

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

217 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 2-6600

CLIENT: THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. REVISION: NETWORK: NBC
PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 7:00-7:30 P.M. EST
DATE: FEB. 2, 1947-PROGRAM #19 REPEAT: 9:30-10:00 P.M. PST
(By Transcription)

As Broadcast

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

ROUTINE

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

ATX01 0015467

XXXX

-A-

NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

2-2-47

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST FEBRUARY 2, 1947 - PROGRAM #19

SUNDAY

I Opening Commercial

SHARBUTT: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

SCONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette - and -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

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

RUYSDAEL: Year after year, at auction after auction, independent
tobacco experts - men who spend their lives buying,
selling, and handling tobacco - can see the makers of
Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine,
that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco ... real Lucky
Strike tobacco, fine tobacco that means real, fast down,
smoking enjoyment for you.

(MORE)

ATK01 0015458

RUYSDAEL: 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)

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY
: LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, "YOURS
: TRULY" DON WILSON, AND OUR GUEST STARS VICTOR MOORE,
: PETER LIND HAYES, AND FRANK CAPRA.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

(SOUND: ~~FIVE FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT...UP THREE~~
~~STEPS...DOOR BUZZER TWICE...DOOR OPENS~~)

ROCH: WELL..IF IT ISN'T "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

DON: Hello Rochester. Is Mr. Benny in?

ROCH: NO, MR. BENNY TOOK MISS LIVINGSTONE TO THE MOVIES.

DON: Oh, well when he comes back, will you tell him that--Say,
Rochester, did you bake a cake or something? I smell
melted butter.

ROCH: OH THAT. WELL, YOU SEE, EVERY TIME MR. BENNY GOES TO THE
MOVIES, I MAKE HIM A BAG OF POP CORN.

DON: Well, that's ridiculous. Why doesn't he buy it at the
theater?..With butter and everything it must cost more to
make your pop corn at home.

ROCH: THEORETICALLY YES, BUT ACTUALLY NO.

DON: What do you mean?

ROCH: WELL, I MAKE TWO BAGS AND HE SELLS ONE ^{OF 'EM} TO MISS LIVINGSTONE.

DON: Oh I see..and in that way you break even.

ROCH: BREAK EVEN?..SINCE THE O.P.A. WENT OFF, WE'RE SHOWING A
PROFIT.

DON: But Rochester, don't you take a loss on the kernels that
don't pop?

ROCH: MR. BENNY WILL POP 'EM IF HE AS TO TAKE 'EM TO A BLAST
FURNACE!

DON: Well, as long as Jack isn't home, I think I'll run along.

ROCH: IF YOU CARE TO WAIT, HE OUGHTA BE BACK ANY MINUTE NOW..THEY
~~ONLY~~ WENT TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER..

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Gosh, Jack, I'm sure glad you took me to see "It's a
Wonderful Life." I think it's a marvelous picture.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: I thought the direction was great, and Jimmy Stewart was
sensational.

JACK: Yeah, sensational, sensational.

MARY: ~~He~~ ^{Jimmy} gave that part just what it needed. I thought his
acting was superb.

JACK: All right, so his acting was superb. He's supposed to be a
great actor. That's what he got paid for.

MARY: Well Jack, I saw your last picture and--

JACK: I returned the money..So don't be so smart. Anyway Mary,
don't get me wrong. I liked the picture "It's a Wonderful
Life," but it's awfully hard to believe that part where
Jimmy Stewart's ^{him}
~~the angel comes down and shows Jimmy Stewart~~ what would
have happened if he hadn't been born..It's too fantastic.

MARY: Oh, you've been mad at pictures ever since they cut out
bank night.

JACK: I have not. It's just that..

MARY: Oh Jack, let's stop and look in this jewelry window.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: Gee, what gorgeous jewelry they have here.

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY: (COOXY) Oh Jaaack.

JACK: What?

MARY: Look at that beautiful engagement ring.

