here you are, Ronnie, here are the cigarettes.

COLMAN: Thanks, Jack...how much are they?

JACK: A dollar and----Oh no no, Ronnie..Mary told me not to...By the way, Benita, I want to give you a little advice.

BENITA: What's that, Jack?

JACK: While you're in England, if anyone wants to sell you any cashmere, tweeds, or woolens, grab them because they're a good buy.

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COLMAN: Goodbye!

JACK: Goodbye...No no, wait a minute, ^{look}...I....I might as well ^{I might as well} tell you the real reason I came over here.

COLMAN: Real reason?

JACK: Yes, Ronnie...I....I....I...I know you won't believe this.. but the night I borrowed your Oscar, I was held up.

COLMAN: No!

JACK: Cross my heart and hope my swimming pool loses money this summer...And Ronnie, after losing your Oscar, I was so embarrassed I did everything I could to avoid you....I was afraid you'd see me...I practically lived in hiding...every Sunday I had to sneak out of my house down to NBC...then after my broadcast, I'd sneak ^{out of the} home ~~again~~ ^{sticker}.

COLMAN: ~~You had to do that before you lost my Oscar.~~

JACK: ~~Not always.~~ ^{Only on Sundays}

COLMAN: Jack, you know it's ~~rather amazing~~ ^{funny} that you should be held up practically in front of our house.

JACK: It was a harrowing experience...you'll never know what I went through to protect your Oscar...would you like me to tell you about it?

COLMAN: & We'd love to hear it.
BENITA:

JACK: Well, the night I borrowed your Oscar, I left your house, and was walking down the sidewalk (FADING) Humming in my usual carefree way...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

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EDDIE: Hey bud, bud.

JACK: Huh?

EDDIE: *you* Got a match?

JACK: Yes, I have ~~one~~ right here ~~in my~~

EDDIE: DON'T MAKE A MOVE, THIS IS A STICKUP.

JACK: A STICK-UP? PUT DOWN THAT GUN OR BY HEAVEN, I'LL MAKE YOU RUE THE DAY THAT YOU WERE BORN...PUT IT DOWN, I SAY.

EDDIE: TAKE IT EASY MISTER, OR YOU'LL GET HURT..I'M NOT ALONE...I HAVE A FEROCIOUS LION HERE.

JACK: A LION?

(SOUND: TREMENDOUS LION ROAR)

JACK: THAT LION DOESN'T SCARE ME.

(SOUND: LION ROAR)

JACK: QUIET YOU...I'LL SLAP YOUR TEETH IN...TAKE THAT!

(SOUND: SLAP)

MEL: (WHIMPERS AS HURT PUPPY RUNNING AWAY)

JACK: And now for you, toughguy.

EDDIE: (FRIGHTENED) Please Mister...please don't hurt me...*hey* Fellows, come here..help!

JACK: WHY YOU SNIVELING WHITE-LIVERED ORINGING COWARD...TAKE THAT.

(SOUND: SOCK..BODY THUD)

EDDIE: FELLOWS..HE KNOCKED ME DOWN...COME ON...HELP ME...

(SOUND: LOTS OF FOOTSTEPS, SCUFFLING AND MUMBLING)

MEL: OKAY CHIEF...HERE WE COME...THIS GUY'S A TOUGH ONE..WE'LL HAVE TO USE OUR LAST RESORT...GIVE IT TO HIM.

(SOUND: LOUD JET LIKE SOUND FOLLOWED BY LOUD

EXPLOSION..BODY THUD)

JACK: (GROANS) *it is a long time coming, but you*

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EDDIE: THAT DID IT...THAT ROCKET BOMB STUNNED HIM A LITTLE (FADE)
COME ON FELLOWS, WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.

JACK: ...That was the last thing I heard, Ronnie..when I came to,
all five hundred of them were gone..and so was your Oscar....
but I really did my best to protect it.

COLMAN: (DRAMATICALLY) Stout fellow.

JACK: I protected that Oscar with my life.

BENITA: ~~That~~ ain't the way I heard it. *That sounds pretty good Jack may be it*

JACK: What?

COLMAN: Look Jack..I might as well tell you...you can stop worrying
about the Oscar..It was returned to me.

JACK: Who, how, when, what, how, how, who, who, who, who, who?

COLMAN: Jack, don't ask any questions...the important thing is, I got
it back.

JACK: Well, that's wonderful, *Yes*...I've never felt so happy in my life...
and look Ronnie...if you had to give a reward to get the Oscar
back...or ran into any other expense....don't worry...you're
insured.

COLMAN: I know.

BENITA: Ronnie, we've got to finish our packing.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

EDDIE: Pardon me, Mr. Colman...but do you want me to take the
valises out to the car?

COLMAN: Yes, Eddie, and be sure to--

JACK: RONNIE..BENITA..LOOK..THAT'S HIM..THE MAN THAT HELD ME UP!

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH..~~FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS FADING~~)

BENITA: Ronnie..~~Ronnie~~..Jack jumped right through the window.

COLMAN: ~~What a leap!~~ *What a leap! He's back at the car.*

EDDIE: Gee, Mr. Colman, I'm sorry I frightened him.

BENITA: He certainly left in a hurry.

COLMAN: He sure did..I'll take his shoes back to him in the morning.

BENITA: (LAUGHINGLY) Hey, Ronnie ^{Ronnie}...Ferocious lion.

COLMAN: (LAUGHINGLY) Yeah...Rocket bomb.

COLMAN &

BENITA: (LAUGH AND LAUGH)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM SURE YOU AGREE THERE IS NOTHING MORE PATHETIC THAN A HELPLESS CHILD SUFFERING FROM STARVATION, EXPOSURE AND SICKNESS. THOUSANDS OF KIDS IN THE DEVASTATED COUNTRIES ARE EXACTLY IN THIS PREDICAMENT. SO IT IS UP TO US TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SURVIVE. WE MUST HELP THEM GROW UP TO BE HEALTHY CLEAR-THINKING CITIZENS. SO LET'S HELP THOSE UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN BY SENDING OUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRUSADE FOR CHILDREN, NEW YORK CITY. SAVE A CHILD, SAVE THE FUTURE. THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE BUT FIRST HERE IS BASIL RUYSIAEL.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE --
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

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

LAING: The famous Crossley Poll has just completed an impartial
survey in eleven southern tobacco states. This Poll --
taken among tobacco experts -- reveals the smoking
preference of the men who really know tobacco. Yes --

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment --
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE --
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND!

LAING: These are the experts -- auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen -- and we believe their overwhelming
preference for Lucky Strike has a direct relationship
to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies,

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results -- now listen to what Mr.
Alexander Irvin, veteran warehouseman from North Carolina,
recently said -

VOICE: For a good many seasons I've seen the makers of Lucky
Strike buy fine, ripe, mellow tobacco -- the kind of
tobacco you just can't beat for smokin' quality. I've
smoked Luckies for 14 years.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment --
remember --

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

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

(TAG)

(SOUND: FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS., COMING TO A STOP)

JACK: Whew.....Hey Mister, what street is this?

MEL: Market Street.

JACK: Market Street?

MEL: San Francisco.

JACK: Oh, Well, I can slow down now.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Good night, folks

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PROGRAM #33
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM -PST

ATK01 0310899

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

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike! First again ... with tobacco men!

LAING: First again ... with tobacco men! Lucky Strike!
More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike
regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial
survey which reveals the personal smoking preference of
the men who really know tobacco -- the auctioneers,
buyers and warehousemen.

LAING: Yes, the survey shows --

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again ... with tobacco men!

LAING: First again ... with tobacco men! First again with
the men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike
consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that
naturally mild tobacco. And when these experts smoke
Lucky Strike for their own personal smoking enjoyment,
then you know ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And in a cigarette
it's the tobacco that counts. So for your own real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco
experts smoke. Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

(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, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PRESENT TO YOU A MAN WHOSE CHARM AND PERSONALITY HAVE GAINED HIM MILLIONS OF ADMIRERS...A MAN WHO'S NOT ONLY LOVED FOR HIS -
Wait a minute, I must have the wrong script...this is introducing Robert Taylor.

MARY: That's right, Don..Jack has gone away on a week's vacation and Robert Taylor is ^{taking} ~~going to take~~ his place. ~~and~~ he should be here any minute.

DON: Robert Taylor? That's wonderful..But Mary, I still can't get over Jack just packing up and going away on a trip.

MARY: It's more than just a trip, Don. Jack is ~~going to~~ ^{spending} a glorious week in New York.

DON: What made him decide to go so suddenly?

MARY: He won it on the Bride and Groom Program.

DON: On the Bride and Groom Program? You mean that ~~Jack~~..our own little Jackie boy ran off and got married?

MARY: Not exactly, Don. But Jack figured here was a way to get a trip for nothing, so he got someone to go through the ceremony with him.

DON: But what girl would go along with a gag like that?

MARY: (LAUGHS)

DON: Mary, what are you laughing at?

MARY: He couldn't get a girl, so he hired a man with a tuxedo and Jack wore his Charlie's Aunt costume..with a veil yet.

DON: Well Mary, if it was all a gag, why didn't he come to you with the idea?

MARY: He did, that's why he wore the veil, I punched him in the nose..Anyway Don, till Bob gets here, I think we oughta--

PHIL: HIYA, DONZY..HELLO, LIVVY, ~~YOU EMBRACEABLE YOU~~ ^{that} you little Mary Co. magnolia

MARY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hey Livvy, where's Jackson?

MARY: Jack won't be on the program today.

PHIL: He won't? What's wrong?

MARY: Nothing's wrong, he just decided to take a vacation...He needed a rest.

PHIL: Well, it's his own fault.

MARY: What?

PHIL: If Jackson would hire a truck instead of carrying his own money to the bank, he wouldn't be so worn out.

MARY: Now Phil, Jack doesn't have that much money.

PHIL: He ^{don't} doesn't eh? When Jackson goes to the bank to make a deposit, he's carrying so many bags the teller puts on a red cap and meets him at the door.

MARY: Phil.

PHIL: And then the Vice President grabs a microphone and yells, "LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE, ANOTHER LOAD FOR FORT KNOX".

MARY: ^{okay} Okay, Phil, you don't have to start being such a big comedian just because Jack is off this week..He got Robert Taylor to fill in for him.

PHIL: He got who?

MARY: Robert Taylor.

PHIL: You mean Spangler Arlington Brugh?

MARY: Well, ^{Phil} that's his real name, but on the screen he's known as ^{Wally Well} ~~Robert Taylor~~ ^{Robert Taylor. Lets repeat that. Wait a minute. Lets just move that out get into a hurry. In we can cut that up into some pretty parts.}

PHIL: How do you like that.

MARY: What's the matter, Phil?

PHIL: Why does Jackson wanta get somebody else when he's got me around. Radio's answer to ^{my baby} ~~"A Letter From An Unknown Woman"~~ ^{no game of Alabama} ... ~~Me. He is..~~ ^{the kid with the soothing personality.}

MARY: Phil, your personality is about as soothing as an eye-wash with tobasco sauce...So whether you like it or not, Robert Taylor's gonna be on the show.

PHIL: Okay okay, but if he don't show up pretty soon, I'm taking over.

MARY: ^{Oh no} You are not.

DON: Mary, maybe you ought to check and see if Bob has started for the studio yet.

MARY: That's a good idea, Don...I think I will.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...ONE DIAL...FADING TO
INTERMITTENT BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

SARA: Oh, Gertrude.

BEA: What is it, Mabel?

(APPLAUSE)

SARA: The line on your switchboard is flashing.

BEA: I know.

SARA: Then why don't you answer it?

BEA: If I do, it'll stop flashing, and it's the only thing that ever winks at me.

SARA: Well, then I'll answer it.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

SARA: Hello.

MARY: Operator, this is Miss Livingstone...will you get me Robert Taylor's house..and please hurry because Mr. Taylor is going to take Mr. Benny's place on the show today.

SARA: One moment, please.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: What is it?

SARA: (THROWING IT AWAY) Oh, it's nothing, it seems that Mr. Benny *Robert Taylor is taking his*
can't be on the show so ~~in place of him they're having~~
Robert...ROBERT TAYLOR.

BEA: Mabel...Mabel...snap your eyes back in.

SARA: I can't one of 'em is plugged into the switchboard.

BEA: Here, I'll help you.

(SOUND: POP)

SARA: Thanks...Gee, imagine Robert Taylor coming on Jack Benny's program in person.

BEA: What a personality..what a smile.

SARA: He's so tall and handsome and cute.

BEA: Yeah, he's sort of a Phil Harris with brains.

SARA: Why Gertrude Gearshift....how can you make such an expostulation....Phil Harris isn't even cute.

BEA: ~~Now~~ Mabel Flapsaddle, ^{listen} let's give credit where credit is due... I say Phil Harris is cute.

SARA: Cute..take away Alice Faye and what've you got? A hundred and eighty pounds of ham hocks and turnip greens...Gee, I wonder why Jack Benny isn't on the show....Do you suppose he's sick?

BEA: Oh, he can't be...I saw him at the bank yesterday talking to a red cap.

SARA: Imagine Robert Taylor being on Jack Benny's program

BEA: Yeah...why, if Robert Taylor walked down the corridor right now, I'd get to him if I had to jump through that plate glass window.

SARA: Well, you can jump at him if you want to, I'll wait here and catch you when he throws you back.

P

BEA: Mabel, if you're trying to be funny, you can--

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

MARY: Operator! Operator!

SARA: *h*I'm sorry, but Robert Taylor doesn't answer.

MARY: Thank you.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Don, Bob must be on his way over. I just called his ^{house} ~~home~~ and he doesn't answer....In the meantime, Phil, maybe we oughta--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: Oh, that must be Bob now...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BLANC: OKAY, WHERE IS HE, WHERE IS HE?

MARY: Wait a minute, Mister, I don't know who you're looking for, but you must have the wrong place.

BLANC: No I ain't...I'm looking for a guy named Benny

PHIL: Look Bub, we're doing a show here. ^{now} What do you want with Benny?

BLANC: I married him yesterday on Bride and Groom.

PHIL: What?

MARY: Oh, you're the fellow Jack hired to--

BLANC: Yeah, I want my dough.

MARY: Dough?

BLANC: While the organ was playing "Oh Promise Me," he promised me ten bucks.

PHIL: Ten bucks?

BLANC: It was worth twenty holding that wrinkled old hand.

MARY: Well, I'm sorry, but Mr. Benny's out of town. He left right after the ceremony.

BLANC: Well, how do you like that..he goes on a honeymoon and leaves me here with my wife and kids,

DON: *Oh, now don't worry about it.*
Don't worry about it, fellow....When Mr. Benny comes back, I'm sure he'll give you the ten dollars.

BLANC: And fifty cents...he made me pay for the rice.

DEN: Okay, Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: (OVER APPLAUSE) Jack gets himself into the darndest things.

(BAND NUMBER "WHEN YOU'RE SMILING")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

DON: That was Phil Harris and his "You can turn the radio on again, Jack, they're through" orchestra.....Say Mary, when is Robert Taylor gonna get here?

MARY: As soon as the sound effects man knocks on the door.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: Thanks...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

TAYLOR: Hello everybody, I hope I'm not late.

DON: HEY, KIDS..LOOK WHO'S HERE...ROBERT TAYLOR.

(APPLAUSE)

TAYLOR: Hello Mary.

MARY: (DREAMILY) Aaaaah..Shangri La with a window's peak...Gee Bob, I'm certainly glad to see you.

TAYLOR: I'm lucky to be here. As I came down the hall, something jumped at me through a plate glass window.

MARY: A plate glass window! Oh my goodness, Bob, let me wipe that blood off your cheek.

TAYLOR: That isn't blood, that's lipstick, it kissed me.

MARY: Oh...well anyway, Bob it's certainly nice of you to come over and fill in for Jack. ^{TAYLOR: Head to be it Mary.} I think you know everyone.....This is Don Wilson. ^{MARY}

TAYLOR: Oh sure sure...How are you, Don?

MARY: That's the control booth, Don's over here.

DON: Hiya, Bob, nice to see you.

MARY: And Bob, I'm sure you know Phil Harris.

P

ATX01 0310908

TAYLOR: Yes...as a matter of fact, a couple months ago I took his place with Alice.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Rollo, ^{there ain't} nobody takes my place with Alice.

TAYLOR: Phil, I didn't mean that...I just meant that when you were in Denver, I took your place on the Fitch Bandwagon.

PHIL: I know, but you wouldn't have been there if Alice hadn't tricked me.

TAYLOR: Tricked you?

PHIL: Yesh...she told me she was hiring Spengler Arlington Brugh.. With a name like that I thought it must be a ballet dancer.

TAYLOR: That's funny...I've seen you lead an orchestra and I thought you were Gilda Gray.

MARY: Fellows, ^{fellows} don't argue...Jack wouldn't like it ~~if he tuned in~~ ~~and heard you.~~

DENNIS: Hells, Don..Hiya, Phil..Hello, Mary.

TAYLOR: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny, those must be wonderful vitamin pills you're taking.

MARY: Dennis, that isn't Mr. Benny, it's Robert Taylor.

DENNIS: Robert Taylor?

TAYLOR: Yes, I'm a ballet dancer.

MARY: (GIGGLING) Dennis, this is Robert Taylor the movie star.

P

DENNIS: ^{Yeah} Gee, Mr. Taylor, my mother's crazy about you...She even keeps your picture under the ice box.

TAYLOR: Under the icebox?

DENNIS: She doesn't want my father to know she's got your picture.

TAYLOR: Oh.

DENNIS: The other day my father came into the kitchen and oh boy, did Mom think fast.

TAYLOR: She did?

DENNIS: Yeah, when my father said, "What're you doing with your head under the icebox?"...she said, "I'm looking at the drip."

MARY: ^{Dennis} Dennis!...How can you say that?

PHIL: Let him alone, let him alone..Spangler Arlington Brugh....

^{Hey} Tell me something, Spang..I don't blame you for changing your name, but how did you happen to pic' Robert Taylor?

TAYLOR: ^{well} It was by accident...When the studio told me I needed a stage name, I thought of a lot of them...I didn't know which to take, so I picked one out of a hat.

DENNIS: Gee, that's a coincidence..when I was born, my mother picked my middle name out of a hat.

TAYLOR: Really, Dennis...what is your middle name?

DENNIS: Sweatband.

MARY: Dennis, go sit down.

DON: Oh, Bob.

TAYLOR: Yes, ^{well} Don.

DON: ^{Oh Bob} At this point in the program, Jack usually has us do the commercial.

TAYLOR: Okay Don, go ahead and read it.

DON: Oh no, I don't just read it...You see, we do a musical commercial with Jack's quartet, "The Sportsmen."

TAYLOR: Oh, hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

DON: ^{Oh} They have a beautiful selection prepared for today...."You Were Meant For Me."

TAYLOR: "You Were Meant for Me?"...Say...Don?

DON: Yes, Bob.

TAYLOR: Do you think they'd mind if I accompanied them? I do play a musical instrument, you know.

MARY: Bob, I didn't know that....what instrument do you play?

TAYLOR: The cello.

PHIL: Oh no no no ^{oh sorry}...not a cello!

MARY: Phil...you don't play any instrument...Bob, if you want to accompany the quartet, go ahead and do it.

TAYLOR: Okay..just wait a minute while I get my cello.

DON: Okay Bob..while you get ~~your cello and get~~ set, I'll announce the number...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...."YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME" ...BY THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET..AND STARRING ROBERT TAYLOR ON THE CELLO.

(INTRODUCTION)

-12-

QUART: YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME.

Oh, L S M F T

LUCKIES FASHIONED YOU AND WHEN ~~LUCKIES~~ ^{you} WERE DONE
GOOD UP IN
YOU WERE ALL THE ~~LUCKIES~~ THINGS ROLLED ~~LUCKIES~~ ONE

BOB: (PHRASE ON CELLO)

QUART: OH, L S M F T

BOB: (PHRASE ON CELLO)

QUART: THE ONLY SMOKE FOR ME.

SO ROUND AND FIRM,

SO FULLY, FULLY PACKED

THEY MUST HAVE MEANT ~~THEM~~ ^{YOU} JUST FOR ME.

YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME YES, YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME
YOU SHOULD

BOB: / TRY A LUCKY STRIKE

THEY ARE BETTER THAN THE REST.

QUART: L S M F T OK LSMT

BOB: QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS

QUART: DON'T DELAY

FOR MEN WHO KNOW ALL SAY

THAT LUCKY STRIKES ~~WERE~~ ^{WAS} MEANT FOR YOU - YOU, YOU, YOU

~~AND WE DO MEAN YOU~~

(APPLAUSE)

YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME

OH LS OH LL OH T (?)

DON'T DELAY

FOR MEN WHO KNOW ALL SAY

THAT LUCKY STRIKE WAS MEANT FOR YOU - YOU, YOU

AND WE DO MEAN YOU

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0310912

MARY: Bob...Bob..that was wonderful..But of all the musical instruments, how in the world did you ever pick on that one?

TAYLOR: Well, I had no choice...My mother had her mind made up...I had to be a cellist or else.

MARY: Or else what?

TAYLOR: A ballet dancer.

MARY: Well Bob, I think it's wonderful....I think it would be nice if everybody devoted a little time to music.

DENNIS: I used to play a musical instrument.

MARY: You did? ~~Dennis?~~

DENNIS: Yeah, but one day my mother got mad at my father and threw it at him and it got smashed against the wall.

MARY: Oh, that's too bad, ~~Dennis?~~ what instrument was it?

DENNIS: The piano.

TAYLOR: That's terrible..did anybody get hurt?

DENNIS: Just me..I was still sitting on the stool.

MARY: Dennis, why don't you go sit down and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

TAYLOR: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

TAYLOR: Hello....Yes, operator, this is Robert Taylor....New York calling? Say Mary, it must be Jack...Hello...Hello Jack, how are you?....I know this is Long Distance but how much does it cost to say, "How are you?"....What did you call for?....Not enough laughs on the program?....Gee, I can't understand ~~it~~... I'm really working hard...I've even got my coat off....my pants?....I WILL NOT....What's that, Jack?....You wanta talk to Mary?....Just a minute...Mary, he wants to talk to you.

MARY: Thanks, Bob...Hello, Jack...where're you staying?....Sherry Netherlands?.../That's good...What are you doing?/Having dinner in the bridal suite? What're you having?....Oh, boiled rice...Look Jack, I better hang up, I'm beginning to sound like Jessel....What?./All right, I'll tell him....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Dennis, Jack wants you to sing your song right now.

DENNIS: Okay, Toots.

MARY: Toots?

DENNIS: I'd call you Babe, but she's your sister.

MARY: (LAUGHS)/Dennis, go ahead and sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG..."BLUE SHADOWS ON THE TRAIL!")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

DON: That was Dennis Day singing "Blue Shadows on the Trail" from ~~the~~ Walt Disney picture "Melody Time", featuring Dennis Day.. and very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Dennis who?

DON: Dennis Sweatband.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

MARY: Dennis, why don't you stop being so---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: How do you do...My name is Nelson, I'm a photographer...I was asked to come over here and take some pictures..they'll appear in the five magazines I work for.

TAYLOR: Five magazines..What are they?

