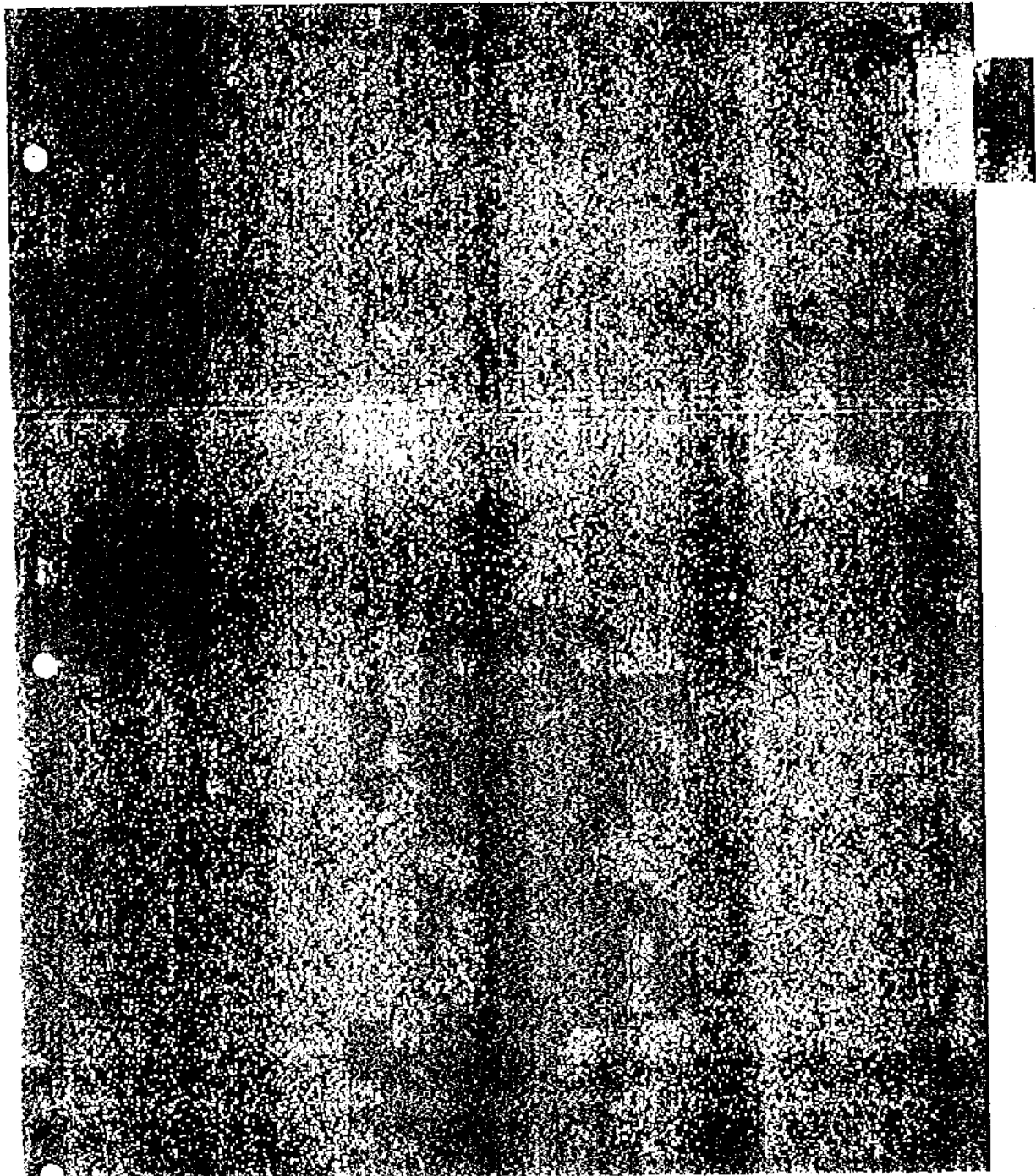


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ATX01 0019913



(J.B.N.1)
PROGRAM #1
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SEPTEMBER 26, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDT

(Transcribed - Sept. 2, 1954)

ATX01 0019915

SET #1.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #1
SEPTEMBER 26, 1954

7:00-7:30 PM EST

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM... transcribed and
presented by LUCKY STRIKE ... the cigarette
that's toasted to taste better!

(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. I'd like you to listen to
just the last part of that song once again.

(TRANSCRIBED)
COLLINS:
WITH FULL
ORCH. B.G.)

It's the toasted (CLAP...CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

RT

ATX01 0019916

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

That's one important reason a Lucky tastes better. It's toasted! The fine tobacco that goes into every Lucky is 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, naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. That's why we say this: if you want real enjoyment from your cigarette ... make it Lucky Strike.

Optional:

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.

RT

ATX01 0019917

(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...WHILE SEPTEMBER IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MONTHS OF THE YEAR, THERE IS A CERTAIN SADNESS ABOUT IT...YES, MANY SAD THINGS OCCUR AT THIS TIME OF YEAR...CHILDREN HAVE TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL..VACATIONS ARE OVER AND PEOPLE HAVE TO GO BACK TO WORK...THE FLOWERS WILT, THE LEAVES DIE AND JACK BENNY COMES BACK ON THE AIR..

JACK: Hum

DON: AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking ..and Don, I want to discuss that introduction with you.

DON: I thought you would, Jack...I'm glad you liked it..After all, I spent the entire summer working on it.

JACK: Oh...you made that introduction up yourself...and it took you all Summer?

DON: Yes, it did, Jack...You see, I have to work by myself...I haven't got four writers like you have.

JACK: You haven't?

DON: No.

CB

JACK: Then for heavens sakes, what have you got in your stomach?.....I could have sworn the last time you put on a bathing suit I saw the outline of a typewriter.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack..This is the first program of the season, and I don't like your starting off with jokes about my size.

JACK: I'm glad you brought up the subject of insults, Don. On our final show of the season last May you introduced me with an insult..and now the first show of the new season you do the same thing.

DON: I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: You should be...And before dropping the subject, let me remind you of the lyrics of that beautiful tune written about this particular month.

DON: The September Song?

JACK: Yes...remember, Don.."It's a long, long time..from May to December"...and it seems even longer when you ~~eat~~^{re} ~~afford to~~ eat it. So watch it, Slenderella Boy...Now this is a new season so we'll let bygones be ~~by~~ --

BOB: Hi, Jack..Hi, Don.

It's good to see you!
JACK: Bob, Bob Crosby.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Bob, you look wonderful.

BOB: *Well,* So do you, Jack..and you, too, Don.

DON: *Feel good, Bob...* Thanks, ..Tell me, where did you ~~go~~ on your vacation, ~~Bob~~?

BOB: Well Don, I didn't have ~~any~~^a real vacation,..You see, my television ~~show~~^{show} on C.B.S. ~~continued through the~~^{continued through the} ~~Sunday, and since~~^{well,} it's on five ~~times~~^{days and well} a week, I was kept very busy.

CB

JACK: Gee, that's awful.

BOB: Yes, but it did have its compensations...I was paid every week.

JACK: So you were paid every week...What good is that?...A man needs a little relaxation...^{I mean} Money isn't everything... You ought to realize that.

BOB: Oh, usher, *usher*

RUBIN: Yes, sir.

BOB: Can you tell me where Mr. Benny's broadcasting from, ^{must be} I'm in the wrong studio.

JACK: No, no, Bob...you're not in the wrong studio...It's just that I have a new writer and he hasn't grasped my character yet....That's all.

BOB: *Well,* When he gets his first check, he will.

JACK: I guess so... they all do sooner or later.

DON: Gee, I feel sorry for you, Bob...working all summer.

BOB: Oh, it wasn't ~~that~~ bad, Don. ^{Gee,} I took every week-end off... ^{Gee,} Why, last week-end I had a wonderful time with my brother Bing.

JACK: What did you do?

BOB: Well, we did a little mountain climbing....Then we went into the woods and ^{we} hunted..then we enjoyed some wonderful fishing in a couple of streams and lakes?

JACK: Where were you----Yellowstone Park?

BOB: No, in Bing's front yard.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Bob..I know Bing has a big house and grounds, but it's not that big. Aren't you exaggerating a little?

BA

BOB: No, I'm not, Jack...In fact, it's an even money bet that Bing's place becomes a state before Hawaii.

JACK: Gosh. Gary may have to go to Washington as a Senator. *Be better than going to Pittsburg as a ball player*
BOB: Well, I guess you're right, Bob.. you can have a nice vacation just on week-ends, *and?*

BOB: Oh sure...It's amazing what you can do in *just* two days....Why, a couple of weeks ago, *frank* Remley and I went way up to the High Sierras.

JACK: You took ~~Frank~~ Remley with you?

BOB: Yes, ~~and~~ a very unfortunate thing happened *too*. We were climbing around a narrow cliff *all of a sudden* Remley slipped and fell about thirty feet to a small ledge, and no one could reach him.

JACK: Gosh, that's terrible...What happened *then?*

BOB: Well, finally one of those Saint Bernard dogs with the brandy around its neck got to him.

JACK: Well, thank goodness...where's Remley now?

BOB: *Well*, The last I saw of him, he and the dog were walking off arm in arm.

JACK: Well, Remley always was an animal lover....You should see the tender way he treats an old crow...It's touchingWhy, I remember once when ~~he~~ --

DENNIS: *Oh* Hello, Mr. Benny...hello, everybody.

JACK: *Why*, DENNIS!

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: Gee, it's good to see all of you again. *sure*

DON: ~~It's~~ Good seeing you, Dennis.

BA

BOB: I sure missed you, kid.

JACK: Yeah...You know, even though I hate to see our vacations end, there's something nice about all of us getting together again.

DENNIS: ^{Yeah} That's right, Mr. Benny...Here we are starting a new series.

JACK: Yes, sir.

DENNIS: Are you looking forward to a good season?

JACK: I sure am.

DENNIS: So am I.

JACK: That's good.

DENNIS: In fact, this will be the best season I ever had.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: I'm quitting your show.

JACK: ^{We just started} You're quitting the show?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

JACK: Don, get me a chair...I know this is going to lead into something and I want to be comfortable...

(SOUND: CHAIR MOVED)

JACK: There we are..Now Dennis. ^{why} why are you quitting my show?

DENNIS: ^{Well!} I think a man who is married and has nine children should be in business for himself.

JACK: Dennis.....Dennis.....Look at me.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Dennis..do you have nine children?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: Are you married?

DENNIS: No.

BA

JACK: Then why would you say you're leaving my show because you're married and have nine children?

DENNIS: I did that for your sake.

JACK: My sake?

DENNIS: I didn't want people to know I'm quitting because of the lousy salary you pay me.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I grasped your character twelve years ago.

JACK: Now, wait a minute... How can you say I pay you a bad ~~salary~~?..It's a darned good ~~one~~. *Salary, isn't it?*

DENNIS: *Yeah*, when you pay it to me...But all of June, July, and August no money at all.

JACK: *Well*, of course I don't pay you during the summer...We're off the air those three months.

DENNIS: We are?

JACK: *Well*, certainly.

DENNIS: Gee....and every Sunday I came down here and sang my heart out.

JACK: Well, of all ~~the things~~ -- Dennis, that's your own fault ...When you came down here every Sunday and saw a completely empty studio, not a soul in it--what did you think?

Wait a minute Dennis... look, I'm not getting mad - it's the first show. I'm not gonna get mad. Now wait, no, no, I'm holding my temper, see? I'm not getting mad, am I? Am I getting mad? I'm not getting mad, am I? I'm not getting mad, am I? Now Dennis, look...

Dennis: Put your eyes back in!

face BA: Dennis, I only want to ask you something. I'm not getting mad. Do I look mad? I'm not mad, am I? I'm not - now I just want to ask you something...

DENNIS: I thought you were slipping.

JACK: Slipping?

DENNIS: And it's about time, too.

~~-----~~
DENNIS: Nobody can last forever...

JACK: Now cut that out!.....Look, Dennis...this is the start
of a new season, so I'm not going to lose my temper.

DENNIS: But I thought ----

JACK: *I'm not going to get mad*
No, no, Dennis...~~don't talk~~...just sing.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

Jack: Will you? I'm not getting mad. Just sing.
(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG--) ("IF YOU LOVE ME")

(APPLAUSE)

BA

JACK: ^{That} That was Dennis Day singing "If You Love Me".....and ^{I'm not mad.} very good, too. Dennis, I thought your voice sounded beautiful. ..the tone was superb...the range magnificent.

DENNIS: Not bad for a kid who's been singing his heart out all summer.

JACK: Look, Dennis...you can stop making things up...You didn't come down here ^{all summer} and sing. I happen to know ^{that} this summer you did a four week personal appearance at the Sahara in Las Vegas.

DENNIS: ^{That's right} Yeah...I had a lot of fun in Vegas, ^{too}...I even did a little gambling there.

JACK: Dennis, you shouldn't gamble....You don't know the first thing about gambling.

BOB: Jack, I don't think it makes any difference...I'm supposed to know a lot about gambling...and yet I lost quite a few bucks up in Vegas.

JACK: Oh, were you up there on one of your week-ends, too?

BOB: Yes, I went to the Flamingo with a couple of musicians. As a matter of fact, I went broke playing roulette...and since I didn't have any money, I finally put up Semmy the Drummer as my bet on Number Seventeen....I lost.

JACK: You lost Semmy?...That's awful.

BOB: That's how I felt at first...But after thinking it over, I was glad I didn't win.

JACK: Why?

BOB: What in the world would I do with thirty-six bald headed drummers?

BR

JACK: ~~You're right, Bob... even one drummer like Sammy is a glut~~
~~on the market... If you had thirty-six, you might~~ -- WHY,
MARY.

MARY: Hello, Jack.
~~Bob:~~ *Hi, Mary,*
(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Hi, everybody.

GANG: (AD LIB) Hello, Mary.

MARY: What were you fellows talking about?

DENNIS: What a big hit I was in Las Vegas.

JACK: Hummm.

MARY: Oh ~~yeah~~. I read where you broke records there.

DENNIS: *Yeah* I'll say... When I left, they even dedicated a slot
machine to me... There's a slot machine at the Sshere with
my name on it.

MARY: *Well,* That's nothing, there's a slot machine at the Flemingo
with Jack's blood on it.

JACK: Blood on it, blood on it... a little cut on the wrist,
you make a big thing out of it... You come in on the first
show ~~and~~ *Mary* that's a fine greeting you give me.

MARY: I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: Oh sure... I'll bet you're not sorry at all... You don't see
me for months and that's how you say "Hello".

MARY: But I am sorry, ~~and~~... and to show you I'm sincere... come
here and I'll give you ~~sakis~~ *big*.

JACK: Well....

DENNIS: Come on... let's get on with the show.

JACK: *Oh,* Quiet, Dennis, you're just jealous.

BR

DENNIS: A man with a wife and nine kids is jealous?

JACK: Oh, be quiet...All right, Mary...get ready, I'm going to kiss you.

MARY: I'm ready, Jack.

(JACK KISSES MARY)

JACK: ^{there,}....~~What~~ Mary, how was that?

MARY:You lost more blood in ~~the~~ Vegas than I thought.

JACK: Hummmmm.....Mary, if you're going to keep on like this, I'll be sorry that you didn't stay in Plainfield when you visited your family.

BOB: ^{Oh, say, Mary...} ~~Oh,~~ Mary, were you in the east during the big heat wave they had?

MARY: ^{Oh.} Uh huh, and it was really hot. Everybody suffered but papa.

JACK: What did your father do?

MARY: ^{Well} Every night he'd fill the bathtub with ice cold beer and get in it.

JACK: But Mary...in a few hours, wouldn't the beer warm up?

MARY: In a few hours, he didn't care.

JACK: I know, but wasn't it kinda messy when he tried to wipe himself off?

MARY: He didn't have to, Rheingold is a dry beer.

JACK: Well, I asked her so she told me...You know, Mary, I read one day where it got so hot ~~like~~ -- Mary,..Mary what are you staring at?

MARY: ^{Well} What's the matter with Don Wilson?

JACK: What do you mean?

BR

MARY: Well, since I came in, he's been standing in the corner, not saying a thing, just sulking.

JACK: Gee, you're right...(CALLS) DON...OH, DON.

DON: (POUTING) Leave me alone.

JACK: ~~Don~~ Don...what's the matter with you...what's come over you so suddenly?

DON: (MAD THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING SPEECHES) It's not suddenly.. ~~Don~~ something I've been thinking about for twenty years.

JACK: Well, if there's something wrong, for heavens sakes, tell me about it.

DON: All right, I will...Every year, when we come back on the air, I start the program off by introducing you, and you come on and get applause, ^{and} then Dennis comes on and gets applause....then Bob Crosby makes an entrance and gets applause...then Mary comes on and gets applause...everyone gets applause except me. ~~Don~~ ^{it's} ~~Don~~ not fair.

JACK: Well ^{if} ~~Don~~ if all you want is some applause, ^{Don} we can fix that...(TO AUDIENCE) Folks, how about giving Don Wilson ^{big} a hand?

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: There you are, Don...how was that?

DON: Wonderful, Jack, ~~Don~~ makes me feel great.

JACK: Good...and folks I want to thank you for giving Don that ^{big hand} ~~Don~~...because never has so little, made so much, so happy, so fast...^(so there...) And now, Don, that your little heart has been lightened, would you mind getting the Sportsmen Quartet up to the microphone for the commercial?

BR

DON: (HAPPY) Oh, I will, I ~~will~~ ^{Jack: ch,} (CALLS) OH, SPORTSMEN!

QUART: HMMMM.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: For Hmmm, they get applause?...I guess you were right for compleining, Don...~~Now what number~~ have the fellows prepared?

DON: Well, Jack, since this is the first show of the season, they thought it would be fitting if they --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it, Don...hold it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~o~~ Hello, Rochester, what is it?

ROCH: WELL, I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO CALL AND TELL YOU...YOUR TRUNK ARRIVED HOME.

JACK: My trunk?

ROCH: ~~yes~~, THE ONE YOU TOOK WITH YOU WHEN YOU WENT ^{out} ON THAT PERSONAL APPEARANCE TOUR THIS SUMMER.

JACK: Oh yes...did you unpeck it?

ROCH: UH HUH...AND I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU... YOUR VIOLIN IS SMASHED.

JACK: My violin...smashed?

ROCH: YES, SIR...IT'S BROKEN TO BITSYOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PLAY IT AGAIN.

JACK: Well, the express company will have to pay for it.

BR

ROCH: OH, THEY'LL BE GLAD TO.

JACK: Never mind...And not only will the express company pay for it, but so will the insurance company.

ROCH: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

JACK: Well, don't you remember...when I told my agent I was going to play on my personal appearance tour, he suggested I take out accident insurance on my violin.

ROCH: NO NO, BOSS, THAT WAS ON YOU.

JACK: On me?

ROCH: YEAH, THE BLUE CROSS TURNED YOU OVER TO THE RED CROSS, YOU WERE DECLARED A POTENTIAL DISASTER.

JACK: All right, all right...I'll have it fixed or get a new one...Did you put away everything that was in the trunk?

ROCH: ALMOST...AND SAY...THERE'S A HIGH SILK HAT IN THERE THAT I NEVER SAW BEFORE.

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~ be careful with that hat...I bought it from a magician who was on the same bill with me.

ROCH: A MAGICIAN'S HAT?

JACK: Yes...I'm going to use it on my television show next Sunday...He taught me a trick with the hat. I put in two rabbits, and pull out five of them.

ROCH: WELL, HE MUST HAVE TAUGHT THE TRICK TO THE RABBITS, TOO. THERE ~~ARE~~ FORTY OF THEM NOW.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...By the way, Rochester...How's the program coming over?

ROCH: WHAT PROGRAM?

JACK: ...What program?..My program...The one I'm doing right now.

BR

ROCH: YOUR PROGRAM ISN'T COMING OVER THE AIR...I TURNED THE RADIO ON TO THE STATION A FEW MINUTES AGO AND ALL THEY HAVE IS MUSIC.

JACK: Rochester, are you sure you tuned in to the right station?

ROCH: YES, SIR, AND ALL THEY HAVE IS A MAN PLAYING AN ORGAN.

JACK: Well, that burns me up.

ROCH: I KNOW SOMETHING THAT'LL BURN YOU UP EVEN MORE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: HE'S GETTING LAUGHS.

JACK: Look, Rochester, I better hang up and check into this... Just be sure and have dinner ready when I get home...By the way, what are we going to have?

ROCH: RABBIT, WHAT ELSE!

JACK: All right, all right, goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOODDBYYYYYEEEEEE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DON: ^{Jack} Jack, where are you going?

JACK: To see the head engineer...there's something wrong. Our program isn't on the air.

DON: But Jack, in honor of your first program of the season, the Sportsmen Quartets ~~has~~ prepared a special number, and they're ready to do it.

~~JACK: Why should they knock themselves out? Nobody will hear it.~~

~~DENNIS: You let me sing my heart out all summer.~~

JACK: ~~Dennis please~~...All right, Don, let them sing it to the studio audience...I've got to go.

DON: Okey...(UP) TAKE IT, FELLOWS.

BR

QUART: VAL DE RI, VAL DE RA
I'M A HAPPY WANDERER
WE LOVE TO GO A-WANDERING
ALONG THE MOUNTAIN TRACK
AND AS WE GO WE LOVE TO SING
OUR KNAPSACK ON OUR BACK
VAL DE RI, VAL DE RA, VAL DE RA
VAL DE RA, HA HA HA HA HA
VAL DA RI, VAL DE RA
OUR KNAPSACK ON OUR BACK
ALL SUMMER LONG WE HAD SUCH FUN
UNTIL OUR DOUGH WAS SPENT
WHEN WE WIRED JACK
TO SEND US SOME
THIS SONG IS WHAT HE SENT
VAL DE RI, VAL DE RA
VAL DE RA VAL DE RA HA HA HA HA HA
VAL DE RI, VAL DE RA
THIS WIRE HE SENT COLLECT.
NOW WE ARE BACK WITH OUR FRIEND JACK
HERE ON THE RADIO
FOR LUCKY STRIKE, THE SMOKE WE LIKE
IT'S TOASTED ^{as} YOU KNOW
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE
BETTER TASTE
^a
YES LUCKY STRIKE TASTES BETTER
YOU WILL LIKE, LSMFT
LUCKY STRIKE, TAKE A PUFF AND SEE
THE TOASTED CIGARETTE
YES IT'S TOASTED
SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...FADE TO B.G. & SUSTAIN)

JACK: Gee, I ~~wonder~~ ^{wonder} why Rochester isn't getting the program...~~Probably~~ ^{Probably} something wrong with my radio at home...I can't understand CBS not sending my first program out..My second one, I could understand...~~that~~, they think a little thing like that is going to make me quit, they're crazy....~~say~~ ^{say}..I wonder where I go to see the Chief engineer...~~Oh, there's an usher, I'll ask him...Oh, usher, usher.~~

ARTIE: Why Mr. Benny.

JACK: MR. KITZEL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel..what are you doing here at the studio in an usher's uniform?

ARTIE: I'm working..This is a part-time job. I have to raise a little money.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: You see I'll need the extra money because around October ninth I'm expecting an addition to my family.

JACK: Well, isn't that nice...What do you want, Mr. Kitzel, a boy or a girl?

ARTIE: Either one would be delightful.

JACK: Yeeh.

ARTIE: But unfortunately it's my mother-in-law coming for a visit.

DY

JACK: Oh...The way you put it I thought you were expecting a bundle from heaven.

ARTIE: A bundle she is, but from heaven, this is doubtful.

JACK: Oh...well, since you had to take another job, I suppose you like it here at the studio.

ARTIE: Oh yes...it's very plessent...especially for me...I like to be around show people...ectors, ..musiciens...and singers...especially singers.

JACK: Oh, you like good singing.

ARTIE: Definitely..on this subject I'm a connoisseur.. I collect records and everything.

JACK: Really.. well, tell me...who's your favorite singer?

ARTIE: Net "King" Cohen.

JACK: No no, Mr. Kitzel..it's Net King Cole...Cole.

ARTIE: Cold, cool...he's real gone.

JACK: Yes, yes, I know....Well, Mr. Kitzel..I've got to go now.

ARTIE: What's your hurry?

JACK: I just heard that my radio program isn't going out over the air..Where should I go to check into this?

ARTIE: This is the chief engineer's department..His office is downstairs in the sub-besement. Right down those stairs there.

JACK: Thank you..See you again soon, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: This must be it..It says, "George Foster, Chief Engineer"
...I'll go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: That must be him in front of ~~the~~ ^{the} big electrical panel...
Excuse me, are you the chief engineer?

MEL: Duhhh, no I'm his assistant.

JACK: Well ~~I~~ ^{I'm} Jack Benny and my radio program isn't going
out on the air.

MEL: Who says it isn't?

JACK: I says it isn't.

MEL: Then maybe it isn't.

JACK: Well, why isn't it?

MEL: I don't know, but it aren't my fault.

JACK:I'm not saying it am... ~~Look~~ ^{here} Look, what is the
what is the reason for my show reason for my show not being broadcast?

MEL: Well..let me look at this control panel ^{here}... ~~Hummmmm~~ ^{-now}
~~hummmmmmmmm... Mmmmmmmmm, hummmmmmmmm.~~ ^{Oh} Oh yesh--now I see
what's wrong.

JACK: What is it?

MEL: Well, you see, Mr. Benny, when you talk into the
microphone, it creates a series of electronic impulses
which are converted to vibrating wave lengths at
varying frequencies which are instentaneously reconverted
by a series of transistors ~~then~~ ^{then} it comes ^{through} here to the
master control panel ~~then~~ then they pass through the
superhetrodyne condenser and the volume is then
rheostatically controlled.

DY

JACK:Oh....Well, I still don't quite understand from your explanation why my program isn't coming out over the air.

MEL: It ain't plugged in.

JACK: Are you sure?

MEL: *Oh, yes* Certainly, *you* see..there's the plug hanging loose over there.

JACK: Well, for heavens sakes, plug it in.

MEL: *Oh,* I can't.

JACK: Why not?

MEL: *Well,* Look, Mister..I can pick up the plug, I can inspect *the plug,* I can dust *the plug,* I can polish *the plug,* but the Union says only the chief engineer can plug *the plug.* in.

JACK: ~~.....~~ Well, where's *(plug, the)* the chief engineer? *Who's the chief engineer?*

MEL: *Oh,* He went out for coffee..he'll be right back.

JACK: ~~.....~~ *But* I can't wait, I'm going to plug it in myself..I'll just pull this other plug out ~~.....~~

MEL: *No, no, no* No, no..don't pull that one out...that's one of the most popular programs *on the air.* ~~.....~~ Everybody's listening to it.

JACK: What is it?

MEL: Harry Horlick and His A. and P. Gypsies.

JACK: Well, of all ~~.....~~ --That program hasn't been on for years.

MEL: Gee, why don't somebody come down here and tell me those things?

JACK: Now look....

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{hook,} I've stood for all ~~the~~--

MEL: Oh, here comes Mr. Foster now.

JACK: ^{(oh yes)...} Oh, Mr. Foster--

NELSON: YESSSSSSS!

JACK: Mr. Foster, I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: Wellll!Mey I shake your hand, I've already gresped your character.

JACK: Never mind that.. Your essistent here tells me that my program is off the air because that wire isn't plugged in.

NELSON: ^{Yeah!} I know.

JACK: And he told me ~~that~~ you're the only one that could do it.

NELSON: That's right.

JACK: Well, plug it in, plug it in.

NELSON: I wouldn't touch the nasty thing.

JACK: You better be careful..you'll be in lots of trouble when my sponsor learns about this.

NELSON: He knows, it wes his idea.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT...If you won't plug it in, I'll do it myself.

MEL: Mr. Foster, the union ain't gonna like it, aren't they?

JACK: You keep out of this...Now let's see...first I take this plug: and then I take this wire here --

(SOUND: LOUD ELECTRICAL BUZZING)

JACK: Turn off the current, TURN IT OFF, TURN IT OFF!

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: Mr. Foster, those two wires shouldn't have given me a shock....Did you turn on the current on purpose?

NELSON: OOOOOHHH, DID I!

JACK: That settles it...Mr. Foster, I'm going to give you one more chance..unless you start sending my program over the air, there's going to be trouble.

NELSON: Oh, all right..I was going to anyway...THE BEST PART comes on in just three seconds....ONE....TWO....THREE....

(SOUND: PLUG BEING PLOGGED IN)

~~████████████████████~~

RUBIN: (FILTER) And that concludes tonight's Jack Benny Program.

JACK: What?

RUBIN: (FILTER) We wish to thank his special guests Herry Horlick and his A. and P. Gypsies.

~~████████████████████~~

JACK: Well, this is ridiculous.

~~████████████████████~~

JACK: ~~████████████████████~~...I'm going home *and listen to Sam and Henry.*

(PLAYOFF AND APPLAUSE)

DY

SET #1

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 26, 1954

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first --
the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike...Miss Dorothy
Collins!

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL SONG:

"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: Friends, your enjoyment of a cigarette is just as
simple as that! (SLOWLY, WITH EMPHASIS) If you
want better taste from your cigarette - Lucky
Strike is the brand to get. It's toasted to
taste better. Naturally, Luckies' better taste
begins just where you'd expect it to begin.

(MORE)

RT

ATX01 0019939

SET #1

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SEPTEMBER 26, 1954

WILSON:
(CONT-D)

With fine tobacco. LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then -- that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones up Luckies' naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So next time ... get better taste. Get 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!

RT

ATX01 0019940

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO'S THAT?

JACK: It's only me, Rochester.. Any mail or phone calls?

ROCH: YEAH, MR. FRANK REMLEY CALLED. HE WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT
HE'S OPENING AT THE CINEGRILL AT THE HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT
HOTEL OCTOBER ~~1964~~ ¹⁹⁶⁴.

JACK: ^{Ch} Good, good. I'll go down and see him.

ROCH: MR. REMLEY SAID YOU'D ENJOY IT... HE'S GOT A SPECIAL
ATTRACTION THIS YEAR.

JACK: ^O Special attraction?

ROCH: HIS VOCALIST IS A ST. BERNARD.

JACK: Well, what do you know. I'll sure go down and see that...
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DH

ATX01 0019941

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.

DH

ATX01 0019942

(J.B.N.1)
PROGRAM #1

JACK BENNY RADIO PROGRAM

September 26, 1954

(Trans. Sept. 2, 1954)

CAST: Mel Blanc

Artie Auerback

Frank Nelson .

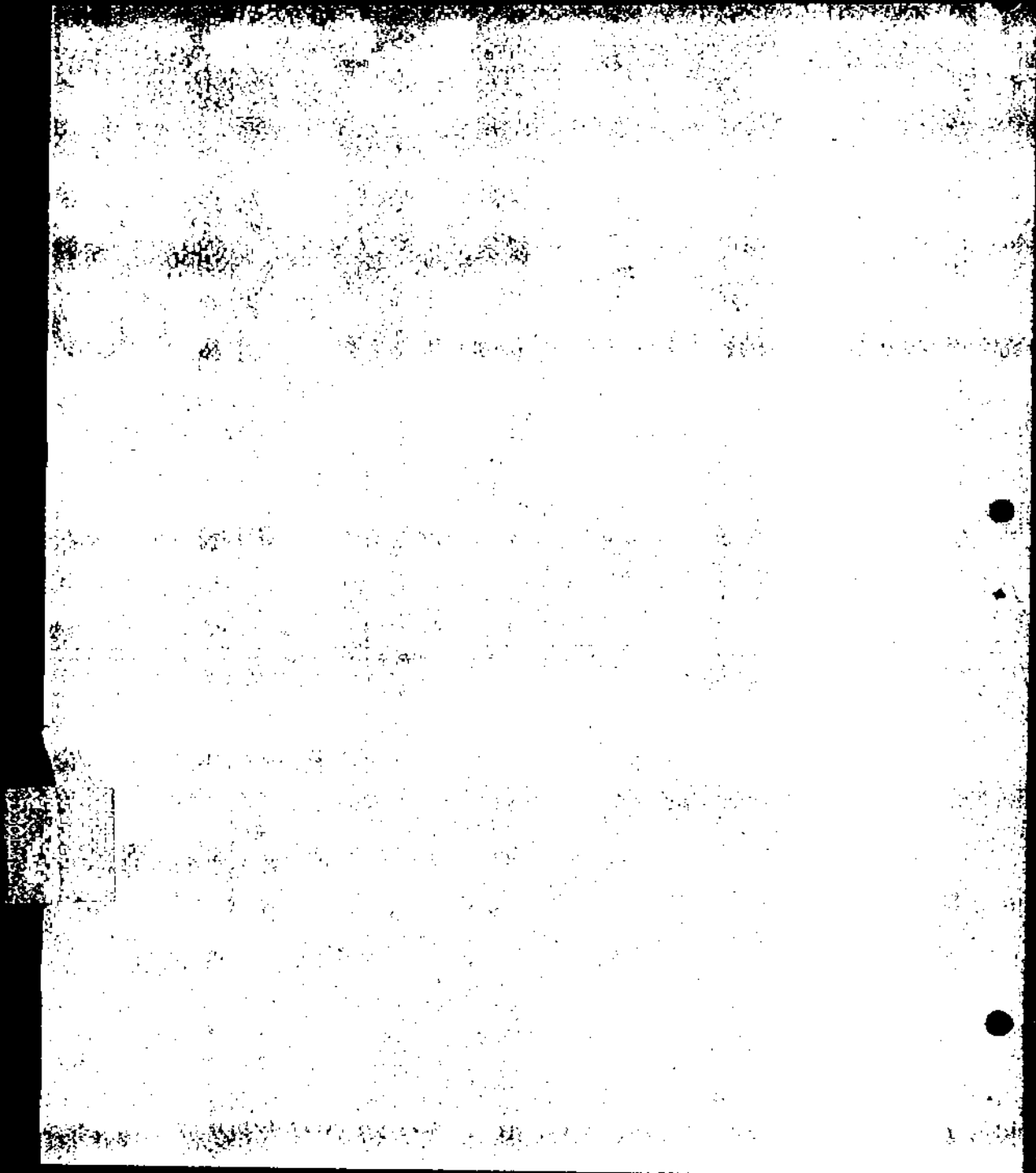
Benny Rubin

(Mary Livingstone On)

(Bob Crosby On)

BA

RTX01 0019943



(J.B.N. 2)
PROGRAM #2
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER ~~2~~³, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Sept. 4, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
 DENNIS DAY
 EDDIE ANDERSON
 DON WILSON
 BEA BENEDETT
 SHIRLEY MITCHELL
 MEL BLANC
 SAM HEARN
 MAHLON MERRICK
 VEOLA VONN

BR

ATX01 0019945

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
OCTOBER 3, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike ... the cigarette that's toasted to taste
better.

(TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
CALYPSO
VERSION OF Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
SONG: .37 SEC.)
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. The song you just heard has an
important message for everyone who smokes. The sure
way to get better taste from your cigarette is to make
sure you get Lucky Strike. It's toasted to taste
better. Of course the better taste of a Lucky begins
with fine tobacco. And then, that fine tobacco is
toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" - the famous Lucky Strike
process -- tones up this naturally mild, good-tasting
tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Yes, a Lucky tastes better because it's the
cigarette of fine tobacco and it's toasted ... to taste
better. So - Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

DH

ATX01 0019946

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
OCTOBER 3, 1954

-B-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here's
the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike ... Miss Dorothy Collins!

TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS WITH Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
A CAPELLA
VERSION OF SONG
39 SECONDS. 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: Friends, that song gives you the big reason why so many
millions of smokers always ask for Lucky Strike. A
Lucky tastes better! It's toasted to taste better. The
better taste of Lucky Strike begins with fine tobacco.
Why sure: LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
But there's even more to it than that - just before it's
made into Lucky Strike cigarettes, that fine tobacco is
loasted. The famous Lucky Strike process -- "IT'S
TOASTED" -- tones up Luckies' mild, naturally
good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better ...
cleaner, fresher, smoother.

DH

(MORE)

ATX01 0019947

(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 TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES HIS FIRST TELEVISION PROGRAM OF THE SEASON...BUT, OF COURSE, HE ALSO HAS A RADIO SHOW TO DO. SO LET'S GO BACK AN HOUR AND VISIT JACK IN HIS DRESSING ROOM. HE IS RELAXING BEFORE REHEARSAL.

JACK: (SINGS) THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS...^{*(ride no business & know...)*} DA DA DA DA DE DAH...^{*Dee*} DA DA DA DA DE DA...^{*all night*} When Irving Berlin wrote that song, he knew what he was doing, there's no business like show business, and I'm sure glad I'm part of it... Gosh, I'll never forget how I first started...I remember when I made up my mind to go into vaudeville...It was the last week in June, and I was nineteen...I had just graduated and didn't feel like going on to high school... Ah, what memories those early vaudeville days bring back.. Split weeks ^{*new York*} two a day...Broadway...and The Palace...I'll never forget who was on the same bill with me when I first played the Palace...Jimmy Durante...Georgie Jessel... Johnnie Wilkes Booth...Then vaudeville began to be killed off by a new medium..radio...I wanted to go into radio but I wouldn't try it until I had a sure-fire formula and character...Then I hit upon it...I decided to play the character of a tight, miserly skinflint.

(MORE)

BR

ATX01 0019948

JACK: (CONTINUED) The public gets a million laughs out of my stingy character..and so do I when I count the money I save ...Yes sir,...(SINGS) There's no business like show business, de de da da da deh...Then when my radio program was doing all right, I moved out to Hollywood and went into ~~the~~ movies...The movie business is funny...You make good pictures year after year and nobody thinks anything about it..but you make one stinker and you're through. ^{gee} I'm glad I quit before I made a bad one... ~~of~~ Course, I take a lot of kidding about "The Horn Blows At Midnight"... ~~but~~ ^{yet}, I can honestly say I never heard of more than ten or twelve people who didn't like it...Come to think of it, I never heard of more than ten people who went to see it...and yet there were twelve people who ~~didn't like it~~ ^(this I don't understand at all)..Oh well, you can't please all of the people all of the time..Sometimes I think ~~that~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: I'M BACK, BOSS.

JACK: So soon? ^{hey} Did you get the shaving cream for me, Rochester?

ROCH: UHHUH, I GOT IT AT THE DRUG STORE ACROSS THE STREET.

JACK: Good...Well, we haven't got much time. ~~So~~ come on, shave me.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: WATER TURNED ON AND RUNNING...FADE TO B.G.)

~~ROCH: MR. BENNY, BEFORE I SHAVE YOU, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...WHY DON'T YOU GORW A BEARD.~~

~~JACK: A beard?~~

~~ROCH: YES..LOTS OF MEN HAVE ONE...~~

~~JACK: Gee...I never thought of that..Do you think a beard would make me look distinguished?~~

BR

ROCH: ~~NO, BUT AT LEAST IT WOULD PROVE TO PEOPLE YOU COULD GROW
IT SOMEWHERE.~~

JACK: ~~Hummm... I might say it some time.~~

ROCH: NOW HOLD YOUR HEAD STILL WHILE I LATHER YOU UP.

JACK: Okey.

(SOUND: LATHERING NOISES)

JACK: Sey...(SNIFFS TWICE)...What kind of shaving cream have you got there..it smells different from the brand I usually use.

ROCH: OH, IT IS DIFFERENT..IT'S THE NEWEST ON THE MARKET..IT CONTAINS EIGHTEEN PERCENT LANOLIN...SEVEN PERCENT ANTISEPTIC..FIFTY PERCENT SOAP...NINE PERCENT CHLOROPHYLL AND SIXTEEN PERCENT SMIRNOFF VODKA.

JACK: What's the vodka for?

ROCH: THAT SAVES MONEY ON TOWELS...WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH SHAVING, YOU JUST LICK IT OFF.

JACK: Gosh, what they won't think of next. Come on, Rochester, you got my face all lathered up...When are you going to shave me?

ROCH: IN JUST A MINUTE...EXCUSE ME.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (CALLS) OH, MR. WILSON...MR. WILSON.

DON: (OFF) What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I'M GOING TO SHAVE MR. BENNY NOW.

DON: (OFF) OKAY, I'LL TELL THE BOYS..(YELLS) HEY FELLOWS, ROCHESTER IS GOING TO SHAVE MR. BENNY NOW.

(BAND PLAYS "LOOK SHARP MARCH" ...ABOUT FOUR BARS)

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: Gosh...since my arranger wrote that tune, he won't let anyone shave without it...How are you doing, Rochester?

BR

ROCH: I'M PRACTICALLY DONE NOW.

DON: Oh say, Jack, ^(man I ---) may I talk to you for a minute?

JACK: Certainly...what is it, Don?

DON: Can we do the dress rehearsal right away? I want to see my dentist before the show goes on the air.

JACK: Wait a minute, Don..how come you made a dental appointment on the day of the broadcast?

DON: It was an emergency...Last night while I was watching television, my wife gave me a sandwich, and I broke a tooth when I bit into a bone.

JACK: A chicken bone?

DON: No, my wife's arm -- she didn't pull it back fast enough.

JACK: Oh, Don...you're joking.

DON: ^(Yeah, I -) (LAUGHINGLY) Yes, I am, Jack..but I did break ^a tooth... And if I don't have it fixed, I'm afraid I won't be able to do the commercial properly on the program.

JACK: ^(They can always) Well Don't let that worry you...The Sportsmen Quartet ~~do~~ do it.

DON: ^{Yeah} I know, and they're across the hall rehearsing with Mahlon Merrick, your arranger.

JACK: Well, come on, I'll go listen to it...I'll be back in a few minutes, Rochester.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, YOU'VE STILL GOT A LITTLE LATHER ON YOUR FACE.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll get it off before the show...Come on, Don.

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

(ORCHESTRA TUNING UP)

JACK: Hold it, fellows, hold it, ^{hold it. Where's my arranger?}

(TUNING UP STOPS)

JACK: Oh, Oh, Mahlon.

MAHLON: Yes, Jack?

BR

JACK: How are you getting along with the boys in the band.

MAHLON: Fine,..after all, we're not exactly strangers...I've worked with them for years, I know how to control them.

JACK: Well, I'm glad someone can control them..the way they carry on, drinking and everything.

MAHLON: Jack, I think you're too hard on them...they're not so bad.

JACK: Oh, they're not...Look at them..Bagby half asleep on ^{there toe} piano...Rice leaning against his bass fiddle to keep from falling down...and look at Remley. ^(I mean) What kind of an instrument is that he's trying to play?

MAHLON: Instrument -- that's a stomach pump.

JACK: Oh for heaven sakes..well, Mahlon, the reason I'm here is I'm wondering whether you can prepare a commercial for the Sportsmen to do on today's program.

MAHLON: Sure..I've got a real catchy tune right here...Hit it, fellows.

(BAND PLAYS "LOOK SHARP" MARCH)

JACK: (INTERRUPTING) Hold it, fellows..hold it, hold it, hold it.

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: Look, Mahlon,..do you have to play that tune of yours all ^{Just because you wrote it} the time..I want the quartet to do the commercial on today's program...now can you have something ready by air time?

MAHLON: Oh sure, Jack...^{Fact} Fact, we have one here, and it's all about you and your big blue eyes.

^{Commercial} JACK: ^{about me + my eyes} Oh, how sweet...Let's hear it, Mahlon.

MAHLON: Okay...tske it, fellows.

BR

QUART: BLUE EYES
 SMILING AT ME
 NOTHIN' BUT BLUE EYES
 DO I SEE
 BLUE EYES
 NEVER ARE SAD, NEVER SAD
 HE'S 39 BUT WE CALL HIM DAD
 NEVER SAW A MAN ALWAYS SO GAY
 EXCEPT ON THE DAY ~~WE~~ WE GET OUR PAY
 WHEN HE TAKES A SWIM THE GIRLIES ALL SCREECH
 CAUSE HIS BLOOMERS REACH
 CLEAR DOWN TO THE BEACH
 BUT YOU KNOW WE'VE FOUND HAPPINESS
 WORKING ~~FOR~~ ^{with} BLUE EYES ON CBS
 ALL MEN LIKE LUCKIES YOU KNOW

Jack: TAKE A TIP FROM ~~me~~ ^{me}
 Smoke an LS ~~me~~ ^{me} MFT
~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Sports: LUCKIES WHEREVER YOU GO

Jack: BETTER TASTING, TOO
 FINE TOBACCO THROUGH AND THROUGH

Sports: LUCKIES ARE TOASTED, IT'S TRUE

Jack: WHEN YOU START TO PUFF
 YOU WILL LIKE IT SURE ENOUGH

Sports: LUCKIES ARE ~~THE~~ ^{lem} BETTER, TOO

Jack: MADE OF FINE TOBACCO ^k

(MORE)

BR

Jack:

QUART: VERY MILD AND THAT'S A FACT
(CONT'D)

Sports LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE BETTER BY FAR
NO OTHER BRAND IS ON A PAR
EVERYONE AGREES THROUGHOUT THE LAND
LUCKIES ARE BEST, THE FAVORITE BRAND
SO BLUE EYES
THEY LIGHT UP WHEN WE SAY LUCKY STRIKE
SO LIGHT UP A LUCKY
THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATK01 0019954

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Thanks -} Well, thanks very much, fellows... And I sure appreciate your dedicating that song to me. Now, Mahlon, I'm going back to my dressing room and see if Dennis has come in yet...Then we can get on with the---Remley, stop licking the lather off my face!...For heaven's sakes...Now wait for me, fellows.

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

JACK: (SINGS OVER FOOTSTEPS) There's no business like show business... Da da da da da.

(SOUND: LIGHT BUMP)

JACK: Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm sorry I bumped into you...

HEARN: That's all---OH, HI YA, RUBE.

JACK: Well, it's my farmer friend from Caiabesas..What are you doing here at the studio?

HEARN: I just appeared on a new quiz program. Take It Or Milk It.

JACK: Oh.

HEARN: But it ain't the first time I've been on radio... A couple of months ago my wife told me she'd like a Bendix on the farm, so I won one and brought it home with me.

JACK: I'll bet that made your wife happy.

HEARN: Nope, I brought home the wrong Bendix--she wanted William. Hee Hee Hee Hee.. Get it?

JACK: I got it, I got it.

HEARN: You ain't the first sucker who fell for that one, Rube.

BH

ATX01 0019955

JACK: Hmm..Well, what did you win on the quiz program today?
HEARN: A trip to Hawaii...Boy, I'm sure looking forward to seeing those Hula Dancers in them grass skirts...Only I told them I didn't want to go till the end of October.
JACK: Why?
HEARN: I wanna be there during Harvest Time.
JACK: Gee, you're full of jokes today. ... Well, I'd better run along now..I've got to rehearse..See you again.
HEARN: So long, Rube.
JACK: So long.

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

JACK: I wonder why he always calls me Rube..Maybe he thinks I'm Rubirosa....Oh well...

