

PROGRAM # 19
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, February 8, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0310527

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
2/8/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

BOONE: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

LAING: Front page news! In the nation's great tobacco markets
the famous Crossley Poll has just finished asking
independent tobacco experts:

ACTOR: What cigarette do you smoke?

RUYSDAEL: OVER FIFTY PERCENT MORE NAMED LUCKY STRIKE THAN ANY
OTHER BRAND!

LAING: Yes, the impartial Crossley Poll shows -

RUYSDAEL: By a fifty percent margin over my other brand -
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

LAING: These experts are the independent tobacco buyers,
auctioneers and warehousemen - the men who see who
buys what tobacco at the auctions. And when
independent tobacco experts like these name LUCKY
STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE for personal smoking enjoyment
then you know -

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So smoke the smoke
tobacco experts smoke - Lucky Strike. Remember --

RUYSDAEL: By a fifty percent margin over any other brand -
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

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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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS...IT'S SUNDAY MORNING AND JACK IS STILL IN BED.

ROCH: WELL...IT'S TEN O'CLOCK..I GUESS I BETTER GO IN AND WAKE UP THE BOSS.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (COUPLE OF LIGHT SNORES)

ROCH: He's gotta get down to the studio and rehearse...MR. BENNY.... IT'S TEN O'CLOCK.

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCH: DOGGONE...JUST LOOK AT HIM...SLEEPING LIKE A LITTLE BABY... I GUESS I BETTER TAKE HIS THUMB OUT OF HIS MOUTH....COME ON, MR. BENNY....IT'S TEN O'CLOCK.

JACK: (SNORE)

ROCH: GOSH, HE'S SURE A HARD MAN TO WAKE UP...WELL...MAYBE THIS'LL DO IT.

(SOUND: ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF)

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCH: (PLEADING) AW COME ON NOW, BOSS...THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS OPEN^{up} THOSE BABY BLUE EYES OF YOURS...

JACK: (SNORES)

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ROCH: MAYBE THIS'LL WORK.

(SOUND: HAMMERING ON DISHPAN)

JACK: (SNORES)

ROCH: WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO...I'LL HAVE TO GO
BACK TO THE OLD STANDBY...HERE GOES.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

JACK: Huh, who, (SNORE) what, (SNORE) when, where, (SNORE) huh
(SNORE) who, how, (SNORE) ^{what}... (YAWNING) Oh, it's you,
Rochester. Thanks for waking me up...turn on the light.

ROCH: THE LIGHTS ARE ON..GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE CASH REGISTER.

JACK: (GRUNTS) I can't...Push the No Sale Button.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

JACK: Thanks.

ROCH: ...GOOD MORNING, BOSS...HOW'D YOU SLEEP?

JACK: Oh, pretty good....only I was awfully cold last night.

ROCH: YOU'RE COLD EVERY NIGHT...MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH BLOOD.

JACK: Rochester, I'm not anaemic. Now lay out my clothes...and
get me a clean shirt,...I don't want to be late for rehearsal.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE...NOT ANAEMIC...I WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY IF HE
FOUND OUT THAT EVERY MORNING I SNEAK INTO THE BATHROOM AND
PUT CATSUP ON HIS RAZOR TO KEEP UP HIS MORALE....NOW LET'S
SEE...THE SHIRT SHOULD BE IN THIS DRAWER.

(SOUND: DRAWER OPEN)

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ROCH: WOOLEN SOX...HANDKERCHIEFS...SWEATERS...OH-OH, WHAT'S THIS?...
A BOTTLE OF CATSUP...HMMM..

JACK: (OFF) ROCHESTER, HOW ABOUT MY SHIRT?

ROCH: COMING BOSS.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: HERE IT IS.

JACK: Thanks.

ROCH: SAY BOSS..WHILE I WAS GETTING THE SHIRT OUT ^{of} THE DRAWER, I
NOTICED A BOTTLE OF CATSUP.

JACK: Oh, you did, eh?

ROCH: YEAH...WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

JACK: Rochester, come here a minute.

ROCH: HUH?

JACK: I've got a little surprise for you.

ROCH: SURPRISE?

JACK: Yeah...you keep putting it on and I keep scraping it off, but
I'm not wasting it just to please my vanity. (Applause)

ROCH: BOSS, YOU MEAN YOU KNEW IT WAS CATSUP?

