

RADIO
CONTINUITY

LUCKY STRIKE

JACK BENNY

NOV. - DEC.

1949

ATX01 0312804



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. ✓

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #9
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1949 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

DJ

ATK01 0312807

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 6, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM... Presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: LUCKIES PAY MORE! Millions of dollars more than official
parity prices for fine tobacco!

HIESTAND: Millions of dollars - that's a lot of money. But the
makers of Lucky Strike spend it for fine, light,
naturally mild tobacco. So when you light up a Lucky,
you're always sure of real smoking enjoyment. Yes,
when you're smoking the cigarette of fine tobacco - you
know you can expect enjoyment and plenty of it. It's
plain from the first puff there's never a ruff-puff in a
Lucky because.....

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike MEANS fine tobacco. -- And that kind of
tobacco always has and always will mean real, deep down
smoking enjoyment for you. That's why so many folks
turn to Luckies all over the country - even the experts
who make their living in the tobacco business. (CONTINUED)

JD

ATK01 0312808

HLESTAND: (CONT'D) Just to name one of them, there's Mr. L. Garland Griffen of Clarksville, Virginia. Recently he said.....

EXPERT: All in all, I've sold over one hundred million pounds of tobacco. And season after season I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco -- the kind of tobacco for down-right good smoking. I've smoked Luckies regularly for 14 years.

SHARBUTT: And that's not all - for a recent survey shows more independent tobacco auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! Yes, a lot of people smoke for enjoyment - and they smoke Lucky Strike! Because there's more enjoyment in a Lucky. Smoke 'em and you'll find out. Today, buy a carton of Lucky Strike!

JD

ATK01 0312809

JACK: In school?

ROCH: YEAH -- NOW -- NOW --

JACK: In school I learned to pronounce economics.

ROCH: LET ME EXPLAIN IT TO YOU HERE. LET ME EXPLAIN IT TO YOU .
NOW --

JACK: Well, here we go.

ROCH: YEAHHHHHHHHH.

JACK: Go ahead and explain it to me, Rochester.

ROCH: NOW MOST OF THE COFFEE COMES FROM BRAZIL ... IN FACT BRAZIL'S
MAIN EXPORTS ARE BANANAS, COFFEE, TIN.

JACK: So what?

ROCH: WELL, BRAZIL STARTS OFF THE INTERNATIONAL TRADE BY SENDING US
BANANAS, FOR WHICH WE SEND THEM MINING EQUIPMENT.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: THEN THEY MINE THE TIN AND SEND THE TIN TO US AND WE MAKE TIN CANS.

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: THEN WE SEND THEM THE CANS AND THEY FILL THEM WITH COFFEE AND SEND
THEM BACK TO US ... AND THERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Well, how does that effect the price of coffee?

ROCH: YEP, THAT WAS IT, HE TOOK A BOW AND FELL OUT OF BED.

JACK:Where am I? What happened?

ROCH: YOU MUST'VE BEEN DREAMING, BOSS...HERE, I BROUGHT YOU YOUR BREAKFAST.

JACK: Good ^{God} Oh boy, I'm hungry this morning...Let's see..

(SOUND: LIGHT TINKLING OF DISHES BEING MOVED)

JACK: Orange juice, oatmeal, bacon, and toast.

ROCH: WHAT DO YOU WANNA DRINK WITH YOUR TOAST?

JACK: The same as I've been having all week. Just a ~~cup of~~ ^{plain} warm water.

ROCH: BOSS, I DON'T THINK THIS ONE-MAN CAMPAIGN OF YOURS IS GOING TO BRING THE PRICE OF COFFEE BACK DOWN.

JACK: I can't understand why it keeps going up in price.

ROCH: WELL MR. BENNY, IT'S SIMPLE..IN SCHOOL I STUDIED ^{100 -} INTERNATIONAL ECONOMICS.

JACK: In school?

ROCH: YEAH..NOW MOST OF THE COFFEE COMES FROM BRAZIL..IN FACT, BRAZIL'S MAIN EXPORTS ARE BANANAS, COFFEE, AND TIN.

JACK: So what?

ROCH: WELL, BRAZIL STARTS OFF THE INTERNATIONAL TRADE BY SENDING US BANANAS, FOR WHICH WE SEND THEM MINING EQUIPMENT..THEN THEY MINE THE TIN AND SEND THE TIN TO US AND WE MAKE TIN CANS..THEN WE SEND THEM THE CANS AND THEY FILL THEM WITH COFFEE AND SEND THEM BACK TO US..AND THERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Well, how does that affect the price of coffee?

DJ

ATX01 0312811

JACK: Uh hun.
PHIL: And because of the foreign market, I've been down at the studio dubbing in the lyrics in French, German, Spanish, Greek, Portujeez and Italian.
JACK: Portujeez?
PHIL: Yes.
JACK: You went to school with Rochester.
PHIL: Same place.
JACK: Portugese and Italian?
PHIL: Portugese and Italian.
JACK: I see.
PHIL: Now, you know something?
JACK: What?
PHIL: Jackson, you've been right all these years.
JACK: About what?
PHIL: That song stinks in six different languages.
JACK: Phil, don't tell me you're getting sick of it too.

ATX01 0312812

ROGH: I DON'T KNOW, I QUIT SCHOOL THAT DAY.

JACK: Rochester, ^{at} I don't think you know what you're--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll answer it,

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

PHIL: H'ya, Ernestine. *Lullulak.*

JACK: Ernestine? *Lullulak?*

PHIL: I read it, Dad...you dog you.

JACK: Phil, I'm just about to have breakfast. Now what do you want?

PHIL: Look Jackson, I may have to miss rehearsal Saturday..I've got to go over to 20th Century Fox for retakes on my picture, "Wabash Avenue."

JACK: ~~Wait a minute~~, Phil..you finished that in July, ~~and~~ you've been doing retakes on it for the past three months.

PHIL: Well, it ain't exactly retakes, ^{you all} there's a scene in the picture of me singing "That's What I like About The South".

JACK: Uh huh.

PHIL: And because of the foreign market, I've been down at the studio dubbing in the lyrics in French, German, Spanish, Greek, Portuguese and Italian...And you know something, Jackson, you've been right all these years.

JACK: About what?

PHIL: That song stinks in six different languages.

JACK: Phil, don't tell me you're getting sick of it too.

DJ

PHIL: ^{Hey Jackson} Yeah... get a load of it in French:
 (SINGS) VENTRA VOO PAH VEK MWA IAY JALLABOMMA
 LA NOO RACKENTRO MA CHER VAY MOMMA....

....You see, Jackson, in French you can't understand it.

JACK: I never understood it in English...But anyway, Phil, there's been a lot of publicity about "Wabash Avenue"....Isn't Victor Mature in that picture with you?

PHIL: Uh huh.

JACK: And Betty Grable?

PHIL: YEAHHHHHHHHH!....^{Hey}~~And~~ Jackson, listen...there's one scene in the picture of just me and Betty at the beach...and those new French bathing suits...Wow!...They had to shoot that scene over again.

JACK: Too daring?

PHIL: No, they want Betty to wear one, too.

JACK: Oh....well that would be a shame, Phil..she's liable to steal the scene from you.

PHIL: Yeah, but it's the last time I ever make a picture with Grable and Mature.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: With her legs and his chest, I ain't worth a turnip green.

JACK: ~~turnip green?~~ ^{what?}

PHIL: Or, as we say in French, .turneep grenay.

JACK: Well, don't worry about it, Phil. ~~and~~ you can miss rehearsal if you want to.

DJ

PHIL: Thanks a lot, Jackson. It's awfully nice of you to --
(HICCUPS) ^{Oh.} Excuse me.

JACK: Phil...Phil...didn't you tell me last week that you were
on the water wagon?

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: ~~Then~~ how come you just hiccupped?

PHIL: I transcribed that one for release at this more convenient
time, ~~so long, Jackson.~~ *Goodbye. Sallulak.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ^{Oh.} ~~Hmm,~~ what a guy...Say, Rochester..were there any other
phone calls for me before I woke up?

ROCH: YES SIR, YOUR BARBER.

JACK: My barber? What did he want?

ROCH: HE SAID IF YOU DON'T CALL FOR IT IN THIRTY DAYS HE'S GONNA
SELL IT.

JACK: I don't care, it's an old one...Now Rochester, I'll finish
my breakfast and --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ~~Rochester~~, answer the door ^{will you?} I'll slip into some clothes.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING;..COMING.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: WELL, HELLO MISS LIVINGSTONE, COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DJ

ATX01 0312815

MARY: ~~Is~~ Mr. Benny up?

ROCH: YES, HE'S GETTING DRESSED...BY THE WAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, WE HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ALL WEEK. WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

MARY: Well, right after last Sunday's broadcast I drove down to Palm Springs.

ROCH: OH, YOU'VE BEEN OUT IN THE DESERT.

MARY: Yes, I went there to cool off.

ROCH: I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MISS LIVINGSTONE, BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO ALL THE WAY TO PALM SPRINGS, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME OVER HERE AND USE MR. BENNY'S SWIMMING POOL?

MARY: My season ticket expired on Labor Day.

ROCH: WELL, FOR YOU HE WOULD'VE MADE AN ADJUSTMENT.

MARY: Maybe.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Mary. ~~Am I~~ glad to be back from Palm Springs?

MARY: Frankly no, Jack, it's too hot here.

JACK: Oh everybody's worried about the heat..?It's not hot.

MARY: It isn't, eh? ^{Jack: No, Mary!} As I drove over here, I saw a tongue coming down the street with a dog hanging out.

JACK: Mary, ^{You've been watching Mollie Beck again.} I know you're making that up because, ~~in the first place, dogs don't run around loose in Beverly Hills, and in the second place, it's a physical impossibility for a tongue to have a dog hanging out, and in the third place, even if it did happen, you couldn't see it in this smog...~~

Say ~~Mary~~, it's kinda early, have you had your breakfast?

MARY: Yeah, but I could stand a cup of coffee.

DJ

JACK: Okey...OH, ROCHESTER, BRING MISS LIVINGSTONE A CUP OF --
Mary, how about some tea?

MARY: No thanks.

JACK: Milk?

MARY: No...I just want a cup of...oh, I get it...The price of
coffee has gone up so high, you're drinking ~~hot~~ water.

JACK: Yeah, how did^a you know?

MARY: ~~The~~ figures.

JACK: Well, if you've been reading the papers lately, you'll know
that coffee ~~has~~

MARY: Oh say, Jack, that reminds me..Did you see that news item
from London?

JACK: From London?

MARY: Yes, the one about Princess Margaret.

JACK: Oh yes, I read it..I hope it was a Lucky...Say Mary, what's
that magazine you've got there?

MARY: A copy of True Confessions.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Jack, there's a story in ^{Tattler} where by ~~the~~ Hemingway that
~~would~~ ^{will} break your heart.

JACK: Yes yes, I read it.

MARY: How all those things could happen to one girl in thirty-nine
years I'll never know.

JACK: Well, some people live exciting lives.. You know Mary, in
that same issue there are some other --

ROCH: OH, BOSS, THE MAIL JUST CAME.

JACK: Good good .. many letters?

DJ

Yallah

ROCH: TWO FOR YOU, ONE FOR ME, AND TEN FOR ~~MISS HEMINGWAY~~

JACK: Oh, well just put them on the table...Mary, speaking about the heat --

MARY: Jack --

JACK: What?

MARY: If you didn't have that operation, I'd punch you right in the nose.

JACK: Look, Mary, ^{the} Warner Brothers bought ~~it~~ ^{the stuff} for Joan Crawford, that's all that counts...Rochester, hand me my letters.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Thanks....oh - oh.

MARY: What's the matter, ~~Jack?~~

JACK: It's from Mr. Kearns of the Colonial Yacht Company. He's trying to frighten me into buying that yacht for fifty thousand dollars.

MARY: Jack, this is liable to be more serious than you think... They can make you pay or drag you into court.

JACK: No Mary, they wouldn't...Say, I don't know ^{you} maybe they would.

ROCH: I THINK THEY WOULD, BOSS. ~~WHEN~~ MR. KEARNS CALLED YESTERDAY HE SAID IF HE DIDN'T RECEIVE THE MONEY BY TODAY, HE WAS GONNA SEND A LAWYER OVER TO SEE YOU.

JACK: Lawyer, lawyer..If I got frightened every time a --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK:~~Hummmmmmm~~

(SOUND: LONG PAUSE..THEN ON CUE, DOOR BUZZER AGAIN)

JACK:(FRIGHTENED) Well....I might as well answer it.

(SOUND: SIX FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hmm, that's funny, there's nobody here.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...SIX FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

DJ

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: When nobody answered the door, I came in through the window.

JACK: Oh..oh..(HAPPY) Well, good to see you, kid!

DENNIS: What's wrong with him?

MARY: Nothing, Dennis...~~just~~ just he was expecting a lawyer.

DENNIS: A lawyer....who's he suing?

JACK: Nobody...I'm being sued.

DENNIS: Gee, that's a switch.

JACK: Oh stop....to hear you talk, you'd think I'm always suing somebody.

DENNIS: ^{well} You sued me once.

JACK: When did I ever sue you?

DENNIS: That Sunday night when I went to the movies ~~instead of~~ ^{and didn't} listen~~ing~~ to your repeat broadcast.

JACK: I didn't sue you, I warned you.

MARY: Dennis...this is serious..Jack is gonna be sued for fifty thousand dollars.

DENNIS: ~~I~~ I can lend you fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Benny.

~~JACK: Well, I think that's very nice of you, you can lend me fifty thousand dollars?~~

~~DENNIS: Have you got change for a hundred thousand dollar bill?~~

JACK: Oh stop being silly. ^{you and your -- you haven't got that kind of money.}

~~MARY: Don't you have any other kind of money?~~

DENNIS: ^{Oh.} Yes I have...my uncle ^{did and} left it to me.

JD

MARY: Your uncle left you fifty thousand dollars?

DENNIS: He left me his printing press too.

JACK: ~~Oh-for heavens~~ - - - - - Dennis, your Uncle must've been a counterfeiter. Let me see some of that money.

DENNIS: Okay, here's a five dollar bill.

JACK: Hmmm.. I knew it, ~~I know it~~.. Mary, look...instead of Lincoln he's got a picture of a log cabin...Dennis--

DENNIS: Lincoln is in the cabin.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: It's cold outside.

JACK: Now cut that out! ...You know, Mary, it's hard to believe that a minute ago I was glad to see him. ... Now look, Dennis..I've got enough trouble..do me a favor, will you?

DENNIS: What is it?

JACK: Sit down, kid.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVING)

JACK: Are you comfortable?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: Good...Now, you work for me, don't you, Dennis?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: What does your contract require you to do on my program?

DENNIS: Songs and funny sayings.

JD

ATX01 0312820

JACK: Well, we'll forget the funny sayings, and let me hear what you're gonna sing on the program.

DENNIS: It won't get any laughs.

JACK: I don't want any laughs, just sing your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME")

(APPLAUSE)

JD

RTX01 0312821

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis...a beautiful song...It'll be swell on the program.

DENNIS: It won't get any laughs, though.

JACK: I don't want any laughs...You know, once in awhile, it's good to have a program that's nice and relaxing...^{You know} where the audience just sits there quietly.

DENNIS: Like Fred Allen's ^{program} used to be?

JACK: Thank you....Now, Dennis----

MARY: Jack...Jack...look who's coming up the walk.

JACK: Where?...Oh my goodness...it's Mr. Kearns from the Yacht Company.

MARY: What're you gonna do?

JACK: I don't know.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (WHISPERS) Rochester, you answer the door, and I'll hide in the closet.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MARY: Okay, Rochester, he's in the closet, answer the door.

ROCH: YES MA'AM.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JD

ATX01 0312822

KEARNS: How do you do. I'm Mr. Kearns, of the Colonial Yacht Company.
May I see Mr. Benny?

ROCH: MR. WHO?

KEARNS: Mr. Benny.

ROCH: BENNY?

KEARNS: Yes. Jack Benny, star of stage, screen and radio,
(SOUND: LOUD CLUNK)

JACK: (GROANS) Ohhhh.....
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack, what happened?

JACK: (WHISPERS) When he said "Star of stage, screen and radio"
I took a bow and bumped my head on the doorknob....

KEARNS: Oh there you are, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, yes...Look here, Mr. Kearns, I told you before I'm
not going to buy that yacht... and you're wasting your time
trying to sell it to me...so you might as well return my
thousand dollars deposit.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack --

JACK: Huh?

MARY: How do you know you wouldn't like owning a yacht? A lot of
stars in Hollywood have them.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: Gary Cooper has a yacht.

JACK: *al*, He's richer than I am.

MARY: Humphrey Bogart has a yacht.

JACK: Well he's richer than I am too.

JD

MARY: Well, Errol Flynn isn't richer.

JACK: No, but he's younger...Now, Mr. Kearns, I don't think there's any use-----

KEARNS: Just a minute Mr. Benny..Miss Livingstone gave me an excellent idea. ^{Mr} Perhaps if you took a little ^{excise} trip on this yacht it might help you to make up your mind..You know, sort of a demonstration. We'll go to Catalina.

JACK: ~~Catalina?~~ Well.

KEARNS: ~~It wouldn't be any trouble at all. The yacht is moored at San Pedro.~~ ^{This will place you under no obligation at all.}

JACK: ~~Say, that sounds nice, but I'm not under any obligation -- I?~~ ^{Well, good, good.}

KEARNS: ~~No no, not at all.~~ ^{Yes} but we'll have to hurry. I told the Captain to take her out ~~on a cruise~~ in an hour.

JACK: Oh ~~good, good~~. ^{That's fine} Come on, Mary, Dennis, you can go with us... Let's go, Mr. Kearns, we'll have a wonderful no-obligation time..Dennis, ^{Dennis} get your hat and----

(SOUND: DOOR BANGS)

DON: But Jack, ^{Jack} you just gave us one.

JACK: What?

DON: An idea...What an idea for a commercial.

JACK: What are you talking about?

DON: Going out on a yacht, on the ocean, on the high seas.

JACK: Don, we have no time for that, ^{you} we've gotta ~~get to the door~~ ^{leave}..

Boys, get away from the door.

DON: Jack, this'll only ^{just} take a minute.

JACK: ~~But we have to~~ ^{But, Don}

DON: Let him have it, boys.

JACK: Fellows, get away from that door, ^{will you.}
Don, I haven't got time for this.

JD

(INTRODUCTION)

QUART: SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN
 FULL MANY A STORMY WIND SHALL BLOW
 ERE JACK COMES HOME AGAIN.
 SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN
 FULL MANY A STORMY WIND SHALL BLOW
 ERE JACK COMES HOME AGAIN.
 L S M F T, ALL THE SAILORS AGREE
 THAT L S M F T MEANS FINE TOBACCO, YOU SEE.
 EVERY SAILOR MAN IS PUFFIN'
 ON A LUCKY CAUSE THERE'S NOTHIN'
 THAT CAN BEAT A GOOD OLD LUCKY
 WHEN YOU'RE OUT AT SEA.
 LUCKY STRIKE PAYS MORE FOR TOBACCO THAT'S FINE
 YES LUCKY STRIKE PAYS MORE BELOW THE MASON DIXON LINE
 SO FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE
 HERE'S THE TIP THAT YOU WILL TREASURE
 LIGHT AN L S M F T AND HAVE A REAL GOOD TIME..
 L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T
 L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T (JACK) I knew this would
 YES, IT'S L S, M F F F, M F F F, M F F F,
 L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T
 L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T
 L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T
 YES, IT'S L S, M F F F, M F F F, M F F F
 L S, L S, L S, M F T
 (APPLAUSE)

JACK: Don, you're gonna spoil
~~whole~~
 my strip.

JACK: ~~Don't worry I'll miss~~
~~the boat. I finally got a~~
~~chance to have a Side. Blow~~
~~miss the boat.~~

JACK: Thanks fellows, that was very---

JACK: ~~Sorry~~ I heard
~~it now, that's~~
~~look at, I know.~~

JACK: I'll miss my
 whole trip.

happen....Every time I--Boys. ~~I gotta~~
~~that's enough...~~
~~We've gotta go...~~
~~Get away from the~~
~~door.~~ Fellows,
 that's enough...

~~Wait a minute.~~ ~~WAIT A MINUTE...~~
~~at gotta go. WAIT A MINUTE!~~
 WAIT A MINUTE!!!!!!

RG

JACK: Don..Don...Mule Train ...^{have} If the yacht sails without us
it'll be your fault.

KEARNS: ^{oh, now} Don't worry, Mr. Benny, they won't leave without me.

JACK: ^{shut your} Oh well then come on, ^{we'll} ~~leave~~ go ... Don, even though I am mad
at you, do you want to join us?

DON: ^{why} Yes, Jack, thanks.

JACK: Rochester, ^{Rochester} we're going on a ^{no obligations} cruise. ^{we'll} I'll see you when I
get back.

ROCH: YOU WON'T SEE ME, BOSS, BUT YOU CAN HEAR ME, I'LL BE ON
WITH AMOS AND ANDY.

JACK: Rochester, you're gonna be on the Amos and Andy program
today?

ROCH: YEAH, WE'RE GONNA HAVE COFFEE IF I HAVE TO GO OUT AND EARN IT.

JACK: Good, good...Come on, Mr. Kearns, let's get out on that
yacht.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: HEAVY LAPPING OF WATER...LIGHT MOTOR BOAT)

KEARNS: ^{well} "We'll be out ^{on} to the yacht in just a minute. ^{oh} "I hope you don't mind riding in this tender, the sea is kind of rough.

(SOUND: MOTOR FADING)

JACK: Well, it can't get too rough for me. You know, during the first World War, I used to be ^{on} in the Navy.

KEARNS: (AMAZED) Really?.....On our side?

JACK: Yes, ^d I was at Great Lakes.

MARY: Mr. Kearns, can't we go a little faster?

KEARNS: No, we have to take it a little slow here in the inner harbor because of all these little boats.

JACK: Gee, there are a lot of----

DENNIS: ^{oh} ~~See~~ Mr. Benny, look who's in that ~~little~~ boat over there.

JACK: Where?

DON: Right over here on the side.

JACK: Oh yes...YOO HOO.

ARTIE: HELLO, MR. BENNY!

JACK: MR. KITZEL!

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND STOPS)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, imagine me running into you way out here..

ARTIE: You will always find me here on my day off.. I love to go fishing

JACK: Well ^{well} well, are you catching ^{any} ~~many~~ fish?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO...Look in my basket..I've got a pickerel in the middle with a halibut on top.

JACK: Oh, Mr. Kitzel, that's cute.

ARTIE: Yes...(LAUGHS) My.

KEARNS: ^{well} "Mr. Benny, we better get going now.

JD

ATX01 0312828

JACK: Okay? By the way, Mr. Kitzel, what are you using for bait?

ARTIE: Sour cream and onions.

JACK: Sour cream and onions?

ARTIE: When I catch a herring, I want it to be ready.

JACK: Oh, I see.

(SOUND: BOAT MOTOR STARTS)

JACK: Well, goodbye, Mr. Kitzel, and good luck.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mate.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Well, ^{well, well -- of all} of all places to meet Mr. Kitzel.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, you better sit down, we're going out of the breakwater now.

MARY: Oh, Mr. Kearns, is that the yacht out there?

KEARNS: Yes, that's it..Just look at those beautiful lines.

(SOUND: MOTOR SLOWS DOWN)

KEARNS: Now folks, when we pull up to the landing platform, please follow my instructions.

JACK: I know, Mr. Kearns, I know. When transferring from one ship to another, you have to go along with the swell of the wave and jump when both vessels have spent their thrust to port, and are just starting their return to starboard.

KEARNS: Thank you, Admiral Yamomoto.

JACK: I told you I was on our side!.....And you can stop being funny. That's the way we used to do it in the Navy--

(SOUND: MOTOR UP LOUD..THEN STOPS..WATER CONTINUES LAPPING SOUNDS)

RG

ATK01 0312829

KEARNS: All right, folks here we are at the landing platform..get
in line..and when I say "three"; jump. *All right miss Livingston -*
~~Ready now.....~~ One,
two, three!

(SOUND: TWO FEET LANDING)

MARY: Thank you.

KEARNS: *In. Say.*
~~Next.~~ one, two, three!

(SOUND: TWO FEET LANDING) ¹

DENNIS: Thank you.

KEARNS: *Yes. Kearns*
~~Next.~~ One, two, three!

(SOUND: LOUD SPLASH)

Jack: (Laughing) Mary - Help me.
~~KEARNS: That's the way they used to do it in the Navy??~~

MARY: *Who helped you when you were in the Navy?*
~~He was in the submarine division.~~

(SOUND: SPLASHING IN WATER)

I didn't fall.
JACK: (COUGHING) ~~Mary,~~ I jumped in on purpose. When I buy a
yacht, I wanna see what it looks like underneath.

MARY: Well, how does it look?

JACK: I don't know, I lost my glasses.

DON: Here Jack, take my hand and I'll help you up.

JACK: Thanks. (GRUNTS)

~~KEARNS: There's no more down here.~~

JACK: (SHIVERING) *Gu-*
~~All right,~~ but with these wet clothes, I'm
liable to catch cold.

~~MARY: Jack, in this hot sun your clothes will dry in a few minutes.~~

~~KEARNS: Meanwhile, wrap this blanket around you.~~

~~JACK: Thanks, wrap this blanket help please. How do I look, Mary?~~

~~MARY: P on-ti-ag, keep fine car.~~

RG

~~JACK: Oh stop.~~ *Here we are*

KEARNS: Well, now ~~that we're~~ all aboard, I guess we can proceed to Catalina...By the way, Mr. Benny, I'd like you to meet our Captain.

JACK: The Captain?

KEARNS: *Yes* Captain, this is Mr. Benny.

NELSON: HOW DO YOU DO!

JACK: Hmm...Captain, your face looks familiar. Haven't I seen you before?

NELSON: You might have, I used to be an usher at NBC.

JACK: Oh yes yes..

NELSON: They fired us both the same day, remember?

JACK: Wait a minute, Captain, I *remember* 'x

KEARNS: We better get under way...ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN, FULL SPEED AHEAD!

NELSON: AYE AYE, SIR.

(SOUND: SHIPS BELLS.. HEAVY WATER LAPPING..MOTOR)

JACK: Well, we're on our way.

DON: Jack, isn't it wonderful out here on the ocean?

JACK: Yes Don, there's nothing I love better than a no-obligation cruise...Just look how blue the water is..Say Dennis, isn't this-- Dennis..Mary, where did that kid go?

MARY: I don't know, he was here just a---Oh, for heaven's sake... look, Jack, he's way up on top of the mast.

JACK: On top of the mast?.....DENNIS..DENNIS, COME DOWN HERE!

RG

ATX01 0312831

DENNIS: (AS LAUGHTON) (OFF) ~~DON'T SHOUT AT ME, MR. CHRISTIAN. OR~~
I'LL SEE YOU ^{sinking} SWING FROM THE HIGHEST YARDARM IN THE BRITISH
FLEET!

JACK: DENNIS, COME DOWN OFF THAT MAST!

MARY: Jack ... ~~Jack~~

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Jack, the engines are going at full speed but we're not
even moving.

JACK: Gee, that's right.

NELSON: (HAPPILY) MR. WILSON, YOU'RE STANDING TOO FAR FORWARD, THE
PROPELLERS ARE OUT OF THE WATER.

JACK: Don, step back to the middle of the ship.

MARY: Now we're going.

^{Jack:} DENNIS: (OFF) AVAST THERE, YOU LAND LUBBERS, SWAB THE DECK OR I'LL
~~SEND YOU TO THE BRIDGE.~~ ^{Dennis} *send you to the Oil Funnel.*

JACK: DENNIS, COME DOWN!

KEARNS: It's pretty dangerous for him to be up there on the mast.

JACK: I know... Say, I've got an idea how to get him down.. Don,
you run from side to side and rock the boat. That'll make
Dennis sea sick and he'll be glad to come down.

DON: *Oh.* But, Jack ---

JACK: Don, we've got to get that kid down before he hurts himself.

Now. Go ahead, run from side to side.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...LOUD ROCKING IN WATER
THROUGHOUT)

RG

RTX01 0312832

JACK: Faster, Don. Now you've got it rocking. Keep it up, Don, keep it rocking, *and he'll soon come down.*

DENNIS: WHEEE, THIS IS FUN!

JACK: Keep it up, Don, keep rocking the boat. Keep it rocking until he...until he...until...Don...Don..stop rocking..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Don...Don...stop rocking...Somebody slow down the boat... Don, stop rocking the ----oh, I feel awful...Mary..Mary... Don... Captain..Captain.

