

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

REBROADCAST: 9:30-10:00 PM-PWT.
STATIONS - KPD, KOMO, KMD, KHQ
KGW, KFSD, KFI.

CLIENT:

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.

BROADCAST:

DATE: NOV. 12, 1944.

PROGRAM:

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NETWORK:

#7
NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Sure, Brother!

DELMAR: You said it!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(MORE)

ATX01 0234997

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER OPENING COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: FROM THE ARMY AIR FIELD AT MUROC DRY LAKE..A 4TH AIR
FORCE BASE...WE BRING YOU THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...
STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS,
ROCHESTER, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:..AFTER THE THRILLS, ACTION AND
EXCITEMENT OF THE RECENT HECTIC ELECTION, THERE HAS
BEEN A TERRIFIC LET-DOWN..AND HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again,
this is Jack Benny talking..And you're right, Don, this
past election really was exciting, wasn't it?

DON: It sure was, Jack.

JACK: What a close race..twenty four million, three hundred
seven thousand, five hundred ninety eight for Roosevelt;
twenty one million, two hundred twenty four thousand,
four hundred forty seven for Dewey, and two for Jack
Benny...yes sir.

DON: Two!...Now wait a minute, Jack...I know you voted for
yourself..but where did that other vote come from?

JACK: I'VE GOT FRIENDS, BROTHER, I'VE GOT FRIENDS!..Anyway
Don, here we are at the Army Air Field at Muroc, and
I've got an idea...These boys want real impromptu
entertainment, so let's forget the script and give 'em
an informal show.

DON: You mean you're going to ad lib?

JACK: Sure..I'll make up the jokes as I go along..Here take
my script.

DON: Okay.

(TEARING PAPER)

JACK: Now watch the real Benny operate..Now fellas, watch me
ad lib here -- WELL, FELLAHS, HERE WE ARE UP AT
MUROC..LOCATED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT..WHICH
REMINDS ME..WHEN I GOT HERE..HA HA HA!...I TOOK A
GIRL FOR A WALK IN THE DESERT AND EVEN THE SAGE GAVE
ME THE BRUSH!..HA HA HA!...Get it?..Sage, Brush?...
Who needs a script..

DON: You do and here it is.

JACK: All right, wise guy, but I still think I can....OH
HELLO, MARY.

MARY: HELLO, JACK, HI YA FELLAHS.
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Mary, how do you like it up here at Muroc?

MARY: Oh it's swell, Jack..And say..did you see that Japanese
battleship right in the middle of the desert?

JACK: Yeah..When Halsey hits 'em, there's no tellin where
they're gonna land...You know that could happen, Mary,
but this ship was specially built for target practice.

MARY: So was the Japanese Navy.

JACK: You said it..But Mary, just look out at the audience..
Did you ever see such a fine bunch of boys?...And did
you notice, they're all wearing ribbons for good
conduct.

MARY: Good conduct?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well up here what else can they do?

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right, Mary.

MARY: Oh say Jack..did you know that we've been invited to stay for dinner after the show?

JACK: For dinner?...Here? Well, no, I can't do it, Mary.... You see, Rochester is preparing dinner at home for me.

MARY: But Jack, last year when we were here you stayed for dinner..Remember?...After your show they gave a barbecue especially for you.

JACK: Some barbecue..A COYOTE WITH AN APPLE IN ITS MOUTH!.... Barbecue.

MARY: Oh Jack, where would they get a coyote around here?

JACK: Are you kidding?..Let me tell you something, Mary..
Last night about midnight when all was dark and quiet
about ten coyotes sneaked into the mess hall and ate
up all the K-rations.

MARY: Well how did the coyotes get past the guard?

JACK: Past the guard!..WHO DO YOU THINK GAVE 'EM THE CAN
OPENER?..Say, that was pretty good, wasn't it, Don?

DON: It sure was, Jack..Sure was..you see, you do a lot
better when you stick to your script.

MARY: What are you talking about, Don?

DON: Well at the start of the show, Jack told me to hold
his script while he did some ad-libbing.

MARY: Jack ad-libbing!..(LAUGHS)

JACK: Hmm.

