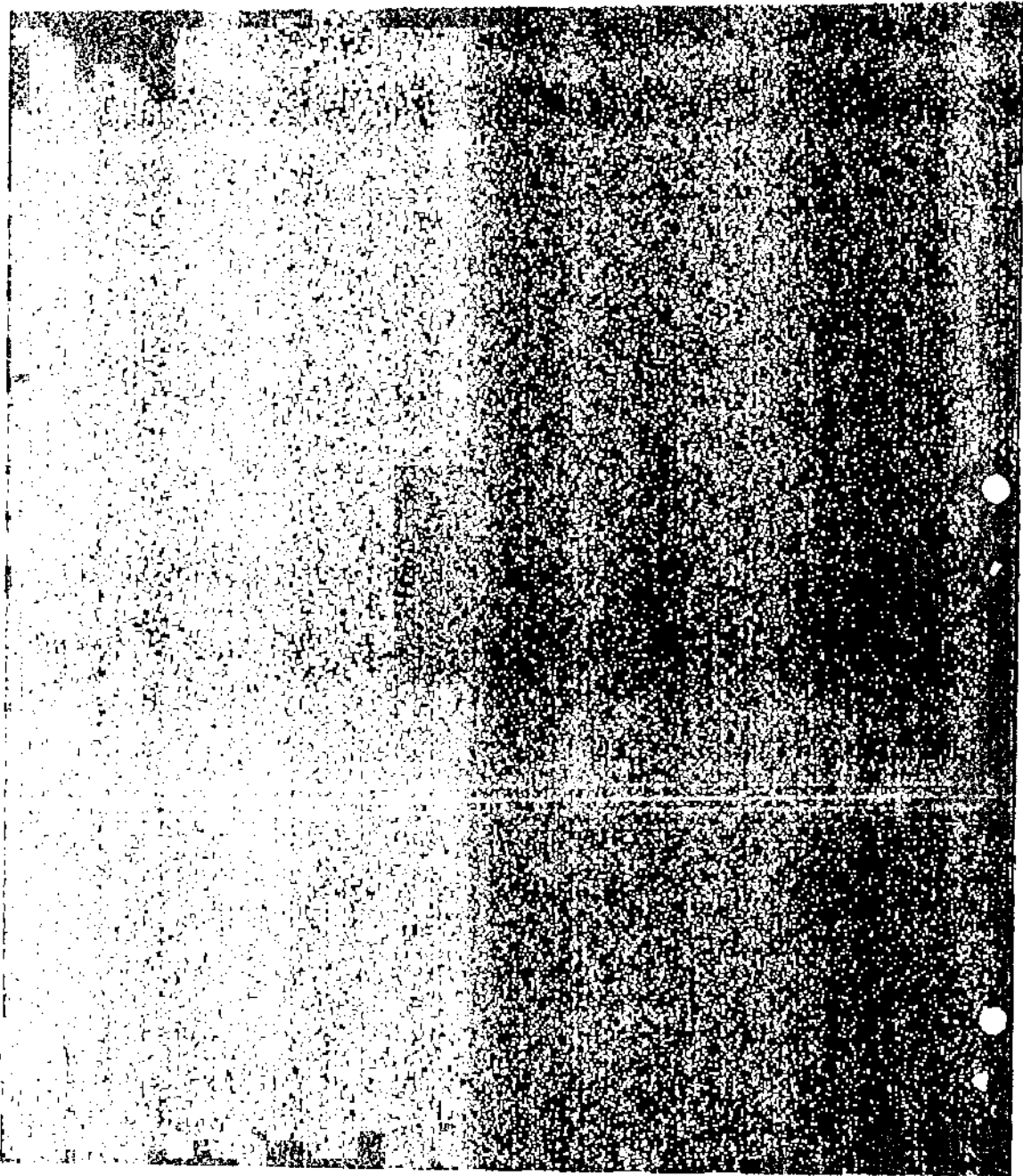


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PROGRAM #30
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, APRIL 1, 1954)

BR

ATX01 0019632

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 4, 1954

-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, friends. When you buy a pack of
cigarettes, are you sure they're going to be really fresh?
You can be if your cigarette is Lucky Strike. And one big
reason why -- is the carefully controlled moisture content
of Luckies' fine tobacco. The makers of Luckies know that
if the tobacco is too moist -- your cigarette will burn too
slowly -- or if it's not moist enough -- will taste dry.
So, Luckies' moisture content is constantly checked during
every step of their manufacture. That's important, friends,
because smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And
the fact of the matter is - Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
Fresher, Smoother. Why? First of all, because they're made
of fine naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Who doesn't
know that -- LS/MFT. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)

ATX01 0019633

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 4, 1954

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: And then, Luckies are made better to taste better. So
(Cont'd) friends, if you want your next cigarette--and everyone
after it--to taste better--Be happy-Go Lucky---ask for a
carton of better tasting--Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

TB

ATX01 0019634

(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...AROUND THIS TIME OF THE YEAR, AN ANNUAL ACTIVITY TAKES PLACE IN HOMES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY...SPRING CLEANING...AS WE GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS, WE FIND ROCHESTER BUSY WITH THIS CHORE, AND HIS FRIEND ROY HELPING HIM WITH THE WORK.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING NOISES)

ROCH: YOU TAKE THE BOTTOM, AND I'LL TAKE THE TOP, ROY.

ROY: I got it, Rochester...Where shall we carry it..out in the yard?

ROCH: NO, MR. BENNY MIGHT SEE IT THERE AND MAKE US BRING IT BACK IN..LET'S CARRY IT OVER HERE.

ROY: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ...JUST A FEW...THEN STOP)

ROCH: THERE...NOW LET'S PUT IT IN THE FIREPLACE AND BURN IT.

ROY: Okay...Man, Mr. Benny sure hates to turn loose of his Christmas tree.

ROCH: YEAH.

ROY: How long did he keep the one from 1952?

ROCH: THIS IS IT...I BETTER SET A MATCH TO IT.

(SOUND: MATCH SCRATCHES...TREE LIGHTS...SOUND OF FLAMES FADE TO B.G.)

ROCH: NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE DUSTING AND CLEANING.

ROY: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...AND DUSTING NOISES)

BR

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ROY: Say, Rochester...this is the first time I've seen you since you came back from New York...Did you have a good time there?

ROCH: (ENTHUSIASTIC) MMMM...MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

ROY: Man, I/^{sure}envy you...going to New York...seeing Broadway with all those wonderful shows...Did you see "Tea and Sympathy?"

ROCH: HUH?

ROY: Did you see Tea and Sympathy?

ROCH: MY FRIEND, WHEN I GO TO NEW YORK, I'M NOT LOOKING FOR EITHER...NOW LET'S ~~SEE~~ SEE...MMM, THE PIANO NEEDS DUSTING.

ROY: I'll do it.

(BAGBY MAKES SOUND OF DUSTER HITTING PIANO KEYS AT RANDOM)

ROY: Say Rochester, Mr. Benny's violin is on the piano...shall I dust that, too.

ROCH: WELL,...I DON'T KNOW...DO YOU THINK YOU MIGHT DROP IT?

ROY: Of course not.

ROCH: THEN LET ME DUST IT.

ROY: Rochester, maybe Mr. Benny doesn't play so good, but you shouldn't take it out on the violin...It might be valuable...It could be a Stradiverius..or a Guernarius... Do you know what kind it is?

ROCH: NO, HOW CAN YOU TELL?

ROY: Well, the maker's name's always on the inside of the violin. You can see it by looking through these holes... Let me see...Yep, there it is.

ROCH: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

ROY: The..Pep Boys.

BR

ROCH: OH YES.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, BOSS.

ROY: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Roy.

ROCH: HOW DID YOU SLEEP, BOSS?

JACK: Oh, pretty good, Rochester...but I had the most amazing dream...I dreamed that I finally got disgusted driving around in my Maxwell, so I decided to do something about it.

ROCH: WHAT DID YOU DO?

JACK: I bought a dollar raffle ticket on a Cadillac...And the amazing thing is that I won.

ROCH: NO!

JACK: Yes...then I dreamed that I took a ride in my new Cadillac, and gee, it ran so smoothly and quietly, it woke me up...But it was a wonderful dream...I felt so important driving around in that beautiful car...You know, I think I'll buy one.

ROCH: A NEW CADILLAC?

JACK: No, a raffle ticket...Is my breakfast ready yet, Rochester?

ROCH: I'LL GO FIX IT NOW.

JACK: You know, I'd like something a little different this morning.

ROCH: I WAS PLANNING SOMETHING DIFFERENT...I'LL FIX YOU SOME EGGS, BENEDICT CANYON.

BR

JACK: Rochester, you mean Eggs Benedict.

ROCH: I MEAN BENEDICT CANYON, THE GROCERY TRUCK HAD A WRECK
THERE THIS MORNING.

JACK: ...Good, good....

ROCH: I'LL GO FIX YOUR BREAKFAST.

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

JACK: Say, Roy, you and Rochester really have the place looking
spic and span.

ROY: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: It's nice having you come over to help out every once in
a while...I appreciate it.

ROY: Oh, don't mention it....Say, Mr. Benny, I've been meaning
to say this every time I see you...You sure keep yourself
in good shape.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROY: Well, you keep good hours, you get lots of sleep, play
golf, get enough fresh air and exercise...you sure look
great for your age.

JACK:Er...you mean... I look younger than thirty-nine?

ROY: No, but you look younger than you are.

JACK: Look Roy, when I say I'm thirty-nine, I'm not ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hmm...the front door...Excuse me,Roy.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Hm, if I thought it funnier to be forty, I'd be forty...
No, that wouldn't be any good...Eddie Center is forty...
I guess I'll just have to remain --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

BR

JACK: ~~Coming...~~

(SOUND: THREE OR FOUR FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on in.

DENNIS: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DENNIS: I came to say goodbye...I'm joining the Air Force.

JACK: The Air Force?

DENNIS: (SINGS) OFF WE GO, INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER CLIMBING
HIGH IN TO THE SUN.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: HERE THEY COME, ZOOMING TO MEET OUR THUNDER,

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: AT 'EM BOYS, GIVE HER THE GUN.

(DENNIS IMITATES MACHINE GUN AND WHINE OF PLANE AND
MORE GUNS)

JACK: DENNIS, ^{Dennis} FOR HEAVEN'S SAKES - *Dennis!*

DENNIS: (DOES HIGH WHISTLE OF PLANE)

JACK: Dennis, what was that?

DENNIS: I broke the sound barrier.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT...Look, Dennis, why this sudden decision
to join the Air Force?

DENNIS: ^{the} Yesterday I was walking down the street, and I saw ^{one of} ~~the~~ ^{with the finger pointing at it and it read} poster ~~that said, "Uncle Sam Needs You"~~ ^{"Uncle Sam Needs me."}

BR

JACK: Oh, he does, eh?...Well, Dennis, if our Armed Forces are in such bad shape that Uncle Sam needs you, I'm moving to Tasmania....Now while I'm packing, let me hear the song you're going to do on next Sunday's show.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "YOUNG AT HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0019640

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Dennis} Dennis, I know that usually I'm so busy that I haven't got time to compliment you on your singing. But you have, without a doubt, one of the finest voices ^{that} I ever ~~heard~~ ^{heard} ---

DENNIS: Hurry up, I ~~ve~~ got to get down to the recruiting office.

JACK: Look, Dennis..forget about enlisting..You don't have to. ^{Now,} You did your duty during the last war when you were in the Service.

DENNIS: Yeah, you're right..I put in a couple of years in the Navy.....I was on a battleship for six months..~~and~~ a destroyer for eight months, and a submarine for three months.

JACK: Dennis, I didn't know you had submarine duty.

DENNIS: Yeah..that was exciting..Sometimes the submarine would stay submergerd for days at a time... ^{Boy} ~~that~~ ^{that was} tough.

JACK: It was?

DENNIS: I'll say, they ~~ne~~ never let me inside....Well, I better go now, you're turning blue again....Goodbye.

If he should survive to 103, it would be my fault
JACK: (SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)
Silly kid..most people think I don't like him..but I love when Dennis comes over.. ~~It~~ Always makes me feel so good when he leaves...sometimes he does ~~the~~ --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.

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

JACK: Hello.

BH

ARTIE: Hello, have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Benny?

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, it's nice hearing from you again...What can I do for you?

ARTIE: Nothing..this time I want to do something for ^{Jack: oh.} you...I want to invite you to me and my wife's wedding anniversary party Saturday night.

JACK: Oh, so you and your wife are celebrating your wedding anniversary....which one is it?

ARTIE: The thirteenth.

JACK: Number thirteen--isn't that unlucky?

ARTIE: What was so fortunate about the other twelve?

JACK: Oh...Well, I'll be glad to come to your party, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: ^{Wonderful} ~~Thank you~~..and Mr. Benny.. it's going to be a masquerade.. Everybody is supposed to come as a famous movie star.

JACK: Oh, that's a cute idea...^{who} ~~what~~ are you coming as, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: William Holden, ^{Artie: yes} ^{Jack: sure}

JACK: Oh, because he won the Academy Award?

ARTIE: Uh-huh...And my wife is coming as Audrey Hepburn.

JACK: Oh, does your wife look like Audrey Hepburn?

ARTIE: No, William Holden.

JACK: Oh, I see...Well, ^{who} who's going to be at the party, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: ^{well,} ^{we} Let's see...there's you, and me, and two more of my friends..my wife and her immediate family--sixty people in all.

BH

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, your wife has that many relatives living here?

ARTIE: *Oh* No, ~~some~~ ^{They} are coming from Cleveland..Pittsburgh..
Minneapolis..New York, ^{Oklahoma} Philadelphia, and Boston.

JACK: All that distance just to come to a party.

ARTIE: Two of them are coming in from Tasmania.

JACK: No!

ARTIE: Yes.. Tondelayo and Irving.

Jack: Tondelayo and Irving?
JACK: Well, *Arthur: Yeah* it certainly sounds like a lot of fun and I'll be there.. Thank you very much, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: You're welcome. ~~Goodbye, Mr. Benny.~~

JACK: Goodbye.

ARTIE: Oh, by the way, Mr. Benny, if you run into Dennis Day, congratulate him for me on his birthday.

JACK: All right, I ~~wait~~ wait a minute..how did you know that April first was Dennis's birthday.

ARTIE: It figures

JACK: I see what you mean..Well, I'll see you Saturday..Goodbye

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, that's a cute idea ~~of~~ having a masquerade party and everybody comes as a famous movie star... I wonder if it would be hammy if I came as me... Oh well, I better go in and eat.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Say, that breakfast looks good, Rochester.

ROCH: I KEPT EVERYTHING HOT FOR YOU.

BH

JACK: *Oh* That's ~~fine~~ *fine*

ROY: Well, I'll say goodbye now, Rochester..we're all done.

ROCH: THAT'S RIGHT...THANKS FOR HELPING ME, ROY.

JACK: Oh, wait a minute, Roy.. I'd like to give you some money for coming over and helping out.

ROY: Oh, that isn't necessary, Mr. Benny.

JACK: No no, Roy, I want to give you something...What do you think is fair?

ROY: Well, I don't know.

JACK: Let me see... You came over here at eight this morning..~~it's~~ it's noon now..that's four hours...What would you say to three dollars?

ROY: Three dollars? Well do you think that's fair, Rochester?

ROCH: NO, BUT GRAB IT!

JACK: ~~That's~~..All right..here's five dollars, Roy.

ROY: *Oh* Thanks..Goodbye, Mr. Benny..so long Rochester.
(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Rochester, I want to ask you something..what business is it of yours how much money Roy gets?

ROCH: MR. BENNY, WHEN YOU MAKE AS LITTLE AS I DO, YOU'VE GOT TO BORROW FROM SOMEBODY.

JACK: Well, in the future, Rochester, I wish ~~you~~---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *Hmmm*.

ROCH: *You* YOU FINISH YOUR BREAKFAST, I'LL SEE WHO IT IS.
Jack: Why (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR BUZZER)

BH

ROCH: COMING..COMING.

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: OH, HELLO, MR. WILSON.

DON: *Hi,* Hello, Rochester..Come on in, oboys.

ROCH: OH, I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE SPORTSMAN QUARTET WITH YOU....
HELLO, GENTLEMEN.

QUART: HMMMM.

ROCH: MR. BENNY IS HAVING HIS BREAKFAST, I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE
HERE.

DON: *Oh, no, no* No no, Rochester, *I -* I want to see you, not him.

ROCH: ME?

DON: Yes *let's* let's all go in the living room where the piano is.

(SOUND: BUNCH OF PEOPLE WALKING)

DON: *Uh, look,* Rochester.. we want to surprise Mr. Benny on next Sunday's
and show, we have an idea for the commercial..and we want you
to sing with the Quartet..You can sing, can't you?

ROCH: ANYTHING BUT SOPRANO...LET ME SEE THE MUSIC.

DON: Here you are.

ROCH: LET'S SEE...MMM...MM....*I -* UHHHHHHH HUH,..I THINK I CAN
HANDLE THIS..LET'S HAVE A GO AT IT, SHALL WE?

BH

ROCH: OH BABY MINE

QUART: I GET SO LONELY WHEN I DREAM ABOUT YOU
CAN'T DO WITHOUT YOU,

THAT'S WHY I DREAM ABOUT YOU

IF I COULD ONLY PUT MY ARMS ABOUT YOU

~~ROCH:~~ LIFE ^{could} ~~BE~~ BE SO FAIR

Roch: IF YOU WERE THERE

QUART: WE COULD HUG AND KISS AND NEVER TIRE

I'M ON FIRE, YOU ARE MY ONE DESIRE

I GET SO LONELY WHEN I DREAM ABOUT YOU

WHY CAN'T YOU BE FAIR

OH ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, YES.

QUART: OH, ROCHESTER

ROCH: I'M HERE.

QUART: THIS IS THE SPOT

ROCH: SO SOON?

QUART: FOR YOU KNOW WHAT

ROCH: WELL, HERE'S A THOUGHT

WHEN I GET LONELY I JUST LIGHT A LUCKY

FROM OLD KENTUCKY, A BETTER TASTING LUCKY

A LUCKY STRIKE IS MADE OF FINE TOBACCO

IT'S THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE

Quartet: OH BABY MINE

~~ROCH:~~ AND DON'T FORGET THAT DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE

A SMOKE YOU'LL TREASURE

MUCH MORE THAN YOU CAN MEASURE

FOR REAL ENJOYMENT YOU MUST LIGHT A LUCKY

PUFF A LUCKY STRIKE

YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF THOSE LETTERS.

(THIRD ROUTINE)

DON: ~~By my hand~~ Fellows, that sounded real good..Jack will love it when we do it on the show.

ROCH: I HOPE SO..MR. WILSON, WHY DON'T YOU GO INSIDE AND HAVE SOME BREAKFAST WITH THE BOSS?

DON: No thanks, I just had lunch, and I never have snacks between meals.

ROCH: BUT YOU WON'T BE EATING AGAIN TILL DINNER.

DON: No, at two o'clock I have lunch again.

ROCH: OH.

DON: Well, we better be running along..So long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, MR. WILSON..SO LONG, FELLOWS.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

ROCH: NOW LET'S SEE..OH YES..ROY FORGOT TO PUT MR. BENNY'S VIOLIN IN ITS CASE WHEN HE CLEANED IT...I BETTER PUT IT AWAY.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..THEN WE HEAR PLINKS OF EACH VIOLIN STRING)

JACK: (OFF) Rochester, is that my violin?

ROCH: YOUR VIOLIN?

JACK: Yes, it's plinking.

ROCH: IT SURE IS.

JACK: ~~I said plinking.~~ ^{J.K. Rochester} Now stop fooling around with it and put it away.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: ~~And~~ if there are any phone calls for me, I'll be in the library...I'm going to read for awhile.

CB

ROCH: YES, SIR.

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

JACK: Gee, I haven't read a good book in a long time. ~~Look~~ Look at the ones on this shelf..they've all been made into great pictures ~~...~~.. "The Caine Mutiny" by Herman Wouk.. "The High And The Mighty" by Ernest Gann.. "From Here To Eternity" by James Jones... "From Here to Tijuana" by Aly Kahn.....Let's see, what else I have.. "It Takes All Kinds" by Maurice Zolotow... Oh, look, here's that new book that Frank Remley wrote about the orchestra.. "The Seagrams Around Us"..... Say, here's a new one that looks interesting.. "The Secrets of a Psychiatrist".... I think I'll read ~~...~~ *this one.*

(SOUND: MOVING CHAIR..SITTING)

JACK: I better move that lamp over here.

(SOUND: LAMP MOVING)

JACK: There we are... Now let's see... "The Secrets of a Psychiatrist"... Chapter One.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS DOCTOR WILLIAM JACKSON, P.H.D., B.A., L.L.B., M.A., B.S., M.D.... YES, MY LAST NAME IS PHIDBALLEMMABSMD.... I MAJORED IN PSYCHIATRY IN MEDICAL SCHOOL AND WAS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST SUCCESSFUL PSYCHIATRISTS, THANKS TO ALL YOU CRAZY MIXED UP KIDS... HOWEVER, I AM NO LONGER WEALTHY AND SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE ONE DAY --BUT, I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY.. IT ALL STARTED NORMALLY ENOUGH ONE DAY LAST SPRING WHEN MY NURSE CAME INTO MY OFFICE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

CB

ATX01 0019649

SHIRLEY: Excuse me, Doctor.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yes, nurse?

SHIRLEY: Mr. Jones is waiting outside to see you.

JACK: Which Mr. Jones -- the one who goes around with an onion on his head because he thinks he's a pickled herring?

SHIRLEY: No no, Doctor...the one who think's he's a refrigerator.

JACK: Oh..well, send him in...And get me my dark glasses..every time he opens his mouth, that light inside hurts my eyes...Now please hurry, I have a busy schedule.

SHIRLEY: Yes, Doctor.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

SHIRLEY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) You may go in now, Mr. Jones.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF APPROACHING MEN'S FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Hello, Mr. Jones.

MEL: (SLIGHTLY MOOLEY) Duhh, hello, Doctor.

JACK: Well, Mr. Jones, do you still think you're a refrigerator?

MEL: Oh no, Doctor...I'm all over that.

JACK: Good.

MEL: Now I think I'm a coffee percolator.

JACK: A percolator?

MEL: Yeah..(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: I see.

MEL: (PLEADING) Doctor, can't I please go back to being a refrigerator?

JACK: No..no..we'll cure you of all these delusions.

MEL: But I don't want to be cured, I was so happy as a refrigerator.

OB

JACK: ~~Why?~~

MEL: ~~I was in love with Betty Furness.~~

JACK: ~~Hum...~~

MEL: ~~Every time Betty Furness would do a commercial and put her hands on me, chills would run up and down my freezing coil.~~

JACK: Now don't worry, Mr. Jones..I'll cure you..I want you to go home, and sit in a corner and say to yourself, I'm a man, I'm a man..until you're positive you're ^{not} not a refrigerator.

MEL: But Doctor, I know I'm a refrigerator.

JACK: How can you be so positive?

MEL: You can be sure when you're a Westinghouse.

JACK: Oh..well, you certainly fooled me..with that uniform on I thought you were General Electric.

JACK: (FILTER) APPARENTLY HE DIDN'T LIKE MY JOKE BECAUSE HE LEFT MY OFFICE CLOSING BOTH DOORS BEHIND HIM...MINE AND HIS...THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON WAS RATHER UNEVENTFUL.. HOWEVER, I DID HAVE ONE OTHER INTERESTING CASE..IT WAS A MUSICIAN...A DRUMMER NAMED SAMMY..THIS POOR FELLOW BELIEVED HE WAS A SAINT BERNARD...HE ALWAYS TIED A KEG OF BRANDY AROUND HIS NECK AND WENT OUT LOOKING FOR PEOPLE LOST IN THE SNOW..THIS IN ITSELF WASN'T SO BAD..BUT WHEN HE FOUND THEM, HE WOULD ROB THEM AND DRINK THE BRANDY TO CELEBRATE...IT WAS RATHER DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND WHY SAMMY THOUGHT HE WAS A SAINT BERNARD...HE LOOKED MORE LIKE A MEXICAN HAIRLESS...AFTER HE LEFT, MY NURSE CAME INTO THE OFFICE ONCE MORE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

CB

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Are there any more patients, Miss Mitchell?

SHIRLEY: No, Doctor..Do you mind if I leave for the day?

JACK: No, you may go. Just a minute.

SHIRLEY: Yes, sir.

JACK: Miss Mitchell, I want you to know that you've been a great help to me..I'd never have gotten where I am without you.

SHIRLEY: Thank you, Doctor.

JACK: How long have you been with me?

SHIRLEY: Seven years.

JACK: And what am I paying you now?

SHIRLEY: A dollar an hour and carfare.

JACK: Gee, that's not very much.

SHIRLEY: It is when you consider I live in Tasmania.

JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT I MADE UP MY MIND TO MARRY HER..I PROPOSED TO HER IMMEDIATELY, BUT OUR WEDDING HAD TO BE POSTPONED BECAUSE I RECEIVED AN URGENT CALL TO FLY TO MEXICO AND SEE A PATIENT WHO WAS BADLY IN NEED OF MY SERVICES...I FLEW DOWN THERE, ARRIVING LATE IN THE EVENING..I STOPPED IN AT A RESTAURANT AND HAD A DINNER CONSISTING OF CHILE CON CARNE, ENCHILADAS, TACOS, TORTILLAS, AND RED PEPPERS, WHICH I WASHED DOWN WITH A BIG GLASS OF TEQUILLA...THEN I WENT TO MY HOTEL ROOM AND FELL INTO A SOUND SLEEP WHICH WAS MARRED ONLY WHEN I SNORED AND SET THE DRAPES ON FIRE...THE FOLLOWING MORNING, I WENT TO SEE MY ^{Man's} PATIENT..THIS WAS A SIMPLE CASE..THE MAN WAS OVERWORKED AND NEEDED FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE..I RECOMMENDED THAT HE GO HORSEBACK RIDING, AND THREE DAYS LATER HE RETURNED TO ME.

CB

ATK01 0019652

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Have you taken my advice?

MEL: Si.

JACK: You've gone horseback riding every day?

MEL: Si.

JACK: And you've been riding ten hours every day?

MEL: Si.

JACK: How do you feel now?

MEL: Sore.

JACK: Sore?

MEL: Si.

JACK: (FILTER) I WENT BACK TO ^{Los Angeles} ~~LA~~ SADLY REALIZING I HAD FAILED AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO FOR THIS PATIENT, WHO WAS OBVIOUSLY CRAZY WITH THE HEAT..HE WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH BETTER OFF HAD HE REMAINED A REFRIGERATOR... ~~HE~~ SOON AS I GOT BACK, MISS MITCHELL AND I SET OUR WEDDING DATE FOR THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY.

JACK: Are you happy dear?

SHIRLEY: Oh yes...Just think, on Saturday I will become Mrs. William Jackson, P.H.D., B.A., L.L.B., M.A., B.S. M.D.

JACK: Darling, that's pronounced Phidballemmabsmd.

JACK: (FILTER) AND SO WE MADE OUR PREPARATIONS AND I WAS BLISSFULLY HAPPY...THE MORNING BEFORE THE WEDDING I WAS AT MY OFFICE GETTING THINGS READY FOR MY DEPARTURE WHEN SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND SHE WALKED IN.

(MUSICAL STINGER)

VEOLA: (COMPHY) Hello, Doctor.

CB

JACK: (FILTER) SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL ~~FROM~~ FROM OUTWARD APPEARANCES YOU NEVER COULD TELL THAT SHE WAS A DANGER IN A BURLESQUE SHOW..SHE LOOKED SO DEMURE HIDING BEHIND THAT BALLOON....AFTER A FEW SECONDS, SHE SMILED NERVOUSLY AT ME AND SAID..

VEOLA: Doctor, put down that pin.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh, I'm sorry...Now tell me..what seems to be your trouble?

VEOLA: Well, my husband is away for long periods of time, and I get so lonely. *Jack: (big) Oh, my mine. Doctor, Doctor.* ~~Doctor~~, isn't there anything you can do to help me?

JACK: Well, I'm getting married at seven o'clock tonight.

VEOLA: Oh.

JACK: I'll pick you up at a quarter to eight.

VEOLA: But Doctor...what about your honeymoon..your wife?

JACK: Oh, she'll make out all right, I give her a dollar an hour and carfare....Now supposing we --

(SOUND: DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

DENNIS: Aha..I thought I'd catch you here.

VEOLA: My goodness..it's my husband.

JACK: But he's wearing a uniform.

DENNIS: I'm General Electric.

CB

JACK: (FILTER) ~~THIS WAS A CONFUSING SITUATION. I REACHED~~
~~FOR MY GUN, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO PLUG~~
~~WESTINGHOUSE OR GENERAL ELECTRIC....HE WAS A STUPID KID,~~
BUT THAT MADE NO DIFFERENCE. I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIS
WIFE, A MARRIED WOMAN...THE NEWSPAPERS PRINTED THE
STORY...MY NURSE BROKE OUR ENGAGEMENT AND LEFT ME...
MY PATIENTS DESERTED ME..I LOST ALL MY MONEY...THEN THE
MEDICAL SOCIETY STEPPED IN AND TOOK AWAY MY P.H.D., B.A.,
L.L.B., M.A., B.S. M.D. AND I WOUND UP WILLIAM JACKSON...
OR...JUST PLAIN BILL...THAT IS MY STORY...THE SECRETS
OF A PSYCHIATRIST.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

DH

ATK01 0019655

FIRE ALLOCATION

~~TO~~ Friends, it's alarming to think that a destructive fire starts every minute of the day and night. There is no end in sight for the terrible destruction caused by these fires unless we do something about it. Here is what you can do - check all of the electrical equipment in your home .. make certain it is safe. Don't smoke in bed. Be sure that every match, every cigarette is out before you retire for the night. Don't give fire a place to start!

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

BA

ATX01 0019656

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in a 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: You know, it almost goes without saying, friends: one
reason you smoke is for enjoyment. And that enjoyment
comes from the taste of your cigarette. That's right,
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is---Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher,
Smoother. And why not? Better taste starts with fine
tobacco and IS/MFT. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
Fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And then,
Luckies are made to taste better. Carefully made with a
constant check on quality during every step in their
manufacture. That's why you can be sure that every Lucky
you light is round and firm and fully packed to draw freely,
smoke evenly and naturally taste better. So, remember,
friends, when you're looking for smoking enjoyment, the
sure way to find it is to reach for a Lucky!

(MORE)

IB

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 4, 1954

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Because smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And
(Cont'd) the fact is---Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher,
Smoother. So, try a carton of Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy---Go Lucky
QUARTET:
(LONG Get Better Taste Today!
CLOSE)

TB

ATX01 0019658

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, can I have three years off, I want to join the Air Force.

JACK: Oh, I'm glad you brought that up, Dennis. Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING..BUZZ..CLICK)

SHIRLEY: Hello, T.W.A. Airlines.

JACK: Look, Miss, this is Jack Benny and I'd like to make a reservation to Tasmania.

SHIRLEY: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but I can't get you on a flight to Tasmania for six months.

JACK: Why not?

SHIRLEY: People have been listening to your program and we're booked solid.

JACK: Oh..oh.. well, I'll check with you later.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Goodnight, folks. *We're a little late,*

(APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Ferrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, 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.

BA

ATX01 0019660

PROGRAM #31
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, APRIL 7, 1954)

BR

ATX01 0019661

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #31
APRIL 11, 1954 SUNDAY 7:00-7:30 PM PST
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, think back for just a minute to that last cigarette you smoked. Wasn't the taste of that cigarette the thing that you really enjoyed? Of course it was. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And many millions of smokers will tell you that Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. One reason is fine tobacco. You know LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Tobacco that is light, naturally mild, good-tasting. And another, Luckies are made better. Made to draw freely. Made to smoke evenly. Made to give you what you want from your cigarette. Better taste! So, for all the real deep-down smoking enjoyment you want, ask for the cigarette that definitely does taste better. Lucky Strike. Get a carton - and Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

SPORTSMEN Be Happy - Go Lucky
QUARTET: Get Better Taste Today!
(LONG
CLOSE)

ATX01 0019662

(EXTRA 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, AND
"YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER
TELEVISION PROGRAM WITH HIS GUEST STARS GEORGE BURNS AND
GRACIE ALLEN...BUT RIGHT NOW WE HAVE A RADIO SHOW TO DO
....SO I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO YESTERDAY'S
REHEARSAL RIGHT HERE IN THIS SAME STUDIO.

(ORCHESTRA DOES LAST FEW BARS OF SOME HOT MUSICAL NUMBER WITH A
BIG FINISH)

JACK: Hey, that was great, just great. Wasn't it, Don?

DON: Yeah, that's what I call a real hot band number.

(SOUND: RAPPING OF BATON)

BOB: (UP) OKAY, FELLOWS, YOU JUST HEARD THAT LES BROWN RECORD,
NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN DO IT HALF AS GOOD...HERE WE
GO...A-ONE...A-TWO --

JACK: No, hold it, Bob...Hold it...that's enough band rehearsal
for now.

BOB: ALL RIGHT, BOYS, YOU CAN RELAX A FEW ^{minutes} ~~minutes~~.

(SOUND: FEW CHAIRS SCRAPING)

JACK: Say, Bob.

BOB: Just a second, Jack...I'll take these ear plugs out..
There, that's ^{that's} better.

JACK: Bob, I hate to keep picking on the orchestra, but can't
you do something about the way they dress? ^{you} look at those
red ties.

BR

ATX01 0019663

BOB: *Will* What's the matter with 'em?

JACK: Nothing, but they look ridiculous without shirts...and another thing, Bob, we ~~we~~ just got to have a little more discipline around here. From now on when we hold band rehearsal, I don't want the boys having guests up there on the stand with them.

BOB: Guests?

JACK: Certainly..Who's that fellow sitting next to Remley?

BOB: *Will* ~~he~~, he's not a guest, Remley's handcuffed to him,

JACK: You mean he's a policeman?

BOB: Yeah, and you better get used to him. He'll be with us for the next thirty days.

JACK: Thirty days...What did Remley do?

BOB: Nothing, he's just building up credit for the summer.

JACK: Well, he'll probably need it...Now come on, everyone, let's get on with rehearsal. As soon as Mery and Dennis get here, we'll read through the sketch. *Oh, Don,* On and Don, when you introduce me on the show tomorrow, I'd like something fresh and topical for a change.

DON: I've got just the thing, Jack, I wrote it myself.

JACK: Good...let's hear it.

DON: Okay. ..(CLEARS THROAT)...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE MONTH OF APRIL AND ALTHOUGH APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS I BRING YOU A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER...JACK BENNY. (LAUGHS IT UP)

JACK: Don...

DON: (KEEPS LAUGHING)

BR

JACK: Don *Laughing long!*

DON: (SUBSIDING) Yes, *Yes* Jack?

