

RADIO  
CONTINUITY

LUCKY STRIKE  
JACK BENNY

SEPT. - DEC.  
1945

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# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

<b>CLIENT:</b>	AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.	<b>BROADCAST:</b>	#1
		<b>DATE:</b>	SEPT. 30, 1945
<b>PROGRAM:</b>	THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM	<b>NETWORK:</b>	NBC

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I      OPENING NEW YORK

L.S. 1000-1000  
L.S. 1000-1000

DELMAR:            THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL:        Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

TICKER:           ( 2 & 3, 2 & 3 )

RUYSDAEL:        LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SIMS:             Sure thing!

(Excl. C)

DELMAR:           That's right!

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

RIGGS:            (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR:           Yes -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so round,  
                      so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

BOONE:            (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
REV. OPENING #1

DELMAR: Independent tobacco experts know who buys what tobacco.  
Mr. Ed. L. Isaacs, independent tobacco expert and  
warehouseman of Lebanon, Kentucky, said:

ISAACS: I smoke Luckies for the same reason that so many  
other tobacco men smoke them - simply because I have  
seen Luckies buy fine tobacco, and I've smoked Luckies  
for thirteen years.

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco. - Lucky Strike!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, THEME MUSIC UP AND FADES)

SOUND: (LOUD PHONE BUZZ...THEN A CLICK)

BEA: Hello..National Broadcasting Company.

KEARNS: (FILTER) Say operator, can you tell me what's on the  
air at four o'clock today?

BEA: The Lucky Strike program...with Mary Livingston, Phil  
Harris, Rochester, Larry Stevens, Don Wilson..and  
starring Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Who?

BEA: Jack Benny.

SOUND: (GUN SHOT)

BEA: (SLIGHT PAUSE)...Gee Mabel, that's the sixth one today.

SARA: Well, I'm still ahead, I've got eight.

BEA: You're always lucky, you won last year, too.

SARA: Yeah..Mr. Benny oughta know better than to open his  
program during the hunting season.

BEA: Yeah.

SOUND: (PHONE BUZZ..CLICK)

BEA: National Broadcasting Company.

GEORGE: (FILTER) Say Operator, can you tell me that's on the  
air at four o'clock today?

BEA: The Lucky Strike program...starring Jack Benny.

GEORGE: Who?

BEA: Jack Benny.

(LONG PAUSE..ABOUT THREE SECONDS)

BEA: Hey Mabel --

SARA: What?

BEA: This one must've used a knife.

SARA: Yeah..I'll be glad when today is over so I can go home and take off this black dress.

BEA: Yeah...And it's so hard to talk through this veil.

SARA: Yeah.

SOUND: (BUZZ OF PHONE)

BEA: Hey Mabel, look at the switchboard..Jack Benny's dressing room is calling.

SARA: Shall I take it, Gertrude, or do you want to get it?

BEA: What's the difference, he's not gonna kill himself anyway.

SARA: Yeah...Them that should won't.

BEA: Yeah.

SOUND: (BUZZ...CLICK)

BEA: Yes sir?

JACK: (FILTER) Operator, this is Jack Benny.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Operator, with the change of time today, I'd like to check my watch...What time is it, please?

BEA: It's twenty minutes to three.

JACK: Twenty minutes to three? That's funny, I've got twenty minutes to four.

BEA: Hold on...Mabel, what time have you got?

SARA: Twenty minutes to five.

BEA: But I've got twenty minutes to three.

SARA: No no, Gertrude, you moved your watch back an hour, and you're supposed to move it ahead...Gee, are you dumb.

BEA: I'm not as dumb as Mr. Benny, he didn't move it at all.

JACK: OPERATOR, I HEARD THAT AND I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: (MOVES TO REGULAR MIKE) That Gertrude thinks she's smart...what a telephone operator...And she's a lousy dancer too...Well I better hurry and get ready. After all, it's twenty minutes to something...This is all Rochester's fault...I told him the time changed at two o'clock in the morning and to set all the clocks in the house and my watch too...Anyway, I better get ready... I wish N. B. C. would give me a better dressing room... This tile floor is so cold on my bare feet...Now let's see, where did I put my --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, so you finally got here.