NELSON: Peek, Pic, Click, Look, and Schwook.

MARY: Mr. Nelson, if you're gonna take pictures you better get started.

NELSON: Very well. ~~I'll set up my equipment.~~

PHIL: Hey Mr. Nelson...is that little black box your camera?

NELSON: No, it's my darkroom, I've got two midgets working in there.

MARY: Midgets?

NELSON: Yes, they're half-Nelsons...^{aren't you glad you asked?}..Now for the pictures...I'll take Curly first..Are you ready?

ATX01 0310915

PHIL: Any time you are..How do you want me, profile or full?

NELSON: If I wanted you full I'da caught you last night.

MARY: Mr. Nelson, you shouldn't talk that way to--

TAYLOR: Let him alone, let him alone.

MARY: Anyway Mr. Nelson, Mr. Taylor is the star of the show today...
so why don't you take a picture of him?

NELSON: Very well..will you sit here in this chair and hold your
cello between your knees?

TAYLOR: Certainly...like this?

NELSON: Hmm..That doesn't look good...lean the cello on your right
knee...No, I'm trying to get something that shows that you're
a great athlete, but I can't seem to get it with a cello.

TAYLOR: Well, if you want something sporty, I can slide it under me
and ride it side-saddle.

NELSON: No, no, I'll think of something.

DON: In the meantime, how about taking a picture of me?

NELSON: I'm sorry, but I don't take landscapes....But you look like
a good subject.

DENNIS: Me?

NELSON: Yes, did you ever have your picture taken?

DENNIS: Only once..when I was three weeks old.

TAYLOR: But that was when you were a little baby..didn't your mother
take any of you growing up?

DENNIS: She didn't have to. Each year she had the picture enlarged.

MARY: Enlarged?

DENNIS: In my last picture I'm nine feet tall with a diaper on.

TAYLOR: Say Mary, does Jack go through this every week with Dennis?

MARY: Why do you think he went away for a rest?...Mr. Nelson, what about the pictures?

NELSON: I'll do it right now...Come here, young man..Now you stand right over here.

DENNIS: Here?

NELSON: Yes..now hold it.

DENNIS: What?

NELSON: Hold it.

(SOUND: CLICK)

NELSON: Very good, very good.

DENNIS: That was silly, you made me hold the camera and I took your picture.

NELSON: Oh my goodness, I did it again...I've got three million pictures of myself.

MARY: Mr. Nelson, let's get the pictures over with so we can--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

MARY: ~~ok~~ I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello?

ROCH: HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE..THIS IS ROCHESTER.

MARY: Oh, hello Rochester..How are you?

ROCH: OH, I FEEL ALL RIGHT NOW, BUT TWO DAYS AGO, I DIDN'T FEEL SO GOOD.

MARY: Oh, that's too bad.

ROCH: BUT MR. BENNY SURE WAS CONSIDERATE.

MARY: He was?

ROCH: YEAH, WHILE I WAS DUSTING THE HOUSE, MR. BENNY CAME OVER AND SAID, "ROCHESTER, YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD"..AND WHEN I TOLD HIM I DIDN'T FEEL GOOD, HE SAID, "WELL, ~~THE~~ YOU BETTER HURRY UP AND DUST THE HOUSE, WASH THE DISHES, CUT THE LAWN, TRIM THE HEDGE, SWEEP THE PORCH, CLEAN THE CHIMNEY, POLISH THE SILVER, WASH THE WOODWORK, WAX THE FLOORS AND GET RIGHT TO BED."

MARY: Well Rochester, did you finally get to bed?

ROCH: HOW COULD I? THAT WAS TWO DAYS AGO AND I JUST FINISHED WASHING THE WOODWORK.

MARY: Well, Rochester, now that Mr. Benny is out of town, I think you ought to take the opportunity to get out of the house and get some fresh air.

ROCH: GET OUT OF THE HOUSE?..HEE HEE HEE HEE.

MARY: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: THIS CHAIN IS SO SHORT I CAN'T EVEN BRING THE MILK IN.

MARY: Oh Rochester, you're just making up jokes.

ROCH: WOULD I HAVE CALLED YOU IF I HAD STRAIGHT LINES?

MARY: I thought so. ~~WHAT~~, what did you call for?

ROCH: I'D LIKE TO TALK TO MR. TAYLOR.

MARY: Just a minute, I'll call him...Oh Bob, Rochester wants to talk to you.

Benny - 5/16/48

(REVISED) -19-

TAYLOR: Okay...Hello Rochester, what is it?

ROCH: OH, ^{oh} MR. TAYLOR, SINCE YOU'RE GONNA BE EATING HERE
FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, WHAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE TO
HAVE YOUR DINNER?

TAYLOR: Well...would seven o'clock be all right?

ROCH: YEAH, THAT'LL BE OKAY.

TAYLOR: And Rochester, I'd like to have steak, potatoes
and peas.

ROCH: I'M SORRY, MR. TAYLOR..I READ THE CONTRACT MR. BENNY
GAVE YOU AND STEAK AIN'T ON IT.

TAYLOR: Then what do I get to eat?

ROCH: POTATOES AND PEAS.

TAYLOR: Just potatoes and peas?

ROCH: I'VE GOT THE CONTRACT RIGHT HERE..I'LL LOOK UP THE
CLAUSE THAT SAYS PEAS....CLAUSE FIVE...TWELVE...
EIGHTEEN...HERE IT IS..TWENTY-SEVEN.

TAYLOR: Is that the number of the clause?

ROCH: NO, THAT'S THE NUMBER OF PEAS.

ATX01 0310919

(REVISED) . 19-A

TAYLOR: Oh..Well Rochester, what do I get for dessert?

ROCH: WHAT?

TAYLOR: Dessert.

ROCH: DESSERT?

TAYLOR: Yes, that's something extra that's added to
top off your dinner.

ROCH: WELL..WHEN DID THEY START THAT?

TAYLOR: A couple of weeks ago...Well Rochester, ^{anyway} as long as
it's only for a few days, just give me what's in
the contract.

ROCH: OKAY...AND MR. TAYLOR, WHAT TIME DO YOU THINK YOU
WANTA GO TO BED?

TAYLOR: Well, I'll sit up and listen to the radio for awhile
and probably go to bed about eleven.

ROCH: GOOD GOOD..THAT'LL GIVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO
LAY OUT YOUR PAJAMAS AND BALLET SLIPPERS.

0

ATX01 0310920

TAYLOR: Thank you, Rochester..I'll see you in a little while,
goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND; RECEIVER DOWN)

(SOUND; DOOR SLAM)

TAYLOR: Gee, Mary the time is almost gone..I had planned so many
things I wanted to do on this program, but that photographer
came in and took up all our time.

MARY: Well, Bob I've got a confession to make..I sent for him.

TAYLOR: You sent for him? But Mary, he almost spoiled the program.

MARY: ^{Well} Who cares? Now I've got pictures of me working with you
so I can send them back to the girls at the May Company.

TAYLOR: Mary...you used to work at the May Company? What a
coincidence!

MARY: Did you used to work there, too?

TAYLOR: No, but that's where I buy my ballet slippers.

MARY: Well...what a small world..Play, Phil.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

cut

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM SURE YOU AGREE THERE IS NOTHING MORE PATHETIC THAN A HELPLESS CHILD SUFFERING FROM STARVATION, EXPOSURE AND SICKNESS. THOUSANDS OF KIDS IN THE DEVASTATED COUNTRIES ARE EXACTLY IN THIS PREDICAMENT. SO IT IS UP TO US TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SURVIVE. WE MUST HELP THEM GROW UP TO BE HEALTHY CLEAR-THINKING CITIZENS. SO LET'S HELP THOSE UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN BY SENDING OUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRUSADE FOR CHILDREN, NEW YORK CITY. SAVE A CHILD, SAVE THE FUTURE. THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: MARY AND BOB WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE BUT FIRST HERE IS BASIL RUYSDAEL.

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again ... with tobacco men.
BOONE: (CHANT -- 57 to 59 -- AMERICAN)
LAING: First again with tobacco men! Lucky Strike! As a recent impartial survey reveals -- more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined!
RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike ... first again with tobacco men.
LAING: Remember -- these are the experts ... the men who really know tobacco! And -- more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined.
RUYSDAEL: You've heard the survey results. Now listen to what Mr. George Alfred Webster, veteran tobacco warehouseman, recently said --
VOICE: At market after market, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, light, mild tobacco -- tobacco that makes a grand smoke. I've smoked Luckies 29 years.
LAING: So light up a Lucky. Light up a really fine cigarette and, puff by puff, you'll see --
RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment every time, smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Lucky Strike. So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.
RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike! First again ... with tobacco men!

(TAG)

-22-

TAYLOR: Say Mary, I was just looking at this magazine, Radio's Best...
and Jack was picked as the Number One Comedian.

MARY: Well, how do you like that., (LAUGHS)

TAYLOR: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Jack's off the air one week and already he's America's
favorite comedian....Goodnight, Doll.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: (OVER APPLAUSE) Be sure to listen to the Phil Harris-Alice
Faye Show on Sundays, and "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day"
on Wednesdays...Robert Taylor appeared through the courtesy of
Metro Goldwyn Mayer, producers of "Homecoming," starring Clark
Gable and Lana Turner.

ATX01 0310924

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1948

Network: NBC

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM - PDT

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM - PDT

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #34
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:50 PM - PST

AV

ATX01 0310926

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL

5-23-48
-A-

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

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike - first again with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again...with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial survey which reveals the personal smoking preference of tobacco men -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.

LAING: Yes, the survey shows -- Lucky Strike -

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again -- with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: First again...with tobacco men! First again with the men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff, you'll see --

(MORE)

ATX01 0310927

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL - cont.

5-23-48
-B-

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And in a cigarette
it's the tobacco that counts - so for your own real
deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco
experts smoke - Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

bs

ATX01 0310928

(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 WEEK, ~~ROCHESTER~~, THE STAR OF OUR SHOW FELT THAT HE NEEDED A VACATION, SO HE TOOK THE WEEK OFF AND WENT TO NEW YORK..BUT TONIGHT I AM HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT THE PRODIGAL SON HAS RETURNED... AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...hello again, this Jack Benny talking, and Don, I think that was a very fitting introduction because I do feel like a prodigal son.

DON: Well, thank you, Jack, and welcome home.

JACK: And it's very appropriate too...the prodigal son being welcomed by the fatted calf....But Don, it's good to be back.

DON: Did you have a good time in New York, Jack?

JACK: Wonderful...I saw almost everybody I knew...Irving Berlin, Bea Lillie, Ed Sullivan, Fred Allen, Jack Eigen, and--

DON: Oh, you saw Fred Allen, huh?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Well...how'd you find Fred?

JACK: I just pushed aside those bags and there he was....Honestly, Don, he has the biggest bags over his eyes.

DON: Over his eyes?

mc

ATK01 0310929

JACK: Yes, he's wearing them in an upsweep this year...He got tired of stepping on them...^{But} You know, I saw Fred at his broadcast, and it's really amazing how lucky he's been.

DON: What do you mean, lucky?

JACK: The way he ran a case of sinus into a million dollars... Honestly, Don, the way Fred talks, he sounds ~~like~~ ^{well} hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack, welcome home.

JACK: Well..that's a fine welcome home..Haven't you got a great big kiss?

MARY: I had one, but last week I gave it to Robert Taylor.

JACK: All right, so couldn't you save a little kiss for me?

MARY: Jack, when Taylor takes over a show, he takes it all.

JACK: Well, I will say one thing, he did a wonderful job..and so did you, Mary. You were great last week. I was in New York and I heard it.

MARY: The kiss?

JACK: No, the show...Anyway, I had a wonderful vacation in New York. You know, this year they're having one of the most successful theatrical seasons they've ever had...They charge a lot of money, ^{you know,} for the tickets, but it's worth it. What shows, "A Streetcar Named Desire", "High Button Shoes", "Inside U.S.A.", and "Mr. Roberts."

DON: ^{Oh} Gosh Jack, I certainly envy you...How did you like "A Streetcar Named Desire?"

JACK: Well...Well Don...^I I didn't get to see that show. And I'm sorry I missed it.

MARY: ^{Oh} That's too bad..But Jack, I'll bet you enjoyed "High Button Shoes". I heard it was a great musical.

JACK: ^{yeah} Well...I didn't see that one either...^{you see} Before I knew it, it was Thursday night, and that was the night I was going to see "Mr. Roberts".

DON: Well, Jack, when I get to New York, that's the show I'm most anxious to see.

JACK: "Mr. Roberts?"

DON: Yes, ^{you} how did you enjoy that?

JACK: Well....that's the one I'm really sorry I missed...^{you see} I got as far as the lobby and the girl in the box office made me so mad I wouldn't go in.

DON: What did she say ^{to you?}

MARY: "Six-sixty, please."

JACK: ~~Six-sixty, six-sixty, please.~~ ^{Some heart-also gives you took over the show last week... Six-Sixty!}

JACK: ~~She did not..~~ Anyway money had nothing to do with it...Henry Fonda the star of "Mr. Roberts," gave me two passes ~~to that show....~~ I wish I hadn't sold them....~~anyway~~---

~~DON: Well, for heaven's sake, Jack, you were in New York for ten days. What did you see?~~

~~JACK: Well, the last night of my visit, I saw a wonderful show at the Flatbush theatre in Brooklyn.~~

~~MARY: What was it?~~

~~JACK: "The Horn Blows At Midnight" and "The Covered Wagon"I really enjoyed myself..Now what about you, Mary...anything happen with you while I was away?~~

MARY: ^{Oh} Nothing much, except that I received another letter from my mother.

JACK: Your mother? Well, what does the Republican Dark Horse of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: I've got it right here. Do you want me to read it to you?

JACK: No, but you're going to do it anyway, so go ahead.

MARY: All right. (CLEARS THROAT AND READS) MY DARLING DAUGHTER JACK, I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SENDING ME TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR MOTHERS DAY...YOU'RE SO GENEROUS...WHAT OTHER GIRL WOULD SEND HER MOTHER A WHOLE WEEK'S SALARY.

JACK: Gee, you are generous.

MARY: MARY, I BOUGHT MYSELF A DRESS WITH SOME OF THE MONEY, AND WITH THE REST OF IT I BOUGHT PAPA A BEAUTIFUL MONOGRAMMED WALLET TO KEEP HIS UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS IN.....AND THAT REMINDS ME... YOUR SISTER BABE IS NO LONGER ON VACATION...A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO SHE GOT A TELEGRAM FROM JOHN L. LEWIS TELLING HER TO GO BACK TO WORK.

JACK: Good old Babe...I'll never forget her in the Easter Parade... strolling down the avenue with that lamp on her hat..

MARY: Jack, please--

JACK: ^{Oh} I'm sorry, Mary..continuc.

MARY: I HEARD YOU ON THE PROGRAM LAST WEEK...THE BROADCAST YOU DID WITH ROBERT TAYLOR...AND I MUST SAY IT WAS A WONDERFUL SHOW WITHOUT JACK..

JACK: Hhm.

MARY: IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS THAT MY AIRWICK TOOK A SUNDAY OFF....NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE NOW...YOUR LOVING MOTHER...NATURE GIRL LIVINGSTONE.

mc

JACK: You know Mary, your mother writes some of the *silliest*....

DENNIS: Hello, Don..Hello, Mary.

JACK: Well, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Taylor, I don't know what happened to you since last Sunday, but you look awful now.

JACK: Dennis, for heaven's sake I'm not Robert Taylor, ^{look over here} I'm Jack Benny.

DENNIS: Oh....I don't blame you for being mad.

MARY: ^{well} Dennis, aren't you happy that Mr. Benny's back?

DENNIS: I [^] ~~sure~~ ^{certainly} am..You know, Mr. Benny, while you were gone, I sure missed you.

JACK: ^{well} Thanks kid.

~~DENNIS: I didn't go anywhere or do anything.~~

~~JACK: ~~Oh~~.~~ ^{you won't believe it but}

DENNIS: I was like a lost soul...I felt awful..I couldn't even eat.

JACK: That's a shame.

DENNIS: Yeah...next time you go away you ought to pay us in advance.

JACK: What? ~~Pay you in advance?~~...Dennis, you've got a lot of nerve suggesting anything like that. After all, Mary was on last week's program, too, and she didn't mention anything about being paid.

DENNIS: She doesn't care about money, she got kissed by Robert Taylor.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: He wouldn't even put his arm around me.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: I may not look like much, but he oughta taste my potato pancakes.

JACK: Dennis!...Stop being so ^{will yah} silly and get ready for your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Mary, before I forget it, will you wait and drive me home after the broadcast?

MARY: Where's your car?

JACK: Well, I'm thinking of getting a new one, so I sent Rochester out to see if he can get a good trade-in. ^{you did} I hope he---

PHIL: (COMING IN) Hi'ya Livvy..hello kids..Well, look who's back, Little Boy Blue Eyes, Hi'ya Jackson.

JACK: Hello, Phil... ^{Excuse's} how is ~~your~~ answer to ~~George's~~ ^{"It has to be ignorant?"} ~~George's~~ ^{that's what he didn't know us at all there. He had} ^{and that wasn't really a funny... (huh?)}

PHIL: Oh, I'm fine, dad, ^{Talk: are you} glad you're back. ^{Dad} what did you think of the program we did last week without you?

JACK: I thought it was an excellent show.. ~~and~~ I thought Robert Taylor did a wonderful job.

PHIL: Who did a wonderful job?

JACK: Robert Taylor.

PHIL: You don't by any chance mean Spangler Arlington Brugh?

JACK: Yes, what about it?

PHIL: Spangler Arlington Brugh. ^{Oh Spangly} what a name.. Brugh.... Before I met him, I didn't know whether I was supposed to shake his hand or blow the foam off him.

JACK: Phil!

PHIL: Anyway, what did you have to get him for..when you've got me.. me..the one and only inimitable Harris.

JACK: ~~I~~ Phil..you're not inimitable..it's just that nobody wants to be like you. ^{I'm surprised you pronounced it right. Now} ~~Non-homonym's~~ ^{look at Harris.}

PHIL: ^{Wait a minute!} I don't care what you say, ~~Spangler~~..I'd much rather be like me than like Spangler Arlington Brugh.

dk

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes, Phil..what have you got against Robert Taylor?

PHIL: He burns me up...he's married to a beautiful actress..He's a good looking guy..he's got nice wavy hair...and a great personality.

JACK: So what, Phil..you're married to a beautiful actress...you're a good looking guy...you've got nice wavy hair..and you've got a great personality, too.

PHIL: I know.

JACK: Well...what about it?

PHIL: (DREAMILY) Nothin', I just wanted to hear you say it.

JACK: All right, Phil, I said it...Now Dennis, let's have your---
Phil, are you taking bows, or is your head so big it keeps bending you over...^{Now} Come on, Dennis, let's have your song.

DENNIS: What do you want me to sing?

JACK: I don't know..what've you got prepared?

DENNIS: Potato pancakes.

JACK: All right, sing that..^{Sing} anything..Shortening Bread..~~who comes?~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."HAUNTED HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Haunted Heart" sung by Dennis Day...~~and that was~~ very good, Dennis....and now, ladies and gentlemen, in answer to thousands of requests, as our feature attraction tonight...we are going to repeat our version of that great Universal-International production, "The Egg and I."

MARY: Jack how come we aren't doing a new play tonight?

JACK: Because in order to do a new play, it has to be written and my writers lost their typewriter at the opening of Hollywood Park...Now in this sketch, I will---

MARY: All right, so they lost their typewriter at the races... couldn't they dictate the script to their secretary?

JACK: They lost her, too...She looked so forlorn as they pushed her through the five dollar window...Now in this sketch, I will play the part of--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn*it*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Oh hello, Rochester..have you done anything about trading my car in?

ROCH: YEAH, I WAS BUSY ALL MORNING..FIRST I TOOK IT TO MAD MAN MUNTZ.. HE LOOKED THE CAR OVER VERY CAREFULLY...BUT HE DIDN'T OFFER MUCH.

JACK: Well, how much did he appraise it for?

ROCH: BOSS...WHEN A CAR GETS THAT OLD, THEY DON'T APPRAISE IT, THEY WEIGH IT!

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: SO THEN I DROVE OVER TO HONEST JOHN'S PLACE, HE LOOKED AT THE CAR AND OFFERED US TEN DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

JACK: Well, of all the nerve..the license plate alone is worth that much.

ROCH: THAT'S THE ONLY PART HE WANTED.

JACK: Hmmm.

ROCH: A TRIFLE DISCOURAGED, BUT UNDAUNTED, I DROVE ~~OVER~~ TO THE SMILING IRISHMAN'S LOT..AND THERE ^{we} HAD A LITTLE TOUGH LUCK.

JACK: Why, what happened?

ROCH: AS THE SMILING IRISHMAN CLIMBED INTO OUR CAR TO INSPECT IT.... HE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND THE FENDER FELL OFF.

JACK: Which fender?

ROCH: THE FENDER, THE FENDER!

JACK: Oh, my goodness..then what did you do?

ROCH: I DECIDED TO GO HOME.

JACK: Uh huh.

~~ROCH: BUT THE MAN CALLED ME BACK AND TOLD ME TO TAKE THE CAR WITH ME.~~

~~ROCH:~~ ^{and} SO WHILE I WAS DRIVING ~~DOWN~~ DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE STEERING WHEEL...AND THE CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THE LA BREA TAR PITS.

JACK: Oh, that's terrible.

ROCH: WORSE THAN YOU THINK...THE PITS THREW IT BACK OUT AGAIN.

JACK: Well gee, Rochester, I expected you to sell the car today... you can try ^x again tomorrow.

ROCH: YES SIR...GOODBYE.

Rich: goodbye

~~JACK: Goodbye.~~

~~ROCK: Oh my, Bob.~~

~~JACK: How was it?~~

~~ROCK: When you come home tonight, I've got a big surprise for you.~~

~~JACK: What is it?~~

~~ROCK: All your little girls wanted to have a little girl, don't you?~~

~~Can do it, I've got the damn thing fixed to the drill.~~

~~JACK: Rochester, all that gear, that will cost me.~~

~~ROCK: Don't get excited, Bob. When Mr. and Mrs. Colman left for England, they forgot to take the milk can.~~

~~JACK: Well, what do you know, Bob, that's your job, Rochester.~~
~~Goodbye.~~

~~ROCK: Goodbye.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Come on kids, let's get on with our play, ~~because I want it~~
~~with to get here...~~ AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WE WILL
PROCEED WITH OUR VERSION OF...THE EGG AND I...IN THIS SKETCH
I WILL BE FRED MACMURRAY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE WILL BE
CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

DON: What part am I going to play, Jack?

JACK: Well, Don, the scene takes place on a farm, so you can play
the part of our pig.

DON: Aw Jack, every time you do a farm sketch, I play the part of a
pig...I want to do something else.

JACK: Well, what would you like to be, Don?

DON: A canary.

P

JACK: Don..you a canary?

DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP!

JACK: Well, that's not so bad..All right, Don, you can be the canary. AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE EGG AND I...AS THE SCENE OPENS..WE FIND THE NEWLYWEDS..CLAUDETTE AND FRED... DRIVING OUT TO THEIR NEW HOME.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN) *(Dog barks)*

JACK: Gee, Claudette, I hope you like the new farmhouse I bought.

