

RADIO
CONTINUITY

LUCKY STRIKE
JACK BENNY

SEPT. - DEC.
1951

ATX01 0181193

01801 0181194

PROGRAM #1
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

AS BROADCAST
LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1951

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

ATX01 0181195

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 16, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)
Should *the Jack Benny program - presented by Lucky Strike*
MUSIC: (VAMP)

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

SHAREBUTT: Friends, we say, "Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!" --and you have a perfect right to know why we make that statement. So here are the facts. The taste of anything depends on two things.-- first, what it's made of, second, how it's put together. Now, to get better taste in a cigarette, you must begin with fine tobacco. That's right, there's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different, and -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. In addition, Luckies are made better. That's why they're always round and firm with no loose ends. That's why Luckies are always fresh and smooth smoking. Yes, you can depend on Luckies' fine tobacco and superior workmanship to make every single Lucky Strike a far better tasting cigarette -- mellow, deeply enjoyable. So, if you haven't tried a Lucky lately, pick up a carton today. You'll agree - Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!

Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

MUSIC: (VAMP)

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: WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE WE ARE BACK ON THE AIR AGAIN...AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, JACK RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A USO TOUR IN THE FAR EAST...SO NOW, LET'S GO BACK A COUPLE OF WEEKS AND SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED THE DAY OUR LITTLE STAR ARRIVED HOME.

(SOUND: AIRPORT BACKGROUND AND LIGHT BABBLE OF CROWD)

~~VICRAN: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE...PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SPECIAL FLIGHT NUMBER FIFTEEN FROM TOKYO, WAKE ISLAND AND HONOLULU WILL ARRIVE IN APPROXIMATELY SIX MINUTES.~~

DON: Well, Mary, Jack will be here pretty soon.

MARY: Yeah, and I'll sure be glad to see him, Don.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Gosh, I'll bet Jack'll be glad to get home where he'll be able to step into a hot tub again.

MARY: You're not kidding. (LAUGHS)

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Jack sent me a picture of himself taking a bath in a barrel. ^{didn't}

~~DON: A bath in a barrel!~~

~~MARY: I've got the picture right here in my purse...Here it is...~~

~~see?~~

BB

DOK: ~~Yeah... Say, that must have been~~ ^{Oh!} Wait a minute, that
doesn't look like Jack...Where's his hair?

MARY: He's using it for a wash rag....look.

DON: (LAUGHINGLY) That's Jack....getting his back scrubbed and
a shampoo at the same time.

(SOUND: AIRPORT BACKGROUND AND BABBLE UP)

MARY: Don, Jack's plane is supposed to pull up at Gate Four....
Let's push in a little closer.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: AIRPORT BACKGROUND AND BABBLE START TO FADE)

HEARN: (RUBE) You see, Cloe, I told you there'd be lots of
excitement here at the airport.

ELVIA: (RUBE) ^{Ca,} You're right, Clem. ^{Why} I haven't seen so many people
since MacArthur came through Calabassas.

HEARN: Yeah.

ELVIA: Say, Clem, who's ^{is} this feller you dragged me down here to
see today?

HEARN: Jack Benny.

ELVIA: Who?

HEARN: Jack Benny...the star of stage, screen, radio and television..
You oughta know him, he played the violin at your Aunt
Poody's wedding.

ELVIA: Oh yes, I remember....Instead of Oh Promise Me, he played
the Hot Canary.

HEARN: That's the boy.

(SOUND: AIRPORT BACKGROUND AND BABBLE)

BB

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MARY: Don...Don...look...I think Jack's plane is coming in now.

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

VIGAN: (FILTER) CONTROL TOWER TO PILOT...CONTROL TOWER TO PILOT...
YOU ARE CLEARED.

KEARNS: PILOT TO CONTROL TOWER...PILOT TO CONTROL TOWER...
PAN-AMERICAN SPECIAL FLIGHT ^{From Tokyo} ~~FIFTEEN~~ COMING IN FOR A LANDING.

Mr. Benny, you can take your head out of my lap now.

JACK: Thank you. ^{Thank you}

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, this trip wasn't half as rough as I thought it would be.

KEARNS: Oh, this was a very smooth flight....and in just a moment
we'll be landing at the International Airport in Los Angeles.

JACK: Los Angeles!...But you promised me you'd land at San
Francisco. Didn't you radio my message?

KEARNS: Yes, and I got an answer...They said they don't need your
signature on the Japanese Peace Treaty.

JACK: Oh...Well, it was nice of them to answer. ^{Anyway}

VIGAN: (FILTER) CONTROL TOWER TO PILOT...CONTROL TOWER TO PILOT...
HERE ARE YOUR LANDING INSTRUCTIONS.

KEARNS: Go ahead.

VIGAN: (FILTER) WEATHER, CLEAR...CEILING AND VISIBILITY, UNLIMITED.
BUT DON'T LET THAT THROW YOU, THIS IS LOS ANGELES.

JACK: Of course it's Los Angeles. ^{Well,} I can recognize all those
landmarks.

KEARNS: Oh yes...there's the Hollywood Bowl.

JACK: And there's the California Bank.

BB

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KEARNS: There's the Coliseum.

JACK: ^{uh} And there's the Bank of America.

KEARNS: There's Westlake Park.

JACK: And there's the Security Bank.

KEARNS: And look...there's where they're building the Amalgamated First National.

JACK: Oooooooooohh...a new one!...Isn't this exciting?

KEARNS: Now Mr. Benny, we're coming ⁱⁿ ~~down~~ for a landing...so go sit somewhere and fasten ^{your} ~~the~~ safety belt.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR UP AND COMING DOWN FOR A LANDING...
PLANE LANDING AND PROPELLERS SLOW DOWN TO
IDLE...AND THEN OUT...AS BABBLE OF CROWD
NOISES FADES IN)

MARY: (THROUGH BABBLE) Don..Don..look, there's Jack getting off the plane.

DON: I see him...Come on, Mary, let's push through the crowd.

(SOUND: BABBLE)

MARY: Oh, JACK...JACK...

JACK: MARY! DON!

DON: H'YA, JACK!

JACK: Oh boy, ^{it's good to be home} ~~it's~~ good to be back...Pucker up, Mary, I'm gonna give you a great big kiss.

MARY: (EMBARRASSED) Oh, Jack, not in front of your friend.

JACK: My friend?

MARY: Yes, that man standing right behind you...He came off the plane with you.

BB

JACK: Oh, these people who follow celebrities. Look, Mister, will you please beat it?

NELSON: I can't.

JACK: What?

NELSON: Remember when the pilot told you to sit down and fasten your safety belt?

JACK: Uh huh.

NELSON: Well, you sat on me and tied my suspenders around you.

JACK: Oh..oh, I'm sorry. I'll untie them.

~~(SOUND: 2 QUICK SNAPS)~~

~~NELSON: Well, I'm sorry, I'll untie them. I'm tender.~~

~~JACK: Well then, do it yourself.~~

DON: Jack, I'm going out to the main gate and hold the cab for you.

~~JACK: Thanks, Don.~~

~~MARY: Come on, Jack, we better get over toward the gate, too.~~

JACK: Okay...Gee, Mary, I'm so glad you came down to meet me...Did you have a nice summer?

MARY: Well, yes and no. I got a fish hook caught in my finger... ~~1-2~~

I got a blister on my thumb from swinging golf clubs..

~~1-3~~ Then I sprained my wrist with a tennis racquet, and then as if that wasn't enough, I got bumped on the head with a surf board.

JACK: Well, Mary..you certainly had an active vacation.

MARY: What vacation? I was working in the Sporting Goods Department at the Msy Company.

BB

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JACK: Oh good good...I told you my agent would take care of you...
Gosh, Mary, look at all these people at the airport....I
wonder how many of them came down to see me. After all, I
am a celebrity.

HEARN: H'ya, Rube!

JACK: Huh?

HEARN: Remember me?

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

HEARN: Fine, fine...I'd like you to meet my wife.

ELVIA: How do you do.

HEARN: (CHUCKLE) She ain't no Jane Russell, but she's my kind of
woman!

JACK: ~~Hmm. Well, it's certainly nice meeting ---~~

MARY: Jack, come on.

HEARN: Yes sir, Benny, came all the way down here to invite you to
visit my home town.

JACK: Your home town?

HEARN: Yep..if you come to Calabassas and parade down the street,
the Chamber of Commerce will give you a real welcome.

JACK: Well --

HEARN: Course, we can't afford fireworks, but we'll throw our
cows on their backs and squirt milk in the air.

JACK: Gee, that oughta be---

MARY: Jack! Don is waving at us, he's got a taxi.

JACK: Okay..let's go.

HEARN: So long, Rube.

JACK: So long, so long. Goodbye, Miss Russell.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF CROWD)

BB

DON: (OFF) RIGHT OVER HERE, JACK... ^{the cab's} ~~THIS CAB~~ RIGHT HERE.

JACK: ^{Oh, here we are} Thanks, Don.

(SOUND: TAXI DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Ahh...I'll be glad to get home.

MEL: Where to, folks?

JACK: 366 North Camden Drive.

MEL: Yes sir.

(SOUND: MOTOR...GEAR SHIFT...MOTOR ESTABLISHES AND PADES DOWN)

JACK: Just think...ten hours ago I was in ^{San Francisco} ~~Hawaii~~ and now I'm almost home.

DON: Well Jack, don't you feel tired and worn out after that long trip?

~~JACK: Oh, a little, Don, but it was worth it... Gosh, the places I've been and the people I've met.~~

~~MARY: Sit back, Don, here it comes.~~

JACK: ^{was here, but} ~~Hmm. Anyway, Don,~~ it was really quite an experience doing those shows in Korea. We had a great show, too....There was Marjorie Reynolds, Benny Venuta, Frank Remley, June Brunner, Marry Karne, Delores Gay...and Errol Flynn, ~~too.~~

~~DON: Errol Flynn?~~

~~JACK: Yes, he was our chaperone...And Don, one incident happened in Korea that I'll never forget... ^{only once to be kidding --} We were just about ten miles above the Thirty-eighth Parallel when --~~

MEL: Say Mister, do you want me to go up Sepulveda to Sunset or cut across to Santa Monica Boulevard?

BB

JACK: Either way, either way...Anyway, kids, we were above the Thirty-eighth Parallel, and we stayed with this battalion for three days. ^{now get this --- use} ~~we~~ marched right with them...for three days and nights until we finally reached the outskirts of Yong Dong Po. Now to enter this village, we had to cross a little stream...and we were so tired, so dirty, and grimy, we jumped right into the water. And Mary, you'll never guess what.

MARY: You were the only one with a wash rag.

JACK: I was not -- ...Now Mary, listen... ~~that night - - - now get this - - -~~

~~DON: Go ahead, Jack, this is interesting. What happened in Yong Dong Po?~~

JACK: Well, that night we were camped on the outskirts of ^{the} town, ~~just a few miles from the front lines. It was a dark night, no moon, and there was a strange feeling in the air that something was about to happen.~~ ^{WAAA} All of a sudden, outside ~~my tent~~

MEL: It's shorter by Santa Monica, but there ain't so much traffic on Sunset.

JACK: Driver, go any way you want to as long as I get home.

MEL: All right, I'll go by Pico.

JACK: ^{to Pico} ~~All right,~~ go, go...Anyway, kids, ~~what an exciting night I spent in that town. And look, Mary...Don...I don't want you to get the impression that I was braver than the others... but it was about two o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by a rustle in the bushes near my tent...I didn't have a gun..but nevertheless---~~

MEL: Do you mind if I turn on the radio?

BB

JACK: Either way, either way...Anyway, kids, we were above the Thirty-eighth Parallel, and we stayed with this battalion for three days. ^{Marched out this...} marched right with them...for three days and nights until we finally reached the outskirts of Yong Dong Po. Now to enter this village, we had to cross a little stream...and we were so tired, so dirty, and grimy, we jumped right into the water. And Mary, you'll never guess what.

MARY: You were the only one with a wash rag.

JACK: I was not -- ...Now Mary, listen...

~~DON: Go ahead, Jack, this is interesting. What happened in Yong Dong Po?~~

JACK: Well, that night we were camped on the outskirts of ^{the} town, ^{you know} just a few miles from the front lines. It was a dark night, no moon, ~~and there was a strange feeling in the air that something was about to happen.~~ ^{When} All of a sudden, outside ~~my tent~~

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MEL: Do you mind if I turn on the radio?

BB

JACK: ^{lookit} I don't care what you do.

MEL: Thanks.

JACK: Anyway, kids, ^{lookit} when I heard this noise, ~~even though I~~
~~didn't have a gun,~~ I went out to investigate. I got down
on all fours and was crawling along the ground...when all
of a sudden --

(BAND BLASTS OUT WITH LOUD, BRASSY RENDITION OF "STARS
AND STRIPES")

JACK: Turn that down... ^{turn it down} turn the radio down!

MEL: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: THE RADIO IS TURNED DOWN, BUT WE STILL HEAR
"STARS AND STRIPES" SOFTLY IN B.G.)

JACK: That's better. Anyway, I crawled around to the side of the
brush...and there in a gully were four snipers...I had to
think fast...

(SOUND: MUSIC OUT)

JACK: I knew I could get a hand grenade ~~from the ammunition dump~~
~~close by... so I crawled over to get a hand grenade---~~

JACK: but then I found that it was KEARNS: (FILTER) And now
protected by barbed wire for a news item.
which had a high voltage One of radio's
of electricity running most popular
through it. Yet I had to comedians just
get to those hand grenades, returned from
so I could--- Korea where he
spent several
weeks entertaining
our boys.

JACK: Wait a minute..wait a minute..he's talking about me..
Driver...Driver..

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: No no, don't turn it off..turn it on...turn it on loud...
he's talking about me.

MEL: What?

JACK: Your radio, turn it on!

MEL: Okey.

(SOUND: CLICK...LOUD BLAST OF "STARS AND STRIPES")

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes, we missed it. ^{we missed it - - -} Driver...Driver...

(SOUND: STARS AND STRIPES FINISHES)

KEARNS: And now, ladies and gentlemen --

JACK: ^{soft} Driver--

KEARNS: We bring you that well-known quartet, the Sportsmen.

JACK: ^{kick} Driver...~~turn that~~ - Oh, my quartet,

~~DON: Wait a minute, Jack, that's our quartet, the Sportsmen.~~

~~JACK: Well, why didn't they come down to the airport to meet me?~~

~~DON: They couldn't, Jack. They're on the air right now.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

KEARNS: The Sportsmen will now dedicate a song to their boss...

Jack Benny.
^{isn't that nice - - -}

JACK: Well, ^{let's} let's hear it.

BB

QUART: WE MISSED YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK,
FOR SINCE YOU WENT AWAY, WE HAVEN'T HAD A CHECK.
HAVEN'T HAD A CHECK 'CAUSE WE HAVEN'T WORKED A DAY
HAVEN'T WORKED A DAY, YOU SHOULD HEAR THE THINGS WE SAY
ABOUT YOU...ABOUT YOU... *About you*

YOODLE DOODLE DOODLE, ~~DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE,~~
DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE DOO.

WE MISSED YOU A BUSHEL AND A PECK

WE EVEN MISSED YOUR VIOLIN,
mi mi mi mi mi mi
~~DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE,~~
mi mi mi mi mi mi
~~DOODLE DOODLE DOODLE,~~

^{us} TELL YOU JACK WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

(VAMP)

Jack: Mary - in garden me.

QUART: WE LOVE YOU A CARTON AND A PACK,
THE CARTON AND THE PACK WITH THE BULL'S EYE ON THE BACK.
LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF THAT FINE AND LIGHT TOBAC
BETTER TASTING, TOO, THERE IS NOTHING THAT THEY LACK.
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKES, LUCKY STRIKES, ~~LUCKY STRIKES,~~
THEY ARE REALLY MELLO, MELLO AS A CELLO,
WE ALL LOVE YOU A CARTON AND A PACK
AND DON AND PHIL AND JACK AGREE.

L S, L S, M F..L S, L S, M F..L S, L S, M F T
~~L S, L S, M F..L S, L S, M F..L S, L S, M F T~~
~~NOW YOU'RE BACK, TELL US JACK,~~

~~MARTY: IS THIS THE WAY THE LUCKY STRIKE OCCMEROTALS GO
IN YOKANOMA, KOBI, AND IN TOKYO.~~

~~(VAMP)~~

~~QUART: BE HOPPY, SSSS, GLO LUCKY, SSSS,
BE HOPPY, SSS, GLO LUCKY SLIKE,
BE HOPPY, SSS, GLO LUCKY, SSS
GLO LUCKY SLIKE TODAY.~~

BB

(APPENDIX)

~~T.S., M.F.D., W.F.D.~~

~~T.S., T.S., M.F.T.S., T.S., M.F.~~

~~YRS., EVEN IN KOREA, TOO.~~

~~QUARTER: ~~THEY ALL LOVE YOU, A GAYNON AND A TALK~~~~

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Gee, that was ^{certainly} nice of the boys to dedicate that number to me.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

MEL: Well Here you are, folks.. 366 North Camden Drive.

(SOUND: MOTOR...BRAKES...CAR STOPPING)

JACK: Gosh, Mary, I can't get over it...Here I am home and only thirty-six hours ago I was in Tokyo, Japan.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

DON: Watch your step, Mary.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I'll take care of the cab. Here you are, Driver..seventy-five Yen.. Keep the change.

MEL: Yen!...They're no good here.

JACK: ~~Yen!~~ you can get them changed at the bank tomorrow.

~~MEL: That's what you told me last year and I've still got a pocket full of pesos.~~

~~JACK: Driver--~~

~~MEL: The year before that it was shillings.~~

~~JACK: Now look--~~

~~MEL: The only break I ever got was when you came back from Alaska.~~

~~MARY: Alaska?~~

~~MEL: He paid me off with frozen fish. That I could eat.~~

~~JACK: Never mind, just go.~~

~~(SOUND: CAR DRIVES OFF)~~

~~JACK: Now come on, kids, let's go in the house.~~

~~MARY: Say, Jack, in Alaska do they really use fish for money?~~

BB

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JACK: ~~Uh-huh..It works out pretty well, except they have the-
-sleepiest juke boxes... Well, here we-~~

DON: ^{Oh Jack}
A Jack, look who's coming down the walk to meet you.

JACK: Where?

ROCH: (FADING IN) BOSS.....BOSS.....BOSS!!

JACK: Rochester!

(APPLAUSE)

ROCH: (CRYING) DOGGONE, BOSS, IT'S SURE GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME.

JACK: You really missed me, huh, Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH..(SOFT AND SLOW)..ALL THE WEEKS YOU WERE AWAY, THIS OLD HOUSE WAS SO LONESOME..I'D GO INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND SEE YOUR BIG EASY CHAIR SETTIN' THERE WITH NO ONE IN IT, AND I'D FEEL LIKE CRYING.

JACK: Gee.

ROCH: THE TREES OUTSIDE WERE IN BLOOM, BUT THEY ^{didn't mean} ~~MEANT~~ NOTHING TO ME.

JACK: Aw, Rochester.

ROCH: THE BIRDS WERE SINGING, BUT I NEVER COULD SEEM TO HEAR THEM. THE SUN WAS SHINING, BUT I NEVER SAW IT.

JACK: Really, Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH...I NEVER GOT UP TILL EIGHT O'CLOCK AT NIGHT!

JACK: That's what I thought! ^{not, say...}
A Say...the Colemans had their house painted, didn't they?

ROCH: YEAH.

MARY: Jack, there's Benita at the kitchen window.. and Ronnie is looking out of the window upstairs.

BB

JACK: Oh yes..(CALLS) RONNIE!....BENITA!

(SOUND: TWO WINDOWS SLAM DOWN ONE AFTER THE OTHER FAST)

JACK: Hm..I wonder if they're gonna give a party for my homecoming.

ROCH: COULD BE, THEY GAVE A DILLY WHEN YOU WENT AWAY!

JACK: That was nice.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS...DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Home..home sweet home..Ah, the house sure looks good.. Everything is just like I left it.

ROCH: YEAH.

JACK: The piano is in the corner..my easy chair by the lamp, and -- and..Rochester, that picture on the wall..Who is it?

ROCH: SHALL WE DUST IT AND FIND OUT?

JACK: Never mind..Look kids, let's all sit down for awhile. I just wante relax.

(SOUND: MOVING OF CHAIRS)

DON: *Oh*, Say Jack, I've been meaning to ask you...I presume that on your trip there were various times when you had the opportunity to meet some very important people.

JACK: Don, I'm gled you brought that up. ^{was} I was in Tokyo when General Ridgeway and his wife gave a big reception at the Embassy for Governor Dewey...And Don, everybody was there... General Ridgeway and his wife, of course. ^{and} Governor Dewey..

and General Van Fleet...It was a thrilling occasion.

MARY: Say Jack, I've seen so many pictures of Mrs. Ridgeway in the papers, and she seems to be so charming. How is she to talk to?

BB

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JACK: Well...you see, I didn't get a chance to meet Mrs. Ridgeway because she was so busy with all the women there. But the General..General Ridgeway...what a guy..He was so friendly.. so congenial. ^{Really} You've never ^{met anyone} ~~seen anything~~ like ~~it~~ him.

DON: Oh, then you met General Ridgeway?

JACK: Well...a funny thing happened, Don. Just as I was about to be introduced to him, General Van Fleet arrived, so naturally we had to rush over and shake hands with him.

MARY: Oh, then you shook hands with General Van Fleet?

JACK: Well...almost...

DON: What do you mean, almost?

JACK: I stuck out my hand and he handed me his hat...I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do with it.

MARY: If you'da put it on, maybe you'da met somebody.

JACK: Met somebody? What are you talking about? Before the evening was over I met a lot of people. Why I talked for nearly thirty minutes to Corporal Peterson.

MARY: Who's Corporal Peterson?

JACK: He was the one who married Aunt Poody, but they drafted him anyway...^{anyway} ~~But~~, kids, this was one trip I'll never forget if I live to be a hundred....~~Thanks, Mary.~~

~~MARY: For what?~~

~~JACK: For leaving that one alone.... But believe me, kids, it's good to be home again with my --~~

ROCH: OH BOSS, BOSS....

JACK: Yes, Rochester?

ROCH: IT'S YOUR SPONSOR.

JACK: On the phone?

BB

ROCH: NO, THE PICTURE, I JUST DUSTED IT.

JACK: Oh good good...Now what was I talking about?

MARY: About not meeting any generals.

JACK: Oh yes..but that was in Japan. Now ^{Mary, when we} ~~when I~~ got to Korea--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hmm..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: ^{Well} HELLO, EVERYBODY.

JACK: DENNIS!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis..Dennis, how are you?

DENNIS: ^{Ch} Fine, Mr. Benny. Welcome home.

JACK: Well, thanks, kid, thanks.

DENNIS: Gee,you look wonderful.

JACK: Well, thanks.

DENNIS: Turn around.

JACK: Okay..(JACK TURNS AROUND)

DENNIS: Gee you ~~even~~ ^{even} look better that way.

JACK: Hm...Dennis, why can't you just once -- Well, never mind..

Tell me, Dennis..did you ^{Dennis - did you go} anywhere on your vacation?

DENNIS: ^{Oh, sure} ~~Yeah,~~ I went to Hawaii.

JACK: Well! Hawaii! Did you take the boat!

DENNIS: No!

JACK: Oh, then you ~~flow~~ ^{went by plane.}

DENNIS: No!

JACK:Well, Dennis, ^{I'd like to hear the song you're} ~~did you have a nice time in Hawaii?~~
^{going to do on the first program.}

BB

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, aren't you going to ask him how he
got ~~there~~ to Hawaii?

JACK: ~~NOT FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!~~..... ^{Sing kid} Tell me, Dennis, while

~~Kennis!~~ ^{Okay} you were there, what did you--

~~Jack:~~ ^{That settles that.}

~~MARY:~~ But Jack, I'd like to know how he--

~~JACK:~~ Look Mary, this is my first day home, I don't want to go
~~crazy... Now, Dennis~~

~~DENNIS:~~ Yes?

~~JACK:~~ In a few days we're going to do our opening program of the
season. Have you given any thought to the song you're going
to sing on that show?

~~DENNIS:~~ Uh huh.

~~JACK:~~ Well, let me hear it.

~~DENNIS:~~ Okay, but may I wash my hands first?

~~JACK:~~ Why?

~~DENNIS:~~ I just came over here in a cab and the driver gave me the
silliest change -- thirty yen, two pesos, and half a cardine.

~~JACK:~~ Oh, well just open the window and sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS SONG -- "TOO YOUNG")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis, that song was great...it will be nice for our opening show.

DENNIS: Mahala nui loa okoola maluna, mahi mahi ee aloha hapahole
Kamahameha Kui moi.

MARY: What's that? ^{Dennis?}

DENNIS: Hawaiian.

MARY: Oh, did you learn to speak Hawaiian while you were there?

DENNIS: Mahala nui loa okoola maluna, mahi mahi ee aloha hapahole
Kamahameha kui moi.

JACK: What does that mean?

DENNIS: I don't know, but if you say it to a Hawaiian girl, you get your face slapped.

JACK: Oh sure...Peng hang kaesoo Ming gon collee goo wow mong.

DENNIS: What's that?

JACK: ^{It's the} Same thing in Korea...You know, it's a funny thing, but when you go to a foreign country ---

NELSON: Well goodbye, it was nice being with you.

JACK: Huh?

NELSON: I finally got the suspenders unfastened.

JACK: Oh..Oh..Well, goodbye. ^{Goodbye}

NELSON: Goodbye, everybody.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: ^{Imagine ---} Imagine that fellow being that close behind me all the time...
Say, Rochester--

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Would you make us some sandwiches, please?

ROCH: OH, I'M SORRY, BOSS, BUT THERE'S NO FOOD IN THE HOUSE.

BB

ATX01 0181216

JACK: No food? Rochester, what happened to the money I left you when I went overseas.

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BOSS, BUT THAT ONLY LASTED FOR THREE WEEKS. YOU KNOW, A DOLLAR DOESN'T GO AS FAR AS IT USED TO.

MARY: How much did he leave you, Rochester?

ROCH: A DOLLAR.

JACK: ...Mary, stop looking at me..He was supposed to buy seeds and grow things...You'd think that-- *The - - -*

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *Oh*, Mary, ~~answer that~~, *I'm tired - answer the door*, will you, please.

MARY: *Oh*, Sure, Jack,

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Well, my truly, truly fair!

MARY: Phil.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Come on in, Phil.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

PHIL: *Thanker* Let me look at you, *Liv*. *Turn around and let me put the tray on you.*

MARY: ~~(LAUGHING) Let's look at each other. I haven't seen you all summer.~~

PHIL: *Hey, you ain't* You look great, *Liv*, ~~you haven't changed a bit.~~

MARY: You haven't changed either, *Phil*. Just set your glass on the table and come in.

JACK: (OFF) WHO IS IT, MARY?

MARY: (UP) ALICE'S WONDERLAND. .

JACK: (COMING IN) Oh hello, Phil.

BB

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson. Welcome home.

JACK: Thanks, Phil..and before I forget it, I want to thank you for letting Remley come to Korea with me.

PHIL: Oh, that's all right, Jackson.

JACK: He was very handy...Every time we did a show for the soldiers, he accompanied us on the guitar.

PHIL: Good.

JACK: And I want you to know that I brought him back to you safe and sound.

PHIL: That's all right..no hard feelings.

JACK: Anyway Phil, it was a good idea, ^{I mean} it was worth a try.

PHIL: All right, so we weren't lucky.

MARY: Phil, how are Alice and the kids?

PHIL: ^{Oh they're} Fine..and you know something, Liv...Alice got herself a new car yesterday.

MARY: Oh, that's nice..what kind?

PHIL: ^{Oh} One of them foreign cars..A Dagmar.

JACK: THAT'S JAGUAR!.....Dagmar is a girl on television.

DENNIS: YEAHHHHH! ^(whistle)

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: I've changed this summer.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Mahala nui loa, okoola maluna, mahi mahi ee aloha hapahele--

JACK: Now cut that out! ^{I'm home one day --- now Dennis} ...Behave yourself, ^{Dennis}.

PHIL: ^{Hey} ~~well,~~ Donzy! I didn't see you...H'ya, Don.

DON: ^{Well} Hello, Phil. All set for the first program?

PHIL: ^{Yeah to go} ~~Yep,~~ ready for another season.

BB

DON: You know..when the summer is over and September comes, and we have to go back to work, you feel...well, sort of like a kid going back to school.

PHIL: Yeah...I remember how sad I felt both years I went back to school.

JACK: Both years?

PHIL: ~~Yes,~~ ^{Yeah} I took two cracks at the first grade then married Alice!

JACK: How do you like that.

MARY: Jack, ~~I've waited long enough, I've got to ask him.~~

JACK: ^{What?} ~~I've waited long enough, I've got to ask him.~~

MARY: ^{What?} ~~What?~~ Dennis, how in the world did you get to Hawaii if you didn't take the boat or plane?

JACK: ^{Now...now wait a minute - - -} No you don't, Mary...Look, this is the first time we've been together in months...I don't want that kid driving me crazy with his silly talk.

PHIL: ^{Wait a minute - - - what's so} ~~What's~~ silly about it? If he didn't take the boat to Hawaii and he didn't fly, maybe he took the train.

JACK: ^{Oh} Oh he took the train, eh? And how, pray tell, can anybody go by train from here to Hawaii?

PHIL: You can go into a Pullman and get...Aloha! (LAUGHS) HA HA HA HA. ^{Hey Dennis} ~~Oh~~ DENNIS, WHEN WE MADE THAT UP THIS MORNING, I TOLD YOU ~~THE~~ ^{that} OLD MAN WOULD ^{take a} SNAP AT IT.

JACK: Phil, why don't you go back to your little grass shack in Doo Wah Ditty?

PHIL: I'm going, I'm going...~~Well,~~ ^{hey} so long, Jackson...^{See} see you later.

DENNIS: I'm going too, Phil.

PHIL: ^{Well then} Come on, Mary..Don..I'll drop you all off.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BB

JACK: So long, kids. *Thanks for coming over.*

GANG: So long. *Jack*
Dennis: *Aloha*
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Aloha..All right, so I bit on it. At least I had sense enough not to ask Dennis why he was wearing that grass skirt.

ROCH: BOSS, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FILL THE BATH UP FOR YOU?

JACK: *Oh* Not yet..I think I'll just turn on the radio and relax for awhile.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO...LITTLE STATIC)

(BAND PLAYS SOME SOFT, SOOTHING MUSIC...SUSTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: Ahhhh.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, I MIGHT AS WELL UNPACK YOUR BAGS.

JACK: *Yeah, Yeah.*
~~Yes, yes.~~..go ahead, Rochester.

(SOUND: UNPACKING NOISES)

JACK: (HUMS WITH ORCHESTRA) Gee, that's a pretty song, *isn't it?*

ROCH: YOU KNOW, BOSS, CONSIDERING HOW FAR YOU TRAVELED, YOUR CLOTHES DIDN'T GET VERY WRINKLED,SO I'LL JUST HANG THEM UP AND -----BOSS: BOSS!

JACK: What's the matter, Rochester?

ROCH: THAT THAT THAT THAT THING IN YOUR SUITCASE!

JACK: What thing?

ROCH: AIN'T THAT A HAND GRENADE?

JACK: Yes, but don't get frightened, Rochester. Just pick it up.

ROCH: WHO, ME?... *I ain't going to touch no hand grenade.*
~~I WOULDN'T TOUCH IT. THAT'S A HAND GRENADE.~~

JACK: Rochester, believe me it's all right. Pick it up and shake it.

ROCH: *Well*
Okay.

(SOUND: COINS SHAKING IN METAL CONTAINER)

BB

ROCH: BOSS...YOU'VE GOT MONEY IN THERE.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: GOSH, AND I WAS AFRAID TO TOUCH IT.

JACK: I know..it's the safest little piggy bank in the world....
Put it away, Rochester.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: ^{BOSS} YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT, BUT IT'S SURE GOOD TO HAVE YOUⁿ

*Jack: HOME.
I love Rochester.
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)*

BB

ATX01 01B1221

(ALLOCATION)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, our stockpile of blood plasma has been gravely depleted by the demands of the Korean campaign, and it is imperative that action be taken to insure an adequate supply ready for immediate use.... And ladies and gentlemen, as General Rigeway said: "Every American who has given blood can, and should feel he personally has contributed directly to the saving of the life of an American boy.".....So, please go to the blood bank in your cities and contribute. It's needed badly. This is an urgent request. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

BB

ATX01 0181222

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 16, 1951
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: (VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, you know as well as I that the taste of any product depends on two things...the quality of what goes into it and how well it's made. Now this is particularly true of cigarettes -- and for a better tasting smoke you must begin with fine tobacco. That's right, there's no substitute for fine tobacco -- Don't let anybody tell you different. And -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. But that's not all. Luckies are made better. They're always round and firm with no loose ends to stick to your lips. They're always fresh and smooth smoking. In short, you can depend on Luckies' fine tobacco and superior workmanship to give you a cigarette that's always mild, smooth -- the best tasting you've ever smoked! So if you haven't tried a Lucky lately, pick up a carton soon. You'll agree -- Luckies taste better than any other cigarette! Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

MUSIC: (VAMP)

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

ATX01 01B1223

(TAG)

JACK: Well Mary, we just finished our first show.

MARY: Yeah..and I hope everybody liked it.

JACK: Oh say, Mary, I'm glad we're alone..While I was away, I got you a little present..here it is.

MARY: Thanks, Jack.

JACK: See if you can guess what it is before you unwrap it.

MARY: Gee, I don't know...give me a hint.

JACK: Well....I'll tell you...I know how you like good lingerie and stockings...So I got you this in Japan.

MARY: Well,what is it, what is it?

JACK: Open it up and see.

(SCUND: UNWRAPPING OF PACKAGE)

MARY: (THRILLED) Oh Jack, just what I've always wanted...a silkworm!

JACK: ~~I knew you'd like it.....~~ Goodnight, ~~folks.~~ *everybody.*

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.....

THIS IS THE CBS...RADIO...NETWORK!

BB

ATX01 0181224

PROGRAM #2
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1951

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM EDT

FN

ATX01 0181225

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 23, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 67 to 70 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, the enjoyment of a cigarette depends on the way it tastes -- and Luckies taste better than any other cigarette! Here's why...the taste of anything depends on two things -- what it's made of -- now it's made. Now in a cigarette you've got to begin with fine tobacco. That's right - there's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different. And LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. But that's not all you get in a Lucky Strike. You get unexcelled quality as well. This is why every Lucky Strike is round and firm without annoying loose ends to stick to your lips. It's why Luckies are always fresh and smooth smoking. Yes, you can depend on Luckies' fine tobacco and superior workmanship to make Luckies smooth, mellow -- better-tasting from first puff to last. Try a carton -- soon. You'll discover -- Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. So Be Happy -- Go Lucky.

(CONT'D NEXT PAGE)

BB

ATX01 01B1226

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 23, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CON'D)

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

BB

ATX01 0181227

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE....MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE THAT I BRING YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW..THE MAN WHO WAS THE INSPIRATION FOR THAT BEAUTIFUL BALLAD..."TOO YOUNG..."...AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking. And Don, that was a very clever introduction, so I think it's only fair that I tell the audience that you, too, were the inspiration for a song.

DON: *Oh,* Really? What song?

JACK: My Truly Truly Fat...Don, here it is only the second program of the season..and already you ^{*had*} ~~have~~ to give me a sarcastic introduction.

DON: Sarcastic? Jack, believe me, I didn't mean it to be.

JACK: Oh, you didn't mean it to be...Well look, Don, we have a long show to do tonight, so let's ~~not~~ *not*...

DON: *Jack* Jack, if I had any idea that you would misconstrue what was meant to be a compliment, I certainly wouldn't have said it.

JACK: Okay, okay, let's forget it...And now, ladies and gentlemen--

FN

ATX01 0181228

DON: I can't forget it. I wouldn't say anything to hurt you for the world.

JACK: All right, *Don.*

DON: As a matter of fact, when I thought of that introduction, I told it to my wife. And she said, "Donald, that ^{was} beautiful. I'm so glad you're not going to say anything to make that old goat unhappy."

JACK: What? Don, your wife called me an old goat?

DON: Well...

JACK: Don, does your wife know about the new contract I gave you?

DON: *Why* Yes, Jack, and it's not so different. I've always worked from week to week.

JACK: Well, this year you're working from word to word. I can fire you between L S and M F T...Now go and sit down.

DON: *Now.* Wait a minute, Jack.

JACK: Huh?

DON: If you feel that my services are no longer needed on this program, just say the word and I'll go.

JACK: Don, forget it..Sit down, will you?...Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we're going to do a very ~~important~~ ^{Oh,} Oh, hello, Mary.

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

JACK: *Oh.* That's all right.

MARY: I'll tell you what happened. I was driving down Sunset Boulevard..I made a left turn from the wrong lane and a cop stopped me.

JACK: No kidding..did you get a ticket?

FN

ATX01 0181229

MARY: Well, he was going to give me one, but I talked him out of it.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: I told him I was a working girl and I didn't have much money ...and right now it was especially tough on me because I was sending my brother through college.

JACK: Well, did he believe that?

MARY: He didn't seem to, so I opened my purse to show him my brother's picture...but I was so nervous I showed him ^a picture of my Sister Babe instead.

JACK: Oh, then you were really in trouble.

MARY: No, it worked.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mary. I know we kid a lot about Babe, but how could anyone mistake her for a man?

MARY: Well, fortunately, when this picture was taken, Babe had just come home from a football game and was still wearing her helmet.

JACK: Oh..well, I imagine that broken nose helped a little too... Anyway, Mary, I'm glad you didn't get a ticket...And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction---

DON: I'VE GOT MY PRIDE, YOU KNOW.

JACK: Don, forget it.

DON: I won't forget it. If I'm not wanted on this program, I'll leave.

MARY: Jack, what's wrong with Don?

JACK: *sh* It's nothing.

DON: Nothing, he says...and after all I've done for him.

JACK: Now just hold it a minute, Don.. What have you ever done for me?

FN

DON: I'll tell you what I've done for you...I've been on this program seventeen years..and for seventeen years I've been eating and eating and stuffing myself just so you can do jokes at my expense.

JACK: What?

DON: How many laughs would you get if I weren't a big fat slob?

JACK: Don Wilson, I've never called you that.

DON: Well, you've thought it many a time.

MARY: Jack Benny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JACK: Ashamed of myself? For what? I knew this whole thing would be twisted around where it would all be my fault.

DENNIS: My mother hates you, too.

JACK: Dennis, this doesn't concern your mother and it doesn't concern you either.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello. Now this is just between Don and myself.

MARY: ^{how} Wait a minute, Jack. What concerns one member of the cast concerns all of us.

JACK: Look, Mary, you can keep out of this, too.

DON: ^{how} Wait a minute..you can't talk to Mary like that.

JACK: Oh, I can't, eh? Well, let me tell you something--

PHIL: Hold it, hold it, hold it..Stop this bickering.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: We've got to stick together...we're still in radio.

JACK: Phil, ^{the} ~~this~~ whole thing is Don's fault. He not only gave me a sarcastic introduction, but now he tells me that I owe my whole career to him...that if he didn't eat and get fat, I would have no show at all.

FN

PHIL: Well, Jackson, Donzy's got a point there.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Look what I have to do to live up to the character you gave me.

JACK: Look, Phil --

PHIL: Do you think I like to drink?

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: Do you think I like to spend my time in pool rooms and cocktail bars and staggering home at four o'clock in the morning...Do you think I enjoy that?

JACK: *Now Phil, let me get this straight --*
Hmm...I see...~~Phil~~, you mean to say you do all this just for my program?

PHIL: That's right.

JACK: Well, then let me ask you something...We weren't on the radio last night...~~so~~ how come I saw you lying in the gutter?

PHIL: Rehearsal, Dad, rehearsal.

JACK: (SARCASTIC) Well Phil, in that case, I owe you an apology... Is there anything I can do to make amends?

PHIL: *hell, I'm not sure -- what does amends mean?*
~~Yes, you can buy me a drink.~~

JACK: *now look --*
~~Well, anything to preserve your character.~~ *Just forget it --* Now look, kids, I've listened to all your complaints...Don claims he stuffs himself at the table so he can be fat for my program...Phil claims he drinks a lot so he can remain in character just for my show...Well, let me tell you something...I make sacrifices too, to get laughs...Do you think it's easy for me to be stingy and cheap?

(LONG PAUSE...JACK LOOKS AT AUDIENCE AND LOOKS BACK)

KT

MARY: Well...this is a loyalty test if I ever heard one.

JACK: Nover mind. Now Dennis, it's time for your song. What are you going to sing?

DENNIS: "Mary Rose."

JACK: Good.

DENNIS: I was gonna sing "Too Young" but I didn't want to start another fight. ^u

JACK: All right, sing anything.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "MARY ROSE")

(APPLAUSE)

KT

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: ^{That} That was "Mary Rose" sung by Dennis Day...And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our---

DENNIS: Well, that's certainly a fine way to start a season.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I just sang a song and you didn't even compliment me.

JACK: Look, Dennis, I don't have to compliment you every time you sing a song. After all, you're getting paid, aren't you?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: What do you mean, no?

DENNIS: That's why I have to wear these old clothes all the time.

JACK: What are you talking about? You've been with me over ten years now, haven't you?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: And after every broadcast haven't I sent you a check?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Well, what do you do with the money when you cash them?

DENNIS: Oooh, cash them!

JACK: Mary, give me ~~a dramamine~~ *an Alka Seltzer, will you, please*

MARY: Well Jack, I didn't want to embarrass you in front of everybody, but since we're on the subject, I'd like to talk about the check you sent me last week.

JACK: What about it.

MARY: It bounced.

JACK: Bounced! You mean it came back marked Insufficient Funds?

MARY: No, Improper Signature.

JACK: My check? Why I remember signing it Jack Benny.

MARY: I know, but you left off "Star of Stage, Screen and Radio."

BB

ATX01 01B1234

JACK: Oh yes, that's my commercial account. ^{the court} Now let's get on with the program. ^{the get on with the program} unless the delegate from Encino has a complaint. ^{Phil is there} Anything wrong with your check? ~~Phil?~~

PHIL: No, I just show it to Alice, we have a good laugh, and that's the end of it.

JACK: Phil..Phil..Alice can laugh at Glenn McCarthy's checks... Believe me. Now kids, let's drop all of these arguments and get on with the program...Now ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, --

oh, (SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~Now~~ who can that be?

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I'm just ready to do a play..What do you want?

ROCH: WELL BOSS, DON'T GET MAD, BUT I BROKE ONE OF YOUR GOLF CLUBS.

JACK: Rochester, you had work to do. Why did you go out and play golf?

ROCH: I DIDN'T GO OUT. I USED THEM TO CLEAN THE HOUSE.

JACK: Now that's ridiculous. How could you clean house with golf clubs?

ROCH: EASY. I WRAPPED RAGS AROUND THE DRIVER AND USED IT TO MOP THE FLOORS.

JACK: What?

ROCH: I DID THE KITCHEN IN ^{four} ~~FIVE~~ STROKES, THE PANTRY IN ^{five} ~~FOUR~~, I HAD TROUBLE IN THE HALL, BUT COMING THROUGH THE DEN I WAS THREE UNDER PAR.

BB

JACK: Well, if there's any way of making play out of work, you'll find it. I'm surprised you didn't try this little trick of yours in the living room.

ROCH: *Oh*, I WANTED TO, BUT THAT DUST ON THE PIANO IS WORSE THAN A SAND TRAP.

JACK: That I know. *It's your fault, too - - -* Now Rochester, put away my golf clubs.

THERESA: (SEXY) Rochester, honey, hang up that phone and let's finish the game.

JACK: Rochester, who was that?

ROCH: MY CADDY.

JACK: Hm... Rochester, I'll be home in about an hour.. so you better have dinner ready.

ROCH: YES SIR.. GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye...

ROCH: OH SAY, BOSS..

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: THAT CHECK YOU GAVE ME LAST WEEK THAT HAD MY FIRST RAISE IN SALARY BOUNCED.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes, what was wrong? Improper signature?

ROCH: NO.

JACK: Insufficient funds?

ROCH: NO.

JACK: Then what was wrong?

ROCH: THEY JUST WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

JACK: Oh..well, we'll have it notarized, don't worry...Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOBYYYYYYYYYY!

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

BB

JACK: Funny how a checking account can get so messed up...Now where was I?

MARY: You were getting ready to start our sketch.

JACK: Oh yes... Now ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, we're going to do a dramatic ^{play} sketch...Our version of Warner Brother's great technicolor production...Captain Horatio Hornblower. Now, in this sketch, I will play the part of Captain Horatio Hornblower.

DENNIS: Naturally!

JACK: ~~Hmm~~... Now Mary, you're going to play the part that Virginia Mayo played in the picture.

MARY: Oh..Lady Barbara.

JACK: That's right..And towards the end of our sketch, you're delerious with yellow fever... and while I'm nursing you through your crisis, you fall madly in love with me...~~Now~~

Mary: ~~do you know why?~~

Jack: ~~Yes,~~ while I was delerious, you looked like Gregory Peck.

JACK: Thank you.. Anyway, you're Lady Barbara, and you were sent on a special mission by the Duke of Wellington.

PHIL: Hey, he's got a great orchestra.

JACK: THAT'S DUKE ELLINGTON!

PHIL: Oh. *sh*

JACK: Now Phil...you're going to be the first mate.. and Don, you're going to play the part of an Admiral.

DON: Well, an admiral...that sounds real important.

JACK: It is, Don...and you're going to be one of the biggest admirals..you have a nineteen inch screen.

BB

DON: I wouldn't be able to play that part if I didn't stuff myself just for you.

JACK: ~~Never mind.~~ ^{Just don't.}...don't do me any favors...I'll change that part.. You'll just be a member of my crew....And finally we come to you, Dennis.

DENNIS: It's about time.

JACK: Dennis, you're going to play the part of El Supremo.

DENNIS: El Supremo?

JACK: Yes, he's an unscrupulous, power-mad, ruthless, bloodthirsty cut-throat who'll stop at nothing to get what he wants.

DENNIS: Gee, that's my agent.

JACK: No! El Supremo happens to be a Spanish Rebel...Now Don, set the scene for our play, *will you.*

DON: Okay...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.. "OUR VERSION OF "CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLLOWER".

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS SOFTLY "RULE BRITANNIA")

DON: (VERY DRAMATICALLY) IN THE YEAR OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN, ALL THAT KEPT NAPOLEON FROM DOMINATING THE ENTIRE WORLD WAS ENGLAND'S GALLANT NAVY!

MUSIC: UP A BIT..THEN DOWN SOFT AS DON PAUSES A COUPLE OF SECONDS)

DON: ONE OF ENGLAND'S SMALLER SHIPS WAS THE LYDIA, A WOODEN SAILING VESSEL CARRYING ONLY THIRTY-TWO CANNON...

(MUSIC: OUT)

DON: BUT MAKING UP FOR WHAT SHE LACKED IN FIRE POWER, WAS THE BRAVERY, WISDOM, SEAMANSHIP AND DARING OF HER COMMANDER... CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLLOWER.

BB

JACK: That's me.

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: Quiet, Dennis...Continue, Don.

DON: RIGHT NOW..WITH THE AIR DEAD CALM, THE MEN ARE OUT IN
BOATS TRYING TO TOW THE LYDIA INTO A WIND.

(SOUND: CREAKING OF LARGE WOODEN BATTLESHIP IN CALM
WATERS..WE HEAR ROWING IN RHYTHM OF "HEAVE")

BB

ATX01 0181239

QUART: (IN RHYTHM) HEAVE...HEAVE...HEAVE...HEAVE (FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: Look at those men...Well might Napoleon fear the likes of them. They've gone without fresh fruit for a year..without bread for seven months...without water for days...and for six whole weeks they haven't heard "Come On A My House.".... Stout fellows.

PHIL: You're right, Captain..that's why I'm afraid the men might mutiny...They haven't touched land for nearly a year...They're going crazy for the sight of a woman.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: You wouldn't understand.

JACK: I wouldn't?

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: Hmm...Well look, Men, ~~we~~---Hark!

(SOUND: LITTLE WIND)

JACK: A breeze, a breeze!..By the great horn spoon, we've whistled up a wind..Call the men back to the ship, Wilson.

DON: Aye aye, sir..(CALLS) BACK TO THE SHIP, MEN!

PHIL: Look out, Wilson, don't get too close to the edge or you'll--

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SPLASH)

PHIL: MAN OVERBOARD.

JACK: Good, good.

PHIL: Look, Captain, he's swimming for it..Come on, Wilson, ^{fast} a few more strokes and ^{Captain} ~~2~~-Captain..look at that man-eating shark!

JACK: Yeah..Look at that man eating that shark...Good man, Wilson.. Stout fellow.

DON: (OFF MIKE..MUFFLED) I'm only stuffing myself for you.

JACK: Never mind..Climb aboard, Wilson.

(SOUND: WIND IN SAILS)

PHIL: CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER, LOOK... THERE'S A SHIP OFF THE PORTSIDE.

JACK: Hm...Let me take a look at it.....Hand me your glass.

PHIL: Here you are, sir.

JACK: Not that one, the one you look through...That's better.

DON: What does she look like, Captain?

JACK: She flies the French flag, but she's no man of war...
She'll soon surrender...Mate, fire a shot across her
bow.

PHIL: ONE SHOT ACROSS THE BOW...FIRE.

(SOUND: CANNON.....AFTER COUNT OF THREE, BOWLING BALL
DROPPED ON WOODEN DECK)

JACK: What happened?

PHIL: The wind was against us.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Shall I fire another shot, Captain?

JACK: No need for that. She' running up the white flag....Send
a boat over and bring back the prisoners. I'll be in my
cabin.

PHIL: Aye aye, sir.

(TRANSITION MUSIC "RULE BRITANNIA")

(SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: It's me, sir...I have the captain of the French ship. And,
sir, they had a woman passenger aboard, so I brought
her, too.

wb

JACK: A woman, eh? Well, bring the captain in, I want to question him first.

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: You stay out of this...Bring him in, Mate.

PHIL: Come on, in with you. *Get in.*

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF FEET)

JACK: Hm...~~So~~ you ~~are~~ the captain of that French ship?

MEL: Oui.

JACK: And you sailed from the port of Marseille?

MEL: Oui.

JACK: And you're carrying a woman aboard?

MEL: Oui.

JACK: What does the woman look like?

MEL: Wow.

JACK: Wow?

MEL: Oui.

JACK: Well, ^I I won't bother with him...throw him in irons...I'll question the woman...Where is she?

PHIL: Right outside, sir.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, there she is...I'll talk to her. Mademoiselle...Je wantez...parlez...avec...vous.

MARY: (FRIENDLY) Hello, Captain.

KT

JACK: Wait a minute...you speak English.

MARY: I am English.

~~JACK: Then what are you doing on a French ship?~~

~~MARY: They picked me up while I was swimming the Channel.~~

~~JACK: Swimming the English Channel -- in that dress?~~

~~MARY: Yes, but don't tell anybody, the bustle is an outboard motor.~~

~~JACK: I won't.~~

a

(SOUND: MUTTERING OF MEN)

JACK: What's that?

PHIL: Captain, you'd better get her ladyship below decks. The men are becoming unruly.

JACK: All right...Don't worry, your Ladyship...you're safe with me.

MARY: Naturally.

JACK: Thank you, your Ladyship...Now just come along with --

KT

ATX01 0181243

DON: (OFF) SHIP OFF THE STARBOARD BOW.

JACK: What kind is she?

DON: She's a Spanish galleon.

JACK: A galleon:

PHIL: Good, that's a quart for each of us ... HA HA HA Oh, ^{Harvey} ~~Matoy~~,
many brave hearts, are asleep in the deep, but you're awake
every minute.

JACK: ~~Hum~~...Last year by this time, he'd be gone already...All
right, Men, clear the decks for action.

DON: Wait, Captain, the Spaniards are putting out a small boat.

JACK: Yeah, and look, standing in the prow is El Supremo...and
four of his crew are rowing him this way...One of them is
rowing with a guitar.

KP

ATX01 0181244

(INTRO)

QUART: LARGO TIEM PO DES PUES CAGOAL HO
GA MATER NO PARA PO DER CUNAR SUEN FER MO
DE FRIO SE MURIA, DE FRIO SE MURIO.
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
QUE QUE DO DI SUM PRA RA DA
Y LOCO NO RUFF PUFF
NO PUFF EES ROUGH
CORRIO TRA DE SUA MA DA
LUCKY STRIKES ARE VERY MELLOW.
DE LU JU RIA YA NA FLO
OUR EL SUPREMO SAY
ROW ME AROUND THE BAY
WE'RE GETTING LUCKIES TODAY
SMOKE A LUCKY
A LO TRIESTE DE SU SUERTE
SMOKE A LUCKY
QUE BIEN PRONTO DE LLEGOR
WE WEEESH THAT WE COULD GET A RHYME
FOR LUCKY STRIKE JUST ONE MORE TIME
WE COULD SAY THAT IT IS SUBLIME
SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE
LS/MFT

GUERNY: MEANS FINE TOBACCO

QUART: LS/MFT

GUERNY: YES, FINE TOBACCO

QUART: LS/MFT

GUERNY: YES, FINE TOBACCO

QUART: YES, LS/MFT

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

DON: ^{Captain} Captain, El Supremo's boat is alongside of us.