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BACK SO SOON, MR. BENNY?
JACK: ...Was Dennis Day here...or did he call?
ROCH: NO SIR..
JACK: I wonder where he could be..I better call up his house and see if he's left yet.
(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING OF RECEIVER FADING TO BUZZ BUZZ OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Say, Mable?
SHIRLEY: What is it, Gertrude?
BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.
SHIRLEY: Yeah..I wonder what the Egyptian wants now.
BEA: I'll plug in and find out.
(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BH

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny....Okay, I'll ring Dennis's house..What's that?....Oh, I'm sorry, but I have another date tonight. ...I know we'll have a hot time, but I just can't.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

SHIRLEY: Did he ask you for a date, Gertrude?

BEA: Not exactly...He wanted me to come over to his house and help him finish the ironing....Well, I better try and get him Dennis Day's house.

(SOUND: PLUG IN..DIALLING SEVERAL TIMES)

SHIRLEY: You know, it's always hard getting back to work after a vacation.

BEA: *Hey,* You said it, Mable...And gee, I had such a wonderful time at Catalina..I became an expert skin diver.

SHIRLEY: Skin diving? Isn't that the sport where you put on an oxygen tank and see how far down in the ocean you can go?

BEA: Yeah, and you also have to put fins on your feet.

SHIRLEY:You needed fins? *(about feet....)*

BEA: Well, look who's *talking,* the girl who get twenty dollars an hour for crushing grapes.

SHIRLEY: I'm sorry..no offense was intended...Is that skin diving as exciting as people say it is?

BEA: Yeah..you never can tell what will happen..Once I was down on the ocean floor, and a great big octopus came up behind me and wrapped all of it's eight arms around me.

SHIRLEY: Gosh, were you scared?

BEA: No, I felt like I had a date with the Sportsmen Quartet...

say, You know, Mable *2 - - -*

(SOUND: BUZZES TWICE)

BH

BEA: Hmm..Mr. Benny is so impatient.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: There's no answer at Dennis Day's house, Mr. Benny...what?
...But Mr. Benny, I told you before I couldn't come
tonight...Huh?...I don't care if it is Robert Taylor's
shorts, I got a date...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, that Gertrude's acting independent lately.

ROCH: DID THE OPERATOR REACH DENNIS DAY?

JACK: No, there was no answer at his house...He'll probably
show up soon. Say, Rochester, I gave you the night off..
If you want, ^{to} you can leave now.

ROCH: I CHANGED MY MIND, BOSS...I'M NOT GOING OUT.

JACK: But I thought that you and your friend Roy were going to
the movies?

ROCH: ~~YES~~ BUT NOW HE DOESN'T WANT TO..HE TOLD ME HE DECIDED
TO PLAY PENNY ANTE INSTEAD.

JACK: Well, that doesn't sound very exciting.

ROCH: YOU OUGHT TO SEE ANTE!

JACK: Oh, oh, oh...Well, anyway Rochester, if you want to leave
you ~~can~~ --

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

JACK: Oh, Dennis ^(Dennis). I was just trying to get you on the phone!

DENNIS: ^{Ch} Am I late?

JACK: Not exactly..but I did want to get the rehearsal started
a little earlier than usual.

BH

ATX01 0019958

DENNIS: ^{Well,} I started out for the studio early..but on the way here
I saw some people fighting and I tried to stop them^{and}. I
got ^{Socked} in the eye twice.

JACK: Well, that's your own fault, Dennis..You shouldn't have
tried to stop them from fighting...It was none of your
business.

DENNIS: Yes, it was..they were my mother and father.

JACK: ^{Well}...What caused the argument this time?

DENNIS: ^{Well} My mother was mad at my father.

JACK: Why, what happened?

DENNIS: They moved away again, and my father told me where.

JACK: Dennis, I can't understand why your mother keeps trying
to lose you...After all, she is your mother.

DENNIS: You wouldn't dare say that to her face.

JACK: No, I guess not..But Dennis, there's one thing I don't
understand...For fifteen years you've been telling me
about your mother and father fighting.

DENNIS: That's right.

JACK: Well, let me ask you something..How can your father hit
a woman?

DENNIS: He hasn't yet.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Anyway, Papa has such a glass jaw that sometimes he --

JACK: Look Dennis, ^{get} much as I'd like to discuss the pugilistic
proclivities of yor parents, I think we should ^{get} into
the studio and start the rehearsal.

BH

ATX01 0019959

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

(SOUND OF BAND TUNING UP)

JACK: Hold it, fellows, hold it... We're going to have our
rehearsal now..but before we do, Dennis wants to sing his
song.

DENNIS: I do?

JACK: Yes, you do...Now go ahead

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

*Dennis: Yeah, hold it, hold it.
Jack: Hold it.*

BH

ATX01 0019960

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-14-

JACK: ~~Don't you think we should start with the~~ Let's get on with the rehearsal...and we may as well start with the sketch.

DENNIS: Oh, what is the sketch we're ^{going to do?} ~~going to do?~~

JACK: Well, we're going to do our version of that spectacular Twentieth Century Fox Cinemascope Production, "Garden ^{Dennis: uh huh} Of Evil", which starred Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, and Richard Widmark.....Now I will play the Gary Cooper part, which is the leading role.

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: Yes, naturally. ^(yes...uh huh) Don, let's rehearse it...set the scene.

DON: Okay...A little mood music, ^{please} Mahlon...

(BAND PLAYS "LOOK SHARP" SLOW)

JACK: Mahlon...Mahlon...Mahlon...

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: We're going to Mexico, not Madison Square Garden...
Now do what Don Wilson said or he'll bite your arm...
Go ahead.

(MOOD MUSIC PLAYS BACK OF DON'S SPEECH)

DON: IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY, HOARDS OF AMERICANS
MOVED ON TO CALIFORNIA SEEKING GOLD...OUR PLAY CONCERNS
TWO MEN, WHO WERE BOUND FOR THE GOLD FIELDS BY BOAT, BUT
WERE BLOWN OFF THEIR COURSE AND LANDED ON THE COAST OF
LOWER MEXICO.

(MUSIC UP TO CRESCENDO...THEN OUT.)

ATX01 0019961

JACK: (FILTER) MAH NAME IS SLIM COOPER...MAH FRIEND, WILSON
WIDMARK AND I LANDED ON THE COAST OF MEXICO AND FOR TWO
LONG HUNGRY DAYS WE WALKED SEARCHING FOR SIGNS OF
CIVILIZATION...FINALLY WE CAME ACROSS A SLEEPY LITTLE
TOWN CALLED (SNORE)...LATER THIS NAME WAS CHANGED TO
SONORA, MEXICO... TOWN SEEMED DESERTED, BUT I FINALLY
TOOK A CHANCE AND KNOCKED ON A DOOR.

(SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR...PAUSE...THEN CREAKY
DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Buenos días, señor.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) May we come in?

BEA: Señor, thees ees a very secret place.

JACK: Secret?

BEA: Yes..thees ees Hernando's Hideaway.

JACK: Oh...Tell me..are you Hernando?

BEA: No, Hernando is the cook here.

JACK: Cook? ^{huh?} Oh..then this is a restaurant..What do you have
to eat?

BEA: We serve Chili con carne, frijoles, tacos, guacamole,
tortillas, and mahtzo ball soup.

JACK: Mahtzo ball soup?

BEA: Hernando is only his first name.

JACK: ^{Well} Hmm., .Well, we might as well eat here....Come on, Wilson.

BEA: Right thees way to thees table.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS, CHAIRS SCUFFLING AS
PEOPLE SIT IN THEM)

JACK: Say..look at the menu, ^{hey,} they ~~are~~ got everything on it...
Are you hungry, Wilson?

DON: Hungry? I'm so starved I could eat a horse.

JACK: Don't you get tired of the same thing every day? ^(I can understand it if a horse had an arm.) Say,
I've been looking at our waitress..she's kinda cute...
I'm going to try to date her up. (UP) Hey, Seniorita.

BEA: Si, Senior?

JACK: How about a date tonight?

BEA: I cannot go out with you, Senor, I am married...
The bartender over there is my husband.

JACK: Your husband, eh? ^{going over and talk to him.}
(SOUND: ABOUT SIX FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, are you the bartender?

MEL: Si.

JACK: And you're married?

MEL: Si.

JACK: To that ^{gaw} ~~gaw~~ over there?

MEL: Si.

JACK: What's your name?

MEL: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Have you any children?

MEL: Seex.

JACK: Seex? What are their names?

MEL: Sol, Sid, Sade, Sam, Sal, and Junior.

JACK: Junior? ^{eh?} That must be Cy.

MEL: S1.

JACK: Well, ^{what's} what's your wife's name?

MEL: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

BEA: S1.

JACK: Well, she's a very nice ^{gal} and --.

DON: (OFF..CALLS) Hey, Slim, the food ^{is in} here.

JACK: Okay, I'm coming.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..SITTING DOWN)

JACK: ^{hey this food} ~~looks~~ looks good.

DON: Yes, but it needs salt, and there ^{ain't} none on the table.

JACK: ^{no salt eh?} Well, I'll get some..(CALLS) SUE.

BEA: (SLIGHTLY OFF) S1?

JACK: Salt.

BEA: S1..(CALLS) Cy?

MEL: (OFF) S1?

BEA: Salt.

MEL: S1..(CALLS) Sol!

JACK: Never mind! we'll eat it without salt.

~~MEL: Thank you for stopping us. Sorry that's about all we
could do for you, okay.~~

JACK: (FILTER) WILSON AND I STARTED EATING OUR FOOD IN THE
OPPRESSIVE HEAT OF THE LITTLE RESTAURANT, WHEN SUDDENLY
THE DOOR OPENED AND ^{from} SHE WALKED IN..SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL..
FAIR OF FACE, AND SHE HAD A GORGEOUS FIGURE..SHE LOOKED
LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF ESQUIRE..ABOUT JULY..I GOT UP FROM
MY TABLE AND WALKED ACROSS THE ROOM TO HER.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON WOODEN FLOOR GO ON
AND ON AND ON AND ON..AND STOP ON JACK'S
CUE)

JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS REALLY A SMALL ROOM BUT THIS PICTURE WAS IN CINEMASCOPE...SHE BEGAN TO SPEAK.

VEOLA: Someone please help me, please.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) I'll help you, Ma'am..what is it?

VEOLA: It's taken me a long time to get here...I walked for over five days...over mountains..across rivers..through the hot desert..I was even captured by Indians.

JACK: No.

VEOLA: Yes..they held me captive for a while, but when I gave them a handful of beads and a cheap necklace they let me go.

JACK: Stupid Indians...What is it you want?

VEOLA: I need a man to go back with me to where I came from.. I need help back there urgently.

JACK: But Miss..that's a dangerous trip.

VEOLA: I know..so I'm offering a thousand dollars in gold to any man who'll come with me.

JACK: ...Well...

VEOLA: (OOMPHY) Or, if you prefer...I'll give you a great big kiss instead.

JACK: (FILTER) THIS WAS A CHALLENGE TO MY MANHOOD..I DID WHAT ANY OTHER RED-BLOODED MAN WOULD DO. WE LEFT AFTER I DEPOSITED THE MONEY IN THE BANK...AS WE TRAVELLED THROUGH THE DANGEROUS COUNTRY, SHE TOLD ME THE WHOLE STORY..SHE AND HER HUSBAND WERE WORKING A GOLD MINE WHICH COLLAPSED. HER HUSBAND WAS TRAPPED AND SHE COULDN'T GET HIM OUT HERSELF. SHE LEFT HIM FOOD AND WATER AND WENT LOOKING FOR HELP..WHEN WE REACHED THE MINE, HE WAS STILL ALIVE..I SPOKE TO HIM.

JACK: Gee, Pardner, I feel sorry for you...you must have gone through a terrible ordeal.

DENNIS: (BUILDING UP DRAMATICALLY) It was awful..terrible.. eight long days and nights being trapped in here alone.. I didn't mind the pain from my broken leg so much, but it was the loneliness I couldn't stand...THE TERRIBLE, FRIGHTENING LONELINESS..DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT ...NO ONE TO LOOK AT, TO TALK TO..JUST BEING ALONE, ALONE. ALONE...AND THIS MORNING A BIG RATTLESNAKE CRAWLED IN HERE.

JACK: Oh, my goodness, what did you do?

DENNIS: I taught him to play gin rummy.

~~JACK: What?~~

~~(SOUND: QUICK BURST OF RATTLING FROM SNAKE)~~

~~DENNIS: Oh, my goodness, what did you do?~~

JACK: Look, take it easy, ^{pardner} you're out of your mind..I'll try ^{to} dig you out.

DENNIS: Not right now, I want to finish this game...GIN!

(SOUND: QUICK BURST OF RATTLING FROM SNAKE)

DENNIS: Ouch! Boy, what a sore loser.

~~JACK: The snake bit you!~~

VEOLA: Oh, do something, do something.

DENNIS: No, it's too late...I'm going fast...Darling, kiss me goodbye.

VEOLA: Yes, dear.

(VEOLA AND DENNIS KISS, BUT NOT TOO LONG)

~~VEOLA~~ ~~certainty.~~

~~(SHE KISSES DENNIS LONGER)~~

DENNIS: Ooh, do I hate to go....everything is turning black....
Kiss me again.

(VEOLA KISSES DENNIS LONGER)

JACK: Look, die already....Hm....And I had^{to} take the leading
role. What a jerk I was.

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: (FILTER) A NEW MINUTES LATER HE PASSED ON...IT WAS THEN
THAT HIS WIFE SAID THAT SHE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ME,
SO WE GOT MARRIED...WHAT A SNEAKY WAY FOR HER TO GET
HER THOUSAND DOLLARS BACK.....TRULY THIS IS A GARDEN OF
EVIL.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

(NATIONAL)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a minute to tell you about my television program which goes on immediately after this show....but first, here's the sweetheart of Lucky Strike, Miss Dorothy Collins.

(PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a minute to tell you about my television program which goes on at 7 PM tonight over the CBS Television Network.... but first, here's the sweetheart of Lucky Strike, Miss Dorothy Collins.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
OCTOBER 3, 1954

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

That's the Lucky Strike story, pure and simple ...
and why you'll enjoy them. A Lucky tastes better
because it's the cigarette of fine tobacco and it's
toasted to taste better. So, get a carton of
better-tasting Lucky Strike!

DH

ATX01 0019969

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 3, 1954 #2

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Optional:

TRANSCRIBED:
COLLINS WITH
A CAPELLA
VERSION OF SONG

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.

DH

ATX01 0019970

(TAG)

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, as I mentioned before, tonight I'm doing my first television show of the season...And this year I'll be on TV every other week... and, of course, radio every week... Gee, what hard work... If I didn't stay thirty-nine, I'd never be able to take it... Goodnight, folks, I'm a little old -- I mean a little late.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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

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

ATX01 0019971

(J.B.R.I.)
PROGRAM #3

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - September 27, 1953)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
DENNIS DAY
EDDIE ANDERSON
DON WILSON
BOB CROSBY
IRIS ADRIAN
SAM HEARN
MEL BLANC
HY AVERBACK
SPORTSMEN QUARTET

MG

ATX01 0019972

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that's toasted to taste
better!

(TRANSCRIBED
COLLINS:
WITH A
CAPPELLA
BACKGROUND)

"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. As cigarette smokers, you and I
know the most important single thing any cigarette can
offer is taste -- better taste. And as many millions
of Lucky smokers will tell you -- Luckies taste better.
You know why? Because "IT'S TOASTED"!
Yes, IT'S TOASTED to taste better. Luckies' better
taste actually begins with the fine tobacco that goes
into every Lucky Strike. IS/MFT, Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco. And then, that fine tobacco is toasted.
IT'S TOASTED!

DY

(MORE)

ATX01 0019973

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954.

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

That's the famous Lucky Strike process that tones up
Luckies' naturelly mild, good tasting tobacco - brings
it to its peak of flavor -- makes it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, for better taste in
your cigarette, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Buy a carton of
better testing Lucky Strike!

OPTIONAL:

(TRANSCRIBED
COLLINS:
WITH A
CAPELLA
BACKGROUND)

"If you want better taste from your cig-s-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-s-rette.

DY

ATX01 0019974

(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 SATURDAY MORNING AFTER
REHEARSAL, THE JACK BENNY CAST USUALLY DROPS INTO THE
CORNER DRUGSTORE FOR A LIGHT LUNCH. AS THE SCENE OPENS,
ALL OF US, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF JACK HAVE JUST
ENTERED THE DRUG STORE.

(SOUND: DRUG STORE AND LUNCHEONETTE NOISES UP...
FADE TO B.G.)

DON: Hey, we're lucky, fellows...it isn't crowded at all.

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

BOB: Well, let's sit down.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

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

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

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

BOB: Well, What ultimatum?

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

MG

DENNIS: Gee, that'll never work.

BOB: *Well,* why not?

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

MARY: That's right.

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

DON: *Oh,* HERE WE ARE JACK.

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

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...STOP)

JACK: What did you---what did you kids order?

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

JACK: *Call* Oh, then I'll call the waitress...(SWEETLY) Oh, Miss,
Miss.

IRIS: WHADDA YA WANT, MAC!

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

IRIS: Yeah...here.

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

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

JACK: Hmm.

BOB: Say, look, Miss...all I want is *just* an egg sandwich and a
glass of milk.

MARY: I'll have the same.

IRIS: Okay..

DON: Now, Miss, ~~fr...~~ - - -

IRIS: ~~What~~, *what* do you want, Tefon Boy?

MG

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

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

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

JACK: Don...control yourself..

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

IRIS: Okay.

JACK: Dennis, Dennis...what'll you have?

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

IRIS: No.

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

IRIS: No.

DENNIS: Well, how about shishkebob and kreplach?

IRIS: No.

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

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

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

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

IRIS: With mayonnaise?

DENNIS: No, toothpaste.

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

MG

ATX01 0019977

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

JACK: Never mind, just go get it.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

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

MARY: I don't know.

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

DENNIS: (OFF) Hey look, they've got one of my records here.

MARY: ^{Well} why don't you play it, Dennis?

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

JACK: Has anybody got a nickel?

BOB: ^{Well} I haven't.

DON: ...Neither have I.

MARY: All I have is a dime.

JACK: I can change it.

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

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

(SOUND: NICKEL IN SLOT..MECHANISM STARTS)

(DENNIS'S SONG-- "SORRENTO--May 9, 1954)

(APPLAUSE)

MG

ATX01 0019978

(SECOND ROUTINE)

MARY: Gee, that was beautiful.

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

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

JACK: Oh.

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

DON: Oh, Me, too, Bob.

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

BOB: Well, Thanks, Jack.

JACK: But I have a little suggestion...You know, just a little constructive criticism..I thought that if you got a comedy guest star occasionally, you'd get--no really, you'd get more laughs on the program.

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

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

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

JACK: Well..how much -- how much can you pay for a guest star?

BOB: Well, about fifteen bucks.

MARY: For fifteen bucks Jack can be homey.

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

BA

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

JACK: Yes, Dennis, where were you?

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

JACK: Oh.

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

JACK: Stripped?

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

JACK: Look, Dennis ...

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

BOB: ~~Well~~ what did it say?

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

JACK: ^{(stop -} Dennis, stop already, will you..stop being silly.

DON: ~~Oh~~, He's not being silly, Jack..sometimes those things just happen by coincidence.

JACK: Oh sure, sure.

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

JACK: ~~why~~ what did it say?

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

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

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

MARY: Not for me..anyone want anything?

DON: Not me.

BOB: ~~well~~ I've had enough.

IRIS: Okay..here's the check.

BA

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

DON: ^{Oh now,} No no, Bob.. let me pay it, it's my turn today.

DENNIS: Wait a minute, Don, you paid last time..I'll pay today.

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

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

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

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

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

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

IRIS: You had to, you were alone.

JACK: That has nothing to do with it.

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

IRIS: Thanks.

DON: I've got a car outside..anybody want a lift?

DENNIS: ^{h,} Not me..it's such a nice day, I'm gonna walk.

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

DON: Yes, Bob.

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

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

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

BA

JACK: Gee, he must -- he must have a big place, huh?

(SOUND: TINKLY BELL RINGS AS DOOR OPENS..

WE NOW HEAR TRAFFIC NOISES..FOOTSTEPS...

FADE TO B.G.)

BOB: Well, so long, Mary..so long, Jack.

MARY & JACK: So long...So long..goodbye, Bob.

DON: ~~See~~, See you at the show.

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

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES UP & DOWN)

MARY: Gee, it's still early..and the weather's so nice....

☞ - I think I'll go out and play nine holes of golf.

JACK: Mary, that's a wonderful idea. ^{and} I'll join you. Can you drive me by the house, ~~we~~ got to pick up my golf clubs.

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

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

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

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TRAFFIC NOISES..

AUTO HORNS, ETC.)

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

HEARN: Hi ya, Rube.

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

(APPLAUSE)

BA

JACK: ^{Well,} Gosh, I haven't seen you in nearly a year. Tell me, what are you doing here in Los Angeles?

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

JACK: You need an electric milker for your cows?

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

JACK: Could that have been Bob's?...I don't know.....Is that all you have on your farm, just cows?

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

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

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

JACK: ^{Your uncle} ~~he~~ drowned in wine?

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

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

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

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

HEARN: So long, Rube.

JACK: So long, so long.

(APPLAUSE)

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

BA

JACK: Here I am, Mary.

MARY: Hi ya, Rube.

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

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

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

JACK: Yeah.

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

JACK: How do you like that...I kept talking with that farmer ~~and~~ I forgot to buy a paper.

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

JACK: All right.

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

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

JACK: Mary, that's our quartet.

MARY: Yeah.

BA

ATX01 0019984

QUART: Oh, lady,
Oh, how she can snuggle, she's as sweet as can be.
And when we're in the parlor
Oh, the way she whispers pretty nothing's to me
All I can do is holler
Oh, it isn't what she does, but Oh, the clever way she does
it.
Especially when she meets me neath the moon above.
Sweet cookie
Oh, what'll I do the way she sends me
With her go get 'em eyes
And puts me in a flurry
Oh, the way I fall for ^{all} her beautiful lies
Believe me I should worry
Oh, the way she feeds me taffy
Oh, I think she'll drive me daffy
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
How my super sentimental wonderful sweetie can love.
Oh, lady, oh du de loo de
The way she holds a Lucky Strike in her hand
It makes me very happy
Oh, du le loo de
For deep down smoking pleasure Luckies are grand.
Just ask your dear old pappy
Oh, such fine and light tobacco
Oh, there's twenty in a pack so
Lady, when I see you light a Lucky
I know together we'll be saying
Oh, a Lucky has a better taste it is true
I like to sing about 'em.

BA

ATX01 0019985

QUART: Oh, a cleaner fresher smoke, it's smoother for you
(CONT'D)

I'll never be without 'em.

Oh, the only smoke for me is

Oh, an L S M F T and

Oh, oh, oh, oh,

I'm so wild about a Lucky

All I can say is just Oh

All I can say is just Oh.

(APPLAUSE)

BA

ATX01 0019986

(SOUND: CAR COMING TO STOP)

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

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

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

JACK: Okay.. show you my etchings... won't take me long.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS ON
CEMENT WALK..FOOTSTEPS STOP..KEY IN DOOR...
DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

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

JACK: Yes, Rochester.

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

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

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

JACK: That long?

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

JACK: Well, did you wipe it off?

ROCH: NO SIR.

JACK: Why not?

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

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

ROCH: NO!!!

JACK: Yeah yeah...^{yeah} Now look, I'm going out to play some golf with
Miss Livingstone.

CB

ROCH: Oh, YOUR CLUBS ARE IN THE CLOSET.

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

ROCH: I CAN'T, MR. BENNY...THE MECHANICS ARE WORKING ON YOUR MAXWELL DOWN AT THE GARAGE.

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

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

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

ROCH: OKAY...BUT BOSS...

JACK: Yeah?

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

JACK: With the parrot?

ROCH: YEAH...SHE'S BEEN ACTING AWFULLY FUNNY LATELY...SHE'S -- SHE'S SO MOODY.

JACK: Oh, I think you're imagining it, Rochester....Parrots. don't get moody.

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

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: REMEMBER THAT COCONUT YOU BOUGHT HER?

JACK: Yes..did she eat it?

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

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

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

CB

ATX01 001988

JACK: (VERY BRIGHT) Hello, Polly.

MEL: (MAKES SAD NOISES)

JACK: Gee, ^{she} ~~she~~ won't look at me...Polly it's me..Daddy...

MEL: (SAD NOISE)

JACK: (MAD) Now Polly, stop sitting on that coconut.

MEL: (SAD NOISE)

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

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

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

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

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

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

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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

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

MARY: (SYMPATHETIC) Oh, that's too bad..the poor thing..what's wrong with her?

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

CB

ATX01 0019989

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

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

MARY: I'm not joking...they have psychiatrists for animals.... I know one right near here.

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

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Jack, here's the doctor's office...You go in with Polly..

And I'll wait outside in the car.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

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

JACK: Well, *are* you the psychiatrist?

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

JACK: P.H.D.?

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

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

MEL: (MAKES SAD NOISES)

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

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

HY: Certainly.

MEL: (SQUAWK)

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

CB

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

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

ME: (SQUAWKS) Paper-mate Pen is leak proof. (WHISTLES)

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

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

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

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

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

JACK: Polly.

HY: It took six writers to think of that?

JACK: Look, Doctor --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CB

HY: *Good*. Good, I will give her a word association test.

JACK: Word association about music?

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

JACK: Oh, good good.

HY: Now Polly..listen...Piano.

MEL: Liberace. (SQUAWKS)

HY: Clarinet.

MEL: Benny Goodman. (WHISTLES)

HY: Violin.

MEL: Penicillin. (SQUAWK)

HY: That I do not understand at all.

JACK: It must have been something she heard, *you know*.

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

Father..

MEL: (SAD NOISES)

HY: Mother. .

MEL: (SAD NOISES)

HY: Baby.

CB

ATK01 0019992

MEL:

(SINGS AND CRIES)

Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy.
 You are only three, Sonny Boy.
 You've now way of knowing,
 There's no way of showing
 What you mean to me, Sonny
 Boy, Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy.
 When there are gray skies,
 I don't mind the gray skies,
 You make them blue, Sonny Boy,
 Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy, Sonny
 Boy, Sonny boy.
 Friends may forsake me
 Let them all forsake me
 I'll still have you,
 Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy.
 You're sent from heaven
 And I know your worth
 Sonny boy, sonny boy..

HY: You are right, Mr.

Benny. She yearns for
a baby.

JACK: That's what I thought,

-- Polly, be quiet

..Doctor, Doctor, I'll

go to the ---- Polly,

please...I'll go to

the pet shop and get

an egg....Polly,

control yourself..stop

crying...Polly, we'll

go right to the pet

we know now... it's mother's word
shop..Polly..Polly..

I'll get you an egg..

Polly..POLLY..I'LL GET

YOU AN EGG..LET'S GO,

POLLY.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

CB

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: We'll hear from Jack again in just a minute, but first,
the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike -- Dorothy Collins!

(TRANSCRIBED
COLLINS:
WITH FULL
CALYPSO
VERSION)

"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: That's something to remember, friends: "If you want
better taste from your cigarette, Lucky Strike is the
brand to get!" Yes, because IT'S TOASTED to taste
better. Now, first of all, Luckies taste better
because they're made of fine tobacco. LS/MFT, Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco, naturally mild good-tasting
tobacco. And then, that tobacco is toasted.
"IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process --
tones up Luckies' naturally mild good-tasting, tobacco
to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother.

DY

(MORE)

ATX01 0019994

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #3
OCTOBER 10, 1954.

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Keep that in mind and for a better tasting smoke every
(CONT'D) time -- make your cigarette -- Lucky Strike!

(TRANSCRIBED "If you want better taste from your cig-s-rette,
COLLINS: Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
WITH FULL IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
CALYPSO It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-s-rette!
VERSION)

DY

ATK01 0019995

(TAG)

(SOUND: CAR GOING ALONG)

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

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

(SOUND: AUTO HORNS)

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

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

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

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

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

CB

ATX01 0019996

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 Hiliard Marks.

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

CB

ATX01 0019997

(JER 2)
PROGRAM #4

"as Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Original Tape - Nov. 16, 1952)

CAST: Jack Benny
Mary Livingstone
Rochester
Dennis Day
Bob Crosby
The Sportsmen Quartet
Mel Blanc
Don Wilson
Artie Ambach

BH

ATX01 001998

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #4
OCTOBER 17, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike, the cigarette that's toasted to taste
better!

(TRANSCRIBED "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS: 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: Friends, this is Don Wilson. If you're not getting
all the enjoyment you should be getting from your
present cigarette, switch to Lucky Strike -- and see
for yourself how much more real, deep down smoking
enjoyment you get from Luckies' better taste. A
Lucky tastes better because it's the cigarette of fine
tobacco and IT'S TOASTED to taste better. (MORE)

BH

ATX01 0019999

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #4
OCTOBER 17, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process that
tones up Luckies' fine, naturally good-tasting tobacco
to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Yes, find out for yourself. Buy a
carton of better tasting Lucky Strike!

OPTIONAL:

(TRANSCRIBED If you want better taste, etc.
COLLINS:

(2nd Paragraph, Pg. A)

BH

ATX01 0020000

(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...TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION PROGRAM, BUT IN THE MEAN^{time} ~~WHILE~~ LET'S GO BACK TO THIS MORNING IN BEVERLY HILLS. AS WE LOOK IN ON THE BENNY HOUSEHOLD, WE FIND JACK JUST ENTERING THE KITCHEN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ~~Here~~...Rochester must have overslept again...I'll go wake him up and have him fix my breakfast...I don't know why it is, but every time I give him a day off, the next morning he oversleeps...This is the second time it's happened this year. Oh well, I might as well let him sleep and fix breakfast myself...Now let's see...Where does Rochester keep the coffee...I'll try this cupboard^{here}.

(SOUND: CUPBOARD OPENING)

JACK: No..it's filled with Ideal Dog Food...I'll try this one...

(SOUND: CUPBOARD OPENING)

JACK: No, this one's filled with Ideal Dog Food, too...Maybe it's in this cupboard.

(SOUND: CUPBOARD OPENING)

BH

ATX01 0020001

JACK: Hmm...more Ideal Dog Food...There's no doubt about it...
I'll either have to get a dog or stop mentioning that
stuff on my program....Well, I can't find the coffee...
I'll just have to wake Rochester.

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

ROCH: (SNORES SEVERAL TIMES)

JACK: Rochester, it's time to get up.

ROCH: (SNORES SOME MORE)

JACK: Rochester..Rochester..get up.

ROCH: (SNORES)

JACK: Hmm...I'll take this feather duster and tickle his chin.

(SOUND: SWISHING OF FEATHER DUSTER)

ROCH: (GIGGLES) HEE HEE HEE..HONEY, YOU SURE GOT LONG
EYELASHES.

JACK: ROCHESTER.. GET UP!

ROCH: (INTERRUPTED SNORE) HUH...WHAT...OH, IT'S YOU, MR. BENNY!

JACK: Yes, it's me, honey...And I want my breakfast.

ROCH: (YAWNING) I'LL GET IT....GOSH, BOSS, I'M SORRY YOU WOKE
ME UP WHEN YOU DID..I WAS HAVING THE MOST WONDERFUL DREAM!

JACK: I know..I mean, you were dreaming about a girl.

ROCH: YEAH, WE WERE GONNA GET MARRIED AND YOU OFFERED ME A
FIFTY DOLLAR RAISE.

JACK: I offered you a fifty dollar raise?

ROCH: UH HUH ... AND JUST AS YOU WERE GIVING IT TO ME, YOU WOKE
ME UP.

JACK: Oh.

BH

ROCH: THAT'S THE THIRD TIME IT'S HAPPENED.

JACK: I know, I know, you told me.

ROCH: ONCE I DREAMED YOU WERE CUTTING MY SALARY, AND YOU LET ME SLEEP TILL FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON.

JACK: ~~Just~~ Just a coincidence...Anyway, I --
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll answer the door, Rochester..You get dressed and make my breakfast.

ROCH: YES SIR.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...THEN STOP)

JACK: Hello, Polly.

MEL: (WHIMPERS AND SQUAWKS SADLY)

JACK: Oh, You're still sulking, huh, Polly?

MEL: (WHIMPERS AGAIN)
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Coming, coming.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, Mary...come on in.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: I was just talking to your neighbors the Colman's.

JACK: Oh, Ronnie and Benita?

MARY: Yes. As I passed their house, Benita was sweeping the porch and Ronnie was cleaning the windows.

JACK: Benita and Ronnie were doing their own housework?

MARY: Yes, they told me their butler quit.

JACK: Their butler quit...Why?

BH

MARY: They said they have to live next to you, he doesn't.

JACK: He'll be back, he's run away before.

MARY: Oh...hello, Polly.

MEL: (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

MARY: Come on, Polly..speak..speak.

MEL: (BARKS LIKE A DOG FOUR TIMES)

MARY: Jack, what have you been feeding this bird?

JACK:It wasn't my fault, ^{mary}she happened to find a can opener.

MARY: What?

JACK: Nothing, nothing.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS) COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Oh} Oh hello, Dennis.

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

MARY: Hi Dennis...What are you doing around here?

DENNIS: ^{Oh} I'm thinking of moving..I've been looking at houses all day.

JACK: Oh, you want to buy a house?

DENNIS: Yeah..how much would you take for this one?

JACK: Aw, don't be silly, Dennis...my house isn't for sale.

DENNIS: I know, but if it were for sale, how much would you take?

JACK: Well...Hey, let me see...Gee, it's in the best part of Beverly Hills. ^{and} I have an acre of land...twelve rooms... ^a swimming pool...Oh, I'd ask about a hundred thousand dollars.

DENNIS: I wouldn't have this dump if you gave it to me.

BH

JACK: Look...Dennis...I don't want any trouble with you. You asked me how much my house was worth... I told you a hundred thousand dollars.

DENNIS: Does the price include the Venetian blinds?

JACK: Yes...also the drapes and the carpets...Anyway, Dennis, what's wrong with the house you're living in now?...You just moved in.

DENNIS: I know, but it's too inconvenient.

JACK: Inconvenient?

DENNIS: Yeah..in order to get to the bedroom you have to go through the furnace.

JACK: Well, that I don't understand at all.

MARY: Dennis, what kind of a house are you looking for?

DENNIS: Oh..a sort of a ranch house. You know, everything on one floor.

MARY: How many rooms?

DENNIS: Well, I'd like two bedrooms, a den, a living room, and a kitchen.

JACK: How about a bath?

DENNIS: No thanks, I had one this morning.

JACK: Why do I always get trapped into these things...Mary talks to him, she gets a sensible answer...I ask a sensible question...what do I get...Abbott and Costello...Dennis, let me hear the song you're going to do on this week's program.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "LADY OF SPAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Very good, Dennis, 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: Dennis --

DENNIS: Well, I ~~gotta~~ gotta go look for a house now...Goodbye, Mary.

MARY: ~~Good~~Bye.

DENNIS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye Dennis.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

MARY: ~~Good~~, I ~~gotta~~ got to be running along, too. I'll see you tomorrow.

CB

JACK: Okay....Goodbye, Mary.

MARY: Bye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES...PHONE RINGS..
FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: ~~Hi~~ Jack.

JACK: Who is this?

BOB: Bob Crosby.

JACK: Oh hello, Bob...I didn't recognize your voice...What is it?

BOB: Well, I'm having a few of the boys over for a friendly game
of poker tonight, and I thought ~~maybe you'd like~~ ^{maybe you'd like} join us.

JACK: Well...er...what stakes do you play for?

BOB: Five and ten.

JACK: Five and ten? ^{That's} That's a little too steep for me.

BOB: ~~Oh~~, No no, Jack, not five and ten dollars...five and ten cents.

JACK: ~~Well~~ That's what I thought you meant...Well, Bob, who's going to
be in the game? ~~222~~

BOB: ~~Well~~ Just some of the musicians, Jack...we ^{got} ~~got~~ Bagby, Fletcher,
Remley, Sammy the drummer, Kimick, and Arturo Toscanini.

JACK: Arturo Toscanini?..Do you mean--

BOB: Oh no, this is another one. He slaps the bass for Wingy
Manone.

JACK: Oh.

BOB: It confuses everybody.

JACK: ~~Well~~ I should imagine.

BOB: Well, how about it, Jack..could you come on over tonight?

JACK: Well, I don't know, Bob..I might drop around for some laughs.

CB

BOB: Oh, that's swell..we'll be playing out by the pool...We'll all be in our swimming trunks.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob, won't the boys be cold in nothing but trunks?

BOB: Yeah, but they won't play cards with each other wearing anything that has pockets or sleeves.

JACK: Well, Bob, maybe I'll drop over, even if it's just for laughs.

BOB: Okay, ~~see~~^{I'll} see you later..Bye.

JACK: So long, Bob.

BOB: Oh, say, Jack...what goes with Dennis Day?

JACK: What do you mean?

BOB: Well, he was over to see me last night ~~and~~ he wants to buy my house.

JACK: Did he offer you a good price?

BOB: Yeah, but I turned it down.

JACK: Why?

BOB: Well, he wanted me to include my venetian blinds, drapes and children.

JACK: What a kid...So long, Bob.

BOB: Bye, Jack.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That kid Dennis will drive everybody crazy till he finds a house.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, I'VE GOT YOUR BREAKFAST READY.

JACK: Bring it in the den. I might sit around for awhile and read.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

CB

JACK: I'll get it Rochester..Everybody's calling ~~me~~ today..I wonder who it ^{can} ~~could~~ be.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, guess who is this.

JACK: (PLAYING) ~~me~~. Now let's see..Sir Cedric Hardwick?

ARTIE: No, guess again.

JACK: Barry Fitzgerald?

ARTIE: You're getting close.

JACK: I'm getting close?..Well, who is it?

ARTIE: Mr. Kitzel.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel..How come you said I was close when I said Barry Fitzgerald?

ARTIE: He lives next door to me.

JACK: Oh...Well, it's nice of you to call, Mr. Kitzel..How are you?

ARTIE: Currently I'm out of danger.

JACK: Out of danger? What was wrong?

ARTIE: Nobody told you?

JACK: No.

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo..did I had a siege.

JACK: Really?

ARTIE: Yeah..first my rhumatism started acting up..

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: Then I contracted a sciatica condition which had an adverse effect on my vericose veins, and simultaneously, you hear..

CB

JACK: Yeah.

ARTIE: I suffered from a streptococci throat.

JACK: Well, I'm ^{Sam} sorry to hear that.

ARTIE: The Blue Cross is sorrier.

JACK: ~~I~~ I can imagine, *yes*.

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, the reason I called is my brother-in-law Bernie is visiting me and I wondered if you could get him tickets to your television show.

JACK: For your brother-in-law? Yes, ^I I believe I can.

ARTIE: Can you also get him tickets for Danny Thomas..Burns and Allen..Groucho Marx..Amos and Andy..Let me see..who else?

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're certainly nice to your brother-in-law.

ARTIE: It's a pleasure to get him out of the house.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: Also, could you get him tickets to Jackie Gleason's show?

JACK: But that's in New York.

ARTIE: Bless you heart.

JACK: (LAUGHINGLY) I'll see what I can do, Mr. Kitzel..Goodbye.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

CB

ATX01 0020010

JACK: I don't know. These days with radio and television, I haven't been reading very much...Lot of good books here, too... "The High and the Mighty" by Ernest Gann..."Look Who's Abroad Now" by Earl Wilson...I read them both, they're good books...Let's see what else..."The Sea Around Us"...."Battle Cry"...Here's a copy of the Theory of Relativity by Albert Einstein...Oh, I read that....I remember it has 496 pages...Those numbers were the only thing I understood...~~my~~ Here's a book I haven't read... "The Purple Pirate"....Gee, that ought to be good...~~so~~ So many pirate pictures out now...I think I'll read this one!

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIR)

JACK: The Purple Pirate..Chapter One.

(MUSICAL CRESCENDO..OR PIRATE OR NAUTICAL MUSIC)

JACK: YES, I AM A PIRATE...MY NAME IS CAPTAIN MORGAN...AS MY STORY OPENS, WE HAD BEEN AT SEA ALMOST A YEAR..... MY SHIP HAD JUST CAPTURED A RICH PRIZE..A SCHOONER, HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ORIENT, AND LADEN WITH CARGO...WE TRANSFERRED HER CARGO TO OUR HOLD, THEN THE CREW LINED THE RAIL AND WATCHED AS WE PREPARED TO SEND THE CAPTURED VESSEL TO THE BOTTOM.

CAST & BAND: (MUMBLE LOW)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) All right, gunners.. We're going to sink her
.... Fire!

(SOUND: SEVERAL CANNONS GOING OFF AND SMASHING SHIP.)

MEN: (CHEER)

BOB: She's sinking fast, Captain.

DY

JACK: Good...Tell me, Red Robert, did we get much booty?

BOB: Was a rich haul, Captain...a hundred bolts of silk, fifty barrels of rare spices, ten sacks filled with gold, and four cases of Ideal Dog Food.

JACK: Fine, my supply was running low.

BOB: That isn't all the loot, sir.... We found a small sack of diamonds, some rubies, and best of all, a woman's dress.

JACK: A woman's dress...what's so wonderful about that?

BOB: Oh, you oughta see what's in it!

JACK: You mean -- we've captured a woman?

BOB: Yes, sir, and we also captured the captain of that ship.

JACK: Good, bring them to me.

BOB: Aye eye, sir.

JACK: (FILTER) IN A FEW MINUTES BOTH THE CAPTAIN AND THE GIRL WERE STANDING BEFORE ME...I LOOKED THEM OVER VERY CAREFULLY FOR A LONG TIME...FINALLY I SPOKE.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Which one of you is the Captain?

MARY: He is, of course.

JACK: (FILTER) THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, I'D BEEN AWAY FROM LAND TOO LONG...AS I STOOD THERE, THE SCHOONER'S GRUFF CAPTAIN TURNED TO ME AND SPOKE.

DON: (GRUFFLY) Are you the captain of these pirates?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yes.

DON: Are you responsible for blowing my ship to bits?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Did you make some of my men walk the plank?

JACK: Yes.

DON: Did you hang all the rest of them?

JACK: Yes.

DON: (SWEETLY) Do you think that was nice?

JACK: No.

DON: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: (FILTER) I SENT HIM BELOW, THEN I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO THE GIRL. SHE WAS WEARING A TIGHT SKIRT, A YELLOW SWEATER, AND A LARGE BUTTON THAT SAID, "I LIKE LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH"...AS SHE STOOD BEFORE ME..I REMEMBERED THE SUPERSTITION OF THE SEA..A WOMAN ABOARD A PIRATE SHIP IS AN OMEN OF BAD LUCK...I WAS IN A PREDICAMENT..SHOULD I KEEP HER ABOARD AND RISK MUTINY, OR MAKE HER WALK THE PLANK...I DECIDED TO FLIP A COIN...HEADS SHE STAYS...TAILS SHE WALKS THE PLANK.

(SOUND: COIN FLIPPED AND LANDING ON WOOD...(PAUSE)
...COIN FLIPS AGAIN AND LANDS ON WOOD...
PAUSE...COIN FLIPS AGAIN AND LANDS ON WOOD..
PAUSE...COIN FLIPS AGAIN AND LANDS ON WOOD)

JACK: HEADS, SHE STAYS!.. THE CREW WAS SO HAPPY OVER THE RICH PRIZE WE HAD CAPTURED, THEY DIDN'T MIND A WOMAN BEING ABOARD...AND THAT EVENING, AS WE SAILED THE TROPICAL SEA NEATH THE FULL MOON, THEY EVEN GATHERED AROUND THE QUARTERDECK AND BEGAN TO SING.

CB

ATX01 0020013

QUART: SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN.

~~SO~~ MANY A STORMY WIND SHALL BLOW E'ER JACK COMES HOME
AGAIN.

SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN
WE'RE HAPPY GO LUCKY THAT YOU KNOW
IT'S LUCKIES ONCE AGAIN.

L S M F T, ALL THE SAILORS AGREE
THAT L S M F T'S FINE TOBACCO, YOU SEE
EVERY SAILORMAN IS PUFFIN' ON A LUCKY
CAUSE THERE'S NOTHIN' THAT'LL BEAT
A GOOD OLD LUCKY WHEN YOU'RE OUT AT SEA.
LUCKY STRIKE IS MILD, VERY TASTY, THAT'S TRUE
LUCKY STRIKE IS ROUND AND IT'S FULLY PACKED, TOO.

SO FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE
HERE'S A TIP THAT YOU WILL TREASURE
ONLY LS, LS, LS, M F T WILL DO.

OH, IT'S LS LS LS LS M F T
LS LS LS LS LS M F T
YES, IT'S LS M F F F, M F F F, M F F F
LS, LS, LS, LS, M F T
OH IT'S LS LS LS LS M F T
LS LS LS LS LS M F T
YES, IT'S LS M F F F, M F F F, M F F F
LS, LS LS, LS, M F T

LIGHT UP A LUCKY FOR ME.

(APPLAUSE)

CB

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) WE CONTINUED SCOURING THE SEA, AND THEN OUR LUCK WENT BAD...WE SIGHTED NO MORE SHIPS...OUR SUPPLIES RAN LOW...THE MEN WERE IN A MUTINOUS MOOD...THEY BECAME SURLY AND REFUSED TO OBEY ORDERS...AND THEN SUDDENLY --

(SOUND: BOOMING OF CANNONS)

JACK: WE WERE ATTACKED BY THE MOST RUTHLESS OF ALL FRENCH PIRATES...DENNIS LA FITTE.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Red Robert....get the men to their battle stations.

BOB: Aye aye, sir...BAGBY, REMLEY, FLETCHER, KIMICK...MAN YOUR GUNS.

JACK:Hmmmnn.

BOB: It's no use, Captain...it's no use...the men are revolting.

JACK:Would you repeat that?

BOB: The...the men are revolting.

JACK: You've caught on to these guys already, haven't you.

BOB: You're not kidding.

JACK: (FILTER) THE BATTLE WENT BADLY...AND WE SUFFERED HEAVY CASUALTIES...FINALLY, TO SAVE LIVES, I DECIDED TO SURRENDER...I GRABBED A WHITE FLAG AND STARTED TO WAVE IT.

MARY: (MAD) Hey, give me those back.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) I'm sorry, Miss, but this is no time to be doing your laundry.

