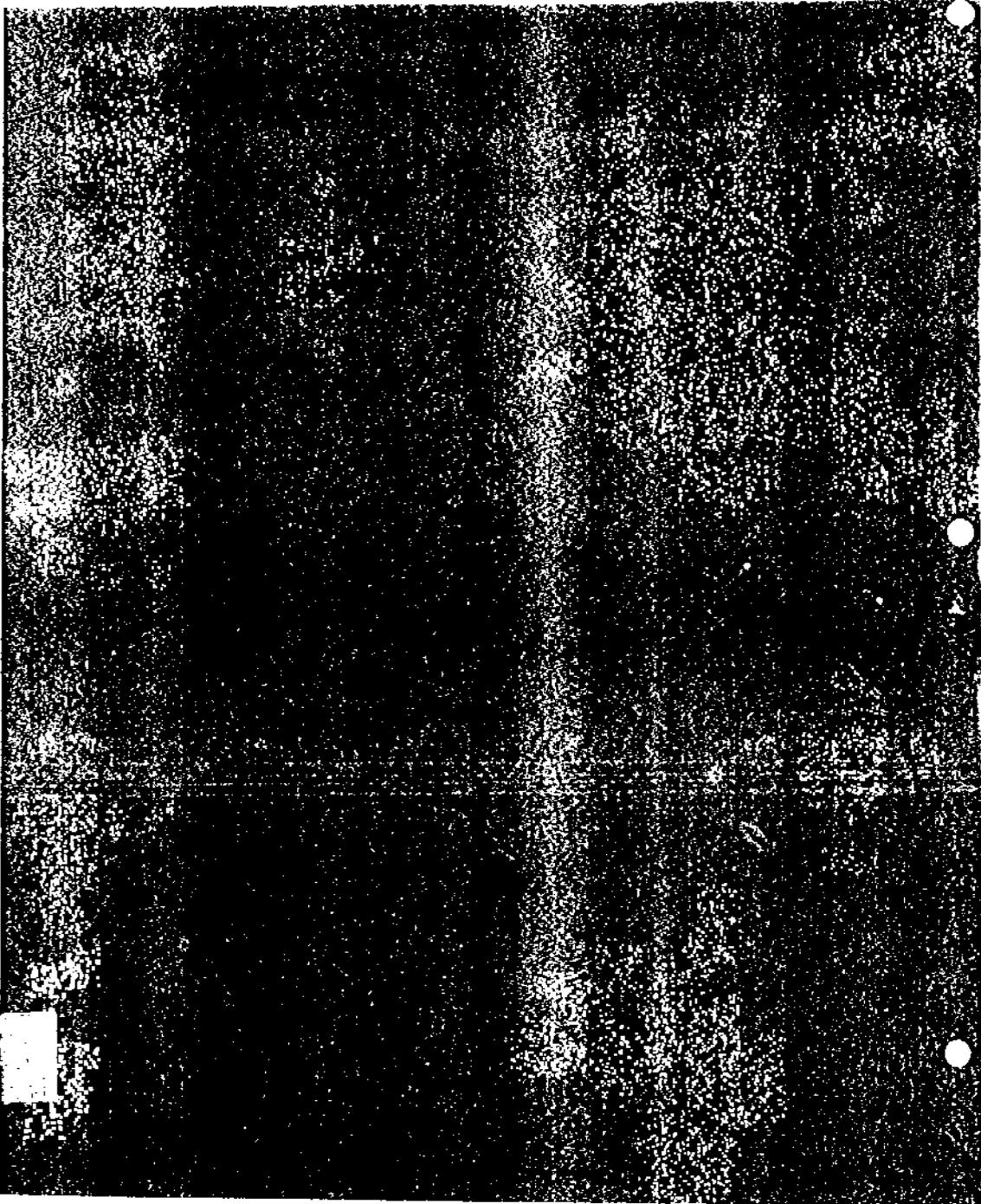


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(J.B.N. 10)
PROGRAM #15
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1955 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Oct. 22, 1954)

CAST: Jeck Benny
 Rochester
 Dennis Day
 Bob Crosby
 Don Wilson
 Sportsmen Quartet
 Charlie Begby
 Joe Besser
 Bee Banderet
 Mel Blanc
 Artie Auerback
 Jimmy Beard
 Jeanette Eymann

RM

ATX01 0020300

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #9
JANUARY 2, 1955
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 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!"

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. Dorothy Collins --
The Sweetheart of Lucky Strike -- just gave you
the key to deep-down smoking enjoyment. Better
taste. And that's where a Lucky really clicks!
A Lucky tastes better because LS/MFT -- Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco ... fine, light,
naturally good-tasting tobacco.

RM

(MORE)

ATX01 0020301

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #9
JANUARY 2, 1955
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

-B-

WILSON:
(CONT'D.)

And then, that tobacco is toasted. IT'S TOASTED --
the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings a
Lucky's fine tobacco to its peak of flavor....
tones up a Lucky's naturally good-tasting tobacco
to make it taste even better ... cleaner, fresher,
smoother. So, pick up a carton of better-tasting
Lucky Strike. I know you'll Be Happy ... if you
Go Lucky!

RM

ATX01 0020302

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, ORCHESTRA HITS OPENING THEME, ABOUT SIX OR EIGHT BARS, THEN JACK BREAKS IN.)

Hold it.
JACK: Hold it, Bob....Hold it, hold it, *hold it.*

(MUSIC STOPS)

BOB: *Well,* What is it, Jack?

JACK: Bob, it's almost air time. Can't you do something about the ~~orchestra~~ *orchestra?*

BOB: *Well,* What's wrong with 'em? *Nobody gazed*

JACK: What's wrong with 'em? *Look it.* ..Bagby is playing the piano lying down....Bridwell is blowing confetti through his clarinet ...and look at Sammy the drummer, weaving around up there...If he doesn't fall off that stand before the show is over, I'll eat my hat.

BOB: Well, *gosh,* Jack, you didn't expect the boys to come in sober this soon after New Years Eve, did you?

JACK: Bob...I don't expect them to come in sober after Ground Hog day...But this is ridiculous...Look at them...~~The only one that doesn't have a red face is Fletcher, and his is green.~~

BOB: Yeah, he's a cream de mint man.

JACK: I don't care what he is...We're starting a New Year, Bob, and I want you to tell ~~the boys~~ those new rules we discussed.

BOB: Now ?

JACK: Yeah, *give 'em those new rules right now.* ~~now~~ ~~Bob,~~ tell 'em.

BOB: *Well,* Okay.

(SOUND: RAPPING OF BATON)

RM

BOB: ^{Look} (UP) ATTENTION, FELLOWS...ATTENTION...^{Look,} WE'RE STARTING
A NEW YEAR AND WE'LL ALL GET ALONG ^(a bit) BETTER IF --

(SOUND: BIG CRASH OF DRUMS AND CYMBALS FALLING)

JACK: I KNEW IT, ~~HE'D FALL OFF~~...I KNEW HE'D FALL OFF!...Help ~~me~~
^{will you, boys...} up, ~~please~~...Now go ahead with the rules, Bob.

BOB: ^(Jack, look, that) Oke...NOW FELLOWS, I'M SURE YOU ALL WANT TO ^(just exactly) KNOW WHERE
~~THE~~ STAND, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY, ^(Will you? Here) RULE NUMBER ONE....

DURING THE COMING YEAR YOU WILL ALL BE REQUIRED TO
ATTEND EACH AND EVERY REHEARSAL...AND NO EXCUSE WILL BE
ACCEPTED UNLESS IT IS SIGNED BY EITHER YOUR DOCTOR OR
YOUR WARDEN.

JACK: That's telling 'em.

BOB: RULE NUMBER TWO...FROM NOW ON, WHEN I LIFT MY BATON,
THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR YOU TO START PLAYING, NOT DRINKING.

BAND: (LOUD BOOS...BOO...BOOO)

JACK: (I knew that one would go over big)

BOB: ^{look guys} NOW ~~BEFORE~~ BEFORE WE GO ON THE AIR, I KNOW ^{that} YOU WANT TO
^(just exactly how good) SHOW JACK YOUR ~~OWN~~ FAITH, SO IF ANY OF YOU HAPPEN TO BE
IN POSSESSION OF A BOTTLE OF SPIRITS, I ^{would} LIKE YOU TO
THROW IT IN THIS WASTEBASKET...ALL RIGHT, ^{now} LET'S GET
STARTED.

(SOUND: BOTTLES START FALLING INTO BASKET ONE AT
AT TIME...THEN A CASCADE OF THEM...THEN
PAUSE...AND A COUPLE MORE ARE DROPPED IN)

RM

JACK: WELL, REMLEY DROPPED HIS IN, WHO'S NEXT?... How about --

DON: Hey Jack, come on, will you, come on.

JACK: Don, let go of my arm.

DON: But we're going on the air in ^{just} a few minutes.

JACK: So we're going on the air...what are you so excited about?
You've been jumpy all afternoon.

DON: (GRUMPY) ^{Oh} ~~that~~, it's the diet my doctor gave me..I'm not allowed candy, cake, pie, potatoes... ~~I~~ Can't eat anything I like and it's making a nervous wreck out of me.

JACK: Gee, that's swful...when did you go on this diet?

DON: I start tomorrow.

JACK: Well, Don..if it bothers you so much before you ^{we} even started, maybe, you'd better forget about it.

DON: I can't. I made a New Years resolution to lose a hundred pounds this year.

JACK: How much?

DON: A hundred pounds.

JACK: Don...Don...I've known you for twenty-three years and the only time a hundred pounds ever left your body was when you had your tonsils removed...Remember, they weighed fifty pounds each.

DON: ^{Oh}, Yeah, ~~as~~ soon as I came to, I had to get off the table so the doctor could lie down.

^{Jack:} BOB: ^{Jack} ~~that~~ One minute till air time, Jack.

JACK: Okay, where are the scripts, Don?

DON: I haven't got 'em.

JACK: Well, where are they? We're going on the air!

BH

ATK01 0020305

Now look,
BOB: Relax, Jack...here comes the clerk from the mimeograph department, he's got 'em.

JACK: Well, it's about time. Say fellow why are you always bringing in the scripts at the last minute?

BESSER: Because I'm busy, I'm busy. *crazy!*

JACK: But you had plenty of time.

BESSER: Plenty of time, he says...It's not that easy. I ~~was~~ gotta type the script, make a stencil, ink the machine, put the paper in, ^{and} turn the handle...I have to do everything

Look, take it... look, myself... there's no organization, nothing is organized.

JACK: Take it easy, *will you?*

BESSER: Everything ^{is} a rush job, first they come with the Amos and Andy script, then Our ^{Mrs.} Brooks, ^{and} ^{that Miller and} then ~~Jack Brown~~ then your lousy script...

JACK: What?

BESSER: ^{and} Then Bing Crosby.

~~JACK: Wait a minute, Bing Crosby, he's on the air this year.~~

BESSER: ~~I told you about the script department, I told you --~~ I told you -- there's no organization.

JACK: Look, I'm going on the air in a minute and I can't be bothered with your problems, so go already.

BESSER: I'm going, I'm going.

JACK: Goodbye.

BESSER: Goodbye... *(he's so - he's so -)* *(Gee, he's so excitable...)*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: ~~Now~~..Now everybody hollers at me... before Christmas they're all such angels. *you know*...Sometimes I think---

BH

DON: Oh-oh, Jack, we should be on the air now...we're five seconds late.

JACK: But we can't be...the producer is supposed to give me the signal....Where is he? Why isn't he in the booth?....
There's no organization.

DON: *ok*, There he comes now, Jack.

JACK: Okay...hit it, Bob.

(BAND PLAYS OPENING THEME UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ALTHOUGH NEW YEARS EVE IS BEHIND US.. THE STRAINS OF "SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT" LINGER ON....SO RIGHT NOW I'D LIKE TO BRING YOU ONE OF THE OLDEST ACQUAINTANCES I KNOW...AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Thank you,* Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...and Don, ordinarily I'd get back at you for that corny introduction, but we're starting a New Year so I'm going to forgive and forget.

DON: You are?

JACK: Yes, I'm wiping the slate clean..and I'm going to start by paying up all my old debts. *(Oh, Bob... Bob: Yeah)* Bob, here's that quarter I borrowed from you last June when we ate at the drug store.. You remember that.

BH

ATX01 0020307

BOB: Oh yes, thanks...Now how about that ^{hucks that} ten ~~hucks~~ I won from you on the Rose Bowl game yesterday?

JACK: ~~Well~~, That's this year ^{so} you'll have to wait until 1956 for that.

BOB: ~~Jack~~ ^{Benning} that's the cheapest ---

JACK: ~~No~~, No no, Bob, we're not going to have any bickering this year. The people are tired of insults, name-calling, and all that rowdy, old-hat comedy. From now on we're going to do only sophisticated humor..We're going to have suave, smooth, high-~~class~~--

(SOUND: SAME BIG CRASH OF DRUMS AND CYMBALS)
JACK: ~~Let~~ ^{All right} LET HIM LAY THERE... ^{Now} As I was saying, we're going to do suave, sophisticated, smart comedy.

DON: Gee, I'm sure going to miss Dennis.

JACK: ~~No~~, No, I already discussed this with Dennis, and he promised to be a completely different person this year.

BOB: ~~Yeah~~, But Jack, do you think ^{That} Dennis can really change?

JACK: Well, he said he would, and after the talk I gave him, I think he will. I know if he puts his mind to --

DENNIS: Hello, everybody.

JACK: Oh hello, ^{Kid} ~~we~~ we were just talking about you...How are you, Dennis?

DENNIS: (JUST LOOKS AROUND NONCHALENTLY AND DOESN'T ANSWER)

JACK: Dennis, how are you?

DENNIS: (KEEPS LOOKING AROUND)

JACK: Dennis, I'm talking to you.

DENNIS: No, you're not.

JACK: Then who am I talking to?

BH

DENNIS: Julius.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I told you I'd be a different person this year.

JACK: ~~What?~~ So you changed your name to Julius, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah...That's my last name.

JACK: Your last name is Julius? What's your first name?

DENNIS: Orange.

JACK: Now cut that out. .. Orange Julius. Imagine naming yourself after a drink.

DENNIS ~~Oh~~ I was gonna call myself Lipton Tea but I didn't know what the "T" stood for.

JACK: ~~Stop~~ Stop it, will you .. Here it is the first show of the new year ~~and~~ right away you gotta aggravate me.. I don't know why I even talk to you...Now let's just have your song.

DENNIS: Sorry, Julius doesn't sing.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: But he does birdcalls...Here's the Australia Woodwobler..
(DOES BIRDCALL)

JACK: I don't care what he does, just sing.

~~DENNIS: Yes sir.~~

~~(DENSE BIRDCALLS)~~

JACK: (MUMBLES) Orange Julius....some sophisticated show I'm running.

(DENNIS'S SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

JACK: *What* That was "The Little Shoemaker"...and very *good* ~~pleasant~~,
too, Julius.

DENNIS: You can call me Orange.

JACK: Look kid, let's just forget about that. I was wrong to
expect you to be any different. A person just doesn't
change over night.

DENNIS: *Well,* My father did.

JACK: He did?

DENNIS: Yeah, he woke up this morning and he was a new man.
You should've seen him. He went up to my mother and *he*
said, "First you're gonna make my breakfast, then you're
going to wash the floor. *and,* ~~re~~ after that you're going to
iron all my clothes, and when you're through with that,
you're going to shine my shoes!"

JACK: Well, it's about time your father asserted himself...I'd
like to go over and congratulate him.

DENNIS: Well, it's not far, he's at Cedars of Lebanon.

JACK: Well Dennis, wish him a Happy New Year for me. *will you...*
get on with the -- *Now* let's

DON: Say, Jack, I tried to get you all New Year's Day. Where
were you?

JACK: *Oh,* I was at the Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena...it
was a beautiful sight.

DON: Did you go alone? ~~Just~~

JACK: No, I had my date with me from New Year's Eve, and
Rochester drove us down there.

Don: ~~Don:~~ Gee, didn't you have to wake up awfully early to get
to Pasadena in time?

CL

ATX01 0020310

JACK: *Oh*, It wasn't so bad, *John now,* ~~see~~...Let me tell you about it...I set the alarm for three thirty A.M....at a quarter of four we picked up my date...(FADE) and by four o'clock we were on our way.

(SOUND: FADE IN LOUSY CAR MOTOR...UP FOR A FEW SECONDS...THEN DOWN)

BEA: Gee, the fog really rolls in at this hour of the morning. I can't see more than twenty feet in front of me.

JACK: Really, Gertrude, *gee,* I can see that street light at the end of the block...Rochester, what can you see?

ROCH: NOTHING, MY EYES ARE STILL CLOSED.

JACK: Well, open 'em, you're driving. And don't look so crabby.

ROCH: BOSS, AT FOUR ~~IN THE MORNING~~ IN THE MORNING EVEN LIBERACE AIN'T SMILING.

JACK: (MIMICKING) Four in the morning..big deal..Where's your vitality..Gertrude and I were out celebrating last night and here we are wide awake and full of pep.

BEA: Yeah, and we're older.

JACK: Speak for yourself, John.

BEA: Get him? Whose idea was it to call it a night at ten-thirty?...The joint was just starting to jump.

JACK: *Well,* What's the difference? While I was there, I was the life of the party, *wasn't I?*

BEA: Some life ... (SILLY LAUGH)

JACK: *Well,* What's so funny?

BEA: You tried to look so debonaire drinking hot chocolate out of my slipper.

CL

JACK: I only did that for a gag..Anyway, you'll have to admit that I showed you a swell time at that nightclub...Why I had you out on that dance floor every minute.

BEA: Anything to keep me from eating.

JACK: You ate, Sister!...And how you ate. I suppose that T-bone steak was a mirage...The last time I saw anyone wrestle meat that way, he had a branding iron.

BEA: Very funny.

JACK: ~~What~~, I ~~was~~ ^{was} never ~~was~~ so embarrassed in all my life. Everyone was looking at us.

BEA: They weren't looking at me, they were looking at you in that old tuxedo.

JACK: Old tuxedo.

BEA: Your pants were so tight you had to wear your garters on the outside.

JACK: Humm.

BEA: Now I suppose you're gonna pout all day 'cause I told you off.

JACK: I'm not gonna pout....

(SOUND: CAR STARTS..MOTOR UP, THEN DOWN)

BEA: Gee, the fog is lifting.

JACK: Yeah ~~that~~ looks like it's going to be a beautiful day. Hey, Rochester, maybe you ought to put the top down *huh?*

ROCH: OH BOSS, LET'S NOT PUT THE TOP DOWN.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: IT'S SO MUCH TROUBLE TAKING DOWN THE CENTER POLE AND PULLING OUT THE PEGS.

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot...This is the new one I bought at the Army Surplus Store.

ROCH: YEAH...THE FLAP STILL SAYS "FIELD HEADQUARTERS, GENERAL RIDGEWAY".

JACK: Yeah.

BEA: How far are we from Pasadena?

ROCH: ABOUT TEN MILES.

JACK: Oh, we'll be there in no time.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR CHUGGING ALONG)

JACK: Well, here we are in Pasadena-~~about~~ only took us an hour and a half.

ROCH: THAT'S PRETTY GOOD TIME.

JACK: You're darned right, considering we had to change a tire.

BEA: Yeah...where can I wash this grease off my hands?

JACK: Just wipe it on this rag...Say the way ^{the} traffic is getting thicker, we must be getting ~~more~~ --

(SOUND: CAR STOPPING)

JACK: Rochester, why are you stopping?

ROCH: THERE'S AN OFFICER AT ~~the~~ ^{The} INTERSECTION. HE ISN'T LETTING ANYONE THROUGH.

BEA: Say, that's Colorado Boulevard...that's the one the parade comes down.

(MARCHING MUSIC APPROACHING)

JACK: Gee, she's right...Hey look, there comes a float.

BEA: Where, where, where?

JACK: Right over there...it's the "Official Tournament of Roses" float.

BEA: And look at the four drum majors riding on it.

JACK: Yeah, I think they're going to sing.

QUART: WHEN YOU HEAR THAT DRUMMIN'
YOU WILL KNOW WE'RE COMING
AND THE LUCKY STRIKES ARE ON PARADE
THERE'S NEVER A SLIP
AND WE NEVER TRIP
SO PERFECT ARE WE MADE
YOU CAN HEAR THAT BEAT
A'COMING DOWN THE STREET
YOU OUGHT TO GET IN STEP WITH LUCKY STRIKE
Yes, LUCKY STRIKE IS TOASTED
IT'S THE ONE CIGARETTE YOU'LL LIKE
SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
AND JUST AS MILD AS IT CAN BE
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE
AND SMOKE AN L S M F T
AND WHEN YOU HEAR THAT "SOLD AMERICAN"
EVERY TOM AND DICK AND HARRY CAN
LIGHT A LUCKY AND START PUFFIN' *it*.
NOTHING BEATS A LUCKY STRIKE
CLEAN THRU AND THRU
MUCH FRESHER, TOO
SO CLEAR THE WAY
IT'S LUCKIES DAY
L S M F T, L S M F T, L S M F T, L S M F T.
FOR THAT ^{*full,*} RICH TASTE OF FINE TOBACCO
YOU ARE SURE TO LIKE
THERE IS NOTHIN HALF AS GOOD AS
PUFFIN ON A LUCKY STRIKE.
L S M F T, L S M F T.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{That} Say, that was great, wasn't it....Now back up, Rochester
....we better hurry and find a place to park.

ROCH: I CAN'T BACK UP, BOSS...THERE'S FIFTY CARS LINED UP
BEHIND US.

JACK: Gee, ~~we~~ we can't go forward, ^{either}.

BEA: Well, we're not staying here, are we?

JACK: No, this is ridiculous. I'm gonna talk to that officer,
maybe he'll let us go through.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'll be right back.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS... BABBLE OF
CROWD)

JACK: It certainly is crowded here...I've never seen such a
mob...~~we~~ ^{we} really have to fight your way through here with
a --

MEL: (DRUNK) Say, pardon me, Mister.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: ^{Did} Did you see my wife?

JACK: Your wife?

MEL: (STARTING TO CRY) Yeah, I can't find her anywhere...I've
looked all over and I can't find her.

JACK: ^{Oh that's a shame} ~~Well, that's a shame~~.

MEL: But we've been married for twenty years, ^{we} ~~we~~ We got along
so nice and we never even had a fight. ^I I just gotta find
her.

JACK: ^{Oh} I'm sure you'll find her. How long has she been missing?

MEL: Nineteen years.

BR

JACK:Nineteen years and you're still looking?

MEL: I just started... ^{well} So long, Buddy.

JACK: So long.

MEL: CHLOE...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK ^{Aw} It's ~~so hard~~ ^{too hard}...some people really have their troubles....

Now where's that policeman...Oh, there he is....Say, Officer

....Officer.

ARTIE: What can I do for --- ^{why} it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing in a policeman's uniform?

ARTIE: Arresting people, what else?

JACK: But ~~Mr. Kitzel~~, this is such a surprise...I mean, did you give up your other work?

ARTIE: No, this is addition...Every year for this parade I am a deputy.

JACK: Oh, I see. Do you like it?

ARTIE: It's very pleasant...especially when my brother-in-law comes by...Last year did I give him a ticket.

JACK: You really got him, eh?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO... ^(did I get him!) I wrote him up for speeding, making a U-turn, ~~loose~~ ^{loose} brakes, a defective horn, and faulty headlights.

JACK: ^(Way that -) That must have cost him plenty.

ARTIE: It would have but, unfortunately, I couldn't make it stick.

JACK: Why not?

ARTIE: He was walking.

BR

(J.G.N. 11)
PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

to Broadcast

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed Oct. 23, 1954)

CAST: Jack Benny
Rochester
Dennis Day
Don Wilson
Sportsmen Quartet
Mel Blanc
Sam Hearn
Herb Vigran
Veola Vohn
Benny Rubin

CB

ATX01 0020317

SET #A

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #1
January 9, 1955

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!

CB

ATX01 0020318

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.

CB

ATK01 0020319

(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 HIS TELEVISION SHOW, BUT MEANWHILE WE HAVE A RADIO PROGRAM TO DO. YOU KNOW, ALMOST EVERY MORNING BEFORE BREAKFAST JACK TAKES A NICE LONG WALK THROUGH BEVERLY HILLS..IT IS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND RIGHT NOW HE IS IN THE MIDST OF HIS WALK

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STREET..COUPLE OF BIRDS CHIRPING)

JACK: (EITHER SINGS OR HUMS FEW BARS OF BEAUTIFUL MORNING)...^{Aw} Gee it's nice walking this early in the morning..nobody is up.. everything is so quiet and peaceful.

MEL: (CHIRPS LIKE SPARROW)

JACK: ^{Aw} ~~Oh~~, isn't that cute..That sparrow must be building a nest, he's gathering things for it.

MEL: (SPARROW CHIRPS)

JACK: ^{Aw} Look, he's carrying a little piece of Kleenex...Wait a ... ~~minute~~..he's not building a nest, he's wiping his eyes ~~with~~ ~~it~~, the smog is awful today..

MEL: (CHIRPS AND CHOKES OR SNEEZES.)

JACK: Yep, it really is bad.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE IN B.G.)

JACK: ^{Aw} But it ~~isn't~~ ^{feels good} going out ^{so} early..

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES ON PAVEMENT WITH SOUND OF WAGON)

CB

JACK: Everything is so pretty..I ^{like} love living in Beverly Hills...
Gosh, look at that..I haven't seen a horse and wagon for
years..I'll never forget the first time I was driving in
my Maxwell and we passed a horse and wagon, and my car
scared the horse....Come to think of it, it scared the
wagon, too...Hmm, the driver looks kind of familiar.

HEARN: (CALLS) Hi ya, Rube. *I know that face.*

JACK: sure, it's my farmer friend from Calabassas.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~See,~~ What are you doing ~~coming~~ ⁱⁿ here ~~to~~ Beverly Hills?

HEARN: ~~I ain't coming, I'm going.~~ I'm on my way back home.

JACK: Oh. ~~What~~, what did you come to town for?

HEARN: Yesterday I went down to the radio studio to appear on a
new quiz program, Take It Or Milk It.

JACK: Oh.

HEARN: But that 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 her happy, *huh.*

HEARN: ~~No~~, 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.

JACK: *Hey.* By the way, I meant to ask you something..I've never been in
Calabassas .. ~~small~~ *P* pretty small place, isn't it?

HEARN: Sure is.. They even have a special Burma Shave sign for the
town.

CB

JACK: *Oh,* What does it say?

HEARN: "If you sneeze or blink
Or remove your glasses,
You'll miss the town

Of Galabassas!"
JACK: *Hey that's pretty good*
Oh, Well, I'd better run along now..See you again.

HEARN: *Yeah,* So long, Rube.

JACK: So long.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)
JACK: *See, I wander -*
I wonder why he always calls me Rube..~~Maybe he thinks I'm~~
~~Rube~~..Oh well, I better get home.

Hums "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning"
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)
JACK: I wonder whose house this is on the corner..Oh, it's Jane
Russell's ~~one~~, she has such a high fence around it because
she takes a sun bath every day...(SINGS). ~~or,~~ If I had the
wings of an angel..Da da da da da da da.... ~~or,~~ there's
Phil Harris's house..*See,* That's a nice weather vane he put
up on his chimney...An old Crow...~~why~~ Why didn't he use
a bird instead of a bottle...Well, I better walk a little
faster...I'm getting hungry.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS PICK UP TEMPO AND BLEND INTO--)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CUP BEING PLACED IN SAUCER...TINKLE OF
SILVERWARE)

JACK: Ahhh...Rochester, that was really a good breakfast.

CB

ROCH: I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT, MR. BENNY.

JACK: I sure did.

ROCH: WELL, IF YOU'RE DONE EATING, MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO CHECK THIS LIST WITH ME, I'M GOING SHOPPING.

JACK: Oh, what do we need from the market?

ROCH: CANNED GOODS, MEATS, VEGETABLES, EVERYTHING.

JACK: Well, let me see the list...One loaf of bread, five pounds of sugar...a bottle of ketchup...~~pancake flour...a bottle of ketchup~~...a box of corn flakes..five pounds of flour..three boxes of Jello...JELLO?

ROCH: YEAH, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS WE FINALLY RAN OUT!

JACK: Oh..

ROCH: WELL, I'LL GO NOW..SEE YOU LATER.

Jack: Okay (SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..SCREEN DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: (SINGS FEW BARS AGAIN OF "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING")....

~~Oh, the house seems so empty when Rochester is gone. I really miss him and I wish that "No Marriage" clause in his contract...Somehow I think --~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FOR FEW SECONDS...DOOR BUZZER AGAIN)

JACK: (CALLS) Coming, coming.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hi, Jack..I came over about the commercial.

JACK: Oh, ^{well,} come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES).

JACK: *Hey,* Wait a minute...if you came over about the commercial, where are the Sportsmen?

DON: I ^{asked} ^{them} to wait ^{out} in the car. *Jack...* I want ~~to~~ to speak to you about a personal metter first.

JACK: Oh, what is it?

DON: Well, ^{Jack - 2 -} I don't like to trouble you with this..but I still haven't received my salary check for last week's show.

JACK: Oh..gee..well, did you talk to my business manager?

DON: ~~No, no,~~ I couldn't...They're having a riot up there and the warden cut off all communications.

JACK: ~~Oh.~~ Well, maybe I can lend you some money till things settle down on the Rock. How much do you need?

DON: Fifty dollars.

JACK: Fifty dollars..what do you need that much for?

DON: I'm buying a belt.

JACK: But Don..I only pay two dollars for a belt, why should you

~~Oh, oh, oh. All right, Don, here's the money.~~ Now bring the quartet in and let me hear the commercial.

DON: Jack, ^{want you} ~~stand outside~~ come out to the car...They're all packed up ~~and~~ they're going away...It'll save a lot of

Jack: Oh are they leaving for some place? Don: Yeah
JACK: Well...all right.. *come on - I'll go out to the car.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS..AND THEN WE HEAR

LOUD BUZZING AND CRACKLING OF ELECTRICITY)

^{Wait a minute}
DON: Jack..Jack..what's that?

^{Oh, next door}
JACK: The Colman's electric fence..everytime I come out of the house, it goes on...Hi ya, fellows.

QUART: Hmmm.

DON: Boys, how about letting Jack hear your commercial.

Jack: Yeah

CB

QUART: OH WE AIN'T GOT A BARREL OF MONEY
MAYBE WE'RE RAGGED AND FUNNY
BUT WE'LL TRAVEL ALONG, SINGING A SONG
SIDE BY SIDE.
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMIN' TOMORROW
MAYBE IT'S TROUBLE AND SORROW
BUT WE'LL TRAVEL THE ROAD
SHARING OUR LOAD
SIDE BY SIDE.
THROUGH ALL KINDS OF WEATHER
WHAT IF THE SKIES SHOULD FALL
JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER
IT DOESN'T MATTER AT ALL.
WHEN THEY'VE ALL HAD THEIR QUARRELS AND PARTED
WE'LL BE THE SAME AS WE STARTED
JUST TRAVELING ALONG, SINGING A SONG
SIDE BY SIDE.
AS YOU KNOW WE BEEN WORKIN' FOR BENNY
THAT'S WHY WE HAVEN'T A PENNY
BUT WITH LUCKIES TO PUFF
WE'RE HAPPY ENOUGH
SIDE BY SIDE.
LUCKIES ARE ALWAYS SO PLEASIN'
FINER TOBACCO'S THE REASON.
GIVE US LUCKIES AND NATCH
FOUR ON A MATCH
SIDE BY SIDE.

(MORE)

CB

ATX01 0020325

QUART: LUCKY STRIKES TASTE BETTER

(CONT'D)

Hayes

CLEANER AND FRESHER TOO

LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO MUCH SMOOTHER

YOUR FINEST SMOKE IT IS TRUE.

BETTER TASTE IN A LUCKY WE'VE BOASTED.

ONE REASON IS THAT IT'S TOASTED

WE WANTA REPEAT

NOTHING CAN BEAT

LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

CB

ATX01 0020326

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{Hey fellows,} Fellows, that was fine. ^{you know - that'll be} ~~to make~~ a great number on the program.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...WAY OFF)

JACK: But ^{then} when you do it on the ^{show} ~~program~~, maybe you can get a little more bounce ^{into it} and ^{then, that way, you see -}

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS WAY OFF AGAIN)

DON: Jack, Jack...that's your phone ringing.

JACK: Oh my goodness and Rochester isn't home.

^{Excuse me Don,} (SOUND: PHONE AGAIN OFF)

JACK: I better run in ^{the house} and answer it...so long, fellows.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND PHONE RINGING

INTERMITTENTLY AND GETTING LOUDER TILL

FINALLY RECEIVER GOES OFF HOOK AND JACK

ANSWERS PANTING HEAVILY)

JACK: (PANTING) Hello.

HERB: Hello...can you tell me what television program you're watching now?

JACK: (PANTING) I'm sorry, but I'm not watching television right now.

HERB: ^{Oh,} I see...Well, did you look at television last night?

JACK: Er...yes...yes, I did.

HERB: Would you mind telling me what programs you watched?

JACK: Let's see...er...Robert Montgomery...and Burns and Allen.

HERB: Well, would you mind telling me all about them, I don't have a set.

JACK: ...Well, Gracie wanted ~~to buy a~~ ... Oh, ~~mate~~, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JG

JACK: Of all the silly things...Imagine the nerve of that guy calling up and asking me to tell him about television shows...I get the craziest phone calls...If I didn't have such a good laundry business, I'd get an unlisted number. Maybe I ought to have my name taken out of the phone book anyway. Or at least out of the yellow pages. I wonder if everybody gets ~~the same~~.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: (CALLS AND INTERRUPTS HIMSELF) OH, ROCH...Oh, he's gone to the store...(CALLS) COMING...COMING.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Good afternoon, Monsieur Benny.

JACK: Why, Professor LeBlanc...I didn't expect you...I didn't know I was supposed to take a violin lesson today.

MEL: You are not...I came over here to talk to you.

JACK: Certainly, Professor...What is it?

MEL: Monsieur Benny...I have a chance to play first violin for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

JACK: That's wonderful, Professor. Is there anything I can do to help?

MEL: Yes...Don't tell anyone I ever gave you violin lessons.

JACK: Oh, well, in other words, you want me to give you character references.

MEL: Just tell them you don't know me.

JACK: But professor LeBlanc...A word from me might be very helpful. After all, I am a big star.

JG

ATX01 0020328

MEL: Monsieur Benny, in comedy circles you are considered one of the biggest laugh-getters in the country... unfortunately you are considered the same in music circles.

JACK: Hmm. Well, at least I can wish you luck.

MEL: Thank you, Monsieur Benny.

JACK: When will you give me my next violin lesson?

MEL: I am giving you no more violin lessons...we are through... finished.

JACK: Well, Professor LeBlanc...I guess this is goodbye.

MEL: Yes, Monsieur Benny...au revoir.

JACK: Just a second, Professor...our association has been such a long one...and now it seems to be terminating...so I'd like to give you this extra money as a little bonus.

MEL: No thank you, Monsieur Benny...I'd like to remember you just the way you are.

JACK: Oh...well, goodbye, Professor.

MEL: Goodbye, Monsieur Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Gee, I haven't practiced my violin in months...Well, I've got nothing to do today...Maybe I ought to start right now...(CALLS) OH, ROCHESTER...ARE YOU BACK?

ROCH: (COMING IN) YES, SIR.

JACK: I'm going to do a little practicing...get me my violin.

ROCH: YOUR VIOLIN?...BUT BOSS, IT'S BROKEN.

JACK: Broken?

ROCH: YES, DIDN'T I TELL YOU...LAST TIME YOU WENT OUT ON PERSONAL APPEARANCES, YOU SENT YOUR VIOLIN BACK IN YOUR TRUNK...AND WHEN I UNPACKED IT, I FOUND OUT IT WAS SMASHED.

JG

ATX01 0020329

JACK: My violin...smashed...

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

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

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, DON'T YOU REMEMBER? THE BLUE CROSS TURNED YOU OVER
TO THE RED CROSS, AND THE RED CROSS DECLARED YOU A
POTENTIAL DISASTER.

JACK: Well, send it out to be fixed right away...I want to...
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: SHALL I ANSWER IT?

JACK: No, you take care of my violin...I'll answer it.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: How are you feeling?

JACK: Fine, fine.

DENNIS: It's a nice day today, isn't it?

JG

JACK: It sure is.

DENNIS: If it's a nice day tomorrow, will you come and visit me?

JACK: ...Visit you...where are you?

DENNIS: In jail.

JACK: (STILL CALM AS BEFORE) That's nice...Now Dennis, when you do your song next Sunday, I ---

DENNIS *oh*, Mr. Benny, aren't you excited or anything. I maybe here for twenty years.

JACK: Good, good...Now Dennis, when you do your ---

DENNIS: Well, gee, aren't you worried?

JACK: Dennis, you've been calling me up with a lot of silly talk for so many years that I never believe one word you say.

(SOUND: MARCHING FEET START FADING IN)

JACK: You make up the silliest most absurd things I've ever heard...and I'd be a fool if I thought for one minute ~~that you were~~...

DENNIS: I ~~am~~ got to hang up now, we're going to lunch.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis...Those marching feet...Dennis, you mean you're really in jail?

DENNIS: No, Mr. Benny, I was only kidding...I'm at the studio... *you see* we're making a television picture about a prison riot, and I'm playing the part of an escaping convict.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

DENNIS: Ooooooh.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

DENNIS: Ooooooh.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JG

DENNIS: Ooooooh.

JACK: Dennis, what's happening?

DENNIS: Dress rehearsal.

JACK: Oh..oh, well, then I better hang up,..Goodbye.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

DENNIS: Ooooooh,...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~see~~, ^That must be some picture he's making...Well, I ~~see~~ got a lot of time on my hands today...I don't know what to do...Maybe I'll go out to my golf course and -- Nah, I already did a lot of walking this morning...I'm a little too tired to carry all those clubs..no matter how much they tip me.. ~~see~~ Can't practice my violin, it's broken...It's too early to go to bed.. ~~see~~ ^Think I'll go in my library and read a book.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JG

ATX01 0020332

JACK: Gee, I ^a got lots of books here...Most of them have been best sellers, too...Not As A Stranger...The Caine Mutiny... Here's one..."I Looked and I Listened" by Ben Gross... "Treadmill to Oblivion" by Fred Allen...^{Gee,} It sure is a good book...You know, it's a ^{strange} ~~strange~~ thing...on account of that feud we had, so many people think that Fred Allen hates and despises me. Unfortunately, Fred happens to be one of those people...Gee, here are some books I've saved from the time I was a kid..."The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"... "Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle".... Oh, here's one that was given to me by my father... "What Every Boy Should Know"...I remember papa gave it to me because he was too embarrassed to tell me about the birds and the bees...The bees go around getting honey out of the flowers---What's so embarrassing about that?...Maybe I should have read the second chapter... Seyyyy, here's a book I haven't read..."The Mystery of The Elephant's Graveyard"^{hag} That sounds like an exciting book...I'll sit down and read ~~at~~ ^{this one}.

(SOUND: SITTING DOWN...PAGES OF BOOK OPEN)

JACK: "The Mystery of the Elephant's Grave Yard"..Chapter One..
(MUSIC)

JG

ATK01 0020333

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS JACK STANLEY..I AM BY BIRTH A WEALTHY HEIR, BUT BY DESIRE AN EXPLORER AND ^aBIG GAME HUNTER...WHEN I DECIDED TO LOCATE THE ELEPHANT'S GRAVE YARD I WAS WARNED OF THE MANY DANGERS LURKING IN THE HEART OF DARKEST AFRICA..SO I TOOK PRECAUTIONS..FOR THE FIERCE ANIMALS, I HAD A POWERFUL RIFLE...FOR THE DREADED DISEASE OF MALARIA, I HAD A HUGE SUPPLY OF QUININE..AND FOR THE FIERCE NATIVES WHO SHRINK HUMAN HEADS, I HAD MY HEAD SANFORIZED...ON THE FORTY-FIRST DAY OF OUR JOURNEY, WE WERE HACKING OUR WAY THROUGH DENSE JUNGLE UNDERGROWTH WHEN SUDDENLY THE NATIVE PORTERS STOPPED AND STARTED A DISCONTENTED MURMUR.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES.)

JACK: I TURNED TO MY PARTNER AND SAID....

(REG. MIKE) What's wrong with the natives, Wilson?

DON: I don't know, I'll ask them...(CALLS) OGGGA MOOGA NAGAILAH
BWANA..NAHOOL ANGARA?

MEL: Nooga nooga mala. Milala hanna narwal.

DON: He says the men refuse to go any further..they're hungry..
for fifteen days they've had no food or drink.

JACK: ~~It's~~ It's their own fault...I told them to join the
Diner's Club...Ask him how far it is to the Elephant's
Graveyard.

DON: Naweela mooga lakoota maiwah booga-booga narwal?

MEL: Magocwa.

MS

RTX01 0020334

DON: He says it's ^a three day~~s~~ journey if you go by the mountain route, but if you take ^{the} short cut by the river, it's only two days providing you don't run into the unfriendly pygmy tribes or crocodiles.

JACK: ..Magoowa..means all that....Just magoowa? *Isn't there a boom boom with it? Just magoowa?*

MEL: Pogga poona lakoota oga negailab b^oana angara booga-mowa

Jack: Of that means "eyes" beeeenah kin right in the nose.

