

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK - WICKLIFFSHAM, 2-6000

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE

NOV. 10, 1946 - Program #7

REVISION: _____

APPROVAL: FINAL

NETWORK: NBC

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

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 - MFT (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 0234285

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NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

11-10-46

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

NOVEMBER 10, 1946 - PROGRAM #7

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

BUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

BIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SIMS: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and
first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

BUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

BARUCH: Remember!
(Excl. K)

SIMS: Year in!

BUYSDAEL: Year out!

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and in a cigarette
it's the tobacco that counts.

(MORE)

ATX01 0234286

SIMS:

Season after season, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BUYSDAEL:

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.

BOONE:

(CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY PROGRAM)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

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(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY SCREEN 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 ... we take you back
fifteen minutes ... Jack Benny is in his dressing room
where Rochester is trimming his hair ...

(SOUND: SNIPPING OF SCISSORS)

JACK: Just a little more off the sides, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir ...

(SOUND: SNIPPING AGAIN)

JACK: You know, Rochester ... it may sound funny, but when I
was a kid, I had the most beautiful head of thick
golden curls. .

ROCHESTER: You did?

JACK: Yeah ... in fact, my mother was so proud of them that she
gave a curl to every one of our relatives.

ROCHESTER: WELL, YOU BETTER WRITE TO 'EM, BOSS, IT'S TIME TO GET
'EM BACK!

JACK: Yeah ...

(SOUND: COUPLE OF SNIPS)

JACK: Hold it, Rochester. How much have you trimmed off the
sides?

ROCHESTER: Almost a handful.

JACK: Good, now sprinkle it around on top ... Thanks.

ROCHESTER: HE HE HE HE ..

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: THIS AIN'T NO HAIRCUT THIS IS A LANDSCAPING JOB.

ATX01 0234288

JACK: Well, it's a little trick I learned in Agriculture school ... Good old Bendini Tech. Yes sir.

ROCHESTER: I better start shaving you now.

JACK: But Rochester, I thought you said you forgot my shaving cream ...

ROCHESTER: I did, but this stuff will work fine.

JACK: Well, I don't know - are you sure it's good for shaving?

ROCHESTER: Yeah ... it says so on the box ... "DUZ DOES EVERYTHING!"

JACK: I guess so .. but I wish my face could have that oxydol sparkle.

ROCHESTER: Now hold still, Boss, while I lather you up ... maybe you better open your shirt first.

JACK: Okay ... there you are.

ROCHESTER: Say, Boss ... Why do you wear that penny around your neck on a string?

JACK: It's for sentimental reasons, Rochester -- this is the first penny I ever owned. And you know that dollar I have framed up in my bedroom?

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: That's the first dollar I ever owned. And you know that picture of my Maxwell that hangs in the den.

ROCHESTER: Uh huh.

JACK: That's the first car I ever owned.

ROCHESTER: THAT'S THE FIRST CAR ANYBODY EVER OWNED.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: THAT CAR SCARED MORE HORSES THAN THE MEAT SHORTAGE.

JACK: Oh I don't know ... now hurry up and shave me, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: Okay ... hold still while I lather you up.

(SOUND: LATHERING NOISES)

JACK: (MUFFLED VOICE) Rochester, do you have to use that much?

ROCHESTER: Hold still, Boss ...

(SOUND: LATHERING)

ROCHESTER: There, that ought to be enough lather ... Now, where's the ...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

ROCHESTER: COME IN ...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hiya, Roch, I was passing by and I - SAY! THAT LOOKS WONDERFUL ... (PHIL GIVES ONE BIG BLOW)

JACK: PHIL, STOP TRYING TO BLOW THE FOAM OFF, IT'S ME! AND GET YOUR FOOT OFF MY KNEE, IT'S NOT A BRASS RAIL. What a guy.

PHIL: O.K. I'm sorry, Jackson.

JACK: What do you want, Phil?

