

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK - WICKERSHAM 2-6600

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

REVISION:

NETWORK: NBC

CT: LUCKY STRIKE

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST

OCTOBER 20, 1946

REPEAT 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST

(By Transcription)

As Broadcast

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

ROUTINE

- I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.
- II HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny produces his show.
- III HOLLYWOOD - Middle Commercial. Jack Benny becomes a salesman -- LS - MPT (Tinker to Evers to Chance).
- IV HOLLYWOOD - Jack Benny continues to produce his show without interruption in the continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATX01 0234206

NBC

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-A--

10-20-46

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

OCTOBER 20, 1946 - PROGRAM #4

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM - presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success!

SIMS: And - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MPT
LS - MPT
LS - MPT

BARUCH: Of course!
(Excl. D)

RUYSDAEL: You said it!

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

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - for it
takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette. And year
after year, at auction after auction, the makers of
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine,
that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234207

-B-

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

XXX

10-20-46

RUYSDAEL:

Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes! Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike - so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RIGGS:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

RTX01 0234208

(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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN .. AS YOU ALL KNOW, A FEW DAYS AGO
PRESIDENT TRUMAN TOOK THE CONTROLS OFF MEAT .. WHICH OF
COURSE INCLUDED HAM. AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you .. hello again .. this is Jack
Benny talking. And, Don, how could you possibly
introduce me a suave, dynamic, sophisticated comedian
that way?

DON: Well, Jack, I thought it was good.

JACK: Good! Think, Donsy, think! I mean a little of you
must be brain .. you can't be all blubber. Concentrate.

MARY: Jack, I saw nothing wrong with the way Don introduced
you. I thought it was timely.

JACK: I know, but it was so Fred Allenish. I mean he always
starts out on a topical thing and then beats it to
death. I'll show you what I mean. Go ahead, Mary,
you be Portland.

MARY: Oh Jack --

JACK: No, no, Mary, go ahead, I'll show you what I mean.

MARY: Okay. (A LA PORTLAND) Oh, Mister Allen.. Mister Allen.

JACK: (A LA ALLEN) Well, Portland? Gee whiz.. what's now?

MARY: (A LA PORTLAND) I see by the papers that President
Truman took the controls off meat.

JACK: (A LA ALLEN) Yes, I know, Portland, and things certainly have happened fast. Controls were off meat on ~~MURRAY~~ .. and on Thursday St. Louis slaughtered Boston. Ho ho ho ...

MARY: (A LA PORTLAND) Papa says he hasn't seen so much meat decontrolled since Mama split her girdle.

JACK: You stopped after the wrong word, you know. That's what I mean, Mary, and I don't wanna catch anybody doing jokes like that on this program.

PHIL: You're right, Jackson. This meat shortage is a serious thing.

JACK: You're not kidding.

PHIL: Yeah .. if people can't get meat they'll take all the grain and start making foolish things like bread and then there will be a liquor shortage.

JACK: Liquor?

PHIL: Yeah, that's the stuff that keeps you pickled in the middle with the ice bag on top .. HA HA, HA HA.. OH HARRIS, THEY OUGHTA PUT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD SO PEOPLE COULD SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE.

JACK: You've got a hole in your head, just pull the cork out .. and cut out that silly stuff.

MARY: Aw leave him alone, Jack, I think he's cute.

JACK: Well, I don't.

DENNIS: I do.

JACK: Well, I .. Dennis, where did you come from?

DENNIS: That's what I asked my mother, but she said my father will explain it to me.

JACK: Dennis, sit down.

DENNIS: The state line ran right through the hospital.

JACK: I said, sit down.

DENNIS: Oh well .. To Each His Own.

JACK: And now -- To Each His Own .. what's that?

DENNIS: I don't know, it gets laughs on other shows.

JACK: Well, I don't want laughs on this one .. it spoils the mood.

MARY: And believe me, we've just had five minutes of mood.

