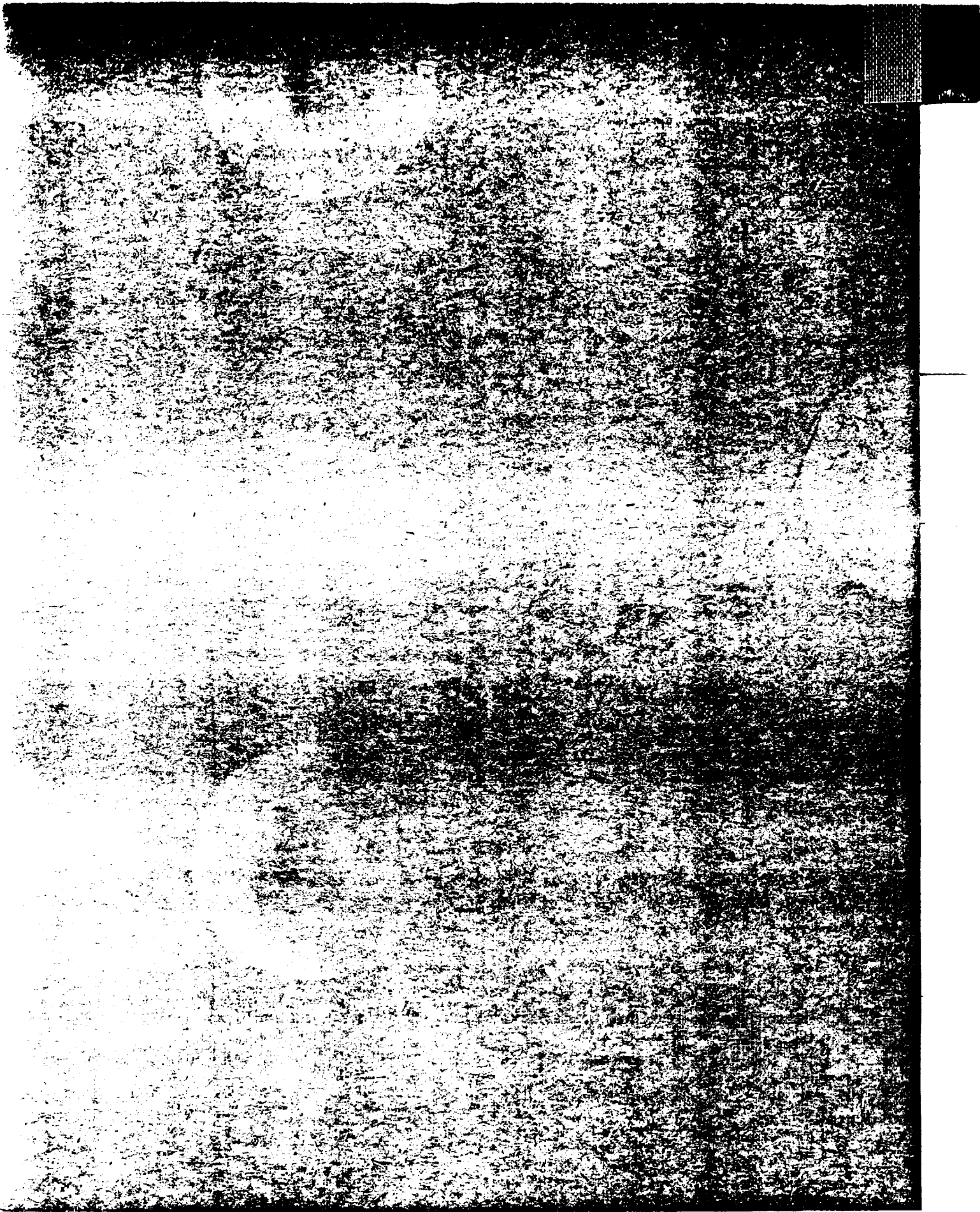


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UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

ATTORNEY GENERAL

WASHINGTON, D.C.



PROGRAM #1
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

AS BROADCAST

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM CDT

DJ

ATX01 0098329

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 10, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

MAN: To pick the mildest cigarette
You don't need sleight of hand.
Taste Luckies' magic mildness, then
They'll be your favorite brand!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

GIRL: I wash and scrub, and cook and sew
And still I sing a song --
Because I never work alone ...
I've Lucky Strike along!

CHORUS: Be happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(CONT'D NEXT PAGE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 10, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette. Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette -- Lucky Strike! For only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY
LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, ^{and the Sportsmen's Quartet} AND "YOURS
TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

(SOUND: WALKING HORSE'S HOOFS..~~WITH LIGHT RATTLE~~

~~OF MILK BOTTLES~~..HOOFS FADE TO BACKGROUND)

SNUFFY: Gee, Uncle Jim, it sure is nice of you to take me on your
milk route.

KEARNS: I thought you'd get a kick out of it, Elmer.

SNUFFY: (EXCITED) Yeah..wait till I get home and tell all the kids in
Calabasas. *yipee!*

KEARNS: Shh! ... Not so loud, Elmer..people are asleep.

SNUFFY: Asleep! .. At eleven thirty?

KEARNS: ^{Ok yeah---} This is Beverly Hills ... Sleeping till noon is a privilege
reserved for the rich.

SNUFFY: Gee, in Calabasas if you ain't up by seven, you're a bum.

KEARNS: ^{yes-} I know.

(SOUND: HORSE'S HOOFS CONTINUE)

KEARNS: ^{Oh} Well, there's Mr. Benny's house..Whoa, Deborah, whoa.

(SOUND: HOOFS STOP)

MEL: (BLOWS LIKE HORSE)

KEARNS: Come on now .. up over the curb..easy, Deborah, easy.

(SOUND: CLATTER OF HOOFS AND WAGON WHEELS GOING
OVER THE CURB)

DJ

ah--
KEARNS: ^ There you are.

MEL: (BLOWS .. NEIGHS .. BLOWS)

SNUFFY: Uncle Jim, what did you drive your wagon up here for?

KEARNS: Mr. Benny is gone for the summer..and I pay him fifty cents a week to let my horse graze on his lawn...oh-oh
oh He must be back from Europe .. there's a milk bottle on the porch with a note in it. I better see what it says.

(SOUND: JUMPING OFF WAGON..FEW FOOTSTEPS..FOOTSTEPS
UP COUPLE STEPS...RATTLE OF MILK BOTTLES)

ah--
KEARNS: Hm.^ the note's from Mr. Benny...."Dear Milkman...Please leave two quarts of milk. I have just returned from London where I was acclaimed the greatest sensation ever to appear at the Palladium Theatre, and a pint of cream..."
...Well, I better find out if they want me to resume regular service.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER..DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Well, good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, MR. MILKMAN!

(APPLAUSE)

KEARNS: Glad to see you back, Rochester. How was your trip to Europe?

ROCH: OH, WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL.. I WAS IN ROME, VENICE, MONTE CARLO , LONDON AND PARIS.

KEARNS: Where did you have the best time?

ROCH: LAST NIGHT ON CENTRAL AVENUE.....WHAT A PARTY!

KEARNS: Well, tell me, Rochester, was this as big as the farewell party they gave you when you went away?

ROCH: SAME ONE, IT'S STILL GOING ON.

KEARNS: NO!

ROCH: YEAH..THEY DIDN'T EVEN MISS ME.

DEARNS: Well, I've gotta run along now, Rochester. I'll continue your regular service.

ROCH: THANK YOU. SEE YOU IN A FORTNIT.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS IN HOUSE)

ROCH: DOGGONE, IT'S SURE GOOD TO BE HOME..AND I HOPE IT'S THE LAST TIME MR. BENNY DRAGS ME TO EUROPE...WHAT A TRIP...EVERYBODY ELSE TAKES THE QUEEN MARY OR THE QUEEN ELIZABETH.....BUT NOT US!.....WE HAD OUR CHOICE OF THE NEENA, THE PINTA OR THE SANTA MARIA.....OH-OH..LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS. MR. BENNY STARTS HIS FIRST PROGRAM TODAY. I BETTER SEE IF HE'S UP.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR)

ROCH: MR. BENNY.....MR. BENNY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

(APPLAUSE)

ROCH: WELL, YOU'RE ~~ALREADY~~ DRESSED ALREADY.

JACK: Yes sir. Up, dressed, and rarin' to go. Just think, Rochester, I've been off the air since May and here it is September. That's a long lay-off.

ROCH: IT SURE IS, BOSS.

JACK: But it has been a nice vacation..and now it'll be good to get back to my millions of listeners. I wonder what they've been doing all summer.

ROCH: MOST OF 'EM ^{been swimming} ~~SWIM~~ THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

JACK: Oh yes, we almost hit a couple with the Santa Maria... Rochester, I better have something to eat before I go to the studio... What have we got in the ice box?

ROCH: WELL, THERE'S STILL A LITTLE OF THAT THANKSGIVING TURKEY LEFT.

JACK: There is? I thought we ate the last of that in Scotland.. Didn't we?

ROCH: NO, BUT WE HAD IT DOWN THIN ENOUGH SO WE COULD MAKE A WISH.

JACK: Oh ^{Yah} ~~Yah~~..Well, Rochester, I'll just have some orange juice and a cup of coffee.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS "SEPTEMBER SONG") OH, IT'S A LONG LONG TIME....FROM MAY TO DECEMBER...AND THE DOUGH RUNS SHORT...WHEN YOU REACH SEPTEMBER....LA LA LA LA LA LA..LA LA LA..LA LA...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Don!

DON: Hello, Jack, good to see you.

(APPLAUSE)

DJ

nice--

JACK: ^ Nice to see you too, Don...Come on in.

DON: Just a minute, Jack. What happened to your lawn?

JACK: My lawn?

DON: I don't know who's been taking care of it, but look at the way that grass is cut. It's so uneven.

JACK: Hmm..I would get a horse with a tooth missing...Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DON: Well, Jack, tell me all about your trip to Europe. Did you have a good time?

It was great

JACK: ~~Wonderful~~, Don, just wonderful.

DON: That's swell. How was your engagement at the Palladium? Were you a big hit?

~~JACK: Was I a big hit? .. Don~~

~~ROCK: GET DOWN, MR. WILSON, YOU HAVE STARTED A FILLIQUINER~~

~~JACK: Rochester, just got my orange juice?~~

~~ROCK: YES SIR.~~

~~JACK: Now what was that you asked me, Don?~~

~~DON: I asked you if you were going to be a big hit at the Palladium?~~
a big hit?

JACK: ^ Don...Don, you've known me a long time, haven't you?

DON: *yes,* Yes, I have, Jack.

JACK: And you know that I'm not the kind of a fellow who boasts or brags.

DON: ...Well...

JACK: What?...Well, what I'm trying to say is..well..Don, my engagement at the Palladium was absolutely sensational. In all modesty I can say it was a personal triumph.

DJ

DON: ^{well, I'm---} I'm glad to hear that, Jack. You know, a few weeks ago I appeared at the Hollywood Bowl in the Vagabond King..and I was a big hit, too.

JACK: ^{well} Good, good .. what part did you play, Don?

DON: I was all the king's men...(LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)

JACK:Don...Don...Meloncholy Baby.... Don, I ~~don't~~ know what you're laughing at, but ~~no~~ I still ---

ROCH: HERE'S YOUR ORANGE JUICE, BOSS.

JACK: Oh, thanks, Rochester.

ROCH: AND I BROUGHT ~~you~~ WHAT'S LEFT OF THAT TURKEY.

JACK: Good good. Would you like a piece, Don?

DON: ^{Oh,} No thanks, that turkey looks awful.

ROCH: IF YOU THINK IT LOOKS BAD NOW, YOU OUGHTA SEE IT'S PASSPORT PICTURE.

JACK: So what? Who takes a good passport picture? Anyway, Don, I'm glad that you^{--don, I'm glad that you} had some work during the summer because --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Excuse me ... COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, Dennis!

DON: Hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: H'ya, Don...Hello, Mr. Benny.

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

DJ

JACK: Dennis, it's so good to see you. Gosh, it's been almost four months.

DENNIS: ^{Oh} It's good to see you too, Mr. Benny. ^{Yes,} I sure missed you.

JACK: Well, thanks, Dennis. I missed you, too.

DENNIS: Gee whiz, I thought you'd never get back.

JACK: Well, ^{gee} that's sweet, kid.

DENNIS: How was your engagement at the Palladium?

JACK: ^{Oh} It was wonderful, Dennis, just wonderful.

DENNIS: I heard you were a big flop.

JACK: ...You..You heard I was a flop? Who told you that?

DENNIS: My mother.

JACK: Now you're just being ridiculous. How would your mother know?

DENNIS: ^{Well,} She was the second mate on the Santa Maria.

JACK: Oh stop..For your information, kid, I was a very big hit at the Palladium. If you don't believe me, ask Don.

DENNIS: How would Don know?

JACK: I told him that's how... Now look, Kid.. today I'm starting my nineteenth year in radio, we'll soon be going to the studio, and for once I'd like to start a program without aggravation. Is that asking too much?

DENNIS: Not in a democracy, no.

JACK: ^{It's not} ~~It's not~~ asking too much anywhere...Now let's hear the song you're gonna do for the first ^{show} ~~program~~.

DENNIS: ~~Okay~~ Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG...."GOODNIGHT, IRENE".)

(APPLAUSE)

DJ

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Oh Dennis---} ^ Dennis that was swell. You certainly picked a good song for the first show.

DON: Yes, Dennis, and your voice is better than ever.

JACK: It certainly is, kid. And it has a richer quality.

DENNIS: That's because of my tonsils.

JACK: Your tonsils? You had those taken out a year ago.

DENNIS: I put 'em back in again.

JACK: Now cut that out!...Dennis, I told you that I don't want a start out ^a ~~the~~ new season ~~having---~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, look'who's here.

DENNIS & DON: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, fellows.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mary, I thought you were going right to the studio.

MARY: I was, Jack, but I got to thinking that this is our nineteenth year on the radio, and..well, I thought it would be nice if you and I went down together.

JACK: Aw, that's sweet.

DON: Say Mary, you really look wonderful today..and that's a cute dress you're wearing.

MARY: ^{Well,} ^ Thanks, Don. I bought it for our first program.

JACK: ^{when did you buy it?} Oh, Oh, ~~then you just got it this week?~~

PH

MARY: ~~No~~, nineteen years ago, it's back in style again.

JACK: You see, Mary, I'm right...never throw anything away.

DON: Say Mary, you were over in Europe this summer, too, weren't you?

MARY: Yes, Don ...^{and} we had a wonderful time.

DON: Jack told us what a big hit he was at the London Palladium.

MARY: Yes, he was. He did very well.

DENNIS: (AS OLD TIMER) That ain't the way I heard it.

JACK: I don't care what you heard^{Dennis--}. You should've been there, ~~Dennis~~. You would've seen an audience stand up and cheer for ten minutes.

DENNIS: When was that:

MARY: The night the king walked in.

JACK: Yeah..right in the middle of one of my best jokes.

MARY: Jack, did you tell the boys ~~about~~ what a sensation Phil Harris was?

JACK: Well....

DON: No, Mary, Jack didn't even mention Phil.

MARY: He didn't?

JACK: Look, Mary --

MARY: Then I'll tell you. Phil was absolutely a riot with his songs. He took a dozen encores, and they just wouldn't let him off the stage.

DON: Oh, I'm so glad to hear that about Phil...Jack, why didn't you say something about it?

~~JACK: Well...~~

MARY: Because he's jealous.

PH

JACK: ~~Mary, no jealous of Phil Harris...~~ Don't be silly, *I wasn't*
jealous of Phil Harris.

MARY: Then why did you go around London telling everybody he was
Jack the Ripper?

JACK: I just did that for a gag.

MARY: Some gag, they almost hanged him.

JACK: That was after he sang That's What I Like About The South...
He did the last three choruses with his feet off the ground...
Now come on, kids, we better get down to the studio.

DON: Where's Phil?

JACK: *Well,*
^ He's down at CBS already rehearsing the band.....Come on, *let's go.*

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

JACK: You know, kids, it'll be nice getting back to the *old* ---

MEL: (HORSE BLOWS)

JACK: Get off the lawn, you've had enough *and have your tooth fixed.*
^ Come on, Mary, I'll
drive down with you..See you at the studio, fellows.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...THEN STOP)

JACK: Well Mary..here we are...Studio B..Same old place..Gee, it's
good to be back.

MARY: Yeah..there's always something exciting about starting a new
season.

JACK: Uh huh...Gosh, when I think of all the great programs we've
done from this studio...Come on, let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *ah*
^ Gee, the old place sure-~~looks~~ ---

MEL: HEY YOU, BUD..WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

JACK: Who, me?

PH

MEL: YEAH..YOU'RE STANDING RIGHT IN THE RANGE OF THE CAMERA.

JACK: Camera?

NELSON: UH UH UH UH..WATCH OUT, CLUMSY, DON'T KNOCK OVER THOSE LIGHTS.

JACK: Lights? Camera? What's going on here?

NELSON: Can't you see, we're in the middle of a television program.

JACK: Television! But I'm supposed to do a radio show in this studio.

MEL: What kind of a show?

JACK: Radio!

MEL: (PUZZLED) Radio?

NELSON: Think back, Joe,....you can remember.

MARY: Jack, maybe we made a mistake.

JACK: (MAD) HOW CAN WE MAKE A MISTAKE..THIS IS STUDIO B AND --

MEL: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKES, MISTER, GET OUT OF THE WAY..WE'RE TELEVISIONING A PROGRAM.

JACK: BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW --

NELSON: DON'T YOU SEE THE RED LIGHT ON THE CAMERA? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

JACK: I'M WAITING FOR IT TO TURN GREEN! Anyway, I won't leave.. this is my studio...I'm Jack Benny.

MEL: Jack who?

JACK: Benny.

NELSON: Think back, Joe..you can remember.

~~JACK: Now wait a minute, Joe~~

~~MARY: Jack, please~~
Joe... he looks like Deborah - Look, fellows, there must be --

JACK: ~~Look,~~ fellows, there must be some mistake...we always do our radio show from here.

PH

MEL: I don't know anything about that, this is a television studio now and --- Hey, wait a minute..there was some guy named Harris here before..we sent him over to studio F.

JACK: Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?..Come on, Mary.

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

Hummm --
JACK: ^ They've got a lot of nerve changing my studio..The least that CBS could have done was to discuss this change with me.

MARY: Jack, you were in Europe all summer.

JACK: ...Well..they could have talked to my writers.

MARY: They were in Honolulu.

JACK: ...Well...then they could have talked to my agent.

MARY: He was in Alcatraz.

JACK: Oh yes...what a coincidence..we all took boat trips this summer..Well, here's studio F..Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (OFF) All right, fellows..now let's try it once more..A-one a-two-- a --

JACK: Phil!

PHIL: OH, HIYA, JACKSON,...HELLO, LIVVY.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Hello, Phil..how are things going?

PHIL: *Oh* Fine^{*Liv---*}..we're still rehearsing the opening number..I'll be with you in just a minute, *take a seat, Clyde.*

JACK: Okay, Phil.....we'll wait.

PH

PHI: ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS ^{now} LET'S GO..(FAST AND LOUD)..ONE, TWO, THREE
FOUR, A ROOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT, HIT IT!

(BAND DOES GUY LOMBARDO'S THEME SONG..SLOWLY AND SWEETLY)

JACK: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE..WAIT A MINUTE..PHIL..HOLD IT ^{Phil} HOLD IT! *Hold it!*

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: PHIL...PHIL...

PHIL: What's wrong, Jackson?

JACK: Wrong?...You're playing Guy Lombardo's theme song.. He
was our summer replacement.

PHIL: Well, why didn't he take his music off the stands?

JACK: I'm glad he didn't, he may be with us next week.

MARY: Say Phil, have you got the same musicians this year?

PHIL: Yeah..Bagby, Remley, Kimick, Sammy,--same old gang.

JACK: Where's Fletcher the trombone player?

PHIL: ^{Oh, Fletcher ---} He'll be a little late. His wife's gonna have her tenth baby
so they put her in the clink.

JACK: Put her in the clink!

MARY: Phil, why would they do that?

PHIL: I don't know, but it said so right on the door .. C...L...I...
N....I....C.

JACK: That's clinic..clink!

PHIL: What's the difference, she can't get out.

JACK: All right, all right..Now look, Phil, instead of rehearsing
Guy Lombardo's theme song, why don't you --

DON: Hello, Phil.

DENNIS: H'ya, Phil.

PHIL: Well, Don ^{and} Dennis... ^{it's glad} ~~good~~ to see you. You guys are a sight for pink eyes.

JACK: He admits it yet.

DON: Say, Phil, Mary was telling me what a big hit you were at the Palladium in London.

PHIL: ^{Oh, Mary, huh - oh} ~~Well~~, bless your heart, Liv ^{you pretty thing --- hey}...Donsy, you would've been ^{so} proud of me. To quote the words of one of England's foremost critics..he wrote--"When Phil Harris walked out to the center of the stage, the vociferous ovation was not only tumultuous, but it finally reached a crescendo bordering on pandemonium."

JACK: That he could read, but clinic is clink.

MARY: ^{how--} Now wait a minute, Jack..you must admit that Phil was a big hit.

JACK: All right, all right, so Phil was a hit...What about me?

DENNIS: I heard you were a big flop.

JACK: You keep out of this...You know, for a kid who ~~doesn't~~ ---

HERB: OKAY FOLKS...CLEAR THE STAGE, WE'VE GOT TO SET THE CAMERAS UP ...HEY MACK, PUT THE LIGHTS ON BOTH SIDES AND--

JACK: Now wait a minute.

HERB: DON'T ARGUE, CHUM...WE GOTTA DO A TELEVISION SHOW HERE IN HALF AN HOUR.

JACK: But I thought this was my--

MARY: ^{oh} Come on, Jack, we'll find another studio.

JACK: Okay, let's go.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

PH

JACK: ~~Oh, Phil~~

~~Phil~~

JACK: ~~You've been home from London over a month now. Take that
over to the bank.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, Mary, ^{I don't know---} I know that television is important, but if CBS thinks they can push me around, they've got another think coming..I'm gonna take this up with my agent next visiting day...This is awful.

MARY: Jack, Jack, look...that studio across the hall has a sign on the door that says "Lucky Strike."

JACK: Oh ^{yeah} ~~yes~~...that must be ours... let's go in.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS..MARCHING)

JACK: Hey Mary, look at the way those--

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Quiet please, we're doing a Lucky Strike Commercial for television.

JACK: ^{A commercial?}

MARY: Jack, look at those cigarettes marching.

JACK: Yeah.

MEL: HUP, TWO, THREE, FOUR..HUP, TWO, THREE, FOUR..TO THE LEFT
FLANK, MARCH!

PH

ATX01 0098346

(DRUMMING)

QUART: WHEN YOU HEAR THAT DRUMMIN'
 YOU WILL KNOW WE'RE COMIN'
 AND THE LUCKY STRIKES ARE ON PARADE
 THERE'S NEVER A SLIP, AND WE NEVER TRIP
 SO PERFECT ARE WE MADE
 YOU CAN HEAR THAT BEAT
 A'COMIN' DOWN THE STREET
 YOU OUGHTA GET IN STEP WITH LUCKY STRIKE
 FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING SATISFACTION
 LUCKY'S THE ONE YOU'LL LIKE
 WE ARE ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
 AND JUST AS MILD AS WE CAN BE
 BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE
 AND SMOKE AN L S M F T
 AND WHEN YOU HEAR THAT SOLD AMERICAN
 EVERY TOM AND DICK AND HARRY CAN
 LIGHT A LUCKY AND START PUFFIN' IT
 NOTHING BEATS A LUCKY STRIKE.
 THERE'S NO ROUGH PUFF, NO PUFF THAT'S ROUGH
 SO CLEAR THE WAY, IT'S LUCKY'S TODAY
 LSMFT, LSMFT, LSMFT, LSMFT
 FOR ~~THE~~ ^{the} FULL RICH TASTE OF FINE TOBACCO YOU ~~ARE~~ ^{are} SURE TO LIKE
 THERE IS NOTHING HALF AS GOOD AS PUFFIN' ON A LUCKY STRIKE
 LSMFT, LSMFT.. LSMFT... LSMFT...

(SOUND: MARCHING OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ES

(THIRD ROUTINE)

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

MARY: Jack, wasn't that wonderful?

JACK: It certainly was, Mary, it's amazing the strides that television has been making these past ~~years~~

MARY: Jack, what's that on your hands?

JACK: Huh? Oh, darn..it's paint...I must have touched a piece of scenery...Excuse me a minute, I'll go wash it off.

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL..THEN DOOR OPENS
AND CLOSES)JACK: Oh no--a camera in here!.....I guess they're just storing
it ⁱⁿ here temporarily...Where's some soap.

(SOUND: WATER RUNNING..SPLASHING)

JACK: There, that's better.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ^{Mary.}

MARY: (OFF) Oh Jack...I'm over here at Studio G..It's the only one we haven't gone into yet.

JACK: Okay, Mary...let's try it. *Try anything.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

ALAN: (OFF) All right, if the camera and lights are set, let's rehearse that scene again, huh?

MARY: Look, Jack..it's Alan Young!

JACK: Oh, yes.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Alan. ^{Alan Young,} ~~Alan~~ what are you doing here?

ALAN: I'm rehearsing my television show. .

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Say Alan, how do you like being in television?

ALAN: Oh, it's wonderful, Mary..it's so exciting..and, Jack, I think you oughta ^{get} into it, too.

JACK: Well, I am scheduled to do a few shows this year..but, Alan, don't you think that television is pretty tough on radio actors?

ALAN: Well, television is hard work, Jack, and there's no question that it isn't going to be easy on the older radio stars...

JACK: Uh huh.

ALAN: ^{Oh} But that shouldn't worry a man like you..You're in your late thirties, aren't you?

MARY: It's later than you think.

JACK: Yes, ^{next year, you see} I'll be forty again--~~forty next year~~....^{I mean I'll be forty.} But Alan, how do you think I'll photograph on television??

ALAN: Jack, you don't need to worry about that ^{at all--}. They've got wonderful make-up men ^{see--}. They can remove wrinkles from your face..they can broaden your eyebrows..they can take away your double chin..Why, gosh, they can ^{they can} do anything.

JACK: Well, how do you think my hair will photograph?

ALAN: I don't know, let's throw it in front of the camera and see.

JACK: Oh no, you're not gonna throw this one.

MARY: Don't worry, it always lands on it's feet.

JACK: ^{Mary, please.}

KEARNS: (OFF) ALL RIGHT, MR. YOUNG, WE'RE READY TO START ..

THE REHEARSAL.

ALAN: Will you excuse me now, I have to go.

MARY: Certainly...Goodbye, Alan.

JACK: So long, Alan..Oh, by the way, Alan..One more thing I'd like to ask you. I don't wanta get personal, but how did you get into television?

ES

ALAN: ^{well,} I went in to wash my hands and there I was.

JACK: Oh, Oh...Well, good bye.

ALAN: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, ~~back~~, it's almost time for our broadcast.

DON: OH, JACK..JACK...

JACK: Here come Don, *maybe he knows.*

DON: Jack, where are we gonna go? Every studio I've looked into has been converted to television. Where are we going to *do the* broadcast ^{of} our show?