DY

ATX01 0020015

JACK: (FILTER) WE WERE TAKEN PRISONER AND IMMEDIATELY LOCKED IN THE DARK HOLD OF THE SHIP...FOR THREE DAYS WE DIDN'T SEE OUR CRUEL CAPTOR. DENNIS LA FITTE DIDN'T KILL HIS PRISONERS BY MAKING THEM WALK THE PLANK...OH, NO...HE WAS TOO CRUEL FOR THAT...HE WOULD MAKE YOU STICK YOUR HEAD THROUGH A HOLE IN A CANVAS, WHILE HIS CREW LINED UP AND THREW BASEBALLS AT YOU...THIS WASN'T SO BAD, BUT THE MEN BEHIND YOU WITH THOSE DARTS WERE MURDER...FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH DAY HE ORDERED ME AND THE GIRL TO BE BROUGHT TO HIM...AS WE STOOD TREMBLING BEFORE LA FITTE, THE TERROR OF THE SEVEN SEAS, HE SAID:

DENNIS: (MAD) Nom d'um Cochon, Chien Sal, Votre Grandpere chien de fou chance! April in Paris.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Huh?

DENNIS: You are in zee presence of zee great La Fitte...kneel, you peeg!

JACK: Yes sir.

DENNIS: Good, now you kneel, too.

MARY: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: THUMP...THUMP)

DENNIS: *Can-* How I love to play zee leap frog.

JACK: What are your plans for us, La Fitte?

DENNIS: For you, Mon Capitaine, you have zee choice of joining me or dying.

JACK: Well, I'll join you...Do I still retain my rank as Captain

DENNIS: Captain! Ho ho, you fool...you'll be my slave.

JACK: A slave! I'd rather die first..You don't know us Englishmen very well.

DY

DENNIS: All right...you die.

JACK: What about the girl...are you going to kill her?

DENNIS: Heh heh...You don't know us Frenchmen very well.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I shall marry zee girl and make her zee pirate queen..
She will be my wife, my sweetheart..and now, I kiss her.

JACK: She'd rather die first.

MARY: You keep out of this.

JACK: (FILTER) I WAS IN A PREDICAMENT..EITHER I BECAME LA
FITTE'S SLAVE, OR I WALKED THE PLANK. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) There's the door buzzer..right in the most
interesting part... I can't even read a book around here
...ROCHESTER....

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh darn it...COMING, COMING. *middle of a book!*

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

MEL: (MOOLEY) Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes?

MEL: I'm from Bekins Van and Storage Company ~~we~~ we got two
truck-loads to unload here.

JACK: Furniture?

MEL: No, Ideal Dog Food.

JACK: ~~Well~~..Well, put it in the swimming pool, the garage is full.

DY (APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: Friends, every minute -- day and night -- a destructive fire starts. And in nine out of ten cases, most fires start because someone was careless! Don't let that someone be you. Be sure your electrical wiring is properly installed. Put cigarettes and matches out before you discard them. Be on guard constantly against fire. Remember, only you can prevent fires.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in a minute to tell you about his television program which goes on immediately after this show, but first here's a word for anyone who enjoys a good cigarette.

Jack will be back in a minute to tell you about his television program which goes on at 7:00 PM tonight over the CES Television Network, but first here's a word for anyone who enjoys a good cigarette.

DH

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #4
OCTOBER 17, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

(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: All you have to do is look at a pack of Luckies,
friends, and you'll see the reasons for Luckies' better
taste printed right on the pack: LS/MFT, Lucky Strike
Means Fine Tobacco. Light naturally mild, good-tasting
tobacco. And -- IT'S TOASTED. IT'S TOASTED to taste
better. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process
that tones up Luckies' fine tobacco...bringing it to
its peak of flavor...making it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!
Make your next carton of cigarettes -- better tasting
Lucky Strike!

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0020019

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #4
OCTOBER 17, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

D-

(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!

DH

ATX01 0020020

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I was going to tell you about my television show, but we're a little late, so tune in and watch it ... Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

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

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

DH

ATX01 0020021

(J.B.N. 3)
PROGRAM #5
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"as broadcast"

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Sept. 5, 1954)

CAST:

JACK BENNY
DENNIS DAY
ROCHESTER
DON WILSON
MEL BLANC
ERIC SNOWDEN
ARTIE AUERBACK
FRANK NELSON
BENNY RUBIN
ELVIA ALLMANN
COLLEEN COLLINS
JUNE EARLE
HERB VIGAN
DICK RYAN
VEOLA VONN
THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET

ATX01 0020022

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike -- the cigarette that's toasted to
taste better!

(TRANSCRIBED: "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS AND
FULL CALYPSO Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
VERSION OF
SONG--37 SEC.) 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 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)
cig-a-rette!"

(MORE)

BA

ATX01 0020023

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, That version of the Lucky Strike song Dorothy Collins just sang may be different in tempo, but the story is still the same. A Lucky tastes better because ... IT'S TOASTED to taste better. You see, better taste starts with fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And then, that tobacco is toasted. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better ... Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So friends, remember that next time you buy cigarettes. And Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

OPTIONAL:
(TRANS.
COLLINS AND
CALYPSO
VERSION OF
SONG)

If you want better taste, etc.

(2nd Paragraph pg. A)

BA

ATX01 0020024

(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: AS YOU KNOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HOLLYWOOD IS THE GLAMOUR CAPITAL OF THE WORLD..AND SINCE SATURDAY NIGHT IS THE TIME YOUR FAVORITE STARS GET TOGETHER FOR THOSE GAY PARTIES YOU READ ABOUT..LET'S GO BACK TO LAST NIGHT AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN JACK BENNY'S BEVERLY HILLS MANSION.

(SOUND: RECORDING OF A GAY PARTY WITH BUZZ OF VOICES, CHAMPAGNE CORKS POPPING, LAUGHTER AND BAND IN BACKGROUND)

ROCH: (AFTER A FEW SECONDS) EVERYONE SURE SEEMS TO BE HAVING A GOOD TIME, BOSS.

JACK: Certainly they're having a good time..when you give your guests good food, a big orchestre, and the champagne flows like water, how can you miss?

ROCH: YEAHHHH.

JACK: Well, close the window, Rochester..we can't watch ^{Ronald} ~~the~~ Colman's party all night.. ^(Big Showoff) Close ~~the~~ ^{the window.}

(SOUND: WINDOW CLOSED AND PARTY NOISES OUT)

JACK: Good...now help me off this box.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

~~JACK: And watch out for the binoculars, they're pretty long.~~

DY

ROCH: I'LL SAY THEY'RE LONG. THREE TIMES THEIR BUTLER ANNOUNCED
MR. HAROLD LLOYD.

JACK: Never mind..just help me down.

ROCH: (STRAINING) UHH..THERE.

JACK: You know, Rochester, I just can't understand it.

ROCH: WHAT, BOSS?

JACK: Well, the Colmen's and I are next-door neighbors..and
when Ronnie first moved in, I used to go to all his
parties, but the last few years he's had a dozen big
affairs and I haven't received an invitation to a single
one of 'em. What do you suppose it could be?

ROCH: MAYBE HE LOST YOUR ADDRESS.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...Well come on, let's finish our game of Gin
Rummy.

ROCH: OKAY..IT WAS YOUR TURN TO THROW A CARD.

JACK: Yeah...let's see now..first you discarded the ten of
clubs..then the three of spades..the six of hearts..the
Jack of diamonds..the eight of hearts..the five of
spades..

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What's so funny.

ROCH: IT SURE HELPS WHEN YOU'VE GOT 'EM WRITTEN DOWN.

JACK: Look, you play your way and I'll play mine...Hmm...I hate
to break up my hand..but this is the only safe card I can
give you..Here you are..the King of Spades.

ROCH: GIN.

JACK: ~~Hum~~...Are you lucky...Deal 'em up again.

(SOUND: CARDS SHUFFLED)

DY

JACK: Rochester, are you sure I didn't get an invitation to Colmen's party?

ROCH: POSITIVE
(SOUND: CARDS DEALT)

JACK: They must've sent me an invitation and ~~it~~ got lost in the mail...excuse me a minute.
(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOSS!
(SOUND: DIALING)

JACK: ~~I'm calling~~^{going to} the post office. I'm going to give them a piece of my mind.

ROCH: WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT, BOSS, TELL THEM THEY DIDN'T DELIVER THE GAS BILL THIS MONTH EITHER.
(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: It's your play, Rochester...Gee, I've got a pretty good hand this time.

ROCH: YOU'LL NEED IT.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: I GOT GIN.

JACK: Again? That's the most unusual...
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it, ~~Rochester~~.
(SOUND, RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ERIC: Hello, is this Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

ERIC: Well, this is Sherwood, Mr. Colmen's butler.

DY

ROCH: OKAY, I'M GOIN' UPSTAIRS AND PUT A TIE ON.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF)

JACK: Everybody wents time off...Gee, what'll I do with myself all night? ~~if there was~~ Only someone I could play cards with. I wonder if Remley's home...Ehh, he cheats...Gee, this is going to be a boring evening. ~~Maybe I ought to wake up my parent. Nah, she cheats, too....~~ I don't know what ~~is~~ --

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

JACK: Hello

DENNIS: *Oh*, Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis.

JACK: Oh Dennis..What do you want, kid?

DENNIS: Nothing..Are you going to be home tonight?

JACK: Yes, why?

DENNIS: Well, I thought I might come over and visit you.

JACK: *Oh*, Wonderful, Dennis, come on over.

~~DENNIS: Are you sure you're going to be home?..I'd hate to make the trip for nothing.~~

~~JACK: Look, I'll be home all night...Now come on.~~

DENNIS: Okey, ~~I'll be there in a few minutes.~~ *Don't go away.* Goodbye.

~~JACK: Goodbye~~
(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: (FADING IN) I'M READY TO GO, BOSS. BUT IF YOU REALLY MIND STAYING ALONE, ~~I COULD~~ --

JACK: It's all right, Rochester. Dennis just called, he's coming over to keep me company.

DY

ROCH: Oh, THAT'S NICE OF HIM.

JACK: It sure is..Let's see..I wonder what I can serve him.

ROCH: WELL, THERE'S SANDWICH BREAD AND SOME GOLD CUTS IN THE REFRIGERATOR.

JACK: Yesh..and Dennis has such a sweet tooth. Have we plenty of candy?

ROCH: OH YEAH..WE'VE GOT CARAMELS, TOOTSIE ROLLS, LICORICE AND SOME O'HENRY BARS.

JACK: Oh, Good.

ROCH: SHALL I PUT 'EM IN THE MACHINE?

JACK: No no, I can do it...You run along.

ROCH: OKAY..GOODNIGHT, BOSS.

JACK: So long, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: Gee, it's nice of Dennis to want to spend the evening with me..we'll sit around..he'll talk to me..discuss his problems..drive me nuts..

Where's that bottle of aspirin?

(SOUND: SMALL DRAWER OPENED)

JACK: Here it is..I'm glad I bought the large economy size, I can hit him over the head with it.. Anyway, I'll be alone, so it'll be nice ---

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hmmm...now who can that be...

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Oh, Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Dennis! How'd you get here so fast?

DENNIS: I was next door at the Colmens' party.

DY

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I would've got here sooner but I walked.

JACK: Now look, Dennis, I'm in no mood for ~~any~~ silly ---

DENNIS: ^{Sssh!} Not so loud..If they find out I'm with you, they might ~~let~~ -

~~Jack: not let me back in.
you might not have got that line out either~~

JACK: Look, Dennis, just because you got invited to the

Colmens and I didn't, you don't have to be such a big shot.

DENNIS: Well, boy, it's sure some party...you don't know what you're missing.

JACK: You were really having fun, eh?

DENNIS: I'll say...Joe Dimeglio was dancing with Marilyn Monroe and I cut in.

JACK: How'd you make out?

DENNIS: Not so good, Joe's too tall for me.

JACK: Well, of all the silly ---

DENNIS: You ought to see all the big stars that are there...But one of them was so snooty.

JACK: What do you mean snooty?

DENNIS: Three times I talked to Harold Lloyd and he didn't answer me.

JACK: Dennis, look----

DENNIS: And he's so peculiar...all of a sudden he left through a window.

JACK: Hm...look, Dennis, you were having fun, why don't you go back to your party?

DENNIS: ^{Well,} Don't you even want to hear my song for tomorrow's show?

DY

JACK: No, I don't.

DENNIS: But it'll cheer you up.

JACK: All right, all right, go ahead and ~~sing it~~. *Cheer me up.*

DENNIS: I've changed my mind.

JACK: DENNIS, SING THAT SONG.

DENNIS: Okay...what a sore ~~throat~~. *Head.*

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) -- "AN IRISHMAN WILL STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY"

(APPLAUSE)

DY

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~Dennis~~ ^{Dennis}, now that you've let me hear your song, go back to the Colman's party before you drive me ~~home~~ ^{crazy, will you?}. And you can tell them for me that --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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

JACK: Why, Donsy!.... Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: What are you doing here, Don?

DON: Well, ~~you~~ ^{just} you know the little woman's out of town...so I thought I'd drop by and see if you'd like to take in a movie with me.

JACK: A movie...Gee, I'm glad you thought of it. That's a wonderful idea. ~~I haven't been to a movie in months. Haven't been~~ ^{I haven't seen anything to do tonight. Haven't been} to a movie in months.

When did you get the passes?

DON: I don't have any passes.

JACK: Well, then why in the world would you --- oh well, all right, let's go... Maybe Dennis will go with us.

DON: Dennis? Where is he?

JACK: He's standing under your stomach ... Dennis --

DENNIS: ~~Don't~~ ^{Ha} Don't laugh, Don, I'm too young to die.

JACK: ~~Hey~~ ^{Hey} Dennis, you want to go to the movie with us?

DENNIS: Sure.. what's playing?

DON: ~~well~~ ^{well}, I was going to the Palisades Drive-In.. They're showing that new English film, ^{there} "Murder in Picadilly".

JACK: ~~h~~ ^h, Let's go there.

DH

DON: And they've also got a surprise second feature.. I hear they've had some great ones lately.

Hey, I like that - two features, huh?
JACK: Gee, that ~~two~~ sounds pretty good.. I've never been to a drive-in.. Let's go.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it a second, Don.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, guess who this is.

JACK: (PLAYING) Mamm.. let's see... Sir Cedric Hardwick?

ARTIE: No.

JACK: Barry Fitzgerald?

ARTIE: You're getting close.

JACK: Well, who is it?

ARTIE: Mr. Kitzel.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, how come you said I was close when I said Barry Fitzgerald?

ARTIE: He lives next door to me.

JACK: Oh..oh.. Well, it's nice of you to call, Mr. Kitzel .. How are you?

ARTIE: Currently I am out of danger.

JACK: Out of danger? What was wrong?

ARTIE: Nobody told you?

JACK: No.

DH

ATX01 0020034

ARTIE: Hoo-hoo hoo.. did I have a siege. First my rheumatism started acting up .. then I contracted a sciatica condition which had an adverse effect on my varicose veins, and simultaneously I suffered from a streptococci throat.

JACK: Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

ARTIE: The Blue Cross is sorrier.

JACK: I can imagine...

ARTIE: Mr. Benny, the reason I called is my brother-in-law Bernie is visiting me and I wondered if you could get him tickets to your television show next Sunday.

JACK: Yes, I believe I can.

ARTIE: Can you also get him tickets for Danny Thomas...Burns and Allen...Groucho Marx...Amos and Andy.....let me see.... what else.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're certainly nice to your brother-in-law.

ARTIE: It's a pleasure getting him out of the house.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: Also could you get him tickets to Jackie Gleason's show?

JACK: That's in New York.

ARTIE: Good.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Well, I'll see what I can do, Mr. Kitzel.... Goodbye.

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

DH

ATX01 0020035

JACK: Well, come on, Don, let's go to the movies.

DON: Okay.

JACK: Come on Dennis.

DENNIS: Well, I've got to go now... Goodbye, Mr. Lloyd.

JACK: Dennis, get away from those binoculars. *(aw)* Come on, fellows, my car is in the driveway.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: ESTABLISH LOUSY CAR MOTOR...FADE TO B.G.)

DON: *hey,* I think we're getting near the Drive-in. *theatre*

DENNIS: There's a cowboy picture at the Strand.

JACK: Dennis, you'll go where we go, you're only along ---

DON: *Jack,* Jack, Stop...the light's changing.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

DON: Say, look who's in the car next to us.

JACK: *where?* Why, it's the Sportsmen...Hi, fellows.

QUART: HMMMM.

DON: *(nice time)* I hope you have a nice time, fellows.

JACK: *(nice time)* Where are they going, Don?

DON: Oh, *sent* you know, Jack...they're going away for the week-end.

JACK: Oh, hey, where are you going, boys?

DH

QUART: WE'RE GOING TO

GILLY GILLY OSSENFEFFER KATSEN ELLEN BOGAN BY THE SEA,

JACK: OH, GILLY GILLY ^gOSSENFEFFER ~~KATSEN ELLEN BOGAN BY THE SEA~~

g, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, I'VE BEEN THERE MANY TIMES.

QUART: THERE'S A TINY HOUSE

THERE'S A TINY HOUSE

BY A TINY STREAM

BY A TINY STREAM

WHERE A LOVELY LASS

WHERE A LOVELY LASS

HAD A LOVELY DREAM

Jack: HAD A LOVELY DREAM
on Gilly, Gilly
AND HER DREAM CAME TRUE

AND HER DREAM CAME TRUE

QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY

Jack: IN GILLY GILLY OSSENFEFFER KATSEN ELLEN BOGAN BY THE SEA.
Oh, it's a beautiful spot. You ought to go there some time.
SHE WAS OUT ONE DAY

SHE WAS OUT ONE DAY

Jack: WHERE THE TULIPS GROW
It's better than Pismo Beach.
WHERE THE TULIPS GROW

WHEN A HANDSOME LAD

WHEN A HANDSOME LAD

STOPPED TO SAY HELLO

STOPPED TO SAY HELLO

AND BEFORE SHE KNEW

AND BEFORE SHE KNEW

HE KISSED HER TENDERLY

IN GILLY GILLY OSSENFEFFER KATSEN ELLEN BOGAN BY THE SEA.

(MORE)

BR

QUART: THE HAPPY PAIR WERE MARRIED ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
(CONT'D) THEY LEFT THE CHURCH AND RAN AWAY

Jack: TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON,
In telly, telly?
IN A TINY HOUSE

Jack: IN A TINY HOUSE
Golly, Golly!
BY A TINY STREAM

BY A TINY STREAM
WHERE A LOVELY LASS
WHERE A LOVELY LASS
HAD A LOVELY DREAM
HAD A LOVELY DREAM
AND THE LAST I HEARD
AND THE LAST I HEARD
THEY STILL LIVE HAPPILY

Don,
JACK: Don, there's a crowd
gathering around us. *Look at*
the crowd on the street
there. - to hear the boys
sing. Oh, it's embarrassing.
had look at the whole
crowd there.

IN GILLY GILLY OSSENFEFFER KATSEN ELLEN BOGAN BY THE SEA.

MARTY: NOW, EVERY ^{*body*} JUST REPEAT THE WORDS AFTER ME. *Ready?*

THERE'S A CIGARETTE

CAST: THERE'S A CIGARETTE

MARTY: L S M F T

CAST: L S M F T

MARTY: IT'S THE BEST SMOKE YET

CAST: IT'S THE BEST SMOKE YET

MARTY: LUCKY STRIKE FOR ME.

CAST: LUCKY STRIKE FOR ME

MARTY: TO GET BETTER TASTE

CAST: TO GET BETTER TASTE

QUART: IT'S TOASTED THOROUGHLY

YES IS, IS, IS, IS, IS, IS, IS, M F T, L S M F T.

(MOTED)

BR

MARTY: LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE
CAST: LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE
MARTY: IT'S THE SMOKE WE LIKE.
CAST: IT'S THE SMOKE WE LIKE
MARTY: CLEANER THROUGH AND THROUGH
CAST: CLEANER THROUGH AND THROUGH
MARTY: AND IT'S SMOOTHER, TOO
CAST: AND IT'S SMOOTHER, TOO
MARTY: TAKE A PUFF AND SEE
CAST: TAKE A PUFF AND SEE
QUART: WHY ALL OF US AGREE
ON IS, IS, IS, IS, IS, IS, L S M F T
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY
IS, IS, IS, IS, IS, IS, L S M F T
(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0020039

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *That was fine...*
THAT WAS VERY GOOD, BOYS...HAVE A NICE TRIP. SEE YOU
WHEN YOU GET BACK.

(SOUND: CAR ACCELERATING)

JACK: *Yee*, I hope we get in at the start of the picture, *fellas*.

DON: *Oh*, The theater's right *in the next* ~~block~~ block.

DENNIS: Yeah, there's the sign.

DON: *Oh*, Turn here, Jack..you have to go up this winding drive-way
to the box-office.

JACK: ~~Yee~~ *Yee*, I've never been in a drive-in before.

(SOUND: CAR CHUGS AND COUGHS ALONG)

DON: Pull up ~~to~~ *to* that man next to the booth, *Jack* he'll give us our
tickets.

(SOUND: CAR GOES FOR A WHILE.. THEN CASPS
AND COUGHS TO A STOP)

NELSON: Welllll, congratulations, you made it!

JACK: Huh?

NELSON: Ever since you left the street I've been biting my nails.

JACK: Now look, I don't want any cracks about my car.

NELSON: Oh, is that a car? I thought it was a flying saucer that
made a bad landing.

JACK: Never mind, how much for the tickets?

NELSON: Two dollars and forty cents...that's eighty apiece.

DON: Here's the money, Jack.

JACK: Keep it, Don , I'm paying for this.

DENNIS: I want to pay for my share.

JACK: It's silly to split it up, I'll pay for everyone.

BH

DON: But, Jack, you drove. Let Dennis and I pay for the tickets.

JACK: No no, I'm going to pay for them.

NELSON: Please let them pay, I'm biting my nails again.

JACK: Oh..

DON: Here you are, Mister...Here's a five dollar bill.

NELSON: All rightie..two-forty out of five...that leaves two-sixty...here you are.

DON: Thank you..Come on, Jack, drive inside.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CAR ACCELERATING AND SUSTAIN UNDER)

Yes, if one is crowded here in this drive-in theatre
JACK: I don't see any empty spaces.

DENNIS: *Well,* Why don't you follow that car in front of you?

DON: Yeah, he seems to know where he's going.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CAR GOING FOR A FEW SECONDS)

DENNIS: You're following the wrong car, that other one turned left.

JACK: He did not. I'm doing the driving.

(SOUND: CAR CHUGGING ALONG FOR TEN SECONDS...
THEN STOPS)

NELSON: WELLLLLL, back from the Grand Tour, eh?

JACK: Hmm?

DON: Jack, you went all the way out and around the theater.

DENNIS: Nobody listens to me.

JACK: Well, hang on, I'm going back in.

NELSON: Not so fast, that'll be two-forty, please.

BH

JACK: What are you talking about, we paid you once.

NELSON: Well, don't get so huffy, it was Fatso's money.

JACK: I don't care who's money it was..instead of being so sarcastic why don't you tell a fellow where ^{we} can park and see the show.

NELSON: ~~There's plenty of space in~~ Section H. *So there!*

JACK: All right.

(SOUND: CAR ACCELERATING AND CHUGS ALONG)

DON: *Oh,* Jack, *I* think I see a space in the next row.

DENNIS: Yeah, better hurry before somebody else gets it.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: CAR ACCELERATING AND STOPPING)

JACK: ~~It'll be a~~ Tight asqueeze...watch your side, Don, here I go.

(SOUND: CAR COUGHING AND CHUGGING UNDER)

DON: Come on, come on, plenty of room over here.

DENNIS: Watch it..to the right, to the right, to the right.

DON: Come on, come on *Oh, hold it - hold it -* HOLD IT, JACK!

DENNIS: ~~TO THE LEFT, TO THE LEFT!~~ *TO THE LEFT!*

JACK: *Dennis: To the left:* You just said ~~to~~ the right, wake up your mind!

MEL: (MOOLEY) Hey, youz guys, pipe down, will yuz.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: (MIMICKING LOUDLY) To the right, to the right, to the left, to the left.

ELVIA: Now Herman, don't make a scene.

MEL: *Oh,* But Moitie, you'd think they was dockin' the Queen Mary.

JACK: *new hold it...* ~~Hold it~~...Hold it down a little, fellows...now how am I on your side, Don?

BH

DON: Fine, Jack, ^(a little more... there) a little more..there, that's perfect.

(SOUND: IGNITION OFF)

JACK: ~~Now~~! Now let's all settle back and watch the movie.

DENNIS ^{Joe}, I don't like the angle from here.

JACK ^{! Why}, What's wrong with it?

DENNIS ^{! Who}, The actor on the screen has a pointed head.

JACK: You're looking in the mirror.

DENNIS: Oh.

DON ^{! Who}, I think we are a little too far to the side..maybe we could get something more ^{to} the center.

JACK: Look, I had enough trouble finding this space and I'm not moving, so forget it!

COLEEN: (BABY CRIES LIGHTLY A COUPLE OF TIMES)

MEL: I told ya to pipe down, now you woke the baby ^{up}

COLEEN: (CRIES LIGHTLY A COUPLE OF TIMES)

JACK: Oh, for goodness sakes.

ELVIA: Quick, Herman, give her the milk.

MEL: I can't you made it too hot.

COLEEN: (COUPLE LOUDER CRIES)

ELVIA: Hold her, Herman.

MEL: I'm holdin' her, I'm holdin' her.

JACK: Say Mister, you told me to be quiet..now how about ^{you} practicing what you preach.

MEL: Look, you woke the baby ^{up}

JACK: (APOLOGETIC) All right, I'm sorry. I didn't intend to and I apologize. ~~But~~ we're all here to see a movie so let's relax and enjoy ourselves.

BH

MEL: You wanta be friends?
JACK: Certainly.
MEL: Okay..stick your hand out the window.
JACK: All right...there...OUCH!
MEL: *you*, See Moitie, I told you the bottle was too hot.
JACK: You got a lot of nerve, you burned my *hand* ---
MEL: Quiet! Whattaya wanta do - wake the other kids?
JACK: *The* Other kids?
MEL: Yeah, Billy, Tom, Ann, Suzie, Dickie, and Irving are light sleepers.
ELVIA: And if they wake up, they'll disturb Katie, Alice, Melvin, ~~and~~ Julius, and the twins.
JACK: ~~any~~, How many children have you got?
MEL: Who knows, it's dark in here..(SOOTHING) Now come on, baby..Daddy's got you..go to sleep *now*.
JACK: We had to come to a Drive-In.
DENNIS: I want to hear the picture..Don, roll down your window and get the speaker, *huh?*
DON: Okay.
~~(SOUND - WINDOW LOWERED)~~
DON: *Here*, I'll just hang it over the window ledge here.
RYAN: (LOW BUT INTENSE) Oh, Abigail..Abigail, my darling, these moments with you are like a dream.
VEOLA: *Yes*, Charles, I only live when we're together. *Oh,* Hold me closer.
RYAN: MMMMM, how I love you, Abigail..but these secret rendezvous -- what if your husband catches us?

BH

ATX01 0020044

VEOLA *Oh*, That's impossible..he's away for the week-end.

JACK: ..Don, turn the speaker up a little.

DON: It isn't on yet, that's the couple in the next car.

JACK: Oh, oh..OH. *Oh*,

(SOUND: CLICK OF SPEAKER)

DON: There, it's on *now*

RUBIN: (FILTER) (ENGLISH ACCENT) Well, Inspector, if I follow your thought, one of the gentlemen in this very room is the fiendish ax killer.

JACK: *Hey*, this is exciting.

DENNIS: Yeah, Abigail's kissing him again.

JACK: Watch the picture.

ARTIE: (FILTER) Yes, Redgraves, and you'll be astonished when I tell you that the name of the murderer..is...

(SOUND: AUTO HORN BLOWS AND KEEPS BLOWING)

DON: *Jack*, Jack, stop blowing your horn!

JACK: I'm not blowing it - it's stuck! There must be a short in the wires.

DENNIS: *See* I can't hear who the murderer is!

GAST: (AD LIB) QUIET..SHUT UP..KNOCK IT OFF, WILL YA!

DON: Jack, everybody's hollering at us! Do something! *Do some- thing, Jack.*

JACK: I'm hitting it ~~and~~ it won't stop!

DENNIS: Call the Automobile Club!

JACK: I can't, they blackballed me!

DON: Watch out, I'll pull this wire...there.

(SOUND: HORN STOPS)

JACK: Gee, I'm so embarrassed.

BH

COLEEN: (STARTS CRYING AGAIN)

MEL: Well, you woke the baby ^{up} again, I hope you're satisfied.

JACK: Look, it was an accident. if you don't like being next to me, why don't you move?

MEL: (EXPLODING) I SHOULD MOVE..I SHOULD MOVE..DID YOU HEAR THAT, MOITLE..THIS JERK COMES IN, BOTHERS EVERYBODY, AND HE WANTS I SHOULD MOVE..OF ALL THE -- QUICK, MOITLE, HOLD THE BABY..I'M AFRAID I'LL THROW HER AT HIM.

DON: ~~Now~~ Jack, there's no sense staying here. Why don't you take that space ^{over} in the next row?

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Maybe you're right ~~then~~.

(SOUND: CAR STARTING)

JACK: Some people just won't let you have a good time.

DON: ~~Get in~~ Go in here. ^{Jack} next to this convertible.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Yeah. ^{There's a spot}

(SOUND: CAR PULLS UP AND MOTOR OFF)

JACK: ~~There~~ Now maybe we can enjoy the picture.

HERB: (LOW) Come closer, Cynthia..your kisses do something to me.

JUNE: And yours thrill me ^{too...}. But Robert, I worry so. What if your wife catches us?

HERB: Impossible..Abigail thinks I'm out of town for the weekend.

JACK: Gee, the whole family's here..I wonder if I should tell Abigail...Nah, why get involved.

DON: ~~Look~~, Look, they're about to start the surprise feature.

JACK: Oh good ^{...the second feature...} turn up the speaker, Don.

RUBIN: (FILTER) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PALISADES DRIVE-IN TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING ANOTHER IN OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SERIES OF SURPRISE FEATURES.

(MUSICAL BRIEF OVERTURE)

DENNIS: (OVER MUSIC) Oh boy, I hope this is a good one.

RUBIN: (FILTER) WARNER BROTHERS PRESENTS ~~STANLEY KUBRICK~~
~~IN~~ "THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT."

JACK: Well, what do you know.

(SOUND: ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE...LOTS OF CAR MOTORS START AND DRIVE AWAY ONE AFTER ANOTHER WITH HORNS HONKING AND TIRES SCREECHING...SUSTAIN TILL PLAYOFF)

JACK: (OVER BEDLAM) ~~What?~~ ^{Hey!} Where's everybody going?....

NOBODY'S STAYING FOR THE PICTURE. ~~WHAT'S HAPPENING...~~

^{But,} DON, DON, COME BACK...DENNIS...THE PICTURE'S NOT THAT BAD...^(Abigail...) ABIGAIL...^{at least leave the baby...} CYNTHIA...~~SOMEONE GET ME~~...

~~COME BACK~~...COME BACK. I DON'T CARE. I'M GOING TO STAY HERE AND WATCH IT ALL BY MYSELF.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette. Better taste, friends, is the prime concern of the makers of Lucky Strike. That's why a Lucky is made of fine good-tasting tobacco that's toasted to taste even better. Yes, better taste begins with fine, light, mild tobacco...good-tasting tobacco. And then that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, make your next carton Lucky Strike and Be Happy, Go Lucky.

(TRANSCRIBED:
COLLINS AND
FULL CALYPSO
VERSION OF
SONG-37 SEC.)

"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.

(MORE)

BA

ATX01 0020048

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #5

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

COLLINS:
(CONT'D)

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!"

BA

ATX01 0020049

(TAG)

-24-

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO'S THAT?

JACK: It's me, Rochester.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'RE HOME EARLY. DIDN'T THEY HAVE A SECOND
FEATURE AT THE DRIVE-IN?

JACK: Yes, but most of the people left.

ROCH: WELL, THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, THEY'RE
SUPPOSED TO SHOW IT ANYWAY.

JACK: I know, but in the middle of the third reel, the
projectionist committed suicide.....Goodnight
Rochester, I'm going to bed.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DX

ATX01 0020050

(TAG)

-25-

DON: The Jack Benny Program tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Belzer, John Tackeberry, Al Gordon, Hal Goldman, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

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

DY

ATK01 0020051

(J.B.N. 4)
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"as Broadcast"

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Sept. 18, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
DON WILSON
THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET
MEL BLANC
IRIS ADRIAN
SANDRA GOULD
JOE KEARNS
BEA BENEDETT
JEANETTE EYMANN

BR

ATX01 0020052

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and
presented by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that's
toasted to taste better!

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL HIT
PARADERS
VERSION OF
SONG
39 SEC.)

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. You know, that song tells
an important story to smokers. Simply, it's
this: Luckies taste better. First because Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco... and then this fine
tobacco is toasted! Yes, the fine, mild good-
testing tobacco in every Lucky is toasted to taste
even better.

DY

(MORE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

"IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike
process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its
very peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally
good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even
better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother.
So next time you buy cigarettes, make it a
carton of better-tasting Lucky Strike. Be Happy
-- Go Lucky!

DY

ATX01 0020054

(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 OF HIS REGULAR T.V. SHOWS OVER THE C.B.S. NETWORK..BUT THIS IS THE HALLOWE'EN SEASON..AND HALLOWE'EN IS SYNONOMOUS WITH FUN WHETHER YOU LIVE IN BEVERLY HILLS, BROOKLYN, SIOUX CITY OR PORTLAND...~~SO~~^{SO} LET'S GO BACK TO LAST YEAR, THE DAY AFTER HALLOWEEN, AND SEE WHAT WENT ON IN THE JACK BENNY HOUSEHOLD.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, Has Don Wilson come over yet?

ROCH: YES, SIR..HE'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE DEN.

JACK: Good..You know, I also called Dennis and told him to be over..is he here?

ROCH: NO, SIR..HE PHONED AND SAID HE'D BE A LITTLE LATE.

JACK: That's funny, Dennis is always on time...I wonder what delayed him?

ROCH: HE SAID THAT LAST NIGHT WAS HALLOWE'EN AND SOME KIDS TOOK THE WHEELS OFF HIS BICYCLE.

JACK: Hmm..well, why din't he take the Sunset bus?

ROCH: THEY TOOK THE WHEELS OFF THAT, TOO!

JACK: Well, that's what Dennis gets for living in that kind of a neighborhood...I'm glad the kids around here aren't that rowdy.

BM

ROCH: ME, TOO, BOSS.

JACK: By the way, Rochester..go out and take the bathtub off the front porch and put it back in the house again...Well, what are you waiting for..take the bath tub off the front porch.

ROCH: OKAY, BUT THERE AIN'T MUCH GAS IN THE CAR.

JACK: Gas in the car? What's that got to do with it?

ROCH: THE FRONT PORCH IS IN PASADENA.

JACK: What?

ROCH: AND PASADENA IS IN POMONA.

JACK: , Stop being silly and do what I tell you.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: I'm going ^{to} the library ^{and} talk to Don.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Shine on, shine on, harvest moon, up in the sky..
I ain't had -

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh oh..I better hide those bicycle wheels, Dennis is liable to get sore...I'll put them in the closet.

(SOUND: CLOSET DOOR OPENS..PAUSE, THEN CLOSES..
FOOTSEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: (SINGS) I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June, or July..La la..Hmm..the other months weren't so good either...Oh well.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hiya, *Don*.

DON: Hello, Jack.

MEL: Hello, Jack, Hello, Jack, (SQUAWK & WHISTLES)

BM

JACK: No no, Polly^{fully}.you're supposed to call me "Daddy".

DON: *how*, Wait a minute, Jack...isn't that a 'little silly..having a parrot call you daddy?

JACK: I don't think so, Don..After all, I take care of her, feed her, talk to her, and I was the one who nursed her when she was sick.

DON: Polly was sick?

JACK: Terribly sick.

MEL: (DOES A WEAK, SICKLY SQUAWK)

JACK: No no, ^{no}Polly..you're over it now.

MEL: (HAPPY SQUAWKS)

So cute, isn't she? Or he's cute, I don't know.

JACK: Yes, Don, She was very sick and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

Oh, there's the phone.

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: *Oh*, Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis.

JACK: *Oh*, Hello, Dennis, we're waiting for you. What's taking you so long?

DENNIS: I couldn't get a taxi.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: So my mother's driving me over in her steam roller.

JACK: Your mother?..I thought it was your Uncle Herman that drove the steam roller.

DENNIS: Not anymore.

JACK: Why, what happened?

BM

DENNIS: Well, yesterday something was wrong with the front roller, so he got out to look at it, and some kids played the meanest Hallowe'en trick.

JACK: Dennis, that's terrible...where's your Uncle now?

DENNIS: Well, you know that white line that runs down the middle of Wilshire boulevard?

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: The dark part of it is Uncle Herman.

JACK: ^{Will you} Dennis! Stop making things up like that. Your uncle passed here this morning.

DENNIS: Didn't he look thin?

JACK: Oh, hang up and get over here, *will you?*

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a kid...He gets sillier every day...I remember once he called ^{me} up ~~me~~---

MEL: (SERIES OF FRIGHTENED SQUAWKS AND CRYING)

JACK: DON, STOP EATING POLLY'S CRACKERS...FOR HEAVENS SAKES.

DON: I was just picking them up to feed to her.

MEL: (SQUAWK)

DON: ~~me~~ ^{Jack} Jack, how long do perrots live?

JACK: Oh, a long time, Don...some of them live for years and years.

DON: How old is this one?

JACK: Sixty-three...and she's still got all her feathers.

DON: That's more than you can say.

Comical, will you? Be the straight man that you always
JACK: Don, don't be so ~~me~~...Let's you always try to be *are, will*

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

you please.

BR

JACK: Rochester..will you answer ^{the phone} please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: JACK BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO,
TELEVISION, AND WILL SELL TWO BICYCLE WHEELS AT
RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES.

DENNIS: Hello, Rochester, this is Dennis. Please tell Mr. Benny ---
(TAKE) Hey, what did you say about two bicycle wheels?

ROCH: OH-OH...ME VELLY SOLLY...YOU HAVEE LONG NUMBLA..MAYBE YOU
HAVE BLETTER LUCK BY EM BY..SO LONG EGG FOO YUNG.

DENNIS: Lochester, Lochester, I tly talkee to Lochester ~~and~~ allee
timee I talkee to Chinee boy.

ROCH: SO SOLLY, NO LOCHESTER..NOBLODY HERE EXCEPT US CHOP SUEYS
CHOP CHOP..GLOODBYE PLEASE.

JACK: ROCHESTER, GIVE ME THAT TELEPHONE..Hello, who is this?

DENNIS^R, Hello, Mr. Benny..this is Dennis, and Rochester said you
had a pair of bicycle wheels that---

JACK: So solly long numbla, goodbye.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny ..

JACK: Dennis, let's stop this kidding..why aren't you here?

DENNIS: Well, I'm in a music store.. I dropped in to buy a copy
of a song I'm going to do on Sunday..It's called "Almost
Like Being In Love."

JACK: Oh yes, I heard that song...Does it have a good
arrangement?

DENNIS: Oh, it's swell, but what about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Dennis, the song...How does it go?

DENNIS: Do you want me to sing it for you?

JACK: Yes yes.

DENNIS: But what about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Just sing the song, will you please?

DENNIS Okay.

JENNY: What about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Operator, you keep out of it..Go ahead, Dennis.

(DENNIS'S SONG "ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

BM

ATX01 0020060

JACK: ~~Don't, that was really swell.~~ Believe me, kid if you'd only take my advice and stop talking silly all the time, and just sing, you'd really go places.

DENNIS: No I won't.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: I've got no wheels on my bicycle.'

JACK: Oh, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: You know, Don, sometimes I don't know why I waste my time talking to that kid.

DON: Oh, ~~that's~~ ^{Dennis is} okay... ~~that's~~ ^{oh} speaking of wasting time ^{Jack}. I've been here ^{now} nearly a half hour and you still haven't told me ^{what} you wanted me to come over ^{for}.

JACK: Oh yes..Don, it's about the quartet

DON: The Sportsmen?

JACK: Yes, ^{now} I've been thinking this over seriously for quite a long time now, and I've finally made up my mind...I'm going to fire them.

DON: Fire them? But Jack, they're one of the best singing groups in the country.

JACK: I'll admit that...but they never sing what I want them to..They're always singing crazy songs and embarrassing me...They have no respect for me. ~~one~~ The other day when I asked ^{to} practically begged them to do a certain tune -- I think the baritone called me a dirty name.

DON: You think?

JACK: Yes, who knows what "hummmmm mm mmmmmmmmmmmmmm" means?... And anyway, Don, I want you to come with me to a lawyer because you're the one who's responsible for them.

EA

DON: Jack, you don't have to go to your lawyer.

JACK: Yes, I do. ^{I want him} I want him to break their contract.

DON: But you don't have enough reasons to fire them.

JACK: Yes, I have.

DON: But they're wonderful singers, ^{Jack} they're very popular, too..

^{and} They have a lot of fans...In fact, plenty of people tune into your program just to hear them, not you.

JACK: That's another reason...Believe me.

DON: ^{how long,} Jack, don't be hasty..Why don't you give them another chance?

JACK: Well...I don't like to fire people.. ~~Fact~~ Fact, during my entire career in show business I ~~never~~ ^{- I don't think I ever} fired anybody.

DON: ~~Now that's another~~ ^{Well,} what about that bald-headed writer you used to have..you fired him, didn't you?

JACK: No, I didn't..I stopped paying him his salary and after a couple of years he quit..That's all that happened.

DON: Well, his partner didn't quit and he's not with you any more.

JACK: ^{Well,} He starved to death..But Don..if I give the Sportsmen another

chance, do you think they'll mend their ways? ^{They'll do something onstead of the way}
DON: ^{I'm sure of it Jack, I'm - I'm just} ~~sure~~ sure of it..in fact, I'll talk to them myself. ^{Such crazy songs.}

JACK: ^{Well,} All right..then let's forget about it.

DON: ^{I'm just just positive as I can be, in going to} Jack, ~~are~~ you won't regret this..Well, I ~~be~~ be running along.

JACK: Oh..Where are you going? ^{Don?}

DON: ^{OK,} Nowhere in particular..I'll probably drop in ^{to} the drugstore for some lunch.

JACK: Say, I'm ^{kinda} hungry, too..... ~~Maybe we can have some more...~~
(CALLS) OH, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: (COMING IN) YES, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Mr. Wilson and I would like a little lunch.
 ROCH: I'M SORRY, I CAN'T MAKE ANYTHING..THE GAS IS STILL TURNED OFF.
 JACK: Oh yes..you can turn it back on again now, Rochester.
 DON: When was the gas turned off, Jack?
 JACK: Oh, a few weeks ago..It's turned off every year at that time.
 DON: That's peculiar..Who turns it off?
 ROCH: I DO..THAT'S WHEN THE REVIEWS ON MR. BENNY'S FIRST PROGRAMS
 COME OUT AND I TAKE NO CHANCES.

JACK: Look, Rochester..you can turn it back on again. *Love it,* Mr. Wilson
 and I are going to have lunch at the drug store..Come on, Don.

DON: Okay, Jack.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DON: Well, ^{Jack,} here's the drug store.

this is a good place to eat at
 JACK: ~~Yes,~~ Come on, let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..TINKLY BELL.)

JACK: Hmm, all the tables ~~are~~ ^{seem to be} taken..Let's get those two stools
 at the end of the counter.

DON: But there are two right here, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes...I'll see if we can have them.

JACK: Oh, waitress..waitress.

IRIS: Whadda ya want, Mac?

JACK: Are these two stools available?

IRIS: No, they're reserved for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

JACK: ~~Yes,~~..Come on, Don, let's sit down.

IRIS: Whadda ya wanna eat?

JACK: *Well,* I haven't made up my mind yet...better take my friend's
 order first. What'll you have, Don?

DON: I can't make my mind up either.

GH

JACK: Miss, ^{maybe} we better look at a menu..Have you got a menu?

IRIS: Here.

JACK: Now let me see.

IRIS: Don't bend it, it's the only one we got.

JACK: Look, I'm not --

IRIS: And stop drooling ~~it~~, there's nothing on ~~it~~ that good!

JACK: ~~it~~..Look, Miss, all I want is a chicken sandwich.

DON: I'll have the same.

IRIS: Okay, I'll be back with the grub in a minute.

DON: You know, Jack, I ^{just} can't understand how a girl like her can hold a job here.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Don..don't be ~~too~~ ^{too} hard on her. ^{You know} She's had a tough time of it...Do you know that she used to be a big star on Broadway.

DON: Really?

JACK: ^{Yep...} ~~it~~..for three years she played the title role in The Voice of The Turtle...^{This way ahead keeps coming in + out all the time, what will you have, you know} Say Don, ~~she's a big star~~

DON: Why?

JACK: I thought maybe we'd drop over at the Cinegrill at the Roosevelt Hotel and see Frankie Remley and his orchestra.

DON: Oh yes ..How does Remley look leading the band?

JACK: Well, ~~lying~~ there on the floor with his baton, he looks like a happy dachshund wagging his tail...Anyway, we must go over there and--

DON: Oh, excuse me a minute, Jack. ^{excuse me} The Sportsmen are sitting over there

JACK: ^(The quartet?) Where?

GH

DON: *Yeah*, Over ^{there} in the corner. I want to talk to them a minute.

JACK: Well, remember, Don, ^(will you) give them a warning about what I said.

DON: I'll talk to them about it.

(They drive me nuts) (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF)

JACK: (SINGS) Shine on, shine on; harvest moon..up in the sky..

IRIS: Hey, Mac, you want milk to drink with your sandwich, don't you?

JACK: *Yeah* ..how did you know?

IRIS: Our coffee would knock you ^{right} off that stool.

JACK: All right, all right..just bring the milk.

DON: (SLIGHTLY OFF) ^{now} A Fellows, please..do yourselves a favor... take my advice..don't sing that song for Jack..(COMING CLOSER)....This is neither the time nor the place.

Jack! Oh, here he comes with that quartet. (SOUND: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

DON: *Jack* (ON) Fellows..I'm telling you...for your own good.

JACK: What's the matter, ^{now} Don?

DON: They want to sing a new number for you.

JACK: Here! In the drug store..I should say not..It would be embarrassing.

DON: I told you, fellows.

JACK: You see, Don, they won't listen to anybody...That's why I want to fire them.

DON: But Jack, they claim that this is a very beautiful song.

JACK: I don't care ^{how beautiful it is} ---

DON: Boys, he's mad at you anyway... ^{now} you better not do anything.

JACK: Don..Don..will you keep those ---

DON: Boys, hold it..hold it, hold it, boys.

Jack! Don, will you keep them from singing.