JACK: We have not .. the people out there laughed as hard as they could .. just like it said on their tickets .. Anyway that's radio for you, you say "To Each His Own" and it gets a big laugh .. I remember when I was in vaudeville things weren't that easy. Gee, I used to have to go out there with sock material .. and when I had the audience where I wanted them, I sang two hot choruses of "My Merry Oldsmobile" and killed them .. and I used to look pretty good in those goggles and duster .. I was the biggest hit in show business.

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson, how about Al Jolson?

JACK: What was so wonderful about Jolson? He used to come out on the stage and go through his act down on one knee. Some trick. Why, I did my act on one knee long before Jolson ever thought of it.

MARY: He was singing, you were ducking.

JACK: (MIMICKING) He was singing, I was ducking .. he was singing, I was ducking.

MARY: This is where To Each His Own fits.

JACK: Mary, if you keep making cracks like that you're not gonna come to my house for dinner tonight, and you'll be the only one missing.

DON: What are we gonna have, Jack?

JACK: Well, we're.. oh, my goodness, I forgot to tell Rochester to dress the turkey and chill the wine.

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, are we gonna have wine?

JACK: SAUTERNLY .. HA HA HA HA, OH BENNY, STAND STILL FOR A WHILE THEY'LL PROBABLY WANT TO TAKE PICTURES .. THAT WAS A GOOD ONE.

MARY: (SINGS) In my merry Oldsmobile.

JACK: (SINGS) What a car, with my sweetheart .. MARY! ... I told you if you .. Oh yes, I was gonna call Rochester.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP ... CLICK, CLICK)

JACK: Operator. Operator.

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK FADE TO BUZZ)

BEA: Say, Mabel.

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Oh yeah .. I wonder what Little Beaver wants now.

BEA: I'll insert the plug and see.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: Hello.

JACK: Operator, will you please get me my home?

BEA: Just a minute, Mr. Benny, I'll try.

(SOUND: CLICK)

BEA: Mabel, have you been listening to Mr. Benny's program this season?

SARA: Yeah .. and as far as I'm concerned, South America can take him away.

BEA: Why, Mabel Flapsaddle .. how can you say that? I think Jack Benny is wonderful.

SARA: Well, look, Gertrude .. everybody's entitled to their own opinion.. that's why they have a horse of another color.

BEA: Yeah.

SARA: If you want to like Jack Benny, that's your prerogative.

BEA: Like him .. I'm crazy about him. Everytime he says "Hello again," I'm lousy with goosepimples ... sometimes I don't smoothen out till Monday.

SARA: Well, he just happens to affect you that way .. me he doesn't send.

BEA: Oh, Mabel, you're just jealous because Mr. Benny went out with .. Oh, gee, I promised not to tell.

SARA: Aw come on, Gertrude .. I always tell you everything.

BEA: Okay, you talked me into it... this summer I went out with Mr. Benny and he made such love to me, I almost fainted.

SARA: WHY GERTRUDE GEARSHIFT!!!!

BEA: No, honest, Mabel, it's the truth .. he told me I had hair like spun silk .. eyes like limpid pools .. a complexion like rose petals .. and ears like little sea shells.

SARA: Gee .. what did he say about your teeth?

BEA: Nothing. I would forget them on a night like that.

SARA: I don't know why, but every time you always --

(SOUND: BUZZ AND CLICK)

JACK: Operator, operator.

BEA: I'm sorry, but the phone at your house is busy.

JACK: Oh.. well, I'll try it again later.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Come on, Dennis, let's have your song.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "THE WHOLE WORLD IS SINGING MY SONG")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "The Whole World is Singing My Song" sung by Dennis Day and very good, Dennis. And now, ladies and gentlemen ..

DENNIS: (MOCKING) Very good, Dennis, very good Dennis .. you always say the same thing .. why don't you tell me I'm terrible sometimes.

JACK: All right, all right, you were terrible.

DENNIS: You're just mad because I sing good every week.

JACK: Oh, be quiet, will you? What do you want? AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE REALLY HAVE A SURPRISE FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO DO OUR VERSION OF THAT THRILLING, SPINE-TINGLING MYSTERY SERIES, THE WHISTLER.

(TYMPANI - BOOM BOOM)

GEORGE: (WHISTLES THEME)

JACK: Wait a minute.