JACK: Mary, are you hinting?

MARY: Uh huh.

JACK: Well, it won't do you any good, I'd never wear it....
come on Mary, let's go.

MARY: No, I want to look at all these things in the window.

JACK: Okay, okay.

EMILY: Oh Martha.

MARTHA: What is it, Emily?

EMILY: Isn't that Jack Benny standing over there?

MARTHA: Well, I declare...My, but he's handsome..(SIGHS) Every
time I see him I ^{get} feel weak and wobbly all over.

EMILY: Oh Martha.

MARTHA: It's the truth, Emily..He really sends me....and if I was
twenty years younger, I'd go.....Emily, who's that girl
with Mr. Benny?

EMILY: Why that's Mary Livingstone.

MARTHA: Hmm..look how tight she's holding his arm..I'd like to go
over and pull her hair out!

EMILY: Oh stop being so irritable..You've been acting like this ever since Van Johnson got married! ~~You shouldn't take things like that so hard.~~

MARTHA: You should talk, Emily ~~Pizzale~~...You broke your baseball bat when Lippy married Laraine...Anyway I think that Jack Benny is - -

EMILY: Quiet, here they come..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING IN)

MARTHA: Hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well..hello there..Isn't it rather late for you girls to be out?

EMILY & MARTHA: Girls!..Ohhhhhhhhhhhh.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Gee Mary, Wilshire Boulevard looks beautiful at night, doesn't it?

MARY: Yeah, all the lights and...Say Jack, isn't that Frank Capra?

JACK: Who?

MARY: Frank Capra..the man who directed the picture we just saw;
"It's A Wonderful Life."

JACK: Yes, it is! ~~Well~~..Hello Frank.

CAPRA: Hello Jack..Mary.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{Well ..} / Well, this is a coincidence, Frank..We just came from seeing your picture.

CAPRA: Really? ... I go to that theater every day.

JACK: You go to see your picture every day?

CAPRA: No, I just go for the newsreels ... I love to hear the governors of Georgia talk.

JACK: Oh .. oh.

MARY: Mr. Capra, I want to congratulate you on your direction of "It's a Wonderful Life." .. I thought it was great.

CAPRA: Thank you, Mary. How did you like it, Jack?

JACK: I thought it was fine, Frank .. but that part about the guardian angel was just a little too unbelievable.

CAPRA: Well Jack, in the picture I didn't try to show what did happen .. I tried to show what could happen if someone had never been born.

JACK: I know but ...

CAPRA: For example ... what do you think would have happened if you had never been born?

JACK: Well ..

MARY: There'd be a lot more money in circulation!

JACK: Mary, stop. But all in all, Frank ... I did think it was a very entertaining picture.

CAPRA: I'm glad you enjoyed it. Well, I'll have to be running along now and ...

JACK: Just a minute, Frank. I'm glad we ran into each other because I've been wanting to talk to you about a picture for me.

CAPRA: For you?

ya see

JACK: Yes /the studios have all been after me..but I thought that you..with your great insight into human nature might better capture my personality.

CAPRA: Jack, I'm late already..I really must...

JACK: Think of it, Frank..think of it. "Frank Capra presents Jack Benny in King Lear"...Then there's a tremendous blast of trumpets and the scene opens with me in royal robes walking majestically toward the throne...Can't you just see it, Frank?...Can't you?... Can't you?..

MARY: JACK LET GO OF HIS COLLAR, HIS FACE IS TURNING BLUE!

JACK: Oh, oh..I'm sorry.

CAPRA: WHEN...WELL..smog or no smog, it's good to be breathing ~~the~~ again.

JACK: What?

CAPRA: Well, so long, King Lear, see you later..Goodbye, Mary.

JACK & MARY: Goodbye Frank.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Come on Mary, I'll walk you home.

MARY: Yes your Majesty.

JACK: Oh quiet.

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JACK: ROCHESTER..OH ROCHESTER!

