

PROGRAM #20

REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, February 15, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0310555

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
FEBRUARY 15, 1948

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RIGGS: (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 any 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!

ATX01 0310556

(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...YESTERDAY, FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH WAS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY...IT WAS ALSO JACK BENNY'S BIRTHDAY....SO LET'S GO BACK TO YESTERDAY...A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIG EVENT...WE'LL LOOK IN ON SOME OF THEM...

(FADE TO)

(SOUND: GAVEL RAPS ON WOOD THREE TIMES)

STEVE: The regular weekly meeting of the Beverly Hills Beavers will now come to order.

(SOUND: THREE GAVEL RAPS)

STEVE: The motion before the club is, "Resolved: The Beavers will Give Mr. Jack Benny A Surprise Birthday Party And For This Purpose Will Withdraw Our Entire Treasury Of One Dollar and Forty Three Cents."

JOEY: I second the motion, Stevie.

STEVE: Thank you, Joey, but call me Mr. President, no familiarity during meetings....Any questions?....What is it, Cliff?

CLIFF: Well, I'm a new member of the Beavers, and I'd like to know who Jack Benny is.

STEVE: Are you kidding...don't you know who Jack Benny is?

CLIFF: No, who is he?

JOEY: Who is Jack Benny? He's only the greatest fullback that Yale ever had.

CLIFF: Gee.

STEVE: Yeah...and he quit football because he was afraid of hurting his hands and that would stop him from playing the violin.

JOEY: That's right, Cliff..Mr. Benny's one of the world's greatest violinists.

CLIFF: Well, if he's the world's greatest violinist, how come I never heard of him.

STEVE: That's because he's so modest, he goes under the name of Jascha Heifitz.

CLIFF: Say, he sounds like quite a guy.

JOEY: He sure is...Why, take the baseball uniforms we're wearing... Mr. Benny loaned us the money to get them.

STEVE: Yeah, and my father says that four per cent is reasonable.

CLIFF: Well, since Mr. Benny's such a nice man, I vote that we give him the birthday party.

(SOUND: GAVEL FEW TIMES)

STEVE: That makes it unanimous...Now, any other questions?

CLIFF: Yes, Mr. President...are we gonna invite <sup>any</sup> girls to the party?

STEVE: Cliff, since you're a new member, I will read you part of our by laws...

(SOUND: TURNING OF PAGES)

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STEVE: By laws of the Beverly Hills Beavers...Chapter Twelve, Rule Eight, Clause D....If any Beaver is ever seen with a member of the opposite sex...(this means girls)..he will be fined seven cents, barred from holding office in this club, and will never be allowed to have custody of the club mascot, "Blinky," our white mouse."

CLIFF: But I thought "Blinky" died last month.

JOEY: We're still keeping him.

STEVE: Now let's make out our invitation list...We'll invite all of Mr. Benny's friends.

CLIFF: Say, by the way, how old is Mr. Benny?

STEVE: Today he's thirty-nine...and that proves how smart he is, *Too*.

CLIFF: Why?

STEVE: Well, he was in my uncle's class in school and my uncle's fifty-five.

JOEY: Well look, let's all go over to Miss Livingstone's house, and she'll give us a list of Mr. Benny's friends.

STEVE: All those in favor say, "Aye."

ALL KIDS: "AYE".

(SOUND: GAVEL...INTO)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Pauline, *Have you straightened out the living room?*

DORIS: Yes Miss Livingstone....won't Mr. Benny be surprised when he finds that you're giving him a birthday party?

MARY: He sure will...Tell me, Pauline..how does my new dress look.

DORIS: Oh, it's lovely, ma'am...Only, if I had nice legs like yours, I wouldn't hide them with such a long skirt. (GIGGLES) Men like pretty legs, you know.

MARY: Yeah...(LAUGHS) And to think that for ~~some~~ years I hid mine behind a counter at the May Company....But I'm not trying to be glamorous tonight ... Phil and Don are married, Dennis is too young for me, and Mr. Benny is too old for me.

DORIS: I'm surprised to hear you say that anyone is too young or too old for you.

MARY: Why?

DORIS: Anything between the Boy Scouts and The Townsend Club is okay with me.

MARY: Why Pauline...I didn't know you liked men so much.

DORIS: Oh, I do ma'am...Why, I like them so much that I....Well....well.....you'd think me silly if I told you what my favorite dream has been for years.

