

PROGRAM #31
REVISED SCRIPT

AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

RTX01 0310847

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
5/2/48

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

LAING: 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.

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 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...

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LAING: 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 --

RUYSDAEL: INDEPENDENT TOBACCO EXPERTS --

AGAIN NAME LUCKY STRIKE -- FIRST CHOICE, *Lucky Strike, first choice,* OVER ANY OTHER BRAND.

ATX01 031084B

(FIRST ROUTINE)

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(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, AS THERE ARE ONLY EIGHT MORE PROGRAMS LEFT IN THE CURRENT LUCKY STRIKE SERIES, AT THIS TIME I WOULD LIKE TO PAY TRIBUTE TO A MAN WHO FOR THE PAST THIRTY WEEKS HAS BROUGHT JOY AND HAPPINESS INTO MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES.

JACK: Don't forget the five hundred and sixty nine thousand trailers.

DON: A MAN WHOSE WIT, CHARM, AND PERSONALITY HAVE ENDEARED HIM TO THE HEARTS OF HIS PUBLIC.

JACK: Keep going, Don, we have a half hour.

DON: A MAN WHO IS LOVED, ADMIRER, AND RESPECTED BY EVERY MEMBER OF HIS CAST.

JACK: How true.

DON: A MAN WHO EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME PICKS UP OUR OPTIONS... *Jack Benny*

JACK: Oh, so that's it.

DON: JACK-BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking..and Don..~~I know you were trying to be clever, but that introduction was about as subtle as John L. Lewis sending a Valentine to Judge Goldsborough..~~But Since you brought the matter up, I suppose you received the contract I mailed you for next season.

DON: Yes, I did, Jack, and I'm not quite satisfied with some of the clauses.

JACK: Huh?

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DON: After serving you faithfully for fourteen years, I'm

surprised that you had the effrontery to present me with a contract that was not only insulting but relegates me to a position that no self-respecting man would accept.

JACK: ~~Well!... So, so you didn't like some of the clauses?~~

DON: ~~That's right, Jack... I discussed the matter at home and the little woman doesn't think that my raise is quite big enough.~~

JACK: ~~Raise? Did I change it in that direction? Oh yes yes...~~

JACK: ~~Just what is~~
What's your complaint, Don? *W.W. Wilson?*

DON: Well, here's the situation, Jack. You get a lot of laughs at the expense of my being fat.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And this year my weekly salary has been at the rate of two dollars a pound.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: So I think it's only fair that next year I get three dollars a pound.

JACK: Three bucks a pound, eh?..Don I wouldn't give you three dollars a pound if all your fat was trimmed off and you were hanging on a hook.../Anyway, the raise I offered you is as high as I can go..Now what do you say?

DON: I can't sign the contract now, Jack..I'll have to talk it over with the little woman.

JACK: Oh, you and the little woman..haven't you got a mind of your own?

DON: Yes, but I respect my wife's opinion. I'm very devoted to her.

JACK: I see.

DON: After all, I'm home with her every day except Sunday.

JACK: Well, I can fix that, too...Now look, Don, I've been very fair about this whole thing and I ~~think~~--Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello Jack..What are you talking about?

JACK: Oh..Don isn't satisfied with his new contract for next season.

MARY: He isn't?

JACK: No.

MARY: Oh my goodness, and after all you've done for him.

JACK: Well, that's the way it goes, Mary..there isn't much gratitude in this business.

MARY: Why, Don Wilson, you ought to be--

JACK: Never mind, Mary..Thanks just the same..By the way, have you read your new contract?

MARY: Yeah..What're you trying to do, bring back slavery?

JACK: Oh, so I'm going to have trouble with you, too..ⁱⁿWhat's wrong with your contract?

MARY: I don't like Clause Seven.

JACK: Clause Seven?...Oh, Mary..^{mean it}it only happens once or twice a year.

MARY: I don't care..if you buy a turkey, kill it yourself.

JACK: Mary, can I help it if I'm sentimental?

MARY: You're not sentimental...When you pay for a whole turkey, you hate to chop anything off.

JACK: Oh stop.

MARY: Sentimental..You even use the head for badminton.

JACK: I stopped doing that..^{and it's}I couldn't stand the way it came over the net staring at me..Anyway Mary, you've got a lot of nerve complaining about your contract..After all--

PHIL: H'YA JACKSON, H'YA DON....HELLO, LIVVY.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Hello, Phil.

