

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 17 • WORTENSHAM 2-6600

CLIENT: <u>THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.</u>	REVISION: _____	NETWORK: <u>NBC</u>
PRODUCT: <u>LUCKY STRIKE</u>	APPROVAL: <u>FINAL</u>	B'CAST: <u>7:00-7:30 PM EST</u>
DATE: <u>APRIL 13, 1947-PROGRAM #29</u>		REPEAT: <u>9:30-10:00 PM PST</u> (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 0309393

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NBC

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

4-13-47

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00-7:30 PM EST

APRIL 13, 1947 - PROGRAM #29

SUNDAY

I Opening Commercial

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

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: Just listen to the words of THOMAS RAY OGLESBY - ace tobacco auctioneer, who said:

VOICE: At all the markets I've attended, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy good, ripe, mild leaf.

RUYSDAEL: And, HARRY R. KING - independent tobacco buyer.

VOICE: I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco that smokes up smooth and mild. Yes, for a real smoke, I pick Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've just heard the words of independent tobacco experts - the impartial authorities on tobacco quality.

SHARBUTT: So for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment - remember ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

ATX01 0309394

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

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-2-
4-13-47

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

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

ATX01 0309395

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL ... MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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 DOWN)

DON: AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... LET'S GO OUT TO JACK
BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND JACK
TRYING TO FIX HIS BROKEN PHONOGRAPH.

(SOUND: LIGHT HAMMERING ON METAL NOISES)

JACK: Hand me the screwdriver, Rochester ... I want to
tighten the last screw on this phonograph.

ROCHESTER: HERE YOU ARE.

(SOUND: LIGHT SQUEAKS)

JACK: (GRUNTS COUPLE OF TIMES) There ... that ought to
fix it ... I'll turn it on.

(SOUND: VOCAL RECORD PLAYED AT SQUIRREL
TALK SPEED)

JACK: Hmmmam ... that was too fast.

ROCHESTER: WHAT RECORD WAS THAT?

JACK: Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas."

ROCHESTER: IT SOUNDED MORE LIKE F. E. BOONE SINGING MOTHER
MACHREE.

JACK: Yeah ... Gee, I can't understand what's wrong with
this phonograph ... It's never given me trouble
before.

ROCHESTER: WELL BOSS, MAYBE IF I TOOK THIS AND ...

(SOUND: TINNY OBJECT FALLS ON FLOOR)

JACK: Oh Rochester, now look what you've done ... you knocked the horn off ... And you tipped over the dog, too ... And this is "Be Kind to Animals Week."

ROCHESTER: I'M SORRY BOSS ... LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE MOTOR AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG.

JACK: Okay ... Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute ... Here's a loose wire and I see where it's supposed to go I'll just take it and put it ...

(SOUND: LOUD BUZZING ELECTRICAL SOUND)

JACK: (SCREAMS) PULL OUT THE PLUG ... PULL OUT THE PLUG!

(SOUND: BUZZING STOPS)

JACK: Wow! What a shock! It was enough to make my hair stand on end.

ROCHESTER: YOU WANT ME TO GO IN YOUR ROOM AND SEE?

JACK: You don't have to, I'm wearing it ... This show won't be as short as you think ... There, the wire's fixed ... Now let's try ... Now let's try some .. some other records ... What have we got in that album?

ROCHESTER: Lemme see ... "I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES" "DARDANELLA" ... "THE SHEIK OF ARABY" ... "I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR ...

JACK: Whoops!

ROCHESTER: ... BABY."

JACK: Oh.

ROCHESTER: "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING" ... "K-K-K-K-KATY" ... AND "AFTER THE BALL IS OVER."

JACK: No .. no, I don't want to spoil those ... Play some of the old ones ... Go ahead.

ROCHESTER: ... BOSS ... ANY RECORDS OLDER THAN THESE ARE ON CYLINDERS.

JACK: Oh ... Well, put some of these on ... I want to try it out.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR ... SHALL WE PUT IT ON A NEW NEEDLE?

JACK: No, Rochester ... the needle we have was guaranteed to play a thousand records and we've only used it eight hundred and seventy-three times.

