

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE MAY 30, 1948

Network: **NBC**

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PDT

Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PDT

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #35
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1948

NBC

4:00 - 4:30 PM - PST

DD

ATX01 0310954

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL

5-30-48
-A-

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

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: More independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike
regularly than the next two leading brands combined!

RUYSDAEL: There you have the findings of a recent impartial survey
which reveals the personal smoking preference of tobacco
men -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen.

LAING: Yes, the survey shows - Lucky Strike -

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: First again ... with tobacco men! First again with the
men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently
select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally
mild tobacco. So light up a Lucky. Puff by puff you'll
see --

BP

ATX01 0310955

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONT.

5-30-48
-B-

RUYSDAEL: IS - MFT

IS - MFT

LAING: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And in a cigarette it's
the tobacco that counts -- so for your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment, smoke the smoke tobacco experts
smoke -- Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

bp.

ATK01 0310956

(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..ONCE AGAIN WE'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS..~~IT'S~~ EVENING. JACK HAS JUST FINISHED DINNER AND IS RELAXING IN HIS USUAL WAY.

JACK: (PLAYS FEW BARS OF "NATURE BOY" ON VIOLIN)

You know, Rochester..I always like to play my violin after dinner.

ROCH: ~~UH HUH.~~
~~You know,~~

JACK: It soothes and relaxes me.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: I hope it doesn't bother you.

ROCH: OH NO...I HAVEN'T HAD MY DINNER YET.

JACK: Good. ~~good.~~

(PLAYS FEW MORE BARS OF "NATURE BOY")

JACK: ~~You know~~ Rochester..I often think what a fool ~~I was not~~ to have made the violin my career..~~You know~~ I might have become a great virtuoso...But no..~~no~~ instead I had to become a comedian... a clown..a buffoon.

ROCH: BUT A RICH BUFFOON.

JACK: That's the wrong attitude..The world would be better off if people had a different viewpoint. ~~You know~~ Money isn't important... Remember what Shakespeare said.. "He who steals my purse, steals trash."

ROCH: I WISH YOU'D THROW SOME OF THAT GARBAGE ON ME.

JACK: ~~Excuse me~~ just clear off the table and let me practice my violin..I want to prepare for my stage appearances in Detroit and Cleveland...Now let me see..I wanta learn that new song first...Here it is..

(PLAYS LUCKY STRIKE COMMERCIAL THEME)

First again with tobacco men.

(PLAYS LUCKY STRIKE COMMERCIAL THEME)

Gee, that song is catching on fast. I heard it last night on the Hit Parade...Well, ~~I think~~ I've practiced enough...But I don't feel like going to bed..I think I'll go in the den and listen to the radio.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..~~SIX FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. SIX FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. SIX FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. SIX FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES~~)

~~JACK: Hum. I wish I hadn't built such a big house. Oh, well.~~

~~(SOUND: SIX FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS. SLOSHING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH WATER. (THEN ON CUE) SIX FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS)~~

~~JACK: And what I needed with a sunken living room. I'll never know.~~

~~(SOUND: ON CUE. COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. THREE FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS)~~

WHL: (PHONE RINGS + WHISTLE)
 JACK: Hello, Polly + (PHONE RINGS) I'm going to listen to the radio,
 WHL: Fred Allen sticks, Fred Allen sticks + (PHONE RINGS + WHISTLE)
 JACK: Maybe ... Maybe I shouldn't have taught her that ... but then she'd have
 found out herself.

-3-

JACK: ~~I don't know~~ I wonder what's on the ~~radio~~ ^{air right now.}

(SOUND: CLICK OF RADIO..STATIC)

NELSON: (FILTER) ~~I don't know~~ ^{My friends,} you have a tendency to be
 a little too fat around the waist?....You do?..Well, what you
 need is exercise...~~Exercise is the key to a healthy body.~~
~~First~~ ^{First} standing in front of your fireplace?...That's right, now
 get a little closer and lift your ~~leg~~ ^{right} leg...higher..higher...
 higher..now rest your foot on the mantelpiece...~~Exercise is the key to a healthy body.~~
 have you got one foot on the floor and one foot on the
 mantelpiece?...Good..We now leave the air until this same time
 tomorrow.

