

PROGRAM #5

REVISED SCRIPT

*As Presented*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1947

NBC

4:00-4:30 PM PST

DK

ATX01 0310143

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 2, 1947

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of products is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: Exhibit "A": Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and today, tomorrow, always - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Herbert Highsmith, veteran independent tobacco buyer of Robersonville, North Carolina, has handled tobacco all his life. Recently he said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy quality tobacco ... fine tobacco with real flavor, smooth, ripe and mild. So for myself, I pick Luckies. Smoked 'em for 15 years.

SHARBUTT: At auction after auction, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Highsmith can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. Remember:

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

W

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-B-  
NOVEMBER 2, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D

SHARBUTT: Luck, Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco means real, deep-down smoking enjoyment for you. So smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

W

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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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS YOU ALL KNOW, LAST FRIDAY, OCTOBER <sup>Twenty</sup> ~~THIRTY~~-FIRST, WAS HALLOWEEN...AND PEOPLE YOUNG AND OLD ALL OVER THE NATION WERE BOBBING FOR APPLES.

JACK: Yes sir.

DON: SO NOW WE BRING YOU A MAN WHOSE GUMS ARE SO TENDER HE HAD TO BOB FOR APPLESAUCE.....JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..and Don..(LAUGH) <sup>Now</sup> That was a very funny introduction..bobbing for applesauce....~~Bobbing for applesauce....Bobbing for applesauce....~~  
~~What a terrible introduction?~~

~~DON: (LAUGH) That's a very clever introduction, Jack. I mean the way you expose~~

JACK: <sup>you know</sup> ~~well~~, it's certainly clever....I mean the way you expose all my faults and defects...(LAUGH)

DON: (LAUGHS) People enjoy it, too.

JACK: Yes yes, they do...Humm...You know, Don, there's a man in Pomona who gets up at four o'clock in the morning, looks at a thermometer and then broadcasts frost warnings.

DON: I know.

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JACK: Well, one more introduction like that and you'll be his  
Master of Ceremonies.....In other words--<sup>and incidentally Halloween</sup>  
MARY: Oh Jack, Don didn't mean any harm...He was just trying to  
get a little laugh, that's all.  
JACK: Mary, we want big laughs on this show. If Don has any  
little laughs, let him ship them east to Fred Allen...And  
speaking of Halloween, Allen looks like he went bobbing  
for oranges and got a smudge-pot caught under each eye...  
he uses them to warm up the audience.  
MARY: Say Jack, is Fred Allen older than you are ?  
jack; Is he older ? Mary....(LAUGHS) This is cruel, but I've  
gotta tell it. <sup>this is awful, but I must.</sup>....Ask me again, Mary.  
MARY: All right...Is Fred Allen older than you are ?  
JACK: Is he older ?...Mary, Allen died in 1896...what you hear  
on Sundays are transcriptions...I wonder how he gets those  
transcriptions..up here....But getting back to Halloween..  
Don, what did you do last Friday night...Did you have any  
fun ?  
DON: Oh, I had a wonderful time, Jack. I went to a masquerade  
party.  
JACK: Really ? What did you go as ?  
DON: I let a chain drag from the back of my belt and went as a  
gasoline truck.  
JACK: Oh...Well, that's logical...Don always thinks of something  
unique, doesn't he, Mary ?  
MARY: Yeah..I remember last Hallowe'en he painted lines across  
his back and went as a football field.

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JACK: Uh huh...it was a good illusion except that the field spread out too much around the ten yard line..But everybody has fun on Hallowe'en..especially the kids.

MARY: Say Jack, did you find out who put that sign up in front of your house ?

JACK: No, I didn't

DON: What was that, Mary ?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Soembody took a Chop Suey sign off a Chinese restaurant and nailed it over Jack's front door.

JACK: Mary....

DON: A Chop Suey sign, eh ? Was Jack mad ?

MARY: No, he just put a Kimona on Rochester and went into business.

