

PROGRAM #21  
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

Sunday, February 22, 1948      NBC      4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

ATX01 0310582

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 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!

(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...TONIGHT WE ARE BROADCASTING FROM AMERICA'S FOREMOST DESERT RESORT, PALM SPRINGS, SURROUNDED BY INDIO, CATHEDRAL CITY AND TWENTY NINE PALMS....AND SINCE WE CAN'T BRING YOU "THE LADY FROM TWENTY NINE PALMS", WE GIVE YOU THE MAN <sup>2</sup>~~FROM~~ THIRTY NINE YEARS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you. *thank you,*...hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..and Don, even though last week was my birthday, I just can't realize that I'm thirty-nine years old.

DON: Really Jack?

JACK: Yes..It seems like I'm still thirty eight....Oh well...after I've been thirty-nine for a few years, I'll get used to it... Tell me Don, have you been enjoying your stay here in Palm Springs?

DON: Tremendously, Jack..The first day I got here I put on my shorts, went out in the patio, lay on my back and took a sun bath.

JACK: How was it?

DON: Well, my legs and shoulders were warm, but it was snowing up on my stomach.

JACK: Oh, so that's what it was..I saw a tourist turn to his wife and say, "Look dear, Mount San Hacinto has a dimple in the middle." ...But Don, Palm Springs is really a great place

for a rest...so peaceful and quiet..you sit out in the sun all day and all you can hear is the sound of your skin cracking...Anyway Don, you did manage to get a nice tan *you know*

DON: Well Jack, I've been out doors quite a bit..In fact, I've been horseback riding every day.

JACK: Well, horseback riding is wonderful exercise..I do it all the time.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello Mary.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack..On my way over here I stopped in at the Post Office.

JACK: The Post Office?

MARY: Yeah, they make the best date milk shakes there.

JACK: Oh I don't know, Mary..I always get my milk shakes at the hardware store *here*. They put nuts in it... *That didn't sound like us* ~~They're really~~ at all ... They're really delicious. ~~delicious.~~

DON: You know, Jack, it's strange how almost everyplace in Palm Springs sells dates on the side.

JACK: You're not kidding, Don..a few years ago, there used to be a place here called, "The Palm Springs Funeral Parlor and Date Shop"....Their slogan was, "Try our large economy size box."

MARY: Look Jack, I just wanted to explain why I was late..I didn't mean to start a routine.

JACK: Well, when you came in, Don and I were talking about horses.. You know, Don..I've had a lot of experience with them, and the main thing to remember is--

MARY: Oh stop, will you..All you know about horses is that they don't wear high heeled shoes.

JACK: Is that so..I know plenty.

MARY: (GIGGLING) Tell Don what happened at Rogers Stables the other morning.

JACK: Never mind..the only reason I fell off the horse was because I was trying that new trick, and you know it.

DON: What trick was that, Mary?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Well Jack put a handkerchief on the ground and said he'd ride by at full speed and pick it up.

JACK: Oh...

DON: So what happened?

MARY: He picked up the handkerchief, dropped his teeth, picked up his teeth, dropped his hair, picked up his hair and fell in a gopher hole.

JACK: ~~Some~~ *Some* Oh boy, you really make things up, don't you?

MARY: I'm not making up anything..You were even riding the horse side-saddle.

JACK: Well, you're supposed to, it was a female horse...Now let's drop it..Don, has Dennis come in yet? It's time for his song.

DON: *well* No he hasn't Jack, and neither has Phil Harris.

JACK: Oh, I meant to tell you, Don..Phil won't be here..and it's my own fault.

MARY: Your fault..what do you mean?

JACK: Well, before we left, Phil asked me how things were in Palm Springs...I said, "Dry," and before I could tell him I meant the climate, he called up and cancelled his reservations...  
By the way, Mary..where are you staying?

MARY: *Well,* Oh, I don't know the name of it, but it's that place on the corner of La Jolla and Indian Avenues.

JACK: Well, I'll drop in on---Wait a minute..I passed that corner yesterday and it's a vacant lot.

MARY: That was yesterday, today there's a two million dollar hotel there.

JACK: What?

MARY: And it's booked solid till May.

