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HEAD-IN TO THE COMMERCIAL BY JACK BENNY AND
TAG DIRECTLY BY JACK BENNY WAS RELEASED FROM
THE LOS ANGELES, BECAUSE OF TV PROGRAM BEING
SEEN AT 10 PM LOS ANGELES TIME.

RTX01 0184101

PROGRAM #1
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AS
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED SEPT. 9, 1953)

KT

RTX01 0184102

SEPTEMBER 13, 1953 (Transcribed September 9, 1953)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike! (Pause) You know, friends ... smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste! And the fact of the
matter is ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother
Lucky Strike... Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson ... You know, your enjoyment of a
cigarette depends on its taste. That's true, friends.
Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is -- Luckies taste better ... cleaner,
fresher, smoother. Now there are two mighty good reasons
for that. The first one you already know ... LS/MFT, Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco ... light, naturally mild,
good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made to taste
better -- made round and firm and fully packed to draw
freely and smoke evenly. So, friends, if you want all the
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you can get from a
cigarette -- be happy -- go Lucky! Because smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is -- Luckies taste better! Next time, ask for a
carton of Lucky Strike.

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COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike

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ATX01 0184104

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THIS IS JACK BENNY'S FIRST RADIO BROADCAST OF THE ~~NEW~~ SEASON...~~AND~~ IMMEDIATELY AFTER, HE WILL DO HIS OPENING TELEVISION SHOW OVER THE CBS NETWORK...BUT ^{Now} ~~IN~~ ~~THE MEANTIME~~ WE ^WWOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO A FRIDAY MORNING SEVERAL WEEKS AGO AND LOOK IN ON JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS.

ROCH: (SINGS) SUMMER TIME, AND THE LIVIN' IS EASY

(APPLAUSE)

ROCH: (SINGS) FISH ARE JUMPIN', AND THE COTTON IS HIGH.
(HE HUMS A LITTLE MORE...THEN SPEAKS)...THAT SONG SURE IS TRUE...IT'S EASY LIVIN' IN THE SUMMER...I'VE BEEN SLEEPING LATE EVERY MORNING...GOING TO THE BEACH IN THE AFTERNOON...
~~GOING OUT WITH MY GIRL AT NIGHT...SPENDING THE WEEK-ENDS FISHING WITH MY FRIENDS...RELAXING IN THE SUN IN THE BACK-YARD...MMM MMM...I WISH MR. BENNY WOULD COME BACK FROM HIS VACATION SO I CAN GO ON MINE.~~

~~MEL: (SQUAWKS) Sleeping late, beach, fishing. (WHISTLES)~~

~~ROCH: QUIET, POLLY...THAT'S OUR LITTLE SECRET...REMEMBER YOU TOOK AN OATH ON IT.~~

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~~MEL: (SQUAWKS) I do solemnly swear not to tell Mr. Benny what Rochester did this summer.~~

~~ROCH: THAT'S FINE...NOW PUT YOUR RIGHT CLAW DOWN...~~

(SINGS) SUMMER TIME, AND THE LIVIN' IS EASY
FISH ARE JUMPIN', AND THE COTTON IS HIGH --
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: HMM...THE FRONT DOOR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (HUMS PART OF "SUMMERTIME" DURING FOOTSTEPS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES...WHAT IS IT, GENTLEMEN?

RUBIN: We're from the North American Van and Moving Company.

ROCH: MOVING COMPANY?

RUBIN: Yes, isn't this Ronald Colman's house?

ROCH: NO, ^{No} ARE THE COLMAN'S MOVING AWAY?

RUBIN: Yes, we're moving them today.

ROCH: WELL THEY LIVE NEXT DOOR...THE HOUSE ON THE RIGHT.

RUBIN: Thanks. Come on, Joe, let's go get the stuff.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS--ABOUT EIGHT)

ROCH: GEE, I THOUGHT IT WAS THE MAIL MAN...I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM MR. BENNY IN OVER TWO WEEKS...AND THEN ALL HE SENT ME WAS A POST CARD...HE SAID HE WAS INVITED TO A BIG LUAU AND HAD A WONDERFUL TIME...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT LUAU MEANT SO I LOOKED IT UP...IT'S A HAWAIIAN WORD MEANING, "STUFF YOURSELF, THE FOOD IS FREE"...HEE HEE HEE...I REMEMBER ONCE --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

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ROCH: OH-OH..THE FRONT DOOR AGAIN.

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES SIR?

HY: WE'RE FROM THE BEKINS VAN AND STORAGE COMPANY.

ROCH: OH, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG HOUSE...THE COLMANS LIVE NEXT DOOR.

HY: Oh, We're not looking for Mr. Colman, we're here to move Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart.

ROCH: OH, THE STEWARDS...THEY LIVE IN THE ^{BACK}~~GREEN~~ HOUSE...THE ONE ON THE LEFT.

HY: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: MAYBE I OUGHT TO DO A LITTLE WORK FOR A CHANGE..IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO ^{get started-uh-doing}~~START GETTING USED TO~~ IT AGAIN..I'LL GO IN THE DEN AND SEE IF THAT NEEDS STRAIGHTENING UP.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

RUBIN: (OFF STAGE MIKE) (SNORES TWICE)

ROCH: GEE, MR. HARRIS HAS BEEN OFF THE SHOW ^{for} TWO YEARS NOW, I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO WAKE HIM UP AND SEND HIM HOME...NAH, THAT'S MR. BENNY'S BUSINESS...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

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ROCH: DOGGONE, THIS IS THE BUSIEST DAY...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES?

RYAN: We're from Lyons Van and Storage Company, we're here to move Mr. and Mrs. William Powell.

ROCH: WILLIAM POWELL...OH, ^{They} ~~HE~~ LIVE~~S~~ IN THAT WHITE HOUSE RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET.

RYAN: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

ROCH: GOSH, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...HURRYING FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: ^{Now, the phone!} ~~DOGGONE, THERE HASN'T BEEN SO MANY THINGS HAPPENING IN THIS HOUSE SINCE THE BOSS WENT TO HAWAII.~~

~~(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)~~

~~ROCH: COMING, COMING...~~

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

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...NO, I'M SORRY, MR. BENNY'S NOT BACK FROM HONOLULU YET...~~NO, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM, I DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'S SUPPOSED TO RETURN...WHO IS THIS, PLEASE...HIS BARBER?...WHAT'S THAT?...HE MADE AN APPOINTMENT FOR A HAIRCUT FOR NEXT TUESDAY?...WELL, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE HERE FOR THAT, I'LL SEND IT OVER... GOODEYE.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...FEW FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: ...WELL, I BETTER GET IN THE KITCHEN AND --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: ...AGAIN!!! ...FIRST THE DOOR, THEN THE PHONE...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN THROUGH SPEECH)

ROCH: THEN THE DOOR AGAIN...ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester, I'm home.

ROCH: BOSS...BOSS...BOSS!!!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, you seem^{so} surprised that I'm back.

ROCH: I AM..I HAD NO IDEA ~~THAT~~ YOU'D COME HOME TODAY.

JACK: Well, I thought someone would tell you - I wrote to a lot of people that I ~~would~~ be home today.

ROCH: WHO DID YOU WRITE TO?

JACK: The Colmans, the Stewarts and the Powells...I wonder if they got my letters.

ROCH: OH, THEY GOT 'EM, THEY GOT 'EM.

JACK: Here, help me inside with my bags, will you?

(SOUND: SCUFFLING...DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Rochester, did any of my cast get here yet?

ROCH: NO, WERE YOU EXPECTING THEM?

JACK: ^{Yeah} ~~Yes~~, I called them when I got off the boat and told them to come here for an important meeting. Now, Rochester, take my small suitcase up to my room.

ROCH: WHAT ABOUT THE TWO LARGE ONES?

JACK: Oh, They're filled with dirty laundry. You better wash and iron it right away.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: And when you're done, I'll give you the names of the people in Hawaii you're to send it back to...And do a good job, will you?

ROCH: BOSS, HAVE WE GOT CUSTOMERS IN HAWAII NOW?

JACK: Yes.

~~ROCH: MAN, WE'RE SPREADIN' OUT MORE THAN COCA COLA.~~

JACK: ~~Never mind, . . . and you better wash the skirts by hand, that grass can stop up the Bendix. . . Now Rochester, put some chairs in the ---~~

~~MEL: (SQUAWKS TWICE)~~

~~JACK: Well, hello Polly.~~

~~MEL: (SAD PARROT NOISES)~~

~~JACK: Gosh, she won't even look at me. . . Polly, it's me. . .
Daddy.~~

~~MEL: (SAD PARROT NOISES)~~

~~JACK: She still won't look at me.~~

~~ROCH: POLLY, TURN AROUND, IT'S MR. BENNY.~~

~~MEL: (QUICKLY) I do solemnly swear not to hell --~~

~~ROCH: (FAST) NEVER MIND!~~

~~JACK: Rochester, what's the matter with Polly? She's got one
elaw up in the air.~~

~~ROCH: I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE SHE'S TRYING TO HITCH A RIDE TO
CAPISTRANO.~~

~~JACK: That isn't till March.~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ^{There's the door}
^ I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SUSTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: Gee, it'll be good getting back on the air. . . I always
get such a thrill out of the first check -- I mean program,

(SOUND: DOORBUZZER)

JACK: COMING, COMING.

(THREE MORE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: ^{Oh,}
Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: WELL DENNIS...COME ON IN.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Oh, Dennis, it's wonderful seeing you again. You know you're the first member of my cast I've seen since we went off the air in June...and gosh, it's funny, Dennis...~~at~~ the end of every season, we all go our separate ways, and then as the summer wears on, I begin to realize how much I miss the gang. And so, when I opened the door and saw you here...it gave me such a warm feeling of --

DENNIS: Get it over with, I'm a busy man.

JACK: ~~Hmm~~...That's a fine greeting...you haven't seen me for three months, ~~and~~ then you don't even ask me about my trip.

DENNIS: Where are you going?

JACK: Where am I going? I just got back. I was in Hawaii for three weeks.

DENNIS: ^{Hawaii}
~~Oh~~ Boy, I'd like to go ^{there} ~~to Hawaii~~ sometime...What's it like, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Dennis...Honolulu is one of the most beautiful spots in the world...you ought to feel the soft warm sand on the beach ~~at~~ --

DENNIS: Get it over with, I'm a busy man.

JACK: ^{Look it}
Dennis, you asked me to tell you about it. Now I just got home so I'm not gonna stand here and let you annoy me.

DENNIS: ^{Say}
Does the rest of the gang know you're back yet?

JACK: Yes, I phoned them ^{from} this morning ^{from the dock}.

DENNIS: From the dock?

JACK: Yeah.

DENNIS: Oh, then you just got back today.

JACK: Yes, Yes, on the Lurline.

DENNIS: How was the boat trip?

JACK: The boat trip? ^{Dennis: Uh, huh} Dennis, I can't tell you what a thrill ~~it is standing on the deck as it leaves Honolulu, sailing into the blue --~~

DENNIS: Get it over with, I'm a busy man.

JACK: Now stop that...Dennis, as long as the rest of the gang haven't arrived yet, let me hear the song you're going to do on the first program.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: That kid is the only one I know who can undo a three months rest in two minutes.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "WITH THESE HANDS")

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Dennis, that ^{really} ~~song~~ sounded swell..only when you do it on the program, ^{I want you to} pick up the tempo a bit, ^{you see} and hold the finish just a little ^{bit} longer.

DENNIS: ^{Well} My mother likes it this way.

JACK: Oh, she does, eh? ^{Well} What does your mother know about music?

DENNIS: Plenty..Liberace couldn't get along without her.

JACK: Liberace? What does she do for him?

DENNIS: Before every show she waxes his teeth.

JACK: Well, that certainly makes her Toscanini the friendly credit Band Leader....Now, Dennis, as long as we're--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Now, Dennis, you stay right here while I answer the door.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: MARY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{doll face} Mary, ^{Gee,} let me look at you, ^{you}. You look wonderful.

MARY: ^{Oh,} Thanks..Dennis is here, isn't he?

JACK: Yes, how did you know?

MARY: You look awful.

JACK: Hmm. ~~It~~ It didn't take two minutes...But Mary, it's sure good to see you...Come here, I'm going to give you a big kiss.

MARY: (COYLY) Oh, Jack.

JACK: No, no, come here, ~~and~~ let me kiss you.

MARY: All right.

(JACK KISSES HER BRIEFLY)

JACK: There, how was that?
MARY: It'll never make the Kinsey Report....Come on, let's go in.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: *Well,* Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: *Oh,* Hello, Mary, when did you get back from Las Vegas?

MARY: Last week.

JACK: Hey, I didn't know you went up to Vegas...did you enjoy yourself?

MARY: Uh huh.

DENNIS: I went to Palm Springs this summer.

MARY: ...Palm Springs? In the summer? Dennis, why in the world would anyone--

JACK: *Wait a minute* Wait a minute, *wait... Mary,* Mary, don't get into any silly routines with Dennis.

MARY: Oh, *oh!* I forgot...Anyway, Jack, I had a good time in Vegas.

JACK: *is an* Yeah, it certainly ~~can be a very~~ exciting town...*Las Vegas -- gosh!* I ~~was~~ *been* there *a lot of times* ~~once~~...in fact, I even lost some money gambling, *you know.*

MARY: I know..it was on a slot machine in the Flamingo..the third one from the right as you enter the Casino.

JACK: (AMAZED) That's right, Mary..how did you know?

MARY: They have a little plaque there that reads, "Jack Benny Fainted Here."

JACK: I don't care, it's good publicity...Anyway Mary, I ~~was~~ got to tell you and the gang about the wonderful time I had in Hawaii.

DENNIS: I spent the summer in Palm Springs.

MARY: Dennis, why in the world --

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary, ^{Mary} don't you ask him. I'll do it. Me he's already made a wreck out of....Dennis..you spent the summer in Palm Springs?

DENNIS: Uh huh, and I had a swell time.

JACK: ^{Look it - I don't know. Well, all right - look, how can you} But how can you possibly enjoy yourself in Palm Springs in all that heat..In the summer it gets to be a hundred and twenty degrees in the shade.

DENNIS: I was smart, I didn't stay in the shade.

JACK: Ha ha ha, see what I do to myself?.... Mary, that proves I love you, ^{doesn't it, huh?}

MARY: ^{Well} (GIGGLES) If you really love me, get me a cold drink, will you, please..I'm thirsty.

JACK: Okay, Mary..what do you want?

MARY: Ginger-ale will be all right.

JACK: Okay..(CALLS) ROCHESTER..

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Will you please bring Miss Livingstone a glass of ginger-ale?

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY.

JACK: We haven't?...^{look} Rochester, when I left for Hawaii, we had three cases of ginger-ale.

ROCH: WELL, IT'S ALL GONE NOW.

JACK: ~~Hmm~~...Rochester..tell me the truth..did you have a party here while I was gone?

ROCH: WELL...YES, BOSS,..IN JULY.

JACK: What date in July?

ROCH: JUST JULY.

JACK: Look, Rochester--I don't mind you having a little--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS) COME IN!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF MIKE)

JACK: Rochester, ^{lock it} I don't mind your having a little party while
I'm gone, but ^{then} when you take advantage--*of*

DON. ~~WHILE JACK GETS THROUGH~~

DON: She is?

JACK: Yeah.

DON: Why, I saw her picture in the newspaper, and she had her leg in a cast. I understand she broke her ankle.

MARY: She tried everything, but Jack's holding her to ^{her} ~~the~~ contract.

JACK: Mary, she's gonna be on my program because she wants to...
And she's gonna be wonderful on it.

DENNIS: ^{You know,}
I saw her and Jane Russell in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
and they were terrific. (WHISTLE)

JACK: Dennis, where did you ^{-where did} see that picture?

DENNIS: In Palm Springs.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: That day it was a hundred and thirty in the shade.

JACK: I know, I know.

DON: You know, Jack, one of the hit songs from that picture is Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend..and that's gonna be our commercial on the program.

JACK: Wait a minute, Don. The Sportsmen Quartet would sound silly doing that number. That song should be done by girls.

DON: Oh, I know. That's why I brought their wives over. ~~I~~ ^I wanted you to hear it first.

JACK: Oh, ^{the sportsmen's} ~~their~~ wives...

DON: ^{Yeah,} I'll get them, Jack. They're right outside.

Jack: Oh. (SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Oh, girls..come on in.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, hello, girls.

GIRLS: Hummmmmmmmm.

JACK: That's their wives, all right...~~well~~, Don, let me hear
the number, will you?

DON: Okay..take it, girls.

(INTRO:)

GIRLS: A KISS ON THE HAND MAY BE QUITE CONTEMPORAL
BUT DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND
A KISS MAY BE GRAND, BUT IT WON'T PAY THE RENTAL
ON YOUR HUMBLE FLAT
OR HELP YOU AT THE AUTOMAT
MEN GROW COLD AS GIRLS GROW OLD
AND WE ALL LOSE OUR CHARMS IN THE END
BUT SQUARE CUT OR PEAR SHAPE
THESE ROCKS DON'T LOSE THEIR SHAPE
DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND
REMEMBER, MY DEAR, WHEN IT'S SMOKES YOU ARE CHOOSING
A LUCKY IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND
THE REASON IS CLEAR, THE TOBACCO THEY'RE USING
HAS NO PUFF THAT'S ROUGH
YES, SURE ENOUGH, THERE'S NO ROUGH PUFF.
LUCKY STRIKE'S THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE
CAUSE THEY'RE MADE OF THAT ONE PERFECT BLEND
THE MASCULINE GENDER SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER
TO BUY HER LUCKIES
THOSE BETTER TASTING LUCKIES
MADE MUCH BETTER, THAT'S WHY
TO WIN A FAIR LADY'S HEART
GIVE LUCKIES BY THE CARTON
THAT'S THE SMOKE SHE'S SURE TO LIKE
TO BE
~~KEEP HER~~ HAPPY
GO
~~BUY~~ LUCKY STRIKE.

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Well, That was ^{just} wonderful, girls. Don, I must congratulate you on such a ^{great} wonderful idea.

DON: Well, thanks, Jack.

MARY: Say, Jack, now that we're all here, what did you call us over for?

JACK: We're not all here. Bob Crosby is late

DENNIS: I wish he'd ^{get here} ~~come~~ so we can get this over with. I'm a busy man.

JACK: Dennis, we know all about how busy you are with your own T.V. show and your records and movies.

DENNIS: Besides that, this summer I started raising tropical fish.

MARY: Tropical fish? Say, that's a nice hobby.

DENNIS: Yeah, they're delicious.

JACK: ^{Ma} Mary, when are you going to learn ~~to ignore~~ ^{to ignore} --

BOB: ^{Hi Jack} Hi Jack, hello, everybody.

JACK: Hey, it's Bob Crosby.

(APPLAUSE)

GANG: (AD LIB HELLOS OVER APPLAUSE)

BOB: The door was open so I just walked in.

JACK: Well, we've been here waiting for you so we can have our little meeting. . . You know, kids, Bob was in Honolulu while I was there.

MARY: ~~Bob~~, I didn't know that. ^{Bob} Did you go alone?

BOB: Oh, No, I took my wife and ^{my} five kids, a nurse for the baby, and a cook and a maid.

DON: Did you go on the Lurline, too?

LW

BOB: ^{Don} Oh, Yes, and it was exciting..especially as we were landing in Honolulu..My whole family and all ^{of} our help lined up at the boat rail and ^{we} sang "Aloha" to the people on the dock.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob..the people on the dock are supposed to sing to you.

BOB: Well, I know, but we outnumbered them.

JACK: Oh, oh, oh, I see.

MARY: Jack, you said when Bob got here, you'd tell us what this meeting was all about...Now what is it?

JACK: Well...Now look, kids....we're about to start a new season...and naturally, we all want it to start off big...so I got in touch with my publicity man, Steve Bradley...He told me to have the whole cast here this afternoon, and he's going to take a ^{lot} bunch of pictures.

DON: Oh, That's swell.

JACK: And that reminds, me, Bob...you better get all the boys in your band together, ^{cause well} He'll want some pictures of them, too.

BOB: ^{Oh, But} That might be kind of tough getting all of them.

JACK: Why?

BOB: Well, during the summer they've taken other ^{Jack : Oh.} jobs. In fact, Frankie Remley formed his own orchestra and is appearing every night at the Cinegrill in the Hotel Roosevelt.

JACK: No kidding? ^{Frankie Remley's got his own orchestra?} Well, good for Frankie...Did he get a good deal?

BOB: ^{Oh, certainly} ~~Yes~~, he had a smart agent...All the men in his band get ^{at the Cinema} scale, but Frankie signed for sixty dollars a week and all the drinks he wanted.

JACK: GOSH!

LW

Yeah, but

to

BOB: The second week the hotel changed that, ~~now he gets~~ no drinks and a thousand bucks a week.

JACK: I knew they'd find out sooner or later...So Frankie's working at the Cinegrill?...What does he call his orchestra?

BOB: ^{Well} ~~Well~~, on the marquee he bills himself "Frankie Remley, and My Six Convicts."

JACK: ~~Well~~, what do you know...I ~~bet~~ bet they play the sweetest music this side of the Chino Honor Farm...You know, kids, some night let's all go ~~down there and~~ ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARCH: HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, HELLO, EVERYBODY, HELLO, BENNY.

JACK: Hy'a Steve, ^{Say} it's good to ~~See ya~~ ---

MARCH: No time for chatter, we've got to get this publicity campaign rolling. Now Benny, first we're gonna get a picture of you giving a waiter a five dollar tip.

JACK: What?

MARCH: Stage money, stage money.

JACK: Oh, Oh.

MARCH: Now, Mary, I've got a sympathetic angle for you. We'll show you selling stockings at the May Company.

JACK: Hey, that's great, ^{you know, that's} her old job.

MARY: What do you mean, old job, that's what I did this summer.

JACK: No kidding...Say, Steve, have you anything planned for Bob Crosby and Dennis Day?

LW

MARCH: Have I?...I've got a stunt for Crosby here that will have his name in newspapers from coast to coast.

BOB: Hey, that's great...what do I do?

MARCH: You're going to sue the city where you were born...Spokane, Washington, for ten million dollars.

BOB: Sue them...what for?

MARCH: You're gonna claim they mixed up your birth certificate -- you're really Bing, and Bing is you.

JACK: What?

BOB: *New*, Wait a minute Steve, what about my mother?

MARCH: We'll sue her, too.

JACK: ...Hey Bob, ^{Bob,} that's a great ^{-that's a great} idea, ^{Huh?}

DENNIS: What have you got in mind for me?

MARCH: ^{aw, Dennis boy,} You're a cinch, ~~Dennis~~. I've an idea that will make you the most talked-of person in the country over-night.

DENNIS: ^{Yeah, Yeah} What do I have to do? *What? Huh?*

MARCH: Commit suicide.

JACK: ...Suicide?

MARCH: But I've got to find some novel way for him to do it.

DENNIS: Maybe I could eat nothing but Chlorophyll and green myself to death.

JACK: Dennis --

MARCH: Wonderful idea, kid, we'll save it for St. Patrick's Day.

JACK: Look, Steve --

MARCH: Now we ^{gotta} better get some publicity pictures...I've got my photographer waiting out in the hall...(CALLS) OH, FRANK.... FRANK....

NELSON: YESSSSSSS.

JACK: Oh no...Are you the photographer?

EP

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NELSON: Well, ^{what} ~~who~~ do you think I am holding up this flash-bulb -- a glow worm?

JACK: Hmm.

~~JACK: Come on. Don't let's get moving. What you'll take some~~

NELSON: Well, ^{what} ~~who~~ do you think I am holding up this flash-bulb -- a glow worm?

JACK: Hmm.

~~JACK: Come on. Don't let's get moving. What you'll take some~~

DENNIS: I WAS TALKING TO HIM.

JACK: OH, YOU WERE, EH. WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS...STEVE, OUT
....OUT...AND TAKE THAT PHOTOGRAPHER WITH YOU.

MARCH: OKAY, BENNY, BUT YOU'RE THROWING AWAY YOUR FUTURE.

MARY: HE HAD HIS FUTURE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

JACK: THAT SETTLES IT....OUT....OUT....EVERYBODY OUT.

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Bunch of smart alecks ^{hm-m-m} Rochester, fix me something to eat,
will you?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: I don't know...my first day home, and all I have is trouble,
trouble, trouble.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS, BUT IT'S SURE GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: ~~Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a minute to tell you~~
~~all about my television show which follows this program.~~ *I am doing tonight*
~~but first, a word to cigarette smokers, smoking enjoyment~~
~~is all a matter of taste! And the fact of the matter is --~~

EP

ATX01 0184125

AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
SEPT. 13, 1953 (Transcribed Sept. 9, 1953)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher smoother.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, to tell you that...Luckies....
win ... again! That's right, Luckies win again in a
national smoking survey among college students. Last year
a survey was made in leading colleges throughout the country
which showed that smokers in those colleges preferred Luckies
to any other cigarette. This year another nation-wide
survey was made -- a representative survey of all students
in regular colleges from coast to coast. Based on thousands
of actual student interviews -- this survey shows that
Luckies lead again -- lead over all other brands, regular or
king-size -- and by a wide margin. The number one reason --
this year as last -- Luckies' better taste. Yes, Luckies
do taste better. First, because they're made of light,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. LS/MFT -- Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)

EP

ATX01 0184126

WILSON: And then, Luckies are made better -- made round and firm
(CONT'D) and fully packed to draw freely...smoke evenly. Actually
made to taste better. After all, smoking enjoyment is all
a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies
taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So be happy --
go Lucky. Get better taste -- with a carton of Luckies!

SPORTSMEN

QUARTER: Be happy -- go Lucky
(Long close)
Get better taste today!

EP

ATX01 0184127

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in thirty seconds I'll be doing my first television show and I'm having Marilyn Monroe as my guest star, through the courtesy of 20th Century Fox, producers of The Robe which will soon be released in their new process Cinemascope....Now the television studio is six miles from this radio studio, and as I said, I only have thirty seconds. You say it's impossible to go six miles in thirty seconds? Believe me....with Marilyn Monroe waiting ~~I can make it. See you in 30 seconds.~~
~~for me, I'll be there.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company....America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

EP

ATX01 01B412B

PROGRAM #2
REVISED SCRIPT
"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1953 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED SEPT. 17, 1953)

AS BROADCAST

EP

ATX01 0184129

WILSON: The Jack Benny program...transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike! (Pause) You know, friends...smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste! And the fact of
the matter is....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother
Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson....friends, there's no question,
you smoke for enjoyment -- the enjoyment you get from
the taste of a cigarette. Sure, smoking enjoyment is
all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is
Luckies taste better. Yes, Luckies taste better --
cleaner, fresher, smoother -- and there are two very
good reasons why. First, as everyone in American knows,
LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- light,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies
are made better. They're round, firm, fully-packed,
so they'll draw freely and smoke evenly. Fine tobacco
in a better made cigarette just naturally adds up to
better taste. Remember, smoking enjoyment is all a
matter of taste.

(MORE)

EP

ATX01 0184130

WILSON: And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.
(CONT'D) So, be happy -- go Lucky. Ask for a carton of Lucky
Strike and find out for yourself that Luckies really
do taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleener, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleener, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike.....Lucky Strike

EP

ATX01 0184131

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE.....MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TODAY IS SEPTEMBER 20TH.....
AND SINCE TOMORROW IS THE FIRST DAY OF FALL, I JUST
BARELY HAVE TIME TO BRING YOU THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
.....JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Well,* Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is
Jack Benny talking...and Don, if I may be so bold as
to criticize your facetious introduction, I should
like to point out that there is nothing funny about
calling a thirty-eight year old man "the last rose of

summer".....And now, ladies and gentlemen --
DON: *Oh, wait a minute,* wait a minute, Jack, *hold it -- now,* let's get this straight.
Did you ~~just~~ say you were thirty-eight?

JACK: Yes.

DON: But last year, *—last year* you insisted you were thirty-nine.

JACK: That's right.

DON: *Well,* Then how can you be thirty-eight now?

JACK: Don....didn't I just come back from an ocean voyage in
the Pacific?

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

EP

JACK: Well, you know that when you cross the International Date Line, you lose a day.

DON: Certainly I know that.

JACK: Well, our skipper got the hiccups and we crossed it three hundred and sixty-five times... ~~at~~ Some fool hadn't frightened him, I'd a been thirty-seven.... ~~New Don, before we drop the subject of that introduction you gave me... I just want to say that I'd really be mad at you if it weren't for the fact that you gave me so much musical pleasure this summer.~~

~~DON: I? .. gave you? ... Music?~~

~~JACK: Yes... weren't you the inspiration for that new hit song, "You're Walking Behind You".... I know it's sorry, Don~~ ^{Now} ~~but now we're even... let's get on with the program because we have a very important sketch to do.... Did you rehearse your part, Mary? ... (PAUSE) Mary, I'm talking to you.~~

MARY: Huh? ^{Oh, Oh,} Oh, I'm sorry, Jack, I was just reading this special delivery letter I got from Mems.

JACK: ^{Oh, another} letter from your mother, huh?

MARY: ~~Yes.~~ Uh-huh

JACK: Well, what does "The White Witch Doctor" of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: ^{Oh, wait... and} Wait, ^{Jack: Hm-m-m} I'll read it to you.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT AND READS) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY... I HAVEN'T WRITTEN IN A LONG TIME, AND THIS LETTER WILL CONTAIN BOTH GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS... ^{Jack: Hm-m-m} LAST WEEK WE HEARD JACK'S FIRST RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SEASON... NOW FOR THE GOOD NEWS...

EP

ATX01 0184133

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: PAPA FINALLY BOUGHT US A TELEVISION SET.

JACK: Well, ^{they've got} a television set... ~~is it an Admiral?~~

~~MARY: I don't know... what difference does it make?~~

~~JACK: It'll make a lot of difference when I get home... Anyway,
go on with the letter.~~

MARY: SUNDAY NIGHT WE SAT AND WATCHED JACK'S TELEVISION SHOW....
I LIKED IT, BUT PAPA SEEMED QUITE BORED UNTIL JACK'S
SPECIAL GUEST, MARILYN MONROE, APPEARED.... THE REPAIR MAN
CHARGED US ELEVEN DOLLARS TO GET PAPA'S HEAD OUT OF THE
SCREEN.

JACK: Gosh.

MARY: NOW FOR SOME NEWS ABOUT YOUR SISTER BABE.

JACK: Oh boy, this is the part I like.

MARY: BABE WENT TO ATLANTIC CITY FOR THE BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST
Jack: No!
No kidding...
...SHE ENTERED AGAIN THIS YEAR AS MISS COAL MINER... I
GUESS THEY ALWAYS PICK HER BECAUSE SHE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE
JOHN L. LEWIS.

JACK: ~~Yeah...~~ Poor Babe... she has to pay a hairdresser ten bucks
for her eyebrows alone, you know.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE NOW... YOUR LOVING MOTHER,
ZSA ZSA.

~~JACK: You know, Mery, your family always...~~

~~MARY: Wait a minute, Jack, there's more.~~

~~JACK: More?~~

~~MARY: Yes... P.S.... MARY, THE TELEVISION SET PAPA BOUGHT WAS AN
ADMIRAL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET ONE, TOO.~~

EP

RTX01 0184134

JACK: ^{You know, Mary...} ~~Let me see that...~~ You know, Mary, sometimes ^{--- sometimes} I think --
Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, ~~Mr. Benny~~...Ladies and gentlemen, the song I'm going to sing today is --

JACK: Wait a minute, ^{wait a minute} Dennis...you just came in, why are you in such a hurry to sing your song?

DENNIS: I've got to rush over to the hospital to have my appendix taken out.

JACK: Gosh, that's ~~too~~ ^{hey, wait...} ~~just a minute~~ .. Dennis, didn't you have your appendix taken out last year?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Well, ~~for heavens sakes~~, why do you want them to operate again?

DENNIS: I joined the Blue Cross and ^I went to get my money's worth.

JACK: Oh ~~for~~...Look, kid...if you've had your appendix taken out once, you can't have it taken out again.

DENNIS: Are you sure?

JACK: ^{Well} Of course, I'm sure.

DENNIS: Well, can't they open me up and rummage around a little?

JACK: Oh, stop...and don't argue with me any more...After all, I know more about appendectomies than you do.

MARY: At rehearsal you couldn't even pronounce it.

JACK: Look Chiss Sweese, be quiet, ^{will you?} ..Now let's drop ^{the subject.} ~~this whole silly question.~~

DON: ^{Oh, say -} Say Jack, I'm glad Mary mentioned rehearsal because before you got here Rochester phoned...he wanted to talk to you.

JACK: About what?

EP

DON: I don't know...~~but~~ he said it was important, and you should call him right back.

JACK: Okay....

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Operator..Operator...

(SOUND: SEVERAL CLICKS OF RECEIVER..FADE TO BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Say, Mable?

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

(APPLAUSE)

BEA: Mr. Benny's Line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah...I wonder what Gentlemen Prefer Money wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny....Yes sir...I'll try him right away.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: (SIGHS) Gosh, Mable ain't it awful getting back to work after a vacation.

SARA: Yeah...Say Gertrude, where did you go this summer?

BEA: No place particular...Once, though, I went deep-sea fishing...It was awful...I was never so insulted in all my life.

SARA: Well, Why, what happened?

BEA: When we got back to the dock, some smart Alec hung me up by my feet and had his picture taken with me...Imagine that guy making out I was a fish.

EP

SARA: Gee, you must have been out on that boat a long time....
You sure got sunburned.

BEA: Why ...am I still peeling?

SARA: Yeah....Let's hope what's underneath looks better.

BEA: Welllll...look who's making cracks about looks...Tellulah
Tenkhead...Anyway, I had fun and I-----

(SOUND: CLICKS OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Gertrude....Gertrude.

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but the line is busy.

JACK: Oh...well, keep trying and ring me when you get Rochester..

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~Hummer~~, I wonder who he's talking to on the phone.

DENNIS: I better sing my song now.

JACK: Dennis, can't you sing a little later?

DENNIS: No.

EP

ATX01 0184137

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: I've already taken the anaesthetic, I may be asleep by then.

JACK: Now cut that out ... Just sing your song and stop with that silly talk about anaesthetics and your appendix.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

DON: Oh, ^{hold it} Oh, hold it a second, ^{just a minute,} Dennis ... ~~ask~~ Mary, I meant to tell you, I saw the latest copy of ^{the} Woman's Home Companion .. and there's a swell picture of you on the cover.

MARY: Well, thanks, Don.

DENNIS: The song I'm going to sing ~~is~~ ---

JACK: ^{Wait a minute, Dennis ---} ~~Hold it a second, kid~~ ... Don, for your information my picture is on that cover, too.

DON: Oh, I know it is, Jack, and I want to ask you something. Why in the world would they use your picture on a woman's magazine?

MARY: Have you ever seen him walk?

JACK: Mary!

DENNIS: Shall I sing now?

JACK: Yeah, sing, sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG -- "SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE")

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 018413B

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis, that was beautiful. ^{You know,} ...every season I think that your voice is so perfect it can't improve....and then the opening of the next season you surprise me by being better than ever. You really have a wonderful voice, Dennis, and ^{you} should be proud.

DENNIS: (SNORES)

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes....Somebody take him out of here and wake him up.

DON: I will, Jack.

JACK: Thanks, ~~Don~~ .. ~~and~~ be sure to come back because you both have parts in our sketch tonight.

MARY: ^{uh} Jack, what's the sketch about?

JACK: Well, Mary .. tonight, we're going to do our version of that new technicolor saga of the South Seas .. Return to Paradise, which starred Gary Cooper.

MARY: And I guess you'll play the lead.

JACK: Yup ... Anyway, I felt that since I had been to the South Pacific, it would give me a good reason to do the picture. ^{Bob: Hi Jack.}

BOB: He's right, Mary, and it'll be a natural for me, too. ^{Jack: Oh, hello Bob} .. I ^{that} was in Hawaii this summer the same time ^{you know,} Jack was. ^{Mary.}

MARY: I know, Bob .. in fact, the other day I met your wife and she showed me pictures of you riding a surfboard.

BOB: Yeah, I really went in for that, ^{surfboating} in a big way.

MARY: ^{Cash} It looks awfully hard.

DH

BOB: Well, It is ... but I practiced balancing myself and before I left, I was able to go ~~far~~ out into the ocean, get on the board, and come all the way in to shore standing up.

JACK: Well, That's more than your musicians can do right here in the studio....Believe me, huh?

BOB: Now you ¹ Look, Jack, I told you last week...the boys don't like you always picking on them.

JACK: Oh, ~~they~~ ^{these boys} don't?

BOB: No, and I'm warning you ... if you say anything ^{tonight} about Remley, he's going to sock you .. that's what his psychiatrist told him to do.

JACK: Wait a minute -- ^{Remley} ~~Frankie~~ is going to a psychiatrist?

BOB: ~~Yes, all summer long.~~ ^{Why,} He goes every day, and he's psychoanalyzed for hours ... Just the three of them locked in a room.

JACK: ^{The} Three of them?

BOB: ~~Yeah~~ the psychiatrist, Frankie, and that little green man on his shoulder.

JACK: Oh, you mean Clyde ^{Oh,} He's cute.

BOB: ~~Uh-huh.~~ ^{Yeah,} Anyway, the psychiatrist explained that there really isn't any little man there .. Remley just thinks so because he drinks so much.

JACK: Well, do you think the psychiatrist will cure him from drinking?

BOB: Well, He didn't get to Frankie, he's still working on Clyde.

Y- DH

ATX01 0184140

JACK: Gee, I didn't know Clyde drank...Anyway, Bob, that's what's wrong with your boys...That's all they think about...They never pay any attention to their music.

BOB: ^{Oh} Not all of them, Jack .. you take Bagby the piano player, for instance ^{Now}..He's not like that ^{a bit}... He's very serious about his music and ^{he} studies all he can.

JACK: Oh, he does ^{huh?} Well, let me show you something...(CALLS)
~~OH, CHARLIE.~~
Hey Bagby.

CHARLIE: (AT HIS PIANO) YEAH?

JACK: ~~Charlie~~ Come here a minute, ^{will you?} He studies ~~he~~ knows all about music and everything, huh?
(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS AS CHARLIE COMES TO MIKE)

JACK: Charlie, I'd like to ask you a few questions about music....
Now, How many pedals are there on your piano?

CHARLIE: Three.
^{Um-hm. Right}

JACK: And what are these three pedals for?

CHARLIE: Water, soda and ginger ale.

JACK: ~~I know it, I knew it.~~
^{Water, soda and ginger ale.}

CHARLIE: The electric guitar makes ice cubes.

JACK: ~~Never mind,~~ ^{You can} sit down ^{again, Bagby}..What a bunch of guys... ~~if~~ They didn't have this program, they'd all starve to death.

BOB: Don't be so sure, ^{boy}.. A couple of weeks ago Remley made an appearance on The Ralph Edwards Show "This Is Your Life".

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ they dramatized Remley's life?

BOB: No, Clyde's.

DH

7: *Bob-look-*
JACK: Bob, I'd love to continue this intellectual discussion, but we've just got to get on with the show., Don, set the scene for the sketch.

MARY: *Uh,* Don is out in the hall with Dennis.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's ~~sakes~~, is Dennis still asleep?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: What's he sleeping on?

MARY: Don.

JACK: Well, ^{look,} I'll set the scene myself... Ladies and Gentlemen... tonight we will present our version of that current United Artists release, Return To Paradise, and in this sketch, I will play the part of --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~Excuse me.~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester...I tried to call you back..What did you want?

ROCH: THE INSURANCE ADJUSTER WAS OVER TO SEE YOU ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT IN THE MAXWELL.

JACK: Oh, yes .. yes .. that accident to my ^{car} Maxwell ... Did he ask you any questions?

ROCH: YES SIR. FIRST HE ASKED IF YOU WERE A RECKLESS DRIVER, AND I SAID "NO".

JACK: Good.

DH

JACK: ~~About the accident?~~

ROCK: ~~NO SIR...THE CITY WANTS TO PUT PARKING METERS IN FRONT OF
YOUR HOUSE.~~

JACK: ~~Well, why do they want to see me?~~

ROCK: ~~THEY WANT YOU TO TAKE YOURS DOWN FIRST.~~

JACK: ~~Well, if that isn't the cheapest thing...A rich city like
Beverly Hills -- they can't stand a little competition...
Well, I've got to get on with the program....Goodbye,
Rochester.~~

ROCK: ~~GOODBYE...OH, SAY, BOSS...~~

JACK: ~~What?~~

ROCK: ~~I'M LISTENING TO YOUR RADIO PROGRAM.~~

JACK: ~~What about it?~~

ROCK: ~~WINTER'S COMING, YOU BETTER SAY SOMETHING ABOUT ELECTRIC
BLANKETS.~~

JACK: ~~Never mind .. goodbye.~~

ROCK: ~~GOOOOOOOOOBYYYYYYYYYYEE.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: All right, Don .. set the scene, *for the sketch.*

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ..WE PRESENT OUR VERSION OF
~~UNITED ARTISTS TECHNICOLOR SAGA OF THE SOUTH SEAS ---~~
"RETURN TO PARADISE"

(BAND PLAYS HAWAIIAN OR SOUTH SEAS MUSIC)

DH

ATX01 0184143

DON: OUR STORY STARTS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO ON THE ISLAND OF
MATAREYVA .. A TINY SPOT OF LAND, SEEMINGLY LOST IN THE VAST
EXPANSE OF THE PACIFIC...PEACEFUL IN APPEARANCE...LUSH WITH
TROPICAL UNDERGROWTH....

(MUSIC UP THEN OUT)

JACK: (FILTER) MAH NAME IS GARY BENNY...I ~~HAVE~~ JUST LANDED ON THE
ISLAND OF MATAREYVA AFTER FOURTEEN CONTINUOUS DAYS OF ROWING.
~~...ROWING OUT IN THE STORMY OCEAN IS USUALLY HARD WORK, BUT
IT WAS EVEN HARDER FOR ME BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE OARS...WHEN
I LANDED, I WAS HUNGRY, BUT THAT DIDN'T WORRY ME BECAUSE I
KNEW THESE TROPICAL ISLANDS ABOUNDED IN PAPAYAS...I NEVER
COULD FIGURE OUT WHY THERE WERE SO MANY PAPAYAS BECAUSE I
NEVER SAW ANY MAMAYAS....ANYWAY²⁶ I WAS WALKING ALONG THE
BEACH, WHEN A NATIVE CAME UP TO ME AND SAID:~~

DON: Aloha.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Aloha.

DON: Me chief of island.

JACK: Oh, for a minute me thought you was island.

~~DON: No, these not real palm trees, this sport shirt.~~

~~JACK: Oh....~~

DH

ATK01 0184144

JACK: ~~Oh...~~(FILTER) THE CHIEF SAID HE WOULD TALK TO HIS TRIBE TO SEE IF I COULD STAY...HE TOOK ME AWAY AND PUT ME IN A LITTLE GRASS SHACK...FOR THREE DAYS I DID NOTHING BUT SIT IN MY LITTLE GRASS SHACK AND WATCH THE HUMA-HUMA-NUKA-NUKA-AFU- AH-AH GO SWIMMING BY...~~THE TIME WASN'T WASTED BECAUSE IT TOOK ME THREE DAYS TO LEARN HOW TO PRONOUNCE IT...~~ THEN THEY TOLD ME I COULD STAY AND IN MY HONOR THEY WOULD HAVE A FEAST THAT NIGHT...I WAS JUST GETTING READY TO LEAVE MY SHACK WHEN SHE WALKED IN...SHE WAS WEARING SOME KIND OF NATIVE GARMENT THAT FITTED HER LIKE A GLOVE...I LOOKED AGAIN...IT WAS A GLOVE...THEN SHE SMILED AT ME AND SAID:

MARY: Me chief's daughter...me come to take you to Luau.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Good...but tell me...just what is a Luau?

MARY: It is native feast...we ~~eat~~ ^{with} plenty...bananas, berries, pineapple, coconuts, roast pig, steamed fish, and ^{cameroon rolls} ~~braided~~ beef.

JACK: Gosh.

MARY: Then when everybody is full, we bow and give thanks to Great White Father.

JACK: Who is great White Father?

MARY: Eisenhower, we still on lend-lease.

JACK: (FILTER) AS WE WALKED TO THE LUAU SHE TOLD ME HER NAME WAS MYAVA .. MYAVA WAS BEAUTIFUL .. NOT AS BEAUTIFUL AS SINATRA'S AVA, BUT BEAUTIFUL.... AFTER THE FEAST THEY PASSED AROUND A BOWL OF THEIR NATIVE DRINK FROM WHICH ALL THE WARRIORS DRANK.. ...THE MAN SITTING NEXT TO ME HANDED IT TO ME SAYING:

ADH

ATX01 0184145

BOB: Here...you drink.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What's in it?

BOB: Okoola Maluna Opa' Nui. Nui.

JACK: What does that mean in English?

BOB: Mannashevavitz Wine.

JACK: Oh.

JACK: (FILTER) THE LUAU PROGRESSED AND SOON THE MUSIC STARTED.

(PIANO PLAYS OPENING PART OF HAWAIIAN WAR CHANT)

(SOUND: SELTZER SQUIRT INTO PAN)

(PIANO PLAYS NEXT PART)

(SOUND: SELTZER)

(SHORT PART ON PIANO)

(SOUND: SELTZER)

(SHORT PART ON PIANO)

(SOUND: SELTZER)

JACK: (FILTER) ^{the music —} THE MUSIC WAS BEAUTIFUL AND BAGBY WAS PLAYING
^{using the third pedal —} THE PIANO. THEN FOUR WARRIORS CAME OUT AND SANG ONE OF
THEIR WAR CHANTS.

QUART: TAH HOO WAH EE LAH AH
 TAH HOO WAH EE LAH
 AY HOO HAY NAY LAH AH
 PEE LEE KO-O LOO AH LAH
 POO TOO TOO EE LOO A EE TAY TOW AY AH
 HOO NOO LEE PO EE TAH POH AH LAH EE
 OW WAY TA HOO A LAH
 OW WAY TA HOO A LAH
 TAH HOO WAH EE LAH AH
 TAH HOO WAH EE LUCKY STRIKE
 AY HOO HAY NAY LAH AH
 PEE TEE KO-O ONE WE LIKE
 POO TOO TOO E LOO AH,
 FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
 MIGHTY FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW
 TAH HOO WAH EE LAH AH
 TAH HOO WAH EE BETTER TASTE
 AY HOO HAY NAY LOH-AH
 PEE LEE KO-O SMOOTHER SMOKE
 POO TEE TOO OC-CO
 MIGHT FINE TOBACCO
 HAH NOO LEE PO SMOKE A LUCKY STRIKE
 WE ALL EEAH EEAH EEAH
 SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE
 OUR FIRST CHOICE EEAH EEAH
 ALWAYS LUCKY STRIKE
 UGH UGH UGH EEAH EE AH, LS MFT

Jack: Eeah, eeah, eeah

Jack: eeah, eeah

Jack: ugh, eeah

(MORE)

QUART:
(CONT'D.)

HEP DE OO DE OO DEE
ONLY BETTER TASTING ^{Luckies} ~~LUCKY STRIKE~~ FOR KANAKA
LUCKY STRIKE IS MADE OF
MIGHTY MIGHTY MIGHTY MIGHTY FINE TOBACCO
LS, LS, LS, LS, LS MFT
PUFF A LUCKY AS YOU SIT BENEATH A CO-CO TREE
WITH YOUR FISH AND POI
THAT'S THE SMOKE YOU WILL ENJOY
LS, LS, LS MFT
REMEMBER LUCKY STRIKE AND AS YOU WATCH THE HULA HULA
LUCKY STRIKE WILL ALWAYS HELP TO KEEP YOU COOLA
FRESH AND CLEANER TOO
LUCKY IS THE SMOKE FOR YOU
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY STRIKE

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) LIFE WAS PLEASANT ON THE ISLAND, AND AS TIME WENT ON, I FELL IN LOVE WITH MYAVA...ONE DAY I WENT UP TO HER AND SAID:

JACK: (REG MIKE) Myava, will you marry me?

MARY: Me no can marry you...You commoner..Me princess.

JACK: (FILTER) MYAVA HAD BEEN ACTING THIS WAY EVER SINCE HER PICTURE WAS ON THE COVER OF WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION....BUT ^I~~IT~~ DID NOT GIVE UP...I CONTINUED COURTING HER...ONE DAY WE WERE AT A PICNIC WITH THE NATIVES..THE ISLANDERS WERE ALL IN A HAPPY MOOD AS THEY TALKED TO EACH OTHER.

DON: Maka hila nool huma malahini opa hally kokomoko. Nui Nui mauna loa okoola pow maluna poi pow.

MEL: (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY...THEN STOPS AND SAYS) ..Pango pango moana kilany nui raratonga poi opa nui hap-hoale nui hula hoo hooky lau kona oahu lueu nui.

DON & MEL:(LAUGH HYSTERICALLY)

JACK: (FILTER) THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT..THAT NEW HAWAIIAN WRITER I HIRED IS TERRIFIC... MYAVA WAS IN A HAPPY MOOD, TOO, AND ONCE AGAIN I PROPOSED TO HER..THIS TIME SHE TOLD ME THE REAL REASON WHY SHE WOULDN'T MARRY ME. IT WAS ON ACCOUNT OF THE RULER OF THE ISLAND..A CRUEL DICTATOR THEY CALLED THE MASTER.. I DECIDED TO LET THE ^{Master} DICTATOR KNOW I WAS COMING TO SEE HIM BY USING THE JUNGLE TELEPHONE SYSTEM..THE NATIVE DRUMS.

(SOUND: DRUM BEATS RHYTHMICALLY FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS..
FADES OUT.. THEN ANOTHER SOUNDING DRUM FADES
IN BEATING RHYTHMICALLY.)

BEA: Say, Leilani?

SARA: What is it, Mahila?

BEA: Mr. Benny's drum is beating.

SARA: Yeah.. I wonder what "the goon of Matacura" wants now.

BEA: I'll answer him and find out.

(SOUND: SEVERAL HIGH PITCHED DRUM BEATS ON MIKE...

(PAUSE) ... THEN WAY OFF MIKE WE HEAR

SEVERAL LOW PITCHED DRUM BEATS)

~~BEA: He wants I should get him The Master's house ... Say, ain't you kind of surprised that he wants to marry Myava?~~

~~SARA: Yeah...especially since he took me out a couple of times.. He always took me to the beach... We used to have such fun.~~

~~BEA: Yeah...but didn't you ever get tired of running into the waves and bringing him back that stick between your teeth?~~

JACK: (FILTER) SHE LET THE MASTER KNOW I WAS COMING AND I WENT TO HIS HOUSE. HE WAS A CRUEL RULER ... HE NEVER LET THE NATIVES HAVE ANY FUN...HE WOULDN'T ALLOW THE NATIVE BOYS TO GO WITH THE NATIVE GIRLS ... I ALSO FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS HE WHO WOULDN'T LET THE PAPAYAS HAVE ANY MAMAYAS I ENTERED HIS HOUSE AND WHEN I CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HIM, I SAID:

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) (ROMANTICALLY) Sir, I come to you, not with anger in my heart, but with love. I would like to marry Myava, and live in this beautiful paradise, in some little grass shack, nestled under the lush palm trees, cooled by the balmy breezes ~~and~~ ---

DENNIS: Ehhh, shut up!

JACK: But, sir---

DENNIS: You no can marry Myava.

JACK: Wait a minute--why are you so harsh..why don't you allow the natives to enjoy themselves?

DENNIS: ~~Me~~ ^M no have fun, no one have fun.

JACK: Why can't you have any fun?

DENNIS: My appendix is killing me.

~~JACK: Well, why don't you have it taken out?~~

~~DENNIS: First me join Blue Coconut.~~

JACK: ~~Me~~ Well, look, Master.. I love Myava and I want to marry her.

DENNIS: ^{Okay} Me talk it over with my adviser.. Malahini nui opa keely killo pow?

MEL: (TINY SOFT VOICE) Nui Nui palooey okanumi.

JACK: Who's that?

DENNIS: Clyde.

~~JACK: Oh.~~

JACK: (FILTER) THEY HELD ANOTHER CONSULTATION AND SENT ME AWAY FROM THE ISLAND..THEY CAST ME ADRIET ON THE OCEAN. THIS TIME THEY GAVE ME OARS, BUT I HAD NO BOAT..AS THE CURRENT BEGAN TO CARRY ME AWAY, I LOOKED BACK AT THE DISTANT SHORE, AND THERE, STANDING ON THE BEACH WAS MYAVA..I WAS MANY MILES AWAY, BUT I COULD STILL SEE HER BECAUSE SHE WAS STANDING ON HER TWO HUNDRED COPIES OF THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION..THAT IS MY STORY..BUT IT IS NOT COMPLETE..FOR SOMEDAY I SHALL...RETURN TO PARADISE.. YUP.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

SEPTEMBER 20, 1953

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the signing of the truce in Korea makes the writing of letters to the men in the Service in Korea and all parts of the world even more important than before. Letters to the members of the Armed Forces overseas by their relatives and friends is an important step in building morale and keeping it high. So please write tonight. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute ... but first, a word to cigarette smokers...

KT

ATX01 0184152

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
SEPTEMBER 20, 1953 (Transcribed September 17, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. There's no doubt about it. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Now, freshness is particularly important, for if a cigarette isn't truly fresh, it can't possibly give you the enjoyment it should. That's why every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed -- to bring you Luckies' better taste in all its natural freshness. Yes, Luckies do taste better, because -- first -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, too, Luckies taste better because they're made better ... made round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. So, friends, smoke the cigarette that has better taste when it's made, and then brings you all that better taste in a fresh cigarette. Yes, be happy -- go Lucky. Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike and find out for yourself that Luckies really do taste better.

KT

ATX01 0184153

PAGE TWO
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - SEPTEMBER 20, 1953

-D-

SPORTSMEN (LONG CLOSE)
QUARTET: Be happy --- Go Lucky
Get better taste today!

KT

ATX01 01B4154

(TAG)

-23-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, that concludes my second radio program of the season, and we'll be with you again next Sunday night at the same time and every Sunday after that until June ~~second~~^{SIXTH}. Oh boy, here it is vacation again...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tacksberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear "The American Way" with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company...America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

** KT

ATX01 0184155

PROGRAM #3
REVISED SCRIPT

// As Broadcast //

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1953 CBS 4:00 -- 4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED SEPT. 24, 1953)

SEP 27 1953
RECEIVED
CBS

CL

ATX01 0184156

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. (REVISED)
SEPTEMBER 27, 1953 (Transcribed September 24, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends ... Luckies better taste is
the big reason why so many people are switching to Lucky
Strike. Sure, everybody knows that smoking enjoyment is
all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is
Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. Know
why? Well, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
Light, naturally mild good tasting tobacco. And then,
Luckies are made better to taste better -- made round and
firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly.
It's just as plain as day that fine tobacco in a better
made cigarette is bound to give a better-tasting smoke.
So ask for Lucky Strike the next time you buy cigarettes.
That's right ... be happy and go lucky. You'll find
Luckies do taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother.

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be happy -- go Lucky

Get better taste today! (Long Close)

CL

ATX01 0184157

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1- (REVISED)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AFTER REHEARSAL THE JACK BENNY CAST USUALLY DROPS INTO THE CORNER DRUG STORE FOR A LIGHT LUNCH. AS THE SCENE OPENS, ALL OF US, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF JACK HAVE JUST ENTERED THE DRUG STORE.

(SOUND: DRUG STORE AND LUNCHEONETTE NOISES UP....

FADE TO B.G.)

DON: *Say,* We're lucky, fellows...it isn't crowded at all.

DENNIS: Yeah...we can have our regular table.

BOB: Well, let's sit down.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

DH

ATX01 01B4158

MARY: Hey, Jack must have finished his business at the studio...
he's standing on the corner on the other side of the street.

DON: I wonder what the private business was he had to take
care of?

MARY: Well, He went up to see Mr. Ackerman, the Vice President of
C.B.S....This is the day Jack is giving the network his
ultimatum.

BOB: Well, What ultimatum?

MARY: Either C.B.S. gives him free parking or he's going back
to N.B.C.

DENNIS: Gee, that'll never work.

BOB: Well, Why not?

DENNIS: That's why he left N.B.C. in the first place.

MARY: That's right.

BOB: Say, Look at Jack ^{say}...he's still standing on the other side of
the street.

DON: Yeah, he's been there about five minutes now.

MARY: If a Boy Scout doesn't show up he'll never get across....
Oh ^{Oh} look, fellows, he's crossing the street by himself...
he decided to rough it.

DENNIS: WOW, THIS IS EXCITING!

MARY: Dennis, don't be so noisy.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF WITH TINKLY BELL...WE HEAR
OFF TRAFFIC NOISES...DOOR CLOSES..SOUND OUT)

DON: Oh, HERE WE ARE, JACK.

JACK: (OFF) Okay....sorry I took so long.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...STOP)

DH

ATK01 0184159

JACK: What did you ^{—where did you} kids order?

BOB: Oh, Nothing..we were waiting for you.

JACK: Oh, then I'll ^{I'll} call the waitress..(SWEETLY) Oh, Miss, Miss.

IRIS: WHADDA YA WANT, ^{MAL} ~~AMC~~?

JACK: We'd like to order some food...do you have a menu?

IRIS: Yeah..here.

JACK: Thanks..now let me see...Hey, wait a minute..this is a menu from the Brown Derby.

IRIS: I know, the stuff on ours would turn your stomach.

JACK: Hmmm.

BOB: ^{Say,} Look, Miss..all I want is ^{just} an egg sandwich and a glass of milk.

MARY: I'll have the same.

IRIS: Okay..Hey, wait a minute..ain't you Mary Livingstone?

MARY: Yes, I am.

IRIS: Didn't you used to work at the May Company?

MARY: That's right.

IRIS: Well, imagine running into you. Mary Livingstone, S.C.

BOB: S.C.?

MARY: Stocking Counter.

BOB: Oh.

IRIS: Well Mary, don't you remember me?..I was at the May Company, too.

MARY: Well, you do look ^{sort} like Oh, of course..you're Tilly Foster, N.W.

EC

ATX01 0184160

JACK: N.W.?

IRIS: Night Watchman.

MARY: That's right.

IRIS: What a small world.

JACK: Look will you two stop travelling down Memory Lane...
I'm hungry ^{here}

IRIS: Okay, Pops. ~~what do you want?~~

~~JACK: Well, I don't know. what would you suggest?~~

~~IRIS: How about a dunker's special?~~

~~JACK: A dunker's special -- what's that?~~

~~IRIS: Coffee, doughnuts, and a rubber glove, fifteen cents.~~

JACK: Look, just bring me coffee and a doughnut, ^{will you?}

DON: ^{Miss,}
Now, Miss ---

IRIS: ~~Yeah,~~ what do you want, Taffon Boy?