PHIL: Well, I'd like to ask ya what number I should play on the program today - I been rehearsing two of 'em all week.

JACK: What are they?

PHIL: Well, one of them's "Star Dust."

JACK: What's the other one?

PHIL: "That's What I Like About The South."

JACK: You better play the first one, Phil - I don't think the public is ready for the second one yet ... Go ahead, Rochester, start shaving me.

ROCHESTER: Yes sir.

PHIL: Oh say, Jackson - I want you and the rest of the gang to come over to the house tonight ... I'm giving a little surprise party for Alice.

Surprise party? What's it for?

PHIL: Well, I think it's her birthday.
JACK: Think?

PHIL: Yeah ... it's either today, March twelfth, or June 29th.
JACK: Phil! For heaven's sake ... You mean to tell me you don't know when Alice was born?

PHIL: Look, Jackson, I'm her husband, not her mother!

JACK: Hmmm ... All right, Phil, I'll be glad to come ... shall I have dinner first?

PHIL: Well, of course not -- I got everything all set ... I prepared it myself.

JACK: What are you having?

PHIL: Well, there'll be martinis, manhattans, old fashioned's, bourbon highballs, scotch and soda --

JACK: PHIL! PHIL! ... I mean what kind of food are you serving?

PHIL: What?

JACK: Food! Food!

PHIL: Well, how do you like that -- I knew I forgot something?

JACK: Phil, how in the world could you -- OUCH! Rochester, you cut me.

ROCHESTER: IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU FELT IT, I DID IT A MINUTE AGO.

JACK: Why didn't you tell me?

ROCHESTER: I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

JACK: Don't be funny. Did you cut me bad?

ROCHESTER: IT'S NOTHING BOSS, I JUST SNIPPED THE STEM OFF YOUR ADAM'S APPLE.

JACK: Oh, you clumsy thing ... Now I have to buy a collar button ... Phil, about the party. I'll be at your house at eight o'clock -- that'll give me enough time to buy a gift for Alice. I think I'll get her some candy.

PHIL: You gave her candy last year and she never got to eat any of it.

JACK: She didn't?

PHIL: Nah, she was carrying it upstairs and the bag broke.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame ... and those jaw breakers roll so, too ... I'll have them put in a double bag this time.

ROCHESTER: Oh oh!

JACK: What's the matter, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Did I cut you again?

JACK: Can't you tell?

ROCHESTER: WELL IT WOULD HELP IF YOU'D BLEED A LITTLE.

JACK: Well, I'm not gonna force myself just for you ... Say, Phil, what are you giving Alice for her birthday?

PHIL: Jewelry, Jackson, I got it right here in this little box ... lemme show it to you ... Ain't that a pretty?

JACK: Oh Phil -- what a beautiful gold locket. She'll love that.

PHIL: Open it up, Jackson -- there's a picture inside.

JACK: Aw Phil, I'd rather not ... Alice should be the first one to see it.

PHIL: We don't mind, Jackson .. you're like one of the family ... Go on, open the locket.

JACK: Well ... all right.

(SOUND: LITTLE CLICK OF LOCKET OPENING)

JACK: AW .. NOW ISN'T THAT SWEET ... A PICTURE OF PETRILLO! ... How thoughtful.

PHIL: (SOFTLY) Yeah.

JACK: That's very nice ... Phil, you can raise your head, I closed the locket ... Here.

PHIL:

Look, Jackson ... I better get out on the stage and get my musicians ready for the broadcast. I'll be seein' you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK:

Well, I guess I better get into the studio too ... and Rochester wait for me here in the dressing room.

ROCHESTER:

Yes sir.

JACK:

And you can tune in the radio and listen to my program if you wish.

ROCHESTER:

IF I WISH?

JACK:

Yes.

ROCHESTER:

ONCE I DIDN'T LISTEN TO IT AND YOU PUT ME IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

JACK:

Now, Rochester, you know I didn't compel you to stay in that room.