ROCH: IS THAT YOU, BOSS?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: MR. WILSON DROPPED BY, BUT I TOLD HIM YOU WERE AT THE MOVIES
WOULDN'T
AND HE COULDN'T WAIT.

JACK: Oh. Well, I'll see him tomorrow. Come here a minute and--
Rochester, what's that penny on the table?

ROCH: HUH?...OH..WHILE MR. WILSON WAS HERE, HE STEPPED INTO THE
BATHROOM AND WEIGHED HIMSELF.

JACK: Good ~~good~~. How much does Mr. Wilson weigh now?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF BROKEN TILE IN THE
BATHROOM.

JACK: Hm...

ROCH: SAY BOSS..HOW DID YOU LIKE THE PICTURE?

JACK: "It's a Wonderful Life"?..Oh very much, Rochester, ^{but a little} ~~very~~
~~too fantastic. I'm a little sick to my stomach.~~
~~much..but I find it awfully hard to believe that part where~~
~~the angel comes down and shows Jimmy Stewart what would have~~
~~happened if he had never been born.~~

ROCH: IT SOUNDS CONFUSING TO ME.

JACK: Yeah..But then, it's just a picture...Say, Rochester, I'm
a little sick to my stomach. I think you put too much
butter on the pop corn.

ROCH: IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE BUTTER, BOSS.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: ~~I USED CHICKEN FAT.~~

ATK01 0015476

JACK: ~~Oh, no wonder I found a wish bone at the bottom of the sack.~~
~~Anyway, I don't feel good..I'm going to the medicine cabinet~~
and take something.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS
ON TILE..MEDICINE CABINET DOOR OPENS...
MOVING OF GLASS BOTTLES)

JACK: Here it is..A couple swallows of this and I'll feel ~~good-~~
~~again.~~ much better.

(SOUND: POURING IN GLASS)

JACK: This will fix me up.

(SOUND: GLASS CRASH)

JACK: Oh darn it, I dropped the glass. Well, I'll just drink a
little out of the bottle and...Oh my goodness! Look at
that label..This is iodine! I almost poisoned myself..Oh
boy, am I glad I dropped the glass..what a lucky accident!

VICTOR: That was no accident, Jack.

JACK: Huh?

VICTOR: I knocked the glass out of your hand.

JACK: You knocked the--Wait a minute..How did you get in here?
Who are you?

VICTOR: I'm your Guardian Angel.

JACK: What? My Guardian Angel?

VICTOR: Yes. I've been watching over you all of your life..I've
and
guided you^I've protected you.

JACK: Guided me? Protected me?

VICTOR: Yes...I've governed every move you ever made.

JACK: Oh, you mean it's you who kept me from spending my money?

VICTOR: No, you've done pretty well with that yourself.

JACK: Thank you, but you saved my life and you don't even know me.

VICTOR: You're wrong, Jack..I know everything about you...Remember when you were seven years old, you broke a window and you blamed ^{it on} your sister Florence.

JACK: ...Yes, yes, that's right.

VICTOR: And remember when you were ten years old, how proud you were when you put on your first toupe?

JACK: That was for a school play.

VICTOR: Well, the play is over, take it off.

JACK: Say..you do know a lot of things about me.

VICTOR: ~~Well, I should. I saw you the day you were born.~~

JACK: ~~You mean you've been guiding me for thirty seven years.~~

VICTOR: ~~Oh come, Jack, we're alone now.~~

JACK: ~~Oh...~~Well, Angel, it ~~certainly~~ was nice of you to save my life...And come again sometime.

VICTOR: Oh, I can't go yet because, you see, I was sent down here to prove something to you.

JACK: What?

VICTOR: I'm gonna show you what would have happened if you had never been born.

JACK: You mean like what I saw in the picture tonight?

VICTOR: Yes. Come with me.

JACK: No no, I'm not coming with you, ^{No sir ..} I'm afraid.

VICTOR: You have nothing to fear..Come on now, come on.