MARY: No I won't..tell me, what is your favorite dream?

DORIS: That I'm a Dixie Cup in the Brooklyn Dodgers' Locker Room.---

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well, come on, Pauline...there's work to do.

DORIS: Yes ma'am...Say, would you please tell me one thing, Miss Livingstone...Don't you ever go out with Mr. Benny..just the two of you alone?

MARY: Occasionally...I remember one very warm night last summer when Jack drove me up to the top of Mulholland Drive.

DORIS: (EAGERLY) Gee..how'd you make out?

MARY: Fine, I sold more Good Humors than he did.....Now Pauline, you set the table, and I'll--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

DORIS: Miss Livingstone's residence...Just one moment please...  
Miss Livingstone, it's the baker, he wishes to talk to you.  
MARY: Oh good...Hello?...Yes, I want the cake delivered as early  
as possible...How many candles?.....Thirty Nine....That's  
right, thirty-nine candles, and arrange them in the shape  
of a question mark. <sup>O.K.</sup>...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER)

DORIS: Say Miss Livingstone, how old is Mr. Benny really?

MARY: Oh, I'm sorry, I can't tell you....You see, Mr. Benny and I  
have an agreement that saves us both a lot of embarrassment.

DORIS: An agreement?

MARY: Yes...I never tell anyone his age and he never tells anyone  
my salary.

DORIS: But Miss Livingstone...if Mr. Benny pays you so little, how  
can you afford this nice apartment and all your nice clothes  
and everything?

MARY: My mother writes for Bob Hope....Now come on, Pauline, have  
you arranged the place cards?

DORIS: Yes ma'am.

MARY: Did you order the food?

DORIS: Yes...since you're serving buffet style, I ordered a turkey,  
a roast beef and two hams.

MARY: Well, that takes care of Don Wilson, what about the rest of  
the people?

DORIS: (LAUGHS) Oh, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: Well, I better go over the invitation list and start calling  
....Gee, I've been trying to reach Phil Harris all day, but  
he's been out...I wonder where he is....

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CLICKING OF POOL BALLS)

PHIL: Four ball in the side pocket...Watch it, Mel.

MEL: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK AS PHIL SINKS BALL)

MEL: Say Phil, how's about coming over to my place for a poker  
game tonight?

PHIL: Gee, I'd like to, Mel, but I can't...Six ball in the corner.

(SOUND: CLICK AS PHIL SINKS BALL)

MEL: Why can't ya come, Phil?

PHIL: Well, it's Jackson's Birthday today, and me and the boys in  
my band are throwing him a surprise party, nine ball in the  
side....

(SOUND: CLICK AS PHIL SINKS BALL)

MEL: Where are you gonna throw the party, Phil?

PHIL: Over at my house...and everybody <sup>gonna</sup> ~~gonna~~ have a lot of fun...  
I just filled the pool.

MEL: Well, it's pretty cold weather for swimming, ain't it?

PHIL: Yeah, but once ya dive in ya don't notice it.

MEL: Oh, is the pool heated?

PHIL: No, it's filled with bourbon, Thirteen ball in the side.

(SOUND: CLICK AND SINKING OF BALL)



PHIL: You know, yesterday Frankie, my guitar player slipped into the pool and almost drowned.

MEL: Did you finally save him?

PHIL: Yeah but we broke his arm running him through the wringer, Seven Ball, twice across.

(SOUND: CLICK AS BALLS SINK)

MEL: Say Phil...I've been wanting to ask you something.

PHIL: *Go ahead -* What is it, Mel?

MEL: Well, I hate to bring it up but I've been out of work for a long time, and I thought maybe you could give me a job.

PHIL: Maybe I can, what do you do?

MEL: I'm a glass blower.

PHIL: Sorry, I've got all the musicians I need. *Two ball in the corner. Hold it a minute - Kiss off the twelve.*

(SOUND: CLICK OF BALL)

PHIL: *Yeah - went just like it had eyes. forty* Well, that finishes the game. I beat you ~~twenty~~ five to four.

MEL: Gee, some guys have all the luck...imagine shooting pool like that and being married to Alice Faye at the same time.

PHIL: Yeah...well, so long, Mel....I gotta start calling the gang *Yeah*...I think I'll call Dennis first.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DENNIS: Gee Mother, why do you wanta leave the house just because I'm giving a surprise party for Mr. Benny?

VERNA: That's not the only reason...I've got to drive to Riverside tonight.

