

RADIO (20) - 250M - 4-45

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING
RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE - L.S./M.F.T.
BROADCAST: 2ND REV. PROGRAM #26
DATE: MAR. 24, 1946
PROGRAM: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Yes, 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

SIMS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! So for your own
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment smoke that smoke
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike!

RIGGS: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
2ND REV. OPENING

DELMAR: Excuse me, this is Kenny Delmar. Excuse me, I have a special announcement to make. Herbert Tareyton Cigarettes are back -- good news for those who prefer a cork tipped cigarette! Herbert Tareyton is back and -- there's something about them you'll like. Herbert Tareyton is back after being made only for the armed forces. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- that cork tipped cigarette, Herbert Tareyton, -- available now for you. Yes, Herbert Tareyton is back -- and remember: There's something about them you'll like! There's something about them you'll like! This is Kenny Delmar -- I trust you will welcome home Herbert Tareyton! There's something about them you'll like.
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

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

(APPLAUSE, MUSIC UP AND FADES OUT)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LET'S GO BACK TO LAST
NIGHT AND OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE, WHERE THE WHOLE
GANG HAS GATHERED FOR REHEARSAL.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, has everybody arrived for rehearsal?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir, they're all in the library.

JACK: Good...well...I'm ready.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: MISTER JACK BENNY...EVERYBODY RISE.

SOUND: (SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

ROCHESTER: THE FIRST REHEARSAL OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH PROGRAM OF THE
LUCKY STRIKE SERIES IS NOW IN SESSION.

SOUND: (RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JACK: Good evening, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Uh, good evening, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Good evening, Mr. Wilson.

DON: Good evening, Mr. Harris.

PHIL: Good evening, Mr. Benny.

DENNIS: Gee, what's happened since I went away?

JACK: Another outburst like that and I'll have the room cleared. Now raise your right hands and repeat after me. Mr. Harris, it's your other hand...Now repeat after me..."I do solemnly swear..."

CAST: "I do solemnly swear..."

JACK: "That I will not divulge or repeat..."

CAST: "That I will not divulge or repeat..."

JACK: "Any routines, ideas or jokes herein contained."

CAST: "Any routines, ideas or jokes herein contained."

JACK: "And if I do, may I be farmed out to Life Can Be Beautiful".

CAST: "And if I do, may I be farmed out to Life Can Be Beautiful".

JACK: You may all be seated.

SOUND: (SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT) Rehearsal is now in session.

SOUND: (RAPPING OF GAVEL)

JACK: And now to facilitate the reading of the script, will everybody please remove their paperclips? Good... Rochester, collect them, count them and straighten the bent one.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

JACK: We will now commence the rehearsal with the opening introduction by Mr. Wilson...Mr. Wilson, if you please.

DON: Thank you.

PHIL: I beg your pardon, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Just a moment, Mr. Wilson. What is it, Mr. Harris?

PHIL: Well, I'd like to propose an amendment to joke four on page six.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Because it stinks.

JACK: I see...Mr. Harris has expressed an opinion that joke four on page six has an aromatic quality which is not pleasant...We will take a vote...Miss Livingstone?

MARY: I agree.

JACK: Mr. Wilson?

DON: I agree.

JACK: Mr. Day?

DENNIS: I can't tell, I have a cold.

JACK: Motion passed...And now, we will proceed with the --

MARY: Oh Jack, for heaven's sake, this is silly.

JACK: What?

MARY: Why do we have to go through this every time we have a rehearsal? Why can't we rehearse like we used to?

JACK: Because everybody took advantage of it. You came in late, you wouldn't pay attention, you sat around reading newspapers instead of scripts...that's why.

MARY: But, Jack, you can't rehearse this way...you've got to loosen up. After all, this is a comedy program.

DENNIS: Ooh, what she said.

JACK: Dennis.

PHIL: Well, Ivy's right, Jackson. We can't be funny when we're so formal and stiff.