JACK: Well, I don't doubt it..the demand for hotel rooms is terrific..I know a fellow who has nothing but the blue-prints and twelve people are sleeping on it...If they'd get off already he could start building...This place is really popular.

DON: You know, I was amazed when I got down this year and saw all the beautiful new places that have been built..It keeps getting swankier and swankier every year.

JACK: You're right, Don. Oh! That's your line.

MARY: You're right, Don...the most important people in Society come here...Whit even Winthrop Rockefeller and his bride were going to spend their honeymoon in Palm Springs.

DON: Why didn't they come?

MARY: He couldn't afford it.

JACK: Mary, stop being silly..Rockefeller's got almost as much money as Crosby...That reminds me <sup>you know</sup> Bob Hope did a broadcast from here a few weeks ago and they made him the mayor of Palm Springs and Jerry Colonna the Chief of Police.

MARY: What did they do for you?

JACK: They broke my glasses and pushed me out in the middle of Palm Canyon Drive..But I don't care as long as--It doesn't make any difference.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: There's the phone..Maybe that's Dennis now.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

DENNIS: (AS COLONNA) Hello Benny...This is Jerry Colonna, Palm Springs Chief of Police.

JACK: Jerry Colonna?...Well gee, Colonna, I'm glad you phoned me because--

DENNIS: Hold the wire a second, Benny..my duties as police chief are calling me....I see a desperate criminal walking towards me on Indian Avenue...I recognize him...It's Jessie James.

JACK: Wait a minute, Colonna..Jessie James has been dead for fifty years.

DENNIS: Wonderful climate here, isn't it?

JACK: Yes yes..You know, Professor Colonna, I would have phoned you, but I didn't know where you live.

DENNIS: Oh, I'm living at the YWCA.

JACK: The YWCA..Isn't that just for women?

DENNIS: I don't ask questions, I just have fun.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Colonna, what did you really call me for?

DENNIS: Well, I hate to tell you this, Benny, but I had to arrest Dennis Day this afternoon.

JACK: Dennis..arrested..why?

DENNIS: He's been in town three days, and he hasn't paid for the air he's breathing.

JACK: But Colonna, there's no charge for fresh air.

DENNIS: This your first trip to Palm Springs, Bud?

JACK: Hmmm..look..would you let me speak to the kid, please?

DENNIS: Okay..(UP) HEY DENNIS..YOUR BOSS WANTS YOU ON THE TELEPHONE

DENNIS: (NATURAL) Gee, Mr. Colonna..can I talk?

DENNIS: (COLONNA) Yes, but don't breathe.

DENNIS: (NATURAL) All right...Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello Dennis..don't worry about anything, kid..They can't charge you for the air you breathe..Colonna's nuts.

DENNIS: Not as nutty as I am, I paid him two hundred dollars.

JACK: You paid him---Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard in all my thirty-nine years.

DENNIS: How many years?

JACK: Thirty nine.

DENNIS: (COLONNA) What's the matter, you crazy or something?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: (NATURAL) I said, what's the matter, you crazy or something?

JACK: No, I'm---wait a minute Dennis, that wasn't Colonna..That was you all the time. Why did you pull a trick like that?

DENNIS: I just thought I'd have a little fun. Would you like to hear Ronald Colman now?

JACK: No, and get over here.

DENNIS: (COLMAN) All right, old fellow, if I can break away from Benita.

JACK: Now cut that out and get over here immediately, you have to sing.

DENNIS: All right, just a second, I want to say goodbye to my friends...Goodbye, Ronnie.

(AS COLMAN) Goodbye, old fellow, nice of you to drop in.

(STRAIGHT) Goodbye, Colonna.

(AS COLONNA) Better go, Gate, don't be late.

JACK: Dennis, give them my regards and come over here.



(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Who was it, Jack?

JACK: The Andrew Sisters... Say Don, it'll be a few minutes before Dennis gets here, so how about having the quartet do a commercial now?

DON: Okay Jack, I've got the Sportsmen right here..and the number they've prepared is very appropriate for Palm Springs..It's called "My Adobe Hacienda".

JACK: Good good..but have them sing it straight, Don..I don't like it when they embellish it with their own ideas.

DON: I've heard it, Jack, and they sing it beautifully.

JACK: All right..but fellows, remember, I want you to sing it straight all the way through..Do you promise?