ROCHESTER: UMMM UMMMM ... WHAT A MEMORY!

JACK: Memory nothing ... Count the notches in the side of the phonograph ... Now let's turn it on and see if the record changer is working. There.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CLICK .. SCRATCHING OF RECORD .. TWANG OF SPRING .. SLIDE WHISTLE UP .. RECORD BREAKS .. TWANG OF SPRING .. SLIDE WHISTLE UP ... RECORD BREAKS)

JACK: Rochester, what's happening? Why is the phonograph throwing the records up in the air ...

ROCHESTER: WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE FIXED IT WITH THOSE PARTS OUT OF THE TOASTER.

JACK: Well, I think that ..

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN ...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Jack ... what are you doing?

JACK: Rochester and I were just fixing the ...

(SOUND: TWANG OF SPRING ... SLIDE WHISTLE UP)

JACK: DUCK, MARY .. HERE COMES "THE SHEIK OF ARABY"
(SOUND: RECORD CRASH)

JACK: Rochester ... turn that thing off ... We'll use it
without the changer.

ROCHESTER: YES SIR.
(SOUND: CLICK)

MARY: Jack, what's going on here?

JACK: Rochester and I fixed the phonograph.

MARY: Again? Why don't you get rid of that old thing and
buy a new one?

JACK: Mary, this phonograph isn't so old.

MARY: Go on ... Edison's fingerprints are still on it.

JACK: What?

ROCHESTER: AND SHE MEANS EDISON THE BOY.

JACK: Look, Mary, the phonograph works all right now. I mean
I not only fixed it, but I modernized it and brought
it right up to date.

MARY: I'll bet you did.

JACK: Well, if you don't believe me, try it yourself.

MARY: All right ... Have you got two nickels for a dime?

JACK: Oh Mary, put in a dime .. be a sport .. it plays three
records that way.

ROCHESTER: IF YOU PUT IN A QUARTER, YOU GET A SANDWICH, A CUP OF
COFFEE, AND A GUIDE TO THE MOVIE STARS' HOMES.

JACK: We haven't perfected that yet ... Go ahead, Mary ... put
in the dime.

MARY: I'll take your word for it. Say, Jack, am I the first
one here for rehearsal?

JACK: Yeah, but the others will be here pretty soon. By the way, Mary, I haven't seen you in a couple of days ... what's new?

MARY: Oh .. nothing much ... I got a letter from Mama yesterday.

JACK: A letter from your mother? Well ... what does the Happy Chandler of Plainfield have to say?

MARY: I'll read it to you ... (CLEARS THROAT) ... MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY ... JUST A FEW LINES TO LET YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE ALL WELL AND HOPE YOU ARE THE SAME ... WE'VE BEEN VERY BUSY WITH THE SPRING PLANTING ... YOUR SISTER BABE HELPED PAPA WITH THE PLOWING ... SHE DID A SWELL JOB BUT I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THE HORSE GETS BETTER.

JACK: Mary ... your sister Babe pulled the plow?

MARY: Sure, Jack ... she's as strong as a horse.

JACK: Yeah ... and when you put a straw hat on her, you can't ...

MARY: Jack, please ...

JACK: Excuse me, go ahead with the letter.

MARY: AND MARY, YOUR SISTER BABE HAS A NEW BOY FRIEND ... HE IS THE LOCAL UNDERTAKER HERE, AND I WISH SHE'D GIVE HIM UP ... I'M SICK OF HIM COMING INTO THE HOUSE WITH THOSE SECOND HAND FLOWERS.

JACK: Hmmm.

MARY: BUT EVEN THOUGH HE'S AN UNDERTAKER HE IS A VERY PROGRESSIVE AND ADVERTISES ON THE RADIO ... HIS THEME SONG IS "HOW ARE THINGS IN RIGOR MORTIS."

JACK: It could be "To Each His Own." Hey, I'm hot tonight. Everybody's hot today. Gee, I wonder if I can get a guest shot on his program.