JACK: I'm not coming with you, and let go of my arm..let go of my arm..ROCHESTER..ROCHESTER...Hm..that's funny..ROCHESTER!

VICTOR: You have no Rochester.

v

JACK: What do you mean I have no Rochester?..He's been my butler for ten years.

VICTOR: No he hasn't. You've never been born.

JACK: You mean there's no Jack Benny?

VICTOR: That's right...Now come..come with me..

(EERIE TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES OF DEPARTMENT STORE)

JACK: Hey, where are we? What are we doing in this department store?

VICTOR: This is the May Company.

JACK: Oh yes..and there's Mary behind the stocking counter like she used to be years ago..What is she doing back here?

VICTOR: She never left here. You see you were never born to take her away.

JACK: Gee,she looks good.

VICTOR: Of course..she's been eating regularly.

JACK: Oh, this whole thing is crazy...I'm going over to Mary and ask her myself...OH MARY...MARY..

MARY: Yes sir...What can I do for you?

JACK: Mary, what are you doing here? Why aren't you on the radio?

MARY: Well, that's a new approach. They generally ask me why I'm not in pictures.

JACK: But Mary, please..don't you recognize me?..Don't you know me?..Have you forgotten all about our radio work?

MARY: What radio work?

JACK: WHAT WORK? ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT DO YOU DO EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT FOUR O'CLOCK?

MARY: I take a bath, do you mind?

JACK: ^{Mary} Mary, please listen to me..

MARY: I'll thank you not to be so familiar...Please call me by my last name.

JACK: ^{now} Okay okay ^{now} listen Miss Livingstone --

MARY: It's Mrs. Klingenpeel....Mrs. Herman Klingenpeel.

JACK: Mrs. ...You're married?..I can't believe it..just a little while ago you tried to buy me an engagement ring. You can't be married.

MARY: Well, ask my husband. He's the floorwalker.

JACK: What?

MARY: Here he comes now.

JACK: Oh ^{say} ~~say~~ Mister. Mister?

NELSON: ..YESSSSSSSSSS?

JACK: Is this true? Are you two married?

NELSON: If I'm not, we certainly ^{gypped} ~~gipped~~ the Bride and Groom Program out of a two weeks honeymoon.

JACK: Oh stop...Mary, this is all a terrible mistake...ANGEL..

ANGEL..WHERE ARE YOU?

VICTOR: Just a minute, I'm opening a charge account.

JACK: Well, what's taking you so long?

VICTOR: They don't believe my address.

JACK: Never mind that now. Take me out of here..Take me to Dennis Day.. he'll know me.

VICTOR: All right, Jack..Hold on, here we go..

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Angel, what are we doing here in New York City?

VICTOR: Don't you recognize this place? This is Studio H. in N.B.C.

JACK: Oh yes..and there's Dennis Day walking up to the microphone.
OH DENNIS..DENNIS!

DENNIS: Sorry ^{Pops}~~Pop~~..no autographs.

JACK: I don't want your autograph..Dennis, don't you recognize me?
I'm Jack Benny.

DENNIS: Who?

JACK: Jack Benny..Jack Benny..Listen (SINGS) Can it be the trees
that fill the breeze with rare and magic perfume?

DENNIS: I don't know about the perfume, but your singing stinks.

JACK: Angel..Angel..he doesn't even know me.

VICTOR: Of course he doesn't know you..Jack Benny doesn't exist..

JACK: He doesn't?

VICTOR: You're still waiting to be born.

JACK: Waiting to be born? That's ridiculous. Look at my hair..
it's gray.

VICTOR: ^{Yeah}
/You've been waiting a long time.

JACK: ^{Dennis}
Dennis, /think a minute..I'm Jack Benny, the man you work for.

DENNIS: Oh no, Mister, you're wrong..I work for that man over there..
the one with the baggy eyes.

JACK: Where?

HAYES: Thank you, thank you, and welcome to ..
/Hey, what's going on here?..I've got a program to do and I
don't need any outside help.