QUART: HEY HONEY, DING DONG A-LANG A-LANG A-LANG *Jack! See, this is why I want to fire them.*
(Jack! Sha Boom)
TRA LA SHA BOOM DE A BA DO BA DO

MARTY: LIFE COULD BE A DREAM SHA BOOM
IF I COULD TAKE YOU UP IN PARADISE ~~WHERE~~ *above*
SHA BOOM *Jack! Sha Boom.*
IF YOU ~~WOULD~~ *would* TELL ME I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT YOU LOVE

Jack! LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART. *What happened to Sha Boom?*

QUART: HELLO, HELLO AGAIN, *Sha Boom*
AND HOPING WE'LL MEET AGAIN
~~LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART.~~

MARTY: OH LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SHA BOOM *Jack! Sha Boom I'd like to know what Sha Boom means.*
IF ONLY ALL MY PRECIOUS PLANS WOULD COME TRUE,
SHA BOOM.

IF YOU WOULD LET ME SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE ~~WITH~~ YOU
LIFE ~~WOULD~~ *would* BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART. *(Jack! Sha Boom) - Jack! Sweetheart!*

QUART: HELLO HELLO, AGAIN SHA BOOM *Don you gotta do something about these guys!*
AND HOPING WE'LL MEET AGAIN
COULD BE I'M DREAMING, SWEETHEART.
EVERY TIME I LOOK AT YOU
SOMETHING IS ON MY MIND
YA DA DA DA DOO

IF YOU DO WHAT I WANT YOU TO *do*
BABY WE ~~WOULD~~ *would* BE SO FINE ~~BE SO FINE~~ *Jack! Right here on the delegate so embarrassing! I gotta fire them.*
LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SHA BOOM
IF I COULD TAKE YOU UP TO PARADISE UP ABOVE
SHA BOOM

DY

(MORE)

(QUARTET CONTINUED)

If you would tell me I'm the only one of my
LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART. SWEET HEART

SHA BOOM DA BOO DA BOOM DA BOOM SHA BOOM

Jack: The only thing I understand is "Sweetheart"
SWEETHEART, SHA BOOM DA BOO DA BOOM SHA BOOM *Don.*

SHA BOOM

LSSSS DASH MFT SHA BOOM SHA BOOM

PUFF ON A LUCKY AND YOU WILL AGREE

*Jack: Now look at
fellas, we're in
the drug store.*

SHA BOOM BOOM BOOM SHA BOOM

MR. BENNY SHA SHA SHA

LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO

YOU'LL GET BETTER TASTE IN LUCKIES

THAT'S A FACT, YEAH!

LUCKY STRIKES ARE TOASTED

A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE

BA BA BA BA BA BA BETTER TASTING

SHA BOOM SHA BOOM

*Jack: Fellas, please!
Fellas, everybody's
looking at us in the
drug store, fellas
we're in the drug
store - Don & told you!*

LSSSS DASH MFT SHA BOOM SHA BOOM

PUFF ON A LUCKY AND YOU WILL AGREE

*Fellas, we're in
the drug store!
people are not
eating. Wait a
minute - Boys,
wait a minute,
wait a minute, wait
a minute.*

SHA BOOM BOOM BOOM SHA BOOM

MR. BENNY SHA SHA SHA BOOM

LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO

YOU'LL GET BETTER TASTE IN LUCKIES

THAT'S A FACT, YEAH!

LUCKY STRIKES ARE TOASTED

A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE

BA BA BA BA BA BA BETTER TASTING

SHA BOOM SHA BOOM.

DY

JACK: ^{now Don} That does it! ^{Don... that's} ~~the~~ the last straw... ~~I~~, I warned you
that if they ~~sang~~ ~~---~~

DON: But Jack, I tried ~~to~~ ~~---~~

JACK: ~~the~~ ~~---~~ I was a nice guy ~~and~~ gave them another chance..

DON: Jack, ^{now} if you'd only --

JACK: I don't want to hear any more about it! ^{now} I'm going to call a
lawyer right now and we'll go over there and see if I can
break my contract with ~~the~~ ^{that} quartet. ^{now} Come on, Don.

(LEGAL TRANSITION MUSIC) Jack: *Sha Boom*

JACK: ^(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN HALL...STOP) *Sweetest thing I've ever heard in my life.*

DON: Is this the lawyer's office, Jack?

JACK: Yeah...Joseph S. Kearns, Attorney at Law..Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Pardon me, Miss, I'd like to see Mr. Kearns.

SANDY: (BROOKLYN DAME) Do you have an apperntment?

JACK: ~~Well, I~~ ^{was better with Sha Boom.} ~~what~~ ~~what~~ ~~did~~ ~~you~~ ~~say?~~

SANDY: Do you have an apprntment?

JACK: Yes, I have an appointment.

SANDY: What?

JACK: I said I have an appointment.

SANDY: What?

JACK: An apperntment.

SANDY: Oh, go right in.

JACK: ~~the~~ ~~---~~ *Sha Boom*

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

GH

KEARNS: (ON PHONE) Now look, Mr. Smith, I'm a busy man..I can't stay on this phone all day. I told you I won't settle this case for less than fifty thousand dollars. I'm sorry, Mr. Smith. ^{Well,} That's up to you, Mr. Smith. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ^{Oh,} Hello, Mr. Kearns.

KEARNS: How do you do, Mr. Smith.

JACK: No no, ^(the name is) Benny. ~~Jack~~ Benny.

KEARNS: Oh, yes yes..please forgive me, It's just that I've been so busy lately and have so many things on my mind.

JACK: ^{Oh,} I understand, Mr. Kearns...I'd like you to meet Don Wilson.

KEARNS: ^{Oh,} How do you do, Mr. Wilson.

DON: How do you do.

KEARNS: Er..haven't we met before?

DON: I don't think so.

KEARNS: That's funny, your name is so familiar. ^{Keeps running} through my mind..Smith, Smith, Smith.

JACK: No no, his name is Wilson.

KEARNS: Oh, yes yes..how stupid of me, your name is Smith.

JACK: No ^{look it} ~~is~~ Smith was on the telephone.

KEARNS: What happened to Benny?

^{You knew, she Ben was not back}
JACK: ^{look it} I'm Benny, Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Oh yes. Now, what can I do for you?

JACK: Well, Mr. Kearns, what I came to see you about --

(SOUND: BUZZER)

KEARNS: ^{Oh,} Pardon me.

JACK: ^{yes} (SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

KEARNS: Yes? ^{Oh,} Oh..well, send them right in.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

GH

KEARNS: This won't take long. It seems to be very urgent..A domestic case.

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

KEARNS: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Kearns, I want ---

BEA: I'LL DO THE TALKING AND YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT.

MEL: MY BIG MOUTH..YOUR LIPS COULD BE STRETCHED OVER A PIANO STOOL.

KEARNS: Now now, we can settle this without harsh words.

BEA: THAT'S OKAY WITH ME. I WANNA DIVORCE THIS JERK.

KEARNS: Very well, but you'll need grounds.

BEA: IF I HAD THAT, I'D BURY HIM.

MEL: OH, YEAH?

BEA: YEAH.

KEARNS: Please..please..let's not resort to that. What are your names again?

BEA & MEL: MR. AND MRS. KRAUSMEYER.

KEARNS: Very well, I'll file the application..Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

KEARNS: Now getting back to you. What did you come to see me about?

DON: Well, you see--

JACK: Wait a minute, Don, I'll tell him...Mr. Kearns, as I started to say --

KEARNS: Oh yes, I remember, You two wanted a divorce.

JACK: No no, that's Krousmeyer.

KEARNS: Of course, of course..I had you confused with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson who just left.

DON: I'm Mr. Wilson.

GH

KEARNS: Oh, yes yes, then you're Mr. Kreusmeyer.

JACK: ~~No~~, No, I'm Smith--I mean, Benny: *Oh Benny*

KEARNS: Oh yes.. *(Jack: maybe)* Benny Wilson. Now what's on your mind?

JACK: Well, I've got a quartet on my radio program and I ~~want~~ *sd like*

to break their contract. *now* Here it is. *Will you just look*

KEARNS: Umm, *yes* it looks like an iron-cled agreement...but...I've *over it?*

a very clever idea.

JACK: You can break the contract?

KEARNS: Not only that... but with my idea I can ~~make~~ *make* them refund all your money.

JACK: All my money? *How how...* tell me *tell me.*

DON: Jeck, he can't talk, let go of his collar.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.

KEARNS: All you have to do is

(SOUND: BUZZER)

KEARNS *ch* Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

KEARNS: Yes?... What? *Ad* Good, good..send them in.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

KEARNS: It's that couple who were just in here for a divorce.

Mr. and Mrs. Kearns.

JACK: ~~No~~ *no* Your name is Kearns.

KEARNS: *o* I mean Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

DON: Their name is Kreusmeyer.

KEARNS: Oh yes..Thank you, Mr. Smith.

JACK: Hmm.

RF

DON~~Jack~~, Jack, isn't this the lawyer who pleaded a case and got the jury so confused ^{that} they sent the judge up for twenty years?

KEARNS: Oh, so you read about it, Huh?

JACK: Read about it! I thought he made up a joke...for heavens sakes.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

KEARNS: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Come, dollface, carry me over the threshold.

MEL: No, lover, you carry me..you're stronger.

BEA: Okey..ups-a-deisy.

MEL: Whoops, not so high, I'll get a nose bleed.

KEARNS ^{Oh}, Come come, I'm a busy man, are you sure your minds are made up?

BEA: ^{Yeah} Me and Porfirio don't want ^a divorce ^{Jack!} Shall we go back to Sha ^{Baron} and about over ^{Somebody} ^{has a line in} ^{are someplace}

KEARNS: ^{Fine Fine} Fine Fine, I won't file the application..and good luck to ^{again?} both of you.

MEL &

BEA: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

KEARNS: Now where were we?

JACK: Now please ^{look} please, ^{let's not waste - let's not} waste any more time. Benny's the name. Jack Benny. This is Mr. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Kreusmeyer just left, you're Kearns, and Smith was on the phone. Now tell me, Mr. Kearns, you said you knew how to break the contract with my quartet. ^{new} How are you going to do it?

KEARNS: Now let's see..Since you're suing them for fifty thousand dollars, we can --

RF

JACK: I'm not suing them for fifty thousand dollars!

KEARNS: Oh yes, that was Krausmeyer.

JACK: That was Smith on the phone!

KEARNS: Well, what are you doing here?

JACK: I don't remember...all I know is I had an appointment. ~~an~~ appointment.

KEARNS: Oh yes..you came in here about a quartet.. I remember now.. you came in with this man here..Mister..er..Mister..er..

DON: Eglebottom.

JACK: Don...^{now} ~~Mr. Kearns~~, Mr. Kearns...^(Mr. Kearns about my quartet) about my quartet, you've got to break that contract. ^{now} Here it is on your desk.

KEARNS: Oh, that one. I'm sorry, but that contract is unbreakeble. You haven't got a chance. So I advise you, see a lawyer ---

(SOUND: BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: ^{OK}, Now what.

KEARNS: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: I'M GONNA DIVORCE YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, YOU SPONGEHEAD!

MEL: THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU. AFTER WE LEFT HERE, I CARRIED YOU ALL THE WAY DOWN THE HALL SO YOU WOULDN'T TIRE YOUR BIG FLAT FEET.

BEA: WELL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DROP ME DOWN THAT LAUNDRY CHUTE.

JACK: ^{Rock} I don't mean to get into this..but..we're on the twelfth floor..and you dropped your wife down the laundry chute?

BEA: I HIT BOTTOM LIKE A SACK OF WET WASH!

MEL: WITH YOUR SHAPE, HOW ELSE COULD YOU HIT?

RF

BEA: ~~MR.~~ MR. KEARNS.---

KEARNS: I've got the applications right here.

BEA: GOOD, WE'LL SEE YOU IN COURT..GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Gee..that's a shame..~~they~~ they're such a nice couple.

KEARNS: Oh, I wouldn't worry about them..this has been going on for twenty years..They'll get back together..But I am

worried about the children

You mean they've been fighting for 20 years? They have

JACK: Children?

KEARNS: *Oh* Yes..that's the tragedy of divorce..who's going to take care of the little ones?

JACK: Hmm..and I think I have troubles...Mr. Kearns, I'm glad I dropped into your office today. I ~~we~~ got a big home..a butler..a swimming pool. And I'm going to do something that'll make me happy, too. I'm going to have their children come home and live with me until their parents make up their minds.

DON: Gosh, that's the noblest thing you've ever done, Mr. Kreusmeyer.

KEARNS: Yes, it's a wonderful thing..and from now on the children are your responsibility.

JACK: *Well* Good good.

KEARNS: And the children are here..right in the next office.

JACK: ~~where~~, May I see the little rascals now?

KEARNS: *Oh* You certainly may. Go right in.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You...you're the children?

RF

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: Oh, for goodness sakes.

DON: JACK, DON'T STAND THERE, LET'S RUN.

JACK: I CAN'T LEAVE NOW, I'M THEIR MOTHER.

QUART: M IS FOR THE MILLION THINGS YOU GAVE US. JACK: Oh Quiet!
O MEANS ONLY THAT YOU'RE GROWING OLD.

JACK: I'M NOT GROWING OLD...Come on, Don, let's go.

APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

Quart: Sha boom, Sha Boom
Ka da da da da da da da da
Sha Boom, Sha Boom
Da da da da da da da da da
Sha Boom Boom Boom
Boom Boom

Jack: Oh for goodness
sakes.

Oh for heaven's
sakes, Come
on, Don, let's go.

Mr. B

Jack: Sha Boom

(Applause + music)

RF

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #6
OCTOBER 31, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show that goes on immediately after this program on the CBS Network, But first I'd like to say something important to you cigarette smokers.

Jack will be back in just a minute, to tell you about his television show that goes on at seven o'clock over the CBS Television Network, but first, I'd like to say something important to you cigarette smokers. When you light up a Lucky, you can be sure you'll get the better taste you want. That's because a Lucky is toasted to taste better. Of course, the beginning of better taste is fine tobacco. IS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then ... IT'S TOASTED! That's the famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones it up to make this naturally good-tasting tobacco taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Yes, that's why Luckies taste better. It's the cigarette of fine tobacco and It's Toasted! So remember ...

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL HIT
PARADES
VERSION OF
SONG -- 39
SEC.)

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.

BM

ATX01 0020076

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #6
OCTOBER 31, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(TRANSCRIBED:
FULL HIT
PARADERS
VERSION OF
SONG -- 39
SEC.)
CONT'D.

They take fine tobacco, it's light 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!

BM

ATX01 0020077

(TAG)

(SOUND: KEY IN DOOR..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'm back, Rochester.

ROCH: OH HELLO, MR. BENNY...HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR CHICKEN SANDWICH AT THE DRUGSTORE?

JACK: Well, it was -- wait a minute, Rochester..How did you know I had a chicken sandwich--I might have had a hamburger.

ROCH: NO NO, BOSS..IF YOU HAD A HAMBURGER, IT WOULD BE KETCHUP.. YOU'VE GOT MAYONNAISE ON YOUR TIE.

JACK: Hmm...Look at that.. a perfectly good tie ruined.

ROCH: YEAH, AND THAT WAS YOUR LAST GOOD ONE...YOU BETTER GO OUT AND BUY YOURSELF SOME NEW TIES.

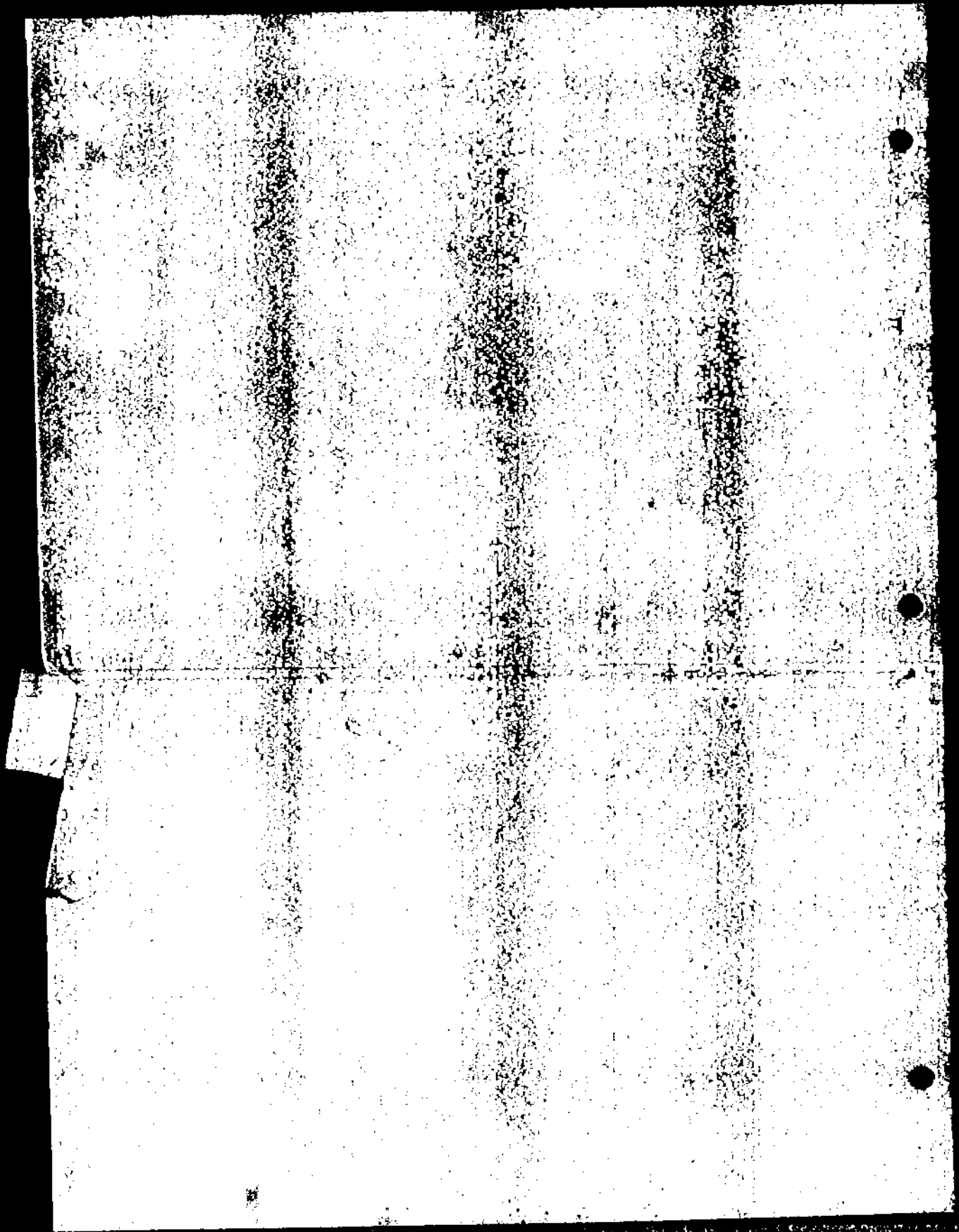
JACK: Neh, I'll wait..I'm going to get four of them next Mother's Day...Goodnight, Rochester..Goodnight folks, see you in a little while on my television show.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

Jack: Ladies + gentlemen I was going to tell you about my television show, but was a little late, so tune in and watch it. Goodnight, folks.

(applause + music)

RF



(J.B.R.3)
PROGRAM #7

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Nov. 9, 1952)

CAST: Jack Benny
 Mary Livingstone
 Bob Crosby
 Dennis Day
 Rochester
 Don Wilson
 Sportsmen Quartet
 Mel Blanc
 Sam Hearn
 Frank Nelson
 Iris Adrian
 Benny Rubin
 Bea Benedaret

* DH

ATX01 0020080

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #7
NOVEMBER 7, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
LUCKY STRIKE ... the cigarette that's toasted to taste
better!

(TRANSCRIBED)

FULL ORCH: "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: Friends, this is Don Wilson ... there's no doubt about

it! (SLOWLY, WITH EMPHASIS) If you want better taste
from your cigarette - Lucky Strike is the brand to get.

It's toasted to taste better.

Naturally, Luckies' better taste begins just where you'd
expect it to begin. With fine tobacco. LS/MFT - Lucky

Strike means fine tobacco. And then -- that tobacco is

toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process

-- tones up Luckies naturally good-tasting tobacco to make
it taste even better.

RM

(MORE)

ATX01 0020081

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #7
NOVEMBER 7, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL CONTD.

-B-

WILSON: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. So next time ... get better
taste. Get 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!

RM

ATX01 0020082

(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, LET'S GO BACK TO YESTERDAY...A HALF HOUR BEFORE REHEARSAL. JACK HAS DROPPED IN AT THE CORNER DRUGSTORE...AND AT THE MOMENT WE FIND HIM SITTING AT THE COUNTER READING A NEWSPAPER.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

JACK: Hmm, here's an interesting item. According to a National Survey, in twenty years California will be the number one state...Los Angeles will be the number one city. This anticipation of industrial growth has made the City of Los Angeles very smug. Hm, look at the way they spell smug - S, M, O, G...No no, they did spell it S,M,U,G... I wonder what makes my eyes water like that...Anyway, I think it's wonderful that --

IRIS: Do you wanna order now?

JACK: Huh?

IRIS: You've been sitting on that stool for ten minutes.

JACK: *Well*, I'm waiting for someone.

IRIS: Well, don't wrinkle up that newspaper or we'll never be able to sell it.

JACK: I won't, I won't.

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

RM

JACK: I wonder how -- Hm, here's an article that's hard to believe. A famous scientist claims that it won't be long before people will be living on the moon. Hey, that gives me an idea for a joke for my radio program. If people live on the moon, prices will be sky high. (SILLY LAUGH) Hey, that's a good joke, I better write it down. Say Miss, do you have a pencil?

IRIS: I heard it, don't bother.

JACK: *J* - I didn't ask for an opinion. I've been a big radio star for twenty years, and when it comes to jokes I know what I'm doing.

IRIS: Look, I've got other customers. Do you wanna order now?

JACK: I told you I'm waiting for someone.

IRIS: If you're trying to make me jealous, forget it!

JACK: I'm not trying to make you jealous..and anyway, a fine waitress you are..I've been sitting here for fifteen minutes, ~~and~~ you didn't even bring me a glass of water.

IRIS: Okey, okay.

JACK: Hm, ~~she~~ thinks she's smart. I didn't like her when she was a brunette, ~~either~~. I don't know why she always has to pick on ~~me~~ - - -

BOB: (FADING IN) *Hold*, Jack.

JACK: *Oh*, ~~well~~, Bob, Bob Crosby...I've been waiting for you.. Sit down.

BOB: *Well*, Thanks.

IRIS: Do you wanna order now?

RM

JACK: Er...yes yes. Now look, Miss, I'll have a club sandwich and here's the way I want it made. I want it on white bread, slightly toasted, I want the bacon and tomato in the lower half and the chicken and the lettuce in the upper half, trim the crusts, cut it in three parts and put a slice of pickle on the top.

IRIS: Okay...(CALLING) One Club Sandwich for an architect.

JACK: Hm...^{What} what about you, Bob?

BOB: Well Jack...^I I don't know. I'm not too hungry right now...^{well,} but then again...Oh, Miss --

IRIS: Yeah?

BOB: Is it all right if I take something out?

IRIS: Are you kiddin', I'll go get my hat and coat.

JACK: He didn't mean that! Look, Bob, while you're deciding on what you want, I'm going over to the drug counter to get some razor blades.

BOB: Okey, Jack.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...FADE)

BOB: Well, let me see...maybe I should eat something here...
then I ~~was~~^{wasn't} be so hungry.

MARY: (FADING IN) ^{Oh,} Hello, Bob.

BOB: Well, Mary, sit down.

MARY: I thought Jack was here.

BOB: ^{Oh,} He is, he went over to the drug counter to buy some
razor blades.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

BOB: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Jack is the only man I know who has a single edge razor
and buys double edge blades.

BOB: What does he do that for?

MARY: He cuts them in half.

BOB: ^{Buy,} What a guy! ^{hard?} I heard that Jack is the only man in the
world who gets his dental floss retreaded.

MARY: Jack does have his peculiarities, but he is sweet, and he
tries so hard. I'll never forget the first time I went
out with him. When he called for me, I opened the door,
and there he stood with the biggest orchid I ever saw.

BOB: An orchid, eh?

MARY: It was so beautiful I made him buy me one, too. Oh, don't tell him I told you.

DON: (FADING IN) (WORRIED) Mary -- Bob -- where's Jack?

MARY: *Oh,* Hello, Don.

BOB: ~~Hi~~ ^{Hi}, Donzy.

DON: Where's Jack? The Sportsmen Quartet and I are looking for him.

BOB: Oh, he's here, he just stepped over there to buy some razor blades

MARY: *Oh,* Here he comes now.

JACK: (FADING IN) Well, ^{well} everybody's here.

DON: (MAD) Jack, the Sportsmen and I have been waiting for you at the studio, you knew they had a recording date.

JACK: Oh, yes, I forgot. Don, I know they're in a hurry, so let's go back to the studio and I'll hear the commercial before they go.

DON: But, Jack, they haven't got the time, they haven't eaten yet, and they're hungry.

IRIS: What'll you have, boys?

JACK: But Don, I've got to hear the commercial.

IRIS: Boys, I haven't got all day.

DON: Okay, fellows, let Jack hear the commercial.

JACK: Don, not in here...a drug store.

IRIS: Fellows, what'll you have?

Jack: *Oh, for heaven's sake!*

LW

ATX01 0020087

(INTRO)

QUART: BA BA BACHI ME BAMBINO

BA BA BO BO

BOCU PICCOLINO

WHEN-A YOU KISS ME

A-I'M-A KISS-A YOU

IRIS: Boys, what'll you have?

TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LU

BA BA BACHI ME ^{my baby} ~~BOCU~~, BA BA, BO BO

JUST SAY SI THEN MAYBE

IF YOU SQUEEZE ME I'M-A SQUEEZE-A YOU

TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LU

IRIS: Look, fellows..

WE WOULD LIKE TO MEET THE GUYS

THAT WROTE THIS SILLY SONG

IRIS: Boys..

WONDER IF THEY REALIZE

THAT BOCHA ME A BOCHA YOU

IS DRIVING PEOPLE CRAZY.

MING TOY, HOPALONG

IRIS: Give me your

A CHCP-A SUEY

order..I haven't

BLING ME

got all day.

NODDLE SOUP AND EGG-A FUEY

YOU CAN SING MOST ANY WORDS YOU LIKE

BUT DON'T FORGET TO END

WITH LUCKY STRIKE.

IRIS: Fellows, I

LS, LS, LS, LS, M F T, GEE, ^{Gee}

haven't got all

LUCKY STRIKE'S THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.

day.

(MORE)

LW

QUART:
(CONT'D)

IT HAS A BETTER TASTE, IT'S TRUE
AND IT'S THE ONLY CIGARETTE FOR YOU
AND YOU AND YOU AND YOU.

IRIS: Hey fellows,

SO PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF A LUCKY AND/what do you want?
WE KNOW YOU'LL SAY

HEY, HEY, SAY, LUCKY STRIKE IS SURE OK. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

I'M GONNA BUY A CARTON RIGHT AWAY.

I'LL BOCHA ME A LUCKY STRIKE TODAY

WE WILL LIGHT A LUCKY

IRIS: Boys, I have

A LUCKY

other people to

BACHA ME A LUCKY

wait on... Look,

FROM WAY DOWN IN KENTUCKY

fellows... Wait a

LS, MF, LS, MF,

minute... Wait a

LS, MPT, MF ^FAT

minute. ^(fellows) Wait a

BA BA BA BA BACHA

minute. ~~WAIT A~~

AMIA, AMIA--

~~MINUTE.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: LIGHT STREET NOISES AND FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I hated to sneak out like that and leave Bob and Mary in the drugstore, but when that dame started screaming, it was embarrassing.. Well, I might as well go in the studio and rehearse.

(SOUND: MORE FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS..DOOR OPENS)

RUBIN: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: *h*, Hello, Harry, any fan mail?

RUBIN: Yes, Mr. Benny, YOU GOT EIGHT THOUSAND LETTERS.

JACK: Harry, I'm alone.

RUBIN: Oh...nothing.

JACK: Hummm.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS ONE STRAIN OF BACCHI ME)

DENNIS: (IN CLOSED PHONE BOOTH, OFF) *Yeah,* AND THAT ISN'T ALL I'M MAD ABOUT. I'VE GOT PLENTY TO SAY TO YOU.

JACK: *falling* Hm, there's Dennis *falling* in that phone booth.

DENNIS: YES, PLENTY..I'VE TAKEN ALL THE GUFF OUT OF YOU I'M GONNA TAKE!

JACK: (Hey, that kids really mad.)

DENNIS: OH, NO, YOU LISTEN TO ME..I'VE LISTENED TO YOU LONG ENOUGH. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LOW, UNDERHANDED DOUBLE-DEALING CONNIVER.

JACK: (Wow!)

BA

DENNIS: OH, I KNOW, YOU PUT IT OVER ON ME...BUT I'M GONNA SEE
TO IT ~~FOR~~ YOU DON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ANYBODY ELSE...
YOU HEARD ME...^{OR,} SHUT UP!

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN..SLIDING BOOTH
DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (WITH NEW RESPECT) Dennis!

DENNIS: Oh, hello, Mr. Benny. Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: TWO STEPS..DIME BEING DROPPED INTO PHONE...
ONE DIAL..INNER CLICK)

DENNIS: Operator, Mr. Benny is standing right here, you must have
given me the wrong number.

JACK: Dennis, hang up that receiver and come out of that booth!

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Dennis, any time you have something to say to me, I want
you to say it to my face, not on the phone...And anyway,
I don't know what you're complaining about. I've treated
you well...I've looked out for your interests..I've guided
you....I've helped you...I've given you advice...Why,
I've even tried to be a father to you.

DENNIS: Only on Father's Day.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: What you'll do for a lousy tie.

JACK: Never mind. Now, Dennis, when we get in the studio, I
want you to run over your song first.

MARY: (FADING IN) Oh, Jack.. Jack..

JACK: Yeah?

MARY: Jack, I've got to tell you the most wonderful thing..

BA

BOB: (MODESTLY) Oh, Mary.

MARY: Now, Bob, don't be so modest.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Jack, look at that sack of fan mail he got.

JACK: I see it, I see it.

BOB: I even got a letter from your sister in Chicago.

JACK: ~~See~~. Come on, let's get in the studio.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

(SOUND: OF BAND TUNING UP)

JACK: Okay, fellows, ^{okay} quiet down, ^{quiet down} we're going to start rehearsal. Dennis, have you got ^{your} ~~the~~ music to ~~play~~ - Dennis, where are you going?

DENNIS: Back to the phone booth.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: ~~See~~ See if I can get another wrong number, I'm in a fightin' mood.

JACK: Now, cut that out, and let me hear ~~your~~ -- Hum.. That clock on the wall..is that the right time?

MARY: Yes, it's one-thirty...why?

JACK: ^{well, I} ~~See~~, for heaven sakes, I thought I'd have time to finish rehearsal before I go to my doctor's office.

MARY: What do you have to go to your doctor's for?

JACK: ^{well,} I had a check-up a few days ago and everything is fine, but I want to see my X-ray pictures and the doctor wants to give me a couple of vitamin shots. It'll only take a little while.

BA

MARY: You want me to drive you over?

JACK: *hell*, Rochester has the car in the parking lot, so he'll drive me down.

MARY: Okay. I'll go with you.

JACK: *Oh*, Thanks *Mary*. Dennis, you rehearse your song, We'll be back soon.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "HEY, BROTHER, POUR THE WINE")

(APPLAUSE)

BA

ATX01 0020093

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: STREET NOISES..CAR GOING ALONG..AUTO HORN)

ROCH: ARE YOU AND MISS LIVINGSTONE COMFORTABLE BACK THERE, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, thank you..But Rochester, this back seat seems to be higher than usual and we keep sliding forward..Why is that?

ROCH: WELL, I PUT SOME BIG TRUCK TIRES ON THE REAR WHEELS AND SMALL TIRES ON THE FRONT WHEELS.

JACK: What's that for?

ROCH: TO ENCOURAGE THE MOTOR. IT THINKS WE'RE COASTING DOWN HILL.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard. You're always trying to fool the motor.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, LAST WINTER YOU WERE THE ONE WHO PUT ON FISH-TAIL FENDERS SO PEOPLE WOULD THINK YOU HAD A CADILLAC.

MARY: Jack, did you really put on fish-tail fenders?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Did it fool anybody?

ROCH: NO PEOPLE, ONLY FISH.

JACK: Oh, stop making things up....And hurry, I want to get to the doctor's office...Rochester, slow down, ~~that~~^{the} light on the corner is turning red.

ROCH: DON'T WORRY, BY THE TIME WE REACH IT, IT'LL BE GREEN AGAIN.

JACK: ~~Here~~...Anyway, we turn here for my doctor's office.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: CAR TURNS)

BA

JACK: You know, Mary, I've been thinking..It seems that every time I go to a doctor or^a hospital for a check-up or an examination, you're always with me...Gee, it's awfully nice of you.

MARY: *Oh*, It's not a matter of being nice, Jack...I have to be with you when you go for medical examinations in case you need me.

JACK: Need you?

MARY: Yes..how you ever got that Transfusion Clause in my contract, I'll never know.

JACK: My agent thinks of everything...Anyway, this time I'm only going to get a vitamin shot.

(SOUND: CAR COMING TO STOP)

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Thank you, Rochester...Watch your step, Mary.

(SOUND: NOISES OF GETTING OUT OF CAR)

ROCH: MR. BENNY, WHILE YOU'RE IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE, I'LL GO TO THE MARKET AND DO THE SHOPPING.

JACK: *Oh*, Fine, fine.

ROCH: I MADE OUT THE LIST AND THE GROCERIES AMOUNT TO SEVENTEEN DOLLARS.

JACK: Seventeen dollars...Hmmm...here you are.

ROCH: AND A DOLLAR AND A HALF FOR A HAIRCUT.

JACK: A dollar and a half ~~oh~~ -- wait a minute, Rochester...I'm not supposed to pay for your haircuts.

ROCH: THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, I GOT IT IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

JACK: ~~oh~~. Well, I'll take care of it myself tomorrow...I want to get a shine at the same time, *too*.

BA

ROCH: I CAN GET THAT FOR YOU, TOO. I'M WEARING YOUR SHOES.

JACK: Never mind, I'll do it myself...Come on, Mary.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Yes?

JACK: *Oh*, Nurse, I have an appointment with Dr. Stevens.

BEA: Yes sir...In just a few minutes....but first I'll have to have some information about you.

JACK: *Well*, They have it at the hospital. They took it when I went in for my check-up.

BEA: Well, we need this for the office.

JACK: *Oh*, Oh....well, my name is --

BEA: Just a second, sir. I ~~have~~ have to write this down...I want to get a pencil..there...Now...your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

BEA: Occupation?

JACK: Radio comedian.

BEA: Are you currently employed?

JACK: Yes, yes, I am.

BEA: How tall are you?

JACK: Five-eleven.

BEA: Your weight?

JACK: One sixty-five.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

BEA: Thirty-nine...Now Mr. Benny, have you ever---

JACK: Just a minute, Nurse...I happened to notice on your desk you have another chart and the age is also marked thirty-nine.

FA

ATX01 0020096

BEA: Yes.

JACK: Who's chart is that?

BEA: Grandma Moses.

JACK: Oh.

BEA: Now, Grandpa--I mean, Mr. Benny..where were we?

JACK: Look, Nurse, I haven't got much time..I want to see Dr. Stevens.

BEA: Well, he's busy now, you'll have to wait..sit over there by that gentleman in the corner.

JACK: Oh...is his appointment ahead of mine?

BEA: Oh, he's not waiting to see Dr. Stevens, he has an appointment with our psychiatrist.

JACK: ~~He~~...Psychiatrist...he isn't violent, is he?

BEA: Oh, far from it...in fact, he's very gentle...he thinks he's a rabbit.

JACK: (MAD) ~~He~~...Come on, Mary, let's sit down.

MARY: Jack, what are you so mad about?

JACK: That smart Alec nurse trying to kid me...a rabbit...~~that~~ man looks just as normal as I do.

JACK: Jack, there isn't room for both of us to sit on the sofa.

JACK: Yes there is, Mary..I'll ask him to move over..(UP)
Pardon me, sir.

MEL: EHM, TSK TSK TSK, WHAT'S UP, DOC?

JACK: Say..you really do think you're a rabbit.

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Where do you live?

MEL: Oh, I have a nice little hutch in Brentwood.

BA

JACK: ~~Yes~~..Mary, move over. ~~Well~~, Tell me, Mister, did you
always think you were a rabbit?

MEL: No...no...up until last week I thought I was a turkey.

JACK: Up until last week? What made you stop being a turkey?

MEL: Well, it's so close to Thanksgiving, they turned me down
for life insurance.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: I wanted double indemnity.

JACK: I see.

MEL: With cranberry sauce.

JACK: Well, that's the only way to have it...Anyway, maybe
you're better off being a rabbit.

MEL: Yeah...Well, I can't wait any longer for that psychiatrist
....TSK TSK TSK, ~~GOOD~~BYE, DOC.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Of all the silly guys...thinking he's a rabbit...some
people --
(SOUND: INTER-OFFICE BUZZER..CLICK)

BEA: Yes, Doctor. ^{Oh,}Very well, sir, I'll send in the next
patient...It's Mr. Benny...What?...No, it's Benny,
Bunny just left....Yes, sir.
(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: Go right in, Mr. Benny..Dr. Nelson will see you now.

JACK: Dr. Nelson? But Dr. Stevens is my doctor.

BEA: Well, he's in surgery now so Dr. Nelson will take care of
you.

JACK: Oh...where is his office?

BEA: Right down the hall.

BA

JACK: Thank you..I'll be right back, Mary.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS ALONG HALL)

HEARN: HI YA, RUBE.

JACK: Huh?

HEARN: Remember me?

JACK: Oh yes! ^{yes...} you're the fellow from Calabasas. What are you doing here?

HEARN: ^d Brought my wife to the doctor, she's gonna have a baby.

JACK: A baby! Say, how many kids have you got now?

HEARN: This will be the sixteenth.

JACK: Gosh..sixteen kids..What are their names?

HEARN: Well, there's Albert, Hiram, Ella, Julius, Kathryn, Jeanette, Bertram, Herman, Blue Cross, Howard --

JACK: Wait a minute, wait a ~~minute~~...you...you named one of your children Blue Cross?

HEARN: Yep, my wife's been in the hospital so much we ^{thought} ~~we~~ we owed them something.

JACK: Oh, oh, ~~oh~~.....Say, with such a large family, you must have a pretty big farm.

HEARN: Oh, one of the biggest in Calabasas.

JACK: ^{Hmmm} What do you raise there?

HEARN: Albert, Hiram, Ella, Julius --

JACK: I mean ^{I mean} besides them. What kind of crop do you grow on your farm? ^{huh?}

HEARN: Well, the whole place is a big vineyard..we grow nothing but grapes.

JACK: Grapes? ^{huh?}

BA

HEARN: That's right, Rube, I press my own wine, too...got the happiest feet in town...Well, I better be getting back in the waiting room...So long, Rube, so long.

JACK: So long. *So long*

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

JACK: Some day I must ask him why he keeps calling me Rube...Oh, here's Dr. Nelson's office.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh Doctor..doctor....

NELSON: YESSSSSSSS.

JACK: Doctor, I'm Jack Benny....I was told to see you.

NELSON: Why do they always come to me at the last minute.

JACK: Now look, I came here to have a vitamin shot. Give it to me so I can go.

NELSON: Yes...now just a minute...I want to test my hypodermic to see that the needle isn't stopped up.

(SOUND: A LONG STEADY SQUIRTED STREAM OF SELTZER INTO A PAN GOES ON AND ON AND ON)

NELSON:Now I'm ready for you.

JACK: Wait a minute, doctor...You're not going to give me a shot with that needle..Why have you got such a big one, anyway?

NELSON: *(well)* I'm nearsighted and I don't want to miss.

JACK: Now just a second, doctor---

BA

NELSON: Oh, stop being such a baby..roll up your sleeve, ^{and} I'll give you the shot..it won't hurt a bit..I promise.

JACK: Well...all right...there, my sleeve's up.

NELSON: Okay...here goes...there you are.

JACK: Ouch!.. Oooooooh...Doctor, it did hurt when you ---- But wait a minute...I do feel better already. Say, Doctor, what vitamins did you inject me with?

NELSON: D. O. F. R. B.

JACK: D. O. F. R. B.? What's that?

NELSON: Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer.

JACK: What?

NELSON: I'm sorry it hurt, but the ice cream got stuck in the needle.

JACK: Well, that's the most ridiculous thing ^{ever} heard.
I'll come back tomorrow when my regular doctor is here.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

BA

ATX01 0020101

(FIRE ALLOCATION)

DON: Friends, the epidemic of forest fires throughout the country points up this sobering fact. Because most areas of the country haven't had a soaking rain for many weeks .. the fire hazard is still tremendous. Remember - our woodlands are more than scenic playgrounds..they're valuable natural resources - indispensable to our nation's defense. So...be extra careful out of doors - with fire in any form. Drown or crush out every spark - for only you can prevent forest fires! Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

BH

ATX01 0020102

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #7"
NOVEMBER 7, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette.

(TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette, FULL ORCH VERSION) 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.

(OPTIONAL SHORT VERSION IF DESIRE)

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: Friends, if you read the comics, I guess you know all about "Little Iodine." The fellow who draws "Little Iodine" is the famous cartoonist Jimmy Hatlo. He's got another comic strip too, called "They'll Do It Every Time." Well, Jimmy Hatlo's cigarette is Lucky Strike. Jimmy says, "Yep, I'll do it every time - light up a Lucky because they taste better."

(MORE)

BH

ATX01 0020103

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #7
NOVEMBER 7, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-D-

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

Friends, many millions of people smoke Luckies because they've found that Luckies taste better too. A Lucky tastes better because "It's Toasted to Taste Better." Of course, Luckies' better taste begins with fine tobacco - fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. And then, that fine tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" - the famous Lucky Strike process - brings Luckies' naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco to its peak of flavor - tones it up to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Yes, that's why Jimmy Hatic and millions of other smokers'll do it every time ----- light up a Lucky. Why don't you light up a Lucky too? Remember: "It's Toasted to Taste Better."

BH

ATXQ1 0020104

(TAG)

(SOUND: CAR GOING)

JACK: Did you get all your shopping done, Rochester?

ROCH: YES, BOSS..HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT AT THE DOCTOR'S?

JACK: Oh, fine, fine. Rochester, maybe on the way home we should -- LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES.)

JACK: *Gee*, Gee, fellow, I'm sorry we ran into you. Are you hurt?

MEL: No, but you knocked the carrot out of my hand.

JACK: What?

MEL: *Ehhh*, So long, Doc.

JACK: Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Baizer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

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

BH

ATK01 0020105

RTX01 0020106

RF

JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTON
ROCHESTER
TENNIS DAY
BOB CROSBY
DON WILSON
SPORTSMAN QUARTET
MEL BLANC
BENNY RUBIN
LOIS CROBETT

CAST:

(Transcribed - Sept. 19, 1954)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"As broadcast"

(J.B.N. #5)
PROGRAM #8
REVISED SCRIPT

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

SET #5

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(old set 5)

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and
presented by Lucky Strike -- the cigarette
that's toasted to taste better!

(TRANSCRIBED: "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS AND
FULL CALYPSO Lucky Strike is the brand to get! .
VERSION OF
SONG--37 SEC.) 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 TOATED,
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 TOATED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP)
cig-a-rette!"

(MORE)

RF

ATX01 0020107

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONF'D)

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. That version of the Lucky Strike song Dorothy Collins just sang may be different in tempo, but the story is still the same. A Lucky tastes better because ... IT'S TOASTED to taste better. You see, better taste starts with fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And then, that tobacco is toasted. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better ... Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So friends, remember that next time you buy cigarettes. And Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

RF

ATX01 0020108

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 T.V. SHOW BUT MEANWHILE WE HAVE A RADIO PROGRAM TO DO. AND IN PRESENTING THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, IT IS WITH DEEPEST RESPECT THAT I GIVE YOU THE DEAN OF AMERICAN COMEDY.

JACK: (PLEASED) Well!

DON: A MAN WHO, LIKE THE TIDE, KEEPS ROLLING ALONG MONTH AFTER MONTH, YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT...WHO, DESPITE THE WEARING OF THE ELEMENTS AND THE RAVAGES OF TIME...

JACK: Don, I'm fit as a fiddle.

DON: WHO, LIKE AN ANTIQUATED STRADIVARIOS...ONLY GAINS IN QUALITY THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

JACK: ~~SOMEONE~~...Don, I'm young at heart.

DON: AND ~~HE~~^{who}, ALTHOUGH FAILING IN MEMORY...MANAGES TO FIND HIS WAY HERE EVERY WEEK...AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Methuselah Benny talking...And Don, what got into you? After an introduction like that, the people won't know whether to expect jokes or organ music...So watch it from now *on with you?*

DON: Well Jack, you have been around for quite a while.

LW

JACK: That's true, but it so happens when I started in radio in ¹⁹³² ~~1931~~, I was still in my teens.

DON: What are you talking about? I knew you then and you had gray hair.

JACK: I was born with gray hair...I was worried about the doctor bill...And, Don, here's an amazing coincidence...if you read it in a story, you wouldn't believe it...after all these years who do you think is sitting in the audience this very moment?

DON: The doctor?

JACK: No, his lawyer...the case comes up in court Wednesday...Anyway Don, we've got a show to do, so ~~don't forget~~...from now on, forget about my age...I feel fine, I've got lots of pep and I have all my faculties -- oh, hello, Mary.

BOB: I'm Bob.

JACK: Huh? Oh, Bob...Bob Crosby...Gee, what made me think you were Mary?

BOB: I don't know, you've got your glasses on...both pair.

JACK: ~~Now~~ Now Bob, don't you start in, too.

BOB: I was only kidding. ^{Jack -- Really,} ~~by the way, Bob,~~ I meant to ask you at rehearsal, ^{okay} do you have a ticket for next week's broadcast?

JACK: For next Sunday?

BOB: ^{well} ~~It's~~, it's not for me...it's for my brother Bing.

JACK: Oh, Bing wants to come to ^{the} ~~the~~ show?

BOB ^{but} Well, No, I'd just like to give him a ticket.

JACK: Why?

BOB ^{well} It's his birthday and he's got everything else..

JACK: ~~So~~ So Bing's going to have a birthday...how old is ^{Well, Bob, confidentially} ~~he~~ Bing?

BOB: Well, last year he was thirty-nine, so this year he must be forty.

1- JACK: ^{what} Why? Is he-an eager beaver or something?...Anyway, Bob, wish him a Happy Birthday.

BOB: Okay, ^{Sick}

DENNIS: ^{well,} Isn't anybody ^{here} going to say hello to me?

JACK: Oh Dennis! When did you come in?

DENNIS: ^{Oh,} I've been here all the time...I was standing behind Don
Wilson's right leg.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well, kid, what did you want last night? Rochester
told me you called the house when I was out.

DENNIS: Yeah, I tried to get you two or three times. I wanted to tell
you about that raffle ticket I bought last month.