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Thanks..Take it boys.

QUART: IN MY ADOBE HACIENDA, THERE'S A TOUCH OF MEXICO.

MAX: I THEENK.

QUART: CACTUS LOVELIER THAN ORCHIDS, BLOOMING IN THE PATIO.

MAX: I THEENK.

QUART: SOFT DESERT STARS AND THE STRUM OF GUITARS  
MAKE EVERY EVENING ~~SO COMPLETE~~ *Seems so Sweet*

MAX: I THEENK.

QUART: IN MY ADOBE HACIENDA, LIFE AND LOVE ARE MORE COMPLETE.

MAX: I THEENK.

JACK: Oh boys..hold it a minute..hold it...Don, there was no  
commercial in it..where is it?

DON: It's coming..Go ahead, boys.

QUART: EVERYBODY'S SMOKING LUCKIES, LUCKY STRIKES THE SMOKE FOR ME.

MAX: THAT'S RIGHT.

QUART: SENOR BOONE AND SENOR SPEEDY, THEY SAY L S M F T.

MAX: YOU BET.

QUART: EVERY MAN WHO KNOWS WHERE THAT FINE TOBACCO GROWS  
WILL SAY IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.

MAX: SHOULD BE THREE.

QUART: IN MY ADOBE HACIENDA, WITH THIS SONG WE'RE NEARLY DONE.

JACK: That's enough boys..that was fine.

QUART: FROM LA QUINTA TO MONTE DEL VISTA  
THERE'S A LUCKY IN EVERYONE'S FISTA  
FOR THEY PLEASE EVERY MRS. AND MISTA  
MY UNCLE, MY AUNT, AND MY SISTA  
LSM, LSM, LSMF, LSMFFFFFFT.  
LSM, LSM, LSMF, LSMFFFFFFT.

JACK: No, fellows...  
Don, that's  
what I was  
talking about..  
Fellows you  
promised..

(APPLAUSE)

That's not  
what I want..Wait a  
minute..wait a minute  
..WAIT A MINUTE..WAIT  
A MINUTE!!!!

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Don..Don..San Hacinto boy..you promised me they would sing it straight..How can you do this to me?

MARY: Jack, it isn't Don's fault. Why don't you have a serious talk with the quartet?

JACK: I think I will..Oh boys?

QUART: (ONE NOTE)

JACK: Oh for..See Mary, what's the use..You can't talk to them.

MARY: Jack, let me try it.

JACK: Okay.

MARY: Oh boys?

QUART: (WOLF WHISTLE)

JACK: There you see...what did it get you?

MARY: A date for tonight I theenk.

JACK: Mary, that's <sup>pretty</sup> good..you ad libbing ~~vixen~~ <sup>little fool</sup> you.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS).

ARTIE: Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, I'm certainly surprised to see you here in Palm Springs.

ARTIE: You're surprised! HOO HOO HOO HOO!

JACK: What do you mean, "Hoo hoo hoo hoo"?

ARTIE: This morning my wife and I started from Los Angeles to visit my relatives in Santa Barbara.

JACK: But Santa Barbara is in the opposite direction. How did you wind up here?

ARTIE: My wife is giving ~~directions~~ <sup>instructions</sup>.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: "Turn to the left", "Turn to the right", "Turn to the left"..  
"Go straight ahead", "Back up", "Make a U turn"..

JACK: Oh, that's terrible.

ARTIE: Terrible? The bus driver got so mad he put us off.

JACK: Oh, you were on a bus...

ARTIE: Yes, <sup>we were on a bus</sup> but for the last ten miles we had to walk..I finally  
got so thirsty I could hardly stand it..Then suddenly, I am  
seeing an orange grove..In front of it is a little stand  
with a sign that says, "All you can drink for ten cents."

JACK: Yes, I've seen those signs..All you can drink for ten cents.

ARTIE: So I slapped down a dime and asked the man for fifty gallons.

JACK: Fifty gallons?

ARTIE: It didn't say you gotta drink it there..

JACK: I know, Mr. Kitzel, but asking for fifty gallons..What did  
the man do?

ARTIE: He took my dime and threw me in a well.

JACK: In a well?

ARTIE: The sign said "All you can drink" but it didn't say what.

JACK: Oh..yes yes..