DON: He said, "Give me some Kleepex, this smog is killing me.

JACK: Oh, yes...He used to be a sparrow...Come on, let's get going.

(SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES)

DON: *Hey,* The natives are restless...we better get them some food and quickly, too.

JACK: Okay...come on, let's go hunt some.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..AND NOW WE HEAR JUNGLE NOISES...SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Come on...follow me..this looks like a good place to hunt..

DON: Careful ^{now} ~~be~~ this undergrowth...~~be~~ look out for those thorns...they're very long.

JACK: Yeah.

(SOUND: LONG LOUD RIP)

JACK: Ouch!

DON: Did you tear your shirt?

JACK: I would have if I had a shirt on..Anyway, I don't mind.

DON: Why in the world would you take your shirt off going through this dense underbrush?

JACK: Shirts cost money, skin I can grow...

MS

JACK: (FILTER) THE HUNT WAS A HUGE SUCCESS...WE GOT AN ANTELOPE, A LION, A BUFFALO AND A TIGER..OH, I KNOW THAT TIGERS ARE ONLY FOUND IN INDIA, BUT THIS ONE HAD BEEN ON A QUIZ PROGRAM AND HAD WON TWO GLORIOUS WEEKS IN AFRICA..THE MEN WERE DELIGHTED WITH THE FOOD AND WE CAMPED THERE FOR THE NIGHT. OH, YOU MAY THINK IT STRANGE OF ME TO SUFFER ALL THESE HARDSHIPS JUST TO FIND THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD, BUT IVORY IS A VALUABLE COMMODITY... IT IS USED FOR MAKING SMALL STATUES, COSTUME JEWELRY, CHESS SETS, BILLARD BALLS, AND TENORS' HEADS, ...THE NIGHT SEEMED ENDLESS, I COULD NOT SLEEP.

(SOUND: JUNGLE NOISES)

JACK: (FILTER) IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE THE AIR WAS RENT BY THE ROAR OF A LION.

MEL: (ROARS)

JACK: THE SNORT OF THE WATER BUFFALO.

MEL: (SNORTS)

JACK: THE CHATTER OF THE MONKEYS.

MAL: (CHATTERS)

JACK: THE SNARL OF THE PANTHER."

MEL: (SNARLS)

JACK: AND THE WEIRD PLAINTIVE CRY OF THE GIRAFFE...(PAUSE)...
THE WEIRD PLAINTIVE CRY OF THE GIRAFFE.

JACK: (PAUSE...THEN ON REGULAR MIKE) Mel?

MEL: Giraffes don't make no noise.

JACK: *Well, do a sparrow again anything.*

JACK: (FILTER) THE LAUGH OF THE HYENA.

MEL: (DOES HYENA)

MS

JACK: ~~HEAR~~...A SOUTHERN HYENA ^{yes} IN THE MORNING THE MEN WERE
REFRESHED AND WE TRAVELLED ALL THE NEXT DAY, AND IT WAS
TOWARDS DUSK THAT WE CAME TO A LITTLE CLEARING IN THE
JUNGLE AND THERE SHE STOOD.

VEOLA: (OOMPHY) Thank goodness...at last, you found me.

JACK: (FILTER) SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, AND ALTHOUGH SHE HAD BEEN
TRAVELLING FOR MANY DAYS THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE, HER
CLOTHES WERE NOT ~~THE~~ LEAST ^{bit} RIPPED...FORTUNATELY SHE
HAD ENCOUNTERED NO THORNS...FORTUNATELY???. THEN SHE
BEGAN TO SPEAK.

VEOLA: Oh, I'm so glad...after all these days of travelling
through this horrible jungle..hiding from the animals..
avoiding the natives..fighting off all the dangers, and
now you've found me and I'm safe.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Don't be too sure..Now tell me, what are you
doing here in the jungle?

VEOLA: I came to Africa on a scientific expedition with Professor
Ludvig Von Krause, but his lust for power got the better
of him. He has set himself up as king of a native tribe...
He wanted me to be his queen, but I escaped.

~~JACK: (FILTER) THAT'S THE PLOT, FOLKS. ON A COMING SHOW YOU
HAVE TO GET IT IN IN ONE LINE.~~

~~JACK: (REG. MIKE) Now, Mike, as you were telling me ---~~

RUBIN: (COMING IN) Nagoola heela marwah.

JACK: What's that?

RUBIN: Me messenger...Me look for you many moons..me bring you
this message.

MS

JACK: Wait a minute..I'm in the uncharted jungles of Africa...
how did you ever find me?

RUBIN: Me find-um your address in yellow pages.

JACK: Oh.

DON: What does the message say?

JACK: It's from the British Home Office in equatorial Africa..
It says, "Beware of Professor Ludvig Von Krause, he is
preparing to take over all of Africa."

(SOUND: NATIVE DRUMS..LOUD..AND SHOUTS OF NATIVES)

JACK: (FILTER) THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE, BECAUSE JUST THEN
WE WERE SURROUNDED BY A HOARDE OF SCREAMING SAVAGES WHO
TOOK US CAPTIVE AND BROUGHT US INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE
CRUEL, AMBITIOUS PROFESSOR..HE LOOKED AT US AND SAID.

DENNIS: (CHERMAN) Down on your knees, you ^{justification}schvinehundts, you are
in the presence of the great Professor Ludvig Von Krause.

JACK: Now look --

DENNIS: Kneel, you dumbkopf..I am the great Von Krause, discoverer
of penicillin, inventor of atomic energy, and chust this
morning I hav made the greatest scientific discovery of
the century.

JACK: What's that?

DENNIS: I haf perfected Brew 103.

JACK: Hoooo.

DENNIS: Now I hav made up my mind what to do ^{an you there, doctor} ~~with you~~..The ^{schvane} girl
I will keep, but the rest of you I am going to throw to
the crocodiles.

MS

ATX01 0020338

VEOLA: No no ^{no,} don't keep me..That would be a fate worse than death..Throw me to the crocodiles, too.

SPORTSMEN, MEL,
RUBIN, DON, ETC: HOORAY.

JACK: Who was that?

DENNIS: The crocodiles.

JACK: Now look --

DENNIS: Shut up..oooh, you make me so mad...Now come here, ^{come + sit here,} ~~now~~ ^{here} and sit on this throne ^{franklin's} beside me.

JACK: Wait a minute..why do you want to kill all the men and just keep her?

DENNIS: ...You better go home and read the second chapter of what every boy should know...All right, guards, tie these men up and throw them to the crocodiles.

JACK: Oh, no you don't. Now don't make a move...I've got you covered with this gun!

VEOLA: Look out, his guard is throwing a spear at you!

(SOUND: LOUD THUD..AND PISTOL SHOT)

JACK: (FILTER) THE SPEAR WENT THROUGH ME JUST AS MY BULLET KILLED HIM...ALTHOUGH I WAS LUCKY THAT THE SPEAR DIDN'T GO THROUGH MY HEART, THE DOCTORS HAD BAD NEWS FOR ME..IT WOULD BE FATAL TO REMOVE IT..SO FOR ALL THESE YEARS I HAVE BEEN GOING AROUND WITH A SPEAR STICKING OUT OF ME...THIS DOESN'T BOTHER ME NORMALLY, BUT AT A PARTY WHENEVER WE PLAY CHARADE EVERYONE GUESSES THAT I'M AN HORS D'OEUVRES. THAT IS MY STORY...YES, I, LIKE ALL THOSE BEFORE ME, FAILED TO FIND THE ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

MS

BIG BROTHERS

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, when a feller needs a friend..he needs a helping hand. And the hands of the BIG BROTHERS have helped thousands of growing boys to find the way to a useful life...Since the first BIG BROTHER movement was formed in 1904, to the many thousands of men who daily volunteer to help, I say congratulations for a job well done. If you are interested in being a BIG BROTHER to some needy boy....Write - BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA - Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, to tell you about his television show which goes on immediately after this program, but first---the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike..Miss Dorothy Collins!

DON: 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---the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.. Miss Dorothy Collins.

MS

ATX01 0020340

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(TRANSCRIBED) "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
FULL SONG:

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. 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 If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS 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!

MS

ATX01 0020341

(TAG)

(SOUND: DIALING OF PHONE)

DON: What are you doing, Jack?

JACK: *Oh f-d-*
I'm calling my writers.

DON: What do you want them for?

JACK: I have to do my television show tonight and I can't ad lib
my way out of Africa.

DON: What?

JACK: Angara, *now go.*

DON: That means he'll see you on television, folks...don't
forget to watch it.

Jack: Yeah.
(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.~~

MS

ATX01 0020342

HERBERT TARYTON

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 0020343

(J.B.N.12)
PROGRAM #17
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

- As Broadcast -

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Oct. 27, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
BOB CROSBY
DON WILSON
SPORTSMEN QUARTET
MEL BLANC
HAL MARCH
BENNY RUBIN

RT

ATX01 0020344

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #2
JANUARY 16, 1955
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!

ATX01 0020345

(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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE
TO BRING YOU THAT --

BOB: Hold it, hold it, Don...Jack isn't here.

DON: *Real, gee & just* saw him a few minutes ago, where is he?

MARY: He just went in the other room to talk to his writers...

BOB: *Oh boy, is Jack burned up!*
Well, boy, Those two guys get away with murder. They never have a
program written till the last minute.

MARY: Well, I'm going in and see what's happening...Gee, he's
always having trouble with his writers.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now look, fellows, if I told you once, I told you ~~one~~ *a thousand*
times...you've got to have the program written before we
go on the air...Every week we just barely make it ~~it~~ now
today, look what happens...no script at all.

~~MARCH: Well, what are you worried about?~~

~~MEL: (MOOLEY) Yeah, it's only Friday.~~

~~JACK: It's not Friday, it's Sunday. And there's no excuse for
you guys not knowing it, I gave both of you calendars for
Christmas...I knew this would happen some day.~~

MARCH: Well, we were stuck this week.

MEL: Yeah, we didn't have no inspiration.

RT

JACK: Oh, you didn't.

MEL: Don't yell at me, I'll fly to pieces.

JACK: I'm not yelling...I'm just asking you to work, that's all.
You're working for me...I'm paying you to work.

MARCH: And that's another thing, we want more dough.

JACK: Well, you certainly picked the right time to ask me.
You're getting plenty now...why do you want more money?

MEL: We wanna get a room tonight.

JACK: *listen, will you,*
~~Now, cut that out.~~ Fine team of writers I've got. I've
been looking for you all week, where were you?

MARCH: Palm

MEL: Springs.

JACK: You're not supposed to be in Palm Springs, you're supposed
to be here with me.

MARY: Come on, Jack, we're waiting for you.

JACK: *Mary, she*
Be there in a minute...Now look, fellows --

MARCH: HEY, WHO'S THE DAME?

JACK: *Who's*
That's Mary Livingstone, and she's not a dame...You've met
her at least four hundred times.

MEL: Oh, yeah, that's the girl we write for, Harry.

MARCH: You're Harry, I'm Sam.

JACK: AND I'M JACK BENNY, *Sam* GLAD TO KNOW YOU...Now listen, fellows--

MARY: Jack, you better hurry up...Let Gilbert and Sullivan alone.

JACK: I told you, Mary, I'll be there in a minute.

MARY: Okay.

MEL & MARCH WHISTLE AFTER HER.

JACK: AND STOP WHISTLING AT HER!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

RT

JACK: Now look, fellows, we're on the air, so I'm going out and do the best I can...Meanwhile, you stay right here and prepare some kind of a play for us.

MEL: Okay...^{hey - hey - how -} how about a Murder Mystery?

JACK: A murder mystery?

MEL: YOU KNOW, WHERE A GUY COMES HOME AND ^{he} FINDS HIS WIFE IN THE ARMS OF ANOTHER MAN --

MARCH: THE HUSBAND SAYS...NOW I GOTCHA!

MEL: WHY JULIUS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MARCH: YOU KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE, I DIDN'T GO TO SCRANTON AT ALL.

MEL: JULIUS, JULIUS...PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

Jack: *Look, bang, bang, look... bang!*

MARCH: OH NO...BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

MEL: OOOOOOOH...OOOOOOOH...OOOHHH.

JACK: ^{Wait a minute! Tell us that'll be} FINE...WRITE IT UP, WRITE ANYTHING...JUST SO WE CAN HAVE A PROGRAM...NOW BRING IT IN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

MARCH: Okay...Give me the pencil, Harry.

MEL: *Oh,* You got it, Sam, I gave it to you yesterday.

MARCH: ~~on~~ No, I ^{give} ~~give~~ it back to you.

MEL: Yeah, but after that, I put it in your --

JACK: HERE, USE MY PENCIL...FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ^{use my pencil, just} GET STARTED... NOW GO TO WORK.

(SCUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Darn those guys...They go to Palm Springs and I have no broadcast.

DON: What's the matter, Jack...~~are~~ you having trouble with your writers again?

RT

ATX01 0020348

JACK: Yeah, Don, every week they're getting lazier... ~~and~~ Now tonight, no material at all.

DON: Well, why don't you fire 'em?

MARY: He can't... They dug up a photograph of Jack when he was in the third grade.

BOB: ~~Well~~, What's wrong with that?

MARY: He was the only kid with a moustache.

JACK: ~~at~~, It was just fuzz, you could hardly see it... Anyway, that picture has nothing to do with my writers... If this ever happens again, I will fire 'em.

DON: Well Jack, if there's no script, what do we do now?

JACK: We'll just have to stall... Say Bob, how about a number from the boys in the band?

BOB: Okay, but I'll need a ~~few~~ ^{couple of} minutes to round 'em up.

JACK: Oh for heavens sake... what's the matter with those fellows? The minute the introduction is over, they always disappear.

BOB: Well, they don't have to play again ~~and~~ ^{unless} Dennis' ^{sings a} song, and they get ^{kinda} restless ~~just~~ ^{around} sitting on the bandstand.

JACK: ^{Oh, that's} ~~that's~~ too bad... I want 'em on the stage throughout the show. Where are they?

BOB: ~~Oh~~, ^{well} some of them are at that little bar across the street... and Bagby, ^{and} Fletch, ^{and} Kurtze, Bridwell, and Sammy the Drummer are backstage ^{in a} gin game.

JACK: Five of 'em? How can five play gin?

BOB: Oh, Sammy doesn't play, they use his head to keep score on.

JACK: ^{they use} His head ~~to~~ ^{keep score?}

BOB: ^{Yeah}, After a long game it looks like he's got hair.

RT

~~JACK: I was wondering what that was.~~

~~BOB: Once they were done of period and I mistook it for Don's wife
Hayworth.~~

JACK: ~~That~~ Bob, I hate to be a spoil sport, but I wish you'd get the boys back on the stage.

MARY: It is a shame, Bob...Look...Frankie Remley's the only one on the stand.

JACK: That's right...and you know why?. Because Frankie takes an interest in the show. He's the only one of the whole bunch who's loyal, ^{and} dependable, and always on the job.

BOB: Well, I'll wake him ^{up} and tell him ~~that~~ that.

JACK: He's asleep? But ~~his~~, his eyes are open.

MARY: Oh Jack, don't tell me that trick of his has you fooled, too.

JACK: What trick?

MARY: He's got pupils painted on his eyelids.

JACK: Gee...he must have taken a lot of trouble with 'em... They're bloodshot and everything...But kids, this isn't solving our problem...What can we do to fill time till the script is ready?

DON: Well, Jack, you ought to be able to do something... After all, you're the star of the show.

JACK: But Don, it's not that easy...I don't sing...I don't dance...I've never done imitations...Gee...I don't know what to do now.

MARY: If it wasn't Sunday you could take your money to the bank.

JACK: Very funny, *Miss Livingston*

DENNIS: Hello, everybody.

CAST: (AD LIB HELLOS)

DENNIS: *hey* what's everyone standing around for?

JACK: Because we've got a problem, Dennis...my writers let me down this week ~~and we~~ got no script, no jokes, nothing.

DENNIS: What's the difference, who listens?

JACK: Now wait a minute, Dennis, there are still millions of people listening to radio. ~~Regardless of what you may have heard,~~ It's still a big medium...more radios were sold this year than ever before...and anyone who is on a big show like this is still doing a very important job.

DENNIS: Boy, did you sing a different tune when you cut my salary last September.

JACK: I didn't cut your salary. You're still getting eighty dollars a week like you did last year.

DENNIS: Yeah, but what about that new clause you added?

JACK: What new clause?

DENNIS: The one that says a week is fourteen days.

JACK: Hmm.

DON: Jack, how could you actually make Dennis sign a contract that has fourteen days in a week?

JACK: Because when he's around it seems that long.

~~DENNIS: My lawyer said the same thing.~~

JACK: ~~Naturally~~...Now look, Dennis, as long as we're stuck without a script, how about doing your song now?

DENNIS: ^{hey} I got a better idea...why don't you and I ad lib a little, ^{you know} to and fro.

JACK: ^{ad lib, huh?} To and fro? ~~all~~...All right, Dennis, I'll start it...Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

DENNIS: That was no saw, that was a battleaxe.

RT

ATX01 0020351

JACK: ~~Some~~ Some ad-libbing... ^{you} ~~I think you better sing, Dennis...~~
~~It's best to let it go than --~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

RUBIN: Telegram for ~~Mr.~~ Benny.

JACK: Right here, fellow...thanks.

MARY: Give him a tip, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes...here you ^{are} Buddy...Say, you're rather old for a messenger boy, aren't you?

RUBIN: You ain't gonna get the mumps any more yourself, Bub!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hm, and I had to give him a fifty cent tip.

MARY: You gave him a dime.

JACK: I GAVE HIM A QUARTER. I KNOW WHAT I GAVE HIM...I wonder who this telegram is from.

(SOUND: RIP OF PAPER)
(See I haven't heard from him in a long time. Says)

JACK: Oh, it's from Fred Allen...^{never mind} "Dear Jack...Have been listening to your show and have a suggestion that may help you fill remaining twenty minutes...Why not announce your retirement and let the audience take it from there."...What a silly suggestion.

DENNIS: Yeah, they'd applaud right through Amos and Andy.

JACK: Just sing your song, Dennis. ^{never mind} I'm going out and see how my writers are coming along. (FADEK) If they're stalling, ~~Believe me...~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

~~(DENNIS'S VOICE) ...COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS)~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

RT

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ...~~Some~~^{Look}, fellows, I know it's a good title for a murder mystery, but where's the play?

MARCH: Well, we got a lot of ideas, but we couldn't write 'em down.

JACK: Why not? I gave you a pencil.

MEL: Yeah, but there ain't no lead in it ...see?

JACK: Oh, there ain't no lead in it. Give me that pencil!.....
Look, fellows, you turn this little knob here, and out comes the lead....It's an Automatic Pencil.

MEL: Oh yeah...^{Hey}~~Oh~~ Look, Sam, you turn this knob and the lead comes out.

MARCH: ~~Hey~~^{Hey}, that's good...Let me turn it.

MEL: No, I wanna turn it.

MARCH: Come on, just once.

JACK: I'VE TURNED IT ALREADY!....~~Look~~, Give me back the pencil, here's a pen...you don't have to turn it or anything....
Now please write that mystery play, will you, fellows?

MARCH: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ...Boy, if I ever get my hands on that picture, I'll fire 'em so fast they won't know what hit 'em....Well, Don, it'll be a few more minutes yet.

DON: What'll we do?

JACK: I don't know what to talk about.

~~MARY: ...Me neither.~~

~~DENNIS: ...I think Fred Allen's idea is a good one.~~

DH

ATX01 0020353

JACK: ~~Oh, be quiet, Dennis, I'm having enough trouble as it is. I don't know what to do.~~

MARY: Well, you're such a great comedian, why don't you ad lib something?

JACK: *Well,* You're right....I will....You know folks, a funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio. A panhandler came over to me and asked me for a quarter....He said he hadn't had a bite in two weeks.

MARY: So you bit him.

JACK: So I Mary, I'm supposed ~~to~~ ^{do the} ad libbing.

MARY: That's the oldest joke in the world.

JACK: All right, *all right*

DON: Say Jack, as long as we're waiting for the script, how about the Sportsmen doing a number.

JACK: *The Sportsmen do what?* ~~do~~ They have anything prepared?

DON: I'll ask them....Say fellows, would you like to do your arrangement for Jack?

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: *Oh,* Swell.

DON: They said, "No".

JACK: They did not. ^{Now} Go ahead, fellows....

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: *Oh,* Hold it a second.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello. *Mr. Benny,*

ROCH: HELLO, ~~Mr. Benny,~~ THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

for having a lot of trouble here,

JACK: ~~Oh boss,~~ Rochester, ^{what} is it?

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, I'VE BEEN REARRANGING THOSE ANTIQUES ON THE LIVING ROOM MANTEL AND I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THAT YELLOW VASE?

JACK: Oh, keep that in the middle, Rochester...I'm very proud of that vase.

ROCH: YOU ARE?

JACK: Yes, there are only two vases like that in the entire world. And the only ones who have them are the King of Siam and me....or is ^{it the} ~~the~~ King and I?

ROCH: IT'S THE KING AND THE JUNKMAN, I JUST BUSTED YOURS.

JACK: Well Rochester, that was very expensive and I'm going to deduct it from your salary.

ROCH: OH BOSS....

JACK: Don't "Oh Boss" me....I'm going to teach you a lesson.

* ROCH: FOR WHAT YOUR LESSONS HAVE COST ME, I COULDA GONE THROUGH HARVARD.

JACK: I don't care, you shouldn't be so clumsy.

ROCH: WELL BOSS, IT'S REALLY YOUR FAULT.

JACK: My fault?

ROCH: YEAH, THAT NEW SCHEDULE YOU PUT ME ON HAS ME RUSHIN' AROUND LIKE CRAZY.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: WELL, TAKE THIS MORNING.... I GOT UP AND HAD FIFTEEN MINUTES TO MAKE THE BEDS AND CLEAN THE ENTIRE UPSTAIRS.... TWENTY MINUTES TO WASH AND IRON YOUR CLOTHES....A HALF HOUR TO POLISH THE SILVER, WASH THE WINDOWS, SCRUB THE WALLS AND BEAT THE RUGS....AND BY NINE O'CLOCK I WAS IN THE KITCHEN ON MY HANDS AND KNEES.

DH

JACK: Oh, you were waxing the floor?

ROCH: NO, I FAINTED.

JACK: You fainted? How long were you out?

ROCH: TEN MINUTES AND IF YOU DEDUCT ~~THAT~~ FROM MY SALARY, I'M
QUITTING!

JACK: Don't be silly, Rochester...I'm having enough trouble
without you aggravating me.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JACK: *Well,* My writers are late with the script and I'm standing here
with nothing to do.

ROCH: TOO BAD I'M NOT THERE.

JACK: *Why?* What could you do?

ROCH: SING, BOSS, SING!

JACK: You...sing...with that voice?

ROCH: DON'T KNOCK IT...AROUND CENTRAL AVENUE I'M KNOWN AS "THAT
SENTIMENTAL FELLOW WITH THE MELLOW BELLOW".

JACK: ~~Hum~~.

ROCH: I EVEN SANG ONCE WITH THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR.

JACK: What happened?

ROCH: JOHNSON THREW ME OUT IN THE HALL.

JACK: I thought so..Well, I'll talk to you later, so long,
Rochester.

ROCH: GOCCCCOODBYE!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *Now,* Go ahead, Don, have the Sportsmen do their number. I'm
going in ^{*the other room*} ~~there~~ and see how Hemingway and Steinbeck are
doing.

DON: Okay, ~~Jack~~...Hit it, fellows.

QUART: ME AND MY SHADOW
STROLLING DOWN THE AVENUE
ME AND MY SHADOW
NOT A SOUL TO TELL OUR TROUBLES TO
AND WHEN ITS TWELVE O'CLOCK
WE CLIMB THE STAIR
WE NEVER KNOCK FOR NOBODY'S THERE
JUST ME AND MY SHADOW
ALL ALONE AND FEELING BLUE
ME (JUST YOU AND ME) AND MY LUCKY
I'M PROUD THAT I'M A LUCKY FROM OLD KENTUCKY
STROLLING DOWN THE AVENUE
WHEREVER YOU GO THAT'S WHERE I GLOW
ME AND ME ~~AND ME~~ AND MY LUCKY
LS DASH MFT
IT'S THE FRIEND I TELL MY TROUBLES TO
I TURN ~~my~~ ^{your} TROUBLES INTO SMOKE RINGS
THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE WHEREVER YOU GO
IS LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED YOU KNOW
FROM ME AND MY SHADOW
There is just
~~IT'S THE~~ ONE SMOKE WE LIKE
BETTER TASTING LUCKY STRIKE

(APPLAUSE)

BH

ATX01 0020357

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{look} Now look, fellows, ^{what kind of writers are you, anyway,} look at this page....that word is murderer....not moiderer.

MARCH: ~~Well~~ Well, a gangster would say Moiderer.

JACK: ~~Well~~ ^{supposed to be} I'm not a gangster, I'm a ^{in this} Police Captain....read your own script....Now fellows, it's time for our play.... so I'll take what you've got and you bring the rest in as soon as you can. ^{Now} Give me those pages.

MEL: Please give me those pages.

JACK: All right....please give me those pages....Now concentrate, will you, fellows?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~of~~ ^F Fine thing....drama on the installment plan.

DON: Well, how does it look, Jack?...~~are~~ We going to do a play tonight?

JACK: ~~Yes~~ ^J Yes, but we'll have to do it without a rehearsal....Here are your parts, kids.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Now let's see....I'm going to be Captain O'Benny of Police Headquarters....And Dennis, you'll be my assistant, Sergeant O'Day.

DENNIS: O'thanks.

JACK: O'welcome....Now Mary, you're going to be the widow, Mrs. J. Malcolm Smith.

MARY: The widow?

DH

ATX01 0020358

JACK: Yes...your husband has been killed....leaving you three million dollars, an estate in Santa Barbara, and a yacht. And you're all broken up.

MARY: Why, does the yacht leak?

JACK: No, you loved your husband....Now let's see, ^{Oh,} Bob, you'll be the family chauffeur...And Don, you're going to be the bugler.

DON: Bugler!

JACK: Oh, they must mean butler....some writers, ^{Say what writers live get.} You're the butler, Don...Well, so much for casting...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION THIS EVENING, WE PRESENT AN ORIGINAL MYSTERY DRAMA ENTITLED, "THE MURDER OF MALCOLM SMITH" .. OR .. "HE HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE DENTIST IN THE AFTERNOON BUT HE WAS DRILLED IN THE MORNING" Say, ~~not~~ ^{such} a bad title, ~~think~~ I'll get the boys a room tonight....Well, let's go, fellows... THE OPENING SCENE IS THE OFFICE OF DETECTIVE CAPTAIN O'BENNY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ... CURTAIN... MUSIC.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

BH

ATK01 0020359

JACK: ~~Bob~~, ^{wait a minute, wait a minute -} Wait a minute, Bob, is this the theme music for a murder mystery?...Mighty Like A Rose?

BOB: Well, that's what your writers gave me.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: Maybe that's the name of the murderer.

JACK: Who, Rose?

DENNIS: No, Mighty.

JACK: ~~Bob~~, Be quiet, ^{hell} Okay, Bob, ^{play what they gave you} start ~~it~~ again, ^{will you?}

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

JACK: Hey, Sergeant O'Day.....Seargeant O'Day...

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Did you answer the burglar alarm at the First National Bank?

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Well..were there any suspicious characters around?

DENNIS: No, the furniture movers told me they hadn't seen anybody.

JACK: Furniture movers?

DENNIS: Yeah, ^{the} two fellows with ^{the} safe.

JACK: THOSE WERE THE BURGLARS!....What's the matter with you, anyway?

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

BH

JACK: Hello, Police Headquarters.

MARY: Hello, this is Mrs. J. Malcolm Smith talking.

JACK: Yes..

MARY: MY HUSBAND, J. MALCOLM SMITH, WEALTHY STOCKBROKER OF NEW YORK, PALM BEACH, AND MIAMI, HEIR TO THE MILLIONS LEFT BY HIS FATHER.. HAS BEEN KILLED.

JACK: THAT'S SHOCKING NEWS, MRS. SMITH..ARE YOU SURE YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD?

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

MARY: DEFINITELY!

JACK: WE'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES..GOODBYE.

(SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

DENNIS: What's up, ^{Chief} Chief?

JACK: ^{That's the way they want it.} J. Malcolm ^{Stoog} Stoog, the Smithbroker, has been murdered..

~~It~~..They can't even type streight.. Hand me my gun.

DENNIS: Shall I take the beyonet off?

JACK: Of course..I only use it to roast marshmallows. ^{Also take that} ~~account~~ ^{account} ~~off~~ ^{off}

^{Now}, let's get going...THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CASE, SERGEANT O'DAY..AND WE'RE GONNA FIND THE MURDERER OF J. MALCOLM SMITH, OR...OR...

DENNIS: Or whet?

JACK: Or nothing, we're all out of script..HEY FELLOWS, HURRY UP WITH THE REST OF THIS, WILL YOU?...Play something, Bob.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

JACK: (OVER MUSIC) Fine writers, they couldn't even finish the sentence...Hold it, Bob.

(MUSIC STOPS)

MEL: Here's a few more pages, Jack.

JACK: Thanks..Now go back and get to work.

MARCH: We got a Union, ^{you know,} we're going out to eat.

JACK: NOT UNTIL YOU FINISH THE SCRIPT!

MEL: Oksey, Blue Eyes.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: ~~Even~~ Even my writers notice 'em...Now let's see..Oh yes..
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CASE, SERGEANT O'DAY..AND WE'RE GONNA
FIND THE MURDERER OF J. MALCOLM SMITH, OR MY NAME AIN'T
CAPTAIN O'BENNY...~~Even~~, I could heve thought of that
myself....LET'S GO!

(SOUND: POLICE SIREN STARTS UP)

JACK: WAIT'LL WE GET IN THE CAR!

(SOUND: SIREN STOPS)

JACK: ...Stupid sound men...All right, get in, O'Dey..I'll
drive.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS..CAR MOTOR STARTS..SIREN STARTS
AND FADES INTO)

(MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE VERY FAST)

JACK: (FADING IN) Here we are, O'Dey.

(SOUND: LOUD BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: COME ON, COME ON..OPEN THE DOOR..THIS IS THE POLICE.

(SOUND: MORE BANGING)

JACK: OPEN UP OR WE'LL BREAK IT DOWN...COME ON, O'DAY..LET'S
SMASH THAT DOOR.

(SOUND: BIG CRUNCHING OF WOOD)

DON: (POLITELY) Good evening, gentlemen, did you ring?

TB

JACK: Where's Mrs. Smith?

DON: In the library...whom shall I announce?

DENNIS: The King and the Junk Man.

JACK: Oh be quiet.

DON: Here she is now.

JACK: Pardon me, are you Mrs. J. Malcolm Smith?

MARY: Yes, Captain.

JACK: Tell me, what do you know about the murder of your husband?

MARY: Well...we were sitting here in the library, listening to the radio...when all of a sudden I turned around and there was my husband on the floor with five bullet-holes in him.

JACK: YOU'RE LYING!...Here's the body, and he was only shot one, two, three...four times.

(SOUND: ONE GUN SHOT)

MARY: Now count 'em!

~~JACK: All right, Bob, count the bullet-holes.~~

~~DENNIS: One, two, three, four, five, six.~~

JACK: ~~That's his mouth. Everybody has one of those.~~
Oh --
~~Mrs. Smith,~~ I want the truth...You killed your husband and I know why! YOU MURDERED YOUR HUSBAND BECAUSE....
~~Bob,~~ -- Oh fine, we're stuck again...All right, Bob.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

JACK: This is embarrassing...Hold it, Bob, *held it.*

(MUSIC STOPS)

DH

JACK: All right boys, some more pages.

MEL: Here you are, Speedy.

JACK: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Let's see here....Oh yes....NOW LISTEN, MRS. SMITH, YOU
MURDERED YOUR HUSBAND BECAUSE THERE'S ANOTHER MAN IN
THE CASE....NOW TELL ME, WHO'S YOUR LOVER?....WHO IS HE?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Well....what's going on here?

MARY: Hello, Darling.

BOB: Who are these men?

DH

ATX01 0020364

MARY: They're detectives, Derling.
JACK: Ahe! The other men....what's your name?
BOB: My card, sir.
JACK: Hm....Derling Crosby....What's your connection with this family?
BOB: I'm the chauffeur.
JACK: I see....How did you get along with Mr. Smith?
MARY: Don't answer him, Dear.
JACK: Dear, eh?
BOB: That's my middle name.
JACK: Hm...ere you taking everything down, Sergeant O'Dey?
DENNIS: Yeeh, Honey.
JACK: That's my middle name....now where was I?....Oh, yes, now you....you still haven't told me how you got along with Mr. Smith.
BOB: Well, frankly, sir, we didn't get along very well.
JACK: You didn't *get*?
BOB: He's been very suspicious of Mrs. Smith and me ever since she hired me *for* her chauffeur.
JACK: *Yea*, What made him suspicious?
BOB: She didn't have a car.
JACK: I thought so... *now* ONE OF YOU TWO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF J. MALCOLM SMITH.
BOB: Yeeh, but which one?....You can't arrest both of us.
JACK: DON'T GET SMART WITH ME....I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS.... IT'S....IT'S....Oh for Pete's sake.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

DH

ATX01 0020365

JACK: HEY FELLOWS....FELLOWS.

(MUSIC STOPS)

MEL: Whettaye went?

JACK: What do I went?....I went the finish to the play. I went to know who the murderer is?

MEL: Oh, that's what we're arguing about.

JACK: Arguing?

MEL: Yeeh, I say it's the dams.

MARCH: And I say it's gotta be the cheuffeur.

JACK: But, fellows ---

MEL: Sem, how can you be so stupid...look at the motives, the motives...the dame had all the motives.

MARCH: Motives.... so you learned a new word....I still say it's the cheuffeur.

JACK: But if he didn't have any motive....

MEL: You ^{Keep} ~~outte~~ outte this!

MARCH: Yeeh, if it wasn't for you, we'd be in Palm Springs.

JACK: But, I --

MARCH: Look, Herry, for once in your life admit you're wrong.

MEL: BUT I'M NOT WRONG....IT'S ALWAYS THE DAME,...DIDN'T MY WIFE TRY TO KILL ME?

MARCH: YEAH, AND I'M SORRY SHE MISSED.

MEL: YOU'RE SORRY...OH NOW I GET IT....YOU'RE THE GUY SHE'S BEEN GOING AROUND WITH!

MARCH: BUT HARRY --

MEL: AND ALL THE TIME I THOUGHT IT WAS THE CHAUFFEUR.

BOB: WAIT A MINUTE, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR WIFE.

IH

MARCH: THEN WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' OUT WITH HER FOR?

MEL: ~~YEAH, WHAT'S YOUR MOTIVE?~~

JACK: ~~FELLOWS...FELLOWS..YOU'RE ON THE WRONG MURDER CASE.~~

~~(BAND STARTS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")~~

JACK: ~~NOW LOOK, I'M YOUR BOSS. AND ONCE AND FOR ALL, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT FROM NOW ON, IF THE SCRIPTS AREN'T HERE ON TIME, YOU'RE OUT. BOTH OF YOU.~~

MEL & MARCH: ~~AW, SHUT UP.~~

JACK: ~~LOOK, I DON'T NEED YOU GUYS. I CAN AD LIB.. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STUDIO. A PANHANDLER CAME OVER TO ME AND ASKED ME FOR A QUARTER. HE SAID HE HADN'T HAD A BITE IN TWO WEEKS.~~

MEL & MARCH: ~~SO YOU BIT HIM.~~

JACK: ~~OH, NO, I'M GOING HOME.~~

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

That settles it. I'm going home

DH

ATX01 0020367

FIRE ALLOCATION #1 (HOMES)

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

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

WA

ATXQ1 0020368

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
JANUARY 16, 1955
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

(TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,

A CAPELLA
VERSION OF
SONG
39 SECS.)

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, 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 toasted. 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. (MORE)

ATX01 0020369

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
JANUARY 16, 1955
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-C-

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 0020370

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO'S THERE?

JACK: It's me, Rochester....boy, what a day...my writers didn't have a script for me...the show was crazy...all the orchestra could play was "Mighty Like a Rose"... and on top of all that, I tipped a telegraph boy a quarter and he turned around and insulted me...I feel awful.

ROCH: BOSS, LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...I've got the mumps...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tecksberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Merks.

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

WA

ATX01 0020371

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 0020372

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"As Broadcast"

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM

(Transcribed-Jan. 25, 1953)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
DON WILSON
GERALD MOHR
MEL BLANC
SHELDON LEONARD
JOE KEARNS
BENNY RUBIN
FRANK NELSON
DICK RYAN

BR

ATX01 0020373

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-s-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-s-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-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!

WILSON: 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)

BR

ATX01 0020374

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 23, 1955

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(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-testing tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Yes, a Lucky tastes better because it's made of fine tobacco and it's toasted to taste better. So, pick up a carton of Lucky Strike. Remember: It's toasted.....to taste better.

BR

ATX01 0020375

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS RADIO PROGRAM, JACK BENNY, ^{will} ~~DO~~ HIS REGULAR T.V. SHOW OVER THE CBS TELEVISION NETWORK...BUT FIRST, LET'S GO BACK TO LAST THURSDAY..IT IS LATE MORNING AT JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS.

(SOUND: AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE, WE HEAR THE PHONE RING...PAUSE...RINGS AGAIN... RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?...The Telephone Company?...You want to install a phone here this afternoon?...Are you sure you have the right address?...Yes, this is 366 North Camden Drive, but there must be some mistake...Oh, the phone is for Rochester Ven Jones....~~.....~~...Well, let me find out about it and *see* call you back...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hmmm...I wonder why...OH, ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: DID YOU WANT ME, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, ~~Rochester~~, ^{the} the telephone company just called...what's this about you ordering a phone in your name?

ROCH: WELL..I FIGURED ~~THE~~ IT WOULD BE MORE CONVENIENT IF WE HAD TWO PHONES IN THE HOUSE.

JACK: But that's silly...my phone should be enough...I talk on it very little, ~~and~~ you can use it whenever you want to.

BR

ATX01 0020376

ROCH: I KNOW..BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE ANOTHER PHONE IN CASE OF EMERGENCIES.

JACK: But why?....suppose there is an emergency...You can use my phone.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT SUPPOSE THE HOUSE IS BURNING DOWN AND I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CHANGE.

JACK: Gee, I never thought of that.

ROCH: AND BESIDES, I'LL BE USING THE PHONE A LOT FROM NOW ON... IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL BE ABLE TO TALK TO MY GIRL FRIEND, SUSIE.

JACK: Why...what's wrong?

ROCH: WELL...HER FATHER SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN A DISLIKE TO ME.

JACK: But I thought you always got along so well with her family.. what heppened?

ROCH: THE OTHER NIGHT SUSIE AND I WERE SITTING IN THE DARK ON THE SOFA WATCHING TELEVISION WHEN HER FATHER CAME IN AND GOT AWFUL MAD.

JACK: Why should that make him mad?

ROCH: THEY AIN'T GOT A TELEVISION SET.

JACK: Oh, oh, ...Sey, look what time it is...I'm going out to the race track today and Miss Livingstone isn't here yet.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME, THE FIRST RACE DOESN'T GO ON TILL ONE O'CLOCK.

JACK: I know...but I go to the races so seldom I don't want to be late.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

BR

ATX01 0020377

JACK *Oh*, That must be Miss Livingstone...COMING, COMING.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS,,DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Mery, you're late.

MARY: *Oh*, I'm sorry, Jack. I was leaving the house when I got a long distance call from ~~Mama~~ *Mom* and Papa.

JACK *Oh*, A phone call from your Mother and Father, eh...what did the Bed and the Beautiful have to say?

MARY: Well, Mama said that Cousin Sylvia eloped last night.

JACK: Sylvia...married?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: Gosh, it seems like only last summer I picked her up and bounced her on my knee.

MARY: It was last summer, she's a midget.

JACK: Oh, oh...So she got married, eh?

MARY: Yes, she married a man six feet two.

JACK: No kidding? Little Sylvia?

MARY: *Oh in humor*
A Oh but Jack, a terrible thing happened. Right after the ceremony, as they turned to go back up the aisle, she took one step and broke her leg.

JACK: How?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) She forgot she was standing on a box.

JACK: Oh, that's awful. That must've been a sad wedding.

MARY: (SINGS) HER MOTHER WAS CRYING...HER FATHER WAS CRYING...
AND I *was*

JACK: All right, all right...I had to ask her how, yet...Now come on, Mary, let's go to the races...I ~~was~~ got a hot tip in the sixth race... A horse named Our Fancy.

BR

MARY: Our fancy?

JACK: Yeah...and I hope I win, I can sure use the money.

MARY: Why, you've never used any before.

JACK: Mary, stop that...Now come on, let's get going.

MARY: *Uh* Wait a minute, Jack...Isn't Dennis going with us?

JACK: *Well* Certainly.

MARY: Well, what are we supposed to do, pick him up?

JACK: No, no...he's here...DENNIS...DENNIS...WHERE ARE YOU?

DENNIS: (OFF) I'M IN THE KITCHEN.

JACK: WELL, COME ON, MARY'S HERE AND WE'RE READY TO GO.

DENNIS: (OFF) OKAY.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, would you mind having rehearsal at my house tomorrow?

JACK: Why should we rehearse at your house?

DENNIS: Well, my uncle is visiting us and he thinks that I'm the star of the show.