DON: (MAD) Now wait a minute, Miss...maybe I have to take those kind of insults when I'm on the radio...but I don't have to take them from you.

IRIS: Gee, I'm sorry, Mac..I didn't know you was sensitive.

DON: Well, I am..you don't have to presume I'm not sensitive just because I'm a big fat slob.

JACK: Don..control yourself..

DON: All right..Now Miss, I'd like to order...all I want is a bowl of vegetable soup.

IRIS: Okay. ^{Dennis}

JACK: Dennis, what'll you have?

DENNIS: Let me see..Miss, do you have any Vicysoisse?

IRIS: No.

EC

ATX01 01B4161

DENNIS: Well, do you have any escargots saute en vin rose?

IRIS: No.

DENNIS: Well, how about shishkebob and ^{Kreplach?} shashlick?

IRIS: No.

JACK: Dennis, this is only a drugstore. Why are you ordering things like that?

DENNIS: I ~~just~~ want her to know I've been around.

JACK: ~~Dennis,~~ Stop being silly and order something you'd get in a drug store.

DENNIS: Okay -- I'll have a chicken sandwich.

IRIS: With mayonaise?

DENNIS: No, tooth paste.

JACK: Now cut that out...Miss, just bring him a chicken sandwich. That's all ^{new}...Go get the food.

IRIS: OKAY, MAC, I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH WITH THE TRASH.

JACK: Never mind, just go get it.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ...You know, it's ^{it} hard to believe that she used to do the commercials on the Lady Esther program...Now look, Dennis, when we do the show -- wait a ~~minute~~, where did Dennis go?

MARY: I don't know.

DON: Oh, there he is, over by the Juke Box.

EC

DENNIS: (OFF) Hey look, they've got one of my records ~~in this~~
juke box.

MARY: ~~Well,~~ Why don't you play it, Dennis?

DENNIS: I can't...I haven't got a nickel.

JACK: Has anybody got a nickel?

BOB: ~~Well,~~ I haven't.

DON:Neither have I.

MARY: All I have is a dime.

JACK: I can change it.

MARY:Jack Benny, I ought ~~to~~ --

JACK: All right, all right...Here's the nickel, Dennis...Catch.

(SOUND: NICKEL IN SLOT...MECHANISM STARTS)

~~BOB: How do you like that, he threw it right in the coin slot:...~~

~~Jack, weren't you surprised?~~

~~MARY: He was surprised when he let go of it.~~

~~JACK: Quiet, Mary...I paid for the song, I want to hear it.~~

(DENNIS'S SONG) "I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU"

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7- (REVISED)

MARY: Gee, that was beautiful.

JACK: It sure was...(UP) Say Dennis, will you look in the juke
box, and see if there are any ---- ~~Here~~...now where did that
kid go?

DON: I don't know...he disappeared while ^{his record} ~~the song~~ was ^{on} ~~playing~~.

JACK: Oh...

MARY: Say Bob, I've been meaning to tell you how much I enjoy your
new C.B.S. television show.

DON: Ch, Me, too, Bob. ^{you know, Bob,}

JACK: Same here, ~~Bob~~. I watch your shows every afternoon and
they're very good.

BOB: Well, Thanks, Jack.

DW

ATX01 0184164

JACK: But I have a little suggestion ^{you know, just a little constructive criticism} I thought that if you got a comedy guest star occasionally, you'd get ^{— no really, you'd get} more laughs on the program, See?

BOB: Yeah, But Jack, we don't go ⁱⁿ for guest stars...mine is ^{sort of} just a homey show.

JACK: Well, Bob, homey show or not homey, I still think it's a big lift to have a guest star come in..particularly a comedian.

BOB: Well, Maybe so, but ^{gee} we don't have much money in the budget.

JACK: Well...how much ^{—how much} can you pay for a guest star?

BOB: Well, About fifteen bucks.

MARY: For fifteen bucks Jack can be homey.

JACK: Certainly...I know a lot of recipes...Anyway, Bob, it's a very good show and ---

DENNIS: (COMING IN) Hey, did the rest of you finish eating already?

JACK: Yes, Dennis, where were you?

DENNIS: Well, I thought as long as we were in a drug store, I'd weigh myself.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I weigh a hundred and forty pounds, stripped.

JACK: Stripped?

DENNIS: I took the weighing machine into the phone booth.

JACK: Look, Dennis...

DENNIS: And when I put in ~~the~~ penny, a little card came out.

BOB: Well, What did it say?

DENNIS: "Put on your pants, kid, a lady wants to use the phone."

Dennis,
JACK: *Oh stop already, will you? Stop*
~~Oh~~ stop being silly.

DON: *Oh,* He's not being silly, Jack...sometimes those things ^{just} happen
by coincidence.

JACK: Oh sure, sure.

DON: ^{Well, that's}
It's the truth. Once I put a penny in a scale and you ought
to see the card that came out.

JACK: *Why,* What did it say?

DON: "Get off, you're hurting me."

JACK: Well, that I believe. *That could happen.*

IRIS: I hate to break up this round table discussion, but
will there be anything else?

MARY: Not for me ... anyone want anything?

DON: Not me.

BOB: Well, I've had enough.

IRIS: Okay ... here's the check.

BOB: ^{Oh, well} I'll take it, Miss.

DON: No no, Bob ... let me pay it, it's my turn today.

DENNIS: ^{Oh, news} Wait a minute, Don, you paid last time ... I'll pay
today.

DON: No no ... Bob paid last time ^{how} it's my turn.

BOB: ^{No, Don, yours —} You're wrong ... Dennis paid ^{the} last time ... and ^{—and now} it's
my turn.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sakes, fellows ... let's all go Dutch.

JACK: Mary, it's their argument, keep out of it ... It doesn't
concern you, you know.

IRIS: Hey, Blue Eyes, how come you never pay a check, did you
take a pledge or something?

JACK: For your information, Miss, it just so happens that the last time I picked up the check.

IRIS: You had to, you were alone.

JACK: That has nothing to do with it.

BOB: Oh, Miss, I'll pay it... Here ... keep the change.

IRIS: Thanks.

DON: I've got ^a ~~my~~ car outside ... ~~would~~ anybody ^{want} ~~like~~ a lift?

DENNIS: Oh, Not me .. it's such a nice day, I'm gonna walk.

BOB: Oh, Say Don, I've got to go over and see my brother about something ^{and say!} .. you pass Bing's house on your way home, don't you?

DON: Yes, Bob.

BOB: Well, would you mind dropping me off at his front gate?

DON: Look, I'll drive you right up to his door.

BOB: No, just drop me at the gate, I'll take a bus the rest of the way.

JACK: Gee, he must ^{he must} have a big place, huh?

~~DENNIS: Who are you guys talking about?~~

~~BOB: My brother, Bing.~~

~~DENNIS: Name dropper.~~

~~JACK: Dennis, go home ... please ... Come on, let's all go.~~

(SOUND: TINKLY BELL RINGS AS DOOR OPENS. WE NOW HEAR TRAFFIC NOISES ... FOOTSTEPS ... FADE

TO B.G.)

BOB: Well, So long, Mary ^{so long,} .. Jack.

MARY & JACK: So long, ^{so long.} ^{bye, Bob.}

CL

DON: ~~We'll~~ See you at the show.

JACK: Yeah..so long, Don. See you later.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP & DOWN)

MARY: Gee, it's still early..and the weather's so nice...I-I think I'll go out and play nine holes of golf.

JACK: Mary, that's a wonderful idea.^{and} I'll join you.

Can you drive me by the house, I've got to pick up my ^{golf} clubs.

MARY: Sure...My car's right in that parking lot.

JACK: Good..you get the car and meet me at the corner.. I want to get a newspaper.

MARY: All right...see you in a couple of minutes.

JACK:

Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TRAFFIC NOISES..AUTO HORNS, ETC.)

JACK: Gee, that Bob Crosby is a nice guy...Imagine him giving the waitress a dollar tip.^{Gee} I'll bet it made her feel good...I got a thrill out of it and I was ^{I want to get a paper. See} only watching...Now let's see.^{wanna get --} which paper do I --

HEARN: Hi ya, Rube.

JACK: Huh?..Oh, it's my friend from Calabasas...

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Well~~ Gosh, I haven't seen you in nearly a year.

HEARN: ~~Yeah~~, But I seen you, Rube...Seen you on television a couple of weeks ago.

JACK: Oh..did you like my show?

HEARN: ~~Yeah~~.especially that Marilyn Monroe gal...Hot diggety... She's another Theda Bara.

JACK: (LAUGHING) ~~yeah~~. Yes, she is.

~~HEARN: You know, Rube -- a gal like that makes me kinda wish I was young again.~~

~~JACK: I know. Marilyn is really beautiful.~~

~~HEARN: I was talking about Theda.~~

JACK: Oh, oh, oh. ^{Well}..Tell me, what are you doing here in Los Angeles?

HEARN: I Came to get some supplies for my farm...I just bought an electric milking machine.

JACK: You need an electric milker for your cows?

HEARN: Yep, it's kinda hard to squeeze out a living by hand..... (LAUGHS) Hee hee hee, ain't that a humdinger? Heard

it on a homey show the other afternoon.
Could that have been Bobs? I don't know.

~~JACK: Well, it was kind of cute...Tell me, how many cows do you have on your farm?~~

~~HEARN: Well, let's see. There's Bessie, Maude, Cleo, Mathilda, Elsie, Judy, and Mrs. Smith.~~

~~JACK: Mrs. Smith?~~

EP

HEARN: ~~She just had a calf.~~

JACK: Oh, oh, oh. Is that all you have on your farm, just cows?

HEARN: Oh no, ^{no no} main crop is grapes...we operate our own winery.

JACK: Well, that sounds like a nice pleasant occupation.

HEARN: Pleasant but dangerous, Rube, dangerous...In fact, just a short time ago my uncle fell into one of those big vats full of wine and drowned.

JACK: ^{your uncle} He drowned in wine?

HEARN: Yep...took the mortician five days to get the smile off his face.

JACK: Well, ^{well} I can't understand how--

(SOUND: TWO LOUD IMPATIENT BEEPS OF AN AUTO HORN)

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, that car is honking for me..I've got to go now...~~It was~~ nice running into you...Goodbye.

HEARN: So long, Rube.

JACK: So long, so long.

(APPLAUSE) (SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...CAR DOOR OPENS)....

JACK: Here I am, Mary.

MARY: Hiya, Rube.

JACK: Oh, stop....Come on, let's get going.

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR GOING...FADE AND SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MARY: Gee, I'm glad we finished rehearsal early. ~~It's~~ Such a nice day for golf.

JACK: Yeah...~~Eey, Mary, we're passing the Cinegrill where Remley works...look at the sign on the marquee... "Appearing nightly --Frank Remley and his orchestra".... Last week after the program I told him I was going to drop in some night and hear his new band.~~

EM

ATX01 0184171

~~MARY: I was down there a few nights ago with some friends.~~

~~JACK: No kidding?...How did Frankie look leading the orchestra?~~

~~MARY: Oh, wonderful, Jack...He was playing the guitar and he had a big smile on his face...The only thing is .. He might have been nervous, or something... but, I thought his manner was a little too formal.~~

~~JACK: ..You mean he was stiff?~~

~~MARY: That, too.~~

~~JACK: Well, Mary, the next time you want to go to the Cinegrill, I'll go with you.~~

MARY: Okay Say, Jack, what did the headlines in the paper say?

JACK: ~~Oh~~, how do you like that -- I kept talking with that farmer, ~~and~~ I forgot to buy a paper.

MARY: Well, turn on the radio, and we'll hear the news.

JACK: All right.

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

HY: (FILTER) AND NOW FOR ANOTHER NEWS ITEM ...PROFESSOR THADDEUS LAMBERT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HAS FOUND A SUCCESSFUL SOLUTION TO THE SMOG PROBLEM IN LOS ANGELES....HE HAS MOVED TO COLORADO....WE CONTINUE OUR PROGRAM WITH A MUSICAL INTERLUDE, AND BRING YOU THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET SINGING "OH".

JACK: Mary, that's our quartet.

MARY: Yeah.

EM

ATX01 0184172

QUART: Oh, la de
Oh, how she can snuggle, she's as sweet as can be.
~~she~~ ^{she} when we're in the parlor.
Oh, the way she whispers pretty nothing's to me
All I can do is holler
Oh, it isn't what she does, but ^{Oh,} the clever way she does it
Especially when she meets me neath the moon above
~~Mmmmm~~ Sweet cookie
Oh, what'll I do the way she sends me
With her go get 'em eyes
And puts me in a flurry
Oh, the way I fall for all her beautiful lies
Believe me I should worry
Oh, the way she feeds me taffy
Oh, I think she'll drive me daffy
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
^{How my} ~~With~~ my super sentimental wonderful sweetie ^{can} ~~to~~ love.
Oh, lady, oh du de loo de
The way ^{she} you hold a Lucky Strike in ^{her} your hand
It makes me very happy
Oh, du le loo de
For deep down smoking pleasure Luckies are grand.
~~You'll love 'em like your baby.~~
^{Just ask your dear old daddy.}
Oh, such fine and light tobacco
Oh, there's twenty in a pack so
Lady, when I see you light a Lucky
^{together will be saying Oh}
I know a Lucky has a better taste it is true
I like to sing about 'em
Oh, a cleaner fresher smoke, much smoother, ~~too~~ for you.
I'll never be without 'em.

EM

ATX01 0184173

QUART: Oh, the only smoke for me is
Oh, an L S M F T and
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
I'm so wild about a Lucky
All I can say is just Oh.
(APPLAUSE) All I can say is just Oh.

EM

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: CAR COMING TO STOP)

MARY: Well, Here we are, Jack. Run in and get your clubs.

JACK: Want to come in the house ~~with me~~ for a minute, Mary?

MARY: No, I'll wait out here in the car.

JACK: Okay ... it won't take me long.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS & CLOSES ... FOOTSTEPS

ON CEMENT WALK ... SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

~~JACK: Gee, the Golman's place looks nice ... They're wonderful neighbors ... and the fence they put between our houses is beautiful. The Ivy has practically covered the barbed-wire ... you wouldn't think it would grow with all that electricity.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP...KEY IN DOOR ... DOOR

OPENS & CLOSES)

ROCH: (OFF) IS THAT YOU, MR. BENNY?

JACK: Yes, Rochester.

ROCH: (COMING IN) WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO ~~MAKE~~ YOU SOME LUNCH?

JACK: No thanks, I just -- wait a minute, Rochester ... what are you doing with my violin?

ROCH: I'M GOING TO PUT IT BACK IN THE CASE. THAT VIOLIN'S BEEN LYING AROUND EVER SINCE YOU WENT OFF THE AIR LAST JUNE.

JACK: That long?

ROCH: UH HUH ... IN FACT IT'S GOT MOLD ALL OVER IT.

JACK: Well, did you wipe it off?

ROCH: NO SIR.

JACK: Why not?

EM

ATX01 0184175

ROCH: BOSS, MOLD MAKES PENICILLIN AND THAT THING NEEDS ALL THE HELP IT CAN GET.

JACK: Never mind ... and clean it up good because I'm going to play ~~it~~ ^{my violin} on my television show next Sunday.

ROCH: NO!!!!!!

JACK: ^{Yeah! Yeah!}

JACK: Certainly. They asked me to.

~~ROCH: WELL, WHY DON'T YOU REFUSE ON THE GROUNDS IT MIGHT INCRIMINATE YOU?~~

JACK: ~~Don't be funny~~ ... Now look, I'm going out to play some golf with Miss Livingstone ...

ROCH: OH YOUR CLUBS ARE IN THE CLOSET.

JACK: I know ... And Rochester, at five o'clock I want you to drive out to the club ^{house} and bring me home.

ROCH: I CAN'T MR. BENNY ... THE MECHANICS ARE WORKING ON ^{your maxwell} ~~THE CAR~~ DOWN AT THE GARAGE.

JACK: Why, what's wrong with my car?

ROCH: NOTHING, IT'S JUST TIME FOR ITS MILLION MILE CHECK-UP.

~~JACK: A million miles ... Gosh, where did we go in that car?~~

~~ROCH: FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.~~

JACK: All right, all right ... I'll have Miss Livingstone drive me home ... Now Rochester, don't bother about dinner tonight because I'm going out.

ROCH: OKAY ... BUT BOSS ...

JACK: Yeah?

EM

ROCH: WELL ... IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS ... BUT I THINK YOU OUGHT TO STAY HOME TONIGHT WITH POLLY.

JACK: ^{With} The Parrot?

ROCH: YEAH ... SHE'S BEEN ACTING AWFULLY FUNNY LATELY ... SHE'S ^{-she's} SO MOODY.

JACK: Oh, I think you're imagining it, Rochester ... ^{-Parrot's} Parrots don't get moody.

ROCH: WELL, POLLY IS ... AND SHE'S DOING THE STRANGEST THINGS.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: REMEMBER THAT COCONUT YOU BROUGHT BACK TO HER FROM HAWAII?

JACK: Yeah, did she eat it?

ROCH: EAT IT, SHE'S TRYING TO HATCH IT.

JACK: ~~Hmm~~.. Well, maybe I better go in and take a look at her.

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

JACK: (VERY BRIGHT) Hello, Polly.

MEL: (MAKES SAD NOISES)

Polly, its me, Daddy. Mel. (squeak)

JACK: Gee, she ^{-she} still won't look at me (MAD) Now Polly, stop
sitting on that coconut
this nonsense and turn around.

MEL: ^(Squeak)
(SOUND: ~~POOP~~ WITH LITTLE TINNY SOUND)

~~ROCH: BOSS, SHE FELL OFF HER COCONUT.~~

JACK: Yeah ... I wonder what's wrong with her ... Imagine her trying to hatch & -- SAY, ^{Rochester} that's it .. the poor thing is all alone, so she ^{she} doesn't know any better ... I think I'll buy a mate for her.

MEL: Buy a mate, buy a mate. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

ROCH: UH-UH, MR BENNY ... REMEMBER LAST TIME YOU BOUGHT HER A MATE ... YOU HAD THOSE TWO PARROTS IN THE SAME CAGE FOR OVER A YEAR AND THEN YOU DISCOVERED THEY WERE BOTH FEMALES.

JACK: Yeah ... I wonder how that happened?

MEL: Somebody goofed ... (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Well, don't look at me as though I'm stupid, Polly ... You didn't know yourself for nearly a year ... Ges, Rochester, now ^{now} you've got me kind of worried.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (COMING IN) For heavens sakes, Jack -- what's taking you so long?

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, but Polly isn't feeling well.

MARY: (SYMPATHETIC) Oh, that's too bad ... The poor thing -- ~~dees-look-bad~~ ... what's wrong with her?

ROCH: MISS LIVINGSTONE, SHE JUST SITS AROUND IN HER CAGE ALL DAY BROODING ... IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR WEEKS NOW.

MARY: Oh, Jack, you ought to do something ... Why don't you take her to a psychiatrist?

JACK: A psychiatrist? Mary, this is no time for joking.

MARY: ~~Jack, I'm not joking ... they have psychiatrists for animals ... and you ought to take Polly to one.~~

JACK: ~~Gee, Mary ... I ... I ... I just couldn't have Polly psychoanalyzed.~~

MARY: ~~Why not?~~

JACK: ~~There's nothing that looks sillier than a parrot lying on a couch ... I'm not going to take her..~~

MEL: ~~(DOES SAD PARROT NOISES)~~

MARY: ~~But Jack, Polly's upset mentally ... We ought to forget about playing golf today and take her to a psychiatrist ... I know ~~of~~ one right near here.~~

JACK: All right ... I'll get Polly and we'll go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC..GOING TO AN ANIMAL PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE MUSIC)

MARY: Jack, here's the doctor's office ... You go ~~in~~ with Polly and I'll wait outside in the car.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... CLOSES)

HY: (VIENNESE ACCENT) Yes sir ... may I help you?

JACK: Well ... ^{are} you the psychiatrist?

HY: Yes sir ... I am Dr. Hugo Brauner, PHD.

JACK: P. H. D.?

HY: Parrots, Horses, and Dogs ... Those are my specialties, but I take care of all animals.

JACK: Oh ... well, I've come to see you about my parrot here ... I think she has some sort of a complex.

MEL: (MAKES SAD NOISES)

HY: Vell -- what seems to be wrong with the little lady?

CL

JACK: ^{Well!} She's very melancholy lately...and today I gave her a coconut and she tried to hatch it ... Could it be possible that birds long for motherhood?

HY: Oh, ~~Certainly...Not only that. Animals have every psychosis that human beings have.~~

JACK: ~~Really?~~

HY: ~~Just last week I had a case where a pekinese was in love with a boxer.~~

JACK: ~~What did you do about it?~~

HY: ~~Nothing, the boxer was Rocky Marciano.~~

JACK: ~~Oh.~~

HY: ~~Now sir, maybe we better get to your parrot ... As you know, when a human being sees a doctor, he can tell him what's wrong ... but, our poor little feathered friends must rely on their masters to tell us.~~

MEL: (MAKES SAD NOISES)

HY: Tell me, how long has she been acting ^{so} moody?

JACK: For a few weeks...before that she was always jolly ... she used to love to listen to the radio and television ... ~~and repeat things.~~

HY: A parrot that enjoyed radio and television, this I cannot believe.

MEL: (SQUAKS) Paper mate Pen is leak proof. (WHISTLES)

HY: I believe ~~you~~ ... Now to help her, maybe it would be good if you ^{told} ~~tell~~ me zumzing about yourself...What do you do?

JACK: Well, I'm Jack Benny and --

MG

HY: Oh yes, ^{Will,} you looked familiar ^{η!}. In addition to yourself, Mr. Benny, how many people come in contact with this parrot?

JACK: Well, ^{there's} my valet, ^{and} my cast, and my six writers.

HY: ^{huh, huh} And what is this parrot's name?

JACK: Polly.

HY: It took six writers to think of that?

JACK: Look, Doctor --

HY: Never mind ^{never mind} ... Now tell me, how old is this parrot?

JACK: Well, let me figure it out ^{See} the man in the pet shop where I bought her said she was born in eighteen ninety-four .. That would make her --

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Thirty-nine. (WHISTLES)

HY: ... ~~Achir~~ ... where does she get such delusions?

JACK: I'm sure I don't know.

HY: Now, Mr. Benny ... you say this parrot listens to radio ... does she like music?

JACK: Oh, she loves ~~the~~ music.

HY: Good, ^{good,} I will give her a word association test....

JACK: Word association about music?

HY: Yes... I will give her a word and by automatic reflex she will say the first thing that comes into her mind.

JACK: Oh, Good good.

HY: Now Polly ... listen ... Maestro.

~~MEL: Toscanini - (SQUAWKS) -~~

HY: Piano.

MEL: Liberace. (SQUAWKS)

HY: Clarinet.

MEL: Benny Goodman. (WHISTLES)

HY: Violin.

MEL: Penicillin. (SQUAWK) ~~AND WHISTLE~~

HY: That I ^{do not} ~~don't~~ understand at all.

JACK: It must have been something she heard.

HY: Obviously ... Now to continue the word test ... Listen
Polly ... Father ...

MEL: (SAD NOISES)

HY: Mother.

MEL: (SAD NOISES)

HY: Baby.

CL

ATX01 0184182

MEL: (SADLY, SINGS..AND CRIES...KEEPS SINGING THIS SONG THROUGH FOLLOWING TO PLAYOFF)

Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy.

You are only three, Sonny Boy

You've no way of knowing

There's no way of showing

What you mean to me,

Sonny Boy. *Sonny boy, Sonny boy.*

When there are gray skies,

I don't mind the gray skies,

You make them blue

Sonny Boy. *Sonny boy, Sonny boy, Sonny boy.*

Friends may forsake me

Let them all forsake me

I'll still have you

Sonny Boy. *Sonny boy.*

You're sent from heaven

And I know your worth

Sonny boy, Sonny boy.
~~You made a heaven~~

~~For me right here on earth.~~

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

HY: *You are*
You're right, Mr.

Benny. She yearns
for a baby.

JACK: That's what I

thought, and--Polly,

be quiet..Doctor, Doctor,

I'll go to the---

Polly, please..I'll

go to the pet shop

and get an egg ~~to~~

~~hatch~~...Polly,

control yourself,

stop crying..Polly,

we'll go right to

the pet shop. *Polly, Polly,*

I'll get you an egg.

Peggy, COME ON, POLLY, ~~I~~ I'll

~~GOING~~ GET YOU AN EGG

...LET'S GO. *Polly!*

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
SEPTEMBER 27, 1953 (Transcribed Sept. 24, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, a word
(LIVE) from one of the world's funniest men of letters,
America's comic poet laureate ... Ogden Nash.

NASH: (Trans.) Somebody once went through my poems and made a list of
the things I dislike. Let's see ... they said, parsley,
cocktail gadgets, practical jokers. Makes me sound like
a pretty mean cuss. In the list of things I like, it
just says here, "He likes good eating". Of course. I
like good anything ... good fun, good eating, good
smoking. Naturally, I smoke Luckies. I wouldn't be
here if I didn't. If you should ask me why I smoke 'em,
all I could answer would be ... it's because of their
taste. Somehow, they just taste better. To put it
poetically ...

I hope I'm not a crank, but I've got one foible,
I don't enjoy anything unless it's enjoyable.
I don't happen to go for psychoanalysis,
But I've made my own Lucky Strike-o-analysis
I'm pernickety about what I like,
And for thirty years I've smoked Lucky Strika.

WILSON: (LIVE) We agree with Ogden Nash about smoking enjoyment. It's
all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is --
Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother.
For two good reasons ... first LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco. And for better taste, you must start
with fine tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better to
draw freely and smoke evenly ... that, too, means better
taste for you. So be happy -- go Lucky. Pick up a
carton and prove to yourself that Luckies taste better.

ATX01 0184184

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Milt
Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon,
and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt
for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station.
Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky
Strike product of the American Tobacco Company.....
America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

EP

ATX01 0184185A

(TAG)

(SOUND: CAR GOING ALONG)

MARY: Jack, what did the psychiatrist say about Polly?

JACK: Oh, she'll be all right. All birds get moody once in a while.

(SOUND: AUTO HORNS)

MARY: Ah - It's a shame we missed our golf game..but maybe we can play next week.

JACK: No, Mary, I'm gonna be busy all week rehearsing for my television show next Sunday.

~~MARY: By the way, who's going to be your guest star?~~

~~JACK: Oh, my agent is looking for someone in my price bracket.~~

~~MARY: What did you tell your agent to spend?~~

~~JACK: Fifteen bucks, I can be honey, too...Yes, my next television show will be October 4th..and then my next one will be on October 25th.~~

MARY: (DISGUSTED) Gosh, Jack, are you going to be on television that often?

JACK: Mary, read that ^{line} the way we rehearsed it.

MARY: (THRILLED) Gosh, Jack, are you going to be on television that often?

JACK: That's better..Goodnight, ~~folks~~.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

EP

ATX01 0184186

PROGRAM #4
REVISED SCRIPT

As broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1953 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED OCT. 3, 1953)

LR

ATX01 0184187

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCT. 4, 1953 (Transcribed Oct. 3, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: The Jack Benny program..transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother
Lucky Strike...Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, to tell you that ...Luckies...
win...again! That's right, Luckies win again in a national
smoking survey among college students. Last year a survey
was made in leading colleges throughout the country which
showed that smokers in those colleges preferred Luckies
to any other cigarette. This year another nation-wide
survey was made - a representative survey of all students
in regular colleges from coast to coast. Based on
thousands of actual student interviews- this survey shows
that Luckies lead again- lead over all other brands,
regular or king-size- and by a wide margin. The number
one reason - this year as last- Luckies' better taste.
Yes, Luckies do taste better. First, because they're
made of light, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And
then, Luckies are made better- made round and firm and
fully packed to draw freely...smoke evenly.

(MORE)

ATMO1 0184188

PAGE TWO
OCTOBER 4, 1953--OPENING COMMERCIAL

-B-

WILSON

(CONT'D)

Actually made to taste better. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So be happy- go Lucky. Get better taste- with a carton of Luckies!

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET:

Be happy- go Lucky

Get better taste today! (long close)

LR

ATX01 0184189

(OCT. 4 SHOW)

-1-

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: *well* LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN EXACTLY ONE HALF HOUR JACK BENNY
WILL DO HIS TELEVISION SHOW...BUT RIGHT NOW LET'S GO
BACK TO YESTERDAY AND LOOK IN ON JACK AS HE IS HAVING
BREAKFAST AT HOME.

ROCH: WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER WAFFLE, BOSS?

JACK: No thanks, Rochester. I've had enough...You might as
well go on with your work.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, SO FAR THIS MORNING I MADE THE BEDS, CLEANED
THE RUGS, WAXED THE FLOORS, POLISHED THE FURNITURE,
SCRUBBED THE LINOLEUM, WASHED THE WINDOWS, TRIMMED THE
HEDGE, AND MOWED THE LAWN.

JACK: Say, you have done a lot of work.

ROCH: YEAH...CONSIDERING THIS IS MY DAY OFF.

JACK: Oh..well, in that case, Rochester, I'll wash the dishes.

ROCH: YOU DON'T HAVE TO WASH THE DISHES, BOSS, DIDN'T YOU NOTICE
I USED PAPER PLATES?

JACK: Oh yes. I meant to ask you. Why did you use paper plates
today?

ROCH: BECAUSE THIS IS NATIONAL SAVE A WIFE WEEK.

JACK: Well, what has ^{Save A Wife Week} Save A Wife Week got to do with you and me?

ROCH: BOSS, MY CONTRACT READS "TILL DEATH DO US PART" SO I
FALL INTO THAT CATAGORY.

JACK: Oh, stop exaggerating.

LR

ATX01 0184190

ROCH: WHO'S EXAGGERATING? WHEN I FIRST CAME TO WORK HERE I
CARRIED THE VACUUM CLEANER OVER THE THRESHOLD.

JACK: Well, Can I help it if you're sentimental?

(SOUND: SCRAPING OF PAPER PLATE)

JACK: Anyway...don't make such a big--Rochester, what are you
doing?

ROCH: SCRAPING THE BUTTER OFF YOUR PLATE.

JACK: Don't be silly...I hardly touched that butter..put it
back in the refrigerator.

ROCH: OKAY

JACK: And that jam on the plate..that's enough for another meal.

ROCH: BUT BOSS...

JACK: And that ~~half~~ slice of bread..that can be toasted.

ROCH: BUT CAN'T I THROW SOMETHING AWAY?

JACK: Why?

ROCH: WE'VE HAD THAT GARBAGE DISPOSAL FOR TWO YEARS AND WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF IT WORKS.

JACK: Well, if you're so curious, buy something and throw it in..
Now come on, and help me set the chairs up in the
living room.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

~~ROCH: THE CHAIRS?~~

JACK: Yes, I invited my cast over to watch the World Series
Game today. On TV

~~MEL: (SQUAWK) watch the game, watch the game (SQUAWK & WHISTLE)~~

~~JACK: Well, Polly, I'm glad you're feeling better...Rochester,
take Polly into the kitchen.~~

~~MEL: (SAD PARROT NOISES)~~

~~JACK: What's the matter with her?~~

~~ROCH: SHE WANTS TO STAY AND WATCH THE GAME.~~

~~MEL: (SQUAWKS) How are you fixed for blades. (WHISTLE)~~

~~JACK: Say...she knows the Gillette Commercial.~~

~~ROCH: KNOWS IT, BOSS, SHE DOES IT.~~

~~JACK: Oh, so that's where she goes Friday nights. The way she flies out of here--~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, I'll get the door.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary...Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES AND FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: You know, Jack, as I was coming up the walk, I noticed that the fence the Colman's put up between your house and theirs looks a lot better now.

JACK: Yes, the ivy has almost covered the barbed wire.

MARY: ^{Jack knows} It's amazing it would grow with all that electricity.

JACK: Yes, yes...You, know, Mary, I haven't seen Ronnie and Benita ^{and Mary} in a long time.

MARY: Oh I have, Jack...As a matter of fact I was at a party at their house last night.

JACK: The Colman's gave a party? Gee, they live right next door. Had I known it, I'da dropped over.

MARY: Well, Jack, it was the most unusual party, the lights were out, the shades were drawn, and everybody had to whisper.

JACK: Oh...Well, Ronnie and Benita probably didn't want to disturb the people who live on the other side of them.

MARY: They were at the party.

JACK: Oh...I can't understand them not inviting me.

MARY: Well, don't feel bad about it, Jack, because everybody who came to the party asked about you.

JACK: They did? They asked about me?

MARY: ^{um-hm-m}
~~Yes~~ Yes. Before they took off their hats and coats, they said "Is Jack Benny here."

JACK: Oh, well, that was nice...OH, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: ^{Oh} YES, BOSS...OH, HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: ^{Oh} Hello, Rochester.

JACK: The rest of my gang will be here soon. You better get some refreshments ready.

ROCH: YES, SIR...^{you}ARE WE GONNA PUSH THE HOT DOGS OR THE PEANUTS TODAY?

JACK: We're not going to push anything..They'll look, they'll see, if they like, they'll buy..Just have an attractive display.

ROCH: OKAY

~~JACK: Say, Mary---~~

~~MARY: Well, I don't blame them.~~

~~JACK: Blame who?~~

~~MARY: The Selmans.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~MARY: Never mind.~~

JACK: Mary, as soon as everybody gets here we'll--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

LR

ATX01 0184193

DENNIS: ^{Oh,} Hello, everybody.

MARY: ^{Oh,} Hello, Dennis.

JACK: Hya, kid.

DENNIS: You wants make a bet on the World Series?

JACK: A bet? Well--

DENNIS: Put up or shut up.

JACK: Look, Dennis, I didn't even get a ~~chance to--~~

DENNIS: Come on, put your money where your mouth is.

JACK: Dennis, I'm trying to tell you I didn't get a chance to--

nl

59

DENNIS: ..The Pirates...and the Braves?

JACK: Yes..Now which one do you want?

DENNIS: The Yankees.

JACK: ...Dennis...you led me to believe you ^{don't know} ~~knew~~ nothing about baseball..now when we made the bet, why did you pick the Yankees?

DENNIS: I wanted to teach you a lesson, once and for all.

JACK: Oh yes..Well, the bet is off..Now let me hear the song you're going to do on the show and that's all.

DENNIS: Okay..What a sore loser.

JACK: Just sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG- "NO OTHER LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Very good, Dennis, very good...that'll be fine on the show.

DENNIS: ^{well} Thanks, Mr. Benny...and I hope you're not mad at me because I wanted to make a bet with you.

JACK: ^{No} I'm not mad.

DENNIS: ^{look see} I need some extra money because I want to buy my mother a birthday present.

JACK: Oh, when's her birthday?

DENNIS: Wednesday...and she's having a big party..she's gonna have an orchestra and dancing, ^{and} singing, cake and ice cream and everything.

JACK: ^{hey} Gee, that sounds like fun. Where's it gonna be?

DENNIS: I don't know, I'm not invited.

JACK: You know, Dennis, I don't blame your mother and it serves you right. You're such a silly kid that nobody wants you around..that's why they don't ask you anywhere.

DENNIS: I was at Ronald Colman's party.

JACK: Dennis..you were invited to the Colman's house? Is that right, Mary?

MARY: Oh yes, Jack..They even asked him to sing the theme song of the party.

JACK: The party had a theme song? What was it?

DENNIS: "Whispering"

JACK: Dennis, stop that...Look, I don't wanta hear any more about that whispering party at Colmans..Now ^{the} kids, the game should be starting soon, so let's go into the--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

LR

ATX01 0184196

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: FOUR OR FIVE FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: Hello, Jack, this is Bob Crosby.

JACK: Bob! Where are you? I thought you were coming over today.

BOB: Well, I was, Jack, but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to stick around the house. You know, my brother Bing just got in from Eloo and he's staying with us.

JACK: Well, ^{your brother Bing} it's a good thing you've got a guest room.

BOB: Oh, ^{gee} You're not kidding. ^{up} My wife and my kids and I moved into it and Bing's got the rest of the house.

JACK: Gee, doesn't that make things a little cramped?

BOB: Yeah, but you know Bing, he never complains.

JACK: I know, ~~I know~~. Well, give him my regards, will you?

BOB: I will.

JACK: ~~It~~ ^{It} must be nice having your brother around.

BOB: ^{gee, sad} Well, ^{well} It is, but, ^{gee, sad} have to do such strange things to make him happy.

JACK: What strange things?

BOB: ^{well} Have you ever taken a bath in Minute Maid Orange Juice?

JACK: No, no, ^{but} I used to take a lot of ^{or} them in Jello...Well,

I'm sorry you can't come over, Bob.

BOB: ^{well} ^{gee} So am I...Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

BOB: ^{well} Oh, ^{well} by the way, Jack.

JACK: Yes.

LR

ATX01 0184197

BOB: I meant to tell you...I went over to the Cinegrill the other night to see Frankie Remley and his orchestra. ^{remakes you want to sit this dance out}

JACK: Oh, you did? ^{Remley's orchestra, huh?} Say Bob, I'd like to ask you something... since you lead an orchestra, too, I want your honest opinion..How do you think Frankie looks standing in front of the band?

BOB: Oh, ^{he looks} wonderful, Jack. He was playing the guitar, and he had a big smile on his face. ^{get} The only thing is, ^{that} he might have been nervous, or something..but ^{well} I thought his manner was, ^{just} a little too formal.

JACK: You mean he was stiff?

BOB: That, too.

JACK: ^{No} I know, I know...Well, Bob, the next time ^{the next time} you go down to the Cinegrill, call me and I'll go with you. I want Frankie to see me there.

BOB: ^{Well} Then we better go early.

JACK: ^{What? why?}

BOB: ^{Well} After nine thirty everybody looks alike to him.

JACK: We'll get there, we'll get there.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ^{Oh} Bob, I've got to hang up, there's somebody at the door.

BOB: Okay...so long.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: I'll get it, Jack.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

LR

ATX01 0184198

MARY: Oh, hello Don.

DON: ^{Well}, Hello, Mary. ~~I~~ thought I'd be the first one here.

MARY: No, Dennis and I are both here.

DON: Oh.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES....FOOTSTEPS)

DON: ^{Oh}, Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Don.

DON: ~~Hi~~ ^{Hi}, Dennis.

DENNIS: Put up or shut up!

JACK: Dennis, please...Don, do me a favor, will you sit down.

DON: Where?

JACK: On Dennis.

MARY: ^{JACK: what} Jack, let's go in the den and turn on the television set.
It's almost time for the game.

JACK: Okay.

DON: ^{Oh} ^{look} There's no rush. We've got nearly an hour before the
game starts.

MARY: No, Don. I've got five minutes to ten.

DON: That's funny. I've got a quarter after nine.

JACK: Don, let me see ^{now} that watch. Oh for heavens sakes..how
can a man of your dignity go around wearing a Mickey Mouse
wrist watch?

DON: You gave it to me for Christmas.

JACK: ^{can} Oh, that was a mistake. I meant to give it to Sammy
the drummer. He can't tell time and I thought he'd enjoy
the pictures...Well, kids, it's about time, so let's
go in the other room and--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

LR

ATX01 0184199

JACK: *Oh*, Now who can that be? I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DUROCHER: Hello, Jack.

JACK: ~~Well~~, Leo...Leo Durocher!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *well* ^{*Durocher*} Leo, ^{*Jack*} this is really a surprise.

DUROCHER: ^{*ok*} I happened to be passing by, ~~Jack~~, so I thought I'd drop in and say, "Hello."

JACK: Well, that's wonderful. Most of ^{*the*} ~~my~~ gang is here and we were just going to watch the game.

DUROCHER: Game?...What game?

JACK: What game? The World Series.

DUROCHER: (SARCASTICALLY) The World Series..The season's over, why do they have to squeeze in another few games?

JACK: Now wait a minute, Leo, I know how you feel, but you can't win the pennant every year. Don't tell me you're sore.

DUROCHER: ^{*Ch*} On the contrary, Jack, I've been in organized baseball twenty years and I consider this has been my most successful season.

JACK: Why?

DUROCHER: I was only fined ^{*a thousand*} ~~five hundred~~ dollars.

JACK: Oh oh, I see.

DON: (OFF) ^{*now*} HEY, COME ON, JACK, WE'LL MISS THE GAME.

JACK: OKAY...BUT LOOK WHO'S HERE, GANG...LEO DUROCHER..

Leo, you know my cast.

LR

ATX01 0184200

DUROCHER: Oh sure,..Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Leo, good to see you.

DUROCHER: Hello, Don.

DON: H'ya, Leo.

DUROCHER: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Put your money where your mouth is!

JACK: Now out that out!...Say kids, aren't we lucky Leo dropped in? Now we can watch the game with an expert.

DUROCHER: (MODESTLY) Oh, now wait a minute, Jack.

MARY: Oh, Don't be so modest, Leo, there isn't a thing you don't know about the game.

DON: Mary's right, Leo. ^{why,} I consider you the finest manager in baseball.

DENNIS: If he's so great, what's he doing here today?

JACK: Dennis!...Leo, don't ^{Leo don't don't} pay any attention to him, he's

Dennis: always this way.

Put up or shut up. Jack: Leo, please, don't pay any attention. He's always like this.

DUROCHER: For a minute I thought he was beamed once too often.

JACK: Well, he certainly acts like it.

DON: Oh Say, Leo, I hate to bring up a touchy subject...

but what happened to the Giants this year?

DUROCHER: Well, Don...actually we planned the same strategy we used two years ago. We figured to start slow and let the other teams get over-confident, then along about July we'd slowly begin to pick up steam and in the homestretch we'd pull up fast and as the season ended we'd have them in the bag.

JACK: In the bag?

DUROCHER: Yes, Right now my boys are selling peanuts at Ebbets Field.

LR

JACK: ~~WELL~~...Very good, Leo; very good.

ROCH: BOSS, I'VE GOT THE TELEVISION SET ON. THE GAME IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

JACK: Oh...Come on, everybody, let's go ~~into~~ the den.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...CROWD CHEERS)

JACK: Hey, has the game started?

ROCH: PRETTY SOON, BOSS. THE FOUR UMPIRES JUST CAME ~~OFF~~ ON THE FIELD.

JACK: Oh ~~yeah~~. But why don't they take their places. ~~Why~~ ~~are~~ they just standing there?

DON: Jack I think they're gonna sing.

JACK: Umpires singing? ~~WELL~~, I never heard of that before.

LR

ATX01 0184202

QUART: NOBODY LOVES AN UMPIRE
 NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE
 OUR HEARTS MAY BE BREAKING
 FROM INSULTS WE'RE TAKING
 BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE
 NOBODY LOVES AN UMPIRE
 HE GETS AN ICY STARE
 YOU GREET OUR DECISIONS
 WITH BOOS AND DERISIONS
 AND NOBODY SEEMS ^{to} CARE
 WE MAY BE HOMELY
 BUT THAT'S NOT THE REASON WE'RE LONELY
 ALTHOUGH YOU MAY DOUBT US
 YOU CAN'T PLAY WITHOUT US
 SO WHY DON'T YOU TREAT US FAIR
 WHEN YOU ARE SITTING UP IN THE STANDS
 PUFFING A LUCKY AND FEELING GRAND
 CONSIDER ~~THESE~~ ^{the} MEN WHO GET ALL THE LUMPS
 ARE ~~THEY~~ ^{we} CHUMPS TO BE UMP
 THE JEERS AND THE BOOS NEVER BOTHER ME
 CAUSE I KNOW HOW HAPPY I'M GONNA BE
 FOR I'LL SOON BE HOME IN MY EASY CHAIR
 ENJOYING A LUCKY STRIKE
 EVERYONE LOVES A LUCKY
~~AND LUCKIES WILL PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS~~
~~SO GET ON THE BALL~~
~~AND LET'S ALL HEAR YOU CALL~~
~~FOR THE SMOKE THAT HAS NO LOOSE ENDS~~
 EVERYONE LOVES A LUCKY.

Just take one and you'll
 agree that Luckies are
 made of that fine light
 tobacco for LS-SM-17,
 Luckies are better
 tasting.

(MORE)

QUART:
(CONT'D)

they're cleaner and fresher, too
~~THERE'S NO BETTER SMOKE THAT'S TRUE~~

JUST TEAR AND COMPARE AND DECLARE EVERYWHERE
THAT IT'S TIME TO TRY A LUCKY
THE SMOKE YOU WILL LIKE

(APPLAUSE)

LR

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{you know that's} That's the strangest thing I ^{be} ever heard of... I've never heard of umpires singing, have you Leo?

DUROCHER: None of 'em ever sang to me.

JACK: What?

DON: ^{Hey, hey} Quiet, fellows..the game's ~~is~~ going to start.

(SOUND: LOUD CHEERS)

JACK: Yes sir...here we go. ^{Hey} This is as much fun as if we were really at the---

(SOUND: ELECTRIC BUZZ)

JACK: What happened, what happened, what happened?

MARY: The picture went off.

JACK: Oh for heavens sakes...How do you like that? ... We'll miss the opening of the game ... Don, you try to fix the television set.

DON: Okay.

JACK: ^{Now} I'll get it on the radio ... Let's see ^{What station is on here.}

(SOUND: CLICK AND STATIC)

BEA: (FILTER) NO NO. DON'T LEAVE ME, RODNEY QUAGMIRE.

JACK: Rodney Quagmire!

BEA: (FILTER) I'VE TRIED SO HARD TO BE A GOOD WIFE TO YOU... ^{Jack what is this?} ... YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME NOW ... IF NOT FOR ME, I THINK OF

THE CHILDREN...HARRY, ALLAN, PHYLLIS, BERT, JESSICA, ^{Jack: This isn't the ball game!} FREDDIE, ^{Jack: This can't be the game!} ELLEN, CHARLOTTE, JEANETTE, STEVE, NEIL, SAM, ALVIN, HILDA----

JACK: Gee...

MARY: That's not it, try another station.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

GH

(PIANO CHORD)

SARA: (SINGING WITH PIANO) (ON FILTER)

I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU ON YOUR WEDDING DAY

AND I'LL HEAR YOU PROMISE TO LOVE, AND OBEY ^{me, to love} Jack: Why can't I

THOUGH YOU MAY FORGET ME ^{get the game?}

^{what} YOU'RE STILL ON MY MIND

JACK: Isn't ~~that~~ ^{this} awful? ... Where's the ball game?

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

MEL: (FILTER) ... A LONG, LONG FLY...YES, A LONG LONG FLY---

JACK: (EXCITED) That's it, that's the game.

MEL: IF YOU HAVE THE LONG ONES IN YOUR HOUSE, CALL THE ACME
EXTERMINATOR COMPANY.

JACK: Oh for heavens sakes...I thought that was the game...

DUROCHER: ^{ch} Let me try it, Jack. Maybe the station is back here.

JACK: ^{Go ahead, Leo.} (SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

BEA: (FILTER) ALBERT, BRUCE, ROBERT, BONNIE, GEORGE, ANN,
WILLIAM, ALICE, HENRY, HELEN, BETTY, TOULOUSE...

JACK: Toulouse?

DUROCHER: Must be a pinch hitter.

DON: ^{Hey,} Jack, we're missing the game.

JACK: I'm trying. ^{I'm trying to get it.}

(SOUND:: STATIC SQUEALS)

SARA: (FILTER) (SINGING)

MAYBE I'LL KISS AGAIN WITH A LOVE THAT'S NEW ^{Jack: What's}
BUT I SHALL WISH AGAIN I WAS KISSING YOU.... ^{the matter with}
^{my radio?}

(SOUND: STATIC)

JACK: Why can't I get the game here ?

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

MEL: (FILTER) OUR SPONSOR IS HAPPY TO BRING YOU THIS GAME..
AND NOW BACK TO YOUR WORLD SERIES ANNOUNCER.

NELSON: (FILTER) WELLLLLLLLLLLLLL...THAT WAS AN EXCITING INNING.

JACK: That's it ... I've got it.

NELSON: AND HERE WE GO INTO THE TOP OF THE FIFTH.. ~~AND~~ NOW
COMING UP TO BAT FOR THE DODGERS IS ROY CAMPANELLA. AS
YOU KNOW, ALLIE REYNOLDS 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: REYNOLDS WINDS UP AGAIN...HERE COMES THE PITCH.

(SOUND: BALL IN GLOVE)

NELSON: BALL TWO.

JACK: Gee, I'll bet he walks him.

NELSON: REYNOLDS WINDS UP AGAIN, THERE'S THE PITCH....

(NOW THERE IS A LONG, LONG PAUSE OF COMPLETE SILENCE...WHILE JACK
LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE AND BACK)

(SOUND: BALL IN GLOVE)

NELSON: STRIKE. REYNOLDS HAS A WONDERFUL SLOW BALL.

JACK: I would have loved to have seen that one on television
....Don, hurry and fix the set.

DON: I'M WORKING ON IT.

NELSON: HERE'S THE NEXT PITCH.

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT ON BALL...CROWD
CHEERS)

NELSON: THERE GOES CAMPANELLA RUNNING DOWN TO FIRST.... BUT
IT'S A POP UP OVER THE INFIELD AND COMING ⁱⁿ TO TAKE IT
FOR THE OUT IS SAM HOUSTON.

JACK: Sam Houston?

NELSON: IT WAS A TEXAS LEAGUER.

JACK: Hummmmm.

NELSON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

(SOUND: STATIC)

JACK: ~~Wow~~...what's wrong with this set? now?

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

BEA: (FILTER) MILTON, HAROLD, JOYCE, ^{JACK: Oh, for heavens sake!} BARBARA, PEGGY, AND
OUR ELDEST SON WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME ... OH, ~~IF I ONLY~~

~~KNOW WHAT EVER BECAME OF~~ RODNEY QUAGMIRE, JUNIOR. ^{JACK: Oh, for-}

JACK: ~~Oh no.~~ why can't I get this game here?

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

NELSON: (FILTER) YES, FOLKS, HODGES IS NOW ON FIRST BASE AS
THE RESULT OF A WALK.

JACK: Gee, Hodges walked.

NELSON: AND THE COUNT ON PEE WEE REESE IS THREE BALLS, NO
STRIKES....HERE COMES THE NEXT PITCH...

(SOUND: BALL IN GLOVE)

NELSON: BALL FOUR...HODGES ADVACES TO SECOND, AND AS REESE GOES
DOWN TO FIRST, HE IS SAYING TO HODGES---

(SOUND: SQUEAL)

SARA: (SINGS) I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU----

JACK: What's wrong with this radio ... I wanta listen to the
game, and all I can get is a crummy singer and some
woman with forty-eight children.

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS) AND CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: ^{Ch} WE'RE HERE AT A THRILLING GAME OF THE WORLD SERIES...
THIS IS YOUR ANNOUNCER, RODNEY QUAGMIRE, JUNIOR...AND
BEFORE WE GO ON WITH THE GAME, I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY
"HELLO" TO MY TIRED OLD MOTHER.

JACK: Gee, if Mrs. Quagmire ever goes on "This Is Your Life"
it'll be an hour show.

NELSON: AND NOW ^{Duke Snyder} ~~FURTELLO~~ IS AT THE PLATE...HERE COMES THE PITCH
(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT...CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: ^{Snyder} ~~FURTELLO~~ HIT THE FIRST PITCH AND IT'S GOING...~~GOING~~
GOING OVER THE FENCE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE FIELD...
IT'S GOING...GOING...STILL GOING...GOING...GOING...
WELL ... IT LOOKS LIKE ^{Snyder} ~~FURTELLO~~ IS BRINGING MAJOR LEAGUE
BASEBALL TO LOS ANGELES ALL BY HIMSELF.

JACK: Gosh, he ^{must really have} ~~really must~~ hit that one.

DON: Jack....Jack...I got the television set fixed.

JACK: Good...come on, Leo, let's sit here.

DUROCHER: Okay, Jack.

JACK: Let me at that set, Don...I ^I know what channel it's on.

(SOUND: CLICK)

SARA: (SING) IF THINGS GO WRONG, DEAR, AND FATE IS UNKIND---

JACK: ~~Oh No~~, not on television, too.

SARA: (SINGS) LOOK OVER YOUR SHOULDER, I'M WALKING BEHIND.

JACK: I'll try another channel.

(SOUND: CHANNEL SWITCHED..CROWD CHEERS)

DON: ^{Hey, hey} That's it.

MARY: Gee, and it's a nice clear picture, too.

JACK: Yeah ... Oh look, the Yankees are at bat...Brooklyn
must have been put out.

NELSON: (FILTER) WELL, THAT MAKES THE COUNT TWO AND TWO ON
RIZZUTO.

JACK: You mean they have that same crazy announcer on
television, too?

DUROCHER: Quiet, Jack...I wanta watch him pitch to Rizzuto.

JACK: Okay, Leo.

~~NELSON: FOLKS... I WANT TO THANK ALL OF YOU WHO HAVE BEEN
SENDING IN TELEGRAMS TELLING ME HOW NICE AND CLEAR
MY VOICE HAS BEEN COMING OVER THE AIR WAVES... THAT'S
BECAUSE MY VOICE IS VERY RESTED... YOU SEE, LAST NIGHT
I WAS AT A PARTY WHERE EVERYBODY WHISPERED.~~

~~JACK: Hum... show off... He's invited to a party so he has to--~~

~~DUROCHER: Jack, please. I want to see this game.~~

~~JACK: I'm sorry, Leo.~~

NELSON: HERE WE GO... CAMPANELLA IS BEHIND THE PLATE AGAIN...
PREACHER ROE IS ON THE MOUND... AND HERE COMES WHITEY
LOCKMAN.

JACK: Whitey Lockman! He's with the Giants.

MEL: (OFF) PEANUTS, PEANUTS, GET YOUR HOT ROASTED PEANUTS
HERE.

DUROCHER: Atta boy, Whitey, sell them! *see 'em!*

JACK: What is this, anyway?

NELSON: RIZZUTO IS AT BAT... HERE COMES THE PITCH....

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT ON BALL.. CROWD CHEERS)

NELSON: AND RIZZUTO LINES ONE INTO CENTER FIELD... HE'S
ROUNDING FIRST... HE'S TRYING TO STRETCH IT TO A DOUBLE..
... THERE HE GOES... HERE COMES THE RELAY... RIZZUTO
SLIDES AND HE'S OUT.

DUROCHER: Out?

NELSON: YES, OUT.

DUROCHER: Why, ya bum, he was safe by a mile. *JACK: Leo!*

NELSON: DON'T TELL ME, I SAID HE WAS OUT AND THAT'S FINAL.

GH

DUROCHER: Go on, you haven't called ^{me} ~~one~~ right all day.
JACK: Leo!

NELSON: OH YEAH, DON'T TELL ME MY BUSINESS.

DUROCHER: You couldn't see that play if you were wearing Jack
Benny's glasses!

JACK: Leo, leave me out of this.

NELSON: ARE YOU TRYING TO INSULT ME?
JACK: Leo!

DUROCHER: Insult you! Why, if I was ^{there} in New York, I'd
punch you right in the nose!

NELSON: THAT DOES IT -- I'M THROWING YOU OUT OF THE GAME.

DUROCHER: What?

NELSON: YOU HEARD ME...GET OUT, OUT, OUT.

DUROCHER: Oh yeah. Well, I'll fix you!

JACK: LEO, PUT DOWN THAT CHAIR...LEO, DON'T SMASH MY
TELEVISION...LEO...

(SOUND: CRASH)

JACK: LEO!

DUROCHER: I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE..I'M GOING HOME.

SARA: (SINGS) I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU ON YOUR WEDDING DAY...

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes...Once...~~just once~~...why can't
I hear the World Series Game?

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

(NATIONAL)

JACK: I'll be back in a minute to tell you about my television
show which goes on immediately after this program, but
first a word from America's foremost authority on
etiquette, Miss Amy Vanderbilt.

(PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at 7:00 PM over the CBS Television Network, but first, a word from America's foremost authority on etiquette, Miss Amy Vanderbilt.

(PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at 7:00 PM over the CBS Television Network, but first, a word from America's foremost authority on etiquette, Miss Amy Vanderbilt.

ATX01 0184213

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCTOBER 4, 1953 (transcribed October 3, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-0-

AMY

VANDERBILT: Some of my friends tell me that in my new book on etiquette, I was a little hard on smoking. Actually, I was hard on smokers. At least, some smokers. I dislike thoughtless smokers. You know, the man next to you at the dinner table who holds his cigarette so that smoke drifts into your eyes. I like considerate smokers. For instance, I like to know that my husband is considerate enough to carry my brand of cigarette ... Lucky Strike. In smoking as in etiquette, it is after all, all a matter of taste. I want a cigarette that tastes better to me than any other. That's Lucky Strike.

WILSON:

Friends, Amy Vanderbilt is right. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is, Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother. And for two very good reasons ... one - IS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Two - Luckies are made better to taste better - made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. So, take a tip from me, and be happy - go Lucky, because Luckies taste better.

EW

ATX01 0184214

(TAG)

(NATIONAL)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Leo Durocher for not winning the pennant so he could be on my show tonight...And Ladies and Gentlemen, in just thirty seconds, I'll be doing my television show over the C.B.S. television network...Say, Leo, why don't you come over with me and watch my television show? Leo - Leo -- where are you?

DUROCHER: ~~Okay, Jack.~~ (SINGS) I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU.

JACK: Good...Goodnight folks, see you in thirty seconds.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

(PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Leo Durocher for not winning the pennant so he could be on my show tonight...And ladies and gentlemen tonight at seven P.M. I'll be doing my television show over the C.B.S. television network...Say Leo, why don't you come over with me and watch my television show?

DUROCHER: Okay, Jack. (SINGS) I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU

JACK: Good..Goodnight folks..See you at seven, tonight.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear the American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company.....
America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

PROGRAM #5
REVISED

(9)2 B. Waincoat

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED OCT. 8, 1953)

ATX01 0184217

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCTOBER 11, 1953 (Transcribed October 8, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike, Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends ... Let's take a good close
look at the subject of why you smoke cigarettes. Think
i over a minute and you'll agree that the main reason
and probably the only reason you smoke is simply that you
enjoy it -- you like the taste of a cigarette. Sure --
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is -- Luckies taste better. Luckies taste
better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother for two very important
reasons. One is, LS/MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco. The tobacco in Luckies is fine, naturally mild,
good-tasting. Another reason for this better taste is
that Luckies are actually made better -- made round and
firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly.
Fine tobacco in a better made cigarette gives you better
taste every single time.

