

# THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

*produced for*

**THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.**

*by*

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

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PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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PROGRAM #2  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1949      CBS      3:00 - 3:30 PM PST

JG

ATX01 0312591

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SEPTEMBER 18, 1949  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: The Jack Benny Program...presented by LUCKY STRIKE!

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

HIRSTAND: Let that famous chant remind you -- LUCKIES PAY MORE!  
Yes, at the tobacco auctions, LUCKY STRIKE PAY MILLIONS OF  
DOLLARS MORE THAN OFFICIAL PARITY PRICES FOR FINE TOBACCO!

SHARBUTT: IS - MFT  
IS - MFT

HIRSTAND: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...tobacco that's smooth,  
mild and mellow. But take the word of an expert...a man  
like Mr. C.B. Smith of Danville, Virginia for 30 years an  
independent tobacco buyer. Recently he said -

EXPERT: I've spent my entire life in the tobacco business and I can  
tell good tobacco at a glance. And year after year I've  
seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, real quality  
leaf. I've smoked Luckies myself for 29 years.

SHARBUTT: And Mr. Smith is only one of many experts who smoke Luckies  
- for a recent survey reveals that more independent tobacco  
experts -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- smoke  
Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands  
combined!

HIRSTAND: So take a tip from the experts! For your own, real  
deep-down smoking enjoyment - light up a truly finer  
cigarette -- LUCKY STRIKE! Remember --

(OPENING COMMERCIAL..CONT'D)

9/18/49

SHAREUTT: LUCKIES PAY MORE - millions of dollars more than official  
parity prices for FINE TOBACCO!

HIESTAND: Good reason to make your next carton LUCKY STRIKE!

ATX01 0312593

FIRST ROUTINE

-1-

(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, LAST SUNDAY JACK BENNY DID HIS FIRST BROADCAST OF THE SEASON.....OF THE ENTIRE HALF HOUR, JACK WAS ONLY ON FOR FOUR MINUTES...THIS WEEK HE'S GONNA TRY FOR EIGHT...AND HERE HE IS..JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank .....Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...And Don, I don't wanta sound like a ham, but I think it was awful that on our opening program last week I was only on for four minutes.

DON: Well, Jack, you may be interested to know that letters have been pouring in commenting on your brief appearance.

JACK: Really, Don, what did they say?

DON: Life Can Be Beautiful.

JACK: ~~Hehehe~~ ...Don...Don...I suppose you thought that was pretty funny.

DON: (LAUGHING) Yes ~~Jack~~, I did. As a matter of fact, I made that up myself.

JACK: Oh, you made it up yourself, eh?

DON: Yes.

JACK: Excuse me a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP....SIX DIALS)

JG

ATX01 0312594

JACK: Hello...Is this the Unemployment Insurance Office....  
It is?...Well, you can start making out a thin check  
for a fat boy....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: And now, folks, for the remainder of this program, we will  
struggle along without the services of Mr. America....  
North, South, and Central.....So, getting on with the show..

PHIL: Wait a minute, Jackson, ~~wait~~ <sup>wait it</sup> a minute....You can't do that  
to Donzy.

JACK: .....Do I hear a voice from N.B.C? ...Phil, did you say  
something?

PHIL: ~~I~~ <sup>My brother</sup> sure did.....What are you mad at Don for? You don't  
have to get sore just because somebody else gets a laugh.  
~~We all have~~ <sup>We all have</sup> to make a buck, you know.

JACK: Phil --

PHIL: We gotta look out for our future. I ain't worried about  
myself, I'm married to Alice, but what about the rest  
of the gang?

JACK: Phil --

PHIL: You know, we'd all like to have a few luxuries ~~in life~~.

JACK: Phil... as long as the rail is pure brass, ~~the glasses are~~ <sup>the glasses are</sup>  
~~big and the olives are small~~....you're happy....Now, Don....

DON: Yes, Jack.

JACK: Believe me, <sup>Don</sup> I don't care who gets the laughs on this  
show....It's just that I think it's time that the star  
is shown a little more respect by his subordinates.

PHIL: Subordinates?

JG.

JACK: Yes.....that's what you are...you...Don...Mary...you're  
all subordinates.....Now let's get on ~~with the show~~ - -

MARY: Hello, Jack, ~~to the show~~

~~JACK: Hello, Mary.~~

~~MARY: Hello, Phil.~~

PHIL: H'ya, Sub.