JACK: Don, I've been called the last rose of summer before, but never by the pot...What an introduction.

DON: But Jack, I stayed up half the night writing it.

JACK: Oh, you did, eh? Well, you should have stayed up the other half looking through the Help Wanted column...Or better still, Don, put in an ad yourself saying, "Have stomach, will travel"...Now let's get on with the --

DON: *U,* Oh say, Jack.

JACK: What is it now?

DON: Since you brought up the subject of employment, I was *just* wondering...well, it's probably just an oversight, but I haven't received my contract for next season.

JACK: Oh, well, you know how that works, Don. I can't send you your renewal until my sponsor renews me.

DON: ~~But~~ Jack...this is the middle of April. Your sponsor has always had you signed up by the end of March.

JACK: ...The end of March?...Say, that's right...Eh, they probably got behind in their correspondence...Don't let it worry your little head.

DON: It's not my little head that's worried, it's my traveling stomach.

JACK: Well, believe me, Don, there's nothing to worry about, I I'm sure we're all going to be back together *again* next season. Anyway, I've been with Luckies for twelve years, and they're not going to drop me now...~~that~~ that doesn't reassure you, you can ~~say~~ -- Oh, hello, Mary.

BR

MARY: Hello, Jack. Hi, everybody.

CAST: (AD LIBS HELLO)

MARY: Sorry I'm late, Jack, but I was having my hair set at ~~Janet's~~ ~~hair salon~~.

JACK: Oh, that's all right..We have to wait for Dennis anyway.

DON: Your hair looks very nice, Mary.

MARY: *Well,* Thanks, Don. They do ^{do} a good job...but I'm so mad at that beauty operator. Every time I go in there, she tries to talk me into dyeing my hair.

JACK: Well, they're all doing it, Mary...What color does she want you to dye it?

MARY: Sort of an auburn...like yours.

JACK: Like mine? Mary, my hair isn't auburn.

MARY: What about the one you got for Christmas?

JACK: I bought that one myself. I thought I was going to be a guest on "Life With Father".

BOB: Say Mary, ~~wasn't~~ ^{isn't} that ^{the} beauty parlor where all the movie stars go, ~~isn't it?~~ ^{isn't it?}

MARY: Well, there sure were a lot of 'em there today. Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Jane Wyman...Oh and Jack, I had a long talk with Alice Faye.

JACK: Oh, Alice was there, too? *huh?*

MARY: Yeah, she was waiting for Phil to get out ^{from under} ~~of~~ the dryer.

JACK: Oh yes. Alice has to watch him...I remember once ~~he~~ ^{Phil} fell asleep under the dryer and it shrunk his head....Say, Mary, how is Phil, anyway?

MARY: Fine, ~~and~~ he was so excited...His sponsor just renewed him for next year.

BR

JACK: Already?

DON: We were just talking about that, Mary. Jack hasn't been renewed yet.

MARY: Not yet...But it's the middle of April! They're two weeks late!

JACK: Now Mary, don't you start worrying.

DON: I think Jack should call his sponsor, Mr. Lewis, and find out one way or the other.

JACK: Look, I'm not making a long distance call to New York for nothing.

MARY: But Mr. Lewis is right here in Los Angeles. I saw him on the street this morning.

DON: You see, Jack...he didn't even get in touch with you, I knew ^{there} ~~something was~~ wrong.

JACK: Nothing's wrong and there's nothing to worry about....
Mary, are you sure it was Mr. Lewis?

MARY: If you don't believe me, ask Bob Hope, he was with him.

JACK: (STUNNED)...Bob...Hope?

MARY: They were arm in arm.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Don's right, Jack. Why don't you call Mr. Lewis?

~~JACK: There's no sense going through what happened in 1941.~~

~~JACK: 1941?~~

~~DON: Yeah, don't you remember, Jack...Luckies were busy changing over their package, they were three weeks late renewing you, and you were a wreck.~~

JACK: I was not.

BR

ATX01 0019667

~~MABLE: Oh, my! Strike Green went to war and you went to the hospital.~~

JACK: ~~She was only house-keeper's little sister...~~ Now look, I'm not calling Mr. Lewis and make a fool of myself. They probably mailed the contract and it's waiting for me at home.

DON: Gee, do you really think so, Jack?

JACK: Certainly. Give me that phone. I'll call Rochester *and*
find out. What a bunch of alarmists.

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

JACK: Operator...Operator.

(SOUND: SEVERAL CLICKS OF RECEIVER, FADING TO BUZZ OF SWITCHBOARD.)

BEA: Say, Mable?

SHIRLEY: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SHIRLEY: Yeah...I wonder what Young at Heart wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny...Yes sir...Hold on.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get him Rochester.

SHIRLEY: Oh...I thought he was going to ask you for a date tonight.

BEA: Well, it's a good thing he didn't. Frankie Remley's taking me to the Coconut Grove.

SHIRLEY: Gee, that's a swanky place...I'd like to go, too. Do you think Remley could bring a friend?

BR

BEA: He has to.

SHIRLEY: He has to. I don't understand.

BEA: When we get up to dance you will... Anyway, I'm glad Remley is taking me out tonight. You know Jack never spends money on a girl.

~~BEA: Once a guy gave me flowers and Jack was furious. What a cheap skate.~~

SHIRLEY: I know what you mean. Last summer he wanted me to go to Catalina with him.

BEA: Well, that's not so bad. It's a beautiful trip to Catalina on the boat.

SHIRLEY: What boat? When he knocked on my door, he was carrying a bucket of grease and two pair of swim fins.

BEA: Two pair of swim fins?.. Oh, yeah, how would he know you have webbed feet.

SHIRLEY: Now look here Miss Gertrude Geershift... I'd rather have feet like mine than legs like yours.

BEA: And what's the matter with mine?

SHIRLEY: The last time I saw legs like yours they were spinning in a Rotisserie window.

BEA: Well, of all the *damn I never in all my...*
(SOUND: RAPID JIGGLING OF HOOK)

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)

DON: Did you get the house, Jack?

BR

JACK: The line was busy...and for heaven's sake, stop worrying
...there's nothing to worry about... Now let's get on
with our renewal -- I mean rehearsal. ^{First} First, let's take
the --

DENNIS: Hello, everybody. Are we all here?

JACK: Yes, and we've been here for an hour.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Look, Dennis, every week you come strolling in whenever
you feel like it. I don't understand...why should
fourteen musicians, a sound man, an engineer, a producer,
and people like Mery, Bob, Don and myself have to sit
around week after week waiting for a stupid kid?

DENNIS: Because that stupid kid is talented.

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: Jack, you're not going to let him get away with it, are
you?

JACK: What can I do, stupid is telling the truth...Now Dennis,
if it's not asking too much, how about letting me hear
your song for tomorrow?

DENNIS: Okay, and I'm sorry I was late.

JACK: Forget it.

DENNIS: I would have been on time but I got a speeding ticket
for going 45 miles an hour.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Boy, was the cop unfair.

JACK: Why was ^{the cop} unfair?

DENNIS: How would he know how fast I was going. I ran over him.

BR

JACK: Dennis, don't be so silly. If you ran over him, how could he write you a ticket?

DENNIS: He had a Papermate Pen.

JACK: Now cut that out.... Dennis, you're making up this whole thing, aren't you?

DENNIS: Yeah, I had to have some excuse for being late.

JACK: Well, that's the craziest one I've ever heard. Anyway, you're here, so let's have your song.

DENNIS: (SINGS) Papermate ink is leak-proof....

JACK: Not that one....The one you're going to do on the program.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK:What an imagination.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "SECRET LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0019671

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{*"Secret" - Secret Love sung by Dennis Day*}
That was, very good, Dennis, ~~and~~ I know it's going to
sound beautiful when you sing it on the show.

DENNIS: Don't be so sure.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: I'm having my tonsils out tonight.

JACK: Tonight? Dennis, are your tonsils infected?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Well, has your throat been sore?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Have you been catching colds?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Then why are you having your tonsils out?

DENNIS: A doctor friend of mine is coming over and I don't know
how else to entertain him.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Last time he took out my appendix.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: If he keeps coming over, there won't be anything left.

JACK: Now Dennis, I'm in no mood for these silly conversations
with you, so why don't you just sit down ~~and~~ --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, that must be Rochester, I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BEA: (FILTER) I have your party, Mr. Benny. Go ahead.

JACK: Thank you...Hello..Rochester.

BH

ATX01 0019672

ROCH: ~~OH~~ IS THAT YOU, MR. BENNY?

JACK: Yeah Rochester, was there any mail for me today?

ROCH: YEAH, QUITE A STACK, BOSS. I WAS JUST GOING THROUGH IT.

JACK: Well, keep on..I'm expecting something from the American Tobacco Company.

ROCH: OKAY..LET'S SEE...HERE'S ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE EDISON COMPANY AND THEY'VE ENCLOSED THAT ELECTRIC BILL YOU OWE.

JACK: You mean that one for seven dollars and 42 cents?

ROCH: ~~Yeah~~ BOSS..WHY DON'T YOU PAY IT?

JACK: Maybe you're right, Rochester. How old is that bill from the Edison Company?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S SIGNED BY THOMAS ALVA HIMSELF.

JACK: Gee..I owe him for some phonograph records, too...What else is there, Rochester?

ROCH: LET'S SEE...OH, HERE'S A LETTER ON PINK STATIONARY.. (SNIFFS). IT'S GOT A WONDERFUL AROMA OF PERFUME.

JACK: (INTERESTED) Perfume?

ROCH: (SNIFFS) AAAAHHH...DOES THAT SMELL GOOD!

JACK: Well, Rochester, who's it from who's it from?

ROCH: I'LL SEE.

(SOUND: PAPER TEARING)

JACK: Rochester, ~~for heaven's sakes~~, who's it from?

ROCH: IT'S AN AD FROM THE VIGERO COMPANY. THEY ALWAYS TRICK YOU INTO OPENING IT.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned..Rochester, is that all the mail?

ROCH: YEAH, WERE YOU EXPECTING SOMETHING ELSE?

JACK: Yes, I was expecting my new contract from my sponsor. I should have had it already.

BH

ROCH: HOW LATE IS IT?

JACK: Two weeks.

ROCH: WANT ME TO RESERVE YOU A ROOM AT THE CEDARS OF LEBANON?

JACK: No no, wait a few days...Anyway, if a letter comes, call me.

ROCH: OKAY.. GOODEBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCH: OH, SAY, BOSS.

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: I JUST REMEMBERED..I SAW YOUR SPONSOR THIS MORNING ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD.

JACK: Mr. Lewis, my sponsor? Are you sure it was him?

ROCH: IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, ASK EDDIE CANTOR, THEY WERE WALKING ARM IN ARM.

JACK: But Eddie Cantor is a personal friend of mine. He wouldn't try to take my job.

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW..HE WAS SINGING.

(SINGS) CANTOR IS FUNNY,
HE'LL WORK FOR LESS MONEY
NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE A CHANGE.

~~JACK: Rochester, he must be kidding.~~

~~ROCH: KIDDING OR NOT, I'M PROKING.~~

JACK: ^{Roch} Rochester, you don't have to worry. Even if I lose my job, I'll still keep you...Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

BH

JACK: Hum.

DON: Bad news, Jack?

JACK: Well..the contract wasn't there.

~~Don:~~ ^{Well} ~~Jack:~~ why don't you call Mr. Lewis and find out once and for all.

JACK: Well..he's probably in his office at the American Tobacco Company...But ^{Don} ~~Mary~~, I just can't come out and ask the man if I'm fired. What excuse can I give for calling?

DON: You could tell him you'd like him to hear the new commercial we ~~we~~ got a dandy.

JACK: ~~That~~ that's an idea. Don, you get the quartet ready, I'll put the call in. ^{Are you} ~~Am I~~ sure that the commercial is extra good.

^{Just go} ~~Don:~~ ^{Come on} Okay..(FADING) HEY FELLOWS..SPORTSMEN...

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKS OF RECEIVER)

~~Operator:~~ ^{Operator} Operator.

~~Bea:~~ ^{Bea} Gertrude..get me Mr. Lewis's office at The American Tobacco Company. And be quick about it.

BEA: Keep your shirt on.

JACK: I may not have one...Now make it snappy.

DON: (OFF) Jack, I can't seem to find two of the Sportsmen.

JACK: Well, find 'em, find 'em, I ~~we~~ got the call in. ~~Am I~~ I want to impress the sponsor.

(SOUND: BUZZ AND RECEIVER UP AT OTHER END)

ELVIA: (FILTER) Mr. Lewis's office.

JACK: Hello..Is Mr. Lewis in?

ELVIA: Yes. Who's calling, please?

BH

JACK: Just tell him it's Jack Benny, his number one comedian.

ELVIA: You tell him, he'll slap my face.

JACK: Don't be funny, and get me Mr. Lewis.. (UP) Don, did you find the rest of the quartet?

DON: Not yet, Jack.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes.

ELVIA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but Mr. Lewis is very busy.

JACK: Well, he's never been too busy to talk to me before... What's he trying to do, give me the runaround?

ELVIA: *Oh*, I'm sure not, Mr. Benny, but on this trip Mr. Lewis has been very busy auditioning.

JACK: Auditioning... Oh my goodness, he's gotta talk to me, he's gotta.

ELVIA: (EMPHATIC) My dear man, Mr. Lewis doesn't gotta talk to anyone but Mrs. Lewis and she's on the other line, so goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

JACK: Gee, he wouldn't even talk to me.. And he's auditioning already.. Kids, this is serious.

DENNIS: Kenny Baker was smart, he got out when the getting was good.

JACK: Oh, be quiet... I just can't understand it..

DENNIS: Yeah.. after ^{all} these years they drop you like a cold potato.

JACK: You mean hot potato.

~~Dennis~~ *Dennis*: If you were hot, they'd keep you.

BH

ATX01 0019676

JACK: ~~Man~~, stop being funny...I ~~am~~ got to think.. I ~~am~~ got to do something.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: (EXCITED) JACK, JACK...I ROUNDED UP THE SPORTSMEN.

JACK: It's too late.

DON: HIT IT, FELLOWS.

BH

ATX01 0019677

QUART: LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER
LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER
FOR LUCKY STRIKE MEANS

FINE TOBACCO

RICHER TASTING

FINE TOBACCO

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER

LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE

JACK: Boy's don't waste your voices. I may not be with them. Bob Hope might be with them.

QUART: THANKS FOR THOSE LUCKY STRIKES
WE KNOW THAT YOU'LL AGREE ON LSMFT
A FRESHER, CLEANER, SMOOTHER SMOKE

JUST TRY ONE AND YOU'LL

OH THANK YOU SO MUCH

THANKS FOR THAT BETTER

TASTE

WE HATE TO LEAVE YOU, JACK
DON'T WORRY YOU'LL BE BACK
A SHOW WITHOUT THOSE BIG

BLUE EYES

IS LIKE AN EMPTY PACK

OH THANK YOU SO MUCH.

Fellows.
JACK: Fellows, it's too late..

~~.....~~..Don, it doesn't matter anymore. ~~.....~~..Fellows.

My sponsor isn't on the phone.

JACK: Look fellows, I'm not sure..
Bob Hope
I said ~~no~~ *might* be with them...I'm not sure.
~~.....~~ Don't jump to conclusions.

Jack: Guys! Look, it might not be best. Hope I might be wrong. Don't do it. Don't.

(MORE)

JACK: *Look it*
Fellows, I don't ~~know~~. It might not be Bob Hope. It might be Eddie Cantor.

QUART: A LUCKY IS FRESHER
A LUCKY IS SMOOTHER
NOW'S THE TIME TO BUY A
PACK
FOR REAL SMOKING PLEASURE.
THE SMOKE THAT YOU'LL
TREASURE
IS LUCKY STRIKE AND THAT'S
A FACT
SEE THAT FINE AND LIGHT
TOBACCO
THAT'S A REASON
LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER
TASTING
AND SO PLEASING.
ONE PUFF AND YOU'LL BE
AGREEIN'
LSMFT'ING
NOWS THE TIME TO LIGHT
THAT GOOD OLD LUCKY
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE

JACK: Fellows, I'm not sure ~~who~~
~~Cantor~~. I'm not sure if
it'll be Eddie Cantor.

*Jack: Could be Frank Ramsey.
I don't know.*

*Jack: Tschubert. I don't
know who that is.*

*Jack: Maybe Al Khan and
don't know.*

CB

JACK: *Don*, that was fine, but it's no use..Mr. Lewis wouldn't even talk to me. It's all over...finished.

DON: Well, Jack, it's still not definite.

JACK: Not definite, not definite..What do I have to do, wait for Bob Hope to come in and grab the script out of my hand?..~~wait~~, you can all kid yourselves, I'm calling some of my former sponsors. They'll take me back in a second.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...JIGGLING OF HOOK)

Jack
~~BEA:~~ *Operator.*
Don
JACK: *Don* Gertrude...I have some important calls to make. First I want you to get me Bill Kramer..He's in charge of Jello at General Foods. And then you can also get the General Tire Company and the Canada Dry office.

BEA: What is this, old home week?

JACK: Never mind, just get 'em.

BEA: All right..hold on.

JACK: (SOFT) Boy, will that Bill Kramer be glad to hear I'm available. When I left Jello, he was sick about it.

(SOUND: INNER BUZZ)

BEA: I have Mr. Kramer's office.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP AT OTHER END)

BEA: Go ahead.

JACK: Is this Mr. Kramer?

HY: Yes.

BA

JACK: (CUTE) Well, Jello again, this is Jack Benny talking.

HY: Oh, Jack!...How are you?

JACK: *O* Fine, Bill *for* Tell me ... How are things jelling at Jello
(SILLY LAUGH)

HY: Fine *in* What's on your mind, Jack?

JACK: Well, Bill. I don't know why, but just today I suddenly got to thinking about the wonderful association we used to have. What fun it was getting those great shows out week after week...and how we always got along so well....And you know, Bill, it really is a shame the way I left.

HY: Well, Jack, I didn't mean to kick you, it was just an impulse.

JACK: I know, I know...~~But Bill~~ to come to the point, I think I might be able to arrange it so I can come back to work for you people.

HY: *7/12/21* I'm sorry, Jack, but we're really not thinking along comedy lines these days. We're going in more for a different type of programming..you know, music and concert stuff.

JACK: Well, fine..I do concert work.

HY: You do?

JACK: My violin..I'll come right over and play it for you.

(SOUND: RECEIVER BANGED DOWN AT OTHER END)

JACK: MR. KRAMER! MR. KRAMER!

(SOUND RAPID JIGGLING OF HOOK)

JACK: Gertrude, Gertrude..can you get my party back?

BEA: I don't think so, he pulled the phone out, cord and all.

BA

JACK: Well, that's just great! What kind of a business is this? You don't work for people for years and they don't appreciate it.

BEA: Mr. Benny, I have your call to General Tire.

JACK: Hello, hello.

Shirley
JENNY: General Tire.

JACK: (SWEET) Hellooooo.

Shirley
JENNY: Yes?

JACK: Miss, this is Jack Benny. I'd like to talk to one of my nearest and dearest friends there...Is Mr. Randolph in?

Shirley
JENNY: No, he's not.

JACK: ~~Well, is there any way I can get in touch with him?~~

JENNY: ~~Well, he's been dead for twenty years.~~

JACK: Oh...Well, then could I talk to whoever's in charge of advertising?

Shirley
JENNY: Yes...I'll connect you with Mr. Hotchkiss.

(SOUND: INNER BUZZ)

Shirley
JENNY: Go ahead, sir.

JACK: Hello, Mr. Hotchkiss?

NELSON: YESSSS.

JACK: Mr. Hotchkiss, this is Jack Benny.

NELSON: Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes. I used to work for General Tire.

NELSON: Not since I've been in charge.

JACK: ~~How, well, Mr. Hotchkiss, the reason I called is...well, there's a slight chance a lucky strike might drop us.~~

NELSON: ~~Ser...I'd like to have the short end of the line.~~

BA

JACK: Now let's not be sarcastic, Mr. Hotchkiss. I only called because I thought I'd give General Time a break.

NELSON: In the tire business we wouldn't call that a break, we'd refer to it as a complete blow-out.

JACK: (SARCASTIC) Very funny.

NELSON: I thought you'd get a bang out of that one.

JACK: Now cut that out. Look, Mr. Hotchkiss, listen to me...if you'd hire me, I'm sure I could give you a very good show.

NELSON: Not a chance, Benny, we're putting our entire advertising budget into a much higher class type of show than you do.

JACK: Oh, music and concerts?

NELSON: No, old movies and wrestling. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN AT OTHER END)

JACK: Hmm...of all the nerve. I'll never work for them again.

(SOUND: JIGGLING OF HOOK)

JACK: Gertrude, Gertrude...where's my call to Canada Dry?

BEA: I'm getting it, but it won't do you any good.

JACK: Never mind...just get it.

BEA: But, Mr. Benny --

JACK: Don't argue with me, get my call.

BEA: (RESIGNED) Okay.

(SOUND: INNER BUZZ)

BEA: Go ahead.

JACK: Hello, is this Canada Dry?

NELSON: Yes, Hotchkiss speaking.

JACK: What?

BEA: You wouldn't listen to me.

JACK: Gertrude, you stay out of this... Now let me get this straight, Mr. Hotchkiss. Didn't I just talk to you at General Tire?

NELSON: That's right.

JACK: Then what are you doing at Canada Dry?

NELSON: I got thirsty.

JACK: Oh fine.

NELSON: Anyway, I'm in charge of advertising for both companies.

~~JACK: How about?~~

~~NELSON: ...and if you were thinking of calling Mr. Benson's, save your breath, I handle them, too....~~ Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN AT OTHER END)

JACK: But Mr. Hotchkiss, Mr. Hotchkiss!

(SOUND: JIGGLING OF HOOK)

JACK: Hum...he hung up on me. I wonder who I should try now.

BEA: Shall I call Hollywood 9-⁵²⁶⁴0092.

JACK: Who's that?

BEA: I don't know but you may have better luck with a stranger.

JACK: Never mind.

(SOUND: RECEIVER BANGED DOWN)

JACK: How do you like that. All of a sudden, nobody wants me. Where'll I go...what'll I do..Mary, Don...Dennis...

DENNIS: Don't talk to me, you has been.

BA

JACK: Oh quiet..(MUTTERING) I can't understand it...I've worked so hard..I've been a big hit..~~but~~ suddenly when I'm in my prime, I'm cast aside like an old shoe.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: That's gratitude..After all I've done ~~but~~---

DON: *OK*, Jack...Jack, look who's here..It's your sponsor, Mr. Lewis.

JACK: ..Mr. Lewis?

KEARNS: Hello, Jack.

JACK: (ALMOST TEARFULLY) Mr. Lewis, how could you do this to me? How could you fire me when I've given Luckies the best years of my life?

KEARNS: *W/W* Jack---

JACK: I've done great shows for you..I've sold the product on the air..and in my home, too..I've done everything that could be expected of me.

KEARNS: *W/W* Jack---

JACK: Maybe I made some mistakes..but show business is in my blood. I can't start all over again, I'm thirty-nine already.

KEARNS: Jack---

JACK: But if you wanted a younger man, why didn't you say something..I can be younger, too.

KEARNS: Jack --

JACK: And I'm not even so concerned about the salary..It doesn't have to be so big..just so a little comes in every week...~~and it's you~~ *and it's you*

BA

KEARNS: WILL YOU SHUT UP!!

JACK: Huh?

KEARNS: Jack, you're not being fired.

JACK: I'm not..but the contracts?

KEARNS: Oh, that's just a formality with us, Here they are, I brought them over myself.

JACK: Hmm.. YOU SEE, DON..MARY...DENNIS...~~AND~~ ALL YOU WISE GUYS, I TOLD YOU THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... NOW LET'S GET BACK TO WORK.

KEARNS: Oh, Jack.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Lewis.

KEARNS: Jack, I've got someone here I want you to meet. He's our new head of advertising and from now on you'll be taking orders from him.

JACK: I will?

NELSON: OOOOH, WILL YOU!

JACK: Mr. Hotchkiss..Oh no!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BA

FUTURE OF AMERICA

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, 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 with my guest stars George Burns and Gracie Allen, but first, here's a very important announcement. It deals with the Future of America.

Folks, a "depression psychology" could produce seriously harmful effects, regardless of whether the economic trend is up or down. An appreciation by all Americans of the opportunities created by our nation's growth would stimulate a confidence grounded on the facts needed for action toward a brighter future. So please remember: The facts about America today are the best grounds for confidence in America's tomorrow.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute. But first, here's a word from America's foremost authority on etiquette -- Miss Amy Vanderbilt.

DH

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on at 7 P.M. over the CBS Network with my guest stars George Burns and Gracie Allen, but first, here's a very important announcement. It deals with the Future of America.

Folks, a "depression psychology" could produce seriously harmful effects, regardless of whether the economic trend is up or down. An appreciation by all Americans of the opportunities created by our nation's growth would stimulate a confidence grounded on the facts needed for action toward a brighter future. So please remember: The facts about America today are the best grounds for confidence in America's tomorrow.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute. But first, here's a word from America's foremost authority on etiquette - Miss Amy Vanderbilt.

DH

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON:
(LIVE) Jack will be here in just a minute. But first, here's a word from America's foremost authority on etiquette -- Miss Amy Vanderbilt.

AMY
VANDERBILT:
(SOUND
TRACK) 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 *the* 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:
(LIVE) Amy Vanderbilt is right, friends -- 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 ... next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

(TAG)

-27-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, as I mentioned before, George Burns and Gracie Allen will be on my television show tonight ... and we think it's going to be ^avery --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS .. RECEIVER UP)

JACK: *Excuse me* ✓ Hello... oh, hello, George ... what?...Gracie isn't at the T.V.Studio yet? Well, where is she? You ~~are~~ got to find her....without her, we've got no show. That just leaves you and me.. That's like two Abbotts and no Costello....George..you've got to find her...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: Will Gracie show up on time for the television show? Will she come in late? Is she there now? Tune in and find out.

JACK: Oh, good[!], now we'll get some mystery fans.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0019690

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
- a product of the American Tobacco Company ...
America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

DH

ATX01 0019691

(AS BROADCAST)
PROGRAM #32
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 7, 1954)

DW

ATX01 0019692

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 18, 1954 (Trans. April 7, 1954)
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
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, as a smoker, you know how
vitally important freshness is to your enjoyment of a
cigarette. Well, the makers of Luckies know that too.
That's why every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed --
to keep in the better taste that has made Luckies famous.
Yes, any Lucky smoker will tell you that Luckies taste
better - not only fresher, but cleaner and smoother, too.
That's because fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco
goes into every Lucky. As you know, Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco. And Luckies are definitely made better --
made round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and
smoke evenly. Yes, fine tobacco in a better made cigarette
just naturally adds up to better taste for you. So next
time you buy cigarettes, try a carton of Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

(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 ... IT'S EASTER SUNDAY ... AND IN CITIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE PARADING ... RIGHT NOW IN BEVERLY HILLS JACK IS GETTING READY FOR HIS STROLL DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD AS IS HIS CUSTOM EVERY EASTER ... AT THE MOMENT HE'S TAKING A SHOWER, AND ROCHESTER IS LAYING OUT HIS CLOTHES.

ROCH: ~~MMM~~ MMM, MR. BENNY'S BEEN IN THAT SHOWER A LONG TIME BUT HE ALWAYS STAYS IN THERE PRETTY LONG ... HE'D GET THROUGH SOONER IF HE'D SING IN THE SHOWER LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE INSTEAD OF PLAYING HIS VIOLIN ... BUT IT WAS PRETTY CLEVER THE WAY HE TIED THAT BRUSH ON THE END OF HIS VIOLIN BOW. ... I'LL BET HEIFITZ CAN'T PLAY "LOVE IN BLOOM" AND SCRUB HIS BACK AT THE SAME TIME.

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER ... ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: I'm through with my shower ... hand me my towel.

ROCH: YOUR TOWEL?

JACK: All right, the Statler's ... don't be so technical when I'm freezing.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE ... AND HERE'S YOUR SHORTS.

TK

JACK: Thanks ... Gee, that shower was invigorating. You know, Rochester ... since I've been dieting, I feel like a new man ... I look so much trimmer, don't I?

ROCH: YOU LOOK ABOUT THE SAME TO ME, BOSS.

JACK: Oh, don't be silly. I bet I lost a lot of weight. I'll get on the scale and show you.

(SOUND: STANDING ON SCALE ... PENNY DROPPING ...
GRINDING OF MACHINERY AND CARD COMES OUT)

JACK: Let's see ... here's the card ... Let me see what it says ...
"You would be a financial success if you weren't such a spendthrift."

ROCH: OH, SCALE, COME NOW!

JACK: And here's my weight ... ^{new} Hmm ... ~~one~~ ^{two} hundred and two pounds ... Rochester, this scale is way off.

ROCH: I COULDA TOLD YOU THAT WHEN YOU READ YOUR FORTUNE.

JACK: Never mind ... Let's check this scale ... Rochester, you get on ... see how much you weigh. *will you?*

ROCH: OKAY ... LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT A PENNY ...

(SOUND: JINGLE OF COINS)

ROCH: YEAH, HERE'S ONE.

(SOUND: STANDING ON SCALE ... PENNY DROPPING ...
GRINDING OF MACHINERY AND CARD COMES OUT)

ROCH: WELL, MY WEIGHT IS CORRECT.

JACK: Good ... what does the card say on the other side?

ROCH: LET'S SEE ... "TELL THE PREVIOUS SPENDTHRIFT HE PUT IN A SLUG!"

JACK: Well, it's my scale I can do what I want ...
Now, Rochester, did you lay out my clothes?

TK

ROCH: YES SIR ... YOUR BLUE SUIT IS ON THE BED.

JACK: My blue suit? ... No, I wore that in the Easter Parade last year ... I better wear something else.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Answer the door, Rochester, I'll pick out a suit.

ROCH: (FADING) YES SIR.

JACK: Rochester always tries to make me look so conservative ... This is the Easter Parade ... I should wear something Springy ... Let's see ... what could I -- I know, I'll wear my white suit ... I bet it's as good as the year I put it away.

ROCH: BOSS, MISS LIVINGSTONE IS HERE.

JACK: Oh yes ... she's walking in the Easter Parade with me ... Tell her I'll be right out.

ROCH: OKAY ... WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING ON THAT WHITE SUIT FOR?

JACK: I'm gonna wear it in the parade.

ROCH: BUT ROSS, I THINK THE BLUE ONE WOULD LOOK A LOT --

JACK: Rochester, I'm gonna wear the white suit and that settles it.

ROCH: OKAY OKAY.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Is he ready, Rochester?

ROCH: HE WILL BE IN A FEW MINUTES ... SAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL DRESS YOU'VE GOT ON.

MARY: Well, thank you, Rochester.

JACK: (COMING IN) Hello, Mary ... Happy Easter.

MARY: Happy -- JACK, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WEAR THAT WHITE SUIT.

JACK: Why not, what's wrong with it?

A. TK

MARY: I haven't seen one like that since Admiral Byrd came back from the South Pole.

JACK: What are you talking about?

MARY: Well, if you're going to wear it, ~~at~~ least wipe that tomato soup ^{stein} ~~stein~~ off the lepel ... stein.

JACK: Tomato soup what? ... Well, I've heard everything. Wipe that tomato soup ^{stein} ~~stein~~ ...

MARY: Tomato soup stein off the lepel.

JACK: ^{What} What for? From a distance it'll look like a red carnation ... Come on, Mary, let's go ... See you later, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE, BOSS ... GOODBYE, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: ~~Good~~ Bye, Rochester ... By the way, aren't you going out walking in the Easter Parade?

ROCH: YES, BUT FIRST I'VE GOTTA MAKE A CALL TO A GIRL I HAVE A BLIND DATE WITH. I'VE GOTTA TELL HER ABOUT A CHANGE IN PLANS.

JACK: Change in plans?

ROCH: YEAH, I TOLD HER TO BE ON THE CORNER OF SIXTH AND CENTRAL AND LOOK FOR A MAN WEARING A WHITE SUIT.

JACK: Oh, so that's why ~~you~~ -- Well, wear our blue one, it's your turn to be conservative ... Come on Mary, let's go.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC... "EASTER PARADE")

(SOUND: STREET NOISES ... FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING ON CEMENT BEHIND FOLLOWING.)

MARY: Gee, there are a lot of people out walking on Wilshire Boulevard.

TK

JACK: Yeah ... you know ... this is a wonderful time of the year ...

Don't know
of
There's something in the air ... a spirit of awakening ...
of romance ... ~~It~~ *M*akes me feel so young ... (COY)
and you know what they say, Mary ... in the Spring a young
men's fancy turns to love.

MARY: Give me your hand, Jack.

JACK: Gee, do you feel romantic, too?

MARY: No, we're coming to a curb and I don't want you to fall on
your face.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Jack, look who's coming this way... Isn't that one of the boys
in your Beaver's Club?

JACK: Oh yes *Oh*, It's *little* Joey Hudson.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

Well,
MARY: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Miss Livingstone.

JACK: Hello, Joey.

STUFFY: Hello, Mr. Benny... Hey, dig that crazy carnation.

JACK: See ... I told you, Mary.

MARY: Say, that's a mighty cute rabbit you have there.

STUFFY: Yes ... it's my Easter Bunny ... I'm taking him over to Mr.
Benny's house to feed him.

JACK: To my house to feed him ... why?

STUFFY: My father says you've got more lettuce than anyone in Beverly
Hills.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Goodbye, Joey.

TK

STUFFY: Goodbye, Miss Livingstone ... Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START AND CONTINUE)

JACK: You know, Mary, strolling down the boulevard today reminds me of that picture we saw a few years ago with Judy Garland and Fred Astaire.

MARY: You mean "Easter Parade"?

JACK: Yeah ... that's the one ... Remember at the start of the picture when Fred was walking along Fifth Avenue singing that song and the people answered him ... How did that song go again?

(SHORT INTRODUCTION TO "HAPPY EASTER")

MARY: (SINGS) NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY ... HAPPY EASTER

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY ... HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE
AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP)

TK

JACK: Isn't it nice, Mary, they all answered us, just like they did in the picture.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Say, Mary ... isn't that Bob Crosby and his wife?

MARY: Where?

JACK: Walking on the other side of the street.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: *9/12/22* Hurry up, let's cross the street and join them.

MARY: But Jack, it's the Easter Parade, ^{and} maybe they'd rather walk alone.

JACK: Oh, don't be silly, Mary ... Bob would be insulted if he thought we saw him and didn't say hello.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES)

BOB: Say June ... isn't that Mary Livingstone across the street there?

JUNE: Why, yes ... it does look like Mary ... But I wonder who that is with her.

BOB: Well, I don't know, but from here he looks like Admiral Byrd. ... Say, whoever he is, he's trying to attract our attention ... He's waving his hand.

