

# FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

*Advertising*

212 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17 • WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

CLIENT: THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. REVISION: \_\_\_\_\_ NETWORK: NBC  
PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST  
DATE: JAN 5, 1947 - PROGRAM #15 REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST  
(By Transcription)

*As Broadcast*

## "T H E   J A C K   B E N N Y   P R O G R A M"

### 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 con-  
tinuity.
- V    NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI   HOLLYWOOD - Hail and farewell by Jack Benny  
and his Cast.

ATX01 0015355

-1-

NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

1-5-47

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

JANUARY 5, 1947 - PROGRAM #15

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial.

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM.

SIMS: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette and --

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes, first, last,  
always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

SIMS: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts, and year  
after year, 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.

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0015356

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-1A-

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

BOONE:       (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR 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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, IN THE ROSE BOWL  
GAME ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, ILLINOIS UPSET THE DOPE... AND  
HERE HE IS, AND HE'S STILL UPSET ... JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you ... Hello again, this is Jack Benny  
talking ... and Don, for your information, I wasn't  
upset at all. I enjoyed the game very much.

DON: It certainly was exciting, wasn't it, Jack?

JACK: Yes sir ... and what a score ... Illinois forty-five,  
U.C.L.A. fourteen, and Al Hoish a hundred and three ...  
That was really something.

DON: And what wonderful seats you had ... Jack, how did you  
get such good tickets at the last minute?

JACK: Well Don, it wasn't easy. You see, even though I was  
born in Illinois, I've lived in California for the past  
fifteen years ... so in order to get two tickets I called  
Governor Warren.

DON: You called the Governor of California?

JACK: Yes. He couldn't do anything for me, so he called  
Governor Green of Illinois. Governor Green called  
President George Stoddard of Illinois University ...  
President Stoddard got in touch with Ray Elliot the  
coach ... Elliot got in touch with Buddy Young ... and

JACK:  
(CONT'D) fortunately Buddy Young happens to be a very good friend of Rochester's ... So through Rochester, I not only got two seats on the fifty yard line ... but I also got a sure thing in the fourth race at Santa Anita. Say, Don, who were you rooting for at the game?

DON: Well, Jack, I didn't want to show any partiality so I got a seat on the U.C.L.A. side and a seat on the Illinois side.

JACK: Well, Don, how could you possibly sit on both sides of the -- oh, oh, of course ... And Don, weren't you disappointed when you weren't picked as the winning float? ... Well, better luck next year.

PHIL: Hi ya, Jackson.

JACK: Hello, Phil - Get your band ready and ... Phil -- what happened to your orchestra? Half of your boys are missing ... Where are they?

PHIL: Look Jackson, New Year's Eve was only five days ago, give 'em time, give 'em time.

JACK: What?

PHIL: Leave them alone and they'll come home, dragging their empties behind them.

JACK: I know, I know .. but meanwhile do the best you can with the boys -- Oh no .. no ..

PHIL: What's the matter, Jackson?

JACK: Sammy, the bass fiddle player.

PHIL: What about him? He's the best bass player in the country

JACK: I know, but look at his bass fiddle ... it has six silver handles on it.

PHIL: Well, that's Sammy for you ... if anything happens to him, he don't want us to go to no expense.

JACK: Oh fine .. and look what he has carved on the bottom of it -- R.I.P. .. what's that?

PHIL: Rest In Petrillo.

JACK: Now cut that out and, until something happens to him, tell Sammy to put down that shovel use a bow, and blow out the candles on the music stand.

DON: By the way,\*Phil, I saw you at the Rose Bowl Game New Year's Day.

PHIL: Oh, is that where I was?

JACK: Phil, you know where you were. That was a great game wasn't it ... What about that hundred and three yard run that Hoish made?

PHIL: Confidentially, Jackson, it was longer than that, but it won't go on record.

JACK: What do you mean?

PHIL: He picked up the ball behind his own goal line, started down the field, ran up into the stands, asked me for my autograph, told me how to spell Harris, and then went on to make a touchdown.

JACK: What?

PHIL: If he'da waited for me to dot the I, they'da nailed him on the ten yard line.

JACK: Well, that just shows you how fast that boy is ... Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Well, everybody's here now except Dennis. Where is he?

DON: I don't know ... He hasn't come in yet.

JACK: Well, how can we go on with the show if the cast doesn't get here on time.