JACK: Raffle?

DENNIS: Yeah...remember, you tried to talk me out of it. You said it
sounded like a phony deal.

JACK: Well, it did.

DENNIS: You and your advice. Boy, am I glad I didn't listen to you.
They held the drawing last night and I won first prize.

JACK: First prize...no kidding, Dennis...what ^{did} you get?

DENNIS: Four glorious weeks at the North Pole.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: And all the blubber I can eat.

JACK: Dennis...

DENNIS: And my igloo painted inside and out.

JACK: ~~Oh, for heaven's sake~~...Dennis, who goes to the North Pole?
You'll be all alone there.

LF

DENNIS: Not if I can find last year's winner.

JACK: ^{Dennis...}...Dennis, look at me. ^(will you will you) look me in the eye.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Now tell me...how could you possibly fall for a thing like this?

DENNIS: ^{Well,} What do you mean?

JACK: Well, this whole raffle is obviously a fraud. You might just as well have come in here and told me you won the La Brea Tar Pits.

DENNIS: ^{Oh,} That was second prize.

JACK: Dennis ... Dennis ...

DENNIS: Can I stop looking at you now?

JACK: Yes; ~~and~~ you can stop talking to me, too. I don't know, Dennis, you've got a brain there somewhere, why don't you try using it for a change?

DENNIS: Oh, I suppose it doesn't take brains to sing a song?

JACK: Not necessarily...Crickets can sing, and they don't have any brains.

DON: ^{Oh,} Pardon me, Jack. Crickets don't exactly sing...Their song comes from rubbing their hind legs together.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: ^{Hey,} I'll have to try that some time!

JACK: Do, ^{that} Dennis...and let me know how it comes out... ^(will you...) Meanwhile, let's have your song in the old fashioned way.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ^{Oh,} Hold it a second, Dennis.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

LF

JACK: Hello...What?...You've got a slight hangover and you'll be a little late getting here for the broadcast?...But Phil, you've been off my show for years!...Huh? ^{Well,} Of course, I'm sure... Look, if you don't believe me, ask Alice... Alice, Alice, she's your wife...Okay, ^{Phil} be careful getting home...What? Yeah, yeah, we're still selling plenty of Jello. ^{Yes, yes...} Goodbye.

(SOUND: REVEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That Phil...he's always so confused...Oh, well...go ahead and sing, Dennis.

DENNIS: With my legs or my tonsils?

JACK: With your tonsils...forget that cricket.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) ("ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

LF

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Dennis Day singing "Almost Like Being In Love" ... and Dennis, I must say it sounded a lot better than a cricket rubbing his legs together.

DENNIS: To you, but not to another cricket.

JACK: Gee, I never thought of that.

MARY: Hello, everybody.

JACK: Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Jack, I'm sorry I'm late, but I went to a wedding.

JACK: A wedding? This afternoon?

MARY: Yes..one of my old girl friends at the May Company got married. In fact, she's worked there in the gift department for thirty years.

JACK: How nice..and now she got married *RA?*

MARY: Yeah..but Jack, the funniest thing happened.

JACK: What?

MARY: When the groom handed her the ring, she wrapped it up.

JACK: No!

MARY: Yeah..then when he carried her across the threshold, she said, "Thank you, call again".

Hey, you're pretty good.
JACK: Well, how do you like that..You know, Mary --

(SOUND: TWO BOARDS RUBBED TOGETHER)

MARY: What's that?

JACK: What?

(SOUND: TWO BOARDS RUBBED TOGETHER)

MARY: That.

JACK: Oh, that's Dennis in the corner. He's trying to sing like a cricket.

MARY: What?

GH

JACK: It's a long story, you wouldn't understand..And if you did understand it, you wouldn't like it....And if you did like it, I wouldn't like you.

MARY: All right, all right...Say, Don, I saw you and your wife at the Coconut Grove Thursday night. Was that your anniversary?

DON: Yes, Mary..so I thought it ~~was~~^{id} ~~be~~^{sata} nice for the little woman and ^{me} to celebrate with ^a dinner and a show.

MARY: Well, you certainly made a lovely couple..And Don, you were simply beaming I've never seen you look happier.

DON: (DREAMILY) Yeah....that steak was four inches thick ... But I'm glad you reminded me, Mary, because I wanted to thank all of you for the gifts you sent us.

JACK: (I was wondering when he'd get around to that.)

DON: Mary, that Lazy Susan you sent made a big hit with the little woman.

MARY: I'm glad she liked it, Don.

DON: And Bob and Dennis, that Hoover Vacuum Cleaner is just what we needed.

JACK: How'd you like my present, Don?

DON: Oh, it was beautiful, Jack..I haven't seen any of those in a long time.

JACK: Well, it was no easy job getting it, I had to shop all over.

BOB: What did he give you, Don?

DON: A lovely bowl of wax fruit.

JACK: Yes, sir.

MARY: I never saw anybody like you, Jack..You always give the oldest, corniest presents.

JACK: Is that so?

GH

MARY: Last year on my birthday, you sent me a bustle.

JACK: But it was full of chocolates, don't forget that...
Supposed to be a novelty. I spent a dollar and a half a pound for that bustle and she's complaining.

MARY: Well, what good is candy after you sit on it?

JACK: You weren't supposed to sit on it..It's your fault.

MARY: Hard centers yet.

JACK: Now Mary, forget it...Anyway, Don liked the gift I sent him. He said it was lovely.

DON: Sure was, Jack..But i meant to tell you something about that bowl of fruit..one of the bananas doesn't light up.

JACK: It doesn't?

DON: No.

JACK: *He*, That's funny..it looked like such a good bunch.

BOB: *Say*, Don, you have so many friends, you must've gotten quite a haul, *huh?*

DON: Yes, and say, kids, we haven't put the gifts away yet. Why

don't you all come out to the house and take a look at 'em?

Don't they think you will come over? Oh, Don, not now, that would be

JACK: *Now?* ~~Oh, Don, that would~~ be an imposition..five of us barging in on your wife without any notice or anything.

DON: *Oh*, It's no imposition at all. Lois would love to have you.

JACK: But Don, *Don*, don't you think you ought to call your wife up and let her know we're coming?...You know, barging in like this with a whole gang of people--

DON: *No*, No, Jack, the little woman won't mind..She's a peach!

JACK: *You sure?* Well, all right. *then*. Come on, everyone, let's go!

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: *Oh*, Wait a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

GH

JACK: Hello.

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

JACK: Rochester, I haven't got time to talk to you now...we're on our way to the valley.

ROCH: WELL, I JUST WANTED TO DISCUSS MY DUTIES FOR TODAY.

JACK: What duties? All I asked you to do was clean the attic.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO DISCUSS...I'M UP THERE NOW AND I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE IT.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: YOU SHOULD SEE THE ATTIC. IT'S FULL OF COBWEBS, LAYERS OF DUST, BIG BLACK SPIDERS AND UGLY BATS HANGING FROM THE CEILING.

JACK: Well, what else did you expect to find?

ROCH: THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

JACK: Oh, it's not that bad...now get to work.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, THIS ATTIC IS LOADED WITH MICE.

JACK: So what? A little mouse couldn't hurt you.

ROCH: LITTLE! ONE OF THEM'S GOT A SADDLE ON IT.

JACK: Now, Rochester, it's no use complaining. You're going to have to clean up that attic sooner or later so get rid of everything I don't need.

ROCH: OKAY...I'LL THROW OUT THIS ^{red} TRUNK ~~OF~~ OF MAGAZINES...

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: AND THIS OLD PHONOGRAPH.

JACK: Good, *good*.

DW

ATX01 0020117

ROCH: NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS OLD SPINNING WHEEL?

JACK: Well...I don't think we'll be needing it.

ROCH: OKAY, I'LL ALSO GET RID OF THIS TUXEDO OF YOURS.

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester...I paid a lot of money for that tuxedo.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT THAT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

JACK: What's the difference? Can't I wear it again?

ROCH: ONLY IF WE KEEP THE SPINNING WHEEL.

JACK: Oh...Well, all right, you can throw the tuxedo out, too...but make sure I didn't leave any money in the pockets.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: ~~Well~~...Well look, Rochester, I've got to get going so just use your judgement.

ROCH: YES, SIR...OH-OH.

JACK: What's the matter?

ROCH: BOSS, WE MUST'VE HAD PROWLERS.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: WELL, SOMETHING YOU KEPT UP HERE FOR YEARS IS MISSING.

JACK: What's missing?

ROCH: THAT OLD BOWL OF FRUIT WITH THE BANANAS THAT LIGHT UP.

JACK: Well, don't worry...I'm sure it'll turn up somewhere...So long, Rochester.

DW

ATX01 0020118

ROCH: GOOOOOOOBYE.

(SCUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That Rochester has to call about every little thing.

BOB: *Hey*, Come on, Jack, we're keeping Don waiting.

DON: Yesh, while you were on the phone, I got a cab.

JACK: *Hey*, That's swell, but what about the show?

DON: The Sportsmen can take over. They've got a wonderful number.. ^{the} Great arrangement of "Flight. Of The Bumble Bee."

mean the sportsmen are going to do
JACK: The Flight Of The Bumble Bee?

DON: Yesh. ^{And they - do whistles?} one of them whistles the lead all the way through it.

JACK: No kidding! Well, let them carry on then.

DON: GO AHEAD, FELLOWS.....Come on, Jack.

JACK: Don, I still think you ought to call up the little women and tell her we're coming.

raw look,
BOB: Don't worry, Jack..Don knows what he's doing.

JACK: All right, all right..let's go.

DON: Go ahead, fellows.. "The Flight Of The Bumble Bee."

RF

(FLIGHT)

QUART: BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM
TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM
LS LSMFT, LS LSMFT
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE
Buzz Buzz Buzz Buzz
PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF
DEDDLEE DEET DEDDLEE DEET DOO
DOO DOOT DOO DOOT DOO DOOT SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE
LS LSMFT LS LSMFT
FOR BETTER TASTE SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE
YES SIREE, YOU'LL AGREE
AND YOU WILL SEE WHY WE HAVE BOASTED
IT'S TOASTED
A LUCKY STRIKE TASTES BETTER
AND IT'S CLEANER, YOU BET
A FINE CIGARETTE, THE BEST SMOKE YET
THE SMOKE TO GET
THE SMOKE WE ENDORSE
IS LUCKIES, OF COURSE
FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING SATISFACTION
YOU WILL LIKE LUCKY STRIKE, YES
SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: CAB MOTOR)

JACK: Don, I'm still worried..are you sure your wife won't mind our barging in?

DON: Oh, she'll be delighted to have you.

DENNIS: Am I ^{too} heavy on your lap, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yeah..Don, open the door, maybe he'll fall out.

MARY: Jack!

JACK: ~~Yeah~~, I don't care..I just had my pants pressed.

DON: Well, here we are!...Driver, pull up at that little white cottage there..behind that car that just drove away.

RUBIN: Okay.

(SOUND: CAB MOTOR STOPS..BRAKES)

DON: Well..this is it, fellows.

(SOUND: CAB DOOR OPENS)

DON: How much is that, Driver?

RUBIN: Two dollars and thirty-five cents.

DON: ~~Here you are.~~
Here you are.

BOB: *Now*, Wait a minute, Don, this is on me.

DENNIS: Oh no, *I* want to pay it.

JACK: Gee, you've certainly got a cute house, Don. ~~Now~~.

BOB: *Now*, Nothing doing, Dennis, I want to pay the fare.

DENNIS: Oh, Bob, let me pay it.

BOB: Next time, Dennis, this is my treat.

DENNIS: ~~I~~ *no, no, Bob.* insist on paying.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~, *Rose* bushes around the door and everything....

Yes, It's beautiful.

MARY: OH JACK, PAY FOR THE CAB AND LET'S GO IN.

JACK: Pay for it? I'm not even in the argument.....Oh, all right.. How much did you say that was, Driver?

LM

RUBIN: Two thirty-five.

JACK: ~~Two thirty-five~~ ^{Five Dubs?} here's two-fifty..keep the change.

RUBIN: Oh goody, ^{new} I can send my son to Old Heidelberg.

(SOUND: CAB DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Wise guy...Well..let's go in, Don, ^{Dub?}

DON: Er ^{oh} Wait a minute

JACK: Huh?

DON: You know, Jack, I ... I was just thinking.

JACK: What?

DON: Maybe I should have called up my wife first.

JACK: Don--

DON: Well, with five people barging in unexpectedly, it might upset her

JACK: ^{Don} THAT'S WHAT I TOLD YOU AT THE STUDIO...I TOLD YOU TO CALL UP YOUR WIFE.

BOB: Come on, Don, don't be afraid..let's go in.

DON: Well, it isn't that I'm afraid..but...

MARY: I can understand Don's side of it...all of us barging in like this.

JACK: BARGING, BARGING!..I SAID THAT AT THE STUDIO...I SAID DON, CALL THE LITTLE WOMAN UP...CALL HER UP, I SAID.

DON: Quiet, will you?..I'll tell you what, fellows..You all hide in the rose bushes, and I'll go in and tell Lois that some of the gang might drop in unexpectedly...That'll ^{kinda} soften the blow.

JACK: What blow! ^{Don,} I told you at the studio --

BOB: Come on, Jack, let's do it his way.

BM

JACK: All right, all right...Come on, we'll get in the rose bushes

(SOUND: LITTLE RUSTLE OF LEAVES)

JACK: Ouch! These thorns..Make it snappy, Don.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ~~What~~ The silliest thing I've ever heard of.

MARY: Oh, be quiet and get off my foot.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: HELLO, SWEETHEART!

LOIS: WELL, DARLING, YOU'RE HOME EARLY.

DON: YES^h WHO WAS IN THAT CAR THAT JUST DROVE AWAY?

LOIS ^{Oh}, A JUNK MAN..I GAVE 'EM THAT LOUSY BOWL OF WAX FRUIT.

JACK: Hmmm.

DON: GEE, I'M HUNGRY, DEAR..HAVE WE GOT SOMETHING GOOD FOR SUPPER

LOIS: ^{Oh} ~~What~~, I'M SORRY, DARLING..I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO DO ANY SHOPPING, SO I'LL JUST OPEN A CAN OF TUNA FISH.

DON: OH, THAT'S SWELL, DEAREST.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hum!..I spent two and a half already ~~and~~ I'm going to get tuna fish.

MARY: What are you worrying about, you're not even in yet.

JACK: The thing that burns me up..I'm the guy that told him to call her up!

BOB: ^{Sssss!} Not so loud, Jack.

JACK: This is silly...I wonder if Don's going ~~there~~ --Hey, Dennis, stop eating those roses.

DENNIS: Well, I'm hungry.

EM

JACK: So am I, but I'm going to wait...How are they?

MARY: They need salt.

JACK: Oh, stop..Hey, fellows, the porch light just went on.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: (WHISPERS LOUD) Psst! Psst!...Hey fellows, are you still there?

GANG: Yes.

DON: Well, I just told Lois that I saw Bob and Mary pulling up in a car, so you two better come in first.

JACK: What about me?

DON: You weren't in the car.

JACK: Well, for Pete's sake, I could be, you made the whole thing up.....Let's all go in.

DON: No, you can't do that..Mary and Bob come in first.

BOB: Okay.

MARY: See you later, Jack.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Well, this is the darndest mess I ever got into.

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: I told him at the studio five times...Call her up, Don, call up your wife..But no, he has to be a wise guy..And on top of that, it looks like it's going to rain.

DENNIS: It'll be wonderful for the roses.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...wonderful...I wouldn't mind waiting out here, but the worst of it is, I've got to talk to you!

DENNIS: What'll we talk about?

JACK: Nothing...Just be quiet and eat your roses...It's getting chilly too!

(SOUND: TWO BOARDS RUBBED TOGETHER)

JACK: Dennis, stop rubbing your legs together.

DENNIS: That's a cricket, he's singing "Three Coins In The Fountain".

JACK: Oh, for -- Dennis, why do you have to be so--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Here comes Don again.

DON: Psst! Psst!..Hey Dennis, come on in.

JACK: Dennis!

DON: Yeah, I told my wife I just saw him riding up on his bicycle.

JACK: Well, as long as you're dreaming things up, why didn't you see me on the handle bars?..Use your fat head.

DON: I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: By the way, how's the tuna fish holding out?

DON: There'll be plenty...Don't worry, Jack, you're next.

....WELL LOOK WHO 'S HERE,, DARLING..DENNIS DAY!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: (MOCKING HIM) Look who's here, Darling..Dennis Day..I ought to have my head examined... I can't get over it. If I told him once at the studio, I told him five times..Call your wife, let's not barge in on the little women..

(SOUND: LOUD CLAP OF THUNDER)

JACK: Oh, fine...It's going to rain, all right....I can't get over that guy! I begged him, I pleaded with him...Don, I said --

(SOUND: MORE THUNDER)

BM

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JACK: Don, I said..don't barge in on the little woman..Call her up, let her know we're coming ---

(SOUND: THUNDER AND RAIN STARTS..LIGHT AT FIRST,
THEN LOUDER)

JACK: I knew it, I knew it!....Well, here it comes...I'm going to get soaked...OH, THE HECK WITH WILSON..I'M GOING TO WALK RIGHT IN THAT HOUSE READY OR NOT!...IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO --

MEL: STICK 'EM UP, BUDDY!

JACK: Hub?

MEL: YOU HEARD ME..STICK 'EM UP.

JACK: Stick 'em up?...Are you a burglar?

MEL: I AIN'T THE COUND OF MONTE CRISTO.

JACK: Now look, Mister --

MEL: COME ON, COME ON..WHERE DO YOU CARRY YOUR DOUGH?

JACK: In my right shoe...But look, Mister, I was invited to a party in this house, I'm not even supposed to be out here.

MEL: GET THAT SHOE OFF!

JACK:Gee, it's raining, I'll get my foot wet...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now please --

DON: (FROM A DISTANCE) HEY JACK...OH JACK!

JACK: I'M --

MEL: KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT OR I'LL DRILL YUH!

BM

ATX01 0020126

JACK: But he's calling me...Can't you hear him?

DON: JACK, JACK!...WHERE ARE YOU? COME ON IN.

MEL: NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU, BUDDY, OR I'LL DRILL YOU.

JACK: But, Mister, the tuna fish will be all gone...And I don't like roses.

LOIS: THERE'S NOBODY OUT THERE, DARLING..YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN!

DON: I GUESS I WAS, DEAR.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Oh my goodness.

MEL: ALL RIGHT, BUDDY, OFF WITH THAT SHOE!

JACK: (STARTS TO CRY) Now listen, Mister, if I take this shoe off, I'll never get it back on again. I haven't got my button-hook with me...Now please go away.

MEL: COME ON...GIMME YOUR DOUGH!

JACK: But listen, Buddy..this isn't fair. I wouldn't have been here at all if Don Wilson had taken my advice.

MEL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

JA (SOUND: RAIN UP)

JACK: I'll tell you what I'm talking about...if I told him once, I told him a thousand times..Call up your wife, Don..five people barging in on the little woman. It's an imposition! Call her up...call her up, I said...

(PLAY OFF STARTS)

JACK: But would he listen to me? No, he had to be a wise guy..a smart Alec..A thousand times I said, "Call up the little woman, call her up," I said.

(PLAYOFF UP FULL & APPLAUSE)

LW

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #5
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show which goes on immediately after this program over the CBS Network...but first a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette.

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show which goes on at seven o'clock over the CBS Network but first a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette. Better taste, friends, is the prime concern of the makers of Lucky Strike. That's why a Lucky is made of fine good-tasting tobacco that's toasted to taste even better. Yes, better taste begins with fine, light, mild tobacco...good-tasting tobacco. And then that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED"-- the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, make your next carton Lucky Strike and Be Happy, Go Lucky.

(TRANSCRIBED:
COLLINS AND
FULL CALYPSO
VERSION OF
SONG-37 SEC.)

"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.

(MORE)

RT

ATX01 0020128

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #5
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-D-

COLLINS:
(CONT'D)

They make 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.

RT

ATX01 0020129

(TAG)

-19-

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO'S THAT?

JACK: It's me, Rochester,

ROCH: BOSS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOWN AT CBS DOING YOUR TELEVISION SHOW.

JACK: Oh my goodness, that's right. Get the car out, and drive me down.

ROCH: CAN'T DO THAT, BOSS. THE CAR'S OUT OF GAS.

JACK: Well, how in the world am I going to get down there?

ROCH: I THOUGHT OF THAT AND I'VE GOT IT ALL FIXED. (WHISTLES AS IF CALLING DOG)

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES)

JACK: Well, I'll be darned, it has got a saddle on it.

ROCH: YEAH, INSTEAD OF A WHIP, HOLD THIS PIECE OF CHEESE IN FRONT OF IT.

JACK: Hi ho, Mickey..Away..

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES)

JACK: See you on television, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

RT

ATX01 0020130

(TAG)

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

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

RT

ATX01 0020131

(J.B.N. #6)
PROGRAM #9
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"As Broadcast"

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - September ²⁴ 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
DON WILSON
SPORTSMEN QUARTET
MEL BLANC
FRANK NELSON
CHARLES BAGBY

DW

ATXQ1 0020132

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

#6

SUNDAY

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that's toasted to taste better!

(TRANS-
CRIBED
FULL HIT
PARADERS
VERSION
OF SONG
39 SEC)

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. You know, that song tells an important story to smokers. Simply, it's this: Luckies taste better. First because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...and then this fine tobacco is toasted! Yes, the fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in every Lucky is toasted to taste even better. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its very peak of flavor ...tones up this naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So next time you buy cigarettes, make it a carton of better-tasting Lucky Strike. Be happy -- Go Lucky!

DW

RTX01 0020133

(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, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ JACK BENNY HAS BEEN CONFINED TO HIS BED FOR THE PAST WEEK WITH A SEVERE COLD, DUE TO AN UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE AT MY HOUSE LAST SUNDAY, IT SEEMS THAT I HAD INVITED JACK AND THE GANG TO COME OVER WITHOUT TELLING MY WIFE..THEN WHEN WE ALL GOT THERE, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE WISE TO BREAK IT TO HER GENTLY BY HAVING THEM COME IN ONE AT A TIME..(SLOW FADE)..AND WELL..WHILE JACK WAS WAITING OUTSIDE, IT STARTED TO RAIN, AND AS HE----

JACK: (FADE IN) ~~Whole~~ whole week flat on my back in bed..and for what? (COUGHS) I ought to have my head examined. If I told Don once, I told him ^{a thousand} ~~one~~ times...I said, Don, call up your wife..Call her up, I said..Let's not berge in on the little women...But no! Lois is a peach, she won't mind. She just loves to have compe---(COUGHS) ..ny . Oh Nurse..Nurse!

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Take this hot water beg away, it leaks..Look at this hole.

ROCH: IT'S OKAY IF YOU KEEP YOUR FINGER IN IT.

JACK: I told you to have it patched..Look at me, my nightie is soaked clear through ..(COUGHS)..You're a fine nurse.

ROCH: WHAT'S THAT, BOSS?

JACK: I said you're a fine nurse.

RF

ROCH: WELL, YOU'VE ONLY BEEN SICK A WEEK, I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO GET A DIPLOMA.

JACK: Well, ^{then} take off those white stockings, you look silly...all I'm asking for is a little help..If you'd only ^{try}

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer the phone, will you?

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO.....YES..HE'S FEELING MUCH BETTER, MISS LAMARR.

JACK: Well!

ROCH: YES, MA'AM..I'LL TELL HIM, MISS LAMARR..THANKS FOR CALLING.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Mmm..that was sweet...Who was that, Rochester..Hedy Lamarr?

ROCH: NO, DOROTHY

JACK: Oh..you mean Dorothy Lamour.

ROCH: NO, DOROTHY LAMARR, SHE'S THE COOK NEXT DOOR.

JACK: Oh, her!...Well, she works for Ronald Colmen..Ronny probably wants to know how I'm getting along.

ROCH: YOU'LL MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT, WON'T YOU, BOSS?

JACK: Well, that's undoubtedly what it was.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Mary, I told you not to fuss around the kitchen.

MARY: Now Jack, you've got to eat this omlette I made for you. It'll do you good.

JACK: I don't want an omlette.

MARY: ^{Well,} You've got to have something...Here.

JACK: Oh, all right.

(SOUND: LIGHT PLATE AND FORK RATTLE)

RF

JACK: ~~Can't~~ Can't taste anything with this darn cold.

MARY: Rochester, did Mr. Benny sleep well last night?

ROCH: NO, MISS LIVINGSTONE, HE TOSSED AND TURNED, AND KEPT TALKING IN HIS SLEEP ALL THE TIME.

MARY: *What*, What did he say?

ROCH: ~~He~~ SAID HE WAS GONNA GIVE ME A RAISE.

JACK: Well, I'm not.

ROCH: YOU MUMBLE AGAIN TONIGHT, AND I'M GONNA STICK A CHECK BOOK IN YOUR HAND.

JACK: Don't try to pull any fast ones, Roch ~~you~~ --Mary, what did you put in this omelette?

MARY: Vapo~~r~~ Rub, you've got a cold, haven't you?

JACK: Vapo~~r~~ Rub? ^{*That*} That stuff is to rub on..it's supposed to be taken externally.

MARY: All right, put the omelette on your chest and leave me alone.

JACK: You leave me alone.

MARY: I never saw anybody so crenky..It's your own fault that you've got a cold.

JACK: My fault?..I suppose it was my fault that Don Wilson invited us to his house and everybody got in but me...I suppose it was my fault ~~that~~ it started to rain and I got soaked.

MARY: Well, for heaven's sake, you don't expect him to bring home a whole geng of people without calling up his wife first!

JACK: Oh, for Pete's sake!...Mary, you were at the studio, you heard me! How many times did I say..Don, call up your wife, Call her up, I said, let's not berge in on the little women. But would he listen to me?...(SNEEZES)

ROCH: GEZUNDHEIDT, BOSS.

RF

JACK: Thanks..No, he had to go and end..end..(SNEEZES AGAIN)

MARY: Gesundheit, Jack.

JACK: Thanks...He had to go and bring ~~me~~ the whole gang out to ~~me~~.
(SNEEZES AGAIN)

ROCH: GEZUNDHEIDT, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks...out to the house without letting her know a thing about it...I wouldn't have minded that so much, but when we-
(STARTS TO SNEEZE) *when we* ... ~~me~~ when we ..(SNEEZES AGAIN)

ROCH: IT'S YOUR TURN, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: No, I said it already.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT I SAID IT AFTER YOU SAID IT.

JACK: Well, somebody say it, I'm superstitious...Gezundheit.....
I don't feel good, I wish the Doctor' ~~could~~ get here.

MARY: Well, go to sleep for a while..The rest will do you good.

JACK: I can't rest..I'm so uncomfortable lying here.

MARY: Why don't you take some of those silver dollars out of the mattress?

JACK: What are you talking about?..Silver dollars..there's nothing in ~~the~~ *the* mattress but feathers.

ROCH: YOU OUGHT TO HEAR 'EM CLINK WHEN I MAKE THE BED.

JACK: Now stop, both of you!...I'm in no mood for nonsense.
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MARY: Come in
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh *fine,* hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, I wasn't doing anything so I thought I'd come over and see how you're getting along.

RF

JACK: Well, that's very nice of you..have a seat.

DENNIS: Thanks.. How do you feel?

JACK: Not so hot..I'm dizzy, my eyes are bleary, I'm weak, and
I - I ache all over.

DENNIS: Well, you're not a kid anymore.

JACK: Now wait a minute!...There's only one thing the matter with
me, Dennis..I've got a cold.

DENNIS: A cold, he says!

JACK: What's the matter with you, haven't you ever had a cold?

MARY: Oh, Jack, don't be such a crab..Dennis comes over to visit
you and you jump all over him.

DENNIS: Yeah, if you're not nice to me, I won't give you the gift
I brought for you.

JACK: *a* Gift?

DENNIS: Uh huh, Mother thought I should bring ^{some} flowers, and my father
suggested candy..But I decided it might be better to give
you something ^{that} you can get some use out of.

JACK: ~~Well~~..I like practical gifts..What did you get me, Dennis?

DENNIS: ~~a~~ Set of false teeth.

JACK: ...False teeth???

DENNIS: Watch the way they grab your finger.

JACK: OUCH!...Get those things away from me..I've never used
false teeth, I don't need ^{false teeth} ~~them~~, and I don't want 'em.

DENNIS: Gee..then I guess I better take 'em back.

RF

JACK: Certainly you'll take 'em back. *In the first place* Who brings people false teeth for a gift? ~~.....~~ ~~.....~~ In the second place, Dennis..when someone needs false teeth, they have to go to a dentist *an impression* ~~.....~~ has to be made, fittings have to be taken, then you have to wait till the gums are set so the jaw won't recede, and even then you may have to go back three or four times if the palate is irritated or the ~~.....~~ bite overlaps.

DENNIS: *See,* For someone who doesn't wear 'em you're sure an expert.

JACK: *Dennis,* ~~.....~~ cut ~~.....~~ out...Look, ~~.....~~, if you just come here to aggravate me, you can go home now.

MARY: *Oh,* Don't mind him, Dennis..whenever he's sick, he gets touchy like this.

DENNIS: Oh that's all right, *Mary.... Hey,* what's that on your chest, Mr. Benny?

JACK: AN OMELETTE, THERE'S VAPO~~R~~ RUB IN IT!...That was Mary's brilliant idea. When I wouldn't eat it, she said, "Put it on your chest."

MARY: I only told you to put it on your chest for a gag.

JACK: WELL, IT FEELS WONDERFUL, SO THE LAUGH'S ON YOU!... ~~.....~~ For as I'm concerned you can all leave me alone.

MARY: Oh Jack, why don't you take a nap and rest for awhile.

JACK: I told you I can't sleep, I'm too nervous.

MARY: Well, close your eyes and relax..you'll be all right.

JACK: Okey, my eyes are closed. Am I sleep? No!...I tell you I'm too restless.

DENNIS: Do you want me to sing you to sleep?

JACK: Oh fine..that's all I need.

RF

DENNIS: You know I'm very soothing.

JACK: All right, ^{all right} sing me ^{to} sleep! (MUMBLES) • Hope it's Rock-
a-Bye Baby in the Tree Top...That always gets me. ~~me~~

Think I was six months old, or something.

MARY: (WHISPERS) Go ahead..sing, Dennis.

DENNIS: (WHISPERS) Okey.

JACK: (MUMBLING) Dern this mattress, it's so lumpy...I think
I'll take it to the bank Monday.

(DENNIS'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

RF

ATX01 0020140

JACK: (SNORES TWICE)

DENNIS: (WHISPERS) Gee, I put him to sleep all right.

MARY: You sure did.

JACK: (SNORES AGAIN)

DENNIS: Look at him lying there...doesn't he look like a baby?

MARY: Yeah, all he needs is a rattle and a ton of make-up.

JACK: (QUICK SNORE AND WAKES UP) Huh?...What happened?

DENNIS: You were asleep.

JACK: I was not. I'm too restless to sleep...Now go ahead, Dennis, sing your song.

DENNIS: I already sang it, I'm not going to sing it again.

JACK: All right, don't sing...but don't try to tell me I was asleep when I wasn't...everybody tries to make out that I'm---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Well, look who's here, ~~it's~~ ^{Mary:} It's your piano player, Charli Bagby.

BAGBY: Hello, Mary...Hi ya, Jack, how's the invalid?

JACK: Not so good, Charlie, I ~~was~~ got a cold.

MARY: Say Charlie, how is it Frankie Remley didn't come with you?

BAGBY: Well, he couldn't make it, but he wanted me to give this to Jack...It's a painting.

JACK: A painting? Remley sent me a painting?

BAGBY: Well, he did this himself. And he's very proud of it.

JACK: Let me see...So Remley painted this, eh?

BAGBY: Yeah...I think it's quite unusual.

DW

JACK: But it's just a ^{-it's just a} drunk lying on the curb... ^{what's} What's so unusual about that?

BAGBY: It's a self-portrait.

JACK: Oh oh...sey, that is Remley... ~~so~~ so hard to tell with that dog licking his face... Anyway, it was nice of him to send it. (COUGHS)...Gee, I wish ~~the~~ ^{the} doctor ~~would~~ ^{would} get here... I ~~got~~ got chills again...Where's the thermometer, Rochester.

ROCK: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer the phone, Mary.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello...Yes...He's feeling much better, Miss Colbert...Yes, thank you...I'll tell him you called...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Well!...Who was that... Claudette Colbert?

MARY: No, Minnie.

JACK: Oh, Minnie Colbert...Oh yes, she's the cashier at the Vine Street Bowling Alley...You know, that girl kinda goes for me.

BAGBY: You can have her, brother! She's got legs like my piano.

JACK: WELL, SHE'S BEHIND THE COUNTER ALL DAY, WHO SEES 'EM?...Every fellow that walks into that Bowling Alley is crazy about her.. She has a beautiful face.

DENNIS: Then why do they keep score on it?

JACK: Oh, quiet...A lot you know about women.

BAGBY: What's that on your chest, Jack?

JACK: An omlette...Give me the thermometer, Rochester.

DW

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE...OPEN YOUR MOUTH.

JACK: AHHHHH! (PUTS PENCIL IN HIS MOUTH)

BAGBY: Say Mary, has Don Wilson been over ~~here~~ to see Mr. Benny?

MARY: Not yet, he's probably scared after what happened.

BAGBY: ^{Well,} What's he scared about? It wasn't Don's fault,

JACK: (WITH PENCIL IN HIS MOUTH) It wasn't Don's fault? If I told him once, I told him a thousand times. ^{I said} don't berge in on the little woman...(TAKES PENCIL OUT) Here, Rochester, what does the thermometer say?

ROCH: THIRTY-NINE.

JACK: Thirty-nine...~~thirty-nine~~, you made that up.

ROCH: YOU MADE IT UP, I'M JUST GOIN' ALONG WITH THE GAG.

JACK: All right, all right...I wonder what's keeping that doctor.

MARY: Why don't you take some more of that cough medicine?

JACK: Oh, I hate it.

ROCH: IT'S MIGHTY GOOD, BOSS...SIXTY PERCENT ALCOHOL.

JACK: Sixty per--- Bagby, put that bottle down!...All of a sudden he's got a cold...Gee, I feel rotten.

MARY: Well, maybe you ought to have a bite to eat.

JACK: Yesh, I am kind of hungry...Rochester, you can fix me something...What's in the refrigerator?

ROCH: AN APPLE, A PEAR, A PEACH, A BANANA, AND A GRAPE.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: SOMEDAY I'M GONNA SEE TWO OF SOMETHING AND PAINT.

JACK: Rochester---

ROCH: I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED THAT BANANAS COME IN BUNCHES.

JACK: Now cut that out...Just see if you can scrape something together.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: That Rochester...I give him five dollars a week for food and there's never anything in the house...Boy, he's going to have some explaining to do when the accountant comes...I'm tired of people taking advantage of me...(COUGHS)

DENNIS: Gesundheit.

JACK: That's only for sneezes...If the doctor doesn't get here pretty soon, I'll --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: That must be him now...Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: It's Don Wilson.

DON: Hello, everybody.

CAPT: (AD LIBS HELLOS)

JACK: *Hummm* He's got a nerve *coming* ~~being~~ here.

DON: Hello, Jack...I'm awfully sorry about what happened last week, and I came over to apologize...How do you feel?

JACK: Fine, I'm glad you barged in...How's the little woman?

MARY: Oh, Jack, ~~she's just been coughing all day long~~

She's just been coughing all day long. It's your own fault that you've got a cold.

DW

JACK: It's not only the cold..but when he left me standing in the rain, a stick-up man came along ~~and~~ I got hooked for eight dollars and sixty-five cents.

~~DENNIS: Don't get me. You said it was a...~~

JACK: ~~It was a...~~...It was a terrible experience.

BAGBY: Did the guy pull a gun on you, Jack?

MARY: How else could he get eight dollars and sixty-five cents?

JACK: Is that so...I wasn't afraid of him

BAGBY: Then why'd you let him take your dough!

JACK: Because he stuck a gun in my ribs.

DENNIS: Then why didn't you let him shoot you?

JACK: ~~BECAUSE I GOT MORE MONEY THAN BLOOD AND SHUT UP~~ Hope you're happy, Mr. Wilson, for everything you've..you've..

(SNEEZES)

DON: Gesundheit.

JACK: Keep it. ...And Don, if you think you can come here, apologize, and expect me to forgive you just like that, you're sadly mistaken.

DON: But Jack, I even went to the trouble of bringing the Sportsmen over here.

JACK: The Sportsmen?

DON: Yeah..COME ON IN, FELLOWS.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

QUART: Hummmmm.

(Oh, learning did)
JACK: Don, why ^{did} you bring 'em here?

DON: *Well,* I thought maybe they could sing for you and cheer you up.

~~.....~~

DON: ~~.....~~.. Go ahead.. take it, fellows.

DON: Do you feel better now, Jack?

JACK: Oh sure. sure...everybody sings to me, nobody brings ~~me~~ candy.

DON: Well, whyway, Jack, it sure makes me feel better ~~me~~ ^{to know} that we're friends again.

JACK: ^{Hell,} We're not friends again - you've got a long way to go.

DON: But Jack, once in a while even an elephant forgets.

JACK: Well, you ought to know, brother.

DON: (MAD) Oh yeah? Well, if that's the way you feel, I take back my apology.

JACK: Take it back...who cares?

DON: OHH.HH...COME ON, ^{Spatsman} ~~me~~, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE - I'VE DONE ALL- I CAN.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a big fat hypocrite.

MARY: Jack, I still think you're being childish...you two ought to kiss and make up.

JACK: I wouldn't kiss Don Wilson if I was a French General...The ^{the way} way I feel now I'd just about ~~me~~ --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: THE DOCTOR'S HERE, BOSS.

JACK: Oh... ^{well,} it's about time.

NELSON: WELLLLLLL, HOW'S MY LITTLE MAN THIS BRIGHT AND CHEERY DAY.

JACK: As if you cared...I ~~me~~ been waiting for you since early this morning.

NELSON: Well, don't holler at me. I was up all night with Gene Autrey's horse.

JACK: ~~me~~... ~~me~~, Now that you're here, you can look me over.

NELSON: Yes, indeed...Now let's see, what's wrong with you?

END

JACK: I've got a cold.

NELSON: A cold, he says!

JACK: ~~That's~~, that's what I've got. I'm so weak, I can hardly move..

and look at my eyes, they're all blood-shot.

NELSON: Well, I think that little bit of red is beautiful with the blue.

JACK: I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE COLOR SCHEME, I WANT MY COLD CURED!

...And another thing, I'm hungry...Is it all right if I eat something?

NELSON: Oh, no no...You should starve a cold and feed a fever.

JACK: Oh,

NELSON: Or is it starve a fever and feed a cold?

JACK: YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, YOU TELL ME!...Now if you can't handle this, just say so ~~and~~ I'll call some one who can.

NELSON: My, we're irritable today...Let's see, I better test your reflexes?

JACK: My ~~reflexes~~ *reflexes? My reflexes?*

NELSON: Yes, would you mind crossing your withers.

JACK: They're my legs... ~~and~~ there's nothing wrong with my reflexes it's just that I keep coughing and sneezing.

NELSON: Well, in that case, I'd better give you a cold shot..That'll fix you up in no time.

JACK: But Doc, I don't want a shot.

NELSON: I'll just fill my hypodermic needle.

JACK: You're not going to stick that needle in me!

MARY: Oh, let him, Jack. He knows what he's doing.

JACK: ~~But~~, But I don't need it, Mary, I've just got a little cold.

NELSON: Now hold still and I'll put this needle right in your arm.

GH

JACK: ¹ *Well,* WAIT'LL I ROLL UP MY SLEEVE..I never saw such an impatient--

NELSON: ~~Easy~~...Easy now..this won't hurt a bit. Here we go.

JACK: Now, Doc..terrrr! Ooooooh, my arm.

NELSON: There, now that wasn't so bad, was it?

JACK: It was, too..my arm hurts like anything.

NELSON: Should I kiss it for you?

JACK: Don't bother.

NELSON: Now I want you to get all the sleep you can..I'll leave a box of these pills..take one before retiring.

JACK: Okay.

MARY: Why don't you take one now, Jack, so you can rest for a while?

JACK: Yeah..I think I will.

NELSON: Well, I'll run along,now, Mr. Benny..See you tomorrow....
Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Now if you kids will all *leave me*
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Excuse me.

JACK: Now what?

NELSON: I forgot to take the needle out of your arm.

JACK: What?

NELSON: I lose more darn needles that way.

JACK: WELL FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, FULL IT OUT.

NELSON: All right, now hold still.
(SOUND: SUCTION NOISE AND POP)

JACK: Oooh.

GH

NELSON: There we are..Well, ^{ill} see you tomorrow..Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

NELSON: Now let's see, who's my next patient..Oh yes, Barbara Stanwyck's cocker spaniel.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Fine doctor I picked.

MARY: Well, it's your own fault, why did you call a Veternerian?

JACK: Because what happened to me shouldn't happen to a dog!...
Now I wish you'd all go home and let me get some sleep.

BAGBY: Okay, Jack..I'll be seein' you.

DENNIS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny, I hope you feel better.

JACK: ^{Well,} Thanks, ..So long, Mary.

MARY: So long, Jack, see you tomorrow.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Rochester!..(YAWNS) Rochester, I'm going to sleep..If I get any calls, don't disturb me.

ROCH: OKAY, BOSS..IF THAT STREET LIGHT ^{disturbs} YOU, I CAN PULL THE SHADE.

JACK: No no ..I may wake up and feel like reading..Goodnight, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODNIGHT.

JACK: Oh, by the way, , wake me up in time to watch the General Electric Theatre on television..I'm on it tonight.

ROCH: OKAY, BOSS.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: (YAWNS) Gee, I hope I can get a good night's rest.. This pill does make you kind of drowsy at that..(YAWNS).~~████~~, Wilson had a lot of nerve coming over here tonight..I can't get over that guy..all this trouble I'm having for no reason at all...(YAWNS)..If I told him once, I told him a thousand times...Call up ~~████████████████████~~ *the little woman, I said....*

So we won't

[^]berging in..(SNORES).. ~~████~~ no he had to be a wise guy..

(SNORES TWICE)

(SOUND: WINDOW OPENING)

RF

JACK: What's that?..Who's that at the window?

MEL: All right, buddy, stick 'em up.

JACK: WHAT?

MEL: Come on, gimme your dough!

JACK: Why, you're the same guy that got me at Don Wilson's house..
Remember, I was in the rose bushes.

MEL: *Yeah* Never mind that, hand over your dough.

JACK: You can't do this to me. I'm a sick man..I've got a cold.

MEL: A cold, he says..Now come on, fork over.

JACK: Gee, I gave you all the money I had in my shoe..every cent
of it...Remember?

MEL: This time I want your matress!

JACK: Yipe!....Oh no you don't.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING NOISES)

JACK: GIVE ME THAT GUN!..I'LL TEACH YOU TO BREAK INTO PEOPLE'S
HOUSES!

MEL: NO NO, DON'T SHOOT..PLEASE, DON'T SHOOT!

JACK: TAKE THAT!

(SOUND: FOUR LOUD GUN SHOTS)

MEL: Oooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Oh my godness! What have I done?....I've killed him, I've
killed him!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BOSS..BOSS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JACK: CALL THE POLICE, ROCHESTER...I JUST KILLED A ~~man~~!

ROCH: WAKE UP, BOSS, WAKE UP!

JACK: I'M NOT ASLEEP, I JUST KILLED A MAN..CAN'T YOU SEE?

GH

ROCH: BOSS, WAKE UP! YOU DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY, YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING!

JACK: Dreaming?..Oh, thank Heaven..Gee, it was so vivid..so real... You know, Rochester ^{gee} you'd ^{have been} proud of me if you'd seen how brave I was just now.

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

JACK: When that big tough burglar came in the room and stuck that gun in my face, was I scared?..~~no~~...I grabbed the gun out of his hand and let him have it..Bang, bang bang bang! ...Boy, did I give it to him!

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN YOU ^{take} ~~take~~ THE RIGHT PILL, YOU'RE A TIGER.

JACK: You said it..Well, I'm going back to sleep now, Rochester. If anything happens, I'll let you know..Goodnight.

ROCH: GOODNIGHT, BOSS...HEE HEE HEE HEE, WHAT A MAN!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

GH

ATX01 0020153

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #6

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, friends,
but first, I'd like to say something important
to you cigarette smokers. When you light up a
Lucky, you can be sure you'll get the better taste
you want. That's because a Lucky is toasted to taste better.
Of course, the beginning of better taste is fine tobacco.
LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then ...
IT'S TOASTED! That's the famous Lucky Strike process that
brings Luckies fine tobacco to its peak of flavor... tones
it up to make this naturally good-tasting tobacco taste
even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Yes, that's why
Luckies taste better. It's the cigarette of fine tobacco
and It's Toasted! So remember ...

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL HIT
PARADERS
VERSION OF
SONG --39
SEC.)

If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette, Lucky
Strike is the brand to bet!

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 light
tobacco, it's mild tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED,
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.

RF

(MORE)

ATX01 0020154

-D-

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #6

(TRANSCRIBED: So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,
FULL HIT Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
PARADERS
VERSION OF SONG IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
-- 39 SEC.)
CONT'D. It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP)
cig-a-rette!"

RF

ATX01 0020155

ROCH: HOW DO YOU FEEL THIS MORNING, BOSS?

JACK: A lot better..A good night's sleep really helps.

ROCH: IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU CHEERFUL AGAIN.

JACK: Yeah..and you know, Rochester, I better call Don Wilson and apologize for the way I treated him.

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

DON: (NASALLY) Hello.

JACK: Hello, Don, this is Jack, and I called to say that I'm sorry for the way I acted.

DON: (ANGRY) I don't care if -- (SNEEZES)

JACK: What's the matter?

DON: I caught your cold. (SNEEZES)

JACK: Gesundheit.

DON: Keep it.

JACK: What?

DON: This is all your fault.

JACK: My fault! If I told ~~her~~^{him} once I told ~~her~~^{him} a thousand times..
Call the little woman. But ~~she~~^{he} had to be a wise guy..
I said, Don, ~~she~~^{he} ~~just~~^{let me just} barge in on
her.. Call ~~her up~~^{her up} ~~he~~^{she} said.... I begged ~~her~~^{him}....

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

Goodnight, folks.

LW

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

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

LW

ATX01 0020157

ATK01 002015B

HY AVERBACK
BENNY RUBIN
APPLE AVERBACK
CHARLEY BAGBY
SHIRLEY MITCHELL
BEA BENEDETTI
MEL BLANC
DON WILSON
SPORTSMEN QUARTER
DENNIS DAY
ROCHESTER
JACK BENNY
CAST

(Transcribed - Sept. 28, 1954)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1954 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"The Breakfast"

(J.B.N.7)
PROGRAM #10
REVISED SCRIPT

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented
by LUCKY STRIKE...the cigarette that's toasted to
taste better!