NEILSON: Don't look at me, I'm as sick as a dog.

JACK: What?

~~MARY: Jack, I don't feel so good either.~~

~~JACK: You don't?~~

~~KEARNS: Neither do I.~~

DENNIS: WHEEE, ~~THIS IS FUN!~~

(SINGS) I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN, (WHISTLES)

I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN, (WHISTLES)

I FIGHT TO THE FINISH

'CAUSE I EAT MY SPINICH

I'M POPEYE, THE SAILOR MAN. (WHISTLES)

JACK: CAPTAIN, TURN THIS THING AROUND ^{*slowly to*} ~~AND LET'S GO HOME.~~

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

~~Jack:~~
~~JACK:~~

Ladies and gentlemen, last year nearly eleven thousand Americans died in fires ... and most of these fires could have been prevented! Be sure you do your part in helping prevent fires. Be careful with lighted matches and cigarettes. Obey all fire regulations. Take care ... beware.....prevent fires! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

SHARBUTT: IS - MFT
IS - MFT

HLESTAND: (INTIMATE) Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Now, friends, that's tremendously important to you because you smoke for one reason -- enjoyment. And LS/MFT is your guarantee that every single Lucky Strike you smoke contains truly fine tobacco that's kind and gentle. And to get this fine tobacco, Luckies pay millions of dollars more than official parity prices. Yes, at the tobacco auctions(BEGIN CHANT -- WAY UNDER) the buyers for Lucky Strike go after mild, mellow leaf for your cigarette...

RIGGS: (CHANT SWEEPS UP TO 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: So, remember in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. And you can always count on the fact that Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... tobacco that gives you much more real, deep-down smoking enjoyment. There's never a ruff-puff in a Lucky!

HLESTAND: So, friends, light up the cigarette that's famous for fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike ... so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. You'll agree -- there's no finer cigarette in all the world than Lucky Strike!

JD

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, HELLO BOSS, HOW WAS THE YACHT TRIP?

JACK: Pretty good, Rochester, but I -- wait a minute, I thought you were going to be on the Amos and Andy Program.

ROCH: I AM, BOSS, I'M GONNA LEAVE RIGHT NOW.

JACK: Come on, I'll ~~drive~~^{go} over with you.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello NoNo No, but Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman are gonna be on my program next week. Listen in..... Thank you and Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS?

JACK: A wrong number, but I thought I'd tell them anyway.... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" Stay tuned for the Amos "N" Andy Show which follows immediately with Rochester.....

THIS IS C. B. S.THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

RG

ATX01 0312836

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE: November 13, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #10
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

4

RR

ATX01 0312838

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 13, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIRSTAND: Gentle tobacco ... smooth tobacco ... tobacco that's
deeply enjoyable to smoke -- puff after puff -- that's
Lucky Strike tobacco!

SHARBUTT: Yes, friends, at the tobacco auctions, Lucky Strike buys
truly fine tobacco --- and pays millions of dollars more
than official parity prices to get it. And you are the
reason Luckies are so particular to get fine, ripe, mild
tobacco. For it takes fine tobacco to give you a fine
cigarette and IS -MFT ...

HIRSTAND: IS -- MFT Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... the
kind of tobacco you'll smoke with deep-down enjoyment ...
for it's mellow, mild ... from first puff to last.
Yes, there's never a rough puff in a Lucky!

SHARBUTT: Surely you want all the enjoyment you can get from a
cigarette. So why not smoke the smoke that's famous for
fine tobacco ... for enjoyment ... for taste ... for
mildness -- LUCKY STRIKE -- so round, so firm, so fully
packed, so free and easy on the draw. Yes, make your
next carton Lucky Strike.

TK

ATX01 0312839

(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...ON LAST WEEK'S PROGRAM, EVERYBODY MADE SO MANY MISTAKES IN READING THEIR LINES THAT JACK FELT IT WAS NECESSARY TO CALL A SPECIAL MEETING...AT THE MOMENT WE FIND THE CAST ASSEMBLED IN JACK'S LIVING ROOM.

JACK: Now look, kids, I want you to take what I'm going to say in the spirit in which it's given...I'm not angry, I'm not upset...but I did feel it was necessary to call this meeting

MARY: All right, Jack, what's the meeting about?

PHIL: Yeah, let's get it over with, *Sub?*

JACK: ~~Now~~, as I said before, I'm not angry...but on last week's program I never heard so many--Dennis, Dennis, you're not paying attention...get away from that fish bowl.

DENNIS: The last time I looked in this bowl there were only two goldfish.

JACK: I know, I know. Now, kids---

DENNIS: How come there are three of them now?

JACK: Because the first two fell in love and got married, that's why. Now kids--

DENNIS: If they just got married, why did they take in a boarder?

JACK: *Look at* They didn't take in a boarder. The little one is a baby,

RR

DENNIS: Oh, yeah, the one on the right is the mother.

JACK: No, no, Dennis, the one on the right is the father.

DENNIS: You coulda fooled me.

JACK: Dennis, will you do me a favor and--

MARY: *Oh*, For heaven sakes, Jack, you called us over here for a meeting so let's get on with it.

DON: Yes, Jack, tell us what's on your mind.

JACK: *I'm trying to*
~~add to what to~~ I called this meeting to find out why there were so many mistakes made on last week's broadcast.

Mary:
~~Phil:~~ All right, so we made a few mistakes...Is that a reason for you to get mad?

JACK: I told you, I'm not mad!

Phil:
~~Phil:~~ *Swing to right, Jackson.*
~~Phil:~~ ~~Phil:~~ you're burned up and you know it.

JACK: I'm not burned up!

MARY: Jack, there's no reason for you to get so upset.

JACK: UPSET....WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M UPSET?

MARY: You look like a turkey *football coach whose team has to play*
~~who knows that last week is~~
Not Sam.
~~that's wrong.~~

JACK: (CALM) All right, all right, you kids ^{can} ~~had~~ your little joke...and one couldn't be a star of my magnitude without being able to take a few jibes from his underlings...But, as I said before, I am not mad. All I want to do is--

DENNIS: Mr. Benny--

JACK: What do you want now?

DENNIS: Are you sure the one on the left is the mother?

RR

JACK: Yes, Dennis, the one on the left is the mother.

DENNIS: The one on the right is prettier.

JACK: All right, all right, so the father is prettier than the mother.

DENNIS: ^{well -} That doesn't make sense.

PHIL: Sure it does, kid. Take me and Alice.

JACK: Phil, be quiet.

PHIL: Okay, Jackson, okay. I'd like to get this meeting over anyway...What kind of mistakes did we make last week?

JACK: Well, for one thing, Phil, you don't even know how to speak the English language...If a word has over two syllables, you don't even know what it means.

PHIL: I may not know what it means, Jackson, but when I speak I have perfect diction.

JACK: Phil...as long as you brought that up, I've got news for you. I've heard better diction coming out of the exhaust pipe of a greyhound bus....Believe me, Phil, the only thing that sounds worse than Harris the speaker is Harris the musician.

PHIL: ~~Now~~ hold it, Jackson, hold it....It may interest you to know that I just got an offer to make a guest appearance with Arturo Toscanini.

JACK: You...you got an offer from Toscanini?

PHIL: Yeah, he wants me to be first whip-snapper when he plays "Mule Train."

JACK: ^{well,} That you can do.

MARY: Jack, if you're just gonna bawl out Phil, why did you call the rest of us?

RR

ATX01 0312842

JACK: Because you all made mistakes last week.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson, I didn't make no mistake.

JACK: Oh, you didn't, eh? Rochester--

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Open the phonograph and play that record of last week's program.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: PHONOGRAPH OPENING)

JACK: Now, put the needle where I ~~told you~~ --

DENNIS: Kootchi kootchy koo, baby..kootchi kootchi koo...

JACK: Dennis, get your hand out of that fish bowl... Anyway, you're tickling the father... Now go ahead, Rochester... start the record where I've got that little chalk mark.... You say you didn't make any mistakes, Phil, just listen... This is the part where we were talking about your picture "Wabash Avenue" ... Now listen.

(SOUND: PAUSE... THEN PLAY RECORDED CUT NO. 1)

(ENDING WITH JACK SAYING PORTUJESE)

JACK: That's all, Rochester.. Did you hear that, Phil?... Did you hear that? Portujeese.

PHIL: I thought it sounded cute.. Play it again, Roch.

JACK: Never mind.

MARY: Jack, I don't think it's fair of you to bowl Phil out just because he--

JACK: I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO SPEAK UP, SISTER. Rochester, put that other record on, the one marked "Mary."

RR

MARY: Jack, if you're trying to tell me that I make a mistake now and then, you needn't bother because I know it.

JACK: Mary, I don't mind the little fluffs you've made like that time you ordered a chiss sweeze sandwich...You make little mistakes like that every now and then...But, Mary, what do you think was your biggest mistake?

MARY: Leaving the May Company.

JACK: *well,* I won't argue that point. If you wanna eat and get fat, that's your business...Now, ~~Mary,~~ I have a record here ~~about~~

DENNIS: ~~oh~~ Mr. Benny, are you sure the one on the left is the mother?

JACK: I'm sure, I'm sure. *I'm sure*...and Dennis stop interrupting. I wanta get this meeting over with because I have to go ^{to} see Ronald Colman on some very important business...Now look, Mary, *you say you didn't make any mistakes last week. Lookit. I* want you to hear a recording of a program we did a few weeks ago...Rochester, put it on where I've got that little chalk mark,

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Now listen, Mary.

(SOUND: PAUSE...THEN RECORDED CUT NO. 2)

(ENDING WITH JACK SAYING, "THEY MUST BE ACROBATS")

JACK: That's enough, Rochester. *that's enough*...Did you hear that, Mary? The word was supposed to be shoes. How in the world did you possibly arrive at the word, "head?"

MARY: Jack, that happened four weeks ago. I didn't deny it, I said I was guilty, you sentenced me to three days at hard labor, I painted your house, now let's forget it.

RR

JACK: We won't forget it until you finish the window-sills, *and I want*
them green.

DON: Jack, is the meeting over?

JACK: No no, Don, not yet. I want to show Mary a fluff that she
made on last week's program. Rochester, play that first
record again.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: The place I'm looking for is somewhere around the middle..

Go ahead, *play it there.*

(SOUND: PAUSE...THEN RECORDED CUT NO 3...ENDING WITH
JACK'S "NO OBLIGATION CRUISE")

JACK: That's not it, Rochester...Move the needle further down.

ROCH: ~~OKAY.~~ *You sir - okay.*

(SOUND: PAUSE...THEN RECORDED CUT NO4...ENDING
WITH JACK'S "ON THE NAVY")

JACK: A little further down. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

PHIL: WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE..PLAY THAT LAST PART AGAIN.

JACK: What's the matter?

MARY: Jack, you said you were "on the Navy" instead of "in the
Navy."

JACK: I did not.

PHIL: *Uh,* You didn't, eh? Rochester, play that part again.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: PAUSE...THEN RECORDED CUT NO. 4 PLAYED AGAIN
ENDING WITH "ON THE NAVY")

PHIL: Well, Dad? Shall we dance?

JACK: Phil---

DON: Jack, how could you make a mistake like that?

DENNIS: Yeah, the one on the right is the mother.

JACK: Dennis, be quiet.

PHIL: Ommmmn the Navy...Ha ha..You know, Jackson, your face is the color of my eyes.

~~JACK: PHIL:~~

MARY: Okay, Jack, what have you got to say now?

JACK: I've got this to say....I did not make a mistake.

DON, PHIL & MARY: What!

JACK: I said I did not make a mistake.

DON: But Jack, we heard it distinctly...you said you were on the Navy.

JACK: ~~Obviously~~...I said it because it's correct...When I became a sailor during the first World War, they put me on board a ship called the U.S.S. Navy....THEREFORE, I WAS ON THE NAVY..

~~DON: PHIL: MARY: JACK:~~

JACK: SHUT UP, AND MEETING ADJOURNED.....Now Phil, you and Mary can leave, but Don, I want you to stay, and you too, Dennis, I want to hear your song.

PHIL: So long, Jackson

MARY: ~~Good~~bye, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

Hum. Tell me I made mistakes.
JACK: All right, Dennis, what are you gonna sing?

Well.
DENNIS: "This is an old song, Mr. Benny...It was written by Ben Oakland and Herb Magidson...and Georgie Jessel wrote the lyrics.

DK

JACK: *ah* Georgie Jessel...What's the name of it, kid?

DENNIS: "Roses in December."

JACK: *Just* let's hear it.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG...."ROSES IN DECEMBER")

(APPLAUSE)

* DJ

ATX01 0312847

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis ^{*Dennis*} that was beautiful....I don't know, it seems that lately, your voice is getting better and better ----

(SOUND: DOOR ^{*Slam*} ~~OPENING AND CLOSING~~)

JACK: All the time....Hm...he didn't even say goodbye....OH, ROCHESTER ---

DON: Jack...you said you wanted me to wait, too.

JACK: Huh?....Oh yes...Now Don, the reason I asked you to stay is because I didn't want to embarrass you in front of the others.

DON: Why, Jack, what did I do?

JACK: Every week this season we have been using the quartet to ^{*do to*} do the commercial, except once. Mind you, only once were you required to do a straight commercial...and the mistakes you made...the fluffing of lines...was simply awful.

DON: But Jack, I remember that commercial and I don't recall making any mistakes.

JACK: Oh, you don't, eh? ^{*you don't recall any mistakes.*} Just sit down, Don....Rochester-----
~~ROCHESTER~~

JACK: Play that fourth record over there...and start it where I made that chalk mark.

~~ROCHESTER~~

JACK: Now listen, Don, ^{*you don't remember any mistakes*} just listen carefully to this..Go ahead, Rochester.

(SOUND: PAUSE...THEN RECORDED CUT NO. 5...ENDING WITH YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO)

ROCH: THAT'S THE END OF THE COMMERCIAL, BOSS.

JACK: It is?

DON: *Why* Certainly, Jack... ~~and~~ I didn't make one mistake.

JACK: Well, I guess I was wrong...Thanks for staying, Don...So long.

DON: Goodbye, Jack.

a (SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Hmm...I coulda sworn he made some mistakes in that commercialOh well...Say Rochester, I've gotta run over and see Mr. Colman now on some business. When I get back, have a little lunch for me, ~~with me?~~ *I'd like scrambled eggs.*

~~ROCH: YOUR LUNCH IS ALL READY, BOSS IT'S ON THE TABLE.~~

~~JACK: Oh yes...roast beef...That's a surprise.~~

~~ROCH: SURPRISE! ...IT SHOULDN'T BE. WHEN WE WERE HAVING DINNER LAST NIGHT AND I REACHED FOR THE LAST PIECE, YOU SAID, "L S M F T."~~

~~JACK: Certainly, when I said L S M F T, I wanted you to pass me the cigarettes.~~

~~ROCH: OH OH OH...I THOUGHT IT MEANT "LEAVE SOME MEAT FOR TOMORROW."~~

~~JACK: Well anyway, I'm glad you did...but it's such a small piece, I think you better make hash out of it...and put an egg on it.~~

ROCH: SORRY BOSS, WE'RE ALL OUT OF EGGS.

MB

JACK: Oh..well as long as I'm going next door to the Colman's
I'll borrow a couple.....I'll be right back.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS..DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I hope their butler doesn't answer the door..I don't think
he likes me.. ~~He always sends his shirts to Wong-Poo..Well~~
~~as long as--~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, hello, Benita.

BENITA: Oh Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Ah*, Gee, Benita, you look wonderful.

BENITA: Thank you, Jack, here are the eggs.

JACK: Benita..how did you know I wanted to borrow eggs?

BENITA: Well, I saw you coming up the walk...and since it was
butter yesterday and sugar the day before, it had to be
eggs today.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Oh yes.

BENITA: So we've completed the cycle, haven't we?

JACK: Yes yes, we have.

BENITA: Now is there anything else you might want?..Bread, cream,
flour, lettuce, turnips?

JACK: Well --

BENITA: We're pushing turnips today.

JACK: No, no, just the eggs will do!

BENITA: Well, ^{well} maybe you could use some cookies, cinnamon, jam,
jelly-beans, or--^{no}No, I gave you plenty of jelly beans.

you gave me jelly beans?

JACK: You gave me jelly beans? ... When?

BENITA: Two weeks ago... that night when you rang my bell and said,
"Trick or Treat."

JACK: *oh*, Oh yes.. (LAUGHS) Gosh, Benita, I took such pains disguising
myself as Little Bo Peep... How did you recognize me?

BENITA: *Because* Little Bo Peep Had Lost Her Hair.

JACK: Yes, yes, and I didn't know where ^ato find it..... Well,
thanks for the eggs.

BENITA: It's quite all right, Jack... Goodbye.

JACK: *oh*, Oh, just a minute, Benita.. the main reason I came over was
to see Ronnie. I have some very important business to
discuss with him.

BENITA: *oh* I'm sorry but Ronnie's at the studio. He's doing final
scenes on his picture.. "Champagne For Caesar".

JACK: Oh.

And if you'll excuse me

BENITA: I was just getting ready to drive out there to see him.

JACK: *well*, That's swell... I'll go out with you ~~and~~ *Benita* ..

BENITA: ~~that~~ *oh* Jack.. I have to make several stops on the way and--

JACK: *well* Oh, I don't mind waiting.

BENITA: Oh, for goodness sakes, we won't be able to go after all..
I just remembered my car has a flat tire.

JACK: *oh*, Well, don't worry.. we'll drive out in my car.

BENITA: Your.... car?

JACK: Sure, I'll *and* get it and--

BENITA: You win, Jack, we'll drive out in mine.

JACK: Good, good...let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

BENITA: Here we are, Jack..Stage Five..Now you've got to be very quiet in there because--

JACK: I know Benita, I know..I've made a lot of pictures myself.

BENITA: Oh yes, I forgot.

JACK: Thank you.....Come on, let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...BABBLE OF VOICES..DOOR CLOSES..

COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (OFF) The director says it will be a few minutes before the next scene. They have to change the lights, Mr. Colman.

COLMAN: Thank you, call me when he's ready, *will you?*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, they've got a lot of extras on the set today, haven't they, Benita?

BENITA: Yes.. Oh, there he is...HELLO, RONNIE.

COLMAN: Oh, hello, ^{*darling*} ~~Benita~~. Only three more scenes and I'll be--

JACK: HELLO, RONNIE, ^{*Ronnie*} HOW ARE YOU?

COLMAN: (DOWN) Oh?..Jack, ^{*well...why*} what are you doing here?

BENITA: He came out with me..he wants to see you on business, ^{*darling*} ~~Benita~~

JACK: Yes, yes, gee it's good to see you again, Ronnie..Shake!

(SOUND: GOOFY CRUNCHING SOUND)

JACK: Whoops, ^{*I..d*} forgot to take the egg out of my hand.....?..Sorry! ^{*I'm..d'm*}

BENITA: (PAUSE....).....Ronnie, ^{*it isn't*} ~~it isn't~~ my fault, stop wiping it ^{*off*} ~~on~~ my dress.

MO

COLMAN: Jack, normally ^{I am} ~~not~~ not a curious man, and I don't pry into other people's affairs, but how in the name of heaven did you happen to have an egg in your hand?

JACK: ^{well,} Benita loaned me a couple of them.

COLMAN: ^{oh,} I'm glad you didn't borrow any Vigoro.

JACK: Yes, yes...Now Ronnie, I have some business I want to see you about and----

COLMAN: Jack, ^{please,} I don't know what it is, but you'll have to wait.. This is our last day of shooting, we're behind schedule, and we still have to do the most important scene in the picture.

JACK: But, ^{Ronnie} this business will only take a--

~~WHORF~~: ^{well,} (COMING ON) EVERYBODY ON STAGE ... ^{Whorf!} All right, Ronnie, we're all set up to shoot ^{the} ~~this~~ scene.

COLMAN: I'm ready.

BENITA: Oh, hello, Dick.

WHORF: Benita, good to see you.

BENITA: By the way, this is Jack Benny...Jack, this is Ronnie's director..Richard Whorf.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{well,} It's nice meeting you, Mr. Whorf.

WHORF: It's a pleasure meeting you too, Mr. Benny.

COLMAN: UH, UH, UH, UH JUST NOD TO HIM, DICK, DON'T SHAKE HANDS, DON'T SHAKE HANDS.....I'll explain it to you later, ~~Dick.. let's get on with the scene.~~

WHORF: All right ... Now Ronnie, this is the one we rehearsed this morning, and remember the main feeling is that you are expressing contempt--not hatred--morely contempt for your business associates.

COIMAN: ~~Excuse~~ ^{Just good} ..and Dick, don't you think it would be better if, instead of sitting, I stood behind the desk?

WHORF: Yes, let's try it that way.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

WHORF: QUIET EVERYBODY....

MEL: (OFF) QUIET ON THE SET.

WHORF: ACTION!

COIMAN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) GENTLEMEN, ^{at last I find} ~~I HAVE FINALLY FOUND~~ COURAGE TO SPEAK. ~~GENERICALLY~~ I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING. YOU MEN ARE THE FORE-RUNNERS OF INTELLECTUAL DESTRUCTION IN AMERICA. AND I FOR ONE REFUSE TO SEE THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY RUINED BY SILLY.. SIMPERING--

(SOUND: LOUD PLOP)

JACK: Whoops, dropped my other egg.... ^{Sh... I'm so} ~~Just~~ sorry.

WHORF: Oh, for goodness--CUT ...MR. BENNY, WOULD YOU PLEASE--

COIMAN: Let me handle this,...Jack, how many eggs did you borrow?

JACK: Two.

COIMAN: Good, he's out of them, Dick, we can go ahead.

JACK: Yes, yes, go right ahead.

WHORF: Okay, QUIET ON THE SET..ROLL 'EM. Take it, Ronnie.

MO

ATX01 0312854

COIMAN: ...GENTLEMEN, ^{at last I find} ~~I HAVE FINALLY FOUND~~ COURAGE TO SPEAK. ~~BE~~
~~CAUSE~~ I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING.
YOU MEN ARE THE FORE-RUNNERS OF--

WHORF: CUT! I'm sorry, Ronnie, it isn't your fault, but I noticed
too many shadows in the background.. HEY, JOE, TURN UP THE.

MEL: (OFF) HEY, JOE, TURN UP THE ARCS ON THE RIGHT PLATFORM.

WHORF: That's better...Now Ronnie, go through the speech once
more with the new lighting. This'll just be a rehearsal.

COIMAN: Okay..GENTLEMEN, I HAVE FINALLY FOUND COURAGE TO SPEAK. ~~BE~~
~~CAUSE~~ I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING.
YOU MEN ARE THE FORE-RUNNERS OF INTELLECTUAL DESTRUCTION IN
AMERICA.

WHORF: CUT! That was perfect...Now this one ^{see H} ~~will be~~ a take..
Ronnie, try to get a shade more contempt in your voice.

MO

ATX01 0312855

COLMAN: ^{All right.} ~~Good~~, Dick...I'm ready.

WHORF: ^{All right} " Good...EVERYBODY QUIET.

MEL: (OFF) QUIET EVERYBODY, THIS IS A TAKE.

WHORF: All right, Ronnie...CAMERA.... ACTION

COLMAN:GENTLEMEN, ^{at last I find} ~~I HAVE FINALLY FOUND~~ COURAGE TO SPEAK ~~IT~~
~~BECAUSE~~ I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING.

YOU MEN ARE THE FORE-RUNNERS OF INTELLECTUAL DESTRUCTION IN AMERICA...AND I FOR ONE ~~REFUSE TO GIVE THE EDUCATIONAL--~~

JACK: CUT!.....Ronnie, I thought you had a little too much contempt in your voice... You see, I think ^{that} you should have--

COLMAN: YOU THINK!

WHORF: Mr. Benny, I happen to be the director of this picture.

JACK: I know, but I'm trying to give you the benefit of my experience, Mister..er..Mister..What was your name again?

WHORF: WHORF. RICHARD WHORF!

JACK: Say, that sounds familiar... Whorf...Whorf..I've heard that name before.

WHORF: VERY LIKELY, I HAVE A BROTHER IN SAN FRANCISCO NAMED FISHERMAN'S.

MO

JACK: Hummm.

COLMAN: Dick, how could you?

WHORF: I wanted to beat him to it.

JACK: What?

WHORF: I've heard you on the radio, you'll pick on anything.

JACK: Look, Mr. Whorf, I'm only trying to help you and--

WHORF: I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP!

JACK: Mr. Whorf, for your information, making moving pictures is not a cut and dried business! There is no sure way to produce a good picture. The only way we can learn is by mistakes.

COLMAN: You better listen to him, Dick, he's made some beauts.

JACK: Thank you.

WHORF: Now Look Benny, if you're going to stay here, you'll have to keep quiet.

COLMAN: ^{Just} Hold it just a second, Dick...I'd like to talk to my wife, Privately.....Benita, will you come with me ^{for a moment} ~~to~~ ~~mine~~?

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

BENITA: (TIMID) Y-yes, Ronnie.

COLMAN: (LOW) Benita, why in the world did you bring ^{Benny} ~~that man~~ out here?

BENITA: (LOW) But Ronnie, I couldn't help it.

COLMAN: (MAD) Couldn't help it! Couldn't help it! Look, we've been married a good many years, haven't we?

BENITA: Yes, dear.

DJ

COLMAN: And in all those years we've never had any serious arguments,
have we?

BENITA: No dear.

COLMAN: Well Benita, I'm warning you..if a thing like this happens
again, I'm going to pack my Oscar and move back to the
Y.M.C.A Do you hear?

BENITA: Ronnie, stop waving your finger in my face, you're getting
egg on my nose.

COLMAN: That's your fault, too..

WHORF: Ronnie, I hate to interrupt, but we're way behind on our
schedule..let's finish this scene.

COLMAN: I'm sorry, Dick...I'm ready.

WHORF: Okay...QUIET EVERYBODY, THIS IS A TAKE..

MEL: (OFF) QUIET ON THE SET!

WHORF: ^{Lights} CAMERA. ~~Roll!~~

JACK: GENTLEMEN, ^{at last I find} ~~you are finding~~ COURAGE TO SPEAK ~~at this time~~
I CAHN'T LET THIS GO ON WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING.

COLMAN: JACK--

JACK: YOU MEN ARE THE FORE-RUNNERS OF INTELLECTUAL DESTRUCTION
IN AMERICA.

COLMAN: JACK!

JACK: AND I FOR ONE REFUSE TO SEE THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF THIS
COUNTRY RUINED BY--

WHORF: BENNY, WILL YOU SHUT UP AND GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT DESK!

JACK: I was only trying to show Ronnie how that speech should be--

DJ

WHORF: WE DON'T NEED YOUR HELP...FOR HEAVEN'S SALES, RONNIE..CAN'T YOU GET RID OF THIS...THIS..

BENITA: ~~SHOCK?~~ *Samuel?*

WHORF: Thank you.

COLMAN: *Jack* Look Jack, I don't mind too much. I'm used to you... But you're new to Mr. Whorf. Please leave the set.

JACK: But Ronnie, *Ronnie* I can't leave now.. I came out here to see you on business that's important to you.

COLMAN: All right, Jack, all right...You've delayed the picture for an hour...you've ruined three takes....you've upset my director and caused me to argue with my wife...now what is this important business you wanted to talk to me about?

JACK: Ronnie, *Ronnie* do you realize that here it is, the middle of November and you haven't ordered your Christmas cards yet? ...Now *Ronnie* I have some *said* with beautiful winter scenes and--

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH)

JACK: Ooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

BENITA: OH MY GOODNESS, WHAT HAPPENED!

MEL: AN ARC LIGHT FELL DOWN AND HIT HIM ON THE HEAD.

COLMAN: IS HE BADLY HURT?

WHORF: I DON'T KNOW BUT WE BETTER WORK FAST....LIGHTS CAMERA ACTION!

COLMAN: *At last a find courage* I ~~HAVE FINALLY FOUND COURAGE~~ TO SPEAK ~~THE TRUTH~~ I CAN'T LET THIS GO ON WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING. YOU MEN ARE THE FORE-RUNNERS OF INTELLECTUAL DESTRUCTION IN AMERICA. ~~AND~~

~~I FORGOT TO MENTION~~

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DJ

Don:

~~Jack:~~ Ladies and gentlemen, help observe the first annual National Kids' Day on Saturday, November 19th and you will be helping the underprivileged children of your community. All funds raised in your city remain there for the benefit of the children of your ~~own~~ community.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

DJ

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 13, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIESTAND: LUCKIES PAY MORE ... Millions of dollars more than
official parity prices for fine tobacco!