MARY: (COY) Oh I will, Mr. MacMurray.

Jack: you can call me Mac

JACK: (SIGHS) You know, honey..I can't believe we're really married at last.

MARY: Yeah....it was such a wonderful wedding ceremony...but you were so nervous.

JACK: I was not nervous.

MARY: You were too..you put the ring on ~~the~~ ^{your own} ~~brother's~~ finger, ^{and} *kissed the best*

man and gave ~~me~~ ^{the preacher} a potato pancake.

JACK: ~~Gee, I was nervous~~ ^{*a friend of mine makes them*}..But darling, wasn't it exciting as we drove away from the church with those shoes tied in back of the car? ^{*old*}

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: I wonder what made them bounce like that.

MARY: My mother was still in them.

JACK: Oh yes..I cut her loose when we went through Anaheim....They can always use another smudge pot there...^{*Oh*} Look, there's our farmhouse. _{*1*}

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

F

JACK: Here we are.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS..CAR DOOR OPENS) (big words)

JACK: Look darling..there's our new home.

MARY: Gee, it sure looks run down.

JACK: Yes, but we'll fix it up...There's the real estate man...Oh,
Mister...Mister.

NELSON: HOW DO YOU DO?

JACK: How do you do..I just bought this house..You're the man from
the real estate office, aren't you?

NELSON: Yes, Nelson's the name...I'm here to show you around.

MARY: Gee, what a peculiar style of architecture this house has..
It's not French Normandie..Is it Early American?

NELSON: No, Crummy Colonial.

JACK: Hmm..let's go inside..Come on, honey.

NELSON: Allright.

JACK: I'm talking to my wife!

NELSON: Oh...Just follow me, folks, and I'll show you through the
house.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS,..DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: This is the living room.

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

NELSON: This is the dining room.

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

NELSON: And this is the bedroom.

JACK: Gee...Mr. Nelson..does the bathroom have a tile floor?

NELSON: Shall we go out and see?

JACK: Oh.

P

MARY: Mr. Nelson, I'd like to see the kitchen.

NELSON: Right through this door.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: There, isn't it a beauty?

MARY: Well...I don't know..the stove looks very old..and awfully dirty.

JACK: Oh, that's just a little dust..I'll blow it off. (GIVES BIG BLOW)

(SOUND: STOVE COLLAPSING WITH MUCH CLANGING AND BANGING OF TIN AND METAL)

NELSON:Mister, have you tried Sen Sen?

JACK: What?

NELSON: Well, it's getting kind of late..It better go.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson.

NELSON: Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Nelson.

(SOUND: LOUD KISS)

JACK: MR. NELSON! STOP KISSING HER!

NELSON: If Robert Taylor doesn't care, why should you?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm...Well darling..here we are in our own little home..
(YAWNS) And we better start getting to sleep. ^{too} On a farm
you have to get up at four in the morning.

MARY: You're right, sweetheart..But it's so nice to be alone, just the two of us.

JACK: Yeah..well, darling, goodnight.

~~*****~~

NELSON: Goodnight.

JACK: Get out of here!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)

JACK: (SOFT) Darling.

MEL: (CROWS ONCE LIKE ROOSTER)

JACK: DARLING..YOU'RE SNORING.

MARY: No no, that's the rooster...It's morning.

JACK: Oh, oh..well, you hurry and get breakfast ready..I'll go out and milk the cows..It's a good thing I slept in my clothes.

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

JACK: My, it's pitch dark this early in the morning.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: NOW where's that milking pail..Ah, here it is...Easy bossy, easy..

(SOUND: MILKING PAIL BEING SET DOWN)

JACK: That's a good girl, bossy.

(SOUND: PATTING OF ANIMAL)

JACK: Easy bossy, easy...Gee, I can't seem to find..Oh! Oh! Wrong end!...Now easy bossy, easy!

MEL: (MOOS LIKE COW)

JACK: Now hold still while I fix the pail and stool. ~~A. Shows...~~

off the air tonight... Here (bossy) there... We're really going to be cut
That's a good girl.... Hold still while I fix the pail and stool

(JACK SINGS TO TUNE OF BLUE DANUBE) OH LA LA LA LA

(SOUND: TWO SQUIRTS OF SELTZER BOTTLE IN PAIL IN RHYTHM..THEN TWO MORE SQUIRTS)

JACK: OH LA LA LA LA

(SOUND: SQUIRT SQUIRT..SQUIRT SQUIRT)

JACK: OH LA LA LA LA... (LONG PAUSE)... OH LA LA LA LA...
(LONG PAUSE)...Hmmm, better change.

MARY: (OFF) OH FRED..ARE YOU THROUGH MILKING?

JACK: I'm not, but I think the cow is...Hey, what are you holding?

MARY: (COMING ON) ^{Oh} Look, I just found it..It's a black kitten with
a white stripe down its back.

JACK: Well shucks...if that isn't the cutest little...Kitty, have
you tried sen sen?...Now Claudette, don't stand around...We've
got to feed the animals.

MARY: Okay.

DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP.

MARY: ^{Oh} Look Fred, isn't it cute the way our canary follows us around?

JACK: Yeah..Now shoo, canary, shoo! We've got to feed the
chickens..Here chick, chick, chick, ^{here} chick, chick, chick.

(SOUND: CHICKEN SOUNDS)

JACK: Come on, chick, chick. Here's some corn for you.

MEL: (CHICKEN CLUCKING)

MARY: Oh Fred, look at that hen sitting on the nest.

JACK: Where?...Oh yes.

MEL: (CHICKEN TRYING TO LAY EGG..TRIES AGAIN...AFTER THIRD TIME.

(SOUND: TEMPO BLOCK)

MEL: Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, that's all folks.

JACK: Gee, now we've got ^{to get} breakfast...Well, I better get some oats
for the horse..hay for the cow..and--

MEL: OINK, OINK, OINK, OOOOOOIIIIIIIIINNNNNNK!

P

JACK: What happened?

MARY: Our canary stepped on the pig and killed it.

JACK: Gee, that's too bad.

DON: PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP.

JACK: What a canary. I should have gotten suspicious when he bent the bars in his cage....Now let's get ~~swish the~~... Oh, look..here comes someone...(CALLS) Hello.

PHIL: (RUBE) ^{Howdy} Howdy neighbors. Zeke Harris is my name...Live right over the hill.

JACK: Well, do you have a farm over there?

PHIL: Yep..raise a little of this and that...mostly corn.

JACK: For your pigs?

PHIL: Nope, for my still.

JACK: Oh, you have a still?

PHIL: ^{yeah} ~~Yes~~, it'll make twenty gallons a day.

JACK: Twenty gallons a day?..That isn't much.

PHIL: Tain't bad, my old lady don't drink.

MARY: We just moved in here, Zeke. How long have you been living around this section?

PHIL: Well, ^{little ole' town} let me see...I moved here in 1918..~~and there's~~ ⁴³ 1948... That's sixteen years.

JACK: Wait a minute, Zeke..From 1918 to now is thirty years you've lived here.

PHIL: We don't count the fourteen years of Prohibition as living ^{down}

JACK: Oh, oh...Got any children?

PHIL: Yep..two sons..but we ain't seen 'em since they ran away with the circus ten years ago...Sure miss the boys.

well
MARY: [^] It's a shame both of them left, maybe one of them will come back.

PHIL: Tain't likely..they're Siamese twins.

JACK: Oh, Siamese twins, eh?

PHIL: ~~Yep~~ ^{yeah}..they're pretty attached to each other..HEH HEH HEH HEH..
OH ZEKE..YOU'RE THE BARNYARD'S ANSWER TO PHIL HARRIS.

JACK: By the way, Zeke..is that field over there part of your farm?

PHIL: ~~Yep~~ ^{yeah}..that's the place where I raise tobacco ^{you.} Those are my hired hands out there picking it.

JACK: Where?

PHIL: Right over there.

(INTRODUCTION TO "RUBEN, RUBEN")

QUART: (RUBE) RUBEN, RUBEN, WE BEEN THINKIN'
WHAT A SAD WORLD THIS WOULD BE
IF WE HAD NO BETTY GRABLE
^{or}
~~ADD~~ NO L S M F T.

(ONE VAMP)

QUART: RUBEN, RUBEN, WE BEEN WORKIN'
RAISING THOSE TOBACCO SPRIGS
TO MAKE A PACK OF LUCKY STRIKE
FOR F.E. BOONE AND SPEEDY RIGGS.

(ONE VAMP)

PHIL: ONCE THEY WENT DOWN TO THE CITY
JUST TO SEE A BURLEY-CUE
THEY CAME BACK AND BROUGHT A SAMPLE
ROUND AND FIRM, WITH EYES OF BLUE.

(ONE VAMP)

QUART: RUBEN, RUBEN, WE'RE NOT JOKIN'
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHERE WE ROAM,
WE WILL ALWAYS KEEP ON SMOKIN'
LUCKIES TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

(BAND TAG FINISH) *Puff Puff*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say Zeke, your farm hands are pretty good.

PHIL: ^{yes sir, yes sir} ~~Yes,~~ they sing all the time.

ELVIA: H'ya neighbors...Howdy Zeke. Good to see you all.

JACK: Well, hello. ~~an...er...~~ ^{how are you?}

ELVIA: Maw Kettle is the name..Live right down the road.

JACK: Which house?

ELVIA: No house, just down the read.

~~JACK~~: No heuse?

PHIL: Yep..she's married to Paw Kettle, the laziest man in the state.

ELVIA: He's the laziest man in the world. He won't even pick his teeth, I had to go down to the store and pick 'em for him.

JACK: No kiddin'.

ELVIA: Well, what do you know..here comes Paw Kettle, the lazy critter now..Name is Dennis, but folks call him Paw.

PHIL: H'ya, Paw.

DENNIS: (LIKE PERCY KILBRIDE) H'Ya Zeke..H^oo folks...Maw, put your arms around me and squeeze me..I feel like exhaling..(BIG EXHALE) There, ^{Jack: Better talk faster...we won't get off the show} that feels better...Anyplace to lie down around here? ^{Dennis}

ELVIA: Oh Paw, stand up for awhile.

DENNIS: ^{Oh} By the way, what are you folks figuring on raising here?

JACK: Chickens.

DENNIS: ^I Wouldn't try it if I were you. Tried to raise some myself a few years ago..Never had any luck.

JACK: What happened?

DENNIS: Bought ten hens..they laid lots of eggs..but none of 'em never did hatch.

JACK: How many roosters did you have?

DENNIS: (STRAIGHT)....Ooooooh..Roosters!

JACK: Hmmm.

DENNIS: Well, guess I better be going along now..Gotta go home and help my pig write a letter.

JACK: Your pig writes a letter?

DENNIS: I just tell him how to spell..he already has the pen and oink....HE HE HE HE..OH, PAW KETTLE, YOU'RE SHARPER THAN A POTATO PANCAKE.

JACK: You said it.

MARY: Well look, folks, my husband and I are just going in to have breakfast. Why don't you come in and join us?

ELVIA: That's okay with me.

DENNIS: Me too..Pick me up, Maw.

JACK: Well come on, let's all go in ~~and~~..Hey, wait a minute, what happened to Zeke? Where's Zeke Harris?

DENNIS: ^{ck}He had to run along, he's got his own show.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I can stay till Wednesday.

JACK: ^{well}Good good..come folks..breakfast is on me.

ELVIA: On you?

MARY: Yes, we haven't got a table..HA HA HA HA..OH, CLAUDETTE, YOU'VE ONLY BEEN ON THE FARM ONE DAY, BUT YOU'VE GOT CORN ALL OVER YOU.

JACK: YOU SAID IT, ^{and we just made it.} COME ON, EVERYBODY, LET'S GO.

(RUBE MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

0

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM SURE YOU AGREE THERE IS NOTHING MORE PATHETIC THAN A HELPLESS CHILD SUFFERING FROM STARVATION, EXPOSURE AND SICKNESS. THOUSANDS OF KIDS IN THE DEVASTATED COUNTRIES ARE EXACTLY IN THIS PREDICAMENT. SO IT IS UP TO US TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SURVIVE. WE MUST HELP THEM GROW UP TO BE HEALTHY CLEAR-THINKING CITIZENS. SO LET'S HELP THOSE UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN BY SENDING OUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRUSADE FOR CHILDREN, NEW YORK CITY. SAVE A CHILD, SAVE THE FUTURE. THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST..

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

5-23-48
-0-

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike - first again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: As a recent impartial survey reveals - more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! More than the next two leading brands combined -- Lucky Strike --

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: That's what the survey shows. Now listen to what Mr. Garland Fletcher Tilley, 25 years a tobacco buyer, recently said --

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen fine, ripe, mild tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike ... tobacco you can't beat for smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies 17 years.

bs

ATX01 0310950

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - cont.

5-23-48
-D-

LAING: Light up a Lucky and, puff by puff, you'll see --

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So
smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEMES NUMBER ONE AND TWO)

bs

ATX01 0310951

(TAG)

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to take this opportunity to thank Robert Taylor for taking my place on the program last week. He certainly did a great job and I--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Mary, answer the phone, will you?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello?.....Yes, he's here.....It's for you, Jack. It's your sponsor.

JACK: Oh.....Hello, L.S...How's M.F.T.?.....What?...

Oh I was only trying to be cute.....Robert Taylor?...No no, he was on last week.....But he was only supposed to be on for one week.....But I don't need another vacation.....

look I don't want to go to New York. I've been there.....Where?.... I don't want to go there, either.....But.....but but.....
but.....but..... *Cut*

ATX01 0310952

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE May 30, 1948

Network: NBC

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PDT

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PDT

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #35
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

DD

ATX01 0310954

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL

5-30-48
-A-

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

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike
regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial survey
which reveals the personal smoking preference of tobacco
men -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.

LAING: Yes, the survey shows - Lucky Strike -

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: First again ... with tobacco men! First again with the
men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently
select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally
mild tobacco. So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff you'll
see --

BP

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONT.

5-30-48
-B-

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT
IS - MFT

IAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And in a cigarette it's
the tobacco that counts -- so for your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts
smoke -- Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

bp.

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(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..ONCE AGAIN WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS..~~IT'S~~ EVENING. JACK HAS JUST FINISHED DINNER AND IS RELAXING IN HIS USUAL WAY.

JACK: (PLAYS FEW BARS OF "NATURE BOY" ON VIOLIN)

You know, Rochester..I always like to play my violin after dinner.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: It soothes and relaxes me.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: I hope it doesn't bother you.

ROCH: OH NO...I HAVEN'T HAD MY DINNER YET.

JACK: Good. ~~good.~~

(PLAYS FEW MORE BARS OF "NATURE BOY")

JACK: Rochester..I often think what a fool ~~I was~~ not to have made the violin my career..~~I~~ might have become a great virtuoso...But no...~~no~~ instead I had to become a comedian... a clown..a buffoon.

ROCH: BUT A RICH BUFFOON.

JACK: That's the wrong attitude..The world would be better off if people had a different viewpoint. ~~Just know~~ Money isn't important... Remember what Shakespeare said.. "He who steals my purse, steals trash."

ROCH: I WISH YOU'D THROW SOME OF THAT GARBAGE ON ME.

JACK: ~~Excuse me~~ just clear off the table and let me practice my violin..I want to prepare for my stage appearances in Detroit and Cleveland...Now let me see..I wanta learn that new song first..Here it is..

(PLAYS LUCKY STRIKE COMMERCIAL THEME)

First again with tobacco men.

(PLAYS LUCKY STRIKE COMMERCIAL THEME)

Gee, that song is catching on fast. I heard it last night on the Hit Parade...Well, ~~it's~~ I think I've practiced enough...But I don't feel like going to bed..I think I'll go in the den and listen to the radio.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..~~SIX FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPENS, SIX FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPENS, SIX FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPENS, SIX FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES~~)

~~JACK: Hum I wish I hadn't built such a big house. Oh well.~~

~~(SOUND: SIX FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS, SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH WATER (THEN ON CUE) SIX FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS)~~

~~JACK: And what I needed with a sunken living room. I'll never know.~~

~~(SOUND: ON CUE COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPENS, THREE FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPENS)~~

MARY: (OFF) Jack, are we gonna have rehearsal at your house or NBC?

JACK: What?

MARY: (OFF) Are we gonna have rehearsal at your house or NBC?

JACK: Mary, I can hardly hear you. Get closer to the phone.

MARY: I can't, I've got one foot on the floor and one foot on the mantelpiece.

JACK: Gee, that program must have a terrific Hooper/^{Don't you think so}..Oh Mary, what did you ask me before?

MARY: I said, where are we having rehearsal?

JACK: Oh, rehearsal will be tomorrow at NBC.

MARY: Okay, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

MARY: Oh say, Jack.

JACK: Yes.

MARY: I've got the most wonderful news. My sister Babe is coming out to California to go on television.

JACK: Your sister Babe on television? Well...What is she gonna do?

MARY: She's gonna double for Gorgeous George.

JACK: Say, that's great.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Listen,} Give her my congrat--

DON: Hello, Jack. Rochester told me you were in here.

JACK: Oh, hello Don...Mary, Don's here. I've got to hang up.. Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: H'ya Don. Come in and sit down.

DON: Okay..COME ~~IN~~, FELLOWS.

JACK: Oh, you brought the Sportsmen with you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, boys.

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: Don, I meant to call you, but we're not having rehearsal until tomorrow..but as long as you're here, sit down.

DON: ~~Well,~~ Thanks, Jack...Aren't you going to sit down, too?

JACK: No, I'll just put my foot back on the mantelpiece.

DON: Well Jack even though we're not rehearsing until tomorrow, the boys have prepared a beautiful number for the show and they'd like ~~you~~ ^{to have} hear it ~~now~~ ^{right}..They're going out of town for a few days.

JACK: Business?

DON: Oh no no..~~the~~ ^{you see} boys took their wives fishing at Big Bear Lake last week and they're going back there again.

JACK: Gee, I wish I could go...What are they gonna fish for, perch or trout?

DON: The baritone's wife, she fell out of the boat Wednesday.

JACK: Oh...well then by all means let's hear them sing now. She must be awfully tired treading water...Go ahead, boys.

DON: ~~Well ... wait ...~~ Wait a minute, Jack, this is a big production number and there's a part in it for you on the violin.

JACK: For me? Well, good, good..Now where's my violin?

DON: Under your chin.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...that was the stickiest spaghetti I had for dinner...Now let's ~~go~~ ^{let's} go, Don..What number are we gonna do?

DON: The Sabre Dance by Khachaturian.

JACK: The Sabre Dance! Well, that should be wonderful...Come on, fellows, hit it.

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(ORCHESTRA INTRO TO "SABRE DANCE")

5-A

QUART: YOU BETTER TRY A LUCKY
THEY ~~RE~~ MADE DOWN IN KENTUCKY
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES
THAT'S THE CIGARETTE THAT YOU WILL LIKE

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ~~FIRST CHOICE~~
YOU'D BETTER HURRY HURRY
YOU DON'T WANT US ALL TO WORRY
HURRY UP, BUY THEM, HURRY UP TRY THEM.
LOOK WHAT YOU ARE MISSING
LOOK WHAT YOU ARE MISSING
HURRY UP AND TRY A LUCKY STRIKE.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ~~FIRST CHOICE~~
SO FOR YOUR OWN DEEP DOWN SMOKING ENJOYMENT
YOU SHOULD TRY LUCKIES ~~AND~~ THEN YOU ~~WILL~~ SEE
WHY MEN WHO KNOW AGREE
L S M F T

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ~~NOW THE CIGARETTES YOU CAN BUY AT THE CLUB~~
~~AS HE SINGS (CHANGING AMERICAN)~~
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN'
IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN SMOKING THIS-UN.
HURRY NOW AND BUY A CARTON
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO START ON
LUCKIES THEN WILL BE YOUR ~~FIRST CHOICE~~ **FAVORITE BRAND**
THEY ~~ARE~~ **ARE** THE BEST BRAND IN THE LAND.
L S S S, M F F F L S S S, M F F F
L S M F, L S M F T

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QUART: OH L S S S S S M F F F F F F F,

L S S S, M F F F, L S S S, M F F F

LUCKY STRIKE'S THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.

NOW BEFORE WE FINISH THERE ~~IS~~ ^{IS} ONE ~~LAST~~ ^{IMPORTANT} THING

AS YOU MAY GUESS

QUALITY OF TOBACCO IS ESSENTIAL TO CONTINUING SUCCESS.

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Don't ~~congratulations~~ ~~that~~ was a wonderful number.

DON: ~~Thanks~~ Thanks Jack, I knew you'd like it.

JACK: I certainly did. Well, see you Sunday, fellows...Goodbye.

QUART: HMMMM.

DON: So long, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: ~~Good~~ ~~bye~~ those boys are such nice fellows...Sixty-five cents in the Coca Cola machine...Well, I think I'll take my change belt off and go in the library. I'll read for an hour or so before I go to bed.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Just look at this room..what a mess...OH, ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER..
....Everytime I want him, he takes so-- ~~long to see~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: DID YOU CALL ME, MR BENNY?

JACK: Yes, where were you?

ROCH: I WAS IN THE KITCHEN IRONING YOUR NIGHTGOWN.

JACK: Oh. Well, I hope you didn't put too much starch in it again.. Last night I felt like I was sleeping in a Quonset Hut....I, I like a nightgown to cling a little...Now Rochester, this room is such a mess, I wish ~~you'd~~ ~~you'd~~ (SNIFFING) Rochester! Do you smell something burning?

ROCH: OH OH! THE IRON!

JACK: My nightgown!

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..THEN STOP)

JACK: Well? Is it burnt?

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JACK: (ECHO MIKE) MY NAME IS BRUCE FINK. OH, IT'S AN ORDINARY NAME..IT HASN'T EVEN BEEN MENTIONED AS A REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE ...I WAS AN AVERAGE MAN WITH NORMAL HABITS. MY ONLY FAULT WAS, PERHAPS, THAT I SPENT MY MONEY A LITTLE TOO FREELY.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Gee.

JACK: (ECHO) IT ALL STARTED ONE EVENING LAST APRIL...WE HAD JUST FINISHED DINNER AND I WAS IN THE KITCHEN WASHING THE DISHES. MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, WAS IN THE PARLOR DANCING WITH OUR BOARDER, SILK SHIRT HARRY...I ALSO HAD A SON NAMED GUS...SOME PEOPLE THROUGHT HE WAS STUPID BECAUSE HE WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND HAD JUST LEARNED TO TIE HIS SHOE LACES. SOMEDAY HE MAY EVEN LEARN TO TIE THEM WHEN THEY'RE IN HIS SHOES...BUT I LOVED HIM...THAT EVENING GUS WAS HELPING ME WITH THE DISHES.

(MUSIC OUT)

(SOUND: WATER SPLASHING, DISHES CLATTERING)

DENNIS: What's this, papa?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) That's a cup, son.

DENNIS: Oh..and is this a saucer?

JACK: No no, that's a knife..Saucer..knife..saucer...knife... saucer..knife...Have you got that, son?

DENNIS: Son?

JACK: Yes, you're my son and I'm your father...This is a cup and this is a knife..The one with the point is the knife..the one with the handle is the cup..and the one with the hole ~~is~~ is your head...Now do you understand?