(TRANSCRIBED)
COLLINS:
WITH FULL
ORCH. B.G.
If you want better taste from your cig-ar-ette,
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. I'd like you to listen to just
the last part of that song once again.

(TRANSCRIBED)
COLLINS:
WITH FULL
ORCH. B.G.
It's the toasted (CLAP...CLAP, CLAP) Cig-a-rette!

(MORE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL, (CONTINUED)

WILSON: That's one important reason a Lucky tastes better. It's toasted! The fine tobacco that goes into every Lucky is 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, naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. That's why we say this: If you want real enjoyment from your cigarette...make it Lucky Strike!

Optional:

~~(TRANSCRIBED) If you want better taste from your cig a-rette,
COLLINS: Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
WITH FULL IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet.
OROH, B.G. It's the toasted (CLAP...CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.~~

(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 ~~SHOW~~ ^{television} SHOW..BUT MEANWHILE, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO YESTERDAY AND OUT TO JACKS ~~HOME~~ HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS...IT IS A TYPICAL MORNING IN THE BENNY HOUSEHOLD..AND AS WE LOOK IN, ROCHESTER IS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN.

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER FINISH SQUEEZING THESE ORANGES.

(SOUND: ORANGE JUICE BEING SQUEEZED)

ROCH: GEE, THAT LOOKS GOOD...ORANGE JUICE IS SO WONDERFUL WHEN IT'S FRESH...THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT WHEN THE ORANGES HAVE BEEN PICKED RIGHT ~~from~~ ^{from} THE TREE...WE SURE ARE LUCKY THE COLMANS HAVE ONE.....I REMEMBER THE ARGUMENT THEY HAD THE FIRST TIME MR. BENNY PICKED THEM...HE TOLD MR. COLMAN THAT WHILE IT WAS HIS TREE, SINCE THAT LIME WAS GROWING OVER INTO OUR YARD, IT WAS OUR LEGAL PROPERTY.....I THOUGHT THE BOSS WAS WRONG, TOO, BUT THE SUPREME COURT UPHELD HIM.../AND THEN I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FOLLOWING WEEK ...HEE HEE HEE HEE,MR. COLMAN SURE LOOKED FUNNY WITH THAT BROWN HAIR..BUT HE TOLD THE BOSS THAT ANYTHING THAT BLEW OVER INTO HIS YARD WAS HIS.../...WELL, THAT FINISHES THE ORANGE JUICE...NOW TO PUT THE COFFEE ON.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...COFFEE POT ON STOVE)

14 EC

MEL: (SQUAWKS & SINGS SOFTLY) Goodnight, sweetheart, till we meet tomorrow...Goodnight, sweetheart...(WHISTLES)

ROCH: *Oh* -OH, POLLY....I FORGOT TO TAKE THE COVER OFF YOUR CAGE.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...STOP...COVER BEING REMOVED FROM CAGE)

ROCH: THERE YOU ARE.

MEL: (SINGS) Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, what a beautiful day. (WHISTLES)

ROCH: *It* -IT SURE IS A NICE DAY, POLLY.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Tunney Beats Dempsey...Tunney Beats Dempsey.. (SQUAWKS)

ROCH: I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME I CHANGED THAT PAPER ON ~~THE~~ ~~ZOOKEEPER'S~~ POLLY'S CAGE...WELL, I BETTER GET HER SOMETHING TO EAT.

MEL: (COUPLE OF HAPPY SQUAWKS)
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (UP AND BRIGHT) OH, GOOD MORNING, MR. HENNY.

JACK: (DOWN IN DUMPS) Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: HERE'S A NICE BIG GLASS OF FRESH ORANGE JUICE.

JACK: I don't want any.

ROCH: OH...WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR BREAKFAST?

JACK: Nothing.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, DON'T YOU WANT ANYTHING AT ALL?

JACK: Well...yes...get me some smelling salts...some Tums... fix me an Alka-Seltzer...and get me a bottle of aspirin.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARE YOU SICK?

JACK: No, ~~the~~ Dennis Day is coming over...I couldn't talk him out of it.

ROCH: YOU SHOULDN'T LET HIM UPSET YOU LIKE THAT.

JACK: I shouldn't eh? That stupid kid called me up at three o'clock this morning to ask me how I felt.

ROCH: *Why* WHY WOULD HE CALL YOU AT THREE IN THE MORNING?

JACK: He said he thought my line wouldn't be busy then...I can't understand that kid...Anyway, he told me he was coming over today to let me hear his song.

ROCH: ISN'T THAT THE REASON HE USUALLY COMES OVER?

JACK: Yes, but *when* ~~he~~ he starts that silly talk ~~he~~ he drives me nuts...But he won't do it today...I won't give him a chance to do anything but sing...A man can ~~stand~~ *just* stand so much and then ---

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Truman defeats Dewey...Truman defeats Dewey.. (WHISTLES)

JACK: Oh good, Rochester, you changed the paper in Polly's cage...~~I thought you were going to have a good time today~~ ~~wasn't it?~~...Was there any mail, Rochester?

ROCH: IT DIDN'T COME YET...BUT YOU DID HAVE ONE IMPORTANT PHONE CALL..HILLIARD MARKS, YOUR PRODUCER, CALLED FROM C.B.S. TO TELL YOU THAT THE TIME OF TOMORROW'S REHEARSAL HAS BEEN CHANGED.

~~JACK: Oh, good...You know, Rochester, that's one of the things that makes my job easier...I surround myself with competent people...They take care of all the details, and I never have to worry...What time is rehearsal going to be tomorrow?~~

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, HE FORGOT TO TELL ME.

JACK: ...Well, I better call up and find out.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP...
DIALING FIVE OR SIX TIMES..BUZZING..
THEN PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello, C.B.S. The Stars' Address...Yes sir...Hold the line, I'll see if I can locate him.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

SHIRLEY: Who was that, Gertrude?

BEA: Jack Benny...he wants I should get him his producer.

SHIRLEY: Oh, that Benny...always making us do things...He's a pain in the neck!

BEA: Not to me...I like him and he likes me.

SHIRLEY: Really?

BEA: Yeah...if I tell you a secret, will you promise to keep it a secret?

SHIRLEY: Oh sure...I swear on my picture of Pinky Lee.

BEA: Okay, I'll tell you...Last June Jack Benny and I nearly got married....

SHIRLEY:	No kidding...what happened to stop the elopement?
BEA:	Everything went wrong that night...First I broke his window when I leaned the ladder up against it.
SHIRLEY:	...Wait a minute...wasn't he supposed to put the ladder up against your window?
BEA:	Look...he was supposed to pay for the license, too, but go argue with him.
SHIRLEY:	All right...so tell me what happened already?

BEA: we got into a cab and rode over to the Justice of the Peace, and he started reading the ceremony.

SHIRLEY: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

BEA: *Well*, When he got ^{to} the part that says, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow", Jack ran out so fast he broke the sound barrier..I was never so embarrassed in my life.

SHIRLEY: I can imagine.

BEA: Now I wouldn't marry Jack if he was the last man on earth.

SHIRLEY: ...Say, the way he keeps going on, he's liable to be.

BEA: Yeah...Anyway, I'm glad I broke up with him. I've started going out with Dennis Day.

SHIRLEY: That dumb kid?

BEA: Who, Dennis Day?

SHIRLEY: Yeah, he's so dumb he thinks the English Channel is where you watch old pictures on television.

BEA: Well get her. A regular Imagine CooCoo. You know, Mable, sometimes you think you're ~~le~~

(SOUND: BUZZER)

BEA: Gee, Mr. Benny is sure impatient...

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr.Benny, but your producer isn't in.

JACK: Oh, well keep trying...But when you get him, Gertrude, tell him - Gertrude, did you feel that?...I was - positive I felt an earthquake...Oh well, goodbye, Gertrude.

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

JACK: ~~That's~~ ^Funny, I was sure I felt an earthquake -- the whole room shook.

DON: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh Don, what a relief...so it was you?

ROCH: I LET HIM IN, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Oh...Don, when you came in, the whole house shook...I can't understand why they didn't feel it down at C.B.S.... it's only six miles.

DON: Now wait a minute, ^(wait a minute) Jack...I'm getting awfully tired of all these remarks about my size.

JACK: But Don --

DON: I'm probably lighter on my feet than you are..Why, last week, I went to Arthur Murray's for some dancing lessons, and he was amazed.

JACK: Really?

DON: Yes, he said I danced like a big fat Nijinski. (HE LAUGHS IT UP)

(This... wait a minute... wait a minute... look... Don)

JACK: Don, ~~Don~~...This I don't understand...Me you bawl out, and yet you yourself make jokes about your size.

DON: I know, Jack...You see, when you do it, it's an insult, but when I pull a joke ^{at} my own expense it's different.. ~~It~~ Shows I'm a good sport and can take it...Like... well, for instance, you'd be the first to admit you're a lousy violinist.

ROCH: THE SECOND. I'M THE FIRST.

JACK: You keep out of this...Don, what did you come over for?

DON: ~~What~~, Jack, I brought the Sportsmen Quartet with me --

JACK: I saw them, but I didn't want to say hello to them because I'm sick of that "hummmmm"...Why don't you just have them go ahead and let me hear their number.

DON: Jack, I didn't bring them over to sing to you.

JACK: *Well*, that's what you always do.

DON: I know, but this is different. You know, Jack, every time you go anywhere they come over and sing goodbye to you. And when you come back, they welcome you home with a song...but today they want you to sing to them.

JACK: *Well*, why?

DON: It's their birthday.

JACK: Well, I'll be ~~there~~...wait a minute...did you say today is their birthday?

DON: Uh huh.

JACK: All four of them have the same birthday? ~~What?~~
~~and...and...~~

DON: I'll tell you something that's even more amazing than that. They were all born in the same town...Storm Lake, Iowa.

JACK: No!

DON: *Yes*, Jack, and in the same hospital!

~~JACK: Well, I'll be darned. Well, then no wonder they formed a quartet.~~

~~DON: No, Jack, they didn't even meet each other till they got out here in Hollywood.~~

JACK: What a coincidence...Only my idiot writers would think of a thing like that. Anyway, Don if you say it's their birthday, I'll sing to them...Hey fellows ---

(SINGS) HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR SPORTSMEN,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

Now, then, I...

QUART:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM YOU ALL

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

SH BOOM

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM YOU ALL

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ^{from} ALL OF YOU TO EVERYONE OF US

WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAPPY DAY

WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAPPY DAY

WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAPPY DAY

WHAT A HAPPY LITTLE DAY IT IS

LSM, LSM, LSMFT

TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF AND YOU WILL AGREE

LSM, LSM, LSMFT IS THE ONLY CIGARETTE FOR ME

THE ONLY CIGARETTE FOR ME IS LUCKY STRIKE

JUST TAKE ONE PUFF AND YOU'LL AGREE

THAT LUCKIES HAVE A BETTER TASTE THEY'RE TOASTED

TOASTED, YOU KNOW THEY'RE TOASTED

Yes,
~~THE~~ TOASTED, LUCKIES ARE A TOASTED CIGARETTE

WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAP, WHAT A HAPPY DAY

TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF, AND YOU WILL SAY

HAPPY DAY, HAPPY DAY

(MORE)

DY

*Jack: I thought you
wanted me to sing to
them.
Dallas, I sang to you
already.
Sh - Boom?*

BY

(APPLAUSE)

EVERYONE IS SURE TO LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE.

YES, YOU'LL AGREE

LSMFL, LSMFL, LSMFL, LSMFL

WE'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER

THOUGH WE MAY BE FROM HUNGER

SILLY, BUT PLEASE REMEMBER --

NOW ~~WE KNOW~~ WE KNOW ~~THE KIND OF~~ KIND OF

QUART:

MARTY:

James Earl Ray

(CONTINUED)

JACK: Fellows, that was really great..and Don, I'm glad you brought them over because I knew it was their birthday and I have four presents for them.

DON: Where?

JACK: If my writers can write in such an amazing coincidence, they can write in the presents, too. And Don, don't come over here with those---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me, I better answer that.

DON: Well, we'll run along, Jack...so long.

JACK: So long, Don... ~~maybe it's the best producer of stars.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

BAGBY: Hello, Jack. This is Charlie Bagby, your piano player.

JACK: Oh, hello, Charlie.

BAGBY: I'll tell you what I'm calling you for...I think I better have my piano fixed before the next broadcast. It has twelve broken strings.

JACK: Twelve broken strings? *on your piano?* When did you find that out?

BAGBY: Yesterday during rehearsal...the janitor called it to my attention.

JACK: Wait a minute, Charlie...You've been using that same piano for years.. How come you didn't know that twelve of the strings were broken?

BAGBY: Who plays on the black keys?

JACK: Oh, oh, oh... Well, then in that case, why have them fixed?

DY

~~BAGBY: The junction is... error to above.~~

JACK: Charlie, do whatever you want to, *will you?*

BAGBY: Okey..And another thing...You're gonne have to do something about Remley.

JACK: *about Remley?* / Frenkie? / What's wrong now?

BAGBY: Well, since he's been leading the orchestra at the Hollywood Roosevelt Cinegrill, he's gotten so high-hat you cen't do e thing with him.

JACK: Remley, high-hat?

BAGBY: Yeeh, now he has to have e glass. He won't *even* drink out of e bottle anymore.

JACK: No!

BAGBY: It's demoralizing, glasses is for weter.

JACK: Yeeh, yeeh...*look at Charlie* well, I'll talk to him when he gets to the broadcest.

BAGBY: I wish you would. Goodbye.

JACK: So long, Charlie.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~Man~~...Imagine Bagby, of all people, criticizing Remley. That's e case of the pot calling the pot potted..... Those musicians reelly are----

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, THE MAIL JUST CAME.

JACK: Oh good...give it to me.

ROCH: THERE'S NOTHING MUCH, JUST THIS LETTER.

JACK: Let's see.

(SOUND: LETTER BEING TORN OPEN...PAPER RIFFLING)

DY

JACK: Oh...it's from the California Bank...It's about the mortgage.

ROCH: HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THE MORTGAGE ON THAT BANK?

JACK: Oh, just a few years. They pay regularly... Say, Rochester, I haven't had a thing to eat yet. Fix me a sandwich or something, will you.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: WANT ME TO ANSWER THE DOOR?

JACK: No, you go make ~~the sandwich~~ ^{the sandwich}...I'll answer it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, ~~what is~~ ^{what} a surprise.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: MR. KITZEL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~oh,~~ ^{oh,} it's nice seeing you, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Mutual...But I ~~came by~~ ^{dropped in} to ask you a favor.

JACK: A favor?

ARTIE: Yes, from now on, when you're driving to the radio studio, could you possibly give me a lift?

JACK: ~~Certainly~~ ^{oh,} Certainly...but why?

ARTIE: ~~I'm~~ ^{well,} I'm working there as an usher...It's ^{only} a part time job ^{but} I ~~got~~ ^{got} to raise a little money.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: ~~You see,~~ I'll need the extra money because around the middle of next month I'm expecting an addition to ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~mine~~ ^{mine} family.

DY

Oh, an addition to your family - -

JACK: ~~Well~~, isn't that nice...What do you want, Mr. Kitzel, a boy or a girl?

ARTIE: Either one would be delightful.

JACK: Yesh.

ARTIE: But unfortunately it's my mother-in-law ^{who's} coming for a visit.

JACK: Oh...the way you put it, I thought you were expecting a bundle from heaven.

ARTIE: A bundle she is, but from heaven, this is doubtful.

JACK: Oh...well, since you had to take another job, I suppose you like it at the studio.

ARTIE: Oh yes...it's very pleasant...especially for me...I ^{love} ~~like~~ to be around ^{so exciting...you know} show people, doctors...musicians...and singers....especially singers.

JACK: Oh, you like good singing, eh?

ARTIE: Definitely...on this subject I'm a ^{commissioner} ~~connoisseur~~...I collect records and everything.

JACK: Really....well, tell me...who's your favorite singer?

ARTIE: Net "King" Cohen.

JACK: No, no, Mr. Kitzel...it's ^{no not} ~~not~~ "King" ^{Cohen} ~~Cole~~...Cole.

ARTIE: Cold, cool...he's reel gone.

JACK: (LAUGHING) ^{Yes, I know...well} ~~Okay~~, Mr. Kitzel...from now on, I'll give you a lift whenever I go to the studio.

ARTIE: ^{You are a lovely gentleman} Thank you...goodbye. ^{Mr. Benny}

JACK: ^{Goodbye} Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPEN..COUPLE DISHES RATTLING)

DY

JACK: Is my sandwich ready, Rochester?

ROCH: IN A MINUTE..WAS THAT DENNIS DAY AT THE DOOR?

JACK: No, it was Mr. Kitzel.

ROCH: OH...WELL, REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID....WHEN MR. DAY DOES
COME, DON'T LET HIM GET YOU INTO ANY CONVERSATIONS...JUST
MAKE HIM SING.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll do it....Oh Rochester...instead of
coffee...I'll have tea today.

ROCH: YES SIR.. YOU WANT IT WITH SUGAR AND CREAM?

JACK: ...Nnnnnnnooooo.... Just a slice of lemon.

ROCH: IT'LL HAVE TO BE A SLICE OF ORANGE, THE COLMANS DON'T
HAVE A LEMON TREE.

JACK: Yes, they do. It's just that a branch doesn't grow over
into our yard... I can't understand it. I've been
throwing Vigoro on it every day... Well, maybe it will---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: WANT ME TO GET IT?

JACK: No, that must be Dennis ~~this time~~..I'll answer it.

ROCH: OKAY, BOSS, AND REMEMBER WHAT YOU---

JACK: I'll remember, I'll remember.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny---

JACK: ✓ Sing your song, Dennis.

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, do you know that---

JACK: Sing your song, Dennis.

DENNIS: I will, but I want to tell you that---

JACK: Don't talk, just sing.

DY

DENNIS: But I thought you'd be interested in the ---

JACK: Not interested ^(in anything now) ~~sing!!!~~ Come on over to the piano.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now sit down at the piano and sing your song.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF BENCH)

JACK: Good, just sing.

DENNIS: But Mr. Benny, I only wanted to tell you ---

(SOUND: ABOUT SIX KEYS IN A BUNCH OF THE
PIANO ARE HIT TOGETHER IN ONE LOUD
CHORD)

DENNIS: OUCH!

JACK: Sing or I'll push your head down again.

DENNIS: Okey, I'll sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG -- ^{"Because"} ~~"SARA-MIA"~~)

(APPLAUSE)

DY

ATX01 0020175

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, now that I finished my song, I think I ought to tell you--

JACK: Don't tell me a thing..you came over to sing your song... you sang it..now I'll walk you to the door and you can go home.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

DENNIS: But, Mr. Benny --

JACK: No buts..you sang, now go..Here's the door.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..NOW WE HEAR AN APPROACHING SIREN AND FIRE BELL AND TRUCK STOPPING)

JACK: ~~Excuse me~~, A fire engine, I wonder why it's stopping here.

DENNIS: I tried to tell you, your house is on fire.

JACK: Well, of all the --

DENNIS: I tried to tell him, but all he said was (MIMICS JACK)
"Sing your song, ^{sing your song...} don't talk..just sing..not interested--sing or I'll push your face down again!!" Nobody ever listens to me

JACK: OH, ^{he just!} ~~excuse me~~.

RUBIN: (OFF) Don't get excited, Mister..we got everything under control.

JACK: ~~Are~~ you sure, chief?

RUBIN: Yeah, it was just a small rubbish fire..it's all out..no damage at all.

JACK: ^{Oh}, Good, good...Thanks a lot.

RUBIN: You're welcome.. so long.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Dennis, I want to tell you something.

DENNIS: Yes sir?

JACK: I'll admit it was my fault for not letting you talk...
Dennis: *uh huh*
 but if you can sit there and calmly sing a song in a house that you think is on fire, then I know there's something wrong with you and I'm going to do something about it.

DENNIS: Oh boy, this is exciting, I'm gonna get fired.

JACK: You're not getting fired..you're a good singer, and I need you on my show..But once and for all, I'm going to do something about the silly way you carry on.

DENNIS: *Yeah*
 What are you going to do?

JACK: Never mind, just come with me..we're going down town.. *okay*

Dennis: *Come on...Come on...Come on.*
Okay dont push.
 (TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN HALL..STOP)

JACK: This is the office we want, Dennis.

DENNIS: Gee, look what it says on the door..Doctor Heinrich Schultz, Psychiatrist.

JACK: That's right.

DENNIS: Well, it's about time.

JACK: It certainly is.

DENNIS: You should have gone to him a long time ago.

JACK: It's not for me, it's for you...Now come on in....

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Yessir..what can I do for you?

JACK: I'm Jack Benny..I phoned Dr. Schultz and made an appointment for Dennis Day.

BEA: Oh yes...Is this Mr. Day?

DENNIS: Yes ma'am.

BEA: Has he ever been here to see the doctor before?
JACK: No, *ma'am*
BEA: Well, before you can go in and see the doctor, I'll have to ask you some questions..Your full name?
DENNIS: Dennis Day.
BEA: Your wife's name?
DENNIS: I'm not married.
BEA: Parents?
DENNIS: Two.
BEA: I know you have two of them..but what are their names?
DENNIS: Mr. and Mrs. Day.
BEA: I know that, too.,but I want to know their first names.. what do they call each other.
DENNIS: I'll tell the doctor, but I won't tell you.
JACK: *Hum.*

~~BEA: Wait a minute..do you mean that your father calls your mother names you're ashamed to repeat in front of a lady?
DENNIS: It's my mother who does the calling.
BEA: ...Mr. Benny, are you sure he's never been here to see the doctor before?
DENNIS: ...No ma'am..I've never been to a psychiatrist before.
BEA: ...Well...better late than never....I'll tell the doctor you're here.~~

(SOUND: CLICK OF INTERCOM)

HY: (FILTER) (SLIGHT VIENNESE) Yes, Miss Roberts.
BEA: Dennis Day, your new patient is here.
HY: Well, send him right in.

BEA: Yes sir..and be sure and turn on the tape recorder when he starts talking.

HY: The tape recorder..but why?

BEA: When you report this one to the Medical Convention, you'll need proof.

HY: All right, just send him in.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: You may go in now, Mr. Day. ~~You can sit next Mr. Benny.~~

~~JACK: No, I'm going in with him.~~

~~BEA: ..He's a glutton, aren't you?...Right through that door.~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

HY: How do you do, ^{I am} Dr. Schultz.

JACK: I'm Jack Benny..and this is the young man I talked to you about..Dennis Day.

HY: How do you do..Now Mr. Day, I think we better get right down to business.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

HY: Supposing you tell me all about yourself..starting with your earliest memories.

DENNIS: Well..^{I mean, my ~~childhood~~ childhood was very ~~insecure~~ insecure} My childhood was very insecure..You see, I was born in New York, ^{and -} but when I was five months old, my parents moved to Buffalo, then six months later they moved to Chicago, and two months later they moved to Cleveland, and a half/^ayear later they moved to Pittsburgh.

HY: They moved to Pittsburgh, eh?

DENNIS: ^{Yes,} that's where I finally caught up with them.

HY: Wait a minute..Mr. Benny..he must be exaggerating..his parents couldn't have deserted him that often.

JACK: They couldn't, eh?...Doctor, Dennis has been left on more doorsteps than the Los Angeles Times.

HY: *Fats* Very interesting...Very interesting.

JACK: Well, I hope you can help him, Doctor..He's been with me for years now, and his silly behavior has made me grey before my time.

HY: Really...How old are you, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

HY: Hmm...well, one case at a time...Now ^{then} getting back to your childhood, Mr. Day, did you ever have any accidents?

DENNIS: No, sir.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis..you had an accident when you were a kid.

DENNIS: No, I didn't.

JACK: But what about that time your mother was bathing you and she dropped you on your head.

DENNIS: That was no accident.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: She wasn't holding me out of that third story window to dry.

HY: Wait a minute, young man..you mean your mother--

(SOUND: INTERCOM BUZZER)

HY: *Oh*, Excuse me, my nurse is buzzing me.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..CLICK)

HY: Yes, nurse?

BEA: Oh, doctor, Mr. Jones is waiting outside to see you.

HY: Jones?...Jones?

BEA: *Oh,* You remember, Doctor..the man who thinks he's a St. Bernard dog.

HY: Oh yes *Well,* I'm very busy right now..He'll have to wait quite a while..I hope he won't mind.

BEA: Oh, he won't..he's got a keg of brandy tied around his neck...I'll tell him ~~that~~..(UP) Mr. Jones, the doctor is busy now.. please be seated.

MEL: (OFF) THREE BARKS, AND THEN A HIC OR DRUNKEN BARK)

HY: Now Mr. Day, for the rest of the examination, I should like you to lie down on that couch.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..SOUND OF COUCH SPRINGS SQUEAKING)

DENNIS: Gee, this couch is lumpy.

HY: Oh, silly me..I forgot to tell my last patient to get up and go..Mr. Smith, you can go home now.

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

DENNIS: Look, Doctor, there's nothing wrong with me and I --

JACK: Dennis, keep quiet..let the doctor finish his examination.

HY: That's a good idea...Now Dennis, ~~you~~ *is* going to give you the word association test.

DENNIS: Word association?

HY: *Yeah,* That's right..I'll say one word and you immediately say the first word that comes *Dennis: wash.* to your mind, for instance -- rain.

DENNIS: Snow.

HY: Black.

DENNIS: White.

HY: Red.

DENNIS: Blue. *A*

HY: Green. *I'm sorry*

JACK: Money.

HY: Mr. Benny, you keep out of this...Now look, *you are* ~~you're~~ wasting time, and after all, you know my fee is twenty-five dollars an hour.

JACK: Gosh, that's a lot--I didn't realize it was going to cost you that much, Dennis.

DENNIS: Cost me? It was your idea to bring me here...you're gonna pay for it.

JACK: Why should I pay for it.. I'm doing it for you.

DENNIS: *Well,* I didn't want to come here, I'm happy being silly.

HY: Well, somebody's going to pay for it, I don't work for nothing.

(SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN FAST)

BEA: (EXCITED) *Oh,* I'm awfully sorry, Doctor, but Mr. Jones won't wait any longer, he's coming in.

JACK: Look, Doctor, if you think *that* I'm going ~~to~~---

HY: Mr. Jones, you go back ^{to} ~~to~~ the waiting room.

MEL: (BARKS TWICE)

HY: Mr. Jones, go back, I say...I don't like the way you ~~are~~ *are* behaving.

MEL: (BARKS TWICE)

HY: Mr. Jones, control yourself..~~you were much happier when~~
~~you thought you were Joe DiMaggio.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

HY: *now*, Mr. Benny, you brought this young man up here and *demand*

MEL: (BARKS WITH HAPPY PANTING, AND CONTINUES PANTING)

JACK: Dr. Schultz, if you think for one minute that I'm going
to pay you for -- MR. JONES, STOP LICKING MY FACE!....
Come on, Dennis, let's get out of here..I'll settle for
you the way you are.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

SET #A

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 28, 1954

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first --
the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike...Miss Dorothy
Collins!

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL SONG:

"If you want better taste from you 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: Friends, your enjoyment of a cigarette is just as
simple as that! (SLOWLY, WITH EMPHASIS) If you
want better taste from your cigarette - Lucky
Strike is the brand to get. It's toasted to
taste better. Naturally, Luckies' better taste
begins just where you'd expect it to begin.

(MORE)

DY

ATX01 0020184

SET #A

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NOVEMBER 28, 1954

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

With fine tobacco. LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then -- that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones up Luckies' naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So next time ... get better taste. Get 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!

DY

ATX01 0020185

(TAG)

-26-

ROCH: BOSS, YOU BETTER HURRY UP AND GET CHANGED. YOU'VE GOT
TO DO A TELEVISION SHOW TONIGHT.

JACK: Yesh, ^{day} I better hurry.

ROCH: SHALL I FIX SOMETHING TO EAT FOR YOU AND MR. DAY?

JACK: No, we're not hungry.

ROCH: WHERE WERE YOU SO LONG?

JACK: I took Dennis to a psychiatrist and he's cured.

ROCH: REALLY?

JACK: ^{Yes} ~~Yes~~ from now on he'll never say anything stupid...

Will you, Dennis?

DENNIS: (BARKS)

JACK: Oh, ^{quiet quiet} ~~shut up~~. See you on television, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DY

ATX01 0020186

(TAG)

-27-

DON: The Jack Benny Program tonight was written by Milt
Josefsberg, John Teckeberry, Al Gordon, Hal Goldman,
and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Merks.

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

DY

ATX01 0020187

(TAG)

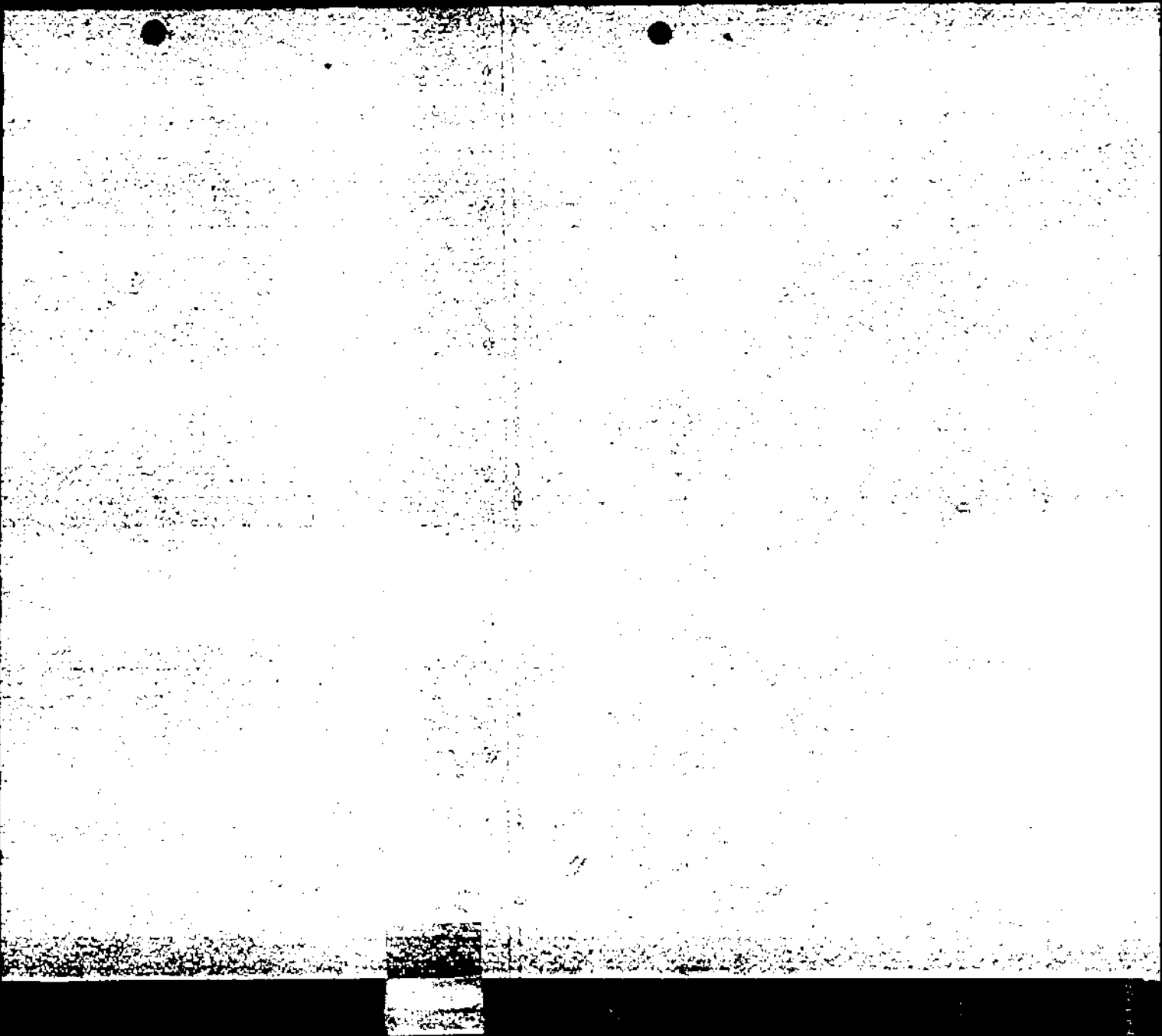
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product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's
leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

DY

ATX01 002018B



HTX01 0020183

(J.B.N. 8)
PROGRAM #11
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"As Broadcast"

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST
(Transcribed - October 5, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
DON WILSON
MEL BLANC
BEA BENEDETT
FRANK NELSON
MAHLON MERRICK
SHELDON LEONARD
VEOLA VONN
ARTIE AUERBACK

EC

RTX01 0020190

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and
presented by Lucky Strike ... the cigarette that's
toasted to taste better.

(TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
CALYPSO
VERSION OF Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
SONG-37 SEC.) 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
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. The song you just heard has
an important message for everyone who smokes.
The sure way to get better taste from your
cigarette is to make sure you get Lucky Strike.
It's toasted to taste better. Of course the better
taste of a Lucky begins with fine tobacco. And then,
that fine tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" --
the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones up this
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco to make it taste
even better. Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother. Yes, a
Lucky tastes better because it's the cigarette of
fine tobacco and it's toasted ... to taste better.
So -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE) (MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THIS IS THE MIDDLE OF THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SEASON, AND AS USUAL, JACK IS GOING TO HIS FAVORITE DEPARTMENT STORE TO PURCHASE GIFTS FOR HIS GANG... BUT...BEFORE WE GO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO A MODEST LITTLE HOME IN THE SUBURBS OF ~~LOS ANGELES~~ ^{Los Angeles}... THE HOME BELONGS TO A DEPARTMENT STORE SALESMAN AND HIS WIFE...IT IS FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

MEL: (SNORES THREE TIMES NORMALLY...THEN HE WHIMPERS AS HE SNORES...THEN THE WHIMPERING TURNS INTO FRIGHTENED CRYING OF A MAN HAVING A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE.)

~~MEL: (SNORES AND CRIES)~~

MEL: (SNORES AND CRIES)

BEA: Melville!

MEL: (SNORES AND HAS HYSTRICS)

BEA: MEL, WAKE UP. *Mel*

MEL: (SNORES AND WAKES UP STARTLED) *Hub?* Huh? What? *What?*

BEA: You were having a bad dream.

MEL: *Oh*, Oh, *yeah*. that same nightmare...I always have it this time ~~of~~ ^{*T*} year, Beatrice.

BEA: About that blue-eyed old man that comes to the store for his Christmas shopping?

If

MEL: Yeah...only this dream was worse...I looked at his hands and instead of fingers...he had shoelaces...on one hand the fingernails were plastic tips, and ^{on} the other hand was metal tips. Why do I always have to dream about him.

~~BEA: You know the jewelry store...~~

~~BEA: You know the jewelry store...~~

~~MEL: You know the jewelry store...~~

~~Jewelry store...~~

BEA: Now Mel, control yourself...Maybe he won't come into the store this year.

MEL: Oh, he'll come...he'll come...He's been coming in and driving me nuts for over fifteen years.

BEA: Well, don't worry about it...Maybe he's mellowed...maybe he'll be kinder now that he's getting old.

MEL: He was old fifteen years ago.

BEA: Look, Mel, ^{look...} you go to the store...and during my lunch hour, I'll come down to your department...and if you've had any trouble, I'll relieve you...Anyway, there's very little chance of him seeing you now that you're in the art department.

MEL: ^{Yeah, guess} That's right, Beatrice, ^{he-} he don't look like the kind of guy who would go in for painting ^{he-} he ain't the artistic type.

~~BEA: Now Melville, we better start getting ready or we'll be late for work this morning...and you know how the store hates it when anyone's late during the Christmas rush.~~
~~MEL: Okay, Beatrice.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE NOISE...BELLS, ETC.)

lf

ROCH: MR. BENNY, YOU'VE STILL GOT QUITE A FEW MORE NAMES ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST.

JACK: Yeah. I still have to get something for my producer and Mary and my writers. That's the biggest problem of all -- getting gifts for my writers. I'd get them something for their houses...if they only lived in houses...but they're weird.

ROCH: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS...THE ONE WITH THE LONG ARMS LIVES IN A HOUSE...IT MAY BE IN A TREE, BUT IT'S A STILL A HOUSE.

JACK: Yeah...Look, Rochester--I want to get something for Miss Livingstone now...so you can do your personal shopping.

ROCH: THANK YOU. ^{and} AND WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I CHARGE MY THINGS TO YOUR ACCOUNT?

JACK: Charge it? What happened to the Christmas Bonus I gave you?

ROCH: I LOST IT.

JACK: Lost your bonus? Gambling?

ROCH: OH NO...I HAD A HOLE IN MY POCKET AND IT ROLLED DOWN A SEWER.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Rochester...stop making up jokes...I gave you a twenty-five dollar check for a Christmas Bonus.

ROCH: I KNOW, MR. BENNY, BUT I CAN'T CASH THAT CHECK UNTIL AFTER NEXT MONDAY.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: ME AND THE CHECK ARE APPEARING ON "YOU ASKED FOR IT."

JACK: Oh yes...we'll show them...I'll meet you here later, Rochester.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES AND BELLS)

JACK: Gee, I still haven't gotten anything for Mary...
I know what I'll do...I'll buy her a negligee...Now wher'es
the negligee department?...Oh, that must be the floorwalker
over there -- that man in striped trousers and ^{the} cut-away
coat...Oh, Mister...Mister...

lf

ATK01 0020195

NELSON: YESSSSSSSSSSSS.

JACK: Are you the floorwalker?

NELSON: No, I'm a pallbearer but my handle broke.

JACK: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ I didn't come here for corny conversation...
All I want to know is where I can buy a negligee.

NELSON: On the third floor, but I don't think they have anything
in your size.

JACK: Don't be so smart...it's not for me.

NELSON: Oh, for your wife?

JACK: No, I'm not married.

NELSON: Don't tell me you got to look that way all by yourself.

JACK: Now cut that out...Anyway, I don't need you, I'll find it.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES...BELLS....ETC)

JACK: Darn, the store's so crowded, I don't think I'll ever
finish ~~it~~ -- Hey, ~~it~~ looks like my orchestra arranger,
Mahlon Merrick...Hi, Mahlon.

MAHLON: Oh, hello, Jack.

JACK: Doing your Christmas shopping, eh?

MAHLON: Yes. ^{him} I'm getting ^{some} gifts for the boys in the band.

JACK: Gee, it's a nuisance isn't it trying to *get*....

SHELDON: (COMING IN) Hi ya, Bud, long time no see.

JACK: Huh? ^{oh} Oh, hello, *hello*.

SHELDON: So long, Bud. see you around.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...goodbye.

MAHLON: ^{Jack} Jack, who was that fellow?

JACK: Oh, he's a race track tout... ^{He's always trying to talk} ~~me out of everything~~,
^{me out of everything} I ^{got} got to finish my shopping...So long, Mahlon.

MS

MAHLON: Oh, just a second, Jack.

JACK: Yes?

MAHLON: I'm having a big party on New Years Eve and --

JACK: ^{I know} I know, ~~you~~ you've already invited me.

MAHLON: Yes, and I thought that since you've given so many parties, you could help me out a bit...You see, I've already hired a caterer, and I thought you might recommend a good bartender.

JACK: Well, now that's the silliest thing ^{Mahlon...} spending good money on a bartender...Why don't you get one of the boys in your band? ^{I mean}.. Get Frank Remley...nobody knows more about drinks than he does.

MAHLON: No, I wouldn't try that again, Jack...He was the bartender at the last party I gave.

JACK: ^{Well}, What happened?

MAHLON: ^{Well} The first guest to arrive walked up and ordered a Scotch and soda.

JACK: Uh huh.

MAHLON: Remley bent down, got the Scotch, ~~and~~ never came up again.

JACK: No kidding..Well, thanks for inviting me ^{and} I'll see you New Years, ^{Mahlon} I'll be there.

MAHLON: Good...and Jack, if you run into Don Wilson, see if you can persuade him to come to the party, too.

JACK: Persuade Don Wilson?

MAHLON: Yes...he never wants to go anywhere since he's taking up painting as a hobby.

TB

JACK: Painting as a hobby? Say, I'm glad you mentioned that, *for damn you know last year I got him a box of dates*
 Mahlon. I was worried ~~what to get~~ *with nuts* ~~Don...now~~ *in them and everything*
 I'll get him some paints...I'm going to the art department. *See* you later.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES AND BELLS)

JACK: ~~They~~ *the* sure have everything for the artist here....
 Hmm, where's the salesman...Oh, there he is..(CALLS)
 Oh clerk...clerk.

MEL: (COMING IN) Yes sir, what can I OOOOOHHHHHHH, it's you again.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: How do you find me every year..you got radar or something?

JACK: What are you talking about?

MEL: (TO HIMSELF) Gee, he doesn't recognize me...maybe everything's going to be okay.

JACK: What are you mumbling about, Clerk?

MEL: *Oh, oh,* (CHEERFUL) Nothing, nothing...what can I do for you, sir?

JACK: Well, a friend of mine has taken up painting as a hobby, and I'd like to get him a nice set of paints.

MEL: *Oh, oh,* Very good, sir. *Now* here's a set that's very popular and reasonable, too...It's only nine ninety-five.

JACK: Well gee, those tubes of paint seem very small.

MEL: *Kell,* That's right, sir...but they're the best paints, and in addition to the primary colors it also contains such exotic colors as vermilion, chartreuse, turquoise, cerise, heliotrope, citron, purple fuschia, cardinal red, burnt orange, midnight blue, and shocking pink.

TB

JACK: Yeah, it has a lot ... Say, that's a beautiful color right there. ^{That's} the most beautiful color I've ever seen.. what do you call it?

MEL: Money green.

JACK: ~~Well~~ Well, I'll take it...Now I'd like it gift wrapped.

MEL: Yes sir...I'll be back in a second with it.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...STOP...SOUND OF PACKAGE BEING WRAPPED)

MEL: (TO HIMSELF) Gee, he didn't even recognize me...and he didn't give me the ^{the} least bit of trouble..In fact, he was real sweet..(SINGS TO HIMSELF) Oh boy, I'm lucky, I'll say I'm lucky, dis is my lucky day ... ~~That's that's~~

~~...I'm over gonna put on a ribbon because he is such a nice old man...
Here there... that looks pretty.~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MEL *Oh*, Here you are, sir..that'll be ten and a quarter including tax.

JACK: Ten and a quarter?..Gee, that seems like a lot to pay for just a few paints.

MEL: *Well*, Not when you consider what you're getting...Most people don't mind paying the extra money for oil paints...they last so much longer than the water colors.

JACK: Oh...you have water colors, too?

MEL: Me and my big stupid mouth....I had to tell him yet...I couldn't let well enough alone...I had to tell him.

JACK: Clerk, how much is the water color set?

MEL: Three ninety ^{square - there -} five, but ^{are} they're not near as nice as these

TB

JACK: Three ninety-five? Let me see a set of water colors.
 MEL: But Mister, I've already got these gift wrapped...with extra ribbon yet..It's beautiful...your friend will love it.
 JACK: Let me see the water colors.
 MEL: But the oil set is better...it's bigger...your friend will like it better. The water colors are messier...they don't last as long...they'll run...and they haven't got that beautiful color- money green.

JACK: I don't care...I want to see the water color set.

MEL: Okay, okay...I'll have to climb this ladder to get it... It's on the top shelf.

(SOUND: LADDER BEING CLIMBED...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MEL: I hadda tell him- ~~hadda~~ ^{hadda} tell him..I wish I could paint red spots on my face so he'd think I had small pox and he'd go away...I wish I had small pox...Ehhhh, it wouldn't do any good. ^{cause} this guy's lived so long he must be immune to everything...But it's my own fault...Here's the water color set, Mister...Look at it, look at it.

JACK: Sayyyy, ^{that} this looks okay.

MEL: But it's only got five colors..gray, blue, black, red, and dirty brown.

JACK: I don't care, it's three ninety-five, ^{and} I'll take it...Now gift wrap it, and I'll be back.

MEL: I know you will, I know you will.

JACK: Never mind..(TO HIMSELF) Now let's see...what else do I have to get...Gee, I still haven't gone to the lingerie department for Mary's gift.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES AND BELLS)

VEOLA: Yes ...what can I do for you, young man?

DENNIS: I'd like to buy a Christmas gift for my mother.

VEOLA: Well, a negligee is always a very suitable gift...Now here's a lovely one that I'm sure would please your mother.

DENNIS: Nnnno...she wouldn't like that one...she never wears anything with a low neckline.

VEOLA: Oh...is she modest?

DENNIS: No, she's tattooed.

VEOLA: ...Well, here's something that might suit your mother more.

DENNIS: Gee, that looks nice...only I'd like it in a brighter color...You see, my father is always depressed, and bright colors cheer him up.

VEOLA: *Well,* We have a large selection of colors...but tell me, what size does your mother wear?

DENNIS: Gee...I don't know...but she's about as tall as you are.

VEOLA: Oh...Does she have my build?

DENNIS: If she did, my father wouldn't need cheering up.

VEOLA: Well, *now,* how does this one seem?

DENNIS: *Oh,* that looks about the right size...I think she'll like it very much...Will you wrap it up and charge it, please?

VEOLA: Yes, sir...*now* who shall I charge this to?

DENNIS: To me...My name is Dennis Day.

VEOLA: (IMPRESSED) Dennis Day?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

VEOLA: The singer?

DENNIS: Yes, ma'am.

TB

ATX01 0020201

VEOLA: (GUSHY AND OOMPHY) ^{Oh,} Gee, Mr. Day, I'm one of your most ardent fans...I buy all your records and everything... Why, when I hear you sing, I just quiver and shake all over.

DENNIS: (FAST, SINGS) Three Coins in the Fountain -- each one seeking happiness -- ^{there they lie in fountain ...}

VEOLA: ^{Mr. Day,} Mr. Day, I'm not joking. ^{which one will the fountain ...} I'm really a great admirer of yours.

DENNIS ^{Oh,} Well thanks...thanks a lot.

~~VEOLA: Would you...could you sing a song for me?~~

~~DENNIS: Now? Here in the store?~~

~~VEOLA: Yes...while I'm wrapping your present..as a special favor to me...won't you please sing a song?~~

~~DENNIS: Okay, quiver and shake, I'll be glad to.~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

~~(DENNIS SONG --)~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

TB

ATX01 0020202

(SECOND ROUTINE)

VEOLA: Here's your package, Mr. Day...and thank you very much for singing.

DENNIS: You're quite welcome.

JACK: (COMING IN) Dennis ^{oh} Dennis!-

DENNIS: Huh? Oh, hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ^{Gee}, I heard you singing ^{oh} I was way on the other side of the store but I thought it was a record.

