

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY SHOW

SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1949

CBS

3:00 - 3:30 PM PST

ATX01 0312475

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 15, 1949
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

MARTIN: In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts, and ...

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

MARTIN: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Remember what happens at the tobacco auctions.

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

SHARBUTT: Year after year, at market after market, independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

MARTIN: Just listen to what Mr. James W. Adams, for 22 years an independent tobacco warehouseman of South Boston, Virginia, recently said about the fine tobacco he's seen bought by the makers of Lucky Strike.

VOICE: I've been a tobacco warehouseman for 22 years and down through the years I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco - real quality tobacco, the kind of tobacco that's bound to give a good smoke. For 15 years Luckies have been my regular smoke.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
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SHARBUTT: So for your own real, deep down smoking enjoyment, take a
tip from the experts and light up a Lucky--light up a
really fine cigarette--puff by puff you'll see...

MARTIN: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco--so smoke that smoke of
fine tobacco--Lucky Strike--so round, so firm, so fully
packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(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, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS...JACK AND ROCHESTER ARE FUTTERING AROUND THE KITCHEN. AT THE MOMENT THEY ARE DEFROSTING AND CLEANING OUT THEIR REFRIGERATOR.

JACK: Well, it's all wiped out, Rochester...Now put the butter back first.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: CLINK OF A DISH)

ROCH: SAY BOSS...WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH THIS LEFT OVER ROAST BEEF?

JACK: Save it..we'll make hash out of it.

ROCH: YES SIR...HOW ABOUT THIS LEG OF LAMB WE HAD LAST THURSDAY?

JACK: Ummm...Save that too..we'll make hash out of it.

ROCH: ~~WHAT~~...WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THIS LEFT OVER ~~PORK~~ ROAST?

JACK: Er..Well, save it, we'll make hash out of that, too.

ROCH: YES SIR...WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THIS THIRTY POUNDS OF LEFT OVER HASH?

JACK: ... Save it, we'll make stew out of it.

ROCH:THOUGHT I HAD YOU THAT TIME.

JACK: Yeah yeah...wait a minute...what's in that?

ROCH: WHAT'S IN WHAT?

ATX01 031247B

JACK: In that round flat can in the freezing compartment.

ROCH: OH, I JUST PUT THAT IN THERE SINCE THE WEATHER GOT HOT.

JACK: What is it?

ROCH: THE FILM OF THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT.

JACK: Well, take it out...and put in this package..I want to store it there all summer.

ROCH: SAY, THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG PACKAGE..WHAT'S IN IT?

JACK: Miss Livingstone's fur coat, I made her a better deal than I. J. Fox.... Well, that's about all, Rochester..you can close the refrigerator.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Oh, Rochester, open the refrigerator, again, I want to take out some ham for a sandwich.

ROCH: IT'S TOO LATE, BOSS, THE TIME LOCK IS SET FOR TOMORROW MORNING.

JACK: Gee, and I'm so hungry...By the way, Professor LeBlanc is coming over pretty soon to give me a lesson..so go to the closet and get out my violin.

ROCH: WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT? THERE ARE THREE OF THEM IN THERE.

JACK: Three? But I only had one violin.

ROCH: YESTERDAY I BET IT ON KAPOT IN THE BREAKFAST AND IT PAID TWO TO ONE.

JACK: You bet my violin on KAPOT? How did you know it was gonna win?

ROCH: I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA LOSE.

~~JACK: Listen Rochester, sometimes you get a little too --~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO..AND
REMEMBER OUR SLOGAN..

"DURING THE SUMMER YOU CAN SAVE SOME CASH
BY STORING YOUR FURS RIGHT NEXT TO OUR HASH."

JACK: Hmmm.

BEA: Hello, may I speak to Mr. Jack Benny, please?

ROCH: JUST A MOMENT, MISS...IT'S FOR YOU, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks...Hello?

BEA: Mr. Benny, this is Betty Stewart of the Associated Press.

JACK: Associated Press?