(MORE)

CL

ATX01 0184218

PAGE TWO
OPENING COMMERCIAL -- OCTOBER 11, 1953

WILSON: So if you go along with me that smoking enjoyment is all
(CONT) a matter of taste, then be happy -- go lucky ... Because
the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Get a
carton of Lucky Strike and see for yourself.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleener, fresher, smoother
Lucky Strike, Lucky Strike

CL

ATX01 0184219

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AFTER LIVING FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE SAME ADDRESS IN BEVERLY HILLS, OUR LITTLE STAR RECENTLY DECIDED TO PUT HIS HOUSE UP FOR SALE...SO LET'S GO OUT TO CAMDEN DRIVE WHERE WE FIND JACK SHOWING A PROSPECTIVE BUYER THROUGH THE PREMISES.

JACK: Well, I guess I've shown you about everything, Mr. and Mrs. Borden.

WRIGHT: It's quite a nice house.

LOIS: Yes, it's just about what we had in mind.

JACK: Good..good..Naturally, I wouldn't want to high pressure you into a sale because I don't believe in doing business that way ..but where else at the price can you find a home with this square footage, quality of workmanship, choice location, and--

WRIGHT: Mr. Benny, you're squeezing my arm.

JACK: Huh?..Oh..Oh..I guess I got carried away..(SILLY LAUGH).. Anyway, I'm glad you like it.

~~LOIS: I will say one thing, this certainly is a large house. I never saw so many rooms.~~

~~JACK: Twenty-eight in all, but it still has that cozy feeling.~~

LOIS: Yes...Mr. Benny, to maintain a house this size I imagine you must have a butler, a gardener, a cook, a chauffer, an upstairs maid, and a downstairs maid.

VR

HTX01 0184220

JACK: Yes, ^{yes,} I have.

WRIGHT: Well, where are they?

ROCH: HERE I AM, SIR.

JACK: Rochester--

ROCH: IF I EVER GET FIRED, I CAN COLLECT TWELVE UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS.

JACK: Never mind.

WRIGHT: Well, Mr. Benny, I think we've seen all we need to..and we'll let you know. Come along, Martha.

JACK: But I haven't even told you about the neighbors.

~~LOIS: The neighbors?~~

JACK: Yes, ~~they're all very nice..~~ ^{See,} right next door are my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.

LOIS: (IMPRESSED) Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.

JACK: Yes, Ma'am.. Here, look out this window..That's Ronnie and Benite's house.

WRIGHT: Where?

JACK: Right there..You can just make out the tip of the chimney over his fence...see?

WRIGHT: Say, that's some fence.

ROCH: YOU SHOULD SEE IT AT NIGHT WHEN THEY SHOOT ~~THE~~ ELECTRICITY THROUGH IT.

~~JACK:--Rochester--~~

~~ROCH:--IT LOOKS LIKE A SET FROM SPACE PATROL.~~

JACK: ..Yes, yes....Well, Mr. Borden, this house seems to fit your needs..and if you want to leave a small deposit, I'll be very happy ~~to~~ ^{my}

FVR

ATX01 0184221

WRIGHT: ~~Mr. Benny, we'll let you know. Come on, Martha.~~

JACK: ~~But there are so many nice features I haven't--~~

WRIGHT: ~~Come on, Martha.~~

LOIS: ~~I can't, he's squeezing my arm.~~

JACK: ~~Oh, oh...I beg your pardon, but I did want to point
out how well this house is built, not only did it have
the best of construction, but it's in perfect --~~

~~(SOUND: LOUD CLANGS OF HAMMER BANGING ON
PIPE UPSTAIRS)~~

JACK: ~~Perfect condition, and I--~~

~~(SOUND: MORE CLANGS)~~

JACK: Excuse me, folks..(WHISPERING) Rochester, I thought
that plumber finished upstairs.

ROCH: (WHISPERING) NO, HE JUST HAD TO GO BACK TO THE SHOP FOR MORE TOOLS.

(SOUND: MORE CLANGS)

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes..(UP) I'll be back in a second, folks.. Rochester, show them the closet space in this room and the hall.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING UP STAIRS)

JACK: Hm..just as I had the deal almost closed, that darned plumber had to start pounding on the pipes.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..POUNDING OF HAMMER CLOSER...

DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, fellow, ^{Waste, fellow,} I'm trying to sell the house..Would you mind being a little more quiet?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Look Bud, I'm in no mood for complaints.

JACK: Why, what's the matter?

MEL: What's the matter?..Did you ever spend three hours on your back lookin' up at the bottom of a rusty sink bowl?

JACK: Huh?

MEL: This ain't Cinerama.

JACK: Well, I--

MEL: ^{Well} Next time, think before you criticise.

JACK: I'm not criticizing..I just don't see why you have to make such a racket with that hammer.

MEL: Because the hammer is made out of metal and the pipes is made out of metal. ~~and when something made out of metal meets something else made out of metal, it makes a noise.~~

JACK: ^{Wah} But isn't there some way you could muffle the sound?

VR

MEL: ^{Well} Sure, if you'll be kind enough to help me.

JACK: What can I do?

MEL: Put your head between the pipe and the hammer.

JACK: Look, just finish up the job and get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM AND FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I can't understand it..Other people hire plumbers, and get a plumber..I hire a plumber and get a Milton Berle.

(SOUND: RAPID FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: Well, folks, as I was saying ^{Rochester} Rochester, where's Mr. and Mrs. Borden?

ROCH: THEY LEFT, BUT THEY SAID THEY WERE INTERESTED IN THE HOUSE AND THEY'D THINK ABOUT IT.

JACK: Oh, well... I hope they...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get that, Rochester...it's probably somebody else who wants to buy the house.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN)

JACK: (VERY SWEETLY) How do you do..step right in ~~and~~---Oh,

it's you, Mary. ^{How glorious. I'm not gonna buy your house.}

MARY: ~~Who were you expecting, Casey Stengel?~~

JACK: No, no.. come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: I thought it was another prospect for ~~the house~~, ^{system,} they've been coming in droves.

Mel: No one -- who yet, huh?

Jack: No, no one yet.

Mel: I dreamed, too.

Jack: Yeah, I know.

JACK: *No Mary.*

MARY: No sale yet, eh?

JACK: ~~No,~~ ^{oh} I can't understand it, Mary. Here's a beautiful home...28 rooms..gorgeous grounds..large swimming pool... and the location, ~~is just--~~

MARY: Jack, you're squeezing my arm.

JACK: Oh..I'm sorry.

MARY: Jack, let me ask you something..Why do you want to sell this house, anyway?

JACK: Look, Mary, I'm here all alone..just me and Rochester.. What do I need with a house that has twenty-eight rooms?

MARY: Jack, you mean to say this house has twenty-eight rooms?

JACK: Certainly..there's the kitchen, the dining room, the living room, the den, the library, and three bedrooms.

MARY: ~~Jack,~~ that's only eight. What about the other twenty rooms?

JACK: Oh, I never use those. I've had them closed up for years.

MARY: You've had them..closed for...Jack--

JACK: You see, I don't really need--

MARY: Jack --

JACK: --so many rooms ^{you know} so I only--

MARY: Jack--

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Jack, what ever happened to Kenny Baker?

JACK: *See,* I don't know, *I never thought of that. I don't know.* He came over to my house about fifteen years ago, *Mary,* and that's the last I saw of him... Anyway, since I don't need so many rooms, I decided to get a smaller house.

~~MARY: Well, let me tell you something, if you sell this house, you may have an awful time finding another place.~~

~~JACK: Oh no I won't, Mary. I know just where I'm going. There's the cutest little house on Roxbury Drive right next door to James Mason.~~

~~MARY: (IMPRESSED) Oh... Who found it for you?~~

~~JACK: Ronald Colmen... That was nice of him... Say Mary, I meant to ask you. What did you drop over for?~~

~~MARY: What do you mean? You called a rehearsal for today, didn't you?~~

~~JACK: Oh, that's right. With all this excitement about the house I completely---~~

(SOUND: LIGHT TAPPING OF HAMMER ON METAL)

~~MARY: Jack, Jack, do you hear that tapping?~~

~~JACK: Yes,~~

~~MARY: It must be Kenny Baker, let's rescue him.~~

~~JACK: Mary, come back here... it's the plumber. He's fixing one of the pipes... Anyway, Mary, we'll rehearse as soon as everybody--~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

~~JACK: COME IN.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

VR

DENNIS: ^{oh} Hello, Mr. Benny..Hello, Mary.

MARY: ^{oh} Hello, Dennis.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Come in and sit down, kid.

DENNIS: Thanks...Say, Mr. Benny, I ~~just~~ saw the sign out in front of your house that says "For Sale."

JACK: That's right, kid.

DENNIS: How much do you want for it?

JACK: A hundred thousand dollars.

DENNIS: For a little sign like that?

JACK: For the house...Dennis, I'm trying to sell the house.

DENNIS: Oh..well, I wouldn't buy it.

JACK: Oh, you wouldn't, eh? ^{well}..Dennis, I've got news for you.. In the first place, nobody asked you to buy it..and in the second place, you couldn't afford to buy it.

DENNIS: If I didn't work for a cheapskate, I could.

JACK:Mary...

MARY: Don't look at me, I only thought it, he said it.

JW

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~~JACK:--Dennis, I think it's about time that you and I had a
long-serious talk.~~

DENNIS:--Yes sir.

~~JACK:--And to make sure we're not interrupted, follow me.~~

~~DENNIS:--Where are you taking me?~~

~~JACK:--To one of those rooms upstairs I have closed off.~~

~~DENNIS:--(FRIGHTENED) No no no no no no no no!~~

JACK:--What?

~~DENNIS:--I know what happened to Kenny Baker.~~

~~JACK:--Nothing happened to Kenny Baker.~~

~~MARY:--Oh, Jack, leave him alone, will you?~~

JACK: *I don't know want to get into a long routine with you.*
All right...Dennis, sing the song you're ~~going~~ do on the
show before the gang gets here, will you?

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Mary, get me a glass of water.

DENNIS: Here's an aspirin.

JACK: I have my own..just sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG) -- "GRANADA")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE) *Dennis*

JACK: Dennis, that was very good..a beautiful song.

DENNIS: *Thanks. Dennis*

JACK: *Thank you.* You know, I can't understand how, anyone who sings so beautifully can come in here and act like you do..What makes you behave like that?

- I can't understand.

DENNIS: I don't know..I'm just a Meshugganeh mixed up kid.

JACK: I'll say you are.

MEL: (OFF) (HOLLERS) HEY, MR. BENNY.. MR. BENNY..

JACK: Hmm it's that plumber again...YEAH, WHAT IS IT?

MEL: WOULD YOU TURN THE WATER ON FROM THE SERVICE PORCH?

JACK: OKAY...ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: WOULD YOU PLEASE TURN THE WATER ON IN THE SERVICE PORCH?

ROCH: (OFF) YES SIR....(LONG PAUSE)THE WATER'S ON, BOSS.

JACK: THANKS....HEY, PLUMBER, THE WATER'S ON.

MEL: OKAY.

JACK: ARE YOU ALL FINISHED FIXING THE SINK?

MEL: NOT YET.

JACK: THEN WHY DID YOU WANT TO HAVE THE WATER TURNED ON?

MEL: I'M DIRTY, I WANTA TAKE A SHOWER.

JACK: ~~What?~~

MEL: ~~DO YOU MIND IF I USE THE GUEST TOWEL?~~

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE..WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A SHOWER ON YOUR OWN TIME?

MEL: I GOT DIRTY ON YOUR TIME.

JACK: I DON'T CARE...ROCHESTER, TURN THE WATER OFF.

ROCH: IT'S OFF, BOSS.

JACK: What a crazy plumber.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

VR

JACK: I'll get it. *I imagine a guy like that.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BOB: H'ye, Jack.

JACK: *Oh,* Hello, Bob..come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Everybody's here but Don Wilson. ~~As~~ *Soon* as he comes, we can rehearse.

BOB: ~~Say~~ *Oh* Jack, I just bumped into Ronald Colmen in front of your house.

JACK: Ronnie?..What did he have to say?

BOB: *Oh,* Nothing. He put a rabbit's foot on your For Sale sign and went home whistling.

JACK: Good old Ronnie..always wishing me luck...

BOB: Jack, is that sign ^{*put in front*} just a gag or are you really trying to sell your house?

JACK: *Well,* Of course, I'm trying to sell it.

BOB: *Well,* What are you asking for it?

JACK: A hundred thousand dollars.

BOB: A hundred thousand dollars! Brother!

JACK: What do you mean, "Brother"?

BOB: *Well,* My brother's the only one that's got that kind of dough.

JACK: Oh..oh..oh. *Oh.*

MARY: Say Bob, ^{*Jack: Well - listen, how are you?*} I thought you ~~were going to bring the band over today so we could have a complete rehearsal.~~ ^{*Jack: Well Robert.*}

MARY: ^{*Yes, I thought you were going to bring the band over today so we could have a complete rehearsal.*}
BOB: I was, Mary, but I called Begby the piano player and he said ^{*she said*} that today all the boys in the band have gone to a tailor to have new tuxedos made.

JACK: All of the musicians in the band?..New tuxedos?..What's ^{*Rep: Don - mm - m*} ~~the~~ ^{*are*} occasion? ^{*they celebratory?*}

VR

BOB: ~~It's~~ National Wine Week.

JACK: Oh..You know, Bob, I'm a little surprised that they drink anything as mild as wine.

BOB: Oh sure, ^{plus it} Jack..they drink a lot of beer, too.

JACK: Beer?
um - hm - m - -

BOB: Yeah..in fact, they had the answer to What'll You Have before Pebst had the question.

JACK: That I can believe...That's the only band I ever saw where the bass fiddle has a bung hole in it, *you know.*

MARY: ^{Jack} Jack, why do you and Bob always pick on the orchestra boys? It's none of your business what kind of a life they lead.

JACK: Look, Mary --

MARY: Week after week you're always picking on them..insulting them..you never have a kind word to say about them.

JACK: Look, Mary..

MARY: They've been with you for years and you ought to be ashamed of the way you constantly run them down.

JACK: ~~Look~~, Mary --

MARY: After all, your only concern should be whether or not they play good music.

JACK: Oh, I see..and you...you think they play good music?

MARY: Well, they could if they weren't always drunk.

JACK: I thought so...~~anything else you have to say, Mary?~~

MARY: ~~No, the defense rests.~~

JACK: ~~I should think so...~~Now Bob, as long as the boys in the band are getting tuxedos, tell them to please wear them on the show.

BOB: *Well* I will, Jack.

VR

JACK: And one more thing...I have a request from the California Chamber of Commerce.

BOB: *Well,* What's that?

JACK: Well, they wrote me a letter saying that if Sammy the drummer can't grow hair and won't wear a toupey, won't he at least paint a stem on his head so it'll look like an orange? *the* the reason that --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack...Hi everybody.

GANG: (AD LIB HELLOS)

JACK: Well, I'm glad you brought the Sportsmen with you...~~the~~, fellows.

~~QUART: HMMMM.~~

~~JACK: Congratulations!~~

~~MARY: What did they say?~~

~~JACK: Nothing, they were in tune...Say Don, did you see that sign out on the front lawn?~~

DON: Yes, I noticed that, ~~Jack~~, are you really going to sell this house?

JACK: That's right, Don, *Hey* Why don't you buy it? You've tried it on enough, *you know!*...If it's too big, we can take it in a little around the pantry.

BOB: Hey Jack, why don't we get this rehearsal over with? I want to go out to the driving range and hit some golf balls.

MARY: Say, I'd like to go with you, Bob.

BR

JACK: All right, kids, maybe we'll all go..but first let's get on with the rehearsal.

DON: ~~Jack~~, what kind of a show are we going to have?

JACK: Well, Don, the first half is all written, but we're not sure what to do for the last half. I'd like to do something different.

MEL: How about doing a satirical version of a psychological drama?

MARY: Say, that's a pretty good idea.

JACK: Mary, what are you talking to him for, he's the plumber.

MARY: Oh, I thought he was one of your writers.

JACK: Well, that's a stupid mistake...when he pronounced psychological right, you shoulda known he wasn't..Now look, Mister, we have a rehearsal to do...just go finish your job.

MEL: That's what I came to tell you. I'm all through.

JACK: Good, good.

MEL: *Oh* But there's something I think you oughta know.

JACK: What?

MEL: Well, there was a leak in one of the pipes and while I was tracing it, it led me way to the back of the house on the top floor....and in one of them unused rooms I saw a fellow with curly hair sitting there eating Jello.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, that must be Kenny Baker.

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

ROCH: MAYBE IT'S THE GAS MAN.

JACK: No no, that happened in the basement...Look, Mister, you didn't see anybody up there, ~~it's~~ probably just a hallucination.

MEL: *Hey* ~~Say~~, that's a good word.

JACK: Yes yes..Now as long as you're through with your job, you can go.

MEL: Okay...goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now kids.

MEL: Oh, pardon me, Mr. Benny...is your house still for sale?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: How much ~~do~~ you want for it?

JACK: Look, you couldn't afford to buy it.

MEL: You didn't get my bill yet.

JACK: What?

MEL: When you see it, remember it ain't no hallucination.

JACK: Get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: ~~Humr~~..Now look, kids, as long as everybody wants to go out and hit some golf balls, let's start the rehearsal...
~~Don, take it from the top.~~

~~DON: Okay...(READS) THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND "YOURS TRULY"---~~

~~JACK: Don, Don, hold it a second.~~

~~DON: What's the matter?~~

~~JACK: You're reading the whole thing wrong. Now try it again, and this time watch your intonation.~~

~~CON: But Jack, that's the way I've always read it.~~

~~JACK: Well, it's not right.~~

~~DON: (GETTING MAD) Not right? I've been reading it that way for nineteen years.~~

~~JACK: Well, for nineteen years you've been reading it wrong.~~

~~Try it again:~~

~~DON: Now, wait a minute, Jack, that doesn't make sense. If I've been reading it wrong for nineteen years, how come you waited till now to correct me?~~

~~JACK: Because up until last week you were auditioning... That's how come... Now let's... Dennis, where were you?~~

~~DENNIS: While you were arguing with Don, the door bell rang so I answered it.~~

~~JACK: Who was it?~~

~~DENNIS: Just some man and woman... they wanted to buy your house, but I sent them away.~~

~~JACK: Dennis, they wanted to buy the house and you sent them away? Why'd you do that?~~

~~DENNIS: I didn't think they'd be happy here.~~

~~JACK: Well, that's none of your business. From now on, let me answer the door... Now Don, while we go in the other room and rehearse the dialogue, you run through the commercial with the Sportsmen. Do you have something prepared?~~

~~DON: Oh, Yes, Jack, but I was thinking about your house.~~

~~JACK: Look Don, you can't afford to buy it, so let's ---~~

~~DON: I didn't mean that, Jack... I thought as long as you're anxious to sell the house, it may help if we did a little something about it with the quartet on the radio.~~

~~JACK: Oh... ok... something about my house ^{the sale for} for sale... Well, that's wonderful, Don... Hey, kids, you go ~~on~~ in the other room and rehearse the dialogue, I want to listen to this... Go ahead, Don... let's hear it.~~

BR

QUART: I WANT A HOUSE
 JUST LIKE THE HOUSE
 THAT BENNY HAS FOR SALE
 I WANT IT SO, IF I HAD THE DOUGH
 I'D BUY IT WITHOUT FAIL
 A GOOD OLD FASHIONED HOUSE WITH 28 ROOMS
 LOTS OF CLOSETS FOR MY MOPS AND BROOMS
 I WANT A HOUSE JUST LIKE THE HOUSE
 THAT BENNY HAS FOR SALE.

JACK: Don, ^{I want them to} ~~they better~~ sell cigarettes, too. *Hey, fellas, cigarettes*

QUART: I WANT A SMOKE JUST LIKE THE SMOKE
 THAT PLEASED ^S ~~ME~~ DEAR OLD DAD
 LSMFT, THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME
 THE BEST I'VE EVER HAD
 IT'S THE BEST I EVER HAD
 AND LUCKY STRIKE'S THE ONLY SMOKE FOR YOU
 BETTER TASTING, CLEANER FRESHER, TOO
 I WANT A PUFF, NO PUFF IS ROUGH
~~A FACT WE WANT TO ADD~~ *Is light one; you'll be glad.*
 MY DAD ^{is} ~~was~~ HAPPY HE ^{well} ~~WOULD~~ NEVER GROUSE
 AS LONG AS THERE ^{are} ~~WERE~~ LUCKIES IN THE HOUSE
 YES IT'S A FACT.
 DAD'S FAVORITE PACK
^{is} ~~WAS~~ ALWAYS LUCKY STRIKE
~~PLEASE DON'T ROLL YOUR OWN.~~ *2-5-M-15-1*

(APPLAUSE)

BR

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Don, ^{Don} that was a ^{swell,} very-good idea, and I certainly want to thank you very much.

DON: Why, Jack?

JACK: ^{Well,} This way maybe I can sell my house direct, ^{and I won't ^{need} have} to ~~pay~~ a real estate agent, ^{you see}. We'll use it on the air Sunday ^{can} and see if we ^{can} get any --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, Rochester...answer the phone, will you, please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIC.

~~JACK: Television, too.~~

~~ROCH: WAIT FOR THE REVIEWS, WAIT FOR THE REVIEWS.~~

~~JACK: --eh, yes.~~

WRIGHT: Hello, this is Mr. Borden calling...is Mr. Benny in, please?

ROCH: JUST A MINUTE...BOSS..IT'S FOR YOU..IT'S MR. BORDEN.

JACK: Mr. Borden?...Oh, ^{say} that's the man who was over to look at the house. Maybe he's gonna buy it...Hand me the phone.
.....(VERY SWEETLY) Helloooooooooo.

WRIGHT: Operator, will you please get off the line?

JACK: No no, Mr. Borden, this is Jack Benny.

WRIGHT: Oh...Mr. Benny.

JACK: ^{Uh,} What did you call for, Mr. Borden? What what...what did you call for...what, what, ^{what} huh, huh, huh?

^{Wright:} ~~Well,~~ my wife and I have talked it over and we've almost ^{huh, what,} made up our minds ^{what?} to buy your house.

JACK: You have, you have, you have?

^{WRIGHT: Mr Benny -}

^{JACK: Yeah, what what, what?}

BR

WRIGHT: Yes ^{we have}...you said you wanted a hundred thousand dollars...is that right?

JACK: Yes ^{yes}...if you'll come right over now we can close the deal.

WRIGHT: Well, Mr. Benny, the banks are all closed now and all I have with me is a business check for two hundred and fifty thousand ~~dollars~~.

JACK: Well, come on over, I can give you the change.

WRIGHT: Well...I ^I have an appointment out at my club this afternoon ...I'll come over ~~the~~ first thing in the morning.

JACK: All right, Mr. Borden, I'll be here...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ^{Hey} ~~hey~~, kids...kids...guess what just happened..Mr. Borden..the man who was here with his wife a while ago, just called and said they are going to buy my house.

MARY: Say, that's wonderful.

DON: ~~It~~ Sure is, Jack.

BOB: That's great news.

JACK: Yes sir.

DENNIS: They'll never be happy here.

JACK: They will if you don't visit them ... Now come on, kids, let's finish our rehearsal and then we'll go out ~~to~~ the driving range and hit some golf balls.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR PULLING TO STOP)

JACK: Well, here we are.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

~~MARY: Gee, the driving range is crowded today.~~

BOB: Here, Mary, I'll carry your clubs.

MARY: th Thanks. *Bob.*

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CLUBS)

BOB: Here's your bag, Jack.

JACK: Careful with them, Bob, those clubs are new.

MARY: Gee, the driving range is crowded today.

BOB: ~~Let's see those ... Say, that's a beautiful set you've got there, Mind if I look at them?~~

JACK: ~~No, go right ahead.~~

(SOUND: ~~RATTLE OF CLUBS~~)

BOB: ~~Uh-huh ... woods and irons all matched and registered ... Jack, would you consider selling them to me?~~

JACK: ~~Why? Don't you like the clubs you've got?~~

BOB: ~~Oh, mine are fine, but my wife has been looking all over for a ladies set like yours.~~

JACK: ~~Well, she can get 'em, Bob ... There's a little store on Wilshire Boulevard that sells ladies golf clubs and girdles ... I just got the clubs.~~

MARY: ~~Hurry up, fellows ... there's an empty space over there.~~

JACK: ~~Yeah, but first we better get some golf balls at the stand ... Dennis, here's some money ... go get us a couple buckets of balls.~~

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Excuse me, kids ... I wanta swing this club to limber up my hands. They're stiff from my violin lesson yesterday.

BOB: ~~h~~ Did you practice too long?

JACK: No, my violin teacher closed the case on my fingers ... ~~It happens every time I take a lesson.~~

DENNIS: Here's a bucket of balls.

JACK: Thanks, Dennis ... Go ahead, Mary, hit one out, *used you?*

MARY: Okay.

JACK: Keep your head down.

MARY: Be quiet.

(SOUND: WHIP OF CLUB AND CRACK OF BALL)

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BOB: Hey, that was a good one, Mary.

JACK: Yeah, but watch your form, Mary. Your pivot was much too abrupt and you dipped your shoulder. Go ahead, Bob, *you go*

BOB: Okay, here goes.

(SOUND: WHIP OF CLUB AND CRACK OF BALL)

MARY: Wow! Two hundred and fifty yards, straight down the middle!

JACK: Yeah, but Bob, you dipped your shoulder, too ... Now stand back and watch me.

(SOUND: (SLIGHT PAUSE ...) WHIP OF CLUB AND BODY THUD)

MARY: Help him up, Bob.

BOB: *2-* I can't without dipping my shoulder.

JACK: Don't be funny ... I just tried to hit it too hard, that was all ...

MARY: *oh,* Stop making excuses. You've never played good golf in your life.

JACK: Oh, I haven't, eh? ... Well, let me tell you something, sister ... Not only do I play good golf, but I even know some great trick shots.

MARY: Trick shots?

JACK: Yes ... Here, I'll show you ... Dennis, lie down and put this golf ball on your nose ... Come on, Dennis, lie down.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Now hold still, Dennis, while I balance this ball on your nose ... I'll show you kids a trick shot if you ever saw one ... Now stand back, everybody.

MARY: But Jack, you must be kidding. That's a dangerous trick.

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BOB: It sure is. You're liable to miss ^{that} the ball and hit Dennis.

JACK: (BIG SMILE) ... Yeahhhhhh!

MARY: Dennis, get up. You'll get hurt.

DENNIS: ~~Oh, you spoil everything.~~

JACK: Mary's right ^{Now} get up, Dennis ... Now, watch me, Bob, and I'll show you the correct form for driving a ball off the tee ... Watch this.

(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hummmmm.

(SOUND: PAUSE ... SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hummmmm.

(SOUND: PAUSE ... SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Jack, keep it up, that's wonderful.

JACK: What do you mean, wonderful ... I missed the ball three times.

MARY: I know, but you're fanning the smog out of Los Angeles.

JACK: Oh, stop.

DENNIS: If I'da stayed down there I'd be a mess.

JACK: I can't understand it ... Bob, what am I doing wrong?

BOB: ^{Will} I don't know, Jack ^{cut, get} ... maybe you ought to take a few lessons from the instructor here.

JACK: Instructor? Where is he?

BOB: ^{That} That's him over there ... the one with the white cap.

JACK: Oh, yes ... maybe he can help me ... Oh, Mister ... Mister?

NELSON: Yesssssss..

JACK: Oh, no ... Are you the golf instructor here?

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Yes, don't let these bringing payames

NELSON: What do you think I am wearing one glove, a third baseman?

JACK: All right, ~~all right~~ ... Now what do you charge for a lesson?

NELSON: It's three dollars for a half hour.

JACK: ~~Oh, I just want ten minutes~~ ... *well okay* ~~Now~~ give me a lesson.

NELSON: All right ... Let me see your swing.

~~JACK: Okay ... wait till I tee up this ball ... there ...~~

~~NELSON: Now hit it.~~

~~(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB)~~

~~JACK: Hmmm.~~

~~NELSON: They say golf is an old man's game, but aren't you ever doing it?~~

~~JACK: Look, I didn't come here to be insulted ... I happen to be Jack Benny.~~

~~NELSON: Oh, you're Mr. Benny.~~

~~JACK: Yes ... now are you going to teach me or aren't you?~~

~~NELSON: Don't get excited ... Now let's run through that swing once again.~~

~~JACK: All right.~~

NELSON: Grip the club firmly .. the thumb *on* ~~around~~ the shaft.

JACK: Like this?

NELSON: Very good ... But be sure not to slice. We're right next to the third hole of the golf course ... right over that hedge.

JACK: Oh yes ... I'll be careful.

NELSON: Now start your backswing, that's it ... Now head down, keep your head down ... lower ... lower ... lower ... WELLLLL, I KNEW IT WOULD SLIP OFF.

JW

JACK: ~~Now cut that out ... You'd never catch Ben Hogan teaching golf this way.~~

~~NELSON: Who?~~

~~JACK: Ben Hogan ... Don't you know who Ben Hogan is?~~

~~NELSON: Should I?~~

~~JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake, you don't know the first thing about golf. I'll bet you're just after my three dollars.~~

~~NELSON: OOOOOOOOOOH, AM I.~~

JACK: Look, Mister, I'm paying for a lesson ... so will you please give me some instruction?

~~NELSON: Very well ... Now as I told you ... grip the club firmly ... thumb around the shaft ... left wrist stiff ... slow back-swing ... keep your eye on the ball. . . now ... hit it.~~

~~(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB ... CLICK OF BALL)~~

~~JACK: FORE ... FORE ... FORE.~~

~~MARY: Jack, what're you yelling about?~~

~~NELSON: He hit it four feet.~~

~~JACK: Well, at least I hit it ... Now let me try another one .. Wait till I tee up the ball~~

NELSON: All right ... keep your head down ... swing back slowly ... hit it.

(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB ... CLICK OF BALL)

JACK: Oh boy, look at that one go!

BOB: Jack, you got a bad slice on that one.

MARY: Look, it's going over the hedge onto the golf course.

NELSON: FORE ... FORE ...

JW

MARY: Oh my goodness ... you hit a man on the head!

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes ... I better run over and apologize.

NELSON: You don't have to, he's coming over here.

JACK: ~~Oh yes~~ ... Say, it's Mr. Borden the man who's going to buy my house.

WRIGHT: Who hit me on the head with that ball?

JACK: I did, ~~and~~ I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Borden.

WRIGHT: Who's Mr. Borden?

JACK: You are ^{you are,} and I'm Jack Benny.

WRIGHT: Who's Jack Benny?

MARY: Jack, ^{Jack,} your ball hit him so hard he lost his memory.

JACK: But he can't ... ~~he can't lose his memory now ... we've got a deal~~ .. he promised to buy the house.

WRIGHT: What house?

JACK: My house ... don't you remember ... think ... think ... the house in Beverly Hills ... twenty-eight rooms ... the swimming pool ... the spacious yard --

WRIGHT: Stop squeezing my arm.

JACK: But Mr. Borden ... you must remember .. please ... please ..

(MUSIC: STARTS)

JACK: The lovely neighborhood ... the wonderful neighbors ... ~~the free car wash~~ . *Kenny Baker will sing to you Mr Borden!*

NELSON: What about my three dollars?

JACK: When I sell the house ... Mr. Borden..try to remember ...please

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP FULL)

JW

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCTOBER 11, 1953 (Transcribed October 8, 1953)

-26-

WILSON: Ladies and gentlemen, by this time tomorrow night, eleven hundred American homes will have had a fire. And the day after that, another eleven hundred homes will burn. And ^{the} day after ^{that} ~~day~~, year after year, this terrible destruction will go on -- unless we do something about it. What can you do? Be constantly careful, check heating and electrical equipment. Don't smoke in bed, make sure every match, every cigarette is out before you retire for the night. Don't give fire a place to start! Thank You ...

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, a word to cigarette smokers ...

ATX01 0184245

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCTOBER 11, 1953 (Transcribed October 8, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer testing fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike, Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. You know, I'd say that the thing that gives you real smoking enjoyment is the taste of your cigarette. Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. Well, the fact of the matter is ... Luckies taste better. I guess that college smokers have known that for some time now. Last year a survey was made in leading colleges which showed that smokers in those colleges preferred Luckies to any other cigarette. This year another nation-wide survey was made, based on thousands of actual student interviews. It was a representative survey of all students in regular colleges from coast to coast. This survey shows that Luckies lead again -- lead over all other brands, regular or king-size -- and by a wide margin. Both last year and this, the number one reason given for smoking Luckies was their better taste.

(MORE)

CL

ATX01 0184246

PAGE TWO
CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- OCTOBER 11, 1953

WILSON: It's because Luckies are made of fine tobacco, and made
(CONT) better that they taste better.

That's why we think it's a good idea for you to be happy --
go Lucky. Yes, next time, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike,
the cigarette that tastes better..

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be happy -- go Lucky

Get better taste today (Long close)

CL

ATX01 0184247

(TAG)

-27-

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

~~JACK: Rochester, did anybody call about the house?~~

~~ROCH: A FEW PEOPLE, BUT I TOLD THEM IT WAS ALREADY SOLD.~~

~~JACK: You shouldn't have done that. The deal is off.~~

~~ROCH: IT IS?~~

~~JACK: Yes, I hit Mr. Borden on the head.~~

~~ROCH: BOSS, I THOUGHT SQUEEZING HIS ARM WAS BAD ENOUGH.~~

~~JACK: It's not what you think... Goodnight, folks.~~ *everybody. Give a little love.*

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin,
Milt Josefsberg, George Bulzer, John Tackaberry,
Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by
Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt
for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station.
Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky
Strike product of the American Tobacco Company....
America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

JW

RTX01 0184248

PROGRAM #6
REVISED SCRIPT

490 Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED OCT. 16, 1953)

JF

RTX01 0184249

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCTOBER 18, 1953
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends ... how do you feel about it?
Isn't smoking enjoyment the main thing you want from your
cigarette? Well, just remember this. Smoking enjoyment
is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is
Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Now,
freshness is especially important -- and you'll be glad to
know that every pack of Lucky Strike is extra tightly
sealed to bring you Luckies' better taste in
all its natural freshness.

(CONTINUED)

DH

ATX01 0184250

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

WILSON: Light up a Lucky and see for yourself how much
(Cont'd) fresher, how much better it does taste. Luckies
just have to taste better. In the first place they're
made with fine tobacco ... fine, naturally mild,
good-tasting tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco. Secondly, Luckies are made better --
made round and firm and fully packed to draw
freely and smoke evenly. All this means better
taste. Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of
taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies
taste better. So Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Get
better taste and get it fresh with Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET
(LONG CLOSE) Get Better Taste Today!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, !

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... FOR TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN INTRODUCING THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, AND AFTER ALL THIS TIME YOU'D THINK I'D RUN OUT OF NICE THINGS TO SAY ABOUT HIM... WELL, I HAVE.. SO HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, ^{thank you}...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...And Don...that wasn't a very nice introduction.

DON: ^{Well} I'm sorry, Jack... after twenty years I just couldn't think of anything new.

JACK: Oh, you couldn't, eh? Well, Don, I'm sure that if I were introducing you, I wouldn't have that trouble.

DON: Oh yes, you would, Jack...You've been saying the same things about me for years...^{well} I'll bet you can't say anything that I haven't heard before.

JACK: Oh yes I can, Don.

DON: What?

JACK: You're fired!.....And now, ladies and gentlemen, we'll proceed with our--

DON: ^{wait a minute} Wait a minute, Jack, you're not serious, are you?

JACK: Well....

JF

DON: You can't fire me...After all, I've got a wife and three
children to support.

JACK: Don..Don, stop worrying..You've been with me for twenty
years and I hope you're with me for another -- Oh, hello,
Mary.

~~MARY: Hello, Jack...Hello, Don.~~

DON: Hello, Mary.

MARY: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack, but my car wouldn't start this
morning and I had to take the bus.

JACK: Oh, that's all right.

DON: Say Mary, if your car doesn't start, why didn't you call a
mechanic and find out what's wrong with it?

MARY: I know what's wrong with it.

JACK: What?

MARY: Well, the timing gear slipped two degrees which not only
threw off the timing of the valves but also caused the
distributor to lose synchronization, which changed the
firing order of the spark plugs causing the cylinders to
pre-ignite at the top of each piston stroke.

DON: ...My goodness, Mary, how come you know so much about
automobile engines?

MARY: If you're gonna ride around in Jack's car, you better know
everything.

JACK: Look, Mary..if you know so much, how come you couldn't
get my car started Saturday night when we stalled on top
of Mulholland Drive?

BH

DON: ...Wait a minute, Mary..did Jack try to pull that corny old routine about his car being out of gas?

MARY: Yes, but he couldn't fool me....that thing burns coal.

JACK: Mary, stop making things up.

MARY: I'm not making things up..your car does burn coal.

JACK: It does not.

MARY: Then why do you always have to stay home when John L. Lewis calls a strike?

JACK: Because I'm a strong union man, that's why.

DON: Say Mary, if all those things are wrong with your car, wouldn't it be cheaper to get a new one?

MARY: Yes, Don..in fact, I've been shopping for a new car.

DON: What kind do you think you'll get?

MARY: Well, I've been thinking about a Cadillac.

JACK: Gee, a Cadillac.

MARY: Yes, and I'll still be thinking about it when I buy the M.G.

DON: Say Mary, are you paying cash for the M.G.?

MARY: No, I can't afford that...they're taking my old car for the down payment, and then I'll only have to pay eight dollars and sixty cents a month.

JACK: For how long?

MARY: From Here To Eternity.

JACK: Hmm, why does everybody have to use the title of that picture to make jokes?

BH

ATX01 0184254

DON: Because it's such a great picture..don't you think so?

JACK: I haven't seen it yet.

DON: Why not?

JACK: Because it's still playing at a first run house, and I'm in no hurry, I can wait to see it.

DON: Till when?

MARY: Till they show it on television.

JACK: Look Mary, you can stop with those jokes..I'm not in the mood for --

DENNIS: ^{oh} Hello, everybody.

DON: ^{well} Hello, Dennis.

JACK: Hi ya, kid. ^{Yeah, Dennis}

MARY: ^{Dennis} By the way, Dennis, you weren't at any of the rehearsals this week..was anything wrong?

DENNIS: ^{oh} No, ^{Mary} Mr. Benny gave me a few days off so I could go away for a little vacation...I sure enjoyed myself. I went fishing on Lake Meade.

~~DON: Well, how was the fishing, Dennis?~~

DENNIS: Wonderful..and boy, was I lucky.

MARY: What did you catch?

DENNIS: Four trout, three perch, five bass and a high button shoe.

JACK:A high button shoe?

DENNIS: Yeah, but it was too small so I had to throw it back.

JACK: Oh fine...he caught a shoe.

DENNIS: You oughta see the hip boot that got away.

JACK: Oh, quiet.

JF

you know,
DON: I wish I could ~~get~~ ^{go} away ~~to~~ ^{and} do a little fishing. ~~That's~~ ^{the} one of my favorite sports.

MARY: ~~Fishing?~~

DON: ~~Yeah.~~ (WITH FEELING)..What a thrill it is to hook a silvery rainbow trout..one of nature's loveliest creations..What a sight as it breaks the water in a shimmering shower of glistening drops..and the sunlight reflecting on its irridescent beauty.

JACK: Look how he describes a fish, me he can't say anything nice about. *How do you like that?*

Dennis:
MARY: ~~Jack,~~ ^{mad} what are you ~~talking~~ about?

JACK: Nothing, nothing.

Don:
MARY: Say, Dennis..how long were you at Lake Meade?

DENNIS: We were there for a whole week...and I spent all my time out on the boat.

JACK: A whole week on a boat?

DENNIS: AVAST THERE, YE LANDLUBBERS, LARBOARD THE STARBOARD AND DROP THE ANCHOR --

JACK: Look, Dennis --

DENNIS: SHIVER MY TIMBERS AND MAN THE PUMPS OR WE'LL ALL DROWN LIKE RATS --

JACK: Dennis, that's enough.

DENNIS: AHOY ME HEARTIES, BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES AND POOPEN DOWN THE POOP DECK.

JACK: That's enough, Dennis, do you hear?

DENNIS: (A LA BLIGH) STOW THAT TALK, MR. CHRISTIAN, OR I'LL SWING YOU FROM THE HIGHEST YARDARM IN THE BRITISH FLEET.

JF

JACK: Oh for heavens -- ^{Don} ~~Mary~~, see what you can do with him.

^{Don} ~~MARY:~~ ^{Now} Dennis, Jack, ^{is} right...why don't you--

DENNIS: LET THE MEN MUTINY, MY ^{heart} ~~ASS~~. AND DON'T WORRY..THE SHIP
MAY BE ROCKIN' AND PITCHIN', BUT I'LL SAIL IT THROUGH
THIS HURRICANE OR.....or.....or--

MARY: Dennis, what's the matter?

DENNIS: I'm seasick.

JACK: Good, good...Now look, Popeye, it's time for your song...
so let's have it.

DENNIS: Aye, aye, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) *Because You're Mine*

(APPLAUSE)

BH

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: That was very good, Dennis, ^{very, very good ladies & gentlemen} And now ~~lets~~ for our feature attraction tonight we're going to do our version of that exciting new picture, "Wings of the Hawk" which was produced by --

BOB: Say Jack...

JACK: Huh? ^{oh} What is it, Bob?

BOB: ^{Well} Before you ^{go} ~~get~~ into that sketch, I'd ⁻²⁴ like to ask you a little favor.

JACK: A favor?

BOB: ^{Well} It's ^{It's really} not for me, it's for my brother Bing. ^{you see,} He just ~~put-up~~ ^{built} a brand new supermarket here in town.

JACK: ~~A supermarket?~~ ^{Bing built a supermarket?}

BOB: ^{Yes}...the grand opening's tonight ^{and}..There's gonna be lots of celebrities there...and Bing said he'd appreciate ^{what} it if you'd come and help out.

JACK: ^{Well,} Does he want me to play my violin?

BOB: Mmmm no.

JACK: Oh, he just wants me to tell jokes.

BOB: No.

JACK: Well, then what does he want me to do?

BOB: Buy something.

BH

ATX01 0184258

still his got a fat chance. maybe
JACK: Oh...oh...OH...Well, maybe I will drop around. But Bob, I
can't don't understand...with all the deals *that* Bing has, why does
he want to fool around with a supermarket?

BOB: Well, Jack, this isn't just any old supermarket...it's
a super super market.

JACK: It's big *you mean?*

BOB: Big!...At one end you can buy strawberries and at the
other end they're out of season.

JACK: Gee.

BOB *Why,* You have to go through the frozen food department by
dog sled.

JACK: No.

BOB: And when you cross over into the meat department, you
lose a day.

JACK: Well, *take it Bob.* now you're exaggerating...but I'll talk to you about
it later, Bob, because right now it's time for our *plans,* ~~sketch~~.

BOB: *In the* Sketch *hub?*

JACK: Yes, tonight we're going to do our version of Universal
International's Technicolor Production, "Wings of the Hawk."

DON: *and* I heard that picture ~~was~~ *just* full of adventure and
excitement.

JACK: And how! *isn't* The other night I took Mary to see it and she sat
on the edge of the chair all through it.

didn't MARY: *she* I had to, you only bought one ticket.

JACK: ~~I did not.~~ Now ~~Mary,~~ Bob, Don, and Dennis.. you all have important parts, ^{in the play.} Bob, you have the role of a colonel in the Mexican Army...a cruel, ruthless, greedy man who lets nothing stand in his way and I'm going to take the part Van Heflin played..that of a rough, tough, gold prospector, Irish Gallagher.

DENNIS: You're Irish Gallagher?

JACK: That's right.

DENNIS: Oi vey.

JACK: Never mind..Now Dennis, in this sketch you're going to play the part of an old, old prospector, ^{see them}

~~DENNIS: Well, let's get it over with, I want to go fishing again.~~

JACK: ~~Forget about fishing.~~

MARY: ~~Is there a part for me in the sketch, Jack?~~

JACK: ~~Certainly, Mary..you're going to play the part of a~~ Mexican girl, ^{see}. Now where's Mel Blanc?

MEL: Here I am, Jack.

JACK: FOLKS, IT'S MEL BLANC...GIVE HIM A BIG HAND.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: ^{Don't} (WHISPERS) Jack, we're all gonna be in the play--why did you give just him applause?

JACK: ^{Don't} ~~Mary,~~ I have to...it's in his contract.

MARY: You mean you give him money and applause, too?

JACK: No money, just applause...It's ~~amazing-how much you can~~ save when you've got a lot of ~~hans~~ ^{hans} working for you...Now let's ~~see...oh yes...Dennis,-besides-being the old~~ prospector, you'll come in later as a Mexican bandit.

DENNIS: Gee, two parts...it's hard to believe I can sing, too.

JACK: Yeah, yeah... But look, it's getting late... so Don, set the scene, will you?

DON: *Okay* ~~AND~~ NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... WE PRESENT OUR VERSION OF UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL'S EXCITING ADVENTURE STORY... "WINGS OF THE HAWK"...

(DRAMATIC MEXICAN GOLDEN MUSIC)

DON: OUR STORY TAKES PLACE IN MEXICO ^{years ago}... IT ^{is} A TIME OF WAR AND REVOLUTION, FOR THE COUNTRY IS BEING TORN BY THE BITTER STRUGGLE OF THE INSURRECTOS AGAINST THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

(MUSIC UP AND THEN OUT)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS IRISH GALLAGHER. MY PARTNER, DON CARLOS WILSON, AND I WERE PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN THE MEXICAN HILLS. DON CARLOS ^{Wilson} WAS A HARD WORKER. DAY AFTER DAY HE DUG UNDER THAT BLISTERING SUN... AND I NEVER LEFT HIS SIDE. I COULDN'T. HE WAS THE ONLY SHADE FOR MILES... WE WORKED ON AND ON WITH ONLY AN OCCASSIONAL INTERRUPTION.

(SOUND: RAPID GUN SHOTS... BATTLE NOISE... HORSES RUNNING BY)

DON: Irish! Irish! It's the Federalists and the Insurrectos!

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Keep digging, Don Carlos.

DON: But they're shooting at each other ~~and~~ we're right in the middle!

(SOUND: SHOT)

DON: Oooh, ^{oh} one of them got me in the arm.

JACK: Keep digging.

(SOUND: SHOT)

DON: (MOANS) ^{oh} That one got me in the leg.

KT

JACK: Keep digging....

(SOUND: FOUR GUN SHOTS)

JACK: (FILTER) THREE DAYS LATER DON CARLOS WAS STILL STANDING THERE BUT THERE WAS VERY LITTLE SHADE...WE KEPT LOOKING FOR GOLD, BUT WITH ALL THE FIGHTING AND KILLING GOING ON, IT WAS A LITTLE TOUGH. EVERY TIME WE DUG A HOLE, A BODY FELL IN IT...INSTEAD OF A GOLD MINE WE WERE RUNNING THE BIGGEST CEMETERY IN MEXICO...WE DIDN'T GIVE UP OUR QUEST FOR GOLD...BUT AFTER TWO MONTHS OF FRUITLESS EFFORT, DON CARLOS AND I FOUND OURSELVES WALKING THE STREETS OF TAMPICO.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES UP AND DOWN...FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING)

DON: Well, Irish, ~~it~~ looks like we're about at the end of our rope.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yeah, this is awful...No money, no equipment no place to sleep...nothing to eat...nothing to drink... Well, let's see what we can do in this saloon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(TINKLY PIANO PLAYING "TAMPICO")

JACK: ^{How the} ~~Gee~~ ^{full} this place is crowded.

(SOUND: SLAPPING ON BAR FOR SERVICE)

JACK: HEY, BARMAID...BARMAID!

^{Wook:} MARY: (MEXICAN) Si, Senor, what will you have?

JACK: Give me three fingers.

^{Wook:} MARY: Three fingers of what?

JACK: Just three fingers, I'm hungry. ~~I mean, three fingers of anything.~~ If I don't get something to eat pretty soon, I'll --

MARY: Say, aren't you the one they call Irish Gallagher?

JACK: That's right...And this is my partner, Don Carlos...He and I came down here looking for gold.

DON: (DRAMATIC) Yeah, gold...Every time I think of it, I go crazy...Gold...gold...I can see it now...There it is, there it is...and it's mine...it's mine...Gold! Gold!

JACK: Put that down, that's the cuspidor...You know, sister, he goes crazy every time he thinks of gold.

Voice:
~~MARY:~~ Well, does not gold mean anything to you?

JACK: Eh! I can take it or love it -- I mean, leave it...Come on, Don Carlos, let's get out of here.

DON: Wait, ^{wait} Irish...We're in luck...~~You~~ See that little fellow over there...that's Gold-bug Day.

JACK: (FILTER) ~~YEAH~~..HE WAS GOLD-BUG DAY! THE FABULOUS OLD PROSPECTOR WHO FOUND GOLD EVERY TIME HE WENT OUT...DON CARLOS INTRODUCED ME TO HIM.

DON: Gold-bug Day...~~Want~~ you to meet Irish Gallagher.

DENNIS: (OLD MAN) Howdy, Bub.

~~JACK: (REG. MIKE) I'll come right to the point. We need your help, Gold-bug.~~

~~DENNIS: My friends call me Bug.~~

JACK: ~~Well~~, Bug, I hear that you know all about the gold in these parts, and I thought maybe you'd come up into the mountains with us.

KT

ATX01 0184263

DENNIS: Sorry, son, but I'm too old for that now...There was a time when I used to go up ~~into~~ ^{there} them hills...stay for months and months at a time...But then it would get me...I was only human, you know...I'd have to come back...Be back in town with a load of gold ~~and~~ in a couple of nights I'd blow it all in.

JACK: Women, eh?

DENNIS: No, Kleenex, I've got hay fever.

JACK: Oh...Well, look, Bug, ~~if~~ you won't go with us, maybe you can tell us where we can find gold.

DENNIS: ^{Why} Sure...here's a map of Old Mexico...See...You can't go wrong...You take the main road through Tampico till you pass El Paso. After you pass El Paso, you go through El Througho...and turn left at El Lefto.

JACK: What if we turn El Righto?

DENNIS: That's El Wrongo.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...Why don't you come and show us the way?

DENNIS: Nope, I'm too old for prospecting now.

DON: Well, we ~~go~~ go alone, Irish...Tell me, are you sure there's gold there?

DENNIS: ^{Yes sir} ~~Yes~~, lots of it...enough to make one of you rich for the rest of your life.

DON: Only one of us?

DENNIS: Yep.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT...BODY THUD)

KT

ATX01 0184264

JACK: (FILTER) I HATED TO DO IT, DON CARLOS WAS MY BEST FRIEND...
I STILL FELT I MIGHT NEED A GUIDE SO I MADE ONE MORE
ATTEMPT TO GET THE OLD PROSPECTOR TO GO WITH ME.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Are you sure you don't want to come along with
me?

DENNIS: Nope...can't do it...but I'll see you later.

JACK: You will?

DENNIS: Yep, I come back on page twelve as a Mexican bandit.

JACK: ~~Oh...Well, I'll~~ -- wait a minute -- those four Mexicans
who just came in -- they look suspicious -- who are they?

DENNIS: Oh, they ~~are~~ harmless -- they ^{are} ~~are~~ wandering troubadours.

JACK: Oh...(UP) Buenas Dias, Amigos.

QUART: HMMMMM, WE THINK.

JACK: Come on, boys, let's have a song.

QUART: TAMPICO, TAMPICO, ON THE GULF OF MEXICO
TAMPICO, TAMPICO, THAT'S THE PLACE FOR YOU TO GO
TAMPICO, TAMPICO, WHERE BANANA BOATS ALL GO
TAMPICO, TAMPICO, IT'S A PLACE IN MEXICO
IN TAMPICO, TAMPICO ON THE GULF OF MEXICO
WE JUST SIT AROUND AND PUFF
ON A LUCKY, SURE ENOUGH
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE
HAS A BETTER TASTE WE LIKE
^{don} ^{juan}
~~JUAN~~ AND ~~DON~~ AND PEDRO, TOO
THEY SMOKE LUCKIES JUST LIKE YOU
FROM SONORA TO MONTE DEL VISTA
THERE'S A LUCKY IN EVERYONE'S FISTA
AND THEY PLEASE EVERY MISSES AND MISTER
MY UNCLE MY AUNT AND MY SISTER.
LSM, LSM LSMF
LSM FF FF FFF
THERE IS NOTHIN' LIKE PUFFIN' A LUCKY
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE..
STRIKE.. LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) AFTER THEY SANG A FEW MORE SONGS, I LEFT AND
BEGAN MY EXPEDITION...AND I FINALLY FOUND THE SPOT THE
OLD PROSPECTOR MARKED ON THE MAP...I BEGAN DIGGING AND
SURE ENOUGH, I STRUCK IT..~~GOLD..GOLD...THERE IT LAY AT~~
~~MY FEET~~..A SIX FOOT VEIN OF PURE GLITTERING GOLD..IT WAS
SO BEAUTIFUL I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY PEOPLE GET MAD
WHEN YOU CALL THEM YELLOW...~~AS~~ I STARTED TO DIG OUT SOME
OF THIS FABULOUS TREASURE..A TROOP OF HORSEMEN SWOOPE
DOWN ON ~~ME~~.

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES..GUNS SHOTS..SHOUTS)

JACK: I REALIZED IT WAS FOOLISH TO RESIST, SO I WAVED A TRUCE
FLAG...AS SEVERAL OF THEM APPROACHED ME, I RECOGNIZED
THEIR LEADER AS THE CRUEL COLONEL RUIZ, AND I KNEW I'D
HAVE TO PLAY IT CAGEY.

BOB: Senor Hombre, I hear that here you have discovered gold
here.... I theenk, Senor Hombre.

JACK: (FILTER) YES, I WOULD HAVE TO PLAY IT CAGEY BECAUSE HE
WAS PLAYING IT LOUSY.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What did you say, Colonel Ruiz?

BOB: I hear that ^{here} you have discovered gold.

JACK: Gold? ~~no~~, there's no gold around here.

BOB:Q Senor Irish..we are not ones to fool around..and we happen to know that you have found gold here.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) All right..so what about it?

POB: My general ~~here~~ has a proposition to make ^{to} you.

JACK: Well, let's have it.

MEL: Si los matamos tendríamos que cargar con todo, por lo tanto coja usted el oro, Y matalos despues.

JACK: What did he say? *Notre Dame & 6 points*

BOB: He'll give you ~~six to five and Notre Dame~~.

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: (FILTER) YES, I SHOT HIM. I MAY BE IRISH BUT I NEEDED BETTER ODDS THAN THAT...BUT THE FEDERALISTS HAD US OUTNUMBERED. THEY KILLED MY WORKERS, AND TOOK THE MINE. I HAD TO FLEE INTO THE HILLS FOR MY LIFE. AFTER WANDERING FOR DAYS, I STUMBLED EXHAUSTED INTO A CAMP OF INSURRECTOS. AT FIRST THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS, BUT FINALLY ONE OF THEM CAME OVER AND SHOOK MY HAND.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) You want to shake hands?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Then I ~~can~~ consider you my friend?

MEL: Si.

JACK: You will always help me?

MEL: Si.

JACK: (FILTER) THEN TO MY SURPRISE HE WALKED AWAY. ~~I COULD HAVE SWORN HE WAS GOING INTO ONE OF THOSE SILLY ST- OY ROUTINES~~ ...THE INSURRECTOS GAVE ME FOOD AND DRINK AND I WAS ABOUT TO BE ON MY WAY WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A STIR OF EXCITEMENT.

CAST: (AD LIB BABBLE OF VOICES)

GH

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is it? What's happened?

MEL: It is our leader, Raquel...she has been wounded.

JACK: Your leader...is a girl?

voice:
MARY: Si, senor...I am Raquel, their leader.

JACK: Well, I'm awfully pleased ~~to~~ --- wait a minute, weren't you the barmaid?

voice:
MARY: Si Senor, ~~I am playing two parts so I can keep up the payments on my M.C. But on this show, everyone has to play to parts~~

JACK: Well, I -- Raquel -- Raquel -- there is blood on your shoulder.

voice:
MARY: I know, I ~~have~~ been shot...the bullet is still in there.

MEL: Senor, there are no doctors here, and no time to lose... can you remove the bullet?

JACK: I'll try...Now Raquel, there ~~is~~ no anaesthetic and this knife is going to hurt.

voice:
MARY: I know.

JACK: You'll have to be brave.

voice:
MARY: I will try.

JACK: Don't lose your nerve.

voice:
MARY: I won't.

JACK: Okay, here we go.. (TWO GRUNTS) There...it's out.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

voice:
MARY: Pick him up, he fainted.

JACK: (FILTER) WHEN I CAME TO, RAQUEL AND I WERE ALONE AND SHE WAS STROKING MY HAIR. SHE WAS GORGEOUS, WITH SMOOTH OLIVE SKIN, LUSCIOUS LIPS AND A FIGURE LIKE ~~JANE~~ ^{Marilyn Monroe} RUSSELL. AS I CONTINUED LOOKING INTO HER ADORING EYES, A THOUGHT CAME TO ME...WHAT WAS SO BAD ABOUT NOTRE DAME AND SIX ~~TO FIVE~~ ^{points}.

~~THEN I SPOKE TO RAQUEL~~ *spoke to me. She wanted me to join her band of soldiers. But I was more interested in getting my gold.*

BR

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Tell me, Raquel, what do you do when you're not fighting the Federals?

MARY: I work in the Tampico Branch of the May Company.

JACK: They have a branch in Mexico?

MARY: Yes...I'm in the Jose department.

JACK: (FILTER) THIS CONVERSATION WAS GETTING NO PLACE, SO I DECIDED TO LEAVE. BUT AS I TURNED TO GO, SOMEONE PULLED AT MY SLEEVE.

MEL: *Ch* Senor Irish, Senor Irish.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is it?

MEL: Before you leave, I would like you to meet my *little 6 year old* son, Tomas.

JACK: *Ch* Hello, Tomas.

MEL: Tomas, he is learning to be a magician. He does a wonderful act on the stage with his seester.

JACK: Really? So you're a magician, eh, Tomas?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: And you have an act?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: With your sister?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: What is your sister's name?

HARRY: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: Well, what do you do in your act?

HARRY: Saw.

JACK: ~~Saw?~~

BR

~~HARRY: Si.~~

JACK: What do you saw?

HARRY: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: Now wait a minute...somebody put you up to this..who was it?

MEL: . Me.

JACK: You?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Who are you?

MEL: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Now cut that out!

JACK: (FILTER) BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM, THEY WERE DRIVING ME SO NUTS I COULDN'T CY STRAIGHT -- I ~~HEAR~~, SEE STRAIGHT... THEN SUDDENLY OUT OF NOWHERE THE FEDERALS ATTACKED.