DON: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: Ad-libbing..Last week Jack went for a physical
examination, and when the doctor told him to open his
mouth and say "Ah," he had to send for his writer.

JACK: (MIMICING) Send for his writer, send for his writer..
And Don, this whole thing wouldn't have happened if you
didn't open your big fat mouth..You could show me a
little gratitude for the thousand dollars a week I'm
paying you.

MARY: You pay Don a thousand dollars a week?

JACK: I hired him by the pound...Hey, did you hear what I just
said?..That's a terrific joke, what a beauty, what a
sensational gag!

MARY: Why Jack Benny..I heard Fred Allen on a program
Thursday night, and he told that same joke.

JACK: He did?

MARY: You know he did...We were both listening to the radio
at the time.

JACK: Oh yeah?..Whose radio was it?

MARY: Yours.

JACK: WELL, ANYTHING THAT COMES OUT OF MY RADIO IS MINE....
Anyway, mine isn't a joke, I did hide Don Wilson by the
pound.

MARY: Well for heaven's sake, how could you go into such a
stupid deal?

JACK: It wasn't stupid when I made it..Twelve years ago
Wilson looked like Sinatra and if he doesn't stop eating
all that kind of things --

PHIL: HI JACKSON..OKAY FELLAHS, MAKE WITH THE PATTY-CAKE,
HARRIS IS HERE! Yes -- you pretty things -- yeah...
yeah..
(APPLAUSE

JACK: Phil, what kind of an entrance is that?..Make with the
patty-cake..These fellows aren't children, you know..
They're men! They've seen life!

PHIL: You mean they haven't always been in Muroc?

JACK: Phil, that's no way to talk about a place that's doing
so much good.

PHIL: You're not kiddin', Jackson..you know I've only been
here one day and it's made a new man out of me.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Yes sir..I ain't touchin' another drop as long as I live.

JACK: You're kidding.

PHIL: Not me, Jackson..Now I've heard of seein' pink elephants..and two-headed tigers..but what I seen today would make W.C. Fields vote for prohibition.

JACK: Phil, what are you talking about?

PHIL: Well; I was drivin' along, mindin' my own business see when all of a sudden, there it is..I close my eyes, shake my head, open my eyes again, but it's still there.

JACK: What's still there?..What did you see?

PHIL: A battleship right in the middle of the desert.

JACK: Phil, do me a favor and sit down, will you?

PHIL: Oh, you're ashamed of me, huh?..Well, I'm not as bad as some of these guys around here.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I ONLY SAW THE BATTLESHIP, THEY WERE SHOOTIN' AT IT!

JACK: Hmnm.

MARY: Phil, they've got that battleship in the desert for target practice..That's how the gunners --

JACK: Mary, don't explain it to him..And Phil, if you feel up to it, I wish you'd stand up in front of your band and scare your boys through two choruses of --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: On behalf of the boys stationed here at Muroc, I
want to present you with this hand grenade.

JACK: Hand grenade?

MEL: Yeah..Hold it in your right hand, pull out the pin,
count ten -

JACK: Yes.

MEL: Then change hands.

JACK: Thank you, I will.

(DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hmm...I wonder if I should pull it now or wait till
after the show..Oh well..Go ahead and play, Phil.
What's the difference..

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "How Many Hearts Have You Broken?" played
by Phil Harris and his "Makes You Wanna, But You
Wouldn't Dare, because It's Against The Law"
orchestra.....Say Phil, after the broadcast we're
going to do another show...so have your boys stick
around..You too, Mary.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: AND NOW FELLOWS ---

MARY:) I think I'll change into my low-cut evening gown.
PHIL:) I think I'll change into my low-cut evening gown.

JACK:Phil, that's Mary's line....

PHIL: Oh, Oh, Oh.

JACK: Low cut evening gown -- you know if you'd get here
early enough for rehearsal once in a while, you
wouldn't make these mistakes.

PHIL: Well I couldn't help it, Jackson...I started out
early enough, but I got lost in Rosemont.

JACK: How can you get lost in Rosemont?...Why there's
nothing there but two stores and a bowling alley.

MARY: Maybe he went up the wrong alley.

JACK: Mary, please.

PHIL: That's exactly what happened.