MARY: ....Sub?

PHIL: Yes, Livvy, haven't you heard.....You're a subordinate.

MARY: Subordinate?....To whom?

PHIL: To the little man we only needed for four minutes last  
week.

JACK: Yes, that's to whom.....now, kids, I'm sorry I started  
the whole thing...~~Now~~ let's forget it.....Oh Don...

DON: ~~Excuse~~ Excuse me a minute, Jack....I'd like to say something to  
Mary.

MARY: To me? ~~What?~~

DON: Yes, ~~Mary~~....I want to be the first to congratulate you on  
being selected as one of the ten best-dressed women in  
America.

JACK: Oh yes....congratulations.

MARY: Thanks, boys?

DON: I'll bet you were thrilled, weren't you, Mary?

MARY: I certainly was, Don...I thought it was quite an honor.

PHIL: Hey, Liv, let me get this straight....You were picked as  
one of the best dressed women in America?

MARY: Uh huh

JG

PHIL: On what Jackson pays you?....How can you afford to dress like that?

MARY: My mother used to be a cigarette girl at Ciro's.

JACK: She was not.

MARY: She was too. (LAUGHING) She was known as "No Change Livingstone".

JACK: Oh., well, I apologize, Mary.

PHIL: ~~Say~~ Livvy, I just thought of something....Do you know why Gypsy Rose Lee didn't enter the best-dressed women contest?

MARY: No, why?

PHIL: Because she couldn't bare to lose.....HA HA HA HA....  
OH HARRIS, YOU MAY ONLY BE A SUBORDINATE, BUT THAT JOKE ALONE WILL ~~LAST~~ <sup>LAST</sup> FOUR MINUTES.

JACK: It will if they don't open the window...Now look kids, tonight we have a very important sketch to do, ~~We're~~ <sup>we're</sup> going to present our version of that famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture....Edward My Son....Now in this sketch --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh...Mel Blanc...Hello, Mel, what can I do for you?

MEL: I just dropped in to see if you had a part for me on your program today.

JG.



JACK: I'm sorry, Mel, I don't need any extra actors today.

MEL: ~~But~~ But I can make the listeners think you've got a lot of stars on the program...I can imitate Humphrey Bogart, Clark Gable, Edward G. Robinson, and Al Jolson.

JACK: Mel, believe me, I don't need an extra actor today...I'm sorry.

MEL: Okay...but gee, I don't know what to tell my wife and five daughters.

JACK: ~~Mel~~, you have five daughters?

MEL: I also imitate Eddie Cantor.

JACK: Oh, get out of here, ~~as the door slams~~.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: ~~Now~~...now let's see, where was I? ..Oh yes...~~Now~~ in our sketch I'll do the part that was played by Spencer Tracy, and Deborah Kerr's part will be played by you, Mary...and--

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack...why didn't you give Mel Blanc a job? ~~He's so talented.~~

JACK: ~~I know, Mary, but~~

MARY: You told me yesterday you had a part for a Western Union boy.

JACK: I filled that already....Now Dennis will play the part of Edward....My Son...and Don....

DON: Oh Jack, before we go any further, don't you think we ought to ~~have our~~ commercial?

JACK: Oh yes, you're right, Don, L S/M F T, now let's get on with the ~~show~~ *wait a minute*

DON: Wait a minute, Jack? You ~~just~~ can't say "L S M F T" and call that a commercial. I've got the Sportsmen quartet here and ~~they've~~ *they've* prepared a wonderful song... "April Showers".

JACK: April Showers in September?.... ~~But~~ Don, that's not appropriate... that doesn't fit our program at all.

DON: ~~What~~ <sup>Well</sup>, Jack, don't let that bother you. The boys can give you anything you want on the spur of the moment. They can ad lib .... What would you like?

JACK: Well, we should have something to fit in with our show... like tonight, for instance, we're gonna do "Edward, My Son".

DON: Edward, My Son? Well, that's simple... COME ON, FELLOWS.... GIVE HIM SOMETHING ON "EDWARD, MY SON".

JG

ATX01 0312599

(INTRODUCTION)

QUART: CHARLIE, MY BOY

OH, CHARLIE MY BOY.

HE'LL THRILL YOU AND CHILL YOU

WITH SHIVERS OF JOY.