GEORGE: (KEEPS WHISTLING)

JACK: Wait a minute .. who are you?

GEORGE: (ECHO MIKE) I AM THE WHISTLER! ... And I walk by night .. I influence the lives of innocent people .. and sometimes I even drive them to murder. (WHISTLES.. STARTS TO WALK AWAY)

JACK: Well, I'm certainly glad you dropped in because tonight you can help me with the sketch we're gonna do.

MARY: Jack, Jack, who are you talking to?

JACK: That man .. that man right there.

MARY: What man? I don't see anybody.

JACK: That man right there who was whistling.

FIELD:

JACK:

Whistling? I didn't hear anybody, Jackson.

Are you kids crazy? I'm telling you there was a man standing right there at that microphone. Dennis, you saw him, didn't you?

DENNIS:

Yeah .. he was kind of a mysterious looking fellow with a brown suit, penetrating eyes, and a scowl on his face.

JACK:

DENNIS:

That's right, that's right! And what was he whistling? To Each His Own.

JACK:

He was not. It was the Whistler's theme song.

MARY:

Oh, Jack, what's the matter with you? You didn't see anybody and neither did Dennis.

JACK:

Well, I .. Gee, I thought I did. Maybe it's because I've got my mind all wrapped up in the play we're gonna do. Now Mary, in this sketch you're gonna be the --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK:

Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK:

Hello.

BEA:

Oh, Mr. Benny I've been trying to get your home, but your line is still busy.

JACK:

Thank you, Gertrude, but keep trying will you?

BEA:

I will. (COY) And .. er .. and .. er .. Mr. Benny ..

JACK:

What is it Gertrude?

BEA:

Say it for me, will you?

JACK:

Huh?

BEA:

You know .. Say it once more, please?

JACK:

Oh, I don't wanna.

BEA: Aw, come on, please .. just once.

JACK: Oh, all right .. Hello again.

BEA: (LOOSE SIGH)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Darn it, she fainted again .. Oh, Gertrude .. Gertrude.

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK)

JACK: Gertrude!

SARA: This is Mabel.

JACK: Oh, did Gertrude hurt herself?

SARA: No .. luckily the goosepimples broke her fall.

JACK: Good, good.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, she faints all the time .. this Christmas I'll have to give her some smelling salts.

MARY: Yeah .. then you can stop carrying that water pistol.

JACK: Yeah .. Now kids, in the play that we're going to do tonight, Mary's gonna ..

DON: Oh Jack, before you go into the play we've got to do the commercial.

JACK: Oh yes, yes, Don .. I'm glad you reminded me.

DON: I've got the quartette right here.

JACK: Well, all right .. but they're gonna have to do what I wrote. No more of that silly stuff. As long as I have to pay them five hundred dollars a week I'm gonna write their stuff myself. Now, look boys...

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: You're gonna cut that out, too. Now look ..

DON: Jack, I know you're the bus, but if you think that you can write better than Nelson Eddy's .. Nelson Eddy's music teacher .. Well, that's up to you. You're the bus ..

JACK: The bus? What did you say, Don?

DON: Well, I said as long as you're the boss and you think you can write as well as Nelson Eddy's music teacher .. why that's up to you.

JACK: Don, I'm the boss. I don't care what .. Nelson Eddy's music teacher?

DON: Yes, he's been training the quartette all week. And Jack, you'll simply love what they've prepared.

JACK: Well, that sounds a little better, Don .. now we're getting some place. Sit down, kids, this should be all right. Quiet, everybody. Go ahead, Don, let's hear it.

DON: Okay, ready fellows .. Gimme that introduction.

QUARTET: (FOUR NOTES AND HOLD CHORD)

JACK: Well ..

DON: L S, M F T ... L S, M F T .. LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO, YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO .. SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

(PIANO INTRODUCTION)

QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES LS, LS,
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T. HI!
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.

JACK: Wait a minute.

