

# **THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM**

*produced for*

**THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.**

*by*

**BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.**

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE: April 3, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 9:00 - 9:30 PM EST  
Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

SCRIPT #27  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY SHOW

SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1949

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0312309

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 3, 1949  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 60 to 62 -- AMERICAN)

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

MUSIC: (INTRO TO)

SONG: Feeling low?

Feeling tense?

These eight words are common sense -

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

SHARBUTT: Your level best. That's just how you'll feel when you light up a Lucky. Because Luckies' fine tobacco picks you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're tense ... puts you on the right level to feel and do your level best.

MARTIN: It's important to know that fine tobacco can do this for you. And ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

MARTIN: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... smooth, mild, thoroughly enjoyable tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So next time you buy cigarettes, ask for the cigarette of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike! And get on the right level -- the Lucky level -- where things seem right and are right because you feel right.

MARTIN: Yes, smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

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(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: ~~AND NOW~~, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY IS FLYING TO NEW YORK CITY...SO LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE WE FIND HIM PACKING FOR THE TRIP...MARY AND ROCHESTER ARE HELPING HIM.

JACK: Now let's see...One, two, three--

MARY: What else do you want me to do, Jack?

JACK: Nothing now, Mary...One, two, three--

ROCH: BOSS, SHALL I PACK YOUR--

JACK: Just a minute, Rochester..four, five, six, seven...Seven, that oughta be enough.

MARY: Why don't you take the whole box, how much does Kleenex cost?

JACK: Mary, it isn't the cost of the kleenex..I'm going by plane, ~~I have to consider the weight...~~ You know, <sup>and</sup> they charge you extra if your luggage weighs over forty pounds. It's seventy-nine cents a pound to New York...Unless you get off at Chicago...then it's fifty-seven cents...Or Kansas City, it's forty-six cents.

MARY: Why don't you go to New York and send your clothes to Albuerquerque?

JACK: Say, maybe...Oh stop.

MARY: But Jack, you're gonna be gone a whole week. Aren't you taking any suits?

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JACK: Certainly..I'm taking my blue serge, my tweed, my herring-bone-- *and* --

ROCH: YOUR PIN STRIPE AND YOUR GABARDINE.

JACK: Yes, *for*.

MARY: That's five suits...I don't see any of them in the bag.

ROCH: HE'S WEARIN' 'EM, THEY DON'T WEIGH THE PASSENGERS.

JACK: I know what I'm doing.

MARY: Jack, what are you going to New York for, anyway?

JACK: *Oh*, I thought I told you, Mary. I'm going to appear at a benefit for the American Heart Association, Wednesday night at the Copacabana. Ed Sullivan asked me to be the Master of Ceremonies..Gee, it'll seem strange. I haven't worked in a night club since that summer I was at Ciro's... I was a sensation there.

MARY: You certainly were, Jack...How did you learn to carry fourteen cups of coffee on one arm?

JACK: Mary, I was just showing that trick to a couple of friends of mine. I wasn't working there as a waiter.

MARY: Then why did you pick up the tips?

JACK: Pick up the tips, pick up the tips...Eighty cents, you make a big thing of it...Now let's see..what else do I need?... I better take a couple of sweaters...and my--

ROCH: SAY BOSS.

JACK: What?

ROCH: DO YOU WANT TO TAKE YOUR SLEEPING BAG ALONG?

JACK: No no, I'll go to a hotel this time.

ROCH: OH...THEN YOU WON'T NEED YOUR BOW & ARROW.

JACK: No no.

MARY: I don't blame you, Jack..there's nothing worse for breakfast than a tough squirrel cooked over the exhaust pipe of a cross-town bus.

JACK: Yeah, ~~you~~.

~~ROCH: SAY BOSS, SHALL I PACK YOUR RAIN COAT?~~

JACK: ~~No no, Rochester, I'd rather use the space for my tuxedo.~~

MARY: But Jack, you should take a raincoat..it might rain in New  
York and you'll catch cold.

JACK: You're right, Mary, I might catch cold...Rochester, how  
much does that raincoat weigh?

ROCH: ABOUT TWO POUNDS.

JACK: Two pounds at seventy-nine cents a pound...Hmmm...

