

PROGRAM #30
SCRIPT
REVISED

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

P

ATX01 0310824

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
4-25-48

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 57 to 59 -- AMERICAN)

IAING: Lucky Strike -- and Lucky Strike alone -- offers you important evidence gathered in the tobacco country by the world-famous Crossley Poll. This evidence reveals the smoking preference of auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- the men who really know tobacco. Here's what the Crossley Poll found.

HUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment --

INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS--

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE --

LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

IAING: These experts know their business. Their overwhelming preference for Lucky Strike, we believe, has a direct relationship to the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies and to the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you may expect from fine tobacco. And when these veteran tobacco experts name Lucky Strike -- first choice for their own personal smoking enjoyment, then you know ...

HUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

IAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike. Remember --

HUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE. -

LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

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(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(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, JACK BENNY HAS JUST RETURNED FROM HIS STAY IN PALM SPRINGS... SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS..IT'S MORNING AND WE FIND ROCHESTER IN THE KITCHEN.

ROCH: (SINGS) ^{OVER-LOOKING} I'M ~~LOOKING~~ OVER A SINK FULL OF DISHES
THAT I OVERLOOKED ALL WEEK.
THERE'S SPOONS AND THERE'S SAUCERS
AND DIRT ON THE FLOOR
IF I DON'T GET BUSY
HE'LL DOCK ME SOMEMORE.

DA DA DA DA DA, DA DA DA DA DA....

WELL, I BETTER ROLL UP MY SLEEVES AND...WAIT A MINUTE, THERE AIN'T NO HURRY ABOUT WASHING THESE DISHES...THIS IS ONLY THE END OF APRIL...THERE'S MAY, JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER.....I CAN START IN JUNE AND STILL GET TO THE TURKEY PLATTER IN TIME FOR THANKSGIVING...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (SINGS I'M LOOKING OVER --

JACK: Good morning, Rochester.

ROCH: OH, OH, GOOD MORNING, BOSS .. DID YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT?

JACK: Oh, pretty good, Rochester, but as you know, I had a difficult time falling asleep...I counted three thousand sheep.

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ROCH: THREE THOUSAND AND TWENTY, TO BE EXACT.

JACK: Was it that many?

ROCH: YEAH...AND BOSS, TONIGHT WHEN YOU GO TO BED, WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE A LITTLE PILL?

JACK: ~~Now~~ Rochester, I prefer to count sheep.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT I FEEL SO SILLY PUTTING ON THAT WHITE COAT AND
JUMPING BACK AND FORTH OVER YOUR BEDPOST.

JACK: ~~Rochester. IF I can toss and TURN, you CAN JUMP A LITTLE. NOW~~
~~Stop being funny and~~ pour me some coffee.

ROCH: OKAY...JUST A MINUTE, BOSS.

(SOUND: SHADE PULLED DOWN)

JACK: ~~Rochester~~, why did you pull down the shade?

ROCH: IN CASE MR. COLMAN LOOKS OUT OF HIS WINDOW I DON'T WANT HIM
TO SEE YOU.

JACK: Oh yes yes..he is still mad about my losing his Oscar, isn't
he?

ROCH: MAD? YESTERDAY HE CAME OVER AND GOT ONE OF OUR LAWNMOWERS.

JACK: Well, that's all right.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT HE MOWED HALF HIS LAWN BEFORE HE PUT THE FLAG
DOWN ON THE METER.

JACK: Gee, Rochester, if Mr. Colman finds out I'm back from Palm
Springs, no telling what he'll do..but I have to go to the
stuido..How am I gonna get out of the house without him seeing
me?

ROCH: ~~WELL...LET'S~~ ^{LEMME} SEE....I KNOW.

JACK: What?

ROCH: GET DOWN ON ALL FOURS, I'LL THROW THE BEARSKIN RUG OVER YOU,
AND LEAD YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE ON A LEASH.

JACK: No, ^{NO} that wouldn't work... Suppose he comes over to pet me.

ROCH: I'LL LEAVE THE MUZZLE OFF SO YOU CAN BITE HIM.

JACK: No, I'd probably break my tooth on his garter, ^{SILLY}.. But I've gotta get out of the house without Mr. Colman seeing me.

ROCH: SAY BOSS, I KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO.

JACK: What?