JACK: Well yes, but I will admit that in the beginning it fooled me.

ROCH: IT DID?

JACK: Yes...the first time I saw it on my razor, I took a sample
down to the blood bank. They analyzed it and said, "Mr. ^{Some} ~~Some~~
people have girls, some people have boys, but you're gonna
have a tomato."....Now I want---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: You answer the door, Rochester..I want to finish dressing.

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ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: (SINGS) OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING
OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAWN
NOW THAT IT STARTED IN RAINING
I WON'T HAVE TO SPRINKLE THE LAWN.

.....YEAH AND IT'S ABOUT TIME,

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: COMING...COMING...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: OH....GOOD MORNING, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Say, Rochester, now that we've had rain, why don't you take
down that sign that Mr. Benny has in front of the house.

ROCH: WHICH ONE?

MARY: , the one that says "Water inside, twenty-five cents
a glass".

ROCH: NO USE TAKING IT DOWN...I'LL JUST CHANGE "WATER" TO "LEMONADE"

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: (OFF) WHO IS IT, ROCHESTER?

ROCH: IT'S MISS LIVINGSTONE.

JACK: Oh,..WELL YOU CAN COME ON IN MY ROOM, MARY...I'M DRESSED.

(~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS~~)

MARY: Hello Jack, you better hurry or we'll be late for rehearsal.

JACK: Why, we've got ...Oh my goodness! Look what time it
is. I never realized it was this late.

MARY: And you still have to shave.

JACK: I know, I know...it won't take long...I'll take off my tie.

R

MARY: I'll get the razor.

ROCH: I'LL GET THE CATSUP.

JACK: Yes, ~~you get the~~...No, we haven't time for that now...you go,
get the car, Rochester..I'll be down in a minute.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Try the motor again, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CAR STARTS...LOUSY MOTOR...THEN INTO MEL
BLANC COUGHING, WHEEZING, AND BURPING...TO STOP) *(Applause)*

JACK: Try it again, Rochester, only this time, step on the throttle,
advance the spark, pull out the choke, and hold down the
clutch.

ROCH: KEEP TALKIN' BOSS, SO FAR YOU HAVEN'T NAMED ONE THING WE'VE
GOT.

JACK: All right, all right,...Try the motor again.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR...BUT CATCHES AND GOES)

JACK: There ~~are~~ ^{we} are.

(SOUND: MOTOR FADES TO BACKGROUND)

JACK: I knew we wouldn't have any trouble. The motor was cold,
that's all, You know, it's been quite chilly here lately.

MARY: If you think it's cold here in California, let me read this
letter I got from Mama.

JACK: A letter from your mother? Well..what does the Wild Irish
Rose of Plainfield have to say?

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MARY: Just a second...I have it right here...(CLEARS THROAT...THEN READS)...MY DARLING DAUGHTER MARY...THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO WRITE YOU SINCE THE RECENT BLIZZARD HERE IN PLAINFIELD...IN SOME PLACES THE SNOW WAS SO SO DEEP ~~SEVERAL~~ ^{many} PEOPLE GOT LOST.

JACK: Gee.

MARY: YOUR SISTER BABE WENT OUT DURING THE WORST PART OF THE STORM AND RESCUED THREE MEN.....IT WAS SURE SMART OF BABE PUTTING THAT KEG OF BRANDY AROUND HER NECK.

JACK: On her it would look good...Imagine ^{finding} three ^{frozen men} ~~men~~...
Go on, Mary.

MARY: SHE'S THAWING OUT THE CUTE ONE AND PUTTING THE OTHER TWO IN THE DEEP FREEZE.

JACK: What?

JACK: *Good.*

MARY: SO MUCH FOR BABE, ^A BUT IT'S BEEN SO COLD YOUR UNCLE HARRY HAS BEEN SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM ALL WEEK WITH HIS FEET IN THE FIREPLACE....I WISH I COULD BREAK HIM OF THE HABIT AS HE'S GETTING SHORTER EVERY DAY.

JACK: That's silly...What else is new?

MARY: MARY, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH INCONVENIENCE THE BLIZZARD CAUSED...PEOPLE GOT STRANDED IN OFFICES, STORES, AND FACTORIES...AND YOUR FATHER WAS STUCK IN A BURLESQUE ^{show} ~~show~~ FOR TEN DAYS....WE FINALLY GOT HIM HOME AND HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW...EXCEPT I WISH HE'D STOP APPLAUDING EVERY TIME I TAKE OFF MY APRON.