JACK: Oh, he does, eh? Well, let me tell you something --

DENNIS: Aw, Mr. Benny, what's the difference where you have rehearsal? Let me impress my uncle...huh...huh?

MARY: Yes, Jack, what difference does it make?

JACK: Well...All right, Dennis, we'll have ~~the~~ rehearsal at your house...tomorrow at eleven o'clock.

DENNIS: Okay, and be there on time, kid.

JACK: What?

BR

JACK: Oh, Fine ^{fine}. How have you been, Ed?

KEARNS: Oh, pretty good...Say, Mr. Benny...I hate to complain, but it's awfully cold down here.

JACK: Oh, ^{I'm} I'm sorry, Ed. The next time I come down I'll bring a stove.

KEARNS: Well, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather have clothes.

JACK: Oh...well, I'll send some down...Now I ~~have~~ got to open the safe and get some money.

KEARNS: Shall I lie down so you can give me the ether again?

JACK: No no, Ed...you can watch this time...Now let me see... The combination is...Right to Forty-five...(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)...Left to Sixty...(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)...Back to fifteen...(LIGHT TURNING SOUND) ...Then Left to One-Ten... (LIGHT TURNING SOUND)...There.

(SOUND: HANDLE TURNS...DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR USUAL VAULT ALARM WITH STEAM WHISTLES, BELLS, GONGS, HORNS, ETC...ENDING WITH B.O. WHISTLE)

JACK: There we are...now let's see how much money I need...There, this ought to be enough...Gosh...look at that big pile of money way in the back of the safe...Boy, if the South had won, I'd be a millionaire...Well, I better close the safe.

(SOUND: SAFE DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Well, I ~~have~~ got to be going along now. So long, Ed.

KEARNS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

BR

JACK: Okey, kids. I'm ready...let's go.

DENNIS: ^{Oh but -} Mr. Benny, don't you want to hear the song I'm going to do
on the program?

JACK: You listen to it, Mary, while I get the car out of the
garage.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG... "THREE COINS IN A FOUNTAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01_0020381

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P. A.) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..THE FIFTH RACE WAS A PHOTO FINISH...WE'LL HAVE THE RESULTS IN A MOMENT.

MARY: Jack, when are you going to make your bet? You let five races go by already.

JACK: I know, I'm only interested in the sixth race. Our Fancy can't miss. Say, Mary, let's go get a ... Oh, no...look who's coming...That race track tout.

MARY: *UK* - Where?

SHELDON: H'ya, Bud, long time no see.

JACK: Hello, hello...Come on, Mary, let's get away.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Mary, let's go get a hot dog, eh?

MARY: But Jack, we're in the clubhouse...Why not have lunch?

JACK: Well, all right...OH WAITER...WAITER.

NELSON: YESSSSSS.

JACK: Hmm...We'd like to get something to eat...What would you suggest?

NELSON: Another waiter. I can't stand you.

JACK: I don't care whether you can or not...Now what can we get in a hurry?

NELSON: Well, we have roast pork, corned beef, leg of lamb, sirloin tips, and bacon and eggs.

JG

JACK: Hmmm...Bacon and eggs sound good...Are the eggs fresh?

NELSON: Ooooooh, are they!

JACK: Oh...well, I'll have that...How about you, Mary...would you like bacon and eggs?

MARY: Ooooooh, would I!

JACK: Mary...Just...just bring us our orders, Waiter, as quickly as you can.

NELSON: Yes sir, and I'll seat you at table Number One. That's right over there.

JACK: Thank you.

MEL: (P. A.) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS YOU ALL KNOW, THE LAST RACE WAS A PHOTO FINISH...BUT YOU WON'T KNOW THE RESULTS TIL TOMORROW...

JACK: Gee, that's strange.

MEL: THE PICTURE TURNED OUT SO GOOD THAT WE'VE DECIDED TO SHOW IT AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER.

JACK: Now, Mary, let's look over the list of entries for the next race...I want to see if ~~the~~ - -

SHELDON: Hey bud...bud.

JACK: Huh?

SHELDON: Come here a minute.

JACK: Me?

SHELDON: Yeah.

JACK: What is it?

SHELDON: You gonna eat here?

JACK: Yeah.

SHELDON: What table?

JACK: Table One.

JG

SHELDON: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

SHELDON: Take Number Nine.

JACK: Well look, I'm very happy with Table One.

SHELDON: Think it over, Bud...Number One is a card table.

JACK: A card table?

SHELDON: Yesh...if it carries too much weight, it's legs will fold.

JACK: Gee, I never thought of that. So you think I oughta take ^{numb - -} table Number Nine?

SHELDON: Well, certainly...Look at the breeding.

JACK: The breeding?

SHELDON: It's by Birdseye Maple out of Grand Rapids.

JACK: Gosh, I didn't think they even knew each other.

SHELDON: Get wise, Bud...think it over.

JACK: Look, I'm not gonne -- wait a minute. This is the first time I've run into you at a race track. Why don't you give me a tip on a horse?

SHELDON: Who knows about horses?

JACK: What?

SHELDON: So long, sucker.

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Mery,...Mery, have you figured out yet what horse ~~you~~ ---

NELSON: Your bacon and eggs are ready...I put them on Table Number One.

JG

ATX01 0020384

JACK: Number One! Do you think I'm a sucker?...We'll eat at Table Number Nine.

NELSON: Table Nine?...The shiny mahogany one?

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: I'm sorry, but you can't eat at that table.

JACK: Why not?

NELSON: It was scratched.

JACK: Now cut that out!...I don't know why you had to be our waiter...you make me sick.

NELSON: Well, you're not penicillin to me either.

JACK: Come on, Mary, we'll eat at the counter.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P. A.) ATTENTION, PLEASE...WE HAVE A LATE CHANGE...HORSE NUMBER SEVEN, LITTLE LADY, WILL NOT RUN IN THE NEXT RACE. AS SHE LEFT THE PADDOCK, SHE BROKE A LEG.

JACK: I wonder how that happened?

MEL: SHE FORGOT SHE WAS STANDING ON A BOX.

JACK: How do you like that.

MEL: (SINGS) THE JOCKEY WAS CRYING...THE TRAINER WAS CRYING...AND I WAS CRYING, TOO.

JACK: Come on, Come on...Mary, we'll eat at the counter.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

RYAN: Who's next?

DON: I am. I'd like a hamburger.

MARY: Jack, there's Don at the counter.

JACK: Oh yes.

JG

RYAN: Yes, sir. One hamburger coming up.

DON: *Sh*, Hold it, ^{*hold it,*} Mister, hold it...I went to tell you how to make it.

JACK: (Wait a minute, Mary, this I have to listen to.)

DON: Now, before you put the hamburger on the grill, I want you to make the patty round and firm and fully packed.

JACK: (I have a feeling that this is leading to something.)

RYAN: With relish?

DON: *Oh*, Yes and be free and easy on the catsup.

JACK: (If Harry Von Zell ever heard about this, he'd kill himself.)

RYAN: Now let me see if I've got it right. You want the hamburger round and firm and fully packed...free and easy on the catsup.

DON: That's right.

RYAN: Look, Mister, you don't want a hamburger, you want a package of Lucky Strikes.

DON: That's exactly what I want.

JACK: That Don is a humdinger. Come on, Mary...

JG

ATX01 0020386

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) THE HORSES FOR THE SIXTH RACE ARE NOW IN THE Paddock.

MARY: Jack, are you still going to bet on Our Fancy?

JACK: Well, of course. That horse will not only win the race today, ~~but~~ he'll probably set a new track record.

MARY: *Uh* - How much are you going to bet?

JACK: I don't know...I wonder how much weight Our Fancy is carrying...~~and~~ I wonder who the jockey is.

MARY: ~~you know~~, Jack, if you'd buy a fifteen cent program, you'd know.

JACK: *Well*, I don't have to buy a program...I'll go over to the information desk and find out...You wait here, Mary.

MARY: Okey.

(SOUND: A LITTLE NOISE UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Pardon me, Mister, but how much weight is Our Fancy carrying?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, what is the name of the jockey?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, how long is the race going to be?

RUBIN: I don't know.

JACK: Well, for heaven sakes, if you don't know anything about the races, what are you doing behind that desk?

RUBIN: I had to get behind something, I lost my pants.

JACK: *Well*, of all the silly ---

MARY: Jack --- Jack ---

SE

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Did you get the information you wanted?

JACK: No, darn it...~~anyway~~, I came to the track to bet on Our Fancy and that's what I'm going to do...And Dennis--

DENNIS: Yeah?

JACK: This is your first time at the races, so take a tip from me. Put your money on Our Fancy.

DENNIS: Our Fancy?...Let me see...That's number eight.

JACK: That's right.

DENNIS *Oh*, That's not for me. I already bet on Number Twelve.

JACK: Number Twelve? What's the horse's name?

DENNIS: Who cares about his name, it's the number that's important, that's my system.

JACK: Dennis, you've got a system?

DENNIS: Yeah, sure.

JACK: Well Dennis, according to your system, how come you bet on Number Twelve?

DENNIS: Well...The horse is carrying a hundred and sixteen pounds...He's running in the Sixth race...so I added six to a hundred and sixteen, which gave me a hundred and twenty-two...I added eighteen to a hundred and twenty-two which makes a hundred and forty...This is the Fourth week of the month, so I divided four into a hundred and forty and that makes thirty-five.

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: Then I subtracted my age, which is 26...and 26 from 35 leaves 9.

SE

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: Then I added three and bet on Number Twelve.

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis...I followed you all the way down to Nine...why did you add three?

DENNIS: Well, how else can you get to twelve?

JACK: Yeah yeah...how else...Now come on, let's go over to the five dollar window and -- Hey, Mary...Mary...look down there.

MARY: Where?

JACK: Down that aisle...Isn't that Mr. Paley?

MARY: Oh yes.

JACK: Well, come on, let's go over and talk to him.

MARY: Jack, he came to the track to enjoy himself. Now leave him alone.

JACK: But Mary, I'm a big star on C.B.S. and he's the head of the network...If he knew I was here and didn't stop to say hello, he'd be heartbroken...Come on.

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

JACK: Mr. Paley...Mr. Paley.

JERRY: Huh?...Ch, hello, Jack...Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Mr. Paley.

JACK: Say, Mr. Paley, what horse are you betting on ~~the~~ ---

(BUGLE BLOWS POST CALL)

MEL: (P.A.) AND NOW, COMING OUT ON THE TRACK ARE THE HORSES FOR THE SIXTH RACE.

JACK: Mr. Paley, have you picked your horse yet for the next race?

SE

JERRY: Yes, Jack. I'm betting on Aviatrix.

JACK: Well look, Mr. Paley, forget about Aviatrix...put your money on Our Fancy. He'll win by eight lengths.

JERRY *well*, Jack, my mind is made up. I'm going to play Aviatrix.

JACK: But look, Mr. Paley, it's silly to come out here and just bet on any horse...especially after driving six hours to get to the track.

JERRY: In my car it's forty minutes.

JACK: Gee...Well, look, Mr. Paley...I've been studying these horses all season and I know what I'm talking about... Our Fancy can't lose.

JERRY: I'm sorry, Jack, but I'm going to bet on Aviatrix.

JACK: Well, okay, Mr. Paley, it's your dough...but don't say I didn't tell you.

MEL: (PA.) THE HORSES ARE NEARING THE STARTING GATE.

JACK: Well, I'm going up to the window and make my bet...Five dollars on the nose.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF)

JERRY: Say Mary...

MARY: Yes, Mr. Paley.

JERRY: I've been thinking..if Jack is going to bet five dollars on a horse, he must know something.

MARY: That's what I think.

JERRY: Yeah...I'm going to change my bet. I'm going to put a hundred dollars on Our Fancy.

MARY: Well, Mr. Paley, would you do me a favor. Put two dollars on Our Fancy for me.

JERRY: Okay, *Mary*

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

SE

MEL: (P.A.) THE HORSES ARE IN THE STARTING GATE.
JACK: Gee, I'm glad I got to the window in time,
MEL: (P.A.) NOW THEY'RE ALL LINKED UP IN THE GATE...THEY'LL
START AS SOON AS THEY CAN QUIET SILVERADO...HE'S
DANCING AROUND A BIT...SO IS BLUE READING.
JACK: Gee, both of them dancing?
MEL: IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO.
JACK: What?
MEL: (P.A.) AND THERE THEY GO!
(SOUND: HORSES AND CROWD NOISES)
MARY: MR. PALEY...MR. PALEY...COME ON...THE RACE HAS STARTED.
JERRY: HERE I AM, MARY.
MEL: GOING INTO THE FIRST TURN, IT'S WILD GLORY IN FRONT...
COLORADITO IS SECOND...SILVERADO IS THIRD...AVIATRIX
IS FOURTH, AND OUR FANCY.
JERRY: COME ON...COME ON, OUR FANCY.
MARY: I wonder what happened to Jack.
MEL: COMING AROUND THE FAR TURN, IT'S STILL WILD GLORY IN
FRONT...COLORADITO IS SECOND..SILVERADO IS THIRD...
OUR FANCY IS NOW FOURTH BY HALF A LENGTH...AND SIR FLAG.
JERRY: COME ON, OUR FANCY..OUR FANCY!
(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)
JACK: I PLACED MY BET AND HERE I AM.
MEL: (P.A.) DRIVING DOWN THE HOME STRETCH..IT'S SILVERADO
IN FRONT..WILD GLORY IS SECOND..CUR FANCY IS THIRD..AND
HERE COME CONTRIBUTION AND AVIATRIX!
MARY: COME ON, COME ON, OUR FANCY.

SE

MEL: AND NOW COMING INTO THE FINISH LINE, IT'S SILVERADO...
CONTRIBUTION, AND WILD GLORY..AND COMING UP FAST ON
THE OUTSIDE IS AVIATRIX...IT'S SILVERADO AND AVIATRIX..
IT'S SILVERADO AND AVIATRIX...NOW AVIATRIX IS POUNDING
HARD,..THEY CROSS THE FINISH LINE AND IT'S AVIATRIX
THE WINNER BY HALF A LENGTH.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES DIE DOWN)

JACK: MR. PALEY...MR. PALEY..WE WON...WE WON!

JERRY: WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE WON?

JACK: I BET ON YOUR HORSE, AVIATRIX.

JERRY: YOU WHAT? JACK, DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT WHEN YOU
LEFT HERE, YOU DIDN'T BET ON OUR FANCY?

JACK: NO, YOU TALKED ME OUT OF IT...MR. PALEY, WHAT ARE YOU
SO UNHAPPY ABOUT?

JERRY: JACK BENNY, I BET ON THE HORSE YOU GAVE ME.

JACK: YOU DID? MR. PALEY, HOW COULD YOU BE SO SILLY?

(SOUND: LOUD SOCK AND BODY THUD)

JACK: Ooooooooooh!

JERRY:Mary, you shouldn't have done that, he's
wearing glasses.

MARY: Well, it serves him right...Mr. Paley, will you please
drive me home?

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

SE

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, Jack will be back in just a moment to tell you about his television program which goes on at 7:00 PM, but first let's take a listen to the Lucky Strike toasting song again.

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, Jack will be back in just a moment to tell you about his television show which goes on immediately after this program, but first let's take a listen to the Lucky Strike toasting song again.

RS

ATX01 0020393

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

(TRANSCRIBED: "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
A CAPELLA
VERSION OF
SONG --39
SECONDS)

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 the Lucky Strike story set to music. The
facts are all there. A Lucky is the cigarette of
fine tobacco. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco ... naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco.
And then, that fine tobacco is toasted to taste
better. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike
process that brings a Lucky's fine tobacco to its
peak of flavor ... the process that tones up a
Lucky's naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it
taste even better...cleaner, fresher, smoother.
So friends, smoke the cigarette of fine tobacco
that's toasted to taste better. Be Happy --
Go Lucky!

RS

ATX01 0020394

(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)

DON: The Jack Benny show tonight was written by Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Al Gordon, Hal Goldman 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.~~

RS

ATX01 0020395

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.

TR

ATX01 0020396

(JBN #13)
PROGRAM #19
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

"As Broadcast"

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1955 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Nov. 1, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
 ROCHESTER
 DENNIS DAY
 DON WILSON
 JOE KEARNS
 ARTIE AUERBACK
 MAHLON MERRICK
 VEOLA VONN
 MEL BLANC
 JEANETTE EYMANN

DY

RTX01 0020397

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 30, 1955

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

(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, 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.

DY

(MORE)

ATX01 0020398

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 30, 1955

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

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!

MG

ATX01 0020399

(FIRST ROUTINE)

- 1 & 2 -

(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..ONE OF THE JOBS THAT ALL MEN POSTPONE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE IS CLEANING OUT THE ACCUMULATION OF JUNK THAT GATHERS IN THE GARAGE...WELL, JACK BENNY HAS PUT IT OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, AND AS WE LOOK IN ON HIM, HE AND ROCHESTER ARE BUSY WITH THIS CHORE.

(SOUND: THINGS BEING MOVED)

JACK: Well, now we're beginning to get somewhere, Rochester. Give all those cans and bottles to the junk man ~~and~~ give the magazines and papers to the paper drive.

ROCH: YES ~~SEE~~..NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH THIS BICYCLE...

tennis used in
YOU ~~NEED~~ IT ~~FOR~~ MANY YEARS, AND YOU NEVER USE IT ANymore.

well
JACK: Let's keep it...I'll use it again if I can ever get tires for it. ~~Course~~ *Course* they're ~~hard~~ *hard* to get, *you know*.

ROCH: I KNOW...THE SMALL ONE IS EASY, BUT THAT GREAT BIG FRONT

ONE IS MURDER.

One had it that long?
JACK: ~~Yeah~~...Well, the garage *is* beginning to look a little better now...You know, it looks bright and cheerful the way

you fixed the walls.

ROCH: THANKS...I THOUGHT IT WOULD BRIGHTEN IT UP IF I HUNG UP THE POSTERS ADVERTISING ALL THE PICTURES YOU MADE.

JACK: Yeah...let's see...Here's one from "Charlie's Aunt"...and here's "George Washington Slept Here"..."Buck Benny Rides Again"..."To Be Or Not To Be"...Wait a minute, Rochester...
MG where's the poster for "The Horn Blows At Midnight"?

ATK01 0020400

~~ROCH: THAT'S THE ONE WITH HIS FACE TURNED TO THE RIGHT.~~

~~JACK: Look, Roch, stop...you can stop kidding me about --~~

(SOUND: MAILMAN'S WHISTLE OFF MIKE)

JACK: What's that?

ROCH: IT'S THE MAILMAN..(CALLS) WE'RE BACK HERE IN THE GARAGE.

KEARNS: (OFF) Okay, I'll bring it there.

JACK: Gee, I feel sorry for mailmen...They have to walk so much.

(SOUND: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Well...hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello...here, sit down and rest awhile.

KEARNS: Gee, thanks...(SIGHS) Ohh, my feet are killing me.

ROCH: YEAH, I WAS LOOKING AT THEM, ^{and-and-} AND YET THOSE SHOES YOU'RE WEARING SEEM TO BE SOFT AND COMFORTABLE.

KEARNS: I'm not wearing shoes...these are Dr. Sholl's footpads.

~~JACK: Oh...but I imagine it must be exciting delivering letters here in Beverly Hills to all the celebrities.~~

~~KEARNS: Well, it is exciting, but it has its drawbacks.~~

~~ROCH: WHAT DO YOU MEAN...DRAWBACKS?~~

~~KEARNS: I don't mind in the summer, but in the winter it's brutal diving into that pool just to give Esther Williams her mail.~~

BB

JACK: Oh, is ~~Father~~ Williams on your route?

KEARNS: Yes, I have a lot of celebrities...Humphrey Bogart, Burns and Allen, Barbara Stanwyck, Danny Kaye, Claudette Colbert, Lassie, Dan Dailey, Burt --

JACK: I didn't know Lassie lives here in Beverly Hills.

KEARNS: Yes, she does...she lives in that big white house with the sign on the lawn, "Beware Of The People."

JACK: Oh, yes.

KEARNS: Well, I better get going. Here's your mail, Mr. Benny...

Just some circulars, and this copy of Esquire.

JACK: ^{Well,} Just put them there on that box.

KEARNS: Aren't you going to look through your copy of Esquire?

JACK: ^{Oh,} Later.

KEARNS: (LAUGHING) No wonder you get laughs when you say you're thirty-nine.

JACK: Yeah, yeah.

KEARNS: Oh, I almost forgot...here's your package from ^{the} American Tobacco Company.

JACK: Oh yes, ^{yes} my Lucky Strikes.

KEARNS: You get these packages quite often.

JACK: Yes, it's ^a courtesy they show me. ^{you see,} Ever since I've worked for them, they've sent me two free cartons a week.

KEARNS: ^{Well,} Gee, that's nice...Well, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SCUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: COME ON, MR. BENNY...LET'S FINISH CLEANING UP THE GARAGE.

JACK: Okay...but first take the mail in the house and put the cigarettes in the machine...I'll finish up here.

MG

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: *See* We ~~we~~ got the garage looking pretty good now...Let's see..

I better put these garden tools out of the way...I won't be needing them for awhile ~~..I'll put this rake over here...~~

~~(SOUND: RAKE BEING PUT AWAY)~~

JACK: This hose in the corner.

~~(SOUND: HOSE BEING DRAGGED)~~

JACK: ~~And when Rochester comes back, he'll help me move the plow...Now what else...~~ Oh, for heavens sake ... Look at this rifle...I almost forgot about it...I remember I bought it a couple of years ago to go hunting with the musicians...~~and~~ then at the last minute I couldn't go... The boys said I missed a real good time...That was a funny thing they told me about Sammy the Drummer...They said that in spite of the fact that he's a great big rough tough guy, he cried like a baby when they shot a duck, ^{wait a minute---}...Wait a minute...did they say they shot a duck, or he forgot to duck...I'm going to go next time, it sounds like so much fun, shooting Sammy...Those fellows --

DENNIS *Oh*, Hello, Mr. Benny, I came over to tell you ~~that~~ --

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello...I came over to *tell you that*...

JACK: How do you feel kid?

DENNIS *Oh*, Fine...I came over to tell *you that* D...

JACK: How did you know I was in the garage?

DENNIS: Rochester told me..

MG

JACK: Oh..Well, what do you want, Dennis?

DENNIS: ^{Neil,} I came over to tell you that I'm running away from home.

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes, another one of ~~these~~ ^{these} silly things.

DENNIS: ^{Uh uh,} Not this time...I'm really running away for good.

JACK: For good?

DENNIS: Yes, and I'm never coming back home again.

JACK: No kidding, Dennis...did you tell your mother?

DENNIS: She told me.

JACK: Hmm...All right, Dennis...tell me...what was the argument about this time?

DENNIS: Well, it wasn't my fault...We were arguing over what to watch on television.

JACK: ^{On} Television?

DENNIS: Uh huh...I wanted to watch a movie and my mother wanted to watch The Greatest Fights of the Century.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: What a ham, always hoping they'll show the time she stopped Galento.

JACK: Lock, Dennis, this is a very interesting discussion, ~~and~~ I'd like to continue it and broaden my mind, but I've got work to do.

DENNIS: ^{Oh,} What are you doing?

JACK: I'm cleaning out the garage.

DENNIS: ^{Neil,} What are you going to do with that big pile of junk in the middle?

JACK: That's my car!!Now get out of my way.

BB

ATX01 0020404

DENNIS *Oh, But Mr. Benny, I---*

JACK: Look Dennis, if you want to hang around, don't bother me... Let me hear your ^{sing} song, *you're going to do on the show.*

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS")

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that song sounded ~~so~~ *awfully good.*

ROCH: YEAH, MR. DAY, IT WAS REALLY BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: You know, Dennis, the years roll on, ~~and~~ I keep telling you what a wonderful singer you are, and sometimes it seems I can't tell you enough. Most singers voices remain the same, but yours is like old wine that seems to improve with age. *You know, really,* Your voice seems to be more vibrant, more mellow, more --

DENNIS: Get it over with, I ~~am~~ gotta find a place to sleep tonight.

JACK: *Hmm...* ~~Wait~~ *Dennis: Yeah.* wait a minute, Dennis. I have an empty guest room, and you can stay till things quiet down at home.

DENNIS: (REALLY TOUCHED) Gee, Mr. Benny, that's the nicest thing *that* anyone ever did for me..and ^{D-} I hope you don't think I'm ungrateful..but I couldn't move in here...I...well...I don't like the people in the neighborhood.

JACK: (AMAZED) You mean the Colmens?

DENNIS: No, you.

JACK: *Hmmmm.*

ROCH: WELL, MR. DAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE?

DENNIS: I'm going to get a room at the YMCA.

JACK: Look, Dennis..I don't want to get into any discussions with you..and I know I'm silly for even trying to help you..but take my word for it...you'll be much better off at the YMCA.

DENNIS: No wonder you get laughs when you say you're thirty-nine.

JACK: Rochester, we'll put the magazines on top of the newspapers *there.*

ROCH: ARE YOU GOING TO IGNORE HIM, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, if you do, sometimes he goes away ... Now I want to clean all the top shelves off and --

DENNIS *Oh*, Say, Mr. Benny, while you and Rochester are working, do you mind if I fool around with this hunting rifle?

JACK: *No*, Go right ahead, it's loaded... Now Rochester, after we clean the shelves, I want to *be* ---

ARTIE: (COMING IN) Hello, Mr. Benny. Hello, everybody.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: I rang the doorbell, and when no *body* answered, I came back here to the garage.

JACK: *Well*, I'm glad you did.

ARTIE: Some here ... I was wondering maybe you can help me out.

JACK: Help you out?

ARTIE: Yes...mine lodge is having their annual dinner dance next week, and I have to entertain..I thought maybe you could give me some jokes to tell.

DENNIS: Why don't you sing "Clancy Lowered The Boom".

ARTIE: This I did last year.

JACK: You did?

ARTIE: Certainly..(SINGS) Oy that Clancy, Oy that Clancy, Whenever he got his Irish up --

DENNIS &

ARTIE: Clancy lowered the boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Say, that's cute..Mr. Kitzel, you go to my office, and my secretary Bert Scott will give you all the jokes you want.

ARTIE: Oh, he has them on file there?

JACK: No, he makes them up, he's much better than my writers.. Believe me.

ARTIE: Well, thanks a lot ... I've got to be running along now.

ROCH: SAY, MR. KITZEL..I JUST NOTICED...ISN'T YOUR JAW A LITTLE SWOLLEN?

ARTIE: Yes, ^{my} ~~his~~ nephew just opened up a dentist's office, and I went to him this morning.

JACK: Oh, And you had a tooth pulled?

ARTIE: Five of them.

JACK: You had five bad teeth?

ARTIE: Only one bad.

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. ^{believe me -- you know} He's still studying hard..He wants to specialize in stopping pain.. He's studying the nerves of ^{the} teeth.

JACK: Really?

ARTIE: Yes, you should see how delicately ^{that gentleman} ~~he~~ works..He removes the nerves from ^{the} teeth, and hangs them on tiny little racks,

JACK: Gosh, that must be hard work!

ARTIE: It's nerve wracking.

JACK: ^{Dr. Kitzel} 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, ^{huh?}

ARTIE: Yes, ^{you know something} and it's the silliest thing...he puts ^{the} ~~the~~ 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: Yes. (SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF MIKE)

ROCH: THAT'S THE PHONE, BOSS..WANT ME TO GO IN THE HOUSE AND ANSWER IT?

JACK: No, I want to go in and get a glass of water anyway.

ARTIE: Well, I better ~~go~~ ^{go} now.

DENNIS: Me, too.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF MIKE AGAIN)

JACK: Excuse me..I'll see you later, fellows..So long.

~~ARTIE:~~
~~DENNIS:~~ Goodbye.

~~JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) Oh that Olney, oh that Olney..~~

Jack: ~~(Heaven he got his Irish up, Olney lowered the boom...~~
(Hums "Love in Bloom")
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK..THEN PHONE RINGS

AGAIN..FOOTSTEPS UP WOODEN STEPS..SCREEN DOOR OPENS..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..PHONE RINGS... RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (PUFFING A LITTLE) Hello?

JACK: Oh, hello, Claudette. Nice of you to call. Dinner? Saturday night?

Oh, sure ... sure. Goodbye. OH ROCHESTER, WE HAVE TO HAVE MISS COLBERT'S TABLE CLOTHS READY BY SATURDAY NIGHT. I'll take them over in person. Then, maybe ...

MAHLON: Well, he sawed the bars himself, but I hadda put up the ladder.

JACK: Mahlon, you shouldn't have...now we won't know where he is nights.... But will the arrangements be finished tomorrow?

MAHLON: Yes.

JACK: Good..Now I want the full orchestra because at rehearsal I'm going to see if --

MAHLON: Excuse me, Jack, but I've got to hang up now, somebody is waiting to use the phone.

JACK: Aren't you home?

MAHLON: No, I'm calling from a gasoline station..Remley stopped off here to get filled up.

JACK: Wait a minute..I didn't know Frankie had a car.

MAHLON: He hasn't, he'll drink anything.

JACK: Oh.

MAHLON: Well, so long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee..imagine Frankie drinking gasoline..I hope it's Mcbilgas, then everybody can "Look for the sign of the Flying Red Guitar player"...Gee, what a bunch of guys..I don't know why I keep them around..They can't play music ..a lot of the time they don't even bother showing up for the program..When they do show up, they're always inebriated..Now that I think of it, those fellows haven't sobered up once in all the years they've been with me... If they ever start cashing their checks, I'm gonna fire them...Sometime I think --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

(Sound: Door Buzzer)

JACK: Oh, the front door.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

DON: Hello, Jack.

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

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: You know, Don, when the door bell rang, I knew it was you standing on the front porch.

DON: How did you know?

JACK: Because I didn't have to walk to the door...I slid, it was down hill..It was that simple.

DON: (SARCASTIC) Ha ha ha..some joke..verrrrry funny.

JACK: Huh?

DON: ~~Big~~ Big comedian always making cracks at my expense.

JACK: Don, I don't know why you should always be so sensitive about it...after all, you are fat.

DON: ~~Well~~, I'll tell you why I resent it ...It's not my fault ~~that~~ I'm heavy..it's my glands.

JACK: Your glands?

DON: Yeah they weigh two hundred pounds.

JACK: ~~How~~ Haven't you got a small gland - like 75 lbs.

DON: ~~Well~~ ^{Jack,} it's about time you stopped kidding me about being fat...Everybody who knows you says that you're becoming somewhat chubby yourself.

JACK: Me? That's ridiculous...For the past dozen years my weight has always been a hundred and sixty pounds.

DON: Oh yeah..well, I'll bet you weigh a lot more than 160 pounds right now.

JACK: Don, I'll prove to you that you're wrong. ^{Now} Follow me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS SUSTAIN AS JACK TALKS)

JACK: I have some scales in the bathroom and we'll see just how much I do weigh.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Here we are.

(SOUND: SCALE BEING PULLED OUT)

JACK: Now here ^{here's} the scale. ~~now~~ I'll get on.

(SOUND: SCALE NOISES)

JACK: All right, I'm on it, Don.

DON: (TRIUMPHANT) Yeah, yeah..and look what it says..169 pounds

JACK: Say..it does say that. ~~I~~ Can't understand how I gained so much..Oh, I know what the extra nine pounds is. ~~that's~~ --No, I left my wallet in my other pants. ^{See,} I am gaining weight.. Don, you get on, I want to see how much you weigh.

DON: Well...all right.

(SOUND: MAN ON SCALE..SMALL REVOLVING NOISES.. THEN "PING")

DON: Gee, I never saw that before..a card coming out of a bathroom scale.

JACK: That's not a card..that's a spring..Gee, imagine me being so much overweight..I'm going to go right on a diet and eat nothing but rye krisp and lettuce.

DON: ^{Aw,} Jack, that's fine, but I'll tell you something ~~that~~ I just started.

JACK: What?

DON: ^{Well,} Last week I joined the Beverly Wilshire Health Club and I exercise in the gym ^{over} there and take steam baths, ^{and} massages and everything.

JACK: Hey, that sounds great.

DON: ^{Yeah, it is -- in} ~~fact~~ fact, I ~~was~~ on my way there now..how ~~do~~ about ^{you} joining me?

DON: Don, you ~~got~~ got a deal..Let's go.

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

JACK: Don, where's your car?

DON: ~~Just~~ You want to lose weight, you ~~are~~ got to walk a lot.

JACK: You're right..I'll tell Rochester I'm leaving..(CALLS)
Oh, Rochester.

ROCH: (OFF) YES, BOSS?

JACK: (CALLS) I'm going over to the Beverly Wilshire Health Club

ROCH: (OFF) SHALL I GET YOUR CAR OUT?

JACK: No, I'm going to walk.

ROCH: COWARD!

JACK: ^{Now} ~~stop~~ stop with those cracks about my car... Come on, Don, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DON: *Oh*, Gee, it's a nice day.

JACK: *Yeah*, ~~and~~ I love walking here in Beverly Hills ~~because~~ ---

~~(COACHING VOICES)~~

~~JACK: Hmm... the other little things must be getting her mad.~~

~~DON: ...~~

~~JACK: Nothing, nothing... Come on, let's walk and talk faster.~~

DON: ~~Why~~....Say, Jack ----

JACK: What?

DON: Isn't that your neighbor's nurse over there pushing the baby carriage?

JACK: Oh yes...You know, that baby must be over a year old now.
Such ~~that~~ a smart baby, *too*

DON: Yeah, and awfully cute, too.

JACK: *Yeah*, Here they come...Hello, you cute little thing...Coochy coochy coochy.....coochy coochy ~~coochy~~ *coochy*.

DY

DON: *Jack* Jack, leave the nurse alone ~~and~~ pay attention to the baby.

JACK: ~~and~~ Oh yes, my glasses are so thick... Say nurse, this sure is a sweet baby, isn't it?

VEOLA: Oui oui, Monsieur... C'est une bébé tres bonne.

DON: Je n'ai pas vu la mere de la bébé depuis hier. Comment va-t-elle?

VEOLA: Elle va tres bien, merci, elle me dit souvent de vous.

JACK: Ekkoosay mwa je voodray oon pwaton du pom freet.

VEOLA: Quoi?

JACK: Don, what did I say?

DON: You asked her for an order of French Fried potatoes.

JACK: Oh..oh..I meant to say she was a nice tomato.

DON: Gee, Jack, that baby is so cute.

JACK: Yeah.

MEL: (COOS)

JACK: Listen to that.

MEL: (GURGLES)

JACK: Coochy, coochy, coo.

MEL: (CRIES)

~~JACK: Don't cry, don't cry... Does the itty-bitty baby want the great big man to play with you?~~

~~MEL: (GURGLES)~~

Now wait... here... now don't cry... here's a
JACK: ~~attentio~~ Here's a little game that all babies like..

Now pay attention, baby... This little piggy went to market... this little piggy stayed home.

MEL: (GURGLES)

JACK: This little piggy had roast beef, and this little piggy had none.

MEL: (GURGLES)

JACK: And this little piggy cried wee wee wee wee wee...~~wee~~ -- ~~wee~~

DON: *Jack*, Jack, if we want to get to the club, we better get going.

JACK: Okay..wait'll I put my shoe on....There...Goodbye, baby.

MEL: (GURGLES)

DON: Au revoir, Mademoiselle.

VEOLA: Au Revoir...Oh, Pardonnez moi, Monsieur.

DON: Oui, Mademoiselle?

VEOLA: Donnez-vous une cigarette de moi, s'il vous plait?

JACK: What did she say, Don? *What did she say?*

DON: She asked me for a cigarette...Here you are, Mademoiselle.

VEOLA: Ooh, la la, Lucky Strike..Cette Cigarette est ma marque favorite.

DON: Well, I'm ^{mighty} glad to hear you say it's your favorite brand.

JACK: *You know,* It's my favorite, too, Mademoiselle..Any time you want Lucky Strikes, you can come over to my house, I have a machine full ^{there--} ~~of~~ Don, ask her if she knows the Lucky Strike song...I'd like to hear how it sounds in French.

DON: Mademoiselle, savez-vous chanter la chanson de Lucky Strike en Francais?

VEOLA: *Oh,* Oui, oui..(THEN SINGS) *avec plaisir*

Si vous voulez mieux gout dans la cigarette,

Lucky Strike est la marque acheter.

C'est Toasted donner a vous le mieux gout.

C'est la toasted (Ooh..la la) cigarette.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~Oh,~~ ^Feverybody on the street is applauding...they all like Lucky Strikes.

DY

VEOLA: *Oh*, Well, why shouldn't they...Luckies are cleaner..fresher..
smoother.

JACK: Yes, yes...they certainly are.

DON: ~~Well~~, Jack, we better hurry....Bonjour, Mademoiselle.

JACK: Bonjour.

VEOLA: Bonjour, Messieurs.

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

JACK: Gee, I didn't know she spoke ~~me~~ English.

DON: Neither did I..You know, when she first came over here,
she was a displaced person.

JACK: Really...Well, everything seems to be ^{in the} ~~placed~~ right ^{place} now..
Come on, Don, let's go.

DON: Yeah, ^{Oh} and Jack, the first thing we'll do when we get to
the club is take a steam bath, huh?

Jack: *Oh yeah, that's what we'll have to do.*
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LIGHT HISSING OF STEAM..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: How long have we been in this steam room now, Don?

DON: Oh, about a half hour.

JACK: We'll have to get out soon..I can't take too much of
this heat, *you know*.

DON: ~~It~~ Is awfully hot in here.

JACK: I'll say...Boy, I haven't sweated like this since they
closed the banks in nineteen thirty-three...Whew!

(SOUND: FIVE SECONDS HISSING STEAM)

~~JACK: Hey, they must have turned on more steam...I can't see a
thing.~~

~~DON: - Jack, the heat melted the glue and it slipped down
over your eyes.~~

~~DY~~

JACK: ~~Oh, what, come on,~~ Let's get out of here.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

DON: Here, Jack, put on these trunks.

JACK: Gee, this club provides everything.

DON: *Yeah*, It really does... Now let's put on these terry cloth bath robes and go into the gym ^{and} meet the instructor.

JACK: I'm right with you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

DON: Oh, here's the instructor now.

MEL: (SNIFFS A LA PUNCH FIGHTER) Oh, hello, Mr. Wilson.
(SNIFFS)

DON: Oh, hello, Kayo... Jack, this is Kayo Stevens... Kayo, this is Jack Benny.

MEL: Hey (SNIFFS) Jack Benny from radio and television? *(Sniffs)*
(SNIFFS)

JACK: Yes *h*, pleased to meet you, Kayo.

MEL: (SNIFFS) The feeling is (SNIFFS) mutual. *(Sniffs)*

DON: You know, Jack... Kayo used to be a prize fighter.

MEL: *Yeah*, That's right (~~SNIFFS~~) Mr. Benny (SNIFFS). Had my first fight in 1940 (SNIFFS).

JACK: Really?

MEL: Yep (SNIFFS) I spent twelve years in the ring (SNIFFS).

JACK: Twelve years *huh?*

MEL: Yep, but I finally came to, got up, and went home (SNIFFS)

DY

ATX01 0020417

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Okay, gentlemen, take off your bathrobes.

DON &

JACK: AD LIB OKAYS.

MEL: ^(Sniff) Now before we start, Mr. Benny (SNIFFS) I wanna see your physique so I can know what exercises to give you (SNIFFS) ...Turn around a couple of times.

JACK: ~~Okay~~. All right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS JACK TURNS)

JACK: Well, how do I look?

MEL: No wonder you get laughs when you say you're thirty-nine.

JACK: What?

MEL: (SNIFFS)

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: Well, I think I'll start you and Mr. Wilson off with the regular bending exercises...are you ready? (SNIFFS)

DON: I'm ready, Kayo.

JACK: Me, too.

MEL: Okay...Now as I count, bend down and touch the floor.

JACK &

DON: Okay.

MEL: One, two, three, four,

Bend down, ^{and} touch the floor (SNIFFS)

One, two, ~~three~~ ^{(Sniff) Mr. - Mr. - Mr. Wilson -} Mr. Wilson, you ain't doing it right. (Sniff)

DON: What's wrong?

MEL: ^{Well} You're supposed to touch the floor with your fingers, not your stomach.

JACK: Yes, Don, you're not getting any benefit out of this.

BB

MEL: *Key, look, O -*
I think that'll be all for today.. (SNIFFS)

JACK: That's all?

MEL: Yeah, *here's in* no sense, overdoing it the first time. (SNIFFS)

JACK: Say, Key, *O -* I don't want to get personal, but I'd like to ask you why boxers always do that.

MEL: Do what? (SNIFFS)

JACK: That. (SNIFFS)...Whenever boxers talk, they go (SNIFFS) all the time. (SNIFFS)

MEL: *Ch*, I don't know why the rest of them do it (SNIFFS) but I got a cold. (SNIFFS)

JACK: Oh, well, I'm glad you explained it.

MEL: *Well*, Now go back in the steam room for about ten minutes before going home. *(Sniffs)*

JACK: *Ca*...okay...come on, Don.

(SOUND: QUITE A FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...
MORE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *this is the - -* Let's see...this is the steam room here...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

BB

JACK: (COUGHS) Gee, the steam is much thicker than when we left. I can't see a thing.

DON: Same here... ~~But~~ Doesn't seem ~~so~~ as hot, though.

JACK: Yeah....let's see if we can find a place to sit down.

DON: ~~But~~ I can't see.