JACK: I'll find out right now. I'm going upstairs and see Mr. Meighan..He's the head man at CBS on the west coast..Come on, Mary, I'm tired of being pushed around.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING UP)

JACK: I have trouble every year. It it isn't my cast, it's my writers..If it isn't my writers, it's my agent..If it isn't my agent, it's his parole board...But ^{I'm ---} I'm gonna get a studio to broadcast from if I have to -- (FOOTSTEPS STOP)
Oh, here's Mr. Meighan;s office.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Pardon me, I'm looking for Mr. Meighan.

MEIGHAN: I'm Mr. Meighan.

JACK: Well, I'm Jack Benny.

MEIGHAN: Oh yes..on the radio.

JACK: Mary, he remembers, he remembers!

^{Oh} MEIGHAN: Of course I do...Now what can I do for you, Jack?

JACK: Plenty...I came down here this afternoon with my entire cast to do my first show of the season, and what do I find?.... every single studio in the building is occupied...Now tell me, where am I going to do my radio program?

MEIGHAN: Oh yes, your radio program..We've got to find you a studio... I think I know where I can get ^{you} one..Excuse me..

(SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK..DIAL SEVEN TIMES)

MEIGHAN: Hello, NEC?

JACK: WHAT?...What's going on here?..(GETTING MAD) ^{Now} ^ Look, Mr. Meighan..why is it every year when I start a new season, I run into trouble?....(ORCHESTRA STARTS THEME, RISING IN CRESCENDO AS JACK GETS MADDER).. FOR NINETEEN YEARS I'VE BEEN IN RADIO..NINETEEN YEARS..AND A LITTLE THING LIKE TELEVISION COMES IN DISRUPTS EVERYTHING. WHY, JUST ONCE IN NINETEEN YEARS CAN'T I OPEN A SEASON WITHOUT TROUBLE?

(MUSIC UP FULL)

(APPLAUSE)

410

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the United States Treasury Department is conducting an intensified drive to sell more United States Savings Bonds. It is a terrific opportunity for you to create financial security and independence. If you haven't been buying Savings Bonds regularly, start now. Put more opportunity in your future. Invest in United States Savings Bonds.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 10, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

~~WILSON: Back will be back in just a moment, back Street~~

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

MAN: I'm the policeman in our town,
I walk through every street
And Lucky Strike rates right on top
With people on my beat!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

GIRL: Some claim this and some claim that
But when all is said and done ...
For full, rich taste and mildness, too
Lucky Strike's the one!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 10, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) That's right, friends --
Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Just taste the mildness, the
richness of a Lucky Strike. Here's a great cigarette.
You bet, Luckies always give you perfect mildness ...
scientific tests prove it ... prove Lucky Strike is
milder than any other principal brand. And you
always get the full, rich taste of fine tobacco
because LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
Remember, only fine tobacco gives you both real
mildness and rich taste. So friends, Be Happy --
Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

DJ

ATK01 0098353

(TAG)

JACK: Well Mary, how do you feel after doing our first broadcast?

MARY: Wonderful, Jack, wonderful..How do you feel?

JACK: Well, I should feel great. Listen to these notices....

"Jack Benny's opening show was absolutely wonderful.".....

Here's another one.."Jack Benny's personality comes through

again."..Get this one..."Jack Benny proved himself the

master showman of all time."..

MARY: But Jack, we just got off the air and you have those notices already?

JACK: Yes..come on, I wanta mail them to the newspapers...Goodnight,

Goodnight, everybody.
 (APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

DJ

PROGRAM #2
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1950

4:00 - 4:30 PM CDT

ATK01 0098355

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

GIRL: I choose my cigarettes with care
Yes, I demand perfection
And Luckies are so round and firm
They're tops in my affection.

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

MAN: I write a column full of news
And I've a scoop for you
A Lucky is a happy smoke
So mild and so rich, too!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(more)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
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Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

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Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(more)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette - Lucky Strike! For only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IT IS MORNING, AND AS WE LOOK INTO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS, HE AND ROCHESTER ARE GOING OVER THE BILLS THAT HAVE ACCUMULATED DURING THEIR ABSENCE IN EUROPE.

ROCH: HERE'S A BILL FROM THE GAS COMPANY...EIGHT DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

JACK: Eight fifty.

ROCH: ELECTRIC BILL...NINE DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

JACK: Nine seventy-five.

ROCH: HERE'S A BILL FROM THE TELEPHONE COMPANY...SIX DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS.

JACK: Wait a minute, why do we have to pay the telephone company?

ROCH: THEY COULDN'T GET IN TO OPEN THE COIN BOX.

~~JACK: Oh...they must have a new man. The other one used to come down the chimney... What else is there?~~

ROCH: LOOK, BOSS...HERE'S A BILL FROM THE SAVOY HOTEL IN LONDON.

JACK: That's right, Rochester. When I left London, I asked the Savoy to mail it to me.

ROCH: SHALL I PAY IT NOW?

Oh, I wonder how much my share will be
 JACK: ~~No, hold it a couple of months, they may devalue the pound~~
~~this month.~~
~~again....~~ Now let's see, I paid my cast and writers for the
 first show...Oh yes, I have to mail a check for commission
 to my agent.

ROCH: I BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU ABOUT THAT, BOSS...HOW DOES YOUR
 AGENT GET TO THE BANK?

JACK: He doesn't, the warden deposits it for him.

ROCH: OH..SAY, BOSS, ISN'T YOUR AGENT IN FOR TWENTY YEARS?

JACK: Yes, but he gets ten percent off for good behavior. What
 else have you got there?

ROCH: HERE'S A BILL FROM YOUR DENTIST. HE WANTS A HUNDRED DOLLARS
 DEPOSIT.

my dentist?
 JACK: *1/* Oh yes ... send that bill to my sponsor .. after all, it
 was his idea, *you know.*

ROCH: YOUR SPONSOR'S?

JACK: Yes, he thought it would be nice for television if I had
 my five front teeth fixed.

ROCH: WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR ^{five} FRONT TEETH?

JACK: Nothing, he wants to put L S M F T on them .. But I don't
 know whether I'll do it or not .. *Imagine, smiling*
Be happy - go lucky - you know the next thing -
 commercials ... The next thing you know he'll want me to --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK)

ROCH: HELLO?...WELL, HOW ARE YOU?...YEAH, WE'VE BEEN BACK FROM
 EUROPE THREE WEEKS NOW...SURE, YOU CAN COME HOME ANY TIME YOU
 WANT TO GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Who was that?

ROCH: YOUR PARROT.

JACK: Gee, it will be good to see Polly again...Now let's finish these bills, I don't want to waste all day.

ROCH: YES SIR...HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE...

WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS...THIS PREMIUM SEEMS TOO HIGH..IT'S NINETY THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

JACK: No no, ^{no} Rochester, that's not the premium, ^{that's} that's what the car is insured for.

ROCH: OH YES, ^{yes} I SEE IT RIGHT HERE....IT'S COVERED FOR FIRE, THEFT, AND RHEUMATISM.

JACK: Oh stop ... Is that all?

ROCH: NO, THERE'S STILL ONE MORE BILL...IT'S FROM THE FLAMINGO HOTEL IN LAS VEGAS...IT'S FOR THIRTY DOLLARS AND TWENTY CENTS.

JACK: That's right, I was up there for three days. ^{Let's see} My room was ten dollars a day, that's thirty dollars...Pay it, Rochester.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE TWENTY CENTS FOR?

JACK: I gambled a little... ^{I was} Up all night trying to break even... You know, sometimes ~~£~~ ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello? ... No, ^{no} the address here is three sixty North Camden Drive, not three fifty.....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Stupid parrot! ... Some birds can find their way to Capistrano, she can't even find her own house... Now, Rochester, take all these bills and ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

~~JACK: There's someone at the door ... I'll get it.~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~JACK: (SINGS) I SMILE ... AND THE SPONSOR SINGS LA LA LA LA LA LA~~

~~LA LA LA LA LA LA.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Come in -} Well, hello, Dennis ... What are you doing here?

DENNIS: (SORE) What are you doing here, what are you doing here... Every time I come to your house you ask me the same thing.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: For ten years I've been coming to your house and it's always, "Hello, Dennis, what are you doing here?"

JACK: Look kid.

DENNIS: Just once I'd like you to say, "Hello, Dennis, glad to see you, come in, ^{and} stand on your head."

JACK: Dennis, why..why should I ask you to stand on your head?

DENNIS: You know it's a long walk, my feet hurt.

JACK: Well, that's ridiculous... Dennis, you only live two blocks from here. Why is it such a long walk?

DENNIS: I always get lost.

JACK: But there's nothing to it... Why didn't you just come down Rexford and walk up Sunset Boulevard?

Oh,
DENNIS: I'm afraid to pass Gloria Swanson's house.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: If she killed William Holden, what chance has a jerk like me got?

JACK: ~~Oh, for~~ --- Look, Dennis, do me a favor, will you? ... Go outside, I'll close the door, and you ring the bell again.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...

PAUSE...DOOR BUZZER...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, hello, Dennis .. come on in, ^{and} stand on your head... now leave me alone.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Now maybe I can ---

(THUMP ON PIANO KEYS)

JACK: NOT ON THE PIANO..... Look, kid, I didn't ask you over here, but if you came to let me hear your song, let's hear it and then go home.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hold it a minute.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

NELSON: How do you do, I'm from the telephone company.

JACK: Oh yes, it's right over there on the wall.

NELSON: Thank you.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS .. THEN SMALL KEY IN LOCK ...
LITTLE DOOR OPENS .. PAUSE ... THEN SHAKING
OF MANY COINS IN METAL BOX.)

NELSON: (HAPPILY) My, it's heavy this time!

JACK: Yes, business was great when the Shriners were in town.

NELSON: I'll dump them out right here on the table.

(SOUND: DUMPING OF HUNDREDS OF COINS ON TABLE)

JACK: Gee, look at all those nickels!

NELSON: *Hee I go to divide the dough and when I'm through*
~~I will now divide them.... (CLINK) For you, (CLINK) For me,~~
~~I'll scrammy. One for me and one for you and~~
~~(CRASH) for Uncle Sammy ... (ON CUE --- CLINK) For you,~~
~~five for Uncle Sammy.~~
~~(CLINK) For me, (CRASH) for Uncle Sammy.~~

JACK: Yes, mustn't forget him. ... My agent did, and look where
he is ... ~~Poor Myrt.~~

~~NELSON (ON CUE) (CLINK) For you, (CLINK) For me... and WELL,~~
~~which one of us gets this Hoover button?~~

JACK: ~~Oh, that must have been one of those Shriners from Maine~~
~~or Vermont.~~ .. Now look, Mister, would you mind counting
those coins in the other room?

NELSON: No no, not at all.

JACK: Thank you... Go ahead, Dennis, let's hear your song.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG "MONA LISA")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was fine, Dennis very good.... You can go home now if you want to ... Dennis, I said you can go home now... Dennis.. Oh, isn't that cute... he sang himself to sleep .. Gee, he must've walked a long way to be that tired... ~~Look at him lying there with his thumb in his mouth... You'd think he was about two years old... I wish he were, I'd kick him right in the pants... Sometimes he makes me so --~~

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

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Mary, come on in and stand on your head... I mean -- come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: What're you talking about?

~~JACK: I don't know, Mary... Dennis came over here and drove me ac-
nuts I--~~

MARY: ~~Back, look at Dennis....YOU DIDN'T!~~

JACK: ~~No, no, Mary, he's asleep...He was tired.~~

MARY: ~~Well, he looks uncomfortable there. Why don't you get him a pillow?~~

JACK: ~~I'm not gonna run upstairs just for a pillow.~~

MARY: ~~Then slip your wallet under his head.~~

JACK: ~~No, that's too high...Anyway, I'm gonna wake him up...watch this, Mary, I'm gonna tickle his ear. Kitchy kitchy kitchy coo...Kitchy kitchy kitchy coo...I'll tickle him under the chin....Kitchy kitchy kitchy coo...kitchy kitchy kitchy coo...
Hm, that didn't wake him up either.~~

KM

~~DENNIS: Why don't you try kissing me?~~

JACK: ~~Dennis!... Dennis! you were awake all the time, weren't you?~~
Nothing, nothing -- Dennis -- wake up!

DENNIS: Uh huh...Hello, Mary.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Hello, Dennis...By the way, Jack, I haven't seen you since last Sunday...Did you read all the reviews on your opening program?

JACK: (BLASE) Yes, most of them. ^{I --} I thought they were nice.

MARY: The Reporter and Variety said you were better than ever.

JACK: ~~Well, I was.~~ *I know, I know.*

MARY: Louella Parsons said you got loads of laughs.

JACK: ~~Well, I did.~~ *Yes, yes.*

MARY: ~~And did you read Hedda Hopper? She said you were dynamite.~~

JACK: ~~Well, I was.~~ *Yes, yes, I know.*

MARY: Erskine Johnson said you weren't ^{the least bit} very funny.

JACK: Him I'm suing. ^{what --} What other write-ups were there?

DENNIS: Did you read the review in the Herald-Express?

JACK: No.

MARY: You can take that one to the Supreme Court.

JACK: No kidding...was it that bad?

NELSON: Ooooooooooooo, was it!

JACK: I THOUGHT YOU WENT HOME.

NELSON: How can I, my shirt ~~is still~~ in your Bendix.

JACK: Well go and get it...Mary, getting back to those reviews...I can't understand it...everybody ^{seemed to} liked the show.

MARY: Even my mother.

JACK: (MAD) Oh, your mother, what does your mother know ~~about~~ She liked it?

KM

MARY: Yes, I got a letter from her yesterday.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: I brought it over. Do you want me to read it to you?

JACK: ~~Yeah, go ahead.~~ *Yes, I mean if she liked my show --*
certainly -- go ahead.

MARY: Okay... (CLEARS THROAT)... MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY... JUST
A NOTE TO TELL YOU WE HEARD JACK'S OPENING PROGRAM AND
THOUGHT IT WAS VERY GOOD *Jack: well!* IT'S ABOUT TIME.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: WE'LL SOON BE ABLE TO SEE JACK, TOO, AS WE HAVE A NEW
TELEVISION SET... PAPA DIDN'T WANT TO PAY ALL THAT MONEY FOR
A SET, SO HE BUILT HIS OWN... SOMETHING WENT WRONG THOUGH, AND
WHEN IT WAS FINISHED THE SCREEN WAS ONE INCH HIGH AND SEVEN
FEET WIDE... (LAUGHINGLY) IT WORKS ALL RIGHT, BUT HOPALONG
CASSIDY LOOKS LIKE HE'S RIDING A SNAKE.

JACK: That's silly... a screen one inch high and seven feet ~~long.~~

DENNIS: I wonder what Faye Emerson looks like.

JACK: Read on, Mary.

MARY: HERE'S SOME GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOUR SISTER BABE.

JACK: *About Babe?*
~~Oh, goody goody gooddrops, this is the part I like~~

MARY: BABE IS VERY UPSET BECAUSE SHE WASN'T SELECTED TO GO TO THE
ATLANTIC CITY BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST AS MISS PLAINFIELD, AND
I DON'T BLAME HER... EVEN THOUGH I'M HER MOTHER, I MUST ADMIT
THAT BABE HAS THE PRETTIEST PAIR OF KNEES IN NEW JERSEY...
IT'S A SHAME THEY'RE IN THE BACK.

JACK: ~~You know, Mary, Babe should've been voted Miss Plainfield~~
~~In the front she's very plain and the in the back she looks~~
~~like a field.~~

MARY: Jack!

JACK: *Oh, I'm sorry, Mary.*

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS EXCEPT THAT I AM VERY ANGRY AT YOUR FATHER AND NOT SPEAKING TO HIM.

JACK: What?

MARY: LAST MONTH WAS OUR ANNIVERSARY AND I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO SEE SOUTH PACIFIC, SO HE TOOK ME TO NEW YORK AND SHOVED ME ON A BANANA BOAT.

JACK: Good good.

MARY: HAVE TO CLOSE NOW, BUT WILL WRITE AGAIN SOON, YOUR LOVING MOTHER, BALI HAI LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: You know, Mary if your mother lived here ^{*in Hollywood*} ~~instead of Plainfield~~ I'd give her a job as writer, *I'm not kidding. Say, excuse me a minute, will you.*
~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

MARY: Where are you going?

JACK: ^{*I'm going*} ~~Just~~ to ^{*I want to*} the kitchen, ~~to~~ get a glass of water.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ANSWER THAT, WILL YOU?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello?

PHIL: Well, hiya, Liv...what are you doing at Treasure Island?

MARY: Well, I had nothing to do, so I dropped in at Jack's house.

PHIL: Social or Bendix?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Just social, Phil.

KM

PHIL: Where is Jackson?

MARY: He'll be right back, he's getting a drink.

PHIL: No, don't tell me he old man has finally —

MARY: Here he is now . . . Oh Jack, it's Phil.

JACK: Oh, . . . Hello.

PHIL: Miya Jackson, been nipping a bit, huh?

JACK: Yes, Phil, I had a glass of water . . . nice, plain, cold water.

PHIL: Water?

JACK: Yes . . . water. What's in your swimming pool?

PHIL: Remley, we're playing Sunset Boulevard.

JACK: All right, all right, what did you call for?

PHIL: Oh, I want to find out about rehearsal.

JACK: Oh, you do, eh? You want to find out about rehearsal. Well, Mr. Harris, for your information, rehearsal was at my house last night.

PHIL: Was I there?

JACK: No.

PHIL: Well, I can cross that one off.

JACK: Now look, Phil, I think we oughta get something straightened out right now . . . This is the start of a new season . . . When I call a rehearsal, I expect everybody to be there and that includes you . . . Now this is your last warning.

PHIL: (COY) Hey, Jackson.

JACK: What?

PHIL: If you didn't need me, I'd be scared to death.

JACK: Need you?...Phil, I need you like my agent needs a tuxedo...
Now hang up and I'll see you tomorrow...Goodbye, Phil.

PHIL: Goodnight, Irene.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a guy...Say, Mary, it's getting kinda late and I'm
hungry...would you like to stay for dinner?

MARY: Sure, Jack, I'd love to.

JACK: Where's Dennis?

MARY: He went out while you were talking to Phil.

JACK: Good good. ~~You know what I always say...Two's company,
three's expensive...~~ I'm gonna get Rochester started with
dinner.

MARY: Okay..I'll just sit in here and play the piano.

(FEW BARS OF "I WANNA BE LOVED" ON PIANO)

MARY: Gee, this thing is out of tune.

(PLAYS SCALE WITH TWO BAD NOTES)

MARY: *oh*, What a piano. No wonder nobody puts nickels in it anymore...
you'd think he'd at least--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: OH, JACK...NEVER MIND, I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN)

MARY: Hello, Don.

DON: *well*, Hello, Mary, *is Jack in?*

MARY: *Yes*, Is ~~Jack~~^{he} expecting you?

KM

DON: Yes. Jack brought me a gift from Europe and he wanted me to drop by and look at it.

MARY: Just look at it?

DON: Well, he said he'd give it to me today, if I promise not to expect anything for Christmas.

MARY: Oh. ^{well,} Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DON: You know, Mary, I envied you and Jack travelling all over Europe.

MARY: Well, I must say it was exciting, Don. We had so much fun in London...Paris...Rome..Venice..and --

DON: Venice? Jack didn't tell me about that.

MARY: Well, he wouldn't...(LAUGHS)

DON: What are you laughing at?, *Mary?*

MARY: Well, Jack will never tell you, so I will.

DON: Go ahead, Mary, I'd love to hear it.

MARY: Well...After Jack finished his engagement at the London Palladium, we went to Paris...From Paris we went to Rome.. and while in Rome we decided to go to Venice.

DON: Gosh, those canals must be fascinating.

MARY: *Oh,* They are, Don.

~~(ITALIAN MUSIC IN BACKGROUND)~~

MARY: Anyway, we arrived at night...checked into the Grand Dinelli Hotel...and the next morning I met Jack in the lobby.

(Italian music in background)
(BOARD FADE)

MARY: Jack, did you get the tickets for the sight-seeing tour?

JACK: Yes, Mary, and the gondola will leave in a few minutes...

Gee, I'm ^{sure} looking forward to it --

KM

MELL (ITALIAN ACCENT) Signore Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I am the bell captain. The gondola for the sight-seeing tour she is about ready to leave.

JACK: Oh good...^{we'll} We'll be right out.

MEL: Grazie.

MARY: Oh, bell captain...should I bring my coat?

MEL: Signorina Livingstone...this is sunny Italy...We have the same climate you have in California...Bring your coat.

MARY: I thought so...Come on, Jack.

(ITALIAN TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: BABBLE OF CROWD...LAPPING OF WATER)

MARY: Gosh, Jack, what a thrill. This is the first time I've ever been in a gondola.

JACK: Yeah...I didn't know it held so many people...I'm sure glad we came on this sight-seeing tour.

MARY: Oh, ~~look~~, Jack, the guide is getting up to point out the places of interest.

JACK: ^{Yeah.} ~~Oh yes.~~ Come on, Mary. Let's get closer to him. There are so many interesting things in Venice, I don't wanna miss a word he says...Excuse me....excuse me...

MARY: Jack--

JACK: Excuse me-- ~~excuse me~~ --

MARY: Jack, ^{you're} you're close enough to him.

JACK: Just a little closer...excuse me...excuse me.

KM

JAY: (LOUD AND FAST) DESIDERO MOLTO DESCRIVERTI E FAMOSI E STORICI PALAZZI CHE CI CIRCONDANO, MA QUEST' UOMO HA UN PIEDE SUL MIO.

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say?...Huh?...What'd he say? *What'd he say?*

JAY: IN VENTI ANNI CHE FACCIIO IL GONDOLIERE NON IO MAI VISTO UN ANIMALE COME QUESTO, E ANCORA MI PESTA IL PIEDE.

JACK: What'd he say..what'd he say..huh?..huh?..what'd he say?...
huh? what'd he say *may -* what'd he say?

JAY: SE LO BATTO SE ZLI' RAMPO IL NASO UN CONCCIOUSO VIA, E ANCORA UN PESTA IL PIEDE.

JACK: What'd he say..what'd he say?

MARY: (DISGUSTED) Jack!

JACK: Just a minute, Mary. Say, Mister...do you understand Italian.

ELLIOT: Yes. I do.

JACK: Oh, good, good. What'd he say?

ELLIOT: He said you're standing on his foot.

JACK: Oh...Oh, I'm sorry. I'll step back.

MARY: JACK---!!

(SOUND: LOUD SPLASH)

JACK: (OFF)(COUGHS) MARY....(COUGHS)MARY!

ELLIOT: ~~Oh~~, Miss, shall I help you get him back into the boat?...

Or did you push him?

MARY: *Certainly not!*
Please help me.

(SOUND: SPLASHING OF WATER)

MARY: Here, Jack, take my hand.

ELLIOT: Easy does it now...there we are.

JACK: Thanks, Mister. Oh, boy, am I wet.

JAY: (LOUD) IO PENSO IO PENDING LO, MA LUI DIETRO IN GONDOLA.
UOMO GOCCIOLA MIA GAMBA.

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say...Huh?..What'd he say?

ELLIOT: He said you're dripping on his leg.

JACK: *well,* If he thinks I'm gonna step back, he's crazy.

ELLIOT: Say...wait a minute, aren't you Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes..Io sono poogrande artista kay il continentala
da Europa sono vista.

ELLIOT: Wait a minute...I thought you couldn't speak Italian.

MARY: What did ~~he~~ ^{Mr. Benny} say?

ELLIOT: He said he was a sensation at the Palladium Theatre in
London.

MARY: That he can say in Chinese.

JACK: Too hong wong poo ----

MARY: Oh Shut up!

JACK: Mary, please.

JAY: NOI AVVICIONO IL PLAZA, CHE ES FAMOSO PERCHE SUO CANTANTE
GONDOLIERES.

JACK: What'd he say...what'd he say?

ELLIOT: He said ^{he said} we are now approaching the plaza, which is famous
throughout the world for its singing gondoliers.

JACK: Oh yes! ^{yes} look....

(ACCORDION MUSIC:STARTS)

JACK:All those people sitting out on the pier...Where else
would you see anything like this?

QUART: STA SE RA NI NA MIO
IO SON MON TA TO
TE LO DI RO
TE LO DI RO
CO LA DOVE DISPET TIUM CORINGRATO
Lo Lucky Strike
~~PIU TAR NON PUO~~
Lo Lucky Strike
~~PIU TAR NON PUO~~
CO LA COCENTEEIL
TO CO MA SE FUGGI
SO ROUND AND FIRM
SO FULLY PACKED
E NON TI CORRCAPPRESSO
E NON TI STRUGGI
THERE'S NO ROUGH PUFF
NO PUFF THAT'S ROUGH
LESTI,LESTI VIA MONTIAM SU LA
SMOKE A LUCKY TRA LA LA LA LA
FUNICULI FUNICULA, FUNICULI, FUNICULA
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY
TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LESTI LESTI VIA NONTIAN SU LEE
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS LSMFT
FUNICULI FUNICULA, FUNICULI FUNICULA
AH RIDI PAGLIACCIO
SMOKE A LUCKY, BE HAPPY
RI DE DEL DUO CHE TAUVE LE NA
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE
TRA LA LA LA LA LA ~~██████████~~
BRAVO!

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was wonderful, wasn't it, Mary?

MARY: Yes, Jack. And you better sit down, our gondola is starting to move again.

(SOUND: LAPPING OF WATER)

JACK: Gosh, I wouldn't've missed this trip for anything. It's so picturesque here in Venice.

MARY: Oh, Jack, look at those signs along the side of the canal.

JACK: Signs?

MARY: Yeah...I'll see if I can read them as we pass...

Prendera un Poonta,

Da uno kay conosco,

Talia tuo barba

Ma non tuo naso.....Burma Shave.

JACK: Mary, where does it say Burma Shave?

MARY: On that last sign...Burmada Radere..That's Burma Shave.

JACK: Burmada Radere means Burma Shave?...Holy Smoke, I better learn what these Italian words mean.

MARY: Why?

JACK: I had that on my strawberries this morning. ^{See.} I'll just have to--

MARY: Jack, sit down, you're rocking the gondola..and we're getting into heavy traffic.

JACK: Yeah...just look at all those gondolas going in every direction...It's a wonder they don't bump into each other.

MEL: (MANIACAL LAUGH)

KM

JACK: What's that?

ELLIOT: It's that man sitting over there in that little boat. He used to work for the traffic department.

MEL: (OFF) (MANIACAL LAUGH)

JACK: ~~How~~ ... ^{lula ---} what's the matter with him?

ELLIOT: He went crazy trying to paint a white line down the middle of the canal.

JACK: Oh ... well, that is a problem ... Why didn't he try water colors? HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA ...

MARY: JACK ... LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: LOUD SPLASH) *I fell in again*

JACK: (COUGHS) MARY .. (COUGHS) MARY ...

MARY: I knew this was gonna happen.

ELLIOT: Miss are you sure you didn't push him?

MARY: Of course not ... Now help me get him in the boat.

ELLIOT: Okay.

MARY: No no, don't grab him by the hair Here, Jack, here's my hand.

(SOUND: SPLASHING OF GETTING INTO BOAT)

JACK: (COUGHS) These boats are too narrow.

MARY: What do you mean too narrow? You fell off the Queen Mary.

JACK: Only once ... Gee, I'm cold .. I think I--I--I--I--(SNEEZE)

JAY: Fratturare un coscia.

JACK: Thank you.

MO

ELLIOT: He said "Break a leg".

JACK: Gee, ~~it~~ sounds so nice in Italian.

MARY: Jack, why don't you just sit down and enjoy the ride like everybody else?

JACK: Okay ... but gee, I'm so wet.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault.