ROCHESTER: HELLO, BOSS.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, you know this is my first program, and I'm nervous and excited...Why do you have to be late?

ROCHESTER: Late...I got twenty minutes to two.

JACK: Well, no wonder our watches are all mixed up, and it's your fault.

ROCHESTER: My fault?

JACK: Yes...What were you supposed to do at two o'clock this morning?

ROCHESTER: At two o'clock this morning?...Oh, I did that, boss.

JACK: You did what?

ROCHESTER: I tip-toed into your room and put a hot water bottle on your feet.

JACK: Is that all you did?

ROCHESTER: (COYLY) Well..I must confess, boss..I tickled your toes a little.

JACK: Oh, was that you?

ROCHESTER: Yeah..and when I saw the way you had your arms around that pillow, I figured you were expecting something.

JACK: Rochester, I always sleep with my arms around the pillow.

ROCHESTER: I know, but last night you looked at it and said, "DON'T YOU THINK TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAP AS ONE?"

JACK: I..I said that to the pillow?

ROCHESTER: Yeah...Then I waited three minutes, and when it didn't answer I walked out.

JACK: Oh darn it, I do the silliest things in my sleep...  
Imagine, talking to a pillow. Rochester, why didn't you wake me up?

ROCHESTER: I HATED TO CUT IN, BOSS, YOU WERE DANCING!

JACK: Well, I just had one of those nightmares. I'm always nervous before an opening broadcast. Gee, I hope the rest of the gang is here. By the way, Rochester, did you call Mr. Harris like I told you to?

ROCHESTER: Yes, boss, but they said he hasn't been home for two weeks and they gave me this number.

JACK: Okay, I'll call it.

SOUND: (DIALING OF PHONE)

JACK: This is probably Phil's office...I'll bet he's been knocking himself out for the last two weeks making special musical arrangements.

SOUND: (BUZZ OF PHONE...RECEIVER CLICK)



MEL: JOE'S POOL ROOM.

JACK: Joe's Pool Room!

MEL: SNOOKER GAMES ARRANGED FOR SHNOCKS.

JACK: What?

MEL: RADAR CUSPIDORS..YOU CAN'T MISS!

JACK: Look, will you please let met talk to Phil Harris?

MEL: I don't know nobody here by that name..What does he do?

JACK: HE'S AN ORCHESTRA LEADER..it says in his contract..

MEL: Oh, him.

JACK: Yes, him..Tell him his boss wants to talk to him.

MEL: Okay..HEY, GOLDBLOCKS..KAY KYSER'S ON THE PHONE..

JACK: Kay Kyser?

PHIL: (OFF) HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT..RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A  
GAME..HOLD EVERYTHING.  
(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Hello, Kaysy.

JACK: Phil, this is Jacksy.

PHIL: Who?

JACK: Jack Benny.

PHIL: Oh, hi ya Jackson, what's up?

JACK: What's up! We go on the air in fifteen minutes, and  
you're in a pool room..Why aren't you here at the  
studio?

PHIL: I CAN'T BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME.

JACK: Of course not.

PHIL: IF I COULD, I'D BE AT THE RACE TRACK TOO.

JACK: Well that shows how you attend to business..hanging  
around pool halls when you should be rehearsing your  
orchestra..Now Phil, you better have a good band number  
for our opening program.

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PHIL: Don't worry about the music, Bub..I got a brand new tune  
I'm gonna play called, "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE  
NORTH"

JACK: The North!

PHIL: Yeah..Five thousand arrangers in the country, and I had  
to hire a Yankee.

JACK: Well I'm glad you got something new..Now Phil, you know  
how nervous I am, so get over here, will you?

PHIL: Sure, Jackson, I'll be over as soon as I finish this  
game.