MARY: AND MARY, THEY'VE NEARLY FINISHED BUILDING THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL HERE ... IT'S VERY BEAUTIFUL AND MODERN AND WILL COST OVER A MILLION DOLLARS.

JACK: Whoops!

MARY: Jack, are you still doing that?

JACK: I'm sorry. Go on with the letter.

MARY: (CLEARS THROAT) YOUR FATHER'S LODGE HELD THEIR ANNUAL CELEBRATION LAST SATURDAY NIGHT ... YOUR FATHER WAS THE GUEST OF HONOR AND EVERY TIME HE STOOD UP TO MAKE HIS SPEECH HE BANGED HIS HEAD.

JACK: Banged his head?

MARY: HE KEPT COMPLAINING THAT THE CEILING WAS TOO LOW ... IT WASN'T TILL THE PARTY WAS HALF OVER THAT HE FOUND OUT HE WAS UNDER THE TABLE.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: SO HE MADE HIS SPEECH TO THREE COCKROACHES AND A MIDGET WHO CAME IN OUT OF THE RAIN.

JACK: Your mother is a regular Milton Berle.

MARY: WELL, THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE NEWS, MARY, SO WILL CLOSE WITH LOVE AND KISSES FROM YOUR MOTHER, HOP ALONG LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: What a letter ... You know, Mary ... I can't understand your mother.

MARY: Jack, there's nothing wrong with Mama.

JACK: Maybe not, but I wouldn't be married to her for a million dollars!

MARY: Whoops!

JACK: Mary, you too?

MARY: Yeah, it must be contagious.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be some of the gang. COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, it's Dennis.

DENNIS: Where?

JACK: It's you ... it's you ... Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, kid.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny ... Hello, Mary.

MARY: How are you, Dennis?

DENNIS: Fine ... Gee, it sure is hot out.

JACK: Well, it certainly is.

DENNIS: This morning my uncle fried an egg on the sidewalk.

JACK: He did?

DENNIS: Yeah. Yesterday he fried an egg on the sidewalk too.

JACK: No kidding?

DENNIS: Yeah ... do you know where he can find an apartment?

JACK: Oh, so that's the reason. Gee, I feel sorry for your uncle.

DENNIS: So do I, he likes his eggs boiled.

JACK: Oh, fine.

MARY: Dennis, it's really a shame that your uncle has to live out on the street.

DENNIS: Yeah, what a place to spend a honeymoon.

JACK: All right, all right .. Now look, Dennis, the scripts aren't here yet, so we can run over your song before rehearsal. What number are you gonna do?

DENNIS: Well I made a record of a new song and I brought it with me. Would you like to hear it?

ATX01 0309402

JACK: Sure, kid, sure ... Put it on the phonograph.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ... RECORD FLOPPING
ON PLAYER .. (PAUSE) COIN IN LONG SLOT)

DENNIS: Is this deductible from my income tax?

JACK: Sure, sure, it's a business expense ... Now go ahead,
turn it on.

DENNIS: Okay.

MARY: Jack, what are you doing with that knife?

JACK: I'm putting another notch on the side of the
phonograph ... Come on, kid, let's hear the song.

(DENNIS'S NUMBER - "WHEN AM I GONNA KISS YOU GOOD MORNING.")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis .. Dennis .. that was a very good song and I'm glad you recorded it ... It'll sound swell on the ...
Dennis, where did you get that sandwich?

DENNIS: It came out of the phonograph.

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

MARY: Yeah, but not very well.

JACK: Huh?

MARY: What a sandwich ... a slice of ham between two records.

JACK: Well, that's sort of a double Decca ... HA HA HA HA ...

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

JACK: Mary! I had my glasses on ... Anyway, that was a good joke.

DENNIS: I thought it was corny.

JACK: Oh, you did, eh?

DENNIS: You want to make something out of it.

JACK: Yeah.

DENNIS: Hit him again, Mary.

JACK: Dennis, just because my humor goes over your head, don't think that ...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, here's Phil, Don, and the quartet ... Hello, fellows.

PHIL: Hiya, Jackson.

DON: Hello, Jack.

QUARTET: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Well, boys, as soon as the scripts get here, we can start rehearsal.