DENNIS: Yes son.

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JACK: No no ^{no, no ... look, look} /you're the son..I'm your father...But don't try to learn too much at one time.

DENNIS: All right, I'll go to bed now.

JACK: Goodnight, my boy.

DENNIS: Goodnight, papa....Oh, Papa.

JACK: Yes, son?

DENNIS: Papa, when are you going to tell me about the birds and the bees?

JACK: Don't worry about the birds and the bees. First learn about the cups and the saucers. ^{they enjoy life, too.} Goodnight, Gus.

DENNIS: Goodnight, Papa.

JACK: (ECHO) GUS CALLED ME PAPA..AND I WAS GLAD THAT I MADE THE RIGHT DECISION..TWO DAYS BEFORE I ALMOST TRADED HIM FOR A COCKER SPANIEL....I PUT AWAY THE DISHES AND STARTED TOWARD THE PARLOR TO JOIN MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, AND OUR BOARDER, SILK SHIRT HARRY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY" AND FADES)

PHIL: ^{Ab,} Swing it, Flossie. you little dove you...

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I'm way ahead of you, Harry.

PHIL & MARY: (LAUGH)

PHIL: ^{Hey, honey,} /Let's try that dip again.

MARY: You sure cut a mean rug.

PHIL: This is nothing, baby, you oughta catch me on linoleum.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Oh Harry, hold me closer, I love to smell that Bay Rum.

PHIL: I know ^{Baby} ~~you know~~ that's why I ^{drink it straight,} ~~drink three bottles of it.~~

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Mind if I cut in, Sweetheart?

MARY: (DISGUSTEDLY) Are you finished with the dishes already?

JACK: Oh yes..they're all washed and put away.

PHIL: Look, Fink..Flossie and I are busy. Here's a dime. Why don't you run down to the store?

JACK: What do you want me to get?

MARY: Lost.

JACK: (ECHO) I WALKED OUT OF THE HOUSE SMILING AT FLOSSIE'S LITTLE JOKE..THEN I WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE OUR SON GUS LYING ON THE FRONT LAWN WITH A BROKEN LEG. *I knew what had happened* WHEN HE WENT UP TO HIS ROOM, HE STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY TO GET SOME FRESH AIR..IF I TOLD HIM ONCE, I TOLD HIM A THOUSAND TIMES, WE HAVEN'T GOT A BALCONY....AS I BENT OVER HIM, GUS OPENED HIS EYES AND SAID --

DENNIS: What happened, Son?

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) No no, you're the son, I'm your father.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Tell me, are you hurt?

DENNIS: Yes..I think I broke my saucer.

JACK: That's your leg.

JACK: (ECHO) AS I WALKED DOWN THE STREET TOWARD THE CORNER STORE
I COULDN'T HELP THINKING HOW LUCKY I WAS. I HAD A
WONDERFUL WIFE, A SON WITH A BROKEN SAUCER, AND A BOARDER
WHO ~~had his own show and went off the air for the summer...~~
WHO ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~..WHAT MAN COULD ASK FOR MORE?
ALTHOUGH I HAD NEVER CARED FOR RICHES, I DID WISH THAT I
COULD AFFORD TO BUY MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, THE LITTLE EXTRA
THINGS SHE'D NEVER HAD BEFORE...LIKE ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{toothpaste} A TOOTH BRUSH..
OR EVEN TEETH...I CONTINUED WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN
SUDDENLY A VOICE CALLED TO ME FROM THE DARKENED DOORWAY OF
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

(SOFT MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

MEL: (TOUGH) Psst! Hey you..you!

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Who, me?

MEL: Yeah, you. Come here. You wanna make fifty bucks?

JACK: (ECHO) WITHOUT EVEN THINKING, I SAID "NO", WHICH PROVES
I WASN'T THINKING...SO I THOUGHT IT OVER AND SAID --

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Did you say fifty bucks?

MEL: Yeah..all you gotta do is stand out here in front of the bank,
and if you see a cop, just whistle.

JACK: Whistle?

MEL: Yeah, whistle something like Melancholy Baby..or Ballerina..
any popular number.

JACK: If you don't mind, I'd like to whistle "Star Dust". I'm
a friend of Hugo Carmichael.

MEL: Whistle "Ballerina"..and when you see a cop coming,
whistle loud so me and my friend can hear you.

JACK: (ECHO) THEY WEREN'T FOOLING ME. I KNEW THEY WERE SONG
PLUGGERS..I STOOD IN FRONT OF THE BANK THINKING OF THE FIFTY
DOLLARS I WAS GOING TO MAKE. TO ME THAT WAS A FORTUNE.
THE NEAREST I EVER CAME TO BEING RICH WAS WHEN I ALMOST
GUESSED THE NAME OF THE WALKING MAN...I WAS SO SURE IT WAS
~~FRANK KROOK ... He fell off his stool for the money ...~~
~~SPROCKET~~...I STOOD THERE, LOST IN THOUGHT...WHEN SUDDENLY
FROM INSIDE THE BANK I HEARD --

(SOUND: LOUD EXPLOSION (OFF MIKE))

JACK: (ECHO) THE BANK NOW HAD ~~an extra ten thousand~~...THE NEXT
THING I KNEW, I WAS IN A SPEEDING CAR SEATED BETWEEN ~~THE~~
TWO MEN AND THREE SACKS OF MONEY...THEN, SUDDENLY, IT
DAMNED UPON ME! THIS WAS A HOLDUP!

(LOUD MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) THE REST OF THAT RIDE WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE..THEN
THE TWO MEN BEGAN TO TALK,

UKIE: Hey Clyde..how much ^{how much} did you promise this fink?

JACK: (ECHO) THEY KNEW MY NAME!...I LOOKED AT THE MEN..THEN
I LOOKED AT THEIR GUNS..I NOTICED THE GUNS WERE IDENTICAL..
SO I ASKED THEM WHY THEY BOTH CARRIED THIRTY-TWO CALIBRE
AUTOMATICS..AND THEY SAID --

MEL & UKIE: (SWEETLY AND WITH RHYTHM) They're first again
with holdup men.

JACK: (ECHO) I KNEW WHAT THEY MEANT BUT I MISSED THE MUSIC..
~~WHETHER THESE THIRTY TWO DIDN'T SCARE ME I WAS~~
~~CHAMPION~~..HAVING THAT ADVANTAGE, I LEBERED BACK AT THEM
AND SAID --

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) You fellows can't get away with this.
I'm going to the police.

MEL: You can't go to the police, buddy. You're in this as deep as we are.

JACK: (ECHO) I KNEW THAT THE TWO MEN WERE RIGHT. I WAS TRAPPED. THROUGH NO FAULT OF MY OWN, I, BRUCE CRIMINAL, WAS ^{NOT} A FINK.. I MEAN, BRUCE FINK WAS NOW A CRIMINAL.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) AS I RODE ALONG WITH THE THREE SACKS OF MONEY, THE CAR STOPPED AT A CORNER. THE MEN PICKED UP TWO MORE SACKS.. ONE WAS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE...THE CAR WAS NOW SO CROWDED I HAD TO SIT IN THE BACK WITH THE ESCALATOR...FINALLY, THEY THREW ME OUT OF THE CAR, ~~AND~~ BY THE TIME I GOT HOME IT WAS MORNING..A DREARY MORNING. ~~SUDDENLY~~ ^{I looked up at the sky} THE SUN BROKE THROUGH THE "O" IN HONEST JOHN...THROUGH THE WINDOW I COULD SEE SILK SHIRT HARRY HOLDING MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, IN HIS ARMS. THEIR LIPS WERE PRESSED TOGETHER. I DREADED GOING INTO THE HOUSE..I HAD BEEN GONE ALL NIGHT AND I COULDN'T TELL THEM WHERE I HAD BEEN...AND I DIDN'T WANT FLOSSIE TO THINK THAT I WAS IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN... I WRACKED MY BRAIN BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF AN EXCUSE, SO I DECIDED TO GO IN AND BRAZEN IT OUT....AS I OPENED THE DOOR --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: THEY WERE STILL KISSING.

(SOUND: LOUD KISS)

JACK: AS THEY SAW ME, THEIR LIPS PARTED.

(SOUND: POP)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Hello, Harry. Hello, Flossie.

MARY: (DISGUSTEDLY) Are you back already?

JACK: I know how you must've worried about me, darling, but I couldn't help it..I bumped into an old friend and we got to talking, and you know how time *always flies* -

MARY: Kiss me again, Harry.

PHIL: Okay, Baby.

(SOUND: KISS)

JACK: (ECHO) IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT. NO QUESTIONS, NO JEALOUS REPROACHES...FLOSSIE TRUSTED ME IMPLICITLY..I THINK HARRY DID, TOO...I WAS HEARTSICK AS I WENT UPSTAIRS, THREW MYSELF ON GUS'S BED, AND KNOCKED MY PIVOT TOOTH OUT. IF I TOLD ~~him~~ *him* ONCE, I TOLD HIM A THOUSAND TIMES, HE HASN'T GOT A BED..... THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS WERE LIKE A HORRIBLE DREAM...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HAD IN STORE FOR ME...I CONTINUED WITH MY HOUSEHOLD DUTIES....ONE DAY AS I WAS PUSHING BUGS OUT OF THE SCREEN WITH A TOOTHPICK..MY SON, GUS, WAS SITTING NEARBY, DOING HIS HOMEWORK. HE LOOKED UP AT ME AND SAID --

DENNIS: Oh, fathead..

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) That's father...At least you're getting closer. What is it, son?

DENNIS: This pencil won't write.

JACK: That's a knife..Look, son..that's a knife, this is a cup, and this is a saucer..Do you understand?

DENNIS: Yes, son.

JACK: No no, I'm your father... Now, how are you getting along with your spelling?

DENNIS: Fine, I can count up to ten now.

JACK: Good work... Now listen, my boy.. I'm going to take you into my confidence... Some men were robbing a bank and they promised me fifty dollars to whistle if I saw a cop.

DENNIS: A what?

JACK: A cop.

DENNIS: That's a saucer.

JACK: (ECHO) I LEFT GUS SITTING IN A POOL OF BLOOD.. I COULDN'T STAND HIM ANYMORE... AS I WALKED INTO THE KITCHEN.. THE PHONE RANG.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: (ECHO) A SHIVER WENT DOWN MY BACK.. THEN IT WENT UP MY BACK, THEN IT WENT DOWN MY BACK.. THE ESCALATOR WAS UNDER MY COAT... THE PHONE RANG AGAIN.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS.. RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Hello?

MEL: Hello, Fink, we're pulling another job tonight, and we want you to whistle for us.. and you better be there if you know what's good for you.

JACK: Yes sir.. yes sir.. I'll be there.

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) I THOUGHT OF RUNNING AWAY..I THOUGHT OF LEAVING TOWN..I THOUGHT OF JANE RUSSELL..I DON'T KNOW WHY I THOUGHT OF HER, BUT IT WAS FUN,..BUT WHEN THE BURGLARS CALLED, I KNEW I'D BE THERE.....THIS MEANT I'D HAVE TO LEAVE THE HOUSE AGAIN, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK THE NEWS TO MY WIFE. I HOPED SHE WOULDN'T TAKE IT TOO HARD...I OPENED THE DOOR AND WALKED INTO THE PARLOR WHERE I FOUND FLOSSIE AND HARRY LOOKING AT OUR PICTURE ALBUM.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Oh look at this one, Harry...This is a picture of me and my husband Bruce the night we first met.

PHIL: Who's the other guy in the picture?

MARY: That's Ralph Edwards..he introduced me to Bruce as part of my Consequence.

JACK: Flossie, dear, I have to go out again tonight and I may not be home until late.

MARY: And look, Harry, here's a picture we took on our honeymoon. This is Bruce in his bathing suit.

PHIL: Holy Mackerel, what a physique! He looks like something that was pushed through a screen with a toothpick.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Oh, I don't blame you for being furious, Flossie. But you'll ~~just~~ have to trust me. And remember, no matter what happens..I want you to know that I love you...Well, I've got to go now..Goodbye, Harry...Goodbye, Flossie.

MARY: (SWEETLY) How about a kiss?

(SOUND: LONG KISS)

JACK: (ECHO) NOT WANTING TO INTERRUPT THEM, I TIPTOED OUT OF THE ROOM...ONCE AGAIN, I WALKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT TO KEEP A RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY!

(MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) THAT NIGHT WHILE I WHISTLED, THEY ROBBED THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK..THE NEXT NIGHT THEY ROBBED THE THIRD NATIONAL BANK..THE NIGHT AFTER THAT THE FOURTH NATIONAL, AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THE SIXTH NATIONAL. EVERYONE WAS EXPECTING IT TO BE THE FIFTH.....OH, THEY WERE SHREWD ALL RIGHT....AND THEN --

(BIG MUSIC..AND CONTINUING SOFT UNDER FOLLOWING)

JACK: (ECHO) IT HAPPENED..THE CROOKS DECIDED I OUTLIVED MY USEFULNESS AND THEY TOOK ME TO A LONELY ROAD TO BUMP ME OFF. AS I STOOD THERE HELPLESS, THEY CAME AT ME WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN. I TRIED TO GET AWAY..BUT IT WAS NO USE...I WAS CORNERED..TRAPPED.....I SCREAMED FOR HELP.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) (BIG SCREAM)

JACK: (ECHO) SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, POLICE CARS APPEARED.
(SOUND: SIRENS..BRAKES)

JACK: DOZENS OF COPS JUMPED OUT, ~~OF THE CARS WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN.~~ I THOUGHT I WAS SAVED..BUT NO..THEY THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THE CROOKS AND THEY STARTED FIRING.

(SOUND: FIVE GUNSHOTS)

JACK: I WAS HIT IN THE ARM..IN THE LEG..I SANK TO MY KNEES WHEN SUDDENLY --

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) When suddenly...when suddenly....
(SOUND: FLIPPING OF PAGES)

JACK: Hmm..the last page of this book is missing....Wait ~~a minute~~.
quite a few pages are gone....OH ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: DID YOU CALL ME, BOSS?

JACK: ~~Yes~~..what happened to this book? There are about a dozen
pages torn out of it.

ROCH: YOU DID THAT ~~THE NIGHT~~ ^{last week when you had} YOUR DINNER PARTY.

JACK: What?

ROCH: IF I TOLD YOU ONCE, I TOLD YOU A ~~DOZEN~~ ^{thousand} TIMES..BUY PAPER
NAPKINS!

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~...Well...Have you got the flap on my nightgown?
I think I'll go to bed...Goodnight. ~~Rochester.~~

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM SURE YOU AGREE ^{that} THERE IS NOTHING MORE PATHETIC THAN A HELPLESS CHILD SUFFERING FROM STARVATION, EXPOSURE AND SICKNESS. THOUSANDS OF KIDS IN THE DEVASTATED COUNTRIES ARE EXACTLY IN THIS PREDICAMENT. SO IT'S ~~UP~~ UP TO US TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SURVIVE. WE MUST HELP THEM GROW UP TO BE HEALTHY CLEAR-THINKING CITIZENS. SO LET'S HELP THOSE UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN BY SENDING OUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRUSADE FOR CHILDREN, NEW YORK CITY. SAVE A CHILD, SAVE THE FUTURE. THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST..

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

5-30-48
-0-

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ..with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: As a recent impartial survey reveals - more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! More than the next two leading brands combined -- Lucky Strike -

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: That's what the survey shows. Now listen to what Mr. William Lee Currin, 24 years a tobacco auctioneer, recently said ...

VOICE: For years and years, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, mild tobacco ... tobacco that's full of smoking enjoyment. I've smoked Luckies 23 years!

LAING: Light up a Lucky and, puff by puff, you'll see -

(MORE)

BP

ATK01 0310978

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - CONT.

5-30-48
-D-

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So smoke
the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

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SECRET

01801 0310981

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE June 6, 1948

Network: NBC

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PDT

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PDT

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #36
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JUNE 6, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

mc

ATX01 0310983

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
June 6, 1948
OPENING COMMERCIAL

- A -

IAING: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- PRESENTED BY LUCKY STRIKE!

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME)

RUYSDAEL: First again with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME)

IAING: More independent tobacco exports smoke Lucky Strike
regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial survey
which reveals the personal smoking preference of tobacco
men -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.

IAING: Yes, the survey shows -- Lucky Strike --

MUSIC: (THEME)

RUYSDAEL: First again with tobacco men !

MUSIC: (THEME)

IAING: First again with tobacco men! First again with the men
who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently
select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild
tobacco. So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff you'll see --

(MORE)

ATX01 0310984

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
June 6, 1948
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

- B -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT
LS - MPT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And in a cigarette it's
the tobacco that counts -- so for your own real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke the smoke tobacco
experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (THEME)

RUYSDAEL: First again with tobacco men! Lucky Strike!

ATX01 0310985

JACK: No, no...I'll take my white linen suit...and I'll wear a blue tie...That sounds like a nice combination..white and blue.

ROCH: UH HUH...THEN IF YOU WEAR YOUR RED TOUPAY, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE OLD GLORY.

JACK: No, I'm saving that for the Fourth of July...Now let's see...

ROCH: YOU KNOW, BOSS..I'M AWFULLY EXCITED ABOUT GOING TO DETROIT... I'M GETTING A NEW CAR.

JACK: A new car...Gee, I wish I could afford one.....How much is it going to cost you?

ROCH: TWENTY ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

JACK: Twenty ~~one hundred dollars~~?...Rochester..where'd you get that kind of money?

ROCH: WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS...I'VE BEEN WITH YOU ELEVEN YEARS AND BY SCRIMPING I'VE SAVED HALF MY SALARY EVERY WEEK...AND THEN LAST WEEK IT HAPPENED.

JACK: You finally got enough?

ROCH: YEAH...MY UNCLE DIED AND LEFT ME TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

JACK: Well...you see, Rochester...I told you when you started.. stick with me ~~see~~ you'll be well off.....Now let's --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well..Joey and Stevie.

KIDS: (TOGETHER) Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, boys. What brings you here today?

(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...TONIGHT THE ENTIRE JACK BENNY TROUPE IS LEAVING FOR PERSONAL APPEARANCES IN DETROIT AND CLEVELAND ..OPENING THURSDAY AT THE FOX THEATER IN DETROIT.....AS WE LOOK IN ON THE BENNY HOUSEHOLD..JACK IS PACKING FOR THE TRIP.

JACK: Rochester, did you put in my shaving cream, brush, and talcum powder?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: My razor?

ROCH: UH HUH...I PUT IN EVERYTHING BUT YOUR RAZOR BLADES...HOW MANY DO YOU WANT TO TAKE?

JACK: Better take two..I'll be gone twelve weeks....Two will be enough..... I think

ROCH: BOSS...HOW MANY SHAVES DO YOU GET OUT OF ^{ONE} ~~A~~ RAZOR BLADE ANYWAY?

JACK: About seventy-five.

ROCH: SEVENTY-FIVE SHAVES OUT OF ONE ^{Rochester} BLADE...HOW DO YOU DO IT?

JACK: It's a little secret of mine /..for the first fifty shaves, I don't take the paper off....Now I ought to take along something light and cool for my stage appearances.

ROCH: SHALL I PACK YOUR GRAY GABARDINE?

mc

JOHNNY: We came over to say goodbye.

JACK: Well.

JOHNNY: (WHISPERS) Go ahead, Stevie.

JERRY: Okay..Okay....(CLEARS THROAT)....MR. BENNY..WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE BEVERLY HILLS BEAVERS, HAVE BROUGHT THIS GOING AWAY PRESENT TO YOU, OUR FELLOW BEAVER.

JACK: Well gee, fellows, thanks..Shall I open my present now or on the train?

JOHNNY: Open it now.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: TEARING OF PACKAGE OPEN)

JACK: Oh...just what I've always wanted...a frog...Gee..and what a pretty frog..It sure looks swell.

JOHNNY: It looked even better when it was alive.

JACK: Well fellows..I certainly appreciate the sentiment, and I'll keep it with me as long as the weather stays cool...So long, fellows ~~xxxxxx~~ boys.

KIDS: GOODBYE, ~~xxx~~ ^{Beaver} BENNY.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, I guess we're about finished packing, Rochester.. I wonder if Don Wilson is through with his ~~get~~.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

BEA: Oh Donald, dear..you answer the phone..I'll finish the packing.

DON: Okay, darling.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

mc

DON: Hello?...Yes, this is Don Wilson...Long Distance...Well, put him on...Hello...Yes, ^{yes,} I'm fine..how are you? WHAT...OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL...CONGRATULATIONS...NICE OF YOU TO CALL ME... GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: Darling, darling..have you heard the wonderful news?

BEA: (EXCITED) No, what, what?

DON: LUCKIES ARE FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

BEA: Oh Donald, I'm so happy for you..Now you better finish that letter you're writing to Mr. Benny.

DON: ^{well, I} / I am finished..would you like to hear it?

BEA: Yes.

DON: Okay..(CLEARS THROAT)... "DEAR JACK..I'VE TALKED IT OVER WITH THE LITTLE WOMAN, AND I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT AN ANNOUNCER OF MY REPUTATION SHOULD BE TREATED WITH FAR MORE DIGNITY ON THE PROGRAM.

BEA: That's good..continue, Darling.

DON: "FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW YOU'VE BEEN GETTING LAUGHS AT THE EXPENSE OF MY EXCESS WEIGHT..(INCREASING ANGER)..I HAVE JUST ABOUT REACHED THE LIMIT OF MY ENDURANCE, AND MUST WARN YOU THAT I AM NOW SERVING NOTICE THAT FROM THIS DAY FORWARD I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANY REFERENCES TO MY OBESITY!"

BEA: THAT'S TELLING HIM, FATSO!.....Now I'll got you a stamp.

DON: ^{Oh,} / You needn't bother..I'm going to tear it up.

BEA: Tear up the letter?...Don't you want Jack to stop making up jokes about you being fat?

DON: ^{be honest,} Let's ~~face~~ it, darling...My lard is our bread and butter.

BEA: (HAPPY) Ah, that's what I like about you, Donald..you're so cute in a sloppy sort of way.

DON: I know.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Pauline, have you packed all my stockings and nightgowns?

DORIS: Yes, Ma'am.

MARY: Good...now put this eyebrow pencil in my cosmetic case.

DORIS: ^{Oh,} I already packed your eyebrow pencil.

MARY: I know, but I better take two...Mr. Benny always forgets his.

DORIS: Say, Miss Livingstone, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

MARY: No, what is it, Pauline?

DORIS: Is there anything between you and Mr. Benny?...I mean, has he ever gotten romantic with you?

MARY: Well...once...a couple of years ago...he drove me up to Mulholland Drive one night...parked the car..looked at me... then said, "Mary..I'm going to take you in my arms and crush you to a pulp"...Then he put his arms around me and squeezed and squeezed.

DORIS: Gee, what happened?

MARY: He broke two of his ribs.....Since then, he's never gotten romantic.

DORIS: Well, Mr. Benny ought to start thinking of getting married real soon...He's thirty-nine and he's not getting any younger.