ROCHESTER:

NO, BUT YOU TOOK AWAY ALL MY CLOTHES, TOLD ME I WAS FREE AS A BIRD AND POINTED TO CAPISTRANO.

JACK:

What?

ROCHESTER:

I WAS SHOT DOWN OVER PISMO BEACH.

JACK:

Oh, stop being silly. I'll see you after the broadcast.

ROCHESTER:

Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES ... FOOTSTEPS AND STOP)

JACK:

Gee, that Rochester makes up the wildest things ... but they're kinda funny .. I wonder if he'd be good on the radio ... Nah, he'd always be late for rehearsal. Gee, I hope we have a good show today.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ETIE:

Oh, Mr. Benny ... excuse me.

JACK:

Well ... hello, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Pardon the intrusion .. but last week you promised me
a ticket for your broadcast.

JACK: Oh yes ... yes ... I have one right here in my pocket ..
here you are.

ARTIE: Denk you.

JACK: You must like my program, eh, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Oh, it's one of mine favorites. I like your program ..
Fibber McGoo and McGee .. Take it or Levi.

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: A Date with Julius.

JACK: Julius?

ARTIE: And on Friday night I am listening to People are Schnooks.

JACK: No no .. you mean People are Funny.

ARTIE: With this ticket I'll soon find out.

JACK: Oh yes .. yes .. Well, you better hurry in. I'll save
you a seat in the first row ... and laugh as hard as you
can.

ARTIE: My heart is broken and he tells me I should laugh.

JACK: Your heart is broken - why?

ARTIE: Because yesterday mine alma matza didn't win the
football game.

JACK: Your Alma Mater?

ARTIE: Notre Dame.

JACK: Oh, did you go to Notre Dame?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo ... do you remember the Four Horsemen?

JACK: Yes.

ARTIE: I was the stable boy.

JACK: Oh, oh .. you better hurry, Mr. Kitzel, it's time for
the show.

ARTIE: Okay ... Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, WE'RE ALL SET.

JACK: OKAY, PHIL, LET'S GO.

(APPLAUSE AND ORCHESTRA NUMBER - "SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE IT AWAY")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: You see. When "Goodbye America, Take It Away" played by Phil Harris and his orchestra and that strange click clack in the back was his boys shooting dice ... and now -- ladies and --

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Thanks, Mary. I thought that was pretty clever myself. That strange click clack in the back was ...

MARY: I wasn't laughing at that ..

JACK: What?

MARY: I was reading a letter from Mama.

JACK: Oh, a letter from your mother, eh? Well .. what does the Hildegarde of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: (GIGGLES) It's so funny.

JACK: I know, I know. After her last letter she had to join the Radio Writers Guild .. Go ahead, let's hear it, Mary.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MARY: (READING) MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY ... I RECEIVED YOUR LAST NOTE AND WAS VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU ... AS YOU KNOW, LAST TUESDAY WAS ELECTION DAY SO YOUR FATHER GOT UP EARLY, WENT TO THE POLLS, AND VOTED FOR HOOVER.

JACK: What?

MARY: HE FEELS HE OWES IT TO HIM BECAUSE SINCE 1928, HOOVER HAS BEEN THE TOP BUTTON ON HIS UNDERWEAR.

JACK: That's what I like about your father, he's so loyal. Go on, Mary.

MARY: YOUR SISTER BABE HAS BECOME A CAREER WOMAN AND NOW HAS A VERY NOVEL JOB ... SHE'S A LIFEGUARD AT ONE OF THOSE NEW FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANIES.

JACK: A life guard at a pen company?

MARY: IF ANYONE WRITES "HELP" UNDER WATER, SHE DIVES IN AND SAVES THE PEN.

JACK: What a girl.

MARY: BABE ALSO RECEIVED A LOT OF MONEY FROM A PICTURE STUDIO IN HOLLYWOOD ... SHE SENT A PHOTOGRAPH OF HERSELF IN HER BATHING SUIT AND THEY SENT HER A CHECK FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ...