JACK: Mate, prepare to fire a salute in El Supremo's honor and be ready to pipe him aboard.

PHIL: Aye aye, sir.....GUNS, FIRE.

(SOUND: ELEVEN SHOTS FIRED INDIVIDUALLY, BUT IN RAPID SUCCESSION)

DON: COMPANY, ATTENTION IN HONOR OF EL SUPREMO.

PHIL: PIPE HIM ABOARD.

(SOUND: PIPING ABOARD...SOUNDS OF FEET CLIMBING ABOARD SHIP...FEET WALKING FEW STEPS ON WOODEN DECK)

DENNIS: (ARROGANT SPANISH MEXICAN) Wheech one of your commoners is the Capitan?

JACK: I am, El Supremo.

DENNIS: When you saw me approach, you fired an eleven gun salute?

JACK: That's right....I hope you liked it.

DENNIS: (RAVING) LIKE IT...PEEG...I AM EENSULTED..I AM EL SUPREMO... I AM ACCUSTOMED TO A TWENTY-THREE GUN SALUTE.

JACK: But El Supremo... ^{I can only see eleven guns} ~~my king only gets a twenty-one gun salute.~~

~~DENNIS: Your keeng? Who is your keeng?~~

~~JACK: William Paley, the Lionhearted....He's really very nice and-~~

~~Dennis: But you have many more, what are you doing with the rest of the guns?~~

~~Jack: It's making fuffed me... It's awfully good with...~~

wb

DENNIS: Quiet, commoner! One so lowly as yourself does not speak direct to El Supremo ... If you have anything to say, discuss it with my prime minister over there.

JACK: Yes sir.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Excuse me, ^{are you} are you El Supremo's Prime Minister?

MEL: Si.

JACK: ~~I understand~~ ^{is it true} that he holds his prisoners for ransom.

MEL: Si.

JACK: And the ransom ~~is~~ a thousand bushels of beans.

MEL: Si.

JACK: What kind of beans?

MEL: Soy.

JACK: Soy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Wait a minute, haven't I seen you before?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Where?

MEL: A few minutes ago I was the French Captain.

JACK: The French Captain?

MEL: Oui.

JACK: Oui?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Wait a minute, this doesn't make sense. How can you be a French ^{Captain} ~~man~~ one minute and a ^{Spanish Prime Minister} ~~Spaniard~~ the next?

MEL: I'm also a woodpecker.

JACK: What?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

TK

JACK: Well, that does it, *you've ruined the whole thing* I'm ~~not~~ gonna finish this sketch,
I'm going home.

MEL: (PORKY PIG) Th-th-th-that's all, folks.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

TK

ATX01 01B124B

(ALLOCATION)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen ... our stockpile of blood plasma has been gravely depleted by the demands of the Korean campaign, and it is imperative that action be taken to insure an adequate supply ready for immediate use ...

And ladies and gentlemen, as General Ridgeway said ...

"Every American who has given blood can, and should feel he personally has contributed directly to the saving of the life of an American boy.".....So, please go to the blood bank in your cities and contribute. It's needed badly.

This is an urgent request. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

TK

ATX01 0181249

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 23, 1961
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, do you know why we say "Luckies taste better^u
than any other cigarette"? Well, the taste of anything
is determined by two things -- what goes into it...and
how it's put together. This is 100 percent true when
it comes to cigarettes. Just consider these facts.
Luckies are made of fine, light mild tobacco --
better-tasting tobacco. Yes, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco...and there's no substitute for
fine tobacco...don't let anybody tell you different.
What's more, this fine tobacco is carefully made into
a cigarette that's uniformly round and firm...free from
annoying loose ends that stick to your lips. Every
Lucky is always fresh and smooth smoking. Yes, you can
depend on Luckies fine tobacco and superior workmanship
to make Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!
Try a carton soon. Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

BB

ATX01 0181250

(TAG)

~~JACK: Well, come, Mary, I'll drive you home.~~

~~MARY: Thanks, Jack.~~

~~PHIL: Say, Jackson, how about coming over to my house tonight?~~

~~I'm having a little party.~~

~~JACK: I can't tonight, Phil. I want to be in bed by nine o'clock.~~

~~JENNIS: Naturally.~~

JACK: Wnn.. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

~~DON: Ladies and gentlemen, blood plasma is needed badly. Donate~~
~~through the Red Cross Blood Bank in your city. ...The Jack~~
~~Benny Program is heard by our Armed forces overseas through~~
~~the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.~~

This is the CBS ... RADIO Network!

PROGRAM #3
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1951

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

ATX01 0181252

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 67 to 70 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friend, have you tried a Lucky lately? If you haven't, maybe you've been missing something because Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. Why? Well, taste in a cigarette, like in anything else, depends on two things: What it is made of and how it is made. Now, to give a cigarette better taste there's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different. And, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! In addition, Luckies are quality made through and through. The fine tobacco is carefully made into a cigarette that contains no loose ends to stick to your lips -- a cigarette that is always firm and fully packed -- easy on the draw. Yes, friends, you can depend on Luckie's fine tobacco and superior workmanship to make Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. Remember that next time you buy cigarettes. Get a carton of Lucky Strike and Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

ATX01 0181253

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

ORCH: (VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike

Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0181254

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. IT'S MORNING...AND AT THE MOMENT, OUR LITTLE STAR IS SHAVING.

(SOUND: SHAVING)

JACK: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) Be happy, go Lucky...be happy, go Lucky Strike...be happy... Well, that was a good clean shave.

(SOUND: PATTING FACE)

JACK: Nice and smooth, ~~and~~ ~~Hum~~...I wonder how I'd look with a moustache...If I grew one, maybe somebody would give me ten thousand dollars to shave it off...Eh, I don't want anything to detract from my eyes...Well, now, I'll go down to the kitchen and get something to eat...I hate when it's Rochester's day off...I ^{always} have to make my own breakfast.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (NUMBLES) If there's anything I dread to do, it's fix my own meals...But it's either that or ---

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: (PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Rochester!

ROCH: HUH?...OH, GOOD MORNING, BOSS.

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing here on your day off?

ROCH: OH, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY PLACE SPECIAL TO GO TODAY, SO I THOUGHT I'D JUST STICK AROUND THE HOUSE.

JACK: WELL^{well}...You know...I...er...I was just going in the kitchen to make my own breakfast.

ROCH: GOOD, GO RIGHT AHEAD!

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: YOU KNOW, BOSS, I REALLY ENJOY SPENDING MY DAY OFF AT HOME. YES SIR...NOTHIN' LIKE SITTING IN THIS ROCKING CHAIR READING A GOOD BOOK.

JACK: Yes...yes.

(SOUND: SQUEAK, SQUEAK OF ROCKING CHAIR)

JACK: Well...I guess I'll go out in the kitchen and make my breakfast.

(SOUND: ABOUT FIVE SLOW FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: OH, BOSS --

(SOUND: ROCKING STOPS)

JACK: Yes? *Yes, yes, yes, yes?*

ROCH: WHEN YOU GET THROUGH, YOU'LL FIND THE DISH RAG UNDER THE SINK.

JACK: Hmm.

(SOUND: ROCKING CHAIR SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK)

JACK: Oh, well. I wish he'd oil that rocking chair.

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

JACK: Let ~~me~~^{me} see now...where's the frying pan...Oh, there it is.

(SOUND: PAN BEING MOVED)

JACK: I wonder if there are any eggs in the Frigidaire.

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

JACK: Here's one egg...and there's another one behind the--Oh, I always mistake that light bulb for an egg. Last week I boiled it and screwed it into the egg cup...Oh, here's a whole bowl of eggs.

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF DISH...REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSES..
FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (NOT TOO HAPPY) I think I'll make 'em sunny side up.

(SOUND: CRACKS EGG, AND DROP ON HOT PAN...CRACKS
ANOTHER EGG, DROPS IN HOT PAN)

~~JACK: Now for the toast.~~

~~(SOUND: FLIP OF TOASTER)~~

~~JACK: I better set the table.~~

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...TINKLE OF DISHES)

JACK: Gee...I hate to eat alone...^{If it just had someone}~~No one~~ to talk to.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...LIGHT SQUEAK OF
ROCKING CHAIR)

JACK: Oh, Rochester--

(SOUND: SQUEAK OF ROCKING CHAIR STOPS)

ROCH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) YES, BOSS.

JACK: Would you like something to eat?

ROCH: OH...I DON'T KNOW.

JACK: The eggs look awfully good.

ROCH: ...WELL...

JACK: (COAXING) ...They're fried...Sunny side up...Makes a nice
breakfast.

LW

ATX01 0181257

ROCH: ...WELL.--

JACK: ^{oh} I'm sure you'll like it.

ROCH: OKAY, BRING IT IN!

JACK: I'm not gonna bring it in! ...And take off my bathrobe!

ROCH: ^{but} BUT, BOSS, YOU GAVE ME THIS BATHROBE FOR CHRISTMAS.

JACK: Well, I want it back!

ROCH: OKAY...THREE MORE MONTHS AND IT'LL BE MINE AGAIN.

JACK: Never mind.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...KITCHEN DOOR OPENS..HEAVY FRYING)

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes, while I was talking to him, my eggs burned. But I guess it's my fault. After all, it is his day off...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ...and if he wants to spend it just sitting in a rocking chair ~~why then~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)~~

~~JACK: ...that's his~~

ROCH: OH, BOSS, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

JACK: (MAD) I ^{heard} hear it, I ^{heard} hear it!

~~ROCH: GOOD. BETWEEN THIS CHAIR SQUEAKIN' AND THE DOOR BUZZIN' I'M A NERVOUS WRECK.~~

~~JACK: Oh, you are, eh? ...Well, what about me? ...I just spoiled two eggs, burnt my toast, and~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: HE'S COMING, HE'S COMING!

JACK: (PROJECTING) Yeah, can't you wait a minute?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

LW

ATX01 0181258

DON: *oh* Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Don, come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Come on in the kitchen, Don.

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

JACK: Sit down, ^{*Don -*} What's on your mind?

DON: Well, Jack, the reason I dropped over was to tell you that I thought of a ^{*small*} ~~wonderful~~ idea for the program..So I took the liberty of asking the girl who made that wonderful record, "Come On A My House" to be a guest on the show.

JACK: Oh, Rosemary Clooney. ^{*Oh Don - get*} that'll be great.

DON: I'm gonna bring her over a little later so you can ^{*talk to*}

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello? Yes, he's still here...just a minute.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS..KITCHEN DOOR OPENS..

WE HEAR THE ROCKER SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK)

JACK: Rochester--

(SOUND: SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK)

JACK: Rochester--

(SOUND: SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK)

JACK: Whistler's Mother!

ROCH: YES, BOSS!

JACK: There's a call for you..take it in the den.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now, where were we, Don?

DON: We were talking about Rosemary Clooney. I figured she'd be a great guest star for your program because of her popularity. You know, "Come On A My House" sold nearly ³ a million records.

JACK: Gee, that's a lot, isn't it?...³ A million records.

DON: And that's a novelty song...sometimes torch songs or ballads sell even more.

JACK: Really?

DON: Certainly. ^{Take} Take a song like...er...^{will} like "Star Dust". Hoagy Carmichael wrote that one and made over two hundred thousand dollars on it.

JACK: Two hundred thousand dollars for writing one song?

DON: That's right. Now Jack, my thought in using Rosemary Clooney on our program was to have a specially arranged number and incorporate it into the show. ^{See} In that way we could also use her with dialogue...See what I mean, Jack?

JACK: (Two hundred thousand dollars for writing one song..Gee.)

DON: Jack, you weren't listening.

JACK: What..huh..~~huh~~..what'd you say, ~~Don?~~ ^{Hoagy, I mean, son.}

DON: ~~See~~ Never mind. I've got to pick up Miss Clooney. I'll be back later.

(SOUND: KITCHEN DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: I can't get over it..two hundred thousand dollars for writing one song...Imagine.

(SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER SLIGHTLY OFF)

JACK: Now what's that?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..VACUUM CLEANER UP)

JACK: Rochester--

(SOUND: VACUUM STOPS)

LW

ATX01 0181260

JACK: Rochester, how come you're cleaning the house?

ROCH: THAT PHONE CALL I GOT WAS FROM SUSIE. SHE WANTED ME TO GO OUT WITH HER LATER IN THE WEEK...SO I THOUGHT I'D WORK TODAY AND TAKE FRIDAY OFF.

JACK: Oh good good...Rochester...did you know that Hoagy Carmichael got two hundred thousand dollars for writing one song?

ROCH: YEAH. HE MADE ALL THAT MONEY WHEN HE WROTE STARDUST.

JACK: How do you like that...Two hundred thousand.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FIX YOU A NICE BREAKFAST?

JACK: No no, not now. Rochester, if anybody calls, I'll be in the den.

ROCH: OKAY.

(TRANSITION MUSIC "STAR DUST")

ROCH: WELL....THE HOUSE WAS PRETTY DIRTY, BUT I GOT IT ALL CLEANED UP. I WONDER WHAT THE BOSS IS DOING IN THE DEN.. HE'S BEEN IN THERE SO LONG.

(SOUND: SEVEN FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS..WE HEAR A MELODY BEING PICKED OUT ON THE PIANO BY A GROPING FINGER...TO PHRASE "SO MY DARLING THOUGH WE'VE PARTED")

JACK: (SINGING ALONG ON SECOND TIME IT IS PLAYED)
SO MY DARLING...THOUGH WE'VE PARTED...SO MY DARLING ...
THOUGH WE'VE ...(HIGHER NOTE) PARTED...No, it's better
the first way...SO MY DARLING...THOUGH WE'VE PARTED...

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MR. BENNY?

JACK: ..Rochester, why did you interrupt me?

~~MARY: Jack --~~

JACK: ~~Oh, hello, Mary, come on in.~~ I'm writing a song.

~~MARY:~~ Well, I think that's -- what?

JACK: I'm writing a song.

~~MARY:~~ You.. you're writing a song?

JACK: Certainly.

~~MARY:~~ You're kidding.

JACK: What do you mean, kidding?..Song writing is a very dignified profession. If it wasn't, would they pay me two hundred thousand dollars for one song?

~~MARY:~~ ~~Jack,~~ who's giving you two hundred thousand dollars?

JACK: Well, that's what they paid Hoagy Carmichael.

~~MARY:~~ But ~~Jack,~~ Hoagy Carmichael wrote "Star Dust." That's a classic.

JACK: Some classic...(MOCKING) DA DA DA DA, DA DA, DA DA, DA DA, DA DA, DADADADADADA....Two hundred thousand dollars for ~~the~~ that? Now ~~Mary,~~ I've got a--

MEL: (SQUAWK TWICE AND WHISTLE)

JACK: ~~Quiet, Polly. Now Mary, my song is all about a fellow who~~ broke up with his sweetheart..and I've got the most wonderful title

~~MARY:~~ What is it?

JACK: "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You." Isn't that beautiful?

LW

Jack:

~~MARY:~~ (SARCASTIC) Oh, it'll ruin "White Christmas."

JACK: No, ^{no,} they're different types... ^{from Rochester.} ~~Mary,~~ I'll show you how it goes goes.

MEL: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly. ^{you listen - I want you to hear this.}
^(Write out if I get this ---)

(BAGBY PLAYS AMATEURISH INTRODUCTION ON PIANO..THEN INTO SONG)

JACK: (SINGS)

WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU..I'LL RETURN.

(Now ^{Rochester} ~~Mary,~~ get this next line... *oh this is wonderful*)

LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO

RETURN TO CAPISTRANO.

FOR YOU MY--

Jack:
~~MARY:~~

Wait a minute, Jack..What are the swallows doing at Serrano?

JACK:

I had to have a rhyme for Capistrano. ^{See} Serrano is a little town in Italy.

Jack:
~~MARY:~~

Well, how can the swallows come all the way from Italy back to Capistrano?

JACK:

(MAD) I don't know. I can't have them come from Stockton...
^{or Pismo Beach - I've got to make it rhyme.}

Jack:
~~MARY:~~

Well, why don't you have the swallows come from Hollywood?

JACK:

Why Hollywood?

Jack:
~~MARY:~~

Then they can use the new freeway.

LW

JACK: Oh, quiet.. Now ^{Rachette - lookit -} ~~Mary~~, you haven't heard the last part yet.. ^{have} listen to this.. ^{listen -}

(SINGS) IF YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE SORRY,
THEN I WILL UNDERSTAND.

NEATH THE HARVEST MOON, WE'LL PLEDGE OUR LOVE ANEW.
(Now ^{Rachette} ~~Mary~~, here's where I'm stuck, ^{now - line stuck} but I'll get it.)

SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED..

COME BACK TO...COME BACK TO...

(Here's where I need a beautiful phrase)

COME BACK TO..

(Oh, I've got it ~~it~~ - ^{I got it})

SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED

COME BACK TO WHENCE....WE STARTED.

^{Rach:}
MARY: Whence!

JACK: Yes, Whence.

MEL: IT'S A LITTLE TOWN IN ITALY, (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: It is not...It's the poetic form of "Where".
Now here's the finish, ^{Rachette got this.} ~~Mary~~.

SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED,

COME BACK TO WHENCE WE STARTED,

AND SWEETHEART, THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOOOOOOOOOU.

.....Well ^{Rachette} ~~Mary~~, what do you think of my song?

^{Rach:}
~~MARY:~~ ^{Rach} ~~Jack~~, I have the same opinion that Polly has.

JACK: Polly didn't say anything.

^{Rach:}
~~MARY:~~ No, but she just laid an egg.

JACK: What?

LW

ROCH: I THINK THAT WHENCE DID THE TRICK.

JACK: Listen, Rochester, when this song is on the Hit Parade,
~~you'll be~~

DENNIS: (OFF) HELLO, ^{oh} ANYBODY UP?

JACK: UP?.....WE'RE IN HERE, DENNIS...COME ON IN.

DENNIS: (FADING IN) ^{oh} Hello, everybody.

JACK: ^A Hello, Dennis....

DENNIS: ^{oh} What're you ~~all~~ doing up so early?

JACK: Early?

DENNIS: Yeah, it's six o'clock in the morning.

JACK: Six o'clock in the morning?...Dennis, it's eleven o'clock. .
How do you happen to be five hours behind?

DENNIS: Last night, everybody I ran into said "Don't forget to
turn your watch back," so I did.

JACK: Dennis, it isn't six o'clock...You're supposed to turn
your watch back one hour.

DENNIS: Oh...Gee, now it's five o'clock.

JACK: ~~You know, Mary,~~ it's not bad enough this kid drives me nuts, ~~but~~ today he's got an extra hour to do it.

Jack:
~~MARY:~~ Why don't you sing him your song and get even with him?

JACK: (NOT ANGRY) Oh, yeah?...Well, let me tell you something, ~~Smarty,~~ ^{the teacher} You can have your fun now, ^{you} but just wait ~~till--~~ ^{until then}

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS HIS SONG) When you say I beg your pardon...Then I'll come back to you...When you--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, Don.

DON: Here I am, Jack, back again.

JACK: Don, I thought you were going to bring Rosemary Clooney?

ROSEMARY: I'm right behind him, Jack.

JACK: Well, Rosemary.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Come on -} Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ^{See,} It was nice of you to come over... come on in the den... I want you to meet ^{Dennis Jack - - oh} ~~Mary and Dennis~~..And Rosemary, if ~~he~~ ^{he} Dennis acts silly, don't pay any attention to him. You ~~see,~~ ^{know} he's kinda young, ^{you know.}

ROSEMARY: He won't bother me, Jack...after all, I'm only twenty-three myself.

JACK: Twenty-three...Gosh...I'm almost old enough to be your father...

ROSEMARY: Well, you'd certainly be a young father...after all, you're only thirty-nine.

JACK: That's right...~~but~~ how did you remember?

ROSEMARY: I've been hearing it all my life.

JACK: Hmm..Follow me, *Rosemary.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here we are.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

~~JACK: Mary, I'd like you to meet Rosemary Clooney.~~

~~MARY: Hello, Rosemary.~~

~~ROSEMARY: Hello, Mary.~~

JACK: *Rosemary. I'd like you to meet Dennis Day.*
~~And this is Dennis Day.~~

ROSEMARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Sure and begorrah, tis like a bit of Ould Blarney meeting a colleen like yourself, Miss Clooney.

ROSEMARY: Dennis...I never knew you spoke with such an Irish Brogue.

DENNIS: *Ahh - Ah cue Mauckla*
Tis a brogue which drips with Shamrocks and you'll not find a better one this side of ^{the} County Cork.

ROSEMARY: Say, you ^{just} speak like a native..do you come from Ireland?

DENNIS: No, I listen to Morton Downey.

JACK: You see, Rosemary, I told you, I told you.

MARY: Say, Rosemary, I heard you do a song on Guy Lombardo's Lucky Strike program this summer that I thought was wonderful..I can't think of the name of it right now, but it--

ROSEMARY: Was it "From This Moment On?"

Dennis: Yeah, yeah - what is it -
~~MARY:~~ That's it...I wish you'd do it on ~~Jack's~~ *Mr. Bennett's* show this afternoon.

DON: *He* But ^{Dennis} ~~Mary~~, I had another wonderful idea for Rosemary. That's why I brought her over ^{here} to see Jack.

DM

JACK: Yes ^{Ann} ~~Mary~~, I want to hear what Don's idea is.

~~MARY:~~ ^{Rosemary:} Well Jack, hear this number first. ^{Maybe you'd like it.} ~~You'll love it.~~

JACK: All right...Go ahead, Rosemary, sing it.

ROSEMARY: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(ROSEMARY CLOONEY'S SONG -- "FROM THIS MOMENT ON")

(APPLAUSE)

1

DM

ATX01 01B1268

SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was wonderful, Rosemary...simply wonderful. Hasn't she
got a beautiful voice, ^{Dennis.} kids?

DENNIS: Yes, for a girl.

JACK: Well of course, for a girl..What man would sing like that?

DENNIS: Morton Downey.

JACK: Now cut that out.

DON: Frankly, I don't see any comparison there. If Rosemary sang
like Morton Downey, she'd have to be a soprano.

JACK: A soprano?

~~MARY:~~ ^{Jack:} Quick, ^{Ross} Jack, write it down, it rhymes with Capistrano.

JACK: ^{Rochester.} ~~Mary,~~ you can stop being funny. ^{Miss Miss Cleary's} Rosemary's voice happens to
be more of a contralto.

MARY: That's even better. ^{now} you can have the swallows come from
Palo Alto.

JACK: What?

MARY: They'll never make it from Serrano.

JACK: All right, all right; ^{now, now lookit} let's forget my song.

DENNIS: Good, good.

JACK: Now Rosemary, what's this great idea Don has for you?

ROSEMARY: Well, Jack, Don wants me to do "Come On-a My House" with
a special arrangement for the Sportsmen Quartet.

JACK: The Sportsmen? Where are they?

ROSEMARY: Behind Don.

JACK: Oh. Move over Don, and let me see.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

DM

JACK: Oh yes...and gee, there's an orchestra back there, too....
Go ahead, Rosemary, let's hear it.

(INTRO)

ROSEMARY: COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU CANDY

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU APPLE A PLUM, AND APRICOT, TOO.

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE A COME ON.

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE A COME ON.

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU FIGS AND DATES AND GRAPES AND CAKES, HEY.

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE A COME ON

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE A COME ON

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU CANDY.

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE,

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU EVERYTHING.

QUART: COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU LUCKY STRIKE

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU

L AND-A S ~~AND~~ A EMMA EFFA T...HEY!

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE A COME ON.

ROSEMARY: COME ON A YOUR HOUSE, YOUR HOUSE A COME ON.

QUART: COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU NICE A MILD A MELLOW CIGARETTE, HEY!

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE A COME ON.

ROSEMARY: COME ON A YOUR HOUSE, YOUR HOUSE A COME ON. (MORE)

DM

QUART: COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU LUCKY STRIKE.

COME ON A MY HOUSE, MY HOUSE

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU L S M, M F T.. L S M, M F T.

ROSEMARY: I'M A COME ON A YOUR HOUSE FOR LUCKY STRIKE, EH?

QUART: COME ON A MY HOUSE, COME ON.

(APPLAUSE)

DM

ATX01 0181271

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Rosemary, ^{Rosemary} that was wonderful...And Don, your idea of using Rosemary with the Quartet was good, too...But on what program do you think we should do it?

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: Dennis...what ^{Dennis} does that mean?

DENNIS: I don't know, it got laughs last week.

JACK: Well, ^{this is} this is this week.

DON: Well, how about having Rosemary do it this afternoon?

JACK: No Don. I'd rather have Rosemary do my song. After all, it's brand new and--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hm...^{Hm...}(CALLS) Rochester, will you answer the door, please?

ROCH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I CAN'T.

JACK: Why not?..You're not taking today off..You decided to work today, didn't you?

ROCH: UH HUH

JACK: Then why won't you answer the door?

ROCH: LUNCH HOUR.

JACK: Oh, excuse me, excuse me.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: HE'S COMING, HE'S COMING.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Phil}(SURPRISED) Oh, Phil...I wasn't expecting you.

PHIL: (CONSOLINGLY) Well, I didn't intend to come... but I thought at a time like this, ^{you'd want all the cheer} a man ~~likes his~~ friends around ~~him~~.

JACK: ~~Huh?~~ ^{me?}

PHIL: I thought you'd need all the cheering up you could get.

DM

Phil, why, why do I need checking up?
JACK: ~~Phil, I, I don't know what you're talking about.~~

PHIL: Oh...Well..I hate to be the ^{first} one who breaks the news to you..
~~but haven't you seen any of the morning papers yet?~~

JACK: ~~No..why..is there any bad news in them?~~

PHIL: ~~Yes...they're raising their prices to a dime.~~

JACK: ~~They're raising their prices to a dime?~~

PHIL: ~~Yeah..it was in all the papers.~~

JACK: I know..but who read it to you?

PHIL: I read it myself..it was print, I can handle that.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Well, ~~I'll~~ *look - like gonna* run along now and--

JACK: No, no, Phil--don't go, I'm glad you came...You might be able to help me a little.

PHIL: *well* Sure, Dad. What's your problem?

JACK: Well, I wrote a song, and I'd like you to look at the music.

PHIL:The....what?

JACK: Music...music...For heaven's sakes, what's on your piano?

PHIL: Remley, we had a party last night.

JACK: Remley's on your piano?

PHIL: He's in pretty bad shape, we might just ^{u will} put ~~down~~ the lid ^{down} and bury him.

JACK: Look Phil, why can't you just once come in here and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester!

ROCH: STILL ON DESSERT

JACK: Well, answer it anyway..Come on Phil, the gang's in the den.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DM

PHIL: *My*, Hy 'a kids.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DON, ~~MATT~~ Hello, Phil

& DENNIS

JACK: Phil, this is Rosemary Clooney.

ROSEMARY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: WELL....If you'll come on a my house, baby, I'll give you ham hocks, turnip greens, and black eyed peas from New Orleans.

JACK: Phil --

DENNIS: (SINGS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you..

PHIL: What's the matter with ^{this} ~~the~~ kid, ^{did he bump his head?} ~~is he sick?~~

JACK: Dennis, put down my song.

PHIL: Your song?

JACK: Yes, I wrote ~~it~~ ^{that song.}

PHIL: ^{You wrote} Let me take a look at them lyrics..(MUMBLES) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you...When you ask me to forgive you, I'll return...Oh no, no. ^{no - ah, you gotta} ~~You oughta~~ forget about ^{this} ~~that~~ song, Dad...Them lyrics don't mean nothin'.

JACK: Oh, them don't mean nothin', don't ~~they?~~

PHIL: No.

JACK: Well Phil, let me ask you something! You're the sole author and composer of a little gem called "That's What I Like About the South," aren't you?

PHIL: Yeah, I wrote that.

JACK: How many copies did that song sell?

PHIL: Oh, about ^{three} ~~three~~ million.

DM

JACK: That's all the encouragement I need...And let me tell you something, Phil..I'm gonna have this song ^{introduce} introduced by a great singer...someone like..like Mario Lanza.

PHIL: Mario Lanza?

JACK: Yes...He's the greatest tenor in America.

DENNIS: Oh yeah?

JACK: Yeah.

DENNIS: Well, I'll take that insult from whence it came.

PHIL: Whence!

JACK: You see, ~~Mary~~ ^{Rochester}, my lyrics are catching on already, ^{you see}

~~MARY~~ ^{Ron:} Well Jack, good luck on your song...I've gotta run along now. ^{hey}
Phil, will you give me a lift home?

PHIL: Sure.

~~DON: I've got to go, too.~~

~~DENNIS: Me too, it's a quarter till five, I wanta see the sunrise.~~ ^{It's a quarter after five.}

PHIL: What?

JACK: Nothing, nothing. ^{Phil - forget about it}

PHIL: Hey, Rosemary, can I drop you ^{off} someplace?

ROSEMARY: Yes, thanks, Phil...I'm living at the Beverly Hills Hotel...
Goodbye, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye, Rosemary...and thanks so much for coming over.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

KIDS: Goodbye. ^{So long.}

JACK: Goodbye, ~~kids~~

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmmn.That Rosemary Clooney..Makes a fortune singing Come On-a My House and then lives at a hotel..Well, everybody's gone..

(SOUND: SIX FOOTSTEPS..AND STOP)

DM

(BAGBY PLAYS CHORD)

JACK: ^{has like all} (SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY, "I BEG YOUR PARDON"..

THEN I 'LL COME BACK TO YOU...

Gee, I like that better than Star Dust...Let's see, how does
Star Dust go. ~~you~~ -

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I SPEND....

Spend? ~~Spend?~~....At least my song makes sense....

WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON

THEN I 'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DM

ATX01 0181276

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, with hostilities still continuing in Korea, ten million people have become homeless and destitute. These people are in desperate need of clean used clothing. Clothing gifts by groups and individuals should be made through your local American Relief for Korea. For further information, contact the American Relief for Korea, 133 East 39th Street, New York, New York.
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

DM

ATX01 0181277

(TAG)

~~PHIL: Hey, Jackson, how about having the whole gang go to the
Bandbox tonight?~~

~~JACK: The Bandbox?~~

~~PHIL: Yeah, the Sportsmen Quartet is over there.~~

~~JACK: I'd love to but Mary has a cold, and I think I'll go
over and cheer her up. Let me see, should I bring
her a basket of fruit or a box of candy? Oh, I know --
I'll sing her my song.~~

~~DENNIS: Naturally.~~

JACK: ~~Yeah, yeah... Goodnight folks... *everybody.*~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Th Jack Benny Program is heard by our armed forces
overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces
Radio Service Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show
which follows immediately....THIS IS THE C.B.S. - *the Columbia*
RADIO NETWORK.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, this statement - Luckies taste better than any other cigarette - is based on unquestionable facts. You see, the taste of anything depends on two things: What it's made of -- and how it's made. First, you have to use a truly fine, light tobacco to make a better tasting cigarette. That's right - there's no substitute for fine tobacco - don't let anybody tell you different. And, IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Second, in the making of Luckies this fine tobacco is carefully made into a cigarette that you can depend on. A cigarette that's always so round, so firm, so easy on the draw. Yes, you can depend on Luckies' fine tobacco and superior workmanship to give you all the rich, true better taste you want in your cigarette. So, if you haven't tried a Lucky lately, pick up a carton soon. You'll find out it's true -- Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

DM

01X01 0181229

PROGRAM #4
REVISED SCRIPT

AS

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1951

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0181280

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 7, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 67 to 70 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, we say, "Luckies taste better than any other cigarette"! - And here's why we make that statement. The taste of anything depends on two things - what it's made of and how it's put together. Now, to get better taste in a cigarette, you must begin with fine tobacco. That's right, there's no substitute for fine tobacco... don't let anybody tell you different, and - LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. In addition, Luckies are made better. They're always round and firm with no loose ends... always fresh and smooth smoking. Yes, you can depend on Luckies' fine tobacco and superior workmanship to make every single Lucky Strike a far better-tasting cigarette -- mellow, deeply enjoyable. So, if you haven't tried a Lucky lately, pick up a carton today. You'll discover - Luckies taste better than any other cigarette! Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

(CONTINUED)

wb

ATX01 0181281

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 7, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

ORCH: (VAMP)

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

JS

ATX01 0181282

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: ~~AND NOW~~, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YESTERDAY JACK BENNY INVITED HIS WHOLE GANG OVER TO HIS HOUSE TO WATCH THE WORLD SERIES ON TELEVISION...SO LET'S GO BACK TO YESTERDAY AND OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS...AT THE MOMENT ROCHESTER IS ARRANGING THE ROOM.

ROCH: WELL, I'VE GOT ALL THE CHAIRS IN FRONT OF THE SET...NOW LET'S SEE...I'VE GOT PLENTY OF COLD DRINKS...ENOUGH CIGARETTES... ENOUGH POPCORN...AND ENOUGH CHANGE...IF IT'S A LONG GAME, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO PUSH THE SANDWICHES...HEE HEE HEE HEE...THE BOSS SURE GUESSED WRONG THIS YEAR. HE GOT STUCK WITH ALL THOSE BROOKLYN PENNANTS...WELL, I GUESS EVERYTHING IS ABOUT--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING--

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

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

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

ROCH: WE MISSED YOU LAST WEEK. HOW IS YOUR COLD?

MARY: ^{Hi, it's} Much better, thanks...Where's Mr. Benny?

ROCH: HE ISN'T HOME, BUT HE'LL BE BACK SOON. HE JUST WENT DOWN TO THE MUSIC PUBLISHER.

MARY: Oh, then I'll sit down and -- He went where?

ROCH: OH, YOU WEREN'T HERE LAST WEEK, MR. BENNY WROTE A SONG.

MARY: Mr. Benny wrote a song! Are you kidding?

ROCH: NO, MA'AM. ~~THERE'S THE WORDS AND MUSIC OVER THERE ON THE PIANO.~~ ^{It's}

MARY: This I've got to see.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MARY: (READING TO HERSELF) "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You"...words and music by Jack Benny.

(BAGBY PLAYS MELODY WITH ONE FINGER)

MARY: (TALK-SINGS THE LYRIC) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you -- when you ask me to forgive you, I'll --- (STOPS) ^{Oh-} Oh, no no...this is awful.

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, MISS LIVINGSTONE...AS FOR ME, MR BENNY'S SONG HAS MADE LIFE JUST A LITTLE MORE ENJOYABLE.

MARY: How do you mean?

ROCH: THERE HASN'T BEEN A FLY IN THE HOUSE SINCE HE WROTE IT!

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) ^{well} That I can believe.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: ~~But~~ I wonder what inspired him to sit down and write a ---

JACK: (SLIGHTLY OFF) ^{Oh-} ROCHESTER ---

ROCH: IN HERE, BOSS, IN THE DEN.

JACK: (FADING IN) ^{Oh say!} Rochester, I had a long talk with the publisher ~~and he~~ -- Mary!

MARY: Hello, Jack...Say, Jack, I was just looking over that song you wrote.

JACK: Mary, just looking at it is nothing. You've got to hear it. It's beautiful..Come over here to the piano, Mary...Now get this.

(PIANO INTRO)

EL: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...Now listen ^{listen} Mary ---

(SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU, I'LL RETURN.
(Now Mary - get this next line - get this.)
LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO,

RETURN TO CAPISTRANO,
FOR YOU ~~MY HEART~~

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, hold it.

JACK: Hub?

MARY: What are the swallows doing in Serrano?

JACK: (MAD) Oh for heaven's sakes...everybody picks on that same line and it's beautiful..Mary, when the swallows come back to Capistrano, they've got to come from some place.

MARY: ^{hell.} But why do they have to come from Serrano?

JACK: Where do you want them to come from, the May Company?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I can get you ten percent off.

JACK: Oh stop it. ^{how} Serrano is a romantic little town in Italy, and it rhymes with Capistrano.

MARY: But ~~how can swallows~~ fly all the way from Italy to Capistrano?
Jack, how could a swallow have the strength to

JACK: (MAD) ^{these swallows eat Yami Yogurt - and} ~~They call Trinity 6601~~ Now leave me alone....

~~I try to write a...~~ *I'd like to try*

ROCH: SAY BOSS, I'M LOOKING AT A MAP AND I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU.

JACK: Good news?

ROCH: YEAH...THAT LINE YOU'VE GOT ABOUT THE SWALLOWS MAY WORK AFTER ALL.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: WELL, LOOK AT THE MAP. SERRANO IS RIGHT NEAR MILAN...AND MILAN IS JUST A SHORT DISTANCE FROM VENICE.

JACK: Well, what about it?

ROCH: VENICE IS NEAR SANTA MONICA, AND FROM SANTA MONICA, I ^{can} ^{back} ~~COULD~~ FLY TO CAPISTRANO!

JACK: Never mind...Now Mary, don't be so critical till you hear the rest of my song..Listen to this...Now where was I...Ch, yes n-

MBL: (SQUAWK)

JACK: Quiet, folly.

(PIANO PLAYS WITH JACK)

JACK: WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE SORRY, THEN I WILL UNDERSTAND
NEATH THE HARVEST MOON WE'LL PLEDGE OUR LOVE ANEW
SO MY DARLING, THO WE'VE PARTED
COME BACK TO...WHENCE...WE STARTED.

MARY: WHENCE!

JACK: Yes, Whence...That's a poetic word for Where.

MARY: Oh, that's right...^{Just use it in a lot of songs - you came}
~~to me from out of no-where.~~
~~to sell lingerie and under whence.~~

JACK: Mary, don't be funny...

MARY: Well Jack, let me ask you something...Why did you wanta write this song, anyway?

JACK: I'll tell you why. Did you ever hear a song called Stardust?

MARY: Certainly.

JACK: Well, Hoagy Carmichael wrote it and made two hundred thousand dollars?

MARY: And you think your song is as good as Stardust?

JACK: Better... ^{not only musically - but} ~~that's what I~~ - Mary, why are you looking in your purse?

MARY: I thought sure I had a gun in here.

JACK: Oh yeah..well, let me tell you something...When my song is a hit, you'll --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: When my song is a hit, ~~you'll~~---

DON: Hello, kids.

DENNIS: Hello, everybody.

JACK: Oh...Don, Dennis..come on in.

DON: ^{At} Hello, Mary...glad you're feeling better.

MARY: Thank you, Don.

JACK: Dennis, why are you ~~just~~ standing there with your finger in your mouth?

DON: Oh Jack, Dennis has something to ask you and he's afraid to. ^{you} Go ahead, Dennis, ask him.

DENNIS: ...Well ---

JACK: Come on, Dennis, what is it?

DENNIS:Well ---

DON: Dennis, you'll never get anywhere in this world if you don't speak up. Now, go ahead and ask him.

DENNIS: Well...all right. ^{Mr. Benny} ---

JACK: ~~Okay, Dennis, what is it?~~ ^{Page 2.}

DENNIS: Why don't you give Don a raise?

JACK: Why don't I give -- Don....Don, if you want a raise, why don't you ask for it yourself?

DON: Because if I did, you'd turn me down. And when you turn me down, I get mad...and then you get mad and start calling me names..and if you called me names, my pride would make me quit the show.

JACK: Oh, it would, eh?...Well, I'll call your bluff, Don. You got Dennis to ask me to give you a raise and I turned Dennis down. What have you got to say about that?

DON: Well, if he wants to quit, that's up to^{il} him.

Dennis: *Yeah.*
JACK: I thought so...Now, Dennis, don't go around talking for other people...sit down and behave yourself..and when everybody gets here, we'll all watch the World Series.

well.
DENNIS: You can watch it, but I won't be here.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: If you won't give Don a raise, I'm quitting.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: Goodbye!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Dennis, Dennis, wait a minute.

DENNIS: (OFF) Yeah?

JACK: Now, don't be silly and come in the house.

DENNIS: It's too late now, I'm going.

JACK: Dennis ...Listen ---

DENNIS: ...Well ---

JACK: Well what?

DENNIS: If you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you.

JACK: Now cut that out!....Yelling my song title out on the street..
Do you want somebody to steal it? Now come back in the
house and let me hear the song you're gonna do on the program.

DENNIS: (OFF) Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: *well.* Looks like I'm gonna get you your raise, Don.

JACK: You're not getting him anything...And Don, if I hear one
more word out of you about a raise, I'm gonna put you right
off the show.

DON: You can't frighten me...If I leave, who are you gonna get to
replace me?

JACK: I've been waiting for that...So I can't replace you, eh?

DON: No.

JACK: Now, just be quiet till I throw this cue..LS, M F T...
LS, M F T.

MEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: That's right, Polly.

DON: Jack, this is ridiculous.

JACK: Oh, it is, eh?...Polly, how do you get better taste in e
cigarette?

MEL: You must begin with fine tobacco. (*Squawk*)

JACK: That's right. There's no substitute for fine tobacco.

MEL: And don't let anyone tell you different. (SQUAWK AND
WHISTLE)

JACK: Uh huh, and that's why Luckies are so ~~popular~~ *popular - (Squawk)* from the
rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of...of....

MEL: (SQUAWK)

JACK: Come on, Polly...To the sunny shores of...of...

MEL: Serrano.

JACK: No..of California.

MEL: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Then Polly, ~~after~~ I say "So pick up a carton today...You'll agree...Luckies taste better than any other cigarette"...

~~What follows that?~~ *Now, how do we finish it?*

MEL: (SINGS) Be happy, Go Lucky

Be Happy, Go Lucky Strike...(SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: That's right, Polly, and stop dancing, save that for

television....There you are, Don, ~~get you a little worried,~~

~~haven't I?~~ *the way you're laughing I've got you worried.*
~~haven't I?~~

DON: Well --

JACK: Oh, Rochester.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Put some more whipped cream on Polly's cracker.

DON: Whipped cream on Polly's cracker?

JACK: I'm fattening her up, too...So watch it, big boy...Now

Dennis, you just heard Polly sing. *didn't you*...so ~~are~~ you ready to do your song?

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: Well, go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."I GET IDEAS")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *What was* --- That was very good, Dennis, very good...And Dennis, on next week's show, I want you to sing the song I wrote.

DENNIS: Well, gee , Mr. Benny, I'd love to, but I don't think it's the right type of song for me.

JACK: Why, what's the matter with it?

DENNIS: It's lousy.

JACK: Dennis...you...you think my song is lousy?

DENNIS: That is my considered opinion.

JACK: Well, I don't care what your opinion is...Look, Dennis, all I ask is one little *favor* ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, Phil.

PHIL: *Well -* Hya, Jackson. I'm all ready to watch the game..where can I put this sack?

JACK: I don't know...gee, that's a big sack. *just set it* --- just set it there in the corner...What's in it, Phil?

PHIL: Money.

JACK: Money?

PHIL: Yeah, Alice thought as long as I was coming over to Beverly Hills, I might as well collect the rents.

JACK: Gee.

PHIL: By the way, Jackson, I took a copy of your song you gave me down to my rehearsal.

JACK: Yes?

PHIL: Well, my musicians played it, and they liked it!

JACK: Oh yeah, well that's not gonna discourage me!

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Dmitri...~~Not~~ all my musicians are *ain't ignorant.*
Jack: ~~ignorant.~~ *They ain't* Why, Sammy my ~~grammar~~ *studied* ~~studied~~ *classical music* ~~of these~~
~~for years.~~ *studied classical music for years.*

JACK: Classical music? *why did* Why did Sammy give it up?

PHIL: He didn't think he was the type to be a long-hair musician.

JACK: *He's up here in my house - - -* Well, I wouldn't think so either..Sammy's head always looks like *he* you should put baby powder on it...You know, if he just had a little --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Phil, go in the den with the other kids while I answer the phone.

PHIL: Okay.

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

PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *well* It's nice to hear from you, Mr. Kitzel...How have you been?

ARTIE: Well...the healthiest man in the world I'm not...and the sickest man in the world I'm not...so complaining I'm also not.

JACK: Good good..Well Mr. Kitzel, *I suppose - - -* I suppose you're getting ready to watch the World Series on television.

ARTIE: Yes. *you know it's* ~~and isn't it~~ a shame, Mr. Benny, they didn't have television years ago, to see those good old games.

JACK: *oh,* You like the old timers, eh?

ARTIE: ^{Oh my} What ball players..Christy Matheson. Tris Speaker...Roger Hornsby..Ty Cohen.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, that's Ty Cobb.

ARTIE: He was good, too.

JACK: Yes, he certainly was.

ARTIE: Well Mr. Benny, I don't ^{like} ~~want~~ to keep you from watching the game, but the reason I called was because I wanted to invite you to a little party next Thursday night... ^{could} ~~can~~ you make it?

JACK: Thursday night? I think I can make it...Is it any special occasion?

ARTIE: Yes..it's a party for my wife's brother from New York.

JACK: Oh, ^{is he} ~~is~~ ^{come} ~~coming~~ to visit you?

ARTIE: Six years ago. ^{Finally his} ~~He's~~ ~~finally~~ leaving.

JACK: Oh...Oh...I see what you mean.

ARTIE: It's obvious.

JACK: Well, evidently you don't like your brother-in-law.

ARTIE: Nor his sister, either.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel, how can you say that about your wife?

ARTIE: I'm in a phone booth.

JACK: Oh...Oh...well all right, Mr. Kitzel, I'll come over to your house Thursday night, and thanks for the invitation. Shall I wear a tuxedo?

ARTIE: ^{Optional} ~~If you like~~, but please, this time don't bring your violin.

JACK: I won't, I won't. Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye.

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

JACK: Hey kids, you shoulda had the television set on. The game's already started...Tune it in, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Come on, everybody...sit down.

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

JACK: Rochester, I told you to turn on the television set.

ROCH: I DID...IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK.

JACK: Well, what can be wrong...the light bill is paid, isn't it?

ROCH: YEAH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER, YOU SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

JACK: Well, come on...find out what's wrong with it.

DON: *Yeah* This is awful, ~~the game must be started already.~~ *we're missing the game.*

JACK: Rochester, can't you fix it?

ROCH: I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN, BOSS.

MARY: We're wasting time, *Jack.* We can listen to the game on the radio.

JACK: That's right, I'll turn it on? *the radio, yeah*..By the way, kids, it's ~~out~~ *awfully* ~~a warm day.~~ *warm in here ---*..would anybody like a cold drink?

MARY: No thanks.

DENNIS: No.

DON: Not me.

PHIL: ~~I don't want nothin'.~~ *me neither.*

JACK: Hmm.

(SOUND: ESCAPING STEAM)

MARY: Rochester, what are you doing?

ROCH: I'M TURNING ON THE HEAT.

JACK: Never mind that. Fix the television set. *wait.* ~~well,~~ I'll tune in the radio now.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC WHISTLES)

KEARNS: (FILTER) SO TUNE IN NEXT WEEK WHEN OUR SUPER JACKPOT PRIZE
GOES UP TO A FOUR CARAT DIAMOND RING, TWO WEEKS IN
HONOLULU, ALL NEW FURNITURE FOR YOUR HOME...AND....

(BAND GIVES FANFARE OF TRUMPETS AND DRUM ROLLS)

KEARNS: A HALF POUND OF GROUND ROUND.

JACK: Gee...

MARY: That's not it, try another station.

JACK: ~~Okay~~ *Yeah, I want to get the game.*
(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

(PIANO CHORD)

SARA: (SINGING WITH PIANO)
THEY TRY TO TELL US WE'RE TOO YOUNG,
TOO YOUNG TO REALLY BE IN LOVE,
THEY SAY THAT LOVE'S --

JACK: Isn't that awful? Where's the ball game? *I want to get the
ball game.*
(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

MEL: --- A LONG LONG FLY...YES, A LONG LONG FLY....

JACK: (EXCITED) That's it, that's it.

MEL: IF YOU HAVE THE LONG ONES IN YOUR HOUSE, CALL THE HOLLYWOOD
EXTERMINATORS.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes...I thought that was the game...Maybe
the station is back here.

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

SARA: (SINGING) AND YET WE'RE NOT TOO YOUNG TO KNOW
OUR LOVE WILL LAST THOUGH YEARS MAY GO --

JACK: *A*, That's murder!

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS AND WHISTLES)

KEARNS: SO LOOK SHARP, (GONG) FEEL SHARP, (GONG) BE SHARP. (GONG)

DON: That's it, that's it.

KEARNS: AND NOW BACK TO YOUR WORLD SERIES ANNOUNCER.

NELSON: WELLLLLLLL. THAT WAS AN EXCITING INNING.

JACK: ^{Quiet} Quiet, everybody... ~~listen~~ *we'll listen to the game.*

NELSON: NOW IT'S THE TOP HALF OF THE FIFTH..THE GIANTS ARE UP...TWO MEN ARE OUT AND ALVIN DARK IS AT BAT...AS YOU KNOW, VIC RASCHI IS PITCHING FOR THE YANKEES..HERE'S THE WINDUP...THE PITCH....

~~(SOUND: BALL IN GLOVE)~~

NELSON: BALL ONE.

JACK: Gee, I'm glad we got the game.

NELSON: RASCHI WINDS UP AGAIN.THERE'S THE PITCH...(NOW THERE IS A LONG, LONG PAUSE OF COMPLETE SILENCE...WHILE JACK LOOKS AT AUDIENCE AND BACK)

~~(SOUND: ON ONE BALL IN GLOVE)~~

NELSON: Strike. Raschi has a wonderful slow ball.

JACK: I would have loved to have seen that one on television... Rochester, hurry and fix the set, *with you.*

ROCH: I'M WORKING ON IT, BOSS.

NELSON: HERE'S THE NEXT PITCH...

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT ON BALL...CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: IT'S A HIGH FLY...DIMAGGIO IS COMING IN...HE'S UNDER IT... *and* TAKES IT RETIRING THE SIDE...THE YANKEES ARE COMING IN FOR THEIR TURN AT BAT, AND NOW TROTTING OUT ON ^{to} THE FIELD ARE THE BROOKLYN DODGERS.

JACK: The Dodgers?

NELSON: THEY STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

JACK: Ham.

NELSON: THE UMPIRE IS MOTIONING THEM ~~BACK~~ OFF THE FIELD AND NOW THE GIANTS COME OUT...THE GIANTS HAVE SOME WONDERFUL DEFENSIVE PLAYERS...THERE'S LOCKMAN AT FIRST BASE..HE'S GREAT AT STOPPING GROUNDERS..HE CAME TO THE GIANTS FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO SEALS...THOMPSON IS IN RIGHT FIELD...HE'S DEATH ON LONG FLIES...HE CAME FROM THE HOLLYWOOD EXTERMINATORS.

JACK: Gee, I thought they ~~were~~ ^{them} called the Hollywood Stars.

NELSON: AND NOW JIM HEARN IS READY TO PITCH TO THE FIRST BATTER... GENE WOODLING..HE WINDS UP...THERE'S THE PITCH...

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT AGAINST BALL...CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: IT'S A HIT...IT'S IN THERE FOR A SINGLE AND WOODLING IS ON FIRST ^{Jack: Oh Boy.}..NOW ~~RIZZUTO~~ IS AT BAT...HEARN WINDS UP..HERE'S THE PITCH.

(SOUND: BAT AGAINST BALL...CHEERS)

NELSON: THERE GOES WOODLING FOR SECOND AND -- NO, ^{no,} IT'S A FOUL BALL.. AND WOODLING GOES BACK TO FIRST BASE FROM WHENCE HE STARTED.

JACK: Hey kids, he said Whence.

(SOUND: BUZZING HUM)

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS...I GOT THE SET FIXED.

JACK: Good..turn off the radio, Don, I'll tune in the television.

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Now let's see...I think it's on this channel.

(SOUND: CLICK...THEN WE HEAR HORSES HOOVES RIDING... AND A PISTOL SHOT)

JACK: Oh, it's a cowboy movie...I'll try this channel, ^{hee.}

(SOUND: CLICK...HORSES HOOVES..PISTOL SHOT)

JACK: Another one...Maybe it's on this channel.

(SOUND: CLICK)

SARA: (SINGING) AND YET WE'RE NOT TOO YOUNG TO KNOW
OUR LOVE WILL LAST THO YEARS MAY GO.

JACK: Oh no, not on television, too.

SARA: (SINGS) AND THEN SOME DAY THEY MAY RECALL --

(SOUND: AS SHE SINGS WE HEAR HORSES HOOVES AND A
PISTOL SHOT)

SARA: (SCREAMS) (*Body fall*)

JACK: Good old Hoppy...Where's the ball game?

ROCH: I THINK IT'S ON THE NEXT CHANNEL, BOSS.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: There it is.

MARY: Gee, that's a clear picture, isn't it, Jack?

JACK: Yeah...Yeah...quiet now.

KEARNS: As you can see, the Giants have the bases loaded and the
Yankees have called Time Out...Meanwhile, we'll let the
camera rove over this huge crowd out here and maybe we can
see some celebrities..There are a lot of old-time baseball
players here at this game...There's Pepper Martin...Ducky
Medwick...Dizzy Dean....and Ty Cohen.