MARY: Oh Jack, don't be mad at Dennis. I happen to know something that you don't know.

JACK: Don't tell me he has three shows.

MARY: No, no, Jack, it isn't that ... It's something you won't believe.

JACK: What is it?

MARY: All of a sudden Dennis got a big crush on me.

JACK: A crush on you? How come?

MARY: I don't know, someone must have told him I was a girl.

JACK: Oh Mary, stop kidding, has Dennis really got a crush on you?

MARY: Yes Jack, and he's so cute. Ever since last week when I danced with him in that night club, he's been sending me notes and little gifts.

JACK: Gifts? What did he give you?

MARY: Oh lots of things ... his Boy Scout Knife ... a bag of marbles ... three Coca Cola bottle caps filled with mud ... a ball of tin foil ... a fish hook ... and a stick of bubble gum.

JACK: No.

MARY: Yes, and I'm worried.

JACK: Why?

MARY: If you see me wearing his bicycle clip, you'll know we're engaged.

JACK: Well, how do you like that?

MARY: And Jack, you should see the note he sent me yesterday.

JACK: Dennis sent you a note?

MARY: Wait a minute, I'll read it to you. It's so sweet.  
(READS WITH FEELING) "MY DARLING MARY .. I HOPE YOU  
WON'T THINK I'M SILLY, BUT I KEEP YOUR PICTURE ON THE  
WALL OF MY BEDROOM ... I DIDN'T WANT MY MOTHER TO KNOW  
WHO I'M IN LOVE WITH SO I TOOK A PENCIL AND DREW A  
MUSTACHE AND A DERBY HAT ON YOU ... I THINK I FOOLED MY  
MOTHER BECAUSE NOW SHE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU TOO.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned.

MARY: And look how he finishes ... "I LOVE YOU MADLY AND  
PASSIONATELY AND WILL NEVER FORGET THE KISS YOU GAVE  
ME WHEN I TOOK YOU HOME ... THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE FOR  
YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT, I REMAIN, YOURS TRULY, DENNIS DAY.

JACK: Well, that's the cutest letter I've ever heard ... let's  
see that ... Mary, why has Dennis got the stamp pinned  
to the envelope?

MARY: Oh that ... (LAUGHS) He said that ever since he fell in  
love with me he won't let anything else touch his lips.

JACK: Well gee, he must be hungry by this time ... That  
certainly -- Shh .. quiet ... here he comes now.

DENNIS: HELLO, EVERYBODY. Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Dennis!

DON: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Don.

PHIL: Hiya, kid.

DENNIS: Hello, Phil.

MARY: Hello, Dennis ... Dennis, I said hello.

DENNIS: Mary, don't make it so obvious.

MARY: Obvious? All I said was hello.

DENNIS: I know, but look how you're trembling.



JACK: Dennis, you're imagining things ... she's not trembling.

DENNIS: What are you trying to do, break us up?

JACK: No, I'm not trying to break you up.

DENNIS: Say Mary ... come here a minute, will you ... I want to look at you.

MARY: All right, Dennis.

DENNIS: ... Gee ... Gosh...

MARY: What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: You look so much better without a mustache.

JACK: Dennis, what about the Derby?

DENNIS: No thanks, I'm not hungry.

JACK: I didn't mean that, but anyway kid, I know how you feel. When you're in love, everything is bright and sunny and cheerful ... your heart overflows with goodness. You feel nice towards everybody.

PHIL: Say, Jackson, did you hear about Fred Allen being voted the best comedian on the air?

MARY: ... There will be a short pause while Dr. Jekyll becomes Mr. Hyde.

JACK: Mary, it doesn't bother me at all. Anyway, I read about Fame Magazine selecting Allen as the greatest comedian in radio ... what a choice.

PHIL: What's the matter with you, Jackson ... every time Fred Allen gets an award, you get mad about it. Two years ago you got mad because they put his picture on the cover of Time.

JACK: Phil, Fred's face was on the cover of Look.

MARY: It was on the cover of Time.

JACK: It was on the cover of Look ... his face represented  
Time ... That burns me up.

PHIL: All right ... all right ... so he's not as pretty as I  
am, but you've got to admit he has a great radio show.

