

1950

APR. - MAY

JACK BENNY

LUCKY STRIKE

CONTINUITY

RADIO



ATX01 0313433

PROGRAM #30
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

RTX01 0313434

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

HIESTAND: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIESTAND: That fact is verified by an independent consulting laboratory with more than fifteen years' experience in cigarette research. The report from the consulting laboratory stated --

VOICE: Based on our analytical findings, it is our opinion that Lucky Strike cigarettes are the mildest of the six major brands tested!

SHARBUTT: And no wonder Lucky Strike cigarettes have been proved milder! For years Lucky Strike has conducted a unique and vast program in research...in quality controls...and manufacturing methods...And, today, tomorrow, always --

HIESTAND: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco fine, light, naturally mild tobacco with smoothness and mildness and never a rough puff!

(CONTINUED)

JG.

ATK01 0313435

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL, CONT'D

HITSTAND: So light up a Lucky. Prove to yourself what scientific tests prove - Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes.

SHARBUIT: Let your own taste and throat be the judge. For smoothness and mildness -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!

JG

ATX01 0313436

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: YES, HERE WE ARE SPENDING OUR SECOND WEEK IN PALM SPRINGS..
SO LET'S GO OUT AND VISIT THE PLACE WHERE JACK BENNY IS
STAYING..THE CANTANTA DE CASA LA QUINTA DE CASTILLE
CANYADA. AT THE MOMENT, OUR LITTLE STAR IS DRINKING IN
THE RAYS OF THE MORNING SUN..WHILE ROCHESTER IS RUBBING
HIM WITH OIL.

(SOUND: PAT PAT PAT AND CONTINUE)

JACK: What a wonderful day for a sun bath, eh, Rochester?

ROCH: IT SURE IS.

(SOUND: PATTING STOPS)

ROCH: TURN OVER, BOSS, I WANNA GET SOME OIL ON YOUR BACK.

JACK: (GRUNTS) ^{okay} Be careful you don't get any on my trunks...

Ahh, this is the life.

(SOUND: PATTING STARTS)

JACK: (COY) Oh, Rochester--

ROCH: WHAT IS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Er..oh, nothing.

(SOUND: PAT PAT PAT...PAT PAT PAT...PAT PAT PAT)

JACK: Rochester--

ROCH: YRS?

JACK: Oh, never mind.

(SOUND: PATTING STOPS)

ROCH: COME ON, BOSS, WHAT IS IT?

JACK: I'm really built, ain't I?

ROCH: IF YOU SAY SO, SIR.

~~(SOUND: PATTING STARTS)~~

~~JACK: I'm glad I listened to Bernard Macfadden.~~

~~(SOUND: PATTING STOPS)~~

~~JACK: Rochester, what did you stop rubbing me for?~~

~~ROCH: NO MORE OIL, BOSS.~~

~~JACK: Is that all we had?~~

~~ROCH: WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THAT MUCH IF WE DIDN'T FRY BACON
FOR BREAKFAST.~~

JACK: Well, I guess I'm greased up enough...I think I'll just
lie out here on the sun deck.

ROCH: BOSS--

JACK: You know, it isn't every place where you can step out of
your room and get right up on the sun deck.

ROCH: BOSS--

JACK: Yes?

ROCH: THIS THING YOU'RE LYING ON IS A PING PONG TABLE.

JACK: It isn't a sun deck?

ROCH: NO. WHY DO YOU THINK THEY HAVE THAT NET ACROSS THE
MIDDLE?

JACK: I thought the other side was for women. ~~(Um, and~~ I've
been peeking through the holes for nothing.) Oh look,
Rochester, here comes Miss Livingstone.

ROCH: OH YES..HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Hello, Rochester. H'ya, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Mary, I'm glad you dropped over.

MARY: (SARCASTIC) So this is the Cantanta de Casa la Quinta de Castille Canyada.

JACK: Mary, you don't have to say it like that. This is a very nice place...You know, I'm paying three dollars a day for my room?

MARY: (AMAZED) THREE DOLLARS!

JACK: Well, Mary, I felt the same way, but then this is the height of the season...Anyway it's worth it. You know this place overlooks the beautiful Palm Springs Biltmore.

MARY: Well Jack, you're very smart.

JACK: Thank you.

MARY: That's better than paying Biltmore prices and overlooking the dump you're living in.

JACK: What do you mean dump? Come on in ~~and~~ I'll show you my room.

(SOUND: SCUFFLE OF JACK GETTING OFF TABLE)

JACK: *Come on... come on in, Mary.*
~~Come on in~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

MARY: Jack, I can't see a thing, it's so dark in here.

JACK: Well..they finally fixed that hole in the roof. Rochester, get a match and light the lamp.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MATCH SCRATCH)

JACK: That's better. You see, Mary, this room is nice and large and--

MARY: Wait a minute ^{wait a minute} what's this lawn mower, wheel barrow, rake and garden hose doing in the corner?

JACK: Well...you see, Mary, the rate on this room is really four dollars..but they don't have a tool shed..and they said they would make an adjustment if I let them keep their garden tools in here.

MARY: Well, at least they keep you well supplied with towels.

ROCH: THIS IS THE LAUNDRY ROOM TOO!

~~MARY: What a joint! Imagine having a room so close to the kitchen.~~

~~JACK: the kitchen?~~

~~MARY: Yes. Ever since I got here I've been smelling bacon.~~

~~JACK: Oh, that. Well, Mary, that doesn't come from the kitchen.
... (LAUGHINGLY) ... You see, I ran out of sun-tan-oil, so I had Rochester rub bacon grease on me.~~

~~MARY: Well, you certainly smell good, I'm getting hungry.~~

~~ROCH: YESTERDAY HE WOULD'VE HAD YOUR TONGUE HANGING OUT. HE SMELLED LIKE PORK CHOPS!~~

~~JACK: Rochester--~~

~~ROCH: FRIDAY HE WAS ESSENCE OF MOUNTAIN TROUT.~~

JACK: Rochester..nobody asked you to--
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Oh,. pardon me, I didn't know you had company. I just
wanna get the lawn mower.

JACK: *ah.* It's right there in the corner, Ed.

MEL: Thank you.

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF METAL TOOLS..LAWN MOWER
ROTATING..DOOR SLAM)

ROCH: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE....ONE, TWO, THREE--

MARY: Rochester, what're you doing?

ROCH: I COUNT MY TOES EVERY TIME HE LEAVES.

MARY: Well, I don't blame you...Jack, of all the places in Palm
Springs, you had to get stuck with--

JACK: Mary, forget it. I didn't get stuck with anything. This
is a very nice--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MEL: (OFF) HEY, ~~MR.~~ BENNY, THERE'S A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU.

JACK: (UP) OKAY...Excuse me, Mary, I'll be back in a minute...
The phone is just down the hall.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL
AS JACK SINGS)

JACK: (HUMS TO "MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC") DA DA DA DA DA DE DA..In
the nickleodeon..All I want is loving you and money,
money, money...Da da da da da de da ^{*ah.*} ~~de~~ -Oh, here's the
phone.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

JENNY: Is this Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

JENNY: One moment please, we have a person to person call from Los Angeles...Go ahead ~~Los Angeles~~.

PHIL: Hiya, Jackson.

JACK: Phil..Phil..I thought you were in Palm Springs..What are you doing in Los Angeles?

PHIL: *well*, I was in Palm Springs, but I had to hurry back home when I found out I forgot something.

JACK: Oh..what did you forget?

PHIL: Alice.

JACK: Alice! Phil, how in the world could you forget her?

PHIL: Well, the day we were supposed to drive ^{down} to the Springs, I was a little careless..I wasn't watching.

JACK: What do you mean?

PHIL: Well, I was sitting in the car ~~and~~ after she put the luggage in, ^{and} I thought she got in too.

JACK: ~~How~~ ^{well}..Tell me, Phil, when did you first realize you had forgotten Alice?

PHIL: Well, as soon as I got to Palm Springs, I went in to the Racquet Club, had dinner, and when the waiter handed me the check, I knew she was missing.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: *let me tell you something -* And Jackson, ^{well} when I got home, she was furious.

JACK: What did she do?

PHIL: She was so made at me, she put Rudy Vallee's picture back on the piano.

JACK: I don't blame her.

PHIL: The one with the megaphone, yet!

JACK: Well look, Phil..I hope you'll be back in time for rehearsal. ^{You see...} We're having Al Jolson on the program this week and your orchestra will have to accompany him.

PHIL: Oh, sure, sure. ^{we got it} What do you think Jolie will sing?

JACK: Whatever he sings, Phil, I don't want the accompaniment to sound like "That's What I Like About The South."

PHIL: ^{All right} Now wait a minute, Jackson, why don't you stop picking on my song?

JACK: Because I'm sick of it..and I'm not the only one...Every time you and your boys sing it, Frankie Remley just sits there with his mouth shut.

PHIL: Look Dad, if you left the South under the same conditions Remley did, you wouldn't sing about it either.

JACK: You mean--

PHIL: Yep...Frankie had more feathers on him than the Wild Goose.

JACK: No kidding.

PHIL: Well, Jackson, I can't ~~talk any longer~~. ^{make you laugh any longer... Alice got the car packed again - gas now on air, you want it air, huh? Alice is} ~~packed again, so we're leaving... Goodbye.~~ ^{got the car all packed again - so we're going back. Goodbye.}

JACK: Goodbye. ^{Goodbye, Phil, so long.}

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: That Phil is an amazing guy..Fourteen years ago no one ever heard of him...Then he wrote one song, "That's What I Like About The South", and overnight he made millions of enemies..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mary, that was----Mary..Where are you?

MARY: Right here in front of you.

JACK: *now -- you know --*
Oh yes, when you come in out of the light, *here* it's hard to see..That was Phil on the phone.

MARY: Phil? What did he want?

JACK: I don't know, I forgot to ask him..

MARY: Say, Jack, it's so nice out, why don't we go for a swim in the pool?

JACK: ~~Pool?~~ *In the pool?*

MARY: Yes.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, but The Cantanta de Casa la Quinta de Castille Canyada doesn't have a swimming pool.

MARY: No swimming pool?

JACK: No..but they have something just as good. *See --* When the temperature reaches a hundred and two, a bell boy comes around with a water pistol and lets you have it..It's very refreshing. Especially when they use ice cold--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, it's you, Ed.

MEL: Yeah. I hate to keep disturbin' ya while you got company.. but I finished mowin' the lawn, Now I came in to get a sack of fertilizer.

MARY: A sack of fertilizer?...Where?

MEL: You're sittin' on it.

MARY: What?

MEL: Thanks, lady. You won't have to stand long..I'll bring it back soon.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

MARY: Jack, I'm not gonna ask you how you can live in this room, but let's go outside.

JACK: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You know, Mary, I wish we did have a--

MARY: Oh Jack, here comes the bell boy.

JACK: Where?

NELSON: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: It's a hundred and two.

(SOUND: LONG SQUIRT WITH SELTZER BOTTLE
AGAINST SLAB -- NOT INTO PAIL)

JACK: (COUGHS) You see, Mary, it's very refreshing.

MARY: I wouldn't know, I ducked.

NELSON: Would you like a towel, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, thank you.

MARY: Hey Jack, isn't that Don hacking his way through the sagebrush?

JACK: ~~Where?~~ *Where? Where?*

MARY: In the lobby.

JACK: Oh yes..DON..DON..WE'RE OUT HERE!

DON: (COMING IN) HELLO, JACK..HELLO, MARY.

MARY: H'ya, Don.

DON: Jack, this is the craziest place I've ever seen. As I came in the lobby, some screwball was trying to shoot the goldfish.

JACK: Goldfish? No no, Don, he was just filling his gun. I'll explain it to you later. Well...I see you've got the Sportsmen Quartet with you. Hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMM.

DON: And Jack, I want you to meet a young lady who's appearing here in Palm Springs at the Dunes...Miss Connie Barlow.

JACK: Yes, I know her..Hello, Connie.

CONNIE: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Connie, Mary and I heard you singing at the Dunes^{Cafe} the other night and we thought you were wonderful.

MARY: Yes, Connie, ~~although~~^{but} during your number we had a difficult time hearing with all the dishes rattling.

CONNIE: Oh, were you near the kitchen?

MARY: ~~He was~~^{we were} in the kitchen, ~~he~~^{Jack} forgot his wallet.

CONNIE: Well, that could happen. A lot of people leave their wallets in their rooms.

~~JACK: Yes yes.~~

MARY: Jack left his in Waukegan.

JACK: (MOCKING) Waukegan, Waukegan..You're just mad because you washed more dishes than I did.

DON: *ok say,* Jack, the reason I asked Miss Barlow to come over was because I thought it would be nice if she did a number with the quartet.

JACK: Well, good good..What number have they got prepared?

DON: Well, last week Frank Lesser's song, "Baby, It's Cold Outside", won the Academy Award..and we thought it would be a nice touch if they ~~sung~~^{sing} it while we're ^{here} in Palm Springs.

JACK: "Baby, It's Cold Outside"?...But Don, how can you sing "It's cold outside" when we're in Palm Springs..The weather is so beautiful..the sun shines all day..it doesn't make sense.

CONNIE: Well Jack, we thought of that, so we changed the lyrics to fit the location.

JACK: *ok.* Well good good, Connie..I'd love to hear it.

(INTRO)

CONNIE: I REALLY CAN'T STAY
QUART: BUT BABY, IT'S HOT OUTSIDE.
CONNIE: I'VE GOT TO GO 'WAY.
QUART: BUT BABY, IT'S HOT OUTSIDE
CONNIE: THIS EVENING HAS BEEN
QUART: BEEN HOPING THAT YOU'D DROP IN
CONNIE: SO VERY NICE.
QUART: WE'LL HAVE SOME LEMONADE WITH ICE.
CONNIE: MY MOTHER WILL START TO WORRY
QUART: BEAUTIFUL, WHAT'S YOUR HURRY
CONNIE: AND FATHER WILL BE PACING THE FLOOR
QUART: IT'S TOO HOT OUTSIDE OF THAT DOOR.
CONNIE: SO REALLY I'D BETTER SCURRY
QUART: BEAUTIFUL, PLEASE DON'T HURRY
CONNIE: WELL, MAYBE JUST A CIGARETTE MORE
QUART: SMOKE A LUCKY, THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE FOR
CONNIE: I'VE GOT TO GO HOME
QUART: LET'S LIGHT UP A LUCKY STRIKE
CONNIE: SAY LEND ME A COMB.
QUART: A CIGARETTE ^{*You will*} ~~WE'LL~~ LIKE
CONNIE: THEY REALLY ARE GRAND
QUART: IT'S ALWAYS OUR FAVORITE BRAND
CONNIE: BUT DON'T YOU SEE
QUART: JUST ONE MORE L S M F T
CONNIE: BUT DARLING, I MUST BE GOING
QUART: LOOK AT THE SMOKE RINGS WE'RE BLOWING

CONNIE: AT LEAST I'M GONNA SAY THAT I TRIED
QUART: YOU CAN SMOKE A LUCKY WITH PRIDE.
CONNIE: I REALLY CAN'T STAY
QUART: BUT BABY, YOU'LL ROAST OUT
CONNIE &
QUART: IT'S WARM AS TOAST OUTSIDE.
CONNIE: I SIMPLY MUST GO
QUART: BUT BABY, A LUCKY STRIKE
CONNIE: I HATE ~~YES~~^{To You} TO KNOW
QUART: THE KIND THAT YOU ALWAYS LIKE
CONNIE: I LEAVE WITH REGRET
QUART: A WONDERFUL CIGARETTE
CONNIE: AND THAT'S A FACT.
QUART: SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED
CONNIE: SO DARLING, IF YOU GET LONESOME
QUART: THAT'S WHY WE'LL ALWAYS OWN SOME
CONNIE: REMEMBER ALL THOSE LUCKIES BY YOUR SIDE
QUART: WHAT'S THE SENSE OF HURTING OUR PRIDE
CONNIE: YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE
QUART: THERE'S NEVER A ROUGH PUFF
CONNIE &
QUART: LET'S SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Very good, Don, that was ^{really} very good..And Connie, you did an excellent job in changing the lyrics. ^{I mean} It does get warm out here.

MARY: It sure does, Right now I'll bet it's ninety-five in the shade.

JACK: Ninety-five! I'll bet it's a hundred,

NELSON: You're both wrong.

JACK: What?

NELSON: It's a hundred and two.

(SOUND: LONG SQUIRT WITH SELTZER BOTTLE)

JACK: Ahhhhh.

NELSON: Here's your towel, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you.

NELSON: Would you like another shot?

JACK: No no, ^{not -- not --} not right now.. maybe later--

NELSON: Ooooooh, here comes another guest..(LITTLE OFF) YOO HOO..
IT'S A HUNDRED AND TWO!

(SOUND: SQUIRT OF SELTZER BOTTLE)

JACK: Oh, for heaven sake..Bell Boy, that isn't a guest..That was Dennis Day...Dennis..Dennis..speak to me.

DENNIS: Wait till I get this goldfish out of my mouth.

JACK: Here, Dennis, here's my towel.

DENNIS: Thanks.

JACK: ^{hey} I haven't seen you all week, kid..What've you been doing?

DENNIS: Oh, a lot of things..at five o'clock this morning ~~me and~~
all the
~~a bunch of other~~ people at my hotel got on horses and we
rode way out in the desert for a breakfast ride.

MARY: A breakfast ride? ^{Oh} That must be a lot of fun.

DENNIS: Some fun. All I had to eat was cactus.

JACK: Cactus?

DENNIS: I got lost.

JACK: Hmm..imagine eating cactus.

DENNIS: It tastes awful, but you don't need any toothpicks.

JACK: I never thought of that.

DON: Oh Jack, here come the fellows who were on your program
last week..The Guadalajara Trio.

JACK: Hmm..I wonder what they want?

LAMBERTO: Que ~~now~~ ^{now} pague para irnos. ~~Te dije que no now hiba a pagar~~
~~nada~~

MARIO: No nos vamos a casa hasta que nos pague.

JACK: Dennis, ^{Dennis} you understand them, ^{what did, what did they say?} what did he say?

DENNIS: ^{said} He ~~says~~ they want to be paid for last week.

MARY: I don't know a word of Spanish and I could have told you
that.

JACK: Mary, please.

CHUEY: (We've been waiting all week and we have to have money to
feed our wife and children.)

JACK: Look fellows..Manana...I told you I'd pay you manana..Now
why don't you go home?

LAMBERTO: (That's all we've heard all week. We want our money and
we won't go till we get it.)

JACK: *Now*, Now stop raising all this fuss..I told you I'd pay you pronto...PRONTO.

MARY: Jack, Pronto means now.

JACK: Oh..Fellows, Manana, manana.....Now go home and adios.

LAMBERTO: Ese Senor Benny, a pesta.

MARIO: Si y como un zorrillo.

CHUEY: Eso no es nada, como zorrillo y morrano.

JACK: *What* What did they say, Dennis?

DENNIS: They said when ^{*they'd like to get their hands on the guy who said*} they first ~~came to this country~~ they were ~~told~~ this was the land of opportunity.

JACK: ~~Oh, now look, fellows,~~ ^{*now, fellows, look.*} go away and leave me alone..I'll take care of you manana..I've heard enough.

JOLSON: JACKSON, YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' YET.

JACK: WELL, AL JOLSON.

(APPLAUSE)

JOLSON: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Al.

JOLSON: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Asa.

JACK: Say Al, I know you're gonna be on my program, but what brings you over here today?

JOLSON: Well, Jack, I thought we ought to get some things settled first.

JACK: *Oh*. You mean about the songs you're going to sing?

JOLSON: No, about the money you're going to pay.

JACK: Huh?

JOLSON: You heard me, Jack...Money.

TRIO: Manana, Manana. *gotta find out what that means*

JACK: Fellows, be quiet..Adios?.Now look, Al, don't you think it's a little undignified? *Yeah* You haven't even been on my program yet, and here you are asking me for money.

JOLSON: *Jack-- look--* I don't mean this program, ~~Jack~~, I mean the time I appeared on your show two years ago, *you remember?*

MARY: Two years ago?

JOLSON: That's the longest manana I've ever seen.

JACK: All right, all right..Now Al, as long as you're gonna be on my program Sunday, tell me what numbers you're gonna sing so I'll be able to--

JOLSON: Wait a minute, wait a minute, *will you* that's the reason I came over here. I'm willing to be on your show, but I'm not gonna sing.

JACK: Why not?

JOLSON: *well* I've taken enough ridicule..especially from that guy on your show, *that fellow* Mel Blanc.

JACK: What do you mean, Al?

JOLSON: Look Jack, I don't mind people doing jokes about my age.. or my pictures. *or saying to be* ~~and~~ I don't mind people imitating me..but this fellow Mel Blanc keeps inferring that when I'm singing a song, I keep going "Waaahhhh."

JACK: But Al, let's face it, you do..don't you?

JOLSON: Waaahhhh? From me? Jolson? That's singing?

JACK: But Al, I saw your picture "Jolson Sings Again" and when you sang, you went "Waaahhhh" at least twenty times.

JOLSON: Did you see the picture after dinner?

JACK: Yes.

JOLSON: I had indigestion.

JACK: Oh..well that could happen to anybody....Anyway, Al, ^{I'm sure} I'm sure you know what you're talking about, so I apologize for anything Mel Blanc did..It won't happen again.

JOLSON: Good.

JACK: Now if you'll just step into my room, we'll discuss the songs you're gonna do on the program.

JOLSON: Okay, Jack.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JOLSON: Holy smoke, what a room! ^{It looks like a cave.}

JACK: Well Al, ~~you see, I'm down here alone. I don't need~~ ^{well it --} anything fancy.

JOLSON: ^{well it --} I can understand a man wanting to rough it, but what do you do when the bear comes home?

JACK: What?

MARY: It has twin beds.

JACK: Oh stop..Now Al, ^{look Al --} what do you think you'll do for your first song?

JOLSON: Well Jack, I've got a brand new number that I think, ^{I really} ~~everybody will like~~ ^{think you'll like like it.} It's called "Remember Mother's Day."

JACK: "Remember Mother's Day"?..But Al, Mother's Day isn't till next month..This is April..Why don't you sing "April Showers?"

JOLSON: April Showers? How does it go?

Jack: How does it go?
Al: Yeah, how does it go?

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JACK: (SINGS) WHEN APRIL SHOWE--Oh, don't be funny..(How does it go?)

JOLSON: Jack,^{back} even though Mother's Day isn't till next month, I just made a recording of it and I'd ^{really} like to sing it.. After all, I am a Mammy Singer.

JACK: Okay, Al, if you're that sentimental, go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

JOLSON: THERE ARE MANY SUNDAYS IN THE YEAR
 BUT THE BEST ONE COMES IN MAY
 AND THO IT'S TRUE THERE ARE FIFTY TWO
 THERE'S NONE LIKE MOTHER'S DAY....
 SEND HER A BUNCH OF ROSES
 MOM LOVES ROSES
 MAKE IT AN EXTRA LARGE BOUQUET
 SEND HER A BUNCH OF ROSES
 RED, RED ROSES
 REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY,
 WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A LETTER
 OR STILL BETTER
 HOP ON A TRAIN WITHOUT DELAY
 MAYBE A FEW CARESSES
 BEST EXPRESSES
 LOVE ON MOTHER'S DAY.
 IF YOU'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO BE THERE ON THE DAY
 CALL HER UP, SHE'LL BE HOME.
 WHEN SHE ANSWERS THE RING, YOU'LL BE PROUD AS A KING
 WITH A QUEEN ON THE PHONE.
 FOLLOW IT UP WITH ROSES
 MOM LOVES ROSES
 THEN TO MAKE EVERYTHING OKAY.
 SEND HER A MILLION KISSES
 SWEET, SWEET KISSES
 REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY....

~~IF YOU'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO BE THERE ON THE DAY~~

~~JOLSON, CALL HER UP, SHE'LL BE HOME,~~

~~WHEN SHE ANSWERS THE RING, YOU'LL BE PROUD AS A KING~~

~~WITH A QUEEN ON THE PHONE,~~

~~FOLLOW IT UP WITH ROSES,~~

~~MOM LOVES ROSES,~~

~~THEN TO MAKE EVERYTHING OKAY,~~

~~SEND HER A MILLION KISSES,~~

~~SWEET, SWEET KISSES,~~

~~REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY,~~

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Oh,* Al, that was ~~sensational~~ ^{delightful}..Really ^{really} great.

MARY: It was ~~delightful~~ ^{wonderful}, Al..Thrilling..Wasn't it, Dennis?

DENNIS: ~~Oh!~~ *What's singing?*

JACK: Dennis! Don't listen to him, Al, it was swell.

JOLSON: *Oh,* Thanks Jack, ^{thanks} and I hope you noticed that not once ^{not once,} in the whole song did I go "Waaahhh".

JACK: I know, Al, and again I apologize..Now Al, did you bring the musical arrangements for the songs you're gonna do ^{on the show?}

JOLSON: Yes Jack..but I only brought enough for sixteen encores.

JACK: Sixteen encores?

JOLSON: *Yeah,* We may have a cold audience.

JACK: Well, I wouldn't worry about it. I'm sure that--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS., DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: It's a hundred and two.

MEL: (MOOOOOO)

(SOUND: LONG SQUIRT OF SELTZER BOTTLE)

NELSON: We're out of water.

JACK: What?

NELSON: Would you like a towel or a cookie?

JACK: Neither, and get out of here.

NELSON: ^(lean down) Come along, we've got three more rooms to do.

MEL: ~~MOOOOOO~~

~~(SOUND, DOOR SLAMS)~~

JOLSON: ~~What... what was that?~~

MARY: ~~Elsie, The Air Conditioner,~~

JACK: ~~I'll explain it to you later, Al. The bell-boy comes around and cools you off, you know, we haven't got a swimming pool.~~

JOLSON: ~~Say, Jack, that reminds me, I had an awful thing happen in my swimming pool this morning, I almost drowned.~~

JACK: ~~How did it happen, Al?~~

JOLSON: ~~I dove off the side of the pool, hit my head, and as I was going down for the third time, my whole life flashed in front of me.~~

JACK: ~~Your whole life flashed in front of you?~~

JOLSON: ~~Yes, and Larry Parks was wonderful.~~

JACK: ~~Well Al, if you went down three times, how did you save yourself?~~

JOLSON: ~~The jokes's over, what's the difference?~~

JACK: ~~Oh yes yes, well now, Al, getting back to my program..~~

What are you gonna do for your second number?

JOLSON: *full* ~~How about one of my old ones. "Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye."~~

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (OVER APPLAUSE) ~~Okay, Al, let's hear it. He would've even remembered.~~

(INTRO)

JOLSON: YESTERDAY I HEARD A LOVER SIGH
 GOODBYE OH ME OH MY
 SEVEN TIMES HE GOT ABOARD A TRAIN
 AND SEVEN TIMES HE HURRIED BACK
 TO KISS HIS LOVE AGAIN AND TELL HER.
 TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE GOO BYE
 TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE DON'T CRY
 THE CHOO CHOO TRAIN THAT TAKES ME
 AWAY FROM YOU NO WORDS CAN TELL HOW SAD IT MAKES ME
 KISS ME TOOTSIE AND THEN - DO IT OVER AGAIN
 WATCH FOR THE MAIL - I'LL NEVER FAIL
 IF YOU DON'T GET A LETTER, THEN YOU'LL KNOW I'M IN JAIL
~~TUT TUT TOOTSIE DON'T CRY~~ *Tootsie, don't cry.*
~~TOOT-TOOT-TOOTSIE GOO BYE~~ *Tootsie, goo bye.*

TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE GOO BYE
 TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE DON'T CRY
 WHISTLE THE CHOO CHOO TRAIN THAT TAKES ME
 AWAY FROM YOU NO WORDS CAN TELL HOW SAD IT MAKES ME.
 KISS ME, TOOTSIE, AND THEN, WAAHHHH. JACK: Mary, Mary, he
 DO IT OVER AGAIN..WAAHHHH. did it..Did you
 WATCH FOR THE MAIL..WAAHHHH. hear him..he did
 I'LL NEVER FAIL..WAAHHHH. it..He did it
 IF YOU DON'T GET A LETTER again.
 THEN YOU'LL KNOW I'M IN JAIL..WAAHHHH MARY: Did What?
~~TUT TUT TOOTSIE DON'T CRY..WAAHHHH~~ *goo bye, tootsie, goo bye.* JACK: Waaahhh..Listen..
~~TOOT-TOOT-TOOTSIE GOO BYE~~ *Tootsie, goo bye.* I KNEW IT...I
 KNEW IT...I KNEW IT.

(APPLAUSE)

(FOURTH ROUTINE)

JACK: Al..Al..you did it..you did it!

JOLSON: I did what?

JACK: All through the number you kept going---

Jack: Come in. (SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

MEL: (GROWLS)

MARY: JACK, IT'S A BEAR.

JACK: A BEAR!

JOLSON: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT. I THOUGHT I MADE UP A JOKE.

JACK: ROCHESTER, TURN DOWN THE OTHER BED, *will you.*

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

~~JACK:~~
Law:

Ladies and gentlemen..Carelessness is the greatest single cause of forest fires...fires that destroy approximately 30 million acres of timberland yearly. And most of these fires started because someone was careless with a lighted match, a campfire, a burning cigarette! Be on guard constantly against fire. Be careful...be cautious! Prevent fires. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

SHARBUTT: Scientific test prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes.

HIESTAND: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: That fact is verified by an independent consulting laboratory with more than fifteen years' experience in cigarette research. The report from the consulting laboratory stated --

VOICE: Based on our analytical findings - it is our opinion that Lucky Strike cigarettes are the mildest of the six major brands tested!

HIESTAND: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...that's why with every Lucky, you get the rich taste of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, smoothness and mildness with never a rough puff!

HIESTAND: Just listen to the words of Mr. Edward M. Rogers, for ten years an independent tobacco auctioneer from Reidsville, North Carolina. Recently he said -

(CONTINUED)

JG.

ATX01 0313463

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 2, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONT'D

EXPERT: I know fine tobacco, and year after year, at auction after auction, I've seen American buy good, ripe, smooth leaf - the kind of tobacco that's hard to beat for smoking quality. I smoke Luckies myself - been a Lucky fan twelve years!

SHARBUTT: So smoke a Lucky. Prove to yourself what scientific tests prove - Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIRSTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge -- for smoothness and mildness, there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Al Jolson for dropping by today..and next Sunday we'll be broadcasting from Hollywood.

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny..