ATX01 0309404

DON: Okay.

JACK: Hey. By the way, Phil, you look wonderful ... Nice color in your cheeks and everything.

PHIL: Yes sir ... congratulate me, Jackson, I'm a changed man.

JACK: A changed man?

PHIL: Jackson, I finally realized I was on the wrong road .. I had to do something.

JACK: What made you realize it? What happened?

PHIL: Well .. the other night I went to bed like I always do ... had a good night's sleep, and when I got up in the morning, I staggered all over the room, reached for a chair, and fell flat on my face.

JACK: When did that happen?

PHIL: Thursday morning.

JACK: Phil, that was the earthquake.

PHIL: Holy smoke ... and I gave up drinkin'.

JACK: Phil ...

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson, hand me that phone ... I gotta call Frankie before it's too late.

JACK: Why, what's the matter?

PHIL: He's on his way to a sanitarium to take the cure.

JACK: Well, let him go, Phil, believe me it won't harm him permanently I am sure.

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, you know what happened to me during the earthquake?

JACK: What, kid?

DENNIS: My mother was giving me a haircut and when things started to shake, she cut one of my ears off.

JACK: She what?

DENNIS: She cut one of my ears off.

JACK: What? Dennis, you've got two ears.

DENNIS: Now, yes.

JACK: Now cut that out! That's the silliest thing I ever ..
heard ... "Now .. yes!"

MARY: Jack, I want to do some shopping. What about the
rehearsal?

JACK: The scripts will be here in a couple of minutes.

DON: Oh say, Jack, I meant to ask you ... How did you
finally make out with Sam Goldwyn last week? ...
Are you going to do a picture for him?

JACK: No, Don ... Mr. Goldwyn wants me to, but his next
picture isn't my type ... It's going to be Les
Miserables.

DON: Les Miserables?

JACK: Yes ... by Victor Hoagy.

MARY: That's Victor Hugo ... You've got him mixed up with
Hoagy Michaelson.

JACK: Oh yes .. yes .. Well, anyway, Mr. Goldwyn and I are
gonna work out a ...

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be the scripts ... COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

LANE: HELLO HELLO HELLO, HELLO EVERYBODY ... LONG TIME NO
SEE.

JACK: Well, Steve! Hey, kids, it's my publicity man, Steve
Bradley.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Steve, what brings you around? What's up?

LANE: Benny, I'm worried ... we've got to do something about your publicity.

JACK: Publicity?

LANE: Yes sir ... Last week I conducted a popularity poll and compared with the poll I made three years ago, you've only moved up one place.

JACK: One place ... when did that happen?

LANE: When Hitler killed himself.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Steve ...

LANE: No time to lose, Benny. I thought it was so urgent that when I couldn't reach you by telephone, I sent a message by carrier pigeon.

JACK: Carrier pigeon? Oh, that must have been the pigeon that landed on my window sill.

LANE: Yeah, yeah ... didn't you see the message, t-t-tied to its ankle?

JACK: M-m-m-message? ... ROCHESTER ...

ROCHESTER: DON'T LOOK AT ME, BOSS ... YOU ATE THE LEGS.

JACK: Gee, and I thought the paper on that leg was a pantie .. There ... Anyway, Steve, I appreciate your worrying about me, but I don't need any publicity ... As a matter of fact, only two weeks ago my picture was on the cover of Newsweek magazine.

PHIL: Hey, Jackson, was that your face?

JACK: Certainly.

PHIL: How do you like that, I thought it was an ad for Spam.

JACK: That's because the photographer told me to stick my .. stick out my tongue.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) That's in case someone turns the page, he's got a place to wet his finger.

JACK: They think of everything.

LANE: All right, Benny, I think that picture on the cover of Newsweek was great ... but you've got to follow it up with something ... some sort of a stunt.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Steve ... I don't want any more of your stunts. The last time you had an idea, you wanted me to go to Texas, climb into the Big Inch pipe line and swim all the way to New York ... and you had it timed so I'd crawl out the other end on Groundhog Day ... No more of that for me.