MARY: The way he counts, he's not getting any older either....~~that~~
~~Mr. Dornly will probably move out of the state some day~~
~~and get married,~~

~~DORIS: One of the secrets of getting old is to get married and stay that way~~

MARY: ~~Not as long as they have common property~~.....Now hurry,
Pauline, I haven't much time.

DORIS: (SIGHS) Gee, Miss Livingstone..I sure envy you...Making this
wonderful trip and being on the same train with Phil Harris.

MARY: ^{Oh} You really have a crush on Phil, haven't you, Pauline?

DORIS: Oh yes, Miss Livingstone..every time I see Mr. Harris, I wish
I was only two inches tall.

MARY: Only two inches tall..why?

DORIS: I'd like to take off my shoes and run barefoot through his
hair.

MARY: (LAUGHING) ^{But you know ... you know, Pauline} Oh Pauline...But he has got nice hair...I first
noticed it when I saw a picture of him and Alice Faye in a
magazine ad.

DORIS: Phil and Alice?.....What kind of an ad was it?

MARY: Oh, you've seen them...Under the picture it says, "Which one
of these twins has the Toni?"

~~DORIS: (LAUGHING) Why, why, the Toni?~~

MARY: ~~Yeah~~...I wonder where Phil is ~~these days~~..I've been trying to get
him on the phone all day.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

PHIL: ^{Hey,} Gosh Frankie, just think, in a couple of hours we'll be on
that Super Chief bound for Detroit.

ELLIOT: Yeah, Gee Curly, I can hardly wait...(UP)...TWO MORE SCOTCH
AND WATERS, BARTENDER.

MEL: Here you are.

(SOUND: CLINK OF GLASSES)

PHIL: Hey Frankie..what time is it?

ELLIOT: Four o'clock.

PHIL: What time did we come in this joint?

ELLIOT: Three o'clock.

PHIL: That ain't so bad, we only been here thirteen hours..Set 'em
up again, bartender.

MEL: Here you are.

(SOUND: CLINK OF GLASSES)

PHIL: Say, Frankie..I think I oughta call up Alice and tell her
where I am.

ELLIOT: Why, Curly?

PHIL: ^{well} I don't want her to think I'm wasting my time in a pool room.

ELLIOT: Aw, call her later.

PHIL: Okay.

ELLIOT: You know, Curly..I been thinking and thinking for weeks and
weeks, and I've just realized something.

PHIL: What?

ELLIOT: You and me are a couple of bums.

PHIL: Oh, we ain't so bad, another round bartender.

MEL: Here you are.

(SOUND: CLINK OF GLASSES)

ELLIOT: You know, I'm not too happy about this trip, Curly...I'll probably be lonesome in Detroit...You'll probably spend all your time with Benny.

PHIL: ^{Naw} ~~Nah~~...you can't have no fun/running around with Jackson... ^{... you can't have no fun}
His idea of a big time is standing on a street corner trying to whistle at dames.

ELLIOT: Trying to whistle?

PHIL: Yeah...it takes him half an hour to pucker up those wrinkled old lips.

ELLIOT: No kiddin'.

PHIL: Yeah...and by the time he does get them puckered, he's too pooped to blow..Two scotches and water, bartender.

ELLIOT: ~~Two~~ two for me, too.

MEL: Here you are.

(SOUND: CLINK)

PHIL: Hey Frankie, ^{look} it's getting late, ~~and~~ we gotta get to ~~the~~ that station...I'll go out and call a cab.

ELLIOT: Nah...let's have another drink and float down.

PHIL: We ain't got time...Hey bartender..how much do I owe you?

MEL: Four hundred and seventy-five dollars.

PHIL: Okay...Charge it to my account.

ELLIOT: Four hundred and seventy-five dollars...You know Curly, that's kind of expensive.

PHIL: Yeah, but look at the money we save on food....Come on..we're supposed to pick up Dennis Day on the way to the station.

^{Let's get out of here.}
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DENNIS: Well..let's see...I've packed all the new things that I bought in the store today...Two shirts...two ties..two pair of socks..two handkerchiefs...and thirty-six pair of shorts.... Gee, that guy in the underwear department was a good salesman....I don't mind buying all this underwear, but I wish I had gone to the men's department....Well, I'm all ready now...(UP) OH MOTHER...MOTHER..

KEARNS: (OFF) Your mother isn't here, son.

DENNIS: Who are you?

KEARNS: Your father.

DENNIS: Oh....Where's mother?

KEARNS: She's not home, son..She'll see you down on the train.

DENNIS: Oh..is she going to Detroit?

KEARNS: No, only to Albuquerque, then a new engineer takes over.

DENNIS: Albuquerque?

KEARNS: Yes.

DENNIS: I better tell her, if an Indian tries to sell her any jewelry, to look under the blanket ... it might be Mr. Benny.
~~to look under the blanket ... it might be Mr. Benny.~~

KEARNS: ^{Yes} /I'll tell her...Well son..I'll kind of miss you when you're gone..and I feel kind of funny..letting you go on the road alone.

DENNIS: Oh, you needn't worry Dad...I'm with Mr. Benny most of the time.

KEARNS: With Mr. Benny..what do you do?

DENNIS: ^{Well} /We stand on street corners and he winks and I whistle.

KEARNS: What?

DENNIS: And if a girl stops, he faints and I run....Well, I'm ready
to go now, Dad..I'll wait on the porch for Phil Harris.

^{I Oh}
KEARNS:/Son, before you go out,,you know that song I like so much,
"May I Never Love Again".

DENNIS: Yes.

KEARNS: Would you sing it for me?

DENNIS: Okay, son.

KEARNS: No no, you're the son, I'm your father..Now go ahead and sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "MAY I NEVER LOVE AGAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-11-

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP..BRAKES..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well Mary, here we are at the Union Station. How much is it, Driver?

UKIE: That'll be a dollar ninety-five.

JACK: A dollar ninety-five?..Here's two dollars, keep the change.

UKIE: Thank you very much.

JACK: You're quite welcome.

UKIE: Mr. Benny..do you mind if I say something?

JACK: No No, go right ahead.

UKIE: You're tighter than the ice-cube tray in a twelve dollar refrigerator.

JACK: What?

(SOUND: CAR GOES OFF FAST)

JACK: Hmm...Come on, Mary, let's go in the station.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..STATION DOOR OPENS..VOICES UP AND STATION NOISES)

MEL: (FILTER) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA. Train leaving on track five for Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga.

JACK: I told the gang to meet us over by the information desk.

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

MARY: Say, Jack, there's Dennis over there weighing himself.

~~JACK: What?~~

~~MEL: Over by the information desk.~~

JACK: Oh yes.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..POUNDING ON MACHINE)

MB

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JACK: Dennis, what are you ~~doing~~ jumping on that machine for?

DENNIS: ~~There's something wrong with this machine.~~ I put a penny in, but no peanuts came out.

JACK: Dennis, that's a weighing machine....it's a scale..when you put a penny in a little card comes out..There it is, down there.

DENNIS: Oh yes..Gee, look..I weigh a hundred and fifty-five pounds.

MARY: And Dennis, on the other side is your fortune.

DENNIS: My fortune?..Let me see....Gee, ~~the machine says it's not~~ ^{now they tell me} ~~they?~~

JACK: What does it say?

DENNIS: "No peanuts."

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake..Look kid, you better take care of your baggage and I'll see you on the train..Come on, Mary.

MARY: Jack, I think I'll go over and buy some magazines.

JACK: Okay..in the meantime, I'll go over and validate the tickets.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION, PLEASE..ALL PASSENGERS GOING TO ANAHEIM, TAKE SANDWICHES AS THERE IS NO DINER...ALL PASSENGERS GOING TO AZUSA, TAKE SOFT DRINKS AS THERE IS NO CLUB CAR...ALL PASSENGERS GOING TO CUCAMONGA, TAKE THE BUS AS THERE IS NO TRAIN.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Gee, I don't know what magazine to buy.

PHIL: H'ya, Livvy, you one way ticket to dreamland, you.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Oh hello, Phil...what are you buying?

PHIL: A mystery magazine/^{Ham}Here's one that looks good..'Who's Gordon'.

mb

MARY: That's "House and Garden".

PHIL: Oh.

MARY: / ^{There's} There's a magazine I want..the one with Robert Taylor's picture on it.

PHIL: Robert Taylor's picture?

MARY: Yes.

PHIL: You mean Spangler Arlington Brugh?

MARY: No, Phil, I don't mean (MIMICING PHIL) Spangler Arlington Brugh..I mean Robert Taylor.

PHIL: Livvy, what do you see in Bob Taylor, anyway?

MARY: Well, what does Alice see in you?

PHIL: Livvy, if I stood here telling you, we'd both miss the train.

MARY: Well, that does it...See you later, Phil.

Phil: O.K. Livvy
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION PLEASE, THE STATION MASTER JUST RECEIVED A COMPLAINT ABOUT OUR SERVICE..SO FROM NOW ON ALL THE WEIGHING MACHINES WILL GIVE PEANUTS.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's see...where's that ticket window..Oh, yes...there it is right over there.

mb

MEL: (FILTER) YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE..WE HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT
FROM THE LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT...WILL THE OWNERS OF THESE
PETS PLEASE CLAIM THEM?...WE HAVE A DOG --

(BARKS)

A HORSE --

(NEIGHS)

A WOODPECKER --

(WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

AND A PIG --

T-T-T-T-THAT'S ALL FOLKS.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Hmm..I'm glad Rochester is taking care of my parrot.

DON: OH JACK..JACK.

JACK: Oh, hello Don.

DON: Jack, I'm ^{awfully} sorry I'm late but I stopped by the office to pick
up the commercials for our Detroit broadcast.

JACK: Well, where's my quartet, the Sportsmen? They were supposed
to come to the station with you.

DON: There they are, Jack, down by the gate.

JACK: Where?

DON: Right over there, saying goodbye to their wives.

JACK: Oh yes..their wives came down to see them off...Isn't that
nice?

mb

ATX01 0310999

(ORCHESTRA INTRO TO "TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE GOODBYE")

QUART: TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE, GOODBYE
TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE, DON'T CRY
THE CHOO CHOO TRAIN THAT TAKES ME
AWAY FROM YOU, NO WORDS CAN TELL HOW SAD IT MAKES ME

GIRLS: KISS ME, TOOTSIE AND THEN
DO IT OVER AGAIN.

QUART: WATCH FOR THE MAIL. WE'LL NEVER FAIL

GIRLS: IF WE DON'T GET A LETTER THEN WE'LL KNOW YOU'RE IN JAIL.

QUART: ~~TOOT TOOT~~ ^{TUT TUT} TOOTSIE, DON'T CRY
TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE, GOODBYE

GIRLS: TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE, GOODBYE

QUART: KEEP ON SMOKING THOSE GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKES

GIRLS: TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE, DON'T CRY

QUART: THEY'RE THE ONLY SMOKE THAT WE ^{'re sure} ~~WISH~~ YOU ALL WILL LIKE
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
IT'S ^{s always} ~~ONLY~~ LUCKIES ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED, SO
LIGHT ONE LIGHT ONE AND THEN

GIRLS: WE KNOW THEY'RE FIRST WITH TOBAC-TOBACCO MEN

QUART: DO IT OVER AGAIN

GIRLS: WE'LL MISS YOU SO BUT NOW WE MUST GO
TELL F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY RIGGS THAT WE SAID HELLO

QUART &
GIRLS: TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE, GOODBYE
AND KEEP ON SMOKING LUCKIES....GOODBYE

APPLAUSE

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-16-

~~JACK: Oh my god, my car is stuck in traffic. I have to get over to the ticket window. I have to get over to the ticket window.~~

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION PLEASE, ATTENTION..LEAVING ON TRACK THREE, THE SOUTHBOUND SPECIAL FOR NEW ORLEANS, MEMPHIS, MOBILE, BIRMINGHAM, AND DOO WAH DITTY.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's see....This must be the window right here....Oh Mister...Mister.

NELSON: YESSSSSS.

JACK: Are you the agent?

NELSON: ^{Well} How do you think I got all these tickets, speeding down Wilshire Boulevard?

JACK: Look, I've got a ticket to New York but I wanta arrange for stop-overs at Detroit and Cleveland.

NELSON: Detroit and Cleveland? What a coincidence..my parents were in Detroit when I was born in Cleveland.

JACK: Wait ~~your ticket~~ how could your parents be in Detroit when you were born in Cleveland?

NELSON: We had a stork with a lousy bombsight.

JACK: What?

NELSON: Aren't you glad you asked?

~~JACK: No.~~

~~NELSON: Well, I am and you're the fifth one today.~~

JACK: Now Mister, ^{look} all I want you to do is validate my tickets and--

~~BOBBY~~ ^{Vigran}: Pardon me a moment..I'm in a hurry..do you ^{all} mind if I go ahead of you?

JACK: No no, go right ahead.

NELSON: What can I do for you, sir?

~~BOBBY~~ ^{Vigran}: Well I'd like some information about Doo Wah Ditty.

NELSON: Yes sir, what would you like to know?

~~BOBBY~~ ^{Vigran}: Well....is old Bob still there with all the news?

NELSON: Yes yes, he is.

~~BOBBY~~ ^{Vigran}: Does he still wear that box-back coat and ^{the} button shoes?

NELSON: He certainly does...and not only that, he's all caught up with his Union dues.

JACK: ^{Hey} Look, Mister..

NELSON: Anything else you'd like to know?

~~BOBBY~~ ^{Vigran}: Yes...Do they still have those baked ribs and candied yams and those sugar cured Virginia hams?

NELSON: Ooooooooh, do they! And basements full of those berry jams.

JACK: No!

NELSON: You keep out of this.

JACK: Pardon me.

NELSON: Now what else would you like to know?

~~BOBBY~~ ^{Vigran}: Well, before I get to Doo Wah Ditty for those back bones and butter beans, does the train stop so I can sip that absinthe in New Orleans?

NELSON: ~~Yes yes, you know~~. You can bet your layer cakes it does.

~~BOBBY~~ ^{Vigran}: Well, that's all I ^{wanted to} know...Give me a ticket.

NELSON: Here you are. ^{sir.} ~~Here you are. Give me a ticket. Here you are. Give me a ticket. Here you are. Give me a ticket.~~

~~BAGGIE: (DRAMATIC) ...~~

~~NELSON: ...~~

JACK: Hmm...to him^{yet}/he's gotta be nice already.

NELSON: What are you mumbling about?

JACK: Look Mister, all I want you to do is validate my tickets.

NELSON: Very well..Pullman...P....Upper....U....Here's your reservation..P.U.

JACK: ~~Look mister ... look ...~~ I've got a good notion to report you to the company.

NELSON: Oh, I wish you wouldn't they don't know I'm working here.

JACK: I thought so...Now give me those tickets.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION, PLEASE THE SANTA FE SUPER CHIEF NOW LEAVING ON TRACK NINE...ALL ABOARD!

(SOUND: TRAIN BELL)

MARY: (OFF) JACK...JACK...HURRY UP.

JACK: COMING MARY..COMING..

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION, JACK BENNY, ATTENTION.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

Jack: ~~Hub?~~
MEL: (FILTER) YOU LEFT YOUR BRIEF CASE AT THE TAXI STAND.

JACK: Oh my goodness!

MEL: ONE OF THE DRIVERS IS BRINGING IT TO YOU.

JACK: Gee, ~~My goodness~~ I never even missed it. Oh, here comes the taxi driver now..OH BUDDY..BUDDY...HERE I AM...RIGHT OVER HERE.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP AND STOP)

JACK: Gee, thanks a lot, buddy, for bringing me my brief case...I certainly--

HY: Wait a minute, wait a minute..I know you.

JACK: Huh?

HY: / ^{I ... I ...} I drove you down to the station last time.

JACK: You did?...Well, give me my brief case, I've gotta--

HY: (STARTING TO CRY) / ^{You're ...} You're not going away again, are you?

MARY: JACK..THE TRAIN..THE TRAIN.

JACK: ^{Look} /Buddy--

HY: Oh, why do people have to go away..I can't stand saying
goodbye.

JACK: Buddy..my brief case.

HY: (CRYING) If I give it to you, you'll go. / ^{and} I can't go through
that again..you went away once before.

JACK: ^{Look} /Look, it wasn't me..you must be thinking of somebody else.

HY: No no, ^{no,} it was you all right. How could I ever forget those
big blue eyes.

(SOUND: TRAIN BELL STARTS..AND TRAIN STARTS)

MARY: JACK...THE TRAIN IS PULLING OUT.

JACK: I KNOW..NOW LOOK BUD..LET GO OF MY BRIEF CASE OR I'LL MISS MY
TRAIN.

HY: (CRYING) ALL RIGHT..ALL RIGHT..HERE..TAKE IT...TAKE IT.

JACK: I'M COMING, MARY. / ^{I'm} COMING.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND FADE...TRAIN PULLS OUT)

HY: (CRYING) OH WHY DID I HAVE TO BE A TAXI DRIVER AND ALWAYS SEE
PEOPLE GO AWAY?

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ON TRACK SEVEN, THE CHIEF NOW
ARRIVING FROM CHICAGO.

HY: ARRIVING! OH, GOODY, GOODY, GOODY...PEOPLE ARE COMING BACK...
PEOPLE ARE COMING BACK..(LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

P

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, during the last war, the chief hope of our enemies was to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America, and we need the same harmony among our various racial and religious groups that was the source of our strength in war. Through our behaviour we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.
(APPLAUSE)

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

P

ATX01 0311005

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 6, 1948
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

- C -

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME)

RUYSDAEL: First again with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME)

LAING: As a recent impartial survey reveals -- more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! More than the next two leading brands combined! Lucky Strike --

MUSIC: (THEME)

RUYSDAEL: First again with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME)

RUYSDAEL: That's what the survey shows. Now listen to what Mr. Porter Gray Wall, Senior, 29 years a tobacco buyer, recently said --

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy plenty of good, fine tobacco ... tobacco that's really tops. I've smoked Luckies 14 years!

LAING: So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff you'll see --

(MORE)

ATX01 0311006

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 6, 1948
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

- D -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT
LS - MPT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So round, so firm, so
fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So smoke the
smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: (THEME)

RUYSDAEL: First again with tobacco men! Lucky Strike!

PR

ATX01 0311007

(TAG)

(Bums and sings theme from commercial)
JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to listen to "A Day In The Life of Dennis Day" on Wednesday. Next Sunday we'll be broadcasting from Detroit, Michigan, where we open our personal appearance tour at the Fox Theater on this coming Thursday, featuring Phil Harris, Rochester, the Sportsmen Quartet and that Metro Goldwyn Mayer glamour-star, Marilyn Maxwell.
Goodnight, folks.

PROGRAM #37
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1948

NBC

7:00 - 7:30 PM - EDT

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MK

ATX01 0311009

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

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

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

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE! FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

LAING: More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! Yes, more than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: A recent impartial survey reveals the personal smoking preference of tobacco men -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. This survey shows Lucky Strike:

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

LAING: First again with tobacco men! First again with the men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff, you'll see:

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT
LS - MPT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts -- so for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: THEME

RUSYDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN! LUCKY STRIKE!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TONIGHT WE'RE BROADCASTING FROM DETROIT, MICHIGAN, THE AUTOMOBILE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD....BUT YESTERDAY THEY RAISED THE PRICES OF NEW AUTOMOBILES, SO TODAY WE BRING YOU THE WALKING MAN.....JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...hello again, this is Jack Benny/[^]and Don, you're right, I haven't got a new car...but it's not that I haven't tried/[^] There's still an awful shortage.

DON: ^{Oh} That's right, Jack....it's almost impossible to get a new car.

JACK: You're not kidding, Don...this morning I saw Kaiser and Frazer ~~and~~ they were both riding bicycles....And that hyphen between their name was on roller skates....But gee, I'd[^]give anything to pick up a new car here.

DON: Well Jack....I'm quite sure I can help you get one.

JACK: How?

DON: Well....I don't like to brag...but I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

JACK: Well I wish you'd...(TRANSITION) Don, would you mind repeating that?

DON: I said /....I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

JACK: Don, you carry ~~it~~---No, I won't say it....I won't say it/. We were number one in the Hooper last week, why take any chances..... anyway Don, thanks for offering to help me....but I'm not sure I'd like to get one of the latest model cars....They so revolutionary/^{you know}.....no cranks in front/^{or anything, really}...And another thing, they've made so many radical changes in the designs....Have you seen the rear end of the new Cadillac?

DON: Yes, why?

JACK: It looks like two salmon swimming upstream to spawn...Believe me.

DON: Well anyway, Jack....I'm glad ~~that~~ ^{this} we finally took ~~a~~ trip to Detroit....You know, I've needed a new car for three years and I'm going to get it now.

JACK: ^{Well} Don, if you ^{was} needed a car so badly, why didn't you get it back in Hollywood? Why did you have to come to Detroit?

DON: For a fitting.

JACK: ^{Don, yes} Oh yes, ~~yes~~ ^{I forget}.....~~you do need a new car~~...you do need a new car...Your old one is a little tight around the luggage compartment....Maybe you can let out the fenders ~~yes~~ ^{yes} ---Oh, hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack....Don...Hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Well,} / Well Mary...how do you like it here?

MARY: ^{Oh} / Wonderful, Jack...simply wonderful...to me, Detroit is one of the greatest cities in America.

DON: Well....you really do like it here, huh Mary?

MARY: Yes Don.....I love Detroit....First City of Michigan....First ^{Fourth} in Automobile production...and ~~first~~ in ~~the American League~~ The American League.

JACK: ^{Mary I -} Gee, Mary....I / didn't know you were interested in baseball.

MARY: Well, I am...and Jack, the other day I went out to Briggs Field ...And I've got some bad news for you.

JACK: What is it?

MARY: Greenberg isn't on third anymore.

JACK: ^{Gee, I,} / Gee, I must tell my writers....They think Ty Cobb is still out in left field.

DON: Mary, have you seen many other things here in town?

MARY: Oh yes, Don..one of the places I visited was the Ford Factory.... You know, Ford sponsors Fred Allen.

JACK: Gee I can't understand it...a progressive company like Ford going back to the Model "T" ^{believe me,} / .And why should he be on the air for Ford anyway, with that receding forehead he looks like a Studebaker.

MARY: ^{Oh,} / Oh Jack....why don't you stop picking on Fred and admit that he's a good comedian?

JACK: Oh, he is, Mary...he ~~is~~ ^{'s a v-e-r-y-v-e-r-y good comedian that Fred}....But I don't think ~~he~~ should be on the air for an automobile....Fred should be sponsored by a ball-bearing company.

MARY: Why?

JACK: Because every time I hear him, my stomach turns...and let's stop talking about him.

MARY: Okay....Anyway Jack...yesterday I went out to the DeSoto plant and I met the cutest engineer....I went out with him last night.

JACK: ~~The - at the DeSoto plant?~~
/ Did you have fun?

MARY: Yeah...but you know, it seems that everyone around here is always thinking and talking in terms of automobiles.

DON: What do you mean, Mary?

MARY: Well, this fellow took me out in the park, and we sat down on a bench in a dark corner...Then he looked into my eyes and said, "Honey....do you know you have the nicest, shiniest pair of headlights I've ever seen."

JACK: No.

MARY: Yes....Then he looked at my lips and told me I had a great paint job.

JACK: What ~~&~~ technique.