JACK: No!

MARY: I DON'T MIND THAT SO MUCH, BUT NOW HE'S BUILDING A RUNWAY IN THE KITCHEN.

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JACK: Oh Mary, your mother's too old to go back to that.

MARY: NO OTHER NEWS, ~~WE~~ WILL CLOSE FOR NOW...YOUR LOVING MOTHER...
NAUGHTY ANGELINE LIVINGSTONE.

~~(SOUND: MOTOR GOING SLOW)~~

JACK: Mary, the next time you write your mother tell her---
Rochester, here we are at the studio. *(Motor)*

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR GOING SLOW)

JACK: I wish there was some place to park along the street.

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack...why don't you put it in a
parking lot?

JACK: Yeah, I guess we'll have to...All right, Rochester, drive in
here.

ROCH: (HAPPY) OH BOY, A REAL PARKING LOT...WAIT'LL I TELL THE BOYS
IN THE LODGE...ABOUT THIS.

JACK: Never mind...just go in.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVES FEW FEET AND STOPS....DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now, Rochester, you go over and pay the attendant...Miss
Livingstone and I are going into the studio.

ROCH: YES SIR.

MARY: Say Jack...look at ^{that} ~~the~~ beautiful car driving in.

(SOUND: NICE CAR MOTOR COMING UP CLOSE)

JACK: Gee, what a car...a chauffeur in uniform and everything...
It must be the president of the network.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS...DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Here we are, sir, N.B.C.

DENNIS: Thank you, James.

JACK: Mary, it's Dennis. Let's watch this.

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MEL: I'll get your things out of the car sir... ~~needs~~ Your coat.

DENNIS: Thank you.

MEL: Your hat

DENNIS: Thank you.

MEL: Your popsicle.

DENNIS: Thanks...James, you've been licking it.

JACK: Hey Dennis...Dennis'

DENNIS: Huh? Oh hello, Mr. Benny...Hello Mary.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Gee, Dennis, I've never seen such a beautiful car...Where did you get it?

DENNIS: My mother gave it to me for my birthday

JACK: An expensive car like that for a birthday present...your mother must be rich.

DENNIS: No, she's Honest John.

JACK: Oh yes...Well, it's sweet of your mother to give you such a nice car, but how come you've got a chauffeur, *Dennis?*

DENNIS: Well, I was talking to the man who prepares my income tax and he told me I ought to get some more deductible items.

JACK: Oh.. is your chauffeur deductible?

DENNIS: Yeah, James Deductible.

JACK: ~~Get~~ Get that out!

MARY: *Jack* We better get ~~to~~ to the studio or we'll be late.

JACK: Yeah, *this vacation didn't do him any good at all -* come on Dennis, let's go.

(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: Say...aren't you Jack Benny's chauffeur?

ROCH: I SURE AM...ARE YOU DENNIS DAY'S CHAUFFEUR?

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MEL: Yes...say tell me...how many radio programs has Mr. Benny got?

ROCH: ONE.

MEL: HAH! (*Applause*)

JACK: (OFF) ROCHESTER, I'LL BE OUT IN AN HOUR... (ON) Come on, kids, we better get ^{to} the studio and rehearse.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

(ORCHESTRA TUNING UP)

PHIL: NOW LOOK BOYS, WE'LL RUN OVER THAT NUMBER ONCE MORE AND--

JACK: Hold it Phil, hold it, I'm here.

PHIL: Okay fellows, take five.

JACK: Now Phil, let's get started with the---

PHIL: Holy smoke, Jackson...How long have you been out of bed?

JACK: For about an hour...why?

PHIL: Well, Mourning May Become Electra, but it ^{isn't done} ~~isn't done~~ nuthin' for you. HA HA HA HA...OH HARRIS, THROUGH YOUR LIPS PASS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL JOKES IN THE WORLD.

JACK: Look Phil..I have a very important sketch to rehearse..so would you mind cooperating?