JACK: That's ridiculous...I wonder what else is on...Gee, it's hard
 to reach the dial with one foot on the mantelpiece.~~There, I made it.~~

(SOUND: STATIC)

BLANCHE: (FILTER) This is Blanche Stewart, your daily beauty
 consultant...Ladies, is your skin rough and dry?...Are your
 pores large and coarse?..Is your complexion dull and blotchy?..
 Is your hair stringy and full of snarls?..It is?...Well, stay
in the house, kid, you're a mess!

JACK: ~~I don't know~~ ^{There}...There must be something on the air tonight ~~XXXX~~ --
~~besides commercials.~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, there's the phono.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

MARY: (OFF MIKE) Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.

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MARY: (OFF) Jack, are we gonna have rehearsal at your house or NBC?

JACK: What?

MARY: (OFF) Are we gonna have rehearsal at your house or NBC?

JACK: Mary, I can hardly hear you. Get closer to the phone.

MARY: I can't, I've got one foot on the floor and one foot on the mantelpiece.

JACK: Gee, that program must have a terrific Hooper, ^{Don't you think so}..Oh Mary, what did you ask me before?

MARY: I said, where are we having rehearsal?

JACK: Oh, rehearsal will be tomorrow at NBC.

MARY: Okay, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

MARY: Oh say, Jack.

JACK: Yes.

MARY: I've got the most wonderful news. My sister Babe is coming out to California to go on television.

JACK: Your sister Babe on television? Well...What is she gonna do?

MARY: She's gonna double for Gorgeous George.

JACK: Say, that's great.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Listen,} Give her my congrat--

DON: Hello, Jack. Rochester told me you were in here.

JACK: Oh, hello Don...Mary, Don's here. I've got to hang up..
Goodbye.

MARY: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: H'ya Don. Come in and sit down.

DON: Okay...COME ~~IN~~, FELLOWS.

JACK: Oh, you brought the Sportsmen with you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, boys.

QUART: HMMMM.

JACK: Don, I meant to call you, but we're not having rehearsal until tomorrow..but as long as you're here, sit down.

DON: ~~Well,~~ ^{uh, all,} thanks, Jack...Aren't you going to sit down, too?

JACK: No, I'll just put my foot back on the mantelpiece.

DON: Well Jack even though we're not rehearsing until tomorrow, the boys have prepared a beautiful number for the show and they'd like ~~you to~~ ^{to have} hear it ~~now~~ ^{right}..They're going out of town for a few days.

JACK: Business?

DON: Oh no no..~~yes~~ ^{the boys} took their wives fishing at Big Bear Lake last week and they're going back there again.

JACK: Gee, I wish I could go...What are they gonna fish for, perch or trout?

DON: The baritone's wife, she fell out of the boat Wednesday.

JACK: Oh...well then by all means let's hear them sing now. She must be awfully tired treading water...Go ahead, boys.

DON: ~~Well ... wait ...~~ Wait a minute, Jack, this is a big production number and there's a part in it for you on the violin.

JACK: For me? Well, good, good..Now where's my violin?

DON: Under your chin.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...that was the stickiest spaghetti I had for dinner...Now let's ~~go~~ ^{let's} go, Don..What number are we gonna do?

DON: The Sabre Dance by Khachaturian.

JACK: The Sabre Dance! Well, that should be wonderful...Come on, fellows, hit it.

P

(ORCHESTRA INTRO TO "SABRE DANCE")

5-A

QUART: YOU BETTER TRY A LUCKY
THEY ~~ARE~~ MADE DOWN IN KENTUCKY
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES
THAT'S THE CIGARETTE THAT YOU WILL LIKE

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ~~THESE CIGARETTES~~
FIRST CHOICE
YOU'D BETTER HURRY HURRY
YOU DON'T WANT US ALL TO WORRY
HURRY UP, BUY THEM, HURRY UP TRY THEM.
LOOK WHAT YOU ARE MISSING
LOOK WHAT YOU ARE MISSING
HURRY UP AND TRY A LUCKY STRIKE.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ~~THESE CIGARETTES~~
FIRST CHOICE
SO FOR YOUR OWN DEEP DOWN SMOKING ENJOYMENT
YOU SHOULD TRY LUCKIES ~~AND~~ THEN YOU ~~WILL~~ SEE
WHY MEN WHO KNOW AGREE
L S M F T

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: ~~NOW THE QUESTION IS HOW MANY CIGARETTES YOU WANT TO BUY~~
~~AS HE SINGS (CHANGING TO AMERICAN)~~
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN'
IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN SMOKING THIS-UN.
HURRY NOW AND BUY A CARTON
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO START ON
LUCKIES THEN WILL BE YOUR ~~FIRST CHOICE~~
~~THEY ARE~~ THE BEST BRAND IN THE LAND.
L S S S, M F F F L S S S, M F F F
L S M F, L S M F T

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5-B

QUART: OH L S S S S M F F F F F F,

L S S S, M F F F, L S S S, M F F F

LUCKY STRIKE'S THE CIGARETTE FOR ME.

