

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

212 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 2-6606

CLIENT: ~~THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.~~ REVISION: NETWORK: NBC
PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST
DATE: JAN. 19, 1947-PROGRAM #17 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 continuity.
- V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial.
- VI HOLLYWOOD - Hall and farewell by Jack Benny and his Cast.

ATK01 0015415

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-A-

WBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

J-19-47

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST JANUARY 19, 1947 - PROGRAM #17

SUNDAY

I NEW YORK - Opening Commercial

BARUCH: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: For your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment,
remember ...

ROSENDAHL: LS - MFT

BARUCH: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, and fine tobacco is
that counts in a cigarette.

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

(MORE)

ATK01 0015416

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1-19-47

BARUCH: So for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, 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) (CUE)

SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD ON CUE

ATX01 0015417

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(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)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, let's go out to Jack Benny's house
in Beverly Hills where we find Jack and Phil Harris alone
in the library.

PHIL: Well, Jackson..you asked me to come out to your house
and see you alone, ~~and you asked me to come out to your house~~
~~and you asked me to come out to your house~~....Now what's all the mystery?

JACK: Wait a minute, Phil, I want to lock the door.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSING AND
LOCKS)

PHIL: Okay Jackson, what is it?

JACK: Just a second, ^{Phil,} I want to shut the window.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..WINDOW SHUT
...WINDOW BLIND DOWN)

PHIL: All right, all right..you locked the door, closed the
window, and drew the blinds..Now what do you want?

JACK: Phil...something's gotta be done about your orchestra..I
^{kid,}
don't know what, but something.

PHIL: ~~Are you kidding?~~
~~Are you kidding?~~

JACK: No, Phil, ~~I'm serious~~. I'll admit, when we're doing radio
shows I joke about your music...but now we're in my home
...just the two of us...and believe me, I'm serious...
something has got to be done. Or else!

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson..don't go getting tough with me...if you've got any beefs, talk to Petrillo.

JACK: I've already talked to Petrillo and he's on my side.. believe me.

PHIL: ~~On your side!~~...how do you like that....you miss your dues one week and the mother hen starts kicking you out of the nest.

JACK: Look Phil..after ten years I don't mind your band..I'm used to it..But listen to these letters I've been getting ...Listen to this one..."Dear Mr. Benny...I am a poultry farmer...I read in a magazine that music helps the hens lay more eggs..so I put a radio in the hen house....Two weeks ago, I tuned in your program, the hens heard Phil Harris's orchestra..and now they are laying more eggs than ever, but the yolks are green."...There you are, Phil..What do you think of that?

PHIL: Green yolks? That guy's got something there. You can use them in Martini's.

~~JACK: Please, Phil..Now listen to this letter..."Dear Mr. Benny
..My grandmother is eighty years old and has been deaf for the last forty years...Last week we tuned in your program ...When Phil Harris's orchestra began to play, Grandma dropped her ear trumpet, jumped out of her rocking chair, and started beating the tubes out of the radio with records of "That's What I Like About The South."....
What do you think of that?~~

~~PHIL: All right, Jackson, so I don't appeal to those eighty~~
~~year old dames...but every one of them under forty wishes~~
~~Alice had never been born.~~

JACK: ~~Oh sure, sure.~~ Phil, here's another ^{one} ~~letter~~.. "Dear Mr.
Benny, I am a professor of English and literature at
Harvard, and for years and years I have consistently
listened to your Sunday presentations. I have found your
construction and continuity compact and concise, your
dialogue singularly free of cliches and ponderosities,
but Mr. Harris's musical ensemble stinks." And Phil,
this proves he's a high class professor..he spells stinks
with a Y... ^{Now, those two} ~~AND PHIL, THESE XXXXXX~~ letters are just samples
of the mail that comes in...Every week I get thousands
and thousands and thousands of letters like those.

PHIL: WELL, IF I'M GETTING ALL THAT MAIL I WANT MORE DOUGH.

JACK: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~....Look Phil..what I'm trying to tell
you is that you better do something about your orchestra.

PHIL: What are you talking about...I got one of the greatest
musical aggravations in the country.