BEA: Yes...last week in a press interview, Fred Allen said that
if you're as bad on television as you are on radio people
will receive your program on a ten inch airwick.

JACK: Oh...Fred Allen said that, eh?

BEA: Yes..Now the Associated Press wants to know if you'd like to
make any comment about Mr. Allen.

JACK: I certainly would...put a man on the phone.

BEA: Oh, that's quite all right, Mr. Benny, I'm used to that kind
of language...I used to work in a Bingo Parlor.

JACK: Oh.

BEA: Now, do you have anything you'd like to say about Mr. Allen?

JACK: Yes...you can quote me as saying...The reason Fred Allen
doesn't go on television is because he doesn't want to
spoil an illusion.

BEA: An illusion?

JACK: Yes...on the radio everybody thinks he's alive..unquote,
goodbye.

BEA: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: WHO WAS THAT, BOSS?

JACK: The Associated Press.

ROCH: ONE OF OUR COMPETITORS?

JACK: No no, Rochester, that's a newspaper, they don't press
clothes...They gather news for all the--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello Phil.

PHIL: ~~Hello~~, Jackson..~~Hi~~, Chester.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. HARRIS.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Phil, what are you doing around here?

PHIL: There's something I want to talk to you about.

JACK: Oh, what is it?

PHIL: I'd like to talk to you alone.

JACK: Rochester, would you mind leaving the room?

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS.. DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: What do you want to talk to me about, Phil?

PHIL: Close the other door, will you?

JACK: Sure.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: What is it, Phil?

PHIL: Jackson, I want to borrow some money.

JACK:Money? How much?

PHIL: Two thousand dollars.

JACK: You know, Phil, life is funny.. If we were doing a radio program now and you came in and asked me for two thousand dollars, I'd have to turn you down with a joke.

PHIL: (SMILING) Yeah.

JACK: But now we're not on the radio...So I can turn you down without a joke...Isn't ~~that~~ funny?

PHIL: But Jackson, you can't turn me down..I gotta have that two thousand dollars.

JACK: Phil, what in the world do you need all that money for?

PHIL: After we go off the air this summer, I'm going on tour with my orchestra.

JACK: On tour?

PHIL: Yeah, we're going to go to Texas, then Louisiana, then through Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia.

JACK: Why are you only going through the South?

PHIL: Look Dad, I only know one song and I ain't takin' no chances

JACK: Oh..Phil, what do you need the two thousand dollars for-- traveling expenses?

PHIL: Naw, that's taken care of..but I promised all my boys I'd buy them new tuxedos.

JACK: Well, it's about time..at least they'll look nice while they're playing.

PHIL: Oh, they ain't gonna wear these on the bandstand...They're gonna use them to pick up extra money during the daytime.

JACK: Tuxedos in the daytime?

PHIL: Yeah, they double as pallbearers.

JACK: NO!

PHIL: Sure..and Remley is in great demand.

JACK: As a pallbearer? Why?

PHIL: Both of his arms are on the same side.

JACK: Gee, I never noticed that while he was playing the guitar... Well look, Phil, I'd like to lend you the money, but --

PHIL: Now wait a minute, Jackson...I'm not asking this as a friend, I'm willing to make it a regular business deal...I'll sign papers and everything.

JACK: Oh...well, would you be willing to put up security?

PHIL: Yeah, but not like the last time..we missed the kids.

JACK: ~~Oh stop with that.~~ All right, you won't have to put up security...Just sign the papers as usual...OH ROCHESTER.. ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHAT IS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Mr. Harris is going to sign a legal agreement..bring me a sheet of paper, a pen and a sharp knife.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: All right, Phil, roll up your sleeve.

PHIL: Aw Jackson, can't I sign in ink this time?

JACK: Well okay, ~~well~~..you've been with me a long time...I'll go down to my vault to get the money and you write out an I.O.U.

PHIL: A what?

JACK: An I.O.U.

PHIL: How do you spell it?

