

PROGRAM #15

REVISED SCRIPT

*As Broadcast*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, January 11, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0310418

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RUYSDAEL: Quality of produce is essential to continuing success.

LAING: An outstanding example: Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts - and year after year - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

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

LAING: Mr. Charles Belvin of Durham, North Carolina has attended more than 2000 auctions as an independent tobacco buyer. Not long ago he said:

VOICE: At market after market, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy ripe, mild tobacco -- take my word for it, that fine tobacco makes one swell smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 16 years.

LAING: Season after season, independent tobacco experts like Mr. Belvin 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 packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(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....IN A FEW HOURS THE JACK BENNY TROUPE WILL BOARD A TRAIN FOR DENVER, COLORADO, WHERE THEY ARE GOING TO OPEN THE "MARCH OF DIMES" CAMPAIGN,.....SO LET'S *trips like this require a lot of preparation* GO TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND JACK AND ROCHESTER PACKING.

JACK: Gee Rochester, I'm all excited about this trip.

ROCH: ME TOO, BOSS.

JACK: You know, it's pretty cold in Denver this time of year.

ROCH: IT SURE IS....DO YOU WANT TO TAKE YOUR LONG ONES OR YOUR SHORT ONES?

JACK: Well...I better take the long ones.

~~ROCHESTER: THE SIDE BURNS WILL KEEP MY EARS WARM.~~  
JACK: ~~THE~~ the side burns will keep my ears warm. Now let's see... have you all my clothes packed?

ROCH: I THINK SO...ONE PAIR OF PAJAMAS, ONE SET OF UNDERWEAR, ONE PAIR OF SOCKS, ONE SHIRT, ONE HANDKERCHIEF, AND SIX BOXES OF DUZ.

JACK: ...That Duz is wonderful....it does everything.

ROCH: NO IT DON'T....LITTLE OLD ROCHESTER HAS TO DO THE IRONING.

JACK: Well, Rochester...I like you to take care of my laundry personally because you do it better than anybody.

ROCH: THAT REMINDS ME, BOSS....WHEN YOU GET BACK FROM DENVER, YOU BETTER BUY AN EXTRA BENDIX.

JACK: But Rochester....why do we need an extra washer?

ROCH: THE DAY AFTER HER BABY CAME DINAH SHORE SIGNED UP FOR OUR DIAPER SERVICE.

JACK: Oh, good...good....and that reminds me...I better send an *on second thought I think I'll let naps take care of it while I'm gone* application blank to Shirley Temple...Now Rochester, did you notify everyone that we're leaving town for a week?

ROCH: YES SIR...I HAD THEM SHUT OFF THE GAS, THE WATER, THE PHONE AND THE LIGHTS.

JACK: What did you do about the milk?

ROCH: I SENT THE COW AWAY TO A REST FARM...

JACK: That's fine....she oughta be loaded when we come back...Now Rochester...finish packing because we don't want to miss the train.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: You know, Rochester....every time I take a train trip, it brings back such memories....it was just about ten years ago on a train that I first met you.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: You were a porter....I remember when we arrived in Los Angeles ...you helped me on with my coat..and whisked all the dust off me.

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ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Then you picked up my bags..carried them all the way through the station and out to the taxi cab.

ROCH: THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO...NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME MY TIP, I'LL GO HOME TO MY FAMILY. *(Applause)*

JACK: Oh Rochester, stop kidding...you know you like this job and you've been very happy ~~there~~ *with me* because-

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: See who that is, Rochester, I'll finish packing.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (TO HIMSELF) HEE HEE HEE....I SURE LIKE TO TEASE THE BOSS... HE TAKES EVERYTHING SO SERIOUS...IF HE ONLY KNEW...I WOULDN'T LEAVE HIM FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK...NOT FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS...NOT FOR THREE HUND --(FOOTSTEPS STOP) THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS?.....GET BEHIND ME, SATAN....NAH, I'D NEVER LEAVE THE BOSS.....BUT STILL....THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS YOU CAN BUY WITH THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS THAT--  
SATAN, STOP PUSHING,,,,,,,SOMETIMES I THINK--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING....COMING...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: Hello, Miss Livingstone, come in.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

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MARY: Has Mr. Benny finished packing yet?