DENNIS: Maybe that's because I've got a hole in my head.

JACK: Huhum.

DENNIS: Well, I've got to run along, Mr. Benny.. I still have ~~lot~~ ^{lot} of shopping to do.

JACK: Same here. So long kid.. (CALLS) Oh, Miss, Miss.

VEOLA: Yes, sir.

JACK: I'd like to get a gift for a girl friend.

VEOLA ^{Well}, Just a moment, sir...that man at the end of the counter was here first.

JACK ^{Well}, That's quite all right...(HUMS JINGLE BELLS)

ROCH: (COMING IN) OH, THERE YOU ARE, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Yeah, Rochester...did you finish ~~your~~ your ~~shopping~~ shopping?

ROCH: UH HUH...I EVEN GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU.

JACK: Oh, that's nice .. what is it?

ROCH: OH, NOW WAIT TILL CHRISTMAS.

JACK: Aw come on, tell me, Rochester...you know how I hate waiting.. Is it something I can wear?

SE

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Is it something I'd wear above the waist?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: A shirt?

ROCH: NOPE.

JACK: Hmmm...is it something I wear above the shoulders?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: I've got it---it's a hat!

ROCH: NO, BUT IT'S RIGHT UNDER IT.

JACK: ...Well, that's a strange gift to give me....Why should you get me that?

ROCH: WELL, I RUINED ONE OF YOUR GOOD ONES....I THREW IT IN THE BENDIX AND ALL THE CURLS CAME OUT *of it*

JACK: ~~It's a hat~~..Well, don't throw it away...save it in case I ever get the part of an Indian in a picture.

ROCH: OKAY....ARE YOU DONE WITH YOUR SHOPPING, MR. BENNY?

JACK: Not quite...but you know I always have trouble getting something for Don Wilson...and this time I think I got him a gift he'll like...a set of paints.

ROCH: OH, HE SHOULD LIKE THAT, BOSS...WHENEVER HE SEES ME, HE TALKS TO ME ABOUT PAINTING...HE'S REALLY CRAZY ABOUT THAT HOBBY.

JACK: I know...and I got him a lovely set of water colors.

ROCH: WATER COLORS? ^{oh,} HE'S WAY BEYOND THAT...FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS HE'S BEEN PAINTING WITH NOTHING BUT OILS.

JACK: Oils? Are you sure?

ROCH: I'M POSITIVE.

LW

ATX01 0020204

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) So Don only uses oil paints...(UP) Excuse me, Rochester...I'll see you later.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES & BELLS)

MEL: (SINGING DOLEFULLY) Don't know why, there's no sun up in the sky...Stormy Weather.

JACK: (COMING ON) Oh clerk...clerk.

MEL: Oh, it's you again...Here's your water colors ...all gift wrapped and everything.

JACK *(Well)*, I've changed my mind, I want the oils.

MEL: (CRYING AND BUILDING UP) ^{No} No, no, ^{this} this can't be happening to me... ^I I lead a good life... ^I I'm kind to my mother... ~~it~~ ^{it} it can't be happening, it just can't...--

JACK: Look, Mister ---

MEL: (BUILDING) I know what it is...a bad dream...another one of them nightmares...that's what it is, a nightmare...

BEATRICE, WAKE ME UP, WAKE ME UP ... (HE CRIES)

JACK: Mister, stop shouting...calm down.

MEL: Take your hands off me, or I'll wake up and make you disappear...Wait a minute...it ain't a dream..you're real... look at your hands...you've got fingers instead of shoelaces.

(CRIES)

JACK: ~~Look~~ look, control yourself.

MEL: Okay...Okay.....I'm getting calmer.....I'll control myself.

JACK: Good, *good*

MEL: (CALMLY) Only Mister... ^{do} do me a favor and tell me something, will you?

JACK: Certainly.

LW

MEL: What business are you in?

JACK: I'm a comedian.

MEL: (SCREAMING) WELL, WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THIS....(HE CRIES)

JACK: *Look, I* Look, I don't know what you're talking about..I'm not trying to be funny...I just made a simple request. I want the water colors changed to oils. Now please gift wrap them and I'll be back to pick them up later.

(SOUND: BELLS AND NOISES)

JACK: Now let's see, I've got to ~~get~~ get Mary's gift and then -- oh darn it, I'm out of cigarettes.. *Wonder* where I can get some....Oh, there's a cigarette machine at the end of the aisle....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here it is...Gee, what a fancy cigarette machine..Now let's see..I ought to have some change in --

SHELDON: Hey Bud...Bud.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: *Who*, Me?

SHELDON: *Yeah*...what are you doing?

JACK: I'm getting a peckage of cigarettes.

SHELDON: What kind?

JACK: Lucky Strikes.

SHELDON: *Oh*, Lucky Strike, eh?.....Smart boy.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: You're puttin' your dough on the favorite.

JACK: I know, I know.

LW

SHELDON: And it's a great bet across the board.

JACK: Win, place, and show?

SHELDON: No, cleaner, fresher, smoother.

JACK: Oh.

SHELDON: And another thing.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Look at the breeding.

JACK: The breeding?

SHELDON: It's by Sold American out of Goldsboro, North Caroline.

JACK: Well, thanks...thanks very much.

SHELDON: ~~you~~ ^{you} gonna get a peck of Luckies?

JACK: Am I gonna get a pack of Luckies?

SHELDON: Yeah.

JACK: Come here a minute.

SHELDON: Huh?

JACK: I'm gonna get two pecks.

SHELDON: Two?

JACK: I'm tryin' for the Daily Double.

SHELDON: Smart boy...So long and Merry Christmes.

JACK: Same to you. *Come to you*

(SOUND: STORE NOISES AND BELLS UP AND DOWN)

(Dingo) If you want better taste ~~in~~ your cigarette, Lucky Strike is the brand to get, it's tested to....

JACK: ~~Yeah~~, I've got the cigarettes..now I've got to go

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Look who's here!* *(Say how -* Mr. Kitzel, *how* are you coming along with your Christmes shopping?

LW

ARTIE: Practically finished.

JACK: Did you buy some nice presents?

(Jack: Oh, your mother-in-law, huh?)

ARTIE: Wonderful..especially for my ^{magnificent} mother-in-law. ^{just} this year I am giving to my mother-in-law such a gift..I'm proud I thought of it...A trip to Hawaii.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel....whet a wonderful thing to give a mother-in-law...a round trip to Hawaii.

ARTIE: Who said anything about a round trip?

JACK: ~~What?~~ -- oh, oh, oh. *Oh, I see.*

ARTIE: But for mine wife, I'm getting a (MOANS IN PAIN) Oooooohhhh.

JACK: Whet's the metter?

ARTIE: I better get a glass of water....I've got to take an aspirin.

JACK: Oh..you have a headache?

ARTIE: No..mine nephew just opened up a dentist's office, and I went to him this morning.

JACK: And you had a tooth pulled?

ARTIE: Five of them.

JACK: You had five bad teeth?

ARTIE: Only one.

JACK: Then how come you let him pull the other four?

ARTIE: He's a beginner, he needs the experience.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: But he's going to be a very good dentist....He's still studying hard...He wants to specialize in stopping pain.. He's studying the nerves of teeth.

JACK: Really?

LW

ARTIE: Yes..you should see how delicately he works...He removes the nerves from teeth, and hangs them on tiny little racks.

JACK: Gosh, that must be hard work!

ARTIE: It's nerve wracking.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you went through all that just to tell me a joke?

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My..I guess I'm still a little silly from the laughing gas he gave me.

JACK: Oh, he used laughing gas as an anaesthetic?

ARTIE: Yes, and it's the silliest thing. He puts his pliers in my mouth, turns on the gas and it starts...I'm laughing, he's pulling..he's pulling, I'm laughing..Oy, such a mish mash.

JACK: Gosh, I never had that...How long did you keep laughing?

ARTIE: Until he handed me the bill.

JACK: No.

ARTIE: Well, I better ^{run along -- goodby e, Mr. Benny} get the water...I need the aspirin.

JACK: Okay. ^{1901,} Merry Christmas, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Heppy you-tide to yule.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES & BELLS UP AND DOWN)

VEOLA: (OOMPHY) Here you are, sir...and I assure you, it's a lovely gift.

JACK: Thank you.

VEOLA: And I hope you have a wonderful Christmas and do come back again.

JACK: I don't even know if I'm going to leave....,You know, you're one of the most attractive sales~~ladies~~---

DON: (COMING IN) Miss, can you please ---

LW

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: ^{hey,} Well, Hi Jack...Hey, I'll bet I know something you don't know.

JACK: What's that?

DON: I ran into Bagby, the piano player, and now I know what the boys in the band are going to give you for Christmas.

JACK: What, what, what?

DON: ⁴ Beautiful set of golf clubs.

JACK: Oh, isn't that wonderful...I can use a new set...I can hardly wait till Christmas.

DON: Well, you may even get them before Christmas, if the paint dries.

JACK: Paint...what paint?

DON: Where they scratched the owner's name off.

JACK: ~~Hummm...~~ ^{well} I thought so...They should have left the name on, and I'd know who not to play with...What characters they are....By the way, Don, how's your wife.

DON: Oh, she's fine now.

JACK: Now?

DON: ^{at first} Yes. A few weeks ago she broke out in hives and her eyes were always watering and the doctors didn't know what it was ^{was} till they found out she had an allergy.

JACK: Gosh..what was she allergic to?

DON: The oil in oil paints.

JACK:No.....

DON: Yes, ^{am going to have to go} so now I ~~was~~ ^{am} going back to water colors.

JACK: ...You use only...water colors now...Don.

DON: That's right.

JACK: Excuse me, Don, I've got to go somewhere.

(SOUND: STORE NOISES & BELLS UP AND DOWN)

BEA: ^{now} Melville, control yourself.

MEL: ^{I-I-I} I can't control myself, Beatrice...I'm going to quit.

BEA: Now, now, Mel.....it can't be that bad.

MEL: Can't be that bad? Look, in the first place, how he finds me, I'll never know..But first he buys oil paints, then he changes them to water colors, then back to oils, then water colors, then oils...he keeps coming back like a boomerang...Bea, I'm going to the office right now and quit.

BEA: ^{now, now look -} Look, Mel...I'll tell you what to do..You go and take a nice long lunch hour and ^{and} then lie down...I'll take your place at the counter.

MEL: Well...Okay...Okay..When he comes, that's his package of oil paints right there...^(Bea Dringt) I'll see you later.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

BEA: Poor Mel...~~he~~ gets upset so easily...I can't let him quit now...it'll ruin all our plans..We worked in the store together so long...We met in the store..He even proposed to me in the store...and now we're married...(SIMPERING GIGGLE) And ~~knows...someday we may have an addition to our family...Yes, soon we may hear the patter of tiny feet of our own little floor walker....(GIGGLES)~~

JACK: (COMING IN) ^{excuse me,} Excuse me, Miss.

BEA: ^{yes} Yes sir, what can I do for you?

JACK: Well...er..where's the clerk who's usually here?

BEA: ^{Well,} He's gone to lunch, but perhaps I can help you.

JACK: Well..I'm supposed to have a package of oil paints ready for me.

BEA: Yes sir..(TO HERSELF) Wait a minute...this must be the man who's been driving Mel crazy...~~and~~ yet it can't be..this guy couldn't bother anybody...he's such a kindly looking old schnook...(UP)...Here you are, sir...a package of gift wrapped oil paints...ten twenty-five, sir.

LW

JACK: Look, Miss, ^I I changed my mind, I'd like ^{to get} a box of water colors instead.

BEA: ~~But sir, these oil paints are already gift wrapped.~~

JACK: ~~Well, gift wrap the water colors.~~

BEA: (STARTING TO GET MAD) But sir----(CHECKING HERSELF AND BECOMING CHEERFUL) All right, I'll gift wrap the water colors...(HAPPY) The customer's always right...I'll get some water colors and wrap them and I'll be right back.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: While she's gone, I'd better write out a card for Don... Let's see...I want it to be something clever..Oh, I've got it..To Don ^{Wilson}:

"Here's lots of colors, for portraits to paint, But don't paint yourself, 'cause that much there ain't."

(LAUGHS) Sayy...that's cute...and people say I need writers.... ^{Ill} Sign ^H, Jack Benny...(CALLS) OH, Miss..Miss.

BEA: (COMING IN) Here are your water colors...isn't that a pretty package?

JACK: Yes, it is..Now will you please unwrap it and put this card inside?

BEA: ...Unwrap it...card inside...Mister, you can put the card on the outside.

JACK: Ohhh, no...The card may get lost that way...and when I spend three ninety-five for a gift, I want them to know who sent it.

BEA: But, Mister...I'll put the card on tight with Scotch Tape.

JACK: I don't care if you weld it on----I want the card inside the package.

SE

BEA: ~~Now look, why can't you be reasonable.~~ I went to a lot of trouble unwrapping the other one and gift-wrapping this one. Have a little consideration will you...don't be so mean and ^{so} selfish.

JACK: WELL!!! How ~~dare you~~---you're just as bad as that idiot clerk who went to lunch.

BEA: Idiot? Listen, you jerk, you're talking about my Melville.

JACK: I don't care who I'm talking about...now unwrap that package and put the card inside.

BEA: Oh no, not me-----I know all about you..Melville warned me.

JACK: Look, Miss --

BEA: First you wanted oil paints, then water colors, then oil paints, then dates with nuts ^{and}, then plain dates ---

JACK: DATES?

BEA: Then plastic tips, then metal tips, then plastic tips, then metal dates, then water tips ^(Miss: Look, Miss) THEN DATES WITH OIL, THEN PLASTIC WATER, THEN SHOELACES WITH NUTS ^(Jack: Look Miss) OH, I'M WISE TO YOU, YOU DROVE MY HUSBAND CRAZY, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO IT TO ME. (HYSTERICALLY LAUGHING AND CRYING) ~~DO YOU HEAR, YOU'RE NOT, YOU'RE NOT, YOU BLUE-EYED OLD GOAT, (COMPLETE BREAKDOWN) YOU'RE NOT!~~

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes...I'll just send Don a card this year.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

MS

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 5, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON

Just before Jack comes back again, here's a word for anyone who enjoys a good cigarette.

(TRANSCRIBED:
A CAPELLA
VERSION)

"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:

All you have to do is look at a pack of Luckies, friends, and you'll see the reasons for Luckies' better taste printed right on it. LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Light, naturally mild, good-testing tobacco. And -- IT'S TOASTED. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process that tones up Luckies' fine tobacco ... bringing it to its peak of flavor ... making it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother, So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! And say, a wonderful way to say "Merry Christmas" to your friends, is to give them Luckies in the beautiful Christmas cartons. These special Lucky cartons are handsomely decorated in keeping with the gay spirit of the Yuletide season. They're so nice to give ... so wonderful to get. This Christmas, give Lucky Strike ... in Christmas-gift cartons!

JG

ATX01 0020214

(TAG)

-23-

(SOUND: STORE NOISES..FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, HAVE YOU GOT EVERYTHING?

JACK Yes, I have.

ROCH: SAY THAT'S SURE A PRETTY PACKAGE...IT LOOKS SO CHRISTMASSY
WITH ALL THAT RED PAPER.

JACK: That's not red paper, that's blood.

ROCH: BLOOD?

JACK: I never thought she'd punch me in the nose...Goodnight,
folks.

(MUSIC & APPLAUSE)

LN

RTX01 0020215

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.~~

TE

RTX01 0020216

HERBERT TAREYTON

HR 301F

Filter smokers! True tobacco taste...real filtration.. famous TAREYTON quality...they're all yours when you smoke Filter Tip TAREYTON. Filter Tip TAREYTON gives you all the full, rich taste of TAREYTON'S quality tobacco and real filtration, too, because Filter Tip TAREYTON incorporates Activated Charcoal, renowned for its unusual powers of selective filtration. Look for the red, white and blue stripes on the package. They identify Filter Tip TAREYTON, the best in filtered smoking.

DON:

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

TB

RTX01 0020217

(J.B.R.4)
PROGRAM #12

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

The Broadcast

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed: Dec. 6, 1953)

CAST

Jack Benny
Mary Livingstone
Rochester
Dennis Day
Bob Crosby
Don Wilson
The Sportsmen Quartet
Mel Blanc
Benny Rubin
Hy Averbach

BB

ATX01 0020218

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #12
DEC. 17, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that's toasted to
taste better!

(TRANSCRIBED
A CAPELLA
VERSION)

"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. As cigarette smokers, you and I
know the most important single thing any cigarette can
offer is taste -- better taste. And as many millions
of Lucky smokers will tell you -- Luckies' taste better.
You know why? Because "IT'S TOASTED"! Yes, IT'S
TOASTED to taste better. Luckies' better taste actually
begins with the fine tobacco that goes into every Lucky
Strike. LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And
then, that fine tobacco is toasted. IT'S TOASTED!

(MORE)

ATK01 0020219

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

That's the famous Lucky Strike process that tones up
Luckies' naturally mild, good tasting tobacco --
brings it to its peak of flavor -- makes it taste
even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, for
better taste in your cigarette, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!
Buy a carton of better tasting Lucky Strike!

*Optional inserted:
(a capella version)*

BB

ATX01 0020220

(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. BUT FIRST LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. OUR LITTLE STAR HAS DECIDED TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS IN PALM SPRINGS...SO JUST AS SOON AS HE FINISHES BREAKFAST, HE'S GOING TO START PACKING.

JACK: Ahh...that was a good breakfast...How about a little more coffee, Rochester?

ROCH: NO THANKS, I HAD ENOUGH.

JACK: I meant me! ~~me!~~

ROCH: OH...OH.

JACK: Yes oh...oh.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

(SOUND: POURING COFFEE INTO CUP)

JACK: On second thought, Rochester, I don't think I want anymore... And anyway, it's about time we started packing.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: And, Rochester, not a word about our going to Palm Springs in front of Polly. You know how upset that parrot gets when she knows we're going away and not taking her with us.

ROCH: YEAH..

JACK: Let's go in the other room and get started.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BB

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Polly.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Hello, hello. (WHISTLES)

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, I BETTER GET OUT THE BAG, AND --

MEL: ^(Squawk) Bag?

JACK: (ALARMED) Rochester!

ROCH: HUH?...OH...OH...^{oh} YES...YES...I'M GOING TO GET OUT THE BAG AND PUT IT IN THE VACUUM CLEANER AND..ER...^{er} CLEAN UP YOUR ROOM.

JACK: Oh, yes..yes..the bag for the vacuum cleaner.

ROCH: AND WHEN THE BAG IS FULL, WE CAN START FOR -- (SPELLING IT OUT) P,A,L,M..S,P,R,I,N,G,S.

MEL: P,a,l,m..s,p,r,i,n,g,s. Vacuum cleaner (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

JACK: That's right, Polly...that spells vacuum cleaner. Come on, Rochester, we better go in my room and (WHISPERS) ^{and} start packing, ^{huh?}

ROCH: YES, SIR.

MEL: (SQUAWKS SADLY)

JACK: I'm sorry, Polly, but you can't come in the room with us.

MEL: (SQUAWKS EXCITEDLY)

JACK: All right, all right...don't get excited. (ASIDE)
Rochester, Polly doesn't want to be left alone. We better take her to my room, too.

ROCH: (ASIDE) BUT, BOSS, SHE'LL SEE US TAKE YOUR SUITS OUT OF THE CLOSET AND ^{your} SHIRTS OUT OF THE DRAWERS.

JACK: (ASIDE) She'll just think we're straightening up the room. Go ahead, bring her in, ^{huh?}

BB

ROCH: OKAY. COME ON, POLLY.

MEL: (SQUAWKS HAPPILY) Bring 'er in, bring 'er in. (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS., DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Now, Rochester, take my blue suit, my gray suit, and my tweed out of the closet.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, A TWEED SUIT IS MUCH TOO HEAVY FOR P,A,L,M., S,P,R,I,N,G,S.

MEL: P,a,l,m.,S,p,r,i,n,g,s -- Vacuum Cleaner.. (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

JACK: Well, okay, never mind the tweed.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, BOSS, ARE YOU GOING TO STAY AT THE SAME PLACE YOU DID LAST TIME?

JACK: Certainly.

ROCH: THEN I BETTER KEEP THESE THINGS TOGETHER. BATHROBE, SLIPPERS AND FLASHLIGHT.

JACK: Rochester, it's inside now!

ROCH: THANK GOODNESS!..ONCE YOU STAYED AT A PLACE WHERE WE HAD TO PACK A BICYCLE.

JACK: Rochester, for your information, they don't have any more places like that in P,a,l,m.,S,p,r,i,n,g,s.

MEL: P,a,l,m.,S,p,r,i,n,g,s. Vacuum Cleaner. (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

JACK: Well, Rochester, I guess we've got everything I'll need, *huh?*

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF)

JACK: I'll get the phone ~~me~~ I'll take Polly with me,..Come on, Polly. Daddy has to answer the phone.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..PHONE RINGS, ON..
FOOTSTEPS)

BB

MEL: (SQUAWKS)

JACK: Quiet, Polly.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

MARY: Hello, Jack, this is Mary.

JACK: Oh, what is it, Mary?

MARY: Jack, on your way over to pick me up, would you stop off at the store and get me a bottle of sun tan oil?

JACK: What do you mean stop off at the store? I'm bringing enough sun tan oil for everybody.

MARY: I know, but you don't give Green Stamps.

JACK: Mary, I wasn't going to charge you for the oil, I was going to give it to you. And when I bought it, the company guaranteed its quality.

MARY: I know Jack, but after it's been in your crankcase for ten thousand miles, it loses something.

JACK: Okay, ~~okay~~, I was just trying to do you a favor...Anyway, I'll pick you up in a little while...Goodbye.

MARY: ~~bye~~.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...DOOR OPENS OFF)

ROCH: (OFF) OH, BOSS, I'VE GOT EVERYTHING READY. SHALL I CLOSE IT UP?

JACK: No no, I want to check it first to see ~~what~~ I didn't forget anything.

MEL: (SQUAWKS UNHAPPILY)

JACK: Now, Polly, you can't come into my room this time.

MEL: (SQUAWKS UNHAPPILY)

EB

JACK: Look, Polly, if you're lonesome, Daddy'll turn on the radio for you...I'll get you some music.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..CLICK..STATIC)

(LIGHT MUSIC)

JACK: ~~Well~~, this is good enough. You'll like this, Polly. I'll be back soon.

MEL: (SQUAWKS & WHISTLES)

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

(AFTER SEVERAL BARS MUSIC COMES TO A FINISH)

RUBIN: (FILTER) THIS MUSICAL PROGRAM IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE PALM SPRINGS BILTMORE HOTEL WHICH IS SITUATED IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT AT THE FOOT OF THE SAN JACINTO MOUNTAINS. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT OUR RATES AND FACILITIES.. JUST DROP A POST CARD TO THE BILTMORE HOTEL, IN PALM SPRINGS. P,A,L,M..S,P,R,I,N,G,S. PALM SPRINGS..WE WILL NOW CONTINUE WITH MORE MUSICAL SELECTIONS.

MEL: ^(Squawks) P,a,l,m..S,p,r,i,n,g,s..~~Palm Springs~~ PALM SPRINGS! (SQUAWKS, SCREECHES & SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS,..RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Polly..Polly..What's wrong?

MEL: (SQUAWKS) ^{Palm Springs} P,a,l,m..S,p,r,i,n,g,s..~~Palm Springs~~ (SQUAWKS)

JACK: ^{Polly} Polly..quiet..quiet. ~~quiet~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES OFF)~~
JACK: Rochester, close the suitcase so we can get going.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Palm Springs. (CRIES)

JACK: Now ~~well~~ Polly, you can't go and that settles it.

MEL: (CRIES)

BB

JACK: Rochester, take her in the other room.

ROCH: YES SIR. COME ON, POLLY. *Polly.*

MEL: (CRIES & WHIMPERS. FADING OFF)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ~~She's getting~~ ^G getting more human every day.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Oh, hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Dennis, it's about time you got here.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, Dennis, are you all set for Palm Springs?

DENNIS: Well, I came over to tell you I can't leave today. I have to go have a tooth pulled.

JACK: *a* Tooth pulled..Oh, that's a shame..Does it have a cavity?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: *Well* Does it ache?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ~~Well~~, let me see..Which tooth is it?

DENNIS: The one on my watch chain. I got thrown out of the Elks.

JACK: Dennis, stop being silly, and I want you to leave for Palm Springs today. So go home and pack.

DENNIS: Okay. *Oh say* Mr. Benny, is it all right if I take my mother to Palm Springs with me?

JACK: Well...

DENNIS: She's already bought a French bathing suit.

BB

ATX01 0020226

BB

JACK: Your mother? That's ridiculous.

DENNIS: Oh, no it isn't. This morning she tried it on and my father said she looked French.

JACK: Really?

DENNIS: Yeah.. Mr. Benny, who's General DeGaulle?

JACK: Dennis, go home and pack.

DENNIS: Don't you want to hear my song first?

JACK: ~~Yes~~, let's hear the song.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG -- "GRANADA")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: *Well,* That was very good, Dennis. *(You know,* They'll love it in Palm Springs.

DENNIS: Thank *you*.

JACK: Now Dennis, when you go there, *(be sure to,* stay on Highway 99 so you won't get lost, *you see*

DENNIS: *Oh,* I'm not driving down.

JACK: Oh, ~~are~~ you taking the bus?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ...The train?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ...Are you flying?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ...Well, goodbye, Dennis.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: ...I guess it's better not to know how he's getting there than to ask him and spoil my whole vacation...Now let's see--

ROCH: (FADING IN) WELL, BOSS, I'VE GOT ALL THE LUGGAGE IN THE CAR.

JACK: Good...come on, let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES..FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT...CAR DOOR OPENS..PEOPLE GETTING IN.. CAR DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Are you sure all the lights are off, and the doors are ~~all~~ locked, Rochester?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: GETTING IN CAR)

BB

ATXQ1 0020228

JACK: Good, ^{Okay} Start the car.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: THE USUAL CAR STARTER..TWICE..BLENDING INTO
MEL BLANC'S ENTIRE GAMUT OF SOUNDS WINDING UP
WITH DYING DUCK GASP)

JACK: ^(*Hum, maybe, maybe...*) ~~Hum~~ maybe we ~~we~~ got a little water in the gasoline.

ROCH: I'D SETTLE IF WE HAD A LITTLE GASOLINE IN THE WATER.

JACK: Never mind, try the motor again, *will you?*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: SAME SOUND, BUT EVEN MORE SO)

JACK: ~~Hum~~..the motor sounds as though it's going from bad to worse.

ROCH: ~~Hum~~ SOUNDS LIKE IT'S GOING FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

JACK: Rochester, don't be funny..try it once more.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: THIS TIME JUST THE STARTER GOES AND THE
MOTOR DOESN'T CATCH..THE STARTER WHINES AND
WHINES AND RUNS DOWN)

JACK: ~~Hum~~, ^The motor's not even catching..maybe the battery's dead.

ROCH: IT CAN'T BE THAT, MR. BENNY, I PUT ~~IN~~ A NEW BATTERY, ^{YESTERDAY}.

JACK: A new battery..how much did it cost?

ROCH: NOTHING, I GOT IT OUT OF YOUR FLASHLIGHT.

JACK: ~~Hum~~...^Try it once more,

(SOUND: MOTOR STARTER WHINES..MEL TAKES OVER..IT
CATCHES AND FADES TO B.G. AS CAR GOES)

JACK: There you are, Rochester...the motor's going...back the car
out of the garage.

BB

ROCH: WAIT TILL THAT CROWD GETS OUT OF THE WAY.

JACK: (CALLS) All right, folks, break it up, break it up..beat it..beat it..(SOUND: Why do they always gather when we try to start the car?)...You can go, Rochester, they're gone now.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES OFF..LOUSY MOTOR FADES BUT SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR GOING)

JACK: Rochester, there's Miss Livingstone's house..Put on the brakes.

(SOUND: THE LONGEST SCREECH OF BRAKES POSSIBLE..IT GOES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND THEN CAR STOPS)

JACK: That's good, Rochester..you stopped right in front of the house.

ROCH: YEAH, AND IT ONLY TOOK US ONCE AROUND THE BLOCK TO DO IT.

JACK: I know...now keep the motor running, I'll go get Miss Livingstone.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK FOR COUPLE SECONDS..DOOR BUZZER..SLIGHT PAUSE.. DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack, I'm all ready.

JACK: Good, Mary, I'll help you with your bags.

MARY: Thank ^{you} here they are.

JACK: Say Mary..what beautiful luggage, where did you get it?

MARY: I bought it...Last week I got two hundred dollars on a quiz program.

JACK: No kidding..on a quiz program?

BB

ATX01 0020230

MARY: Uh huh...I was picked out of the whole studio audience because I worked for you,

JACK: Ahhh hahhhh, you see, Mary...~~it~~ doesn't hurt being on my program...What question did you have to answer for them to give you two hundred dollars?

MARY: No question, they just felt sorry for me.

JACK: Hm.

MARY: The Heart Line called with food for ~~two~~^a month.

JACK: Oh, don't be so funny. ^{Now,} Come on, Mary, let's go.

MARY: Okay...let me lock the door, *will you?*

(SOUND: DOOR LOCKS..FOOTSTEPS ON WALK OF MAN & WOMAN)

JACK: Rochester, put Miss Livingstone's bags in the car, *will you?*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: NOW LET'S SEE, WHERE CAN I PUT THEM?

MARY: Jack, you're only going to be away for two weeks., Why have you got all that luggage piled on top of the car?

JACK: That isn't luggage, Mary.

MARY: Then what is it?

ROCH: A TENT, WE'LL HAVE TO CAMP TWICE BETWEEN HERE AND PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Oh stop, Rochester...that's not why we're carrying it.

MARY: Then why are you carrying it?

JACK: The tent? Never mind...Now Rochester, are we ready to go?

ROCH: YES SIR...I PUT MISS LIVINGSTONE'S LUGGAGE IN THE TRUNK.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES..MOTOR UP..FADE TO B.G.
CAR HORN BEEPS)

BB

JACK: Now let's relax and have a pleasant drive.

MARY: Rochester, turn on the radio..will you, please?

ROCH: YES, MA'AM.

(SOUND: CLICK..STATIC SQUEALS)

HY: (FILTER) REMEMBER, FOLKS, AS ^a ~~OUR~~ HOLIDAY SPECIAL WE ARE CURRENTLY FEATURING A PLATINUM NECKLACE WITH A FOUR CARAT DIAMOND PENDANT FOR ONLY NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS... THIS CAN BE PURCHASED ON OUR EASY LAYAWAY PLAN OF ONLY ONE DOLLAR DOWN AND ONE DOLLAR A WEEK UNTIL THEY LAY YOU AWAY... AND NOW BACK TO THE MUSICAL PORTION OF OUR PROGRAM..FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER WE WILL HEAR THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE INKSPOTS, BUT WE FELT SORRY FOR THE SPORTSMEN.

JACK: Why do they feel sorry for everybody who works for me?

BB

ATX01 0020232

(INTRO)

QUART: ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTE
ALOUETTE JET'Y FLUMERAIS
ALOUETTE LIGHT A CIGARETTA
LUCKY STRIKE
JE SAIS TRE BON JO'LE
JET'Y FLUMERAIS LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
JET'Y FLUMERAIS LA TET
LIGHT A LUCKY ALOUETTE
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE AH
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTA
MADE OF FINE TOBACCO OOH LA LA
ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
WROTE A LETTER TO HER DEAR PAPA
HERE IS WHAT ZE LETTER SAY
"SEND MORE LUCKIES RIGHT AWAY"
SONAMAGUN THE ESKIMO
ZAY SMOKE LUCKIES TOO, YOU KNOW.
ESKIMO, ESKIMO, SMOKE YOU KNOW, SMOKE YOU KNOW,
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE CIGARETTE CIGARETTE
ZAY ALL LIKE, ZEY ALL LIKE
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE - AH --
ALOUETTE PUFF HER CIGARETTE
SHE IS JUST AS HAPPY AS CAN BE
WITH HER LUCKIES, MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
LSMF, LSMFT
LIVING MID ZE ICE AND SNOW
WE'RE [^]VERY GLAD TO KNOW

(MORE)

BB

QUART: SHE'S AS HAPPY AS CAN BE
(CONT'D) WITH AN LSMFT, MFT, MFT
WE AGREE, WE AGREE
ESKIMO, ESKIMO...SMOKE YOU KNOW..SMOKE YOU KNOW.
ALOUETTE ALOUETTE
CIGARETTE, CIGARETTE,
THEY ALL LIKE, THEY ALL LIKE
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE..AH..
ALOUETTA, PUFF HER CIGARETTA
THROUGH ZE LONG AND LONESOME ARCTIC NIGHTS
IN THE NORTH SO MANY LIGHT UP LUCKIES
THAT'S WHAT MAKE ZE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

(APPLAUSE)

BB

RTX01 0020234

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: MOTOR GOING FOR SEVERAL SECONDS..TRAFFIC
NOISES..AUTO HORN BEEPS..THEN FADE MOTOR AND
SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

MARY: Say, we're making pretty good time today.

ROCH: YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS LIVINGSTONE..WE JUST PASSED THROUGH
PASADENA.

JACK: Gosh, I wonder why the traffic is so thick.

MARY: It's people still coming home from last year's Rose Bowl
game.

JACK: ...Last year's Rose Bowl Game...You know, Mary, sometimes I
think-~~that~~.....

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, MR. BENNY --

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: WE'RE GETTING KIND OF LOW ON GAS.

JACK: We are? Well, pull in ~~in~~ that gas station on the corner. *there*

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MEDIUM LONG SQUEALING OF BRAKES AS CAR
COMES TO STOP)

MEL: (MOOLEY) Duh, yes sir...can I help you?

JACK: Yes, we'd like some gas.

MEL: Yes sir, would you like Regular or Ethyl?

JACK: Hmm..let me see, I wonder what would be best for this car.

MARY: Blood.

JACK: Mary, please..I'll take the regular.

MEL: Fill it up?

JACK: Well...~~no~~...*no*...put in about three gallons.

BB

MARY: For heaven's sakes, Jack..why don't you fill it up?

JACK: Mary, three is enough.

MARY: But you'll have to stop at another gas station for more..

Now Why don't you fill it up?

JACK: Well..all right...Fill it up, Mister.

ROCH: (WAY UP) OH BOY, WAIT'LL I TELL THE BOYS AT THE LODGE ABOUT THIS!

JACK: Never mind, Rochester..go ahead and fill the tank, Mister.

MEL: Yes sir.

MARY: Jack, what do you plan on doing in Palm Springs?

(WE NOW HEAR THE SOUND OF AN AUTOMATIC GAS PUMP GOING..IT GOES WITH A WHINING AND SLIGHT GRINDING SOUND, AND EVERY COUPLE OF SECONDS AS A GALLON MARK IS REACHED, WE HEAR THE PING OF A BELL... THESE PINGS COME EXACTLY WHERE THEY ARE INDICATED IN JACK'S SPEECH.)

JACK: Well, I think I'll just rest...relax and (PING) one have a good time. I'm going to take a dip in the (PING) two swimming pool every morning and then play a round of (PING) three golf afterwards. That way I'll get plenty of (PING) four sun and in the afternoons I'll just relax and (PING) five rest till dinner time. There are so many good places to (PING) six eat in Palm Springs like the Dunes, Doll House and Don the Beach (PING) seven combers and lots of others. Some nights I may go on (PING) eight ^{and} (YELLS) FOR HEAVENS SAKES, THAT'S ENOUGH GAS, STOP ALREADY...Gee whiz.

MEL: Okay, Mister..Now I'll check your oil and tires.

BB

JACK: Good.

MEL: Hey Mister...do you know you got a big hole in your right rear tire?

JACK: I know, I know.

MEL: Well, how come it doesn't go flat?

JACK: Because the tire was filled up in Los Angeles.

MEL: *Well*, What's that got to do with it?

MARY: The smog is too thick to leak out.

JACK: Yeah.

MEL: *Yeah*, Mister, I can sell you a new set of tires very reasonable.

JACK: Not right now...you see, they're making so many improvements in tires these days, I'll wait a little *while* longer.

MEL: Well, I've got the latest thing right here....tubeless tires.

ROCH: WE'RE WAY AHEAD OF THAT, WE GOT TIRELESS TUBES.

JACK: Never mind, Rochester...just check the oil, Mister.

MEL: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: HOOD GOING UP..LITTLE NOISES OF OIL BEING CHECKED)

MEL: Well, the oil is okay, but I noticed the pulley on your generator is cracked...you better get a new one, or you'll have lots of trouble.

JACK: Well...okay, put one in.

MEL: I'm sorry, but we don't have any parts for this car.

JACK: Oh...well, is there a Maxwell dealer in this town?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Where?

MEL:: In the cemetery.

JACK: Well, it'll be all right... ^{How} How much do I owe --

(SOUND: GALLOPING HORSE FADES IN)

JACK: What's that?

DENNIS: HI HO SILVER, AWAY!

(SOUND: HOOVES FADE AWAY)

JACK: ^{Hey} that's how Dennis is going to Palm Springs...well,
what do you know...Say Mister, how much do I owe you?

MEL: That's two dollars and fifty cents.

JACK: Okey, I'll --

MEL: ^{Oh} Excuse me, Mister, here comes another customer.

(SOUND: NICE CAR DRIVES IN AND COMES TO STOP)

MEL: Yes sir, what can I do for you.

BOB: Fill it up.

JACK: Well, Bob!

BOB: Why, Jack...Hi...Hello, Mary, ^{Hi} Roch.

MARY: Hello, Bob.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. CROSBY.

MEL: Excuse me, mister, you want regular or Tethyl?

BOB: Ethyl, please.

(SOUND: SAME SOUND OF PUMP GOING AND AGAIN WE HEAR
PINGS IN SPEECH WHERE INDICATED)

JACK: Gosh, Bob, isn't it a coincidence, we're all on our way to
Palm (PING) one Springs and we meet at the same gas
(PING) two station --

MARY: JACK, STOP COUNTING, IT'S BOB CAR.

BR

ATX01 0020238

JACK: Oh, yes, yes...I forgot...Gee, Bob, it's a shame that you have to make the drive all alone.

BOB: I'm not alone.

JACK: Huh?

BOB: *Oh*, Look in the back, don't you see...Remley, Kimmick, and Bagby, They're laying there.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Bob, you only mentioned Remley, Kimmick, and Bagby...isn't Sammy the Drummer coming to Palm Springs?

BOB: Oh, Sammy's coming, ^{sure} but not until just before we do our broadcast ^{here} there. ^{He} He hates the sun.

JACK: Why?

BOB: Well, you know how bald Sammy is...and he doesn't like his scalp to get sunburned.

MARY: Well, can't he wear a hat?

BOB: *Oh*, No, if he covered his head, he'd lose the fifty dollars a week a distillery pays him.

JACK: *A distillery* pays him fifty dollars a week not to cover his head?

BOB: Yeah...They've got "Don't be Vague, say Haig and Haig" painted up there.

JACK: Well, they couldn't have picked a better head than Sammy's. It's shaped like a pinch bottle.

MARY: *Bob*, ^{you know} Bob, this is none of my business, really...but if the boys in the band are such a bunch of hoodlums, why don't you get rid of them?

JACK: It's funny, Mary, I asked Bob the same thing last week, and he told me that their private lives are their own business.

BR

BOB: That's right, Mary...and these boys have a lot of experience.

JACK: Yeah...Bob told me that his boys spent two years with Wayne King.

BOB: No no, Jack, not Wayne King, Waste King, they used to instell them.

JACK: Oh, oh, oh.

MARY: By the way, Bob, how come your wife isn't coming to the Springs with you?

BOB: Oh, she'll be up for the week-end, Mary...She's bringing the kids.

MARY: All five of them?

BOB: *Yeah, all five,* ~~and~~ and the maid and the cook too,

MARY: But ~~and~~, won't it be hard finding hotel reservations for that many people?

BOB: *Oh,* I don't have to worry about that, Jack's renting me a tent.

JACK: All right, Mary, now you know, are you happy?...Come on, Rochester, let's go.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: See you in Palm Springs, Bob.

ALL: (AD LIB GOODBYE)

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STARTS AND DRIVES OFF....DRIVES FOR A FEW SECONDS...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Rochester, make this right turn here.

ROCH: BUT, MR. BENNY, WE SHOULD GO STRAIGHT AHEAD.

MARY: Rochester's right, Jack...this isn't the way to Palm Springs.

BR

ATX01 0020240

JACK: Look, Mery, I know a short cut...Rochester, turn here.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR TURNING)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR MOTOR FADES IN)

MARY: Jack, are you sure this short cut takes us to Palm Springs?

JACK: Of course, I'm sure.

ROCH: BUT MR. BENNY, WE'VE BEEN DRIVING THREE HOURS SINCE WE LEFT THE GAS STATION.

MARY: Yeah, and it's getting derk...we should have been in Palm Springs long ago.

JACK: Mery, I know what I'm doing...I've taken this road many times and -- see, see -- we're in the desert...see the sand.

MARY: Yeah, and I see the sign, too Laguna Beach.

JACK: Oh for heavens sakes...Rochester, you must have made a wrong turn... Now go back to the main highway ~~---~~ --

MARY: Jack...Jack, look up in the air!

JACK: Where...it's only a bird!

MEL: (SQUAWK) P,A,L,M ... S,P,R,I,N,G,S: (*Pzuent*)

JACK: Well, what do you know...~~the bird~~...She's following us to Palm Springs...Hello, Polly.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

BR

DON: Jack will be back in a minute to tell you about his television program which goes on immediately after this show, but first here's a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette.

Jack will be back in a minute to tell you about his television program which goes on at 7:00 P.M. tonight over the CBS Television network, but first here's a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette.

BR

ATK01 0020242

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
(CALYPSO
VERSION) 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.

(OPTIONAL
SHORT VERSION
IF DESIRED)

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:

Friends, if you read the comics, I guess you know all about "Little Iodine", and the other famous comic series "They'll Do It Every Time". The fellow who draws them is Jimmy Hatlo. Well, Jimmy's cigarette is Lucky Strike. He says, "Yep, I'll do it every time -- light up a Lucky because they taste better". Friends, many millions of people smoke Luckies because they too have found that Luckies taste better. A Lucky tastes better because "It's toasted to taste better." Of course, Luckies' better taste begins with fine tobacco -- fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

(MORE)

BR

ATK01 0020243

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 12, 1954

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

And then, that fine tobacco is toasted. "IT'S
TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones
up Luckies' fine tobacco to make it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, Be Happy -- Go
Lucky! And here's a reminder -- a carton of Luckies
makes a wonderful Christmas gift -- as welcome under
the tree as a pretty girl under the mistletoe. Give
the smokers on your list, gay, colorful Christmas
cartons of Lucky Strike -- so nice to give -- so
wonderful to get! Have a Happy - Go Lucky Christmas!

BR

ATX01 0020244

(TAG)

-23-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I was going to tell you about my television show but we're a little late, so tune in and watch it...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

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

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

ER

ATK01 0020245

Filter smokers! Here's the true tobacco taste you've been looking for. Filter Tip TAREYTON gives you all the full, rich flavor of TAREYTON'S famous quality tobacco... and real filtration, too! Filter Tip TAREYTON incorporates Activated Charcoal, renowned for its unusual powers of selective filtration and used far and wide to purify the air we breathe, the water and beverages we drink. Look for the red, white and blue stripes on the package. They identify Filter Tip TAREYTON, the best in filtered smoking.

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

DY

ATX01 0020246

(J.B.R. 5)
PROGRAM #13

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"As Broadcast"

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed, December 20, 1953)

CAST: Jack Benny
Mary Livingstone
Rochester
Dennis Day
Bob Crosby
Don Wilson
The Sportsmen Quartet
Mel Blanc
Artie Auerback

JF

ATX01 002047

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #13
DECEMBER 19, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

(TRANSCRIBED: "If you want better taste from your ciga-rette,
CALYPSO Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
VERSION OF
SONG-37 SEC)

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!"

DON: This is Don Wilson, friends. I guess you all have
heard of Bill Corum, the famous sports columnist,
who's also President of Churchill Downs in
Louisville, Kentucky. Well, he's one of the many
millions of people who smoke Luckies. And this is
what he says about them:
"I smoke Luckies because they give me the enjoyment
I like and they taste better than any other cigarette
to me."

(MORE)

JF

ATX01 0020248

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #13
DECEMBER 19, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

DON:
(CONT'D)

Now, Bill Corum's reason for smoking Lucky Strike is the same one most Lucky smokers give. Better taste. What makes a Lucky taste better? It's toasted to taste better. Now, Luckies' better taste begins with fine tobacco. LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then, that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor... tones up this naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. That's why -- at Christmas time in particular -- so many people give -- and get cartons of Luckies. A brightly decorated carton of Lucky Strike says "Merry Christmas and Happy Smoking" two-hundred times. Remember cartons of Luckies -- so nice to give ... so wonderful to get.

JF

ATK01 0020249

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS ALWAYS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE TOURIST SEASON HERE, PALM SPRINGS IS JUST FULL OF CELEBRITIES...BUT NOW I GIVE YOU THE CELEBRITY THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING ABOUT...BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY ONE PAYING SUMMER RATES...AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...and Don, I don't care if the whole town is talking about me because in Palm Springs talk is the only thing that's cheap...Believe me.

DON: I know what you mean, Jack...but I've worked out a pretty good deal where I'm staying.

JACK: Where? At the Biltmore?

DON: Yes, I get fifty per cent off ^{of} my bill and in return I put in three hours a day as a lifeguard. And yesterday I --

Wait a minute
JACK: Wait a minute, Don. You did say "lifeguard", ~~lifeguard~~

DON: Yes, why?

JACK: Well, it's just that I picture you more as a life raft... with a pontoon in back *there*.

DON: Well, you can joke all you want, but yesterday a man called for help and I dived into the pool and saved him.

DH

JACK: Really, Don?

DON: Yes sir...and you should have heard the way they bawled me out.

JACK: Bawled you out? You saved a man's life, didn't you?

DON: Yes, but when I jumped in the pool, three people sitting on the lawn almost drowned.

JACK: Gee, and I've been telling everyone it rained yesterday...
But, Don --

BOB: Oh, Jack....Jack.

JACK: Yes, Bob.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Bob Crosby, Ladies and gentlemen. ^(What) What is it, Bob?

BOB: ^(Well) Before we go any further with the show, I'd like to take a roll call of the orchestra.

JACK: A roll call of the orchestra? ^(Bob: That's right) We've never done that before.

BOB: ^(Well) Believe me, Jack, I know what I'm doing.

JACK: Well, all right, if you have to....go ahead, Bob.

BOB: Okay....George.

MARTY: Here.

BOB: Kerchy.

GUERNY: Here.

BOB: Songer.

JAY: Here.

BOB: Remley.

MEL: Hic!