PHIL: Okay, okay... *I'd like to get home early today Anyway today is our wedding anniversary - Alice and I have been married seven years.*

~~...and you know...~~
~~...in there Wednesday...~~
~~throughout...~~

W

~~JACK: Yeah, they make such a fuss over a cup of coffee and a cup of
Phil: Yeah, they make such a fuss over a cup of coffee and a cup of~~

~~PHIL: Yeah, they make such a fuss over a cup of coffee and a cup of
me: Yeah, they make such a fuss over a cup of coffee and a cup of~~

MARY: Well, congratulations, Phil.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~ *Yes sir!*

PHIL: (SIGHS HAPPILY) Gee, seven of the happiest most wonderful
years that ever happened to anyone.

JACK: Well, I'm glad to hear that, Phil...A lot of people don't
realize how lucky they are.

PHIL: Yeah...thank goodness Alice does.

JACK: Oh, fine.

MARY: Say Phil..what are you giving Alice for an anniversary present

PHIL: This golden locket....here...look how it opens...and look
what's engraved inside.

MARY: Gee, a poem.

PHIL: Yeah...I...I wrote that poem myself.

JACK: Let me read it, Phil.

PHIL: Okay. *Go ahead*

JACK: (READING) TO ALICE....TO THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR
TO THE ONE AND ONLY QUEEN
TO THE CUTEST LITTLE HAMHOCK
FROM HER LOVING TURNIP GREEN

MARY: Why Phil!

JACK: Phil^y Harris!

PHIL: Aw gee, I guess I'm just a sentimental old slush.

JACK: No, no Phil... ^{you're cute} ~~isn't he a sentimental old slush~~...now look kids..we've got
(there's something else - they've scratched it out here)
a sketch to rehearse, and I want it to be good..so let's get
at it right away.

DENNIS: ^{may} ~~okay~~ I run over my song first, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Sure sure, go ahead and we'll rehearse later.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG^a - "PIANISSIMO")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

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kids,

JACK: Very good, Dennis, very good.....Now, [^]we haven't got much time, so let's rehearse our sketch. We're gonna do our version of Tyrone Power's Twentieth Century Fox picture, "Nightmare Alley"...The story is about a carnival...so Mary, you're gonna be Zena, the snake charmer...Phil, you'll be the Fire-Eater..and Dennis, you're gonna be the Two-headed Man... All right, Don, set the scene.

DON: (CLEARS THROAT) .. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...OUR VERSION OF "NIGHTMARE ALLEY"...THAT WEIRD, FOREBODING STORY OF LIFE IN A CARNIVAL...OUR SCENE OPENS IN FRONT OF A SIDE-SHOW ON THE CROWDED MIDWAY.

SOUND: CALIOPE MUSIC..CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN

EDDIE: HURRY HURRY HURRY..RIGHT THIS WAY..STEP UP TO THE PLATFORM... AND FOR THE PRICE OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS YOU'LL NOT ONLY SEE THE TATTOOED LADY, THE TWO-HEADED MAN, AND THE FIRE-EATER... BUT THE ONE AND ONLY GEEK IN CAPTIVITY.

ELLIOT: (SCREAMS)

EDDIE: YES, FOLKS, THAT SCREAM YOU JUST HEARD WAS THE GEEK..THAT WILD INHUMAN FIEND IS DANGEROUS..

ELLIOT: (SCREAMS)

EDDIE: HE IS A BEAST.

ELLIOT: (SCREAMS)

EDDIE: HE IS A MONSTER.....HE IS A MONSTER.

ELLIOT: (SCREAMS)

EDDIE: Watch it Elliot...STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS AND GET YOUR TICKETS... HURRY, HURRY, HURRY.

(SOUND: CALIOPE MUSIC..CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

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JACK: Oh Zena, Zena?

MARY: What is it, Tyrone?

JACK: I want to talk to you.

MARY: Let's talk later. I've gotta get out on the platform and do my snake dance.

JACK: That's what I want to talk to you about...I wish you'd keep your snakes out of my dressing room.

MARY: Why?

JACK: This morning I thought I put on a ^{neck} tie, sat down to breakfast, and it ate more than I did.

MARY: Well, if you don't think my snake makes a good tie, take it off.

JACK: I can't..He swallowed a whole egg and now I can't get him back through the loop...Now Zena I want to talk to you about that mind reading act we've been practicing for a long time.. with those clever signals we've worked out, we can't miss.. Now let's get out that platform and break the act in today.

MARY: Okay, Tyrone...lead the way.