JACK: Oh, I just did that for a gag...But I had a lot of fun Friday night, too, Don. <sup>you know</sup> I went to a Halloween party in Beverly Hills and I met the most wonderful girl, and she was so cute. She came dressed as Little Bo-Peep.

MARY: Little Bo-Peep...that's a cute costume.

DON: What did you wear, Jack ?

JACK: Well, I didn't know I was going till the last minute, so I just wore an old costume I found up in the attic. But kids I gotta tell you about this girl....she wore a little black mask that seemed to -- Oh, I don't know.. she was just wonderful...I really went nuts about her.

MARY: WELL,...I never heard you talk like this before.

JACK: I can't help it...When she came through the door, I looked at her..she looked at me...and I could just feel something run up and down my spine...And Mary, you know what that means.

MARY: Your costume was up in the attic longer than you thought it was.

JACK: I'm serious Mary, this girl didn't say much, but as we were dancing, she would look into my eyes and call me "pumpkins".

MARY: Pumpkins ?

JACK: Yeah....and I called her Little Bo-Peep...She was really--

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, after the program is over, do you mind if I --

JACK: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello...Mr. Benny, after the program is over, do you mind if I --

JACK: Did you just get in ?

DENNIS: Yeah...Mr.Benny, after the program is over, do you mind if I --

JACK: How do you feel, kid ?

DENNIS: Fine.

JACK: That's good.

DENNIS: I had double pneumonia this morning, but I'm all right now.

JACK: Dennis, stop being silly. If you had double pneumonia this morning, how could you come to the studio ? Did you take penicillin ?

DENNIS: No, I took the Sunset bus.

JACK: Now cut that out...Look kid, all you had was a slight cold that's all. How did you catch it ?

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DENNIS: On Halloween, I wanted to play a trick on my father, so I put a pail of ice water over the door so when he opened it the water would fall on his head.

JACK: But you put the ice water up there for your father..How did you catch the cold?

DENNIS: Testing.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: It worked every time.

JACK: Well look, Dennis, if I'da known you were going to stay at home on Hallowe'en, I would've taken you to a masquerade party at the Beverly Hills Club.

DENNIS: Oh, I was supposed to go to that party with Phil, but my folks wouldn't let me..so Phil went alone.

JACK: Phil was there? Gee, that's funny, I didn't see him..what was he dressed as?

DENNIS: Little Bo-Peep.

JACK: Little Bo-Peep? Phil!

PHIL: KISS ME, PUMPKINS.

JACK: No wonder he wouldn't take off his mask..

MARY: Phil, you mean Jack danced with you all evening?

PHIL: Not only that, Livy, he even asked if he could drive me home,

MARY: No!

PHIL: Yeah.....Say Livy, have you ever seen the lights of the city from Mulholland Drive?.

JACK: I can't understand it..How could he shave so close?



MARY: Phil, I think you carried it too far..Why didn't you tell Jack who you were?

PHIL: What, and spoil an old man's evening?

JACK: All right Phil, you fooled me, you had your little joke, now let's forget it.

PHIL: Forget it, nothin'..I want them nylons you promised me, Alice can use 'em.

JACK: You're not getting those nylons...and I'm not putting you in pictures either...<sup>but</sup> Now we've got a show to do so---

PHIL: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Hey Jackson..Jackson..come here a minute.

JACK: Phil, we've gotta get on with the show.

PHIL: I know,<sup>all right</sup> but come here a minute..I just wanta ask you something.

JACK: Oh, all right..What<sup>what</sup> is it?

PHIL: Look at me.

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: Do my eyes still twinkle like two stars in the summer sky?

JACK: OH BOY, DO YOU FALL FOR EVERYTHING YOU HEAR...I really put one over on you, Bud...Now go ahead, Phil, pick up that stick and let's have a band number.

PHIL: Okay, Pumpkins.

JACK: Never mind....But I still can't understand how he could shave so close.