JACK: Phil, you're the only one that comes in stiff...that's why we're rehearsing this way...Remember, I'm the star.

MEL: I'm the star, I'm the star...(TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Quiet, Polly.

MEL: Quiet, Polly, quiet Polly. (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Polly, if you don't keep quiet, I'm going to...you know what.

MARY: Oh Jack, not again.

PHIL: What does he do, Livy?

MARY: Every time the Polly talks back to him, he takes her out of the cage, opens the front door and hands her a road map to Capistrano.

JACK: Mary.

MARY: That's the only parrot registered with the Automobile Club.

JACK: Never mind, let's get started with the rehearsal. Now here's the way the show will run. We'll do our usual opening spot, a band number.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: And then Dennis' song will --

ROCHESTER: SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND COCO COLA...GET YOUR SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND COCO COLA HERE.

JACK: Oh yes.

DON: I'll have a roast beef.

ROCHESTER: Here you are...Thank you.

SOUND: (CASH REGISTER)

JACK: And now, we'll --

ROCHESTER: HARD-BOILED EGGS COOKED FRESH THIS MORNING, ROAST BEEF SANDWICHES.

MARY: I'll have a hard-boiled egg.

ROCHESTER: Here you are.....Thank you.

SOUND: (CASH REGISTER)

JACK: And now, we'll --

MARY: May I have a paper napkin, please?

ROCHESTER: Yes mam, here you are...Thank you.

SOUND: (CASH REGISTER)

JACK: And now, we'll --

ROCHESTER: Will you have a sandwich, Mr. Day?

DENNIS: Yes please.

ROCHESTER: Here you are.

JACK:Ham..(I'll have to re-educate
this kid, he got his food free in the Navy)...And now,
we'll--

ROCHESTER: LAST CALL FOR SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND COCO COLA.
(SINGS -- EGGS & COCO COLA, EGGS & COCA COLA)

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: All right, kids, we'll start the rehearsal with the
introduction..No, no, we better.....

MARY: Oh Jack, let's start somewhere so we can get through...
We're all going to the movies.

PHIL: Yeah, Jackson, we're goin' down to see that new picture,
"The Road to Utopia".

JACK: Oh yesh...Say, maybe I'll go with you..I'd like to see
what Crosby looks like with his collar open....Anyway,
kids, we can't go till after rehearsal. I don't know what
you want to go to the movies for anyway..There hasn't been
a good picture since "The Horn Blows at Midnight".

MEL: (THREE LOUD SQUAWKS)

JACK: Quiet, Polly, you didn't even see it.

DENNIS: Maybe Walter Pidgeon told her.

JACK: Yeah yeah, Walter Pidgeon, he flies by here every day...
Now listen, kids, let's get one thing straight..My
rehearsals are more important than going to the movies..
I'm sick of the movies anyway.

MARY: Oh Jack, you always hate the movies this time of year
because you never win the Academy Award.

JACK: Mary, that has nothing to do with it...Comedy pictures
get very little consideration..I found out one thing..
To win an Academy Award you've got to do a picture with
absolutely no laughs in it.

MARY: Well your darn one last year made it.

JACK: I think you got the idea. I don't mind when you ball up
a lousy gag but that was such a good one. Anyway, my next
picture will --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

ROCHESTER: SANDWICHES, HARD-BOILED EGGS AND ALABAMA PENNANTS.

MARY: Alabama pennants?

ROCHESTER: YEAH, WE HAD 'EM LEFT OVER FROM THE ROSE BOWL GAME.

JACK: Rochester, save those, Alabama may be out here again.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: (Boy, did I take a beating on those..I tried everything..I
even had Rochester sitting on a bale of cotton)....Now
come on, kids, let's get going with this rehearsal..Don,
take it from the --

DON: Say Jack, Jack I've been looking all through the script,
and I don't see any place where I do a commercial.

JACK: Oh oh, that..Well Don, I've got a big surprise for you,
and it'll be terrific on our show.

