

PROGRAM #6

REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1947

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0310171

NOVEMBER 9, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: Exhibit "A"; Lucky Strike!

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

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. S.M. Cutts, independent tobacco auctioneer of Oxford, North Carolina, has sold over 300 million pounds of tobacco at auction. Recently, he said:

VOICE: Year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco....ripe, prime leaf -- take it from me, that tobacco's really fine tobacco. I've smoked Luckies myself for 17 years.

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

(MORE)

ATX01 0310172

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-B-
NOVEMBER 9, 1947

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

IAING: Lucky 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.

ATX01 0310173

(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)

(SOUND: LOUD BUS MOTOR AND HORN)

ARTIE: PASSENGERS, PLEASE STEP TO THE REAR..STEP TO THE ~~REAR~~ ^{back} OF THE BUS, PLEASE.

JENNY: Isn't this awful, Catherine..you'd think some gentleman would get up and give one of us a seat.

DON: I beg your pardon, ladies, but would any of you care to sit down?

JENNY: You're very kind..isn't he, Catherine?

DOROTHY:He certainly is .. he got up and gave the three of us a seat.

JENNY: Yes, he has a very big heart..... Say, aren't you Don Wilson, Jack Benny's announcer?

DON: Yes, yes I am.

JENNY: Oh, I just love that program. It has so many interesting characters..They act so crazy.

DOROTHY:Oh, Jeanette,,they only do that to make people laugh on the radio. Those things never happen in real life.

DON: (LAUGHS) ..They don't eh? Let me tell you about something that really happened yesterday.

JENNY: What was it?

DON: Well, Jack Benny, Phil Harris, and Dennis Day dropped into the corner drugstore to get a bite to eat.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DRUGSTORE NOISES)

JACK: What're you gonna have, Phil?

PHIL: Oh, I don't know, Jackson..What're you gonna have?

JACK: I don't know..What about you, Dennis?

DENNIS: I don't know.

JACK: Gee, it's so hard to decide what to---Hmm..just look at that..

WAITER..WAITER..

MEL: Yes sir.

JACK: Look..~~there's~~ lipstick on my glass.

MEL: Well, there's water in it, too, wash it off..

JACK: Hmm..~~their~~ bread should be that fresh...Well Phil, have you decided yet?

PHIL: Yeah, I think I know what I want, Jackson.

MEL: What'll it be, sir?

PHIL: A roast beef sandwich and a fifth of milk.

JACK: Phil, ~~you don't want a fifth of milk.~~ *milk doesn't come in fifths.*

PHIL: How do I know, it's the first time I ever ordered the stuff.

JACK: Oh...Dennis, have you made up your mind yet?

DENNIS: Yeah. Waiter, bring me a dish of ice cream with a strip of bacon on it.

JACK: Dennis .. ice cream with bacon? That's ridiculous. Why don't you have it with chocolate syrup?

DENNIS: Okay.. Waiter, bring me some bacon with chocolate syrup.

JACK: Yeah yeah.. That's what I meant.

PHIL: What're you gonna have, Jackson?

JACK: Gee, I don't know...Waiter, what would you suggest?

MEL: How about lamb stew?

JACK: ...Nooo.

MEL: Some veal outlets?

JACK: ...Noo...I'm going home soon..I just want something to hold me together.

MEL: How about some Scotch tape?

~~JACK: I'm going home soon..I just want something to hold me together.~~

~~MEL: How about some Scotch tape?~~

JACK: Look, just get their orders and I'll think of what I want...
Let's see...

PHIL: Say Dennis, how's your Colgate show doing?

DENNIS: Oh, it's fine..I like the idea of having two shows.

JACK: (Gee I don't know what to order.)

DENNIS: How's your Fitch Band Wagon doing, Phil?

PHIL: Great kid, great. Alice just picked up my option for another thirteen weeks.

JACK: (Maybe I oughta have--)

PHIL: Holy smoke, Jackson, haven't you made up your mind yet what you want to eat?