JACK: All right, goodbye.

PHIL: Goodbye...Okay, Mom, it's your shot.

SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: Rochester, I've gotta go across the stage to Miss  
Livingston's dressing room....See you later.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSSES..LIGHT..CROWD NOISES..FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Oh hello, Gildersleeve.

MEL: (A LA GILDERSLEEVE) Hello, Jack..(CHUCKLES) Come on,  
Leroy.

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)...Hmm, that Leroy..I'll bet he's  
Gildersleeve's father...(HUMS) ...Oh hello, Larry.  
(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

LARRY: Hello, Mr. Benny.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, are you nervous, kid?

LARRY: Oh a little bit, but I'll be all right when I get into my song.

JACK: Sure you will..What time have you got, Larry?  
Oh by the way, Larry, I forgot all about it...  
Congratulations! You got married, didn't you?

LARRY: Yes, Mr. Benny..about two weeks ago.

JACK: Well..I hope you'll be very happy..Where did you meet the pillow..I mean the girl...Where did you meet the girl?

LARRY: Oh her mother introduced us.

JACK: Her mother?

LARRY: Yeah, I wish she'd go home already.  
(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: I know how you feel..Well..go ahead. and rehearse your song, kid. Go ahead.  
(APPLAUSE)  
(LARRY'S NUMBER "TILL THE END OF TIME")  
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Larry, that was fine...Now I'm going down to Miss Livingston's dressing room, and I'll see you right before the show.. And congratulations again on your marriage.

LARRY: Thanks.

JACK: You know, kid, I was kind of toying with the idea myself...(SILLY LAUGH) Larry, do you find that two.. can live as cheaply...as one?

ROCHESTER: THEY CAN IF ONE OF 'EM IS A PILLOW!

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing here?

ROCHESTER: I'm trying to find out what time it is.

JACK: Oh. Well, see you later, Larry.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS WEDDING MARCH).....I mean....(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

BEA: (ON CUE - FADES IN, MAD) DON'T YOU DARE TALK TO ME LIKE THAT.

KEARNS: I'LL TALK TO YOU ANY WAY I WANT TO..

BEA: YOU DO AND I'LL SLAP YOUR FACE, YOU BEAST.

KEARNS: SLAP MY FACE, WILL YA...THE LAST WOMAN THAT SLAPPED MY FACE NEVER TRIED IT AGAIN.

BEA: DON'T YOU THREATEN ME, I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED AND THROWN IN JAIL FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE..(STARTS TO FADE)

KEARNS: (FADING) GO AHEAD, CALL A COP, YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME.. GO AHEAD, CALL A COP, I DARE YOU.

BEA: ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOU AND I WILL...(FADES OUT)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS PICK UP)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) That's a shame...that happens every time John sees his other wife...Oh well...Now let's see...which is Mary's dressing room....Here it is.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: OH MARY....MARY, MAY I COME IN?

MARY: (OFF) JUST A MINUTE, JACK, I'M NOT DRESSED YET.  
(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Oh Pauline -- Pauline --

PAULINE: Yes, Miss Livingston.

MARY: Help me slip into my dress, Mr. Benny wants to come in.

PAULINE: Mr. Benny?

MARY: Yes.

PAULINE: Is he gonna be on your program again this year?

MARY: Pauline, it isn't my program, it's Mr. Benny's, and Mr. Benny is the star...I just work for him, and he pays me a very nice salary...Not as much as I pay you, but a very nice salary.

PAULINE: Well if I were you, Miss Livingston, I'd quit.

MARY: Now wait a minute, Pauline, you don't understand..As a matter of fact, when I first went to work for Mr. Benny I was nineteen years old...and he promised me a raise just as soon as I reached my twenty-eighth birthday.

PAULINE: Your twenty-eighth birthday...Gee, did you remind him of it?

MARY: No, the raise wasn't worth admitting it.

JACK: (OFF) MARY, I'M WAITING.