HE IS THAT KINDA SORTA

CHARLIE MY BOY

HE MAKES ME FEEL THAT HE IS

CHARLIE MY BOY

EDWARD MY SON, OH EDWARD MY SON

~~WE CHANGED IT, ARRANGED IT~~

AND HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE,

INSTEAD OF CHARLIE CHARLIE CHARLIE MY BOY

WE'LL MAKE IT EDWARD, EDWARD, EDWARD MY SON.

WE WANT TO PLEASE YOU

IT'S ALL IN FUN...SO....

EDWARD MY SON.

LUCKIES PAY MORE, YES, LUCKIES PAY MORE

SO TRY 'EM, JUST BUY 'EM ~~IN ANY OLD STORE~~

YOU'LL FIND THAT LUCKY STRIKE'S A GREAT CIGARETTE

IT'S MADE OF FINE TOBACCO, BEST YOU CAN GET.

LUCKIES PAY MORE, YES LUCKIES PAY MORE

SO ROUND AND SO FIRM AND SO FREE ON THE DRAWER.

FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING PLEASURE AND FOR REAL FUN

JUST TRY A LUCKY STRIKE, YOU'LL SAY ~~THIS~~ THE ONE.

ASK CHARLIE MY BOY OR EDWARD MY SON.

JACK: Who?

QUART: EDWARD, MY SON.

(APPLAUSE)

JG

JACK: Boys, that song is too old.

JACK: ~~Anyway~~, I don't want

that....~~This is~~ Edward,

My Son.

JACK: Boys, where's the

~~commercial?~~

JACK: Drawer?

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Well Don, <sup>damn</sup> that was simply wonderful....Amazing...What  
other quartet could've taken a song like "Charlie, My Boy"  
and switched it completely to "Edward, My Son"?...Gad!....  
Now get them out of here, will you?

DON: Okay...you better sit down, boys.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: And they can cut that out too, that hasn't gotten a  
laugh in three years...Now come on, kids, let's --

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Excuse me....COME IN

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

ROCH: TELEGRAM FOR JACK BENNY.

JACK: Right here, boy.

MARY: Boy?...Jack, that's Rochester....Why is he wearing a  
Western Union outfit?

JACK: Never mind, Mary.....I'll take the telegram, boy.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, SIR.

JACK: You can go now.

MARY: Wait a minute, Jack...so that's why you wouldn't hire  
Mel Blanc for the messenger boy....You made Rochester do it.

JG

ATX01 0312601

JACK: Rochester, you can go.

PHIL: (LAUGHING) Well, if that ain't the silliest thing I ever heard...making Rochester an ~~actor~~...(LAUGHS) Rochester an actor.

ROCH: I WOULDN'T LAUGH SO MUCH IF I WERE YOU, MR. HARRIS.

PHIL: What do you mean?

ROCH: AS SOON AS I LEARN ALL THE LYRICS OF "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH," YOU'RE A ONE SHOW MAN!

PHIL: What?

ROCH: (SINGS) OH WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMMY,  
THERE ~~WE'LL MEET~~ MY DEAR OLD MAMMY.

JACK: Rochester, go already.

ROCH: ALL RIGHT, BOSS....GOODBYE.

JACK: Goodbye.

ROCH: OH, SAY BOSS.....

JACK: What is it?

ROCH: AFTER I DRIVE YOU HOME FROM THE STUDIO, CAN I BORROW YOUR CAR AND HAVE THE REST OF THE EVENING OFF...I...FR...  
(GIGGLING)... I GOT A DATE WITH MY NEW GIRL FRIEND, SUSIE.

JACK: Well....I guess so...but be careful, this time...the last time you drove up to Mulholland drive with Susie, the car broke down and you were stuck up there for six hours.

ROCH: YEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

JACK: Hummmmmmm.....Go on, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

WD

ATX01 0312602

JACK: And now kids, getting back to our sketch.. Dennis will play the part of my son....Where is that kid? .. DENNIS!

DENNIS: (OFF) ~~HERE~~ HERE I AM, MR. BENNY..BEHIND THE PIANO.

JACK: Well, come on out here.

DENNIS: (OFF) I CAN'T.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: (OFF) BEFORE THE SHOW I WAS PLAYING ~~CARDS~~ <sup>cards</sup> WITH THE MUSICIANS AND I LOST MY PANTS. .