(SOUND: GUN SHOTS...AND BATTLE NOISES)

JACK: (FILTER) ONE BY ONE THEY CUT US DOWN..AND THEN RAQUEL WAS HIT...~~BUT FORTUNATELY THE BULLET WENT THROUGH THE HOLE IN HER SHOULDER...~~WE FOUGHT DESPERATELY BUT RAQUEL AND I WERE CAPTURED AND THROWN IN JAIL.

(SOUND: CLANK OF PRISON DOOR)

~~JACK: (REG. MIKE) Raquel, what are they gonna do to me?~~

~~MARY: I know these peegs. They will show us no mercy.~~

~~JACK: What are we going to do?~~

BR

ATX01 0184271

MARY: Wait...That Mexican prisoner sleeping in the next cell... maybe he can tell us how to escape.

JACK: Yeah...I'll ask him.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..THEN RATTLING OF
TIN CUP ACROSS CELL BARS)

JACK: Ah...he's waking up...Excuse me, Senor...but tell me.. do they keep guards on duty here all night.

RUBIN: I do not know.

JACK: Do they have a wall surrounding this prison?

RUBIN: I do not know.

JACK : Well, is it possible to escape from here?

RUBIN: I DON'T KNOW.

JACK: Look, if you don't know anything what are you doing here?

RUBIN: Dennis Day was supposed to come back as a Mexican, but he went fishing.

~~JACK: Oh.~~

JACK: (FILTER) THAT NIGHT I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK...THE CELL WAS COLD, WET AND FILTHY....I DIDN'T MIND THAT SO MUCH, BUT ALL NIGHT LONG THE WIND KEPT WHISTLING THROUGH RAQUEL'S SHOULDER .. THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE SUN ROSE, THEY BLINDFOLDED US AND MARCHED US OUT TO THE COURTYARD.

(SOUND: MARCHING FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Halt!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

BOB: READY! AIM --

JACK: (EXCITED) Wait! You can't shoot me down like a dog..
give me a break..give me a chance.
BOB: I ~~will~~ ^{will} tell you what I ^{will} do, Senor. I give you a fighting
chance. ^{you} Take off your blindfold..Now, here is a weapon
for you...and a weapon for me.

JACK: What?

BOB: You count to ten and may the best hombre win.

JACK: Well, all right, ^{you count to ten} ..one..two..three...

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Ooooooh..Not yet...four..five..six..

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Ooooooh..wait a minute..seven..eight..

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Ooooooh..I think you're cheating..Nine..

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: You missed me.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: That's better..Ten...Ooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

MARY: Irish..Irish..why didn't you shoot back?

JACK: I couldn't, he gave me a knife...

JACK: (FILTER) AS I LAY THERE DYING, WITH MY LAST STRENGTH I
^{reached for a piece of}
~~TOOK MY KNIFE AND WITH ONE PRODIGIOUS EFFORT I THREW IT.~~
^{in resp of everything else I caught his leg.}

(SOUND: LIGHT BODY THUD)

JACK: ~~NO, IT WASN'T COLONEL RUTZ WHO FELL AT MY FEET. IT WAS A~~
~~BIRD. YOU SEE, MY KNIFE HAD CUT OFF THE "WINGS OF THE~~
HAWK".

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

ALLOCATION

WILSON: Ladies and gentlemen here's an important announcement. Carelessness is the greatest single cause of forest fires -- fires that every year destroy enough timber to build 86,000 homes. Most of these fires started because somebody was careless with a lighted match, a campfire, a burning cigarette. Be on guard constantly against fire. Don't give fire a place to start. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, let's meet America's prettiest professional golfer. Here she is -- Miss Alice Bauer.

BR

RTX01 0184274

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

ALICE
BAUER:
(TRANS:)

You know something, I like to play golf. I've played golf for so many years. I've played amateur golf at first and now I'm playing professional golf. And I do like professional golf much better it, I don't know, has more competition in it and you really have to play a much better game of golf. I guess that's all a matter of taste though, and after a hard day out on the golf course and really hard competition, I like to come in and sit down and relax and light up a Lucky. I guess that's a matter of taste too, but to me Luckies taste better.

WILSON:
(LIVE)

Thanks, Alice Bauer. Friends, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother. First, because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And second, because Luckies are made to taste better. So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

ATX01 0184275

(TAG)

-27-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, next Sunday night over the entire C.B.S. Network I will be doing my third television show of the season. *And my guest star will be Humphrey Bogart. I hope you'll all be watching.*

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

~~JACK: Wait a minute, fellows. The sketch is over.~~

~~MARY: Jack, those shots came from the audience.~~

~~JACK: Oh, eh. Goodnight, fans.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company.... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

ATX01 0184276

RTX01 0184277

RM

(TRANSCRIBED OCT. 21, 1953)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1953 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM EST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

1/2 to Broadcast

PROGRAM #7
REVISED SCRIPT

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCTOBER 25, 1953 (Transcribed October 21, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. You know, friends, there are three
words that pretty well sum up why so many millions of
smokers prefer Lucky Strike. And those three words are,
"Luckies taste better". "Taste" that's the key to real
smoking enjoyment. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a
matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies
taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. Luckies come
by their better taste in two ways. First, from fine
tobacco -- and that's right where you'd expect better taste
to start. LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are
made better to taste better. You can see for yourself that
they're round, firm, fully-packed, to draw freely and smoke
evenly. You'll get more enjoyment from smoking if you
remember ... smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste.

JP

(MORE)

ATX01 0184278

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL - PAGE 2

WILSON: And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Be
(CONT'D) happy -- go Lucky. Get better taste. Next time ask for
 a carton of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
 Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

JF

ATX01 0184279

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS PROGRAM JACK BENNY WILL DO ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW WITH HIS GUEST STAR HUMPHREY BOGART...MEANWHILE, LET'S GO OUT TO BEVERLY HILLS... LAST NIGHT JACK BENNY HAD A SMALL DINNER PARTY AT HIS HOME. AS WE LOOK IN NOW, WE FIND ROCHESTER ONCE AGAIN WITH THE HELP OF HIS FRIEND, ROY, CLEANING UP.

(SOUND: VACUUM CLEANER GOING..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

ROCH: GEE, IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER AND HELP ME WITH MY WORK, ROY.

ROY: Oh, that's all right, Rochester...that's what friends are for.

(SOUND: VACUUM OFF)

ROCH: THERE, THE RUGS LOOK FINE NOW..HELP ME PUT AWAY THE CHAIRS.

ROY: Okey.

(SOUND: MOVING OF CHAIRS..SCUFFLING NOISES)

ROY: Say, who did Mr. Benny have at the party last night?

ROCH: OH, THE USUAL PEOPLE...HIS CAST...SOME OF THE MUSICIANS... AND HIS WRITERS.

ROY: Were Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman here?

ROCH: NO...THEY WERE INVITED..BUT AS THEY WERE LEAVING THEIR HOUSE TO COME^{not} HERE, MR. COLMAN TRIPPED ON THE STEPS AND BROKE HIS LEG.

RM

ATX01 0184280

ROY: NO!

ROCH: YEAH..YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE SMILE ON HIS FACE AS THEY DROVE HIM AWAY IN THE AMBULANCE.....NOW LET'S TAKE THE EXTRA LEAVES OUT OF THE DINING ROOM TABLE, AND ~~GET IT BACK TO THE REGULAR SIZE.~~

(SOUND: SUITABLE NOISES)

ROY: Say, Rochester -- who sat in this chair?

ROCH: FRANK REMLEY...WHY?

ROY: He left his shoes under the table.

ROCH: WELL, PUT HIS SHOES IN THE CLOSET.

ROY: You'll have to help me, he's still in them.

~~ROCH: FIRST TAKE THE GLASS OUT OF HIS HAND AND WASH IT...USE THIS SPOON TO FRY HIS FINGERS LOOSE...GOOD.~~

ROY: Say, Rochester..would you like to go bowling with the boys on your next day off?

ROCH: I CAN'T, ROY..I HAVE A DATE TO GO OUT WITH SUSIE.

ROY: ~~Say,~~ you've been seeing a lot of her, haven't you?

ROCH: YEAH.

ROY: Tell me, Rochester..why don't you and Susie get married?

ROCH: OH, WE'D LIKE TO...IN FACT, I EVEN TALKED TO HER FATHER.. BUT HE SAID HE WON'T LET ME MARRY SUSIE BECAUSE I CAN'T SUPPORT HER IN THE ^{same} STYLE TO WHICH HE HAS ACCUSTOMED HER. *no*

ROY: Oh...what does he do for a living?

ROCH: NOTHING, HE'S ON RELIEF....NOW LET'S PUT ALL THE SILVERWARE AWAY.

~~ROY: It goes in this drawer here, doesn't it?~~

~~ROCH: THAT'S IT.~~

(SOUND: BUREAU DRAWER OPENS..SILVERWARE BEING PUT AWAY)

RM

ATX01 0184281

ROY: Gee, Rochester, I thought you were making more money now...
Wasn't Mr. Benny supposed to give you a raise last year?

ROCH: UH HUH...BUT THEN HE GOT MAD AT ME ON FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH...
THAT'S HIS BIRTHDAY.

~~ROY: Oh, and you forgot?~~

ROCH: NO, I ~~REMEMBERED!~~.....^{- when} WHEN HE CAME DOWN TO BREAKFAST THAT
MORNING, I PRESENTED HIM WITH A BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH FORTY
CANDLES.

ROY: ^{Well,} What did Mr. Benny do?

ROCH: HE ATE ONE CANDLE AND WE WERE BACK TO NORMAL.

ROY: And he used a silly thing like that for a reason not to
give you a raise?

ROCH: UH HUH.

ROY: Rochester, tell me something...why is Mr. Benny so..er..
shall we say--frugal?

ROCH: OH, WE SHALL, WE SHALL!

ROY: What I mean, Rochester, is, ^{- so} why is Mr. Benny so anxious to
save all his money..doesn't he know that old saying, "You
can't take it with you?"

ROCH: OH, HE KNOWS HE CAN'T TAKE IT WITH HIM...BUT HE FIGURES IF
HE LEAVES A BIG ENOUGH PILE, HE CAN LOOK DOWN AND SEE IT.

~~ROY: I don't know, there may be snow on top of it.~~

~~ROCH: I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, BOSS.

ROY: Good morning, Mr. Benny.

RM

JACK: ^{Oh} Good morning, Roy...Well, you fellows certainly have the house looking nice and clean.

ROY: THANK YOU...SAY, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GET YOU ANYTHING SPECIAL FOR BREAKFAST, [?] MR. BENNY?

JACK: No, Rochester..just ^{some} orange juice, coffee and toast.

ROY: ^{Oh} I'LL HAVE IT READY IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES.

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

~~JACK: You know, Roy, I think it's awfully nice of you to come over and help Rochester on your day off.~~

~~ROY: I'm glad to do it, Mr. Benny..after all, Rochester's my best friend..We've known each other for years...we even went to school together.~~

~~JACK: I didn't know that...Tell me, Roy..what kind of a kid was Rochester?...Did he go in for athletics when he was at school?~~

~~ROY: No .. but he did sing in the school glee club..he was a boy soprano.~~

~~JACK: A soprano?~~

~~ROY: Yeah, when his voice changed, it really changed.~~

~~JACK: I know, I know.~~

MEL: (SQUAWKS) HELLO, HELLO...(WHISTLES)

JACK: Oh, hello, Polly.

MEL: Hello, Daddy..hello, Daddy...(WHISTLES)

ROY: Gee, that sure is a smart perrot you have there, Mr. Benny.

JACK: I know, Polly ^{is} very clever.

MEL: Very clever, very clever. (SQUAWKS)

ROY: This morning while Rochester and I were cleaning up, she just kept singing all the latest songs.

RM

JACK: I know...every week ^{you know} she listens to the Hit Parade.

ROY: Oh...Polly likes music?

JACK: Yes^h and she's crazy about Dorothy Collins, too.

MEL: (SINGS LIKE DOROTHY COLLINS) LUCK-KYS TASTE BET-TER --
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER -- (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: You're darn ^{- you bit} right they do, Polly.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROY: Shall I answer the door, Mr. Benny?

JACK: No, I'll get it, Roy.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder who that is at the door...Maybe it's Ava Gardner...
or Jane Russell...or Marilyn Monroe.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Gee, here it is eleven o'clock and I'm not awake yet....Oh we
well...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming, coming.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Hi, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Bob, I wasn't expecting you.

MEL: Hello, Bob...Hello, Bob (SQUAWKS & WHISTLE)

BOB: ~~Hi~~, hello, Polly....Say, Jack, I came over ~~here~~ to see
you on a rather personal matter that --

JACK: Now, look, ^{look look} Bob, if it's about ^{that} raise in salary, I can't --

BOB: ^h No, no, ^m Jack. I'm perfectly happy with what I'm getting.

RM

JACK: ~~Well~~ Good, good...Then what is it, ^{what is it,} Bob?

BOB: Well, Jack, one of the gimmicks on my afternoon television show is sort of a quiz...and you can help me out.

JACK: How?

BOB: Well, you'll stand behind a screen where no one can see you and ^{you'll} play something on your violin..

JACK: On my violin? ^{Bob: Um...mm-mm} ..Hey, that's great...and the contestant will try to guess what song I'm playing.

BOB: No, what instrument.

JACK: ~~How~~..Well, ^{well,} I guess I can do that for you, Bob...and then I'll tell you what ^{she} I'll do. When the quiz is over, I'll step out on the stage and tell some jokes.

BOB: ^{Oh well,} Gee, thanks a lot, Jack, ..but...but...we don't have ^{any} jokes on ^{my} the program. ^{Jack: Oh,} You see, we find it kinda difficult to get laughs on my show.

JACK: Well, that's funny. I get big laughs on my show. Why is it, ^{is} tough for you?

BOB: Well, look...I'm a young man...I'm reasonably nice looking... ^{hair} sing a pretty good song...

JACK: Uh huh.

BOB: ^{now how in the world} ..Have my own hair, and I like to spend money, ~~how am I~~ ^{am I} going to get laughs?

JACK: Gee, I never thought of that.

ROCH: (COMING IN) THE MAIL JUST CAME, MR. BENNY...HERE IT IS.

JACK: Oh, thanks...Let's see...These are all bills...this looks like an advertisement...~~a copy of Reader's Digest...wait a minute, I don't subscribe to Reader's Digest...Sure, look... this is addressed to Mr. Ronald Colman.~~

RM

~~ROCH: I KNOW, THE POSTMAN DELIVERED IT DIRECT, HE THOUGHT HE'D
SAVE YOU THE TRIP OVER.~~

JACK: ~~Hum, Christmas is coming, he starts being nice to me.~~
Let's see what this ad is...

(SOUND: TEARING OPEN OF ENVELOPE)

JACK: It's from the Book of the Month Club...They've been trying
to get me to join that for years...^{you know}...I wonder if I should.

BOB: ^{Oh, that's} ~~It's~~ a good set-up, Jack...You get all the latest books..

JACK: I know.

BOB: ~~No,~~ ^{my} All my friends and family belong to it.

JACK: What about your brother Bing?

BOB: ^{well} ~~Oh,~~ he belongs to the yacht of the month club.

JACK: The yacht of the month club? I never heard of that.

BOB: ^{well} The only other member is Ali Kahn.

JACK: Oh.

BOB: King Farouk dropped out about a year ago.

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ ^{You can get laughs on your own show. Don't worry.}

ROCH: SAY, MR. BENNY, YOUR BREAKFAST IS READY.

JACK: Oh, thanks...Bob, would you like to join me?

BOB: ^{thank you} ~~No,~~ Jack. I just had mine...~~but while you're eating, do-~~
~~you mind if I use your piano?~~

JACK: ~~No, go ahead.~~

~~BOB: I'd like to run over a song I'm gonna do on my television
show.~~

JACK: Good, good...~~go ahead,~~ Bob.

(APPLAUSE)

(~~BOB GROSEY'S SONG -- "MANY TIMES")~~)

(APPLAUSE)

RM

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~Say, Bob, that was a good number, I'd like you to do it on my show sometime.~~ *Say - I think*

BOB: ~~I'd love to, Jack, but I'd better be running along now or I'll be late for my afternoon T.V. show.~~

JACK: ~~But it's still~~ pretty early, *isn't it.*

BOB: *(Squawk)* I know, but I still have to be made up, and I need a shave,

MEL: How are you fixed for blades. (WHISTLES)

BOB: *My* Gee, she knows the Gillette commercials.

ROCH: KNOWS 'EM, SHE DOES 'EM.

JACK: Oh, so that's where she goes every Friday night...Well, so long Bob, see you at rehearsal Saturday. *Sub?*

BOB: So long, Jack.

Jack: *is long*
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

ROCH: OH, MR. BENNY...

JACK: Yes?

ROCH: WELL... ROY AND I HAVE FINISHED CLEANING UP THE HOUSE, AND ROY IS ABOUT TO LEAVE...AND WELL, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION.

JACK: Oh, yes. *She* . . .

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

JACK: Oh, Roy...

ROY: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: I want to thank you for helping Rochester...and here, this is for you...One...two...three...four...five.

ROY: Five, Mr. Benny?

BA

JACK: Yes, bring your friends, they might enjoy the broadcast,
too. It's really ^{really} a good one, ^{you know}.

ROY: Thank you, Mr. Benny, I'm sure we'll enjoy the show...
Goodbye.

JACK: Wait a minute, Roy, ^{wait a minute...} before you go, I want to give you some
money, too.

ROY: Oh, that's not necessary. ^{that's}

JACK: ^{He is right... now} Never mind... ^{now} but I'll tell you what... I'll play a little
game with you... Just a minute.....there..... Now
I've got some money in my fist, and if you can guess how
much it is, it's yours... I'll give you three guesses.

ROY: Okay... A dollar?

JACK: No.

ROY: ...Two dollars?

JACK: No.

ROY: ...Let me see... could it be three or --

ROCH: ROY, YOU'RE GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

JACK: He is not... I've got a five dollar bill... Here it is, Roy.

ROY: Well, thank you, Mr. Benny, thank you.

JACK: You're welcome.

ROY: Goodbye... See you next week, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, ROY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

ROCH: MR. BENNY, MAY I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL TO YOU?

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: WELL... I'M CONVINCED ~~THAT~~ YOU'RE GETTING MORE GENEROUS
ALL THE TIME.

JACK: Really?

BA

ROCH: ^{- 5/11} YES...I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME YOU PLAYED THAT GAME WITH ME...I NEVER GUESSED HOW MUCH ~~MONEY~~ YOU HAD IN YOUR FIST.

JACK: Let's see.. What did I have?

ROCH: THREE FRANCS, FOUR YEN AND A PESO.

JACK: Oh yes...I did a lot of traveling that year^o..Rochester, I forgot to ask you. Were there any phone calls for me?

ROCH: NO, BUT WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEPING, A POLICEMAN FROM THE BEVERLY HILLS TRAFFIC DIVISION CAME TO SEE YOU...HE'LL BE BACK LATER, HE WANTS TO SEE YOU PERSONALLY.

JACK: Oh, my goodness...What did he want?

ROCH: WELL, THE CITY WANTS TO PUT PARKING METERS IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE.

JACK: Well, why does he have to see me personally?

ROCH: ^{well} THEY WANT YOU TO TAKE YOURS DOWN FIRST.

JACK: ...~~How~~...How do you like that...A rich city like Beverly Hills...~~they~~ can't stand a little competition...^{well} Anyway, if there are any other calls for me^{Jack,}, I don't want to be disturbed.

ROCH: OH, ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE A NAP?

JACK: No, I'm going into the den and practice my violin.

ROCH: (HURT) ^{Oh boss} YOU PROMISED ME YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT ^{until} ~~TELL~~ MY DAY OFF OFF.

JACK: I know, but this is an emergency ^{now,} Bob Crosby wants me to play it on his television program and --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: WANT ME TO TELL THEM ^{that} YOU'RE NOT IN?

JACK: No, I'll get this one.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DON: (IN A VERY HOARSE WHISPLER--TALKS THIS WAY ALL THROUGH ROUTINE) Hello, Jack..this is Don ^{Wilson}.

JACK: ~~Oh, hello, Don, why are you~~ ^{Don, what's the matter with you?}

DON: ^{Jack,} Jack, I'd like you to hear the commercial for next Sunday's show.

JACK: ~~All right, Don, but~~ you sound so peculiar, what's wrong?

DON: I exhaled and let out all my breath.

JACK: ^{Well} Why did you let out all your breath?

DON: I had to, I'm calling from a phone booth.

JACK: ~~Now~~ wait a minute, Don..you ^{- you} can fit into a phone booth.

DON: I know, but the Sportsman Quartet ^{is} in here with me.

JACK: Oh..Well, Don, look --

DON: [?] I can't hold it much longer..Hit it, fellows.

(INTRO)

QUART: OH LADY, OH, HOW SHE CAN SNUGGLE
SHE'S AS SWEET AS CAN BE
AND WHEN WE'RE IN THE PARLOR
OH, THE WAY SHE WHISPERS PRETTY NOthings TO ME
ALL I CAN DO IS HOLLER
OH, IT ISN'T WHAT SHE DOES BUT
OH, THE CLEVER WAY SHE DOES IT.
SPECIALLY WHEN SHE MEETS ME NEATH THE MOON ABOVE
SWEET COOKIE.. OH, WHAT'LL I DO
THE WAY SHE SENDS ME WITH HER CO GET 'EM EYES
AND PUTS ME IN A FLURRY
OH, DOODLE LOO OY,
THE WAY I FALL FOR ALL HER BEAUTIFUL LIES
BELIEVE ME, I SHOULD WORRY.
OH, THE WAY SHE FEEDS ME TAFFY
OH, I THINK SHE'LL DRIVE ME DAFKY
OH, OH, OH, OH, HOW MY SUPER SENTIMENTAL WONDERFUL
SWEETIE CAN LOVE.
OH, LADY, OH, DOODLE LOO DO
THE WAY SHE HOLDS A LUCKY STRIKE IN HER HAND
IT MAKES ME VERY HAPPY
OH, DOODLE LOO DO, FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE
LUCKIES ARE GRAND, JUST ASK YOUR DEAR OLD PAPPY.

(MORE)

QUART: OH, SUCH FINE AND LIGHT TOBACCO
(CONT'D) OH, THERE'S TWENTY IN A PACK, SO
LADY, WHEN I SEE YOU LIGHT A LUCKY I KNOW
TOGETHER WE'LL BE SAYING
OH, A LUCKY HAS A BETTER, TASTE IT IS TRUE
I LIKE TO SING ABOUT 'EM
OH, A CLEANER FRESHER SMOKE AND SMOOTHER FOR YOU
I'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT 'EM
OH, THE ONLY SMOKE FOR ME IS
OH, AN LSMFT
AND OH, OH, OH, OH, I'M SO WILD ABOUT A LUCKY
ALL I CAN SAY IS JUST, OH
ALL I CAN SAY IS JUST, OH.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

DON: (STILL SPEAKING HOARSELY) How did you like it, Jack?

JACK: *Oh* Fine, Don, fine... Now for heaven's sakes, take a breath.

DON: *Oh* Thank goodness...(HE TAKES A DEEP EXAGGERATED BREATH)

(SOUND: LOUD SPLINTERING OF WOOD)

DON: (NORMAL VOICE) *Oh* Darn it, I should have stepped out of the *phone* booth first.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...Goodbye, Don.

DON: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *Oh* Rochester, get me my violin, *will you?*

ROCH: WELL....ER...ALL RIGHT. HERE YOU ARE.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: PLINKING OF VIOLIN STRINGS)

JACK: Hmm, it's out of tune ... This string needs tightening.

(SOUND: PLUNKING ON LOOSE STRING...THEN COUPLE OF SQUEAKS OF PEG TURNING...THEN MORE PLUNKING ON STILL LOOSE STRING.)

JACK: Gee, it *needs* more tightening.

(SOUND: SQUEAKING OF PEG BEING TURNED...THEN BOING OF STRING BREAKING)

JACK: Oh, darn it, I broke it...and I ~~don't have~~ *haven't got* another string in the house.

ROCH: (HAPPY) WELL, I GUESS YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PRACTICE TODAY.

JACK: *you were so happy, we couldn't get your line straight.* I've got to *have to - write* Rochester...I'm going down to the music store and get ~~one~~ *a string*. Now get the car out and drive me down.

practice

MG

ROCH: BOSS, THE CAR ISN'T RUNNING.

JACK: What's wrong with it?

ROCH: EVERYTHING...THAT CAR'S IN TERRIBLE SHAPE...YOU OUGHT TO GET A NEW ONE.

JACK: Oh stop...my car is fine.

ROCH: BOSS, LOOK...LET'S BE HONEST...ALL OTHER CARS BELONG TO THE AUTO CLUB, THIS ONE BELONGS TO THE BLUE CROSS.

JACK: ~~It does not~~...Anyway, it's such a nice day, I'll walk. ^{I think}

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'll be back soon.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWN FOUR STEPS...THEN ON CEMENT...FADE TO B.G. AND SUSTAIN)

JACK: Gee, it's so clear and sunny, ~~but~~ it was sure windy the other day ... In fact, I never saw it so windy ... ~~This is~~ the first time that the swallows and Capistrano flew South... (HUMS A LITTLE OF LOVE IN BLOOM) ~~Ohhh~~, there's that pretty French nursemaid who works for the people on the corner.... She's wheeling their baby ... I'll catch up to her.

(SOUND: SEVERAL VERY FAST FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (VERY SWEETLY) Hello, Miss.

VEOLA: Oh...Bonjour, Monsieur Bennay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: It's certainly a nice day.

VEOLA: Oui, Monsieur...eet ees.

MEL: (GURGLES LIKE A BABY)

MG

JACK: Oh, what a cute ^{what a cute} little baby.

MEL: (GURGLES AS THOUGH HE'S PLEASED)

JACK: Ahhh, kitchy, kitchy koo.

MEL: (GURGLES AND LAUGHS HAPPILY)

JACK: Ahh, kootchie kootchie kee.

MEL: (GURGLES SOME MORE)

JACK: ~~Awww, I just can't resist ... I've got to do it.~~

(SOUND: ~~BIG KISS~~)

~~VEOLA: Monsieur Bennay, you're supposed to kiss zee baby, not me.~~

~~JACK: Oh, Oh, it's these glasses I'm wearing... But he's such a cute baby.~~

~~VEOLA: Yes, and he is so ... so...so...bien.~~

JACK: Bien?

VEOLA: In French that means "good."

JACK: ~~Oh~~ You know, Mademoiselle...you're the ^{you're the} most beautiful nursemaid I've ever seen.

VEOLA: Monsieur, you are so kind.

JACK: And you're not only beautiful, you're probably very talented, too.

VEOLA: Monsieur, you are so sweet.

JACK: You know ... I can probably get you in the movies.

VEOLA: Monsieur, you are so corny.

JACK: What?

VEOLA: You see, I have been warned about zee American men promising girls ~~zee~~ jobs in peectures.

MEL: ^{as} (GURGLES AND COOS)

JACK: But ^{you know} I'm pretty important in this town ~~and~~ I can do it ...

MG

VEOLA: I know, Monsieur...the very first time I saw you, I recognized you ... You see, before I came to zis country years ago, I saw one of your movies in Paris^{ee}.

JACK: Oh, what picture~~s~~ was it?

VEOLA: Zee Horn Blows at Meednight.

MEL: (CRIES LIKE HELL)

JACK: What's he crying for, he never saw it...Now be a good baby.

~~VEOLA: I think he cries because he wants me to keep walking.~~

~~JACK: Oh, well, why don't you come with me ... I'm only taking a walk to the music store on the corner.~~

~~VEOLA: The music store?~~

~~JACK: Yes, I have to get a new string...I broke one and can't play my violin.~~

~~VEOLA: (USING JACK'S INTONATIONS) Bien, bien.~~

~~JACK: Huh? ... Gee, it sounds so nice when you say it.~~

~~VEOLA: Merci-beaucoup ... And Monsieur, I cannot walk weeth you ... I theenk it is time to take baby home.~~

~~JACK: Oh ... well goodbye ... Goodbye, baby.~~

~~MEL: (GURGLES A GOODBYE)~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MG

ATX01 0184296

JACK: (HUMS A LITTLE ~~LOVE-IN-BLOOM~~) ... Gosh, she's beautiful.....
And the baby was such a cute one, too ... but it's amazing
how much he looks like my parrot ... (HUMS A LITTLE)
Gee, while I'm at the music store, I ought to get some new
records for my phonograph ... The gang ~~that was~~ at my
party last night had a hard time dancing to "Cohen On The
Telephone." (HUMS "~~LOVE-IN-BLOOM~~" ^{see}) ~~Say~~, I hope it doesn't
take too long in that music store. I have to go home and
get dressed for my television show tonight.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... TINKLE OF BELL...DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ^{Well} ~~Say~~, this is a classy looking store...^{they} ~~they've~~ got
everything...all kinds of musical instruments...radios...
television sets...^{see} ~~Say~~, I wonder what I'd be today if radio
and television weren't invented...After all, I owe my
success to ~~my~~ radio and T.V. shows...That's why I'll always
be grateful to Edison ... No, wait a minute...Edison didn't
have anything to do with radio...that was Marconi...Edison
invented the movies...Him I owe nothing... I wish someone
would wait on me ... I wonder if that man is a salesman. ^{there} ...
I'll ask him.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Excuse me.

MEL: (MOOLEY) Yes sir...can I help you?

JACK: Yes, I want to buy a string for my violin.

MEL: ^{Oh} You get those in the musical instrument department. I'm in
charge of the ^{phonograph} record department.

MG

JACK: Oh good...that's ^{one} of the things I'm here for, too...some new records.

MEL: ~~well,~~ ^{oh} then you're in luck...we just got some very excellent ones, ^{now,} let's see.

(SOUND: SHUFFLING OF RECORDS)

MEL: ~~Ah,~~ ^{oh} here's the record I'm looking for...It's the Boston Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra's rendition of "La Toldelana De Pontrero."

~~JACK: What does that mean in English?~~

~~MEL: "Hey Bar Maid."~~

JACK: ~~"Hey Bar Maid"~~? ... No, I don't think I'd like that.

MEL: ~~Oh,~~ I can show you how it goes.

JACK: Look, there's no sense playing it on a phonograph ~~because --~~

MEL: You don't need to hear it on a phonograph...I'll show you myself ... I do a wonderful imitation of an electric organ.

JACK: An electric organ?

MEL: Yeah, listen. (HE DOES HIS IMITATION OF ELECTRIC ORGAN)

JACK: Wait a minute, ^{look, mister...} wait a minute. ^{wait a minute... look at} I'm ~~sorry, Mister...~~ but that ~~that~~ didn't sound much like an electric organ to me.

MEL: Well, I wasn't plugged in.

JACK: ~~Hmm...~~ Look, can I get someone else to wait on me?

MEL: What's the matter...don't you like me?

JACK: It's not, ^{it's not} that ... but ... well...frankly, ^{look it} ~~I don't think a man like you knows too much about music.~~

~~MEL: Appearances are deceiving, Mister...Oh, I know I don't sound much like an artist, but I studied the piano all my life... I even made my debut at Carnegie Hall as a concert pianist. You should hear what the newspaper critics said about me.~~

MG

JACK: What did they say?

MEL: That I was a perfectionist at the piano...that I had the technique of Padereski...the precision of Rubinstein...and the tone of Iturbi.

JACK: Then how come you didn't become a great pianist?

MEL: I didn't have teeth like Liberace.

JACK: Look, I've changed my mind...I don't want any records...all I want is a string for my violin.

MEL: Well, I told you...it's in that department over there...The salesman will help you.

JACK *Oh* Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: I don't know what's wrong with me today, but everybody looks like my parrot ... Oh, this man here must be the salesman... Oh Mister...Mister...

NELSON: YESSSSSSSS.

JACK: ~~Hum~~ *No*...Look, I came over here to buy a G-String.

NELSON: Violin, cello, or are you a burlesque dancer?

JACK: It's for my violin...don't you recognize me?

NELSON: Let's see...Are you Jascha Heifitz?

JACK: No.

NELSON: Mischa Elman?

JACK: No.

NELSON: Why Evelyn, how you've changed!

JACK: Look, I'm not Evelyn...I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: Jack Benny, the radio and television comedian?

JACK: Yes.

MG

ATX01 0184299

NELSON: Well, what a coincidence...My ex-wife thinks you're so funny.

JACK: Your ex-wife thinks I'm funny?

NELSON: Yes, that was the grounds for the divorce.

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: The judge even awarded me the custody of the children.

JACK: Look, I didn't come here to discuss your private life... all I want is a string for my violin.

NELSON: All right, all right -- Here. That'll be two dollars and a half.

JACK: *Well,* Charge it.

NELSON: Do you have a charge account here?

JACK: Yes ... just look under Jack Benny, you'll find it.

NELSON: Let's see...

(SOUND: SHUFFLING OF PAPERS)

NELSON: Yes...here it is ... Jack Benny, 366 N. Camden Drive... Sayyyyyy, you owe us eighty-nine cents.

JACK: What for?

NELSON: "Cohen On The Telephone."

JACK: Never mind, just charge this string to me.

NELSON: Look, why do I have to go through all the trouble of writing up a charge for such a little amount...why don't you pay cash?

JACK: Because I want to charge it ... now write it up.

NELSON: I'm not going to.

JACK: Now wait a minute...why is it ~~that~~ I get along with everybody else, but the minute I meet you, there's trouble?

NELSON: Because I don't like you.

JACK: Well, I don't like you either ... Now wrap that string.

NELSON: It'll be a pleasure.

JACK: That's better.

NELSON: I'm going to wrap it around your neck.

JACK: That settles it, I'm getting out of here [^].. And if I
ever meet you again -- (PLAYOFF MUSIC STARTS) ^{Nelson: you will} I'm
warning you that there will be so much trouble -- (MUSIC
LOUDER) that you won't forget it as long as you live. ^{Now let it}
(PLAYOFF UP FULL AND APPLAUSE) ^{tell you right now - - -}

MG

NATIONAL

JACK: I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS Television network with my guest star, Humphrey Bogart, but first, a word to cigarette smokers ...

PACIFIC COAST

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at 7^{:30} PM over the CBS Television network with my guest star, Humphrey Bogart, but first, a word to cigarette smokers ...

MG

ATX01 0184302

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
OCTOBER 25, 1953 (Transcribed October 21, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: Friends, have you smoked a fresh cigarette lately? You have, if you've smoked a Lucky ... because the American Tobacco Company, the makers of Lucky Strike know how vitally important freshness is to the taste of a cigarette. That's why every day in the manufacturing plants where Luckies are made hundreds of packs of Luckies are carefully tested for the tightness of their cellophane seal ... so you'll get Luckies' better taste in all its natural freshness. Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. There are two things that account for this better taste. First -- fine tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco goes into Lucky Strike. Then, Luckies are made better -- made round, firm, fully-packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. So for a better-tasting, fresher-tasting cigarette, light up a Lucky.

JF

(MORE)

ATX01 0184303

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - PAGE 2

WILSON: You'll agree smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste.
(CONT'D) And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Be
happy -- go Lucky -- with a carton of Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN (Long Close)
QUARTET: Be happy -- go Lucky
Get better taste today!

JF

ATX01 01B4304

(TAG - NATIONAL)

JACK: *you,* Ladies and gentlemen, in just thirty seconds I will be doing my television show over the CBS Television Network and I will have as my guest star....

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

...Humphrey Bogart, so goodnight, folks. See you in thirty seconds.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

(TAG - PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight at seven PM I will be doing my television show over the CBS Television Network and I will have as my guest star --

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

...Humphrey Bogart, so goodnight, folks. See you at seven tonight.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Takaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike, product of the American Tobacco Company... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

SECRET

01X01 018430Z

PROGRAM #8
REVISED SCRIPT

"The Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED OCT. 28, 1953)

BH

ATX01 0184308

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 1, 1953 (Transcribed October 28, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. Friends, you may remember that last year a survey was made in leading colleges from coast to coast. This was a survey of smokers, and it showed that Luckies were the favorite cigarette in those colleges. Yes, Luckies were Number One. This year another nationwide survey was made -- a representative survey of all students in regular colleges coast to coast. Based on thousands of actual student interviews -- this survey shows that Luckies lead again -- lead over all other brands, regular or king-size -- and by a wide margin. These students were asked why they smoked Luckies. The Number One reason given -- this year, just as last -- was Luckies' better taste.

(MORE)

BH

ATK01 0184309

WILSON: After all, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste --
(CONT'D) and the fact of the matter is ... Luckies tastes better.
They taste better because they're made of fine, naturally
mild, good-tasting tobacco -- and because they're made
better. That's why we're asking you to Be Happy -- Go
Lucky. Get yourself a carton of Luckies the first chance
you have.

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
(LONG
CLOSE) Get Better Taste Today!

BH

ATX01 0184310

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DOJ: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND "YOU'RE TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DOJ: (SOFTLY) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. ^{Now} THE REASON I'M KEEPING MY VOICE DOWN IS BECAUSE IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING... AND I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB OUR LITTLE STAR, WHO AT THE MOMENT IS SOUND ASLEEP.

JACK: (SNORE..WHISTLE...SNORES...SNORES...SNORES.)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGING OFF)

JACK: (SNORES..WHISTLE..SNORE...WHISTLE OPPOSITE WAY)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: (MUMBLES..SNORE..SNORE)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: (SNORES..BREAKING IT A LITTLE DURING IT)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: (HALF A SNORE..AND WAKES UP)...Huh?..Huh?..What was that, what was that?

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: The phone..that's the phone...Who ~~in the world~~ would be calling me in the middle of the night?

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~It~~ It must be an emergency!...It's four o'clock in the morning.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Maybe somebody's sick..Dennis..or Mary..or...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

RU

ATX01 0184311

JACK: I better answer it. Where are my slippers?..Oh, there they are.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Coming..coming..!

(SOUND: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS..PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ^{See}~~Geek~~, I hope they don't hang up.

(SOUND: FEW MORE HURRIED FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..
PHONE RINGS ON MIKE..THREE HURRIED
FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

HERB: This is Hank, the all night disk jockey. If you tied spaghetti end to end, how many pounds would it take to go around the world?

JACK: What!

HERB: If you answer the question correctly, you'll win two glorious weeks at Pismo Beach.

JACK: Now, wait a minute..it's four o'clock in the morning!

HERB: That answer is incorrect. Goodbye.

(SOUND: INNER CLICK OF PHONE)

JACK: How do you like that, he hung up on me. Well, he's not going to get away with that.

(SOUND: JIGGLE OF PHONE)

JACK: Operator - Operator --

BEA: Number, please--

JACK: Operator, would you please get me Hank the disc jockey?

BEA: At four o'clock in the morning?..Are you crazy?

JACK: What?

RU

BEA: If I were you, buddy, I'd crawl out of that phone booth, get a cup of black coffee, and go home.

JACK: Go home!

BEA: If you don't, you'll hate yourself in the morning.

JACK: Oh yeah?..Well, you're just a smart alec. Let me talk to the head telephone operator.

BEA: I'm sorry, but the head telephone operator is busy.

JACK: Then let me talk to the supervisor.

BEA: The supervisor isn't in, would you like to talk to Alexander Graham Bell?

JACK: Look, I only want ~~to talk to~~--oh, never mind.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~Hum~~..Gosh, I'm so mad, now I'll never get back to sleep. Imagine being awakened by a silly disc jockey at four o'clock in the morning. ~~I'm~~ Sorry I answered it. ~~I~~ Should have let it ring and ring and ^{hey}..Wait a minute..why didn't Rochester answer the phone?..He couldn't have been that sound asleep... I'm gonna find out.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester, why didn't you answer ~~the~~--Hum..He's not here... His bed hasn't been slept in...~~Hum~~..twenty-five after four and he's not home yet. Well, I'm going back to bed..~~and~~ in the morning I'm going to tell him a thing or--

(SOUND: KEY IN DOOR..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, OFF)

RU

ATX01 0184313

JACK: Oh-oh, there's the front door. Just as I thought..it's Rochester. Look at him sneaking into the house...Hmm..he's taking off his shoes. Now he's tip-toeing across the living room. Well, I'd like to see him get out of this..(SING SONG)
Oh, Rochester --

ROCH: (SING SONG) YES, BOSS --

JACK: (SING SONG) What are you doing up on your toes?

ROCH: (SING SONG) I'M DANCING THE MINUET!

JACK: What!

ROCH: (SINGS) TUM TUM, DEEDLE-E-UM TUM, DEEDLE-E-YUM TUM,
DEEDLE-E--*dum dum dum dum dum*

JACK: I know the music! ^{*I know the music*} Rochester, what's the idea of coming in at four o'clock in the morning?

ROCH: COMING IN?

JACK: ~~Yes~~, I saw you open the front door and come in.

ROCH: OH, OH, THAT!... ~~I JUST STEPPED OUT TO SEE IF THE MILK HAD COME YET.~~

JACK: Rochester, if you just stepped out to bring in the milk, how come you're not in your pajamas?

ROCH: WELL, BOSS. WHEN I WOKE UP AND THOUGHT ABOUT ALL THE WORK I HAD TO DO TODAY, I GOT DRESSED. YOU SEE, I HAVE TO CLEAN OUT THE BASEMENT, TAKE THE ASHES OUT OF THE FIREPLACE, WASH THE WINDOWS, SCRUB THE FLOOR, WEED THE GARDEN, AND GREASE THE CAR.

JACK: You know, Rochester, you'd certainly stomp the panel on
What's My Line.

RU

ROCH: WHY?

JACK: You're the only man I know who would clean out the basement, take the ashes out of the fireplace, wash the windows, scrub the floor, weed the garden and grease the car wearing a tuxedo....Rochester, I happen to know that you just came home. Now where have you been?

ROCH: WELL...LAST NIGHT THE CLUB I BELONG TO HAD A SOCIAL GATHERING AND THE PRESIDENT HAD INTENTIONS OF BREAKING IT UP AT TEN O'CLOCK.

JACK: Ten o'clock? If that was his intention, what happened?

ROCH: AT NINE-THIRTY WE ELECTED A NEW PRESIDENT.

JACK: I thought so. I'm going back to bed..I'll talk to you about this in the morning. Now go to your room.

ROCH: YES SIR..GOODNIGHT.

JACK: Goodnight, goodnight.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES..BED SPRING)

JACK: Now I hope I can fall back to sleep. I can't get over that disc jockey..There ought to be a law against doing a thing like that...Hmm..Now that I've been up a little while I don't feel sleepy. As a matter of fact, I feel good...A lot of people get up early in the morning..some of them even take long walks before breakfast..they say it keeps them healthy.. Maybe that's what I need..more exercise. I noticed lately that when I tell people I'm thirty-nine, some of them don't believe it. That's what I'm going to do..I'm going to get dressed and take a nice long walk. I think I'll call Mary and ask her if she'd like to go with me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP..DIAL PHONE..PHONE RINGING AT OTHER END...BURRR...BURRR...BURRR.. BURRR...BURRR...BURRR...CLICK OF RECEIVER AT OTHER END)

MARY: (MUTTERING SLEEPILY) Hellooo ---
JACK: (BRIGHT) Hello, Mary?
MARY: (STILL MUTTERING) Who is this?
JACK: (BUBBLING) Mary, this is Jack.
MARY: Jack?...Jack, what's the matter?
JACK: Nothing, Mary. I just called to ask you if you'd like to go
for a walk with me.
MARY: Walk?...Jack, what time is it?
JACK: Twenty minutes to five.
MARY: Twenty minutes..to five?
JACK: Yes, Mary. I figured if we walked down Wilshire Boulevard
and headed east, we can see the sunrise ~~over the~~--
MARY: Jack --
JACK: What is it, Mary?
MARY: Let me talk to the man.
JACK: What man?
MARY: The men in the white coat, there must be one of them with you.
JACK: Mary, I'm not crazy.
MARY: Well, you must be something..calling me up to go for a walk
at five o'clock in the morning.
BEA: I told him to get a cup of black coffee and go home.
JACK: Operator, get off the line. This is none of your business.
Now, Mary, if you'll get dressed, I'll be right over and --
(SOUND: LOUD CLICK OF RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN AT OTHER END)
JACK: ~~Hum~~..how do you like that..she hung up. Oh, well.
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

RU

ATX01 0184316

JACK: I don't care what Mary thinks. I made up my mind to go out for a walk..and that's what I'm going to do.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Gosh, I've never been out so early in the morning. The sun hasn't come up yet.,and the air is so nice and brisk.

(SOUND: BROOM SWEEPING)

JACK: Hmm..here comes the street cleaner. Good morning, Mister.

MEL: Good morning, Mac.

JACK: I can see now why the streets of Beverly Hills are so clean.

MEL: Thanks, Mac, but that's what I get paid for. I pick up papers, leaves, rubbish..anything I find lying in the street, I pick up and put in this barrel, then I take it over to the city dump and --

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MEL: *Mac* Wait a minute, Mac, you can't take nothin' out of that barrel.

JACK: But he's a friend of mine. Remley! ... Remley! Wake up!

MEL: *Mac* You really know him?

JACK: Certainly, that's Frank Remley. He leads the orchestra at the Cinegrill.

MEL: That's where I found him layin' in front of.

JACK: Well, did you have a lot of trouble getting him into the barrel?

MEL: Oh, I didn't put him in the barrel. You see, we street cleaners all go by numbers.

JACK: Uh huh.

MEL: The number on my barrel is 102, and when he saw that, he dived right in.

RU

JACK: Oh yes, that's his favorite beer...That and 101 others...
Anyway, it serves him right. Take him to the city dump.

MEL: I did that yesterday and they refused him.

JACK: Well, try ^{well try} again.

MEL: Okay. So long, Mac.

JACK: So long, so long.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gosh, since ^{since} Remley's become a celebrity, things are really different.. Now they pick him up, they used to sweep around him....I can't understand why Mary didn't want to take a walk with me, ^{well,} at five-thirty in the morning you see things so differently. After the sun comes up, I ^{in gonna} ~~will~~ walk back home and eat a nice big breakfast.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gosh...I just can't get over it...Me...Jack Benny, walking the streets at this hour of the morning. Things sure look different...and quiet, too. Just a few people here and there on their way to work. I'll bet this fellow walking behind me would be surprised to find out that he was walking on the same side of the street with a star of stage, screen, radio and television.

RUBIN: I beg your pardon, but may I have your autograph?

JACK: Oh...Oh, you recognize me?

RUBIN: No, I heard you talking to yourself.

~~JACK:~~ What?

~~RUBIN:~~ You said it five times in the last three blocks.

JACK: Gosh, this is embarrassing. You must've thought I was egotistical.

RUBIN: I thought you were nuts.

JACK: Look, Mister, do you or don't you want my----

RUBIN: *of course* Sorry, *Mister* ~~but~~, I gotta catch *a* ~~my~~ bus. *leave me.*

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...FADE)

JACK: ~~Hmm~~, what a smart aleck. I hope he misses ~~his~~ bus.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) A kiss on the hand may be quite continental,
But diamonds are a girl's best friend....

...Hmm, look at that tin can on the sidewalk.

(SOUND: KICKING CAN...CAN GOES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) A kiss may be grand but it won't pay the rental...

(SOUND: KICK CAN...CAN GOES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) On your humble flat - or help you at the automat.

(SOUND: KICKS CAN...CAN GOES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oops...it went out in the street...Gee, I remember when I was a kid, I used to kick a rock all the way to school. They didn't have tin cans in those days....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmm...look ~~what~~ *isn't it* they're showing at this theatre...From Here To Eternity...Gee, at five-thirty in the morning a theatre looks so empty...There isn't even a girl in the box office selling tickets...I've never seen a theatre so empty.... Yes, I have, but I don't want to think about it....I better start back home now.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: This walk has really worked up an appetite.

(SOUND: AUTO MOTOR COMES UP...BRAKES...AUTO HORNS)

BOB: *Hey,* JACK -- JACK *Sammy!*

JACK: Bob! *Get Sammy!*

BOB: Jack, the sun hasn't come up yet, what ^{*in the world*} are you doing out on the street?

JACK: I'm just taking a little walk. But, Bob, where are you, and Bagby and Fletch and Kimick and Sammy the drummer driving to?

BOB: Well, Jack, my boys in the band don't get much time for relaxation, so I'm taking 'em duck hunting.

JACK: Oh, is that why you're wearing those red coats?

BOB: *Oh certainly* ~~Yeah,~~ that's a safety measure so other hunters can see you.

JACK: Hey, that's quite a ~~few~~ -- wait a minute -- only four of you are wearing ^{*the*} red coats.

BOB: *Well* I know. Bagby doesn't have one.

JACK: Well, aren't you worried?

BOB: Naw, piano players are a dime a dozen.

JACK: Of Bagby's calibre, yes. Well, I do hope you bring back a lot of ducks.

BOB: *Oh* We can't miss. We've got the most unusual decoy ^{*ever*} ~~When~~ we get out to the lake, Sammy the drummer has agreed to wade out into the water until just his head sticks out.

JACK: (LOOKS AT SAMMY) What kind of a decoy is that? Sammy's head doesn't have any feathers.

BOB: *Well* I know ^{*out*} the ducks will think it's an egg and they'll fly down and sit on it.

JACK: Oohh, I get it. ^{Then} While the duck is sitting on Sammy's head, you'll all start shooting.

BOB: ^h Not so loud, Jack, he doesn't know about that part of it.

JACK: Oh, good, good.

BOB: Well, we better get started, Jack, it's a long drive to the High Sierras.

JACK: High Sierras!...Bob, you're heading in the wrong direction.

BOB: ^{drum} I know, but we've gotta go to the City Dump and pick up Remley.

JACK: Oh, yes...yes...Hey, ~~wait a minute, Bob, in the condition Remley's in, what good will he be on a hunting trip?~~

~~BOB: We'll drape him over the fender and everybody'll think we shot a deer.~~

JACK: Oh, I see...Well, so long, Bob.

BOB: So long, Jack.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Hmm...day is starting to break. ~~Now there's an impressive sight that you can't see any place else in the world. Kate Smith should be here to sing about it...~~(SINGS)~~—When the smog comes over the mountain...da da da, da da da, da da da. Well...I think I've walked enough. I'm getting a little tired, too...I better head for home.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (BREATHING DEEPLY) Well..here I am back home...that sure was a long walk...~~and now that I'm here, I'm too tired to eat breakfast.~~ I think I'll go right in and go to bed.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP THREE STEPS)

JACK: Oh, darn it, I forgot my key. Gosh, my legs are so tired I can hardly stand up.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER... DOOR BUZZER...)

~~DOOR BUZZER...~~ DOOR OPENS... BODY THUD

~~ROCH: BOSS...BOSS...WHAT HAPPENED?~~

~~JACK: Nothing happened!...I was so tired I was leaning on the door.~~

~~DON: Here, Jack, let me help you up.~~

JACK: Don't...Don, what are you doing here?

DON: *Oh* I brought the Sportsmen Quartet over so you could hear the commercial.

JACK: This early in the morning?

DON: Early in the morning? *It's* It's a quarter to ten.

JACK: Oh, my goodness, I really took a long walk.

ROCH: BOSS, WOULD YOU LIKE SOME BREAKFAST?...I JUST MADE SOME DOLLAR SIZE PANCAKES.

JACK: No, I'm too tired to eat. Put 'em back in the safe...I mean refrigerator.

DON: *What?* Jack, how come you took such a long walk so early in the morning?

JACK: Oh, some silly guy who calls himself "Hank, the disc jockey" called me at four o'clock *this* ~~in the~~ morning.

DON: No kidding, Jack. Did he ask you if you tied spaghetti end to end how many pounds it would take to go around the world?

JACK: Yes, Don. How did you know?

DON: I won ten dollars for sending in the question.

JACK: You?...You? --
Don't know!

DON: *th* Jack, *Don* the Sportsmen are in a hurry. How about listening to the commercial?

JACK: Don, I'm too tired, I can hardly keep my eyes open.

DON: Well, this won't take long. Hit it, fellows.

(INTRO)

QUART: YOU BETTER WAKE UP, WAKE UP, YOU SLEEPY HEAD
GET UP, GET UP, GET OUT OF BED
CHEER UP, SUN, IT'S TIME THAT YOU WERE RISING.
WHEN THE RED RED ROBIN
COMES BOB BOB BOBBIN' ALONG, ALONG
THERE'LL BE NO MORE SOBBIN'
WHEN HE STARTS THROBBIN' HIS OLD SWEET SONG
WAKE UP, WAKE UP, YOU SLEEPY HEAD
GET UP, GET UP, GET OUT OF BED
CHEER UP, CHEER UP, THE SUN IS RED
LIVE, LOVE, LAUGH AND BE HAPPY
WHAT IF I'VE BEEN BLUE
NOW I'M WALKING THROUGH FIELDS OF FLOWERS
RAIN MAY GLISTEN BUT STILL I LISTEN
FOR HOURS AND HOURS
I'M JUST A KID AGAIN
DOIN' WHAT I DID AGAIN
SINGING A SONG
WHEN THE RED RED ROBIN
COMES BOB BOB BOBBIN' ALONG
AND NOW HOW ABOUT A COMMERCIAL
YOU MEAN --
WE GOTTA HAVE A COMMERCIAL
WE DIDN'T HAVE ONE AT REHEARSAL
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WE GOTTA HAVE IT NOW
WELL NOW LET ME THINK...LET ME SEE...

(MORE)

ATX01 01B4324

QUART:
(con't)

THERE IS NO NO NOTHIN'
LIKE PUFF PUFF PUFFIN' A LUCKY
(That's good) STRIKE (That's fine)
IT'S THE BEST SMOKE YET
IT'S THE CIGARETTE YOU ARE SURE TO LIKE
LIGHT UP, LIGHT UP AND YOU'LL AGREE
IS, IS DASH MET
CLEANER, FRESHER AND MUCH SMOOTHER, TOO
SO BE HAPPY GO LUCKY
IF YOU TEAR 'EM AND THEN IF YOU COMPARE 'EM
YOU'LL SAY
REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY BETTER
YOU'LL BE STARTIN' IN RIGHT
GO BUY A CARTON TONIGHT
THEY'RE OKAY
LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKLES HAVE A TASTE YOU'LL LIKE
LET'S LIGHT ONE NOW
CAUSE YOU KNOW THERE'S NOTHIN'
QUITE LIKE PUFFIN'
LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY RIGHT NOW.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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DON: Well, Jack, how did you like the ^{the} ~~performance~~

JACK: (SNORE)

DON: Jack --

JACK: (SNORE)

DON: How do you like that, he fell asleep and didn't even hear it.
Come on, fellows, let's go.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCH: (FADING IN) MR. BENNY, SHALL I -- UM UMMM...LOOK AT HIM
LYING THERE ON THE COUCH...FAST ASLEEP...HMM...THERE'S NOTHING
IN ~~THIS~~ ^{the} ROOM TO COVER HIM, ^{up} WITH...AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO CATCH
COLD. MAYBE I ~~ought~~ ^{better} TO TAKE IT OFF HIS HEAD AND PUT IT ON HIS
CHEST. NO, I'LL JUST GET A BLANKET OUT OF THE --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, GOOD MORNING, MISS LIVINGSTON, COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Rochester, did you know that at twenty minutes to five this
morning Mr. Benny called me and asked me to go out for a walk?

ROCH: HE DID? WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, BERNARR MACFADDEN?

MARY: He will be in about four more years -- Where's Mr. Benny now?

ROCH: HE'S ASLEEP ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM.

MARY: Well, I'm going to go in there and wake him up. Come on.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SNORES)

JF

ATX01 0184326

MARY: Jack --

JACK: (SNORES)

MARY: Jack, wake up.

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCH: (ASIDE) MISS LIVINGSTONE, WHY DON'T YOU PAT HIS CHEEK?

MARY: Yeah...

(SOUND: LIGHT PATTING)

MARY: (SEXY) Jaasacck --

JACK: (SNORE)

(SOUND: PATTING)

MARY: (SEXY)² Jaasacck --

JACK: (SHORT SNORE) What is it, Marilyn?

~~MARY: Huh?~~

~~JACK: (MUMBLING) Speak to me, Marilyn.~~

~~MARY: (PLEASED) Marilyn...well.~~

~~JACK: (MUMBLING) Pat my cheek again, Marilyn.~~

(SOUND: LIGHT PATTING)

~~ROCH: MISS LIVINGSTONE, WHY DON'T YOU WAKE HIM UP?~~

~~MARY: (LIKE JERRY LEWIS) I like it, I like it.~~

JACK: (SHORT SNORE AND WAKES UP) Huh huh huh? ...What's everybody talking s~~o~~ -- Oh, it's you, Mary. What're you doing over here?

MARY: What am I doing over here? Yesterday you asked me to go with you to buy some new ^{suits} clothes for your television shows... so come on, let's go.

JACK: But, Mary, I'm too tired.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault. Imagine getting up at four o'clock in the morning to take a walk.

JACK: Well, don't blame me. Blame Hank the all night disc jockey.

MARY: Jack, I don't know what you're talking about. All I know is you made a date with me to go buy ~~you~~ some new clothes...so put on your hat and come on.

JACK: Look, Mary, I'm too tired, ~~and~~ anyway, my car isn't running.

MARY: All right, we can take the bus right down to Hollywood.

JACK: ^{the bus -} Oh...all right.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: BUS STOPS...DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)
CEMENT)

MARY: You see, Jack, it only took twelve minutes to get down here. Now where's the clothing store you go to?

JACK: Just around the corner. I don't know why we had to get on such a crowded bus. ~~I~~ had to stand all the way.

MARY: I know...(LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You ~~got~~ ^{will} so tired...instead of holding on to the strap, you just stuck your head through the loop and fell asleep.

JACK: What's funny about that?

MARY: At the next stop a man got on...took one look at you dangling there and said, "I know his last picture was bad, but somebody went too far."

JACK: Mary, he probably just said that for a gag.

MARY: Then why did he cut you down?

JACK: I don't know...I'm too tired to argue with you. ^{here's} Here's the clothing store.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: (YAWNS)

MARY: Jack, stop yawning.

17

JACK: I can't help it. I'm so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open.

MARY: Well, this won't take long. ^{oh} Here comes the salesman.

NELSON: How do you do!

JACK: Oh, no.

MARY: Clerk, Mr. Benny wants to buy a new suit.

NELSON: Well, whether he wants to or not, he should.

JACK: Look, mister, I'd like to get home. I was up at four o'clock this morning and I'm awfully --

NELSON: Very well. I'm sure you'll like both our materials and price range.

JACK: Price range?

NELSON: Yes, we have some beautiful suits at twenty-eight seventy-five and twenty-nine fifty. Or would you prefer something cheaper?