MARY: JUST A MINUTE, JACK. Pauline, how does my dress look?

PAULINE: It looks all right, Miss Livingston; but if I were you  
I'd wear it a little shorter..You have such pretty legs.

MARY: (GIGGLES) Thanks, Pauline.

PAULINE: It's too bad you only have two of 'em.

MARY: What?

PAULINE: Well...what I mean is...when you've got something so  
nice, it's too bad you can't have more of it.

MARY: Believe me, Pauline, every girl who has nice legs is  
perfectly satisfied with just two of them...(GIGGLES)  
After all, who'd look at a girl with three legs?

PAULINE: Everybody.

JACK: (OFF) MARY, HOW ABOUT IT?

MARY: JUST A MINUTE. Pauline, hand me my make-up kit.

PAULINE: Here you are.

MARY: Thank you.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF BOTTLES)

MARY: Oh, look at that...I must have forgotten my cold cream,  
my nail polish and my eye shadow....And I wanted to  
look so nice for our first show.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: (OFF) MARY!

MARY: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN COME IN NOW.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello.

JACK: Hello, Mary....Well, I'm all ready for the show.

MARY: Gee, you look nice.

JACK: Thanks...Here's your cold cream, your nail polish and  
your eye shadow.

MARY: Jack Benny...the next time you want to borrow those things, ask for 'em.

JACK: I didn't borrow 'em....When we changed dressing rooms you forgot them....Anyway, we better get out on the stage...it's eight minutes to four.

MARY: I've got eight minutes to three.

JACK: You must be wrong. Now come on. I'm nervous.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

JACK: Look, Mary, they've got the stage set up pretty nice, haven't they?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: I wonder if this microphone is working..and look how low they've got it...One two three four, Woof Woof, one two three four, one two three four --

MARY: Jack, you're talking into the doorknob.

JACK: Huh?...Oh yes...Geo, I'm so nervous...I always am on the first show.

MARY: Oh the first show has nothing to do with it..you're always nervous.

JACK: I am not.

MARY: Look what happened last week when you read in the Pasadena paper that the world was coming to an end.

JACK: That didn't bother me at all.

MARY: Then why were you wearing that asbestos suit?

JACK: Mary --

MARY: And walking around with that harp under your arm.

JACK: I wasn't taking any chances, sister. Now don't embarrass me in front of the orchestra.

O'TOOLE: ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY...MOVE OVER, MOVE OVER, CLEAR THE STAGE...COME ON, COME ON.

JACK: What?

O'TOOLE: YOU TOO, BENNY...STEP ASIDE, STEP ASIDE.

JACK: Yes sir.

O'TOOLE: SOMEBODY GRAB THESE CHAIRS.

JACK: I'll do it, I'll do it....(I never saw him here before.. Who is that, Mary?)

MARY: He sweeps up around here.

JACK: Oh..Well why is he wearing those striped pants and that silk hat?

MARY: Maybe he's going to call on MacArthur.....

JACK: Him? But his eyes don't --

MARY: Forget it, Jack.

JACK: Imagine, sweeping up now, six minutes before the show.

MARY: Yeah...there'll be a lot more to sweep up after the show

JACK: You're certainly sharp today...kiddo...Oh look, there's Don Wilson over there rehearsing by himself.

MARY: Yeah.

DON: (MUMBLING) The Lucky Strike program...starring Don Wilson..with Mary Livingston, Jack -- Say! The Lucky Strike program..starzing Don Wilson...No, I'd never get away with it.

JACK: WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DON?



DON: Huh?...OH, HI YA JACK, HELLO MARY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Don, what were you doing?

DON: Oh I was just rehearsing...THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...  
STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTON, PHIL HARRIS,  
ROCHESTER, LARRY STEVENS..and yours truly, Don Wilson.

JACK: That's swell, Don, but you shouldn't throw your name  
away like that..Give yourself a buildup.

DON: (COY) Well, to tell the truth, I just never thought about  
it, Jack.