~~ROCH: SHALL I PUT IN THE RAINCOAT?~~

JACK: No, a four-way cold tablet...By the way, Rochester, did you  
alter my tuxedo like I told you to?

ROCH: YES SIR...HERE IT IS.

MARY: Alter your tuxedo!

JACK: Yeah..I told Rochester to take the satin cuffs off the  
sleeves..You know, satin cuffs are a little dated.

MARY: That belt in the back isn't exactly Cafe Society.

JACK: It'll do, it'll do...Here Mary, you better pack the tuxedo.  
Fold it carefully so I won't have to have it pressed.

MARY: Okay...Say Jack, this is a funny place to have a pocket..in  
the back lining of the coat.

JACK: Oh that..Well Mary, I used to do a magic act when I was in  
vaudeville and that's where I kept my rabbit.

ROCH: THAT WAS A PIGEON, BOSS.

JACK: It was a rabbit.

ROCH: UH-UH..IT WAS A PIGEON.

JACK: Rochester..this was fifteen years ago and you wouldn't  
remember..it was a rabbit.

ROCH: BOSS, IT WAS A PIGEON..AS A MATTER OF FACT, WHEN I WENT THROUGH YOUR CLOTHES THIS MORNING I FOUND AN EGG IN THAT POCKET.

JACK: That was a moth ball.

ROCH: I WISH YOU'DA TOLD ME SOONER, YOU HAD IT FOR BREAKFAST.

JACK: Oh, well it smelled like a moth ball.. But you're right, Rochester. <sup>to a little boy named</sup> It was a pigeon I used in my act. What an <sup>act. I'll never forget she</sup> ~~act. I used to come out on the stage with my violin in an~~ <sup>and I'd sit up on my head and coo while</sup> ~~amber spotlight and play the Glow-worm..and near the finish~~ <sup>of the number</sup> of the number Natalie would come out..(that was the pigeon, Mary).. ~~Natalie would come out and fly around the whole auditorium and just as I hit the last high note, she would swoop down, land on the end of my violin bow and stand there with a neon worm in her mouth.~~

MARY: Oh brother!

JACK: The effect was beautiful..and for an encore the pigeon would sit up on my head and coo while I played "Ireland Must Be Heaven 'Cause My Mother Came From There" <sup>So</sup> That pigeon was so cute sitting on my head.

MARY: I remember the night they knocked it off with a tomato.

JACK: Yeah...I wonder what they had against Natalie.

ROCH: WHAT EVER BECAME OF THAT PIGEON, BOSS?

JACK: Rochester, I'd rather not talk about it.

MARY: Jack, I want to know, too.. what ever became of that pigeon?

JACK: Well... Things got tough for me in vaudeville <sup>So</sup> I got hungry and.. Ch, let's not talk about it. .. Now Mary --

MEL: (LOUD FRIGHTENED SQUAWKS)

JACK: Don't worry Polly, I'm doing all right now... Come on Mary, let's get this packing finished so I can--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: ~~Hello~~ Dennis, come on... ~~what're you doing in that uniform?~~

DENNIS: I had an argument with my mother so I joined the French Foreign Legion.

JACK: French Foreign Legion?... Dennis, that's a Western Union outfit you're wearing.

DENNIS: Western Union?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Then these envelopes they shoved in my hand must be telegrams.

JACK: Certainly, what did you think they were?

DENNIS: Sealed orders.

JACK: Well, they're not sealed orders and you didn't join the French Foreign Legion.

DENNIS: I'm glad you told me, I was gonna ask you to come with me to the Casbah.

JACK: I'd love to, kid, but I have other things to do.

MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary... What's all the packing going on?

MARY: Jack's going to New York.

DENNIS: Oh...Well Mr. Benny, as long as you're going to New York, why don't you stay at the Acme Plaza Hotel..My uncle is the house detective there.



JACK: Your uncle the house detective? What's his name?

DENNIS: Peek-a-boo McNulty.

JACK: Peek-a-boo McNulty?

MARY: He must be some detective.

DENNIS: Oh, he's wonderful. During the war he was a spy, but the enemy caught him, put him up against the wall and ~~shot~~ <sup>executed</sup> him.

JACK: Wait a minute kid, you just said he's working at the Acme Plaza Hotel.

DENNIS: After the war they had to give him his job back.

JACK: Look, Dennis, I've got a lot of packing to do, so don't bother me now, will you?