ROCH: UH HUH....HE'S GOT A SUIT-CASE FULL OF CLOTHES AND A TRUNK  
FULL OF VITAMIN PILLS.

MARY: A trunk full of vitamin pills?

ROCH: WITH SO MANY GERMS IN THE AIR, MR. BENNY'S TAKING ALONG  
HIS OWN IRON CURTAIN.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Oh, where is he now?

ROCH: IN HIS ROOM, YOU CAN GO ON IN.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Say Rochester, I--Oh, it's you, Mary....I'll be with you in  
a second..I just want to pack my tuxedo.

MARY: Oh Jack..you're not going to take that tuxedo... It's  
got a moth hole in it.

JACK: Oh nobody'll notice the moth hole, I'll stick a flower in it.

MARY: But Jack, when you sit down, you'll smash it.

JACK: Oh...well then I just won't sit down.

MARY: Don't bend over either, you'll look like Ramona.

JACK: Ramona?....Yes, I guess you're right..Remley would be  
following me around playing his guitar....Now let's see....

MARY: Jack, why are you taking a tuxedo to Colorado anyway?

JACK: Mary, we're going to Denver for the opening of the March of  
Dimes. The governor will be there and I'll probably make  
a speech. Last time I was at the March of Dimes Campaign,  
I talked for two hours.

MARY: You talked for three hours, but you had to give them the dime anyway.

JACK: Mary, now stop with those jokes. I've gotta finish packing...  
Now let's see..what else should I take...(HUMS) RAMONA...DA  
DA DE DA DA DA DE DA...

MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack..

JACK: RAMONA..DA DA DE DA DA--

MARY: Jack..

JACK: Huh?

MARY: (WHISPERS) Look in the other room on your dresser..Isn't that cute?

JACK: What?

MARY: Rochester put a rose between your teeth.

JACK: Teeth? What's the matter with your eyes? Those are two white combs..~~combs~~...Say, Mary, are you all packed?

MARY: Yes..I sent everything ahead to the station...I hope they're careful with my skis.

JACK: Oh, are you going ski-ing up there?

MARY: Sure...that's wonderful ski-ing country. You ought to try it too, Jack.

JACK: Nah...I tried to ski once...my feet went out from under me and I fell flat on my face.

MARY: ..There's an answer to that but I gave it to Judy Canova.

JACK: Well, I'm glad you gave it to somebody..Now let's see.. Well, I think I've got everything I'll need.

ROCH: OH BOSS.

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: DON'T FORGET YOUR COMBS, YOU MAY HAVE STEAK ON THE TRAIN. *(Applause)*

JACK: Don't worry, don't worry...Now what else do I have to do..Oh  
yes, I want to go down to my vault and take out some money.

MARY: Take out some money?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Can I watch, Daddy?

JACK: No..Now I'll be right back.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...HEAVY IRON DOOR HANDLE TURNING  
WITH CHAINS..IRON DOOR OPENS WITH CREAKING  
OF CHAINS...SIX MORE FOOTSTEPS - HOLLOW  
EFFECT - SECOND HANDLE TURNS...SECOND IRON  
DOOR OPENS WITH HEAVIER CHAINS..TWO MORE  
FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt, who goes there, friend or foe?

JACK: Friend.

KEARNS: What's the pass word?

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

KEARNS: Oh, it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: That's right...how are you, Ed?

KEARNS: Fine, fine...How are things on the outside?

JACK: Oh, not so good...There've been thousands of cases of Virus X  
in Los Angeles.

KEARNS: Hmm..I've never heard of that before.



JACK: Virus X?

KEARNS: No, Los Angeles.

JACK: Oh oh..well Los Angeles is a city that's been built since you've come down here...Don't you remember, Ed, when I first brought you out here..that little adobe hut down near the Plaza?

KEARNS: Yes yes.

JACK: Well, that's now renting for four thousand dollars a month!  
...Of course, Ed, Los Angeles is a big city now..It's the home of over three million men and women.

KEARNS: .....Men....and..what?

JACK: Women.

KEARNS: ~~from~~ *Women?*

JACK: Squaws.