JACK: Rochester will show you..I'll be back in a few minutes.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...MANY FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING STAIRS AND GETTING HOLLOW...THEN FOOTSTEPS ON ROCK..THEN WE HEAR MANY LOUD SPLASHING SOUNDS)

JACK: Gee, those sharks in the moat are playful....I hope the drawbridge is strong.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD..THEN ON ROCK AGAIN.. FOOTSTEPS STOP..HEAVY CHAINS RATTLING.. HANDLE TURNS..IRON DOOR OPENS WITH CREAKING AND CLANKING OF CHAINS...SIX MORE FOOTSTEPS.. MORE LOUDER CHAINS..HANDLE TURN..IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN WITH CLANKING OF CHAINS.. TWO MORE FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Halt, who goes there..friend or foe?

JACK: Friend.

KEARNS: What's the password?

JACK: You CAN take it with you.

KEARNS: Oh, it's you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes..How are you, Ed?

KEARNS: Fine, fine. ~~Am~~ glad you came down, Mr. Benny..I haven't had a chance to thank you for my Christmas present.

JACK: Did you like it?

KEARNS: It's the nicest calendar I ever had.

JACK: Good good..and Ed, isn't that a pretty picture on it?

KEARNS: Yes, but what is it?

JACK: It's a girl.

KEARNS: Oh..and what's that thing she's holding?

JACK: That's a telephone.

KEARNS: Oh..that's a girl...and that's a telephone.

JACK: Yes..~~it's very useful~~, it was invented in 1876.

KEARNS: The girl?

JACK: No no, the telephone.

KEARNS: Oh.

JACK: Now excuse me, Ed, I'd like to open the safe.

KEARNS: Should I commit suicide?

JACK: No no, Ed, just close your eyes..Now, let's see...Right to forty-five..(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)..Left to sixty..(LIGHT TURNING SOUND)..Back to fifteen..(LIGHT TURNING) Then left to one ten..(LIGHT SOUND)...There.

(SOUND: HANDLE TURNS..ALARM SOUNDS--BELLS, AUTO HORNS
STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, SLIDE WHISTLES UP AND DOWN..
ENDING WITH B.O. FOGHORN)

JACK: That reminds me, I must ask Phil what he's going to play on the program..Now let's see..Phil wants two thousand dollars..
~~Ed, hold this sack while I get the shovel.~~

~~KEARNS: Why don't you take the paper money this time?~~

JACK: ~~Yeah, I guess so. There's two thousand for Phil..I'll take two~~
dollars for my violin teacher..and I better take an extra five.
I may go to Las Vegas for the week-end...There.

(SOUND: SAFE CLOSSES)

JACK: Well, goodbye, Ed..take care of yourself.

KEARNS: I will...Oh, by the way, Mr. Benny, would you mind mailing
this letter for me.

JACK: No no, not at all.

KEARNS: It's very important..Would you put it on the pony yourself?

JACK: Huh?...Oh, no, Ed, they take it by trains now and airplanes.
I'll explain it to you later..So long.

KEARNS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: IRON DOOR CLOSSES...FOOTSTEPS...REGULAR DOOR
OPENS AND CLOSSES)

JACK: Oh Phil, Phil.

PHIL: Here I am, Jackson..Right in front of you.

JACK: Oh, my eyes haven't got used to the light yet...Here's your
money.

PHIL: Thanks, Jackson, and I really appreciate it.

JACK: You're welcome..But don't forget I want it back in ninety days..
So long, Phil.

PHIL: So long, Gianinni.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Gee, I hope Phil doesn't borrow money from me too often. He
can't afford the interest...Oh well, that's his worry.

ROCH: SAY BOSS...WHILE YOU WERE DOWN IN YOUR VAULT, PROFESSOR
LEBLANC'S WIFE CALLED AND SAID HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COME
OVER AND GIVE YOU A VIOLIN LESSON.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: SHE SAID HE SPRAINED HIS ANKLE AND CAN'T GO OUT.

JACK: Oh..well gee, I don't wanta miss my ~~violin~~ lesson..I'll go
over to his house...Rochester, I'll get my violin and you get
the car.