JACK: What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: ^{He} ~~That~~ cactus I had for breakfast, ^{this morning} wasn't very nourishing.. I'm hungry.. have you got anything to eat?

JACK: ^{Slime. Yeah. Jack.} Something to eat? .. Sure, here kid, have a banana.

TRIO: NO NO, PRONTO, PRONTO.

JACK: I said Banana..not manana!..Now go home, *with your fellows.*

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

~~DON: Ladies and gentlemen, carelessness is the greatest single cause of forest fires, fires that destroy approximately 30 million acres of timberland yearly... And most of these fires started because someone was careless, with a lighted match, a campfire, a burning cigarette! Be on guard constantly against fire. Be careful, be cautious! Prevent fires... Thank you.~~

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.

PROGRAM #31
Revised Script

AS BROADCAST
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1950

CRS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

LR

RTX01 0313466

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

HIESTAND: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: Yes, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIESTAND: Confirming these scientific tests, an independent consulting laboratory with more than fifteen years' experience in cigarette research reports -

VOICE: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested!

SHARBUTT: And no wonder Lucky Strike cigarettes have been proved milder! For years Lucky Strike has conducted a unique and vast program in research ... in quality controls... and manufacturing methods. And today, tomorrow, always --

HIESTAND: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco that gives you smoothness and mildness and never a rough puff!

(CONTINUED)

VSR

ATX01 0313467

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL --(CONTINUED)

HIRSTAND: So light up a Lucky. Prove to yourself what scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARPUTT: Let your own taste and throat be the judge. For the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness and mildness ... remember -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!

VSR

ATX01 0313468

(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)

DAN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..ON THE CORNER OF CBS SQUARE, THERE IS A SMALL DRUG STORE WHICH IS FREQUENTLY VISITED BY RADIO PERSONALITIES ...AT THE MOMENT, MERVYN, THE SODA JERKER, IS TALKING TO FLOSSIE, THE NEW WAITRESS.

MEL: Take it easy, Flossie, don't be so nervous.

SANDRA: I can't help it, Mervyn..after all, this is my first day as a waitress.

MEL: Eh, it's nothing to worry about..What did you used to do?

SANDRA: I was in the movies.

MEL: You .. you ^{was} ~~were~~ in the movies?

SANDRA: Yeah, I was head popcorn popper at the Pantages.

MEL: ^{uh} Why did you quit?

SANDRA: My boy friend got tired of kissing my salty fingers..Gee, I hope I make good at this job.

AL

ATX01 0313469

MEL: *oh*, Don't worry, you'll do all right.....oh-oh, get ready for business...here comes Jack Benny and some of his cast.

SANDRA: Oh, gee...celebrities..Who are they?

MEL: Dennis Day, Don Wilson, Phil Harris, and Jack Benny... See, they're starting to cross the street.

SANDRA: Oh yeah....which one is Jack Benny?

MEL: The one that looks like he won't make it... You better set a table for them.

SANDRA: Okay, Mervyn..give me four glasses of water.

MEL: You'll only need three, one of them never touches the stuff... Now come on, you better get busy, Flossie.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF)

JACK: *have* Come on, fellows..there are plenty of tables.

DENNIS: Let's sit over by the window.

DON: Okay by me.

PHIL: HI YA, MERVYN.

Mel: GOOD HEALTH TO ALL FROM REXALL.

JACK: Phil, why do you always make him do that?

PHIL: Well, it only costs me a buck a month, and if my sponsor comes in he'll be impressed.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Because this is a Thrifty Drug store.

JACK: Oh...well, let's sit down, *fellows.*

(SOUND: SCUFFLE OF CHAIRS)

SANDRA: Your orders please.

PHIL: *Oh... got some-*
WREEEEEEENLLLLLLLL... ~~There's~~ new talent here.

SANDRA: Your orders please, gentlemen.

PHIL: I'll take a ham sandwich on rye and a cup of coffee.

SANDRA: Yes sir.

JACK: I'll have the same.

SANDRA: Yes sir.

DENNIS: And I'll have a glass of milk and some apple pie a la mode.

SANDRA: Yes sir..what flavor ice cream do you want on your pie?

DENNIS: ~~No~~ No ice cream, just put on a scoop of mashed potatoes.

JACK: Dennis..Dennis..why in the world do you order pie with a scoop of mashed potatoes?

DENNIS: Because I'm a slow eater.

JACK: What's that got to do with it?

DENNIS: Ice cream melts.

JACK: Well, ^I I asked him..he answered me..and now I'm too sick to eat.

SANDRA: What will you have, sir?

KM

DON: *well.* I'll have a shrimp cocktail, some clam chowder, a porterhouse steak, hearts of lettuce with thousand island dressing, some green peas, french fried potatoes, a piece of chocolate layer cake, and a cup of coffee. *Can you remember that -*

Sandra: I hope I can carry it.
~~JACK: And bring some bicarbonate of soda.~~

~~DON: I won't need that.~~

JACK: ~~I will just watching you...~~ *That'll be --* That'll be all, Miss.

SANDRA: Thank you. I'll be right back with your orders, gentlemen.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say fellows... *any..* she's a kind of a cute looking girl, *can't she?*

PHIL: Yeah..nice personality, beautiful red hair, sunny smile, trim ankles, cute little figure and --

JACK: Phil! ^{Phil.} Remember, you're married!

PHIL: I know, but I can still take inventory, can't I ?

JACK: Yes, ~~yes~~ ^{yes -- hey} -----Dennis, what're you looking at ?

DENNIS: There's lipstick on my glass.

JACK: Lipstick? Well, I'll call the waitress and tell her to --

DENNIS: ~~No~~ No.. no..no...this is exciting!

JACK: Dennis, what's exciting about lipstick on a glass?

DENNIS: It's spring, ^{bad} ~~boy~~, spring!

AL

ATX01 0313473

(REVISED)

-6-

JACK: Oh, be quiet.

DON: Say Jack, there's a new record here in the juke box called
"Dearie" ~~and~~ it's sung by Dennis.

DENNIS: By me? Oh boy, I'm going over and play it.

JACK: All right, go go.

DENNIS: Nobody touch my glass.

JACK: We won't, we won't. ^{touch it --} Play the record, ^{will you?}

(APPLAUSE)

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

(APPLAUSE)

MO

ATX01 0313474

(SECOND ROUTINE)

~~JACK: You see, Dennis, that wasn't Doris Day. It was you who made that record.~~

~~DENNIS: Maybe Doris had a cold.~~

~~JACK: Could be.~~

SANDRA: Will you gentlemen have anything else?

JACK: *No*, Not me, I've had enough.

SANDRA: I'll bring your check in a minute.

JACK: Say Phil, how's about coming over to my house for a little gin rummy?

PHIL: *well*, I'd like to, Jackson, but I've got to go home and wash Alice's hair.

JACK: Phil, you..you wash Alice's hair?

PHIL: I used to be on for Fitch, I gotta use that stuff up some way.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Slip yours off, I'll wash that, too.

JACK: Never mind... Say Don, how about you coming over to my house?

DON: *well*, I wish I could, Jack, but I've gotta go back to the studio and make some spot announcements.

JACK: Oh? *say* Dennis..would you like to *come over to the house and* play a little gin rummy with me?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: You cheat.

JACK: I....I cheat?

DENNIS: I've been watching you..when you play, you deal off the top of the deck.

IR

ATX01 0313475

JACK: What?

DENNIS: The man I played with on the train always dealt off the bottom.

JACK: For heaven's sakes, kid, when will you learn that---

SANDRA: Here's your check, gentlemen.

DON: *Ah*. I'll take it.

JACK: Good, good ... Well, ~~see long~~, fellows, I'm going home.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, do you want me to drive you?

JACK: No thanks, kid, it's such a nice evening, I think I'll walk...So long, ~~see long~~ *keep*.

DON, PHIL

& DENNIS: So long, *Jack*.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..STREET NOISES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, the weather is balmy..spring is the nicest time of the year. The trees are green, the flowers are in bloom... makes a fellow feel good.

(SOUND: MORE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Toot Toot Tootsie, goodbye..Nnnnyyyhhh.

Toot Toot Tootsie, ~~Goodbye..Nnnnyyyhhh.~~

Where does Jolson get off saying he doesn't go Nnnnyyyhhh...

DA DA DA DA DE DA DA ..DA DA DE DA--

FONTAINE: (SLIGHT SWEEPSTEAK CHARACTER) Excuse me, Mister.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh?

FONTAINE: Could you spare a dime for a cup of coffee?

JACK: A dime?...Well, let's see--

(SOUND: JINGLING OF COINS)

JACK: I haven't got a dime..the smallest I have is a half dollar.

FONTAINE: I haven't eaten since yesterday.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...Well...^{Look} look buddy, here ^{here} take the half dollar.

FONTAINE: Gee, Mister, thanks..Thanks a lot.

JACK: You're welcome.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AWAY..JACK FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING)

JACK: ^(Narrow "Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye.")Gee, that was nice of me,.....He only asked ^{me} for a dime and I ^a gave him a half dollar...

(SOUND: TEN FOOTSTEPS AND STOP)

JACK: I wonder if it's deductible... Eh! what's the difference?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START)

JACK: (SINGS) Toot Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye..Half, half, dollar, goodbye.. Da da da da de da de..da da da da da da de da da de da dum..toot toot--

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

DJ

ATX01 0313477

ARTIE: ^{on. himself} Who was your friend? ^{who} I just saw you talking to?

JACK: Friend?..Oh, oh..that was some poor man who wanted a dime for a cup of coffee..but I gave him a half dollar.

ARTIE: Bless you. ^{heart}.

JACK: Thank you...By the way, Mr. Kitzel, where are you going?

ARTIE: I'm on my way to the baseball game.

JACK: Oh, yes, ^{yes,} there is a game tonight. The Angels and San Diego.. I didn't know you were such a fan.

ARTIE: Oh, my yes..~~Ever since I was knee high to a little snover,~~
~~I've been following baseball.~~

~~JACK: Yes, it is the greatest game.~~

ARTIE: (~~laughs~~) But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Benny...the baseball players are not like they used to be.

JACK: ^{You're right} ~~I know what you mean.~~..some of those old-timers ~~in baseball~~ were really great.

ARTIE: ~~h~~ My...when I think of such players like Christy Matthewson, Ty Cobb, Rabbi Maranville---

JACK: No no, ^{no -- Mr. Kitzel} you mean ^{Rabbit} Rabbit Maranville.

ARTIE: Rabbit? Him I never heard of...Well, I don't want to be late, Mr. Benny...see you again.

JACK: ~~Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.~~ ^{sh} Oh, by the way, ^{Mr. Kitzel} while I was in the drugstore I meant to buy a package of Lucky Strikes and I forgot to..Do you happen to ~~have~~ --

ARTIE: Of course, of course, ^{of course} I smoke Luckies. Here, have one of mine.

JACK: Well, thanks, thanks.

ARTIE: Believe me, Mr. Benny, I've been smoking Lucky Strikes for nigh onto twenty-five years.

JACK: You have?

ARTIE: Yes, and I'll never forget the first time I ever smoked a Lucky..the mildness..the smoothness..HOO HOO HOO ~~!!!~~

JACK: You really like them, eh, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Like them! Not only are they round and firm and fully packed, but there's never a riff raff in a Lucky.

JACK: You mean rough puff.

ARTIE: Riff raff, rough puff, light one and enjoy.

JACK: Thank you..Well, goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Sold American.
(*Applause*) (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START AND CONTINUE)

JACK: (SINGS) Toot toot Tootsie, goodbye..Toot toot--^{Gee}--that Mr. Kitzel is a nice guy...But then, I'm a nice guy too... That fellow only asked me for a dime and I gave him fifty cents....~~Yes sir, I gave him a half a dollar. I'm glad I did, too, it made me feel good...~~

(SOUND: ~~TEEN FOOTSTEPS AND STOP~~)

JACK: Gee, I wish Louella had been there to see it...Maybe I'll call her when I get home.

(SOUND: ~~FOOTSTEPS START~~)

~~JACK: (BINGS) Footsteps, Beeps, Goodbye, Footstep, Footstep.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

act: with... back to my house.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS..STOPS..MOVEMENT OF
DOORKNOB)

JACK: ~~Why the door is locked.~~ *Wasn't such a long walk after all.*
(SOUND: JINGLE OF KEYS ON CHAIN)

JACK: ~~Let me see now,~~ which one is my door key?
(SOUND: JINGLE OF KEYS)

JACK: Here's the key to my car...the key to the garage...the key
to my hope chest..(If Mary doesn't ask me soon, I'm gonna
start wearing those things)...Oh, here's the key to the door.
(SOUND: INSERT KEY, LATCH TURNS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

ROCH: (OFF) BOSS, IS THAT YOU?

JACK: *oh* ROCHESTER, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HOME.

ROCH: I'M IN THE KITCHEN.
(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..TINKLE OF DISHES)

JACK: Rochester, isn't this your day off?

ROCH: YEAH..BUT I THOUGHT I'D STAY HOME AND GET CAUGHT UP WITH
THESE DISHES.

(SOUND: TINKLE OF DISHES)

JACK: *back at* But ~~Rochester~~, you've let a whole week's dishes accumulate.
Why do you let them pile up like that?

IR

ATX01 0313480

ROCH: IT ISN'T MY FAULT...IT'S THAT NEW SOAP YOU BOUGHT. WE JUST CAN'T GET TOGETHER.

JACK: What do you mean you and the soap can't get together?

ROCH: WHEN TIDE'S IN, I'M OUT!

~~JACK: Oh. Well, since you stayed home today, you can have tomorrow off.~~

~~ROCH: WHEN YOU'RE NOT ANGRY?~~

JACK: ~~No. As a matter of fact, I feel wonderful.~~ *Oh...oh, says Rochester.* On the way home ~~I~~ --

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, BOSS, I WANNA PUT THESE CLEAN DISHES AWAY.

(SOUND: TINKLE OF DISHES BEING STACKED) AND CONTINUES)

JACK: *All right -- Rochester, you know --* On my way home some poor fellow asked me for a dime.

ROCH: UH HUH

JACK: But I gave him fifty cents.

(SOUND: LOUD CRASH OF DISHES)

JACK: Rochester, why did you drop those dishes?...All I said was I gave a man fifty cents.

(SOUND: CRASH OF DISHES)

JACK: Rochester, you didn't have to push that second stack off the drainboard.

ROCH: I DIDN'T TOUCH 'EM, THEY JUMPED OFF BY THEMSELVES!

JACK: What a mess.

ROCH: BOSS, LOOK AT ME.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: DID YOU REALLY GIVE A MAN FIFTY CENTS?

KM

JACK: I certainly did, Rochester, and *if* I had know the wonderful feeling...the warm glow I'd get from being generous I would have started earlier in life...

ROCH: BOSS...WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MY SALARY?

JACK: Manana. That's a word I picked up in Palm Springs. ~~Man~~, *ah*. Rochester, I've had a long day so I think I'll go to bed.

ROCH: OKAY..GOODNIGHT, BOSS.

JACK: Goodnight.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Toot toot Tootsie, Goodbye...Toot toot Tootsie, don't cry.

(SOUND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JACK: DA DA DA DA DA DA DA, DE DA DE DA DA. *Yes*..I'll bet I'll really sleep tonight.

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS)

JACK: Ah, this bed feels good..It'll feel good to get my shoes off too....(GRUNT)

(SOUND: SHOE DROPS)

JACK: (GRUNT)

(SOUND: SHOE DROPS)

JACK: Hm...that's a funny looking sock..Oh, for heaven sakes.. I told Rochester a million times.."Don't put my gloves in that drawer.."..No wonder my toes were cold, they were separated..(YAWNS) Where are my pajamas?..Oh, here they are..(YAWNS) I don't ever remember being as tired as I -- Oh my goodness, I almost forgot.

(SOUND: SMALL DRAWER OPENS..FLIPPING OF PAGES...

SCRATCHING OF PEN)

KM

JACK: Dear..Diary..April 9th..Nineteen fifty cents--I mean
nineteen fifty...Today I did a wonderful thing..a needy
person asked me for a dime for a cup of coffee and I gave
him fifty cents.

(SOUND: LOUD CRASH OF DISHES OFF MIKE)

~~JACK: Oh, my goodness!~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ROCHESTER, WHAT HAPPENED IN THE KITCHEN?

ROCH: (OFF) I DON'T KNOW, I'M IN BED.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Well, I better get to bed, too.

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS)

JACK: I've gotta get up early tomorrow morning..(YAWNS)..and
play golf with Mery..Oh gee, I forgot to call Louella and
tell her about giving that man fifty cents..(YAWNS) But
then, maybe that's too hammy..(YAWNS) It was nice of me
though...(YAWNS) I didn't even know the fellow and I gave
him fifty cents..(YAWNS) fifty cents..He didn't have a gun
or anything. (YAWNS)..I just gave him fifty cents..(THREE
SNORES)

(DREAM MUSIC ENDING WITH CRASH AND VIBRAPHONE EFFECT)

(SOUND: LIGHT CROWD NOISE)

KM

NELSON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR C.B.S. WORLDWIDE CORRESPONDENT BRINGING YOU THE EVENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR. TODAY DIGNITARIES FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH HAVE GATHERED AT THIS BANQUET TO PAY HOMAGE TO THE MOST GENEROUS MAN IN THE WORLD...JACK BENNY.

JACK: (LIGHT ECHO) That's me..he's talking about me.. They're giving me a banquet!

NELSON: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS GREAT EVENT IS COMING TO YOU FROM THE BANQUET ROOM OF THE TAJ MAHAL..THE DAIS IS REPLETE WITH DIGNITARIES. A HUSH FALLS OVER THE AUDIENCE AS THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES RISES TO HIS FEET. HE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE HONORABLE WINSTON CHURCHILL.

JACK: (LIGHT ECHO) Winston Churchill at a banquet for me!

FONTAINE:(AS CHURCHILL) AHM...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IT IS WITH A DEEP FEELING OF PRIDE THAT I HAVE COME HIRE TO PRESIDE ON THIS WONDERFUL OCCASION. LITTLE DID OUR GUEST OF HONOR KNOW THAT HIS EXHIBITION OF GENEROSITY ^{Generosity} WOULD SHAKE THE VERY FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD. I KNOW THAT MOST OF YOU WERE AS SHOCKED AS I WAS. WHEN THE NEWS REACHED ME, I WAS SITTING ON THE FRONT STEPS OF NUMBER TEN DOWNING STREET. AS YOU ALL KNOW, I'M NOT QUITE INSIDE YET...~~WHEN THE EXCITING NEWS CAME OVER H. B. C. THAT JACK BENNY HAD GIVEN AWAY FIFTY DOLLARS, THE BLUEBIRDS LEFT THE WHITE CRISPS OF DOVE AND CARRIED THE NEWS TO THE SWALLOWS WHO WERE FLYING BACK TO CAPESTRANO.~~ AND NOW, AS YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO BRING YOU THE NEXT SPEAKER. A GREAT CINEMA STAR FROM HOLLYWOOD...MR. JAMES CAGNEY.

KM

ATX01 0313484

JACK: (LIGHT ECHO) James Cagney!

FONTAINE: (AS CAGNEY) How do you do, ladies and gentlemen..it's a pleasure to be here..There are so many things gonna be said ⁱⁿ about Benny tossin' four bits to a pan handler..~~but as far~~ ^{that is -- well} ~~as~~...well?...I'm not the kind of a guy who makes flowery speeches..but I'd just like to say ^{one thing}..well... Good health to all from ~~Ronald~~ ^{the top maker}.

JACK: Gee, Phil must be ~~giving him a dollar a month~~ ^{paying him}, too.

FONTAINE: (AS CHURCHILL) AND NOW, FOR OUR NEXT SPEAKER..ANOTHER CELEBRITY WHO NOT ONLY REGARDS MR. BENNY AS HIS BEST FRIEND..BUT HAS FOR MANY YEARS HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE OF BEING JACKSON'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

JACK: (LIGHT ECHO) He called me Jackson. Winnie called me Jackson!

FONTAINE: (AS CHURCHILL) AND HERE HE IS..OUR NEXT SPEAKER.. MR. RONALD COLMAN.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) ^{Oh -} Thank you, ladies and gentlemen..If I were King, I couldn't possibly wish for a better neighbor..If I were King. Yes, if I were king, I would bestow upon our guest of honor the title of knighthood..if I were king. If I were king, I'd see that every man in my kingdom had five acres of land, a ten room house, and a glass with lipstick on it.. And now before I conclude, I would like to assure Mr. Churchill, that the fifty cents that Mr. Benny gave away came out of his own pocket..and will not be deducted from the Marshall Plan.

KM

JACK: (LIGHT ECHO) Of course not.

FONTAINE: (AS CHURCHILL) THANK YOU, RONNIE.

RONNIE: ^{That's} "That's quite all right, Winnie.

NELSON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHILE MR. CHURCHILL IS INTRODUCING THE NEXT SPEAKER, I WANT TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF PASSING THROUGH THIS VAST AUDIENCE AND POINTING OUT SOME OF THE OTHER CELEBRITIES WHO ARE HERE TODAY...AT THE FAR END OF THIS TABLE I SEE PRINCESS ELIZABETH...SEATED NEXT TO HER IS MADAM CHIANG KIA SHEK...LOOKING DOWN THE TABLE WE SEE QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS...AND SEATED NEXT TO THE QUEEN WE HAVE A LOVELY LADY DRESSED IN ERMINE CAPE, STAR SAPPHIRE TIERRA, AND A ~~RUBY-EMERALD~~ *diamond* BRACELET.....I beg your pardon, Miss, but I've taken the liberty of describing your jewels...So now may I ask...who are you?

SANDRA: I'm the girl who works in the drug store.

NELSON: Oh..well, who is this sitting beside you?

SANDRA: Don Wilson, he hasn't finished eating yet.

NELSON: SO NOW ONCE AGAIN WE TAKE YOU TO THE DAIS AND WINSTON CHURCHILL.

FONTAINE: (AS CHURCHILL) AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ~~WE COME TO~~ *great man and speaker* ANOTHER ~~SPEAKER OF THE EVENING~~...A GENTLEMAN WHOM YOU ALL KNOW AND LOVE.....MR. CARY GRANT. *(He's part of good business)*

JACK: ~~See~~; Cary Grant is here, too.

MO

FONTAINE: (AS GRANT) Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I am very happy to be here tonight at the Taj Mahal honoring this great man. And I would like to say only this....Mr. Benny may have had the experience of being Charlie's Aunt, but I was a Male War Bride....Thank you.

FONTAINE: (CHURCHILL) THANK YOU, MR. GRANT...AND NOW, WE COME TO ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE EVENING...~~SOME~~ ^a MAN TO WHOM MR. BENNY GAVE THE FIFTY CENTS...MR. JOHN L. C. SILVONEY.

JACK: That's the guy. ^{that's} the guy I gave the money to.

FONTAINE: (SILVONEY) Ladies and gentlemen, I'm ^{very} happy to have this chance to talk to you because ^{well} I have a confession to make. When Mr. Benny gave me the fifty cents, I didn't ^{wanna} buy nothin' to eat ~~with it~~. I ~~took the~~ ^{just wanted to take the} fifty cents and ~~bought~~ ^{buy a} sweepstakes ticket.

JACK: A sweepstakes ticket!

and, I did - and that night I went home - and
 PONTAINE: (SILVONEY) ~~That night~~ I was just hanging around the
 (COM'D) house. I wasn't doin' anything....~~I was~~ just hanging
 around the house. I didn't feel like doin' anything, so I
 was ~~just~~ hanging around the house ^{and}.. (LAUGHS) And I started
 listening to the radiator....radio. All of a sudden the
 radio started talking to me. ^{and} I had the radio for three
 years. I never said anything to the radio. The radio never
 said anything to me. I didn't speak to any furniture in my
 house at all. ^(Laugh) All of a sudden the radio says ^{did you know that} "You are the
 winner of ~~the~~ hundred and fifty thousand dollar ~~sweepstakes~~".
 I said, "Who?" "You." "Me?" "Yeah." I said, ^{do you know what my} "What is my
 number?" He said, "Your number is ^{2047590307 169907} 207595672106 dash ¹⁸⁴⁴⁴²⁷⁷³ 4439....
⁰⁷⁷⁵¹⁹ John L. C. Silvoney." I said "Holy Smokes,
 that's me!" (LAUGH) ~~I was nervous~~. So I won a hundred
 and fifty thousand dollars.

JACK: (LIGHT ECHO) A hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

PONTAINE: That's what I ^{am} ~~am~~ winning.

JACK: (LIGHT ECHO) Then the hundred and fifty thousand dollars is
mine...I gave you the fifty cents...I paid for that ticket,
it's mine, it's mine. I paid for it....I PAID FOR IT...DO
YOU HEAR...IT'S MINE, I PAID FOR IT.

ROCK: BOSS.....BOSS.....

JACK: (SLIGHT ECHO) IT'S MINE...IT'S MINE....I PAID FOR IT!

ROCK: BOSS, WAKE UP!

MO

JACK: I PAID - (REG MIKE) ...Huh....Huh?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN YELLING IN YOUR SLEEP.

JACK: Oh yes, I was dreaming.

ROCH: WHAT WERE YOU DREAMING, BOSS?

JACK: About giving that man fifty cents.

(SOUND: LOUD DISHES CRASH OFF MIKE)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes, there go the rest of the dishes.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the impersonations of Winston Churchill, James Cagney, Cary Grant, and John L. C. Silvoney were done by Frankie Fontaine.....Ronald Colman was impersonated by Dennis Day.

DON: The impersonation of giving away fifty cents was done by Jack Benny.

JACK: Thank you, Don.

(MUSIC & APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...nine out of ten fires start through carelessness! Each year forest fires alone destroy enough timber to build eighty-six thousand houses... cripple vital watersheds.....and worst of all, cause much loss of life! Do your part to prevent fires. Never discard lighted matches or cigarettes! Put them out! Take every precaution you can to prevent fires!

(APPLAUSE)

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

MO

ATX01 0313490

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

SHARBUTT: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIESTAND: Yes, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: Confirming these scientific tests, an independent consulting laboratory with more than fifteen years' experience in cigarette research reports -

VOICE: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested!

HIESTAND: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... that's why, with every Lucky, you get the rich taste of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, smoothness and mildness with never a rough puff!

HIESTAND: Just listen to the words of Mr. Raymond W. Crutchfield, for sixteen years an independent tobacco warehouseman from Reidsville, North Carolina. Recently he said -

VOICE: In my experience as a warehouseman, year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy good smoking tobacco - fine, ripe, mild leaf that makes one great smoke. I've smoked Luckies for twenty years!

(MORE)

VSR

ATX01 0313491

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- (CONTINUED)

SHARPUTT: So smoke a Lucky. Prove to yourself what scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIESTAND: Let your own taste and throat be the judge -- for the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness and mildness ...remember -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

VSR

ATK01 0313492

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the impersonations of Winston Churchill, James Cagney, Cary Grant, and ^{Mr.} ~~John D.~~ C. Silvoney, *the man who gave the 50 cents to -- was done -- all of these impersonations* were done by Frankie Fontaine.....Ronald Colman was impersonated by Dennis Day.

DON: The impersonation of giving away fifty cents was done by Jack Benny.

JACK: Thank you, Don. ^{Thank you} Goodnight folks.

(MUSIC & APPLAUSE)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen ... nine out of ten fires start through carelessness! Each year forest fires alone destroy enough timber to build eighty-six thousand houses ... cripple vital watersheds ... and worst of all, cause much loss of life! Do your part to prevent fires. Never discard lighted matches or cigarettes! Put them out! Take every precaution you can to prevent fires!

Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day in The Life Of Dennis Day" ... ^{stay} ~~stay~~ tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows

immediately ... ~~This is~~ *Frankie Fontaine appeared through the courtesy of Columbia Pictures, Inc. - producer of the "Milk and Honey" production. "Heaven By One Name" starring Rip Torn and ...* CBS ... THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

MO

PROGRAM #32
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

IR

RTX01 0313494

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

HIESTAND: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: Yes, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIESTAND: Confirming these scientific tests, an independent consulting laboratory with more than fifteen years' experience in cigarette research reports --

VOICE: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested!

SHARBUTT: And no wonder Lucky Strike cigarettes have been proved milder! For years Lucky Strike has conducted a unique and vast program in research... in quality controls... and manufacturing methods. And today, tomorrow, always---

HIESTAND: IS - MFT
IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco that gives you smoothness and mildness and never a rough puff!

GS

ATX01 0313495

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CON'T)

HIESTAND: So light up a Lucky. Prove to yourself what scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUIT: Let your own taste and throat be the judge. For the rich taste of fine tobacco... for smoothness and mildness... remember -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike!

GS

ATX01 0313496

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ~~AS YOU ALL KNOW~~, SPRING IS ~~TRULY~~ HERE. AND LAST NIGHT, AS A ROMANTIC MOON SMILED DOWN ON BEVERLY HILLS...OUR LITTLE STAR WAS SITTING ALONE IN HIS DEN BY AN OPEN WINDOW.

(STRINGS PLAY "IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING"...FADE)

JACK: Ah, look at that moon...(SNIFFS) Smell those orange blossoms. Now I know what they mean when they say, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"... Gosh, most of my friends are married and I'm ~~still~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary.

JACK: Oh, Mary. Mary...how are you, Mary?

MARY: ^{well.} I'm fine, Jack, and I...well...well, I...Jack, I hope I didn't disturb you.

JACK: No no, Mary, I was just sitting here in the den thinking.

MARY: That's funny, I've been..well, I've been thinking too.

JACK: That's funny...that's what I've been doing...thinking.

MARY: Well, look, Jack...well...well, we've known each other for a long time...and...well, it's spring, and---

JACK: Yes, yes...yes...*Y.*

LR

MARY: Well...I know it isn't my place to say it, but---

JACK: What's the difference which one of us says it? It's Spring..

MARY: All right...all right, I'll say it...Jack....

JACK: Yes?

MARY: Why don't you get your house painted?

JACK: Hmummm.

DON: THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT. AND THIS MORNING...

(VIOLINS PLAY LIVELIER VERSION OF "MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING")

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Good morning, Jack.

JACK: Mary, what are you doing here so early...and who is this man with you?

MARY: He's the painter.

JACK: The painter! But Mary, I didn't have a chance to think it over. After all, I-----

MARY: Mr. Hawkins, this is Mr. Benny.

Jack: what?
SAM: Hi Rube. I've certainly heard a lot about you. Shake.

Sam:
(SOUND: WET SLOPPY SQUASH)

JACK: Hm.

