

# THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

*produced for*

**THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.**

*by*

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

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

DATE April 10, 1949

Network: CBS

Broadcast: 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST  
Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

*7/1/10/1949*

AS BROADCAST

SCRIPT #28  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY SHOW

SUNDAY APRIL 10, 1949

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

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(RECORDED March 29, 1949.- 8:00-8:30 PM PST)

ATX01 0312336

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: That's what fine tobacco can do 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 a carton of  
Lucky Strike, and get on the right level -- the Lucky  
level where you feel your best and do your best.

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

ATX01 0312337

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY.. WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK HAS A DATE TO TAKE MARY TO A MOVIE..SO LET'S GO OUT TO HIS HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE ROCHESTER IS HELPING HIM GET READY.

JACK: Rochester, get out my razor and give me a shave.

ROCH: OH BOSS, DO I HAVE TO SHAVE YOU TOO? LAST NIGHT I GAVE YOU A HAIR CUT.

JACK: You did?

ROCH: YEAH, DIDN'T YOU NOTICE IT WHEN YOU PUT IT ON THIS MORNING?

JACK: Well that's the silliest thing I ever heard of.. The hair on a toupay doesn't grow.

ROCH: THE ONE YOU BOUGHT DOESN'T..I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE ONE YOU TRAPPED YOURSELF.

JACK: Which one was that?

ROCH: THE ONE WITH THE WHITE STRIPE. I HAD TO COMB IT WITH AN AIRWICK.

JACK: Now, Rochester, stop being silly and give me a shave.

ROCH: OKAY..HOLD STILL WHILE I LATHER YOU UP..

(SOUND: LATHERING NOISES)

JACK: (MUFFLED VOICE) Rochester, do you have to use that much?

ROCK: HOLD STILL, BOSS.

(SOUND: LATHERING)

ROCK: THERE, THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH LATHER...NOW, WHERE'S THE RAZOR?

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

PHIL: Hiya, Rock, I was passing by and I--SAY! THAT LOOKS WONDERFUL...(PHIL GIVES ONE BIG BLOW)

JACK: PHIL, STOP TRYING TO BLOW THE FOAM OFF, IT'S ME!....AND GET YOUR FOOT OFF MY KNEE, IT'S NOT A BRASS RAIL. What a guy.

PHIL: I'm sorry, Jackson.

JACK: What do you want, Phil?

PHIL: I just dropped by to ask you if you can come over to the house tomorrow night. I'm throwing a little party.

JACK: Sure, Phil, I'll be glad to come...Shall I have dinner first?

PHIL: No, of course, not--I got everything all set..I've been preparing for the party all week.

JACK: What are you having?

PHIL: Well, there'll be manhattans, old fashioned's, bourbon highballs, martinis, scotch and soda and--

JACK: PHIL!...I mean food...food.

PHIL: What?

JACK: What're you having to eat?

PHIL: Well, if you don't like olives, don't come.

JACK: Look, Pimiento Boy...how in the world ~~could you~~ --OUCH!  
Rochester, you cut me.

ROCH: IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU FELT IT, I DID IT A MINUTE AGO.

JACK: Why didn't you tell me?

ROCH: I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

JACK: Don't be funny..Did you cut me bad?

ROCH: IT'T NOTHING BOSS, I JUST SNIPPED THE STEM OFF YOUR ADAM'S  
APPLE.

JACK: Oh, you clumsy thing...Now I have to buy a collar button...  
Phil, about the party. I'll be at your house at eight  
o'clock..What's the occasion?

PHIL: It's Alice's birthday.

JACK: Oh good good, I'll bring her some candy.

PHIL: Look Jackson, you gave her candy last year and she never  
got to eat any of it.

JACK: She didn't?

PHIL: ~~Yes~~, she was carrying it upstairs and the bag broke.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame...and those jaw breakers roll so, too  
....I'll get the square ones this time.

ROCH: OH OH!

JACK: What's the matter, Rochester?

ROCH: DID I CUT YOU AGAIN?

JACK: Can't you tell?

ROCH: IT WOULD HELP IF YOU'D BLEED A LITTLE.

JACK: Well, I'm not gonna force myself just for you...Say, Phil,  
what are you giving Alice for her birthday?