KEARNS: OH..OH.

JACK: Yes...Well, I'm leaving town and I need a little money, Ed..  
I'm going to open the safe now.

KEARNS: Shall I gouge out my eyes?

JACK: No no, Ed, I trust you....Now let's see..the combination is right to forty-five..(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)..Left to one sixty (LIGHT TURNING SOUND)..Back to fifteen (LIGHT TURNING SOUND)..Then left to one ten (LIGHT SOUND)...There.

(SOUND: HANDLE TURNS..STEAM WHISTLES, BELLS, GONGS,  
ETC..ENDING WITH B.O. WHISTLE)

JACK: Give me your hand, Ed. I'll help you up.

KEARNS: It's my own fault, ~~the safe~~...I shouldn't have stood so close to it.

JACK: Now let's see...I'll be in Denver a week...there, that ought to be enough money.

(SOUND: SAFE DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, see you later, Ed..Goodbye.

KEARNS: Goodbye..Oh say, Mr. Benny..

JACK: Yes.

KEARNS: Do you mind if I shave, I'm stepping on it.

JACK: Oh why bother, you'll only have to buy clothes..So long, Ed (Applause)

(SOUND: HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS UP...IRON DOOR CLOSES...

NORMAL FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS...SINGS) RAMONA..DA DA DA DE DA DE DA DA..

MARY: Did you take enough money, Jack?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Sure Mary, now all I have to do is --

DENNIS: Hello Miss Livingstone, hello Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: It's good to see you again, kid..we missed you last week.

MARY: We sure did..how do you feel, Dennis?

DENNIS: All right, but I sure am tired. I pushed my car all the way over here from my home in Van Nuys.

MARY: Pushed your car? Why?

DENNIS: The motor was broken and it wouldn't run.

MARY: Well, if your <sup>car doesn't run</sup> ~~motor wasn't running~~, why didn't you leave it in Van Nuys?

DENNIS: Then I wouldn't have any way to get home.

MARY: You take him Jack, I lost my round.

JACK: Kid, everybody in the cast was sorry that you were sick last week.

DENNIS: Boy, did I feel awful...I had a temperature of a hundred and two.

JACK: A hundred and two, eh?

MARY: I know what you went through, Dennis...You know I was sick too.

DENNIS: How much temperature did you have?

MARY: A hundred and one.

DENNIS: (CONTEMPTUOUSLY) HA!!

JACK: Dennis, ~~stop being silly~~ stop being silly.

DENNIS: ~~By the way~~..By the way, Mr. Benny..I want to thank you for sending your doctor over to see me when I was sick.

MARY: For heaven's sakes Jack .. are you still sending that horse doctor to people.

JACK: Mary, I wish you'd stop talking like that about Dr. Nelson .. he's not a horse doctor.

MARY: He is a horse doctor.

JACK: He is not .. He cured Dennis ... didn't he, kid?

DENNIS: Yeah .. Well, I've got to go now, it's time to eat my oats.

JACK: Now cut that out.

MARY: Dennis, how long were you sick?

DENNIS: For over a week ... My father had to stay home and take care of me.

JACK: Your father? Dennis, why didn't you have a nurse?

DENNIS: With a temperature of a hundred and two, I didn't trust myself.

JACK: Hmmm .. Look Dennis .. we better stop this talking and hurry .. The train leaves for Denver at seven o'clock.

DENNIS: By the way, Mr. Benny .. how many weeks are you going to stay in Denver?

JACK: One.

DENNIS: HA!!!

JACK: Go ahead, Mary .. it's your round again.

MARY: Oh no, Jack, you can have him. I don't want him, he's too much for me.

JACK: Well, I'm not going to take any chances .. Dennis, have you got a song prepared for the broadcast?

DENNIS: Yes, but my doctor told me not to sing. I have laryngitis.

JACK: Dennis, if you have laryngitis, why aren't you whispering?

DENNIS: Why? It's no secret.