ROCH: YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR OLD CHARLIE'S AUNT COSTUME. WHY DON'T YOU PUT THAT ON?

JACK: Say, that's a wonderful idea. ^{IF I'M DRESSED LIKE A WOMAN, HE WON'T RECOGNIZE ME.} ~~Let's go in my room and~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: You take it, Rochester. I'll go in and put on my Charlie's Aunt costume.

ROCH: YES SIR.

----- (SOUND: RECEIVER UP) -----

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND WILL ACCEPT THE NOMINATION ^{FOR} OF ANY PARTY THAT'LL LET HIM RENT OUT ROOMS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Hello, Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone.

ROCH: OH..OH..HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE..HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR TWO ^{STAY} WEEKS, IN PALM SPRINGS?

MARY: Oh, Wonderful, Rochester...I was on the golf course with Mr. Benny every day.

ROCH: I KNOW..AND MR. BENNY ^{SAY} ~~TOLD ME~~ YOU OWE HIM FOUR DOLLARS AND THIRTY FIVE CENTS.

MARY: That's right.

ROCH: I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD BEAT YOU.

MARY: He didn't beat me, he caddied for me.

ROCH: OH.

MARY: By the way, Rochester, how does Mr. Benny feel now?

ROCH: MUCH BETTER...BUT WHEN HE GOT HOME FROM PALM SPRINGS, HE WAS GREEN. WHAT MADE HIM SO SICK?

MARY: He stopped at an orange juice stand that said, "All you can Drink For Ten Cents", and we had to roll him back in the car.

ROCH: OH, SO THAT'S WHAT IT WAS...HE WOKE ME UP WHEN HE CAME SLOSHING INTO THE HOUSE.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well Rochester, please tell Mr. Benny that I'll pick him up in a few minutes on my way down to the studio.

ROCH: THAT'LL BE FINE, MISS LIVINGSTONE..BUT..WOULD YOU MIND WAITING FOR HIM DOWN ON THE CORNER?

MARY: On the corner? Why?

ROCH: MR. BENNY WILL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU WHEN HE SEES YOU.

MARY: All right, Rochester....Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN..FOOTSTEPS..KNOCK ON DOOR)

ROCH: ARE YOU ^{DECENT} READY, BOSS?

JACK: (OFF) YEAH, COME ON IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{ROCHESTER} ^ ..How do I look in my Charlie's Aunt Costume?

ROCH: WELL..LET ME SEE..YOU'VE GOT THE WIG ON STRAIGHT..AND YOUR CURLS TUMBLE DOWN OVER YOUR FOREHEAD IN A TANTALIZING MANNER.

JACK: Thank you, thank you.

ROCH: YOUR MASCARA IS JUST HEAVY ENOUGH TO ACCENTUATE THE BLUE OF YOUR EYES.

JACK: Good.

ROCH: YOUR LIPS HAVE THE RED GLOW OF A SUMMER SUN AS IT SLOWLY
SINKS INTO THE PEACEFUL PACIFIC.

JACK: Well.

ROCH: AND YOUR...OH-OH.

JACK: What's the matter?

ROCH: YOU BETTER ^{PULL UP} ~~RAISE~~ YOUR SHOULDER STRAPS, THE HAIR ON YOUR CHEST
IS SHOWING.

JACK: Oh, nobody will notice that when I wear my shawl...Oh my
goodness, look what time it is..I better get started for the
studio..

ROCH: I TOLD MISS LIVINGSTONE TO PICK YOU UP ON THE CORNER.

JACK: That's a good idea..Gee, I hope nobody recognizes me...
Rochester, does this dress really make me look like a woman?

ROCH: BOSS, IF THIS WAS MOTHER'S DAY, YOU'D BE LOUSY WITH FLOWERS.

JACK: Good good..So long, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS..FOOTSTEPS
ON CEMENT)

JACK: Hrrm...It's a little chilly..I'm glad I wore this shawl..

(SINGS) A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DA DA DE DUM
.....Gee, if I pass Georgie Jessel, I'm dead, ^{but it will be interesting}.....Oh
well, as soon as I get in Mary's car, I'll take off this dress
and --Oh-oh...Oh my goodness, here comes Ronald Colman walking
this way...I'll just put down my head and cross the street.

(SOUND: AUTO HORN..CAR GOING BY)

JACK: Gee, that was close!