JACK: Your sister Babe?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) THEY SAID HER LEGS GAVE THEM THE IDEA FOR "THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE!"

JACK: I knew she could do it! Say, Mary, does Babe still go with that slap-happy prize fighter?

MARY: Naw, she couldn't stand it any longer.

JACK: Why, what happened?

MARY: Well .. they'd be sitting in the living-room and every time the phone rang he'd jump up, shake hands, and give her a right hook to the jaw.

JACK: Oh, well then I don't blame her.

MARY: Well, Babe didn't mind getting hit but she had to keep in training all the time.

JACK: Oh .. oh. Well, go on with the letter, Mary.

MARY: Okay ... LAST SATURDAY NIGHT PAPA AND I WENT TO A BIG FORMAL AFFAIR: AUNT EDY'S SILVER WEDDING.

JACK: Gee, has your Aunt Edy been married twenty-five years?

MARY: No, twenty-five times ... Now don't interrupt any more, Jack ...

JACK: Okay. Okay.

MARY: AND MARY, SPEAKING OF AUNT EDY, DO YOU REMEMBER LITTLE HAROLD WHO WAS THE RING BEARER AT AUNT EDY'S FIRST WEDDING? ... WELL, THAT'S THE ONE SHE'S MARRIED TO NOW.

JACK: What do you know.

MARY: OUTSIDE OF THAT, PAPA AND I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH ... ALTHOUGH LAST WEEK WE WENT TO THE MOVIES AND SAW MERLE OBERON IN A WONDERFUL PICTURE ... GOSH, SHE'S BEAUTIFUL ... YOUR FATHER TOOK ONE LOOK AT HER .. THEN LOOKED AT ME ... AND WHEN WE GOT HOME I REALIZED WHAT BABE WENT THROUGH WITH THAT PRIZE FIGHTER.

JACK: Gee.

MARY: FORTUNATELY MY GIRDLE BROKE AND I WEDGED HIM INTO A NEUTRAL CORNER.

JACK: Hm. There's more?

MARY: Yes.

JACK: Gee your mother's a riot.

MARY: BY THE WAY, MARY, I CERTAINLY ENVY YOU BEING OUT THERE IN CALIFORNIA. IT WAS SO COLD HERE YESTERDAY THAT PAPA'S TEETH CHATTERED ALL NIGHT ... THEY MADE SO MUCH NOISE HE TOOK THEM OUT OF THE GLASS AND PUT 'EM BACK IN HIS MOUTH.

JACK: Her mother's a card. What a family.

MARY: THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. WILL WRITE AGAIN NEXT WEEK. YOUR LOVING MOTHER, AMBER LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: Say, that's a nice letter, Mary.

MARY: Oh, wait a minute, here's a P.S. ... I SUPPOSE JACK WILL START WRITING TO US AGAIN NOW THAT AIR MAIL IS DOWN TO FIVE CENTS.

JACK: What does she mean five cents -- I can get Rochester to fly it there for nothing. Ha ha ha that's a good one.

MARY: I don't see anything funny about that.

PHIL: Neither do I Jackson.

JACK: You don't?

MARY & PHIL: No.

JACK: Hm. Rochester and his crazy jokes .. Now, kids ...
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, everybody. What's cooking?

JACK: Hello, Dennis. Dennis, you're a little bit late, where were you?

DENNIS: Well, I'da been here earlier, Jackson, but I stopped across the bar in a bar. You gotta live, bub, you gotta live.

JACK: Jackson? Bar? Bub? That sounds like chiss sweese sandwich.

DENNIS: Oh boy, am I dizzy .. (WHISTLES) YIPPEE!

JACK: Dennis .. do you mean to say they served you a drink?

DENNIS: No, they said I was too young, so they just spun me around on the stool.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Hey Livy, how about you and me painting the town?

JACK: DENNIS!

DENNIS: WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, BUB, YOU WANNA FIGHT?

JACK: A fight?