JACK: ~~Well, let's hear it.~~

~~DENNIS: Okay.~~

~~JACK: ROCHESTER, TAKE MY BAGS DOWN TO THE STATION AND I'LL MEET  
YOU THERE.~~

~~(DENNIS LEAVES ON PHONE, OFF SCREEN)~~

~~(DENNIS)~~

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(SCENE: DORMITORY)

~~JACK: Dennis, you sang that beautiful song, didn't you?~~

*Jack: I didn't mean that.*  
~~DENNIS: Yes, I know.~~

MARY: You know, Dennis...when I was sick...the doctor came to see me twice a day..How often did he come to see you?

DENNIS: Once.

MARY: HA!!

JACK: That's tellin' him, Mary...Well look, Dennis, we've got a lot of things to do, so you better run along.

DENNIS: Okay...see you later, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a kid...Say Mary, are you ready to go to the station?

MARY: Yes Jack, and the taxi's waiting out front.

JACK: Good, good...Come on, Mary, let's go. *Rochester left already with my baggage.*  
~~(TRANSITION: MUSIC)~~ *(Band time) "I love you" (Applause)*

(SOUND: NICE MOTOR UP AND FADE)

MARY: Well Jack, we're almost there...you can see the Union Station up ahead.

JACK: Yeah..You know Mary, it's so much better coming down in a taxi...They can take you right down to the main--

(SOUND: QUICK LOUD SQUEAL OF BRAKES)

HY: Okay folks, you can get out here.

JACK: Get out here? But driver, we're a block away. Why don't you take us right to the station?

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HY: No..I..I never take anybody to the station.

JACK: Why?

HY: I can't stand saying goodbye. *(Applause)*

JACK: Driver, stop with that nonsense and take us to the station.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP)

JACK: Imagine a taxi driver being so sentimental...can't say goodbye.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: How can a---

(SOUND: CLICK OF METER)

JACK: Whoop!...A dollar sixty....Gee, I didn't think we lived that far from--

(SOUND: LOUD CAR BRAKES..CAR STOPS)

HY: Okay folks, here you are at the Union Station.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

HY: That'll be a dollar sixty.

JACK: Here's your money...Come on Mary..So long, Driver.

HY: (TEARFULLY) Goodbye, Mister. Take care of yourself, have a nice trip.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake..Come on, Mary.

HY: (TEARFUL) Goodbye Lady, have a nice time, take care of yourself.

MARY: I will.

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HY: (CRYING SOFTLY) I don't know why people have to go away...  
(GRIES) (FADING..CRYING) I knew this was gonna happen. I didn't wanta come to the station, but he made me do it, he made me..he made me.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES AWAY)

JACK: Hmm...I never saw such an emotional <sup>*Taxi driver*</sup> ~~guy~~..Oh well, I'm glad he's gone. Now let's see....

ROCH: OH BOSS, BOSS.

JACK: There's Rochester with all my bags...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Rochester, are you sure you didn't forget anything?

ROCH: OH NO BOSS, EVERYTHING IS HERE...<sup>*one*</sup> ~~TRUNK~~, <sup>*one*</sup> ~~VALISE~~,  
A VIOLIN, A DUFFLE BAG, AND A BIRD CAGE.

MARY: Bird Cage?

MEL: (TWO SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Hello, Polly.

MEL: Hello. (WHISTLE)

MARY: Jack, you mean you're taking your parrot along to Denver?

JACK: Well Mary, I think I should..I'm taking her on this trip to forget.

MARY: Forget?

JACK: Yes...That carrier pigeon she was in love with was transferred to the Mediterranean..She seemed so--

MEL: THERE'S JUST ONE PLACE FOR ME...NEAR YOU. (SQUAWKS)

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(Applause)

JACK: Forget it, Polly, he'll be back. Come on Mary, let's get in the station.

(SOUND: STATION DOOR OPENS...STATION NOISES UP AND ESTABLISH)

MEL: (FILTER) TRAIN LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: I'm glad we got here early...

MARY: Yeah, but I feel so silly Jack, do you have to carry that parrot?

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION PLEASE, ATTENTION..ALL PASSENGERS GOING TO ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA PLEASE VALIDATE YOUR SMUDGE POTS.

JACK: Hm...Come on Mary, let's see if we can find the---

HY: (TEARFUL) Oh, there you are, Mister..I've been looking all over for you.

JACK: Huh? Wait a minute, you're the taxi driver. I thought you left.

