

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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Repeat: 9:30 - 10:00 PM PST

JACK BENNY
9/25/49

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

HIRSTAND: LUCKIES PAY MORE!

SHARBUTT: Yes, at the tobacco auctions, LUCKIES PAY MORE -- MILLIONS OF DOLLARS MORE THAN OFFICIAL PARITY PRICES for fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. No doubt about it ...

HIRSTAND: IS - MFT

IS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco!

HIRSTAND: Imagine you're at a tobacco auction! ... The buyers crowd around the baskets of ripe, fine-flavored leaf ... the auctioneer chants and the bidding begins ...

RIGGS: (FADE CHANT IN FAST - UNDER AND ON CUE)

HIRSTAND: As a basket of extra fine, light, mild leaf is offered for sale ... as the price climbs higher and higher -- at the peak bid time and again you hear

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

SHARBUTT: And another basket of truly fine tobacco is bought by the makers of Lucky Strike! Yes, Luckies pay more .. millions of dollars more than official parity prices for fine tobacco! So for MORE REAL, DEEP-DOWN SMOKING ENJOYMENT FROM EVERY PUFF, EVERY PACK -- smoke that smoke of fine tobacco -- LUCKY STRIKE!

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PROGRAM #3
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1949

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0312620

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

JACK BENNY --A-
9/25/49

HIESTAND: 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!

ATX01 0312621

(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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S GO BACK AN HOUR...
JACK AND MARY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE STUDIO...
ROCHESTER IS DRIVING THEM.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

MARY: Gosh, it's certainly a warm day, isn't it, Jack?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY:You know, it was hot yesterday too..And
Friday the temperature reached a hundred and five.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY:Say Jack, wasn't it thrilling that the
Hollywood baseball team won the Pacific Coast Pennant
this year?

JACK: Uh huh.

MARY:And the National League pennant race is
tighter than it's been in years.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: For heaven's sakes, Jack, put down that knitting and
talk to me.

JACK: I'm sorry, Mary, but I'm trying to finish these Sox for
Phil. It's only ninety days till Christmas, *you know*

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MARY: Jack, Phil has been with you twelve years and you're giving him sox for ~~Christmas~~ *Christmas?*

ROCH: THEY AIN'T NO PRESENT...MR. HARRIS ORDERED THEM.

JACK: ~~Yes.~~ *Shut the light.*

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: You know, Mary..It is warm today..I wonder if ~~you can't~~ *you can't*

(SOUND: WINDOW SHADE UP)

JACK: Rochester, how did you know I wanted the top down?

ROCH: I DIDN'T, WE JUST WENT UNDER A LOW TREE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHO NEEDS PUSH BUTTONS.

JACK: Well, leave it ~~down~~, it's nice this way.

(SOUND: TWO BEEPS OF BULB HORN)

~~MARY: Jack, nothing about this car surprises me, but why have you got that candle on the radiator?~~

~~JACK: Mary, that candle isn't to see by, it's a safety device.~~

~~MARY: A safety device?~~

~~ROCH: YEAH, WHEN THE FLAME BLOWS OUT, WE'RE GOING TOO FAST.~~

~~MARY: Well, you better slow down, it's flickering.~~

And
JACK: ~~Yeah~~..Rochester, you better slow down.

ROCH: I CAN'T BOSS, WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY BRAKES.

MARY: No brakes? What do you do when you come to a railroad crossing?

ROCH: WE GET OUT AND PICK UP COAL.

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JACK: ~~Oh, stop being funny.~~

ROCH: THOSE DIESELS ARE RUINING US.

JACK: ROCHESTER! .. Just drive.

(SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Say, Mary, do you^{think}--- Rochester, you're not making a turn, why have you got your hand out?

ROCH: I'M FEELING FOR THE STUDIO.

JACK: Feeling for the studio?

ROCH: YEAH, IN THIS SMOG WE'LL NEVER SEE IT.

JACK: I know what you mean....Say Mary, I was just thinking of something -- It's been a long time since you sang a song on the program...How about doing one today?

MARY: No, not today, Jack..I was at the Navy-USC football game yesterday and I cheered so much I'm hoarse.

JACK: ~~Oh, Gee, I wanted to go to that game, but I thought it was too hot to sit out there all afternoon. Did the heat bother the players?~~

~~MARY: I think so. All through the game Navy kept using an Icee Tee Formation. (LAUGHING) HA HA HA. OH LUVVY, YOU BETTER PUT THE STOP BACK UP, THAT HEAT IS POPPING YOUR CORN.~~

~~JACK: Look Mary, I just asked you to sing...I didn't ask for a mention.~~

ROCH: BOSS, IF YOU WANT MORE MUSIC ON THE PROGRAM, WHY DON'T YOU PLAY YOUR VIOLIN?

JACK: ~~Thank you.~~ I think I will...I just put four new strings on it.

MARY: You did?

JACK: Yes ~~and~~...You'll hear them all,

On C.B.S. this fall.

MARY: I can hardly wait. ~~Oh Rochester,~~ we're only a block from the studio, you better start looking for a parking space.

JACK: Look for a ~~parking~~ space, are you kidding, Mary? ~~You're with me, Jack. Benny.~~ Drive right into the studio lot. Mr. Paley, the head of C.B.S. assigned a reserved parking space especially for me.

MARY: Geo, they sure treat you nice, don't they, Jack?

JACK: Mary, all the networks are nice..and it's about time people realized that there's no animosity between them.

MARY: There isn't?

JACK: Of course not. Take C.B.S.... ~~on their shoes~~...they use Johnson's Wax ... ~~you've seen it.~~

MARY: Jack, C.B.S. didn't put it there. So many stars have come over they tracked it in on their heads.