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "The Lady From Twenty-nine Palms" played by Little  
Shmoe-Peep and his orchestra...I still can't get over how *well as long as we're happy that's the main thing*  
he fooled me *you know I should have known it was Phil and he*  
*got tipped at every house - could think & drink!*

MARY: Well Jack, it's your own fault. You fall in love with every  
girl you meet..and then you do the silliest things.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: Tell the fellows what happened when I introduced you to that  
girl in New York..

JACK: Mary...

DON: What happened, Mary?

MARY: Jack went up to her apartment, turned the lights down low,  
put one arm around her *waist* and whispered, "Darling, I want you  
to have something to remember me by."

JACK: Mary--

MARY: Then he took off his toupay, pulled out three hairs, and  
stuck them in her locket.

JACK: Well, that just shows how much I thought of her. Anybody  
else could grow them back...Me it costs thirty dollars...  
Now look kids, we've got an important play to do tonight, *it's very important*  
so let's get on with it...Go ahead, Don.

~~DON: (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You"~~

~~(Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You"~~

~~(Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You"~~

~~(Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You"~~

~~(Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You" (Sings) "I'm a Fool for You"~~

ROCH: MR. BENNY, CAN I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE?

JACK: ROchester, what are you doing here?

ROCH: BOSS, IT'S NO USE..I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR TWO WEEKS AND I JUST  
CAN'T FIND THAT GOLF BALL.

JACK: Well, did you look behind all the rocks?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Did you look in all the bushes?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Did you look down the gopher holes?

ROCH: I EVEN TOOK THE GOPHERS TO A DOCTOR'S OFFICE AND HAD THEM  
X-RAYED.

JACK: You had the gophers X-rayed?

ROCH: SIX ACORNS, A BUNCH OF ROOTS, A CANADIAN PENNY, BUT NO GOLF  
BALL.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard..taking gophers  
to a doctor's office..I wish you wouldn't--..Wait a minute,  
Rochester..what's that wiggling around in your pocket?

ROCH: A GOPHER. I'M TAKING HIM HOME. I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE HIM  
FOR A PET.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: LOOK BOSS, HE'S PEEKING OUT AT YOU.

JACK: Huh?...Oh, isn't he cute..Look at that sweet little face..  
I wonder if I could get his teeth straightened...And Mary,  
look at those eyes..They twinkle like two stars in a summer  
sky.

MARY: Better be careful, he might be in costume.

JACK: Yeah...imagine the patter of little gopher feet around the house...Say, Rochester, how did you happen to pick this one to take home?

ROCH: HE'S THE ONE WITH THE CANADIAN PENNY.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN DO WE OPERATE, BOSS?

JACK: Stop joking...Now Rochester, you better go back out to the golf course and keep looking for the ball. It must be---- Hey, I just thought of something..Maybe we looked in the wrong place. We took it for granted that I hit that ball in the rough. Maybe I hit it on the green.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right..Anyway, you better go back out there and keep looking.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, I'VE BEEN OUT THERE FOR TWO WEEKS. WHY DON'T WE GIVE UP?

JACK: Give up? Rochester, suppose Columbus gave up and didn't discover America..Where would you be?

ROCH: LOOKIN' FOR THAT BALL IN SPAIN.

JACK: You said it..Now run along.

ROCH: SI SI, SIGNOR.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Gee, I hope he finds it soon..I wanta play again....All right, Don, introduce our play.

DON: Okay..(CLEARS THROAT) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE  
ATTRACTION TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT OUR VERSION OF  
THAT STIRRING..THRILLING WARNER BROTHERS PRODUCTION..."DARK..  
PASSAGE".

(CHORD)

DON: THIS STORY CONCERNS AN UNFORTUNATE MAN WHO IS SERVING A LIFE  
TERM IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY..FOR MURDER...BUT WAIT...  
WHY SHOULD I TELL HIS STORY..LET HIM TELL IT..

(CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO) My name is Humphrey Benny.. I was serving a life  
sentence for the murder of my wife...It wasn't intentional  
murder....One night when she went to bed I turned the electric  
blanket up too high....They never would have caught me if I  
hadn't put that apple in her mouth.....The next thing I  
knew I was in Cell thirteen in the State Prison...I remember  
my first meeting with my cell-mate....I asked him how long  
he'd been there..and he said--

PHIL: (VERY SOUTHERN) Ah been in this prison for nigh onto twenty  
years.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) What are you in for, Curly?

PHIL: Arson..

JACK: Arson?

PHIL: Yeah, I signed some other guy's name to a check.

JACK: Wait a minute, that's not arson.

PHIL: Sure it is, I signed it Arson Welles. HA HA HA HA..OH,  
CURLY, YOU MAY NOT HAVE A SPOON BUT YOU'RE <sup>sure</sup> STIR CRAZY.

JACK: Hmm.

PHIL: What are you in for?

JACK: Murder.

PHIL: Murder?

JACK: Yes, my wife..I was married to her for one year and then I killed here..Here's her picture.

PHIL: Hmm, what took you so long?

JACK: I couldn't face her....Tell me, Curly..what kind of a clink is this anyway?

PHIL: Not too bad as long as you don't break the rules....But last year they threw me in solitary confinement.

JACK: Solitary!

PHIL: Yeah....(VERY DRAMATIC AND FAST) For two long months they kept me in a cell all by myself...Sixty days I was in there all alone...alone, ALONE, ALONE!

JACK: Gee, that must have been awful.

PHIL: (SWEET) No. I'm crazy about myself.

JACK: What!

PHIL: If I ~~hadn't had~~ <sup>hadn't had</sup> a mirror, I woulda gone nuts.

JACK: Well, this jail could be worse and---Hey, wait a minute, why did the lights turn dim?

PHIL: They're testing the electric chair...Slugger Wilson goes in a few minutes...Look, here come the guards with him now...

(SOUND: THREE SETS OF FOOTSTEPS DOWN EMPTY CORRIDOR)

PHIL: (CALLS) SO LONG, SLUGGER.

DON: (OFF) SO LONG, CURLY.

MEL: Hold still Wilson, while we strap you in....There...Now  
guard, get ready to throw the switch...

DON: (FRIGHTENED) No, no, please don't....please don't....Please!

MEL: THROW THE SWITCH.

(SOUND: CLICK....HUMMING OF ELECTRICITY)

DON: (GIGGLING) CUT IT OUT, <sup>oh, cut it out!</sup> THAT TICKLES... (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY)  
THAT TICKLES, I TELL YOU.....(KEEPS GIGGLING)

MEL: Wilson, it'll be easier for you if you stop squirming....stop  
squirming!

(SOUND: CRASH)

MEL: Oh darn it...that's the third chair he broke this week.

JACK: Gee, Curly I thought Slugger Wilson was supposed to go to  
the chair in June..here it is November.

PHIL: Yeah, it took him four months to eat his last meal.

JACK: Oh.

QUARTET: (HUMS SONG)

JACK: Whats' that?

PHIL: Some boys in the next cell. They sing all the time.

JACK: Hmmm. Why do they always have such good singers in prisons?  
I hate that stuff.

PHIL: Me too.

QUART: OH WE WISH WE HAD SOMEONE TO LOVE US  
WE'D BE HAPPY AS HAPPY COULD BE  
WE WANT SOMEONE TO TAKE US OUT OF PRISON  
OR SEND US AN L S M F T.

ONE: THEY'RE ROUND AND SO FIRM AND SO FULLY

THREE: FULLY, FULLY FULLY PACKED  
LIKE THE SAFES WE USED TO CRACK.

ONE: FREE AND SO EASY ON THE DRAW.

THREE: ASK THE MAN WHO KNOWS  
WHERE THE BEST TOBACCO GROWS.