(SOUND: CALLIOPE MUSIC AND CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: (BARKER STYLE) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, GATHER ROUND THE PLATFORM... WHILE MY ASSISTANT, ZENA, PASSES AMONGST YOU, I WILL TELL EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU ANYTHING THAT'S ON YOUR MIND...AND I WILL DO THIS BLIND-FOLDED.

MARY: ARE YOU READY, TYRONE?

JACK: READY.

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MARY: I AM POINTING TO A PERSON..WHAT IS THIS PERSON'S NAME?

JACK: THAT PERSON'S NAME IS WILLIAM.

SARA: (STRAIGHT) My name is Esther.

JACK: THANK YOU, ESTHER WILLIAMS....AND NOW FOR THE NEXT QUESTION.

MARY: I HAVE A MAN HERE..NOW TELL ME WHAT ~~THIS~~ ^{has} THIS MAN ~~ON~~ ON HIS WRIST?

JACK: Wrist....

MARY:TURN AROUND SO YOU CAN'T..WATCH.

JACK: I'VE GOT IT!

MARY: GOOD...NOW WHAT HAS THIS MAN GOT ON HIS WRIST?

JACK: A WART.

MARY: CORRECT AND IT'S UNDER HIS WRIST WATCH.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP)

JACK: AND NOW FOLKS, IF YOU'LL STEP UP, WE WILL --

MEL: (OFF) HEY TYRONE...TYRONE!

JACK: Oh-oh, the boss...we better get back to our regular act.....

ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..STEP UP CLOSE TO THE PLATFORM
AND SEE ZENA, THE SNAKE CHARMER..SHE WILL DO HER FAMOUS SNAKE
DANCE...HEY YOU FOUR FELLOWS IN THE FRONT...YOU FOUR GUYS..
HAVE YOU GOT YOUR TICKETS?

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: GOOD..THEN STEP UP CLOSE AND WATCH ZENA DO HER FAMOUS DANCE...
OKAY, ZENA...LET IT GO.

(MUSIC: TO "HOOCHY COOCHY DANCE")

JACK: (DURING FIRST CHORUS) LOOK AT HER, BOYS....
WITH EVERY LITTLE SHAKE
SHE DROPS ANOTHER SNAKE.

dk

QUART: L S M F T

LUCKY STRIKE'S THE SMOKE FOR ME

WE WILL TELL YOU SOMETHING CONFIDENTIAL

QUALITY OF PRODUCT IS ESSENTIAL

TO SUCCESS

TO CONTINUING SUCCESS.

JACK: ~~Suppose the girl doesn't~~

(VAMP AND BOYS DANCE)

~~make sense of this look~~
Boys, look boys -
you're not supposed to

dance..only the girl

follows -
dances. You're not

supposed to dance. *Only the*
girl. Watch the show,
that's all.

QUART: L S M F T

THAT'S THE CIGARETTE FOR ME

EVERY MAN WHO KNOWS WILL RAISE HIS VOICE

AND TELL YOU LUCKY STRIKE IS HIS FIRST CHOICE

SO DON'T DELAY

BUY THOSE LUCKIES RIGHT AWAY

~~THEY'RE THE ONLY ONE~~

~~ZIPPY SMOKE CIGARETTES~~

(ARABIC CHANT)

SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: OKAY, FOLKS, THERE WILL BE ANOTHER SHOW IN SEVEN MINUTES...

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Zena..Zena, come here, *will ya?*

MARY: What do you want now?

JACK: I'm packing up ^{and} ~~the~~ leaving the carnival.

MARY: Leaving the carnival? Tyrone..Tyrone..Tyrone...Tyrone,
why don't you answer me?

JACK: I love that name.

MARY: But Tyrone, you can't leave the carnival..it's in your
catsup-- I mean ~~it's in~~ your blood.

JACK: Oh, I don't know..I've just got to get away from this
carnival...That Geek is driving me nuts...I'm tired of
living with those other freaks in Nightmare Alley.

MARY: But Tyrone, they all joined the carnival for some reason.

JACK: Yeah..say, maybe if I found out why they joined ~~the~~
~~carnival~~, I wouldn't be so mixed up..It might help me solve
my problem.

MARY: You mean...?

JACK: (AS ALLEN) Yes, Portland, it's time to go down to
Nightmare Alley.