JACK: Phil, it's about time you got here. What made you ^{as} late?

PHIL: It ain't my fault, Jackson..I had plenty of time to get here, but just as I left the house, Alice fainted.

JACK: Oh my goodness..that must've scared you to death.

PHIL: ^{Now!} No-ne, it happens every time I kiss her goodbye.

MARY: Oh brother!

PHIL: That's what she said as she hit the floor.

JACK: Phil..Phil, do you really have that effect on Alice?

PHIL: Jackson, she won't even let me shave with a mirror..She don't want my love divided.

JACK: Phil..if I paid you by the pound, your head would ruin me..*you know that* Now look, just pick up your baton and let's have a band number.

PHIL: Oh no, Jackson, I ain't making with the down-beat till I talk to you about that new contract you sent me..My lawyers don't like it.

JACK: Your lawyers? Who are they?

PHIL: Kirchy, Bagby, Fletcher, and Fink.

JACK: Oh..Well Phil, just what is it you and your lawyers object to in the contract?

PHIL: We don't like the clause that says I've gotta get to bed on Saturday night before three a.m.

JACK: Well, it's for your own good, Phil. After all, you have a program to do on Sunday, and I want you to look bright and fresh.

PHIL: I know, but if I lose that red glow in my eyes, I ain't got no personality.

JACK: Phil, I've been playing badminton with a turkey head for two years and it looks better than you do..Anyway, I'll talk to your lawyers about your contract later, but right now, let's have a band number.

PHIL: Okay Jackson, what would you like to hear?

JACK: Henry Busse, but I'm stuck with you...Go ahead, play anything.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Hold it a minute, Phil..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, look who's here.

ARTIE: Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, it's certainly nice to see you.

ARTIE: I'm sorry to bother you, but I wonder if you could spare a ticket to your next week's broadcast for my uncle who is visiting me from the East.

JACK: Oh, you have an uncle visiting you, eh? What part of the East is he from?

ARTIE: Pomona.

JACK: Oh, oh..Well, anyway Mr. Kitzel, I'll be very glad to give your uncle a ticket.

ARTIE: Thank you and for this he will send you a box of oranges...He owns an orange grove.

JACK: An orange grove?...Oh, of course, Pomona is in the citrus belt.

ARTIE: Belt...suspenders...during the drought, he lost his pants.

JACK: Oh well, that's too bad.

ARTIE: Thank you../anyway Mr. Benny, I hope my wife will have better luck.

JACK: Your wife?

ARTIE: Yes, she is opening a restaurant on Olvera Street..called Mama Kitzel's Adobe Hacienda.

JACK: But Mr. Kitzel, that's Spanish...can your wife cook Spanish food?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO...She specializes in tamales with Sour Cream.. Enchiladas with chopped liver..Chili Con Corned Beef..and Spanish ~~Blinde~~ ^{smoked} ~~Blinde~~ ^{sausage}.

JACK: Spanish ~~Blinde~~ ^{sausage}..What's that?

ARTIE: A herring that ^{is} ~~is~~ making siesta on top of a slice of onion.

JACK: Well, that sounds novel.

ARTIE: And the tortillas you'll be crazy about ^{it}.

JACK: Tortillas?

ARTIE: That's a Crepe Suzette that shouldn't happen to a dog.

JACK: Ch...Well, Mr. Kitzel, let me know when you open your restaurant and I'll come down and visit you.

ARTIE: Buenos Dias, Signor.

JACK: Goodbye.

ARTIE: What did I say?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mama Kitzel's Adobe Hacienda..That's a good name..All right, Phil, let's have the number.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

Well, we Sunday got to the band rehearsal - 7-11-55
JACK: That was "The New Look" played by Phil Harris and his Gin
Rummy Orchestra...Eighteen rummies full of gin...And now,
ladies and gentlemen for our--

MARY: Say Jack, where's Dennis?

JACK: *Dennis?*
I don't know, but I hope he gets here pretty soon. I wanta
talk to him about his new contract for next year.

MARY: A new contract for Dennis? I thought you had him signed up
till next Haloy's Comet.

JACK: Well, it's the same contract, Mary, but I added a new clause.

PHIL: Hey Livvy, you shoulda seen the clause Jackson tried to get
into my contract.

JACK: Never mind.

MARY: What was it, Phil?