SHARBUTT: And that's mighty important to you because fine tobacco
and smoking enjoyment go hand-in-hand, and LS-MFT ...

HIESTAND: (CONVERSATIONAL) LS - MFT Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco. Ripe, mellow tobacco that gives you a more
enjoyable - a smoother, milder smoke - with never a rough
puff. Yes, Luckies give everyone more smoking enjoyment -
including the men who are expert judges of tobacco - the
independent auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen - men
born and bred in the tobacco business. Take Mr. Linwood
L. Sturdivant, of Louisburg, North Carolina ... a veteran
warehouseman. He recently said ...

EXPERT: When you talk tobacco, you're talking my language. I've
seen plenty of tobacco bought and sold -- about one
hundred fifty million pounds. And year after year, I've
seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, light leaf that
makes extra enjoyable smoking. I've been smoking Luckies
myself for eleven years.

SHARBUTT: And that's an outstanding tribute to the real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment in Lucky Strike! So take a tip from the
tobacco experts and light up a Lucky - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. Yes, next
time you buy cigarettes, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

TK

ATX01 0312861

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman and Richard Whorf for being with us tonight .. A little later this evening I'm gonna be on Red Skelton's program...And be sure to listen in next week when we will have as our guest --

(ROLL OF DRUMS)

JACK: SAMMY THE DRUMMER..... Good night, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day In The Life of Dennis Day"....Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately... THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM...

DJ

ATX01 0312862

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE: November 20, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #11
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1949 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

BS

ATX01 0312864

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 20, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIESTAND: Friends, everytime you light up a Lucky Strike cigarette,
you get more real deep-down smoking enjoyment.

SHARBUTT: (CONVERSATIONAL) Yes, that's exactly what you get from
every Lucky you light. For to make certain that Luckies
are a smoother, lighter, more deeply enjoyable smoke --
Luckies pay more for fine tobacco -- millions of dollars
more than official parity prices. Remember, in a cigarette
it's the tobacco that counts, and LS -- MFT Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco. Fine tobacco that guarantees
a milder, truly finer cigarette for you! From first puff
to last Luckies are mellow and smooth smoking. There's
never a rough-puff in a Lucky. So for your own real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke the smoke that's famous
for fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.
Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

SM

ATK01 0312B65

(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...USUALLY AT THIS TIME WE TAKE YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE...BUT RIGHT NOW, JACK ISN'T HOME... HE'S ON ^{his} ~~THE~~ WAY TO THE STUDIO AND ROCHESTER IS DRIVING HIM.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR MOTOR PUTTING ALONG..SOUND OF HORN...
ESTABLISH MOTOR THEN FADE TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: Gee, it's a beautiful day, isn't it, Rochester?

ROCH: IT SURE IS, BOSS.

JACK: The sun is so nice and warm...maybe you ought to stop the car and put the top down.

ROCH: OH BOSS, LET'S NOT PUT THE TOP DOWN.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: IT'S SO MUCH TROUBLE TAKING DOWN THE CENTER POLE AND PULLING OUT THE PEGS.

JACK: Oh, yes, I forgot... this is the new one I bought at the Army Surplus Store.

ROCH: YEAH...THE FLAP STILL SAYS "FIELD HEADQUARTERS, GENERAL BRADLEY".

JACK: Yeah...

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

BS

ATX01 0312866

JACK: You know, Rochester, I was thinking that now might be the time to trade this car in...I read where the price of the Maxwell is going up.

ROCH: BOSS, THAT'S COFFEE COFFEE.

JACK: Oh, oh yes...Well, in that case, I'll keep the car.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS --

JACK: Never mind, there's still plenty of mileage in this motor.

ROCH: WELL, IF WE'RE GOING TO KEEP IT, LET'S ^{at least} CONVERT IT TO GASOLINE.

JACK: ...If they keep having these coal strikes, we'll have to... Anyway, Rochester, I don't want to -- ^{oh} Stop the car, there's a red light.

(SOUND: BRAKES..AND CAR STOPS..HUB HUB OF VOICES)

Gee, look at the big crowd on the corner waiting for the bus...Hm, all those people at ten cents apiece...I could get three or four of them in here and...No, ^{no} the last time I did that, I had to hold a baby on my lap...The mother didn't have any change either...Well, I -- Rochester, why don't you drive on? The light turned green.

ROCH: SO DID THE MOTOR, IT DIED!

JACK: Well, start it, start it.

ROCH: I WILL, I WILL.... I'LL PULL OUT THE CHOKE,
TURN ON THE IGNITION,
THEN GET OUT AND KICK IT
RIGHT IN THE TRANSMISSION

JACK: Rochester, just step on the starter.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: STARTER WHINES AND MOTOR COUGHS AND MEL BLANC EARN'S HIS MONEY...AFTER COUGHING AND CHOKING, IT DIES.)

FH

JACK: All right, you people, step back and stop laughing, it's not funny.....Go ahead, Rochester, step on the starter again.

ROCH: JUST A SECOND, I'M CONNECTING THIS LOOSE WIRE.

JACK: Okay.

JOHNNY: (OFF) Say mommy, --

BLANCHE: What is it?

JOHNNY: Is that car one of those new Buicks?

BLANCHE: No, no, son, the Buick has holes in the hood, not in the tire.

JACK: Hmmm.

JOHNNY: Then, Mommy, what kind of a car is it?

BLANCHE: I don't know, it must be a foreign make.

JACK: MADAM, IT'S NOT A FOREIGN MAKE...THIS IS AN AMERICAN CAR.

BLANCHE: Not so loud, I want my boy to be proud of his country.

JACK: Look, Madam --

BLANCHE: Now come on, Whitney, we've got to go.

JOHNNY: Mommy, I think you made him mad, he's throwing coal at us.

BLANCHE: My, that's a strange way for General Bradley to act.

JACK: Rochester, what's taking you so long? Get the cars started.

ROCH: YES, GENERAL.

JACK: Stop saluting and let's go.

ROCH: YES SIR...I'VE GOT THE WIRE FIXED NOW...I'LL STEP ON THE STARTER AGAIN,

(SOUND: STARTER WHINES...MOTOR SPLUTTERS AND MEL BLANC COUGHS)

ROCH: (SINGS) MULE TRAIN!

(SOUND: WHIP SNAPPING)

MEL: (KEEPS COUGHING)

FH

ROCH: MULE TRAIN..GIDDYP THERE, BOY..COME ON..COME ON..GET MOVIN'.

mule train

(SOUND: WHIP SNAPPING)

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT...~~and~~ *Rochester, now* start the car..I don't want to be late for rehearsal.

(SOUND: CAR SPLUTTERS AND GOES..FADE TO BACKGROUND)

ROCH: SHE'S STARTED, BOSS...ONCE MORE MAN TRIUMPHS OVER MACHINE!

JACK: All right, all right..Now Rochester, when we get to the studio, I want you to wait for me...After rehearsal, we're going out shopping for a Thanksgiving Turkey.

ROCH: YES SIR..

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS?

JACK: I was just thinking..With my luck, I go out and buy a turkey, I'll win one on Crosley's Two Million Dollar giveawayWell, here we are at C.B.S.....Drive right into the parking lot.

(SOUND: CAR UP..STOPS WITH LOUSY EFFECT...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Wait here, Rochester...I won't be long.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...SUSTAIN)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Well, look who's standing over there,ED WYNN.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Hello -* Hello, Ed.

WYNN: HELLO, JACK.. GEE, *hubby* THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL NEW CADILLAC YOU'VE GOT

JACK: Ed, that's not a Cadillac. It's my Maxwell.

WYNN: OH.. *as if* (LAUGHS) *Jack: Yes. Wynn: Well* I'VE BEEN IN TELEVISION SO LONG EVERYTHING IS OUT OF FOCUS.

RG

JACK: Oh yes yes...Anyway, Ed, I'm glad I ran into you because I want to tell you your show is certainly one of the finest things on television.

WYNN: *al* THANK YOU, JACK... *I don't know - I...* ~~SEE~~ I HARDLY THINK IT'S THAT GOOD.

JACK: Oh Ed, stop being so modest...Gosh...television...It certainly is a far cry from the first time you and I played the Palace Theater in New York many years ago...I'll never forget that bill.. There was you.

WYNN: UH HUH.

JACK: Me.

WYNN: UH HUH.

JACK: And Al Jolson.

WYNN: AL JOLSON.. WHATEVER BECAME OF HIM, ANYWAY?

JACK: ...Oh, he's doing all right...he changed his name ~~again~~ to Larry Parks and he's in pictures...He just finished a picture called Jolson Sings Again.

WYNN: *Oh that fellow -* WELL, I WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... *Jack.* THE ONLY PICTURES I EVER SEE ARE THE ONES WITH MY SON KEENAN...KEENAN... *Person*WHAT'S HIS LAST NAME AGAIN?

JACK: Wynn?

WYNN: *Oh Wynn, Wynn..* THAT'S THE ONE. *That's the one.*

JACK: Yes.

WYNN: *Humane business --*
ISN'T THAT SILLY, I KNOW IT JUST AS WELL, AS I KNOW MY OWN
NAME.

JACK: Yes, yes...Well, I've gotta run along, Ed..See you again.

WYNN: OH JUST A MINUTE, JACK, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A GUEST
STAR SOME TIME ON MY SPEIDEL TELEVISION SHOW?

JACK: Me on your television show? Gee, I'd love it, Ed...Any
time at all.

WYNN: *Oh* THANK YOU, JACK..GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye. *Goodbye.. Ed.*

(APPLAUSE) (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, he's a wonderful fellow...Such a great comedian, too..
I don't know --
~~And~~ when you compliment him, he's so modest...Well, I better
hurry into the studio...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM).

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Oh, hello, Mel.

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny, can you use me on your show this week?

JACK: *Oh for heaven's sake --*
Haven't you got work yet?

MEL: I was supposed to be on with Ed Wynn last Thursday but he's
so absent-minded he forgot about it.

JACK: *well,* I know what you mean. I was just talking to him about our
old days at the Palace and, would you believe it, ^{*Mel,*} he didn't
even remember Al Jolson.

MEL: Nyahhhhhhh!

JACK: Oh quiet!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wish ~~that~~ ^{*that Mel would*} get a new routine...It's amazing how a guy can
support a wife and fourteen kids on just "NYAAAHHHHH".
.....Oh well --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

FH

Oh, I'm - Don, I'm looking at you. Oh hello Don.

JACK: Oh, hello, Don, I'm sorry I'm late, but I ran into Ed Wynn

outside and stopped to talk to him.

DON: Ed Wynn...Gee, he's a wonderful fellow, isn't he, Jack?

JACK: Yes, Don, and I'm proud to say he's been one of my dearest friends since I started in show business.

DON: Well, I don't blame you for being crazy about him. Did you see his television show last Thursday?

JACK: No no, I didn't, Don. ~~Unfortunately I missed that one.~~

DON: Oh, what a shame...Everything Ed said was a scream...He's a terrific comedian...(SHORT LAUGH)

JACK: Yes yes, Don...Wynn is quite funny...Now, Don, let's--

DON: (LAUGHINGLY) *Oh Jack, you know* Jack, there are certain things Wynn does better than everybody else..In fact, he gets the biggest laughs I've ever heard anywhere.

JACK: ~~Oh, he does, eh?~~ Now, Don, let's *get on with the rehearsal*

DON: Jack...(LAUGHING) Last week, he had the audience roaring during his entire ~~television~~ show.

JACK: So what...anybody can get laughs *in television* if he has a funny cameraman...Now, let's get on with the rehearsal.

DON: Well, Jack, don't get mad at me...I wasn't the one who started talking about Ed Wynn, you were.

JACK: All right, all right..now let's forget it.

DON: Okay, Jack, but I just thought that you'd be proud since you're such a good friend of America's greatest comedian.

JACK: Oh...so now Ed Wynn is America's greatest comedian.

DON: Yes, Jack...I think he is. That's my honest opinion.

JACK: Don...Don...I don't know how much the Frank Sinatra Show is paying you, but save it, ~~etc~~, *get out* save it....Understand.

PHIL: I agree with Donzy..I think Ed Wynn is terrific.

FH

JACK: ...Do ah hear a voice from the shallow end of the La Brea Tar
Pits... ~~that?~~

PHIL: You heard me, Dad, I ain't speaking Portuguese.

JACK: Hm... So you also think that Ed Wynn is the funniest
comedian in the world.

PHIL: Yes, he is the funniest.....present company excepted, of
course.

JACK: (RELIEVED) ^{well} ~~or~~, thank you.

PHIL: I meant me.

JACK: Phil...Phil...I don't know how much Alice is paying you, but
save it, kid, save it!...Now look...in order to avoid
arguments...let's get on with the rehearsal.

PHIL: ^{well} That's just what we were doing before you came in...I'm going
to have my boys run through their number *right now.*

FH

ATK01 0312873

JACK: Good...and I hope it's not one of those corn pone tunes you always play.

PHIL: *Oh no*
Don't worry about that, Jackson...this week I'm playing a tune from South Pacific.

JACK: Well...from South Pacific...I'd like to hear it.

PHIL: *All right*
Give it to him, fellows...A-one, a-two, a-three.

(BAND PLAYS "ALOHA" VERY CORNY AND VERY HAWAIIAN)

JACK: *All right*
Hold it, HOLD IT, HOLD IT!

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: *Phil - that's - -*
Phil....That's from South Pacific?

PHIL: It ain't from ~~Wahahatchie, Texas.~~ *Stamholic, Puerto.*

JACK: All right, Phil, all right...I won't argue with you...To you, that's from South Pacific...If you want to play it on the program...Play it...But at least do me this favor...Just for a change have the boys in your orchestra look presentable.

PHIL: *how* Wait a minute, Jackson, what's wrong with my ensemble?

JACK: All right..we'll start off with Sammy, your drummer...Look at him sitting there, way up above all the other boys, with his big bald head shining out ~~in~~ *in* the audience...Now I know he has a toupay, why doesn't he wear it?

PHIL: He thinks one to a show is enough.

JACK: Hummm.

PHIL: Any more complaints, *Trigley*
~~Trigley?~~

JACK: Yes, but I haven't time for it now, and we'll hear your band number later... Let's have the commercial ~~now~~ *Don*.... Don, is the quartet here?

DS

DON: I thought you were mad at me.

JACK: I am, but we've got to have a commercial..Now what have you got prepared?

DON: Well, we've been working all week and we have a wonderful arrangement of the Raymond Overture.

JACK: The Raymond Overture! Don, that's much too heavy for a comedy program.

DON: Well, I guess you're right, Jack.

JACK: Of course, I'm right.

DON: And anyway, you're not in the mood to play the violin.

JACK: No, --- My violin?There's a part in this overture for my violin?

DON: Yes, but you're right, it's ~~much~~ too heavy for a comedy program.

JACK: I said you were too heavy.....And the Raymond Overture is perfect for our show..Where's my violin?

DON: Under your arm.

JACK: Oh yes yes. ^{Yes} ~~Wait till I tune up... (TUNING UP ON VIOLIN)...~~

~~BOYS..ARE YOU READY?~~ *Besp?*

QUART: HMMM.

~~JACK: ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO...THE RAYMOND OVERTURE.~~

Jack. All right, now - wait till I tune up. now just a minute till I get my violin. All right, boys. Let's have it. The Raymond Overture.

DS

QUART: L S M, M F T, L S M, M F T
 MORE INDEPENDENT TOBACCO MEN SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE
 LUCKIES ARE MADE OF THAT MELLOW TOBACCO THEY LIKE.
 LUCKIES PAY MORE.

MEL: NYAHHH.

QUART: LUCKIES PAY MORE...

MEL: NYAHHH.

QUART: PAY MILLIONS MORE.

MMMMMM..SMOKE A LUCKY
 MMMMM..SOLD AMERICAN
 MMMM ROUND AND FIRM AND
 MMMMMMM FULLY PACKED
 MMMMM FREE AND EASY... MMMMM ON THE DRAW.

L S M F T .. M F T.

REMEMBER THIS, FOR SMOKING BLISS

YOU CANNOT BEAT, YES, WE REPEAT

YOU CANNOT BEAT THEM.

MULE TRAIN .. MULE TRAIN

MEL: (AD LIB GIDYAP, ETC.)

QUART: WHAT A FINE CIGARETTE, WHAT A FINE CIGARETTE
 IT'S THE BEST YOU CAN GET, IT'S THE BEST ONE YET.

TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF

CAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T GET ENOUGH

OH L S M F T .. OH L S M F T.

OH L S M F, L S ~~FT~~, L S M F T.....FT.

(APPLAUSE)

ES

*Jack: How did Mel
get in here?*

*Jack: Is this where
I come in, Hon'?*

*Jack: Mule Train
again!*
*Jack: What a
mule train.*

JACK: You see, Don, you see how wrong you are..Those heavy numbers are great for the show...(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)..You know, sometimes it's good to--

MARY: *ah*, Hello Jack, sorry I'm late.

JACK: Oh, *ah* that's all right, Mary.

MARY: You know, I'm always on time. I really feel awful when I'm late like this.

JACK: (VERY SWEETLY) Mary, I told you it's nothing, forget it.

MARY: I would have been here sooner, but I ran into Ed Wynn...Gee, he's funny.

JACK: Look Mary, either be here on time or don't come at all.

MARY: What's the matter with him?

DON: *ah* He's mad because a lot of people think Ed Wynn is funny.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sakes, Jack..are you jealous again?

JACK: What do you mean "again"? I never get jealous of another comedian's success.

MARY: Go on, you're still sending Poison Pen Letters to Buster Keaton.

JACK: Mary, please--

MARY: And once, Margaret O'Brien got a laugh on the Lux show, and you went around telling people she was a sixty year old midget.

JACK: Mary, that's enough. *now* This has gone too far ~~and for all~~
~~I care you can--~~

MARY: ^{How --} Now wait a minute, Jack..let's get this straight...Just because we work for you, do we have to think you're the greatest comedian in the world?

JACK: ~~No~~, No, Mary, no you don't...this is a free country...and one more crack like that and you'll be the free-est gal in it... Now let's drop the subject and get on with the rehearsal... Dennis what song are you going to sing?

DON: ^{Oh}, Jack, Dennis isn't here..remember, you gave him permission to go to Philadelphia, to play a benefit?

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot .. I wonder how he's doing.

MARY: I got a letter from him this morning...would you like me to read it?

JACK: Yes yes.. go ahead.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT)...DEAR MARY, I ARRIVED THIS MORNING IN PHILADELPHIA AFTER A WONDERFUL TRIP ON THE SUPERCHIEF..MY LUGGAGE IS COMING IN THIS AFTERNOON ON THE EL CAPITAN... AND TOMORROW MY MUSIC IS COMING IN ON THE CONSTELLATION... BOY, DID I GET MIXED UP IN KANSAS CITY!

JACK: You know, Mary, it's a funny thing about that kid^{Dennis}! When he's here, I wish he were someplace else..and yet when he's someplace else, I'm happy....What else does he have to say?

ES

ATX01 0312878

MARY: PHILADELPHIA IS NOTED FOR A LOT OF THINGS..IT'S THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE...IT'S THE BIRTHPLACE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN...AND IT'S ALSO THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST COMEDIAN, ED WYNN.

JACK: Hum.

MARY: MARY, I THOUGHT I'D JUST MENTION THAT BECAUSE IT WOULD BURN MR. BENNY UP...HE'S ALWAYS BEEN JEALOUS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN!

JACK: Read me that part again, ^{where} Dennis says he's in Philadelphia, it makes me feel good.

MARY: Wait Jack, there's more to the letter....TELL MR. BENNY THAT SINCE I CAN'T BE ON THE PROGRAM THIS WEEK, I'M SENDING OVER LARRY STEVENS.

JACK: Larry Stevens! Well, where is he?

MARY: GO OPEN THE DOOR.

JACK: Mary, why tell me to open the door?

MARY: I'm not telling you, that's what's written in the letter.

JACK: What?

MARY: See...TELL MR. BENNY THAT SINCE I CAN'T BE ON THE PROGRAM THIS WEEK, I'M SENDING OVER LARRY STEVENS..GO OPEN THE DOOR

JACK: Well, that I can't understand at all...but---

(SOUND: SIX FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: LARRY!

(APPLAUSE)

ES

JACK: Larry, the most peculiar thing happened..Dennis wrote in his letter that he was sending you over and for me to open the door...How did he time it that well?

LARRY: He's had me standing here for five days.

JACK: Oh..well come on in.

LARRY: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DON & MARY: ^{well} Hello, Larry.

LARRY: Hello, Mary..H'ya, Don.

JACK: Well Larry, it's been two years since we've seen each other, hasn't it?

LARRY: Yes sir.

JACK: In fact, the last time I saw you, you were headlining the bill at Lowes State in New York.

LARRY: Yes sir.

JACK: Are you here on a vaudeville tour now?

LARRY: No sir.

DON: Jack, right now Larry's the star of the show at the Oasis Club here in Los Angeles..Isn't that right, Larry?

LARRY: Yes sir.

JACK: Some dialogue..Yes sir, Yes sir, No sir, Yes sir. Is that all you can say?

LARRY: No, ^{but} but Dennis warned me not to get any laughs.

ES

ATX01 0312880

wait a minute - Dennis -

JACK: Dennis warned you not to get any laughs?

LARRY: Yes sir...who warned you, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Look Larry, Dennis sent you over here to sing...so let's
~~just~~ ^{just} it.....(PAUSE) ~~Larry, go ahead, why don't you~~
~~sing?~~

~~LARRY: Goo, I don't know what to do.~~

~~JACK: Why?~~

~~LARRY: He told me to sing today, Goo.~~

~~JACK: Well, don't listen to him, either, some one, get a horse it.~~

LARRY: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(LARRY'S SONG... "I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That} That was very good, Larry, it'll be fine on the program....

Larry, have you been doing much radio lately?

LARRY: No, I haven't, Mr. Benny, but I have a little television show.

JACK: You have? Well, that's wonderful.

LARRY: Thank you...Some day I hope I'll be as big a star as Ed Wynn.

JACK: ~~How~~...Larry--

LARRY: He's the funniest comedian I ever---

JACK: NOBODY ASKED YOU.....If you think that he's such a ~~great~~-----

MARY: ^{Jack,} let's finish the rehearsal so we can all go home.

JACK: Yes, I'd like to get it over with, too, I've gotta go down town and buy a turkey.

MARY: Buy a turkey?

JACK: Yes, I'm gonna buy ^a Thanksgiving turkey...What's so surpritin about that?

MARY: You haven't paid for a turkey since you chipped in with the Pilgrims.

JACK: (MIMICS) Chipped in with the Pilgrims, Chipped in with the Pilgrims...Mary, I don't know how much they're paying you at the Burbank Theatre, but save it, ~~it~~ ^{it}, save it..... Now let's get on with the rehearsal...Don, where are the scripts?

DON: They haven't come down yet, Jack.

MB

ATK01 0312882

JACK: Haven't come down yet? Oh, for heaven's sakes, I ~~don't know~~ ^{Gimme}
~~what's the matter with the mimeograph department~~
that phone.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...CLICK CLICK...FADING TO BUZZ
BUZZ)

BEA: Oh, Mabel?

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

(APPLAUSE)

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: ~~Well, don't sit there shaving your legs. Answer it.~~
^{Yeah, I wonder what all the thing's manny}
~~search now.~~

BEA: ~~Okay. I'll find out.~~

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello?...Yes, Mr. Benny, your wish is my command.

SARA: What does he want, Gertrude?

BEA: He wants I should call the mimeograph department. It seems
they forgot to bring down the scripts.

SARA: Scripts! Well, how do you like that...and Mr. Benny, told
me that when he's on the air, all his jokes are ad lib.

BEA: Ad lib! That's a hot one. One Sunday it was time to go on
the air..he couldn't find his script...and for a half hour,
all that came out of him was, "What...what...what...and Well!
....and for an encore he ad libbed another "what".....~~he~~
~~hardly opened his mouth.~~

SARA: Oh you're just jealous because the last time I was out with him, he kissed me.

BEA: Well, if you want to have Careless Lips, that's your business ...but it's my duty to warn you that kissing breeds germs.

SARA: Well, you don't have to worry about me...Mr. Benny ain't kissin' anybody with germs on their lips.

BEA: How would he know?

SARA: With his bifocals he can see them....Anyway, I'm surprised that---

(SOUND: CLICKING OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Operator...Operator...Gertrude!

~~BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny.~~

JACK: ~~What's your command, what's taking so long?~~

BEA: *I'm sorry, Mr. Benny.*
The mimeograph department doesn't answer.

JACK: *I'm waiting for my script --*
Well, the least you could have done was to call me back and tell me.

MB

ATX01 0312884

~~BEA: (SARCASTIC) Well, your humble servant bows down head and
begs your forgiveness.~~

~~JACK: you don't have to be sarcastic, and the next time I
call for my scripts I want you to take care of it
immediately.~~

BEA: Don't yell at me, who do you think you are...Ed Wynn?

JACK: What?

BEA: Hey, Mabel, he's adlibbing again.

JACK: Oh, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Jack, what happened?

JACK: Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn, ^{Ed Wynn} that's all I've been hearing
all day.

MARY: Jack --

JACK: You, Phil, Don, Gertrude..all you know is Ed Wynn.

DON: Jack, don't get excited, I'll run up to the mimeograph
department and get the scripts.

JACK: Well, you can get the scripts if you want to, pass them
out, and rehearse them by yourself..I'm going home.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR SLAMS..FAST
FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn, Ed Wynn...You'd think there was nobody
else in show business. Everybody has to make a big
thing out of it. ^{Say Jack}

WYNN: (HAPPY) HELLO, JACK. DON'T FORGET YOU'RE GONNA BE ON MY
TELEVISION SHOW SOON.

HA

JACK: LISTEN, WYNN..I WOULDN'T BE ON YOUR SHOW FOR A MILLION
DOLLARS, YOU BIG HAM!

WYNN: WHAT?

JACK: LOOK AT HIM TRYING TO AD LIB...IF HE'S THE WORLD'S
GREATEST COMEDIAN, I'M ^{Buster Keaton} ~~BENJAMIN FRANKLIN~~.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, our Nation was founded by men of faith in God. America's religious institutions have strengthened the American life and helped to keep it free. Attendance at churches and synagogues builds the moral and spiritual character of the individual and the community. "FIND YOURSELF THROUGH FAITH ... COME TO CHURCH THIS WEEK." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

HA

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, our Nation was founded by men of faith in God. America's religious institutions have strengthened the American life and helped to keep it free. Attendance at churches and synagogues builds the moral and spiritual character of the individual and the community. "FIND YOURSELF THROUGH FAITH ... COME TO CHURCH THIS WEEK." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

HA

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 20, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT UP AND UNDER)

SHARBUTT: When Lucky Strike goes to the tobacco markets they have
you in mind---your deep-down enjoyment of smoking ... and
that's a big reason why they pay more for fine tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT UP TO 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIESTAND: (CONVERSATIONAL) Yes, friends, at the tobacco auctions
Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official
parity prices for fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.
For you see, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts,
and LS - MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- today,
tomorrow - always. You'll know this is true with every
Lucky you light. For here's smoking at its finest
smooth, mellow ... deeply enjoyable .. there's never a
rough puff in a Lucky. And like you, veteran tobacco men -
- experts who really know tobacco -- choose Lucky Strike
for their own personal smoking enjoyment. In fact a recent
survey reveals that more independent tobacco experts --
auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - smoke Lucky Strike
regularly than the next two leading brands combined! So
take a tip from the experts and smoke that smoke of fine
tobacco -- Lucky Strike. You'll get more, much more real,
deep-down smoking enjoyment with every puff, every pack.
Yes, friends, make your next carton Lucky Strike!

SM

ATX01 0312889

(TAG)

MARY: Go ahead, Jack.

JACK: (POUTING) I don't wanta.

MARY: Jack, don't be childish, you've got to.

JACK: I don't care. I'm not gonna do it.

MARY: Now Jack, you're being ridiculous. You simply have to do it, now go ahead ~~and do it.~~

JACK: Oh, all rightI wanta thank Ed Wynn for being on my show today ... There, I said it. *Goodbye!*

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

MARY: Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day In the Life of Dennis Day"..... Stay tuned in for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately..... THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

HA

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE November 27, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #12
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1949

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

RG

ATX01 0312892

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 27, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: There's never a rough-puff in a Lucky. So light up a
Lucky and you'll see -- LS - MFT!