JACK: Why I was trying to-- Why...why ..you're Fred Allen!

HAYES: You were expecting maybe Uncle Remus?

JACK: Now wait a minute, Fred..Wait a minute..Don't you pretend
you never met me either.

v

HAYES: I'm sorry..I don't believe I ever had the pleasure.

JACK: Pleasure? Fred..look at me, ...I'm Jack Benny..the man you hate.

HAYES: Me hate anybody? Why everyone knows Fred Allen loves the whole world..I love my writers, I love the NBC vice presidents, and the censors, too. I love the little lads and lasses who ask me for my autograph as they wipe their little noses on my sleeve..~~I love California even though~~ believe me, sir, ~~I'm not an orange.~~ And/I love you, too.

JACK: Angel..Angel..there must be something wrong..Fred Allen doesn't hate anybody.

VICTOR: Certainly, you weren't born yet.

JACK: Wait a minute Fred. You and Dennis are just pretending you don't know me...But the rest of your cast will.

HAYES: The rest of my cast...There are no other performers on my program...Just Dennis and myself!

JACK: Oh yeah what about Senator Claghorn, and Titus Moody, and Ajax Cassidy?

HAYES: Why, I thought everybody knew. Dennis plays all those parts.

JACK: You mean...Dennis is Senator Claghorn?

DENNIS: ~~I'm from the South, son.~~ ~~Talk fast, son.~~ Ah just got back from a party and Ah'm in my cups..Dixie, that is.

JACK: And he's Titus Moody?

DENNIS: Howdy, bub.

JACK: Dennis, and you play Ajax Cassidy, too? How do you feel playing all those parts?

DENNIS: Terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible. (COUGHS) I'm not long for this world.

JACK: Now cut that out..Angel^{Angel}/.there must be someone who knows me..I know, take me to see Don Wilson..He's worked for me for fourteen years...He'll remember me...Don's been with me through thick and thick. I mean thin.

VICTOR: All right, Jack, I'll take you to see Mr. Wilson.

JACK: Gee, you're such an abliging Angel. Don't you mind taking me from one person to another.

VICTOR: No, I get Mortal to Mortal pay.

JACK: Oh good^{good.}/.Well, come on, let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

VICTOR: Well, here we are in Lexington, Kentucky..

JACK: Lexington, Kentucky?

VICTOR: Yes..and there's Mr. Wilson sitting on the porch. He owns this big tobacco plantation.

JACK: Oh yes..HEY DON..DON..DON WILSON.

DON: (VERY SOUTHERN) Colonel Wilson to you, suh!

JACK: Colonel Wilson? Don, look at me..I'm Jack Benny.

DON: Benny..Benny. Ah knew a couple in Waukegan, Illinois, named Benny..nice people..always wished they had a son.

JACK: They had a son..It's me.

DON: Well, Ah don't know anything about that. but if you'll excuse me, I've gotta talk to my tobacco pickers..Here they come.

JACK: Your tobacco pickers?

DON: Yes..Hello, fellows.

QUART: HMMMM--YOU-ALL.

JACK: You-all? Don..Colonel Wilson..Hemo Boy..That's my quartette. The Sportsmen.

DON: Ah don't know anything about a quartette, suh, but these boys are happy in their work picking that fine, that light, that naturally mild Lucky Strike tobacco..and they keep singing all the time..always singing..

(INTRODUCTION TO "SWANEE RIVER")

QUART: WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER
FAR, FAR AWAY.

TENOR: L S M F T

QUART: OH, THAT'S WHERE MY HEART AM TURNING EVER
THERE'S WHERE THE AUCTIONEERS PLAY.
WHERE F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY RIGGS
LEARN TO SING AND CHANT
L S M F T

Oh, THERE'S WHERE MY HEART AM TURNING EVER
THERE'S WHERE THE OLD FOLKS STAY.