NOW BEFORE WE FINISH THERE ~~IS~~ ONE ~~IMPORTANT~~ ~~THING~~ ~~THING~~

AS YOU MAY GUESS

QUALITY OF TOBACCO IS ESSENTIAL TO CONTINUING SUCCESS.

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Don't ~~congratulations~~ ~~that~~ was a wonderful number.

DON: ~~Well~~ Thanks Jack, I knew you'd like it.

JACK: I certainly did. Well, see you Sunday, fellows...Goodbye.

QUART: HMMMM.

DON: So long, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: ~~Good~~ ~~well~~ those boys are such nice fellows...Sixty-five cents in the Coca Cola machine...Well, I think I'll take my change belt off and go in the library. I'll read for an hour or so before I go to bed.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Just look at this room..what a mess...OH, ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER..
....Everytime I want him, he takes so-- ~~long to~~ ...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: DID YOU CALL ME, MR BENNY?

JACK: Yes, where were you?

ROCH: I WAS IN THE KITCHEN IRONING YOUR NIGHTGOWN.

JACK: Oh. Well, I hope you didn't put too much starch in it again..
Last night I felt like I was sleeping in a Quonset Hut....I, I like a nightgown to cling a little...Now Rochester, this room is such a mess, I wish ~~would~~--- (SNIFFING) Rochester! Do you smell something burning?

ROCH: OH OH! THE IRON!

JACK: My nightgown!

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..THEN STOP)

JACK: Well? Is it burnt?

ROCH: BOSS, SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS QUONSET HUT IS GOING TO HAVE
A WINDOW IN IT!

JACK: ~~XXXXXX~~ Let me see that nightgown...Hmm...~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXX~~

ROCH: IT'LL BE OKAY, BOSS, I'LL PUT A FLAP ON IT.

JACK: See that you do..I'm going back in the library and read.
I'll call you, Rochester, when I want to go to bed.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{Now "Alice Was Dead"} ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ..

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ...Now let me see..I'd like to read a good
^{What are these books?}
mystery for a change. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "Kiss The Blood Off My
Hands" . ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "The Crushed Skull"...~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "The Mutilated Torso"...~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ "Lilacs in The Spring"
^{Let's see ...}
..No, that's too gruesome...~~XX~~ Oh, my goodness, these two
books shouldn't be together.."The Proper Bostonians" and "The
Kinsey Report"...Here's a mystery I haven't read.."I Was
Framed" by the author of "I Stand Condemned"...Gee, his new
book oughta be good..I'll just curl up in this easy chair and
read it....Chapter One..."I Was Framed."

(MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO MIKE) MY NAME IS BRUCE FINK. OH, IT'S AN ORDINARY NAME..IT HASN'T EVEN BEEN MENTIONED AS A REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE ...I WAS AN AVERAGE MAN WITH NORMAL HABITS. MY ONLY FAULT WAS, PERHAPS, THAT I SPENT MY MONEY A LITTLE TOO FREELY.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Gee.

JACK: (ECHO) IT ALL STARTED ONE EVENING LAST APRIL...WE HAD JUST FINISHED DINNER AND I WAS IN THE KITCHEN WASHING THE DISHES. MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, WAS IN THE PARLOR DANCING WITH OUR BOARDER, SILK SHIRT HARRY...I ALSO HAD A SON NAMED GUS...SOME PEOPLE THROUGHT HE WAS STUPID BECAUSE HE WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD AND HAD JUST LEARNED TO TIE HIS SHOE LACES. SOMEDAY HE MAY EVEN LEARN TO TIE THEM WHEN THEY'RE IN HIS SHOES...BUT I LOVED HIM...THAT EVENING GUS WAS HELPING ME WITH THE DISHES.

(MUSIC OUT)

(SOUND: WATER SPLASHING, DISHES CLATTERING)

DENNIS: What's this, papa?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) That's a cup, son.