DENNIS: Okay..do you mind if I go in the other room and practice my song?

JACK: No no, go right ahead...Go in the living room, there's a ~~piano~~ piano in there.....Now come on, Mary, and help me finish.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "FAR AWAY PLACES")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

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JACK: Now let's see..have I got everything?....I'll be going out  
nights in New York, so I'll need a.....~~Oh Rochester.~~

~~ROCH: YES, BOSS.~~

JACK: ~~Run next door to Mr. Ronald Colman's house, and ask him if~~  
~~I can borrow his opera hat.~~

ROCH: ~~IT'S HANGIN' IN YOUR CLOSET NOW!~~

JACK: Oh yes, I meant to return it. I borrowed it for my  
cousin Rita's wedding.

MARY: ~~She's had twins twice since then!~~

JACK: Oh, it hasn't been that long...-Maybe I can --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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PHIL: Hi ya Livvy, Hello Jackson.

JACK &  
MARY: Hello, Phil.

PHIL: Hey Jackson, here's that suitcase you wanted.

JACK: *A* Thanks Phil, I'm glad you brought it... Mine is so shabby... It's nice of you to lend it to me... Boy, get a load of those labels on it.

PHIL: Yeah, I used to take it with me when I was on the road playing them one night stands.

JACK: Oh!

MARY: (GIGGLES) Hey Jack, look at this label here..."RITZ CARLTON HOTEL...EMPTY JUG, TEXAS."

JACK: Empty Jug, Texas?

PHIL: I killed 'em in that town.

MARY: I never heard of the place...Where is Empty Jug, Phil?

PHIL: It's about fifty miles this side of Rack 'Em Up, ~~Ark~~ Arkansas.

JACK: Oh, fine...Empty Jug...Rack 'Em Up... Phil, why don't you get booked into ~~cities~~ cities like Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio, or Dallas.

PHIL: Leave me alone Jackson, I know my market.

JACK: I'm glad you do....At least you're not kidding yourself.

PHIL: Hey, Dad, how long you gonna be in New York?

JACK: Well, I'm going to do the Heart Benefit on Wednesday night and then if I have time, I'll see what's going on in television.

PHIL: Television, huh?..Well look, while you're talking, you can tell 'em that I'll consider going on television when they get larger screens.

JACK: Larger screen? They already have them up to sixteen inches.

PHIL: Sixteen inches ain't nothin', ~~Jack~~...if you don't get Harris life-size, you're gettin' robbed.

JACK: *huh*, Maybe you're right, Phil, you were a riot in Empty Jug.

PHIL: Yeah.

JACK: Now come on, Mary, let's pack my things in the suitcase Phil brought over.

MARY: Okay... first I'll take the --- Oh, for heaven's sake, Phil.

PHIL: ~~What's the matter~~, *he-ha. he-ha.* Liv?

MARY: You've got a lot of nerve pasting all these labels on Alice's bag.

PHIL: This ain't Alice's bag..the boys in the band gave it to me for a present...~~it's~~ *that's* mine.

MARY: Yours? But look at those initials.."A.F"

PHIL: That stands for "Angel Face."

JACK: Phil...Phil... the boys in your band call you Angel Face?

PHIL: *huh* What else can you call a guy who looks like me?

JACK: Did you hear that, Mary?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Thank goodness, I thought I was the only one.

MARY: No, I heard it. It made me sick, but I heard it.

JACK: Me too.

PHIL: Well, have a nice trip, Jackson. I gotta go home, and cut some little round holes in the side of my Chevrolet.

JACK: Cut holes in the side of your Chevrolet, for what?

PHIL: I want my kids to think I got a Buick.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: Well, have a good time, Jackson...So long.

JACK: Goodbye, Angel Face.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a character. <sup>ugh</sup> He always makes up those silly names of towns. <sup>ugh</sup> Empty Jug.

ROCH: MR. BENNY, YOUR BAG IS ALL PACKED.

JACK: Good, I haven't got too much time so we better leave for the airport...Do you want a ride down with me? <sup>hang?</sup>

MARY: <sup>h</sup> Sure, Jack.

JACK: Rochester, get the car, <sup>with you</sup>

ROCH: OKAY

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hmm.. who can that be...I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

HOPE: Jack Benny, please.