JACK: How can I think with you fellows always talking.."I got two shows, I got two shows, I got two shows.." *That's all you hear--*

MEL: Two shows? You oughta be ashamed of yourself, putting other people out of work with two shows.

JACK: I haven't got two shows, they've got two shows.

MEL: Well, bully for them!

JACK: What?

MEL: Here are your orders, gentlemen..Now, what'll you have?

JACK: Well, I think I'll have a hamburger..and let's see..do you have any hot chocolate?

MEL: No, but here's a Hershey bar and a match.

JACK: Oh nuts!

MEL: They're in it, too.

JACK: Never mind, just give me that piece of chocolate cake right there.

MEL: That's vanilla.

JACK: It is not vanilla, it's chocolate.

MEL: I'll dust it off and show you.

JACK: Don't bother..just give me a piece of that huckleberry pie.

MEL: You want to make a bet?

JACK: Well, give it to me, whatever it is..A man could starve to death in here guessing..Now give me that pie.

PHIL: Hey Jackson..Jackson..

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: Look at that beautiful blonde coming toward the counter.

JACK: Oh yeah..Hey Phil, she's heading this way..I'll move over one, then she'll have to sit between us..

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: Hmm..I forgot I was sitting on the end stool..Help me up off the floor, Phil.

PHIL: Well, there's a switch, me picking you up.

JACK: Yeah.. Well, look fellows, I've gotta go home now. I'll see you later..So long.

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, WHAT ABOUT THE CHECK..JACKSON, WHAT ABOUT THE--

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SLAM)

PHIL: Hmm..after eleven years, you'd think I'd know better...How *light* can a guy be ~~be~~...Hey, Dennis, what're you looking at?

DENNIS: That magazine over there..Ronald Colman's picture's on the

PHIL: *Oh, cover Ronald*
Yeah, gee, look at him..with those broad shoulders...
intelligent eyes..pearly teeth..dimple in his chin..if he was
one inch taller, he'd look just like me...Yes sir, he sure is
handsome.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) Thank you, old fellow, it was awfully nice of you to say that.

PHIL: Hey Dennis, you sounded just like him.

DENNIS: Yeah..I like to do *imitations*.

PHIL: You know you're pretty good, kid. I can hardly tell the--
wait a minute.

DENNIS: Huh?

PHIL: I've got a great idea..You wanta have a little fun, kid?

DENNIS: Yeah..how?

PHIL: Let's give Jackson time to get home..then we'll call him on the phone. You disguise your voice like Ronald Colman's and invite him over to his house for a party.

DENNIS: Oh boy, come on, let's go in that phone booth.

PHIL: Take it easy, we gotta give him plenty time to get home..He's walkin' and he ain't really ~~whiffy~~ *take it easy* ~~whiffy~~ eight, you know.

DENNIS: All right..while we're waiting, let's play the juke box..One of my records is in it.

box..One of my records is in it.
PHIL: Yeah..Here you are, ~~it's a nickel in it.~~ *I'll drop a nickel in it.*

(SOUND: COIN DOWN SLOT)

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.. "AND MIMI")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Well, here's my house..It wasn't such a long walk out to Beverly Hills after all...Hmm..I might as well plant grass on my front yard..they won't let me park cars here anymore...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP TWO STAIRS ON PORCH..)

JACK: Let me see..now where's my key to the front door..

(SOUND: CLINKING OF KEY'S UNDER FOLLOWING)

JACK: Here's the key to my car...here's the key to the back door... here's the key to my hope chest.....key to my trunk...key to the garage...here's the key to that can of salmon I had last night...Why do I save these things?....Oh, here it is.

(SOUND: KEY TURNING IN LOCK..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

ROCH: (OFF) IS THAT YOU, BOSS?

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing at home? You're supposed to be out at Hillcrest ^{golf course} looking for my golf ball.

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

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 'EM X-RAYED.

JACK: You had the gophers X-rayed?

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

JACK: What?

ROCH: ONE OF 'EM HAD GALL STONES AND HE FOOLED US FOR AWHILE.

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} ~~the~~ wiggling around in your pocket?