MARY: (AS PORTLAND) And what is your question? (*Applause*)

JACK: The question for tonight is.."Why did you join the
carnival?"

MARY: Shall we go?

JACK: As President Truman said to Mrs. Truman..We might as well walk, we've got no porch to sit on.

(TRANSITION MUSIC TO ALLEN'S ALLEY)

JACK: Ah, Portland, it's good to be back in Nightmare Alley...Well, I see the Fire-eater is home..He must've just finished his dinner..The garbage pail is full of ashes...I'll see.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR..DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: (AS CLAGHORN) SOMEBODY..I SAY, SOMEBODY'S WHOPPIN' MY PANEL WITH A HOT-KNUCKLE.

JACK: You're the fire-eater, aren't you? *Phil: I beg your pardon?*

PHIL: Ronson's the name..Come right in and join me..I'm just having a cup of lighter fluid.

JACK: No thanks...Tell me, how long have you been a fire-eater?

PHIL: Practically all my life..When I was six weeks old, I burped and set my crib on fire.

JACK: I see.

PHIL: And Son, being a fire-eater affected my way of living.

JACK: Such as...?

PHIL: My favorite cartoon is Ella Cinders...my favorite movie is "Forever Ember"..

JACK: And your favorite radio comedian?

PHIL: Jack Benny.

JACK: Benny?

PHIL: He burns me up....That's a joke, son.

JACK: I know, Mr. Ronson.

(Applause)

PHIL: Well, laugh it up..don't just stand there flickin' my flint.
JACK: Look, Mr. Fire-eater, I wanta ask you a question..Why did you join the carnival?
PHIL: Well, a long time ago *con* I was in love with a girl.
JACK: Uh huh.
PHIL: She left me and joined a carnival and I didn't see her for several years.
JACK: I see..so you decided to join a carnival, too.
PHIL: Yes sir..I wanted to be near My Old Flame...So long.
JACK: So long.
PHIL: So long.
JACK: So long.
PHIL: So long, *that is.*
JACK: So long.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, that's the life of a fire-eater..Kind of a corny guy, but he does asbestos he can..ho ho ho ho...Well, here's the next house..I guess the two-headed man is in..He's looking out the door and the window at the same time.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR..DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS &

JACK: (CLAMBAKE)

DENNIS: (AS AJAX CASSIDY) Well, how do ya do.

JACK: Well, so you're the man with two heads, eh?

DENNIS: That I am, *me boy* that I am, but today we're not speaking.

JACK: What are you mad about?

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DENNIS: What am I mad about? We had watermelon for lunch and it happened again.

JACK: What happened again?

DENNIS: He ate the watermelon and I had to spit out the seeds.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Not only that..his dandruff keeps falling on my shoulder.

JACK: Well, do you mind if I talk to your other head?

DENNIS: You can try it if you want, but he's been moody all day.

JACK: Well, I'll try...Hello.

DENNIS: (AS TITUS MOODY) Howdy, Bub. (Applause)

JACK: Would you mind answering a few questions?

DENNIS: Don't mind, providing John will keep quiet.

JACK: Oh, is that his name...John?

DENNIS: Yup, I'm John's other head.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Ho HO...That's pretty good..You can send me out in the rain, *But*
I'm a slicker.

DENNIS: (CASSIDY) That's a fine sense of humor..you oughta be ashamed of yourself.

DENNIS: (MOODY) I'm warning you, John, stay out of this or I'll knock your block off.

DENNIS: (CASSIDY) Oh, so you're gonna knock me block off, is it?

DENNIS: (MOODY) That's what I said..I'll--

DENNIS: (CASSIDY) Keep your nose out of me eye! (Applause)

JACK: Wait a minute..you two shouldn't argue like that..After all, having two heads, you have to eat together, sleep together, and live together.

DENNIS: (CASSIDY) Not after tomorrow morning.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: (CASSIDY) When I shave, it'll be Push Pull, Click Click
and I'll be all alone.

JACK: Well look..I only came in here to ask you a question..Why
did you join the carnival?

DENNIS: (MOODY) I'll tell you ^{John} With the prices what they are today,
we had to work where we could make the most money.

JACK: The most money? Why?

DENNIS: (CASSIDY) We've got two ~~months~~ ^{months} to feed...Good day to ye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Hmm..having two heads..That should happen to a glass of beer.
Well, here's the next house...I wonder who lives here.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, who are you?