ROCH: YOU CAN'T USE THE CAR, BOSS, THE TWO FRONT WHEELS ARE OUT OF
LINE.

JACK: Are they ~~wheel~~ out of line?

ROCH: I THINK SO, ONE'S IN THE GARAGE AND THE OTHER'S ON WILSHIRE
BOULEVARD.

JACK: Oh well, then I'll take the street car..I'll get my violin
now and--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh darn it, just when I'm in a hurry..COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well--

HOAGY: Hiya, Jack.

JACK: HOAGY..HOAGY CARMICHAEL.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Hoagy, this is quite a surprise..What brings you around
here?

HOAGY: Well Jack, I won't take up much of your time..I just thought
maybe you'd like to buy a song.

JACK: Buy a song? What's a man like you..Hoagy Carmichael..doing going around from door to door selling songs?

HOAGY: Well Jack, it's a long story..Remember that night three years ago at the Academy Awards when Sam Goldwyn called me Hugo?

JACK: Yeah.

HOAGY: Well, ever since then Hugo became a sensation.

JACK: What about Hoagy?

HOAGY: He's a bum.

JACK: Wait a minute..don't tell me Hoagy Carmichael the man who wrote "Star Dust," and "Old Buttermilk Sky" can't sell a song.

HOAGY: I can't understand it either, Jack..and I have some wonderful new ones..I just finished a beautiful love song.called--
"She Didn't Realize He Was Alive
Till ~~he~~ Got Him Alone On Mulholland Drive."

JACK: Oh yes, yes, I heard that.

HOAGY: Then I wrote another one called..
"I Bought A Television Set For My Girl
And Now She's In Love With Milton Berle."

JACK: ~~You mean he stole her, too?~~

HOAGY: Then I wrote another song that was very topical.

JACK: What's the name of it?

HOAGY: "Everything Is Strictly Kosher,
Since The Giants Got Back Leo Durocher."

JACK: And that song isn't popular?

HOAGY: It struck out on the Hit Parade.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame.

HOAGY: ~~But I've got one now, Jack, that's gonna be a sensation.~~
And that's why I'm here. I want you to listen to it.

JACK: Well, Hoagy, what makes you think I'll be interested in it?

HOAGY: Well.....Let me sing it for you and you'll know the reason
why. I've got the music right here.

JACK: Good...I'll get my violin and accompany you.

HOAGY: Wait a minute, Jack, it's a new song, give it a fighting
chance.

JACK: Okay okay....come on, let's hear it, Hoagy.

(APPLAUSE)

(HOAGY'S SONG)-

(APPLAUSE)

HOAGY: I'M GETTIN' TIRED O' THESE CATTLE AND A-HEARDIN' 'EM,
ON A HOSS THAT'S HOPIN' HE'LL DIE!
I'M GOIN' DOWN TO A RANCH AND A WIDOW NAMED BLANCHE,
WHERE THE LIVIN' IS EASY AS PIE!
I'M GETTIN' TIRED O' THESE TUMBLE WEED CIGARETTES,
TIRED O' EATIN' BAKED BEANS FROM A TIN!
I'M GONNA MARRY THAT RANCH AND THE WIDOW NAMED BLANCHE,
THO' I KNOW SHE'S AS UGLY AS SIN.
THEN I'LL BE SMOKIN' LUCKIES
L. S. M. F. TEE-IN' ALL DAY
WITH A SHAVE AND A SHINE
AND TOBACCO THAT'S FINE,
HOW COULD I ~~EVER FEEL GREENER~~
CAUSE LIFE WILL BE JUST DUCKY
AND IN A LAZY SORT OF A WAY
I'LL BE BOSS O' THAT RANCH. IF I HAVE TO KISS BLANCE
~~TO STAY WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREENER.~~