ROCH: A GOPHER..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..
He's got blue eyes,..just like mine...I wonder if I could get
his teeth straightened...Imagine the patter of little gopher
feet around the house...Say Rochester, how did you happen to
pick this one to bring home?

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

JACK: Oh.

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^{now}. We took it for granted that I hit that ball
in the rough...Maybe I hit such a good shot it landed right
on the green.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: Yeah, I guess you're right..Well, we'll look for the ball
tomorrow...By the way, Rochester, what are we going to have
for dinner?

ROCH: SIX ACORNS, A BUNCH OF ROOTS, AND SOUTHERN FRIED GOPHER.

JACK: I don't want that..just open a can of sardines.

ROCH: OKAY, GIVE ME YOUR KEY CHAIN.

JACK: Here you are..and hurry. I haven't had anything but a dusty piece of pie all day...I'll be in the--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone. I'll get it.

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) (FILTER) Hello, old boy, this is Ronald Colman.

JACK: ~~What a lovely voice~~ Ronald Colman?..

Well, Ronnie, how are you?

DENNIS: Splendid, splendid, thank you.

JACK: Good good, how's Benita?

DENNIS: Who?

JACK: Benita, your wife.

DENNIS: Oh, oh..I thought you said Santa Anita..Benita's fine.

JACK: Good good.

DENNIS: By the way Jack, what are you doing tonight?

JACK: Nothing, nothing..why?

DENNIS: Well, Benita and I are having a little party at the house and we'd love to have you come over.

JACK: Tonight? Gee, that'll be swell, Ronnie..What time should I be there?

DENNIS: Just a minute, I'll ask Santa Anita.

JACK: Who?

DENNIS: Benita, my wife.

JACK: Oh -

DENNIS: (REGULAR MIKE-WHISPERING) Hey, Phil, what time shall I tell him to be there?

PHIL: Nine o'clock..and tell him to bring his girl with him.

DENNIS: (FILTER..AS COLMAN) Hello Jack..Benita says nine would be fine and to bring your lady friend with you.

JACK: You mean my girl, Gladys Zybisco?

DENNIS: Yes, we've both been anxious to meet her.

PHIL: Hey kid..kid..tell him it's a costume party.

DENNIS: Oh by the way, Jack, when you come over tonight, we wish you'd wear something.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: A costume party, you know.

JACK: Oh, a costume party,..Gee, that'll be fun. We'll be there at nine o'clock sharp..Goodbye, Ronnie.

DENNIS: Goodbye, Jack.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hey Rochester..Rochester..I've been invited over to Mr. and Mrs. Colman's for a party tonight.

ROCH: YOU WANT ME TO GET YOUR TUXEDO?

JACK: No no, this is a costume party..and gee, I don't know how to dress.

ROCH: WHY DON'T YOU WEAR YOUR TOUPAY UPSIDE DOWN AND GO AS A BIRD'S NEST?

JACK: Say, maybe I--No, it would tickle me...Hey wait a minute... I know where I can get a cow-boy costume..That's it..I'll go as a cow-boy.

ROCH: ARE YOU GONNA TAKE MISS LIVINGSTONE?

JACK: No, she's out of town this week. I'm going to take my old girl friend, Gladys Zybisco..She'll love it.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR MOTOR UP AND FADE)

JACK: Gee, Gladys, it's nice out tonight, isn't it?

SARA: (NASAL) It sure is, Speedy.

JACK: I'm glad you were able to make it. I thought that since it's so close to Thanksgiving, you might be busy.

SARA: Oh, I got Hilda to fill in for me.

JACK: But can Hilda do your work?

SARA: Oh sure...she can pluck turkeys faster than anybody.

JACK: ...Well...(LAUGHING) That's a feather in her cap. (LAUGHS)

SARA: Gee, you're so witty, Speedy...What people see in Georgie Jessel I'll never know.

JACK: Yeah...Gee, Gladys..you'll like the Colman's..Ronnie and Benita are regular guys..even though they're high class and interested in things like opera and art.

