

PROGRAM #14

REVISED SCRIPT

- As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, January 4, 1948

NBO

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

JACK BENNY
1-4-48

-A-

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: Fine tobacco is what counts in a cigarette - and day-in,
day out, consistently - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

RUYSDAEL: LUCKY STRIKE PRESENTS - THE MAN WHO KNOWS...THE TOBACCO
AUCTIONEER!

LAING: Mr. Lucien Purdom, veteran auctioneer of Springfield,
Kentucky has sold more than 240 million pounds of tobacco
at auction. Recently he said!

VOICE: At every auction I've attended, I've seen the makers of
Lucky Strike buy fine quality tobacco... that fine, ripe,
smokin' leaf that makes a smooth, mild smoke. Smoked
Luckies myself for 22 years.

LAING: Season after season, independent tobacco experts like Mr.
Purdom 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

LAING: 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 packod, so free and easy on
the draw.

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JACK: You're not kidding...I can remember when it was only eighty thousand people at three dollars apiece. But I will say one thing, Don...~~Jeff Krawath the student U.S.C. was very modest~~
~~...and I heard someone say that and you~~
~~think of your own and he said, "I'm not a student"~~
~~and he said, "I'm not a student"~~

You've gotta give the California Chamber of Commerce a lot of credit. They sure think fast.

DON: What do you mean, Jack?

JACK: During the half, they had a man climb up a ladder and paint a stem on the U.S.C. score, so it would look like an orange. *(Applause)*
Gee, I can't get over it..Ninety-three thousand people at--
OH HELLO, MARY.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Hello Don..

DON: Hello Mary, I'm glad you're feeling better.

JACK: Yes Mary, it's certainly good to have you back on the show.

MARY: Well Jack, I hated to miss last Sunday's program, but I had that thing that's been going around .. Virus X.

JACK: Yes, I know.

DON: Did you have a good doctor, Mary?

MARY: (BUBBLING) Oh Don, I must tell you about him. He's a new doctor in Beverly Hills and he's the handsomest man you ever saw.. Gee, he's cute and a bachelor, too.

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DON: Really?

MARY: All the girls in my neighborhood came over and asked me to throw germs on them.

JACK: Oh Mary, you fall for everybody. When you first got a fever, why didn't you send for my doctor?

MARY: I did Jack, and a fine doctor you've got.

JACK: What? a

MARY: Jack, how long has he been treating you?

JACK: Oh, for quite awhile.

MARY: Well, I've got news for you, he's a horse doctor.

JACK: He is not a horse doctor.

MARY: He isn't, eh? When he got to my house..he threw a blanket over me and walked me around the room to cool me off.

JACK: What?

MARY: And when he started to braid my hair, I threw him out.

JACK: Oh well then that explains it ... One day I called him up and told him my ankles hurt and he sent over four bandages.... Well, Mary, what about the new doctor you called? What did he say?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) He told me I had Virus X and I shouldn't run tomorrow.

JACK: Mary, stop kidding. *you should just be happy that you're well again.*

~~MARY: Well, he said it wasn't dangerous, gave me a prescription for some medicine to take.~~

~~JACK: Oh.~~

~~MARY: Well, he said it wasn't dangerous, gave me a prescription for some medicine to take.~~

~~JACK: (Three hundred thousand people watch the show every year, that's better than any show.)~~

~~MARY: (What's the matter with you?)~~

~~JACK: (Nothing, nothing. (My doctor made me take up the violin.)~~
~~Well Mary, don't surprise me, I can play again.~~

MARY: ^{I am} And Jack I thought it was awfully nice of Alice Faye to take my place last Sunday.

JACK: It certainly was, Mary, and she was just marvelous on the show, she did a terrific job.

MARY: Oh she did, eh?

JACK: Yes she did.. and I was amazed how she could come in here at the last minute, pick up the script with no rehearsal and give such a sensational performance.