HOAGY: I'M GETTIN' TIRED O' THIS DREAMIN' ~~OF~~ CITY LIFE
WITHOUT A RED HOT CENT IN MY JEANS!
I'M GOIN' DOWN TO A RANCH AND A WIDOW NAMED BLANCHE,
WHO IS KNOWN AS A LADY OF MEANS.
I'M GETTIN' TIRED O' THESE MOCKIN' BIRDS MOCKIN' ME
WHEN I'M CUSSIN' THINGS BITIN' MY HIDE!
I'M GONNA MARRY THAT RANCH AND THE WIDOW NAMED BLANCHE,
THO' I KNOW SHE'S A SEVEN FOOT WIDE
THEN I'LL BE SMOKIN' LUCKIES
L S M F TEE-IN' ALL DAY
WITH A SHAVE AND A SHINE
AND TOBACCO THAT'S FINE,
HOW COULD I EVER FEEL KEENER.
CAUSE LIFE WILL BE JUST DUCKY
AND IN A LAZY SORT OF A WAY,
I'LL BE BOSS O' THAT RANCH IF I HAVE TO KISS BLANCE
TO STAY WHERE THE GRASS GROWS GREENER.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Gee, Hoagy, that was really swell....I like the way the commercial was worked in.

HOAGY: Thanks, Jack...would you like to buy that song?

JACK: Well, I haven't got time to discuss it right now...You see, I've gotta catch the street car and go take a violin lesson.

HOAGY: Oh.

JACK: Call me tomorrow, Hoagy.

HOAGY: Okay....So long, Jack.

JACK: So long.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ROCHESTER...I'M GOING TO TAKE MY LESSON NOW...I'LL BE HOME FOR DINNER.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: STREET CAR AND BELL)

UKIE: STEP TO THE REAR OF THE CAR, PLEASE.

JACK: Pardon me.

UKIE: / Wait a minute, Bud.

JACK: Huh?

UKIE: Did I get your fare?

JACK: Oh...oh...my fare...Here's a transfer.

UKIE: Say, you're Jack Benny, aren't you?

JACK: Yes yes.

UKIE: You were in London last summer, weren't you?

JACK: Yes yes, how did you know?

UKIE: This transfer you gave me is from the Piccadilly Bus Company.

JACK: Oh...I didn't mean to give you that one, that was a mistake.... Here's a dime.

UKIE: Thanks.

JACK: I'll...aw...I'll bet you're surprised to see a celebrity like me riding a street car.

UKIE: Nah...when they're on their way down, they save every way they can.

JACK: What?

UKIE: STEP TO THE REAR OF THE CAR, PLEASE....STEP TO THE REAR.

JACK: All right, all right....Let me know when it's West Sixth Street....Excuse me....excuse me....excuse me...Excuse me...

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny...

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: You can sit here by me.

JACK: Oh, Hello, Dennis....Where are you going?

DENNIS: I'm going down to the doctors and have my appendix taken out, where are you going?

JACK: Wait a minute....did I hear that right? You're going to have your appendix out?

DENNIS: Why not? I have an insurance policy that entitles me to an operation.

JACK: Well, that's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard.

DENNIS: No it isn't....After I read my insurance policy, I thought it would be smarter to have my appendix taken out.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: It was either that or have a baby.

JACK: Oh for heaven's sakes...Dennis...what kind of insurance is this you've got, anyway?

DENNIS: Oh it's a good policy, Mr. Benny....it's full coverage.

JACK: Full coverage?

DENNIS: Yeah...if a truck runs over me, they fix the truck.

JACK: Well, let's not talk about that any more...Mind if I read your newspaper, kid?

DENNIS: Go ahead, I'm finished with it.

JACK: Thanks.

DENNIS: You know they've lifted the blockade in Anaheim.

JACK: I know, I ~~heard it~~.....They lifted the blockade in Anaheim?

DENNIS: Yeah, they're letting in oranges from Azusa.

JACK: I'm glad to hear it....Now let me read the paper.

(SOUND: RATTLING OF PAPER)

JACK: ~~Err. "Kapot Breaks Record at Preakness...Paye Two Millions to One,That's funny, I thought Rochester was --"~~

DENNIS: Say, Mr. Benny, where are you going with your violin?