HIRSTAND: Yes, LS-MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... ripe
mild tobacco that smokes smooth ... that brings you
smoking enjoyment at its finest. And remember, friends,
fine tobacco costs more and at the tobacco auctions,
Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official
parity prices for mellow, light leaf that gives you more
mildness, more smoothness, more real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment.

SHARBUTT: Next time you buy cigarettes remember -- there's never a
rough-puff in a Lucky -- so ask for the cigarette that's
famous for fine, gentle tobacco -- Lucky Strike ... so
round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw!

DS

ATX01 0312B93

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE TAKE YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS. IT'S EVENING AND JACK HAS JUST FINISHED HIS DINNER..

(SOUND: PATTING OF STOMACH CONTINUING)

JACK: Aaaaaaaah, Rochester, that certainly was a good dinner. I haven't eaten so much since Thanksgiving. *I really stuffed myself. You sure prepared a wonderful meal.*

ROCH: THANKS, BOSS, CAN I STOP PATTING YOUR STOMACH NOW?

JACK: Yes.

(SOUND: PATTING STOPS)

JACK: Anyway, it's your own fault. Next time mash the potatoes first.....Gosh, I'm full...Gee, Thanksgiving is such a nice holiday..and I've got so much to be thankful for...I've got my Health...I've got a nice home...I live in California.... Fred Allen lives in New York...(SINGS) IT'S A GREAT WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD WE LIVE IN --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'LL GET IT, ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

RG

ATX01 0312894

JACK: Hmm. it's seven-thirty..who in the world could be calling at this hour of the night?.....Oh well--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, this is a pleasant surprise..what're you fellows doing around here?

PHIL: *well* I was over at the studio making a record and ^{it} ran into Dennis and we thought we'd drop over and see you.

JACK: Oh..what record did you make, Phil?

PHIL: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

JACK: *Phil--* Oh..well from the looks of thine eyes, thou hast been drinking.

PHIL: *True* ~~Correct~~..wouldst thou happen to have an aspirin about thee?

JACK: *Verily* Yes, thou canst get one in yon machine.

PHIL: Thanks, and Good Health To Ye All from Rexall.

JACK: I wondered when you'd ~~get~~ *that in* get to it...Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *near* Who can that be?

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

DENNIS: Thou hast forgotten me.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Dennis...come on in..we'll go in the library.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING)

JACK: Gee kids, I'm certainly glad you dropped over.. *you know* I didn't know what I was going to --

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

RG

JACK: Oh, hello, Polly.
MEL: Hello, hello, (WHISTLE)
DENNIS: Hello, Polly.
MEL: Hello, (WHISTLE)
PHIL: Hello, Polly.
MEL: Hello, (HICCOUGHS)
JACK: Phil, don't stand so close...Well, kids, now that you're here, what'll we do to kill the evening. ^{hey} How about a game of bridge?
PHIL: Bridge!
JACK: Yeah..We'll get out the card table and -- Oh, gee, we can't play.
PHIL: Why not?
JACK: To play bridge you have to have four people....OH ROCHESTER.
ROCH: YES, BOSS.
JACK: How would you like to join the three of us in a friendly little game?
ROCH: OKAY, I'LL MOVE THE COUCH SO WE CAN THROW 'EM AGAINST THE WALL AND THEN I'LL---
JACK: BRIDGE..BRIDGE!
ROCH:NO THANKS, I DON'T GAMBLE.
JACK: Hmmm...Well fellows, maybe we can play some other --
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

RG

ATX01 0312896

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester..You put the couch where it was and roll the rug back down..(I never saw anybody move furniture so fast.)

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: COMING...COMING...(SINGS) IT'S A GREAT WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD WE LIVE IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well,.....Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say everybody's visiting me tonight.

ARTIE: ^{Noo -} This isn't exactly a visit, Mr. Benny. I was on my way to a movie and I thought you might like to join me.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Kitzel, but I was gonna stay home and play cards.

ARTIE: ^{dh.} That's a shame..~~Its~~ ^{wonderful} such a ~~good~~ picture, too..with Esther Williams and ^{Red.} Red Skelton.. "Epstein's Daughter."

JACK: ^{dh.} No no, Mr. Kitzel, that's ^{Neptune's} Neptune's Daughter.

ARTIE: I stand corrected....Well, as long as you can't come to the movies with me, I'll be running along.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mr. Kitzel, we need a fourth for bridge..Do you play bridge?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO..... like an expert....When my wife and I play bridge we use the "T" formation system.

JACK: No, no, Mr. Kitzel, ^{all} the "T" formation is used in football.

ARTIE: *That's what I mean*
I know...under the table, such kicking.

JACK: (LAUGHS) Oh, *oh - du - oh* Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Yes... (LAUGHS).. My.

JACK: Well, as long as you play, *as long as you play -* come on in and join us.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

Artie: All right
JACK: ROCHESTER, WILL YOU PLEASE BRING IN *the card* TABLE AND SOME CARDS?

ROCH: (OFF MIKE) YES SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Thanks, Rochester...All right, fellows, let's go.

DENNIS: One No Trump.

JACK: Dennis, we haven't dealt the cards yet.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Im...*yes* and he has to be my partner, Go ahead, Phil, you deal.

PHIL: Okay.

(SOUND: RIFFLE OF CARDS)

JACK: Rochester, it's getting a little warm in here..open the window, will you please?

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS.. WINDOW OPENS)

MEL: MEOW..MEOW..FFFFT FFFT.

JACK: Rochester, did you feed the cat?

ROCH: OH YES, BOSS, SHE JUST FINISHED A PLATE OF TURKEY.

MEL: MEOW...FFFFT FFFT.

JACK: Then what's she mad about?

ROCH: SHE'S NOT MAD, SHE JUST AIN'T GOT A TOOTHPICK.

JACK: Oh...well close the window, she's making me nervous.

(SOUND: WINDOW CLOSES)

RG

PHIL: Okay, Jackson, pick up your cards, *look?*

JACK: All right...lemme see...*Mr. Kitzel*...I bid two spades.

ARTIE: I pass.

JACK: ...Dennis, I bid two spades, what do you do?

DENNIS: Which ones are spades?

JACK: The black ones.

DENNIS: I've got two kinds of black ones.

JACK: Those are spades and clubs...Now what do you do?

DENNIS: I pass.

JACK: ...Dennis, you can't pass..you're my partner.

DENNIS: Some partner. I'm off the show one week and he gets Larry Stevens.

JACK: Dennis, *look* you're my partner in the game. I bid two spades. That's a forcing bid. I'm trying to find out what you've got in your hand.

DENNIS: *Mr. Kitzel* I got a seven of diamonds, a nine of hearts, a ~~king of~~ ---

JACK: Not that way! Mr. Kitzel, *Mr. Kitzel* look at his hand and help him.

ARTIE: Okay....Hoo hoo hoo hoo.

JACK: What does he do?

ARTIE: He passes.

JACK: But he can't pass. He's my partner.

ARTIE: All right, he bids seven spades.

JACK: Seven spades!

DENNIS: I've really got eight but I don't wanta give my hand away.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes... What do you do, Phil?

RG

ATX01 0312899

PHIL: I open for two dollars.

JACK: ^{Look Phil-} This is bridge.

PHIL: I don't care what it is, I got a full house, a straight and four Aces.

JACK: Phil----

PHIL: And if deuces were wild, I could buy C.B.S. and give you back to NBC.

JACK: Oh stop. ^{will you?} Now come on, let's-- ~~Dennis, turn your cards around, you're holding them face out.~~

~~DENNIS: You're darned right.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~DENNIS: In case they're marked on the back, I don't want anybody to read them.~~

~~JACK: Well, now five--~~

~~(SOUND: CHAIR MOVED BACK)~~

~~JACK: Phil, where are you going?~~

~~PHIL: I'm gonna phone Alice and thank her for not having any boys.~~

~~JACK: I don't blame you. Look kids, if we're going to--~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester, will you answer that?

ROCH: (OFF MIKE) YES SIR.

JACK: ^{now,} Come on, Phil, it's up to you, *what do you do?*

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS....PHONE RINGS....RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO...THE CHECK IS IN THE MAIL.

MARY: Rochester, how can you answer the phone that way when you don't know who it is?

RG

ROCH: IT MAY NOT APPLY TO YOU, MISS LIVINGSTONE, BUT IT FITS THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, AND A HUNDRED OTHER TRUSTING SOULS.

MARY: (LAUGHS) . . .Is Mr. Benny there?

ROCH: YES MA'AM....(CONFIDENTIAL) But before I get him for you, I was ~~wondering~~ ^{wonder} if you'd do me a favor, Miss Livingstone?

MARY: Certainly, Rochester, what is it?

ROCH: Well....Christmas is coming...and I don't know what to get the boss for a present, so I thought you might help me.

MARY: Well, it always is a problem getting a gift for Mr. Benny... You've got to think of something that he wants very badly and he won't buy for himself.

ROCH: LIKE WHAT?

MARY: Like a pound of coffee.

ROCH: ...OH YES... ~~WELL~~, HOLD THE LINE, I'LL PUT HIM ON. (UP)..... IT'S FOR YOU, BOSS...IT'S MISS LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: (OFF) ^{ok} Excuse me a minute, fellows.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack...I hate to bother you, but I have some visitors here from Plainfield, and they'd love to go through a movie studio.

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: And I thought you might be able to help - help me get me into one.

JACK: Want to get them into one? Why certainly, Mary ... I'll play you this week's record next week ... now let's see -- maybe I can help you,

Mary. Let me see what studio owes me a favor ... let's see (MUMBLES)

... No ... (MUMBLES) Gee, I wonder if ... No ... (MUMBLES AGAIN)

Maybe ... No ...

MARY: Keep thinking Jack, there must be one studio you haven't made a picture for.

JACK: Mary....that has nothing to do with it...I can get them into any studio in town whether I made ^a picture~~s~~ for them or not.

MARY: Good...How about Warners?

JACK:Well...

MARY: Paramount?

JACK:Hmmm.

MARY: M.G.M.?

JACK:~~well~~ *well*.

MARY: Twentieth Century Fox?

JACK:Hmmm.

MARY: Universal International?

JACK: Universal? Would they like to go through Universal?

MARY: Yes.

JACK:Hmmm...Now let's---

MARY: How about Columbia Pictures?

JACK: ...Well, during the week it's awfully----

MARY: R.K.O.?

JACK: R...K...O.Hmmm...

MARY: Oh well...I guess I'll have to do it again.

JACK: Do what?

MARY: Take them through the May Company.

JACK: Oh that's swell, ^{may} They'll love those escalators....

MARY: I know .. Well, thanks for helping me.

RG

ATK01 0312902

JACK: You're welcome, any time at all....Goodbye, Mary.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Goldwyn.

~~JACK: What?~~

~~MARY: Oh, stop ad libbing, goodbye.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN.. FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Goldwyn - well*
Here I am, fellows...sorry I took so long.

PHIL: Jackson, we got all balled up so I dealt a new hand.

JACK: Okay...Now, let's see..Hmm..what a hand....I pass.

ARTIE: ~~I pass.~~ *Include me out.*

DENNIS: I pass.

PHIL: I bid twelve hearts.

JACK: TWELVE HEARTS?

PHIL: I'da had the other one, too, if you'da stayed on that phone
a little longer.

JACK: *Oh*, Gimme those cards. I'll deal 'em myself.

(SOUND: RIFFLE OF CARDS)

DENNIS: (HUMS HIS SONG) (*"You're Breaking My Heart"*)

JACK: Dennis, stop singing and concentrate on the game.

DENNIS: *Oh*, I was just humming the song I'm gonna do on the program.

JACK: Look, kids, are we gonna play cards or are we gonna *play*.

DENNIS: Well, you always like to hear the song before I do it on
the show.

JACK: All right, let me hear it now..Sing it while I'm dealing the
cards.

DENNIS: You better deal them slow, it's a ballad.

JACK: Okay, okay. *Come on*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That's} That'll be very good, Dennis, very good.. Now come on, kids,
it's getting late, let's finish the game.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Oh Rochester, you can put away the card table now, they've
all gone home.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: I'm going ~~in the library~~ ^{to} and read awhile.. Meanwhile, you
go upstairs and make my bed, will you please?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: And Rochester, the evening's are getting chilly so don't
forget to plug in my General Electric blanket.

ROCH: ^{Boss -} BOSS, WE HAVEN'T GOT A GENERAL ELECTRIC BLANKET.

JACK: We've got one now ... ^{I'm - oh brother with my house be full of} ~~I'm going in the library and read~~

ROCH: ^{General Electric blankets. I'm going in the den and read now.} ARE YOU GONNA WALK OR SHALL I DRIVE YOU IN ~~THE CADILLAC?~~ ^{a cadillac?}

JACK: ^{I'll} Let's not over-do it .. See you later.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING)

JACK: ^{Oh} Gee, I'm glad the gang dropped over.. I haven't played bridge
in a long time .. But why did I have to get stuck with
Dennis for a partner....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Of all the dumb stupid kids .. imagine him bidding Seven No
Trump on that last hand... I'll never understand how he made
it.. Well, let me see..there are so many books here I haven't
read.. Here's one..."Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake" by Earl Wilson...

(CONTINUED)

JACK: "I Married a Communist" by Joe Stalin....~~"The Bohsy Twins At~~
 (CONT'D) ~~Camp".....HA...they banned that book in Boston.....~~ Oh,
 here's another one.. "I've Never Been Home" by Bob Hope....
~~Oh,~~ here's a book by Eugene O'Neill .. "Mourning Becomes
 Electric Blanket" .. I mean Electra ... ~~Oh,~~ here's a book
 I haven't read .. "The Farmer's Son" ... Well, that's a
 switch ... ^{"The Farmer's Son"} I think I'll read it.

(SOUND: BOOK BEING TAKEN DOWN... BOOK OPEN)

JACK: What's this inscription here? ^{well for goodness sake.} "Happy Birthday from Andy
 Devine".....Oh yes, Andy gave this book to me last year
 for a birthday present.....I'll never forget ^{came over to my house to} when he handed
 it to me and said:

ANDY: HIYA, BUCK, HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello, Andy .. Good to see you.

ANDY: ~~Oh,~~ Good to see you too, Buck...and here's a present for you.

JACK: Gee, a book. Thanks very much.

ANDY: Tell me, Buck..how old are you today?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

ANDY: HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE

JACK: What're you laughing at, Andy?

ANDY: ^{well,} I'm forty-three, and you used to be my baby sitter..HEE HEE

JACK: ^{now-wait a minute} Oh come now ... Well, Andy, I appreciate the book very much.
 Won't you stay awhile?

ANDY: ^{Oh,} Thanks, Buck, but I have to hurry home and fix the roof on
 my house....I think it leaks.

JACK: ^{Oh, oh does the} ~~you~~ roof leak?

RG

ANDY: ^{I think so} Yeah, last night while I was having dinner, it started to rain....

~~JACK: Uh-huh.~~

ANDY: And I finished the same bowl of soup seven times.

JACK: Oh, well then I won't keep you... Thanks again for the book, *Andy*.

ANDY: You're welcome, Buck... So long.

JACK: So long, Andy.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, Andy gave me this book for my birthday and I haven't read it yet... Well, I might as well read it now... I'll move this chair a little closer to the light.

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVES)

JACK: There..(READING) "The Farmer's Son" by Bertram Scott... Chapter One.."

("RUBIN RUBIN" MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) Mah name is Lemuel Jones... Ah live on a farm with mah wife Emma, and mah son, Clem ... It's just an ordinary farm... We have a few chickens--

MEL: (DOES CHICKENS)

JACK: Pigs --

MEL: (DOES PIGS)

~~JACK: Ducks~~

~~MEL: (DOES DUCKS)~~

JACK: Cows ---

MEL: (MOOOOS)

DJ

JACK: Turkeys.

MEL: GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE.

JACK: A horse.

MEL: (NEIGHS LIKE A HORSE)

JACK: And a Jack Ass.

MEL: (STRAIGHT) How do you do.

JACK: ^{his wife - mah wife - -} Mah wife Emma and Ah were awfully worried about our wayward son Clem... Ah remember one evening when we were waiting for our boy to come home, *Emma came up to me and said -*
~~(HAND IN AND HOME SWISS HOME... SMALDZY AND SAD)~~

MARY: (RUBE) Oh, Lem, Lem,

JACK: What is it, Em?

MARY: Tell me, Lem, have you seen Clem?

JACK: ~~Now I~~ ain't seen Clem since three PM.

(DRUM BREAK)

~~JACK: (PILFER) (STRAIGHT) I tried to put the book down, but it was too interesting.~~

JACK: (PEG MIKE) Em, Ah'm gettin' worried about our boy.

MARY: Me too .. you oughta talk to Clem about the facts of life. He's goin' on twenty-eight.

~~JACK: OH MAW, he's got plenty time to learn that when he starts school.~~

~~MARY: well, when's he gonna start?~~

~~JACK: When Ah get through. One of us has to run the farm. But Ah guess you're right. Clem needs a talking to. I wonder where that book is.~~

DJ

JACK: Ah guess you're right, Maw. One night I took him to a burlesque show and he just sat there eatin' crackerjack.. I sat so close to the runway I got my nose stepped on twice. Look what time it is ~~is~~ Clem ain't home yet.

MEL: MEOW....FFFT....FFFT.

JACK: Throw her a toothpick, Maw.

MEL: MEOW.

JACK: Darn that cat.

MARY: That ain't a cat, that's the dog, he does imitations.

JACK: He does? I wonder if he can imitate that comedian feller, Eddie Cantor.

MEL: NNNNNNYYYYYYHHHHHHH.

JACK: That's Al Jolson....Stupid dog. *Looks like that Jackson that was here a while ago.* get away from here, Fido.

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

ANDY: (OFF) OH, LEM, LEM.

MARY: That's Uncle Shem.

JACK: COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ANDY: (RHYTHM) Oh, Lem, Lem.

JACK: What is it, Shem?

ANDY: Got some news 'bout your son Clem.

JACK: Did you hear that, Em?

MARY: I sure did, Lem.

(DRUM BREAK)

JG.

JACK: FIDO, GET AWAY FROM THEM DRUMS.... Shem, what's this news you've got about Clem?

ANDY: Well, you know that Thompson gal who wears high heeled wedgies and puts ketchup on her fingernails?

JACK: You mean Lulubelle Thompson?

ANDY: That's the filly.

JACK: Well, what about her?

ANDY: Lem, that son of yours has been writin' her letters!..

JACK: Be careful what you say, Shem!

ANDY: I found one of them letters and here it is.

JACK: You did, eh? Well, read it... READ IT!

ANDY: It says: "DEAR LULUBELLE -

YOUR HAIR IS GOLD

YOUR EYES ARE BLUE

TOMATOS ARE SOFT

AND SO ARE YOU...

JACK: No...No..Shem...~~tell me that ain't true!~~

~~ANDY: But it is, Lem...Here it is in his own handwriting.~~

JACK: ~~He!~~ Ah ~~wouldn't be minded~~ ^{don't mind that little} so much, except for those last four words.. and so are you!...THAT'S A-GOIN' TOO FAR!

MARY: ~~How~~ Don't be too hasty, Lem, maybe he warn't himself when he wrote it.

JACK: I don't know what to think.. ~~Look what time it is~~

MARY: ~~COO COO, COO COO.~~

DJ

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JACK: ~~You see, Em, it's almost~~

MEL: ~~COO COO, COO~~

~~(SOUND: GUN SHOT)~~

MEL: ~~COOOOOO~~

~~(SOUND: BODY THUD)~~

JACK: ~~We'll have him for dinner.....You know, Em~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS)

MARY: Lem, Lem, here comes our boy now.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DENNIS: Hello, Dad.

JACK: You're late, my lad.

DENNIS: Well tell me, Dad, did I make you mad?

MARY: You made Dad mad and you made me sad.

(DRUM BREAK)

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT....Now listen, Clem, I know your little secret. Shem here found a love letter you wrote to Lulubelle Thompson.

DENNIS: Oh darn it!

JACK: WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, SON. ~~REMEMBER THERE ARE EYES IN THE~~

There's a father in this house.

Mel: ~~ROOM!~~ *How do you do.*

Jack: ~~ROOM!~~ Now Son, there are certain things I --- Wait a minute -- did you have a drink before you came home?

DENNIS: Yes father, a malted milk.

JACK: A malted milk, eh. Was there an egg in it?

DENNIS: Well I er..I er --

JACK: Answer me, son, WAS THERE AN EGG IN IT?

DJ

DENNIS: Yes, Dad, There were two of 'em..

JACK: WHAT!

DENNIS: Look Paw, he's adlibbing again.

JACK: Son, Ah'm ashamed of you. Ah can't understand your goin' out ~~and~~---

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: (HAPPY) I'm from the General Electric Company, where do I plug it in?

JACK: Upstairs ~~and~~ what took you so long?

NELSON: I got lost in the fog.

JACK: Oh, ^{well -} take it upstairs.

NELSON: Thank you. *We're delivering your Cadillac in the morning.*

JACK: ^{Thank you -} Now ~~as~~ Ah was sayin', son, Ah'm ashamed of you carryin' on with Lulubelle Thompson.

DENNIS: I can't help it, Paw, I'm in love with Lou.

JACK: Lou!

DENNIS: I call her that for short.

JACK: That's the beginning of the end, Son...You start callin' her pet names...then you'll wanta buy her an engagement ring, you ~~haven't~~ ^{don't} got the money, you go out and steal it, and the first thing you know, you wind up in Folsom.

MEL: NNNNNYYYYHHH.

IN

JACK: I SAID FOLSOM....And ~~got that~~ stupid dog ~~eat or here.....~~
Now listen to me, Son, Ah knew many gals when Ah was a young
man, and Ah know how you feel..In fact, when Ah first
proposed to your Maw, she turned me down and Ah felt so bad
Ah drank a glass of iodine.

DENNIS: Was there an egg in it?

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: ANSWER ME, WAS THERE AN EGG IN IT?

JACK: Three of 'em, Ah used to carry a chicken in my shirt. ~~In~~
~~those days they called me Gregory Peck.~~

~~MARY: That's pretty sorry, Paw.~~

~~JACK: With chickens you gotta be.~~

DENNIS: Tell me, Paw, what makes a chicken lay an egg?

JACK: Ah've been waitin' for that...Leave the room, Emma! Ah'm
gonna have a talk with Clem about the facts of life!

MARY: I hope you learn somethin'.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: *God you didn't blow that line.*
Now listen, Son, writing a love letter is a very serious
thing. How would you feel if you got a letter like that
from ~~me~~ *your gal, Lou?*

DENNIS: I don't know, Dad, but I can find out.

JACK: HOW?

(PIANO HITS CHORD)

DENNIS: I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER --

JACK: Write yourself a letter, Son?

DENNIS: AND MAKE BELIEVE IT CAME FROM LOU.

JACK: Hitchy koo, Hitchy koo, Hitchy koo.

DENNIS: I'M GONNA WRITE WORDS OH SO SWEET --

JACK: Yeah, Man!

DENNIS: THEY'RE GONNA KNOCK ME OFF MY FEET --

JACK: Razz-ma-tazz.

DENNIS: A LOT OF KISSES ON THE BOTTOM

I'LL BE GLAD I GOT 'EM.

I'M GONNA SMILE AND SAY I HOPE YOU'RE FEELIN' BETTER.

JACK: ~~Shed a me nish a duck~~
~~Get a you nose me catch in~~
~~Shed a me nish a doo.~~
~~When the rain it come a sudden.~~

DENNIS: AND CLOSE WITH WORDS LIKE "I LOVE YOU."

(RETARD) I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER--

ANDY: LET-'TER!

~~JACK: He's got a better voice than sugar through a cane.~~

DENNIS: AND MAKE BELIEVE IT CAME FROM LOU.

QUART: WE'RE GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND SMOKE A LOT OF LETTERS.

JACK: Smoke a lot of letters, ~~boys.~~

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

JACK: ~~Now~~ ^{Oh} I see, Yes siree, that's for me.

QUART: WE'RE GONNA LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE

JACK: Oh boy.

DJ

QUART: THE CIGARETTE THAT WE ALL LIKE.

JACK: What joy.

QUART: WE'RE ~~ALL~~ SO ~~VERY~~ GLAD WE GOT TOM
WOULDN'T BE WITH OTTOM

JACK: Ottom?

QUART: WE'RE GONNA SMILE AND SAY THAT LUCKY STRIKES ARE BETTER.

JACK: They're the best you ever saw
Free and easy on the draw.

QUART: THEY'RE THE ONLY SMOKE FOR YOU.

DENNIS: (RETARD) I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER.

QUART: LET-TER

JACK: PRETTY BABY...

MEL: NNNNYYYHHH.

QUART: &

DENNIS: AND MAKE BELIEVE IT CAME FROM--

JACK: YOU DON'T MEAN THAT DAME FROM--

QUART: YES, ^{that} ~~THE~~ DAME WHOSE NAME IS LOU.

(ORCHESTRA FINISH)

QUART, JACK, & DENNIS: CHA!

(APPLAUSE)

DJ

(THIRD ROUTINE)

Oh god a better voice than Sugar. Shem & Lem
JACK: Now sit down son, while I tell you the facts of life.

ANDY: Well, I gotta run along, Lem.

JACK: Okay, Shem.

ANDY: Now, you listen to your pappy, Clem, and stay away from gals like Lulubelle Thompson. She ain't fit for a nice boy like you...Goodbye!

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Shem is right, Clem...Lulubelle ain't your type.

DENNIS: But Paw, I gotta marry her because if I don't ~~she said~~ she's gonna commit suicide.

JACK: Suicide!

DENNIS: Yep, she said she's gonna throw herself in front of a mule train and clippity clop herself to death.

JACK: Well, Ah ain't gonna be responsible for anything like that.. Ah'm gonna call her and tell her she can marry you.

DENNIS: I'm glad, Paw, because she's such a nice sweet girl.

JACK: Gimme that phone.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING SIX DIALS)

JACK: (OVER DIALING) Don't worry, son, Ah'll arrange everything. Ah ain't gonna stand in the way of your happiness or Lulubelle's either.HELLO?....HELLO, IS THIS LULUBELLE THOMPSON'S HOUSE?

ANDY: SURE IS, HI YAH, LEM.

JACK: WHY, SHEM, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' AT LULUBELLE'S HOUSE? SHE AIN'T YOUR GAL.

RG

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ANDY: SHE AIN'T CIEM'S GAL EITHER.

JACK: WELL, WHOSE GAL IS SHE?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO, *Hoo*.

JACK: MR. KITZEL.....WHAT'RE YOU DOING THERE?

ARTIE: ~~DOING WHERE?~~ *Playing bridge - what else?*

~~JACK: AT THE HOUSE OF THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR?~~
Jack: Oh for heaven's sake!

~~QUART: GOLDEN HAIR? WELL, HE BELIEVE.~~

~~ANDY: HE RODE OVER JENSEN ON HIS OLD GRAY MARE.~~

(DRUM BREAK)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "TURKEY IN STRAW" PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

RG

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, our Nation was founded by men of faith in God. America's religious institutions have strengthened the American life and helped to keep it free. Attendance at churches and synagogues builds the moral and spiritual character of the individual and the community. "FIND YOURSELF THROUGH FAITH ... COME TO CHURCH THIS WEEK." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

RG

ATK01 0312917

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 27, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL,

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 60 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Friends, it's clear from the first puff -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky!

HIESTAND: Yes, you'll find every single Lucky you light is smoother, milder, more enjoyable. The reason is this - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and ... LS - MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Now, fine tobacco costs more and the makers of Lucky Strike pay more -- actually millions of dollars more than official parity prices to get truly fine, light leaf for your cigarette. So you see ... LS - MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- today, tomorrow - always.

SHARBUTT: Listen for a moment to the words of a tobacco expert, a man who's seen Lucky Strike buy many a basket of tobacco. He's Mr. Wayne Adams -- an independent warehouseman - from South Boston, Virginia. Recently he said -

EXPERT: Times without number I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco -- quality tobacco that makes a real smoke. For 15 years Luckies have been my regular smoke.

HIESTAND: There's a first-hand tip from a tobacco expert. So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, light up a Lucky. Yes, make your next carton the cigarette that brings you smoking enjoyment at its finest - with never a rough-puff - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

ATX01 0312918

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Andy Devine, who was with us tonight through the courtesy of Lum and Abner.... and Next week, through the courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox, we're gonna have Tyrone Power.