MARY:Is it true that she bleaches her hair?

JACK: MARY!....Stop being catty.. That's no way to start the New Year.

DON: By the way, Jack, have you made any New Year's resolutions?

JACK: No I haven't Don.

DON: Well I have....I've made a resolution to cut my food in half.

JACK: Good good..I'm glad to hear that, Don..it isn't good manners to take a whole steak and stuff it in your mouth.

DON: No no, Jack, I'm serious about losing weight. I've given up bread, butter and potatoes.

JACK: Don, if you ever stop eating potatoes, Idaho will secede from the Union.

~~DON: (Jack, you can't do it, you can't do it, I'm not going to let you do it.)~~
~~Well, however I can't do it, I can't do it.~~

JACK: ~~Oh, well, there's an improvement.~~ ~~Remember when you just~~
~~thought the covered wagon was the only way to know what~~
~~modern men were like.~~ And ~~then~~, speaking of food,
reminds me of eating, and speaking of eating reminds me of my
sponsor who makes it possible, and speaking of the sponsor
~~who makes it possible~~ reminds me of the commercial. Now I've
got something swell this week for our quartette. Where are
the Sportsmen? *Don*

JACK: Yes.

JACK: But Don, what're we going to do? We have to have a commercial.

JACK: Their wives? ~~But Don, the dog is in the back of the~~

FACEBOOK OFF THE HOOK, AND THE GOVERNMENT'S SHOCKED

JACK: Oh yes..Hello, girls.

JACK: It's awfully nice of you ladies to come over and help us out
..have they got a number prepared, Don?

JACK: Okay, girls let's hear it.

QUART: NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN CAROLINA
IN THE MORNING.

ELVIA: ^{Oh in} ~~THE~~ THE MORNING.

QUART: THERE THEY GROW TOBACCO AND THEY SHIP IT BY THE SACKO
IN THE MORNING.

ELVIA: ^{I said} ~~THE~~ THE MORNING.

QUART: ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY
FULLY PACKED, YOU SEE
EVERYONE SMOKES THOSE LUCKIES
GOOD OLD L S M F T.

ELVIA: SO FREE AND EASY

SARA: F. E. BOONE AND SPEEDY
KNOW TOBACCO, YES INDEEDY
CAUSE THEY TOLD ME.

ELVIA: I'LL BET YOU LOVED IT.

SARA: QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL
AND BELIEVE ME THAT'S WHAT SOLD ME

ELVIA: SHE REALLY MEANS IT.

QUART: IF WE HAD ALLADIN'S LAMP FOR ONLY A DAY
WE WOULD MAKE A WISH AND HERE IS WHAT WE WOULD SAY
WISH WE WERE IN TEXAS
WHERE THEY HAVE NO VIRUS X'S
IN THE MORNING.

(APPLAUSE)

Jack: Don!

Jack: Don!

JACK: That was very nice, girls. Thanks so much for helping us out.

ELVIA: You're welcome..and I want to thank you for sending your doctor over to take care of my husband.

JACK: Oh, how does your husband feel?

ELVIA: I don't know, he just looks up at me with those big brown eyes and goes (HORSE WHINNY)

JACK: I guess Mary was right....Goodbye, girls.

GIRLS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Say Don, didn't I see two of them at your house on New Year's Eve?

DON: Yes Jack..We had a lot of fun, didn't we?

JACK: We certainly did.

DON: And Mary, I'm ^{certainly} ~~sure~~ glad you were well enough to attend my New Year's Eve party.

MARY: So am I, Don..I had such a good time..But I haven't had a chance to tell you what happened after Jack and I left your house.

JACK: Mary..

DON: What happened, Mary..tell me.

MARY: Well..

JACK: Mary, it's all over, forget about it.

MARY: I will not.

JACK: Oh...

MARY: Don...it was after midnight, and as you remember, we were still at your house having a wonderful time..