JACK: Now cut that out.....Imagine getting lost in Rosemont..
That town is so small the city limit signs are back
to back..That's a small town around here, folks..No
really..I know because I walked through Rosemont this
morning.

ON: That's right, follows...As I came through I saw Jack
standing in front of the bowling alley smoking a cigar.

JACK: What...what did you say, Don?

DON: I said you were standing in front of the bowling alley smoking a cigar.

JACK: A cigar?...Why Don Wilson, I was smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette.

DON: You should have been, Jack...but I saw you with my own eyes and you were smoking a cigar.

JACK: I was smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette.

DON: You were smoking a cigar.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Don...I had the cigarette inside the cigar....so there.

DON: WELL, WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD YOU PUT A CIGARETTE INSIDE OF A CIGAR?

JACK: BECAUSE IT WAS RAINING AND SHUT UP....You're just trying to get my job..Anyway Don, we're out on a desert, so what you saw was a mirage.

DON: AND WITH MEN WHO KNOW MIRAGES BEST, IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE!

JACK: Very good, Don..Our little fight worked out for the best...Now let's get back to the....

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh darn it...COME IN.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

REDMAN: SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR MISS MARY LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: I'll take it, boy...Here's a tip for you.

REDMAN: OH GEE, A NICKEL, NOW I CAN DO MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Christmas shopping with a nickel, what a cheap guy..
You know he's got a peculiar voice for a boy.

MARY: Jack, give me my letter.

JACK: Oh yes...Here it is, Mary.

MARY: Thanks.

SOUND: (LETTER BEING OPENED)

JACK: Who's it from?

MARY: Oh look, it's from Mama.

JACK: Yeah? Read it, Mary.

MARY: PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY...NOVEMBER 8TH..FOUR O'CLOCK..
(SINGS) GRUEN WATCH TIME.

JACK: WHAT?

MARY: (SINGS) TICK TOCK!

JACK: All right, read the letter.

PHIL: Yeah, let's hear it, Mary.

MARY: Okay...MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...JUST A SHORT NOTE
TO LET YOU KNOW THAT PAPA AND I ARE FEELING WELL AND
WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE CHECKS YOU SENT US ON OUR
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

JACK: Well!

MARY: JUST THINK, WE'VE BEEN MARRIED THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, AND
PAPA KEEPS TELLING ME THAT I'M AS BEAUTIFUL NOW AS I
WAS THE DAY HE MARRIED ME...HE'S SO SWEET ABOUT IT
SOMETIMES I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT HIDING HIS GLASSES.

JACK: How sweet, hiding his glasses.

MARY: I GOT A LETTER FROM YOUR COUSIN WILLIE, WHO IS NOW
STATIONED IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...HE SAYS THAT THIS
SUMMER JACK BENNY ENTERTAINED AT HIS CAMP, AND IN HIS
OPINION JACK IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE BIGGEST, AND THEN
FIVE WORDS WERE CUT OUT BY THE CENSOR.

JACK: Hmm...I was a big hit there.

MARY: WILLIE WROTE ME ALL ABOUT THE FOOD THEY SERVE HIM IN CAMP, AND SCIENCE IS CERTAINLY WONDERFUL..BUT THEY MUST GIVE THOSE HENS A LOT OF BASIC TRAINING TO GET THEM TO LAY POWDERED EGGS.

JACK: I never could figure that out either.

MARY: I'M GLAD THE ELECTION IS OVER BECAUSE NOW PAPA AND UNCLE JULIUS CAN BE FRIENDS AGAIN...THEY WERE ALWAYS ARGUING ABOUT POLITICS, AND UNCLE JULIUS IS SUCH A HARD LOSER...HE NEVER GIVES UP.

JACK: A lot of people are like that.

MARY: WHEN THE ELECTION RESULTS WERE FINAL, PAPA STARTED TEASING HIM ABOUT IT, AND UNCLE JULIUS LOST HIS TEMPER AND HIT PAPA OVER THE HEAD WITH HIS HOOVER BUTTON.

JACK: Oh fine.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS SO WILL CLOSE WITH LOVE FROM US BOTH.. MAMA.

JACK: You know your mother is cute at that.