~~MARY: Jack, are we really gonna have Tyrone Power on the show next week?~~

~~JACK: Yes, Mary.~~

~~MARY: Good, now I'll be able to get my friends into a studio.~~

JACK: ~~Yeah, yeah,~~ ..goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

CON: BE SURE TO HEAR DENNIS DAY IN "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS DAY".....STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY SHOW WHICH FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY.....
THIS IS C.B.S. ..THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

RG

ATX01 0312919

REC.

ATK01 0312920

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE December 4, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #13
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1949

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

a

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RTX01 0312922

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 4, 1949

OPENING COMMERCIAL.

Sharbutt: The Jack Benny Program presented by Lucky Strike
RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 6¢ -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: You'll find there's never a rough-puff in a Lucky Strike - just real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, because IS - MFT...

HIESTAND: Yes, IS - MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco and smooth smoking go hand in hand. Now fine tobacco like this costs more -- and at the tobacco auctions Lucky Strike pays more -- millions of dollars more than official parity prices for truly fine, light leaf.

SHARBUTT: This mellow, ripe, Lucky Strike tobacco gives you a milder more enjoyable smoke - from first puff to last -- with never a rough-puff. And veteran tobacco men can see Lucky Strike consistently select and buy fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Just listen to the words of an independent tobacco auctioneer -- Mr. Al Rodgers of Robersonville, North Carolina. Recently he said:

EXPERT: Experienced buyers know what to look for when they're buying tobacco. And year after year, I've see the buyers for Lucky Strike buy fine, prime, ripe tobacco that's just right for mild, good smoking. I've smoked Luckies for 10 years.

HIESTAND: So, friends, smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike. You'll get more, far more real, deep-down smoking enjoyment - with never a rough-puff. Yes, make your next carton Lucky Strike!

FS

ATX01 0312923

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY
LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, ^{*The Apartment*} AND
^{*Secrets*} "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS MAY COME AS A SURPRISE TO SOME
OF OUR LISTENERS, BUT BEFORE THIS PROGRAM GOES ON THE AIR,
IT IS REHEARSED.....LET US TURN BACK THE CLOCK A COUPLE
OF HOURS AND SIT IN ON TODAY'S REHEARSAL IN STUDIO B.

JACK: Okay, kids..let's start...Mary?

MARY: Here.

JACK: Phil?

PHIL: Here.

JACK: Don?

DON: Here.

JACK: Dennis?...*(PAUSE)*...Dennis!...Hm..Damn that kid, always
late...Well, I'll have to do it again.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, I think you got a lot of nerve fining us
half a buck each time we're late for rehearsal.

JACK: Phil, you have no complaints...Not only does it teach most
of us promptness, but the fines I collect go to a worthy
cause.

MARY: That's right, Phil...Jack donates all the money to the
S.F.A.A.T.T.A.

PHIL: What's that?

LF

MARY: Society for Aged And Tongue-tied Tobacco Auctioneers.

JACK: It's my favorite charity....We have our country home at Goldsboro, North Carolina....Hmmm, the kid's still not here...Maybe my watch is slow...What time you got, Mary?

MARY: I left my watch in my dressing room.

JACK: Well, hasn't anyone here got a watch?

PHIL: I have, Jackson.

JACK:Well, what time is it, Phil?

PHIL: The little hand is on the two and the big hand's on the four.

JACK: Oh for heaven's--Phil, can't you tell time?

PHIL: *H*I'm sorry, Jackson, I answered that way from force of habit.. I always tell my kids where the big hand is and the little hand is.

MARY: Why do you tell them that way?

PHIL: So they can tell me what time it is.

JACK: Well, Mary, you asked him, he told you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Next time you'll know --

DENNIS: Hello, everybody.

MARY PHIL,
& DON: Hello, Dennis.

JACK: Dennis, you're late.

DENNIS: I know...Here.

(SOUND: COIN CLINKS)

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: ~~CASH REGISTER RINGS~~)

JACK: Speedy will certainly appreciate this!...Now Dennis, why weren't you on time?

LF

DENNIS: Well, I was out very last last night. I went to a Drive In Movie.

DON: ^{a drive in --} What picture did you see, Dennis?

DENNIS: I don't know, I didn't see the picture.

JACK: Ooooooohhhhh ^{you went} you went with a girl, eh kid?

DENNIS: No, I parked my car the wrong way.

JACK: ^{of all} Of all the stupid -- Say, that reminds me, Dennis..Two weeks ago when you went East to play that benefit, you sent Mary a letter ⁱⁿ which said that you were in Philadelphia, the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin.

DENNIS: Yeah?

JACK: ^{well} Since then I've had hundreds of letters from people telling me that Benjamin Franklin was not born in Philadelphia.. He was born in Boston.

DENNIS: ^h No no, Mr. Benny, he was born in Philadelphia.

JACK: ^{look} ~~Well~~, for your information, ^{kid} Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Massachusetts...he flew his kite in Philadelphia... Now what have you got to say to that?

DENNIS: Gee, what a long string.

JACK: Dennis, the next time you go away, don't write letters... ^{well ya} Now come on kids...I'd like to finish rehearsing because Rochester is waiting for me in my dressing room (FADE) and I wanta relax before the show, so everybody pay attention, we haven't too much time ...

LF

ROCH: MMM, MMM...THE BOSS SURE HAS BEEN REHEARSING A LONG TIME...
HE MAY WANT TO TAKE A NAP BEFORE THE PROGRAM....I GOT HIS
COUCH READY...I GOT HIS NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC BLANKET PLUGGED
IN...^{Yes?}I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D SEND ^{them} ONE....NOW LET'S SEE, I
THINK I BETTER --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Wow} Whow, am I tired.

ROCH: HELLO BOSS, TOUGH REHEARSAL TODAY?

JACK: Yeah...everybody complaining...Phil is sensitive if you
mention his drinking..Mary doesn't want me to joke about her
sister Babe...and now Dennis doesn't like me to joke about
him being dumb.

ROCH: GEE, THEN IT'LL BE TOUGH FOR YOU TO GET LAUGHS AT ALL.

JACK: Oh, it's not that bad...there are other topics...^{you know}we can
still talk about how cheap I am...^{you know}that's always funny.

ROCH: NOT TO ME!

JACK: Rochester, you can stop with that. That's only something
we kid about on the radio....I pay you a nice weekly salary.

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW...I'M THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO CAN CASH
HIS PAY CHECK ON A STREETCAR.

JACK: Look, Rochester --

ROCH: WHEN I WALK TO MY SEAT, I DON'T JINGLE A BIT.

JACK: **Look**, Rochester...I'm in no mood for discussions now...I'd
like to relax awhile.

ROCH: WELL, IF YOU'RE THROUGH WITH ME, CAN I LEAVE NOW?...I'VE
GOT A BIG EVENING PLANNED WITH MY GIRL FRIEND SUSIE.

JACK: Susie, eh? Say, you've been going steady with her for a
long time...You must really like her.

LF

ROCH: I DO, I DO.

JACK: She must be very pretty.

ROCH: SHE IS, SHE IS.

JACK: Are you going to marry her?

ROCH: ON WHAT, ON WHAT?

JACK: HMMMMMMMM...Well, you can take the night off..what's the big evening you've got planned? *Rochester?*

ROCH: WELL, FIRST I'M GONNA TAKE SUSIE TO DINNER, THEN TO THE MOVIES, THEN TO A CLUB FOR A LITTLE DANCING, AND THEN ABOUT MIDNIGHT WE'RE GOING TO HER APARTMENT TO WATCH SOME TELEVISION PROGRAMS.

JACK: Well, that sounds like a *good time with Susie there.* Wait a minute, Rochester..there are no television programs on after midnight.

ROCH: ...YEAAAHHHH!

JACK: Okay okay..go ahead...I'm gonna lie down and rest awhile.

ROCH: HERE'S THE PAPER IF YOU WANTA READ.

JACK: Thanks..So long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODEYE, BOSS.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS..PAGES RIFFLING)

JACK: *no - he's see - - -*
I wonder what's on the theatrical page.

(SOUND: RIFFLING OF PAGES)

IF

JACK: Hum .. get that picture of --- Oh Brother! Is that a plunging neckline..where are my glasses.....Hmmm, it's Alan Ladd with his shirt off.....Say, here's a New York review of Bob Hope's latest picture "The Great Lover."...Gee, I played a part in that..Let's see what it says....."BOB HOPE'S FLIP HUMOR BUBBLES ALONG THROUGH THIS BRIGHT COMEDY WHICH FEATURES BEAUTIFUL RONDA FLEMMING AS HIS LEADING LADY. MISS FLEMMING MAKES A SUITABLE FOIL FOR HOPE'S SIDE-SPLITTING COMEDY..... JACK BENNY ALSO MAKES A BRIEF APPEARANCE IN "THE GREAT LOVER" ...AND HIS PERFORMANCE IS --"...."Continued on page eleven, column three.

(SOUND: RIFFLING OF PAGES)

JACK: "--ONE OF THE WORST CATASTROHE'S THAT EVER HIT THIS COUNTRY."
h, h. Oh, ~~this is~~ ^{that's} column five, ^{that's} ~~here's~~ ^{here's} column three....Hum..
it says.."REFER TO COLUMN FIVE."..... For this I had to put on my glasses.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Jack, it's nothing important...I just wanted to tell you that I was going across the street for a package of Luckies. I'll be back soon.

JACK: Okay, Mary.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

RG

MARY: (SINGS) In my sweet little Alice Blue gown... (Gee, it was nice of Alice to send it to me. I'm glad it didn't fit Phil) la la la la la la la la la la ^{It}... C.B.S. is so busy on Sundays ... The corridors are ~~always~~ --

TYRONE: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Huh?... Why, Tyrone Power!

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: ^{Well} Tyrone, what are you doing here?

TYRONE: I just came down to rehearse a show.. You know, one of those dramatic things.

MARY: Gosh, I haven't seen you since Jack and I ran into you in Europe.

TYRONE: ~~Yes, it's been a long time. You know, Mary, if there weren't so many people around, I'd take you in my arms and give you a great big kiss.~~

MARY: ~~Well, let's go outside in the fog where nobody can see us.~~

TYRONE: (LAUGHS) ~~Speaking of Europe, wasn't it thrilling the way Jack went over at the London Palladium?.... How the people applauded and laughed at his jokes... The way they cheered and clamored for encore after encore.~~ ^{That's right, Mary, and my}

MARY: But, Ty, you didn't arrive in London until the engagement was over. How did you know Jack was such a big hit?

TYRONE: ^{He} He told me.

MARY: That's Jack all right, he always gets around to it.

TYRONE: Get's around to it!.... ^{then he} When he bumped into me on Trafalgar Square, the first words out of his mouth were what a sensation he was.

RG

AIK01 0312930

MARY: The first words?..Didn't he even say, "Hello, Ty?"

TYRONE: Oh, he didn't know it was me, he was stopping people at random.

MARY: I know what you mean. One day he ran into Danny Kaye, and they both talked so fast they bit each other.

TYRONE: ^{you know} On second thought, I don't blame Jack for being proud. After all, when the King and Queen come to your opening night, ^{you know} it's a very-big --

MARY: King and Queen! Jack told you the King and Queen came to his opening?

TYRONE: Why, was he lying?

MARY: Was he lying!....Well, that's the....Wait a minute..it could have been the King and Queen..there were two people in the audience.

TYRONE: (LAUGHINGLY) ^{you know} Well..I don't care what you say about Jack, I like him.

MARY: I guess I do, too...Say, Ty, Jack is in his dressing room, would you like to--

DON: Oh, Mary --

MARY: What is it, Don?

DON: I decided to go out for a sandwich, would you like to-- Well, Tyrone. Ty, I didn't know you were back from Europe.

TYRONE: I got back two weeks ago, ^{Do} In fact, we were just talking about it. You know, when I was in Europe I ran into Mary and Jack.

RG

ATK01 0312931

DON: I know, they told me.

TYRONE: Oh, say, Don, did Jack tell you about the time I met him in London?

DON: ^{No}No, he didn't.

TYRONE: Well Don, this I've gotta tell you.

MARY: Ty --

TYRONE: Mary, it's too good to keep. Don, the first time I met Jack was at the Savoy Hotel ... I came downstairs one morning, stepped into the lobby, and there was Jack talking to the man behind the desk.

(TRANSITION MUSIC -- "POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE"..FADE)

ERIC: Yes sir...I'll be very happy to exchange your American money into pounds. Are you a guest at this hotel, sir?

JACK: Yes..yes, I am. The name is Benny. Jack Benny.

ERIC: Which suite do you occupy?

JACK: Well, ^{well}..I don't have a suite.

ERIC: Oh. Well, what's your room number?

JACK: Well, ^{see}..My room doesn't have one .. you see --

ERIC: Can you tell me what floor it's on?

JACK: Well, that's ^{hard} hard to say. You see--

ERIC: Oh, you're the eccentric chap who lives in the elevator.

JACK: ^{well}That's just for today, ^{see}they've promised me a room...It's so crowded, you know... Anyway, all I wanna do is exchange some American money for English pounds.

RG

ATX01 0312932

ERIC: Very good, sir. How much money would you like to exchange?

JACK: Well...let me see...I may be here two more weeks. I've been here eleven days..and I spent six dollars .. I mean I've been here six days and, spent eleven dollars. (EMBARRASSED)
Gee, for a minute I'll bet you thought I was cheap...and I wouldn't blame you.....really.

ERIC: You know, sir, it's hard to believe that you and the Marshall Plan come from the same country.

JACK: Yes yes. Anyway, I think I oughta exchange enough money to last me until--

TYRONE: Oh, Jack -- Jack --

JACK: Huh? Why, Tyrone -- Tyrone Power^{day}. You should have caught me at the Palladium. I was the greatest-----

TYRONE: --sensation that ever appeared at that theatre. ~~The audience cheered and clamored for encore after encore.~~

Eric: The audience cheered and clamored for encore after encore.

RG

you keep out of this - Ty Ty.

JACK: Oh-oh, were you one of the people I talked to?

TYRONE: Talked to! The tailor is still trying to get the wrinkles out of my lapels.

JACK: Well, I was enthusiastic. But, excuse me a minute, Ty, I wanna exchange some money.

TYRONE: ~~Go~~ Go right ahead. ^{I'm} I'm tired anyway.. I'll sit down.

JACK: Tired?

TYRONE: Yes, you see, I live on the ninth floor.

JACK: What's that got to do with it?

TYRONE: ^{hell} Your room was out of order and I had to walk down.

JACK: Oh..darn it, I must have hung my pajamas on the lever again.

ERIC: Have you made up your mind, sir? How much money would you like to exchange?

JACK: Well --

MARY: Jack, I've been looking all over for you. It's time to.....

WELL, TY!

TYRONE: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Tyrone, what are you doing here? I thought you were in Italy making your picture, "Prince of Foxes".

TYRONE: Oh, I finished ^{that} last week.

MARY: Oh....well, Ty, tell me something about it. Is it a costume picture, or is it a--

TYRONE: ^{oh now} Wait a minute, Mary, I ~~don't mean to be rude~~..but I've been on The Prince of Foxes for six months..it was hard work...and now that I've finally finished the picture, I'd like to get a little relaxation. But, no -- whenever I meet people, that's all they want me to talk about. *Oh Mary, I hope you don't think I'm rude.*

SM

MARY: Why, Ty, you're not rude, you're modest. I wish more stars were like you and Jack.

TYRONE: ...Jack?

MARY: Yes. When he finished his last picture, he didn't want to talk about it either.

JACK: (A LITTLE OFF) Say Ty, ^{ty} will you step over here a minute and help me out?

TYRONE: ^{ty} Sure, Jack.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ^{ty} I gave the man a hundred and fifty dollars in American money, and look what he gave me. Is this right?

ERIC: That's quite right, sir. I gave you thirty-six pounds, twenty shillings, four half crowns, three six-pence, a tupence, a thrupence and a ha'penny.

JACK: That's what you gave me. But, ^{look} I figured it up too, and I should have gotten forty-two pounds, twenty shillings, four half crowns, three six-pence, a tupence, a thrupence and a ~~part-nick~~ ^{ha'penny}.....Isn't that right, Ty?

TYRONE: Well..it would have been a few days ago, ^{Jack} but the currency is fluctuating so...that by waiting until today to make your exchange, you've lost six pounds.

MARY: Eight pounds, he lost two worrying about it.

JACK: Yeah.

TYRONE: Well, Jack, I've got to run upstairs and pack. I'm going to Paris tonight. ^{ty} Say why don't you ~~two~~ come along ^{with me}

MARY: Jack, ~~that's~~ that's wonderful....Let's go with him.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary, we can't leave London until we see the Arch of Triumph. ^{ty} ~~What would be maintained~~

SM

TYRONE: Jack, that's in Paris

JACK: Oh...^{oh}well then what are we waiting for Come on, let's go

(TRANSITION MUSIC: "MARSEILLAISE" FADE)

(SOUND: TINKLING OF GLASSES)

(VIOLINS PLAY ONE CHORUS OF "L'AVIAN ROSE" IN BACKGROUND)

MEL: (ON CUE)(SOFTLY) Suivez-moi, monsieur. J'ai une excellente table pour vous.

ROLPH: (SOFT) Merci Beaucoup. Quand mes amis arrivent, apportez-les-moi a ma table, s'il vous plait.

mel: Oui monsieur
TYRONE: You know Mary, this is one of the finest night clubs in Paris.

MARY: I know and I love the atmosphere.

TYRONE: ~~Mary~~ *you know* this is wonderful champagne, and you haven't touched a drop.

MARY: Ty I'm still worried about Jack How he could have missed the plane is beyond me

TYRONE: Oh he'll probably take the next one. Anyway I left a note at the hotel so he'll know where we are .

VIOLA: ETONNEMENT D'ETONNEMENTS ET QUELLE SURPRISE...SI N'EST PAS TYRONE POWER!

TYRONE: WELL...MICHELLE...JE SUIS ENCHANTE DE VOUS RECONTRER ICI. COMMENT ALLEZ-VOUS?

VIOLA: AH, JE SUIS MAGNIFIQUE, MON AME ... MAIS EN GAI PARIS COMMENT OTREMENT.

TYRONE: JE SUIS ENCHANTE DE VOUS RENCONTRER.... *Jim* Oh, I'm sorry, Mary. Michelle, permettez-moi presenter Miss LivingstoneMary, this is a girl I met the last time I was here. Her name is Michelle.

MO

MARY: How do you do? *sh*

VIOLA: (FRENCH ACCENT) *sh*, It is a pleasure.

MARY: Oh, you speak English. Have you been to America?

VIOLA: Only for two weeks .. I have won it on a French quiz program.
"lend it or lease it".

MARY &
TYRONE: (LAUGH)

VIOLA: *sh* TYRONE, PARDONNEZ-MOI JE N'AVAIS PAS L'INTENTION DE ^{il}DERANGER
VOTRE SOIRÉE .. JE PARTIRAI.

TYRONE: No no, ^{no}Michelle, you're not intruding. In fact, we'd like
you to stay. When Miss Livingstone's escort arrives, we'll
have a foursome. Will you join us?

VIOLA: Ah, oui oui....je suis seule.

TYRONE: Good, good.

JACK: (OFF) OH, MARY ^{MARY -} TYRONE..

MARY: TY, IT'S JACK.

TYRONE: I told you he'd get here.

JACK: I got your note at the hotel, Ty, and came right over... Gee,
this is a beautiful nightclub..This is really Gay Paree.

MARY: Oh Jack, I want you to meet a friend of Tyrone's.

TYRONE: Yes Jack..Michelle, this is Jack Benny.

VIOLA: CHARME DE FAIRE VOTRE CONNAISSANCE.

JACK: Well, woo woo..I mean oui, oui...That is, I'm glad to meet
me..you..you *sh*

TYRONE: Sit down, Jack, and have a glass of champagne.

JACK: Thank you.

JD

ATX01 0312937

TYRONE: You know, Jack, Mary was worried about you..It only takes forty minutes to fly across the Channel. Did you miss the other plane, too?

JACK: No. I..er..I decided not to take a plane.

TYRONE: Oh, then the boat was delayed.

JACK: Well..I..er^{you see}..I didn't take the boat either.

MARY: All right, Jack, wipe off the grease and sit down.

JACK: Oh Mary, stop making things up.

MEL: (FRENCH ACCENT) Pardon, Monsieur.

TYRONE: Yes?

MEL: Ze floor show is about to commence..perhaps you would like to order another bottle of champagne.

TYRONE: ~~X~~Yes yes, please.

JACK: Just a minute, waiter, is this champagne imported?

TYRONE: Jack, you never ask a question like that in France. It's insulting.

JACK: Well, I wanna know what we're getting .. Waiter, what kind of champagne have you got?

MEL: Chardon '28.

JACK: Uh huh.

MEL: Piper Heidsick ^{'26}'29, Notre Dame ^{'27}'35.

JACK: Gee, they won again.

MARY: Jack, any champagne they have here is good, so order one.

JACK: Okay okay..Waiter, how much is Chardon?

MEL: Twelve hundred francs a bottle.

MARY: We'll take it.

JACK: Mary --

(SOUND: POP)

JD

MARY: What?

JACK: It's too late ... Hmm. *Damn it.*

MARY: *well* What are you mad about now?

JACK: Did you see how that waiter shook the bottle when he opened it?

MARY: So what?

JACK: So what!!!..That bottle is costing twelve hundred francs, ~~and~~ when you shake champagne it makes bubbles..bubbles are air...
IF ^{you} WE WANT AIR I CAN OPEN A WINDOW.

MARY: Jack, quiet..they're getting ready to start the floorshow.

JACK: Oh yes...

(DRUM ROLL WITH CYMBAL CLASH)

ROLPH: (FRENCH ACCENT) And now, ladies and gentlemen, for ze floorshow, the Club Monsignor proudly presents four Parisians who ~~are~~ ^{is} sweeping ze country and are being held over by popular demand. Allo!

(COMMERCIAL)

(APPLAUSE)

(INTRO)

QUART: On se rappell' toujours sa premier mai tresse
 J'ai garde d'la mienne Un souv'nir plein d'i vresse
 Un jour qu'il avail pul,,
 Toue deux on s'etait plu
 En suite on se plut de plus en plus
 Elle avait de tout petis petons
 Valentine, Valentine
 Elle avait de tout petis te tons
 Que je tatais a tutons,
 Ton ton tonaine
 Elle avait un tout petit menton
~~Smoke a lucky, Smoke a lucky.~~
 Valentine, Valentine,
 Outre ses petis petons
 Ses p'tis tetons
 Son p'tit menton, Elle e'tait frisee comme on mouton.
 L S M, Yes L S M F T, VALENTINE, VALENTINE
 Ouy, oui oui Ze ^{cigarette} ~~lucky~~ for me
 Que je taitais a tatons
 Cause Lucky Strike pay more, pay more
 Yes, Lucky Strike pay more,
 Valentine, Valentine
 Smoke-a-Lucky, Smoke-a-Lucky
 Autre round and firm and fully packed
 So easy on the draw.
~~no rough puff in lucky, lucky strike~~
 Elle etait frisee comme un-mouton! -Holiday!

(APPLAUSE)

RG

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-17-

JACK: *Oh,* that was wonderful...wonderful....JETTAY LAY D'OR....

JETTAY LAY D'OR.

TYRONE: *Jack,* But Jack, I thought you like them.

JACK: I do.

TYRONE: Then why are you yelling, "Throw them out?"

JACK: *Hmm,* it's the last time I take a French Lesson from Hildegarde.

MARY: Let's have something to eat, Jack..I'm a little hungry.

JACK: So am I, Mary.

TYRONE: Michelle, are you hungry?

VIOLA: OUI.

TYRONE: What would you like to eat?

VIOLA: OH JE NE SAIS PAS .. JE CROIS QUE J'AURAI DU SAUMON FUMÉ
SUR UN PETIT PAN.

JACK: What's that?

TYRONE: Bagels and lox.

JACK: Oh.

VIOLA: It is very good.

JACK: I know, *I know* they serve that in Hollywood, too..at Zee Brown
Chapeau...Say, wait a minute, kids, why don't we eat
someplace else...I'd like to see all the nightclubs in
Paris. *I really would*

(MUSIC STARTS "LOUISE"...PLAYS ONE CHORUS)

JACK: *Hey,* What about it, Ty? Where shall we go?

TYRONE: Oh, there are a lot of places.

MARY: Jack, before we leave here, let's at least have one dance.

JACK: Why not, mon cherie?

(SOUND: CHAIRS MOVED BACK)

JD

ATX01 0312941

JACK: Come on, Mary.

TYRONE: ...MICHELLE, PARTIRONS-NOUS A UN AUTRE CABARET --

VIOIA: *h* Tyrone, speak to me in English, that is the way I learn.

TYRONE: Sure sure..Michelle, it's still early and Mr. Benny would like to go to some other night club. ^{cross} Where would you suggest?

VIOIA:Tyrone, I would enjoy very much going to another night club with you, and I would enjoy very much taking with us the young lady, Miss Livingstone..MAIS CET HOMME, BENNY.. RENDREZ-MOI UN PETIT SERVICE ET LUI DONNEZ UN COUP DE PIED AUX PANTALONS.

TYRONE: *Just* But Michelle, I ^{*Don't*} have known him for a long time ^{*and*} I can't kick him in the pants.

VIOIA: SI VOUS NE LA FERREZ PAS, JE LE FERAI.

TYRONE: *no, no* No no, ^{*Sweet Michelle*} you he would kick back....^{*Shh*}, here he comes.

Viola: Oh oui JACK: Well, Mitchell, where ^{*here*} do we go from here?

MARY: Jack, that's Michelle.

JACK: Oh yes yes, *I'm sorry.*

TYRONE: There are a lot of good clubs in town, Jack. Let's get the check and go.

JACK: Okay....OH WAITER...GARCON...HEY, BUD..Give me the check, please.

MEL: Here you are, Monsieur..It is three thousand six hundred and seventy-five francs.

JACK: Francs? How much is that in English Pounds?

JD

MEL: Oh, Monsieur, I cannot accept English pounds, but you can exchange them with the manager .. There he is by the desk.

JACK: Thank you.. I'll be right back, kids.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, that Michelle is pretty .. She makes Tyrone look like nothing... Oh pardon me, are you the manager?

ROLPHE: Oui, ~~Monsieur~~

JACK: I'd like to change this English money into francs.

ROLPHE: Oui, Monsieur, how much English money have you got?

JACK: Well, in England I got thirty-six pounds, twenty shillings, four half crowns, three six-pence, a tupence, a thrupence, and a ha'penny...(REFLECTING) But I spent --

ROLPHE: It does not matter what you spent..What have you got now?

JACK: Thirty-five pounds, twenty-five shillings, four half-crowns, three six-pence, a tupence, a thrupence, and a half can of grease... I mean a ha'penny, ^{a ha'penny, a ha'penny,} ..Will you exchange it, please?

ROLPHE: Oui, Monsieur.. for each shilling we give forty-five francs.. twenty francs for each sixpence and five francs for the tupence, the thrupence, and the ha'penny. Which means you are getting the equivalent of nine hundred francs a pound.. Here you are.

JD

ATK01 0312943

not so fast
JACK: Just a minute..OH, TY..
TYRONE: (OFF) COMING, MOTHER.....
(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)
TYRONE: (ON) Trouble again, Jack?
JACK: Yes..he wants to give me only nine hundred francs a pound,
but you know how to speak French, Ty, talk to him.
TYRONE: Okay, Jack .. Monsieur, n'abusez pas cet homme, Il est un de
mes bons amis.
ROLPHE: Mais Monsieur je ne suis qu'un pauvre caissier .. Je ne sais
pas le prix d'échange.
TYRONE: Jack, you better take the nine hundred francs.
JACK: No no, Ty, keep arguing with him.
TYRONE: Monsieur, je ne pense pas que vous êtes mal honnet, mais on
ne peut pas être trop soigneux.
ROLPHE: C'est un etablissement honnete, il ne faut pas être anxieux.
TYRONE: Jack, take the nine hundred francs.
JACK: No no, Tyrone, argue some more. *Go ahead*
TYRONE: Je suis fache mais mon ami croit qu'il recevra plus ailleurs.
ROLPHE: Il est trop tard .. maintenant le plus que nous pouvons lui
donner est sept cent francs.
TYRONE: Jack--
JACK: (CONFIDENTIAL) Keep talking, Ty, you're doing fine.
TYRONE: But Jack, this isn't helping any .. take my advice and
accept the seven hundred francs.
JACK: Seven hundred?
TYRONE: While we were arguing the rate went down.
JACK: YIPE!.....All right, Mister, I'll take the francs.

RG

RIK01 0312944

ROLPHE: Here you are.

MARY: Jack, here's the waiter, pay him...