SAM: Sorry, forgot I was holding a wet paint brush.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: I took him off another job to come here.

JACK: But why did you have to bring him so early. I haven't even had my breakfast yet.

IR

SAM: Go right ahead. I won't disturb you at all. I'll just come right in and---

(SOUND: WOODEN CLATTER HITTING THE FLOOR)

JACK: OUCH, MY FOOT!

SAM: Oops, dropped my ladder.

JACK: Well, don't just stand there. Pick it up.

SAM: Okey dokey... Hold this.

(SOUND: WET SLOPPY SQUASH)

JACK: Give it to me by the handle *... for heaven's sake.*

~~MARY: (LAUGHS)~~

~~JACK: What are you laughing at?~~

~~MARY: With these yellow fingers you look like you're holding a bunch of bananas.~~

~~JACK: Oh, stop.~~

ROCH: (OFF) OH BOSS, YOUR COFFEE IS GETTING COLD.

JACK: Okay, Rochester. Say Doll, would you like to have breakfast with me?

SAM: Don't mind if I do.

JACK: I'm talking to ^{Miss. Sumner} ~~the young lady~~. Mary, would you like breakfast?

MARY: I wouldn't mind some coffee.

SAM: While you're having your breakfast, I'll go through the rooms and then give you an estimate.

JACK: Good, good.

SAM: My, what a lovely piano.

(SOUND: RUN ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE KEYS)

IR

JACK: Not with the paint brush! ^{Mary} ~~For heavens sakes,~~ what kind of
a---

MARY: Jack, it was an accident. Come on in the kitchen and have
your breakfast.

JACK: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Rochester, put an extra cup on the table.

ROCH: OH HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: YOU'RE JUST IN TIME. I MADE A NICE BATCH OF PANCAKES.

MARY: Well...I was only gonna have a cup of coffee, but since you
have pancakes, I'll----Rochester, what's that thing you
just put on the plate?

ROCH: A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE.

MARY: A hypodermic needle! What's in it?

ROCH: SYRUP.

MARY: Syrup?

ROCH: IN THIS HOUSE WE DON'T POUR IT ON WITH CARELESS HANDS,
WE INJECT IT!

JACK: ^{How} Stop making things up. Mary, this thing that looks like a
hypodermic needle is really a cake decorator, and it's
filled with whipped cream. ^{You know--} It comes in handy when you
wanna write Happy Birthday or Merry Christmas.

MARY: Well, what's it doing on the breakfast table?

ROCH: MR. BENNY NOT ONLY WANTS HIS PANCAKES THE SIZE OF A DOLLAR,
BUT I GOTTA WRITE E PLURIBUS UNUM ON EVERY ONE OF 'EM!

IR

JACK: Rochester---

ROCH: PUTTING THE FEATHERS ON THE EAGLE IS MURDER.

JACK: Rochester, be quiet.

MARY: You know, Jack, the way Rochester's got those pancakes fixed up, they do look like dollars.

JACK: Yeah...(LAUGHING) ^{And what} And Mary, you wanta hear something funny?

MARY: What?

JACK: Yesterday when I was shopping, I thought I'd have a little fun, so I tried to pass one of them at the meat market.

MARY: And what happened?

JACK: The butcher bit it to see if it was good...it was good... so he ate it...Now come on, let's ~~go~~ - -

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

SAM: Hey, Rube.

JACK: Huh?

SAM: I looked at both your upstairs bedrooms and they'll look nice in green.

JACK: Oh, have you seen the bathroom?

SAM: No, I haven't been outside yet.

JACK: Outside?

SAM: Oh, forgot I was in the city.

JACK: Well, go upstairs and look at it.

SAM: Okay Rube, see you later.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: ^{with he would've it help calling me "Rube" all the time.} Mary..Mary..how in the world can you bring a strange painter you know nothing about and expect me to---

MARY: ^{Oh, wait a minute - -} ~~But~~ Jack, Mr. Hawkins isn't a stranger. He's an old friend of my family. It was on account of him that my sister Babe broke her leg.

JACK: You mean he broke her---

MARY: ^{Oh.} It wasn't his fault...Papa hired him to do some painting...^{and} ^{Mr. Blackhair} When he put the ladder up against the house, Babe thought it was an elopement and stepped out the window.

JACK: No!

MARY: Yeah.. (LAUGHINGLY) She landed with her head in a bucket of paint and for two years she was known as the girl with the green hair.

JACK: Mary, while you were off last week, did you write that routine? ^{You know} If you did, it's the last time ^{that} you'll ~~ever~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, it's Don and the Sportsmen Quartet. Hello, boys.

QUART: Hmmm.

JACK: Hi ya, Don, how are you?

DON: (DOWN HEARTED) ^{Oh.} All right...all right, I guess.

JACK: ^{Don.} Don, what's the matter?

DON: I'd rather not talk about it.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Don, I know something's bothering you... Now what is it?

IR

DON: Well....

JACK: Come on, Don, what is it?

DON: *well* Well Jack, a terrible thing happened to me this morning. I stepped on the bathroom scale and I weighed a hundred and eighty-six pounds.

MARY: Well, Don, that should have made you happy. That's ninety pounds less than you ever weighed.

DON: Oh, I was happy...I was thrilled. But then I discovered something.

JACK: Oh, your bathroom scale was wrong?

DON: No, my stomach was resting on the wash basin.

JACK: *Don - look - he likes it -- Don -- look at him -- announcement --*
Don...Don...did you come over here just to tell me that joke?

DON: (LAUGHING) Yes, Jack, and I thought it was very funny.

JACK: Oh you did, eh...Well Don, there's an old Chinese proverb that says..."Announcer who make joke about stomach in basin, *soon was up" another joke like that and I'll be washed up... Since my writer over: soon washed up*....Now what did you come over for, Don? *oil well I can do anything with them! Wash up!*

DON: Well, I brought the quartet with me because they have an idea for a commercial that they want you to hear.

JACK: Well, I'm glad you did, Don, because we haven't got the commercial set for the show...Now what---

SAM: Hey, Rube.

JACK: Just a minute, Don. What is it, Mr. Hawkins?

SAM: Just looked in the kitchen...and to paint the walls and ceiling will come to twelve dollars...but I'll only charge you ten.

JD

JACK: Why?

SAM: I ate two pancakes.

JACK: Good good...Now Don, what's this idea the boys have for a commercial?

DON: Well Jack, every year we do something appropriate for the season.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And so far this year we haven't done anything about Spring.

JACK: Say, that's right, Don...it is Spring...^{You know} As a matter of fact, last night I was sitting in my den by an open window...I was looking up at the romantic moon,^{and} smelling the fragrance of orange blossoms when all of a sudden the phone rang.

DON: And what happened?

JACK: What happened, I'm having my house painted...Well, Don, if ^{the boys} the boys have ^{...I'd better get on all well myself... well don. if the boys have heard} something good for Spring, I think it will be ^{thing} good for the show Sunday...let's hear it now.

DON: Okay...take it, boys.

(INTRO)

QUART: THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING TRA LA
THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING
AS WE MERRILY DANCE AND WE SING TRA LA
WE WELCOME THE HOPE THAT THEY BRING TRA LA
OF A SUMMER OF ROSES AND WINE
OF A SUMMER OF ROSES AND WINE
BUT IT'S NOT OF THE FLOWERS THAT WE WANT TO SING
CAUSE THEY CAN'T COMPARE WITH THIS MESSAGE WE BRING.
TOBACCO THAT GROWS IN THE SPRING, TRA LA
TOBACCO THAT GROWS IN THE SPRING,
IT GROWS IN KENTUCKY TRA LA TRA LA
IT'S PUT IN A LUCKY TRA LA TRA LA
THAT'S WHY THERE IS NEVER A ROUGH PUFF
THERE'S NEVER A PUFF THAT IS ROUGH
FROM OUR ANALYTICAL SURVEYS WE KNOW
THERE'S NOTHING SUPERIOR TO LUCKIES, OH NO.
TRA LA LA LA LA LA, TRA LA LA LA LA
TOBACCO THAT GROWS IN THE SPRING
ODLE EE OLOH DLE AY HEE
ODLEE DLEE O DEE DLE AY HEE
YES THAT IS THE MESSAGE WE BRING.

(APPLAUSE)

JD

ATX01 0313505

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *sk* That was very good, Don, ^{that} that'll be swell on the show.

DON: I thought you'd like it, Jack...Well, we've got to be running along now.

JACK: Okay, Don, see you later.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: You know, Mary, I was just thinking of something. I hope this fellow doesn't charge me too much for painting the house. ^{I mean} I don't want to go to a lot of ---

MARY: Oh for heaven's sakes, Jack, you only have your house painted every five or six years. Why be so cheap?

JACK: Cheap? Mary, I'm not cheap. And I resent your saying that.

MARY: What?

JACK: You may not know it...but last week a fellow stopped me on the street, asked me for a dime for a cup of coffee, and I gave him fifty cents.

(SOUND: CRASH OF DISHES)

JACK: ~~Oh, for heaven's sakes.~~ *There they go again.*

MARY: What was that?

JACK: I'll explain it to you later. Every time I---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: *sk* I'll get it.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

JD

A1X01 0313506

JACK: H'ya kid.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, can I use your phone?

JACK: The phone? Sure kid, sure..go ahead.

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP..SIX FAST DIALS)

DENNIS: (AS GANGSTER) Hello...Now listen, you, I've warned you before and this is the last time...This town ain't big enough for the both of us see...I'm giving you twenty-four hours to get out, or you'll wind up at the bottom of the river in a barrel of cement... So get out of town, punk, and stay out!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Dennis...Dennis..who were you talking to?

DENNIS: Humphrey Bogart, I drive him nuts.

JACK: What?

MARY: Dennis, why do you keep calling Humphrey Bogart and telling him to get out of town?

DENNIS: I'm in love with Lauren Bacall.

JACK: Ennis..I don't care who you're in love with. Don't you evr do that again...Bogart may trace the call and find out its came from here, ^{and} come over and punch me in the nose.

DENNIS: Wha's the matter are you chicken?

JACK: Chicken!...Dennis..Dennis, what's come over you lately?

DENNIS: I don't know, but if it changes my voice, I'll lose two shows.

JACK: Now look, kid..You came over here to use my phone, you used it, I'm too busy to listen to your silly talk, so why don't you go home?

JD

ATX01 0313507

DENNIS: Don't you want to hear the song I'm gonna do on the program first?

JACK: Well, all right, let me hear it.. but as soon as you *do the song..*

(SOUND: BACK DOOR BELL)

JACK: Hmmm, there's someone at the back door...OH ROCHESTER...

ROCHESTER..Oh well, I'll answer it myself.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS) The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la...the flowers that bloom in the spring...la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

FRANK: (SILVONEY) Excuse me, Mister, *would you help a fellow out?* ~~have you got some odd jobs I can do for a meal?~~

JACK: ~~Well...~~ *What?*

FRANK: I ain't had nuttin' to eat since yesterday.

JACK: Say wait a minute...you look familiar to me.

FRANK: Huh?

JACK: Didn't you stop me last week on Vine Street?

FRANK: ~~Yeah, yeah...~~ Say, dat's right. I asked you for a dime for a cuppa cawfee and you gave me half a buck.

JACK: I thought I saw your face before...Well, look, I'll arrange to get you something to eat, but first I'd like to ask you a question Mr...Mister...er...?

FRANK: Silvoney. John L. C. Silvoney.

JD

ATK01 0313508

JACK: Well, Mr. Silvoney...this question sounds silly..but did you *buy* ^{buy a} sweepstakes ticket with the money *buy a* I gave you?

FRANK: Oh no..dat would be spending the dough foolishly.

JACK: Oh..well, what did you do with the money?

FRANK I bought a guide to the movie stars homes.

JACK: You.. you were so broke that you had to beg for money and you spent it to buy a guide to the movie stars homes?

FRANK: Well, I'll tell you how it happened... ^{anyway} I was hanging around the park and I wasn't doin nothing. I was just hanging around. I didn't feel like doing anything. I said to myself "What you doing, John?" I always call myself John. I never call myself Mr. Silvoney. That's my father's name. ^(laugh) So I said, "I ain't doin' nothing". And I wasn't. I was just hanging around the park, I wasn't doing nothing. (LAUGH)
Well, I started feeding some ^{of the} peanuts to the pigeons. I don't know why I shared my peanuts with the pigeons, they never shared nothin' with me. (LAUGH) After while a fellow comes along ^{he} and says, "Hey you." I says, ^{he says "you" -- I says "me". he says} "who?" ^{it, he made me no nervous. I said -- a while -- "Who do you want."} "You." "Me."
^{he says "do you want a buy a"} "YAH!" ^{So I said, "What?" and he said, "Do you want a buy a"} So I said, "What?" and he said, "Do you want a buy a guide to the movie stars homes?" And I wasn't doing nothing so I bought it.

JACK: So that's what you've been doing all day... walking around looking at the movie stars homes.

MO

FRANK: Yeah, and I already saw Gregory Poock, Ray Milland, and Lana Turner..Lana gave me her autograph.

JACK: She did?

FRANK: Yeah...and while she was signing her name, she smiled at me...Oooh, it made me so nerrrrrvous...(SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: ~~Well,~~ ^{well, you -- well, you just --} you just wait here, Mr. Silvoney, and I'll have my man fix you something to eat.

FRANK: Tank you...but don't make it nuttin' fancy...I'm in a hurry, I gotta get over to Bob Hope's house by five o'clock.

JACK: Oh..are you going to get a meal from Mr. Hope?

FRANK: No, I'm one of his writers.

JACK: ~~Oh, oh, OH~~...Well, ^{look} you just wait here and I'll have some food brought to you.

FRANK: Wait a minute, it's four o'clock, can I have a cocktail first? (LAUGHS)

JACK: ^{al} No, my bar doesn't open till six.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JD

ATK01 0313510

JACK: Oh Rochester..

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: There's a hungry man out in the back...Will you go in the kitchen and fix him something to eat?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: You know, Mary, that's an amazing coincidence...it's the same man who asked me for a dime last week and I gave him fifty cents.

(SOUND: (OFF) TERRIFIC CRASH OF POTS AND PANS)

JACK: ROCHESTER, WHAT PELL?

ROCH: THE POTS AND PANS, WE'RE ALL OUT OF DISHES.

JACK: Oh...Come on, Dennis, let's hear the song you're gonna do, *will you.*

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG...DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL)

(APPLAUSE)

MO

ATX01 0313511

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis, ^{that's one of the most} that's one of the most beautiful songs I've ever heard... I have to hand it to you, kid, you really have a wonderful voice.

DENNIS: ^{Yes} Thanks.

JACK: (CUTE) If you want me to, I'll phone Lauren Bacall and tell her.

DENNIS: If a man answers tell him to get out of town.

JACK: Oh stop, will you ... Dennis, when I say nice things to you, I wish you'd --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, Butch and Joey....come on in, fellows.

BUTCH & JOEY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Mary, Dennis..you know Butch and Joey of the Beverly Hills Beavers.

DENNIS: ^{al} Sure.

MARY: Hello, boys.

BOYS: Hello.

JACK: What are you fellows doing here today? There's no meeting, is there?

BUTCH: Oh no..we just wanted to remind you that we're having baseball practice tomorrow afternoon.

MO

ATX01 0313512

JACK: Oh yes, ^{yes} I almost forgot.

MARY: Have you boys got a baseball team?

BUTCH: Uh huh, and Mr. Benny is our pitcher.

MARY: Mr. Benny pitches for you?

JOEY: Sure, if he was good enough for the New York Yankees, he's good enough for us.

MARY: (WHISPERS) ^{Jack} Jack, did you tell --

JACK: Quiet, Mary...By the way, boys, have you been practicing for the show you're gonna do next week?

BUTCH: Uh huh.

MARY: What's this about a show?

JACK: Oh, I thought I told you, Mary...it's the cutest thing... Next week they're giving a play in the school auditorium to raise money to pay for their baseball uniforms.

MARY: That's nice...what play are you going to do? Tom Sawyer or Robin Hood or --

JOEY: No, we wanted to do something different, so we're going to put on one of Mr. Benny's radio programs.

MARY: Really?

JACK: Yes Mary..and each one of the kids is going to play the part of a member of my cast.

MARY: Say, that should be cute..who's going to play the part of Mr. Benny?

MO

ATX01 0313513

JOEY: I am, Miss Livingstone. I was selected because ^{my eyes} my eyes are Robin's Egg Blue.

JACK: ^{you almost needed an aid with these -- not --} Not quite as blue as mine, but they'll do, ^{you know}.

BUTCH: And we got a girl to play your part, Miss Livingstone... She's seven years old.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Seven years old....Is she pretty?

BUTCH: Uh huh..and she'll be even prettier when her front teeth come in.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Isn't that cute, Mary?

BUTCH: And, Miss Livingstone, we even got someone to play the part of your sister.

MARY: Say, they're really doing everybody...who's playing the part of my Sister Babe?

JOEY: My brother Herman.

JACK: I helped them cast that part.

~~DENNIS: Say boys, have you got someone to play me?~~

~~BUTCH: Not yet, but we're trying to make a deal with a nine year old boy we saw in a movie on television the other night.~~

~~JACK: What's his name?~~

~~JOEY: Bobby Breen.~~

~~JACK: Bobby Breen? That picture must have been made fifteen years ago.~~

MARY: Say, Joey, have you got a kid to play Phil Harris ^{and Dennis Day.}

JOEY: Uh huh...and we've got a real butter-ball for Don Wilson.

BUTCH: Yeah, you oughta see the belly on him.

JACK: Well, fellow Beavers, we'll all be at the show next week, and we want to wish you a lot of luck.

MO

JOEY: Oh, thanks, Mr. Benny, but we came over here to get some money.

JACK: Money?

BUTCH: You're our treasurer.

JACK: Oh yes yes.

JOEY: We need nine dollars to get the programs printed and five dollars for ^{the} tickets.

JACK: ^{the - see -} "That's fourteen dollars..Well, wait here, ^{and -} I'll be back in a few minutes...I've gotta go down to the vault to get the money..Excuse me, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS, CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING STAIRS..GETTING HOLLOWER..FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT.)

JACK: Ah, here we are.

(SOUND: RATTLING OF CHAINS..HEAVY IRON DOOR HANDLE TURNS ..HEAVY IRON DOOR OPENS WITH CREAKING OF CHAINS..FOUR MORE FOOTSTEPS..LOUD RIPPING OF CLOTH)

JACK: Darn it, I always forget about that barbed wire.

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS..SECOND LOUDER CHAINS..IRON DOOR HANDLE TURNS..DOOR CREAKS OPEN WITH RATTLE OF CHAINS.. TWO MORE FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt, who goes there, friend or foe?

JACK: Friend.

KEARNS: What's the pass word?

JACK: R, A, G, G...M, O, P, P. Rag Mop.

KM

KEARNS: Oh, it's you, Mr. Benny!

JACK: Yes, yes... How are you, Ed?

KEARNS: Fine, fine..what's new on the outside world?

JACK: *ah*. Nothing much..except that the country is thinking of admitting Hawaii and Alaska as States.

KEARNS: My, how exciting..that'll make thirty-seven, won't it?

JACK: *he* No, Ed..it'll be fifty...Well, excuse me..I want to take some money out.

KEARNS: Money...out?

JACK: Yes and I may be down again tomorrow. You know I'm having my house painted.

KEARNS: Oh, is there a house up there now?

JACK: Uh huh....Now excuse me, Ed..I want to open the safe.

KEARNS: Shall I take another loyalty oath?

JACK: No no, Ed..Senator McCarthy hasn't mentioned you yet....
Now let's see...what's the combination...Right to forty-five..
(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)...Left to one sixty (LIGHT SOUND)....
Back to fifteen...(LIGHT SOUND)..Then left to one ten..
(LIGHT SOUND)...There.

(SOUND: HANDLE TURNS..DOOR OPENS WITH STEAM WHISTLES,
BELLS, GONGS, HORNS, RATCHETS, ETC....ENDING WITH B.O.
WHISTLE)

KM

RTX01 0313516

JACK: Now let's see....I need nine dollars for the programs..
 (COUNTS) Five..six..seven..eight..nine....There, that takes
 care of the programs..Now five for the tickets...I think
 I'll take it in silver..(CLINK)..One..(CLINK)..two..(CLINK)
 three..(CLINK)..four..(PLOP) Oh, that's a pancake..Here's a
 dollar.(CLINK) There, that'll do.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, you dropped one of the bills.

JACK: Oh yes? I'll pick it up.

KEARNS: Look, you dropped another one..How come your hands are
 shaking like that?

JACK: I don't know, Ed, but it seems that whenever I count money, it
 makes me so nerrrrrvous..(LAUGHS LIKE SILVONEY).... Well, Ed,

I think I'll

Kearns: Oh my goodness... he took out \$14 and went crazy.
~~SAM: Hey Babe, you want this place printed, too?~~

~~JACK: YOU GET OUT OF HERE. THIS IS MY VAULT. GET OUT. OUT. OUT.~~

~~(SOUND: IRON DOOR CLOSING)~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

KM

JACK: Now let's see....I need nine dollars for the programs..
(COUNTS) Five..six..seven..eight..nine....There, that takes
care of the programs..Now five for the tickets...I think
I'll take it in silver..(CLINK)..One..(CLINK)..two..(CLINK)
three..(CLINK)..four..(PLOP) Oh, that's a pancake..Here's a
dollar.(CLINK) There, that'll do.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, you dropped one of the bills.

JACK: Oh yes, I'll pick it up.

KEARNS: Look, you dropped another one..How come your hands are
shaking like that?

JACK: I don't know, Ed, but it seems that whenever I count money, it
makes me so nerrrrrvous..(LAUGHS LIKE SILVONEY)....Well, Ed,
I think I'll--

SAM: Hey Rube, you want this place painted, too?

JACK: YOU GET OUT OF HERE..THIS IS MY VAULT..GET OUT..OUT..OUT..

(SOUND: IRON DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

KM

~~JACK: ladies and gentlemen, one of our great national hazards is
fire. Each year more than ten thousand people lose their
lives in fires. And in nine cases out of ten, these fires
were caused by carelessness. Be sure it doesn't happen to
you! Put that match or cigarette out before you discard it!
Take every precaution you can to prevent fires! Thank you.~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

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

KM

ATX01 0313519

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

SHARBUTT: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIRSTAND: Yes, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: Confirming these scientific tests, an independent consulting laboratory with more than fifteen years' experience in cigarette research reports --

VOICE: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested!

HIRSTAND: IS - MFT
IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... that's why, with every Lucky, you get the rich taste of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, smoothness and mildness with never a rough puff!

HIRSTAND: So smoke a Lucky. Prove to yourself what scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

GS

ATX01 0313520

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CON'T)

SHARBUIT: Let your own taste and throat be the judge -- for the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness and mildness ... remember -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(210)

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Frankie Fontaine who played the part of John I. G. Silvers, and I'd like to remind everyone in the Los Angeles area about the Friar's Frolic this Saturday night at the Shrine Auditorium.~~

~~MARY: And Jack, what about your Deavers Club?~~

~~JACK: Oh yes, right on next Sunday when the Deavers will give their version of the Jack Benny program. Oh my goodness, Mary, look what time it is, I've gotta run.~~

~~MARY: Jack, what's the hurry?~~

~~JACK: I've gotta rush over to Studio C, I'm on Edgar Bergen's program today. 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 and don't forget Jack Benny is going to be with
Edgar Bergen's show.*
THIS IS C.B.S....THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

KM

PROGRAM #33
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1950 ^{GCS} 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

RG

ATK01 0313523

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1960
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

HIRSTAND: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike is milder...and science provides the proof!

HIRSTAND: Test after test produced conclusive evidence of Lucky Strike's greater mildness. But that's not all. These scientific tests are confirmed by independent consulting laboratories and they prove ...

VOICE: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

SHARBUTT: Yes, with every Lucky Strike you light, you get a truly smoother smoking, milder tasting cigarette. There's never a rough puff in a Lucky!

HIRSTAND: And here's one big reason why Lucky Strike is milder --

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

HIRSTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine light, naturally mild tobacco that gives you more real deep-down smoking enjoyment.

BS

ATX01 0313524

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT.)

SHARBUTT: So for the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness
and mildness ... light up a Lucky. Yes, prove to yourself
what scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than
any other principal brand of cigarettes. Make your next
carton Lucky Strike!

BS

RTX01 0313525

(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, IF YOU'RE A ^{local} ~~LOCAL~~ SUBSCRIBER TO THE WEEKLY PUBLICATION PRINTED BY THE BOYS OF THE BEVERLY HILLS BEAVERS...YOU'LL KNOW THAT TONIGHT THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB ARE PUTTING ON A PLAY AT THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. OF COURSE, JACK BENNY, WHO HAPPENS TO BE THE TREASURER OF THE CLUB, IS PLANNING TO GO...AND AT THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER IS PRESSING JACK'S SUIT.

ROCH: (SINGS) PRESS IT ONCE,
AND PRESS IT TWICE,
THEN PRESS IT ONCE AGAIN,
IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME.
DA DA DA, DA DA, DA DA
DA DA, DA DA, DA DA.

WELL, I GOT THE PANTS PRESSED...NOW FOR THE COAT. HM, WHAT'S THIS HE'S GOT IN HERE?.....WELL, A BAG OF RICE. OH YES, VICE PRESIDENT BARKLEY'S WEDDING. MR. BENNY WASN'T INVITED, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP HIM. HE PUT ON HIS TUXEDO, WENT TO THE NEWSREEL AND THREW RICE AT THE SCREEN.....I BETTER FINISH PRESSING THE COAT BEFORE.....HMM.....WHAT DO YOU KNOW, THE PRICE TAG IS STILL UNDER THE COLLAR.....TWENTY-TWO FIFTY. THAT ISN'T MUCH TO PAY FOR A TUXEDO. I WONDER WHERE HE BOUGHT IT.....IT SHOULD BE ON THE LABEL....YEAH, THERE IT IS.. THE PREP BOYS.....OH YES, IN THOSE DAYS THEY USED TO ~~be~~

HG

RTX01 0313526

JACK: (COMING IN) *Rochester.* Oh Rochester, have you finished pressing my clothes yet?

ROCH: YES BOSS, BUT WHO WAS THE LAST ONE YOU RENTED THIS TUXEDO TO?

JACK: Why?

ROCH: EVERYTIME I LAY THE COAT DOWN THE ARMS FOLD.

JACK: Oh stop, *will you.*

ROCH: ANYWAY, YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO A SCHOOL PLAY. WHY DRESS FORMAL?

JACK: Rochester, the Beavers aren't putting on just a play..... they're gonna do their version of my radio program. You see, each one of the kids will portray a member of my cast.

ROCH: OH.

JACK: And since I'm the inspiration for their show..they may ask me to come up on stage and make a speech. Gosh, I haven't made a speech since Vice President Barkley's wedding. And then I didn't get to finish it. The feature picture came on. Anyway, Rochester, this play the kids are putting on is ~~really~~---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FIVE FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hmm..that's ~~surely~~ *strange*, there's no one here.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now why would anybody ring a doorbell, and then --(DOOR BUZZER) ...Hmm..

(SOUND: FIVE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

RG

ATK01 0313527

JACK: That's funny...nobody here this time either.

ROCH: BOSS, PUT ~~ON~~ YOUR GLASSES, THAT ~~THE~~ DOOR'S TO THE CLOSET!

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

ROCH: WANNA BEP?

JACK: Never mind.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack. What took you so long to answer the door?

JACK: Nothing, nothing. Anyway, why are you here so early, we don't leave for the school auditorium for an hour yet.

MARY: Well, I couldn't find my coat, and I thought maybe I left it over here.

JACK: Your coat? I don't think so.

MARY: Did you look in the -closet?

ROCH: OOOOOOOOOOHHH, DID HE!

JACK: Your coat's not ^{over}there, Mary... Now as soon as I get dressed, we'll go.

ROCH: HERE'S YOUR TUXEDO, BOSS.

JACK: Help me on with the coat, Rochester. I want to see if it still fits ... Thanks.

MARY: Jack, if you wear that old thing, I'm not going with you.

JACK: What?

MARY: You got that tuxedo when you first went into vaudeville... It's so old fashioned now.

JACK: Old fashioned?

MARY: Yes, look how long the coat is? (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You look like the villain in "The Drunkard."

JACK: Only when I wear the cape....Now Mary---

MARY: (ACTING..LOW VOICE) AH, MR PROUD BEAUTY, IF YOU DON'T PAY THE MORTGAGE, I'LL THROW YOU AND THE BABY OUT IN THE SNOW...
HEH HEH HHH HHH.

JACK: Mary, stop, will you please?

MARY: Well look, Jack, I'll make you a proposition.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: If you'll buy a new tuxedo, I'll take you down to the May Company and get you a big discount.

JACK: Mary, you mean that after all these years you've been working for me, the May Company still gives you a discount?

MARY: They send me food, too.

JACK: Now cut that out...I'm gonna wear the tuxedo I've got and that settles it....Now Rochester, I won't be home ~~until~~---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.
(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson, I just called you to find out if I can cancel tomorrow's band rehearsal on account of--(Don't crowd me, lady, I'll be offi ^{the} ~~the~~ phone in a minute.)

RG

ATX01 0313529

JACK: Phil, where are you calling from?

PHIL: The corner drug store...I'm picking up some medicine for Remley.

JACK: What?

PHIL: *well,* That's why I wanta cancel ^{the} rehearsal. Frankie's got an awful cold..(Lady, stop crowding me.)

JACK: What's the matter with Frankie, anyway? He's always catching cold.

PHIL: Yeah. He caught this last one sleeping next to an open window.

JACK: An open window? Well, why didn't he close it?

PHIL: It wouldn'ta done any good, he was on the ^{outside} ~~outside~~ of the house.

JACK: That's the silliest thing I ever heard....sleeping outside the house..Why didn't he go in?

PHIL: ~~It~~ wasn't his house.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I told him a million times...don't take them short cuts....
(Don't crowd me, lady, I'm rollin')

JACK: Well, okay, Phil, you can have Band rehearsal the next day.

PHIL: Can't do that either, Jackson. That's why I'm trying to get Remley over his cold. ^{you see -- he's --} He's getting married that day.

JACK: Huh? Remley is getting married? Well, that's certainly news to me...Where is Frankie's wedding gonna take place?

KM

PHIL: (WITH REVERENCE) At the Little Bar Around The Corner.