JACK: I'm going to take my lesson from Professor Blanc.

DENNIS: You're not kidding me...You're going down town and play on some street corner.

JACK: ~~Err~~ Dennis, that's silly. Would you go down town and sing on some street corner?

DENNIS: I don't have to, I've got two shows.

JACK: Oh be quiet...

(SOUND: LOUD STREET CAR BELL)

UKIE: HEY, CELEBRITY, THIS IS WEST SIXTH STREET.

JACK: HOLD IT, THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF.

UKIE: ~~Shall I roll out the carpet?~~

JACK: ~~Never mind.~~....So long, Dennis.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

BEA: (FRENCH) Pierre?....Pierre?

MEL: Yes, Suzette?

BEA: Pierre, I can not understand you....You sit there with a sprained ankle and yet there is such a happy look on your face.

MEL: Oui, Mon Cherie....because of this ankle, I do not have to give Monsieur Benny a violin lesson.

BEA: Pierre....This Monsieur Benny...he is a moving picture star, no?

MEL: Oui, he is a moving picture star, no.... He is on the radio.

BEA: The radio? What program?

MEL: You know....the program that starts....

(SING) Too-shéh bah, too-shéh tahng-de

Say wit moh fair komeen sahngs.

Fee-meh Lucky, too-shéh votre eh gahl mayeair.

Fes-meh Lucky, too-shéh votre eh gahl mayeair.

BEA: Oh yes....I have heard that many times.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

MEL: Who can that be?

BEA: Maybe it is the landlord.

MEL: No no, he would not come to a dump like this.

BEA: I will see.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

JACK: How do you do...Does Professor LeBlanc live here?

BEA: Oui, I am Mrs. LeBlanc.

JACK: Well, I'm Jack Benny.

BEA: Sacre Bleu!

JACK: Thank you.

MEL: SUZETTE, WHO IS IT?

JACK: IT'S ME, PROFESSOR, I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU SO I CAME
OVER HERE FOR MY LESSON.

MEL: Sacre Bleu.

JACK: Thank you .. How's your sprained ankle?

MEL: A dismal failure.

JACK: What?

MEL: Nothing nothing...If you are here for a lesson, let's get it over with.

JACK: Oui...I mean yes...now Professor..when you were giving me my last lesson, what were we doing?

MEL: You were playing The Blue Danube and I was picking up the dead flies.

JACK: No no, I mean after that...anyway what number do you want me to play today?

MEL: The same one you have been practicing for weeks and weeks and weeks.. "Minuet L'Antique."

JACK: Oh yes yes..Here, I'll get my violin out of the case.

MEL: Suzette, aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?

BEA: I am not going out.

MEL: You will in a minute.

JACK: Well, here we are..(PLUNKS ON STRINGS)...Now just a second, I better tune up.:

MEL: It does not make any difference.

JACK: Oh yes yes..I have to be in tune..(JACK TUNES VIOLIN)...Now shall I start with the "Minuet L'Antique"?

MEL: Start..start...start with anything.

JACK: Okay.
(JACK PLAYS MINUET..BUT DOESN'T SLIDE)

MEL: (MAD) No no no, Monsieur Benny..Every week you make the same mistake..How many times do I have to tell you it is not DA DE DA DA, DE DA DA...

JACK: ~~Ben?~~

MEL: YOU HAVE TO SLIDE...DA UUUMPH DA, UUUMPH DA.

JACK: Oh yes yes. I'll get it this time.
(PLAYS MINUET BUT ON SECOND SLIDE GOES TOO HIGH AND BOW
FLIES OUT OF HIS HAND)
Cocops! Too high...I'm sorry.

BEA: Pierre.

MEL: What is it,,Suzette?

BEA: Vous le apprenez a jouer au violon depuis douze annees. Je
ne l'ai entendu qu' une sois, mais il est le pous mauvais
jouer que j'ai entendu dans toute ma vie.

MEL: Oui.

JACK: Oh Professor, what did she say?