JACK: stop being silly and come out here.

DENNIS: (OFF) OKAY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Imagine such a --- Dennis, why do you make up things like playing ~~cards~~ <sup>cards</sup> with musicians and losing your pants.... You're wearing pants.

DENNIS: I know, but they're not mine...Sammy the drummer lent them to me.

JACK: Sammy? ~~Wait a minute.~~ <sup>Wait</sup> He's such a big fellow...How come his pants are so tight on you?

DENNIS: The piano player lost too, he's in here with me.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT....You know, Dennis, I can't understand what makes you act so silly.

DENNIS: Well, that's not my fault...My mother dropped me on my head when she was burping me.

JACK: Oh, when you were a baby?

DENNIS: No, last night.

WD

RIK01 0312603

JACK: That does it...Now ~~just~~ don't say another word...~~just~~  
sing your song ~~and~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

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

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

ROCH: SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR JACK BENNY.

JACK: I'll take it, mailman...Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS)

JACK: Now Dennis, I'll read this letter and you can sing your---  
Dennis...why do you look so puzzled.

DENNIS: That mailman was dressed in a Western Union Outfit.

JACK: Never mind.

DENNIS: And he ~~looked~~ exactly like Rochester.

JACK: I know, Dennis.

DENNIS: He talked like Rochester, too.

JACK: I know, I know.

DENNIS: Gee, that Mel Blanc can imitate anybody.

JACK: Yeah-yeah...Go ahead and sing, ~~right~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG...."ROOMFUL OF ROSES")

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That was "Roomful of Roses" sung by Dennis Day...Very good  
Dennis...

MEL: Yeah, that was swell.

JACK: Mel, haven't you gone home yet?

MEL: No, I'm waiting around to see if you've got a part for  
me in your play.

JACK: I told you I have nothing. All the parts have been cast...  
Now go away and leave me alone.

MEL: Gee, I don't know what to tell my wife and four daughters.

JACK: I thought you had five daughters.

MEL: I played poker with the musicians.

JACK: Oh. ... Well, all right, Mel. There's a small bit in my  
sketch...You can play the part of Harry Simpkins, my  
business partner.

~~MEL: THANKS.~~

JACK: Now, go ahead, Don..introduce the play.

DON: Okay..(CLEARS THROAT) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...OUR VERSION  
OF METRO GOLDWYN MAYER'S SENSATIONAL FILM SUCCESS...BASED  
ON THAT GREAT ENGLISH PLAY.."EDWARD MY SON."

(DRAMATIC MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) I AM LORD SPENCER BOLDT, INDUSTRIALIST, FINANCIER,  
BANKER....I NUMBER AMONG MY FRIENDS KINGS, PRINCES, AND  
DIPLOMATS. I TRAVEL IN THE MOST SELECT SOCIAL CIRCLES.  
NO MAN IN ALL ENGLAND WIELDS MORE POWER THAN I -- YET, WITH  
IT ALL, I'M JUST A GOOD NATURED SLOB...THE CAREER THAT I  
CARVED: THE FORTUNE I BUILT: EVERYTHING I DID, WAS FOR...  
EDWARD, MY SON!

(DRAMATIC CHORD)

WD

ATX01 0312605



JACK: (FILTER) IT ALL BEGAN MANY YEARS AGO IN THE QUAIN T LITTLE  
ENGLISH TOWN OF LESTERWORSTINGHAMSHIRE..THAT NAME PROBABLY  
MEANS NOTHING TO YOU, BUT JUST TRY TO SPELL IT SOMETIME..  
AS MY STORY OPENS, IT IS THE FIRST BIRTHDAY OF EDWARD MY SON.

(DRAMATIC CHORD)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: OH SPENCER...SPENCER...COME HERE ~~QUICKLY, DARLING~~.

JACK: (REGULAR MIKE) What is it, Deborah?

MARY: ~~Come~~, look at Edward, he's only a year old and he has a  
full ~~head of hair!~~ *...big tooth*

JACK: So that's where ~~it is~~ *they are*, I've been looking all over for ~~it~~ *them*.  
Hello, Edward..how does daddy's baby feel on his first  
birthday?

DENNIS: *In* Gloop. Gloop.

MARY: Isn't he cute?

JACK: Yes, Deborah, but I wish his head didn't come to such a  
sharp point.