ARTIE: Well, excuse me, Mr. Benny, I've gotta be sloshing along.

JACK: Goodbye Mr. Kitzel, I'm glad you dropped in.

ARTIE: Happy <sup>See you</sup> ~~sunshine~~.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: You know Mary, he sure is a nice guy.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: *you know,* When I finish building my house here, I think I'll invite him down for a few weeks.

DON: Jack, I didn't know you were building a house in Palm Springs.

JACK: Oh yes, Don..It's over near the mountains..and you wanta know something? They wanted five thousand dollars just to dig the excavation.

DON: Five thousand dollars!

MARY: That's what they wanted, but you know what I did, Don?

DON: What?

MARY: ~~Well, Jack didn't know this, but~~ I started a rumor that there was gold on <sup>Jack's</sup> ~~his~~ property and the next morning there was an excavation twelve feet deep.

DON: Oh for heaven's sake, who dug it?

MARY: Jack did.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~ It would have been deeper, but I didn't have a shovel.

DON: Where did you say this house is ~~that~~ you're building?

JACK: Well, it's a little south of town, out by the Palm Springs Biltmore..To reach it you have to pass the El Irisado, the Normandie Village, <sup>The Racquet Club, The Montecito</sup> and the Rossmore...Well, that takes care of everybody..and puts a clean sheet on my bed....I theenk.

MARY: Say Jack, instead of building a house, why didn't you build a hotel here as an investment?

JACK: ~~Oh no~~ <sup>well</sup> Mary, I'm not taking that kind of a gamble..Take the Biltmore Hotel..it cost three million dollars to build.. They've been open four days and they haven't gotten their money back yet....So believe me, I'm not taking any chances.

DON: Say Jack, we'd love to see the new house you're building.. Would you take us over?

JACK: I'll be glad to, Don..Of course it's not nearly finished yet, but--

DENNIS: Hello..here I am, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, it's about time..*you got here*.

(APPLAUSE)

jack; You and your impersonations...I hope you have a good reason for being late, *Dennis*.

DENNIS: I have..I was tired and overslept..Because yesterday I went skiing on Mount San Jacinto.

JACK: You went skiing on Mount San Hacinto?

DENNIS: Yeah..when I was half way down the mountain, it got up and put a shirt on.

JACK: What?

DON: Jack, he means that--

JACK: I know what he means..Go ahead and sing your song, kid.

(APPLAUSE)

.(DENNIS'S SONG.."SERENADE OF THE BELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Serenade of the Bells" sung by Dennis Day..and  
very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks.

JACK: By the way, kid..I was looking at you when you were singing..  
You've been in Palm Springs for the last five days and you  
look awfully pale.

DENNIS: Yes, nothing seems to help me...Every morning I got up early  
...put on my shorts...covered myself with sun tan oil..and  
would lie on my back for hours but I couldn't get a sun burn.

JACK: I can't understand it...all week it's been nice and sunny  
outside.

DENNIS: OOOOOHHHHH....OUTSIDE!!!

JACK: Hmm...Dennis, why don't you grab your tongue and see how far *I know that joke would mean nothing*  
you can throw your head...Sometimes I wonder if--

MARY: Say Jack, if you're going to take us over to see your new  
house, we better get started.

JACK: Okay..come on everybody, *before we all melt*  
let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well kids..here we are...There's my house, what do you think  
of it?

DENNIS: Oh boy, I think it's swell.

JACK: I can't wait till it's finished...How do you like it, Mary?

MARY: Oh, it's *very nice* ~~all right~~, but what's the idea of all those  
statues on the roof?

JACK: Those aren't statues...HEY YOU GUYS, GET A MOVE ON UP THERE!

(SOUND: LOUD HAMMERING AND SAWING)

JACK: Hmm...I wonder where Mr. Nelson, the builder, is..

DON: Maybe that's him over there.

JACK: Where?

DON: Coming towards us, on horseback.

JACK: Oh yes...

(SOUND: HORSES HOOFS COMING IN...AND CONTINUING)

JACK: MR. NELSON...MR. NELSON..

NELSON: YESSSSSSSSSSSS!

JACK: Mr. Nelson, you're supposed to be supervising this job..  
What're you doing on that horse?