JACK: Neither can I, but follow me. Maybe we can find---
Whoops, sorry I bumped into you.

JENNY: That's all right, I can't see a thing either.

JACK: ...Don, Don, what's a woman doing in the steam room?

JENNY: This is no steam room, this is Santa Monica Boulevard.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned, ~~this~~^{the} smog is awful...Come on, Don,
let's get back in.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

DY

ATK01 0020420

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Just before Jack comes back again, here's a word for anyone who enjoys a good cigarette.

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL ORCH: "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette, Lucky
VERSION) Strike is the brand to get!

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: IS/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.

(MORE)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!
Make your next carton of cigarettes - better tasting
Lucky Strike!

(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!

(TAG)

JACK: Gee, Don, that was the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me..being out in the street like this.

DON: Yeah, I'm glad we found our way back into the club.

JACK: Oh - here's the sign "Steam Room". Let's go in, Don.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..HISSING OF STEAM)

DON: Gee, it's nice and warm in here.

JACK: I still can't see a thing.. I'm gonna sit down.

DENNIS: Ouch! Hey, you're sitting on me, Mister.

JACK: Dennis, what are you doing here in the steam room?

DENNIS: I told you I had to find someplace to sleep tonight.

JACK: ~~Oh yes yes.. Goodnight, Dennis..~~ Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

here a little late so →

BB

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.~~

BB

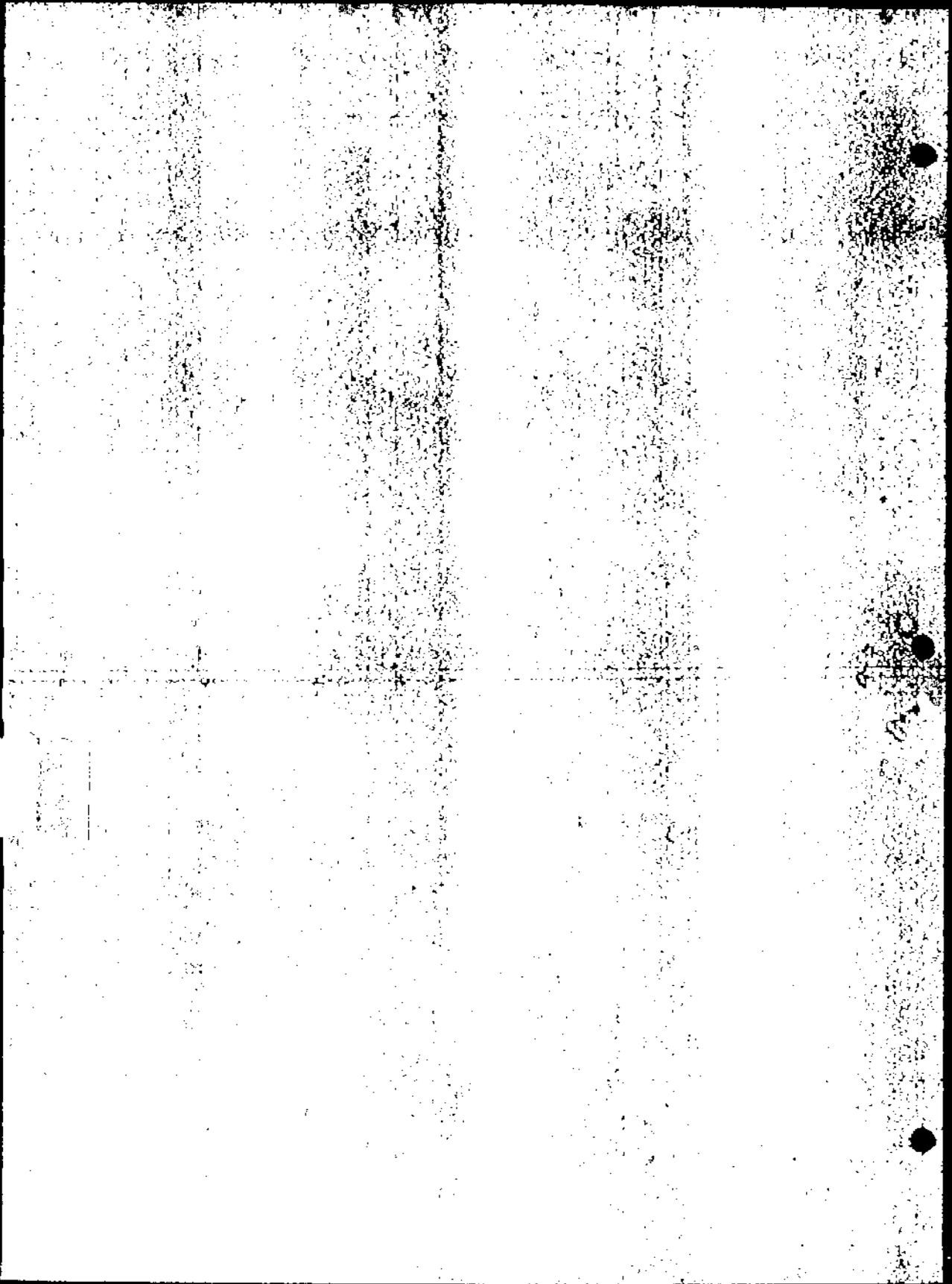
ATX01 0020424

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 0020425



(J.B.R.7)
PROGRAM #20

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"As Broadcast"

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1955 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - May 24, 1953)

CAST: JACK BENNY
 MARY LIVINGSTONE
 ROCHESTER
 DENNIS DAY
 BOB CROSEY
 DON WILSON
 THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET
 FRANK NELSON
 BEA BENEDETT
 MEL BLANC
 BENNY RUBIN

MG

ATX01 0020427

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #3
FEBRUARY 6, 1955
7:00 - 7:30 PM EST
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.

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!
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!

MG

ATXO1 0020428

(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 ~~TELEVISION~~^{TV} PROGRAMS OVER THE C.B.S. ^{Television} NETWORK...
BUT MEANWHILE, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY
HILLS, WHERE, AS YOU KNOW, HE LIVES ALONE WITH HIS
BUTLER, ROCHESTER. IT'S NINE-THIRTY IN THE MORNING AND,
AS USUAL, ONE IS IN BED WHILE THE OTHER IS IN THE
KITCHEN PREPARING BREAKFAST.

JACK: (PAUSE) Now let's see, where are the eggs?...Gee, it's
so hard to find anything in this refrigerator. Maybe I
oughta trade it in. I hear the newer models have a
light in 'em. Oh, here's an egg on the bottom shelf.
(HUMS) Pretend you're happy when you're blue...Should
I have one egg or take two...Eh, one egg's enough....
I just said two so it would rhyme.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I think I'll scramble it...Let's see, now...first I'll
break it into this bowl.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG ON SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Hm-mm.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG OF SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Gosh, I'm weak in the morning...Maybe I better have my
orange juice first...Yeah.. I'll make some orange juice.

MG (SOUND: CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING JUICE INTO GLASS)

JACK: (HUMS "PRETEND")...^{See} That orange juice sure looks good...
Now to get the seeds out...There's one...two...three...
four...five...I think I'll go outside and -- Nah, it
would take them years to grow...(SINGS) Pretend you're
happy when you're blue...da da da da da da --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF)

JACK: Now who can that be?

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...
LONG FOOTSTEPS ... PHONE RINGS AGAIN...
RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

RUBIN: Hello, this is Russer's Jewelry store in Beverly Hills.

JACK: Yes.

RUBIN: The diamond necklace with the emerald pendant you
ordered is ready and we can deliver it today...Please
have your check for twelve thousand dollars ready.

JACK: Look, this is Jack Benny...You must have the wrong
number.

RUBIN: Must have? I haven't been this wrong since I invited
my mother-in-law to live with us.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hmm.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What reason would I have to buy a diamond necklace?

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

MG

ATX01 0020430

JACK: ~~He~~ look silly on me. Now to have my oran---
Say, that's funny, the glass is empty...Somebody
drank my orange juice...Hmm...there's nobody in the
house but Rochester --- That's it..Rochester..Wait'll
I --

(SOUND: FEW FAST FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS...FAST
FOOTSTEPS..RUNNING UPSTAIRS..DOWN HALL..
DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester...Rochester, did you drink my orange juice?

ROCH: (SNORE)

JACK: Rochester! You're not fooling me..Get up!

ROCH: (LONG SNORE)

JACK: Rochester!

ROCH: (SNORES AND MUMBLES) I KNOW I'M CUTE, HONEY, BUT CONTROL
YOURSELF.

JACK: Hmm...maybe he is asleep ... I'll tickle him and wake
him up.

ROCH: (SNORES AND GIGGLES)

JACK: Rochester --

ROCH: (QUICK SNORE) OH, OH, IT'S YOU, BOSS, WHAT A
DISAPPOINTMENT.

JACK: Now Rochester, I made a glass of orange juice, I went
in the next room to answer the phone, and when I came
back, the orange juice was gone.

ROCH: MAYBE THE MICE DRANK IT.

JACK: Mice don't drink orange juice.

ROCH: IN CALIFORNIA?

MG

JACK: All right, I know you drank it, but we'll talk about it later.. Now get out of bed. [^] I want you to drive me down town to the doctor's office. I ~~am~~ got to go for a physical.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? YOU FEEL BAD?

JACK: No no..it's just that my sponsor is taking out an insurance policy on me and I have to be examined.

ROCH: HOW MUCH IS THE POLICY FOR?

JACK: A million dollars..but if I'm killed accidentally, the sponsor collects two million dollars.

ROCH: TWO MILLION?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: BOSS..YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP. I HEAR YOUR SPONSOR'S HOBBY IS RIFLE SHOOTING.

JACK: Oh..I'm not worried about that..He does his target practice on a range way out at Sunset and Westwood..~~can~~ I don't even pass there on my way home.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT FOR TWO MILLION DOLLARS THEY CAN MAKE A BULLET THAT WAITS FOR YOU AT PICO AND SEFULVEDA.

JACK: What are you talking about? My sponsor is just trying to protect his investment, that's all. Now hurry downstairs.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL AND DOWN STAIRS)

BB

ATX01 0020432

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) Imagine him denying that he drank that orange juice..(MAD) ~~that~~ ^{got} a good notion to make him stay in bed all day..No, he'd like that.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I better squeeze another orange.

(SOUND: CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING IT)

JACK: (HUMS "PRETEND")

Well, that does it.

MARY: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK, ARE YOU UP YET?

JACK: Huh? OH HELLO, MARY, COME ON IN..I'M IN THE KITCHEN..
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SO EARLY?

MARY: Early? I was here a few minutes ago. I came into the house, walked into the kitchen, nobody was there, so I drank a glass of orange juice and left.

JACK: Mary..you..you drank my --

MARY: All right, here's a dime.

JACK: (MIMICKING) Here's a dime..here's a dime...Don't be so sarcastic..I've made a terrible mistake. I accused Rochester of drinking my orange juice.

MARY: Well, that's you, Jack. Always jumping to conclusions.

JACK: Always what?

MARY: Always jumping to conclusions.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: ^{What} What about that morning you got out of bed, and accused Rochester of taking your new suit.

JACK: Well...

MARY: Then you took off your nightgown and there it was.

BB

JACK: ^{Well,} That wasn't my fault. When I come home tired, he's supposed to undress me.

MARY: Well, anyway, I drank your orange juice and you oughta apologize to Rochester.

JACK: (BASHFUL) Oh Mary, I don't have to apologize, he knows I'm sorry.

MARY: He does not and you've gotta tell him.

JACK: Oh, Mary, I can't.

MARY: You can, too..now be a man.

ROCH: ^(Sound: door slams) OH, HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Hello, Rochester...Mr. Benny has something to say to you.

JACK:Oh...

MARY: Jack, go ahead.

JACK: ...Well..

MARY: Jack...

JACK: Oh all right....Rochester..

MARY: Turn around and face him!

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Go on.

JACK: Well..Rochester..

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK:(FAST) I'm sorry I said you drank my orange juice.
(SOUND: 5 FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..LOUD DOOR SLAM)

MARY: JACK, COME BACK HERE!

JACK: (OFF) I WILL NOT!

MARY: ^{Oh,} What a baby.

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER GET THE CAR OUT. I GOTTA TAKE MR. BENNY TO THE DOCTOR.

BB

MARY: The doctor...what for?

ROCH: THE SPONSOR TOOK OUT AN INSURANCE POLICY AND MR. BENNY HAS TO BE EXAMINED.

JACK: Rochester.

MARY: Oh, you're back.

JACK: Yes..Rochester, get the car now and we'll go. Now I've gotta hurry, Mary, so you --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn it, there's the phone..Just when I'm ready to leave.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DON: (HIGH VOICE) Hello Jack, guess who this is.

JACK: Huh? Who is this? I'm in a hurry.

DON: (HIGH VOICE) I'll give you a hint.

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
And I'm lumpy, too. (LAUGHS NATURALLY)

JACK: Oh for heavens sake, Don, I have to rush away. What did you call me for?

DON: Well Jack, I've got the Sportsmen here and we've got a wonderful idea for a commercial.

JACK: But Don, I don't want to hear it over the phone. You can wait till rehearsal. Anyway, I don't like the songs they've been picking lately. Why don't they pick something classy once in a while?

BB

ATK01 0020435

DON: Classy...that's exactly what this one is.

JACK: Don, you've been saying for years that these commercials are classy and that quartet always winds up going crazy.

DON: Not this time, Jack. You'll love this one.

JACK: Oh, I will, eh?...Well, let me hear it. Are the boys close to the phone?

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: All right, Don, let me hear it.

DON: TAKE IT BOYS.

BB

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

QUART: THEY WARNED ME WHEN YOU KISSED ME
YOUR LOVE WOULD RICCOCHET
YOUR LIPS WOULD FIND ANOTHER
AND YOUR HEART WOULD GO ASTRAY
I THOUGHT THAT I COULD HOLD YOU
WITH ALL MY MANLY CHARMS
BUT THEN ONE DAY YOU RICCOCHETED TO SOMEONE ELSE'S ARMS
AND BABY..I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET ROMANCE
I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET LOVE
IF YOU'RE CARELESS WITH YOUR KISSES
FIND ANOTHER TURTLE DOVE.
I CAN'T LIVE ON RICCOCHET ROMANCE
NO NO, NOT ME.
IF YOU'RE GONNA RICCOCHET, BABY,
I'M GONNA SET YOU FREE.

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

I KNEW THE DAY I MET YOU
YOU HAD A ROVING EYE
I THOUGHT THAT I COULD HOLD YOU
WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO TRY
YOU PROMISED YOU'D BE FAITHFUL
AND YOU WOULD NEVER STRAY
THEN LIKE A RIFLE BULLET

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

YOU BEGAN TO RICCOCHET.
BUT BABY..I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET ROMANCE
I DON'T WANT A RICCOCHET LOVE
YOU AND ME ARE THROUGH FOREVER
FIND ANOTHER TURTLE DOVE

GV

(MORE)

ATX01 0020437

QUART: THANKS FOR ALL THOSE GIFTS YOU GAVE ME
(CONT'D) THOSE LUCKY STRIKES
LET'S FORGET AND LIGHT UP A LUCKY
THAT'S THE ONE I LIKE
I'LL BE HAPPY PUFFING A LUCKY
I CAN COUNT ON LUCKIES, I KNOW
ALWAYS WITH ME WHEN I TRAVEL
FULLY PACKED AND READY TO GLOW
ALWAYS CLEANER, FRESHER AND SMOOTHER
THE BEST SMOKE YET
LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY
WHAT A CIGARETTE
LET'S BE HAPPY, HAPPY GO LUCKY
LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

GV

ATK01 0020438

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ...Don...Don..why is it they always start out so nice and then go crazy?...We can't use that commercial, that's ^{it's} too noisy. Anyway, where did they get that gun?

DON: They found it on a bench at Pico and Sepulveda.

JACK: NO!

DON: What's that, Jack?

JACK: Nothing, nothing..I'll see you at rehearsal.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~...~~I thought Rochester was only guessing...Well, I'm gonna have my orange juice and then go...~~...~~, Come on, Rochester, let's --

MARY: Well, look who's here.

DENNIS: Hello, everybody..I came in through the kitchen.

JACK: *Ch* Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, and thanks for the orange juice.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake..what do you think this is, a cafeteria?

MARY &
DENNIS: Yes.

JACK: Look ^{at} kids, it's not just the orange juice, it's the principle. I'm trying to conserve food.

DENNIS: Oh, my mother conserve^s food every night.

JACK: Well, she deserves a lot of credit..How does she do it?

DENNIS: When it's time for dinner, she locks me in a closet.

JACK: Dennis.

GV

ATK01 0020439

DENNIS: But last night I got even with her. I ate the door knob.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Now every little thing turns my stomach.

JACK: Look kid..I haven't had my breakfast yet, leave me alone.. What brings you over here, anyway?

DENNIS: Well, I got a brand new arrangement ~~for~~ my song and I thought maybe you wanted to hear it.

JACK: Well, do I have to hear it now? I mean, so early?

DENNIS: On, it isn't early, Mr. Benny...I'm up and dressed and out of the house at five o'clock every morning.

JACK: Five o'clock? What for?

DENNIS: The busses aren't crowded.

JACK: Dennis, where do you have to go at five o'clock in the morning?

DENNIS: No place, but I get a seat.

JACK: Here kid, have a door knob.

MARY: Jack, not in the head.

JACK: Look Dennis, you sing your song for Mary and she'll tell me how it is. I've gotta have breakfast and rush away to the doctor's.

DENNIS *Oh*, I don't blame you. You look awful.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Sing, kid.

JACK: You said it..I'll see you kids later...Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "GRANADA")

(APPLAUSE)

gv

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR & HORN)

JACK: Rochester, we're awfully late. Can't you go a little faster?

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MOTOR FASTER)

JACK: You know, right after my -- I take my physical, we'll go down to the --

(SOUND: LOUD GUN SHOT)

JACK: Rochester..Rochester..they got me!..They got me!

ROCH: GET BACK IN THE SEAT, BOSS, THAT WAS A TIRE.

JACK: I should have known.. we're only at Pico and Roxbury.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, you change the tire and I can walk to the doctor's office from here, ~~you know~~.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Let me see, his office should be around here..Oh, there it is..Doctors Fenchel and Gordon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT)

BEA: Yes sir?

JACK: How do you do, *Jim* I'm Jack Benny.

BEA: Oh yes, you have an appointment for a physical examination.

JACK: That's right.

BEA: Well, I'll have to fill out this card first...Name...
Jack Benny..

JACK: That's right.

TB

BEA: Your address?

JACK: 366 North Camden Drive.

BEA: Your complexion?

JACK: Ruddy.

BEA: Color of your eyes?

JACK: Lazy Lagoon Blue.

BEA: Your height?

JACK: Five foot ten.

BEA: Your weight?

JACK: A hundred and fifty-seven.

BEA: *Oh*, Now I'll just slip this band around your arm..there.

JACK: Hey, this is awfully tight..what is it?

BEA: A lie detector, the next question is your age.

JACK: Now wait a minute, I don't need a lie detector to tell you my age, I'm thirty-nine.

(SOUND: FIRE ALARM BELL RINGS LOUDLY)

JACK: Look, a lie detector can be wrong, too, you know.

BEA: Well, Mr. Benny, if you'll just sit over there and wait, the doctors will see you in a minute.

JACK: Well, thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SCUFFLING OF CHAIR)

JACK: How do you like that..using a lie detector when she asked my age..None of the other nurses ever did that. They ask me my age, I tell them I'm thirty-nine and they put down whatever they think...I've got a good mind to absolutely--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

TB

ATX01 0020442

BOB: (UP) ^{Well,} SO LONG, DOCTOR, ^{and} THANKS A LOT.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: BOB!

BOB: ^{Oh,} Hello, Jack.

JACK: Bob Crosby, what are you doing here?

BOB: Well, they took this X-ray of me.. And ^I just picked it up.

JACK: Oh..Say, what's the writing down in the corner of the X-ray?..the name of the doctor?

BOB: Oh, no..no..no..it says, "To Brother Bing, with Love".... I'm giving it to him for his birthday.

JACK: Bob..why in the world would you give Bing an X-ray for a present?

BOB: Well, he's got everything else.

JACK: Well, that's logical..may I take a look at it, Bob?

BOB: ^{My} Sure, go ahead, Jack.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER AND CELLULOID)

JACK: Let me see..Bob, nothing shows in this X-ray..why is it so blurry?

BOB: Oh, well, you have to use poloroid glasses, it's three dimensional.

JACK: No kidding?

BOB: ~~My~~ Jack, what are you doing here?

JACK: Oh, it's nothing, I just came for an insurance examination. ^{The} The sponsor is taking out a million dollar policy on me.

BB

BOB: A million dollars!

JACK: Uh huh.

BOB: Well, who's going to pay the five dollars for the medical exam?..you or the sponsor?

JACK: The Blue Cross, I found a loophole...So long, Bob.

BOB: So long.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES)

BEA: Oh, Mr. Benny, the doctor will see you now.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, Doctor...Doctor?

NELSON: Yesssss?

JACK: ...Well Doctor, here I am.

NELSON: Oh.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..DIALING OF 5 NUMERALS ON PHONE)

NELSON:Hello, Bolton's Mortuary?

JACK: What?

NELSON: I'm having lunch with Ralph Bolton.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: We're quite friendly..I throw him a lot of business.

JACK: I see.

NELSON: Hello, Ralph..One thirty at the Brown Derby? Fine.. Goodbye, Ralph.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

NELSON: I like going out with him, he drives such a big car... And now, Mr. Benny, I'll get my associate in here and we'll give you your examination..(UP) Oh, Doctor Gordon..

BB

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) Yes, Doctor Fenchel.

NELSON: Will you help me with this examination?...This is Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, pleased to meet you, Dr. Gordon.

MEL: Thank you...Now Mr. Benny, will you please strip?

JACK: You mean undress?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: All right.

(BAND PLAYS "PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

JACK: Doctor..Doctor..I don't need the music.

NELSON: I m sorry, our last patient was Tassles Lafour.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Now get behind that screen and take off your clothes.

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: When you're ready, Dr. Fenchel and I will be in the next room.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

NELSON: Oh Doctor, I've been concerned about that call you made this morning..any information yet?

MEL: Yeah, I ² got a report from Dr. Stanley and..and..it's all over.

NELSON: What was the result?

MEL: She ran fifth and we lose four bucks.....I wonder what's taking Mr. Benny so long.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny, ~~have~~ you got all your clothes off?

JACK: Yes, yes.

MEL: ^{Well,} Then come out from behind that screen.

BB

ATX01 0020445

JACK: Well gee, don't I get balloons or anything?

MEL: Here, just slip on this gown.

JACK: Yes sir...There, I'm ready.

NELSON: Very well...Now, Mr. Benny, will you please step behind this fluroscope?

JACK: Yes sir.

NELSON: Contact.

MEL: Contact.

(SOUND: CLICK..SLIGHT BUZZING OF FLUROSCOPE)

NELSON: Welllllll...there seems to be a round metallic object near your kidney.

JACK: ^{Oh} That's a quarter I swallowed years ago.

NELSON: Shall we, Dr. Gordon?

MEL: Why not?...Mr. Benny, will you please hiccup?

JACK: Hiccup?

MEL: Yes^h.

JACK: (HICCUPS)

NELSON: (HAPPY) It's tails, Dr. Gordon, you lose.

JACK: What is this, anyway?

MEL: Now hold still, Mr. Benny. We want to examine your stomach through the fluroscope.

JACK: Yes, sir.

NELSON: The spleen seems to be okay...and the pancreas is in the right position.

MEL: Yes^h yes^h, but look at the liver.

NELSON: The liver?

MEL: Yes^h, what's that on top of it?

BB

NELSON: Well, I'll be darned...onions.

JACK: Sixty-nine cents at Rexall.

NELSON: Now, Mr. Benny, drink this glass of barium.

JACK: You mean all that white stuff?

NELSON: Yes...it's a harmless chemical and when you drink it,
we can follow its course through the fluroscope.

JACK: Oh...all right.....Gee, it tastes awful.

MEL: Drink it all.

JACK:There.

MEL: Oh look, Dr. Fenchel, the barium has reached the
esophageal entrance...there it goes over the cricoid
cartilage....behind the tracheal bifurcation..through
the arch of the aorta....Now it's passing the
esophageal hiatus of the diaphragm.

JACK: If it passes Pico and Sepulveda, it's dead.

MEL: Now it's coming around the esophageal gastric junction...

JACK: What?

NELSON: (EXCITED) IT'S PASSING THE KIDNEY ON THE OUTSIDE..
HEADED INTO THE HOME STRETCH. IT'S BARIUM SULPHATE BY
TWO LENGTHS.

MEL: COME ON, NATIVE DANCER! COME ON, NATIVE DANCER!

NELSON: IT'S BARIUM BY A NOSE! NATIVE DANCER IS SECOND, AND
HERE COMES TASSELS LA TOUR!

JACK: DOCTORS, DOCTORS, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

MEL: Well, that's all...The examination is over. You can go
now.

JACK: Well, thank you.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BB

NELSON: Oh, Mr. Benny..

JACK: Yes.

NELSON: You better put your clothes on.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..I forgot..I'll put my clothes on.

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

JACK: (SINGS) A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DE DUM

DA DUM..

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BB

ATX01 002044B

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television program which goes on immediately after this show, but first the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike -- Dorothy Collins!

DON: Jack will be back in a minute to tell you about his television program which goes on at seven P. M. tonight over the C. B. S. television network, but first the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike -- Dorothy Collins!

JO

ATX01 0020449

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 6, 1955
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

(TRANSCRIBED
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' natural by mild
good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Keep that in mind and
for a better tasting smoke every time -- make your
cigarette - Lucky Strike!

JO

ATX01 0020450

(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)

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

JO

ATX01 0020451

HERBERT TARYTON

HR 301F

Filter smokers! True tobacco taste...real filtration.. famous TARYTON quality...they're all yours when you smoke Filter Tip TARYTON. Filter Tip TARYTON gives you all the full, rich taste of TARYTON'S quality tobacco and real filtration, too, because Filter Tip TARYTON 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 TARYTON, 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.

JO

ATX01 0020452

(J.B.N. 14)
PROGRAM #21
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

A Broadcast

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1955

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Nov. 3, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
DON WILSON
HARRY SHEARER
JIMMY BAIRD
DORIS SINGLETON
CHARLIE BAGBY
MEL BLANC
VERNA FELTON
LOIS CORBETT
BEA BENEDETT
STEVE WOOTON
GLORIA WOOD
SPORTSMEN QUARTET

BB

ATX01 0020453

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"
FEBRUARY 13 1955

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 better.

JG

(MORE)

ATX01 0020454

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"
FEBRUARY 13 1955
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!~~

JG

ATX01 0020455

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY
LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, ^{-The Sportsmen Quartet} AND "YOURS
TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...JACK BENNY'S BIRTHDAY IS
FEBRUARY 14TH, AND WHENEVER ONE OF JACK'S BIRTHDAYS ROLLS
AROUND, IT IS QUITE AN EVENT..LAST YEAR IT WAS MORE ^{than}
MEMORABLE ~~BECAUSE~~ BECAUSE EVERYBODY WAS MAKING
PREPARATIONS AND..WELL, LET'S GO BACK TO LAST YEAR AND
LOOK IN ON SOME OF THEM.

(SOUND: GAVEL RAPS ON WOOD THREE TIMES)

HARRY: The regular weekly meeting of the Beverly Hills Beavers
will now come to order.

(SOUND: THREE GAVEL RAPS)

HARRY: The motion before the club is, "Resolved: The Beavers will
give Mr. Jack Benny a surprise birthday party and for this
purpose will withdraw our entire treasury of one dollar
and forty-three cents."

STEVE: I second the motion, Stevie.

HARRY: Thank you, Joey, but call me Mr. President, no familiarity
during meetings...Any questions? ...What is it, Cliff?

JIMMY: Well, I'm a new member of the Beavers, and I'd like to know
who Jack Benny is.

HARRY: Are you kidding...don't you know who Jack Benny is?

JIMMY: No, who is he?

STEVE: Who is Jack Benny? He's only the greatest fullback that
Yale ever had.

BR

ATX01 0020456

JIMMY: Gee.

HARRY: Yeah..and he quit football because he was afraid of hurting his hands and that would stop him from playing the violin.

STEVE: That's right, Cliff...Mr. Benny's one of the world's greatest violinists.

JIMMY: Well, if he's the world's greatest violinist, how come I never heard of him.

HARRY: That's because he's so modest. he goes under the name of Jascha Heifitz.

JIMMY: Say, he sounds like quite a guy.

STEVE: He sure is...Why, take the baseball uniforms we're wearing...Mr. Benny loaned us the money to get them.

HARRY: Yeah, and my father says that four per cent is reasonable.

JIMMY: Well, since Mr. Benny's such a nice man, I vote that we give him the birthday party.

(SOUND: GAVEL FEW TIMES)

HARRY: That makes it unanimous...Now, any other questions?

JIMMY: Yes, Mr. President...are we gonns invite girls to the party?

HARRY: Cliff, since you're a new member, I will read you part of our by laws.

(SOUND: TURNING OF PAGES)

HARRY: By laws of the Beverly Hills Beavers...Chapter Twelve, Rule Eight, Clause D...If any Beaver is ever seen with a member of the opposite sex...(this means girls)...he will be fined seven cents, barred from holding office in this club, and will never be allowed to have custody of the club mascot, "Blinky", our white mouse.

BR

JIMMY: But I thought "Blinky" died last month.

STEVE: We're still keeping him.

HARRY: Now let's make out our invitation list...We'll invite all of Mr. Benny's friends.

JIMMY: Say, by the way, how old is Mr. Benny?

HARRY: Today he's thirty-nine...and that proves how smart he is.

JIMMY: Why?

HARRY: Well, he was in my uncle's class in school and my uncle's fifty-five.

STEVE: ~~Well, let's~~ let's all go over to Miss Livingstone's house and she'll give us a list of Mr. Benny's friends.

HARRY: All those in favor say, "Aye".

ALL KIDS: "AYE"

(SOUND: GAVEL...INTO)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Pauline, have you straightened out the living room?

DORIS: Yes, Miss Livingstone. ^{Oh,} won't Mr. Benny be surprised when he finds that you're giving him a birthday party?

MARY: He sure will...Tell me, Pauline, how does my new dress look?

DORIS: Oh, it's lovely ma'am...Only, if I had nice legs like yours, I wouldn't hide them with such a long skirt...

(GIGGLES) Men like pretty legs, you know.

MARY: Yeah...(LAUGHS) And to think that for four years I hid mine behind a counter at the May Company...But I'm not trying to be glamorous tonight. ^{You know,} Bob and Don are married, ^{and} Dennis is too young for me, and Mr. Benny is too old for me.

BR

DORIS: ^{Well,} I'm surprised to hear you say that anyone is too young or too old for you.

MARY: Why?

DORIS: Anything between the Boy Scouts and The Townsend Club is okay with me.

MARY: Why Pauline...I didn't know you liked men so much.

DORIS: Oh, I do, Ma'am...Why, I like them so much that I...Well...well..you'd think me silly if I told you what my favorite dream has been for years.

MARY: No, I won't...tell me, what is your favorite dream?

DORIS: That I'm a Dixie Cup in the New York Giants' Locker Room.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well, come on, Pauline...there's work to do.

DORIS: Yes Ma'am...Say, would you please tell me one thing, Miss Livingstone...Don't you ever go out with Mr. Benny...just the two of you alone?

MARY: Occasionally...I remember one very warm night last summer when Jack drove me up to the top of Mulholland Drive.

DORIS: Gee...how'd you make out?

MARY: Fine, I sold more Good Humors than he did...Now Pauline, you set the table, and I'll *get all* ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

DORIS: Miss Livingstone's residence...Just one moment, please... Miss Livingstone, it's the baker, he wishes to talk to you.

MARY: Oh good...Hello?...Yes, I want the cake delivered as early as possible...How many candles?...Thirty-nine...That's right, thirty-nine candles, and arrange them in the shape of a question mark...~~bye~~ *bye*.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

BR

ATX01 0020459

DORIS: Say, Miss Livingstone, how old is Mr. Benny really?

MARY: Oh, I'm sorry, I can't tell you...You see, Mr. Benny and I have an agreement that saves us both a lot of embarrassment.

DORIS: An agreement?

MARY: Yes...I never tell anyone his age and he never tells anyone my salary.

DORIS: But Miss Livingstone....if Mr. Benny pays you so little, how can you afford this nice apartment and all your nice clothes and everything?

MARY: My mother writes for Jackie Gleason, .Now come on, Pauline have you arranged the place cards?

DORIS: Yes ma'am.

MARY: Did you order the food?

DORIS: Yes...since you're serving buffet style, I ordered a turkey, a roast beef and two hams.

MARY: Well, that takes care of Don Wilson, what about the rest of the people.

DORIS: (LAUGHS) Oh, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Well, I better go over the invitation list and start calling.

DORIS: Oh, Miss Livingstone, what are you going to do about music?

MARY: Well, I've been trying to reach Charlie Bagby the piano player so he'd bring the boys in the band over...I've tried to get ~~him~~ ^{Charlie} three times...wonder where he is.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CLICKING OF POOL BALLS)

BAGBY: Four ball in the side pocket...watch it, Mel.

BR

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) Okay, Charlie.

(SOUND: CLICK AS BALL SINKS)

MEL: ^{Hey} ~~hey~~ Charlie, how's about coming over to my place for a poker game tonight, ^{huh?}

BAGBY: Gee, I'd love to, Mel, but I can't, ten ball in the corner.

(SOUND: CLICK AS BALL SINKS)

MEL: ^{Well} ~~Well~~, why can't ya come, Charlie?

BAGBY: Well, it's Jack Benny's birthday today, and me and the rest of the boys in the band are throwing him a surprise party, seven ball in the side.

(SOUND: CLICK AS BALL SINKS)

MEL: ^{Hey} ~~hey~~ how old is Benny, anyway?

BAGBY: ^{Oh} ~~Oh~~, I can't tell you that.

MEL: But do you know how old he really is?

BAGBY: Yeah, but I can't tell you, sixty-two ball in the corner.

MEL: What?

BAGBY: I mean combination shot off the six and two ball.

^{Mel:} ^{Oh} ~~Oh~~ (SOUND: DOUBLE CLICK AS TWO BALLS SINK)

MEL: ^{hey} ~~hey~~ Where are you musicians gonna have the party?

BAGBY: Over at my house...I had a pool put in last month, and I just filled it...everybody will have fun.

MEL: Hey, ain't it pretty cold weather for swimming?

BAGBY: Yeah, but once you dive in, you won't notice it.

MEL: Oh, is the pool heated?

BAGBY: No, it's filled with Old Crow.

MEL: ~~What?~~ ^{huh?}

BAGBY: Thirteen ball cross corner.

(SOUND: CLICK AND SINKING OF BALL)

BB

BAGBY: You know, yesterday Frankie, the guitar player, slipped into the pool and almost drowned.

MEL: Did you finally save him?

BAGBY: Yeah, but we broke his arm running him through the wringer, seven ball, twice across.

(SOUND: CLICK AS BALLS SINK)

MEL: Say, Cherlie...I've been wanting to ask you something.

BAGBY: What is it, Mel?

MEL: Well, I hate to bring it up, but I've been out of work for a long time, and I thought maybe you could give me a job.

BAGBY: Maybe I can, what do you do?

MEL: I'm a glass blower.

BAGBY: Sorry, we've got all the musicians we need.

(SOUND: CLICK OF BALL)

BAGBY: Well, that finishes the game, I beat you twenty-five to four.

MEL: Yeah...You know, Cherlie...you're lucky...having a steady job with Benny all these years, and shooting pool like a champ.

BAGBY: Yep, you owe me two bucks.

MEL: Okay, here you are...But don't you feel ashamed of yourself ...taking money from a guy who's on unemployment relief?

BAGBY: No, you make more than I do.

MEL: Oh.

BAGBY: Well, I better start calling some people and inviting them to the party me and the musicians are giving...I think I'll call Dennis Day first.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

BR

DENNIS: Gee, Mother, why do you want to leave the house just because I'm giving a surprise party for Mr. Benny?

VERNA: That's not the only reason...I've got to drive to Riverside tonight.

DENNIS: But can't you drive there some other time?

VERNA: What, and spoil my truckload of oranges?...Anyway, I can't understand why you have to give a party for Mr. Benny.

DENNIS: Because he's a very nice man.

VERNA: Oh, fine...what did he ever do for you?

DENNIS: What did he ever do for me? ...Well, once he...I remember when...And not only that... And then there was the time he...Yeah, why am I giving him a party?

VERNA: I think you're wasting your money on that mean old man.

DENNIS: ^{Now,} Mother, that isn't fair...Mr. Benny has been like a father to me...^{Why,} Only last week he gave me advice on how to be popular with the girls.

VERNA: Oh, he did, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah...he took me aside and said, "Dennis, my boy, you're missing a lot...you ought to get a girl, and on some moonlight night drive her over to Lover's Lane and put your arms around her ...pull her up close to you...put your face close to hers and --"

VERNA: (SLIGHT PAUSE)Yes, then what did Mr. Benny tell you?

DENNIS: When he got to that part, he fainted.

VERNA: Well look, Dennis..let me give you some advice on that.

DENNIS: Yes, mother.

BR

ATX01 0020463

VERNA: Son, as you go through life, you'll meet many girls...and some day, you'll meet the one girl you'll want to spend the rest of your life with...and it will probably be when you least expect it.

DENNIS: Gee. Say Mom, how did you first meet fether?

VERNA: We were matched together in the Golden Gloves..(DREAMILY)
~~He had the sweetest left hook~~...Well, Dennis, I've gotta be running along now...I hope your party turns out nice.

DENNIS: Thank you, Mother.

VERNA: By the way...how old is Mr. Benny today?

DENNIS: Thirty-nine.

VERNA: Thirty-nine indeed..why he was one of the first people to ever be on a commercial radio program.

DENNIS: Well, what does that prove?

VERNA: His sponsor was the Cairo Pyramid Company...Well, so long, son.

DENNIS: Goodbye, Mother...lots of luck with your oranges.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

DENNIS: Well, I ~~got~~ got everything set for the party...Now I better see if I have everybody's phone number. (STARTS HUMMING HIS SCNG)

(INTO SONG) "I Need You Now"
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DENNIS: Well, ^{live} I've got everybody's phone number but Don Wilson's.
I want to call him and his wife.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DON: Oh, darling.

LOIS: What is it, Pudge?

DON: I want~~ed~~ to tell you, ^{Roney,} ~~the~~ the table looks beautiful.

LOIS: ^{Oh,} Thank~~s~~, dear, but if this is ^{to be} a surprise party for Jack Benny, I think you better start calling your guests.

DON: ^{Oh,} I will as soon as I finish wrapping this present for Jack.

LOIS: Well, I hope you're giving him an appropriate gift...
What's in that package, darling?

DON: See if you can guess.

LOIS: A watch?

DON: No....I'll give you a hint....They're round and firm and fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

LOIS: On the what?

DON: Draw...now what is it?

LOIS: A box of crayolas.

DON: ^{No,} No no, Pet....Now listen again, sweetheart...Take last night after dinner....I went into the living room....sat down in my easy chair...struck a match...now what did I light?

LOIS: My mother's picture.

DON: Yes, and while it was burning, what did I light with that?

LOIS: Oh darling, don't keep me in suspense....What did you buy Jack for his birthday?

DH

DON: *Oh,* But ~~dear,~~ ^{dear,} it's so obvious. ^{Now,} Look at the ~~the~~ letters on the box....You should be able to figure out what it is....
L S M F T.

LOIS: L S M F T....Oh, I know....A long silk muffler from Tubby.

DON: *No,* No no. ^{dear} it's a carton of Lucky Strikes...and L S M F T stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

LOIS: Oh...Well, everybody knows that.

DON: *Well,* Then why did you make me tell you?

LOIS: I love the way your ^{big} face lights up when you say it.

DON: (LAUGHS) *Oh,* Now come on, dear...let's go through this list and see if I forgot anyone.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Hmm. ~~A~~ Fine thing..Here it is my birthday ~~and~~ I'm all alone...nobody even thinks of me...nobody cares...No cards...Not even a phone call.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Who is it?

ROCH: IT'S ME, BOSS.

JACK: Rochester, I don't want to talk to anyone...Leave me alone.

MEL: *(Squawk)* Leave me alone, leave me alone...(SQUAWK & WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...When I want your help, I'll ask for it.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY...DO YOU WANT ME TO GET YOU SOME --

JACK: I don't want anything...Just leave me alone.

ROCH: OKAY, OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BB

ROCH: I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM. HE'S KEPT HIMSELF LOCKED UP IN THE DEN ALL DAY. ~~LAST TIME HE BROODED LIKE THAT WAS WHEN HIS GIRL FRIEND, GLADYS EXBISCO BROKE THEIR ENGAGEMENT...THEN SHE SENT BACK THE RING AND HE WAS HAPPY AGAIN....I WONDER WHAT'S AILING HIM THIS TIME....MAYBE HE BET ON A HORSE...NO, IF MR. BENNY BET ON A HORSE AND THAT HORSE LOST...HE'D BEAT IT TO DEATH WITH HIS BARE HANDS.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: ~~JUST~~ CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester, if you don't mind, I'll have my dinner served in bed.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS, DON'T YOU FEEL GOOD? YOU'VE BEEN BROODING ALL DAY.