(BANJO AND SANDPAPER RHYTHM FOR TWO BARS)

QUART: F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY
STILL LONGING FOR THE OLD PLANTATION
AND FOR THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME. OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ^{fellows}
Fellows..look fellows/.Don't walk away...

VICTOR: They've gone, Jack..are you convinced now?

JACK: ^{Angel}
Yes yes, I'm convinced/.Take me back home, please.

VICTOR: Not yet, Jack..There's one more place I'd like to show you..Come.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Where are we..what town is this?

VICTOR: ~~Mobile, Alabama.~~ Nashville, Tennessee.
Nashville, Tennessee?

JACK: ~~Mobile, Alabama?~~ Why, that's where Phil Harris comes from.

VICTOR: Yes, and this is the night club where he works.

JACK: Phil Harris works in this awful dump?

VICTOR: Yes, you see, you weren't born so you never took him away
from here.

JACK: Well, I'm glad. This is where he belongs. Let's go in and
see him.

VICTOR: All right. Follow me right down these stairs.

JACK: Gosh..what a crummy night club..Look at the name of it..
The Rewes Club.

VICTOR: What about it?

JACK: Rewes spelled backwards is sewer.

VICTOR: That makes very little difference to Mr. Harris..he can't
on
even spell frontwards....Come, Jack..follow me down these
stairs.

JACK: Way down ...
/All right..watch your step.

(SOUND: HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS WALKING DOWNSTAIRS..
ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON..STOP
ON CUE)

JACK: (PANTING) Let's rest..if I go down any farther, I'll
get the bends.

VICTOR: I don't like this any more than you do..I'm an angel..and
the further down I go, the nearer I get to enemy territory.

JACK: Well, I guess it's just a few more steps down..

(SOUND: MORE FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS..STOP ON CUE)

JACK: Here we are.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(LOUSY FIVE PIECE BAND PLAYS INTRO TO "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH")

PHIL: (SINGS LAST VERSES)

(SCATTERED APPLAUSE)

JACK: Angel .. Angel ..
/Isn't that awful?

VICTOR: Yes and that's why we send you so much thunder .. We're trying to drown him out.

JACK: Thanks.

PHIL: WELL FOLKS, HERE I AM AGAIN...YOUR FAVORITE MASTER OF CEREMONIES, PHIL HARRIS...A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME TODAY, FOLKS.....A GUY WALKED UP TO ME ~~AND~~ AND SAYS, MR. "HARRIS, WHERE'D YOU GET THAT BLACK EYE?" ...SO I TOLD HIM IT WAS A BIRTH MARK...AND HE SAID "A BIRTHMARK?" AND I SAID..YEAH, I GOT INTO THE WRONG BERTH....HA HA HA ...DON'T EXPLAIN IT TO HIM, LADY, IF IT DON'T GET IT, LET HIM SUFFER...LET HIM ~~STAY~~ LAY THERE .. DON'T TELL HIM NOTHIN'.

JACK: OH PHIL...PHIL HARRIS...

PHIL: PARDON ME, FOLKS, THERE'S A HECKLER DOWN HER IN THE FRONT ROW..YEAH, WHAT DO YOU WANT, BUB?

JACK: Phil...look at me...don't you recognize me?

PHIL: Never saw you before in my life, Buster.

JACK: But I'm Jack Benny..I'm your boss.

PHIL: What do you mean, Boss..I own this joint myself, lock, stock, and demi-john.

JACK: That's barrel.

PHIL: Don't tell me what to keep my bourbon in.

JACK: All right, so you don't work for me..but what does Alice think about you being here?

PHIL: Who?

JACK: Alice Faye, your wife.

PHIL: Alice Faye, the moving picture star married to me?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: HEY WAITER..WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SELLING THIS OLD GENTLEMAN MORE THAN ONE ZOMBIE?

JACK: Look, I'm not drunk..Aren't you married to Alice Faye?