MARY: And then he put his finger on my nose....pushed a little....and was awfully disappointed when my hat didn't go up.

JACK: Gee.

MARY: Then he kissed me and it did.

JACK: Well....he kissed you....It serves you right going out with a strange man.

MARY: Oh Jack, I was properly introduced to him...and anyway, the only reason I went out with him was because I thought he might help me get a new DeSoto....~~but~~ no such luck.

DON: ^{Oh}
/Say Mary...maybe I can help you get a car here in Detroit.

MARY: Oh Don, that would be wonderful...do you think you can do anything?

DON: Certainly.....I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

MARY: Well Don, I'd like---wait a minute-[^]-would you mind repeating that?

DON: I said....I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

MARY: Don, you carry so much----No, I won't say it, I won't say it...
My landlord may be listening in and he's looking for an excuse to evict me.

JACK: Mary, I want to commend you on your good taste....You know, I had the same opportunity and--oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.....hello everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I'm glad you made it on time, kid....You know, I haven't seen you since we arrived in Detroit.

MARY: That's right, Dennis....what have you been doing with yourself?

DENNIS: Oh, I've been spending most of my time in my hotel room.

JACK: Have you got a nice place?

DENNIS: ^{isn't} Oh/all right....I got a room with hot and cold running..

JACK:Hot and cold running water?

DENNIS: I don't know, ~~There isn't any bathroom.~~
~~There isn't any bathroom.~~

JACK: Dennis, you mean you're staying in a room with no water?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Well, what do you do when you need a bath?

DENNIS: Keep away from people.

JACK: ~~What~~.....You take him, Don, somehow he seems to tire me.

DON: Okay.....Tell me, Dennis, are you staying at the Book Cadillac Hotel?

DENNIS: Oh no, that's too expensive for me.

JACK: Well, where are you staying?

DENNIS: At the Book Chevrolet.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT. ^{See} Instead of all that silly talk let's have your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Now go ahead and--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR SEVERAL TIMES)

JACK: ^{It} /Hold it, Dennis....COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (AFTER LONG LONG PAUSE) Oh darn it, we were supposed to have
an interruption here but we left the actor in Hollywood....
Sing Dennis. ~~So speak.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "MAMA MACUSHLA")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Dennis Day singing his latest RCA Victor recording} That was "Mama Macushia" ~~and very good~~ and very good
Dennis...By the way, kid, I meant to ask you..how'd you like
the train trip from Hollywood to Detroit?

DENNIS: Not so good, I shared a compartment with Phil Harris and I
couldn't sleep a wink.

JACK: You mean Phil kept you awake?

DENNIS: Oh no....I had the upper berth and it was awfully uncomfortable...
I could hardly move in it...I didn't get any sleep at all, and I
tried everything.....I even went to bed early.

JACK: ^{A what time, a} /What time did you have the porter put your berth down?

DENNIS:OHHHHH.....DOWN!!!

JACK:OH....NUTS.....

MARY: You must have been pretty tired on the train, Dennis.

DENNIS: I was...I'd wake up in the morning and my eyes would be just
as red as Phil's and I didn't have half the fun.

JACK: ^{I hope you, I hope} Well, kid, I hope you're getting enough sleep now that you're
here in Detroit.

DENNIS: No, I'm in a pretty terrible hotel....I'd like to get rooms at a
decent place, but they're all booked up....Could you help me get
a room, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Well....I don't think so...I don't know many people here in Detroit

DON: ~~Well, say~~ Perhaps I can help you, Dennis....I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

DENNIS: Gee, that would be....Would you mind saying that again?

DON: I said, ^a I carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

DENNIS: You carry so much....No, I won't say it, I won't say it....I have another show in Hollywood, and I want it to be there when I get back.

JACK: That's the first sensible thing you've said today, kid...You know if you'd-- would just --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny, boy -

JACK: Well, if it isn't Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing here in Detroit?

ARTIE: ~~Well~~ I came here to show something to the automobile manufacturers. I have the most wonderful automobile. ~~Really, really, yes~~ it runs on the ground... it runs under the water....it flies through the air...it even climbs ^{up} trees.

JACK: Gee, that's wonderful. ~~When~~ When did you get an automobile like that?

ARTIE: I always had it, but I ~~never knew~~ ^{never knew} it would do all these things till my wife drove it.

JACK: Oh...oh...I see...Is it a brand new car, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: No no, it's ^R ~~an~~ ^{it's a, it's} old car....it's a Rolls-kinardley.

JACK: ^{Ph} A Rolls-kinardley?

ARTIE: Yes, it rolls down one hill and kinardley get up the next.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Oh now, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: (LAUGHING) ^{Oh excuse me, that's} ~~this is~~ a joke I heard on the radio....on the Ozzie and Horowitz program.

JACK: ^{So} That's Ozzie and Harriet....Well, Mr. Kitzel, ^{are you} are you leaving town right away?

ARTIE: ^{No, Mr. I'm} No, I ^{am} thinking of staying here and playing with the Detroit Tigers.

JACK: ^{You're serious} Play with the Detroit Tigers..why?

ARTIE: Who knows, maybe ten men ^{will} ~~will~~ help.

JACK: ^{Now wait a minute} Now wait a minute, Mr. Kitzel, ^{you see} every baseball team has its off days...That's why they're starting to play here at night. ^{you see} ~~And~~ by the way, Mr. Kitzel, before you leave town, I want you to come over and see my stage show...you know we're playing here at the Fox theater this week..Phil Harris, Rochester, the Sportsman Quartet, and Marilyn Maxwell.

ARTIE: ^{Yes} I know. I saw it the first day I got into town...and that Marilyn Maxwell, ^{if you'll pardon the expression} "...HOO HOO HOO!"

JACK: She certainly is beautiful, isn't she?

ARTIE: Yes...and what a shape...This is the first Maxwell I ever saw with a body by Fisher.

JACK: Well, she'll ^{she'll - ah she'll really ah} appreciate the compliment, Mr. Kitzel. I'll tell her when I see her....and it was nice of you to drop in to see my stage show.

ARTIE: ^{Well} I've seen it nine times ^{already} since I arrived here in town.

JACK: Well....nine times!

ARTIE: Yes, tonight I hope I ^{can} get a room.

JACK: Well, maybe after the show I can help you, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: ^{Oh} Thank you, ^{Mr. Benny - boy}....goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye. - Goodbye Mr. Kitzel

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Well, come on, kids..let's finish the show and get back to--

DON: ^{Oh say,} Jack, before you go any further, I wonder if you'd mind letting the quartet do their number now.

JACK: Oh, yes yes, the Sportsmen..Hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMM.

DON: ^{Oh} Jack, the quartet is going to Cleveland with you, aren't they?

JACK: Yes, we open at the Palace Theater ^{in Cleveland} ~~there~~ Friday.

DON: Well, Jack, they want to know if they can leave right after your Cleveland engagement. ^{Why?} They've got to go to Philadelphia to sing at the Republican Convention.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ ^{Oh} how come they're only singing at the Republican Convention?

DON: The Democrats have Margaret.

JACK: Oh yes ~~yes~~. Well, Don, is that ^{to do, is that all they're going for} all they're going for ^{is to sing?} ~~is to sing?~~ _{just}

DON: ^{No,} ~~No~~; they're going to be delegates, too.

JACK: Delegates? Well, that's interesting. Who are they gonna vote for?

DON: Say, I never thought ^{to ask} ~~about~~ asking them. Say fellows, who are you going to vote for?

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Don...Don...Bonus Built Boy, ~~I mean~~ ^{How} can you let them do that to me?

DON: Well Jack, it's your own fault..If the quartet upsets you why did you ~~bring~~ ^{bring} them along on the trip?

JACK: Don, anytime I can get four of anything for the price of one, I take it...That's why I hired you, too....Now come on, let's--

MARY: Say Jack, ~~I meant~~ ^{Jack: What?} to ask you. Are you getting a straight salary at the Fox Theater or are you working on a percentage?

JACK: ~~Well~~ ^{Well} I get a percentage on every ticket that's sold..Why?

MARY: Well, while the boys were singing, this note came to you from the manager of the theater.

JACK: What does it say?

MARY: It says.."DEAR JACK.. YOU WERE RIGHT..THE TOTAL ATTENDANCE YESTERDAY WAS TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND SEVEN INSTEAD OF TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND SIX...HOW YOU CAN COUNT WITH THAT SPOTLIGHT IN YOUR EYES, I"LL NEVER KNOW".

JACK: Of course I was right. I only made one mistake since I've been here and that wasn't my fault..There was a man sitting in the fifth row of the balcony with two heads...one of ~~them~~ ^{them} was asleep on his own shoulder...~~You know, Mary, counting the house~~ ^{Imagine us writing that without George, the fellow} was one of the first things ~~I~~ ^{I've ever} learned because--

PHIL: SO FAR FOLKS, THIS SHOW HAS SMELLED ^{Turn it on}
~~HEAVENLY~~ ^{now} BUT HARRIS IS HERE AND ~~HE'S~~ ^{It's} JET PROPELLED....~~COME ON! FEEL THE~~
~~HANDS TOGETHER...SHOW ME YOU LOVE ME.~~ ^{Oh, what a town this Detroit is.}

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, for the benefit of the few of you who haven't been blown out of your seats, this is whispering Jack Smith...Hello, Phil.

PHIL: ^{Oh} Hi'ya Jackson, Dennis, ^{As} Hello Livvy, ^{lovely Livvy - look at that} ~~you~~ streamlined chassis with those beautiful accessories.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Hello, Phil...I know it's silly to ask you but have you been enjoying yourself here?

PHIL: ^{love it. Livvy, love it - you know.} ~~It's a great town...~~ Detroit's a great town...And just think... this big city....all these millions of people....all these big factories...these thousands of workers....none of them would be here today if Marconi hadn't invented the automobile.

JACK: Phil...for your information...Marconi didn't invent the auto... he invented radio.

PHIL: Oh yeah...^{yeah that's right} imagine me making a mistake like that when I know so much about inventors.

JACK: Oh fine.

PHIL: Well, if you don't believe me..go ahead....ask me any question you want about them inventors.

JACK: Okay...who invented the electric light?

PHIL: Edison.

JACK: Hmmm...^{pretty good} ~~well~~, who invented the telegraph?

PHIL: Morse.

JACK: ^{hey -} /That's right.. Who invented the cotton gin?

PHIL: Gordon.

JACK: I knew it, I knew it. ^{I knew} /It couldn't last.

PHIL: Well, listen Jackson, if you think ^{that's} ~~it~~ so bad....you should hear what Remley did...He's been waiting for years to come here and get a car so it would be F. O. B. Detroit.

JACK: What's wrong with that?

PHIL: He thinks F.O. B. means Full O'Bourbon. HA HA HA HA..
OH HARRIS, YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE NEW OLDSMOBILE, BEAUTIFUL BUT SHIFTLESS.

JACK: ^{Phil -} Look Phil /..you can save those jokes for our stage show. If the people don't like 'em there, ^{you know} /they can walk out...here we got them trapped.

PHIL: ^{wait a minute, wait a minute} Hey /that reminds me, ^{coming} /Jackson...I gotta squawk about my billing / ^{that} at ~~the~~ Theater. ^{look}

JACK: Why, what's the matter, Phil?

PHIL: ^{Plenty, 's the matter} /Plenty...I took ^a picture of the marquee...and my name ain't even on it. ^{now} /Here, look.

JACK: Let's see...."FOX THEATRE....NOW SHOWING, JACK BENNY, AND--"..
Oh, for heaven's sake, Phil....look....here it is...right on the second line...(SPELLS) P,H,I,L,.....H,A,R,R,I,S....Phil Harris.

PHIL: Oh, is that what that spells?

JACK: Yes...and while we're talking about--

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, you wanta see something funny?

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: Put your finger on my nose and push.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Put your finger on my nose and push.

JACK: Okay...there.

(SOUND: LOUD CLASSY AUTO HORN)

JACK: Dennis, what happened?

DENNIS: Yesterday I was going through one of the automobile factories
and my head got caught in the assembly line.

JACK: Oh, go sit down.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: And stop pulling your ear.

DENNIS: I'm turning my lights off.

JACK: Oh, be quiet...Now Phil, getting back to our vaudeville show..
I've got a couple of complaints to make too.

PHIL: Such as what?

JACK: Such as when you do that love scene with Marilyn Maxwell..when you kiss her, why do you have to kiss ~~her~~ so long?

PHIL: Listen Jackson, you ain't payin' the girl nothin', let her have some fun.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake..you think kissing you is fun? ~~huh?~~

PHIL: Certainly, you don't think I hung onto Alice with just my lousey music. ~~do you?~~

JACK: ~~Well look,~~ ~~Phil...~~ Phil...let's not discuss your love life...I'm talking about our vaudeville show...Another thing..I don't like the way you deliver some of your jokes. You're pressing too hard.

PHIL: Okay, I'll watch it, Jackson. You know more about that than I do.

JACK: And don't make such a slow exit after your number. Get off the stage fast. It'll help your applause, you see -

PHIL: Okay, I will. You know more about those things than I do.

JACK: And another thing..I think your tempo is much too fast when you sing, "That's What I Like About The South."

PHIL: NOW HOLD IT, DAD, HOLD IT.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: I don't mind you telling me how to deliver jokes.

JACK: Look, Phil--

PHIL: And I don't mind you telling me how to make an exit.

JACK: Phil, I--

PHIL: But telling me how to sing "That's What I Like About The South" is like Henry Aldrich telling Dr. Kinsey about the birds and bees.

JACK: ^{Well,} /Phil, I didn't mean ^{I didn't mean} to offend you.

MARY: Anyway, Jack's right, Phil...I don't think your band sounds good.

PHIL: ^{Well, it don't it ain't} /I know.../ ^{Liv} but ~~it ain't~~ my fault...that theatre has an awful piano...we'd sound ^{a lot} better if we had a good one.

JACK: Well, I'm sorry Phil...I can't help you there.

PHIL: Well, maybe Don can help me...Hey, Donzy, can you help me? You carry quite a bit of weight in this town.

DON: Yes, I -- Hey wait a minute, Phil, would you mind repeating that?

PHIL: I said, "You carry quite a bit of weight in this town."

DON: I sure do, Phil, especially around my suburbs...HA HA HA HA..
OH WILSON..YOU MAY TAKE UP HALF THE STAGE,BUT YOU'RE WORTH IT.

JACK: Well Don, you finally got your little fat joke in ^{didn't ya -} /..Are you happy now?

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ^{Oh, there's the phone -} /I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY..THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello, Rochester..what ~~did~~ you call for?

ROCH: WELL, I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU.

JACK: What's ~~is~~ it.

ROCH: I'M AT THE HOTEL AND ONE OF YOUR TRUNKS IS MISSING..THERE ARE ONLY TWO HERE.

JACK: ~~Is there a chance that the trunk with the rope is the one that was lost?~~

ROCH: ~~MAYBE YOU LEFT ONE OF THEM ON THE TOILET CAR.~~

JACK: ~~Yes, I was sure it was the one with the rope.~~ Oh my goodness, /Which one of the trunks was lost? The one with the ~~wrap~~ around it or the one with the rope?

ROCH: THE ONE WITH THE SCOTCH TAPE.

JACK: Well, what have you done about it?

ROCH: WELL, I CALLED YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY AND THE ADJUSTER IS HERE NOW..I'M GIVING HIM A LIST OF THE THINGS THAT WERE LOST...FIRST, YOUR BLONDE TOUPAY WITH THE COWLICK.

JACK: ~~My blond toupay, eh,~~ /I've got two like that. Which one do you mean?

ROCH: THE ONE THAT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE AN AGING VAN JOHNSON.

JACK: ^{Oh} Gee, that was my Saturday night one.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS, AND I'M CHARGING THEM THIRTY DOLLARS FOR IT.

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester, that toupay only cost me three dollars.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT THE BAIT COST, BUT ~~WHAT ABOUT~~ ^{look at} THE TIME YOU SPENT TRAPPING IT?

JACK: Well, I consider that a sport..Now what else was lost, Rochester?

ROCH: ~~ONE~~ ^{One} ELECTRIC IRON, SOAP, STARCH, BLUING, AND LAUNDRY TICKETS.

JACK: Gee, that's too bad.

ROCH: WELL BOSS, I'M KINDA GLAD WE LOST ALL THAT ^{laundry} STUFF. ESPECIALLY NOW THAT WE'RE TRAVELING AND HAVE NO WASHING MACHINE.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: I GET AWFUL TIRED SITTING IN A BATHTUB FULL OF CLOTHES AND KICKING MY FEET.

JACK: ^{Well,} / That's good exercise, Rochester....Wait a minute..I hope we didn't lose the trunk that had my violin in it.

ROCH: THAT WAS IT, BOSS..AND THE MAN IS ALLOWING YOU TWELVE DOLLARS FOR THAT.

JACK: Twelve dollars? Rochester, the violin bow alone is worth five ~~twelve~~ ^{twelve} dollars. The horse hair in it came from Whirlaway.

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, The American Red Cross is appealing
to you for help in aiding the thousands of persons that have
been affected by the great floods in the Northwest. The need
is great, that is why we are asking you to give - whatever you
can afford to your local Red Cross chapter. REMEMBER, that
whatever amount you give will aid some homeless person. Thank
You.

(APPLAUSE)

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

BONNE: (CHANT -- 57 to 59 -- AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE! FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

LAINQ: More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! Yes, more than the next two leading brands combined! LUCKY STRIKE:

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: That's what a recent, impartial survey shows. Now listen to what Mr. Ray ~~Smoker~~ Oglesby, 17 years a tobacco auctioneer, recently said....

VOICE: At thousands of auctions, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe tobacco...the kind of tobacco you can't beat for smoking enjoyment. I've smoked Luckies 17 years!

LAINO: So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff, you'll see!

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAINO: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

LUCKY STRIKE!

(TAG)

-24-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank everybody for being so nice to us here in Detroit, and we'll be at the Fox Theatre till Wednesday.

MARY: ^{So} /Come in and let Jack count you.

JACK: Yes..and we hope to see all our friends in Cleveland when we open at the Palace theatre Friday..and next Sunday we'll be broadcasting from the Carter Hotel in Cleveland, Ohio..Now, let's see..what else?

MARY: Oh Jack, a note just came ~~from~~ ^{your room clerk} from ~~the hotel~~ at the hotel where you're staying.

JACK: The room clerk? What does it say?

MARY: It says, "DEAR MR. BENNY..I TOOK THE MATTER UP WITH THE MANAGER AND HE SAYS THE PRICE OF YOUR ROOM CANNOT BE REDUCED AS NO ONE ASKED YOU TO LAUNDER THE BED LINEN YOURSELF.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: "HOWEVER, WE'RE CURIOUS TO FIND OUT WHY EVERY PIECE OF YOUR LINEN HAS ROCHESTER'S FOOTPRINTS ON IT.

JACK: ^{Gee} ~~gee~~, I told Rochester he was kicking too hard..In Cleveland I'll make him wear sox....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

RTX01 0311037

PROGRAM #38
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1948 NBC 7:00 - 7:30 PM - EDT

CLEVELAND, OHIO

ATX01 031103B

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

LAING: More independent tobacco exports smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial survey which reveals the personal smoking preference of tobacco men -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.

LAING: Yes, the survey shows: Lucky Strike:

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

LAING: First again with tobacco men! First again with the men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff, you'll see:

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0311039

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

OPENING COMMERCIAL (Cont'd)

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! and in a cigarette
it's the tobacco that counts -- so for your own real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco
experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN! LUCKY STRIKE!

ATX01 0311040

(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... JACK BENNY AND HIS GANG ARE
APPEARING THIS WEEK AT THE PALACE THEATRE HERE IN
CLEVELAND.. RIGHT NOW JACK IS IN HIS DRESSING ROOM
AND ROCHESTER IS HELPING HIM MAKE UP FOR THE NEXT
STAGE SHOW...LET'S LOOK IN ON THEM.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: ^{Oh} Rochester, how long do you--OUCH--^{how long} do you think it
will--OUCH--be before--OUCH OUCH.

ROCH: BOSS, HOLD STILL OR YOU'LL KNOCK THE TWEEZERS OUT OF
MY HAND.

JACK: All right, but try to go/^{Ouch}~~so close~~--OUCH.

ROCH: IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, BOSS, IF YOU'D BUY A RAZOR BLADE
I WOULDN'T HAVE TO PLUCK OUT YOUR WHISKERS.

JACK: I can't get this close a shave with a razor.

ROCH: OKAY..I'M THROUGH NOW.

JACK: Good, I have to go on stage again in a half hour..
^{Gee} I'm glad business is so good..It was swell in
Detroit, too. What was the total receipts at the box
office in Detroit? Rochester

ROCH: WE TOOK IN NINETY-THREE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-SEVEN DOLLARS, FORTY-THREE CENTS AND A HOOVER
BUTTON.

JACK: A Hoover button? Who put that in?

JACK: Yeah...especially here in Cleveland..There're so many people who paid to see ~~them~~ ^{as you know,} anyway, you better finish--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: ~~Hello, Jack~~
Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Jack, I brought you some coffee and sandwiches.

JACK: Thanks, Mary..what are you laughing at?

MARY: Well, you'll find ~~it~~ out soon enough, so I may as well tell you...(LAUGHING) You know that big life-sized picture of you out in front of the theatre?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Well, some kid with a crayon drew a moustache, whiskers, and long curls on it.

JACK: No!

MARY: Yes! (LAUGHING) You look like a cocker spaniel with padded shoulders.

JACK: Oh, that's terrible..a thing like that can hurt business. ~~you know, They're on a percentage, too,~~

MARY: Oh, calm down, Jack..you weren't mad in Detroit when someone touched up your picture in front of the Fox Theatre.

JACK: Well, that was different.

MARY: I'll say it was...they painted a fan in each hand and you broke the box office record.

JACK: Yeah, that picture even fooled me. Twice I bought tickets myself.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, BOSS...I BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU..DO YOU WANT ME TO GO OUT AND BUY YOU A PAIR OF THOSE ELEVATOR SHOES?

JACK: What for?

ROCH: WELL, WHEN YOU DO YOUR LOVE SCENE ON THE STAGE WITH MISS MARILYN MAXWELL, SHE'S TALLER THAN YOU. ~~and~~

JACK: Oh, ^{well} that doesn't bother me.

MARY: ~~What~~ ^{Well it should}...I caught the show from out front and you ~~surely~~ ^{certainly} could improve that love scene you do with Marilyn.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: Well..when you kiss her, you're supposed to put your arms around her and tenderly draw her up close to you.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: You're not supposed to grab her by the earlobes and pull yourself up.

JACK: Earlobes, earlobes..why don't you stop making things up.

ROCH: I'M FINISHED WITH YOUR FACE, BOSS..HERE'S A MIRROR SO YOU CAN SEE HOW YOU LOOK.

JACK: Hmm..Well!!!!... Say!!!! You did a wonderful job, Rochester. ^{Gas} There isn't even a trace of a wrinkle.. What did you use, a new wrinkle cream?

ROCH: NO...PUTTY.

JACK:Putty?

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, what's so funny?

MARY: Before a man can make up your face, he has to join the Plasterer's Union.