JACK: That's aggregation..but for once you're right.

PHIL: Of course I'm right...You take my boys..they all got ^{great}
backgrounds in the music business.

JACK: Oh, fine.. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

PHIL: Sure.... ~~Yes~~ take Frankie my guitar player..for seven years
he played first washboard with Spike Jones.

JACK: Well he's not playing the washboard now..so tell him to
stop strumming his guitar with that box of Duz..If he's
that close to soap, why doesn't he get some of it on him
..And Charlie, your piano player--

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson, don't ^{be talking} ~~talk~~ about Charlie..He held a job with Guy Lombardo's orchestra for twelve years.

JACK: Twelve years with Guy Lombardo?

PHIL: Yeah, and he wasn't even a brother.

JACK: Phil, that has nothing to do with it..And believe me, Phil, I'm not picking on you. I'm just trying to arrive at an understanding. Now Phil, I know you're sensitive, so I'm talking to you not as ^{an} ~~your~~ employer, but as your friend. Let's try to..PHIL, STOP CHEWING ON THAT HAM HOCK AND LISTEN TO ME..PLEASE.

PHIL: I'm sorry, Jackson, I just happened to have one in my pocket.

JACK: All right, but Phil, I ^{hope} ~~do~~ we understand each other now
~~XX~~
~~XX~~

PHIL: Okay, Jackson, ~~XX~~ Look,

~~XX~~

PHIL: I gotta run along now...Do you mind if I go?

JACK: No, no..go ahead....Phil, I said you can go..what are you waiting for?

PHIL: Well, Open the door, Richard.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

PHIL: So long, Jackson

(SOUND: DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS, ~~XX~~
~~XX~~)

~~ROCH: (SOFT) PSST PSST, MR. HARRIS..MR. HARRIS.~~

PHIL: Oh...hello, Rochester.

~~ROCH: HOW DID IT GO?~~

MARY: Hello, Phil!

PHIL: Oh, hello Livvy!
(APPLAUSE)

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JACK: (COMING IN) Oh hello Mary..come on in the library....~~Oh~~
~~by the way, Rochester..if you want tonight off...you~~
better finish your work.

ROCH: Oh, my work's all finished, Boss.

JACK: Good..Did you dust the dining room table?

ROCH: NO, BUT I AUTOGRAPHED IT.

~~JACK: Well go dust it....come on, Mary..I want to hear all about~~
your trip..where did you go?

MARY: Jack, I thought you knew...I went back east to attend my
mother and father's wedding anniversary.

JACK: Really? And how were the Duke and Duchess of Plainfield?

MARY: Oh swell, and you know, Jack..They have the cutest way of
keeping track of their anniversaries...Each year on their
wedding date, Papa snips off a lock of Mama's hair and
puts it away.

JACK: Well, that's awfully sweet...how long have they been
married?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I don't know, but for the last three years
they've been calling Mama Baldy.

JACK: Hm.

MARY: And Jack, you should have seen my sister Babe...she looked
beautiful....She wore a strapless evening gown and was
really glamorous.

JACK: You know, Mary, those strapless gowns fascinate me...
How do they keep them up?

MARY: I don't know about the other girls..but Babe uses
fish-hooks.

JACK: Fish-hooks?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) When Babe's out to catch a guy, she ain't kiddin'.

JACK: Well, how did she do?

MARY: Oh, She's got a nice boyfriend now....~~And he's a credit dentist.~~
~~XXX~~...He's a credit dentist.

JACK: Oh...you mean one of those dentists who let their patients
~~put~~
~~put~~ them on the installment plan?

MARY: Yeah..one of his slogans is,

DON'T SIT AROUND AND GUM YOUR HASH

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE SHORT OF CASH.

JACK: That's one of his slogans....You mean...he has others?

MARY: Yeah
~~XXX~~...his best one is...

"DON'T KEEP YOUR LIPS CLOSED IN SORROW.

SMILE TODAY AND PAY TOMORROW."

JACK: Well, he certainly sounds like the right guy for Babe.