LANE: I know, I know, but this new idea is different ... Benny, I've got an idea that will make you loved and respected by everybody in this country.

JACK: Me?

LANE: Yes sir ... we'll make .. take a great man in American history ... like ... like ... Well, say, Abraham Lincoln.

JACK: Lincoln?

LANE: From now on, you're gonna do everything Lincoln did .. You're gonna act like Lincoln, talk like Lincoln .. Yes sir, even walk like Lincoln.

JACK: But Steve, I .. I don't know how Lincoln walked.

LANE: Don't you remember?

JACK: Now look, Steve, unless you've got an idea that makes sense, I don't want any part of it. Now I don't ... now, now ... go home and ...

LANE: WAIT A MINUTE, BENNY, WAIT A MINUTE ... HOLD IT.

JACK: What?

LANE: Why didn't I think of this before ... What an idea!

JACK: All right, what is it?

LANE: Baseball.

JACK: Huh?

LANE: Look ... Bob Hope bought himself the Cleveland Indians ... Bing Crosby bought the Pittsburgh Pirates ... and today when the subject of baseball comes up, who does everyone talk about?

DENNIS: The weather.

JACK: Unusual.

DENNIS: No.

JACK: No no ... Well, what are you getting at, Steve?

LANE: Benny, you've gotta have a baseball team.

JACK: Well, look, Steve, I like the idea, but a baseball team is liable to run into a lot of money.

LANE: Leave it to me, Benny. I'll find you a team that won't cost you much dough.

JACK: Good .. good ..

LANE: I'll get a team that's unknown but with the proper training, in a year or so you can sell them to somebody else and clear yourself a net profit of a million dollars.

JACK: Say that sounds pretty ...

MARY: Jack, how come you didn't go "whoops?"

JACK: When it's coming my way, there's no need for it ... Now ... all right Steve, it's a great idea ... Go out and get me a baseball team.

LANE: Leave it to me, Benny ... So long everybody.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hey, you know, Kids, I think Bradley's got a good idea with that baseball team.

DON: He certainly has, Jack, and look at the commercials you can do.

JACK: Commercials with baseball?

DON: Why certainly ... You've got the Sportsmen quartet right here and they can take a song and fit it to anything.

JACK: What are you talking about?

DON: Have you got a record of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game?"

ROCHESTER: THAT'S ONE OF OUR NEW ONES.

JACK: Yes, yes ... I'll put it on.

MARY: Here's a nickel, Jack.

JACK: This one's on the house.

(SOUND: RECORD ON)

(INTRODUCTION - BAND PLAYS ONE CHORD)

QUARTET: TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME,
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD.
BUY ME A PACKAGE OF LUCKY STRIKE
THAT'S THE CIGARETTE EVERYONE LIKES,
OH LET'S PUFF PUFF PUFF ON A LUCKY
JUST REMEMBER THE NAME
FOR IT'S ONE, TWO, THREE LUCKY STRIKES
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

(SOUND: CHEERS)

DON: YES FOLKS ... HERE WE ARE AT THE AMERICAN LEAGUE
STADIUM IN GOLDSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA, AND THE OLD
BALL GAME IS TIED UP ... IT'S THE LAST HALF OF THE
NINTH AND THE BASES ARE LOADED ... SPEEDY RIGGS IS
ON FIRST ... F. E. BOONE IS ON SECOND ... AND
GREENBERG'S ON THIRD.

(SOUND: CHEERS)

DON: AND NOW COMING UP TO BAT IS BASIL RUYSDAEL ... HE'S
WARMING UP ... HE'S SWINGING TWO BIG TOBACCO LEAVES..

(SOUND: CHEERS)

DON: HE STEPS UP TO THE PLATE AND ... WAIT A MINUTE ...
WAIT A MINUTE ... HE'S WALKING UP TO THE UMPIRE ...
AND HE SAYS ...

MEL: GIMME A LIGHT, BUD.

DON: HE STEPS BACK IN THE BATTER'S BOX ... AND HERE COMES
THE PITCH! LOOK AT THAT BALL ... SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO
FULLY PACKED .. SO FREE AND EASY ON THE THROW.