JACK: Well Phil, if I know Remley's friends...Who's gonna stand up for him?.....HA HA HA...Don't crowd me, Mary, I'm rollin'.Well look, Phil, don't worry about the band rehearsal. You can have it anytime....Goodbye.

PHIL: So long..Oh, by the way, Jackson, did you get that record I sent you this morning?

JACK: Yes, Phil, but I haven't played it yet..What is it?

PHIL: *well.* It's a song called "Wilhemina"^{*You see*}..It's from that picture I just made, "Wabash Avenue"..and I do it with the Sportsmen Quartet.

JACK: Oh, well, I'll play it as soon as I--

PHIL: Just a minute, Dad. (What's that, Lady?..Oh, you just realized who I am, huh?.....Yeah..that's me.)

JACK: Phil--

PHIL: Just a minute, I'm giving ~~you~~^{*the lady*} my autograph.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: (WHISPER) Hey, Jackson--

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: (WHISPER) Can you hear me?

JACK: Yes yes, what is it?

PHIL: (WHISPER) Does Sincerely start with a "C"?

JACK: Yes Phil..C - I - N --

PHIL: I got the rest of it. So long, Clyde.

JACK: Goodbye, *partly*.

(SOUND:RECEIVER DOWN)

-- KM

JACK: Oh Mary, Phil sent me a record that he made with the Sportsmen Quartet...Let's play it, *will you*

MARY: Okay..where is it?

JACK: Right there by the phonograph...And play it loud, Mary, so I can hear it in the other room while I'm getting dressed.

(APPLAUSE)

KM

(INTRO)

PHIL: WILHEMINA, SHE'S THE CUTEST LITTLE GIRL IN COPENHAGEN.
WILHEMINA, SHE HAS ALL THE FELLOWS CRAZY IN THE NOGGIN

QUART: IN COPENHAGEN.

PHIL: AND THE ROSES ~~ON~~ ^{on} HER CHEEKS
AND THE MUSIC WHEN SHE SPEAKS
AND HOW SWEET HER KISSES TASTE

QUART: SUGAR CANISH LIKE MY ~~MADE~~ ^{Manna} DANISH PASTRY.
WILHEMINA

PHIL: MAYBE SOON WE WILL ELOPE IN COPENHAGEN
WILHEMINA, WE'LL SHARE EVERYTHING INCLUDING MY TOBOGGAN.

QUART: IN COPENHAGEN.

PHIL: ALL THE OTHER GIRLS SAY "NO".

QUART: OH NO.

PHIL: BUT WILHEMINA SHE SAYS "NINE".

QUART: NO TIME.

PHIL: ALL THE BOYS CALL WILHEMINA WILLIE

QUART: YAH.

PHI: BUT I CALL WILHEMINA MINE.

QUART: SMOKE A LUCKY, AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND A CIGARETTE THAT'S
SMOOTHER.

SMOKE A LUCKY, ASK YOUR FATHER, MOTHER,
SISTER, AND YOUR ~~COUNTRY~~ ^{Brother} ~~Brother~~ ^{Phil:} ~~Brother~~; Your Broother!

THEY'RE SO LIGHT AND MILD, YOU SEE

JUST THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.

YES, IT'S L S M F T

PHIL: ~~That~~ ^{That} THAT MEANS LUCKY STRIKE IS MADE OF FINE TOBACCO.

WILHEMINA.

KM

QUART: ^{*Smoking*} ~~SUCKERS~~ LUCKIES ALL DAY LONG IN COPENHAGEN

PHIL: WILHEMINA

QUART: IF SHE DIDN'T SHE'D BE CRAZY IN THE NOGGIN, IN COPENHAGEN.

ALL THE OTHER GIRLS WANT PHIL,

BUT WILHEMINA SHE SAYS "NINE".

SHE WOULD RATHER HAVE A PACK OF LUCKIES

'CAUSE SHE THINKS LUCKY STRIKES ARE FINE.

PHIL: WHO? WILHEMINA?

QUART: THAT EVER-LOVIN' GAL OF MINE.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Say Mary, that was very good ^{you know} and it was thoughtful of Phil to get the Sportsmen to do it with him.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, there's a little more on the record.

JACK: There is? Play it.

(SOUND: SCRATCHING OF RECORD)

PHIL: GOOD HEALTH TO ALL, FROM REXALL.

JACK: I knew he'd get that in.

MARY: Say Jack, don't you think it's about time we left for the school auditorium?

JACK: Yes, we haven't got much time..Rochester, get my car out of the garage.

ROCH: YOU CAN'T USE THE CAR, BOSS, A NAIL WENT THROUGH ONE OF THE TIRES.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUY SUCH CHEAP TIRES.

JACK: Rochester, the most expensive tire in the world can be punctured by a nail.

ROCH: A FINGERNAIL?

JACK: Well, what did you touch it for?.. Always testing....Now what're we gonna do?

MARY: I've got my car outside.

JACK: Okay, ^{nail} we'll go in yours.....Come on.

(~~SCENE ENDS~~)

MO

ATX01 0313535

MARY: Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Mary, wasn't that a nice song from Phil's picture?

MARY: Yeah...(SINGS) WILHEMINA, SHE'S THE CUTEST LITTLE GIRL IN COPENHAGEN, IN COPENHAGEN.

JACK: JACKIE BENNY, YOU'VE GOT THE TRUFST, BLUFST EYES IN ANY NOGGIN.....

I tried to get Waukegan in there - I had a tough time -
IN WAUKER-GOGGEN O.....DA DA DA DE IA --

MARY: Oh look, Jack, here comes Dennis on a bicycle.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Where?

DENNIS: Hello, Mary. Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, kid. ^{Jack} We were just leaving for the school auditorium.. aren't you gonna see the Beverly Hills Beavers put on their play?

DENNIS: Oh, sure..but it's such a nice night I thought I'd ride over on my new bicycle.

JACK: Oh, is that a new one, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, I won it last night on a quiz program.

MARY: On a quiz program!...Gosh, you're really lucky.

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: Was it a hard question?

DENNIS: Oh no, it was easy. The man pointed at me and said: "Would you pay a hundred dollars for this bicycle?" I said, "Yes" so I gave him the hundred dollars and he gave me the bicycle.

KM

ATK01 0313536

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: I almost won a refrigerator but I didn't have enough money.

JACK: Look kid, ^{Annii... look... look at me... look...} did the Master of Ceremonies of this quiz program have a little hammer in his hand?

DENNIS: Yeah.

MARY: Dennis, you were at an auction.

JACK: Certainly...and all those people crowded around ^{...they} were bidding.
..Now come on, we better get to the school auditorium.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: ^{sh.} By the way, Dennis, did you ask your mother if you could go quail hunting with me again next week?

DENNIS: Yeah.

MARY: Dennis, I didn't know you go with Mr. Benny on his hunting trips.

DENNIS: Oh sure, I'm his retriever.

MARY: You mean when he shoots, you bring back the quail?

DENNIS: No. When he misses, I have to bring back the buckshot.

JACK: All right, all right...Now Dennis, leave your bicycle here and come with us.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SCHOOL TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES)

JACK: Say, this school auditorium really is packed...but we got pretty good seats, ^{cause} ~~didn't~~ we, Mary?

KM

MARY: *ed.* These are fine ... right in the center.

JACK: Can you see all right, Dennis?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Well, why don't you ask that man in front of you to take off his hat?

DENNIS: It isn't his.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: It's mine, I put it there.

JACK: Dennis, are you crazy? Why would you do a thing like that?

DENNIS: Bald heads upset me.

JACK: Oh, be quiet, *will you.*

JOHNNY: (WHISPER) Hey, Mr. Benny .. Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Joey, is everything ready back-stage for your show?

JOHNNY: Uh huh.

JACK: *ed.* Are the kids nervous?

JOHNNY: Yeah, a little bit.

JACK: Well, good luck.

JOHNNY: Thanks, Mr. Benny .. And by the way, you'll be happy to know that we're almost sold out of ^{the} popcorn. *you made.*

JACK: Good, good. Now push the lemonade.

JOHNNY: Okay, see you later.

JACK: *ed.* Just a minute, Joey..did you finally get a fat kid to play Don Wilson?

JOHNNY: No, but we're letting Warren do it and we stuffed a pillow in his shirt.

DJ

ATX01 0313538

JACK: Oh fine, fine.. Now you'd better hurry, you'll be late....
Well, Mary, it won't be long now before the show starts.

MARY: Gee, I hope the Beavers really do a good--

JACK: (WHISPERS) Hey Mary....Mary.

MARY: Huh?

JACK: Don't look now but there's a lady across the aisle who
keeps staring at me. I guess she recognizes me.

MARY: Where?

JACK: Shhhhhh, here she comes.

BLANCHE: Pardon me, but would you be good enough to give me your
autograph?

JACK: Why certainly.

(SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING)

JACK: There you are.

BLANCHE: Thank you ... You were wonderful in The Drunkard.

JACK: Hmmmmmm.

MARY: I told you not to wear that cape.

JACK: I'll take it off... You know, Mary, this idea of the little
kids doing my radio program is really clever, isn't it?

MARY: Yes Jack, I think it's the cutest -- oh-oh, the curtains
going up.

JACK: Oh yeah, yeah.

(SOUND: CURTAIN OPENS)

JACK: And look, ^{look...} they've even got a kid orchestra.

MARY: Quiet, here they go.

(FIVE PIECE VERSION OF THEME)

DJ

AIX01 0313539

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

(APPLAUSE..FIVE PIECE THEME)

WARREN: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WOULD LIKE TO BRING^u YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW..A MAN WHO STILL HAS THE FIRST DOLLAR HE EVER EARNED.. NOT BECAUSE HE'S CHEAP, BUT BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SPEND CONFEDERATE MONEY...AND HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JOHNNY: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking.. And Don, did you think up that introduction all by yourself?

WARREN: (LAUGHING) Yes I did, Jack, and I thought it was very funny.

JOHNNY: Oh, you did, eh?

WARREN: Yes (~~BRUCE BOBB AND YONG~~)

JOHNNY: Don.. Don.. Blubber Boy.. ^{that's an} there's an old Chinese proverb that says.. "Big fat announcer who make insulting joke about boss, soon find salary not big fat.... And another thing, Don.. Oh, hello Mary.

MERRY: Hello, Jack.. Hi ya, Don.

JOHNNY: Say, Mary, I called you last night but your maid said you were out.

MERRY That's right. I went to the baseball game with Van Johnson

JOHNNY: ^A That was nice. Who won?

MERRY: When you're with Van Johnson, who watches the game?

JOHNNY: Oh, oh, oh, oh, OH...

DJ

ATK01 0313540

MERRY: Stop Ad libbing.

WARREN: Mary, what's this you dropped on the floor?

MERRY: That? Oh that's a letter I got from Mama.

JOHNNY: ^{oh} From your mother, eh ... What does the Wild Goose of Plainfield have to say?

MERRY: (LAUGHING) I'll read it to you ... (CLEARS THROAT) ... MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A FEW LINES TO LET YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE ALL WELL..THE WEATHER IS NICE HERE NOW, BUT AS YOU PROBABLY READ IN THE PAPER, LAST WEEK WE HAD AN AWFUL BLIZZARD AND WHEN YOUR UNCLE HARRY CAME IN FROM THE BARN, HIS MILKING HAND WAS FROZEN.

JOHNNY: Goo.

MERRY: I HOPE IT THAWS OUT SOON AS WE'D LIKE TO GET THE COW OUT OF THE HOUSE.

JOHNNY: I don't blame them.

MERRY: NOW FOR A FEW WORDS ABOUT YOUR SISTER BABE.

JOHNNY: Ah, this is the part I always wait for.

MERRY: Quiet... ^{since she} SINCE YOUR SISTER BABE GOT MARRIED SHE DECIDED TO HAVE HER TEETH STRAIGHTENED.

JOHNNY: Babe's teeth do protrude a little.

MERRY: I'LL NEVER FORGET THE CEREMONY..WHEN THE MINISTER SAID, "DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN TO BE YOUR HUSBAND?" BABE OPENED HER MOUTH TO SAY "I DO", AND RIPPED HER VEIL TO SHREDS.

JACK: (WHISPER) Say Mary, ^{damn} that little girl is a natural born actress.

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ATX01 0313541

MARY: (WHISPER) Yeah..she went right on reading the letter, even though her bloomers were slipping down.

JACK: Yeah.

MERRY: NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL. CLOSE NOW..WITH LOVE...YOUR LOVING MOTHER, MAMA.

JOHNNY: You know, Mary, your mother -- WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

JEFF: (SINGS) WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY

LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OLD MAMMY

SHE'S FRYING EGGS AND BROILING HAMMY

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH..H'YA, JACKSON.

JOHNNY: Hello, Phil.

MERRY: Hello, Phil.

JEFF: Hi ya, Livvy, you gorgeous hunk of whistle bait, you!

MERRY: (LAUGHING) By the way, how are Alice and the children?

JEFF: Fine. I just left 'em. I took them over to the park for a rehearsal for next week's May party.

MERRY: A May party?

JEFF: Yeah, you shoulda seen all them kids. They looked so cute as they danced around me.

MERRY: Danced around you? Didn't they have a May Pole?

JEFF: Yeah, but I was prettier.

JOHNNY: Oh for heaven's sakes ... Say, Phil, I've been trying to get in touch with you all week. Where have you been?

JEFF: Well, me and Remley went hunting up in the High Sierras.

JOHNNY: Oh, did you hunt bear?

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JEFF: Well, we ... (SMILING) Wait a minute ... Hey, Jackson.

JOHNNY: Huh?

JEFF: Throw me that lead again, will you?

JOHNNY: Okay ... did you hunt bear?

JEFF: No, we were dressed to kill..HA HA HA HA .. OH HARRIS, THAT JOKE ALONE OUGHTA MAKE CBS BUY YOU.

JOHNNY: Phil..Phil..Pencil Head..That joke alone oughta make CBS put in air conditioning..So you can stop with those --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JOHNNY: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

SONNY: Telegram for Jack Benny.

JOHNNY: I'm Jack Benny..I'll take it.

SONNY: Here you are, sir.

JOHNNY: And here's a tip for you.

SONNY: Oh boy, a nickle! Now I can send my father through college!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JOHNNY: Hmm...Now let's see.. I wonder who this telegram is --

WARREN: Oh, Jack --

JOHNNY: What is it, Don?

WARREN: Did you only give that boy a nickle tip?

JOHNNY: Yes, Don ... why?

WARREN: Well, that convinces me. You are without a doubt, the cheapest, most miserly, most parsimonious man I have ever known in my life.

MO

RTX01 0313543

JOHNNY:WELL! ... Now look, Don --

MERRY: Don is right, you are cheap.

JOHNNY: Mary, be quiet or you'll be known as Nylon Nellie at the
May Company.....And now, ladies and gentlemen, for
our feature attraction tonight we are going to --

STUFFY: Hello, Mr. Benny..Hello, Mary.

MERRY: Hello, Dennis.

JOHNNY: Hey kid, I'm glad you got here, because it's time for your---
Wait a minute, Dennis, look at me.

STUFFY: Huh?

JOHNNY: Dennis, this is the first time I ever saw you wearing glasses.
Are your eyes bad?

STUFFY: No.

JOHNNY: Then why are you wearing those glasses?

STUFFY: My uncle died and left them to me.

JOHNNY: Your uncle? Oh, that's a shame.

STUFFY: Yeah, I can't see a darn thing with them.

JOHNNY: Well, for heaven's sakes, kid, if you can't see with them,
take them off. Just because somebody leaves you something
in a will, you're not compelled to use it.

STUFFY: I'm not?

JOHNNY: No.

STUFFY: You wanta buy a set of teeth?

JOHNNY: Now cut that out...And take off those glasses; it's time for
your song.

MO

STUFFY: My mother said I shouldn't sing on your program any more.

JOHNNY: Why not?

STUFFY: She hates you.

JOHNNY: What?

MERRY: Dennis, why does your mother dislike Jack so much?

STUFFY: She used to go with Mr. Benny before she met my father.

JOHNNY: She did not.

STUFFY: She says she did.

JOHNNY: What was your mother's name before she married your father?

STUFFY: I didn't know her then.

JOHNNY: Now Dennis, I'm tired of your silly talk..let's have your
song.

STUFFY: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(INTRO)

STUFFY: NOW CLANCY WAS A PEACEFUL MAN, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
THE COPS PICKED UP THE PIECES AFTER CLANCY LEFT THE SCENE.
HE NEVER LOOKED FOR TROUBLE THAT'S A FACT YOU CAN ASSUME.
EUT NEVER THE LESS WHEN TROUBLE WOULD PRESS
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.
OH THAT CLANCY. OH, THAT CLANCY
WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP,
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM, BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM.

O'LEARY WAS A FIGHTING MAN, THEY ALL KNEW HE WAS TOUGH,
HE STRUTTED 'ROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD, A-SHOOTIN' OFF HIS GUFF,
HE PICKED A FIGHT WITH CLANCY, THEN AND THERE HE SEALED
HIS DOOM.

BEFORE YOU COULD SHOUT, "O'LEARY, LOOK OUT!"
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.
OH THAT CLANCY. OH, THAT CLANCY
WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP.
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM.

NOW CLANCY LEFT THE BARBER SHOP, WITH TONIC ON HIS HAIR,
HE WALKED INTO THE POOL ROOM, AND HE MET O'RILEY THERE
O'RILEY SAID: "FOR GOODNESS SAKES, NOW DO I SMELL PERFUME?"
BEFORE YOU COULD STACK YOUR CUE IN THE RACK
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM,
OH THAT CLANCY, OH THAT CLANCY
WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP.
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM,BOOM.

MO

RIK01 0313546

STUFFY: ~~MULROONEY WALKED INTO THE BAR, AND ORDERED UP A BOUND.~~
(MORE) ~~HE LEFT HIS DRINK TO TELEPHONE, AND CLANCY DRANK IT DOWN.~~
~~MULROONEY SAID: "WHO DRINK ME DRINK? I'LL LAY HIM IN HIS~~
~~TOMB!"~~

~~WHEN YOU COULD PAY THE TOP OF YOUR HAT~~

~~CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.~~

~~OH THAT CLANCY, OH THAT CLANCY~~

~~WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP.~~

~~CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.~~

THE NEIGHBORS ALL TURNED OUT FOR KATE O'GRADY'S WEDDING NIGHT.
MC DUGAL SAID: "LET'S HAVE SOME FUN; I THINK I'LL START A
FIGHT!"

HE WRECKED THE HALL, THEN KISSED THE BRIDE, AND PULVERIZED
THE GROOM.

THEN QUICK AS A WINK, BEFORE YOU COULD THINK,

CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM,

OH THAT CLANCY, OH THAT CLANCY,

WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP,

CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

~~(OH, IT WAS THE PRETTIEST SIGHT IN ALL THE WORLD WHEN~~

~~CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.)~~

(APPLAUSE)

*whenever they got his Irish up.
Clancy lowered the boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
(And it was the most beautiful sight you ever did see
when Clancy lowered the boom!)*
(Applause)

MO

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JOHNNY: That was Dennis Day singing "Clancy Lowered the Boom"...and very good, too, Dennis.

MERRY: That's right, Dennis, you have a beautiful voice.

STUFFY: I know, that's why ~~I bought~~ ^{I have} two shows.

JOHNNY: All right, all right..That kid drives me nuts. No wonder I'm gray...and I'm only thirty-nine...And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight we ~~are presenting~~

~~to~~ --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JOHNNY: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JOHNNY: Hello.

H.B.: Hello, Mr. Benny this is Rochester.

JOHNNY: What is it, Rochester?

H.B.: ~~There~~ got some news for you. When I went shopping this morning, I put the car in the parking lot.

JOHNNY: Uh huh.

H.B.: And when I came out of the market, there was a man standing there and he wanted to buy your car.

JOHNNY: He did? Well, I hope you told him my price was a thousand dollars.

H.B.: Uh huh.. but he told me that the used car market has dropped some in the last few days.

JOHNNY: Oh..what did he offer you?

H.B.: Seven ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} fifty.

JOHNNY: Well, that isn't so bad.

KM

H.B.: You oughta see where the decimal point is.

JOHNNY: What? Seven dollars and fifty cents for my car?

H.B.: Grab it fast, boss. I'm talking to the Irishman and he ain't smiling.

JOHNNY: Well, I don't care if he's smiling or not. Offering seven dollars and fifty cents for my car..Why, the steering wheel is worth more than that.

H.B.: We ain't got one.

JOHNNY: No steering wheel? Then how did you get it down town?

H.B.: Same old way, lassoed the Sunset Bus.

JOHNNY: Hmm..Well, look, Rochester, you tell this fellow that if he wants to buy my car, he can have it for a thousand dollars and not a cent less.

H.B.: Okay, just a minute.

JOHNNY: (MUMBLING) Hmm...imagine offering me seven dollars and a half for my car..It's in wonderful condition..It still has the original rubber on the windshield wiper..~~I wouldn't~~ *couldn't* sell that--

H.B.: Oh boss..

JOHNNY: Yes.

H.B.: The man said he'd give you nine dollars for the car if you'd throw in the lasso.

JOHNNY: What?

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ATK01 0313549

H.B.: Ten fifty if you teach him how to use it.

JOHNNY: Rochester, stop being on his side..You know as well as I do
that the car is worth ^{at least} a thousand dollars.

H.B.: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JOHNNY: All right, all right..well, tell the man I'm not selling it
anyway, and come down to the studio and pick me up. Goodbye.

H.B: GOOOOOOOOOD-BYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JOHNNY: I don't know, you try to put on a program and everybody
interrupts you.. Play, Phil.

JACK: LEMONADE, GET YOUR LEMONADE IN THE LOBBY.

MARY: Jack!

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

KM

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, every year thousands of Americans lose their lives in fires ... and the tragic fact is that most of these fires could have been prevented. Do your part to help prevent fires! Be sure all matches and cigarettes are out before you discard them. Beware .. take care! Obey all fire regulations to make your home, your community, your life safe from fire. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

KM

ATX01 0313551

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: In a cigarette -- mildness means enjoyment. And scientific tests prove --

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes.

SHARBUTT: These scientific tests are confirmed by independent consulting laboratories, and they prove ...

VOICE: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

HIESTAND: And no wonder! It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette - and ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So for a milder-tasting cigarette with never a rough puff, smoke a Lucky. You'll enjoy the smooth, rich taste of Luckies' fine tobacco. You'll prove to yourself what scientific tests prove ... Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

(TAG)

~~JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank the members of my
 Heaven's Club for being on the show. Johnny and Mory
 McGowan, Jeffery Bickon, Herb Bernier, Stuffy Singer,
 Gilbert Brown, and Warren Sterling. Some of you kids,
 come out here and take a bow. Mory McGowan, I said
 come out and take a bow.~~

~~MORY: Just a minute, my bloomers are slipping.~~

JACK: *Well, a little later, folks -- I want to thank all the kids
 of the Brass Nello Brass. Goodnight.*
~~Oh, well, anyway, kids, thanks a lot, you were wonderful....
 Goodnight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

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

THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

IM

PROGRAM #34
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM CDT

IR

ATX01 0313554

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1950

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

HIESTAND: Scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike is milder ... and science provides the proof!

HIESTAND: Test after test produced conclusive evidence of Lucky Strike's greater mildness. But that's not all. These scientific tests are confirmed by independent consulting laboratories and they prove ...

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

HIESTAND: There's no doubt, when you light up a Lucky, you get a smoother-smoking, milder-tasting cigarette. And ... you enjoy the rich taste of fine tobacco because ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco that gives you more real deep-down smoking enjoyment.

SHARBUTT: So for the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness and mildness ... light up a Lucky. Yes, prove to yourself what scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

IR

ATX01 0313555

(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..IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS^{more} JACK BENNY WILL BE TRAVELLING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ON A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR. SO NATURALLY, HE FEELS THAT HE SHOULD BRUSH UP ON HIS VIOLIN. AT THE MOMENT, JACK IS HOME WAITING FOR HIS VIOLIN TEACHER TO ARRIVE.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS PACING UP AND DOWN)

JACK: I can't understand it...Professor LeBlanc was supposed to be here an hour ago.

ROCH: BOSS, SIT DOWN AND RELAX. HE'LL BE HERE PRETTY SOON.

JACK: ~~What~~, why can't he come on time.. This is important, Rochester... I'll soon be out on a personal appearance tour and I haven't played my violin in front of an audience since I was at the Palladium in London... I wanna get my fingers back in shape.

ROCH: WHY, WHAT DID THEY DO TO 'EM!

JACK: They didn't do anything to 'em. ^{You know...} You may not know it, but men like Heifitz and Isaac Stern put so much importance on the dexterity of their fingers that they massage them with creams and lotions ^{the V's} because their livelihood depends on the nimbleness of their fingers.

IR

ATX01 0313556

ROCH: I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, BOSS, MY COUSIN GOES THROUGH THE
SAME THING.

JACK: Oh, is your cousin a musician?

ROCH: NO, HE'S A MILKER AT ADOHR.

JACK: A milker!

ROCH: THERE'S NEVER A ROUGH PULL IN MY COUSIN.

JACK: Rochester, ^{look Rochester} I hired you as a butler. If I wanted to be
entertained, I'd have gotten Georgie Jessel...Anyway, I
can't understand why--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, that must be the professor now.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well..Professor LeBlanc..I've been waiting for you.

MEL: Hello, Monsieur Benny. I'm sorry that I am late.

JACK: That's all right. Have you had lunch?

MEL: I never eat before I give you a lesson.

JACK: Oh oh, ^{shall we} Shall we go in the den?

MEL: Oui.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: By the way, professor, how is your wife?~~

~~MEL: Fine. Just this morning I took her to the train. She is
joining the circus.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

~~JACK: Circus?~~

~~MEL: Oui. She is going to teach an elephant how to thread
a needle with its trunk.~~

IR

ATX01 0313557

JACK: By the way, professor, I had new hair put on my violin bow.

MEL: Is it good hair?

JACK: Oh, yes, ^{the} The man at the music store said it won the Kentucky Derby twice. (LAUGHS)

MEL: Please..I am a violin teacher, not a straight man. Let us commence with the lesson.

JACK: Yes ~~str~~: Rochester, hand me my violin, *will you.*

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, BOSS.. NOW GIVE ME A RUNNING START.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: (JACK TUNES UP VIOLIN) ^{Professor -- shall I --} Shall I start with the Minuet, Professor?

MEL: Oui.

Jack: Oui. The Minuet.
(JACK: PLAYS "MINUET")

MEL: No no no, Monsieur Benny, ^{I have-} I've told you so many times. It isn't Da Da Da, Da Da Da....you must slide...slide...
Da umph da, umph da.

JACK: Oh. *Oh.*

MEL: Perhaps it would be better if first you did some exercises.

JACK: Very well.

JACK: (PLAYS ONE STRAIN OF EXERCISES)

MEL: (SINGS WITH EXERCISES)

One and two and three and four *I wish I was in Singapore.*
~~and one and two and three~~
~~and four and~~

JACK: (CONTINUES ONE MORE STRAIN)

MEL: (SINGS) Bend your wrist and slide your finger
Pull the switch, don't let me linger.

JACK: (CONTINUES ONE EXERCISE)

MEL: That is enough, Monsieur Benny, that is enough. You may
try the minuet again.. and don't forget to slide.

JACK: Oh yes ^{Yes} (PLAYS "MINUET" TO SLIDE..THEN THE SECOND
FAST SLIDE)

JACK: ^{the -- the} Oops, the bow flew out of my hand. Now where did it go?

MEL: It is stuck in the ceiling.

JACK: Oh yes.

MEL: I'll get it.

JACK: But Professor, you're too short, you can't reach it.

MEL: : I was thinking of standing on your violin.

JACK: Never mind, I'll get it myself...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ROCHESTER, ANSWER THE DOOR!

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (MIMICS JACK MINUET) DA DA DEEDLE DE DA DA, DEEDLE DE DA
DA, DEEDLE DE DA DA, DEEDLE DE DA OOMPH DA, OOMPH DA...
EVEN I SOUND SMOOTHER THAN HE DOES.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE, COME ON IN. MR. BENNY
IS IN THE DEN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: IS HE READING?

MEL: (OFF) SACRE BLEU! AU SECOURS! JE SUIS AUX ABOIS!
A LA LANTERNE!

MARY: Oh, he's taking a violin lesson.

ROCH: YEAH, AND YOU OUGHTA HEAR HIM PLAY.. IT SOUNDS LIKE
HE'S PLUCKING A LIVE CHICKEN.

LR

ATX01 0313560

MARY: (LAUGHING) Well, I came over to show Mr. Benny this new copy of Look Magazine. His picture is on the cover .. and so is yours, Rochester.

ROCH: MINE?

MARY: Yes. I just got it at the corner news stand .. see.

ROCH: ~~WELL, ..~~ *In the past, ain't I cute.*

MARY: You sure look sporty there, Rochester. Is that a cane you're holding?

ROCH: NO, THAT'S THE HANDLE OF A BROOM.

MARY: What?

ROCH: AS SOON AS THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN I HAD TO GET RIGHT BACK TO WORK.....THAT'S ALL I DO AROUND HERE .. SCRUB THE FLOOR, DO THE LAUNDRY, WASH THE DISHES, MAKE THE BEDS.

MARY: Well, Rochester, I know you work hard, but who else could Mr. Benny get to do it?

ROCH: GEORGIE JESSEL.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Well, I know Mr. Benny would like to see the magazine. I'm gonna take it in to him.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (PLAYS "MINUET")

MARY: Jack -- *Jack.*

JACK: (CONTINUES PLAYING)

Mary: Cuddles.

Jack: Nah - Mary .. can't you see I'm in the middle of a lesson.

MO

MARY: ^{well} What're you laughing at?

ROCH: YOU SHOULD ^{all} ~~DO THAT~~ WHAT I DID TO THE COPIES ON CENTRAL AVENUE.

MARY: What?

ROCH: DOWN THERE HE'S HOLDING THE BROOM.

MARY: Well, Rochester, I don't think ^{that} you should've --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: ^{oh} I'll get it, ~~Rochester~~.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hi ya, Livvy .. what are you doing here in Port Knox?

MARY: (LAUGHS) Nothing in particular, ~~Phil~~.

PHIL: Where's Jackson?

MARY: He's in the den, plucking a chicken.

PHIL: Oh, taking a violin lesson, eh?

MARY: Yeah.

PHIL: ^{oh} See you later.

MARY: ^{oh} No you don't. Come on in.

(SOUND DOOR CLOSES)

MO

ATX01 0313563

MARY: ^{Says Phil.} ~~Say~~ I noticed that new Cadillac sedan you drove up in....
it's a beauty.