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: PARTY NOISES..WITH HORNS, ETC...UP AND DOWN)

~~JACK: You know, Mary, this is the best New Year's Eve party I've ever been~~

~~MARY: Me too... Jack,~~

JACK: You know, ^{Mary} this is the best New Year's Eve party I've ever been to.

MARY: Me too... ^{But} it's way past midnight, how about taking me home?

JACK: Okay Mary, sure..Wait'll I say goodbye...GOODBYE, DON, IT WAS A WONDERFUL PARTY.

DON: GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT..SO. LONG, JACK.

JACK: Now let's see..where's Phil?

*Jack: Goodbye, Mrs. Wilson.
Sara: Goodbye, Jack.*

MARY: You're standing on him.

JACK: How do you like that.

MARY: Well it's Don's fault. He shouldn't have let him drink so much.

JACK: What do you mean, Don's fault? Phil was this way when he got here.

MARY: He was not.

JACK: Mary, when Phil arrived, I opened the door and he fell in like a body in a murder mystery...Now come on, let's go.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee Mary, isn't this a nice night out?

MARY: It sure is.

JACK: What a beautiful sky..you know, the stars look so close..and they seem to be different colors..red..pink..blue..yellow.

MARY: Jack, that's confetti on your glasses.

JACK: Oh yes...Anyway Mary, it was certainly a wonderful New Year's Eve party..We sure had a lot of --

MEL: (DRUNK) Pardon me, folks, pardon me..

JACK: Huh?

MEL: What do you think I oughta get my wife for Christmas?

MARY: Christmas? Mister, Christmas was a whole week ago..this is New Year's.

MEL: You mean it's already 1945?

JACK: It's 1948.

MEL: Oh my goodness, I better get home. (HICCUP) (Applause)

JACK: Oh well, everybody celebrates in his own way....Say Mary, did you notice at the party when the new year came in, everybody got sentimental and they quieted down.

MARY: What do you mean they got sentimental?

JACK: Well, they stopped singing and dancing.

MARY: They had to...at the stroke of twelve, Petrillo came in and shut off the phonograph.

JACK: Oh, is that who it was?...Well, here's your house, Mary.

MARY: Yeah....

JACK:Mary....

MARY: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Well, since this is the New Year, how about giving me a little kiss?

MARY: Oh Jack, let's not go through that again....You always get so emotional.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: You do too....The last time I kissed you, you ran home, threw yourself across the bed, and cried for an hour.

JACK: Well, that was my own fault...I'd had two glasses of cooking sherry....Anyway.

MARY: Well, goodnight Jack, and happy New Year,

JACK: Goodnight Mary, and a ---- Hey, wait a minute, ~~Henry~~. How would you like to go to the Rose Bowl Game?

MARY: Say, that would be wonderful, but Jack, have you got tickets?

~~JACK: I haven't got.~~

~~MARY: I haven't got?~~

JACK: ~~Henry~~, There's plenty of time, the game doesn't start till tomorrow afternoon.

MARY: Tomorrow? It's already two o'clock in the morning.

JACK: Don't worry about it. I'll get the tickets. Come on, let's go in your house.....I want to use your phone.

MARY: That's an old excuse but I'll take a chance.

JACK: Oh, don't be silly.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS .. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: Let's see...who can I...well, I'll be darned, there's the blanket..you weren't kidding about my doctor, were you?... Now, who can I get tickets from...Oh, I know, I'll call Jeff Cravath, the U.S.C. coach.

MARY: The U.S.C. coach? But Jack, he may be asleep,

JACK: What do you mean asleep? He hasn't slept since the Notre Dame game...Oh, I know who'll let me have his extra tickets if he has any.

MARY: Who?

JACK: Ronald Colman.

MARY: Jack, you wouldn't call Mr. Colman at this hour.

JACK: Why not, this is New Year's Eve....Hand me the phone.
(HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM")

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP....DIALING....RINGING OF PHONE...