JACK: Okay . Here you are waiter .. three thousand six hundred and seventy five francs... and here's a tip for you.

MEL: Merci beaucoup, Monsieur, thank you.

JACK: Come on, kids.

TYRONE: *Best Jack* JACK... YOU GAVE HIM FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS! THAT'S A VERY

GENEROUS TIP!

JACK: *you want to know something, Ty*
~~I know,~~ Ty I was really only gonna give him five .. but since we're here in France I didn't have De Galle...HA HA HA HA .. ~~OH BENNY, IF YOU HAD A STRAW HAT, CHEVALIER WOULDNT MEAN A THING..... COME ON KIDS, LET'S~~

(SOUND: LOUD KICK)

JACK: Oooooooh.

MARY: TYRONE, DID YOU KICK HIM?

TYRONE: NO.

VIOIA: I DID MADemoiselle, I COULD NOT RESIST.

MARY: VIVA LA FRANCE!

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

RG

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, our Nation was founded by men of faith in God. America's religious institutions have strengthened the American life and helped to keep it free. Attendance at churches and synagogues builds the moral and spiritual character of the individual and the community. "FIND YOURSELF THROUGH FAITH ... COME TO CHURCH THIS WEEK". Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

MO

ATK01 0312946

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 4, 1949

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: IS - MFT -- Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.-- tobacco that smokes smooth and mild. That's why there's never a rough-puff in a Lucky.

HIESTAND: Yes, friends, each and every Lucky Strike contains tobacco that's light, ripe and mellow. Now, fine tobacco like this costs more and at the tobacco auctions Luckies pay millions of dollars more than official parity prices for the kind of tobacco they know will give you a smoother, finer smoke -- with never a rough-puff.

SHARBUTT: So why not smoke the cigarette that gives you more enjoyment with every puff, every pack -- Lucky Strike? Yes, next time you buy cigarettes, remember --

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike gives you more smoothness, more mildness -- with never a rough-puff to spoil your smoking enjoyment. So, make your next carton Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

SM

ATX01 0312947

(TAG)

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: WHO'S THAT?

MARY: (OFF) CAN I COME INTO YOUR DRESSING ROOM, JACK?

JACK: SURE..COME ON IN, MARY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: What took you so long, you were just going out for a *pack of sandwich. dummies*

MARY: Well, I ran into Tyrone Power in the hall and we had a nice talk.

JACK: Oh Mary, why didn't you tell me Tyrone was here. I woulda asked him to be a guest on my program, *you know* and then we could -----
No, he'd probably want too much money..You remember how cheap he was over in France.....*oh well, ---* Now, excuse me a minute, *will you* Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..I WANT TO THANK TYRONE POWER FOR MEETING ME OUT IN THE HALL THROUGH THE COURTESY OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX, PRODUCERS OF TY'S LATEST PICTURE..."PRINCE OF FOXES".....GOODNIGHT, FOLKS.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

rest week Jack will have as his special guest Frank
DON: BE SURE TO HEAR DENNIS DAY IN *Jack's favorite coach of yours David* "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS DAY"... STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY SHOW WHICH FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY.....

THIS IS C.B.S.....THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

MO

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE: December 11, 1949

Network: CBS

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AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #14
SCRIPT
REVISED

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1949 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

IR

ATX01 0312950

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER, 11, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM presented by LUCKY STRIKE.

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: For smoking enjoyment at its finest ... with never a rough puff ... light up a Lucky!

HIBSTAND: And why are Luckies a smoother, milder more enjoyable cigarette? Here's the answer! Each and every Lucky Strike contains fine tobacco that smokes smooth and mild. Now fine tobacco costs more ... and at the tobacco auctions, Luckies pay millions of dollars more than official parity prices for ripe, light, naturally mild leaf!

SHARBUTT: So light up a Lucky, friends, and puff by puff you'll see LS - MEET ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... yes fine tobacco that guarantees you a smoother, milder, more deeply enjoyable smoke every puff of the way. There's never a rough puff in a Lucky! So next time you buy cigarettes, be sure of smoking enjoyment at its finest -- ask for Lucky Strike!

HIBSTAND: And here's a Christmas gift suggestion that every friend will welcome -- a specially wrapped Christmas carton of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Ten packs, two hundred cigarettes -- two hundred wonderfully smooth, deeply enjoyable Luckies. Yes, give Lucky Strike Christmas cartons to your friends -- and keep a good supply of luckies on hand to add to your enjoyment of the Christmas season.

LR

ATX01 0312951

(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....JACK ~~BENNY~~ IS LEAVING TONIGHT FOR
HOUSTON, TEXAS, WHERE HE'S GOING TO BE THE MASTER OF
CEREMONIES AT THE BIG CHARITY FOOTBALL GAME THERE NEXT
SATURDAY. AS WE LOOK IN AT THE BENNY HOUSE, ROCHESTER IS
FINISHING JACK'S PACKING....

ROCH: LET'S SEE....I'VE GOT ALL HIS CLOTHES PACKED...HIS SHAVING
CREAM, RAZOR, TOOTH BRUSH AND TOOTHPASTE...HMMM...I BETTER
CHECK AND SEE IF I PACKED ALL HIS PILLS...~~THE BOSS SURE~~
~~BELIEVES IN HAVING THE LATEST MEDICINE...I'VE PACKED HIS~~
~~SULPHATHIAZOLE, PENICILLIN, STREPTOMICIN, SULFAPYRIDINE,~~
~~NEOHEXAMINE, ORAMOLIN, AND THREE EMPTY BOTTLES IN CASE~~
~~THEY INVENT SOMETHING NEW WHILE HE'S AWAY....I CAN'T~~
UNDERSTAND WHY MR. BENNY CARRIES ALL THESE MEDICINES. HE
NEVER TAKES ANY BUT HE ALWAYS WANTS THEM WITH HIM....I
GUESS IT'S LIKE HIS MONEY. HE NEVER SPENDS ANY BUT IT
GIVES HIM COMFORT TO KNOW IT'S THERE...I WONDER WHERE ~~the~~ --

JACK: (COMING IN) Rochester, Have you finished my packing?

ROCH: JUST ABOUT, BOSS ^{do you want me --} DO YOU WANT TO LOOK ~~at~~ THE SUITCASE
BEFORE I CLOSE IT?

JACK: Yes...Let's see...Suits, shirts, underwear -- Rochester --
why did you pack all these thick woolen sox..It doesn't
get that cold in Texas.

IR

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT IN CASE YOU STEP INTO ANY OIL, YOU'LL WANTA
SOP UP AS MUCH AS YOU CAN.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, ISN'T PHIL HARRIS GOING DOWN WITH YOU?

JACK: Yes Rochester..and Dinah Shore, too. We're gonna have
quite a show. *You know it's for the Samson Runyon Fund*
~~Now, let's see --~~

~~ROCH: BY THE WAY, MR. EDNETTER, ONCE I WANT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH
Houston. It's going to be one of the biggest.
YOU, WHERE WILL YOU BE STAYING IN ROCHESTER?~~

~~JACK: At the Shamrock Hotel. I'm going to be the guest of the
Sunen, Glenn McCarthy.~~

~~ROCH: GLENN MCCARTHY? DON'T BE THAT OIL MAN WHO'S GOT MILLIONS
AND MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS?~~

~~JACK: ..WHAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH.....NOW get me my--~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester, you finish packing.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

PHIL: Hiya, Jackson.

JACK: Well, if it isn't Rudolf, The Red Nosed Reindeer.....What
do you want, Phil?

PHIL: Well, I wanted to tell you I might be a little late
getting down to ~~the~~ ^{that} railroad station.

JACK: *hell* Phil, you better not miss the train...it's important.

PHIL: It's important that I have my hair done, too.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes, Phil, you have it done every two
days..why are you so proud of your hair?

PHIL: Look Jackson, it's the only nice thing I've got that Alice
didn't give me.

LR

JACK: Oh ... Say Phil, when we get down to Houston, what kind of a routine are you going to do on the show?

PHIL: Oh, the usual thing... ^{Stand} ~~Get~~ up there..let them look at me. ^{I'll} ~~then~~ I'll tell a few jokes..then ~~sing~~ ^{sing} twenty-eight choruses of "That's What I Like About The South."

JACK: Twenty-eight choruses?

PHIL: ~~There's~~ ^{well there ain't it.} no use ^{giving} giving them the whole thing, Jackson, let's tease 'em a little, ^{let's} ~~tease~~ 'em ^{a little.}

JACK: ~~Yes~~ .. and anyway Phil, you couldn't possibly sing the whole song, we're only gonna be there ^{five} ~~four~~ days ^{you know} ~~four~~ days ~~... you~~ ~~think~~, you've had experience with southern audiences ~~... do~~ ~~you~~ think I ought to take my ~~violin~~ ~~along~~?

~~PHIL: Dad, I wouldn't take that thing down there if my name was Robert F. Lee.~~

JACK: ~~Maybe you're right~~ ... Now look, Phil, here's something very important I wanta tell you before we leave.

PHIL: ^{Yeah} What is it?

JACK: Well, first I ^{want you} --

(SOUND: LOUD CLICK)

JACK: Phil..Phil .. Phil.

(SOUND: RAPID CLICKS OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Oh darn it, we were cut off...Well, he knows it's important..he'll probably call me ^{right} back.

~~ROCK: YOU WANT ME TO FINISH DACKING, BOSS?~~

~~JACK: Yes, I'll wait here by the phone...Now Rochester, I'll probably have to appear at a couple of banquets down in Houston, so you better pack my suitcase~~

IR

~~ROCH: OH BOSS.. YOU SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN A NEW ONE... THE PANTS
OF YOUR TUX DO ARE TOO TIGHT.~~

JACK: ~~Never mind pack it...I'm going to wear it.~~

~~ROCH: OKAY, BUT IF YOU REMIND ME, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A WHITE
CHRISTMAS.~~

~~JACK: I'll be careful, don't worry. Now don't forget to ---~~

Jack: now Rochelle --
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello Phil...I'm glad you called back because --

MARY: Jack, this is Mary.

JACK: Oh, hello Mary...I was expecting Phil..

MARY: Well Jack...I'm calling from a Book Store...^{and} I thought
I'd get you something to read on the train.

JACK: Oh good, Mary...^{that's sweet --} What are you getting me?

MARY: A book of epigrams and witty sayings.

JACK: Epigrams and witty sayings? What do I need with that?

MARY: Well, you may get into a conversation with someone
and you know how lost you are without your writers.

JACK: You needn't worry about that,^{Mary --} I'm taking one of my
writers with me.

MARY: Oh good, you'll be the life of the club car...which
writer are you taking?

JACK: John Tackaberry.

MARY: Tackaberry?

JACK: Yes, you see, he came from Houston ten years ago and I
thought it would be nice if I took him home so he could
change his clothes.

LR

~~MARY: Packaberry hasn't changed his clothes in ten years?~~

~~Jack, what's it like when all of you work in a room together?~~

JACK: ~~Mary, with the material the other three writers bring in,~~
~~you don't notice it....Well look, Mary, I'm expecting Phil~~
to call me right back, so I better hang up...Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Jack.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ^{Joe} ~~Maam...~~ I wish Phil would hurry up and call back. ^{it's important} Maybe I
better call him.

ROCH: BOSS, I'VE GOT EVERYTHING PACKED.

JACK: Good...and I've taken care of everything I had to do, too....^{Joe}
I'm glad I went to the dentist this morning and had my teeth
fixed.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE.....YOU'RE GOING TO STRIKE OIL EVEN IF YOU HAVE
TO BITE YOUR WAY DOWN.

JACK: Never mind...Now I'm gonna call --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: That's probably Phil.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Phil?

DON: ^{oh,} Hello Jack, this is Don.

~~JACK: Oh, hello Don...I was expecting a call from Phil.~~

~~DON: Well, then I won't keep you long...I'll call you back.~~

~~as a favor.~~

~~JACK: ...~~

JACK: Oh, hello Don... I was expecting a call from Phil...
Where are you?

DON: *well*, I'm rehearsing the Sportsmen Quartet for their opening
at the Cocomut Grove Tuesday Night.

JACK: Oh yes... ^{and} ~~then~~ they got the job at the Ambassador.

DON: Yes.

JACK: Gee, I wish I could be there but I have to leave town and--

DON: *oh*. Don't worry, Jack, they'll mail you the commission.

JACK: Oh.. Well, anyway Don, give them my best wishes for
their opening.

DON: I will, Jack, goodbye.

JACK: So long.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *ye* If I can keep that quartet working, I can relax a little.

~~After all, I'm not as young as I used to be.....Oh~~

Rochester, I must be sure to take my-----

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: Jack, I forgot to ask you...Would you like me to pick
you up and drive you down to the station?

JACK: Oh fine, Mary, that's swell..And gee, I wish you could
go to Texas with me.

MARY: Well, you know I'd love to Jack, but my family is coming
here for a visit from Plainfield.

DJ

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JACK: Oh yes, you mentioned that yesterday..When are you expecting them?

MARY: Well, that's hard to say...You see, my sister Babe is flying, *and* Mama is coming by train, and ~~Pat~~ ^{Pat} is coming by bus.

JACK: *Qu.* That's peculiar....why do they travel separately?

MARY: That way they don't have to explain each other to strangers.

JACK: Oh oh, ^{well} that's logical.

MARY: Yeah...I hope the vacation out here does Babe some good.... She's still heartbroken.

JACK: I know, she was awfully upset about Gargantua.

MARY: (MAD) JACK, STOP THAT.

JACK: What?

MARY: They hardly knew each other.

JACK: Oh.....

MARY: Now Jack, when I take you to the station, I won't be able to stay too long...I've got to be back for Benita and Ronnie's party.

JACK: Oh, the Colman's are throwing a party! ^{sh} Now isn't that my luck..the night I go away they have a party...What's the occasion?

MARY: You just said it.

JACK: All right, all right...Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Well, I can't wait any longer. I've gotta call Phil... Let's see, his number is --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: *Oh,* That must be him.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MO

JACK: Hello?

BRA: (FAST AND ROMANTIC) Now look, Charlie, I haven't got much time so listen to me..I'm phoning you to warn you that my husband's wise to us and he's on his way over to your house with a gun...So get out of town Charlie, get out quick!

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMS DOWN)

JACK: ~~Hee, hee, I'm, I'm certainly glad - my -~~
~~Hee, hee, I'm, I'm glad my name isn't----~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

PHIL: Hey Jackson...I've been trying to get you back, ~~but your line was always busy.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~PHIL: ta ta ta Ya-ta-ta Ya-ta-ta~~

~~JACK: It's not my fault, Phil...everybody's been calling.~~

PHIL: ^{Jack} ~~All right,~~ what was the important thing you wanted to ~~tell me.~~ ^{talk to me about.}

JACK: It's not important now...Phil...tell me something and tell me the truth...Is Phil your right first name?

PHIL: Sure, Jackson, sure.

JACK: Are you positive?

PHIL: Certainly I'm positive.

JACK: Well, Phil, did you ever tell anybody your name was Charlie?
....Huh?

PHIL: No.

JACK: Good, then you can take your time getting to the train.

PHIL: What're you talking about?

JD

JACK: I'll explain it later...It's a juicy tidbit...Now Phil,
are you all packed and ready to go?

PHIL: Yep, everything's all corked up.

JACK: Good good, ^{it'll} see you later, *then*.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: BOSS, DO YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE YOU TO THE STATION?

JACK: No Rochester, Miss Livingstone is going to pick me up...So
close my bags and ----

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer the door, Rochester.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hellow Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny. I heard you were going away. ^{As} I came to
say goodbye.

JACK: Well, that's nice, kid.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Well, he came to say goodbye and he said it...Now Rochester..

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Humm.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: What is it now?

DENNIS: You didn't tell me where you're going.

JACK: Well, if you're interested, I'm going to Houston, Texas.

DENNIS: What for?

JACK: For a benefit.

DENNIS: If you had two shows you wouldn't need ~~one~~ *two*.

JACK: Look, Dennis ---

DENNIS: Goodbye.

~~JACK: Goodbye.~~

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: ~~Here's the~~ *Now that's the* silliest kid I ever ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh no.... ~~you get it~~ *Oh no - you annoy the door.* this time, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

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

ROCH: YES?

DENNIS: Is Mr. Benny in?

JACK: (OFF) OF COURSE I'M IN...NOW COME ^{on} IN HERE, DENNIS.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: Now look, kid.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Why can't you act like a normal, sensible human ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Now who can that be?

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HE LOCKED ME OUT.

JD

Oh - this is like a Mark Bros. picture, here or something.
JACK: ~~Oh for~~ --- Dennis, what did you come over here for, anyway?

DENNIS: *well* I made an RCA *Victor* recording of "Dear Hearts And Gentle People"
and I thought you might like to hear it. *and* I brought the record with me.

JACK: All right, Dennis, I've got a few minutes. Put on the record and let me hear it...But if Mary comes by to pick me up, I'll have to leave. a

DENNIS: Okay.
Jack: Okay.
(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG... "DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE")

(APPLAUSE)

JD

(SOUND: STATION NOISES & TRAIN BELLS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee Mary, it was awfully nice of you to drive me down to the station.

MARY: Oh, that's all right, Jack...I wanted to see you off.

Jack will, let's go in.
MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE...FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA!

MARY: You know, Jack, there's something fascinating about a railroad station...So many people going so many places.

JACK: Yeah... ~~and did you ever realize, Mary, that for every person who is coming in, somebody is leaving.~~

~~MARY: Yeah.~~

(SOUND: FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...TWO SHOTS)

JERRY: (OFF) Ooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Poor Charlie, he didn't quite make it....^{man}Say, Mary, I'm going over to the news stand and get a magazine. You wait for me here.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION...TO FACILITATE THE HOLIDAY RUSH, ALL PASSENGERS GOING TO ~~ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND~~ CUCAMONGA MAY HAVE THEIR CHOICE OF TRAINS... LOCAL, EXPRESS, ^{or} ~~AND~~ MULE..... HAVE YOUR FEED BAGS VALIDATED.

JACK: I've still got time to get my magazine. He hasn't announced my train yet.

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION.
TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK ONE
(RHYTHM) FOR BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON,
IT'S LEAVING NOW SO YOU BETTER RUN.

(DRUM BREAK)

JACK: Let's see, I think the news stand is over by the --

ARTIE: HELLO, MR. BENNY.

JACK: WELL...MR. KITZEL!

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, what are you doing ^{by} at the railroad station?

JACK: *well* I'm going to Houston, Texas.

ARTIE: Well, put'er there, pardner, that's where I'm a'headin'.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Give me land, lots of land, neath the sunny skies above...
don't smog me in.

JACK: (LAUGHS) Well, Mr. Kitzel, I'll probably see you down there..
I'll be at the Shamrock Hotel.

ARTIE: ~~My~~ ^{Shamrock} my, that's a wonderful name for a hotel...It brings a
lump in my throat.

JACK: It does?

ARTIE: Yes. I haven't seen a Shamrock since I left the old country.

JACK: Well, ^{I'm} I'm sure you'll have a lot of fun in Texas. You're
certainly dressed for it, ^{to} Cowboy boots, spurs and a gun.
Tell me, Mr. Kitzel, are you handy with a gun?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO

JD

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JACK: You are?

ARTIE: I can throw a bisquit up in the air and with one shct make a bagel out of it.

JACK: Oh oh.. then you are pretty good... Well, so long, Mr. Kitzel, see you in Texas..

ARTIE: (SINGS) YIPPY-I-AY YIPPY-I-OO ... GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, I better go over and get that magazine before the train leaves.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES .. UP & DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION.
TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK THREE
(RHYTHM) ALL THE WAY TO SCHENECTADY.
JUST ONE STOP AT KANSAS "C".

(DRUM BREAK)

JACK: I ^{gotta} ~~wanta~~ get a newspaper, I ^{gotta} wanta see if they have anything in it about my ---

~~MARY: Jacky did you get your magazine yet?~~

~~JACK: No, I ran into Mr. Kitzel. I'm gonna get one now.~~

MARY: ^{Jack} What time does your train leave?

JACK: I don't know, it's not on the Hit Parade yet.

JD

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MARY: What?

JACK: Nothing nothing.

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION.

TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK TWO

(RHYTHM) FOR ASHVILLE, NASHVILLE, KALAMAZOO.

TAKES ON WATER AT WATERLOO.

JACK:Mary, I'm gonna stop at the magazine ~~counter and get~~
~~something to~~ --

(DRUM BREAK)

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: (P.A.) WATCH IT, SAM.

JACK: ~~Watch~~^{mind} my suitcase, Mary... I'll be right back.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's see... there's so many magazines here, I don't
know which one to get... Oh Mister... Mister...

NELSON: YESSSSSS!

JACK: Hmm... Why do I always have to run into him? ... Now look,
Mister, all I want to do is buy a magazine.

NELSON: Okay, do you want to read it or tear it in half to show me
how strong you are?

JACK: I wanta read it ... and I'll take this one here.

NELSON: Well, House and Garden, aren't you lucky!

JACK: What?

NELSON: Today only, with every copy we give away a pocket full of
fertilizer.

JACK: Now look, Mister, I came here to catch a train and I'm not gonna put up with ~~you~~ ^{any} --

KEARNS: Pardon me for interrupting, but may I have package of Lucky Strikes please?

NELSON: Yes sir, here you are.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

NELSON: Here's your change.

KEARNS: Thank you, may I have a light please?

NELSON: Yes sir, here, I'll light it for you.

KEARNS: (TAKES PUFF) ...Ah, my favorite cigarette.

NELSON: Mine too..they're so round, so firm, so fully packed---

JACK: ^{And} So free and easy on the draw.

NELSON: You keep out of this!

JACK: But ^{look} I know all about ---

KEARNS: You know, Clerk, I've been listening to the radio a lot and I'd like to ask you something.. Is it true that there isn't a rough puff in a Lucky because it's made of that fine, that light, that naturally-mild tobacco?

NELSON: Uh huh.

KEARNS: And is it true that veteran tobacco men choose Lucky Strike for their own personal enjoyment?

NELSON: Uh huh.

KEARNS: And is it true that Luckies pay millions of dollars more than official parity prices?

NELSON: OOOOOOOOH, DO THEY!!

JACK: Now look ~~here~~, Clerk, I can't stand here all day..I'll take this magazine here..This copy of ^{the} Saturday Evening Post.

NELSON: Yes sir, that'll be fifteen cents.

JF

JACK: Here you are.

NELSON: You want it gift wrapped, I suppose.

JACK: Oh quiet...You burn me up, you stupid jerk.

NELSON: (RHYTHM) When you come 'round, I go berserk.

MEL: (RHYTHM) TRAIN NOW LEAVING FOR ALBUERKIRK.

(DRUM BREAK)

JACK: Now cut that out! ... *For heaven's sake.* ~~Here, give me my magazine.~~

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...STATION NOISES UP & DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) PASSENGERS MAY NOW BOARD TRAIN ON TRACK ~~FOR~~ ^{HERE} FOR PHOENIX, EL PASO, AND HOUSTON...TRAIN WILL DEPART IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

JACK: Gee, fifteen minutes.

MARY: Jack...Jack...they just called your train.

JACK: I know, Mary.

MARY: Why don't you get on now and it'll give you time to relax.

JACK: ^{Yeah} ~~Yes~~, I think I will....Well, goodbye, Mary.

MARY: Goodbye, Jack.

(SOUND: KISS)

MARY: Have a good time.

JACK: I will....So long, see you in a few days.

(SOUND: STATION NOISES UP & DOWN..FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: *Jack* This is what I hate about seeing someone off...you always have to go home alone. I think I'll go out the side exit... it's closer to the---Ooops! ^{Oh, -d-} I beg your pardon.

JD

LEAHY: That's quite all right, Miss... I was trying to cut across to Gate ~~Five~~ *Five*.

MARY: Wait a minute.. Aren't you Frank Leahy, the football coach of Notre Dame?

LEAHY: Yes, ~~yes~~ I am.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Gee, I'm awfully sorry I bumped you so hard.

LEAHY: Oh, it was ^{all} my fault. I saw you coming..but I didn't think a girl could throw that kind of a block.

MARY: ^{well, I -} I should have looked where I was going... May I---

LEAHY: No no, ^{thank you -} I can get up ^{by} myself....

MARY: Gosh, Mr. Leahy, wait till I tell my friends that I ran into the coach of Notre Dame. A team that has played thirty-eight games without one defeat.

LEAHY: Well, the credit really should go to the players ^{and the} ~~on the team.~~ ^{assistant coaches.} ~~The boys who go out on the field and give their all~~ .. As ^a ~~a~~ ^{head} coach, my job is merely to help develop them.

JERRY: (CRIES LIKE A BABY)

MARY: Mr. Leahy, what have you got in that suitcase?

LEAHY: A Quarterback, I like to get them young.

MARY: What?

LEAHY: ^{of course} ~~Oh,~~ I'm just kidding, That's a Mama Doll, I'm taking it home to ^{Sue} ~~my two daughters?~~ ^{and Elsie, our two daughters.}

JD

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MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE .. TRAIN LEAVING FOR YUMA, PHOENIX,
EL PASO, AND HOUSTON, ALL ABOARD.

LEAHY: That's my train, I'd better run along.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Leahy.

LEAHY: Goodbye. It was nice talking to you.

Pub: (P.A.) *All aboard, all aboard.*
(SOUND: TRAIN BELL AND EFFECT OF TRAIN GETTING
READY TO PULL OUT....THEN TRAIN PULLING
OUT..THEN TRAIN CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: Oh, Porter...Porter --

ROY: Yes sir.

JACK: Which way to the lounge?

ROY: The next car back, sir.

JACK: Thank you...(HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM")

(SOUND: TRAIN DOOR OPENS..TRAIN SOUNDS UP.. TRAIN
DOOR CLOSES...TRAIN SOUNDS FADE)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...Gee, this is a beautiful lounge car..
Pardon me, sir, is this seat next to you taken?

LEAHY: No no, you may have it.

JACK: Thank you....(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...it's a nice day for
traveling, isn't it?

LEAHY: Yes ~~yes~~, it ~~is~~ *certainly is*.

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...comfortable seats.

~~LEAHY: Yes, it is.~~

~~JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)~~

LEAHY: By the way, you're Jack Benny, aren't you?

JACK: Yes yes, I am..I'm on my way to Texas..I'm putting on a show
at that big charity football game in Houston.

MO

LEAHY: Well, that's very nice.

JACK: *of course* I'm rather flattered ~~that~~ they asked me to come down... *but then*
~~although~~ *of course* at one time I was quite a football player myself... *you*
see -- You know, I used to play with the Waukegan Terrors.

LEAHY: Waukegan Terrors?

JACK: Sounds frightening, doesn't it? (SILLY LAUGH) You know,
I was famous for one particular play...It was a very tricky
thing where I used to send the end out wide and-----Oh,
pardon me.....are you familiar with football? *I mean -- do you know --* Do you know
the game at all?.....By that I mean --

LEAHY: Yes, as a matter of fact I --

JACK: Well, get this play...the ends went out wide...I sent both my
half backs to the left, and my four quarterbacks to the right.

LEAHY:Four quarterbacks?

JACK: Yes yes, am I getting too technical?

LEAHY: Well, not yet.

JACK: Anyway, to make a long story short, we'd pull the opposing
halfbacks out of position, and I'd send my fullback into the
open and throw a long pass to him...

LEAHY: Why didn't you send a quarterback, you had *plenty* ~~enough~~ of them?

JACK: Well.....we were having so much luck this way, I didn't want
to change? *you see* -- Do you see many football games during the season
Mr.....Mr.....

LEAHY: Leahy, Frank Leahy.

JACK: Oh, ^{oh} pleased to meet you, Mr. Leahy..er...Where are you from?
....I mean, where's your place of business?

LEAHY: South Bend, Indiana.

JACK: Oh, nice town...You know, I used to play it in vaudeville.
What do you do there? ^{Mr. Leahy} Are you a salesman..or in the insurance
business?

LEAHY: Well --

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry for being so noseey..Maybe you don't wanta talk
about it....Well, I think I'll go back to my compartment and
read awhile ~~and~~ --- Oh, darn it, I bought a magazine and left
it in the station.

LEAHY: Well, if you feel like reading, Mr. Benny, I have a book here
that might interest you.

JACK: Oh, thank you..are you through with it?

LEAHY: ^{Leahy} ~~Yes~~..take it along.