PHIL: Yesh...it's Alice's.

MARY: Oh, then the maroon convertible is yours.

PHIL: No, that's Alice's, too.

MARY: Oh...then that little English car with the right hand drive
~~is~~

PHIL: Alice's!

~~MARY: Oh, now Phil, who owns the house you live in?~~

~~PHIL: Alice.~~

MARY: Oh for heaven's sakes.... ^{Phil, if she owns all those things,} ~~Phil, if Alice owns the Cadillac,~~
~~the convertible, and the house,~~ what have you got?

PHIL: Alice ^{well, see} ~~and that ain't bad.~~ Now I better go in the other
room and see the old man.

(SOUND: HEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (PLAYS FIRST STRAIN OF "MINUET")
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES FAST...(JACKS STOPS PLAYING)...
SLIGHT PAUSE..THEN DOOR OPENS.)

JACK: (PLAYS SECOND STRAIN OF "MINUET")
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES FAST...(JACKS STOPS PLAYING)

MARY: Phil, why don't you walk right in?

PHIL: It's like going into a cold pool, you can't take it all at
once.....Well, here goes, ^{See.}

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KM

JACK: Professor, do you think ~~if~~---Oh, hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hi ya, Cover Boy.

MEL: Bon jour, Monsieur Harris.

PHIL: Ah, professor LeBlanc....Bon Vie Aver tous par reg pharmasee.

JACK: What does that mean?

MEL: Good Health to all from Rexall.

JACK: Hmmm...Phil, I didn't know you could speak French.

PHIL: Sure, Jackson, I know two sentences.....That's one of them, and the other one ^{always} gets my face slapped.

JACK: Look, Phil, I'm taking a violin lesson...what did you want to see me about?

PHIL: ~~ok~~ I wanta talk about this personal appearance tour we're gonna make. Now ^{look} I thought that in arranging the show, ^{I'll} ~~it's~~ open up with twenty or thirty choruses of "That's What I Like About The South"...and then you ^{come} ~~gone~~

JACK: Hold it, Phil, hold it...That's one song you're not gonna sing on the tour.

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Clyde, you're prejudiced against the song.. let's ask someone who's imperial.

JACK: That's impartial!

PHIL: I don't care what it is.... Hey, Professor LeBlanc..what do you think of "That's What I Like About the South?"

MEL: ~~Beere-Blou~~, mon d'un cochon.il est le tres trop de tout la monde.

KM

PHIL: (SMILING) Hey, ain't that a coincidence, that's the line that always gets my face slapped!

JACK: That's what I thought....Now Phil, you better start rehearsing your musicians. You know, we play our first show in Pasadena on May Tenth...and then we open in Wichita, Kansas, May 16th.

PHIL: Kansas? That's a dry state, ain't it?

JACK: *Not* Not any more.

PHIL: *Sh.* Good, I've got two trunks I thought I'd have to leave at the border.

JACK: Phil..Phill...B, A, R, R..M, O, P, P..Bar Mop!.....We're opening in Wichita on the sixteenth regardless of---

PHIL: Okay, okay, Jackson, see you later.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

MRL: Monsieur Benny, please...I haven't got all day...Let us finish the lesson.

JACK: Okay, ~~Professor~~. (PLAYS ONE STRAIN OF "MINUET")

JACK: *sh.* Tell me, Professor, do you really think you can make a great violinist out of me?

MRL: Well, I think I can do something, but it will take time..How old are you?

KM

JACK: Why?

MEL: How much time have we got left?

JACK: Oh..Well look, Professor, if you don't feel that you're capable of teaching me the violin, why do you keep taking money from me?

MEL: I feel that that, in itself, is an accomplishment.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...(PLAYS 'MINUET')

BAGBY: (PLAYS PIANO INTRODUCTION TO DENNIS'S SONG)

JACK: ~~There~~ now who's that in there playing the piano?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Dennis, ^{Benjamin} I'm taking a violin lesson...Get away from that piano.

DENNIS: But, Mr. Benny, I wanted to rehearse the song I'm gonna do on the program. That's why I've got the Sportsmen Quartet with me.

QUART: HMMMMMMMMM.

JACK: (MAD) Hello, hello, ^{Hello}...Dennis, can't I hear the song later?

DENNIS: No, the boys have to leave.

JACK: All right, go ahead, I'll listen to it now.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG..."THE HORSE TOLD ME")

(APPLAUSE)

KM

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, ^{Denise} that new song is swell, and it'll be fine on the program. Now Professor, let's get on with the ---

DENNIS: I'm going home now and catch up on some sleep.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: On account of Daylight Saving Time, I had to get up at one o'clock in the morning and drive my mother downtown.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: She had to change the big clock on Eastern Columbia, Broadway at Ninth.

JACK: (STARTS TO PLAY "MINUET")

DENNIS: Personally, I'm all confused by this Daylight Saving Time.

JACK: ^{Jack: Jack's what? Denise: I'm all confused by this Daylight Saving Time} Dennis, don't worry about it, lot's of people here in Los Angeles are confused. But you know why we turn our clocks ahead, don't you?

DENNIS: Yes, it'll give us an extra hour of smog.

JACK: (STARTS TO PLAY "MINUET")

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, before I leave, would you like to buy a Life Insurance Policy?

JACK: ^{What?}

DENNIS: ^{What?} Before I leave, would you like to buy a Life Insurance Policy?

KM

JACK: A life insurance policy?

DENNIS: ^{Yeah} Somebody sold it to me and I don't want it.

JACK: ~~Oh, for heavens--~~ Look kid, ^I I don't know what kind of a policy you've got, but why don't you want it?

DENNIS: ^{well} It doesn't pay off till I'm an old man.

JACK: Well, why do you want to sell it to me?

DENNIS: ^{well} You can collect on it now.

JACK: (PLAYS 'MINUET')

~~DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny, we can make a fortune.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~DENNIS: I can keep buying them and you can keep collecting.~~

JACK: Dennis, go home, will you?

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

MEL: Monsieur Benny, please..let us call the lesson fini.

JACK: ^{no} Oh no no, Professor...I want to be perfect when I start my personal appearance tour.

MEL: This tour you are making...how many places will you appear in?

JACK: ^{uh} Twenty-one different cities.

MEL: Oh....then that should take up your entire summer.

JACK: No no, Professor, I'm going to appear only one night in each city.

MEL: That I can understand.....Now come on practice, practice.

KM

JACK: Okay. Maybe I better try my theme song, *luck... I think that will*
do good.
(PLAYS LOVE IN BLOOM...HITS CLINKER)

Oh darn it.

MEL: (VERY SYMPATHETIC) Monsieur Benny, put down the violin for
one minute. I want to talk to you.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: Sit down, please.

JACK: Yes sir...What is it, Professor?

MEL: Maybe if I explain this in a way that you are familiar with,
you will understand.

JACK: *all right*
All right, Professor...go ahead.

MEL: Now look...Have you got a Lucky Strike cigarette?

JACK: Yes yes...~~here you are.~~

MEL: *good* Now put it in your mouth and I will light it for you.

(SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH)

JACK: Thank you.

MEL: Now let me explain...People should get the same pleasure from
a violin as you are getting from that Lucky Strike.

JACK: Yes yes.

MEL: If your bow arm is free and easy on the draw, your tones
will be round and firm...And if your tones are round and
firm, the theatres will be fully packed.

JACK: *is it*
Say, that's right.

MEL: And another thing, Monsieur Benny...when you play the violin,
think of a Lucky Strike..smooth and mild.

JACK: Uh huh.

KM

MEL: And remember, ...in a Lucky there is never a rough puff.

JACK: *Yes -- that's right --*
That's right, there isn't.

MEL: So in your violin, there should never be a stinker clinker.

JACK: *I'll -- I'll --*
"I'll remember that, Professor.

MEL: Thank you. Now continue, please.

JACK: *Yes --*
Yes, professor.

(PLAYS FIRST STRAIN OF "LOVE IN BLOOM")

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, it's ~~the~~ *that* door again....ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER.....OH MARY!

MARY: I'LL GET IT, JACK.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Why, Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: *Miss*
"Miss Livingstone, is Mr. Bonny home?"

MARY: Yes, he's in his den taking a violin lesson.

ARTIE: *Oh his heart -- you know*
~~Oh~~ .bless ~~him~~ ... a man who wants to improve himself
musically has a wonderful ambition...For instance, you take
my nephew Patrick...Now Patrick--

MARY: You have a nephew named Patrick?

ARTIE: *There was a mess up at the hospital.*
~~Why not, this is a free country.~~

MARY: *I see.*
(LAUGHING) Oh, and your nephew is a musician?

KM

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo hoo.....Patsy Boy is a one man band.

MARY: No.

ARTIE: Yes...the best one man band in the country...With his mouth, he plays the harmonica; with his left hand he plays the xylophone; with his right hand he plays the piano; and with his left foot he plays the drum.

MARY: (LAUGHING) ^{Oh} What does he do with his right foot?

ARTIE: Turns the music, he has long toes.

MARY: ^{Oh} Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My.....But seriously speaking Miss Livingstone, Patrick is a great musician...In fact, he wrote that new song which is today on the Hit Parade.

MARY: What song is that?

ARTIE: If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Pickled A Herring."

MARY: No no, Mr. Kitzel...the title is "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake."

ARTIE: This is a different song entirely...Well look, Miss Livingstone, since Mr. Benny is taking a violin lesson, I don't want to bother him....because when Mr. Benny plays the violin, it is so beautiful I get goose pimples.

MARY: I break out in a rash.

ARTIE: Oh, Miss Livingstone, you're joking.

KM

MARY: (LAUGHS A LA KITZEL) Hoo hoo hoo hoo, My.
ARTIE: ~~Well~~, I've got to be ~~going~~. Please tell Mr. Helfitz I
was here, and give ~~him my regards~~... Goodbye.
MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{pract.} MARY, WHO WAS THAT?
MARY: (OFF) MR. KITZEL, BUT HE LEFT.
JACK: Oh.
MEL: Monsieur Benny, please.
JACK: ^{h.} Now Professor, I'm sure that I've got my violin solo down
pat for my stage show, but what do you think I should
play for an encore?
MEL: Monsieur Benny... I would not worry about an encore.
JACK: Huh?
MEL: Just take your money and go.
JACK: Hm...
MEL: Now let us go back to the exercises.
JACK: Okay.
(PLAYS ONE STRAIN OF EXERCISES)
MARY: OH JACK... JACK.
JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes, what now?
MARY: Well Jack, that fellow who stopped you on the street a few
weeks ago is at the back door.

KM

FRANKIE: Oh sure. Only this morning while I was shaving, the mirror said, "Hey you"..I said "Who"..the mirror said "You".. I said "Me?"..the mirror said "Yah!....Why don't you go out and get a job, you lazy no good loafer." Now to me those are fighting words..but I wasn't fool enough to start anything The guy in the mirror had a razor in his hand. (LAUGHS)

~~JACK: But Mr. Silvoney the fellow in the mirror with the razor in his hand was you.~~

FRANKIE: Me?

JACK: *Yes. Look.. look.. Mr. . .*

FRANKIE: ~~Holy smoke!~~ (LAUGHS) *Then I realized.. Holy smoke!*

JACK: *It was me. (Laughs)*
Mr. Silvoney do you mean to say that you've never done any work?

FRANKIE: Oh, once I had a job. I was an usher at the Burbank Theatre for two years.

JACK: Well, why did you quit?

FRANKIE: I didn't quit. My flashlight burned out and I got lost.

JACK: Oh.

FRANKIE: But I'm glad I'm not there any more. Every time the girls came on, it made me so nerrrrrrrrrvous!

JACK: Well, Mr. Silvoney, here's some change, go get yourself something to eat.

FRANKIE: Gee...thanks, Mr. Benny, no wonder your picture is on the cover of Look Magazine.

KM

JACK: *oh* Oh, you saw it, too?

FRANKIE: Yeah, ...~~and I was surprised~~ I was hanging around the corner drugstore. I was just hanging around.. I wasn't doing anything.. ~~I was~~ just hanging around... I didn't feel like doing anything .. I was just hanging around.... All of a sudden I look at the magazine counter..and I said..Holy Smoke!,Look at that picture.. I know that guy!.. That's Jack Benny, he gave me fifty cents..The druggist said, "What?" I said, "That's Jack Benny, he gave me fifty cents'..and that's when it happened.

JACK: *uh-huh* What happened?

FRANKIE: All the bottles ~~jumped~~ *fell* off the shelf..(LAUGH)

JACK: Mr. Silvoney, I'm taking a violin lesson, so go get yourself something to eat.

FRANKIE: Okay..goodbye, Pal.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, but he's a strange guy.

MEL: Monsieur Benny, please, I haven't got all day.

JACK: Oh yes..

(PLAYS TWO STRAINS OF EXERCISES)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

KM

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, one of our great national hazards is fire. Each year more than ten thousand people lose their lives in fires. And in nine cases out of ten, these fires were caused by carelessness. Be sure it doesn't happen to you! Put that match or cigarette out before you discard it! Take every precaution you can to prevent fires! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

KM

ATX01 0313577

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1950

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HIFSTAND: In a cigarette ... mildness means enjoyment. And scientific tests prove --

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes.

HIFSTAND: These scientific tests are confirmed by independent consulting laboratories, and they prove ...

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

HIFSTAND: And no wonder! It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette -- and ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

HIFSTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So for a milder-tasting cigarette with never a rough puff, smoke a Lucky. You'll enjoy the smooth, rich taste of Luckies' fine tobacco. You'll prove to yourself what scientific tests prove ... Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

HIFSTAND: Yes, the next time you buy cigarettes, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

LR

ATK01 031357B

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Frankie Fontaine who played the part of Mr. Silvaney...and we'll be with you again next Sunday night at the same time... Meanwhile --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes?

GEORGE: Do you start your personal appearance tour in Pasadena?

JACK: Yes, that's right, Pasadena.

GEORGE: What night?

JACK: Wednesday night, May 10th.

GEORGE: Where's it going to be held?

JACK: In the Pasadena Civic Auditorium.

GEORGE: Thank you.

JACK: By the way, who are you?

GEORGE: I'm the fellow you hired to ask you these questions.

JACK: Oh yes yes....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

~~DON: Ladies and gentlemen, one of our great national hazards is fire. Each year more than ten thousand people lose their lives in fires. And in the case of fire, these fires were caused by carelessness. Be sure it doesn't happen to you. Put that match or cigarette out before you discard it. Take every precaution you can to prevent fires. Thank you.~~

(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.

RTX01 0313580



PROGRAM #35
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM CDT

JD

ATX01 0313581

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY MAY 7, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

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

SHARBUTT: Luckies are milder!

HIESTAND: And science provides the proof!

SHARBUTT: Yes, scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes.

HIESTAND: Test after test produced conclusive evidence of Lucky Strike's greater mildness. But that's not all. These scientific tests are confirmed by independent consulting laboratories and they prove ...

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

HIESTAND: There's no doubt, when you light up a Lucky, you get a smoother-smoking, milder-tasting cigarette. And you enjoy the rich taste of fine tobacco because ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco that give you more real deep-down smoking enjoyment.

KM

RTX01 0313582

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHAREBUTT: So for the rich taste of fine tobacco...for smoothness
and mildness with never a rough puff..light up a Lucky!
Yes, prove to yourself what scientific tests prove...
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of
cigarettes. Make your next carton Lucky Strike...so
round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

AL

ATX01 0313583

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: So for the rich taste of fine tobacco...for smoothness
and mildness with never a rough puff..light up a Lucky!
Yes, prove to yourself what scientific tests prove...
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of
cigarettes. Make your next carton Lucky Strike...so
round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on
the draw.

AL

ATX01 0313584

(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, IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT OUR STAR GOES OUT ON A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR...BUT HAVING DECIDED TO GO.. A LOT OF PREPARATIONS HAVE TO BE MADE. AT THE MOMENT, JACK IS IN CONFERENCE WITH STEVE BRADLEY, HIS PUBLICITY MAN.

DICK: Yes sir, Benny, this is the greatest idea I ever had. You just listen to me and we'll pack every theatre from the sun kissed shores of California to the rock bound coast of Maine.

JACK: But Steve---

DICK: What an idea!...Hand me that phone and I'll order the posters right now. We'll have bill boards all over the country.

JACK: But, Steve, ^{look... Steve... look} I've never been billed that way before... "Jack Benny, the platinum ball of fire!" ^{I mean}...It's ridiculous...I've never worked with fans or balloons.

DICK: I'm way ahead of you, Benny. ^{fan} Instead of fans or balloons, you'll come out in a blue spot and do your stuff with two violins.

JACK: What?

DICK: ~~And~~ at the end of the dance, the violins open and pigeons fly out!

JACK: Pigeons!

DICK: Certainly...We've got to do something to take their attention ^{away from} ~~off~~ those skinny legs of yours.

JD

ATX01 0313585

JACK: Now, look, Steve, I'm not gonna go for any of your crazy----

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Excuse me. There's someone at the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (What a silly idea. Jack Benny, the platinum ball of fire)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Where's Rochester?

JACK: That's what I'd like to know. Last night he asked me if he could have the evening off, ~~and~~ I haven't seen him since.

MARY: Well, Jack, maybe he---(EXCITED) Steve!...Steve Bradley!

DICK: Mary!...Mary Livingstone...long time no see!

JACK: Mary..Mary.. you know Steve Bradley?

MARY: Certainly. He was my publicity man when I worked at the May Company.

JACK: No!

DICK: Yes sir! I gave this little girl one of the most extensive publicity campaigns in my career...In two short weeks, I raised her from the bargain basement to the stocking counter on the fifth floor.

JD

ATX01 0313586

JACK: Well!

DICK: And this, mind you, during the heat of a presidential campaign!

JACK: All right, all right... calm down... I don't doubt that you're a great publicity man, but you'll have to think up another stunt for me..I'm not gonna go for those pigeons.

MARY: What's that supposed to be?

JACK: I don't know. Steve's got some ideas about my personal appearance tour..~~and~~ he wants me to work with pigeons.

MARY: *Well,* I think that's a great idea. (LAUGHS)

JACK: What're you laughing at?

MARY: I can just see the finale... A pigeon swoops down, takes off your toupay, and lays an egg in it.

JACK: Mary, this is gonna be a high class show. Just wait till you see it. You know, we open Wednesday night in Pasadena. By the way, Steve, how are they doing at the box-office?

DICK: Great, great. I had fifty thousand tickets printed up..and I'm gonna need another fifty thousand.

MARY: Fifty thousand! How do you expect to sell all those tickets?

DICK: Easy. On the face of the ticket instead of printing Jack Benny, I put Rose Bowl Game.

JACK: What?

DICK: They're going like hotcakes.

JACK: Steve, we're not gonna do our show at the Rose Bowl. We'll be at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium.

DICK: Then I better book something into the Rose Bowl, it'll be jammed.

JACK: Now look Steve, are you working for me or---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS))

JACK: Mary, would you get that please?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello....

PHIL: Well, lucky me. Every time I get a wrong number, it's a dame.

MARY: Phil, it's me, Mary.

PHIL: Okay, okay, you're not a bad number either.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) ^{well.} Thanks..Jack is busy right now, he'll call you back.

PHIL: ~~I'm not home today.~~ ^{well, look, Steve -- I'm not at home today.} I'm at the photographers. Steve Bradley called me this morning..told me he had an idea he was gonna talk over with Jackson. ~~and~~ ^{and} in the meantime I should rush down and have publicity pictures taken. So tell Jackson to hurry, I can catch cold standing here like this.

MARY: What?

PHIL: These pigeons ain't keeping me warm.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) ^{What?} I'll tell him. Jack, Phil wants to talk to you.

JACK: All right. Hand me the phone.

mary: No -- if a person answers -- hang up -- hang up?
Jack: Instead of Pasadena, we should be playing in the Cycharlavasia. Hello, Phil.
Phil: ... what?
Jack: Hello, Phil.
Phil: "Mumble" Livingston is getting hard to follow -- ain't she...

JD

MARY: ~~How. If a pigeon answers, hang up.~~

JACK: ~~What are you talking about? Hello, Phil.~~

PHIL: ~~Hi, Dad.~~ ^{Hi, Dad,} Jackson. I wanna talk to you about the band arrangement on ~~our~~ ^{that} personal appearance tour. ~~Have~~ you got a minute?

JACK: Sure, what is it?

PHIL: ~~Well, look...~~ How do you want my orchestra ~~boys~~ to dress? In blue suits or sports clothes?

JACK: Neither, Phil, I want them to wear evening clothes.

PHIL: Look Jackson, the only evening clothes they've got are pajamas.

JACK: What?

PHIL: And they can't wear those, half the drawstrings are missing.

JACK: Look Phil, let them wear whatever they want, ~~but~~ ^{but look at} have Sammy ~~the~~ ^{the} drummer in a blue suit because he'll be sitting up high.

PHIL: Okay.

JACK: And Phil, When I'm out on the stage telling jokes, I want your boys to act as though they're enjoying it. It looks good to the audience.

PHIL: ~~Oh,~~ I already took care of it, Jackson. I even thought of the people in the balcony, so I painted a smile on the top of Sammy's head.

JACK: Oh, wonderful.

PHIL: Another thing, Dad. We're gonns have a little problem with Remley.

JACK: A problem?

PHIL: Yeah, but everything will be all right if we let him sit behind the piano.

JD

JACK: But Phil, I want it to look like we've got a big orchestra.
Why shouldn't Frankie sit out in the open?

PHIL: Because every time a spotlight shines in his face, he jumps
up and yells, "I didn't do it...I didn't do it!"

JACK: No!

PHIL: The only way we can calm him down is to beat him with a
a rubber hose.

JACK: Phil, I'm busy...arrange the orchestra the best way ~~that~~
you can. So long,.

PHIL: So long, Clyde. *Don't forget to bring the hose.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That Phil is the craziest ~~guy~~ *guy*

DICK: Benny, while you ^{was} ~~was~~ on the phone, I got a sensational
idea.

JACK: Huh?

DICK: *Phil! I have listed, when you get to*
~~What a publicity stunt. It just so happens that May 16th,~~
~~the night you open in Wichita, Kansas, is the start of~~
Fire Prevention Week.

JACK: Yes yes yes?

DICK: So for a publicity stunt, we'll have you jump from the top
of a twelve story building into a net. It's never been
done before.

JACK: What do you mean it's never been done before? Many people
have done stunts like that...jumping off a building into a
net.

DICK: A hair net?

JACK: What?

DICK: Think of the publicity. ^{why} The paper will be full of it...Not only the story, but the pictures...Ahh, I can see the flowers now.

JACK: Now out that out! I want my publicity simple and dignified, so you ~~better~~ ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Now, who can that be? COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Hello, Jack..Hello, Mary.

MARY &
JACK: Hello, Don.

DON: Come on in, fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, boys.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

MARY: Hello boys.

QUART: HELLO, MARY.

JACK: They talked!..Don, ^{Don,} they talked!..It's the first time I ever heard them talk. Mary, ^{Mary,} they talked!..Hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: It was too good to last. Now Don, I know you brought the boys over to try out the commercial, but I'm busy right now. Steve Bradley, my publicity man is laying out my personal appearance tour...You know, I open in Pasadena Wednesday night.

DON: Wednesday night? Oh, darn it. I wish I could go then.

IR

JACK: Why ~~not~~? *can't you?*

DON: I bought two tickets to the Rose Bowl Game.

JACK: ~~well~~ Don, you'll still see my show. I'll explain it to you later...Now take the boys home, will you?

DON: *oh, oh.* But Jack, this will only take ^{just} a minute. Now the reason I want you to hear the commercial is because for the past few weeks they've been singing popular songs..and this time ^{they} ~~we~~ have something classical..something that even Toscanini would be proud of.

JACK: *Toscanini* Well...all right, Don..Steve, this will only take a minute and we can talk later...Don, what's the title of this thing the boys are gonna do?

DON: (WITH DIGNITY) PONCHIELLI'S DANCE OF THE HOURS FROM LA GIOCONDA.

JACK: Well..this we've got to hear...Take it, boys.

QUART: SCIENTIFIC TESTS

PROVE THEY ARE THE BEST.

LUCKIES, YFS, LUCKIES

ARE SMOOTHER THAN ALL THE REST.

MILDER BY TEST

LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY

CAUSE THERE IS NEVER A PUFF THAT EVER IS ROUGH

PUFF ON A LUCKY

TAKE A PUFF ON A LUCKY

TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF

CAUSE YOU'LL NEVER EVER FIND A PUFF THAT'S ROUGH

NEVER TAKE A PUFF THAT'S ROUGH

NEVER TAKE A PUFF THAT'S ROUGH

Jack: Gee, this is beautiful...

Jack: Mary, give me your handkerchief... Isn't that wonderful

Jack: What's this?

LR

QUART:
(CONT'D)

TAKE A PUFF CAUSE YOU'LL NEVER GET ENOUGH
 MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO
 SMOKE A LUCKY
 ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
 SO SMOKE A LUCKY.
 LIGHT UP A LUCKY
 YOU'LL BE RIGHT WITH A LUCKY
 DON'T DELAY, START TODAY
 CAUSE WE KNOW YOU'RE GONNA SAY YOU LIKE 'EM.
 YES LUCKY IS MUCH THE BEST
 TAKE A LUCKY ^{Strike} FROM YOUR VEST
 MAKE A TEST
 YOU'LL AGREE THEY ARE THE BEST
 FOR LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
 IA IA IA IA LA IA IA LA IA IA
 SUCH LIGHT AND FINE AND MILD TOBACCO
 LA IA IA IA LA IA LA IA IA IA
 LS LS MFT
 LS LS MFT
 LS LS LS MFT
 LS LS MFT
 FT FT FT FT FT FT
 FT FT FT FT FT FT FT
 OH LS MFT FT FT FT

Jack: when are they through?

Jack: don't take them home with you?

(APPLAUSE)

IR

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That} That was very good, Don...really a great number.

DON: ^{well} Well, Thanks, Jack...Well, we've gotta be running along. ^{now} So long
Mary.

MARY: So long, Don...~~Good~~bye, fellows.

QUART: GOODBYE, MARY,

JACK: So long, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: GET OUT OF HERE!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Now where ^{where} were we, Steve? Is there any other idea you've
got for publicity?

DICK: Just one.

JACK: What is it?

DICK: When we arrive in Kansas City, I want you to walk down the
street playing your violin and lead a thousand cows into the
slaughter house.

JACK: Into the slaughter house? How do you know they'll follow me?

DICK: ~~They'll be glad to go.~~ *Follow you -- they'll be pushing you.*

JACK: ~~Say, that might be an idea.~~ *Now wait a minute.*

MARY: Oh, Jack --

JACK: What?

MARY: When you go out to buy a wardrobe for your stage show, I'd
like to go with you.

JACK: Wardrobe?

MARY: ^{well} Certainly. Aren't you gonna buy some new suits?

JACK: Mary, I just bought a new suit...In fact, you were with me.

MO

MARY: Jack, that was in 1936.

JACK: ~~Wait a minute~~, how time flies. I haven't even started to wear the second pair of pants. But maybe you're right, Mary. This suit I'm wearing now is old enough to send to Fred Allen.

DICK: Wait a minute, Benny, ^{wait a minute - -} are you going to send that old suit to Fred Allen?

JACK: Yes, Why?

DICK: That's a great human interest story, ^{Benny -} It'll be the biggest thing since that Panhandler asked you for a dime and you gave him fifty cents.

(SOUND: DISHES CRASH)

JACK: Steve, don't mention that in this house - It's costing me a fortune in dishes. Now look, Steve --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ^{oh for heaven's sake - -} COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny..Look out for these firecrackers! *Whee, whee, whee.*

(SOUND: LOTS OF FIRECRACKERS GOING OFF)

JACK: Dennis..Dennis..what are you doing?

DENNIS: I'm celebrating the Fourth of July.

JACK: Fourth of July? But this is only the seventh of May.

DENNIS: It is?

JACK: ^{bull} Certainly.

DENNIS: ^{hey} This daylight saving time sure has me mixed up.

JACK: Look, kid, don't blame it on daylight saving time. You're always mixed up. What did you come over for anyway?

DENNIS: ^{Oh,} I came over to warn you about a new quiz program. It's a fake.

JACK: A new quiz program?

DENNIS: ^{Oh, huh...} I answered every question right and they didn't even give me a refrigerator, a Bendix or anything.

JACK: What station is it on?

DENNIS: Oh, it isn't on the radio. These people ring your doorbell, come right into your house, and ask you questions.

JACK: Dennis, that was the census taker.

DENNIS: Census taker?

JACK: Certainly. Every ten years the government goes all over the country counting noses.

DENNIS: Why don't they just count people?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Suppose somebody does have two noses, it won't throw them off much.

JACK: Look kid, counting noses is just an expression.

DENNIS: Oh.. Hello, Mary. I didn't see you.

MARY: I know, I was hiding.

JACK: I don't blame you.

DICK: Neither do I.

DENNIS: Who's he?

JACK: This is Steve Bradley, my publicity man.

MO

DENNIS: ^{ah yeah} Oh. You know, my father does that kind of work for Universal Studios.

JACK: He does? I didn't know that.

DENNIS: Oh, sure. Right now he's publicizing a picture called "Coca Cola for Mark Anthony".

JACK: What?

DENNIS: It's a sequel to "Champagne for Caesar".

JACK: Oh, ^{yeah} ~~yes~~, it's a cycle now. They're working on a new one called "~~Bourbon for Bill Daniels~~" ^{"Strongheart for Lassie"}. ... Now, Dennis, I've gotta go out and buy some new clothes...so let's hear the song you're gonna do on the program.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: And when you finish, I want you to -- Wait a minute, kid.. hold it.

DENNIS: What's the matter?

JACK: I just heard the back door open and close. It must be Rochester sneaking in. (SING SONG) OH, ROCHESTER ___

ROCH: (SING SONG) YES, BOSS..

JACK: (SING SONG) IS THAT YOU SNEAKING IN THE BACK DOOR?

ROCH: (SING SONG) IT AIN'T GEORGIE JESSELL !

JACK: ROCHESTER, COME IN HERE, I WANNA TALK TO YOU!

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Now, Rochester, last night you asked me if you could have the evening off, didn't you?

MO

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: That was last night. Now it's eleven o'clock the next morning.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Now, where have you been?