JACK: What do you know, there was a ^{ball}player by that name.

DON: Gee, it's amazing, getting such a clear picture all the way
from New York.

JACK: Yeah, you can see everyone there so clearly and -- Say Mary,
Mary...Look, there's your sister Babe.

MARY: Say! It is Babe and she's -- Oh no, it's Yogi Berra.

JACK: Oh yes...well, they certainly walk the same....

KEARNS: ^{now} Time is back in again...Bases are loaded...Everything is very tense here...there hasn't been such a dramatic moment since the last game of the Dodger-Giant Playoff...When Leo Durocher walked over to the ^{owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers} ~~Brooklyn Dugout~~ and sang...
 "When you say I Beg Your Pardon, then I'll come back to you."

MARY: Jack, that's your song.

JACK: Yeah, I wonder how he --

KEARNS: As you all know, this is the title of the song that was written by Jack Benny and introduced last week on his radio program and it Stanky. Yes, it's Stanky coming up to bat.

JACK: ~~He bet~~ ^{I'll bet} I'll bet he did that on purpose.

(SOUND: BUZZING THEN PINGING POP)

JACK: What happened? Rochester, I thought you said you fixed the set.

ROCH: WELL, I HAD IT WORKING...IT JUST WENT OFF AGAIN.

DON: Well..turn the radio back on again...let's find out what's going on ^{here} --

JACK: ^{I'll turn it on - I know where the --- I'll ---} Okay? I'll turn it on..I know where the station is now.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC WHISTLE)

SARA: (SINGS) AND YET, WE'RE NOT TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

JACK: ^{THIS LOVE WILL LAST --}
 Oh ^{you Hoppy only got her in the shoulder} ~~for heaven's sakes, I thought Hoppy got her...the~~
^{the} station's around here somewhere.

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLE)

NELSON: ...MAKING THE COUNT TWO AND TWO.

JACK: That's it, that's it.

NELSON: WELLLL, I knew you'd be back.

JACK: Why do they always have that crazy announcer? Rochester, get that television set fixed.

ROCH: I'M TRYING, I'M TRYING.

NELSON: Now Monte Irvin steps into the batter's box...There's one out and bases are loaded.

JACK: How can the bases be loaded?

~~(SOUND: BUZZING HUM)~~

ROCH: THE TELEVISION'S WORKING AGAIN, BOSS.

JACK: Good good ^{put it on} and leave the radio on, too.

KEARNS: Yes..Monte Irvin is up, with two out and nobody on.

NELSON: ^{You're wrong} ~~No~~ no, it's one out and the bases are loaded.

KEARNS: What are you talking about? It's two out and nobody on.

NELSON: I say it's one out and the bases are loaded.

JACK: ^{That's funny} That's funny. I thought it was two out ^{Nelson: One out} and ~~---~~

NELSON: You keep out of this.

JACK: What?

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS...PEANUTS, POPCORN, COCA COLA AND BROOKLYN PENNANTS.

JACK: OH DARN IT...TURN EVERYTHING OFF...I'LL READ ABOUT THE GAME IN TONIGHT'S PAPER.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, last year almost thirty million acres of timberland were destroyed by fires...fires that started because someone was careless! Think before you leave a camp fire..think before you toss away a lighted match or cigarette. Be sure not a single spark remains to start *a* *the* devastating forest fire that can destroy the timberland so urgently needed in our country's defense effort. Remember, forest fires can be prevented...but only you can prevent them. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 7, 1951
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: _____ (VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, the taste of any product depends on two things: The quality of what goes into it and how well it's made. Now to get a better tasting smoke, you must start with fine tobacco. That's right, there's no substitute for fine tobacco, don't let anybody tell you different. And -- LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. But that's not all you get in Luckies. You get a better made cigarette.... always round and firm with no loose ends to stick to your lips ... always fresh and smooth smoking. Yes, you can depend on Luckies' fine tobacco and superior workmanship to give you a cigarette that's always mild, smooth - the best tasting cigarette you've ever smoked! So, if you haven't tried a Lucky lately, pick up a carton soon. You'll find that Luckies taste better than any other cigarette! Yes, Be Happy - Go Lucky!

ORCH: _____ (VAMP)

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

ATX01 0181302

(TAG)-

JACK: (THREE SNORES)

ROCH: OH, BOSS...BOSS. *wake up.*

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCH: BOSS, WAKE UP.

JACK: (QUICK SNORE)...Huh?

ROCH: YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING FOR THREE HOURS. *Do you* WANT ME TO *fix* ~~GET~~ YOU
SOME DINNER?

JACK: Oh yes...How did the game end?

ROCH: I DIDN'T LISTEN.

JACK: Well, maybe I can get a news program and get the score.

(SOUND: CLICK..STATIC)

SARA: AND YET WE'RE NOT TOO YOUNG TO KNOW --

JACK: I can't understand it.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DCN: Sunday is Fun Day on CBS...You'll hear ~~each~~ great comedy
shows as Amos 'n' Andy, My Friend Irma, and Our Miss Brooks..
And now be sure to stay tuned in for the Amos 'n' Andy Show
which follows immediately....The Jack Benny program is heard
by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the
Armed Forces Radio Service....
THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

PROGRAM #5
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1951

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

JL

ATX01 0181304

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 67 to 70 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

ORCHESTRA: (FULL VAMP)

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

VOICE: Luckies taste better!

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

VOICE: Now a dramatic announcement!

SHARBUTT: Tonight Lucky Strike brings you the most dramatic new evidence of cigarette quality ever presented by a cigarette manufacturer. Dramatic because it offers you facts -- authentic, verified, documented proof that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five principal brands of cigarettes! New because it sweeps away the smoke screen of claims made for other cigarettes. A month-after-month continuing study of the comparative quality of the five principal brands of cigarettes, based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical - and here's the result - by a wide margin Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five principal brands! Those are the facts - not claims - facts - verified by Froehling and Robertson, leading laboratory consultants of Richmond, Virginia. They report

ATX01 0181305

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

VOICE: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of these five major brands. Signed Froehling and Robertson.

SHARBUTT: Yes, friends, Luckies are made better -- always so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw -- a big reason why Luckies taste better. And everyone knows -- LS/NET -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different! So, friends, smoke the cigarette that tops the five principal brands ... the cigarette that combines fine tobacco and superior workmanship ... the cigarette that tastes better - Lucky Strike!

ORCHESTRA: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: 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...DURING HIS CAREER IN SHOW BUSINESS, JACK BENNY HAS RECEIVED MANY AWARDS, PLAQUES, AND MEMENTOES, WHICH HE KEEPS IN HIS TROPHY ROOM...AT THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER IS IN THERE DUSTING THEM OFF.

ROCH: DOGGONE...MR. BENNY SURE HAS A LOT OF TROPHIES IN THIS ROOM...HERE'S THE KEY TO THE CITY OF WAUKEGAN...HERE'S THE KEY TO THE CITY OF ST. JOE....HERE'S A DOOR KNOB TO CUCAMONGA....THEY DON'T EVEN BOTHER TO LOCK THAT PLACE...I BETTER DUST THIS PLAQUE THAT PARAMOUNT GAVE ^{the Boss} HIM FOR MAKING "BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN"....

(SOUND: DUSTING)

ROCH: AND THIS SCROLL FROM TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FOR MAKING "CHARLIE'S AUNT".

(SOUND: DUSTING)

ROCH: AND THIS MEMENTO WALKER BROTHERS SENT HIM FOR "THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT."

(SOUND: ONE SWIPE OF DUSTER AND PISTOL SHOT)

ROCH: I'LL BE DARNED, IT'S STILL LOADED...

JACK: (OFF) Oh, Rochester..

ROCH: YES BOSS.

JACK: (COMING IN) Did Don Wilson get here yet?

ROCH: NO SIR.

JL

JACK: Oh, damn it. He was supposed to bring the Sportsmen Quartet over early and let me hear the commercial.

ROCH: WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, BOSS?

JACK: *hell,* I've gotta leave. I've got an appointment with a music publisher about my song.

ROCH: YOU STILL GOT A LOT OF CONFIDENCE IN THAT NUMBER YOU WROTE, HAVEN'T YOU², BOSS?

JACK: Well, why not. *Rochester* it's a great song...and what a title... *When* "If You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You"... Gee, I wish Don would hurry and get here...I've got to get my song over to that music publishers before noon.

ROCH: YEAH...YOU BETTER NOT SHOW IT TO HIM AFTER HE'S HAD LUNCH.

JACK: Never mind the sarcasm...just finish cleaning.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DUSTER)

ROCH: SAY BOSS, YOU'VE SURE HAD SOME OF THESE THINGS A LONG TIME. ...HERE'S YOUR DISCHARGE FROM THE BOY SCOUTS.

JACK: Oh yes, *yes*.

ROCH: AND HERE'S YOUR DISCHARGE FROM THE NAVY.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: *and* HERE'S THE ONE FROM N.B.C.

JACK: Yeah...an usher handed it to me *while* as I was running East on Sunset....Now Rochester, while I'm gone this afternoon--

~~MEL: (SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU (SQUAWK)
WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU
I'LL RETURN (SQUAWK & WHISTLE)~~

JL

JACK: ~~Rochester, did you hear that?~~

ROCH: ~~YEAH.~~

JACK: ~~How did Polly learn my song?~~

ROCH: ~~I LINED THE BOTTOM OF HER CAGE WITH IT.~~

JACK: ~~Well gee, she sure learned it fast. You know, Rochester,
my song is liable to~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING.

JACK: Never mind, that's Mr. Wilson, I'll ~~go~~ *answer the door.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh Mary..I was expecting Don Wilson. He was supposed to
be here half an hour ago.

MARY: Well Don's probably having trouble with his car again...
You know, it's always breaking down.

JACK: Oh, something wrong with the motor?

MARY: No, he just sits in it and it keeps breaking down.

JACK: Mary, why don't you stop ~~making up jokes...~~ *with those breaking down jokes*
~~and come on in...~~ *and come on in... with you.*
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Jack, I happened to be in the neighborhood so I just
thought I'd drop in.

JACK: Well, that's nice... ~~How is everything?~~ *Must - she glad you did.*

MARY: ~~Oh fine...And Jack...wait a minute till I get it out of my
purse.~~

JACK: ~~What is it?~~

MARY: ~~I got a letter from Mama this morning.~~ *Just back.*

JL

JACK: Oh, a letter from your mother, eh?...^{well -} What does the Dagmar of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: Here, I'll read it to you.
Jack: & love letters from your mother
(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT..THEN READS) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A SHORT NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW WE ARE ALL WELL AND HOPE YOU ARE THE SAME...THE WEATHER HERE HAS BEEN CHANGEABLE AND LAST WEEK WE HAD A THUNDERSTORM AND LIGHTNING HIT THE BARN...NO DAMAGE EXCEPT THAT THE COW NOW GIVES YAMI YOGERT.

JACK: Gosh.

MARY: MARY DEAR, YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOUR FATHER NOW AS ALL HIS TEETH ARE GONE..BUT IT'S HIS OWN FAULT...I WARNED HIM NEVER TO FALL ASLEEP IN THE SUBWAY WHERE THERE ARE PICKPOCKETS.

JACK: Your father should be more careful, Mary. -- *you think your mother is so funny, don't you?*

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) ^{*Oh heaven Papa ---*} THE REASON PAPA WAS CARRYING HIS TEETH IN HIS POCKET WAS BECAUSE HE BET ON THE GIANTS AND DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SMILING.

JACK: You know, Leo Durocher would be happy to meet your father... what a pair...Lippy and Gummy.

MARY: SO MUCH FOR YOUR ^{*Father*} DADDY...NOW FOR A FEW WORDS ABOUT YOUR SISTER BABE.

JACK: Oh boy, this is the part I live for. *It's the best of this, isn't it?*

MARY: BABE IS VERY HAPPY THAT SHE TOOK THAT JOB THIS SUMMER AS A LIFEGUARD BECAUSE IT RESULTED IN HER GETTING A STEADY BOY FRIEND. HE'S A NICE LITTLE FELLOW NAMED MORTON AND THEY STARTED GOING ^{*...*} STEADY WHEN BABE RESCUED HIM FROM DROWNING... HE'S KIND OF SMALL, BUT YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY.

JL

JACK: Mary, you didn't tell me she was a lifeguard...I didn't even know she could swim.

MARY: Oh certainly, Jack...Babe's a regular Mermaid.

JACK: Oh yes..it's a shame the wrong half looks like a fish...

Any Any more news, Mary?

MARY: No, nothing important.

Jack:
ROCH: (COMING IN) EXCUSE ME, BOSS, BUT IF YOUR APPOINTMENT IS FOR ELEVEN THIRTY, YOU BETTER LEAVE...IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK NOW.

JACK: Huh? No it isn't, Rochester...You're fast. My watch says ten thirty.

MARY: Mine says ten-forty-five.

JACK: Rochester, dial UL-8900 and get the correct time, *will you, please.*

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..PAUSE..RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: THE PARTY LINE IS ON.

JACK: Oh..well I'll turn on the radio..maybe we'll get a time signal.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO..SOME STATIC WHISTLES)

SARA: (SINGS) THEY TRIED TO TELL US WE'RE TOO YOUNG,
TOO YOUNG TO REALLY BE IN LOVE,

JACK: For heaven's sakes, is she still on?

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO)

well, I'm not taking any chance on -- If that really is a
JACK: ~~well, I'm not taking any chance on being late. If Don thinks~~
~~it -- imagine what a mess will be -- Anyway, I'm not taking any~~
~~I'm gonna wait here for him and miss my appointment, he's~~
~~chance on being late. If Don thinks you gonna wait here he~~
~~creazy -- I'm a bit more miss appointment, his creazy.~~

MARY: What appointment?

JACK: I'm going to a music publisher to see if he'll publish my song.

JL

MARY: Oh Jack..you'll never get anyone to publish that corny song of yours.

JACK: Oh yeah, ^{I want it, eh - - -} well just come along, Mary, and you'll see..Come on.

MARY: Okay...My car is out in front.

JACK: ^{hell} Good, let's go.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES..FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN THREE CEMENT STEPS..THEN ON SIDEWALK..)

JACK: ^{You know -} Mary, the publisher's office is in Hollywood so it won't take us very ~~long to--~~

DON: (COMING ON) ^{oh good - I'm glad} Jack..Jack...(PUFFING) I'm glad I didn't miss you.

JACK: Well, it's about time you got here.

DON: I'm sorry I'm late, but on the way over here I had an accident..I ran into a truck and turned it over.

JACK: Oh my goodness...was your car damaged much?

DON: I was walking.

JACK: Look Don. ^{don - don} I haven't time to stand here and talk to you. You promised you'd bring the quartet and let me hear the commercial. Now where are they?

DON: They should be here any minute, Jack....They told me they'd be--

MARY: ^{oh} Jack, here they come now.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Fellows, it's no use running because I haven't got time to--
^{listen to it - - - she pt to go over now please - - -}

JL

QUART: WE'RE LATE, WE'RE LATE
WE'RE SORRY THAT WE'RE LATE
WE MISSED THE SUNSET BUS YOU KNOW
WE'RE LATE, WE'RE LATE, WE'RE LATE, WE'RE LATE
AND MORTIFIED
WE COULDN'T ~~GET~~ ^{Small chance} A RIDE
NO ONE WOULD STOP AND PICK US UP
NO MATTER WHAT WE TRIED
WE YELLED AT EVERY PASSING CAR
WE NEARLY WENT BERSERK
WE SHOWED OUR TENOR'S PRETTY LEGS
BUT NOTHING SEEMED TO WORK
SO NOW WE'RE OUT OF BREATH
AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE
THE ONLY THING THAT WE CAN SAY
IS L S M F T
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY
EVERYBODY SHOULD BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY.
THEY'RE GREAT, THEY'RE GREAT
WE REALLY WANT TO STATE
YOU CANNOT BEAT A LUCKY STRIKE
THEY'RE GREAT, THEY'RE GREAT, THEY'RE REALLY GREAT.
AND WHEN YOU PUFF
NO PUFF IS EVER ROUGH
NO OTHER CIGARETTE COMPARES
WITH LUCKIES SURE ENOUGH
NOW LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO, L S M F T.

(More)

JL

ATX01 01B1313

QUART: A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE
(Cont.) WITH THAT YOU WILL AGREE
BUT NOW WE HAVE TO GO
WE HAVE ANOTHER SHOW
CAN'T EVEN SAY GOODBYE, HELLO
WE'RE VERY VERY LATE, YOU KNOW
WE'RE LATE, WE'RE LATE
WE'RE LATE, WE'RE LATE
WE'RE LATE, QUITE LATE.

(APPLAUSE)

JL

RTX01 0181314

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: Say fellows; ^{fellows ---} that's not the song I wanted Jack to hear.

JACK: Well, never mind, Don, I can't wait now. I've gotta go to the music publisher's.

MARY: And we'd better hurry or we'll be late.

JACK: ^{Yo} So long, Don.

DON: So long. d

(TRANSITION MUSIC "I'M LATE")

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES)

JACK: ^{See -- I told you it wouldn't take us long ---} Here's the building, Mary...let's go in.

MARY: Well, what floor is the music publisher's --

PHIL: ^{Hey} LIVVY..JACKSON..WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HOLLYWOOD?

JACK: ^{huc} I've got some business 'upstairs...What are you doing here, Phil?

PHIL: Oh, I just came from my doctor's office.

JACK: Your doctor? Is there anything wrong?

PHIL: ^{yeah} Yeah, I been having stomach aches, so I went to see the doctor, and he examined me, and said I had an ulcer.

MARY: An ulcer? Is he a good doctor?

PHIL: ^{I'm not sure ---} Well, I thought he was ~~till~~ he said it was caused by something I ate.

JACK: No.

PHIL: Yeah.

MARY: What kind of treatment did he prescribe?

PHIL: ^{huc} Well, he didn't give me no medicine...but I gotta watch my diet, ~~and~~ I ain't allowed to put anything spicy on my food.

MARY: Oh..like pepper, mustard, or ketchup.

PHIL: That's right...none of them compliments.

JL

JACK: THAT'S CONDIMENTS...Compliments.

PHIL: A natural mistake for a chap who's been getting them all ^{of} his life.

JACK: Humm.

PHIL: And besides laying off ^{them} spicy foods, ^{like} I've got to drink nothing but milk for six weeks. ^{now} Ain't that awful?

JACK: What's awful about it? Milk isn't so bad.

PHIL: What does it taste like?

JACK: Well, it's sort of...oh, try some and be surprised...Now come on, Mary, we'll be late.

PHIL: Late for what?

MARY: ^{hell} Jack's seeing a music publisher..he thinks he's going to get that song of his published.

PHIL: Well, I think ^{he's got} he has a good chance.

JACK: You see Mary, you see.

PHIL: That's right, Mary...no one can tell where you're gonna find a ^{good} new tune these days..Now you take "That's What I Like About the South," for instance.

MARY: Yeah, how did you happen to write that, Phil?

PHIL: ^{And you asked that, did you see, honey} Well, one night a few years ago I was having dinner..when I finished, I looked around at the leftovers..there was some hamhocks, and turnip greens, so I wrote a song about the garbage and it became a hit.

JACK: How do you like that?...~~well, that accounts for the lyrics...~~
~~How'd you get the music?~~

~~PHIL: From the tablecloth. I played the gravy stains.~~

JACK: ~~I thought so...~~Come on, Mary, ^{we've got to go.}

MARY: Okay...so long, Phil.

JL

PHIL: So long, kids...(EXITS FADING) (SINGS) Oh won't you come
with me to Alabammy, there we'll meet my dear old mammy.

Jack: *Oh brother!*
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Say Jack, did you notice how Phil was dressed...so neat with
a tie and a carnation in his lapel...I wonder why.

JACK: Mary, don't you know?...This is National Wine Week...Phil
was named the Grape We'd Most Like To Crush in 1951"....
Now come on. You know, Mary, when the publisher hears my
song, he'll be absolutely nuts about it...And you never can
tell, it might even become as --

SHELDON: H'ya, Bud...long time no see.

JACK: Huh?...*Oh-* Oh hello...Come on, Mary, *lets go. Come on, Mary - Lets*
get away fast.

MARY: Who was *that?*

JACK: Oh, it's that race track tout. I'm always running into
him....Come on.

MARY: Jack, what floor is the publishing company on?

JACK: The Fourth...You know, Mary, I've been so excited about
getting down here I forgot to eat. And I'm hungry, too.

MARY: Well, there's a candy machine over there. Why don't you
get a candy bar?

JACK: I think I will.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...STOP)

JL

ATX01 0181317

JACK: Let me see if I've got a nickel.

(SOUND: JINGLE OF CHANGE)

JACK: Oh, here's one...Gee, they've got a lot of candy bars in this machine... They've got Hersheys..Love Nest..Oh-Henry.. Life Savers..Baby Ruth..and Milky Dip....I think I'll get that one...a Milky Dip.

SHELDON: Hey, bud..bud.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: Who, me?

SHELDON: Yeah. Whatcha doin'?

JACK: I'm getting some candy.

SHELDON: What kind?

JACK: A Milky Dip.

SHELDON: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Get a Hershey bar.

JACK: Why a Hershey bar?

SHELDON: In this hot weather nothing runs like chocolate.

JACK: But ^{back - it -} I want a Milky Dip.

SHELDON: Milky Dip hasn't got a chance.

JACK: What are you talking about. Milky Dip not only has chocolate on the outside, but it ^{but it --- but it} has cream in the center.

SHELDON: That's what'll give you the trouble.

JACK: What?

JL

ATX01 0181318

SHELDON: Cream is hard to handle unless you whip it.

JACK: Gee, I never thought of that. You really think I should get a Hershey bar?

SHELDON: Can't miss...Look at the last performance.

JACK: Last performance?

SHELDON: Yeah. Comin' out of the machine, Hershey was boxed in by Life Saver but got through the hole.

JACK: Really?

SHELDON: And Life Saver was the favorite.

JACK: Well, I don't know...I'm still ~~gone~~ -- Wait a minute, I know what I'll do...I'll get an Almond Joy.

SHELDON: Why Almond Joy?

JACK: (CONFIDENTIAL) Because in the package there are two bars, and I can eat them as ~~the Daily Double~~ ^{an entry}.

SHELDON: ^{hell} Okay, it's your dough.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{that fellow drives me nuts} Now let's see...Where's my nickel?...Oh, here it is in my hand. I think I'll--Wait a minute, this is only half a nickel...Oh, no..it's bent. I wish I wouldn't hold my money so tight...I'll have to use another one.

(SOUND: JINGLE OF COINS...COIN IN SLOT..LEVER)

MARY: (OFF) Jack..Jack..here's the elevator!

JACK: Coming.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: Going up.

JL

ATX01 0181319

JACK: Fourth floor, please.

MEL: Yes sir.

(SOUND: GATES CLOSE..HUM OF ELEVATOR)

JACK: Wait a minute, I want to go up, not down.

MEL: ~~I'm sorry.~~

Oh gee - I was going down - wasn't it?

(SOUND: JERKY ELEVATOR)

JACK: ~~Oh for heaven's sake,~~ ^{Yes - - -} what kind of an elevator boy are you, anyway?

MEL: ~~Well~~ This is my first day. I used to own the building.

JACK: What happened?

MEL: I bet on Notre Dame.

~~JACK: Oh that's a shame, losing a building.~~

~~MEL: Eh, I won it betting on the Yankees, easy come, easy go.~~

~~JACK: Well, that's not so bad then.~~

~~Jack:~~ ^{hh} Fourth floor.

(SOUND: ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here's ~~the fourth floor.~~ ^{we are, Mary} Now let's see ^{where's} The Kearn Music Publishing Company...I don't see it.

MARY: ~~Oh~~ This office here is a Recording Company...and so is the one next to it.

JACK: Yeah...they all seem to be recording studios...I'll go in this one and inquire.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..)

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION)

MARY: Jack..look..it's Dennis..He's making a record.

JACK: Oh yes, ^{it is Dennis}

(DENNIS'S SONG --- ^{kiss} "WE WALK IN THE SHADOWS")

(APPLAUSE)

TC

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{What a --- what a} What a hammy kid..making the musicians applaud, *imagine.*

MARY: Dennis--

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

JACK: Dennis, we just heard you record that song and it was very good.

DENNIS: Thanks. The company thinks it's gonna be a big seller.

MARY: Really?..What's on the other side?

DENNIS: Oh, a very beautiful ballad. If you'd like to hear it, I'll turn the record over and play it for you.

JACK: Okay, let's hear it.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: FLIP OF RECORD..LIGHT RECORD SCRATCH)

(CLASSY ARPEGGIO INTRODUCTION)

SARA: (SINGS) THEY TRIED TO TELL US WE'RE TOO YOUNG,

JACK: Dennis--

SARA: TOO YOUNG TO REALLY BE IN LOVE..

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis, shut that off! *Will you?*

(SOUND: RECORD STOPS)

JACK: You would make a record with her. ^{*Now look, Dennis---*} Now look, Dennis, I've got an appointment with Mr. Kearn about publishing my song. How would you like to come along and sing it to him?

DENNIS: I can't, Mr. Benny, I have to have a tooth pulled.

JACK: Again? Dennis, you had a tooth pulled yesterday.

DENNIS: You pulled the wrong one.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Dennis...If you were silly enough to let Mr. Benny pull your tooth it's your own fault if he pulled the wrong one.

TC

DENNIS: I wouldn't care, but he took the one with the gold in it.

JACK: ~~Now~~ Look, kid, we've gotta go. I'll see you tomorrow at rehearsal. ~~and don't be late.~~

DENNIS: ~~Mr.~~ Mr. Benny, would you mind having the rehearsal at my house?

JACK: Why should we rehearse at your house?

DENNIS: ^{well-} My uncle is visiting us and he thinks that I'm the star of the show.

~~JACK: Your uncle thinks you're the star?~~

~~DENNIS: He even wants to know how much I'm paying you.~~

JACK: Oh, he does, huh?...Well, let me tell you something...

^{Dennis:} MARY: Aw, ^{Mr. Benny} ~~Jack~~, what's the difference where you have rehearsal?..

^{Mary:} JACK: ^{Let Dennis impress his uncle. -- huh -- huh?} Well... ^{Go, Jack -- what difference does it make --} ~~okay~~, Dennis, we'll have the rehearsal at your house ^{all right} tomorrow..eleven o'clock.

DENNIS: Okay, and be there on time, kid.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: My uncle doesn't think I need you at all.

JACK: Now cut that out!...Come on, Mary.

DENNIS: Goodbye, Livvy.

MARY: So long, Boss.

JACK: Mary, don't encourage him.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now let me see..it's supposed to be the last door here on the--Oh, there it is ^{the} ~~is~~ ^{Kearns} Music Publishing Company.

MARY: Jack, ^{have did you get} ~~did you have any trouble getting an appointment?~~ ^{to see}
JACK: ^{Oh,} ~~No~~, it was easy. Come on, let's go in. ^{in person}

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

TC

BEA: May I help you?

JACK: Yes..I..er..I phoned this morning and I was given an appointment to see Mr. Kearn.

BEA: Your name, please?

JACK: Cole Porter. ~~(SINGS "NIGHT AND DAY")~~

~~NIGHT AND DAY, YOU ARE THE ONE~~

~~ONLY YOU BENEATH THE MOON~~

~~AND UNDER THE SUN~~

BEA: I beg your pardon, ~~sir~~

~~JACK: Huh?~~

BEA: Who did you say you were?

JACK: ~~Er~~..Cole Porter.

BEA: *hell*. I'm afraid I don't understand. Mr. Porter just left here ten minutes ago.

JACK: Well, I'm back.

BEA: You certainly aged in those ten minutes.

JACK: Never mind..just tell Mr. Kearn that Cole Porter is here.

BEA: Er..yes sir. Who is this ~~young lady~~ with you?

MARY: Irving Berlin.

JACK: Mary, please..Now, Miss, tell Mr. Kearn we're here.

BEA: Y-Y-Yes sir.

(SOUND: INTER-OFFICE BUZZER..CLICK)

KEARN: (FILTER) Yes?

TC

ATX01 0181323

BEA: Mr. Kearns..Cole Porter and Irving Berlin are here to see you.

KEARNS: Well..send them in!

BEA: Yes sir. And, Mr. Kearns, if you should want me, I'll be at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

KEARNS: What?

BEA: *Well*, My doctor warned me, but I didn't know it would happen this suddenly.

KEARNS: What are you talking about?

BEA: You'll find out!

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: You may go in now.

JACK: Thank you...Come on, Irving.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

KEARNS: Well..Cole, I didn't expect to see you -- Wait a minute, you're not Cole Porter...Irving, who is this-----I mean, who are you?

JACK: *Have* - Mr. Kearns, don't get excited...I just had to get in to see you, *you see* I wrote a song and I want you to listen to it.

KEARNS: Well, I happen to be a very busy man..I have no time to fool around...so please take your song someplace else.

JACK: Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I certainly will. Come on, Irving...I mean, Mary, Let's go.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Wait a minute...

JACK: Huh?

KEARNS: Perhaps I was a little too hasty. I once refused to listen to a song and it eventually became the number one tune on the Hit Parade for ten weeks, and I don't wanta make that ^{same} mistake ~~again~~...So I'll listen to your song.

JACK: Thank you..Come on, Mary, let's go over to the piano.

MARY: I'll wait here by the door.

JACK: Hmm.

KEARNS: Now, this song you wrote...what's the title of it?

JACK: "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You".

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Mary, come back here!

MARY: The wind blew it shut.

JACK: Oh. Well, leave it closed, *then*.

KEARNS: Please, may I hear your song now?

JACK: Yes sir.

(PIANO INTRODUCTION)

JACK: (SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,

THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU, I'LL RETURN.

(My honey child)
LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO,

RETURN TO CAPISTRANO,

FOR YOU MY---

KEARNS: Hold it, hold it...Just a minute, please.

JACK: Huh?

KEARNS: Did you say "Like the swallows at Serrano?"

JACK: Yes.

KEARNS: ~~Where~~ Where in the name of Downbeat is Serrano?

JACK: Serrano is a little town in Italy.

KEARNS: Well, what are the swallows doing in Italy?

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake. Everybody picks on that.

KEARNS: Well, answer me, what are the swallows doing in Italy?

CE

ATX01 0181325

JACK: Look Mister, if a man can wade around in a swamp for twenty years yelling "Chloe", I can have the swallows make one lousy trip to Italy ^{now listen --- Give out of breath ---}. Now listen to the rest of this song.

KEARNS: Well all right...but I wouldn't if you weren't a lodge brother.

JACK: Lodge Brother?

KEARNS: Your watch chain...you're an Elk, aren't you?

MARY: That's Dennis's tooth.

JACK: Quiet...Now Mr. Kearns I want you to listen to the rest of this song.

(SINGS) IF YOU TELL ME THAT YOU'RE SORRY
THEN I WILL UNDERSTAND
'NEATH THE HARVEST MOON WE'LL PLEDGE OUT LOVE ANEW,
SO MY DARLING, THO WE'VE PARTED,
COME BACK TO...WHENCE..WE STARTED.

KEARNS: Whence!

JACK: YES...WHENCE...THAT'S THE POETIC TERM FOR WHERE,..BUT ANYWAY, MR. KEARNS, THE MUSIC IS THE IMPORTANT THING. WITH YOUR INFLUENCE, YOU COULD GET THAT MELODY ON THE HIT PARADE.

KEARNS: I COULDN'T GET THAT MELDOY ON A GOOD HUMOR TRUCK.

JACK: OH YEAH?

KEARNS: ~~YEAH, AND GET OUT OF MY BUILDING.~~ *Yeah, and I don't want to hear anymore of your song, so...*

JACK: YOUR BUILDING!

KEARNS: I BET ON S.M.U.

JACK: Oh...well, come on, Mary, let's go. *Will get this song published*
(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF) *It's on it it myself.*

~~DON: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, through carelessness -- a fire could start. Don't let it happen! Be on guard constantly against fire. Make sure every match, every cigarette is put out. Always check the ash trays before leaving the house or retiring for the night. Observe all fire regulations. Remember, only you can prevent fires! Thank you.~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1951
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCHESTRA: (FULL VAMP)

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

VOICE: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies taste better -- and a big reason why is that they're made better. Here's dramatic new, documented evidence that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five principal brands of cigarettes! These are facts - not claims - facts - verified by Froehling and Robertson, leading laboratory consultants of Richmond, Virginia. They report.....

VOICE: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of these five major brands. Signed Froehling and Robertson.

SHARBUTT: Yes, this dramatic new evidence sweeps away the smoke screen of claims made for other cigarettes. So, friends, whenever you buy cigarettes ... remember the facts. Remember LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Remember the quality of Lucky Strike. Remember - Luckies taste better.

VOICE: That's it! Be Happy -- Go Lucky - because Luckies taste better!

ORCHESTRA: (FULL VAMP)

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

(TAG)

Ladies and gentlemen.
 JACK: Sunday is fun day on C.B.S.....You'll hear such great comedy shows as Amos 'n' Andy, My Friend Irma, and Our Miss Brooks...
Be sure to keep tuned in on C.B.S. on Sunday -
~~Well, Mary, that finishes another program.~~

Thank you very, very much.
~~MARY: Yeah, Jack... How would you like to come to my house and I'll~~
~~cook dinner for you tonight.~~

~~JACK: Well, gee, I'd love to, Mary, but I have to go home and cook~~
~~Rochester's dinner... I bet on Notre Dame, too... Goodnight,~~
~~folks.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Be sure to stay tuned in for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately ... The Jack Benny Program is heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.
THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK.

PROGRAM #6
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1951

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

VR

ATX01 0181330

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 21, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 67 to 70 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM....presented by LUCKY STRIKE....
The cigarette that tastes better!

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARD...ESTABLISH THEN FADE
AND HOLD UNDER)

ANNCR 2: Words...words...meaningless words...cigarette
advertising fills the air with them! Claims...claims...
claims. But how many facts?

SHARBUTT: Now this smoke screen of empty talk is swept away --
for the first time in cigarette history!

ANNCR 2: Now -- a month-after-month continuing quality comparison--
based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and
identical -- proves Lucky Strike, by a wide margin, is
the best made of the five principal brands of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: That's a fact, friends -- not a claim -- a fact...
verified and documented by leading laboratory
consultants of Richmond, Virginia. They report.....

ANNCR 2: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made
of these five major brands. Signed -- Froehling and
Robertson.

(MORE)

TC

ATX01 0181331

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 21, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT.)

SHARBUTT: Yes, friends --Luckies are made better -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw -- with no annoying loose ends... a big reason why Luckies taste better.

ANNCR 2: And never forget -- IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different.

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARD - ESTABLISH THEN FADE OUT UNDER)

SHARBUTT: So, friends, don't be misled by claims and meaningless words! Remember the facts! Smoke the cigarette that tops the five principal brands for quality! Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better -- the cigarette that tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

TC

ATX01 01B1332

(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, MANY TIMES IN THE PAST WE'VE SHOWN YOU WHAT HAPPENS BEFORE A JACK BENNY BROADCAST GOES ON THE AIR. TONIGHT WE WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS AFTER A PROGRAM IS FINISHED. SO, LET'S GO BACK TO LAST WEEK IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PROGRAM WENT OFF THE AIR.

(BAND PLAYS A LITTLE OF FINAL THEME SONG)

JACK: That's all, that's all. *that's all - that's enough - we're off - that's enough* ~~we're off.~~ Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, you were a wonderful audience...Okay Usher, you can close the curtains now.

(SOUND: CURTAINS CLOSING)

DON: Say, Jack, I'm awfully sorry I missed that line of mine during the broadcast.

JACK: Well Don, these things happen sometimes..but fortunately, Mary was alert and read your line.

DON: I know, but I don't think it was believable when Mary said, "Jack, how would you like to come with me to a Turkish Bath?"

JACK: All right, Don, so you made a mistake *James* ~~we're off.~~ don't worry about it.

DON: But Jack, I've been an announcer for so many years, I shouldn't make mistakes.

VR

ATX01 0181333

PHIL: Forget about it, Donsy. ^{forget about it} ~~it isn't as though you did something~~
~~after all, you know you'd gonna fire you.~~
~~that'll make Jackson fire you.~~

JACK: Of course not.

MARY: Or ^{cut your salary} ~~make you take a cut in salary.~~

JACK: Mary, you keep out of this.....Don, I'll let it go this time.

DENNIS: ~~Here~~, Mr. Benny..are you going to sign this?

JACK: Huh? Oh yes, Dennis.

(SOUND: SIGNING OF SIGNATURE)

PHIL: What's that he's signing, Dennis?

DENNIS: My contract..he does it after every show.

MARY: What? Jack, how come you've got Dennis on a week-to-week contract?

DENNIS: ^{hell} I'm getting older and he's afraid my voice might change.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Jack Benny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JACK: What do you mean, ashamed?..that's just smart business.

^{I mean} What good is he to me if his voice changes..after all, baritones are a dime a dozen.

DENNIS: According to my salary so are tenors.

JACK: Never mind..Now let's not get into any discussions. You're signed for next week so be happy, go lucky ^{with that other thing} ~~Now kids,~~
~~check and today~~ ~~supposing we~~ ~~Be happy - if they're backwards - it is~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

~~...supposing we~~
(Sound: Phone rings)

VR

JACK: *Oh* Answer the phone, will you, Mary?

MARY: Okay, Jack.

HERB: It ain't the real telephone, Mr. Benny..I was just testing my sound equipment.

JACK: Oh, are you getting ready for your next show, Gene?

HERB: Yeah..I like to test all my sound effects out first to see if they're working.

MARY: Say..this is an interesting looking gadget..what is it?

HERB: Oh, this is how we make the sound of a body falling down a flight of stairs...Listen.

(SOUND: BODY FALLING DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: Gosh...What's this one here?

HERB: Oh, that's a Medieval torture rack..Here, I'll show you how it works.

(SOUND: CREAK OF RACK)

JACK: Gee.

DON: Say...what's this effect here?

HERB: Oh, that's a guillotine..That cuts off people's heads.. Listen.

(SOUND: THUMP OF GUILLOTINE DROPPING)

JACK: Gosh...Say, what is your next program?

HERB: Life Can Be Beautiful.

JACK: I must listen to it. You know I -- Oh for heaven's sakes..

PHIL!

PHIL: What's the matter, Jackson?

VR

ATX01 0181335

JACK: Look at the way all your musicians are still sitting on the bandstand. ^{the show is over -} Get rid of them..I don't want to have to pay over-time again.

PHIL: Okay, okay.

(SOUND: RAPPING OF BATON ON MUSIC STAND THREE TIMES)

PHIL: ^{Get them out} ~~HEY~~...BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME BY JAMES CAESAR PETRILLO, ^{thee} I DISMISS you.....

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF FEET AND INSTRUMENTS CHAIRS AND MUSIC STANDS)

PHIL: There, does that suit you?

JACK: No it doesn't suit me...Look how your musicians leave all their junk on the bandstand..have them come back here and clean it up.

PHIL: Okay..(YELLS) HEY FELLOWS, COME BACK HERE AND CARRY OUT YOUR MUSIC, YOUR INSTRUMENTS, AND REMLEY.

JACK: That's better.. You know, Phil, the trouble with you is you always think ~~that~~ ---

(SOUND: FAST APPROACHING HORSES HOOVES, 3 PISTOL SHOTS..MORE HOOVES)

DENNIS: HI YO, SILVER, ^{away.}

JACK: DENNIS, GET AWAY FROM THOSE SOUND EFFECTS.....Silly kid... and I'm stuck with him for another week. Well, there's nothing else to do here, I'm going to my dressing room, change clothes, and go home.

DON: ^{Oh crap, just a minute - How would} ~~Wait a minute, Jack.~~ Wouldn't you like to go to a night club tonight?

VR

JACK: A night club?

DON: ~~Yeah~~...You know, the Sportsmen Quartet is appearing at Billy Gray's Bandbox and I thought it might be nice if we all went over there and had some fun.

MARY: Say, why don't we do that?

PHIL: Yeah, they've got a swell show. ♪

JACK: ...Well....

PHIL: Aw, come on, Dad..loosen up for once...Why don't you spend a little?..Try it, it might be fun.

JACK: Look, Phil, I'll tell you why I'm so careful about how much I spend....It's because I work plenty hard for my money.

PHIL: So what..I spend..and Alice works hard, too!

JACK: That I can *understand* - - -

(SOUND: BODY FALLING DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: DENNIS, STOP FOOLING AROUND WITH THOSE SOUND EFFECTS.

DENNIS: (OFF) THAT WASN'T A SOUND EFFECT, I FELL DOWN THE STAIRS.

JACK: Good good...Well, I think I'll go home.

MARY: Aw Jack, why don't you come to the Bandbox? We'll have a lot of fun.

PHIL: Yeah..and don't worry about the money, Dad.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Come on along and we'll all chip in and pay your share.

JACK: Look nobody has to pay for me...I'll pay my own check, and what's more, I'll pay Mary's, too.

MARY: Gee, I thought it was Dennis who fell downstairs.

VR

ATX01 0181337

JACK: It was Dennis, and if he doesn't cut out that foolishness, there'll be another singer on this show.

DENNIS: You can't fire me till my voice changes.

JACK: Oh yes..Well look, if you're still a tenor, let me hear the song you're gonna do on next week's show and then I won't have to bother listening to it later..Phil, can you get your orchestra back?

PHIL: Sure..NEXT ROUND IS ON THE HOUSE.

(SOUND: LOUD FOOTSTEPS, SCUFFLING, ETC.)

JACK: Thank you, Phil..Sing, Dennis.

(DENNIS'S SONG--"MAKE BELIEVE")

(APPLAUSE)

VR

ATK01 0181338

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis, that sounded great and it will be wonderful on ^{not make} ~~the~~ show.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny, I'm glad you liked it..(NOW GOES INTO DEEPEST VOICE HE CAN)..because it's one of my favorite--

JACK: Dennis, give me back that contract!

DENNIS: (REGULAR VOICE) ^h I was only kidding.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Look Jack, if we're going to the Band Box, you'd better go to your dressing room and change.

DON: That's right, Jack, then we can all go together.

JACK: Okay kids, I'll hurry..wait for me..

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

JACK: OUCH....DENNIS!

MARY: What happened?

JACK: He opened the sound effects door and I walked into the wall...

^(Silly laugh)
JACK: Keep him out of mischief will you, fellows?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS
IN HALL..SUSTAIN)

JACK: Gee, they're sure redecorating the studios....I like this new paint job they have in the hall..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

VR

ATX01 01B1339

JACK: Ham...look at all those fingerprints on the wall..(MAD)
I can't understand it..Wet Paint signs all over the place,
and yet people have got to touch it...They just can't believe
it in signs.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START..A FEW OF THEM..

THEN DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH...HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Hello, Rochester, did you hear the show?

ROCH: YEAH..IT WAS GOOD AND---SAY, HOW'D YOU GET THAT PAINT ON
YOUR FINGER?

JACK: Never mind and hand me a towel....Thank you.

ROCH: YOU READY FOR ME TO DRIVE YOU HOME?

JACK: I'm not going home, Rochester...~~Me~~ ^{and it} and the gang are going to
the Band Box tonight.

ROCH: YOU GOING TO A NIGHT CLUB, BOSS?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: WITH THE WHOLE GANG?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT TO PUT ON ANOTHER SUIT SO YOU CAN SAY YOU FORGOT
YOUR MONEY?

JACK: ^{no they're} They're wise to that one... But I do have to change clothes..
Come on, ^{and} help me.

ROCH: OKAY...I GOT EVERYTHING LAID OUT FRESH FOR YOU...SUIT...SOCKS
...SHIRT...AND TIE...^{and} HERE..WE MAY AS WELL START WITH THIS.

JACK: Well...I don't think I need a fresh one.

VR

ATX01 0181340

ROCH: I DO...THE WEATHER'S KIND OF DAMP AND THE CURLS ARE ALL OUT
OF THE ONE YOU'RE WEARING.

JACK: Gee, they shouldn't be...~~I thought that when I started using
Richard Hednut's...when the rain comes down--~~

~~(HARP DOES FALLING RAIN AS ON WINCHELL SHOW)~~

~~JACK: My hair would stay up--~~

~~(HARP GOING UP AS ON WINCHELL SHOW)~~

JACK: But all right..I'll change....

ROCH: SAY BOSS..SINCE YOU'RE NOT GOING HOME, CAN I HAVE THE NIGHT
OFF? REMEMBER, YOU'VE BEEN PROMISING ME ONE FOR A LONG TIME.

JACK: Oh yes..what was it you wanted to do?

ROCH: GET THAT APPENDICITIS OPERATION I NEED.

JACK: All right, Rochester, but be home early, *will you.*

ROCH: I'LL TELL THE DOCTOR.

JACK: Now, ^{J---}I better call the night club and make a reservation..

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING..FADE TO
BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Say, Mable.

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah..I wonder what Saturday's Hero wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello....Yes, Mr. Benny...I'll try and get them immediately.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

VR

ATX01 0181341

BEA: He wants I should get him Billy Gray's Bandbox...I wonder why?

SARA: Say...I know...that's where the Sportsmen Quartet is singing..and I'll bet he's gonna try to get them to sing his song.

BEA: Did Mr. Benny write a song?

SARA: Yeah..didn't you know?

BFA: No..what's the name of it?

SARA: "When You Say I beg Your Pardon, Poopsy, Then I'll Come Back To You".

BEA: Is Poopsy in the title?

SARA: It was when he sang it to me last night.

BEA: Say, you didn't tell me you were going out with Jack last night.

SARA: Well, he called me at the last minute..so I put on my new dress and--

BFA: You didn't tell me you had a new dress either.

SARA: Well...it isn't exactly new...I bought it in that shop that sells clothes that used to belong to big stars.

BEA: Cosh..who did this dress belong to? Lana Turner?

SARA: No, Milton Berle.

BFA: Well...with your figure it musta fit perfectly,

SARA: Look who's talking..^{it wasn't for your buck teeth, you'd}~~if they cut off your nose, you wouldn't~~
have ^{no} any figure at all....Anyway, Jack liked me well enough to sing^{me} his song.

VR

ATX01 01B1342

BEA: Imagine him writing a song...I thought he'd quit after he tried to write short stories and sell them to the magazines.

SARA: Why, what happened then?

BEA: He found out that they paid a nickel a word, so he made his hero stutter...You know, Mabel, I went out with Jack a couple of weeks ago..~~He took me to a romantic little cocktail bar, we sat in a cozy dark corner and the atmosphere was so romantic he leaned over and kissed me on the ear:~~

~~SARA: Gosh~~

~~BEA: I got so excited I knocked over his old fashioned.~~

~~SARA: Jack was drinking an old fashioned?~~

~~BEA: Yeah..Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer.....You know, I---~~

(SOUND: CLICKING AND BUZZING)

JACK: Operator, operator.

BEA: I'm sorry, The Bandbox's Number is busy.

JACK: Oh...well, keep trying it and when you get them..make a reservation in my name for a party of five.

BEA: Yes sir...

JACK: Thank you.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: RABBLE..LIGHT TINKLE OF GLASSES AND DISHES)

LEWIS: Oh, Charlie--

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOIEY) Yes, Mr. Lewis?

LEWIS: Jack Benny called and made a reservation for a party of five. Would you set up a table?

VR

ATX01 0181343

MEL: Yes sir. How about that table over there?

LEWIS: No, that's too close to the exit.

MEL: What do you mean?

LEWIS: Last time he was here...when the check came, he lit a match, yelled "Fire", and that's the last we saw of him.

MEL: Gee,
well.

LEWIS: But I'll say one thing, we didn't have any trouble getting the money from Mr. Harris.

MEL: You didn't?

LEWIS: No. We just reached under the table and took it out of his wallet.

MEL: Oh-oh, here comes Mr. Benny and his party now.. I better go set the table.

(SOUND: LIGHT BABBLE..TINKLE OF GLASSES AND
DISHES..FADE)

LEWIS: Good evening, Mr. Benny, your table is ready...This way, please.

JACK: Thank you. Come on, kids.

(SOUND: BABBLE, ETC.)

PHIL: You go first, Liv.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

LEWIS: Here's your table, folks.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: MOVEMENT OF CHAIRS)

VR

ATK01 0181344

LEWIS: I'll have the waiter here in a moment.

JACK ~~Thanks:~~ *Good.*

(MUSIC: STARTS PLAYING--"I GET IDEAS")

MARY: Oh Jack, isn't that wonderful music for dancing?

JACK: It sure is. But Mary, you're the only girl and there are four fellows, so you'll have to dance with all of us.

MARY: Oh, certainly, Jack.

JACK: Good. Dennis --

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: Dennis, would you like to have the first dance?

DENNIS: ~~No~~ *Dennis: Oh.* No thanks, I'd rather dance with Mary.

JACK: That's what I meant. *Dennis: Oh.* Come on, Mary, I'll dance with you first.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: CHAIRS MOVED)

VR

ATX01 0181345

JACK: You know, I like dancing with you, Mary.

MARY: *well,* Thanks, *Jack.*

JACK: (HUMS WITH TUNE) When we are dancing and you're dangerously near me...I get ideas...I get ideas.

MARY: Oh, dad, come now!

JACK: Hm..Well, I don't care..I like to dance with you. *Yes*
know Mary, you haven't changed a bit since the day I took you out of the May Company.

MARY: Oh yes I have, I'm much thinner.

JACK: Oh yes...maybe I oughta give you a raise...But no kidding, I ~~I love to~~ Whoops!... (MAD) Hey, Mister, why don't you watch where you're dancing?

MARY: Jack, we're the only ones on the floor.

JACK: Oh, then it must have been me.

MARY: Jack, come on, let's go back to the table.

JACK: What's the matter, Mary, don't you like to dance with me?

MARY: My feet are too ~~small~~ *small* for both of us.

JACK: All right, let's sit down.

(MUSIC OUT)

(SCOUND: FOOTSTEPS..CHAIRS MOVED)

JACK: Hey kids, did you order yet?

DON: No, we were waiting for you and Mary.

JACK: Oh...OH, WAITER.....WAITER...

MEL: Yeah?

JACK: *we'll* We'll look at the menus now.

MEL: We don't use no menus here.

JACK: No menus! ... Then how will we know what food to order?

MEL: You name it, we got it.

JACK: Oh..Oh.. Well, I'll have some Prime Ribs of Beef.

WB

MEL: We ain't got no prime rib.
JACK: Oh, then I'll have some Southern fried chicken.
MEL: We ain't got no chicken.
MARY: How about steak?
MEL: We ain't got no steak.
PHIL: Pork chops?
MEL: Nope.
DON: Roast lamb?
MEL: ~~Nope.~~ *Uh uh.*
JACK: Now, wait a minute. You said if we name it, you've got it.
MEL: You ain't named it yet.
JACK: Well, we're not gonna play guessing games. Bring us what you've got.
MEL: Okay. *--- shay.*
JACK: I don't know what it is. Every time I go someplace, I always have *trouble* ---

(DRUM ROLL)

MARY: Jack, quiet, the floor show is going to start.
JACK: Oh yes.
LENNY: HOW DO YOU DO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES, LENNY KENT...WELCOMING YOU TO THE BAND BOX.

(APPLAUSE)

WB

RIX01 0181347

LENNY: AND BEFORE WE START OUR SHOW TONIGHT, I WANNA TELL YOU A FUNNY THING THAT HAPPENED ON MY WAY TO THE CLUB. ^{You know} I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET AND A PANHANDLER STOPPED ME AND SAID, "SAY, BUD, COULD YOU SPARE ME TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A BOAT TRIP TO BRAZIL?" I SAID, "TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A BOAT TRIP TO BRAZIL.!" ^{Why you know} MOST PANHANDLERS JUST ASK FOR A CUP OF COFFEE." HE SAID, "THAT'S WHAT I WANT, ~~BUT~~ I LIKE ^{to}

^{drink} IT FRESH."
JACK: Say, ^{say Mary} this guy is good.

LENNY: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS I LOOK AROUND THE AUDIENCE, ^{Gee} I SEE SOMEONE I'M SURE ^{all} IS FAMILIAR TO ~~ALL~~ OF YOU.

JACK: (Oh darn it, this always happens.)

LENNY: A GENTLEMAN YOU ALL LOVE AND RESPECT.

JACK: ^{oh} (I'll just take a quick bow and sit down.)

LENNY: A GENTLEMAN YOU WELCOME INTO YOUR HOME EVERY WEEK...YOUR TELEVISION REPAIR MAN, JOE GALLAGHER.

(SCATTERED APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hmm.

LENNY: AND NOW TO CONTINUE WITH OUR SHOW.

HERB: (OFF) HEY YOU, DOWN IN FRONT!

MARY: Jack, sit down.

JACK: Huh?...Gee, I thought sure he was going to introduce me..
Oh well...

WB

ATK01 01B1348

LENNY: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE NEXT ACT IS A REAL
TREAT. WE HAVE WITH US THE FAMOUS SPORTSMEN QUARTET WHO
WILL NOW DO A NUMBER DEDICATED TO THEIR BOSS...JACK BENSON.