HY: I had to come back. Have a nice trip, take care of yourself, and don't forget to write.

JACK: Gee Mary, he does hate to say goodbye.

HY: (CRYING) Goodbye, Mister. Goodbye Lady. ~~Thank you~~, why do people have to go away?

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's <sup>get out of here.</sup> ~~go~~. People are looking at us. <sup>Silly guy.</sup> I've got our reservations for the Pullman but I better go over and get the tickets.

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MEL: (SINGS) THERE'S JUST ONE PLACE FOR ME..NEAR YOU..(WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly.

MARY: Look Jack, there's Phil.

JACK: Where?..Oh yes..Hello Phil.

PHIL: H'ya, Jackson..I thought I'd..well..Hello Polly.

MEL: Hello. (HIC)

JACK: Phil, stop breathing on her....and what are you doing ~~here~~  
here at the station anyway? I thought you were taking a  
later train.

PHIL: I am, I just came down early to check some of my luggage,  
but I still got some more packing to do.

JACK: Oh, well by the way, Phil, it might be pretty cold in Denver.  
Is your coat checked?

PHIL: Yeah, I...Ask me that again, will you, Jackson?

JACK: I said, is your coat checked?

PHIL: No, it's blue serge..HA HA HA HA..OH HARRIS, IT'S TOO BAD  
YOU AIN'T PRESIDENT SO YOU COULD BE ON ALL FOUR NETWORKS..

JACK: Phil, the only chance you'd ever have of--

JENNY: Pardon me, aren't you Phil Harris?

PHIL: I sure am, Honey..and take a good look while you can because  
I'm gonna be out of town for a whole week, *baby*.

JENNY: Oh, I knew it was you, Mr. Harris..May I have your  
autograph?

PHIL: .....Well....

JACK: Watch this, Mary.

JENNY: Oh please, Mr. Harris, give me your autograph.

PHIL:.....Well....

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JACK: This oughta be good, Mary..you know he can't write his own name.

MARY: I know.

JENNY: Come on, Mr. Harris..your autograph, please.

PHIL: Well...<sup>Look</sup>~~...come~~ Honey, I ain't got no pencil...but here's something better than my autograph.

JACK: How do you like that, he gave her a lock of his hair.

MARY: ~~He'd better be careful - that's what you used to do.~~  
~~How dare he give me a lock of his hair - I got a good one.~~

JACK: Yeah.

MEL: All four networks, all four networks...(SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly.

PHIL: Say honey, would you like this fellow's autograph..this man with the parrot?

JENNY: Well, I don't know..who is he?

MARY: Frank Buck.

JACK: Mary...Miss, I happen to be Jack Benny.

JENNY: Oh...Well, would you sign Frank Buck anyway?

JACK: Certainly..Frank Buck: Benny...There you are.

JENNY: Thank you.

JACK: Well so long, Phil, I'll see you in Denver.

PHIL: Okay Jackson..So long, Livy.

MARY: Goodbye, Phil...Say Jack, why isn't Phil going with us?

JACK: He's got some business to take care of with his own show, so he's going to take a later train.

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION PLEASE..ALL PASSENGERS FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUCAMONGA, WILL HAVE TO WALK. WE LOST THE TRAIN GOING THROUGH SANTA ANITA. (Applause)

JACK: ~~Rocky~~ Rochester and his lousy tips.

MARY: Gosh Jack, look what time it is.

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JACK: Yeah...I hope the ticket window isn't too----

HANS: (VERY ENGLISH) I say old chap.

JACK: Huh?

HANS: Begging your pardon and all that sort of rot...but could you inform me as to the location of the information booth?

JACK: Well...Now I'm not sure....

HANS: Perhaps, old fellow, your daughter would know..

JACK: This girl isn't my daughter.

HANS: I don't mean her, I mean the little one with the feathers.

JACK: That's a parrot.

POLLY: (SQUAWKS AND WHISTLE)

JACK: You see.

HANS: I say, old boy, did you sit on the egg, there's such a resemblance.

JACK: Look Mister, I don't know where the information booth is.