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, WE'RE GOING AWAY SOON AND SOME FRIENDS OF MINE ON CENTRAL AVENUE GAVE ME A FAREWELL PARTY.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Rochester, every night this week you've been to a farewell party.. ~~How many are your friends gonna give you?~~

ROCH: IT'S THE SAME ~~PARTY~~^{one}, WE JUST ADJOURN DURING THE DAYTIME.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN THE GOLD OF THE DAY MEETS THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT,
~~SOMEONE WAITS FOR ME.~~ *I go where the wild geese pass.*

JACK: Well look, Rochester, I haven't got time to talk to you now. I've gotta listen to Dennis sing his song. Let's have it kid.

DENNIS: Just a minute.

JACK: Dennis, give me that firecracker!

DENNIS: Okay, here you are.

JACK: Now, go ahead with your-----

(SOUND: LOUD BANG)

JACK: OUCH! ... What a silly ~~kid~~. go ahead and sing.

Dennis: (Laughs)
(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL")

(APPLAUSE)

MO

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Ma*} That was very good, Dennis. And now that you've used your beautiful voice to win yourself back into my favor..would you do something for me?

DENNIS: Oh, sure, Mr. Benny, what is it?

JACK: Go home.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DICK: Well, I gotta run along, Benny, and see a man about those pigeons.

JACK: Look Steve, you can forget it. I'm not gonna do a strip^{tease-}act with a bunch of pigeons.

DICK: Okay, okay ... I'll be at the office if you want me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

MARY: Jack, if you want me to go downtown with you to pick out a suit, We'd better go now.

JACK: Okay, Mary..... OH ROCHESTER WHERE'S THE CAR?

ROCH: IN THE GARAGE.

JACK: Well, come on, we want you to drive us downtown.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Jack, why don't you keep your garage cleaner?

JACK: I'll straighten it up some day.. Come on, Get in the car.

(SOUND: TINNY CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MO

JACK: Go ahead, start the car, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR, BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO GET A LITTLE WATER.

JACK: Oh, is the radiator dry?

ROCH: NO, I'M TAKING AN ASPIRIN, I KNOW WHAT'S COMING.

JACK: Never mind that, just start the car.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER WHINES..MOTOR CATCHES A BIT, BLENDS
INTO MEL'S ENTIRE ROUTINE ENDING WITH
HICCOUGHS)

JACK: BOO!.....(LONG PAUSE) It works every time...
.... Try it again, Rochester.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER WHINE..MOTOR CATCHES A BIT.. BLENDS
INTO MEL ROUTINE..THEN FINALLY CATCHES AND RUNS)

JACK: There we are.

MARY: Say Jack, there's something wrong here.. why is the car
leaning way over to the left?

JACK: I don't know...Rochester, why are we leaning over to the
left?

ROCH: REMEMBER LAST WEEK WHEN YOU SENT THE CAR TO THE GARAGE TO
HAVE THE WHEELS ALIGNED?

JACK: Yes?

ROCH: WELL, ONLY THREE CAME HOME.

JACK: ~~Oh, stop being silly:~~ *Staring Claudette Colbert. Stop being silly -- how -- how*
How can a car run with a missing
wheel?

MO

ROCH: I STRAPPED A ROLLER SKATE UNDER THE AXLE.

JACK: Oh .. well, slow down when you cross car tracks.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well, here we are Mary. There's the store across the street.
Rochester, there's a parking space.

ROCH: WHERE?

JACK: Between that truck and that Convertible.

ROCH: BUT I CAN'T GET INTO THAT SPACE, IT'S TOO SMALL.

JACK: Well, put our bumper up against the truck and push it.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Well, Miss Livingstone and I will get out here and you find
a parking space.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STOPS WITH TINNY SOUNDS..
TINNY DOOR OPENS.. FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here's the store, Mary, let's go in.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..
FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)

JACK: Now, let's see, where is th --

SHELDON: Hi ya, bud..what's new?

JACK: Huh?.. (FOOTSTEPS STOP) Oh, ^{hello.}hello.. Come on, Mary..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Who was that?

JACK: That's that race track tout I'm always running into....

Now, let's see, I wonder where--

KEARNS: ^{Oh,} Good afternoon, may I help you, sir?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: ^{Yes,} Yes, I'd like to buy a new suit.

KEARNS: I don't blame you.

JACK: What?

KEARNS: I'm Mr. Kearns, and I'll be glad to show you our new Spring line.

JACK: Good, good..but first, tell me..What is the price range here?

KEARNS: ^{Oh,} Our suits start at twenty-five dollars and go up to a hundred and fifty.

JACK: Well, I wouldn't want to wear anything as cheap as twenty-five dollars..and yet, I wouldn't want to go way up to a hundred and fifty.

KEARNS: I understand.

JACK: I'd like something in the middle..say about thirty dollars.

MARY: Oh Jack, why don't you get a good suit for a change? After all, you're gonna wear it on the stage every night.

KEARNS: Stage? Are you an actor?

~~JACK: Why yes, yes I am, I'm Jack Benny, now Mr. Kearns, what~~

~~color suit would you suggest that I get?~~
*Jack: Why yes, yes, yes I am. My name is Manassah Schulnick. I mean Jack. I'm funny I just happened to be thinking of him -- I was reading...
KM
Yes, I'm Jack Benny, now Mr. Kearns, what, what color suit would you suggest that I get?*

KFARNS: Well, ^{now} a lot of men select a color to match their hair, or their eyes....let's see..your eyes are blue, aren't they?

JACK: Bluer than the lips of a schoolboy at forty below.

MARY: (A LITTLE OFF) Oh Jack...

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Here's a very pretty suit...it's gabardine.

JACK: Oh, good good..I like gabardine.

KFARNS: ^{ah.} "I'm sure that suit would look very nice on you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes..but it's..forty-five dollars....

KFARNS: ^{ah.} "There's a whistle in the pocket.

JACK: Oh well, I don't care ^{so much} about that..But I think I'll take it..

KFARNS: ^{ah.} "Fine, fine..I'll go upstairs and get our tailor so he can measure you for any alterations.

JACK: Thank you. *Thank you.*

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF)

JACK: Say, Mary, I'm gonna walk to the back of the store and see if there's anything else I'd like. Want to join me?

MARY: No, I'm tired, I'll ^{just wait} ~~wait~~ right here.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) There's no business like show business
Like no business I know
Da da da da da da da da grease paint.
Da da da da da da count the house.
Da da da da da da da da.....Yep, that gabardine
suit will look nice....forty-five dollars, though....Oh well..

(SINGS) There's no people like--

SHELDON: Hey bud..bud.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

KM

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: Who, me?

SHELDON: Yeah.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

SHELDON: What you doin'?

JACK: *Like*, I'm buying a suit.

SHELDON: What kind?

JACK: Gabardine.

SHELDON: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Get a wool suit.

JACK: *Why*. Why should I get wool?

SHELDON: On account of the pants. They're great in the back stretch.

JACK: But I like gabardine.

SHELDON: Look, I'm telling you, for your own good, get wool.

JACK: But--

SHELDON: Don't take my word for it, look at the breeding.

JACK: The breeding?

SHELDON: It's out of Mary's Little Lamb by Baa Baa Black Sheep.

JACK: Well look, I'm going to buy a gabardine suit, and that settles it.

SHELDON: Okay, it's your dough.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

KM

JACK: What a guy..whenever I run into him, I--

KEARNS: (COMING IN) Oh, there you are, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, I was just looking around.

KEARNS: Well, I'd like you to meet our tailor,..Mr. Benny, this is
Mr. Nelson.

NELSON: HOW DO YOU DO.

JACK: How do you do...Now I don't want to seem impatient, ^{but} but I'm
in a hurry..can we get on with the measuring?

KEARNS: Why certainly..Mr. Nelson, do you have your tape measure
with you?

NELSON: Yes..now hold still, little man.

JACK: Little man?

NELSON: You're buying the one with the whistle in the pocket, aren't
you?

JACK: ~~How~~..Look, Mr. Nelson, just take the measurements.

NELSON: Very well...Collar..sixteen.

KEARNS: Collar, sixteen.

NELSON: ...Shoulders..eighteen.

KEARNS: Shoulders, eighteen.

NELSON: ...Chest..chest..WELL..how did it get way down there?

JACK: Never mind that.

NELSON: Right sleeve..thirty-four.

KEARNS: Right sleeve, thirty-four.

NELSON: Left sleeve...twenty-one.

~~KEARNS~~ ^{Jack}: Left sleeve, twenty ~~one~~ ^{one}

KM

~~JACK: Wait a minute, why are you making the left sleeve so short?~~

NELSON: You want people to see your wrist watch, don't you?

JACK: No, and stop wasting my time.

KEARNS: ^{uh} By the way, Mr. Benny, would you like wide or narrow cuffs on your trousers?

JACK: What's the difference?

KEARNS: Well, there really isn't much difference, but most people prefer the wide cuffs.

JACK: Why?

KEARNS: Well, haven't you had it happen that you accidentally drop a coin and it falls into the cuff of your pants?

JACK: No.

MARY: He always catches it before it hits the ground.

JACK: Yes..now, Mr. Nelson, when will my suit be ready?

NELSON: In two weeks.

JACK: TWO WEEKS! BUT I WANTED IT FOR MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR.

NELSON: I'M SORRY, ^{but} IT WILL TAKE TWO WEEKS.

JACK: YOU MEAN I CAN'T HAVE MY BRAND NEW SUIT FOR MY OPENING IN PASADENA?

NELSON: NO, BUT IF YOU LIKE, WE'LL RUN AN AD IN THE PAPER TELLING THEM YOU BOUGHT ONE.

JACK: WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS...I'M NOT GONNA BUY THE SUIT AT ALL.

MARY: BUT JACK, ^{if you don't have a suit to wear} WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE IN PASADENA?

JACK: I'LL SHOW YOU..LET ME USE THAT PHONE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..SIX DIALS..RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: HELLO, STEVE? BUY SOME CORN, WE'RE GONNA USE THOSE PIGEONS AFTER ALL....COME ON, MARY.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

KM

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, every year thousands of Americans lose their lives in fires ... and the tragic fact is that most of these fires could have been prevented. Do your part to help prevent fires! Be sure all matches and cigarettes are out before you discard them. Beware ... take care! Obey all fire regulations to make your home, your community, your life safe from fire. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

KM

ATX01 0313607

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: I'm glad I didn't buy that suit from those smart aleck guys in that store.

MARY: Oh Jack, forget it..Gee, I wonder where Rochester parked the car. I guess we'll have to walk clear around the block to find it.

JACK: No we won't, Mary. Wait a minute.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: I've got something here that will bring Rochester ^{right} to us.

(SOUND: PAUSE...THEN BLAST OF WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack, you didn't take --

JACK: ^{Right out of the pocket..} Those guys aren't gonna push me around. ^{Come on, Mary.} ~~On look, Mary,~~

~~there's Rochester. He's parked right on the corner. Come on.~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: All right, Rochester, here I am. You can start the car.~~

~~ROCH: I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CAB, BOSS.~~

~~JACK: Why?~~

~~ROCH: WHILE I WAS PARKED, SOME KID SWIPED THE HOLLER-SKATE.~~

~~JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake. Goodnight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

M

(TAG) (CONT'D)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, every year thousands of Americans lose their lives in fires...and the tragic fact is that most of these fires could have been prevented. Do your part to help prevent fires! Be sure all matches and cigarettes are out before you discard them. Beware ... take care! Obey all fire regulations to make your home, your community, your life safe from fire. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE & 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.

KM

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY MAY 7, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HIESTAND: In a cigarette mildness and enjoyment go together. So
light up a Lucky because..

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike is milder. Yes, scientific tests prove
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand
of cigarettes!

HIESTAND: These scientific tests are confirmed by independent
consulting laboratories, and they prove...

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

HIESTAND: And no wonder! It takes fine tobacco to make a fine
cigarette...and...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, light,
naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So for a ^{milder} ~~smoother~~-tasting cigarette with never a rough
puff smoke a Lucky. You'll enjoy the smooth, rich taste
of Luckies' fine tobacco. You'll prove to yourself
what scientific tests prove..Lucky Strike is milder than
any other principal brand of cigarettes!
Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

PROGRAM #36
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM CDT

AS BROADCAST

KM

RTK01 0313611

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

SHARBUTT: Luckies' are milder! -- Smoother and milder -- with never
a rough puff.

HIESTAND: Yes, scientific tests prove - Lucky Strike is milder than
any other principal brand of cigarettes.

SHARBUTT: These scientific tests are confirmed by three independent
consulting laboratories and they prove ...

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

SHARBUTT: There's no doubt, when you light up a Lucky, you get a
smoother-smoking, milder-tasting cigarette. And ... you
enjoy the rich taste of fine tobacco because ...

HIESTAND: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco .. fine, light, naturally
mild tobacco that gives you more real deep-down smoking
enjoyment.

HIESTAND: So for the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness
and mildness with never a rough puff ... light up a Lucky!
Yes, prove to yourself what scientific tests prove --
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of
cigarettes. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

FS

ATX01 0313612

(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, TODAY IS MOTHERS' DAY...AND IN HONOR OF THAT OCCASION WE WOULD LIKE TO BRING YOU A MAN WHO HAS BEEN MORE THAN A MOTHER TO US....AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you. ^{thank you --} Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking. And Don, that was a very nice introduction, but I ^{I think} think ^{you were} you were being just a little bit overly-sentimental, ^{there see-}

DON: No no, Jack, I meant every word of it..and you truly have been like a mother to our little group of thespians.

JACK: Don --

PHIL: Donzy's right, Jackson. You've really looked out for us all these years.

JACK: Aw gee, Phil ---

MARY: We all agree on this, Jack.....Dennis, hasn't Mr. Benny been like a mother to us?

DENNIS: Yeah...me he even spanks.

JACK: Dennis, I only did that once, and you deserved it. Imagine coming over to my house and throwing a dead cat in the livingroom.

KM

DENNIS: You said you needed violin strings.

JACK: Never mind that...now keep quiet.

DON: Yes, Dennis, ~~you're spoiling a mood.~~ ^{phil,} And besides, you shouldn't act like that. After all, Mr. Benny has protected us like a brood of little chicks, and sheltered us under his wing.

JACK: Don..Don..I couldn't shelter you if I had a wing like a B-29,...believe me.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, we're trying to say something nice and you and Dennis are lousin~~g~~ up the mood.

JACK: We are?

DON: Yes, Jack, maybe we've kidded you so often that you don't realize how much you've helped us.

JACK: Oh, I realize I've been a great help to all of you...I know that when you came to me for sympathy...I gave it to you....
and when you came to me for advice....I gave it to you^{and}..when you came to me for money --

MARY: You gave us sympathy and advice.

JACK: Yes.. I don't see any reason at all why I should give you extra money.

PHIL: Who's talking about extra money? We ~~only~~ ^{only} want what we got comin'.

JACK: ~~My~~...I can't understand you kids...Just a little while ago you said I was a mother hen and you were my brood of little chicks...Now all of a sudden ... Dennis, why are you staring at me?

K.I

DENNIS: It's the first time I ever saw a ~~blue-eyed~~ hen *with glasses.*

JACK: Now cut that out and let's get on with the program... For goodness sakes, you start something on this show and before you *know it.*

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HEARN: Hi, Rube!

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Jack, isn't that the man who painted your house?

JACK: You oughta know, you brought him over. Look, Mr. Hawkins, I'm trying to do a radio program...what do you want?

HEARN: *I* Just dropped in to tell you that I saw your show the other night in Pasadena.

JACK: *You* You did?

HEARN: Yup. Pretty good show..you oughta bring it out to Calabassas.

JACK: Calabassas!

HEARN: *You it's a* Pretty big place...Right now we got 422 people.

JACK: 422 people!

HEARN: There's a convention in town.

JACK: ~~Convention?~~ Well, who's there when there isn't a convention?

HEARN: Me.

JACK: Just you?

HEARN: *Yeah* When the sun ain't shining and there's no shadow, I'm a lonely boy.

KM

JACK: Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Hawkins, but my itinerary is all set.

HEARN: Well, okay. Just thought it would be nice to have some entertainment. So long, Rube.

JACK: So long, so long.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: ^{Applause} - I wonder why he always calls me Rube.. All right, kids, let's get on with the show. ^{now} We've got a lot to do tonight and --

DON: *oh* Before we start, Jack, that fellow who was just here reminded me of something.

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: I wanted to tell you that I also enjoyed your show in Pasadena.

JACK: ~~Thanks, Don:~~ *well thanks - thanks very much, Don.*

MARY: *oh* It was great, Jack, and you certainly had a wonderful cast... You, Phil, Rochester, Vivian Blaine --

DENNIS: And don't forget Tabby.

MARY: Tabby? Who's Tabby?

DENNIS: The dead cat, he's Mr. Benny's A and G strings.

JACK: That's how much you know..the A string came off a total stranger. So don't be so smart.

PHIL: Hey, Livvy, how did you like the way me and my orchestra stopped the show? Great, wasn't it?

MARY: You were very ^{very} good, Phil, but there was one thing that puzzled me.

PHIL: What was it, Liv?

KM

MARY: *well,* How come when the rest of the band was playing "That's What I Like About The South", Frankie was playing "Tiger Rag?"

PHIL: Well, *Frankie's* on strike. That's his way of picketing.

MARY: Oh, are the musicians on strike?

PHIL: No, just Remley, he's mad at Jackson.

MARY: Why?

JACK: It's nothing...He's mad because I won't let him take his electric guitar on the tour..and I'm right, too..Whenever he has that thing on the stage, the whole band gathers around it.

MARY: Around his electric guitar? Why?

PHIL: It makes ice cubes.

JACK: ~~Yeah,~~ *Yeah,* and when he spins his guitar to be fancy, he's really mixing martinis *you know -- say Phil --* ~~say~~ Phil, did you fix it up for Sammy the drummer to go on tour with us?

PHIL: Yeah, I spoke to the Board and Sammy can leave the state provided he's in bed every night by ten.

JACK: ~~Then,~~ and tell him to keep his shirt buttoned, those numbers on his underwear look awful...And *Phil* while I'm on the subject, it wouldn't hurt if some of your other musicians got to bed early, too... I'm sick and tired of you and your boys running around all night.

DENNIS: That's tellin' him, Mom.

JACK: Stop that, Dennis... Now look, kid, it's time for your *now* song.. "what are you gonna sing.

DENNIS: *well,* I have something appropriate for Mother's Day.

JACK: Well, let's hear it.

GM

ATX01 0313617

MARY: How come when the rest of the band was playing "That's What I Like About The South", Frankie was playing "Tiger Rag?"

PHIL: Well, Frankie's on strike. That's his way of picketing.

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MARY: Why?

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DENNIS: That's tellin' him, Mom.

JACK: Stop that, Dennis... Now look, kid, it's time for your song.. what are you gonna sing.

DENNIS: I have something appropriate for Mother's Day.

JACK: Well, let's hear it.

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GM

ATX01 0313618

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND): KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it, Dennis..COME IN.

(SOUND): DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: Telegram for Jack Benny.

JACK: I'll take it, boy.

MEL: Here you are.

JACK: *Oh,* Just a minute....here.

MEL: Gee, Mr. Benny..when you reached into your pocket, I expected a nickel or a dime..but I never expected this.

MARY: What did he give you?

MEL: Lint.

JACK: Get ~~outta~~ ^{outta} here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

Jack: *what's*
MARY: Jack, who's the telegram from?

JACK: Just a minute --

(SOUND: ENVELOPE OPENING)

JACK: Ahh, this is cute...it's from the boys of the Beverly Hills Beavers. Listen to this, Mary.

Dear Mister Benny,
Our Treasurer and friend,
We just had a meeting,
And decided to send
This greeting to you
That should fill you with glee,
God bless you and keep you,
Mother McCree.....(DEEPLY TOUCHED) Gee.....

Isn't that sweet?

DENNIS: Mr. Benny --

GM

MARY: Dennis, sing your song, Mr. Benny is crying.

DENNIS: ~~Okay~~. *Yes, Ma'am.*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "LITTLE MOTHER OF MINE")

(APPLAUSE)

GM

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Dennis Day singing "Little Mother Of Mine"..and very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: I always sing good on Mother's Day.

JACK: Dennis, you sing good every day.

DENNIS: What've you got against Mother's Day?

JACK: Nothing, nothing..I think Mother's Day is the finest day of the year.

DENNIS: It's about time, it's been cloudy all week.

JACK: Oh, go sit down...And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our special surprise of the evening.. I'd like you to meet a young lady whom you've seen many times on the screen.. and will be appearing with us on our tour.. Miss Vivian Blaine.

(APPLAUSE)

VIVIAN: Thank you, Jack, I'm awfully glad that you invited me over today.

JACK: Well, Vivian, the reason I asked you to come over..is because..well..you know that scene we do in our stage show..*you know* where you're supposed to run your hand through my hair when I'm kissing you?

VIVIAN: Uh huh.

JACK:*well* It was ^{*it was*} awfully embarrassing in Pasadena.

MARY: What happened, Vivian?

VIVIAN:^{*well*} Instead of my hand going through his hair, it went under it.

YR

ATK01 0313621

JACK: Yes...your fingernails are so sharp.

MARY: Jack, why don't you let her do the kissing scene with Phil?

JACK: Mary, that's the way it was supposed to be. But after the first rehearsal Vivian said she'd rather do the kissing scene with me. So...Mary, you don't have to look at her as though she has two heads.

MARY: Vivian, why won't you do the scene with Phil?

VIVIAN: Well..everytime we rehearsed it, it was the same thing. He'd slip his arms around me..snuggle up close and whisper in my ear.

MARY: Gee..what did he whisper?

VIVIAN: Good health to all from Rexall.

JACK: Some romantic guy. I can show him a thing or two.

VIVIAN: I'm sure you can, Jack..but when we do the love scene, I would like to make ^{just} one request.

JACK: Certainly, Vivian. What is it?

VIVIAN: Well..I wish you'd just put your arms around me and let our lips meet in tender embrace. Don't grab me and pull yourself up by my ear lobes.

JACK: I'll remember that. Now, Vivian, how about doing a song?

VIVIAN: Don, shall we tell him?

JACK: Huh?

DON: Jack, we thought we'd give you a little surprise..so I got Vivian to cook up something with the Sportsmen quartet.

JACK: Say..that's wonderful...let's have it.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

VR

ATK01 0313622

JACK: *Oh*, Just a minute, Don., Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, no. *No. Come back* Come back some other time, Mr.....Mr...

FRANKIE: Silvoney. ~~John L. C. Silvoney~~

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Look* Look, Mr. Silvoney, I'm trying to do a program. *Look* What ~~do~~ do you wanna see me about?

FRANK: Well, I need a little money, and I was wondering if you could help me out.

JACK: Now wait a minute..I don't mind giving you a handout every once in a while...and I'll stake you to a meal this time, too.. ...but why..for heaven's sakes, why don't you get yourself a job?...any kind of a job.

FRANK: All I need is ten cents so I can take ~~the~~ ^a bus down to San Pedro...the man said for me to be on the ~~boat~~ ^{bus} by six o'clock.

JACK: *to be on the bus or the boat? Frank: on the boat by 6 o'clock. Jack: I thought* Well....that's different. You got yourself a job on a boat, ^{so} eh?

FRANK: *went on a quiz program and I* No, I won two glorious weeks in Honolulu. (LAUGHS)

JACK: You..you won two glorious...~~weeks~~ on a quiz program?

FRANK: Man man.

JACK: I just can't believe it.

KM

FRANK: ^{well,} "I'll tell you how it happened in a way. I was walking down the street..I wasn't doing anything..just walking down the street..I didn't feel like doing anything..so I was just walking down the street." ^{and I wasn't doing anything.} While I was passing ^{the radio} station, a ~~young~~ fellow in a uniform said: "hey, you!"... I said "Who?"..He said "You"..I said "ME"?..he said "Yah!"
 ..~~He~~ would you like to be on a quiz program?"..And while ^{I was} asking him if he ^{could} spare a dime for a cup of coffee, he takes me into the studio, writes my name on a card, and sits me down. ^{Ok - I was so nervous.} Well....I'm just sittin' there..I ain't doing anything..just sittin' there...All of a sudden, the Master of Ceremony says, "Our next contestant is Mr. John L.C. Silvoney." ^{I said} "John L.C. Silvoney!... Holy smoke, that's meeeee!"

(LAUGHS)
^{I can't look at him, I can't...}

JACK: ~~Well,~~ I can't get over your winning two weeks in Honolulu. What was the question?

FRANK: Well..he looked at me and said" "John..In geographical terminology, what is the ~~paradise~~ parallel ⁱⁿ the biological aspect of the vernal equinox.

JACK: And you....you answered that question?

FRANK: What a lucky guess! (LAUGHS)

KM

JACK: Well, Mr. Silvoney, here's the dime and give my regards to Hilo Hattie.

FRANK: Thanks, pal. Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: All right, Don, ^{*all right, now,*} let's hear what Vivian and the boys have cooked up.

(INTRO)

VIVIAN: I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE
I GET MY LOVING IN THE EVENING TIME
WHEN I'M WITH MY BABY.

QUART: YOU'LL NEVER MISS THIS ONE ^{little} KISS

VIVIAN: IT'S NO FUN WITH THE SUN AROUND
BUT I GET GOING WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN
AND I MEET MY BABY.

THAT'S WHEN WE KISS AND KISS AND KISS
AND THEN WE KISS SOME MORE

DON'T ASK HOW MANY TIMES WE KISS
AT A TIME LIKE THIS, WHO KEEPS SCORE.
I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE
I'LL GET MY LOVING IN THE EVENING TIME
WHEN I'M WITH MY BABY.

QUART: WE DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE
MORNING, NOON, OR IN THE EVENING TIME
'CAUSE WE ALL SMOKE LUCKIES

WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE TIME OF DAY
OR IF BENNY SHOULD REDUCE OUR PAY
CAUSE WE ALL SMOKE LUCKIES

VIVIAN: THAT'S WHEN YOU PUFF AND PUFF AND PUFF,
AND THEN YOU PUFF SOME MORE.

QUART: DON'T ASK HOW MANY TIMES WE PUFF
CAUSE THERE'S NO ROUGH PUFF AND WHO KEEPS SCORE
~~WE~~ WE DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE
MORNING, NOON, OR IN THE EVENING TIME

VIVIAN &
QUART: CAUSE WE'RE SMOKING LUCKIES.
GOOD OLD LUCKIES
IT'S L S M F T.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Vivian,^{Vivian} that was wonderful...Really swell.

VIVIAN:^{at last} Thanks, Jack...I've got to run along now and do some packing
...I'll see you at the airport tomorrow.

JACK: Okay..don't forget we're taking the T.W.A. Constellation on
our whole trip.

VIVIAN: ~~Thank you~~^{I'll be there - - -}...Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)
(Applause)

JACK: Don,^{Don} that was really a great idea you had for a commercial.

DON: Thanks, Jack.

JACK: And now, kids---

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: I've been thinking about that fellow Silvoney.

JACK: What about him?

MARY:^{well} He always comes to you to help him out...Why don't you give
him a job?

JACK:^{well} I'd like to, Mary, but I don't need any extra help.

MARY: But Jack, you could use him around the house as...as..well,
as a caretaker.

JACK: I've got Rochester for that.

MARY: Well, maybe you could use him as a gardener.

JACK: I've got Rochester for that, too.

MARY:^{well} Maybe you could use him as a night watchman.

DENNIS: He's got me for that.

JD

ATX01 0313627

JACK: Dennis---

DENNIS: I sit up on the roof with a machine gun.

JACK: Now look, Dennis---

DENNIS: GET AWAY FROM THAT LEMONADE STAND... (LIKE MACHINE GUN) TA TA TA TA TA TA TA TA..

JACK: Dennis, stop that!... Anyway, Mary, ^{many} why are you so anxious to get a job for Silvoney?

MARY: Well Jack, of all the men I've ever seen, he's the only one that would be a perfect match for my sister Babe.

JACK: Your sister Babe? What makes you think that they're a perfect match? ^{a man} What has Babe got in common with Silvoney?

MARY: Well, Babe jus' hangs around the house. ^{a man} She don't do anything... just hangs around the house... She don't feel like doin' anything. ^{she} just hangs around the house. ^{she don't feel like}

JACK: All right, all right, you can ^{with that being anything.} stop too... Now, kids, I've got a lot of packing to do, so let's get on with the----
Dennis, where are you going?

DENNIS: To answer the door.

JACK: Nobody knocked.

DENNIS: No, but twith this kind of a show, anything can happen.

JACK: What?

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: How did he know?.....COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzell!

(APPLAUSE)

JD

ARTIE: ^{Oh, Mr. Benny, please} Excuse me for interrupting the proceedings...but I had to see you before you go out personally appearing.

JACK: Well, ^{I'm - -} I'm glad you did.

ARTIE: I understand that when you finish your tour, you are getting on a boat and sailing for merry ole England...So I brought you a gift.

JACK: A Gift?

ARTIE: Yes. I knew you were going so I baked a cake.

JACK: Well, thank you, thank you.

ARTIE: ^{You're welcome, oh} Oh, Mr. Benny, what I wouldn't give to go on a boat trip again.

JACK: Oh, ^{oh} then you have made a crossing?

ARTIE: Three times.

JACK: Atlantic or Pacific?

ARTIE: West Lake Park.

JACK: Oh...Oh.

ARTIE: But, seriously, I would like to go to England because that's a wonderful place to pick up antiques.

JACK: That's right, but Mr. Kitzel, I didn't know you were a collector of antiques.

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo? ^{Collector} In my house I got the original ~~uniforms~~ ^{Levi's} that George Washington ~~wore~~ ^{were used at Valley Forge.}

JACK: The original ~~uniforms~~ ^{Levi's?} Where did you get it?

ARTIE: War surplus.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS)...My.

JD

ATX01 0313629

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, I'm awfully glad you dropped in...and while I'm in England, if I see an interesting antique, I'll bring it back to you.

ARTIE: Bless your heart...And ~~me~~, Mr. Benny, I nearly forgot something ^{here}...I brought you another gift.

JACK: Another gift?

ARTIE: A book to read ^{on} the boat...Here.

JACK: Well, isn't that nice...That's Jimmy Starr's new book-- "Heads You Lose"... Thank you, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: I wrote something on the inside...Let me read it.

JACK: Aw, isn't that sweet...Go ahead.

ARTIE: "To Mr. Benny, that old friend of mine,
May you always be healthy and thirty-nine."

JACK: Oh, gee...Thank you ^{thank you} Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: You're welcome...and good luck on your trip.

JACK: Thank you...Goodbye.

ARTIE: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I wish Mr. Kitzel was going on the tour with us...Say Mary, can you drive me to the airport tomorrow?