ONE: THAT'S WHY WE LIGHT UP A LUCKY

THREE: LISTEN TO F.E. BOONE  
THERE'S A MAN CAN CHANT A TUNE.

ALL: BEST CIGARETTE WE EVER SAW

ONE: THEY' RE ROUND AND SO FIRM AND SO FULLY

THREE: FULLY, FULLY, FULLY PACKED  
LIKE THE SAFES WE USED TO CRACK.

ONE: FREE AND SO EASY ON THE DRAW.

THREE: ASK THE MAN WHO KNOWS  
WHERE THE BEST TOBACCO GROWS....

JACK: Hey, Curly  
do they do that  
all the time?

PHIL: Yeah. Hey,  
FELLOWS, WILL  
YOU SHUT UP?....

STOP IT..STOP

IT..STOP IT..

STOP IT!!



JACK: Thanks Curly....You know I....

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, who's that guy coming down the corridor?

PHIL: Huh? <sup>hey, listen</sup>Aw, he's a playwright trying to get some atmosphere for a prison play.

JACK: Let me see....Hey, I know him...That's Norman Krasna. He'll be heartbroken to see me here in prison..(CRYING) HEY NORMAN  
.....NORMAN.....LOOK WHERE I AM!

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

(SOUND FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Gee, what a sense of humor... well....I better shave...Hey Curly, where's the hot water?

PHIL: Are you kidding.. there ain't no hot water in this cell.

JACK: WHAT? NO HOT WATER? Well, I ain't gonna stay in a jail like this....HEY GUARD

(SOUND: RATTLING OF BARS)

JACK: GUARD....TAKE ME TO THE WARDEN...TAKE ME TO THE WARDEN.

(LOUD LONG CHORD THAT FADES AWAY)

JACK: (ECHO) So the guard took me to the warden...I'll never ' forget that harrowing walk down the long, long corridor... As I passed the condemned cells, the guard said:

MEL: Poor devils, they're doomed.

JACK: As I passed the solitary cells, the guard said:

MEL: Poor devils, they'll go crazy.

JACK: As I passed the Women's Cells, the guard said:

MEL: (TWO TONED OOMPH WHISTLE)

JACK: As I passed the work cells, I stopped and went back for the guard...Finally we reached the warden's office, and the guard told me to go in myself....I opened the door..

~~(DOOR OPENED...I SAW THE WARDEN SITTING BEHIND THE DESK...)~~

JACK: ~~As I opened the door, I saw the warden sitting behind the desk...~~  
~~and I faced the~~  
kindly old gentleman sitting behind the big desk and said...  
(REGULAR MIKE) Oh Warden, Warden?

NELSON: YESSSSSSS?

JACK: What kind of a prison is this, anyway...What kind of cells have you got here?....No hot water...No mattresses on the bunks...and our television set doesn't work either..And the food is ~~lousy~~ too.

NELSON: Really?..What did you have for dinner last night?

JACK: Well, let me see..we started with soup.

NELSON: Your entree?

JACK: Hash.

NELSON: Your dessert?

JACK: Pudding.

NELSON: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-eight..Now look, Warden, I ain't gonna stand for this kind of treatment, see?

NELSON: You'll stand for it and like it..Now go back to your cell..

JACK: I won't go back to my cell..Either let me out of here or  
send me to the electric chair...(SOBBING)..Do you hear me..  
send me to the electric chair..

NELSON: I'd <sup>love</sup> ~~like~~ to, but our light bill is too high now.

JACK: What?

NELSON: Now get back to your cell and stay there.

(CHORD)

JACK: (ECHO) I went back to my cell determined to escape.. I  
planned..I schemed..and after seven long years I got my  
chance..A parole came through for Number 60734. That was  
Curly's number..so that night I knocked him on the head --

(SOUND: CLUNK OF COCONUT)

JACK: And changed numbers with him...It worked..They took me to the  
gate, gave me a new suit of clothes and a <sup>five dollar bill</sup> ~~one dollar bill~~..  
Then they handed me a tube of Bubaloon and told me to Blow...  
When I left, I was frightened...confused...things on the  
outside were in terrible shape..financial instability..  
political unrest...and worst of all..they were wearing them  
long again.....There was nowhere to go..nothing to see..I  
was trudging the lonesome road from the jail towards the  
city, when a car stopped beside me..