4 RECEIVER UP)

RAY: The Ronald Colman residence...Sherwood the butler speaking.

JACK: Sherwood, this is Mr. Benny, may I speak to Mr. Colman?

RAY: ~~Oh yes, Mr. Benny, I'm sorry to disturb you.~~...Mr. Colman is asleep, *sir.*

JACK: Asleep already? Didn't he celebrate New Year's Eve?

RAY: Oh yes, we had a rip roaring time here till almost nine o'clock.

JACK: Nine o'clock? How could you celebrate the new year that early?

RAY: We're on London time, you know.

JACK: Oh yes yes...Well Sherwood, ~~what chance I call him at this time?~~
do you know
if Mr. Colman has any extra tickets to the Rose Bowl?

RAY: Oh, I'm sure he hasn't any.

JACK: Oh..well in that case, Sherwood, I'm sorry I woke you up, but I do want to take this opportunity to wish you a happy new year and that 1948 will be a year that you and yours will enjoy not only health and happiness, but --

RAY: I say, old chap, would you mind saying goodbye...there's a draft, *blowing* ~~going~~ up my night-shirt.

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

RAY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Have any luck, Jack?

JACK: No, the Colman's didn't have any extra tickets..but they have cross ventilation.

MARY: What?

JACK: Don't worry, Mary, I'll get tickets if I have to --- Hey Mary, look out the window...Look who's passing...my pal...my buddy.. Open the window quick!

(SOUND: WINDOW UP)

JACK: HEY NORMAN..NORMAN..HAVE YOU GOT TWO EXTRA TICKETS TO THE ROSE BOWL GAME?

MEL: (WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH) *(Applause)*

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: WINDOW DOWN)

MARY: Well Jack, it's way after two thirty, I'm going to bed.

JACK: Wait a minute Mary, I just thought of something...For the Rose Bowl game, they always put about six thousand tickets on public sale. All we have to do is go down and buy them at the box office.

MARY: But Jack, there'll be a million people there.

JACK: All right, so look how early we'll be.....~~Now~~ I'll call Rochester and have him pick us up in my car and take us out to Pasadena.

(BAND NUMBER) *"Gotta get a girl" - (few bars)*
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND ROUTINE

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR STRAINING UP HILL..SUSTAIN)

MARY: Do you think your car will make this hill, Jack?

JACK: Sure. Rochester, give it a little more gas.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MOTOR LOUDER...MEL JOINS IN AS MOTOR STRAINS

HARDER..THEN LEVELS OFF AND GOES SMOOTHLY...

SUSTAINS LIGHTLY IN BACKGROUND) (*Applause*)

JACK: We made it, Mary, you can hop in now.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS)

MARY: Whew! Why don't you get rid of this thing and buy a new one.

JACK: Mary, how can you suggest such a thing...I couldn't get rid of this car...It's like an old friend...It's been with me through thick and thin...through rain and shine...through joy and sorrow.

ROCH: THROUGH MC KINLEY AND TRUMAN.

JACK: Yeah...

MARY: Seriously Jack, maybe you can get a new car through Fred Allen. You know he's changing sponsors this week and he's going on the air for Ford.

JACK: Mary, I wouldn't ask Fred Allen a favor for anything. Why, if I were stranded on some foreign island, hungry, and Allen came to me with food, I'd rather starve than accept a favor from him.

MARY: How can you say that...a month ago you sold him Christmas cards.

JACK: That's business... ~~Imagineable going over for Ford. Although~~

~~with the car, and~~...Rochester, turn to the right
on Camden Drive...I know a short cut to Pasadena.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP...LOUSEY HORN...THEN FADE TO BACKGROUND
AND SUSTAIN.)

JACK: Gee Mary, I hope we can get tickets. I wouldn't miss this game for anything in the world. It's gonna be.....

MARY: Oh Jack, look at that poor old man.