COLMAN: You'd Better be careful, Lady.

JACK: Huh?

(APPLAUSE)

COLMAN: May I help you across the street?

JACK: (FALSETTO) Well, thank you, thank you very much...But I can
manage by mySELF

COLMAN: ^{WELL, WELL} ~~Here~~, let me take your arm.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Well, ALL RIGHT

(SOUND: DOUBLE FOOTSTEPS..CONTINUING)

COLMAN: Am I walking too fast for you, Mother?

JACK: (FALSETTO) No no, not at all.....Well, here we are across the
street.

COLMAN: Yes..^{NOW} Now watch the curb..Ups-a-daisy!

JACK: (FALSETTO) Thank you, thank you very much, Mr. Colman..~~Now-I~~
~~have-to--~~

COLMAN: Oh, you recognized me.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Yes yes..now I have to --

COLMAN: Would you like my autograph?

JACK: (FALSETTO) Not now I'm in a hurry..I have to --

COLMAN: It will only take a minute.

JACK: (FALSETTO) I'm sorry but I don't have a pencil and paper.

COLMAN: Oh, I don't need pencil and paper..I have them written out on
little cards..You know the ^{the} demand has been quite heavy lately.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Oh, then I'll take one.

COLMAN: Take two, give one to your husband.

JACK: (FALSETTO) Thank you, ^{HE'S DEAD.....} he'll be thrilled, to DEATH.

COLMAN: By the way, Madam, am I the first movie star you ever met?

JACK: (FAISETTO) Well no no, I once met Charlie Farrell, star of Seventh Heaven.

COLMAN: Charlie Farrell? ^{NO, NO} He must've been before my time.

JACK: (FAISETTO) Well, thanks again Mr. Colman, you're my favorite Oscar-- I mean actor.

COLMAN: What? ~~was~~ THAT?

JACK: (FAISETTO) Goodbye, goodbye.

COLMAN: Goodbye.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..CONTINUING)

JACK: Gosh, that was a narrow escape..I don't know how much longer I could've held out..there's a fly under my wig...I'll get him.

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP)

JACK: I'll comb him out later..Now let me see, Rochester said that Mary would pick me ~~up~~ at...Oh, ~~where's~~ her car over there.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..CAR DOOR OPENS)

MARY: I beg your pardon, Madam, but I'm waiting for--

JACK: Mary, it's me, it's me!

MARY: Oh, for heaven's sake, Jack, what are you doing in that outfit?

JACK: I had to put it on so I could sneak out of the house without Ronald Colman recognizing me..It's a good thing I did, too, because I bumped into him.

MARY: ~~why~~, I just saw Ronnie, too.

JACK: Oh my goodness, if he saw you, he'll be sure to know that I'm around.

MARY: Oh, he didn't see me, Jack..he just walked by the car and threw his autograph in the back seat.

JACK: The back seat?...Oh, yeah..here it is...Well, what do you know...This one has glue on it so you can stick it on your windshield...Come on, Mary, let's go.

MARY: Jack, you're not going to go to the studio dressed as Charlie's Aunt are you?

JACK: No no, Mary, I have my suit on underneath..I'll slip the dress off while you're driving.

MARY: No no, Jack, don't take it off..I wanta remember you just the way you are.

JACK: What?

MARY: The way your curls tumble down over your forehead in a tantalizing manner.

JACK: Say, Rochester said the same thing.

MARY: And your mascara is just heavy enough to accentuate the blue of your eyes.

JACK: That's funny..he said that, too.

MARY: And your lips have the red glow of a summer sun slowly sinking into the LaBrea Tar Pits.

JACK: Mary..

MARY: I'll bet he didn't think of that one.

JACK: No no..he didn't...Now come on, let's hurry to the studio..I can get this dress^{I G-OTTA G-ET THIS} off before we get there.

(SOUND: MOTOR STARTS)

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, I'm going into my dressing room..call me when you start the rehearsal, WILL YOU?

JACK: Okay..I'll see you later.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Oh^{ah} there's Mel Blanc...Hello Mel.

MEL: Hello Jack..are you gonna use me on your show today?

JACK: No^{no}, Mel..I spent too much money in Palm Springs..Maybe next week..So long, Mel.

MEL: So long...(PORKY PIG) T-T-T-That's all folks!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, he's a clever guy..It's a shame he won't work cheaper....