JACK: Oh.

DON: After all, you're the boss, the star.

JACK: Yes, yes, of course.

O'TOOLE: (OFF -- TOUGH) HEY BENNY, I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO MOVE  
ASIDE.

JACK: Oh pardon me..Let's stand over here, Don...Well, I'll...  
bet you're rarin' to go with those commercials, eh Don?

DON: Ah, you bet I am, Jack...I just can't wait until it's  
time for me to say, LS/MF...uh...uh...LS/MF...uh --

JACK: T, T, Don.

DON: Oh yes...LS/MFT..You see, Jack, I've been off the air  
seventeen weeks...I guess I forgot.

JACK: Oh that's all right...go ahead.

DON: LS/MFT...YES SIR! YOU BET! LUCKY STRIKE MEANS...uh...  
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS...uh...

MARY: Don, what happened?

DON: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS DON WHAT HAPPENED!

JACK: No no..Don, what's the matter with you?...We'll be doing  
our show in six minutes...Try it again.

DON: IS/MFT...LUCKY STRIKE MEANS...

JACK: FINE TOBACCO.

DON: FINE TOBACCO...SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO...SO...

JACK: FULLY BAKED.

MARY: NO JACK, IT'S FULLY PICKED.

JACK: NO, NO. IT IS NOT.

O'TOOLE: (OFF) IT'S FULLY PACKED, FULLY PACKED.

JACK: That's it, Don, that's it.

DON: Who is that fellow?

JACK: Oh he sweeps up around here..Take it again, Don.

DON: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..SO ROUND, SO FIRM,  
SO FULLY PACKED....SO FREE AND EASY ON THE...

MARY & JACK: DRAW, DRAW!

MEL: (WESTERN - OFF) YOU DRAW FIRST, I GOT YA COVERED,  
PARDNER.

JACK: Who's that?

MARY: Some guy who's suing the Lone Ranger.

JACK: Oh yes...I wish they'd stay in their own studio.

DON: SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW...I've got it now, Jack,

JACK: Good, but you better rehearse it again..You had me  
worried there for a minute.

PHIL: OKAY, YOU CAN RELAX, JACKSON. THE STUFF IS HERE.

JACK: Phil, we've only got five minutes...you better go over  
your band number now.

PHIL: Okay...ARE YOU ALL SET, FELLAHS?

ORCHESTRA: (YELLS) YEAH.

PHIL: ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO!....ONE TWO THREE FOUR....A-ROOT  
TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT....HIT IT!  
(BAND PLAYS WAYNE KING THEME SONG SLOW AND SWEET)

JACK: HEY....WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE...PHIL, HOLD IT,  
HOLD IT.  
(BAND STOPS)

JACK: PHIL....PHIL!

PHIL: What's wrong with you, Jackson?

JACK: WRONG WITH ME!...YOU'RE PLAYING WAYNE KING'S THEME SONG..  
HE WAS OUR SUMMER REPLACEMENT.

PHIL: WELL WHY DIDN'T HE TAKE THE MUSIC OFF THE STANDS?

JACK: Phil, your boys oughta know better than to play anything  
they see in front of 'em.

O'TOOLE: (OFF) THAT'S THE MOST ASININE THING I EVER HEARD OF.

PHIL: Who's that?

JACK: He sweeps up around here...Now go ahead, Phil, and  
rehearse your own number, will you?

PHIL: Okay.  
(BAND NUMBER)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That's enough, Phil. That's enough - that's enough.  
We're on the air in three minutes, and they haven't  
let the audience in yet. Hey, where's our producer?  
HEY BALLIN...BALLIN --

BALLIN: What is it, Jack?

JACK: We go on the air in three minutes and the audience isn't  
in yet.

BALLIN: Jack, you've got the wrong time..It's only three minutes  
to three.

JACK: Are you sure?