JACK: (ANGRY) I didn't come in here for anything cheap! ... I'll take the twenty-nine fifty.

MARY: I'm proud of you, boy.

JACK: Mary, please. Look, mister, how can you possibly afford to sell suits at such low prices?

NELSON: Oh, that's simple. You see, we have no costly fixtures.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: Charlie, pick up some of those suits off the floor and show them to Mr. Benny.

JACK: Never mind, I don't want those.

NELSON: Very well. Would you like to see something in a sport outfit?

JACK: Sport outfit?

NELSON: Yes, that's when the coat and pants don't match.

JACK: Oh.

JF

NELSON: ^{Now} But if you're looking for a ^{real} bargain, I can show you a beautiful pair of sport pants.

JACK: Sport pants?

NELSON: Yes, the legs don't match.

JACK: (PLEADING) Mary, let's go home, *will ya? I'm tired*

MARY: ~~Jack, we're not leaving until you get a suit. And anyway, you said that they had the most stunning thing here in the window with broad shoulders.~~

NELSON: ~~That was me... people were staring at me so I came back in.~~

JACK: ~~(PLEADING) Mary, let's go home... I'm tired.~~

MARY: ^h Jack, don't be so stubborn. If they don't have a suit to fit you, maybe they can make one to order.

NELSON: Saay...that's a brilliant idea. I'll go get some materials.

JACK: Look, Mister, while you're gone, do you mind if I lie down on these chairs?

NELSON: Not at all.

MARY: Jack, if you lie down, they won't be able to measure you.

NELSON: Oh, yes we can, our tailor used to work for Pierce Brothers.

JACK: I'll stand up, I'll stand up.

NELSON: Oh, I just happened to remember...our tailor is off today I'll have to fit you myself.

JACK: Well, for heaven sakes, get started.

NELSON: I will, I will. Would you like me to measure your chest or would you rather not know.

JACK: ^{Look at} Now, cut that out! Mary...I've got to get some sleep...let's go home.

MARY: Jack, if you don't buy a suit now, you'll never buy one.

JF

JACK: Okay, okay...I'll take that blue one.

MARY: But, Jack, it may not be your size.

JACK: I don't care what size it is. I want to get ^{some} ~~to~~ ^{new} sleep. How much is it?

NELSON: Twenty-nine fifty.

JACK: Okay...here's the money! Come on, Mary, I want to get home.

NELSON: Uh uh uh...just a minute --

JACK: Huh?

NELSON: We always like to check on our advertising. Did you come into our store because you saw our ad in the paper...or did you hear our program on the radio?

JACK: Radio?

NELSON: Yes, we sponsor Hank, the all-night disc jockey.

JACK: Hank? ... the all night? ... You? ...

NELSON: (GRUNTS AND GASPS)

MARY: ^{see} Jack, you're choking him.

JACK: I don't care what I'm doing. Nobody is going to wake me up at four o'clock in the morning and get away with it.

NELSON: (GRUNTS AND GROANS)

MARY: ^{have} Jack -- Jack!!! Stop choking him...Jack...please!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JF

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 1, 1953 (Transcribed October 28, 1953)
TAG

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, one of our greatest national hazards is fire. Tonight -- through carelessness, a fire could start in your home, a life could be lost. Don't let it happen. Be on guard constantly against fire. Make sure every match, every cigarette is out before you discard it. Empty all ash trays before leaving the house or going to bed. Observe all fire regulations. Don't give fire a place to start. Thank you.

APPLAUSE:

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, remember the winner of the \$25,000 Tam O'Shanter golf tournament, Lew Worsham? Here he is to get a word in wedge-wise!

BH

RTX01 0184332

THE JACK HENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 1, 1953 (Transcribed October 28, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

LEW WORSHAM: Hello folks. The club that I have in my hand is a
(TAPE)
Double Service Wedge. You'll remember that I've made
one of the most lucrative shots that I have ever made
with this club. During the Tam O'Shanter Tournament,
I used this club at the last hole. From a hundred
and fifteen or twenty yards away, and made one of the
Lucky shots of my whole life. Other golfers might
have chosen an eight or a nine iron to play this
shot. To me, the wedge has been one of my favorites.
On that day, that was a lucky choice. And when it
comes to cigarettes, my choice...Luckies ... they
taste better.

WILSON:
(LIVE)
Lew Worsham is right. Smoking enjoyment is all a
matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is --
Luckies taste better. Because Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco and Luckies are made better. So .. Be
Happy -- Go Lucky! Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike.

BH

ATX01 0184333

(TAG)

-23-

ROCH: ARE YOU COMFORTABLE, MR BENNY?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: DO YOU WANT ANOTHER BLANKET?

JACK: No, ^{no} Rochester, I'm perfectly comfortable .. And, look, I
wants get a good long sleep, so no phone calls, no
disturbances of any kind.

ROCH: YES, SIR. I HOPE YOU SLEEP WELL, BOSS.

JACK: Thank you...

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: (SNORES SEVERAL TIMES)

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (YAWNS) Oh, boy, that was a good sleep ... Ten full hours..
I really feel great ... But what am I ^{gonna} going to do now... it
it's four o'clock in the morning again Oh well, I
guess I'll just have to go take another walk.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

BH

ATX01 0184334

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

BH

RTX01 0184335

PROGRAM #9
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED NOV. 5, 1953)

ATX01 0184336

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #9
NOVEMBER 8, 1953
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented by
LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, after all is said and done, the reason you or anybody else smokes a cigarette can be summed up in one word: enjoyment. And certainly the enjoyment you get depends entirely on the taste of a cigarette. Put it this way. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. Well, the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Here's why Luckies taste better. First, they're made of fine tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are actually made better -- made round, firm, fully-packed -- to always draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes, fine tobacco in a better made cigarette gives you better taste, every single time. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. You'll know that's true the minute you light up a Lucky. So next time you're shopping for cigarettes get the carton with the red bullseye -- Lucky Strike!

ATX01 0184337

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #9
NOVEMBER 8, 1953
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
(LONG
CLOSE) Get Better Taste Today!

ATX01 0184338

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, A MAN WHO FOR YEARS HAS WON THE HIGHEST ACCOLADE OF CRITICS AND PUBLIC ALIKE...

JACK: Oh, please, Don.

~~DON: A MAN WHOSE SUAVE, SOPHISTICATED HUMOR HAS TICKLED THE FUNNYBONE OF LITERALLY MILLIONS...~~

~~JACK: Don, there's really no need to --~~

DON: A MAN WHOSE UNIQUE ABILITIES HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO THE PINNACLE OF SUCCESS AND WHOSE -- Oh, I can't read this *stuff*.

JACK: You'll read it and like it...Now go ahead.

DON: A MAN WHOSE TALENT IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY HIS MODESTY... AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking. And Don, I don't see why it should be so hard for you to say a few nice things about me...but I'm happy you managed to struggle through that introduction.

DON: Well, ^{Jack} the only reason I did was because I was afraid you'd fire me.

JACK: Don, I couldn't fire you.

DON: Why not?

JACK: Because this happens to be National Save Your Fat Week... that's why, Don.

DON: Oh, come ^{on} now, Jack...There hasn't been a National Save Your Fat Week since 1944.

JACK: Don...Edward R. Murrow can be topical, I have to be funny...Anyway, you know what today is, don't you?

DON: ^{Yes,} Yes, I do. It was exactly twenty years ago today that I agreed to go on your show.

BOB: ^{Oh} Gosh, Jack...have you and Don really been together that long?

JACK: We sure have, Bob. And right from the start it was a wonderful association...no arguments, no bickering, no lawyers.

DON: That's right ^{Bob}, he just tattooed the contract on my stomach and let it go at that.

JACK: And every year there's been room for new clauses...

~~believe me.~~

BOB: ~~Speaking of contracts, Jack...I...Well...I'm still being paid by the week, aren't I?~~

JACK: ~~Yes, Bob, that's the way I pay all the members of my cast.~~

BOB: ~~Well, I sort of hate to mention it...but this is our ninth show this season and I'm a little behind.~~

JACK: ~~Oh well, Bob, sometimes there are slight, unavoidable delays...the mail is late...or the accounting department slows up a little. How many checks have you gotten?~~

BOB: ~~Two.~~

JACK: ~~Only two checks all season?~~

BOB: ~~That's right.~~

JACK: ~~Bob, I don't know what to say...This is terribly embarrassing. You should call my business manager immediately.~~

BOB: I already did. I told him I've received two checks this whole season.

JACK: What did he say?

BOB: "Congratulations, I only got one."

JACK: Well, Bob, sometimes we do get a little behind, but sooner or later everyone gets paid up.

BOB: Well.....

DON: Jack's right, Bob...You can ask Kenny Baker, he's still getting checks.

JACK: I stopped with him last year...But Bob, you don't have to worry because I'll personally take care of this first thing in the morning.

~~BOB: I wish you would.~~

Jack: Don't come in.
~~BOB: I wish you would.~~
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ~~Now we'd better get on with the~~

MEL: (MOOLEY) (OFF) TELEGRAM...TELEGRAM FOR MR. BENNY.

JACK: Over here, Boy.

(SOUND: RIP OF ENVELOPE)

JACK: Hey, it's from Dennis.

DON: ~~Is~~ Anything wrong?

JACK: Let me read it...."DEAR MR. BENNY...I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE FOR THE SHOW TODAY AS I HAVE TO GET MY SHOES SHINED AND MY CAR WASHED. ~~AND~~ I'M ALSO ELOPING TO NIAGARA FALLS..."

Dennis:

Eloping to Niagara Falls?.....What a crazy kid.

DH

BOB: I didn't even know he had a girl.

JACK: Out of a clear blue sky ^{Dennis} he elopes... He ~~couldn't~~ get married like everyone else...with a ceremony...and guests...and a nice violin solo...Oh, well, if Dennis ~~is going~~ to be late, we'll have to fill in with something. Bob, maybe we ought to have the boys in the band do a number.

BOB: Sure, Jack...what would you like them to play?

JACK: You mean I have a choice?

BOB: Of course...."The Pagan Love Song", "Ramona"....or "Stay on the Light Side with Eastside."

JACK: Hmm.

BOB: They're even working on a newer one.

JACK: Newer?

BOB: Yeah...(SINGS) Paper Mate Flasks are leakproof....use the Paper Mate flask.

~~JACK: Say, that's pretty cute.... And Bob, I must say --~~

MEL: Duh, pardon me, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, are you still here?

MEL: ^{Yes} I hate to mention it, but when one delivers a telegram, it's customary for one to get a tip.

JACK: Oh, oh....of course, ^{yes}..How much do you usually get?

MEL: Well, that's up to you. I wouldn't want to influence you in any way.

JACK: Well, let's see --

DH

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MEL: Uh....do you mind if I use your phone a minute?

JACK: No, go ahead.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP....DIALING)

MEL: Hello, Martha....this is Herman. How's Grandma?^{oh}...Not any better, huh? (STARTS TO SNIFFLE) ...Well, what can we do? We can't afford medicine for the baby either. But ~~huh~~ Martha, if we spend that money on medicine, we won't be able to buy any food...^{huh!}(STARTS TO CRY) ~~What?~~ The landlord was over?....What did he say?....He's only gonna give us two more days, eh?....Well, I'll^{oh} try to see what I can do, Martha....Keep up your courage ... Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MEL: (KEEP SOBING)

JACK: Control yourself, control yourself...Here!^{hell} I've got a tip for you.

MEL: ^{oh} Gee, thanks, Mister, I -- Oh, no, no!!

JACK: What's the matter?

MEL: ~~What's the matter!~~ For a lousy dime I just wasted a routine I could have used on Strike It Rich.

JACK: Look, that's all the change I have for a tip. Anyway, I'm doing a radio program now....so why don't you wait ~~bill~~ --

DENNIS: ^{oh} Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis....what are you doing here? I thought you were eloping.

DENNIS: Oh, that's all off.

DH

JACK: All off? What happened?

DENNIS: ^{was} This morning ~~when~~ I was about to propose to the girl, ^{and} I really saw her for the first time.

JACK: You mean --

DENNIS: She's got long stringy hair, beady eyes, bad complexion, a mean face, and she's ^{so} big as a horse.

JACK: Gee, she sounds like a mess.

DENNIS: Yeah...boy am I glad she turned me down.

JACK: ^{Dennis} She turned you down?

DENNIS: ^I I don't care, I'll marry her twin sister.

JACK: Oh, fine.

DENNIS: You should see her twin sister....she's got a figure like Marilyn Monroe....legs like Betty Grable...hair like Rita Hayworth....and a face like Ava Gardner.

JACK: Dennis, if the other girl is so ugly, how could her twin sister be so beautiful?

DENNIS: You and Ed Murrow can be technical, I have to be funny.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Sing your song, will you?....That kid drives me crazy.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "E COMPARE")

(APPLAUSE)

DH

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

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JACK: That was very good, Dennis. ^{That was wonderful...} and now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, we are going to do our version of Universal-International's classic of the gridiron... "All American"... ~~Now I will --~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I'm in the middle of my show... what do you want?

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY WHO CAME BY HERE LAST WEEK?

JACK: Little old lady?

ROCH: YOU KNOW... THE ONE WHO SOLD YOU THAT FIFTY CENT RAFFLE TICKET ON A TURKEY.

JACK: Oh yes, now I remember.

ROCH: WELL, SHE'S BACK AGAIN.

JACK: Hmm... what does she want this time?

ROCH: A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, SHE FELL DOWN YOUR STEPS.

JACK: Fell down my -- Rochester, she's suing me for a hundred thousand dollars?

ROCH: CHEER UP, BOSS, I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, TOO.

JACK: What good news?

ROCH: YOU WON THE TURKEY.

JACK: Rochester, who cares about the turkey? I'm being sued for a hundred thousand dollars. Tell me, was the woman badly hurt?

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ROCH: SHE CLAIMS SHE SPRAINED HER ANGLE.

JACK: Sprained her ankle? Well, that's the most outrageous and unfair thing I ever heard of. You tell her nobody can collect a hundred thousand dollars for a sprained ankle.

ROCH: I DID, BUT SHE SAYS SHE LOOKED THROUGH THE COURT RECORDS AND FOUND A PRECEDENT FOR IT.

JACK: What precedent?

ROCH: THE CASE OF JACK BENNY VERSUS THE STREETCAR COMPANY.

JACK: That was different...I didn't fall, the motorman threw me off...Now look, Rochester, don't admit anything and get in touch with my insurance man, I'm covered for things like this.

ROCH: OKAY.

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

ROCH: GOODBYE...OH SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: CAN I HAVE THE NEXT TWO WEEKS OFF?

JACK: Two weeks off? Why certainly not.

ROCH: OH...WELL, CAN I HAVE TONIGHT OFF?

JACK: Tonight?...Yes, I guess so.

ROCH: THANKS.

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester... why did you ask me for two weeks off?

ROCH: BECAUSE I HAD TO SOFTEN YOU UP TO GET TONIGHT OFF.

JACK: Oh, so that's ---

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOD BYE.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Now where was I?...Oh yes, tonight we're going to do our version of Universal-International's thrilling story of the gridiron... "All American."~~

BOB: *Hey* Isn't that the one where Tony Curtis stars as a football hero?

JACK: That's right...In fact, tonight I'm playing his role.

DON: *Oh* But Jack, Tony Curtis is ~~just a kid~~ *so young*...how can you even think of taking a part ~~that~~ he played?

~~BOB: That's right, Jack...that role calls for someone of college age.~~

~~DENNIS: Yeah, Mr. Benny, even I'm too old to play that part.~~

JACK: Look, there's no sense in arguing because I'm gonna play the Tony Curtis part and nobody can stop me.

TONY: I can.

JACK: Who are you?

TONY: Tony Curtis.

(APPLAUSE) *Tony --*

JACK: Well, Tony Curtis...This is a surprise.

TONY: Well, Jack, I was at ~~my~~ *me* studio when I heard about you doing this sketch tonight, so I ~~got~~ *thought I'd get* down here as fast as I could.

JACK: Oh.

TONY: Jack, you really don't intend to take the part I played in the picture, do you?

JACK: *Well,* Of course I do.

TONY: ~~But~~ *well*...don't you think it's a little ridiculous?

JACK: What's *what* so ridiculous about it?

TONY: Jack, the picture happens to be "All American" not Early American.

JACK: Look, Tony, I don't want to get into any argument about my age.

TONY: Neither do I...You'll wind up having me older than you are.

JACK: ~~Well, someday you will be...~~ And I don't care what you say, I still think I can be convincing as an All American quarterback.

~~TONY: Only if you cast Lionel Barrymore as the cheer leader.~~

JACK: Well ~~frankly~~, Tony, I don't understand your attitude at all. And ^{it} so happens that the producer of your picture, Aaron Rosenberg, is a very good friend of mine...If you don't let me play the part, you'll have to go back to the studio and face him. ^{I mean} How would you explain it to him. ^{I mean} what would you tell him?

TONY: Him drove me down here.

JACK: Oh...Well look, Tony, I'm gonna play the part unless you have a strenuous objection.

TONY: Well, I do...I think your playing the part of a college boy is incongruous.

JACK: Oh yeah...well let me tell you -- (WHISPER) Hey, Bob, ^{Bob,} come here a minute. ^{will sta?}

BOB: (WHISPER) Yes, Jack.

JACK: (WHISPER) ^{what} What does "incongruous" mean?...Huh?

BOB: (WHISPER) ^{uh} I'm not sure...(UP) OH, REMLEY....

JACK: Never mind...~~Look, Tony....~~ ^{Remley a nice fella to ask. his destination consists of letters Bourdan, White, King & King - news look, Tony.....}

TONY: I'll tell you what incongruous means...It means inappropriate...unbecoming...not harmonious in character...inconsonant or inconsistent.

JACK: Oh.

~~TONY: If you were a college boy, you would've known that.~~

~~JACK: You don't have to be a college boy to be a great actor.~~

DENNIS: Well, I still don't understand it.

JACK: The meaning of incongruous?

DENNIS: No, how one twin can be so beautiful and the other one ~~so~~ ugly.

JACK: Dennis, we're not talking about that.

DENNIS: Well, I don't understand incongruous, either.

JACK: Look, Dennis...er...~~er~~...Explain it to him, Tony.

TONY: All right...I'll make it simple...Dennis, incongruous means something that doesn't fit.

JACK: ~~That's right, Dennis....~~^{Certainly...you know} something that doesn't fit...Now Tony, you just sit down in the studio and watch me play your part....I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

TONY: Okay.

JACK: TAKE IT, DON.

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE BRING YOU OUR VERSION OF THAT THRILLING UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE "ALL AMERICAN" ... A SAGA OF COLLEGE LIFE ON THE GRIDIRON. CURTAIN...MUSIC....

(BAND PLAYS COLLEGE THEME)

DH

DON: THIS IS THE STORY OF A POOR BOY WHO, BECAUSE OF HIS TALENT ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD, WAS ABLE TO GO TO COLLEGE. RISE TO THE TOP AND BECOME AN "ALL AMERICAN."

(ORCHESTRA STINGER...THEN OUT)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS NICK...NICK BONNAKRAZINSKA-VICHEL-
IKOFFSKY...IN MY FIRST YEAR AT MID-STATE UNIVERSITY, I
WAS THE STAR QUARTERBACK. I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT CRUCIAL
GAME FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP. I CAUGHT THE OPENING KICKOFF
AND RAN IT BACK FOR A TOUCHDOWN...THE CROWD WENT WILD....
THE ROOTING SECTION STOOD UP AND BEGAN TO CHEER FOR ME.

QUART: BONNAKRAZINSKA-VICHEL-
IKOFFSKY....
BONNAKRAZINSKA-VICHEL-
IKOFFSKY.

BAND: (CHEERING IN UNISON) B O N N A K R A Z I N S K A
V I C H E L U V I C H I K O F F S K Y.

JACK: WHEN THEY FINISHED, WE WERE IN THE THIRD QUARTER...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 SURE, TOO....AGAIN THEY STARTED TO~~
~~CHEER.~~

QUART: (FADING) B O N N A K R A Z I N S K A --

DH

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JACK: IT WAS THEN THAT I DECIDED TO CHANGE MY NAME....I CHANGED IT TO BONELLI....NICK BONELLI...AT THE END OF THE SEASON, I MADE EVERY ALL AMERICAN TEAM. MY PASSING WAS PRAISED BY COLLIERS...MY RUNNING WAS APPLAUDED BY LOOK AND MY DEODORANT WON THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF APPROVAL.... BUT MID-STATE DIDN'T GIVE FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIPS.. SO I TRANSFERRED TO SHERIDAN COLLEGE..AND THE NEXT FALL I FOUND MYSELF IN THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE WHERE THE DEAN'S SECRETARY WAS FILLING OUT MY ENTRANCE APPLICATION.

BEA: Now let's see....Nick Bonelli....Nick Bonelli....Oh, here's your card....Now tell me, what is your height?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Five foot eleven.

BEA: Your weight?

JACK: One seventy-three.

BEA: Color of your eyes...Oh, they're blue, aren't they?

JACK: Bluer than the toes of a barefooted field-goal kicker.

~~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 a second.... You're here on a football scholarship, aren't you?

JACK: Yes, ma'am.

BEA: ^{will} In that case, you^{will} be provided with tuition, room and board, and you'll be given a hundred dollars a month to spend.

JACK: Do I have to spend it?

DH

Coach: Thank you.

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BEA: No, ⁿ..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: (FILTER) UNDER THE BURDEN OF THIS ASSIGNMENT....I BEGAN MY FIRST YEAR AT SHERIDAN. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I MET OUR FAMOUS FOOTBALL COACH. I REMEMBER HOW HE WALKED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM AND SAID --

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-backs 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 ^mwas an All American at Mid-State.

DH

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DENNIS: Well, you're at Sheridan now and everybody starts from scratch.

~~JACK: Hmmm.~~

DENNIS: And another thing ... we observe strict training here.

JACK: Yes sir.

DENNIS: That means no parties, no dancing, and no dates with girls, *and* you'll take all your meals at the training table, you have to be in bed by nine, up at six, and we practice seven days a week.

JACK: But what do we do for fun here at Sheridan?

DENNIS: On Tuesday night you play Scrabble with naughty words.

JACK: (FILTER) YES, COACH DAY WAS A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN, AND WHEN IT CAME TO FOOTBALL, HE WAS A PERFECTIONIST ... WE HAD A GOOD TEAM BUT THE PLAYERS WEREN'T VERY BRIGHT SO COACH DAY HAD LITTLE RADIOS INSTALLED IN OUR HELMETS SO WE COULD LISTEN TO THE BORADCAST OF THE GAME AND FIND OUT WHO HAD THE BALL.....ONE DAY I TUNED IN THE WRONG STATION AND TACKLED JOHN'S OTHER WIFE....AFTER STARRING IN THREE STRAIGHT GAMES, I WAS THE TOAST OF THE CAMPUS. BUT I FOUND OUT THAT SHERIDAN WAS DIFFERENT THAN MID-STATE. THESE STUDENTS WERE SNOBS AND MY ROOM-MATE, ROBERT CARTER, WAS THE BIGGEST SNOB OF ALL, HE WAS ALWAYS NAGGING ME.

BOB: Hey, Bonelli.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is it, Robert?

BOB: How many times have I told you ... when you store things in the closet, keep your mothballs away from mine.

DH

JACK: But how can you tell the difference?
BOB: Mine are monogrammed.
JACK: Oh... Robert, why can't we be friends?
BOB: I don't like riff-raff.
JACK: But, Robert, I'm so popular on the campus. All the fraternities are begging me to join.
BOB: Well, mine is the ritziest one and I'm sure, ^{that} you won't get in.
JACK: Why not?
BOB: Because I'm the only member.
JACK: What?
BOB: And the only reason I got in is my brother owns the college.
JACK: (FILTER) LATER I FOUND OUT HIS BROTHER ALSO OWNED MINUTE MAID ORANGE JUICE, THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES, AND PITTSBURGH... BUT ROBERT SET ME STRAIGHT ON ONE THING.
BOB: Bonelli, you don't fit in here ... If you didn't play football, nobody at Sheridan would even talk to you.
JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh yeah? They'd still like me for myself.
BOB: *O.* What makes you think so?
JACK: I'll tell you why ... Because I've got a winning personality muscles of steel that the fellows admire and respect ... and the kind of youth and good looks that make girls swoon.

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

DH

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JACK: (FILTER) THAT DOOR SLAM WASN'T ROBERT....IT WAS TONY CURTIS LEAVING THE STUDIO...BUT I DECIDED TO FIND OUT IF ROBERT WAS RIGHT'. THE NEXT DAY I TURNED IN MY UNIFORM AND OVERNIGHT I BECAME THE MOST UNPOPULAR PERSON ON THE CAMPUS ... A FEW WEEKS LATER AT THE DANCE BEFORE THE BIG GAME, I SAT FOR HOURS IN A CORNER BY MYSELF. NOBODY CAME WITHIN FIVE FEET OF ME .. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRONG ... IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW HER.

VEOLA: (SEXY) 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.

(BAND PLAYS SOFT DANCE MUSIC...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What's your name?

VEOLA: Veola Ward.

JACK: I'm Nick Bonelli.

VEOLA: I know ... Gee, Nick ... dancing with you is different than dancing with the other college fellows.

JACK: It is?

VEOLA: Yes....they don't even know the minuet.

JACK: Gee, Veola, you're beautiful.

~~VEOLA: Thanks, Nick.~~

~~JACK: You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.~~

DH

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VEOLA: Isn't it amazing?

JACK: What's amazing?

VEOLA: I've got a twin sister who's a dog.

JACK: Oh yes, Coach Day was going to marry her ... Look, Veola,
~~I'm crazy about you ... Will you marry me?~~

VEOLA: I might if you changed your mind and played football again.

JACK: Oh, so that's it. Well, I wouldn't play football for anything.

VEOLA: Not even if I kissed you like this?

(VEOLA GIVES JACK A SMALL KISS)

JACK: No.

VEOLA: Like this?

(VEOLA GIVES JACK A BIGGER KISS)

JACK: No.

Veola: I love like this.
(VEOLA GIVES JACK AN EXTREMELY LONG KISS)

JACK: (FILTER) I HAD DECIDED TO PLAY FOOTBALL AFTER THE FIRST KISS BUT I WASN'T FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TELL HER ... THE NEXT DAY I WAS SITTING ALONE IN MY ROOM...AND FROM THE STADIUM I COULD HEAR THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD AND THE GLEE CLUB AS THEY SANG OUR SCHOOL SONG.

DH

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QUART: YOU'VE GOTTA BE A FOOTBALL HERO
TO GET ALONG WITH THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
IN SPITE 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
ON EVERY COLLEGE CAMPUS THROUGHOUT THE LAND
THE STUDENTS DEMAND THEIR FAVORITE BRAND.
A LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER TASTING
A LUCKY STRIKE WINS EVERY TEST.
YOU'VE GOTTA TEAR AND THEN COMPARE 'EM
TO REALLY KNOW WHY A LUCKY IS BEST.
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOOTHER
IS, IS MFT BETTER TASTING, YOU'LL AGREE
That's how it's in the music!
~~LIGHT 'EM, LIGHT 'EM TAKE A PUFF.~~
and it's much more than that!
~~ISN'T THIS SOME CLEVER STUFF.~~
A LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER TASTING
SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
A LUCKY STRIKE IS MADE MUCH BETTER
THAT'S NOT A CLAIM, NO SIR, THAT IS A FACT
ASK YOUR PROFESSOR
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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JACK: (FILTER) I WAS NOT MADE OF STONE AND THE SCHOOL SPIRIT IN THAT SONG GOT ME...I RUSHED TO THE STADIUM AND SLIPPED INTO MY GOOD OLD UNIFORM...THE GAME WAS WELL INTO THE FOURTH PERIOD...SHERIDAN WAS TRAILING BY ONE POINT...AND AS I RAN OUT ONTO THE FIELD, THE CROWD WENT WILD.

BAND: B O N N A K R A Z ~~T E N S E K A~~ ---

JACK: (YELLING ON REGULAR MIKE) I CHANGED IT, I CHANGED IT.
(FILTER) IN THE HUDDLE I CALLED MY FAVORITE PLAY... BUT IT WAS 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.

ATX01 0184358

JACK: (FILTER) TIME WAS RUNNING OUT, BUT I KEPT COOL. I KNEW OUR CHANCE WOULD COME ... THEN WITH SECCNDS LEFT TO PLAY, I INTERCEPTED A PASS ... AND AS I WEAIVED DOWN THE FIELD, SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT BLACK. I COULDN'T SEE A THING. MY HELMET HAD SLIPPED DOWN OVER MY EYES. IT DIDN'T FIT...IN OTHER WORDS, IT WAS INCONGRUOUS ... I THREW OFF MY HELMET AND CUT TO THE LEFT...I FAKED TO THE RIGHT ... I ZIG ZAGGED ... SUDDENLY I THOUGHT OF VEOLA, AND I FOUND MYSELF DOING THE MINUET ON THE TWENTY YARD LINE ... AS I STARTED RUNNING AGAIN, I REALIZED THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN BETWEEN ME AND THE GOAL LINE ... BUT I COULDN'T GET BY HIM ... THEN I ^{noticed} ~~REALIZED~~ HE WASN'T EVEN WEARING A FOOTBALL UNIFORM AND I HOLLERED AT HIM.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Why don't you let me get by?

MEL: (SAME MOOLEY) Duh, I'm still waiting for my tip!

JACK: (FILTER) BUT I DIDN'T GIVE HIM THE TIP. WHY SHOULD I? AFTER ALL, IT WAS TONY CURTIS AND NOT I WHO WAS THE ALL AMERICAN.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

MG

ATX01 0184359

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 8, 1953 (Transcribed Nov. 5, 1953)
ALLOCATION

WILSON: Friends, forest fires are one of our great national hazards. Today -- perhaps this very minute, a forest fire is raging because somebody was careless, somebody tossed away a lighted cigarette, forgot to put out a campfire, or was careless with matches. Forest fires ravage millions of acres of timberland, weaken America, take lives. So, please, be careful, be cautious - don't give fire a place to start.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, here's
(LIVE) the voice of Pulitzer prize winning cartoonist, Rube Goldberg.

MG

RTX01 0184360

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 8, 1953
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-0-

RUBE GOLDBERG: Hi folks, I've learned what some people think is
(TRANSCRIPTION) funny, others don't think is so hot. It's all a
matter of taste. And taste applies to a lot of
things including cigarettes. To me, Luckies taste
better, and taste is what I'm looking for and I
always find it when I smoke a Lucky. Now when I
buy my Luckies, if you'd pardon this terrible pun,
I buy 'em by the cartoon.

WILSON: (LIVE) Thanks, Rube Goldberg. Friends, smoking enjoyment
is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is -- Luckies taste better ... cleaner,
fresher, smoother. Luckies come by their better
taste for two reasons. First, they're made of
fine tobacco. The whole world knows -- LS/MFT --
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then -- Luckies
are actually made better to taste better. So,
Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- buy a carton.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

ATX01 0184361

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Tony Curtis who appeared tonight through the courtesy of Universal-International ^{Picture} and will soon be seen in his latest picture "Forbidden". *Goodnight, everybody. Give a little talk.*

~~TONY: Oh, Jack -~~

~~JACK: What is it, Tony?~~

~~TONY: That was very sweet of you, but you didn't have to give me that plug.~~

~~JACK: I know, Tony, but I wanted to, because I enjoy all your pictures.~~

~~TONY: Thanks, Jack. I enjoyed all of yours, too. I thought you were wonderful in "To Be Or Not To Be", "Charlie's Aunt", "George Washington Slept Here", and "Gone With The Wind".~~

~~JACK: Wait a minute, Tony, I wasn't in "Gone With The Wind".~~

~~TONY: Would you rather have me mention "The Horn Blows At Midnight"?~~

~~JACK: No, no, I was great in "Gone With The Wind". Goodnight, folks.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tskaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company...America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

PROGRAM #10
REVISED SCRIPT

"The Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED NOV.12,1953)

JO

ATX01 01B4364

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 15, 1953
(Transcribed Nov. 12, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... Transcribed and presented by
LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, how do you feel about it? Isn't smoking enjoyment
the main thing you want from your cigarette? Well, just
remember this. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste.
And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner
fresher, smoother. Now, freshness is especially important
- and you'll be glad to know that every pack of Lucky
Strike is extra tightly sealed to bring you Luckies' better
taste in all its natural freshness. Light up a Lucky and
see for yourself how much fresher, how much better it does
taste. Luckies just have to taste better. In the first
place they're made with fine tobacco ... fine, naturally
mild, good-tasting tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco. Secondly, Luckies are made better -- made round
and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly.
All this means better taste. Yes, smoking enjoyment is all
a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies
taste better. So Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Get better taste
and get it fresh with Lucky Strike.

ATX01 0184365

(NOVEMBER 15TH)

-1-

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...TONIGHT JACK BENNY WILL DO
ANOTHER OF HIS T.V. PROGRAMS OVER THE C.B.S. NETWORK
...HOWEVER, LET'S TURN BACK THE CLOCK TO EARLY
MORNING AND GO OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS.

(SOUND: (AFTER PAUSE)...DOOR BUZZER...

SILENCE...DOOR BUZZER...SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS

...DOOR OPENS)

HEARN: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: OH...GOOD MORNING, MILKMAN.

(SOUND: RATTLING OF BOTTLES)

ROCH: SHHH...EASY WITH THOSE BOTTLES...MR. BENNY IS STILL
ASLEEP.

HEARN: Okay...Here's your order...the milk...cream...butter..
and eggs.

ROCH: THANKS...BY THE WAY, WHEN YOU CAME UP THE WALK, DID
YOU SEE ANY SIGN OF OUR PARROT?

HEARN: ^{Parrot?}
1 No, why?

ROCH: EVERY YEAR WHEN IT GETS CLOSE TO THANKSGIVING, SHE
GETS SCARED AND HIDES FROM US.

HEARN: Nope, I didn't see her...Well, I've got to be going.

ROCH: GOODBYE...SEE YOU TOMORROW.

JO

ATX01 0184366A

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 15, 1953
(Transcribed Nov. 12, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL -- CONT'D.)

-B-

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!
CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

JO

RTX01 0184366

HEARN: Oh, say, Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH?

HEARN: Doesn't Mr. Benny do another of his television shows tonight?

ROCH: UH HUH...THAT'S WHY I'M LETTING HIM SLEEP SO LATE... YOU KNOW, DOING RADIO AND TELEVISION IS QUITE A STRAIN...EVEN FOR A MAN OF THIRTY-NINE.

HEARN: (LAUGHING) Who are you trying to kid?... You've been saying Mr. Benny is thirty-nine for years.

ROCH: I KNOW, AND I'LL KEEP RIGHT ON SAYING IT TILL I GET A BETTER OFFER FROM SOME OTHER COMEDIAN.

HEARN: I see what you mean...Well, goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR CLOSES.)

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER PUT THIS STUFF IN THE REFRIGERATOR...

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

MEL: (SQUAWK) Hello, Brrr (WHISTLES IN CHILLED FASHION)

ROCH: POLLY!...SO THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE BEEN HIDING...(GOSH, LOOK AT HER SHIVER.)...POLLY, HOW DO YOU FEEL?

MEL: Baby, it's cold outside! (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

ROCH: DOGGONE, POLLY...THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE HIDDEN IN THE REFRIGERATOR.

MEL: Brrr...(SNEEZES AND SQUAWKS)

~~ROCH: THE LAST TIME WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR, YOU WERE SITTING ON A ICE CUBE, SINGING "COLD, COLD HEART".~~

MEL: (SNEEZES AGAIN TWICE, AND SNIFFLES)

JO

ATX01 0184357

ROCH: ^{Here,} HERE, LET ME TAKE YOU OUT OF THERE.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSSES)

ROCH: I BETTER GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO KEEP YOU FROM
CATCHING COLD..LET'S SEE... WHAT'S GOOD FOR THAT?...
MAYBE SOME COGNAC...OR HOT MILK...YEAH...I'LL GIVE
YOU SOME HOT MILK.

MEL: Cognac, cognac. (WHISTLES)

ROCH: ^{Okay. Yeah!} OKAY, POLLY, I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE.

(SOUND: CUPBOARD DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: AHHH, HERE'S THE COGNAC...NOW I'LL POUR A LITTLE
INTO YOUR DISH...

(SOUND: LITTLE POURING)

~~ROCH: HERE, POLLY.~~

~~(SOUND: RAPID GULPING NOISES)~~

~~ROCH: SIP IT, POLLY, SIP IT, SIP IT. THAT'S BETTER...NOW
TAKE IT EASY.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, MR. BENNY...I'LL HAVE YOUR BREAKFAST
IN JUST A MINUTE.

JACK: Oh, that's fine, I'm ^{am} really hungry.

ROCH: IT WON'T TAKE LONG...I LET YOU SLEEP A LITTLE LATER
BECAUSE YOU'RE DOING YOUR T.V. SHOW TONIGHT.

JACK: ^{you know} I'm glad you did, Rochester, because I had ^{the} ~~that~~ same
dream again.

~~ROCH: WHAT WAS IT?~~

JO

Roch: The one where you were locked in the California Bank?

~~JACK: Well... I dreamt I went into the California Bank to
make a deposit... And well, you know how dreams are...
all of a sudden everybody was gone and I was alone
in there and the bank was locked up.~~

~~ROCH: UH HUH.~~

~~JACK: So I started counting money... I counted ^{that} the fives,
tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds and thousand dollar
bills... and finally, the total was seven million,
three hundred ^{and} forty-nine thousand, five hundred and
sixty dollars... Boy what a relief!~~

ROCH: WHY?

JACK: The night before I was two dollars short... Gosh, --
the dream was so real.

ROCH: IT MUST'VE BEEN... WASH THE GREEN OFF YOUR HANDS AND
HAVE YOUR BREAKFAST.

JACK: Okay---Hello, Polly.

MEL: Hello, HIC!

JACK: Rochester---what's the matter with Polly?

ROCH: OH, IT'S A LONG STORY... SHE'S STARTING TO CATCH A
COLD SO I GAVE HER A LITTLE COGNAC.

JACK: Cognac? Why didn't you give her bourbon?

ROCH: I CAN'T STAND HER WHEN SHE'S GOT WHISKEY ON HER
BREATH.

JACK: Oh... Well, take good care of her while I'm at the
studio, ^{you know,} ..I won't want anything to ~~happen~~ --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JO

ATX01 0184369

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming, coming.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

JACK: How are you feeling, kid?

DENNIS: Fine.

JACK: What's new?

DENNIS: Nothing.

JACK: Oh...Well, what did you come over here for?

DENNIS: To say goodbye, I'm running away from home.

JACK: Not again. ^{Don't run away from home!} Dennis, does your mother know you're running away from home?

DENNIS: It was her idea.

JACK: ~~eh,~~ For heaven's sakes...another fight with your mother, eh?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: What happened this time?

DENNIS: Well, we were all sitting around the dinner table laughing and having a good time, and then suddenly she lost her temper when I mentioned August 14th, 1924.

JACK: What happened that day?

DENNIS: That's when I was born.

JACK: Oh, ~~eh,~~ ~~eh~~...And as soon as you mentioned your birthday, she hit you?

JO

DENNIS: Yes, but she hit my father first.

JACK: Gee.

DENNIS: Of course, it isn't all mother's fault...she's been feeling very depressed these days.

JACK: Why, is there anything wrong?

DENNIS: Well, this is the first fall in years that she's been out of work.

JACK: Your mother is out of work now...how come?

DENNIS: Since they abolished the two platoon system, they don't need her.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame. How I used to love to see her rip through that line.

DENNIS: Yeah...well, goodbye, Mr. Benny, I'm leaving.

JACK: Goodbye, Dennis...it's a shame you're leaving today... You won't be able to come to the big party I'm giving tomorrow.

DENNIS: Why are you giving a party?

JACK: Because you're leaving. Now look, kid, why don't you---

ROCH: (OFF) (CALLS) OH, MR. BENNY.

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: YOUR BREAKFAST IS READY.

JACK: Okay, I'll be right there...Dennis, have you had your breakfast yet?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Well, why don't you run out and get some while I'm having mine...it won't take long.

JO

ROCH: MR. BENNY, WHEN I HEARD MR. DAY COME IN, I PREPARED
BREAKFAST FOR HIM, TOO.

JACK: Oh...well, Dennis, how about joining me?

DENNIS: ^{Oh} No thanks, I'm not hungry.

JACK: But Dennis, you told me you haven't had your breakfast.

DENNIS: I know.

JACK: Then how come you're not hungry?

DENNIS: I just had lunch.

JACK: ~~Oh...well,~~ look, Dennis...if you weren't going to run
away....and you were going to be on the program next
Sunday, ^{you'd sing a song, wouldn't you?} ~~what song would you sing?~~

DENNIS: ^{the air} ~~"You'll Never Walk Alone."~~

JACK: ~~Good, good...let's hear it.~~ ^{Well, let's hear it now. Always running away from home.}

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG .. "YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE")

(APPLAUSE)

JO

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that ^{old} song was fine...and I know it will be wonderful on the program next Sunday.

DENNIS: What do you mean next Sunday...I'm running away today.

JACK: I know, but while you were singing, ^{it} I recorded it.

DENNIS: Gee, for an old man, you don't miss a trick, do you?

JACK: Look, Dennis, ^{will you} please leave me alone...I don't want to be aggravated because I'm supposed to do my television show today.

DENNIS: ^{My} Your T.V. show...who's going to be your guest star?

JACK: Johnny Ray.

DENNIS: (A LA RAY) (SINGS) When your sweetheart, sends a letter of goodbye...

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT.

^{Dennis:} *This is secret...* DENNIS: Gee, you're jumpy...you'd think it was you who was ^{Jack: Dennis, stop!} running away from home.

JACK: ^{Dennis} / Why don't you ^{stop} - - -

ROCH: (COMING IN) MR. BENNY, POLLY IS STILL SNEEZING..SHALL I CALL THE DRUG STORE AND HAVE THEM SEND OVER SOME MEDICINE?

JACK: The Drug store? Call ^{up a} ~~the~~ veterinarian and have him ^{refer} come over ~~here~~.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, THAT VET CHARGES A LOT OF MONEY FOR HOME VISITS.

JACK: So what...you know where to send ^{the} ~~his~~ bill.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

LR

ATX01 0184373

ROCH: IF THE BLUE CROSS EVER FINDS OUT THAT "POLLY BENNY"
ISN'T YOUR DAUGHTER, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.

JACK: Hmmmm.

ROCH: ANYWAY, POLLY DOESN'T NEED ~~THE~~ VET, SHE JUST HAS A
LITTLE COLD.

DENNIS: ^{to say,} Mr. Benny, can I use your phone?

JACK: ^{the phone?} Yes, Dennis, go ahead.

DENNIS: Thanks. I wanta call T.W.A..I'm gonna get on a plane
and go as far away as ^{wait a minute, wait a minute}

JACK: ^{Now} Now wait a minute, ^{wait a minute, wait a minute} Dennis, this has gone far enough.
You pick up that phone and call your mother and tell
her that you're sorry and that you're not going to
run away from home.

DENNIS: But, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Do as I say, ^{now,} ~~call her~~ ^{call your mother}

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP....SEVEN DIALS)

JACK: (OVER DIALING) Silly kid...just before Thanksgiving
treating his mother like that.

DENNIS: Hello, Mother...This is Dennis...I'm over at Mr.
Benny's...uh huh...He wanted me to call you and tell
you I'm sorry and that I'm not gonna run away from
home...What?...Okay, Goodbye, Mother.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What did she say?

DENNIS: She said for you to mind your own business.

LR

JACK: Oh...well, I don't care what she said, you're still not gonna run away from home...And take that stick with the bundle tied to it off your shoulder. You look silly.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: What have you got in that bundle, anyway?

DENNIS: My mother's picture.

JACK: Look, Dennis---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS,...DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MR. WILSON.

DON: Hello, Rochester, is Mr. Benny up yet?

ROCH: UP AND ASSEMBLED...HE'S IN THE DEN.

DON: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING...FOOTSTEPS)

DON: Hi, Jack...Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

JACK: Hello, Don..I thought I'd see you at the studio.

DON: I know, but I came over here first...I want to see you about a rather personal matter.

JACK: What is it?

DON: Well...can I talk to you privately?...It's...it's... confidential.

DENNIS: Don't mind me, tomorrow I'll be in Pakistan.

JACK: Dennis, keep quiet...Now what is this personal matter, Don?

LR

DON: Well, I've broached ~~the~~ ^{plus} subject to you before...it's just this...I don't like all the jokes you make about my size.

JACK: But Don--

DON: Oh, it wasn't so bad on radio because there the listeners couldn't see me. ~~Why,~~ ^{Why,} you could even do ~~these~~ ^{the} same jokes about a skinny person.

JACK: Well, then what's your complaint, Don?

DON: Now you're doing them on television, and with me standing there, people can see I'm a big tub of blubber.

JACK: ^{Will} Don, I'm sorry.

DON: ^{Jack} Being sorry is not enough. ^{Jack...} I'd like you to take that joke out of today's script.

JACK: Which joke?

DON: The one where you say to me, "Don, are those your chins or are you chewing on a venitian blind?"

JACK: But Don, it's a wonderful joke ^{and} ^{it} I made ^{it} up.

DON: I don't care I want it out.

JACK: ^{Will!} Okay, ~~okay~~ ^{you must be kidding! Don't know - you're with when you say} I didn't know you were so--- ^{sure to me with the J!}

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: (A LITTLE WORRIED) Hello, Jack...this is Bob.

JACK: Oh, Bob, ^{Bo} what is it?

BOB: ^{Will} Jack. I'm kind of worried. ^{you see...} Frank Remley has disappeared.

LR

JACK: No.

BOB: ^{wishes} Yes..he's been gone for a couple of days now, and I'm getting more and more upset.

JACK: Did you report his disappearance to the police?

BOB: I went there last night.

JACK: Well, did you give the police a good description of Frankie?

BOB: ^{to} I didn't have to, they've got his picture, his finger prints and his baby shoes.

JACK: Baby shoes? Didn't Remley have them bronzed?

BOB: Yes, and he used them for brass knuckles.

JACK: No, kidding.

BOB: But Jack, this could be serious...

JACK: You're right...maybe. Frankie has amnesia and has forgotten who he is.

BOB: Oh, I'm not worried about that. ^{amnesia} he carries an identification tag with his name, address and also his blood type.

JACK: ^{to} ~~I didn't know that...~~ ^{what} what is Frankie's blood type?

BOB: Old Crow.

JACK: ^{well} ~~That I should have know...~~ Now let's see, Bob..Just a second..where could he have gone to..let me think... maybe he stopped for a transfusion..or maybe--

MEL: (SQUAWK) Hic!

BOB: Jack, Jack, it's Frankie!

JACK: That's my parrot. ...Now look, Bob, don't worry about Frankie...he'll turn up...unfortunately he always does.

LR

BOB: ^{Well} I hope so...Well, ^{So} long, Jack.
JACK: Goodbye, Bob...Oh, wait a minute.
BOB: Yes, Jack?
JACK: Bob, I almost forgot...I want to invite you over to my house for Thanksgiving dinner.
BOB: Oh, ^{see} thanks, my wife will be so happy.
JACK: Oh, ^{she}...your wife...~~er~~...oh yes, ^{she} she's invited, too.
BOB: And Jack, you know ~~that~~ it's traditional for parents to take their children with them for Thanksgiving dinner.
JACK: Oh...the children..
BOB: Uh huh.
JACK: ^{the car} You have five, don't you.
BOB: Yes, five.
JACK: Well, save your car, it's not far to Thrifty¹...Goodbye, Bob.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: ~~Say~~ Jack, I hope I'm invited over for Thanksgiving dinner, too.
JACK: ^{Of} course you are, Don.
DON: Good...^{good} there's nothing I love better than turkey.
DENNIS: I'm going to have Chow Mein on Thanksgiving.
DON: ^{love} Chow Mein....
DENNIS: By then I'll be in Hong Kong.
JACK: Dennis, ^{well} please be quiet.
~~DON: Jack, what's this all about--Pakistan, Hong Kong.~~
~~JACK: Oh, the silly kid is running away from home again.~~

1r

DENNIS: I'm not silly, I'm serious...I'm warning you...I'm going to run away...I'm going to Africa..and then I'm going into the deepest darkest jungle and I'm never coming out.

JACK: Good, good...Only this time, Dennis--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Now who can that be?

DON: Oh, it's probably the Sportsmen quartet, ^{from...} I told them to meet me here.

JACK: Oh.

DON: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: ^{Will} Hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: ^{when are they going to leave to talk? Why are they here?} Don, why are the boys carrying those pistols?

DON: Show him, fellows.

(SOUND: BULLETS RICOCHETING)

JACK: Don, what's that?

DON: It's a wonderful sound effect ~~that~~ we're going to use in the commercial we're going to do on the show.

JACK: What is it?

DON: Ricochet Romance.

JACK: ^{are} Oh, they use the guns?

DON: Go ahead, show him fellows.

LR

ATX01 0184379

QUART: THEY WARNED ME WHEN YOU KISSED ME
 YOUR LOVE WOULD RICOCHET
 YOUR LIPS WOULD FIND ANOTHER
 AND YOUR HEART WOULD GO ASTRAY
 I THOUGHT THAT I COULD HOLD YOU
 WITH ALL MY ^{most} MANY CHARMS
 BUT THEN ONE DAY YOU RICOCHETED
 TO SOMEONE ELSE'S ARMS
 AND BABY
 I DON'T WANT A RICOCHET ROMANCE
 I DON'T WANT A RICOCHET LOVE
 IF YOUR CARELESS WITH YOUR KISSES
 FIND ANOTHER TURTLE DOVE.
 I CAN'T LIVE ON RICOCHET ROMANCE
 NO, NO, NOT ME
 IF YOUR GONNA RICOCHET, BABY
 I'M GONNA SET YOU FREE.
 I KNEW THE DAY I MET YOU
 YOU HAD A ROVING EYE
 I THOUGHT THAT I COULD HOLD YOU
 WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO TRY
 YOU PROMISED YOU'D BE FAITHFUL
 AND YOU WOULD NEVER STRAY
 THEN LIKE A RIFLE BULLET
 YOU BEGAN TO RICOCHET
 BUT BABY
 I DON'T WANT A RICOCHET ROMANCE
 I DON'T WANT A RICOCHET LOVE.

(MORE)

LR

ATX01 0184380

QUART:
(CONT'D)

YOU AND ME ARE THROUGH FOREVER
FIND ANOTHER TURTLE DOVE
THANKS FOR ALL THOSE GIFTS YOU GAVE ME
THOSE LUCKY STRIKES
LET'S FORGET AND LIGHT UP A LUCKY
THAT'S THE ONE I LIKE
I'LL BE HAPPY PUFFING A LUCKY
I CAN COUNT ON LUCKIES, I KNOW
ALWAYS WITH ME WHEN I TRAVEL
FULLY PACKED AND READY TO ~~glow~~^{glow}
ALWAYS CLEANER, FRESHER, AND SMOOTHER
THE BEST SMOKE YET.
LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY
WHAT A CIGARETTE
LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY
LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

LR

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{All} Fellows, that was swell ^{that} and I know it will ^{be} sound great on the program.

DON: Thanks, Jack...Well, I've got to be running along..Can I drop you anyplace, Dennis?

DENNIS: Not unless you're passing ^{Chari-foote} Casablanca.

JACK: ^{well} Look, Dennis, go with him, go, go, go.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & SLAMS SHUT)

ROCH: MR. BENNY, YOU BETTER GET GOING TO THE STUDIO OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR YOUR TELEVISION SHOW.

JACK: Oh yes. I better hurry.

ROCH: BOSS, LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHY DO YOU WORK SO HARD?

JACK: Well--

ROCH: YOU DO RADIO EVERY WEEK..TELEVISION EVERY THREE WEEKS.. PERSONAL APPEARANCES..YOU'RE A GUEST STAR ON OTHER PROGRAMS.. AND BENEFITS..THAT'S AN AWFUL LOT OF WORK.

JACK: You're right, Rochester, I'll have to cut out those benefits... Well, I'll see you later.

ROCH: OKAY, SO LONG, BOSS.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You know, Rochester, I'm kinda nervous..I hope I have a funny television show today.

ROCH: OH, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, BOSS. THE MINUTE YOU COME ON ^{the} STAGE, THE AUDIENCE WILL START LAUGHING AND SCREAMING. YOU CAN'T MISS.

1W

JACK: What makes you so sure?

ROCH: YOU FORGOT TO PUT ON YOUR PANTS.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned..I almost did T.V. in my B.V.D.'s...

Rochester, get me my trousers. I have to hurry to the studio.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: VERY CLASSY AUTOMOBILE MOTOR)

JACK: Gee, these new cars are sensational...Power steering...
windows go up when you press a button..classy horn.

(SOUND: CLASSY HORN)

JACK: Gee, I'm sure glad I waited for a 1954 Cadillac...Yes, sir..
~~there~~ aren't very many of these on the road yet...Well,
here's television city.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS..CAR DOOR OPENS..AND CLOSSES)

JACK: Thanks for the lift, mister.

(SOUND: AFTER JACK LOOKS BACK AT THE MIKE)

CAR DRIVES AWAY)

JACK: Well, I better go in.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

HERB: Good afternoon, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mac, what are you doing here? You used to be the
doorman over at the radio studio.

HERB: Yep, but they transferred me here to Television City.

JACK: Oh...~~and they've given you a new uniform, too.~~ ^{and, Mac...} Oh...is the
makeup man in?

HERB: Yes sir...and your guest star Johnny Ray is here, too.

LW

JACK: Good..see you later.

HERB: Oh say, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, Mac?

HERB: Mr. Benny..how long ago was it that you held the I Can't Stand Jack Benny Contest?

JACK: We finished that eight years ago.

HERB: Well, you ought to make an announcement on your program, we keep getting about five hundred letters a week.

JACK: Well, at least they're listners, they couldn't hate me if they weren't...See you later....

(SOUND: WALKING FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: (HUMS A LITTLE)....Gee, Television City is certainly beautiful..and it's got the latest style architecture.... The architects put in all the latest improvements..electric eyes..sliding walls..thermostatic air conditioning..indirect lighting..complete sound-pro fing..and luckily there's a gas station on the corner, they forgot the washrooms.... (HUMS A LITTLE MORE)..~~This must be Johnny Ray's dressing room...Isn't that cute..Instead of a star, there's a little white cloud on it:..~~

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wonder where my director is...Oh, stage hand?

MEL: (MOOLEY - SLIGHT) Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Have you seen Mr. Ralph Levy, my director.

MEL: Yeah..there he is wid the camera crew.

TW

JACK: Oh yes...Oh, Mr. Levy...Mr. Levy.

RALPH: Here I am, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Levy, I understand you had some things you wanted to discuss with me before I go on.

RALPH: ^{oh} Yes, Jack..it's just a minor thing...but whenever you start a television show, and you're out on the stage by yourself.. I notice you always keep putting your hands in your hip pocket...This can be very distracting.

JACK: I'm sorry, Ralph...it's a habit.

RALPH: Jack, you're out there alone, your money's safe.

JACK: Okay...I'll watch it...Now Ralph, there are a couple of things I'd like to talk to you about.

RALPH: What's that?

JACK: Well, some people told me that when they saw me on television during my last show, ^{that} I looked kind of old..and they even detected a few wrinkles in my face..^{now} why is that?

RALPH: ^{well} Oh, it's very simple, Jack..You see, you ^{know} believe you're thirty-nine, and I ^{know} believe you're thirty nine, it's just the camera that's ^{so blunt} ~~so blunt with its opinion.~~

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: Excuse me..Say, Mr. Levy, should I get the scenery set?

RALPH: Yeah, Joe..and Harry..move those lights in a little closer.. ~~And~~ Dick, Dick Fisher, tell the camera men to stand by...

JACK: ^{oh} Say, Ralph, -- wait a minute--we're not doing a murder mystery on the show tonight, are we?

LW

RALPH: Of course not.

JACK: Then why is that body lying there?

RALPH: I don't know..it's been there since we did our last T.V. show.

JACK: Oh...excuse me...

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...FIVE DIALS..RECEIVER CLICK)

BOB: Hello?

JACK: Hello, Bob, I found him.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Now Ralph, you can do me a favor.

RALPH: I'd be glad to, Jack..what is it?

JACK: Well..I got into a little argument with Don Wilson today and he's kind of mad at me..So..maybe it would make him a little happier if you took a couple of close-up shots of him on this T.V. show.

RALPH: I can't do that, Jack.

JACK: Why not?

RALPH: On your last program I tried to take a close-up of Don and he looked like he was chewing on a Venetian blind.

JACK: Gee...and I thought I was making up a joke.

MEL: (OFF) Oh, Mr. Levy, it's time for dress rehearsal.

RALPH: Okay, Joe...(CALLS) EVERYBODY STAND BY...Are-you Ready, Jack?

JACK: Yes.

RALPH: Oh, by the way, Jack, I almost forgot --

JACK: What?

RALPH: Before you came here, I timed the show again and we were three minutes too long, so I cut out the scene where you play the violin solo.

W

JACK: Now wait a minute, Ralph..you can't cut that scene.

RALPH: I had to -- I told you, we were three minutes long.

JACK: (MAD) Well, we'll cut something else..you're not taking out my violin solo.

RALPH: (MAD) Jack, I'm the director and I think it's best for the show..the violin is out and that's final.

JACK: ^{Just} It's not final...I'm going over your head to the producer.

RALPH: I'm the producer, too.

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot...~~Heeee~~...the producer and the director.. whose idea was it ~~that~~ you should hold down two jobs?

RALPH: Yours, you wanted to save ^{1/4} money.

JACK: ~~Heeee~~..Well, I don't care if you are the producer and the director...I'm the star, and I say my violin solo stays in.

RALPH: ~~and~~ I say it comes out.

JACK: I say it stays in.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF HEAVY WEIGHT AND TIN,
GLASS AND METAL FALLING)

JACK: (FRIGHTENED) Ralph, Ralph, that big light fell from way up there on that platform, and almost hit me....How could an accident like that happen?

RALPH: That was no accident, it's amazing what you can do when you're the producer and director.

JACK: ~~Well~~, I don't care..We're going to do it my way.

(SOUND: SAME TERRIFIC CRASH)

LW

RTX01 01B43B7

JACK: All right, we'll do it your way.

RALPH: That's better.

JACK: Well, I'll go to my dressing room and change.

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

MEL: (OFF) Hey, Mr. Levy.

RALPH: What is it, Joe?