JACK: Look Mary, I'm nervous enough as it is without you coming in here and--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR..PHONE RINGS (OFF))

JACK: Oh my goodness, everything happens at once. There's the door and there's the phone in the other room,

MARY: I'll get the phone.

ROCH: I'LL ANSWER THE DOOR.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: How do you do..My name is Mink..I'm the manager of this theatre.

JACK: Oh..oh..won't you come in, Mr. Mink?

GEORGE: Thank you.

JACK: You know, you look very familiar..it seems that I know you.

GEORGE: Well, you should. I used to be in vaudeville, too. You and I were on the same bill together in Sandusky.

JACK: Say, that's right..in Nineteen----Nineteen---

GEORGE: Nineteen twenty-eight..I'll never forget it. You were celebrating your thirty-ninth birthday.

JACK: /No no, I wasn't thirty-nine years old/^{Oh} you see I throw that party to celebrate what a sensation I was that week.. We took in thirty-nine dollars.

GEORGE: THIRTY-NINE DOLLARS!

JACK: Yes. ~~Oh that's all right.~~
ROCH: WITH GOOD LUCK WE MAY HAVE A PARTY HERE.
JACK: ~~With good luck you'll be here on time. See~~ remember you as
a vaudeville actor. How come ~~you gave~~ it up?
GEORGE: Well, I just played it smart. I saw my act was
falling apart, I was getting old, I was washed up...
so I quit and became a theatre manager.
JACK: Gee....I wonder if.....No. ~~No.~~
GEORGE: What is it, Mr. Benny?
JACK: Well..I thought maybe if you spoke to some ~~of~~ the
theatre owners, you could...No, why should I do
anything for Fred Allen? ~~I need~~ Anyway, thanks for dropping
in, Mr. Mink.
GEORGE: You're quite welcome, Mr. Benny. ~~It was nice seeing~~
you again.
JACK: Oh, by the way, when I'm working on stage, I wish
you'd turn the microphone up a little higher..People
can't hear me beyond the third row.
GEORGE: Oh..well, as soon as we get people beyond the third
row, I will.
JACK: Thank you.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)
MARY: (FADING IN) Oh Jack, I'm glad I answered the phone.
It was my sister Babe calling from Plainfield.
JACK: ~~Oh~~ your sister Babe?
MARY: Yes, and she has wonderful news. She thinks she's
engaged.
JACK: Babe thinks she's engaged? ~~I need~~ doesn't she know?

MARY: Well, she's not sure...Her boyfriend got down on one knee, but just as he started to speak, the battery in her hearing aid went dead.

JACK: Oh, ~~that~~ ^{that} a shame...any other news from home?

MARY: Yes...Babe told me that--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: See who's at the door, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MAXWELL: Is Mr. Penny in, Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH..COME RIGHT IN...OH BOSS, IT'S MISS MAXWELL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello, Marilyn, come on in..sit down.

MAXWELL: ~~Well~~ ^{Well} Thank you..Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Marilyn.

MAXWELL: Look, Jack, I don't like disturbing you in your dressing room, but I had something I wanted to talk to you about.

JACK: Oh, that's quite all right..what ~~am~~ ^{what}--

MARY: Say Marilyn..how come you're wearing your hair down like that?

MAXWELL: ~~Because of~~ ^{Because of} ~~the~~ my earlobes, they're six inches long now.

JACK: Hm...Well, they were certainly pretty when we started...But Marilyn, I do want to thank you for your cooperation during this tour...You're really lending a touch of beauty to our vaudeville engagements.

MAXWELL: ~~Well~~ ^{Well} Thank you, Jack.

MARY: Jack's right, Marilyn..I caught the first show at the Palace and you certainly looked beautiful in that black gown.

MAXWELL: Oh, you mean that strapless one!

MARY: Yes, it's really gorgeous.

JACK: That's right, Marilyn..and all week long, I've been meaning to ask you something about that strapless gown:..^{what}What/keeps it up?

MAXWELL: The Cleveland Censor.

Oh, Oh, that's pretty good

JACK: /~~So, what's so good~~. you must've brought your own writer with you..Now Marilyn, what number are you going to sing in the next show?

MAXWELL: "Hooray For Love."

MARY: Oh, that's a new one,

MAXWELL: Yes, ^{Yes}/Mary, would you like to hear it?

MARY: I sure would.

MAXWELL: ^{Well}/All right..here goes.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Just a minute, Marilyn.. COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

TACK: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, who are you?

TACK: I'm a hod carrier, I brought you some more make-up.

JACK: Oh good, ~~good~~..just ^{dump}/~~drop~~ it in the corner...Go ahead, Marilyn, ~~and~~ let's have your song now.

(APPLAUSE)

(MARILYN'S SONG: "HOORAY FOR LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ ^{Well that's, well that's} that's a wonderful song, Marilyn. ^{wonderful} I'm sure the audience will like it.

MARILYN: Thanks, Jack. By the way, I haven't seen Dennis around all week. Where is he?

JACK: Well, Dennis ^{isn't} here. You see when we went to the Railroad station in Detroit, he got mixed up and took the wrong train.

MARY: Where is he now?

JACK: Well, if the Republicans can't decide on anybody, he may be our next president. Anyway, ^{we'll} ~~we'll~~ probably--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hiya, Jackson.

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Hello, girls.

MARY: Hello, Phil.

MARILYN: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: ^{Look} Well, two new looks with one old Schnook.

JACK: Phil, don't be so smart.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, this dressing room you've got is wonderful..Mine ain't got nothing in it.

JACK: Well Phil, if there's anything you need, just take it out of here.

PHIL: Okay, I'll take this.

JACK: Put that down, that's rubbing alcohol...
You know
There's no telling what that will do to your stomach.

PHIL: Well, let's find out!

JACK: Phil..

MARY: It's too late, the bottle's empty.

JACK: Well..to each his own...Imagine anybody--

PHIL: Now look, Jackson--

JACK: Phil, turn around, your breath is scorching my suit.

MARY: You know, Jack, I think Phil ought to watch himself a little bit..especially here in Cleveland..After all, Cleveland is Bob Hope's home town.

JACK: Mary's right, Phil. You know, the people in Cleveland think so much of Bob Hope that I'm surprised we even got in here.

PHIL: No kidding, Jackson..do they really think that much of Hope ~~at~~ here.

JACK: Do they? You know those white lines that run down the middle of the street?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Pepsodent...They put it on with a toothbrush yet.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, this ~~may~~ ^{might} be Bob Hope's home town.. but I heard you played here long before Hope even thought of being a comedian.

MARY: I didn't know that, Jack. When did you play here before?

JACK: Oh, I don't remember..it was a long time ago.

MARY: Phil, how long ago was it?

PHIL: I don't know, but when Jack was here, the Cleveland Indians were scalping people and the Carter Hotel was a wigwam.

JACK: Okay, Wonga, ~~Wonga~~ ^{Okay}... Gee, ^{heh} look what time it is.. Marilyn, you better go get ready for the next show.

MARILYN: All right, Jack.

MARY: Say Marilyn, I noticed during the first show you wore those lovely long false eyelashes, but during the second show you didn't have them on..

MARILYN: Well, Jack told me he was the star and made me give 'em to him.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake.. Jack, ~~come~~ ^{come} here a minute.

JACK: Okay.

MARY: Bend your head down.

JACK: Like this?

MARY: Yes.

(SOUND: TWO RIPS OF WINDOW SHADE)

MARY: Here, Marilyn.

MAXWELL: Thanks.

MARY: Come on, let's go to your dressing room.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Oh well, I didn't look good in them anyway... Say Rochester, how's the house out there for the next show? Is it packed?

ROCH: YEAH..VERY GOOD, BCSS, VERY GOOD.

JACK: That's fine..You know, Rochester, I'm doing everything to try and set a new box office record.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS, BUT DIDN'T YOU GO A LITTLE TOO FAR WHEN YOU MADE THE USHERS BUY TICKETS?

JACK: Well, if the orchestra boys aren't complaining, why should they?..And by the way, how are we doing ^{on the} on the ~~popcorn?~~

ROCH: NOT SO GOOD SINCE YOU SUBSTITUTED CHICKEN FAT FOR BUTTER.

JACK: Gee..I never thought they'd notice it... Well, Rochester, I'm kinda hungry. Open those sandwiches and will you please get me a glass of milk?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Phil, what'll you have?

PHIL: Bicarbonate of soda.

JACK: Bicarbonate of soda?

PHIL: Yeah, something happened to my stomach when you mentioned milk.

JACK: Oh yes, I'm sorry, Phil..forgive me.

PHIL: ^{Look} ~~Well~~, I'm going in the other room and lie down for awhile.

JACK: Okay, Phil, but take off your shoes if you're going to--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Now who can that be..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PELLER: Pardon me for disturbing you, Mr. Bonny, but may I have your autograph?

JACK: Certainly, certainly..who shall I make it out to?

FELLER: Bob Feller.

JACK: BOB FELLER!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Well Feller~~
/Bob, it's certainly a pleasure having you drop in to see me.

FELLER: Well Jack, when I saw your name in front of the theatre, I just couldn't walk right on by like everybody else.

JACK: Oh, you mean you ~~you~~ bought a ticket and saw my stage show?

FELLER: I sure did, Jack..I thought you saw me. When you took a bow, you ~~knocked~~ ^{knock you} ~~my~~ bag of popcorn out of my hand with your eyelashes.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.. ~~well~~ ^{Well}, let me wipe the chicken fat off your sleeve....Well Bob, you're still with the Cleveland Indiana, aren't you?

FELLER: ~~Oh~~ ^{twelfth} Yes, this is my ~~twelfth~~ ^{Jack} season. ~~Jack~~ ^{isn't that right}

JACK: And you're a pitcher, ~~aren't you?~~

FELLER: That's what it says in my book.

JACK: ~~Well, yeh, yeh~~ ^{didn't you} ~~aren't you?~~, you wrote a book.. "How to Become a Pitcher"..I read it.

FELLER: You know..maybe I should.

JACK: ~~Jack:~~ ^{Jack:} No, not after that game today. Not after that game today (LAUGHS) Say, that's pretty good. You must have brought your own writer, too.

PHIL: (FADING IN) Hey Jackson, how do you expect anybody to get any sleep around here with all this--

JACK: Oh, Phil..come on in..I want you to meet Bob Feller.. pitcher for the Cleveland Indians.

PHIL: Hi'ya Bob.

FELLER: Hi'ya, Phil... Say Phil, you're a pitcher too, aren't you?

PHIL: Me a pitcher? No, I'm a musician..didn't you see me leading the band?

FELLER: ~~Is~~ that what you were doing?

PHIL: Certainly.

FELLER: Gee, I wish I could do that.

PHIL: Why?

FELLER: With a wind-up like that, there'd be no ~~chance~~ ^{one that could hold me.}

JACK: You're not kidding..And say, Bob, I meant to tell you. I like that nice stadium you have here in Cleveland.. Have you seen it, Phil?

PHIL: Yeah, it's a wonderful ball park, and right on the edge of Lake Erie..I saw a game the other day and... heh wait a minute..I just thought of something..The other day when you were playing Boston, you only had eight men.

FELLER: No no, we had nine.

PHIL: ~~So, so~~ But I counted everyone on the diamond, and there were only eight.

FELLER: Oh..you could only see eight..When Ted Williams is up, we put the Left Fielder out in a canoe.

JACK: ~~Phil~~ ~~Phil~~, that'll teach you to ask questions..Now don't--

DON: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK,

JACK: I'M HERE, DON.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Jack, I've got the quartet with me and--

JACK: Wait a minute, Don: First I want you to meet
Bob Feller:

FELLER: Hello, Don.

DON: Well, I'm certainly glad to know you, Bob, and I'm particularly
glad you're here because the quartet is going to do a
number dedicated to the Cleveland Indians.

JACK: Say, that'll be swell, and Don, Hey, wait a minute,
Don, why is your coat so wrinkled?

DON: Well, I was at the ball game Friday night, it rained
and they used my coat to cover the infield.

JACK: Oh yes, I read about that. One of the ground crew
got lost in your pocket... Well Don, where's the
quartet for the commercial?

DON: In my other pocket.

JACK: Well, bring them out... Oh, hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMM.

JACK: Don't mind that, Bob.. I have to pay them extra if
they talk... All right, Sportsmen, we haven't got
much time, so let's hear the number.

DON: Okay: HIT IT, BOYS.

MARY: Oh Jack, Marilyn and I would like to know if--

JACK: Oh, come in, girls. I want you to meet Bob Feller...
Bob, I want you to meet...Bob..Bob..why are you
staring at the girls like that?

FELLER: If I had half the curves they've got I coulda beat
Boston.

JACK: Very good, Bob..very good,..Bob, this is Mary
Livingstone, and this is Marilyn Maxwell.

MARY &
MAXWELL: Hello, Bob.

FELLER: Hello...Say Mary.

MARY: Yes, Bob.

FELLER: I feel as though I know you because I met your
mother about two years ago.

MARY: My mother? Really?

FELLER: Yes, she pitched against me in Plainfield.

JACK: Gee, that's funny, I thought she was in the
National League.

MARY: You're both wrong, her arm went bad. She's
wrestling now.

JACK: All right, ~~alright~~...Well, Bob, we'll be going
on stage in a few minutes..why don't you wait till
after the next show and we'll all go out to dinner.

FELLER: I'd love to, Jack..do you mind if I call my wife?

JACK: Not at all.

FELLER: Which reminds me, Jack..You oughta know my wife..
she comes from Waukogan.

JACK: She does? I didn't know you married a girl from Waukegan.

FELLER: Oh sure..her name was Miss Winther.

JACK: Winther..Winther...Oh, I not only know her.,
I used to take her out...~~Marcella~~ ^{Marcella} Winther,

FELLER: No no, that's her mother..My wife's name is Virginia.

JACK: Let me see..her mother..But it can't be..
I remember carrying her books to school..she had long blonde curls.

FELLER: ~~Yes~~ ^{Yes} With a little freckle on the right cheek?

JACK: Yes.

FELLER: ~~Oh~~ ^{Oh} That was her father.

JACK: Now cut that out....Say Bob, I'd like to ask you a question..isn't ~~there some~~ ^{there some} guy from radio and movies, ~~some fellow~~ ^{some fellow} that's part owner of the ~~Cleveland Indians?~~ ^{that's} Cleveland Indians?

FELLER: Yes, ~~he~~ ^{there} is.

JACK: Well, I own the Waukegan Bloomer Girls and--~~I was just~~ ^{wondering}
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN. Well look whose here.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

THE FOLLOWING IS A SUMMARY
OF THE

BOB: Now do you do lecture and speeches. This is Bob back at his home town of Cleveland to watch the Red Sox play today, telling you all if you was Republican like the baseball players do, you'll be keeping Bob - failure.

JACK: At least say hello to me or something.

BOB: Please, please.

Well here I am. I saw both games today. What a team. You know they don't have big league baseball here in Hollywood, and I'll tell you why. It's tough sliding into second base with a home outfield.

JACK: This happens to be my program.

BOB: Nothing for the taller players.

JACK: Well, it's a wish we'll be out off the air today.

HOPE: Ah. It's great being home again. All my relatives met me at the station yesterday and I was really touched. I really have a lot of relatives here in Ohio. I have one brother doing fine in NEW Canton, and another doing fine at Columbus.

JACK: Bob, will you wait a minute.

HOPE: Please, who is this, a house detective, please.

JACK: Hey, you might as well quite, you're not getting paid for this. You know that.

BOB: Don't ruin our finished gag, will you please.

BOB: Wait a minute.

BOB: But my relatives just met me yesterday morning with a big brass band. That is, I thought it was a big brass band. They turned out to be a lot of capitalists going to the Republican Convention.

HOPE: And it was different when I lived here years ago. This time the cops drove up from the station. Of course, the city has changed quite a bit. I can remember a lot of little things about this town. I can't seem to get them on the phone, though.

JACK: I might as well go home.

BOB: Come on. What is that, something left over from the Eagle's Convention? What is that.

I went out to my old grammar school yesterday, Fairmount Junior High and there was the same old desk, the same old ink well, the same old shaving kit. I want to tell you it was thrilling.

What memories that brought back. I'll never forget second grade where I met my first gal. She was seven, I was eighteen. And I was so proud. On my desk they have a plaque. It says, Bob Hope slept here.

And today I went back there and saw the house where I used to live. Boy, what a tough neighborhood. It was so tough, the freight trains used to tip too past.

But it was wonderful. I'll never forget when I left home to go on the road. Father said I would go a long way. In fact he nailed the door of the box car. He did, yes he did.

Father said I would go a long way. In fact he nailed the door.

JACK: I know, we heard. We know the joke.

BOB: That's where you should have come in.

JACK: Bob, I want to know what are you doing here, what are you doing here.

BOB: I'm getting laughs. What are you doing here.

You didn't get anything here when you have a lot of
I have a line you gave me which is no good which would

BOB:

Thinking for letting me have that one John.

Two Bob: That'll get you a year here in England.

JACK:

Wally, Bob.

BOB:

Wally, Bob.

BOB 2:

One of our boys, that's an empty bag, this bag.

BOB:

Bob, Bob, that's one of your boys, Bob, Bob.

BOB:

JACK:

-204 (CONTINUED)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Bob..Bob..what are you doing here?

HOPE: Getting laughs, what're you doing here?

JACK: Trying to....Bob, here's one of your boys,
Bob Feller.

HOPE: I know, I know..Hello, Bob.

FELLER: Hello, Bob.

JACK: Two Bobs..that'll get you a warm beer in England.

HOPE: Well, it didn't get you anything here. *see attached sheet*

JACK: Look, Hope, let me ask you something..What're you
doing here in Cleveland?

HOPE: I came here to watch out for my interests..I found
out you were playing here and this is my home town.

JACK: Well, what about it?

HOPE: How much money have you taken in at the theatre
already?

JACK: So far thirty four thousand dollars.

HOPE: Well, give me half or I'll sue you.

JACK: What're you talking about..I'm playing this whole
circuit..Last week in Detroit I took in ninety-
three thousand, two hundred and sixty seven dollars,
and forty three cents.

HOPE: And a Hoover Button.

JACK: How do you know?

HOPE: I ain't spending any Dewey buttons to see you.

JACK: You know, you're cheaper than Fred Allon and he's
almost as cheap as me.

HOPE: So..And Crosby's cheaper than all of us.

JACK: I think you've got something there...

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN.

MUSIC: THEME

LAING: As a recent impartial survey reveals: more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! More than the next two leading brands combined! Lucky Strike:

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: Yes, that's what the survey shows. Now listen to a statement recently made by Mr. James Alfred Walker, veteran tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina. From what he knows -- from what he sees -- listen to what he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy good, ripe tobacco...tobacco that makes a real, fine smoke. I've smoked Luckies 17 years!

LAING: So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff, you'll see!

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 20th, 1948

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (Cont'd)

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So round, so
firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw,
So smoke the smoke tobacco exports smoke---
Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: THEME

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN! ~~LUCKY STRIKE!~~

ATX01 0311065

PROGRAM #39
REHEARSAL SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

AS BROADCAST

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1948

NBC

7:00 - 7:30 PM - EDT

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ATX01 0311066

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #39

() ()
7:00 - 7:30 PM EDST

JUNE 27, 1948

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

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

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

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE! FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME)

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME)

LAING: More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! Yes, more than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial survey which reveals the personal smoking preference of the men who really know tobacco -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.

LAING: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, light up a Lucky. Light up a really fine cigarette and puff by puff, you'll see ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike.

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME)

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN! LUCKY STRIKE!

ATX01 0311067

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM NEW YORK CITY..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, THIS IS OUR LAST BROADCAST OF
THIS SEASON..WE'VE HAD THIRTY-NINE STRENUOUS WEEKS OF
RADIO..AND ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE STAR OF OUR SHOW FELL
THE TASK OF CARRYING THIS BURDEN ALONE..SO WITHOUT FURTHER
ADO, WE BRING YOU A VERY TIRESOME COMEDIAN.

JACK: That's tired!

DON: JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Thank you~~ Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..and Don, you're
right..This has been a very grueling season..Work, work,
nothing but work..I tell you, Don, I'm so tired right now
I can hardly keep my big blue eyes open...I'm really all in.

DON: Well Jack, I know it has been a tough season, but I can't
understand why you should be that tired..After all,
you're only thirty-nine.

JACK: ~~Well~~ Look, Don, it's hard for a man of your age to realize
how tired you can get..How old are you?

DON: Thirty-eight.

JACK: Well, just wait fifteen years till you're thirty-nine,
you'll be tired, too...Of course, the burden you're
carrying is not on your shoulders.

DON: What?

JACK: And how you got a pair of pants to fit your burden, is beyond me.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, ^{I wish you'd stop joking about my being fat. This conversation. People on the street point at me.} ~~.....~~

~~JACK:~~

~~JACK:~~

~~DON:~~

~~JACK:~~

~~DON:~~

JACK: Gee, I can't understand that, Don. New York taxi drivers are known for their courtesy and politeness...Why, take the fellow who drove me from the station to my hotel. When I got out, he was so shy he wouldn't even ask me for the fare..he just grabbed me by the ankles, turned me upside down, and shook me..Can you imagine that.

DON: Oh my goodness, Jack, what did you say?

JACK: ~~.....~~ I had my money in my mouth... Anyway, I will say this cab driver was very efficient. He picked me up at the station and drove straight to the Sherry Netherlands Hotel.

DON: Oh, do you live there?

JACK: No, he does. ^{Oh, these cab drivers-} ~~.....~~ he drove right into the ~~.....~~

DON: Jack, I know this is our last program and you're pretty tired, but do you realize what you're saying?

JACK: What?

DON: There isn't a hotel in the country that would let a man take a taxi up to his room.

JACK: Don, how could they stop him, they're registered as man and wife.. Mr. and Mrs. Acres O'Reilly.....You know, Don, something tells me I shouldn't have given my writers that case of Scotch as a farewell gift...Well, look who's here..Hello, Mary.

MARY: H'ya, Jack..Hello, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Mary, here we are finishing another season..another thirty-nine weeks that you've worked for me..How do you feel?

MARY: Hungry.

JACK: What do you mean, hungry?

MARY: On what you pay me I ~~can't even open a window~~ at the Automat.

JACK: All right, all right..you and your jokes.. Automat..I saw you at the Stork Club last night.

MARY: I was selling cigarettes.

JACK: Selling cigarettes? How did you do?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Not bad..I was first again with tobacco men.

JACK: Say, that's pretty good..You know, we can use that routine at the Palladium theatre in London...Just think, Mary, pretty soon we'll be on the high seas on our way to England.

MARY: I know..and Jack, before we go, you oughta have all your clothes cleaned., that ship we're going on is kinda big.. you won't be able to lean over the side and do your laundry.

JACK: ~~I'm glad you didn't stay too long there~~.. Mary, I tried to reach you yesterday, ~~but you were gone~~ are you

MARY: ~~I was visiting my sister at the Polyclinic Hospital.~~

JACK: ~~See, I didn't see her~~.. how do you like it there?

MARY: ~~She's quite in the apartment I didn't get much sleep.~~

JACK: ~~Funny, it says she could do it - I can't understand how Myrt lets her.~~

MARY: ~~There's a man in the next room with a taxi that snore's.~~

JACK: ~~Oh yes, I saw them go in together... I can't understand~~

~~how--~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BAGBY: Telegram for Jack Benny.