JACK: This is Jeck Benny.

HOPE: I have a Long Distance call for you from Las Vegas.

JACK: Long Distance, eh?...Is it...er...is it...er..

HOPE: (CUTE) Why don't you take a chance?

JACK: Oh, all right... Put 'em on.

HOPE: Here's your party.

JACK: Hello.

DON: Hello Jack, this is Don.

JACK: *Oh* Don, what're you doing in Las Vegas?

DON: I'm up here getting a suntan.

JACK: But Don, you just had three days of sun in Palm Springs.

DON: That took care of my right side...Now I'm getting some on my left. *side.*

JACK: Well, that I can't understand at all..When you were in Palm Springs, why didn't you just roll over?

DON: I did and now I'm in Las Vegas.

JACK: *Oh...oh...Well,* that's logical...Don, *what did you call me* what did you call me for?

DON: Well, Jack, the quartet is up here with me, and when they heard you were going to New York, they made me get you on the phone so they could say goodbye to you.

JACK: Oh, the Sportsmen, eh?...Well, put them on, Don.

DON: Here they are

(INTRODUCTION)

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QUART: GIVE OUR REGARDS TO BROADWAY  
REMEMBER US TO C.B.S.  
TELL ALL THE GANG TO LIGHT A LUCKY STRIKE  
AND FEEL THEIR LEVEL BEST.

JACK: (FEEL <sup>their</sup> ~~YOUR~~ VERY LEVEL)

QUART: AND WHEN YOU GO TO LINDY'S  
*Jack*  
*Quart:* YOUR FRIENDS AND PALS YOU'LL SURELY SEE  
SO TELL EVERYONE ON OLD BROADWAY  
TO SMOKE AN L S M F T.

HOPE: Gentlemen, your three minutes are up.

QUART: BE SURE TO RIDE THE SUBWAY  
SO ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED.

JACK: (~~So~~ round and firm and fully)

QUART: THEN TAKE A DRIVE THROUGH CENTRAL PARK  
AND SMOKE A LUCKY IN <sup>the</sup> ~~A~~ HACK.

HOPE: Your three minutes are up.

QUART: THEN TO COLUMBUS CIRCLE  
AND ON AN SOAP BOX YOU SHOULD BE

HOPE: Gentlemen.

QUART: SHOUTING THE PRAISES OF THAT CIGARETTE  
IT'S L S M F T.

HOPE: Your three minutes are up.

QUART: GIVE OUR REGARDS TO LS  
REMEMBER US TO M F T, <sup>ET</sup>  
TELL ALL THE FOLKS ON FLATBUSH AVENUE  
TO RIDE THE B.M.T.  
<sup>Let the P.S.T.</sup>  
BUY THEM A PACK OF LUCKIES  
IT'S ALWAYS LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.  
~~SEE ALL THE SHOWS ON OLD BROADWAY~~  
~~AND YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF FUN.~~  
(APPLAUSE)

HOPE: Boys, your time is  
up..Fellows, you'll  
have to hang up..  
Boys...Boys...Wait  
a minute..Wait a  
minute..WAIT A  
MINUTE..WAIT A  
MINUTE!

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(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: ~~Hum~~ she cut them off.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: Jack, it's getting late.. you better hurry.

JACK: Oh yes yes..Dennis, you wanta drive down to the airport with us?

DENNIS: I'd like to but I've got my bicycle with me..I'll meet you there.

JACK: Okay...Come on, Rochester, get the car.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now Rochester, turn left on Sepulveda and it'll take you right to the airport.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP FASTER..LOUSY AUTO HORN TWICE)

JACK: Rochester, what're you doing?

ROCH: I'M TRYING TO PASS THAT CADILLAC, I MUST BE CRAZY.

JACK: Don't be funny..just drive.

MARY: Say Jack, while you're in New York, do you think you'll run into Fred Allen?

JACK: You mean Buttons and Bags?...No, I don't think I'll see Fred. It won't be necessary this time. I sent him my old clothes by Parcel Post...He asked me to send them Special Delivery..He wanted them in time for the Easter Parade... Anyway I might run into..