MO

ATX01 0312972

JACK: Well, that's awfully nice of you...Thanks very much...See you later, Mr. Leahy.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TRAIN DOOR OPENS..TRAIN NOISES
UP..TRAIN DOOR CLOSES..TRAIN NOISES FADE..
FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) ... Gee, that Mr. Leahy is a nice fellow...
Comes from a good town, too. South Bend, Indiana. Let's
see... Oh, here's my compartment~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: It's funny he was so reticent about telling me what business he was in...well, I think I'll just stretch out here on the seat and read the book he gave me....Well, this is a, *this is a* coincidence....this book is about football..."Notre Dame Football, The T-Formation"...by Coach Frank Leahy...ChapterYIPE!!.....Oh, my goodness...that's who I was talking to...Frank Leahy, the coach of Notre Dame...And I'm stuck on the train with him for two days...I'll never be able to face him...I know what I'll do....(GRUNTS TWICE)
Darn these windows, you can never open them...Well, I'll just have to stay in my compartment for the entire trip, I can't bear to --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MO

ATX01 0312973

JACK: Oh, Mr. Leahy, Mr. Leahy, it's you!

LEAHY: Yes Jack, I thought you might like to have dinner with me
this evening.

JACK: *well*, That's very ~~smart~~ ^{nice} of you, Mr. Leahy..but first I must
apologize for making such a fool of myself..Imagine me not
knowing what business you were in.

LEAHY: Well Jack, don't let it worry you..When we played S.M.U.
last week, up till the last quarter I didn't know what
business I was in either.

JACK: NO!...WELL, COME ON, FRANK, WE'LL GO TO DINNER, AND IT'S
MY TREAT.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

IR

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is 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. 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 moment, but first ...

IR

ATX01 0312975

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 11, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky because LS - MEET --
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, ripe
tobacco that smokes smoother and milder.

HIESTAND: Now fine tobacco costs more ... and at the tobacco
auctions Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more
than official parity prices for naturally mild, mellow
leaf. And the independent tobacco experts, men who
devote their lives to buying, selling and handling
tobacco can see the kind of fine tobacco that Lucky
Strike consistently selects and buys. Just listen to
the words of Mr. B.V. Bowen, an independent tobacco
buyer from Timmonsville, South Carolina. Recently
he said -

EXPERT: I keep my eyes peeled as to what's going on at the
tobacco auctions, and year after year I've seen Lucky
Strike buy fine, light mellow tobacco that makes a
smooth, mild smoke. I've smoked Luckies for twenty two
years.

SHARBUTT: So friends, for a truly finer, milder cigarette -- with
never a rough puff -- smoke the smoke tobacco experts
smoke -- LUCKY STRIKE, so round, so firm, so fully
packed, so free and easy on the draw!

IR

ATX01 0312976

TAG

(SOUND: TRAIN NOISES....THEN DISHES RATTLING)

JACK: Gee, Mr. Leahy, this was a wonderful dinner, wasn't it?

LEAHY: It certainly was, Jack... (LOUD) OH WAITER..WAITER..THE CHECK.

JACK: No, no ^{no} Mr. Leahy, this is on me...Waiter, I'll take the check.

ROY: Here you are, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you....Just a second while I.....Hmm.

LEAHY: What's the matter, Jack, something wrong with the check?

JACK: No no ..(COY)..but Mr. Leahy..this will kill you..remember when I told you I forgot my magazine?

LEAHY: Yes.

JACK: Well, I forgot my wallet, too...Isn't that awful!

LEAHY: You know, Mr. Benny --

JACK: What?

LEAHY: I'd like to have ^{just} one halfback that's as slippery as you are.

JACK: ^{well} Thank you...Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: BE SURE TO HEAR DENNIS DAY IN "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS DAY".....STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY SHOW WHICH FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY.....THIS IS C.B.S...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

IR

RTK01 0312977

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE December 12, 1949
(Recorded December 12, 1949)

Network: CBS

Broadcast: ~~4:00 - 4:30 PM EST~~
Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #15
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed December 9, 1949)

TK

ATX01 0312979

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 18, 1949 (RECORDED DECEMBER 9, 1949)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM, ^{transcribed} ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIRSTAND: Friends, everytime you light up a Lucky, you get more real deep-down smoking enjoyment.

SHARBUTT: (CONVERSATIONAL) Yes, that's exactly what you get from every Lucky you light. For to make certain that Luckies are a smoother, lighter, more deeply enjoyable smoke -- Luckies pay more for fine tobacco -- millions of dollars more than official parity prices. Remember, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts, and LS - MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Fine tobacco that guarantees a milder, truly finer cigarette for you! Yes, from first puff to last, there's never a rough puff in a Lucky. So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

FH

ATX01 0312980

(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~~ ^{The Customers}
^{Started and} "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LET'S GO OUT TO BEVERLY HILLS. IT'S
~~IS~~ MORNING...AND HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE...BRIMMING WITH THE
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT...^{are} ~~AND~~ WAITING FOR THE LOCAL DEPARTMENT
STORE TO OPEN ITS DOORS.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES)

JACK: Oh, Mary - Mary - where are you?

MARY: Here I am, Jack, right behind you.

JACK: Oh, yes. (PROUDLY) Say, Mary, how did you like the way I
wiggled myself through this crowd right up to the front of
the line.

MARY: Yeah, those rhumba lessons you took from Arthur Murray
really help.

JACK: I'll say...When we started we were way at the end of the
line, and now there's only one man ahead of me.

JERRY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Mr. Murray.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Oh, look, ^{Jack} Mary...Look they're getting ready to open the
store and let the crowd in...I can see the manager walking
over to the floorwalker.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

KEARNS: Oh, Jasper --

MEL: What is it, Mr. Simpkins?

FS

KEARNS: It's almost time to open the store. Are all the clerks at their stations?

MEL: Yes sir.

KEARNS: Good. You will open the doors in ten seconds. Are you ready for final inspection?

MEL: Yes sir.

KEARNS: Hair?

MEL: Combed.

KEARNS: Chin?

MEL: Out.

KEARNS: Jacket?

MEL: Pressed.

KEARNS: Carnation?

MEL: Moist.

KEARNS: Good.

(SOUND: ONE LOUD CHIME)

KEARNS: It is now Nine o'clock. You may open the doors and guide our customers into the store.

MEL: Yes sir.

(SOUND: ABOUT SIX DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS...
KEY TURNING IN LOCK...DOOR OPENS...
CROWD NOISES UP)

MEL: MULE TRAIN! WAH...WAH...

(SOUND: SNAPPING OF WHIP)

MEL: MULE TRAIN --

(SOUND: STAMPEDE)

MEL: GET IN THERE..GIDDYAP..GET IN THERE..GET GOIN..ETC...

MULE TRAIN.....WAH..WAH.

(SOUND: WHIP SNAPS)

JACK: Mule Train!

KEARNS: Jasper!... Jasper!...how could you do a thing like that to our customers?

MEL: When I saw those faces, I couldn't control myself.

JACK: Wait here, Mary, I'll be right back.

MARY: Jack, don't get into it.

JACK: Never mind..Say, Mister, are you the manager?

KEARNS: Yes, I am.

JACK: Well, as one of your steady customers, I resent being ushered into the store like a mule.

KEARNS: I apologize, sir.

JACK: I've never been --

KEARNS: I said I apologize, put your ears down.

JACK: Now look, Mister --

MARY: Jack, I told you not to get into it...Come on.

JACK: Oh, all right.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, I'd like to go to a store with you just once where you don't get into an argument with everybody.

TK

JACK: Look Mary..I'll admit that sometimes it may be my fault... but not this time. Imagine driving customers into a store yelling, "Mule Train!"

MARY: Well, don't stand there complaining, go have your coat fixed.

JACK: My coat?

MARY: His whip tore your sleeve off.

JACK: Oh yes...well, I'll just pin it and then fix it when I get home. ...Come on.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Mary, what do you think I oughta get for my sister Florence in Chicago?

MARY: ^{Oh} Gee, I don't know.

JACK: It ought to be something nice. You know Mary, I have no brothers and no other sister..Florence is my only close relative..I oughta get her something ^{really} nice.

MARY: What did you get her last year?

JACK: A pencil sharpener.

MARY: (VERY SWEETLY) Oh, how sweet, Jack...but then she is your only sister.

JACK: Yeah, after all, ^{you know} she --

MARY: Jack, let's go outside and come in the store again.

JACK: Why?

MARY: I want that guy with the whip to get another crack at you.

JACK: Nothing doing, he had his chance...Anyway, I can't understand a store like this bringing customers in ~~by~~ ^{just the way} --

TK

SAM: (RUBE) Pardon me, Mister, did you see my wife?
JACK: Huh?..Are you talking to me?
SAM: Yeah, did you see my wife?
JACK: No, I haven't....As a matter of fact, I don't even know your wife.
SAM: Then how do you know you didn't see her?
JACK: Now Mister, how would I *know* - -
SAM: Can't stand here jabbering, I better go look for her...
Chloe!
JACK: Hm... Now come on, Mary, let's *go* - -
MARY: Oh Jack...look...there's Dennis.
JACK: Where?...Oh yes.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISE UP AND DOWN)

JERRY: Young man, what can I do for you?
DENNIS: Gee, I don't know what to get for my mother. She goes horseback riding a lot... Maybe she'd like it if I'd buy something for the horse....Say, Mister --
JERRY: Yes?
DENNIS: How much is that horse collar?
JERRY: Horse collar?
DENNIS: Yes. That white one hanging up there on the wall.
JERRY: Young man, this is the plumbing department.
DENNIS: Oh.
JERRY: Just what is it you're looking for?
DENNIS: I don't know...but I'd like to get something for my mother.

JERRY: Well, I can call the ladies Department and save you some time. Did you have anything in mind?

DENNIS: Yes sir. I think a dress would be nice.

JERRY: *Oh* That's an excellent idea. What size dress does your mother wear?

DENNIS: Thirty-six.

JERRY: Thirty-six?

DENNIS: Uh huh. I think I oughta get her a nightgown too, *size fifty-eight*

JERRY: ~~A nightgown?~~

DENNIS: ~~Yes, size fifty-eight.~~

JERRY: Wait a minute, son, if your mother wears a thirty-six dress, why would she wear a fifty-eight nightgown?

DENNIS: She doesn't sleep in her girdle.

JERRY: Young man, ^{*young man*} I think you're confused. However, I will admit that there is a little variation in size...but very slight.

DENNIS: Gee, I hope that movie company doesn't find out.

JERRY: Movie company?

DENNIS: Yeah. They want my mother to take off her girdle to advertise their new picture.

JERRY: What picture?

DENNIS: Lost Boundaries.

JERRY: Young man, would you do me a favor and shoplift something so I can have you arrested?

DENNIS: What?

PS

JERRY: Let it go. Is there anything else I can do for you?

DENNIS: Uh huh. Those men's shirts. In that case across the aisle..
are they real silk?

JERRY: *Oh* Yes, they are..they'd make a wonderful gift for your father

DENNIS: Oh, they're not for my father, I'd like to buy them for Mr.
Benny.

JERRY: Jack Benny? *Do you know him?*

DENNIS: *of sure.*
~~Yes.~~ He's on one of my shows.

JERRY: ~~Oh.~~

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES)

JACK: Dennis...Dennis --

DENNIS: Oh, hello, Mr. Benny. Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Dennis. Doing your Christmas shopping?

DENNIS: Yeah. *we* I was just gonna decide on Mr. Benny's gift, and he
had to walk up and spoil the whole thing.

JACK: *Oh* I'm sorry, kid, ⁹ I didn't know you wanted it to be a secret.

DENNIS: Yeah, now you'll have to close your eyes.

JACK: Okay.

DENNIS: Got 'em closed?

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: Okay, Mister, you can wrap it up now...and put it in a
shoe box so he won't know it's a shirt.

JACK: Can I open my eyes now?

DENNIS: Yeah.

MARY: Geo, that was a close one.

Jack: Yeah, yeah.

TK

DENNIS: *Oh* Say, Mr. Benny, while my packages are being gift-wrapped, would you like to step over to the music counter and hear a record I just made?

JACK: *Oh* Sure, kid. *Come on.*

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Oh, Miss --

BLANCHE: Yes? *a*

JACK: Do you have the latest record made by Dennis Day?

BLANCHE: ~~Oh,~~ you mean "I Must Have Done Something Wonderful"?

DENNIS: Yeah, that's the one.

JACK: Would you play it, Miss?

BLANCHE: I'm sorry, but our record player is broken.

JACK: Broken?

BLANCHE: Yeah....all day yesterday, every five minutes, some curley-headed jerk kept requesting "That's What I Like About the South."

JACK: I think I know who you mean... Why didn't you tell him that you refused to play it.

BLANCHE: And get hit with a ham hock?

JACK: Oh yes, he's never without one.

DENNIS: Gee, and I wanted you to hear my record.

JACK: Well, if it'll make you feel better, ^{*Dennis -*} you sing and I'll spin you around.

DENNIS: Okay.
Jack: Okay - come on.
(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - I MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WONDERFUL.)

(APPLAUSE)

MK

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{well - that} That was very good, Dennis. ^{I'll bet it's a swell record.} Say, Mary, don't you think that song will be a ~~big~~ -- Mary... Now, where did Mary go?

DENNIS: ^{Oh} She's way over there... at the end of ^{the} that counter.

JACK: Oh, yes.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

KEARNS: May I wait on you, Miss?

MARY: Yes. I'd like to get something for a gentleman.

KEARNS: A gentleman?... Your husband?

MARY: No, my boss... he's been nice to me. ^{and} I'd like to show him my appreciation.

KEARNS: ^{Oh} Here's something nice... a gold tie clasp.

MARY: A gold tie clasp.. No.

KEARNS: How about a gold key chain?

MARY: No.

KEARNS: How about gold cuff links?

MARY: Look, Mister, I don't wanna get him anything he can melt down.... Gee, I wish I could think of something.

KEARNS: Well Miss, perhaps I could help you better if you told me how closely you two are associated. ^{Are --} Are you engaged?

MARY: No, we're not.

KEARNS: Is he your boy friend?

MARY: No, as a matter of fact, he treats me more like a sister.

KEARNS: How about a pencil sharpener?

MARY: A pencil sharpener?

KEARNS: Yes, we ship one to Chicago every year...It goes to a girl named Flossie.

MARY: You mean Florence.

KEARNS: I feel like I know her.

JACK: Hey, Mary...Mary....let's not keep losing each other. *See*
spend more time--

KEARNS: *oh* Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, hello.

KEARNS: It's on the way to Chicago.

JACK: Chica---Wait a minute, this year I was gonna get my sister something different.

KEARNS: (PAUSE..THEN STARTS TO LAUGH SOFTLY..AND INCREASES TO A ROLLING LAUGH)

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, it's amazing how everybody knows I'm a comedian.... Mary, I'm gonna get something else for my sister.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

VEOLA: Now, is there anything else, sir?

PHIL: *Well* I don't know, baby, let's see what I bought so far.

VEOLA: Well, there's one black negligee.

PHIL: Yeah...that's for my ever~~y~~ lovin' wife.

MK

ATK01 0312990

VEOLA: (DISAPPOINTED) ^{oh} You're....you're...married?

PHIL: Am I married? Why I'm married to Alice Faye, the sweetest little *gal who ever* - -

VEOLA: (SNIFFS)

PHIL: Aw, come on, baby, stop cryin', there ain't enough of me for everybody.

VEOLA: Yes sir.

PHIL: It happens every time... Now let's see ^{honey}. I've got everybody's present except one for Jackson. ^{oh} I know... I'll, *I'll* get him a pair of sox.

VEOLA: What size?

PHIL: Eleven and a half.

VEOLA: These?

PHIL: Yeah... Now I'll just take off my shoes, put the new ones on and then I'll *be all* - -

VEOLA: ~~But~~ Mr. Harris, I thought you were gonna give socks to Mr. Benny.

PHIL: I am, here are my old ones, gift wrap 'em.

VEOLA: Don't you want me to sew up the holes first?

PHIL: ^{Naw, Naw} Naw, ^h just throw in a needle and thread, it'll give the old man something to do when he gets home from his rhumba lessons. Put plenty of ribbons on the box *so the kid can play around* - -

MARY: Oh, Phil --

JACK: *Hey* Phil --

PHIL: Welllll .. "Dear Hearts and Gentle People".

JACK: Funny running into you, Phil.

MARY: Yeah, how is Alice?

VEOLA: (CRIES)

PHIL: Now stop it!

MARY: What's the matter with her?

PHIL: The usual thing. She's upset because she found out I'm married.

JACK: *Oh* Now that's ridiculous.

PHIL: You cried a little too, Dad.

JACK: All right, all right...but that was during the ceremony...

it had nothing to do with you.

PHIL: *well* Then why did you cry?

MARY: ~~It broke his heart to see all that rice falling on the ground.~~

Because you wouldn't let him go on the honeymoon.

JACK: ~~Mary, that wasn't it at all. I was thinking of Alice.~~

VEOLA: ~~(CRIES)~~

JACK: ~~Now cut that out!~~

PHIL: ~~Leave her alone.~~

JACK: ~~What?~~

PHIL: ~~Well, I've gotta finish my shopping, kids.~~

Jack: Mary, stop. I've seen Niagara Falls.

Phil: Well Jackson, I've gotta finish my shopping, kids. Good I've gotta get some California pennants.

FS

MARY: California pennants?
PHIL: Yeah. ^{You see} I'm goin' to the Rose Bowl game...and I wanna cheer for California...but all they've got in this store are pennants from Syracuse.
JACK: Pennants.....from Syracuse?
PHIL: Sure..there's a big box of them right ^{up there on the} ~~on that~~ counter... see what it says?....Syracuse Pennants.
JACK: That's Circus Peanuts (Syracuse Pennants) ... Phil, how ^{can} could you be so ---
MARY: He disappeared in ~~to~~ the crowd.
JACK: Good, good.
JACK: Now Mary, I wish you'd help me decide on something for my sister Florence.
MARY: Well Jack, I've been trying to think.
JACK: Gosh...I don't know ---
SAM: Say, Mister, are you sure you didn't see my wife?
JACK: Huh?...Look Buddy, I'd like to help you, but I don't know what your wife looks like...Has she got any identifying marks?
SAM: Well....she's got a birth-mark on --- Never mind, I'll look for her myself.
JACK: Yes yes, you better...
SAM: CHLOE!
JACK: Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

TF

JACK: Why does everybody have to pick on me?

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

EARL: Well, have you made up your mind, sir?

ROCH: HUH?...OH OH...I WAS JUST LOOKING AROUND...I SURE WOULD
LIKE TO GIVE MY GIRL A RING LIKE THAT.

EARL: Well, I don't blame you. That's a beautiful diamond
ring.

ROCH: HOW MUCH IS IT?

EARL: Four thousand dollars.

ROCH: THAT DOESN'T SOUND SO BAD. WAIT TILL I LOOK IN MY
BANK BOOK.

(SOUND: FLIPPING OF PAGES)

ROCH: ~~HMM...THERE WE ARE.~~

EARL: Well?

ROCH: WAIT TILL I TURN THE PAGE.

(SOUND: PAGE TURNS)

ROCH: HMMM.

EARL: Well?

ROCH: WAIT TILL I TURN ANOTHER PAGE.

(SOUND: PAGE TURNS)

ROCH: HMMM.

EARL: Well?

ROCH: JUST A MINUTE, I'M ON THE LAST PAGE.

(SOUND: PAGE TURNS)

TF

EARL: Well -- *what's on the last page?*

ROCH: ~~THAT'S THE SADDEST STORY I EVER READ.~~ *Put something in the pot, boy.*

EARL: ~~...Sad?~~

ROCH: ~~IT'S A NATURAL FOR BETTE DAVIS.~~

EARL: Well, look Mister, if you want to buy this ring, you don't have to pay the four thousand dollars cash...you can pay for it on easy terms. All you have to do is establish a credit rating.

ROCH: A CREDIT RATING?

EARL: Yes, I have the forms right here. Your name?

ROCH: ROCHESTER VAN JONES.

EARL: Are you employed?

ROCH: YES SIR.

EARL: Who do you work for?

ROCH: JACK BENNY.

EARL: Oh.. what are your duties with --

ROCH: YOU MEAN YOU WANNA GO ON?

EARL: *why* Yes, what are your duties with Mr. Benny?

ROCH: WELL, BESIDES BEING HIS RHUMBA DANCING PARTNER, I'M HIS PERSONAL SECRETARY, LEGAL ADVISER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND I ALSO SELECT THE SCRIPTS FOR THE MOVIES HE MAKES.

EARL: You pick his movies?

ROCH: HE HAS TO BLAME SOMEBODY.

EARL: Well, I don't agree with you. I think that Mr. Benny is a great entertainer, whether it's stage, screen, or radio... and as far I'm concerned, his last picture was one of the funniest ~~things~~ I've ever seen.

VH

ROCH: YOU KEEP TALKIN' LIKE THAT AND YOU'LL BE IN LINE FOR A
PENCIL SHARPENER.

MARY: (WHISPERS) ^{Jack} I think Rochester is over there picking out a
gift for you.

JACK: Yes, I guess so. I don't want him to see me so let's move
on.

DON: (OFF) OH JACK...JACK.

JACK: Hey, it's Don.

MARY: Hello, Don.

DON: ^{why} Hello, Mary... ^{oh} Say Jack, I just bought you a present but
I felt it was silly to wait till Christmas, so I'm
gonna give it to you now.. Here.

JACK: ..For me?..A mop?.. But Don, what can I do with a mop?

~~DON: Come here a minute, Jack.~~

~~(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~JACK: Huh?~~

DON: This isn't a mop, I just put a handle on it so you
wouldn't be embarrassed carrying it home.

JACK: Oh, I see..I thought the widow's peak was so you could
get into the corners.

VH

ATX01 0312996

MARY: Don,^{Don'} what've you got in that little bag?

DON: Oh Mary, I'm glad you asked me. ^{Here -} Here, I'll show it to you.
It's the cutest thing you ^{saw} ever ~~seen~~.

(SOUND: PAPER RATTLING)

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: See, it's a little toy merry-go-round.

MARY: ^{well} What do you want that for, Don?

DON: Here, let me show you...First you wind it up, then when you
release the lever, it spins around and plays music.

JACK: Really? Let me see how it works, Don.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: WINDING...CLICK...SPINNING SOUND)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS SIXTEEN BARS)

QUART: L S M F T

LUCKY STRIKE IS AS GOOD AS ~~A CIGARETTE~~ CAN BE.

L S M F T

SMOKE A LUCKY AND YOU WILL SOON SEE

(ORCHESTRA SIXTEEN BARS)

QUART: THERE'S NOTHIN' QUITE LIKE PUFFIN' ON A LUCKY STRIKE

NO, THERE'S NOTHIN' SO YOU BETTER KEEP ON PUFFIN'.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THEY'RE ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED

YES, THEY'RE FULLY, FULLY,

YES, THEY'RE FULLY, FULLY

EVERYBODY KNOWS THEY'RE FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW

THEY'RE SO FREE AND EASY

THEY'RE SO FREE AND EASY

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU'RE STARTING

OUT WITH A CARTON

IF YOU'LL TAKE THE TIME TO TRY SOME.

WE'RE SURE YOU WILL BUY SOME. (RUNNING DOWN ON THIS LINE)

JACK: *Don* Don, what's the matter?

DON: Oh, here *see it* I better wind it up again.

(SOUND: WINDING)

QUART: LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY, MADE IN KENTUCKY

L S M F T, L S M F T, L S M F T

YES SIR, LUCKIES PAY MORE, NEED WE SAY MORE

NO, NO, NO NO NO NO NO NO NO

JACK: *Don* Don, what happened?

(SOUND: MACHINE BREAKS)

JACK: Oh, *what* ~~that's~~ a shame, it broke.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

MARY: Don, that's the cutest toy I ever saw.

JACK: Yeah, it's a shame it broke.

DON: *Oh* That's all right, I'll get another one..Well, I've gotta run along ^{now--}. See you ~~later~~, kids *later*.

MARY: Goodbye, Don.

JACK: So long, Don.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now Mary, I don't wanta be here all day. I'm gonna get that other present for my sister...let's go over to the perfume counter.

MARY: Well, Jack, I've got some other shopping to do, so I'll meet you there later.

JACK: All right, Mary....Don't be too long.

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

JACK: Gee, I wonder what kind of perfume I ~~should~~ *oughta get--*

SAM: Oh, there you are.

JACK: What?

SAM: Where is she?

JACK: Who?....Oh, for heaven's sakes..Why do you keep asking me about your wife? .. I told you I don't know what she looks like.

SAM: Well, here..I'll show you a picture of her.....See.

JACK: ...This...this is your wife?

SAM: Yep, seems silly of me to keep lookin' for her, don't it?

JACK: I don't know..anyway, Mister, she must be in the store someplace, so just keep looking and you'll probably find her.

VH

ATX01 0312999

SAM: I hope not....So long, Rube.

JACK: Rube?

SAM: Chloe!

Jack *oh* (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I'd like to get out of here so I can stop running into such silly---Oh, here's the perfume counter..There must be something nice here for my sister... OH CLERK...CLERK.

ELLIOT: Duh, what can I do for you, sir?

JACK: Hmm...are you the salesman here?

ELLIOT: Yeah.

JACK: You're the salesman here in the perfume department?

ELLIOT: Don't take my word for it, smell me.

JACK: *oh* I'll take your word for it.

ELLIOT: Thank you..now what kind of perfume would you like to buy?

JACK: Well, what kind have you got?

ELLIOT: I've got Tabu, Temptation, Shocking, White Shoulders, Surrender, and, you should excuse the expression...My Sin.

JACK: Wait a minute. *I think* - I think my sister likes Tabu, but I don't know whether to get it for her or not.

ELLIOT: (LAUGHING)...Tabu or Not Tabu, that is the question.

JACK: Hmmmm.

ELLIOT: (LAUGHING) I made that up myself.

JACK: I know, I know.

ELLIOT: Everybody says I'm another Milton Berle.

JACK: Well, your face, *your face* does look a little like a Kinescope.... Now let's *lets* see some other perfumes, please.

ELLIOT: Okay..We have some very nice imported ones...Evening in Paris...

VH

JACK: Uh huh.

ELLIOT: Midnight in Madrid.

JACK: Uh huh.

ELLIOT: ~~And~~ here's a domestic one...Morning in the Smog.

JACK: Oh, ^{are they --} are they bottling it now?

ELLIOT: Why not, we got enough of it. d

JACK: Yes, yes.

MARY: (COMING IN) Oh, there you are, Jack.

JACK: Yeah, I thought I'd stop here and get some perfume for Florence...Clerk...What's that?

ELLIOT: Oh, this is a very fashionable odor...It's called "Aujoudwee"...I'll spray a little on you.

(SOUND: LIGHT SPRAYING OF ATOMIZER)

JACK: (INHALES) Say, that does smell nice.

ELLIOT: Yeah, and it's got penicillin in it to fight off Virus X.

JACK: That's not a bad idea. ^{you know} You can ---

MARY: Say Jack...here's a perfume ^{your sister} Florence might like... "Low De le Vie Crayon"

JACK: Low de le Vie Crayon...what does that mean?

MARY: Aroma of Freshly Sharpened Pencils.

JACK: Oh ~~Mary~~, you're no help...and imagine putting a clerk like ^{you} ~~that~~ behind a perfume counter.

ELLIOT: Oh, this ain't my regular job....I just sell perfume during the Christmas rush.

TF

ATX01 0313001

JACK: I thought so....what is your regular job?

ELLIOT: I'm a ~~hostess in a Gypsy Tea Room.~~
pass girl at Hollywood Park.

JACK: Oh come on, Mary..I've had enough of this guy.

(SOUND: THREE LOUD STORE CHIMES...CROWD NOISES

UP)

JACK: *Hey* What's that?

MARY: *Oh* We've been here all day and it's closing time.

JACK: You mean they're closing the store now?

MARY: YES. JACK, LOOK OUT!

TF

ATX01 0313002

MEL: MULE TRAIN..WAH WAH...

(SOUND: WHIP SNAPPING)"

MEL: EVERYBODY OUT....GET OUT OF HERE..

(SOUND: WHIP SNAPPING)

MEL: OUT...EVERYBODY OUT....OUT!

(SOUND: WHIP SNAPPING)

JACK: OH, DARN IT, THERE GOES MY OTHER SLEEVE.....COME ON, MARY.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

SM

ATK01 0313003

R.O.A.:
JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, CARE food packages have been improved and increased with more meats and fats that mean health to hungry children and families overseas. Twenty-two and one-half pounds of life giving food for ten dollars. Delivery guaranteed. Send your contribution to non-profit CARE, Los Angeles or New York. That's C.A.R.E, CARE, Los Angeles, or New York.