DENNIS: But can't you drive there some other time?

VERNA: What, and spoil my truckload of oranges?...Anyway, I can't understand why you have to give a party for Mr. Benny.

DENNIS: Because he's a very nice man.

VERNA: ~~Oh, Benny~~ <sup>nice man!</sup>...what did he ever do for you?

DENNIS: What did he ever do for me?....Well, once he....I remember when.....And not only that.....And then there was the time he.....Yeah, why am I giving him a party?

VERNA: I think you're wasting your money on that mean old man.

DENNIS: Mother, that isn't fair...Mr. Benny has been like a father to me....Only last week he gave me advice on how to be popular with the girls.

VERNA: Oh, he did, eh?

DENNIS: Yeah...he took me a side and said, "Dennis my boy, you're missing a lot...you ought to get a girl, and on some moonlight night drive her over to Lover's Lane and put your arms around her...pull her up close to you...put your face close to hers and--"

VERNA: (SLIGHT PAUSE).....Yes, then what did Mr. Benny ~~say~~ <sup>say?</sup>

DENNIS: When he got to that part, he fainted.

VERNA: Well look, Dennis...let me give you some advice on that.

DENNIS: Yes, mother.

VERNA: Son, as you go through life, you'll meet many girls...and some day, you'll meet the one girl you'll want to spend the rest of your life with...and it will probably be when you least expect it.

DENNIS: Gee. Say Mom, how did you first meet Father?

VERNA: We were matched together in the Golden Gloves...(DREAMILY)  
He had the sweetest left <sup>hook</sup> ~~side~~...Well, Dennis, I've gotta be running along now...I hope your party turns out nice.

DENNIS: Thank you, Mother.

VERNA: By the way...how old is Mr. Benny today?

DENNIS: Thirty-nine.

VERNA: Thirty-nine indeed...Why, I remember seeing him in a vaudeville act with Al Jolson when they introduced the song "Sonny Boy".

DENNIS: How long ago was that?

VERNA: I don't remember, but Benny was singing and Jolson was climbing up on his knee...So long, Son.

DENNIS: Goodbye, Mother...lots of luck with your oranges...

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

DENNIS: Well, I've got everything set for the party..Now I better see if I have everybody's phone number...(STARTS HUMMING "BALLERINA")

(INTO SONG)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DENNIS: Well, I've got everybody's phone number but Don Wilson's.

I'll look that one up.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DON: Oh, darling.

ANN: What is it, Pudge?

~~What is it, Pudge?~~

~~What is it, Pudge?~~

DON: ~~What is it, Pudge?~~. I wanted to tell you, ~~that~~, that the table looks beautiful.

ANN: Thank you, dear, but I think you better start calling <sup>our</sup> ~~some~~ guests.

DON: I will as soon as I finish wrapping this present for Jack.

ANN: Well, I hope you're giving him an appropriate gift.. What's in that package, darling?

DON: See if you can guess.

ANN: A watch?

DON: No...I'll give you a hint...They're round and firm and fully packed, <sup>and</sup> ~~are~~ free and easy on the draw.

ANN: On the <sup>what?</sup> ~~draw~~.  
*Draw!*

DON: ~~What is it, Pudge?~~

ANN: A box of crayolas.

DON: No no, Pet.....Now listen again, Sweetheart...Take last night after dinner....I went into the living room...Sat down in my easy chair....struck a match..now what did I light?

ANN: My mother's picture.

DON: Yes, and while it was burning, what did I light with that?

ANN: Oh darling, don't keep me in suspense...What did you buy Jack Benny for his birthday?

DON: But darling, it's so obvious.. Look at these letters on the ~~box~~ <sup>package</sup>...You should be able to figure out what it is...

L S M F T.

ANN: L S M F T...Oh, I know... A long silk muffler from Tubby.

DON: No no..it's a carton of Lucky Strikes...and L S M F T stands for Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

ANN: Oh...Well, everybody knows that.

DON: Then why did you make me tell you?

ANN: I <sup>just</sup> love the way your face lights up when you say it.

DON: (LAUGHS) Thank you, ~~now~~...Now come on, darling...let's go through this list and see if I forgot anyone.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Hmm...A fine thing..Here it is my birthday and I'm all alone.. nobody even thinks of me..nobody cares..No cards..Not even a phone call.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Who is it?

ROCH: IT'S ME BOSS.

JACK: Rochester, I don't wanta talk to anyone...Leave me alone.