DENNIS: Oh..and is this a saucer?

JACK: No no, that's a knife..Saucer..knife..saucer...knife... saucer..knife...Have you got that, son?

DENNIS: Son?

JACK: Yes, you're my son and I'm your father....This is a cup and this is a knife..The one with the point is the knife..the one with the handle is the cup..and the one with the hole ~~is~~ is your head...Now do you understand?

DENNIS: Yes son.

JACK: No no ~~no, no ... look, look~~ you're the son..I'm your father...But don't try to learn too much at one time.

DENNIS: All right, I'll go to bed now.

JACK: Goodnight, my boy.

DENNIS: Goodnight, papa,...Oh, Papa.

JACK: Yes, son?

DENNIS: Papa, when are you going to tell me about the birds and the bees?

JACK: Don't worry about the birds and the bees. First learn about the cups and the saucers. ~~they enjoy life, too.~~ Goodnight, Gus.

DENNIS: Goodnight, Papa.

JACK: (ECHO) GUS CALLED ME PAPA..AND I WAS GLAD THAT I MADE THE RIGHT DECISION..TWO DAYS BEFORE I ALMOST TRADED HIM FOR A COCKER SPANIEL....I PUT AWAY THE DISHES AND STARTED TOWARD THE PARLOR TO JOIN MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, AND OUR BOARDER, SILK SHIRT HARRY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY" AND FADES)

PHIL: ~~Ab,~~ Swing it, Flossie. you little dove you...

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I'm way ahead of you, Harry.

PHIL & MARY: (LAUGH)

PHIL: ~~Hey, honey,~~ /Let's try that dip again.

MARY: You sure cut a mean rug.

PHIL: This is nothing, baby, you oughta catch me on linoleum.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Oh Harry, hold me closer, I love to smell that Bay Rum.

PHIL: I know ~~you know~~ ^{Baby} that's why I ~~drink it straight.~~ ~~drink three bottles of it.~~

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Mind if I cut in, Sweetheart?

MARY: (DISGUSTEDLY) Are you finished with the dishes already?

JACK: Oh yes..they're all washed and put away.

PHIL: Look, Fink..Flossie and I are busy. Here's a dime. Why don't you run down to the store?

JACK: What do you want me to get?

MARY: Lost.

JACK: (ECHO) I WALKED OUT OF THE HOUSE SMILING AT FLOSSIE'S
LITTLE JOKE..THEN I WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE OUR SON GUS
LYING ON THE FRONT LAWN WITH A BROKEN LEG, *I knew what had happened* WHEN HE WENT
UP TO HIS ROOM, HE STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY TO GET SOME
FRESH AIR..IF I TOLD HIM ONCE, I TOLD HIM A THOUSAND TIMES,
WE HAVEN'T GOT A BALCONY....AS I BENT OVER HIM, GUS
OPENED HIS EYES AND SAID --

DENNIS: What happened, Son?

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) No no, you're the son, I'm your father.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Tell me, are you hurt?

DENNIS: Yes..I think I broke my saucer.

JACK: That's your leg.

JACK: (ECHO) AS I WALKED DOWN THE STREET TOWARD THE CORNER STORE
I COULDN'T HELP THINKING HOW LUCKY I WAS. I HAD A
WONDERFUL WIFE, A SON WITH A BROKEN SAUCER, AND A BOARDER
WHO ~~had his own show and went off the air for the summer...~~
WHO ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~...WHAT MAN COULD ASK FOR MORE?

ALTHOUGH I HAD NEVER CARED FOR RICHES, I DID WISH THAT I
COULD AFFORD TO BUY MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, THE LITTLE EXTRA
THINGS SHE'D NEVER HAD BEFORE...LIKE ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ^{toothpaste} A TOOTH BRUSH..
OR EVEN TEETH...I CONTINUED WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN
SUDDENLY A VOICE CALLED TO ME FROM THE DARKENED DOORWAY OF
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

(SOFT MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)

MEL: (TOUGH) Psst! Hey you..you!

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Who, me?

MEL: Yeah, you. Come here. You wanna make fifty bucks?

JACK: (ECHO) WITHOUT EVEN THINKING, I SAID "NO", WHICH PROVES
I WASN'T THINKING...SO I THOUGHT IT OVER AND SAID --

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Did you say fifty bucks?

MEL: Yeah..all you gotta do is stand out here in front of the bank,
and if you see a cop, just whistle.