Oh well...(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

PHIL: (OFF) ~~HEY JACKSON~~^{HEY A}..JACKSON..LONG TIME NO SEE!

JACK: Oh, hello Phil.

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL: Hey Jackson, lemme look at you..You know your stay in Palm Springs did you a lotta good...You're two inches taller.

JACK: ~~What?~~^{PHIL: YOU'RE TALLER.}..Oh darn it, I forgot to take off these high-heeled shoes..But Phil, no kidding..I sure missed you on our last two shows.

PHIL: I know.

JACK: What?

PHIL: You need me, Jackson, you need me!

JACK: What do you mean?...I got big laughs, didn't I?

PHIL: Yeah...you got laughs...but there was something missing. You know, your program without me is like a Persian rug.. it looks good but it just lays there.

JACK: Phil..

PHIL: Look Jackson, you tried it without me for two weeks...^{Now} Have you learned your lesson?

JACK: What?

PHIL: If you can't take the talent with you, stay where the talent is.

JACK: Phil...Phil...Shrinking Violet...How can you possibly be so egotistical.

PHIL: I ain't egotistical, Jackson...I just say if you got an effervescent personality, let it fizz, let it fizz.

JACK: Well, if that doesn't stop the air conditioning, nothing will...Now Phil, this week we've got a very important show, so let's get started with the rehearsal.

PHIL: I'll be with you in a minute, Jackson. I wanna go in and run over Dennis's song with him.

JACK: Okay, I'll come along with you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

(ORCHESTRA TUNING UP)

alright, alright, alright, come on - come on - come on
PHIL: ~~OKAY MEN~~, LET'S RUN THROUGH DENNIS'S NUMBER ONCE MORE.

alright, come on
(INTRODUCTION...DENNIS'S SONG..."NATURE BOY")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

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JACK: That was ^{very} good, Dennis..that song sounded swell.

DENNIS: Thanks, Mr. Benny..but I think the orchestra should've played it with just a little more rhythm.

JACK: I ^{guess} think you're right, Dennis..Oh Phil --

PHIL: I'll take care of it...^{Hey} SAY FELLOWS..WHEN WE DO THE NUMBER ON THE SHOW, PLAY IT A LITTLE MORE ^{little} PISTACHIO.

JACK: ^{PHIL: PISTACHIO} That's pizzicato!..^{JACK: then we give you the wrong word, you can't pronounce it. Dennis, say Dennis} Say Dennis, what time did you get home from Palm Springs Sunday night?

DENNIS: I didn't get home Sunday..I got home late Wednesday and almost missed my own show.

JACK: But you left Palm Springs Sunday night...What took you so long...did your car break down?

DENNIS: No, but I ran into a lot of traffic in Salt Lake City.

JACK: Salt Lake City? Dennis, why did you go from Palm Springs to Los Angeles by ^{the} way of Salt Lake City?

DENNIS: I wanted to avoid the traffic light in Banning.

JACK: Well...that's logical.

DENNIS: But that wasn't the only reason..I also wanted to break in my new car...My mother gave it to me for my birthday.

PHIL: Hey, congratulations, kid..When was your birthday?

DENNIS: Last week...and I had a swell party, too...Refreshments and dancing and games like Post Office. (TWO TONED WHISTLE)

JACK: Well, ^{well} who was there?

DENNIS: Just me.

JACK: Just you? Dennis, how could you dance and play games all by yourself?

DENNIS: It's done with mirrors.

JACK: Oh fine.

PHIL: Me having two shows I can understand, but this kid's a mystery.

JACK: Dennis, why don't you --

MARY: Say Jack, I-- Oh hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello.

PHIL: Well, hiya Livvy...You ravishing ^{gorgeous one} beauty you.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Hello Phil...Say Jack, the drug store just sent back the pictures we took in Palm Springs.

JACK: Oh good good....let's take a look at them.

MARY: Here's a picture of me taken ^{near} by the pool in my bathing suit.

PHIL: Lemme see that, Livvy.

MARY: Here. ^{you are}

PHIL: WELL...SCUDDA HOO, SCUDDA HAY....Say, that's really a gorgeous bathing suit.

MARY: (SHY AND COY) Oh, it's nothing.

JACK: That he can see..Believe me.

MARY: And Phil..(LAUGHING) Here's one of Jack in his bathing trunks..