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Well, get this, kids...Now Polly..Polly--

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS)

JACK: Oh now Polly, what has daddy been teaching you all week?

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: No no, Polly nq nq nq nq that you picked up yourself...
Now listen..LS/MFT.....

MEL: L S.

JACK: M F T.

MEL: Hard boiled eggs.

JACK: No, no..no take it again, Polly....L S.

MEL: L S.

JACK: M F T.

MEL: M F T.

JACK: Now put them all together and what have you got?

MEL: Mother...(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Polly, how can you be so dumb?...Every week you listen
to the radio..you hear the commercials..now what do you
hear?

MEL: (SINGS) Poor Miriam, poor Miriam..(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Not that..Now listen, Polly..Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco....Come on..Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

MEL: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

JACK: So round, so firm, so fully packed,.

MEL: LS/MFT.

JACK: We're past that.

MEL: Hard boiled eggs.

JACK: Polly!

MEL: (WHISTLES)

JACK: Now look, Polly, listen..So round, so firm, so fully packed.

MEL: So round.

JACK: So firm.

MEL: So firm.

JACK: So fully packed.

MEL: Hard-boiled eggs..(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: No, No, NO!...(MAD) I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO YANK YOU OUT OF THAT CAGE AND --

MEL: (VERY FAST) So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw..(TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

JACK: Ha ha ha, it works every time...Well kids, that takes care of the commercial.

DENNIS: If he teaches that bird how to sing, I'm back in the Nav.

JACK: Well as a warning to all of you, she's learning fast... Now kids, let's rehearse the scene right after --

MARY: Oh Jack, why can't we rehearse tomorrow morning?..It's getting late and we want to go to the movies.

JACK: Well..all right..But Dennis, before you go, run over your song..I'm going up to bed..So long kids, see you in the morning.

CAST: AD LIB GOODBYES.
(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO DENNIS'S NUMBER)

DENNIS: ("OH WHAT IT SEEMED TO BE")
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

ROCHESTER: Here you are, boss, I got your bed turned down.

JACK: Thanks....Rochester, please untie my shoes, will you?

ROCHESTER: Your shoes?

JACK: Yes...I'd do it myself but Benny's back and lumbago's got him...Hey...did you hear that? Benny's back and lumbago's got him...Hey Rochester, do you think I should use that joke on my program tomorrow?

ROCHESTER: Hee hee hee hee...No.

JACK: Well, that's all I'll need you for, Rochester, goodnight!

ROCHESTER: Goodnight, boss.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Hmm, look what time it is...eighty-thirty..that's funny. I'm not even sleepy...I think I'll sit up for a while and read a book...Let's see...Here's one..."Clara Clinganpeel: Girl Bricklayer"...Oh, I read that... Here's another one..."I Married A Smudge Pot"...Gee, that was a hot one...I remember that...Here's another one "Your Darn One Last Nearly Made it"...I thought, I thought I read that just a couple of minutes ago. I wonder if...say wait a minute, here's a book I haven't read..."I Stand Condemned"...by Maximillian Q. Langley.. Hmm..."I Stand Condemned"...Gee, that's an exciting title...I think I'll read this book.

SOUND: (TURNING OF PAGES)

JACK: (MIKE) Chapter One..."I Stand Condemned".

JACK: (ECHO) I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL AN AVERAGE CITIZEN...I COME FROM A LITTLE TOWN IN THE MIDWEST...YES, I'M MARRIED... I HAVE A LOVELY WIFE, AND WE HAVE THREE FINE BOYS AND A DOG...GEORGE, FRANK, HARRY AND ROVER...HARRY IS THE DOG...MY LIFE, AS THE LIVES OF MOST MEN, FOLLOWED A COURSE POINTED OUT BY THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE.
(MIKE)...Hm...fickle finger of fate...Gee, this guy is a classy writer.

(ECHO)...MOST STORIES START AT THE BEGINNING...BUT MY STORY BEGINS AT THE END...I AM OCCUPYING A CELL IN THE DEATH ROW AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY.