(SOUND: STOPPING OF CAR)

JACK: And a voice said--

MARY: (A LA LAUREN BACALL) Want a lift into town, Big Boy?

JACK: I stood there staring for a minute..I couldn't speak..I just couldn't speak..suddenly, it happened...

(SOUND: CORK POPPING)

JACK: My Bubaloon busted.

MARY: That's better, I can see your face now...Hop in the car, Blue Eyes, and I'll take you to town.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Okay, Miss...Miss?

MARY: Bacall..but you can call me Lauren.

JACK: Lauren?

MARY: And if you don't feel like calling, just whistle....Hop in.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSSES..MOTOR UP AND FADE)

MARY: You've been in prison--haven't you?

JACK: Yeah, yeah..how did you know?

MARY: I saw the picture.

JACK: Oh..(SIGHS) You know, it's swell driving along sitting next to you...I've been in prison so long I've forgotten what girls ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> like..and that glorious fragrance...that lovely odor..what is it?

MARY: Gasoline, my tank leaks..Now where would you like me to take you?

JACK: I don't know..at this time of the night..it's too late for the Palladium and too early for Breakfast at Brenemans..Oh I don't know where to go.

MARY: I'll tell you what..We can drive up to the tope of Mulholland Drive... and park.

JACK: No thanks, I was up there on Hallowe'en..Now look, Lauren, I'm in trouble, see..I just broke out of prison and they'll be looking for me in a few hours.

MARY: Well, if that's your problem..I know a plastic surgeon who can change your face so nobody'll recognize you.

JACK: Say, that's -- No..why should I go to the trouble of having my face changed..they might catch me anyway.

MARY: You'd still be ahead.

JACK: Okay, I'll try it ..Then I'll pull a couple of jobs that'll make me rich. *Yeah, that's what I'll do.*

(SOUND: MOTOR UP..AND FADE)

MARY: I don't get your angle, Big Boy have you ever thought of going straight?..You know, I kinda like you...Have you ever thought of getting married?

JACK: Yeah...sometime I think I'd like to get married..settle down in a vine covered cottage with a wife and have ten or twelve children.

(SOUND: SHARP SQUEAL OF BRAKES AS CAR STOPS SHORT)

MARY: Get out, Mister, this is as far as we go.

JACK: Huh? What?

MARY: This is where the plastic surgeon has his office..

JACK: Good, let's go in.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) The doctor's office was on the second floor...I followed her up the stairs...She was wearing them long, too... As we walked down the hall, I began to feel frightened, nervous...afraid...Lauren sensed how I felt and walked over to encourage me...She kissed me...When I came to, I was in the doctor's office....He was feeling my pulse with one hand and my wallet with the other...Finally he said..

ELLIOT:Mr. Benny, as long as I'm going to change your face, who <sup>do</sup> ~~would~~ you want to look like?

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) I don't know..I just don't want to be recognized.

ELLIOT:Well, I can make you look like a young man or an old man... or if you really want to disguise yourself, I can put some glass in the back of your head and make you look like a Studebaker.

JACK: No..the windshield-wipers would drive me nuts...But then if you think looking like a Studebaker would do the trick, go ahead,

ELLIOT:Very well..I'll call my assistant...(UP) OH, DOCTOR McNULTY..

DENNIS:(COMING IN) HERE I AM, DOCTOR...SHALL I .....Gosh, you sure loused up this guy's face.

JACK: He hasn't started yet! Look, I'm in a hurry..let's get on with the operation.

ELLIOT:Very well.....I'll go in the next room and put on my gown.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Say Doctor McNulty...will it hurt much?