JACK: (SADLY) I haven't been brooding. ~~I~~ I want to lock myself in the den, it's my own business.

ROCH: WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: (SWEETLY) HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING?

JACK: ^{why, what} What makes you think I've been crying?

ROCH: THERE'S A RAINBOW IN YOUR LITTLE BLUE EYES.

JACK: THERE IS?...I mean, who cares? A lot you or anybody else worries about me, anyway.

ROCH: YOU'RE WRONG, MR. BENNY, I WORRY ABOUT YOU.

JACK: Oh, you do, eh?..Well, Rochester, what day is this?

ROCH: SATURDAY.

JACK: Uh huh...Saturday, February what?

ROCH: THE FOURTEENTH.

JACK: ^{Well} Doesn't that mean anything to you?

DH

ROCH: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH...OH MY GOODNESS, I FORGOT TO PUT THE GARBAGE OUT.

JACK: It's not that. come back here!...Now let's not talk any more about it. You go in and clean the den. I'm going in the kitchen and have a sandwich and a glass of garbage. ...I mean milk.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WELL, IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO STRAIGHTEN UP THE DEN...I'LL ~~BE~~ PUT THESE BOOKS AWAY ON THE SHELVES.

MEL: (SQUAWK & WHISTLE) Hello hello.

ROCH: WELL, HELLO, POLLY.

MEL: Here I am all alone..nobody cares. *(Squawk)*

ROCH: HUH?

MEL: Nobody cares, nobody cares. (SQUAWKS)

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

MEL: Today's my birthday, today's my birthday..(SQUAWK & WHISTLE)

ROCH: OH MY GOODNESS..HOW CAN I BE SO STUPID..I BETTER GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND FIX THINGS UP RIGHT AWAY.

(SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: EXCUSE ME, BOSS..EXCUSE ME.

(SOUND: DRAWERS OPENING..DISHES MOVING)

JACK: Rochester..

ROCH: ~~Excuse~~ A MINUTE, BOSS.

(SOUND: DISHES)

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing?

BB

ROCH: I'M PUTTING A CANDLE ON A CRACKER, IT'S POLLY'S BIRTHDAY.

JACK: Oh, it is, eh? Well, I'm glad to hear it...I'm going to my room.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...LOUD DOOR SLAM)

ROCH: GOSH, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S BOTHERING THE BOSS.. HE'S USUALLY SO CHEERFUL AND --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO..MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE.

MARY: Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone.

ROCH: OH HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE..YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHOSE BIRTHDAY IT IS TODAY.

MARY: I know, Rochester, and that's why I called. I want to give a surprise party.

ROCH: A PARTY?

MARY: Yes..do you think you can get him out of the house?

ROCH: HIM?

MARY: Certainly.

ROCH: WELL, HE SURE FOOLED ME, HE LAID AN EGG THIS MORNING.

MARY: Rochester, what are you talking about?

ROCH: THE PARROT.

MARY: PARROT? It isn't the parrot's birthday, it's Mr. Benny's birthday.

ROCH: OOOOOOOOOOOH. SO THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN FEELING BAD ALL DAY...HE THOUGHT EVERYBODY FORGOT ABOUT HIM.

MARY: Oh no! When I called the gang, I found out that everybody was going to give him a party..so we all decided to come over to Mr. Benny's house and surprise him.

BB

ROCH: WELL, BRING SOME FOOD WITH YOU, THE TIME LOCK DOESN'T
OPEN THE ICE BOX TILL SIX IN THE MORNING.

MARY: Don't worry, we have food...you just get Mr. Benny out
of the house for a little while...and don't let him
suspect anything.

ROCH: OKAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, AND LEAVE IT TO ME, I'LL ~~get~~ *get him out of*
the house and be CLEVER ABOUT IT.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I feel a lot better taking this little walk...But
I can't understand Rochester throwing my hat and coat
out, ~~and~~ when I went out to get them, he slammed the
door...Gee, I've been walking for about forty minutes
now ~~and~~ I'm kinda tired.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~I~~ Think I'll walk across the street and get on a bus
for home... ~~and~~ *F*ine birthday I'm----- Gee, look at this
theatre marquee.."Now playing..The Horn Blows at Midnight"
.....I guess they're reviving it again on account of the
Academy Awards.....I think I'll go to see it again.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Pardon me, Miss, I see you're showing "The Horn Blows at
Midnight."~~

~~BEA: That's right.~~

~~JACK: How's business?~~

~~BEA: Look Mister, if this is a hold-up, you're wasting your
time, we haven't sold a ticket all week.~~

7 BB

JACK: This isn't a hold-up and give me a ticket..Here's the money.

BEA: Here's a ticket and a knife.

JACK: A knife?

BEA: You'll have to cut your way through the brush.

JACK: Never mind..just give me the ticket so I can go in.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

BB

ATX01 0020471

DENNIS: Rochester, we've been here four hours now..If Mr. Benny only went out for a walk, why isn't he back?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, MR. DAY.

~~DON: Well, I can't wait any longer...Bring on the food!!~~

~~DENNIS: Yeah, let's eat.~~

~~DON: Hey wait a minute, kids..Since this is Jack's birthday party, I propose that we all give a toast.~~

~~DENNIS: All of us?~~

~~DON: Yes..we'll each take a line..Go ahead, Rochester, you start it.~~

~~ROCH: OKAY...TO OUR BOSS, MR. BENNY,~~

~~DENNIS: THIS TOAST WE DO MAKE~~

~~ROCH: WHILE WE STAND HERE TALKING~~

~~DENNIS: DON'S EATING THE CAKE.~~

MARY: Well, I've waited long enough, I've got to go home.

DON: Me, too.

ROCH: I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BOSS.

Dennis: Yeah
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MEL: I beg your pardon, Mister.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: I'm the manager of this theatre..We've shown you The Horn Blows at Midnight three times....Now will you please go home so we can close up?

JACK: Okay, okay...By the way, Mister, the girl at the box office told me that you haven't sold a ticket all week.

MEL: That's quite ^{right.} ~~odd.~~

JACK: Well, if that's true, how come there's someone sitting in almost every seat in this theatre?

BB

MEL: We rent it out as a storage room to a mortuary.
JACK: A mortuary?...You mean all the people in those seats are---
That's amazing.
MEL: I'll say it's amazing...Yesterday right in the middle of
the picture three of them got up and walked out.
JACK: Gee, I wondered why the guy at the door didn't tear my
ticket....Well, I better go on home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, all the lights are out in the house..Rochester must
be asleep...Now let's see..where's my key?

(SOUND: JINGLE OF KEYS)

JACK: Here's the key to my safety deposit box...Here's the key
to my car..key to my garage.. key to my vault.

(SOUND: BIG METAL BAR DROPS)

JACK: Whoops, I dropped it...Ah..here's the key to the front
door.

(SOUND: KEY IN LOCK..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: ~~Whoops~~ Coming home to a cold, dark house..What a birthday
this was..(YAWNS) ~~Whoops~~ Fine loyal gang I've got..I~~ve~~ got a
good notion to fire every one of them..If I had any talent,
I would... (YAWNS) Gee, I'm tired..Well, I might as well
go to bed.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Now who can that be at this time of night?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

BB

JACK: Hello.

GLORIA: Hello, is this Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

GLORIA: ^{Head} This is Western Union. We have a singing telegram for you from your sister in Chicago.

JACK: Oh, a singing telegram from my sister, eh? Well, that's cute..go ahead.

(PIANO ARPEGGIO)

GLORIA: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY JACK BENNY
(CADENZA)

QUART: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACK BENNY

QUART &
GLORIA: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

JACK: Well, thank you very much..That was swell really. *And I do think*

QUART: AHHHHH.

JACK: Look, I've gotta get away now.

GLORIA: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU. QUART: HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY
HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

GLORIA: *Jack. Look, look, kids...* HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
GLORIA & QUART: HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY
HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

QUART: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACK BENNY
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR JACK
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ~~BIRTHDAY~~ TO YOU.

JACK: Well, that was awfully sweet of you. *Now if you'll just---*
(ORCHESTRA INTO "WILLIAM TELL")

BB

GLORIA &
QUART: 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.
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
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACK BENNY.

(BIG CHORD)

JACK: Well, thank you..thank you very much. *And fella...*

QUART &
GLORIA: YOU'RE WELCOME, YES, YOU'RE WELCOME
VERY WELCOME.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

(CODA BY ORCHESTRA)

JACK: Well, I'll be darned.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

BB

ATX01-0020475

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"
FEBRUARY 13 1955
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.

(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, 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)

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 13, 1955
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'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 Hatlo 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."

TB

ATX01 0020477

(TAG)

(SOUND: ALARM CLOCK)

JACK: (YAWNS) Gee, it's nine A.M....Sunday morning. ^{Gee,} I hope I have a good show this afternoon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, BOSS..FEELING A LITTLE MORE CHEERFUL TODAY?

JACK: Yes, I feel fine.

ROCH: YOU SHOULD HAVE COME BACK EARLIER LAST NIGHT.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THE WHOLE GANG CAME OVER TO GIVE A SURPRISE PARTY AND CELEBRATE YOUR BIRTHDAY.

JACK: What? A surprise party for me? My whole gang ^{You mean,} ~~Mary and~~ Don..and Dennis...Gee, they didn't forget me.

ROCH: WHY BOSS, THAT RAINBOW'S COMING BACK IN YOUR LITTLE BLUE EYES.

JACK: (CRYING) Well, I can't help it, I'm so happy...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny program is 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 was brought to you by Lucky Strikes, a product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.~~

BB

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 0020479

(JBR 8)
PROGRAM #22

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

"As Broadcast"

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Feb. 22, 1953)

CAST: Jack Benny
Mary Livingstone
Rochester
Dennis Day
Bob Crosby
Don Wilson
Harry Shearer
Stuffy Singer
Beverly Washburn
Frank Bank
Sandy Iannone
Patty Iannone
Peter Votrian
Eric Nielson
Walter Wooten
Mel Blanc
Gloria Gordon
Sportsmen Quartet

BB

ATX01 0020480

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #22
FEBRUARY 20, 1955 SET #G
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

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

(TRAN-
SCRIBED
COLLINS &
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.

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!"

ATKQ1 0020481

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #22
FEBRUARY 20, 1955 SET #G
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

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!

ATX01 0020482

(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 MEANWHILE LETS TAKE YOU BACK TO YESTERDAY..LAST NIGHT THE MEMBERS OF THE BEVERLY HILLS BEAVERS PUT ON A PLAY AT THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM. OF COURSE, JACK BENNY, WHO HAPPENS TO BE THE TREASURER OF THE CLUB, WAS PLANNING TO GO...WE NOW FIND ROCHESTER PRESSING JACK'S TUXEDO.

ROCH: (SINGS) PRESS IT ONCE
AND PRESS IT TWICE
THEN PRESS IT ONCE AGAIN,
IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME.
DA DA DA, DA DA, DA DA
DA DA, DA DA, DA DA.
DA DA DA DA DA DA
WELL, I GOT THE PANTS PRESSED..NOW I BETTER FINISH
PRESSING THE COAT...I WONDER WHERE MR. BENNY BOUGHT THIS
TUXEDO...IT SHOULD BE ON THE LABEL....YEAH, THERE IT IS...
THE PEP BOYS.

JACK: (COMING IN) Oh, Rochester, have you finished pressing my clothes yet?

ROCH: YES, BOSS, BUT WHO WAS THE LAST ONE YOU RENTED THIS TUXEDO TO?

BB

JACK: Why?

ROCH: EVERYTIME I LAY THE COAT DOWN THE ARMS FOLD.

JACK: Oh stop.

ROCH: ANYWAY, YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO A SCHOOL PLAY. WHY DRESS FORMAL?

JACK: Well, Rochester, the Beavers aren't putting on just a play...They're gonna do their version of my radio program. You see, each one of the kids will portray a member of my cast.

ROCH: OH.

JACK: And since I'm the inspiration for their show..they may ask me to come up on stage and make a speech. Gosh, I'll never forget ten years ago when I made that speech at the Academy Awards.

ROCH: BOSS, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ON THE SPEAKERS LIST.

JACK: I wasn't, but I just had to get up and tell 'em what I thought of them...I'm glad I did, too.

(SOUND: DOOR ZBUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack..am I early?

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, we don't have to be at the school auditorium for a half hour yet..sit down, Mary.

MARY: Thanks.

BB

ROCH: HERE'S YOUR TUXEDO, BOSS.

JACK: Oh, help me on with the coat, Rochester. I want to see if it still fits...Thanks.

MARY: Jack, if you wear that old tuxedo again, I'm not going out with you. It's so old fashioned now.

JACK: Old fashioned?

MARY: Yes, look how long the coat is. (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: You look like the villain in "The Drunkard".

JACK: Only when I wear the cape...Now Mary --

MARY: Jack, I mean it..I wouldn't be seen dead in that tuxedo.

ROCH: OUR LAST CUSTOMER DIDN'T MIND.

JACK: Now cut that out...I'm gonna wear this tuxedo and that settles it...Now Rochester, I won't be home until --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone. I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BOB: Hi Jack, this is Bob. ^{say,} I hate to bother you today but, ^{well,} I wanted to let you know I'm on jury duty.

JACK: Jury duty? You're kidding.

BOB: No, the first case comes up Wednesday and it may last for weeks.

JACK: But this is ridiculous. You'll miss my show..Didn't you tell them you work for me?

BOB: Yes, I did, Jack.

JACK: Well, why didn't you tell them it would be a hardship if you had to lose the income from my show?

BB

BOB: *Well*, I told them, Jack, but that didn't work either.

JACK: Why not?

BOB: Well, they pay more than you do.

JACK: What?

BOB: Three bucks a day.

JACK: *Well*, That temporary work is always high...But Bob, I just can't let you miss my show.

BOB: Well, there's really nothing you can do about it, Jack.

JACK: Oh no, what about my contract with you?

BOB: Well, that's the case, *That* we're trying Wednesday.

JACK: *Now look at it,* Stop joking, Bob. I need you for the show, so I wish you'd try *and* to make it.

BOB: Okay...Say, by the way, Jack, did you get that record *ing That* I made with the Sportsmen?

JACK: Oh yes, Bob..it's right here.

BOB: *will you* play it, *I* I think you might enjoy it.

JACK: All right, I'll play it right now..So long, Bob.

BOB: Goodbye.

(SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

JACK: Oh Mary, Bob sent me a record that he made with the Sportsmen Quartet...let's play it.

MARY: Okay...where is it?

JACK: Right there by the phonograph...And play it loud, Mary, so I can hear it in the other room while I'm getting dressed.

MARY: Okay.

BB

BOB: THE SUN IS SHINING, OH HAPPY DAY
NO MORE TROUBLE, AND NO SKIES ARE GREY
EVER SINCE YOU SAID THOSE WORDS TO ME.
YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME, I KNOW IT'S TRUE
MY LIFE'S COMPLETE, DEAR, FOR NOW I HAVE YOU.
OH HAPPY DAY, OH LUCKY ME.

QUART: THE MOON IS SHINING, OH HAPPY NIGHT

BOB: COME TO ME, DARLING, ~~HE~~ HOLD ME SO TIGHT
I NEED YOUR LOVING, REALLY, YES, I DO
YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME, I KNOW IT'S TRUE
MY LIFE'S COMPLETE, DEAR, FOR NOW I HAVE YOU
OH HAPPY DAY, OH LUCKY ME.

QUART: LIGHT UP A LUCKY, OH HAPPY DAY
TAKE ONE PUFF AND WE KNOW YOU WILL SAY
LUCKY STRIKE IS THE SMOKE I LIKE.
SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED
IT'S BETTER TASTING, THAT IS A FACT.
OH HAPPY DAY, HAPPY GO LUCKY DAY.

BOB: A LUCKY'S CLEANER, FRESHER, TOO
A LUCKY STRIKE IS A SMOOTHER SMOKE, IT'S TRUE
OH HAPPY DAY, HAPPY GO LUCKY DAY.

QUART
& BOB: OH HAPPY DAY, HAPPY GO LUCKY DAY.

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-6-

JACK: Say Mary, that was very good...and it was thoughtful of Bob to get the Sportsmen to do it with him.

MARY *Oh*, It sure was... Say Jack, don't you think it's about time we left for the school auditorium?

JACK: Yes, we haven't got much time...Rochester, get my car out of the garage, will you please?

ROCH: YOU CAN'T USE THE CAR, BOSS, A NAIL WENT THROUGH ONE OF THE TIRES.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUY SUCH CHEAP TIRES.

JACK: *Well*, Rochester, the most expensive tire in the world can be punctured by a nail.

ROCH: A FINGERNAIL?

JACK: Well, what did you touch it for?...Always testing...Now what're we gonna do?

MARY: *Well*, I've got my car outside.

JACK: Okay, we'll go in yours....Come on.

MARY: ~~Bye~~ Bye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

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

FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

MARY: Jack, wasn't that a nice song Bob sang?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Oh look, Jack, here comes Dennis on a bicycle.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

BR

ATX01 0020488

JACK: Where?

DENNIS *Oh* Hello, Mary. Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, kid. Gee, we were just leaving for the school auditorium....aren't you gonna see the Beverly Hills Beavers put on their play?

DENNIS: Oh, sure...but it's such a nice night I thought I'd ride over on my new bicycle.

JACK: Oh, is that a new one, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, I won it last night on a quiz program.

MARY: On a quiz program!...Gosh, you're really lucky.

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: Was it a hard question?

DENNIS: Oh no, it was easy. The man pointed at me and said, "Would you pay a hundred dollars for this bicycle?" I said, "Yes" so I gave him the hundred dollars and he gave me the bicycle.

JACK: Dennis -

DENNIS: I almost won a refrigerator but I didn't have enough money.

JACK: Look kid, did the Master of Ceremonies of this quiz program have a little hammer in his hand?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

MARY: Dennis, you were at an auction.

JACK: Certainly...and all those people crowded around were bidding. I know what I'd have done if I'd had the hammer...
Now come on, we better ^{get to the...}...Now come on, we better get to the school auditorium.

DENNIS: Okey.

BR

JACK: Oh, by the way, Dennis, did you ask your mother if you could go duck hunting with me again next week?

DENNIS: Yeah.

MARY: Dennis, I didn't know you go with Mr. Benny on his hunting trips.

DENNIS: Oh sure, I'm his retriever.

MARY: You -- you mean when he shoots, you bring back the ducks?

DENNIS: No, when he misses, I have to bring back the buckshot.

JACK: All right, all right...Now Dennis, leave your bicycle here and come with us.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SCHOOL TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES)

JACK: Say, this school auditorium really is packed...but we got pretty good seats, didn't we, Mary?

MARY: *Oh,* These are fine...right in the center, *too.*

JACK: Can you see all right, Dennis?

DENNIS: No.

JACK: ~~Why~~ *Why* don't you ask that man in front of you to take off his hat?

DENNIS: It isn't his.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: It's mine, I put it there.

JACK: Well, take it off, and be quiet.

STUFFY: (WHISPER) Hey, Mr. Benny...Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello, Joey...is everything ready backstage for your show?

BR

ATX01 0020490

STUFFY: Uh huh.

JACK: Are the kids nervous?

STUFFY: Yeah, a little bit.

JACK: Well, good luck.

STUFFY: Thanks, Mr. Benny...and by the way, you'll be happy to know that we're almost sold out of popcorn.

JACK: Well, good, good. Now push the lemonade...Go ahead.

STUFFY: Okay...You know, Miss Livingstone, tonight we're going to do a take-off on Mr. Benny's radio show.

MARY: I know.

JACK: Sey, Joey...did you finally get a fat kid to play Don Wilson?

STUFFY: Uh huh.

JACK: Good, good...Now you^{er} better hurry, you'll be late...Well, Mary, it won't be long now before the show starts.

MARY: Gee, I hope the Beavers really do a ~~show~~ --

JACK: (WHISPERS) ^{Hey!} Hey Mary..Mary.

MARY: Huh?

JACK: Don't look now but there's a lady across the aisle who keeps staring at me. I guess she recognizes me.

MARY: Where?

JACK: Shh, here she comes.

GLORIA: Pardon me, but would you be good enough to give me your autograph?

JACK ^{huh} Certainly.

(SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING)

JACK: There you are.

BR

ATX01 0020491

GLORIA: Thank you...You were wonderful in "The Drunkard".

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: I told you not to wear that cape.

JACK: I'll take it off. You know, Mary, this idea of the little kids doing my radio program is really clever, isn't it?

MARY: *Oh*, Yes, Jack, I think it's the cutest thing that -- oh, oh, the curtain's going up.

JACK: Yeah, yeah.

(SOUND: CURTAIN OPENS)

JACK: And look, ^{look} they've even got a kid orchestra.

MARY: Quiet, here they go.

(FIVE PIECE VERSION OF THEME)

FRANK: THE JACK BENNY ~~SHOW~~ ^{Show} STARRING JACK BENNY,...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...FIVE PIECE THEME UP AND DOWN)

FRANK: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WOULD LIKE TO BRING YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW...A MAN WHO STILL HAS THE FIRST DOLLAR HE EVER EARNED..NOT BECAUSE HE'S CHEAP, ~~HE~~ BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SPEND CONFEDERATE MONEY..AND HERE HE IS... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

PETER: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...And Don, did you think up that introduction all by yourself?

FRANK: (LAUGHING) Yes Jack, and I thought it was very funny.

PETER: Oh, you did, eh?

BR

FRANK: Yes. (LAUGHS LOUD AND LONG)

PETER: Don...Don...Blubber Boy...Take it easy...The last time you shook like that you got a proposal from Hilo Hettie... And another thing, Don -- Oh hello, Mery.

BEVERLY: Hello, Jeck...Hi ya, Don.

PETER: Sey Mery, I celled you last night but your maid said you were out.

BEVERLY: That's right. I went to the baseball game with Van Johnson.

PETER: That was nice. Who won?

BEVERLY: When you're with Van Johnson, who watches the game?

FRANK: Mery, what's this you dropped on the floor?

BEVERLY: That? Oh, that's a letter I got from Mama.

PETER: From your mother, eh?...What does the "Third Dimension" of Plainfield have to say?

BEVERLY: (LAUGHING) I'll read it to you...(CLEARS THROAT)...MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A FEW LINES TO LET YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE ALL WELL...THE WEATHER IS NICE HERE NOW, BUT AS YOU PROBABLY READ IN THE PAPER, LAST MONTH WE HAD AN AWFUL BLIZZARD AND WHEN YOUR FATHER CAME IN FROM THE BARN, HIS MILKING HAND WAS FROZEN.

PETER: Gee.

BEVERLY: I HOPE IT THAWS OUT SOON AS WE'D LIKE TO GET THE COW OUT OF THE HOUSE.

PETER: I don't blame them.

JACK: (WHISPER) Sey Mery, Mery -- that little girl is a natural born actress.

BR

MARY: (WHISPER) Yesh...she went right on reading the letter,
even though her bloomers were slipping down.

JACK: Yesh.

BEVERLY: NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE NOW...WITH LOVE..YOUR LOVING
MOTHER, MAMA.

PETER: You know, Mery, your mother's letters get better all the
time. But let's get on with the show....Oh Bob...BOB
CROSBY, I'M TALKING TO YOU.

ERIC: Oh, I'm sorry, Jack...I didn't hear you.

PETER: Didn't hear me?

ERIC: No, I've been rehearsing the band and my ears are still
folded.

PETER: Oh...Say, Bob, I meant to ask you...did you learn how to
pronounce that word yet?

ERIC: I think so.

PETER: Let me hear you say it.

ERIC: Menneshevsvitz.

PETER: Well, keep trying, Bob, you don't want to disgrace your
wife and children.

FRANK: Say Jack?

PETER: What is it, Don?

FRANK: I think this fellow has a telegram for you.

PETER: Well, what's he waiting for? Oh boy,..boy.

HARRY: Yessss.

PETER: Oh fine. Are you from Western Union?

HARRY: Who do you think I am with this uniform, Nelson Eddy?

PETER: Never mind, just give me the message.

BR

ATX01 0020494

HARRY: Here you are.

PETER: And here's a tip for you.

HARRY: Oh boy, a nickel...Now I can send my father through college.

PETER: Say, I've had trouble with you before. What's the matter with you, do you enjoy aggravating me?

HARRY: Ooooooh, do I.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

PETER: Hmm...Now let's see..I wonder who this telegram --

BEVERLY: Jeck, you only gave ~~me~~^a a nickel tip...That's the cheapest thing I ever heard of.

PETER: Mary, be quiet or you'll be known as Nylon Nellie at the Mey Company...And now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight, we are going to do --

STUFFY: Hello, Mr. Benny...Hello, Mary.

BEVERLY: Hello, Dennis.

PETER: Hey kid, I'm glad you got here, because it's time for your -- Wait a minute, Dennis, look at me.

STUFFY: Huh?

PETER: Dennis, this is the first time I ever saw you wearing glasses. Are your eyes bad?

STUFFY: No.

PETER: Then why are you wearing those glasses?

STUFFY: My uncle died and left them to me.

PETER: Your uncle? Oh, that's a shame.

STUFFY: Yeah, I can't see a darn thing with them.

BR

PETER: Well, for heaven's sakes, kid, if you can't see with them, take them off. Just because somebody leaves you something in a will, you're not compelled to use it.

STUFFY: I'm not?

PETER: No.

STUFFY: Anybody wants buy a set of teeth?

PETER: Now cut that out.... And take off those glasses, it's time for your song.

STUFFY: Okay.

PETER: While you're singing, I'm going out in the hell and get a candy bar out of the machine.

BR

ATX01 0020496

(INTRO)

STUFFY: NOW CLANCY WAS A PEACEFUL MAN, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
THE COPS PICKED UP THE PIECES AFTER CLANCY LEFT THE SCENE.
HE NEVER LOOKED FOR TROUBLE, THAT'S A FACT YOU CAN ASSUME
BUT NEVERTHELESS WHEN TROUBLE WOULD PRESS
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.
OH THAT CLANCY. OH THAT CLANCY
WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP.
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM
THE NEIGHBORS ALL TURNED OUT FOR KATE O'GRADY'S WEDDING
NIGHT.
MACDOUGAL SAID, "LET'S HAVE SOME FUN, I THINK I'LL START
A FIGHT!"
HE WRECKED THE HALL, THEN KISSED THE BRIDE
AND PULVERIZED THE GROOM.
THEN QUICK AS A WINK, BEFORE YOU COULD THINK
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.
OH THAT CLANCY, OH THAT CLANCY
WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP,
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM,
OH THAT CLANCY, OH THAT CLANCY
WHENEVER THEY GOT HIS IRISH UP
CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
(SURE 'T WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
YOU EVER DID SEE WHEN CLANCY LOWERED THE BOOM.)

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0020497

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

PETER: Where's the candy machine ... Oh, here it is ... Now let's see ... They've got Hersheys...Circus Peanuts... Life Savers..Babe Ruth ... and Milky Dip....I think I'll get that one....A Milky Dip.

HARRY: Hey, bud...bud.

PETER: Huh?

HARRY: Come here a minute.

PETER: Who, me?

HARRY: Yeah..Whatcha doin'?

PETER: I'm getting some candy.

HARRY: What kind?

PETER: A Milky Dip.

HARRY: Uh-uh.

PETER: What?

HARRY: Get a Hershey Bar.

PETER: Why a Hershey Bar?

HARRY: In this hot weather nothing runs like chocolate.

PETER: ^{Sub} But I want a Milky Dip.

HARRY: Milky Dip hasn't got a chance.

PETER: What are you talking about? Milky Dip not only has chocolate on the outside, but it has cream in the center.

HARRY: That's what'll give you the trouble.

PETER: What?

HARRY: Cream is hard to handle unless you whip it.

PETER: Gee, I never thought of that. You really think I should get a Hershey Bar?

DH

ATX01 0020498

HARRY: Can't miss...Look at the last performance.

PETER: Last performance?

HARRY: Yeah. Comin' out of the machine, Hershey was boxed in by Life Saver, but got through the hole.

PETER: Really?

HARRY: And Life Saver was the ~~Life Saver~~ ^{Life Saver}.

PETER: Well, I don't know....I'm still gonna -- Wait a minute, I know what I'll do....I'll get Almond Joy.

HARRY: Okay, it's your dough.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: (WHISPERS) Wasn't he cute, Jack...just like the tout on our show.

JACK: (WHISPERS) Yeah.

BEVERLY: (CALLING) Hurry up, Jack, Dennis has finished his song.

PETER: Okay, Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

BEVERLY: What took you so long, Jack?

PETER: Oh, I ran into that race track tout. ^{How} Now where were we?

BEVERLY: We're supposed to start our sketch.

JACK: Oh, yes....Well, hold it a second..kids, before we start, I want to call Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK OF RECEIVER...FADING TO BUZZ BUZZ)

DH

ATX01 0020499

PATTY: Oh, Mable?

SANDY: What is it, Gertrude?

PATTY: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

PATTY: Hello.

PETER: Hello, Gertrude, will you try to get me Rochester,
please?

PATTY: Just a moment, Blue Eyes.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

PATTY: He wants I should get him Rochester.

SANDY: It's a good thing he talked to you. I'da hung up on hi

PATTY: Why?

SANDY: Jack took me out once and ~~he~~ didn't even kiss me
goodnight I can't understand it....I even brought
my lips up close to him like this.

PATTY: Well, no wonder he didn't kiss you.

SANDY: What?

PATTY: I've seen a better pucker on a closed laundry bag.

(SOUND: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK)

PETER: Operator...operator, get me Rochester.

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK CLICK)

PATTY: Yes, Mr. Benny...I'm ringing for you.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS ON OTHER END.,RECEIVER UP.)

WALTER: Mr. Benny's residence, star of stage, screen, radio,
television, and get your income tax filled out by the
man who knows.

PETER: Never mind that, Rochester.

DH

ATK01 0020500

WALTER: Oh, it's you, Boss.

PETER: Yeah....Did the man from the used car lot come around to buy my car?

WALTER: Yes, sir.

PETER: Well, did you tell him the price was a thousand dollars?

WALTER: Uh huh .. but he told me that the used car market has dropped some in the last few days.

PETER: Oh....what did he offer you?

WALTER: Seven fifty.

PETER: Well, that isn't so bad.

WALTER: You oughta see where the decimal point is.

PETER: Now, Rochester, stop being on his side....You know as well as I do that the car is worth a thousand dollars.

WALTER: OH, BOSS, COME NOW!

PETER: All right, all right....Well, tell the man I'm not selling it anyway, and come down to the studio and pick me up. Goodbye.

WALTER: GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

BEVERLY: Jack, you were on the phone so long, we haven't got time to do the play.

PETER: I don't know...you try to put on a program and something always happens....Play, Bob.

JACK: LEMONADE, GET YOUR LEMONADE IN THE LOBBY.

MARY: Jack!

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

DH

ATX01 0020501

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

DON: Jack will be back in a minute to tell you about his television program which goes on at 7:00 PM tonight over the CBS Television Network .. but first, here's a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette.

DH

ATX01 0020502

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 "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS & Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
FULL CALYPSO Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
VERSION OF IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
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!"

BB

(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)

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

BB

ATX01 0020504

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.

BB

ATX01-0020505

(J.B.N. 15)
PROGRAM #23
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"On Broadway"

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Dec. 1, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
DON WILSON
SPORTSMEN QUARTET
MAHLON MERRICK
MEL BLANC
JUNE EARLE
HERB VIGAN
FRANK NELSON
BENNY RUBIN
DICK RYAN
SARA BERNER
SAM HEARN
JEANETTE EYMANN
ELVIA ALLMAN
HY AVERBACK

BA

ATX01 0020506

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 27, 1955

Opening: 1.36 Closing: 1.32
Total: 3:08

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...transcribed and presented
 by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better!

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE #1 -.21 sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, and I certainly agree
 there's no time like right now to light up a Lucky and
 find out first hand what real, deep-down smoking
 enjoyment is. I mean the enjoyment that comes from
 better taste...because a Lucky tastes better every
 time. And the reasons why are world famous. First of
 all, LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
 Tobacco so fine, so light, so mild, it just naturally
 tastes better. And then, something very important
 happens to Luckies' fine tobacco. "IT'S TOASTED".
 "IT'S TOASTED" is the famous Lucky Strike process that
 brings Luckies' naturally good-tasting tobacco to its
 Peak of flavor, tones it up to make it taste even
 better.

(MORE)

CB

ATX01 0020507

✓
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
LUCKY STRIKE
FEBRUARY 27, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D) cleaner, fresher, smoother. So right now, while the
show gets under way -- or whenever it's light-up
time for you, Be Happy - Go Lucky. Enjoy Lucky
Strike -- the best tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE #5 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

CB

ATX01 0020508

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK HENNY PROGRAM
LUCKY STRIKE
FEBRUARY 27, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 - .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO: Light Up a Lucky
(SPOKEN)
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

CB

ATX01 0020509

(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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THURSDAY EVENING AT THE C.B.S. RADIO STUDIOS. THE JACK BENNY SHOW HAS JUST FINISHED ITS WEEKLY REHEARSAL.

JACK: All right, fellows, that's about it..but before anybody leaves, I want to check some things. Hey, Mahlon?

MAHLON: Yes, Jack?

JACK: I'd like you to rehearse the opening music with the boys.. I'd like the tempo picked up a little.

MAHLON: Okay, I intended to have another orchestra rehearsal anyway.

DENNIS: I want to stay and go over my song once more.

JACK: *Cl* Fine, Dennis...Now Don...

DON: Yes, Jack.

JACK: One little thing. Every time we rehearsed that joke on page twelve, you broke up and laughed through the whole thing.

DON: I know.

JACK: Well Don, you're supposed to play that straight. You're supposed to do it with sincerity. It's not funny when you laugh.

DON: *pick* ~~pick~~, I can't help laughing..it ~~is~~ ^{is} funny.

BA

JACK: Well, let's try it once more, Don... ~~and~~ this time play it
Let's rehearse it once more...
straight. It's on the bottom of page twelve...Go ahead.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: PAGES TURNING IN SCRIPT)

JACK: *Now*, Take it, Don. *Now, don't laugh. Take it.*

DON: (CLEARS THROAT) You know, ever since I was born, my
father wanted me to be a jockey.

JACK: Oh Don, that's silly...Jockeys only weigh about ninety
pounds.

DON: (LAUGHING) Well, that's exactly what I weighed when I
was born. (HE LAUGHS AND BREAKS HIMSELF UP)

JACK: For heaven's sake, ~~Don~~...you laughed all the way through
it again.

DON: Well, *Jack* I just can't help it, ~~Jack~~. It's so ridiculous.

JACK: Ridiculous?

DON: (STRAIGHT) Yeah, when I was born, I weighed a hundred
and twenty pounds.

JACK: How do you like that..and I paid a writer nine dollars
for that joke.... Now fellows, we'll have another script
rehearsal tomorrow morning at ten o'clock.

MAHLON: Can't you make it later, Jack... I've got to get a
haircut tomorrow morning.

JACK: Well----

DENNIS *Oh*, Mr. Benny....I have to get a haircut, too.

DON: *Hey*, That's a coincidence..I have to get a haircut, too.

BA

JACK: ...Humm...if there's anything I can't stand, it's a bunch of showoffs...Look, fellows, we've scheduled the rehearsal for tomorrow morning.... why do you have to waste time like that?

DON: *Oh*, It's not a waste of time, Jack... Don't you get haircuts when your hair gets too long?

DENNIS: He has Rochester wash it and it shrinks.

JACK: ~~.....~~..Dennis, I suppose you thought that was funny.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

DON: ~~.....~~ I agree with him, Jack.

JACK: Oh, you ~~.....~~ agree with him, eh, Don?

DON: Yeah, ..according to the greatest authorities on comedy, the basic ingredient of all humor is the blunt insult.

JACK: Really, Don?

DON: Yes.

JACK: Well, shut up, Blubber Bucket, is that blunt enough?.... Now let's see.....Dennis, if you're ready to rehearse your song now, I'd like to hear it.

DENNIS: *Ok*, My throat is ^{a little} dry.. ^{I think I'll} ~~.....~~ get a coke first.

JACK: Oh..Well, Mahlon, why don't you let the boys in the band take a little break.

MAHLON: Yeah..(UP) Okay fellows, take five.

(SOUND: LOTS OF GULPING AND GURGLING.)

JACK: (YELLS) HE MEANT FIVE MINUTES, NOT DRINKS....What a bunch of guys.

BA

MAHLON: Go ahead, fellows..take a five minute break...

(SOUND: RUSHING OF FEET..JANGLING OF INSTRUMENTS,
ETC.)

DON: *(Ch)* Say Mahlon, I've noticed something...Every time the boys
in the band leave, Sammy the drummer stays behind. *Now* Why
doesn't he go with them?

MAHLON: Well, Sammy doesn't like to mix with them...They're always
insulting him and saying mean things about him.

JACK: *Say* I've noticed that, too..why doesn't he stick up for
himself and answer them back?

MAHLON: Oh, he's afraid to.

JACK: Afraid to? But Sammy's the biggest guy in the band...Is
he a coward?

MAHLON: Not exactly, but you see, he's been down on his hands and
knees so long he thinks everybody is ten feet tall.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ Gee. ~~that~~ he must think the piano is the Golden Gate
Bridge...Well, that's about all...I'm going to my dressing
room. Mahlon, let me know about those new arrangements
~~as~~ soon as they're ready, *will you?*

MAHLON: Okay Jack, I'll call you. ~~as soon as they're ready...~~
What's your number at home again?

JACK: Crestview 4-0555.

MAHLON: (AS THOUGH WRITING IT DOWN) Crestview..4..0..5..5..5.

JACK: That's right..see you *(fellows)* tomorrow.

DENNIS: *(Ch)* I'll walk with you, Mr. Benny.. I'm going out in the hall
for a drink.

BA

JACK: Okay, kid.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS..
FADE AND SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee, the studios sure look nice and bright since they replastered and painted the walls.

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: It must have cost a lot of money.

DENNIS: It cost four thousand, six hundred and twenty ^{nine} ~~three~~ dollars and ninety-two cents.

JACK: Dennis..how did you know the exact amount?

DENNIS: My mother was foremen on the job.

JACK: Hmmm...Well, here's the coke machine...You said you wanted to get one,

DENNIS: Oh yeah.

(SOUND: JINGLING OF COINS)

Well, let's see.
DENNIS: Oh, here's a dime.

(SOUND: COIN IN SLOT)

DENNIS: Hmm... Nothing came out.

(SOUND: BEATING ON MACHINE)

JACK: Dennis, don't beat on the machine like that, you'll break it.

DENNIS: But I put my dime in and nothing came out.

JACK: Well, that's the chance you take.

DENNIS: *By* Wait a minute...here's a sticker on the machine...It says
"For repairs, call Crestview 4-0555."

JACK: See you later, Dennis.

DENNIS: *By* Wait a minute, that's your number.

RM

JACK: Don't be such a bad loser...I'm going to my dressing room.

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

JACK: Well, I'll get all my things out of ^{out of my dressing room} here ~~and then~~ I'll -- *Yes, miss*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JENNY: Say, what are you doing here?

JACK: Miss, this happens to be my dressing room.

JENNY: Mister, either you can't read, or you ought to get your glasses fixed.

JACK: It's my dressing room, it's been converted.

JENNY: Oh, I'm sorry.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, I guess I'll get my things together ~~and~~ -- ~~oh~~, first I better call the parking lot and have them push my car around to the front... ~~it~~ takes longer now that a wheel is missing.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP .. THREE DIALS)

JACK: Hello, this is Mr. Benny. Will you please bring my car around to the front?...Thank you.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Well, I may as well go now.

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

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) ^{Think she} ~~Well, I might as well~~ go ^{to} in the studio and say goodbye to the gang.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: So long fellows.

DENNIS *Oh*, Mr. Benny..I thought you ~~had~~ gone home.

JACK: I'm just leaving...can I drop you at your house?

RM

DENNIS: No, I'm going to the doctor across the street...I'm getting a treatment for water on my knee.

DON: *Oh*, Gee, Dennis, I didn't know you had water on the knee.

DENNIS: Well, I have, and it bothers me a lot...especially at night.

JACK: At night?

DENNIS: Yeah, the splashing keeps me awake.

JACK: Hmmm...

DENNIS: It's at its worst about three in the morning.

DON: Why?

DENNIS: That's when the tide comes in.

JACK: *You see, Don,* you shouldn't have asked him.. I was going to ignore the silly kid..He's making the whole thing up..He hasn't got water on the knee ~~and~~ probably never had it.

DENNIS *Oh*, Yes, I have...I got it when my mother dropped me when she was giving me a bath.

JACK: When you were a baby?

DENNIS: No, last week.

JACK: Now cut that out..I'm leaving now..and Mehlon, don't forget to call me about those arrangements...So long, fellows.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CHINAWARE AND SILVERWARE TINKLING.)

ROCH: HOW'D YOU ENJOY YOUR DINNER, MR. BENNY?

JACK: *Oh*, It was very good, Rochester. Now I'll have my coffee.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

(SOUND: CUP ON SAUCER)

ROCH: WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE COGNAC IN YOUR COFFEE?

RM

JACK: I would..but..have we got any cognac?

ROCH: YEAH, I SQUEEZED OUT THAT FRUIT CAKE YOU GOT FOR CHRISTMAS

Im glad you squeezed that joke out finally. I squeezed out that thought you weren't going to get it these past a

JACK: Oh, good, good. That's my next line. Good, good. I'm in it.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, AFTER I FINISH THE DISHES, CAN I HAVE THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF?