JACK: That's Benny!.....Benson.

MARY: Jack, the Sportsmen are gonna dedicate their song to you.

JACK: I know I know. Quiet everybody.

WB

RTX01 01B1349

(INTRO)

QUART: BLUE EYES, SMILING AT ME
NOTHING BUT BLUE EYES DO I SEE
BLUE EYES, NEVER ARE SAD (NEVER SAD)
HE'S THIRTY-NINE
BUT WE CALL HIM DAD.

NEVER SAW A MAN ALWAYS SO ^{gay} BRIGHT
~~NEVER SAW ONE ALWAYS SO BRIGHT~~
Except on the days we get our pay.

WHEN HE NEEDS SOME DOUGH
WHAT DOES HE DO?
HE GOES TO HIS VAULT
OR TAKES OFF HIS SHOES, BUT
YOU KNOW HOW HAPPY WE'LL BE
WORKING FOR BLUE EYES, ON T.V.

JACK: ^{man - man} (I'M GOIN TO JOIN THEM, ~~MARY~~) *I'm gonna join them*

QUART: LUCKIES, TRY LUCKIES TODAY

JACK: WHEN YOU START TO PUFF
YOU WILL LIKE 'EM SURE ENOUGH

QUART: LUCKIES, AND YOU WILL ~~SEE~~ ^{say}

JACK: BETTER TASTING TOO
FINE TOBACCO THROUGH AND THROUGH.

QUART: LUCKIES ARE MILDER IT'S TRUE

JACK: TAKE A TIP FROM ME
LIGHT AN L S M F T.

QUART: LUCKIES ARE MADE BETTER, TOO.

JACK: I WOULD REALLY GIVE A DIME
JUST TO HAVE ANOTHER RHYME.

(MORE)

wb

QUART: LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE BETTER BY FAR
NO OTHER BRAND IS ON A PAR.
EVERYONE AGREES, LUCKIES ARE BEST.
QUALITY WINS IN EVERY TEST.
SO BLUE EYES, WE WANT YOU TO KNOW
BEFORE YOU GO
'S GREAT TO BE WITH YOU ON YOUR SHOW.

(APPLAUSE)

WB

RTX01 0181351

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Not that} That was very good, wasn't it, Mary? ..the way they sang about me.

MARY: Yeah,...well, your eyes are beautiful.

JACK: I know...and Joan Crawford didn't even name me in the first ten....Imagine.

DON: I wish the food would get here, I'm hungry.

JACK: Me too..I wonder what they're going to -- Dennis...Dennis, what are you doing?

DENNIS: Shhh...I'm gonna give Phil a hot foot.

JACK: Oh, is he down there already?..We've only been here long enough for one dance and --

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Benny --

JACK: Huh?

ELVIA: I had no idea you were here in person until the quartet sang that number to you. Would you mind giving me your autograph?

JACK: My autograph?..Certainly.

ELVIA: It's not for me...it's for my sister.

JACK: Oh.

ELVIA: She thinks you're wonderful.

JACK: She does?

ELVIA: That's why I'm getting your autograph for her, it'll make her so happy.

JACK: Thank you.

ELVIA: Personally, I like Spade Cooley.

JACK: Hm. Look, Miss, do you want my autograph?

WB

ATX01 0181352

ELVIA: ~~Yes, but~~ I'm getting it for my sister.

JACK: I know, I know.

ELVIA: She thinks you're the funniest thing on radio.

JACK: Thank you. .

ELVIA: All day long she goes around singing that lousy song you wrote.

JACK: ⁿ Look, Miss, I didn't send for you. You came over and asked for my autograph.

MARY: It's not for her, it's for her sister.

JACK: I know who it's for...Miss, what's your sister's name?

ELVIA: Dogmar.

JACK: You mean Dagmar.

ELVIA: Don't tell me what my sister looks like.

JACK: Oh, go away and don't bother me.

DON: Hey, kids, here comes the food! Just look at the size of that tray.

MEL: (FADING IN) One side, please,..step aside, please...Heads up!

JACK: *Yes* I better move over ~~an~~ *before* ---

MARY: *Jack* JACK, LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: CRASH OF DISHES, ETC.)

JACK: Ooooh!

MARY: Jack...Jack, are you hurt?

JACK: No, I'm not hurt, but look at me...my suit is ruined...that waiter did this on purpose.

MEL: I did not..you bumped my shoulder and my feet went out from under me.

WB

JACK: Well, it's your own fault for wearing slippery shoes.
MEL: What shoes?..I'm barefoot.
MARY: Barefoot!
MEL: In the second show, I do a Hula dance..
JACK: What?
MEL: (SINGS) I wanna go back to my little grass shack in
Kialakeku Hawaii.
JACK: Well, I've had enough of you. I'm gonna call Mr. Lewis.
MEL: Me. Lewis ain't here, he just left.
JACK: Well, I'm gonna talk to the Maitre De. Oh, Captain -
Captain --
NELSON: Yesssssss!
JACK: Are you the Captain?
NELSON: Who do you think I am mixing this salad....Caesar?
JACK: Never mind that. Just look at me...look at my suit...
meat and potatoes and gravy all over it.
NELSON: Next time you come in, we'll give you a bib.
JACK: I don't need a bib. This waiter spilled all this food
on me.
NELSON: Well, accidents will happen.
JACK: Accident nothing, he did it on purpose.
NELSON: Good!
JACK: ^{now lookit ---} Never mind ~~that~~...Just look at my suit.
NELSON: Say! You are a mess....with all that gravy on you....
I'll wipe it off.
JACK: Not with a piece of bread!.... For heaven's sake.

WB

MARY: Captain, just wipe him off with a napkin so we can go home.

NELSON: Certainly. Hold still, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: SWIPE, SWIPE, ~~SWIPE~~)

NELSON: That does the coat...Now for the pants.

(SOUND: SWIPE, SWIPE, ~~SWIPE~~)

JACK: Don't forget my shoes.

NELSON: Oh yes, your shoes.

(SOUND: SWIPE, SWIPE, ~~SWIPE~~)

NELSON: There...Now, Charlie, hand me the scissors.

JACK: Scissors!

NELSON: As long as you have that bowl on your head, I might as well give you a hair cut.

MARY: A hair cut!.....That's ridiculous.

JACK: Mary, keep out of this...Charlie, hand me a magazine. Not too much off the side, Captain.

NELSON: Yes sir.

(SOUND: SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

JACK: (CONTENTEDLY SINGS) When we are dancing
And you're dangerously near me
I get ideas, I get ideas.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

WB

ATX01 0181355

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, through carelessness -- a fire could start. Don't let it happen! Be on guard constantly against fire. Make sure every match, every cigarette is put out. Always check the ash trays before leaving the house or retiring for the night. Observe all fire regulations. Remember, only you can prevent fires! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 21, 1951
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR 2: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies taste better - and one big reason they're made better. Dramatic new proof has just been revealed that proves Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five principal brands of cigarettes!

ANNCR 2: This is not a claim, but a fact verified by leading laboratory consultants of Richmond, Virginia who report--

SHARBUTT: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of these five major brands. Signed, Froehling and Robertson.

ANNCR 2: Yes, this authentic new proof sweeps away the smoke screen of claims made for other cigarettes.

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARD -- ESTABLISH THEN FADE OUT UNDER)

SHARBUTT: So, friends, don't be misled by meaningless claims... Remember the facts...remember LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Remember Luckies are made better! Remember - Luckies taste better!

ANNCR 2: That's it! Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- because Luckies taste better!

CRCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

TC

ATX01 01B1357

(TAG)
Ladies and gentlemen ---
JACK: Sunday is fun day on C B.S. You'll hear such great comedy shows as Amos 'n' Andy, My Friend Irma, and Our Miss Brooks. And ladies and gentlemen, on my show next week my guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately...The Jack Benny Program is heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

....THIS IS THE C B S , RADIO NETWORK.

BJ

ATX01 0181358

PROGRAM #7
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1951

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0181359

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

MARTIN: And now, your attention, please ...

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARDS)(5 SECOND VERSION WITH COMPLETE CUT OFF)

SHARBUTT: Words ... promises ... double talk ... phrases that add up to nothing. Yes, cigarette claims clutter the airwaves. But how many facts do you hear. Mighty few!

MARTIN: But now, this smoke screen of double talk is swept away by facts - for the first time in cigarette history!

SHARBUTT: A month after month continuing quality comparison ... based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical -- proves by a wide margin Lucky Strike is the best made of the five principal brands of cigarettes!

MARTIN: That's a fact ... a fact verified by Foster D. Snell, Inc. leading laboratory consultants of New York City. They report:

SHARBUTT: "In our opinion, the properties measured are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude that Lucky Strike is the best made of the five major brands."

MARTIN: Yes, friends, Luckies are made better -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw -- with no annoying loose ends ... a big reason why Luckies taste better!

(MORE)

TK

ATX01 01B1360

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: But never forget -- to get better taste you must start with fine tobacco, and LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco -- don't let anybody tell you different!

MARTIN: And don't be misled by the smoke screen of cigarette claims. Choose your cigarette on facts. Smoke the cigarette that tops the five principal brands for quality. Enjoy fine, mild, good tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better -- the cigarette that TASTES BETTER - Lucky Strike. Try a carton today!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

TK

ATX01 0181361

FIRST ROUTINE

(AFTER COMMERCIAL MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS. IT'S MORNING..AND ROCHESTER IS RUNNING THE BATH.

(SOUND: RUNNING WATER..WATER STOP..THREE FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, BOSS --

JACK: Yes, Rochester?

ROCH: THE TUB IS READY..

JACK: I hope the water isn't too hot.

ROCH: OH NO, IT'S JUST RIGHT. I TESTED IT WITH MY ELBOW.

JACK: Did you put in the lavender bath salts like I told you to?

ROCH: OH YES, A WHOLE BOX...AND ALSO TWO PACKAGES OF THAT STUFF THAT MAKES BUBBLES.

JACK: Good good. Come on,Polly, your bath is ready.

MEL: (SQUAWKS HYSTERICALLY)

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes, we go through this every time. Come on now, Polly, you've got to take your bath.

MEL: (SQUAWKS AS THOUGH THINKING IT OVER)

JACK: (COAXING) ^{hurry} Daddy had Rochester put Lavender bath salts in it.

MEL: (SQUAWKS, THINKING IT OVER)

ROCH: (COAXING) AND THAT STUFF THAT MAKES MILLIONS OF BUBBLES.

MEL: (SQUAWKS: THINKING)

JACK: Well, what do you say?

MEL: Uh uh (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Well, that does it! Rochester, pick up the cage and bring it in the bath room.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: LIGHT SPRING...FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (HYSTERICALLY) SQUAWK..SQUAWK..HELP..HELP..SQUAWK..SQUAWK.

JACK: Oh, quiet.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Now Polly - lookit --*
Set the cage up on the sink, Rochester.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: CAGE PLACED ON SINK)

JACK: Now, Polly, Daddy'll open the little door and you dive right into the tub.

(SOUND: SQUEAK OF CAGE DOOR OPENING)

MEL: (WHIMPER)

JACK: Polly, stop whimpering and dive already.

MEL: (WHIMPER)

JACK: I can't understand it. I thought sure Polly was over her fear of water.

ROCH: YEAH. ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THAT MONEY YOU SPENT TAKING HER TO ^{the} PSYCHIATRIST.

JACK: It cost me a fortune. I took Polly to that psychiatrist's office every afternoon for two weeks. Maybe I shouldn't have stopped her treatments, *so soon.*

ROCH: WELL, WHY DID YOU?

JACK: I had to. Nothing looks sillier than a parrot lying on a couch. Now look, Polly, daddy isn't angry at you. He just wants you to --

MEL: (HAPPY SQUAWK..SQUAWK..SQUAWK)

ROCH: QUICK, BOSS, OPEN THE CAGE, POLLY WANTS TO GET INTO THE TUB.

MEL: ~~(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)~~

JACK: Well...what brought that about?

ROCH: I THREW A RUBBER DUCK IN THE WATER.

JACK: A rubber duck!

MEL: (SQUAWKS..WOLF WHISTLE)

JACK: Polly!

ROCH: LET 'ER IN QUICK, BOSS, ^{let's in quick ---} BEFORE SHE FINDS OUT IT'S A DECOY.

JACK: Okay, Polly, okay..here we go.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: You stay here and finish bathing Polly. ^{Rochester ---} I'll get the door.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) When you say da da da da dum

Da da da da de dum..

^{Gee}
~~Hum~~.that song I wrote can't miss.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: ^{well,} Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis..Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, what took you so long to answer the door?

JACK: Oh, Rochester and I were bathing Polly.

DENNIS: Gee, not in the bathtub again.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: The last time you gave Polly a bath, you pulled the plug, she went down the drain, and came out at El Segundo.

JACK: Yeah, the psychiatrist said that's what gave her the fear of water. Anyway, Dennis, I'm glad you dropped by because I want to get your opinion on something.

DENNIS: ~~what?~~ *Yeah - yeah - what? what?*

JACK: Well, I've been ^{the} looking over my song this morning and I thought I'd make a little change. I want it to be perfect.

DENNIS: Your song?

JACK: Yes..Just listen to the change I have in mind and tell me what you think.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Good..the music is right here on the..Hmm.

DENNIS: What's the matter?

JACK: My song..it isn't on the piano..Every time Rochester cleans in here, I can't find anything. Now where's my song?

DENNIS: Did you look in the garbage disposal?

JACK: Don't be funny.

DENNIS: Are you sure your song was here this morning?

JACK: I'm positive. I worked on it about an hour..I remember..it was just before I read the Sunday paper..(CALLS) Oh, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (OFF) YES, BOSS?

JACK: Come here a minute.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I can't find my song. Do you know where it is?

ROCH: NO, SIR.

JACK: *well,* Think back...what did you do this morning?

ROCH: WELL..I COOKED BREAKFAST..WASHED THE DISHES..CLEANED THE LIVING ROOM..AND AFTER YOU FINISHED READING THE SUNDAY PAPER, I PUT IT BACK ON MR. COLMAN'S PORCH.

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: THEN I CAME BACK AND HELPED YOU ^{bathe} ~~GIVE POLLY A BATH.~~

JACK: Gee, I can't understand it.

DENNIS: Well, I better go now.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis. As long as you dropped in, let's hear the song you're gonna do on the program. What's it gonna be?

DENNIS: ^{well.} It's called "Never" and it's from a picture I just finished at Twentieth Century Fox produced by Georgie Jessel.

JACK: Oh, what's the name of it?

DENNIS: Golden Girl.

JACK: Golden Girl, eh? And you're in it?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: What part do you play?

DENNIS: I don't know, I haven't seen the picture yet.

JACK: ~~Well, that's the~~ Dennis, just sing it, will you? ^{please.}

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG: "NEVER")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That was -} That was very, ^{very good,} ~~good,~~ Dennis..excellent. In fact, your voice is getting better and better all the time..and you know, someday when you look at your pay check you may find a nice substantial--

DENNIS: ^{promise - double talk.} Words, ~~words, meaningless words.~~

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Vounf voof nouf nunch fluey nautc yumph.

JACK: ^{Dennis - what - - -} What did you say?

DENNIS: ^h Nothing, I swallowed my gum.

JACK: Oh..Well Dennis, the next time I --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER..Never mind. I'll get it in the den.

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

JACK: Hello?

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Mr. Kitzel.

JACK: Oh, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{well} Mr. Kitzel, it's nice to hear from you.

ARTIE: Thank you, Mr. Benny..the reason I called is I'd like to invite you to a Hallowe'en party at my house.

JACK: ^h I'll be glad to come, Mr. Kitzel...it seems like you give a party every Hallowe'en.

ARTIE: ^h Yes, to me this is a day of great sentiment... ^{because by a} ~~it was at a~~ Hallowe'en party that I first met my wife.

JACK: Really?

BB

ARTIE: Yes, she came as a witch.

JACK: A witch? ^{Artie: Yes.} Oh, a costume party.

ARTIE: No.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you mean--

ARTIE: Unfortunately yes.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: Other girls have a dowery, she had a broom.

JACK: A broom?

~~ARTIE: If she would use it once in a while, I'd be happy.~~

JACK: (LAUGHING) Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My.

JACK: (LAUGHINGLY) Thanks for inviting me, Mr. Kitzel...I'll see you Wednesday night.

ARTIE: Good. ^{but} only don't come too early....You see, as soon as it gets dark, I'm taking my little boy around the neighborhood to play trick or treat.

JACK: Oh, that's cute..why don't you bring him over here, too?

ARTIE: No thanks, ^{you} to that ritzy neighborhood I'll never let him go again.

JACK: Why not?

ARTIE: Last Hallowe'en he went to Beverly Hills, played Trick or Treat, and he got so much stuff, I couldn't pay the tax on it.

JACK: Oh..well all right, I'll be over ^{at your house} there at nine o'clock...

Goodbye, ^{Mr.} Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

^{Jack:} ^{Goodbye.} (SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BB

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JACK: Dennis, ^{Dennis -} I was just talking to---Oh, hello Phil.... When did you come in?

PHIL: Just a minute ago.. ^{Hey Jackson -} that wasn't Alice on the phone, was it?

JACK: No.

PHIL: Well, if Alice calls, don't tell her you saw me.

JACK: Why, what's the matter?

PHIL: I want to ^{lay low} ~~stay away~~ till she cools pff.

JACK: No kidding. ^{Phil -} Are you in trouble?

PHIL: Believe me, Jackson, if I didn't need the money, I wouldn't a done it.

JACK: Phil, what did you do?

PHIL: I played gin rummy with my kids and won forty bucks.

JACK: You..you won forty dollars playing gin rummy with your children?

PHIL: What a couple of pigeons I'm raisin'.

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes. Phil, let me --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

PHIL: Oh-oh..Hey Jackson, if that's Alice, tell her I ain't yet been here no time today.

JACK: You ain't yet been here no time today?

PHIL: ^{Yeah -} Yeah, tell 'er. ^{all 'er.}

JACK: I will, Phil. I may phrase it differently, but I'll tell her.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BB

DON: *Oh*, Hello, Jack.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, hello, Don. Well..you've got the Sportsmen with you, *too* --
come on in, *fellow*.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DON: *Oh*. Jack, there's something I want to talk to you about.

JACK: *well*, If it's about Phil, he ain't yet been here no time today..
~~now~~. *you all.*

DON: ~~Jack what are you talking about?~~ *What's that?*

JACK: I don't know...words, words, ~~meaningless words~~...What do
double talk
you want, Don?

DON: *Oh Jack,* Well you're going to love this. *Now you're just gonna love it*... The quartet wants to do a
commercial to that song you wrote..So if you *just* give us the
copy, the boys will show you what they have in mind.

JACK: Oh, that's wonderful, Don, but this is a fine time for it
to happen.

DON: Why?

JACK: I lost my song. I can't find it anywhere and it's the only
copy I've got...Dennis, are you looking for my song?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Then what are you doing?

DENNIS: I'm still trying to figure out what Phil said.

JACK: Forget it...Gee, Don, that is a shame.

DON: *Oh*. It certainly is, Jack...But if you haven't got the music,
the boys will just have to do something else.

JACK: ~~Yes~~, I guess so...What else have they got?

DON: Well, here's one I think you might like...Sing it, boys.

BB

(APPLAUSE)

QUART. SOME MEN PLOUGH THE OPEN PLAINS
SOME MEN SAIL THE BRINE
BUT I'M IN LOVE WITH A PRETTY MAID
FOR WORK I HAVE NO TIME.
MY TRULY, TRULY FAIR,
TRULY, TRULY FAIR
HOW I LOVE MY TRULY FAIR
THERE'S SONGS TO SING HER
TRINKETS TO BRING HER
FLOWERS FOR HER GOLDEN HAIR
SOME MEN WORK THE LIVELONG DAY
JUST FOR BREAD AND WINE
BUT ALL WE DO IS SING ABOUT
THOSE LUCKY STRIKES SO FINE.
OH LUCKY, LUCKY STRIKE
GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE
TRULY IT'S BEYOND COMPARE
LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY
PUFF ON A LUCKY
THERE'S NO BETTER ANYWHERE.
ONCE WE SAILED FROM BOSTON BAY
BOUND FOR SINGAPORE
BUT WE FORGOT OUR LUCKY STRIKES
SO WE SWAM BACK TO SHORE.
OH LUCKY, LUCKY STRIKE,
GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKE.

(MORE)

BB

ATX01 0181371

QUART:
(CON'D) TRULY BETTER TASTING, TOO
SO LISTEN, BROTHER
THERE IS NO OTHER
CIGARETTE AS GOOD IT'S TRUE
LS/MFT, LS/MFT, LS, LS/MFT
DON'T BE MISLED
BY OTHER CLAIMS YOU HAVE READ
JUST BUY A GOOD OLD LUCKY
TRY A GOOD OLD LUCKY
YOU WILL LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That's pretty good, Don, ^{and} but as soon as I find my song, I'll let you know, and they can work on it.

DON: Okay, Jack, see you later...Come on fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: How do you like that, Phil...The quartet wants to do my song and I can't find it.

PHIL: Why don't you forget about being a song writer, Jackson?
~~Isn't~~ ^{Don't} it enough that the Maybelline Company named you "Blue Eyes of 1951."

JACK: What?

PHIL: That's what it said in this morning's paper.

JACK: Today's paper?...Well, this I have to -- Oh..darn it, Rochester has already put the Sunday paper back on the Colman's porch.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

BENITA: RONNIE, OH RONNIE, WHERE ARE YOU?

COLMAN: I'M HERE IN THE DEN, BENITA.

(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: Oh, playing a little solitaire, ^{Sub.} ~~oh?~~

COLMAN: Yes, and I've almost got it beat, too.

BENITA: Well, you won't finish it.

COLMAN: You said the same thing last night and you were right... How did you know?

BENITA: The Queen of Spades is missing...You'll find a new deck of cards in the--

SNOWDEN: I beg your pardon, Mr. Colman.

BB

COLMAN: Yes, Sherwood?

SNOWDEN: I brought in the Sunday paper.

COLMAN: ~~Oh~~ Thank you.. Well...let's see what's now...

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

COLMAN: Aha! Benita, look at this...I was right.

BENITA: What?

COLMAN: You wouldn't agree with me when I predicted both these things last week....but I was right all the time.

BENITA: Right about what?

COLMAN: That Churchill would be elected and Dick Tracy would find Bonny Braids...I wonder what's in the -- Hello, what's this?

BENITA: What's ~~that~~ ^{that}?

COLMAN: A sheet of music just fell out of the paper.

BENITA: A sheet of music?

COLMAN: Yes...let me see...Hmmm, it's a song by Jack Benny.

BENITA: Jack Benny wrote a song?

COLMAN: So it seems.

BENITA: What's the name of it?

COLMAN: "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

BENITA: Oh, I say now, really.

COLMAN: Yes, ^{you} I'm afraid, really...listen to this--

(READS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.
WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU, I'LL RETURN.
LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO
RETURN TO CAPISTRANO
FOR YOU MY HEART WILL--

BENITA: Ronnie--

BB

COLMAN: Yes?

BENITA: I'm not sure I heard correctly..was that --"Like the swallows at Serrano return to Capistrano?"

COLMAN: That's what he wrote, that's what the man wrote, he wrote that!...And then it goes:

IF YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE SORRY,
THEN I WILL UNDERSTAND.
'NEATH THE HARVEST MOON WE'LL PLEDGE
OUR LOVE ANEW.

BENITA: Ronnie, you're joking.

COLMAN: Benita, I was never more serious or more nauseated in my life. ^{Listen} Listen to the rest of it....

SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED,
COME BACK TO WHENCE WE STARTED.

BENITA: WHENCE?

COLMAN: ^{Yes} Jack has a footnote on the bottom saying, "Yes, Whence, it's the poetic form of where"....^{just} Now let me finish this...

SO MY DARLING, THOUGH WE'VE PARTED,
COME BACK TO WHENCE WE STARTED,
AND SWEETHEART, THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.

(AFTER LONG LONG PAUSE) This is the lousiest thing I've ever heard.

BENITA: Ronnie! Please! Do you have to use that kind of language?

RONNIE: What else can I say about it?

VR

BENITA: Well, you still don't have to use that kind of language...
You can say it's the most awful thing you ever heard.

COLMAN: Darling..this is not the most awful thing I ever heard..
this is the lousiest thing I ever heard..

BENITA: Oh, Ronnie.

COLMAN: Imagine--SO MY DARLING THOUGH WE'VE PARTED, COME BACK TO
WHENCE WE STARTED....I wish he'd bring our lawnmower back
from whence he got it!....That man has borrowed everything..
the lawnmower..the ping-pong table..the garden hose..the
vacuum cleaner..

BENITA: And the Queen of Spades.

COLMAN: So that's where it went?

BENITA: Uh huh.

COLMAN: Benita..why in the name of Ely Culbertson would Benny ~~just~~
~~borrow the ten of hearts?~~ *just one card.*

BENITA: Well, it was missing from his deck, and he explained how.
You see, he was doing a card trick..Dennis Day picked the
~~ten of hearts~~ *Queen of Spades*..Mr. Benny told him to put it where he couldn't
see it..so Dennis ate it.

COLMAN: Ah, Dennis Day..I have a great ~~deal~~ of affection for that lad..
I understand he drives Benny crazy.

BENITA: But you know, darling..there is one thing that's rather
amazing about Jack.

COLMAN: What's that?

BENITA: With all the things he's taken from us through the years, not
once has he tried to borrow any money.

VR

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COLMAN: *Well darling* ~~Benita~~...money *is* ^{the} one thing he doesn't use.

BENITA: (AMAZED) He doesn't use it? What does he do with his money?

COLMAN: He gets it, counts it, caresses it, and buries it.

....Sometimes that Benny gets me so mad that I --

SNOWDEN: I beg your pardon, Sir.

COLMAN: ~~What?~~ Oh, what is it, Sherwood?

SNOWDEN: If I'm not intruding, I'd like to say something about Mr. Benny's borrowing.

COLMAN: The floor is yours. With this subject, the more the merrier.

SNOWDEN: Well..do you remember in September when he gave that big party at his house and came over and borrowed me?

BENITA: Oh yes, Sherwood. You never did tell us about that party. What happened?

SNOWDEN: Well, it was a rather interesting experience..Especially serving dinner to Dennis Day,..for dessert, he insisted on pie a la mode..Imagine pie a la mode.

BENITA: That's not so odd, Sherwood..here in America lots of people have ice cream on their pie.

SNOWDEN: On Chicken Pot Pie?

BENITA: Oh.

SNOWDEN: Strangely enough, that was all he ate.

COLMAN: Well, he probably wasn't hungry after eating the ^{Queen Spades} ~~ten of hearts~~

SNOWDEN: I beg your pardon, sir?

COLMAN: ^{Oh it's nothing} Nothing, Sherwood...what else happened at the party?

SNOWDEN: Well, as the evening wore on, they played charades, and twenty questions..and then about midnight, they all formed a circle around Phil Harris.

VR

COLMAN: Oh..What sort of game was that?

SNOWDEN: No game.,they were just trying to determine whether or not he was dead...Will you be needing me any further, sir?

COLMAN: No, ^{thank you} Sherwood, you may go.

SNOWDEN: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..THEN RUSTLE OF PAPER)

COLMAN: What are you doing, Benita?

~~BENITA: Looking at Jack's song.~~

~~WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU,~~

~~I'LL RETURN.~~

~~LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO~~

~~RETURN TO CAPISTRANO,~~

~~FOR YOU MY HEART WILL ALWAYS, ALWAYS YEARN.~~

(AFTER LONG PAUSE)...~~It is lousy, isn't it?~~

~~COLMAN: It certainly is.~~

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

BENITA: Say Ronnie.,I'm looking at the thatrical section, and they've got ^{have} some good pictures showing. Would you like to go?

COLMAN: ^{Ohhh... no, no dear} Ohhh..I don't feel like going out, ^{no}

BENITA: Okay....Hm..one of the neighborhood theatres is showing a revival of one of your pictures.

COLMAN: (FAST) Where, where, where, when, who, what, where, where?

BENITA: (LAUGHING) I was just teasing you..but I would like to go to the movies..The theatre on the corner has a double feature.

COLMAN: All right then, let's go.

BENITA: Good...And Ronnie, since we'll be passing Jack's house...let's return his song to him.

VR

COLMAN: Oh yes, yes...I'll get the car out.

BENITA: No, let's walk to the theatre..the fresh air will do us good.

COLMAN: ^{Yes - and} It won't hurt his song any, either...Come on.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

BENITA: (PAUSE)...Ronnie, don't just stand there, ring the door bell.

COLMAN: Oh, all right.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER..PAUSE..THEN DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes, what can I---Ronnie, Benita, I'm ^{so} glad to see you....

Come on in..Come in.

COLMAN: Jack, we didn't intend to drop in on you, but--

JACK: ^{now} Don't bother apologizing, come on in. COME IN!

COLMAN: ^{no no} But we only dropped by to---STOP PULLING!

JACK: ^{oh. Oh - - -} ~~Huh~~..oh, I'm sorry.

BENITA: Jack, we only wanted to return your song..we found it in our morning paper.

JACK: My song? So that's where it was....Thank you ever so much, Benita. I'm so glad to get it back.

COLMAN: Why??

JACK: What??

BENITA: Ronnie!!! ^{Ronnie.}

COLMAN: Oh yes, ^{yes, yes -} I imagine you would be glad to get it back.

JACK: I sure am.

COLMAN: Well Jack, we have to be running along--

JACK: No no, Ronnie, ^{now - now} don't go yet.

BENITA: But Jack, we were on our way to see a --

VR

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JACK: I won't take no for an answer, ^{now} you must come in and visit..
After all, I haven't seen you for so long.

COLMAN: SO LONG.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(COLMAN'S WALK AWAY FROM MIKE)

JACK: Gee, he must have thought I was saying goodbye..I hope ~~he~~ ^{they}
didn't think I was trying to get rid of them...Well, anyway,
I've got my song back...

(SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU...

(MUSIC STARTS AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: (OVER MUSIC AND APPLAUSE) WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU,
I'LL RETURN.

VR

ATK01 0181380

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, each year fires attack more than a quarter of a million homes, handicap our defense efforts, and cause much loss of life. Most of these fires start because someone was careless. Don't let it be you! Put out all matches and cigarettes before discarding them, don't smoke in bed, make sure all electrical wiring is properly installed, follow all fire regulations. Be careful, be cautious - remember, only you can prevent ^{fires} fires! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

VR

ATX01 01B1381

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, OCT. 28, 1951
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MARTIN: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies taste better -- and one big reason is --
they're made better. Conclusive new proof reveals that
Lucky Strike is the best made of the five principal brands
of cigarettes!

Martin: This is not a claim, but a fact -- verified by leading
laboratory consultants. Earlier you heard the report of
Foster D. Snell, Inc. of New York. Now listen to the
report of Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia.

SHARBUTT: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best made
of these five major brands. Signed Froehling and
Robertson.

MARTIN: Yes, this authentic new proof sweeps away the smoke screen
of empty claims made for other cigarettes ... double talk
like this --

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARDS ... 5 SECONDS AND OUT)

SHARBUTT: Words ... empty promises ... don't be misled by them.
Remember the facts. Remember LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco. Remember Luckies are made better.
Remember Luckies taste better.

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

TK

ATX01 0181382

(TAG)

bell. (SOUND: BABBLE OF CROWD) *at the movies*

COLMAN: We're lucky, Benita, we got in just at the break.

BENITA: Yes..and the news reel is just starting.

(BAND PLAYS PARAMOUNT NEWS THEME)

MEL: (FILTER) And now for some personalities in the news.. we take you first to Beverly Hills to the home of a well-known star who has written a song.

JACK: (SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON--

COLMAN: Oh no, no ^{no!} Come on, Benita, let's get out of here.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman can be heard on their own program, "The Halls Of Ivy".....This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station.....

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.....

The Jack Benny Program is heard by our armed forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.....

THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

10/10/10

01X01 01B1304

PROGRAM #8
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1951

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED - OCT 18, 1951)

ATK01 01B1385

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1951
(TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 18, 1951)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

MARTIN: And now, your attention, please --

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARDS 5 SECONDS OUT)

SHARBUTT: Words..promises..double talk...a continuous stream of empty cigarette claims pours through your radio. But now this smoke screen of double talk is swept away by facts... not claims...facts. Here they are:

MARTIN: A month-after-month continuing quality comparison...based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical proves -- Lucky Strike -- by a wide margin -- is the best made of all five principal brands of cigarettes!

SHARBUTT: That's a fact...a fact verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell, Inc., of New York City report:

MARTIN: In our opinion, the properties measured are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five major brands.

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies are made better -- always so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw -- with no annoying loose ends to spoil their taste...a big reason why Luckies taste better!

MARTIN: So, when choosing your cigarette don't be misled by the smoke screen of claims made by other cigarettes! Remember the facts. Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better...the cigarette that TASTES

BETTER -- LUCKY STRIKE! Get a carton today!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: 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, ~~IN A FEW DAYS~~, ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH, AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL IN NEW YORK, THE FRIARS CLUB IS GIVING JACK BENNY A DINNER TO COMMEMORATE HIS TWENTY YEARS IN RADIO. AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK NOW, HE IS REHEARSING HIS SPEECH FOR THE OCCASION.

JACK: SO IN CONCLUSION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART FOR THIS GREAT TRIBUTE...
There, how did that sound, Rochester?

ROCH: FINE, BOSS, FINE...SAY BOSS, THIS PARTY THEY'RE GIVING YOU...
HOW LONG IS IT GONNA LAST?

JACK: Oh, it'll start about ^{8:30}~~8:00~~ and it should be over by eleven.

ROCH: YOU CALL THAT A PARTY?

JACK: Rochester...I think that's long enough for a party...from eight-thirty to eleven.

ROCH: WITH US, THAT'S KNOWN AS THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

JACK: Never mind, just finish my packing...And Rochester, while I'm gone, forward all my mail to the Waldorf Astoria.

ROCH: YOU STAYING AT THE WALDORF?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: I MADE A RESERVATION FOR YOU AT THE ACME PLAZA.

JACK: Well, just forget about it.

ROCH: WE CAN'T, BOSS, WE CAN'T.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: THEY'RE HOLDING TWO CLEAN SHEETS FOR YOU. *oh*

JACK: Gee, what they won't do for celebrities. We better write them a nice note and --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer the door, Rochester...you finish packing.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: (SINGS) So my darling, though we've parted,
Come back to whence we started.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: WHENCE!

JACK: Yes Whence, it's the poetic form of where. Oh, hello, Mary.
Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Well Jack, I'm all ready. Are you packed?

JACK: Almost...I would have called you, but I'm so busy with all these last minute things. *and* I'm nervous, too.

MARY: Well, I don't blame you for being excited. Jack, I'll bet that banquet will be *just* wonderful.

JACK: It should be...Practically everyone in the business will be there...Milton Berle, George Burns, Jesse Block, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, Georgie Jessel, and a lot of --

MARY: Jack, did they ask Fred Allen to come?

JACK: Well, Mary, they weren't going to - but I insisted that he be invited.

MARY: *Oh*, That was nice of you, ~~Jack~~...and I hope you'll forget your silly grudge and talk to him at the banquet.

JACK: ~~Talk to him?~~ Mary; ^{*these days*} Allen ~~doesn't~~ need conversation, he needs food. Believe me...

MARY: Well Jack, it should be a nice banquet...especially at the Waldorf...what are they gonna serve?

JACK: Well, they left that up to me...and I told them I'd like something I usually eat at home...^{*something like*} Pheasant under glass.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: The closest you've come to pheasant under glass was when your parrot fell into the fishbowl.

JACK: Mary, don't be ridiculous...I wouldn't eat Polly.

ROCH: ^{*But*} ~~I DON'T KNOW~~, BOSS, I SAW YOU PUT HER IN THE ~~oven~~ - -

JACK: ~~I ONLY PUT HER IN THE OVEN TO DRY HER OFF~~...Now look, Rochester, if you don't finish my packing, ~~I'll be~~ - -

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer the phone, will you Mary, please?

MARY: *Oh*, Sure, Jack.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello.

PHIL: Hello, Liv.

MARY: Oh, ^{*it's you, Phil.*} ~~is that you, Phil?~~

PHIL: Yeah...but on a Streetcar I'm called Desire.

MARY: ...Well...that's what happens when you write your own stuff... What do you want, Phil?

PHIL: Is the old man around?

MARY: Yes, Jack's sitting in the next room.

PHIL: Well, if the phone cord don't reach, call me back when he's closer.

MARY: *Oh,* Wait a minute, Phil....I'll call him...Jack, it's Phil.

JACK: THANKS, MARY.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: *Hey* ~~Say~~ Jackson, I just hadda call you...I thought of the greatest joke *that* you ever heard in your life.

JACK: Look, Phil -

PHIL: *Hey,* Ask me why girls who live in the Rockies won't take sun baths.

JACK: For heaven's sakes, Phil, I haven't time for that corny stuff...I'm packing for my trip to New York...In case you don't know it, The Friars are giving me a testimonial dinner there.

PHIL: So what? My orchestra is giving me a testimonial next week. ...I almost cried when they gave me my gift.

JACK: They gave *you the gift* ~~it to you~~ already? What is it?

PHIL: A baton with a cork screw on the end of it...

JACK: Gosh.

PHIL: *Jack,* I got a little deal with the arranger, from now on he's writing in nothing but up-beats.

JACK: Look, Phil --

PHIL: Too bad you can't be there, Jackson. You're gonna miss my speech.

JACK: Oh, are you going to make a speech, too?

PHIL: *Certainly - Hey look -* Yeah...how does this sound? Guests...friends...fellow musicians...and policemen.

JACK: ~~Policemen?~~ *oh you invited the police?*

PHIL: ~~By that time~~ *no - but* they'll be there, they'll be there.

JACK: *Oh, they're* Bound to be...Look, Phil, I'd like to stand here and talk to you about your soiree, but I have to finish packing...So long.

PHIL: *Wait* Wait a minute, Jackson, wait a minute...I want you to hear that joke I called about...ask me why girls who live in the Rockies won't take sun baths.

JACK: All right, Phil...why won't girls who live in the Rockies --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester...ROCHESTER...Oh, for...Just a minute, Phil, I better answer the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN IN E.G.)

JACK: It never fails, whenever I'm in a hurry, there's a million interruptions and --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

JACK: Come on in, kid.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, Dennis, I suppose you came over to say goodbye.

DENNIS: Yeah, how did you know I was going away?

JACK: Oh, are you going away too?

DENNIS: Uh huh. As long as I have a few days off, I thought I'd go to Waxahachie, Texas.

JACK: Oh, are you going there on business?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Oh, then you have friends there.

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Relatives?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ...Rochester, be sure to pack my tuxedo. I'll need it for the banquet.

ROCH: YES SIR.

MARY: Dennis, if you're not going on business, or --

JACK: Mary, don't get into this. ^{Please - don't start --} We're starting on a trip. Let's Be Happy, Go Lucky.

MARY: Jack, I've got to ask him...Dennis if you're not going on business...and you have no friends or relatives there, why are you going to Waxahachie?

DENNIS: The name fascinates me.

JACK: Well Dennis, for you, that's a good reason...I remember once you went to Philadelphia because your mother wanted cream cheese.

MARY: Dennis, how are you going to Waxahachie? By train?

DENNIS: No, I'm going to fly.

JACK: Oh, you're flying...What plane are you going to take?

DENNIS: No plane, I need the exercise...(PAUSE) One, two, three, four, five, six --

MARY: Dennis, what are you doing?

DENNIS: I'm counting up to ten for him, he's so mad he can't talk.

MARY: Well, maybe you oughta do your song.

DENNIS: Yeah...I think I'll -- Gee, look at the way his eyes stick
out...I better sing.

JACK: ^{Yes} I'll say you better.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "CALIFORNIA MOON")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that was beautiful. ^{You know} It's amazing...When you talk to me, I get so mad...then when you sing, it's the most wonderful thing in the ~~whole~~ -

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Jack, he went out.

JACK: No, he walked into the closet...Lock it, ^{it} Mary.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Well, I better be running along to, Jack.

JACK: Okay, Mary...I'm sorry we're not going on the same plane.

MARY: Well, I can't go till Tuesday, but I'll see you in New York.

JACK: Yeah....Come here and ~~give me~~ a kiss ^{me} goodbye.

MARY: Okay.

(MARY AND JACK GO INTO A TERRIFIC, LONG KISS)

MARY: ~~Well, Jack, I'll run along now and~~ Gee, look at the way his eyes stick out.

JACK: They'll be all right by the time I get to New York....
Goodbye, Mary.

MARY: Goodbye, Doll.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, she called me Doll...Now let's see...what was I doing?

ROCH: SAY BOSS...DO YOU WANNA TAKE YOUR VIOLIN ALONG ON THE TRIP?

JACK: ^{my violin?} Say, maybe I better. ^{See Clifton Fadiman invited me} ~~I'm~~ going to appear on the Lucky Strike ^{television} program "This Is Show Business" and they'll probably ask me to play ~~my violin~~.

ROCH: ~~WHAT ELSE CAN THEY DO WHEN YOU COME IN WITH IT CLUED TO YOUR OHIN?~~ ^{wanna bet?}

wb

JACK: Look Rochester, you don't have to --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh no! Answer ^{the door} ~~that~~, will you please?

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JESSEL: Hello Rochester, is Mr. Benny in?

ROCH: YEAH, COME RIGHT IN...(CALLS) BOSS, IT'S MR. ^{Georgie} JESSEL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{well} Georgie, nice to see you...what are you doing here?

JESSEL: Well, I had a few minutes between banquets ~~and~~ I thought I'd drop by.

JACK: Well, ^{this is} ~~it's~~ a pleasant surprise....I didn't expect to see you till we got to New York.

JESSEL: Well, I'm not leaving till Wednesday night. You see, my boss, Darryl Zanuck is having a party tomorrow night and I have to be there.

JACK: Oh, I didn't know that.

JESSEL: Didn't Rochester tell you I was going to Mr. Zanuck's party?

JACK: No...how would Rochester know?

JESSEL: He promised to lend me one of his white aprons.

JACK: Georgie....you mean---

JESSEL: Yep, Table Number Four.

JACK: Oh yes...I remember when I went through all that with Jack Warner....Boy, does he like a sharp crease in his pants.... Anyway, Georgie, I'm glad you dropped over.

JESSEL: Well Jack, I had a reason....I've been thinking about your dinner.

wb

ATX01 0181395

JACK: ~~What about it?~~ *About the testimonial dinner?*

JESSEL: *Yes - and* Well, I thought that instead of ~~just giving~~ *having* the usual type of speech, it might be a lot nicer if I told them the story of your life.

JACK: Say, that's a pretty good idea. Do you want me to write it?

JESSEL: No ~~Jack~~, I wrote it myself, and I want your approval on it.

JACK: Oh. *about my life -* well go ahead...let's hear it.

JESSEL: Okay....Now after the preliminary speeches are over, the lights will dim down, ~~I will~~ *I'll* stand up and there will be a big fanfare.

(BAND GIVES FANFARE)

JESSEL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...OUR STORY STARTS WITH THE BIRTH OF JACK BENNY, IN THE YEAR 1894 *just* THIRTY NINE YEARS AGO...IT *all* HAPPENED IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS....THE PROUD PARENTS GAZED WITH DELIGHT ON THE BLUE-EYED BABY, AND IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT JACK BENNY'S VOICE WAS HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

MEL: (BABY CRIES)

BEA: Look at him, Papa, he's so cute.

KEARNS: Yes....we'll call him Jackie.

BEA: Doctor, I want to ask you something...Oh, I know all parents think their children are unusual..but honestly, Doctor, isn't our Jackie different from most babies?

NELSON: Oooooooh, is he!

BEA: Look at little Jackie, Papa...he's got your mouth

KEARNS: And he's got your nose.

BEA: And he's got your eyes.

wb

KEARNS: And he's got your ears.

BEA: And look at his hair.

NELSON: That's mine, it slipped off.

MEL: (CRIES)

BEA: There there, Jackie, quiet now.

NELSON: Now Mr. Benny, about my fee -

KEARNS: Don't worry, Doctor, just mail your bill, and my son Jackie will send you a check.

NELSON: Thank you very -- wait a minute...your son here...Jackie... he's only a few minutes old...how can he send me a check?

KEARNS: I don't know how he did it, but he already saved eight hundred dollars.

MEL: (COOS HAPPILY)

JESSEL: AND SO THE LITTLE BABY BEGAN TO GROW AND MAKE RAPID PROGRESS... AT THE AGE OF SIX MONTHS HE ASTOUNDED MEDICAL SCIENCE BECAUSE HE HAD THIRTY-TWO TEETH...ALL UPERS...^{Oh}BUT JACKIE WAS A HAPPY LITTLE CHILD.... AND ALL DAY LONG HE USED TO SIT IN HIS CRIB PLAYING WITH HIS TOYS.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

MEL: (GURGLES HAPPILY)

JESSEL: AS HE GREW OLDER, HIS PARENTS GAVE HIM EVERYTHING HE WANTED. BUT JACKIE WASN'T AN ONLY CHILD...HE HAD A YOUNGER SISTER NAMED FLORENCE...TODAY HE HAS AN OLDER SISTER NAMED FLORENCE... ..THE YEARS PASSED AND FINALLY JACKIE ENTERED SCHOOL.... ~~AND~~ AS A STUDENT HE WAS EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT. PARTICULARLY IN ARITHMETIC.

wb

ATX01 0181397

BLANCHE: And now for the next question, I will call on Jackie Benny.

HARRY: Yes, teacher.

BLANCHE: Now Jackie, if you loaned ten dollars to Albert and five dollars to Irving and fifteen dollars to Tommy...and they all paid you back at once, how much money would you have?

HARRY: Thirty-one dollars.

BLANCHE: I'm sorry, Jackie...but the correct answer is thirty dollars.

HARRY: What about the interest?

BLANCHE: Oh yes, I forgot...And that reminds me, Jackie...I'll pay you the money I owe you Friday.

HARRY: ^{Good} Good, good...then I'll give you back your wrist watch!

JESSEL: IT WAS EASY TO SEE THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT JACKIE THAT WAS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER BOYS....IN HIS CLASS THERE WAS ONE LITTLE BOY WHO LIVED NEAR THE STOCKYARDS...THERE WAS ANOTHER WHOSE HOME WAS ABOVE A LIVERY STABLE...AND STILL ANOTHER WHO LIVED NEXT DOOR TO A GLUE FACTORY...YET JACKIE WAS THE ONLY KID IN THE CLASS CALLED "STINKY".^{However -} ^{that} SOMEHOW HE SEEMED TO KNOW HE WAS DESTINED FOR A MUSICAL CAREER...AND FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS HE TOOK VIOLIN LESSONS REGULARLY.

JACK: (PLAYS VIOLIN EXERCISES....HITS CLINKER)

MEL: No no no...how many times must I tell you...smoothly... smoothly....

HARRY: I'm sorry.

MEL: Play it again.. only this time hold the bow with one hand, you're not Ty Cobb.

HARRY: I'll try.

MEL: Not today...ze lesson, she is over...

wb

HARRY: Oh...well, goodbye, Professor.

MEL: Wait...you did not pay me.

HARRY: Huh?

MEL: Monsieur Benny, I want my money.

JESSEL: BUT JACK WAS PERSISTENT ABOUT HIS VIOLIN PLAYING AND HE
TOOK LESSONS...YEAR --

MEL: Monsieur Benny, my money.

JESSEL: AFTER YEAR....

MEL: Monsieur Benny, my money.

JESSEL: AFTER YEAR.

MEL: (CRYING) Please, Monsieur Benny, my money.

JESSEL: FINALLY CAME THE DAY OF HIS GRADUATION FROM ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

It...IT WAS A PROUD MOMENT FOR JACK AND HIS PARENTS...THAT
WAS THE DAY THAT HE PUT ON HIS FIRST PAIR OF LONG PANTS...
THEY LOOKED KIND OF BULKY OVER HIS DIAPERS...AS HE WAS
~~PREPARING~~ ^{about} TO LEAVE THE HOUSE, HIS PARENTS, LOOKED AT HIM
PROUDLY AND SAID:

BEA: Jackie, we're proud of you.

JOHNNY: Thanks, Mother, and I'm so excited.

KEARNS: Look at him, Mama, doesn't he look handsome?

BEA: *It* He should look handsome..he's got your mouth.

KEARNS: And he's got your nose.

BEA: And he's got your eyes.

NELSON: And he's still got my hair.

BEA: You'll get it, you'll get it, let him graduate first...And *Papa*
we want to get there early, he's gonna play a violin solo.

JACK: (PLAYS END OF "LOVE IN BLOOM")

wb

JOHNNY: Friends, relatives, teachers, and fellow graduates. Your kind reception to my musical offering has filled my little heart with joy. But I don't deserve all this applause alone.. Some of the glory must be shared by my music teacher...that wonderful man...that brilliant genius...that great --

MEL: (SCREAMING) NEVER MIND THE COMPLIMENTS, I WANT MY MONEY!

JESSEL: JACK BENNY'S SCHOOLING AND VIOLIN STUDY WAS INTERRUPTED BY WORLD WAR ONE WHEN HE ENTERED THE ARMED FORCES..HE WAS REALLY ^{much} TO YOUNG TO GO, BUT HIS FATHER WAS ON ^{the} ~~HIS~~ DRAFT BOARD...AND SO, EARLY IN 1917, WE FIND JACK ^{Benny} NO LONGER A BOY, BUT A MAN, READY TO ENTER THE NAVY.

JACK: Goodbye, Papa.

KEARNS: Go, already.

JESSEL: ^{And so} WITH THE WAR ^{was} OVER, JACK WENT HOME BUT HIS PARENTS HAD MOVED...SO HE DECIDED ON VAUDEVILLE AS A CAREER...

(CONTINUED)

JESSEL: IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME THAT MANY CHANGES TOOK PLACE IN
 (CON'T) THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD..NEW INNOVATIONS HAD COME ALONG...*The*
 RADIO...TALKING PICTURES...AND IN ONE PICTURE CALLED
 "LUCKY BOY"...A HANDSOME YOUNG LEADING MAN NAMED, GEORGIE
 JESSEL SCORED AN IMMEDIATE SMASH HIT WHEN HE SANG--
 (SINGS) ONE BRIGHT AND GUIDING LIGHT *Jack: Georgie.*
 THAT TAUGHT ME WRONG FROM RIGHT
 I FOUND IN MY MOTHER'S EYES.

JACK: ~~(SOTTO) What?~~ *Georgie.*

JESSEL: (SINGS) THOSE FAIRY TALES SHE TOLD *Jack: Georgie*
 THAT ROADWAY PAVED WITH GOLD
 I FOUND IN MY -----

JACK: GEORGIE! ME! ME! ^{*etc*} MY LIFE STORY!

JESSEL: ~~Oh yes,~~ ^{*oh yes*} sorry...WITH THE ADVENT OF RADIO, MANY NEW STARS
 WERE MADE OVERNIGHT...AND ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST WAS THE
 MAN WHO ALWAYS OPENED HIS SHOW WITH --

JACK: Hello again.

JESSEL: FROM THIS HE BECAME A STAR!.....WHEN JACK REALIZED THAT HE
 WAS A BIG HIT ~~ON~~ ^{*in*} RADIO, HE DECIDED TO GET HIS OWN PROGRAM
and FIRST HE LOOKED FOR AN ANNOUNCER. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK
 FAR BECAUSE DON WILSON WAS EVERYHERE .

JACK: So you want to be a radio announcer, eh?

DON: Yes, sir.

JACK: Have you had any experience?

DON: A little.

JACK: Well, before I hire you. I'd like ^{*see*} ~~to~~ ^{*please*} ~~you~~ audition ~~you~~.

DON: Yes, sir...listen to this..L S, M F T ..L S, M F T..LUCKY
 STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO...

RJ

JACK: Very good. *Very good.*

DON: FRIENDS, WE SAY, "LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!" -- AND YOU HAVE A PERFECT RIGHT TO KNOW WHY WE MAKE THAT STATEMENT.

JACK: *Well, we -* Certainly, ~~we~~ do.

DON: SO HERE ARE THE FACTS..THE TASTE OF ANYTHING DEPENDS ON TWO THINGS. --FIRST, WHAT IT'S MADE OF, SECOND, HOW IT'S PUT TOGETHER.

JACK: Well, that's logical.

DON: NOW, TO GET BETTER TASTE IN A CIGARETTE, YOU MUST BEGIN WITH FINE TOBACCO. THAT'S RIGHT, THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR FINE TOBACCO. --AND DON'T LET ANYBODY TELL YOU DIFFERENT.

JACK: *Oh,* I won't, I won't! And take your knee out of my stomach.