JAY: Signorinas e Signorens no ora passi il famoso spazio far qualche spesa en Venice.

ELLIOT: The guide just said we're passing the shopping center of Venice.

JACK: Oh yes.

MARY: Look at those little stores ... right out on the water ... Gosh, this is the only place in the world like this.

JACK: Yeah ... And Mary, look at that store on the end ... It specializes in gondola accessories ... Manny, Moe, and Luigi. The place in Los Angeles must've stolen its name from this one.

JAY: Ora, Signorinas e Signorens, noi passi il famoso Americano ruinione spazio en Venice.

ELLIOT: The guide just pointed out the famous American rendezvous in Venice called Harry's Bar.

JACK: Oh yes, I've heard of that ... That's where all the Americans in Venice come for cocktails.

MARY: We must go there, Jack.

JACK: Yeah...and say, Mary, did I tell you the wonderful joke I made up about Phil Harris. I'm gonna do it on our first broadcast.

MO

MARY: Look, Jack, you're on vacation -- forget jokes ...

JACK: No no, Mary this will be sensational... Now get this ... I'm
gonna say this on the first broadcast. I'm
gonna say that when we were in Venice, Phil Harris went
into Harry's Bar and sat down at a table with one of the
natives ... Phil took a drink and then the native took a
drink *get this - -* ... Then Phil took another drink and the native took a
another drink ... They kept drinking and drinking till the
native couldn't see any more ... HA HA HA HA HA.

MARY: What's funny about that?

JACK: Mary, don't you get it? Phil is the first guy in the world
ever to drink a Venetian Blind .. HA HA HA HA HA HA .. Mary,

Mary, don't you get it ... Venetian ----
(SOUND: LOUD SPLASH)

JACK: (COUGHS) MARY ... (COUGHS) ... MARY!

ELLIOT: Here, Miss, I'll help you.

MARY: Never mind, this time I pushed him.

ELLIOT: Good good ... Paddle on, Gondolier.

JAY: (SINGS) OL SOLE MIO ... OL SOLE MIO ---

JACK: MARY ... (COUGHS) ... MARY ... (COUGHS)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, help observe the second annual NATIONAL KIDS' DAY on Saturday, September 23rd, and you'll be helping the underprivileged children of your community. Support the many Kiwanis-sponsored activities now planned in your city for NATIONAL KIDS' DAY. All funds raised in your city remain there for the benefit of the children of your own community! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky
 Be Happy - Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy - Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

GIRL: Some taste like this, and some like that
 But nothing tastes quite like
 The milder, richer cigarette
 Whose name is Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

MAN: When asked to vote, the people wrote
 In letters big and bold
 It's L. S. M. F. T. for me
 On Luckies we are sold!

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky
 Be Happy - Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy - Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(more)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Yes, friends - Be Happy -
Go Lucky - and enjoy your cigarette. Puff by puff
you'll find Luckies always give you perfect mildness.
In fact, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is milder
than any other principal brand. But mildness is only
part of the enjoyment Luckies give you. You get rich
taste too.... all the deep-down enjoyment that comes
from truly fine tobacco because ... LS/MFT ... Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends, Be Happy --
Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

MARY: ~~Gee, that was a good dinner, Jack.~~

JACK: ~~Yeah. Rochester, where did you get that fish?~~

ROCK: ~~OUT OF ONE POCKET OF THAT SUIT YOU WORE IN VENICE.~~

JACK: ~~Well, what do you know. And you finished eating, Mary?~~

MARY: ~~Yes.~~

JACK: *We're a little late so goodnight, folks.*
~~So am I. Let's go in the other room and talk to Don.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Stay tuned for the new Harold Peary Show which follows
immediately ... THIS IS CBS ... THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM.

MO

PROGRAM #3
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST
AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE COMPANY
TELETYPE SERVICE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1950 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

MAN: Stop fiddling, folks, when buying smokes
Join in the swing to pleasure
These luckies are a richer blend ...
With mildness for good measure!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

GIRL: Take away my diamond clips
The Pearls that I adore
For Luckies are a girl's best friend
And right in every store!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

SK

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette. Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette -- Lucky Strike! For only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(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--

JACK: Hold it, Don, ^{Don...} hold it, hold it, hold it! Wait a minute, *Phil*,
(MUSIC STOPS) ^{hold it, hold it, hold it everybody.}

DON: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: ^{but} We'll be on the air in a few minutes, and the opening is still not right...now rehearse it again.

DON: But, Jack, I read the opening like I always do.

JACK: Oh, it isn't you, Don...it's the music.

PHIL: And what, ^{pray tell} ~~may I inquire~~, is wrong with ~~my music~~? ^{the music?}

JACK: The same thing that's ^{pray tell...} been wrong with it for fifteen years, Phil, it's too loud...Nobody can hear Don...I can tell you now, Phil, you'll never get anywhere with that kind of blasting.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, ^{now listen to me} I've got a Cadillac, a yacht and a mansion in Encino. Show me one Claire De Lune man who can top that.

JACK: Phil, I know you have a Cadillac, ^{in yacht} ~~two boats~~ and a mansion. ^{what} ~~But~~ what did your music have to do with getting all these those things?

PHIL: My band played "Here Comes The Bride"...I looked at that little blonde standing beside me..said, "I do"...and they were mine, all mine.

JACK: He admits it yet.

MARY: Jack, we'll be on the ^{... we'll be on the} air, in a minute, so why upset yourself?

KM

JACK: ^{But} Mary--

MARY: ^{oh,} Phil has a lot of bad musicians, and there's nothing you can do about it.

PHIL: ~~Wait~~ ^{held it} wait a minute, ~~wait~~ ^{let's get something straightened out...} a minute..May Company Maisie!...
What do you mean, bad musicians? ^{For your information, my} string section used to be with Whiteman...and some of my boys were with Dorsey.

MARY: I'm talking about the fellows who worked with King.

JACK: Wayne King?

MARY: No, Waste King, they used to install them.

JACK: That, I believe. ^{and I like what Mary} Now, Phil, let's take the opening theme again...and please try to--

DON: ^{oh,} Jack, we haven't time for that now, the audience is coming into the studio.

JACK: Oh. Gee, I hope we have a good crowd. I'm gonna peek through the curtain and see.

(SOUND: FLAP OF CURTAIN)

JACK: Umm...looks pretty good...One, two, three, four, five, six...

MARY: Jack, ^{oh,} stop counting..the tickets are free.

JACK: Ch yes, I keep forgetting.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES)

MEL: Next aisle over, please. Next aisle over. Don't crowd, please. Don't crowd.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES)

MARGARET: (CALLING) (RUBE) Oh, Lem..Lem..

HEARN: Coming, Ellie. ~~It sure was a long ride from Calabasas.~~

MARGARET: ~~You know,~~ I almost lost your place in line. What took so long?

KM

HEARN: I got into a big argument in the lobby.

MARGARET: Why? What happened?

HEARN: They wouldn't let me hitch ~~the burro~~ ^{my horse} to that statue of Mr. Paley.....I ^{just} can't understand why....

MEL: Keep moving, please.

HEARN: ^{now see here...} Don't push me around, Sonny...Mr. Benny mailed me my tickets personally. Come on, Ellie, let's sit down here in the front row.

MARGARET: Okay, Lem. I'm glad we got here on time.

HEARN: Yep. Good thing we turned the rooster back an hour last night...Well, ^{now} let's sit down and open the lunch basket.

MARGARET: Here's a banana.

HEARN: A banana!

MARGARET: That'll hold you till I get out the sandwiches and pour the coffee.

HEARN: Okay. You know, I heard Mr. Benny's program last week and it was really a dilly...Hee hee hee...almost as good as Spade Cooley. ^{you know...} When he came out and said--

MARGARET: Oh, look, Lem, the curtain is opening.

(SOUND: CURTAIN OPENING)

(BAND PLAYS THEME..FADE)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO IS LOVED, ADMIRER AND RESPECTED BY MILLIONS..AND HERE HE IS. JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

KM

JACK: Thank you, thank you thank you..hello again..this is Jack Benny talking.

HEARN: H'YA, RUBE!

JACK: What?

HEARN: THANKS FOR THE TICKETS.

JACK: (You're welcome, you're welcome).. This is Jack Benny talking ... And Don, your introduction was --

HEARN: HEARD YOUR SHOW LAST WEEK, LAUGHED SO HARD I FELL OFF MY MILKING STOOL.

JACK: *now* Look --

HEARN: *now if it hadn't been...* IF I HADN'T HAD A GOOD GRIP ON THE COW I'DA BROKE MY NOSE.

JACK: *if you hadn't muffed that line you'd a gotten a bigger laugh, too!* (Why doesn't he keep quiet?)

DON: (ASIDE) *Jack, Jack* Jack, the show.

JACK: (Oh yes...)....Hello again..this is Jack Benny talking.. And, Don, it gives me great pleasure to announce that tonight we're gonna do a sketch to celebrate a great event in California history. This event happened on September 9th, a hundred years ago. Now, kids, who knows why Californians will always cherish that wonderful day?

MARY: I do.

JACK: Why?

MARY: No smog.

JACK: I mean another reason. Don, do you know what California is celebrating?

DON: No.

JACK: Don...You mean to tell me that you, a college man, a radio announcer, don't know California history? That's disgusting.

DON: (MAD) Now just a minute, Why should I know about California history? I was born in Colorado.

KM

JACK: Well, some of you must have flabbed over into ~~this state~~ ^{California}.
But since none of you seem to know, I'll tell you. This month,
..in fact, all this year, we're celebrating the California
Centennial.

PHIL: Centennial? What's that?

JACK: What's that!....Phil, a hundred years ago California joined
the Union. ..

PHIL: The whole state?

JACK: Certainly.

PHIL: That Petrillo ~~is~~ really ^{is} on his toes, ain't he?

JACK: Yes, Phil, yes. Ain't he, ain't he?..What English! You
know, it's a shame..Once in awhile I get into a mood where
I try to discuss a subject of national importance and there
isn't one member of my cast that I can talk to intelligently.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis..you ~~are~~ ^{can go and} sit down.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: ^{now} Don..as long as there's no one here who knows anything
about this subject, we might as well try and do something
else..~~let's~~--

DENNIS: Oh, Mr. Benny--

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Did you know that this month we're celebrating the
California Centennial?

JACK: Yes yes, of course I know it. ^{I just said it...} Now, Don--

DENNIS: It was just a hundred years ago September 9th that
the State of California was admitted to the Union.

JACK: I know, I know...

KM

DENNIS: Of course, California was discovered in 1542 by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. That gave Spain the right of discovery. However, Spain at this time was busy with affairs in Europe and neglected this territory. But in the year 1769, Carlos the Third of Spain sent forward the Portola-Serra Expedition. This was the beginning of the building of the Missions and the conversion of the Indians under Father Serra. Then colonization followed. The colonists were sent from Mexico. Then in 1822 California became a territory of the Republic of Mexico.

At the close of the Mexican war with the United States, February 2, 1848, by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo - California passed into the control of the United States. Two weeks before this..January 24th..a mill was being built for Sutter of Sutter's Fort at Coloma.

JACK: Sutter?

DENNIS: John Sutter.

JACK: John Sutter?

DENNIS: John A. Sutter. His wife's name was Mildred.

JACK: Oh..oh.

DENNIS: The California territory was ^{especially} particularly desirable to the United States because of its strategic position and its natural resources, such as gold, silver, oil, and timber... At Sutters Mill, as I mentioned before, gold was discovered... culminating in one of the greatest gold rushes in history... and so on September 9th, 1850, California was made a state and admitted to the union.

KM

JACK: Dennis..Dennis, that was wonderful, ^{I mean...} How do you get your information?

DENNIS: I dial One One Three.

JACK: ..~~What?~~ ^{You did.}

DENNIS: I've got more information in my little finger than you have in your whole head.

JACK: Well..it's hard for me to get my head in the dial...Anyway, Dennis, ^{Dennis} it's not important how you acquired your information, the mere fact that you were able to retain it is an accomplishment in itself.

DENNIS: I sing, too.

JACK: I know, I know..now let's have your song because we have a very important sketch to do.

HEARN: I HOPE IT'S AS FUNNY AS LAST WEEK.

JACK: Oh, be quiet.

HEARN: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA SING, DENNIS?

DENNIS: (RUBE) Well, I'm gonna sing a little ditty called "All My Love".

JACK: Dennis, don't talk to him, just sing your song.

~~DENNIS: Yes, sir.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "ALL MY LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

KM

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *Very good... that was...*
That was "All My Love" sung by Dennis Day ... and Dennis,
you sang it beautifully.

DENNIS: California was the thirty-first state admitted to the Union.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I forgot to mention that before.

JACK: Oh, well thanks, Kid ... And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, for
our feature attraction tonight, we are going to present --

DENNIS: The first governor of California was named Peter H. Burnett.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: ~~He ran on both tickets.~~ *His wife's name was Nabel.*

JACK: Dennis, we don't need any more information, so drop it.

MARY: Jack, if you're gonna do a play about California, you'd
better get started.

JACK: I'm trying to ... Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight in honor of
the California Centennial, we are going to present a play
based on this historical event ... All right, Don, let's
get started with our tribute to California.

DENNIS: ~~Mr. Bonny,~~ *Am* I gonna be in the play?

MARY: In it? You're gonna be technical advisor.

JACK: Yeah, yeah ... Go ahead, Don. Introduce the play.

DON: Okay, Jack.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

MO

ATX01 0098393

JACK: Oh, damn it, the phone. I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... SLIDE)

JACK: Whoops!

(SOUND: LOUD BODY THUD)

JACK: Who threw that banana peel on the stage!

HEARN: H'YA, RUBE!

JACK: What?

DENNIS: California got it's first shipment of bananas in 1864.

JACK: Dennis, I don't care when --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hello, Rochester, what do you want?

ROCH: HAVE YOU BEEN SHOPPING LATELY?

JACK: Shopping? Yes. Last Wednesday I bought some clothes .. Why?

ROCH: THERE'S A MAN HERE FROM SEARS ROEBUCK WITH YOUR NEW SUIT.

JACK: Well, you can tell the man it's about time.

ROCH: IT SURE IS A NICE SUIT, BOSS.

JACK: ~~It~~ You really like it?

ROCH: YEAH ... I HOPE IT LOOKS AS GOOD ON YOU AS IT DOES ON HIM.

JACK: On him? ... Rochester, you mean he came from the store
wearing my new suit?

MO

ROCH: YEAH .. HE SAID ^{with the price you paid} ~~HE SAID THEY COULDN'T AFFORD~~ TO PUT IT IN A BOX.

JACK: Oh.... Well, look, tell the man to --

ROCH: HOLD IT, BOSS.

JACK: What?

ROCH: HERE COMES ROEBUCK WEARING THE EXTRA PAIR OF PANTS.

JACK: Well, look, Rochester, I'm in the middle of the program.
Hang up the clothes and I'll see you later.

ROCH: OKAY ... GOODEYE. .

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCH: OH, SAY, BOSS --

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: YOU GOT A LETTER FROM ^{Alcatraz} ~~SAN QUENTIN~~.

JACK: Oh ^{oh} from my agent ... what does he say? Open it up.

ROCH: IT'S ALREADY BEEN OPENED.

JACK: Oh yes, ^{well} what does he say?

ROCH: I'LL READ IT TO YOU... "DEAR JACK .. NEXT FRIDAY IS MY
BIRTHDAY .. AND IF YOU WANT TO SEND ME MONOGRAMMED SHIRTS,
MY INITIALS ARE ^{three nine} ~~THREE NINE~~".

JACK: Ah ... Good old ^{next} ~~THE~~ ... What else does he say?

ROCH: "P. S. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU ON TELEVISION, BUT I'M AFRAID
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO".

JACK: Yeah, I guess so ... Well I'll answer him when I get home.
So long Rochester.

MO

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOOOCDEYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ^{all right} All^{slam...}right, Don, start the play.

DON: Okay .. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... TONIGHT, TO COMMEMORATE THE CENTENNIAL OF CALIFORNIA .. WE BRING YOU OUR VERSION OF ONE OF THE HISTORIC EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE IN THIS GREAT STATE.. CURTAIN...MUSIC.

("OH, SUSANNA" BRIDGE)

JACK: (FILTER) MAH NAME IS SLIM BENNY...MAH SIDEKICK, TEX HARRIS, AND I WERE A COUPLE OF PROSPECTORS DRIFTING FROM PLACE TO PLACE. IN THE YEAR 1849 WE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE SLEEPY LITTLE MEXICAN PUEBLO OF NUESTRA SENORA LA REINA DE LOS ANGELES DE PORCIUNCULA. IN ENGLISH, THIS MEANT, "STOP HERE FOR PLANT INSPECTION". ... ONE NIGHT, TEX AND I WERE IN THE ONLY LIVELY PLACE IN TOWN, PEDRO'S SALOON.

(SOUND: TINNY PIANO PLAYS APPROPRIATE MUSIC AND
FADES OUT..BABBLE OF VOICES ... FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Been a pretty exciting evening here at Pedro's, eh, Tex?

PHIL: Sure has, Slim.

JACK: Guess we better get going.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Slim .³ I want another drink.

MO

JACK: Now hold on, Tex, I know it's none of my business, but you
been drinkin' a little too much.

PHIL: ^{well,} Tain't my fault, Slim I only drink to forget.

JACK: What are you trying to forget?

PHIL: All the years I went around sober.

JACK: Well, I'll drink with you ... but stand up for this one....
Oh, Bartender.....

(SOUND: POUNDING ON BAR)

JACK: BARTENDER!

MEL: (MEXICAN) What will you have, Senor?

PHIL: I'll have a double Tequila.

MEL: And what for you, Senor?

JACK: Well, I'm kinda hungry. I'll have a sandwich.

MEL: Okay, but you will have to go outside and eat it on your
horse, this is a drive-in.

JACK: Then don't bother.

~~PHIL: Hurry with mah drink, Bartender.~~

~~MEL: Here you are, Senor.~~

~~(SOUND: POURING OF WHISKEY FROM BOTTLE INTO GLASS)~~

~~MEL: A double Tequila.~~

~~(SOUND: GLASS BEING SET ON BAR)~~

~~PHIL: Well, Slim, here's looking at you.~~

~~(SOUND: DRINKING CLUGGING SOUND, FOLLOWED BY RASPING
OF TWO FILES AGAINST EACH OTHER FOR COUPLE
OF SECONDS.)~~

PHIL: ~~Ah, smooth all the way down.~~

JACK: You know, Tex, I like this little town...I think I ~~might~~ --

DON: (ROUGH) Move over, you hombres, Ah wanna drink.

JACK: Stop shoving, Mister.

DON: I said, move over.

JACK: I'm a-warnin' you, you better not --

PHIL: Slim, be careful...that's Windy Wilson, the toughest man in these parts.

JACK: Oh, he is, eh? .. Well, I'll take care of that.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT..ESCAPING AIR FOR LONG TIME)

JACK: I shot him ~~right~~ in the stomach.

PHIL: Now look, Slim --

DON: Which one of us ~~are~~ you talking to?

JACK: He's a-talking to me..Now what do you want here, anyway?

DON: Wait a minute, pardner .. I didn't come here to fight .. I came ^{here} to see the singer at this ^{here} saloon ... I got a new song for her by Stephen Foster.

JACK: No kiddin' ... how does it go?

DON: (SINGS) Be happy,

Go Lucky

Be Happy

Go Lucky Strike.. Eedle dee poo pop, poo pop poo

JACK: ^{Eedle dee poo is} ~~That's~~ by Stephen Foster?

DON: Yep ... It's called "Jeannie With the Light Brown Tobacco".

JACK: Oh.

DON: ^{Well} Look, ^{look} here comes the singer now.

MO

JACK: Yeah. (FILTER) I WATCHED HER AS SHE CAME THROUGH THE DOOR...SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRL WITH DARK SKIN AND BLACK EYES ... AND SHE HAD A PERFECT FIGURE ... ANKLES, 8 INCHES..CALVES, 13 INCHES..HIPS, 34..AND A 25 INCH WAJST .. AH WAS NEVER WITHOUT MAH TAPE MEASURE I LOOKED AT HER AND SAID ---

JACK: (REG MIKE) Hello, Girlie.. Are you the singer in this saloon

MARY: Si.

JACK: Do you sing here every night?

MARY: Si.

JACK: Are you single?

MARY: Si.

JACK: What's your name?

MARY: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

MARY: Si.

JACK: Well, say Sue ... after your show tonight, how about going out with me? .. We could have [^]lots of fun together.

MARY: (SING SCNG) Do not get fresh with me, Senor ... The bartender he is my braaather.

JACK: Aw, you're kidding .. (UP) .. HEY, BARTENDER!

MEL: Si.

JACK: Can I talk to you a minute?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Are you her brother?

MO

MEL: Si.

JACK: What's your name?

MEL: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Well look, Cy, I wanna go out with your sister, see!

MEL: She's Sue!

JACK: I know she's Sue, Cy, I heard Sue say so!

MEL: What did you say, Senor?

(SOUND: GUN SHOT...MEL SCREAMS...BODY THUD)

JACK: (FILTER) I KILLED CY...IT WAS EASIER THAN READING THAT
LINE AGAIN...THEN I TURNED TO SUE AND SAID ----

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Sue, I think you and I oughta get married.

MARY: Why Senor, should I marry you?

JACK: Because now you are alone. I just killed your braaather...
I love you, Sue...If you marry me (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)
you'll make me the happiest man in----

DON: GOLD! GOLD HAS BEEN DISCOVERED UP NORTH...GOLD... ~~GOLD~~
DO YOU HEAR ME...GOLD. *Sue*

JACK: GOLD! GOODBYE, SUE.

~~MARY: BUT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MARRY ME. ARE YOU GONNA
LET GOLD, FILTHY GOLD, COME BETWEEN US?~~

~~JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS THEN I KNEW THAT WE WEREN'T COMPATIBLE.~~

JACK: (REG. MIKE) COME ON, TEX, WE'RE GOING NORTH FOR GOLD.

(FIRST STRAIN OF "OH SUSANNA" LOUD)

JACK: (FILTER) IN TEN SECONDS PEDRO'S SALCON WAS EMPTY...EVERYONE HAD RUSHED OUT, INCLUDING CY..HE WAS DEAD, BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE POOR...TEX AND I RUSHED OVER TO THE GENERAL STORE TO OUTFIT OURSELVES FOR THE LONG TREK TO SUTTER'S MILL...WE BOUGHT BURROS, SHOVELS, PICKS, BLANKETS, ^{and} TENTS... AND A HACKSAW IN CASE WE VISITED MY AGENT...FULLY OUTFITTED, WE STARTED ON OUR TREK UP THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

(MUSIC: STARTS)

JACK: WE HAD ALL OUR EQUIPMENT PILED INTO A COVERED WAGON WHICH WAS PULLED BY SIXTEEN MULES.

(SOUND: LOUD WAGONS...HORSES...AND VOICES)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Clippity Clop...Clippity Clop...Get up there, Mule...

(SOUND: SNAP OF WHIP)

JACK: Scuddahoo!

QUART: I COME FROM ALABAMA
WITH MY BANJO ON MY KNEE
I'M ON MY WAY TO SUTTER'S MILL
WHERE THE GOLD DUST WAITS FOR ME.
BUT IF I DO NOT FIND IT THERE,
I KNOW I'LL SURELY DIE
AND WHEN I'M DEAD AND BURIED
OH, SUZANNA, DON'T YOU CRY.
OH, SUZANNA, OH DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME
I'M ON MY WAY TO SUTTER'S MILL
WITH AN L. S. M. F. T.

JACK: CLIPPITY CLOP, CLIPPITY CLOP..GEF..HAW..COME ON, YOU MULES..

(SOUND: SNAPPING OF WHIP)

JACK: COME ON, YOU MULES...Someday I'm gonna write a song about
that. I've got ^{the} title already... "Goodnight, Irene"... ~~Come~~
~~on, you mules.~~

(SOUND: SNAPPING OF WHIP)

QUART: I CAME FROM ALABAMMA
WITH AN ASH TRAY ON MY KNEE
'CAUSE I'M ALWAYS SMOKING LUCKY STRIKE
THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.
THEY'RE ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED,
AND EASY ON THE DRAW,
FOR FULL RICH TASTE, AND MILDNESS TOO,
THE BEST YOU EVER SAW
OH, SUZANNA, ^{oh} DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME
FOR I'M ON MY WAY TO SUTTER'S MILL
WITH AN L S M F T.

Jack: Come on.

JACK: CLIPPITY CLOP...CLIPPITY CLOP...COME ON, THERE, MULES....

(SOUND: SNAP OF WHIP)

JACK: COME ON, NELLIE..COME ON, FRANCIS.

QUART: FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING SATISFACTION
LUCKY STRIKES ARE FINE
JUST LIGHT ONE UP AND YOU'LL AGREE'
MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.
SO BE HAPPY
GO LUCKY STRIKE WITH ME
CAUSE SURE ENOUGH, THERE'S NO ROUGH PUFF
IN AN L S M F T.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-18-

JACK: (FILTER) WE CONTINUED UP THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY...IT WAS A LONG, HOT, DUSTY TRIP...AT NIGHT WE HAD TO LIGHT FIRES TO KEEP THE ANIMALS AWAY...WE WENT FOR DAYS WITHOUT WATER...FOR WEEKS WITHOUT A BATH.. .THEN THE ANIMALS STARTED LIGHTING FIRES TO KEEP US AWAY....FINALLY, WE ARRIVED AT SUTTER'S MILL AND STAKED OUT OUR CLAIMS...~~TEX AND I STARTED DIGGING LIKE MAD. CY WAS DIGGING, TOO, BUT HE WAS SLOWER THAN US...~~ FOR WEEKS WE DUG, AND DUG, AND DUG.

(SOUND: DIGGING SOUNDS FOR SEVERAL SECONDS...

STOP ON CUE)

PHIL: I can't go on any more, Slim...I'm quittin'.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Let's keep diggin', Tex...I'm sure we'll find gold soon.

PHIL: (DRAMATICALLY) No, no, I can't go on, I tell you, I can't go on...This digging is breaking my back...the shovelling is killing me...Look at my hands, they're raw and bleeding...

(CRIES) And the sun is ruining my hair.

JACK: *That's good acting, Tex, but.*
~~But Tex,~~ you can't give up digging now...If we hit gold, we'll be rich...~~You can have anything you want...Yachts~~

~~PHIL: It ain't worth it.~~

~~JACK: Palaces.~~

~~PHIL: It ain't worth it.~~

~~JACK: Beautiful women.~~

(SOUND: ~~VERY FAST AND FURIOUS DIGGING~~)

~~PHIL: Well, don't stand there, hand me a shovel for my other hand.~~

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JACK: ~~Attahay, Tex, it won't be long before we'll be as rich as~~---
Tex..look I just hit it..A VEIN OF GOLD..WE DONE IT, WE DONE
IT!

PHIL: That's "did it."

JACK: WHEN IT CAME TO ENGLISH I KNEW TEX WAS RIGHT. HE HAD
GRADUATED FROM HARVARD, MAGNA CUM LOADED.....NOW THAT WE
FOUND GOLD WE REALLY WENT TO WORK.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Now come on, Tex, let's get to work. There's a
lot of gold here and we're gonna---

(SOUND: TWANG OF BOW AND QUIVER OF ARROW STRIKING)

JACK: Down, Tex, down...we're being attacked by Indians.