PHIL: Well, I got it right here in this little box...Leanne show it to you...There, isn't that pretty?

JACK: Oh, Phil--what a beautiful gold locket. She'll love that.

PHIL: *Leanne* Open it up, Jackson...there's a picture inside.

JACK: Aw, Phil, I'd rather not..Alice should be the first one to see it.

PHIL: *oh* We don't mind, Jackson..you're like one of the family...  
Go ~~on~~ <sup>*ahead*</sup>, open the locket.

JACK: Well...all right.

(SOUND: LITTLE CLICK OF LOCKET OPENING)

JACK: AW..NOW ISN'T THAT SWEET...A PICTURE OF PETRILLO!.....  
How thoughtful.

PHIL: (SOFTLY) Yeah.

JACK: That's very nice....Phil, you can raise your head, I closed the locket...Here...Well look, Phil...I wish I had more time to talk to you, but I'm taking Mary to the movies pretty soon and I've got to get dressed.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DORIS: Just one more bobby pin, Miss Livingstone, and I'll have your hair finished...There...Here's the mirror.

MARY: Oh Pauline, I never had my hair fixed so nice before.

DORIS: It is nice isn't it? It's a brand new hair-do..I saw it on television the other night.

MARY: On a style show?

DORIS: No, on Gorgeous George.

MARY: Well, it's time I got something back..He learned the Half Nelson from my sister Babe.....Now hurry Pauline, I don't want to be late..Mr. Benny is taking me to the movies... We're going to the Cameo theatre.

DORIS: The Cameo?

MARY: Yes, Pauline,.have you been there?

DORIS: Not since they raised the price to fifteen cents.

MARY: FIFTEEN CENTS!

DORIS: Oh, they had to do that when they sandpapered the benches.

MARY: Benches...He would...I'm going to call up Mr. Benny and tell him ~~he~~ --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

DORIS: ~~I~~ I'll get it, Miss Livingstone.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS: DOOR OPENS)

STANWYCK: Hello, Pauline.

DORIS: Oh Hello, Miss Stanwyck.

(APPLAUSE)

STANWYCK: Is Miss Livingstone in?

DORIS: Yes, Miss Stanwyck, here she comes now.

STANWYCK: Hello, Mary.

MARY: OH HELLO, BARBARA..GEE, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU..HOW'S BOB?

STANWYCK: He's fine...Say Mary, am I intruding?..You look like you're going out.

MARY: If you wanna call it that..Jack's taking me to a movie, and I just found out it's a fifteen cent one.

STANWYCK: I'll bet it's the Cameo theatre.



MARY: It is the Cameo...Has Bob ever taken you there?

STANWYCK: Not since they sandpapered the benches.

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, I didn't know Bob was cheap too.

STANWYCK: Well he wasn't always, Mary..But he started running around with Jack and got some of it on 'im.

MARY: *huh* It is contagious...Anyway, Barbara, what are you doing tonight?

STANWYCK: Nothing.

MARY: Good...Then you come to the movies too, and we'll make Jack buy three tickets.

STANWYCK: We'll what?

MARY: We'll make Jack buy three tickets.

STANWYCK: Okay..while you're choking him, I'll use my brass knuckles.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well, anyway let's try..Come on, let's go over to Jack's house.

STANWYCK: Okay.

MARY: By the way, Barbara, that's a beautiful hair-do you have.. Gorgeous George?

STANWYCK: No, Nature Boy.

MARY: It's very becoming...Come on, let's go.

(APPLAUSE)

(BAND NUMBER)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

ROCH: Well I'm through shavin' you, boss.

JACK: Gosh, Rochester, what a rough shave you gave me...  
you nicked me ~~several~~ <sup>several</sup> times...Did you cut me very deep?

ROCH: I AIN'T SAYIN'.. BUT IF I HELD YOUR NOSE AND MOUTH,  
YOU COULD STILL BREATHE.

JACK: Well it's the last time you're going to shave me.

ROCH: IT ALMOST WAS.