POLLY: Leave me alone, leave me alone...(SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

JACK: Quiet, Polly...When I want your help, I'll ask for it.

ROCH: BOSS, YOU HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY...DO YOU WANT ME TO GET YOU SOME---

JACK: I don't want anything....Just leave me alone.

ROCH: OKAY, OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM. HE'S KEPT HIMSELF LOCKED ~~IN~~<sup>the</sup> IN THE DEN ALL DAY...<sup>this</sup> LAST TIME HE BROODED LIKE ~~THAT~~ WAS WHEN HIS GIRL FRIEND, GLADYS ZYBISCO BROKE THEIR ENGAGEMENT...THEN SHE SENT BACK THE RING AND HE WAS HAPPY AGAIN.....I WONDER WHAT'S AILING HIM ~~THE~~...MAYBE HE BET ON A HORSE...NO, IF MR. BENNY BET ON A HORSE AND THAT HORSE LOST...HE'D BEAT IT TO DEATH WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: I JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester, if you don't mind, I'll have my dinner served in bed.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS, DON'T YOU FEEL GOOD? YOU'VE BEEN BROODING ALL DAY.

JACK: (SADLY) I haven't been brooding. If I want to lock myself in the den, it's my own business.

ROCH: WAIT A MINUTE, BOSS.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: (SWEETLY) HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING?

JACK: What makes you think I've been crying?

ROCH: THERE'S A RAINBOW IN YOUR LITTLE BLUE EYES.

JACK: THERE IS?...I mean, who cares? A lot you or anybody else worries about me, anyway.

ROCH: YOU'RE WRONG, MR. BENNY, I WORRY ABOUT YOU.

JACK: Oh, you do, eh?..Well, Rochester, what day is this?

ROCH: SATURDAY.

JACK: Uh huh..Saturday, February what?

ROCH: THE FOURTEENTH.

JACK: Doesn't that mean anything to you?

ROCH: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH...OH MY GOODNESS, I FORGOT TO  
<sup>put</sup>PUT THE GARBAGE ~~out~~.

JACK: It's not that, come back here!...Now let's not talk <sup>about it</sup>any more  
~~at all~~. You go in and clean the den. I'm going in the  
kitchen and have a sandwich and a glass of garbage.. I mean  
milk.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WELL, IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO STRAIGHTEN UP THE DEN..I'LL JUST  
PUT THESE BOOKS AWAY ON THE SHELVES.

POLLY: (SQUAWK AND WHISTLE) Hello Hello.

ROCH: WELL, HELLO POLLY.

POLLY: Here I am all alone..nobody cares.

ROCH: HUH?

POLLY: Nobody cares, nobody cares. (SQUAWKS)

ROCH: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

POLLY: Today's my birthday, today's my birthday..(SQUAWK AND WHISTLE)

ROCH: OH MY GOODNESS..HOW CAN I BE SO STUPID..I BETTER GO ~~IN~~ IN THE  
KITCHEN AND FIX THINGS UP RIGHT AWAY.

(SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: EXCUSE ME BOSS..EXCUSE ME.

(SOUND: DRAWERS OPENING..DISHES MOVING)

JACK: Rochester.

ROCH: JUST A MINUTE, BOSS.

(SOUND: DISHES)

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing?

ROCH: I'M PUTTING A CANDLE ON A CRACKER, IT'S POLLY'S BIRTHDAY.

JACK: Oh, it is, eh? Well, I'm glad to hear it. I'm going to my room. *That's where I'm going.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..LOUD DOOR SLAM)

ROCH: GOSH, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S BOTHERING THE BOSS.. HE'S USUALLY SO CHEERFUL AND --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: HELLO...MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...

MARY: Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone.

ROCH: OH HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE..YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHOSE BIRTHDAY IT IS TODAY.

MARY: I know, Rochester, and that's why I called. I want to <sup>give</sup> ~~you~~ a surprise party.

ROCH: A PARTY?

MARY: Yes...do you think you can get him out of the house?

ROCH: HIM?

MARY: Certainly.

ROCH: WELL, HE SURE FOOLED ME, HE LAID AN EGG THIS MORNING.

MARY: Rochester, what are you talking about?

ROCH: THE PARROT.



MARY: PARROT? IT ISN'T THE PARROT'S BIRTHDAY, IT'S MR. BENNY'S BIRTHDAY.