(SOUND: WAR WHOOPS..ANOTHER TWANG OF BOW AND
QUIVER OF ARROW STRIKING)

JACK: Get down, Tex, down.

(SOUND: ANOTHER TWANG OF BOW AND QUIVER OF ARROW
STRIKING)

PHILL Oooohhh!

JACK: Did that arrow get you, Tex?..Tex..Tex..speak to me...Tell
me you ain't hurt.

PHIL: That's "isn't".

JACK: All right..^{Tex} Tell me you isn't hurt.

PHIE: But I are.

JACK: Well, don't worry, Tex, I'll---

PHIL: Look,^{look} the chief of the Indians is coming towards us.

JACK: Yeah. You stay here. I'll go and talk to him.

PHIL: Use good English.

JACK: I will.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSEPS)

JACK: How.

DENNIS: How...me heap big Indian Chief.

JACK: Indian Chief? What tribe?

DENNIS: Sioux.

JACK: Sioux?

DENNIS: Si!

JACK: Let's not go through that again.

DENNIS: Who you, Paleyface?

JACK: That's Paleface!... *Paleyface is that statue in the lobby*
A. Man name is Slim Benny.

DENNIS: What you palefaces do here?

JACK: We just found gold.

DENNIS: Gold? Then me take-um.

JACK: No no..it's our gold...we worked for it...we dug for it...
we slaved for it.

DENNIS: Indian no care....(VERY TOUGH) I take-um your gold, or I
take-um your scalp.

JACK: Well,...all right....here.

DENNIS: Hmm...slid right off-um head.

JACK: (FILTER) THE INDIAN CHIEF LEFT HAPPILY, TAKING MY TOOPEE TO HIS TEEPEE...THAT WAS THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM...THEN WINTER FELL, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP TEX AND ME...OR IS IT TEX AND I ... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, WHEN YOU'RE RICH YOU CAN SAY ANYTHING....WE HID THE GOLD IN A BIG SNOW BANK... WE HAD A COOL MILLION...THE NEXT DAY WE BEGAN TO BREAK CAMP AND LEAVE.

PHIL: Well, I'm ready to go, Slim.

JACK: Me too, Tex. We got all the gold we need...Let's leave before we're ambushed.

PHIL: ^{Wait, Slim}
~~Oh,~~ one last thing...I'm gonna go down to the spring and fill our canteens with water...there's nothing I like better than nice, cold, sparkling, clear, pure water.

JACK: What did you say, Tex?

(SOUND: GUNSHOT)

JACK: (SCREAMS)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

PHIL: (FILTER) YES, I KILLED SLIM....IT WAS EASIER THAN READING THAT LINE AGAIN....MUSIC, BOYS!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the Crusade for Freedom offers every American an opportunity to play a personal part in a great moral crusade for freedom, faith and peace throughout the earth. In Berlin, on United Nations Day, October 24, the Freedom Bell will peal out this message of hope inscribed on its rim: "THAT THIS WORLD, UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM."
So please don't forget to enroll in the Crusade For Freedom. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

MAN: I parlez vous, I speak nine tongues
A linguist great am I
No matter how you say it, Brother
Lucky Strike's the buy!

ORCH: (SHORT VAMP)

GIRL: I am the leader of the band ...
I know what tunes you like
And favorite on Your Hit Parade
Is milder Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

SK

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Yes, friends -- Be Happy --
Go Lucky -- and enjoy your cigarette. Puff by puff
you'll find Luckies always give you perfect mildness.
In fact, scientific tests prove Lucky Strike is
milder than any other principal brand. But mildness
is only part of the enjoyment Luckies give you. You
get rich taste, too ... All the deep-down enjoyment
that comes from truly fine tobacco because ...
LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So,
friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of
Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

MARY: Well, Jack, that was a very good show we did today.

JACK: Yes, Mary, I thought so.

MARY: You know, I think every single joke got a big laugh.

JACK: Well, I didn't think the joke about "Goodnight, Irene" did.

PHIL: That's Goodnight Irene done.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...goodnight, ~~Irene~~ done.....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: Stay tuned for the new Harold Peary Show which follows
immediately.

....THIS IS CBS....THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the Crusade for Freedom offers every American an opportunity to play a personal part in a great moral crusade for freedom, faith and peace throughout the earth. In Berlin, on United Nations Day, October 24, the Freedom Bell will peal out this message of hope inscribed on its rim: "THAT THIS WORLD, UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM".

So please don't forget to enroll in the Crusade For Freedom. Thank you. Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DOH: Stay tuned in for the new Harold Peary Show which follows immediatly.

. . . THIS IS CBS . . . THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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ATX01 0098412

PROGRAM #4
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

HA

ATX01 0098413

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 63 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: Now Venus is a gorgeous girl
But life for her is rough,
A statue simply cannot smoke
A Lucky, puff by puff!

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: I drive a cab in my home town
I know what people like,
That milder, richer cigarette
Whose name is Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette. Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette -- Lucky Strike! For only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT --- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(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...YESTERDAY, WE HAD REHEARSAL, ABOUT NOON JACK, PHIL, DENNIS, AND I WALKED ACROSS THE STREET TO THE CORNER DRUGSTORE FOR SOME LUNCH.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLY BELL...
MURMUR OF VOICES...FADE TO B.G.)

DENNIS: Gee, the drugstore's crowded today.

JACK: Yeah..I hope it doesn't take too long.

PHIL: (UP) Hey Merv ~~you~~ you got a table for us?

MEL: No, but there'll be one empty in a minute...Would you mind waiting?

PHIL: No, but bring a chair for the old man, he walked all the way across the street.

JACK: Stop being funny. For your information, Phil, every morning right after breakfast I walk five miles all over Beverly Hills.

DON: Why do you do that, Jack?

DENNIS: He's collecting rents.

JACK: That's only on the first of the month.

PHIL: ~~That's~~ ^{Hey} look, Jackson, as long as we have to wait, I wanta buy some things at the drug counter. ^{will you} Hold a seat for me.

HA

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES UP AND DOWN)

KEARNS: Well...what can I do for you, Mr. Harris?

PHIL: ^{Look} "I want a large tube of toothpaste, some aspirin, a bottle of mouthwash, and a box of bobby pins.

KEARNS: Yes sir...what color is your wife's hair?

PHIL: Blonde, but she buys her own.

KEARNS: Very good, Mr. Harris, will there be anything else?

PHIL: ~~Yes, now let me see~~ ^{Yeah, now let me see}...I better get some cough drops..I've had a tickling in my throat since last night.

KEARNS: Maybe it's a piece of cork...Now, what kind of cough drops do you want?

PHIL: Oh, I don't care...^{just} give me a box of those that are made right here in L.A.

KEARNS: L.A.?

PHIL: Yeah, it says so right on the box..Los Angeles.

KEARNS: That's lozenges.

PHIL: Oh. ^{Uh}.

(SOUND: VOICES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: Your table is ready, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Okay...I'll get the others..(UP) Phil.

PHIL: (OFF) Right here, ^Jackson.

JACK: (UP) Dennis.

DENNIS: (OFF) ^{Uh} Just a second, Mr. Benny...I'm weighing myself.

(SOUND: PENNY IN COIN SLOT..CLICK OF SCALE DELIVERING CARD)

HA

JACK: (OFF) How much did you weigh, Dennis?

DENNIS: Three hundred and seventy pounds.

JACK: Three hundred and seventy pounds?

DENNIS: I invited Don to be my guest.

JACK: Well, what good is---Oh, never mind..Come on, kids, let's get to the table.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS
AS THEY SIT DOWN)

JACK: ^{hey} Mervyn, we're in a hurry to get back to rehearsal, so give us quick service, please.

MEL: Yes, Mr. Benny, I'll take the orders myself.

JACK: Good...what'll you have, fellows?

PHIL: I'll have a chicken sandwich on rye bread.

MEL: Yes sir...and you, Mr. Wilson?

DON: I'll have a small glass of tomato juice and a slice of whole wheat toast.

JACK: Don.,Don..is that all you're eating?

DON: ^{Yeah} ~~Yes~~ Jack, I'm on a diet, and that's all I've had for three full days.

(SOUND: LOUD SCUFFLING OF CHAIR AND COUPLE
OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Dennis, where are you going?

DENNIS: When he's that hungry, ^{I don't} I don't want to be close to him.

JACK: Oh, sit down.

HA

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

MEL: What will you have, Mr. Day?

DENNIS: I'll have a cucumber split.

JACK: ^A A cucumber split...what in the name of Duncan Hines is that?

DENNIS: ^{well} It's like a banana split only you use a cucumber.

JACK: Dennis...ice cream on a cucumber? That must taste awful.

DENNIS: ^{ah} Not if you peel it.

JACK: Well, his answer was all right, maybe my question was silly... How he can eat that, I don't know.

MEL: What will you have, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Let's see...I want to look at the sandwich list...
Hamburger..cheese burger... chicken burger..onion burger...
turkey burger...chili burger...~~burger~~-burger..~~Burger~~
burger? What's that?

MEL: ~~A slice of bread between two pieces of meat.~~

~~JACK: Hmm..that sounds kinda messy.~~

~~MEL: Instead of a napkin we give you rubber gloves.~~

JACK: ~~Oh...it's too warm to wear a glove.~~ Gee, I don't know what to order.

DENNIS: Why don't you try a cucumber split?

JACK: Dennis, if I live to be a hundred, I'll never eat a thing like that...it sounds horrible.

DENNIS: If you haven't tried it, don't knock it.

HA

JACK: Oh, keep quiet...Gee, I don't know what to eat...I just haven't any appetite...I haven't felt like eating all day.

PHIL: Don't take it personally, Jackson, they raised everybody's taxes today.

JACK: I know, I know...Mervyn, I'll have a bacon and tomato sandwich.

MEL: Yes sir...what will you gentlemen have to drink?

JACK: Coffee for me.

DENNIS: I'll have a Coca Cola.

PHIL: Bring me three fingers of milk.

JACK: Phil...Phil...three fingers of milk?

PHIL: I'm on the wagon, ~~Jackson~~, but I don't want to forget how to order.

JACK: Oh..oh.

PHIL: Oh, by the way, Jackson, Remley asked me to thank you for the raise you gave him.

JACK: That's all right, Phil...Any time your music is improved I appreciate it.

DON: Why, Jack, what did Frankie do?

JACK: He broke his arm and ^{he} can't play...what a nice guy.

DON: How did Frankie break his arm, Phil?

PHIL: Well, we were having a little party at Bagby's house and it was a warm night, so Frankie ran out and took a dive in the pool.

JACK: Oh...no water in the pool, eh?

PHIL: No pool.

HA

JACK: Well, no wonder he broke his arm.

PHIL: He didn't do that till the third dive.

JACK: What?

PHIL: He swam around the back yard like a mole.

JACK: Oh, fine.

MEL: Here's your food, gentlemen.

(SOUND: FOOD PUT ON TABLE)

JACK: Thanks...Now ^{eat --}let's eat fast, kids, so we can get back to rehearsal.

DON: ^{ah}Jack, look who's walking over here.

JACK: Why, it's Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Sit down, Mr. Kitzel, have some lunch with us.

ARTIE: ^{no thank you.} ~~No thanks...~~ ^{ate} I already ~~ate~~...I had the blue plate special..
Hoo, Hah, a bargain.

HA

JACK: ^{You mean... you...} You didn't like it?

ARTIE: Who could like it..such small portions they give you..six green beans..two potato chips..and a piece of steak J. Edgar Hoover couldn't find it.

JACK: Well,^{that's} that's too bad.

ARTIE: Too bad..If it wasn't for the dessert, the whole meal would be awful.

JACK: Oh..what did you have for dessert?

ARTIE: A cucumber split.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you didn't---Well, maybe it's good, *I don't know.*

ARTIE: Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny. I gotta run along now. I ~~have~~ *got* to pick up my boy and take him to his Scout meeting.

JACK: ^{ah} Oh, is your son a Boy Scout?

ARTIE: Is he a Boy Scout! ^{*You know, only two weeks ago he joined*} ~~He joined only two weeks ago and~~ ^{*and*} when I asked him, "What did you learn?"...he rubbed ~~two~~ ^{*two*} sticks together and burned ~~the house down~~ ^{*down the whole house.*}

JACK: Burned down the house!

ARTIE: ^{*ah-ha*} When the firemen came, he helped them across the street.

JACK: No.

ARTIE: ^{*ah-ha*} And with his little knife he carved "Be Prepared" in their fire hose.

JACK: Oh Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My...Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: So long, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, fellows, we better get going, too. We've got a lot of rehearsing to do..

MEL: Here's your check, gentlemen.

DENNIS: ^{oh - -} I'll take it, fellows, I think it's my turn.

PHIL: No no, Dennis..it's my turn.

DON: ^{no - - -} No no, Phil, it's my turn.

JACK: No no, Don..it's Phil's turn....I keep track of these things...Now come on, let's go...Dennis, what are you doing at the juke box?

DENNIS: One of my songs is on it and I wanta play it.

JACK: Well, go ahead..and then come right to the studio.

DENNIS: Okay. ^{got a nickel?}

JACK: ^{no, now} Let's go, fellows..

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Now} Don, have you got the scripts there?

DON: Yes, Jack.

PHIL: Come on, Jack~~son~~, I wanta get home..let's get rehearsal started.

JACK: Phil, we can't, Mary isn't here yet.

DON: Is there anything wrong with her?

JACK: I don't know, I hope she's feeling all right.

PHIL: How'd she look this morning when you collected her rent?

JACK: She was all right..She was a little concerned about the controls going off, but then I don't blame ^{you know} her. I'm going to call her up and see what's keeping her.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER FADING TO BUZZ BUZZ OF SWITCHBOARD.)

BEA: Oh, Mable..

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah..I wonder what "Born To Be Bad" wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny...Yes sir...I'll see if she's home.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get him Mary Livingstone...I'll try her number.

TR

SARA: Say, Gertrude..do you think there's a romance between Mr. Benny and Miss Livingstone?

BEA: Could be..on the first program of the season I saw Mary wearing an orchid he gave her.

SARA: ^{well} "What makes you so sure Mr. Benny gave it to her?"

BEA: It's the same one he let me wear on New Year's, he keeps it in a deep freeze.

SARA: Come to think of it, Gertrude, there could be something between Jack and Mary because Thursday night when I was at the Mocambo I saw them there together.

BEA: Gee..you were at the Mocambo?

SARA: Yeah.

BEA: Who took you?

SARA: Nobody, I went stag.

BEA: Oh.....Well, you're not ahead of me..I went to the Mocambo once, too..and with Jack..Jack Benny.

SARA: Then you didn't go stag.

BEA: No, I went dutch...Say, you know, Mable, you should see the change that's come over him since he came back from Europe..He's so continental..Now when he sees you, he bends from the waist and kisses you hand.

SARA: My, how romantic.

BEA: Yeah, but you gotta straighten him up fast or he stays that way all evening.

SARA: Aw Gertrude, you're kidding.

BEA: No, it happened the night we went to the Mocambo.

SARA: And he was bent over all evening? How could you dance with him?

BEA: It was awful..When the music started, he came at me like a U.S.C. fullback.

SARA: Gee, if you hadn't played for Notre Dame, you'da been in trouble

BEA: Yeah.

JACK: Operator...Operator..

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK)

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. B., but Miss Livingstone's line doesn't answer.

JACK: Oh..well, never mind, I'll call her later.

(*Applause*) (SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, fellows, Mary's phone doesn't answer..I wonder where she is.

DENNIS: Maybe she was drafted.

JACK: Oh, be quiet ...Look, fellows let's rehearse until she--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny, you're wanted on the phone in the hall.

JACK: Excuse me, fellows, maybe that's Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES..COUPLE
FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, ^{Mr. Bennett}BOSS, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester..what is it?

ROCH: BRACE YOURSELF, BOSS..I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU.

JACK: What is it, Rochester, what is it?

ROCH: YOUR CAR HAS BEEN STOLEN.

~~JACK: My car, stolen?~~

~~ROCH: Uh huh.~~

JACK: My car..^{stolen}~~it's gone~~..this is awful!

ROCH: THERE'S TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT ON THAT.

JACK: Rochester..I'm in no mood for ~~practical~~ jokes..Is my car really stolen?

ROCH: YES, BOSS, IT'S GONE.

JACK: ^{oh}This is terrible..Just yesterday I put in five gallons of gas....Ethel yet....Oh, my goodness.

ROCH: WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, BOSS?

JACK: Don't worry, Rochester, I'll get my car back..the Beverly Hills police are on their toes.

ROCH: THEY COULD BE ON THEIR KNEES AND CATCH THAT CAR.

JACK: Never mind..Just meet me at the Police station..Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOODBYE.

(Applause)

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

TR

DON: ^{well} Was that Mary, Jack?

JACK: No, Don, it was Rochester...what do you think happened, fellows?

DON: What?

JACK: My car was stolen.

DENNIS: Your car?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Gee, and only yesterday you drove me home and made me put in five gallons of gas.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: Ethel, yet.

JACK: All right, all right...Now look, fellows, rehearsal is off... I've gotta get down to the police station...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR SLAMS)

DON: Now where's the quartet? Oh, Sportsmen...Sportsmen...

QUART: HMMMMMM

DON: Did you hear the news? Someone stole Mr. Benny's car....

QUART: SOMEONE STOLE JACK BENNY'S CAR
AND DROVE IT RIGHT AWAY,
IT MAKES US FEEL SO VERY SAD
WE JUST CAN'T HELP BUT SAY.....
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

BS

MEL: PEOPLE CALL ME MAD MAN MUNTZ
WITH THEM I CAN'T AGREE
THE GUY WHO STOLE JACK BENNY'S CAR
IS CRAZIER THAN ME.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) MY NAME IS RONALD COLMAN
AND I LIVE NEXT DOOR TO JACK
I HOPE THE MAN WHO STOLE THAT CAN
WILL NEVER BRING IT BACK.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

MARTY: MY NAME IS MR. CASSIDY
TO YOU I'M KNOWN AS HOPPY
MY HORSE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHO'D STEAL
THAT BROKEN DOWN JALLOPY.

QUART: BE HOPPY, GO LUCKY
BE HOPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HOPPY, GO LUCKY
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

BS

MEL: MY NAME IS WOODY WOODPECKER
I LAUGH THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH
AND SINCE THEY STOLE JACK BENNY'S CAR
I'VE GOT A REASON TO...(WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(APPLAUSE)

BS

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: STREET NOISES)

JACK: Well, here it is..Beverly Hills Police Station...What a classy place...look at that sign over the door..."Through these portals pass the toughest policemen in the world. Uniforms by Adrian." ..Well, I better go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..LIGHT BABBLE OF VOICES)

JACK: I wonder where I...Oh, there's a girl at that desk. I better ask her.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, Miss --

BLANCHE: Yes?

JACK: I'd like to report a stolen car.

BLANCHE: Do you have an appointment?

JACK: No no.. I just want to report a stolen car.

BLANCHE: Well, we're not very busy today, perhaps we can work you in.

JACK: ^{well} Good, good.

BLANCHE: You may go to the office on the right and see Sergeant Vandermeer.

JACK: ^{well} Thank you.

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

JACK: Sergeant Vandermeer?

GORDON: Yes?

JACK: I'd like to report that my car was stolen.

GORDON: Do you live in Beverly Hills?

BS

ATK01 0098431

JACK: Yes, yes, I do.

GORDON: What kind of a Cadillac was it?

JACK: Well...it isn't a Cadillac...it's--

GORDON: A Lincoln?

JACK: Well...

GORDON: Come come, Mister, what kind of a car is it?

JACK: ^{It's} A....a....a Maxwell...

GORDON: From what country.

JACK: No, no, ^{you see} it was made in this country...that is..well, they don't make them any more...Although, the factory is still in existance...they make pencil sharpeners...They had some cranks left over so it was easy to convert.

GORDON: I see...Now tell me, from where was your car stolen?

JACK: Well --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BOSS --

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester.

ROCH: THE GIRL AT THE DESK TOLD ME YOU WERE IN HERE.

JACK: Oh, Sergeant, this is my butler, Rochester Van Jones. He discovered the theft.

GORDON: (OVER-ACTING) Oh, the butler, eh? Sit down, Mr. Van Jones.

ROCH: HUH?

GORDON: Now, recount, in your own words the events of the entire day.

ROCH: WELL....

JACK: Don't be nervous, Rochester, I'll stand behind you.

BS

ROCH: WELL...MR. BENNY LEFT THE HOUSE AT TEN O'CLOCK...HE CALLED ME OUT OF MY ROOM AND SAID, "ROCHESTER, I'LL BE GONE ALL DAY SO I WANT YOU TO CLEAN THE KITCHEN, BEAT THE RUGS, WASH THE WINDOWS, POLISH THE STOVE, WAX THE FLOORS, AND PRESS MY CLOTHES."

JACK: That's right, that's right...I remember telling him to do all those things and I left at ten o'clock.

GORDON: Now, Rochester, where were you at ten-fifteen?

ROCH: BACK IN MY ROOM, ASLEEP!

JACK: Asleep! Rochester --

GORDON: Quiet ^{quiet} Mr. Benny. Tell me, Rochester, when did you first discover that the car was stolen.

ROCH: I HEARD THE MOTOR AS IT WENT OUT THE DRIVEWAY.

GORDON: (OVER-ACTING) Oohh...I see...you were sleeping...but you just happened to wake up in time to hear the motor.

ROCH: I DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN TO WAKE UP, IT THREW ME OUT OF BED.

GORDON: Now, look here --

JACK: Just a minute, Sergeant, you're suspecting the wrong man.

GORDON: (LOSING CONTROL) Yes...yes, I guess I am..It always happens.

For twenty years I've been listening to mystery programs on the radio and it's always the butler, always the butler..

they drive you nuts! (HYSTERICAL) Why do I keep listening to them..why...I ask you..why...why...why? ... *why... why?*

JACK: Sergeant..control yourself.

GORDON: Yes..yes..I must control myself. Now, where were we? Oh *yes,* yes, your car was stolen. I have it here on the report...
Make...Maxwell.

JACK: That's right.

GORDON: Will you give me a description, please.

JACK: Well..it has a black body, ^{with} blue fenders...that is, two of them are blue and one is green.

GORDON: What about the fourth one?

JACK: ^{Well} The color of that one changes, it's made out of lizard skin.

GORDON: Any other identification?

JACK: Well, there's a fox tail hanging rather casually ^{over the -- you know} from the radiator cap...and..now let me see.. What else?...Oh yes -- the top goes up and down, ^{you see.}

GORDON: Oh, a convertible.

ROCH: NO, THE TOP JUST GOES UP AND DOWN!

JACK: That's right...You see we have no windshield to fasten it to and it's uncomfortable wearing that chin-strap.

GORDON: We better not waste any more time, Mr. Benny.. Now, if you'll just follow me we'll go down to the radio room and report the theft to our prowl cars. Just follow me.

JACK: Come on, Rochester. ^{(Sound: Door Opens... Footsteps) Gee, look at the pictures on the wall. Billings, Pettit, Roy Alford -- he}
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS) ^{look, there's a picture of my agent.}

JACK: Gee, I hope I get it ~~back~~ ^{my car back.}

GORDON: Don't worry, Mr. Benny, we'll not only locate your car..but we'll apprehend the criminals. You see, we'll take fingerprints off the steering wheel.

JACK: Maybe you oughta get the fingerprints off the door handle.

GORDON: Why?

ROCH: WE HAVEN'T GOT A STEERING WHEEL!

GORDON: But that's ridiculous. What do you do when you get to a corner?...How do you make a turn?

ROCH: WE JUMP OUT AND KICK THE FRONT WHEEL!

JACK: Rochester--

ROCH: WHEN WE GET TO CARTHAY CIRCLE WE GO CRAZY.

JACK: Rochester, please--

GORDON: Well, here's the radio room. ^{Oh,} ~~But,~~ before we go in, Mr. Benny, have you thought of a reward?

JACK: Well...no...if I just get my car back it will be enough.

GORDON: Very well. This way.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Calling all cars...calling all cars.. Go to 700 North Rexford...See the man about a disturbance. This is Johnson, that is all.

~~ARTIE~~ ^{Lewis}: Calling all cars...Calling all cars.. Go to the corner of Doheny and Wilshire...Code 62...Carey speaking, that is all.

GORDON: Now, Mr. Benny, which one of our announcers would you prefer to broadcast the information about your missing car. Lieutenant Johnson or Sergeant Carey?

JACK: What's the difference?

GORDON: Sergeant Carey has a higher Hooper...more of our prowl cars listen to him.

JACK: ^{Really popular} Really popular, eh?

GORDON: Popular! CBS wants to star him in a program called "People Are Crooked."

JACK: Well, what do you know.. Sergeant, tell him to send out the alarm about my car.

GORDON: Certainly...Here, Carey, add this one to your list.

KEARNS: Yes sir.. Calling all cars...calling all cars...Keep a look-out for these stolen vehicles. Hudson...License number W-Y-7, 4, 6, 9.. Cadillac..D..E..3, 3, 2, 7... Maxwell...P-U, 8, 0, 5, 4.

JACK: Gee, I hope they find it soon.

~~KEARNS:~~ ^{Laura:} That is all...Goodnight, Irene.

JACK: Gosh, if I don't get my car back I don't know what I'm gonna--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Oh, Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny!

JACK: Dennis, what are you doing here?

DENNIS: ^{ah} I had to see you, Mr. Benny. Are you sure somebody stole your car?

JACK: Of course I'm sure. Why?

DENNIS: Well, when I left the studio I went home.

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: ^{and} When I went into the house, I said, "Hello, Mother, somebody stole Mr. Benny's car." And then it happened.

JACK: What happened?

DENNIS: She filled me full of black coffee, put an ice bag on my head and called Alcoholics Anonymous.

JACK: Alcoholics Anonymous.

DENNIS: I go to my first meeting next Tuesday.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I could go on Thursdays but I'd rather go with Phil.

BS

JACK: Well, you can tell your mother that --

MEL: (ON FILTER) Car 28 calling in...Car 28 calling in.

GORDON: This may be it, Mr. Benny, this report may concern your car.

JACK: Oh, good good.

GORDON: Okay, car 28, come in.

MEL: (FILTER) We found the Maxwell. License number...
P - U, 8, 0, 5, 4.

JACK: That's it, that's it!

MEL: (FILTER) The car was found at 360 North Camden Drive.

JACK: That's my house.

MEL: (FILTER) They brought it back!

JACK: Rochester, did you hear that?...They brought it back, they brought it back!

RCCH: THIS IS THE THIRD TIME!

JACK: Yeah.

GORDON: Quiet, ^{quiet} please. Tell me, car 28, did you apprehend the criminals?

MEL: (FILTER) ONLY THE ONE THAT WAS LIMPING. THE OTHER ONE GOT AWAY.

GORDON: YOU SAY ONE OF THEM WAS LIMPING?...DID YOU SHOOT HIM?

MEL: (FILTER) NO, HIS TOE WAS BROKEN FROM KICKING THE FRONT WHEEL.

JACK: WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT...THEY MUST HAVE GONE BY WAY OF CARTHAY CIRCLE...COME ON, ROCHESTER, LET'S GO HOME.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, stop fires -- save jobs.
Remember that jobs as well as buildings go up in smoke.
Fires destroy foodstuffs and materials we need to raise
our production higher than ever before. Heed all fire
regulations. Put out burning matches and cigarettes
before discarding them. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

HA

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: In science and biology
 In math and chemistry
 There never was a formula
 Like LS/MFT!