JACK: I guess so..have you got a date?

ROCH: YEAHHHHH...I'M GOING OVER TO MY GIRL FRIEND SUSIE'S HOUSE TO WATCH TELEVISION...IT'S SO NICE AND COZY THERE...JUST THE TWO OF US ON THE SOFA..WITH THE LIGHTS DIMMED DOWN.

JACK: Sey, this will be the third time this week you've been there..have there been any good shows on television this week?

ROCH: WHO KNOWS, HER SET'S BROKEN.

JACK: ~~Hehehe~~..Okey, Rochester, you can have the night off..but be sure you're home at a reasonable hour.

ROCH: YOUR REASONABLE OR MY REASONABLE?

JACK: Never mind..just don't be so late that --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: WANT ME TO ANSWER THE PHONE, BOSS?

JACK: No, you finish the dishes, I'll get it in the den.

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

JACK: Hmm...His reasonable or my reasonable.. ~~Never~~ Never forget last New Years Eve..He went out ~~and~~ he didn't come in till five..February five...I'm going to have a long talk with him ~~because~~...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

RM

JACK: Hello.

MAHLON: Hi Jack, this is Mahlon Merrick.

JACK: Oh, have you got those musical arrangements I asked for?

MAHLON: Well, I was bringing them over with Remley, but he had to stop off here at a gas station to get filled up.

JACK: Oh, well when...wait a minute...I didn't know Frankie had a car.

MAHLON: He hasn't, he'll drink anything.

JACK: Oh.

MAHLON: I'll try and get them over soon.

JACK: Okay, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee...Imagine Frankie getting high on gasoline...I hope it's Mobilgas, then everybody can "Look for the sign of the Flying Red Guitar Player"....Gosh, what a bunch of guys those musicians are...I don't know why I keep them around... they can't play music...a lot of times they don't even bother showing up for the program...~~and~~ When they do show up, the condition they're in...Now that I think of it, those fellows haven't sobered up once in all the years they've been with me...If they ever start cashing their checks, I'm gonna fire them...I don't know why I -- Sayyyy, what's this message here ~~in~~ the phone...it's in Rochester's handwriting...

(SLOWLY, AS THOUGH READING).....Darryl...Zanuck...called...

(UP) OH ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER....WHAT'S THIS MESSAGE ABOUT MR. ZANUCK CALLING?

BB

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ROCH: (OFF) OH YES, MR. BENNY...HE PHONED THIS AFTERNOON FROM
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX STUDIOS.

JACK: What did he want, what did he want, what, what, what, *what?*

ROCH: YOU OWE HIM A DIME, THEIR COKE MACHINE IS OUT OF ORDER.

JACK: Oh...well, you know what to do...send him the questionnaire
he has to fill out, and the six form letters he has to sign
in front of a notary public.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, NOBODY WILL GO THROUGH ALL THAT JUST TO GET A
DIME BACK.

JACK: (HAPPY) I know...(HUMS LITTLE OF LOVE IN BLOOM)

ROCH: ARE YOU GOING OUT TO A MOVIE TONIGHT, MR. BENNY?

JACK: No, there's some good wrestling on television tonight, and
I want to watch it...Hey, look what time it is...I better
turn the set on or I'll miss the main event.

(SOUND: CLICK OF TELEVISION SET GOING ON)

ROCH: WELL, WHILE YOU'RE WATCHING T.V., I'LL GO BACK IN THE
KITCHEN AND FINISH MY WORK.

JACK: Okay, Rochester, ...while the set's warming up, I think I'll
get comfortable ^{here} in this ~~any~~ chair.

(SOUND: SITTING IN CHAIR)

JACK: Hey, what's this picture coming on...those four fellows
look like the Sportsmen Quartet.

HY: Now for their next number, the Sportsmen Quartet will
sing "No Business Like Show Business" from the 20th Century
Fox picture of the same name.

BB

QUART: THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, THE GROCER, THE CLERK
 KNOW WE'RE THE SPORTSMEN ON THE RADIO
 WE'VE MUTTERED, WE'VE STUTTERED, AND WE'VE GONE BERSERK
 TO MAKE OUR LUCKY STRIKE COMMERCIALS GO
 WHAT WE DO TO A SONG IS REALLY SAD
 WHAT OTHER BUSINESS PAYS YOU TO BE BAD
 TILL THE END OF TIME
 WE'LL BE HAUNTED BY THIS RHYME
 SMOKE A LUCKY FROM KENTUCKY, THEY'RE JUST DUCKY
 YES AND THEY'RE ALL MINE

BILL: THEN I SANG PALLIACCI
 AND SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE SHOT ME

QUART: BUT NO, OUR SPONSOR THOUGHT THAT IT WAS FINE
 WE MENTIONED LUCKY STRIKES IN EVERY LINE
 THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS
 LIKE NO BUSINESS WE KNOW
 EVERYTHING ABOUT IT IS APPEALING
 EVERYTHING THE TRAFFIC WILL ALLOW
 AS FOR MONEY WE GET HARDLY ANY
 WE'VE WORKED FOR BENNY
 RIGHT UP TILL NOW
 THERE'S NO TROUBLE LIKE OUR TROUBLE
 WHEN WE TRY TO COLLECT
 WE'D BE BETTER OFF IF WE WERE HOME IN BED
 BUT NO, NOT US, IT'S ^{TV} ~~NEWS~~ INSTEAD
~~HERE'S~~ ^{where} BENNY ~~THE~~
~~NEWS~~ ^{never hears} THE A WORD WE'VE SAID
 LET'S GO ON WITH THE SHOW.

(MORE)

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RD

QUART:
(CONT'D)

THERE'S NO CIGARETTE
NONE YOU CAN GET
LIKE LUCKIES WE KNOW
LUCKIES ARE THE SMOKE THAT YOU WILL TREASURE
LUCKIES HAVE THAT BETTER TASTE YOU LIKE
THERE'S NO WAY WE KNOW TO REALLY MEASURE
THE SMOKING PLEASURE IN LUCKY STRIKE
THEY'RE CLEAN THROUGH AND THROUGH
MUCH FRESHER, TOO.
SO SMOOTH AS YOU KNOW
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO YOU'LL AGREE
A TOASTED CIGARETTE, THEY'RE FOR ME
NOW'S THE TIME TO LIGHT AN LSMFT
YOU'LL LIKE LUCKIES WE KNOW
YES YOU'LL LIKE LUCKIES WE KNOW

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Gee*, That was real good.

HY: This concludes another program of music sponsored by the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, Texas...For reservations call the clerk right at the hotel. The number is Houston - 6-9038576489410273695.

JACK: Gee, everything's ^{is} big down in Texas...what a number.

HY: *Oh*, Correction, please...I've just been notified that for reservations at the Shamrock Hotel, you're to call the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas...The Flamingo has just won the Shamrock.

JACK: ~~That's~~ that's silly.....I better get the channel the wrestling matches are on.

(SOUND: CLICK OR TWO OF TELEVISION DIAL)

NELSON: WELLLLLLLLL, THAT WAS AN EXCITING BOUT.

JACK: That's it, that's it.

NELSON: NOW BEFORE WE TELECAST THE MAIN EVENT, HERE'S A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR, THE FRIENDLY CREDIT CLOTHING STORE.

RUBIN: YES, MEN, IF YOU NEED SLACKS, SUITS, SPORT JACKETS, OR ANY OTHER WEARING APPAREL, GET THEM AT THE FRIENDLY CREDIT CLOTHING STORE...NO MONEY DOWN, JUST PAY A DOLLAR A WEEK.... AND REMEMBER, THESE CLOTHES ARE GUARANTEED, NOT FOR MONTHS, NOT FOR YEARS, BUT FOR LIFE...THEY HAVE TO BE BECAUSE THAT'S HOW LONG YOU'LL BE PAYING.

JACK: Hmmmm.

RUBIN: NOW BACK TO THE WRESTLING MATCHES.

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And now we're ready for the main event
 NELSON: ~~HERE WE ARE BACK ON THE SIDE, AND~~ BOTH WRESTLERS ARE NOW
 IN THE RING. ~~FOR THE MAIN EVENT.~~ THE CONTESTANTS ARE LORD
 FEATHERSTONE, AND PROFESSOR LAMONT WHO IS KNOWN AS THE
 ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR.

JACK: Gosh, what big fellows they are.

NELSON: THE REFEREE HAS SUMMONED THE MEN TO THE CENTER OF THE
 RING...FEATHERSTONE HAS TAKEN OFF HIS ROBE AND HIS TRUNKS
 ARE BLACK WITH A WHITE STRIPE...NOW THE PROFESSOR IS
 TAKING OFF HIS ROBE AND HIS TRUNKS ARE---WELLLLLLL!!
 HE REALLY IS ABSENT MINDED.

JACK: *He's the most absent-minded wrestler I've*
~~That's right...He's the most absent-minded wrestler I've~~
~~ever seen...He never can remember what his partners write~~
~~for him....~~ Oh, the match is about to start...this should
 be good.

(SOUND: BELL CLANGS)

NELSON: THERE'S THE BELL...THE MEN ADVANCE TO THE CENTER OF THE
 RING AND START CIRCLING AROUND EACH OTHER AS THEY --

(SOUND: AS NELSON IS SAYING THIS, ON HIS LAST WORD
 OR TWO WE HEAR A BUZZ OF SHORT CIRCUIT)

JACK: What happened to the picture...the set went off...I wonder
 what's wrong with it...OH ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

ROCH: (COMING IN) YES BOSS.

JACK: I was watching television ~~was~~ all of a sudden the set went
 off.

ROCH: MAYBE YOU MADE A SHORT CIRCUIT WHEN YOU DROPPED IN THE
 COIN.

BB

JACK: That set's in the guest room...It's probably just a loose wire...You try and fix it, I'm going to get the wrestling matches on radio.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...CLICK)

JACK: Gee, I don't even know what ^{radio} station it's on on ~~radio~~...
Let's see..

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

ELVIA: PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME, JOE, PLEASE, PLEASE...I'VE BEEN A GOOD WIFE TO YOU ALTHOUGH I'LL ADMIT THAT I'VE NAGGED A LITTLE, NEVER HAD YOUR DINNER READY WHEN YOU CAME HOME AT NIGHT, NEVER MADE THE BEDS IN THE MORNING, AND LET THE FURNITURE STAY DUSTY --

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

JACK: That's not it ... that's a soap opera....Maybe it's around here.

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES ...CHEER OF CROWD)

JACK: That's it, that's it.

MEL: (EXCITED) AND DUSTY RHODES HAS JUST HIT A HOME RUN INTO THE RIGHT FIELD STANDS AND THE GIANTS DEFEAT CLEVELAND IN THE FIRST GAME OF THE WORLD SERIES.

HERB: THIS PROGRAM WAS TRANSCRIBED EARLIER FOR RELEASE AT THIS MORE CONVENIENT TIME.

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes. Where are those wrestling matches.

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

CB

ATX01 0020524

(PIANO INTRO)

SARA: (SINGS) WE PLAYED THE GAME
OF STAY AWAY
BUT IT COST MORE THAN I COULD PAY
WITHOUT YOU I CAN'T FIND MY WAY
I SURRENDER, DEAR.

JACK: Boy, would she stump the experts on What's My Line.
(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

JACK: Rochester, how are you coming along with the television
set? I can't get the program on radio.

ROCH: WELL, I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE SET...I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING
WRONG.

JACK: But it just went off suddenly... Say, maybe the wire has
been kicked loose where it's plugged in.

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO GO OVER TO THE COLMAN'S HOUSE AND SEE?

JACK: Look, never mind the jokes...just see if you can fix the
set....I'll try the radio again.

(SOUND: STATIC SQUEALS)

ELVIA: AND SOMETIMES I FORGET TO SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR SHIRT, AND
LEAVE A SINKFUL OF DIRTY DISHES, SPEND TOO MUCH MONEY ON
CLOTHES, NEGLECT THE CHILDREN, BURN YOUR TOAST IN THE
MORNING....

JACK: Hmm.

(SOUND: SQUEAL AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Maybe it's lower on the dial *here*

(SOUND: SQUEAKS AND WHISTLES)

JENNY: AND NOW, FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE LADIES AUXILIARY, IT *is* MY
PLEASURE TO PRESENT OUR GUEST OF HONOR.

(APPLAUSE)

CB

Jack:
MEL:

What is this?

LADIES IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE WITH YOU TODAY. AND AS A MEMBER OF THE LOCAL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO DEFEND OUR FAIR COMMUNITY AGAINST THESE DISPARAGING REMARKS ABOUT THE SMOG CONDITIONS IN THE LOS ANGELES AREA. THEY SAY THAT SMOG IS A MENACE, BUT I AM PROUD TO SAY THAT I WAS BORN IN THIS COMMUNITY AND HAVE LIVED HERE FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS. (STARTING WITH THE NEXT SENTENCE MEL STARTS TO SNIFFLE AND SNUFFLE, WORKING INTO COUGHS AND CHOKING AS HE GOES ALONG TILL HE IS WHEEZING AND CHOKING TO DEATH)

I'LL ADMIT WE DO HAVE A VERY MINOR PROBLEM, BUT THEY WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THAT THERE HANGS OVER THE CITY A THICK, SHROUD-LIKE FALL OF FUMES WHICH TAINT THE ATMOSPHERE, AND RESTRICT VISIBILITY. NOW THIS IS A RIDICULOUS UNTRUTH WHICH I DENY BECAUSE EVERY DAY I --- I --- (at this point, he has a long spasm and after choking to death yells)

CLOSE THAT WINDOW AND TURN ON THE AIR CONDITIONING!

JACK:

Gee, I get everything but what I want to listen to. *Where are the weather matches?*
(SOUND: STATIC & WHISTLES)

(PIANO INTRO)

SARA:

(SINGS) I MAY SEEM PROUD
I MAY ACT GAY

Jack: Aw, for heaven's ---

IT'S JUST A POSE, I'M NOT THAT WAY

Jack: I don't want that!

(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

JACK:

~~Her~~ *Her* the smog doesn't hurt at all. *Why can't I get the weather matches here?*
(SOUND: STATIC WHISTLES)

CB

RYAN: (SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR) (DRAMATICALLY) FRIENDS, ROMANS,
COUNTRYMEN, LEND ME YOUR EARS. THE EVIL THAT MEN DO LIVES
AFTER THEM. THE GOOD IS ~~not~~ ^{not} INFERRED WITH THEIR BONES.
SO LET IT BE WITH CAESAR.

HERB: THANK YOU, MARC ANTHONY.

JACK: What?

HERB: THIS NEWS PROGRAM WAS TRANSCRIBED EARLIER FOR RELEASE AT
THIS MORE CONVENIENT TIME.

JACK: *Waa* This I don't understand at all.

HERB: WE'LL BURY CAESAR IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST A WORD FROM
OUR SPONSOR.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ For heaven's sakes...Rochester, can't you get that
television set fixed?

ROCH: I'M FIXING IT. I'M FIXING IT.

JACK: What's wrong with this radio set here? *I want to get the*
wrestling matches.
(SOUND: STATIC & WHISTLES)

ELVIA: SOMETIMES I'D STAY OUT TOO ^{Jack: Oh, for heavens--} LATE AT NIGHT, AND I ALWAYS
HAVE ACCIDENTS WHILE DRIVING YOUR CAR, AND I LOSE THE RENT
MONEY PLAYING ^{Jack: Oh,} CANASTA AND ^{and} I'LL ADMIT THAT I'VE LET MYSELF
BECOME ~~fat and~~ SLOPPY, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME,
ARE YOU, JOE?

HEARN: YES.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: ~~Oh~~ ^{Jack} Joe had a big part...Why can't I get the wrestling
matches.

(SOUND: STATIC & WHISTLES)

NELSON: OOOOOOOOOOOH, HAS THIS BEEN EXCITING.

CB

JACK: I've got it, I've got it.

NELSON: YES, THIS HAS BEEN THE MOST EXCITING WRESTLING MATCH WE'VE
EVER SEEN...YOU'VE JUST HEARD A STATEMENT FROM THE WINNER
OF THE MATCH, AND NOW COMING UP TO OUR MICROPHONE FOR AN
INTERVIEW IS THE LOSER...^{Now,} YOU LOST THE MATCH WHEN THE
REFEREE GAVE YOU THE SUBMISSION SIGNAL...NOW CAN YOU TELL
US WHY YOU GAVE UP?

(PIANO INTRO)

SARA: (SINGS) HE BROKE MY ARM
TORE OUT MY HAIR
AND IT WAS MORE
THAN I COULD BEAR
WHEN HE STOMPED ^{on} MY NECK, I HAD TO SAY..
I SURRENDER DEAR.

JACK: Well, this is the craziest thing I ^{the} ever heard...I'm going
to a movie. ~~Goodnight!~~

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

CB

ATX01 0020528

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Brotherhood Week sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, seven days set aside to remind us of our responsibility to our neighbors every week of the year! It's a reminder that this country was built by people of every race, every creed and every color. That mixture has been our strength. Let's keep America strong by living Brotherhood -- let's keep it "One Nation, Under God."

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, friends, but first, I'd like to say something important to you cigarette smokers.

CB

ATX01 0020529

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 27, 1955

Opening: 1.36 Closing: 1.32
Total: 3.08

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but right now,
here's a suggestion for you.

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE #1 - .21 sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light Up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

WILSON: That's a grand idea for a pleasant Sunday evening at
home -- or any time at all when you want to enjoy a
really great cigarette -- just lean back and light up
a Lucky. Because every Lucky you light is sure to
give you better taste. And here's why: First,
Luckies are made of fine tobacco. Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco. Light, mild, naturally good-tasting
tobacco. And then, that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S
TOASTED" is the famous Lucky Strike process that
tones up Luckies' fine tobacco, brings it to its peak
of flavor, makes it taste even better. Cleaner,
fresher, smoother. Result: Lucky Strike, the best
tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

CB

(MORE)

ATX01 0020530

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: So right now, friends, or anytime at all when it's
(CONT'D) light-up time for you -- Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make
your cigarette - better tasting Lucky Strike!

~~LIGHT UP TIME~~

~~JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)~~

~~SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike~~

~~GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)~~

~~SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky~~

~~SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time~~

CB

ATX01 0020531

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
FEBRUARY 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUMS GLISS)
SOLO: Light up a Lucky
(SPOKEN)
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

CB

ATX01 0020532

(TAG)

ROCH: GEE, BOSS, IT'S A SHAME THE WRESTLING MATCHES WERE OVER BEFORE I COULD GET THE TELEVISION SET FIXED.

JACK: Yeah... Well, gosh, it's too early to go to bed... I know what I'll do. There's an all night super-market down on the corner and I'll go down there now and buy our Thanksgiving turkey.

ROCH: THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, BOSS.

HERB: This program was transcribed earlier for release at this more convenient time.

JACK: *Jack* Yeah yesh..... goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

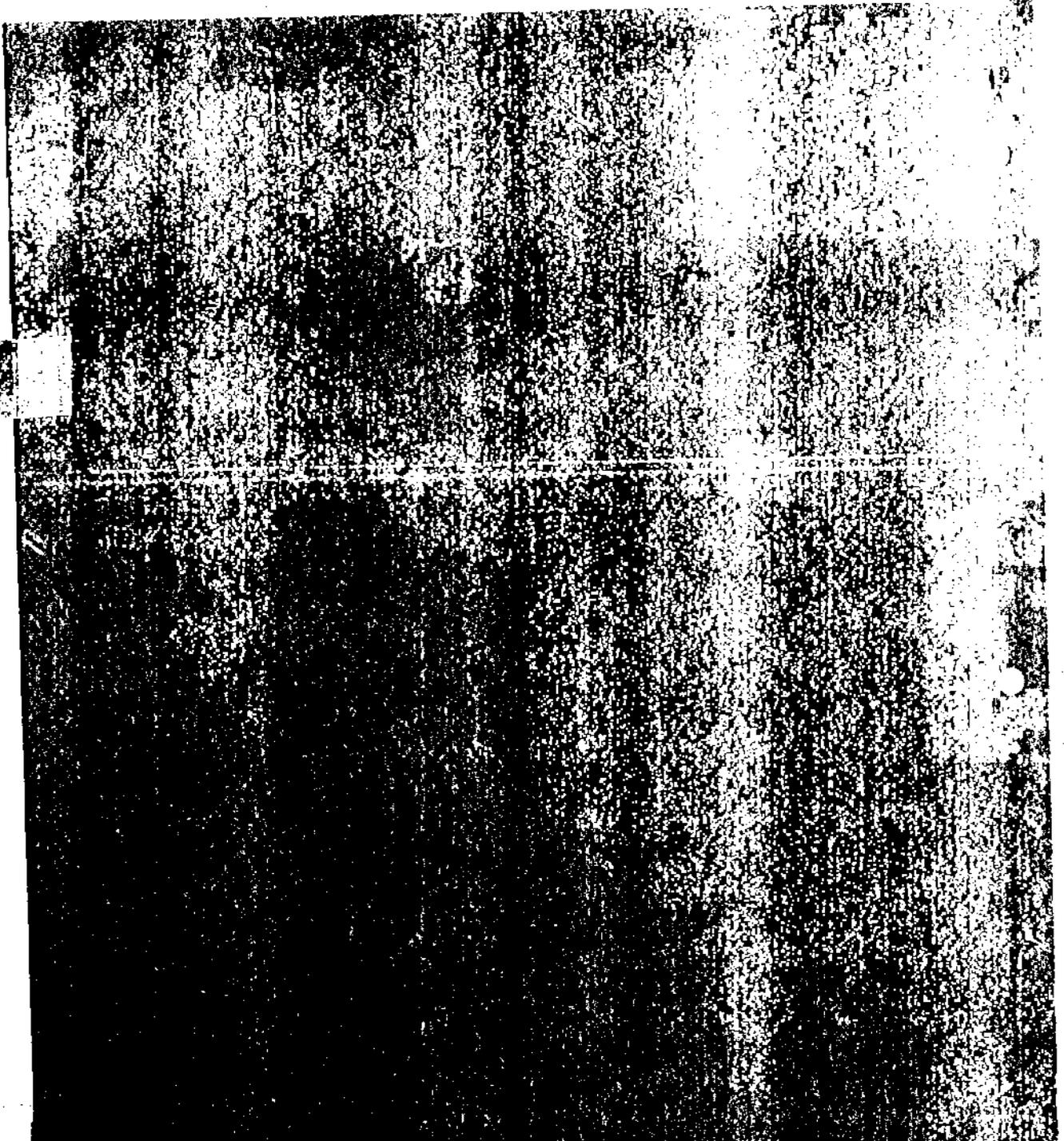
DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

DY

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



(J.B.N. 16
Program #24
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"As Broadcast"

SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Dec. 2, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
DON WILSON
SPORTSMEN QUARTET
MAHLON MERRICK
MEL BLANC
JUNE EARLE
WILL WRIGHT
HY AVERBACK
GUEST: DANNY KAYE

SV

ATX01 0020536

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 6, 1955

Opening: .59 Closing: 1.54

Total: 2.53

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and
presented by Lucky Strike the cigarette that
tastes better!

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, and you know, the right
time for a Lucky is anytime you feel like enjoying
a really great cigarette. The right place? Well,
that's any place you happen to be at the time. It's
true, you can depend on a Lucky to give you better
taste everytime it's light-up time. That's because
of the truly fine tobacco that goes into every
Lucky Strike cigarette. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco ... tobacco that's light and
mild and good-tasting. And then that fine tobacco
is toasted. Yes, before that naturally good-tasting
tobacco is made into Lucky Strike cigarettes, IT'S
TOASTED to taste even better. (MORE)

RT

ATX01 0020537

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 6, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D) Cleaner, fresher, smoother! So, when you buy your
next pack or carton of cigarettes, remember:
Luckies taste better ... and Be Happy - Go Lucky!

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE #3 - .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)
SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

OPTIONAL

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE #2 - .20 sec.
GROUP: Light up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

RT

ATX01 0020538

(FIRST ROUTINE) (MENTION T.V. SHOW)

(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 MEANWHILE LET'S GO BACK TO YESTERDAY'S RADIO REHEARSAL HERE AT CBS. AS WE LOOK IN ON THE REHEARSAL STUDIO, JACK HASN'T ARRIVED YET, AND THE PRODUCER, HILLIARD MARKS, IS LISTENING TO THE ORCHESTRA.

ORCH: (DOES A COUPLE BARS OF ANY LOUD TUNE)

HY: *All right, hold it.* Hold it, Mahlon, hold it, *hold it.*

MAHLON: All right fellshs, *cut, cut, cut!*

(ORCHESTRA STOPS)

MAHLON: Anything wrong, Hilliard?

HY: Yeah Mahlon..that's the third time you've gone through that number and I still think someone should be playing tenor sax.

MAHLON: So do I, but we can't work Bridwell out of his streightjacket.

HY: Well, he should have thought of that before he went over the wall...what a character.

MAHLON: Well, it's your own fault that Bridwell's in that streightjacket.

HY: Look, I only accused him of stealing my stop watch - claiming insenity was his own idea...Now Mahlon, tell the boys to be quiet, I'm gonna have the cast read through the script..(UP) COME ON EVERYONE..MARY, DON, DENNIS..GET YOUR SCRIPTS.

MARY: I got mine.
 DON: Me, too.
 DENNIS: Has anyone seen my script?
 HY: Did you have your name on it?
 DENNIS: No, but you can't miss it, it's shaped like a paper hat.
 HY: Well, take another script..now pay attention everyone, let's have a good reading.

DENNIS: Boy, is this a waste of time.

HY: What do you mean?

DENNIS: *Well,* What's the sense of rehearsing the script now..the most important person isn't ^{even} here.

MARY: *You know,* Dennis is right...~~sort~~ sort of silly to go ahead without Jack.

DENNIS: *Oh,* I was talking about the sound men.

DON: Now wait a minute, ^{wait a minute} Dennis. You shouldn't say that. Jack is the most important person on the show. He's the star and he's very talented.

DENNIS: Oh yeah, take "Now cut that out" away from him and what have you got.

DON: Well there's ..well uh --

DENNIS: Go on, what have you got?

DON: Well...I don't know..there's --

DENNIS: No fair countin "HMM."

DON: I may be old fashioned but I don't think it's right for any of us to talk in this disrespectful fashion about our boss.

(SOUND: CHAIR SCRAPING)

SV

MARY: Dennis, why'd you move over next to me.

DENNIS: I don't want to have anything to do with that big fat
yes men.

HY: Easy kids, easy...I wonder what's keeping Jack...it's
not like him to be late for rehearsal.

MARY: Oh, he'll show up in a minute..And fellshs, wait'll
you see him...Oh Brother!

DON: Why, what's the matter, Mary?

MARY: Well, Warner Brothers called him up and told him they
went to make a big feature picture called "The Life
of Jack Benny."

HY: & DEN: THE LIFE OF JACK BENNY?

MARY: Yeah..And you know, fellshs, since Jack found out
about it, he's absolutely unbeseeble..I never saw
such conceit in all my life.

DON: Well, with all his talent, he's got a right to.....
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: *Oh*, Oh, here he comes now.

JACK: (VERY RITZY) Well...Hello Everybody...Hello Donald.

DON: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Hello, Dennis, my lad.

DENNIS: Hello.

JACK: Mahlon.

MAHLON: Hello.

JACK: How do you do, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Take off that monocle.

JACK: That's not a monocle..I broke my bifocals and
managed to save one 'ocel...Here Donald, take my
gloves and cane...Thank-Kyew...There.

SV

ATK01 0020541

DENNIS: Gloves and cane..oh boy, are you snooty!

MARY: Dennis, the gloves are snooty..the cane is necessary.

JACK: Go ahead, go ahead, have your little fun..but you'll all apologize when you know what's happened to me.

DENNIS: *Oh*, We know, we know.

DON: *Yes*, Yes, Jack, Mary told us ~~that~~ Warner Brothers ^{are} ~~were~~ going to make a picture about your life.

JACK: Yes sir, the same studio that made the life of Emile Zole, the life of Louis Pasteur, the life of Mark Twain..and now..the life of Jack Benny.

(FANFARE - TWO TRUMPETS)

JACK: ~~NOW CUT THAT OUT!~~

DENNIS: You see, Don, you see..that's all he can say.

JACK: What?

DON: Nothing, nothing. Say Jack, have they given you any idea how they're gonna go about presenting your life.

JACK: Well naturally, it'll be episodic. They're gonna trace my entire career and include everyone that's played a part in it. From the shopkeeper who sold me my first violin and the kindly old vaudevillian who gave me the idea of telling jokes on a stage..down through all those whose advice and encouragement have kept me before the public.

DENNIS: *See*, I hope they change the names to protect the innocent.

JACK: *Oh, Dennis* You're just jealous, ~~Dennis~~.

DENNIS: Why should I be jealous? Someday they ~~will~~ ^{may... they might} make my life story.

JACK: They already did..it was called "Idiot's Delight"...
~~see be quiet:~~

SV

MAHLON: Jack, I still don't get it.
 JACK: You don't get what, Mehlon.
 MAHLON: Well, I've seen lots of these biographical films.. and there's always some action, excitement..adventure.
 JACK: Are you kidding..listen Mehlon, you may not believe this, but my life has been one adventure after another..it started when I ran away from home to face the world all by myself.
 DON: How old were you?
 MARY: Thirty-two.
 JACK: I was twenty-two...I remember because I didn't want to leave until I finished high school...(Thirty-two)..

Well, kids, I ~~am~~ have to leave you now..Rochester is waiting in the car to take me to Warner Brothers.

HY: *Well,* Wait a minute, Jack, we haven't rehearsed the script for tomorrow.

JACK: Well..you can manage without me.

DON: Oh ^{no, no,} ~~no,~~ we need you here ^{Jack}, we can't get along without you.

JACK: *Oh,* That's silly.

DON: No, Jack, you're the one that keeps us on the right path ^{Jack: Oh! Don't} Without your guidance and your feel for comedy we'd be ^{lost} ~~lost~~..we wouldn't know which way to turn.

JACK: Well, Don, it's nice of you to say that.

DON: What else do you expect from a big fat yes man.

JACK: Hmm...well, if you'll all excuse me, I can't keep them waiting at Warner Brothers....Come on Mary, I want you to go with me.

MARY: Okay.

✓
DON: ^{Oh, but,} Jack, before you go, won't you ^{even} ~~at least~~ listen to the Sportsmen.

JACK: Oh, ~~do~~ they have a number prepared?

DON: Yes, they're going to do a novel version of Alexander's Ragtime Band.

JACK: Well, you go ahead and rehearse it, Don. I've got to leave.. Come on, Mary.

DON: But Jack, don't you think you ought to hear the number?

JACK: Look, Don, I'd like to stay for the whole rehearsal. But this picture is very important to me..it's my life story.. You know I've never left you in the middle of a rehearsal before..and believe me, I don't feel right doing it, but how many times does an actor get an opportunity like --

DENNIS: Go already.

JACK: Ham.. If I didn't need this cene I'd break it over his head.. Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

DON: All right, boys, take it.

(COMMERCIAL)

(APPLAUSE)

TB

ATX01 0020544

QUART: COME ON AND HEAR
 COME ON AND HEAR
 ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
 COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR
 IT'S THE BEST BAND IN THE LAND
 THEY CAN PLAY A BUGLE CALL
 LIKE YOU NEVER HEARD BEFORE
 THAT'S JUST THE BESTEST BAND WHAT AM
 HONEY LAMB
 COME ON ALONG, COME ON ALONG
 LET ME TAKE YOU BY THE HAND
 UP TO THE MAN, UP TO THE MAN
 WHO'S THE LEADER OF THE BAND
 AND IF YOU WANT TO HEAR
 THE SWANEE RIVER PLAYED IN RAGTIME
 COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR
 ALEXANDER'S RAG TIME BAND
 COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR
 'BOUT A SMOKE THAT'S REALLY GRAND
 COME ON AND HEAR, COME ON AND HEAR
 IT'S THE BEST BRAND IN THE LAND
 BETTER TASTING LUCKY STRIKE IS THE SMOKE THAT YOU ^{will} LIKE
^{and} JUST TAKE A PUFF YOU'LL ENJOY 'EM SURE ENOUGH.
 THAT'S JUST THE BESTEST BRAND WHAT AM.
 HONEY LAMB

(MORE)

QUART:
(CONT'D)

COME ON ALONG, COME ON ALONG
JOIN THE MILLIONS WHO AGREE
ON LUCKY STRIKE, IT'S LUCKY STRIKE
GIVE ME LSMFT
AND THERE'S A REASON THEY'RE SO PLEASIN'
AS YOU KNOW THEY'RE TOASTED
COME ON ALONG, AND JOIN THE THROG
PUFF A LUCKY STRIKE WITH ME.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: AUTO MOTOR AND HORN)

JACK: Take it easy, Rochester...Watch where you're going.

MARY: Oh Jeck, don't be so nervous.

JACK: I'm not nervous.

ROCH: YOU MUST BE, BOSS...YOU'RE TELLIN' ME TO TAKE IT EASY AND YOU'RE DRIVIN'.

JACK: What?...Wait a minute, Rochester...When we started out you were driving...What happened?

ROCH: REMEMBER THAT BIG BUMP WE HIT BACK THERE?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, WHEN THE PEOPLE PUT US BACK IN THE CAR, THEY PUT US IN WRONG.

JACK: ^{Ch...} Oh...Oh...Oh... well, you take the wheel now.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: And hurry up, I want to get to the studio...Say Mary, I just thought of something..If they're going to make the story of my life, I shouldn't only be acting in it, I should direct it.

MARY: Jack --

JACK: And not only that...Who knows my life better than I do... I should write it too.

MARY: Well, if you do all that, you might as well produce it.

JACK: ^{Yes} Yesh...I can see it now... The Life of Jeck Benny... starring Jack Benny, directed by Jack Benny, written by Jack Benny and produced by Jack Benny.

~~MARY: But now will they look on the screen?~~

~~ROCH: I THINK YOU COULD TE MAKE IT "PRODUCED BY JOHN BENNY."~~

~~JACK: John? Why?~~

TB

ROCH: ~~JUST TO BREAK THE MONOTONY.~~
 JACK: ~~Oh, I don't know... There's nothing wrong with the billing
 .. Gee! the Life of Jack Benny, starring Jack Benny,
directed by Jack Benny and produced by Jack Benny.~~

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: I'll lend you my girdle ~~and~~ you can be your own leading lady.

JACK: ~~He~~ ^{wanted} that ~~to~~ be going too far... Gee, I wonder if Warner Brothers notified the press that I'm doing a picture for 'em.

ROCH: ~~THEY MUST HAVE...IT WAS IN THIS MORNING'S PAPER.~~
 JACK: ~~Really... who ran the story, Jimmy Starr?~~
 ROCH: ~~UH UH.~~
 JACK: ~~Louella Persons?~~
 ROCH: ~~NO, BUT IT WAS RIGHT BELOW HER COLUMN.~~
 JACK: ~~Below?~~
 ROCH: ~~YEAH, IT WAS IN "BELIEVE IT OR NOT".~~
 JACK: ~~What?~~
 ROCH: ~~THEY GAVE IT MORE SPACE THAN THE CAT WITH THREE HEADS.~~
 JACK: ~~Oh, stop making things up.~~

MARY: Jack, there's the Warner Brothers' lot.

JACK: Oh yes...Rochester turn up that driveway.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP FOR A FEW SECONDS)

TB

JACK: Gee, the lot is pretty full...Oh, here's a space right in the middle..park here, Rochester.

ROCH: OKAY

(SOUND: CAR PULLING TO STOP...AS ENGINE DIES, THERE'S A HAIL OF GUN SHOTS...ABOUT EIGHT OR TEN)

MARY: Say, that sounded like gunshots.

JACK: Yeah...they must be making a --

(SOUND: ONE GUNSHOT)

JACK: Cowboy picture.

ROCH: WELL, SOMEBODY BETTER TELL 'EM THIS AIN'T THE STAGECOACH, ~~THE~~ ^{the} LAST ONE WENT THRU THE RADIATOR.

JACK: Say, you're right...It's that parking attendant over there -- HEY MISTER, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF SHOOTING AT US.

MEL: You took the space reserved for Mr. Jack Warner.

JACK: Oh yes...he always was touchy about that...But look, fellah, I'm Jack Benny and I've got an appointment with -

MEL: Jack Benny!

JACK: Yes.

MEL: The one that starred in "The Horn Blows at Midnight".

JACK: That's right, I did that for Warner ^{Brothers} fifteen years ago... did you see it?

MEL: See it, I directed it.

JACK: Well, of course, Herman...I didn't recognize you.. you've gotten thin.

MEL: Yeah, yeah, thin.

JACK: But Herman...I ~~can't~~ ^{can't} understand it. You were doing so well.. how come they've got you out here on the parking lot?

TR

MEL: How come...(BUILDING TO A RAVE) All my life, I wanted to be a director...For years I studied and starved, trying to learn the profession...every little job they put me on I - 2 did with perfection...And finally they noticed me, I became an assistant director...*Jack: Yeah.* I was on my way up...*Jack: Oh,* suddenly I was a director...Everything I did was right... I was turning out hit after hit...I had money, respect, I even won an Oscar, and ~~then~~ YOU came along...YOU AND THAT LOUSY HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT...

Well look,
JACK: Take it easy.

MEL: (HYSTERICALLY) WHY, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME INTO MY LIFE...I USED TO DIRECT PICTURES, NOW I'M DIRECTING TRAFFIC.

JACK: Herman, put down that gun.

MEL: WHAT DO YOU CARE, I'M POINTING IT AT MYSELF! (GOES OFF SOBBING WILDLY)

Gee, he's a...
JACK: Gee...he's a complete wreck...I feel sort of responsible...
Oh, Rochester.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Let Herman park the car and give him a dime tip...Come on, Mary...I don't want to keep Mr. Warner waiting.

MUSIC: (BRIEF TRANSITION INTO)
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN CORRIDOR)

JACK: Here's Jack Warner's office, let's go in, ~~now~~
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JUNE: Yes?

JACK: I have an appointment with Mr. Warner. I'm Jack Benny.

TB

~~JUNE: So the murderer returns to the scene of the crime.~~

~~JACK: Don't be funny. Mr. Warner is expecting us.~~

JUNE: Well, he's in conference, would you mind waiting.

JACK: Not at all...Come on Mary, let's sit down over here...

(HUMS "YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES")

MARY: Say Jack, look at that fellow sitting on the other side of the room...Isn't that Danny Kaye?

JACK: Danny Kaye...Where?

MARY: Reading that newspaper.

JACK: Oh yeah...~~and~~ he used to be such a nice kid.

MARY: Used to be...What did he ever do to you?

JACK: What did he do to me?...Did you see him in ~~"Hans Christian"~~

Anderson, "Knock on Wood" and "White Christmas" *and that preview of his latest picture, "Court Jester"?*

MARY: Yes, and he was ~~just~~ *just great* in all of them...What about it?

JACK: What about it? Who has three hits all in one year. What's he trying to do, show up Humphrey Bogart, ^{and} William Holden and the rest of us?

~~MARY: Oh brother.
JACK: Get the way he sits there reading that newspaper...that nonchalant manner...and look at the expression on his face...loaded with confidence.~~

MARY: You know, Jack, I can't understand it...Every time somebody makes a little progress, you get sore at em.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: You do too...when Lassie got her own television show you were so mad you bit her.

TB

JACK: I bit her, I bit her... I snarled at her once and you make a big thing out of it... Anyway, this is different... I practically gave Danny Kaye his start... Why, I remember the day he came to me for advice ~~and~~ I was fool enough to

MARY: ~~Oh~~ Jack, Danny sees you and he's coming over.

JACK: Oh well, I'll just have to hide my feelings... (HUMS ONE STRAIN OF LOVE IN BLOOM)

KAYE: Hello, Jack. Hello, Mary.

MARY & JACK: Hello, Danny.

(APPLAUSE)

KAYE: How are you, Jack?

JACK: I'm fine, fine... How's your mother, Danny?

KAYE: ~~She's~~ Fine.

JACK: And your father?

KAYE: *Oh*, He's fine too.

JACK: Well, the next time you see them, tell 'em they certainly have a louse for a son.

MARY: Jack!

JACK: Well -

KAYE: *Well* ~~Jack~~, what's the matter, what happened?.... I thought we were friends, *Jack*

JACK: Friends.. a lot you know about friendship... I heard about that rumor you're spreading around that you're the greatest comedian in pictures.

KAYE: But Jack, I didn't spread that rumor... and I'm sorry I'm having such a good year.

JACK: Oh sure, sure.

TB

KAYE: And if it'll make you feel any better, I'm sorry ~~that~~ I ever came to Hollywood.

JACK: I'll bet. I suppose they had to twist your arm to do ~~"Have Gun - Will Travel" and "The Andy Griffith Show"~~, "Knock On Wood", and "White Christmas" *and "The Court Jester."*

KAYE: Well, I'm sorry they were a success and that I was funny in 'em.

JACK: BEING SORRY DOESN'T HELP... YOU MADE THE PICTURES, YOU WERE A HIT, AND THE DAMAGE IS DONE..... ~~It's~~ too late to apologize.

MARY: Oh Danny, don't pay any attention to him.

KAYE: Mary, what's the matter with ~~him~~ ^{him?}

MARY: *Oh* He's jealous of anyone that's a big success.