JACK: I know, I know.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: That must be Mary now... COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh..hello Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny..Did you hear the one about the two  
Irishmen who got on a street-car and --

JACK: Come on in, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thank you..Did you hear the one about the two Irishmen  
who got on a street-car ~~and~~ --

JACK: Close the door, kid.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

DENNIS: Did you hear the one about the two Irishmen who got on  
a --

JACK: Sit down, ~~and~~, ~~and~~.

DENNIS: Thanks... Did you hear the one about the two Irishmen who  
got on a streetcar?

JACK: No, I didn't.

DENNIS: I wish you had, I forgot the answer.

JACK: Oh,fine...Dennis, what did you come over for?

DENNIS: Do I have to have a reason to come over and see you?

JACK: No, ~~but~~ --

DENNIS: Who do you think you are, Winston Churchill?

JACK: Oh, ~~Bar~~. Dennis, I merely asked you why you came over here.

DENNIS: Well, watch it next time!

JACK: Look kid, I'm not going to stand here and --  
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.  
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Well here I am, Jack.

JACK: Good...Now we can go to the...WELL...BARBARA STANWYCK.

STANWYCK: Hello Jack, Mary invited me to come along so we could --

JACK: Barbara, wait for your applause.

MARY: She got it at my house.

JACK: Oh...oh...Good good...~~come on in.~~  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

MARY: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: Barbara, I want you to meet Dennis Day...Dennis, this is Barbara Stanwyck.

DENNIS: Barbara Stanwyck...gee!

STANWYCK: Hello, little man.

DENNIS: (SULKING) Little man..If you knew what kind of a guy I am you'd run for your life.

JACK: Dennis, stop with that silly talk.

DENNIS: Well I want Miss Stanwyck to have respect for me.

JACK: Oh.

STANWYCK: I do respect you, and I think you're very sweet.

DENNIS: You do?

STANWYCK: Of course I do.

DENNIS: Would you ask me for a date if you were sure I'd accept?

STANWYCK: Well I wouldn't say that..You see, the man I like to go out with is..well..my husband, Robert Taylor.

DENNIS: But he's married.

STANWYCK: ...I certainly hope so.

MARY: Well come on Jack, let's get started...It's time we went to the movie.

JACK: You know, Mary..as long as Barbara dropped in, it isn't polite for you and me to go to the movies..I've only got two passes..That's all they gave me for sandpapering the benches...But say kids, I've got an idea..Why don't we stay home and play gin rummy?

MARY: I don't want to play gin rummy.

JACK: But girls you wouldn't enjoy yourselves, it's a western picture.

STANWYCK: I love a good western.

JACK: But it's not a good western, Barbara...It's even been refused by television...Believe me, it's no good.

MARY: Well if you don't want to, we'll go by ourselves...

Come on, Barbara.

JACK: Okay, so long kids...oh by the way, ~~Barbara~~ give

~~my regards to Bob.~~

STANWYCK: ~~Are you sure you want to give it?~~

JACK: ~~Yes yes so long?~~

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Now Dennis --

DENNIS: Just a minute.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: OH MISS STANWYCK--

STANWYCK: YES.

DENNIS: (WHISTLES)

JACK: DENNIS, COME BACK HERE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: I wish you wouldn't act so silly.

DENNIS: What did I do that was silly?

JACK: Trying to date up Barbara Stanwyck at your age.

DENNIS: It would be sillier at your age.

JACK: What did you say?

DENNIS: Miss Stanwyck would have fallen in love with me  
if it hadn't been for you.

JACK: Me?..What did I have to do with it?

DENNIS: She thinks you're Winston Churchill.

JACK: Oh quiet..Anyway, Dennis, what makes you think  
Miss Stanwyck would fall in love with a kid like you?

DENNIS: I could tell by the way she looked at me.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: If you and Miss Livingstone hadn't been here, she  
couldn't have controlled herself.

JACK: Dennis, what's happened to you?

DENNIS: I don't know, but it feels good.

JACK: Now/Dennis, I've had just about enough out of you...  
You come over to my house, eat my fruit, and--

DENNIS: What?

JACK: I've been watching you...NOW YOU GO ON HOME, AND WHEN  
YOU FEEL LIKE APOLOGIZING FOR THE WAY YOU ACTED, YOU  
CAN COME BACK.

DENNIS: OKAY AND GOODBYE.

JACK: GOODBYE.