DON: (HIGH VOICE) I'm the fat lady.

JACK: Oh yes, I remember seeing you in New York..How did you
get out here to the Coast?

DON: I came here on the T.W.A. bus.

JACK: Wait a minute, the TWA is an air plane..it flies.

DON: Not when I'm on it.

JACK: Oh, yes yes...Well, for a fat lady you sure are cute.

DON: (GIGGLES)

JACK: ^{She is lovely, engaged, she's a whale -}
Now tell me, why did you join the carnival?

DON: I didn't, they joined me...Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

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JACK: Well, there's just one more house in Nightmare Alley..

I wonder who lives here.

ELLIOT: (SCREAMS)

JACK: Gad, it's the Geek...Well, I might as well ask him, too.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

Pardon me
JACK: Are you the Geek?

ELLIOT: (BIG MOOLEY) DUH...YEAH, I'M DA GEEK...I'M DA MOST INHUMAN,
FEROCIOUS MONSTER IN CAPTIVITY.⁹

JACK: Well tell me, Geek, where were you captured?

ELLIOT: In Bullocks Basement.

JACK: In Bullocks Basement? What were you doing down there?

ELLIOT: I was buyin' Chanel Number Five, I stink.

JACK: Oh, I see...Well tell me, Geek, why did you join the
carnival?

ELLIOT: I told you, I was captured.

JACK: Well, are you doing all right with the carnival?

ELLIOT: Yeah, dey give me ten dollars a week and all da people I can
eat.

JACK: You...you eat people?

ELLIOT: Yeah...won't you come in?

JACK: Of course not..But you're kidding, you don't really eat
people.

ELLIOT: Sure I do...There's a girl in Plainfield gonna send me two
out of her deep freeze.

JACK: What?

ELLIOT: Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

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JACK: Well, that ends Nightmare Alley..Come on, Zena, it's time
for your snake dance again.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

~~At this time, ladies and gentlemen, the majority of our hospitals~~
now have patients waiting to be admitted and the situation
in many areas is growing steadily worse because of
insufficient nursing personnel. All young women between the
ages of seventeen and thirty-five who are high school or
college graduates are urged to apply for admission in any
one of the thirteen hundred accredited schools of nursing.
Apply to the one nearest you. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

~~At this time, ladies and gentlemen, the majority of our hospitals~~
~~are now having a shortage of nursing personnel.~~

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
2/8/48

-B-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: By a fifty percent margin over any other brand -

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -

NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -

LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

RIGGS: (CHANT - 57 to 59 - AMERICAN)

LAING: Back of that statement is an impartial Crossley Poll
just completed in eleven southern tobacco states.

This famous authentic research group reveals that
when independent tobacco experts choose a cigarette
for their own personal smoking enjoyment --

RUYSDAEL: OVER FIFTY PERCENT MORE NAMED LUCKY STRIKE THAN ANY
OTHER BRAND.

LAING: Yes, the impartial Crossley Poll shows --

RUYSDAEL: By a fifty percent margin over any other brand -
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

LAING: These are the tobacco experts - the independent buyers,
auctioneers and warehousemen - who buy, sell and handle
tobacco at the auctions.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results - now listen to what
Mr. Charles Saunders, tobacco buyer of Reidsville,
North Carolina said recently:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen ripe, mild tobacco sold
to the makers of Lucky Strike - tobacco that's really
fine. So for a grand smoke, I pick Luckies....smoked
'em for 21 years.

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JACK BENNY PROGRAM
2/8/48

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL .. (CONT'D)

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

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so round, so firm,
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw. So
smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Remember --

RUYSDAEL: By a fifty percent margin over any other brand --
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS -
NAME LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE! -
LUCKY STRIKE - FIRST CHOICE!

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(TAG)

-24-

~~JACK: Goodnight, everybody, be sure to hear the Bill Hays~~
Alice Faye show on Sundays and "A Day in the Life of
Dennis Day" on Wednesday...And tune in next week when
we will--

MARY: Oh Jack, Jack.

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Fred Allen must have heard your version of Nightmare Alley
tonight because he sent you a wire.

JACK: A wire? Read it to me.

~~MARY: You don't read it to me, you read it to the audience.~~

JACK: Goodnight, ~~everybody~~ *everybody*.