(WEIRD ORGAN MUSIC)

SOUND: (SHAKING OF IRON BARS)

JACK: (MIKE) I'M INNOCENT, I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU...LET ME OUT OF HERE.

SOUND: (SHAKING OF BARS)

JACK: OH WARDEN...WARDEN...

NELSON: Yesss?

JACK: Warden, you've gotta let me out of here...I'm innocent, do you hear, innocent...And in a few minutes they're going to execute me...what time do I go to the chair?

NELSON: Five-thirty.

JACK: Good...then I won't have to listen to Fred Allen.
Warden, what am I saying, I tell you, it wasn't my fault...I don't want to go to the electric chair.

NELSON: Now now, calm down...Our barber is a little rushed today, so I'll shave your head myself.

JACK: But Warden...

NELSON: Sit still, I'll start with the scissors.

SOUND: (SNIP OF SCISSORS)

JACK: (VERY CALM) Take it easy around the sideburns, please.

NELSON: Yes.

JANE: Manicure?

JACK: No no, thank you.

NELSON: It's on the house you know.

JACK: Oh..Oh..manicure, please...(DRAMATIC) Wait a minute, let me out of here...I don't want to go to the electric chair...I won't leave this room...I can't walk that last mile.

NELSON: Oh you won't have to, we'll bring the electric chair in here.

JACK: What?

NELSON: We have a long cord, you know.

JACK: Good...but warden, if you'll only listen to my story, I know you'll believe me.

NELSON: Oh very well...What is your story?

JACK: Well, warden, it goes back a long long time...I would have led a normal life except for the fickle finger of fate.

(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)..THE WARDEN LISTENED TO MY STORY...I TOLD HIM HOW I MET THE MAN WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY UNDOING... I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET...I HAD JUST LEFT MY OFFICE AND WAS GOING HOME TO MY THREE WONDERFUL CHILDREN ...MANNIE, MOE AND JACK...WE HAD MANNIE AND JACK AND FELT THAT WE SHOULD HAVE ONE MOE...ANYWAY, I WAS WALKING ALONG WHEN SUDDENLY A FIGURE STEPPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

(ORGAN "SUSPENSE" MUSIC IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: (ECHO)..HE WAS A SMALL MAN WITH A ROUND FACE...HE
REMINDED ME SOMEWHAT OF PETER LORRE..AND WHEN HE SPOKE
HIS VOICE TOO REMINDED ME OF PETER LORRE...HE TAPPED
ME ON THE SHOULDER AND SAID..

LORRE: Pardon me, sir, but may I trouble you for a match?
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (MIKE)...A match? I'm sorry, I don't have one, but
I'll let you use my cigarette lighter.

LORRE: Thank you, you are very kind.

SOUND: (FAST FOOTSTEPS)

JACK:..HEY YOU, COME BACK WITH THAT LIGHTER...GIVE ME
THAT.

LORRE: All right, all right...here's your lighter.

JACK: I thought you just wanted to light a cigarette.

LORRE: I do, but my cigarette is home.

JACK: Oh yeah? Then why were you running toward the
railroad station?

LORRE: My home is in Pittsburgh.

JACK: Pittsburgh!

LORRE: Yes, I married a smudge pot.

JACK: Smudge pot!
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: Now wait a minute...you were trying to steal my
cigarette lighter.

LORRE: No I wasn't...as a matter of fact I'd like to buy it...
I'll give you twenty thousand dollars for it.

JACK: Twenty thousand dollars...Well...I don't want to take
advantage of you...I'll tell you what...I'll throw
in an extra flint.

LORRE: Thank you...thank you sir, here is the money.

JACK: A twenty thousand dollar bill!...Gosh! Well, so long, Mister, I hope you enjoy the lighter.

LORRE: Oh...just a moment...I..I also admire that necktie you are wearing.