MEL: You were right, he's chicken...(CALLS) EVERYBODY STAND BY
FOR DRESS REHEARSAL...STAND BY, EVERYBODY.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

NATIONAL

-24-

JACK: I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS Television network with my guest star, Johnny Ray, but first, a word to cigarette smokers....smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste, and the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better --

PACIFIC COAST

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at 7 PM over the CBS Television network with my guest star, Johnny Ray, but first, a word to cigarette smokers....smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste, and the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better --

EP

ATX01 0184389

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-25-

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, let's take a good close look at the subject of why you smoke cigarettes. Think it over a minute and you'll agree that the main reason and probably the only reason you smoke is simply that you enjoy it -- you like the taste of a cigarette. Sure -- smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother for two very important reasons. One is, IS/MFT...Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. The tobacco in Luckies is fine, naturally mild, good-tasting. Another reason for this better taste is that Luckies are actually made better -- made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Fine tobacco in a better made cigarette gives you better taste every single time. So if you go along with me that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste, then Be Happy -- Go Lucky...because the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Get a carton of Lucky Strike and see for yourself.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET:
(Long Close) Get better taste today!

ATX01 0184390

(TAG)

Ladies & gentlemen....as I mentioned before,
JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, ..tonight I'm doing my television show on the CBS Television Network, and, ~~as I said~~, my guest star will be Johnny Ray and we're going to --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: th Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello....Oh, Johnny...are you at Television City?...You aren't?...Well, where are you?...on the corner of --- What are you doing there?....Oh, you're waiting for a 1954 Cadillac, too...Well, get here as soon as you can...Goodbye Johnny.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Goodnight, folks, see you in thirty seconds.

(PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: Goodnight, folks, see you at seven o'clock.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

EP

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company.....America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

EP

ATX01 0184392

PROGRAM #11
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED NOV. 19, 1953)

BH

ATX01 0184393

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program...transcribed and presented by Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, there's no question, you smoke for enjoyment -- the enjoyment you get from the taste of a cigarette. Sure, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Yes, Luckies taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother -- and there are two very good reasons why. First, as everyone in America knows, IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco-- light, naturally mild, good tasting tobacco. Second, Luckies are made better. They're round, firm, fully packed, so they'll draw freely and smoke evenly. Fine tobacco in a better made cigarette just naturally adds up to better taste. Remember, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. So, be happy -- go Lucky. Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike and find out for yourself that Luckies really do taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

GH

ATX01 0184394

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND "YOUR'S TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK A WEEK TO LAST SUNDAY WHERE JACK BENNY HAS JUST FINISHED HIS TELEVISION SHOW..AND AS USUAL, AFTER A T.V. SHOW, JACK LIKES TO RELAX BY WALKING HOME.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES..FOOTSTEPS)

eh
JACK: I feel good..I don't ^{know} ~~see~~ why I was so nervous all through my television show..Everyone was so good..~~And~~ Johnny Ray was just sensational..~~and~~ the audience was great, too. It's not often you get a happy audience like that. ^{See, applauded} They ~~laughed~~ ^{laughed} and ~~applauded~~ ^{applauded} at everything...That was a good idea Remley had of serving them ^{Martini} ~~drinks~~ before the show. ^{See, I don't know.}...I like being on television...I can hardly wait till I appear on the Omnibus Program on November 29th...~~I'll~~ ^{It'll} be nice to do something dramatic for a change...Gee, I've accomplished a lot for a man of thirty-nine....I wonder how old I really am... Let's see, I've been in show business thirty-five years and I was four when I started...that's right, thirty-nine...Next year I'll have been in show business thirty-six years..that'll make me three when I started....Gee, three years from now I'm gonna be in trouble...But what's the difference, as long as you feel --

(SOUND: ~~BODY THUMP~~)

LW

ATX01 0184395

JACK: Oops..Say, why don't you watch where you're going?
HEARN: H'ya, Rube.
JACK: Well, it's my friend from Calabasas..What are you doing here in Los Angeles?
HEARN: Rubbin' my eyes, same as everybody else.
JACK: Oh, that's --
HEARN: For a city that don't grow nothin, you sure got a lotta smudgin' goin' on.
JACK: Yes yes..How are things back in Calabasas?
HEARN: Pretty good...Been makin' speeches all month.
JACK: Speeches?
HEARN: Yup. I ran for mayor. The election was yesterday.
JACK: Mayor of Calabasas? How did you make out?
HEARN: I don't know..we're still waitin' for the rural vote to come in.
JACK: Oh, of course, the rural vote. Well, tell me, did you put on a good campaign?
HEARN: Oh yes. I went around to each farmer individually and asked him what his biggest problem was.
JACK: I see. And what is the farmer's biggest problem?
HEARN: Traveling salesmen.
JACK: Oh, Well, Secretary Benson will certainly be glad to hear that.
HEARN: Well, I better get goin'..Have to round up my wife.
JACK: Oh, your wife's with you.
HEARN: Yep. She's on a shoppin' spree. Every time she comes to the city, she goes hog wild.

BH

ATX01 0184396

JACK: No kidding.

HEARN: Last year she bought a hundred and twenty hogs...Hee hee hee..Heard Spade Cooley pull that one...You oughta catch that boy. Now there's a comedian.

JACK: Yeah..yeah.

HEARN: Well, so long, Rube.

JACK: So long.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START AND CONTINUE)

JACK: What a character. I wonder why he always calls me Rube.

(SOUND: BUS MOTOR APPROACHING AND STOPS)

JACK: Oh-oh, there's the bus.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: HEY, WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!

(SOUND: BUS DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Ouch!

(SOUND: BUS PULLS AWAY FAST)

JACK: Smart alec driver..that's the third one he's snatched off my head this month.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START AND CONTINUE)

JACK: Oh well..I didn't want to ride the bus anyway..It's so depressing to put a dime in a machine and not have anything come out....Say, that would be a good ^{joke} ~~gag~~ ^{my} for a radio show next week..the people love those jokes that make me seem cheap...I must sell it to my writers....Gee, I must've walked fast. Here's Dennis' ^{say's} house and he lives pretty close to me. I'd go in and say "hello" to him but his mother and I don't get along....Oh-oh, I can see her through the window..she's just walking into the living room.

(BOARD FADE)

BH

Mr. Benny

DENNIS: Mother, ~~you can come back in the living room, Mr. Benny's~~
program ~~has been~~ over for fifteen minutes.

VERNA: Well, thank goodness!

DENNIS: Mother, why do you always leave the room when Mr. Benny's
T.V. program is on?

VERNA: I can't resist the urge to kick him in the teeth and
television sets cost money.

DENNIS: Oh...Say, what's that you're knitting?

VERNA: It's the sweater I promised you. ~~Here, I want you to try it~~
on so I can see how it'll look.

DENNIS: Okay...Oh boy, I've always wanted a turtleneck sweater.

VERNA: That's not a turtleneck sweater, you put your head through
the sleeve.

DENNIS: Oh...

VERNA: But don't worry, it'll shrink when you wash it.

DENNIS: The sleeve?

VERNA: No, your head...Now take the sweater off and let me finish it.

DENNIS: ~~All right...~~Gosh, Mother, you're so nice to me...I wish I
could do something for you to show my appreciation, but you
know what Mr. Benny pays me.

VERNA: Yes, I know..and after fifteen years I think it's high
time you got a raise.

DENNIS: ~~See~~, Mother, ^{well,} I've wanted to ask him for a raise a hundred
times, but I can never catch him in a good mood.

VERNA: Well, when is he in a good mood?

DENNIS: When he's cutting someone's salary.

VERNA: Dennis, I just can't understand why you keep working for that
blue-eyed pinchpenny.

GH

DENNIS: ~~on~~, It has its compensations.

VERNA: Compensations?

DENNIS: Yeah, I'm slowly driving him nuts.

VERNA: (ELATED) Dennis, are you really?

DENNIS: Yeah, ~~and~~ I'm gonna have some fun with him today, too.

VERNA: *Oh*, What are you going to do?

DENNIS: Well, when he gets home, I'm gonna keep calling him on the phone and pretend I'm different celebrities and tell him how great he was on television today.

VERNA: Oh goody..he's such a ham, I bet he falls for it shnock, line, and sinker.

DENNIS: Yeah...I'll make out first that I'm Ronald Colman.

VERNA: Ronald Colman?

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) Ah yes, Benita, I think we have something here. I can hardly wait til canhead gets home from the studio.

VERNA: Well. Dennis, he won't be home for a few minutes, so while you're waiting, you better rehearse the song you're going to do on the program.

~~DENNIS: On Mr. Benny's program?~~

~~VERNA: No, your own, Stupid..what do I care about him?.. Now GO~~

Dennis: ahead, let me hear the song.
(APPLAUSE) *Shay.*

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "MANY TIMES")

(APPLAUSE)

BH

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here I am home at last. Gee, that was a long walk.
~~I~~ Thought I'd never get--Oh, there's my new gardener.. ~~I've~~
been wanting to talk to him..(UP) Oh, Jerome..Jerome..

MEL: (MOODY) Duh, hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Jerome, I hate to complain, but this front yard of mine is
a mess. Since I hired you, nothing seems to be growing
right.

MEL: Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Benny, I never should
taken this job.

JACK: Why not?

MEL: I'm a flower man..I don't know nothin' about vegetables.

JACK: But, Jerome, --

MEL: Look at your front yard.....carrots, celery, tomatoes,
potatoes..

JACK: But.. *Jerome* - - -

MEL: ~~Eggplant, cauliflower, corn, spinach, beans, asparagus,~~

~~JACK: But --~~

MEL: ~~Ratbagas,~~ lettuce, parsnips, artichokes,

JACK: But --

MEL: Not one lousy petunia in the whole place.

JACK: Who eats petunias?.....Look, Jerome, just do the best you
can.

MEL: I will, I will.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

CB

Jan - m - m

-7-

JACK: If he couldn't handle it, why didn't he tell me before I bought the plow..Oh, well..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, MR. BENNY..MR. BENNY..

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU.

JACK: Oh..Oh...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS RAPIDLY..DOOR CLOSSES..
FAST FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: (FILTER) (AS COLMAN) Hello, is that you, Jack old boy?

JACK: Yes...Who is this?

DENNIS: This is Ronald Colman.

JACK: Well, RONNIE!..How are you?

DENNIS: Fine, Jack..I called to tell you that I saw your T.V. show today and ^{it's} you were absolutely wonderful.

JACK: Oh, Ronnie, you're just ~~saying that~~ - - -

DENNIS: No, no, ^{no no} I mean it, Jack..If I were King and Benita were queen, you would be our court jester.

JACK: Oh, Ronnie, that's ^{that's} awfully sweet of you, but I wasn't that good.

DENNIS: Ah yes, you were, Jack.

JACK: Well, thank you..thank you very much, Ronnie...You know, Ronnie, it's strange, but I've always had a silly notion that you didn't like me.

DENNIS: On the contrary, Jack, I've always thought of you as quite a pleasant shlemiel.

CB

ATX01 0184401

JACK: What? ~~What was that, Ronnie?~~

~~DENNIS: Well, I've got to ring off now. Benita wants me to try on
a turtle-neck sweater she's knitting for me.~~

JACK: ~~Oh.~~ Well, thanks again for calling, Ronnie. I'm so glad
you liked my show.

DENNIS: Well, I just had to call and tell you..Goodbye, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: PHONE RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Rochester, you'll never guess who ~~that~~-- Oh hello, Mary,
when did you come in?

MARY: Rochester let me in while you were on the phone.

~~JACK: Oh..You know, Mary, that was Ronald Colman who called.~~

~~MARY: That's funny, I didn't hear you say anything about giving
it back.~~

~~JACK: Giving what back?~~

~~MARY: I don't know, whatever you borrowed.~~

~~JACK: Mary, it so happens Ronnie called me for the sole purpose
of complimenting me on my television show..I think it was
very considerate of him..and Rochester, I want you to see
that the Colmans get back everything I've borrowed from
them.~~

~~ROCH: AW, BOSS, IT'S A SHAME YOU DIDN'T DECIDE TO DO THAT A FEW
DAYS AGO.~~

~~JACK: Why?~~

~~ROCH: THEY FINALLY GAVE UP AND REFURNISHED THEIR HOUSE.~~

CB

ATX01 0184402

JACK: ~~Well, then, forget about it. There's no sense in both of us doing it.~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ^{To} Rochester, see who's at the door, ^{will you?}

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Incidentally, Mary, what did you think of my ^{TV} television show?

MARY: ~~To~~ To tell you the truth, Jack, I was so upset about my maid Pauline that I couldn't concentrate on the show.

JACK: What's the matter with Pauline? I thought you liked her.

MARY: Well, she is very nice, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to let her go.

JACK: Really, Mary?

MARY: Yes. She's always been sort of men-crazy but lately it's getting so a good-looking fellow can't walk by the house without her sticking her head out ^{of} the window.

JACK: Well Mary, what's wrong with that?

MARY: She forgets to open it.

JACK: ~~What?~~

MARY: So far this month she's had to pay for six windows and twelve stitches.

JACK: Well, as long as she pays for it.

MARY: Yes, but I suffer, too. When she was going around with that baker, I had bread all over the house. When she was sweet on the butcher, we had meat four times a day. When she fell for the milkman, we never had less than 26 quarts of milk in the refrigerator. But now I'm really worried.

CB

JACK: Why?

MARY: This morning I saw her making eyes at the garbage man.

JACK: Well, Mary, she's been with you so long, I hate to see

~~you~~

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, BOSS. ^{WILL} ~~IT~~ ^{at the front door} MR. WARNER, HE WANTS TO SEE YOU PRIVATELY, HE'S WAITING IN THE DEN.

JACK: Warner?

ROCH: MR. JACK WARNER OF WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS.

JACK: Oh, Jack Warner. ^{Oh} Excuse me a minute, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, Mr. Warner.

WARNER: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, how have you been, Mr. Warner..long time no see. ^{will how}

WARNER: ~~Yes~~..You know, Jack, I just heard the news about your making an appearance on the Omnibus program.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Warner, on November 29th..~~And~~ I'm going to do The Horn Blows at Midnight.

WARNER: ^{Just} ~~That's~~ what I wanted to talk to you about.

JACK: What?

WARNER: Look, Jack, you made that picture for us in 1944, didn't you?

JACK: That's right. It was for the Warner Brothers.

WARNER: Well, since then our studio has produced "Street Car Named Desire", "The Will Rogers Story", "House of Wax", ^{"Hondo"} "Calamity Jane", and this year I'm sure our picture "So Big" will be up for an Academy Award.

CB

ATX01 0184404

JACK: So?

WARNER: So we're rolling again, let us alone.

JACK: Now just a minute, Mr. Warner..How can you say that?

You yourself told me that when The Horn Blows At Midnight was shown in Hollywood, the theatre made money.

WARNER: That's because we rented out the balcony as a trailer camp.

JACK: But Mr. Warner, you can't put all the blame on me..When you did that picture, you made one big mistake.

WARNER: I know, we put film in the camera.

JACK: Mr. Warner, that's an old joke.

WARNER: ^{yeah} If I had anything new. I'da put it in the picture.

JACK: Well, I'm sorry, but I still think it's a great story. And if you ^{id} had listened to me while we were making it, The Horn Blows At Midnight would've been a terrific hit.

WARNER: Jack, we tried everything..we even spent ^{over a} ~~five~~ hundred thousand dollars for a new finish and nobody ^{ever} ~~ever~~ stayed to see it.

JACK: Well, that's not my fault..and you'll see, it's going to be great on television when I do it on Omnibus.

WARNER: All right, Jack..if you won't listen to reason, maybe you'll listen to this..We'll give you five thousand dollars not to do it.

JACK: No!

WARNER: Ten thousand dollars.

JF

ATX01 0184405

JACK: I'm sorry, Mr. Warner, but money means nothing to me.

WARNER: I've got to listen to the repeat show and see if I really heard that.

JACK: What?

WARNER: Look, Jack, here's my final offer..My brother^{alfred} Harry, and ~~I~~^{myself} are willing to take you into the firm, and make you one of the Warner Brothers.

JACK: No...No^{no}. I'm afraid not..That means I'd have to change my name.

WARNER: If you do the picture, we're going to change ~~ours~~^{—well, I blew it!}.

JACK: I'm sorry, but my mind is made up..I'm going to do the Horn Blows At Midnight on television, and that's final, Mr. Warner!

WARNER: Just call me Sam Goldwyn.

JACK: What?

WARNER: Goodbye, Jack.

(FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPEN & SHUT)

JACK: Hmm..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, what did Mr. Warner want?

JACK: Oh, he heard that I was going to do The Horn Blows At Midnight on Omnibus and he's trying to stop me.

MARY: Stop you?

JACK: Yes, I don't know why..he admitted himself he's back on his feet.

MARY: Certainly, you've done pictures for studios that have never recovered.

Jack: Give you that line again. No-no - I'm afraid not. That means I'd have to change my name.

Warner: If you do the picture, we're going to change ours.

JACK: Why, certainly...After all --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: (FILTER) (AS DURANTE) Hello, Jack, this is Jimmy Durante speaking.

JACK: Jimmy!...Gosh, it's good to hear from you.

DENNIS: Well, pay close attention cause I'm calling long distance.

JACK: Long distance?

DENNIS: Yeah, my shnoz is between me and de mouthpiece..HA HA HA..

I GOT A HUNDRED OF 'EM, A HUNDRED OF 'EM.

JACK: Jimmy, I thought you had a million of 'em.

DENNIS: I did, but I'm usin' 'em up in television.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: But to come to the pernt, Jack, I just had to tell you how great you were today.

JACK: You mean on my T.V. show?

DENNIS: Yeah, your performance not only warmed the cocktails of my heart, but it was a histrionic triumph of stupendous, colossal, maggotude.

JACK: Jimmy, you've never paid me such compliments.

DENNIS: And I won't again, I just fractured my tongue..Well, gotta hang up now, I'm late.

JACK: Where are you going?

DENNIS: To Clifton Fadiman's house, we play Scrabble tonight.

JACK: Oh, well, thanks very much, Jimmy. I'm sure glad you liked my show...So long.

JF

ATX01 0184407

DENNIS: And an ah revoo to you, too.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Mary...this is amazing.

MARY: What's amazing, Jack?

JACK: *uh*, First Ronald Colman calls, now Jimmy Durante ~~calls~~..and they both just raved about my T.V. show.

MARY: Well, it was good, Jack.

JACK: Good! It was a histrionic triumph of supendious, colosial maggotude.....~~That's was it was~~..You know, when-*when* fellow performers praise you, it gives you such a good feeling.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well..Don..and the Sportsmen Quartet..Come on in, fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DON: Hello, Jack..Hi, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don.

DON: Say, Jack, the quartet can only --

JACK: Wait a minute, Don, *wait a minute* before you say a word, I want to tell you how wonderful you were on our television show..the way you danced!...Where did you learn to dance like that?

DON: From Arthur Murray.

JACK: Oh...Say, Don, they really have some beautiful girls teaching dancing there, don't they?

DON: I don't know.

CB

"WE'RE LATE"

WE'RE LATE?

WE'RE LATE?

WE'RE SORRY BUT WE'RE LATE!

WE HAVE A TICKET FOR A SHOW

WE'RE VERY LATE WE HAVE TO GO

WE WANT A SEE

THIS THING THEY CALL THREE-D

WE'LL CROWD YOU IN IF YOU

WOULD LIKE TO JOIN US MISTER B

THEY SAY IN ALABAMA

CINERAMA IS A HIT.

IN CAROLINE YOU

STAND IN LINE

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T

GET INTO IT.

WE'RE OUT OF BREATH

AS YOU CAN FLAINLY SEE

THE ONLY THING THAT WE

CAN SAY IS IS/MFT.

BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY

THEY'RE GREAT

THEY'RE GREAT

WE REALLY WANT A STATE

(MORE)

LW

ATX01 0184409A

JACK: Who did you dance with?

DON: Arthur Murray.

JACK: Oh..oh.

DON: Now Jack, the Sportsmen are in an awful rush, and they'd like you to hear the commercial for next Sunday so they can get away.

JACK: All right, Don, I'd be glad to listen..but why are they in such a rush?

DON: Well, they got tickets for Cinerama ~~and~~ it starts in a few minutes and they don't want to be late.

JACK: ^{Well} ~~Well~~, Then why didn't they come over earlier?

DON: ~~Well~~, They didn't know they were going to the theatre till just a little while ago.

JACK: ~~But~~ ^{Wait} a minute, Don..at the last minute, how could they get four seats?

DON: I gave them my ticket.

JACK: Oh..With that they can even take their wives...Well, all right, Don, let's hear the commercial.

DON:D They've gotta make it fast, Jack, or they 'll be late.

JACK: All right, all right.

DON: Take it, fellows.

(INTO "WE'RE LATE" COMMERCIAL)

(APPLAUSE)

CB

RTK01 0184409

"WE'RE LATE" (CONTINUED)

YOU CAN NOT BEAT A LUCKY STRIKE
THEY'RE GREAT
THEY'RE GREAT
THEY'RE REALLY GREAT
AND WHEN YOU PUFF
NO PUFF IS EVER RUFF
NO OTHER CIGARETTE COMPARES
WITH LUCKIES SURE ENOUGH.

NOW LUCKY STRIKE MEANS
FINE TOBACCO L. S. M. F. T.
A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE
WITH THAT YOU WILL AGREE
BUT NOW WE HAVE TO GO
WE HAVE TO SEE A SHOW
CAN'T EVEN SAY GOODBYE HELLO
WE'RE VERY VERY LATE YOU KNOW
WE'RE LATE (DIM OFF MIKE)
WE'RE LATE
WE'RE LATE
WE'RE LATE
WE'RE LATE
QUITE LATE

(DOOR SLAM)

DW

ATX01 0184410

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Gee, Don, they finished the song and ^{they} are gone already.
They really were in a hurry.

DON: Yeah.

JACK: Say, Rochester, while the boys were singing, didn't I hear somebody at the back door?

ROCH: UH HUH...HERE. MR. BENNY, THIS IS YOURS...THE BUS DRIVER DROPPED IT OFF.

JACK: ~~Oh - well,~~ At least he didn't run over it like he did the last time.

~~ROCH: YEAH...FOR TWO WEEKS YOU WENT AROUND WITH SLIDEBURNS THAT
SPELLED "B.F. GOODRICH."~~

~~JACK: Never mind.~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MR. CROSBY.

BOB: Hello, Rochester...is the funny man at home?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ^{Hi} Hello, Bob...come on in.

BOB: Hiya, Jack..Hello, Mary..Hi, Don.

MARY & DON: Hello, Bob.

JACK: Hey, Bob, that's a nice suit you're wearing.

BOB: Thanks, ^{Jack}.

JACK: What, ^{what} kind of a flower is that in your lapel?

BOB: ^{that's} An artichoke. I picked it in your front yard.

JACK: Oh.

BOB: For a minute I thought I was in the Farmer's Market.

JACK: All right, ~~all right~~. What did you come over for, Bob?

BOB: Well Jack, I was going to call...but, ^{well} my wife insisted that I should mention this to you in person.

JACK: Well, wives know best..What is it, Bob, what is it, what is it?

~~BOB: I feel a little silly in front of Don and Mary..~~

~~JACK: What's the difference, Bob, we're all friends...now what is it, what did you want to tell me?~~

BOB: Well, Jack..I'm still being paid by the week, aren't I?

~~JACK: Huh?~~

~~BOB: I said I'm still being paid by the week, aren't I?~~

JACK: Of course, Bob, that's the way I pay all the members of my cast.

BOB: Well, I sort of hate to mention it..but this is our eleventh show this season and I'm a little behind.

JACK: Oh, well, Bob, sometimes there are slight, unavoidable delays...the mail is late..or the accounting department slows up a little. How many checks have you gotten?

BOB: Two.

JACK: Only two checks all season?

BOB: That's right.

JACK: Bob, I don't know what to say...This is terribly embarrassing. You should call my business manager immediately.

BOB: ^{Well} I already did. I told him I've received two checks this whole season.

JACK: What did he say?

BOB: "Congratulations, I only got one."

JACK: Well, Bob, sometimes we do get a little behind, but sooner or later everyone gets paid up.

MARY: ~~Jack's right, Bob... You can ask Kenny Baker, he's still getting checks.~~

JACK: ~~I finished with him last year... But Bob, you don't have to worry because I'll personally take care of this first thing in the morning.~~

~~BOB: I wish you would.~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Woops, there's the phone again.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: (FILTER) (AS CANTOR) Hello, Jack, this is Eddie.

JACK: Who?

DENNIS: Eddie Cantor... You know.. (SINGS) IF YOU KNEW SUSIE, LIKE I KNOW SUSIE, OH, OH, OH, WHAT A----

JACK: Eddie... Eddie, I know you.... How are you, Eddie?

DENNIS: Fine, Jack.. I just wanted to tell you that you were magnificent today on your TV Show, simply magnificent.

JACK: Well thanks Eddie, I just can't tell you what this call means...It gives me a real thrill.

DENNIS: I thought it would...~~Well, I have to hang up now, Jack. Ida wants me to try on a turtle-neck sweater she's knitting for me.~~

~~JACK: Ida's knitting--That's a coincidence...Benita Colman is knitting one for --~~

Bye, Jack.
DENNIS: So long, Jack.

JACK: So long, Eddie.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Well, this is really ^{that is really} something. First Ronald Colman congratulated me, then Jimmy Durante, ~~and~~ now Eddie Cantor.

MARY: Did Eddy like your show, too?

JACK: He was nuts about it. ~~It just shows you when you do something great, people recognize it.~~

~~DON: That's right.~~

JACK: Gee, I feel so good, I want to give a party...Say, why don't you kids come down to the Brown Derby and have dinner on me? How about it, huh?

BOB: *Yes.* The Brown Derby? That sounds good to me.

~~JACK: What about you, Don?~~

~~DON: I'd love to.~~

JF

JACK: ~~Mary?~~

MARY: ~~Well...I don't know, Jack.~~

JACK: ~~Why not? I'll pay for everything.~~

MARY: ~~That's it..You're in such a good mood, why spoil it?~~

JACK: ~~Look, if I didn't want to, I wouldn't have suggested it.~~

MARY: ~~Well, okay, then.~~

DON: We can all go in my car.

JACK: Good...Oh, wait a minute....ROCHESTER.

ROCH: (OFF) YES, BOSS.

JACK: IF THERE ARE ANY MORE CALLS FOR ME, TELL THEM THEY CAN REACH ME AT THE BROWN DERBY.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: Well, come on, everybody...~~and~~ remember, this dinner party's on me.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CLINK OF DISHES AND SILVERWEAR)

JACK: ~~Are~~ you sure you ordered what you want, Mary?

MARY: Yes, I haven't had lobster for a long time.

BOB: *Boy,* I can hardly wait to get at that wild duck.

JACK: Well, it won't be long..Don's still ordering.

DON: And waiter, I want ^{the} ~~the~~ large salad with whole egg mayonnaise.

MEL: Very good, Mr. Wilson, and we have baked potatoes, mashed, and French fries.

DON: That'll be fine. ~~and~~ I'll have ^{*the*} the large T-Bone steak, a small filet mignon, a side of spaghetti, carrots, peas--

JACK: Waiter, I thought I told you to put it all on one check.

MEL: The way he's ordering, I'm lucky if I can get it on three.

JACK: Well, keep ordering, Don...I don't want any of you to hold back, it's all on me.

MARY: Say, Jack...Isn't that Jimmy Stewart over at that table?

JACK: Jimmy Stewart? .. Hey, you're right, Mary, ^{What's Jimmy Stewart sitting right} I think I'll go ^{over there} over and say "hello" to him.

MEL: There's a phone call for you, Mr. Benny...I'll plug it in here.

JACK: ^{uh} Thank you.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: (FILTER) (AS STEWART) Hello, Jack...this is Jimmy Stewart.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I was ^{just} sitting home and I got such a thrill out of your TV Show that I just had to call and tell you how great I thought you were.

JACK: Well, Jimmy, that's ~~very~~ --- wait a minute.. Jimmy Stewart!

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: ~~Now wait a minute~~, you can't be Jimmy Stewart because he's sitting right here in the Brown Derby. I'm looking at him right now.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) Ah Benita, we went one too far.

JACK: Dennis, it's you.

DENNIS: (AS CANTOR) IF YOU KNEW DENNIS LIKE I KNOW DENNIS, OH, OH --

JACK: Dennis, if you've been calling me all afternoon, I'm gonna --

DENNIS: (AS DURANTE) Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are.

(SOUND: PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)

JF

That does it

JACK: THAT DOES IT...IT WAS ALL A TRICK..WAITER, HOLD THE ORDERS,
HOLD THE ORDERS.

MARY: Jack, you're making a scene.

JACK: I DON'T CARE. CANCEL THE STEAKS, DON'T KILL THE DUCK, THAT'S
THE DIRTIEST TRICK ANYONE HAS EVER PLAYED ON ME,

(PLAYOFF STARTS)

JACK: I'M GOING HOME AND DENNIS IS GOING TO HEAR FROM ME ABOUT THIS
IN THE MORNING.

(APPLAUSE...PLAYOFF UP FULL)

GH

ATX01 0184417

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word from the sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Hi friends. This is Dorothy Collins. I'd like to take a minute of your time to talk about taste. Isn't it true that you enjoy a good, say, steak dinner because of the way it tastes? Well, I think the same goes for a cigarette. You like it because of the way it tastes. Really, friends, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And, the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better! Here's why this is true. First -- IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. Made round, firm and fully packed. Made to draw freely and smoke evenly when you light one up. Think of it, fine tobacco in a truly better made cigarette. Don't you think a cigarette like that will bring you all the smoking enjoyment you could possibly want? Try a carton of Luckies ... soon, You'll see that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. So, you be happy--go Lucky!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

GH

ATX01 0184418

(TAG)

ROCH: WHO'S THERE?

JACK: It's me, Rochester.

ROCH: GEE, MR. BENNY, YOU SURE FINISHED YOUR DINNER IN A HURRY.

JACK: I didn't have it...I found out that--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO...YES, SIR, HE'S HERE. JUST A MINUTE....BOSS, IT'S MR. LEWIS, YOUR SPONSOR, CALLING.

JACK: Oh, it is, eh? I know all about that. ^{My sponsor.} These tricks have gone too far...Give me that phone..(UP) Now look, you silly, stupid kid, I don't want you calling me up anymore with these crazy things, and the next time I see you---

DENNIS: Excuse me, Mr. Benny, I came over to apologize.

JACK: Quiet, Dennis, I'm talking on the phone --- (UP) Now look, you stupid----~~Dennis!~~...Dennis is here! Mr. Lewis..Mr. Lewis...I thought you were someone else....Really, I did, Mr. Lewis...But....But....But.....But..but.....but..... but.....but...

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

GH

DNW: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

GH

ATX01 0184420

PROGRAM #12
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 19, 1953)

DW

ATX01 0184421

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: Friends, this is Don Wilson to tell you that Luckies ...
win ... again! That's right, Luckies win again in a
national smoking survey among college students. Last year
a survey was made in leading colleges throughout the
country which showed that smokers in those colleges
preferred Luckies to any other cigarette. This year a
another nation wide survey was made - a representative
survey of all students in regular colleges from coast to
coast. Based on thousands of actual student interviews -
this survey shows that Luckies lead again -- lead over all
other brands, regular or king-size -- and by a wide margin.
The number one reason -- this year as last -- Luckies'
better taste. Yes, Luckies do taste better. First,
because they're made of light naturally mild, good tasting
tobacco. LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)

LW

ATX01 0184422

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONT'D.

WILSON: And then, Luckies are made better -- made round and firm
(CONT'D) and fully packed to draw freely ... smoke evenly.
Actually made to taste better. After all, smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. So be happy -- go Lucky. Get better taste -
with a carton of Luckies!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike.

LW

ATX01 0184423

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...^{Last} ~~NEW~~ ^{Wks} THURSDAY ~~WILL BE~~
THANKSGIVING, AND JACK HAS INVITED HIS WHOLE GANG
OVER FOR DINNER...AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK'S HOME NOW,
HE AND ROCHESTER ARE TAKING INVENTORY TO MAKE SURE
THEY HAVE ENOUGH OF EVERYTHING FOR THE BIG EVENT...
THEY ARE CHECKING ALL THE ITEMS IN THE PANTRY...AS
ROCHESTER CALLS THEM OFF, JACK IS WRITING THEM DOWN.

ROCH: TWO CANS OF CORNED BEEF HASH.

JACK: Two - cans - of - corned - beef - hash.

ROCH: THREE CANS OF CRANBERRY SAUCE.

JACK: Three...cans...of...cranberry...sauce.

~~ROCH: YOU KNOW, MR. BENNY...EVERY TIME YOU TAKE INVENTORY
IN THE PANTRY, YOU REALLY TAKE IT...YOU RUN THIS
HOUSE JUST LIKE A GROCERY STORE.~~

~~JACK: I do not...I just...Oh-oh...I broke the point of this
pencil...where's the pencil sharpener?~~

~~ROCH: IN THE CASH REGISTER.~~

~~JACK: Oh yes.~~

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER RINGS AND DRAWER
SLIDES OPEN)

~~JACK: Darn it, I hit the sixty-cent key instead of No Sale
...Now my books won't balance...Well, let's get on
with the inventory, Rochester.~~

~~DW~~

~~ROCH: YES SIR...SIX CANS OF PEAS.~~

~~JACK: Six cans of peas.~~

ROCH: TWO BOTTLES OF A-ONE SAUCE.

JACK: Two bottles of A-One Sauce.

ROCH: NINETY-SEVEN BOTTLES OF OLIVES.

JACK: Ninety-seven---wait a minute, Rochester...isn't that the same amount of olives that we had last year?

ROCH: YEAH...WE DON'T USE ANY SINCE PHIL HARRIS LEFT THE SHOW.

JACK: Oh yes...Bob Crosby isn't a Martini Man...Continue, Rochester.

ROCH: TWO BOTTLES OF VANILLA EXTRACT.

JACK: Two...bottles...of...vanilla...extract.

ROCH: ONE BOTTLE OF LYDIA PINKHAMS.

JACK: One...bottle...of...Lydia...Pinkhams.

ROCH: TWELVE SLICES OF WHITE BREAD.

JACK: Twelve...slices...of...white..bread.

ROCH: SEVEN SLICES OF WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

JACK: Seven...slices...of...whole,..wheat...bread.

ROCH: OH SAY, BOSS...

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: WHEN WE COME TO THE TOOTHPICKS, LET'S JUST ESTIMATE.

JACK: Okay for the plain ones, but the colored ones we'll count...Now let's finish this.

ROCH: YES SIR...SIX BOTTLES OF KETCHUP.

JACK: Six...bottles...of...ketchup.

ROCH: SIX BOTTLES OF CHILI SAUCE.

JACK: Six...bottles...of...chili...sauce.

DW

RTX01 0184425

ROCH: THREE CANS OF PUSS-IN-BOOTS CAT FOOD.

JACK: Three...cans...of...Puss-in-Boots...Cat...Food...

ROCH: BOSS, WHY HAVE WE GOT THAT?

JACK: I borrowed it from the Colmans.

ROCH: BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT A CAT...WHY DID YOU BORROW IT?

JACK: Well, they were out of butter, and I didn't want to leave empty-handed...We'll use it some day...Continue.

ROCH: ONE SACK OF IDAHO POTATOES.

JACK: One...sack...of...Idaho...potatoes.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, answer the door...I'll finish the inventory.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE...WELCOME TO RALPH'S SUPER MARKET.

MARY: ^{oh!} What?

ROCH: COME RIGHT IN.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack. ^{uh} What're you doing up on that stool?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: I'll be finished in a minute...I'm just putting some stuff back on the top shelf...Would you please hand me those two jars of caviar?

MARY: Oh fine...fish eggs from a frightened mackerel and he calls it caviar.

JACK: Mary, why do you have to come over here and---

(SOUND: STOOL CREAKING)

MARY: JACK, LOOK OUT -- THE STOOL -- THE CANS ARE FALLING!

(SOUND: STOOL FALLING OVER...BODY CRASH...
THEN MILLIONS OF CANS OF FOOD
FALLING TO FLOOR.)

JACK: oooooooHhhhhh.

MARY: Jack, are you hurt?

JACK: ^{no} No, I'm all right.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What're you laughing at?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) With those fish eggs in your ear, you
look like you're going upstream to spawn.

JACK: Upstream to spawn, upstream to spawn...a man nearly
kills himself and you talk about romance...Now, I
don't ~~care~~ ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer that, will you, please?

MARY: Okay.

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

MARY: Hello, Mr. Benny's residence.

BOB: Say Mary, how come you're answering the phone...have
you got a new clause in your contract?

MARY: No, Bob...Jack would have answered it, but he can't
...he's lying on the floor.

BOB: Holy smoke, he's getting as bad as my musicians.

DW

MARY: It isn't that at all...he fell off a stool.

BOB: Well, that's what the boys in the band do.

MARY: Look, Bob, it's kind of hard to explain...but he fell while checking some stuff in the pantry.

BOB: The pantry?

MARY: Yes, he's making sure he has enough of everything for his big Thanksgiving Dinner. You're coming, aren't you?

BOB: Oh sure, I bought my ticket two weeks ago.

MARY: Oh, that was smart...there's no sense waiting till the last minute when the scalpers get hold of them... Just a minute, I'll let you talk to Jack.

~~BOB: Oh say, Mary...~~

~~MARY: Yes, Bob?~~

~~BOB: If Jack has company over there, don't say it's Bob, say it's Mister Crosby it's more impressive that way...~~

MARY: (LAUGHING) Okay, Bob...but there's no one here...(UP)
Jack, it's Bob Crosby.

JACK: I'll take it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hello, Bob.

BOB: Say Jack, I wonder if you could give me a couple of extra tickets to next week's broadcast.

JACK: Well...I might be able to scrape up two...Who are they for?

DW

ATK01 0184428

BOB: Well, to tell you the truth, they're for Remley, but he was afraid to ask you.

JACK: Well, he should be after what happened last time...He gave that ticket to his girl and she almost started a riot in the studio. Imagine her walking up and down the aisle doing a thing like that.

Oh but
BOB: That wasn't her fault, Jack, the band never should've played "A Pretty Girl Is Like A ^{Melody} ~~Melody~~."

JACK: All right, but where did she get the balloons, where did she get the balloons?

BOB: Where did you get the pin?

JACK: Never mind! All right, Bob. I'll give you the tickets at rehearsal.

BOB: Thank^{you}, Jack...goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Bob always has to call me when I'm busy...OH ROCHESTER.

ROCH: WHAT IS IT, BOSS?

LW

ATX01 0184429

JACK: I knocked over all these cans when I fell off the stool...Will you pick them up while I go on with the inventory?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Mary, will you please help me...I'll call off the items, and you write them down.

MARY: Sure, Jack.

JACK: Five bottles of vinegar.

MARY: Five...bottles...of...vinegar.

JACK: Three bottles of Real Lemon Juice.

MARY: Three...bottles...of... Real...Lemon...Juice.

JACK: Forty-five hundred cans of Minute Maid Orange Juice.

MARY: Forty-five hundred cans of Minute Maid Orange Juice.

JACK: Wasn't that a wonderful guest spot I did on Bing's program?...I had to give five hundred cans to my agent^{you know}...Now let's keep going, Mary...One leg of lamb.

MARY: One...leg...of...lamb.

JACK: Two packages of bacon.

MARY: Two...packages...of...bacon.

JACK: One side of beef.

DON: Jack, that's me.

JACK: Oh, oh, oh...Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack...Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don.

DON: Jack, I know you're^{very} busy, but I brought the Sportsmen Quartet with me and they want to run over the commercial for the program.

DW

ATX01 0184430

JACK: That's nice...And by the way, Don, I hope I didn't forget to invite you and the Sportsmen to Thanksgiving Dinner.

DON: No, you invited us...And Jack, I feel awfully popular this year.

JACK: Popular?

DON: Yes...besides your invitation, I've been invited to Harry Von Zelle's house...Dinah Shore's house...and Jimmy Wallington's house for Thanksgiving dinner, too.

JACK: Which one are you going to?

DON: All of them.

JACK: Oh, of course, silly me..Well, Don, I'm really kind of busy getting things ready for my dinner.

DON: Jack, this commercial won't take long and it's in keeping with the Thanksgiving spirit.

JACK: Oh, well then let's hear it.

DON: All right..Take it, fellows.

LW

ATX01 0184431

I
QUARTET: ~~OH~~ THANK YOU, MY DARLING
MY THANKS TO YOU, DEAR
THANKS FOR ALL THE LOVELY DELIGHT
I FOUND IN YOUR EMBRACE
I'M THANKFUL THOUGH I KNOW IT'S ENDING ALL TOO SOON
AND THANKS FOR UNFORGETTABLE NIGHTS
I NEVER CAN REPLACE
AND MEMORIES THAT LINGER LIKE A HAUNTING TUNE
IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED YOU, DEAR, AND LOST
THAN *Loved* AND NEVER TO HAVE ~~LOST~~-AT ALL
IT IS BETTER, FOR NO MATTER WHAT THE COST
I HELD THE WORLD IN SWAY AN EMPEROR FOR A DAY
AND THANKS FOR ALL THOSE LUCKIES YOU BOUGHT
EACH PUFF A REAL DELIGHT
NOW THANKS TO YOU A LUCKY IS THE SMOKE I LIKE
LIGHT A LUCKY, IT'S A FRESHER, SMOOTHER SMOKE
THAT'S MADE OF FINE TOBACCO, TOO.
PUFF A LUCKY
YOU'LL LIKE LUCKIES' BETTER TASTE
AND THERE IS NO LOOSE ENDS
TO EVER ANNOY YOUR FRIENDS
SO THANKS AGAIN FOR PUTTING ME WISE
TO SMOKING PARADISE
FOR CHANGING ME TO LSMFT
MY THANKS, I REALLY THANK YOU,
THANKS FOR ALL THOSE GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKES.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was great, Don...very, very good.

DON: Thanks, Jack...Well, ^{guess I better} ~~I've got to~~ be getting home.

JACK: I'll walk to the door with you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, Don...I've been wanting to ask you something for a long time.

DON: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Even though the Sportsmen have been with me five years now, I never did find out how they formed their group. *Jerry I never asked you about that.*

DON: It's quite an interesting story, Jack...It started up in Las Vegas. You see, two of them were singing as a duet at the Flamingo...and two of them were singing as a duet at the Sahara.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And just by chance they got together and formed a quartet.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...two and two...they made four the hard way...Well, so long, Don...see you and the boys Thursday.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, I better go back and finish the inventory.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, Mary---

MARY: Just a minute, Jack...Go ahead, Rochester.

ROCH: TWELVE CANS OF CRUSHED PINEAPPLE.

MARY: Twelve...cans...of...crushed...pineapple.

DW

ROCH: NINETEEN CANS OF CONDENSED MILK.

MARY: Nineteen...cans...of...condensed...milk.

ROCH: TWO THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX CANS.

MARY: ...Cans?...Cans of what?

ROCH: JUST CANS, MR. BENNY DON'T THROW NOTHIN' AWAY.

JACK: Certainly not. I paint them and hang them on the Christmas Tree...Now Mary, I can finish this up with Rochester, so---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: SHALL I ANSWER IT, BOSS?

JACK: No, don't bother getting down from the stool...I'll answer it...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I'd like to get this inventory finished before---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if you would---

JACK: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello...Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if you would---

JACK: How do you feel, kid?

DENNIS: Fine...Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if you would---

JACK: Close the door, will you, Dennis?

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Now Dennis, what did you -- Dennis...How do you like that, he locked himself out...Oh well, it's just as---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

DW

ATX01 0184434

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: ^{oh} Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if it would be all right with you if I ~~could~~---

JACK: Dennis, when I told you to close the door, I meant you should come in first.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Now what did you want to ask me?

DENNIS: If I could use your phone, our house is on fire.

JACK: Now Dennis, don't be silly...If your house is on fire, why would you come all the way to Beverly Hills to use the phone?

DENNIS: I want the firemen to think I'm a big shot.

JACK: Dennis, close the door, will you?

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: ~~Hmm~~...just my luck, this time he stayed on the inside...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now look, kid, I'm busy, so don't bother me with all those silly things you make up...Come on, Mary, let's finish this inventory.

MARY: Okay.

DENNIS: Oh, is that what you're doing?

JACK: Yes yes.

DENNIS: I thought you were cleaning house like my mother did the other day.

JACK: I'm not cleaning house.

DW

DENNIS: Boy, did she get rid of a lot of stuff. She threw some old curtains out of the living room, a broken rocking chair out of the bedroom...and she even took the moose head out of the shower.

JACK: Now Mary, let's---Dennis, she took ^{Dennis} what out of the shower?

DENNIS: The moose head.

JACK: (PAUSE) You're gonna ignore that, eh, Mary?

MARY: I certainly am.

JACK: Hmmm.

DENNIS: My father put it there, but my mother---

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis...Hold it a minute...I know I'll regret asking you this, but why would your father put a moose head in the shower?

DENNIS: The other end would look silly.

JACK: Well, that I can understand...Now Dennis, besides your house being on fire and your father being in a shower with a moose, what else is new?

DENNIS: Well, I've been rehearsing my song all week, would you like to hear it?

JACK: I'd love to...anything...go ahead.

Dennis: *Okay.* (SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it a minute, Dennis.

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

DW

ATX01 0184436

JACK: Hello.

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny. This is Mel Blanc.

JACK: Oh hello Mel, what is it?

MEL: Mr. Benny, I been on your program for ten years now, and I ain't never complained before, but this time I gotta.

JACK: What's the matter?

MEL: It's about the part you got me playin' in Sunday's show... some part, oh brother.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mel...Sunday's program is about Thanksgiving, isn't it?

MEL: Uh huh.

JACK: And what's the most important thing connected with Thanksgiving?

MEL: A turkey.

JACK: Well, that's the part you're playing.

MEL: Well, I don't like it...always you make me an animal...why can't I have a talking part and be a human bean?

JACK: Look, Mel---

MEL: Sometimes you make me a rabbit---

JACK: A rabbit?

MFL: Ehhhhh, tsk, tsk, what's up, doc?

JACK: Look, Mel---

LW

MEL: Or a woodpecker---

JACK: Mel---

MEL: (DOES WOODY WOODPECKER)

JACK: ~~Now~~ ^{Mel looks} look, Mel, I'm busy and--

MEL: Once you even cast me as an English horse.

JACK: An English horse?

MEL: (DOES ENGLISH HORSE WHINNY)

JACK: Mel, I'm sorry...it's just that you have to play the parts that are needed.

MEL: You may not realize it, Mr. Benny,..but I'm pretty important to you.

JACK: Important?

MEL: Yeah, if it wasn't for me, you'd never get anyplace.

JACK: What are you talking about...I wouldn't get any place.

MEL: Every time you start that lousy Maxwell, I almost break a blood vessel going (MEL NOW DOES HIS CAR STARTING BIT WITH EVERYTHING THROWN IN INCLUDING THE DYING GASP AT THE END).

JACK: Hummm.

MEL: That's all the things I do on the program...now I want some talking parts...I'm a human bean.

JACK: Now look, Mel...either you stop this complaining or I'll let you go.

DW

ATX01 0184438

MEL: You wouldn't fire me...~~I'm too important to your~~
~~program.~~

JACK: All right, all right...but Sunday you're playing a
turkey and that's final.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: What made you so mad at Mel, Jack?

JACK: Oh, he's always complaining...I've got ^a half a notion
to fire him.

MARY: You better not, he's too important to the show.

JACK: I guess you're right...Go ahead and sing, Dennis.

DENNIS: ~~Okay.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "EBBTIDE")

(APPLAUSE)

DW

JACK: Dennis, that was very good..now just sit down for a few minutes, I wanta finish my inventory.

ROCH: WE'VE GOT IT ALL LISTED, BOSS, AND YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF EVERYTHING FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

JACK: Good...we won't have to do any shopping.

MARY: How big a turkey did you get?

JACK: Turkey? I knew I forgot something.

MARY: You mean you forgot to buy the turkey?

JACK: Yes, but there's still plenty of time.

MARY: Well, don't wait till the last minute. You ought to go and get one right now.

JACK: Well..will you go with me, Mary?

MARY: Sure..let's go.

DENNIS: I'll stay here.

JACK: Good, good.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS..

THEN ON CEMENT)

JACK: Gee, Mary, we're sure ^{having} having a break in the weather lately. This is such a lovely day.

MARY: Yes..we usually do have good weather around Thanksgiving..

JACK: Yeah..Oh Mary..look over there at those boys playing football

HARRY: (OFF) HEY, JOEY, KICK IT TO ME NOW.

JACK: They're nice kids, Mary..They're in my Beverly Hills Beavers Club ^{you know -}..The bigger one is Stevie Kent. His folks live on the corner...Every time I go for a walk, I stop and talk with him...(UP) HLY, STELVIE..THROW THE BALL OVER HERE!

HARRY: (OFF) HUH?...OH, HELLO, MR. BENNY..HERE IT COMES ...LOOK OUT...I THINK IT'S TOO HIGH...YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT....FASTER ...YOU BETTER JUMP FOR IT... ..WOW...WHAT A CATCH!

JACK: Say, that was a good catch, Mary. How did you do it?

MARY: (PUFFING A LITTLE) I don't know, but you can buy me a new girdle for Christmas.

JACK: I will, I will.

HARRY: Say, Mr. Benny, you know you haven't been to a single meeting of the Beavers Club since the first of September.

JACK: I know, Stevie..it's unfortunate that you hold your meetings on Sunday afternoon..because, you see, every Sunday I do a radio program and every third Sunday I ~~also~~ do a television show.

HARRY: Oh..Well, you know you get fined a nickel for every meeting you miss.

JACK: I know...I've been trying to get my broadcasts changed...Well, we'll talk about it later...Come on, Mary, we better get ~~on~~ down to the market.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..MARKET NOISES)

JACK: Gee, these super-markets are so big I always get lost in them.

MARY: Jack, there's the poultry department over there.

JACK: Oh yes..Come on, Mary, let's walk over to the counter and --

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well..~~hello~~, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing working in the poultry department?

ARTIE: ^{well,} I got the job on account of my uncle.

JACK: Oh, he owns the market?

ARTIE: No, I owe him money.

JACK: Oh...Well, look, Mr. Kitzel, I wanta buy a turkey...are they very expensive?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO.

JACK: You mean they're that high?

ARTIE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Come here a minute.

LW

ATX01 0184442

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Step closer..(WHISPERS) Do you know what turkeys are selling for today?

JACK: No.

ARTIE: Come a little closer.

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Lean over a little.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Sixty-three cents a pound.

JACK: *Well,* Why ^{did} ~~do~~ you have to ^{to bring me over there.} ~~whisper it?~~

ARTIE: I don't want the turkeys ^{to} ~~should~~ get ^{convinced} ~~egestical~~.

JACK: Gee, sixty-three cents a pound..that's a lot of money for turkeys.

ARTIE: Say, they gotta live, too.

JACK: I suppose so.. (SYMPATHETICALLY) Say, Mary,..look at those turkeys lying there..so cold and still... Just think..a few days ago they were happy, carefree and gay..And now they're sixty-three cents ■ *I mean how they're dead.*

Kitzel, how old were these turkeys when they were killed?

ARTIE: About eight months.

JACK: Hmm..didn't even have a chance to live..I feel terrible.

MARY: You'd feel a lot worse if they were seventy-three cents a pound.

JACK: I suppose so...^{I dunno} But, Mary, when I see that turkey laying there like that, I can't help but think of its mother, how lonesome she must be.

ARTIE: Don't worry, that's her right ^{laying} next to him.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Say Jack..while you're getting the turkey, I better shop around and get some things for the stuffing.

JACK: I think I have everything at home, Mary.

MARY: What about cracker crumbs?

JACK: Plenty.

MARY: Stale bread?

JACK: Two ~~loaves~~ ^{Loaves}

MARY: Oysters?

JACK: One can.

MARY: Sage?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

MARY: What?

JACK: Oh, I thought you said ^{right} ~~something else~~...Yes, we have everything.

ARTIE: Well, Mr. Benny, what is your pleasure, if I can be so ~~accommodating~~ ^{pleasant}.

JACK: Well, I'd like to get a live turkey...about twenty-five pounds.

ARTIE: The live turkeys are over there...down ^{by} ~~at~~ the end of the counter.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...I think I'll take that one on the right..it looks nice and plump.

ARTIE: Put on your glasses, that's my wife.

LW

JACK: ^{oh -} Oh yes...sorry.

ARTIE: (TO SELF) I wish I could get sixty-three cents a pound for her.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Nothing...I'm daydreaming.

JACK: Now Mr. Kitzel, what would you suggest?

ARTIE: Well, if you want a nice live turkey...^{Howe} ~~what~~ about this one over here?

MEL: (GOBBLES LIKE TURKEY)

MARY: Say Jack, this one's nice and plump.

JACK: I've seen turkeys look plump ^{But they -} ~~and~~ they were all feathers... I'm going to feel this one myself...Hold still, turkey.

MEL: (GOBBLES AND GIGGLES)

MARY: You and your cold hands.

~~JACK: Well, Mary...what do you think about it?~~

~~MARY: It looks all right.~~

~~JACK: Yeah, but I wouldn't have the heart to kill it...~~

MEL: (GOBBLES)

~~JACK: Just look at its eyes...the same color as mine...Say, Mr. Kitzel, is this a Tom turkey or a hen turkey?~~

~~MARY: It's a male, can't you tell by its moustaache?~~

JACK: ^{well} ~~Oh yes...And say, Mr. Kitzel,~~ how much does this turkey weigh?

ARTIE: About a hundred and sixty pounds.

JACK: I thought so...why does this turkey weigh so much?

ARTIE: He's also an English Horse.

LW

ATX01 0184445

JACK: Oh.

MEL: (GOBBLES AND DOES ENGLISH HORSE)

JACK: Well, all right, Mr. Kitzel, we'll take this turkey. Come on, turkey.

MEL: (GOBBLES)

JACK: Come on, I'll take you home.

MEL: (GOBBLES)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Come on, Mary.

MEL: (EXCITED GOBBLING)

MARY: Jack, look out...the turkey's getting away.

JACK: Quick, Mary, try to grab him, he's running out into the street.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..TRAFFIC NOISES...
SCREECH OF BRAKES)

MEL: (EXCITED GOBBLES..FADING OFF)

MARY: Gosh, Jack, that car almost ran over the turkey and killed him.

JACK: I'm sure glad it didn't ... Mel Blanc is too important to this program.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's go home.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

LW

ATX01 0184446

(TAG)

JACK: Well, Rochester, the gang will be over this evening for Thanksgiving Dinner. Is everything ready?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Then put the turkey in the oven.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS--

JACK: Do as I say. Put the turkey in the oven.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS--

JACK: Rochester, I'm telling you to put the turkey in the oven.

MEL: Now wait a minute, this has gone far enough. After all, I'm a human bean.

JACK: Aw, Mel, ~~now~~ you spoiled the whole illusion...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

LW

ATX01 01B4447

MARY: Gosh, Jack, that car almost ran over him and killed him.

JACK: I'm sure glad it didn't ... Mel is too important to this program.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Come on, let's go back in the store and buy a turkey already dressed.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

GH

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to
cigarette smokers.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco
Richer tasting fine tobacco.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike

WILSON: Friends if you've ever stopped to single out the one
thing that gives you real smoking enjoyment, chances are
that taste was your answer. Why certainly -- smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Luckies taste so much better because, first
LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then,
too, Luckies are actually made better ... made round and
firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly.
And because Luckies do taste better they'll make wonderful,
Christmas gifts for your family and friends. So look
for the bright and cheerful Lucky Strike Christmas carton
-- specially created by the famous designer Raymond
Loewy. You'll find these Christmas cartons of Luckies
wherever you buy cigarettes. (MORE)

KT

ATX01 01B4449

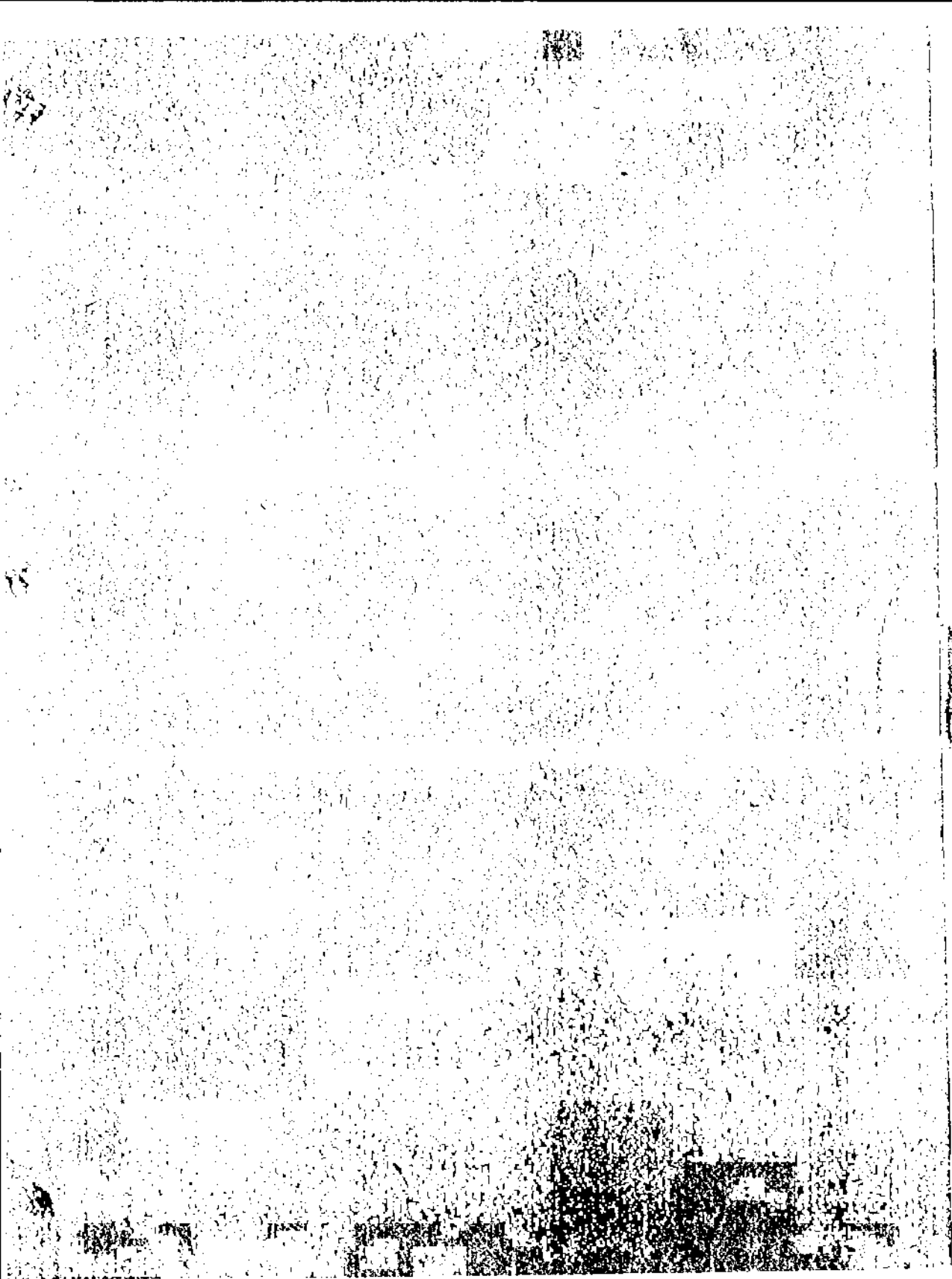
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - CONTD.