JUNE: Now he's waving his hat.

BOB: Now he's waving his hair, it's Jack ... I'm amazed that he's this far down ^{the} Wilshire ... He usually never gets past the California Bank.

JUNE: Gee Bob, I hope he doesn't join us.

BOB: *9/12/22* Why?

JUNE: Well, I like Jack, but look at the way he's dressed.

TK

BOB: Well, just keep walking straight ahead ^{and} we'll pretend that we haven't even seen him.

JACK: (SLIGHT PAUSE ... OFF MIKE) Oh, Bob ... Bob.

BOB: Keep walking, honey, there are a lot of Bobs.

JACK: (CLOSER BUT STILL OFF) Oh, Bob ... Bob Crosby.

BOB: Keep walking, ^{honey} there's another Bob Crosby in Encino.

JACK: (STILL CLOSER) Oh, Bing's Brother.

BOB: He's got me.

JACK: ^{Well} Hello, kids.

BOB: Why, Jack Benny of all people, gee, what a pleasant surprise.

JACK: Yeah.

JUNE: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, June ... Say, that's a beautiful outfit you've got on... That mink stole is just exquisite.

JACK: It sure is ... is it new?

JUNE: Oh no ... Bob bought it for me when he was with Campbell's Soup.

JACK: ^{Well} Campbell's Soup?

BOB: You know ... the outfit that made your coronation.

JACK: Oh, oh.

BOB: Well, we better be running along now.

JUNE: Yes, Bob.

JACK: But aren't you going to walk with us?

BOB: Oh gee, we'd love to, Jack, but the kids are home all alone and we ~~are~~ just gotta get back to them ... See you later.

MARY: Happy Easter.

JACK: Happy Easter.

BOB & JUNE: Happy Easter.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

TK

(SHORT INTRO)

BOB: WALKING WITH YOU SIDE BY SIDE ... HAPPY EASTER.

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

BOB: FILLS MY CHEST WITH SO MUCH PRIDE ... HAPPY EASTER

JUNE: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

BOB & JUNE: AND YOU GREET

ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

QUART: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... STREET NOISES UP AND DOWN.)

JACK: It was nice running into Bob and June, *huh?*

MARY: Yes it was.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~, what perfect weather ... Spring ... the skies are clear
... the flowers are blooming ... the sun is shining

Hey, look who's here, my violin teacher.

MEL: Bon Jour, Monsieur Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Well, Professor LeBlanc, this is the third year in a row we've
met in the Easter Parade.

MEL: You I meet ... Heifitz is always on the other side of the
street.

JACK: What's the difference ... we're both violinists.

MEL: Sacre Bleu ... if we were in France, I would challenge you to a
duel.

JACK: Huh?

TK

MEL: Jascha Heifetz. There is a musician ... a man with a heart.. with a soul ... When he plays his violin, I hear birds in the trees ... angels in paradise.

JACK: Well, what does it sound like when I play?

MEL: Riot in Cell Block Eleven.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: ~~Blades, Benny~~ ... Oh, by the way, Professor ... this is Miss Livingstone. She was at the house the last time you gave me a lesson ... Remember?

MEL: How could I forget ... she applied the tourniquet to my wrist.

JACK: Oh yes ... that was such an unfortunate accident.

MEL: Unfortunate, yes ... accident, no.

MARY: Oh Professor, you wouldn't do a thing like that on purpose.

MEL: Mademoiselle ... when I go to give other people lessons ... before I leave the house, I ask myself ... Have I got enough rosin, have I got my violin stand, have I got my music ... When I go to Monsieur Benny's, I ask myself only one question: How am I fixed for Blades.

JACK: Now just a second, Professor Le Blanc. Just what's wrong with my violin playing?

MEL: Oh, ^{Monsieur} ~~Benny~~ Benny.. if you and Kid Gavalan would only learn to use your right hand.

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: Well, I must go now.

JACK: All right, professor ... don't forget my lesson next Thursday and have a nice Easter.

MEL: Goodbye, Monsieur Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS START)

JACK: Mary, I can't understand why he hates to give me violin lessons.

MARY: I can't understand it either. You play beautifully.

JACK: Well, I ^{did} -- Mary, that was sweet ... What made you say that?

MARY: Oh, I don't know, just an impulse ... Yesterday I kicked a cop in the pants.

JACK: ~~Oh, well~~ Sometimes you have to let yourself go ... You know ... Anyway, Mary, we're certainly running into a lot of people we know, aren't we?

MARY: Yeah.

(SHORT INTRO)

JACK: DA DA DA DE DE DA DUM DUM ... HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: YOU'RE SO CUTE IN THAT OLD WHITE SUIT, HAPPY EASTER.

Jack: Hey, that's a nice lyric.
QUART: HAPPY EASTER.

MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE

AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

DON: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

JACK: Well, Don ... Don Wilson!

DON: *Oh*, Hello, Jack ... Hello, Mary.

MARY: Say Don, would you like to walk down Wilshire Boulevard with us?

DON: *Oh*, I'd love to, Mary, but I'm on the other side of the street.

JACK: Oh yes ~~yes~~ ... Lift your stomach, Don, here comes a bus ... See you later ... Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

TK

JACK: (HUMS) DA DA DA DE DE DA DUM DUM DUM..DA DA DE DA...Say,
Mary, have you got a cigarette?

MARY: Oh sure, Jack, I have some right here in my -- Oh gee, I
forgot to put them in my purse.

JACK: Well, here's a drug store, I'll step in and get some.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLY BELL
DOOR CLOSES..FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh Clerk?

BRYAN: (LISP) Yes sir..what can I do for you...razor blades,
shaving cream, Kleenex --

JACK: No no, I'd like to buy some --

BRYAN: Magazines, aspirin, sunglasses, Life Savers --

JACK: No no no, all I want is --

BRYAN: Alka seltzer, Tootsie Rolls, writing paper --

JACK: I can't go into one ~~store~~---Hold it, Hold it, Mister...As
long as you're guessing and playing games...I'll give you a
hint as to what I want...Now what do you do that relaxes
you and gives you pleasure?

BRYAN: I take off my girdle, what do you do? (SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: ^{Well} ~~Well~~..If you must know, I smoke a Wucky--a Lucky Strike.

BRYAN: Well, why didn't you say so..you want a pack of Lucky
Strikes. ^{Well, yes.} Here you are.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

JACK: Goodbye.

BRYAN: Wait a minute...don't go yet.

JACK: Huh?

BRYAN: Aren't you going to open your pack of Luckies here?

JACK: Well...if you want me to..certainly.

(SOUND: PACK OF CIGARETTES BEING OPENED)

JACK: There you are..goodbye.

BRYAN: Not yet, ^{Jack: Oh.} Aren't you going to take out a Lucky and tear it down the center?

JACK: But--

BRYAN: I make all my customers do it.

JACK: Well..Okay.

(SOUND: TEARING OF PAPER ON CIGARETTE)

JACK: There.

BRYAN: See how the tobacco holds together... Luckies are made from long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco. That's why Lucky Strikes are my favorite brand.

JACK: Well, good good..and thank you for showing me..Happy ~~Easter~~.
(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: ~~COUPLE RECEIVES TICKET OPENING LIGHT BARELY~~
~~DOOR~~...DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Jack, did you get the cigarettes?

JACK: Yes, yes...Come on, Mary, let's keep walking.

(SHORT INTRO)

QUART: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY..HAPPY EASTER.

MARY: HAPPY EASTER.

QUART: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY..HAPPY EASTER.

JACK: HAPPY EASTER

MARY: MY OH ME, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE
AS YOU STROLL THE AVENUE

JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET

ARTIE: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.

JACK: Well..Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel..it's nice running into you today.

ARTIE: A mutual pleasure, Mr. Benny..and how are you, Miss
Livingstone?

MARY: Oh, I'm fine, thank you.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you certainly look nice in those striped pants,
cut-away coat and top hat. ^(Little: Thank you) It's just right for Easter.

ARTIE: Oh thank you ^{you know.} but I ~~am~~ also wearing it for sentimental
^{just: Oh.} reasons..This is the suit in what I got married.

JACK: Oh..when you got married. ^{little: yes.} Gee, that must have been about
twenty years ago.

ARTIE: Yes ~~is~~ funny how a little thing like that sticks with
you.

JACK: Yes, yes.

ARTIE: Oh my, I'll never forget that ceremony. When they said,
"If anyone has any objection to this marriage, speak now
or forever hold your peace."

JACK: Yes?

ARTIE: A voice from the back hollered, "Don't marry her."

JACK: Oh my goodness, who was it?

ARTIE: Me, I'm a vantriloquist.

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

ARTIE: Unfortunately.

JACK: Oh...Well, Mr. Kitzel, it was a pleasure running into you on Easter..but we've got to be moving along.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Oh*, You know, Mary, it's always nice running into Mr. Kitzel. He seems so cheerful and -- Hey look, Mary, there's a photographer taking pictures of couples on the street.

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: I'm gonna have him take our picture.

MARY: Oh no, Jack...I'm not going to have a picture taken with you wearing that suit.

JACK: All right..I'll have one taken ~~my~~ myself...Oh Mister... Mister...

NELSON: YESSSSSSS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'd like to...I'd like to have my picture taken.

NELSON: Well, good...Just stand over there, Admiral.

JACK: I'm not Admiral Byrd..Now how would you like me to pose?

NELSON: Well, first I'd better line you up.....There, that does it..Now would you mind rolling your trousers up above the knee.

JACK: Why do you want to see my legs in the picture?

NELSON: No, but the less I get of that suit the better.

JACK: Now wait a minute, I've had enough insults from you.

NELSON: Hold still...I've got you in focus..Now open your mouth and smile.

JACK: Like this?

NELSON: Wider.....Wider.....Wider...

JACK: Why do you want my mouth open so wide?

NELSON: The less I get of that face the better, too.

JACK: Now cut that out.. If you're a photographer, I'm a monkey's uncle.

NELSON: Have a peanut.

JACK: Come on, Mary, I'll get my picture taken some other time.

off camera
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: How a guy like that ^{ever} expects people --

MEL: (WOLF WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack, roll down your pants leg.

JACK: Oh, oh, ^{Shit!} Well, come on, Mary, we'll walk as far as LaBrea. *Sub?*
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

SHELDON: ~~My~~ Bud...Bud.
JACK: Huh?
SHELDON: Come here a minute.
JACK: Me?
SHELDON: Yeah.
JACK: Excuse me, Mary...Yes?
SHELDON: What you doin'?
JACK: We're just strolling along in the Easter Parade.
SHELDON: How far you goin'?
JACK: To La Brea.
SHELDON: That's fine.
JACK: What?
SHELDON: You said you was going to LaBrea and I said, "That's Fino."
JACK: *Will* Wait a minute...aren't you gonna try to talk me out of it?
SHELDON: Not me, this is my day off.
JACK: Oh...oh.
SHELDON: Well, Happy Easter.
JACK: Well, same to you...same to you...Come on, Mary.
MARY: What happened?
JACK: Nothing, it's all right, we can go to LaBrea...Come on.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

(SHORT INTRO)

MARY: NEVER SAW SUCH A LOVELY DAY...HAPPY EASTER.
QUART: (WHISTLES "HAPPY EASTER")
MARY: IT'S SUCH FUN JUST TO NOD AND SAY...HAPPY EASTER.
QUART: (WHISTLES "HAPPY EASTER...CONTINUES WHISTLING RELEASE)
JACK: AND YOU GREET ALL THE FRIENDS YOU MEET
DENNIS: HAPPY EASTER TO YOU.
JACK: DENNIS!
(APPLAUSE)
MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: *Hey*, Dennis, are you having a nice Easter?

DENNIS: Oh sure...I colored Easter Eggs all morning and then I hid them.

JACK: Oh huh.

DENNIS: And then I told my mother to go look for them.

MARY: *Aw*, That must've been fun.

DENNIS: *Oh*, No, it was a mess..The eggs splattered all over my mother's new dress, her two nightgowns and six of my father's shirts.

MARY: *Wh*, Dennis, where did you hide the eggs?

DENNIS: In the washing machine.

JACK: In the washing machine?

DENNIS: *Yes*, it was awful.

JACK: Dennis..I don't understand this...colored Easter Eggs shouldn't splatter...How long did you boil them?

DENNIS:OHHHHH, BOIL THEM!

JACK: ~~Mary, you take him, will you, I'm stuck up from that photographer.~~

MARY: (~~LAUGHING~~) Dennis, Jack and I are walking down as far as LaBrea..would you like to join us?

DENNIS: Sure, I'm not stuck up.

JACK: Well, that's mighty decent of you.

(OUT REST OF PAGE 21 TO NEAR BOTTOM OF PAGE 22--1952)

MARY:Say, Dennis, while we're walking along, why don't
you sing something?

DENNIS: Well, do you think it would be all right..I mean here
on the street?

MARY: *Well* Sure...everybody feels good today...It's Easter, they're
all singing.

DENNIS: Okay.

(DENNIS SINGS "EASTER PARADE")

(FOREST FIRES) # 2

Don:

~~Don:~~

Ladies and gentlemen, one tiny burning ember from a camp fire ... a lighted and discarded match or cigarette left to smolder or thrown from a car window can cause a frightfully destructive forest fire. So help prevent forest fires that destroy millions of acres of timberland.. .. cripple watersheds ... and blast our natural resources that are so urgently needed. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires!

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, a word from the sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

DH

ATX01 0019713

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 18, 1954 (Trans. April 7, 1954)
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, a word from the sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: (E.T.) 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 -- LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. Made round, and 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 ~~can~~ ^{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!

(TAG)

-22-

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

ROCH: IS THAT YOU, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, Rochester, I'm back.

ROCH: HOW WAS THE EASTER PARADE?

JACK: Oh, wonderful, ~~Rochester~~, wonderful. Everybody was dressed so nice. I ran into so many people I know..
~~at~~ You know, I walked so far my feet hurt.

ROCH: THEY DO?

JACK: Yes.. I think I'll soak them in some hot water.
Bring me that big pan in the kitchen.

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BOSS, BUT SOMEBODY ELSE IS ALREADY USING THAT PAN.

JACK: Who?

ROCH: THE SOUND MAN, HIS FEET HURT WORSE THAN YOURS.

JACK: Oh yes... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0019715

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.

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

DH

ATX01 0019716

ATK01 0019212

WA

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 15, 1954)

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

PROGRAM #33
REVISED SCRIPT
"L. Brubaker"

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. Say, if you like poetry,
here's something that may give you a little chuckle.

Listen:

I like the cigarette I smoke

(A statement free from bunk or hoke)

There is no reason for it, brother,

Except I don't like any other!

That's straight from the typewriter of H. I. Phillips -
the noted syndicated columnist. It's part of a statement
that Mr. Phillips made regarding the cigarette he smokes -
Lucky Strike. In another part of the statement he said -
"Long ago I found Luckies had the taste that suited me and
I've stuck to them through the years.

(MORE)

BR

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: I smoke Lucky Strike for enjoyment and relaxation." End of quote. Yes indeed, the word-enjoyment -that's the main thing you smoke for. Well, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is...Luckies taste better. They just have to because they're made of fine tobacco and they're made better. For quite some time now we've been asking smokers to be Happy-Go Lucky. If you haven't tried Luckies why not take care of that next time you buy cigarettes. Believe me, Luckies do taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

(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...LET'S GO BACK TO SATURDAY NOON...
THE CAST OF THE JACK BENNY SHOW HAS JUST COMPLETED
REHEARSAL AND ~~AS IS THEIR CUSTOM, THEY~~ ARE NOW WALKING
TO THE CORNER DRUGSTORE FOR A LIGHT LUNCH....

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND STREET NOISES..AUTO

HORNS..FADE TO B.G...ALSO FOOTSTEPS)

I thought
BOB: ~~Bob,~~ Jack, the rehearsal went well.

JACK: Yes, Bob, it sounds like a real funny show.

DENNIS: Yeah, funny.

JACK: And remember, fellows, next week's rehearsal has been
changed to Friday.

Oh gee, that's
BOB: *1* That's too bad.

JACK: What's the matter, Bob?

BOB: Well, I made an appointment to go up to Pebble Beach and
play golf with my brother Bing.

DENNIS: Bing who?

BOB: Bing Crosby.

DENNIS: Name dropper.

JACK: Dennis, please..Bob, you can miss rehearsal.

~~BOB: Good, then I'll probably stay over night at Bing's house.~~

~~DON: Bob, has he got a house at Pebble Beach?~~

WA

ATX01 0019720

BOB: Uh huh...he's also got one here in town, one at Elko, Nevada, one at Hayden Lake, Idaho, and one at Palm Springs.

JACK: Gosh, five of them.

BOB: Yeah, when Bing sings "Come Onna My House," you don't know which direction to go.

JACK: I can imagine...All right, kids, let's wait for the light to change before we cross the street...And Dennis,

why don't you--wait a minute, where is Dennis, he was just walking next to me.

BOB: There he is, Jack...about ten feet behind us.

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes, must he step on every crack.. Dennis, come here.

DENNIS: (A LITTLE OFF) Yes, sir.

DON: Sey, I'm tired of waiting. I'm going to cross.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: *By*, Don, the light's against you.

DON: *Oh*, I don't care.

JACK: But Don..here comes a big truck.

DON: He'll just have to take his chances like everybody else.

JACK: Well, that's ~~W~~---ch-oh, the light's changed.

DON: Come on, kids, let's cross.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TERRIFIC CRUNCH OF METAL)

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake...Don, if I told you once, I told you a hundred times..stop stepping on those MB's...*9/21 - see them*
~~I~~
Not funny. Now come on, let's all go in the drug store.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..BELL TINKLES)

WA

DON: Hey, fellows, here's a vacant table over here.

BOB: *Jim* Right with you, Don.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS
AND PEOPLE SITTING)

JACK: *Yeah. That's fine.*
~~See~~...where's the waitress..Oh, there she is...I'll
call her...(UP) Oh Miss..Miss...

IRIS: Whedde ye went, Mac?

JACK: We'd like to ~~order~~ *we'd like to order*...can we have some menus?

IRIS: We ein't got no menus.

JACK: Then how do we know what you're serving?

IRIS: It's peinted on the window, outside.

JACK: You mean...bedore I can order something to eat, I have
to walk all the way outside?

IRIS: Yesh, and if you're smart, you'll keep walking.

JACK: Hmmm.

BOB: Well, I don't need a menu...ell I went is a swiss cheese
sandwich and a gless of milk.

JACK: *Yeah* I'll have a chicken sandwich and coffee.

DENNIS: Now let's see...what do I want *Oh*, Miss, does this month
have an "R" in it?

IRIS: *Yeah.*

~~DENNIS: Good, I'll have a raspberry melted milk.~~

~~JACK: Dennis, that's the most stupid thing I ever heard of...
the only reason you ask if a month has an "R" in it is
so you can order oysters.~~

DENNIS: Okey...I'll have an oyster melted milk.

JACK: ~~Hum~~

IRIS: ~~Am you got melted milk?~~

JACK: Go ahead, Miss...bring the order.

IRIS: You mean you're going to let him eat that?

JACK: Certainly, it may make him sick..Now go ahead.

IRIS: Okay, I'll be right back with your food.

DON: *Why*, Wait a minute, Miss, you forgot to take my order.

IRIS: Oh yesh...what'll you have, Cinemascope?

DON: ~~Why~~, Now wait a minute, Miss...Why is it ~~that~~ every time I come in here you make remarks about my being fat?

IRIS: Because you are fat.

DON: Well, you can forget it once in a while...*I* imagine you've seen fatter people than me.

IRIS: Yesh, but I had to buy a ticket.

JACK: Don, why don't you order and stop being so sensitive.

DON: *Oh*, Okay. *Miss* I'll have a hot roast beef sandwich and mashed potatoes.

IRIS: I'll be right back.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Don, I wouldn't argue with that girl if I were you.. She's not just a waitress...*you know*...she's in pictures, too.... Her last picture was "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"... she was the gentlemen...played it well, *too*.

DON: Say, fellows, while we're waiting, I'm going over to the drug counter.

DENNIS: *D* I'll go with you, Don...I ~~want~~ *got* to get some stuff, too.

(SOUND: SCRAPING CHAIR..DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

WA

JACK: Say Bob, I'm kind of glad we're alone for a second...I want to talk to you privately.

BOB: *Well*, What about?

JACK: Well, during rehearsal I noticed you bowling ^{Frankie} Remley out. ^{Now} What did he do this time?

BOB: Aw, Frankie really aggravates me, Jack...The way he throws his money around...he never saves anything.

JACK: Gee, I didn't know that.

BOB: Yeah, if it weren't for me, he wouldn't have the necessities of life...like room, board, and bail.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame...hasn't Frankie put anything aside for a rainy day?

BOB: Not a dime...That's why last week I secretly took out a life insurance policy on him, and ^{d.} didn't tell him a thing about it.

JACK: On Remley...you mean you forged his "X"?.. Is that legal?

BOB: *Well, certainly* ~~Yes~~, I can do that...it's in our contract.

JACK: Oh...well, that was nice of you...what kind of a policy did you take out on Frankie?

BOB: *Well* I've insured him against sickness, accident, and the electric chair.

JACK: ~~The electric chair!~~ You're kidding.

BOB: *Oh*, I've got the same policy on all the boys in the band.

JACK: *Really? All the boys in the band are insured against the electric chair?*

WA

BOB: Yeah..you know, Jack, Sammy the Drummer isn't really bald, he just ~~isn't~~ ready.

JACK: Well, what do you know....Gee, I wonder if I could get a policy for my writers...Oh, well...oh, Don, did you get what you wanted?

DON: Yeah/ Jack.

BOB: *Hey,* You're just in time...Here comes the girl with the food.

IRIS: Here's your grub, boys... Chicken sandwich...cheese sandwichHot roast beef sandwich and potatoes. and an oyster Malted Milk

DENNIS: Oh, boy. I hope there's a pearl in it.

JACK: Be quiet.

DON: Oh, waitress?

IRIS: Yeah?

DON: Shouldn't there be some gravy on these meshed potatoes?

IRIS: There was, but after three days it soaks in.

JACK: Don, don't start anything. Let's just eat what we've got, *if we can eat now.*

DON: Okey.

JACK: Say, I'd like a little music while we're having lunch.. Miss, if I gave you a dime, would you put it in the juke-box?

IRIS: If you gave me a dime, I'd do a floor show myself.

WA

JACK: ~~Never mind.~~ *all right. All right.*

DENNIS: I'll go pick out a number, *Mr. Benny.*

(SOUND: CHAIR PUSHED BACK...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey, Dennis, see if you can find a Bing Crosby record.

DENNIS: Why should I help him, he's got five homes already.

JACK: All right, play one of your own records.

DENNIS: Okay. *Here's one.*

(SOUND: DIME IN SLOT)

(DENNIS SONG -- "WANTED")

(APPLAUSE)

WA

JACK: Dennis, that's a real good record.

DENNIS: ~~Thank you.~~ *Thank you.*

JACK: By the way, kid, I've never asked this before...but when you record a song, how much do they pay you?

DENNIS: Three cents for every record they sell.

BOB: ~~That~~ *By that* doesn't sound like much, does it, Jack?

JACK: No, but when you consider that there are a hundred and sixty million people in the United States...and if each one of them bought Dennis's record, he'd make--let's see... three times a hundred and sixty-million..(MUMBLES)..(THEN AMAZED) Why Dennis, you'd make nearly five million dollars.

DENNIS: If this is a buildup to stick me with the lunch check, you're wasting your time.

JACK: I'm not trying to stick you with anything...I just wanted to point out how much money it's possible for you to make on one record.

DENNIS: If I had five million dollars, I'd leave you so fast it would make your head spin.

JACK: Look, Dennis...let me tell you something....If you aren't happy working on my program, you're perfectly free to leave...I can get along very well without you.

DENNIS: Now yes, but wait till next St.Patrick's Day.

JACK: St. Patrick's Day?

DENNIS: You're going to look silly singing "Ireland Must Be Heaven Because My Mother Came From There."

JACK: Dennis, why don't you keep quiet.

DH

BOB: *Hey*, Let's get the check and get out of here, *huh?*

DON: Yeah, here comes the waitress now.

IRIS: Are you clowns through stuffing yourselves?

JACK: Hum...Miss ^{*Miss*} I'll take the check.

~~IRIS: Look, Mac, why don't you let someone else take it instead of you...I'm supposed to get off at five o'clock today.~~

~~JACK: What's that got to do with the check?~~

~~IRIS: I don't want to hang around while you keep adding it over and over.~~

~~JACK: Look --~~

~~IRIS: Last time I was stuck till your accountant got here.~~

~~JACK: Never mind, just give me the check.~~

IRIS: Here you are.

JACK: Now let's see...Okay, here...this takes care of the bill... and this is a tip for you.

IRIS: Oh boy, a quarter, now I've got a chance with Rubirosa.

JACK: ~~*How come you and my date come in this day attire?*~~ Hum, Come on, fellows, let's go, *uh?*

DENNIS: Yeah, it's getting late, and I want to go to a movie tonight.

JACK: ~~*Mac*~~ Wait a minute, Dennis...I've got a better idea...Why don't you all come over to my house and we'll play some four-handed gin rummy.

BOB: *Hey*, Yeah, let's do that.

DENNIS: Okay.

DON: I'm sorry, fellows, I can't make it...Tonight's the night I ----- Well, I just can't make it.

DH

JACK: Tonight's the night you what, Don?

DON: Aw, I'd rather not tell you ^{huh...}...You'd ~~just~~ think I'm being silly.

JACK: No we won't, Don...what is it?

DON: *Will* Tonight I'm visiting a medium...we're holding a seance.

JACK: Don, you're kidding ^{a seance!}...you don't believe in things like that, do you?

DON: *Will sure* ~~oh yes~~, I do....I've been there several times before...
In fact, last time I went, the medium put me in a trance.

BOB: A real trance, Don?

DON: Yes...She whispered several mystic words...used a little hypnotism...then everything went black...and my spirit flew out of my body.

JACK: Not flew, Don...waddled...Believe me.

DON: See, JACK, I knew you'd kid me.

DENNIS: Well, I believe in it...In fact, my mother used to be a medium.

JACK: Your mother?

DENNIS: Yes...and she's still good at it. Just last night she put my father in a trance.

JACK: Dennis, there's a difference between hypnotism and a left hook...But Don, do you really believe in things like this?

BOB: *Will*, I don't know why you're so amazed, Jack...a lot of people do. I do, too.

JACK: Oh...well, look, fellows...if you all seem to believe in it, I've a good idea...Instead of playing cards at my house tonight...let's have a seance ~~instead~~.

DH

DON: *Okay, that's* Fine, I'll bring the medium.

JACK: *Alright* ~~Okay~~, boys, I'll see you all at my house at eight o'clock.

BOB: Can I give you a lift home, JACK?

JACK: No, it's such a nice day, I'm going to walk.

(WALKING TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...LIGHT STREET NOISES...FADE TO B.G....BUT AS JACK WALKS, WE HEAR LOUD FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Gee, it's quite a walk all the way from the studio...But I'm nearly home...There's the sign, "You Are Now Entering Beverly Hills."...

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT...THEN COMPLETE SILENCE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.)

JACK:Gee, these rugs on the sidewalks are nice...I think Howard Hughes lives around here...Oh, yes, there's his house...Gosh, his yard looks beautiful...(SNIFFS) Ahhh, and it smells good, too....I wonder why it smells so -- Oh yes, now I remember...he waters his lawn with My Sin....Gosh, Beverly Hills must have the classiest residential district in the whole --

(PIANO PLAYS FEW BARS OF PIANO CONCERTO)

JACK: There goes the Good Humor Man...His three most popular flavors in Beverly Hills are Strawberry, Vanilla, and Caviar...Well, I better get home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS...JINGLING OF KEYS... KEY IN LOCK...DOOR OPENS)

DH

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

JACK: Yes, Rochester....where are you?

ROCH: RIGHT HERE IN THE KITCHEN....I'M TURNING THE CLOCK AHEAD AN HOUR.

JACK: Oh yes...it's Daylight Savings Time....You know, I like Daylight Savings Time.

ROCH: WELL IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: SINCE I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR YOU, I'M A DAWN TO DUSK MAN.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, stop complaining. You don't work so hard.

ROCH: I DON'T ~~WANT~~, I' ~~VE~~ GOT HOUSEMAID'S KNEE CLEAR UP TO THE HIP:

JACK: ~~Well~~, *Look*, Rochester, if you think ~~you're~~ ^{that} --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Don, it's not eight o'clock yet. What're you doing here so early?

DON: Well, Jack, right after I left you, I ran into the Sportsmen Quartet and they have a number they want to do on your show and it needs a good rehearsal.

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

DON: In ~~the~~ ^{the} number you play your violin.

JACK: ^{my mis} Oh, well, good, good.

DH

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DON: ~~Some on in, fellows.~~

QUART: ~~(MURMUR)~~

JACK: Rochester, where's my violin?

ROCH: IN THE CASE

JACK: Well, where's the case?

ROCH: IN THE UMBRELLA STAND.

JACK: Oh yes...that's the silliest thing I ever -- Rochester, why would you put my violin case next to an umbrella?

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN YOU OPEN EITHER OF THEM IN THE HOUSE, IT'S BAD LUCK.

JACK: Never mind. ..All right, Don, I'll be ready in a minute...

What number am I going to play with the Quartet?

DON: "The Sabre Dance"^{with the}... ~~Here's your music.~~ *yes, here's your music.*

JACK: ~~Good, goodwait till I tune up....~~

~~(MURMUR)~~

Okay...take it, fellows.

QUART: YOU ~~NEVER~~ HEARD US SING ABOUT 'EM
YOU SHOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT 'EM
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER BUY LUCKIES
BETTER TRY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES
IT'S THE CIGARETTE THAT YOU WILL LIKE

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU'D BETTER HURRY HURRY
YOU DON'T WANT US ALL TO WORRY
HURRY UP ~~AND~~ BUY THEM
HURRY UP ~~AND~~ TRY THEM
LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MISSING
LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MISSING
HURRY UP AND TRY A LUCKY STRIKE

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU WILL ENJOY THEM IT'S TRUE
LUCKIES TASTE BETTER, YES REALLY THEY DO
THIS IS A SMOOTHER SMOKE
SURE TO PLEASE PARTICULAR FOLKS
LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF THAT FINE
AND THAT LIGHT ~~AND~~ MILD TOBACCO

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING
IF YOU'VE NOT BEEN SMOKING THIS UN'
HURRY UP NOW AND BUY A CARTON
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO START ON
YOU WON'T GET A BETTER CIGARETTE.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

BR

QUART: WE KNOW YOU WILL LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE

LSSS MFFF, LSSS MFFF

LSMF LSMFT

JACK: (VIOLIN) *Quartet: FT*

QUART: OH LSSSSS, MFFFFFFF

LSSS MFFF, LSSS MFFF

LUCKY STRIKE'S THE ONLY SMOKE FOR ME

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: NOW BEFORE WE FINISH THERE IS ONE MORE THING

TO SAY AND THIS IS IT

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: DON'T YOU THINK THAT BENNY

HAS IMPROVED HIS FIDDLE PLAYING QUITE A BIT

(APPLAUSE)

BR

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

See I had a lot to do
JACK: Don, that was swell. You know, I like to do that kind of a number where I have a chance to play my violin... And, I'll ^{sell} bet it sells Lucky Strikes, too.

DON: Oh, it does, Jack, it does.

JACK: You know something, Don.. a lot of people think I can't play the violin because I kid a lot... But I have good technique... nice tone.... and as a matter of fact, I consider myself quite an accomplished musician.

ROCH: I'D LIKE TO GO ON EDWARD R. MURROW'S PROGRAM AND ANSWER THAT.

~~JACK: Rochester, just put my violin back in the umbrella stand and be quiet.~~

DON: Well, Jack, the Sportsmen and I have to run along. I'll see you at eight o'clock.

JACK: Oh yes... eight o'clock. *Don't forget to bring the medicine.*

DON: ^{oh wait} So long. *We're going to have our session.*

JACK: So long, Don.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

~~JACK: Rochester, I'm expecting the gang over after dinner. See that everything is fixed up in the living room.~~

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC DENOTING PASSAGE OF TIME)

JACK: Well, Don, we're all here, and the medium hasn't arrived yet.

DON: Don't worry, she'll be here soon, Jack.

BOB: *Hey* By the way, what's her name, Don?

DON: Madame Zimba.

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DENNIS: Gee, that's a silly name.

JACK: What's silly about it...and listen, Dennis...a seance is a very serious thing...so I don't want you doing anything stupid.

DENNIS: Oh, I won't...^{and} I'm very glad to be here...And I hope Madame Zimba can contact Sherlock Holmes.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: I want to find out who stole the ding dong.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis...Young In Head...Listen to me...I don't want you --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

DON: *Oh* That must be Madame Zimba now.

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good evening.

ELVIA: (MYSTERIOUS VOICE) Good evening...I am Madame Zimba.

JACK: *My... Come in, we're expecting you.*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Madame Zimba, my name is Jack Benny.

ELVIA: Don't tell me...Mortal names are of no importance..In you I see the seventh son of a seventh son of a seventh son.

JACK: Gee.. Well, the others are waiting in the library.... Follow me, Madame Zimba.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Oh... Follows... Follows* ... Follows, this is Madame Zimba.

DON, BOB
& DENNIS: (AD LIB HELLO)

JACK: Well, shall we ~~get~~ ^{go} on with the seance?

ELVIA: Yes, and let me say that the signs auger well for this evening...Tonight a small comet will cross the earth's orbit...this is fortunate.

BOB: *well*, Are comets good for seances?

ELVIA: Yes..in fact, when the tremendous Haley's comet passes close to the earth, seances are at their best.

DON: But that only happens about once a century.

JACK: That's right, *you know*, the last time it was visible from the earth was in 1910.

ELVIA: Oh..Did you see Haley's comet, Mr. Benny?

DENNIS: Twice.

JACK: Dennis...keep quiet.

(SOUND: CHINESE GONG)

JACK: What's that?

ELVIA: I am ready...it's time to start...Now everybody sit down: *all*
must ~~circle~~ circle and hold hands.

JACK: Come on, fellows, *come on...lets* let's do it.

(SOUND: SCHUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

ELVIA: And now I repeat the mystic incantation and then we--wait a minute.

JACK: What's wrong?

ELVIA: There are only five of us here...To contact the spirits of the dead I need a secret circle of six.

DON: Gee..what are we going to do?

JACK: *Y* Oh, I know who to get...(CALLS) OH, ROCHESTER..ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Rochester, we're holding a seance but we need six people before we can contact the spirits..so you're going to join us.

ROCH: WHO, ME??????

JACK: Yes, you... Look, Rochester...if you're afraid , you don't have to be..a seance is a perfectly normal experience.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: People have seances every night ~~where~~ they contact the dead.

ROCH: HU HUH.