JACK: Where? Oh yes...look at that old man hobbling along on the sidewalk...That's a shame.

ROCH: WHY FEEL SORRY FOR HIM...HE'S GOING FASTER THAN WE ARE.

JACK: Never mind, stop the car.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Say Mister, would you like a lift.

GRIFF: (OFF)... Eh??

JACK: (YELLING) I SAID...WOULD YOU LIKE A LIFT? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

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GRIFF: Oh, I'm going to Pasadena to the Rosy Bowl.

JACK: Oh, are you going to see the game.

GRIFF: See it? I'm playing halfback for U.S.C. *(Applause)*

JACK: Oh Well, you don't have to be there till two o'clock..Drive on, Rochester.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND SUSTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: Say Mary, the reason I'm so anxious to see this game...I don't know if I told you or not..but I bet on U.S.C.

MARY: You did?

JACK: Yeah, and did I get a sucker..He took Michigan and gave me forty points.. That's a sure thing if I -- Hey, Rochester, slow down..there's a parking ^{lot} ~~space~~..what does the sign say, Mary?

MARY: Park Here For The Rose Bowl, One dollar.

JACK: What? A Dollar. Why, of all the profiteering rackets.. One dollar, that's outrageous. That's the most.....

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS...THAT'S ^YOUR OWN HOUSE.

JACK: Oh yes.. Gee, fifteen cars already...and it's only four o'clock in the morning...Now, Rochester, let's get to Pasadena as fast as we can. I don't want to miss getting those Rose Bowl tickets.

~~MARY: Oh, I'm going to see the game...I'm going to see the game...I'm going to see the game...~~

~~JACK: Oh, I'm going to see the game...~~

MARY: *Look, Jack - we*
~~Remember~~ left Phil at Don's house...and there he is walking toward us.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...Rochester stop the car.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: HEY PHIL...PHIL.

PHIL: H'ya Jackson.

JACK: Phil, do you know what condition you were in when I left
Don's?

PHIL: Yes, ^{Jackson} ~~and~~, and I felt awful. It's the first time I ever
passed out after the first glass.

JACK: After the first glass? For heaven's sake, what were you
drinking?

PHIL: Milk.

JACK: Milk?

PHIL: Yeah, some wise guy turned out the lights and handed it to
me.

JACK: But Phil, milk is good for you when you're drinking..it
neutralizes the alcohol and makes you feel good the next
morning.

PHIL: Go on, Daddy, now tell me about the birds and the bees.

JACK: Phil, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

PHIL: Ashamed of what..So I've been having a little fun for the
last two nights.

JACK: Last two nights? Everybody else has a party on New Year's
Eve, but you have to start your party the night before.

PHIL: So what. Henry Wallace started his party the night before
that. HA HA HA HA ^(expletive) ^(mistake) ^{ain't} ...OH HARRIS, THAT MILK ~~ain't~~ SLOWED YOU
DOWN A BIT!

JACK: Oh brother...Say Phil, I don't think you should be walking around like this..Why don't you get in the car and let us drive you home.

PHIL: No no, I feel fine now. I'll get home all right..
 Say Jackson...~~where~~ ^{this} did you get ~~the~~ brand new car?

JACK: What?

MARY: You better help him in, Jack.

JACK: Yeah.

PHIL: Look, you don't have to help me. I'm going to walk home.

MARY: But Phil, when you go out, doesn't Alice worry about you?

PHIL: Oh sure, that's why she sewed this note to my lapel.

MARY: Note? Let me see that.

JACK: What does it say, Mary.

MARY: "To Whom it may concern...If lost, remove ropes from coat pocket, stand him up, and tie him to a lamp post.

JACK: Oh well then he's all right...So long Phil, I'll be seeing you Sunday.

PHIL: Okay..Happy New Year, Jackson.