WILSON: Yes, at Christmas time - or any time - a carton of Luckies
(CONT'D) is most welcome, for it's always good taste to give and
to smoke better tasting Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN Be happy - go Lucky
QUARTET:
(Long close) For Christmas gifts this year

KT

ATX01 0184450



100-100000-100000

BTX01 0184451

Ch ch foo, ch ch foo, ch ch foo, ch ch foo.

Pssssshhhhh.

Ride the Happy Go Lucky Strike Express.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Say fellows, that was real cute...Now I ~~we~~ got to run along..
I'm supposed to meet Mary at the sportswear counter...Bpb,
do you know where it is?

BOB: No, I'm sorry, ^{I don't} Jack.

JACK: Well, I'll find it myself....So long, fellows.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES & BELLS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Darn it, I can't find that sportswear department..I better
ask the floorwalker...Oh Mister, can you tell me where I can
find--

NELSON: WELL, IT IT ISN'T LITTLE BOY LOST AGAIN...

JACK: Hmm...(VERY CALM) All right, floorwalker...go on with your
insults.

NELSON: What?

JACK: (SWEET) I'm not going to get mad...this is Christmas time...
the season of brotherly love...and you ought to feel ashamed
of yourself for trying to antagonize me.

NELSON: Gee...I never thought of that.

JACK: Well, you should think of it...remember...peace on earth..good
will towards men.

NELSON: (SADLY...ALMOST CRYING) Yes, I guess I haven't got the
proper spirit.

JACK: You should feel happy...joyous....gay...and have a wonderful
feeling towards your fellow man.

NELSON: (NOW CRYING) I'm glad you reminded me of it, Mister...I
haven't had the right spirit, but I'm going to change...I'm
going to love my fellow man.

LR

PROGRAM #13
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1953 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED NOV. 25, 1953)

ATX01 0184454

OPENING COMMERCIAL

DECEMBER 6, 1953

SUNDAY

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented
by LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends ... Luckies' better taste
is the big reason why so many people are switching to
Lucky Strike. Sure, everybody knows that smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of
the matter is Luckies taste better --- cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Know why? Well, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco. Light, naturally mild good-tasting tobacco.
And then, Luckies are made better to taste better -- made
round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke
evenly. It's just as plain as day that fine tobacco
in a better made cigarette is bound to give you a better-
tasting smoke.

(MORE)

RM

ATX01 0184455

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CON'TD)

-B-

WILSON: (CONT) So ask for Lucky Strike the next time you buy
cigarettes. That's right ... Be Happy and Go Lucky.
You'll find Luckies do taste better -- cleaner, fresher,
smoother.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

RM

ATX01 0184456

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(DEC. 6 SHOW)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: ~~AND NOW~~, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES HIS TELEVISION SHOW WITH HIS SPECIAL GUESTS IRENE DUNNE, VINCENT PRICE, AND GREGORY RATOFF...BUT FIRST LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. OUR LITTLE STAR HAS DECIDED TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS IN PALM SPRINGS... SO JUST AS SOON AS HE FINISHES BREAKFAST, HE'S GOING TO START PACKING.

JACK: Ahh..that was a good breakfast...How about a little more coffee, Rochester?

ROCH: NO THANKS, I HAD ENOUGH.

JACK: I meant me! ~~me!~~ *me! yes - oh, oh*

ROCH: OH..OH...HERE YOU ARE!

(SOUND: POURING COFFEE INTO CUP)

In second thought
JACK: ~~Never mind~~, Rochester, I don't think I want anymore...
And anyway, it's about time we started packing.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: And, Rochester, not a word about our going to Palm Springs in front of Polly. You know how upset that parrot gets when she knows we're going away and not taking her with us.

ROCH: YEAH...

JACK: Let's go in the other room and get started.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

RM

ATX01 0184457

MEL: (SQUAWKS)
JACK: Oh, hello, Polly.
MEL: (SQUAWYS) Hello, hello. (WHISTLES)
ROCH: WELL, BOSS, I BETTER GET OUT THE BAG, AND --
MEL: Bag?
JACK: (ALARMED) Rochester!
ROCH: HUH? ... OH...^{oh}...YES...YES...I'M GOING TO GET OUT THE BAG
AND PUT IT IN THE VACUUM CLEANER AND..ER..CLEAN UP YOUR
ROOM.
JACK: Oh, yes..yes..the bag for the vacuum cleener.
ROCH: AND WHEN THE BAG IS FULL, WE CAN START FOR -- (SPELLING
IT OUT) P,A,L,M,S,P,R,I,N,G,S.
MEL: P,s,l,m,s,p,r,i,n,g,s. Vacuum cleener (SQUAWKS)
(WHISTLES)
JACK: That's right, Polly...that spells vecuum cleener. Come
on, Rochester, we better go in my room and (WHISPERS) *and*
start packing, *huh?*
ROCH: YES, SIR.
MEL: (SQUAWKS SADLY)
JACK: I'm sorry, Polly, but you can't come in the room with us.
MEL: (SQUAWKS EXCITEDLY)
JACK: All right, all right...don't get excited. (ASIDE)
Rochester, Polly doesn't want to be left alone. We
better teke her to my room, too.
ROCH: (ASIDE) BUT, BOSS, SHE'LL SEE US TAKE YOUR SUITS OUT OF
THE CLOSET AND SHIRTS ~~AND THINGS~~ OUT OF THE DRAWERS.
JACK: (ASIDE) She'll just think we're streightening up the
room. Go ahead, bring her in.

RM

ROCH: OKAY. COME ON, POLLY.

MEL: (SQUAWKS HAPPILY) Bring 'er in, bring 'er in. (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

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

JACK: Now, Rochester, take my blue suit, my gray suit, and my tweed out of the closet, *huh?*

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, A TWEED SUIT IS MUCH TOO HEAVY FOR P,A,L,M., S,P,R,I,N,G,S.

MEL: P,s,l,m..S,p,r,i,n,g,s -- Vacuum Cleaner..(SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

JACK: ~~Ahem.~~ Well, okay, never mind the tweed.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, BOSS, ARE YOU GOING TO STAY AT THE SAME PLACE YOU DID LAST TIME?

JACK: Certainly.

ROCH: THEN I BETTER KEEP THESE THINGS TOGETHER. BATHROBE, SLIPPERS AND FLASHLIGHT.

JACK: Rochester, it's inside now!

ROCH: THANK GOODNESS!..ONCE YOU STAYED AT A PLACE WHERE WE HAD TO PACK A BICYCLE.

JACK: Rochester, for your information, they don't have any more places like that in P,e,l,m..S,p,r,i,n,g,s.

MEL: P,e,l,m,S,p,r,i,n,g,s. Vacuum cleaner. (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

JACK: Well, Rochester, I guess we got everything I'll need, *huh?*
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF)

JACK: I'll get the phone ~~and~~ I'll take Polly with me...Come on, Polly. Daddy has to answer the phone.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...PHONE RINGS, ON..FOOTSTEPS)

RM

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Quiet, Polly.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary.

JACK: Oh, what is it, Mary?

MARY: Jack, on your way over to pick me up, would you stop off at the store and get me a bottle of sun tan oil?

JACK: What do you mean stop off at the store. I'm bringing along enough sun tan oil for everybody.

MARY: I know, but you don't give Green Stamps.

JACK: ~~Mary~~, I wasn't going to charge you for my ~~sun tan~~ ^{the} oil, I was going to give it to you. And when I bought it, the company guaranteed its quality.

MARY: I know, Jack, but ~~even you'll have to admit...~~ after it's been in your ^{crank case} ~~car~~ for ten thousand miles, it loses something.

JACK: ~~Okay~~, Okay, I was just trying to do you a favor...Anyway, I'll pick you up in a little while...Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...DOOR OPENS OFF)

ROCH: (OFF) OH, BOSS, I'VE GOT EVERYTHING READY. SHALL I CLOSE IT UP?

JACK: No no, I want to check it first, ~~to~~ see ~~that~~ I didn't forget anything.

MEL: (SQUAWKS UNHAPPILY)

JACK: Now, Polly, you can't come into my room this time.

RM

MEL: (SQUAWKS UNHAPPILY)

JACK: Look, Polly, if you're lonesome, Daddy'll turn ^{on} the radio
off for you...I'll get you ^{some music} ~~the news~~.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...CLICK...STATIC)

~~BILL DAYS: (LOUSY COWBOY STYLE) (FILTER) YOUR CHEATING HEART...
WILL TELL ON YOU.~~

~~JACK: That isn't it...I'll try another station.~~

~~(SOUND: STATIC)~~

~~QUART: (FILTER) ALL ALONE..I'M SO ALL ALONE...THERE IS NO ONE
HERE BUT ME.~~

~~JACK: Why can't I get the news.~~

~~(SOUND: STATIC)~~

~~JAY: (FILTER) I'M ONLY A BIRD IN A GUILDED CAGE.~~

~~JACK: Isn't that awful?~~

~~(SOUND: STATIC)~~

(LIGHT MUSIC: PERHAPS JUST STRINGS)

JACK: ~~Well,~~ this is good enough. You'll like this, Polly.
I'll be back soon.

MEL: (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES , OFF)

(AFTER SEVERAL BARS MUSIC COMES TO A FINISH)

RUBIN: (FILTER) THIS MUSICAL PROGRAM IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE
Palm Springs BILTMORE HOTEL WHICH IS SITUATED IN THE HEART OF THE
DESERT AT THE FOOT OF THE SAN JACINTO MOUNTAINS. FOR
FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT OUR RATES AND FACILITIES...JUST
DROP A POST CARD TO THE BILTMORE HOTEL, IN PALM SPRINGS.
P,A,L,M..S,P,R,I,N,G,S. PALM SPRINGS...WE WILL NOW
CONTINUE WITH MORE MUSICAL SELECTIONS.

RM

MEL: P, e, l, m, . S, p, r, i, n, g, s, . Palm Springs. ~~Palm Springs!~~

PALM SPRINGS! (SQUAWKS, SCREECHES & SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Polly -- Polly .. What's wrong?

MEL: (SINGS) Your cheating heart..Will tell on you. (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Polly, control yourself.

MEL: (SINGS) All alone, I'm so all alone, there is no one here but me. (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Polly, don't take it so hard, your Daddy loves you.

MEL: (SINGS) I'm only a bird in a gilded cage..

JACK: Polly --

MEL: (GOING FOR A BIG FINISH) .. a pitiful sight to see!

(SOUND: FLOP)

JACK: Rochester, what happened?

ROCH: THAT LAST NOTE WAS TOO HIGH FOR HER, SHE LAID AN EGG!

JACK: Rochester, close the suit case so we can get going.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Palm Springs. (CRIES)

JACK: Now now, Polly, you can't go and that settles it.
Rochester, take her in the other room.

ROCH: YES SIR. COME ON, POLLY.

MEL: (CRIES AND WHIMPERS. FADING OFF)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: That parrot is getting more human every --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN:

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

*Mel: (Squawks) Palm Springs. P.A.C. - M.S.P.R. - P.O.S.
(cries squawking)*

Jack: Polly, Polly, Quiet Quiet!

JACK: Well, ^{Dennis} it's about time you got here.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, Dennis, are you all set for Palm Springs?

DENNIS: Well, I came over to tell you I can't leave today. I have to go have a tooth pulled.

JACK: / Tooth pulled .. Oh, that's a shame. Does it have a cavity?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Does it ache?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ~~Well~~, let me see...Which tooth is it?

DENNIS: The one on my watch chain. I got thrown out of the Elks.

JACK: Dennis, stop being silly, and I want you to leave for Palm Springs today. ^{So} ~~Now~~ go home and pack.

DENNIS: Okay, ^{Oh, say} Mr. Benny, is it all right if I take my mother to Palm Springs with me?

JACK: Your mother?..Well..

DENNIS: She's already bought a French bathing suit.

JACK: ~~Your mother?~~ That's ridiculous.

DENNIS: ^{Oh} No it isn't. This morning she tried it on and my father said she ^{really} looked French.

JACK: Really?

DENNIS: Yeah...Mr. Benny, who's General DeGaulle?

JACK: Dennis, go home and pack.

DENNIS: Don't you want to hear my song first?

JACK: ~~Oh~~ ^{Yes} yes, ^{let's hear the song.} go ahead.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG -- "GRANADA")

(APPLAUSE)

RM

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

JACK: *Well,* That was very good, Dennis. ^{*you know,*} They'll love it in Palm Springs.

DENNIS: Thanks *you.*

JACK: Now Dennis, when you go there, ^{*be sure to*} stay on Highway 99 so you won't get lost.

DENNIS: *I* I'm not driving down.

JACK: Oh, ~~are~~ you taking the bus?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ...The train?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ...Are you flying?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ..Well, goodbye, Dennis.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: ...~~Well,~~ I guess it's better ~~for me~~ not to know how he's getting there than to ask him and spoil my whole vacation...
Now let's see---

ROCH: (FADING IN) WELL, BOSS, I'VE GOT ALL THE LUGGAGE IN THE CAR.

JACK: Good...come on, let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES...FOOTSTEPS
ON CEMENT...CAR DOOR OPENS...PEOPLE GETTING IN...CAR
DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Are you sure all the lights are off, and the doors are ~~all~~
locked, Rochester?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

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Okay
JACK: Good. Start the car.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: THE USUAL CAR STARTER...TWICE...BLENDING INTO MEL BLANC'S ACADEMY AWARD PERFORMANCE OF JACK'S CAR WITH THE ENTIRE GAMUT OF SOUNDS WINDING UP WITH THE DYING DUCK GASP)

hm-m-m. Muffk - maybe -
JACK: *^* Hmmm. *^* maybe we ~~we~~ got a little water in the gasoline.

ROCH: I'D SETTLE IF WE HAD A LITTLE GASOLINE IN THE WATER.

JACK: Never mind, try the motor again, *will you?*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: SAME SOUND, BUT EVEN MORE SO...AND THIS TIME MEL MUST AD LIB SEVERAL MORE THINGS AND GO ABSOLUTELY CRAZY)

JACK: ~~Hummer~~...The motor sounds as though it's going from bad to worse.

ROCH: ~~It~~ SOUNDS LIKE IT'S GOING FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

JACK: Rochester, don't be funny...try it once more.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: THIS TIME JUST THE STARTER GOES AND THE MOTOR DOESN'T CATCH...THE STARTER WHINES AND WHINES AND RUNS DOWN)

JACK: ~~Hummer~~, The motor's not even catching...maybe the battery's dead.

ROCH: ~~It~~ CAN'T BE THAT, MR. BENNY, I PUT ~~in~~ A NEW BATTERY, ⁱⁿ YESTERDAY.

JACK: A new battery..how much did it cost?

ROCH: NOTHING, I GOT IT OUT OF YOUR FLASHLIGHT.

JACK: ~~Hummer~~...Try it once more.

(SOUND: MOTOR STARTER WHINES...MEL TAKES OVER...IT CATCHES AND FADES TO B.G. AS CAR GOES)

LW

JACK: There you are, Rochester..the motor's going..back the car out of the garage.

ROCH: WAIT TILL THAT CROWD GETS OUT OF THE WAY.

JACK: (CALLS) All right, folks, ^{break it up} break it up..^{beat it...} beat it.. (~~Hum~~, why do they always gather when we try to start the car.)...You can go, Rochester, they're gone now.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES OFF...LOUSY MOTOR FADES BUT SUSTAIN B.G.)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR GOING)

JACK: Rochester, there's Miss Livingstone's house, Rochester...put on the brakes.

(SOUND: THE LONGEST SCREECH OF BRAKES POSSIBLE...IT GOES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON, THEN THE CAR STOPS)

JACK: That's good, Rochester...you stopped right in front of the house.

ROCH: YEAH, AND IT ONLY TOOK US ONCE AROUND THE BLOCK TO DO IT.

JACK: I know...now keep the motor running, I'll go get Miss Livingstone.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK FOR COUPLE SECONDS...DOOR BUZZER...SLIGHT PAUSE...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack, I'm all ready.

JACK: Good, ^{Hi} I'll help you with your bags.

MARY: Thanks ^{you...}...here they are.

JACK: Say Mary...what beautiful luggage, where did you get it?

MARY: I bought it...last week I got two hundred dollars on a quiz program.

JACK: No kidding...on a quiz program?

DW

MARY: Uh huh...I was picked out of the whole studio audience because I worked for you.

JACK: Ahhhh hahhhh, you see, Mary...it doesn't hurt being ^{on my program} associated with a big star...What question did you have to answer for them to give you two hundred dollars?

MARY: No question, they just felt sorry for me.

JACK: Hmmmm.

MARY: The heart line called with food for a month.

JACK: ^{Oh, don't be so funny!} Come on, Mery, let's go.

MARY: Okay...let me lock the door, *will you?*

(SOUND: DOOR LOCKS...FOOTSTEPS ON WALK OF MAN & WOMAN)

JACK: Rochester, put Miss Livingstone's bags in the car, *will you?*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: NOW LET'S SEE, WHERE CAN I PUT THEM?

MARY: Jack, you're only going to be away for two weeks...why have you got all that luggage piled on top of the car?

JACK: That isn't luggage, Mary.

MARY: Then what is it?

ROCH: A TENT, WE'LL HAVE TO CAMP TWICE BETWEEN HERE AND PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Oh stop, Rochester....that's not why we're carrying it.

MARY: Then why are you carrying it?

JACK: ^{the tent} Never mind...Now Rochester, are we ready to go?

ROCH: YES SIR...I PUT MISS LIVINGSTONE'S LUGGAGE IN THE TRUNK.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES...MOTOR UP...FADE TO B.G....
AUTO HORN BEEPS)

DW

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JACK: Now let's relax and have a pleasant drive.

MARY: Rochester, turn on the radio...will you, please?

ROCH: YES, MA'AM.

(SOUND: CLICK...STATIC SQUEALS)

HY: (FILTER) REMEMBER FOLKS, THERE ARE ONLY FOURTEEN MORE SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS...AND AS OUR HOLIDAY SPECIAL WE ARE CURRENTLY FEATURING A PLATINUM NECKLACE WITH A FOUR CARAT DIAMOND PENDANT FOR ONLY NINE THOUSAND ~~AND~~ FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS...THIS CAN BE PURCHASED ON OUR EASY LAY AWAY PLAN OF ONLY ONE DOLLAR DOWN AND ONE DOLLAR A WEEK UNTIL THEY LAY YOU AWAY ^{and} ~~it~~. NOW BACK TO THE MUSICAL PORTION OF OUR PROGRAM...FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER WE WILL HEAR THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET, WHICH IS ~~FEATURED ON THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...~~ WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE INKSPOTS, BUT WE FELT SORRY FOR THE SPORTSMEN.

JACK: Why do they feel sorry for everybody? *who writes for me?*

HY: (FILTER) THEIR NEXT NUMBER WILL BE "EL COMPARTI."

DW

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QUART: EL COMPARI, CIVOSUNARI
CHI SI SONA, U FRISCALETTU
E COMUSI SONA U FRISCALETTU
(WHISTLE)

U FRISCALETTU
TIPI TI TIPITI TA
EL COMPARI, CIVOSUNARI
CHI SI SONA, USA~~X~~AFONA
E COMUSISONA, U SAXAFONA
U SAXAFONA, U TRISCOLETTI
TIPTTI TIPITI TA

JACK: That's a cute song, Mary. I wonder what the words mean?

QUART: HERE'S THE MEANING, IF THERE IS ANY,
PUFF A LUCKY WITH MR. BENNY,
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY
LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY
A LUCKY STRIKE
THE SMOKE I LIKE
THERE'S NEVER A PUFF
THAT'S EVER ROUGH
L.S.S., M.F.F.T
OUR MUSICIANS ARE REALLY FOR US
WE PAY THEM A LUCKY FOR EVERY CHORUS
WE KNOW WHAT THEY'RE SAYING
NOW AS THEY'RE PLAYING
IT'S LUCKY STRIKE
THE SMOKE WE LIKE
THERE'S NEVER A PUFF
THAT'S EVER ROUGH
MUCH BETTER TASTE
WE ALL AGREE
L.S.S. M.F.F., L.S.S. M.F.F.T

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-14-

(SOUND: MOTOR GOING FOR SEVERAL SECONDS..TRAFFIC NOISE..AUTO HORN BEEPS...THEN FADE MOTOR AND SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MARY: Say, we're making pretty good time today.

ROCH: YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS LIVINGSTONE...WE JUST PASSED THROUGH PASADENA.

JACK: Gosh, I wonder why the traffic is so thick.

MARY: It's people still coming home from last year's Rose Bowl game.

JACK: ...Last year's Rose Bowl Game...Mary, stop making up such ridiculous things.

RUBIN: (OFF MIKE...SINGS) "On Wisconsin, On Wisconsin, break right through that line...

JACK: *I thought you were*
~~Hum, maybe she wasn't~~ making it up...You know, Mary, sometimes I think *that* - - -

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, MR. BENNY --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: WE'RE GETTING KIND OF LOW ON GAS.

JACK: We are? Well, pull into that gas station on the corner. *there*.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MEDIUM LONG SQUEALING OF BRAKES AS CAR COMES TO STOP)

MEL: (MOCLEY) Duh, yes sir,..can I help you?

JACK: Yes, we'd like some gas.

MEL: Yes sir, would you like Regular or Ethyl?

JACK: Hmm..let me see..I wonder what would be best for this car.

MARY: Blood.

JACK: Mary, please..I'll take the regular.

BA

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MEL: Fill it up?

JACK: Well...no^{no}...^{about} put in three gallons.

MARY: For heaven's sakes, Jack..why don't you fill it up?

JACK: Mary, three is enough.

MARY: But you'll have to stop at another gas station for more^{now}. Why don't you fill it up?

JACK: Well.. all right...Fill it up, Mister.

ROCH: (WAY UP) CH BOY, WAIT'LL I TELL THE BOYS AT THE LODGE ABOUT THIS!

JACK: Never mind, Rochester.. go ahead and fill the tank, Mister.

MEL: Yes sir.

MARY: Jack, what do you plan on doing in Palm Springs?

(WE NOW HEAR THE SOUND OF AN AUTOMATIC GAS PUMP GOING..IT GOES WITH A WHINING AND SLIGHT GRINDING SOUND, AND EVERY COUPLE OF SECONDS AS A GALLON MARK IS REACHED WE HEAR THE PING OF A BELL..THESE PINGS COME EXACTLY WHERE THEY ARE INDICATED IN IN JACK'S SPEECH. ...

I think I'll

JACK: Well, just rest..relax and (PING) one have a good time. I'm going to take a dip in the (PING) two swimming pool every morning and then play a round of (PING) three golf afterwards. That way I'll get plenty of (PING) four sun and in the afternoons I'll just relax and (PING) five rest till dinner time. There are so many good places to (PING) six eat in Palm Springs like the Dunes, Doll House and Don the Beach (PING) seven combers and lots of others. Some nights I may go on (PING) eight (YELLS) ^{and} FOR HEAVENS SAKES THAT'S ENOUGH GAS, STOP ALREADY..... Gee whiz.

MEL: Okay, Mister..Now I'll check your oil and tires.

JACK: Good.

MEL: Hey Mister..do you know you've got a big hole in your right rear tire?

JACK: I know, I know.

MEL: Well, how come it doesn't go flat?

JACK: Because the tire was filled up in Los Angeles.

MEL: *Well,* What's that got to do with it?

MARY: The smog is too thick to leak out.

JACK: Yeah.

MEL: *hey,* Mister, I can sell you a new set of tires very reasonable.

JACK: Not right now..you see, they're making so many improvements in tires these days, I'll wait a little *while* longer.

BA

MEL: Well, I've got the latest thing right here..tubeless tires.

ROCH: WE'RE WAY AHEAD OF THAT, WE GOT TIRELESS TUBES.

JACK: Never mind, Rochester..just check the oil, Mister.

MEL: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: HOOD GOING UP..LITTLE NOISES OF OIL BEING CHECKED)

MEL: Well, the oil is okay, but I noticed the pulley on your generator is cracked..you better get a new one, or you'll have lots of trouble.

JACK: Well...okay, put one in.

MEL: I'm sorry, but we don't have any parts for this car.

JACK: Oh..well, is there a Maxwell dealer in this town?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Where?

MEL: In the cemetery.

JACK: Well, it'll be all right.^{7:00} How much do I owe--

(SOUND: GALLUPING HORSE FADES IN)

JACK: What's that?

DENNIS: HI HO SILVER, AWAY!

(SOUND: HOOPS FADE AWAY)

JACK: ~~So~~ that's how Dennis is going to Palm Springs..well, what do you know...Say Mister, how much do I owe you?

MEL: That's two dollars and fifty cents.

JACK: Okay, I'll --

MEL: ^{1:00} Wait a minute, Mister--

JACK: HUH?

MEL: I just recognized you..ain't you Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes, ^{yes} I am.

MEL: Gee, Mr. Benny..what a pleasure meeting you..How I love you in the movies.

JACK: You do?

MEL: Yeah..I think you was wonderful in "To Be Or Not To Be".. "Charlie's Aunt", "George Washington Slept Here", and "Quo Vadis".

JACK: ..Well, thank you...Now you say the gas was two and a half dollars?

MEL: Uhhuh.

JACK: Here's three dollars, keep the change.

MEL: Thank you!

JACK: (CONFIDENTIALLY) And Mister, for your information, I wasn't in "Quo Vadis".

MEL: I know, but what kind of a tip would I have got if I mentioned that lousey "Horn Blows at Midnight"?

JACK: Ham, look fellow, I don't think that was very nice of you to---

MEL: ^{Sh} Excuse me, Mr. Benny, here comes another customer.

(SOUND: NICE CAR DRIVES IN AND COMES TO STOP)

MEL: Yes sir, what can I do for you.

BOB: Fill it up.

JACK: Well, Bob!

BOB: Why, Jack..Hi..Hello, Mary, ^{Hi} Roch.

MARY: Hello, Bob.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. CROSBY.

MEL: Excuse me, Mister, you want regular or Ethyl?

BA

BOB: Ethyl, *please.*

(SOUND: SAME SOUND OF PUMP GOING AND AGAIN HEAR
PINGS IN SPEECH WHERE INDICATED)

JACK: Gosh, Bob, isn't it a coincidence, we're all on our way
to Palm (PING) one Springs and we meet at the same
gas (PING) two station--

MARY: JACK, STOP COUNTING, IT'S BOB'S CAR.

JACK: Oh, yes, yes..I forgot..Gee, Bob, it's a shame that you
have to make the drive all alone.

BOB: I'm not alone.

JACK: Huh?

BOB: *Oh,* Look in the back, *don't you see,* Remley, Kimmick and Bagby *they're* laying
there.

JACK: Oh.

BOB: *See* This car is that new Hudson, the kind you fall down
into.

JACK: I know, I know.

MARY: Bob, you only mentioned Remley, Kimmick and Bagby...
isn't Sammy the Drummer coming to Palm Springs?

BOB: Oh, Sammy's coming, *sure* but *see* not until just before we do
our broadcast ~~we~~ there. He hates the sun.

JACK: Why?

BOB: Well, you know how bald Sammy is..and he doesn't like
his scalp to get sunburned.

MARY: Well, can't he wear a hat?

BOB: *Oh,* No, if he covered his head, he'd lose the fifty dollars
a week a distillery pays him.

JACK: A distillery, *a distillery* pays him fifty dollars a week not to cover
his head?

BOB: Yeah.. They've got "Don't be Vague, say Haig and Haig" painted up there.

JACK: Well, they couldn't have picked a better head than Sammy's. It's shaped like a pinch bottle.

MARY: ^{Well, you know,} Bob, this is none of my business, really..but if the boys in the band are such a bunch of hoodlums, why don't you get rid of them?

JACK: ~~It's~~ funny, Mary, I asked Bob the same thing last week, and he told me that their private lives are their own business.

BOB: That's right, Mary..and these boys have a lot of experience.

JACK: Yeah..Bob told me that his boys spent two years with Wayne King.

BOB: No, no, Jack, not Wayne King, Waste King, they used to install them.

JACK: Oh, oh, oh.

MARY: By the way, Bob, how come your wife isn't coming to the Springs with you?

BOB: Oh, she'll be up for the week-end, Mary..She's bringing the kids.

MARY: All five of them?

BOB: ^{Yeah, all live} ~~Oh-huh,~~ and the maid and the cook, too.

MARY: But ~~Bob,~~ won't it be hard finding hotel reservations for that many people?

BOB: ^{Oh} I don't have to worry about that, Jack's renting me a tent.

JACK: All right, Mary, now you know, are you happy?...Come on, Rochester, let's go.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: See you in Palm Springs, Bob.

ALL: (AD LIB GOODBYE)

(SOUND: GOOD MOTOR STARTS AND DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Come on, Rochester, let's get going.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STARTS AND DRIVES OFF...

DRIVES FOR A FEW SECONDS..SUSTAIN IN

B.G.)

JACK: Rochester, make this right turn here.

ROCH: BUT MR. BENNY, WE SHOULD GO STRAIGHT AHEAD.

MARY: Rochester's right, Jack..this isn't the way to Palm Springs.

JACK: Look, Mary, I know a short cut...Rochester, turn here.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR TURNING...)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR MOTOR FADES IN)

MARY: Jack, are you sure this short cut takes us to Palm Springs?

BA

JACK: Of course I'm sure.

ROCH: BUT MR. BENNY, WE'VE BEEN DRIVING THREE HOURS SINCE WE LEFT THE GAS STATION.

MARY: Yes^{ly} and it's getting dark..we should have been in Palm Springs long ago.

JACK: Mary, I know what I'm doing..I've taken this road many times and--See, see--we're in the desert..see the sand.

MARY: Yes^{ly} and I see the sign, ^{too} ~~it says~~ Laguna Beach.

JACK: Oh for heavens sakes.. Rochester, you must have made a wrong turn.. Now go back to the main highway ~~and--~~

MARY: ^{where?} Jack..Jack, look up in the air!

JACK: ^{only} It's a bird!

MEL: (SQUAWK) P, A, L, M .. S, P, R, I, N, G, S
~~Vacuum cleaner.~~

JACK: Well, what do you know.. ~~it's Polly~~ ^{following me}.. She's flying to Palm Springs. ~~Come on, Rochester, let's try to beat~~ ^{hello Polly} her there.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

BA

National *ladies & gentlemen*

JACK: I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS ~~Television~~ Network but first, a word to cigarette smokers...

Pacific Coast

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at 7 PM over the CBS Television network but first, a word to cigarette smokers.....

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, you know, this whole matter of smoking enjoyment can all be summed up in just one word. Taste! Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. Now Luckies taste better for two reasons. First -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, too, Luckies taste better because they're made better... made round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes, made for 100% smoking enjoyment! And because Luckies do taste better, they'll make wonderful Christmas gifts. As a matter of fact right now, you'll find Luckies all dressed up in festive Christmas cartons, specially created by the famous designer, Raymond Loewy.

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 6, 1955

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: These colorful Lucky Strike Christmas cartons make a
(CONT'D) most welcome gift for anyone on your Christmas List.
You'll find these holiday cartons of Luckies wherever
you buy cigarettes. Be sure to get enough! Make it
a Happy Go Lucky Christmas ... give your family and
friends Christmas cartons of the cigarette that does
taste better ... Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN Be Happy - Go Lucky

QUARTET:

(LONG CLOSE) For Christmas gifts this year!

ATX01 0184481

Tag - National

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, ^{as I mentioned before,} in just 30 seconds I will be doing my television show over the CBS Television network and I will have as my guests, Irene Dunne, Vincent Price, and Gregory Ratoff. Goodnight, folks. See you in 30 seconds.

Tag - Pacific Coast

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight at 7 PM I will be doing my television show over the CBS Television network and I will have as my guest, Irene Dunne, Vincent Price, and Gregory Ratoff.. Goodnight, folks. See you at 7:00, tonight.

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company.... America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

PROGRAM #14
REVISED SCRIPT

The Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1953 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 6, 1953)

(PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.)

GH

ATX01 0184484

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #14

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST DECEMBER 13, 1953

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, have you smoked a fresh
cigarette lately? You have, if you've smoked a Lucky
... because The American Tobacco Company, the makers of
Lucky Strike know how vitally important freshness is to
the taste of a cigarette. That's why every day in ~~the~~
manufacturing plants where Luckies are made hundreds
of pecks of Luckies are carefully tested for the
tightness of their cellophane seal ... so you'll get
Luckies' better taste in all its natural freshness.
Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste.

(MORE)

RM

ATX01 0184485

WILSON:
(CONT'D) And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. There are two things
that account for this better taste. First -- fine
tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco
goes into Lucky Strike. Then, Luckies are made
better -- made round, firm, fully-packed to draw
freely and smoke evenly. So for a better tasting,
fresher tasting cigarette, light up a Lucky. You'll
agree smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste and
the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better.
Be Happy -- Go Lucky -- with a carton of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

GH

ATX01 0184486

(DEC. 13th. SHOW--to be transcribed Dec. 6)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO BACK TO YESTERDAY
MORNING, AND VISIT THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE OF ONE OF PALM
SPRINGS LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.

(SOUND: FAINT DEPARTMENT STORE BELLS)

HY: Now looking at your record, Mr. Blanc, I see that you've
worked in our Los Angeles store for seven years.

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) That's right, sir.

HY: And just why did you want to transfer from our Los Angeles
store to our Palm Springs store?

MEL: For my health, sir.

HY: Oh, I see..Your doctor thought the sunshine and fresh
air would be good for you.

MEL: Not my doctor, my psychiatrist.

HY: Ohh..you've been visiting a psychiatrist?

MEL: Uh huh.

HY: Did you see him often?

MEL: Mister, I was on his couch so much all his other patients
had to lay on the floor.

HY: ^{will} ~~How~~..Tell me, Mr. Blanc..Just what was it that caused
you to go to the psychiatrist?

TB

ATX01 0184487

MEL: A customer that kept coming into the store ever year, just before Christmas.

HY: ..A..customer?

MEL: Yesh..he first came into the store in 1946..He was a kindly looking blue-eyed old gentleman..He bought a Christmas present and then six times during the day he came back, pestered me, and exchanged it for a different model.

HY: ^{well,} What was the gift he kept exchanging?

MEL: Shoe laces.

HY: He bought shoe laces for a Christmas present?

MEL: Yesh, for someone named Don.

HY: ^{how} How could he possibly exchange shoe laces six times?

MEL: ^{well,} First he bought the laces with metal tips..then he came back because he thought plastic tips looked more modern..(BEGINNING TO GET EXCITED)..soon he was back again, he was afraid the plastic tips might crack, so he went back to metal tips... THEN HE GOT TO THINKING THE METAL TIPS MIGHT RUST, SO HE CAME BACK TO CHANGE THEM TO PLASTIC TIPS..(HYSTERICAL).. SIX TIMES HE CHANGED HIS MIND..PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS, PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS...(REALLY MANIACAL)..PLASTIC TIPS, METAL TIPS.. (HE ENDS OFF WITH HYSTERICAL SCREAMING AND CRYING.)

HY: ^{well,} Control yourself, stop screaming, people will think that you just saw the Palm Springs prices.

MEL: (CONTROLLING HIMSELF) I'm sorry, sir..^{but} Then every year since then, this man has been back buying gifts for Don and exchanging them..One year it was a wallet..once it was cuff links...

TB

ATX01 0184488

HY: ^{well,} What did he buy this Don last Christmas?

MEL: A gopher trap.

HY: A gopher trap? Well, tell me, Mr. Blanc...do you feel that you're well enough now to go back to work?

MEL: Oh yes ^{yes}... the ^{... the} psychiatrist gave me some pills which I always carry with me I ^{take} one whenever I start to get excited.

HY: ^{well, that's} Good.. Now I'm going to assign you to the date department.

MEL: The date department?

HY: Yes.. there you'll meet mostly tourists from the East who wish to send some of these delicious dates back home.

MEL: ~~well,~~ ^{well,} thank you, sir.. thank you very much.

HY: Well, you better get to work, Mr. Blanc.. the store has been open for half an hour already.

MEL: Yes, Sir.

~~HY: Are you sure you feel all right?~~

RH

ATX01 0184489

~~MEL: Yes, sir, there's not much chance of running into that Blue-~~
~~Eyed Simon Legree down here. I'll go to work.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN..
DEPARTMENT STORE BELLS..NOISES FADE OUT.)

MARY: You know, Jack, I must admit this was a good idea of yours..

doing your Christmas shopping here in Palm Springs.

JACK: ^{why} Sure, ^{mary} after all, this is a branch of the Los Angeles store..
and they have everything here..Now let's see my shopping list..
Gee, I have to get loads of gifts. ~~Ham~~, I wonder what to get
my writers.

MARY: Jack, why don't you get them each a gold pencil?

JACK: No, Mary..that seems tied up with their work..I'd like to get
them something different..something they can't afford..
something they wouldn't buy themselves.

MARY: Why don't you get them shoes?

JACK: Say, that's a good idea..Now, what'll I get for my secretary,
Jeannette?

MARY: ^{Oh,} You ought to get her something nice..you like her, don't you,
~~Jack?~~

JACK: Uh huh..She's very pretty, and she's got a wonderful figure..
I'm lucky to have a secretary like her.

MARY: ^{bill} Why don't you get her a game of Scrabble?

JACK: No, no, she can't spell...She can't take shorthand either...
I may have to let her go if she doesn't learn how to type
soon...But she's a wonderful secretary..Now let's see..

MARY: Jack, have you thought about your sister Florence?

JACK: Yes, quite often.. Now let's see.

MARY: ~~Jack~~, I mean how about getting her a gift?

JACK: Oh, I'll get her something.. Now let's see... Gee, I don't know what to get my sponsor.

MARY: How about a nice fountain pen?

JACK: *My* That's a good idea, Mary.. I'll meet you back here later.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES.. BELLS)

JACK: I wonder what department I can get fountain pens.. Where's the floorwalker, I'll ask him. ~~Maybe that man over there~~ knows.. Oh, Mister..MISTER.

RH

ATX01 0184491

NELSON: YESSSSSSSS.

JACK: Hmmm. Mister, have you seen the floorwalker?

NELSON: I'm the floorwalker, stupid.

JACK: Now wait a minute.. don't call me stupid.. how could I tell from the way you're dressed?

NELSON: In Palm Springs all floorwalkers wear sun suits.

JACK: Hmmm... look, I want to buy some gifts...

NELSON: Gifts, eh.. You're probably buying them for business associates and relatives.

JACK: That's right, how did you know?

NELSON: I didn't think you had any friends!

JACK: Look, that's none of your business.. Now I want to buy a fountain pen.. does this store have any

NELSON: Yes.. we have ball points, regulars and the new Palm Springs pen.

JACK: A Palm Springs pen?

NELSON: Yes, you fill it with sun tan oil and write love letters in the sand.

JACK: Oh, never mind.. I'll find the place myself...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~That~~ Silly floor walker... I think I can get the pens on the next floor...

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND BELLS)

RH

7-8-9

JACK: Well, I got the fountain pen for my sponsor.. Now I ~~was~~
got to get something for Hickey Marks, my producer, and
Bert Scott and--

MARY: Oh, Jack, Jack.

JACK Oh, there you are, Mary.

MARY What took you so long? Did you get the present for your
sponsor?

JACK Uh huh.. and I was just wondering what to get ~~for~~ the two
C.B.S. telephone operators, Mable Flapsaddle and Gertrude
~~and~~ Gearshift... Mary, what would you suggest for them?

MARY: Well, I don't know, Jack.. how much do you want to spend?

JACK: *I don't know.*
About five dollars apiece.

MARY: Why don't you get them each a hundred Gillette Blue
Blades.

RH

ATX01 0184493

JACK: No, Mary. ^I I gave them that last year. Well, I'll think of something. Now let's see, who else--

SHELDON: Hiya, Bud.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Long time no see.

JACK: Yeah yeah, come on, Mary, let's go.

MARY: Jack, wasn't that ^{the} fellow ~~the~~--

JACK: Yes, Mary, he's ~~the~~ ^{the} race track tout. ~~He's~~ ^{You know ---} probably resting up here till Santa Anita opens. ~~Come on,~~ ^{Let's} get away from him.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, that takes care of practically everybody on my list except Don Wilson. He's always such a problem.

~~MARY: Well, Jack, he's been with you over twenty years, you've given him so many different gifts.~~

~~JACK: You're right, Mary. I wonder what I can give him this year?~~

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack. since we're all down here in Palm Springs, why don't you give him something in keeping with the resort. ^{well ---} like ~~a~~ like ~~a~~ nice box of dates.

JACK: Mary, I think you've got it. ^{You know ---} Don loves to eat. Come on, let's go to the date department.

MARY: No, Jack. I've still got some of my own shopping to do. I'll meet you later at the sportswear department.

JACK: Okay. I'll be there in about ten minutes. Now let me see. where's the date department? I better ask the floor walker. Oh, Mister. Mister...

NELSON: Oh, it's you again.

TB

JACK: Yes..Look, can I get to the date department by going past the sporting goods section and taking the last aisle to the left: ~~and?~~

NELSON: Just this once, but don't ever do it again.

JACK: ~~Hmm,~~ Thanks.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Ah, here's where they sell the dates..Oh, clerk..clerk...

MEL: Yes sir, what can I dooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

JACK: ~~What's~~ ^{--- what's} the matter, clerk?

MEL: Nothing, nothing..(TO HIMSELF) He doesn't recognize me.. I'll be calm, what can he do to me in the date department...

(UP AGAIN) yes sir, what can I do for you?

JACK: ~~well,~~ Are these dates fresh?

MEL: ~~Yes~~ Yes sir, they're grown right here in Palm Springs, under duh most ideal conditions.

JACK: What do you mean, ideal conditions?

MEL: ~~well,~~ Dese dates are kissed all day by duh hot desert sun till three o'clock when it goes behind duh mountain and then they're in nature's deep freeze.

JACK: Oh..Well, this box looks very nice..I'll take it, ~~uh?~~

MEL: That's a dollar sixty-five.

JACK: Fine, I'd like it gift-wrapped.

MEL: I know, I know.

JACK: And put this card in with it, ~~will you?~~

MEL: Okay..excuse me while I wrap it at that counter over there.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..WRAPPING OF GIFT WRAPPING CONTINUES AS MEL TALKS)

TB

MEL: (TO SELF) (Gee, that wasn't bad at all..I didn't even have to take a single pill..There..now to cut the ribbon)

(SOUND: SCISSOR SNIP...FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: Here you are, Mister..all wrapped for Christmas..red and green ribbon and everything.

JACK: *Oh* Thanks..Gee, I hope Don likes these dates.

MEL: *Oh* I'm sure he will..Most everybody likes these plain dates better than the ones stuffed with nuts.

JACK: *Yes* Oh..you have dates stuffed with nuts?

MEL: (TO HIMSELF) (I had to tell him yet..Why didn't that psychiatrist teach me to keep my mouth shut)

JACK: Let me see a box of the ones stuffed with nuts.

MEL: *Oh* Mister, you wouldn't like 'em.. ^{he} wouldn't like 'em... nobody would like 'em, believe me, believe me!

JACK: Oh, here they are..right here..Ssy, they do look delicious.

MEL: But, Mister..

JACK: After all, Christmas only comes once a year, I may as well give Don the best..I want this box with the stuffed dates.

MEL: Okay, okey.

JACK: Now gift wrap this box.

MEL: I will, I will.

JACK: And unwrap the box of plain dates.

MEL: (MAD) What do I have to unwrap them for, I can sell 'em to another customer.

JACK: Not with my card in them.

MEL: My pills, my pills..where are my pills..Oh, here they are..
(MAKES GULPING SWALLOWING NOISES)

JACK: Clerk, those pills aren't going to do you any good.

MEL: Why not?

JACK: You're supposed to take them out of the bottle before swallowing them.

MEL: Maybe I'll be lucky -- maybe the glass will kill me...
Here, here's your card from the ^{plain} dates.

JACK: You keep it...put it in the stuffed date box.

MEL: Okay...excuse me while I wrap it...

(SOUND: WRAPPING PAPER, ETC)

JACK: Oh, clerk, ^{wait} hold it a minute --

MEL: Now what?

JACK: I just thought of something...that card is a printed one..
it's too formal...I'm going to write something more personal.

MEL: Okay, I fooled you this time...I didn't put the card in the package.

JACK: What?

MEL: Nothing, nothing...you write the card, I'll wrap the package.

JACK: Okay...now let me see..Oh yes..I'll write him a little poem:
TO DON...THIS CHRISTMAS I'M GIVING YOU SOMETHING TO CHEW
THESE DELICIOUS DATES AND NUTS TO YOU....Hmmm...
that doesn't sound right.

MEL: Okay, Mister, here's your package.

JACK: Thanks.

MEL: That'll be two dollars and fifteen cents.

JACK: I thought it was a dollar sixty-five.

MEL: That was for the plain dates.

JACK: Well, there aren't any more dates in this box, are there?

MEL: No, but these are stuffed.

JACK: Well, look, Mister, I'm not going to pay fifty cents extra for a few nuts.

MEL: But look --

JACK: It's not the money. It's just that I don't want to be a sucker about these things...I want the plain ones.

MEL: (VERY CALMLY) And you want them gift wrapped?

JACK: Uh huh.

MEL: (AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE) ALL RIGHT, I'LL WRAP 'EM, I'LL WRAP 'EM.

JACK: Good, I'll be back and pick them up later...I ~~have~~ got to meet someone in the sportswear department.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES AND BELLS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gee, I don't want to keep Mary waiting but I can't find the sportswear --

BOB: (COMING IN) Why hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh hi, Bob...you doing your Christmas shopping, too? *Sub 2.*

BOB: Yeah, me and my piano player, Charlie Begby have been here all morning.

JACK: Oh, Begby's here. *Sub 2?* he's not in Los Angeles?

BOB: No, I brought him with me to Palm Springs...I felt that the change of gutters would do him *some* good.

JACK: I hope so...where *is* Charlie now?

BOB: *well* ~~Oh~~, he sneaked away from me...I think he didn't want me to see what he's getting me for Christmas. *and* It's just as well, *because* I wanted to do some shopping for the boys in the band.

JACK: Oh, you're buying Charlie's gift now?

BOB: No, I've got his already--^{but I am kinda} ~~am~~ stuck on what to get for Frank Remley.

JACK: ^{well,} Look, Bob... that should be no problem... Why don't you get Frankie a cordial? ^{you know} like.. like a bottle of Drambuie?

BOB: ^{well,} Jack, that's a nice gift, but not for Remley... You see, ~~---~~ ^{Drambuie} that's an after dinner drink.

JACK: So what?

BOB: Well, Remley never quite lasts till after dinner.

JACK: I see what you mean. ^{say} I meant to ask you, Bob... what are you getting your brother Bing for Christmas?

BOB: ^{well,} ~~he just bought a boat, so,~~ I'm going to give him an Admiral Refrigerator, ~~for his~~

^{well, now isn't that clever. bought}
JACK: Oh, ~~did Bing buy a boat?~~

BOB: Yes, the Lurline.

JACK: Oh.. You shopping for the rest of your family here too, Bob?

BOB: ^{yes, I am.} Uh-huh, as a matter of fact, ^{---right now I'm} I'm on my way to the toy department ~~right now~~ to get something for my children.

JACK: Hey, do you mind if I join you... I always get a kick out of the new toys they have for kids.

BOB: ^{oh, no,} Come on, Jack.. here it is. ^{its} right across the aisle...

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Gee, look at all the things they have here... mechanical toys, building sets, doll carriages... and Bob, look at that... a Marilyn-Monroe doll.~~

~~BOB: I know, Jack... my daughter has one... a doll that looks exactly like Marilyn M_onroe.~~

~~RH~~

(SOUND: TINY TRAIN WHISTLE OF AN ELECTRIC

TRAIN AND MAYBE SOUND OF TRAIN GOING)

Say Jack...
BOB: Say Jack, look at that set of electric trains... isn't that
Terrific... *Yes, that one there* it looks just like the Super Chief.

JACK: Yes, *what a train!* and Bob... isn't that the Sportsmen Quartet standing
there running them?

BOB: It sure is. Hey fellows, let Jack hear your train song.

(QUARTET DOES "CHOO CHOO TRAIN" WITH LITTLE SOUND EFFECTS AND KID
VOICES DOING " TWAIN LEAVING ON TWACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA,
AND CUCAMONGA. "

RH

ATX01 0184500A

~~JACK: Gee, they sure look life-like.~~

~~BOB: I know... they talk, too.~~

~~JACK: Do they walk?~~

~~BOB: No.~~

~~JACK: Then they're nothing!... Who'd want one?~~

RH

ATX01 0184500

INTRO -

QUART: CH ch foo, ch ch foo.
Choo choo train, chug chuggin at the station
Choo choo train, conductor, pull the cord,
Choo choo train, you know our destination.
Train leaving on track nine for Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga.
All aboard ... all aboard ...
Choo choo train, it's going to Kentucky
Choo Choo train, in case you didn't guess.
Choo choo train, will load up there with Luckies
Ch ch foo, ch ch foo, ch ch foo, the Lucky Strike Express.

(TRAIN GOES INTO CONGA)

Choo choo train, returning from Kentucky.
Choo choo train, that's where it's coming from.
Choo choo train, all loaded up with Luckies.
Ch ch foo, ch ch foo, watch it come.
Choo choo train, please hurry, time's a wastin'.
Clear the track for something we all like.
Cartons of the smoke that's better tastin'.
Ch ch foo, ch ch foo, Lucky Strike.
There are no loose ends in Luckies to annoy
They will please your friends each college girl and boy,
And fresher, smoother, too, it's Luckies you'll enjoy.
Cleaner through and through.
First you tear 'em, then compare 'em.
Choo choo train is pullin' in the station
Choo choo train unloading happiness
Choo choo train has reached its destination.

~~JACK: I'm glad to hear it.~~

~~NEELSON: (CRYING, BUT HIS USUAL DELIVERY) BUT I STILL CAN'T
STAND YOU.~~

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ ^{the} Never mind... I'll find ~~that sportswear~~ department myself.

(SCUND: STORE NOISES & BELLS UP AND DOWN)

~~JACK: Hmm... here's the sportswear department... but no sign of Mary... While I'm waiting, I might as well get a gift for her... Oh clerk... clerk.~~

~~KEARNS: Yes, sir.~~

~~JACK: Could you suggest a gift I could get for a young lady?~~

~~KEARNS: Well, this is Palm Springs, and everyone swims here... what about getting her one of those new Bikini bathing suits?~~

~~JACK: Say, a Bikini bathing suit... that sounds good... I'd like to get her one in black.. and I'd like them to embroider her initials, M.L. on it.~~

~~KEARNS: I'm sorry, sir, there's not enough room.~~

RH

JACK: ~~Oh, well...I'll take it...Quick, gift wrap it..here she comes now...~~

MARY: (COMING IN) Oh Jack...Jack.

JACK: Right here, Mary.

MARY: Did you get the dates for Don?

JACK: Yes, Mary...I got them ~~for him~~...I'll have to pick it up soon, it's being gift wrapped..a nice box of plain dates.

MARY: Plain dates? ^{well} Jack, why didn't you get the ones stuffed with nuts...Don loves nuts.

JACK: He does?

MARY: Certainly...at his house haven't you ever noticed what's in that big bowl on the coffee table?

JACK: Yes, hams and turkeys.

MARY: Underneath there's nuts.

~~JACK: Oh, he'll appreciate the plain dates, Mary:~~

~~MARY: Look Jack, if you're going to do something, do it right: Don loves nuts and you ought to get him the stuffed dates.~~

JACK: ~~well.~~ ^{Okay}...I'll go do it right now..Come on, we'll go together.

MARY: ^{Oh} No, Jack, I've still got some more gifts to buy..You can meet me at the sportswear counter.

^{Jack:} ^{Okay} (SOUND: STORE NOISES AND BELLS UP & DOWN)

JACK: Oh, clerk...clerk?

MEL: Huh? Oh, ^{oh, oh...} here's your package, Mister, ^{all} gift wrapped and everything..one box of plain dates, a dollar sixty-five.

LR

JACK: *Well,* I'm sorry, ^{you see,} I don't want those, I want the ones with the nuts
in them.

MEL: Oh, no, no, no, ~~no, this isn't happening, I'm dreaming, I-~~
~~know I am.~~

~~JACK: Look, Mister~~

~~MEL: I must be dreaming...any minute now, I'll wake up in a cold~~
~~sweat with my wife saying, "Melvin, you're choking me."~~

~~JACK: Look, you're not dreaming...now I want to exchange the plain~~
~~dates for the ones with nuts.~~

MEL: (PLEADING) Mister, let me alone, I'm all out of pills.

JACK: I don't know what you're talking about...now I want a box of
stuffed dates gift wrapped immediately.

MEL: Okay, okay, I'll do it.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (TO HIMSELF) How can I avoid this guy...I tried everything,
even getting myself transferred...I wonder if this store has
a branch behind the Iron Curtain.

JACK: Look, Clerk, I've got some other shopping to do...now you
wrap those dates with nuts and I'll be back later.

MEL: I'm sure you will.

JACK: Now let's see...Oh yes..I remember where Mary said she'd meet
me.

(SOUND: NOISES AND BELLS UP AND DOWN)

LR

ATX01 0184504

JACK: Gee, she's not here...Gosh, I still haven't gotten anything for my sister Florence..Say, that's the lingerie department... Maybe I can find something there.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Let's see...Maybe she'd like this beautiful pair of silk pajamas...Yeah, that's what I'll get...pajamas.

SHELDON: Hey, bud...bud.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: Who me?

SHELDON: Yeah...what ^{are} you doin'?

JACK: I'm buying a gift for my sister.

SHELDON: What're you going to get?

JACK: Pajamas.

SHELDON: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Get her a night gown.

JACK: *a* Night gown?...Why?

SHELDON: Night gown is a sleeper.

JACK: *well*, Well, so are pajamas.

SHELDON: I know, but with pajamas, when "They're off", the legs will fold.

JACK: Gee, I ^{never} thought of that.

SHELDON: And when you make your selections, you've gotta consider the string.

RU

ATX01 01B4505

JACK: The pajama string?

SHELDON: Yeah...it's all right while it's going around the backstretch,
but when it comes out in front, it ties up in a knot.

JACK: Gee, maybe you're right.

SHELDON: Of course I'm right. Nightgown is a great show bet.

JACK: I see what you mean...So long.

SHELDON: So long, bud.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Hmm~~...I wasted so much time I'll have to buy Florence's present
later. I better get over to the sporting goods department.
Mary is probably waiting for me.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES & BELLS UP AND DOWN)

HY: Now tell me, Miss, this fellow you're buying the present
for...is he your boy friend?

MARY: No...in fact, he's my boss.

HY: Oh..then you'll want to get him something nice...after all,
he's responsible for your bread and butter.

MARY: Only bread.

HY: Oh...well, tell me, Miss...what kind of a man is your boss?

MARY: Oh, nothing unusual about him...he's average height...
average weight..

HY: How old is he?

MARY: Well, he says he's around thirty-nine.

HY: Around thirty-nine, eh?

MARY: Yes, but I think it's his second time around.

~~HY: Well, ^{me see} let ~~me see~~...I'll make some suggestions...Tell me, does
this boss of yours play golf?~~

MARY: Yes, he does.

HY: Why don't you buy him some golf balls?

MARY: No, he already has one...Can you think of anything else?

HY: Well, how about a pair of these military brushes...he
certainly can use those, can't he?

~~MARY: Only if his head itches...Maybe I ought to--~~

JACK: (WAY OFF) ^{hey} Mary, Mary---

MARY: ^{oh} I'll be back later, Mister...here he comes now.

HY: That man coming down the aisle?

MARY: Yes.

HY: I think it's his third time around.

MARY: Shhh.

JACK: (COMING IN) ^{oh} Mary, I've been looking all over for you.

MARY: ^{oh} I'm sorry, Jack...Anyway, ~~now~~ I'm all done with my shopping
and I can help you with yours.

JACK: Good, because I still have to get gifts for Dennis Day,
Rochester, and Bob Crosby, then I'll be all--

ION: (COMING IN) ^{hey} Jack, Mary.

JACK & MARY: (AD LIB HELLOS)

LR

MARY: Doing your Christmas shopping, Don, *isn't it?*

DON: Yes, ~~it~~ just about finished, *though.*

JACK: So are we...Say Don, let me look at you...*Gee,* you look marvelous...what a wonderful tan.

MARY: Yes, Don...you're really brown...How long ~~have~~ you been here in Palm Springs?

DON: Three days.

JACK: Gee, how did you get such a wonderful tan in three days?

DON: I haven't been able to find a room.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Say, Don, besides being so tan, I've never seen you look so good...You've lost some weight, haven't you?

DON: Yes, quite a bit, Mary. *The* doctor put me on a diet.

JACK: Oh, you poor guy, you must be starving yourself, *isn't it?*

DON: *Oh no,* No, *Jack,* it's not a hard diet at all...I eat practically everything...I just have to cut out a few things like sugar, cream, butter, nuts and pastry.

MARY: Well, *that's* that's not too bad.

DON: *Oh no,* No, ~~and~~ *feel fine---* I feel fine...Well, I've got to hurry and finish my shopping.

MARY: So do we.

DON: (FADING) So long, Mary. *Goodbye* Jack.

MARY: Come on, Jack let's go over to the counter where--Jack...
JACK...what are you thinking about?

JACK: Mary, didn't you hear what Don said about his diet?

~~MARY: Yes, he said it made him feel wonderful.~~

LR

ATX01 0184508

JACK: ~~Yes, but did you hear what he has to cut out--sugar, cream, butter, nuts and pastry.~~

MARY: Yeah, so what?