PHIL: Let me ^{see that} see that...OH NO NO NO NO NO...(LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

PHIL: You look like a spider with four legs missing.

JACK: All right, Phil, you can stop fizzing.

DENNIS: Say Mary, can I see that picture of Mr. Benny?

MARY: Here you are, Dennis.

DENNIS: Gee...I don't know what Phil was laughing at.

JACK: Thanks, kid.

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DENNIS: For a spider, you look pretty good.

JACK: ~~Dennis~~ ^{Well}... Now I don't know whether you fellows are kidding or not but--

MARY: Say Jack, we better start rehearsing..we go on the air pretty soon.

PHIL: Yeah, let's get going, Jackson..the music is all ready.

JACK: Good ~~god~~..Now all ~~we need is~~...Hey, wait a minute..where's Don...DON..

DON: (OFF) HERE I AM, JACK.

JACK: Well Don, it's getting kinda late and we have to-- Don..Don.. did ^{you} pass an orange juice stand?

DON: No, I always look like this.

JACK: Oh..Well look Don, we've got practically everything ready but the quartet..did you rehearse them?

DON: ^{Oh}, Yes Jack, and I've got a great surprise for you.

JACK: A surprise?

DON: Yes..for weeks now your quartet ~~has~~ been rehearsing an operatic number, but they needed a soprano for the lead.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: So I took the liberty of asking Miss Dorothy Kirsten to come over and join them.

JACK: Well, I think it was very-- Dorothy Kirsten?..~~Don~~, you don't mean Dorothy Kirsten of the Metropolitan Opera?

KIRSTEN: Yes, Mr. Benny, and here I am.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well Miss Kirsten, this is indeed an honor and a great privilege having an operatic star like you on my program.

KIRSTEN: Thank you, Mr. Benny..coming from a violinist of your reputation, I consider that quite a compliment.

JACK: (MODESTLY) Well..speaking of my violin playing...I really shouldn't take too much credit for a talent that comes naturally...(SILLY LAUGH)

MARY: Some talent...Your father used to tie a flat-iron on the end of your bow so you could practice the violin and press pants at the same time.

JACK: Mary..please...Oh Miss Kirsten, this is Mary Livingstone.

KIRSTEN: How do you do, Miss Livingstone.

MARY: How do you do.

JACK: And this is Dennis Day.

KIRSTEN: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Glad to know you, Miss Kirsten.

KIRSTEN: Dennis, you must be very proud to be associated with a man of Mr. Benny's stature and importance.

DENNIS: ^{a barking nut} In the picture he looks like a spider.

JACK: ^{Mr Day} Dennis...He's such a kid.

DON: Oh Miss Kirsten, I wanted to tell you that I saw you in "Madam Butterfly" Wednesday afternoon and I thought your performance was simply magnificent.

KIRSTEN: Well, ^{thanks thanks awfully! IT'S} that's awfully kind of you, Mr. Wilson...but who could help singing Puccini, it's so expressive.... *AND* particularly the last act starting with the allegro vivacissimo.

DON: Well, that's being very modest, Miss Kirsten, but not every singer has the necessary Bel Canto and flexibility or ~~that~~ range to cope with the high tessatura of that first act.

Thank you, and don't
KIRSTEN: ~~Well~~, Mr. Wilson, ~~didn't~~ you think in the aria "Un Bel Di Vedremo" that the strings played the Con Molto Passione exceptionally fine and with great sostenendo?

JACK: Well, I thought--

MARY: Oh shut up.

that's not cricket
JACK:Mary, I was only trying to be sociable.

DENNIS: Gee, Miss Kirsten...I wish my mother were here...she'd enjoy meeting you...She's a singer too.

KIRSTEN: Oh...is your mother a soprano or a contralto?

DENNIS: She's a baritone.

JACK: Dennis!

DENNIS: You know, my mother wanted me to become an opera singer.

KIRSTEN: Well, it's a very exciting profession..but it requires intensive voice training and study....I prepared for my career eleven years...I spent seven of those years in the Conservatory of Music.

JACK: In Milan?

KIRSTEN: No, in Doo Wah Ditty.

Damn now,
JACK: ~~Hmm~~..Miss Kirsten, as I understand it, you're going to sing a number with my quartet...is that right?

KIRSTEN: Yes yes...we rehearsed all week...didn't we, boys?