JACK: Whistle?

MEL: Yeah, whistle something like Melancholy Baby..or Ballerina..
any popular number.

JACK: If you don't mind, I'd like to whistle "Star Dust". I'm
a friend of Hugo Carmichael.

MEL: Whistle "Ballerina"..and when you see a cop coming,
whistle loud so me and my friend can hear you.

JACK: (ECHO) THEY WEREN'T FOOLING ME. I KNEW THEY WERE SONG
PLUGGERS..I STOOD IN FRONT OF THE BANK THINKING OF THE FIFTY
DOLLARS I WAS GOING TO MAKE. TO ME THAT WAS A FORTUNE.
THE NEAREST I EVER CAME TO BEING RICH WAS WHEN I ALMOST
GUESSED THE NAME OF THE WALKING MAN...I WAS SO SURE IT WAS
~~FRANK KNOX ... He fell off his stand for the money...~~
~~STROMBERG~~...I STOOD THERE, LOST IN THOUGHT...WHEN SUDDENLY
FROM INSIDE ~~OF~~ THE BANK I HEARD --

(SOUND: LOUD EXPLOSION (OFF MIKE))

JACK: (ECHO) THE BANK NOW HAD ~~an extra load of money~~...THE NEXT
THING I KNEW, I WAS IN A SPEEDING CAR SEATED BETWEEN ~~THE~~
TWO MEN AND THREE SACKS OF MONEY...THEN, SUDDENLY, IT
DAWNED UPON ME! THIS WAS A HOLDUP!

(LOUD MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) THE REST OF THAT RIDE WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE..THEN
THE TWO MEN BEGAN TO TALK,

UKIE: Hey Clyde..how much ^{how much} did you promise this fink?

JACK: (ECHO) THEY KNEW MY NAME!....I LOOKED AT THE MEN..THEN
I LOOKED AT THEIR GUNS..I NOTICED THE GUNS WERE IDENTICAL..
SO I ASKED THEM WHY THEY BOTH CARRIED THIRTY-TWO CALIBRE
AUTOMATICS..AND THEY SAID --

MEL & UKIE: (SWEETLY AND WITH RHYTHM) They're first again
with holdup men.

JACK: (ECHO) I KNEW WHAT THEY MEANT BUT I MISSED THE MUSIC..
~~HOWEVER, THEIR THIRTY-TWO'S DIDN'T SCARE ME. I WAS~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~..HAVING THAT ADVANTAGE, I LEERED BACK AT THEM
AND SAID --

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) You fellows can't get away with this.
I'm going to the police.

MEL: You can't go to the police, buddy. You're in this as deep as we are.

JACK: (ECHO) I KNEW THAT THE TWO MEN WERE RIGHT. I WAS TRAPPED. THROUGH NO FAULT OF MY OWN, I, BRUCE CRIMINAL, WAS ^{NOT} A FINK.. I MEAN..BRUCE FINK WAS NOW A CRIMINAL.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) AS I RODE ALONG WITH THE THREE SACKS OF MONEY, THE CAR STOPPED AT A CORNER. THE MEN PICKED UP TWO MORE SACKS.. ONE WAS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE...THE CAR WAS NOW SO CROWDED I HAD TO SIT IN THE BACK WITH THE ESCALATOR...FINALLY, THEY THREW ME OUT OF THE CAR, ~~BY~~ ^{I looked up at the sky} BY THE TIME I GOT HOME IT WAS MORNING..A DREARY MORNING. ~~SUDDENLY~~ THE SUN BROKE THROUGH THE "O" IN HONEST JOHN...THROUGH THE WINDOW I COULD SEE SILK SHIRT HARRY HOLDING MY WIFE, FLOSSIE, IN HIS ARMS. THEIR LIPS WERE PRESSED TOGETHER. I DREADED GOING INTO THE HOUSE..I HAD BEEN GONE ALL NIGHT AND I COULDN'T TELL THEM WHERE I HAD BEEN...AND I DIDN'T WANT FLOSSIE TO THINK THAT I WAS IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER WOMAN... I WRACKED MY BRAIN BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF AN EXCUSE, SO I DECIDED TO GO IN AND BRAZEN IT OUT....AS I OPENED THE DOOR --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: THEY WERE STILL KISSING.

(SOUND: LOUD KISS)

JACK: AS THEY SAW ME, THEIR LIPS PARTED.