KAYE: Gosh Jack, I wouldn't hurt you for the world ^{you know that...}...I know how you love show business...I wouldn't do anything to take the bread and margarine out of your mouth.

JACK: Go ahead, go ahead, keep talking...I know what you're thinking.

KAYE: No Jack, you've got me all wrong...I've always been your fan...~~Why~~ I've followed your career for years.

JACK: You've followed ~~my~~...Really?....Well!

KAYE: Sure, Jack, and I could never hope to become as popular as you used to be.

JACK: USED TO BE?

KAYE: (EXCITED AND FAST) I MEAN USED TO WAS...I MEAN (DANNY MIXES WORDS UP ENDING WITH - AS YOU ARE.) *I mean.*

JACK *well*, That's better.

TB

KAYE: Honestly, Jack, you've always been my idol. I think you're the greatest comedian in the world.

JACK:You do?

KAYE: Yeah, I think you're swell.

JACK: Oh...Well, then I'm sorry I acted the way I did, Danny... I ... I think you're pretty swell, too.

KAYE: *Yeah* But you're sweller than I am.

JACK: No, no Danny, ^{no, no} you're the swellest.

KAYE: No, Jack, you're the swellest.

JACK: Well ----

MARY: As soon as the swelling goes down, can I get a word in here?

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, Mary...Danny and I were just complimenting each other... ^{and} say Danny...You know Jack Warner sent for me because he's going to make a picture of my life...And to show you how much I really like you, I'm going to ask them if they can't find something for you to do in my picture.

- I'm going to ask them if they can't

KAYE: Oh gee, that'd be wonderful.

JACK: ^{New Danny} Now Danny, since I'm going to be in the picture, we won't need another comedian, but we will need a musical number..

Do you have anything like that ^{that} you could do?

DANNY: *Yes, yes, I do... I have a kind of an old-fashioned song that you*
~~will, I'll be... How would you like something like this?~~

(DANNY KAYE NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

Jack: Okay. Sure.

TE

WRIGHT: Oh..direct it and write it, eh?

JACK: Yes sir!

WRIGHT: Who's going to supervise it?

JACK: I am.

WRIGHT: Who's going to produce it?

JACK: I am.

WRIGHT: Who's going to finance it?

(LONG PAUSE)

KAYE: (ON CUE) May I have the next dance with you, Miss Livingstone?

JACK: Danny, please.

WRIGHT: Now look Jack, we've been making pictures for a long time and you're not going to tell us how to run our business.

JACK: Well --

WRIGHT: Now get this.. We're going to make a picture called The Life of Jack Benny, and you're not going to direct it.

JACK: I'm not?

WRIGHT: No..And you're not going to write it, supervise it or produce it.

JACK: ...Well....I guess you're right.. I should be satisfied just starring in it.....~~I am going to star in it, as a writer~~

WRIGHT: (SLOWLY) Well Jack....that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

JACK:Mary, ^{give my back} get me a chair...What did you.. want to talk to me about, Mr. Warner?

WRIGHT: Well, we feel that somebody else ought to play the part of Jack Benny.

JACK: Somebody else? ^{Wright Yes.} For heaven's sake, what's the matter with me?

WRIGHT: Well..you've been Jack Benny too long.

JACK: What?

WRIGHT: We feel that we ought to inject some new blood.

MARY: New blood, any blood will help.

JACK: Mary, ~~you~~ keep out of this..Well, look Mr. Warner, if you don't think I'm capable of playing myself in my own picture, who did you have in mind?

WRIGHT: Danny Kaye.

JACK: Danny Kaye!

WRIGHT: Yes, that's why I sent for him.

JACK: You sent ~~for~~...DANNY..DANNY, DON'T JUST SIT THERE.. SAY SOMETHING.

KAYE: (DOES LONG JERK ROUTINE)

JACK: (INTERRUPTS) Wait a minute, WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE....Now Danny ~~Kaye~~, you knew about this all the time.

KAYE: No I didn't, Jack, really I didn't .. This is all a *big* surprise to me.

JACK: Imagine even thinking of making the picture of my life without my being in it.

WRIGHT: *Sh, man* Jack, I didn't say you weren't going to be in it.. I have something very important for you.

JACK: You have?

WRIGHT: Yes..you're going to play the part of your father.

JACK: *Am I going to play my own* ~~my~~ Father?

WRIGHT: Yes..Danny Kaye will be your son...and I think Mary will be excellent in the part of Jack's childhood sweetheart.

KAYE: So do I.

JACK: You keep out of this.

TB

KAYE: Yes, ~~Papa~~ *Papa* (Sings "Oh, My Papa")

JACK: Don't ~~talk~~ *talk* me, you traitor.

WRIGHT: ^{All} All right boys, ^{let's} let's cut ~~out~~ *cut now* this ~~acting~~ *acting*. Now here's a scene I want you to try, Danny..It's where you come in and ask your father for money to buy a violin..You read the father's part, Jack.

JACK: Okay, ~~but~~ *but* I'll never know *why, though*.

WRIGHT: Stop mumbling..Go ahead, Danny..Remember, you're asking your father for money..and you're Jack Benny at the age of nine.

KAYE: *Boy what a tough part...* ~~Papa~~..(CLEARS THROAT) Papa..(DOES JUMBLED BABY TALK)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE..WHEN I WAS NINE YEARS OLD, I COULD TALK!

Kaye: Okay
WRIGHT: Go ahead, Danny..Ask the old man again.

JACK: Hmm.

KAYE: ~~Okay~~..(CLEARS THROAT) (THEN IN JAPANESE DIALECT)
Papa, papa, could I have it four dollars for to buying a violin?

JACK: *Wait* ~~Just~~ a minute ~~there~~..What's the *idea* of doing Japanese?

KAYE: Well, isn't Waukegan in Japan?

JACK: No, it's in Illinois...Jeepers!

WRIGHT: ^{let's} Try ^{it} again, Danny, ^{try it again} Remember, you're a little country boy.

KAYE: Okay.. (AS GOOFY RUBE) Hey paw, paw..duh., Can I have four uh dollars to buy a violin?..Huh, Paw, huh?

JACK: *Oh* Now stop it, ~~stop~~ *look* it..What do you think I was when I was a kid..a moron?

MARY: And besides, he outgrew it.

JACK: Yes..heavens to Betsy!

TB

WRIGHT: ^{Now} Denny, you better try it as a city boy.

KAYE: ^{Wright: Yeah.} City boy?... ~~...~~ (BROOKLYN DIALECT) Hey Pop, Pop, kin I put de bite on yuz fer four frogskins tuh buy a fiddle?.. Come on Pop, whetche sey? Whetche sey?

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT... LOOK HERE, MR. WARNER..IF THIS IS THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO DO THE STORY OF MY LIFE, YOU CAN DROP ~~THE~~ WHOLE THING.

WRIGHT: ^{all right} ALL RIGHT, THEN WE WON'T MAKE THE PICTURE.

JACK: ^{well} NOW LET'S NOT BE ^{so} HASTY, ~~WERNERS~~...WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU?

WRIGHT: YOU'RE BOTHERING ME AND I'M SICK OF IT..WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE THE LIFE OF JACK BENNY.

JACK: WELL, THAT'S OKAY WITH ME..GOODBYE!....Come on Mary, come on Denny.

Playoff

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

~~JACK: Who does he think he is..pulling that stuff on me.~~

~~MARY: Well, don't let it bother you, Jack.~~

~~JACK: Believe me, Mary, it doesn't bother me in the least. If Warners can't see what a great picture my life story'll make, that's their loss, not mine. There are plenty of other studios.~~

~~KAYE: Sure, Jack, sure..one of 'em is bound to take a chance on you.~~

~~JACK: What do you mean chance.. What other actor can boast of a string of hits like "Charley's Aunt", "To Be Or Not To Be!", "Buck Benny Rides Again", "George Washington Slept Here", "The Horn Blows At Midnight".~~

~~(SOUND: THREE FAST GUNSHOTS)~~

TB

✓
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #8 - MARCH 6, 1955
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 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.

ATX01 0020560

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY -
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 6, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jeck will be back in just a minute, friends, but first let's hear that catchy Lucky Strike "Light-up Time" tune again.

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Heppy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: Yes sir, when it's light-up time for you, light up a Lucky, You couldn't make a better choice! Here's why. Lucky Strike is the cigarette of fine, light, naturally good-tasting tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And Lucky Strike is the cigarette that's toasted. Yes, IT'S TOASTED to bring Luckies naturally good-tasting tobacco to its peak of flavor so that it tastes even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. "Fine tobacco" and "It's Toasted" add up to real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

(CONTINUED)

RS

ATX01 0020561

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 6, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: (CONTINUED) So Be Heppy, go Lucky! Buy a carton
and try 'em out. When you light up, I'll bet you
find a Lucky is the best-tasting cigarette you ever
smoked!

~~LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)
SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time~~

OPTIONAL
LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

RS

ATX01 0020562

(TAG)

DANNY: Gee, I'm sorry they're not going to do the picture of your life, Jack.

JACK: Oh, that's all right, Danny. After all, I'm on radio and television. As a matter of fact, I do a television show tonight.

DANNY: You do? Gee, I'd like to see that.. You know I've never done any television.

JACK: Well, Danny .. why don't you walk over to the TV studio with me.

DANNY: Look, I walked over to your radio show and wound up doing a free guest shot. From now on you walk alone.

JACK: Okay.. Goodnight, Danny .. see you on TV folks.

(APPLAUSE & 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.

LW

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 0020564

(JBR9)
PROGRAM #25

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"The Broadcast"

SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM

(TRANSCRIBED - OCT. 11, 1955)

CAST: Jack Benny
Mary Livingstone
Rochester
Dennis Day
Bob Crosby
Don Wilson
The Sportsmen Quartet
Will Wright
Lois Corbett
Mel Blanc
Frank Nelson

SE

ATX01 0020565

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 13, 1955

Opening: 1.00 Closing: 1.24

Total: 2.24

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM... transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better!

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. I hope that the very
next time it's light-up time for you, you'll get
the enjoyment - the real deep down smoking enjoyment
that comes with lighting up a Lucky. Because
Luckies taste better. A Lucky tastes better
because it's made of fine tobacco, IS/MFT - Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco. Fine, mild good-tasting
tobacco. And then that fine tobacco is toasted.
That's right - 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 Be Happy - Go Lucky!

MG

ATX01 0020566

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 13, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

MG

RTX01 0020567

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 13, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

ATX01 002056B

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE ...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AFTER LIVING FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
AT THE SAME ADDRESS IN BEVERLY HILLS, OUR LITTLE STAR
RECENTLY DECIDED TO PUT HIS HOUSE UP FOR SALE...SO
LET'S GO OUT TO CAMDEN DRIVE WHERE WE FIND JACK
SHOWING A PROSPECTIVE BUYER THROUGH THE PREMISES.

JACK: Well, I guess I've shown you about everything, Mr.
and Mrs. Borden.

WRIGHT: It's quite a nice house.

LOIS: Yes, it's just about what we had in mind.

JACK: Good...good...Naturally, I wouldn't want to high
pressure you into a sale because I don't believe in
doing business that way...but where else at the price
can you find a home with this square footage, quality
of workmanship, choice location, and---

WRIGHT: Mr. Benny, you're squeezing my arm.

JACK: Euh?...Oh...Oh...I guess I got carried away...(SILLY
LAUGH) Anyway, I'm glad you like it.

LOIS: Mr. Benny, to maintain a house this size I imagine you
must have a butler, a gardener, a cook, a chauffeur,
an upstairs maid, and a downstairs maid.

SE

ATK01 0020569

JACK: Yes, yes, I have.

WRIGHT: Well, where are they?

ROCH: HERE I AM, SIR.

JACK: Rochester --

ROCH: IF I EVER GET FIRED, I CAN COLLECT TWELVE UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS.

JACK: Never mind.

WRIGHT: Well, Mr. Benny, I think we've seen all we need to... and we'll let you know. Come along, Martha.

JACK: But I haven't even told you about the neighbors...~~see~~ See, right next door are my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.

LOIS: (IMPRESSED) Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.

JACK: Yes, Ma'am...Here, look out this window...That's Ronnie and Benita's house.

WRIGHT: Where?

JACK: Right there...You can just make out the tip of the chimney over his fence...see?

WRIGHT: Say, that's some fence.

ROCH: YOU SHOULD SEE IT AT NIGHT WHEN THEY SHOOT ELECTRICITY THROUGH IT.

JACK: Yes, yes...Well, Mr. Borden, this house seems to fit your needs...and if you want to leave a small deposit, I'll be very happy ~~to~~ ---

(SOUND: CLANGS)

JACK: Excuse me, folks...(WHISPERING) Rochester, I thought that plumber finished upstairs.

SE

ROCH: (WHISPERING) NO, HE JUST HAD TO GO BACK TO THE SHOP
FOR MORE TOOLS.

(SOUND: MORE CLANGS)

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes...(UP) I'll be back in a second,
folks...Rochester, show them the closet space in this
room and the hall.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING UP STAIRS)

JACK: Hm...just as I had the deal almost closed, that darned
plumber had to start pounding on the pipes.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...POUNDING OF HAMMER CLOSER...
DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, fellow...look, fellow, I'm trying to sell the
house...Would you mind being a little more quiet?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Look, Bud, I'm in no mood for complaints.

JACK: Why, what's the matter?

MEL: What's the matter?...Did you ever spend three hours on
your back lookin' up at the bottom of a rusty sink bowl?

JACK: Huh?

MEL: This ain't Cinerama.

JACK: Well, I ---

MEL: Well, next time, think before you criticize.

JACK: I'm not criticizing...I just don't see why you have to
make such a racket with that hammer.

MEL: Because the hammer is made out of metal and the pipes
is made out of metal.

JACK: Well, isn't there some way you ^{can}~~could~~ muffle the sound?

SE

ATX01 0020571

MEL: *Why* Sure, if you'll be kind enough to help me.

JACK: What can I do?

MEL: Put your head between the pipe and the hammer.

JACK: Look, just finish up the job and get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM & FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~I~~ *Can't* understand it...Other people hire plumbers, and get a plumber...I hire a plumber and get a Milton Berle.

(SOUND: RAPID FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: Well, folks, as I was saying---Roch---Rochester, where's Mr. and Mrs. Borden?

ROCH: THEY LEFT, BUT THEY SAID THEY WERE INTERESTED IN THE HOUSE AND THEY'D THINK ABOUT IT.

JACK: Oh, well...I hope they ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get that, Rochester...it's probably somebody else who wants to buy the house.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (VERY SWEETLY) How do you do...step right---Oh, it's you, Mary.

MARY: Stop bowing, I'm not going to buy your house.

JACK: *I know,* ~~I~~ I know...come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: I thought it was another prospect. *You know,* they've been coming in droves.

MARY: No soul---sale yet, huh?

JACK: No, no soul yet.

SE

MARY: I rehearsed, too.

JACK: Yeah, I know. No, Mary...no sale yet...Gee, I can't understand it, Mary. Here's a beautiful home...28 rooms...gorgeous grounds...large swimming pool...and the location---

MARY: Jack, you're squeezing my arm.

JACK: Oh...I'm sorry..

MARY: Let me ask you something...Why do you want to sell this house, anyway?

JACK: Look, Mary, I'm here all alone...just me and Rochester.. What do I need with a house that has twenty-eight rooms?

MARY: Jack, you mean to say this house has twenty-eight rooms?

JACK: Certainly...there's the kitchen, the dining room, the living room, the den, the library, and three bedrooms.

MARY: That's only eight. What about the other twenty rooms?

JACK: Oh, I never use those. I've had them closed up for years.

MARY: You've had them...closed for...Jack---

JACK: You see, I don't really need---

MARY: Jack---

JACK: ---so many rooms, you know, so I only ---

MARY: Jack ---

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Jack, what ever happened to Kenny Baker?

JACK: Gee, I don't know. I never thought of that. I don't know...He came over to my house about fifteen years ago, ~~and~~ that's the last I saw of him...Anyway, Mary, since I don't need so many rooms, I decided to get a smaller house.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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

MARY: Oh hello, Dennis.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Come in and sit down, kid.

DENNIS: Thanks...Say, Mr. Benny, I saw the sign out in front of your house that says "For Sale."

JACK: That's right, kid.

DENNIS: How much do you want for it?

JACK: A hundred thousand dollars.

DENNIS: For a little sign like that?

JACK: For the house...Dennis, I'm trying to sell the house.

DENNIS: Oh...well, I wouldn't buy it.

JACK: Oh, you wouldn't, eh?...Well, Dennis, I've got news for you...In the first place, nobody asked you to buy it...and in the second place, you couldn't afford to buy it.

DENNIS: If I didn't work for a cheapskate, I could.

JACK:Mary.....

MARY: Don't look at me, I only thought it, he said it.

JACK: ~~Now~~, Dennis, I don't want to get into a long routine with you, so sing the song you ~~do~~ ^{do} on the show before the gang gets here, will you?

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Mary, get me a glass of water.

DENNIS: Here's an aspirin.

JACK: I have my own...just sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "GRANADA")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis..Dennis, that was very good..a beautiful song.

DENNIS: Gracias.

JACK: Thank you..You know, I can't understand..I can't understand how anyone who sings so beautifully can come in here and act like you do..What makes you behave like that?

DENNIS: I don't know..I'm just a Meshugganah mixed up kid.

JACK: I'll say you are.

MEL: (OFF) (HOLLERS) HEY, MR. BENNY..MR. BENNY..

JACK: Hmm, it's that plumber again..YEAH, WHAT IS IT?

MEL: WOULD YOU TURN THE WATER ON FROM THE SERVICE PORCH?

JACK: OKAY...ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: WOULD YOU PLEASE TURN THE WATER ON IN THE SERVICE PORCH?

ROCH: (OFF) YES SIR..(LONG PAUSE). ~~THE~~ WATER'S ON, BOSS.

JACK: THANKS...HEY, PLUMBER, THE WATER'S ON.

MEL: OKAY

JACK: ARE YOU ALL FINISHED FIXING THE SINK?

MEL: NOT YET.

JACK: THEN WHY DID YOU WANT TO HAVE THE WATER TURNED ON?

MEL: I'M DIRTY, I WANTA TAKE A SHOWER.

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE..WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A SHOWER ON YOUR OWN TIME?

MEL: I GOT DIRTY ON YOUR TIME.

JACK: I DON'T CARE...ROCHESTER, TURN THE WATER OFF.

ROCH: IT'S OFF, BOSS.

JACK: What a crazy plumber.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

SE

ATX01 0020575

JACK: I'll get it..Imagine a guy like that..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BOB: H'ya, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob..come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Everybody's here but Don Wilson. ~~As~~ Soon as he comes, we can rehearse.

BOB: Oh Jack, I just bumped into Ronald Colman in front of your house.

JACK: Ronnie?..What did he have to say?

BOB: Oh nothing. He put a rabbit's foot on your For Sale sign and went home whistling.

JACK: Good old Ronnie..always wishing me luck.

BOB: Jack, is that sign out in front just a gag or are you really trying to sell your house?

JACK: Well of course, I'm trying to sell it.

BOB: Well, what are you asking for it?

JACK: A hundred thousand dollars.

BOB: A hundred thousand dollars! Brother!

JACK: What do you mean, "Brother"?

BOB: Well, my brother's the only one that's got that kind of dough.

JACK: Oh..oh..oh..oh.

MARY: Say Bob--

JACK: Well, sister, how are you?

MARY: Say, Bob, I thought you *were going to bring---*

JACK: It's Robert!

MARY: Bob, I thought you were going to bring the band over today so we could have a complete rehearsal.

BOB: *Uh*, I was, Mary, but I called Bagby the piano player and he said that today all the boys in the band have gone to a tailor to have new tuxedos made.

JACK: All the musicians in the band?..New tuxedos?

BOB: Um hum.

JACK: What are they celebrating?

BOB: National Wine Week.

JACK: Oh..You know, Bob, I'm a little surprised that they drink anything as mild as wine.

BOB: Oh sure, they do, Jack..they drink a lot of beer, too.

JACK: Beer?

BOB: Um hm..in fact, they had the answer to "What'll You Have?" before Pabst had the question.

JACK: That I can believe..That's the only band I ever saw where the bass fiddle has a bung hole in it, you know.

MARY: *Jack: Yeah? Mary: Jack,* Jack, why do you and Bob always pick on the orchestra boys? It's none of your business what kind of a life they lead.

JACK: Look, Mary --

MARY: *Week* After week you're always picking on them..insulting them..you never have a kind word to say about them.

JACK: Look, Mary ..

MARY: They've been with you for years and you ought to be ashamed of the way you constantly run them down.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: After all, your only concern should be whether or not they play good music.

JACK: Oh, I see..and you..you think they play good music?

MARY: Well, they could if they weren't always drunk.

SE

JACK: I thought so..Now Bob, as long as the boys in the band are getting tuxedos, tell them to please wear them on the show.

BOB: Well, I will, Jack.

JACK: And one more thing..I have a request from the California Chamber of Commerce.

BOB: Well, what's that?

JACK: Well, they wrote me a letter saying that if Sammy the drummer can't grow hair and won't wear a toupe, won't he at least paint a stem on his head so it'll look like an orange...Now the reason that--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack..Hi, everybody.

GANG: (AD LIBS HELLOS)

JACK: Well, I'm glad you brought the Sportsmen with you...Don, did you see that sign out on the front lawn?

DON: Yeah, I noticed that, Jack..are you really going to sell this house?

JACK: That's right, Don...Hey, why don't you buy it? You've tried it on enough...You know, ~~it's~~ too big, we can take it in a little around the pantry.

BOB: Hey Jack, why don't we get this rehearsal over with? I want to go out to the driving range and hit some golf balls.

MARY: Say, I'd like to go with you, Bob.

SE

JACK: Allright, kids, maybe we'll all go..but first let's get on with the rehearsal.

DON: What kind of a show are we going to have?

JACK: Well, Don, the first half is all written, but we're not sure what to do for the last half. I'd like to do something different.

MEL: How about doing a satirical version of a psychological drama?

MARY: Say, that's a pretty good idea.

JACK: Mary, what are you talking to him for, he's the plumber.

MARY: Oh, I thought he was one of your writers.

JACK: Well, that's a stupid mistake.. when he pronounced psychological right, you shoulda known he wasn't ...Now look, Mister, we have a rehearsal to do.. just go finish your job.

MEL: That's what I came to tell you. I'm all through.

JACK: Good, good.

MEL: (Ch) But there's something I think you oughta know.

JACK: What?

MEL: Well, there was a leak in one of the pipes and while I was tracing it, it led me way to the back of the house on the top floor..and in one of them unused rooms I saw a fellow with curly hair sitting there eating Jello.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, that must be Kenny Baker.

JACK: No no, that's impossible.

ROCH: MAYBE IT'S THE GAS MAN.

JACK: That happened in the basement..Look, Mister, you didn't see anybody up there..probably just a hallucination.

MEL: Hey, that's a good word.

SE

ATX01 0020579

JACK: Yes yes..Now as long as you're through with your job,
you can go.

MEL: Okay...goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now kids --

MEL: Oh, pardon me, Mr. Benny...is your house still for
sale?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: How much you want for it?

JACK: Look, you couldn't afford to buy it.

MEL: You didn't get my bill yet.

JACK: What?

MEL: When you see it, remember it ain't no hallucination.

JACK: Get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Now look, kids, as long as everybody wants to go out
and hit some golf balls, let's start the rehearsal...
Now, Don, while we go in the other room and rehearse
the dialogue, you run through the commercial with the
Sportsmen. Do you have something prepared?

DON: Oh yes, Jack, but I was thinking about your house.

JACK: Look Don, you can't afford to buy it, so let's --

DON: Oh, I don't mean that, Jack...I thought as long as
you're anxious to sell the house, it may help a little
if we do something about it with the quartet on the
radio.

EC

ATK01 0020580

JACK: Oh...something about the sale ^{of} my house...Well,
that's wonderful, Don...Hey, kids, you go in the other
room and rehearse the dialogue, I want to listen to
this...Go ahead, Don...Let's hear it.

QUART: I WANT A HOUSE
JUST LIKE THE HOUSE
THAT BENNY HAS FOR SALE.
I WANT IT SO IF I HAD THE DOUGH,
I'D BUY IT WITHOUT FAIL.
A GOOD OLD FASHIONED HOUSE WITH 28 ROOMS
LOTS OF CLOSETS FOR MY MOPS AND BROOMS
I WANT A HOUSE JUST LIKE THE HOUSE
THAT BENNY HAS FOR SALE.

JACK: Don, I want them to sell cigarettes, too...Hey,
fellows, cigarettes.

QUART: I WANT A SMOKE JUST LIKE THE SMOKE
THAT PLEASES DEAR OLD DAD.
LSMFT, THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME
THE BEST I'VE EVER HAD
IT'S THE BEST I EVER HAD.
AND LUCKY STRIKES THE ONLY SMOKE FOR YOU
BETTER TASTING, CLEANER FRESHER, TOO.
YES, IT'S A FACT.
DAD'S FAVORITE PACK
IS ALWAYS LUCKY STRIKE
L S M F T.

(APPLAUSE)

EC

ATX01 0020581

JACK: Don, that was a swell idea. I certainly want to thank you very much.

DON: Why, Jack?

JACK: Well, this way maybe I can sell my house direct...I won't need a real estate agent. We'll use it on the air Sunday and see if we can get any --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, Rochester..answer the phone, will you, please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO.

WRIGHT: Hello, this is Mr. Borden calling..is Mr. Benny in, please?

ROCH: JUST A MINUTE...BOSS...IT'S FOR YOU..IT'S MR. BORDEN.

JACK: Mr. Borden?...Oh, say, that's the man who was over to look at the house..Maybe he's gonna buy it...Hand me the phone....(VERY SWEETLY) Helloooooo.

WRIGHT: Operator, will you please get off the line?

JACK: No no, Mr. Borden, this is Jack Benny.

WRIGHT: Oh...Mr. Benny.

JACK: *Ch* What did you call for, Mr. Borden? What what...what did you call for..what, what, ~~what~~, huh, huh, huh? What was it? *kuh?*

WRIGHT: Well --

JACK: What is it, what is it, Mr. Borden, what? *what?* Huh, ~~uh~~ what, what?

WRIGHT: Mr. Benny --

EC

JACK: Yeah..what what what?

WRIGHT: My wife and I have talked it over and we've almost made up our minds to buy your house.

JACK: You have, you have, you have?

WRIGHT: Yes..we have...You said you wanted a hundred thousand dollars..is that right?

JACK: *Yes*, Yes..if you'll come right over now, we can close the deal.

WRIGHT: Well, Mr. Benny, the banks are all closed now and all I have with me is a business check for two hundred and fifty thousand.

JACK: Well, come on over, I can give you the change.

WRIGHT: Well..I have an appointment out at my club this afternoon...I'll come over ~~the~~ first thing in the morning.

JACK: All right, Mr. Borden, I'll be here...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hey kids..kids..guess what just happened..Mr. Borden.. the man who was here with his wife a while ago, just called and said they were going to buy my house.

MARY: Say, that's wonderful.

DON: Sure is, Jack.

BOB: That's great news.

JACK: Yes sir.

DENNIS: They'll never be happy here.

EG

ATX01 0020583

JACK: They will if you don't visit them..Now come on, kids,
let's finish our rehearsal ~~and~~ then we'll go out on
the driving range and hit some golf balls.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR PULLING TO STOP)

JACK: Well, here we are.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Here, Mary, I'll carry your clubs.

MARY: Oh thanks, Bob.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CLUBS)

BOB: Here's your bag, Jack.

JACK: Careful with them, Bob, those clubs are new.

MARY: Gee, the driving range is crowded today.

JACK: We better get some golf balls at the stand...Dennis,
here's some money..go get us a couple of buckets of
balls.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Excuse me, kids..I wanta swing this club to limber up
my hands. They're stiff from my violin lesson
yesterday.

BOB: ~~Oh~~, Did you practice too long?

JACK: No, my violin teacher closed the case on my fingers...
~~it~~ happens every time I take a lesson.

DENNIS: Here's a bucket of balls.

JACK: Thanks, Dennis...Go ahead, Mary, hit one out, will you?

MARY: Okay.

EC

JACK: Keep your head down.

MARY: Be quiet.

(SOUND: WHIP OF CLUB AND CRACK OF BALL)

BOB: Hey, that was a good one, Mary.

JACK: Yeah, but watch your form, Mary. Your pivot was much too abrupt and you dipped your shoulder. Go ahead, Bob..you go.

BOB: Okay, here goes.

(SOUND: WHIP OF CLUB AND CRACK OF BALL)

MARY: Wow! Two hundred and fifty yards, straight down the middle!

JACK: Yeah, but Bob, you dipped your shoulder, too...Now stand back and watch me.

(SOUND: SLIGHT PAUSE..WHIP OF CLUB AND BODY THUD)

MARY: Help him up, Bob.

BOB: I -- I can't without dipping my shoulder.

JACK: Don't be funny..I just tried to hit it too hard, that was all...

MARY: Oh, stop making excuses. You've never played good golf in your life.

JACK: Oh, I haven't, eh?...Well, let me tell you something, sister..Not only do I play good golf, but I even know some great trick shots.

MARY: Trick shots?

JACK: Yes..Here, I'll show you....Dennis, lie down and put this golf ball on your nose...Come on, Dennis, lie down.

EC

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Now hold still, Dennis, while I balance this ball on your nose..I'll show you kids a trick shot if you ever saw one..Now stand back, everybody.

MARY: But Jack, you must be kidding. That's a dangerous trick.

BOB: It sure is. You're liable to miss that ball and hit Dennis.

JACK: (BIG SMILE)...Yeahhhh!

MARY: Dennis, get up. You'll get hurt.

JACK: Now get up, Dennis...Now watch me, Bob, and I'll show you the correct form for driving a ball off the tee... Watch this.

(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: PAUSE...SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: PAUSE...SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hm.

MARY: Jack, keep it up, that's wonderful.

JACK: What do you mean, wonderful?...I missed the ball three times.

MARY: I know, but you're fanning the smog out of Los Angeles.

JACK: Oh, stop.

DENNIS: If I'da stayed down there, I'd be a mess.

JACK: I can't understand it...Bob, what am I doing wrong?

EC

ATX01 0020586

BOB: Well, I don't know, Jack... ^{Burt} ~~Bob~~, gee -- maybe you ought to take a few lessons from the instructor here.

JACK: Instructor? Where is he?

BOB: Well, that's him over there...the one with the white cap.

JACK: Oh, yes...maybe he can help me...Oh, Mister...Mister?

NELSON: Yesssssss.

JACK: Oh, no...Are you the golf instructor here?

NELSON: Yes, don't let these lounging pajamas fool you.

JACK: All right..All right, now what do you charge for a lesson?

NELSON: It's three dollars for a half hour.

JACK: Well, okay...give me a lesson.

NELSON: All right...let me see your swing...Grip the club firmly...the thumb on the shaft.

JACK: Like this?

NELSON: Very good..But be sure not to slice. We're right next to the third hole of the golf course..right over that hedge.

JACK: Oh yes...I'll be careful.

NELSON: Now start your backswing, that's it...Now head down, keep your head down..lower...lower...lower...WELLLL, I KNEW IT WOULD SLIP OFF.

JACK: Now cut that out! Look, Mister, I'm paying for a lesson...so will you please give me some instruction?

NELSON: All right..keep your head down..swing back slowly... hit it.

(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB...CLICK OF BALL)

EC

ATX01 00205B7

JACK: Oh boy, look at that one go!

BOB: *Hey*, Jack, you got a bad slice on that one.

MARY: Look, it's going over the hedge onto the golf course.

NELSON: FORE...FORE...

MARY: Oh my goodness..you hit a man on the head!

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes..I better run over and apologize.

NELSON: You don't have to, he's coming over here.

JACK: Say, it's Mr. Borden, the man who's going to buy my house.

WRIGHT: Who hit me on the head with that ball?

JACK: I did, ~~and~~ I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Borden.

WRIGHT: Who's Mr. Borden?

JACK: *You are* You are and I'm Jack Benny.

WRIGHT: Who's Jack Benny?

MARY: *Jack*, Jack, your ball hit him so hard he lost his memory.

JACK: But he can't...he promised to buy the house.

WRIGHT: What house?

JACK: My house..don't you remember..think...the house in Beverly Hills...twenty-eight rooms..the swimming pool..the spacious yard --

WRIGHT: Stop squeezing my arm.

JACK: But Mr. Borden...you must remember..please...please...

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: The lovely neighborhood..the wonderful neighbors... Kenny Baker will sing to you..Mr. Borden!

EC

ATX01 0020588

NELSON: What about my three dollars?

JACK: When I sell the house...Mr. Borden...try to remember..
please.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP FULL)

EC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 13, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first listen
to this.

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

SOUND: (TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: Light-up time. A time when you want to really
enjoy yourself. And if it's a Lucky you light, you
really get that enjoyment. Because a Lucky tastes
better. Naturally it does. It's made of fine,
mild tobacco. Tobacco that naturally tastes better.
Tobacco that's toasted. That's right. "IT'S
TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones
up Luckies good tasting tobacco ... brings it to its
very peak of flavor...makes it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So when it's light-up
time for you, light up a Lucky. You'll find it's
the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

MG

ATX01 0020590

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 13, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

MG

ATX01 0020591

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 13, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE #2 20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO: Light up a Lucky
(SPOKEN)
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

ATX01 0020592

(TAG)

-22-

JACK: ~~Goodnight everybody,~~ We're a little late, *so goodnight,*
folks.
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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

EC

ATX01 0020593

ANNCR: 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, reknowned 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.

EC

RTX01 0020594

(J.B.N. 17)
PROGRAM #26
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM "*as Broadcast*"

SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - December 8, 1954)

CAST: Jack Benny
Rochester
Don Wilson
Sportsmen Quartet
Mel Blanc
Eric Snowden
Janette Eymann
Senny Weiss
Elvie Allman
Frank Nelson
Veele Vonn

BR

ATX01 0020595

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 20, 1955

Opening: 1.35 Closing: 1.32

Total: 3.07

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM....transcribed and presented by
 Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better!

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, and I certainly agree
 there's no time like right now to light up a Lucky and
 find out first hand what real, deep-down smoking
 enjoyment is. I mean the enjoyment that comes from
 better taste....because a Lucky tastes better every
 time. And the reasons why are world famous. First of
 all, LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so fine,
 so light, so mild, it just naturally tastes better.
 And then, something very important happens to Luckies'
 fine tobacco. "IT'S TOASTED". "IT'S TOASTED" is the
 famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies'
 naturally good-tasting tobacco to its peak of flavor,
 tones it up to make it taste even better.

(MORE)

BR

ATX01 0020596

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 20, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D) Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So right now, while the
show gets under way -- or whenever it's light-up time
for you, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Enjoy Lucky Strike --the
best tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020597

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 20, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020598

(FIRST ROUTINE) (MENTION T.V. SHOW)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TODAY JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW...BUT MEANWHILE LET'S GO BACK TO FRIDAY MORNING...AS WE LOOK IN ON THE BENNY HOUSEHOLD, JACK IS JUST FINISHING BREAKFAST....

(SOUND: NOISES OF PLATES, KNIFE AND FORK...ETC....)

ROCH: IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, MR. BENNY?

JACK ^{Rochester} Oh, Fine, ^{.....} but do you have a little more honey for the hot cakes?

ROCH: NO SIR...WE'RE ALL OUT OF HONEY.

JACK: Are you sure?

ROCH: POSITIVE...I GOT THE LAST DROP THERE WAS OUT OF THE HIVE AND I'M TOO SCARED TO SQUEEZE ~~THE~~ BEES.

JACK: Oh, stop being silly...Anyway, Rochester..you shouldn't be afraid of bees, they're industrious little creatures.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Bees never bother people...they spend their entire lives gathering honey.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: They work from the time they're born, till the time they die ...that is, all except the Queen Bee.

ROCH: WELL, I AIN'T GONNA SQUEEZE HER MAJESTY EITHER.

~~JACK: Oh for heavens sakes...don't you know that a bee hates to sting anyone.~~

ROCH: WHY?

BR

ATX01 0020599

JACK: Because bees were created to work -- and a bee knows that if it stings you, it dies.

ROCH: WELL, ANYTHING THAT WORKS THAT HARD MAY WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: I'VE ENTERTAINED THE THOUGHT SEVERAL TIMES MYSELF.

JACK: Alright, alright...I'll have another cup of coffee.

MEL: (SQUAWKS) Cup of coffee, cup of coffee (WHISTLES.)

JACK: Good morning, Polly.

MEL: Good morning, Blue Eyes. (WHISTLES)

JACK: ^{Aw} ~~Oh~~, she learned something new...Polly want ~~a~~ s cracker?

MEL: Polly wants ^a cup of coffee (SQUAWKS)

JACK: No, no -- I'll just give you s cracker.

ROCH: BOSS...WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HER A LITTLE COFFEE AND SEE WHETHER SHE LIKES IT OR NOT?

JACK: No, no Rochester -- we don't want to get her used to that... Give her s cracker.

MEL: (SAD DISAPPOINTED SQUAWK.)

ROCH: BUT BOSS...WHAT'S A LITTLE ~~COFFEE~~ COFFEE IN THE MORNING?

JACK: It's not that, Rochester -- it's where these things lead to.....First she'll want s little coffee in the morning... then she'll want coffee at night....Then she'll want ^{a little} cognec in her coffee...then she'll want plain cognec...then she'll start drinking whiskey -- ~~and the~~ first thing you know she'll belong to Perrots Anonymous.

MEL: SQUAWKS...THEN HICS.

JACK: ~~No~~ No, no Polly -- you haven't done anything yet...Say Rochester - did Don Wilson phone me this morning?

BR

ROCH: NO SIR...THERE WERE NO CALLS AT ALL.

JACK: Hmm, he was supposed to call me about the commercial...
I better call him...

(SOUND: GETTING UP FROM TABLE...WALKING FOOTSTEPS....)

JACK: Gee, Parrots are funny...~~the~~ way they keep repeating
everything they hear...she called me Blue Eyes just because
the garbage men does...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP....)

JACK: Now, let's see...what's Don Wilson's number again...Oh
yes...Crestview 4-0987.....

(SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK....)

JACK:(PAUSE)...Hmm, that's funny, I don't get any dial tone.

(SOUND: JIGGLING OF HOOK....)

JACK: I still don't get the dial tone....

(SOUND: MORE JIGGLING....)

JACK: (CALLS) Rochester -- the phone seems to be out of order.

ROCH: COULD BE, IT HASN'T RUNG ALL MORNING.

JACK: Gee, I wonder what could be wrong....

(SOUND: JIGGLING OF RECEIVER...THEN PHONE BACK ON HOOK)

JACK: ~~Oh~~, this is awful...Rochester -- I'm going over to the
Colman's house ^{with down} and use their phone to report it to the
company...

ROCH: OKAY BOSS...

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

JACK: Gee...Imagine my phone going out of order. ~~It~~ Hope that
Ronnie is home so I can use his...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK
....SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

BR

RTX01 0020601

JACK: ~~the~~ the weather is nice...look at my garden...it's amazing how fast things grow here when we have a little worm spell..
 ..Look at ^{all} that ivy...it's almost completely covered Remley..
 ..There wasn't a thing growing there when he fell on New Years' Eve..
 ..Gosh, Frankie's eyes are open and they're bluer than -- Oh no, that's a couple of Robin's eggs...Gee, if they hatch, when he wakes up he'll be a mother...(LAUGHS)
 ...That's silly...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP FEW STEPS...THEN ON PORCH...PAUSE
 ...THEN SOUND OF DOOR KNOCKER BEING KNOCKED...)

JACK: (HUMS BIT OF LOVE IN BLOOM)....

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

ERIC: Oh...good morning, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ^{Oh} Good morning, Sherwood -- is Mr. Colman at home?

ERIC: No sir...He took Mrs. Colman to the hospital a few minutes ago.

JACK: The hospital...he took her -- you mean --?

ERIC: ^{Yes} Yes, this morning she sat on one of your bees.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ ^{See} I hope it wasn't Harry -- he's ~~was~~ such a good worker.

ERIC: Oh, she didn't kill it, she rose very promptly.

JACK: Oh good, good...Well, the reason I came over is I'd like to use your telephone.

ERIC: Oh, business in New York again.

JACK: No, no - mine seems to be out of order ~~and~~ I'd like to report it.

ERIC: Oh, well come right in....

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

BR

ERIC: Here's the phone.

JACK: ~~wait~~, I better call the operator...

(SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK...DIAL TONE...THEN WE HEAR "O"
BEING DIALLED...BUZZING...RECEIVER CLICK...)

JENNY: Operator.

JACK: *Oh*, Operator, I'd like to report a phone that's not working.

JENNY: Yes sir...what is the address, and phone number please?

JACK: Three sixty six North Camden Drive...The phone number is
Crestview 4-0555.

JENNY: Very good, sir...Now, what seems to be the trouble?

JACK: *Well,* The phone doesn't work. *I* I want to find out whether it's
out of order or disconnected.

JENNY: Disconnected - I'll have to check in our books...What is
your name, please.

JACK: Jack Benny.

JENNY: *Jack Benny: Oh,* Your phone couldn't be disconnected -- the case doesn't
come up till next week.

JACK: Well, then *it* it must be out of order....

JENNY: I'll report that to our repair department, sir.

JACK: Thank youGoodbye....

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Thank you ~~very much~~ for letting me use the phone, Sherwood.

ERIC: *Oh*, That's quite alright, Mr. Benny....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...)