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: Well, this is really a big event on my show, Miss Kirsten and I'm certainly thrilled having you..but..er..but..er.. pardon me.. Don..Don..step over here a minute, will you?

(DON GOES OVER TO JACK'S MIKE)

JACK: (WHISPERING) Don, how much is Miss Kirsten *I mean how much is she* going to charge me?

DON: Lean over, Jack., I'll whisper it to you.

JACK:Whoops!.....Hmm.....Gee, she gets more than Mel Blanc...Well.

KIRSTEN: Mr. Benny, I hope you're not concerned about the financial arrangements.

JACK: Oh no no..that is, I'm not worried for myself..I'm worried about the rest of my cast, they'll have to take a cut, you know...Miss Kirsten, what number have you and the boys prepared?

KIRSTEN: The Quartet from Rigoletto.

JACK: Oh, we'll that should be wonderful on the show..May we hear it now?

KIRSTEN: Certainly.

JACK: Don, announce it now just the way we're gonna do it on the show, will you?

DON: Okay...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT WE HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BRINGING YOU THE QUARTET FROM RIGOLETTO WITH THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET..AND STARRING MISS DOROTHY KIRSTEN OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA.

MISS KIRSTEN
& QUARTET:

(FIRST PART IN ITALIAN!)

L S M F T

THAT'S THE ONE AND ONLY SMOKE FOR ME.

THEY'RE SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED

AND THEY'RE SO VERY FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW

FOR DEEP SMOKING

THERE'S NOTHING FINER

THEY GROW TOBACCO

IN CAROLINA

OH, L S M F T..L S M F T..L S M F T..L S M F T

THEY'RE SO ROUND

YES SIR

SO FULLY PACKED

WHY SURE

SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW

YOU BET

SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE

(APPLAUSE)

*Regatta has
other lyrics
check record*

(REVISED)

-18-

JACK: Dorothy....I must call you Dorothy now...That was simply superb.

KIRSTEN:Thank you, Jack.

DENNIS: My mother wanted me to become an opera singer.

KIRSTEN:Well, it's a very exciting profession..but it requires intensive voice training,.....I studied ten years.

JACK: In Milan?

KIRSTEN:No, Doo Wah Ditty.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well Dorothy, when you do this same number on the show, I'd like to ask you a favor..when you finish the number, don't leave the stage, we may want an encore.

KIRSTEN:Very well, Jack...and now there's something I'd like to ask you.

JACK: What is it?

KIRSTEN:Where did you get those darling open-toed shoes?

JACK: Oh these...I'm sorry, I meant to take them off..It's a long story...Here's what happened --

EL: (OFF) EVERYBODY ON STAGE...EVERYBODY ON STAGE...THE PROGRAM GOES ON IN TWO MINUTES.

JACK: Come on, Dorothy...come on kids..and let's give them a great show.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0310843

(REVISED)

-18-

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JACK: Come on, Dorothy...come on kids..and let's give them a great show.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ATX01 0310843

TV TAG

-20-

JACK: Be sure to listen to the Phil Harris - Alice Faye Show on Sundays and "A Day In The Life of Dennis Day" on Wednesdays...I want to thank Miss Dorothy Kirsten of the Metropolitan Opera for helping us out tonight...and I also want to thank Ronald Colman for helping me across the street...And now if you'll excuse me, folks, my feet are killing me... Goodnight, ~~folks~~.

P

ATX01 0310844

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE --
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

BOONE: (CHANT -- 57 to 59 -- AMERICAN)

LAING: The famous Crossley Poll has just completed an impartial
survey in eleven southern tobacco states. This Poll --
taken among tobacco experts -- reveals the smoking
preference of the men who really know tobacco. Yes --

RUYSDAEL: For their own personal smoking enjoyment --
INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --
AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE. --
LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

LAING: These are the experts -- auctioneers, buyers and
warehousemen -- and we believe their overwhelming
preference for Lucky Strike has a direct relationship to
the quality tobacco we purchase for Luckies.

RUYSDAEL: You've heard the Poll results -- now listen to what Mr.
Furney Simmons King, independent buyer from Lexington,
Kentucky, recently said:

VOICE: Season after season I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike
buy real fine tobacco -- ripe, light tobacco that makes
a swell smoke. I've smoked Luckies 19 years.

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.

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