PHIL: Of course I ain't...~~She lives in Hollywood and I live~~
~~here...Anyway, that's my~~^{little}~~wife over there...OH HONEY,~~^{Hey, Baby,}
COME HERE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET SOMEONE.

SARA: Any friend of yours is a friend of mine, Talent Boy.

JACK: Wait a minute, you should know me..You're my girl friend
..you're Gladys Zybisco.

SARAH: Gladys Zybisco Harris, if you please..And I never went out with you in my life.

PHIL: Look Honey, maybe you went out with ^{the}~~that~~ guy on a blind date.

SARA: I'd never get that blind.

JACK: But you must remember ~~me~~..Look at me...look--

VICTOR: Come on Jack, I think we better be going again.

JACK: Well..all right, Angel..but I'm not licked yet...I'll prove to you that I was born.

VICTOR: Well, I'll give you one last chance..Where do you want me to take you now?

t

ATX01 0015487

JACK: ...Let's see....I know..take me to Warner Brothers Studios..
they'll know me there.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

VICTOR: Well Jack..here we are at the studio.

JACK: Yes and there's the executive offices..Let's go in and see
the Warner Brothers.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HAYES,
NELSON &
ARTIE: (LAUGH AND LAUGH AND LAUGH, LOUD AND HYSTERICALLY)

JACK: Gee..listen to them laugh.

HAYES,
NELSON &
ARTIE:: (LAUGH LOUDER)

JACK: Listen to them..listen to them..Why are the Warner Brothers
so happy?

VICTOR: Because you were never born so you didn't make "The Horn
Blows at Midnight"

JACK: Oh, I see..

HAYES,
NELSON &
ARTIE: (LAUGH LONGER AND LOUDER AND HYSTERICALLY AS JACK YELLS)

JACK: Listen to me, Mr. Warner..Listen to me..Stop laughing..
Stop laughing....Quiet...QUIET...QUIET!!

(A COUPLE OF SECONDS SILENCE AFTER JACK'S LAST "QUIET")

JACK:Where did they go .where did they....Oh Angel..
Angel...Angel, where are you?

ROCH: HERE I AM, BOSS.

JACK: Huh? Oh, hello, Rochester.

ROCH: I RUSHED IN HERE WHEN I HEARD A GLASS CRASH.

JACK: Oh yes.. I just dropped my medicine.

ROCK: YOUR MEDICINE? .. BUT BOSS, THAT BOTTLE IN YOUR HAND IS
IODINE.

JACK: I know, I know .. I was just putting it back. Thanks,
Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the part of the angel was played by
Victor Moore, who will soon be seen in ^{that wonderful picture} "It Happened On
Fifth Avenue," and Fred Allen was impersonated by Peter
Lind Hayes, while Frank Capra appeared through the courtesy
of Mr. Capra.. The bottle of iodine came from the corner
drug store.

(MUSIC ...)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend, Basil Ruysdael.

V Closing Commercial

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is my good friend Basil Ruysdael.

RUYSDAEL: As you listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer, remember - LS - MFT.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

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

SHARBUTT: Mr. Floyd Greene Clay, of Versailles, Kentucky, has been an independent tobacco warehouseman for 26 years. He said:

VOICE: I've seen American buy tobacco that's ripe and mild ... tobacco with real flavor and mellowness. And I know you can't beat that fine tobacco for top-smoking enjoyment. I've smoked Luckies myself for 17 years.

RUYSDAEL: Remember, at auction after auction, year after year, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Clay can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. No doubt about it -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0015491

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

~~XXXXXX~~

2-2-47

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Yes -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, and fine 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.

JACK: Say Rochester .. Rochester .. have you ever had a feeling
that there's somebody watching everything you do ..
somebody who knows every move you make .. knows everywhere
you go .. even when you think he doesn't?

ROCHESTER: YES, BOSS.

JACK: Do you know who it is?

ROCHESTER: YES, AND I WISH YOU'D CUT IT OUT.

JACK: I don't mean me. Goodnight folks.
(MUSIC ...)