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: Yes, Luckies get our loudest cheers
 On campus and on dates.
 With college gals and college guys
 A Lucky really rates.

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Yes, Friends -- Be Happy --
Go Lucky! Enjoy your cigarette. For Luckies always
give you perfect mildness. In fact, scientific tests,
confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories,
prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal
brand. And together with mildness, you always get
rich taste, too ... all the deep-down smoking
enjoyment that comes from truly fine tobacco. For,
LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So,
friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of
Lucky Strike!

CHICRUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Look, Rochester, the thieves did bring my car back. There it is in front of the house.

ROCH: YEAH.

JACK: Gee, I hope they didn't damage it .. Jump in, Rochester, and see if it'll start.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CLANK OF DOOR CLOSING..STARTER...
MEL DOES COUGHING BIT...MOTOR CATCHES
AND RUNS)

JACK: Listen to it, Rochester...Listen.

ROCH: YEAH, BOSS, IT'S JUST AS GOOD AS ~~ME~~ EVER ~~WAS~~.

JACK: It certainly is .. 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 and Andy Show which follows immediately.....

THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

HA

PROGRAM #5
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

MO

RTX01 0080443

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: Now, I sell Luckies to the fans,
Yes, that's the smoke to get
They've mildness and a richer taste
In one great cigarette!

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: I am the pitcher for the team
They cheer my ev'ry act.
The stands are like a Lucky Strike
So firm and fully packed!

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1950 (CONT'D)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette. Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette -- Lucky Strike! For only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

DJ

81701 0088444

(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, ^{just} A FEW DAYS AGO JACK BENNY ASKED THE GANG OVER TO HIS HOUSE TO LISTEN TO THE WORLD SERIES. SO LET'S GO BACK ... IT'S MORNING AND ROCHESTER IS PREPARING JACK'S BATH.

ROCH: OH, BOSS -- BOSS --

JACK: (OFF) What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: YOU CAN COME IN AND TAKE YOUR BATH ... I'VE GOT YOUR TUB FILLED.

JACK: (OFF) In a minute!

ROCH: Until he gets here I better add a little more soap and keep blowing through this straw, Mr. Benny likes ^a lots of bubbles.

(SOUND: BLOWING THROUGH STRAW IN WATER)

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE .. LOOK AT THOSE BUBBLES .. ONCE I BLEW SOME BIG ONES AND HE DID A DANCE FOR ME! ^{I better che ...} ... I BETTER CHECK THE TEMPERATURE AGAIN, AND --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: YOUR BATH IS READY FOR YOU, BOSS. TAKE OFF YOUR ROBE AND STEP IN.

You know

JACK: No no, I've decided not to use the tub any more. "I read a book by Bernarr McFadden ... and he said, if you wanna stay healthy, you've got to have good circulation. And the best way to get it, is to jump out of bed and step into a cold shower.

ROCH: RIGHT OUT OF A WARM BED INTO A COLD SHOWER?

JACK: *Lookit --* If it's good enough for Bernarr McFadden, it's good enough for me.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, HE'S YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE.

JACK: No, he just looks it ... He's got a lot of hair ... Now come on, Rochester, open that shower door and turn on the cold water.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: SHOWER DOOR CLICKING OPEN ... TURNING FAUCET ..
RUNNING WATER)

JACK: Let it run awhile ... I want it to get good and cold.

(SOUND: RUNNING WATER IN SHOWER)

ROCH: IT OUGHTA BE COLD ENOUGH NOW.

JACK: I guess you're right. Well ... here goes.

(SOUND: RUNNING WATER)

JACK: Oooooooohhhh Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrr Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... this is wonderful ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... Ehhhhhhhhh ... There's nothing like standing in a cold shower.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT I DARE YOU TO PUT DOWN THAT UMBRELLA!

JACK: Are you crazy? ... You hafta do these things gradually. Now, hand me the soap.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks. Now, hold the umbrella while I scrub my back.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: LATHERING)

JACK: Ahhhh ... Ahhhhhhhhhh ... This is the life ... Ahhhhhh
Rochester, why do you keep moving the umbrella.

ROCH: IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME, AND I'VE GOT MY CLOTHES ON.

JACK: Get out of the shower. I want help, not company.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLICKS OPEN ... WATER CONTINUES RUNNING)

JACK: Well, I guess I had enough.

(SOUND: TURNING FAUCETS, WATER STOPS)

JACK: Ah that was good. Hand me a towel, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR, HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Thanks ... Now go down to the kitchen and --- Rochester, this
towel is marked "Hers".

ROCH: THAT'S THE ONE YOU BORROWED FROM MRS ^{Ronald} COLMAN.

JACK: Oh, .. well give me the one marked "HIS".

ROCH: HE CAME AND GOT HIS.

JACK: Oh ... well, hand me one of my own.

~~ROCH: OKAY, BUT ROB DON'T BLOT.~~

JACK: ~~I will~~ .. Rochester, ~~hand me~~ ^{get out} my slippers.

ROCH: THE ONES WITH THE POM POMS ON THEM?

JACK: No, they have no backs and I keep losing my arch supports.
I'll pick out my own clothes - you go down to the kitchen
and make some coffee while I get dressed.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES ... FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: UMM UMM -- I OUGHT TO CLEAN THIS HOUSE MORE OFTEN. (FOOTSTEPS STOP) LOOK AT THAT DUST ON THE PIANO ... AND SOMEBODY WROTE HIS NAME IN IT ... HM ... KENNY BAKER ... WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN TEN YEARS ... WELL, I'LL CLEAN IT AFTER I --

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS)

ROCH: HELLO, POLLY.

MEL: Hello, Hello, (SQUAWK & WHISTLE)

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER DUST THE PIANO BEFORE I FIX BREAKFAST ... (SINGS) BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY - BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE.

MEL: Poo poo pee poo poo poo pee poo. (*Squawk & whistle*)

ROCH: YOU BETTER LEARN THE WORDS, POLLY.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

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

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

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

ROCH: HE'S GETTING DRESSED, HE'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE. YOU KNOW, MISS LIVINGSTONE, HE'S STARTING A NEW HEALTH FAD BY TAKING A COLD SHOWER THIS MORNING.

MARY: Oh, him and his health fads. ~~A~~ couple years ago he wanted to improve his eyesight, so for months he ate nothing but carrots, ~~carrots, carrots.~~

ROCH: *Did it --*
DID IT HELP HIS EYES?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) No, but his ears grew two inches...Then he tried to get the lead in Harvey.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh, hello, Jack.

JACK: Eh eh eh eh, what's up, Doc? I heard what you said, *Mary*. You can stop making things up.... How's your cold?

MARY: Oh, I'm fine now, Jack.. And thanks for sending that doctor over. He was awfully cute.

JACK: *The doctor --*
He was?

MARY: Yeah, and I guess I wasn't as sick as I thought I was.

JACK: Why?

MARY: He took my temperature, he took my pulse, then took me to Ciro's.

JACK: That's funny, me he takes to Cedars of Lebanon .. Did you have a good time at Ciro's?

MARY: Yeah, but it's kinda funny going out with a doctor. They've always got their minds on business.

JACK: What do you mean?

MARY: I told him my steak was too rare so he put a tournequet on it.

Jack: Say that's good. I'll bet your mother sent you that one.

JACK: ~~All right, all right~~ .. Say Mary, the gang will be here pretty soon and we're gonna listen to the World Series. Do you want a cup of coffee?

MARY: No, thanks. Say Jack, who do you think will win? *the series?*

JACK: *oh*, Philadelphia is a cinch to win.

MARY: Philadelphia!

JACK: Certainly, how can they lose with players like Eddie Waitkus, Andy Seminick, Richie Ashburn, and Phil Rizzuto.

MARY: Rizzuto is with the Yankees.

JACK: Oh yes .. I meant to say Charles Ezzard.

MARY: That's Ezzard Charles and he's a fighter.

JACK: Oh, well maybe I did get a little mixed up. I haven't read the paper lately.

MARY: You haven't read a paper since you stopped delivering them.

JACK: *Jack go in the kitchen and help Rochester make the coffee.*
~~Mary, why can't you come over here and just---~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it ... it must be some of the gang.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: (SINGS) Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Dennis, come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: As soon as the rest of the gang gets here, we'll listen to the --- Dennis, .. Dennis .. why is your arm in a sling?

DENNIS: It's my father's fault?

JACK: Your father's fault?

DENNIS: Yeah. My mother got so mad at my father, she picked me up and threw me at him.

JACK: Then why is it your father's fault?

DENNIS: He ducked, and I went ^{right} through the window.

JACK: Dennis, I wish you'd stop making up ~~all these~~ --

MARY: *sh* Jack, if the game starts at one o'clock in New York, it should be on here in a ~~few~~ --

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

MARY: *sh* Hello, Dennis. Jack, the game should be on in a few --

(PAUSE) Dennis --

JACK: Mary, don't ask him.

MARY: But Jack, I want to know what happened to him ... ~~Dennis why~~
~~is your arm~~

~~MEL: You'll be sorry (SOLAWIK AND WHISTLE)~~

~~JACK: You see, Mary, now leave Dennis alone, will you?~~

MARY: ~~Now look, that's silly~~ ... Dennis, what's wrong with your arm?

DENNIS: Nothing.

JACK: Nothing! You told me you went through a window.

DENNIS: ^{well} That's how I hurt my leg.

JACK: Your leg?

MARY: Then why did you put your arm in the sling?

DENNIS: When I put my leg in it, I can't walk.

JACK: You see, Mary, you see ... You wouldn't listen to me, would you? ^{You wouldn't listen to me, would you.} Now look, Dennis, I want to ask you one simple ^{I'm silly, but I'm gonna ask it. I have no business to ask it.} question [?] you're wearing a sling and there's nothing wrong ^{look} with your arm .. That I can understand ... but why is the sling black?

DENNIS: Notre Dame lost.

JACK: ~~Dennis, they don't play that game until Saturday.~~
And, and for that you're wearing a black

DENNIS: ~~Oh . . . do you want to make a bet on the game?~~
Pat O'Brien killed himself!

JACK: ~~Yeah, I'll take Purdue. He did not!~~

~~DENNIS: Okay, sucker.~~

JACK: Now look, kid, before the gang gets here let's hear the song
you're gonna do on the show.

DENNIS: Yes sir, hold my sling.

JACK: Hold it yourself.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "LA VIE EN ROSE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis, very good ... Gee, I wish I could sing like you do.

DENNIS: What?

JACK: I said ^{that} I wish I could sing like you do.

DENNIS: Copying, copying ... always copying.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: First you wanted to dress like Phil.

JACK: Look, Dennis --

DENNIS: Now you wanna sing like me.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: You already walk like Mary.

JACK: Only when I'm wearing my pom pom slippers. Now, let's not have any more of ~~that~~ --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ^{My} Maybe that's the rest of the gang, I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd,
Buy me some Luckies and cracker-jack

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (SINGS) Remley's outside and he's flat on his back.

JACK: Well, leave him out there ... Come on in, Phil.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

PHIL: H'ya Jackson ... Hello, kids.

MARY & DENNIS: Hello, Phil.

JACK: Well Phil, the game'll be on pretty soon.

MO

PHIL: I'm sorry, Jackson, but I can't stay. I gotta go to a wedding. Sammy my drummer is getting married.

JACK: Sammy? ... Sammy your drummer? ... You mean Moonglow? .. ^{Sammy's} ~~that~~ getting married?

PHIL: Yep. He's gonna marry the little girl who used to play harp in my band.

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

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

JACK: Well, that's a logical mistake.

PHIL: Anyway, Jackson, even though I can't stay to hear the game, our bet is still on.

JACK: It's on. It's on.

MARY: How much is the bet, Jack?

JACK: ^{oh,} It isn't money.

MARY: What?

PHIL: That's right, Liv. Jack has Philadelphia, I have the Yankees, and the winner gets to kiss Betty Grable.

MARY: ^{what} What about the loser?

PHIL: He holds Harry James.

JACK: Yeah.

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

JACK: ^{mary} Mary, another crack like that and May is gonna have company..
Get it? ^{bid, huh?}

PHIL: Hey Jackson, speaking about the world series, you wanna hear a funny coincidence?

JACK: Coincidence?

PHIL: Yeah. In my living room there's a picture of a little grey haired old lady sitting in a rocking chair, and I just found out her son plays on the Philadelphia ball team.

JACK: Really, Phil, who is she?

PHIL: Sissler's Mother ... Ha Ha Ha ... Oh Harris, you may not be pitching but you threw that one by the old man.

JACK: Phil, Yougi Berra wouldn't have swung on that one.

PHIL: Look, Jackson, I gotta run along. See you later ... so long.

JACK: So long, so long.

(SOUND: DORR CLOSSES)

PHIL: (WAY OFF) ALL RIGHT, REMLEY, WE'RE LEAVING. GET UP WILL YOU PLEASE LET'S GET SOME ACTION ... LET'S GET ... COME ON REMLEY.

JACK: What a guy. You know, Mary, Phil thinks he's smart because he was appointed dog catcher of Encino. I wouldn't appoint him Ambassador to Moscoe ... That's the last time I'll buy a joke from John L. Lewis.

MARY: Jack ...

JACK: What? ... I ad libbed that one in the middle there. I had that ad lib for almost 12 minutes. I had it written in there already. I wrote it in with pencil so you wouldn't know. I'm an ad libbing fool, you know.

MARY: Jack ...

JACK: What?

MARY: Why don't you stop picking on Phil ... I think he's pretty smart.

JACK: Smart!

DENNIS: Yeah, he's a lot smarter than you are.

JACK: Smarter than me! Dennis, name me one smart thing that Phil Harris ever did ...

DENNIS: He didn't ask me why my arm is in a sling.

JACK: Dennis, that isn't being smart, that's self-defense ... Anybody who's foolish enough to ask you —

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

JACK: Hello, Don.

DON: Hello Jack. Hi ya, kids.

MARY &
DENNIS: Hello, Don.

DON: I hope I haven't missed too much of the ball game.

JACK: No, no, Don, we still have a few minutes. The game doesn't start til ten o'clock.

DON: Well, look, I've got a quarter to eleven.

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes, Don. How can a man of your age and dignity wear a Mickey Mouse wrist watch?

DON: You gave it to me for Christmas.

JACK: Oh, did that go to you? I meant it for Phil..He can't tell time so I thought he'd enjoy the pictures.

MARY: Jack, if you wanta hear the game, you better turn on the radio.

JACK: Yeah. Come on, let's go in the den.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DON: *sh.* By the way, Mary, ~~are~~ you all over your cold?

MARY: Yes, Don, thanks.

DON: I hope being off the program last week hasn't set you back too much financially.

MARY: No no, Don I pay insurance premiums every week...And any time I'm sick and stay off the show I collect half salary.

DON: Gee, I'd like to get that kind of insurance.

MARY: Jack, here's another customer for you.

JACK: Thanks..Don, you'll find an application on the piano...
v m going to put on the radio now.
Well, sit down everybody. Here goes the old ball game.

(SOUND: CLICK..STATIC)

KM

BLANCHE: (FILTER) LADIES, DOES YOUR HUSBAND TALK IN HIS SLEEP?..
HE DOES!...WELL, SEND FOR OUR LITTLE STOOL PIGEON TAPE
RECORDER. IT WILL SOON PAY FOR ITSELF.

JACK: I thought this was the station.

MARY: Well, hurry, Jack, we don't want to miss any of the game.

JACK: I'm trying, I'm trying.

(SOUND: STATIC)

SARA: (FILTER) (SINGS) BALI HI MAY CALL YOU
ANY NIGHT, ANY DAY
IN YOUR HEART YOU'LL HEAR IT CALL YOU
COME AWAY..COME AWAY.

JACK: Isn't that awful. *I can't get the station.*

(SOUND: STATIC)

KEARNS: (FILTER) (STRAIGHT) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
WE BRING YOU ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES OF SPEAKERS TO
DISCUSS THE WORLD SITUATION. TONIGHT WE HAVE THE
RUSSIAN DELEGATE...JACOB MALIK.

LEON: (FILTER) EHEM....YA OCHEN ZAHN SITT ZDESS. POGODA ZDES
CILA OCHEN CHOROSHAYA. DNEEH BILLEE TEPLIEYE SOLNICH
NIEYE NO NOCHI BILEE PROCHLADNIYE. KONECHNO VOT VCHERA
STOYAL TOOMAN DO POLUDNEE NO V OBSHEM KAKAYA RAZNITZA
EYESLI.

(AS HE TALKS HE FADES...FADES...FADES OUT)

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

KEARNS: *How do you like that.*
~~WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW.~~ HE WALKED OUT ON HIMSELF.

JACK: *Why* "Why can't I get the ball game. *I've been tuning in...*

(SOUND: STATIC)

SARA: (SINGS) BALI HI WILL WHISPER
ON THE WINDS OF THE SEA
~~HERE AM I, YOUR SPECIAL ISLAND~~
~~COME TO ME, COME TO ME.~~

JACK: Oh, her again. *I don't want that.*

(SOUND: STATIC)

MEL: (FILTER) AND NOW FOR OUR NEXT CONTESTANT...YOUR NAME, ~~MISS~~ *Sue*

Kearns: ~~MISS~~ *Joe*
~~BLANCHE~~ (FILTER) (BROOKLYN) TWOMLEY.. ~~SADIE~~ TWOMLEY.

MEL: NOW ~~MISS~~ *me* TWOMLEY, YOUR QUESTION IS...IN WHAT YEAR DID THE
PILGRIMS LAND ON PLYMOUTH ROCK?

Kearns:
~~BLANCHE~~ ER...ER...1776?

MEL: OH, I'M SORRY, YOU ANSWERED THAT QUESTION WRONG. BUT FOR
YOUR TROUBLE, MY SPONSORS WANT YOU TO HAVE A THIRTEEN CUBIC
FOOT REFRIGERATOR..A SIXTEEN INCH ADMIRAL TELEVISION...A
GRAND PIANO..A FORTY FOOT YACHT AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
IN CASH. BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

JACK: *...it's a shame...*
Gee, it's a shame he didn't answer it right...Now where is
that ball game?

(SOUND: STATIC)

NELSON: (FILTER) AND HERE WE ARE IN THE LAST HALF OF THE SECOND
Jack: That's it, that's it.
INNING OF A VERY EXCITING GAME. WOODLING IS UP AT BAT...THERE
ARE TWO STRIKES AGAINST HIM, AND HERE COMES THE PITCH.

(SOUND: CLOUT..CHEERS)

NELSON: IT'S A LONG FLY...A HIGH FLY..IT'S GOING UP...HIGH..HIGH..
HIGH..

SARA: (SINGS) BALI HI MAY CALL YOU
ANY NIGHT, ANY DAY
~~IN YOUR HEART YOU'LL HEAR ME CALL YOU.~~

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes, in my excitement I turned the dial.
I'll try to get it again.

(SOUND: STATIC)

NELSON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COMING UP TO THE PLATE IS
RIZZUTO...WOODLING IS ON FIRST BASE..WOODLING IS TRYING TO
WORRY THE PITCHER..HE'S DANCING OFF THE BASE..HE'S DANCING
BACK AGAIN..HE'S DANCING OFF AGAIN..NOW HE'S DANCING BACK...
AS ANNOUNCED EARLIER, THE COACH ON FIRST BASE IS ARTHUR MURRAY.

JACK: Arthur Murray! I though he was with Brooklyn.

NELSON: THIS IS A TENSE MOMENT..RIZZUTO CALLS FOR TIME, STEPS OUT OF
THE BATTERS BOX, TAKES HIS BAT AND HITS HIS SHOE TO KNOCK
THE DIRT OUT OF HIS SPIKES.

(SOUND: ONE DULL CLUNK)

NELSON: DIMAGGIO IS NOW BATTING, RIZZUTO BROKE HIS ANKLE.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame.

NELSON: HOWEVER, WE WANT YOU FANS TO KNOW THAT EVEN THOUGH RIZZUTO
WILL BE OUT OF THE GAME WITH A BROKEN ANKLE, HE WILL COLLECT
HALF SALARY THANKS TO AN INSURANCE POLICY HE TOOK OUT IN
BEVERLY HILLS.

MARY: Jack, do you know Rizzuto?

JACK: No, he was visiting the Colmans ~~and~~ I happened to be over
there.

NELSON: WHILE I WAS GIVING YOU THAT LITTLE SIDE LIGHT..DIMAGGIO
TOOK TWO STRIKES..HERE COMES THE PITCH..HE SWINGS AND
MISSES..IT'S STRIKE THREE.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: THE CROWD IS GOING WILD..AND HERE COMES THE NEXT
PITCH..HE SWINGS AND MISSES FOR STRIKE FOUR.

JACK: Strike four?

NELSON: AND HERE COMES THE NEXT PITCH..HE FANS THE AIR FOR
STRIKE FIVE.

JACK: Five?

NELSON: AS YOU KNOW, DIMAGGIO IS THE UMPIRE'S NEPHEW..AND HERE
COMES THE NEXT PITCH ----

(SOUND: RADIO SQUEELS...AND GOES DEAD)

JACK: How do you like that..there's something wrong
with the radio.

MARY: Shake it.

DON: Hit it.

ROCH: KICK IT!

JACK: I will not..I can't understand it..This set has never
gone bad before.

ROCH: OH YES IT DID, BOSS.

JACK: When?

ROCH: DURING THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY FIGHT.

JACK: Oh yes I remember.

MARY: Jack, here's the trouble..the plug is pulled out of the
wall.

JACK: Hmm...Well, plug it in, plug it in..

(SOUND: CLICK..STATIC)

NELSON: HERE COMES THE PITCH..HE SWINGS AND MISSES FOR STRIKE
TWELVE.

JACK: Strike twelve!

NELSON: WAIT A MINUTE..DIMAGGIO CALLED HIMSELF OUT, HE'S TIRED.
...THE GAME IS STILL TIED AT ONE AND ONE...WOODLING IS NOW
ON THIRD...AND COMING UP TO BAT IS CHARLES EZZARD.

JACK: You see, Mary, I told you, *I told you.*

NELSON: THE PITCHER WINDS UP..THERE COMES THE PITCH..AND NOW ^{for} A FEW
WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR GILLETTE.

JACK: Gillette?

NELSON: GILLETTE ME TELL YOU ABOUT LUCKY STRIKES..LOOK SHARP, FEEL
SHARP, BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY...^{It's} ~~IT'S~~ OUR CUSTOM TO BRING
YOU FAMOUS ATHLETES TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR PRODUCT...
NOW WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO HEAR FROM FOUR SPORTSMEN.

KM

(INTRO)

QUART: TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD
BUY ME A PACKAGE OF LUCKY STRIKE
THAT'S THE CIGARETTE EVERYONE LIKES
SO LET'S PUFF PUFF PUFF ON A LUCKY
JUST REMEMBER THE NAME.
FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE LUCKY STRIKES
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD.
THE SCORE FOR A LUCKY IS TWO TO ONE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY, YOU'LL HAVE SO MUCH FUN.
IF YOU'LL PUFF PUFF PUFF ON A LUCKY
JUST REMEMBER THE NAME
FOR IT'S L, S, M, F, F, T
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

~~(APPLAUSE)~~ *Look sharp.*
Feel sharp.
Be sharp.
Smoke a Lucky Strike.
(Applause)

KM

(THIRD ROUTINE)

NELSON: NOW, YOGO BERRA IS AT BAT..THE COUNT IS ONE AND ONE...HERE COMES THE PITCH, AND IT'S A BALL..KNEE HIGH HERE COMES THE WIND-UP..AND THE PITCH..AND IT'S BALL THREE. THAT ONE WAS SHOULDER HIGH..HERE COMES THE WIND-UP AGAIN..AND IT'S A STRIKE, RIGHT ACROSS THE MIDDLE..IT WAS--

SARA: (SINGS) BALI HI MAY CALL YOU..
ANY NIGHT, ANY DAY.

JACK: Why doesn't she keep out of this?

NELSON: THAT WAS STRIKE TWO ON BERRA AND HERE COMES THE NEXT PITCH.

(SOUND: CLOUT)

NELSON: WHAT A WALLOP!

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

MEL: TUNNEY IS DOWN ^{- see he's down -} AND THE REFEREE IS WAVING DEMPSEY TO A NEUTRAL CORNER.

JACK: Gee, that must've been stuck in there.

ROCH: SHAKE IT, BOSS SHAKE IT.

JACK: I am, I am.

(SOUND: SHAKING OF RADIO..STATIC WHISTLE)

JACK: Oh, there, I think it's fixed now.

KM

NELSON: THE SCORE IS TIED ONE ONE..BERRA IS ON SECOND AND MIZE COMES UP TO BAT..IT'S A CRUCIAL MOMENT..THE PITCHER IS WINDING UP, AND READY TO -- Oh, Boy, I'll have a hot dog....thank you.... THE PITCHER THROWS THE BALL. MIZE HITS THE BALL, AND IT'S A LONG LONG...(HANDKERCHIEF IN MOUTH) FLY GOING OUT FRAZZLE RAZZELTOG....IT'S GOING, GOING IT MAY BE A CRAMESTAN.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS)

JACK: What did he say, what did he say? Why doesn't he put down that hot dog.

NELSON: YES, YES IT'S GOING OUT TOWARD (HANDKERCHIEF IN MOUTH) THE FRAZZLE RAZZLE DOG...IT MAY BE A CRAMESTAN...I KNOW IT'S A LASFIRM.

JACK: Stop eating already!

(SOUND: CHEERS)

NELSON: (HANDKERCHIEF IN MOUTH) IT GOES INTO THE FRAZZLE RAZZLE DOG BERRA IS ROUNDING THIRD AND NODATRINK.

(SOUND: CHEERS)

JACK: Why doesn't he stop eating?

NELSON: (STRAIGHT) WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE NINTH..AND (HANDKERCHIEF IN MOUTH) THE RAZZLE FRAZZLE DOG (STRAIGHT) WON THE GAME.

JACK: Oh, nuts, turn it off, Rochester.

ROCH: KICK IT FIRST, I WANT TO SEE HOW THAT DEMPSEY TUNNEY FIGHT CAME OUT.

JACK: Never mind, never mind.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, stop fires -- save jobs. Remember that jobs as well as buildings go up in smoke. Fires destroy^s foodstuffs and materials we need to raise our production higher than ever before. Heed all fire regulations. Put out burning matches and cigarettes before discarding them. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

KM

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today!

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: So round, so firm, so fully packed,
 They're made without a flaw --
 That's why you'll find that Luckies are
 So easy on the draw!

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: I'll eat hot dogs or steak or fish
 But only smoke one brand,
 Those milder, richer Lucky Strikes
 The smoothest in the land!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today!

(MORE)

DJ

THE JACK ELLNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Yes, friends -- Be Happy --
Go Lucky! Enjoy your cigarette. For Luckies always
give you perfect mildness. In fact, scientific tests,
confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories
prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal
brand. And together with mildness, you always get
rich taste, too.... all the deep-down smoking enjoyment
that comes from truly fine tobacco. For, IS/MFT --
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends,
Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

DJ

ATK01 0088400

(TAG)

-22-
(REV.)

JACK: Well, there's nothing else on the radio, ^{side} Let's see what's on television.

(SOUND: CLICK)

SARA: (SINGS) BALI HI MAY CALL YOU
ANY NIGHT, ANY DAY

~~IN YOUR HEART YOU'LL HEAR IT CALL YOU~~

JACK: That's the trouble with television, you can see them too. Well, I think I'll go outside and get the evening paper.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS....FOOTSTEPS
ON PORCH..DOWN STEPS..THEN LONG LONG LONG
FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT...STEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh darn it, the Coleman's took it in already...Well, I'll cut across the ^{yard} ~~lawn~~ and go back to the house.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRASS..TRIP..BODY THUD)

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake, Remley, why don't you get up and go home!