DENNIS: HEY, PHIL, HOW ABOUT AN ALKA SELTZER?

JACK: You don't need one. Dennis, what's the matter with you? All they did was spin you around on the stool.

DENNIS: Yeah, but they held my head in one place.
JACK: You mean they --
DENNIS: I don't know whether I'm coming or Dennis.
JACK: Believe me, you're Dennis and out out all this nonsense.
DENNIS: Okay .. he hates me because I'm headloose and fancy free.
JACK: Dennis, nobody hates you .. Now, come on, let's have your song.
DENNIS: Okay.
JACK: That kid can find more .. PHIL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
PHIL: I'll be back in a minute, Jackson .. HEY, DENNIS, WHAT STOOL WERE YOU ON?
JACK: PHIL COME BACK HERE .. DENNIS IS GONNA SING. Now, go ahead, kid.

(DENNIS'S SONG - "SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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JACK: That .. That was "Somewhere in the Night" sung by Dennis Day and Dennis, you sang that beautifully.

DENNIS: I wouldn't know, I'm loaded.

JACK: You're not loaded .. and I don't wanna hear any more talk like that. You oughta be ashamed of yourself.. Now sit down.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Hmmm .. and now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight we're going to do a sketch entitled "The Strange Loves of Martha Benny."

MARY: (LOUD WHISPER) Whisper his age.

JACK: Mary! Now in this play --

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson, last week you announced that we were gonna do The Killers.

JACK: Well, we were but I'm gonna postpone it until two weeks from tonight.

MARY: Why did you do that, Jack?

JACK: Because Mark Hellinger, the producer of the picture, asked us to wait two weeks before we louse it up ... and by that time the picture will have played in more cities.

MARY: Well, what's this thing you're gonna do tonight?

JACK: Well, actually, Mary, it's gonna be a story based on my career as an entertainer. It opens with the actual incident of my first appearance on the stage in Washington, D.C. ... I'll never forget that night. My performance was so great that right in the middle of my act, one of my fans got so excited he jumped right on the stage.

MARY: That was John Wilkes Booth, he was making his getaway.

ATX01 0234301

JACK: Chiss sweese, chiss sweese ... Now, in this play, ladies and gentlemen ...

DON: Oh say, Jack, before we do the sketch, what about the commercial.

JACK: Oh, yes yes, go ahead, Don.

DON: Okay. READY FELLOWS?

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Not with them! That quartet is out.

DON: But, Jack, you've got them signed for three more weeks.

JACK: I don't care if they're signed for three years .. And another thing they've got an option coming up and I'm dropping it.

DON: Okay if that's the way you want it .. Well, you fellows can take that offer you got from the Hollywood Bowl.

JACK: It's all right with me, just so they ... Hollywood Bowl? ... They had an offer from the Bowl?

DON: Yes .. I hated to bring this up, Jack, but they were offered so much money that they ---

JACK: Oh yeah. Well -- I've got them under contract and they can't break the contract. I know, because I've already tried.

DON: Well all right then --- will you listen to the commercial we've prepared?

JACK: Well - all right -- what's it gonna be?

DON: Our musical background will be .. "Till The End of Time."

JACK: Oh, that might be good. Go ahead.

DON: READY BOYS ... L S / M F T, L S / M F T ... LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO ... YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO.

(MUSICAL INTRODUCTION TO "END OF TIME")

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QUARTET: L S M F T
L S M F M F T
L S M F F F M F F F M F M F M F T

JACK: Don. Don.

QUARTET: L S M F TIE

JACK: Tie?

QUARTET: AYE YI YI YI YI YI YI YI

JACK: Don.. Don.. that

SOLO: THEY ARE SO FREE AND SO

isn't what I want.

EASY, SO EASY ON THE DRAW.

Wait a minute,

fellows.

JACK: Don, look at me .. look at me. I'm being nice ... Look,
I'm smiling. Don, can't you see that that isn't in
keeping with the rest of the program? It's too slow,
Donsy. It has no pep.