PHIL: If I ever find a dime..before I can spend it, I gotta call
Jackson and find out if he lost one.

JACK: Phil, I ~~just~~ did that for a gag..where's your sense of humor?
I mean, just because--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Maybe that's Dennis..I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY..THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Hello, Rochester, what do you want?

ROCH: I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO THE PROGRAM, BOSS, AND IT OCCURRED
TO ME ~~THAT~~ WE HAVEN'T DISCUSSED MY CONTRACT YET.

JACK: Well Rochester, you've been working in my house for ten years and I feel there's no necessity for a written contract.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: Everything is perfectly clear and we have what is known as a verbal agreement.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: That means we have a mutual understanding....Why put things on paper..The amount of money involved is too small.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT I MEAN..LET'S GET IT UP!

JACK: You'll be taken care of..and believe me, Rochester, there's no necessity for a written contract.

ROCH: BUT MY ATTORNEYS ADVISED IT, WHEREAS AND TO WIT.

JACK: Your attorneys? Who are they?

ROCH: REMUS, BEMUS, SUGARFOOT, AND SMYTHE.

JACK: Oh, well, tell Remus, Bemus, Sugarfoot, and Smythe to get in touch with Kirchy, Bagby, Fletcher, and Fink...Let them handle it.

ROCH: IT'S THE SAME FIRM..~~THEY~~ GOT A BRANCH ON CENTRAL AVENUE.

JACK: Oh...well, anyway Rochester, you've got nothing to worry about..I'm giving you a substantial raise next year.

ROCH: SUBSTANTIAL?

JACK: Yes, you know what the word means, don't you?

ROCH: I AIN'T ILLITERATE, I'M SKEPTICAL.

JACK: Well, you're getting it, so don't let it bother you...I'll see you later..Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE, OH SAY, BOSS..

JACK: Now what?

ROCH: ARE YOU STILL GONNA HAVE COMPANY FOR DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT?

JACK: Oh yes, I'm glad you reminded me..You better run down to the store and get a leg of lamb.

ROCH: A LEG OF LAMB?..WHY DON'T YOU GET A TURKEY?

JACK: Why?

ROCH: AFTER DINNER THEY MAY WANTA PLAY BADMINTON.

JACK: No..just get a leg of lamb and a small squab....Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE..~~HEE HEE HEE HEE..DOGGONE, IF HE AIN'T THE STINGIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, HE'S SURE CROWDING HIM.~~

JACK: ROCHESTER!

ROCH: OH, ~~EXCUSE ME, BOSS, I THOUGHT I HUNG UP.~~

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ~~He better watch himself...where were we...~~
He better watch himself...Oh Don..Don..

DON: Yes Jack.

JACK: I think right now would be a good time for a commercial.

DON: But Jack, the quartet isn't here. How are we gonna get laughs?

JACK: ^{It's} It's simple..Remember a few weeks ago when you did the commercial wearing that old straw hat? People loved that..

DON: I know Jack, but we don't wanta do that again.

JACK: We don't have to, Don..The idea is to give the people something different.

DON: What do you mean?

JACK: Every announcer in radio reads his commercial standing up at the microphone.

DON: Well, how else can you do it?

JACK: You can lie down.

DON: What?

JACK: Go ahead, Don..lie down on the floor..I'll bet you the audience ~~will~~ be crazy about it.

DON: But Jack, I think it's silly to do a commercial lying down on the--

JACK: *But it's different.* ~~Don~~..believe me, I know what I'm talking about..lie down.

DON: *Oh* Okay.

JACK: But do it gently, we don't want *we don't wanta - Don, we don't want* to disturb the seismograph at Berkeley.

(JACK GOES TO DON'S MIKE..DON GETS DOWN ON THE FLOOR ON HIS BACK)

JACK: Now Don, I'll hold the microphone down ~~close~~ to your face... ~~There~~..Now go ahead, Don..read the commercial.

DON: *Oh* Okay...L S, M F T..L S, M F T..LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO..AND IN A CIGARETTE IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS..SO SMOKE THE SMOKE TOBACCO EXPERTS SMOKE..LUCKY STRIKE..SO ROUND, SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED, SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.

JACK: Don, talk louder, the radio waves aren't getting over your stomach..go ahead..continue.