SARA: Art...Oh, then maybe I can --

JACK: No, no, Gladys..don't show them your tattoos..Keep your sleeves down.

~~SARA: (Sings) Gosh, Gladys, Mike's on his...~~

~~...and he's...~~

~~JACK: ...was...~~

~~...playing...~~

~~SARA: ...and...~~

~~...again.~~

JACK: ~~...~~..Say Gladys, would you like a cigarette?

SARA: Sure.

JACK: Here you are..A Lucky Strike..They're made out of that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SARA: Listen to the man who knows, I always say.

JACK: Yeah..and you know Gladys, quality of product is essential to continuing success.

SARA: You're telling me.

JACK: And another thing, Gladys, Lucky Strikes are^{so} round, and^{so} firm, ^{so} fully packed and^{so} free and easy on the draw.

SARA: Aint it the truth.

JACK: Yeah...Gosh, Gladys, you look so cute in your costume...So Western.

SARA: So do you, Speedy...We were lucky to find that costume shop open so late.

JACK: ^{Yeah} They certainly fixed me up with a complete cowboy outfit... lasso..ten gallon hat...and gun...I can't wait till we get to the Ronald Colmans.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

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BENITA: Oh, Ronnie?

COLMAN: What is it, Benita?

(APPLAUSE)

BENITA: Did you close the living-room windows before you got into bed?

COLMAN: ~~Yes~~ I did, ~~sure~~ *darling*.

BENITA: Well, if you're ready to go to sleep, I'll turn out the light.

COLMAN: In just a minute..I'm not quite through reading..You know Benita, this is ~~so~~ *really* exciting..you must read it when I'm through with it.

BENITA: Oh, I've already read it..You know, there's one part in there where--

COLMAN: Don't tell me, don't tell me...I want to find out myself : what Mumbles is going to do...He's ~~such~~ an interesting fellow.

BENITA: You can find out tomorrow. I'm going to turn out the light.

COLMAN, *all right* Just a moment, ~~sure~~...There.. all right, you can turn ~~the~~ *it* ~~light~~ out now.

(SOUND: CLICK.....~~Benita~~)

COLMAN: (AFTER LONG, LONG PAUSE)...You know ~~Benita~~ *Benita*...I hope you don't think I'm conceited..but "Random Harvest" is one of the best pictures ever made.

BENITA: I agree with you, *darling* ~~sure~~...Now shut off the projector and let's ~~go~~ to sleep.

COLMAN: ~~Happy~~ *All right.*

(SOUND: SNAP)

COLMAN: I'm glad we turned in early tonight. I've got a lot of re-takes at the studio tomorrow morning.

BENITA: Yes, I know..(YAWNING) Goodnight, Ronnie.

COLMAN: Goodnight, ~~Benita~~ *darling.*

(SOUND: LONG LONG LONG LONG PAUSE..THEN ON CUE.....

LONG DOOR BUZZES ONCE..THEN ANOTHER LONG

PAUSE..THEN DOOR BUZZES TWICE)

COLMAN: Benita, you're snoring.

BENITA:I thought that was you. ~~It's a burglar, it's a burglar~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER AGAIN)

BENITA: Goodness, it's the front door.

COLMAN: I wonder who in the world could...Well, it's the butler's night off and there's only one way to find out...Go down and see who it is, ~~Benita~~ *darling*

BENITA: Me? But ~~Benita~~ suppose it's a burgler..what would I do?

COLMAN: I don't know, I've never been in a picture with that particular situation.

BENITA: Ronnie, it's probably a telegram. Now put on your robe and go to the door.

COLMAN: Oh, all right

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

COLMAN: *All right - all right*
I'm coming, I'm coming...Imagine getting a man out of a nice warm bed---

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS ROOM..DOWN STAIRS..ACROSS ROOM AGAIN..DOOR UNLOCKS..THEN OPENS)

COLMAN: Yes?

JACK: (WESTERN) HERE WE ARE, PARDNER, ME AND THE LITTLE WOMAN CAME OVER TO JOIN YOU.