DENNIS: Oh no...he's the best plastic surgeon in town.

JACK: Really?

DENNIS: Uh huh...Ten years ago a man came in to have his nose  
straightened out, so the doctor sat him <sup>Lauren</sup> in a chair..stood  
behind the man...reached down..grabbed the patient's nose  
in both hands and began pulling up...he pulled..and pulled..  
and pulled..and pulled and all of a sudden BOINNNNNNNNG!

JACK: Gee, did the guy sue?

DENNIS: Why should he? Today that man is Bob Hope.

JACK: Oh...Well, I hope my operation turns out okay.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) The doctor came back...he was carrying his  
surgical instruments and he had slipped into his operating  
gown...He was wearing them long, too...They adjusted the  
ether cone to my nose...I began inhaling...my head began  
to whirl...I began to hear voices...

NELSON: (FILTER..FAST) The light bill's too high now, too high now,  
too high now, too high now.

JACK: Then I caught a blurred vision of Lauren looking down at  
me ...She was so beautiful, I wanted to marry her...I cried,  
"Lauren..Lauren!" ..She looked at me tenderly and said--

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

JACK: Her voice was beautiful...Suddenly things got dimmer and  
dimmer ..my head whirled faster and faster..and then I  
passed out!

(LOUD CHORD ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

JACK: When I came to, the operation was over..they removed the bandages..I looked in the mirror..It was even better than I expected..I looked like a Cadillac..I had white side-wall ears...The doctor was pleased, too..He was smiling and he said--

ELLIOT: How do you feel, Mr. Benny?

(SOUND: TWO FAST BEEPS OF CLASSY AUTO HORN)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) I mean..fine, thank you..

(ECHO) I was so happy that I ran out of the doctor's office.. But my happiness didn't last long. People recognized me..so I went back to the doctor and had my face changed again... This time I looked like a Buick...But people still recognized me..So I had my face changed again..Now I looked like an Oldsmobile..But I still wasn't safe..Not only were people recognizing me, but I was going broke buying license plates...IT WAS NO USE...

(PLAYOFF MUSIC IN VERY SOFTLY)

JACK: FINALLY IN DESPERATION I SOLD MYSELF TO THE SMILING IRISHMAN.. HE PUT A NEW TOP ON ME AND MADE ME INTO A BTS...I AM NOW RUNNING BETWEEN ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA....ALL ABOARD!!!

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF MUSIC UP LOUD)



JACK: Friends, every worth while undertaking usually has a slogan - sort of an identifying phrase to express its purpose. The Community Chest has one -- a fine one which says, "Everybody Benefits -- Everybody Gives." It's sorta like the Golden Rule -- "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Others Do Unto You." That's really the purpose of the Community Chest anyway, so let's all help make the slogan of the Community Chest a practical aid to the health and welfare of millions of Americans -- "Everybody Benefits -- Everybody Gives." Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first....

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 2, 1947 -C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SHARBUTT: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - and fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions?

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - FAST SALES - FADING QUICKLY TO BACKGROUND NOISE)

SHARBUTT: Year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco. (CHANT UP 59 - AMERICAN AND OUT FAST)

RUSYDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. Sidney Currin, tobacco warehouseman of Oxford, North Carolina, has spent 25 years on the tobacco markets. Recently he said:

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's got real smoking quality...fine tobacco that smokes up mild, cool and fragrant. Smoked Luckies myself for 26 years.

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0310168

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 2, 1947 -D-

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: IS - MPT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - so smoke that smoke  
of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike.

RUYSDAEL: Yes, next time you buy cigarettes ask for Lucky Strike -  
so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy  
on the draw.

ATK01 0310169

(TAG)

JACK: Stay tuned in for the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show which follows immediately, and be sure to listen to "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" on Wednesday night...and next Sunday on My own show -- I have one, you know -- I'm expecting a visit from my next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.  
Goodnight, folks.

(MUSIC & APPLAUSE)