HANS: Well, cheerio, Bub - Bubble Gum, and all that sort of thing. *(Applause)*

JACK: Hm...What is there about me that makes people--*everybody walks up to me.*

DON: (OFF) OH JACK....JACK.

MARY: Oh look Jack, here comes Don.

DON: Hello Jack..hello Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don.

JACK: Don, I was just going over to pick up my Pullman ticket..Have you got yours?

DON: I certainly have, Jack...I'm in Lower Nine.

MARY: Don, you could've saved yourself some money by taking an upper.

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DON: But I like to be in a lower.

MARY: After the first bump you're there anyway.

JACK: You're not kidding. ..Say Don, I hope you brought the quartet with you. I don't want them to miss the train for Denver.

DON: Here they come now, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes..I'll bet they're all excited about the trip.

DON: They sure are.

JACK: Hello, fellows.

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Don, are ~~they~~ <sup>just</sup> happy that they're going away on the train?

DON: Are they? <sup>just</sup> Listen to this.

(INTRODUCTION)

*Jack: Don't sit at the station.*

QUART: WE'RE COLORADO BOUND

WHERE LUCKY STRIKES ARE SMOKED THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND

'CAUSE THEY'RE THE BESTEST LITTLE CIGARETTE

YOU CAN BET

AND MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST WILL TELL YOU THET JACK: Thet?

SO LET'S BE ON OUR WAY

TO DENVER, COLORADO, U.S.A.

WE KNOW A CERTAIN MAN WHO'LL BE THERE SOON JACK: Who?

F. E. BOONE

WE'RE COLORADO BOUND.

~~JACK: That's a good one.~~

(BOYS GO INTO SECOND CHORUS)

(DURING SECOND CHORUS)

JACK:

Don, they're starting again..

Look, they're going crazy *at the station*

...Boys, be quiet, I wanta hear

the announcer..That may be our

train...Don, tell them to stop..

I can't hear what the man is

saying...Fellows, it might be

our train and we'll miss it....

Wait a minute.....Wait a

minute.....WAIT

A MINUTE,.....WAIT A MINUTE!!!

MEL: (SLOWLY..FILTER) PASSENGERS

FOR THE SANTA FE CALIFORNIAN PLEASE

PLEASE ENTER AT GATE EIGHT. THE

TRAIN LEAVES IN A FEW MINUTES. THE

CALIFORNIAN STOPS AT SAN

BERNARDINO, BARSTOW, KINGMAN,

ARIZONA..GALLOP, NEW MEXICO..LA

HUNTA, COLORADO..TRINIDAD, COLORADO

SPRINGS..AND DENVER..PLEASE HAVE

YOUR TICKETS VALIDATED BEFORE

BOARDING TRAIN...REMEMBER, THIS

TRAIN LEAVES IN FIVE MINUTES..

PULLMAN CARS ARE AT THE HEAD AND

THE COACH CARS IN THE REAR.

*And Cucamonga!*

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Don, I couldn't hear a word that train announcer said,

MARY: Jack, you better hurry over and get your tickets..I'll meet  
you on the train.

JACK: Okay Mary, you take the parrot and I'll see you and Don at  
the gate.

MARY: All right, but hurry.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now let's see..the ticket window is--

HY: (CRYING) Oh, there you are, Mister..I'm so glad you haven't left yet.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, you again. *I'm trying to get a ticket.*

HY: Take care of yourself..~~Promise me you'll stay here long~~  
~~understand?~~

JACK: Mister-- *I'll take care of myself.*

HY: I bought something for you..here, take this fruit..and these flowers.

JACK: Flowers?

HY: Give them to the little lady.

JACK: Thank you, but Mister--

HY: I just hate to say goodbye.

JACK: Look-- *I'm a stranger - Look -*

HY: (CRYING HARDER) I knew this would happen. (FADING) I didn't want to come all the way to the station, but you made me, you made me, you made me. Why do people have to go away? *(Applause)*

JACK: Hmm..Ten thousand taxi drivers in Los Angeles and I had to get him...Oh here's the ticket window..Good, there's nobody ahead of me...(UP) Oh Mister...Mister..

NELSON: YESSSSSSSS.

JACK: Oh fine..are you the agent?