(SOUND: POP)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Hello, Harry. Hello, Flossie.

MARY: (DISGUSTEDLY) Are you back already?

JACK: I know how you must've worried about me, darling, but I couldn't help it..I bumped into an old friend and we got to talking, and you know how time *always flies* -

MARY: Kiss me again, Harry.

PHIL: Okay, Baby.

(SOUND: KISS)

JACK: (ECHO) IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT. NO QUESTIONS, NO JEALOUS REPROACHES...FLOSSIE TRUSTED ME IMPLICITLY...I THINK HARRY DID, TOO...I WAS HEARTSICK AS I WENT UPSTAIRS, THREW MYSELF ON GUS'S BED, AND KNOCKED MY PIVOT TOOTH OUT. IF I TOLD ~~him~~ *him* ONCE, I TOLD HIM A THOUSAND TIMES, HE HASN'T GOT A BED..... THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS WERE LIKE A HORRIBLE DREAM...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HAD IN STORE FOR ME...I CONTINUED WITH MY HOUSEHOLD DUTIES....ONE DAY AS I WAS PUSHING BUGS OUT OF THE SCREEN WITH A TOOTHPICK..MY SON, GUS, WAS SITTING NEARBY, DOING HIS HOMEWORK. HE LOOKED UP AT ME AND SAID --

DENNIS: Oh, fathead..

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) That's father...At least you're getting closer. What is it, son?

DENNIS: This pencil won't write.

JACK: That's a knife..Look, son..that's a knife, this is a cup, and this is a saucer..Do you understand?

DENNIS: Yes, son.

JACK: No no, I'm your father... Now, how are you getting along with your spelling?

DENNIS: Fine, I can count up to ten now.

JACK: Good work... Now listen, my boy.. I'm going to take you into my confidence... Some men were robbing a bank and they promised me fifty dollars to whistle if I saw a cop.

DENNIS: A what?

JACK: A cop.

DENNIS: That's a saucer.

JACK: (ECHO) I LEFT GUS SITTING IN A POOL OF BLOOD.. I COULDN'T STAND HIM ANYMORE.... AS I WALKED INTO THE KITCHEN.. THE PHONE RANG.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: (ECHO) A SHIVER WENT DOWN MY BACK.. THEN IT WENT UP MY BACK, THEN IT WENT DOWN MY BACK.. THE ESCALATOR WAS UNDER MY COAT.... THE PHONE RANG AGAIN.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS.. RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) Hello?

MEL: Hello, Fink, we're pulling another job tonight, and we want you to whistle for us.. and you better be there if you know what's good for you.

JACK: Yes sir.. yes sir.. I'll be there.

~~(MYSTERIOUS MUSIC)~~

JACK: (ECHO) I THOUGHT OF RUNNING AWAY..I THOUGHT OF LEAVING TOWN..I THOUGHT OF JANE RUSSELL..I DON'T KNOW WHY I THOUGHT OF HER, BUT IT WAS FUN...BUT WHEN THE BURGLARS CALLED, I KNEW I'D BE THERE.....THIS MEANT I'D HAVE TO LEAVE THE HOUSE AGAIN, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK THE NEWS TO MY WIFE. I HOPED SHE WOULDN'T TAKE IT TOO HARD...I OPENED THE DOOR AND WALKED INTO THE PARLOR WHERE I FOUND FLOSSIE AND HARRY LOOKING AT OUR PICTURE ALBUM.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Oh look at this one, Harry...This is a picture of me and my husband Bruce the night we first met.

PHIL: Who's the other guy in the picture?

MARY: That's Ralph Edwards..he introduced me to Bruce as part of my Consequence.

JACK: Flossie, dear, I have to go out again tonight and I may not be home until late.

MARY: And look, Harry, here's a picture we took on our honeymoon. This is Bruce in his bathing suit.

PHIL: Holy Mackerel, what a physique! He looks like something that was pushed through a screen with a toothpick.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: Oh, I don't blame you for being furious, Flossie. But you'll ~~have~~ have to trust me. And remember, no matter what happens..I want you to know that I love you....Well, I've got to go now..Goodbye, Harry...Goodbye, Flossie.

MARY: (SWEETLY) How about a kiss?

(SOUND: LONG KISS)

JACK: (ECHO) NOT WANTING TO INTERRUPT THEM, I TIPTOED OUT OF THE ROOM...ONCE AGAIN, I WALKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT TO KEEP A RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY!