JACK: My necktie!
(CRAZY DESCENDING CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)...I KNOW IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC, BUT HE BOUGHT MY TIE FOR SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS...AND THEN HE BOUGHT MY SHIRT AND MY SHOES AND MY SUIT...AND I GAVE HIM MY LAST STITCH OF CLOTHING, THIS MYSTERIOUS STRANGER HANDED ME ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO BALLOONS...HAVING NO CLOTHING, I BLEW UP THE BALLOONS AND DANCED MY WAY HOME...THE NEXT DAY I MET THE LITTLE MAN FOR A SECOND TIME.

(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD..ENDS WITH WEIRD CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)...AGAIN HE GAVE ME FABULOUS PRICES FOR MY CLOTHES AND AGAIN I DANCED MY WAY HOME...ON THE THIRD DAY THE SAME THING HAPPENED,..I WAS NOT ONLY GETTING RICHER, BUT I WAS DANCING BETTER,..OUR DAILY MEETINGS WERE MORE THAN MERE COINCIDENCE...A BOND DEVELOPED BETWEEN US...TWO WEEKS LATER I WAS SITTING IN THE KITCHEN HAVING BREAKFAST WITH MY WIFE AND MY THREE LOVELY CHILDREN, ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCA.....THE LITTLE MAN HAD NOT YET COME DOWNSTAIRS...YES, HE WAS LIVING WITH US NOW.

(ORGAN - FEW BARS OF HOME SWEET HOME)

MARY: Come on, children, finish your breakfast.

JACK: (MIKE) That's right, children, eat every bit of it.

PHIL: (AS A KID) But dawady, I'm tired of this silly old caviar...(CRYING) Why can't we have oatmeal like we used to?

JACK: Because we're rich, that's why...Now hurry up or you'll be late for school...Where's Junior?

MARY: Oh he's out in the backyard making mud pies out of butter.

JACK: For heaven's sake...doesn't he know he's going to ruin his mink overalls?...Anyway, he's been out there long enough.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: JUNIOR...JUNIOR, GET READY FOR SCHOOL.

DENNIS: OH DADDY, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THAT NEW SCHOOL.

JACK: I BOUGHT IT AND YOU'LL GO TO IT...Now get ready.

MARY: You know, darling, things just haven't been the same since that stranger came to live with us...He frightens me...there's something weird about him.

JACK: You know, I've been feeling the same --

MARY: Shh, quiet, here he comes now.

(STACCATO ORGAN CHORD)

LORRE: Good morning, everybody.

(ORGAN MIMICS LORRE'S LINE)

JACK: Good morning.

(ORGAN MIMICS JACK)

LORRE: Did you...(TWO ORGAN CHORDS)...sleep well?

JACK: (FAST) Yes I did.

(THREE FAST ORGAN CHORDS)

JACK: Nyahh!...Sit down.

LORRE: Thank you...I'm I'm sorry I'm late for breakfast, but I overslept...I was out on a party last night.

JACK: A party? Well how do you feel?

(FAST DESCENDING ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: Oh...Well, have some tomato juice.

MARY: Yes, I'll get you some.

LORRE: You know I envy you two...Oh a beautiful home and lovely children.

MARY: Haven't you any children?

LORRE: No, I married a smudge pot.

JACK: Oh...then you have no children.

LORRE: No, but we are lousy with oranges.

JACK: Oh.

LORRE: By the way, I I don't feel I should live here any longer without paying you rent...How much do you want?

JACK: (COY) Well...I'm no good at these things...let's forget it.

LORRE: Oh no no no, I insist...Would a million dollars a week be enough?

JACK: Well...with or without meals?

LORRE: Oh ah with meals.

JACK: That'll be three dollars extra.

LORRE: I'll be glad to pay for it.