DON: AH I'VE BEEN SMOKIN' LUCKY STRIKES FOR NIGH ONTO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BECAUSE I'VE SEEN THE MAKERS OF LUCKY STRIKE BUY THAT FINE, THAT LIGHT, THAT NATURALLY MILD TOBACCO.

JACK: All right, folks..wasn't that clever?

(APPLAUSE)

(DON GETS UP DURING APPLAUSE)

JACK: You see, Don, *you did get laughs*..and I've got a Lulu for next week..You're gonna read the commercial with your head sticking out of a cement mixer.

MARY: Say Jack, while you and Don were doing that classy commercial,
a note came for you.

JACK: ^{a note} Who's it from?

MARY: Dennis Day.

JACK: From Dennis? What does it say?

MARY: It says, "DEAR MR. BENNY..MY MOTHER WON'T LET ME BE ON THE
PROGRAM UNTIL SHE TALKS TO YOU ABOUT MY NEW CONTRACT. YOUR
LOYAL SUBJECT, DENNIS DAY."

JACK: Well, how do you like that.

MARY: ^{Wait} Wait a minute, Jack, there's more.

JACK: More?

MARY: Yeah.. "P.S....I FOUND A DIME TODAY. PLEASE LET ME KNOW AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE AS THE GOOD HUMOR MAN IS WAITING."

JACK: Imagine Dennis not showing up..He's supposed to sing..

What're we going to do for a song? ^{What're we going to do for a song? I don't know. I don't know. I don't know.}

DON: Say Jack, I've got an idea.

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: Frank Sinatra is rehearsing a special broadcast in Studio
B...Maybe he'll come over and help you out.

JACK: Sinatra?..Say, that would be great..Oh Mary, will you please
go over to Studio B, and if Sinatra is there, ask him if he'll
come over, will you?

MARY: ^{I'll be right back.} Okay, Jack..I'll be right back..

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

MARY: ~~Before going over to Frankie's studio, I better step into~~
~~my dressing room and see if my make-up is on okay..~~

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

Lie, am I excited -

MARY: Yeah. I guess everything looks all right...I better see if my stockings are straight..Or maybe Frankie'd like it better if I'd roll them down....There, that'll do it..

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS
..SUSTAIN IN BACKGROUND)

MARY: Let's see ^{uh} Studio B is at the other end of the hall..(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)..No, that's Jack's tune..He's liable to sue me..Gosh, I'll bet millions of girls all over the country would love to be in my place right now..Going to see Frank Sinatra...but I don't feel any different..It hasn't the (VOICE TRAILS OFF) slightest effect on me at all..(NERVOUS GIGGLE) (FIRMLY) Steady girl, steady....well, here goes.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

SINATRA:(OFF MIKE) All right, fellows..now ^{Sate} I'd like to rehearse,
"But Beautiful" once more.

(APPLAUSE)

(SINATRA'S SONG.."BUT BEAUTIFUL")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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SINATRA: ^{you very much that was great, men.} Thank fellows, that was ~~fine~~,...That'll be enough for today.

MARY: Oh Frank..Frankie.

SINATRA: Huh? Oh hello Mary.

MARY: Hello Frankie..nice seeing you again.

SINATRA: Nice seeing you...^{Let}Gosh, you sure look gorgeous today,
Mary...

MARY: (PAUSE) Steady girl, steady...Say Frank, I came to ask you
to step over to our studio, Jack would like to see you.

SINATRA: Well, that's a coincidence...I was just going over to see
^{him}Jack myself..I'm a little peeved at him..He's ruining my
singing on the Hit Parade.

MARY: ^{Well}I don't understand. How can Jack hurt your singing?

SINATRA: I can't hit those high notes anymore..he puts too much
starch in my collars.

MARY: ...Oh..well, that's Rochester's fault..Jack's specialty
is rough dry.

SINATRA: ^{Well}And that isn't my only complaint...Yesterday my bundle of
laundry came back and two of my handkerchiefs were missing..
and they were the handkerchiefs that Bing Crosby gave me
for my birthday.

MARY: ^{Well}How do you know they were the handkerchiefs Bing gave you?

SINATRA: They had chloroform on them.

MARY: Well, Jack doesn't want to see you about the laundry..He'd
like to have you sing a song on his program.

FRANK: Today?

MARY: Yes..right now.

SINATRA: Well, come on..let's go over and I'll talk to him.

(SCUND: FOOTSTEPS)

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SINATRA: Where's Jack broadcasting from, Mary?