MARY: P.S..IF JACK IS READING OVER YOUR SHOULDER, GIVE HIM MY REGARDS...IF HE ISN'T...WHAT I TOLD YOU OVER THE TELEPHONE STILL GOES.

JACK: How do you like that..I hope your father finds his glasses...And Mary, next time have your letter delivered at home...Now where were we.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, I meant to ask you...How about that new singer you hired?...When are we gonna meet the kid?

JACK: Larry Stevens?...Oh he'll be along soon...I haven't exactly hired him yet..You see, we haven't discussed money.

PHIL: Well if he don't bring it up, you never will.

JACK: I'll bring it up, don't worry...And this kid's going to....(Shh, here he comes now.)

LARRY: Hello Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Hello Larry.

LARRY: Hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hi ya, Larry....Larry, this is Don Wilson, my announcer.

DON: Hello Larry.

LARRY: It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Wilson.

JACK: And this is Phil Harris, my...oh well, I might as well say it..my orchestra leader.

PHIL: Hi, kid.

LARRY: I'm glad to know you, Mr. Harris, and I've always enjoyed your music.

PHIL: You see, Jackson, the kid's hep, he ain't no long-hair.. He's mellow and on the beam..and when he beats his gums, his jive is groovey..

JACK: Jive, groovey?...Phil, did you vote Tuesday?

PHIL: Yeah, why?

JACK: How could you prove you were a citizen?...Now Larry --

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: You and I are going to talk a little business today.. but first I'd like to have you sing a number for the boys....How about it?

LARRY: I'll be glad to.

JACK: Good...Now don't be nervous..Just relax and take it easy, we're all with you..so are these fellows here.... So go ahead and sing.

LARRY: Should I pass the music around to the orchestra?
JACK: No, that'll only make it tough for 'em...They make
less mistakes guessing at it....Go ahead, kid.
(APPLAUSE)
(SEGUE INTO LARRY'S NUMBER)
"LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT"
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes, sir. That was "Let Me Love You Tonight", sung by Larry Stevens...and very good, Larry.

LARRY: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Now, Larry, I want to talk things over with you..You know, your future, your career, your salary...you know, your salary.

PHIL: His voice always cracks on that word.

JACK: Never mind...Come here, Larry...sit down.

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Larry, my boy, you're young and have many many years ahead of you...and kid, there's something I'm going to tell you --

MARY: (MOCKING) Money isn't everything.

JACK: Money isn't...Mary, will you please leave us alone?... (VERY INSINCERE) Now Larry, when I was your age, I was a poor kid in Waukegan...I used to get up at five o'clock in the morning...

MARY: He was an eager beaver.

JACK: Miss Livingstone, please.

LARRY: Yes, Miss Livingstone. I want to hear this.

JACK: Yes, Larry, I was very poor....I didn't have the opportunities that you have....While the other children went to school to get an education, I had to sell papers, barefoot in the snow...and run errands for people in the neighborhood.

(VIOLINS PLAY "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" SOFT)

JACK: And when I ran those errands I'd be happy just to get a nickel, or a dime...and clenched tight in my little fist, I'd bring it home to my mother and father...Phil!

(MUSIC STOPS)

PHIL: I was only trying to coagulate.

(MUSIC OUT)

(MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY)

JACK: Oh....so you see, kid...I've never forgotten those early days when I started from the bottom...So, Larry, let's talk about your salary.

MARY: You're gonna hit a new bottom, kid.

JACK: Hmmm....Now, Larry --

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny...

JACK: Dennis Day came to work for me, and after being on my program for only five years, I paid him thirty-five dollars a week.

LARRY: OH BOY, AS MUCH AS THAT?

JACK:Sit down, son, I want to talk to you...Now, naturally you wouldn't expect thirty-five a week to start with, would you?

LARRY:Wellllll....

JACK: Of course not, so I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Kid...Larry, Larry, my boy, I'm going to pay you...that is I'll start you off with twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week....How's that, kid?

LARRY: Oh, that's swell, Mr. Benny....Thanks very much.

JACK: Yes, sirree!

(PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Excuse me.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Hello.

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

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Yes...what is it, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I called to tell you that if they invited you to dinner up there, by all means accept.

JACK: No, no, I'm coming home to dinner...Did you roast that chicken like I told you to?