JACK: Some great show. He comes on and jabbars for a few  
minutes and then he calls (NASAL) "Portland ...  
Portland ... Portland ... Portland" ... For the first  
four years people thought he was a conductor on a  
Greyhound bus ... Come on, Dennis, let's have your song.

DENNIS: O.K.!

(DENNIS'S SONG .. "I LOVE YOU FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS")  
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "I Love You For Sentimental Reasons" sung by  
Dennis Day, and very good, Dennis.

MARY: Yes Dennis, I've never heard you sing so well.

DENNIS: That's because I'm in love.

MARY: With me?

DENNIS: It ain't your sister Babe ... (WHISTLES)

JACK: Dennis, behave yourself.. AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
FOR YOUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO  
PRESENT --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Oh excuse me ... COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing here?

ARTIE: Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Benny, but I came over to  
thank you for the Christmas present you sent me and to  
wish you a happy New Year.

JACK: Well, the same to you, Mr. Kitzel. So you like the  
sweater I sent you, eh?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo hoo .. I have never in my life owned such a  
beautiful slop-over.

JACK: No no, Mr. Kitzel, you mean slip-over.

ARTIE: Slop-over ... on me it's too big.

JACK: Oh, oh, I'm sorry. Well, why didn't you return it?

ARTIE: I like it that way, it makes me look like a hep cat.

JACK: A hep cat?

ARTIE: (SINGS) HEY BOP A RE BOP, ZIPPIDY DOO DA ...

JACK: I know, I know.

ARTIE: You also know about the Cement Mixmaster.

JACK: Yes yes ... and Mr. Kitzel, I'm glad my present suited you so well.

ARTIE: Yes, I liked it so much I started knitting a pair of stockings to match the sweater.

JACK: You did?

ARTIE: Yes, but a funny thing happened. While I was sitting in the rocking chair, my wife came in and saw me knitting.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: She got all excited and thought we was going to have ... having another baby.

JACK: Well, congratulations.

ARTIE: Dank you.

JACK: By the way, Mr. Kitzel, as long as you're here, would you like to sit down and hear the rest of the program?

ARTIE: I'm sorry, I got to leave.

JACK: Sit right over there.

DON: You should stay, Mr. Kitzel, because tonight our guest star is Lauren Bacall.

ARTIE: Lauren Bacall. Hoo hoo hoo hoo.

JACK: Hoo hoo what?

ARTIE: Hoo hoo's going? I'm going to stay.

JACK: Good good ... but Don, you're mistaken about Lauren Bacall ... She won't be here tonight.

DON: Oh, why not?

JACK: Never mind, we haven't got time to discuss it ... AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --

MARY: Tell him what happened, Jack.

JACK: Mary, we've got a program to do ... AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --

MARY: Anyway Don, the trouble started after you left the rehearsal yesterday at Jack's house ... Lauren Bacall hadn't shown up as yet to rehearse her part ... and Phil, Dennis and I (FADE) decided to stick around and play a little Gin Rummy.

MARY: Say Jack, where are you and Lauren going to rehearse?

JACK: In the library.

PHIL: Then we can stay here in the den and play cards, can't we?

JACK: Yes ... that'll be all right ... (UP) ROCHESTER, WILL YOU BRING IN A DECK OF CARDS, PLEASE?

ROCHESTER: YES SIR ... WHAT SHALL I ... WHAT KIND SHALL I BRING ... THE RED BACKS OR THE BLUE BACKS?

MARY: Oh it doesn't make any difference.

ROCHESTER: YES IT DOES ... THE REDS ARE FORTY CENTS, THE BLUES FIFTY.

JACK: Bring them a deck of cards ... they won't quibble about the price ... Now come on, Rochester ... I want you to go into the library with me ... and help me get things ready.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Now Rochester ... I want to make a good impression on Miss Bacall ... so see that there's a nice fire burning in the fireplace, move the divan so it will be nice and cozy in front of the fire, turn the lights down low ... turn on the phonograph ... and put some nice, soft, romantic music ...

ROCHESTER: WANT ME TO BURN SOME INCENSE AND FAN YOU WITH A PALM LEAF?

JACK: No, no, that won't be necessary ... Now let's see ...  
I think these horn rimmed glasses make me look a little  
too old ... I guess I'll take them off.

ROCHESTER: OH OH, BOSS ... I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU ...  
REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THAT TIME MISS ANN SHERIDAN CAME  
OVER TO REHEARSE WITH YOU, AND YOU TOOK OFF YOUR GLASSES.