JACK: ~~Happy new year~~
 Now hurry up, Rochester, I want to be sure and get those tickets.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: HUEBUE OF VOICES...FADE TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: ~~standing here so long -~~
 Gee, what a crowd!

MARY: Yeah..here it is almost noon and we've been standing in this ticket line for five hours!

JACK: Yosh, and the line doesn't seem to -- HEY, YOU BACK THERE, STOP SHOVING....I wonder how long it'll be before we get to the--I SAID STOP SHOVING....I can't understand it, Mary.. people go to football games and it brings out the worst in them because they -- LOOK, I WARNED YOU TWICE..AND IF YOU SHOVE ME ONCE MORE, I'LL DRAG YOU OUT OF LINE AND --

JENNY: I can't help it, Mister, people are pushing me.

JACK: I don't care if--

MARY: Jack, control yourself.

JACK: Well...~~what's the matter~~...Lucky for her she's wearing glasses.... Say, I'm getting kind of hungry.

MARY: Me too...I think there's a man selling hot dogs over there.

JACK: Where? Oh yes...HEY MISTER..YOU WITH THE HOT DOGS.

ARTIE: (COMING IN..SINGS) PICKLE IN THE MIDDLE
WITH⁺ THE MUSTARD ON TOP (Applause)
JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE 'EM
AND THEY'RE ALL RED HOT.

~~(ANNOUNCED)~~

JACK: Why, it's Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny....Happy New Year, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Hello, Mr. Kitzel..Say, this is a coincidence...we first met you selling hot dogs here at the Rose Bowl two years ago.

JACK: Yes, and now you're back here again.

ARTIE: Ah've been selling hot dogs for nigh onto twenty years...

JACK: Twenty years, eh? Well, how is the hot dog business?

ARTIE: Well..it's pretty good but I don't relish it.

JACK: Relish?

ARTIE: (LAUGHINGLY) Hoo Hoo Hoo Hoo...I made a joke.

JACK: Yes you did, ^{very good, too,}..Well, give me a couple of hot dogs.

ARTIE: Coming up.

JACK: By the way, there's a slight meat shortage, where do you get your frankfurters?

ARTIE: From a doctor in Beverly Hills.

MARY: ~~...from~~ *Jack, that must be your horse doctor.*

JACK: Mary, he means a butcher...two frankfurters, Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Do you want the pickle in the middle and the mustard on top, or the mustard in the middle and Johnny Longdon on top?

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, stop making jokes..And here's your money.

ARTIE: Denk you Mr. Benny, and Happy New Year.

JACK: Same to you..

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, Mary, he's a cute guy.

MARY: Uh huh...Darn it, this line doesn't seem to move up at all.

JACK: Boy, I sure hope we can get tickets..I'm so anxious to see the game.

EDDIE: Pssst, hey bud..bud.

JACK: Huh?

EDDIE: You say you wanna get ^{some} tickets, you say you wanna see the game, tell you what I'm gonna do.

JACK: What?

EDDIE: I gotta pair of tickets smack on the fifty yard line, and you can have them for only seventy-five bucks.

JACK: (COUGHS AND CHOKES FOR SEVERAL SECONDS)

MARY: Hit him on the back, Mister, he's choking on that hot dog.

JACK: You're darn right I'm choking..Look Mister, you've got a nerve...charging seventy-five dollars for a pair of football tickets.

EDDIE: That ain't nothin'...There's a crook way out in Beverly Hills charging a buck to park cars.

JACK: That's beside the point...you come here and..HEY YOU BACK THERE...I WARNED YOU THREE TIMES TO STOP SHOVING...IF YOU DON't I'LL--

MEL: (VERY TOUGH) YOU'LL WHAT?

JACK: Gee, somebody must have taken her place.

MEL: I TOOK HER PLACE, I'M HER HUSBAND.

JACK: Well congratulations, she's a lovely girl....Now where's that wise guy that was trying to sell me those--

MARY: He's gone...