ROCH: OOOOOOOOOOOOCH. SO THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN FEELING BAD ALL DAY.....HE THOUGHT EVERYBODY FORGOT ABOUT HIM.

MARY: Oh no! When I called the gang, I found out that everybody was going to give him a party..so we all decided to come over to Mr. Benny's house and surprise him.

ROCH: WELL, BRING SOME FOOD WITH YOU, THE TIME LOCK DOESN'T OPEN THE ICE BOX TILL SIX IN THE MORNING.

MARY: Don't worry, we have food...you just get Mr. Benny out of the house for a little while....and don't let him suspect anything.

ROCH: OKAY, MISS LIVINGSTONE, ~~WELL~~ LEAVE IT TO ME, I'LL BE CLEVER ABOUT IT.

TRANSITION MUSIC

*Shell* (SOUND:FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~See~~, I feel a lot better taking this little walk....But I can't understand Rochester throwing my hat and coat out.... and when I went out to get them, he slammed the door....Gee, I've been walking for about forty minutes now and I'm kinda tired... ~~Oh, there's a bench by the fountain, I'll sit down for a while.~~  
~~as he walked, he was thinking about the time he spent in the prison, and how he was going to get out.~~  
~~He was thinking about the time he spent in the prison, and how he was going to get out.~~

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~~He was thinking about the time he spent in the prison, and how he was going to get out.~~

~~JACK: Well, that's nice.~~

BEA: Today is his birthday.

JACK: His birthday? Well, isn't that a coincidence...you know  
today happens to be..

BEA: He's a very smart boy and he plays the violin beautifully.

JACK: Gee, that's another coincidence, you know, I happen to  
play....

BEA: How old do you think he is?

JACK: Thirty-nine....I mean nine.

BEA: Well no, he's really twelve, but he tells everybody he's six..

JACK: Well, there's another coinci---I mean..I mean...

BEA: What were you saying?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, I think I'll walk across the street and get on a bus  
for home.....A fine birthday I'm.....<sup>Hey</sup> look at this  
theatre marquee. "Now Playing...The Horn Blows at Midnight."  
I guess they're running it again on account of the Academy  
Awards... I think I'll go to see it again.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Pardon me, Miss, I see you're showing The Horn Blows at  
Midnight.

SARA: That's right.

JACK: How's business?

SARA: Look Mister, if this is a hold-up, you're wasting your time  
we haven't sold a ticket all week.

JACK: This isn't a hold-up and give me a ticket...Here's the money.

SARA: Here's a ticket and a knife.

JACK: A knife?

SARA: You'll have to cut your way through the brush.

JACK: Never mind....just give me the ticket so I can go in. *will ya?*  
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MARY: Rochester, we've been here <sup>for</sup> four hours now..If Mr. Benny only went out for a walk, why isn't he back?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

~~ROCH:~~ <sup>Don</sup> Well, <sup>I can't</sup> ~~wait~~ wait any longer...Bring on the food!!!

DENNIS: Yeah, let's eat.

<sup>Mary</sup> ~~MARY:~~ Hey wait a minute, kids...Since this is Jack's birthday party, I propose that we all give a toast.

<sup>Dennis</sup> ~~MARY:~~ All of us?

<sup>Mary</sup> ~~MARY:~~ Yes...we'll each take a line. Go ahead, Rochester, you start it.

ROCH: OKAY...TO OUR BOSS MR. BENNY

MARY: THIS TOAST WE DO MAKE

<sup>Dennis</sup> ~~MARY:~~ WHILE WE STAND HERE TALKING, *Don's eating the cake.*

~~PHIL:~~ Well, I've waited long enough, I've gotta go home.

DON: Me too.

MARY: I wonder what happened to Jack.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

MEL: I beg your pardon, Mister.

JACK: Huh?

MEL: I'm the manager of this theatre...We've shown you The Horn Blows at Midnight three times.. Now will you please go home so we can close up?

JACK: Okay. Okay... By the way, Mister, the girl at the box office told me that you haven't sold a ticket all week.

MEL: That's quite true.

JACK: Well, if that's true, how come there's someone sitting in almost every seat in this theatre?

MEL: We rent it out as a storage room to a mortuary.

JACK: A mortuary?...You mean all the people in those seats are.... That's amazing.

MEL: I'll say it's amazing..Yesterday right in the middle of the picture three of them got up and walked out.