DON: SO..LS/MFT...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

JESSEL: *Just* SO DON WILSON WAS HIRED...EVEN THOUGH AT THAT TIME JACK WAS ON FOR JELLO.....ONE OF THE FRESHEST THINGS ABOUT JACK'S SHOW WAS THE NEW TALENT HE ALWAYS FOUND FOR IT.... AND HE USUALLY MET THESE SUPPORTING PLAYERS ~~ON HIS RADIO PROGRAM~~ IN UNUSUAL PLACES...FOR INSTANCE, ONE DAY, WHILE HE WAS SHOPPING ---

JACK: Oh Miss, do you have dental floss?

MARY: Yes, the May Company has everything..and..say, you have all uppers, haven't you?

JACK: Hey, you notice everything ... You're pretty cute.. how about having dinner with me tonight?

MARY: I'm sorry, but I never let strangers buy me dinner.

JACK: Good, good...you're my type.

MARY: Look, Mister, you better stop annoying me.

MEL: (OFF STAGE..NOT SEEN BY AUDIENCE..DEEP VOICE) Hey Mary, you want me to come over there and punch him in the nose?

MARY: (UP) It's all right, Babe, I can handle him myself.

JESSEL: YES ^{and} THAT WAS HOW JACK FIRST MET MARY LIVINGSTONE ..HE TOOK HER AWAY FROM THE MAY COMPANY AND MADE HER A STAR...THEN ONE DAY JACK WAS CROSSING VINE STREET, HE STEPPED OFF THE CURB, AND ---

(SOUND: TRIPPING NOISE)

JACK: Ooops, sorry, I almost tripped over you...I didn't see you.

PHIL: I didn't see you either, I was face down.

JESSEL: ^{And} SO PHIL HARRIS ~~ALSO~~ JOINED THE SHOW...NOW THAT JACK HAD AN ORCHESTRA, HE NEEDED A SINGER, AND HE AUDITIONED DOZENS OF THEM...ONE DAY HE LISTENED TO A NEWCOMER...A SHY, APPLE CHEEKED ^{young} LAD WITH THE FACE OF A CHERUB AND A BEAUTIFUL VOICE... WHEN HE FINISHED SINGING, JACK SAID...

JACK: So your name is Dennis Day?

DENNIS: Yeah, you wanna make something out of it?

JACK: Hmm.

JESSEL: JACK HIRED THIS TALENTED YOUNG TENOR ..AND AFTER FOUR OR FIVE YEARS, WITH NO OUTSIDE HELP, HE ALMOST DROVE JACK NUTS. ^{Since} WITH HIS CAST COMPLETED, JACK DECIDED TO MOVE INTO A NEW HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS WITH HIS FAITHFUL VALET, ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BOSS, THIS HOUSE IS SURE BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: Yes, it is, Rochester...but you know, I've been thinking.

ROCH: ABOUT WHAT?

JACK: Well...a house isn't really a home without a woman.

wb

ROCH: WANT ME TO GET MARRIED?

JACK: Never mind.

JESSEL: AND SO JACK MOVED INTO HIS NEW HOME IN WHICH HE STILL RESIDES...THE HOUSE ^{is} WAS LOCATED IN BEVERLY HILLS. THE DAY HE MOVED IN, HIS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR EXCLAIMED

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) About the fence, Benita, do you ^{honestly think that} ~~think~~ twenty feet will be high enough?

JESSEL: AND SO, ^{distinguished guests --} LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THAT BRINGS US UP TO THE PRESENT...HERE AT JACK'S TESTIMONIAL DINNER...AND WHILE WE ~~MAY~~ HAVE KIDDED HIM TONIGHT ABOUT THOSE VARIOUS

CHARACTERISTICS HE HAS ASSUMED ON HIS RADIO PROGRAMS MERELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING ^{making you} LAUGHS ~~I~~ ^{you} THINK THAT WE WHO KNOW ^{him} JACK BEST WILL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT HE IS ONE OF ^{say of Jack Benny that he is a fine comedian and a fine man.} NATURE'S GENTLEMEN. ^{Jack} I THANK YOU...Well, that's the speech, ~~Jack~~... how do you like it?

BJ

JACK: (ALMOST CRYING) *It's so beautiful Georgie - really beautiful.*
~~It was beautiful, George... beautiful.~~

JESSEL: *Well* I'm so glad you like it, Jack. *Well - I gotta*
~~Now I better be running along..~~
I'll see you in New York.

JACK: So long, Georgie.

JESSEL: So long, Jack.

~~ROCH: OH MR. JESSEL, HERE'S YOUR APRON:~~

~~JESSEL: Thank you, Rochester,~~

~~ROCH: AND DON'T FORGET, YOU SERVE FROM THE LEFT AND TAKE FROM THE
RIGHT.~~

~~JESSEL: I know, I know.~~

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Well,* (CALLS) Have you got the bags all packed, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Well, you can take them out to the airport now, and I'll meet
you out there as soon as I finish my television show.

ROCH: SAY, THAT'S RIGHT, THAT IS TONIGHT, ISN'T IT, BOSS?

JACK: Certainly, I go on in a couple of minutes.

ROCH: OKAY BOSS, I'LL TAKE THE--WAIT A MINUTE..WHAT'S THE RECEIVER
DOING OFF THE PHONE?

JACK: Huh? Oh my goodness...I was talking to Phil and I told him
to hold the wire...I wonder if--

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hello, Phil, are you still there?

PHIL: Yeah, go ahead, Jackson, ask me, *ask me -- ask me!*

Phil - well all night, Phil -

JACK: Okay *why* won't the girls who live in the Rockies take sun baths?

PHIL: Because the Mountain..Peaks... HA HA HA, OH HARRIS, YOU MAY *had to* HAVE ~~WAITED~~ TWENTY MINUTES BUT *you got it in there.* ~~IT WAS WORTH IT.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

JACK: Come, Rochester, let's go.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, with hostilities still continuing in Korea, ten million people have become homeless and destitute. These people are in desperate need of clean used clothing. Clothing gifts by groups and individuals should be made through your local American Relief for Korea. For further information, contact the American Relief for Korea, 133 East 39th Street, New York, New York.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1951
(TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 10, 1951.)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MARTIN: LUCKIES.....TASTE.....BETTER!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies taste better - and one big reason is - they're made better. Conclusive new proof reveals that Lucky Strike is the best-made of all five principal brands of cigarettes!

MARTIN: This is not a claim, but a fact - verified by leading laboratory consultants. Earlier you heard the report of Foster D. Snell, Inc. of New York. Now listen to the report of Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia.

SHARBUTT: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best made of these five major brands.

MARTIN: Yes, this authentic new proof sweeps away the smoke screen of empty claims made for other cigarettes...double talk like this --

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARDS - 5 SECONDS AND OUT)

SHARBUTT: Words...empty promises...don't be misled by them. Remember the facts. Remember IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Remember Luckies are made better. Remember Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

ATX01 0181408

(TAG)

Thank you, Georgie Jessel.

JACK:

1 Ladies and gentlemen, in just a few minutes when this program goes off the air, those of you who haven't had enough of me can see me on television...So I'll see you in a few minutes....Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

d

DON:

This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station...The Jack Benny program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service....~~Transcribed....~~

Annou.

The Jack Benny Program was transcribed and
THIS IS THE CBS...RADIO...NETWORK.

PROGRAM #9
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1951

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

(TRANSCRIBED OCTOBER 25, 1951)

ATX01 0181410

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1951 (TAPED OCT. 25, 1951)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

MARTIN: And now, your attention, please --

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARDS. 5 SECONDS. OUT)

SHARBUTT: Double-talk ... words about noses ... words about throats...
empty promises ... cigarette advertising is filled with
them. But now this smoke screen of double talk is swept
away by facts ... not claims ... facts. Here they are ...

MARTIN: A month-after-month cigarette quality comparison ... based
on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical
proves -- Lucky Strike -- by a wide margin - is the best
made of all five principal brands of cigarettes.

SHARBUTT: That's a fact ... a fact verified by leading laboratory
consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell, Inc., of
New York City report.

MARTIN: In our opinion, the properties measured are all important
factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude
that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five major
brands.

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies are made better -- always so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw -- with no
annoying loose ends to spoil their taste ... a big reason
why Luckies taste better --

MARTIN: So when choosing your cigarette don't be misled by the
smoke screen of claims made by other cigarettes. Remember
the facts. Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the
cigarette that's made better, the cigarette that tastes
better -- Lucky Strike! Get a carton today!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

RTX01 0181411

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LAST FRIDAY NIGHT, THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD HONORED JACK BENNY'S TWENTY YEARS ON RADIO WITH A BANQUET AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA IN NEW YORK. SO NOW, LET'S LOOK IN ON THE SUPER CHIEF, WHERE WE FIND JACK AND THE GANG SPEEDING BACK TO HOLLYWOOD.

(SOUND: TRAIN WHEELS...TRAIN WHISTLE...TRAIN WHEELS FADE)

JACK: Hmm, I can't understand it.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Nothing in Louella Parson's column about the testimonial dinner they gave me... Oh Mary, you've got the other Los Angeles papers...Is there anything in Hedda Hopper's column?

MARY: Yes, but not about you.

JACK: I can't understand it, I always say nice things about her hats...Oh well...

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MARY: SAY DON, LOOK AT ALL THESE ACTION PICTURES ON THE NOTRE DAME - MICHIGAN STATE FOOTBALL GAME.

DON: YEAH.. LOOK AT THAT SHOE STRING TACKLE.

MARY: GEE, EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT THAT GAME.

JACK: Hmm, nothing about me in Sid Skolsky's column...nor Shelia Graham's either.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MARY: Oh Jack, here's something in Harrison Carroll's column.

JACK: WHERE WHERE...WHAT WHAT WHAT...WHERE WHERE...WHERE IS IT, MARY?...WHERE IS IT, MARY? *Whue - what?*

MARY: I'll give it to you, get up off your knees.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry...What does it say?

MARY: It says..."WHAT RADIO COMEDIAN, WHO IS HEARD ON WHAT NIGHT, FOR WHAT SPONSOR, IS HAVING WHAT TROUBLE WITH HIS WHO?... AND HOW!"

JACK: Hmm, I wonder who that can be?

MARY: Sounds like what's-his-name.

JACK: Maybe, I never even thought of him, *what girl has a terrible cold and can hardly talk today? Now let's see -*
(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: *Hey.* Hey...Here's something about me in Jimmy Starr's column...

"AT THE MOCAMBO LAST NIGHT, GARY COOPER WAS SEEN DOING THE RHUMBA WITH THE SHAPELY JACK BENNY." ...Well, that's the silliest thing I've ever heard, I wasn't even there.

MARY: Let's see that.

JACK: Here...Imagine, shapely Jack Benny.

MARY: That's Joan Bennett, put on your glasses.

JACK: Oh yes.. Gee, I can't get over it...not one item about my banquet. I don't mind for myself, but they must be sizzling at the Waldorf.

DON: Don't worry, Jack, somebody'll mention it. Anyway, you should feel proud. The Fria's really gave you a wonderful banquet.

JACK: You said it, Don. I've been to thousands of dinners given to personalities and celebrities...but I don't know, there was something different about this one.

MARY: Yeah, it's the first time the guest of honor did the catering.

JACK: I did not...only the French Pastry.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: When Georgie Jessel introduced Jack, they had to page him in the kitchen.

JACK: Mary, I just stepped in to check ^{...chick} my cream puffs, he would pick that time to introduce me... Anyway, Mary you had a good time.

MARY: *Oh*, I certainly did, Jack...And so did my sister, Babe. With all those celebrities there, she was ^{really} in her glory.

JACK: Mary, I wanted to talk to you about that. From now on, when Babe goes to one of these big affairs, you'll have to tell her.

MARY: Tell her what?

JACK: She's there to wrestle, not to mingle with the guests.

MARY: Oh, stop.

JACK: *Oh*, Don, what's that you're reading?

DON: *Oh*, This is a book about ~~show-business~~ ^{the theatre - its called "Show Biz From} called "Vaud to Video" by Abel Green and Joe Laurie Junior.

JACK: Oh yes.. I read it and it's wonderful. ^{You know} The authors sent me an autographed copy.

MARY: Oh, how nice.. Jack, would you lend it to me?

JACK: I wish you'd asked me sooner, I sold it...Don, hand me the rest of those papers.

(SOUND TRAIN WHISTLE AND WHEELS UP AND DOWN)

JESTER: Say Malcolm, Malcolm--

ROY: What is it, Jerome?

JESTER: You see these shoes I'm shinning ~~here?~~

ROY: Yeah... who they belong to?

JESTER: You know...that elderly gentleman in Lower Eight.

ROY: Lower Eight.. ^{Oh yeah -} That's Mr. Benny.

JESTER: Jack Benny?...Doggone, I'd never recognize him...He looks younger on television.

ROY: Well, those make-up men have a way of takin' the wear and tear off of ya.

JESTER: A-mazing! ^{Amazing!} Well, what about Mr. Benny's hair?...In television it's brown.

ROY: IT'S NOT ONLY BROWN BUT IT'S THERE.

JESTER: A-MAZING!

(BOTH PORTERS LAUGH)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JESTER: WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE.

ROY: GOOD MORNING, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: AND A GOOD GOOD MORNING TO YOU, GENTLEMEN. SAY, ~~DON'T~~ ^{those shoes} ~~THOSE SHOES~~ BELONG TO MY BOSS? ^{you're shinning - don't they}

JESTER: Yeah... How'd you know?

ROCH: THE LEFT ONE HAS A BUTTON MISSING.

ROY: Oh, yeah ^{yeah}... Well, look here Malcolm.. Mr. Benny left a silver dollar in his shoe for a tip.

ROCH: THAT AIN'T A TIP. ^{no} ~~MR. BENNY KEEPS HIS MONEY THERE... HIS USUAL TIP IS A DIME.~~ ^{He wants that shined, too.}

JESTER: No kidding.

ROCH: ~~YEAH, AND IF YOU WANT YOUR DIME, YOU BETTER SHINE THAT DOLLAR, TOO.~~

ROY: Tell me, Rochester...Is Mr. Benny ^{really} ~~always~~ this cheap?

ROCH: OH NO! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT ONE TIME A PANHANDLER ASKED HIM FOR A NICKEL FOR A CUP OF COFFEE AND HE GAVE HIM FIFTY CENTS.

ROY: When was that?

ROCH: THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL.

BOTH PORTERS: A-MAZING!

(SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE...TRAIN WHEELS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Hmm, nothing in Erskine Johnson's column either.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER.)

MARY: Oh Jack, don't be such a ham. You got a free dinner, so why don't you forget it.

JACK: Well, I still think --

PHIL: ^{hey} Hi ya, kids... ^{hey look} ~~Say~~, Mary, how about a game of gin...Do you want to play?

MARY: No thanks, Phil, I'm reading.

JACK: Say, I'll play with you, Phil.

PHIL: Oh no, I don't wanta play with you.

JACK: Why not?

PHIL: Whenever you lose, you get sore and gripe and yell....And then you put your toupay on backwards for luck.

JACK: ~~Who, no?~~ ^{Oh you're just mad because I won so many games from you yesterday.}

JS

PHIL: *How could you leave*
~~Yes, you... And yesterday when we played, you insisted on~~
wearing that Japanese Kimona.

JACK: What ^{was} wrong with me wearing a Japanese Kimona?

PHIL: You had Rochester in one the sleeves handing cards to you.

JACK: Oh, stop dreaming things up.

Phil: See you later. Madame Butterfly. Jack: Go, go already.

DON: Say Jack, why don't you ask Dennis?..He might play cards with you.

JACK: *oh,* That's right...Where is he?

DON: There he is, way up at the front end of the car.

JACK: Oh yes... (OFF MIKE) HEY DENNIS, DENNIS--

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack, don't yell like that...We're not the only people in this car.

JACK: What's the difference?... (OFF MIKE) HEY DENNIS, YOU WANT TO PLAY SOME GIN RUMMY?

DENNIS: (OFF MIKE) NOT WITH YOU, MR. BENNY...YOU NEVER PAY OFF.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Hmmm.

DENNIS: (OFF MIKE) ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MISS LIVINGSTONE?

JACK: QUIET...WE'RE NOT THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THIS CAR... I guess I put that kid in his place.

(SOUND: TRAIN DOOR OPENS...LOUD TRAIN NOISE...DOOR CLOSES...NOISES OUT...BRISK FOOTSTEPS WHICH CONTINUE)

JACK: Here comes Rochester... OH ROCHESTER, HOW ABOUT A GAME OF GIN RUMMY?

ROCH: OKAY, YOU GET THE SUCKER, I'LL GET THE KIMONA.

JACK: I don't mean that, I want to play with you.

ROCH: NO THANKS, I NEVER GAMBLE.

JACK: What? When did you stop gambling?

JS

ROCH: A COUPLE WEEKS AGO AT TANFORAN WHEN I BET ON OUR FANCY....
WHAT A HORSE THAT WAS.

MARY: When did he come in?

ROCH: IN THE COOL, COOL, COOL OF THE EVENING.

JACK: Oh well, I'll find somebody on the train to play with me.

(SOUND: FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS...TRAIN DOOR OPENS...LOUD
TRAIN NOISE...DOOR CLOSES...NOISES DOWN....
DINNER GONG FADING ON)

ROY: (FADING IN) Dinner now being served in the diner ..First call
for dinner... (FADING OFF) Dinner now being served in
the diner.

JACK: *Hey,* What do you say, Mary? Shall we have something to eat?

MARY: Right now, Jack? We usually wait till the second call.

JACK: Nah...let's eat now.

MARY: (RESIGNED) Okay, boost me up to the baggage rack and I'll
get the sandwiches.

JACK: Never mind the sandwiches...It's our last chance to eat in the
diner...Come on, Mary, I'll treat you to a meal...I'll ask
Dennis, too. ~~Where is he?~~

~~MARY: He just stepped into this compartment.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

~~(SOUND: LIGHT TRAIN NOISES...BUZZER)~~

~~DENNIS: (OFF) Come in.~~

Jack: Hey Dennis
~~(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)~~

Dennis: Yeah.
JACK: ~~Hey~~ Dennis, what do you say to a little grub?

DENNIS: Hi ya, Grubby.

JACK: -Dennis, I meant would you like something to eat? Mary and I
are going to ~~the diner~~ *dinner.*

DENNIS: *Oh.* No thanks, ~~not now.~~ *I was just going into my compartment to* I'm just gonna go over the song I'm
gonna do on the show.

JACK: Oh say, ~~I'm glad I dropped in.~~ *Come on, Mary.* I want to hear that. What are
you gonna sing, Dennis?

DENNIS: Well, since it's Armistice Day, *and both you & I were in the navy* I'm going to do a medley of
songs honoring our Armed Forces.

JACK: Oh, that's swell. Let's hear it.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - ARMED FORCES MEDLEY)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That} That was wonderful, Dennis.

MARY: Say Dennis, Jack and I are going to the diner, would you like to join us?

DENNIS:Well...

JACK: Come on, Dennis, join us.

DENNIS: Okay, I now pronounce you man and wife.

JACK: Now cut that out! Come on, Mary, let's go before he starts throwing rice.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, LIGHT TRAIN NOISES)

JACK: Sometimes that kid --

(SOUND: TRAIN DOOR OPENS... NOISES UP LOUD ... DOOR CLOSES ... NOISES DOWN)

JACK:Drives me nuts.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES)

JACK: OH STEWARD, STEWARD.

~~NELSON: HOW DO YOU DO.~~

~~JACK: Steward, I was wondering if~~

^{well,}
NELSON: ~~Or,~~ it's you, Mr. Benny...

JACK: Yes, do you have a table for two. We want to eat.

NELSON: Eat?

JACK: That's right.

NELSON: OOOOOCHHH, THEN I WIN.

JACK: Win?

NELSON: The waiters bet you'd hold out ^{all the way to} till Los Angeles, but I took a long shot on Albuerquerque.

MARY: Jack, ^{Jack -} I'm hungry, let's not just stand here.

JS

NELSON: Here's a table right here.

JACK: Thanks.

(SOUND: CHAIRS MOVED)

NELSON: Well, are we comfy?

Yeah: Comfy. Comfy.
MARY: Everything's fine, Steward.

NELSON: Good, then what do you say to a little grub?

Well - I'd like -- many - many watch me get him.
JACK: ~~(LAUGHING)~~ Mary, watch this. Ask me that again, Steward.

NELSON: Ask you what?

JACK: What do you say to a little grub?

NELSON: Hi ya, Grubby.

JACK: You see, Mary, it fools them every----Hmmm.

MARY: Jack, what are you gonna eat?

JACK: I don't know...it's hard to decide..that New York cut steak with mushrooms sounds good..then again, the large filet mignon is tempting.

MARY: Let's stop playing and order.

JACK: Okay...Steward, put me down for a hamburger sandwich.

NELSON: I already did.

~~JACK: Easy on the mustard, a drop of ketchup, very little relish
and a slice of Bermuda Onion.~~

~~NELSON: Shall I sprinkle it with sen sen?~~

JACK: Don't be funny, just take the order.

NELSON: I've got it.

JACK: Oh, ^{oh} and Steward...how about some French Pastry?

NELSON: Not this trip, we've got all we can use.

JACK: Hmm, what'll you have, Mary? *many what'll you have?*

I think I'll have
MARY: The roast turkey and a glass of milk.

JS

ATX01 0181421

NELSON: Thank you.

JACK: Oh say Mary, did I tell you that next Tuesday I'm gonna be on Frank Sinatra's television show...Gee, I can hardly wait.

MARY: Why?

JACK: When I stand up there next to Frankie, I look like Victor Mature...Yes sir.

SARA: Pardon me, is this seat taken?

JACK: No no, Miss, sit down.

(SOUND: CHAIR PULLED OUT)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT)...Lovely day, isn't it?

SARA: It sure is.

JACK:Yesterday was ^{rather} a nice ~~day~~, too.

SARA: It sure was.

JACK: ...But then ^{of course -} weather's so unpredictable..tomorrow it might rain.

SARA: It sure might.

JS

ATX01 0181422

JACK: ^{You know -} You never know.

MARY: It's a privilege to sit in on this conversation.

JACK: Mary, you little vixen you..(SILLY LAUGH)...Well
Here comes the food.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Gee, that was a good dinner, wasn't it, Mary?

MARY: It sure was. a

JACK: Mary...Well Miss, I certainly enjoyed talking to you.

SARA: Likewise.

JACK: Steward..Steward..give me the check, please.

NELSON: Yes sir...The three of you on one?

JACK: No no, just Miss Livingstone and myself.

SARA: Wait a minute; ^{what} what about my check?

JACK: Your check? Why, I don't even know you.

SARA: Then what did you start a conversation for?

JACK: What?

SARA: ^{Yeah} If I wanted weather reports, I could read the paper.

JACK: Come on, Mary, ^{come on} let's get out of here.

(SOUND: CHAIRS SCRAPED BACK)

~~JACK: Come on.~~

~~SARA: What a cheap jerk!~~

~~JACK: Come on, Mary, quick.~~

(SOUND: TRAIN DOOR OPENS...TRAIN NOISES LOUD... .

DOOR CLOSES..NOISES DOWN)

JACK: Mary, wasn't that girl awful?

LW

MARY: Well, it's your own fault, Jack. Why do you talk to people you don't even know?

JACK: Mary, if I didn't talk to people I don't know, you'd still be at the May Company.

MARY: Yeah, you and your sweet talk.

JACK: Never mind..Gee, I'd like to play cards..There must be somebody on the train with a little sporting blood....OH HELLO THERE..SAY, WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN PLAYING A GAME OF GIN RUMMY?

HARRY: My mommy never lets me play with strangers.

JACK: Well all right, just a suggestion....Say Mary, I think I'll go to bed, because we get in pretty early.

MARY: Okay, Jack..see you in the morning.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: TRAIN PULLING OUT OF STATION)

JACK: Well Mary, we're pulling out of Pasadena. We'll be in Los Angeles in half an hour.

MARY: Gee, I'll be glad to get home.

DON: Oh, Jack..

JACK: Yes, Don.

DON: These three gentlemen got on at Pasadena. They're newspaper reporters and they want to interview you.

JACK: Oh good. ^{good - where.} ~~who~~ are you gentlemen ~~with~~ ^{from?}

EDDIE: ~~The Anaheim Times~~ ^{from}

KEARNS: ~~The Azusa Press.~~

MEL: ~~The Cucamonga Gazette.~~ ^{and}

JACK: Oh. ^{oh.}

LW

EDDIE: Now Benny, if you talk fast, we can get this interview in our next edition.

JACK: When is that?

KEARNS: Two weeks from Thursday.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Now Mr. Benny, about this dinner they gave you in New York. What was the significance of it?

JACK: Well, ~~Mr. Higgins~~. the Friars gave me this testimonial dinner because this is my twentieth year in radio.

EDDIE: Do you intend to continue with radio or retire?

JACK: Retire? Are you kidding? I'll never quit radio.

KEARNS: You mean to say that you'll be on radio five or ten or fifteen years from now?

JACK: I'll be in radio twenty years from now.

MEL: Twenty years from now..what kind of a program will you be doing then?

JACK: Sit down, gentlemen, and I'll tell you.....When 1971 rolls around, you'll still be hearing....

DON: (OLD MAN VOICE) THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, 1971, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND PLAYS STRAIN OF LOVE IN BLOOM WITH QUIVERING VIOLINS)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE BRING YOU OUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES, JACK BENNY..WHEEL HIM IN, BOYS.

JACK: Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking.....How are you feeling, Don?

LW

DON: I'm feeling fine, Jack, fit as a fiddle. How's your rheumatism?

JACK: Aye?

DON: I SAID, HOW'S YOUR RHEUMATISM?

JACK: A hundred per cent, it's up to my ears now...Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

Jack: Your cold fits now. Let's take it again. Oh hello Mary. Mary: Hello Jack.
JACK: Aye?..What's that?

MARY: Read my lips, you old fossil.

JACK: I would if you could move the darn things. Say Mary, you're looking good, did you have your face lifted again?

MARY: Nope, had it lowered this time..couldn't get my hat on.

JACK: Aye?

MARY: I said I couldn't get my hat on.

JACK: Yup, you are puttin' a lot of fat on.....Well, well, here comes Dennis Day.

well.
DENNIS: Hello, everyone..hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis, you've been on the show thirty-two years and you're still calling me Mr. Benny. You don't have to be so formal, you can call me by my first name.

DENNIS: I'll be glad to..what is it?

JACK: What is it?..Dennis, how you ever got married and raised a family, I'll never know. How many kids have you got now?

DENNIS: Thirteen.

JACK: Thirteen kids?

DENNIS: Yup, one for every month of the year.

JACK: Dennis, there are only twelve months in the year.

DENNIS: NOW HE TELLS ME.

LW

JACK: Everybody said, "Wait till he grows up, maybe he'll get smarter"...Oh well, what are you gonna sing tonight, Dennis?

DENNIS: That song that's Number One on the Hit Parade.

JACK: What is it?

DENNIS: "When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

JACK: *Yep - it took a long time but it finally got there.*
~~Oh yes, that sure turned out great.~~

DON: Jack, before Dennis sings, I've got the Sportsmen Quartet here.

JACK: Good good, let's have the commercial.

1 LW

RTX01 0181427

(INTRO)

QUART: IN THIS MODERN DAY AND AGE
FOR ONE THING WE ARE GLAD
A LUCKY'S STILL THE FAVORITE SMOKE
THE BEST YOU'VE EVER HAD.
SO WHEN YOU PLAN THAT TRIP TO MARS
TAKE LUCKIES BY THE CASE
FOR GOOD OLD L S M F T'S
THE FAVORITE ANYPLACE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY

(BREAK WITH FLAT LAST NOTE)

JACK: Someday he's gonna make it.

QUART: JACK STILL HAS HIS MAXWELL CAR
BUT IT HAS ^{is} CHANGED YOU KNOW
HE WIRED SOME ROCKETS ON THE SIDE
NOW YOU SHOULD SEE IT GO.
AND PLASTIC PLANES ARE NOW THE THING
ATOMIC ENGINES MOVE THEM
BUT LUCKY STRIKE'S ARE STILL THE SAME
YOU REALLY CAN'T IMPROVE 'EM.
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(BREAK WITH RIGHT LAST NOTE)

LW

JACK: Doggone, he made it.

QUART: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO, L S M F T

AND LUCKY STRIKE'S TASTE BETTER, TOO

JUST TRY ONE AND YOU'LL SEE.

BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY

BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE

BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY

GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(APPLAUSE)

LW

ATX01 0181429

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Very good, boys, very good..And by the way fellows, I want you to come over and sing at my birthday party next week.

MARY: Say, how old are you gonna be, Jack?

JACK: Well..I guess I'll have to admit it..I finally made it.

MARY: Made what?

JACK: Forty..People started to talk so I thought I'd better--

DON: Say Jack, here comes Phil Harris.

JACK: Oh Beldy, eh? (He lost his hair, folks)..But he's still got a curly scalp.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson, glad to see you up and around.

JACK: What do you mean, you're glad to see me up and around? You just saw me five minutes ago.

PHIL: I know, but at our age, I like to keep checking.

JACK: Oh..Well, you're looking pretty good, Phil.

PHIL: Remember what I told you twenty years ago. That stuff preserves you, preserves you.

JACK: Hee hoo hoo hee.

PHIL: And say, Jackson.

JACK: What?

PHIL: ~~You'll~~ never ^{gonna} believe it, but it finally happened.

JACK: What happened?

PHIL: This morning Alice came to me for money.

JACK: Well, what do you know..

2. LW

ATX01 0181430

PHIL: Say Jackson--

JACK: What is it, Phil?

PHIL: Glad to see you up and around.

JACK: Forget it, forget it...And now, folks, for our feature attraction tonight--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

ROCH: (OLD MAN VOICE) HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Rochester, you're supposed to change your voice.

ROCH: I DID, BUT YOU CAN'T NOTICE IT.

JACK: Well, what did you call for?

ROCH: I WANTED TO TELL YOU I'LL BE BY IN FIFTEEN MINUTES TO PICK YOU UP IN THE MAXWELL.

JACK: Don't bother, Rochester, I'll get home without it.

ROCH: I WISH YOU'DA TOLD ME SOONER, I ALREADY HITCHED UP THE HORSE.

JACK: Well, unhitch him.

ROCH: I CAN'T, HE'S ON HIS KNEELS AND READY TO GO.

JACK: Well okay, I'll be waiting for you...Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE...OH SAY, BOSS.

JACK: What?

ROCH: IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU'RE UP AND AROUND.

JACK: Never mind, Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Well, it's time for a band number..Go ahead, Phil, play something.

PHIL: What do you want me to play?

JACK: Don't make no difference, I can't hear it anyway.

MARY: Hee hee hee hee hee hee hee.

JACK: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: The clarinet player's got so many wrinkles, he can't find his mouth.

JACK: Doggone, if we were able to move him, I'd fire him...
Play, Phil.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, with hostilities still continuing in Korea, ten million people have become homeless and destitute. These people are in desperate need of clean used clothing. Clothing gifts by groups and individuals should be made through your local American Relief for Korea. For further information, contact the American Relief for Korea, 133 East 39th Street, New York, New York.
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOV. 11, 1951 (TAPED OCT. 25, 1951)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MARTIN: Luckies taste.....better!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies taste better -- and one big reason is --
they're made better. Conclusive new proof reveals that
Lucky Strike is the best-made of all five principal brands
of cigarettes!

MARTIN: This is not a claim, but a fact-- verified by leading
laboratory consultants. Earlier you heard the report of
Foster D. Snell, Inc. of New York. Now listen to the
report of Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia.

SHARBUTT: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made
of these five major brands.

MARTIN: Yes, this authentic new proof sweeps away the smoke screen
of empty claims made by other cigarettes ... double talk
like this -

SOUND: (TAPE RECORDING PLAYED BACKWARDS. 5 SECONDS AND OUT)

SHARBUTT: Double talk ... words about noses .. words about throats...
emptly promises ... don't be misled by them. Remember the
facts. Remember Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

BJ

ATX01 0181434

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, in a few minutes, Jack will appear on the Lucky Strike television program "This Is Show Business"

JACK: Oh Don, why did you mention it? I wanted to surprise

~~Clifton Fadiman:~~ *everybody.*

MARY: ~~He~~ ^{Don} wanted to warn ~~him.~~ *them.*

JACK: Oh....well, goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike. Consult your newspaper for time and station....The Jack Benny program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.....Transcribed.....
This is ~~the~~ CBS...RADIO...Network!

PROGRAM #10
REVISED SCRIPT

AS AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1951 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

4

BS

ATX01 0181436

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

MARTIN: And now a word of interest to smokers.

SHARBUTT: For years you've heard talk - double talk - words about noses - words about throats ... empty promises ... cigarette advertising is filled with them. Now this smoke screen of double talk is swept away by facts ... not claims ... facts.

MARTIN: The facts are that Luckies' fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into a cigarette that's made better ... that's fully packed ... that has no annoying loose ends to spoil the taste -- a cigarette that's made better in every way.

SHARBUTT: Yes, the facts are that Lucky Strike by a wide margin is the best-made of all five principal brands of cigarettes -- facts proven by a month after month quality comparison based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical.

MARTIN: And these tests - these facts are verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell, Inc. of New York City reports:

SHARBUTT: In our opinion, the properties measured are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five major brands.

GB

(MORE)

ATX01 0181437

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better -- always so mild, so smooth,
so firm and fresh - with better taste in every puff.

SHARBUTT: So prove to yourself the proven facts -- don't be misled
by the smoke screen of claims made by other cigarettes.
Remember the facts and enjoy really fine, mild,
good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better
-- the cigarette that TASTES BETTER -- LUCKY STRIKE!
Try a carton today!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

GB

ATX01 01B1438

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, ORCHESTRA HITS OPENING THEME. ABOUT SIX OR EIGHT
BARS OF THEME, JACK BREAKS IN)

JACK: Okay, Phil:..hold it, hold it, hold it, Phil.....Stop! *Phil. Phil. stay*
stop the music. *stop it.*

(MUSIC STOPS)

PHIL: What's wrong now, Jackson?

JACK: Nothing. We rehearsed enough. We oughta relax a little
before we go on the air.

MARY: Yeah, we'll be on in ten minutes.

DON: Jack, they're starting to let the audience in now.

JACK: Good good.

DON: Gee, I hope we have a full house.

MARY: Oh, we will, Don. People have been standing in line since
four o'clock this morning.

JACK: Gosh, imagine people standing there since four o'clock this
morning just to see my Broadcast.

JACK: Well, that trick of yours helped a little.

DON: What trick?

MARY: Jack put a sign out in front "Martin and Lewis?"

JACK: Oh Stop... Anyway, Don, I want to talk to the audience
before we go on the air...so when the studio fills up, let
me know, *will you.* I'll be in my dressing room.

DON: Okay, Jack.

(SOUND: LITTLE NOISE OF CROWD COMING IN...VOICES ETC.)

ARTIE: This way for the Jack Benny program...don't crowd, please.
single file coming through the door, please.

ROCH: COME ON, ANNABELLE, WE WANNA GET SEATS DOWN IN FRONT SO MR.
BENNY CAN HEAR ME LAUGH AT HIS JOKES.

BS

CARMEN: Okay, Uncle Rochester. How come Mr. Benny gave you the day off?

ROCH: DAY OFF! WHEN YOU HEAR THE JOKES I HAVE TO LAUGH AT, I'M WORKIN', HONEY, I'M WORKIN'!

CARMEN: Do I have to laugh too, Uncle Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH...I'LL NUDGE YOU WITH MY ELBOW....IF IT'S A LITTLE JOKE YOU JUST GIGGLE.

CARMEN: Uh huh.

ROCH: AND IF MR. BENNY TELLS A BIG JOKE, YOU LAUGH REAL LOUD.

CARMEN: What do I do if it's kind of a medium joke?

ROCH: HE DON'T TELL 'EM THAT WAY, HONEY, THEY'RE EITHER GOOD OR BAD...BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL GIVE YOU THE ELBOW...NOW, FOLLOW ME, THERE ARE TWO SEATS IN THE SECOND ROW.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say Phil, I wanta ask you something..Your orchestra was beginning to sound pretty good and then all of a sudden you took the harp out of the band. Why did you do that?

PHIL: I had to get rid of that harp, Jackson.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: I was afraid that someday Remley might wake up, look through it and say, "Holy smoke, I'm in again!"

JACK: Well, that's ridiculous. A harp wouldn't make him think he was in jail.

PHIL: Oh no? Two months ago he cut three of the strings with a hack saw.

JACK: No.

PHIL: Then as he climbed through, the spot light hit him and he yelled, "Don't shoot, I give up."

BS

JACK: Well, that's the most ridiculous thing, ^{that} I ever --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny..I want to talk to you about one of the jokes I have in the script. I don't understand it.

JACK: Which one?

DENNIS: ^{It} This one right here on page four...see?

JACK: Dennis, that's a very simple joke ^{see} you ask me.."Mr. Benny, did you hear about the lumber-jack who was always chasing girls?"...I say, "No"...and you say, "He was sort of a timber wolf.".....get it?

DENNIS: I wish I was taller, those jokes go over my head.

PHIL: You're lucky, kid, it hit me right in the face.

JACK: Look, Dennis, when we come to the joke, I'll just throw you the lead and you say "He was a timber wolf"...that's all.

DENNIS: Okay, but if it doesn't get a laugh, you'll hear from my Mother.

JACK: Oh, get out of here, *will you.*

PHIL: *Hey,* I'm going, too, Jackson. ~~I'll see you later.~~ *shuis.*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Those two make a nice pair...Bourbon and water on the brain.

Sometimes I wonder.
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?...Long Distance? Yes, she's here....I'll call her.

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

JACK: (CALLING) OH, MARY...MARY.....

BS

MARY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) YES, JACK.

JACK: Would you come into my dressing room?

MARY: Okay, but you'll have to leave the door open.

JACK: Now don't be silly. You're wanted on the phone.

MARY: (ON MIKE) Oh.

JACK: It's long distance. Plainfield, New Jersey.

MARY: Gee, it must be Mama!

JACK: ^{It's a} Fine time to call. Five minutes before my broadcast.

MARY: That's all right, she never listens to it anyway...(UP)
HELLO?....OH, HELLO MAMA...I'M FINE....GEE, IT'S NICE OF YOU
TO CALL ME...WHAT?...WHEN WE GO ON THE AIR, YOU WANT ME TO
SAY..."PAPA, DINNER IS READY!"...BUT WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO
.....OH, HE'S IN THE LIVING ROOM AND YOU'RE NOT TALKING TO
HIM.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest.-----

MARY: ^{Oh} Quiet, Jack. WHAT DID YOU SAY, MAMA? ^{Oh} BABE HAS A NEW BOY
FRIEND?.....HE DOES? WELL, HE CERTAINLY IS INDUSTRIOUS.

JACK: What is it, Mary, what is it?

MARY: My sister Babe has a new boy friend and he has two jobs.

JACK: Two jobs!

MARY: WHAT KIND OF WORK DOES HE DO, MAMA?.....OH.

JACK: What is it, Mary, what does he do?

MARY: During the day he drives a garbage truck, and at night he's
a test pilot in an Air-wick factory....~~WHAT DID YOU SAY,~~

~~MAMA?...THEY'LL BE MARRIED AS SOON AS BABE GETS BACK FROM~~

~~NEW YORK? I DIDN'T KNOW BABE WAS IN.....NO...(LAUGHS).....~~

~~THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER HEARD. (LAUGHS)....GOODBYE,~~

MAMA, THANKS FOR CALLING.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

BS

ATX01 0181442

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Mary, what's so funny?

MARY: My sister Babe went to New York last week and when she checked into a hotel, the bell-boy showed her to her room, put down the luggage and started toward the door.

(LAUGHS)

JACK: Yes....yes....go on.

MARY: Then he stopped, took another look at Babe and...(LAUGHS)

JACK: And what?

MARY: He went back and tore the Beauty Rest label off the mattress.

JACK: ~~That I can believe.~~ *You know, Mary - your mother -*

DON: Oh, Jack... ~~Jack~~

~~JACK: What is it, Don?~~

DON: We'll be on the air in five minutes. If you want to talk to the audience, you better get started.

JACK: Okay. Everybody on stage.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES UP AND DOWN)

ROCH: IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, ANNABELLE.

CARMEN: You know, Uncle Rochester, Mr. Benny don't look so very old.. I think he's tall, cute and handsome.

ROCH: YOU'RE LOOKING AT MR. HARRIS, HONEY...HIS HAIR IS CURLY

CARMEN: Well, what kind of hair has Mr. Benny got?

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S HAIR IS..OH-OH, I'M IN FOR IT, I STILL GOT IT IN MY POCKET....HERE HE COMES NOW, HONEY....REMEMBER, LAUGH WHEN I GIVE YOU THE ELBOW.

~~JACK: (FADING IN) WELL, WELL, WELL...HELLO, EVERYBODY.~~

~~(APPLAUSE, WHISTLES AND CHEERS)~~

ES

JACK: Well, folks, we start our broadcast in a few minutes...and before we...(SNEEZES)...(I hope I'm not catching cold. Darn that Rochester)...And before we do, I want to tell you a gag that'll kill ya. You see, the holiday season is creeping up on us and Santa Claus will soon be here.... so....if you can't afford to buy a tree...remember, there are only twenty-nine chopping days until Christmas. Get it? Chopping days....Ha ha ha ...yes sir!

CARMEN: That's lousy, isn't it, Uncle Rochester?

ROCH: IT SURE IS, HONEY, BUT HERE'S MY ELBOW.

CARMEN
& ROCH: (LAUGH LOUDLY)

JACK: Well, it took a little while to get that gag, but I'll wait, I'll wait.

DON: ~~You better not wait too long,~~^{oh} Jack, we'll be on the air in five seconds.

JACK: Five seconds!

DON: Stand by, everybody.....Take it, Phil.

(BAND PLAYS THEME UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE BRING YOU A MAN WHO WAS BORN IN FEBRUARY, STUDIED ECONOMICS IN MARCH, ~~AND WAS ABLE TO~~ RETIRE IN APRIL...AND HERE HE IS.....JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

BS

Thank you -
 JACK: " Thank you, thank you....hello again....this is Jack Benny *falling*
and son - (snuggles) - Gee, I hope Don isn't catching cold - darn that Rochester.
 talking.. And Don, *son,* I think your introduction was a little
 exaggerated...However, I will admit that at the age of six I
 did have a little money, but I earned it. As a matter of
 fact --

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, ~~that reminds me...~~

JACK: ~~Huh?~~

DENNIS: Did you hear the one about the lumberjack?

JACK: (ASIDE) Not yet, Dennis, later. *Anyway, when I was a kid, son -*
any - when I was - when I was a kid, son, I had to work
~~Don, I had to work hard.~~ *pretty hard.*

PHIL: You're not the only one, Jackson. When I was eighteen
 months old, my picture was in every magazine in the country.

JACK: So what?

PHIL: *well,* It wasn't easy for an eighteen month old kid to pose for all
~~those~~ *them* ads.

JACK: What ads?

PHIL: I was the baby of distinction.

JACK: Phil--

PHIL: I was the only kid in town who had a diaper with a hip
 pocket.

JACK: All right, all right. Now, *lookit -*
~~sketch~~ *play* to do tonight, so let's get started.

MARY: What's it gonna be, Jack?

JACK: Well Mary, since we're at the height of the football season,
 I ~~thought~~ *think* that tonight we ~~would~~ *should* do our version of that
 exciting--

CARMEN: (LAUGHS LOUDLY)

ROCH: I'M SORRY, HONEY, MY ELBOW SLIPPED.

-8,9-
our version of that famous

JACK: Hm. We will do our version ~~of the~~ Columbia Picture....that exciting epic of the gridiron, "Saturday's Hero"...Now this play will go on immediately after--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS.)

JACK: Yes?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Mr. Benny, is it true that you wrote a song?

JACK: Yes, yes, I did. And it has a wonderful title *it's called* "When you Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

MEL: That's the one. Do you mind if I do it?

JACK: Why, no..no, not at all. Are you a singer?

MEL: No, I'm an electric organ.

JACK: What?

MEL: (DOES ELECTRIC ORGAN VERSION OF EIGHT BARS OF SONG)

JACK: Wait a minute..hold it....hold it!

MEL: (STOPS)

JACK: An electric organ...that's awful.

MEL: *well,* It ain't bad when you consider I ain't even plugged in.

JACK: Oh, get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: What a silly guy *D*, Dennis--

DENNIS: *D*, Did you hear the one about the lumberjack who was always chasing girls:

JACK: Not yet. Sing your song first.

DENNIS: *D*, Okay.

JACK: He has one joke and he can't wait.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG...."NEVER")

(APPLAUSE)

BS

ATX01 0181446

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis, ^{- Dennis} very good ... You sang that beautifully. *How Dennis - nice.*

~~DENNIS: Thanks.~~

~~JACK: Oh, by the way, Dennis, is it true that you got a letter from your cousin who is a lumberjack? Hmmm?~~

DENNIS: Oh boy, here it comes ... (CLEARS THROAT) You ^{say} know, Mr. Benny, ~~that reminds me~~ ... DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE LUMBER JACK WHO WAS ALWAYS CHASING GIRLS ?

JACK: No, Dennis. What about the lumberjack who was always chesing girls?

DENNIS: HIS NAME WAS MR. WOLF AND HE WAS FULL OF TIMBER.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: He doesn't get it, folks ... Mr. Wolf ... Timber (HOWLS LIKE WOLF)

JACK: Dennis, stop wagging your tail and sit down ... We rehearsed it for four days and then he gets it wrong ... Oh well .. And now for our ^{play} sketch .. Take it, Don.

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE BRING YOU OUR VERSION OF THAT THRILLING COLUMBIA PICTURE "SATURDAY'S HERO" ... A SAGA OF COLLEGE LIFE ON THE GRIDIRON. CURTAIN, MUSIC --

(BAND PLAYS COLLEGE THEME)

JACK: (FILTER) THIS IS THE STORY OF THOUSANDS OF STALWART YOUNG ATHLETES, WHO EVERY WEEK DURING THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR GIVE THEIR ALL ON THE FOOTBALL FIELDS OF THE NATION FOR THE GLORY OF THEIR ALMA MATERS. THESE ARE SATURDAY'S HEROES.

(ORCHESTRA STINGER ... THEN OUT)

JS

JACK: MY NAME IS STEVE ... STEVE KRAZINSKA-VICHEL-LUVITCH-NICKOFFSKI.... I WAS THE STAR QUARTERBACK AT JAMES MADISON HIGH SCHOOL IN PASSIAC, NEW JERSEY IN MY FINAL HIGH SCHOOL GAME I CAUGHT THE OPENING KICKOFF AND RAN IT BACK NINETY-EIGHT YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN ... THE CROWD WENT WILD ... THE ROOTING SECTION STOOD UP AND BEGAN TO CHEER FOR ME.

QUART: KRAZINSKA-VICHEL-LUVITCH-NICKOFFSKY KRAZINSKA-VICHEL-LUVITCH-NICKOFFSKY.

ORCH: (CHEERING IN UNISON) K R A Z I N S K A V I C H E L U V I T C H N I C K O F F S K I .

JACK: WHEN THEY FINISHED, WE WERE IN THE THIRD QUARTER ... THE ~~rest~~ ^{rest} - the REST OF THE GAME WAS ROUTINE TILL THE LAST FEW MINUTES WHEN I MADE ONE SPECTACULAR PLAY ... I KICKED A FIELD GOAL FROM THE SIXTEEN YARD LINE. THIS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN UNUSUAL EXCEPT THAT THE FULLBACK WAS STILL HOLDING THE BALL AS IT WENT BETWEEN THE GOAL POSTS ... THE CROWD WENT WILD AND THE FULLBACK WAS A LITTLE SORE, TOO ... AGAIN THEY STARTED TO CHEER.

QUART: (FADING) K R A Z I N S K A V I C H --

JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS THEN THAT I DECIDED TO CHANGE MY NAME TO SMITH ... STEVE SMITH ... WHEN I GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL, I HAD OFFERS TO PLAY FOOTBALL FOR MANY COLLEGES ... WASHINGTON AND LEE ... WILLIAM AND MARY ... DAVID AND BATHSHEBA ... BUT I FINALLY DECIDED TO ACCEPT A SCHOLARSHIP TO CRAIG UNIVERSITY ... SO EARLY THAT FALL I FOUND MYSELF IN THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE WHERE THE DEAN'S SECRETARY WAS FILLING OUT MY ENTRANCE APPLICATION.

JS

ATX01 0181448

BEA: Now let's see ... Steve Smith ... Steve Smith ... Oh, here's your card ... Now tell me, what is your height?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Five feet eleven.

BEA: Your weight?

JACK: One seventy-three.

BEA: Color of your eyes ... Oh, they're blue, aren't they?

JACK: Bluer than the coach at U.S.C.

BEA: Now what career do you expect to follow upon graduation?

JACK: I'm going to be a psychiatrist.

BEA: What made you decide to become a psychiatrist?

JACK: Last month my uncle died and left me a couch.

BEA: Well, that's all the questions and -- oh, just one second .. You're here on a football scholarship, aren't you?

JACK: Yes ma'am.

BEA: In that case, you'll be provided with tuition, room and board, and you'll be given a hundred dollars a month to spend.

JACK: Spend? *As I have to spend it?*

BEA: ^{no} Yes, ... Now of course, you and all the other football players will have to earn this money.

JACK: I understand. What will my job be?

BEA: Well, in the Dean's office there is an eight day clock.

JACK: And I'm supposed to wind it?

BEA: No, the fullback winds it, your job is to see that he does.

JACK: *Under the burden of this assignment*
(FILTER), ~~AND SO~~ BEGAN MY FIRST YEAR AT CRAIG UNIVERSITY.
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I MET OUR FAMOUS FOOTBALL COACH.
I REMEMBER HOW HE WALKED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM AND SAID --

JS

ATX01 0181449

DENNIS: All right, you men ... I want all the linemen to go out and practice tackling ... The ends brush up on pass receiving ... Half-backs will put in two hours each bucking the line ... The full-back will spend the whole day trying to kick field goals ... and you -- you're playing quarter, aren't you?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yes sir ... what shall I do?

DENNIS: Scratch my back.

JACK: (FILTER) THIS WAS A THRILLING MOMENT FOR ME ... AT LAST I HAD MET THAT GREAT COACH ... ITCHY DAY .. AS I STOOD THERE SCRATCHING HIS BACK, HE LOOKED AT ME AND YELLED --

DENNIS: (IN RHYTHM) DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN, HARDER, HARDER ... DO IT AGAIN, DO IT AGAIN, HARDER, HARDER ..

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Now wait a minute, Coach, I don't want to do this. I was a big high school football star.

DENNIS: *Oh yes - but* Well, you're in college now and everybody starts from scratch.

JACK: Hmmm.

DENNIS: And another thing .. we observe strict training here.

JACK: Yes sir.

DENNIS: *Yes* That means no parties, no dancing, and no dates with girls.

JACK: But Coach, if we can't date the girls, don't the girls get lonesome?

DENNIS: No, some lumberjack keeps chasing them.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: (WOLF HOWL)

JS

ATX01 0181450

JACK: (FILTER) ALL THROUGH OUR FRESHMAN YEAR COACH DAY KEPT US IN RIGID TRAINING. HE WAS A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN, AND WHEN IT CAME TO FOOTBALL HE WAS A PERFECTIONIST ... OTHER COACHES TRAINED THEIR PLAYERS BY HAVING THEM THROW FORWARD PASSES THROUGH AN AUTOMOBILE TIRE ... COACH DAY USED A LIFESAVER ... WITH MY GLASSES, THAT WAS A CINCH... WE FINISHED OUR SEASON UNBEATEN AND TO CELEBRATE OUR SUCCESS, THE COLLEGE HAD A BIG DANCE FOR ALL THE PLAYERS ... IT WAS THEN, THAT I SAW HER.

MARY: Hello, handsome.

JACK: SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL ... AND I HAD A HUNCH SHE WAS POPULAR, TOO ... SHE WAS WEARING A HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR FRATERNITY PINS ... NO DRESS, JUST FRATERNITY PINS ... SHE SMILED AND CAME JINGLING TOWARDS ME ... BEFORE I KNEW IT, WE WERE DANCING TOGETHER.

(ORCH: PLAYS SOFT DANCE MUSIC ...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Gee, you dance swell.

MARY: Thanks .. Say, you're on the football team, aren't you.

JACK: Uh huh ... how did you know?

MARY: You're stepping on my feet with your spiked shoes.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry ... Gee, you're a beautiful girl ... I wish you and I could --

MARY: *wait a minute - do you mind if I say something?*
~~On my goodness, I almost forgot.~~

(MUSIC OUT)

JACK: ~~What?~~ *no.*

MARY: PAPA, DINNER IS READY.

JACK: (FILTER) THAT MADE ME ADMIRE HER EVEN MORE ... FOR THOUGH SHE WAS THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN SCHOOL, SHE STILL THOUGHT OF HER POOR HUNGRY FATHER IN PLAINFIELD. I DIDN'T SEE HER AGAIN TILL THE FOLLOWING FALL ... RIGHT BEFORE OUR FIRST GAME WITH POWELL UNIVERSITY ... I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT DAY . . . ~~THIS WAS MY FIRST VARSITY GAME~~ ... AND AS OUR TEAM CAME OUT ON THE GRIDIRON, THE HUGE THRONG CHEERED, AND OUR GLEE CLUB SANG OUR SCHOOL SONG.