MARY: Yes, I guess I can...but why doesn't Rochester do it?

JACK: ^{well}, I sent Rochester on ahead to Kansas City...He's taking care of some advance things for me.

JD

ATX01 0313630

DON: I thought your press agent, Steve Bradley, took care of those things.

JACK: I sent him to Milwaukee...In fact, I heard from him this morning...What a crazy publicity stunt he has cooked up now...He's nuts.

MARY: Why, what does he want you to do?

JACK: He wants me to be rolled into Milwaukee in a barrel of beer.

MARY: No!

JACK: Yes...then on the City Hall Steps, they open the barrel...I jump out, and the Mayor blows the foam off my head...I'm not gonna do a silly thing like that.

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny---

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Answer the phone.

JACK: What?

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~This~~ ^{That} kid is uncanny!

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

BLANCHE: (FILTER) I have a long distance call from Kansas City for Mr. Jack Benny.

JACK: ~~This is Jack Benny.~~ *Kansas City.*

BLANCHE: The charges are reversed. Will you accept the call?

JACK: Yes, yes.

BLANCHE: Do you want me to tell you when the three minutes are up?

JACK: No, no.

JD

ATX01 0313631

BLANCHE: Look, jerk, get off the phone and put Jack Benny on!

JACK: I am Jerk...Jack Benny^{man}...give me the call!

BLANCHE: Okay, don't get your Irish up!

JACK: Me?

BLANCHE: Here's your party.

JACK: Thanks...Hello?

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester...So you finally got to Kansas Ctiy, eh? How was the flight?

ROCH: FINE BOSS, FINE...AND BELIEVE ME, EVERYBODY IN KANSAS CITY KNOWS YOU'RE COMING.

JACK: Good good.

ROCH: YES SIR...YOUR NAME IS ON ALMOST EVERY BILLBOARD IN TOWN.

JACK: Almost?

ROCH: IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ON EVIRRY ONE OF THEM BUT I RAN OUT OF CHALK.

JACK: I told you to take two pieces.

JACK: I DID, I DID!AND^{and} BOSS, I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

JACK: A surprise?

ROCH: YEAH...WHEN YOU ARRIVE IN TOWN, YOU'LL BE MET BY THE MAYOR OF KANSAS CITY, THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI, AND ALL THE IMPORTANT COMMITTEES.

JACK: The Governor and the Mayor? How did you manage to do that?

ROCH: I CAN'T TELL YOU ON THE PHONE...BUT IF ANYBODY CALLS YOU HARRY...MUMBLE SOMETHING ABOUT CONGRESS AND KEEP MOVING!

JACK: Harry!...Gee Rochester, do you think I can get away with it?

ROCH: I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT YOU...BUT I TOLD THEM MR. HARRIS WAS THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

JACK: The Secretary of State?

ROCH: I HOPE THEY'LL GO FOR A CURLY-HEADED ACHESON.

JACK: I knew you'd go too far...Now look, Rochester, did you stop at Wichita like I told you to?

ROCH: YES, BOSS...THE KANSAS MEDICAL SOCIETY IS HOLDING A CONVENTION THERE AND TWO THOUSAND DOCTORS WILL BE OVER TO SEE YOUR SHOW.

JACK: Two thousand doctors in the audience?

ROCH: YEAH...AND YOU BETTER BE GOOD...ONE OF THEM HAS A LONG HYPODERMIC NEEDLE.

JD

ATX01 0313633

JACK: I'll watch it...I'll watch it...But Rochester, there's only one thing that worries me..This business of being met by the governor and the mayor and me being called Harry...Do you think I can get away with it?

BLANCHE: Pardon me.

JACK: Huh?

BLANCHE: Your three minutes are up, Mister President.

JACK: Oh, thank you ^{thank you}..Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Come on, Mary, I'll drive you home.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

PS

ATK01 0313634

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, even though we will be out on a personal appearance tour, I'll still be doing my radio program on Sunday...Meanwhile...I hope to see all my friends, in Wichita Tuesday night...We'll be in Kansas City Wednesday..Des Moines Thursday...St. Paul Friday...Moline Saturday...and next Sunday night we'll be in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

MARY: Jack, aren't you gonna bring your show to Waukegan.

JACK: Mary, I was born in Waukegan, how can you follow that?

(APPLAUSE)

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

FS

ATX01 0313635

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: In a cigarette mildness is a true measure of smoking enjoyment. So light up a Lucky because ...

HIRSTAND: Luckies are milder -- smoother and milder -- with never a rough puff. Yes, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: These scientific tests are confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, and they prove ...

HIRSTAND: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

SHARBUTT: And no wonder! It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette -- and ...

HIRSTAND: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

HIRSTAND: So for more, real deep-down smoking enjoyment -- for a milder-tasting cigarette with never a rough puff, smoke a Lucky. You'll enjoy the smooth, rich taste of Luckies' fine tobacco. You'll prove to yourself what scientific tests prove ... Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

Jack: Goodnight folks. Happy Mother's Day.

(TAG)

MARY: Ladies and gentlemen, this concludes another show and we'll all----

JACK: Just a minute, just a minute. I wanta put a little class into this thing...Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be with you next week....

(SINGS) THE SAME TIME

THE SAME PLACE

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT.

MARY: Jack, what are you doing?

JACK: Come on, Dinah, let's go home.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, every year thousands of Americans lose their lives in fires ... and the tragic fact is that most of these fires could have been prevented. Do your part to help prevent fires! Be sure all matches and cigarettes are out before you discard them. Beware . . . take care! Obey all fire regulations to make your home, your community, your life safe from fire. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: *The character of John P.C. Silvaney was played by Frankie*
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.

JD

PROGRAM #37

REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

Transcribed May 4, 1950

SK

ATX01 0313638

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY MAY 21, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 4, 1950)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ^{transcribed} ... presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

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

SHARBUTT: Luckies are milder! *Smother and milder with reverse
rich taste.*

HIESTAND: ~~And science provides the proof!~~

SHARBUTT: Yes, scientific tests prove -- Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes.

HIESTAND: ~~Test after test produced conclusive evidence of Lucky Strike's greater mildness. But that's not all. These scientific tests are confirmed by ^{three} independent consulting laboratories and they prove ...~~

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

HIESTAND: There's no doubt, when you light up a Lucky, you get a smoother-smoking, milder-tasting cigarette. And ... you enjoy the rich taste of fine tobacco because ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco that gives you more real deep-down smoking enjoyment.

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 4, 1950)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: So for the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness
and mildness with never a rough puff ... light up a Lucky!
Yes, prove to yourself what scientific tests prove --
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of
cigarettes. Make your next carton Lucky Strike -- so
~~round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the~~
draw.

GM

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MR. PAUL HAHN, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY..THE SPONSORS OF THIS PROGRAM.. HAPPENS TO BE VISITING THE WEST COAST..SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO WE TAKE YOU TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE JACK IS PREPARING TO GIVE A DINNER PARTY IN MR. HAHN'S HONOR.

(SOUND: SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

ROCH: HOLD YOUR HEAD STILL, BOSS. IT'S HARD TO CUT YOUR HAIR WHEN YOU MOVE LIKE THAT.

JACK: Okay..but be careful, ^{Recher} and hurry. I want this finished before Mr. Hahn gets here.

ROCH: I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, BOSS.

(SOUND: SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

JACK: The best you can! You started to give me this haircut forty minutes ago..and you haven't even got the sides done.

ROCH: WELL, WHEN I GET TO DEATH VALLEY ON TOP, I'LL GO FASTER.

JACK: And you can stop with that, too. I may have one little bald spot up there about the size of a quarter.

ROCH: I'LL RAISE YOU A HALF.

JACK: Never mind..(SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)..Anyway, when you finish cutting my hair, I want you to massage some of that new hair restorer into my scalp.

SK

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ROCH: I'D RATHER NOT MASSAGE YOU WITH THAT STUFF, BOSS. IT BACK FIRES.

JACK: What do you mean, it backfires?

ROCH: WELL, IT DOESN'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, BUT I HAVE TO SHAVE MY FINGERS TWICE A DAY.

JACK: Oh, stop making things up.

ROCH: I'M NOT MAKING THINGS UP..LOOK..MY THUMB'S GOT FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW.

JACK: Gee, and I thought ^{that} you ~~were~~--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Well, what's going on here?

JACK: Rochester's giving me a haircut. I'll be with you in a minute.

MARY: Oh, for heavens sakes, Jack, why do you let Rochester cut your hair? You can go to the barbershop and have it cut for a dollar.

ROCH: MISS LIVINGSTONE, YOU JUST STARTED AND LOST YOUR OWN ARGUMENT

JACK: Mary, Rochester's doing all right..and help me a little bit in the house..I want everything to be right when my sponsor, Mr. Hahn, gets here.

MARY: Jack, I know you're worried about your option, but aren't you going too far?

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Where in the world did you get mistletoe this time of the year?

JACK: Mary,

MARY: And look at that picture over the fireplace... It used to be "Lady Godiva" .. now it's Paul Hahn.

JACK: Mary, will you please--

MARY: And Jack, look at that other picture in the corner. That's really overdoing it.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: Whistler's Mother smoking a Lucky Strike.

JACK: Mary, Mr. Hahn was the one who sent me that in the first place...Oooh! Rochester, be careful with that razor.

ROCH: OKAY..WHERE'S THE IODINE?

JACK: Iodine? Rochester, ^{and I} ~~I'm~~ bleeding!

ROCH: I'LL TIGHTEN YOUR NECKTIE, THAT'LL STOP IT.

JACK: ~~Never mind.~~ ^{just} Put a band-aid on it..and hurry up with this, will you?...~~Gee, Mary, I hope Mr. Hahn will find the house all right.~~ *Do you think --*

~~MARY: How can he miss it? You've sprinkled a path of rose petals..clear down to the Union Station.~~

~~JACK: Yeah, with my luck, he'll get off at Pasadena... Say Mary, do you think that ...~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer the door, will you, Rochester?

ROCH: THAT'S THE TELEPHONE.

JACK: All right, all right, answer it.

MARY: ~~H,~~ Jack, don't be so nervous.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO..WHO?.....YES SIR, I'LL TELL HIM,.. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Rochester, who was that?

ROCH: MR. RONALD COLMAN.

JACK: ^{James Coleman -} What did he want?

ROCH: HE SAID HE'D LIKE TO HELP YOU IMPRESS YOUR SPONSOR, BUT HE'S GOING OUT TONIGHT SO HE CAN'T PARK HIS CADILLAC IN YOUR DRIVEWAY.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Say Jack, if you really want to impress Mr. Hahn, why didn't you invite Ronnie and Benita to your party?

JACK: I did, Mary, I called Ronnie on the phone this morning.

MARY: What did he say?

JACK: He said...Oh, never mind.

MARY: ^{hell} Come on, Jack..What did Ronnie tell you?

JACK: Well, he said..er...Never mind...Anyway, I'll fool him, I'll live to be a hundred....Say Mary, ^{how} how does my haircut look?

MARY: ^{hell} Let me see...(LAUGHS)

JACK: What're you laughing at?

MARY: Look how Rochester trimmed your side-burns.

JACK: What's the matter with them?

MARY: You look like Sterling Holloway on one side and Caesar Romero on the other.

JACK: Hmm..Rochester, take that razor and even them up. I want to ^{look} look - -

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Gee, I hope that isn't Mr. Hahn, already... Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GM

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JACK:@ Oh, hello, Don.

DON: *H*, Hello, Jack...How are you, Mary?

MARY: Fine, Don.

ROCH: SIT DOWN, MR. WILSON.

DON: Thanks.

JACK: Oh, by the way, Rochester, we'll have cocktails before dinner.

ROCH: MARTINIS OR MANHATTANS?

JACK: No, I'd like to have something different...I've got it... we'll have Scotch Mists.

MARY: Scotch...Mists?

JACK: Yes *if* you pour Scotch over chipped ice...That's a Scotch Mist.

MARY: Oh, I thought it was when Phil breathes on you.

JACK: No no, Mary..When Phil breathes on you, it's a Bourbon Block Buster...Gee, I wish *I wish* Don and the rest of the gang would get here.

MARY: Don's already here. You just said "hello" to him.

JACK: Oh yes..Sit Don, down..I mean sit down, Don.

DON: I am sitting down.

JACK: *H*, Oh, that's right. *that's right.*

MARY: My goodness, Jack, but you're nervous today. I wouldn't worry about that option if I were you.

JACK: Who's worried?

DON: Jack, I'm sure Mr. Hahn will sign you up.

GM

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JACK: Don, that's not the reason I invited him over here. Who cares about my job? There are other things besides radio.

MARY: With that haircut you could go into television.

JACK: What?

DON: Even Kinescope couldn't louse that up.

JACK: Oh forget my haircut...And Rochester --

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Don't stand around here. Go out in the kitchen and make a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

ROCH: HORS D'OEUVRES? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JACK: Get a ham sandwich and cut it in forty pieces... And, ^{and} open a can of sardines, too.

ROCH: YES SIR. ^hSAY BOSS, WE'RE ALL OUT OF BUTTER. DO YOU WANT ME TO GO DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET SOME?

JACK: Well---*maybe*---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer the phone, Mary.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello? ..Yes...Oh, Mr. Hahn!

JACK: Mr. Hahn! Give me that phone!.....HELLO...HELLO, MR. HAHN..
THIS IS JACK BENNY....WHAT?.....WHAT?.....WHAT'S THAT?

MARY: Take it easy, Jack, he can hear you.

JACK: Quiet, Mary...^{it}OH NO, MR. HAHN..THE PARTY IS TONIGHT...WELL,
LOOK, CAN'T YOU GO TO THE THEATRE TOMORROW NIGHT?..OR THE
NEXT NIGHT--

I MEAN, THE NEXT NIGHT?.....GEE, MR. HAHN,
I'VE INVITED THE WHOLE ^{or dinner. They}CAST AND THEY'LL BE AWFULLY
DISAPPOINTED.

ROCH: WHAT ABOUT THE BUTTER?

JACK: (Wait, we may not need it.)....WELL LOOK,, MR. HAHN, WE'RE ALL
WAITING FOR YOU, SO DO COME OVER...YOU WILL?...OH BOY, THAT'S
SWELL!

MARY: Tell him to come early and get a haircut.

JACK: COME EARLY, MR. HAHN, AND GET ~~A~~---MARY!.....OKAY, MR. HAHN..
SEE YOU SOON...YES SIR, YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME AT BENNY'S
BIDE-A-WEE BUNGALOW..(SILLY LAUGH)..WELL, GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Boy, was I worried for a minute!

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Answer the door, ^{will you Mary}that's probably Don.

DON: But Jack, I'm right here.

JACK: Oh yes yes...I'll go see who it is.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

SK

DENNIS: Where did you get that haircut?

JACK: Rochester gave it to me..Come on in, Kid.

DENNIS: Oh gee, I'm late, you've eaten already.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: There's catsup on your face.

JACK: Oh for..ROCHESTER--

ROCH: TIGHTEN YOUR NECKTIE.

JACK: Dennis, come in, will you?

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ^{best} Now, Dennis, against my better judgment, I invited you tonight. I hope you'll behave yourself because we're having my sponsor for dinner.

DENNIS: You promised us roast beef.

JACK: ^{best} Look, kid. ^{the only thing I want you to do} the only thing I want you to do, when Mr. Hahn gets here is to sing for him..Don't talk, just sing. ^{next} My option is coming up and I don't want anything to happen.

DENNIS: All right, so what if he doesn't pick up your option, you haven't got anything to worry about.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I can use you on my show, kid.

JACK: Dennis--

DENNIS: That haircut'll get screams.

JACK: Look Mary, I'm bleeding..take him away ^{and you}.

MARY: Dennis, now remember what Mr. Benny told you..When Jack's sponsor gets here, don't talk, just sing.

SK

DENNIS: Okay, you want me to try ^{out} something ~~out~~ now?

JACK: Yeah yeah, try anything...Rochester, get me a band-aid...
And why doesn't Don get here?

MARY: He is here.

JACK: Oh yes yes..Sing, Don..I mean, Dennis. *I don't know where I'm*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "IT ISN'T FAIR") (*"Come Into the Parlor"*)

(APPLAUSE)

SK

*

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that was a swell song, and when you sing it for Mr. Hahn, I'm sure he'll like it..but ^{but} remember what I told you.. don't talk.

DENNIS: (MAD) Don't talk, don't talk, you drive a guy nuts!

JACK: What?

DENNIS: You're nothing but a jelly-fish. If you had a good program, you wouldn't have to worry about your sponsor!

JACK: Dennis--

DENNIS: Boy, are you lucky you've got me. If it weren't for my singing, you'da been out of work a long time ago...And another thing ^{you}--Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP...SIX
DIALS..RECEIVER CLICK)

DENNIS: Hello..What else should I tell him, Mother?

JACK: Dennis, hang up that phone and behave yourself!

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now, Mary --

MARY: Yes, Jack.

JACK: I want you to help me as much as you can.

MARY: I will, I will.

JACK: Thanks..There's one thing I wanted to ask you...^{now} Oh yes..

Mary, when we go in to dinner, should I have Mr. Hahn sit on my right or my left?

MARY: Well, that all depends on whether you want him to think you're Sterling Holloway or Caesar Romero.

SK

JACK: Mary, I thought you said you were going to--

DENNIS: HEY, LOOK AT ME, I'M THE BARBER OF SEVILLE, *Figero, Figero, etc.*

JACK: DENNIS, PUT DOWN THOSE SCISSORS AND GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR....

What do you think this is, a barber shop?

ROCH: THAT AIN'T THE NORTH POLE IN THE FRONT YARD!

JACK: Rochester, just make the hors d'oeuvres and stop with those--

(SOUND: SEVERAL QUICK SHORT DOOR BUZZERS AND
LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JACK: That must be Don.

MARY: Don's here.

JACK: Oh yes *oh*. COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON..HELLO, LIVVY.

JACK & MARY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: *oh*, I ~~would~~ *would* have been here earlier, Jackson, but there's something wrong with my car and I had to ride over on the bus.

JACK: Well, that's all right, Phil. Mr. Hahn hasn't---Wait a minute..Phil..you came all the way over here on the bus with that in your hand?

PHIL: With what in my---Well, how do you like that, I put on a glove that was holding a Scotch and soda.

JACK: That could only happen to you.

MARY: Phil, why didn't you bring Alice with you?

JACK: Yes, Phil, I told you to bring her along.

PHIL: *oh*, Alice wasn't very hungry, so she went to the Brown Derby.

JACK: Why did she do that?

SK

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PHIL: Well, there she can order ala carte, here she has to take the whole dinner.

JACK: ~~But~~ Phil, that's ridiculous. Tonight the dinner is on me.

MARY: ~~That is~~ if his option is picked up.

JACK: Mary, my option has nothing to do with it.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, how soon are we gonna have dinner? You know I have to ~~OH NO NO-NO~~.... (LAUGHS) *sh no!*

JACK: Phil, what're you laughing at?

PHIL: Your hair...It looks like it was cut by two barbers who weren't speaking to each other.

JACK: Phil, don't try to be funny....And that reminds me, there's something I want to talk to you about.

PHIL: Me?

JACK: Yes..When Mr. Hahn gets here, don't start telling any of those corny gags of yours. Believe me, he won't like them.

PHIL: Can't I tell the one about the old maid that set the bear trap under ~~her~~ ^{the} bed?

JACK: NO! Especielly not that one.....And remember, ^{now} I want everybody to be on their best behavior.

MARY: *H*, Don't worry, Jack.

JACK: (CALMLY) I don't want you overdoing it either, ^{you know}...act natural.. and don't be nervous, ^{you know} just because Mr. Hahn is the sponsor and he--- *you!*

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ~~YEP:~~ THAT'S HIM NOW...STAND AT ATTENTION, EVERYBODY...I ^{stand} MEAN, SIT DOWN....ROCHESTER, ANSWER THE DOOR.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

RG

HAHN: Pardon me, does Jack Benny live here?

ROCH: YES SIR...COME RIGHT IN.

JACK: Look, kids, it's Mr. ^{is Mr.} Paul Hahn. A-one, a-two!

GANG: (SING) FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLILLOOOCOWWWW,
AND HE'S OUR SPONSOR, TOO.

DENNIS: AND HE'S OUR SPONSOR, TOO. AND HE'S ~~our~~ ^{our} sponsor -

JACK: DENNIS! ^{Come} Come right in, Mr. Hahn, come right in.

HAHN: Thank you. That was quite a reception you gave me.

JACK: ^{you, yes} Your coat, Mr. Hahn, coat, coat, coat, coat, coat, ^{may I may I} may I help you off with your coat?

(SOUND: PING)

JACK: Oops, ^{Mr. Hahn} should have waited till you unbuttoned it....He ha ha...
Mr. Hahn, you know everybody.

HAHN: Of course, of course, glad to see you all.

GANG: (AD LIB GREETINGS)

JACK: Well..we might as well go in the living room..this way,
Mr. Hahn.

HAHN: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

HAHN: Say..this is a lovely home you have here, Jack.

JACK: I'm glad you like it...it's nearly paid for, too...^{about} about another year oughta do it..(SILLY LAUGH) ...Yup...Yes sir!....
Now, before we have dinner, Mr. Hahn, perhaps you'd like some punch.

HAHN: Don't mind if I do.

JACK: Uh uh uh...give me your cup, I'll dip some up for you. ^{ill}

(SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASS, SWISH THROUGH WATER...
THEN PLOP WITH SPLASH)

RG

JACK: Oops, dropped your cup in the punch bowl. Wasn't that silly of me?...Now what'll I do?

MARY: Anybody got a rubber glove?

JACK: Mary! You know, Mr. Hahn, Mary always has to be the comedienne...She never lets up.

HAHN: Yes, she's a very clever girl. Incidentally, Miss Livingstone,
I -I want to tell you how much my wife and I enjoy you on the program.

MARY: Well, thank you, Mr. Hahn.

HAHN: You not only have a lovely singing voice, but where did you learn to yodel like that?

MARY: Yodel?

JACK: Mr. Hahn, you're thinking of Judy Canova.

HAHN: Oh yes. I'm terribly sorry, Miss Livingstone.

JACK *well*, That's all right, Mr. Hahn, forget it...any one can make a mistake, I always say..huh, Mary, huh .. huh, ~~Mary~~?

MARY: Oh, shut up.

JACK: Yes sir!

HAHN: Well...I see you have my picture right over the fireplace.

JACK: Yes sir...It's been up there for months. It's a wonderful picture of Mr. Hahn, isn't it, kids?

DENNIS: I liked him better when he was sitting on the white horse.

JACK: (WHISPER) Dennis!

DENNIS: Side saddle yet.

JACK: (WHISPERS) *Dennis* I told you, don't talk, just sing.

PHIL: Hey, Paul, you better lap up some of this punch.

JACK: Paul!

HAHN: Thanks, Phil, this time I'll get it myself.

L.RG

PHIL: It's good stuff. It's called Mission Punch. One swallow
and you fly back to Capistrano. Ha ha ha...OH HARRIS, ^{Hahn} YOU'RE
^{Address} THE REASON FOR DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. ^{new} PEOPLE CAN SEE YOU FOR
ONE HOUR LONGER.

JACK: Hm. Mr. ^{Mr. Hahn} Hahn, I must apologize for Phil, he's very corny.

HAHN: On the contrary. I think Phil has a great sense of humor.

JACK: Oh, he has, he has!...^{out}And he's so sophisticated. You know, Mr. Hahn, sometimes that Phil ~~is a boy~~ has me in stitches.

HAHN: Me, too

PHIL: Hey, Paul, did you hear the one about the old maid that put a bear-trap under her bed and caught a bear?

PHIL &
HAHN:

(BOTH LAUGH)

JACK: (JOINS IN) ^{oh} Say, Phil, that's a pip...^{J-}I was hoping you'd tell that one...You know, Mr. Hahn, he's a riot.

HAHN: He certainly is.

MARY: (ASIDE) Say Jack--

JACK: What?

MARY: If the boss likes that kind of stuff, you've got nothing to worry about.

JACK: (Quiet, Mary) ^{your secret -}...You know, Mr. Hahn...Dennis, stop standing on your head..nobody's looking at you!...You know, Mr. Hahn, ^{you know, you know} ~~the whole~~ one thing about this gang ^{your secret} there's no jealousy or friction here. We've been one happy little family under the same sponsor for seven years..I mean six years..I was thinking of next year..hm hm ha ha ha ha!

HAHN: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Yes sir!

DON: ^{oh} Jack is right, Mr. Hahn, we do have a good time together and ~~we~~ really enjoy our work.

HAHN: Well, you always sound like it, too....And now that we're on the subject, Jack, I'd like to tell you how good your shows have been this year.

JACK: Oh..that's very kind of you, Mr. Hahn....Of course, they could have been much funnier.

HAHN: Then why weren't they?

JACK: I mean..I mean...Mary, say something.

MARY: (YODELS) O-le-o-ley-ee-oo!

JACK: Mary, ^{mary} I mean, ^{last} Mr. Hahn, ^{Mr. Hahn} what I really mean ~~is~~---

PHIL: Hey kids, he's stuck for an answer...a-one...a-two!

GANG: (SINGS) FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW OOOOOWWWW,
AND HE'S OUR SPONSOR, TOO.

DENNIS: AND HE'S OUR SPONSOR TOO, AND HE'S ^{was) sponsor, too.}

JACK: Dennis! Stop that.

ROCH: DINNER IS SERVED...THERE'S A LOT THIS TIME, FOLKS, SO DON'T RUN.

GANG: (AD LIB: BOY, BOY, FOOD....ETC.)

JACK: Mary, ^{mary} you go with Mr. Hahn...Come on, everybody, dinner is served!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Mr. Hahn, will you ^{will you} have another shrimp cocktail? Olives? Celery? Pickles?

HAHN: No thank you, Jack, I think I'll just wait for the next course..But ^I will have a cigarette.

JACK: ^{the} Cigarette...cigarette...cigarette...There you are ^{See}, it's a Lucky Strike..Yes sir!....L S/M F T .. L S / M F T..Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

1- RG

HAHN: That's right, Jack... Now may I have a match?

JACK: Match..match..match match match...match match?

(SOUND: MATCHES SHAKING IN A BOX)

JACK: Just a second, just a second..Ugh...ugh...Damn it, why won't, *why won't*
this match light?

MARY: You're striking it on the chopped liver.

~~JACK: Oh, yes.~~

(SOUND: MATCH STRUCK ON BOX)

JACK: There you are, Mr. Hahn, there's never a rough puff in a
Lucky....Come on, everybody...e-one, e-two!

GANG: *There's* NEVER A ROUGH PUFF IN A LUCKY!

~~JACK: By the way, Mr. Hahn, I've been thinking...It's so silly of
you to stay at a hotel while you're in town..I have an extra
room and you could just as well stay at my house..Isn't that
right, kids?~~

~~PHIL: Why not, he can put it on his expense account.~~

~~JACK: Phil, I wouldn't think of charging Mr. Hahn. After all, he's
my boss..and I hope he will be for a long time...Hm hm
ha ha ha ha!....Yes sir!~~

~~DENNIS: (SINGS) I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF OLIVES,
SOME ARE GREEN AND SOME ARE BLACK AND BLUE.~~

~~JACK: (WHISPER) Dennis, what are you doing?~~

~~DENNIS: (WHISPER) You told me to sing.~~

~~JACK: Look, kid, I meant that-----~~

ROCH: OKAY, EVERYBODY, HERE'S THE SOUP!

DON: Oh boy, soup!

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester, serve Mr. Hahn first. As a matter
of fact, since I'm the host, I'll serve him myself.

Rochester, I'll take the soup tureen. You put the other
things on the table.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS--

JACK: Don't argue..give me the soup tureen.

ROCH: OKAY, HERE.

JACK: Ouch! It's hot! It's ~~hot~~! Whoops!

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH WITH SPILLING SOUP)

JACK: Oh, my goodness!

MARY: Jack..Jack, you spilled the soup on Mr. Hahn!

DENNIS: (SINGS) WE'RE POOR LITTLE SHEEP
WHO HAVE LOST OUR JOBS, BAA BAA BAA!

JACK: Dennis, shut up!...Forgive me, ^{said me} Mr. Hahn, I'm terribly sorry
I - I spilled the soup on you.

HAHN: Oh, that's all right. ~~This suit is ruined anyway..~~ While I
was walking ~~over here, I tore a hole in the knee when I~~
~~slipped on some rose petals.~~

~~JACK: Oh...oh...Well, come on, everybody, loosen your belts,~~
~~there's plenty of food on the table.~~ Here, Mr. Hahn, have
some option..I mean have some potatoes...
Here you are.

HAHN: Thanks...you know, Jack, it's amazing how much you look like
Eddie Cantor.

JACK: Eddie Cantor?

PHIL: Jackson, loosen your tie, your eyes are popping out.

JACK: Oh yes yes..There, that's better.

MARY: No it isn't, you're bleeding again.

JACK: Mary, stop mixing me up, will you?

HAHN: My, but you're jittery today, Jack.) I've never seen you act
this way before.

JACK: Well, I...I haven't been feeling very well, and--

PHIL: Look, Paul, I'll give you the whole thing in a nutshell...
Jackson's worried about--

JACK: PHIL I'LL HANDLE IT!...You just mind your own business.

HAHN: Jack, may I have a word with you?

JACK: Huh?

HAHN: I know that a home is not the proper place to talk business..
but...

JACK: Oh, that's all right, *that's all right, Mr. Hahn.* It's quite all right to discuss it in
my home....Go ahead, go ahead.

HAHN: Well, I have something on my mind..and I think a man should
know where he stands.

JACK: (BREAKING VOICE) Stands?

HAHN: Now mind you, this is not a rash decision...We've had
several meetings concerning your radio programs of the past
season.

JACK: *Jack said J.-S.-* *Neither Hahn* I can make them funnier, Mr. Hahn..honestly, I can..Mr.
Hahn, *Jack said -* how can you do this to me..I'm not as young as I
used to be..You know, I'm thirty-nine. Mr. Hahn, think it
over..please, *please* Mr. Hahn, please. *Think it over.*

HAHN: Jack, there's nothing to think over..Lucky Strike is
picking up your option.

JACK: It isn't just for myself, it's....What?

HAHN: I said, we're picking up your option.

JACK: You're..picking up..my.....Wait a minute, Mr. Hahn..HOW DO
YOU KNOW I'M AVAILABLE!