(SOUND: CRACK OF BAT ON BALL .. CHEERS)

DON: IT'S A LONG LONG FLY GOING TO LEFT FIELD ... IT'S
GOING, GOING ... OVER THE FENCE ... AND LANDS IN THE
TOBACCO FIELD ... OUT THERE WITH THAT FINE, THAT
LIGHT, THAT NATURALLY MILD TOBACCO.

(SOUND: CHEERS)

QUARTET: TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME,
TAKE ME OUT WITH THE CROWD.
THE SCORE FOR A LUCKY IS TWO TO ONE,
YOU'LL SMOKE AND YOU'LL CHEER AND YOU'LL HAVE SO MUCH FUN.
SO LET'S PUFF PUFF PUFF ON A LUCKY,
JUST REMEMBER THE NAME

QUARTET: FOR IT'S L S M F F T
(CONTD) AT THE OLD BALL GAME.

(MUSICAL FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Don, that was wonderful. And I think this baseball idea is going to work out great and it will give me a lot of publicity.

DON: Certainly Jack, and you need publicity.

DENNIS: Yeah, you've only got one show.

JACK: Anyway, I think Steve Bradley is right ... if having a baseball team is a good thing for Hope and Crosby, it's good for me, too.

PHIL: You know Jackson, I used to play baseball. In fact I was on a team where every player was a band leader.

JACK: Really, Phil?

PHIL: Yeah, but they threw me out.

JACK: Why?

PHIL: Every time I slid into third base, I used to Spike Jones ... HA HA HA HA No wonder you didn't get to first base, Harris ... WHEN THEY HANDED OUT BRAINS, THEY THREW YOU A CURVE.

JACK: Phil, nobody threw you a curve. You just sat in the bleachers too long without a hat ... believe me.

DENNIS: You know, Mr. Benny, a bunch of my friends came over to my house yesterday and asked me to play baseball.

JACK: Oh, did you play?

DENNIS: Yeah, but every time I hit the ball I broke a window.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I broke seven windows.

JACK: Well, kid, you musta played too close to the house
when you went outside.

DENNIS: ... Ooooooh ... outside!

JACK: Dennis, you mean to say you played baseball inside
the house?

DENNIS: Yeah ... you want to make something of it?

JACK: Oh, be quiet.

MARY: Jack, why don't you stop kidding around. I've got
some shopping to do, so let's get on with the
rehearsal.

JACK: Mary, we can't ... the scripts aren't here yet.

DON: They aren't?

JACK: No.

MARY: Then why don't you call up N.B.C. and see what's
wrong?

JACK: All right, I will.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP ... DIALING)

JACK: (OVER DIALING) (SINGS) Take me out to the ball game
... Take me out with the crowd ... I know a way to
save eighty cents ... I'll drill two holes and
we'll look through the fence ... da de da de da
dum dum ...

(SOUND: TWO BUZZES AS JACK WOULD HEAR IT ..

THEN BUZZERS LOUD AS IN SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Oh Mabel.

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

(APPLAUSE)

BEA: Your outside line is flashing.

SARA: You get it, will you?

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK OF PLUG IN)

BEA: National Broadcasting Company ... Oh hello ... What?
... Just a minute, I'll connect you.

(SOUND: CLICK OF PLUG IN)

BEA: Mabel, it's Mr. Benny.

SARA: I wonder what Spam face wants now?

BEA: He wants me to connect him with the mimeograph
department because they haven't delivered his scripts
yet.

SARA: Scripts? Well, how do you like that ... and he palms
himself off as an ad lib comedian.

BEA: Yeah ... he couldn't ad lib a click if he had false
teeth.

SARA: Ain't it the truth.

BEA: But I don't care if he can ad lib or not ... I think
he's a cute shmo.

SARA: Why should you think he's cute? He's gone out with
me more times than he has with you.

BEA: He has not.

SARA: He has, too.

BEA: Oh Mabel, let's not argue. When we look like we do,
we should be happy that we've got each other.

SARA: Well, I don't know about you, but I'm expecting
Mr. Benny to pop the question any day now.