JACK: Now sit down and join us..wouldn't you like to talk to the spirits?

ROCH: NOT UNTIL I'M ONE OF 'EM.

JACK: Madame Zimba, maybe you can convince him.

ELWIA: I'll try...Look, there's nothing to be afraid of.

ROCH: UH HUH.

ELWIA: And it will be an interesting experience...You'll meet the spirits of so many famous people who have passed on.

ROCH: LADY, I DON'T WANT TO MEET NOBODY I CAN'T SHAKE HANDS WITH.

JACK: Rochester, stop ~~being silly~~ ^{worship} and sit down..~~What is he saying~~ ~~not even contact any spirits tonight.~~

~~ROCH: OKAY, BUT IF WE DO, GET OUT OF MY WAY, THE SOUND BARRIER'S GONNA TAKE ANOTHER BEATING.~~

JACK: ~~Good,~~ ^{File} How let's start. I'll put out the lights.
(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: *Here* There we are. Proceed, Madame Zimba.

ELVIA: Oh, spirits..we are ready.

(SOUND: CHINESE GONG)

ELVIA: (MYSTERIOUS QUIVERING VOICE) Oh Spirits of the nether world..wherever you are..whatever you are doing..I, Madame Zimba command your presence.

(SOUND: GONG)

ELVIA: Now, we mortals will sit in complete silence and wait.

(AFTER ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE SECONDS OF SILENCE) Look..

look.. I think we've contacted the spirit world..There's something white coming in through the window.

ROCH: I'LL ^{go} FIX YOU A SANDWICH, BOSS.

JACK: Sit down.

ELVIA: Yes, you are breaking the mood...(UP AND MYSTERIOUS) Oh, Spirits, come in...come through the great cosmos..through the unknown..and visit with us...Quiet, everybody..I've made a contact...Come in.

MEL: (ON ECHO MIKE) I am here with a message.

JACK: Who is it, who is it?

ELVIA: It's not for you..

ROCH: IF IT'S FOR ME, TELL HIM TO SLIP IT UNDER THE DOOR.

JACK: Rochester, sit down.

ELVIA: It's not for you, either.. I have contacted the spirit of Dennis Day's great-grandfather.

DENNIS: Gee.

MEL: (ECHO) Dennis, ~~my~~ boy, I've been watching you all your life, and I've waited all these years to contact you.. Come closer to me, ^{me} ~~us~~ boy.

DENNIS: Okay.

MEL: A little closer.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

MEL: A little closer.

DENNIS: Here I am.

(SOUND: SLAP)

DENNIS: Ouch!

JACK: How can a ghost do that?

ELVIA: There's no explanation to the mysteries of the outer world.... Wait a minute, I ^{have} made another contact... it's a famous spirit... one who ~~has~~ been trying to speak to you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Me?

ELVIA: Yes.. It's the spirit of Diamond Jim Brady.

JACK: Gosh.. Diamond Jim Brady!

(SOUND: GONG)

HY: (ON ECHO MIKE) Jack Benny..I want to talk to you..
Jack Benny.

JACK: I'm here, Jim.

HY: Jack, I've been watching over you for many years, and you've been a big disappointment to me..You've gone against all the things I've stood for.

DENNIS: Slap him. *what*

JACK: Dennis, be quiet.. What were you saying, Jim?

HY: You've amassed a great share of worldly goods, and yet you persist with your penny-pinching ways.

JACK: But --

HY: No buts..why don't you live a little...spend, spend, spend...be like I was....I spent my money lavishly.. Whenever I walked into a night club or restaurant, I'd pick up every check in the place...I had fun.

JACK: That's fun?....I never ^{I never} thought of it that way.

HY: Well, think, man, think....and believe me when I tell you, Jack Benny...you should spend because you can't take it with you.

JACK: Are you sure?

HY: None of us were able to, but the odds up here are ten to one you'll find a way.

JACK: ^{Look} Look, Mr. Brady...

HY: I must leave now..but remember my advice..spend, spend, spend. (FADING) Spend.. spend.. ~~spend~~.

(SOUND: GONG)

ELVIA: ^{Doc} The seance is over.

DON: Well, what did you think of it, Jack?

JACK: It's amazing.. absolutely amazing.. And you wanta know something, fellows.. It made me see the light.. I'm gonna change my ways.. starting immediately everybody on my show will get a raise..and Rochester, you're getting one, too.

ROCH: GEE, THANKS, BOSS.

JACK: In fact, I'm going to the next room and phone my business manager and tell him about all your raises right now.. Excuse me.

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

ELVIA: (STRAIGHT VOICE) Well, how did it go, Mr. Wilson?

DON: *Fine* Fine, you were perfect. You did a great job of acting.

BOB: *Well* I thought we all played our parts great.

DENNIS: Who was the smart aleck that slapped me?

ELVIA: *Oh* It doesn't make any difference. Everyone acted great.. especially you, Rochester..the way you pretended to be scared.

ROCH: (SMILING) WASN'T I GOOD?

DON: You certainly were. *That* ~~That~~ was a wonderful idea..we finally got Jack to loosen up.

~~ROCH: YEAH, BUT IT TOOK A GHOST TO DO IT.~~

~~BOB: Well, it doesn't matter as long as we're going to get more money?~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, fellows, it's all fixed.

DON: Did you talk to your business manager?

JACK: I sure did.. He also manages the man who played the ghost ~~and~~ *so* none of you are getting raises...Better luck next time, *fellas!*

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

(HOME FIRES) #3

DON: Ladies and gentlemen -- one of our greatest national hazards is fire ... fire that destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives each year. Don't let your home be a fire trap! Make certain all electrical appliances are in order. Don't smoke in bed ... Be careful with inflammables. 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....

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: You know, friends, like so many of the best things in life,
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And as many
millions of smokers have discovered for themselves, the
fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
Fresher, Smoother. Sure they do -- for two mighty good
reasons. The first one is that Luckies are made of fine,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Practically the
whole world knows - LS/MFT Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
And then, Luckies are made better to taste better. Put
the two together -- fine tobacco in a better cigarette -
and you just naturally get better taste! So friends, why
don't you and Luckies get together real soon? Be Happy --
Go Lucky. Go out and buy a carton. You'll find out --
Luckies honestly do taste better.

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be Happy - Go Lucky
(LONG
CLOSE) Get Better Taste today!

BR

(TAG)

-24-

JACK: You know, Rochester, even though you fellows all framed this seence, it was kind of interesting at that.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS. YOU'RE NOT MAD THAT WE TRICKED YOU, ARE YOU?

JACK: No, no, not at all.

ROCH: YOU MEAN IT, BOSS?

JACK: Rochester, I ^{rather} enjoyed it.

ROCH: WHY?

JACK: I was the one that slapped, Dennis...Goodnight, folks,

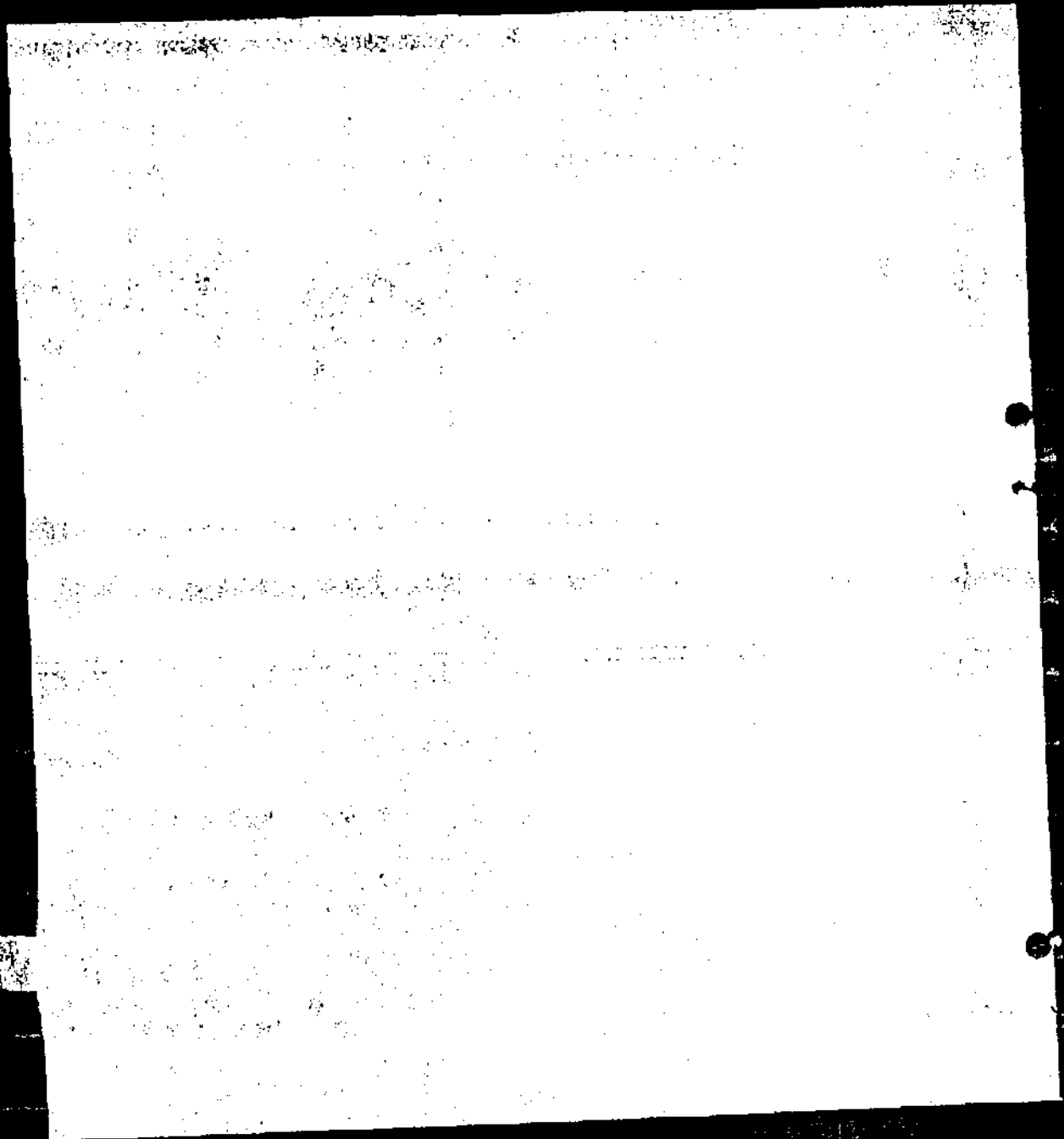
(APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny ~~show~~^{program} was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackeberry, Hal Goldman, ~~A. Gordon~~^{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.

BR

ATX01 0019745



ATX01 0019747

WA

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 21, 1954)

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM EDT

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

PROGRAM #34
REVISED SCRIPT
"Cotyledon"

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luskies 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. Common sense will tell you, friends,
that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the
fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
Fresher, Smoother. And why not? It's known the world
over that LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco--
fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And then,
Luckies are made better to taste better. Constant checks
of quality made during Luckies' manufacture, mean that
you enjoy all the better taste of Luckies' fine tobacco.
For example, the moisture content of the tobacco is
carefully maintained in every phase of manufacture.

(MORE)

DH

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 2, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 21, 1954)

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Checked to make sure every Lucky you light is not too
(CONT'D) moist and not too dry, but just right to draw freely,
 smoke evenly and naturally taste better. So, if you
 want to Be Happy with the taste of your cigarette -
 Go Lucky! Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
 Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

DH

ATX01 0019749

(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 DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION PROGRAM WITH HIS GUEST STAR, DAVID NIVEN.... MEANWHILE WE HAVE A RADIO SHOW TO DO...SO WE BRING YOU A MAN WHOSE NAME FOR YEARS HAS BEEN THE EPITOME OF SHOW BUSINESS...A MAN WHO WENT FROM WAUKEGAN TO VAUDEVILLE...

MARY: FROM VAUDEVILLE TO PICTURES..

BOB: FROM PICTURES TO RADIO...

MARY: FROM RADIO TO TELEVISION...

DON: AND NOW, SINCE HE HAS NO PLACE ELSE TO GO, WOULD YOU PLEASE LET HIM COME INTO YOUR HOME FOR JUST A HALF HOUR?...THANK YOU, AND HERE HE IS....JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Thank you* Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking .. And kids, you're absolutely right..I have been in show business a long time. Why I was playing the Palace Theatre in New York before --

MARY: Jack, don't start reminiscing.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary...but when I think back over my career, I get carried away. It was such a wonderful era. I saw so many great performers.

DENNIS: You must have been nuts about John Wilkes Booth.

JACK: Oh stop it, Dennis...John Wilkes Booth lived in the 1860's.

DH

DENNIS: I thought he won the Academy Award last year.
 JACK: That was Shirley Booth. Now go sit down... Now let's see... where was I?
 MARY: Chapter Two in "This Is Your Life."
 JACK: Mary, there's nothing wrong with discussing my career. People are interested.

DON: That's right. There aren't many performers who've been in the public eye as long as Jack.

JACK: Certainly.. Let's face it.. I'm a popular star. *I mean,* Everybody knows me.

MARY: Oh sure. *●* Couple of months ago you were on "What's My Line" and nobody guessed who you were.

DON: Oh, was Jack the Mystery Guest?

MARY: No, they were looking right at him.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: When you walked past the panel, they thought you were Hildegarde.

JACK: ~~They thought you were Hildegarde.~~ *That's impossible.* Now we've got a show to do so let's get on--

(SOUND: POUNDING OF HAMMER AND SAWING NOISES)

JACK: *●* Let's get on with ~~the show~~...

(SOUND: MORE POUNDING)

JACK: Oh for goodness sakes, what's all that racket?

(SOUND: MORE POUNDING)

JACK: HEY BOB.. *Chorby...* BOB.. WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

BOB: Oh, those are the carpenters, Jack. They're remodeling the studio.

JGH

JACK: Who authorized that?

BOB: *Well* I don't know, but the boys in the band thought the acoustics could be improved so they ^{all} chipped in their own money to have it done.

~~JACK: Bob..the boys are paying out of their own pockets to fix this studio?~~

~~BOB: Yes, they're very unhappy with the acoustics here.~~

JACK: Why?

BOB: *Well*, Last week the police were practically at the door before they heard the sirens.

JACK: The police? What did they want?

BOB: Well, they've been suspicious of Remley's ~~Sam's~~ electric guitar.

JACK: His electric guitar?

BOB: *Yes, Sam* So they followed the cord and at the other end they found a telephone and a bookie.

JACK: Well, I hope this teaches him a lesson. He's always trying to figure out some way to bet on the horses.

DENNIS: I bet on the Kentucky Derby yesterday.

JACK: You did? *Dennis?*

DENNIS: Yes, *not* then I went home and watched it on television.

JACK: When did your horse come in??

DENNIS: On the Ten O'clock News, boy, was he late!

JACK: Oh fine.

DON: The horse I liked ^{*came*} ~~came~~ in second. How did you have it figured, Jack?

JACK: *Well* I didn't bet on the Derby and I didn't watch it.

DON: *Oh*, But Jack..the Kentucky Derby ^{*is*} ~~is~~ the biggest race of the year.

)) DH

JACK: Look, Don, you can have your Derby, and your Preakness and *your* Gold Cup and all the rest of 'em. Horse racing happens to leave me cold.

DON: Say, Mary, what's the matter with him?

MARY: *M* Don't mind him, Don. He went out with us to Santa Anita three months ago, he lost and he's been upset ever since.

JACK: (SORE) Mary, I'm not upset, and I never was upset over losing.

MARY: Oh you weren't, eh? Don, you shoulda seen the way Jack woped all the way home from Santa Anita.

DON: Really Mary, what happened?

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Well...Jack won on the sixth race..but he lost it all back and a little more on the last two..when the races were over, Jack, Dennis, and I were riding home in Jack's car..(FADING) We rode for about fifteen minutes in silence and then --

(SOUND: LOUSY PTT PUTTING OF JACK'S CAR..FADE TO B.G.)

MARY: Gee, it's fun going to the races once in awhile.

DENNIS: Yeah..I had a wonderful time. How much did you lose, Mr. Benny?

JACK: *M* Only four dollars and seventy-five cents..It was nothing.

MARY: Well, Jack, I'm glad to see you taking it like *such* a good sport.

JACK: Of course, Mary...what's four dollars and seventy-five cents.. It's just the deposits on two hundred and thirty-seven Coca Cola bottles...That's all...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) ..How did you make out, Dennis?

DENNIS: I won eight dollars.

UGH

JACK: Oh, ^{you} you won, eh... Well, I only lost four seventy-five.. Did you win, Mary?

MARY: No, I lost twelve dollars.

JACK: Good, good... I mean, ^{that's} that's too bad.

MARY: Jack, I think you really are mad because you lost.

JACK: ^{Oh,} Don't be silly, Mary.. it doesn't bother me at all... easy come, easy go.. (SILLY LAUGH) Now let's forget it.. (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Rochester, did you lose much?

ROCH: NO BOSS, I WON TWENTY-NINE DOLLARS.

JACK: Hmm... Look, Rochester, you have no business betting on the races because you can't afford to lose.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, I TOLD YOU I WON, I WON.

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, JUST WATCH YOUR DRIVING!.. ~~THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE HERE FOR.~~

MARY: Look, Jack, if losing bothers you so much, we won't discuss the races anymore.

JACK: Mary, I had completely forgotten about that four dollars and seventy-five cents till you brought it up.. Now let's not ~~discuss it any more~~ ^{mention again}.. (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) The only thing on my mind now is that ^{I want} I want to get home for dinner by six o'clock.

DENNIS: What time is it now?

JACK: Four seventy-five, ^{I mean,} ~~mean,~~ half past five... Now look, once and for all, let's drop the subject.

(SOUND: AUTO HORN)

MARY: You know, Jack, it was nice running into Benita and Ronald Colman at the races.

UGH

JACK: Yeah..Ronnie won money, too..And he had the most peculiar system).He'd only bet on ^{You know - he'd - the} English horses....Rochester, can you drive a little faster?

ROCH: I'LL TRY.....SAY MR. BENNY, CAN I HAVE TONIGHT OFF?

JACK: I guess so..Why?

ROCH: WELL, I WON TWENTY-NINE DOLLARS AT THE TRACK AND I FEEL LUCKY..I THOUGHT I MIGHT GO TO THE LODGE AND GET INTO A POKER GAME WITH SOME FELLOWS.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: MAYBE I CAN WIN ANOTHER SEVENTY-ONE DOLLARS, WHICH WILL GIVE ME AN EVEN HUNDRED...AND IF I HAD A HUNDRED DOLLARS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I COULD PROPOSE TO MY GIRL FRIEND.

MARY: Wait a minute, Rochester...You mean to say that this would be the first time you ~~had~~ ^{had} a hundred dollars?

ROCH: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HAD TWENTY-NINE.

JACK: Well, you should be a little more thrifty, Rochester.

MARY: Are you going with the same girl, Rochester?

ROCH: YES, MA'AM..SUSIE.

MARY: ~~Ask~~ You've been going with her for so many years. Tell me, Rochester, what does she look like?

ROCH: WELL..EVERY TIME I LOOK AT HER, I THINK OF LENA HORNE.

MARY: Oh, is she that beautiful?

ROCH: NO, I JUST LIKE TO THINK OF LENA HORNE.

~~JACK: Hmm.~~

~~ROCH: BUT SUSIE REALLY IS BEAUTIFUL, MISS LIVINGSTONE.~~

~~JACK: Now know, Rochester, I'll bet you must have quite a lot of competition with Susie.~~

GH

ROCH: OH, I HAVE, I HAVE...ALL THE FELLOWS ARE CRAZY ABOUT HER..
 IN FACT, A FEW YEARS AGO SHE HAD A DATE WITH JOE LOUIS.
 I WAS IN NEW YORK AT THE TIME.

MARY: With Mr. Benny?

ROCH: NO, JUST ME, I LEFT TOWN.

JACK: Rochester, please pay attention to your driving, ^{with you} I'm tired
 and I'm anxious to get home.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP LOUDER AND FASTER...AND FADE)

JACK: That's better.

DENNIS: Gee, we sure must be going fast...the fox tail just flew
 off the radiator cap....Lucky I caught it.

~~JACK~~: That's not a fox tail and put it back on ~~my~~ ^{my} head.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, there's a man standing there motioning for
 us to stop....Pull over to the curb.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CAR SQUEALS TO STOP)

JACK: Yes?

HERB: Mister, do you know how to get to the public library?

JACK: No....No, I don't.

HERB: Well, you go back two blocks, turn left, and you can't
 miss it.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard...Drive on
 Rochester.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND FADE)

JACK: Gee...I'm getting kind of thirsty.

MARY: If you're thirsty, Jack, there's an orange juice stand
 right up ahead.

DH

DENNIS: Oh *yeah* look at that sign. "All the Orange Juice You Can Drink For Ten Cents".

(SOUND: TERRIFIC SCREECH OF BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

MARY: ROCHESTER!

ROCH: DON'T LOOK AT ME, MR. BENNY STEPPED ON THE BRAKES.

DENNIS: From the back seat, yet.

JACK: *Well*, All right...I'm thirsty.

our friend player

MARY: Say Jack..isn't that Bob Crosby and Charlie Bagby over there?

JACK: Yeah...HEY, FELLOWS!..

BOB: Huh? Oh, hello, Mary..Hi, Jack.

JACK: Say, Bob, this is really a surprise, seeing Bagby drink orange juice..How come?

BOB: Well, he's been living in California fifteen years and I thought it's about time he found out what the stuff tastes like.

MARY: How do you like it, Charlie?

BAGBY: For nothing-proof, it ain't bad.

JACK: Well, you ought to know.

DENNIS: Say, Charlie, how did you make out at the races today?

BAGBY: Great...I won ninety bucks.

JACK: (MIMICS HIM) Won ninety bucks..won ninety bucks...Big show off.

BOB: *Hey*, What's eating him, Mary? What's wrong with Bagby winning ninety bucks?

MARY: *M*, Nothing, Bob. Jack's just upset because he lost four seventy-five...He even got mad at the horse.

F

GH

JACK: I was not mad at the horse.

MARY: Then why did you shove your hand down his throat to get your lump of sugar back?

JACK: *I want it...* *That's the million I think I can ride. Now look - kids*
Oh stop... Now look, kids, I don't want to hear any more about my losing money...It isn't such a terrible thing.

DON: OH JACK...JACK..HEY, KIDS.

MARY: *Oh* It's Don Wilson.

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~ Don, what're you doing out this way?

DON: Well, it's ~~was~~ such a nice day I thought I'd take the Sportsmen Quartet out for a ride.

JACK:L Taking the quartet for a ride?...Where's your car?

DON: No car, piggy back.

JACK: Oh yes...the tenor's sitting on the rumble seat...Hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMMMM.

JACK: Say, Don, have you and the boys thought about a commercial for Sunday?

DON: *Oh* No we haven't, Jack...but we'll work on it ~~as~~ soon as we get home.

DENNIS: *Say* I know a song we can all sing for a commercial

JACK: You do?

DENNIS: Yes, ~~we~~ "Clancy Lowered The Boom".

JACK: Dennis, you've done that so many times...And anyway, I don't think that would make a good commercial.

DENNIS: Oh yes it will....and I've got parts for all of us...Here.. this is the quartet's part...This is yours, Mary..And here's yours, Don...and Bob and Rochester...Come on, let's go.

JACK: Wait a minute, there's no part for me.

DENNIS: You do your part on the violin.

JACK: But I haven't got my violin here.

DENNIS: (A LA JACK) Good, good) .. Come on, let's sing it, *can. That's all I need*

Jack: O. H. H.

DENNIS: Clency was a peaceful man, if you know what I mean.

The cops picked up the pieces
After Clency left the scene.
He never looked for trouble,
That's a fact you can assume.
But nevertheless when trouble would press
Clency lowered the boom.

QUART: Oh, that Clency..Oh that Clency
Whenever they got his Irish up,
Clency lowered the boom boom boom boom
boom boom boom boom.

Rocketer

~~QUART~~: Now Mr. Benny's very good at telling jokes and such
In fact he's good at everything
Except perhaps a touch.
One day I asked to borrow ten
'Twas then I sealed my doom..
I reached for the cesh, then quick as a flash,
Benny lowered the boom!

QUART: Oh that Benny..Oh that Benny
If ever you look in his pocketbook,
Benny will lower the boom boom boom boom
Boom boom boom boom.

MARY: Now they can kid him all they please
By saying that he's tight.
But they should see him when he buys his dinner every night
He gives the girl a dollar,
Though you may think it's strange
Although the check is ninety-five
He tells her to keep the change.

QUART: Oh that Benny..Oh that Benny
If ever he spends a buck and a half,
We'll know we're in for a boom boom boom boom
Boom boom boom boom.

BOB: I went to ~~some~~^{Mr} Benny's house
And walked in through the door
There at my feet a dollar bill
Was lying on the floor.
I looked around, but couldn't see nobody in the room
So trusting my luck, I reached for the buck
Then someone lowered the boom.

QUART: That was Benny..That was Benny
He scratches the middle of some poor fiddle
And calls it Love in Bloom bloom bloom bloom
Bloom bloom bloom bloom

DON: Now when you want a cigarette,
Here's something I suggest.
Why don't you light a Lucky Strike
You know you want the best
They're made of fine and light tobacco
That you will agree
So listen to Jack and buy a pack
Of L S M F T

JC

ATX01 0019760

QUART: Oh, those Luckies...Oh those Luckies
Be happy and so. Luckies, you know.
As soon as you light a Lucky Strike
they
They chase away your gloom gloom gloom gloom
Gloom gloom gloom gloom

DENNIS: Sure and Clancy smokes them, ~~too~~...because they're
cleaner, fresher, smoother, and better tasting, too.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0019761

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-13-

Dennis Dennis that was very very.
JACK: ~~He's~~ cute. I love those special lyrics...Now come on, kids, let's have some orange juice.

BOB: I've gotta run along, Jack, see you later.

JACK: Okay...HEY BOB, WAIT A MINUTE...(SOTTO) Say Mary, watch me catch him..(UP) Oh, Bob?

BOB: Yeah, Jack.

JACK: Do you know how to get to the public library?

BOB: Sure, you go back two blocks, turn left, and you can't miss it. I ran into the same guy.

JACK: Oh, go on home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR)

JACK: Well, we're getting close to home, kids, and I'm really tired.

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR SPUTTERING)

JACK: What's wrong?

ROCH: I THINK WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF GAS.

JACK: But the gauge says "Full".

ROCH: DON'T GO BY THAT, IT'S PAINTED THAT WAY.

~~JACK: Rochester, why would you do a thing like that?~~

~~ROCH: IT WAS YOUR IDEA. IT WAS CHEAPER TO BUY PAINT THAN GAS.~~

JACK: Well, that I don't understand at all.. Anyway there's a standard station, so pull in.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CHUG CHUG OF MOTOR..BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, honk the horn so the attendant will --

MARY: Jack, look who it is.

JACK: Oh yes.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ~~Well,~~ Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0019762

JACK: Mr. Kitzel..I didn't know you worked in a gas station.

ARTIE: It belongs to my brother-in-law, I am ^{only} helping out. This is my first time.

JACK: Oh, the first time you've ever worked in a gas station. How do you like it?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO..Sometimes you meet such silly people.

JACK: You do?

ARTIE: Yes, ^{gentleman} this morning a ~~man~~ drove in with a brand new Cadillac and said "fill 'er up."

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: So I put in five hundred and eighty-two gallons.

JACK: Five hundred and eighty-two gallons!

ARTIE: I coulda put in even more, but one window was open a little.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My!...An ad lib.

JACK: I thought so...Now Mr. Kitzel, I'd like to get some gas, too..but put it in the tank.

ARTIE: Yes, Mr. Benny..but I oan't quite reach it..the hose is too short.

JACK: Say, you're right..that hose is only about two feet long..I never saw such a short hose..Why is that?

ARTIE: My brother-in-law who owns the gasoline station used to own a delicatessen.

JACK: What's that got to do with the hose being short?

ARTIE: Every time a customer came in, my brother-in-law picked up the hose, thought it was a salami, and started slicing.

JACK: Oh well, that could happen to anybody...Mr. Kitzel, how about the gas?

ARTIE: It's going in now.

JACK: Good good.

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, while you're here, how about a grease job? I'll check your differential, universal joints, spring shackles, wheel bearings, and your axle bolts.

JACK: ~~Well~~, Mr. Kitzel, how did you learn so much about what's under a car?

ARTIE: From trying to cross Hollywood Boulevard.

JACK: Oh...Well, never mind the grease...How much do I owe you for the gas, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Four seventy-five.

JACK: Hm., here you are.. Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: ~~Thank you.~~ Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Well~~, Come on, Rochester, we'll drop Miss Livingstone and Dennis off and then ~~go~~ ^{go} home, ~~I~~ ^I want to ~~go~~ ^{get} to bed.

(SOUND: CAR STARTS)

JACK: Say, Rochester, I just noticed something. The windshield is all pitted.

ROCH: THOSE ARE YOUR GLASSES, WE AIN'T GOT NO WINDSHIELD.

JACK: Oh yes, that's right.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Ahh, that bed looks good.. Gosh, what a relief to get this high starched collar off...I only wore it one day and ~~it~~ almost drove me nuts...I wonder how Hoover stood it all ~~these~~ ^{these} years...Well..off with my sweater..off with my shirt..Gosh, when I tell people I used to be a life guard, they laugh at me..~~how~~ just look at those muscles..how they bulge..hard as rocks..(YAWNS) I've gotta stop wearing them in the shower, the buckles are getting rusty..~~I~~ ^I feel good to get my shoes off.. Going to the track sure tires you out.

JACK: ~~He~~ ^p Burns me up the way everybody thinks I'm mad because I lost four dollars and seventy-five cents.

(SOUND: SHOE DROPS)

JACK: ...Four seventy-five....(YAWNS) I'll make that up in no time...One more guest appearance with Bob Hope ^{and} I'm all set.

(SOUND: BED SPRINGS)

JACK: Gee, it's good to get in bed...Yes sir...(YAWNS) Gosh, I'm tired...what a day...^(snores) ~~there's~~ nothing like a good night's rest..(SNORES THREE TIMES)

(DREAM MUSIC)

QUART: (OVER DREAM MUSIC) Four seventy-five..four seventy-five.

DENNIS: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

MARY: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

ARTIE: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

QUART: FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE, FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE, FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE,
FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE.

(CYMBAL CRASH)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Gosh, what a crowd at the track.

MEL: (MOOLEY) Oh, Mister..Mister, would you like to buy a program?

JACK: A program..Yes..how much is it?

MEL: Four seventy-five.

JACK: Oh, is that all?...~~Here you are and here's a dollar tip.~~

~~MEL: Gee, thanks.~~

(SOUND: ~~CROWD CHEERING~~)

JC

ATX01 0019765

JACK: Is the next race about to start?

MEL: No, it don't start for twenty minutes yet.

JACK: Then what're the people cheering about?

MEL: They saw you give me that tip.

JACK: Oh

DON: JACK...JACK..

JACK: Oh hello, Don..what are you doing at the track?

DON: *Oh* I love horses...In fact, when I was born, my fether wanted me to be jockey.

JACK: *Aw* Don, that's ridiculous..a jockey's only supposed to weigh about ninety pounds.

DON: That's what I weighed when I was born.

JACK: Oh, well, what do you weigh now?

DON: Four seventy-five.

JACK: Four seventy-five!

(CYMBAL CRASH..VIBRAHARP)

JACK: (OVER VIBRAHARP) I' ~~g~~ gotte win today..I' ~~g~~ gotte win today. *I've gotta win.*

MEL: (P.A.) THE HORSES ARE COMING OUT ON THE TRACK FOR THE NEXT RACE..JOHNNY LONGDON LOOKS NERVOUS ON CORRESPONDENT...EDDIE ARCARO LOOKS ANXIOUS ON REJECTED..RALPH NEEVES LOOKS CALM ON IMBROS...JACK BENNY LOOKS CRUMMY ON TELEVISION.

JACK: I do not.....I' ~~g~~ gotte win today, I' ~~g~~ gotte win ~~today~~

MARY: (TOUT) Hey Bud...Bud.

JACK: Huh?

JC

MARY: Come here a minute.

JACK: What?

MARY: Who you bettin' on?

JACK: Imbros.

MARY: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

MARY: Bet on Orange Juice.

JACK: Orange Juice? *Why?*

MARY: Look at the odds...All you can drink for ten cents.

JACK: Hey, wait a minute..You're Mary Livingstone, *you not that tart!* What are you trying ~~to~~--Oh, look..there's Dennis..DENNIS....DENNIS....

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) You're confused, old boy, I'm Ronald Colman.

~~JACK: Oh.~~

DENNIS: Now let's see..I wonder if this horse is worth betting on.

JACK: Wait a minute, you only bet on English horses.

DENNIS: Quite, quite..Now I better find out if this one passes the test. Tell me, horse, are you English?

MEL: (DOES ENGLISH HORSE WHINNY)

JACK: Well, I'll be darned..S.y, that gives me ^{an} idea.. I'm going down to the paddock ^{and} and talk to the horses.

(DREAM MUSIC)

JACK: Here's the horse I'm going to bet on...Hello, Horsie.

NELSON: (WHINNIES)

TB

JACK: You know, I bet a lot of money on you.

NELSON: (WHINNIES)

JACK: Are you gonna win today?

NELSON: Ooooooh, am I?

JACK: Wait a minute, you're not a horse..If you're a horse, how come you can talk?

NELSON: I can't, the horse next to me is a ventriloquist.

JACK: Ventriloquist? How can a horse be a ventriloquist.

NELSON: How should I know, it's your dream.

JACK: What?

MEL: (P.A.) THE RACE IS ABOUT TO START...MAKE YOUR BETS.

JACK: My bet! My bet! I've gotta make my bet...I ~~gotta~~ gotta win four seventy-five...Oh, darn it, the window is closed.... I'll rap on it.

(SOUND: TAPPING ON GLASS)

JACK: Open the window...open the window.

(SOUND: WINDOW UP...RUSH OF WATER FALLING)

JACK: What happened?

ARTIE: When you opened the window the gasoline ran out.

JACK: ~~What?~~...Oh, here's the betting window...Mister, here's ten dollars, give me a ticket on Library.

HERB: You ~~gotta~~ got the wrong window, go back two blocks and turn left.

JACK: Thank you.

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE, THERE IS ONLY ONE MINUTE IN WHICH TO MAKE YOUR BETS...YOU PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET TO THE WINDOW, FOLLOW THE ELECTRIC CORD, IT WILL LEAD YOU TO A GUITAR PLAYER.

JACK: Oh, good. I'll get my bet down.

BR

ROCH: BOSS...BOSS.

JACK: RUN...RUN.

ROCH: BOSS!

JACK: *Roch.* Huh?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU MUST'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT HORSES.