ONE: LIGHT UP AN L
JACK: An L?
ONE: LIGHT UP AN S
JACK: Don! I'm the bus ..
ONE: LIGHT UP AN L S
JACK: GENTLEMEN!
ONE: M F T - OH
QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T. HI!
JACK: HI'YA.
QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,
(SLOW) MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F
JACK: Thank goodness!
QUARTET: (FAST) MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T. HI!
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.
ONE: LIGHT UP AN L JACK: Wait a minute!
LIGHT UP AN S Wait a minute!
LIGHT UP AN L S M F T WAIT A MINUTE!
QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S, WAIT A MINUTE!
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.
JACK: Don .. Don .. Don .. have you gone entirely crazy? Is
this what they've been practicing all week?
DON: But, Jack, that was Shortening Bread.
JACK: I don't care if it was Apple Pan Dowdy, get those guys
out of here .. Now, come on, fellows .. out, out, OUT!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES ... 4 FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: AND STAY OUT!

EMILY: (GROANS)

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK:

Hmmmm ... what a program. All I have is trouble, trouble trouble ..

EMILY:

I'll bet it'll be just as bad on the repeat show, too...

JACK:

Oh, quiet .. Now, come on, kids, let's get on with the play .. take it, boys .. ladies and gentlemen, we now offer our version of that blood-curdling thrilling murder mystery, The Whistler.

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

JACK:

(ECHO MIKE) I am the Fiddler. (PLAYS THEME ON VIOLIN)
Yes, I AM THE FIDDLER! I PLAY BY NIGHT .. THEY WON'T LET ME PLAY IN THE DAYTIME .. (MANIACAL LAUGH)

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

JACK:

(ECHO MIKE) .. I KNOW MANY STRANGE THINGS .. I INFLUENCE THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE .. YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? .. LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. PARK .. GWENDOLYN AND GRIFFITH .. AS WE LOOK IN ON THEM, IT IS MORNING, AND THEY ARE HAVING BREAKFAST. THEY ARE HAPPY .. BUT NOT FOR LONG .. HEH HEH HEH. FOR I AM THE FIDDLER.

(COMPANY)

JACK:

(VIOLIN THEME)

(SOUND: RATTLING OF DISHES ... ETC.)

EMILY:

Gosh, Gwendolyn, this looks like a wonderful breakfast.

GRY:

I'm glad you like it, Griff ... because I have a surprise for you. My mother is coming to live with us.

DENNIS: Oh bully, that's wonderful!

JACK: (ECHO) HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH .. SEE, THEY'RE HAPPY, BUT I'LL CHANGE THAT.

DENNIS: Gwendolyn, when is your dear, darling mother coming.

MARY: Tomorrow.

DENNIS: I'm glad you told me in time. Now I can buy her a present .. I wonder what I should give her ..

JACK: (ECHO) WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HER A KICK IN THE TEETH?

DENNIS: No Gwendolyn .. your father gave her that last year.

MARY: What did you say, dear?

DENNIS: I just answered your question.

MARY: But I didn't say anything.

DENNIS: Oh, I thought you did ...

JACK: (ECHO) YOU SEE.. I'VE GOT THEM CONFUSED ALREADY.

DENNIS: Well, I better finish my breakfast.

MARY: Yes .. here's a great big bowl of cereal ... wait, I'll pour the cream on it for you.

(SOUND: POURING OF CREAM ... SLIGHT PAUSE ... THEN MILLIONS OF POPPING, CRACKLING AND TINKLING NOISES)

MARY: ... (PAUSE) You can take your fingers out of your ears now, they've stopped crackling. Now eat your cereal.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

DENNIS: Gee, that was a stubborn little one, wasn't it?

MARY: It certainly was, darling.

JACK: (ECHO) DARLING .. DARLING .. COME ON, COME ON, HIT HER WITH SOMETHING ... I'VE GOT OTHER HOMES TO BREAK UP.

MARY: What did you say, Griffith?

LENNIS:

I didn't say anything, -- my mouth was full of the
Breakfast of Champions.

MARY:

Oh yes, that's why you're so strong .. and powerful ..
and masculine and .. stop looking around, I'm talking
to you.