MARY: Well, at least it saves us the price of a baby sitter..  
When we go out at night, we just stick him in the wall.

JACK: Quite ingenious, rawther.

DENNIS: Gloop Gloop Gloop.

JACK: Deborah, why is the baby's diaper so tight?

MARY: There's a piano player in there with him.

JACK: Oh yes.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: *ch* There's someone at the door.

JACK: Oh, that must be Harry Simpkins, my new partner I spoke to you about.

MARY: Isn't he the man who was sentenced to hang for murder and was pardoned three minutes after the trap was sprung?

JACK: Yes ~~yes~~, but don't say anything about his long neck, he's sensitive.

MARY: Oh I shahn't.

JACK: *And don't mention the eleven prison terms he served for robbery.*

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN...DON'T STAND THERE IN THE FOG.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (COCKNEY) 'Ello, Spencer.

JACK: Hello, Harry...This is my wife, Deborah.

MARY: Hello, Harry...so nice of you to come over for Edward's birthday.

MEL: I wanted to get a bottle of champagne to 'elp celebrate, but the liquor store was open.

JACK: That's hardly cricket.

MARY: Quite.

WD

ATX01 0312607

JACK: (FILTER) YOU MAY THINK IT STRANGE THAT I WOULD GO INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH A CRIMINAL...BUT DURING THE NEXT FEW YEARS, HARRY AND I MADE LOTS OF MONEY, AND WE WERE ABLE TO PASS MOST OF IT WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT,... AND THEN ONE DAY, I TIPPED OFF SCOTLAND YARD ABOUT HARRY AND THEY CAME AND TOOK HIM TO JAIL...I KNOW I WAS A RAT BUT IN THAT WAY I GOT RID OF HARRY SIMPKINS AND MEL BLANC AT THE SAME TIME...AND I DID IT ALL FOR... EDWARD, MY SON.

(DRAMATIC CHORD)

JACK: (FILTER) I SOON BECAME RICH DUE TO SOME SHREWD BUSINESS DEALS, WELL-PLACED INVESTMENTS, AND A SHORT HITCH AS A CIGARETTE GIRL AT CIROS..EVENTUALLY I WAS MADE SIR SPENCER BOLDT, AND IT WAS A HAPPY LITTLE GROUP THAT GATHERED TO CELEBRATE EDWARD'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) There, Deborah...five candles. Isn't that a beautiful birthday cake?

MARY: Yes, but it's five years old...We're rich now, cahn't we afford a new cake?

JACK: No, we can't.

MARY: Why cahn't we?

WD

ATX01 0312608

JACK: Because we can't, that's why we can't....why ~~spend~~ <sup>spend money and what</sup> money foolishly? I'm saving every penny I make for Edward. By the way, Deborah, where is the little blighter?

MARY: There he is in his crib.

JACK: He shouldn't be in his crib, today is his fifth birthday. Come to Daddy, Edward.... cootchy cootchy coo..cootchy coo ~~cootchy coo~~.. Say "daddy", Edward..Say "daddy."

DENNIS: Gloop.

JACK: He said "daddy", he said "daddy! .. Now say "daddy" again.

DENNIS: Gloop.

JACK: There! There! He said it again, he said it again!... By the time he's ten, he'll be talking!

MARY: Not unless you buy him Edgar Bergen.

JACK: (FILTER) I TRIED TO BUY HIM EDGAR BERGEN, BUT C.B.S. BEAT ME TO IT.....SEVERAL YEARS LATER I WAS GIVEN THE TITLE OF LORD BOLDT...I WAS PROUD OF THE TITLE BECAUSE IT WOULD BE INHERITED BY EDWARD, MY SON...(PAUSE) ... BY EDWARD, MY SON ....(PAUSE)...HMMM...THEY MUST BE PLAYING POKER AGAIN.... ANYWAY..BY NOW, MY SON WAS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD. DEBORAH AND I WERE PROUD PARENTS AS WE WATCHED HIM COUNT THE CANDLES ON HIS BIRTHDAY CAKE.

MARY: Come on, Edward, count the candles on your cake.

DENNIS: Uh .... uh.....uh...

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Count on your fingers, Edward, it'll be easier...

DENNIS: (SLOWLY) One, two, three..er...four...er...er...er...

JACK: (PROMPTING) Five.

WF

DENNIS: Five.