MARY: Right here in Studio "C"...let's go in.

SINATRA: Wait a minute, Mary..I'll open the door for you.

(SOUND: DOOR KNOB TURNS)

SINATRA: (GRUNTS)

(SOUND: DOOR KNOB TURNS AGAIN)

SINATRA: (GRUNTS AGAIN)

(SOUND: DOOR KNOB TURNS AND DOOR OPENS)

SINATRA: Thanks, Mary.

MARY: Oh, that's all right, I kill turkeys, too.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) AND LISTEN DON, IF FRED ALLEN THINKS HE'S THAT
FUNNY, HE'S GOT A...OH, HELLO, FRANKIE.

SINATRA: Hello Jack...did you want to see me?

JACK: Yes yes...come right in...by the way, you know my gang,
don't you?

SINATRA: Sure...where's Don Wilson?

JACK: Anyplace you look...Hey Don, here's Frank Sinatra.

DON: Hello, Frankie.

SINATRA: (STARING AT DON) Holy smoke, I'm surrounded!

JACK: Yes, yes...there is quite a difference in your size.

DON: I've got a goose pimple bigger than him.

JACK: Don, please...go lie down...Now Frank, I'll get right to the
point...Dennis couldn't be here today, so I'd like to have
you sing a song on my program.

SINATRA: Well...

JACK: Oh it's strictly business, Frank..I intend to pay you.

SINATRA: You're gonna..pay?

JACK: Certainly..

(SOUND: THREE FAST DIALS ON PHONE)

JACK: Frank, what are you doing?

SINATRA: I'm calling RKO....This is another Miracle of The Bells.

JACK: Well, you can hang up and we'll talk business..Now how much would you want to sing just one song?

SINATRA: Five thousand dollars.

JACK: (VERY LONG PAUSE)

MARY: (ON CUE) Why doesn't he fall down, I know he fainted.

JACK: Mary, please...Well look, Frank..for five thousand dollars, you sing both the verse and the chorus of a song, don't you?

SINATRA: Certainly. *Uh-uhuh*

JACK: ~~Uh-huh~~...Now Frank, most people don't know the verse *now what what now* anyway, what would you charge for just the chorus?

SINATRA: Three thousand dollars.

JACK: Humm..Well we won't need a whole chorus...You see, I wouldn't want to be cut off the air again..Now how much would you charge me for..say..sixteen bars?

SINATRA: Fifteen hundred dollars.

JACK: Gee, that's almost a hundred dollars a bar..Can't you give me something a little less expensive?

SINATRA: For ten bucks I can blow my nose in C Sharp. *that's a gift - not you*

JACK: No no, Frankie...I know you're short two handkerchiefs.

SINATRA: Now look Jack, what's the use of dickering..my price is five thousand dollars.

JACK: Now look Frank..let's compromise..I'll give you five hundred dollars.

SINATRA: Five thousand.

JACK: ...Five hundred and one.

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SINATRA: Four thousand nine hundred ~~and~~ ninety nine.

JACK:Five hundred and two.

SINATRA: Four thousand nine hundred ~~and~~ ninety eight.

JACK:Five hundred and three...

(SOUND: THREE DIALS ON PHONE)

JACK: Mary, what are you doing?

MARY: I'm calling Paramount, this is going to be another Lost Weekend.

JACK: Never mind...Now Frank...since we're so close to an agreement on price..why don't you ^{why don't you} just do your song and we'll settle it after the program..We shouldn't haggle in front of the audience..It makes you look cheap.....Now come on, sing your song.

SINATRA: Well, okay Jack...but who's ^{who's} going to accompany me?

JACK: Phil Harris's Orchestra.

SINATRA: Oh, no no no no. ~~not that~~

JACK: Wait a minute, Frankie, a few weeks ago on my show they accompanied Bing Crosby.

SINATRA: I know, but he's ^{already} already made his.

JACK: Oh, well, I'll tell you what..I'll accompany you on the violin and Frank Remley on the guitar.

SINATRA: Frank Remley?

JACK: That's Phil Harris's Nature Boy....Now I'll get my violin and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn it..excuse me, Frank.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY..THIS IS ROCHESTER AGAIN.

JACK: ~~Hi~~..what is it, this time Rochester?

ROCH: WELL, I'M LISTENING TO YOUR PROGRAM..AND I JUST HEARD FRANK SINATRA.