NELSON: THE BRITISH ARE COMING.

JACK: They are not!

NELSON: THEN I BETTER GO TAKE THE LANTERN OUT OF THE TOWER OF THE  
EL MIRADOR.

JACK: COME BACK HERE...You can do that later.

NELSON: WHOA.

(SOUND: HORSES HOOFS STOP)

MEL: (HORSES WHINNY) I theenk.

JACK: Now Mr. Nelson, I came over to see how my house is coming  
along..I'd like to see the grounds first.

NELSON: All right, all right..we'll go around to the backyard..  
Follow me...WE'RE COMING AROUND TO THE BACK, MEN.

(SOUND: QUICK SAWING AND HAMMERING LOUD)

JACK: Hm, that was a spurt...Well, Mr. Nelson, everything I've  
seen so far looks very nice and..Ah, there's the tennis  
court.

NELSON: Yes sir, we just finished that tennis court this morning,  
isn't it a beauty?

JACK: It sure is...HEY WAIT A MINUTE, THERE'S NOTHING ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE NET, THERE'S ONLY HALF A COURT THERE.

NELSON: Oh, were you going to play with someone?



JACK: Can you imagine that, Mary..How can I play on half a tennis court?

MARY: Jack, you don't play tennis.

JACK: That's right, what am I mad about?

DENNIS: Say Mr. Benny, didn't you say you had a swimming pool?

JACK: Sure kid, it's right over...HEY MISTER NELSON, WHERE'S THE SWIMMING POOL?

NELSON: The what?

JACK: The swimming pool, where is it?

NELSON: Why now. that's funny, it was here yesterday.

JACK: Hm!

NELSON: I'll check on this...HEY MELVIN!

MEL: YES?

NELSON: WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST MR. BENNY'S SWIMMING POOL, WERE YOU AT THE COVE?

JACK: Never mind...Let's go ~~around to the~~ Hey, wait a minute, look at this lumber. It's so green the sap is oozing out of it.

NELSON: That isn't sap, we soak the lumber in orange juice twenty-four hours before we nail it up.

JACK: Soak it in orange juice..what does that do for the lumber?

NELSON: Nothing, but we've got the healthiest termites in the world.

JACK: Hmmm.

DON: Hey Jack, how about showing us through the rooms?

JACK: All right..Mr. Nelson, we want to go inside the house.

NELSON: Okay..just follow me...ALL RIGHT MEN..WE'RE COMING INTO THE HOUSE.

(SOUND: QUICK HAMMERING AND SAWING LOUD)

JACK: My, what activity..by the way, Mr. Nelson, what is that man <sup>that</sup> doing over there with ~~that~~ saw?

NELSON: He's playing it, he just got his union card from Petrillo.

JACK: Well, why would he be--

MARY: Oh Jack, look at that darling little breakfast nook, isn't it cute?

NELSON: I'm sorry Miss Livingstone, that's the Front Hall.

JACK: Front Hall? Why that shouldn't be out here in the back, should it?

NELSON: NO..NO IT SHOULDN'T, I OUGHTA GET A ZERO FOR THAT.

JACK: Now look, Mr. Nelson, I want to see all the rooms downstairs first.

NELSON: Very well..follow me...I'll show you the downstairs rooms.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Here's the dining room.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Here's the den.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: And here's the..Well, what do you know, here's the attic.

JACK: The attic on the first floor? What's it doing down here?

MARY: I guess those termites are healthier than he thought they were.

JACK: You're not kidding.

(SOUND: HAMMERING OFF MIKE)

JACK: Say Mary, doesn't that fellow hammering there look familiar?

MARY: He sure does.

JACK: I'm going over and talk to him.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey Mister, haven't I seen you before?

SINATRA: Very likely, I'm Frank Sinatra.

JACK: Frank Sinatra?

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Frankie, what are you doing here working as a carpenter?

SINATRA: I'm between pictures.

JACK: I know, but Frankie, you're a big star..you're also on the Hit Parade...why did you take a job like this?

SINATRA: Look Jackson, in Palm Springs a carpenter makes more than a star.....I thoenk.

JACK: I know, but Frankie I can't understand why a fellow like you would--

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE DOWN)

JACK: How do you like that, he fell right through a crack...Oh well..It's just as well..two more lines and I'da had to pay him. *AFRA - 25 he with AFRA* Now Mr. Nelson..