ROCHESTER: I was going to, boss, but that chicken was so smart I didn't have the heart to kill it.

JACK: What do you mean, smart?

ROCHESTER: Well, when I brought him into the kitchen, he jumped up on the stove, looked in the pot, and said "IS YOU IS CR IS YOU AIN'T MY GRAVY!"

JACK: Rochester, that's a terrible joke.

ROCHESTER: THAT AIN'T BAD FOR A CHICKEN.

JACK: Now, Rochester, stop being silly..and I hope you prepared something else for dinner.

ROCHESTER: Well, I put on that pot roast you bought yesterday, but I think it's a little too well done.

JACK: That's all right, I like my meat well done.

ROCHESTER: SO DO I, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

JACK: You mean it's burned?

ROCHESTER: BURNED!...EVEN A MESS SERGEANT WITH A LONG ARM WOULDN'T HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TO SERVE IT.

JACK: You mean it's that bad...Rochester, how did it happen?

ROCHESTER: Well, when it was cooking I stepped out of the house for a little while.

JACK: I know your little whiles...How long were you gone?

ROCHESTER: Oh, it was just a matter of minutes, boss.

JACK: How many minutes?

ROCHESTER: ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED.

JACK: Fifteen hundred!....That's more than twenty-four hours

Now what did you leave the house for?

ROCHESTER: I STEPPED OUT TO GET A PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES.

JACK: Cigarettes...Well that shouldn't have taken you long.

ROCHESTER: OH, BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Rochester, we'll talk about this when I get home...and you'd better have something for me to eat.

ROCHESTER: Okay..goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Oh say boss --

JACK: How what.

ROCHESTER: Mr. Fred Allen called a little while ago, and he's sure mad at you.

JACK: Allen..mad at me?

ROCHESTER: Yeah..He said he was listening to your program, and you stole one of his jokes.

JACK: You mean he called me a low-down crook?

ROCHESTER: THAT'S WHAT HE SAID -- THAT'S WHAT THE MAN SAID, HE SAID THAT.

JACK: Well I'll take care of him when I get back..Goodbye.
(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

JACK: Imagine a guy getting sore about one little joke...
Play, Phil.
(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC TO FINISH)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen..I have an extremely serious message to deliver and ask you to listen closely..Our fighting men are being returned to this country in steadily growing numbers -- They are sick and wounded.. The gallant members of the Army Nurse Corps have managed, up till now, to hold their own in caring for these men. But as I speak to you, ten thousand more registered nurses are needed immediately.
(MORE)

JACK:
(CONT'D)

The nurse who enters the Army Nurse Corps will practice her profession where it will do the most good. Now you listeners can help me urge all registered nurses, those about to graduate, and members of the Cadet Nurse Corps, to join the Army right now. For information, write to the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C. tonight. While you are writing, wounded men are returning. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

RON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here are my good friends L. A. "Speed" Riggs, and Kenneth Delmar.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Ladies and gentlemen -- at tobacco markets now open in the South, independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. And sworn records show that among such independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN), and Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). This is Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,
(Imp. Tag
#6) so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

JACK: Well folks, we've had a wonderful time here at the Army Air Field at Muroc Dry Lake..And I want to thank all the boys for inviting us up here and being such a swell audience...Next Sunday night we'll be broadcasting from the U. S. Naval Hospital at Corona...So we'll see you next week, boys..Well Larry, how did you feel being up here on the stage and singing in front of an audience?

LARRY: Oh I liked it very much, Mr. Benny.

JACK: You weren't nervous?

LARRY: Well, a little bit.

JACK: Oh, that's all right. You'll get over it.

LARRY: Say Mr. Benny..where do I have to sing tomorrow night?

JACK: Tomorrow night?...No place, kid..you don't have to sing until next Sunday.

LARRY: You mean I have the whole week off?

JACK: Why, why certainly.

LARRY: Gee..AND YOU'RE PAYING ME TWENTY TWO FIFTY A WEEK.

JACK: Well..I happen to like you, kid, and you know when I like somebody, the sky's the limit.

LARRY: But Mr. Benny --

JACK: Forget it, kid, forget it...Goodnight, folks.