JACK: ^(Bob) ~~Hum.~~ Bob, I want to ask you ^(Bob) ~~something~~...why...why do you have to go through this roll call?

DH

BOB: *Oh*, I always do when we're out of town.

JACK: But why, why?

BOB: *Oh*, I have to....I'm responsible to their Los Angeles Parole Board.

JACK: Oh, I see...Well, don't let me stand in the way of the law.

BOB: Hardy.

BILL: Here.

BOB: Tackaberry.

JACK: Wait a minute....Tackaberry is one of my writers.

BOB: He's on parole, too.

JACK: ~~That's~~...He keeps talking about the Pen, I thought he meant Papermate...Well, anyway, I'm ^{sure that} glad all the boys are ~~like~~.... Now if we can -- Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Oh, hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack, but I was taking a golf lesson at Tamarisk and I just didn't notice the time.

JACK: That's all right, Mary. So Ellsworth Vines gave you another lesson, eh?

MARY: No, I switched to one of the other fellows.

JACK: ~~That's~~...What was wrong?

MARY: I found out he's married.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...Well, look, Mary, you don't have to make any dates here in Palm Springs. If you want to go out with someone, I'm here.

MARY: Oh no, Jack...Not with you.

JACK: What?

DH

MARY: Your idea of an exciting time here is to walk down Palm Canyon Drive and watch people put nickels in the parking meters.

JACK: Yeah...Saturday was a dilly...163 dollars and 45 cents. Now let's get on with the show because tonight we're ~~going to~~ -- Oh -oh.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: Here comes Dennis.

MARY: Well, what about it?

JACK: You know, Mary...every time that kid opens his mouth, he says something silly and I'm aggravated for the rest of the week. But this time he's not getting away with it....
I'm ready for him.

DENNIS: (COMING IN) ^{hell} Hello, everybody.

DON & MARY: Hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny...Boy, two weeks in Palm Springs have sure made you look different.

JACK: (WHISPERS) See, Mary, he's starting already.

DENNIS: I'm sorry I haven't been able to see more of you up here, but I've been very busy.

JACK: Busy eh? What have you been doing?

DENNIS: Oh, swimming a little every day...getting lots of sleep, eating good food and catching up on my reading.

JACK: Your...reading? *eh?*

DENNIS: Yes, it's nice and quiet up here and I can concentrate... Hamlet requires lots of attention.

DH

JACK: Hamlet? ^{hand?} Dennis, --

DENNIS: I consider it to be Shakespeare's finest work...although I'd be the first to admit ~~that~~ there are great qualities in MacBeth, Julius Caesar and Othello....but to my way of thinking Hamlet offers more scope and penetrates with a deeper insight into human nature.

JACK: (EXPLODES) That's enough, Dennis! I won't listen to that kind of talk.

MARY: But, Jack --

JACK: I don't care, I'm on a vacation and I'm not going to let him aggravate me.

MARY: But Jack, he hasn't said anything silly.

JACK: I know, and he's doing it on purpose..Dennis, you're deliberately trying to annoy me.

DENNIS ^Q, No, I'm not, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Then how come you're talking intelligently?

DENNIS: I can't help it, I was out in the sun too long.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: But I discovered a way to keep cool.

JACK: You did?

DENNIS: Yeah, I get a big punch bowl, fill it full of shaved ice, put in three lemons, two oranges, some gingerale, a quart of Scotch, a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka, and five maraschino cherries.

JACK: Dennis, you drink that?

DENNIS: No, I sit in it.

DH

JACK: That's my boy... And Dennis, now that you're back to normal again, do me a favor... just go over in the corner and don't bother me.

DENNIS: Okay... do you mind if I read Hamlet?

JACK: Read, read... What a crazy kid.

MARY: Well Jack, you won't have to put up with him much longer. Tomorrow we'll all be on our way back to Los Angeles.

JACK: I know, and I've got a big surprise for everyone. Since you're all leaving tomorrow and I'm going to be staying down here till after Christmas, I want you all to come to my place tonight for our annual Christmas party.

DON: ^{Ok}~~hey~~, that's wonderful, Jack.

JACK: Everybody's invited... And Bob, make sure to bring the orchestra boys.

BOB: The orchestra boys?

JACK: Yeah, but tell them when we serve dinner to just casually walk into the dining room... not to line up and march.

BOB: Okay, Jack, ^{Ok}~~hey~~, I'll tell them... but gee, you better serve them the food right away or they'll start banging their cups on the table.

JACK: I'll serve 'em, I'll serve 'em... And listen, kids, I got a nice big house that I rented... there's plenty of room... we'll have a tree, exchange gifts and have ^a lot of fun. Don, you take over the show, will you? I'm going to leave right now and help Rochester get things ready.

DON: All right, Jack... Shall we do the commercial now?

DH

JACK: Yes, Don...that'll be fine...What have the Sportsmen Quartet prepared?

DON: *Oh,* It's something very appropriate for this time of ~~year~~ year ... It's called "Winter Wonderland."

JACK: Winter Wonderland? *Don't know how well,* That song is all about snow and sleighbells... That doesn't fit Palm Springs.

DON: Don't worry about it, Jack, we've got it fixed all right.

JACK: Okay, go ahead....See you later, kids.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DON: All right, fellows....take it.

DH

ATX01 0020256

(INTRO)

-8-

QUART: SLEIGH BELLS RING, ARE YOU LISTENING.
IN THE LANE SNOW IS GLISTENING
A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT, WE'RE HAPPY TONIGHT
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
GONE AWAY IS THE BLUEBIRD
HERE TO STAY IS A NEW BIRD
HE SINGS A LOVE SONG AS WE GO ALONG
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
IN THE MEADOW WE CAN BUILD A SNOWMAN
THEN PRETEND THAT HE IS PARSON BROWN
HE'LL SAY, "ARE YOU MARRIED?"
Janice
~~HE~~ SAY, "NO, MAN, BUT YOU CAN DO THE JOB
WHEN WE'RE IN TOWN."
LATER ON WE'LL CONSPIRE
AS WE DREAM BY THE FIRE
TO FACE UNAFRAID THE PLANS THAT WE MADE
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
COYOTES HOWL, ARE YOU LISTENING
SEE THAT OWL, EYES A-GLISTENING
THE DESERT AT NIGHT IS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.
IN THE SUN ONE RELAXES
OH, WHAT FUN FORGETTING TAXES
IF YOU CAN AFFORD YOUR ROOM AND YOUR BOARD
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.

(MORE)

JF

ATK01 0020257

QUART:
(CONT'D)

SANTA RIDES THE DESERT AND HE'S SINGING
MERRY CHRISTMAS, YIPPY-OH-KY-AYE.

IN HIS BAG FOR BENNY HE IS BRINGING
SOME SHAMPOO AND A CURLY NEW TOUPAY
THOUGH YOU ROAST AND YOU SWELTER
STILL WE BOAST YOU NEED SHELTER

'CAUSE TAKE IT FROM ME, ALONG ABOUT THREE
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.

LUCKY STRIKES GIVE YOU PLEASURE
LUCKY STRIKES YOU WILL TREASURE
YES, LUCKIES ARE GREAT WHEN YOU CELEBRATE
CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.

BETTER TASTE IS THE REASON
LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO PLEASING
YES, LUCKY'S THE ONE TO PUFF IN THE SUN
CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.

LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
LUCKIES ARE A SMOOTHER SMOKE HERE'S WHY
CELLOPHANE PROTECTS EACH SEPARATE PACK SO
THEY'RE ALWAYS FRESH AND THEY ARE NEVER DRY.

IT'S THE BRAND YOU WILL SEE MORE
BY THE POOL AT THE BILTMORE
WHEREVER YOU GO IT'S LUCKIES YOU KNOW
THEY'RE PUFFIN' IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.

LUCKIES ARE EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE BRAND
Puffin' in a Winter Wonderland.
LUCKIES ARE EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE BRAND.

(APPLAUSE)

JF

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I'm glad that drug store was open so I could finish my Christmas shopping....Gee, I get Christmas presents from everywhere...C.B.S...Lucky Strike...even my home town, Waukegan...I wonder what Waukegan will do for me this Christmas. Last year they did a wonderful thing..They destroyed my birth certificate....Now no one will ever know..(SINGS) JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE ALL THE WAY...SANTA NEEDS A NICKLE HERE IF HE WANTS TO PARK HIS SLEIGH--AAA....DA DA DUM, DUM DUM DUM, ~~AAA~~ --
 Oops, pardon me, sir.

ARTIE: That's quite all -- Mr. Benny!

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, this is a surprise..I didn't know you were here in Palm Springs.

ARTIE: Oh yes, I'm here already the last few days.

JACK: Well, isn't that nice..where are you staying?

ARTIE: A place called Harry's Hacienda.

JACK: Harry's Hacienda? ^{How} I've never heard of that.

ARTIE: Nationally advertised it isn't.

JACK: ^{Ok} Well, ^{if} it isn't much of a place, why do you stay there?

ARTIE: Where else for seven dollars a day can you get room, board, and a desk full of picture post cards from the El Mirador?

JACK: Oh, I see...Well, tell me..do they have a ^{swimming} pool?

ARTIE: Finally I found it.

JACK: You mean the swimming pool is that small?

ARTIE: Small? This morning I had breakfast and the hole in my bagel was bigger.

JACK: Well, what's the difference as long as you're having fun. Say, Mr. Kitzel, I'm having my cast over this evening for a little get-together...How would you and your wife like to join us?

GH

ARTIE: Thank you, but I'm afraid we couldn't make it. My wife is still upset from the steak ride last night.

JACK: Oh, your wife was on a Steak ride? ^(Artie: Goat) What happened?

ARTIE: It took eight men to put her on the horse.

JACK: Oh, Mr. Kitzel, you must be joking. Your wife's not that heavy.

ARTIE: Me, you could convince, but the horse you can't.

JACK: You mean --?

ARTIE: The next time that horse runs, it'll be from a bottle of glue.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, I'd like to talk to you longer, but I have to get home to help Rochester.

ARTIE: Go right ahead, Mr. Benny, and enjoy yourself.

JACK: Thank you..so long.

ARTIE: Goodbye...Oh say, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Tomorrow if you got a little time, why don't you come over and visit me and my wife?

JACK: Well, I'll be glad to..How do I get to Harry's Hacienda?

ARTIE: ^(From here) You go straight down Flam Canyon Drive for five blocks till you come to the Park Lane Hotel.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: Then you turn left and follow the sign that says "To Harry's Hacienda" for two miles.

JACK: Two miles? But look ^{at} that will take me way up in the mountains.

ARTIE: That's right, Harry is a goat.

JACK: ^(Artie: Goat) A goat? Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Smell me.

JACK: What?

OH

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel and Merry Christmas.

ARTIE: And a Happy Yule to You-all.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TRAFFIC NOISES)

JACK: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY..
LA IA LA, IA IA LA LA, ~~LA IA LA LA~~ -- Gee, it'll
be fun bing in Palm Springs for Christmas.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, hand me some more tinsel for the tree, *will you?*

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, MR. BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I'm sure glad I decided to rent this house from Mr.
and Mrs. Martin. It'll be just perfect for the party
tonight.

ROCH: YEAH.

JACK: Well, all the tinsel is on. I think I'll put on the
ornaments. I'll ^{see} put this nice red one up..Ouch! ^{and then...} I'll put
the blue one over here..Ouch!...and I'll put the green one
up on top..there..Ouch!...Oh, darn it.

ROCH: BOSS, I TOLD YOU TO GET A CHRISTMAS TREE INSTEAD OF THIS
CACTUS PLANT.

JACK: Well, Rochester, ^{Rochester,} I'm not going ~~home~~ out and buy a Christmas
tree when I have a perfectly good one at home. ~~But~~ I want
to put these gifts under it..Let's see..Here's Don's..some
nice dates ^{and,} This one's for Mary..Oh, and Rochester, here's
the one I'm giving Remley. Boy, will he be surprised.

ROCH: HOW WILL HE BE SURPRISED, YOU'VE GOT "SHAVING LOTION"
WRITTEN ALL OVER THE PACKAGE.

GH

JACK: *Well,* You have to do that with Remley. When he opens a box and finds a bottle, he never stops to read the label..Last year

Last year, I gave him a miniature ship in a bottle ~~and~~ the mast stuck out of his mouth for three months..Every time I asked him something, he had to answer me through the crow's nest.. Believe me, I know what I'm doing.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh-oh, Rochester..that must be the gang..You let 'em in and *See* - I'll go out in the kitchen and get the hors d'oeuvres.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSE)

CAST: (AD LIBS) Hello, Rochester..Merry Christmas..etc.

ROCH: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN, EVERYBODY..MR. BENNY'S IN THE KITCHEN,,HE'LL BE RIGHT OUT..MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

DON: Say, Jack's got a nice place here.

MARY: Yeah, but it's so cluttered up. Rochester, help me clean it up..I'll throw some of this stuff out.

ROCH: (FRIGHTENED) NOT THAT, NOT THAT, THAT'S THE CHRISTMAS TREE!

BOB: Christmas tree? *Key* That's nothing but an old cactus plant.

ROCH: *Oh*, WE WOULD'VE HAD A TUMBLE-WEED, BUT THE WIND WAS BLOWING AND WE LOST IT COMING THROUGH INDIO.

DON: Wait a minute...look at that television set...~~It~~ Got a coin box attached to it with a slot to put money in.

BOB: Well, that's Pay As You See Television. And Palms Springs is the only place where they're conducting this experiment.

MARY: Jack has the same attachment on his set in Beverly Hills and it's no experiment.

JACK: (COMING IN) WELL, EVERYBODY'S HERE..MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CAST: MERRY CHRISTMAS, JACK.

JACK: Well, kids, I'm glad you're all here..We'll have a nice --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS.)

JACK: Oh, there's the phone.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester.

MARY: Say Jack, this is a very nice place. I had no idea it was so large.

JACK: Oh yes..there's a kitchen, dinette, living room, two bedrooms, and a patio. You know, Mary, when you're a big star, you ~~are~~ got to have plenty of room to entertain.

MARY: Yeah...I just can't understand how you got all this for eighty-five dollars a month.

JACK: What's the difference, I got it. Now come on, everybody, let's put all the presents under the tree and ~~and~~ --

Hey, Wait a minute.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: I had twelve candy canes, and now there are only eleven...where's the other one?

MARY: Don't look at me.

JACK: I'm not looking at you..but if your conscience bothers you, they're ten cents each.

MARY: Oh, don't be so silly.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS --

JACK: ~~Yes,~~ Rochester..who was that on the phone?

ROCH: THAT WAS MR. COLMAN CALLING FROM BEVERLY HILLS.

JACK: Oh, Ronald Colman?

ROCH: YES SIR..HE WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU'D BE BACK IN TOWN FOR CHRISTMAS..AND I TOLD HIM THAT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY MAKE IT, YOU WERE STAYING IN PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Gee, that was nice of Ronnie to call. Is he planning a Christmas party?

BA

ATKQ1 0020263

ROCH: NOW, YES.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: HE SAID HE'D CHECK WITH ME LATER ABOUT NEW YEARS.

JACK: All right, all right.

BOB: Hey, Gang, why don't we ~~we~~ open our Christmas presents?

JACK: No, no, it's too early..Everyone can take their gift,
but let's not open them until Christmas.

DENNIS: Gee, I'm embarrassed, Mr. Benny. I got you a gift, but
I left it at my hotel room.

JACK: Oh, that's all right, Dennis. ~~you~~ You didn't have to
bother getting me anything, anyway.

DENNIS: Well, truthfully, I didn't know what to get you..you have
practically everything..but I went all over Palm Springs
and I finally found something.

JACK: Really, what did you get me, Dennis?

DENNIS: A Hila monster.

JACK: A Hila monster.

DENNIS: ^{Yeah} The man only charged me three dollars for it.

JACK: Dennis, A Hila monster is a deadly poisonous and vicious
reptile. Why, it could snap a man's arm off.

DENNIS: No wonder it took him so long to wrap the package.

JACK: Dennis, if that poisonous thing is in your room, you
better call your hotel right now and warn them.

DENNIS: Yeah, I guess I better.

DON: Hey, come on, kids, let's have some fun..let's get ~~the~~ ^{this}
party rolling.

BOB: Yeah, let's play some games.

JACK: Okay...but first I want to show you something, Mary.

BA

MARY: Me?

JACK: ~~Yes~~, come on out in the hall for a second.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here we are...look up, Mary.

MARY: Why Jack, it's a mistletoe.

JACK: That's right..and that ^{that I} means I get to kiss you.

MARY: (SHY) Oh, Jack ..

JACK: *Now*, Come on, Mary..give me a kiss..now pucker up.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: LONG KISS)

MARY: There.

JACK: I KNEW IT, YOU ATE THE CANDY CANE..I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT.

MARY: All right..here's your ten cents. For a minute, I thought you were getting romantic.

JACK: Romantic, shmantic..a crime must be solved, ~~the~~ Come on, let's get back to the party.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Mary, what was going on out there in the hall?

MARY: Ask Boston Blackie.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

JACK: Never mind...Hey, Dennis, ^{the} did you call your hotel about that Hila monster?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: What did they say?

DENNIS: Nothing, the phone keeps ringing and ringing but nobody answers.

JACK: What?

BA

DENNIS: Do you mind if I stay here tonight?

JACK: All right, all right..Now come on, let's get things started here...Let's all sing Jingle Bells.

DON: Yeah, yeah..let's all sing, *huh?*

(SOUND: HACK SAW SAWING THROUGH IRON BAR)

JACK: What's that noise?

BOB: ~~Remley~~ Remley, *wants* ~~to go home~~ to go home.

JACK: (UP) Remley, put down that hack saw and use the door....
What a gang...Now come on, kids, let's sing "Jingle Bells."

CAST: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS

JINGLE ALL THE WAY

OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE

IN A ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH....

JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE --

MEL: (SLIGHTLY MOOLEY) HOLD IT, QUIET DOWN, HOLD IT, HOLD IT
HOLD IT:

CAST: (STOPS SINGING)

MEL: WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

JACK: Hold it, kids, it's the owner...What's the matter, Mr. Martin?

MEL: I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm not going to stand for noisy parties like this going on in my house.

JACK: Now wait a second, Mr. Martin...so what if we are making a little noise..you're forgetting ~~that~~ I'm paying you 85 dollars a month to rent this house.

MEL: Whoever dreamed you'd be throwing wild parties...When you came to me, you looked like a nice, quiet old man.

BA

JACK: But *look* ...

MEL: Now I find out you're a Hollywood playboy.

JACK: Look, Mr. Martin --

MEL: And what're those convicts doing here?

JACK: Those are my musicians... Fellows, this is a party, stop making those license plates.... For heavens sakes...
They're not at home unless they're in jail.

BOB: I guess we were a little loud, Mr. Martin...but we didn't know you were here.

MARY: We were only having a *little* Christmas party.

MEL: *Q* - A Christmas party?

DON: Yes, if you prefer, we can leave.

MEL: Well ...

DENNIS: We didn't even get to sing the Christmas Carols.

MEL: Christmas Carols?

JACK: Yes, *we* always sing Christmas Carols.

MEL: Gee, I'd love to hear that.

JACK: Well, why don't you and your wife join us?

MEL: ~~Do~~ You really mean that, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Certainly, the more the merrier.

MEL: Gee, thanks..I'll go get my wife and we'll join you in the party.

JACK: Now Dennis -- *yes*, go get her...Dennis, every year at my Christmas party you always sing a nice medley of Christmas Carols.

BA

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Well, how about singing them for us now?

DENNIS: I'd be glad to.

JACK: Quiet, everybody..Dennis is going to sing.

(DENNIS SINGS MEDLEY OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my sponsor and my entire staff, I want to wish you all a Very Merry Christmas.

BA

ATX01.0020268

BY

CAST: Jack Benny
 Rochester
 Dennis Day
 Don Wilson
 Roy Glenn
 Joe Kearns
 Melton Merrick
 Bob Benedict
 Mel Blanc
 Verna Felton
 Harry Shearer
 Jimmy Belrd

(Transcribed - October 7, 1954)

DECEMBER 26, 1954 O.B.S. 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

LUCKY STRIKE

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

A. Benedict

(J.B.N.9)
PROGRAM #14
Revised Script

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 26, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that's toasted to
taste better!

TRANSCRIBED
(COLLINS:) "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
(FULL ORCHESTRATION) 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: Friends, this is Don Wilson. If you're not
getting all the enjoyment you should be getting
from your present cigarette, switch to Lucky
Strike -- and see for yourself how much more real,
deep down smoking enjoyment you get from Luckies'
better taste.

(MORE)

DY

RTX01 0020270

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 26, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-B-

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

A Lucky tastes better because it's the cigarette
of fine tobacco and IT'S TOASTED to taste better.
IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process
that tones up Luckies' fine, naturally good-tasting
tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner,
fresher, smoother. Yes, find out for yourself.
Buy a carton of better tasting Lucky Strike!

DY

ATX01 0020271

(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, BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S RADIO TIME..SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS..AS WE LOOK IN, ROCHESTER, WITH THE HELP OF HIS BEST FRIEND ROY, IS CLEANING UP THE HOUSE AFTER CHRISTMAS.

ROY: (SINGS) Jingle bells, jingle bells...

ROCH: JINGLE ALL THE WAY.

ROY: Oh what fun, it is to ride.

ROCH: IN A ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIIIIIGGGGGHHHHHH..NOW ROY, IF YOU'LL GATHER UP ALL THE WRAPPING PAPER, I'LL PICK UP THE RIBBONS AND TWINE.

ROY: Okey.

(SOUND: CRUMPLING OF PAPER)

ROY: Say, Rochester...I notice that a lot of these boxes that Mr. Benny's gifts came in still have the price tag on them.

ROCH: OH, THOSE...THOSE ARE GIFTS FROM THE PEOPLE WHO WORK FOR HIM.

ROY: Why do they leave the price tags on them?

DY

ROCH: IT SAVES ABOUT SIX MONTHS OF ARGUMENTS.

ROY: ~~...~~ ^{man} Hum, here's a box that hasn't been opened yet.

ROCH: I KNOW...LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVEN'T COME BY ~~AND~~ PICK UP
THEIR ~~...~~ ^{present}...PUT IT IN THE PILE BEHIND THE TREE.

ROY: Okay.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF TREE AND TINKLING OF TREE
ORNAMENTS)

ROCH: CAREFUL YOU DON'T TIP IT.

ROY: ^{Yeah} Don't worry...Say, Rochester, what's that little package
~~hanging~~ ^{hanging} on ~~the~~ top of the pile?

ROCH: LET'S SEE...OH, THAT'S MR. FRANK REMLEY'S GIFT.

ROY: ~~...~~ And what's the big package on the bottom?

ROCH: THAT'S MR. REMLEY.

ROY: Oh...Well, why is he gift wrapped?

ROCH: HE KEEPS BETTER THAT WAY.

~~ROY: ...~~

~~...what's that package hanging?~~

~~ROCH: ...~~

ROY: Say, Rochester...what did Mr. Benny get from his
neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman?

ROCH: THEY GAVE HIM THAT CHAIR OVER THERE IN THE CORNER.

ROY: Gee...that doesn't look like much of a gift.....That
chair looks so dull and drab.

ROCH: I KNOW...BUT IT GETS MIGHTY LIVELY WHEN YOU PLUG IT IN.

ROY: You mean ----

ROCH: YEAH, THAT THING HANGING ~~...~~ OVER THE TOP AIN'T NO
READING LAMP.

ROY: Rochester...you're kidding, aren't you?

ROCH: YEAH... HEE HEE HEE.

ROY: *Yeah*, I thought so... Say, Roch, next week is New Year's Eve..
Have you got any plans?

ROCH: YEAH.... I ~~WAS~~ GOT A DATE WITH SUSIE.

ROY: Say, that reminds me, Susie spoke to me about you the other night.

ROCH: SHE DID?

ROY: Yeah... she says that you two ~~have~~ been going together ~~so~~ so long, she's kind of disappointed that you haven't proposed to her yet.

ROCH: WELL, ROY, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT A LOT..AND WELL..I'VE BEEN WITH MR. BENNY SO LONG, I'M A CONFIRMED BACHELOR... I'VE PICKED UP TOO MANY OF HIS WAYS.

ROY: *Yeah*, But you ought to think about getting married...you know, you're not getting any younger.

ROCH: I'M NOT GETTING ANY OLDER, EITHER, THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE I PICKED UP FROM MR. BENNY.

ROY: *Yeah*, I know what you mean..Mr. Benny keeps rolling along like Old Man River...Say, how old is he really, Rochester?

ROCH: THAT'S SOMETHING I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE.

ROY: *Well*, I know he's not thirty-nine...Can't you at least give me a hint about how old he is?

ROCH: WELL...ALL I'LL SAY IS IF THEY DO HIS STORY ON "THIS IS YOUR LIFE", IT'LL HAVE TO BE AN HOUR PROGRAM.

ROY: ...Men, what a spectacular that'll make, with Indians *Roch: Yeah* and everything.

ROY & ROCH: (BOTH LAUGH)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: *Oh*, GOOD MORNING, BOSS.

JACK: Merry Christmas, Roy.

ROY: Merry Christmas to you too, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Any mail this morning, Rochester?

ROCH: JUST A FEW CIRCULARS.

JACK: Wait a minute..What are all those stacks of envelopes on the table?

ROCH: THOSE ARE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

JACK: Oh yes...Since Hellmerk went on Television I'm selling less and less...I'll have to start advertising, too.

ROCH: WOULD YOU LIKE SOME BREAKFAST, BOSS?

JACK: No, it's so late and I'm quite hungry...What can you fix me for lunch?

ROCH: WELL, I CAN GET YOU SOME SLICED TURKEY, CRANBERRY SAUCE, CANDIED SWEET POTATOES, TURKEY DRESSING AND GRAVY.

JACK: Is that what's left over from Christmas dinner?

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT'S LEFT OVER FROM THANKSGIVING.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROY: Do you want me to answer the door, Mr. Benny?

JACK: No, Roy, I'll go...you help Rochester.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS JINGLE BELLS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. BENNY.

DY

JIMMY: YEAH, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

JACK: Well, Joey and ^{*My little Beavers*} Stevie, Merry Christmas, boys.

HARRY: Mr. Benny, it is our pleasure as the duly selected representatives of the Beverly Hills Beavers Club to come here and present you with this gift for which we all chipped in and bought you ~~the gift~~ as a token of our esteem.

JACK: (TOUCHED *By*) Boys, this is very touching...Of all the many nice things that happened to me this Christmas, this is the nicest...Come on in while I open it.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...OPENING OF PACKAGE)

DY

RTX01 0020276

JACK: Oh, ^{gee,} a pair of hair brushes, ^{gosh,} Isn't that nice.

JIMMY: I thought it was stupid but they voted against me.

JACK: ~~Well~~...Well boys, come on in the next room, I have a gift for all the Beavers.

KIDS: (AD LIB) Gee, thanks..That's swell.

JIMMY: By the way, Mr. Benny...don't forget you promised to come ^{over} to the Beavers annual party we're giving this Friday night.

JACK: Oh, I'll be there.

HARRY: You know, this year we're going to have girls, and we're gonna dance with them, and play spin the bottle and post office.

JACK: Gee, I'll bet you can hardly wait.

HARRY: Yeah, I wanna see what's so great about it.

JIMMY: (AFTER LAUGH) You'll see, you'll see.

JACK: *Yes,* Yes, you will, Steves.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, here you are, boys...a present from me, to the Beavers.

JIMMY: (IMPRESSED) Gosh, a printing press.

HARRY: And what a big one...Boy, the Beavers will love this present because now we can print our own newspaper, and bulletins and circulars.

JIMMY: Yeah...and maybe next year we'll even be able to make Christmas cards.

JACK: (Hmm, first Hallmark, now them)...Oh, well...Merry Christmas, boys.

KIDS: Merry Christmas, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

HARRY: Oh, by the way, Mr. Benny, at our last meeting we decided to raise the dues next year to ten cents a week.

JACK: Ten cents a week!

JIMMY: I thought it was stupid but they voted against me. . .

JACK: Well, I'm going to use my veto..Goodbye, kids.

KIDA: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES....FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS JINGLE BELLS) Gosh, those kids are cute...(HUMS JINGLE BELLS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROY: Well, I guess everything's done..I'll be running along now, Rochester.

ROCH: SO LONG, ROY...AND THANKS A LOT.

JACK: Just a minute, Roy.

ROY: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: How did you like your Christmas gift?

ROY: My...Christmas gift?

JACK: Yes, didn't you find it..I put it right under the tree.

ROY: No sir..I didn't see a thing for me.

JACK: Well, I know I put a gift there for you...Come on, let's look under the tree.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmm...Roy, you can get it next week, maybe Remley will roll off it by then...Meanwhile, Merry Christmas.

~~ROCH: Come to you, Mr. Boney.~~

~~(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR OPENS.. CLOAKS)~~

ROCH: SAY, BOSS...WHAT'S THIS CHRISTMAS PACKAGE DOING UP ON THE MANTLE..IT HAS NO NAME ON IT.

JACK: Let me see it.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, my goodness..I forgot to deliver it..I better do that right now.

ROCH: WHO IS IT FOR?

JACK: Ed, the man who guards my vault...I'll take it to him right now. *In going down to my vault, Rochester, and all the right back* If there are any calls for me, ~~call me at~~

~~back Rochester.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS GETTING HOLLOW..FOOTSTEPS ALONG CORRIDOR)

JACK: Now to cross the bridge over the moat.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN BRIDGE..SPLASHING SOUNDS)

JACK: Gosh, look at those alligators..They ~~are~~ ^{make} wonderful guards.. Especially this one right under the bridge...Say, what's that swimming behind her?... Oh, my goodness, I must call Louella Parsons, she's had a blessed event...Isn't that cute. *Gotta get into my vault.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF BRIDGE..RATTLE OF CHAINS.. IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN..TWO STEPS..HEAVIER CHAINS RATTLING..IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN.. TWO FOOTSTEPS)

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

JACK: Friend.

KEARNS: What's the password?

JACK: Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

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

JACK: Yes, it's me, Ed.

KEARNS: How nice...did you come to put some money in the vault,
or to take some out?

JACK: Neither, Ed...this is a social visit...It's Christmas.

KEARNS: Christmas?

JACK: *Yes*, Yes..and next week it will be New Years.

KEARNS: Gosh, another year has gone by already.

JACK: That's right, Ed..It'll soon be 1955.

KEARNS: Nineteen!

JACK: Yes, yes..Ed.. Now I just came down to give you your
Christmas present.

KEARNS: My this is exciting...May I open it?

JACK: I wish you would.

(SOUND: PAPER TEARING)

KEARNS: Oh, gosh...just what I've always wanted...an umbrella.

JACK: Yes, it'll come in handy in case a pipe ever breaks..
Well, I've got to get back, Ed.. see you soon.

~~KEARNS: Thanks for coming down...It's always a pleasure to see
somebody.~~

~~JACK: Yes, yes, goodbye, Ed.~~

KEARNS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..IRON DOOR CLOSSES..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, that Ed is always so nice and pleasant..never complains or anything...I think the next time I come down, I'll lengthen his chain.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: Oh Rochester..were there any calls for me?

ROGH: NO, BUT WHILE YOU WERE DOWN IN THE VAULT, MAHLON MERRICK, YOUR MUSICAL ARRANGER CAME IN..HE'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE DEN.

JACK: *Oh*, Oh, I'll see what he wants.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Oh*, Hello, Mahlon.

MAHLON: Merry Christmas, Jack.

JACK: Same to you.

MAHLON: Jack, the reason I came over is your producer suggested that we do this tune on the show this week and I wanted to see if you like it.

JACK: Let me see the music..Hmmm...Well, it's topical...what do you think?

MAHLON: I'm not sure..hum it to me.

JACK: (TO TUNE OF JINGLE BELLS) Da da da, da da da, da de -- You know, Mahlon, you'd save yourself a lot of trips over here if you'd learn to read music...believe me.

MAHLON: *Well,* I would, but I don't want the boys in the band to think I've gone high hat.

JACK: Oh, them..Well, that reminds me, Mahlon, I wish you'd tell the boys that from now on whenever we do a broadcast, not to bring their friends and have them sit up there with them on the bandstand.

MAHLON: ^{Oh} They're not friends, they're parole officers.

~~JACK: Parole officers?~~

~~MAHLON: Yes, and it's all on the radio, too.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~MAHLON: They're sending me to the penitentiary for being together.~~

JACK: That's what I mean...see if you can do something about it, will you?

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Excuse me, Mahlon, I have to answer the door.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS JINGLE BELLS)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Merry Christmas, Jack.

JACK ^{Ok}, Merry Christmas, Don...Come on in.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS)

DON: Oh, Merry Christmas, Mahlon.

MAHLON: Same to you, Don...Did you get a lot of presents this year?

DON: I'll say..I ~~was~~ got the greatest collection of wild ties, and gaudy sports shirts...^{some are so} Gosh, I'll be busy all next week exchanging gifts.

JACK: Me too...people certainly ~~are~~ ^{said} you silly things, ^{don't they?}

DON ^{Yeah} Unless they know you ^{very} well...Like my wife...She's the one person who gave me a useful gift...

JACK: What did she give you?

DON: A side of beef.

JACK: No.

DON: Yes.

MAHLON: Don, a whole side of beef...were you able to get it in your freezer?

DON: I don't have a freezer, so I made a sandwich.

JACK: ~~How~~. Your front lawn must look like an elephant's graveyard...~~Believe me~~.

DON: *Oh*, Say Jack...Here, I brought this over for you...it's a record of a song by Dennis Day.

JACK: A record?

DON: Yes, I dropped by his house, and he has a cold ^{and} He asked me to bring this over so you ~~can~~ ^{could} hear it.

JACK: Gee...^{oh} I hope he feels all right.

DON: Oh, he'll be okay.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Good..let's hear the song. Put it on the phonograph, Don.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: START RECORD OF SOMEONE SINGING AT VERY SLOW SPEED)

DON: ^{Yes} ~~Good~~, 'Dennis' cold is worse than I thought.

JACK: ~~Don't~~ Don, you ~~forgot~~ forgot to wind it up...^{now} Go ahead.

DON: Okay.

Jack: *I got a new one*
(SOUND: RACKET WINDING...RECORD STARTING)

(DENNIS' SONG) "SONG OF SONGS

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: *Hey Day,* ~~yes,~~ that sounded real swell...It's a shame the kid has a cold.

JACK: Say, why don't the three of us go over and visit Dennis and cheer him up, *but*

MAHLON: I'd love to, but I've got work to do.

DON: I was just over there, Jack, but I'll walk part of the way *back* with you...It's on my way home.

JACK: Okay....I better tell Rochester I'm leaving. (CALLS)

OH, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: (OFF) YES, BOSS.

JACK: I'm going over to Dennis Day's house.

ROCH: SHALL I GET THE CAR OUT?

JACK: No, I'm going to walk.

ROCH: COWARD!!!

JACK: Stop making cracks about my car...you'd think that --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: (OFF) SHALL I ANSWER THE PHONE, BOSS?

JACK: No, I'll get it...you just keep doing what you're doing.

ROCH: THANKS, I'M RESTING.

JACK: ~~Hummmmm,~~

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

JACK: Hello.

BEA: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Gertrude, the C.B.S. telephone operator.

JACK: Oh, is someone trying to reach me around the studio?

MG

BEA: ^{Red,} This isn't business...I called to thank you for the lovely Christmas present you gave me. *It was very original,*

JACK: Well, *I knew you had earrings + bracelets + jewelry.*

BEA: *As you gave me a jar to thank you in.*

JACK: Yeah, *but first, eat the mayonnaise... it's delicious.*

~~the jar for the jar, I gave you, you said it was~~
~~at the phone.~~

~~BEA: I know you're a very nice person.~~

~~JACK: I'm sure you are.~~

~~BEA: I'm sure you are, but you're not a very nice person.~~

JACK: ~~Well, that's a very nice thing to say. I'm sure you are.~~
~~from the heart of a saint.~~

BEA: ~~Excuse...~~ Anyway, Mr. Benny, it isn't the gift that counts, it's the sentiment behind it..That's why Mable and I like you...You treat us like human beings...Most people aren't nice to us at all.

JACK: ^{Red,} Now wait a minute, Gertrude, *you* don't go talking like that.. No wonder you and Mable have inferiority complexes.

BEA: We haven't any complexes..we are inferior.

JACK: Oh.

BEA: Well, thanks again, and Merry Christmas.

JACK: Merry Christmas to you, too, *Gertrude.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Okay, Don, let's go...Hey, where's Mahlon?

ROCH: HE WENT OUT WHILE YOU WERE TALKING ON THE PHONE.

JACK: Oh...Well, Rochester, I'll be back in time for dinner.

MG

ROCH: (WHISPERS) PSSSSST..MR. BENNY.

JACK: Hub?

ROCH: DID YOU FORGET TO THANK MR. WILSON FOR THE GIFT HE GAVE YOU?

JACK: Oh, I'm glad you reminded me...(UP) Don, I want to thank you for that lovely Sunbeam Toaster you gave me.

DON: You're welcome, Jack...I was wondering if you needed one.

ROCH: NEED ONE..BEFORE WE GOT THAT, WE USED TO TOAST OUR BREAD WITH GENUINE SUNBEAMS.

JACK: Never mind..Come on, Don...I'll be back in time for dinner, Rochester...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH, THEN DOWN FEW STEPS AND THEN ON CEMENT WALK)

DON *Alah*, It's such a nice day for this time of ~~the~~ year.

JACK: It certainly is...and I love to walk...especially on a sunny day, *you know*.

MEL: (AS A BIRD) (CHIRPS MERRILY)

DON: Oh Jack, look at ~~the~~ *that* beautiful bird on your lawn.

MEL: (CHIRPS MERRILY)

JACK *Alah*, Look, he's hopping over to us.

DON: Come on, birdie...come here.

MEL: CHIRP CHIRP...CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP.

CHIRP CHIRP...CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP.

DON: What's that, Birdie?

MEL: (WHISTLES LS/MFT...LS/MFT)

JACK: Well, what do you know? He said LS, MFT.

MG

DON: That's right, Birdie..Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MEL: (WHISTLES - YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.)

JACK: Say, you're a smart bird.

MEL: (WHISTLES - I KNOW IT)

JACK: I'll be darned.

wait a minute, Jack, wait a minute
DON: *hey* Hey wait -- I want to try something..Birdie, listen to this...

(SINGS) 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

MEL: (IN RHYTHM) CHIRP..CHIRP CHIRP

DON: CIGARETTE.

JACK: *du* This is amazing...Look, he's flying away.

DON: Do you think he'll come back again?

he's the only bird I ever seen with a mustache...
JACK: Only if *he* needs work..Well, I better hurry over to Dennis *day* house.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DENNIS: Say Mother...(SNEEZES) Gee, ~~(SNEEZES)~~ Mother, I wish I could get rid of this cold.

VERNA: Well, if you'd only take this medicine, son, it would help you a lot.

DENNIS: But I don't like that medicine...are you sure it's good?

VERNA: Certainly...when I was a working girl, I always used to take it.

DENNIS: Did you have ^a lot of colds then?

VERNA: All the time.

MO

DENNIS: I guess that was on account of where you worked.

VERNA: That's right..the only time I ever got any fresh air and sunshine was when John L. Lewis called a strike.

DENNIS: Gee, Mother, ^hI don't feel like taking that medicine because...because...(HE SNEEZES AGAIN)

VERNA: Dennis, let me feel your head and see if you have any temperature.

(SOUND: PALM LIGHTLY PATTING HEAD)

DENNIS: ... Do I have any?

VERNA: Well, it is a little warm around the point.

DENNIS: I'll probably be up in a day or so.

VERNA: Son, shall I get you another hot water bottle?

DENNIS: No, ^{Thanks,} I already drank three of them and I don't feel any better.

VERNA: ~~Oh~~ For heaven's sakes, Dennis...you were supposed to put them on your feet.

DENNIS: Now she tells me.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

VERNA: ^{Quick} There's someone at the door.

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

~~VERNA: (SINGS) Jingle bells, Jingle bells, jingle all the --
Gee, I love Christmas time... It always reminds me of that wonderful Christmas we had when Dennis was eight years old...That was the year he ran away from home...Jingle bells, Jingle --~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MG

ATX01 0020288

JACK: Hello, Mrs. Day, Merry Christmas.

VERNA: What do you want?

JACK: ...Huh? ... Well... I've come to cheer Dennis up.

VERNA: You couldn't cheer up a laughing hyena.

JACK: Well, for your information, Mrs. Day, a laughing hyena doesn't really laugh...What sounds like laughter is just a peculiarity of the hyena's vocal chords.

VERNA: Well, it takes one to know one.

JACK: ~~Yes~~. Look, Mrs. Day, I didn't come over ^{here} to --

DENNIS: (OFF -- CALLS) Oh hello, Mr. Benny..I'm in the bedroom.

~~JACK: May I go in to see him, Mrs. Day?~~

~~VERNA: Yes, but if you upset my Dennis, I'll give you a left hook you'll remember the rest of your life.~~

~~JACK: I won't upset him, I just came to cheer him up.~~

~~(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS.)~~

JACK: Hello, Dennis. How did you get your cold?

DENNIS: Last night I went out all over town singing Christmas carols.

~~JACK: But the weather was so nice and balmy ... how could you possibly catch a cold?~~

~~DENNIS: I sang under Debbie Reynolds' window and Eddie Fisher threw a bucket of water on me.~~

~~JACK: No.~~

DENNIS: Yes... (SNEEZES)

JACK: Gee, Dennis...it's awfully stuffy in here...shall I open a window?

DENNIS: You can't...I nailed them all shut because I walk in my sleep.

JACK: I didn't know that.

DENNIS: Yes, one night last week I walked all over town...I finally wound up in The Brown Derby...Boy, was I embarrassed.

JACK: *Well,* I should imagine...with all those people there, and you
in your pajamas.

DENNIS: Who wears pajamas.

JACK: Gosh, that must have been awful.

DENNIS: Yesh, *there,* the manager threw me out because I didn't have a
tie on.

JACK: Oh, well, I don't blame him.

VERNA: Here, Dennis, I brought you some soup.

JACK: Mrs. Day...that's a hot water bottle.

VERNA: He likes it that way!

JACK: ~~Oh~~...Well, I better be going...Goodbye, Dennis.

DENNIS: Goodbye, *Mr. Benny.*

JACK: *Oh,* By the way, Dennis, you haven't thanked me yet for the
Christmas present I gave you.

VERNA: You call that a Christmas gift?

JACK: Look, Mrs. Day --

VERNA: My Dennis has been with you ~~over~~ over fifteen years and
after all that time, you gave him a ticket for a lousey
89 cent car wash.

JACK: Well, tell him to use it on Saturday, it's a dollar and
a quarter then....Anyway, it's not the gift that counts,
it's the sentiment behind it.

VERNA: A LOT YOU KNOW ABOUT SENTIMENT...YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ARTHUR
GODFREY A TEA BAG IF HE WAS STRANDED ON THE MOJAVE DESERT
WITH A CUP OF HOT WATER.

JACK: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MRS. DAY...YOU LISTEN TO ME ~~PLEASE~~ --

BR

ATX01 0020290

VERNA: I'M NOT LISTENING TO ANYBODY. ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOU AND I'LL PUT BLACK CIRCLES AROUND THOSE BABY BLUE EYES *of yours.*

JACK: OH YOU WILL, EH?

DENNIS: HIT HIM, MOM.

JACK: WHAT?

DENNIS: OUR TELEVISION SET IS BROKEN, AND I ~~WANT TO BUY A NEW ONE~~ *haven't seen a good ~~one~~ right in weeks*

JACK: WELL THAT SETTLES IT...I CAME OVER HERE OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART. I WANTED TO CHEER UP DENNIS

Dennis: ~~low fight in the kiss Mrs Day,~~ BECAUSE THE POOR KID IS SICK, AND ALL I GET OUT OF IT IS INSULTS. I'M VERY FOND OF DENNIS, AND I'VE BEEN VERY GOOD TO HIM ALL THESE YEARS, AND YOU SHOULD BE THE LAST *one* TO ____

VERNA: EHHH, SHUT UP!

JACK: THAT SETTLES IT, I'M GOING HOME.

(MUSIC & APPLAUSE)

Verna: Happy New Year!
Jack: Happy New Year!

BR

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #8
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-0-

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show which goes on immediately after this program over the CBS Network...but first here's a word for anyone who enjoys a good cigarette.

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show which goes on at seven o'clock over the CBS Network but first here's a word for anyone who enjoys a good cigarette.

BR

ATX01 0020292

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #8
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-A-

WILSON:

(TRANSCRIBED
FULL ORCH.
VERSION)

"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,

(OPTIONAL
SHORT
VERSION IF
DESIRED)

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:

I guess everybody knows Robert Montgomery was for
years a famous movie star and now he's a star in
television. Matter of fact, his TV show is sponsored
by Lucky Strike. He told folks that he didn't have
to smoke Luckies for that reason but he does anyway.

(MORE)

BR

ATK01 0020293

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #8
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-D-

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

Let me give you his own words on the subject:

"I smoke Luckies and have for years. I like the way they taste." Yep, those are Robert Montgomery's own words. And they sure make a lot of sense. Luckies do taste better. They taste better because LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. And then---that fine tobacco is toasted. Yes, it's toasted to taste better. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones up Luckies' naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So the very next time you buy cigarettes, friends....Be Happy - Go Lucky... make your next carton Lucky Strike. Remember: it's toasted...to taste better!

BR

ATX01 0020294

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO'S THERE?

JACK: It's me, Rochester.

ROCH: HOW IS DENNIS DAY?

JACK: Oh, he's all right.

ROCH: WANT ME TO GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT?

JACK: No, I don't feel hungry...Gosh, I don't know what to do...I think I'll ^{just} sit here and watch television...Turn it on, will you please?

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CLICK)

DON: (FILTER) From Television City in Hollywood the Jack Benny Program presented by Lucky Strike.

JACK: Oh my goodness, that's me! I'm supposed to be on ^{TV} ~~the show~~ in a few seconds...So long, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I don't want to miss any of my show, I'm going to be so good tonight. See you in a minute, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

BR

ATKQ1 0020295

DON: The Jack Benny Program tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Teckesberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon and produced 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 Manufacturers of Cigarettes.~~

BR

ATX01 0020296

HERBERT TAREYTON

HR 301F

Filter smokers! True tobacco taste...real filtration.. famous TAREYTON quality...they're all yours when you smoke Filter Tip TAREYTON. Filter Tip TAREYTON gives you all the full, rich taste of TAREYTON'S quality tobacco and real filtration, too, because Filter Tip TAREYTON incorporates Activated Charcoal, renowned for its unusual powers of selective filtration. Look for the red, white and blue stripes on the package. They identify Filter Tip TAREYTON, the best in filtered smoking.

DON:

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

TB

ATX01 0020297