(SOUND: BICYCLE BELL)



MARY: Hey look Jack, there's Dennis on his bicycle..  
JACK: Oh yeah...HELLO, DENNIS.  
DENNIS: HI, MR. BENNY.  
JACK: Pass him, Rochester...AREN'T YOUR LEGS TIRED FROM ALL THAT  
PEDALING, KID?  
DENNIS: NO, THIS IS FUN.  
JACK: THAT'S GOOD...Pass him, Rochester...YOU WANNA HITCH ON THE  
BACK, DENNIS? ~~WE~~<sup>Some one</sup>LL GIVE YOU A LIFT.  
DENNIS: NO THANKS. THIS IS GOOD EXERCISE.  
JACK: YEAH, IT'S GOOD EXERCISE ALL RIGHT...Pass him, Rochester..  
pass him!  
ROCH: EMBARRASSING, AIN'T IT!  
JACK: Hmm..Well step on it or something.  
DENNIS: SO LONG, MR. BENNY, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE AIRPORT.  
JACK: YOU COME BACK HERE!  
(SOUND: BICYCLE BELL)  
JACK: ALL RIGHT, GO ON...That reckless kid...Try to go a little  
faster, Rochester, I don't wanta miss my plane...You know,  
this is a very important benefit...

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP)

JACK: Here's the airport, Rochester.. Pull over to the curb.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I better get a red cap to take my bag. <sup>Mary enters there - she</sup> There's one..OH RED CAP..WILL YOU-- Hmm, he looked at me and walked away.... There's another one...OH, RED CAP..WILL YOU TAKE MY--Hm.. he walked away, too.

MARY: Here comes another one, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes.

UKIE: I'll take your bag for you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: <sup>Thank you</sup> Thank you. You know, I can't understand it..when I called those other red caps, they walked away, but you came right over!

UKIE: Well..I figured if you can do a benefit, so can I.

JACK: Well, you don't have to do this for nothing...Take my bag and here's a tip for you.

UKIE: Gee thanks..Now I can get my head shined.

JACK: Yeah yeah...Come on, Mary, let's go inside.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..LOBBY NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) FLIGHT NUMBER SEVENTY-SIX FOR PHOENIX, DALLAS, AND WASHINGTON, D.C. NOW LOADING AT GATE TWO.

JACK: Mary, let's go over to the Information Desk. I wanta find out if my plane is gonna leave on time.

(SOUND: LOBBY NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) FLIGHT FORTY-THREE NOW ARRIVING ON RUNWAY SIX FROM GALVASTON, HOUSTON, FORT WORTH, AND EMPTY JUG.

JACK: *you thought that was ridiculous.*  
Say Mary, before I go over to the Information Desk, I wanta get some magazines.

MARY: Okay..while you're doing that, I'll get your ticket validated.

JACK: *Oh* Thanks. *Charlie.*

LEONARD: H'ya, Bud, long time no see.

JACK: *Oh*..hello.

MARY: Who was that, Jack?

JACK: *That's that race track tout from Santa Anita...* I'll meet you back here, Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~(HIS)~~ GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY..REMEMBER ME TO--

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: WELL, HELLO MR. KITZEL!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, are you going away on a trip?

ARTIE: Yes, I am flying to visit my sister in New York..she had a baby boy and I haven't seen him yet.

JACK: Oh..well that's nice..How does it feel being an uncle?

ARTIE: I'm getting used to it, he's twenty-six now.

JACK: ~~Oh, you mean~~ your nephew is twenty-six years old and you haven't seen him yet.

ARTIE: That's right..Here, look..I've got a picture of him.

JACK: Say, he's a nice looking fellow,...but if he's twenty-six, why doesn't he cut off those long curls?

ARTIE: His boss won't let him.

JACK: His boss <sup>2</sup>won't let him? That's funny...who does he work for.

ARTIE: Phil Spitalny.

JACK: Oh, <sup>he</sup>your nephew is a musician.

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO...You ~~are~~ <sup>have</sup> heard <sup>from him</sup> of Evelyn and her Magic Violin?

JACK: Yes.

ARTIE: This is Sam and his stinking Saxaphone.

JACK: Oh..well, then he <sup>isn't</sup> much of a musician.

ARTIE: No but he sings pretty good..You should hear him when he imitates Phil Harris.

(SINGS) <sup>he</sup>WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMA

THERE WE'LL MEET MY DEAR OLD MAMMY

SHE'S FRYING EGGS AND BROILING CORNED BEEF

~~AND~~ THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

JACK: Wait a minute, <sup>wait a minute</sup>Mr. Kitzel..it isn't corned beef..it's broiling hammy.