JACK: Go ahead, son.

DENNIS: Five, six, seven, eight ---

JACK: Bully!

DENNIS: Bully, ten, eleven

JACK: No, no, ~~no, nine~~, ten, eleven.

DENNIS: Nine, ten eleven, twelve.

JACK: Go on, go on. Keep counting.

DENNIS: I can't, that's all the fingers I've got.

MARY: Well, take off your shoes, you're loaded down there.

JAC: (FILTER) HE TOOK OF HIS SHOES AND TOES RAN IN ALL DIRECTIONS  
... HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS STANDING IN TWO PLATES OF  
SPAGHETTI.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh, Deborah, this is Edward's fourteenth  
birthday..don't you think it's time we sent him to school?

MARY: Well, I'm not sure.

JACK: Perhaps we should consult his nurse....I'll call her and  
see what she thinks..(UP)..OH CONSTANCE...CONSTANCE.

ROCH: (COMING IN) HERE I AM, YOUR LORDSHIP.

MARY: Spencer?

JACK: What is it, Deborah.

MARY: We're so rich now, don't you think we could get the nurse  
a white dress instead of ~~that~~ Western Union Outfit?

JACK: Later, Deborah.

~~MARY: Well, at least tell her to get off her bicycle.~~

WF

ATX01 0312610

JACK: ~~I will~~ ... Now Constance, I wanted to ask you if you think Edward is ready to start school.

ROCH: WELL, I DON'T KNOW, YOUR LORDSHIP..YOU SEE HE CAHN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF...I STILL HAVE TO GIVE HIM HIS BATH EVERY DAY:

MARY: Which reminds me, Constance..It is true that last night when you were giving Edward a bath, you held his head under water ~~for ten minutes?~~

ROCH: YEAHHHHHHH.

MARY: You may go, Constance, and better luck next time.

JACK: Now Edward, we're thinking of putting you in school.

DENNIS: Daddy...if I go to school, can I take my frog along?

JACK: Yes yes...you can take your frog.

(FILTER) THE NEXT DAY WE WENT TO SCHOOL..WE TOOK THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS..EDWARD DIDN'T PASS, BUT THE FROG DID.. BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP ME..I BOUGHT THE SCHOOL, GRABBED EDWARD BY THE HEAD AND STUCK HIM IN THE SECOND GRADE...WITH EDWARD IN SCHOOL, MY INCENTIVE TO WORK WAS GREATER THAN EVER...I MADE MILLIONS AND MILLIONS....I HAD TO...MY WIFE WAS ONE OF THE TEN BEST-DRESSED WOMEN IN ENGLAND...I EVEN GAVE HER A CHARGE ACCOUNT AT EASTERN COLUMBIA, PICCADILLY AT NINTH.... THREE YEARS WENT BY AND IT WAS LONELY FOR ME AND DEBORAH... WITH EDWARD IN SCHOOL IT WASN'T QUITE THE SAME.

MARY: Spencer, with Edward in school, it isn't quite the same.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) I just said that.

MARY: ~~Oh~~

WF

ATX01 0312611

JACK: You'll hear it again at nine-thirty....But Deborah, you can't imagine how much I've missed my boy since he's been away... Sometimes I --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: <sup>24</sup>There's someone at the door.

JACK: I'll get it.....Wonder who it is.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: It's me, Edward, my son.

JACK: (VERY DRAMATIC) Edward .. Edward .. it's you .. it's you! My boy! The apple of my eye, the pride of my life .. the one I've dedicated my whole existence to .. I've worked, struggled, and fought my way to the top so that you can have the better things of life and now .. now you've come back to me (CRYING) you've come back to me.

JACK: (FILTER) I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH ON LAST WEEK'S SHOW, BUT THIS WEEK I'M LOADED.

MARY: Edward! What are you doing home from school?

DENNIS: I had to come home, Mother. I missed you and gloop.

JACK: (FILTER) HE NEVER DID LEARN HOW TO SAY "DADDY."

MARY: Come in, Edward, and make yourself comfortable. Take off your hat and coat.

JACK: (FILTER) WE COULDN'T ASK HIM TO TAKE OFF HIS SHOES, WE WERE LIVING IN A SMALLER PLACE NOW... BUT WE WERE HAPPY BECAUSE ~~BACK~~ WITH US AGAIN WAS ... EDWARD MY SON.