JACK: Glad!
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO) THINGS LIKE THIS WERE HAPPENING EVERY DAY...I HAD GONE MONEY MAD..MONEY, MONEY, MONEY..MY WIFE LEFT ME, AND SO DID MY THREE LOVELY CHILDREN..ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND IRVING...THEY RAN OFF WITH THE HARVEY GIRLS... BUT I DIDN'T CARE, I HAD MY MONEY...I HAD ACCUMULATED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WHICH I KEPT IN MY SHOES...I WAS NOW ELEVEN FEET SIX...I BEGGED THE O.P.A. TO RAISE THE CEILING..ONE DAY AS I WAS SWEEPING SOME LOOSE CHANGE UNDER THE RUG...HE CAME IN.
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD...SEGUE INTO CHICKERY CHICK..)

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT!

LORRE: Hello, my friend...Look, I have a present for you...a brand new ten thousand dollar bill.

JACK: (MIKE...(EXCITED) A ten thousand dollar bill? Let me have it...Give it to me quick, I've gotta have it!

LORRE: All right, all right, but be careful how you handle it.. the ink is still wet.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll...The ink is still wet!..Wait a minute...You mean you've been printing this money yourself?

LORRE: Certainly...doesn't everybody?

JACK: (DRAMATIC) Oh so that's it...I must have been blind not to see through this whole scheme. My life is ruined! I've lost my wife and my three lovely children..Sara, Toga, and Trunk...I thought I was rich...but I haven't got a tie, or a shirt, or a suit,...All I've got is money, money, money...and all counterfeit!..You've even got my cigarette lighter, and I like a fool threw in an extra flint.

LORRE: Yes, you are a fool...Do you think I'd really pay seventeen thousand dollars for a necktie?...Twenty-two thousand dollars for your button shoes?

JACK: Now wait a minute --

LORRE: Yes, you are a fool..Do you think I would give you five hundred dollars for a dinner when I could get the same thing at Ciro's for four hundred?

JACK: Ciro's!
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

LORRE: Of course that money was counterfeit!

JACK: And those balloons you gave me weren't any good either.. They broke on the Sunset bus and embarrassed me...And so all this time you've been nothing but a counterfeiter.

LORRE: Well, what's the difference? We can still do business...
I can print the money, and you can get rid of it for me.

JACK: (DRAMATIC) Never, never, never!...I'll kill you first...
...That's what I'm going to do..I'm going to kill you!

LORRE: (FAST AND GASPING) Get your hands off my throat!..Take
'em away, take 'em away!..Don't kill me, I'll give you
back your clothes!

JACK: My clothes...what good are they now?..You've had the
pants shortened and the coat taken in...You even cut off
the belt in the back!

LORRE: (GASPING) Please, please, stop choking me! Why must I
always die in the end?

JACK: There...there...THERE! I killed him!

SOUND: (BODY THUD)
(WEIRD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)...YES, I KILLED HIM...AND AS I FINISHED TELLING
MY STORY, THE WARDEN LOOKED AT ME AND SAID..

NELSON: It's five-thirty, shall we go?

JACK: (MIKE) Yes.

JACK: (ECHO) SO ...I WALKED THROUGH THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR AND
I THOUGHT OF MY THREE LOVELY CHILDREN FICKLE FINGER AND
FATE...I STAND CONDEMNED.
(WEIRD CHORD AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: (MIKE) Gee, what a swell book...That guy is a great
writer..fickle finger of fate...I've gotta remember that.
(PLAYOFF MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in a few minutes, but first here is
my good friend, F. E. Boone.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
REV. CLOSING #26

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

BOONE: (CHANT - AMERICAN)

DELMAR: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. Yes, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen - present at the tobacco auctions can see just who buys what tobacco. They can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

DELMAR: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And this fine Lucky Strike tobacco means more real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

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

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

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

(Imp. Tag
#17)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...next Sunday we'll be with you again, broadcasting from the Permanent Army Air Base at March Field...Well Peter Lorre, I want to thank you very much for appearing on my program tonight.

LORRE: It was a pleasure to be here, Jack.

JACK: I may not see you later, so I want to pay you for your performance right now...Here you are...three thousand dollars.

LORRE: Oh thank you, thank you very much.

JACK: Be careful how you handle it, the ink is still wet...
Goodnight, everybody.