ARTIE: If he doesn't eat it, why should he sing about it?

JACK: Well, that's one way of looking at it..Anyway, Mr. Kitzel, I'll see you on the plane.

ARTIE: Okay, <sup>see you</sup>Mr. Kitzel

JACK: <sup>Now</sup>let's see...~~I think~~ I'll take these two magazines...and maybe I'll get a book, <sup>time</sup>

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE..ATTENTION..FLIGHT NUMBER NINETEEN NOW LOADING AT GATE FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA, AND..(SINGS) FAR AWAY PLACES WITH ~~THE~~ STRANGE SOUNDING NAMES....AND CUCAMONGA.

JACK: Gee, I might get hungry on the plane. Maybe I oughta buy some fruit or something. Yeah, I'll ~~take~~ <sup>get</sup> some of these apples... OH MISS... MISS... Oh darn it, she's busy. Well, I'll just have to wait.

LEONARD: Hey, Bud... Bud?

JACK: Huh?

LEONARD: Come here a minute.

JACK: Look fellow, I--

LEONARD: What you doin'?

JACK: I'm buying some fruit.

LEONARD: What kind?

JACK: Apples.

LEONARD: Uh uh.

JACK: What?

LEONARD: Take the oranges.

JACK: I don't want oranges. How about grapes?

LEONARD: Haven't got a chance, they're carryin' too many seeds.

JACK: Oh..well what about the bananas?

LEONARD: I've been watchin' 'em for three days, and have yet to see one of 'em get out of the bunch.

JACK: Well..I don't know.

LEONARD: Listen to me, Bud, ~~and~~ take the oranges.

JACK: The oranges?

LEONARD: They can't miss. Look at the breeding...out of Pomona by Smudge Pot.

JACK: Well, I wanted apples but maybe you're right. I'll take the oranges.

LEONARD: Okay, <sup>and</sup> peel 'em, don't be a sucker. (WALKS AWAY FROM MIKE)

JACK: Hmm... OH, MISS....MISS, I'LL TAKE THREE OF THOSE ORANGES,  
PLEASE, *and give them.*

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE...ATTENTION...THE SANTA FE SUPER  
CHIEF NOW LANDING ON RUNWAY SEVEN.

JACK: How could that happen?

MEL: (P.A.) IT WAS AWFULLY WINDY IN BARSTOW.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...Now let's see, where was I going?...Oh yes, to the  
Information Desk.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Pardon me, are you the Information Clerk?

NELSON: No, ~~they~~ they put me behind these bars for toasting marshmallows  
out of season.

JACK: Hmm....Look Mister, I'm in a hurry...Now when do I leave  
for New York?

NELSON: I don't know but it can't be too soon for me.

JACK: Now wait a minute, you're here to give me information.

NELSON: Well, if you tell me what flight you're on, I'll tell you  
when you leave.

JACK: Oh...I'm taking Flight Fifty-eight.

NELSON: Flight Fifty-eight leaves at seven-forty-five makes one  
stop at Kansas City, flies at an altitude of seventeen  
thousand feet at a speed of three hundred miles per hour.  
They serve dinner and breakfast, the pilots names are Frank  
and Harry, they arrive in New York at nine A.M. Eastern  
Standard Time, Bon Voyage and I hope you get sick.

JACK: Wise guy...I'd punch you right in the nose if I didn't have  
to take off five coats...Now be more civil or I'll report  
you to the management. What gate does my plane leave from?

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NELSON: Number nine.

JACK: That's better...How long will the flight take?

NELSON: Ten hours.

JACK: Well, that's good...are the seats comfortable?

NELSON: OOOOOOOOOOCHHHHH, ARE THEY!

JACK: Oh, what's the use..Now let's see, where did Mary go..Oh,  
there she is.

(SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: (P.A.) ATTENTION PLEASE...FLIGHT TWENTY-ONE NOW LEAVING  
FOR SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, SUN VALLEY, IMPERIAL VALLEY,  
AND APPLE VALLEY.

LEONARD: (P.A.) Hey bud..bud?

MEL: Huh?

LEONARD: Come here a minute...