ERIC: I'll see you to the door...

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

ERIC: Oh, by the way, Mr. Benny...I meant to tell you that I saw
your last television show.

BR

JACK: Oh really -- did you like it?

ERIC: Unfortunetely, yes.

JACK: What do you mean -- unfortunetely?

ERIC: Well, I was watching it secretly when I couldn't control myself and gave vent to a burst of laughter.

JACK: Well....?

ERIC: Well Mr. Colmen came in, caught me, and sent me to bed without my crumpets.

Well, that's a shame...
JACK: ~~Well~~...Well, thanks again for letting me use the phone.

ERIC: You're quite welcome....Good-day.

JACK: Goodbye...

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

JACK: Gee, I can't understand Ronnie....Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world. *I guess* Say, look at that Ivy -- someone must have put Vigoro on it...It's completely grown over Fran--^{No}, No, somebody moved him...Gee, that's awful...

~~Imagine Frankie leaving without telling me how much he enjoyed my New Year's Eve party...Oh well....~~

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...THEN STOP)

JACK: Hmm. Look you, get over on that flower. You can't get honey out of leaves.

(SOUND: BEE BUZZES)

JACK: I don't know...I have to tell everybody what to do...~~that's~~
Tough being the boss.

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

JACK: (CALLS) Rochester, I'm back.

ROCH: THAT'S GOOD...MR. WILSON'S WAITING IN THE DEN.

BR

JACK: *Oh*, Don's here?

DON: (OFF) Yes, Jack -- I tried to call you about the commercial but ~~the~~ *your* phone was out of order...Want me to come out there?

JACK: *No*, No, I'll come into the den...

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS....STOP...)

JACK: Don, Don -- why are you sitting on the floor?

DON: I'm not sitting on the floor -- there's a chair under me.

JACK: Oh, oh -- you know, Don -- you've flattened more things than Christian Dior...Hey, you have the Sportsmen with you ...Hi, fellows.

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: All right, all right...Now, Don, what number did you want to talk to me about?

DON: *Oh*
~~Well~~, Jack, we have a wonderful arrangement of the Raymond Overture, and I thought it would be even better if you play your violin in it.

JACK: Do you really think so, Don?

DON: No.

JACK: ~~Then~~ *Well* why did you say it?

DON: I don't know, it was just a big fat impulse.

JACK: Well, impulse or not, I'm going to take you up on it....
Wait till I get my violin. (TUNES UP) Okay, fellows,
let's go....The Raymond Overture.

BR

ATX01 0020605

QUART: LSM MFT, LSM MFT
LUCKIES ARE SURE TO TASTE BETTER
THAN ALL OF THE REST
LUCKIES ARE TOASTED
AND THAT'S WHY THEY'LL ALWAYS TASTE BEST
THAT IS A FACT
friends
YES ~~IS~~ A FACT
(Violin)
THAT WE CAN PROVE

JACK: (VIOLIN)
QUART: SMOKE A LUCKY
JACK: (VIOLIN)
QUART: SOLD AMERICAN
JACK: (VIOLIN)
QUART: ROUND AND FIRM AND
JACK: (VIOLIN)
QUART: FULLY PACKED
JACK: (VIOLIN)
QUART: FREE AND EASY
JACK: (VIOLIN)
QUART: ON THE DRAW
JACK: (VIOLIN)
QUART: AND THEY'RE TOASTED
JACK: (VIOLIN)

(MORE)

BR

ATX01 0020606

QUART: MFT

REMEMBER THIS, FOR SMOKING BLISS

YOU CANNOT BEAT, YES, WE REPEAT

YOU CANNOT BEAT THEM

WHAT A FINE CIGARETTE, WHAT A FINE CIGARETTE

IT'S THE BEST YOU CAN GET

IT'S THE BEST ONE YET

TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF

BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T GET ENOUGH

OH L S M F T

OH L S M F T

IT'S ISMF IS LS LSMFT.

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0020607

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well, Don .. fellows .. that was just wonderful and I'm certainly glad that I was a part of it. .. And Don, it was such a good idea that I think I'm going to give you and the boys a raise.

DON: Really, Jack?

JACK: No .. It was just a big fat impulse, ^{and} ~~but~~ I'm over it ... See you later, Don .. So long, fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, it's such a nice day, I think I'll call Miss Livingstone and ask her if she'd like to play a little golf.

ROCH: BUT MR. BENNY, YOU CAN'T USE THE PHONE.

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot it's out of order.

ROCH: WHY DON'T YOU USE THE ONE IN THE HALL.

JACK: I don't want to tie it up when the bus get's here ... But I would like to --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: WANT ME TO ANSWER THAT, BOSS?

JACK: ~~No~~, No, I'll get it.

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

JACK: Yes?

MEL: Duhhhhhh, I'm the repairman from the phone company.

JACK: Oh, good.

MEL: I already checked everything outside, and ^f can't find nothing wrong. I climbed to the top of the pole and everything's okay there.

BH

ATX01 0020608

JACK: Well, I -- wait a minute -- how could you have climbed the pole -- you're not wearing those shoes with spikes.

MEL: I got long toe nails.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Anyway, since I can't find the trouble outside, maybe it's right in the phone.

JACK: It probably is....there's no dial tone...come in and look at it...

MEL: *Yeah*, Okay.

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

JACK: The phone's right over here, Mister....Mister...?

MEL: Alexander Graham Bell, the third.

JACK: ...Alexander...Graham....Bell.....The third.....Are you descended from the man who invented the telephone?

MEL: Oh, is that what grandpa done -- no wonder they gave me the job.

JACK: *Hmmm*....Well, here's the phone.

MEL: *Hey*, you're right, there ain't no dial tone.

JACK: *Well*, Pick up the receiver first...For heavens sakes!

MEL: *Oh*, Oh yeah.

(SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

MEL: I don't hear no dial tone.

JACK: I told you, that's what's wrong with--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MEL: (HAPPY) *There* there there there's the dial tone!

JACK: That's the door buzzer...(CALLS) *Roche* ROCHES-TER, WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR.

ROCH: (OFF) YES SIR.

BH

MEL: *Hey*, Hey, I think I found out what's the trouble....

JACK: What, what?

MEL: *Oh*, This here thingamajig ^{here} is loose...see, it spins around.

(SOUND: QUICK CLINKING TURNING OF DIAL)

JACK: THAT'S THE DIAL.....I can't understand why the phone company would send a man like--

ROCH: (COMING IN) EXCUSE ME, MR. BENNY.

JACK: What is it, Rochester-- who was at the door?

ROCH: IT'S MISTER SAMMY WEISS....HE WANTS TO SEE YOU.

JACK: (PUZZLED) Sammy.....Weiss?.....Who's he?

ROCH: HE'S FROM THE BAND ON YOUR PROGRAM...SAMMY THE DRUMMER.

JACK: Oh, so his name ^{is} Weiss...I thought his last name was "The Drummer". What does he want?

ROCH: HE WANTS TO SEE YOU PRIVATELY....HE'S IN THE NEXT ROOM.

JACK: Well, I better go and see what he wants...Excuse me, Mister Bell.

MEL: You can call me Al.

JACK: Thanks...I hope you have the phone fixed when I come back.

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

JACK: Hello Sammy.

SAMMY: Hello, Mister Benny!

JACK: You want ~~to~~ to see me?

SAMMY: *Yes*, it's kind of a personal matter.

JACK: Personal? What can I do for you?

SAMMY: Well, I wish you'd make the other boys in the band stop picking on me.

JACK: ...The boys...pick on you...But Sammy, you're the biggest guy in the band...You're six foot five...if the other musicians hit you, hit them back.

BH

ATX01 0020610

SAMMY: Oh, they don't do anything physical....they tease me.

JACK: Tease you---how?

SAMMY: They call me clod-hopper, they call me dopey, and ^{then} they write dirty words on my drum.

JACK: No.

SAMMY: Yeah, not only that...they're always calling me "Baldy".

JACK: Well Sammy, you shouldn't be sensitive about that.....

Lots - Lots of men lose their hair as they get older.

SAMMY: I've been bald since I was seven!

JACK: No kidding....that's amazing....how did you happen to lose your hair so early?

SAMMY: I didn't lose it, I grew so fast I pushed through it.

JACK: Pushed through it -- a likely story.

SAMMY: That's my excuse, what's yours?

JACK: Never mind.....Anyway, don't worry, Sammy -- I'll tell the rest of the boys in the band to be nicer to you.

SAMMY: Well, they should...after all, I'm always doing sweet things for them.

JACK: Like what?

SAMMY: Well, just a little while ago I trimmed the ivy off Remiey and took him home.

JACK: Oh, so that's where he went...Boy, will Frankie be amazed when he wakes up in a bed....Imagine.

SAMMY: I put him under a table, I didn't want to shock him.

JACK: Well, that was sweet, Sammy... ^{well} ~~when~~ I tell the other boys about this I'm sure they'll all be nicer to you.

SAMMY: Gee thanks, Mr. Benny.....Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: I'll really have to talk to the boys in the band...I ~~wouldn't~~ ^{don't} want Sammy to quit...~~he~~ looks so good sitting way up there in the middle of the orchestra with that smile painted on his head...Well, I better go back and see if that guy's got the phone fixed....

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

MEL: (TOUGH) Now look, don't interrupt me Tilly. I don't care if you have got dinner cooked. I ain't coming home tonight...I'm going out with the boys...Yeah, that's right, we're gonna play cards and ya needn't wait up for me because I don't know what time I'm coming home... Yeah, you heard me.

JACK: Oh, you got the phone fixed?

MEL: No, I'm just rehearsing what I'd like to say to my wife.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: *Oh*, But wait a minute -- I think I found out what's wrong.... this connection is loose...^{here} I'll fix it....

(SOUND: LITTLE METALLIC NOISES)

MEL: There, that does it...Now I'll lift the receiver....

(SOUND: CLICK)

MEL: *Yeah, yeah,* ^{the} there's a dial tone...

JACK: Good.

~~MEL: Now I'll check with the operator....~~

~~(SOUND: ONE DIAL OF "0"....BUZZ....CLICK...)~~

~~JENNY: Operator,~~

MEL: Operator, this is Al....I got the phone fixed at 366 North Camden Drive....Are there any more service calls I should make?

JENNY: No, come on in, Stupid.

MEL: Stupid! You wouldn't dare talk to me like that if grandpa was alive.....I'm coming in.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

MEL: Well, she's all fixed...

JACK: *Oh, fine, thanks,*
~~Good,~~ I'll show you to the door...

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

MEL: *Well,* Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye...~~and~~ thanks a lot, Al.

~~MEL: You can call me Stupid.~~

~~JACK: Okay...Goodbye Stupid.~~

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

FADE AND SUSTAIN IN BG)

JACK: *All*
~~See,~~ I'm glad the phone is fixed...now I can make that important call I had to make to....~~to~~...Hmm, I forget who I had to call...~~Wait,~~ I mentioned it to Rochester, maybe he remembers....(CALLS) OH ROCHESTER.....
~~ROCHESTER~~.....Where did he go....Now who did I want to call....~~It~~ was very important ~~and~~-- Oh, now I remember who it was....

(SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK...DIAL ABOUT FIVE OR SIX TIMES....BUZZER....RECEIVER CLICK)

BH

DON: Hello.

JACK: (A LITTLE MAD) Hello Don, this is Jack.
in the world's

DON: What's the matter, Jack-- who are you mad at?

JACK: YOU...You were supposed to call me this morning about
the commercial.

DON: But Jack, we were just over to your house and we did it.

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: ~~What~~, that's the silliest thing I've ever done...I was
never so embarrassed...~~and~~ of all people, I had to do
it to Don Wilson....He's like an elephant, ^{Tom,} he never
forgets.....and even if he does forget, he's still
like an elephant.....Sometimes I think ~~that~~ -----

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Is that you, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR...

JACK: Where were you?

BH

ATX01 0020614

ROCH: I JUST WENT OUT TO GET THE MAIL.

JACK: Oh...is there anything important?

ROCH: NOT MUCH....HERE'S THE USUAL BILL FROM THAT DOCTOR.

JACK: Well, he can keep sending it, I'm still not going to pay it.

ROCH: BUT MR. BENNY, THAT BILL IS SO OLD.

JACK: I don't care, I'm not sure I'm cured of the mumps yet ..
Now is there any other important mail?

ROCH: WELL, THIS LOOKS IMPORTANT...THE ENVELOPE IS MARKED "FROM THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES."

JACK: Hmmm, let me see.....

(SOUND: ENVELOPE BEING RIPPED OPEN...PAPER RIFFLING)

JACK: (MUMBLE, MUMBLE).....Oh no!

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS?

JACK: I've been called for jury duty. Just when I'm so busy.

ROCH: Oh, YOU KNOW, MR. BENNY...IT'S EVERY^{one}'S CIVIC DUTY TO SERVE ON A JURY ONCE IN A WHILE.

JACK: But Rochester, I'm so busy...gosh, I've got radio, television, and personal appearances.

ROCH: YEAH, I GUESS EVERYBODY HAS THEIR OWN PROBLEMS...HERE THEY EXPECT YOU TO GIVE UP YOUR JOB AND DEVOTE YOUR FULL TIME TO SERVING ON THE JURY FOR JUST THREE DOLLARS A DAY.

JACK: Sure, it's not right that-- (TAKE) Three dollars a day.
Hm.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET THAT CIVIC DUTY LOOK IN YOUR EYE.

CB

JACK: You're right, Rochester-- I'm going. A citizen should never shirk his three-- I mean duty...I'll see you later.

ORCH: (GOING TO JURY DUTY TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gosh, they have a lot of courts in this building...Now let's see...where's the one I'm supposed to report to.... Oh, here it is--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ELVIA: Yes sir, may I help you?

JACK: Well, I think so-- I was told to report for Jury Duty.

ELVIA: Oh...well, they're interviewing the prospective Jurors in the next room..

JACK: Oh, then I'll go in there.

ELVIA: Before you do, I'll have to get some information from you for our records.

JACK: Yes ma'am...

ELVIA: Your name?

JACK: Jack Benny.

ELVIA: (SLOWLY) Jack...Benny...Address?

JACK: Three sixty-six North Camden Drive.

ELVIA: (SLOWLY) Three sixty-six North Camden Drive. Your occupation...(SHE LAUGHS) Silly me, imagine asking you a question like that...everyone knows you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: *Well*, Thank you.

ELVIA: Occupation -- Bee-keeper.

JACK: ...That's right...But I'm also a bit of a comedian, *you know.*

JB

ELVIA: Yes, I know your slogan... "Get Your Honey, From The Men That's Funny".

JACK: That's right.

ELVIA: Now, let's get on with the questions.....Your height.

JACK: Five foot ten.

ELVIA: Your weight?

JACK: ~~One~~ hundred and fifty eight pounds.

ELVIA: Color of your eyes--Oh, they're blue, aren't they?

JACK: Bluer than the thumb of a hitch-hiker in Anchorage, Alaska.

ELVIA: Yes, I've noticed that.....Your age?

JACK: Thirty nine.

ELVIA: Thirty nine? ^{Why?} That's a surprise...you look much younger.

JACK: Well, thank you.

ELVIA: I'm a bit of a comedian myself.

JACK: Huh.

ELVIA: Now, tell me, Mr. Benny--have you ever served on a jury before?

JACK: No me'am.

ELVIA: Have you ever been in court before?

JACK: Yes, every month with the telephone company.....But I don't think that would disqualify me from being a juror.

ELVIA: No, I guess not..Now, let's see--*I*---

(SOUND: PHONE RING...)

ELVIA: *Oh*, Excuse me...

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...)

ELVIA: Hello...Superior Court.

CB

VEOLA: Miss, I'd like some advice....How do I go about divorcing my husband? I must get rid of him.

ELVIA: Well, you have to have grounds for divorce.

VEOLA: Grounds?

ELVIA: Yes...Has he deserted you?

VEOLA: No.

ELVIA: Has he failed to support you?

VEOLA: No.

ELVIA: Has he gone out with other women?

VEOLA: No.

ELVIA: ^{Well,} Has he been cruel to you?

VEOLA: No.

ELVIA: Well, I'm sorry madame, but if you don't have ~~any~~ grounds, you can't divorce your husband.

VEOLA: Oh...(ASIDE) Well, I tried to do it the nice way, Herman.

(SOUND: GUNSHOT)

ELVIA: I guess she doesn't need me any more...

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK...)

ELVIA: Now, getting back to you, Mr. Benny, I have all the information I need.

JACK: What do I do now?

ELVIA: Go ^{right} ~~in~~ ^{that} ~~to the~~ room where they're interviewing the prospective jurors and talk to the judge.

JACK: Yes ma'am...

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

JACK: ...Excuse me...are you the judge?

CB

NELSON: Well, who do you think I am in this long black robe,
Vampire?

JACK: Hmmm.....Now look Judge, I came down here for jury duty,

NELSON: I know--raise your right hand.

JACK: What?

NELSON: Raise your right hand.

JACK: Alright--there...Are you going to swear me in?

NELSON: No, I just wanted to see if that old suit would hold
together.

JACK: What?

NELSON: You know, I've got a good mind to send you up for contempt.

JACK: Why--what did I say?

NELSON: Nothing, you're just contemptible.

JACK: Now just a second....I came down here because I wanted to
do my civic duty, and you insult me...You can't talk to
me that way, I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: WELL!!!.....you can't be a juror on this case.

JACK: Why not?

NELSON: ~~That~~ ^{this} case is Jack Benny versus the Telephone Company.

JACK: Oh yes...I remember now...I lost twice, so this time I
asked for a jury trial...I've got nice legs.....See you
next week, Judge....Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

CB

ATX01 0020613

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately following this program, but first ... The Sweetheart of Lucky Strike .. Miss Dorothy Collins.

JACK: I'll be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on at 7:00 this evening..but first .. the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike .. Miss Dorothy Collins.

CB

ATX01 0020620

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 20, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but right now,
here's a suggestion for you.

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like.

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: That's a grand idea for a pleasant Sunday evening
at home --or any time at all when you want to enjoy
a really great cigarette - just lean back and light
up a Lucky. Because every Lucky you light is sure
to give you better taste. And here's why: First,
Luckies are made of fine tobacco. Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco. Light, mild, naturally good-
tasting tobacco. And then, that tobacco is toasted.
"IT'S TOASTED" is the famous Lucky Strike process
that tones up Luckies' fine tobacco, brings it to
it's peak of flavor, makes it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

(MORE)

BR

ATX01 0020621

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 20, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: So right now, friends, or anytime at all when it's
(CONT'D) light-up time for you, Make it a Lucky - the best
 testing cigarette you ever smoked!

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
 Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!
 (HUM GLISS)

SOLO:
(SPOKEN:) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020622

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 20, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:

(SPOKEN)

Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020623

(TAG)

-23-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, as I said, I'm going to tell you about my television show tonight .. ^{Now} This isn't for you people who are at home and can ~~see~~ ^{see} it. This is for the people who are riding in their cars .. Now this television show opens where I -- oh-oh, I see I haven't got time .. So stop in at ~~the nearest~~ ^{the nearest} house and ~~see~~ ^{watch} it ... Goodnight, see you on television.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

CB

ATX01 0020624

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

CB

ATX01 0020625

HERBERT TARYTON

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 0020626

(J.B.R. 10)
PROGRAM #27

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"A Broadcast"

SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 24, 1954)

CAST: Jack Benny
Dennis Day
Bob Crosby
Don Wilson
Rochester
The Sportsmen
Shirley Mitchell
Veola Vonn
Harry Shearer
Mel Blanc

MG

ATX01 0020627

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 27, 1955

Opening: 1.02 Closing: 1.37

Total: 2.39

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM...Transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better.

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Heppy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. You know any time at
all that you want real smoking enjoyment is the time
to light up a Lucky. Because a Lucky tastes better
every time. And the reasons why are world famous.
First of all, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Fine,
light, naturally good tasting tobacco. And then,
that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" is the
famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies
naturally good-tasting tobacco to its peak of
flavor, tones it up to make it taste even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So right now, or anytime
it's light up time for you, Be Heppy - Go Lucky.
Enjoy Lucky Strike -- the best tasting cigarette
you ever smoked!

BR

ATX01 0020628

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 27, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020629

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 27, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Right up a Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky
SOLO: It's Light Up Time
For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike
GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)
SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020630

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..MANY TIMES IN THE PAST I'VE
OPENED THIS PROGRAM BY TAKING YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S
HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS...BUT TONIGHT, JUST FOR A CHANGE,
LET'S ALL GO OUT TO MR. AND MRS. BOB CROSBY'S HOUSE,
ON THE EDGE OF BEVERLY HILLS.

BOB: (SINGS FEW BARS) Many times..many times, I have wanted
your kiss.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Many times, many times --

SHIRLEY: Oh, Bob, Bob..

BOB: Yes, June?

SHIRLEY: You've been in the den here for an hour...what are you
doing?

BOB: *Sp.* Just rehearsing some songs dear...I'm thinking of making
another personal appearance.

SHIRLEY: Personal appearance...where?

BOB: Las Vegas.

SHIRLEY: Oh Bob, I wish you wouldn't...You remember what
happened ~~the~~ last time we were up there..you gambled
every night and lost quite heavily.

BOB: *Oh* I know.

MG

ATX01 0020631

SHIRLEY: Well, don't do it again, I miss the baby...But really,
Bob, I'm serious. I wish you wouldn't play another
personal appearance.

BOB: Well, why not, dear?

SHIRLEY: Well, you're so busy...you're on Mr. Benny's show every
week...you play benefits...you make records, and you have
your own T.V. show five days a week...You're never home
any more.

BOB: Oh, June, you're exaggerating.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: Oh, Mother....Mother?

SHIRLEY: Yes, dear?

HARRY: Can I go to the park and play ball?

SHIRLEY: Certainly.

HARRY: Okay, I'll be back in time for dinner...Say, Mom?

SHIRLEY: Yes, dear?

HARRY: Who's this guy, the plumber?

SHIRLEY: ...He's your father.

BOB: Well, certainly, I'm your father, don't you recognize
me, Chris?

HARRY: I'm Steve.

BOB: Oh.

SHIRLEY: You run along, Steve....and be home in time for dinner.

HARRY: I will, goodbye, Mother...goodbye,...Dad?

BOB: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MG

ATX01 0020632

BOB: Gosh, he's grown. Honey, I could have sworn he was Chris... ~~but~~ ^{though} you know, June, I've been thinking about what you said, ^{though}... I think I'm going to forget about personal appearances, and spend more time at home.

SHIRLEY: Oh, Bob I wish you would.

BOB: I will, and not only that... I think ... why don't we have a dinner party here at home like we used to.

SHIRLEY: Oh, that would be wonderful... How about next Saturday night?

BOB: That's fine... ~~we~~ ^{we} invite ~~some~~ ^{all} of the boys in my band and their wives, ^{and}... And you know what, June... I think we ought to invite Jack Benny, too.

SHIRLEY: You do?

BOB: ^{Why} Certainly.

SHIRLEY: ^{But} ~~But~~ he's such an important man, and he's so busy... you ... you can't call ~~him~~ and invite him to dinner on such short notice.

BOB: Well, I'm going to try, anyway.

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

DIALLING SIX NUMBERS... BUZZING SOUND)

SHIRLEY: Bob, I think you're making a big mistake.

(SOUND: BUZZ OF PHONE)

BOB: ^{Now} Don't ^{worry} worry, June... I've got an idea...

(SOUND: BUZZ)

BOB: ^{Look} We'll change the date of our dinner to fit Jack's convenience.

(SOUND: BUZZ ... CLICK OF PHONE)

JACK: Hello.

MG

BOB: Hello, Jack, this is Bob Crosby.

JACK: Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: Say, Jack...June and I would like to invite you to our house for dinner...and, well...when would it be possible for you to come?

JACK: Oh, seven o'clock, seven-fifteen, seven-thirty...In fact, I ~~am~~ -- I can be over right now.

BOB: Well...we weren't thinking of tonight...we were thinking of some night this week...which would be the most convenient?

JACK: ~~Monday~~ Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday --

BOB: Well, you skipped Thursday.

JACK: Oh, I baby sit that night.

BOB: Oh.

JACK: I used to do it for you, but you lost your kid in Las Vegas.

BOB: I know, I know...But Jack, how about coming over for dinner Saturday night.

JACK: *Oh* Oh, fine, Bob ^{fine -- long} and after ^{long} dinner we can have some fun. ^{you know} play gin...or Scrabble.

BOB: *Oh* No thank you, Jack...I'll never play Scrabble with you again after last Sunday's game...You're too tricky for me...I don't know how in the world you do it.

JACK: Do what?

BOB: Well, there are only two "Y's" in the game and yet you made the word "Money" eleven times.

MG

JACK: Well, all right, we'll play something else...So long,
see you Saturday.

BOB: So long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye, Bob.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, it was nice of Bob to invite me over to his house
for dinner...He's always doing things like that..having
people over for dinner...taking them out to night clubs
... having parties ... he's so generous ... he ought to
see a psychiatrist...Well, when Rochester comes home from
shopping, I better tell him I won't be home for dinner
Saturday night...Gee, he's been at that market a long
time.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COMING...COMING.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on in.

DENNIS: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: I wasn't expecting you today..Dennis...anything wrong?

DENNIS: No, I just wanted to ask you a favor...could you lend me
ten dollars?

JACK: Ten dollars? Yes, I..I guess so...what do you want it for?

DENNIS: I want to get myself tattooed.

JACK: Tattooed? Why?

RT

RTX01 0020635

DENNIS: Well, I was in the Navy during the war and yet nobody will believe I was a sailor.

JACK: Oh...Well, what are you going to have tattooed on you?

DENNIS: My uniform.

JACK: Well, that's ^{about} the silliest----Look, kid, if you want something tattooed on you to show that you were in the Navy, why don't you have a life preserver -- or an anchor ...or wait a minute, how about the Battleship Missouri?

DENNIS: No, my mother has that.

JACK: Your mother has a battleship tattooed on her?

DENNIS: When she wears a corset, it looks like it's sinking.

JACK: ~~.....~~ Say, wait a minute, kid, I've got a good idea... why don't you do what I did when I was in the Navy...have the American flag put on your arm.

DENNIS: Gee, I didn't know you had the American flag on you.

JACK: Yes, I had it done the first day I joined the Navy...Wait, I'll roll up my sleeve and show it to you....See?

DENNIS: Gee, only thirteen stars.

JACK: Yes, Dennis, only thirteen stars...but not for the reason you think...I made the man stop because he was hurting me.

DENNIS: Then why did he put them in a circle?

JACK: Dennis, I don't want to get into any more discussions with you...Now I'll make you a proposition.

DENNIS: Yeah, what?

JACK: If I lend you the ten dollars, will you let me hear the song you're going to do on next Sunday's program and leave immediately.

RT

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Okay...here's the ten dollars. *Let's hear it.*

~~DENNIS: Thanks...~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

RT

ATX01 0020637

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{That was key singing "Almost Like Being in Love" and} Dennis, ~~that's a wonderful song~~...should sound swell on the program. ^{Dennis: Oh thanks} now go get yourself tattooed.

DENNIS: Okay. ~~Yes~~, Mr. Benny, ^{you know} you know what I think I'll do?... I'll have them tattoo a --

JACK: Dennis, ~~what~~, you promised me if I lent you the ten dollars, you wouldn't say anything. You'd just go.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Okay then, go.

DENNIS: All right.....goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: That Dennis gets sillier and sillier every day...I don't know how I've stood him all these years..But it's my own fault..I should have known when I first saw him there was something wrong with him...what other man wears a size three hat...I don't know..Sometimes I think --

ROCH: (OFF) MR. BENNY, I'M BACK FROM THE MARKET.

JACK: Good.

ROCH: I'M IN THE KITCHEN PUTTING THE THINGS AWAY.

JACK: I'll come in and help you.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey, what took you so long, Rochester?

ROCH: WELL, I HAD A LOT OF THINGS TO DO...YOU KNOW, I TOOK ALL OF THE HAMBURGER OUT OF THE FREEZER, SOLD IT AND BOUGHT THIRTY-SIX QUARTS OF MILK.

JACK: Why did you do that?

ROCH: BEEF WENT UP, MILK WENT DOWN. I'M PLAYING THE MARKET.

RT

JACK: Say, Rochester..what's this?

ROCH: A HEAD OF LETTUCE.

JACK: How can this be lettuce, it's pure white.

ROCH: THE FAD IS OVER, THEY'RE TAKING CHLOROPHYLL OUT OF EVERYTHING.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, MR. BENNY, ARE YOU GOING OUT TONIGHT?

JACK: No, I think I'll stay home and practice my violin.

ROCH: YOUR VIOLIN? OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: All right, all right...I'll wait till you get out of the house...Meanwhile I'm going in the den and read for awhile.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Gee, I haven't read a book in a long time...Let's see what's here...Say, here's ^{a book} ~~one~~ I haven't read...

"One Hundred Famous Poems"...Gee, I haven't read poetry in a long time..I think I'll read this.

(SOUND: BOOK TAKEN FROM SHELF..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..
MAN SITTING IN CHAIR)

JACK: Now let's see...Gee, they have some wonderful poems in this book..~~the~~ "Charge of the LightBrigade"... "Hiawatha"... "The Wreck of the Hesperus"... "Gunga Din".. "There Was An Old Lady From--" woops, somebody pencilled that in...Oh, here's one of my favorite poems, ~~one~~ I haven't read it in years.."The Shooting of Dan McGrew"... I think I'll read that.."The Shooting of Dan McGrew" by Robert W. Service.

(MUSIC)

RT

JACK: (FILTER) (WESTERN)

A BUNCH OF THE BOYS WERE WHOOPING IT UP
IN THE MALAMUTE SALOON
THE KID THAT HANDLES THE MUSIC BOX
WAS HITTING A JAG TIME TUNE.

(TINNY PIANO PLAYS SALOON SONG FOR FEW BARS AND FADES OUT)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) (WESTERN) Hey Bartender...bartender...

(SOUND: SLAPPING ON BAR)

JACK: BARTENDER!

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Ah want a drink of whiskey.

MEL: Okay...how much whiskey do you want?

JACK: About three fingers.

MEL: Here you are.

(SOUND: POURING)

JACK: Ahh, gimme another drink.

MEL: How much this time?

JACK: Oh, about four fingers.

MEL: Okay.

(SOUND: LITTLE LONGER POURING)

MEL: There you are..four fingers of whiskey.

JACK: Ahhhhhh.

MEL: You know, Mister, you're the first man I ever saw drink
out of a glove.

JACK: I always do. I'm the only man in Alaska that got a
hangnail with a hangover...Doggone..I've been trapped in
this saloon for eight days by that darned blizzard...
How much longer do you think it will last?

RT

ATX01 0020640

MEL: I don't know.

JACK: Well, I'm gonna take a look outside and see how the weather is.

(SOUND: EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR THE DAMNEST STORM WITH WINDS HOWLING LIKE CRAZY..ON CUE, THE DOOR CLOSES AND SOUND OUT..EIGHT HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BACK)

MEL: How is it outside?

JACK: Cloudy...Look, Bartender, being stuck in a place like this for eight days can drive a guy nuts...I ~~got~~ got to have a little excitement...~~you~~ tell you what...I'll bet you five dollars I can shoot those three glasses off the top shelf in three shots.

MEL: Five dollars says you can't.

JACK: It's a bet...Stand back, everybody.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's one.

(SOUND: SHOT..GLASS CRASH)

JACK: There's two.

(SOUND: SHOT)

MEL: (PAUSE) You lost.

JACK: No, I didn't.

MEL: I've got twenty dollars more that says you did.

JACK: It's a bet.

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: That slow bullet has made me a fortune...Anybody else want to bet?

(BAGBY STARTS SAME SONG ON TINNY PIANO)

RT

JACK: Hey, you at the piano.

(BAGEY STOPS)

JACK: Don't you know any other music?

MEL: Nah, he's iggerant...But those fur--four fur trappers in the corner...

JACK: You must've had five fingers yourself.

MEL: I say, those four fur trappers in the corner...they can sing some songs.

JACK: Well, let's hear some.

MEL: Okay...take it, fellows.

RT

ATX01 0020642

(INTRO)

QUART: ALOUETTE GENTLE ALOUETTA
ALOUETTE JET'Y PLUMERAIS
ALOUETTE LIGHT A CIGARETTA
LUCKY STRIKE
JE SAIS TRES BON JO'LE
JET'Y PLUMERAIS LE TET
LIGHT A LUCKY, ALOUETTE
JET'Y PLUMERAIS 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 BUT 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 SO VERY GLAD TO KNOW (MORE)

RT

ATX01 0020643

QUART: SHE'S AS HAPPY AS CAN BE
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...AHHH
ALOUETTE, 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)

MEL: Well, how did you like the song?

JACK: That was c'est si good.

MEL: Hey look, Mister..the blizzard is letting up.

JACK: Yesh..Well, I think I'll get going..Where's my pardner...

HEY, WILSON..WILSON.

DON: (COMING IN) Here I am.

JACK: Come on, we're going up North to find gold..gold, do you hear me, gold.

DON: (VERY DRAMATIC) Just a minute, pardner. Don't risk your life out there in these icy wastes looking for gold..what is gold? Can't eat it? Can you drink it? Gold is only money, and money will only bring you unhappiness, misery and sorrow.

JACK: (LOOKS AT AUDIENCE) Would you mind repeating that?

DON: Money will only bring you unhappiness, misery and sorrow.

JACK: This boy is not only fat but he's stupid...Now come on, let's get the dogs ready and the sled...we're going.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..WIND AND STORM NOISES

UP AND DOWN)

(MUSIC)

SE

JACK: (FILTER) WERE YOU EVER OUT IN THE GREAT ALONE,
WHEN THE MOON WAS AWFUL CLEAR
AND THE ICY MOUNTAINS HEMMED YOU IN
WITH A SILENCE YOU COULD HEAR.
WITH ONLY THE HOWL OF A TIMBER WOLF
AND YOU CAMPED THERE IN THE COLD,
A HALF DEAD THING IN A STARK DEAD WORLD,
CLEAN MAD FOR THE MUCK CALLED GOLD.

(SOUND: WIND AND STORM NOISES FOLLOWED BY DOG SLED
NOISES..SLED GOING..DOG BARKING..WHIP
CRACKING..SOUNDS OUT..BUT SUSTAIN SLED &
WIND IN B.G.)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) We're going mightyslow ^{Nelson} and it's all your fault,
~~because~~..I took you on as a perdnor because I was a greenhorn
...You told me you knew everything about the Yukon...You
told me you knew how to handle these dog teams and sleds.

DON: Of course I do...what makes you think I don't?

JACK: Well...I have a feeling the dogs should be pulling the sled
and we should be riding...I'm sure of it.

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRACK OF WHIP)

JACK: And that cocker spaniel with the whip is murder... ~~that~~ that
dog yells "Mush" at me once more, there's gonna be trouble.

DON: Gee, I can't stand this no more..Three weeks we been
travelling through these frozen wastes..I wish I ~~was~~ --

JACK: Hey look, ^{wait a minute, here comes} ~~there's~~ a man ... an Eskimo.

DON: *Cl* Yeah, I'll go and talk to him.

SE

JACK: ~~Won't~~ Won't do any good, these Eskimos don't talk any English.

DON: I know, but I talk Eskimo...I'll say hello to him...

Hey Compari.

JACK: That's Eskimo?

DON: Look, he's coming toward us..and he's carrying food.

JACK: Yeah...maybe he'll give us some, Blubber...I mean maybe he'll give us some blubber...Hey, he wants to talk to us.

BOB: Ooogie ooogie was was meggeshoo maggesee.

JACK: What did he say, what did he say?

DON: He says ~~that~~ his name is ...he's a Mighty Hunter and he's Chief of an Eskimo tribe.

JACK: Oh...Ask him if he'll be our guide and lead us to the gold.

DON: Moogie mowgli ungs takerra igloo. Marsboo oogie glub neggi kooch teege?

JACK: Three of my writers must come from Pismo Beach, or something.

BOB: Nuggi nuggi tehken.

DON: He says he can't be our guide, he ~~is~~ ^{is get} something else to do.

JACK: Ask him what?

DON: Oogie tools neggerre?

BOB: Tekke loogi moogie pepoose nunga was was.

JACK: What did he say?

DON: He's gotte go to Las Vegas ~~and~~ ^{and} pick up his kid.

JACK: Oh...Well, let's go on by ourselves...Goodbye, Eskimo.

BOB: Goodbye, and don't forget dinner Saturday night.

JACK: I won't ... Come on, let's go.

(SOUND: SNAP OF WHIP)

MEL: (BARKS TWICE) MUSH.

SE

JACK: I'm pulling it. I'm pulling it...

(SOUND: WIND, DOGS, SLED GOING)

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE, WILSON..LOOK..LOOK AT THE SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN...WE'VE FOUND IT.. A VEIN OF PURE GOLD.. DO YOU HEAR ME, WILSON..LOOK AT IT...PURE GOLD..OH BOY, AM I UNHAPPY, MISERABLE AND SORRY!.....Come on, Wilson, let's dig that gold and go back to the saloon.

(SOUND: WIND AND STORM UP AND DOWN)

JACK: (FILTER) BACK OF THE BAR, IN A SOLO GAME
SAT DANGEROUS DAN McGREW
AND WATCHING HIS LUCK WAS HIS LIGHT-O-LOVE
THE LADY THAT'S KNOWN AS LOU.
WHEN OUT OF THE NIGHT WHICH WAS FIFTY BELOW
AND INTO THE DIN AND GLARE
THERE STUMBLED A MINER FRESH FROM THE CREEKS
DOG DIRTY AND LOADED FOR BEAR.

(SOUND: SLAPPING ON BAR TWICE)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Okay, Bartender..I've struck it rich..Set up drinks for everybody.

VEOLA: Does that include me, Handsome?

JACK: ~~It's not for you~~ ^{here} does, Lou. I came right back here after finding the gold just to see you.

VEOLA: Well, the minute I heard you was coming, I hurried home and got into this new dress.

JACK: You ~~must~~ must have been in a hurry...you didn't get all the way into it...But Lou, I ~~got~~ got presents for you now that I'm rich..I've got diamonds and ermine furs, jewels, and a yacht for you.

SE

VEOLA: Oh, darling... *come here honey,* ~~...~~ Kiss me.

~~JACK: ...~~

(VEOLA & JACK GO INTO A NICE LONG KISSING CLINCH)

JACK: ...Well, after that kiss I won't need my dogs or my sled anymore.

VEOLA: Why not?

JACK: There ain't no more snow between here and the North Pole... Gimme another kiss, Lou.

VEOLA: Sure, *honey,* I'll ~~...~~ -oh, wait a minute, be careful..here comes Dangerous Den McGrew.

(MUSICAL STINGER)

DENNIS: Lou, come here a minute.

VEOLA: Yes, Den.

DENNIS: Didn't I see you kissing this stranger a minute ago?

JACK: Yes, you did...hey, he does sound dangerous...What about it?

DENNIS: Do you know what I do to guys I catch kissing my gal?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I cut off their heads and hang them up by their hair.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: I'll have to think of something different for you.

JACK: Oh, I ain't scared..Now listen to me, Den McGrew, Lou is my gal and I'm taking her with me.

DENNIS: Oh no, you're not...draw your gun.

VEOLA: (FRIGHTENED) Don't..don't fight, boys, please.

JACK: Get out of the way, Lou...I'm ready, Den.

SE

JACK: (FILTER) THEN I REACHED FOR MY ROD AND THE LIGHTS WENT OUT,
AND TWO GUNS BLAZED IN THE DARK.

(SOUND: TWO SHOTS)

JACK: (FILTER) ~~and~~ ^{and} A WOMAN SCREAMED
AND THE LIGHTS WENT UP
AND TWO MEN LAY STIFF AND STARK.

MEL: ~~Bye~~ ^{Bye}, Stiff.

DENNIS: (STRAIGHT VOICE) So long, Stark.

JACK: (FILTER) PITCHED ON HIS HEAD AND PUMPED FULL OF LEAD
WAS DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW
WHILE THE MAN FROM THE CREEKS
LAY CLUTCHED IN THE ARMS
OF THE LADY THAT'S KNOWN AS LOU.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

SE

ATX01 0020650

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight through carelessness a fire could start - a fire that could claim your life and the lives of your children. Don't let it happen! Be on guard constantly against fire. Make sure every match...every cigarette...is put out. Always check the ashtrays before leaving the house or retiring for the night. Observe all fire regulations. Remember...only you can prevent fire.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but right now, here's a suggestion for you.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but right now,
here's a suggestion for you.

LIGHT UP TIME
JINGLE - #1 .21 Sec.

(SOUND: TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

WILSON: That's a grand idea, friends -- just lean back and
light up a Lucky. Because every Lucky you light is
sure to give you better taste. And here's why:
First, Luckies are made of fine tobacco. LS/MFT,
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Light, mild,
naturally good-tasting tobacco. And then, that
tobacco is toasted. IT'S TOASTED is the famous
Lucky Strike process that tones up Luckies!
naturally good-tasting tobacco, bringing it to its
peak of flavor, so that it tastes even better.
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, friends, anytime
it's light-up time Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your
cigarette - better-tasting Lucky Strike!

BR

ATX01 0020652

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #3 .15 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

RTX01 0020653

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MARCH 27, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

BR

ATX01 0020654

(TAG)

JACK: We're a little late, so goodnight folks.
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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

JG

ATX01 0020655

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.

JG

ATX01 0020656