JACK: Nothing happened.

ROCHESTER: WHEN MISS SHERIDAN CAME IN, YOU RUSHED OVER TO WHERE YOU  
THOUGHT YOU SAW HER, PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND THE BRIDGE  
LAMP, KISSED THE PARROT, AND SAID, "WHY ANNIE, YOU BIT  
ME!"

JACK: That's because it was dark ... Now let's see ...  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, that must be Miss Bacall now ... Rochester... you  
answer the door ... I want to sit down and make myself  
look alluring ... I mean relaxed ... There, how do I  
look?

ROCHESTER: FINE BOSS ... BUT AREN'T YOU OVERDOING IT WITH THAT ROSE  
IN YOUR TEETH?

JACK: Rochester --

ROCHESTER: HE HE HE HE

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCHESTER: RAMONA BENNY.

JACK: The rose is for my lapel.  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, answer the door.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... THEN DOOR OPENS)

BACALL: Is Mr. Benny at home?

ROCHESTER: YES ... COME RIGHT IN, MISS BACALL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (OFF ... AND VERY COOLY) Oh Rochester ... who is it?

ROCHESTER: MISS LAUREN BACALL.

JACK: Well, Lauren Bacall ...

ROCHESTER: YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE MRS. NUSSBAUM?

JACK: (CALMLY) Rochester ... you can get lost now.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Well, come in Lauren..this is inplease a deeder..indeed  
a pleasure ... make yourself comfortable ... Sit down.

BACALL: No thanks ... I'll just lean here against the door.

JACK: Gosh, Lauren ... seeing you there reminds me of your  
first picture ... "To Have and Have Not" ... You were  
leaning against the door ... just like that ... and then  
you said your famous line.

BACALL: You mean ... (VERY OOMPHY) If you want anything ...  
just whistle.

JACK: Yes, yes. Well, Lauren ... Lauren, shall we start  
rehearsing?

BACALL: No hurry, no hurry ... Have you got a cigarette?

JACK: A cigarette ... Yes yes ... here you are.

BACALL: Thanks ... Match?

JACK: Natch ... You know Lauren, that cigarette I gave you is  
a Lucky Strike.

BACALL: I know and it's my favorite brand, too.

JACK: Really?

BACALL: Yes ... They're so round ... So firm ... so fully  
packed ... so free and easy on the draw.

JACK: Geo ... F. E. Boone never sounded like that ... Gosh, Lauren ... I can just picture you in a bathing suit ... holding up that big tobacco leaf ... And you know, Lauren, Lucky Strikes are made of that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BACALL: Well, what do you know ... and I thought mother told me everything.

JACK: Well, live and learn.

BACALL: You must have learned a lot.

JACK: Yes yes ... Now let's start rehearsing ... Here's your script ... We're going to do a sketch based on your picture, "To Have and Have Not" ... You'll play the same part you did in the picture.

BACALL: Okay.

JACK: Well, let's start. I'll take the first line.

BACALL: Wait a minute, Jack, I'm supposed to lean against the door.

JACK: Oh yes yes, I'm sorry ... Well, we'll start again ... (CLEARS THROAT ... THEN DRAMATICALLY) ... You're sore at me, aren't you, Slim?

BACALL: Sure Steve ... I'm sore at you. I wanted to get even. I brought that bottle of brandy up here to make you feel cheap. But I'm the one who feels cheap.

JACK: Well, you've only got yourself to blame, Slim ... After all, what did I do?

BACALL: Nothing ... What's more, you don't have to do anything. Oh, maybe just whistle ... You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve? ... You just put your lips together and blow.



JACK: No, Slim ... I've got a better use for my lips ... Come here and let me kiss you.

BACALL: All right, but first take that rose out of your teeth.

JACK: I'm so sorry ... I meant to put that in my lapel .. lapel ... Now, let's start the scene over again.  
(CLEARS THROAT) You're sore at me, aren't you, Slim?

BACALL: Sure Steve, I'm sore at you ... I wanted to get even.  
I brought that bottle up here to make you --

PHIL: WHO BROUGHT WHAT BOTTLE UP WHERE?

JACK: PHIL!

BACALL: Hello, Curly.

PHIL: WELL! ... SAINT PETER MUST HAVE LEFT THE GATE OPEN AND LOOK WHO FEIL OUT.