MEL: (SHORT PAUSE)...Oh....ATTENTION PLEASE. FLIGHT TWENTY-ONE  
NOW LEAVING FOR SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, SUN VALLEY, IMPERIAL  
VALLEY AND ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

JACK: OH MARY...MARY.

MARY: Here I am, Jack, and here are your tickets.

JACK: Thanks.

MEL: (P.A.) FLIGHT NUMBER FIFTY-EIGHT FOR NEW YORK LEAVING  
IMMEDIATELY.

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR IN BACKGROUND)

JACK: Oh my goodness, that's my plane...I've gotta run.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (OFF) GOODBYE, MARY...I'LL CALL YOU FROM NEW YORK.

ATX01 0312330

MARY: GOODBYE, JACK, I'LL WAIT HERE AND WATCH THE PLANE TAKE OFF.

JACK: (OFF) OKAY, AND I'LL WAVE TO YOU FROM THE WINDOW.

(SOUND: MORE RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (OUT OF BREATH) OH BOY!

UKIE: WATCH YOUR STEP GETTING INTO THE PLANE, PLEASE.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP SIX STEPS..DOOR SLAMS..

PLANE MOTOR STARTS TO TAKE OFF)

UKIE: (OVER MOTOR) STAND BACK, LADY!

MARY: I JUST WANT TO WATCH THE TAKE-OFF.

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR FADES DOWN RUNWAY)

MARY: (ON CUE) Gee...there it goes into the air.....What a beautiful take-off.

UKIE: Yep, they'll be in New York in ten hours.

MARY: ~~Gee, that's a big plane.....How nice it looks against the sky as it circles the field.~~

UKIE: ~~It shouldn't be doing that.~~

MARY: ~~It is, though!..Look, the pilot is~~ <sup>plane's</sup> turning around and coming back..it's coming in for a landing.

UKIE: Well, I'll be darned.

(SOUND: PLANE FADES IN FOR LANDING AND STOPS...DOOR OPENS)

MARY: ~~That's Jack getting out of the plane.~~

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS)

MARY: JACK...JACK...WHAT HAPPENED?

JACK: I forgot my oranges...OKAY PILOT, I'VE GOT THEM..LET'S GO.

(SOUND: MOTOR OF PLANE UP)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)



JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, one of <sup>our</sup> ~~your~~ greatest enemies is fire. Each year fire destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives. Most of these fires could have been prevented. Be cautious, protect your life, your property and your home.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first--

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
APRIL 3, 1949  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!  
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!

SHARBUTT: You see, Luckie's fine tobacco picks you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're tense. Puts you on the right level to feel and do your level best.

MARTIN: That's why it's so important for you to select and smoke the cigarette of fine tobacco -- Lucky Strike!  
For as you know -

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT  
LS - MFT

MARTIN: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

SHARBUTT: No wonder Luckies are the overwhelming choice of tobacco experts -- men who can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

MARTIN: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, and this fine Lucky Strike tobacco picks you up when you're low ... calms you down when you're tense ... puts you on the right level - the Lucky level -- where you feel your best and do your best.

SHARBUTT: So next time you buy cigarettes, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike. Yes, when you are ...

SONG: Feeling low?  
Feeling tense?  
These eight words are common sense -  
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best!  
Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (BUTTON)

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(TAG)

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, in just a few hours we'll be in New York.

ARTIE: Yes..It's <sup>was wonderful</sup> been a pleasant trip.

JACK: That's right.

ARTIE: By the way, Mr. Benny, is somebody meeting you <sup>at</sup> the airport in New York?

JACK: Yes yes..Ed Sullivan and his benefit committee....Who's meeting you, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Sam and his Stinking Saxophone.

JACK: <sup>Oh well, that's nice that's nice.</sup> ~~Oh....Ooops, it's getting a little bumpy.~~

ARTIE: ~~I'll take care of it, Mr. Benny.~~

~~JACK: Where are you going?~~

ARTIE: ~~Up to give the pilot a Lucky so he'll feel his best and fly level.~~

~~JACK: Goodnight, Mr. Kitzel.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BE SURE TO HEAR DENNIS DAY IN "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS DAY".....STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY SHOW WHICH FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY.....  
<sup>Don't forget the C.B.S. night lineup.</sup>  
THIS IS C.B.S...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.