JACK: Here, boy, I'll take it...Here's a tip for you.

BAGBY: Oh boy, a nickel, now I can ~~live at the Sherry Hotel~~ ~~the~~ ~~Automat.~~

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm. ~~he must have a radio on his bicycle.~~

MARY: Jack, who's the telegram from?

JACK: Wait'll I open it, Mary..(TWO GRUNTS) Here Mary, you open it, I haven't had my Wheaties today.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: TELEGRAM OPENS)

JACK: What does it say?

MARY: ~~Does Jack~~ (READS) "UNDERSTAND YOU'RE ~~GOING TO ENGLAND NEXT WEDNESDAY.~~
~~YOU'VE MADE MORE SIGN TOWARDS.~~ HOPE
YOU SEE MORE OF ENGLAND THAN I DID OF THE YANKEE STADIUM.
SIGNED, JOE WALCOTT."

JACK: Well, isn't that nice. He wired me as soon as he came
to... That was really a--

PHIL: ALL RIGHT, JACKSON, THEY'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH, SO STAND
ASIDE, DAD, AND LET 'EM SEE ME, LET 'EM SEE ME.

JACK: H'ya, Phil.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Phil, here we are finishing another season..another
thirty-nine weeks that you've worked for me..How do you
feel?

PHIL: Thirsty.

JACK: Oh fine..Mary's hungry and you're thirsty.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, were you at the Louis-Walcott fight at the
Yankee Stadium Friday night?

JACK: Sure Phil, I was sitting right up front.

PHIL: Did you hear the big reception I got when I came in?
Everybody jumped to their feet and cheered and yelled.

JACK: Really, Phil..When did you come in?

PHIL: At two minutes and fifty-six seconds of the eleventh
round.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Phil..They were cheering the fight..
Jersey Joe Walcott was staggering all over the place.

PHIL: So was I.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I hope Walcott felt better the next morning than I did.

JACK: I'm sure he did.

DON: Say Phil, I haven't seen you since you came in from Cleveland. Where have you been?

PHIL: ~~Oh, Dennis~~ I had to stop off in Philadelphia to cast my vote at the Republican Convention.

JACK: ~~Phil, you~~ You cast your vote?

PHIL: Certainly, I was chairman of the delegation from Doc Wah Ditty.

~~JACK: You can't give him those words. -PHIL: Why do you keep getting them in?~~
JACK: Oh quiet. Doc Wah Ditty.

MARY: Say Jack, ~~JACK: What?~~ didn't you think the convention was exciting?

JACK: ~~The convention~~ was, and those Republicans must be pretty sure of getting into the White House. They nominated Dewey, Warren, and four piano movers...And you know, kids, it's quite an honor to us Californians to have our governor nominated for Vice President. And I'm pretty thrilled because just two years ago Earl Warren was a guest on my program.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, that Governor Warren is really a good lookin' guy, ain't he?

JACK: He sure is, Phil..and he's very popular, too.

PHIL: What a guy..handsome..beautiful smile..full of charm and personality..Why, if he could lead a band he'd be another Phil Harris.

JACK: How do you like that.

MARY: Say Phil.

PHIL: What is it, Livvy?

MARY: If Walcott's head was as big as yours, Louis would've ~~hit~~ ~~caught~~ it in the first round.

JACK: Mary, I love you for that..~~That was wonderful!~~

MARY: Thanks, Jack, but I'm still hungry.

JACK: Well, I'll get you a sandwich when we get to London..
There's no use having one here, we may have a rough voyage
...Oh say, Don..

DON: ~~That~~ Yes, Jack.

JACK: I've had a request to repeat the Sabre Dance on my violin..
Is the quartet here?

DON: Yes, there they are..the Sportsmen.

JACK: Oh yes, I didn't see them...Hello, fellows.....Hello,
fellows....Boys, I said hello..... Don, ^{Don,} squeeze them.

DON: Okay.

QUART: HMMMMM...

JACK: Good ~~good~~..Now wait'll I get my violin..Hand it to me,
will you, Mary?

MARY: All right, but I'll hate myself in the morning.

JACK: Never mind, give it to me...All right, boys..let's go...
THE SABRE DANCE..

(INTRODUCTION TO "SABRE DANCE")

QUART: YOU'D BETTER TRY A LUCKY,
THEY ARE MADE DOWN IN KENTUCKY.
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES,
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES,
THAT'S THE CIGARETTE THAT YOU WILL LIKE.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU'D BETTER HURRY HURRY
YOU DON'T WANT US ALL TO WORRY,
HURRY UP BUY THEM, HURRY UP TRY THEM,
LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MISSING, LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.
HURRY UP AND TRY A LUCKY STRIKE.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: SO FOR YOUR OWN DEEP DOWN SMOKING ENJOYMENT
YOU SHOULD TRY LUCKIES SO YOU WILL SEE WHY
MEN WHO KNOW AGREE, L S M F T

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN'
IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN SMOKING THIS 'UN
HURRY NOW AND BUY A CARTON
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO START ON
LUCKIES THEN WILL BE YOUR FAVORITE BRAND.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: THEY'RE THE BEST BRAND IN THE LAND.
L S S S, M F F F, L S S S, M F F F
L S M F, L S M F T

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: OH, L S S S S S, M F F F F F F F
L S S S, M F F F, L S S S, M F F F
LUCKY STRIKE'S THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: NOW BEFORE WE FINISH THERE IS ONE IMPORTANT THING AS YOU
MAY GUESS
QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL TO CONTINUING SUCCESS.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Boys, ~~that~~ that was wonderful..I was never better..I mean you were good too, ~~you know~~..I wish you were going to England with me.

PHIL: Say Jackson, while we're over in London, I'm gonna buy some of those English tweeds.

JACK: You mean a suit?

PHIL: Yeah, and I ain't gonna take just any old English suit in London..I'm gonna Pick-A-Dilly...HA HA HA HA..OH HARRIS.. I'LL BET MILTON BERLE'S GOT THAT WRITTEN DOWN ALREADY.

JACK: Written down? He's doing it on television right now...and not only that, as soon as-- ~~we get~~

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Dennis, here we are finishing another season.. another thirty-nine weeks you've been working for me..How do you feel?

DENNIS: ~~As the Sherry Netherlands...it's a rehearsal~~

JACK: What? ~~Oh, I see, I see, I see, Dennis, I haven't seen you since we got to town..Have you been having a good time?~~

DENNIS: I'll say...Gee, I really like New York..the people here are so friendly..and so trusting.

JACK: Trusting? What do you mean, kid?

DENNIS: Last night a fellow stopped me on the street and wanted to borrow five dollars, and when I gave it to him, he didn't even ask me my name.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Dennis..If he didn't get your name, how will he know who to return it to?

DENNIS: Well, he's stuck with the money, let him worry about it.
JACK: Dennis, ~~come~~ here a minute.
DENNIS: Huh?
JACK: I wanta feel your head and see if it's ripe enough to pick yet.
MARY: Say Dennis, I want to thank you for taking me to the fight Friday night, You were the only one that asked me.
JACK: Dennis, did you take Mary to the fight?
DENNIS: Yeah..and Gee, what excitement at the end of the eleventh round..when the police all gathered around, picked him off the floor, and carried him back to his seat.
JACK: Joe Walcott?
DENNIS: No, Phil Harris.
JACK: Oh yes, ~~Phil~~ Phil.
DENNIS: Gee, I was so proud..he's my friend.
JACK: ~~I don't know your kid. Now~~ Dennis, ~~everybody~~ everybody here in the studio is anxious to hear your song..so how about it?
DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it, kid..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well well well, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny, ~~it's a pleasure to see you.~~ ^{hey, Oh my,} it's a pleasure to see you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, how do you happen to be in New York?

ARTIE: I came here last week to go to a wedding.. A cousin of mine got married.

JACK: Oh well, congratulations.. ~~When is your wedding taking place?~~

ARTIE: ~~Friday night, it was postponed twice on account of rain.~~

JACK: Wait a minute, Mr. Kitzel, why should you have to postpone a wedding on account of rain?

ARTIE: We held it at the Polo Grounds, you should see all my relatives.

JACK: Oh, then you didn't see the fight.

ARTIE: Give them time, they just got married.

JACK: I didn't mean that..But tell me, Mr. Kitzel, did you have a good time at the wedding?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO!

JACK: It was a big party? ~~and~~

ARTIE: The wine flowed like Celery Tonic.

JACK: Celery Tonic?

ARTIE: That's a vegetarian champagne.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: ~~and~~ Then right after the ceremony was over, I was the first in line to kiss the groom.

JACK: The Groom? ~~Why didn't you kiss the bride?~~ ^{You supposed to kiss the bride}

ARTIE: With ~~that~~ ^{my} face, ~~as you can see from the picture~~ ^{we had trouble getting the groom to do it.}

JACK: Oh oh..Did you meet a lot of your old friends there?

ARTIE: Everybody ~~I~~ ^{we} knew for years. Even Pansy Nussbaum.

JACK: Pansy Nussbaum?

ARTIE: She is working for..you should excuse the expression..

JACK: I had an idea
Fred Allen.

JACK: Oh yes yes, of course..Well Mr. Kitzel, I'm awfully glad you dropped in.

ARTIE: Thank you, Mr. Benny..and here..I brought you a farewell present for your boat trip. I had it made especially for you.

JACK: Well..let's see it..Ah, isn't that cute, a long bagel that spells ^{out} "Bon Voyage"...Thank you very much, Mr.

Kitzel.

ARTIE: ~~Use~~ ^{it in good health,} Goodbye.

JACK: ~~Thank you, thank you,~~ Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Isn't it funny how I run into Mr. Kitzel nearly everyplace I go.

PHIL: Say Jackson, I saw him the other night coming out of one of them Broadway shows.

JACK: Oh yeah..what show was that?

PHIL: "Make Mine Martini".

JACK: What?

DON: "Make Mine Manhattan."

PHIL: Okay, Donzy, what'll you have, Jackson?

JACK: A ham hook to hit you over the head with..Now come on, let's--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake..who can that be...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MILT: A package for Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well..set it down right here..Here's a tip for you.

MILT: Oh goody, a book of matches, now I can go out and have a hot time.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm...I wonder what's in this package..

(SOUND: PACKAGE OPENING)

JACK: Oh look..a great big basket of fruit to take on the boat from my sister Florence...Isn't that nice..look at it, Mary..Did you ever see such a big basket of fruit?

MARY: Gosh, I've never seen so much fruit.

JACK: Neither have I..How long do you think it'll last?

MARY: It depends on how fast you sell it.

JACK: ~~Yeah, but I'll keep the beans for myself, I love them....~~
Now, come on, Dennis, it's time for your song.. What's it gonna be?

DENNIS: ~~The Lullaby~~ ~~Shiloh Mine Kin~~ that I recorded for R.C.A. Victor..called ~~"Shiloh Mine Kin"~~.

JACK: Swell, go right ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. ~~"SHILOH MINE KIN"~~)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was ^{really} a wonderful number, ^{you really} and Dennis and you really sang it beautifully. And Phil, this is the first time I've heard ~~the~~ orchestra sound so nice and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it..It's probably Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

JENNY: Hello, this is the operator. I have a long distance call for Jack Benny in New York City.

JACK: Long distance? Where's it from?

JENNY: Harlem.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, that's what I thought..put him on...Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, it's about time you called, Rochester..I haven't heard from you since we arrived in New York.

ROCH: I'M SORRY,B(ES)..BUT MONDAY NIGHT WHEN I GOT TO HARLEM, THERE WAS A BIG PARTY CELEBRATING JOE LOUIS'S VICTORY..

JACK: Monday night? Wait a minute, Rochester..It wasn't till Friday night that Louis Beat Walcott..

ROCH: WE'RE STILL CELEBRATING HIS VICTORY OVER SHMELING.

JACK: But that was ten years ago. Why are they holding the party now?

ROCH: IT WAS POSTPONED ON ACCOUNT OF RAIN.

JACK: Well, Rochester, I hope it's not a wild party..What're you having to drink?

ROCH: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I don't know, but I'm calling from the chandelair.

JACK: That's what I thought..Now Rochester, I hope you packed everything in my trunk that I need..You know while I'm in London, I'm going to participate in the Olympic games.

ROCH: YOU ARE?

JACK: Yes sir. ~~Yes~~

ROCH: WELL, I HOPE YOU WIN, BOSS, I HOPE YOU WIN.

JACK: You do?

ROCH: YEAH..AMERICA HASN'T HAD A TIDDLY-WINK CHAMPION IN YEARS.

JACK: Rochester, I'm not going to ~~play tiddly-wink.~~ ~~FOR~~ your information, I'm going to throw the discus.

ROCH: YOU'RE GONNA WHAT THE WHO?

JACK: I'm gonna throw the discus..Throwing the discus is an ancient Roman sport that was popular during the days of Nero.

ROCH: I THOUGHT YOU WERE PLAYING THE FIDDLE THEN.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT!...And Rochester, when I leave, I hope you'll be down to the dock to see me off.

ROCH: OH I WILL, BOSS, I WILL. ~~OH I WILL, BOSS, I WILL.~~

JACK: ~~Yeah.~~ ~~Goodbye Rochester.~~

ROCH: I DON'T LIKE TO BE SENTIMENTAL..BUT I'LL KIND OF MISS YOU WHEN YOU'RE GONE...THE HOUSE WILL SEEM SO BIG AND EMPTY WITHOUT YOU.

JACK: Thank you, Rochester..I hope you won't miss me too much.

ROCH: WELL...IF I DO, I'LL JUST PUT A TOUPAY ON THE PARROT AND HAVE DINNER WITH IT.

JACK: Well, don't use any of the blond ones, they clash with these green feathers..Now goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'm gonna miss Rochester, too...But just think, kids,,in a little while we'll be out on the Atlantic Ocean headed for ...~~Hey, wait a minute, there's a banana missing out of that--~~

MARY: ~~I put the nickel in the basket.~~

JACK: ~~Oh. Well, Mary, you didn't have to do that. Any time you want--~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Pardon me, I was looking for the washroom, but this will do.

JACK: Why Fred..Fred Allen.

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: Jack, I really dropped in tonight ~~because--~~

JACK: Wait a minute, Fred..Wait a minute..let me look at you... Gee, you're looking swell...I've never seen you have such rosy colored bags under your eyes.

ALLEN: Look, Jack..I dropped in tonight because--

JACK: ~~Ah, it's good to hear your voice again..I love the way you tell your jokes through your nose. You're the only comedian who tells 'em and smells 'em at the same time.~~

ALLEN: ~~Look Jack..I came here because I--~~

JACK: And that pained expression on your face..you look like a hen trying to lay a basketball. **I'm getting mine in first.**

ALLEN: ~~Well,~~ All right, Jack, all right. ~~Now I want to--~~

JACK: And those wrinkles...Honestly, Fred, your face looks like a convertible with the top half-way down.

after that job
Fred's outburst

ALLEN: ~~Now~~.....Sit down, little man, you must be tired ~~after that job~~
and gentlemen, please tune in your radios an hour from now
when this Nature Boy of the Gay Nineties is a guest on my
program without his writers.

JACK: Now Fred, what do you--

ALLEN: Benny without his writers ~~isn't he the only one who can~~
~~do ceremonies at Wedicks~~

JACK: Now wait a minute, Fred, What do you--

ALLEN: And he should talk about the way I look..Benny's hairline
has receded so far ~~that he parts~~ his eyebrows to keep up
his morale.

JACK: Fred--

ALLEN: I ~~have~~ seen more fuzz on a harvest moon.

JACK: Fred..Fred. ~~Don't you~~.What did you come barging in here

ALLEN: ~~I'd hate to be drowning and have someone throw me a line like that.~~
For anyway

ALLEN: Well, I ~~really~~ really didn't drop in here to see you..it's Mary
~~I'd like to talk to~~

MARY: ~~Hiya~~

ALLEN: ~~Hiya~~..Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Fred..what is it you wanted?

ALLEN: Well Mary, you could do me a great favor..I came here ~~to~~

PHIL: Hi'ya Frederick, long time no see.

ALLEN: Well well, if it isn't Phil Harris..Hollywood's answer to
~~Look Ma, I'm Drinking.~~
Jack Egan..and there's Dennis Day..Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Allen.. ~~it's good seeing you again. I haven't~~
~~seen you for a long time~~

ALLEN: ~~Hi Dennis~~..you ~~were~~ a guest on my program last year..

DENNIS: ~~Oh, that's that me?~~ I thought it was Kenny Baker.

JACK: Look Fred..we're doing a program..what did you want to see Mary about?

MARY: Yes Fred..what is it?

ALLEN: Well Mary, every now and then Portland likes to take a couple of weeks off my program and I thought ^{you know, I thought} a hungry girl like you might ^{like} want to take her place.

MARY: Well thanks, Fred..but I don't think I could take Portland's place.

ALLEN: Oh, yes you could..Why don't you try ^{just try} reading a line or two?

JACK: Wait a minute, Fred..I don't want my program sounding like yours.

ALLEN: I had three answers to that ^{Mr. Benny}..Two of them the censor took out and the third ^{one I wouldn't dare tell without an airlock on the premises.} could get me arrested.

MARY: Oh Jack, I'll just imitate Portland for a second. It won't sound like Fred's program.

JACK: Well...

ALLEN: Go ahead, Mary.

MARY: ^{Well} All right. (A LA PORTLAND)...Oh Mr. Allen, Mr. Allen.

ALLEN: What is it, Portland?

PHIL: (CIAGHORN) Ah'm from the South, the ^{deep} South, that is.

DENNIS: (CASSIDY) Terrible, terrible, terrible, I'm not long for this world.

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: (MOODY) Howdy Bub.

JACK: ~~Now stop that!...Now Fred, please finish your business with Mary so we can get on with our show.~~

ALLEN: ~~Okay. Now Mary, if you'll take Portland's place on my show once in awhile, we'll give you star billing on the program.~~

MARY: That sounds nice.

ALLEN: And you'll have the right to approve of the scripts.

MARY: Oh, that'll be wonderful.

ALLEN: And now about the money--

JACK: Let me handle this, Mary..What were you saying, Fred?

~~ALLEN: Jack, it's amazing how you react to that word, Money..
Almost everybody knows how to spell it..M-O-N-E-Y..Some
people can even spell it backwards; but you're the only
man who can start in the middle and go both ways.~~

JACK: Look, Fred..will you please let me run my own show..This is worse than last week when Bob Hope dropped in on us unexpectedly, ~~and we used up so much time, my program was cut off the air ten seconds too soon.~~

ALLEN: That's funny, I thought it was cut off thirty minutes too late.

JACK: Now listen, Allen--

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack..don't get excited...And Fred, much as I'd like to substitute for Portland, I couldn't.. You see, Jack has me signed to an exclusive contract.

ALLEN: Well Mary, that's nothing to worry about..Contracts can be broken..Let me see yours.

MARY: Oh Fred, I'd rather not..I'm too modest.

ALLEN: What's modesty got to do with your contract?

MARY: It's tattooed on my back.

JACK: You're darned right..and anyway, Mary..you're under exclusive contract to me..and if you go on Fred's program, I'm not going to take you to Europe.

MARY: ~~Oh~~ All right, Jack,I won't.

JACK: ~~You know Fred,~~ We're going to appear at the Palladium in London..and then we're going to tour the continent..We're even going to Germany.

ALLEN: Good..that'll teach 'em to start wars.

JACK: That I'm going to ignore entirely ~~and make the audience~~ ^{over there}

~~ALLEN:~~

~~JACK:~~ (CLUCKS TWICE)...Yep..and while I'm there I'm going to get myself a lot of those French Post Cards.

ALLEN: French Post Cards..Gad, what you won't do to make people think you're really thirty-nine.

JACK: Wait a minute, Fred..don't go picking on my age..I'm still pretty young.

ALLEN: Young? Jack, let's face it..you're old enough to play ~~with the Brooklyn Dodgers~~

MARY: Oh, ~~stop~~ arguing..why don't you two kiss and make up?

ALLEN: Well, ~~it's right~~ willing.

JACK: Of course you're willing..you have to kiss me..but look what I'm stuck with...Anyway, I'm leaving for England soon so I won't have to see you for awhile.

ALLEN: ^{Well} I can't imagine you spending the money to go to Europe.

JACK: What're you talking about. I always spend money..why I even went to see the Louis Walcott fight.

ALLEN: I know, I saw you coming out of that newsreel theatre.

JACK: What?

ALLEN: You spend money..Why the last time you opened your wallet, Washington said to Lincoln, "Pull down the shade, Abe, the light's killing me."

JACK: Listen Allen, another crack like that and I'll punch you so hard it'll straighten out your wrinkles and make your face four feet square.

FRED: I've seen better material than that in a four dollar suit

JACK: Yours is worse than mine. You think mine is a stinker. ~~It's the best I've~~
~~seen the best I've~~

ALLEN: Why you refugee from the Old Folks Home. If you ever managed to get your fist doubled up, you'd be too tired to swing it.

JACK: ~~That gives you an idea~~ That's what you think...You better shut up or I'll pull your lip down and hook it to your belt buckle...Now I'm warning you, Allen, you better get out while I've still got control of my temper.

ALLEN: Careful now, Benny..you're liable to blow your top and you paid eight bucks for it
~~you damn errorer~~

JACK: WELL!!!! That settles it...Throw him out, Mary..

FRED: It's about time

ALLEN: Never mind, I'm leaving anyway.

JACK: Go on, beat it..and I'm telling you right now..I'm not appearing on your program tonight.

ALLEN: Then you won't get paid.

JACK: What time's rehearsal?

ALLEN: Eight o'clock.

JACK: I'll be there...Goodbye, Freddie.

ALLEN: Goodbye, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: You know, Mary, he's a sweet guy...Play, Phil.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, The American Red Cross is appealing to you for help in aiding the thousands of persons that have been affected by the great floods in the Northwest. The need is great, that is why we are asking you to give - whatever you can afford to your local Red Cross Chapter. REMEMBER, that whatever amount you give will aid some homeless person. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

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

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

LAING: As a recent impartial survey reveals; more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! Yes, more than the next two leading brands combined! Lucky Strike:

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN!

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

RUYSDAEL: That's what the survey shows. Now listen to a statement recently made by Mr. James Maynard Talley, tobacco warehouseman from Durham, North Carolina. From what he knows -- from what he sees -- this is what he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen good, ripe, mild tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike. I've smoked Luckies 18 years. They give me a mild, mellow smoke.

LAING: So take a tip from the experts and for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, light up a Lucky. Light up a really fine cigarette and puff by puff, you'll see:

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike.

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

RUYSDAEL: FIRST AGAIN WITH TOBACCO MEN! LUCKY STRIKE!

TAG

JACK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my cast, my
writers, and everybody associated with my program, I
want to thank all of you who have been listening to us
for ~~night~~ onto sixteen years...and we'll see you again
in the fall. ~~I want to thank Alice for leaving up my program and~~

I hope you'll tune into our summer replacement, a new and exciting
quiz program called "Let's Talk Hollywood". The show will feature
George Murphy and Edith CGreen and-----

mtf
6/26/48pm.

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