JACK: How do you know?

ROCH: YOU'RE RIDING THE BED POST.

JACK: ~~What?~~

ROCH: ~~SIDESADDLE,~~ *Good,*

JACK: Gee, Rochester, I just had the most exciting dream...I won't be able to go back to sleep now...Get me some Ovaltine.

ROCH: YES SIR...*Mr. Benny!* BY THE WAY, ~~BY~~ AFTER YOU WENT TO BED, A SPECIAL DELIVERY CAME FOR YOU.

JACK: Special Delivery? *What?* What was it?

ROCH: A REFUND FROM THE INCOME TAX BUREAU.

JACK: How much, how much?

ROCH: FOUR ~~SEVENTY FIVE~~ SEVENTY FIVE ~~SEVENTY FIVE~~.

JACK: *O* Good...~~never~~ never mind the Ovaltine, I can sleep now... Goodnight, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODNIGHT, BOSS.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BR

(NATIONAL)

-22-

HOME FIRES: #3

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, 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 with my guest star, David Niven, but first, here's a very important announcement. It deals with one of our greatest national hazards ... fire.

Fire destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives each year. Don't let your home be a fire trap! Make certain all electrical appliances are in order. Don't smoke in bed ... Be careful with inflammables. Don't give fire a place to start.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute. But first, here's a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

CL

ATX01 0019771

(REGIONAL)

-23-

HOME FIRES #3

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on tonight at 7 PM over the CBS Network with my guest star, David Niven, but first, here's a very important announcement. It deals with one of our greatest national hazards ... fire... Fire destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives each year. Don't let your home be a fire trap! Make certain all electrical appliances are in order. Don't smoke in bed ... Be careful with inflammables. Don't give fire a place to start.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute. But first, here's a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

CL

ATX01 0019772

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: (E.T.) This is Dorothy Collins. Hi everybody. Y'know, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And friends, the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better! One important reason for this is -- LS/MFT! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better. They're made round, and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Golly, that's the whole thing in a nut shell. Truly fine tobacco -- in a better-made cigarette. That's the whole Lucky Strike story. That's why you can be sure ... sure every time you open a pack of Luckies ... that you'll enjoy a better-tasting smoke. For smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better -- they're cleaner, fresher, smoother! Pick up a pack or two next time you buy cigarettes. Be Happy -- Go Lucky. You'll agree -- Luckies taste better!

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!

CL

(TAG)

-24-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I'm doing my television program, and as I said before, my guest star will be --

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES)

JACK: Here he comes... David Niven

So I'll be jolly well seeing you soon. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

CL

ATX01 0019774

PROGRAM #35
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 22, 1954)

DH

ATX01 0019775

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, think back for just a minute to that last cigarette you smoked. Wasn't the taste of that cigarette the thing that you really enjoyed? Of course it was. Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And many millions of smokers will tell you that Luckies taste better. Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. One reason is fine tobacco. You know IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Tobacco that is light, naturally mild, good-tasting. And another, Luckies are made better. Made to draw freely. Made to smoke evenly. Made to give you what you want from your cigarette. Better taste! So, for all the real deep-down smoking enjoyment you want, ask for the cigarette that definitely does taste better. Lucky Strike. Get a carton -- and Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

(LONG

CLOSE) Get Better Taste Today!

DH

(May 9th 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, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...EVERY SPRING, AS SOON AS THE WARM WEATHER STARTS IN CALIFORNIA, JACK BENNY AND HIS GANG TAKE A DAY OFF AND GO OUT TO THE BEACH..AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK'S HOME, HE AND ROCHESTER ARE PREPARING FOR THIS ANNUAL PICNIC.

JACK: Rochester, have you got everything?

ROCH: I THINK SO, BOSS.

JACK: Towels? Bathing Caps? Sun Tan Oil?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Did you pack enough lunch?

ROCH: I PUT IN SOME SANDWICHES, POTATO SALAD, PICKLES, CELERY, OLIVES, AND SIXTY HARD-BOILED EGGS.

JACK: Sixty?...How come we've got so many hard-boiled eggs?

ROCH: DON'T YOU REMEMBER...YOU WERE FASTER THAN ANY OF THE KIDS ON EASTER MORNING.

JACK: ^Q Yes...I guess I was pretty lucky...Now Rochester...I wonder if we should fill the thermos bottle with orange ade or lemonade.

ROCH: I'D SUGGEST LEMONADE...THAT'LL MIX WITH ANYTHING.

JACK: Look, we're just going to have soft drinks...If I take along soft drinks, it's not going to be used as a mixer.

BR

ATX01 0019777

ROCH: IT'S NOT?

JACK: No.

ROCH: OKAY...BUT WHEN ^{the} ~~THESE~~ MUSICIANS FIND OUT IT'S JUST PLAIN LEMONADE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER RIOT IN CELL BLOCK ELEVEN.

JACK: You needn't worry about that, Rochester...the musicians aren't coming this time. There'll be just my gang and the kids from the Beverly Hills Beavers Club.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING THAT BEAVERS CLUB A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T YOU?

JACK: Yes, sir...the club remains the same, but the kids come and go.

ROCH: MR. BENNY, DO YOU EVER HEAR FROM ANY OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS?

JACK: Yep...one of them's Vice President Nixon now...if I'm ever in Washington, I must look him up, he left owing fifteen cents in dues...Now Rochester, I want to take along my swim fins and diving mask so I can practice spear fishing. Maybe you'd like to try it out this afternoon.

ROCH: NO THANKS...I DON'T WANT TO GO DOWN THERE...I MIGHT RUN INTO A SHARK, OR AN OCTOPUS.

JACK: You mean if you had your knife and your spear, you'd still be afraid of an octopus?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: BOSS, THERE'S SOMETHING ROMANTIC ABOUT HAVING TWO ARMS AROUND YOU, BUT THE MOOD CHANGES AS THE NUMBER INCREASES.

BR

Rochester

JACK: Look, there's nothing to be afraid of...An octopus always gives warning by putting out a ink-like fluid.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT IT WOULD BE ^{just} MY LUCK TO RUN INTO ONE OF ~~THE~~ ^{those} PAPERMATE KIND THAT'S LEAKPROOF.

JACK: Now that's silly.

ROCH: SILLY OR NOT, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH ANY OCTOPUSSES.

JACK: All right, Rochester but for your information, the plural ^{plural} - ~~the~~ of octopus is not octopusses...it's octopi.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: And you shouldn't be afraid of them. They're completely dumb, unintelligent creatures.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: They have no reasoning powers at all...They operate completely on instinct.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Believe me, Rochester...they're more afraid of you than you are of them.

ROCH: YOU SOLD ME, BOSS, BUT WHO'S GONNA SELL THE OCTOPI!

JACK: ~~Hum~~...Look, Rochester, forget it...you finish the packing, I'm going to call Bob Crosby and see if he's ready. ^{*You ever have octopi a la mode? That's the silliest thing ever thought of. I just thought of it.*}
^{*to go to the picnic.*}

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS, RECEIVER UP...DIALING THROUGH FOLLOWING)

Rochester

JACK: I don't know why I bothered to tell ~~him~~ that the plural of octopus is octopi...He isn't going to hang around for more than one, anyway...I don't know why he's so --

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

BR

BOB: Hello? *Oh, Bob...*
JACK: Hello, Bob...this is Jack...What time do you want to leave?
BOB: Well, it's eleven now...I'd like to get going before noon.
JACK: Okay, then, you pick me up...So long.
BOB: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

SHIRLEY: Who was it, Bob?

BOB: *Oh, what* ~~it~~ was Jack. He wanted to know if we were ready.

SHIRLEY: Well, I've got everything packed.

BOB: Good...And June, I think I'll take along an extra pair of swimming trunks for Jack...*you know,* I don't want him to embarrass everybody like he did in Palm Springs.

SHIRLEY: Well Bob, that wasn't altogether Jack's fault...Don't you remember, he forgot his and had to borrow one.

BOB: *Well,* All right...so he borrowed a suit from Mary, but did he have to wear the top?

SHIRLEY: (LAUGHS) Yeah...didn't he look silly.

BOB: *And* Not only that, *honey, but* you should have heard him trying to explain his ten to the boys in the steam room.

SHIRLEY: (LAUGHS) By the way, Bob...who's going to the beach.

BOB: *Oh* Well, Jack *'s* taking the Beavers and *the* ~~his~~ whole gang.

SHIRLEY: Oh...Is Dennis Day coming again?

BOB: *Oh* Yeah...you're not still mad at him from last year, are you?

SHIRLEY: Certainly I am...what a stupid kid.

BOB: *Yeah,* But June-

BR

ATX01 0019780

SHIRLEY: Imagine him coming up to me and saying ... "The last one in the water is a rotten egg." I was in over ^{my head} before I realized I still had my clothes on... ~~My girdle got full of water and I almost drowned.~~ ^{It was awful!}

BOB: ^{Oh} Dennis is always pulling that trick... Well, if I'm going to pick Jack up in my car, I better call Don Wilson and ask him to pick Dennis up.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

LOIS: Oh, Donald, Bob Crosby just called... you're supposed to pick up Dennis.

DON: (OFF) Okay... I'll be out in a second, Lois... I'm trying on my new bathing suit.

LOIS: Well, hurry... I've got the lunch packed, the towels and everything else.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: ^{and} Here I am... How do I look?

LOIS: ^{Oh} They look fine... turn around.

DON: Okay... These are Catalina swim trunks.

LOIS: I know... From the back you look like Avelon... ^{you know,} Really, dear, you should go on a diet.

DON: ^{Oh} But Lois, you know I've tried everything to lose weight... I even went to that psychiatrist last week... He gave me every kind of test and then he said my tendency toward obesity was caused by ^{my} psychosomatic obsessions which might be terminated by prefrontal lobotomy provided my alter ego repressed my subconscious porcine tendencies.

LOIS: ^{My goodness!} What does that mean?

BR

DON: I eat like a pig.

LOIS: Well, you do over-eat, Don...and not only is it making you heavy, but it's wearing out your teeth...Anyway, you really ought to *do* ^{*dear*} //

(SOUND DOOR BUZZER)

Will now,
LOIS: Who can that be?

DON: ~~It's~~ ^P probably the Sportsmen Quartet. They're going to ride to the beach with us.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DON: Hi, fellows.

QUART: HMMMMM.

DON: ~~Are~~ ^Y you all ready to go to the beach?

BR

QUART:

By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea,
You and I, you and I, oh, how happy we'll be,
When each wave comes arollin' in,
We will duck or swim,
And we'll float and fool around the water,
Over and under, and then up for air,
With a small dab of glue, Benny won't lose his hair,
We love to be beside your side beside the sea,
Beside the seaside, by the beautiful sea.

Pismo Beach, Pismo Beach,
That's where we want to be,
With an L and an S, L - S - M - F - F - T,
Round and firm and so fully packed,
Yes sir, it's a fact,
That a Lucky Strike is better tasting,
Light up a Lucky, then puff and compare,
See how well it is made and we know you'll declare,
I have the smoke I like, a better tasting Lucky Strike,
Beside me, by the beautiful sea,
Beside the seaside, by the beautiful sea.

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Rochester..carry all the stuff out in front of the house so we'll be ready as soon as Bob Crosby comes by.

ROCH: OKAY...BY THE WAY, MR. BENNY..YOU KNOW YOU SAID I ~~can~~ *could* HAVE TONIGHT OFF...AND I'D LIKE TO GO TO THE MOVIES.

JACK: That's right...what about it?

ROCH: WELL, YESTERDAY WAS PAY DAY AND YOU FORGOT TO PAY ME.

JACK: Oh..that's right..I'm sorry about that, Rochester..I'll write you out a check right now..Do you think they can cash it at the movie?

ROCH: BOSS, THEY CAN CASH MY ~~PAY~~ CHECK AT THE POPCORN STAND.

JACK: Never mind...Now let's get this stuff out in front of the house *and* I'll help you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN COUPLE STEPS..THEN ON CEMENT)

All of it, take it.
JACK: Now let's pile it all up here by the curb...Do we have everything, Rochester?

ROCH: LET'S SEE WHAT'S HERE..THE THERMOS JUG, LUNCH BASKET, PLATES, TOWELS, EXTRA ^{*bathing*} SUITS.

...then we get all the
JACK: Bathing caps, swim fins, surfboard, beach umbrella.

ROCH: PORTABLE STOVE, COFFEE POT, AND BEACH CHAIRS.

JACK: Yeah...^{*gh*}it makes quite a pile here on the sidewalk.

ARTIE: (COMING IN) Mr. Benny...they're evicting you?

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *No*, No, no, Mr. Kitzel...I'm not being evicted..we're just preparing to go to the beach.

BH

ARTIE: Oh, that sounds pleasant.

JACK: *Yeah* Why don't you join us?

ARTIE: *Oh* This I'd love to do..but I'm *on* my way to the baseball game..and I'd rather watch a ball game than anything else.

JACK: Oh, I didn't know you were a baseball fan.

ARTIE: A fan? I used to play professionally.

JACK: No kidding..what position did you play?

ARTIE: Pitcher...I was known as Christie Kitzel.

JACK: Well, I'll be--so you were a baseball pitcher.

ARTIE: *you know* I'm surprised you never heard of me...In mine last game I established a record, I pitched a no-hitter.

JACK: *A no-hitter. Christie: Yeah* Gosh, that's wonderful..what was the score?

ARTIE: Twenty-six to nothing, we lost.

JACK: You lost? But, Mr. Kitzel, you said you pitched a no-hitter.

ARTIE: I did, but hoo hoo hoo, did I walk them.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Oh, *then* then I suppose you gave up the idea of being a pitcher.

ARTIE: *yeah, finally did* ~~Be an~~ I became an outfielder.

JACK: A good one, I hope, *uh?*

ARTIE: Pretty, pretty good...As a matter of fact, Mr. Benny, many years ago, Joe DiMaggio and I tried out for the same position with the Yankees.

JACK: *Oh* It's a shame Joe *DiMaggio* beat you out.

ARTIE: Yes, you should see what I married.

JACK: Say, by the way, *Mr Kitzel... your wife... you know* you've mentioned your wife so many times and yet you've never told me her name..What is *your wife's* ~~her~~ name?

BH

there
ARTIE: Marilyn, but ~~that's where~~ the resemblance ends.

JACK: *You know* Mr. Kitzel, you're always talking about your wife being *cutie yeah.* homely. If your wife is so homely, why did you marry her?

ARTIE: Who am I, Robert Taylor?

JACK: Oh, I see what you mean.

ARTIE: Well, I ~~better be hurrying~~ *got to dash.* along to the *base* ball game...I don't want to be late...Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel. *Goodbye.*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I'm sorry he couldn't come to the beach with us.

ROCH: YEAH. HE'S ALWAYS A LOT OF FUN...SAY, MR. BENNY, WHO ARE THE KIDS FROM THE BEAVERS GOING TO THE BEACH WITH?

JACK: *Well,* They're going to meet over at Dennis's house...And Don Wilson is picking them all up...Gee, I hope *the kids* ~~they~~ won't be late.

(TRANSITION MUSIC...OR FADE)

Harry
~~TIGER:~~ Come on, fellows, let's hurry. *Tiger: yeah.* I don't want to be late on my first outing with the Beavers.

HARRY: Don't worry, Tiger, we won't..Gosh, it was awful nice of Mr. Benny to plan this day at the beach for us.

STUFFY: Yeah, we're lucky kids, having a great man like Mr. Benny coach us..He's a champion at everything.

TIGER: Maybe today at the beach he'll teach me to swim. Is Mr. Benny a good swimmer?

HARRY: He's the best swimmer in the whole world..He told us he even swam the English Channel.

BH

TIGER: ...So what..lots of people have swum the English Channel.

HARRY: Under water?

TIGER: ...Did Mr. Benny tell you that?

HARRY: Sure, he's told us lots of things.

STUFFY: ^{Like} Like during his college days, when he was at Yale, he defeated the entire Harvard swimming team all by himself.

TIGER: Gee, if he was that good when he was young, why didn't he get on our Olympic team?

STUFFY: I don't know..I guess they just didn't have Olympics in those days.

TIGER: I can't believe that Mr. Benny is such a fast swimmer... Remember we saw him swimming in his pool the other day and he looked awful slow.

HARRY: Well, it's hard to swim with all your clothes on.

TIGER: Why was Mr. Benny in the pool with his clothes on?

STUFFY: ~~I don't know~~...Dennis Day came over to him and yelled "Last one in ^{is} a rotten egg."

TIGER: ~~Oh.~~

HARRY: You know, I told my father about Mr. Benny teaching Johnny Weismuller to swim and Dad said he probably also taught him the Tarzan yell.

STUFFY: Why..did ^{your} father ever hear Mr. Benny scream like that?

HARRY: ^{Will} Sure...lots of times.

TIGER: What does your father do?

HARRY: ^{by} He works for the Income Tax Department.

TIGER: You know, my parents weren't going to let me go ~~to~~ today until I told them we had a grown-up ^{going} with us.

BH

HARRY: Yeah, and they don't have to worry..Mr. Benny takes real good care of us when we go to the beach..He sees that we behave and don't ^{what} play too rough and that we never eat anything that might make us sick.

STUFFY: Yeah..only today I kinda wish ~~that~~ he'd let me take a chance and buy a frankfurter at one of the stands.

HARRY: Me too..I'm tired of those peanut butter sandwiches he always brings, and they cost more than hot dogs, too.

STUFFY: Yeah..say, we better walk a little faster..we don't want to be late getting to Dennis Day's house.

(Applause)
(TRANSITION MUSIC OR FADE)

VERNA: Dennis, I've got the lunch all ready for you.

DENNIS: ^{well} Thank you, Mother.

VERNA: Now have you got everything else?

DENNIS: Yes, Mother..my swimming trunks, towel, and my beach umbrella.

VERNA: Good..remember what I told you..I want you to sit in the shade of the umbrella all the time.

DENNIS: Must I, Mother?

VERNA: Yes, Dennis...enough people are saying you've been out in the sun too long already..And that reminds me, do you have enough sun tan oil?

DENNIS: ^{oh} Yes, I ~~have~~ ^{just got} a whole bottle.

VERNA: Good..and this time, remember..rub it on, don't drink it.

DENNIS: Okay.. Gee, Mother, I do wish you were coming to the beach with us.

BH

VERNA: I do, too..mainly out of curiosity..You know, I've never seen Benny in a bathing suit..He must be awfully thin.

DENNIS: Yeah, when he puts on a bathing cap, he looks like a plumber's friend..Well, I'm ready to go now..you know, Mother I remember once you and dad took me to the beach when I was a little ~~little~~ boy.

VERNA: Remember the fun we had?

DENNIS: Uh huh..and remember the games we played?

VERNA: Yes..remember how we buried you in the sand?

DENNIS: Yeah, and the next day the cop made you come back and dig me up again.

VERNA: Yes..that's how the expression first started.

DENNIS: What expression?

VERNA: Dig that Crazy Kid..Look Dennis, you still have some time before Don Wilson gets here..Why don't you sing

a song for me?

DENNIS: ^{*All right, mother,*} ~~Okay~~, I'll do the one I'm going to do on Mr. Benny's show next Sunday.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG)

"Janna a Louverta"

(APPLAUSE)

BH

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES..AND BEACH SOUNDS..WAVES,
ETC...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

KIDS AND GANG: (AD LIB) "WOW, THIS IS FUN...HERE COMES ANOTHER
WAVE...DON'T SPLASH ME ANY MORE...ETC.

JACK: All right, gang, ^{All right kids... all right everybody...} another five minutes ⁱⁿ the water and
then we'll all have to come out.

BOB: Yes, we ought to build ^a the fire before it gets ^{too} dark.

HARRY: Hey, what a clear day! You can see all the way out to
Catalina. There's Avalon.

JACK: That's Don Wilson...Don, don't float out too far.

DON: (OFF) I won't.

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny, this picnic is real fun..only you should
have invited more girls.

JACK: ^{Well,} Who, for instance?

DENNIS: Well..the two C.B.S. telephone operators.

JACK: Gee, I didn't think of them. ^{you know} they came along last year..
They're real fun, ^{too} especially that Mable Flapsaddle.

DENNIS: ^{Yeah...} Yeah..every time you threw that stick in the water, she'd
bring it back in her teeth.

JACK: Yeah..and the money she ^{saved} on towels...she always
shake# herself dry...All right, now..come on, everybody
out of the water. ^{Out of the water, everybody. Come on.}

(SOUND: SPLASHING, ETC.)

DON: ^{Oh, boy} Let's start ^a the fire, ^{let's start a fire.} I'm hungry.

HARRY: I brought a bat and ball..why don't we play some baseball
first to dry off.

CB

JACK: *Now,* *baseball - I'll play*
Hey, That's a good idea..The Beavers and I will play against
the rest of you guys.

BOB: Okay..we'll be up first..~~See~~ *be the* *you,* umpire.

SHIRLEY: Okay. *Bob.*

JACK: *All right,* All right, Beavers..get out on the field, I'll pitch.

DON: I'll bat first...I'm ready, Jack.

HARRY: Come on, Mr. Benny..put it right over the plate.

JACK: Okay..here goes.

SHIRLEY: ...Ball one.

JACK: *Hum.*

HARRY: *Come* on, Mr. Benny..put it right over the plate.

SHIRLEY:Ball two.

JACK: *Hum.*

HARRY: *Mr Benny -* Mr. Benny, put it right over the plate.

JACK: Okay.

SHIRLEY:Ball three.

HARRY: Mr. Benny, this time see if you can reach the plate.

JACK: Don't worry, Harry, I'm just warming up...Here goes.

(SOUND: SLIGHT PAUSE..THEN CRACK OF BAT ON BALL..

SLIDE WHISTLE GOING UP)

JACK: I've got it, I've got it.

(SOUND: DESCENDING SLIDE WHISTLE ENDING WITH

pooh, CRACK ON COCONUT OR TEMPO BLOCK)

JACK: Oooooh....Now I bet I'll have a black eye.

DENNIS: Wait till I tell *my* Mom about this, it'll make her Mother's
Day perfect.

CB

JACK: Oh, don't be so smart...And that's enough baseball for now.. Let's all get dressed and then we'll start the fire.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Okay .. everybody bring all that drift wood here, and pile it in the center.

(SOUND: SCRAPING AND DUMPING OF WOOD, ETC.)

JACK: Now, I'll start the fire..I ~~we~~ got the matches.

BOB: *Yeah,* But Jack, we've just got wood.no paper to start it with.

JACK: Hmm..that's right...Look around for some paper, kids.

DENNIS: Hey, we can start it with this..^{just} I found some dry seaweed.

JACK: ...Dennis, give me that, it slipped off my head...Now go find some paper.

HARRY: I found a bunch, Mr. Benny..here you are.

JACK: *Oh-* Thanks, Harry..Now ~~to~~ put the wood over it.

(SOUND: CRUMPLING OF PAPER AND SHIFTING OF WOOD)

JACK: ~~and~~ Now light it..

(SOUND: SCRATCHING OF MATCH LIGHTING AND FIRE LIGHTING)

JACK: *Boy* The fire will be going in just a few minutes so get your marshmallows ready.

SHIRLEY: *Hey* Wait a minute, fellows..Who's this man coming towards us?

JACK: *Where?* Yeah..~~I never saw him before...~~

MEL: (MOOLEY) Well, what's going on here ^{are}..You fellows having a picnic?

JACK: Yes, yes.

MEL: That ain't much of a fire you got there.

CB

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: You'll never cook anything on that.

JACK: Look, Mister --

MEL: You're supposed to cross the sticks when you build a fire and leave room for air ^{space} under there.

JACK: *Look* Don't tell me how to build a fire. I used to be a Boy Scout.

MEL: With that seaweed on your head, you look like Father Neptune.

JACK: Look, fellow, this is a private party.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, I can get rid of him.

JACK: Dennis, keep out of this...Now, Mister, why don't you go away and leave us alone?

MEL: What's the matter? It's a free beach. I can go wherever I want *to go*.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, I'm sure I can get rid of him.

JACK: Well..all right, Dennis..go ahead and try.

DENNIS: Okay...(UP) LAST ONE IN IS A ROTTEN EGG.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..BIG SPLASH IN WATER)

JACK: (COUGHING) Doggone, I fell for it again..(YELLS) Hey kids, put more wood on the fire, I've got to dry my clothes.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CB

(FOREST FIRES)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, 90 per cent of all forest fires each year are man-caused. A campfire that is almost out ... a lighted match or cigarette that is tossed away could burst into hungry flames and destroy millions of acres of vitally needed timberland. So when you're in the country be absolutely sure you put ^{it} every fire ... every match ... every cigarette -- completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here's a word from America's poet-laureate, Ogden Nash!

CB

ATX01 0019794

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

OGDEN NASH: (SOUND TRACK) Somebody once went through my poems and made a list of the things I dislike. It's a pretty long list too. However, on the list of things I liked, they said ~~it~~ *he* liked good eating. Of course I like good eating. I like good anything. Good fun, good smoking. Naturally, I smoke Luckies. 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'm pernickety about what I like And for thirty years I've smoked Lucky Strike.

WILSON: (LIVE) Thanks, Ogden Nash. There's more truth to that than poetry! Smoking enjoyment is 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 fine tobacco means better taste. Second, Luckies are made better to draw freely and smoke evenly ... that, too, means better taste for you ... So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better.

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

DH

(TAG)

-19-

JACK: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that concludes another program and we'll be --

Oh, there's the phone.
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.....oh, hello, Mary. *Oh* You heard from your mother and she got the flowers I wired her yesterday for Mother's Day?...Good....Was she surprised when the Western Union boy brought them to the door?.....Oh she ~~is~~ the Western Union Boy! *Oh*...Well, glad she got them... Goodbye Mary... ~~Goodnight, folks.~~ *Happy Mother's Day, everybody.*

(APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Ferrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, 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.

DH

ATX01 0019796

PROGRAM #36
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1954

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 29, 1954)

ATX01 0019797

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-testing fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. Friends, you know, if you smoke, chances are that within the next 24 hours you'll be stepping up to a tobacco counter somewhere for a pack of cigarettes. Before you get to that counter, think about your present brand. Ask yourself if you've been really enjoying it ... thoroughly enjoying all 20 cigarettes in every pack. If even just a bit of doubt creeps into your mind - then get yourself a pack of Luckies. Here's why: (BEAT) smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is ... Luckies taste better. Taste better for two excellent reasons: Every Lucky is made of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco, and every Lucky is made better to taste better.

(MORE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: On the subject of taste, Jack Kramer - America's greatest
(cont'd) professional tennis player, has come up with a pretty
sound statement. Jack said - "I smoke Luckies. The
reason I smoke them is I think they taste better." End
quote. So the next time you buy cigarettes, take a tip
from Jack Kramer -- switch to Lucky and smoke the
cigarette that tastes better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

(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, YOU'VE PROBABLY OFTEN WONDERED WHAT HAPPENS AFTER OUR RADIO SHOWS ARE FINISHED. SO RIGHT NOW LET'S TURN THE ~~SHOW~~^{Calendar} BACK ONE WEEK. THE PROGRAM HAS JUST BEEN CONCLUDED AND OUR LITTLE STAR'S ON HIS WAY TO HIS DRESSING ROOM.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) There's no business like show business, da, da, da, da, da, dum.

HY: Wonderful show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

RYAN: Great show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you. *Thank you.*

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

RUBIN: Another funny one, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thanks, ~~very~~ *Thanks very much.*

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

HERB: Sensational show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you. *Thanks.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

RU

JACK:Gee, after ten years my writers still call me Mr. Benny....But I prefer to keep a formal relationship.... My mother called me that for years....Let's see, what was it my father called me?...Oh well... (HUMS "SHOW BUSINESS")
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Hello, Rochester. Here, hang up my coat, will you, please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: ~~Did~~ Did you call for a masseur like I asked you to?

ROCH: YES SIR, I CALLED UP FOR ONE AND HE'S COMING RIGHT OVER.

JACK: Good...I can sure use a massage. You know, Rochester, these shows are work.

ROCH: YEAH, IT'S BEEN A TOUGH SEASON FOR BOTH OF US.

What does it mean?
JACK: Both of us?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU ONLY TELL THE JOKES, I HAVE TO SIT OUT THERE AND LAUGH AT 'EM.

JACK: Well, it's the least you can do. And incidentally, what was the matter with ~~the reaction~~ that audience? They didn't seem to know when to laugh.

ROCH: DON'T BLAME ME, I DID EVERYTHING BUT LEAD 'EM WITH A BATON.

JACK: Hm.

ROCH: I EVEN CRAWLED THROUGH THE AISLES, SLIPPED THEIR SHOES OFF AND TICKLED THEIR TOES.

JACK: Stop exaggerating, ~~Rochester~~ *well ya?*. Each week I give you a script and point out a few places where you're supposed to laugh.

ROCH: A FEW PLACES..PAGE NINE HAD SO MANY ARROWS ON IT, IT LOOKED LIKE CUSTER'S LAST STAND.

RU

JACK: Oh, stop..Now Rochester, I want you to brush all that lint off my jacket because when I leave here, I've got a heavy date.

ROCH: YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOIN' OUT TONIGHT?

JACK: That's right.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Am I ~~interrupting~~ ^{intruding} ~~anything~~, Jack?

JACK: ~~No~~, No, come on in, Bob.

BOB: ~~Well~~ I just wanted to check with you. What did you think of the orchestra tonight?

JACK: ~~Well... the~~ ^{Well... the} ~~...the~~ trumpet section was flat...the trombones and saxophones seemed to be playing two different numbers at the same time..and the rhythm section was off-beat.

BOB: ~~Well~~ ^{Well} ~~...the~~, I thought they were better than usual, too.

JACK: And Bob, did you notice how the orchestra boys kept their eyes on you when you were leading them. They've never done that before, so I guess my suggestion worked.

BOB: Yeah, but I felt silly leading 'em with a bottle of I. W. Harper.

JACK: Well, don't worry, Bob...they looked even sillier sitting there with their tongues hanging out...But, I really wish you'd talk to Remley ^{the guitar player. He - he - he -} HIS playing gets worse every week.

BOB: Oh, ~~that's~~ ^{don't dig it.} you ~~are~~, Jack..Remley's practically given up the guitar ^{of}. On all his other jobs he plays the accordin.

RU

JACK: The accordian?

BOB: Yesh, he's ~~been~~ making more money that way.

JACK: *How* How can he make more money playing the accordian?

BOB: *Why* He's got a deal. While he's playing it, he's also crushing grapes.

JACK: Gee..with Remley from the accordian ^{*Came*} ~~the~~ the wine...just the same, Bob--

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

JACK: I wish you'd tell him to--

DON: *Oh* Say, Jack, there's a--

JACK: *Oh* Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Jack, there's a little old lady waiting outside here. She says she's a fan of yours and she'd like very much to have your autograph.

JACK: Oh fine, Don, ^{*fine...*} send her in, *will you?*

DON: This way, Madam.

(SOUND: FEW WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS)

GLORIA: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, yes.

GLORIA: I hope I'm not putting you to any trouble but I would so appreciate your signing this for me.

JACK: *Oh* It's a pleasure.

(SOUND: SCRATCHING OF PEN)

GLORIA: You know, I'm from Waukegan, too. Lived there all my life.

JACK: Really?

GLORIA: Wait till I show this to the folks back home. We're all so proud of you in Waukegan.

RU

JACK: Well, I know practically everyone there...but it's funny, *you know...*
I - I don't seem to remember you.

GLORIA: Well, no..no..you were a little before my time.

JACK: Hmm, *well,* here's *my* ~~your~~ autograph.

GLORIA: Thank you.

DON: By the way, did you see our show tonight?

GLORIA: Oh yes. I was in the audience and I enjoyed it very much.

JACK: Well, good good.

GLORIA: But I do have one complaint.

JACK: *Complaint?* What is it?

GLORIA: Well, I'm sure it's a very expensive studio you're working in, Mr. Benny, but..but..

JACK: But what?

GLORIA: (HALF WHISPER) They've got mice.

JACK: Mice...oh you must be mistaken.

GLORIA: Well, something was tickling my toes.

JACK: Oh, oh *I know what that is. I wouldn't worry about it. I know. I wouldn't worry.*

GLORIA: Goodbye, Mr. Benny, and thank you very much.

JACK: You're welcome, *you're welcome, I'm sure.*

You know (SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: *Kinda* She's sweet..But I don't understand..She said I was before her time. Rochester, do I look older than she does?

ROCH: BOSS, DO YOU WANT ME TO TESTIFY OR ARE YOU MAKING A POINT OF ORDER?

JACK: Never mind, don't answer.

BOB: Well, fellows, I better be running along...See you at the baseball game tonight, Don.

RU

DON: Right, Bob..Oh, and Jack, I have an extra ticket, how about joining us?

JACK: No thanks, Don, I've got myself a big date for tonight.

~~BGB: Okay, Jack. Goodbye.~~

~~JACK: So long, Bob.~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)~~

JACK: Rochester, when's that masseur coming?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE BY NOW.

DON: *Oh, you* Getting a message, Jack?

JACK: Yeah. You ought to try one sometime, Don. They're great.

DON: Well, I've had a few, but I really can't afford 'em.

JACK: It's not ^{too} expensive. *I mean,* They only charge me three dollars for the hour.

DON: They charge you by the hour?

JACK: Certainly. How do they charge you?

DON: By the yard.

JACK: Well, that figures. Don, *but you know,* if you'd only lose a little *weight*...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, are you the masseur?

NELSON: No, I'm just carrying this folding table in case I run into three people who want to play bridge.

JACK: All right, *I know you're the masseur* ~~straight~~ don't be funny.

NELSON: Shall we get started?

JACK: I'm ready.

RU

NELSON: All right. Take your shirt off.

JACK: Okay...there.

NELSON: Well, a yellow undershirt.

ROCH: HE AIN'T WEARIN' ONE, THAT'S HIM.

JACK: ~~Never mind,~~ Rochester ^{please....}...Now then, Mr....Mr...

NELSON: Nelson.

JACK: Oh yes...Well, Mr. Nelson, shall I lie on the table?

NELSON: Yes, face down, please.

DON: Here, I'll help you up, Jack.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: SLIGHT RATTLE OF TABLE)

JACK: There.

NELSON: Say, your shoulder blades really stick out, don't they?

JACK: What?

NELSON: From where I'm standing, you look like the back of a Cadillac.

JACK: Look, you're here to give me a massage, not to make comments.

NELSON: Sorry.

~~JACK: Now do you think you can loosen up my muscles?~~

~~NELSON: First let's work on you, we'll get to your chest later...~~

Now here we go..First I'll put some oil on.

Look look will you please?
(SOUND: FEW SLAPS)
JACK: Don't slap, rub..rub.

NELSON: All right.

JACK: Ahh..that feels good.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

RU

DON: I'll get it.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Oh, it's the Sportsmen. Come on in, fellows.