BACALL: Well, thanks.

PHIL: OH LEAVE A LAMP BURNING IN THE WINDOW, MOTHER, I MAY BE A LITTLE LATE!

JACK: Phil.

PHIL: AH YESSS ... THERE'S GOOD NEWS TONIGHT.

JACK: PHIL!

PHIL: Well introduce me, Jackson ... introduce me!

JACK: All right ... This is Miss Lauren Bacall ... Lauren ... this is my colleague, Phil Harris.

PHIL: Well, Hoity Toity, I'm a colleague now.

JACK: Yeah, yeah ... Now go already.

PHIL: Okay, okay ...

JACK: Come on, Lauren ... let's take that kissing scene again ... we'll take that kissing scene again ... Let's start where I --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Hmmm ... who can that be ... I left strict orders not to be disturbed.

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY ... MR. HUMPHREY BOGART IS AT THE DOOR.

JACK: Humphrey Bogart?

BACALL: Oh Jack ... I forgot to tell you ... Bogey said he'd drop by here and pick me up ... You know, he and I are married.

JACK: I know, I know ... who do you think played the violin at your wedding? Anyway, he can wait outside ... We've got a scene to rehearse and we're gonna do it.

BOGART: HELLO BABY ... HIYA JACK.  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Look, Humphrey ... we're right in the middle of the rehearsal and --

BOGART: Oh, that's all right, Jack ... go right ahead.

BACALL: We won't be long, Honey.

BOGART: That's all right, Baby ... You know, Jack ... I'm glad to see you again ... you're my favorite comedian.

JACK: I am? Well! That's good ... Now Lauren .. er .. I mean ... Miss Bacall ... er ... By the way ... what should I call you ... Lauren or Miss Bacall?

BOGART: Mrs. Bogart!

JACK: Hmmm ... Now let's get on with the rehearsal, Mrs. Bogart! ... starting with your last speech.

BACALL: OKAY ... (DRAMATIC) You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve ... You just put your lips together and blow.

JACK: (VERY DRAMATIC) No, Slim ... I've got a better use for my lips ... Come here and let me kiss you ...

BOGART: HA HA ... WHAT A COMEDIAN, WHAT A COMEDIAN.

JACK: Look, Humphrey, I'm trying to --

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY, THERE'S A TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU.

JACK: Oh ... Pardon me a minute, folks ... I'll be right back.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

BOGART: (AFTER FEW SECONDS PAUSE) How's it going, Baby?

BACALL: (DISGUSTED) Oh brother!

BOGART: ... I thought so ... Say Baby ... I want you to do something.

BACALL: What is it?

BOGART: When you get to kiss him ... put one arm around him ... and run your other hand through his hair.

BACALL: Why?

BOGART: I wanna find out if he really wears one ... What does Benny want to be a great lover for anyway?

BACALL: Well, why shouldn't he? After all, he played a romantic lead in "The Horn Blows at Midnight" ... You saw that, didn't you?

BOGART: Yeah ... And they called our last picture the big sleep . By the way, what's this sketch you're rehearsing with Benny?

BACALL: To Have and Have Not ... We're rehearsing the big scene you and I did in the picture.

BOGART: Oh ... which one of you is playing my part?

BACALL: Shh ... He's coming back.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'm sorry I had to answer the phone ... but ... well ... that's the price of fame ...

BACALL: Who was it?

JACK: Wrong number ... I mean, my sponsor called because they sent me the wrong number of tickets to the broadcast .. Now let's get on with the rehearsal, Lauren ... We'll start with my line ... (DRAMATIC) Well, you've only got yourself to blame, Slim ... After all, what did I do?

BACALL: Nothing ... What's more you don't have to do anything ... Oh maybe just whistle ... You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve ... You just put your lips together and blow.

JACK: No, Slim ... I've got a better use for my lips. Come here and let me kiss you ..

BOGART: Wait a minute, Jack ... hold it ... you're doing it all wrong.

JACK: Wrong?

BOGART: Yeah ... when you get ready to kiss a girl ... you put your arms around her gently ... tenderly.

JACK: What?

BOGART: You're not supposed to grab her by the ear lobes and pull yourself up.

JACK: Oh, oh ... I see.

BOGART: Now watch me ... Come here, Baby ... read that line again.

BACALL: Okay ... You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve.. You just put your lips together and blow.