(SOUND: LOUD SLAP ON WRIST)

JACK: AND GET YOUR HAND OUT OF THAT FRUIT BOWL!...NOW GO HOME  
AND THINK IT OVER.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS..THEN FOOTSTEPS, WHICH  
CONTINUE THROUGH SCENE)

DENNIS: .....I'll show ~~him~~...such a wise guy.....  
He pays me thirty-five dollars a week and expects me  
to sing good.....I'll get  
even with him.....Next Sunday I'll sing lousy,  
that's what I'll do...You're darn right..I'll sing  
like this--

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "IT'S A BIG WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: WALKING FOOTSTEPS COMING OUT OF APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: ....Say, that wasn't so bad.....But I'll sing lousy on the program if I have to practice to do it.....I'll show Mr. Benny.....Oh darn it, I passed my house...I always do that.

(SOUND: FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS, THEN RUNS UP SIX STEPS AND FALLS DOWN)

DENNIS: .....I always do that too.....Oh well ---

(SOUND KEY IN LOCK.. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DENNIS: OH MOTHER... MOTHER --

KEARNS: YOUR MOTHER ISN'T HOME, SON.

DENNIS: WHO ARE YOU?

KEARNS: YOUR FATHER.

DENNIS: Oh.....Hello Pop..I was just over to --

KEARNS: ~~I know, you were over to Mr. Benny's house.~~

DENNIS: ~~How did you know?~~

KEARNS: ~~He must still have that toupee with the stripe down the middle.~~

DENNIS: ~~Yeah.~~ Say Pop, I just had a big fight with Mr. Benny about Barbara Stanwyck.

KEARNS: Who?

DENNIS: Barbara Stanwyck..Gee Pop, is she beautiful! ..She's got eyes like stars..lips like rubies..a figure like Venus di Milo .. and a -- Gee, Pop, am I making you nervous?

KEARNS: No, why?

DENNIS: You're tearing up mother's picture.....I'll get the glue.

KEARNS: You mind your own business.

DENNIS: Gee, even you're against me..Everybody's against me..I'm gonna get undressed and go to bed.

(SOUND: WALKS UP EIGHT STEPS, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSE  
FEW FOOTSTEPS, THEN SITS DOWN ON CREAKY BED SPRINGS)

DENNIS: I can get along without Jack Benny, believe me...(SOUND:  
SHOE DROPS ON FLOOR...) And another thing..From now on I'm  
gonna listen to Fred Allen with the door wide open...No more  
of that sneaky stuff...I'll show Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: SHOE DROPS ON FLOOR..CREAK OF BED SPRINGS)

DENNIS: (YAWNS)...Oh boy, this bed feels good...I don't need Jack  
Benny...(MIMICS JACK) Take your hands out of the fruit  
bowl...take your hands out of the fruit bowl! I only ate  
three apples..~~and~~ what's he yelling about anyway, they're  
made of wax. (YAWNS AGAIN) Mr. Benny doesn't know it but  
a lot of people have told me ~~that~~ I oughta be the star of  
the program...(YAWNS AGAIN)..and girls will be crazy about  
me.

(VIOLIN DREAM MUSIC STARTS SOFTLY)

DENNIS: (MUMBLING) Gee, imagine ~~me~~ star of the Lucky Strike  
Program...(YAWNS)...Dennis Day a big star..all the girls  
will be crazy about me..big star..girls big star..girls..  
(SNORES THREE TIMES)

(DREAM MUSIC UP LOUD, ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH..INTO THEME UP AND  
DOWN)



DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM...STARRING DENNIS DAY..WITH  
WINSTON CHURCHILL, ALY KAHN, TWO IRISHMEN ON A STREET CAR,  
OUR SINGING STAR MARGARET TRUMAN, AND "YOURS TRULY" MOBY  
DICK.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: AND NOW WE BRING YOU THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, DENNIS DAY.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: Hello again, this is Dennis Day coming to you from Galway  
Bay and we will open the show with a song by Frankie Harris  
and Dinah Livingstone.

(INTRODUCTION)

MARY & PHIL: FEELING LOW, FEELING TENSE  
THESE EIGHT WORDS ARE COMMON SENSE.

BAND: SMOKE A LUCKY

MARY & PHIL: TO FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST.