JACK: Gee, I wondered why the guy at the door didn't tear my ticket...Well, I better go on home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, all the lights are out in the house..Rochester must be asleep...Now let's see..where's my key?

(SOUND: JINGLE OF KEYS)

JACK: Here's the key to my safety deposit box...Here's the key to my car..key to my garage..Key to my vault.

(SOUND: BIG METAL BAR DROPS)

JACK: Whoops, I dropped it..Ah...here's the key to the front door.

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

JACK: Hmm..coming home to a cold, dark house...What a birthday  
this was..(YAWNS) A fine loyal gang I've got..I've got a  
good notion to fire every one of them...If I had any talent,  
I would..(YAWNS) Gee, I'm tired..Well, I might as well go  
to bed.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Now who can that be at this time of night?

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

BLANCHE: Hello, is this Jack Benny?

JACK: Yes.

BLANCHE: This is Western Union. We have a singing telegram for you  
from your sister in <sup>Chicago</sup>~~Monte Carlo~~.

JACK: Oh, a singing telegram from my sister, eh? Well, that's  
<sup>nice</sup>~~good~~..go ahead, *let me hear it.*

(PIANO ARPEGGIO)

BLANCHE: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY JACK BENNY  
(CADENZA)

QUART: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY JACK BENNY

*JACK: Look, I have to go to bed.*

QUART &  
BLANCHE: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

JACK: Well, thank you very much..That was swell really.

QUART: (AHHH)

JACK: Look, I've gotta get away now.

BLANCHE: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU. QUART: HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

BLANCHE: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

BLANCHE &  
QUART: HAPPY BIRTHDAY JACK BENNY

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR JACK

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ TO YOU.

JACK: Well, that was awfully sweet of you.

*Thanks.*

(ORCHESTRA INTO "WILLIAM TELL")

BLANCHE &

QUART: WHATHAP WHATAHAP WHATAHAPPY DAY  
WHATAHAP WHATAHAP WHATAHAPPY DAY  
WHATAHAP WHATAHAP WHATAHAPPY DAY  
WHAT A HAPPY LITTLE DAY IT IS.  
WHATAHAP WHATAHAP WHATAHAPPY DAY  
WHATAHAP WHATAHAP WHATAHAPPY DAY  
WHATAHAP WHATAHAP WHATAHAPPY DAY  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JACK BENNY.

JACK: *Look, fellows.*

(BIG CHORD)

JACK: Well, thank you...thank you very much.

QUART &

BLANCHE: YOU'RE WELCOME, YES YOU'RE WELCOME  
VERY WELCOME.

(FIVE BARS OF RASPBERRIES WITH OCARINA)

JACK: *It's two o'clock in the morning.*

QUART &

BLANCHE: HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

(CODA BY ORCHESTRA)

JACK: Well, I'll be darned.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

*Don*  
~~THOM~~  
Ladies and gentlemen, in certain sections of the country,  
a critical fuel oil situation exists and many families  
may face heatless days before the end of the winter.  
Help maintain your family's health and conserve fuel  
oil by doing these things now: Keep room temperature  
at 68 degrees by day, lower at night; close off unused  
rooms; help stretch existing supplies.  
Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first, here is  
Basil Ruysdael!

W

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
FEBRUARY 15, 1948

-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!

BOONE: (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 tobacco buyer Brice Leech of Glasgow, Kentucky recently said:

VOICE: Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy ripe, fine-tasting leaf ... fine quality tobacco that makes a top-quality smoke. I've smoked Luckies 16 years.

(MORE)

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL - CONTD.

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

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

IAING: 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!

(TAG)

(SOUND: ALARM CLOCK)

JACK: (YAWNS) Gee, it's nine A.M...Sunday morning..I hope I have a good show this afternoon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOD MORNING, BOSS...FEELING A LITTLE MORE CHEERFUL TODAY?

JACK: Yes, I feel fine.

ROCH: YOU SHOULD HAVE COME BACK EARLIER LAST NIGHT.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: THE WHOLE GANG CAME OVER TO GIVE A SURPRISE PARTY AND CELEBRATE YOUR BIRTHDAY.

JACK: What? A surprise party for me? My whole gang..Mary.. Phil..Don..and Dennis?...Gee, they didn't forget me.

ROCH: WHY BOSS, THAT RAINBOW'S COMING BACK IN YOUR LITTLE BLUE EYES.

JACK: (CRYING) Well, I can't help it, I'm so happy... Goodnight, folks.

*(Applause)*

W