SARA: YIPPIEE...

JACK: (SINGS) GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE, GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE, GET ALONG, GET ALONG--

COLMAN: Just a minute...just a minute, there must be some--

JACK: STEP ASIDE YA VARMIN'T...BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN..

(SOUND: TWO PISTOL SHOTS FOLLOWED BY GLASS CRASH)

SARA YAHOO!!

JACK: COME ON GAL..LET'S GO INSIDE AND JOIN THE FUN.

SARA: I'M RIGHT BEHIND YA, BUCK.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

COLMAN: But Jack, Jack, there must be some --

JACK: TELL ME, PARDNER..WHERE'S BENITA?

COLMAN: She's upstairs..we were just--

JACK: WELL, GO *get the little woman down here.*

COLMAN: NOW LOOK, BENNY..

JACK: GO ON AND TELL HER, YA VARMIN'T.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT)

COLMAN: All right, all right.

(SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ACROSS ROOM..THEN UPSTAIRS..
THEN ACROSS FLOOR..BEDROOM DOOR OPENS)

COLMAN: Benita...Benita, it's Jack Benny..

BENITA: Jack Benny? ~~Benita: Jack Benny?~~

Yes, and
COLMAN: He has a gun.

BENITA: Well, lend him what he wants and send him home.

COLMAN: He doesn't want to borrow anything..this time...He thinks we're having a party.

BENITA: A party? (LAUGHS)

COLMAN: It's not funny, *my dear* ~~Benny~~. You should have seen Benny and that girl bursting in here with those silly costumes.

BENITA: (LAUGHINGLY) Costumes?

COLMAN: Yes....Benny is dressed up like Roy Rogers.

BENITA: Oh...and what does the girl look like?

COLMAN: Trigger.

BENITA: Ronnie!...Just because you're angry at Jack, that's no reason to insult the girl...She's probably a pretty little thing... About how old is she?

COLMAN: I don't know...I'd say somewhere between thirty-five and forty.

BENITA: Oh..then she's no chicken.

COLMAN: Not with those turkey feathers all over her...Imagine..

imagine Benny doing a thing like this...I have a good notion to-- *Yes, that's what I'll do.*

BENITA: Oh Ronnie, we can't stop sending our laundry to him.

COLMAN: I suppose not..he is a master with the starch...Anyway, I think it's absolutely disgraceful for him to--

BENITA: Ronnie, get back in bed, and I'll go downstairs and tell him to leave.

COLMAN: It's no use, *darling* ~~Benny~~, he won't even listen to you..I have a better idea..get dressed.

BENITA: What?

COLMAN: I know what I'm doing, Benita..Get dressed.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Gee, I wish they'd hurry down..they've been upstairs a long time.

SARA: They sure have, Speedy...While we're waiting, let's turn on the radio.

(SOUND: CLICK...LITTLE STATIC)

(ORCH: INTRODUCTION TO "PEG O' MY HEART")

JACK: Gee...that's our song they're playing...Let's dance, Snooksy.

SARA: It would be an extreme pleasure.

(SOUND: LIGHT SCUFFLING OF COUPLE DANCING)

JACK: What memories this brings back...our first meeting..we were dancing like this, ^{remember} and as we danced, you sang the words into my ear...Sing them again, ~~them~~... *Go ahead, Gladys, I love to hear you sing.*

SARA: (SINGS) PEG O' MY HEART, I LOVE YOU.

WE'LL NEVER PART, I LOVE YOU.

I ALWAYS KNEW.

Oh, come on,
IT WOULD BE YOU--
Dance a little closer, Speedy.

JACK: Okay...(GIGGLES AND LAUGHS)

SARA: What's the matter?

JACK: Those feathers are tickling me.

(MUSIC STOPS)

SARA: I'm sorry, but I had to get into my costume at the place where I work.

JACK: Well, don't worry...Gee, I wonder why the Colmans aren't down yet.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

BENITA: Ronnie, do you think it was right of us to sneak out the back way and go to a movie?

COLMAN: Yes, that'll teach Benny a lesson..