JS

ATX01 0181452

QUART: YOU'VE GOTTA BE A FOOTBALL HERO
TO GET ALONG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
IN SPIITE OF ALL A MILLION DOLLARS CAN DO
A TACKLE OR TWO
WILL MEAN MORE TO YOU
THE FACT THAT YOU ARE RICH OR HANDSOME
WON'T GET YOU ANYTHING IN CURLS
YOU GOTTA BE A FOOTBALL HERO
TO GET ALONG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
YOU GOTTA SMOKE THAT FINE TOBACCO
TO REALLY KNOW WHY A LUCKY IS BEST
YOU'VE GOTTA LIGHT A LUCKY
THEN AS YOU PUFF
YOU'LL KNOW SURE ENOUGH
THAT NO PUFF IS ROUGH
A LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER TASTING
A LUCKY STRIKE WINS EVERY TEST.
YOU'VE GOTTA SMOKE THAT FINE TOBACCO
TO REALLY KNOW WHY A LUCKY IS BEST.
L S M F T, L S M F T FOR ME
LUCKIES, LUCKIES, RAH RAH RAH
carton size boom boom
BUY A PACK-~~FOR~~-MAW-AND-PAW,
A LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER TASTING
IT'S ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
A LUCKY STRIKE IS MADE MUCH BETTER
THAT'S NOT A CLAIM, NO SIR,
THAT IS A FACT
AND WE CAN PROVE IT
all together
LET'S BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE.

CE

ATX01 0181453

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) THEN THE GAME STARTED.

(SOUND: REFEREE'S WHISTLE...KICK OF FOOTBALL...BIG CHEER)

JACK: I TOOK THE OPENING KICKOFF, BUT WAS THROWN FOR A LOSS..ON OUR NEXT TWO PLAYS WE WERE STOPPED COLD...THE OPPOSING TEAM HAD THE BIGGEST LINE IN FOOTBALL...HIS NAME WAS DON WILSON...ONCE I RAN AROUND HIS END AND WAS OUT OF BOUNDS BY TEN YARDS...BUT ALTHOUGH HE WAS MY OPPONENT, I HAD TO ADMIRE HIS ABILITY.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Nice tackle, Wilson.

DON: It was tough stopping you.

JACK: I like that football uniform you're wearing.

DON: Thank you.

JACK: I've never seen such big shoulders...what have you got them padded with?

DON? My stomach.

JACK: (FILTER) THE GAME REMAINED A SCORELESS TIE UNTIL THE LAST QUARTER WHEN I INTERCEPTED A FORWARD PASS AND RAN IT BACK FOR A TOUCHDOWN... THE CROWD WENT WILD.

ORCH: K R A Z I N S K A V --

JACK: (YELLING...ON REGULAR MIKE) I CHANGED IT, I CHANGED IT.

JACK: *etc. Smith now.* (FILTER) WE WON THAT GAME SEVEN TO NOTHING...AND THE NEXT THREE GAMES, TOO...BUT THEN I RAN INTO TROUBLE... BECAUSE OF ALL THE TIME I SPENT ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD I NEGLECTED MY STUDIES...OF ALL MY SUBJECTS, I WAS POOREST IN LATIN...AND ONE DAY IN CLASS I WAS FORCED TO ADMIT TO THE LATIN PROFESSOR THAT I HADN'T STUDIED THE LESSON.

CE

ATX01 0181454

JACK: (REG. MIKE) I'm sorry, Professor, I'm ^{am} not prepared.

PHIL: Oh, for shame!

JACK: Perhaps if you ask me another question, I might be able to answer it.

PHIL: Very well...translate this: When Julius Caesar left Egypt to return to Rome, he said to Cleopatra, "Hoc semperis evictum quo facere possit pluribus fidelium marcus aggrarium."

JACK: ...Hmmm...I don't know, Professor...what does "Hoc semperis evictum quo facere possit pluribus fidelium marcus aggrarium" mean?

Phil: What?
Jack: (Repeat "what does" etc.)
Phil: What? you chin and try that again.

PHIL: When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: *And,* I hope you'll be better prepared for tomorrow's lesson.

JACK: Yes sir...What are we studying tomorrow?

PHIL: The works of Augustus the Fifth, Horatio the Fifth, Octavius the Fifth, and Cassius the Fifth...Love them fifths.

JACK: (FILTER) I STUDIED MY LATIN HARD AND HE FINALLY PASSED ME WITH A MARK OF EIGHTY-SIX PROOF...HE HAD GROWN INTO A PROFESSOR OF DISTINCTION...THEN CAME THE DAY OF OUR FINAL GAME OF THE SEASON...WE WERE UNDEFEATED AND A VICTORY NOW WOULD MEAN THE CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP...EVERY SEAT IN THE STADIUM WAS FILLED. WHAT A THRILL I FELT AS THE PREGAME CEREMONIES STARTED AND OUR SCHOOL BAND TOOK THE FIELD...ALL EYES WERE ON THE BAND, DRESSED IN THEIR GLEAMING UNIFORMS, AS THEY MARCHED AROUND THE FIELD PLAYING.

MEL: (DOES ORGAN IMITATION WITH HANDS -- "BEG PARDON SONG")

Jack: It sounded great because the time he was plugged in.

CE

JACK: THEN THE GAME ^{started} ~~STARTED~~ AND IT WAS A BRUTAL HARD-FOUGHT CONTEST.
....THE FIRST HALF ENDED IN A SCORELESS TIE...WE WENT BACK TO
TO OUR DRESSING ROOM, AND OUR COACH LOOKED AT US AND SAID;

DENNIS: Grunf Nig Fnui Imf FGransnook Niff Meyg Noof.

JACK: THIS WASN'T A COMMERCIAL, WE WERE HOLDING SECRET SIGNAL
PRACTICE. THEN THE SECOND HALF STARTED. THE GAME REMAINED
DEADLOCKED UNTIL THE FOURTH QUARTER WHEN WE GOT A BREAK...
I INTERCEPTED A PASS. I BROKE AWAY FROM THE SAFETY MAN AND
HAD A CLEAR FIELD FOR A TOUCHDOWN WHEN I SUDDENLY REALIZED
IT WAS ALL IN VAIN...THERE WAS A HANDKERCHIEF ON THE PLAY...
ANGRILY I RUSHED UP TO THE REFEREE AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Did you drop your handkerchief?

NELSON: OOOOOOOOOOOH, DID I!

JACK: What's the penalty for?

NELSON: Your backfield was in motion.

JACK: What?

NELSON: You never should have taken those rhumba lessons from
Arthur Murray.

JACK: (FILTER) THE GAME RESUMED...AND WITH ONE MINUTE LEFT TO
GO, THE CROWD ^{and my stadium was} ~~WAS~~ GOING WILD.

(SOUND: CROWD CHEERS...CONTINUE UNDER LAST SPEECH)

JACK: I RECEIVED THE BALL AND FADED WAY BACK AND THREW A LONG
FORWARD PASS TO THE FULLBACK...HE GRABBED IT IN MIDFIELD.
HE EVADED TWO TACKLERS AND HEADED FOR THE GOAL LINE...HE
CROSSED THE THIRTY, THE TWENTY, THE TEN, OVER THE GOAL LINE,
INTO THE END ZONE, UP INTO THE STANDS AND THEN HE STARTED
CHASING THE GIRLS....IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT I REALIZED
THE HE WAS THE LUMBERJACK...SO IT WAS HE AND NOT I WHO WAS
SATURDAY'S HERO!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CE

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, our stockpile of blood plasma has been gravely depleted by the demands of the Korean campaign, and it is imperative that action be taken to insure an adequate supply ready for immediate use So, please go to the blood bank in your cities and contribute. It's needed badly. This is an urgent request. In the Los Angeles area the telephone number is Duskirk 4-5261. Remember folks, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart.

(APPLAUSE)

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

1
CE

ATX01 0181457

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1951
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: LUCKIES ----- TASTE ----- BETTER!

MARTIN: Yes, there's better taste in Lucky Strike because Luckies' fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into a cigarette that is the best made of all five principal brands!

SHARBUTT: These are not just claims -- they are facts that prove LUCKIES ARE MADE BETTER IN EVERY WAY. Facts verified by leading laboratory consultants. One of these, Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia, reports -

MARTIN: It is our conclusion that LUCKY STRIKE is the best made of these five major brands.

SHARBUTT: So don't be misled by the smoke screen of claims and empty promises made by other cigarettes. Remember the proven facts of Lucky Strike quality. Enjoy the mild, rich taste of fine tobacco in the cigarette that smokes smoother because it's made better -- the cigarette that tastes better--Lucky Strike. You'll prove it yourself by trying a carton of LUCKIES today.

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

GB

ATX01 0181458

TAG

JACK: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that concludes the tenth program of this series and we'll be --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Get that, will you Mary?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello...yes, this is Mary...oh Papa....you're having dinner at home? Then you heard me...Papa it's silly for you and Mama not to talk to each other....oh, all right, if you want me to, I'll do it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Jack, let me at that microphone.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: Mama, pass papa the mashed potatoes...Goodnight, Mama....good goodnight, Papa.

JACK: Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

~~DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike...Consult your newspaper for time and station. Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately....The Jack Benny Program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service...
THIS IS THE C.B.S. RADIO NETWORK.~~

LW

DON:

Ladies and gentlemen, our stockpile of blood plasma has been gravely depleted by the demands of the Korean campaign, and it is imperative that action be taken to insure an adequate supply ready for immediate use ... so, please go to the blood bank in your cities and contribute. It's needed badly. This is an urgent request. In the Los Angeles area the telephone number is Dunkirk 4-5261. Dunkirk 4-5261. Remember, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart.

This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike ... Consult your newspaper for time and station. Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately ... The Jack Benny Program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service ...

THIS IS THE U.S. RADIO NETWORK

ATX01 01B1460

PROGRAM #11
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1951

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

RTX01 0181461

(FIRST ROUTINE

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE IT IS SUNDAY AGAIN. SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS.

(SOUND: SLIGHT PAUSE..PHONE RINGS..LONG PAUSE..
PHONE RINGS....LONG PAUSE..PHONE RINGS..
LONG PAUSE..PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: (SLIGHT PAUSE) HEE HEE HEE..WE MAY NOT BE FUNNY, BUT WE'VE SURE GOT SUSPENSE!

(SOUND: SLIGHT PAUSE..PHONE RINGS...THREE FOOTSTEPS
..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: ^{Mr. Ben -} MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO...AND IS BEGINNING TO GET A FEELING OF SECURITY IN TELEVISION. ^{He} OH, HELLO, SUSIE. HUH? OH NO, HONEY, I CAN'T GET AWAY TODAY, MR. BENNY GAVE ME YESTERDAY OFF. WHERE DID I GO?... NO PLACE.. HE WOULDN'T LET ME LEAVE, I HAD HIM BLITZED ON FOUR GAMES. OH-OH, ^{I'll} I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, SUSIE, GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN, DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, BOSS..HOW DID YOU DO AT THE WEDDING LAST NIGHT?

JACK: Oh, it was--Wait a minute..Rochester, how did you know I went to a wedding?

ROCH: WELL, I OVERHEARD YOU ON THE PHONE LAST NIGHT AND YOU WERE
DICKERING ABOUT THE PRICE.

JACK: ~~Uh-huh, well, how did you know I played my violin at a~~

ROCH: ~~AND WHEN I SAW YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE WITH YOUR VIOLIN, I KNEW
YOU DIDN'T MAKE A DEAL WITH THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL.~~

~~JACK: Oh, I don't know I could have~~

ROCH: *well,* FOR THREE BUCKS *and know it wasn't the Hollywood Bowl.*

JACK: All right, all right. I'll never take that kind of a job
again. What a wedding..what people..I not only got home at
four o'clock in the morning, but I haven't even got the
three bucks.

ROCH: WHY, WHAT HAPPENED?

JACK: While I was kissing the bride, the groom picked my pocket.
~~But..maybe he needed it. Anyway, Rochester~~

(BAGBY PLAYS ONE FINGER VERSION OF JACK'S SONG)

JACK: *Anyway, Rochester* Rochester, who's at the piano playing my song?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW.

JACK: Well, let's go see.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Look, it's Polly.

(PIANO STOPS)

MEL: (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Polly, you played Daddy's song on the piano!

ROCH: SHE CAN SING IT, TOO.

JACK: Sing it?

MEL: (SINGS) (~~ACCOMPANIED BY ONE FINGER PIANO~~)

WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU. (SQUAWK)
WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU,
I'LL RETURN. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Rochester, she knows the words and music perfectly. Where did she see a copy of my song?

ROCH: I LINED THE BOTTOM OF HER CAGE WITH IT.

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes. I thought you always covered the bottom of Polly's cage with the funny papers.

ROCH: I HAD TO STOP. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE HAD HER IN TEARS.

JACK: Well, that's ^{about} the silliest...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, put Polly back in her cage, I'll get the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO

RETURN TO CAPISTRANO

FOR YOU --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary, come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Jack, I've got to tell you the cutest thing that happened on my way over here.

JACK: What? *what was it?*

JL

MARY: Well...it ^{was} ~~such~~ a nice day ^{and} ~~that~~ I thought I'd walk...and as I came to Wilshire Boulevard, I was standing on the curb waiting for the traffic...when a little fellow came up to me and said, "May I help you across the street?"

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: And Jack, he was so cute, I couldn't refuse. I gave him my hand and we walked across. Then when we got to the other side, he kissed me.

JACK: Aw that's cute. This little boy kissed you?

MARY: What little boy, he's a jockey at Santa Anita.

JACK: No.

MARY: I had to lift him up yet.

JACK: Well Mary, that will teach you to--

(BAGBY PLAYS ONE FINGER VERSION OF JACK'S SONG..CONTINUES PLAYING THROUGHOUT SCENE)

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes, there's that bird again.

MARY: Jack, isn't that your song?

JACK: Yes...Polly learned how to play my song on the piano and she won't stay in her cage. (CALLS) ROCHESTER, GET POLLY BACK IN HER CAGE!

ROCH: OKAY. (OFF) COME ON, GET AWAY FROM THE PIANO!

MEL: (SQUAWK)

ROCH: COME ON, POLLY, GET AWAY FROM THE PIANO.

(PIANO STOPS)

JL

MEL: Si signor. (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hm...now she thinks she's Jose Iturbi...Sometimes that bird does the--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer it, Rochester.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: How do you do, sir, would you like to buy some magazines?

JACK: Well, I...Dennis!

DENNIS: Oh hello, Mr. Benny, would you like to buy some magazines? I've got Look, Colliers and Red Book.

JACK: Dennis, how come you're selling magazines?

DENNIS: Well, my father is out of work..my brother is laid up with a broken leg..and my sister's husband ran away and left her with two starving children.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis, did your father lose his job?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: And your brother..he broke his leg?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: And your sister's husband ran off and---Dennis, you haven't got a sister, have you?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Then why did you tell me such a story?

DENNIS: If you were sympathetic instead of nosey, you'd buy a magazine.

RS

JACK: Now look, Dennis---

MARY: (OFF) JACK, WHO'S OUT THERE?

JACK: ONE OF THE HAPPINESS BOYS...Look, Dennis, as long as you stopped by, how about coming in and letting me hear the song you're gonna do on the program?

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Wanna buy a magazine?

JACK: No, she doesn't want to buy a magazine, and I don't want to hear another word about magazines. Now what song are you gonna sing?

DENNIS: "Let Me Collier Sweetheart."

JACK: Now cut that out. Just sing your song...let me Collier Sweetheart...

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "FROSTY, THE SNOWMAN")

(APPLAUSE)

RS

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *That's - very* That was very ^{very} good, Dennis. You sang that beautifully.

DENNIS: Oh, yeah?

JACK: What do you mean, "Oh yeah!"

DENNIS: You're just trying to be nice to me because you didn't buy a magazine.

JACK: *Yeah, Dennis -* I'm not trying to be nice to you. And as far as the magazines are *concerned - you didn't* X---

(RAGBY PLAYS ONE FINGER VERSION OF JACK'S SONG)

JACK: *Rochester -* ROCHESTER, GET POLLY BACK IN HER CAGE.

ROCH: OKAY...COME ON, POLLY, GET AWAY FROM THAT PIANO.

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

ROCH: I SAID, GET AWAY FROM THAT PIANO!

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

ROCH: COME ON NOW!

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

(SOUND: TEMPLY BLOCK)

JACK: ROCHESTER, WHAT WAS THAT?

ROCH: JOSE JUST LAID AN EGG.

JACK: AN EGG?...DID YOU CATCH IT?

ROCH: LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO, IT'S IN THE FRYING PAN-O.

JACK: *hell,* GOOD GOOD.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You know, Mary, you won't believe this ~~but~~

PHIL: (OFF) HELLO, ANYBODY HOME?

JL

JACK: Huh?...Oh, ^{Sello.} Phil, we're in the den.

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson. The reason I----Well..as I live and breathe..Mary.

MARY: I'd like to live, too, so breathe the other way.

JACK: ^{well} ~~Good~~ ^{shall} For you, ^{shall} ~~Mary.~~ * What do you want, Phil?

PHIL: Well, the reason I dropped over was to--

DENNIS: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Oh.. ^{hiya} ~~hello~~, Dennis.

DENNIS: Wanna buy a magazine?

JACK: Dennis, why don't you go home?...Now, Phil, what is it?

PHIL: Well, ^{look Jackson} after the rehearsal yesterday, I got to thinking...and You said the program was too long and you'd ^{like} ~~have~~ to make some cuts.

JACK: That's right, we'll have to take out about ^{-- oh I'd say about} two minutes.

PHIL: ^{Yah.} That's what I'm gettin' at, Jackson. Rather than sacrifice any of my sparkling dialogue, I can get the time out of my music.

JACK: Really?

PHIL: ^{You see} ^{Yea,} Certainly. I can cut the allegro movement of my orchestra number and just leave the pizzicato for the violins.

JACK: ^{well} ~~Er~~...yes....yes, you could.

PHIL: ^{You see} And then if I have to, I can fade the last eight measures ^{of} to pianissimo, and then segue to the andante.

JACK: Well....what do you think, Mary?

MARY: You're not going to get me into this.

JL

JACK: Well, I think it's a very good suggestion, Phil, but we'll only do it if we're stuck for time.

PHIL: Say, Jackson, ^{hey} ain't it funny how we fool our audience and make them think ^{that} I'm a dumb guy and don't know nothing about music?

JACK: Yeah...we ^{you know} know, that's show business.

PHIL: ^{Yeah} You know, Jackson, sometimes I'd like to play something classical just to show the people I can do it.

JACK: ^{well} That would be a surprise, Phil. What would you play?

PHIL: Oh, I don't know...something by Rimsky-Korsakov...or Beethoven...or Schubert...or Willie Hoppe.

JACK: Willie Hoppe? ^{Willie Hoppe} He's a billiard champion. What song did he ever write?

PHIL: "Please Don't ^{Chalk} Chalk About Me When I'm Gone"...Ha ha ha ha... Oh, Harris, ^{oh Phil} you started out as a lousy bandleader and now you're the king of comedy... ^{you doll you}

JACK: ^{Mary} Mary, did you hear that?

MARY: I'm still sick from "Let Me Collier Sweetheart".

JACK: I don't blame you. Phil, do me a favor will you? Take Dennis and go home?

PHIL: Okay, ~~okay~~, come on, kid: ^{Collier - let's hear it}

DENNIS: ^{Okay, bye} So long, Mr. Benny.

^{Jack} So long. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Hm..you know, Mary, when I got out of bed, I thought I'd be able to relax today..but this house is worse than a bus station.

MARY: *Well,* Jack, if you really want to have some fun, why don't you go to the Belmont Theatre and see that new Lou Holtz-Bert Wheeler show...Merry-Go-Round.

JACK: *Say,* I've got tickets to that for Saturday night!...*Mary- and* I hear it's terrific. I'll tell you what...Let's go to a movie tonight. What's playing?

MARY: I don't know. Let's go down to Hollywood Boulevard and take a look.

JACK: Okay...Where's my hat...Oh, there it is...Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *Oh for--* Now, who can that be? COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, it's you, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack...I brought the Sportsmen Quartet with me.

JACK: I know, I know.

DON: Jack, were you going out?

JACK: Yes.

DON: *well,* I'm so glad *I* ~~we~~ caught you. The boys have a wonderful idea for a commercial.

JACK: Don, I've already got my hat on, I'm going to a --

DON: But Jack, ^{*Jack*} this idea is really terrific.

JACK: I don't care how terrific it is, I'm not gonna hear it now... I'm going out.

DON: But there's a part in it where you play your violin.

JACK: I don't care if -- my violin? Hold my hat, Mary.

MARY: What about the ^{*movie*} ~~movie~~? *Gascha.*

~~JACK: This won't take long... Wait till I get my violin, Don... Here it is.~~

~~DON: Okay fellows, take it!~~

JACK: Ad libbed a line and then blew it. Thought of the line herself and then blew it. I've heard everything now. Now this won't take long -- Wait -- Wait --- Wait 'till I get my violin - Don - Here it is.

DON: Okay, fellows - take it!

KT

ATX01 0181472

(INTRO)

QUART: LSMR, MFT

LSMR, MFT

LUCKIES ARE SURE TO TASTE BETTER THAN ALL THE REST.

LUCKIES ARE MADE SO MUCH BETTER

THEY WIN EVERY TEST.

THAT IS A FACT

YES FRIENDS, A FACT.

THAT WE CAN PROVE.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: SMOKE A LUCKY, MMM.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: SOLD AMERICAN, MMM.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ROUND AND FIRM AND MMM.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: FULLY PACKED, MMM.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: FREE AND EASY, MMM.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ON THE DRAW, MMM.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: NO LOOSE ENDS, MMM.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

(MORE)

KT

QUART: MFT

REMEMBER THIS
FOR SMOKING BLISS
YOU CAN NOT BEAT
YES, WE REPEAT
YOU CAN NOT BEAT THEM.
WHAT A FINE CIGARETTE
WHAT A FINE CIGARETTE
IT'S THE BEST YOU CAN GET
IT'S THE BEST ONE YET
TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF.
BECAUSE WE KNOW YOU CAN'T GET ENOUGH
OH LSMFT
OH LSMFT
IT'S LSMFT
LS, LS, LS MFT

JACK: (VIOLIN)

(AFTER LAUGH - APPLAUSE)

KT

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Don, that number was wonderful. Thanks for putting in a spot for me.

MARY: Jack, if we're going to the movies, let's go.

JACK: *Okay. That you didn't ad lib you read very, very well.*
Okay... say, Don, would you and the Sportsmen like to join us? We're going to see a picture.

DON: Well, thanks, Jack, but I've got to run along home, and the boys have to rush down town.

JACK: Oh, that's right. They open this week at the Biltmore Bowl.

MARY: How did you know?

JACK: I booked them there. I figured they'd rather have that than my lousy Christmas present...Well, come on, Mary, let's go to the movie.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: *Oh.* Oh Jack, here's your hat.

JACK: Hat?

DON: Yes, you put your violin on your head.

JACK: *Oh.* Oh yes *Yes* I'm sorry...Come on, Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC:)

(SOUND: TRAFFIC AND STREET NOISES UP AND FADE TO B.G.

...FOOTSTEPS WALKING...FADE TO B.G. AND SUSTAIN)

MARY: You know Jack, Hollywood Boulevard always looks so pretty this time of the year.

JACK: You're right, Mary...Santa Claus Lane is really decorated for Christmas. (TAKES DEEP BREATH) Ahh, the air sure smells good tonight.

KT

ATX01 0181475

MARY: Yeah, that rain we had really cleared things up.

JACK: ^{You know} The smog has been so heavy lately, you could almost cut it with a knife.

MARY: You know, Jack, since the smog cleared away, I learned something ^{very} interesting about that six story building on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

JACK: What about it?

MARY: It's twelve stories.

JACK: No kidding.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP A LITTLE)

JACK: Here, Mary, let me take your arm while we cross the street.

MARY: Jack, you can't cross now, the light's against you.

KT

ATX01 01B1476

JACK: Never mind, come on, let's go.

MARY: But Jack --

JACK: Come on.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SCREECH OF BRAKES...PAUSE..AUTO HORN
..SCREECH OF BRAKES BUT DIFFERENT FROM FIRST AS
SECOND CAR STOPS..WILD HONKING OF ANOTHER HORN
..AND SCREECH OF BRAKES OF THIRD CAR.
..THEN FOOTSTEPS AGAIN FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS)

MARY: Oh brother, what you won't do since you joined the Blue Cross.

JACK: Blue Cross, Blue Cross..I was in a hurry. Now come on, let's
make up our mind about what picture we want to see.

MARY: Well, I hear The Blue Veil is wonderful. Jane Wyman and
Charles Laughton are in it. How about that?

JACK: Well..all right..but I'm a little peeved at Jane Wyman...*You know*
She's been acting so stuck up since she won the Academy Award.

MARY: I've never noticed any change in her.

JACK: Well I have.. A couple of weeks ago she passed me on the
street and didn't even say "hello" to me.

MARY: Well, Jack, did she ever speak to you before she won the
Oscar?

JACK: *well,*..Come to think of it, no...But she could at least--

MARY: Jack, Jack..look what's playing here at Grauman's Chinese..
Golden Girl, and Dennis Day is in it.

JACK: Oh yes. Let's go in and see it.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: I'll get the tickets this time.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

RS

BLANCHE: How many, please?

JACK: Two.. in the balcony.

BLANCHE: I'm sorry, we don't have one.

JACK: Gee, that's funny. I always thought this theatre had a balcony.

BLANCHE: So did I, until the smog cleared.

JACK: No kidding.

BLANCHE: Yeah...Gee, I wonder what happened to all those people I sent up there.

JACK: I'm sure I don't know...Two regular^{seats}, please.

BLANCHE: Yes sir...here you are..

(SOUND: TICKETS BEING PUNCHED OUT)

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT...THEN STOP)

ARTIE: Tickets, please.

JACK: Here you are.

ARTIE: You'll find seats in the center aisle.

JACK: Thank you...Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: SOFT FOOTSTEPS STOP...DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR LIGHT THEATRE NOISES)

MARY: Gee, it's so dark in here, I can hardly see.

JACK: That's all right, Mary...here comes the usherette with a flashlight.

VEOLA: (STRAIGHT NICE VOICE) May I help you, please?

JACK: Yes, ^{we} we'd like two seats.

VEOLA: Follow me...How far down?

JACK: Oh..about mid-way.

VEOLA: Yes sir... Center or on the aisle?

RS

MARY: In the center, please.

VEOLA: Yes, ma'am...

(SOUND: MUSIC AS THOUGH COMING FROM SCREEN...)

TRAVELOGUE TYPE MUSIC...UP AND FADE)

JACK: Gee Mary, we're lucky...we came in during the travelogue.

VEOLA: Here we are...will these two seats do?

MARY: Oh, they're fine.

VEOLA: I'm so glad...Here, Miss, let me help you off with your coat.
There you are.

MARY: Thank you.

VEOLA: Now let me help you with your coat, sir...There you are.

JACK: Thank you.

VEOLA: Now pucker up.

JACK: Pucker up?

VEOLA: Yes, I'm going to kiss you. Here.

(VEOLA GOES OVER TO JACK AND GIVES HIM A BIG KISS)

JACK: Say, ^{what} what is this?

VEOLA: Since television, we're giving all the service we can.

JACK: ^{well, sit down --} ~~Oh~~. Sit down, Mary.

(SOUND: MUSIC FROM SCREEN UP AND FADES DOWN)

MEL: (FILTER..AS THOUGH ON SCREEN) AND SO, IT IS WITH HEAVY
HEART THAT WE SAY FAREWELL TO THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE TOWN OF
SERRANO...BEAUTIFUL SERRANO FROM WHENCE THE SWALLOWS CAME.

MARY: Whence?

JACK: Yes Whence...~~Now~~ let's watch the show.

(BAND PLAYS FANFARE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX'S PICTURE OPENING, THEN
PLAYS MUSIC SOFTLY AS UNDER CREDITS)

RS

MARY: Jack, the feature's starting.

JACK: Yeah...Gee, this woman sitting in front of me...She's wearing such a big hat I can hardly see anything.

MARY: Well, ask her to take it off.

JACK: Yeah, I will...(UP IN VOICE A BIT MORE) Excuse, me, Madam, I can't see the picture...Would you please remove your hat?

VERNA: NO, I WON'T!

JACK: Hmm...Look Madam, all I ~~xxx~~ *said was* ---

QUART: Shh...shh.

MARTY: Quiet!

MARY: Jack, that lady's voice...it sounded familiar.

JACK: Yes, I know I've heard it before but I can't seem to remember --

VERNA: QUIET BACK THERE, I WANT TO ENJOY MY SON'S PICTURE.

MARY: Jack, it's Dennis' mother.

JACK: Say, that's right!

MARY: Well, I'm surprised that she's here....I thought she was out of town.

JACK: *well,* She came back, ^{*you see -*} the abalone diving season is over.

MARY: Jack...maybe if you speak nicely to her and tell her who you are she'll take off her hat.

JACK: I'll try...Excuse me, Mrs. Day...I'm Jack Benny.

VERNA: Who gave you the passes!

JACK: No one gave me passes...I bought my own ticket...and I bought one for Miss Livingstone too...

VERNA: Well, ain't you the sporty one!

JACK: Now look, Mrs. Day...

QUART: Shh...shhh.

GUERNY: Cut out that talking.

MARY: Jack, Jack...let's watch the picture.

JACK: Well...all right.

MARY: Oh...Look, there's Dennis on the screen now...Gee, he's cute.

JACK: Mary, are you sure we've come to the right picture?

MARY: Certainly...why?

JACK: Well, look at the screen...Dennis is wearing The Blue Veil.

MARY: You're looking at him through his mother's hat.

JACK: Oh.. I wish I could see.

MARY: *oh* Jack, stop complaining. There's a tall fellow sitting in front of me, too.

DENNIS: It's me, Mary.

MARY: Dennis, how come you're so tall?

DENNIS: I'm sitting on my magazines.

JACK: Oh for heavens sakes...Dennis, do you mean you've been sitting there all the time your mother's been fighting with me?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: I spend my good money to see your picture and you sit there and let your mother say the most awful --

VERNA: EHHH, SHUT UP.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: YOU HEARD HER, SHE SAID, EHHHH, SHUT UP!

JACK: I'M NOT GONNA SHUT UP! I CAME HERE TO SEE A MOVIE, AND --

she's not going to ---

QUART: Shh....shh.

MEL: (MOOLEY) HEY, THROW THAT BUM OUT!

JACK: What?

MEL: You heard me -- bum.

JACK: BUM! WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

MEL: YOU, AND IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL PUNCH YOU RIGHT IN
THE NOSE.

JACK: WELL, I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO, I BELONG TO THE BLUE CROSS!
COME ON, MARY, LET'S GO.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, your armed forces are short of three hundred thousand pints of blood a month, a shortage that may cost us thousands of American lives. We know you are going to give blood. We ask that you give it now. Call your Red Cross today. This is an urgent request. In the Los Angeles area the telephone number is Dunkirk 4-5261. Dunkirk 4-5261. Remember, a gift of blood is a gift from the heart. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

(TAG)

JACK: Well, *ladies & gentlemen* that finishes another program and we'll---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (STRAIGHT) Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: I represent the National Radio Magazine and on behalf of our readers, I want to present you with this award.

JACK: Award?

MEL: Yes. It's for meritorious service toward all the radio listeners in America.

JACK: Why, what did I do?

MEL: Here it is Thanksgiving week and you didn't have one joke on your program about a turkey.

JACK: Well, thank you very much....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike...Consult your newspaper for time and station....

Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately....The Jack Benny program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service....THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

NIX01 0181485

PROGRAM #12
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1951

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1951)

JL

ATX01 0181486

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

December 2, 1951
(Taped November 25, 1951)

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

MARTIN: And now a word of interest to smokers.

SHARBUTT: For years you've heard talk -- double-talk -- words about noses -- words about throats -- empty promises ... cigarette advertising is filled with them. Now this smoke screen of double talk is swept away by facts ... not claims ... facts.

MARTIN: The facts are that Luckies' fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into a cigarette that's made better -- that's fully packed -- that has no annoying loose ends to spoil the taste ... a cigarette that's made better in every way.

SHARBUTT: Yes, the facts are that Lucky Strike by a wide margin is the best made of all five principal brands of cigarettes -- facts proven by a month-after-month quality comparison based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical

MARTIN: And these tests -- these facts are verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell, Inc., of New York City reports

SHARBUTT: In our opinion, the properties measured are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five major brands.

JC

ATK01 0181487

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better -- always so mild, so smooth,
so firm and fresh -- with better taste in every puff.

SHARBUTT: So prove to yourself the proven facts -- don't be
misled by the smoke screen of claims made by other
cigarettes. Remember the facts and enjoy really fine,
mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that tops
all five principal brands for quality -- the cigarette
that tastes better-- Lucky Strike! Try a carton today!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

JC

ATX01 0181488

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO DOWN TOWN TO A LOCAL DEPARTMENT STORE WHERE JACK AND MARY HAVE GONE TO DO THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gosh Mary, no matter how early you do your Christmas shopping, the stores are always crowded.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Now let's see...I have to get a present for my producer, my sound effects men...my engineer...my script girl--

MARY: By the way, Jack, what are you giving your four writers?

JACK: *my 4 writers?*
Oh...something they can really use.

MARY: What's that?

JACK: A fifth writer *Don Wilson*...I know what to get everybody in the cast but Don Wilson... Have you any suggestions?

MARY: Well, the jewelry counter is over there. Why don't you get him a nice pair of cuff links?

JACK: Say, that's a good idea. Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Here we are.

JL

ATX01 01B1489

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Have them gift wrapped and see that Mr. Wilson gets it before Christmas...CBS, Hollywood.

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Come on, Mary..let's go to the sporting goods section. I want to pick out something for Phil.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack. I want to stop at the hosiery counter first.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

BLANCHE: May I help you?

MARY: *Yes*, I'd like to see some nylons, please.

BLANCHE: Surely. Are they for yourself?

MARY: No...they're for my sister.

JACK: Oh, you're buying ~~stockings~~ ^{something} for Babe? *Stockings.*

MARY: ~~Yeah~~ *Yes.*

BLANCHE: What size?

MARY: Sixteen and a half.

BLANCHE: I..I beg your pardon? What size stocking did you say?

MARY: Sixteen and a half.

BLANCHE: Madam, the boxes don't come that big.

JACK: Mary, maybe you made a mistake. Babe's feet can't be that large.

MARY: Yes they are, Jack. (LAUGHINGLY) That's why she's in such demand during the grape crushing season.

JL

ATX01 0181490A

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) Yes sir, what can I do for you?

JACK: I'd like to see some cuff links.

MEL: Well, we have a large variety...All these you see here are a dollar ninety-eight.

JACK: A dollar ninety-eight?

MEL: Yes sir.

MARY: Jack, here are some better looking cuff links in this case.

JACK: Oh yes..I think Don would like this pair.

MEL: They're solid gold.

JACK: Gold? How much are they?

MEL: Forty dollars.

JACK:Forty....dollars.

MEL: The cheap ones turn green.

MARY: He sure did, didn't he?

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Look, Jack...Don has been with you eighteen years. It's about time you got him something nice.

JACK: You know, Mary...you're right..I'm going to get Don these gold cuff links..he deserves it..Mister..I'll take these forty dollar cuff links.

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Does that include the engraving?

MEL: Yes yes..we do it right here...It only takes a few minutes.

JACK: Good.. Now clerk, these cuff links are for a friend of mine named Don Wilson, so put a "D" on one cuff link and a "W" on the other.

JL

JACK: Oh..well Mary, why don't you get her present later. I'd like to finish my shopping first.

MARY: Just a minute, Jack, as long as we're here at the stocking counter, I want to buy a pair for myself.

JACK: ^{Mary-} You don't have to buy stockings. I was gonna give you some for Christmas.

MARY: I'll buy my own...I wore the stockings you gave me last year and everybody thought I was a nurse.

JACK: Well, how do I know what kind you want?..Now hurry up, Mary, because I want to pick out something for Phil.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

KEARNS: Can I help you, young man?

DENNIS: Huh?

KEARNS: I said, can I help you?

DENNIS: Oh, are you a clerk?

KEARNS: Just for the Christmas rush...I'm really Glenn MacCarthy, and I'm only working here to pay my income tax.

DENNIS: Oh...Gee, I'd like to get something for my parents.

KEARNS: Your mother and father, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah, how did you know?

KEARNS: Oh, I just figured it out.

DENNIS: Oh...well, I think I'll get my mother a new corset.

KEARNS: ^{well-} Don't you think she should come down and pick out her own corset?

DENNIS: Oh, Mother hasn't left the house for three days.

JL

KEARNS: Is she sick?

DENNIS: No, the string broke on her old one and she can't get through the door.

KEARNS: That's too bad.

DENNIS: Yeah..we were spending a quiet evening at home when all of a sudden, BOYINNG! and steel stays flew in all directions.

KEARNS: Oh my goodness..was anybody hurt?

DENNIS: No, but my father got pinned to the wall. ^{well,} Anyway, wrap up that size forty-four corset and I'll take it with me.

KEARNS: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now let's see. ^{mary} the sporting goods counter should be--

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ^{well, hello --- well hello ---} Well, hello, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: I see the Yuletide is catching up with you...You too, Miss Livingston.

MARY: Yes..Are you doing your Christmas shopping, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO... ^{I'm a busy boy full} Look at this ~~arm-load~~ of bundles...The things I am buying! For my wife I am getting a house coat and for my nephew I am getting some electric trains.

JACK: ^{oh,} Lionel?

ARTIE: No, his name is Sam.

JACK: Oh..

L

ATX01 01B1492

ARTIE: Well, excuse me, Mr. Benny..I've gotta ^{run} go over to the liquor department and buy a present for my brother. I'm gonna get him some of that ^{new} expensive imported brandy.

JACK: Napoleon?

ARTIE: No, his name is Lionel.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: Well, ^{Good to see you ---} goodbye, Mr Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel, and Merry Christmas.

MARY: Merry Christmas, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Same to you..(GOES OFF SINGING) You better not pout, you better not cry, you better watch out, I'm telling you why...
Santa Claus is coming down town.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Now let's see, where was I going?

MARY: Oh Jack, look at the music counter. They're featuring Dennis Day's record.

JACK: Which one?

MARY: It's called "Sin".

JACK: Oh.

MARY: The girl is putting it on right now..she's going to play it.

(APPLAUSE)

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

(APPLAUSE)

JL

(SECOND ROUTINE)

~~JACK: That was a nice record Bonnie made.~~

MARY: Jack, you better get Phil's present. I think the sporting goods is over here.

JACK: Yeah, we'll go over and ^{oh} just a minute, Mary.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: I've been thinking about Don's gift. I'm afraid I had it engraved wrong...I'm going back to the jewelry department..
Come on.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Oh clerk...clerk.

MEL: Yes, sir.

JACK: Remember me? I bought a forty dollar pair of gold cuff links here a few minutes ago, and I'd like to change the engraving.

MEL: But, Mister, I've already got it wrapped with ribbon and tinsel and everything.

JACK: I'm sorry, but I want you to change the engraving, so you'll have to open it up.

MEL: But Mister --

JACK: Now please..I'm a customer here....Open it up.

MEL: Okay.

(SOUND: RIPPING OF PAPER)

MEL: Now what do you want?

JL

ATX01 0181494

JACK: Well, the way it is now, there's a "D" on one cuff link and a "W" on the other. I'd like you to put both initials on each one of them.

MEL: Okay, I'll go fix it.

MARY: Jack, that's ridiculous...What's wrong with it the way it was?

JACK: Well, with Don Wilson it's the only sensible thing to do. *See -*
When Don wears them, people will see the "D" on one cuff link, and they'll be curious to see what's on the other one, and I want to save them that long walk...Now clerk, wrap it nicely with the tinsel and ^{the} ribbon.

MEL: I'll wrap it, I'll wrap it.

JACK: Come on, Mary. Now we can go to the sporting goods department.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: *well,* Here we are.

MARY: Gee, they sure have a nice assortment of guns and hunting equipment, Jack.

JACK: Yes...I think I should be able to get something for Phil

Nelson: here...Oh, clerk...clerk...~~Would you mind helping me?~~

Jack: ~~well, you're back again this year.~~
NELSON: ~~Could you mind helping me?~~
Certainly, across which aisle?

JACK: *how,* Don't be so smart.

MARY: Jack, don't start an argument with him, just buy Phil's present.

JL

JACK: Look, I came here to get something for a friend of mine. *now,*
He's the rugged type.

NELSON: Well, there's always camping equipment..Does he sleep
outdoors much?

JACK: Yes....sometimes right in front of his house.

NELSON: Oh. *a*

JACK: Gee, I don't know what to get him.

NELSON: Well, while you're making up your little mind, I'll wait on
another customer.

JACK: Okay...do you mind if I fool around with this gun?

NELSON: Go right ahead, it's loaded.

JACK: Hmm..Gosh..you know, Mary, it's hard to buy something for ~~a~~
~~rugged guy like~~ Phil.

MARY: Maybe he'd like this fishing rod.

JACK: Yeah, *say might* that ~~would~~ be nice....oh clerk--

NELSON: Just a minute, I have other customers.

JACK: Yes sir...I'll wait.

NELSON: That'll be eight, seventy-six, Madam.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER BELL AND DRAWER OPENS)

JACK: (IMPRESSED) Gee.

(SOUND: CHANGE RATTLES...DRAWER CLOSES)

NELSON: Have you decided on that tennis racquet, young man? Good...
that'll be twelve, seventy-five.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER BELL..DRAWER OPENS)

JL

JACK: Gosh!

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER DRAWER CLOSES)

JACK: Ouch!

NEILSON: Finally got your nose caught in it, didn't you?

JACK: Never mind, just give me that fishing rod. ^{hurry} Wrap it up and I'll call for it later...Come on, Mary, we'll -- Oh-oh, don't say anything. Here comes Phil now.

PHIL: (COMING ON) H'Ya, Jackson, Hello, Livvy, you ^{little} fugitive from ~~the~~ the doll counter, ^{you}.

MARY: Hello, Phil..My, you're certainly carrying a lot of packages.

PHIL: Yeah, I been shopping all day...got presents for everybody. How about you two?

JACK: Well, I'm nearly finished with my shopping.

PHIL: ~~Your~~ five bucks is almost gone, huh?

JACK: Phil...for your information, I just spent forty dollars on Don Wilson.

PHIL: What did you do, take him to lunch?

JACK: No, I --

MARY: Look out, Phil, one of your packages is slipping.

JACK: ^{Yeah} Yeah there it goes.

(SOUND: CRASH..BREAKING OF BOTTLE WITH SPLASHING SOUND)

PHIL: Darn it, now ^{I gotta} ~~I'll have to~~ get Remley another present.

JACK: ..(INHALES) ^{maay} ~~let's~~ move away, I'm getting dizzy. See you later, Phil.

JL

PHIL: So long, kids.

JACK &

MARY: Goodbye, Phil.

JACK: Come on, Mary...I still have to buy something for my sister Florence.

(SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Oh Jack, look...there's Santa Claus.

JACK: Yeah...Look at him, with his red suit and white beard.

MARY: Jack, he's coming toward us.

JACK: I'm going to talk to him. Hello, Santa.

SHELDON: H'ya, bud.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Long time no see.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's get away from here.

MARY: Jack, wasn't that--

JACK: Yes yes...that's the tout I always see at the race track...
Imagine him of all people being Santa Claus..Now let's see..

I think I might get something for my sister ~~in the~~---

DON: *oh,* JACK...JACK.

MARY: *oh,* Hello, Don.

Jack: *hello, don.*
DON: *oh,* Hello, Mary. *oh,* Gee, what trouble I'm having in this store...

I wish I didn't have such a big stomach.

JACK: Why?

DON: Well, it seems there's a piano missing and they searched me three times.

JACK: Well, it's your own fault, Don. You should diet once in awhile.

DON: I guess so...Oh say, Jack, I'm glad I bumped into you. Do you think our sponsor would appreciate an unusual gift like this?

MARY: Don, what's ^{so}unusual about that? It's just a clock.

DON: Oh no, ^{no}Mary, it isn't just a clock...It's a syncopated clock.

JACK: *a,* Syncopated clock?

DON: Yes, I'll show you how it works...Wait till I wind it up.

(SOUND: WINDING OF TOY)

(INTRO)

QUART: NOW HERE'S A CLOCK THAT WORKS ALL RIGHT
IT WORKS ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT EXACTLY QUITE.
INSTEAD OF GOING TICK, TOCK, TICK,
THE CRAZY CLOCK GOES TOCK, TICK, TOCK.
EXPERTS COME TO HEAR AND SEE
BUT NONE OF THEM CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY
WE CALLED ~~IN~~ PROFESSOR EINSTEIN, TOO
HE SAID, "THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO".
THE MAN WHO MADE IT RAVED AND RAVED
BECAUSE NOBODY COULD SAY
WHY THIS SILLY CLOCK BEHAVED
THE HICKERY DOCKERY WAY.
IT HAS A SYNCOPATED TICK
A STEADY RHYTHM, REALLY KIND OF SLICK
IT HAS A BEAT THAT WE ALL LIKE
AS PLEASING AS A LUCKY STRIKE.
LUCKY, LUCKY LUCKY STRIKE
ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED,
BETTER TASTING THAT'S A FACT.
SO LET'S LIGHT UP A LUCKY
PUFF ON A LUCKY STRIKE
THE SMOKE THAT YOU WILL LIKE

DCN: *Oh damn it --*
It's running down. I'll wind it up again.

(SOUND: WINDING)

QUART: LS, LS, MFT

THAT'S THE CIGARETTE FOR YOU AND ME"

ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED.

~~THERE'S NO LOOSE ENDS AND THAT'S A FACT~~

LS, LS, MFT

BETTER TASTING, TRY ONE AND YOU'LL SEE

Here's a smoke that you will like.
~~HURRY UP FOR GOODNESS SAKE~~

So, LET'S ALL LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE.

PUFF ON A LUCKY

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Don, that's a wonderful gift, and I'm sure the sponsor will be crazy about it.

DON: I thought you'd like it..But Jack, when I send it to him, should I sign the card just "Don"..or be more formal and sign my full name, Donald Harlow Wilson?

JACK: ^{Donald Harlow Wilson} Oh, you know him well enough to sign it "Don".

DON: I guess so..Well, I've gotta run along now ~~and get a~~ ^{gotta get} a present for my wife..So long.

MARY &

JACK: So long.

JACK: Say Mary, did you hear that?

MARY: What?

JACK: Don's got a middle name..Harlow..I didn't know ~~it.~~ ^{that.}

MARY: So what?

JACK: So what? Mary, His cuff links..Don would never forgive me if I left out his middle initial.

MARY: Jack, you mean you're going to--

JACK: I'll be back in a minute..I'm gonna get that engraving changed.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Oh, clerk, clerk.

MEL: (HAPPY) Yes sir, what can I --(TRANSITION TO DISGUST) Oh, it's you again.

JACK: ^{I've got a} Yes..I've got a slight change for you in that engraving.

MEL: (SLIGHTLY HYSTERICAL) Oh, no, no, no. First you buy the gift, then I engrave the gift, then I wrap the gift, then you change your mind about the engraving, then I unwrap the gift, then I re-engrave the gift, then I wrap the gift, and now you want me to change the engraving again.

JACK: Never mind that, just unwrap the gift.

MEL: I've already sent it down to the delivery department.

JACK: Well, you'll just have to go down there and get it.

MEL: What was wrong with it?

JACK: Well, there was nothing wrong with it..it's just that I'd like to add some more engraving.

MEL: More engraving! Look Mister. ~~This~~ ^{That} ain't a tombstone, it's a cuff link.

JACK: I know, I know..I ^{Mitchell --- mid --- I want to add his} want to add his' middle initial "H". Now go get my package.

MEL: All right, all right..(CRIES) I'll get it, I'll get it..
I 'LL GET IT! (CRIES)

JACK: Hmm, ^{what} what an eccentric character.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Well, Mary, that takes care of that.

MARY: Thank heaven..Now let's finish your shopping.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say Mary, what do you think I ought to get for my sister Florence?

MARY: Well, I don't know...Lingerie might be nice.

JACK: Say..Yeah..that sounds pretty good.

(SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Oh look, Jack, There's Rochester doing his Christmas shopping, too.

JACK: Yeah..Shh, I want to see what he's getting.

ROSS: Can I do anything for you?

ROCH: ^{Yeah}~~Yes~~...I'M LOOKING FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR MY BOSS.

ROSS: Your boss, Eh?..Well, would you like something in a neck-tie?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW..THAT MIGHT BE ALL RIGHT.

ROSS: Well, what kind would you like? What kind of a man is your boss?

ROCH: WELL..HE AIN'T EXACTLY THE VIGEROUS TYPE LIKE ERROL FLYNN...
AND HE ^{is}AIN'T EXACTLY THE QUIET TYPE LIKE GARY COOPER...THEN
AGAIN, HE AIN'T EXACTLY THE BASHFUL TYPE LIKE JIMMY STEWART,
AND ON THE OTHER HAND, HE AIN'T ~~EXACTLY~~ THE AGRESSIVE TYPE
LIKE HUMPHRY BOGART.

ROSS: Well, what type is he?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS, I JUST KNOW WHAT HE AIN'T.

JACK: Hmnn.

ROSS: Well..here's a nice necktie that will fit any type of man..
and it's only three dollars and fifty cents.

ROCH: THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS?

ROSS: That isn't too much to spend on a present for your employer.

ROCH: OH, IT ISN'T THAT I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE MONEY, BUT I JUST
CAN'T AFFORD IT..HE DOESN'T PAY ME MUCH.

ROSS: Oh..Well than here's a nice tie for seventy-nine cents.

ROCH: HOW MUCH DOWN.

JACK: How do you like that?

ROCH: I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GET HIM.

ROSS: Let me ask you something..what does your boss usually give you for Christmas?

ROCH: ...WELL...

ROSS: Well, what?

ROCH: WELL..LAST YEAR HE GAVE ME FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

ROSS: He gave you five thousand dollars? That's hard to believe.

ROCH: YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE TRUTH EITHER.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's go. I want to ---oh, Mary, I just thought of something. ^{About} Don's cuff links.

MARY: Not again?

JACK: Uh huh...come with me..it'll only take a minute.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Oh clerk..clerk.

MEL: Here's the package..I got it up from the delivery room.. And I added the extra initial.

JACK: Oh that's too bad..I wanta change the cuff links.

MEL: What?

JACK: Instead of the forty dollar ones, I'll take the ones that cost a dollar ninety-eight.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT..BODY THUD)

JACK: Gee, he was such a young fellow, too...Well, I'll take the dollar ninety-eight cuff links and put the money in his hand ...Come on, Mary, let's go.

(SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Jack, if you're gonna buy lingerie for your sister Florence,
I know just the ~~kind~~ *kind* --

JACK: Mary...Mary...look..

MARY: Where?

JACK: By the toy department. There's a little boy climbing up
on Santa Claus' lap.

MARY: Oh, yes. ⁿ

JACK: Let's listen.

SHELDON: Hiya, sonny.

HARRY: *Hello* - Hello, Santa Claus.

SHELDON: What would you like St. Nick to bring you for Christmas?

HARRY: ~~I~~ *I'd* would like a toy.

SHELDON: What kind?

HARRY: A bicycle.

SHELDON: Uh uh.

HARRY: ...Huh?

SHELDON: Get a fire truck.

HARRY: ...But I want a bicycle.

SHELDON: Bicycle hasn't got a chance.

HARRY: ...Why not?

SHELDON: Bicycle..tires.

HARRY: ...Gee, I never thought of that..I know what, Santa. Just
bring me a pair of roller skates.

SHELDON: Now that ^{is} ~~is~~ the worst choice you could make.

HARRY: What?

SHELDON: Roller skates are no good in the mud.

HARRY: Well, in that case, I know what I'll do.

SHELDON: What?
DM

HARRY: Come 'ere a minute.

SHELDON: Huh?

HARRY: I'm gonna get a high powered bee bee gun.

SHELDON: Why a high powered bee bee gun?

HARRY: It's a long shot.

SHELDON: Okay. Good luck, Sonny, and Merry Christmas.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: You know, Mary, if I didn't see that, I wouldn't believe it.

MARY: *well*, Come on, Jack, let's buy your sister's present and go home.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MARY: *well*, Here's the lingerie counter.

JACK: Yeah...Pardon me, but would you mind waiting on us?

ELLIOT: (MOOLEY) Duh...Why not? Your money's as good as anybody's.

JACK: Hmm...Well, could you show me something in silk lingerie?

ELLIOT: Soitenly...what's your size?

JACK: They're not for me.

MARY: They're for his sister...size thirty-four.

ELLIOT: Okay...here's a whole box of 'em.