HAHN: *See* But, Jack --

JACK: We'll talk about it tomorrow..and in the agency..NOT IN MY
HOME...Come on, kids, let's eat!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DX

AIK01 0313660

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, to those of you who live along the route of our personal appearance tour, I want to say that tonight we are playing in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.. Tomorrow night, May 22nd, in Peoria, Illinois.. Tuesday night, ~~May 23rd~~, St. Louis, Missouri.. Wednesday ~~night~~, ~~May 24th~~, Indianapolis, Indiana.. Thursday ~~night~~, ~~May 25th~~, Grand Rapids, Michigan.. Friday ~~night~~, ~~May 26th~~, Detroit.. Saturday, ^{we'll be here} ~~May 27th~~, Toledo, Ohio.. and next Sunday night in the Public Auditorium, in Cleveland... We'll be seeing you and I hope you'll be seeing us.

(APPLAUSE)

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

DON: 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)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 4, 1950)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HIESTAND: In a cigarette ^{is a true measure of smoking enjoyment} mildness and enjoyment go together. So
light up a Lucky because ^{Luckies are milder. Smoother}
^{and milder with never a rough puff.}

SHARBUTT: ~~Lucky Strike is milder.~~ Yes, scientific tests prove
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand
of cigarettes!

HIESTAND: These scientific tests are confirmed by ^{three} independent
consulting laboratories, and they prove ...

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

HIESTAND: And no wonder! It takes fine tobacco to make a fine
cigarette -- and ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light,
naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: ^{So for more read key down ~~on~~ smoking enjoyment}
~~For~~ For a milder-tasting cigarette with never a rough
puff smoke a Lucky. You'll enjoy the smooth, rich
taste of Luckies' fine tobacco. You'll prove to
yourself what scientific tests prove ... Lucky Strike
is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!
Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

(TAG)

-21-

JACK: Well, kids, that was a pretty good dinner we had tonight, and I think Mr. Hahn enjoyed it. Too bad he had to leave so early... ROCHESTER, COME CLEAR THE TABLE.

ROCH: JUST A MINUTE, BOSS, I'M PUTTING LADY GODIVA BACK OVER THE FIRE PLACE.

JACK: Oh yes yes... And folks, be sure to tune in next Sunday night for our final broadcast of the season... And sincerely I do want to thank the American Tobacco Company for picking up my option ... How did they know I was available... Come on, Mary, I'll take you home.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS.. SLIDE)

JACK: Whoops!

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Darn those rose petals... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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.

Jack!
(APPLAUSE) *We're a little late, so goodnight folks.*

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.

ANNOUNCER: The Jack Benny show with Jack and the ^{entire} gang will be back next Sunday at this same time over these same stations. This is C.B.S. THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

ATX01 0313663

PROGRAM # 38
REVISED
SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

Transcribed May 11, 1950.

AL

ATX01 0313664

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 11, 1950)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

SHARBUTT: Luckies' are milder! -- Smoother and milder -- with never
a rough puff.

HIESTAND: Yes, scientific tests prove - Lucky Strike is milder than
any other principal brand of cigarettes.

SHARBUTT: These scientific tests are confirmed by three independent
consulting laboratories and they prove ...

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

SHARBUTT: There's no doubt, when you light up a Lucky, you get a
smoother-smoking, milder-tasting cigarette. And ... you
enjoy the rich taste of fine tobacco because ...

HIESTAND: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally
mild tobacco that gives you more real deep-down smoking
enjoyment.

HIESTAND: So for the rich taste of fine tobacco ... for smoothness
and mildness with never a rough puff ... light up a Lucky!
Yes, prove to yourself what scientific tests prove --
Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of
cigarettes. Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

SK

RIK01 0313665

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(OPENING 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..RIGHT NOW OUR LITTLE STAR IS TRAVELING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ON A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR. TONIGHT HE'S IN CLEVELAND, OHIO. SO LET US TAKE YOU TO THE CIVIC AUDITORIUM, TO JACK'S DRESSING ROOM.

JACK: Rochester -- Rochester!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (CALMLY) JUST A MINUTE BOSS, I'M PUTTING A STAR ON YOUR DRESSING ROOM DOOR.

JACK: ^H Good, good.

ROCH: YES SIR. WHEN PEOPLE LOOK AT THIS DOOR, THEY'LL NOT ONLY KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE STAR OF THIS SHOW..BUT ^{what you} ~~THEY'LL~~ ALSO ^{cause} ~~KNOW THAT YOU'RE~~ FROM CALIFORNIA.

JACK: They will?

ROCH: YEAH, I MADE THE STAR OUT OF AN ORANGE PEEL.

JACK: Stop being silly. (Making a star out of an orange peel)..
Come ⁱⁿ in here!

ROCH: JUST A MINUTE..WAIT TILL I LIGHT THE SMUDGE POT.

JACK: Never mind. Now, come in here and straighten out my clothes.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

AL.

JACK: By the way, did you clean the suit I wore in the last show?

ROCH: YOU MEAN THE ONE WITH THE ROSE IN THE LAPEL?

JACK: That's not a rose...While I was playing my violin, some smart aleck hit me with a tomato..You know, Rochester, talking about tomatoes and oranges has made me hungry for some fruit.

ROCH: WELL, LET'S WAIT AND SEE WHAT THE NEXT SHOW BRINGS.

JACK: Yeah..it's silly to buy it when people are so generous... Now, Rochester, straighten up my dressing ^{room} table so that I can....

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

KEARNS: My name is Kearns. I'm a reporter on one of the local papers.

JACK: ~~Hi~~ How do you do, Mr. Kearns.

KEARNS: How do you do..Now Mr. Benny, would you mind giving me some information about your personal appearance tour? That is, ^{oh} where do you go from here?

JACK: Well...tomorrow night we'll be in Pittsburgh..Tuesday Buffalo...Wednesday Toronto.. Thursday Syracuse, Friday Montreal..Saturday Boston..And next Sunday, June 4th, at Carnegie Hall in New York City, for the Damon Runyon Fund.. and our last date, June 5th is in Scranton, Pennsylvania... And then we sail for London to play the Palladium Theatre.

AL.

ATX01 0313667

KEARNS: Well, you certainly have a heavy schedule..with your radio program and all.

JACK: Oh, no no...you see today I do my last ~~radio~~ program of the season.

KEARNS: Oh, I didn't know that. You know, I'm one of your regular listeners..and I'll certainly miss you during the summer.

JACK: *well!* Thank you.

KEARNS: In fact, I'll miss your whole gang.

JACK: *well!* They'll be very happy to hear that.

KEARNS: *for* Mr. Benny, I just got an idea that would make a very interesting story for my paper. Your cast has been with you for such a long time, I'm sure my readers would like to know how you first met each one of them.

JACK: Well...let's start with Mary. She joined me on the radio about three months after I got started. I was in Los Angeles at the time..almost eighteen years ago... I happened to step into the May Company..as a matter of fact, I bought this shirt I'm wearing..they give guarantees you know..Anyway, it was in the latter part of 1932..I had purchased my shirt. I gave the man a dollar and was waiting for my change.

(TRANSITION MUSIC.."MARY")

(SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE NOISES)

AL

AIKO1 0313668

JACK: I don't know why they always have to go upstairs to get the change.. Oh well...(SINGS) Just a gigolo... everywhere I go..people know the part I'm playing... Gee, that's a catchy new tune..ta ta ta ta ta. ...ta ta.. Hey, look at that beautiful girl behind the hosiery counter...What a chicken! ^{I think she's} I think she's looking at me, too. (STARTS TO FADE) ...After I get my change, I'll go over and try to date her up.

BEA: Say Mary, Mary..

MARY: What is it, Talulah?

BEA: Look at that guy over there, he's starin' at you.

MARY: Where?

BEA: Right over there at the shirt counter..Say, he looks kinda prosperous, don't he?

MARY: How can you tell..With those bell bottom pants, he might be barefoot..Look at him ^{he's} winking at us..~~with both eyes.~~

BEA: ^{yeah} And get a load of that straw hat he's wearin', with the bright red ribbon on it.

MARY: Yeah and look what it says on it "The Waukegan Kid"..Hey, Talulah, he's tipping his hat at us.

BEA: Yeah, he's got the string in his pocket.

MARY: ^{sk} Wait a minute, he's coming over here.

BEA: Do you want me to take him, Mary?

MARY: No, no, I can handle him.

JACK: (FADING IN, SINGING) JUST A GIGOLO..EVERYWHERE I GO.. PEOPLE KNOW THE PART I'M PLAYING.

BEA: Look he's walking like Theda Bara.

AL

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: (HUMS: Just a gigolo, every~~where~~~~Jack~~)...Hello kiddo, where've you been all my life.

MARY: (SARCASTIC) Avoiding it.

JACK: Hey, you're sharp..I like ~~my~~-tomatoes with a little spice.. Ha ha ha! ...Say, baby, what's your name?

MARY: Mary.

JACK: Mary what? ...Quite contrary?

MARY: (Oh brother, is this guy corny!)

JACK: What was that?

MARY: Look, my name is Mary Livingstone, I was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, I know I should be in pictures but I'm happy here at the May Company, and they think I'm a very good salesgirl, now what do you want?

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute, take it easy...You got me wrong baby...Don't you know who I am?

MARY: No, thrill me.

JACK: Well take a grip on the counter, baby..because I'm going to enlighten you...I happen to be Jack Benny.

MARY: Well, what do you know!...HEY TALULAH, HE'S JACK BENNY

BEA: (LITTLE OFF) WHO'S JACK BENNY?

MARY: I DON'T KNOW, ASK HIM.

JACK: Aw, you're kiddin', you know who I am..You oughta go out with me..I've been on the radio three months.

MARY: So what..My lamp's been on the radio three years, and I won't go out with that either.

AL

ATX01 0313670

JACK: Your lamp...Say, you're pretty fast on the trigger...
What are you doin' working here in a department store? *you know*
You should be on the radio.

MARY: WHAT DID I TELL YOU, TALULAH...I KNEW IT WAS COMING.

JACK: What?

MARY: My mother told me there'd be men like you, but I thought they'd be much younger.

JACK: ~~Much young~~...Say, you're terrific..Listen, baby..you've got everything it takes..good looks, a nice speaking voice, and what a personality!

MARY: (GIGGLES..THEN QUIVERING) I'll bet you tell that to all the girls.

JACK: No, I don't.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: ~~What are you laughing at?~~

MARY: ~~The way you're leaning on the counter.~~

JACK: ~~Why?~~

MARY: ~~It's pressing the bulb in your pocket and the water's squirting out of that flower in your lapel.~~

JACK: Say, I can't fool you at all, ^{now} can I?....Listen, Mary, you oughta be on the radio with me...I'll get you places... You'll be a big star!

MARY: Say...you're not kidding, are you?

JACK: Of course not. ^{sober} Why don't you meet me tonight for dinner, and we'll talk things over?

(MARY TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: And that, Mr. Kearns, is how I found Miss Livingstone.

AL.

KEARNS: That's a very interesting story, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you.

KEARNS: Don Wilson ^{has} ~~has~~ been with you for a long time too, hasn't he?

JACK: Yes, I don't know what I'd do without Donsy...But...*you know*
(GIGGLES) There was one year when I really got mad at him...(FADING) It happened in 1946...It was the opening ~~show~~ of that season.

(TRANSITION..."OPENING THEME"..FADE)

JACK: Well, Don, here we are at the start of another season.

DON: That's right, Jack. How does it feel to get back in the groove?

JACK: *Well* To tell you the truth, I'm a little excited. I've got a nervous stomach.

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

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

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

JACK: A quartet? Well, that sounds novel.

DON: Jack, I thought it was so novel that I put them under contract for eight weeks...and it'll only cost you five hundred dollars a week...That isn't too much, is it?

JACK: Why ^{no}...I mean ^{no}...I mean...Don, that quartet must be sensational for that kind of money.

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

JACK: I know...but five hundred dollars...Well, if it's as good as you say, it might be worth it. Can I hear them now?

DON: Why certainly, Jack. Say fellows, come on up to the microphone.

JACK: Hm...nice-looking boys. Okay, Don, let's hear this musical commercial.

DON: Okay. Ready, boys. I S, M F T..I S, M F T....YES SIR... YOU BET...LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO. YES...LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

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

QUART: (ONE NOTE A LITTLE HIGHER)

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

QUART: (TWO NOTES)

OW

JACK: *look - look - yes*
For this I'm paying five hundred dollars?

DON: Yes.

JACK: Don...Don...Moby Dick...Get them out of here!

DON: *th. rose* Don't get excited, Jack. They can really sing. *hand* Give them another chance.

JACK: Well...okay...but they better sing good.

DON: *th.* They will, Jack. All right, fellows, take it.

(INTRO TO "BLUE DANUBE")

ONE: L S, M F T

TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF.

ONE: L S, M F T

TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF

ONE: L M, N O P

TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF

ONE: OH, ROBERT E. LEE JACK: Robert E. Lee!

TRIO: PUFF PUFF, PUFF PUFF

ONE: F T L S M

TRIO: ME ME, ME ME JACK: What's that!

ONE: OH CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

TRIO: OUI OUI, OUI OUI

QUART: L S M F T

LA LA LA LA LA

M F T, LA LA LA LA LA LA

THAT'S THE SMOKE OF SMOKE FOR ME. LA LA LA

(ORCHESTRA CONTINUES)

K OW

(QUARTET WALTZES WITH EACH OTHER SINGING LA LA LA LA)

JACK: STOP WALTZING...STOP WALTZING...BOYS, STOP DANCING
WITH ~~JACKSON~~. Wait a minute... Wait a minute!
... WAIT A MINUTE...WAIT A MINUTE!

(AFTER LAUGH, APPLAUSE)

OW

ATK01 0313675

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{What Mr. Kearns - and that} And that ^{Mr. Kearns} Mr. Kearns, was why I got so mad at Don Wilson. But I really shouldn't have because today the Sportsmen Quartet is really quite successful. As a matter of fact, right now they're appearing at the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco.

KEARNS: Oh then you like the quartet now,

JACK: Yes yes ^{yes} when they sing, it's so soothing because it ^{it} drowns out Phil Harris's orchestra.

KEARNS: I know what you mean. And now that you mentioned Phil, Mr. Benny, how did you ever find him anyway?

JACK: ^{Phil Harris} Well...it was about fourteen years ago...(FADING) One evening Mary and I were taking a walk down Figueroa Street....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, Mary, we've walked quite a ways... ^{say} Before we catch the bus back home again, would you like to step into this nightclub and relax a little?

MARY: What night club?

JACK: This place right here....they've got a band and everything...And look at that poster on the wall...
"PHIL HARRIS AND THE SWEETEST MUSIC THIS SIDE OF THE HYPERION OUTFALL."

MARY: Phil Harris? I never heard of him. And what a night club...this is an awful joint...I don't want to go here.

OW

ATX01 0313676

JACK: Well look, Mary, I'm looking for an orchestra leader for my program. Maybe this guy will be the one...Come on, let's go ~~in~~.

MARY: But Jack, it's way down those stairs.

JACK: What's the difference. Let's go down anyway.....and ~~watch~~ watch your step, *will you.*

(SOUND: HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWN STAIRS....
ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON...
STOP ON CUE.....)

JACK: (PANTING) Let's rest....If I go down any farther, I'll get the bends.

MARY: I think we hit bottom, Jack....here's the door.

JACK: Oh yes.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(LOUSY BAND PLAYING LAST BIT OF CHORUS OF "MUSIC GOES ROUND"....
CORNY END)

(SOUND: MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY...THEN SOUND OF LIGHT
CROWD NOISES AND TINKLE OF GLASSES)

JACK: Well....that guy Harris ^{*Leg - he knows - he*} knows all the new tunes.

MARY: Yeah, but how can people dance on that bare ground?

JACK: ^{*well, they*} They probably sprinkle it with water to make it slippery ^{*you know*} and it helps keep the dust down, too....Let's find a table.

MARY: ^{*well*} Maybe that man will get us one.

JACK: Oh yes...Pardon me, are you the waiter?

OW

NELSON: Well what do you think I am with this napkin over my arm...
a new father?

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, but you're dressed too nice to be working in
a joint like this.

NELSON: Oh you mean these striped pants and this Prince Albert coat..
...Well, you see, I wear these clothes on my other job.

JACK: Other job?

NELSON: Yes, I'm an undertaker's assistant.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: It was my idea to put the candles on the tables.

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: ^{to love me} Now would you like ~~me~~ to find a table and lay you out----
I mean seat you?

JACK: Yes, please. Come on, Mary.

NELSON: Here you are.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

NELSON: Now what would you like to eat?

JACK: Nothing, thank you, we just came in to hear the band.

NELSON: Well, you might as well order something, there's a thirty-
five cents minimum.

JACK: Thirty-five cents?..Well, I'll have a chicken sandwich and
a combination salad.

MARY: ^{but} I'll have a steak sandwich and French fried potatoes.

NELSON: Anything to drink?

JACK: No.

NELSON: You might as well, you got fifteen cents to go.

VR

AIK01 0313678

JACK: Oh..Well, ^{well} bring us coffee..(Imagine, that waiter an undertaker's assistant).

MARY: Jack, look..the show is about to start.

JACK: Good, I'm anxious to hear this guy Phil Harris.

(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

PHIL: (CORNY) HI YA, FOLKS! ^{uh} WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE CLUB..THIS IS YOUR ORCHESTRA LEADER AND MASTER OF CEREMONIES..THE ONE AND ONLY PHIL HARRIS...ARE YA GLAD TO SEE ME?

(SOUND: THREE MEN APPLAUD SLOWLY)

PHIL: WELL..WE GOT A NICE CROWD HERE TONIGHT.

JACK: ^{hey} (Mary, ^{many} he's got a ^{sweet} nice personality.)

MARY: (We'll see.)

PHIL: AND SPEAKIN' OF CROWDS, FOLKS..A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE CLUB TODAY...A GUY WALKED UP TO ME AND SAID, "HEY HARRIS, WHERE'D YOU GET THE BLACK EYE?" SO I TOLD HIM IT WAS A BIRTH MARK..AND HE SAID, "A BIRTHMARK?"... AND I SAID, "YEAH, I GOT IN THE WRONG BERTH!"...HA HA HAHA... NO LADY, DON'T EXPLAIN IT TO HIM...IF HE DON'T GET IT, LET HIM SUFFER, LET HIM LAY THERE.

JACK: Ha ha ha ha..Hey Mary, ^{many} ^{let} do you get it?

MARY: I got it all over me.

JACK: Shhh, quiet..he's good.

PHIL: ^{hey} HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, FOLKS..THIS 'LL EMBALM YA!

JACK: Ha ha ha..embalm ya.

NELSON: Did somebody call for me?

JACK: Quiet, quiet. He's gonna tell another joke.

VR

ATX01 0313679

PHIL: ^{Keep} GET THIS, FOLKS.

MEL: SING, YOU BUM!

PHIL: THERE HAS BEEN A REQUEST THAT I SING, SO NOW I'M GONNA DO A
NUMBER I WROTE MYSELF ^{lets} ENTITLED "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT
THE SOUTH."

(LOUSY INTRO)

PHIL: WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY
LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OLD MAMMY
SHE'S FRYING EGGS AND BROILING HAMMY
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

(BAND FINISH)

PHIL: WELL, FOLKS, THAT CONCLUDES OUR FIRST SHOW, BUT DON'T GO
'WAY..THERE'LL BE ANOTHER ^{complete} SENSATIONAL SHOW IN FIVE MINUTES.

JACK: Ha ha ha..Say Mary, this guy is terrific.. He'd be great
on the radio.. He's got something new, something different.

MARY: Oh, you say that every time you see a man with hair.

JACK: ^{Just} Mary, I don't care what you think.....I'm going to get him
over here....Hey waiter....waiter..

NELSON: Yes?

JACK: Will you please bring the orchestra leader over to my table?

NELSON: I'm sorry, he doesn't come with the thirty-five cent dinner.

JACK: Never mind the wisecracks, bring him over here.

NELSON: All right, all right.

JACK: I don't know, Mary, ^{just} this guy Harris ^{really} has a great--

SARA: (NASAL) CIGARETTES..CIGARETTES....KEWPIE DOLLS, GARDENIAS,
AND RAZOR BLADES.

JACK: Hmm..imagine, razor blades...Oh Miss, give me a package of cigarettes, please.

SARA: Yes sir...what kind?

JACK: Lucky Strikes.

MARY: *H* Jack, do you smoke Lucky Strikes?

JACK: Certainly, Mary, they're wonderful..And who can tell *you know* I may be working for them some day....Oh by the way, Miss, what's that you've got on your tray there, tied up in pink ribbon?

SARA: That's a lock of Mr. Harris's hair, twenty cents.

JACK: Oh..Well, I don't want it.

SARA: You better take it..This is the last one left, and we don't shear him again till the first of the month.

JACK: No, ^{no} thanks just the same.

SARA: Here are your Luckies.

JACK: Thank you.....Say Mary, she's kind of cute.

MARY: Oh, you fell for--

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a minute, *wait a minute* here comes Phil Harris.

PHIL: Hey, I understand one of you cookies wants to see me.

JACK: Why yes, yes, sit down..This is Miss Livingstone.

PHIL: *H*, Hiya, babe.

JACK: And my name is Jack Benny.

PHIL: Look, Bud, I ain't got much time..What did you want to see me about?

JACK: Well, I wanted to talk to you about a job.

PHIL: *A* job?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: Can you wait on tables?

RG

JACK: No-no, I don't mean that. You see, I have a radio program, and I'd like you and your band to be on my show, Mr. Harris.

PHIL: Just call me Curly.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Till the first of the month.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, oh yes, ^{you} the cigarette girl told me ^{yes} Now Mr. Harris.... radio is a different type of work...You read music, of course.

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: ^{Music} Music, notes, arrangements..What's that on your music racks?

PHIL: TERMITES, THE JOINT'S LOUSY WITH 'PM....HA HA HA HA....OH HARRIS, HOW CAN YOU BE SO BRIGHT WHEN IT'S SO DARK DOWN HERE.

JACK: You see, Mary, this guy's got a terrific sense of humor... he'll probably be able to write my ^{joke} ~~gags~~ for me....

MARY: (WHISPERS) I'll settle if he can just write.

JACK: Now look Harris, I want you on my program...so if you'll meet me Sunday morning at the studio, we'll talk it over.

PHIL: Okay, I'll be there... HEY MAC, SPRINKLE THE FLOOR AGAIN, THE CUSTOMERS WANT TO DANCE....

(TRANSITION MUSIC:)

JACK: And that Mr. Kearns, is how I met Phil Harris.

KEARNS: Well, that's quite a story..And Mr. Benny, just how did you discover Dennis Day?

JACK: Dennis Day? Well, to tell you the truth, Mary discovered him.

RG

KFARNS: Really?

JACK: Yes. It was about ten years ago..I was looking for a singer for my program..(FADING)..and one day Mary came rushing into my house.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Jack...Jack--

JACK: Right here, Mary, what is it?

MARY: Have you found a new singer yet?

JACK: No.

MARY: Well, I found one. His name is Dennis Day. Look, here's a picture of him...

JACK: Say..if the kid can sing, he's just what I want....look at that face...those bright intelligent eyes. ~~Mary, have you heard him sing?~~

MARY: *I know you'd like it, so I called his lawyer and*
~~I have a record that he made. Just a minute, I'll play~~
and he'll come right over so you could meet him.
~~it for you.~~

JACK: ~~-----~~Okay..

(APPLAUSE) ~~-----~~

(DENNIS'S SONG) ~~-----~~

(APPLAUSE) ~~-----~~

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~Just know he -~~
Hm...he must be a hammy little kid...he recorded the
applause and everything.

MARY: Jack, did you like ~~that voice?~~ *and he does imitations*

JACK: Yes, ^{no} Mary, I think he's fine.

MARY: I knew you'd like it...so I called his house and
told him to come right over so you could meet him.

JACK: Well, Mary, when he gets here, let me do all the---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: *H*, Maybe that's him now. *Come in. I'll answer the door.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

MARY: That's Mr. Benny over there.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Say, kid -

DENNIS: Yes, please?

JACK: Hmm...Say..you're really polite, aren't you?

DENNIS: Oh yes. My mother told me never to be fresh to old folks.

JACK: Hm..Now, kid, ^{how} would you like to be on the radio?

DENNIS: *H* I would like that very much. In fact, I'd like to get
any kind of a job...then I wouldn't have to let my father
cut my hair.

MARY: Your father cuts your hair?

DENNIS: Yeah..Yesterday while he was giving me a trim, he cut
one of my ears off.

TF

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JACK: Cut one of your ears off?...Wait a minute, kid..you've
got two ears.

DENNIS: Now, yes.

JACK: Hm..^{look} Mary -- I don't --

*Mary's husband, ah Jack looks, Jack, Jack
Jack! He'll never do, he'll never do this.
Help, he won't be good, I'm helping you.*

MARY: But Jack, you can just use him to sing..he doesn't have to
say anything.

*surely he
can do that
line.*

JACK: I guess so. Well, kid, how would you like to work on my
program?

DENNIS: ^{well} I'll have to ask my mother first.

JACK: Your mother?

DENNIS: She's right outside. I'll ^Pcall her.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Oh, mother -- *mother*

VERNA: "COMING!"

DENNIS: Don't mind her greasy overalls, she just came from work.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: Mother, this is Mr. Benny.

VERNA: How do you do?

JACK: *How do you do,*
Now, Mrs. Day, I heard a record of your son's voice,
and I'd like to --

(SOUND: HEAVY CLUNK)

JACK: (Hm, she had to put her pipe wrench on my piano.)

VERNA: What are you mumbling about!

JACK: Mrs. Day, I'd like to have your son on my radio program.

VERNA: OH, MR. BENNY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO US...
JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO MY SON WAS NOTHING...AND NOW HE'S
THE STAR OF YOUR SHOW.

JACK: Star?

VERNA: HE'LL HAVE LINES TO READ...SONGS TO SING...HE'LL HAVE
HIS OWN DRESSING ROOM AND HE'LL BE TREATED WITH THE UTMOST
RESPECT.

DENNIS: Yeah..utmost.

JACK: Now look, Mrs. Day, I want your boy to be on my program..
but I just want him to sing a song.

VERNA: Are you trying to hold him down? My boy ^{has} ~~got~~ talent!
He'll sing two songs or I'll---

JACK: Mrs. Day, put down that wrench!

(SOUND: HEAVY KLUNK)

JACK: Not on the piano!

VERNA: Don't shout at me!

JACK: Nobody is shouting...And you've got a lot of nerve invading
the privacy of a men's ^{house} home...After all, this is a private
home.

VERNA: What's private about it!..You've got a lemonade stand
on the lawn, a juke box in the living room, a pay phone
in the hall, and a row of Bendix washing machines on the
back porch.

DENNIS: There's no business like show business.

JACK: Now, look Mrs. Day, if you want your boy to be on my
program, just be at my lawyer's office tomorrow morning.

DENNIS: Gee, he's suing us already.

JACK: I'm not suing you and go already. See I'm afraid -
Mary - really.

TF

KEARNS: (LAUGHING) That was quite a story, Mr. Benny. And I understand that through the years Dennis has learned to love you like a father.

JACK: Yes, but his mother still hates me.

KEARNS: By the way, Mr. Benny, while you're off the air for the summer, who's gonna replace you?

JACK: *h*, I'm glad you asked me that....We have a wonderful show for the summer. *new* My time every Sunday will be filled by Guy Lombardo and his orchestra....and it's really a very *hell* fine show.

KEARNS: Oh yes, yes. He's great.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: SAY BOSS, YOU'LL BE ON IN A FEW MINUTES.

JACK: *x*, Thanks, Rochester. Well, I've gotta run along now, Mr. Kearns..Goodbye.

KEARNS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

KEARNS: Say, Rochester, you've been with Mr. Benny for a long time, haven't you?

ROCH: OH YES, ABOUT TWELVE YEARS.

KEARNS: Twelve years...Say, that *is a* ~~is~~ a long time.

ROCH: YES SIR.

KEARNS: Well, Rochester, I suppose your salary has increased considerably since you first started.

ROCH: WELL...MR. BENNY GAVE ME RAISES FOR THE FIRST FOUR YEARS.. AND THEN *it* SUDDENLY ~~IT~~ STOPPED.

KEARNS: Why, what happened?

TF

ROCH: HE ADOPTED ME.

KEARNS: Oh. ^g Say Rochester, what's that lying on the dressing table?

ROCH: OH-OH...MR. BENNY FORGOT IT.

(SOUND: COUPLE FAST FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, BOSS, BOSS!

JACK: (OFF MIKE) YES, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YOU FORGOT IT AGAIN.

JACK: OH..WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET RIGHT ON ^{the} STAGE...THROW
IT TO ME.

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE...PLOP)

ROCH: WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW, HE CAUGHT IT RIGHT ON HIS HEAD.

.....SEE YOU LATER, MR. KEARNS.

KEARNS: Goodbye, Rochester.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

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.
Thank you.

all

(APPLAUSE)

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

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, one of our great national hazards is fire. Each year more than 10,000 people lose their lives in fire, and in 9 cases out of 10, these fires are caused by carelessness. Be sure it doesn't happen to you. Put that match or cigarette out before you discard it. Take every precaution to prevent fires. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 11, 1950)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: In a cigarette mildness is a true measure of smoking enjoyment. So light up a Lucky because ...

HIESTAND: Luckies are milder -- smoother and milder -- with never a rough puff. Yes, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: These scientific tests are confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, and they prove ...

HIESTAND: Lucky Strike mildest of six major brands tested.

SHARBUTT: And no wonder! It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette -- and ...

HIESTAND: IS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

HIESTAND: So for more, real deep-down smoking enjoyment -- for a milder-tasting cigarette with never a rough puff, smoke a Lucky. You'll enjoy the smooth, rich taste of Luckies' fine tobacco. You'll prove to yourself what scientific tests prove ... Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand of cigarettes! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

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(TAG)

JACK: Well, folks, this closes another season...but we'll be with you again on Sunday, September 10th. In the meantime, be sure to listen to Guy Lombardo and his orchestra....I want to thank everybody connected with my show and all you listeners for making this past season so pleasant.....Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day In The Life of Dennis Day"^{don't miss this at this time}...stay tuned for the Amos and Andy Show ^{by Guy Lombardo & his orchestra see next} which follows immediately...And remember next Sunday ^{at this time it's Guy Lombardo and his orchestra} at this time it's Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. ^{program. Cause so you're interested.}
TRANSCRIBED, THIS IS CBS, THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

~~TRANSCRIBED, THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.~~

~~TRANSCRIBED, THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.~~