BENITA: Well, what movie are we going to see?

COLMAN: I don't know and I don't care..anything to get away from that man.

BENITA: Well, they're still in our house..how long do you think they'll stay?

COLMAN: I have no idea..but tomorrow, open another air-wick.

BENITA: (LAUGHINGLY) I don't blame you for being upset..It's amazing the way Jack Benny brings out the worst in people.

COLMAN: ^{How} do you mean?

BENITA: Well for instance, take that playwright fellow, Norman Krasna.

COLMAN: What about Mr. Krasna?

BENITA: Usually he's a very brilliant conversationalist...but as soon as he gets around Benny, all he can say is (DOES WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

COLMAN: Benita, please..people are staring.

BENITA: I'm sorry...Here's the theatre, Ronnie.

COLMAN: Oh yes.

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)~~

JACK BENNY 11/9/47

(REVISED) - 19 -

COLMAN: Two loge seats, please.

MARGARET: Here you are, sir.

~~(SOUND: COLMAN'S VOICE)~~

BENITA: By the way, Miss, we didn't notice..what picture are you showing?

MARGARET: "The Horn Blows At Midnight."

COLMAN:WHAT?

BENITA: RONNIE..RONNIE, LET GO OF THE GIRL, IT'S NOT HER FAULT!

RONNIE!

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

SARA: Gee, Speedy, do you think the Colmans will mind us going into their kitchen and getting something to eat?

JACK: No, it's half-past twelve and we're hungry.

SARA: Gee, they sure have a big refrigerator.

JACK: Yeah..I wonder what program they won it on...Now let's see what's inside.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR OFFENS)

JACK: There's some ham..and half a roast beef..and..Well, how do you like that...Only this morning I sent Rochester over and they told him they were out of eggs..and look..they're lousy with butter too...Say, Gladys..look, look there's a turkey.

SARA: Please, not on my day off!

JACK: Oh yes, I forgot..Well, let's eat something.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(REVISED) - 20 -

BENITA: Look, Ronnie, you can see them through our window. They're still in the house.

COLMAN: Yes, and I've got to get some sleep... Well, there's only one thing to do.. And I'm going to do it...Come on, Benita.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...UP STAIRS...DOOR BUZZER...

PAUSE... DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHY MR. AND MRS. COLMAN, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG HOUSE. YOU LIVE NEXT DOOR.

COLMAN: We know where we live..just show us Mr. Benny's bedroom, we've got to get some sleep.

ROCH: BUT, MR. COLMAN--

BENITA &

COLMAN: Good night.

ROCH: GOOD NIGHT.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, one of the rarest privileges anyone can have is to be able to say, "I saved a life." By now, we all know what is meant by the word "Care" -- C.A.R.E. This nation's help in alleviating the food shortage in Europe has saved thousands of lives, so let's keep on sending our contributions to C.A.R.E. -- C.A.R.E., "Care", New York. Let's give again and save another life...--"CARE" -- C.A.R.E. "CARE" New York..Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 9, '47

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

RUYSDAEL: Quality of product is essential to continuing success.

LAING: And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

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

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

LAING: Year-in, year-out, 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)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS! Mr. George Webster, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, North Carolina, has spent almost half a century working at tobacco markets in the south. Not long ago he said:

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

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

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT.

X

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM

-D-
NOVEMBER 9, 1947

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LAING: 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.

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(REVISED)

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(TAG)

(SOUND: BUS MOTOR UP AND FADES)

ARTIE: SUNSET BOULEVARD...NEXT STOP...PLEASE LEAVE THE BUS BY THE
REAR EXIT.

DON: Well, this is where I get off, girls.

JENNY: Mr. Wilson, that was a very funny story you told us about
Jack Benny...but a thing like that couldn't really happen.

COLMAN: OH YES IT COULD. THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING THE BUS TO WORK.

JENNY: ~~██████~~ *Why, Mr. Colman?*

COLMAN: BENNY'S CAR BROKE DOWN AND HE'S USING MINE.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC:)