JACK: *look it, I haven't got time to hear a commercial or song now.*
Don, I'm getting a message.

DON: I know, but *look Jack* the boys heard *that* you're going on a personal appearance tour this summer.

JACK: That's right. I've got my show all lined up. I'm opening in the State Fair Auditorium in Dallas, Texas, June Fourteenth.

DON: Well, Jack, the boys have prepared a number for your opening in Dallas. So while you're getting your message why don't you listen to it?

JACK: Okay..particularly *it* if it's about Texas.

DON: *It is... Jack: Oh, well, good.*
It is. Hit it, fellows.

RU

(INTRO)

-9-

QUART: THE STARS AT NIGHT

ARE BIG AND BRIGHT

(FOUR SLAPS)

QUART: DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

THE PRAIRIE SKY

IS WIDE AND HIGH

(FOUR SLAPS)

JACK: Mr. Nelson, don't slap
me so hard.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

THE COYOTES WAIL

ALONG THE TRAIL

(FOUR SLAPS)

JACK: Mr. Nelson please....

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

THE DOGIES BAWL AND BAWL AND BAWL

(FOUR SLAPS)

JACK: Mr. Nelson!

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS?

JACK: Yes, ^{fella} I'll be in Dallas ^{for} two weeks, ~~but not for long.~~

QUART: THE EYES OF TEXAS WILL BE ON YOU

ALL THE LIVELONG DAY

SO DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR FIDDLE

THEY'LL WANT TO HEAR YOU PLAY

EVERYBODY RIDES IN TEXAS

IT'S THE STATE WHERE MEN ARE MEN

BETTER TAKE YOUR PADDED SADDLE

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN

THE SMOKE THEY LIKE

IS LUCKY STRIKE

(FOUR SLAPS)

JACK: Mr. Nelson, don't slap, *me*
rub.

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0019808

QUART:
(CONT)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

THROUGHOUT THE STATE

THEY SAY THEY'RE GREAT

(FOUR SLAPS)

IT'S LUCKY STRIKE IN TEXAS

THEY LIKE THE PACK

OF FINE TOBACK

(FOUR SLAPS)

THEY ALL ARE SMOKING LUCKIES

IN CATTLE LAND

THE FAVORITE BRAND

(FOUR SLAPS)

IS BETTER TASTING LUCKIES

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TASTE

THAT'S WHY IT'S LUCKIES

YA HOO.

JACK: ~~Mr. Nelson,~~ You're
hurting me.

Now
JACK: ~~Mr. Nelson,~~ stop that.

JACK: Mr. Nelson, ~~please~~

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0019809

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: Well, Jack what did you think of ^{that} ~~the~~ number?

JACK: Fine, Don, fine.

NELSON: I loved the beat.

JACK: You stay outta this... And fellows, thanks a lot for the nice send-off. So long.

DON: So long, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: Now, Mr. Nelson..how long does this go on?

NELSON: Well, I just want to get a little more oil worked in.

JACK: More oil? Look, I want a massage, I'm not swimming the English channel.

NELSON: I know what I'm doing.

(SOUND: SLIGHT PATTING)

NELSON: Say..what's this on your arm?

JACK: That's a tattoo. When I was in the Navy we all had the ships we were assigned to tattooed on our arms.

NELSON: Very interesting..let me take a look at that...WELL, OLD IRONSIDES.

JACK: It is not. This one is wood...now finish up with that oil.

NELSON: All right.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ^{Now} ~~the~~ ^{worder...} who ^{will ya} that ^{is,} Hand me the phone, Rochester, please

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DH

DENNIS: Is that you, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, Dennis, where are you?

DENNIS: I'm out looking at houses again.

JACK: But Dennis, you're always looking at houses....you've got a nice house now. Why do you want to move?

DENNIS: It's that real estate agent of mine. For two years he's been pestering me to get another house.

JACK: Where'd you find him, anyway?

DENNIS: He's my next door neighbor.

JACK: Oh, well, that clears that up....Tell me, Dennis is he still showing you around Beverly Hills?

DENNIS: No, this time we're a little farther out.

JACK: Well, where are you?

DENNIS: ~~So~~ Laguna Beach.

JACK: Laguna Beach...Dennis, that's a sixty mile drive... Couldn't you find something closer?

DENNIS: Yeah, but as long as I was making all the lights, I thought I'd keep going.

JACK: Oh, fine....Dennis, what do you want from me?

DENNIS: Well, my real estate man showed me a terrific beach house down here.

JACK: A beach house?

DENNIS: It's being auctioned off and I'm the only one bidding.

JACK: You are?

DENNIS: Yeah, it's sixty thousand dollars now and going up fast.

DH

ATX01 0019811

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis. If you're the only one bidding, why does the price keep going up?

DENNIS: There's an echo in the place.

JACK: Dennis, take my advice...forget about that house.

DENNIS: But Mr. Benny, this is just what I've always wanted. It's right on the beach and it has five rooms.

JACK: ~~Sixty thousand dollars~~ and only five rooms?

DENNIS: Ten when it's low tide.

JACK: You mean part of the house is under water?

DENNIS: I found a halibut in the mouse trap.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest --

DENNIS: Woops, gotta hang up now, the tides coming in.

JACK: But Dennis, you can't --

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a crazy kid...his windshield's all right, but his head is pitted. *Mr. Nelson, I wish you'd hang with my message.*

NELSON: Hold still, I'm almost through.

JACK: Well, it's about time...wait a minute...(SNIFFS)

NELSON: What's the matter?

JACK: That oil you've been putting on me smells rancid.

NELSON: *Well* Don't blame me, blame the butcher.

JACK: Butcher?

NELSON: Yes, I use chicken fat.

JACK: You mean all this time you've been rubbing chicken fat on me?

NELSON: What *did* you expect for three dollars an hour, My Sin?

JACK: (MAD) Well, that does it. You've slapped me until I'm black and blue, butted into my personal affairs and covered my whole body with chicken fat...Now here's your three dollars, *and go.*

NELSON: No tip?

JACK: Oh, get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Oh my goodness, look what time it is. I'll be late for my date, Rochester, hand me that clean shirt.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE

JACK: Thanks....Now let's see where are my cuff links?

ROCH: BOSS, IF YOU DON'T NEED ME ANYMORE, COULD I GO NOW?

JACK: Why, have you got something to do?

ROCH: NO, BUT THAT CHICKEN FAT IS KILLING ME.

JACK: Go, go.

ROCH: OKAY...AND HAVE A GOOD TIME, BOSS.

JACK: So long, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: (HUMS) FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE, IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU, IF YOU'RE YOUNG AT HEART....YOU CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME, IF YOU STAY THIRTY-NINE...AND YOU'RE YOUNG AT HEART...AND IF I SHOULD SURVIVE TO A HUNDRED AND FIVE, THAT'S JUST SEVEN MORE YEARS THAT I'LL BE ALIVE...AND HERE IS THE BEST PART...OOOOH HAVE I GOT A HEAD START...DA DA DUM, DA DA, DA DUM, DA ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

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

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, this is Dennis again.

JACK: Dennis, I have a date and I'm in a hurry. What do you want

DENNIS: ^{now?} *Well* I just wanted to tell you I didn't buy that house in Laguna, and I'm glad you talked me out of it.

JACK: You are?

DENNIS: Yeah, the climate's much nicer here in San Diego.

JACK: SAN DIEGO!.... Dennis, how did you get there so fast?

DENNIS: I flew, you're not the only one who has big shoulder blades.

JACK: Now cut that out...Goodbye.

(SOUND: PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)

JACK: That Dennis..who does he think he's fooling...San Diego...

~~He~~ ^P probably at home making this whole thing up just to aggravate me...Well, I better get going. I don't want to keep my date waiting...(HUMS) ... ~~He~~ ^{One} last look in the mirror...Hmmm..Maybe I was before her time...Oh well, I feel great *Might as well go*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

BY: Wonderful show, Mr. Benny.

RYAN: Great show, Mr. Benny.

RUBIN: Another good one, Mr. Benny.

HERB: Sensational show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: OH, GO HOME ALREADY

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I never saw writers so worried about their jobs.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

JACK: *in that Cafe....*
(HUMS) Gee..I hope they keep my reservations...I wonder if she'll like this place I'm taking her to...She's always so critical...but underneath I think she really likes me.... She's so cute....every time I hear her voice ^{of} I get goosepimples.

(SOUND: ~~THREE OR FOUR FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS~~)

~~BEA: C.B.S. the Star's address.~~

DH

JACK: Hurry up, Gertrude, we'll be late...Now come on.

BEA: What's the rush, the prices changed already.

JACK: We're not going to the movies. I'm taking you to a French Restaurant for dinner.

BEA: Dinner? Oh boy, I'm starved.

JACK: ~~Hmm. Well, come on, anyway.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR & SUSTAIN UNDER)

JACK: Gertrude...look at that couple in the car next to us... She has her head on his shoulder...Gee, it's a beautiful night...Gertrude, why don't you ever sit with your head on my shoulder?

BEA: What?

JACK: I said, why don't you ever sit with your head on my shoulder?

BEA: What?

JACK: Gertrude, you're not working now, take your ear phones off.. There, that's better...Move over closer to me, Gertrude.

BEA: Okay.

JACK: Gee, this is nice.

Bea:

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS)

BEA: Say, did you notice a little bump a minute ago.

JACK: No.

BEA: Neither did I, but it smells like we ran over a chicken.

JACK: Darn that masseur.

BEA: What?

JACK: Nothing...nothing.

BEA: I'm getting hungry...Where is this restaurant, anyway?

DH

JACK: Just a few more miles...Let's see what's on the radio.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK AND STATIC SQUAWK)

MEL: (MEXICAN ACCENT) This is station ~~XXXX~~^{XTMO}...the voice of Tia Juana, Mexico. And now we continue our program with another song from Tia Juana's newest resident...Senor Dennis Day. *li*

JACK: I thought he was making it all up.

BEA: Quiet, I want to hear Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) -- "HERE"

(APPLAUSE)

DH

(THIRD ROUTINE)

Jack: Gertrude, we're almost there
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BEA: I still don't see why we couldn't have gone to Giro's
or the Mocambo.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...everybody goes there. This is a little different.
You'll love this French restaurant.

BEA: Well, where is it? I don't see it.

JACK: It's just down a few steps. *we're right here... here, watch the steps.* Watch it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN EIGHT STEPS..SLIGHT

PAUSE. FOOTSTEPS DOWN EIGHT MORE

STEPS...SLIGHT PAUSE...FOOTSTEPS DOWN

Slight pause... for steps down some steps
EIGHT MORE STEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR...

(DOOR OPENS)

Jack: See - it was nothing
MEL: (FRENCH ACCENT) Welcome to Musty Michele's.

JACK: *Bon* Bonjour, Michele.

MEL: Bonjour Monsieur Benny...Step this way, please.

JACK: Come along, Gertrude.

BEA: (MAD) I'm coming, I'm coming.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ECHOING THROUGH CORRIDOR)

MEL: Please, a little faster through this passageway...I do
not trust it since the cave-in.

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS...THEN

FOOTSTEPS STOP AND WE HEAR RESTAURANT

NOISES AND BABBLE OF GOOD-SIZED CROWD)

JACK: Michele...it always used to be so nice and quiet here.
Why is it so crowded?

MEL: Ah, tonight it is ^{is} special occasion.

JACK: Special occasion?

MEL: Oui, it is the reunion of the Society de L'egout
Travailleur de Paris.

JACK: What kind of a society is that?

MEL: The Sewer Workers of Paris.

BEA: Boy, did they pick the right place!

JACK: Quiet, Gertrude.

MEL: Here we are...a nice table for two...I remove the phone
book like so and --

JACK: Wait a minute...you're not giving us this telephone stand
for a table.

MEL: *Oh,* But Monsieur...we're crowded...the Society --

JACK: I don't care about the Society.. I'm a steady customer
~~and~~ I'm entitled to a little comfort.

BEA: Yeah, ^{at} who would eat ~~at~~ a tiny table like this...I'd
hardly be able to order anything.

JACK: That's right, on this small a space how much could she
~~possibly~~ -- sit down, Gertrude.

MEL: But if Mademoiselle is unhappy, perhaps I could find --

JACK: *adut up a nous... avec...*
Michele, stop checking yourself out... this is fine.

(SOUND: CHAIRS SCRAPE)

MEL: While you are deciding about dinner, may I suggest to
drink...some nice vin de cerisse de la province.

JACK: What's that?

MEL: That is cherry wine from the provinces.

BEA: Nah.

MEL: *Well,* I could also give you vin de raisin sec de Bordeaux.

BEA: Come again.

MEL: *Well,* That is raisin wine from Bordeaux.

JACK: I don't know. Haven't you got anything else?

MEL: Well, we have something new...Vin de raison des
main-piano.

JACK: What's that?

MEL: Grape wine from an accordian.

JACK: What?

MEL: Cresta Remley ⁸⁴ ~~184~~.

JACK: Gee, Bob wasn't kidding...er...Michele, we don't want
anything to drink. We'll just look over the menu and
order dinner in a few minutes.

MEL: Oui. I shall return.

BEA: Why do you take me to these places? Why couldn't we go
somewhere where they have music and dancing?

JACK: Gertrude, we went to a nightclub last week.

BEA: You call that a nightclub?

JACK: Well, they had an orchestra, didn't they?

BEA: Some orchestra...a ukulele accompanied by a Hoover
vacuum cleaner.

JACK: Oh, stop complaining. I'll admit we're a trifle cramped
here, but it's a nice place and --

MEL: Monsieur Benny.

JACK: Yes?

MEL: I regret to impose, but as you see, we ~~were~~ ^{are} not prepared
to accommodate such a big reunion, so if you do not mind,
Monsieur Pierrot here would like to sit with you.

JACK: But Michele, we haven't room ~~to~~ --

ROLF: Je compliment cet homme. Il a une belle jeune fille.

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

MEL: He says you are to be complimented on having such a beautiful young companion.

JACK: (PLEASED) Well.

ROLF: Elle n'est pas que belle, mais elle a le flair de lilas et rose.

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

MEL: He says not only is she beautiful, but she has the fragrance of lilacs and roses.

ROLF: Il flaire de poulet-gras.

JACK: What did he say then?

MEL: He says you smell like chicken fat.

JACK: Hmm.

BEA: (SILLY GIGGLE)

JACK: Gertrude, be quiet... Look Michele, I came here with my girl because I thought we could have a nice, quiet dinner to ourselves. Now if you haven't got anything with a little more privacy, I'm leaving.

MEL: Let me see... Ah, but of course..the booth behind the curtain.

JACK: Well, now you're talking..Come on, Gertrude, we'll go in that booth.

BEA: All right.

(SOUND: CHAIRS SCRAPE AND FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: Wait, I pull aside the curtain for you.

(SOUND: CURTAIN BEING DRAWN)

JACK: Oh no.

HY: Wonderful show, Mr. Benny.

RYAN: Good show, Mr. Benny.

HEB: Another good one, Mr.--

JACK: ~~Let's get out of here, Gertrude, I'm not eating in any place that they can afford to go to.~~ *I can't here with my girl...*

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 16, 1954
(Transcribed April 29, 1954)
CARE ALLOCATION

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in this critical period when the United States needs all the friends overseas it can get, sending CARE packages abroad gives us an opportunity to make friends for America on a personal basis. President Eisenhower has endorsed CARE, calling it "a person-to-person expression of international goodwill", since each CARE package is delivered in the name of an individual American to a specific individual in Europe or Asia. So please remember, contact your CARE office, as each CARE package becomes an ambassador of American goodwill.
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

WA

ATX01 0019821

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 16, 1954
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: Friends, when you buy a pack of Luckies...when you unravel the red cellophane tab and take out a cigarette and light up -- well, you'll be enjoying a cigarette that tastes as fresh as the day it was made. That's because every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in the freshness.. the better taste...that has made Luckies so popular with millions of smokers. You see, the makers of Luckies know, just as you do, that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. That's why they do everything humanly possible to keep Luckies better tasting. That's why fine tobacco goes into every Lucky Strike. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. And Luckies taste better because they are made better -- made round and firm and fully packed -- to draw freely -- to smoke evenly. So, for a better-tasting, fresher-tasting cigarette -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky...make your next carton Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET: Get Better Taste Today!
(LONG
CLOSE)
WA

ATX01 0019822

(TAG)

ROCH: DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME, BOSS?

JACK: Not bad, Rochester. The food was good, but the restaurant is so far out that --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis again. I want to find out what time rehearsal is.

JACK: Dennis, where are you?

DENNIS: I'm at home.

JACK: *You finally got home, huh?*
Oh, well, Dennis, the first rehearsal will be at ten o'clock in the morning and then we have a dress rehearsal at--

DENNIS: Excuse me, Mr. Benny, I've got to go..I think my mother's cooking dinner for me.

JACK: You think?

DENNIS: Yeah, I smell chicken fat.

JACK: *Over the phone?*
Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE)

WA

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.

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

WA

ATX01 0019824

PROGRAM #37
REVISED SCRIPT

"On Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT
(TRANSCRIBED MAY 12, 1954)

RP

ATX01 0019825

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #37

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

MAY 23, 1954

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. Why do you smoke
cigarettes? Think it over a minute and you'll
agree that you smoke simply to enjoy the taste of a
cigarette. Sure - smoking enjoyment is all a matter
of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies
taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Luckies
do taste better, and for two important reasons. One,
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco....light, naturally
mild, good-tasting tobacco. Second - Luckies are
actually made better - made round and firm and
fully-packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Yes,
fine tobacco in a better made cigarette will give you
better taste every single time.

(MORE)

JP

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OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(cont'd) So if you go along 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.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother
 Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

JP

(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 DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW WITH HIS GUEST STAR, BOB HOPE..BUT RIGHT NOW WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO YESTERDAY TO THE OFFICE OF A PROMINENT DENTIST. SITTING IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR, EVEN AS YOU AND I, IS OUR LITTLE STAR, JACK BENNY.

(SOUND: DRILL GRINDING ON TOOTH)

JACK: For heavens sake, Doctor..how much longer will you have to use that drill?

HY: I'm almost done, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank goodness.

(SOUND: DRILLING RESUMES FOR FEW SECONDS..THEN STOPS)

HY: There we are, all finished...Now let's slip them in your mouth and see how they fit.

JACK: ...Okay, *fy* isn't there some way you can make this removable bridge permanent?

HY: *Oh* I'm afraid not...Why, don't you like removable bridges?

JACK: Oh, they're all right..but sometimes I sneeze, *you see* and it comes loose.

HY: ~~That's too bad.~~

JACK: I don't mind so much if it happens during one of my radio shows, but on television, it's murder...It's awful when I'm smiling on one camera and my teeth are on another.

HY: Well, we'll fix it next time...Say, I just read in one of the papers that Bob Hope is going to be your guest star on your T. V. show.

JACK: That's right.

HY: You know, Bob is one of my patients..And so is Bing Crosby.

JACK: Really?

HY: Yes..as a matter of fact, I had quite an unusual experience with Bing the last time he was here.

JACK: What happened?

HY: I was drilling on one of ^{his} ~~the~~ molars and struck oil.

JACK: ...(LAUGHING) Say, that's a funny joke.

HY: I know, one of your writers is a patient of mine, too.

JACK: One of my writers..how can he afford to come to an expensive dentist like you?

HY: He can't..that's why he gives me jokes.

JACK: Oh.

HY: Now let's see...about your next appointment..How about ^{June} ~~two~~ in the afternoon June Fourteenth?

JACK: ^{June 14} Oh..I can't come on June Fourteenth.

HY: Why not?

JACK: Well...Doctor, have you any patients out in your waiting room? ^{waiting?}

HY: Yes..quite a few.

JACK: Good...open the door ^{will you} to the waiting room.

HY: (PUZZLED) Well...all right.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I CAN'T COME HERE ON JUNE FOURTEENTH BECAUSE THAT'S THE DAY I OPEN MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR AT THE STATE FAIR AUDITORIUM IN DALLAS, TEXAS...

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

JACK: There's no sense wasting the plug, doctor, one of your patients may be in Dallas at the time ^{you are...}. I'll call you when I get back.

HY: Okay...Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

~~JACK: Remember, June Fourteenth, folks.~~

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM..FOOTSTEPS, SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee, it'll be fun ^{making} ~~my~~'s personal appearance in Dallas.. ^{see} ~~from~~ there) I go up north to Portland, ^{and} Vancouver, and Seattle... ~~and~~ then I'm going back to my home town, Waukegan. I'm not making a personal appearance there but they're having a testimonial in my honor. They're naming a sewer after me...It was supposed to be a subway but the plumber hooked it up wrong...Oh, well...

(SOUND DOOR OPENS...STREET NOISES AND TRAFFIC NOISES...FADE TO B.G.)

JACK: Gee; it's such a nice day I think I'll walk home. ^{So lovely}

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS) ^{out}

RP

JACK: (SINGS) FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE
IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU
IF YOU'RE YOUNG AT HEART
YOU CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME
IF YOU STAY THIRTY-NINE
AND YOU'RE YOUNG AT HEART
I CAN GO TO EXTREMES
WITH IMPOSSIBLE SCHEMES
THINK OF MARILYN MONROE
THOUGH IT'S ONLY IN DREAMS
I'D LIKE TO HUG AND KISS HER EVERY SINGLE DAY
UNLESS DI MAGGIO IS THERE OR ON HIS WAY

Yes, That's a great record Frank Sinatra made of that song.
Yes, I'll never forget the first time I heard Sinatra on a
record. He looked so comfortable lying there between
the grooves.

DON'T YOU KNOW IT IS WORTH
EVERY TREASURE ON EARTH
TO BE YOUNG AT HEART
FOR AS RICH AS YOU ARE
IT'S MUCH BETTER BY FAR
TO BE YOUNG AT HEART...(That's silly)
AND IF I SHOULD SURVIVE
TO A HUNDRED AND FIVE
I'LL BE JUST FIFTY-THREE
BUT SO GLAD I'M ALIVE
AND HERE'S WHAT'S SO FUNNY
I'LL STILL HAVE MY MONEY
DA DA DA, DADA, DA DUM,
DA DA, DA DUM.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE WITH TRAFFIC NOISES
IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee, I've been walking fast..I'm almost to Beverly Hills.. I'm glad I live here..Beverly Hills must be the classiest community in the ^{whole} world...Yep..there's the sign.."You Are Now Entering Beverly Hills."....

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT..THEN COMPLETE SILENCE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS)

JACK:Gee, these rugs on the sidewalks are nice....I think Howard Hughes lives around here...Oh yes, there's his house... ^{gosh} his yard looks beautiful...(SNIFFS) Ahhh, ~~that~~ ^{that} smells good, too...I wonder why it smells so -- Oh yes, now I remember... He waters his lawn with My SinGosh, Beverly Hills must have the classiest residential district in the whole --

(PIANO PLAYS FEW BARS OF PIANO CONCERTO)

JACK: There goes the Good Humor Man... ~~the three most popular flavors in Beverly Hills are Strawberry, vanilla, and Caramel. Beverly Hills is so classy that~~ ^{I don't know -} sometimes I - I think ~~that Beverly is so classy that~~ ^{that Beverly is so classy that} ---

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Huh? Oh hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: I was just over ~~at~~ your house, but you weren't home.

JACK: I know, I was at my dentist's.

DENNIS: Gee, what a coincidence.

JACK: Oh, were you at ~~your~~ ^{the} dentist's today?

DENNIS: No, my optometrist's.

JACK: ~~Oh~~. Oh. Dennis, ^{are} are you getting eyeglasses?

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Oh...are you near-sighted?
DENNIS: No.
JACK: Far-sighted?
DENNIS: No.
JACK: Oh...then you have a -- you have -- a --
DENNIS: Astigmatism?
JACK: Yes.
DENNIS: No.
JACK:Then why in the world are you getting glasses?
DENNIS: To keep my mother from hitting me.
JACK: ~~Oh~~...You mean your mother's mad at you again?
DENNIS: Uh huh.
JACK: What happened this time?
DENNIS: Well, on one of my television programs I'm supposed to be a magician...so I decided to practice up some magic tricks last week.
JACK: What kind of trick were you practicing?
DENNIS: ^{you know,} / The famous one where you make an elephant disappear.
JACK: ^{But} Dennis...that trick takes years of practice...you can't make an elephant disappear.
DENNIS: I know...and boy is our living room crowded.
JACK: ...Dennis...~~there's~~...you have an elephant in your living room?
DENNIS: Yeah...for six days.
JACK: ~~There's~~...How can an elephant stay in a house that long?
DENNIS: He brought his trunk.

EC

JACK: ...Hmmm...Dennis, come here a minute.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

DENNIS: OUCH!

JACK: *Now* Dennis, don't ever pull such an old corny gag on me...

I don't mind when you--

RUBIN: (SLIGHT IRISH) Sure now, what's going on here?

JACK: It's nothing, officer..nothing..Just a personal --

RUBIN: *Now* Don't tell me it's nothing..I saw you slap the lad.

DENNIS: *Yes* and for no reason..All I did was tell him ^Tthat an elephant has been living at my house for a week.

RUBIN: *Oh-Oh* Now wait a minute..How in the world could an elephant stay in a house for a week?

JACK: He brought his trunk.

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

JACK: OUCH, OFFICER.....You shouldn't have slapped me...~~that's~~ *He's the one that said. that.*

RUBIN: Oh.

JACK: *Now*, Come on, Dennis, let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You're always causing trouble.

DENNIS: Do you want to hear the song I'm going to do on the program Sunday, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Not here on the street .. Anyway, I want to give you some advice.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

EC

JACK: Dennis, since you apparently have so much time that you can walk around annoying people on the street...why don't you try to better yourself?

DENNIS: *Well* What do you mean?

JACK: *Well* Go to the library..get some good books..read the newspapers and magazines..find out what's going on in the world.

DENNIS: I don't have to waste my time reading magazines and newspapers.

JACK: *Well* Then how do you get information?

DENNIS: I dial 113.

JACK: Dennis, sing.

DENNIS: But you said not on the street.

JACK: I don't care what I said. I'd rather hear you sing than

Dennis: talk.. Now go ahead.

(APPLAUSE) *Yes, sir.*

(DENNIS' SONG - "AMORE")

(APPLAUSE)

EC

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

-9-

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Dennis, that's a nice song.

DENNIS: I know..the people on the street applauded me.

JACK: I know...Imagine singing on the street. I was never so embarrassed in my life.

DENNIS: Then why did you pick up the coins?

JACK: I didn't want anybody to trip over them....Now, come on, I'll walk you home.

DENNIS: I'm not going home...I have to be down at Long Beach in an hour..I'm going for a ride on my friend's boat.

JACK: Oh...you have a friend who owns a boat?

DENNIS: Yeah...and he's the most beautiful boat I ever saw.

JACK: Well, I hope you -- what did you say, Dennis?

DENNIS: I said..he's the most beautiful boat I ever saw.

JACK: Dennis, you mean ...she's the most beautiful boat. You should know that.

DENNIS: You'll have to forgive me...my mother only told me about the birds and the bees.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I guess she wanted my father to tell me about boats.

JACK: Dennis...all boats are she's...There are no he's.

DENNIS: Then where do the little --

JACK: THEY BUILD THEM, THEY BUILD THEM...For heaven's sakes.

DENNIS: Well, I better go now or I'll be late....Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SHORT TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: KEY IN LOCK....DOOR BEING OPENED)

GH

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ROCH: (OFF) WHO'S THAT?

JACK: It's me, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

ROCH: (COMING IN) OH...HELLO, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Hello, ~~Rochester~~...any phone calls for me?

ROCH: NO, BUT THERE WAS A SALESMAN HERE FROM THE APPLIANCE STORE
AND HE LEFT A TELEVISION SET FOR YOU TO TRY OUT ON APPROVAL...
IT'S IN THE HALL.

JACK: Why did he leave it out in the hall?

ROCH: BOSS, THIS IS THE NEW CROSLEY SUPER-V WITH A BUILT-IN
ARIAL...IT'S ^{you can} SO LIGHT) IT CAN BE CARRIED ANYWHERE IN THE
HOUSE.

JACK: Say, that's quite a feature.

ROCH: YEAH...YOU CAN USE IT AT NIGHT IN YOUR BEDROOM...AND
THEN BRING IT ^{IN} THE LIVING ROOM FOR THE CROWD WHEN
THE GREYHOUND BUS STOPS HERE.

JACK: ~~That's right and it should be great during the summer...I
can even take it out in my back yard.~~

ROCH: ~~YEAH..THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WATCH TELEVISION WHILE YOU'RE
MILKING THE COW.~~

JACK: ~~Look Rochester, you don't have to make jokes just because --~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer the door...you get my lunch ready.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS YOUNG AT HEART OVER FOOTSTEPS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

GH

BOB: Hello, Jack.

JACK: *Oh*, Hello, Bob...Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Bob, why didn't you call and let me know you ~~were dropping~~ wait a minute, Bob..where did you get that wonderful sunburn?

BOB: *Oh*, The boys in the orchestra chartered a boat and we all went fishing yesterday. *and I*

JACK: Did you catch many fish?

BOB: Lots of them, Jack...I hooked a real big halibut ...and it put up an awful struggle...that's where the teamwork came in.

JACK: Teamwork?

BOB: Yeah...I hauled it in as close as I could, Remley breathed on it, and it danced right into the boat.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned..is that the way you landed all the fish?

BOB: Uh huh...Of course, we had to throw one back.

JACK: Too small?

BOB: No, he was under twenty-one.

JACK: ~~Really?~~

BOB: Sammy the drummer won the Jackpot by landing the biggest fish, so I took a picture of it...Here *you want to take a*...look at it.

JACK: *Oh*, isn't that cute..the fish is holding Sammy up... ~~It~~ Looks so cute with his fin around him.

BOB: Yeah.

GH

~~BOB:~~ Yeah.

JACK: You know, Bob...I guess it's hopeless...but I sure wish the boys in the band would settle down a little.

BOB: Oh, they have, Jack. ^{Why} In fact, Bagby the piano player has sworn off drinking...He's been on the wagon since last Saturday morning.

JACK: Bagby...on the wagon...what happened?

BOB: Well, he was supposed to go over to Dennis Day's house because Dennis wanted to rehearse a song.

JACK: Oh, and he wanted Charlie to accompany him on the piano?

BOB: Uh huh... ~~and~~ when he got over to Dennis's, he rang the bell, and an elephant answered the door.

JACK: ...Oh,...yes, I know about that...an elephant's been living there for the past seven days.

BOB: Now wait a minute, Jack, you're kidding ^{in the world} ~~me~~, How could an elephant live in a house for a week?

JACK: (AFTER 5 MINUTE LOOK AT AUDIENCE) Ask me that again, Bob.

BOB: ^{Well} Ask you what?

JACK: How can an elephant live in a house for a week?

BOB: He brought his trunk, I ran into Dennis, too.

GR

JACK: How do I always get trapped in these things?...Why does it always have to happen to me?...Once, just once I'd like to--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS)...OH, ROCHESTER...WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR, PLEASE?

ROCH: (OFF) I CAN'T, I'M PREPARING THE LUNCH...I'M PUTTING THE WHIPPED CREAM ON THE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

JACK: Strawberry shortcake...isn't that fattening?

ROCH: YEAH, MY DOCTOR TOLD ME TO PUT ON A LITTLE WEIGHT.

JACK: Oh...Well, I'll answer it....Excuse me, Bob.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING, COMING.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (AMAZED) Oh my goodness...how did this ever escape from Dennis's ~~living~~ -- Oh, it's you, Don ^{Don on} ~~come in~~; Come in,

~~me~~. *in the world*

DON: Jack, what are you talking about?

JACK: *It*, Nothing, nothing...

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Let's go in the living room, Bob Crosby is there.

DON: Oh good, he'll want to watch it, too.

JACK: Watch what?

DON: ~~They~~, The Sportsmen Quartet are doing a guest shot on television....Oh, hi, Bob.

BOB: Hello, Don.

JACK: What time does this program go on?

DON: *Oh*, just a few minutes, ^{now}...where's your television set, Jack?

4 DH

the

JACK: Right here....It's a new Crosley. I'm trying it out on approval.

DON: You've had me that way for the last twenty years.

JACK: Well, when you prove that you're good, I'll hire you.... You know, sometimes ~~sometimes~~ -- Ah...Abhhhh...(SNEEZES) ANHHEHOOO.

DON: Gesundheit, Jack.

BOB: ~~any~~, Don, when did you join the Elks?

JACK: Those are mine, darn that Dentist...Say, I better turn on the set and let it warm up.

(SOUND: CLICK)

ROCH: MR. BENNY, YOUR LUNCH IS READY.

JACK: Hold it a minute, Rochester....I want to watch something on television....Oh, there's the picture coming on now.

DON: Say, it's nice and clear.

JACK: Yeah....I'll turn up the sound.

MEL: ~~(FILTER) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS OUR PLEASURE TO PRESENT OUR SPECIAL GUESTS, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET....AS YOU ALL KNOW, THE SPORTSMEN APPEAR EVERY WEEK ON THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM, SO PLEASE EXCUSE THE CLOTHES THEY'RE WEARING.~~

JACK: Hmmm.

MEL: ~~AND NOW, THE SPORTSMEN WILL SING THAT BRAND NEW NOVELTY NUMBER "MONEY, MONEY, MONEY".~~

JACK: Gee.

DON: You know, Jack, I was thinking --

JACK: Quiet, Don, I want to hear this.

DH

(INTRO)

-15A-

QUART: DON'T WANT NO LOVIN'
DON'T WANT NO KISSING
DON'T WANT NO GAL TO CALL ME HONEY
DON'T WANT MY NAME IN THE HALL OF FAME
JUST WANT A BIG FAT PILE OF MONEY.

MARTY: GIVE ME THAT ALMIGHTY DOLLAR
FOR THAT LETTUCE HEAR ME HOLLER
GIVE ME BUCKETS FULL OF DUCKETS
And LET ME WALK AROUND AND WALLER
IN MAZUMA EL DINERO
I WANT TO BE A MILLIONAIRE

QUART: GIVE ME MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

MARTY: I WANT THAT LONG GREEN AMMUNITION
THAT'S THE STUFF FOR WHICH I'M WISHING
FILL MY CLOSETS WITH DEPOSITS
I'M A DEMON AT ADDITION
GIVE ME SHECKELS GIVE ME PESOS
LET ME SEE THEIR SMILING FACES

QUART: GIVE ME MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.
I WANT TO GET ME A SUIT
THAT'S MADE OUT OF LOOT
AND WHISTLE THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

MARTY: I'VE GOT THAT
Monetary - it is
LIKE TO BE JUST LIKE KING MIDAS

QUART: I WANT THAT GOLDEN TOUCH IS WHAT I MEAN

(MORE)

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MARTY: GIVE ME THAT OLD DOUBLE EAGLE
 WANT THAT TENDER THAT IS LEGAL
 AND FINANCIALLY SUBSTANTIALLY ANY SUM
 I CAN INVEIGLE
 WANT TO LIVE IN ~~LEGAL~~ SPLENDER
 WITH THAT LOVING LEGAL TENDER

QUART: GIVE ME ~~WANT~~ MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.