LENNIS:

Gee, thanks .. Well, I better finish my breakfast and
hurry to the office ... give me a couple of eggs,
dear, and some bacon ... about twelve slices of bacon ..
Yes, dear.

MARY:

(PLAYS THEME ON VIOLIN)

JACK:

JACK:

(ECHO MIKE) YES .. I AM THE FIDDLER .. I KNOW MANY
STRANGE THINGS ... I EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY GOT THAT
BACON ... HEH HEH HEH ... AND NOW, GRIFFITH IS AT HIS
OFFICE ... WHILE HIS WIFE, GWEN, IS AT HOME WAITING FOR
HER SWEETHEART, THE ICE MAN .. AND NOW LOOK ... LOOK
DOWN THE PATH THE ICE MAN COMETH ... YES THE ICE MAN
COMETH.

HEIL:

(SINGS) Won't you cometh with me to Alabamy, there
we'll meet my dear old mammy, she's frying eggs and
broilin' hammy ...

JACK:

(ECHO) EHHHH .. SHUT UP! NOW KNOCK ON THE DOOR ...
SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU.

(SOUND: KNOCK .. DOOR OPENS)

HEIL:

Hello, Baby.

MARY:

Hello, Kilroy ... Come in.

HEIL:

Wait a minute I gotta get rid of this ice.

MARY:

(OOMPHY) Gimme a kiss and I'll melt it for you ...

Come on ..

(SOUND: BIG KISS)

PHIL: Gee, I wonder what your husband would say if he caught you kissing me, his best friend.

MARY: I'd tell him you're congratulating me on my birthday.

PHIL: But you've told him that twenty-eight times this year.

MARY: Isn't he getting wise?

MARY: No but he's getting mad, buying me all those presents ..

MARY: Gee, Kilroy .. you and I could be so happy together .. if it weren't for my husband.

JACK: (ECHO) AH - NOW YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK .. WELL .. GO AHEAD .. WHY DON'T YOU KILL YOUR HUSBAND?

MARY: Kilroy! I just got an idea.

PHIL: So did I.

MARY & PHIL: Let's kill Griffith!

MARY: It must be love, we said it together.

JACK: (ECHO) THAT'S IT, THAT'S IT .. NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. GO AHEAD, KILL HIM.

PHIL: (MYSTERIOUS) Gwendolyn, I know just how to kill your husband .. we'll take him down to the Union Station and throw him under the wheels of a passing train.

MARY: But at Union Station ... all those people will see us.

PHIL: So what .. they'll think it's a stunt for "Truth or Consequences!"

JACK: (ECHO) SURE .. YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT .. AND YOU'LL GET A BOX OF DUZ BESIDES.

MARY: No, no, Kilroy, I have a better way ... When he comes home, you hide in the closet and when he hangs up his coat you can strangle him ... and no one will ever know.

JACK:

NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ... EXCEPT ME (DIRTY LAUGH) ...
FOR I AM THE FIDDLER. (PLAYS THEME ... HITS CLINKER ...
PLAYS THEME AGAIN ... HITS CLINKER AGAIN AND IMMEDIATELY
GOES INTO VIOLIN EXERCISES ... THEN PLAYS THEME
CORRECTLY)

MYSTERIOUS CHORD)

JACK:

And now it's evening .. the office is closed and
Griffith, the unsuspecting husband is walking home
without a care on his mind.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

TENNIS:

...Gee, it'll be nice to get home to my loving wife,
Gwendolyn .. I feel sorry for her ... she's alone all
day.

JACK:

(ECHO MIKE) ARE YOU SURE SHE'S ALONE?

TENNIS:

Yeah .. of course, about twice a week our best friend,
Kilroy, drops in ... but that's only on her birthday.

JACK:

HER BIRTHDAY?

TENNIS:

Yeah, I'm three .. three presents behind this month
already ... What's the matter with me ... I'm acting
silly, talking to myself.

JACK:

LOTS OF MEN TALK TO THEMSELVES WHEN THEIR WIVES ARE
IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER MAN ... AND KILROY WAS THERE.

TENNIS:

Aw, she can't be in love with Kilroy ... after all, when
we were married - he was our best man.