(DRAMATIC CHORD)

WF

JACK: (FILTER) AND SO EDWARD GREW TO YOUNG MANHOOD. NOTHING COULD STOP HIM. BUT THEN -- THEN CAME THE WAR. FIRST THE MEN WERE DRAFTED....THEN THE WOMEN...AND FINALLY THEY TOOK EDWARD.... IT WAS TERRIBLE, KNOWING THAT ANY DAY MIGHT BE HIS LAST... BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT. AND THEN, IT HAPPENED...A MAN FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT CAME TO OUR HOUSE. WE COULD TELL BY THE LOOK ON HIS FACE THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAD HAPPENED TO EDWARD. HE WAS GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR. HE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID ----

NELSON: Lord Boldt?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yes?

NELSON: Are you the father of Edward, my son?

JACK: Yes, I am.

NELSON: It is my unpleasant duty to inform you that your son --

JACK: (INTERRUPTING) Never mind that. How did it happen?

NELSON: We're not quite clear on the details, sir. All we know is that Edward bailed out.

JACK: Bailed out? What happened to his plane?

NELSON: He wasn't in a plane ~~air~~. He was in a submarine.

JACK: I understand.

NELSON: (AMAZED) You do?

JACK: Quite.... So my son Edward was drowned.

NELSON: Yes, but we saved the piano player.

JACK: Good good.

WF

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JACK: (FILTER) WELL, THAT'S MY STORY. I'M AN OLD MAN NOW, AND  
ALL I HAVE LEFT IS AN OLD WIFE AND AN OLD PIANO PLAYER...  
BUT THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW...I..LORD SPENCER BOLDT, WILL  
ALWAYS TREASURE THE MEMORY OF ---

QUART: EDWARD MY SON, OH, EDWARD MY SON  
WE CHANGED IT, ARRANGED, AND NOW THAT IT'S DONE.  
OUR MARY WAS SO CUTE AS DEBORAH KERR  
BUT SPENCER TRACY SHOWED UP BENNY BY FAR.  
WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A FOUR MINUTE STAR?  
OH, EDWARD MY SON.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen.. the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is in immediate need of help. The March of Dimes funds have been exhausted fighting this year's epidemic of polio. Fourteen and a half million dollars must be raised within the next seven days, so won't you please help to fight this dread disease? Please send your dimes and dollars to POLIO, in care of your local post office. We can not abandon America's children. Remember, send your dimes and dollars to POLIO, in care of your local post office ... Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

WLF

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SEPTEMBER 18, 1949  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL.

SHARBUTT: LUCKIES PAY MORE! Yes, at the tobacco auctions LUCKIES  
PAY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS MORE THAN OFFICIAL PARITY PRICES  
FOR FINE TOBACCO!

HIESTAND: Let's imagine we're at a tobacco auction. Look! There's  
aisle upon aisle lined with baskets of tobacco ready for  
sale... and now at this moment the bidding begins ... the  
chant of the auctioneer rings to the rafters ...

RIGGS: (CHANT - UP AND CONTINUE UNDER)

SHARBUTT: And as a basket of particularly fine, light mellow leaf  
comes up for sale ... the price climbs higher and higher ..  
and now, at the peak bid ...

RIGGS: (CHANT UP FAST TO 62 - SOLD AMERICAN)

HIESTAND: And another basket of fine tobacco goes to the makers of  
Lucky Strike!

SHARBUTT: Yes, Luckies pay more - MILLIONS OF DOLLARS MORE THAN  
OFFICIAL PARITY PRICES FOR FINE TOBACCO!

HIESTAND: IS - MFT  
IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...fine tobacco that's  
light and naturally mild ... that gives you more, far more  
real, deep-down smoking enjoyment.

HIESTAND: So, light up a Lucky! Prove to yourself how much finer,  
milder, more enjoyable Luckies really are! You'll agree---  
in all the world there's no finer cigarette than LUCKY  
STRIKE!

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(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you'll tune in again next Sunday as we're going to have a special program with special guests, including Amos'n' Andy, Red Skelton, and Edgar Bergen... And let me see .. what else?

DENNIS: Oh Gloop? Gloop?

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: Tell 'em, tell 'em.

JACK: Oh yes, don't forget to listen to Edward My Son in A Day in the Life of Dennis Day ... Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: This is C.B.S...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.