JACK: Gee, they're singing our song.

MARTY: AND WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR SMOKING
 YOU WILL KNOW THAT I'M NOT JOKIN'
 WHEN I SAY THERE'S REALLY NOthin'
 THAT CAN PLEASE MORE THAN PUFFIN'
^{real}
~~ON THAT CIGARETTE THAT'S ROASTED~~
~~IT'S A REGULAR SUPER SUPER~~
~~AS YOU KNOW YOU'VE NOTED~~

QUART: GIVE ME LUCKIES, LUCKIES, LUCKIES, LUCKIES, LUCKIES

MARTY: I WANT A SMOKE ~~THAT'S~~ ^{I know} ~~NO ONE~~ IS CLEANER
 THAT ~~WANT~~ ^{is} KIND FOR WHICH I'M KEENER
 MAKE IT FRESH AND BETTER TASTING
 AND THERE'S ~~WANT~~ ^{nothing} THAT I'LL BE WASTING
 SO I'VE COME TO THIS CONCLUSION
 AND THE BRAND THAT I AM USING

QUART: IS A LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY.

I WANT A SMOOTH CIGARETTE
 THE BEST I CAN GET
 TOBACCO THAT'S ALWAYS LIGHT AND FINE

MARTY: THE ONLY SMOKE ^{for} WHICH I ~~AM~~ CARING
 I'VE BEEN TEARING AND COMPARING

QUART: IT'S AN LSMFT I'M CALLING MINE

(MORE)

MARTY: GIVE ME THAT DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE
THAT'S A TREASURE I CAN MEASURE
GIVE ME BETTER TASTING LUCKIES
LET ME SMOKE ~~ME~~ ^{am} AT MY LEASURE
CAUSE ~~THIS~~ ^{there} REALLY ~~IS~~ ^{nothing} FINER
~~THAN~~ ^{than} THAT SMOKE FROM CAROLINA

QUART: GIVE ME LUCKIES, LUCKIES, LUCKIES, LUCKIES, LUCKIES,
GIVE ME LUCKY STRIKE

MARTY: NOW JACKSON IF YOU'LL BREAK THE SEAL
ON THAT NEW PACK OF LUCKIES
WE'LL GO ON FROM HERE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~Don - Don - that was~~ ^{I'm} Hey, ~~that~~ ^{that} was wonderful, ~~Don~~. I'm glad you let me know the boys were on.

DON: I thought you'd want to see ~~them~~.

ROCH: HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Thanks, ^{See} That looks delicious..Oh, Rochester..you forgot something..get me a napkin.

ROCH: I'M SORRY, BUT I JUST WASHED THEM AND THEY'RE NOT DRY YET.

JACK: Oh...Well, get me a paper napkin.

ROCH: THEY'RE NOT DRY YET EITHER.

JACK: Oh, oh, oh. ^{oh...}

BOB: ~~Say Jack~~ ^{We'll head off the air in a couple of weeks and I wonder} ..where are you going ^{on} your vacation this summer?

JACK: Oh, I guess after I finish all my personal appearances... I'll probably go to Las Vegas for ^{a couple of} ~~a~~ weeks ~~or two~~.

DON: ^{Oh, now} Jack, you wouldn't go back there ~~again~~ after what happened last time.

JACK: Look, Don ^{I don't want to hear about that.}

BOB: Why, what happened last time?

JACK: ^{Nothing} Nothing happened.

DON: NOTHING! (LAUGHS)

BOB: Come on, Jack, tell me what it's all about.

JACK: ^{I'm not... look} Look, you can forget it. ^{Now} I'm going to eat my lunch.

DON: ~~Well~~, Bob, while he's eating his lunch, I'll tell you all about it. ^{Jack: Oh!} It was about four or five years ago...Jack and I drove up to Las Vegas together...It was late in the afternoon when we drove up to the Flamingo Hotel..I had already reserved my room by phone, but you know Jack..he always leaves everything for the last minute...

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

CL

JACK: Gee, ^{it's} ~~this~~ is a beautiful lobby, isn't it, Don?

DON: ~~It~~ Sure is.. ~~●~~ Lot of people ~~are~~ here, too.

JACK: Yeah... You wait here, Don, I'm going over ^{and} ~~to~~ talk to the room clerk...

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: This hotel really is --

MEL: May I help you, sir?

JACK: ^{Yes,} Yes. I'd like to get a room here.

MEL: Well, it's quite an honor having you visit the hotel, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, ^{you} you know who I am?

MEL: Yes, yes, I saw you once in the movies.

JACK: You did?

MEL: Yes, you were sitting right next to me.

JACK: Oh... well, thank you... Now I'd like to get a room.

MEL: Yes, sir.. Now let me see.. Here's one.. two-fifty.

JACK: Two-fifty? Isn't that kind of expensive?

MEL: ^{Well,} That's not the price, that's the room number.

JACK: Oh... oh... I see... It's on the second floor.

MEL: Yes sir. ~~It~~ has a beautifully decorated bedroom... ~~a~~ magnificently furnished sitting room... ~~a~~ luxurious dressing room, and a huge entry hall.

JACK: Well, that sounds nice...what's the rate on it?

MEL: Sixteen dollars.

~~DON: (PAUSE) Clerk, I'll loosen his collar, you push his~~

~~eyes back in.~~
^{Well, that I won't discuss at all...}
JACK: ~~I'm all right, I'm all right.~~ Now look, clerk, I've had a.. had a...

DON: (PAUSE) ...Jack, what are you staring at?

CL

JACK: That cash register. I've never seen anything so beautiful.

MEL: *Well* That's a slot machine.

JACK: A slot machine? *It* I've heard about them, but this is the first one I've ever seen. How do they work?

MEL: Well, you put in a nickel and pull the handle...and if two cherries come up, you get five nickels back.

JACK: Well, that's fair.

MEL: *And if* And if three oranges come up, you get eleven nickels.

JACK: Say, that's fine.

MEL: Now if three bells come up, you get eighteen nickels.

JACK: No kidding!

MEL: And if three bars come up, you get the jackpot.

JACK: Well, that's sensational..but supposing I put my nickel in and none of those things you mention come up?

MEL: *Well* In that case, you lose your nickel.

JACK: Well, that's ridiculous.. *■* Thing like that *■*ll never catch on.. Believe me.

Come on
DON: Jack, let's go.

JACK: Just a minute, Don... Now look, Clerk, I'm willing to stay here if you'll lower the rates. *Let* Let me speak to the manager.

MEL: Very well..he's right here...Mr. Benny, this is Mr. Shiller, the manager of the Flamingo.

Oh, I'm - I'm
JACK:) Pleased to meet you, Mr. Shiller.

SHILLER: How do you do.

JACK: Look, Mr. Shiller, I want to get a room and get some rest *here*. I just drove all the way from Beverly Hills to Las Vegas.

~~SHILLER: I make that trip frequently, and I know exactly what you mean.~~

CL

JACK: ~~It is? I mean, yes, it is.~~

SHILLER: Well, Mr. Benny, if you'll give me the keys to your car, I'll have the bellboy park it.

JACK: It's that Maxwell right out in front.

SHILLER: Oh, is that your car?

JACK: Yes

SHILLER: ^{Will} Then we owe you an apology, we ~~are~~ using it to mow the lawn.

JACK: Well, leave the grass in it. It'll make the seats softer... Now look, Mr. Shiller, I'm very anxious to stay at the Flamingo, but it seems that your clerk and I can't get together. He's so stubborn. ~~Imagine him trying to charge me sixteen dollars a week.~~

~~SHILLER: No, no, Mr. Benny, it's sixteen dollars a day.~~

JACK: ~~Well, that I won't discuss at all.~~ Don't you have any less expensive rooms?

SHILLER: Yes, we have some for five dollars and some for seven.

JACK: ~~Five dollars and seven dollars... Gee, I don't --~~

JENNY: Oh, Mr. Shiller?

SHILLER: Excuse me, Mr. Benny...this is my secretary... What is it, Miss Eymann?

JENNY: I didn't want to interrupt you, but this is important.

SHILLER: Yes.. What is it?

JENNY: I think you better start being very nice to our dishwasher.

SHILLER: Why, is he going to quit?

JENNY: No, he just made twenty-eight passes and bought the place.

JACK: Gee.. then maybe I better talk to the dishwasher... Where is he?

SHILLER: I can handle this.

JACK: Oh.

SHILLER: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but there's nothing I can do for you.
You see, I have no authority to change the rates.

JACK: Well, there must be somebody I can talk to, *isn't there?*

SHILLER: *Well* Here's the General Manager... Oh, Mr. Chappel.

KEARNS: Yes.

SHILLER: Do you mind talking to this gentleman?

KEARNS: *Why* Not at all. How do you do.

JACK: *Well* How do you do.. I'm Jack Benny, star of stage, screen, and radio.

KEARNS: Oh, Jack Benny...certainly...I saw your last picture.

JACK: Really, did you like it?

KEARNS: No.

JACK: Oh... Have you ever heard me on radio?

KEARNS: Yes.

JACK: *Well do* ~~do~~ you like me?

KEARNS: No.

JACK: *Well* ~~do~~ Have you ever seen me on television?

KEARNS: No.

JACK: Good good.. Now look, Mr. Chappel, the reason I wanted to see you is because Mr. Shiller is trying to tell me that the lowest rate you have here is five dollars a day.

KEARNS: Mr. Benny, five dollars a day for a room is very reasonable.

JACK: Five dollars a day? But I intend to stay for *about* seven days.

KEARNS: Well, I'm sure you'd enjoy staying at the Flamingo. It cost six million dollars to build it.

JACK: Well, what're they trying to do, get it all back from me?

DON: *Come on* Jack, I'm leaving.. everybody in the place is looking at you.

JACK: Don, this won't take long.

KEARNS: Look, Mr. Benny, I'm a ^{new} busy man and I've got a lot of things to do...I'll give you a room for four dollars.

JACK: You're faded -- I mean, I'll take it.

KEARNS: Well, I'm sure you'll like it here.. You know, I supervised the complete furnishing of the Flamingo. I saw to it that all the rooms had telephones, full length mirrors, writing desks, beautifully carpeted floors, artistic pictures, unique lamps, tables, and dressers.

JACK: Gee.. are the beds comfortable?

KEARNS: Beds?

JACK: Yes.

KEARNS: Well, how do you like that, I knew I forgot something.

JACK: Well, don't worry about it, I brought an Army cot...I'll take the four dollar room.

KEARNS: Well, here's your key, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you.

DON: Come on, Jack, let's go.

JACK: Just a minute, Don, I have a nickel here. I'm going to put it in the slot machine..I hope I win.

(SOUND: NICKEL IN MACHINE..HANDLE PULLED..THREE
CLICKS AS MACHINE WORKS..THEN HUNDREDS OF
COINS FALLING ON FLOOR)

JACK: *Don* - Don..look...look..

DON: Jack, you hit the super jackpot!

JACK: Yeah..Gee, Don, look at all those nickels..Just a minute, I'll put them in my pocket.

(SOUND: PICKING UP NICKELS)

Now, come on.
JACK: Come on, Don, let's go.

DON: Jack, you forgot to tip the bellboy who brought your
bags in.

JACK: You take care of it, Don, I haven't got any change...
Come on, let's go.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CL

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 23, 1954 (TRANS. MAY 12, 1954)
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

-23-

(NATIONAL)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, 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 with my guest star, Bob Hope, but first, a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike!

(PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on tonight at seven p.m. over the CBS Network with my guest star, Bob Hope, but first, a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike!

CL

ATX01 0019852

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. Y'know, I'll bet (E.T.) that if someone asked you why you smoked... what it was, exactly, you liked about a cigarette .. I'll bet the important word in your answer would be "Taste". Because, gee, isn't good "Taste" what everybody wants in a cigarette? Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better! And there are two good reasons why that's true. In the first place, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco... naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. Made round, and firm and fully packed to draw freely and ~~to~~ smoke evenly. And that, friends, is the whole story. That's exactly why Luckies taste better. Because Luckies are made with fine tobacco...and because they're made better. Why don't you try a carton soon. Be Happy - Go Lucky. How 'bout it?

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

(TAG)

-24-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, as I ~~mentioned~~ ^{mentioned before}, tonight I'll be doing my last television show of the season and my guest star will be that very fine comedian, Bob Hope... also Rochester, the Sportsmen Quartet, and if there's room ^{on the} ~~stage~~ ^{stage}, we ^{are going to} put in Don Wilson... So we'll be seeing you. ~~soon~~ ^{soon}... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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.

CL

ATX01 0019854

PROGRAM #38
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1954

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 13, 1954)

BH

ATX01 0019855

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #38
MAY 30, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike!

(TRANSCRIBED)

COLLINS: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
(WITH FULL ORCH. B.G.) Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's mild
tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED,
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.
So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. There in words and music is
the story of Luckies' better taste ... It's toasted. A
Lucky tastes better simply because it's the cigarette of
fine tobacco and it's toasted to taste better.

"IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings
Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor, tones up this
light, mild, good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even
better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. That's the Lucky
Strike story pure and simple. Remember that, friends, the
next time you buy cigarettes -- and make it a carton of
better tasting - Lucky Strike.

(MORE)

BH

ATX01 0019856

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #38
MAY 30, 1954 (CONTINUED)

-B-

(TRANSCRIBED)

COLLINS:
(WITH FULL
ORCH, B.G.)

If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get.

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,

It's the toasted (CLAP...CLAP, CLAP) Cig-a-rette!

WA

ATX01 0019857

(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 "YOU'RE TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT OUR STAR GOES OUT ON A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR...BUT HAVING DECIDED TO GO...A LOT OF PREPARATIONS HAVE TO BE MADE. AT THE MOMENT, JACK IS IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS NEW PUBLICITY MAN, DICK FISHER.

HY: Yes sir, Benny, this is the greatest idea I ever had. You just listen to me and we'll pack every theatre from the sun-kissed shores of California to the rock-bound coast of Maine.

JACK: But Dick --

HY: What an idea!..Hand me that phone and I'll order the posters right now. We'll have billboards all over the country.

JACK: But, Dick, I've never been billed that way before... "Jack Benny, the platinum ball of fire!"....It's ridiculous...I've never worked with fans or balloons.

HY: I'm way ahead of you, Benny. Instead of fans or balloons, you'll come out in a blue spot and do your stuff with two violins.

JACK: What?

HY: And at the end of the dance, the violins open and pigeons fly out!

WA

JACK: Pigeons?!

HY: Certainly..You always get the bird, let's bring our own.

JACK: Now ^{Jack} look, Dick, I told you last week when I hired you,
I don't want any crazy stuff, I ^{all} ~~don't~~ want--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Excuse me. There's someone at the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (What a silly idea. Jack Benny, the platinum ball of fire)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

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

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: Where's Rochester?

JACK: That's what I'd like to know. Last night he asked me if
he could have the evening off, and I haven't seen him
since.

MARY: Well, Jack, maybe he --- (EXCITED) Dick..Dick Fisher!

HY: Mary!...Mary Livingstone...long time no see!

JACK: Mary...Mary...you know Dick Fisher?

MARY: ^{Will} Certainly. He was my publicity man when I worked at
the May Company.

JACK: No!

HY: Yes sir! I gave this little girl one of the most
extensive publicity campaigns in my career..In two short
weeks, I raised her from the bargain basement to the
stocking counter on the fifth floor.

WA

JACK: Well;

HY: And this, mind you, during the heat of a presidential campaign!

JACK: All right, ~~at night~~. calm down..I don't doubt that you're a great publicity man...but you'll have to think up another stunt for me..I'm not going to go for those pigeons.

MARY: What's that supposed to be?

JACK: I don't know. Dick's got some idea about my personal appearance tour. ~~and~~ he wants me to work with pigeons.

MARY: I think that's a great idea. (LAUGHS)

JACK: What're you laughing at?

MARY: I can just see the finale..A pigeon swoops down, takes off your toupay and lays an egg in it.

JACK: Mary, this is going to be a high class show. And I've ^{Gick?} got some wonderful dates lined up, haven't I, ~~SECRET~~

HY: That's right...On June 14th Jack opens for two weeks at the Dallas State Fair. ^{Auditorium.....} then on July first he moves into the public Auditorium in Portland, Oregon...

JACK: That's right, and on July 7th I swing up to Canada to play the Georgia Auditorium in Vancouver.

HY: And then for a whirlwind finish, he winds up at the Metropolitan Theatre in Seattle, starting July 12th.

MARY: That's quite a schedule, Jack.

JACK: Yeah....Now, Dick, I wish we could think of a cute publicity angle for Dallas.

HY: Don't worry, Benny, I got just the thing for you.

JACK: What is it?

WA

HY: When we arrive in town, I want you to walk from Dallas to Fort Worth playing your violin and lead a thousand cows into the slaughter house.

JACK: Into the slaughter house? *Will* How do you know ~~they~~ *the cows will* follow me?

HY: Follow you -- they'll be pushing you.

JACK: *Look it!* They won't be pushing me because I'm not gonna play ~~me~~ --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer that, will you, Mary, please?

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello..Mr. Benny's residence, Mary the upstairs maid talking.

Jack:
BAGBY: *Oh. don't be funny.* Hello, Mary, this is Charlie Bagby - Can I talk to the old man?

MARY: Just a minute...Jack, it's Charlie Bagby, your piano player.

JACK: ~~Thanks~~..Hello, Charlie.

BAGBY: Jack, I want ~~to~~ to talk to you about the band arrangements on your personal appearance tour. Have you got a minute?

JACK: Sure, what is it?

BAGBY: How do you want us orchestra boys to dress? In blue suits or sports clothes?

JACK: *Will* Neither one, Charlie, I want you to wear evening clothes.

BAGBY: The only evening clothes we've got are pajamas.

JACK: What?

BAGBY: And we can't wear those, half the drawstrings are missing.

JACK: Look, Charlie, *Charlie* wear whatever you want, but have Sammy the drummer in a blue suit because he'll be sitting up high.

WA

BAGBY: Okay.

JACK: And another thing, Charlie, when I'm out on the stage telling jokes, I want you boys to act as though you're enjoying it. ^{you know,} It looks good to the audience.

BAGBY: Don't worry...we'll ~~even~~ take care of the people in the balcony, ^{too.} We'll paint a smile on the top of Sammy's head.

JACK: Oh, that'll be wonderful.

BAGBY: There's only one problem, and that's Remley.

JACK: Remley?

BAGBY: Yeah, but everything will be all right if we let him sit ^{back of} ~~the~~ my piano.

JACK: But Charlie, I want ~~to~~ to look like we've got a big orchestra...Why shouldn't Frankie sit out in the open?

BAGBY: Because every time a spotlight shines in his face, he jumps up and yells, "I didn't do it..I didn't do it!"

~~JACK: NO!~~

~~BAGBY: The only way we can calm him down is to host him with a number here.~~

JACK: ^{look it} Charlie, I'm busy. ^{look it} arrange the orchestra the best way ~~you~~ you can...So long,

BAGBY: So long.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That orchestra is the craziest--

HY: Benny, while you were on the phone, I got a sensational idea.

JACK: Huh?

HY: Well, according to the schedule, you open July First in Portland, Oregon.

WA

JACK: That's right. I'll be at the Public Auditorium.

HY: Well, since July first happens to be the start of Fire Prevention Week...for a publicity stunt, we'll have you jump from the top of a twelve story building into a net. It's never been done before.

JACK: *Dick* What do you mean it's never been done before? Many people have done stunts like that...jumping off ^a building into a net.

HY: A hair net?

~~JACK: What?~~

~~HY: Think of the publicity...the papers will be full of it..~~

~~Not only the story, but the pictures! Many I can see the flowers now.~~

JACK: ~~Now~~ Cut that out! I want my publicity simple and dignified, so you better --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: *M* Now, who can that be? COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Hello, Jack..Hello, Mary.

MARY &
JACK: Hello, Don.

DON: Come on in, fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, boys.

QUART: HMMMM.

MARY: Hello, boys.

QUART: HELLO, MARY.

JACK: They talked!.Don. they talked!..It's the first time I ever heard them talk. Mary, they talked!.Hello, Fellows.

WA

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

JACK: ~~It was too good to last.~~ Now Don, I know you brought the boys over to try out the commercial, but I'm busy right now. Dick Fisher, my publicity man is laying out my personal appearance tour. You know, I open ^{June} ~~July~~ 14th ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ Dallas, ~~State Fair.~~

DON: *Yes,* I know...I was planning to be there.

JACK: You were?

DON: Yeah...I thought I'd catch your act and also enter my prize steer in the Livestock show.

JACK: Oh, that one you've been fattening up all year?

DON: Yeah...but something unfortunate came up yesterday and I won't be able to show him.

JACK: What happened?

DON: I got hungry.

JACK: But, Don, how could you eat your prize steer.

DON: With Tabasco Sauce, it's delicious.

JACK: *Lean maging.* Well, Don, as I told you, I'm very busy with ~~it~~ right now....so why don't you and the boys come back another time?

DON: But Jack, *wait a minute* this will ~~only~~ *just* take a ~~minute~~ *second*. Now the reason I want you to hear the commercial is because Lucky Strike has a new jingle they're introducing today on your program and the Sportsmen want to sing it.

A new - a new jingle for the commercial
JACK: *Oh, OK* Wonderful, ~~Don~~ Let's hear it, Don.

QUART: IF YOU WANT BETTER TASTE FROM YOUR CIGARETTE
LUCKY STRIKE IS THE BRAND TO GET
IT'S TOASTED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST TASTE YET
IT'S THE TOASTED
(CLAP..CLAP CLAP)
CIGARETTE
THEY TAKE FINE TOBACCO, IT'S LIGHT TOBACCO
IT'S MILD TOBACCO, TOO
~~AND~~ IT'S TOASTED, YES, IT'S TOASTED
BECAUSE THE TOASTING BRINGS THE FLAVOR RIGHT THROUGH
SO TO GET BETTER TASTE FROM YOUR CIGARETTE
LUCKY STRIKE IS THE BRAND TO GET
IT'S TOASTED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST TASTE YET
IT'S THE TOASTED
(CLAP..CLAP CLAP)
CIGARETTE.
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY
TOBACCO THAT'S TOASTED
IT'S TOASTED
IT'S TOASTED
IT'S TOASTED
IF YOU WANT BETTER TASTE FROM YOUR CIGARETTE
LUCKY STRIKE IS THE BRAND TO GET
IT'S TOASTED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST TASTE YET
IT'S THE TOASTED
(CLAP..CLAP CLAP)
CIGARETTE.

(MORE)

MG

ATK01 0019865

QUART: THEY TAKE FINE TOBACCO, IT'S LIGHT TOBACCO
(CONT'D) IT'S MILD TOBACCO, TOO
AND IT'S TOASTED, YES, IT'S TOASTED
BECAUSE THE TOASTING BRINGS THE FLAVOR RIGHT THROUGH
SO TO GET BETTER TASTE FROM YOUR CIGARETTE
LUCKY STRIKE IS THE BRAND TO GET
IT'S TOASTED TO GIVE YOU THE BEST TASTE YET
IT'S THE TOASTED
(CLAP..CLAP CLAP)
CIGARETTE
IT'S TOASTED
A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE
(APPLAUSE)

MG

ATX01 0019866

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Hey that} That was very good, Don..and the jingle is real catchy.

DON: ^{I guess we better} Thanks, Jack...Well, ~~we're~~ ~~going~~ to be running along..So long Mary.

MARY: So long, Don. ~~Good~~ Bye, fellows.

~~MARY: GOODBYE, MARY.~~

~~JACK: So long, fellows.~~

~~MARY: MERRY!~~

~~JACK: GET OUT OF HERE!~~

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Now where were we, Dick? Is there any other idea you've got for publicity?

HY: Yes siree.,I've been working on a lulu for Seattle.

JACK: You have?

HY: You know, that's great fish country, so I made a deal that on the day of your opening, you spend six hours in a fish cannery, then you go directly to the theater.

JACK: Wait a minute.. if I go right from the fish cannery to the theater, won't I smell?

HY: Yes, but I'm giving you a reason.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake, Dick, I'm not going to do any of those crazy things, so let's forget it.

HY: Okay.

MARY: Oh, Jack--

JACK: What?

MARY: When you go out to buy a wardrobe for your stage show, I'd like to go with you.

MG

JACK: Wardrobe?

MARY: Certainly. Aren't you going to buy some new suits?

JACK: Mary, I just bought a new suit...In fact, you were with me.

MARY: That was in 1936.

JACK: ~~God~~, how time flies. ~~I haven't even started to buy the second pair of pants.~~ But maybe you're right. I should get a new suit..

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll ~~answer~~ *answer the door.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (DOG BARKS AND PANTS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: *Oh*, Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Can I come in?

MEL: (GROWLS)

JACK: Well, *I* I don't know. *will your* will your dog bite me?

DENNIS: Oh no, my dog wouldn't bite you.

JACK: Are you sure?

DENNIS: My dog wouldn't bite anybody.

JACK: Oh...well, in that case, come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MEL: (PANTS)

JACK: *Cute! Hi.* ~~Hi~~, puppy.

MEL: (BIG GROWL)

JACK: Ouch! My leg!... Dennis, you said your dog wouldn't bite me.

MG

DENNIS: That isn't my dog.

JACK: What? That isn't your dog? ^{Then} Then what's he doing here?

DENNIS: ~~That isn't my dog.~~ ^{I don't know} I was just walking down the street, he whistled at me, so I followed him.

JACK: Now wait a minute, don't be ridiculous. A dog can't whistle.

MEL: (PANTS AND WHISTLES "YOUNG AT HEART")

JACK: Dennis, that's amazing. That dog whistled "Young At Heart."

DENNIS: Yesterday he bit Sinatra.

JACK: Gee.

MEL: (PANTS)

JACK: You know, Dennis, I just thought of something..I could make a fortune if I could use that dog on my television show.

MEL: (PANTS HAPPILY)

DENNIS: No. This dog would be all right on radio but you can't use him on television.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: He photographs like a man.

JACK: Yeah...he does.. ~~aren't~~ ^{aren't} Aren't for that moustache he'd look like a Mexican Hairless...Now Dennis, I have to go out and buy some new clothes...So if you came over here to rehearse your song, let me hear it.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MG

JACK: And when you finish, ^T I want you to -- Wait a minute, kid.. hold it.

DENNIS: What's the matter?

JACK: I just heard the back door open and close. ~~It~~ Must be Rochester sneaking in. OH, ROCHESTER...

ROCH: YES, BOSS...

JACK: COME ^{on} IN HERE, I WANNA TALK TO YOU!

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: Now, Rochester, last night you asked me if you could have the evening off, didn't you?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: ~~Now~~ That was last night. Now it's eleven o'clock the next morning.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: ~~Now~~, where have you been?

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, I'M GOING ON MY VACATION SOON AND SOME FRIENDS OF MINE ON CENTRAL AVENUE GAVE ME A FAREWELL PARTY.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Rochester, every night this week you've been to a farewell party.

ROCH: IT'S THE SAME ONE, WE JUST ADJOURN DURING THE DAYTIME.

JACK: ~~What?~~

~~ROCH: WHEN THE GOLD OF THE DAY TAKES ME TO THE NIGHT,~~
SOMEONE WAITS FOR ME.

JACK: Well look, Rochester, I haven't got time to talk to you ~~now~~. I ~~gotta~~ gotta listen to Dennis sing his song. Let's have it, ^{Dennis} ~~it~~.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

MG

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis. Your voice ~~sounded~~ *in great shape.*
~~beautiful.~~

DENNIS: I've got to go now. Goodbye.

JACK: Oh, just a minute, Dennis. ... Here, take this Band-Aid with you.

DENNIS: What do I want with a Band-Aid?

JACK: Keep it in your pocket. Before the day's over somebody is bound to punch you in the nose Goodbye

~~Dennis:~~ *Jack:* Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

HY: Well, I gotta run along, Benny, and see a man about those pigeons.

JACK: Lock, Dick, you can forget it. I'm not going to do a strip act with a bunch of pigeons.

HY: Okay, okay . . . I'll be at the office if you want me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

MARY: Jack, if you want me to go downtown with you to pick out a suit, we ~~are~~ better go now.

JACK: Okay, Mary ... ~~OH ROCHESTER, WHERE IS THE CAR?~~

~~ROCH:~~ IN THE GARAGE.

~~JACK:~~ Well, come on, we want you to drive us downtown.

~~ROCH:~~ YES, SIR.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Jack, why don't you keep your garage cleaner?

JACK: *OK* I'll straighten it up someday...Come on, get in the car.

(SOUND: TINNY CAR DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: Go ahead, start the car, Rochester.

CL

ROCH: YES SIR, BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO GET A LITTLE WATER.

JACK: Oh, is the radiator dry?

ROCH: NO, I'M TAKING AN ASPIRIN, I KNOW WHAT'S COMING.

JACK: Never mind that, just start the car.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER WHINES..WHINES AGAIN...MOTOR
CATCHES A BIT BLENDS INTO MEL'S ROUTINE

JACK: *Rochester, what's wrong with the motor?*
~~BOSS! (LONG SILENCE) ... it's worse every time... Try it~~

ROCH: ~~Yeah, Rochester~~
It ain't bad for a dog.

JACK: *Well try it again, will you?*
~~(SOUND: STARTER WHINES..WHINES AGAIN... MOTOR
CATCHES A BIT BLENDS INTO MEL'S ROUTINE
THEN CATCHES AND RUNS)~~

~~JACK: ... we are in Chicago.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well, here we are, Mary. There's the store across the street. Rochester, there's a parking space.

ROCH: WHERE?

JACK: Between that truck and that Convertible.

ROCH: BUT I CAN'T GET INTO THAT SPACE, IT'S TOO SMALL.

JACK: Well, put our bumper up against the truck and push it.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Well, *look* Miss Livingstone and I'll get out here and you find a parking space.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STOPS WITH TINNY SOUNDS...
TINNY DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

CL

JACK: Here's the store, Mary, let's go in.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...
FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)

JACK: Now, let's see, where is th --

SHELDON: Hi ya, bud ... what's new?

JACK: Huh?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh, hello...come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Who was that?

JACK: That's that race track tout I'm always running into...
Now let's see...I wonder where --

KEARNS *Oh*, Good afternoon, may I help you, sir?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: *Yes*, Yes, I'd like to buy a new suit.

KEARNS: I don't blame you.

JACK: What?

KEARNS: I'm Mr. Kearns, and I'll be glad to show you our new
Spring line.

JACK: Good, good ... but first, tell me...What is the price
range here?

KEARNS: Our suits start at twenty-~~five~~ dollars and go up to a
hundred and fifty.

JACK: Well, I wouldn't want to wear anything as cheap as
twenty-~~five~~ dollars...and yet, I wouldn't want to go way
up to a hundred and fifty, *you know*

KEARNS: I understand.

JACK: I'd like something in the middle. *you know,* say about thirty
dollars.

LC

ATX01 0019873

MARY: Oh Jack, why don't you get a good suit for a change?
After all, you're gonna wear it on the stage every night.

KEARNS: Stage? Are you an actor?

JACK: Why yes, yes I am..I'm Jack Benny...Now Mr. Kearns, what
color suit would you suggest that I get?

KEARNS: Well, a lot of men select a color to match their hair,
or their eyes...Let's see...your eyes are blue, aren't

JACK: ~~they?~~ *they? He never been challenged.*
~~so I've been told.~~

MARY: (A LITTLE OFF) Oh, Jack.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Here's a very pretty suit..it's gabardine.

JACK: *say, that looks*
Oh, ~~good~~ good...I like gabardine.

KEARNS: I'm sure that suit would look very nice on you, Mr.
Benny.

JACK: Yes...but it's...forty-five dollars...

KEARNS: There's a whistle in the pocket.

JACK: Oh well, I don't care about that...*oh* But I think I'll take
it.

KEARNS: Fine, fine...I'll go upstairs and get our tailor so he
can measure you for any alterations.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...FADING OFF)

JACK: Say, Mary, I'm gonna walk to the back of the store and
see if there's anything else I'd like. Want to join me?

MARY: No, I'm tired, I'll sit right here.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

CL

JACK: (SINGS) There's no business like show business,
Like no business I know
Da da da da da da da da ~~goooo-pawwt~~
~~Da da da da da da count the house.~~
~~Da da da da da da da da~~

Yep, that gabardine suit will look nice...forty-five
dollars, though...Oh well...(SINGS) There's no people
~~into~~ --

SHELDON: Hey bud...bud.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: Who me?

SHELDON: Yeah. *Yeah*

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

SHELDON: What you doin'?

JACK: *Shm* I'm buying a suit.

SHELDON: What kind?

JACK: Gabardine.

SHELDON: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Get a wool suit.

JACK: Why should I get wool?

SHELDON: On account of the pants. They're great in the back
stretch.

JACK: *Well* But I like gabardine.

SHELDON: Look, I'm telling you, for your own good, get wool.

JACK: But --

CL

SHELDON: Don't take my word for it, look at the breeding.

JACK: ^{the} The breeding?

SHELDON: Wool is out of Mary's Little Lamb by Baa Baa Black Sheep
~~Sheep.~~

~~JACK: Well, how about Scotch plaid?~~

~~SHELDON: Only if the measurements are fast.~~

JACK: Well look, I'm going to buy a gabardine suit, and that ^{that} settles it.

SHELDON: ^{Well} Okay, it's your dough.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What a guy...whenever I run into him, I --

KEARNS: (COMING IN) Oh, there you are, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ^{yes} Yes, I was just ^{about} looking around.

KEARNS: Well, I'd like you to meet our tailor...Mr. Benny, this is Mr. Nelson.

NELSON: HOW DO YOU DO.

JACK: How do you do...Now I don't want to seem impatient, but I'm in a hurry...can we get on with the measuring?

KEARNS: Why certainly..Mr. Nelson, do you have your tape measure with you?

NELSON: Yes...now hold still, little man.

JACK: Little man?

NELSON: You're buying the one with the whistle in the pocket, aren't you?

JACK: ~~mm~~...Look, Mr. Nelson, just take the measurements, ^{will you?}

NELSON: Very well...Collar...sixteen.

KEARNS: Collar, sixteen.

NELSON: ...Shoulders...eighteen.

CL

KEARNS: Shoulders, eighteen.
NELSON: ...Chest...chest...WELL...how did it get way down there?
JACK: Never mind that.
NELSON: ...Right sleeve...thirty-four.
KEARNS: Right sleeve, thirty-four.
NELSON: ...Left sleeve...twenty-one.
KEARNS: Left sleeve..twenty-~~one~~
JACK: Wait a minute..why are you making the left sleeve so short?
NELSON: ^{Well} You want people to see your wristwatch, don't you?
JACK: No, and stop wasting my time.