JACK: So what? ~~I almost~~[^] got him the dates with nuts... It's not only fattening but it's more expensive...Mary, wait for me here, I'm going back and exchange them, ^{but going to get} ~~for~~ the plain kind.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES & BELLS UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Well, here's the date counter...Oh clerk...clerk.

MEL: Oh...Here you are, sir... all wrapped and ready to go.

JACK: Gee, ^{sir --} I'm sorry I put you to all this trouble...

MEL: That's all right, Mister, here's your package.

JACK: But, ^{look it,} I want the plain ones now.

MEL: (SLOWLY)...One...two...three...four...(TRANSITION TO SCREAMING MANIAC) I'LL NEVER MAKE IT, I'LL NEVER GET TO TEN.

JACK: Look, Mister, control yourself.

MEL: CONTROL MYSELF...THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE CHANGED THESE DATES.

~~JACK: Well, it's not my fault--the man I'm getting them for is on a diet, and nuts are fattening.~~

~~MEL: I DON'T CARE HOW FAT HE GETS, I DON'T CARE IF HE BLOWS UP AND BUSTS.~~

JACK: ~~Look,~~ ^{Don't} be so fresh...just exchange the dates.

MEL: NOT THIS TIME, OH NO, NOT THIS TIME...I OUTSMARTED YOU..I WENT TO THE SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT AND GOT THIS LOADED GUN.

LR

JACK: Mister, put that gun away...careful...don't point it at your head...suicide is a terrible thing ---

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT)

JACK: Clerk---

MEL: (CRYING) NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE...YOU MADE ME SO NERVOUS I MISSED...(CRIES)

JACK: Mister, control yourself.

MEL: I WON'T CONTROL MYSELF...FIRST YOU WANTED THE PLAIN DATES... THEN THE ONES WITH ^{the} NUTS, THEN THE ONES WITH ^{Jack: real nuts} PLASTIC TIPS, THEN YOU WANTED THE DATES STUFFED WITH METAL TIPS, THEN YOU WANTED THE TRAP THAT CATCHES THE GOPHERS ALIVE---

JACK: Mister--

MEL: THEN YOU WANTED THE GOPHER THAT EATS THE DATES WITH NUTS, THEN YOU WANTED THE NUTS THAT ATE PLAIN GOPHERS, ^{Jack: look, I didn't want gophers} THEN YOU ^{at all} WANTED THE GOPHERS THAT WORE SHOELACES, THEN YOU WANTED THE SHOE LACES THAT HAD DATES WITH GOPHERS....

JACK: Mister, ^{I didn't} ---

MEL: (REALLY SCREAMING) SHOE LACES...GOPHER TRAPS...DATES.. I CAN'T STAND IT ANY ^{more} MORE...I CAN'TI CAN'T...I CAN'T.. (HYSTERICAL SOBBING AND CRYING)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

LR

(TAG)

Jack: Goodnight everybody, we'll be a little late.
(SOUND: STORE NOISES UP AND DOWN)
MARY: Have you finished all your Christmas shopping, Jack?
JACK: Uh huh.
MARY: Did you get the dates for Don?
JACK: Yes, Mary. Here they are.. All gift wrapped and everything.
MARY: Gee, that's attractive package for Christmas..all that red paper.
JACK: Mary, that's not red paper, it's blood. The clerk punched me in the nose...Come on, let's go home.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

RU

ATX01 0184511

CLOSING COMMERCIAL
CHRISTMAS COMMERCIAL #3

-C-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute ... but first, a word to cigarette smokers ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!
Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson friends, you know each time you light up a cigarette isn't it the taste of that cigarette the thing you're really looking for? I'm sure it is because smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better cleaner ... fresher ... smoother. Now there are two short, simple reasons why. First, as everyone knows, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco -- better taste must start with fine tobacco and then, Luckies are actually made better -- made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly to give you better taste. And here's a reminder -- one gift that will really be appreciated at Christmas is the gay holiday carton of better-tasting Luckies.

(MORE)

GH

ATX01 0184512

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)
CHRISTMAS COMMERCIAL #2

-D-

WILSON: That's right. Right now, Luckies come to you in
(CONT'D) bright cheerful Christmas cartons, created just for
Lucky Strike by the famous designer, Raymond Loewy.
It's the ideal way to say "Merry Christmas" to your
family and friends. Yes, at Christmas time -- or any
time -- it's always good taste to give and to smoke
better-tasting Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN: Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET
(LONG For Christmas gifts this year!
CLOSE)

GH

ATX01 01B4513

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

MG

ATX01 0184514

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 13, 1953

-E-

BENNY TAG AND CLOSING INCLUDING:

WILSON: Be sure to hear "THE AMERICAN WAY" ... with Horace
Heidt for Lucky Strike ... every Thursday over this
same station. Consult your newspaper for the time.
The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by Lucky
Strike, product of The American Tobacco Company ...
America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE CBS RADIO NETWORK.

ATX01 0184515

PROGRAM #15

REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 13, 1953)

(PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA)

ATX01 0184516

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #15
DECEMBER 20, 1953

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. There's no doubt about it, friends --

Luckies do taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother.

Here's why: first, LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine

tobacco -- naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And

second, Luckies are made better -- made round and firm

and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Any

time you get fine tobacco in a better-made cigarette,

you're bound to get better taste. Remember, smoking

enjoyment is all a matter of taste and the fact of the

matter is - Luckies taste better! And here's a

wonderful Christmas gift idea -- a gift that says "Merry

Christmas and Happy Smoking" two-hundred times.

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 0184517

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #15
DECEMBER 20, 1953

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

WILSON: Ten packs of those better tasting Luckies all dressed up
(CON'T) for Christmas in a beautiful carton, created just for
Lucky Strike by the famous designer, Raymond Loewy. It
makes a really welcome gift for your friends and family --
for anyone who enjoys a good smoke. That's why you can't
go wrong when you give colorful Christmas cartons of Lucky
Strike. So this year, make it a Happy - Go - Lucky
Christmas. Yes ...

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET:
(LONG CLOSE: For Christmas gifts this year!

ATX01 0184518

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS ALWAYS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE TOURIST
SEASON HERE, PALM SPRINGS IS JUST FULL OF CELEBRITIES...BUT
NOW I GIVE YOU THE CELEBRITY THE WHOLE TOWN^{IS} TALKING ABOUT..
BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY ONE PAYING SUMMER RATES...AND HERE HE
IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack
Benny talking..and Don, I don't care if the whole town is
talking about me because in Palm Springs talk is the only
thing that's cheap...Believe me, *sure?*

DON: I know what you mean, Jack..but I've worked out a pretty
good deal where I'm staying.

JACK: *wait* At the Biltmore?

DON: *Yeah,* I get fifty per cent off ^{*of*} my bill and in return I put in
three hours a day as ~~their~~ lifeguard. And yesterday I--

Wait a minute, JACK: Wait a minute, Don. You did say "lifeguard", ~~didn't~~ ^{*eh?*} you?

DON: *Yeah,* why?

JACK: Well, it's just that I picture you more as a life raft...
with a pontoon in back. *there*

DON: *Will,* You can joke all you want, but yesterday a man called for
help and I dived into the pool and saved him.

JACK: Really, Don?

DON: Yes sir..and you should have heard the way they bawled me out.

JACK: Bawled you out? You saved a man's life didn't you?

DON: Yes, but when I jumped in the pool, three people sitting on the lawn almost drowned.

JACK: ~~Go,~~ And I've been telling everyone it rained yesterday....
But, Don --

BOB: Oh, Jack..Jack.

JACK: Yes, Bob.

Bob: Yes, Jack.
(APPLAUSE) *Get these, James and government what.*

JACK: What is it Bob?

BOB: ~~Well~~ Before we go any further with the show, I'd like to take a roll call of the orchestra.--

JACK: ~~A roll call~~ *of the orchestra* We've never done that before.

BOB: Believe me, Jack, I know what I'm doing.

JACK: Well, all right, *if you have to* go ahead, Bob.

BOB: Okay... ~~Thank~~ *Thank*

~~KERTCHY~~ *Kirtz*: Here.

BOB: Kertchy.

KIRTZ: Here.

BOB: Bagby.

BAGBY: (VERY MUFFLED) Here.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob..I don't see Bagby..where is he?

BOB: Inside the piano.

JACK: Inside the piano?

BOB: Yeah, he likes to play lying down.

JACK: Oh...Well, go ahead, Bob.

BOB: Bridwell.

BRIDWELL: Present.

BOB: Sammy.....Sammy.....BALDY.

SAMMY: (FAST) Here.

BOB: Fletcher.

~~FLETCH: Here.~~

BOB: Songer.

SONGER: Here.

BOB: Remley.

REMLEY: Hic!

JACK: ~~Bob...~~ *Bob...* why do you have to go through this roll call?

BOB: *Mr.* I always do when we're out of town.

JACK: But why, why?

BOB: I have to..I'm responsible to their Los Angeles Parole Board.

JACK: Oh, I see..Well, ~~continue~~..don't let me stand in the way of the law.

~~BOB: Martinez.~~

~~MARTINEZ: Here.~~

BOB: Hardy.

HARDY: Here.

BOB: Tackaberry.

JACK: Wait a minute.. Tackaberry is one of my writers.

BOB: He's on parole, too.

JACK: ~~Oh yes~~..He keeps talking about the Pen, I thought he meant Papermate....Well, anyway, I'm ^{sure that} glad all the boys are ~~here~~...

Now if we can-- Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: *ch* Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack, but I was taking a golf lesson at Tamarisk and I ^{just} didn't notice the time.

JACK: That's all right, Mary. So, Ben Hogan gave you another lesson, eh?

MARY: No, I switched to one of the other fellows. I just wasn't getting anyplace with Hogan.

JACK: Mary..you weren't getting anyplace with Ben Hogan? What was wrong?

MARY: I found out he's married.

JACK: ~~Sh.~~ Well, look, Mary, you don't have to make any dates here in Palm Springs. If you want to go out with someone, I'm here.

MARY: Oh no, Jack..Not with you.

JACK What?

MARY: Your idea of an exciting time here is to walk down Palm Canyon Drive and watch people put nickels in the parking meters.

JACK: Yeah..Saturday was a'dilly..163 dollars and 45 cents.

MARY: (SARCASTIC) Yeah, I can hardly wait till New Year's Eve.

JACK: Mary, you don't have to be so sarcastic. And as far as I'm concerned, you can cancel our tennis game for tomorrow.

MARY: That's all right with me. I'll never play tennis with you again. (LAUGHS)

DON: Mary, what are you laughing at?

MARY: Jack and I played at the Racquet Club yesterday and he lost the match. (LAUGHS)

DON: Well, what's so funny about that?

MARY: He wanted to congratulate me, so he jumped over the net and sprained his ankle.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Then he just lay there and wouldn't move.

DON: Oh, was he waiting for a doctor?

MARY: No, a lawyer.

JACK: Look, Mary, when I get hurt, bandages can wait, affidavits come first... ~~Let's~~ Let's get on with the show because tonight we're ~~going to~~ -- Oh-oh.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: Here comes Dennis.

MARY: Well, what about it?

JACK: You know, Mary..every time that kid opens his mouth he says something silly and I'm aggravated for the rest of the week. But this time he's not getting away with it..I'm ready for him.

DENNIS: (COMING IN) Hello, everybody.

DON & MARY: Hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny...Boy, two weeks in Palm Springs have sure made you look different.

JACK: (WHISPERS) See, Mary, he's starting already. (UP) So I look different, eh, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, you always look good, but with that tan you look wonderful.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: I'm sorry I haven't been able to see more of you up here, but I've been busy.

JACK: Busy, eh? What have you been doing?

DENNIS: Oh, swimming a little every day..getting lots of sleep,
eating good food and catching up on my reading.

JACK: Your..reading? ^{and!}

DENNIS: Yes, it's nice and quiet up here and I can concentrate...
Hamlet requires, ^a lots of attention.

JACK: Hamlet? ^{huh!} Dennis, ~~is~~-

DENNIS: I consider it to be Shakespeare's finest work..although I'd
be the first to admit ~~that~~ there are great qualities in
MacBeth, Julius Caesar and Othello...but to my way of
thinking Hamlet offers more scope and penetrates with a
deeper insight into human nature.

JACK: (EXPLODES) That's enough, Dennis! I won't listen to that
kind of talk.

MARY: But, Jack--

JACK: I don't care, I'm on a vacation and I'm not going to let
him aggravate me.

MARY: But Jack, he hasn't said anything silly.

JACK: I know, and he's doing it on purpose..Dennis, you're
deliberately trying to annoy me.

DENNIS: ^hNo, I'm not, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Then how come you're talking intelligently?

DENNIS: I can't help it, I was out in the sun too long.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: But I discovered a way to keep cool.

JACK: You did?

DENNIS: Yeah, I get a big punch bowl, fill it full of shaved ice,
put in three lemons, two oranges, some gingerale, a quart
of Scotch, a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka, and five maraschino
cherries.

JACK: Dennis, you drink that?

DENNIS: No, I sit in it.

JACK: That's my boy...And Dennis, now that you're back to normal again, do me a favor...just go over in the corner and don't bother me.

DENNIS: Okay..do you mind if I read Hamlet?

JACK: Read, read...What a crazy kid.

MARY: Well Jack, you won't have to put up with him much longer. Tomorrow we'll all be on our way back to Los Angeles.

JACK: I know, and I've got a big surprise for everyone. Since you're all leaving tomorrow and I'm going to be staying down here till after Christmas, I want you all to come to my place tonight for our annual Christmas party.

DON: ^{Oh.} ~~hey~~, that's wonderful, Jack.

JACK: Everybody's invited..And Bob, make sure to bring the orchestra boys.

BOB: The orchestra boys?

JACK: Yes, but tell them when we serve dinner to just casually walk into the dining room..not to line up and march.

BOB: Okay, Jack, I'll tell them..but, you better serve them the food right away or they'll start banging their cups on the table.

JACK: I'll serve 'em, I'll serve 'em...And listen, kids, I ~~got~~ got a nice big house that I rented..there's plenty of room.. we'll have a tree, exchange gifts and have ~~lots~~ lots of fun.

BOB: Well, Jack, I don't know if I'll be there.

JACK: Why not, Bob?

BOB: Well, it's just that being so close to Christmas, I'm *kinda* anxious to get back to L.A. and be with my wife and children.

JACK: Well, Bob, if you missed them so much, why ~~didn't~~ you bring your family up here for Christmas?

BOB: Oh no, I did that last year ~~and~~ never again.

JACK: Why? What's the matter with spending Christmas in Palm Springs?

BOB: Well, it's different, Jack, and the kids just didn't go for it.

JACK: Why not?

BOB: Well, to start with, I made a pretty silly looking Santa Claus dressed in that red hat, sun glasses, sandals and shorts.

JACK: Huh?

BOB: And at night I couldn't come down the chimney, I had to worm my way through the air conditioning unit.

JACK: No.

BOB: And hanging on the mantlepice, instead of stockings, I found five wet bathing suits.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame.

BOB: And then to top it off, the next day we all sat around singing "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" while we slapped Unguentine on each other.

JACK: Well look, Bob, you can come to my party and still get home in time...Now look, kids, I'm gonna leave right now and help Rochester get things ready. Don, you take over the show, will you?

DON: All right, Jack..Shall we do the commercial now?

JACK: Yes, Don..that'll be fine...What have the Sportsmen Quartet prepared?

DON: ^{ch} ~~It's~~ something very appropriate for this time of ~~the~~ year.. It's called "Winter Wonderland."

JACK: Winter Wonderland^{Don: I'm don't} That song is all about snow and sleigh-bells. That doesn't fit Palm Springs.

DON: Don't worry about it, Jack, we've got it fixed all right.

JACK: Okay, go ahead..See you later, kids.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DON: All right, fellows..take it.

(INTRO)

QUART: SLEIGH BELLS RING, ARE YOU LISTENING
~~DOWN~~^{On} THE LANE SNOW IS GLISTENING
A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT WE'RE HAPPY TONIGHT
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
GONE AWAY IS THE BLUEBIRD
HERE TO STAY IS A NEW BIRD
HE SINGS A LOVE SONG AS WE GO ALONG
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND
IN THE MEADOW WE CAN BUILD A SNOWMAN
THEN PRETEND THAT HE IS PARSON BROWN
HE'LL SAY, "ARE YOU MARRIED?"
WE'LL SAY, "NO, MAN, BUT YOU CAN DO THE JOB
WHEN ~~WE'RE~~^{you're} IN TOWN".
LATER ON WE'LL CONSPIRE
AS WE DREAM BY THE FIRE
TO FACE UNAFRAID THE PLANS THAT WE MADE
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
COYOTES HOWL, ARE YOU LISTENING
SEE THAT OWL, EYES A-GLISTENING
THE DESERT AT NIGHT, A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.
IN THE SUN ONE RELAXES
OH, WHAT FUN FORGETTING TAXES
IF YOU CAN AFFORD YOUR ROOM AND YOUR BOARD
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.
SANTA RIDES THE DESERT AND HE'S SINGING

ATX01 0184528

QUART: MERRY CHRISTMAS, YIPPY-OH-KY-AYE.
(CON'T)

IN HIS BAG FOR BENNY HE IS BRINGING
Some sun oil SUN-TAN OIL AND A *Blonde* BLONDE TOUPAY

THOUGH YOU ROAST AND YOU SWELTER

STILL WE BOAST YOU ~~ARE~~ *need* ~~ARE~~ SHELTER

CAUSE TAKE IT FROM ME, ~~THE SUN'S GONE BY THREE~~
Blonde ~~AND YOU'RE IN~~ A WINTER WONDERLAND.

LUCKY STRIKES GIVE YOU PLEASURE

LUCKY STRIKES YOU WILL TREASURE

YES, LUCKIES ARE GREAT WHEN YOU CELEBRATE

CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.

BETTER TASTE IS THE REASON

LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO PLEASING

YES LUCKY'S THE ONE TO PUFF IN THE SUN

CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.

LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO

LUCKIES ARE A SMOOTHER SMOKE, HERE'S WHY

CELLOPHANE PROTECTS EACH SEPARATE PACK SO

THEY'RE ALWAYS FRESH AND THEY ARE NEVER DRY

IT'S THE BRAND YOU WILL SEE MORE

BY THE POOL AT THE BILTMORE

~~THE FAVORITE SMOKE OF ALL DESERT FOLK~~

~~ARE LUCKIES IN THIS WINTER WONDERLAND.~~ *Land*

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I'm glad that drug store was open so I could finish my Christmas shopping. Now I've got gifts for everyone... Gee, I can hardly wait till Rochester opens his gift... Boy, will he be surprised... I got him just what he needed... A brand new vacuum cleaner... ~~That nail on a stick was nothing.....~~ Gee, I get Christmas presents from everywhere.. C.B.S.... Lucky Strike.. even my home town, Waukegan... I wonder what Waukegan will do for me this Christmas. Last year they did a wonderful thing.. They destroyed my birth certificate... Now no one will ever know..... ~~Gee, it'll be fun being in Palm Springs for Christmas..~~ (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS.. JINGLE BELLS.. JINGLE ALL THE WAY.. SANTA NEEDS A NICKLE HERE IF HE WANTS TO PARK HIS SLEIGH--~~SA~~.... DA DA DUM, DUM DUM DUM, DA DA-- Oop, pardon me, sir.

ARTIE: That's quite all--Mr. Benny!

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, this is a surprise.. I didn't know you were here in Palm Springs.

ARTIE: Oh yes, I've ~~been~~ ^{just} been here ~~for~~ the last few days.

JACK: Well, isn't that nice.. where are you staying?

ARTIE: A place called Harry's Hacienda.

JACK: Harry's Hacienda? I've never heard of that.

ARTIE: Nationally advertised it isn't.

JACK: Well, if it isn't much of a place, why do you stay there?

ARTIE: Where else for seven dollars a day can you get room, board, and a desk full of picture post cards from the El Mirador.

JACK: Oh, I see, ^{well, tell me,} do they have a pool?

ARTIE: I Finally found it.

JACK: You mean the swimming pool is that small?

ARTIE: Small? This morning I had breakfast and the hole in my bagel was bigger.

JACK: Well, what's the difference as long as you're having fun. Say, Mr. Kitzel, I'm having my cast over this evening for a little get-together..How would you and your wife like to join us?

ARTIE: Thank you, but I'm afraid we couldn't make it. My wife is still upset from the steak ride last night.

~~In your wife's room~~ JACK: ^{Artie: yes} Steak ride? What happened?

ARTIE: It took eight men to put her on the horse.

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ ^{oh,} Mr. Kitzel, you must be joking. Your wife's not that heavy.

ARTIE: Me, you could convince, ^{but} the horse you can't.

JACK: You mean--?

ARTIE: The next time that horse runs, it'll be from a bottle of glue.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, I'd like to talk to you longer, but I have to get home to help Rochester.

ARTIE: Go right ahead, Mr. Benny, and enjoy yourself.

JACK: Thank you..so long.

ARTIE: Goodbye...Oh, say, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Tomorrow if you ~~have~~^{get} a little time, why don't you come over and visit me and my wife?

JACK: Well, I'll be glad to..How do I get to Harry's Hacienda?

ARTIE: From here you go straight down Palm Canyon Drive for five blocks till you come to The Park Lane Hotel.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: Then you turn ~~right~~^{left} and follow the sign that says "To Harry's Hacienda" for two miles.

JACK: Two miles? That will take me way up in the mountains.

ARTIE: That's right, Harry is a goat.

JACK: A goat? Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Smell me.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel and Merry Christmas.

ARTIE: And a Happy Yule to You-all.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS & TRAFFIC NOISES)

JACK: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY ..

LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA ..

the sun is blind
Gee, it's ~~so wonderful~~^{so wonderful} here in Palm Springs!... *It's so warm*
out here in the desert .. It's so nice and hot -- brrrrr ...
Hm, the sun just went down .. You'd think the Chamber of
Commerce would have some sort of a warning system..Oh, well
I better hurry home. There's a lot of things to do yet
before the party.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, hand me some more tinsel for the tree.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, MR. BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I'm sure glad I decided to rent this house from Mr. and Mrs. Martin. It'll be just perfect for the party tonight.

ROCH: YEAH.

JACK: Well, all the tinsel is on. I think I'll put on the ornaments. I'll put this nice red one up ~~here~~..Ouch! ..
I'll put the blue one over here..Ouch! .. and I'll put the green one up on top ..~~here~~ .. Ouch! .. Oh, darn it.

ROCH: BOSS, I TOLD YOU TO GET A CHRISTMAS TREE INSTEAD OF THIS CACTUS PLANT.

JACK: ~~Well~~, Rochester, I'm not ~~gonna~~ go out and buy a Christmas tree when I have a perfectly good one at home. ~~Now~~ I want to put these gifts under it..Let's see..Here's Don's..some nice dates!..This one's for Mary...Oh, and Rochester, here's the one I'm giving Remley. Boy, will be be surprised.

ROCH: HOW WILL HE BE SURPRISED, YOU'VE GOT "SHAVING LOTION" WRITTEN ALL OVER THE PACKAGE.

JACK: You have to do that with Remley. When he opens a box and finds a bottle, he never stops to read the label...Last year

I gave him a miniature ship in a bottle and the mast stuck out of his mouth for three months...Every time I asked him something, he had to answer me through the crows nest....

Believe me, I know what I'm doing. ~~You know, Rochester,~~

~~Christmas these days just doesn't seem the same as it did~~

years ago..You know, I'll never forget one Christmas Eve when I was a kid...the ground was covered with snow and as I looked out the window, in the distance I could see someone dressed in red. Suddenly there came a patter of hoof-beats.. and a knock on the door..the door flew open and somebody said --

ROCH: THE BRITISH ARE COMING.

JACK: He did not...He said, "Merry Christmas"..It was Santa Claus.. Then he came into the house and gave my cousin Cliff a sled.. my sister Florence a sweater..and kids, you'll never guess what Santa Clause gave me.

ROCH: WHAT?

JACK: A violin.

ROCH: THAT SWEET OLD MAN DID THAT?

JACK: Certainly.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh-~~oh~~, Rochester..that must be the gang..You let 'em in and I'll go out in the kitchen and get the hors d'oeuvres.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

CAST: (AD LIBS) Hello, Rochester..Merry Christmas, etc.

ROCH: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN, EVERYBODY..MR BENNY'S IN THE KITCHEN..HE'LL BE RIGHT OUT..MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

DON: Say, Jack's got a nice place here.

MARY: Yeah, but it's so cluttered up. Rochester, help me clean it up .. I'll throw some of this stuff out.

ROCH: (FRIGHTENED) NOT THAT, NOT THAT, THAT'S THE CHRISTMAS TREE!

BOB: Christmas tree? That's nothing but an old cactus plant.

ROCH: WE WOULD'VE HAD A TUMBLE-WEED, BUT THE WIND WAS
BLOWING AND WE LOST IT ~~GOING~~ THROUGH INDIO.

MARY: ~~It's still better than that Christmas tree he had last~~
~~year. That was the smallest one I've ever seen.~~

DENNIS: ~~Yeah, I got round-shouldered looking down at it.~~

DON: ~~Hey,~~ Wait a minute..look at that television set..
~~It's~~ got a coin box attached to it with a slot to
put money in.

BOB: Well, that's something they're trying out here.
It's Pay As You See Television. And Palm Springs is
the only place where they're conducting this
experiment.

MARY: Jack has the same attachment on his set in Beverly Hills
and it's no experiment.

JACK: (COMING IN) WELL, EVERYBODY'S HERE..MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CAST: MERRY CHRISTMAS, JACK.

JACK: Well, kids, I'm glad you're all here... we'll
have a nice --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, there's the phone.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester .. and Don, would you
mind walking around with this big tray of
hors d'oeuvres?

DON: But Jack, it would be easier if I just sat down
and ate 'em.

JACK: They're for everybody .. And see that the boys in
the band get some, too.

DON: Okay.

JACK: Put some in the piano for Bagby ... and some under
it for Sammy.

MARY: Say Jack, this is a very nice place. I had no idea
it was so large.

JACK: Oh yes.. there's a kitchen dinette, living room,
two bedrooms, and a patio. You know, Mary, when
you're a big star, you've got to have plenty of room
to entertain.

MARY: Yeah .. I just can't understand how you got all this
for eighty-five dollars a month.

JACK: What's the difference, I got it. Now come on, everybody,
let's put all the presents under the tree and ~~wait~~ ---
Wait a minute.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: I had twelve candy canes, and now there are only eleven...
where's the other one?

MARY: Don't look at me.

JACK: I'm not looking at you..but if your conscience bothers you,
they're ten cents each.

MARY: Oh, don't be ^{so} silly.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS--

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~, Rochester..who was that on the phone?

ROCH: THAT WAS MR. COLMAN CALLING FROM BEVERLY HILLS.

JACK: Ronald Colman?

ROCH: YES SIR..HE WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU'D BE BACK IN TOWN FOR
CHRISTMAS..AND I TOLD HIM THAT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY MAKE
IT, YOU WERE STAYING IN PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Gee, that was nice of Ronnie to call. Is he planning a
Christmas party?

ROCH: NOW, YES.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: HE SAID HE'D CHECK WITH ME LATER ABOUT NEW YEARS.

JACK: All right, all right.

BOB: Hey, Gang, why don't we ~~all~~ open our ~~gifts~~ ^{gifts} now?

JACK: No, no, it's too early..everyone can take their gifts, but
let's not open them until Christmas.

DENNIS: Gee, I'm embarrassed, Mr. Benny. I got you a gift but I
left it ~~in~~ ^{at} my hotel room.

JACK: Oh, that's all right, Dennis. ~~and~~ you didn't have to bother
getting me anything, anyway.

DENNIS: Well, truthfully, I didn't know what to get you..you have
practically everything..but I went all over Palm Springs
and I finally found something.

JACK: Really, what did you get me, Dennis?

DENNIS: A Hila monster.

JACK: A Hila monster!

DENNIS: The man only charged me three dollars for it.

JACK: Dennis, A Hila monster is a deadly poisonous and vicious reptile. Why, it could snap a man's arm off.

DENNIS: No wonder it took him so long to wrap the package.

JACK: ~~Oh fine~~..Dennis, if that poisonous thing is in your room, you better call your hotel right now and warn them.

DENNIS: Yeah, I guess I better.

DON: Come on, kids, let's have some fun..let's get the party rolling.

BOB: Yeah, let's play some games.

JACK: Okay..but first I want to show you something, Mary.

MARY: Me?

JACK: Yes,-come on out in the hall for a second.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here we are..look up, Mary.

MARY: Why Jack, it's a mistletoe.

JACK: That's right..and that means I get to kiss you.

MARY: (SHY) Oh, Jack..

JACK: Come on, Mary..give me a kiss..now pucker up.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: LONG KISS)

MARY: There.

JACK: I KNEW IT, YOU ATE THE CANDY CANE..I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT,
I KNEW IT.

MARY: All right..here's your ten cents. For a minute, I thought you were getting romantic.

JACK: Romantic, shmantic..a crime must be solved..~~Now~~ come on let's get back to the party.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Mary, what was going on out there in the hall?

MARY: Ask Boston Blackie.

BOB: ~~What?~~

JACK: Never mind...Hey, Dennis, did you call your hotel about that Hila monster?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: What did they say?

DENNIS: Nothing, the phone keeps ringing and ringing but nobody answers.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Do you mind if I stay here tonight?

JACK: All right, all right..Now come on, let's get things started here. Bob, how about having the band play a number?

BOB: ~~Sure~~, Jack..what would you like them to play?

JACK: - You mean I have a choice?

BOB: ~~Certainly~~.. "Ramona", "The Pagan Love Song" or "Stay On The Light Side with Eastside."

JACK: Some repertoire. Well, never mind the band, let's all sing Jingle Bells.

DON: Yeah, yeah..let's all sing.

(SOUND: HACK SAW SAWING THROUGH IRON BAR)

JACK: What's that noise?

BOB: ~~There's~~ Remley, ~~he~~ has to go home.

JACK: (UP) Remley, put down that hack saw and use the door....

What a gang....Now come on, kids, let's sing "Jingle Bells".

CAST: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL THE WAY,
OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE
IN A ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH..
JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE --

MEL: (SLIGHTLY MOOLEY) HOLD IT, QUIET DOWN, HOLD IT, HOLD IT,
HOLD IT!

CAST: (STOPS SINGING)

MEL: WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

JACK: Hold it, kids, it's the owner...What's the matter, Mr.
Martin?

MEL: I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm not going to stand for
noisy parties like this going on in my house.

JACK: Now wait a second, Mr. Martin..so what if we are making a
little noise..you're forgetting ~~that~~ I'm paying you 85
dollars a month to rent this house.....

MEL: And you're forgetting that in our deal my wife and I still
live here.

MARY: So that's how he got it so cheap,

JACK: Mary, you have to make some concessions. Now, Mr. Martin --

MEL: Don't argue with me, go in the bedroom and argue with my
wife, you woke her up, too.

MARY: Well, Mister..if you didn't want to be disturbed, why did you rent him this place?

JACK: Yeah

MEL: Whoever dreamed you'd be throwing wild parties...When you came to me, you looked like a nice, quiet old man.

JACK: But--

MEL: Now I find out you're a Hollywood playboy.

JACK: Look, Mr. Martin --

MEL: And what're those convicts doing here?

JACK: Those are my musicians ... Fellows, this is a party, stop making those license plates ... For heavens sakes.

BOB: I guess we were a little loud, Mr. Martin...but we didn't know you were here.

MARY: We were only having a Christmas party.

MEL: A Christmas party?

DON: Yes, ~~but~~ if you prefer, we can leave.

MEL: Well..

DENNIS: We didn't even get to sing the Christmas Carols.

MEL: Christmas Carols?

JACK: Yes, we always sing Christmas Carols.

MEL: Gee, I'd love to hear that.

JACK: Well, why don't you and your wife join us?

MEL: ~~Do~~ you really mean that, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Certainly, the more the merrier.

MEL: Gee, thanks..I'll go get my wife and we'll join you in the party.

JACK: Now Dennis, ~~every~~ every year at my Christmas party you always sing a nice medley of Christmas Carols.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Well, how about singing them for us now?

DENNIS: ~~Okay.~~ *Will be glad to*

JACK: Quiet, everybody..Dennis is going to sing.

(DENNIS SINGS MEDLEY OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS)

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of my sponsor and my entire staff, I want to wish you all a Very Merry Christmas.

PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 23, 1953)

BR

ATX01 0184543

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #16

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

DECEMBER 27, 1953

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...Transcribed and presented by
LUCKY STRIKE!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends...You know, your enjoyment
of a cigarette depends on its taste. That's true.
Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is -- Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
Fresher, Smoother. Now there are two mighty good reasons
for that. The first one you already know: LS/MFT, Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco...light, naturally mild,
good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made to
taste better -- made round and firm and fully packed to
draw freely and smoke evenly.

(MORE)

BR

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OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: So, friends, if you want all the real, deep down smoking
(CONT'D) enjoyment, you can get from a cigarette -- Be Happy - -
Go Lucky! Because smoking enjoyment is all a matter of
taste. And the fact of the matter is - - Luckies taste
better! Next time, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BR

ATX01 0184545

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS PROGRAM, JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER OF HIS TELEVISION SHOWS, OVER THE CBS NETWORK. BUT MEANWHILE, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. AT THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER IS AT THE TYPEWRITER WHILE OUR LITTLE STAR IS DICTATING.

JACK: Dear Claudette --

ROCH: DEAR..

(SOUND: TYPING)

ROCH: CLAUDETTE...

(SOUND: TYPING)

JACK: It is with deep gratitude...

ROCH: IT IS WITH DEEP GRATITUDE...

(SOUND: TYPING...STOP)

JACK: ...that I express my...

ROCH: ...THAT I EXPRESS MY...

(SOUND: TYPING ...STOP)

JACK: ...appreciation..

ROCH: ...APPRECIATION...

(SOUND: TYPING...TYPING...TYPING...TYPING...

TYPING. CONTINUES OVER JACK'S LINE)

ER

ATX01 0184546

JACK: Rochester...Rochester...wait a minute...hold it...
Rochester!

(SOUND: TYPING STOPS)

JACK: Let me see that...Oh, for heaven sakes,. A, P, Q, R, V,
W, Y, O, Q, F, J, K, Z, T --- Rochester, don't you know
how to spell appreciation?

ROCH: WELL...I WAS NEVER SURE WHETHER IT HAD ONE "P" OR TWO
"P'S."

JACK: ~~Ha~~, For heaven sakes, appreciation has two "p's." But
if you weren't sure, why did you put in all those crazy
letters?

ROCH: BOSS, IF I SPELLED IT WITH ONLY ONE "P", I'D LOOK STUPID.

JACK: So?.

ROCH: THIS WAY THEY'LL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE
TYPEWRITER.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN I HAVE TO SPELL ALBUQUERQUE, I THROW IN A FEW NUMBERS.

JACK: That I can believe. You must be murder in a Scrabble game.
~~Now~~ let's get on with the "thank you" notes. Let me see...
where was I...(READING) "It is with deep ~~#~~gratitude that
I express my appreciation ...to you...

ROCH: TO YOU.

(SOUND: TYPING)

JACK: ...for thinking of me during this Christmas season.

(SOUND: TYPING) *during*

ROCH: FOR...THINKING...OF ME...THIS...CHRISTMAS...SEASON.

JACK: Sincerely yours, Jack Benny.

(SOUND: TYPING)

BR

ROCH: SINCERELY YOURS...JACK...BENNY.

JACK: Well,..that's the last one, eh, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR...WE FINALLY REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE LIST.

JACK: You know, Rochester, every year it's the same thing. I ~~have~~ have to write "thank you" notes to all my friends.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, WHEN THEY BUY THEIR CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM YOU, THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO.

JACK: I guess so. Now, Rochester, get them in the mail as soon as you can and enclose a sample of my Easter selection.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE --

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: REMEMBER LAST YEAR?...YOU SOLD CARDS COMMEMORATING AUGUST THE EIGHTEENTH?

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE BOUGHT CARDS BEFORE THEY FOUND OUT THAT AUGUST THE EIGHTEENTH WAS JUST AUGUST THE EIGHTEENTH.

JACK: It's more than that. August the Eighteenth happens to be Ground Hog Day in Venezuela...Anyway, see that you get all those letters mailed, and --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get the door, Rochester, you straighten up the desk.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BR

ATX01 0184548

JACK: Gee...Christmas has come and gone...and in five more days it'll be New Years...another year will have gone by and everybody else will be a year older.

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

BOB: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Well, Bob. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ~~Well~~, Bob, I haven't seen you for a few days. Did you and your family have a nice Christmas?

BOB: ^{Oh,} We ~~sure~~ ^{certainly} did, Jack. It was really wonderful.

JACK: That's good. What did you do?

BOB: Well, on Christmas Eve we all sat around the tree..and at the stroke of twelve...Santa Claus came down the chimney... he gave the cutest little doll to Males..roller skates to Robert and Steven...~~a~~ bicycle to Chris and Cathy ^{and} a beautiful coat to June...and I got two tickets on the fifty yard line for the Rose Bowl game.

JACK: ~~Bob~~, you got two tickets for the Rose Bowl game from Santa Claus?

BOB: For forty bucks, he was doing a little scalping on the side.

JACK: Bob, something tells me you made ^{it} this whole thing ~~up~~.

BOB: (LAUGHS) Yeah.

ROCH: OH SAY, BOSS, I GOT ALL THE ENVELOPES SEALED AND -- OH, HELLO, MR. CROSBY.

BOB: Hello, ^{where} Rochester ^{hey}. By the way, what did Mr. Benny give you for Christmas?

BR

ROCH: WELL..IT'S A LONG STORY. LAST YEAR FOR CHRISTMAS MR. BENNY TOOK A TEN DOLLAR BILL AND TORE IT IN TWO... THEN HE GAVE ME ONE HALF AND HE KEPT THE OTHER HALF.

BOB: Well, what happened this Christmas?

ROCH: WE EXCHANGED GIFTS.

JACK: I just did that for a gag. But, Bob, getting back to what you said about spending Christmas with the wife and kids... That's really the way to do it...You know, I'll never forget one Christmas when I was a kid...The ground was covered with snow and as I looked out the window, in the distance I could see someone dressed in red. Suddenly there came a patter of hoof-beats...and a knock on the door....

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS.

JACK: It was Santa Claus...and Rochester, you'll never guess what Santa Claus gave me.

ROCH: WHAT?

JACK: A violin.

ROCH: THAT SWEET OLD MAN DID THAT?

JACK: ~~Certainly~~. By the way, Bob, not that I'm looking for gratitude...but, you didn't mention anything about the gift I sent you.

BOB: Well, Jack, this is really embarrassing...but...well... with all my kids around, when I opened my Christmas packages, there was so much confusion, ^{that} I got ^{- I got} the cards mixed up, and I don't know who gave me what.

JACK: Oh.

BR

BOB: I received a ring with a blue sapphire, ^{and a} a diamond stick pin, a gold cigarette case, ^{and} platinum cuff links, and a handkerchief. Now, Jack, which one of those gifts came from you?

JACK: Well ...

BOB: Was it the ring with the blue sapphire?

JACK: ~~Er...er...No...~~

BOB: ^{Well,} Was it the diamond stick pin?

JACK: Diamond stickpin?...~~Er...~~ ^{No, no, Bob.}

BOB: Well, I know it wasn't the gold cigarette case.

JACK: Oh yesh?...~~Well,~~ ^{If} you're so smart, what makes you think I didn't give you the gold cigarette case?

BOB: Because on the inside was engraved, "Love to the father of my five children".

JACK: Oh.

BOB: ~~Now,~~ Jack, there are only two things left, the platinum cuff links and the handkerchief. Now, which one did you ^{give me}

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

JACK: No you don't, I'll get it, I'll get it.

ROCH: ^{Boss} BUT, BOSS, I'M YOUR BUTLER.

JACK: I don't care. This is my house and I can answer the door if I want to.

BOB: ^{Yeah,} But, Jack, you still haven't told me which ~~one~~

JACK: Excuse me, Bob, I have to answer the handkerchief -- I mean the door.

(SOUND: FADING FOOTSTEPS)

BR

JACK: When will people learn that at Christmas time it's not
the gift, it's the thought.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF)

JACK: ^{oh} Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hey, Bob, it's Dennis.

BOB: ^{Hi} ~~Hello~~, kid ^{Hi}, I haven't seen you in a couple of weeks.

DENNIS: I know. I didn't come home when you fellows did...I spent
Christmas at the Palm Springs Biltmore.

BOB: Oh.

JACK: Say, that's really a beautiful hotel. I understand the
rooms are great, too.

DENNIS: Yeah, and you should have seen the sunken bathtub...sixty
feet long and forty feet wide.

BOB: Dennis, that wasn't the bathtub, that was the swimming
pool.

DENNIS: It was?

JACK: Certainly.

DENNIS: Ooooh....so that's why everyone else was wearing a bathing
suit.

JACK: Oh, fine.

DENNIS: I had to go down fourteen feet to get the soap.

JACK: Look, Dennis.

DENNIS: When, I went down, the life guard jumped in and saved me.

JACK: Dennis --

BR

ATX01 0184552

DENNIS: I thought he was there to scrub my back.

JACK: Now cut that out!...And, Dennis, if you must come over here and open that silly mouth of yours, the least you can do is thank me for the Christmas present I sent you..

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny, this is embarrassing...but while I was opening all my Christmas packages, I got the cards mixed

up
See

JACK: ~~Now~~ isn't that a coincidence. You and Bob had the same accident.

DENNIS: ~~It~~ Mine wasn't an accident.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I did it on purpose, I didn't want my mother to know you sent me a lousy handkerchief.

JACK: Hmm.

BOB: *Now* Wait a minute, Jack, then you didn't give me the platinum cuff links. You must have sent me that --

JACK: Bob, how can you be so rude, talking while Dennis is getting ready to sing a song.

DENNIS: I am?

JACK: Certainly. Go ahead.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: What a fuss ~~he~~ *Bob* makes about a present.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "EBB TIDE")

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0184553

Dennis

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis. And by the way, I went to congratulate you on your television show. I saw it last Monday night, and it was excellent.

DENNIS: *Will* Gee, thanks, Mr. Benny.

JACK: And, Dennis...have you been giving some thought to that suggestion I made...you know, about that fellow who plays the part of the janitor on your show -- Charlie Weaver?

DENNIS: Yes, but I'm gonna keep him, you're too old.

JACK: Okay, it was just a suggestion, *you know*

DENNIS: Well, I've got to be running along, Mr. Benny. I have to deliver a Christmas package, anyway.

JACK: A Christmas package?..But, Dennis, it's two days after Christmas.

DENNIS: I know. It's a locket for my girl and I had to have her initials put on *it* J.R.

BOB: J.R.?

DENNIS: Yeah. Jane Russell.

JACK: (AMAZED) Jane Russell is your girl friend? Dennis, for your information, Jane Russell is married to that famous football player, Bob Waterfield.

DENNIS: I found that out.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When I went over to see her, he drop-kicked me sixty yards.

JACK: Well, I don't blame him. Were you hurt?

DENNIS: I would have been if Crazy Legs Hirsch hadn't caught me.

RM

JACK: ~~Hum~~..Dennis, go home, will you?

DENNIS: Look Magazine picked me for the All American.

JACK: All American what?

DENNIS: The censor took it out.

JACK: Dennis, please go home!

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: What a silly kid. *kinda*

BOB: *hey* Jack, it's getting ^{late}. Hadn't you and I better get down to T.V. City for your television show?

JACK: Hey, we haven't too much time, have we? (CALLS)
Oh, Rochester --

ROCH: YES, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Rochester, get the car out of the garage, will you please?

ROCH: IT'S RIGHT OUT ⁱⁿ ~~IN~~ THE STREET.

JACK: What! Do you mean to say you left my car out in the street all night?

ROCH: I TRIED IT AGAIN, BOSS, BUT NOBODY TOOK IT.

JACK: Hmm.

BOB: *hey now,* Wait a minute, Rochester, you mean you're actually trying to get somebody to steal Mr. Benny's car?

ROCH: I'M EVEN USING CADILLAC HUB ^{car -- car} CAPS ~~FOR DECOYS.~~

JACK: You can stop with the jokes and drive us down to the studio. Come on, Bob.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS DOWN FRONT PORCH STEPS...THEN ON SIDEWALK)

Bob: Wait a minute, Rochester, you mean that you're actually trying to get somebody to steal Mr. Benny's car?
RM *Rob: I'm even using Cadillac hub caps for decoys.*
Jack: Well get a joke over if we have to tell it eight times.

BOB: You know, Jack, I've never ridden in your car. Everybody tells me it's a rickety old ^{hey} ~~it~~ Wait a minute -- Your car is supposed to be a Maxwell, ^{and} on the side here it says "Lincoln".

ROCH: THAT'S HIS AUTOGRAPH!

BOB: *Yes* Autograph!

ROCH: HE WAS STANDING ON THE BACK SEAT WHEN HE MADE HIS GETTYSEBURGH ADDRESS.

JACK: He was not. That's a sticker I got when I went through Lincoln, Nebraska. ^{now} Come on, let's get in.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: MOTOR...LOUSY HORN)

JACK: Well, there's T.V. City. Rochester, pull into the parking lot.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR..BRAKES..CAR DOOR OPENS)

BOB: *Well* I'm gonna run in, Jack. See you later, *huh?*

JACK: Okay.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, ARE YOU GONNA BE HOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT?

JACK: No, I'm going out to that little restaurant again.

ROCH: THE SAME ONE?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN GOING OUT THERE EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.

JACK: I know. They've got such a nice hostess there. She's so charming.

RM

ROCH: LOOK, BOSS, THOSE DIME TIPS AREN'T GONNA IMPRESS ANYBODY THAT INHERITED SEVENTEEN MILLION DOLLARS.

JACK: Rochester, she's a charming girl, the money has nothing to do with it.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN YOU READ ABOUT HER INHERITANCE IN THE PAPER, YOU RAN TO THAT RESTAURANT SO FAST, YOU BROKE THE SOUND BARRIER.

JACK: Oh, stop, just perk the car, will you, please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

DON: Oh, Jack -- Jack --

JACK: Oh, hello, Don. ^{hey} I didn't see you sitting in ~~that~~ ^{the} car. We better get in the studio.

DON: ^{What's next?} In a few minutes, Jack..I'm waiting to hear a special program on the radio.

JACK: A special program?

DON: Yes, Jack, it's commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Wright Brothers first flight. It's transcribed and the Sportsmen and I are on it..And if I do say so myself, I did a beautiful job announcing it.

JACK: Well, Don, you don't have to convince me. After all, you did win several awards for being the best announcer.

DON: I know ^{just}, but I ~~ve~~ never felt ~~that~~ I really deserved it ^{until} I made this transcription.

JACK: No kidding, Don? Well, that must be --

DON: ^{Shh,} Shh, quiet, Jack ^{quit} It's going on now.

RM

HY: (FILTER) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE
THIS MONTH OF DECEMBER MARKS THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE INVENTION OF THE AIRPLANE BY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS
...AS A SPECIAL TRIBUTE, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET WILL
SING "COME JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE."

JACK: Don, that's not you, *falling*.

HY: (FILTER) AND HERE TO INTRODUCE THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET
IS RADIO'S FOREMOST ANNOUNCER, DON WILSON.

DON: (FILTER) Take it, fellows.

QUART: COME, JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING
 MACHINE
 GOING UP SHE GOES, UP SHE GOES
 BALANCE YOURSELF LIKE A BIRD
 ON A BEAM
 IN THE AIR SHE GOES, THERE SHE GOES
 UP, UP, A LITTLE BIT HIGHER,
 OH MY, THE MOON IS ON FIRE
 COME, JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE
 GOING UP ALONG GOODBYE

JACK: Don, is that
 all you say?
"Take it, fellows?"

DON: I have more
 later.

*Jack: "What's so wonderful
 about that announcement?"*

Don: Listen, Jack.

*Jack: "Take it, fellows!"
 Without having I've
 ever heard heard."*

HY: AND NOW FOR A NEW MODERN, STREAM-LINED, JET PROPELLED
 VERSION OF THE SAME SONG "ROCKETMAN".

DON: Take it fellows.

QUART: COME, MARY JANE, IN MY NEW
 ROCKET PLANE,
 THERE WE'LL GO,
 THERE WE'LL GO.
 STEP IN, JEANETTE, IN MY NEW
 SUPER-JET
~~THERE~~ ^{and away} WE'LL GO
 WHAT A SHOW
 UP, UP, AND THROUGH THE SONIC
 BARRIER
 MY BABY'S SUCH A FLYER
 I GUESS I'D BETTER MARRY HER
 TOGETHER WE'LL, FLY ^{start to}
 UP SO HIGH IN THE SKY
 TO THE STARS WE'LL GO, GOODBYE.

JACK: Don, you
 said that
 before.

DON: But Jack,
 it's not what
 I said, it's
 the way I
 said it.

*JACK: ~~Oh~~ How can you
 say "Take it, fellows"?
 How many ways can
 you say that?"*

RM

HY: AND NOW IF THIS SONG WERE SUNG ON THE JACK BENNY LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM IT WOULD SOUND LIKE THIS.

DON: Take it, fellows.

QUART: COME JOSEPHINE

JACK: Don --

TRY MY CIGARETTE MACHINE,

DON: Quiet, Jack.

BUY THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE, LUCKY STRIKE

light me & see
~~POLLY SELLS MATCHES~~

why the extra price,
~~WHICH SHE ALSO SCRATCHES~~

It's the favorite brand throughout the land.
~~UPON THE FLOOR FOR TEN CENTS MORE~~

YOU'LL LIKE THE TASTE OF A LUCKY

CLEANER AND SMOOTHER AND FRESH FROM KENTUCKY

COME, JOSEPHINE, TRY MY CIGARETTE MACHINE

BUY A PACK NOW FROM JACK

BUY THE SMOKE YOU WILL LIKE,

LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Don, do you mean to say that that program hired you just to say, "Take it, fellows."

DON: It was either me or Marlon Brando.

JACK: Well, they made a very wise choice. Now come on, Don, let's get in the studio.

DON: No, ^{no} Jack, if you don't mind, I'd like to stay here by the radio.. they're gonna play it again in a half hour.

JACK: All right, all right, stay by the radio.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Mac.

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny. Doin' another television show today, huh.

JACK: That's right. Any mail from my fans?

MEL: Yep. Those two big sacks standing against the wall.

JACK: Hey, those are really big sacks. It'll take me a long time to read that.

MEL: That you don't read, you just spread it on your lawn.

JACK: What?

MEL: That pitch fork ain't no letter opener.

JACK: Oh, well...I shouldn't complain. Bob Hope gets nice letters, but his lawn looks lousy...See you later, Mac.

MEL: Oh..Oh, ^{oh} Mr. Benny, I almost forgot. There was a long distance phone call for you from your sponsor.

JACK: A call from my sponsor?... from New York?

MEL: That's right.

JACK: Well, thanks for telling me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *I wonder what my*
Hmm...I wonder what my sponsor wanted...Maybe he wants
to -- No..he wouldn't just call me on the phone to
cancel my contract...He's too nice a fellow..He'd at
least send me a singing telegram. I better go in my
dressing room, call New York and find out what he wants.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Best* Better call him right now.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK..FADES OUT
THEN .. BUZZ BUZZ .. FADES IN)

BEA: Oh, Mabel --

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

(APPLAUSE)

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah..I wonder what "From Here To Security" wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Gertrude, will you please get me my sponsor..Mr. Lewis..
in New York?..His number is..

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but there's a new ruling. We're
not allowed to place any long distance calls on C. B. S.
phones.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: CLICK)

SARA: Gertrude, why did you pull ~~out~~ ^{out} the plug, so fast?

BEA: I can't stand to hear an old man cry.

SARA: Well, he is emotional. Once he took me out..and when it was time to say goodnight, he puckered up..and, Gertrude, his lips quivered so much, I made him kiss me on the shoulder.

BEA: Why on the shoulder?

SARA: I got reumatism, I needed the massage.

BEA: Well, ain't he therapeutic?

SARA: Yeah.

(SOUND: BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ)

(SOUND: BUZZ BUZZ..PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny --

JACK: Look, Gertrude, I've got to talk to my sponsor in New York..so will you please let this long distance call go through?

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but rules are rules. ~~If~~ ^{if} you want to make a long distance call, you'll have to use the pay phone in the corridor.

JACK: Oh, yeah? ^{will}..Let me talk to Mabel.

BEA: Okay. (ASIDE) Mabel, quiver-lips wants to talk to you.

SARA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK)

SARA: Hello.

JACK: Look, Mabel, be a nice girl and put my call through to New York.

SARA: I'm sorry, but I can't break the rules, either.

JACK: You can't, ^{uh!} huh!...Well, let me tell you something, Mabel, we're through ...~~and~~ I'll never kiss you again.

SARA: Who cares, I bought a vibrator.

JACK: What?

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Mabel--

(SOUND: JIGGLING HOOK)

JACK: ~~Mabel~~ -- Mabel -- How do you like that, she cut me off.

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

JACK: Yes?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: ~~Oh-oh~~ Say, Jack, we'd like to rehearse the opening of the show. Can you come out on stage?

JACK: I'll be there in a few minutes, *Don*.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) How do you like those operators..refusing to put my call through. My sponsor wouldn't have tried to reach me if it weren't important. Well, I'll just have to use the pay phone.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES...
FOOTSTEPS..STOP)

JACK: Oh, good, there's no one in the phone booth.

(SOUND: SLIDING PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPENS AND
CLOSES...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: ~~Let me~~ See...what's long distance..Oh, yes.

(SOUND: DIAL THREE TIMES..INNER BUZZ..CLIC

JENNY: Long distance.

JACK: *Oh* Operator, I'd like to place a call to New York. I'd like to talk to Mr. William Lewis, at 385 Madison Avenue.

JENNY: Mr. William Lewis, 385 Madison Avenue, New York. ~~And~~ who's calling, please?

JACK: Mr. Benny.

JENNY: Benny?..Is that "B" as in boy?

JACK: Thank you.

JENNY: One moment, please.

JACK: (~~see~~, *or anything* It's nice talking to an operator who isn't fresh₁)
(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Da da da da da..da da..

JENNY: I have Mr. Lewis in New York, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Hello..Mr. Lewis --

JENNY: Not so fast.

JACK: What?

JENNY: Deposit three dollars and seventy-five cents, please.

JACK: (Three dollars and seventy-five cents.)

JENNY: That's fifteen quarters.

JACK: I know what it is.

JENNY: Well, *will start* start droppin' them in, kid.

JACK: Hmm..(fifteen quarters.)

(SOUND: PAUSE..WE HEAR QUARTERS DROP INTO
PHONE..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..
BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..)

(AFTER THE SECOND QUARTER DROPS, WE HEAR "TAPS" MOUNFULLY PLAYED
ON A MUTED TRUMPET, AND STOPPING AFTER NEXT TO LAST QUARTER.)

JENNY: One more, please.

(SOUND: LAST QUARTER DROPS)

(TRUMPET FINISHES "TAPS")

JENNY: Go ahead, please.

JACK: Thank you. And, operator, I didn't think you were funny blowing that bugle.

KEARNS: Hello?

JACK: Hello? ^{Oh} Hello, Mr. Lewis, this is Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Oh, hello, Jack. I'm glad you called back. I've been very anxious to get in touch with you.

JACK: Look, Mr. Lewis, if there's anything wrong with the program, I'll be glad to fix it.

KEARNS: Jack --

JACK: I've always been conscientious, and nobody works harder than I do.

KEARNS: Jack --

JACK: If you look at my rating, you ^{can} ~~see~~ see that --

KEARNS: Jack, will you please let me talk?

JACK: Huh?

KEARNS: Jack, when I tried to get in touch with you, all I wanted to do was wish you a Happy New Year.

JACK: ^A Happy..New Year?...That's all you wanted to say to me?

KEARNS: Well, that's the least I could do to show my appreciation for that Christmas present you sent me. That's the most beautiful gold wristwatch I ever saw.

JACK: Gold wristwatch?

KEARNS: ~~Yes~~ and please thank Don Wilson for the handkerchief he sent me.

JACK: (PLEASED) ~~How~~..Mr. Lewis, when you opened your Christmas presents, did you get the cards mixed up?

KEARNS: ^{why} Yes..yes, I did..but I managed to get them back in their right places again. ~~But~~ ^{how} did you know?

JACK: Oh. ~~er~~..with all the excitement, ^{you know,} it happens to everybody.

^{Well,} Goodbye, Mr. Lewis.

KEARNS: Goodbye, Jack, ~~and~~ thanks again.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: Jack..Jack..

(SOUND: SLIDING DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{oh} Here I am, Don.

DON: Jack, you're wanted on stage.

JACK: Okay, Don. I was just talking to ~~my~~ ^{our} sponsor, Mr. Lewis.

DON: Our sponsor? ^{oh}..Jack, did he mention anything about receiving a gold wristwatch?

JACK: Yes, yes, he did, Don. It was just what he wanted.

DON: Oh, good, then it worked out just fine. ^{oh}

JACK: It sure did. Come on, Don, let's get on ^{the} stage.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

NATIONAL

ladies & gentlemen

JACK: I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS network but first, a word to cigarette smokers...

PACIFIC COAST

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at 7 PM over the CBS network, but first, a word to cigarette smokers...

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: Friends, you may remember that last year a survey was made in leading colleges from coast to coast. This was a survey of smokers, and it showed that Luckies were the favorite cigarette in those colleges. Yes, Luckies were Number One. This year another nation-wide survey was made -- a representative survey of all students in regular colleges coast to coast. Based on thousands of actual student interviews -- this survey shows that Luckies lead again -- lead over all other brands, regular or king-size -- and by a wide margin. These students were asked why they smoked Luckies. The Number One reason given - this year, just as last -- was Luckies' better taste. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste -- and the fact of the matter is ... Luckies taste better.

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 27, 1953

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D.)

WILSON:
(CONT'D.) They taste better because they're made of fine,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco -- and because
they're made better. That's why we're asking you
to Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Get yourself a carton of
Luckies the first chance you have.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET: Get Better Taste Today!

(LONG
CLOSE)

ATX01 0184570

TAG - NATIONAL

as I mentioned before

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in just 30 seconds I will be doing my television show over the CBS network and on behalf of my sponsor, cast and my entire staff, I want to wish you a very Happy New Year. Goodnight, folks -- see you in 30 seconds.

TAG - PACIFIC COAST

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight at 7 PM I will be doing my television show over the CBS network and on behalf of my sponsor, cast and my entire staff, I want to wish you a very Happy New Year. Goodnight, folks -- see you at 7:00, tonight.

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by
 Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman,
 Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard
 Marks.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by
Lucky Strike product of the American Tobacco Company ...
America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.