BAND: SMOKE A LUCKY.

MARY & PHIL: TO FEEL YOUR LEVEL BEST.

NELSON: (IRISH) Say, Pat?

MEL: (IRISH) What is it, Mike?

NELSON: I've been smoking Luckies for nigh onto sixty-three years.

MEL: I know, you told it to me when we ~~were~~ on the street car.

(SOUND: CLANG CLANG AND TROLLEY GOES OFF)

DENNIS: AND NOW FOLKS, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION TONIGHT --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

DENNIS: Answer the phone, Don.

DON: Yes sir.

(SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

DON: HELLO.

STANWYCK: Hello..I'd like to speak to Dennis Day please...This is Miss Stanwyck.

DON: Miss Stanwyck! ..Gee!...Just a minute, please....It's for you, Dennis...It's Barbara Stanwyck.

DENNIS: Oh, is that dame calling again?...She drives me nuts.. Tell her I'm not in.

DON: But Dennis --

DENNIS: You heard me, fat boy.....Tell her I'm not in.

DON: Okay...Miss Stanwyck, I'm sorry, but Mr. Day isn't in.

STANWYCK: (PLEADING) I know he's there, I know it...I heard his voice..Tell him I've got to speak to him..Please, please.

DON: Yes ma'am...Dennis, she insists on talking to you.

DENNIS: Oh all right, I'll give her a thrill.....Hello.

STANWYCK: Dennis..Dennis..I must talk to you. It's urgent.

DENNIS: Oh hello Urgent.

STANWYCK: No no, it's Barbara.

DENNIS: Oh...Well what do you want, kid?

STANWYCK: Dennis..Dennis..I haven't heard from you in five days.. What's the matter?..What's happened between us?...You've been neglecting me..You've changed, Dennis, you're not the same...I know it, I can feel it..If there's anything I should know, I wish you'd tell me.

DENNIS: Well..if you must know..I don't love you any more, toots.

STANWYCK: How can you do this to me, Dennis..After you made me give up Nature Boy.....I must see you alone...someplace where we can talk...Meet me at the Brown Derby.

DENNIS: The Brown Derby? Okay, goodbye.

STANWYCK: Goodbye, darling. Until I see you again the minutes will drag like hours, the hours will drag like days, the days will drag like --

DENNIS: EHH, SHUT UP!

STANWYCK: Thank you. (SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER)

DENNIS: Hmmm...Oh well, I might as well meet her and get this over with.

(DREAM MUSIC, ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

(VIBRAPHONE EFFECT...CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING TO "IT'S DERBY DAY")

DENNIS: Gee, it's crowded here at the Brown Derby.

MEL: A table for Mr. Day.

NELSON: A table for Mr. Day.

MEL: A day for Mr. Table.

NELSON: A day for Mr. Table.

MEL: A derby for Mr. Brown.

NELSON: A derby for Mr. Brown.

MEL: A derby for Mr. Day.

NELSON: IT'S DERBY DAY!

(TRUMPET PLAYS POST CALL)

STANWYCK: But darling...darling..It's been five days..five whole days since I've seen you...It was never like this before..  
never.

DENNIS: Not so loud, people are listening..Let's order something to eat..OH WAITER...WAITER.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Day...What will you have, sir?

DENNIS: Two fried Irishmen on a whole wheat streetcar.

JACK: Yes sir...And what will you have, Madame?

STANWYCK: The same thing and hold the transfer.

JACK: Yes, madame..But first, would you mind standing up for a minute?

STANWYCK: Why?

JACK: I want to sandpaper the benches...Thank you.

(WEIRD SUSTAINING CHORD AND MUSIC WHICH FADES OUT)

STANWYCK: Oh Dennis, it's been such a wonderful evening...Just being near you again has given me something to live for.

DENNIS: *6.3* I'm sorry Sugar Foot, but this is the end..I'm never going to see you again.

STANWYCK: (CRIES) No no, Dennis darling, don't say that...You mustn't say that...I love you, *1* love you...You mustn't leave me, you mustn't..(CRIES)

DENNIS: Ha ha ha ha ha..Tell me more, you fascinate me.

STANWYCK: (CRYING) You're cruel, you're heartless, you're selfish.