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

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.

PROGRAM #6
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

PH

ATX01 0098430

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" -- presented by Lucky Strike.

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: VAMP

MAN: I woced my gal with music soft
And finally won her hand,
When I got smart and switched right to
That milder Lucky brand!

ORCH: VAMP

GAL: Right in the mirror on my wall
There is a fine reflection,
I see big stacks of Lucky packs
The smoke that is perfection!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL -2-

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette.
Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect
mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette--
Lucky Strike. For only fine tobacco gives you both
perfect mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT --
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends, be
happy -- go lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(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...IMPORTANT THINGS HAPPENED IN BEVERLY HILLS YESTERDAY...THEY WEREN'T THE KIND OF THINGS YOU READ ABOUT IN THE PAPERS, BUT THEY WERE IMPORTANT NEVERTHELESS... IT ALL STARTED LATE IN THE AFTERNOON AT MARY LIVINGSTONE'S HOUSE...

MARY: (UP) Oh Pauline, Pauline...

DORIS: (COMING IN) Yes, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: I'd like you to straighten out the house...Mr. Benny is coming over.

DORIS: Oh, does he want you to sign a new lease?

MARY: No, no...this is just a social visit.

DORIS: Oh. ^{well} I can't clean the whole house...your sister is still asleep in the guest room.

MARY: Then skip that room.

DORIS: Miss Livingstone, why did your sister Babe make this trip to California?

MARY: For the Legion Convention, she was with the Fighting 69th... So Pauline, let her get all the rest she can because she has to leave soon and go back to her job.

DORIS: Is she still working as a deep sea diver?

PH

MARY: Yes...and I hope the vacation out here makes her forget her recent loss.

DORIS: Loss?

MARY: Yes...she was engaged to another deep sea diver...May he rest in peace.

DORIS: Gee...what happened to him?

MARY: Well, he was working on a salvage job eighty feet under water...Babe walked by and he tipped his hat...But Babe will get over it.

DORIS: I hope so....You know, Miss Livingstone...Life is funny... Years ago, you and I used to work side by side at the May Company...Now you're a big radio star and I'm your maid.

MARY: Yeah...By the way, Pauline, can you lend me five dollars till payday?

DORIS: Sure.....Here.....that's ten you owe me.

MARY: ^{Okay} ~~Yeah~~...Now Pauline, you finish cleaning up...I'm going to call Mr. Benny and see what's keeping him.

(SOUND: DIALING...BUZZ BUZZ...PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester, will you please answer the-Oh, I forgot...he went to the store.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: Hello Jack. I thought you were coming over to my house... I'm waiting for you.

JACK: I'll be over. What's the rush?

MARY: Well...Well, Jack, there's something I wanna talk to you about. It's been on my mind a long time...and now that I've worked up enough courage...well...Jack, come over as soon as you can.

JACK: Okay, ^{Susky} ~~what~~ I'll be over. Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: I wonder what can be so important that she wants to talk to me about.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: She said it was --

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS, I'M BACK FROM THE STORE.

JACK: Good, ^{Rochester} what did you buy?

ROCH: ~~FOOD FOR THE WEEK.~~ A QUARTER OF A POUND OF BUTTER. A LOAF OF BREAD, TWO POUNDS OF GROUND ROUND, AND OUR USUAL SUPPLY OF CANNED GOODS.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: AND, BOSS, I THINK NEXT WEEK I'LL HAVE TO SHOP AT A DIFFERENT MARKET.

JACK: Why...what's wrong with our regular market?

ROCH: WELL...YOU KNOW HOW THEY CHARGE ^{us} LESS FOR CANS THAT ARE BENT?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, THIS MORNING THEY CAUGHT ME BENDING THEM!

JACK: Rochester, you oughtta be ashamed of yourself. Bending cans to get them cheaper. I'm glad you were caught.

ROCH: THEY WOULDN'TA CAUGHT ME IF I HADN'T ASKED FOR A MOP.

PH

JACK: What did you need a mop for?

ROCH: I TRIED TO BEND A BOTTLE OF MILK.

JACK: That's the most ridiculous...Rochester, you're joking, aren't you?

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE...I WAS JUST TRYING TO WORRY YOU INTO GIVING ME MORE MONEY FOR SHOPPING.

JACK: I give you enough....Now, look, Rochester, I've got to rush over to Miss Livingstone's house right away...I'll be back for dinner.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: See you later.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS & CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS....THEN FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT AND FADE TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: (SINGS) Be happy, go Lucky
Be happy, go Lucky Strike.
~~Be happy, go Lucky~~
~~Go Lucky Strike today.~~
Odel dee poo poo poo poo.

Gee, that's a catchy song...

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~JACK: I wonder what--Hmm, look at the Ronald Colman's house...it's been almost two years...why doesn't he take that Oscar out of the window already..~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Be happy, go Lucky...Be happy go Lucky Strike ^{Gee} ~~Gee~~, it's been hot the last few days. The temperature has been way up to a hundred and four...I'm sure glad I didn't empty my swimming pool in September....

(CONTINUED)

PH

JACK: Business has been great...Yesterday they were using towels
(CONT'D) faster than I could wash them...(SINGS) Be happy, go Lucky.
Be happy. ^{Gee} I can't imagine what Mary wants to see me about...
It couldn't be about her contract, she just signed a new one..
I wonder if-----Saaaaaaayyyy.. (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)...I'll
bet I know what it is. For years I've been asking her to
marry me and she's always turned me down. Now I'll bet
she's changed her mind. That's what it is...That's all it
could be.

(SOUND FOOTSTEPS START)

JACK: Holy Mackerel...Be happy, go Lucky...Be happy, go Lucky
Strike....Be happy---(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP) .. Gee, it'll
be wonderful when Mary and I get married...We'll be able to
go to parties together...go on vacations together...file
joint income tax returns...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START)

JACK: (SINGS) La la la, la la la..la la la ...~~Yep, every man~~
~~should get married...and I'm not getting any younger...No,~~
~~wonder what I say on the radio...~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: I think I'll stop in this drugstore and get a copy of True
Story Magazine...There's an article in this issue about me.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder where --

KEARNS: May I help you, sir?

PH

JACK: ^{oh} "I just want to pick out a magazine...Now let's see--ch here it is...True Story Magazine.

(SOUND: RIFFLING OF PAGES)

JACK: Yeah..here's the article...well, my picture, too...and it's in color...Look at those big blue eyes...Here's the story.. "Hello Everybody" by Jack Benny as told to Joseph Kay...

JACK: (MUMBLES) I was born in Waukegan, Illinois, Thirty-six miles from Chicago...My father had a men's clothing (SOFTLY) store in Waukegan. When I was a boy I told him I wanted to be in business, too, and I would open a store with a buddy named Julius Synkin. Dad's comment was, "If you lose your own money that's your privilege; but what have you got against Julius?" (SOFTLY).. Dad and mother wanted me to be a violinist, and that's how come I don't play the fiddle now. They found me a good teacher, and when I made some progress, they even dreamed of sending me to Europe to study.

(CONTINUED)

MEL: Oh, clerk?

KEARNS: Yes sir.

MEL: Give me a package of Lucky Strikes, please.

KEARNS: Here you are.

MEL: Thanks

KEARNS:.....May I wait on you, Miss?

^{Blanche}
DORIS: Yes, I'd like this deck of canasta cards, and two packages of cigarettes please.

KEARNS: What kind?

^{Blanche}
DORIS: Lucky Strike.

KEARNS: Yes, Ma'am.

ph

JACK: But music seemed to me
(Cont'd) such a high ideal I was
afraid I could never reach
it.

Blanche:
~~DORIS~~ Tomorrow's
my father's birthday..
could you gift wrap
a carton of Luckies?

KEARNS: I'll be glad

to.
Blanche:
DORIS: Thank you.

So I was wondering --
Gee, this story is so long I haven't got time to stand here
and read it. Maybe I'll come back tomorrow... Nah, it's
about me, I'll buy it... Oh, clerk... clerk--

KEARNS: Yes, sir.

JACK: I want this copy of *True Mag* --- True Story Magazine.

KEARNS: Yes sir... that'll be twenty cents.

JACK: Here's a dollar.

KEARNS: Thank you, I'll get your change.

JACK: I wonder if I oughta get three or four--

oh
DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh?.. Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: What are you doing here in the drug store?

JACK: I'm buying a magazine.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: What are you doing here, Dennis.

DENNIS: I'm buying some arsenic, I'm gonna commit suicide.

JACK: That's nice.... Clerk, give me my change.

KEARNS: Just a minute, Mister... Did you hear what he said?

JACK: Yes. Give me my change.

KEARNS: Do you know him?

JACK: Uh huh.

KEARNS: Aren't you going to do anything about it?

JACK: No, give me my change.

KEARNS: Well, I'm going to.....Young man...why do you want to commit suicide?

DENNIS: ^{well} The girl I was in love with sneaked off and married somebody else.

KEARNS: Oh, that's too bad...when did you find out about it?

DENNIS: Two years ago.

JACK: Clerk, give me my change.

KEARNS: ~~But~~ young man, you say your girl left you two years ago. Why have you waited so long to kill yourself?

DENNIS: I wanted to see if Dick Tracy would catch T. V. Wiggles.

KEARNS:Young man, here's your bottle of arsenic, compliments of the house.

DENNIS: Thank you....^{ah.}...Oh Mister?

KEARNS: Yes?

DENNIS: Do I get anything back on the bottle?

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Dennis ... go home.

DENNIS: Yes sir. Goodbye.

~~DENNIS: Then I'll have a chocolate malted milk. I'm
thirsty.~~

~~JACK: Oh for give that bottle back to the man and get
out of here.~~

~~DENNIS: Yes sir.~~

You see clerk, you see -- now --
JACK: ~~Of all the silly kids...~~ Clerk, how about my change?

KEARNS: Here you are, sir.

(SOUND: JINGLE OF COINS)

~~KEARNS: Tell me...have you known this young fellow very
long?~~

~~JACK: Yes, for eleven years, he works for me.~~

~~KEARNS: Here, you take the arsenic, compliments of the
house.~~

~~JACK: No thanks, I'm used to him now....Goodbye.~~

~~KEARNS: Goodbye.~~

Jack: Thank you.

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

JACK: I can't understand a kid like Dennis Day...It seems
that the older he gets, the sillier he gets. And
yet, to hear him sing, you'd think he was a normal
human being...What a voice...Yesterday when he
came over to my house to try out his song, it
sounded so beautiful....

(SOFT INTRODUCTION STARTS)

JACK: He looked so bright as he was standing there
by the piano. *I can not understand this kid.*

(DENNIS'S SONG.."GOODNIGHT, IRENE")

(APPLAUSE)

MG

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Yep, his voice was better than ever...but as soon as he got through singing, he turned to me and said, "Goodbye, Mr. Benny, have a nice trip." Then I went upstairs and packed before I realized I wasn't going anyplace.... He drives me nuts.... Well, here's Mary's house. I wonder how she's going to go about it...I'll bet she'll be coy and bashful...~~I'll pretend I don't know so I won't embarrass her....~~ June ^{would be} ~~is always~~ a nice month to get married... I wonder who I should have for my best man...I could have my agent..he should be out on parole by then....Oh well, I've got time to think about it....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP..DOOR BUZZER...
PAUSE...DOOR OPENS)

~~JACK: Hello, Pauline.~~

~~DORIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, Miss Livingstone's expecting
you.~~

~~JACK: I know, I know.~~

MARY: Oh, hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Mary.....you...er...you wanted to talk to me, eh?

MARY: Yes..~~that'll be all, Pauline....~~ Now Jack, come on into the den.

JACK: Okay.

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

MG

JACK: Okay Mary, what is it? *kid?*

MARY: Just a second..I want to lock the door.

(SOUND: DOOR BEING LOCKED)

JACK: Gee....Well, come on, Mary, tell me, tell me.

MARY: Wait, Jack...I want to shut the window.

JACK: The window? *Hmm - Hmm - Window.*

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..WINDOW GOES
DOWN)

JACK: All right, Mary..you got me over here..~~you took
me in the den..~~you locked the door..you closed
the window.... Now, gee, what is it?..What do you
want to talk to me about? *huh -- huh -- huh?*

MARY: Jack... I've been thinking about this one subject
for a long time.

JACK: Yes, yes....What is it, Mary?

MARY: Jack...Something's got to be done about your being
so cheap.

JACK:What?.. *Is that --*
Is that all you wanted to talk to me
about?

MARY: Yes, ~~and~~ *and* Jack, I'm serious...it's gotten to a
point where everybody in town is talking about it.

JACK: About me being cheap?..Just name one person who
says so.

MARY: Well...Claudette Colbert, ~~Robert Taylor, Ann
Sheridan, Danny Kaye, Gary Cooper, Barbara~~

JACK: I only asked for one....And anyway, a fine bunch they are to talk about me being cheap..especially that Danny Kaye...with that head of hair of his.... That guy's too cheap to spend fifty cents for a haircut.

MARY: They're a dollar and a quarter now.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Jack, ^{look} I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings...but I'm

just telling you this for your own good....If you'd just spend money like a normal person.

JACK: But Mary, you know I only do those things when I'm on the radio to get laughs. I don't carry that stinginess into my private life.

MARY: Oh yeah...Last Tuesday night you took me to see the preview of Universal's picture, "Harvey", didn't you?

JACK: Yes yes..it was a wonderful picture.

MARY: Well, I found out that the tickets you had were complimentary.

JACK: That's right...what's wrong with that?

MARY: Well, earlier in the day when you thought you couldn't go, why did you try to sell them to me?

JACK: Mary, that's business, that's not being cheap.

MARY: ~~Well Jack,~~ all I can tell you ^{do} is this..You better change your ways or you won't have a friend in the world.

JACK: Well, all right, Mary, I'll tell you what I'll do if you think I'm so cheap...you ^{put on} ~~get~~ your best evening dress, and tonight I'll take you to dinner at Ciro's.

MARY: I'm sorry, Jack, but I already have a date for tonight.

JACK: You have?..With whom?

MARY: Oh...somebody..you don't know him.

JACK: Oh...You know Mary, a funny thing..when you called me to come over here, I was so sure you were going to -- Well...

MARY: ~~What, Jack?~~ *Going to what?*

JACK: Oh, never mind..I'll be running along.

MARY: ~~Goodbye, Jack.~~

JACK: Goodbye, Mary.

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

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS...KEY IN LOCK..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

ROCH: IS THAT YOU, BOSS?

JACK: (SLIGHTLY SAD) Yeah..yeah, it's me.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?

JACK: I feel all right.

ROCH: WELL, I'LL GO IN AND FIX SOME DINNER.

JACK: Just a minute.

ROCH: HUH?

JACK: Come here, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

MG

JACK:Rochester --

ROCH: YES, BOSS...

~~JACK: Rochester...~~

~~ROCH: YES?~~

JACK: Rochester...do you think I'm cheap?

ROCH: OH NO, BOSS, I WOULDN'T SAY CHEAP...A LITTLE
SNUG, MAYBE, BUT NOT CHEAP.

JACK: That's right, Rochester. I don't believe in
throwing my money away...but I'm certainly not
miserly...^{see}~~Why~~ I remember last year when I was
walking down the street and a panhandler came
over to me. He only asked me for a dime, and I
gave him fifty cents.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF DISHES)

JACK: ~~Hum~~..there they go again...Rochester, I don't
feel like eating...I'm going to bed.

~~(SOUND: CHAIR PULLED BACK)~~

JACK: Goodnight.

ROCH: GOODNIGHT, BOSS.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (YAWNS).....Boy, was I fooled. I was ~~so~~ sure Mary had decided to marry me...I certainly asked her enough^{Gee}. The first time I asked her was when she was working at the May Company....Gee, if she had accepted me then, we'd have been married a long time now...(YAWNS) ..maybe even have a family...(YAWNS) ..Imagine being married to Mary..(SNORE)....all these years...(SNORE) ...and have a family...(SNORE)... married to Mary...(THREE SNORES)

(DREAM MUSIC)

(SOUND: FADE IN BUS MOTOR...BRAKES...DOOR OPENS...
LIGHT BABBLE OF VOICES)

MEL: 236th and Figueroa. Let 'em out, please, let 'em out.

DORIS: (A LITTLE HARDER) ^{Keep} ~~the~~ Mary, here's our corner.

MARY: I'm coming Pauline.

MEL: Let 'em off, please, let 'em off.

(SOUND: TWO STEPS DOWN...DOOR CLOSES...BUS MOTOR
FADES...FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Gee, I wish I lived closer to the bus line. After standing behind the stocking counter all day, my feet are killing me.

DORIS: We sure were busy today, weren't we?

MARY: Yeah.

BLANCHE: Hello, Mrs. Benny.

MARY: Hello, Mrs. Krautmeyer. How are the children?

BLANCHE: Well, Leonard and Julius are fine. . .

MARY: That's good.

BLANCHE: But Irving, Milt, Tack, Sam, George, Cliff, Bonnie, Peggy, Judy, Michael, and Zeppo have colds.

MARY: Oh, that's too bad.

BLANCHE: Yeah, and what a time for it to happen....The oldest one starts school next week.

MARY: Well, everything happens at once...It sure is hot today, isn't it?

BLANCHE: Yeah, if this is Indian Summer, the Indians can stop already.

MARY: You said it.....Goodbye, Mrs. Krautmeyer.

BLANCHE: Goodbye, Mrs. Benny.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: As I was saying, Pauline, I'm sorry we had to work so late...I was anxious to get home early because today is my wedding anniversary.

DORIS: Really? How long have you been married to that ~~blue-eyes-~~ schnook?

MARY: Twenty-two years.

DORIS: Well, buck up, kid, it could have happened to anybody. I almost fell for him myself. I'll never forget that first day he walked into the store. Has he still got that ukelele?

MARY: No, he's got something worse now. A violinon
brother!

DORIS: By the way, how's your daughter?

MARY: Joanie? Oh, she's fine. You know, she's seventeen
now.

DORIS: Time certainly flies.

MARY: Yeah.....well, here's where I live....Goodnight,
Pauline.

DORIS: Goodnight, Mary.

(SOUND: 6 FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT..~~DOOR OPENS..~~
~~4 FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD..THEN WALKING~~
~~UP 12 STAIRS..STOP..4 FOOTSTEPS ON~~
~~PLATFORM..UP 12 STEPS...STOP..4~~
~~FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)~~

~~MARY: Well, when he married me he said we'd be in heaven.~~
~~One more flight and we would've made it.~~

~~(SOUND: FEW MORE STEPS ON WOOD..STOP..KEY~~
~~IN DOOR..AND TURN..(DOOR OPENS) & close)~~

MARY: Hello, Joanie.

JOANIE: Oh, hello, Mother.

(APPLAUSE)

JOAN: I was so busy with my homework, I didn't hear you come in.

MARY: But Joanie, as a rule you're finished with your homework by this time.

JOAN: I'm doing it over..I never should have asked Daddy to help me. Look, he did all my arithmetic problems..and every answer is thirty-nine.

MARY: ^{oh} That's a number that's stuck in his mind. Where's Daddy now?

JOAN: He's in his room.

MARY: Oh.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (PLAYS VIOLIN EXERCISES)

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM..VIOLIN STOPS ABRUPTLY)

MARY: (MAD) Oh, why doesn't he stop scratching on that thing?

HC

JOAN: ^{sh} "I know how you feel, mother. At school they can't understand why I flunked Music Appreciation.

MARY: I know what you mean..Sometimes I think-~~that~~ - -

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello wifie. How's my little sweetheart today?

MARY: Little sweetheart, little sweetheart...you don't even know what today is.

JACK: I do, too. It's our anniversary. It's just twenty-two years ago today that you said "I do."

MARY: Yeah, me and my big mouth!

JACK: What?

MARY: For twenty-two years you've been telling me you're gonna be a big radio star..When is it gonna happen? When?

JOAN: Oh mother, don't pick on Daddy. He's such a good cook.

JACK: You're darned right. I've been slaving over a hot stove all day preparing dinner ~~and~~ --

(SCUND : DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Now who can that be?

JOAN: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello.

JOAN: Hello...Oh, mother, this is my new boy friend. I met him in school. His name is Eugene McNulty.

DENNIS: Eugene Patrick McNulty.

JOAN: Eugene, I want you to meet my mother and father.

DENNIS: How do you do, Mrs. Benny.

JOAN: No, no, this is my mother, Daddy, take off that apron.

DENNIS: Gee, and I kissed his hand.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Would you young folks like to be alone?

JACK: No thanks.

MARY: I'm not talking to you.. Now come on let's leave the children alone.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JOAN: Eugene --

DENNIS: Yeah?

JOAN: Would you like to go in^{to} the parlor?

DENNIS: Un huh.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: Gee, what a beautiful room. You've got a big radio, a piano, and a television set.

JOAN: ~~Yeah~~, Mother works awfully hard....That's a picture of her on the piano.

DENNIS: ^{Oh} This picture over here. Is this your father?
JOAN: Yes, that picture was taken when he was in the Navy.
DENNIS: Gee, you must be proud of him. Underneath it says Admiral.
JOAN: That's the name of the television set.
DENNIS: Oh.
JOAN: Here's our family album. Would you like to look through it?
DENNIS: Uh huh.

(SOUND: FLAP OF PAGES)

JOAN: This is my Cousin Rita.....~~this is my Cousin Evelyn~~ ^{and}
this is my Cousin Earl...and this one here is my Uncle Myrt.
DENNIS: Who's that tough looking guy standing beside him?
JOAN: My Aunt Babe.
DENNIS: Gee, she sure has a big head.
JOAN: That's her diving helmet... And here on the next page is
Mama and Daddy's wedding picture. Don't they look nice?
DENNIS: Yeah, but why is your father holding that violin?
JOAN: Everybody notices that. He played at his own wedding.
(LAUGHS)
DENNIS: What are you laughing at?
JOAN: As they marched down the aisle to the strains of "Oh,
Promise Me", Mama had to hold his rosin.
DENNIS: No!
JOAN: On a pillow yet.
DENNIS: Say, Joanie, who's this cute little girl on the opposite
page?
JOAN: Oh, that's a picture of me the day I started school.

DENNIS: But you look like you're only two years old.

JOAN: I was...Daddy wanted me to get through school fast so I could go to work.

DENNIS: I think that's terrible.

JOAN: Oh, I don't mind, as long as it helps mother. You know, she's been working at the May Company ever since she and Daddy got married.....Work, work, work,....she never even had one day off. I was born in ^{an} ~~the~~ elevator.

JACK: (FADING IN) ALL RIGHT, JOANIE, ^{all right --} TIME TO EAT.....DINNER IS ON THE TABLE. Excuse us, Eugene.

MARY: (ASIDE) Jack, invite him to dinner.

JACK: Huh?.....Yeah..yeah...then I can talk to him and find out how much money he makes. We've got to see that our daughter marries well. You can't keep working forever. Come on, children...to the table.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Eugene, you sit here...^{next to Joanie -- that's right.} ~~I'll sit here...and, Joanie, you'll sit in your usual place.~~

(SOUND: TABLE NOISES..LIGHT CLATTER OF DISHES AND SILVERWARE CONTINUE FOR ABOUT TEN SECONDS.)

JACK: (PLAYS VIOLIN "LA VIE EN ROSE"...PLAYING AT LEAST SEVERAL BARS)

JOAN: Isn't that cute, Mother, Daddy decided to play his violin while we have dinner.

JACK: (KEEPS PLAYING)

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, why don't you sit down and eat with us?

JACK: No no, ^{no no} I prefer to play...(CONTINUES PLAYING...STOPS) If you care to express your appreciation for the music, there's an empty plate on the table...(CONTINUES PLAYING)

LS

MARY: WELL, THAT DOES IT!

JACK: (STOPS PLAYING) Huh?

MARY: (MAD) I'VE STOOD ALL I CAN..I DIDN'T MIND WORKING ALL
Jack: Mary THESE YEARS *Jack: Hell. Fuck*..I DIDN'T MIND YOU INSULTING MY FRIENDS.?.BUT
NOW YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR...YOU'RE EVEN HURTING JOANIE'S
CHANCES..AND WHY?.....

(DREAM MUSIC STARTS)

MARY: BECAUSE YOU'RE CHEAP...THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, YOU'RE CHEAP..
CHEAP..CHEAP..DO YOU HEAR ME?..CHEAP!

JACK: But, Mary, I'm not cheap...I'm not cheap...A little snug
I'm maybe but not cheap. I'm not cheap! I'm not! I'm not!
I'm not!

(MUSIC UP TO CRESCENDO)

Jack: I'm not cheap!
ROCH: BOSS -- BOSS -- WAKE UP, WAKE UP!

JACK: I'm...huh?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING.

JACK: Yeah...yeah...I guess I was. Gee, Rochester, it was the
most--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

MARY: WELL, THAT DOES IT!

JACK: (STOPS PLAYING) Huh?

MARY: (MAD) I'VE STOOD ALL I CAN..I DIDN'T MIND WORKING ALL THESE YEARS...I DIDN'T MIND YOU INSULTING MY FRIENDS...BUT NOW YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR...YOU'RE EVEN HURTING JOANIE'S CHANCES..AND WHY?.....

(DREAM MUSIC STARTS)

MARY: BECAUSE YOU'RE CHEAP...THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, YOU'RE CHEAP..
CHEAP..CHEAP..DO YOU HEAR ME?..CHEAP!

JACK: But, Mary, I'm not cheap...I'm not cheap...A little snug maybe but not cheap. I'm not cheap! I'm not! I'm not!
I'm not!

(MUSIC UP TO CRESCENDO)

ROCH: BOSS -- BOSS -- WAKE UP, WAKE UP!

JACK: I'm...huh?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING.

JACK: Yeah...yeah...I guess I was. Gee, Rochester, it was the most--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary.

JACK: Oh. What is it, Mary?

MARY: Well, I've been doing a lot of thinking..and..~~and~~,
Jack, I'm sorry about those things I said to you
today.

JACK: *ah*, That's all right, Mary...^{*and*}~~but~~ I must tell you
something funny...I just had a dream that you and I
were married...and we had a seventeen year old
daughter, Joanie. And her boy friend was Dennis.

MARY: Was I still working at the May Company?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: I thought so...Goodnight, Jack.

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the season of America's most shameful waste, forest fires. Help prevent forest fires by extra care in the handling of matches, cigarettes and in extinguishing camp fires. Remember - only you can prevent forest fires.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first ... Everybody Be Happy -- Go Lucky! And let's get in *to* the spirit of the football season!

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: VAMP

MAN: I count the downs and mark the yards
 Reeled off by every back,
 And in between the halves I smoke
 One half a Lucky pack!

ORCH: VAMP

GIRL: I lead the crowd in rah, rah, rah
 To cheer the team we like,
 But when it comes to cigarettes,
 We cheer for Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
 Be Happy -- Go Lucky
 Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - 2

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Yes, friends, be happy --
go lucky! Enjoy your cigarette. Puff by puff, you'll
find Luckies always give you perfect mildness. In
fact, scientific tests, confirmed by three independent
consulting laboratories, prove Lucky Strike is milder
than any other principal brand. And puff by puff you
always get rich taste, too....all the deep-down smoking
enjoyment that comes from truly fine tobacco.....
because LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So,
friends, be happy -- go lucky! Try a carton of Lucky
Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the part of Joan Benny was played by Miss Joan Benny, and next week --

DON: Oh Jack --

JACK: Yes, Don.