BEA: Pop the question? Why Mabel, how do you know? What
happened? What did he say to you?

(SOUND: BUZZER)

BEA: Tell me all about it.

SARA: Your switchboard is buzzing.

BEA: I won't answer till you tell me ... Come on, Mabel,
don't keep me in suspense ... I'm getting all over
goose-pimples.

(SOUND: BUZZER)

BEA: Don't hold out on me ... you've agitated my curiosity
... tell me what ...

(SOUND: BUZZER)

SARA: Gertrude, the switchboard ...

BEA: Oh, okay.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Due to a strike, only emergency calls will be handled.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: Now Mabel, tell me what happened. What did he say to
you?

SARA: He didn't say anything. He just kissed me.

BEA: Why Mabel Flapsaddle.

SARA: Yeah, and I felt so silly.

BEA: Why?

SARA: When he kisses me with those thick glasses on, I feel
like I'm window shopping.

BEA: Honey, I know just what you mean!

SARA: You do?

BEA: Yeah ... one time when he was kissing me, I saw my
reflection in his glasses and I thought someone was
watching us ... Anyway, Mabel, what I wanted to say
was ...

(SOUND: THREE BUZZES ... FADING TO THREE
CLICKS)

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JACK: Operator ... operator ... I want the mimeograph department ... What? ... Well, when you get them, tell them to send the scripts out to my house ... Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Well kids, there's nothing to do but wait.

(SOUND: DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

JACK: We won't be able to rehearse until ...

LANE: HOLD EVERYTHING HOLD EVERYTHING, BENNY, I'M BACK ...
I'M BACK.

JACK: Steve!

LANE: Yes, Benny, you wanted a baseball team and Bradley didn't let you down.

JACK: That's swell.

LANE: Just sign this contract and the team is yours for a thousand dollars.

JACK: Good good.

(SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING)

JACK: There you are ... Now what's the name of the team?

LANE: The B. B. B.'s.

JACK: B. B. B.'s ... what's that?

LANE: Benny's Buxom Bloomer-girls.

JACK: Bloomer-girls?

LANE: CERTAINLY BENNY, I CAN SEE IT NOW ... ALL OVER THE SPORTING PAGE ... PICTURES OF BOB HOPE AND HIS INDIANS ... BING CROSBY AND HIS PIRATES ... JACK BENNY AND HIS BLOOMERS.

JACK: But Steve, you can't do this to me ... I don't want a ..

LANE: SO LONG, BENNY, SEE YOU OUT AT THE FIELD.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: STEVE ... STEVE ... How do you like that ... A girls' team ... I've got a good mind ...

MARY: Jack, your slip is showing.

JACK: Oh, quiet.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

V Closing Commercial

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is 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: Listen now, to the words of a man who's seen millions of pounds of tobacco bought and sold, Mr. George Alfred Webster of Durham, North Carolina. He said:

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco that makes one grand smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.

RUYSDAEL: Those were the words of a man who really knows tobacco. Yes, independent experts like Mr. Webster 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. Remember -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

X~~6~~X

4-13-47

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. No doubt about it ...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: 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.

(TAG)

JACK: Hm ... He had to get me a girls' baseball team ... I need that like a moose needs a hat rack ... where did I hear that ... Oh yes, on my repeat broadcast last week. I can't understand why it didn't get a laugh. I don't know ... Maybe it was too clever.

MEL: Too clever, too clever (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly. Well, everybody's gone home. I might as well practice my violin. OH ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER, GIVE ME "A", WILL YA?

(PIANO GIVES "A")

JACK: That's close enough. Better practice my exercises first.

(PLAYS EXERCISES -- JAZZES IT UP)

No, I better not jazz it up yet. I'm not ready for that.

(EXERCISES)

Maybe I oughta practice "Intermezzo."

(INTERMEZZO - HITS BLUE NOTE -- REPEATS INTERMEZZO - HITS ANOTHER BLUE NOTE - GOES BACK TO EXERCISES)

(AFTER LAUGH)

MEL: (JOINS IN WITH SQUAWKS AND WHISTLES)

(MUSIC - PLAYOFF)