DENNIS: You're urgent.

STANWYCK: (CRYING AND VERY EMOTIONAL) Dennis, you're making fun of me...You're tormenting me. If you leave me now, I'll kill myself, do you hear...I'll kill myself.

DENNIS: You wouldn't dare.

STANWYCK: (FRANTIC) OH YES I WOULD, *1.1.1* SEE THIS GUN?

DENNIS: Yeah.

STANWYCK: ~~WELL~~ TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME, OR I'LL SHOOT MYSELF RIGHT NOW.

DENNIS: Well --

STANWYCK: SAY YOU LOVE ME, OR I'LL SHOOT MYSELF!

DENNIS: Welllllll ----

(SOUND: LOVE GUN SHOT)

DENNIS: I love you.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

DENNIS: Oh my goodness, she did it ...she did it... OH WAITER...  
WAITER...WAITER!

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Separate checks, please.

JACK: Separate checks?

DENNIS: Yes, she killed herself, but it wasn't my fault...I'm not  
to blame.

JACK: (AS DEVIL) Oh yes you are, Dennis Day.

DENNIS: Wait a minute, you're not the waiter.. You're Jack Benny.

JACK: Yes...Heh heh heh heh heh..And I saw you kill her.

DENNIS: (FRIGHTENED) No I didn't, Mr. Benny...Really I didn't...  
She killed herself.

JACK: Yes, ~~but you won't do anything to help her.~~ You won't even  
give her a Lucky so she'll feel her level best.....Yes,  
Dennis Day, you drove her to suicide..And you'll sit and  
fry in the electric chair...(WEIRD LAUGH)

DENNIS: No, I won't, no I won't!..Barbara, Barbara...speak to me.

JACK: Heh heh heh heh heh...You've killed her, she's dead.

DENNIS: Barbara, speak to me..GET UP... GET UP!

STANWYCK: What for, they gave it to Jane Wyman.

JACK: (WEIRD LAUGH) You see, Dennis..You killed her, you killed  
her, YOU KILLED HER.

DENNIS: Get away from me, get away from me...MOTHER, MOTHER..  
FATHER, FATHER!

(WEIRD DREAM MUSIC UP LOUD ENDING WITH CYMBAL CRASH)

DENNIS: FATHER...FATHER...FATHER!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS FAST)

KEARNS: WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON?..WHAT'S THE MATTER?..WHAT ARE YOU  
SCREAMING ABOUT?

DENNIS: Oh father, I just had the most horrible nightmare.

KEARNS: Oh is that all?..For a minute I thought your mother came  
home....Now go back to sleep.

DENNIS: Okay..Goodnight, Pop.

KEARNS: Goodnight.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, every minute of the day and night  
a fire is burning somewhere. A fire started through  
carelessness. Help fight fires. Don't be careless, be  
cautious. Obey all fire regulations. Prevent fires in  
your community. Thank you.  
(APPLAUSE)

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

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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:   Yes, 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! Remember -

SHARBUTT:   LS - M-T  
              LS - MPT

MARTIN:     Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

SHARBUTT:   No wonder more independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers -  
              buyers - and warehousemen - smoke Lucky Strike regularly  
              than the next two leading brands combined. Yes, Luckies  
              are the overwhelming choice of the men who really know  
              tobacco.

MARTIN:     So when you choose your cigarette, remember that 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  
              your best and do your best.

SONG:       Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (SHORT)

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(CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONTINUED)

SHARBUTT: Yes, that's how to get on the Lucky level. Next time you  
buy cigarettes ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

SONG: Smoke a Lucky to feel your level best! (LONG)

(BUTTON)

(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank Ruby Stevens..better known as Barbara Stanwyck..for appearing here tonight -- *for appearing here tonight* through the courtesy of Robert Taylor..better known as Spangler Arlington Brugh...And be sure to listen to Eugene Patrick McNulty in "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day"....Goodnight, folks.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON: ~~Stay tuned for the Amos and Andy Show which follows~~  
~~Immediately...THIS IS C.B.S...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING~~  
~~SYSTEM~~

*Don't forget to tune in for the Amos and Andy Show which follows immediately after the news at 10:30 PM.*