DON: The next time you have a dream, put me in it will you? I didn't have one line ^{on} ~~in~~ this show.

JACK: Well, Don that's right. You weren't in this show but don't worry. A check will be made out in your name.

DON: Thanks.

JACK: Just endorse it and give it to Joanie.

DON: What?

JACK: 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 ..
THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

PROGRAM #7
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Thursday, Oct. 12, 1950)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1950 (Transcribed October 12, 1950)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHAREUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM -- Transcribed -- presented by
LUCKY STRIKE!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: It's fun to be a traffic cop
When you are in the know
You tell all other brands to stop
But Luckies get the go.

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: I sell all brands of cigarettes
I know what people buy
That Lucky pack, so mild and rich
It's got a red bull's eye!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1950 (Transcribed October 12, 1950)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (Cont'd)

SHARBUTT: (Friendly and spirited) Enjoy your cigarette. Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette -- Lucky Strike!

For only fine tobacco gives you both perfect mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends, be happy -- go lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike.

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(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, NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT JACK BENNY
DOES HIS OPENING TELEVISION SHOW FROM NEW YORK CITY.
SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE
FIND HIM PACKING FOR THE TRIP. MARY AND ROCHESTER ARE
HELPING HIM.

JACK: Now let's see...I'll be gone for twelve days..I'll need
two pairs of shorts, two shirts, ^{two} ~~a~~ pairs of sox, two
handkerchiefs, and a box of Duz .. Close the bag, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

MARY: Wait a minute, ^{Jack} you're gonna be gone twelve days and that's
all you're taking?

JACK: Mary, I'm going by plane ~~and~~ I have to be careful about the
weight.. You know they charge you extra if your luggage
weighs over forty pounds. It's seventy-nine cents a pound
to New York ... Unless you get off at Chicago ... then
it's fifty-seven cents ... Or Kansas City, it's forty-six
cents.

MARY: Why don't you go to New York and send your clothes to
Albuquerque.

dj

JACK: Say, maybe ... oh stop.

MARY: But Jack, ~~you're gonna be gone twelve days.~~ Aren't you taking any ^{extra} suits?

JACK: Certainly.. I'm taking my blue serge, my tweed, my herring-bone, ~~and~~

~~ROCH: ^{my} YOUR PIN STRIPE AND ^{my} YOUR GABARDINE.~~

~~JACK: Yes yes.~~

MARY: That's five suits ... I don't see any of them in the bag.

ROCH: HE'S WEARIN' 'EM, THEY DON'T WEIGH THE PASSENGERS.

JACK: I know what I'm doing.

MEL: (TWO SQUWKS AND WHISTLES)

MARY: Hello, Polly.

JACK: Say, Mary, I've been talking to Polly about my trip. Watch this...Polly. ^{Polly} where is Daddy going?

MEL: (SINGS) East side, west side, all around the town.
(SQUAWK & WHISTLE)

JACK: That's right. ^{that's right -} New York. Now, what is Daddy going to New York for?

MEL: Tele.....tele....

JACK: Go on, go on...

MEL: Tele....tele....

JACK: Tele-what?

MEL: Telephone. (SQUAWK..WHISLITE)

JACK: ~~He~~. Rochester, take the cracker out of her cage.

MEL: (FAST) Television, Video, T.V. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: That's better.

ROCH: OH BOSS, I FORGOT TO PACK YOUR TUXEDO. HERE IT IS.

JACK: Put it in the fortnighter.

MARY: Jack, you're not taking that old tuxedo to New York, are you?

JACK: I certainly am.

MARY: But, look at it. The pants are baggy and the coat is so short it looks like a battle jacket.

JACK: Well, that's the latest style.

MARY: I know, but this one looks like it lost the battle.

JACK: (JOINS MARY ON)..like it lost the battle? ^{I know -} I knew you were gonna say that. Anyway, I'm taking that tuxedo to New York and I'm gonna wear it on my first television show.

MARY: Well Jack, if you do, it'll be awfully confusing.

JACK: Why?

MARY: You'll be on live, and that tuxedo looks like a kinescope.

JACK: ^{you think you're smart because I mean I got an answer written here, Mary} Kinescope, kinescope. ^{listen} Mary, I have a sentimental feeling about this tuxedo. It's been with me since my ~~first~~ start in show business.

MARY: Well, why is the right pocket so much bigger than the left?

JACK: That's where I kept the fish to feed my seal... ^{and more questions} Now pack it...

~~Let's see, what else do I have to~~

~~(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)~~

~~JACK: Rochester, get that, will you please?~~

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

~~(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)~~

~~ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND TELEVISION NOW THAT GDS HAS COLOR FOR HIS BABY BLUE EYES.~~

JACK: Rochester!

KEARNS: Hello..May I speak to Mr. Benny?

ROCH: JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE. BOSS, IT'S FOR YOU.

JACK: Hello?

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, this is the clerk at the airport. Do you have a reservation on Flight Sixteen to New York?

JACK: Yes, yes, I have.

KEARNS: Well, Flight Sixteen to New York has been changed to Flight Eighteen. Does that make any difference to you?

JACK: No no, of course not.

KEARNS: Well, I'm so glad.

JACK: Why?

KEARNS: Flight Eighteen left this morning.

JACK: Now, wait a minute! I bought a ticket for a flight to New York and it's up to your company to get me there.

KEARNS: New York..New York..Oh, here's one. Flight Twelve.

JACK: That's more like it. Goodbye.

KEARNS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Rochester, don't just stand around..You're going to New York with me. Are you all packed?

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN I GO TO NEW YORK, ALL I NEED IS A PAIR OF SOCKS, A SHIRT AND A NICKEL.

JACK: A nickel?

ROCH: UH HUH...ONE PHONE CALL FROM ME AND IT'S MARDI GRAS IN HARLEM.

JACK: Oh, I see. Well, I've been meaning to talk to you about that, Rochester. Every time I take you to New York, you run off as soon as we get there..and I can't find you.. This time I want you to be there when I need you.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, THE ONLY TIME YOU REALLY NEED ME IS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND I'M ALWAYS THERE.

JACK: I know, but just one morning I'd like to see you get up, not come in. Let's try it this time, shall we?

ROCH: BOSS, IT ISN'T MY FAULT. WHEN I GET TO NEW YORK, MY FRIENDS ALWAYS GIVE ME A PARTY..AND IT WOULD BE IMPOLITE NOT TO GO.

JACK: All right, you can go to one party in New York, but tell your friends that you have to leave by midnight.

~~ROCH: OKAY IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I OPERATE ON PACIFIC TIME?~~

JACK: ~~No~~. Now come on, help me with these--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

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

MARY: Hello, Dennis..How do you feel?

DENNIS: Boy am I tired...I pushed my car all the way over here from Hollywood.

MARY: Pushed your car..why?

DENNIS: The motor was broken and it wouldn't run.

JACK: Well, if your car isn't running, why didn't you leave it in Hollywood?

DENNIS: I wouldn't have any way to get home.

JACK: Look kid, I'm leaving for New York and I haven't time for a visit. Now why did you come over here?

DENNIS: *Oh* There's something avery important I have to see you about. It's been on my mind all day.

JACK: What is it?

DENNIS: Well.....

JACK:Well, what?

DENNIS: Gee, I forgot.

JACK: ~~Hum~~..Well, maybe you'll think of it later. *Sure, let's see, my*

~~DENNIS: I hope so.~~ *shirts, my socks...*

MARY: Dennis, did you want to ask Jack something about next weeks' show?

DENNIS: No.

MARY: ...Was it something about a song that you're going to sing?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Mary, let's go on with the packing, ~~so I--~~ *will you--*

DENNIS: Oh, I know what I was gonna ask you.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Can you lend me fifty thousand dollars?

JACK: ...Now let's see, I've got my sox..my handkerchiefs, and--

DENNIS: I'm in a hurry, kid, how about it?

JACK: Dennis, leave me alone.

MARY: Dennis...what in the world do you want with fifty thousand dollars?

DENNIS: I'm going into business.

MARY: Business? ~~What kind of business?~~

Jack: What kind of business?
DENNIS: *well,* I'm going to manufacture little round candy mints and I'm ~~gonna~~ call them Life Savers.

JACK: ~~Well,~~ now let's see.. I have my shirts, shoes, sox, underwear..

DENNIS: And I'm gonna sell them for a nickel a package.

JACK: Dennis... Dennis, this might be news to you.. A little round candy mint called Life Savers has been on the market for years.

DENNIS: I know, look at all the free advertising I'll get.

JACK: (BETWEEN TEETH) Shoes.. sox.. underwear..

MARY: Dennis, it's all right to manufacture ~~a~~ candy but what made you think of calling it Life Savers?

JACK: Mary, with his head ^{*it's only natural*} he'd think of something with a hole in it... Now look, Dennis, you came over here to let me hear the song you're going to do on the show.. so forget about Life Savers and sing it.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Now what are you gonna sing?

DENNIS: "You Were Mint for Me."

JACK: Now cut that out. ^{*now*} sing the one you're supposed to.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "SOMETIME")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *Now*. Now let's see..have I got everything?... I'll be going out nights in New York, it may be rainy and chilly so maybe I better not take any chances... Rochester, how much does my raincoat weigh?

ROCH: IT WEIGHS ABOUT A POUND.

JACK: A pound extra costs seventy-nine cents... Hmm.

ROCH: SHALL I PUT IN THE RAIN COAT?

JACK: *Just show me*
No, a four-way cold tablet... That'll do it.

~~MARY: Well... An ounce of prevention is worth a pound at seventy-nine cents.~~

~~JACK: Mary, you can kid about it, but...~~

~~(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)~~

~~JACK: I'll get it.~~

~~(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)~~

~~JACK: Hello?.....Yes, he's here....Just a second, I'll tell him... Dennis, some man wants to talk to you.. Here.~~

~~DENNIS: Hello?.....Oh... Hello, Mother.~~

~~JACK: Mother! I thought it was Vaughn Monroe.~~

~~DENNIS: Yes...Yes, Mother, I'll tell Mr. Benny. Goodbye.~~

~~(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)~~

~~JACK: Tell me what?~~

~~DENNIS: My mother says you shouldn't give me the fifty thousand dollars.~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson ... Comment ce va?

JACK &
MARY: Hello Phil.

PHIL: Hey Jackson --

JACK: You, you said Hello before the door was open ... but it was all right ... that's all right, Phil. It doesn't make any difference. I heard you. What is it Phil?

PHIL: That's all right ... I ain't getting paid anyway. Hey Jackson, here's that suitcase you wanted.

JACK: Oh, thanks, Phil ... mine is so shabby ... I'm glad you brought your bag over.

MARY: Jack, get a load of those labels on it.

PHIL: Yeah, I used to take it with me when I was on the road playing them one night stands.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: (GIGGLES) Hey Jack, look at this label here ... "RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ... EMPTY JUG, TEXAS".

JACK: Empty Jug, Texas?

PHIL: I killed 'em in that town.

MARY: I never heard of the place ... Where is Empty Jug, Phil?

PHIL: It's about fifty miles this side of Rack 'Em Up, Arkansas.

JACK: Oh, fine ... Empty Jug ... Rack 'Em Up ...

JACK: ~~Twelve different --~~

PHIL: ~~Sometimes we'd get back together, sometimes we wouldn't.~~

JACK: ~~Phil --~~

PHIL: ~~I never did find out what happened to Bridwell.~~

JACK: ~~What?~~

PHIL: ~~After we played Houston, he ran right into the Gulf of Mexico.~~

JACK: ~~Phil --~~

PHIL: ~~With his clarinet sticking up, he looked like a submarine.~~

JACK: ~~What a routine. How can I change the subject.~~

MARY: ~~Give Dennis the fifty thousand dollars.~~

JACK: ~~His mother won't let me.... Well, thanks for the bag,~~

~~Phil... I'll give it to you when I get back from New York.~~

PHIL: ~~Okay~~... Well, I better be running along, Jackson, I gotta go to the doctor.

MARY: Why...what's wrong, Phil?

PHIL: Well, ever since yesterday I've had an upset stomach.

JACK: Maybe it's something you ate.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Yes, I guess you're right, Rochester.

PHIL: So long, Jackson, have a good time.

JACK: Goodbye, ~~Angel Face~~ *Phil.*

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a character. He always makes up those silly names of towns like Empty Jug...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hey Jackson, your taxi is outside.

JACK: Good good.

PHYL: *Hey,* Did I ever tell you about the time my band played
Mishmash, Arizona?

JACK: No and I haven't got time now. Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: ...Come on, Rochester, get the luggage...We have to hurry
to the airport.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FADE IN SOUND OF CAB DRIVING...FADE TO B.G.)
UKIE: *Say mate -- the* Shall I go by way of Sepulveda.

JACK: Yes, driver.. Comfortable, Mary?

MARY: Yes, thanks.

JACK: Good...it's a pretty long ride.

MARY: How far is it from your house to the airport?

JACK: Two dollars and forty cents...That's if you stop at the
first entrance... *you see -- otherwise it's* ~~I've made this~~

~~MARY: (LAUGHS) Oh, you're so cute, Mr. Benny.~~

~~JACK: Why did you call me Mr. Benny?~~

~~MARY: I want the driver to think we just met.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

MARY: By the way, Jack...you haven't told me where you'll be
staying while you're in New York.

JACK: The same place, Mary...The Acme Plaza Hotel. I always
stay there.

MARY: Oh my goodness, Jack, after the long lecture I gave you
last week about being cheap..why must you always stay at
an awful joint like the Acme Plaza?

JACK: I'll tell you why, Mary, for sentimental reasons...
Many years ago when I was trying to get a start in
vaudeville, and I had no place to stay and nothing to eat
and I couldn't find a job, the Acme Plaza let me stay
there and fod me for nothing.....They did that because
they knew I was unemployed.

MARY: *well*, Gee, Jack, I didn't know that...If they're that nice,
next time I go to New York, I'm going to stay there, too.

JACK: Okay, but don't tell them I'm working now....You know, *they'd*
they'd feel disappointed.

~~(SOUND: CAB COMING TO SUDDEN LOUD STOP~~

~~WITH SCREECHING OF BRAKES..DOOR OPENS)~~

~~UKIE: Okay, get out!~~

~~JACK: Oh, are we at the airport?~~

~~UKIE: (MAD) NO, JUST GET OUT!~~

~~JACK: We're not getting out. Take us to the airport.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, have you got all the bags?

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

MARY: Jack, you better go in and have your ticket
validated...you haven't much time.

JACK: *shh*
~~You're~~ right.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AIRPORT NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) FLIGHT NUMBER SEVENTY-SIX FOR PHOENIX, MEMPHIS,
AND WASHINGTON D.C., NOW LOADING AT GATE TWO.

JACK: Now let's see..where do I go?

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION..FLIGHT NUMBER EIGHTY-THREE NOW ARRIVING FROM FORT WORTH, GALVASTON, SAN ANTONIO, AND EMPTY JUG.

JACK: Gee, there is such a place...Say Mary, before I get my ticket validated, I wanta go over to the fruit stand and buy some fruit. Watch my luggage, will you?

MARY: Okay.

LEONARD: Hya bud...long time no\ see.

JACK: Huh.. oh, hello.

MARY: Jack, who was that?

JACK: You remember, it's that race track tout who always drives me nuts...I won't be long, Mary.

Mary: *Jack.* (SOUND: AIRPORT NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) FLIGHT NUMBER 19 NOW LOADING AT GATE FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA...ATTENTION PASSENGERS GETTING OFF AT CUCAMONGA..WATCH YOUR STEP..WE DC NOT STOP THERE.

now - now let's see
JACK: Now lets see, where's the fruit stand?

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: WELL, HELLO, MR. KITZEL.

(APPLAUSE)

are
JACK: Are you leaving town, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: No, I'm waiting for my wife to arrive...she's coming in by plane from Dallas, Texas.

JACK: *Oh.* Oh, what time is she due?

ARTIE: In ten minutes, but I don't know whether her plane is going to land here, or at Lockheed, or in Pomona, or in Pasadena.

JACK: Well, isn't the plane scheduled to land here?

ARTIE: Yes, but my wife is such a backseat driver.

JACK: Aw, you're kidding.

ARTIE: Kidding, he says. ^{believe me} ~~Trust~~ Mr. Benny..when that Sweet ^{direction} Chariot Swings Low, she'll point ~~out~~ the ~~detour~~

JACK: Well, you ought to know..what was your wife doing in Dallas?

ARTIE: She was visiting our son in college.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel...I never knew you had a grown boy.

ARTIE: He's my wife's son by a former marriage.

JACK: Oh, ^{oh - you --} you're your wife's second husband.

ARTIE: Her third.

JACK: You mean your wife's been married twice before?

ARTIE: This much she tells me.

JACK: Oh...Well, ^{what? --} what college does your boy go to?

ARTIE: The same one I attended...Southern Methodist.

JACK: Well, ^{look --} look, Mr. Kitzel --

MEL: ATTENTION PLEASE..FLIGHT FOURTEEN SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE
HERE FROM DALLAS WILL LAND AT SAN FRANCISCO INSTEAD.

ARTIE: ^{Yes, you --} That's my wife, she ^{done} ~~did~~ it again...Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Now let's see. ^{what did I want to get --} Oh yes, the fruit stand.

MEL: ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION...THE SANTA FE SUPER CHIEF
NOW LANDING ON RUNWAY SEVEN.

JACK: ~~How could that be?~~ ^{The Super Chief -- how can that be?}

MEL: IT WAS AWFULLY WINDY IN BARSTOW.

JACK: *oh... well...* Oh. I think I'll get a magazine, too, I ^{*don't*} ~~want~~ wanta sleep anyway..so I might as ~~well~~ --

DON: (OFF) OH, JACK..JACK.

JACK: Oh, hello, Don..are you all set to go?

DON: Yes sir. We ought to have a lot of fun in New York this time, eh, Jack?

JACK: I think so, Don, we always do.

DON: Do you think ^{*you'll*} ~~will~~ run into Fred Allen?

JACK: Could be, we'll be in New York on Hallowe'en and ^{*I nearly killed that one but I didn't -- just caught it.*} that's the night he rides. By the way, Don, ^{*oh don, don, where is*} ~~where is~~ the Sportsmen quartet?

DON: *oh.* They're on a different flight than we are, Jack, and they're on the plane already.

JACK: ~~They are?~~ ^{*the Sportsmen are on the phone?*}
Yeah.

DON: ~~Yes,~~ they're on that one over there...those four girls are their wives saying goodbye to them.

JACK: Oh yes.

(COMMERCIAL)

(APPLAUSE)

GIRLS: Eye bye baby; remember you're ~~my~~^{our} baby^s--
When they give you the eye.
Although ~~I~~^{we} know that you care,
Won't you write and declare
That tho on the loose you are still on the square.
~~I~~^{we'll} be true dear to Luckies and to you dear.
Don't you worry ~~or~~^{and} fret
You know we'll love every puff
'Cause ~~there's~~ no puffs ~~that's~~^{ever} rough dear.
Their our favorite cigarette.
~~I~~^{we'll} buy Luckies, buy nothing else but Luckies.
Listen, ~~I~~^{we'll} tell you why.
For real enjoyment and fun, Lucky Strike is the best.
So mild and so light, that they pass every test.
~~I~~^{we'll} buy Luckies; buy nothing else but Luckies.
~~And I'll~~^{we'll} be smoking in style.
Tho you'll be gone for a while.
Be Happy and Go Lucky
You'll be smoking with a smile
Smoking Luckies all the while.

(Applause)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(OVER APPLAUSE..PLANE TAKES OFF)

JACK: Well, there ^{to the apartment} ~~they go~~...By the way, Don, ^{Don --} where are you gonna live in New York?

DON: At the Sherry Netherlands.

JACK: Sherry Netherlands? ^{Isn't that} ~~isn't~~ expensive?

DON: No, I wouldn't say so...You can get a nice suite ^{there} for eighteen or twenty dollars a day.

JACK: ^{Oh,} Oh..oh, well, ^{that} that isn't bad.

DON: See you on the plane, Jack.

JACK: Yes yes.

(SOUND: DON'S FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF)

JACK: (MUMBLING) Eighteen or twenty dollars a day..big fat show-off! ^{see, I wanted to get some -- oh, here --}...here's the fruit stand...Now, let's see..I think I'll take some of these apples... ^{they look good, next week is national apple week, too.} OH MISS.. MISS .. Oh darn it, she's busy .. Well, I'll just have to wait.

LEONARD: Hey, Eud ... Eud?

JACK: Huh?

LEONARD: Come here a minute.

JACK: Look fellow, I --

LEONARD: What you doin'?

JACK: I'm buying some fruit.

LEONARD: What kind?

JACK: ~~I'm~~ buying apples.

LEONARD: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

LEONARD: Take oranges.

TF

JACK: But I don't want oranges. *How* How about grapes?

LEONARD: Haven't got a chance, they're carrying too many seeds.

JACK: Oh....well what about bananas?

LEONARD: Lay off the bananas.

JACK: Why?

LEONARD: I've been watchin' em for three days, ~~and~~ ^{and} have yet to see one of 'em get out of the bunch.

JACK: ~~Well~~...I don't know. *I wanted apples when I came in here. That's all I wanted was apples.*

LEONARD: Listen to me, Bud, take the oranges.

JACK: The oranges?

LEONARD: ~~They can't miss~~ ^{oh, just} Look at the breeding...out of Pomona by Smudge Pot.

JACK: Well, I wanted apples.....but maybe you're right. *I'll -- maybe -- you're --* I'll take the oranges.

LEONARD: Okay and peel them, don't be a sucker. (WALKS AWAY FROM MIKE)

JACK: *why* Why does that guy always pick on me? *I want apples --*

Jack: *Oh good!*

MEL: (PA) ATTENTION PLEASE....FLIGHT TWENTY-TWO NOW LEAVING FOR SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, SUN VALLEY, IMPERIAL VALLEY, AND APPLE VALLEY.

LEONARD: (PA) Hey bud...bud?

MEL: Huh?

LEONARD: Come here a minute.

MEL: (SHORT PAUSE)....Oh....ATTENTION PLEASE. FLIGHT TWENTY-TWO NOW LEAVING FOR SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, SUN VALLEY, IMPERIAL VALLEY, AND ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

Jack: *what?*
(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR)

JACK: Well, I've gotta go....come on, sweetie, give me a kiss.

MARY: Look, Mister, don't get fresh with me.

JACK: Mary, it's me, the propeller blew it off.

MARY: Oh.
Jack: *Come on, give me a kiss.*

~~(SOUND KISS)~~

JACK: Goodbye, Mary.

MARY: Goodbye, Jack. See you in New York.

Jack: *Goodbye.*
~~(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)~~

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP & DOWN)

MEL: ATTENTION...FLIGHT TWENTY-ONE SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE ~~AT 10:00~~
~~THIS MORNING~~ FROM SALT LAKE CITY, LAS VEGAS, AND PALM SPRINGS HAS
BEEN CANCELLED...THE PILOT LOST THE PLANE IN LAS VEGAS.

JACK: Gee, I haven't much time, I better get my ticket validated....
Now let's see...where's the window...Oh, there it is.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Pardon me, Mister, I'm Jack Benny...are you the validating
clerk?

NELSON: Well, who do you think I am behind these bars, your agent?

JACK: Never mind, just validate my ticket.

(SOUND: STAMP)

JACK: Thanks...^{how}How long will it take Flight 12 to get to New York?

NELSON: Three days.

JACK: Three days. Why so long?

NELSON: Gary Cooper will be aboard and he drags his feet.

JACK: Oh, don't be so smart...Now look, isn't there a faster plane
than mine to New York?

NELSON: Well, we have two flights leaving for New York at midnight...
Flights Eleven and Twelve....on flight Twelve the tickets
cost one hundred and eighty dollars...and on Flight Eleven
the tickets cost nineteen dollars.

JACK: Gee...why the big difference?

NELSON: Flight Eleven is a U-Drive.

JACK: Oh.....well, I wouldn't want that one...Anyway, I'm on Flight Number Twelve....Is that usually a smooth trip?

NELSON: They're all very smooth.

JACK: *Oh* Then I won't get sick.

NELSON: No, but whoever sits next to you will.

JACK: Now just a minute...I've taken about all I'm going to from you...*now* Give me your number, I'm gonna have you fired.

NELSON: Oh, please....please don't...(TEARFULLY) ..I'm sorry I offended you...don't get me fired....I have a big family to support...(CRYING) If I'm out of work, my wife and five children will starve,

JACK: Well...all right...*then* I won't report you...but I'll bet you're just making the whole thing up.

NELSON: OOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHH, AM I!

JACK: Well, that does it...I'd punch you right in the nose if I didn't have to take off five coats...Now, I'm gonna see that --

MEL: ATTENTION...PASSENGERS FOR FLIGHT TWELVE TO NEW YORK MAY NOW BOARD THE PLANE.

MARY: (OFF) JACK....JACK, THAT'S YOUR CALL. YOU BETTER HURRY.

JACK: COMING, MARY...COMING.

(SOUND: AIRPORT NOISES UP)

MEL: ATTENTION...ATTENTION PLEASE...FLIGHT TWENTY-ONE FROM LAS VEGAS WHICH WAS CANCELLED IS COMING IN ON SCHEDULE...THE PILOT FINALLY MADE A D.C. SIX THE HARD WAY.

JACK: Is everything all set, Rochester?

ROCH: THE MAN IS WEIGHING YOUR BAGS NOW.

(SOUND: NOISES UP & DOWN)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, figures show that each day last year eleven hundred American homes had a fire. You can stop fire in your own home by using just a little care. Don't smoke in bed. Have heating and electrical equipment repaired promptly. Fire prevention is your job! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a ^{minute} ~~moment~~, but first.....

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY OCTOBER 22, 1950 (Transcribed October 12, 1950)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: I keep a lighthouse by the sea
To guide all those astray,
It tells them to get Lucky Strike
And light up one today!

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: A secretary has to know
Where everything is filed --
And Lucky Strike goes under M
Because it's really mild!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1950 (Transcribed October 12, 1950)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (Cont'd)

SHARBUTT: (Friendly and spirited) Yes, friends, be happy --
go lucky! Enjoy your cigarette. Puff by puff, you'll find
Luckies always give you perfect mildness. In fact,
scientific tests, confirmed by three independent
consulting laboratories, prove Lucky Strike is milder
than any other principal brand. And puff by puff you
always get rich taste, too....all the deep-down smoking
enjoyment that comes from truly fine tobacco....
because LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
So, friends, be happy -- go lucky! Try a carton of
Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

JACK: Say Don, this is a nice smooth trip, isn't it?

DON: It certainly is, Jack ... by the way, who's gonna be on our television show?

JACK: Well, besides you and me, there's gonna be Rochester, Mr. Kitzel, Mel Blanc, the Sportsmen Quartet and our guest star, Dinah Shore ...

DON: Dinah Shore? Well, isn't she expensive?

JACK: No, Don, she's nuts about me ... and by the way, do you know who's gonna be our guest on next Sunday's radio show?

DON: Who?

JACK: My next door neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Colman.

DON: Well, aren't they kinda expensive, too?