JACK:

YES, AND AFTER THE CEREMONY ... YOUR WIFE KISSED HIM,
REMEMBER?

TENNIS:

But all brides kiss the best man after the wedding.

JACK:

FOR THREE AND A HALF HOURS? (DIRTY LAUGH)

LENNIS:

It was either that or take him on the honeymoon... Gee, what's wrong with me ... the way I keep talking to myself ... Anyway, I know that my wife doesn't see Kilroy any more!

JACK:

OH, SHE DOESN'T, EH? THEN HURRY HOME .. YOU'LL FIND THEM TOGETHER.

LENNIS:

All right, I'll go home and see for myself .. Gee, I better be prepared ... (SINGS) Happy birthday to you .. Happy birthday to you ...

(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

JACK:

YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN .. HERE ARE THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE AND I HAVE PLANTED THE SEEDS OF SUSPICION AND HATE WHICH WILL SOON GROW INTO MURDER ... AIN'T I A STINKER? OH WELL ... TO EACH HIS OWN ...

(SOUND: KEY IN LOCK .. DOOR OPEN)

MARY:

Darling, you're home early.

LENNIS:

Step aside, woman, I'm gonna search this house ... Aha, look on the carpet ... footprints .. big footprints made by size twelve shoes ... (HAPPY) DARLING, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME .. YOUR MOTHER IS HERE!

JACK:

(ECHO) HER MOTHER ISN'T HERE, YOU LITTLE FOOL ... THOSE ARE KILROY'S FOOTPRINTS ... HER MOTHER WEARS SIZE FOURTEEN. NOW DON'T WASTE TIME ... ASK HER ABOUT KILROY ... GO ON, ASK HER ABOUT KILROY.

LENNIS:

Huh? .. Oh, yes .. Darling, was Joe here?

JACK:

(ECHO) NOT JOE .. THAT WAS YESTERDAY .. IT'S KILROY TODAY ... AND WEDNESDAY IS BING'S DAY .. NOW COME ON GRIFFITH, COME ON ... YOU'VE GOTTA GET MURDERED ... GO ON .. GO ON, OPEN THAT CLOSET DOOR.

DENNIS: No, no ... I don't want to .. I'm afraid.
JACK: (ECHO) COME ON, DON'T WASTE TIME ... OPEN THAT CLOSET
DOOR.

DENNIS: No, no!
JACK: All right then, I'll open it for you.

(SOUND: SIX FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (ECHO) NOW, SIT TIGHT, FOLKS, THIS IS GONNA BE GRUESOME
... ALL RIGHT, GRIFFITH, PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM..
I'M GONNA OPEN THAT DOOR NOW.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

QUARTET: MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES L S, L S,
MA MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T,
MAMMY'S LITTLE PAPPY LOVES M F T.

JACK: OH DARN IT, I OPENED THE WRONG DOOR.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen; the chief hope of our enemies during the war was to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice now, anymore than we would have spread enemy rumors during the recent conflict. Through our behavior we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

ION:

The name of our quartet is The Sportsmen. Our telephone operators are played by Sara Berner and Bea Benadera. Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend, Mr. F. E. Boone.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

STONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

STYSDAEL: Mr. Harry R. King, independent tobacco buyer of Durham, North Carolina, has been in the tobacco business for 21 years. He said:

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real fine tobacco - the kind of tobacco that smokes up smooth and mild. Yes, for a real smoke, I pick Luckies - smoked 'em myself for 18 years.

SIMS: Quote: "At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy real fine tobacco." -- Unquote. Season after season, independent tobacco experts like Mr. King can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BARUCH: And this fine, light, naturally mild Lucky Strike tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you.

HICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

STYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

(MORE)

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

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MS:
Dep. Tag
(1)

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

RUYSDAEL:

The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. F. E. Boone, of Lexington, Kentucky (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN) and Mr. L. A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike - the cigarette of fine tobacco.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

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(TAG)

JACK:

(PLAYS VIOLIN THEME)

I AM THE FIDDLER ...

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

JACK:

(CONTINUES TO PLAY THEME) LOOK .. NO HANDS!