MEL: It loses something in the translation, but it means "you
stink."

JACK: ~~Oh~~...It sounds lovely in French....Shall I take it again?

MEL: Oui...Oui..OUI..OUI!

JACK: Okay.
(PLAYS MINUET AND CONTINUES TO PLAY TILL END OF ROUTINE)

JERRY: (CRIES LIKE BABY AND CONTINUES GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER
UNTIL END OF ROUTINE)

MEL: SUZETTE..SUZETTE..THE BABY.

BEA: I know, I know...QUIET, MENDEL, QUIET.

MEL: MONSIEUR BENNY, PLEASE..THE BABY..STOP PLAYING.

BEA: SACRE BLEU, PIERRE, NE POUVEZ VOUS PAS SAIRE QUEL QUE CHOSE
IL REEDE FOU LE BEBE.

MEL: MONSIEUR BENNY, PLEASE..MY WIFE IS NERVOUS, THE BABY IS
CRYING, ~~I~~ GOT A SPRAINED ANKLE, AND YOU STINK, STOP
ALREADY!

BEA: PIERRE, IL FAUT FAIRE QUEL QUE CHOSE A LE FAIRE CESSER.

MEL: MONSIEUR BENNY..PLEASE..PLEASE..STOP PLAYING..... Wait a
minute...Wait a minute...WAIT A MINUTE....WAIT A MINUTE!!!

(JACK AND JERRY STOP AND EVERYTHING IS QUIET)

JACK: PROFESSOR...PROFESSOR, WHY DID YOU MAKE ME STOP?

MEL: THE BABY'S HAIR TURNED GRAY.

JACK: OH..WELL, I'LL TAKE ~~THE~~ LESSON SOME OTHER TIME..~~GOODNIGHT~~.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, during May and June the United States Savings Bond Opportunity Drive is on. It is called the Opportunity Drive because it is truly an opportunity for you to get ahead by increasing your own personal measure of financial security and independence. If you haven't been buying Savings Bonds regularly, start now. PUT MORE OPPORTUNITY IN YOUR FUTURE ... INVEST IN UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
MAY 15, 1949
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

MARTIN: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts.

SHARBUTT: Yes, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine smoke, and in each and every Lucky Strike, in every pack, in every carton, there's fine, light, naturally mild tobacco.

MARTIN: No doubt about it.

SHARBUTT: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

MARTIN: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco and this fine Lucky Strike tobacco gives you all the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment you expect and deserve in your cigarette.

SHARBUTT: So light up a Lucky - light up a really fine cigarette and smoke that smoke of fine tobacco - Lucky Strike -- so round, so firm, so fully packed so free and easy on the draw.

MARTIN: So the very next time you step up to a cigarette counter ask for a carton of Lucky Strike.

(TAG)

JACK: ~~Well, Rochester, I've had quite a day today.~~

ROCH: ~~YOU SURE HAVE, BOSS.~~

JACK: ~~I think I'll go upstairs and--~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~I'll get it.~~

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS, RECEIVER UP)

JACK: ~~Hello?....Oh, hello, Mary:.....Oh yes, I took my violin~~
~~lesson today. I went over to Professor LeBlanc's house...And~~
~~Mary, you shoulda heard what the professor's wife said about~~
~~me....Huh?..She said....VOO LE APPRENTAY A SHO-EER AU-VIOLON~~
~~DE-TREE DOO-Z'ANNES. JE NE L'AI ENTENDU KE OON-SWEE, MAY~~
~~IL EST LE PA-MOVAY SHO-EER KE J'AI ENTENDU DANS FOOT-MA~~
~~VEE.....Huh? What does that mean?..Well, it loses~~
~~something in the translation, but it means that she thinks~~
~~I'm wonderful....Goodbye, Mary....Goodnight folks.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: ~~BE SURE TO LISTEN TO DENNIS DAY IN "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF~~
~~DENNIS DAY".... STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY PROGRAM~~
~~WHICH FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY....THIS~~
~~THIS IS C.B.S. THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.~~