(APPLAUSE)

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

TF

ATK01 0313004

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 18, 1949 (RECORDED DECEMBER 9, 1949)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT UP AND UNDER)

SHARBUTT: When Lucky Strike goes to the tobacco markets they have
you in mind -- your deep-down enjoyment of smoking ...
and that's a big reason why they pay more for fine
tobacco ...

RIGGS: (CHANT UP TO 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

HIESTAND: (CONVERSATIONAL) Yes, friends, at the tobacco auctions
Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official
parity prices for fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.
You see, in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts,
and IS - MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
You'll know this is true with every Lucky you light.
For here's smoking at its finest ... smooth, mellow ...
deeply enjoyable ... there's never a rough puff in a
Lucky. And like you, the veteran tobacco men choose
Lucky Strike for their own personal enjoyment. In fact
a recent survey reveals that more independent tobacco
experts -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - smoke
Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading
brands combined! So take a tip from the experts and
smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

FH

(MORE)

ATX01 0313005

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 18, 1949 (RECORDED DECEMBER 9, 1949)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: And here's a Christmas gift suggestion that every friend will welcome -- a specially wrapped Christmas carton of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Ten packs, two hundred cigarettes -- two hundred wonderfully smooth, deeply enjoyable Luckies. Yes, give Lucky Strike Christmas cartons to your friends -- and keep a good supply of Luckies on hand to add to your enjoyment of the Christmas season.

FH

ATK01 0313006

(SOUND: BUS MOTOR AND LOUD BORN)

JACK: Gee, Mary, this Christmas rush is awful, isn't it?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Gee, look, how crowded this bus is.

SAM: Hey, Babe ... Babe!

JACK: Huh?

SAM: How are you?

JACK: Oh, it's you ... I'm fine ... fine ... Did you ever find your wife?

SAM: Who do you think is driving the bus?

JACK: Oh, well tell Cbloe to let me off at the next corner ...

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen ... next Sunday two hours before my own show on this same network the Actors' Company will present "The Man Who Came To Dinner" with Charles Boyer, Mel Ferrer, Henry Fonda, John Garfield, Gene Kelly, Dorothy McGuire, Gregory Peck, Rosalind Russell and yours truly, Jack Benny.

And another thing, ladies and gentlemen ... the next time we meet it will be Christmas Day, so on behalf of my sponsor, my cast, and my entire staff, I want to take this opportunity to wish each and every one of you a happy and joyous holiday season.

BOB: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day In The Life of Dennis Day" ... stay tuned for the Andy's 'n Andy show which follows immediately ... transcribed ... this is CBS ... the Columbia Broadcasting System.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE December 25, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

RECEIVED

PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1949 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0313009

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 25, 1949
CHRISTMAS COMMERCIAL

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

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Friends, every Lucky you light gives you a smoother, milder more enjoyable smoke. There's never a rough puff in a Lucky ... because LS - MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

HIRSTAND: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... ripe, light, naturally mild leaf that always gives you a more deeply enjoyable smoke, puff after puff with never a rough puff. Now, fine tobacco like this costs more - and Luckies pay more - millions of dollars more than official parity prices - to get fine tobacco that guarantees more real deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

SHARBUTT: Remember, too, the men who really know tobacco - the Independent tobacco experts - choose Lucky Strike for their own personal smoking enjoyment. In fact, a recent survey reveals that more auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

HIRSTAND: So, friends, for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike. Yes, light up a Lucky and enjoy a milder, smoother smoke - with never a rough puff. You'll agree in all the world there's no finer cigarette than Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free

ATX01 0313010

(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, IF YOU GO OUT TO BEVERLY HILLS AND LOOK
IN THE WINDOW OF JACK BENNY'S HOUSE, YOU WILL SEE A VERY
PRETTY CHRISTMAS TREE... A PICTURE OF PEACE AND SERENITY...
BUT IF YOU COULD HAVE BEEN THERE YESTERDAY...WELL..WHY NOT?

(TRANSITION MUSIC "JINGLE BELLS")

JACK: Well we're almost through trimming the tree, Mary.. Gee, it
was nice of you to come over ^{and} ~~to~~ help me.

MARY: Well, if I didn't you'd never get it done..Say, Jack, shall I
put the snow around the bottom now?

JACK: Not yet..I want to see if the lights are working..I'll hold
up the bulbs, and when I say ready, you plug it in.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: TINKLE OF LIGHT BULBS)

MARY: Ready?

JACK: Ready.

(SOUND: PLUG PUSHED INTO WALL SOCKET....
FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY ELECTRICAL
SPARKS AND BUZZING)

HA

RTX01 0313011

JACK: PULL IT OUT..PULL IT OUT....PULL IT OOOOOUT!

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: My goodness.

MARY: Oh Jack, why did you make me shut it off..Those lights were so pretty..especially those two blue ones that kept flashing on and off.

JACK: THOSE WERE MY EYES!....I must have been holding on to a bare wire.

MARY: Well it's your own fault..Every time you fool around with electricity something goes wrong.

JACK: It does not...I know plenty about electricity.

MARY: Oh sure..Remember what happened yesterday when you fixed your doorbell?

JACK: What happened?

MARY: I pushed the button and roasted a pig in Encino.

JACK: Oh stop exaggerating..Anyway, hand me that roll of tape, I'll fix this bare wire right now.

MARY: Here you are.

JACK: Thanks..Now let's see.. (TO HIMSELF) ^{To myself} To insulate a bare wire you just tape it up like...umm...like this...There.. that oughta be enough tape...All right Mary, plug it in.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: PLUG PUSHED INTO SOCKET...ELECTRICITY SPARKS AND BUZZING AS BEFORE)

HA

JACK: PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OOOOUT!

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

MARY: Jack, what happened?

JACK: I taped my finger to the wire..that's what happened.

MARY: Oh gee, and that time it was even prettier than before.

JACK: - What do you mean?

MARY: Your nose lit up too!

JACK: It did not.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What're you laughing at!

MARY: Benny, the Red Nosed Reindeer.

JACK: All right, all right .. now let's get this tree finished before the gang gets here.

MARY: But Jack, what about the lights?

JACK: We'll have to let that go until later..Now hand me one of those candy canes so I can --

ROCH: OH, MR. BENNY--

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I BAKED THAT CAKE LIKE YOU TOLD ME TO.

JACK: Good^{god}. Did you have enough whipped cream to spell out "Merry Christmas"?

ROCH: YEAH...SAY BOSS, HOW MANY R'S IN MERRY?

JACK: Two.

ROCH: OH-OH.

JACK: ~~Be~~ you better add one.

ROCH: ADD ONE, I BETTER CROSS ONE OUT, I GOT THREE!

JACK: Well leave it, it's better than ruining the cake.

ROCH: OKAY.

MARY: Oh Rochester, will you please take these Christmas tree lights and fix 'em?

ROCH: FIX 'EM?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: I AIN'T FOOLIN' AROUND WITH ELECTRICITY.

JACK: What are you afraid of?

ROCH: I DON'T WANNA GET HIT BY NOTHIN' I CAN'T HIT BACK.

JACK: Oh Rochester, imagine being afraid of electricity. Suppose Robert Fulton was afraid...he never would have invented the electric light..would he?

MARY: Jack, you're thinking of Thomas Edison.

JACK: Edison?..Well then what did Robert Fulton do?

MARY: (SARCASTIC) He wrote "Mule Train."

JACK: Oh yes....Now, Rochester, please fix these lights.

ROCH: OKAY, OKAY....(TO HIMSELF)^{now}....Let me see ~~now~~...in electricity there's the electrons and the electrodes. *And* then there's the positive and the negative...BUT I AIN'T POSITIVE WHICH ONE IS NEGATIVE.

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: THEN THERE'S THE ATOMS...Now the atoms are supposed to go from the positive to the negative...or..maybe they go from the electrons to the electrodes....THEN AGAIN, MAYBE THEY GO FROM AMOS TO ANDY.

JACK: Rochester!

HA

ROCH: Now as long as these atoms keep passin' each other, everything is all right....but when they meet half way and start fightin'..THEY'RE GONNA TURN ON ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO BUTT IN

JACK: Rochester, I'm not interested in the scientific details.. I just want you to fix those lights..And I promise you... while you're holding the wires no one in this room will turn on the switch.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS...WHILE I'M HOLDIN' THE WIRE YOU AIN'T GONNA TURN ON THE SWITCH..AND MISS LIVINGSTONE AIN'T GONNA TURN ON THE SWITCH.

JACK: Of course not.

ROCH: BUT WAY UP THERE AT BOULDER DAM, THERE'S A LITTLE MAN SITTING IN A ROOM WITH THOUSANDS OF WIRES ALL AROUND HIM.

JACK: So what?

ROCH: HOW DO I KNOW HE AIN'T GONNA DO SOMETHIN' JUST TO BREAK THE MONOTONY!

JACK: Oh all right, I'll fix it myself.. Come on, Mary, help me finish the tree.

Mary: Okeys, Jack. Hand me that screw case, will you?
Jack: Here you are.

(INTRO TO "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN")

MARY: (HUMS) DE DEEDLE DE DUM

DEEDLE DE DUM
*I'll find the cave
-DEEDLE DE DUM DUM
right next to the stream
-DEEDLE DE DUM DUM*

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN.

JACK: *lets see where a that star*
(HUMS) DE DEEDLE DE DUM

DEEDLE ~~DE~~ DUM *de*
*I'll find that star
-DEEDLE DE DUM DUM
on top of the tree
DEEDLE DUM DUM*

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN.

MARY: *see that with*
HE SEES YOU WHEN YOU'RE SLEEPING

HE KNOWS WHEN YOU'RE AWAKE

Jack: HE KNOWS WHEN YOU'VE BEEN BAD OR GOOD

SO BE GOOD FOR GOODNESS SAKE.

Mary: JACK: SO YOU BETTER WATCH OUT

YOU BETTER NOT CRY

Jack: MARY, YOU'RE CUTE AND SO AM I.

MARY &
JACK: (LAUGHINGLY) SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS LAST HALF OF CHORUS)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well Mary, we got all the packages under the tree..It looks nice, doesn't it?

MARY: ^{giddy} Yes, but you better pick those lights up off the floor before somebody steps on 'em.

JACK: Oh, yes...now where can I put them...I'll put 'em ^{here} on this chair.

(SOUND: LITTLE TINKLE OF BULBS)

JACK: Now Mary, some of the gifts I had sent direct from the store, but ~~here's~~ ^{here's} Phil Harris's present...Put it under the tree... Boy, will he be surprised.

MARY: But Jack, how will he be surprised?..You've got "Toilet Water" written all over the box.

JACK: *hell,* You gotta do that with Phil..When he opens a package and finds a bottle, he never stops to read the label...Last year I gave him a miniature ship in a bottle, and the mast stuck out of his mouth for three days...Every time I asked him something he had to answer me through the crow's nest... Believe me, I know what I'm doing.

MARY: Well Jack, I guess that does it..the tree is all finished.

JACK: Yeah....Gee, it looks swell..I'm kind of tired, I think I'll sit down for a minute and smoke a Lucky.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

JACK: Mary, have you got a match?

MARY: No.

ROCH: OH SAY BOSS--

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: ARE YOUR SOCKS DRY YET?

JACK: I THINK SO.

ROCH: WELL PEOPLE WILL BE HERE SOON, YOU BETTER TAKE 'EM OFF THE TREE.

JACK: Oh that's right...You take 'em off, will you, Rochester?.. I'm tired, I want to sit here awhile.

HA

ROCH: Yes sir..(TO HIMSELF) Say, this tree looks awful nice, but it's kind of dark..Oh, no wonder, the lights aren't plugged in....I'll fix that.

(SOUND: PLUG PUSHED INTO SOCKET..ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND BUZZING)

JACK: PULL IT OUT....PULL IT OUT!...PULL IT OOOOOUT!

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: For heaven's sake.

MARY: *well,* What happened this time?

JACK: ~~There's~~ ^{Jim} sitting on the wire...And as long as you're here, Rochester, give me a match.

MARY: You don't need it now, your cigarette is lit.

JACK: Oh, yes... Thanks, Rochester.

ROCH: DON'T THANK ME, THANK THAT LITTLE MAN UP AT BOULDER DAM.

JACK: Never mind...And don't plug that in anymore. I've had enough trouble with --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: HELLO, PHIL.

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON..MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY.

MARY, JACK
& ROCH: MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HA

JACK: Isn't that strange?

PHIL: What're you two mumbling about?

JACK: Nothing, nothing. Hey Phil, what have you got in that package there?

PHIL: Oh I ^{almost} forgot, Jackson. ^{It's a} It's a present for you.

JACK: For me?

PHIL: Yeah..Me and the boys in the band all chipped in and got it for you.

JACK: Well thanks..I'll put it under the tree.

PHIL: No no, ^{no you don't - go ahead} open it up.

JACK: Okay..(RUSTLE OF PACKAGE BEING OPENED). ^{See} It was certainly nice of you and the boys to -- (RUSTLE STOPS).....Oh Phil, thanks...Gee, a beautiful turtle-neck sweater...^{It} Gee!

PHIL: Look inside of it, Jackson.

JACK: Inside?.....Ohhh Phil!

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: A turtle....(Hmm, a fine present to give me...I'll fix him)..
Come here, Phil, ^{Phil} sit down on this chair and relax.

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: Go ahead, Phil, sit down.

PHIL: Thanks, Jackson.

JACK: Are you comfortable, Phil?

PHIL: Sure.

JACK: Good, good...(Mary, push in the plug).

MARY: (Oh Jack, you wouldn't dare.)

JACK: (Hand me the plug, I'll give it to 'em myself,)

BS

PHIL: Hey Jackson, what about my present?

JACK: Just sit where you are..you'll get it, you'll get it..It's a surprise..(Mary, watch him jump...One, two, three.)

(SOUND: PLUG PUSHED INTO SOCKET)

JACK:Hmmm.....Phil.....Phil...don't you feel anything?

PHIL: No, why?

JACK: Hmmm.

PHIL: What about the surprise, what's the matter?

MARY: We're having a little trouble at Boulder Dam.

JACK: Mary....I can't understand what went wrong..Phil, stand up a minute.

PHIL: Okay.

JACK: Now let's see...(TINKLE OF BULBS)...There must be something wrong with this--

(SOUND: ELECTRICAL SPARKS AND BUZZING)

JACK: PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OUT...PULL IT OOOOUT!

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: Hmm, a fine thing to do ~~to~~^{to} a guy on Christmas Eve.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault for trying to play a trick on Phil.

PHIL: Oh, so that's it, eh Jackson?...Trying to give me a high hot foot.

JACK: No, Phil, I was just *teppin*

(SOUND: LOUD LONG DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: PULL IT OUT..PULL IT--

MARY: Jack, that's the doorbell.

BS

JACK: Oh oh...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY.

PHIL, MARY & JACK: MERRY CHRISTMAS, DON.

DON: COME ON IN, FELLOWS.

JACK: Oh, you brought the Sportsmen with you...Merry Christmas, boys.

QUART: HMMMMM.

JACK: ~~You~~ I'm sure glad you dropped in.

MARY: Say Don, did you get many nice presents this year?

DON: ^{Oh, sure} Yes, I did, Mary. And I couldn't wait..I've opened them already.

MARY: You have? What did you get, Don?

DON: Well, I got some gold cuff links..a moving picture camera..a television set..a golf ball..and a diamond wrist watch.

JACK: Well!

DON: Thanks for the golf ball, Jack.

JACK: You're welcome, Don...You do play golf, don't you?

DON: No.

JACK: Oh..OH...Well, you really oughta take it up, Don, it's great exercise for a fellow like you..and there are some beautiful courses around here.

MARY: That's fine, you give a guy one golf ball, and right away you want him to join a country club.

JACK: Well --

BS

MARY: Why didn't you give him a flea and tell him to go out and buy a dog.

JACK: (MOCKING) Buy a dog, Buy a dog ^{catch a job} ... Mary, let me ask you something ... are you tired of working on the radio?

MARY: ~~Yes.~~

JACK: ~~Okay.~~

~~(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS, RECEIVER UP, THREE DIALS)~~

MARY: ~~Jack, they're closed today.~~

JACK: ~~Oh yes.~~

~~(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)~~

JACK: ~~Well, you almost had your old job back.~~

PHIL: ~~Well kids, I gotta run home now. Alice is waiting for me.~~

JACK: ~~Wait a minute, PHIL, I put your Christmas present under the tree, but you might as well take it with you. Here.~~

PHIL: ~~Thanks, Jackson. Do you mind if I open it now?~~

JACK: ~~No, go ahead.~~

~~(SOUND: PACKAGE UNWRAPPED)~~

JACK: ~~Phil, I hope you notice what's written on the --~~

MARY: ~~Too late, he drank it already.~~

JACK: ~~How do you like that, if he'd only learn to read... Well, so long, Phil.~~

PHIL: ~~SO LONG, JACKSON, MERRY CHRISTMAS.~~

GANG: ~~MERRY CHRISTMAS, PHIL.~~

~~(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSING)~~

DON: ~~Well Jack, the boys and I have to be running along, too.~~

JACK: ~~Don, can't you stay a little longer?~~

DON: We'd like to , Jack, but the Sportsmen have to rush over to the Ambassador Hotel..You know, they're appearing at the Coconut Grove.

JACK: Oh yes.

MARY: Say Jack, why don't we go there one night this week?

JACK: Oh we will, Mary, we will.

DON: Jack, you shoulda been there last night..The boys did a novelty number for the holiday season that was really wonderful..They called it "Yule Train."

JACK: You mean Mule Train.

DON: No no, Jack..Yule Train.

JACK: Oh, Yule Train..Say, that's clever. How ^{did} ~~does~~ it go, Don?

DON: *hul*, Come on Boys, let's have it.

(INTRO)

QUART: SLEIGH RIDER# IN THE SKY
YIPPY-I-AY, YIPPY-I-AY
SANTA CLAUS IS RIDING HIGH.
YULE TRAIN, YULE TRAIN

MARTY: HI DONNER, HI BLITZEN, HI BOY HI.

QUART: CLIPPITY CLOPPING THROUGH THE SNOW AND RAIN
SANTA'S REINDEER NEVER STOP
CLIPPITY CLOP, CLIPPITY CLOP
CLIPPITY, CLIPPITY, CLIPPITY, CLIPPITY, CLIPPITY CLOPPING
ALONG
WHAT A BUSY, ^{Busy} DAY HE'LL HAVE
THAT JOLLY OLD KRIS KRINGLE
WE HOPE THAT EVERYONE OF YOU
WILL HEAR HIS SLEIGH BELLS JINGLE.
AND UNDERNEATH YOUR TREE
FIND SOME L.S.M.F.T.
WE MEAN LUCKIES, LUCKIES, LUCKY STRIKES.
EVERYBODY WANTS A CARTON FULL
OF LUCKY STRIKES BECAUSE
THEY'RE ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
LIKE GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS
YOU'RE HAPPY WHEN YOU PUFF
ON A LUCKY SURE ENOUGH.
GET ALONG, YULE TRAIN
GET ALONG.

(MORE)

MARTY: HI DONNER, GIDDYUP, ^{where} BLITZEN
HI PRANCER, . HI DANCER: *the boy*
QUART: SLEIGH RIDERS IN THE SKY
YIPPY-I-AY.. YIPPY-I-AY.
SANTA CLAUS IS RIDING HIGH
GET ALONG, YULE TRAIN, GET ALONG.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Don, that was ~~just~~ wonderful..We'll be over at the Grove the first chance we get. Won't we, Mary?

MARY: We sure will.

DON: *but* That's swell..~~well~~, so long, ^{now,} kids..Merry Christmas.

mary
~~CANE~~ MERRY CHRISTMAS, DON.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Well Mary, you're gonna stay and have dinner with me, aren't you?

MARY: Yes, you invited me.

JACK: Good..then after dinner we'll open all the presents and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: (OFF) I'LL ANSWER THE PHONE, BOSS.

JACK: Never mind, Rochester, I'll get it. It's right here.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BEA: (VERY DRAMATIC) Now look, Joe, I haven't got much time, so listen to me.. I'm phoning to warn you that my husband's wise to us and he's on his way over to your house with a gun, so get out of town, Joe, get out quick, remember what happened to Charlie.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Jack, what's the matter?

JACK: *I don't know* Somebody keeps getting my number by mistake..This is the second time it happened..First it was Charlie, and now she thinks I'm Joe.

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MARY: Joe who?

JACK: I don't know..we'll probably read it in the paper tomorrow...
OH ROCHESTER, HOW SOON WILL DINNER BE READY?

ROCH: IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, BOSS.

JACK: Oh good.

MARY: Say Jack, it's a little chilly in here, don't you think so?

JACK: ^{yeah} Yes, maybe I oughta put another log on the fire.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here we are...(GRUNTS) ..Ummm...Gee, this log is heavy...
OH ROCHESTER --

(SOUND: LOG ON FIRE)

JACK: NEVER MIND..Thanks, Mary...Now let's sit down and wait ~~with~~ ^{until}

(SOUND: LOG ON FIRE)

JACK: All right, you can stop showing off...Let's sit down... (HUMS
"~~SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN~~" ^{"Jingle Bells"})... You know, Mary, sitting
here in front of the fireplace, you look like the prettiest
girl in the whole world..If I were a painter, I'd take the
reflection of the fire dancing in your hair and paint the
loveliest--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's somebody at the door.

MARY: Well answer it, Grandma Moses, you can paint my hair later.

JACK: Yeah.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming, Coming.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

JOAN: Good evening, sir, I'm selling Christmas cookies to raise
funds for the Girl Scouts.

JACK: Christmas cookies..Well, you see I--

JOAN: Oh, you're Jack Benny, aren't you?

JACK: Yes.

JOAN: Well, it would be silly of you to buy any; you baked them for us.

JACK: That's right..How did you know I baked those cookies?

JOAN: All the gingerbread men have blue eyes.

JACK: Oh..well..I'll buy some anyway..I'll take a dozen..How much are they?

JOAN: Twenty-five cents.

JACK: You mean you only make a penny profit?...A penny on twelve cookies?

JOAN: If we break any, we're dead.

JACK: Well, just be careful..By the way, what's your name, lady?

JOAN: Joan.

JACK: *kk* That's a nice name ... Well, Merry Christmas.

JOAN: Merry Christmas.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Mary, I just bought some cookies..I'll put them on the tree.

MARY: Who'd you buy them from?

JACK: A girl who came to the door .. Her name is Joan .. Cute, too, but you'd think her father would dress her a little better... Will you have a cookie, Mary?

MARY: No, it'll spoil my dinner ... Oh, that reminds me. As long as I'm staying here, I better call my maid and tell her I won't be home.

Jack:

Okay

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP .. 6 DIALS)

IR

MARY: (HUMS OVER DIALING .. "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN") .. *Hello,*
but
Hello, Pauline, this is Miss Livingstone.. I won't be home for
dinner, so I thought if you'd like, you could have the ----
Pauline, are you still crying .. Pauline you've gotta
get a grip on yourself, you've been carrying on like this
all week..... Now look, he's married, on his way to
Honolulu, and there's nothing you can do about it.....
Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What's wrong, Mary?

MARY: *h* That maid of mine ... Just because Clark Gable got married,
she's been crying for five days.

JACK: Five days? That's ridiculous.

MARY: Certainly, I got over it in two.

JACK: Everybody makes such a fuss about Clark Gable ... Mary, let
me ask you something .. What's Clark Gable got that I ---
No I'd be a fool to throw you a lead like that.

MARY: *You sure would*
~~Go ahead and finish it, Jack, I've got seventeen answers.~~

~~JACK: What're you talking about, I've got twenty-eight and I'm on
my side --. Now what were we - -~~

DENNIS: Hello, Mary..Hello, Mr. Benny..Merry Christmas.

JACK: *h* Dennis, I didn't see you..when did you get here?

DENNIS: I came in with Phil.

JACK: With Phil? That was quite a while ago..Where've you been?

DENNIS: Well, I sneaked upstairs and put your Christmas present under
your pillow.

JACK: Oh, well, what took you so long?

DENNIS: I fell asleep.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, I'd like to thank you for the present you sent me, but I'm all confused.

JACK: Confused? Why?

DENNIS: All the packages got mixed up and the tags fell off and I don't know who sent me what.

JACK: Oh...all the cards fell off?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: Well, look kid ... did you .. er..did you get a wrist watch?

DENNIS: Oh, a beautiful one .. solid gold.

JACK: (CUTE) Well, take my card and put it on that ... ~~(HUMS)~~ *now let's ---*

MARY: Wait a minute, ~~Jack~~...Dennis, *I'll tell you what Jack gave you.* what else did you get? ~~"SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN"~~

DENNIS: A portable radio...a cigarette lighter...a candid camera... a silk bathrobe...a golf ball...

MARY: BINGO!

JACK: Mary!

MARY: Dennis, Jack gave you ~~the~~ *that* golf ball.

DENNIS: (SURPRISED) Oooh .. I thought it was kinda funny about Mr. Benny giving me the wrist watch.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: On the back is engraved, "To Dennis from Mother and Dad."

JACK: Look Dennis, on Christmas it isn't what you get that counts, it's the spirit in which it was given.

DENNIS: Every year he says the same thing.

JACK: Certainly I say it, because it's true...If more people felt *that* *then* ~~the~~ way ~~to~~---

ROCH: OKAY, MR. BENNY, DINNER IS READY.

JD

*What are you? Oh, anything can happen in
Christmas Day, even here.*

JACK: ~~Oh~~ good good...Come on, Mary, we'll go to dinner

MARY: Dennis, do you wanta have dinner with us?

DENNIS: Yeah, that'd be swell. And after dinner we can all sit
around the fire and----

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT) ...Dennis, ^{Dennis} come here a minute, ... ^{Dennis: Yes sir} ~~over~~ here.

(WHISPER) Now look kid...there's an old saying..Two is
company, ^{with} three is a crowd...You know what I mean?

DENNIS: Yeah, but how can we get rid of Mary?

JACK: *You nearly launch that one up.*
Well....ALL RIGHT, ROCHESTER, THERE'LL BE ^{the} THREE OF US FOR
DINNER....COME ON, KIDS.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I'm really hungry.

MARY: So am I.

JACK: I hope Rochester has those big raw carrots...I love 'em.

MARY: I like the small carrots.

JACK: ~~well~~, I like the big ones, *he always argues about what comes first.* ...Now Mary, you sit here.

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVED)

JACK: And Dennis, you sit over there.

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVED)

JACK: There we are, ^{now} ROCHESTER, YOU CAN ~~sit~~ ^{the} ~~chair~~

(SOUND: BODY FALLS OFF CHAIR)

JACK: Dennis, what happened?

DENNIS: I rolled off the chair, I had the golf ball in my ^{back} pocket.

JACK: Oh....ROCHESTER, WE'RE WAITING.

ROCH: (OFF) COMING, BOSS, COMING....

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JD

JACK: (YAWNS) Well Rochester, it's been a very nice Christmas Eve...The gang dropped in...we had a quiet dinner..and now they've gone home...and believe me, I'm ready for bed.

ROCH: YES SIR...WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS, I'LL FLUFF UP YOUR PILLOW FOR YOU.

(SOUND: FLUFFING OF PILLOW)

ROCH: HMMMMMMMMMMMM.

JACK: What's the matter, Rochester?

ROCH: THERE'S A PACKAGE UNDER HERE.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~---Oh yes, it's from Dennis...it's my Christmas present.

ROCH: WELL OPEN IT, OPEN IT!

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: PAPER RATTLING OPENING PACKAGE)

JACK: Oh...well this is lovely...a beautiful electric alarm clock... and instead of numbers around the face, it has twelve letters that spell out Jackson Benny.

ROCH: YEAH, IT SURE IS NICE.

JACK: Well, I might as well start using it right now...Rochester, you set it to the right time and I'll plug it in.

ROCH: OKAY...IT'S ELEVEN THIRTY NOW..SO I'LL SET IT TO--

(SOUND: PLUG IN...ELECTRICAL BUZZING)

ROCH: PULL IT OUT..PULL IT OUT..PULLLL IT OOOOOOOOOUT.

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Rochester, I didn't mean to----Rochester...

Rochester...Oh my goodness..Rochester, speak to me!

ROCH: (LAUGHS) HEE, HEE, HEE.

JACK: What're you laughing at?

ROCH: THE LIGHTS LIT UP ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

JACK: Good, good..MERRY CHRISTMAS, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOSS.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

JACK: And now, Ladies and gentlemen, Dennis Day will sing

"Ave Maria".

(DENNIS SINGS "AVE MARIA")

JACK: MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY.

Don!

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