MARY: Will you lay the lingerie out for us, please?

ELLIOT: Just a minute till I put my gloves on.

JACK: Gloves?

ELLIOT: Touchin' dat stuff with ^{*my*} bare hands makes me a nervous wreck.

JACK: What?

ELLIOT: Especially da black ones.

JACK: Look Mister, we haven't got all day. Show us something in a size thirty-four.

DM

ELLIOT: Okay...here's a nice little garment...a genuine pure silk nightie.

MARY: Gee, that's awfully pretty...I think this would be very-
Wait a minute, Mister, what are ^{all} these little loops on the bottom of the nightgown?

ELLIOT: Da loops?

MARY: (MOOLEY) Yeah, da loops.

JACK: Yes, what are the loops for?

ELLIOT: When you go to bed you hook dem over your toes so da nightgown won't creep up on ya.

JACK: Oh, that's wonderful...Gift wrap it up and send it to my house.

ELLIOT: Yes sir.

MARY: Jack, here comes Don again.

JACK: Oh hello, Don, have you bought your wife's present yet?

DON: Yes, I finished all my shopping..I even bought something for the man who collects our garbage.

JACK: Oh...oh...what did you buy him?

DON: Forty dollar cuff links...

JACK: *Is* Forty dollar cuff links for ~~a garbage collector?~~ *a man who just collects your garbage?*

DON: Jack, the only others they had were a dollar ninety-eight and I wouldn't give them to a dog.

MARY: WELL, YOU CAN START BARKIN', BROTHER, AND MERRY CHRISTMAS.

JACK: YEAH, YEAH, MERRY CHRISTMAS, ~~DON~~ ^{*Ends*}...SEE YOU LATER...COME ON,
MARY, LET'S GO HOME.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DM

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, industry can produce the bombers and munitions, but only you can give the blood that is needed so badly. ~~All Americans are rolling up their sleeves these days giving cheerfully, proudly.~~ Make that appointment today. ~~Don't wait until it is too late.~~ Call your local blood bank. In the Los Angeles area the telephone number is Dunkirk 4-5261. ~~Dunkirk 4-5261.~~
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

DM

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, ~~NOVEMBER 25, 1951~~
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

*December 2, 1951
(Revised November 25, 1951)*

SHARBUTT: Luckies taste better!

MARTIN: Yes, there's better taste in Lucky Strike because Luckies' fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette that tops all five principal brands for quality. Lucky Strike.

SHARBUTT: These are not just claims -- they are facts that prove Luckies are made better in every way. Facts verified by leading laboratory consultants. One of these, Froehling and Robertson, of Richmond, Virginia, reports --

MARTIN: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best made of these five major brands.

SHARBUTT: So don't be misled by the smoke screen of claims and empty promises made by other cigarettes. Remember the proven facts of Lucky Strike quality. Enjoy the mild, rich taste of fine tobacco in the cigarette that smokes smoother because it's made better -- the cigarette that tastes better -- Lucky Strike. You'll prove it yourself by trying a carton of Luckies today!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

JC

RTX01 01B1510

TAG

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Well, Mary, I've done all my Christmas shopping. I guess we can go home.

MARY: Yes..come on, let's --

ARTIE: Well, Mr. Benny, imagine running into you again.

JACK: *Mr. Benny* I thought you finished your Christmas shopping.

ARTIE: *Well* I had to come back. I forgot to get a present for my boss.

I'm buying him a cigarette lighter.

JACK: Ronson?

ARTIE: No, his name is Shapiro.

JACK: Oh...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike...Consult your newspaper for time and station. ...Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately... The Jack Benny program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service...

DM

ATX01 0181511

PROGRAM #13
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1951 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

AS BROADCAST

RS

ATX01 0181512

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, you've heard all sorts of empty claims made by other cigarettes -- but now Lucky Strike sweeps away this smoke screen of double-talk with facts -- not claims -- facts.

MARTIN: The facts are that Luckies' fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette that's made better -- with no annoying loose ends to spoil the taste.

SHARBUTT: A month-after-month comparison of cigarette quality based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical proves Lucky Strike, by far, the best made of all five principal brands.

MARTIN: These results are verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Foster D. Snell Inc. of New York City, reports...

SHARBUTT: In our opinion, the properties measured are all-important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We conclude that Lucky Strike is the best made of the five major brands.

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies are made better and Luckies taste better -- always so mild, so smooth, so firm and fresh with better taste in every puff. (MORE)

DM

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1951
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: So next time you buy cigarettes, remember the facts --
enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette
that's made better -- the cigarette that tastes better
Lucky Strike. Yes, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Make your
next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

REPRISE
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM PALM SPRINGS, THAT
OASIS IN THE DESERT..WE BRING YOU THE SHIEK OF ARABY..
JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack
Benny talking..and Don, I know you were trying to be
clever, but why in the world would you introduce me as the
Shiek of Araby?

DON: Well Jack, we've been in Palm Springs all week, and you
yourself told me you were living in a tent.

JACK: A tent?...Oh, no no, Don, you misunderstood me. I said I
was living at the El Contento. It's a very nice place.
So there's no connection between me and the Shiek of Araby.

DON: But Jack, at eight o'clock this morning I saw you in a
long robe walking down Palm Canyon Drive with a dagger in
your hand.

JACK: That was a toothbrush, I was on my way to the washroom...
You and your big mouth..A guy can't have any privacy.

DON: Well, in that case, Jack, I'm sorry.

JACK: No no, ^{no} Don..now that I think of it, I'm glad that you
called me the Shiek of Araby.

~~DON: You are?~~

JACK: Yes, because tonight into your tent I'll creep and tear up your contract...So watch it, Shrimp Boat...It's too near Christmas to---Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Well, now we have the usual question*
Well, Mary, what have you been doing since we got to Palm Springs?

MARY: Oh, I did some swimming..played some tennis..and yesterday for the first time, I went horseback riding.

JACK: Oh, so that's where you were yesterday.

MARY: Yeah. First I went on a breakfast ride..and when I got back from that, I went on a lunch ride..when I got back from that, I went on a steak ride..and when I got back from that, I went on a moonlight barbecue ride.

JACK: Mary, how could you eat so much?

MARY: Who ate! Somebody put glue on my saddle.

JACK: Mary, you mean all day yesterday you were stuck to the saddle?

MARY: Today too, why do you think I'm wearing this long skirt?

JACK: Oh, OH, ~~OH~~. When you came through the door, I thought you were hinting for a game of leap frog.

well, answer.
if that's all, away on a tape show, we'd have to take it out.
MARY: Anyway, Jack, you look wonderful. What have you been doing?

JACK: *well, mary -*
Every morning I take a long walk. *and* ~~You know, it's...Oh,~~

oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, ^{Dennis} ~~kid~~, now that you're here--

DENNIS: ^{oh} Wait a minute, Mr. Benny, don't you notice anything different about me?

JACK: Different?...No.

DENNIS: Well, look, man, look.

JACK: I'm looking, I'm looking.

DENNIS: Well, can't you see anything different about me?

JACK: No.

DENNIS: Gee, and everybody told me I'd look better with a moustache.

JACK: ^{but} Dennis, you haven't got a ~~moustache~~.

DENNIS: Oh darn it, I left it in my pocket.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard. Imagine going out and buying a false moustache..Dennis, if you think you look better in a moustache, why don't you grow one?

DENNIS: If I grew one, I couldn't take it off when I go to bed.

JACK: Well, why in the world would you want to take your moustache off when you go to bed?

DENNIS: Because I talk in my sleep and it tickles.

JACK: Dennis, change the subject, will you?

DENNIS: Okay .. (ASIDE) Hey Mary, ^{Mary} come here a minute, *will you.*

(MARY GOES TO DENNIS'S MIKE)

MARY: (ASIDE) What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: (ASIDE) I really played a joke on Mr. Benny yesterday.

MARY: (ASIDE) What did you do?

DENNIS: (ASIDE) Well, I heard that you were going out on a

breakfast ride, and I figured that Mr. Benny would go with you, so I put some glue on one of the saddles...

(LONG PAUSE)...Mary...Mary, don't you think that's funny?

MARY: If I could get my ^{feet} ~~feet~~ out of this stirrup, I'd kick you right in the head.

JACK: Mary, come back here and --

PHIL: (ENTERING) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, ^{up to now -} THIS PROGRAM'S BEEN FLOPPIN' BUT ^{now} HARRIS IS HERE AND THINGS WILL START POPPIN' ^{Louise}

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Phil..Phil..what stroke of modesty caused you to sneak in like that? *You know.*

PHIL: No modesty, Jackson, I just thought I'd liven things up... Hey, we've got a guest star..The Lone Ranger.

JACK: That's Mary, I'll explain it to you later. Anyway, Phil, now that ^{we're} you're here, suppose we --wait a minute, Phil ... what's that ^{you've} got in your hand?

PHIL: A Palm Springs Martini.

JACK: A Palm Springs Martini? I've never heard of that...How do they make it?

PHIL: Same as a regular martini..Only instead of an olive, you use a date.

JACK: A Martini with a date in it?

PHIL: After the fourth one, you don't even bother to spit out the pits.

JACK: Look, Phil --

PHIL: Shake me, Jackson, and listen to me rattle.

JACK: You know, Phil, ^{oh-} I can't understand it..Everytime we come down here, you carouse around all night long and yet you look great.. How do you do it?

PHIL: Well, you know how it is, here in Palm Springs, Jackson.. Mountain climbing at dawn..golfing till noon, and swimming till sunset will make anyone look good.

JACK: Phil, you do all that?

PHIL: No, Alice does and that lets me sleep all day.

JACK: I thought so.

DENNIS: ^{oh} Mr. Benny, you want me to do my song now?

JACK: Well..

PHIL: Wait a minute..first the Long Ranger, now Tom Dewey.

JACK: ^{Phil: Nello Sam.} Tom-- Dennis, take off that moustache..If you want to sing, go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "ONCE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Once" sung by Dennis Day...and very good too,
Benny
kid. And now, kids, I have something important to tell the
audience.

DENNIS: *Oh,* Mr. Benny, do you mind if I say something now that we're in
Palm Springs.

JACK: What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: Sun tan oil, cactus plants, and tumble weeds.

JACK: Sun tan oil, cactus plants and tumble weeds? What's that?

DENNIS: *Well,* If we can't be funny, let's be topical.

JACK: Dennis, what makes you act so silly?

DENNIS: Phil gave me a date and boy, was the juice strong!

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ be quiet. *will you* Now listen, kids, I have something
important I want to tell the audience. It's a real
surprise..Oh Don, did you hire that trio you told me about?

DON: *Yeah,* ~~yes,~~ they should be here any minute.

JACK: Good.

MARY: What's this about a trio?

JACK: Well Mary, Don found a famous singing group right here in
Palm Springs and they're gonna sing the song I wrote,
"When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To
You."

PHIL: Oh, no no no, Jackson, not that. *one -* straighten my hair, tell
everybody I've got nine toes..but *don't sing* ~~not that~~ song again. *Please.*

~~MARY: (MAD) Now wait a minute, Phil, that's a wonderful song
and someday it'll be one of the biggest. Whoops, sorry.
-Jack, I read your line.~~

JACK: Yeah...Now wait a minute, Phil, ^{Phil-} that's a wonderful song and ~~and~~ ^{it's a wonderful song and} someday it'll be one of the biggest hits in the country..

And yet at every opportunity you kids knock it.

DENNIS: I don't like it, either, and I'm full of date juice.

JACK: Now cut that out! .. Look kids, I don't wanta hear anymore about --

u
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

JENNY: I have a long distance call for Jack Benny.

JACK: Long distance? Put them on.

JENNY: Here's your party.

JACK: Hello?

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, why is this call Long Distance? I left you at my hotel.

ROCH: I'M CALLING FROM THE WASHROOM.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: YOU FORGOT YOUR ELECTRIC RAZOR AGAIN.

JACK: I don't care what I forgot, did you have to call me in the middle of my broadcast?

ROCH: THE MIDDLE OF YOUR BROADCAST?

JACK: Certainly, it's a quarter after four.

ROCH: IT'S A QUARTER AFTER FIVE HERE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: THE WASH ROOM'S ON MOUNTAIN TIME.

JACK: Oh. ~~Well, gather up my things.~~ Anyway Rochester, how did you know that I left my electric razor in the wash room?

ROCH: I FOLLOWED THE CORD FROM THE HOTEL.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: AND SAY, BOSS.

JACK: What?

ROCH: I FOUND OUT WHY YOUR ELECTRIC RAZOR WENT DEAD WHILE YOU WERE SHAVING THIS MORNING.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THE SUPER CHIEF RAN OVER THE CORD IN CUCAMONGA.

JACK: I knew something happened. Now Rochester, take my things back to the hotel, then press my gray suit, lay out my shirts and tie and be sure to--

ROCH: BOSS. BOSS, I CAN'T HEAR YOU, YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK LOUDER.

JACK: What's the matter?

ROCH: THE GREYHOUND BUS JUST PULLED IN AND THIS PLACE IS A MADHOUSE.

JACK: Oh. Well, never mind, Rochester. I'll see you later. Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOODBYE.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now let's see..er..what were we talking about?

DENNIS: Your lousy song.

JACK: *we were talking*
~~Oh yes..I mean~~ about the trio that's coming over to sing it.

PHIL: Jackson, you're not really gonna have that song sung on the radio, are you?

JACK: *Why* Certainly, *Phil* it's beautiful.

(SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.
WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU, I'LL RETURN.
LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO
RETURN TO CAPISTRANO --

MARY: *Oh,* That's awful.

JACK: Mary, why don't you get a chair and sit down?

MARY: Who needs a chair?

JACK: Never mind.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Jack, it's the Guadalajara Trio..the fellows who are going to do your song.

JACK: Oh, come in, fellows..come on in.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Jack, are you really going through with this?

JACK: *now - now*
Certainly, I'll admit that the melody might not be the greatest, but the lyrics..wait till you hear the words sung by professional singers..Take it fellows.."When You Say I Beg Your Pardon, Then I'll Come Back To You."

Mary - just listen to these lyrics!

(GUADALAJARA TRIO SINGS SONG IN SPANISH..JACK TALKS DURING SONG)

JACK: No no, fellows..I want it in English!..^{Boys} An English...^{Boys} Boys,
Oh venano - Boys, lookit -
 my program doesn't go to Mexico.....Look fellows, I want
lookit -
 them to understand the words...^{You see I wrote} Sing it in English...^{fellows} Boys..
Boys - I don't want it that way lookit -
 Wait a minute...Wait a minute...^{Boys} WAIT A MINUTE...^{fellows} WAIT A
MINUTE!!!

(BOYS STOP SINGING)

JACK: Don..Don..what is this? I thought they were going to sing my song in English.

DON: Well Jack, so did I. That's what their manager told me.

JACK: Their manager? Where is he?

DON: That's him standing right over there.

JACK: Well, I want to talk to him...Hey you..come here a minute... Are you the manager of the Guadalajara Trio?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Well, they do popular songs, don't they?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Well, can't at least one of them speak English?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Which one?

MEL: She.

JACK: Don't you mean "he"?

MEL: Si.

JACK: What's his name?

MEL: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Well, if they can't sing in English, they're no good to me... All right, fellows, you can go.

DON: Wait a minute, Jack, as long as they're here and you've hired them, why not let them sing something they know?

JACK: Well, that's all right with me..Is that all right with Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: All right, all right..sing already.

Sing the song.

TRIO: ADIOS MUCHOSOS COMPANEROS DE MI VIDA

A LUCKY STRIKE..A LUCKY STRIKE

ME TOCA A MI HOY EMPRENDER LA RETIRADA

AND YOU WILL ALSO FIND THAT THEY ARE BETTER TASTING

ADIOS MUCHOSOS YA ME VOY YA ME RESIGNO

A LUCKY STRIKE, A LUCKY STRIKE

SE ACABACON PACA MI SO ROUND SO FIRM

MI CUERPO EFERMO TIENE NO LOOSE ENDS.

L S M F T, YES THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME.

I LIKE IT YES SI SI..IT'S L S M F T.

LA PABRE DE MI MADRE SORTIO VEJITA

Y DE MI NOVIECITA QUE TANTO AME

WHEN YOU ARE DANCING AND SHE'S DANGEROUSLY NEAR YOU

PUFF ON A LUCKY, PUFF ON A LUCKY

SE ACABACON PARA MI SO ROUND SO FIRM

MI CUERPO ENFERMO TIENE, NO LOOSE ENDS.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Very good, fellows, very good, ^{That was -} That was wonderful..By the way, what key did they sing that in?

MEL: G.

JACK: G?

MEL: Si.

JACK: All right, fellows, you can go...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS IS OUR CUSTOM HERE IN PALM SPRINGS.. TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT OUR ANNUAL PALM SPRINGS MURDER MYSTERY ENTITLED --

FARRELL: HOLD IT, BENNY..HOLD IT..HOLD IT.

JACK: Huh? Hey kids, it's Charlie Farrell.

(APPLAUSE)

FARRELL: That's me..Charlie Farrell..mayor of the town, ^{and} owner of the Racquet Club..and star of Eighth Heaven.

JACK: Eighth Heaven? Charlie, that's Seventh Heaven.

FARRELL: Everything's a little higher in Palm Springs.

JACK: ~~Oh well,~~ I wouldn't know, I'm on Mountain Time...Anyway, Charlie, what did you interrupt for? We're about to start our sketch.

FARRELL: That's what I want to talk to you about. I've been sitting out in the audience waiting for this..Every year you come down here to Palm Springs and do a play called "Murder At the Racquet Club" and it's giving my joint a bad name.

JACK: Why, Charlie, that's ridiculous. It's all done in fun. Nobody believes it.

FARRELL: That's where you're wrong. Only last week some people from New York were staying at the Racquet Club and they came over to me and wanted to know where the body was lying.

JACK: Really?

FARRELL: Fortunately, Phil Harris was there so I could show them one.

JACK: Oh..Well Charlie, after all, it doesn't make any difference. It's just a play.

FARRELL: But it's ridiculous, Jack. We've never had a murder at the Racquet Club...We have a suicide every day or so, but no murders.

JACK: Suicides?

FARRELL: Yeah, when people get their bills, it sounds like the Fourth of July.

JACK: *You shouldn't have stopped in the middle of the sentence*
~~No kidding: there - but it's all right - not kidding - it~~
in rehearsal he reads it fine.

FARRELL: Anyway, Jack, as a favor to me, I wish you wouldn't do ^{unfavorably, Jack.} Murder At the Racquet Club.

JACK: Okay, Charlie, if you feel that way about it, ~~we'll get~~
we won't do "murder at the Racquet Club" we'll set
"the scene somewhere else.

FARRELL: Thank you, *Jack.*

JACK: Take it, Don.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT WE ARE DOING A BRAND NEW PLAY ENTITLED, "MURDER ON THE DESERT" .. OR .. "THE SUN WENT DOWN AT THREE FIFTY-NINE AND THE BODY WAS COLD AT FOUR."
...CURTAIN..MUSIC.

(MUSIC)

(SOUND: SCRATCHING OF PEN ON PAPER)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS CAPTAIN O'BENNY...I AM THE RETIRED CHIEF OF POLICE OF PALM SPRINGS...AT THE MOMENT, I AM IN MY CABIN OUT ON THE DESERT WRITING MY MEMOIRS..THIS IS

EASY FOR ME AS I HAVE A PEN THAT WRITES UNDER SAND...A
RETIRED POLICE CHIEF HAS MUCH TO REMEMBER ~~AND~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh darn, always interruptions. I'll never
get my memoirs written.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: (OOMPHY) Hello..Is this former Chief O'Benny?

JACK: Speaking.

MARY: Good..I'd like to report a murder.

JACK: But I'm retired. Why call me?

MARY: I tried to get Sam Spade, but he's on another network.

JACK: Oh..well, what do you want? What's wrong?

MARY: Well, I don't like to spoil your day..but my husband has
just been murdered.

JACK: Oh he has, eh?...Do you know who murdered your husband?

MARY: No.

JACK: Well...er...Have you got any ideas?

MARY: (REAL OOMPHY) Now that he's dead, yes.

JACK: Well, ^{will you} I'll get the police and come right over..Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Chiefie.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: (FILTER) A SECOND AFTER WE HAD HUNG UP, I REALIZED I HADN'T ASKED THIS GIRL ~~WITH THE FRIENDLY VOICE~~ HER NAME, ADDRESS, OR PHONE NUMBER....I WAS REALLY RETIRED...I KNEW I'D NEED ALL THE POLICE HELP I COULD GET ON THIS CASE, SO I WENT TO THE PHONE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING FOUR TIMES..BUZZ..
CLICK OF RECEIVER UP)

DON: Hello, Palm Springs Police Station.

JACK: Let me speak to the new Police Chief.

DON: Yes sir..(CALLS) Oh Chief..It's for you.

DENNIS: (IRISH) How do you do..sure and begorrah and faith and macushlah, it's a pleasure to throw the blarney with you, Police Chief O'Day himself speaking. *etc*

JACK: O'Day, this is former Captain O'Benny.

DENNIS: (STRAIGHT) Oh, I thought you were a tourist, they expect us policemen to be Irish.

JACK: Now listen, O'Day, there's been a murder committed.

DENNIS: Well, come on over. Me and my ~~men~~ ^{boys} will help you solve the crime.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: (FILTER) I HUNG UP THE PHONE AND RUSHED OVER TO THE POLICE STATION...I DIDN'T HAVE A CAR..THERE WERE NO TROLLEYS OR BUSES..AND I COULDN'T GET A CAR, SO I DECIDED TO WALK.. THIS WAS THE LONGEST WALK I HAD TAKEN ~~SINCE I SHAVED THIS~~ ^{without my robe on} ~~MORNING~~..FOR THE NEXT FOUR HOURS, WE QUESTIONED EVERYBODY.. OUR SEARCH EVEN TOOK US OUT INTO THE DESERT. THERE I SAW AN INDIAN SITTING BY HIS FIRE...I DECIDED TO QUESTION HIM

TOO, AND I KNEW HE'D TELL ME THE TRUTH BECAUSE HE WAS
USING HIS BLANKET TO ~~WIP~~^{swipe} AWAY THE SMOKE SCREEN OF ~~FALSE~~^{double}
~~CLAIMS~~^{talk}...I WALKED OVER TO HIM AND SAID.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Are you an Indian?

MEL: Ugh.

JACK: Do you live out here on the desert?

MEL: Ugh.

JACK: Have you lived out here on the desert long?

MEL: Ugh.

JACK: Now look, you, I'm gonna ask you some questions and I
want the truth, see?

MEL: Si.

JACK: (FILTER) I FORGOT TO MENTION, THIS INDIAN HAD A LITTLE
SPANISH BLOOD IN HIM.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) ~~Now look, you,~~^{Tell me} are you married.

MEL: Si.

JACK: Have you been married long?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Is your wife pretty?

MEL: Ugh.

JACK: Ugh?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Now look.,there was a murder committed here in Palm Springs.
Where were you last night?

MEL: Me have perfect alibi for last night.

JACK: An alibi, huh? Well, all right, where were you?

MEL: You follow-um me. Me take-um you there.

JACK: (FILTER) I FOLLOW-UMMED HIM AND HE TOOK-UM ME THERE. I FOUND OUT LATER THIS WAS THE IROQUOIS VERSION OF COME ON-A MY HOUSE.. HE TOOK ME INSIDE A PLACE THAT LOOKED VAGUELY FAMILIAR...THERE WAS A MAN STANDING IN THE SHADOWS.. THEN THE INDIAN SAID--

MEL: Me was here last night...You ask that man there. Him prove my alibi no ~~false claim~~ *doubtful talk.*

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Okay, I'll ask him...Hey you..was this Indian here all last night?

FARRELL: Yes, he was running my projector, I was showing Seventh Heaven.

JACK: *At your place it should be Tenth Heaven, already.*
~~Well~~, then I guess his alibi--

FARRELL: Wait a minute... Jack, you promised me that there wouldn't be any more murder mysteries here at the Racquet Club.

JACK: ~~Well~~, I can't help it, Charlie..this Indian led me here and I'll have to make an investigation..tell me the names of all the guests.

FARRELL: I don't know all their names..look in the register.

JACK: Okay, I will.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER OPENING)

FARRELL: NOT THAT ONE.

HACK: (FILTER) I THOUGHT IT WAS PECULIAR THAT LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON SHOULD BOTH BE STAYING HERE.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Now look, Farrell, you're going to answer some questions.

FARRELL: No, I'm not. ^{now} you promised me to stay out of the Racquet Club.

JACK: But there's been a murder here..Now where's the body?

MARY: Here I am, Chiefie.

JACK: I mean the dead one ^{and take off that saddle -}. Now Farrell, there's been a murder committed here and I'm gonna find out who did it..I'm going to question everybody in the place..First I'll go into the bar.

(SOUND: FIVE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

(GUADALAJARA TRIO STARTS SINGING JACK'S SONG IN ^{English} SPANISH)

~~MARY: (ON CUE) HEY CHIEF, CHIEF..~~

~~JACK: WHAT?~~

~~MARY: DO YOU THINK ANYONE SUSPECTS THAT WE'RE IN LOVE AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO MURDERED MY HUSBAND?~~

~~JACK: NO, I DON'T THINK SO..COME ON, LET'S DANCE..THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG... (JACK JOINS TRIO IN HUMMING HIS SONG)~~

~~(BAND PICKS UP FOR FINISH)~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

JACK: Now listen, men -- I'm here to -- Mary - Mary - it's the Guadalajara Trio and they're singing my song in English -- In English - keep it up boys. Keep it up.

(JACK JOINS TRIO IN SINGING HIS SONG)

(BAND PICKS UP FOR FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, with hostilities still continuing in Korea, ten million people have become homeless and destitute. These people are in desperate need of clean used clothing. Clothing gifts by groups and individuals should be made through your local American Relief for Korea. For further information, contact the American Relief for Korea, 133 East 39th Street, New York, New York. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1951
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: Luckies - taste - better!

MARTIN: Yes, there's better taste in Lucky Strike because Luckies fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette that tops all five principal brands for quality.

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies are made better -- that's a fact confirmed by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Froehling and Robertson, of Richmond, Virginia, reports --

MARTIN: It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best made of these five major brands.

SHARBUTT: And always remember, better taste in a cigarette starts with fine tobacco and LS/MFT Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MARTIN: So enjoy the full, rich taste of fine tobacco in the cigarette that smokes smoother because it's made better - the cigarette that tastes better -- Lucky Strike.

SHARBUTT: And right now Luckies are available in bright, festive Christmas cartons. So this year make it a happy -- go Lucky Christmas! Give all your friends Christmas cartons of Lucky Strike - the cigarette that tastes better.

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go Lucky Strike today!

DM

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, ^{immediately} after my broadcast next Sunday, I will do my second television show of the season, so I hope you'll all be watching.

MARY: Jack, who's gonna be on your television show next Sunday?

JACK: Well, Mary, I tried to get Barbara Stanwyck, ^{I don't know} but she told me she had a headache..then I asked Danny Kaye and he told me he had a headache..Then I asked Claudette Colbert and ^{I wanted her to be on it - but} she told me she had a headache..Then I asked Tyrone Power

^{Mary:} ^{Jack:} ^{you,} and he told me he wanted five thousand dollars, so I told ^{to you had a headache.} him I had a headache...But anyway, tune in next week, because we'll have twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds of fun...Goodnight, ~~folks.~~ ^{everybody.}

(APPLAUSE)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike...Consult your newspaper for time and station..Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately... The Jack Benny Program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service...THIS IS THE C. B. S. RADIO NETWORK.

PROGRAM #14
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1951 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed, Dec. 9, 1951)
(Palm Springs, Calif.)

AS BROADCAST

RS

RTX01 0181536

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1951 (TAPED DECEMBER 9, 1951)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Get Better Taste today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: Friends, -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --
fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute
for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell you
different!

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better! -- Because their fine, mild,
good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved the
best-made of all five principal brands -- let me repeat
that ... the best-made of all five principal brands!
That's not an empty claim -- that's a fact -- verified
by leading laboratory consultants. For example,
Froehling and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia, who
report ...

SHARBUTT: "It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made
of these five major brands."

MARTIN: Don't be misled by double-talk. Remember the facts!
Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette
the tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

TC

ATX01 0181537

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1951 (TAPED DECEMBER 9, 1951)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: (STRAIGHT DELIVERY) -- So mild, so smooth, so firm and
fresh -- with better taste in every puff! When you buy
cigarettes, remember -- Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

TC

ATX01 0181538

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IN THIRTY MINUTES JACK BENNY WILL DO HIS SECOND TELEVISION SHOW OF THE SEASON...WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, LET ~~US~~ SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED LAST TUESDAY WHEN JACK WAS PACKING TO COME HOME FROM PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Are you sure you emptied all the drawers, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: I always leave things behind so you call them out as you pack them and I'll cross them off my list.

ROCH: YES SIR...THREE PAIRS OF SHOES.

JACK: Three pairs of shoes.

ROCH: EIGHT PAIRS OF SOCKS.

JACK: Eight pairs of socks.

ROCH: ONE TOOTH BRUSH.

JACK: Tooth brush.

ROCH: CLOTHES BRUSH.

JACK: Clothes brush.

ROCH: SHOE BRUSH.

JACK: Shoe brush.

ROCH: HAIR.

JACK: Hair brush?

ROCH: NO, JUST HAIR.

JACK: Oh oh oh ..*th*

ROCH: SHAVING SET.

JACK: Shaving set.

ROCH: AND SIX PAIRS OF SHORTS...WELL, THAT'S ALL, BOSS.

JACK: Wait a minute...didn't you forget the bath towels?

ROCH: BUT YOU DIDN'T BRING ANY BATH TOWELS.

JACK: No, but we're taking some home...We'll only take two..And while you're at it, you might as well throw in some coat hangers, some stationery, and a couple of those little bars of soap for souvenirs.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE...WHEN YOU LEAVE A HOTEL ROOM, IT LOOKS LIKE THE ROSE BOWL ON JANUARY SECOND.

JACK: Look, Rochester..every hotel expects you to take these little things as souvenirs...It's good advertising for them to have things with their name on it in people's homes.

ROCH: YOUR HOUSE DOES MORE ADVERTISING THAN BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE AND OSBORN.

JACK: Never mind..Just fasten the bags and--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson..hello, ~~ROCH~~. *Chester*

ROCH: HELLO, MR. HARRIS.

PHIL: Well Jackson, what did you ask me to come over for?

JACK: I wanted to have a little talk with you, *Phil*.

PHIL: Couldn't you have done it at rehearsal?

JACK: I didn't want to embarrass you in front of the cast.

PHIL: ~~Why~~, ^{well,} what did I do wrong this Sunday?

JACK: ^{Phil} It's not only this Sunday. It's every Sunday..and it's not you, it's Remley.

PHIL: Frankie?

JACK: ^{No, Stanislaus - of course it's Frankie - and} Yes...I wish you'd talk to him...Every week the same thing..We're on stage..the audience comes in..sees him laying there and they think it's ^{...they think it's a} a mystery program.

PHIL:No, no, Jackson. ^{hold it just a minute, Jackson - look} it's lying there.

JACK: Look, Phil --

PHIL: ^{Look} On the program, you can make me appear ignorant and illiterate, but when we're off the air, I ^{happen to} know my grammar.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: ^{Look} With inanimate objects you use the verb "lay". But living things lie...So Remley is lying there.

JACK: Phil..Phil...It's my opinion that when anything lays in the same position for thirty-nine weeks, it's inanimate... And if you won't move him, at least dust him off.

PHIL: Now hold it, Dad-- ^{hold it -}

JACK: ^{Frankie} Frankie must be amazed when you wake him up and it's Summer again.

PHIL: Say, you're really torrid today..what have you got in that big suit case, a writer?

JACK: ^{No,} No, I'm just packing to go home.

PHIL: ^{Look} Say, I'm leaving for L.A. in a couple of minutes..would you like to ride in with me?

JACK: Thanks Phil, but I'm riding back with Mary in her car.

PHIL: *Oh - Oh -*
I knew you wouldn't bring your own car with you.

JACK: Why not?

PHIL: Last time you did, there was a wind in the pass and you burned out the motor trying to stay even...Well, so long, Jackson. *Ill see you later.*
~~Goodbye Roch.~~

ROCH: Goodbye. ~~Mr. Harris.~~

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

ROCH: WELL, I'VE GOT EVERYTHING READY TO GO, BOSS.

JACK: Good...You know, Rochester..it's a shame I have to go back so soon *I hate to leave Palm Springs -* ~~but~~ .. I have to prepare for my T. V. Show.. Gee, if I didn't have so much work to do, I'd move from Beverly Hills to Palm Springs.

ROCH: BOSS, WITH YOUR MONEY YOU COULD MOVE PALM SPRINGS TO BEVERLY HILLS.

JACK: ~~What?~~ *Move Palm Springs?*

ROCH: YOU'VE GOT MOST OF IT IN YOUR SUIT CASE RIGHT NOW.

JACK: I have not. I told you before that--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: *Oh* Jack, I just drove up.. I've got the car parked outside.

JACK: Well, we're all ready to go and--

MARY: Jack..how'd you get that big bump on your head?

JACK: Well..you know me..every morning I like to get up early, run out to the swimming pool and dive right into the water.

MARY: Well, what happened?

JACK: This morning it hadn't thawed out yet. *Rochester* Rochester, take *the bags* the bags out to Miss Livingstone's car...Come on, Mary. *out - The Chamber of Commerce won't like that one very well - but - Rochester take*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Say Mary, how did your sister Babe enjoy her vacation? Did she do any horseback riding or swimming while ~~she~~ *we* was here?

MARY: Well Jack, Babe didn't stay very long..her feelings were hurt.

JACK: Why, what happened?

MARY: Well, when she registered at the hotel, the bell-boy showed her to her room, put down her luggage and started toward the door. (LAUGHS)

JACK: Yes..yes..go on.

MARY: Then he stopped, took another look at Babe and --(LAUGHS)

JACK: And what? *what?*

MARY: He went back and tore the Beauty Rest label off the mattress.

JACK: Well Mary..Babe's too sensitive..she shouldn't care what a bell boy thinks of her.

MARY: Oh, it wasn't only the bell boy..When she arrived, all the guests ran up to her, asked for her autograph, and wanted to know where her partner Dean Martin was.

JACK: Well, it's her own fault for wearing bangs.

MARY: I guess so..Well, there's the car.

JACK: Hey, isn't that Dennis sitting in it?

MARY: Yes..he's going to ride back to town with us.

JACK: *oh* That'll be nice..(What am I saying?)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL..CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *oh* Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: (TALKS WITH NOSE STUFFED AS THOUGH HE HAS A HEAVY COLD.)

Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis, where'd you get that cold?

DENNIS: Here in Palm Springs.

JACK: Here? How did that happen?

DENNIS: Well, yesterday morning at five A.M. my phone began to ring, *and* then people began to scream in my window..and finally they broke the door down and dragged me out.

MARY: Why, was the place on fire?

DENNIS: No, it was time for the breakfast ride.

JACK: Oh..Did you ride in the buckboard?

DENNIS: That's for sissies..I rode a horse.

JACK: On a horse, eh?..Did you ride bareback?

DENNIS: No, I was still wearing my pajamas.

JACK: STOP WITH THOSE OLD JOKE*s*.. Now Dennis, you're gonna ride back with us, *now* so please --

ROCH: HERE ARE THE BAGS, MR. BENNY.

MARY: Just put them in the back seat, Rochester.

JACK: What's the matter with the trunk?

MARY: It's full of dates.

JACK: Mary..you bought all those dates?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) No, I backed into a Palm Tree.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: MISS LIVINGSTONE, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DRIVE?

MARY: Yes, Rochester, thanks. *you.*

JACK: ~~Come on, Mary,~~ *stay* let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC--BLEND INTO LITTLE MOTORING MUSIC..FADE OUT TO--)

(SOUND: CAR GOING ALONG SMOOTHLY.)

JACK: Gee, we're sure making good time.

MARY: Yeah..we've gone about fifty miles already.

DENNIS: (SNEEZES) a

MARY: Gesundheit.

DENNIS: Thank you..I--I--I (SNEEZES AGAIN)

JACK: Dennis, are you sitting in a draft?

DENNIS: Yes.

MARY: Want me to close the window?

DENNIS: No!'

JACK: Dennis, why do you want to keep sitting in a draft?

DENNIS: I wanna get pneumonia.

JACK: Now I've heard everything...You..you want to get pneumonia?
Why?

DENNIS: My uncle died and left me two bottles of penicillin.

JACK: Hmm...I thought I'd heard everything, *accidentally* "but I hadn't...
Dennis, the more I see of you--

(SOUND: CAR SLOWING TO STOP)

JACK: Rochester..why are you slowing down?

ROCH: THERE'S A CAR PULLED OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND
THERE'S A MAN STANDING BESIDE IT.

MARY: *oh,* Wait a minute, it's Don Wilson.

DENNIS: I thought it was a Buick.

JACK: No no, Dennis..the Buick is the green one...Pull over,
Rochester.

(SOUND: CAR PULLS TO STOP)

MARY: Hello, Don..is there anything wrong?

DON: Yeah, we got a flat tire.

JACK: Don, I didn't know you had a Buick.

DON: *sh* It's not mine, Jack..this Buick belongs to the Sportsmen.

JACK: The Sportsmen Quartet?

DON: Yes, they each own one hole.

JACK: Hmmm.

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: I wasn't talking to you! ... Don, this is practically a
new car. How did you happen to have a flat tire?

DON: Tell him, boys.

JACK: Yes .. what happened, fellows?

QUARTET: WE WERE SIMPLY DRIVING ALONG
WE HAD BUT ONE DESIRE,
TO REACH L. A. AS SOON AS WE COULD
WHEN POP GOES A TIRE.
TO MAKE IT WORSE THERE WASN'T A TOOL
NO JACK OR WRENCH OR PLIER
AND WHEN WE LIFTED UP THE BACK
WHOOPS NO SPARE TIRE.

JACK: WELL, COULDN'T YOU STOP A CAR AND GET A LIFT?

QUARTET: THE ONLY MAN TO OFFER A LIFT
WAS IN A HORSE AND WAGON
AND WHEN DON WILSON SAT ON THE SEAT
PART OF HIM WAS DRAGGING
WE WAVED AND WAVED BUT NO ONE WOULD STOP
BY NOW WE FACED DISASTER
WE EVEN SHOWED THEM WILSON'S LEGS
WHIST, THEY WENT FASTER.

DENNIS: SO YOU JUST SAT DOWN AND WATCHED THE CARS GO BY?

QUARTET: FROM EVERY STATE THEY WENT WHIZZING BY
FROM TEXAS AND KENTUCKY
WE THEN DECIDED WHAT WE SHOULD DO
PUFF ON A LUCKY
ROUND AND FIRM AND NATURALLY MILD
FOR RHYMES WE MAY BE BROKEN
BUY A PACK OF FINE TOBACK
ZIP AND IT'S OPEN.

QUART: NOW HERE IN CALIFORNEEIA
FROM INDIO TO TRUCKEE
PEOPLE ~~LYING~~^{resting} OUT IN THE SUN
PUFF ON A LUCKY.
IF YOU STILL HAVE SHOPPING TO DO
IT'S TIME THAT YOU WERE STARTIN'
REMEMBER LUCKIES ALWAYS PLEASE
~~GET~~^{Give} HIM A CARTON.
L S, L S, M F T..
PUFF ON A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: So that's how you got the flat tire, eh, Don?

DON: (GIGGLES)

JACK: Don, what are you laughing at?

DON: Jack, I wasn't going to tell you, but we really didn't have a flat tire.

JACK: You didn't?

DON: No, I let the air out of it so we could do that commercial.

JACK: Why Don, you tricky little thing, you. Come on, Mary, let's go.

DENNIS: *oh* Mr. Benny, if you don't mind, I'll ride the rest of the way with Don Wilson.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: Well, if I go with you, by the time we get back to Beverly Hills, you'll say it's too late to drive me home. Then you'll ask me to stay over night at your house and I can't afford it.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: You and your pre-season rates.

JACK: All right, go with Don Wilson.. Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL..STOP)

JACK: Well, Rochester, you can start the car, we're---Aw, look Mary, while we were talking to Don, Rochester climbed in the back seat and fell asleep.

ROCH: (SNORES TWICE)

JACK: I'll drive and let him relax for awhile.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS..CLOSES..STARTER..MOTOR)

JACK: Boy, what a wonderful day for driving. No wind, no breeze..you can't even feel the air move. Gosh, I wonder how long it will be this calm.

MARY: Until we start moving.

JACK: What?

MARY: Take your brake off.

~~JACK: Huh?..Oh..Oh, the brake. Hm..that's funny.~~

~~MARY: What are you sticking your hand out for?~~

JACK: I can't seem to find the hand brake.

MARY: Jack, since 1920 they've been on the inside.

JACK: Oh yes.. Well, I'll start off smoothly so I don't wake up Rochester.

ROCH: (SNORES TWICE)

(SOUND: MOTOR UP SMOOTHLY..THEN DOWN TO B.G.)

JACK: You know, this car really moves..and there's so little traffic, we'll be home in no time.

MARY: Oh Jack, look at that sign.."One-half mile to Joe's ^{Candy} ~~side~~ Stand..Taffy, twenty-nine cents a pound." Gee, I'd like to--

JACK: Mary, you'll spoil your appetite for lunch.

MARY: Oh, a little candy won't hurt.

(SOUND: MOTOR)

MARY: ^{Oh} ...There's another sign.."One-quarter mile to Joe's--
Chocolate covered almonds, thirty-two cents a pound." ..
Gee, I like chocolate covered--

JACK: Mary, what kind of chocolate can it be for thirty-two cents a pound? Besides, I'm in a hurry.

(SOUND: MOTOR)

MARY: Gee, there's another sign. "Three hundred feet to Joe's.. Peanut brittle, nineteen cents a pound." Jack--

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes. Mary, you don't want any of that cheap candy.

MARY: I guess you're right.

JACK: Of course, I'm right.

(SOUND: MOTOR)

MARY: Well, there's the last sign.. "This is Joe's.. Free Samples".

(SOUND: LONG SCREEEEEEEEEEEECH OF BRAAAAAAAKES)

JACK: Quick, Mary, let's...Mary..Mary, where are you?

MARY: I'm in the glove compartment.

JACK: Don't be funny. If I had put my brakes on that hard, I would have --- Mary, what's that on the hood?

MARY: Rochester, you threw him out of the back seat.

JACK: Oh my goodness, I wonder if he's hurt.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS..THREE FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

JACK: Rochester...Rochester...

ROCH: (SNORES)

JACK: Rochester, wake up.

ROCH: (SNORE..GRUNT) HUH?...OH, HELLO, SUSIE, IT'S NICE OF YOU TO MEET ME ^{here} AT THE AIRPORT.

JACK: Susie! .. Rochester, wake up, it's me, Mr. Benny.

ROCH: OH..OH. *oh.*

JACK: What was that airport business?

ROCH: I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS FLYING HOME FROM PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Oh. Well, get back in the car. Wait here, Mary, I'm gonna step into Joe's.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: How do you do..I'm on my way to Los Angeles..and I'd like some free samples of taffy, chocolate covered almonds, and peanut brittle.

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLY) I'm sorry, but we don't have any free samples left.

JACK: Why not?

MEL: You cleaned us out on your way to Palm Springs.

JACK: Now that's ridiculous. On my way to Palm Springs I stopped at Sam's. This is Joe's.

MEL: Now, yes.

JACK: What?

MEL: After you left, Sam killed himself.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Now get out so I can lock up. I got to go to the funeral.

JACK: Oh..that apron you're wearing is black..I thought it was dirty.

MEL: Go already.

JACK: I'm going, I'm going.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, that's a shame..Sam didn't look like the impetuous type.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES .. MOTOR)

MARY: Jack, where's the candy?

JACK: He closed up for the day. He had to go to a funeral.

MARY: Oh .. Jack, ^{will you} turn on the radio, ~~will you?~~

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO..STATIC)

MARTY: (FILTER) AND NOW WE WILL PLAY ONE OF
DENNIS DAY'S RECORDINGS.. "CHRISTMAS IN KILLARNEY".

JACK: Mary, how did you know Dennis was going to sing?

MARY: I didn't, I just took a chance.

Jack:
(APPLAUSE) *Oh - you're cute.*

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "CHRISTMAS IN KILLARNEY")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: RADIO OFF)

MARY: Gee, that's a nice song Dennis recorded.

JACK: Yeah..I hope it didn't wake up---

ROCH: (SNORES)

JACK: I guess it didn't.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Mary, have you noticed that the traffic is much heavier?

MARY: Yes, Jack, we must be getting -- oh oh...Jack..look ~~in~~ *back*
your rear view mirror there's a motorcycle cop following
us.

(SOUND: MOTOR COMING UP)

JACK: So what?...I haven't done any--

KEARNS: Okay, Mister, pull over!

(SOUND: NORMAL BRAKES PULLING OVER)

MARY: Well, here's where we lose an hour.

JACK: No we won't, just leave it to me.

KEARNS: *All right -*
Let me see your driver's license.

JACK: Here you are..but look, Officer, what did I do wrong?

KEARNS: It's about time I caught up with you..I've been chasing
you for three miles.

JACK: All right, but what did I do?

KEARNS: Didn't you make a left turn as you were leaving Beaumont?

JACK: Yes, but I put out my hand.

KEARNS: I know, give me back my hat.

JACK: Oh yes..I got sticky fingers in Sam's Candy store--I mean
Joe's..it's Joe's now.. I'm sorry, Officer.

KEARNS: Well, I'll let you go this time..Here's your--Say, your driver's license has expired.

JACK: It has? Well, I'll get it renewed when I get home.

KEARNS: I'm sorry, but you'll have to ^{have it done} ~~do it~~ here.

JACK: But Officer, I've got to get to a television rehearsal.

KEARNS: Television?

JACK: Yes.

KEARNS: Oh..I should have known when I saw your name on the driver's license. You're Beany.

JACK: Beany!

KEARNS: Which one is Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent?

MARY: He's asleep in the back seat.

KEARNS: Oh.

ROCH: (SNORES)

JACK: Quiet, Cecil.

KEARNS: Now, just follow me. They'll take care of you at the police station around the corner.

Jack: Oh art.
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: MOTOR..BRAKES)

KEARNS: *well-* Here we are. Now, go right into that building and they'll renew your driver's license.

JACK: Yes sir. Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS..CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS..
DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..MUMBLES UP AND
DOWN..FEW FOOTSTEPS..STOP)

JACK: Pardon me, Miss, do you take the applications for driver's license?

SANDRA: Yes.

JACK: Well, my license has expired and I'd like to get a new one.

SANDRA: Certainly. Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

SANDRA: Your height?

JACK: Five feet, ten.

SANDRA: Your weight?

JACK: One fifty-seven.

SANDRA: Your hair?

MARY: A dollar ninety-eight.

JACK: Mary, she doesn't mean that, she means the color.. ~~Miss,~~

~~my hair is sort of a palemino gray.~~

~~SANDRA: Oh yes..I notice you're wearing it side saddle.~~

~~JACK: Hmm.~~

SANDRA: Now take this application and go to window three for your eye test.

JACK: Thank you.

SANDRA: I hope you don't think I rushed you, but I have to go to my husband's funeral.

JACK: Funeral?

SANDRA: Yes, poor old Sam.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame. You look so young to be a widow.

SANDRA: Who's a widow, I'm now married to Joe.

JACK: Oh.. Come on, Mary, I have to take my eye test, ~~now.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..LIGHT MUMBLE UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Oh pardon me, are you here for eyes?

NELSON: No, I's here for you,
JACK: Hm..Now look,^{now look - just -} just give me my eye test, *that's all - just my left*
NELSON: Yes, sir..Now, can you read the third line on that chart?
JACK: *well*...Not very well without my glasses.
NELSON: Can you read the second line?
JACK: Oh yes..yes..It says..
NELSON: Would you mind taking a step back?
JACK: Not at all, why?
NELSON: You're supposed to be at least one foot away from the chart.
JACK: Oh..Oh yes..I did creep up a little too close there.
NELSON: Close! You dusted it with your eyelashes.
JACK: They are rather long, aren't they? Am I back far enough now?
NELSON: Yes..Now, can you still read the second line?
JACK: Yes..that's..A..L..X..R..B.
NELSON: You're wrong..that's One, Three, Seven, Six, Nine.
JACK: That's funny, my making such a glaring mistake...Maybe I oughta put on my glasses..There..Is it all right to drive a car wearing glasses?
NELSON: Oh sure, I wear 'em too..In fact, I think I'll put mine on.
JACK:Say, the rims^{the rims} on your glasses are just like mine.
NELSON: *Ya,* So they are...Now looking at the chart, I want you to---
SAY, YOU'RE RIGHT..THAT IS A, L, X, R, B.
JACK: That's funny..now it looks like One, Three, Seven, Six, Nine to me.

MARY: You're both wrong..it says "Welcome Shriners".

JACK: Oh yes. Now what do I do next?

NELSON: You'll have to take your road test..Just follow me.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: *hey* H'ya, kids.

MARY: Phil..Phil, what are you doing here at the police station?

JACK: Yeah, what happened?

PHIL: *well,* It happens every time I'm in a hurry. I'm drivin' along.. and all of a sudden a motorcycle cop starts chasin' me. I speed up a little and he speeds up..^{*then*} ~~When~~ I look back, there are three of 'em chasing me. So I speed up a little more but I can't shake 'em.^{*so*} I look back again and now ~~there are twelve~~ ^{*they got*} ~~cops~~ ^{*of them*} ~~right~~ behind me. Knowing I can't get away, I slow up, and they run me right into the police station.

KEARNS: We can't wait any longer, Mr. Harris. Come on now, do it.

PHIL: Do I have to?

KEARNS: Yes, you have to.

PHIL: Well..okay.

(SINGS) WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY,
LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OLD MAMMY
SHE'S FRYIN' EGGS AND BOILIN' HAMMY,
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

Can I go now?

KEARNS: Yes, Mr. Harris, and thank you very much.

PHIL: ~~So long, kids~~ *oh, eggs is for you, goodbye.*

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hm. (I can't understand people in the Citrus Belt making such a fuss over Phil. He does nothing for the orange juice market.)..Oh well.

NELSON: Through this door, please, for your road test.

JACK: ...Mary, you wait here, we'll be right back.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..STREET NOISES..FEW FOOTSTEPS
.. CAR DOOR OPENS..CLOSES..STARTER AND
MOTOR)

NELSON: This won't take long..Just drive around the block.

JACK: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: SHIFTING OF GEARS..MOTOR UP AND
SUSTAIN)

JACK: Is there anything in particular you'd like me to do first?

NELSON: Yes, get off the sidewalk.

JACK: Oh..Oh, I guess I'm a little nervous with an inspector in the car.

NELSON: I understand..Now try to keep your mind on your driving.

JACK: I will.

NELSON: You see that big truck in front of you?

JACK: Which one?

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF CARS)

NELSON: That one.

JACK: Oh, my goodness, this is awful. But you're a witness..I didn't really ^{slide X} mean to--

MEL: (ROUGH VOICE) WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CAN'T YOU SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU DUMB OX?

JACK: WHAT?

MEL: YOU HEARD ME..I GOT A GOOD NOTION TO HAUL OFF AND--

SANDRA: (TOUGH) HIT 'IM, DRIVER!

MARTY: YEAH..SLUG (IM!

JACK: NOW, WAIT A MINUTE...wait a minute, Driver.. we oughta be ashamed of ourselves, standing here arguing when at our feet lies a poor little dog..Come here, puppy..up into my arms.. Is the little fellow hurt?

SANDRA: Say..he's a nice guy.

MARTY: Yeah..anybody who loves dogs is okay with me.

JACK: Poor little puppy.

MEL: You know, bud, you really are a nice guy. I had you all wrong..and I'm sorry I flew off the handle.

JACK: ~~That's~~ ^{That's} all right.

MEL: I'll see that my Insurance Company fixes up your car.

JACK: Thanks...Come on, puppy, I'll take you home now.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: JACK..JACK..I JUST HEARD A CRASH...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

JACK: Yes, I'm fine...Come on, ^{Mary} let's get out of here.

MARY: Gee, I thought maybe---Jack, what's that you've got cuddled in your arms?

JACK: My toupay...Let's hurry, Mary, I've got to do my television show.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: 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
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1951 (TAPED DECEMBER 9, 1951)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky!
Get Better Taste today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: (STRAIGHT DELIVERY) So mild, so smooth, so firm and
fresh -- with better taste in every puff!

MARTIN: Yes, friends; Luckies taste better -- because their fine,
mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved
the best-made of all five principal brands. Let me
repeat that ... "The best made of all five principal
brands!" That's not an empty claim -- that's a fact --
verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example,
Foster D. Snell, of New York City, who report ...

SHARBUTT: "In our opinion, the properties measured are all important
factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We
conclude that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five
major brands."

MARTIN: And don't forget -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco -- fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no
substitute for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody
tell you different!