MARY: Yeah and he's very successful, too..he's the one who
 invented that new lower plate..it bites under water.

JACK: Oh yes, it's got those new ball point teeth....By the way
 Mary, would you like to have dinner with me?

MARY: I can't, Jack...Dennis is coming by to pick me up in a few
 minutes..He's taking me to a movie.

JACK: Oh.....how come you're going out with Dennis tonight?

MARY: (COY) Well..he called me up in Plainfield for the date...

JACK: Dennis...phoned you...in Plainfield...Long distance?

MARY: Yes...long distance.

JACK: Well...of course he has two shows.....You know Mary, I--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello Mr. Benny..Hello Mary.

JACK: Oh hello kid...We were just talking about you.

MARY: I'm ready to go, Dennis.
DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, ask me what picture we're going to see.

JACK: What picture are you gonna see, kid?

DENNIS: It's the one about..about..about a couple of deers.

JACK: A couple of deers.."The Yearling"?

DENNIS: No, "The Dolly Sisters". (WHISTLES)

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Ha ha, you sure stepped into that one.

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: For a ^{big time comedian} ~~big time comedian~~ you ain't got that Oxydoli sparkle.

JACK: Dennis, stop with the jokes.

MARY: Come on, Dennis, let's go.

~~JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis, before you leave for the movie,~~

~~have you got your song all set for next week?~~

DENNIS: Yeah, I'm gonna sing "Uncle Remus Says".

JACK: Well run over it once.

~~DENNIS: Okay.~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Wait a minute, kids.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello....oh, hello, Don....What...You've been rehearsing the commercial for next week?...Don, what's so difficult about the commercial that you have to rehearse it? All you have to say is..L S /M F T ..LS / M F T..LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO....That's all you need..... The quartette?...No no, Don, I'm not gonna use them any more....I don't care if they are in your room rehearsing, we're not gonna.....Well...well...all right, I'll listen to them...But I'm warning you, this is their last chance. Okay..put them on...Hello, fellows... Now cut that out! ...Just sing your commercial. Go ahead.....Hm..that's not bad at all.....(SINGS) L S M F T, I love you...Da da da da da da da da .. Say, ..that sounds beautiful...(SINGS) Da da da da...Fellows, hold it..hold it. You started out so beautifully.. Look fellows..That isn't what I want..Wait a minute.. Put Don back on..That's not what I..Hold it a minute, fellows...Put Don back...Fellows...Fellows..Wait a minute...WAIT A MINUTE...WAIT A MINUTE!....THAT WON'T DO, FELLOWS..AND TELL DON I'LL TALK TO HIM WHEN I SEE HIM! GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

JACK: Hm..They drive me nuts..~~Go ahead, Dennis, let's hear your song.~~ I'm going to ..

~~(DENNIS'S SONG)~~ (APPLAUSE)

~~JACK: That was very good, Dennis. Now you and Mary can run
along and~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh there's the phone again. I wonder who it is this time.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello....Yes, this is Jack Benny.....What?.....Well.....
Well, I suppose I could, but of course, I'll have to
make some arrangements about my picture and radio
commitments....Yes, I certainly will think it over...
and it was nice of you to consider me...Thanks, thanks
very much...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: What was that, Jack?

JACK: They want me to be Governor of Georgia...Well, go
ahead kids, you can run along now.

MARY: All right..so long, Jack.

JACK: So long.

DENNIS: Goodbye, Governor.

JACK: Goodbye, you-all..Enjoy yourselves.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Hmm...(HUMS "SWEET GEORGIA BROWN")..Dum de dum dum,
dum de dum Sweet Georgia Brown..Dum de dum dum..OH ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: Yes, boss.

JACK: ~~ROCHESTER~~, WHAT HAVE WE GOT FOR DINNER?

ROCH: ONE USED HAM HOCK.

JACK: One used ham hock?

ROCH: AND TURNIP GREENS, HE HAD A HOLE IN HIS OTHER POCKET.
I'm hungry.