JACK: Oh yes...You know, Mary, it's a shame..Dennis, wanted to see this game today, but he's got a bad cold, too, and he had to stay in bed.

MARY: Gee, more people have been...Jack, Jack move up, you're next at the ticket window.

JACK: Oh yes, yes.

RYAN: All right, Mister, how many tickets do you want?

JACK: How much are they?

RYAN: Five dollars and fifty cents.

~~JACK: How much are they?~~

~~RYAN: Five dollars and fifty cents.~~

~~JACK: How much are they?~~

~~MARY: Jack.~~

~~JACK: How much are they?~~

~~RYAN: Five dollars and fifty cents.~~

~~JACK: How much are they?~~

~~RYAN: Five dollars and fifty cents.~~

JACK: ...Well.

MARY: Here's my money, Jack.

JACK: No no, Mary, I'll pay for these.

MARY: I'll buy my own. I've still got money left from the May Company.

JACK: Okay.

MARY: One ticket, Mister.

RYAN: Here you are.

JACK: Give me ^a ticket right next to her's.

RYAN: Here you are..and boy are you two lucky..Those were the last tickets.

(SOUND: WINDOW DOWN..CROWD NOISES UP)

EDDIE & MEL: (AD LIB DISGUSTED PHRASES.."WHAT DO YOU MEAN LAST TICKET?" "HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT"...ETC.)

JACK: Come on Mary, let's get out of here...Boy are we lucky... I had my heart set all year on seeing this game and I'm going to see it.Come on Mary, we're over at Tunnel sixteen.

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JACK: How much are they?

RYAN: Five dollars and fifty cents.

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~~JACK: How much are they?~~

~~MARY: Jack.~~

~~JACK: How much are they?~~

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JACK: Come on Mary, let's get out of here...Boy are we lucky... I had my heart set all year on seeing this game and I'm going to see it.Come on Mary, we're over at Tunnel sixteen.

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JACK: It's guys like you that always try to....How much?

IX: Seven bucks.

JACK: *Seven dollars?* *IX: Yep -*

Jack Mister, do me a favor, will you?

IX: What?

JACK: There'll be a girl sitting next to you, tell her you picked my pocket.

IX: Okay..here's your money.

JACK: Thanks..So long, mister.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Gee, I hate to miss that game.. but then again, with this money I can...Wait a minute..what kind of a five dollar bill did he give me? Look at the picture on it...Mad Man Muntz....HEY....HEY MISTER....COME BACK....COME BACK..COME BACK HERE..COME BACK HERE.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

~~JACK: Peace and good government is a universal goal.~~
Government. Now that cold weather is here, the food situation in Western Europe is growing steadily worse. Widespread crop failures in that area of Europe bring its people closer and closer to actual starvation. In order to protect our own freedom, prosperity and peace...all Americans are urged to back the President's Food Conservation Program. Remember... "Save Wheat - save meat - save the Peace."

(APPLAUSE)

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

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JACK BENNY
1-4-48

-B-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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?

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

LAING: 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 ... THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSEMAN!

LAING: Mr. Floyd Clay, well-known tobacco warehouseman of Versailles, Kentucky operates one of the largest tobacco warehouses in the world. Not long ago he said:

VOICE: Up through the years I've seen American buy tobacco that's ripe and mild ... tobacco with real flavor and mellowness. I've smoked Luckies myself for 17 years.

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

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

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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MUSIC: "Just One of Those Things."

(TAG)

MARY: Well, anyway Don, now you know why I'll never go to another football game with Jack.

DON: Well, I don't blame you, Mary.

JACK: That smart guy ^{that sold me the ticket}. I'd like to see him again and I'd tell him plenty.

MARY: Well, drop into Oiros tonight and you can.

JACK: How do you know he's going to be there?

MARY: I've got a date with him.

JACK: You would... Goodnight, folks.

Music: Play off.

Announcer: This is NBC--The National Broadcasting Company.