MARY: Jack, let's go upstairs and see the bedrooms.

JACK: All right..How about it, Mr. Nelson?

NELSON: Certainly, if you wish...OKAY MEN, READY OR NOT HERE WE COME!

(SOUND: LOUD QUICK HAMMERING AND SAWING)

JACK: Say, this is a regular bee-hive isn't it?

DENNIS: Oh Mr. Benny, when they finish your house, I'm gonna live here with you.

JACK: What makes you think so?

DENNIS: They nailed my shoes to the floor. *3 Thee ends*

JACK: Well, pry yourself loose, I'm not taking in any boarders... Say, Mr. Nelson...we've been going all through the house and I haven't seen any bathroom.

NELSON: Oh my goodness, we forgot to build one.

JACK: You forgot to build ~~one~~ *a bathroom?* Well, what're you going to do?

NELSON: I'm gonna give you a flashlight and a pair of slippers.  
*Oh, outside!*

JACK: You are not, you're gonna build one...Now Mr. Nelson,  
where's my bedroom?

NELSON: Oh, the Master Bedroom...Here it is, right here.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Say, it looks kinda...WHY ROCHESTER!

ROCH: OH..OH..OH...HELLO, MISTER BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, what are you doing here? *in my bedroom?*

ROCH: I MOVED IN ALREADY.

JACK: But the house isn't ready yet...and besides, your room is  
over the garage.

ROCH: YOU AIN'T GOT A GARAGE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: LAST NIGHT THE TERMITES HAD A PARTY AND SERVED IT BUFFET  
STYLE.

JACK: Rochester, you mean to tell me that termites ate up my  
whole garage?

ROCH: ALL BUT THE CEMENT FLOOR..THEY SAVED THAT FOR DANCING.

JACK: Well, this is terrible..I left my violin in there.

ROCH: THEY ATE THAT TOO.

JACK: How do you know?  
THEY WERE BURPING ... "LOVE IN BLOOM".

ROCH: ~~THEY SENT OUT FOR BICARBINATE OF SODA.~~

JACK: Rochester, if you saw them eating my violin, why didn't  
you stop them?

ROCH: BY THE TIME I GOT HERE, THEY WERE USING THE STRINGS FOR  
DENTAL FLOSS.

JACK: Dental floss?

ROCH: I THEENK!

JACK: Look Rochester, you can stop all this silly talk and you're not getting the Master Bedroom..Now take your twelve trunks and get them out of here.

ROCH: OKAY, YOU WIN....COME ON JEZEBEL.

MEL: (DOG BARK)

JACK: That's fine, he had to bring a dog in my house.

ROCH: DON'T WORRY, BOSS..I GAVE HIM A FLASHLIGHT AND FOUR BEDROOM SLIPPERS.

JACK: Good good..

NELSON: Now Mr, Benny, you better hurry if you wanta see the rest of the house, it's getting late.

JACK: I want to go out on the balcony first, because I know I'll spend a lot of time there, taking sun baths and everything.

MARY: Oh, let's see the rest of the house.

JACK: We can do that later, I want to see the balcony..It'll just take a minute.

(SOUND: LITTLE RATTLING OF DOOR KNOB)

JACK: Darn it..this door sticks..(TWO GRUNTS)

(SOUND: DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS)

JACK: I GOT IT...My, look at that marvelous--

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH AND SPLINTERING OF WOOD)

JACK: (OFF) OHHHHHHH!

MARY: JACK, JACK..ARE YOU HURT?

JACK: I DON'T KNOW YET...MR. NELSON, MR. NELSON, WHY DID YOU PUT A DOOR THERE AND NO BALCONY?

NELSON: BECAUSE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW'S A DOCTOR.

JACK: WHAT?

NELSON: YOU'RE THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK.

JACK: OH NUTS..COME ON, MARY, LET'S GO.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
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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. Joe Burnett, ace tobacco auctioneer of Buffalo Springs, Virginia recently said:

VOICE: At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy quality tobacco ... fine, light, fragrant tobacco that makes a grand smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 16 years.

(MORE)

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL - Contd.

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!

ANNR: THIS IS NBC . . . THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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