JACK: Well, wipe the lint off of it ~~and call me when it's~~
~~ready...Meanwhile I'll go in the library and get a~~
~~book..Oh here's one on the table.~~

(BAND NUMBER)

JACK: Ah, that was a good dinner, Rochester. Now, I think I'll go in the library and get a book. Oh, here's one on the table.

ROCH: BUT YOU FINISHED IT, BOSS.

JACK: I did?

ROCH: YEAH, YOU COLORED ALL THE PICTURES IN THAT ONE.

JACK: Oh yes..Maybe I'll just read one for a change..I'll be in the library, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Gee, I don't know what to read..Here's a good book..
"The Great Balsamo" by Maurice Zolotow..Here's another one..
"Life in the Swiss Alps" by Sam Oh-lee-oh-lay-hee-hoo. Here's another one..
"The Rover Boys on Mulholland Drive"...Say..they're growing up..Here's one..
"I Stand Condemned" by Maxmillian Q. Langley..."I Stand Condemned"
...I think I read that about a year ago. Gee, it was pretty good..
exciting too..I might as well read it again before I take it back to the library.

(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 FIDO...HARRY IS THE DOG.... MY LIFE, AS THE LIVES OF MOST MEN, FOLLOWED A COURSE POINTED OUT BY THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE...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: Yesssss?

JACK: Warden, you've gotta let me out of here..I'm innocent, do you hear ~~me~~, 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...
(DRAMATIC) No no, what am I saying..Warden, 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 sir.

JENNY: Manicure?

JACK: No no, thank you...(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.

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JACK: But Warden, can't you hang me? I'm afraid of the chair..
How will they know when I'm dead?

NELSON: We have one of those new electric chairs. You pop up
when you're done.

JACK: Oh..But Warden, I'm innocent. 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.

(WIERD 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 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
DOWN THE STREET WHEN SUDDENLY A FIGURE STEPPED OUT OF THE
SHADOWS.

(WIERD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)..HE WAS A TALL MAN WITH A SORT OF A SQUARE FACE..
HE REMINDED ME SOMEWHAT OF BORIS KARLOFF..BUT HIS VOICE WAS
SO PLEASANT WHEN HE TAPPED ME ON THE SHOULDER AND SAID--

KARLOFF: Pardon me, please, 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.

KARLOFF: Thank you, you are very kind.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~HEY YOU..COME~~ BACK WITH THAT LIGHTER...

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: GIVE ME THAT.

KARLOFF: All right, all right..Here's your lighter.

JACK: ~~But why were you running away?~~
/I thought you just wanted to light a cigarette.

KARLOFF: I do, but my cigarette is home.

JACK: Well, you have no right ~~to~~..Wait a minute, you look so much like Boris Karloff.

KARLOFF: Thanks..You're looking well yourself.

JACK: Thank you.

KARLOFF: However, my resemblance to Mr Karloff is purely physical..
For instance, I would never think of going to a cemetery in the black of night, opening graves, and stealing the gold teeth out of dead bodies.

JACK: Huh?

KARLOFF: ~~That's ..~~
/ That's dishonest, you know.

JACK: Yes. Wait.

(WIERD ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: But wait a minute..you were trying to steal my cigarette lighter, weren't you?

KARLOFF: 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.

KARLOFF: ~~Just as~~
/ ~~DEAR~~ I said, you are very kind...Here is the money.

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

KARLOFF: Just a moment please..I also admire..your NECKTIE.

JACK: My necktie!

(CRAZY DESCENDING CHORD)

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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..AS 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 CLOTHES, I BLEW UP THE BALLOONS AND DANCED MY WAY HOMETHE NEXT DAY I MET THIS SAME MYSTERIOUS MAN FOR A SECOND TIME.

(WIERD ORGAN 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, MINSK, PINSK, AND BUSHER... THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER 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 your food.
PHIL: (AS A KID) But Daddy, can't we have milk like we used to.. I'm tired of champagne on my Grapenuts.
JACK: No, you can't have milk, it costs practically nothing... Where's Junior?
MARY: Oh he's out in the backyard feeding twenty dollar bills to the cows.

JACK: Feeding our money to the cows?..That's ridiculous.