JACK: Not this time. I promised them I'd move ... Goodnight, Don, I'm going to sleep.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, figures show that each day last year eleven hundred American homes had a fire. You can stop fire in your own home by using just a little care. Don't smoke in bed. Have heating and electrical equipment repaired promptly. Fire prevention is your job! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

ANNCR: 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 that next week's guests will be Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Colman. Transcribed ... This is CBS, THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

ATX01 0098528

PROGRAM #8
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1950 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST
(Transcribed Sun., Oct. 15, 1950)

GM

ATK01 0098529

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 15, 1950)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN:

*I smoked my gal with music soft
No smoking troubles do I have
and finally now her hand
I stay a happy guy --
when I got smart and switched to
I smoke the smoke that's great to smoke
that Middle Lucky brand!
It's got a red bull's eye!*

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL:

*Pipe it on the mountain my wall
Throughout the South and up North, too
There is no fine perfection.
Most smokers will agree,
I'll buy packs of lucky packs
The mildest, richest smoke of all
The smoke that is perfection!
L. S. M. F. T.*

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 15, 1950)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette.

Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect
mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette --
Lucky Strike! For only fine tobacco gives you both
perfect mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT --
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, friends, Be Happy --
Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy - Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(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 MOST OF YOU KNOW, JACK DID HIS FIRST TELEVISION PROGRAM LAST NIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK ... LET'S GO BACK TO YESTERDAY A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS T.V. SHOW, AND LOOK IN ON JACK'S ROOM AT THE ACME PLAZA HOTEL, WHERE ROCHESTER IS BUSY AS USUAL.

~~(TRANSITION MUSIC ... MAYBE "EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE")~~

ROCH: MMM MMM ... EVERYTIME MR. BENNY COMES TO NEW YORK, HE INSISTS ON STAYING HERE AT THE ACME PLAZA ... WHAT A JOINE' ... NO RUGS, THE CEILING LEAKS AND WE'RE THREE FLOORS UNDERGROUND ... BUT ONE NICE THING ABOUT THE BOSS, HE NEVER LETS ANYTHING BOTHER HIM ... HE'S GOING TO DO HIS FIRST TELEVISION SHOW IN A COUPLE OF HOURS AND HE'S CALMLY TAKING A BATH ... WELL, I BETTER MAKE SURE THAT I HAVE ALL HIS CLOTHES LAID OUT FOR HIM ... LET'S SEE ... I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO PUT SUSPENDERS ON HIS PANTS ... I BETTER NOT ... IF HE DOESN'T GET ANY LAUGHS, HE MAY WANT TO DROP 'EM ... MMM, LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS ... THE BOSS BETTER HURRY UP AND FINISH HIS BATH OR ... OH FOR HEAVEN'S SALES, LOOK AT THIS ... SUCH FORGETFULNESS ...

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS .. CLOSES .. THEN WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR GO ON AND ON AND ON AND ON ... THEN THEY STOP AND WE HEAR A KNOCK ON A DOOR)

GM

ATK01 0098532

JACK: (OFF) Yes?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU FORGOT YOUR TOWEL.

JACK: (OFF) Just a second ...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I had another one ... Wait'll I fasten my bathrobe and I'll *in bathroom*
~~walk~~ *like* back to the room with you ~~there, that does it~~ *In that point you have*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... FADE TO B.G.) *to fasten the bathrobe etc... there that*

does it.

JACK: Have you got dinner ready, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Did you put out my clothes like I told you to?

ROCH: YES.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, one other thing ... I want to make an
impression on the *television* audience tonight...so do you think I
should wear that big pearl stud on my shirt front?

ROCH: BOSS, I WOULDN'T GIVE THEM *nothing* ~~ANYTHING~~ TO AIM AT.

JACK: Oh stop.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now Rochester ... get my make-up kit ... I want you to make
me up for the show.

ROCH: OKAY...COME OVER HERE IN THE LIGHT.

Jack: *All right*
(SOUND: CHAIR MOVES ... FEW FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: NOW SIT DOWN HERE.

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVES)

JACK: *Now first - I think this is the way -*
First put on a powder base, *will you*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: PATTING)

JACK: That's enough .. Now you better put some lipstick on me ... a little more ... a little more ... more lipstick ... Mmmmmmmmm, this lipstick tastes good ... What did you make it out of, Rochester?

ROCH: COLD CREAM AND CATSUP.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: I CALL ^{it} ~~IN~~ HEINZ NUMBER SEVEN.

JACK: Now, put some shadow under my eyes.

ROCH: BOSS, I THINK YOU HAVE TOO MUCH ROUGE ON.

JACK: No no, Rochester .. in television you have to - -

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: I'll answer the door, Rochester.

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

DENNIS: Oh, excuse me, I have the wrong room.

JACK: ^{no no} This is the right room.

DENNIS: Get your hand off me, lady, I'll tell my mother.

JACK: Dennis, it's me ... Jack Benny. I've got make-up on.

DENNIS: Ohhh ... Well, that won't do you any good .. they're drafting women, too.

~~JACK: Dennis, come on in.~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)~~

JACK: Dennis, I'm wearing this make-up because I'm doing my television show tonight. ^{(come on in -}

DENNIS: ^(Sound: Door closes) Or .. Gee, this is a lousy room.

JACK: Look, Dennis - -

DENNIS: Did you just have dinner?

JACK: No, why?

DENNIS: There's some mushrooms on the floor.

ROCH: THEY'RE GROWING THERE.

JACK: Rochester, instead of making up jokes, why don't you - -

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack. Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hi, Mary. Welcome to the black hole of Calcutta.

JACK: Oh, quiet....Mary, what took you so long getting here?

MARY: I forgot your room number so I had to go up to the lobby

JACK: ^{again} ~~well~~ ^{oh, why} why did that take so long?

MARY: I had to sit for twenty minutes in the decompression chamber.

JACK: Decompression chamber, decompression chamber ^{some smart stuff} A.. I can't understand it..This is my opening show and everybody comes in with jokes...no fruit...I never saw anything like it...Mary, did you buy those things I asked you to?

MARY: Yes, Jack, here are the eye lashes, ^{could get} ~~they're the longest ones~~

JACK: Good .. Did you get me a G string?

DENNIS: (SHOCKED) Mr. Benny, not on your first televis--

JACK: It's for my violin! ... Now Mary, ^{gimme} ~~gimme~~ the things you bought.

MARY: Here you are, Jack, you owe me a dollar and twenty-eight cents.

JACK: A dollar twenty-eight! Mary, you must've made a mistake. It couldn't be that much.

MARY: I knew you'd get excited about it so I wrote it down..Violin string, seventy cents..false eye lashes, forty cents..and subway fare, twenty cents.

ROCH: THAT COMES TO A DOLLAR THIRTY.

JACK: Rochester, help me .. don't fight me.

GM

ROCH: PUT ~~DOWN~~, MISS LIVINGSTONE SAID IT CAME TO A DOLLAR TWENTY-
EIGHT AND IT DOES COME TO A DOLLAR THIRTY.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) *Oh - Mr. Roch. - uh - - uha - -*
That's all right, Rochester, Mr. Benny gave me
~~an empty coke bottle and I got two cents back on it.~~

JACK: *i like he's my valit you can call him Rochster*
~~Oh, Mary, you're so funny. When you see him outside you~~
can call him Mr. Anderson.

DENNIS: (SINGS) A pretty girl is like a melody. That haunts me
night and day.

JACK: Dennis, stop dancing ... And put down those eyelashes, they
aren't fans ... If you feel like singing, do it right.

DENNIS: Okay.
Jack: That kid makes me a nervous.
(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS'S SONG -- "I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU"
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Now Mary, do you think I look all right for the show?

MARY: Yes, Jack, and don't be nervous. I'm sure you'll be a big hit.

JACK: Gee, I hope ^{so} that --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, it's you, Don... Well, come in as far as you can.

~~MARY: Hello, Don.~~

~~DON: Hello, Mary... Hello, Dennis.~~

~~DENNIS: Hello, Don, welcome to the Black Hole of Calcutta.~~

~~JACK: Dennis, you said that.~~

~~DENNIS: Oh.~~

Are you a little jittery about -
JACK: Don, are you a little jittery about our first television show tonight?

DON: Well, I was a little bit, Jack, but not now. I finally got a great idea for the commercial.

JACK: For our television show?

DON: Yes...Come on in, Prince.

MEL: (COMES IN BARKING AND PANTING LIKE DOG)

JACK: ^{Don -} Don, what's this?

DON: Jack, I happened to get hold of the only talking dog in the world.

JACK: No!

DON: Imagine what a novelty that will be on ^{the} television.

JACK: Yes, but Don----

DON: Jack, I know it's hard to believe, but this dog can do the whole Lucky Strike commercial.

JACK: I can't believe it.

DON: Well, watch this....Come on, Prince.

MEL: (PANTS) *Come on -*

DON: Come on, let's start the commercial...Come on.

MEL: BARK BARK.....BARK BARK BARK....BARK BARK..BARK BARK BARK.

DON: Did you hear that, Jack, he said, L S, M F T...L S, M F T.

JACK: *Don -* He said LSMFT?

DON: Yes..Now come on, Prince...give him the rest of it.

MEL: (BARKS, WHINES..PANTS, ETC., ETC., FOR LONG TIME)

JACK: *Don-Don - Day, wait a minute Don-Don -*
Don, what did he ~~say~~ *say there.*

DON: He said...Ladies and gentlemen, enjoy your cigarette. Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and pleasant taste in one great cigarette, Lucky Strike. For only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste.

JACK: Don...he said that?

DON: Yes, the word "mildness" was indistinct, he lisps a little.

JACK: I know, he got some on me...Well, Don, *Don -* I think that ---

MEL: (BARKS FAST)

JACK: What'd he say, what'd he say, what'd he say, what'd he say? *ask him, what'd he say, what'd he say. Don, Don what'd he say ask him*

DON: He said, Be happy, go lucky..be happy, go Lucky Strike. He can't sing.

JACK: Oh. *oh.*

MEL: (BARKS RINSO WHITE TWICE)

JACK: Don^{Don} that's Rinso White.

DON: He gets confused, he's got two shows.

JACK: Oh....But Don^{Don} truthfully, I don't think this talking dog will work out on television.

DON: ^{Will} Why not?

JACK: Everybody will be able to see it's Mel Blanc^{you know - I mean}..his mustache gives him away.

DON: I guess you're right...Well, come on, Mel, let's go.

MEL: (GOES OFF BARKING)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: COME BACK AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

^{mel:} (Bark)
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Stupid dog!.....Imagine Don coming in with an idea like---

MARY: (COMING IN) Oh, Jack.

JACK: Yes, Mary.

MARY: I helped Rochester select the clothes for you to wear on the show, so you better go in the other room and get dressed.

~~JACK: Okay, Mary, but I've got a lot of time...Where's Phil?~~

~~MARY: He went out to get nervous.~~

JACK: Oh, oh..well, don't leave, Mary, I'll be dressed in a --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: If that's that dog again --- COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

HERB: Mr. Benny, I'm Irving Fine of the Associated Press. I wanted to get a story about your television show tonight.

JACK: Oh, good, good ... This is Miss Livingstone.

HERB: How do you do.

MARY: How do you do.

JACK: And this is Dennis Day.

~~HERB: Hello.~~

DENNIS: Welcome to the Black Hole of Calcutta.

JACK: *Dennis* Dennis, please...Sit down, Mr. Fine.

~~HERB: Thank you. Tell me, Mr. Benny, how do you feel about your first television show? Are you nervous?~~

~~JACK: Well --~~

~~HERB: I hear there's a tradition in the theatre that on opening night every truly great artist experiences a case of nerves.~~

~~JACK: It's a wreck.~~

(Thank you) I'd like to get some information about
HERB: ~~Now, Mr. Benny, who are you gonna have on your first TV show tonight? Who are you gonna have on it?~~

JACK: Well, I've ~~got a very fine cast....~~I'm having the Sportsmen Quartet, Don Wilson, Rochester, Mr. Kitzel, Mel Blanc---

DENNIS: Stupid dog!

JACK: Dennis, be quiet... and our special guest star is Dinah Shore.

HERB: Are Mr. and Mrs. Colman going to be with you?

JACK: *Oh* Ronnie and Benita? No...no...*Gay* they won't be on tonight.

HERB: Oh, you call the Colman's by their first name. What do they call you?

MARY: That's why they're not on tonight.

JACK: That's not true, Mary...They couldn't make the trip, I borrowed their luggage.

HERB:Oh.. By the way, Mr. Benny, there's something that I've always been curious about...How did you ever meet the Colmans?

JACK: You mean the very first time? Well, ^{you see} they lived next door and...Oh, it's a long story.

MARY: Go ahead, tell him, Jack.

JACK: No, ^{no, no} I wouldn't want to bore him.

HERB: I'd like to hear about it.

MARY: I'll tell him.

JACK: Mary, I wish you wouldn't.

MARY: ^{hh} Don't be so sensitive, Jack...Now, it's getting late...You go in the other room and get dressed.

JACK: Oh, all right....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Well, Mr. Fine, this is how Jack first met Mr. and Mrs.

Ronald Colman...It happened about five years ago...shortly after Mr. Benny returned from England...I came over to Jack's house in Beverly Hills and when he answered the door he was wearing a tuxedo.

~~(TRANSITION MUSIC)~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Mary. Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Jack, you're all dressed up..where are you going?

JACK: Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman invited me to dinner tonight.. They live right next door.

MARY: I know, ^{but} ~~and~~ they've been living there for twelve years...It's strange that they should suddenly invite you.

I have

JACK: Well, ~~I've~~ got the invitation right here in my pocket....
And I wish Rochester would be a little more careful with my mail ... Fortunately I found it lying out on the back porch..

MARY: Let me see it.

JACK: Here ... here it is.

MARY: Hmm .. "Dear Jack .. Glad to know you are ~~safely~~ back in America. Benita and I would love to have you for cocktails and dinner Sunday evening ... Will expect you around eight ... Ronald Colman."

JACK: There you are.

MARY: What does he mean back in America?

JACK: My trip .. My trip to England this summer

MARY: *oh*, Oh yes....But I still can't understand it.

JACK: Never mind that, how do I look?

MARY: Jack, your tuxedo is awfully tight.

JACK: It is not ... what does a woman know about men's clothes...
(CALLS) Rochester.

ROCH: YES BOSS.

JACK: How does my tuxedo look?

ROCH: THE JACKET SEEMS ALL RIGHT, BUT I WOULDN'T WEAR THOSE PANTS,
THEY'RE TOO TIGHT.

JACK: Well, I don't care. I'm going to wear them anyway.

ROCH: OKAY, BUT IF YOU BEND OVER THERE'S GOING TO BE PANIC IN THE
STREETS.

JACK: I'll be all right.

~~MARY: Jack, why do you have to go formal, anyway?~~

~~JACK: Mary, the Colmans always dress for dinner, so don't argue about it.~~

~~MARY: Have it your way, Jack, and here...you better take this invitation.~~

~~JACK: Thanks. Hmm..these trousers are a little tight...I wonder ifOh darn it, I dropped my gloves.~~

~~ROCH. DON'T BEND OVER, BOSS, I'LL GET 'EM, I'LL GET 'EM!~~

~~JACK: Thanks.~~

MARY: You better get going, Jack, it's eight o'clock.

JACK: No, Mary, I think I'll be five minutes late...It'll make a better impression on the Colmans...I'll bet they're more nervous than I am.

(VERY SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

BENITA: Oh, Ronnie...Ronnie, where are you?

COLMAN: Right here in the library, Benita.

(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: Ronnie, darling, shouldn't you be dressed? You know we're having a guest for dinner.

COLMAN: A guest tonight? Who?

BENITA: You remember...Jack...Jack Wellington from London.

COLMAN: Oh yes ^{yo}... ^{yo} Good old Wellington...Then you mailed him that note I wrote.

BENITA: No, dear, I couldn't find it anywhere... It must have blown out the window...so I phoned him instead... He should be here any minute.

COLMAN: Splendid, splendid.

KM

BENITA: Well, Ronnie, aren't you going to dress?

COLMAN: *not* No, no, not for Wellington... This turtleneck sweater is all right... He likes informality.

BENITA: *darling,* Then I won't bother either.. ~~Ronnie,~~ would you mind choosing the wine for dinner?

COLMAN: *yes* In a moment, *darling* ~~as soon as~~ *I just must* finish this letter to the Beverly Hills Chamber of Commerce... Now let me see...

(READING) .. So, as much as I hate to complain again, I think every effort should be made to prevent Mr. Benny from commercializing this section.."

BENITA: Ronnie, you know those complaints never do any good. You've been writing them for twelve years.

COLMAN: *yes* ~~Well,~~ I just can't sit idly by and do nothing. Besides *you know* they were helpful that time when I reported Benny was hanging his customers' laundry on our rose trellis.

BENITA: Oh *yes* ~~darling,~~ that wasn't so serious.

COLMAN: Not serious? Every time I wanted to pick a rose, I had to reach through Jimmy Stewart's underwear.... I get so mad every time I --

BENITA: Now dear, after all, Mr. Benny is our next door neighbor. And last week you yourself said he's acquiring a new sense of responsibility when you saw him installing a sprinkler system on his front lawn.

COLMAN: I should have known he was up to something.

BENITA: What do you mean?

COLMAN: That sprinkler system has become the only twenty-nine cent car wash in town.

KM

BENITA: It can't be!

COLMAN: ^{why} Yesterday I saw him standing down at the corner throwing mud at the passing cars.... ~~Benny~~, this man must be stopped. Where money is concerned, he's positively inhuman.

BENITA: I suppose you're right.

COLMAN: I know I'm right..And those people he surrounds himself with.. What a grotesque bunch of characters ^{take that}. Take that Phil Harris chap.

BENITA: Phil Harris?

COLMAN: Yes. The way he comes up the sidewalk every morning yelling.. "OKAY JACKSON DON'T BE A MUG...HARRIS IS HERE SO BRING OUT THE JUG"..... What a remarkable fellow ^{does he}. does he have some connection with Mr. Benny's program?

BENITA: Yes, I understand he leads the orchestra.

COLMAN: Oh, ^{oh} he's a musician.

BENITA: No no, he just leads the orchestra.

COLMAN: Oh. But that young girl Mary Livingstone... she seems ^{very} ~~awfully~~ nice.

BENITA: Yes... how she ever got mixed up with that bunch of schlemiels, I'll never know.

COLMAN: Neither will I.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: I beg your pardon, Mr. Colman.

COLMAN: ^{oh yes} Yes, Sherwood?

KEARNS: Mr. Jack Wellington has arrived.

COLMAN: OH GOOD, GOOD.

BENITA: ^{oh} COME, RONNIE.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

KM

BENITA: JACK, JACK!

COLMAN: WELLINGTON, OLD BOY!

SNOWDEN: HELLO RONNIE, BENITA..So nice of you to have me over for dinner...I came direct from the tennis courts, I hope you don't mind my being in just slacks and a slipover.

BENITA: No no, of course not, we hate formality.

SNOWDEN: Tell me, Benita, what are all those cars lined up in the driveway next door?

BENITA: Oh, that's Jack Bennys' house. He's running a car wash.

SNOWDEN: Splendid. Just what I need. As I turned the corner some bounder threw mud on my car.

COLMAN: See, Benita?

BENITA: Yes. But come now, Ronnie, get behind the bar and mix us a cocktail.

COLMAN: ~~Right~~ *All right*.

KEARNS: I beg your pardon, Mr. Colman.

COLMAN: Yes, Sherwood?

KEARNS: There's a gentleman at the door, sir, here's his card.

KM

COLMAN: His card? ... Hm...."Jack Benny, star of stage, screen,
radio... and square dance caller...Has own P.A. system."...
Jack Benny here?... What in the world can he possibly want?

BENITA: I don't know.

COLMAN: ^{Jack} Sherwood, tell him I'll call him later, we have a guest for
dinner.

KEARNS: But Mr. Colman, he said that you were expecting him for
dinner.

COLMAN: For dinner? Benita, did you invite Jack Benny for dinner?

BENITA: No, darling... Are you sure you didn't?

COLMAN: I'm positive.

SNOWDEN: I say, Ronnie...is this the eccentric chap you were telling
me about ~~who lives next door?~~ *Who's on the payroll?*

COLMAN: Yes... Well, his coming here is obviously a mistake, but we
~~say as well~~ ^{must} make the best of an awkward situation...Sherwood,
show Mr. Benny in... and then set another place for dinner.

KEARNS: Very good, sir.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Follow me, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you.

KM

~~KEARNS: May I take your hat, sir?~~

~~JACK: No no, this is the collapsible type, I just fold it up and put it in my pocket.~~

~~KEARNS: As you wish, sir.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS)

JACK: WELL, WELL .. HELLO, RONNIE ... BENITA.

COLMAN: ...Uh...uh..Hello, Jack...Come in.

BENITA: Yes yes, come in.

COLMAN: ^{me -} We're just about to have a cocktail.

BENITA: Mr. Benny, this is our friend, Jack Wellington.

SNOWDEN: Pleased to meet you, old chap.

JACK: Well ... I didn't expect anyone else to be here, but that's just like the Colmans..always room for one more ... Ha ha ha ha ha ha! .. Yes sir!

BENITA: (FORCED LAUGH) Ha ha ha ha ha! ... Ronnie --

COLMAN: Oh yes .. Ha ha ha ha ha !

JACK:Yes sir!

COLMAN: Well, the cocktails are ready ... ^{here we all} ~~A toast!~~ ... Benita, ~~your health.~~ *happy days*

(SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASSES)

COLMAN: Wellington, ~~happy days.~~ *your health*

(SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASSES)

COLMAN: Benny, good luck.

(SOUND: GLASS BREAKING)

JACK: Whoops! Too hard! ... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to break the glass.

BENITA: (SADLY) Oh, and that set was a hundred and fifty years old.

MO

certainly

JACK: Well, I'm glad I didn't break any of your new stuff ...

Well .. I'll just sit here and read a magazine while you three go upstairs and dress. *No hurry, you know*

COLMAN: Oh no, Jack old boy, this is just an informal gathering.

JACK: Oh..oh.....Mr. Wellington, you're from England, aren't you?

SNOWDEN: Yes, yes I am, old fellow.

COLMAN: Tell me, Wellington, how are things over there?

SNOWDEN: Well, it's been very exciting ... especially with the election and all.

COLMAN: ~~You know~~, I'd love to get away to England if my schedule would permit it .. I'd like to be there in the spring.

BENITA: Yes, Ronnie, at that time of the year everything is so beautiful ... especially the Thames.

SNOWDEN: Yes, the jolly old Thames.

JACK: I always take them whenever my stomach's upsetThey're very good you knowYes sir!Yup!

~~(AFTER LONG PAUSE..ON CUE ALL FOUR START SPEAKING AT ONCE)~~

SNOWDEN: } It was rather surprising to me when Atlee suggested that ---
BENITA: } It's certainly been warm for this time of the year, don't you--
COLMAN: } The weather these past few days has been so unusually--
JACK: } Have any of you attended the football games lately?

~~(ALL STOP ABRUPTLY)~~

~~JACK:(AFTER LONG PAUSE).....Yes sir!~~

~~COLMAN:(LONGER PAUSE).....Yup!~~

JACK: You said it.

KEARNS: Pardon me, but dinner is served.

COLMAN: (WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF) Thank you, Sherwood.

BENITA: Come, gentlemen, let's go into the dining room.

JACK: Okay.

BENITA: Ronnie, ^{take} here's my arm.

JACK: (CALLING) Take your partner by the hand,
Sashay right with an allamande grand.
Dosi Do and ~~away we~~

Oh, pardon me .. I forgot .. ~~but~~ the way you people are
dressed threw me for a minute.

BENITA: Come come, let's all have dinner.

~~JACK: Okay.~~

(SOUND: ~~FOOTSTEPS~~)

JACK: Well ~~here~~ we are in the dining room ... Ah, Chow!
~~Let's get at it.~~

(VERY SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Benita, that certainly was a wonderful meal ... Yes sir.

COLMAN: Well It's getting kind of late.

BENITA: My goodness, I didn't realize what time it was.

SNOWDEN: My yes .. it is getting rather late.

JACK: It's only nine o'clock (LONG PAUSE) Yes sir!...
.....Yup!Time marches on!

COLMAN: ...(LCNG PAUSE).....Yes sir!

BENITA: ...(LONGER PAUSE).....Yup!

JACK:Well.. I guess I better be running along..Time for me
to go home ... Goodnight, Mr. Wellington ... very happy to
have met you.

SNOWDEN: Goodnight, old boy .. and with my luck we'll probably meet
again.

JACK: Yes yes, thank you ... Goodnight, Benita and Ronnie ... I had a lovely time ... thanks so much for inviting me.

COLMAN *oh* You're very welcome, I'm sure.

BENITA: We were happy to have you.

JACK: Thank you.

COLMAN: I'll show you to the door, Jack.

JACK: *oh* Thank you, thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, goodnight Ronnie, old boy ... I had a swell time.....

(LOWERS VOICE) And say, I'm awfully sorry about Wellington.

COLMAN: Wellington? What do you mean?

JACK: Oh I know you're loyal to your friends, but isn't it awful the way a guy like him can throw a damper on a party? *you know*

COLMAN: You know, Jack, there's a lot of truth in what you say.

JACK: You're telling me! ... Well, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS FAST)

JACK: I'M NOT OUT YET.

COLMAN: Oh, *oh* on pardon me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, goodnight, Ronnie.

COLMAN: Goodnight.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS..FOOTSTEPS DOWN THREE STEPS AND ALONG SIDEWALK)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Gee, they're nice people, the
Colmans ... (HUMS) .. That Wellington seems to be a nice
chap too ... But I can't understand him just dropping in
uninvited ... Oh well ... (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) ... Oh darn
it, I dropped my gloves ... ~~(FOOTSTEPS STOP)~~ ... ~~(JACK GRONTS)~~
(SOUND: ~~LOUD RIP OF CLOTH~~)

~~JACK: Hummmmm....~~

(SOUND: ~~FOOTSTEPS START~~)

~~JACK: (SINGS) Can it be the breeze that fills the trees ...~~
~~(CONTINUES HUMMING)~~

(INTO MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the time of danger from forest fires in many areas. We can stop needless destruction of our wooded resources and watersheds. Be sure matches and cigarettes are put out before discarding them. Do your part to prevent forest fires. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first - Let's everybody Be Happy -- Go Lucky, as we join in a Halloween party ...

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 15, 1950)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: A witch I am at Halloween
I ride my broom with glee,
And trail a great big sign that says
Smoke -- L. S. M. F. T. !

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: A Jack-O-Lantern, I may be
A pumpkin from 'way back,
But I've got brains enough to pick
That milder Lucky pack!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1950 (TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 15, 1950)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Yes, friends -- Be Happy --
Go Lucky! Enjoy your cigarette. Puff by puff, you'll
find Luckies always give you perfect mildness. In fact,
scientific tests, confirmed by three independent
consulting laboratories, prove Lucky Strike is milder
than any other principal brand. And puff by puff, you
always get rich taste, too.... all the deep-down
smoking enjoyment that comes from truly fine tobacco...
because LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
So, friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of
Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

JACK:

Goodnight, Folks . . . we're a little late.

(APPLAUSE)

BOB:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the time of danger from forest fires in many areas. We can stop needless destruction of our wooded resources and watersheds. Be sure matches and cigarettes are put out before discarding them. Do your part to prevent forest fires. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ANNCR:

Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day" . . . Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Colman can be heard weekly on their own program "The Halls of Ivy" . . . Stay tuned for "Amos 'n Andy" who follow immediately . . . transcribed . . . THIS IS CBS . . . THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.