BALLIN: Of course I'm sure, I'm the producer, that's my job.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well I'm glad we got that settled...Anyway, if  
we have an hour, I'm going back to my dressing room...  
See you later, kids.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS WEDDING MARCH).....I wonder if two could live  
as cheaply as...No, I don't think so....(HUMS LOVE IN  
BLOOM).....But maybe if one of 'em doesn't eat so  
much, the two could love as...Nah, it wouldn't work...  
(HUMS)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: Boss, what are you doin' back here?

JACK: I had the wrong time, we've got an hour yet.

ROCHESTER: Oh.

JACK: You know, Rochester, I'm really going to have to be on my toes this year...because there's a great lineup of shows on Sunday...There's Gildersleeve...and following us is Cass Daley...Then Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy--

ROCHESTER: You know, boss, Fred Allen's gonna be with Edgar Bergen today.

JACK: Fred Allen...is gonna be with Bergen?

ROCHESTER: Yeah.

JACK: What's the matter, is Charlie McCarthy sick?

ROCHESTER: No, Mr. Allen's gonna be a guest...And next Sunday he starts his own program.

JACK: How do you like that...Allen coming back on the air... You know, Rochester, I don't dislike him personally, but I can't understand why people laugh at his kind of jokes.

ROCHESTER: Me either, boss.

JACK: And it's a mystery to me why a sponsor would give him a job.

ROCHESTER: It's hard to understand, ain't it?

JACK: It certainly is...I can't figure out why he's such a big success...Can you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: No, sir...But then, boss...MAYBE IT'S JUST THAT OUR VINES HAVE SOUR GRAPES.

JACK: No no, that's not the case with me...I always give credit where --

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

LANE: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes.

LANE: My names is Bradley....Steve Bradley. I'm a press agent,  
and I'm just what the doctor ordered for you.

JACK: What?

LANE: I'm gonna make people know you.

JACK: Know me?..What are you talking about?...I'm on the radio,  
everybody knows me.

LANE: Ah ha, that's just it..They know you on Sundays...But  
what about Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
and Saturday?

JACK: What?

LANE: People should be Jack Benny conscious all the time...not  
just on Sundays...What would happen if the Smiling  
Irishman smiled only on Mondays and was a sourpuss the  
rest of the week?

JACK: Well -

LANE: And what a dull gal Portia would be if she only faced  
life on Fridays!

JACK: Yes, that's all very true, but --

LANE: I know what's on your mind, Benny..you're wondering if I  
-- Jack -- Steve Bradley, am the man to do your publicity.

JACK: Well, you don't have to be nervous.

LANE: Let me tell you something baby, I'm the fellow who made  
Mad Men Muntz lose his temper...I'm the guy who cut  
Minute Rub down to thirty seconds...And I'm the man who  
made B.O. what it is today.

JACK: Gosh, you have done a lot of high class work..but I don't  
think you can do anything for me.

LANE: Of course I can...What has B.O. got that you haven't got?

JACK: Well --

LANE: I'll make the world Benny conscious...I'll have your name on the lips of everybody in America...I'll do as much for you as I did for Sammy Clinganpeel.

JACK: Clinganpeel...that name is very familiar, but --

LANE: You're darn right it's familiar, and only because I made the world Clinganpeel conscious.

JACK: I know, but --

LANE: Why, two years ago Sammy Clinganpeel was just another orchestra leader...but then I got a great idea..I said, "Look, Sammy, lots of people have gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel...but you're going over Niagara Falls in a barrel...filled with wet cement!"

JACK: Oh yes, I remem-- Wait a minute...He got killed doing it, didn't he?

LANE: (PROUD) SURE, BUT LOOK AT THE PUBLICITY HE GOT!

JACK: Hmm.

LANE: Gosh, I'll never forget the newspaper space I got on his funeral..forty thousand people attended, and we never even found the body.

JACK: That's wonderful...but really, Mr. Bradley, I don't think I need a ---

LANE: Look Benny, you hire me and I'll make you famous in every part of the world...In the big cities, and in the little towns, like Schenectady, Joliet, Salinas, Amarillo, Waukegan, South Bend --

JACK: Wait a minute...Everybody in Waukegan knows me.