MARY: No it isn't, Pa..we haven't any more bags to keep it in.

JACK: ~~ANDOWAY~~.Anyway he's been out there long enough. I'll call him.

(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 eerie about him.

JACK: I've been feeling the same--

MARY: Shh, quiet, here he comes now.

(STACCATO ORGAN CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO)..YES, AS WE WERE TALKING, HE OPENED THE DOOR AND WALKED INTO THE ROOM..

(SOUND: FIVE VERY HEAVY FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (ECHO)..HE WAS WEARING SNEAKERS...AS I ROSE FROM THE TABLE HE SAID..

KARLOFF: Good morning, everybody.

(ORGAN MIMICS KARLOFF'S LINE)

JACK: (MIKE) Good morning.

(ORGAN MIMICS JACK)

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

JACK: (FAST) Yes I did.

(THREE FAST ORGAN CHORDS)

JACK: Nyahh...Sit down.

KARLOFF: Thank you..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 this morning?

(FAST ASCENDING ORGAN CHORD)

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

MARY: Yes, I'll get you some.

KARLOFF: You know I envy you two...a beautiful home ~~and~~ lovely children.

MARY: Haven't you any children?

KARLOFF: No..I married a smudge pot.

JACK: You married a smudge pot.

MARY: Oh, Then you haven't any children.

KARLOFF: No, but we're lousy with oranges.

JACK: Oh.

KARLOFF: By the way, 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.

KARLOFF: Oh but I insist..Would a million dollars a week be enough?

JACK: Well...with or without meals?

KARLOFF: With meals.

JACK: That'll be three dollars extra.

KARLOFF: I'll be glad to pay it.

JACK: Glad!

(WIERD 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..SARA, TOGA, AND TRUNK... 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.

(WIERD ORGAN CHORD)

KARLOFF: 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!

KARLOFF: 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?

KARLOFF: Certainly, ^{but} /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..Chico, Pico, and Sepulveda...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.

KARLOFF: 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--

KARLOFF: 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 Giro's for four hundred?

JACK: Giro's!

(WIERD ORGAN CHORD)

KARLOFF: 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.

KARLOFF: 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...

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: That's what I'm going to do..I'm going to kill you!

KARLOFF: (FAST AND GASPING) Get your hands off my throat!..Take 'em away, take 'em away!...^{Don't}~~DO NOT~~ kill me, I'll give you back your clothes!

JACK: My clothes..what good are they now?..You've had the pants lengthened and the coat let out..You even lost the string out of my pajamas..Didn't you?

KARLOFF: (GASPING) Please, please, stop choking me!..Stop choking me! OH WHY MUST I ALWAYS DIE IN THE END?

JACK: There..there..THERE!

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

(WIERD ORGAN CHORD LOUD)

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: (ECHO) AND SO..AS I WALKED THROUGH THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR..
I THOUGHT OF MY THREE LOVELY CHILDREN..PICKLE FINGER, PICKLE
CLYDE
AND FOOTEY..I STAND CONDEMNED.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

-19-

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

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V NEW YORK - Closing Commercial

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

BARUCH: No doubt about it, in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. And year-in, year-out ... consistently, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Here's a tip from a man with a lifetime of tobacco experience; Mr. James Monroe Ball, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. An independent tobacco auctioneer for the past 31 years, Mr. Ball said:

VOICE: I speak as an eye-witness when I say that season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe, mellow leaf ... that good kind of tobacco that makes a swell smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.

SIMS: Remember, at auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Ball 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. Yes,

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

~~XXX~~

1-19-47

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

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

SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD ON CUE

(TAG)

JACK: I want to thank Boris Karloff for appearing here tonight
and he can currently be seen in his latest R.K.O. picture,
"Bedlam".

DON: Say Jack.

JACK: Yes, Don.

DON: I understand you're gonna be on Kenny Baker's program
in the
~~tomorrow~~ morning.

JACK: Yes I am, Don. Will you pick me up for rehearsal?

DON: Yes Jack. Rehearsal is at seven thirty A.M.

JACK: Oh..well don't bother. I'll go right over from here.
Goodnight, folks.