NELSON: No, ~~I just have to be the one who~~  
*they put me behind these bars because I*  
~~tested marshmallows out of season.~~  
~~Gang.~~

JACK: Now Look, Mister, I'm in a hurry. Give me two for Denver.

NELSON: TWO DENVER'S...Do you want them on rye or whole wheat?

JACK: Not sandwiches..Denver, Colorado.

L



NELSON: Oh, I'm sorry.. I used to work in the Brown Derby.

JACK: Well, you're in the railroad station, now, you can take it off;

NELSON: I can't, there's a guy named Toni under it giving me a wave.

JACK: Look Mister, all I want are two tickets to Denver, Colorado.

NELSON: You and your wife?

JACK: My wife?

NELSON: Now now, don't deny it, I know you just got married, you're still carrying the flowers.

JACK: Look, this bouquet of flowers was--

NELSON: Why don't you throw it?

JACK: You're darned right, I'll throw it...There.

NELSON: WHOOPS!...I caught it! Wait'll the girls hear about this!

JACK: Oh for--will you do me a favor - look - Look Mister, give me two tickets for Denver, will you please? That's all I want - two tickets to Denver, Colorado.

NELSON: Yes sir..Do you have your baggage all taken care of?

JACK: Yes yes, I have.

NELSON: Well, it may be cold in Denver, is your coat checked?

JACK: Oh - ~~Wait~~ Wait a minute..Ho ho ho..would you say that again, Mister?

NELSON: Say what?

JACK: Is your coat checked?

NELSON: No, it's blue serge. (Applause)

JACK: Oh, for heaven-- I'll never come to this station...

MEL: (FILTER) ATTENTION PLEASE..ATTENTION..THE SANTA FE CALIFORNIAN ON TRACK SEVEN GOING TO DENVER IS READY TO LEAVE..  
ALL ABOARD!

L

JACK: Oh my goodness..Give me those two tickets to Denver..quick;

(SOUND: TRAIN BELL)

MARY: (OFF) JACK...HURRY...HURRY..

JACK: COMING MARY..COMING.. *I'm coming .. coming..*

(SOUND: TRAIN NOISES UP AND TRAIN PULLS OUT OF STATION)

JACK: WHEW! I MADE IT.

(SOUND: TRAIN NOISES UP)

JACK: Oh boy, what I went through to get these tickets, but we're on our way.

MARY: Come on Jack, let's go in the dining car and get something to eat.

JACK: No no, Mary, I'm too tired. ~~...It was a lot of trouble and excitement but it was worth it. I just didn't realize, Tuesday morning~~  
~~...I was so tired.~~

~~MARY: I'll go get you something in the dining car.~~

JACK: ~~Okay Mary, I'll see you later.~~ I'm going to my room and lie down.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Gee, it'll be good to stretch out and...Wait a minute...there's somebody's clothes hanging up on my hook. What's this in my bed?...Hey you!

HY: (CRYING) I told you, I hate to say goodbye. *I tried to.*  
*JACK: Don't cry. I'm coming back.*  
break away, but I couldn't. And it's all your fault, I didn't want to come to the station, but you made me, you made me, you made me..(CRIES)

JACK: *We're coming back.*  
^ Oh nuts...HEY MARY, I'LL JOIN YOU IN THE DINING ~~ROOM~~ *Room*  
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

L

JACK: 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 nations 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. -- CARE "Care," New York...Let's give again and save another life. -- "CARE"----C.A.R.E. "CARE" New York...Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: <sup>now</sup> Jack will be back in just a minute, but first....

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?

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

LAING: At auction after auction, 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 AUCTIONEER!

LAING: Mr. Thomas Ray Oglesby of Winterville, North Carolina, has sold about 300 million pounds of tobacco at auction. Recently this veteran auctioneer said:

VOICE: At all the markets I've ever attended, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco...tobacco you just can't beat for real smoking enjoyment. For my own smoke, I pick Luckies...smoked 'em 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.

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to listen to the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show on Sundays and A Day in the Life of Dennis Day on Wednesday....Next Sunday night we'll be broadcasting from the Civic Auditorium in Denver Colorado, for the March of Dimes Campaign...So I hope you'll all be listening<sup>a</sup>...Goodnight.

*(Applause)*

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