JACK: That's right..he's here..What about it?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU'VE GOT TO GET AN OSCAR TO GIVE BACK TO MR. COLMAN.

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: WELL, MR. SINATRA WON AN OSCAR A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO ~~for~~ *in a*
called ~~THE~~ PICTURE, "THE HOUSE I LIVE IN."

JACK: Say, that's right..he did...I wonder if he'd lend it to me.

ROCH: HE MIGHT IF HE HASN'T THROWN IT AWAY.

JACK: Now why in the world would he throw an Oscar away?

ROCH: COULD BE JEALOUSY..IT WEIGHS MORE THAN HE DOES.

JACK: Gee, Rochester..I'm glad you told me about it..and by the way, I think you're putting a little too much starch in Mr. Sinatra's collars...he looks like a dehydrated Herbert Hoover..Be careful *will ya?*

ROCH: I WILL...GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye. *Now look Frank,*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

SINATRA: I'm all ready now, Jack. *you* get your violin and we'll--

JACK: Look Frank, let's hold the song for a minute...I want to talk to you about something very important.

SINATRA: What is it? *Jack!*

JACK: No, ~~he~~..not here..Let's go out in the hall.

SINATRA: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES..MORE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Frank, I'm not going to beat around the bush...As you know, I lost Ronald Colman's Oscar...and I've got to get one to replace it.

SINATRA: Yes?

JACK: Now you won an Oscar, didn't you?

SINATRA: Yes ^{well} ~~Jack~~, ^I won it for "The House I Live In." *Jack*

JACK: Well look, Frankie, you can do me a great favor.

(SOUND: ELECTRICAL HUMMING BEGINS FADING IN
GETTING LOUDER ALL THE TIME)

JACK: I'll only need it for a few weeks...You see, I've gotta get an Oscar back to Ronald Colman before he--*comes*

MEL: HEY, WOULD YOUSE GUYS MIND MOVING OVER..WE'RE TRYIN' TO VACUUM THIS HALL.

JACK: In a minute, in a minute..They're always cleaning up around here..Now Frankie--

SINATRA: Yes Jack.

JACK: I've never been in such a spot in all my life..I'm not asking you to give me the Oscar..I just want you to lend it to me until--

MEL: NOW LOOK, YOUSE GUYS, I'M TRYIN' TO VACUUM THIS CORRIDOR.. I'M ASKIN' YOU ONCE MORE TO MOVE.

JACK: Don't be in such a hurry Bud..Now Frankie, look..How about it..Let me have your Oscar.

SINATRA: Well, Jack as long as you're in that kind of a spot and it's only for a few weeks, maybe I can--

(SOUND: LOUD SLIDE WHISTLE UP)

JACK: Frank..Frankie..Frankie...^DOh darn it, he got too close to
the vacuum cleaner....Now I'll have to go outside and wait
till they empty the bag..^{Everything happens to me.}Oh my goodness, look what time
it is!

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

JACK: PLAY, PHIL.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SAVINGS BONDS ARE VITALLY IMPORTANT IN THE NATION'S BATTLE AGAINST PRICE INFLATION AND FOR THE FUTURE WELFARE OF ~~US~~ ^{all of us} IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE CONTINUE TO BUILD FINANCIAL SECURITY FOR OURSELVES AND OUR CHILDREN. PROTECT YOUR FUTURE. ^{Buy} ~~EX~~ EXTRA SECURITY BONDS NOW.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST HERE'S BASIL RUYSDAEL.

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
5/2/48

-B-

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. Carl Hartfield, 29 years an independent tobacco buyer, recently said.

VOICE: At auction after auction I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco ... good, ripe leaf that's got real smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies 28 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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(T.G.)

-21-

JACK: Gosh, where could he have emptied that vacuum cleaner...
I've looked in every rubbish can in the alley...

(SOUND: TRASH AND BOTTLES MOVED AROUND)

JACK: Frankie..Frankie..Frankie, where are you?

MEL: (MEOW TWICE)

JACK: Well, he's not in this one.

MEL: (MEOW)

JACK: Go away, Kitty, *I'm work...* I'm working this side of the alley....

FRANKIE....Well, there's nothing left for me to do...

Next week I'll just have to go over and apologize to

Ronald Colman.

MEL: (MEOW) Rrronald Colman?

JACK: Yes *Yes*...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

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