SHARBUTT: So don't be misled by double-talk. Remember the facts!
Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette
that tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

MARTIN: When you buy cigarettes, remember -- Luckies taste better

TC

ATX01 0181562

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1951 (TAPED DECEMBER 9, 1951)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: And right now Luckies are available in bright festive
Christmas cartons. So this year make it a Happy -- Go
Lucky Christmas! Give all your friends Christmas cartons
of Licky Strike -- the cigarette that tastes better.

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

(REPRISE)

Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

TC

ATX01 0181563

(TAG)

JACK: Well, ladies and gentlemen, in just a few seconds I'll be doing my ^{TV} ~~television~~ show..and I'd like to invite all of you on our television network to tune into your C. B. S. Channel. Well, I guess I'll--

DON: Jack, I can't understand this..Thirty minutes ago you were in Palm Springs..and now in thirty seconds you'll be doing your television show in Hollywood.

JACK: Gosh Don, I can't understand that either.

MEL: Ladies and gentlemen, this radio program was transcribed.

JACK: Oh, that's how we do it. *well - what do you know.* Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to Your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike...Consult your newspaper for time and station. The Jack Benny program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Announcer: This is the C. B. S. Radio Network.

PROGRAM #15
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1951

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

AS BROADCAST

CE

ATX01 0181565

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, CHRISTMAS IS JUST TWO DAYS AWAY.¹
SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS....
WHERE WE FIND JACK AND ROCHESTER BUSILY TRIMMING THE TREE.

ROCH: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL THE WAY....
SANTA CLAUS WORKS ONCE A YEAR
BUT I WORK EVERY DAY --
JINGLE BELLS...JINGLE BELLS...

JACK: Rochester, ^{lookit} if you're just gonna stand there singing, we'll never get this tree decorated. Give me another ornament, will you please?

ROCH: YES SIR...(PAUSE) HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Thanks. I think I'll put this one right...here. That's pretty. Give me another one, will you, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR...(PAUSE) HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Thank you. Now I'll put this one on...this branch.., Just a few more and we'll be finished. Rochester, this time give me a big one.

ROCH: COMING UP. (PAUSE) HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Oh boy, this is really a big one. I think I'll hang this one ~~way~~ up near the --

(SOUND: POP)

CE

ATX01 0181566

JACK: Oh darn it, I broke it. And I tried to handle it so gently.

ROCH: BOSS, NEXT YEAR WHY DON'T YOU BUY ORNAMENTS INSTEAD OF
HAVING ME BLOW THEM OUT OF BUBBLE GUM.

JACK: ~~Rochester, every year I try to be different.~~
new mind.

ROCH: ~~WELL THIS YEAR YOU SURE MADE IT.~~

JACK: Thank you. Now Rochester, I better put this star on top of
the tree and then we'll be all -- Hm...I can't reach the top
of it.

ROCH: I'LL RUN OUT TO THE GARAGE AND GET THE LADDER.

JACK: No no, that'll take too much time...the gang'll be here any
minute and I want this tree finished. I know what....you
bend over and I'll stand on your back.

ROCH: OKAY....LIKE THIS?

JACK: Yeah....now hold still while I get up on your back. (GRUNT)
There...Hold still, Rochester...Now I'll reach up and put
the star right ^{up} on the ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: COMING!

JACK: Rochester....

(SOUND: BODY FALL)

JACK: oooooohhh.

ROCH: OH, MY GOODNESS. BOSS...BOSS...ARE YOU HURT?

JACK: Rochester...you knew I was standing on your back. Why did
you move?

ROCH: IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT.

JACK: My fault?

OR

ATX01 0181567

ROCH: YEAH...YOU WORK ME LIKE A FIRE HORSE, AND WHEN I HEAR
A BELL, I GOTTA GO!

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: COMING...COMING.

JACK: (Hm...fire horse)

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO?...NO...~~NO~~...I'M SORRY.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Who was that?

ROCH: FALSE ALARM.

JACK: Hm. Now Rochester, I want to put this star up on the top
of the tree, so will you please ~~hold over again?~~ ^{try}

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

~~JACK: Now hold still while I get up on your back (GRUNT) And if
you hear a bell, it can wait. Now hold still while I put
the star right on the~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)~~

~~ROCH: COMING~~

~~JACK: THAT'S A BUZZER! ... Now hold still while I put the star
on. There...that does it.~~

~~(SOUND: JUMPS DOWN...DOOR BUZZER)~~

JACK: Now you ~~can~~ ^{listen} answer the door, *Just*.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,

JINGLE ALL THE WAY...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester. Merry Christmas.

ROCH: AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, TOO, MISS LIVINGSTON.
COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Hello, Jack, have any of the other -

JACK: Hold it, Mary, hold it...don't move.

MARY: What?

JACK: You're under the mistletoe. Here I come.

(SOUND: FIVE FAST FOOTSTEPS...LLLOOOOONGGG KISS)

JACK: There...How was that, Mary?...Mary...where are you?

MARY: I'm over here, you kissed the bridge lamp.

JACK: What?

MARY: You always close your eyes too soon.

JACK: Of course I closed my eyes....I was being romantic.

MARY: Romantic! (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: When you came at me with your lips puckered up, you looked like the Super Chief whistling at a crossing.

JACK: Super Chief, Super Chief. *Some joke.*

MARY: I'm only kidding, Jack. What about these presents I brought...Where shall I put them?

JACK: Oh, presents, huh?...Well....let's go in the living room and put them under the tree.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing?

ROCH: I'M PUTTING ^{snow} ~~TINSEL~~ ON THE BRANCHES.

WB

JACK: Oh good, good ... Well, Mary how do you like my Christmas tree?

MARY: Oh, Jack, it's beautiful, and I've never seen such unusual ornaments.

JACK: Yes, they are.

MARY: *you know* But this one should be moved a little toward the --

(SOUND: POP)

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Jack, the ornament exploded....And all I did was touch it like-

(SOUND: POP)

MARY: There goes another one.

JACK: I heard it, I heard it. You and your sharp fingernails.

ROCH: (BLOWING)

MARY: Rochester, what are you doing?

ROCH: I'M BLOWING REPLACEMENTS.

JACK: *That's good, good. Rochester.*

MARY: Jack, everybody will be here soon...Help me put my gifts around the tree.

CE

ATX01 0181570

JACK: Okay...Rochester, run upstairs and bring mine, too, *will you.*

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Mary, you certainly brought enough packages.

MARY: You're not kidding. To get them over here I thought I'd have to get a wheelbarrow.

JACK: A wheelbarrow! *Hay,* that reminds me of a wonderful story that's going around. It's so funny I've got to tell it to you. *Later to the Mary --* There was a man who was working at the place where they make the atomic bombs in Oakridge, Tennessee. And as you know, everything they do there is top secret. And one day, at quitting time, this man was going through the gate pushing a wheelbarrow filled with excelsior, when the guard --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hm. Excuse me.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ELLIOT: Package for Mr. Benny.

JACK: I'll take it, boy.

ELLIOT: Yes sir. Sign right here.

JACK: Certainly.

(SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING)

JACK: There.

ELLIOT: Thank you.

JACK: Just a minute, boy.

(SOUND: JINGLE OF COINS)

JACK: Here's a tip for you.

WB

ELLIOT: Thank you.

JACK: Mary, look at this beautiful package that just came.
Isn't itBoy, you can go.

ELLIOT: Aren't you gonna open it?

JACK: What?

ELLIOT: The package...please...please open it.

JACK: Why should I open it?

ELLIOT: You gotta. (PLEADING) I can't stand it any longer. For
two weeks now without a day off I'm delivering Christmas
packages....(CRYING A LITTLE)big ones, ^{little} small ones,
green ones, red ones, blue ones, white ones.

JACK: ^{Look} Boy --

ELLIOT: I keep tryin' to guess...what's in these packages...the
big ones, the small ones, the green ones, the red ones...

JACK: Boy...take it easy...

ELLIOT: (CRIES) I can't help it...At night when I get home...I
can't eat, I can't sleep...I keep thinking, thinking,
thinking...what's in ^{these} packages...the red ones, the
green ones, the big ones, the -- (HYSTERICAL CRYING) ...
It's driving me nuts!

JACK: ^{Look} Follow ---

ELLIOT: (SOBBING) PLEASE...PLEASE...OPEN IT.

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL OPEN IT.

ELLIOT: (JUMPING WITH JOY) HE'S GONNA OPEN IT...HE'S GONNA OPEN
IT!...(LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY) HE'S GONNA OPEN IT!...HURRY....
HURRY!

JACK: Control yourself, ~~boy~~, I'm opening it, I'm opening it.

(SOUND: UNWRAPPING PAPER)

WB

JACK: There...it's open...it's from my brother-in-law, Leonard Fenchel.

ELLIOT: I DON'T CARE WHO IT'S FROM...WHAT IS IT, WHAT IS IT?

JACK: Here it is ...see?....It's an ash tray.

ELLIOT: OH, GOODY GOODY... IT'S AN ASH TRAY...IT'S AN ASH TRAY ~~KNOW~~
I CAN SLEEP TONIGHT...~~I WON'T TOSS AND TURN THINKING ABOUT THE~~
~~GREEN ONES, THE RED ONES, THE BIG ONES, THE SMALL ONES....~~
(SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY ...
OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO KNOW, AND THANK YOU, SIR, GOOD DAY.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Gesh, it takes so little to make some people happy...Now, Mary, where was I?

MARY: You were telling me a story about a fellow with a wheelbarrow.

JACK: Oh yes. As I told you, everything is top secret at the atomic plant in Oakridge...so when this fellow came through the gate with a wheelbarrow full of excelsior...the security police noticed that --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ~~Examine it, and they--~~

(SOUND: ~~PERSISTENT DOOR BUZZER~~)

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes...these interruptions..excuse me, Mary.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPENS)

CE

JACK: Oh, hello, Don. Merry Christmas.

DON: Merry Christmas to you, Jack.

JACK: Don, how come you brought the ^{sportsmen} sportsmen quartet over...we're not rehearsing.

DON: Oh, they have some packages they want to put under your tree.

JACK: Oh...oh...well, come on in, boys.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Merry Christmas, Don.

DON: The same to you, Mary. You too, Rochester.

ROCH: MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. WILSON.

DON: Say Jack, I've never seen such a beautifully decorated tree.

JACK: ~~Will~~ Thanks, Don.

(SOUND: ESCAPING AIR)

~~JACK: Rochester, what's that?~~

~~ROCH: THE TOP ORNAMENT HAS A SLOW LEAK.~~

~~JACK: Well, for heaven sakes, put a band-aid on it.~~

~~ROCH: I WILL, I WILL.~~

~~DON: Well....all my packages are under the tree.~~

~~JACK: Not all of them, Don. You still have one in your pocket.~~

~~DON: I know, Jack, I'm taking this one home. It's for the little woman.~~

Jack: Say, what's that package you have under in your pocket?

Don: Oh, that's a present for my wife

CE

ATX01 0181574

JACK: Oh...Oh...what is it?

DON: Well, ^{well} it's something very unusual...she'll be crazy about it.

JACK ^{What} what is it, Don, what is it?

DON: Well, Jack, we have a family album at home...and in it are several pictures of me...when I was in college...high school

...grammar school...and ^{and my wife asked me so many times for a baby picture:} you know, an album wouldn't be complete if it didn't have a baby picture.

JACK: ^{Oh, that's cute -} Of course it wouldn't ~~(COVILY)~~ Say Don, did you have one of those baby pictures, ^{-- you know --} where you're nude lying on a bear skin rug?

DON: No...so I went down this morning and had one taken.

JACK: Don...Don...this morning...you...you had a -- ^{Oh, well}

DON: ~~Yes, Jack, what's wrong with that?~~

JACK: ~~Nothing, nothing...~~ It'll make a beautiful calendar....

Anyway, Don, when you came in, I was telling Mary a story about about a fellow who worked in the Atomic plant at Oakridge, Tennessee. And each night this fellow would go through the gate with a wheelbarrow filled with ...

DON: ^{Jack} Jack, I hate to interrupt such an interesting story ... but the quartet has to leave.

JACK: Oh...oh...so long, fellows, Merry Christmas....so the security police knew that the man was stealing something, so...

(INTRO INTO COMMERCIAL)

JACK: They examined the excelsior but they couldn't find anything, so they let him pass, ^{see.} The next night this man came through again pushing a wheelbarrow filled with excelsior.

CE

QUART: Listen, listen, listen, listen. JACK: Fellows, I'm trying to
Better watch out, tell a story. You
You better not cry don't have to sing to
Listen now Jack me....
We're telling you why, *I want to tell a*
Santa Claus is coming to town *story ---*
He's making a list, and checking it twice
Gonna find out who's naughty or nice
Santa Claus is coming to town.
He sees you when you're sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you've been bad or good
So be good for goodness sake.
Oh you better watch out, you better not cry
Listen now Jack, we're telling you why
Santa Claus is coming to town.
With plenty of Luckies right on his back
A carton or two for Mary and Jack
Santa Claus is coming to town.
And you can be sure that Santa is glad
Bringing those Luckies to mother and dad.
Santa Claus is coming to town.
Now Santa ~~Claus~~ knows that Lucky Strikes are mild
That is true
He also knows they're round and firm
And they're so much better tasting, too.
Be happy, go Lucky, better start now
Open a pack we're telling you how
Santa Claus is coming to town on Tuesday
Listen, listen, listen, listen,
Santa Claus is coming to town.

(APPLAUSE)

CP

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, fellows. You can go ~~already~~ ^{now}.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: So the security police once again took the excelsior out of the wheelbarrow....and this time they really examined it...
But --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, for heaven sakes...COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: H'ya, kids...Merry Christmas, everybody.

GANG: (AD LIB GREETINGS)

PHIL: Hey Jackson, that's a nice tree you got this year...

JACK: Thanks.

MARY: Have you decorated yours, Phil?

PHIL: Yeah, Livvy, and you ought to see it...It's in the corner of the living room, and it's got a big gold star on top, and it's loaded down with lights and tinsel, and then in the den we've got our presents laid out.

DON: In the den? Why don't you have the presents under the tree?

PHIL: ~~Oh~~ There's no room there.

JACK: No room...why, what's under the tree?

PHIL: My orchestra, we had a party last night.

JACK: Phil...Phil...you mean all your musicians are lying under the tree?

PHIL: ~~Will~~ All except Bagby...he's sitting there playing the piano.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ Gee, you must be proud of him.

CE

PHIL: I would be if we had a piano.

JACK: Phil..let me ask you something ^{Phil} if your boys had a party last night, how come you're in such good condition?

PHIL: I'm on the wagon, Dad..don't you know that I ^{didn't} never take a drink during the month of December?

JACK: Why not?

PHIL: I ^{promised} want my eyes to have a white Christmas.

JACK: Oh, how thoughtful.

MARY: Say Phil..what did Alice give you for a present?

PHIL: ^{sk} I won't know ^{that} till Christmas..but I got her something beautiful. ^{She} She ^{is} really ^{gonna} get a kick out of..I called up and ordered an Encyclopedia Britannica.

MARY: Encyclopedia Brittanica? That's a strange gift for you to think of...a set of books.

PHIL: Books? Holy smoke, I thought it was one of them foreign cars.

MARY: Phil, how could you be so ignorant..mistaking the Encyclopedia Brittanica for a--

JACK: (SWEETLY) ^{Mary} Oh Mary, leave him alone..that's a natural mistake..anyone could have made it...Now Phil, I'd like to ask you something.

PHIL: ^{will do} What, Jackson? ^{do}

JACK: It's about that package you have under your arm...If it's a present for me, give it to me already...if it's not, tell me so I can stop being nice to you, ^{you know}

PHIL: Hey, I'm glad you reminded me, Jackson..it ^{because} is for you.

JACK: Good, good..put it under the tree.

BS

ATX01 0181578

PHIL: No no, open it now.

JACK: Well....if you insist....

(SOUND: PAPER PACKAGE BEING OPENED)

JACK: (PLEASED) Phil....Phil...thank you very much.

PHIL: You're welcome, Jackson ... I figured an oil painting would go swell in your den.

JACK: Well, it's really beautiful.

MARY: What is it?

PHIL: It's a picture of the sun rising over the downtown branch of the California Bank.

JACK: Yeah, I'll hang it between the pictures of my sponsor and Mr. Paley ... It'll look so nice when --

MEL: (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

PHIL: Hello, Polly....

JACK: *Oh* Say kids, I wanna show you something I taught Polly to do just for Christmas....Oh Polly....

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Polly *Polly* *A*.recite the poem Daddy taught you.

MEL: (SQUAWKS AGAIN)

JACK: Come on, Polly....Twas the night *come on --* *a*.Twas the night

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Twas the night before Christmas

And all through the house

(SQUAWKS)

CE

ATX01 0181579

JACK: Go on, go on.

MEL: Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a ... a ... (WHISTLES)

JACK: Come on, Polly...Not even a ... not even a what?

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Not even a ... M ... O ... U ... S ... E.

MEL: Moose. (WHISTLES)

JACK: That's two O's...Stupid parrot...Oh say, Phil, before you came
in I was telling the most wonderful story ^{Phil} ~~that's going around~~
~~and I didn't finish it, so now you can hear it.~~
about a man & a wheelbarrow.

PHIL: ~~Well, tell it, Jackson, tell it.~~

JACK: ~~Okay...As I said before, kids, this man was working at the
Oakridge atomic plant...~~

PHIL: ~~...Well, what are you waiting for?~~

JACK: ~~The door buzzer...It always rings at this point...Well,
anyway, one night this man walks out past the guard with a
wheelbarrow filled with excelsior. So, the guard inspected
the---~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I knew it, I knew it.....COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, everybody....season's greetings.

JACK: Hey kids, it's Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, I just dropped by to tell you I saw your television
show last Sunday and ^lenjoyed it to my heart's contentment.

JACK: Well, thank you, Mr. Kitzel.

CE

ARTIE: The whole program was wonderful, but that French girl you had on with you was something special.

JACK: Oh, you mean ^{that little french girl - that -} Helene Francois?

ARTIE: Yes..she was so beautiful and what a figure ^{like they say in French.} ~~Set fee,~~ ellya
la plu form voluptuai. ~~den too la monde.~~

JACK: What does that mean?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO !

JACK: Well Mr. Kitzel, if you like her so much, I've got ~~good~~ news for you. Helene Francois is going to be a guest on my radio program next week.

ARTIE: Oh, Mr. Benny..how I would love to see her in person..Could you get me a ticket?

JACK: I think so....In fact, I'll try to get you two tickets so you can take your wife along.

ARTIE: Try real hard and just get one.

JACK: Huh?....Oh..I see what you mean.

ARTIE: Not that I ^{got} ~~have~~ anything against my wife.. ^{Blue Her Heart} ~~She's always trying~~
~~to please me...~~In fact, for a Christmas present she knitted ~~me~~
this tie I'm wearing.

MARY: Say, that's a very pretty tie.

ARTIE: This isn't all..wait till I unbutton my jacket..now look.

MARY: Oh..she even knitted a belt to match the tie.

ARTIE: It's still the tie, she didn't know when to stop.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My...~~joking he says....~~ look at my sox, they're part
~~of the belt..~~

JACK: Oh yes.

BS

16-
Everybody

ARTIE: Well, Mr. Benny, I just wanted to wish ~~all of you~~ a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GANG: (AD LIB) Same to you, Mr. Kitzel...Merry Christmas.
(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Now let's see..what was I doing before Mr. Kitzel came in.

DON: You were in the middle of a joke.

PHIL: *Yeah* That's right, Jackson, you were telling us an antidote.

JACK: *No, no Phil* That's anecdote...Antidote.

PHIL: Gee, I always thought it was antidote.

JACK: *No* No, Phil...it's anecdote..A..N. ~~E..C..~~

MEL: (FAST) *E, C,* D, O, T, E. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Hmm, that she can spell...but mouse to her is moose..You know, sometimes that bird---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Well, I hope that's Dennis. Then I can tell the story to everybody.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Trick or treat!

JACK: Hmm...for heavens sakes, Dennis..this is Christmas. Why in the world would you think it's Halloween?

DENNIS: I just passed Phil's house and there are bottles dumped all over the lawn.

JACK: Dennis..those weren't dumped..Phil had a party and those are calling cards.. Now come on in.

RS

ATX01 01B1582

MARY: (OFF) Who is it, Jack?

JACK: Bernard Baruch.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Oh hello, Dennis..Merry Christmas.

DENNIS: Merry Christmas, everybody.

JACK: Say Dennis, I was just telling a -- Dennis, what happened?
Your jaw looks like it's swollen.

DENNIS: It is.

JACK: Why, what's wrong, kid?

DENNIS: I had a tooth pulled this morning.

MARY: That's a shame, Dennis..was it hurting you?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Did it have a cavity in it?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Then why did you have it pulled?

DENNIS: My uncle's a dentist and that's what he gave me for Christmas.

JACK: Well of all the ^{well} ~~most~~ stupidest thing I ever heard...
letting your Uncle pull your tooth.

DENNIS: Oh, it's not so stupid.

MARY: Jack's right, Dennis..how could you ^{your Uncle} let ~~him~~ pull your tooth
for Christmas? ^a ~~present~~)

DENNIS: It looked silly in my mouth.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: He already had it gift wrapped.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Dennis....do you mean that you let your...

JACK: Mary, are you going to go along with this thing?

MARY: Jack, this is so fantastic. I've gotta find out...Dennis,

Jack: all right - it's up to you.
Mary: Dennis do you mean that you let your Uncle pull one of your teeth
every Christmas?

RS

ATX01 0181583

DENNIS: Uh huh ^{and} then I can't wait till my birthday so he'll pull another one.

MARY: ^{well} why?

DENNIS: That's how I keep my uppers and lowers even.

JACK: Look Dennis...

DENNIS: Three more years and you can call me Gummy.

JACK: Dennis, it's Christmas.. Why can't you come in here just once a year and-- oh my goodness...look what I forgot.

MARY: What?

JACK: This present here under the tree.. It's for Ed, the man who guards my vault.

DON: Well Jack, ^{that's} it's certainly nice of you to remember him.

JACK: Don, all the years that Ed has been down there, never once have I forgotten him at Christmas...Excuse me, kids...I wanna go down there and give him his present.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN STAIRS AND EVENTUALLY TAKING ON A HOLLOW SOUND)..

JACK: Gee it's dark. I can hardly see the bridge across the moat.. Oh there it is.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF NORMAL FOOTSTEPS..THEN WE HEAR SOUND OF WATER LAPPING LIGHTLY AS WE HEAR JACK'S FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN BRIDGE..THEY STOP BUT WATER CONTINUES.)

JACK: Hm..the moat looks empty without the alligator..I'll have to get another one...Mary had to have a purse for Christmas.... Oh well...

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS OFF WOOD..ON REGULAR FLOOR..STOP..RATTLING OF CHAINS..IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN..TWO FOOTSTEPS..RATTLING OF LOUDER CHAINS..IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN..THEN COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt, who goes there..Friend or foe?

JACK: Friend.

KEARNS: What's the password?

JACK: When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you.

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

JACK: That's right, Ed.

KEARNS: Well, I'll light a candle so you can see the combination on the safe.

JACK: *Ed* No no, Ed..I'm not down here to open the safe.

KEARNS: You're not?

JACK: No *no*. I brought you your present.

KEARNS: Oh..(SINGS) Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to--

JACK: No no, Ed. *no it's* It's Christmas.

KEARNS: Christmas? How time flies!

JACK: Well go ahead, Ed...Open your present.

KEARNS: I will.

(SOUND: PAPER PACKAGE BEING OPENED)

JACK: There you are, Ed...do you like it?

KEARNS: Oh....just what I've always wanted..A kite.

RS

JACK: *I-I knew you'd - -*
I knew you'd like it.

KEARNS: *See + string too*
I do..thank you..and Merry Christmas.

JACK: You're welcome..So long, Ed.

KEARNS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..THEN STOP)

JACK: *H*Oh, Ed?

KEARNS: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: I've got the most wonderful joke to tell you..I hope you haven't heard it before.

KEARNS: Down here?

JACK: *anyway lol.*
*H*Oh..I forgot...Well *it* seems that a man was working at the Oak Ridge Atomic Plant, and one night he walked out past the guard with a wheelbarrow filled with excelsior. *now* The guard inspected the excelsior and found nothing in it, so he let him pass. The next night the same man came along and again he was pushing a wheelbarrow filled with excelsior but this time the guard was very suspicious so he checked the excelsior carefully and still couldn't find anything. This kept happening for ten days till the guard was nearly crazy because he knew the man was stealing something and he couldn't find out what...So the next night when the man came out with a wheelbarrow filled with excelsior, the guard stopped him, and took him in a room and said, "Now look, we know you're stealing something. If you'll tell us what it is, we promise *you* we won't arrest you or punish you...Now what is it you're stealing?" And the man said, "Wheelbarrows." (JACK LAUGHS IT UP BIG)

KEARNS:I don't get it.

RS

JACK: Oh, of course not..Silly me..I forgot..You've been down here so long you don't know what an atomic plant is.

KEARNS: I don't even know what a wheelbarrow is.

JACK: Oh...well...Merry Christmas, Ed.

KEARNS: Merry Christmas.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..IRON DOOR CLANGS SHUT...FOOTSTEPS
REGULAR DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Jack..you took so long..we're all waiting for you.

JACK: Waiting? Where is everybody?

MARY: In the next room..they're all gathered around the piano...
Dennis is going to sing some Christmas carols.

JACK: Oh good...Let's go in and listen.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SCUFFLE OF CHAIRS)

(DENNIS DOES CHRISTMAS MEDLEY)

~~(CHRISTMAS SONGS BY BAND)~~

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my sponsor and my entire cast, I want to wish everybody a very Merry Christmas.

DON: (ON CUE) THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK!

X
/ RS

ATX01 01815B7

PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1951

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Dec. 19, 1951)

1

AS BROADCAST

JL

ATK01 0181588

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1951 (TAPED DECEMBER 19, 1951)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

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

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Be Happy -- Get Better Taste
Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Get Better Taste today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: Friends, -- IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco --
fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute
for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody tell you
different!

MARTIN: Yes, Luckies taste better! -- Because their fine, mild,
good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved the
best-made of all five principal brands -- let me repeat
that ... proved the best-made of all five principal brands!
That's not an empty claim -- that's a fact -- verified
by leading laboratory consultants. For example, Froehling
and Robertson of Richmond, Virginia, who report...

SHARBUTT: "It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made
of these five major brands."

MARTIN: Don't be misled by double-talk. Remember the facts!
Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette
that tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

JL

ATX01 0181589

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1951 (TAPED DECEMBER 19, 1951)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

-B-

SHARBUTT: (STRAIGHT DELIVERY) -- So mild, so smooth, so firm and
fresh -- with better taste in every puff! When you buy
cigarettes, remember -- Luckies taste better!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Go³ Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

JL

ATX01 0181590

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TOMORROW WILL BE NEW YEAR'S EVE.. BUT JACK HAS INVITED THE GANG OVER TODAY FOR HIS ANNUAL PRE-NEW YEARS CELEBRATION..SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND ROCHESTER PREPARING FOR THEIR ARRIVAL.

ROCH: (SINGS) WHEN YOU SAY I BEG YOUR PARDON,
THEN I'LL COME BACK TO YOU.
WHEN YOU ASK ME TO FORGIVE YOU, I'LL RETURN.

JACK: Rochester...

ROCH: (SINGS) LIKE THE SWALLOWS AT SERRANO
RETURN TO CAPISTRANO

JACK: Rochester.

ROCH: HUH, OH, HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: *Look Rochester*
Hello... I appreciate your singing my song, but my gang will be here soon and I want everything to be just right.
How are things coming?

ROCH: FINE, BOSS, FINE.

JACK: What about the egg nog you were going to prepare? Did you make it?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JL

ATX01 0181591

JACK: How do you fix that egg nog, Rochester?

ROCH: JUST EGGS AND BOURBON.

JACK: Of course I'm not much of a connoisseur of drinks, but that seems rather strange to me. I wonder why anyone would ever think of mixing eggs and bourbon.

ROCH: IT'S PSYCHOLOGICAL, BOSS.

JACK: Psychological?

ROCH: YEAH...YOU SEE, THE EGGS MAKE YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING SOMETHING VERY HEALTHFUL.

JACK: Uh huh?

ROCH: AND THE BOURBON MAKES THAT FACT UNIMPORTANT.

JACK: Well, that's logical...By the way, Rochester, how much egg nog did you make?

ROCH: WELL, I CUT IT PRETTY CLOSE. YOU'RE HAVING FIVE GUESTS AND I FIGURED IF THERE'S A LITTLE LEFT OVER I CAN ALWAYS TAKE IT TO A PARTY I'M GOING TO TOMORROW NIGHT.

JACK: Good...good...How much did you make?

ROCH: FIFTY GALLONS.

JACK: Fifty gallons! Rochester, you've got a lot of---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *Someone's at the door --*
I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (MUTTERS) *Hum. fifty gallons.. So they took the wheel barrel and went down the --*
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JL

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Mary...You're the first one here...Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Say Jack, how come you're having this party in the afternoon?...Every other year you've had it in the evening.

JACK: Well Mary..to tell you the truth, I have a date tonight.

MARY: *At date?*
With whom?

JACK: Well, you know that pretty French girl, Helene Francois, *You know* who was on my last television show?

MARY: Oh yes...gee, she's beautiful.

JACK: Yeah..tonight I'm gonna take her dancing..We're going to Charlie Foy's night club *you know - the supper club -* You know what, Mary, ~~she kinda~~ *she Helene Francois - she kinda likes me.*

MARY: What makes you think so?

JACK: Well, when I took her home in a cab, she kept snuggling up to me and whispering in my ear, "Vo shavuh say-shot".

MARY: Vo shavuh say-shot?

JACK: Yeah, I'll have to look that up,

MARY: You don't have to.

JACK: Why, what does that mean?

MARY: Your toupe is slipping.

JACK: Oh....well at least she cares...

MARY: I'll say one thing, Jack,,she's a whole lot nicer than the girl you used to go out with.,,that Gladys Zybisco.

JL

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mary. Gladys ^{Hyphiss} is a swell girl. She may not be the most beautiful girl in the world, but she's got a nice figure.

MARY: I know, but does she have to walk that way?

JACK: Mary, that's not her fault. She's nearsighted and she anticipates the curb in the middle of the block. So don't be critical. Now come on, Mary, how about a glass of egg nog?

MARY: ^{Oh} Sure Jack, I'd --- wait a minute, who made that egg nog?

JACK: Rochester.

MARY: Uh uh.

JACK: Why, what's the matter?

MARY: Well, last New Years I tasted some of Rochester's egg nog and the next thing I knew, I was at the Rose Bowl Game.

JACK: Oh...you saw the game?

MARY: Saw it nothing. I was playing left tackle for Michigan.

JACK: Stop kidding. ^{How} come on. ^{one} have a --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis...what time does the party start?

JACK: Three o'clock.

DENNIS: Well, what time is it now?

JACK: Half past one.

DENNIS: Oh...then I guess I won't have enough time to shave.

JACK: Dennis, why should it take you an hour and a half to shave?

DENNIS: I haven't got the fuzz yet.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake.

DENNIS: It takes me three months to get a five o'clock shadow.

JACK: All right, all right..Now hurry over here..Goodbye.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a silly kid.

MARY: Jack, was that Dennis on the telephone?

DENNIS: Yeah, it was me.

JACK: ~~Yeah, he said~~ ~~(TAKE)~~ DENNIS! How'd you get here so quickly?

DENNIS: ^{Oh} I was on the extension in the kitchen.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I would have been here sooner, but I stopped to get a ^{cake} ~~cake~~ out of the machine.

JACK: Oh..well, Dennis, how about having a glass of egg nog?

DENNIS: Oh boy, egg nog..that's for -- (SUSPICIOUS) Wait a minute.. who made it?

JACK: Rochester.

DENNIS: Uh uh.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: Last year I tasted some of Rochester's egg nog and the next thing I knew, Mary was playing in the Rose Bowl.

JACK: Yeah, I know, I know...Now look, kids, as soon as ~~we~~ -

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack.

MARY: Hello Don.

DON: Hya, Mary..Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

JACK: Come on in, Don.

Don
Jack:

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)
I wish somebody would take him out in a wheelbarrow. Don, Don
JACK: Would you like a drink, ~~Don?~~

DON: Wait a minute, Jack...first I want to show you something.

JACK: What?

DON: Look.

JACK: Don..you're wearing the cuff links I gave you for Christmas..
Isn't that nice.

MARY: Don, you can take the card off, everybody knows who gave 'em
to you.

DON: Well, I'm not taking it off...I wanta make sure people know
what a cheap gift Jack gave me.

JACK: What?

DON: JACK, I'VE BEEN WITH YOU EIGHTEEN YEARS...EIGHTEEN YEARS OF
LOYALTY AND DEVOTION..EIGHTEEN YEARS WITHOUT MISSING ONE
PROGRAM...AND YOU SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION WITH A PAIR OF LOUSY
DOLLAR NINETY-EIGHT CENT CUFF LINKS!

JACK: WELL! Talk about appreciation, what're you complaining about?
That certainly wasn't such a hot gift you sent me.

MARY: What did he send you, Jack?

JACK: A gold watch..a wrist watch yet.

MARY: What's wrong with a wrist watch?

JACK: What's wrong with it?...You walk down the street wearing an expensive thing like that..somebody sees it, hits you over the head, takes it away from you, and your money, too.... That's what's wrong with it...Anyway, Don, let's shake hands and forget the whole thing.

DON: Okay, Jack...I'm sorry I lost my temper.

JACK: That's all right, Don...By the way, would you like a glass of egg nog?

DON: Egg nog! Say, that's one of my favorite....Wait a minute.. who made it?

JACK: Rochester.

DON: Uh uh.

JACK: What's the matter with Rochester's egg nog?

DON: Last year I tasted some, and the next thing I knew Mary and Dennis tackled me in the Rose Bowl.

JACK: Everybody comes in with the same--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HIYA, JACKSON...HELLO, EVERYBODY...HAPPY NEW YEAR!

GANG: (AD LIB HAPPY NEW YEAR TO PHIL)

PHIL: Say, Jackson, what's the idea of switching this party to a daylight affair...Don't you trust us with the silverware?

JACK: That's not it, Phil. I'm going to a nightclub tonight... I've got a date.

JL

PHIL: (SURPRISED) With a girl?

JACK: WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK, ..A HORSE?

PHIL: COULD BE.. OATS ARE CHEAPER THAN ORCHIDS....HA HA HA...OH
HARRIS, YOU MAY NOT BE MONTGOMERY CLIFT, BUT YOU FOUND
YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN.

JACK: Phil, you can stop with those jokes and find your place under
the table..I even put a pillow there... Would you like a glass
of egg nog?

PHIL: Egg nog? Now you're talking, bub..^{just lead - hey}~~where's the~~---wait a minute,
who made the^t egg nog?

JACK: Rochester.

PHIL: LEAD ME TO IT!

JACK: Hmm..~~Oh~~ Rochester..will you pour a glass of egg nog for Mr.
Harris[?], *please.*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: LONG POURING OF EGG NOG INTO GLASS)

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, MR. HARRIS.

PHIL: Thanks, Roch....Ahhh! ... Tell me, Roch..how do you make this
egg nog?

ROCH: I USE ONE EGG TO FIVE QUARTS OF BOURBON.

PHIL: ^{Check --} Well...here's down the hatch. (DRINKS AND GULPS AS THOUGH
DRINKING...THEN SPUTTERS AND COUGHS AND GAGS AND CHOKES)

ROCH: MR. HARRIS..MR. HARRIS^{Mr. Harris - Mr. Harris -}..WHAT HAPPENED?

PHIL: Are you sure that egg was .fresh?

JACK: It's fresh, it's fresh.

PHIL: Well...here goes..(LONG SWALLOWING SOUND ENDING WITH A HAPPY
"AAAHH")

JACK: Well, Phil, how do you like it...Phil...how do you like it?

PHIL: (VERY SURPRISED) ^{Not} JACKSON..WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THE ROSE BOWL?

JACK: What?

PHIL: COME ON, ~~STANFORD!~~ *Whutbanel - I mean Stanford.*

JACK: I'm not at the Rose Bowl yet. Rochester, pour me a ticket. Now, Dennis--

DENNIS: You want me to go in, Coach? *Jack: what?*

Dennis: I say, you want me to go in, coach?
JACK: Yeah, yeah. Report to the referee and sing a song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG")

(APPLAUSE)

JL

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was swell, Dennis ... Well kids, I have to leave soon to take Helene Francois to the ^{Charlie Fay's} ~~night club~~ ... would any of you like to join us?

DON: Thanks, Jack, but I can't make it.

PHIL: Me neither.

MARY: I'd like to go, Jack.

JACK: Good good. How about you, Dennis?

DENNIS: ~~Oh~~ Sure...fine...I'll take Mary.

MARY: Okay.

DENNIS: Say Mary, will you give me a kiss when I take you home?

MARY: I don't know, Dennis...I'll think about it.

DENNIS: Well, think fast, sister. I ain't ^{blow} blowing my dough for nothing.

JACK: ~~Dennis..~~ *You were blowing that line, though, Dennis..*

DENNIS: ~~I heard that line in the movies but I never had a chance to use it before.~~

~~JACK: Well, I'm glad you got it off your chest...Now kids..~~

PHIL: ~~Say~~ Jackson, what're you going out tonight for?...Why don't you wait till tomorrow night? ... That's New Year's Eve.

JACK: No, no, I never go out on New Year's Eve.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT THIS YEAR AND GO OUT?

JACK: No, I'm gonna do what I always do and spend it at home.

DON: ~~At home?~~ *new Year's Eve at home?*

WB

ATX01 0181600

ROCH: YEAH...^{Joe}AT FIVE MINUTES TO TWELVE I TIP ~~FOU~~ UP TO MR BENNY'S ROOM, WAKE HIM UP, HE BLOWS A HORN, FALLS BACK ON THE PILLOW, AND THAT'S IT.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Thirty-nine, he says.

JACK: All right, all right. Now look, kids, I gotta leave now and pick up ^{Miss F. Lancon} Helene. Come on, Mary, Dennis, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: I like it here at Charlie Foy's, don't you, Mary?

MARY: Yeah...but, Jack, you'll never get a table....it's too crowded.

DENNIS: Yeah, look at those people in that little room...Boy, are they jammed together.

JACK: That's the coat room. Those are coats.

DENNIS: Oh....I wondered why they didn't have their pants on.

JACK: Never mind, I'll get a table....Come on, Helene, vouley vous accompagner moi une toblay.

HELENE: Ah, l'ambiance de la salle est interresante, je suis si heureuse que vous m'avez invites.

(APPLAUSE)

WB

RTX01 01B1601

JACK: Year. Now let's see, where's the head waiter...OH

GARSONE....GARSONE.

NELSON: *Have you do?*
~~Do I hear the voice of a meadow lark?~~

JACK: Are you the headwaiter?

NELSON: *No - I'm wearing this flower in my lapel because I'm*
~~Well, what do you think I am in this tuxedo & shirt~~
going to be a float in the Rose Parade.
~~from Forest Lawn?~~

JACK: *Don't be sarcastic -*
~~Look,~~ I'd like to get a table for four.

NELSON: Well, thank heavens you didn't ask for five.

JACK: Why?

NELSON: I wouldn't sit with you for a million dollars.

JACK: Now cut that out and get us a table.

NELSON: All right, follow me.

JACK: Come on, kids.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: Here you are, folks.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

JACK: Say, this is a pretty good table at that, isn't it,
Helene?

HELENE: C'est tres gentil, cheri, et nous pouvons voir le
spectacle.

JACK: Oui, oui.

MARY: Gee, what a crowd.

JACK: Wait a minute, where's Dennis?

DENNIS: (FRENCH ACCENT) Right behind you, ^{meow}'cheri.

JACK: Well, sit down.....and let's order.

WB

ATX01 0181602

MEL: (DRUNK) Pardon me, folks, pardon me, but have you seen my wife?

JACK: No no, we haven't seen her.

MEL: Oh well, thank you and a HAP-PY NEW YEAR.

JACK: The same to you.....Now let's see, what do I --

(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

JACK: Well something is going to happen, *here.*

HERB: HAPPY NEW YEAR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS JESSE BLOCK, YOUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES FOR THE EVENING.

(BAND APPLAUDS)

HERB: *now - now*
IN JUST A MINUTE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME DANCING, BUT WHILE THE ORCHESTRA IS SETTING UP, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOKE FOR YOU.

JACK: Listen to this, Helene, he's going to tell a joke.

HERB: A FUNNY THING HAPPENED HERE IN THE CLUB LAST NIGHT. YOU KNOW, THIS IS A PRETTY RITZY PLACE...AND LAST NIGHT I SAW A WAITER CARRYING SOMETHING ON A FLAMING SWORD, SO I ASKED HIM WHAT IT WAS, AND HE SAID, "A CUSTOMER, HE ONLY LEFT A DIME TIP".....HA HA HA HA.

JACK: Say, that was a pretty good joke, wasn't it, Mary?

MARY: What joke? I was here when the fire department came in and ~~put you out~~ *squirted water on you.*

JACK: Oh stop....are you having a good time, Helene?

HELENE: Oui. C'est la premiers fois que je vois un cabaret Americain. C'est si different des cabarets Parisiens. Mais il me plait beaucoup, et je vous remercie milles fois.

WB

JACK: Oh really?

MARY: What did she say, Jack?

JACK: I don't know...something about how badly she feels that Joe Dimaggio is retiring.

MARY: What?

Jack: I don't know.
(ORCHESTRA STARTS DANCE NUMBER)

JACK: Well, I guess we're going to have dancing before the show starts.

DENNIS: Hey, Mary, you want to dance with me?

MARY: *h.* Sure, Dennis.

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DENNIS: Gee, you're a swell dancer, Mary.

MARY: Thanks, Dennis, but don't hold me so tight.

DENNIS: Okay...Say, Livvy, have you ever thought about getting married?

MARY: What?

DENNIS: My mother will up my allowance.

MARY: Dennis, stop being silly.

DENNIS: If you turn me down, I'll kill myself. (WHISTLE)

MARY: (LAUGHS) Give me a little time to think it over.

DENNIS: Okay, but not too long. There are a lot of dames nuts about me.

MARY: I know, I know.

DENNIS: Oh yeah, name one.

MARY: Dennis, *look -* just be quiet and dance.

(MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Helene, ^{you know} I'm so glad you're with me tonight.

HELENE: I am glad, too, Cherie.

JACK: You know, this is the first time I---Oh Helene, there's a fellow coming over to the table who seems to know you.

HELENE: Where?...Oh oui...Ah, Bon jour, mon Cher ami.

MAURICE: Helene!.....Vous...ici! Je ne vous ai pas vu depuis que nous etions ensemble sur la cote d'azur. Comment allez-vous, ma chere.

HELENE: Merveilleusement! C'est si bon de vous revoir.

MAURICE: Il faut prendre un rendezvous. Je serai ici seulement pour quelques jors!

HELENE: Alors...telephonez moi. Je vous donnerai mon numero plus tard..et nous nous verrons.

MAURICE: Oui...Au revoir, ma chere.

HELENE: Au revoir.

JACK: ^{Helene} Who was that?

HELENE: ^{Maxie Rosebloom}

JACK: ^{Maxie Rosebloom -} Oh ~~yes~~, I didn't recognize him...the beret covers up his cauliflower ear...Imagine meeting a --

MEL: (DRUNK) Pardon me, folks, pardon me, but have you seen my wife?

JACK: No no, we haven't.

MEL: Oh well, thank you and a HAP-PY NEW YEAR!

JACK: Happy new year, happy new year...Oh Helene, look, there's ~~a quartet going to sing while they're dancing.~~

The quartet getting up - look! they're going to sing.

BJ

ATX01 0181605

QUARTET:

ASK ME HOW DO I FEEL
AS ME NOW THAT WE'RE COZY AND CLINGING
WELL SIR, ALL I CAN SAY IS IF I WERE A BELL I'D BE RINGING
FROM THE MOMENT WE KISSED TO NIGHT
THAT'S THE WAY I'VE JUST GOT TO BEHAVE
BOY IF I WERE A LAMP I'D LIGHT
OR IF I WERE A BANNER I'D WAVE
ASK ME HOW DO I FEEL
NOW THAT NEW YEAR WILL BE HERE TOMORROW
WELL SIR ALL I CAN SAY IF I NEED^{ED} SOME MONEY I'D BORROW
AND IF I WERE A WATCH I'D START POPPING MY SPRING
OR IF I WERE A BELL I'D GO DING DONG DING DONG DING.
ASK ME WHY DO I CHOOSE LUCKY STRIKE FOR MY REAL SMOKING PLEASURE
WELL SIR, ALL I CAN SAY IT'S THE ONE CIGARETTE THAT I TREASURE
FROM THE MOMENT I TOOK ONE PUFF
IT WAS LUCKIES FOR LITTLE OLD ME
THERE'S A CIGARETTE SURE ENOUGH
THAT IS ROUND AND AS FIRM AS CAN BE
THAT'S WHY MILLIONS OF MEN ALWAYS SAY IT'S FOR LUCKIES THEY'RE
YEARNING
SO IF I WERE A MATCH
BOY, I KNOW THAT I'D SURELY BE BURNING
AND IF I WERE A CIGARETTE HERE'S WHAT I'D BE
I'D BE HAPPY GO LUCKY LIKE L.S.M.F.T.

~~MARY: Say, Dennis, you dance very, very well.~~

~~DENNIS: Yeah, and this is the first time I ever danced with a girl.~~

~~MARY: Well, who did you dance with before?~~

~~DENNIS: Arthur Murray.~~

JACK: Well, sit down kids, we better order something to eat...Oh waiter...waiter.

NELSON: Yess?

JACK: I think I'll have a ham sandwich.

NELSON: Yes, sir.

JACK: *Helene - Helene - ?*
~~What'll you have, Helene?~~

HELENE: Oh alors...Je vais decider...Je commencerai avec un potage a la reine..et puis une omelette..aux champignons. Alors, un sole meuniere, une cotellette do veaux garnie...et une salade verte.

NELSON: What was that?

JACK: *She said*
She wants mustard on her sandwich.

~~NELSON: Ceecehh, are you lucky I don't understand French.~~

~~JACK: Never mind...What'll you have, Mary...and in English.~~

~~MARY: What's the difference...French, English,,,with you it
always comes out Dutch.~~

~~JACK: Order already.~~

~~MARY: Waiter, I'll have the chef's salad.~~

JACK: *Oh,* Waiter, change my order...I think I'll have a Crab Louie..

~~What'll you have, Dennis.~~ *Dennis, tell him what you want.*

DENNIS: I'll have Spaghetti Louie.

JACK: Spaghetti Louie?

DENNIS: I thought that was the waiter's name.

JACK: Of course not.

NELSON: It is, too.

JACK: Louie?

NELSON: No, Spaghetti.

JACK: Spagetti?

NELSON: I'm just stringing you along.

JACK: Now cut that out!...What a crazy guy.

MEL: (DRUNK) Pardon me, folks, pardon me, but have you seen my wife?

JACK: No no, we haven't seen your wife.

MEL: Well, if you ever do, you'll know why I'm drunk.

JACK: What?

MEL: HAP --

JACK:Say Mary, before we eat, suppose you and I have the next --

MEL: --PY NEW YEAR!

JACK: Oh, go away.

(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL)

HERB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BEFORE WE START OUR GALA FLOOR SHOW, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT WE'RE HONORED TONIGHT BY HAVING WITH US A VERY FAMOUS CELEBRITY.

JACK: *Oh,* I wish they wouldn't do that.

HERB: *Now* THIS GENTLEMAN WHOM YOU ALL LOVE IS A VERY POPULAR STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND NOW TELEVISION.

JACK: Mary, give me your comb.

MARY: Here you are.

HERB: SO I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING TO YOU THAT
POPULAR IDOL OF MILLIONS...RODNEY DANGERFIELD.

(BAND APPLAUDS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Here 's your comb, Mary.

HERB: YOU'VE ALL SEEN MR. DANGERFIELD IN THOSE OUTSTANDING
WESTERN PICTURES AND WITH A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT MAYBE
WE CAN GET HIM TO SAY A FEW WORDS..

(BAND APPLAUDS AND WHISTLES)

9

ELLIOT: (WESTERN) THANK YOU, FOLKS, THANK YOU KINDLY .. IT SURE IS A THRILL AND A PLEASURE TO MEET SO MANY OF MAH FANS.

JACK: (WHISPERS) What a ham.

ELLIOT: AND I'D ^{Ed} LIKE TO SAY THAT MAH NEXT PICTURE "QUO VADIS GOES WEST"...IS GONNA BE EVEN BETTER THAN MAH LAST PICTURE, "THE CACTUS BLOOMS AT MIDNIGHT".

JACK: He stole that from me.

ELLIOT: AND NOW, FRIENDS, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE MAH CO-STAR WHO'S RIGHT HERE AT THE TABLE WITH ME...TAKE A BOW, DESERT PAINT.

MEL: (WHINNEYS)

JACK: How do you like that, even brought his horse.

MEL: (BLOWS)

JACK: Helene, give me your handkerchief....Thanks.

ELLIOT: ANYWAY, YOU FOLKS DIDN'T COME TO HEAR ME TALK ALL NIGHT, SO I JUST WANTA--

JENNY: Pardon me, Mr. Dangerfield, but would you please put your autograph on this menu?

ELLIOT: ^{What} Certainly, Miss.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JENNY: Thank you.

ELLIOT: SO FOLKS, I JUST WANTA WISH YOU A VERY HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

(BAND SHOUTS HAPPY NEW YEAR...APPLAUDS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Imagine introducing a ham like Rodney Dangerfield...Come on, kids, let's get out of here.

MARY: But, Jack, we ordered food.

JACK: I don't care what we ordered. Let 'em give it to the horse. I'm going home.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

JL

ATX01 01B1610

JACK: Come on, Helene. I wouldn't stay here for a--

HERB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE ANOTHER CELEBRITY WITH US
TONIGHT...NONE OTHER THAN THAT VERY FAMOUS STAR, JACK BENNY.

JACK: Well.

(RAWD APPLAUDS AND WHISTLES)

MARY: Are you gonna stay now, Jack?

JACK: Certainly..What're you mad about. Sit down, Helene.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MASTER OF CEREMONIES, MY WORTHY
COLLEAGUE, MR. DANGERFIELD...AND--

MEL: (BLOWS)

JACK: Why don't you turn your head?...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR
A MOMENT I WANT YOU TO FORGET THAT I'M JACK BENNY, THAT
SCINTILLATING STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND ^{most} TELEVISION.

(MUSIC IN SOFTLY)

JACK: ~~AND~~-I WANT TO TALK TO YOU AS ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS. I WANT TO
TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO WISH ALL OF YOU AND YOURS AND
EVERYBODY ALL OVER THE WORLD GOOD HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

(MUSIC LOUD)

JACK: AND NOW, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU JUST A FEW THINGS ABOUT MY
NEXT TELEVISION SHOW...MY NEXT SHOW IS GONNA BE EVEN GREATER
THAN--(FADE)

(MUSIC LOUD)

(APPLAUSE)

JL

ATX01 0181611

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, according to the National Safety Council, the holiday season is an especially critical period so far as traffic accidents are concerned. So, be careful if you drive the car or if you take a walk, watch traffic lights, obey traffic regulations. The life you save may be your own. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

Get Better Taste today! (SHORT CLOSE)

MARTIN: Luckies taste better!

SHARBUTT: (STRAIGHT DELIVERY) So mild, so smooth, so firm and
fresh -- with better taste in every puff!

MARTIN: Yes, friends, Luckies taste better -- because their fine
mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into the cigarette proved
the best-made of all five principal brands. Let me
repeat that..."proved the best made of all five principal
brands!" That's not an empty claim -- that's a fact --
verified by leading laboratory consultants. For example,
Foster D. Snell, of New York City, who report ...

SHARBUTT: "In our opinion, the properties measured are all important
factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We
conclude that Lucky Strike is the best-made of the five
major brands."

MARTIN: And don't forget -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco -- fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no
substitute for fine tobacco -- and don't let anybody
tell you different!

SHARBUTT: So don't be misled by double-talk. Remember the facts!
Enjoy fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette
that tastes better -- Lucky Strike!

MARTIN: When you buy cigarettes, remember -- Luckies taste better

BS

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1951 (TAPED DECEMBER 19, 1951)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

-D-

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

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

BS

RTX01 01B1614

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, soon it will be 1952. ^{And} I would like to wish all of you prosperity and happiness for the coming year. But let us all hold foremost the thought that 1952 will bring better understanding between nations and peace to the world..
Happy New Year, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

Annex: Transcribed, this is the C.B.S. Radio Network.

~~DON: This is Don Wilson reminding you to listen to your Hit Parade with Guy Lombardo every Thursday night, presented by Lucky Strike....Consult your newspaper for time and station. Stay tuned for the Amos 'n' Andy Show which follows immediately.....The Jack Benny Program is heard by our Armed Forces overseas through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.....~~

BS