BOGART: No, Slim ... I've got a better use for my lips ... Come here and let me kiss you ... like this.

(BOGART AND BACALL KISS FOR A LONG LONG LONG LONG TIME)

JACK: (DURING THEIR KISS) I see, Humphrey ... I get the idea..  
That's enough Humphrey ... Look, you can do that at  
home ... Stop ... Humphrey, I'm paying her by the hour  
... STOP! I'M SUPPOSED TO DO THAT ....

(THEY STOP KISSING)

JACK: I get the idea now, Bogey ... Let's you and I take it,  
Lauren.

MARY: Say Jack, our gin rummy game's over, so I thought I'd  
come in here and watch you rehearse.

JACK: All right, all right ... but be quiet. Now come on,  
Lauren .. Start with your line again.

BACALL: Okay ... You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve ...  
You just put your lips together and blow.

JACK: No, Slim, I've got a better use for my lips ... Come  
here and let me kiss you ... like this.

BOGART: No no no, Jack ... You're doing it all wrong ... Her ...  
Lemme show you again.

JACK: What?

BOGART: I'll do it with Mary this time. Are you ready, Mary?

MARY: Am I ready ... I was puckered up when I walked in here.

JACK: But look, Mary isn't even ...

BOGART: Come on, Mary, come on, Mary, take Baby's line.

MARY: Okay ... (CLEARS THROAT ... A LA BACALL) You know how  
to whistle, don't you, Steve ... You just put your lips  
together and blow.

BOGART: Oh no .. I've got a better use for my lips ... Come here  
and let me kiss you ... like this.

(BOGART KISSES MARY FOR LONG LONG LONG LONG TIME)

JACK: (AS THEY KISS) I've got it now ... All right, Humphrey, you can stop ... Humphrey ... you can stop ... Bogey ... Bogey! Wait a minute ... Wait a minute ... WAIT A MINUTE ... WAIT A MINUTE! ... What is this anyway? Step aside, Mary ... I want to talk to Mr. Bogart.

DENNIS: YEAH AND I WANT TO TALK TO HIM, TOO.

JACK: Dennis.

BACALL: Say, he's cute.

DENNIS: YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, SISTER, I SEND ALL MY COCA COLA TOPS TO MARY.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: NOW LISTEN TO ME, BOGART ... (A LA ROBINSON) I SAW YOU KISSING THE WOMAN I LOVE, SEE ... AND YOU AIN'T MUSCLING IN ON MY RACKET, SEE ... THOSE LIPS AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US, SEE ... NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE YOU GET HURT, SEE ... GET OUT, SEE ... OUT, SEE ... OUT SEE, OUT!

JACK: DENNIS!

DENNIS: See.

BOGART: Come on, Baby, let's get out of here ... this guy's tough.

JACK: BOGART ... LAUREN ... COME BACK!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Dennis ... Dennis ... I can't believe it... you know what you did? You frightened Humphrey Bogart!

DENNIS: Sure.

JACK: Dennis, what's that you've got in your hand?

DENNIS: A picture of my mother.

JACK: Oh no wonder..Gosh now Lauren'll never be on my program.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: 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

RIGGS:        (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

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

SIMS:        Mr. Percy W. Joyner of Louisburg, North Carolina has been an independent tobacco auctioneer for 17 years. He said:

VOICE:       At all the auctions I've ever attended, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy really fine tobacco -- that ripe, mild leaf that makes a grand smoke. That's why I've been a LUCKY smoker for 16 years.

SIMS:        Quote: "I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy really fine tobacco - that ripe, mild leaf that makes a grand smoke." - Unquote. Yes, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Joyner can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

BARUCH:       Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco -- Remember, year after year ...

SIMS:        LS - MFT

BARUCH:       Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)



SIMS: And this fine Lucky Strike 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)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart for appearing on my program tonight. They can currently be seen in their new Warner Brothers picture, "The Big Sleep." I wanta go on home now. Goodnight, folks.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... TRAFFIC NOISE)

JACK: Oh taxi ... taxi ... oh taxi ... oh, doorman, get me a taxi, will you?

ARTIE: Look, Bud, if you want a taxi, just whistle.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: You know how to whistle, don't you ... just put your lips together and blow.

JACK: Oh yes yes ... (WHISTLES)

(SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES)

JACK: Well, what do you know ... it works.