LANE: How do you like that...I'm with you three minutes and you're a celebrity already.

JACK: Who, me?

LANE: Hard to believe, isn't it...hard to believe.

JACK: Well look, Mr. Bradley, I've never had a publicity man, so I'll have to think it over...Can I see you after the show?

LANE: Certainly. You think it over, and in the meantime I'll go out and order the barrel and the cement.

JACK: THE WHAT?



LANE: See you later.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

JACK: What a dynamic personality...Maybe he's the kind of a guy I need....How'd he impress you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: I don't know, but I turned gray and he wasn't even talkin' to me!

JACK: Well I think he's got something, and I'm going to talk to him right after the broadcast....Gee, it's three o'clock by my watch...Turn on the radio, Rochester, and let's see what's on.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

SOUND: (CLICK OF DIAL...LITTLE STATIC)

KEARNS: (FILTER) That concludes our regular Sunday program of popular recordings....The time is now exactly five minutes after five, Pacific Standard Time.

JACK: Can you imagine that..five minutes after five...That guy's all mixed up too...Get another station, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yes, sir.

SOUND: (MORE STATIC)

O'TOOLE: (FILTER) AS CHARLIE: (LAUGHS) ..Now now, careful Bergen..you've got a frog in our throat.

AS BERGEN: So we have..Tell me, Charlie, do you like it here in New York?

AS CHARLIE: Yes, Bergen, I like it..It's fall but the Little Flower is always out...(LAUGHS)

JACK: You know, Rochester, that Charlie McCarthy is really...  
CHARLIE MCCARTHY! ROCHESTER, IT'S AFTER FIVE...I MISSED MY PROGRAM.

ROCHESTER: YOU SURE HAVE, BOSS.

JACK: OH MY GOODNESS.....MARY, PHIL...WHERE'S MY PRODUCER...

HEY BALLIN, BALLIN --

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: THIS IS AWFUL...WHAT'LL MY SPONSOR SAY?

ROCHESTER: MAYBE HE LIKES IT!

JACK: ROCHESTER, STOP JOKING...YOU'D THINK THAT ONE PERSON IN

THIS COMPANY WOULD KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS...WHAT AM I

GOING TO DO NOW?

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen...Having just completed a U.S.O. tour through Germany, I feel I'm in a position to tell you how much the boys over-seas want and need entertainment. Even though the war is won and thousands of our boys are being brought home and discharged, thousands more will have to remain as occupation troops. The U.S.O. has done and is still doing a wonderful job of supplying that entertainment, but it is up to us to provide the funds, so they can carry on this great work. So please, ladies and gentlemen, when you are asked to contribute to the Victory Chest in your community, do it generously.

DON:

We'll be back in just a minute, but first here is my good friend, F. E. Boone.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: For your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment remember  
these five words - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

RUYSDAEL: Yes sir! IS - MFT.

DELMAR: Year after year, the makers of Lucky Strike consistently  
select and buy the finer, the lighter, the naturally  
milder Lucky Strike tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Why, sure! IS - MFT.

SIMS: This fine Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down  
smoking enjoyment for you.

DELMAR: So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - 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).  
Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

IS - MFT

IS - MFT

SIMS: So smoke Lucky Strike -- the cigarette that means fine  
(Imp. Tag tobacco, yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round,  
#2) so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)  
SOUND: (TELEPHONE BUZZ...CLICK)  
BEA: National Broadcasting Company.....No, there's nothing  
wrong with your radio....Jack Benny wasn't on...You're  
welcome.  
SOUND: (TELEPHONE CLICK)  
BEA: Say, Mabel ----  
SARA: I know what you're thinkin', Gertrude.  
BEA: Yeah.  
BEA & SARA: All these people killed themselves for nothing.  
(MUSIC)  
NBC ANN: This is the NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.