KEARNS: By the way, Mr. Benny, would you like wide or narrow cuffs on your trousers?
JACK: What's the difference?
KEARNS: Well, there really isn't much difference, but most people prefer the wide cuffs.
JACK: Why?
KEARNS: Well, haven't you had it happen that you accidentally drop a coin and it falls into the cuff of your pants?
MARY: He always catches it before it gets past his knees.
JACK: Yes. ~~Now~~, Mr. Nelson, when will my suit be ready?

NELSON: In four weeks.
JACK: FOUR WEEKS! BUT I WANT IT FOR MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR.
NELSON: ^{Well} I'M SORRY, IT WILL TAKE FOUR WEEKS.
JACK: YOU MEAN I CAN'T HAVE MY BRAND NEW SUIT FOR MY OPENING IN DALLAS?

CL

NELSON: NO, BUT IF YOU LIKE, WE'LL RUN AN AD IN THE PAPER
TELLING THEM YOU BOUGHT ONE.

JACK: YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO RUN AN AD TELLING EVERYBODY I
BOUGHT A NEW SUIT?

NELSON: ^{Well} WHEN YOU BOUGHT THAT ONE YOU'RE WEARING, IT PUSHED
^{right} LINDBERG OFF THE FRONT PAGE.

JACK: WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS...I'M NOT GOING TO BUY
THE SUIT AT ALL.

MARY: BUT JACK, WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL
APPEARANCE IN DALLAS?

JACK: I'LL SHOW YOU ... LET ME USE THAT PHONE. *From. Fax this.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...SIX DIALS...RECEIVERS CLICK)

JACK: HELLO, DICK? BUY SOME CORN, WE'RE GONNA USE THOSE
PIGEONS AFTER ALL...COME ON, MARY.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CL

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 30, 1954 (TRANS. MAY 13, 1954)
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
CEREBRAL PALSY ALLOCATION

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, are you planning your summer vacation? I know I am. But before we get too wrapped up in our own plans let's take time to think of the thousands who can't participate in such activities. United Cerebral Palsy is doing as much as it can to lead America's 550,000 palsy sufferers toward a happier life. But they can't do it without our help. Send a contribution this month to United Cerebral Palsy in your community.
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

CL

ATX01 0019879

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 30, 1954

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

(TRANSCRIBED)

COLLINS: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
(WITH FULL ORCH.B.G.) Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's mild
tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.
So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON: Yes, friends, for a truly better-tasting smoke, better
light a Lucky Strike! It's toasted to taste better. Of
course, Luckies' better taste begins with fine, naturally
mild, good-tasting tobacco. IS/MFT, Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco. And then, that tobacco is toasted.
"IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones
up the tobacco to make it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0019880

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 30, 1954

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: So, for the better taste you want from your cigarette --
(CONT'D) Be Happy - Go Lucky! Buy a carton of Lucky Strike!

(TRANSCRIBED)

COLLINS: "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
(WITH FULL Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
ORCH. B.G.) IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

DH

ATX01 0019881

(TAG)

-23-

We're a little late, gonna be right folks.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: I'm glad I didn't buy that suit from those smart aleck guys in that store.

MARY: Oh Jack, forget it..Gee, I wonder where Rochester parked the car. I guess we'll have to walk clear around the block to find it.

JACK: No we won't, Mary. Wait a minute.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: I've got something here that will bring Rochester to us.

(SOUND: PAUSE. THEN BLAST OF WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack, you didn't take --

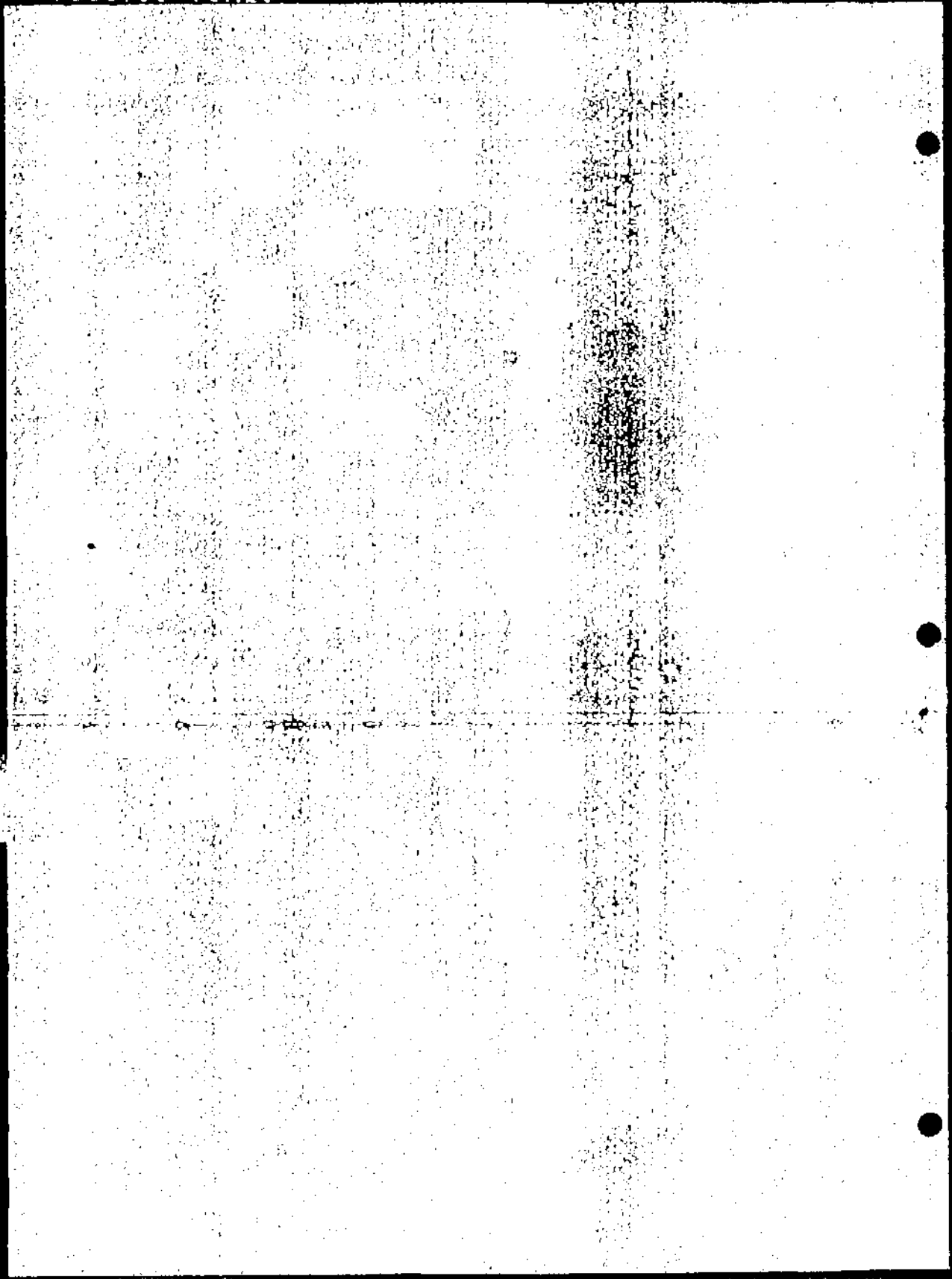
JACK: Those guys aren't gonna push me around...Come on, Mary, let's go.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0019882

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.

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



ATX01 0019885

DH

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 19, 1954)

SUNDAY, JUNE 6, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

PROGRAM #39
REVISED SCRIPT
"L. B. Bennett"

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 6, 1954

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike!

(TRANSCRIBED)
COLLINS:
(WITH FULL
ORCH. B.G.)

If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet.

It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's
mild tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED,
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.

So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,

Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,

It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON:

This is Don Wilson, friends. There in words and music
is the story of Luckies better taste ... it's toasted.
A Lucky tastes better simply because it's the cigarette
of fine tobacco and it's toasted to taste better.
"IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process --
brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor,
tones up this light, mild, good-tasting tobacco to
make it taste even better.

(MORE)

DH

ATXO1 0019886

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 6, 1954

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Cleaner, fresher, smoother. That's the Lucky Strike
(CONT'D) story pure and simple. Remember that, friends, the
next time you buy cigarettes -- and make it a carton
of better tasting - Lucky Strike.

(TRANSCRIBED)

COLLINS: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
(WITH FULL ORCH. B.G.) Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CIAP ... CLAP, CIAP) cig-a-rette!

DH

ATX01 0019887

(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...JACK BENNY IS LEAVING TONIGHT TO START A PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR IN DALLAS, TEXAS, WHERE HE OPENS ON JUNE FOURTEENTH. SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE JACK, WITH THE HELP OF ROCHESTER, IS PREPARING FOR THE TRIP.

JACK: Have you got everything packed, Rochester?

ROCH: I THINK SO, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Plenty of shirts, socks, and underwear?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: And you know, ~~ROCHESTER~~, it gets kind of hot in Texas this time of year .. so I hope you packed my white formal dinner jacket.

ROCH: *Oh*, YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT WHITE JACKET..IT'S GOT BLOOD ON IT.

JACK: Blood?

ROCH: *Yes*, IT HASN'T BEEN CLEANED SINCE YOU PLAYED AT THE OPENING OF THAT MEAT MARKET.

JACK: That's right, I did play my violin there... But wait a minute, I wasn't anywhere near the meat counter...I couldn't have gotten blood on it.

ROCH: BOSS, THAT'S YOURS.

DH

~~JACK: Oh yes, smart, about her... what does he know about the violin, anyway? I played very well.~~

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What are you laughing ~~about?~~ *F*

ROCH: THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW PIGS FEET WALK OUT BY THEMSELVES.

JACK: Oh, stop being so smart and finish my packing.

ROCH: YES, SIR... I'VE GOT ALL YOUR SUITCASES READY, AND I'VE GOT THE CAGE WITH YOUR TRAINED GOPHER.

JACK: Good..make sure that he has plenty of food and water so he arrives in Texas in good condition.

ROCH: OKAY, BUT YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: A GOPHER COULD NEVER DIG DEEP ENOUGH TO HIT OIL.

JACK: Are you sure of that?

ROCH: POSITIVE..GOPHERS CAN ONLY DIG ABOUT TEN FEET DEEP.

JACK: Hmm...Well, go to his cage and take that gasoline-soaked rag off his nose.

ROCH: OKAY.

JACK: By the way, Rochester...Since I'm leaving today ---

There's the door. (SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: / I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee, it'll be nice appearing in theatres again.. Playing to all those smiling pork chops -- I mean faces... I've gotta stop playing those meat markets.

(SOUND: BUZZER)

DH

~~JACK: COMING...COMING.~~

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

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

MARY: Okay.

JACK: I'll leave the door open...everybody will be dropping in soon to say goodbye.

MARY: Say Jack...the reason I came over a little early is that I wanted to ask you to do me a favor.

JACK: Certainly...what is it?

MARY: Well, you know Dallas has one of the finest department stores in the country, Neiman-Marcus ^{Jack: Uh-huh} and I'd like you to go over there for me.

JACK: I'll be glad to .. what do you want me to buy for you?

MARY: Nothing ^{just} see if they have an opening in the stocking department.

JACK: Wait a minute.. you mean you can't get your old summer job back at the May Company?

MARY: Yes, Jack...but I thought if I worked down in Dallas, I might meet one of those oil millionaires and marry him.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mary...if you'd become some guy's wife just because he has money, why don't you marry me?

MARY: Jack, I don't want to just look at it, I want to spend it.

JACK: Oh, oh, Oh ^{Uh...Oh...} Well, I hope the Texas climate agrees with you.

MARY: Say Jack, who's going to Texas with you?

DH

Oh, I got a great show, Mary...

JACK: / ~~there~~ there's the Will Mastin Trio, starring Sammy Davis, Junior...and Giselle MacKenzie one of the stars of the Hit Parade .. ~~lot~~ lot of other great acts... and after Dallas I go to Portland, Vancouver, and Seattle... I'll be gone six weeks altogether.

MARY: Gee, that's a long time ^{*Jack. Yeah*} .. While you're gone .. will it be all right if I come over and use your swimming pool?

JACK: Certainly .. any time you want .. not only that, but Rochester will be here in case you want anything to eat or drink.

MARY: Good, and I'll be able to charge it now that I belong to the Diners' Club.

JACK: Mary, why ~~don't~~ you once let me make a generous gesture without --

DENNIS: (OFF..CALLS) Hey, anybody home?

JACK: Yeah..in here, Dennis.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny...Come here, Mary, I ~~got~~ got a big kiss for you.

(DENNIS GIVES MARY A BIG KISS)

DENNIS: (AFTER KISS) Well, goodbye, Mary...have a pleasant trip.

JACK:Dennis..what's wrong with you.. I'm the one who's taking the trip..I'm the one you should be saying goodbye to.

DENNIS: Okay, but we'll just shake hands.

JACK: ...Of course we'll just shake hands...Whatever gave you the idea that I'd kiss you?

DENNIS: I thought you might try to make Mary jealous.

DH

JACK: You know, Dennis..you're the only kid I know whose parents run away from home.

MARY: Dennis, don't annoy him today...he's all excited about his trip to Texas.

DENNIS: You know, Mary...Mr. Benny isn't the only one who's going to do personal appearances this summer.

MARY: What do you mean? ~~Dennis~~

DENNIS: Well, ^{on} June 8th I'm opening at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas.

JACK: I didn't know that, Dennis...did you make a good deal?

DENNIS: I'll say. They're paying me more money than you ever made.

JACK: Look, ~~him~~ ^{kid}...everybody knows that Las Vegas pays entertainers ^a lots of money..I've had offers to go there, too..and I dare say for more money than you'll be getting.

DENNIS: Oh yeah?

JACK: Yeah..Mary..tell him that last offer I got from the Flamingo Hotel.

MARY: Fifty cents a bundle, rough dry.

JACK: Rough dry, rough dry.... Mary, that wasn't a bit funny.

DENNIS: I thought it had an element of humor.

JACK: Oh, you did, eh? Well, Dennis, do me a favor --

DENNIS: -- and sing my song.

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: That has an element of --

JACK: Never mind, just sing. *the song.*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "AN IRISHMAN WILL STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY")

(APPLAUSE)

DH

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-6-

JACK: ^{Hey that - Dennis...} Dennis..I don't know..you drive me nuts when you speak..

but when you sing, you not only have a nice voice but you do such clever things with lyrics.

DENNIS: You're ^{just} wasting your time with those compliments, we're still just going to shake hands.

JACK: ~~that~~ Dennis, leave me alone, ^{will you} I've gotta pack.

DENNIS: Okay..I'm going into the other room and listen to the radio.

JACK: Good. *Good*

ROCH: OH, MR. BENNY?

JACK: Yes, Rochester.

ROCH: I'VE GOT EVERYTHING PACKED, BUT I CAN'T FIND YOUR BRIEF CASE WITH ALL YOUR PAPERS AND NOTES FOR YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

JACK: Well, didn't I bring it home after my last broadcast. ~~can't~~ -- Ch, for heavens sakes, No..I remember, I left it at C.B.S....I better call and make sure they send it to me.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP..DIALING OF PHONE..BUZZ...CLICK.)

BEA: Hello, C.B.S., The Star's Address....What?.....Well, I'll see if I can get it..Hold on, please.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

SHIRLEY: Who was that, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny.. He forgot his briefcase here and he wants I should call the Lost and Found Department and see if it's there.

SHIRLEY: Well, it's lucky he didn't ask me...I'm never going to do anything for him again.

RU

ATX01 0019893

BEA: Gee, Mable...I didn't know you were mad at Mr. Benny.

SHIRLEY: Yeah, I had a birthday last week and you should see the lousy present he gave me.

BEA: I thought it was a nice present...a genuine alligator leather handbag.

SHIRLEY: It was imitation. You he can fool with that genuine stuff, me he can't.

BEA: Oh yeah, I keep forgetting you used to wrestle alligators for a living.

SHIRLEY: Yeah...remember how I drove the panel nuts on "What's My Line?"

BEA: Uh huh...~~me~~ I got no grudge against Jackie...He's been very nice to me...In fact, last Friday he called me and invited me to a Masquerade Party on Saturday.

SHIRLEY: Did you go with him?

BEA: Yeah..I went as Charlie Chaplin...I put on baggy pants and a derby and painted a mustache on me.

SHIRLEY: You painted a mustache?

BEA: Yeah.

SHIRLEY: It's a shame he didn't let you know a little sooner...you could have grown one.

BEA: ~~What~~, look who's talking...Crazylegs Mable.

SHIRLEY: Gertrude, I can't understand you...why should you waste your time on a man like Jack Benny?

BEA: Because he can do me good...he has a lot of influence in Hollywood... After ell, it was him who got me the part in that movie.

BR

SHIRLEY: Some part...an octopus in "The Sea Around Us."

BEA *Oh!* you're just jealous because he *happens* ----

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK...BUZZ BUZZ...PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello?

JACK: *What's* taking so long, Gertrude?

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny...But I keep getting a busy signal at the Lost and Found Department.

JACK: Oh...Well, Gertrude, keep trying, and when you get them, please ring me back.

BEA: Yes, sir...

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Did you get it, Jack?

JACK: No, the Lost and Found Department line was busy.

MARY: Well, why didn't you stay on the line with Gertrude till you got the number?

JACK: Look, Mary, I don't want to bother her needlessly. She's got enough work, *you know...* She's only got two arms, you know.

MARY: That's funny, I saw her in a picture and she had eight.

JACK: That was just make-up...She uses the same make-up *you know, that* man Lon Cheney had.

(SOUND: LIGHT KNOCK ON DOOR)

ARTIE: Hello, is anybody home.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel, *Well...Mr. Kitzel*..I wasn't expecting you.

ARTIE: The door was open, so I took the liberty.

JACK: Oh, *I'm* I'm glad you found time to come over and say goodbye to me.

~~ARTIE: I even brought you a little farewell gift...a cake my wife baked. Here.~~

BR

ARTIE: This I wrote myself, if you look at the O's in Bon Voyage you'll see they're bagles.

JACK: ~~Well, I'll be darned. Thank you very much, Mr. Kitzel.~~

MARY: You know, Mr. Kitzel, I haven't seen you for such a long time, and you look ^{just} wonderful...so healthy and tanned.

ARTIE: ^{Yeah} This is because of my new job...This summer I'm a lifeguard ^{by} the beach.

JACK: Gee, I didn't know that.

ARTIE: That's surprising...I thought you knew I was a lifeguard... Didn't Dennis Day ~~ask~~ ^{talk} you?

JACK: No...how would Dennis ~~ask~~ ^{ask} you? ^{Just told me? I mean how-how would - how would Dennis Day know that you're a life guard?}

ARTIE: Well, last Saturday he came down with his mother and they went in the water and he started to drown...and I rescued him ^{just when} he was going down for the ^{sixteenth} time.

JACK: Dennis went down sixteen times? ^{Artie: Yeah.} I thought a drowning person only went down three times.

ARTIE: Not when ^{somebody is} ~~somebody is~~ pushing you.

JACK: You mean his mother ~~is~~ --

ARTIE: ^{Uh huh} ~~is~~, with the help of two total strangers.

JACK: ^{Well} That figures.

ARTIE: Well, I ^{got to} ~~got to~~ be running along. I ~~got to~~ got to see my cousin who just arrived in town from the East.

JACK: Your cousin?

ARTIE: ^{Yeah} haven't you heard, Feingold is here.

JACK: Oh yes, yes... ^{Well} Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye, ^{Mr. Benny.}

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

BR

turn to page 12

JACK: Gosh, Mary, I wish they'd call me back about that brief case...I'm really worried about it.

MARY: Was there any money in it?

JACK: No, I didn't have any...Say, that reminds me... I better get some money for my trip ...Excuse me, Mary, I've got to go down in my vault.

MARY: Say, Jack...can't I go with you...just this once?

JACK: No, I'm sorry, Mary...not that I mind, but you might startle my guard, Ed.

MARY: Why....is Ed afraid of women?

JACK: It's not that he's afraid of them...He just doesn't know what they are...He's been down there so long...Excuse me, I'll be right back.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ...DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS..
GETTING HOLLOW...FOOTSTEPS ON BRIDGE...THEN
WE HEAR SOME SPLASHING AS FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Gosh, look at these sharks. They look so mean and hungry, like they haven't eaten in weeks...I wish I could throw them one of my writers..The one that gave Mary that joke about fifty cents a bundle rough dry...well, I better get in the vault.

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS...RATTLING OF
CHAINS...IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN...TWO FOOTSTEPS
...HEAVIER RATTLING OF CHAINS...IRON DOOR
CREAKS OPEN...FOUR MORE FOOTSTEPS)

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

JACK: Friend.

BR

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KEARNS: What's the password?

JACK: It's toasted.

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

JACK: Yes, Ed.

KEARNS: How are things on the outside world?

JACK: Fine ...it's summer now.

KEARNS: Summer?

JACK: Yes, and it will soon be the Fourth of July.

KEARNS: Fourth of July...Say, that's the day they're supposed to sign it.

JACK: They signed it, they signed.

KEARNS: All thirteen of them?

JACK: Yes, Ed, now excuse me, I have to open the safe.

KEARNS: Are you going to hypnotize me again?

JACK: No, no, Ed..you can watch this time...Now let's see...The combination is..Right to Forty-five...(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)...Left to Sixty...(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)...Back to Fifteen...(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)...Then Left to One-Ten....(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)... There.

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

JACK: There we are...I'll take this stack here...that ought to be enough money...Well, I'll see you later. I don't want to be late getting to the airport.

KEARNS: Airport?

JACK: Yes, Ed, I'm flying to Texas.

BR

Jack: Good, it was nice of Mr. Kitch to come over & say goodbye to me. You know, Mary, his such a --- Oh, my goodness, Mary look what time it is. We've got to get -- 12 -- to the airport. Come on, let's go.

~~KEARNS: Flying... (LAUGHS)~~

~~JACK: Ed, what are you laughing at?~~

~~KEARNS: You and Ben Franklin.~~

~~JACK: Yes, your well, as long, Ed.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: PLANES LIGHTLY IN BACKGROUND)

MARY: You know, Jack... Los Angeles Airport is one of the busiest in the world.

It sure is. Look, it's packed.
JACK: ~~Look,~~ come on, let's go in.

DENNIS: What about your baggage, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Rochester is checking it through... Come on.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS... CROWD NOISES... FADE TO B.G.)

MEL: (P.A.) FLIGHT NUMBER SEVENTEEN NOW LOADING AT GATE FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Gee, I should have brought a book along to read on the plane.

MARY: *Will* They have books right here at the News stand... I'll go over and get you a copy of The Caine Mutiny.

JACK: The Caine Mutiny?

DENNIS: Yeah.. that turned out to be such a great picture that they wrote a book about it.

That's right Dennis - they wrote the book after the picture.
JACK: ~~Yeah, yeah... wrote a book.~~

(SOUND: NOISES UP & DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE, ATTENTION.. WILL THE PILOT OF THAT HELICOPTER PLEASE TURN OVER... YOU'RE UPSIDE DOWN AND YOU'RE CUTTING THE GRASS.

(SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

BR

Will I think

JACK: I better go and buy my ticket.

DON: Oh, Jack...Jack...

JACK: Huh? Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Jack, the Sportsmen and I came down here to say goodbye to you.

JACK: Oh, well, that's thoughtful of you.

DON: *Oh* Gee, Jack...I envy you going to Texas...I enjoyed myself so much when I was down there last summer.

JACK: *Oh* I didn't know you were down in Texas, Don.

DON: *Oh* Yes, I spent a couple of weeks on my friend's ranch...a real big one...When I left, he had ten thousand head of cattle.

JACK: Gosh, that must be worth a fortune.

DON: No, he just had the heads, I ate the rest....(LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.)

JACK: Don....Don....Living Desert...Look, instead of telling me corny jokes ~~about my big fat ass~~, how about letting the Sportsmen ~~say~~ ^{sing} goodbye to me?

DON: *Oh* They've got a number very appropriate for your appearance in Dallas.

Hey...hey...hey
JACK: Good, good.

DON: Hit it, fellows.

(COMMERCIAL)

(APPLAUSE)

BR

QUARTET: WHEN ITS ROUND UP TIME IN TEXAS
AND THE BLOOM IS ON THE SAGE
THEN I LONG TO BE IN TEXAS
BACK A RIDIN' ON THE RANGE
JUST TO SMELL THE BACON FRYIN'
WHEN IT'S SIZZLIN' IN THE PAN
HEAR THE BREAKFAST HORN
IN THE EARLY MORN
DRINKIN' COFFEE FROM A CAN
JUST A RIDIN' ROCKIN' ROPIN'
POUNDIN' LEATHER ALL DAY LONG
JUST A SWAYIN' SWEATIN' SWEARIN'
LISTEN TO A COWHAND'S SONG
YOU'LL GET LOTS OF LAUGHS FROM BENNY
HE MIGHT EVEN TELL HIS AGE
SO WE SAY AGAIN
HEAR HIM PLAY AGAIN
LOVE IN BLOOM THERE ON THE STAGE.

QUARTET: (CONTD)

WHEN ITS SMOKIN' TIME IN TEXAS
AND YOU LIGHT A CIGARETTE
YOU'LL BE PUFFIN' DOWN IN TEXAS
ON A LUCKY STRIKE YOU BET
YOU'LL ENJOY THAT FINE TOBACCO
L. S. M. F. T. YOU'LL SAY
IS THE FAV'RITE BRAND
ALONG THE RIO GRANDE
EV'RY WHERE DOWN TEXAS WAY
WHEN YOU'RE PUFFIN' PUFFIN' PUFFIN'
ON A LUCKY STRIKE ALL DAY
THERE IS NOTHIN'
NO THERE'S NOTHIN'
THAT BEATS BETTER TASTE YOU'LL SAY
IT'S THE CIGARETTE THAT'S TOASTED
IT'S THE BEST SMOKE YOU CAN GET
PUFF A LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE
THERE'S NO FINER CIGARETTE.

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-14-

JACK: *Well* Don, fellows, ~~thats~~ really swell of you to come down here and ~~say~~ ^{say} goodbye to me like that. *sure was.*

(SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE. ATTENTION..PASSENGERS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO ARRIVE FROM LAS VEGAS ON THE D.C.SIX ARE COMING IN ON TWO D.C.THREES, THE PILOT IS MAKING IT THE HARD WAY)

(SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now excuse me, Don, I better go get my ticket.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Say* While I'm at the ticket office, maybe I can arrange my flights to Portland, Vancouver, and Seattle on Western Airlines...then I won't have to ---

BOB: *Say* Jack.

JACK: Oh, ~~hello~~, Bob, *Coshy...hello...gee.* nice of you to come down and see me off.

BOB: Well, to tell you the truth, ^{d-} I didn't know you were *come down to see* leaving. I just ~~see~~ ^{see} Sammy the Drummer off.

JACK: Sammy the Drummer?

BOB: Yeah, he's going to ~~the~~ Mayo Clinic.

JACK: Why? What's the matter with Sammy?

BOB: *Oh* Nothing..they're just conducting experiments..they're trying to grow hair on his head.

JACK: Gosh, I didn't know that.

BOB: *Why certainly Jack* ~~Yeah~~, Sammy goes there every Summer in the interests of science. *How* Last year they tried about twenty hair tonics and oils and mixtures on Sammy's head, and one of them did stimulate a little growth.

WA

ATX01 0019903

JACK: Gee, which one was that?

BOB: Vigoro.

JACK: You mean Vigoro actually grew hair?

BOB: ~~Not that I know of~~ ^{Well, it grew something} there was a picture of Sammy's head on the cover of Better Homes and Gardens.

JACK: Well, I certainly hope they do something for him...Tell me, what are you going to do on your vacation, Bob?

BOB: Well, ^{my wife,} June and I and the kids ^{and he} ~~are~~ going to spend a little time ^{up} at Brother Bing's place at Heyden Lake, ^{Idaho}

JACK: ~~Yes~~, hasn't Bing a place at Pebble Beach, too?

BOB: ~~Yeah~~ ^{Yeah}...he ^{got} ~~has~~ homes here, in Heyden Lake, Pebble Beach, Elko, Nevada, and Palm Springs.

JACK: Gosh...five homes.

BOB: Yesh...^{he} when Bings sings "Come Onne My House," you don't know which way to go.

JACK: I can believe that.

MARY: Oh hello, Bob.

BOB: Hello, Mary.

MARY: Jack, you better board your plane...they're loading now.

JACK: Gee, I haven't gotten my ticket yet.

MARY: Well, come on, ~~you~~ better hurry...the ticket office is over here.

(SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE...ATTENTION...FLYING SAUCER FROM JUPITER, MARS, AND VENUS..NOW ARRIVING ON RUN WAY SIX...FLYING SAUCER ~~FROM JUPITER, MARS, AND VENUS~~ NOW ARRIVING ON RUNWAY SIX.

(SOUND: PLATE BREAKS ON CEMENT)

MEL: (P.A.) Clumsy pilot.

WA (SOUND: NOISES UP AND DOWN)

Mary,
JACK: You know, Mary, as soon as I arrive in Dallas, I'll call you up and let ~~me~~ ^{you} know exactly ~~when~~.

HEARN: Hi ye, Rube.

JACK: *What?* Oh, hello. ^{well} Are you going away?

HEARN: No, I'm waiting for my wife, she's coming in from San Diego.

Well, well... Nice...
JACK: ~~How~~...How are things on your farm in Celebasses?

HEARN: Oh, pretty good, but ~~I think I'm gonna have to sell~~ ^{ought some} milking machines ~~last week~~, ^{last week}, but I'm afraid I'll have to ^{get rid of them}.

JACK: Why?

HEARN: ~~Because the cows are~~ ^{My cows} like the personal touch.

JACK: Oh, *oh*.

HEARN: My corn is doing great and my beans are sure growing..

oh oh - oh - here comes my wife now...Hello, honey.

VEOLA: (SEXY) Hello, dear.

HEARN: Honey, I want you to meet a friend of mine..This is Jack Benny...Mr. Benny, this is my wife.

VEOLA: Hello, Mr. Benny..I'm so pleased to meet you.

JACK: This...this is your wife?

HEARN: Yep, ~~she~~ ain't as big a hick as you thought I was.

JACK: No, ^I I guess not.

HEARN: Gotta be running along...so long, Rube.

JACK: So long.

MARY: Jack you better hurry and get your ticket..there's the ticket clerk, over there.

JACK: Oh, no.

MARY: *Why?* What's the matter?

JACK: ~~Look~~ Look who the clerk is..it's the guy I always have trouble with.

WA

look Jack

MARY: Well, Jack, maybe if you try being nice to him he'll be nice to you. *Jack: What did you say Mary?*

JACK: *Do you see, I don't know. Mary: If you try being nice to him,* Well...do you really think so, ~~well~~ *well* he'll be nice to you.

MARY: *Well* Sure...go ahead, be nice to him.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, clerk...clerk.

NELSON: YESSSSSSSSSS.

JACK: (NICE) How do you do, clerk? How are you?

NELSON: (NICE) Fine. How are you?

JACK: Oh, I'm fine, *imagine* too, thank you.

NELSON: You're certsinly looking well.. As a matter of fact, I've never seen you look better.

JACK: *Thank you* Thank you..Lovely weather today, isn't it?

NELSON: Yes...It seems that lately we've been very fortunate with our weather.

JACK: That's right, *that's right...* by the way, clerk, I'd like to fly to Dallas.

NELSON So would I, now that you're here.

JACK: ~~How~~ Look, don't you have a plane leaving for Dallas in a few minutes?

NELSON: That's right...it's a non-stop flight...We also have one that makes a few stops between here and Dallas and is quite a bit cheaper.

JACK: Oh, really...how many stops does that plane make?

NELSON: Nine hundred and eighty-two.

*What kind of -18- plane
does it hold so many
stops between here and Dallas?*

JACK: Nine hundred and eighty ~~two~~ *is that?*
~~stops between here and Dallas?~~

NELSON: ~~The plane has no engines, the pilot uses a~~ *It's a JC* pogo stick.

JACK: Now cut that out! *Look it* I went to take the next plane to Dallas.

NELSON: Well, let's see if there are any openings... Oh yes, there's ^a room on a plane leaving in three minutes.. It's Flight Fifty-five, here's your ticket.

JACK: Thank you... Now look, as long as I'm here... I'll be coming back from Dallas the thirtieth of June... then I have to go up to Portland, Oregon, where I open my show on July First.. So I might as well buy my ticket now for Portland.

NELSON: Very well.. I can get you on Flight Sixty-three which makes one stop at Reno.

JACK: That sounds all right. How long does the plane stop at Reno?

NELSON: Six weeks.

JACK: Six weeks!

NELSON: The pilot is getting a divorce.

JACK: ~~well~~ *well*... never mind.. I'll make those arrangements when I come back.

(SOUND: NOISES)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE.. FLIGHT NUMBER FIFTY-FIVE NOW GETTING READY TO LEAVE FOR DALLAS, TEXAS.

(SOUND: NOISES)

MARY: *head* Jack, hurry, that's your plane.

JACK: Yeah, I better get going... Well, goodbye, Mary.

MARY: ~~Good~~bye, Jack.

JACK: Wait a minute, Mary....Aren't you even going to kiss me goodbye?

MARY: Oh, sure.

(JACK REALLY KISSES MARY)

JACK: There, Mary..How was that?

MARY: Hi ya, Rube.

JACK: All right, all right...Goodbye, Mary.

MARY: ~~Good~~bye, Jack. Have a good time.

Jack
involve
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

WA

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 6, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

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

(TRANSCRIBED)

COLLINS: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
(WITH
FULL
ORCH.B.G.) Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP...CLAP, CLAP) Cig-a-rette.

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's
mild tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.

So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP...CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON: Yes, friends, for a truly better-tasting smoke, better
light a Lucky Strike! It's toasted to taste better.
Of course, Luckies' better taste begins with fine,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. LS/MFT, Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco. And then, that tobacco is
toasted. "IT'S TOASTED"- the famous Lucky Strike process
--tones up the tobacco to make it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother! So, for the better taste
you want from your cigarette- Be Happy - Go Lucky!

WA

(MORE)

ATX01 0019909

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JUNE 6, 1954

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL --CONT'D

WILSON: Buy a carton of Lucky Strike!
(CONT'D)

(TRANSCRIBED)

COLLINS:
(WITH FULL ORCH.B.G) If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,

It's the toasted (CLAP...CLAP, CLAP)

Cig-a-rette!

WA

ATX01 0019910

(TAG)

-20-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last program of my current Lucky Strike Season but we'll be with you again in the fall ... On behalf of The American Tobacco Company, myself, and my entire cast, I want to wish all of you a very nice summer.. Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0019911

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.

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

TB