(MUSIC)

JACK: (ECHO) THAT NIGHT WHILE I WHISTLED, THEY ROBBED THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK..THE NEXT NIGHT THEY ROBBED THE THIRD NATIONAL BANK..THE NIGHT AFTER THAT THE FOURTH NATIONAL, AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THE SIXTH NATIONAL. EVERYONE WAS EXPECTING IT TO BE THE FIFTH.....OH, THEY WERE SHREWD ALL RIGHT....AND THEN --

(BIG MUSIC..AND CONTINUING SOFT UNDER FOLLOWING)

JACK: (ECHO) IT HAPPENED..THE CROOKS DECIDED I OUTLIVED MY USEFULNESS AND THEY TOOK ME TO A LONELY ROAD TO BUMP ME OFF. AS I STOOD THERE HELPLESS, THEY CAME AT ME WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN. I TRIED TO GET AWAY..BUT IT WAS NO USE...I WAS CORNERED..TRAPPED....I SCREAMED FOR HELP.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) (BIG SCREAM)

JACK: (ECHO) SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, POLICE CARS APPEARED.
(SOUND: SIRENS..BRAKES)

JACK: DOZENS OF COPS JUMPED OUT, ~~OF THE CARS WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN.~~
I THOUGHT I WAS SAVED..BUT NO..THEY THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THE CROOKS AND THEY STARTED FIRING.

(SOUND: FIVE GUNSHOTS)

JACK: I WAS HIT IN THE ARM..IN THE LEG..I SANK TO MY KNEES WHEN SUDDENLY --

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) When suddenly...when suddenly....
(SOUND: FLIPPING OF PAGES)

JACK: Hmm..the last page of this book is missing.....Wait ~~a minute~~.
quite a few pages are gone....OH ROCHESTER...ROCHESTER..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: DID YOU CALL ME, BOSS?

JACK: ~~Yes~~..what happened to this book? There are about a dozen
pages torn out of it.

ROCH: YOU DID THAT ~~THE NIGHT~~ ^{last week when you had} YOUR DINNER PARTY.

JACK: What?

ROCH: IF I TOLD YOU ONCE, I TOLD YOU A ~~DOZEN~~ ^{thousand} TIMES..BUY PAPER
NAPKINS!

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~....Well...Have you got the flap on my nightgown?

I think I'll go to bed...Goodnight. ~~Rochester.~~

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM SURE YOU AGREE ^{that} THERE IS NOTHING MORE PATHETIC THAN A HELPLESS CHILD SUFFERING FROM STARVATION, EXPOSURE AND SICKNESS. THOUSANDS OF KIDS IN THE DEVASTATED COUNTRIES ARE EXACTLY IN THIS PREDICAMENT. SO IT'S ~~UP~~ UP TO US TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SURVIVE. WE MUST HELP THEM GROW UP TO BE HEALTHY CLEAR-THINKING CITIZENS. SO LET'S HELP THOSE UNFORTUNATE CHILDREN BY SENDING OUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO CRUSADE FOR CHILDREN, NEW YORK CITY. SAVE A CHILD, SAVE THE FUTURE. THANK YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: JACK WILL BE BACK IN JUST A MINUTE, BUT FIRST..

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

5-30-48
-C-

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

RUYSDAEL: Lucky Strike -- first again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ..with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

LAING: As a recent impartial survey reveals - more independent tobacco experts smoke Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands combined! More than the next two leading brands combined -- Lucky Strike -

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: That's what the survey shows. Now listen to what Mr. William Lee Currin, 24 years a tobacco auctioneer, recently said ...

VOICE: For years and years, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, mild tobacco ... tobacco that's full of smoking enjoyment. I've smoked Luckies 23 years!

LAING: Light up a Lucky and, puff by puff, you'll see -

(MORE)

BP

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - CONT.

5-30-48
-D-

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 -- Lucky Strike.

MUSIC: (THEME NUMBER ONE)

RUYSDAEL: First again ... with tobacco men!

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(TAG)

-20-

JACK: (YAWN) Gee, it feels good to get in bed...I'm really tired tonight.

~~XXXXXXXX~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh darn it, there's the ~~door~~ buzzer.

~~XX~~

~~XX~~

~~XX~~

~~XX~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

If I told you once, I told you a thousand times.

ANNCR: Mr. Benny, ~~XX~~

JACK: What is it?

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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END

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