DON: Well, Jack, if you want something lively, listen to
this.

JACK: What?

DON: THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE ... HIT IT BOYS.

QUARTET: L S M, L S M, L S M F T

WHAT A SMOKE, WHAT A SMOKE, WHAT A SMOKE FOR ME

L S M, L S M, L S M F TAW

IT'S SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Don!

QUARTET: L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! JACK: Wait a
L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! minute!

L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! WAIT A MINUTE!

L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, L S, M F T! WAIT A MINUTE!

JACK: (SOFTLY) All right, fellows ... get out ... get out ...
out ... out ... You guys are driving me crazy ... I'm
going mad.

ATX01 0234303

MARY: Jack, Jack, stop pulling your hair.

JACK: I'm only taking the ones that were sprinkled on ...

Now, come on fellows .. get out .. get out.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: AND AS FOR YOU, DON WILSON, YOU GOT ME INTO THIS AND YOU
BETTER GET ME OUT.

MARY: Jack, don't get so excited!

JACK: WELL, I AM EXCITED ... I'M SO MAD I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO
DO THE SKETCH TONIGHT.

PHIL: But, Jackson, you've gotta finish the show.

JACK: LET DON FINISH IT ... HE'S SO SMART ... HE KNOWS
EVERYTHING ... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM .. WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

GEORGE: Hello, Mr. Benny, may I have your autograph?

JACK: OH, SHUT UP.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS --- INTO MAD MUSIC ---

FOOTSTEPS --- SCREEN DOOR OPENS ---

SIX FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)

MEL: What will you have, Mister?

JACK: How much is a Scotch and Soda?

MEL: Seventy-five cents.

JACK: Hmmm. How much is a Bourbon and Coke?

MEL: Sixty cents.

JACK: Well ...

MEL: Come on, Buddy, come on .. what'll you have?

JACK: Just spin me around a couple of times.

MEL: OKAY, BUDDY ... HERE YOU GO.

(REVISED)

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(SOUND: SPINNING)

JACK: WHEEEEEEE.

(THEME MUSIC & APPLAUSE)

JACK: HEY, BARTENDER, ONE MORE SPIN AND I'LL GO HOME.

MEL: OKAY.

(SOUND: SPINNING)

JACK: WHEEEEEEE ... ONCE MORE.

MEL: Excuse me a minute .. Now, will you gentlemen have the same as usual?

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Well, look who's here ... my old buddies ... my pals.
(CRYING) You know what, fellows ... I been mean to you.

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Yes I have. And you know what I'm gonna do ... I'm gonna make it up to you ... I'M GONNA PICK UP YOUR OPTION AND GIVE YOU MORE MONEY. HEY, BARTENDER!

MEL: What?

JACK: GIVE THESE FELLOWS A SPIN ON ME.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0234305

JACK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Saving Bonds are vitally important to the nation's battle against inflation and for the future and welfare of us all. Finally, it is important that we who have developed habits of thrift during the War continue to build financial security for ourselves and our children. Protect your future, buy extra bonds now. Thank you.
(APPLAUSE)

CON:

Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend, Mr. L. A. Speed Riggs.

V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

HIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BUYSDAEL: Make no mistake - in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: Mr. James Maynard Talley, independent tobacco warehouseman of Durham, North Carolina, has been in the tobacco business all his life. He said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen good tobacco bought by the makers of Lucky Strike. Yes, good tobacco, full of flavor, ripe and mild. I've smoked Luckies for 18 years.

BARUCH: Yes, year after year, independent tobacco experts, men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco, men like Mr. Talley can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BUYSDAEL: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

HICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

BUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT
LS - MFT

(MORE)

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

X8X

-21A-

11-10-46

IXS:
(exp. Imp.
tag)

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.

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0234308

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll be back with you next
Sunday at this same time when our guests will be
Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Coleman and Leo Durocher. Goodnight,
everybody.