JACK: On their heads? On their shoes. They must be acrobats ... How do you like that ... we've got acrobats now ... walk in on their heads. Shoas!

MARY: So many stars come over and track it in on their shoes ...

JACK: Oh, we don't have to go through it again. It doesn't matter how it got there .. the fact that it's there proves that -- Rochester, here's the studio lot, turn right in.

SOUND: CAR TURNING

Jack: My parking space is third on the left.

ROCH: I KNOW.

(SOUND: LOUSY CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, what did you stop here for?

ROCH: THERE'S ANOTHER CAR IN THERE.

JACK: Well, how do you like that ... Imagine anyone leaving his car in my parking space. What a nerve - ~~what a nerve~~. When I came to C.B.S. this space was assigned to me... And if anyone else thinks they can use it, they're crazy. BOY...BOY...WHO DOES THAT CAR BELONG TO?

UKIE: Mr. Paley.

JACK: Well, don't just stand there...Dust it off - Dust it off! ... Here.

MARY: Come on, Jack.

JACK: Just a minute, he's using Phil's sox. Rochester, you don't have to wait for me. You can have the rest of the day off.

ROCH: THANKS .. SAY BOSS .. I'M GOING OUT TONIGHT. WOULD YOU MIND GIVING ME MY SALARY TODAY INSTEAD OF TOMORROW?

JACK: Yes, I can do that. As a matter of fact, I have your pay all ready..Here's your envelope.

ROCH: THANKS.

(SOUND: ENVELOPE BEING TORN OPEN)

JACK: Now come on Mary, let's hurry in the ---

ROCH: OH SAY BOSS.

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: YOU ALWAYS PAY ME IN DOLLARS, HOW COME IT'S POUNDS THIS WEEK?

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JACK: I'll explain it to you later...Come on, Mary.

MARY: Oh brother, you don't miss a trick, do you!

JACK: Never mind .. *just a small one for you*

Jack: (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)
JACK: (SINGS) AGAIN..THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN AGAIN. DA DA

DA DA -- Oh darn it, I forgot to get my violin
out of my car.

MARY: (SINGS) AGAIN .. I HOPE IT HAPPENS AGAIN .. DA DA DA --

JACK: (MIMICING) DA DA DA DA ... That's not funny .. Now
let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny, I've been waiting for you.

JACK: Oh, Mel Blanc .. waiting for me?

MEL: Yeah. You got a part that I can do on your show today?

JACK: Mel, I gave you a part ~~for you~~ on my show last week.

MEL: Yeah, but I didn't get a chance to do my imitations...

I imitate Mickey Rooney, Lionel Barrymore, and Al
Jolson, Nnnnnnnnyyyyyyhhhhh.

JACK: Mel, there's no room on my program for imitations of
Mickey Rooney, Lionel Barrymore, or Al Jolson.

MEL: Nnnnnnyyyyyyhhhhh.

JACK: NOW CUT THAT OUT... Look Mel, when I have a part
for you, I'll let you know ... Come on, Mary. - *anytime*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

That's in a minute
JACK: That guy ~~is getting to be~~ such a pest .. Well, here's
my dressing room.

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MARY: Jack, the door is open.

JACK: Open? I wonder --

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well...what do you know..I've got a visitor. Edgar
Bergen.

MARY: Hello, Edgar.

BERGEN: Hello, Mary...Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Edgar...welcome to C.B.S.....

EDGAR: ~~Thanks Jack,~~ but you know I don't do my first program
till next Sunday night.

JACK: Still rehearsing?....Ha ha....I've already started my
season...I did my first show on the eleventh..Did you
hear it?

BERGEN: No, but on the Twelfth, C.B.S. sent for me.

JACK: What?

CHARLIE: (COMING IN) ~~Hey, Bergen, did you see my Roy Rogers-a-gun,~~
~~there's a mouse in my room I'll now him down,~~
I'll now him

BERGEN: ~~Charlie~~ Charlie. We've got company.

MARY: Hello, Charlie.

CHARLIE: WELL ~~WELL~~...You beautiful doll...pucker up your
lips, I'm coming in for a landing.

(SOUND: LOUD KISS)

BERGEN: Charlie, you should be ashamed of yourself. Such disgraceful behavior. Kissing Miss Livingstone before ~~you're~~ properly introduced. When a gentleman meets a lady, first he should tip his hat and say "How do you do," then he should inquire as to her well being, then he should gently take her hand and respectfully bow from the waist.

CHARLIE: Bergen, those are the kind of details that slow down a man's life. Come to my arms, you luscious little.

BERGEN: Charlie...Charlie, don't be so rude...There's someone else here.

CHARLIE: Huh?

BERGEN: ~~Charlie...this~~ is Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Charlie...Welcome to C.B.S.....Shake!

CHARLIE: Put it away, bub, I'll pick my friends.

JACK:WELL!

CHARLIE: And you can stop fluttering those blue eyes, they don't do a thing to me.

JACK: Hnnnnnn.

CHARLIE: Now, where were we, Mary, you luscious little tomato. Let me put my arms around you and ---

MARY: No no, Charlie, please don't kiss me again. (SEXY)
When your lips meet mine, my blood goes to my head, a cold iciness goes to my feet, and a wild wave of emotion rushes to my fingertips.

CHARLIE: Ha ha...I've got this dame going in all directions.

JACK: Mary, ^{stop} stop teasing him, you're blistering his enamel.
Well, Edgar, if you don't mind, I've got a lot of things
to do now.

BERGEN: ~~Okay, Jack, and thanks~~ for dropping into my dressing
room.

JACK: No no, Edgar, this is my dressing room.

BERGEN: ~~Jack~~, this was your dressing room.

JACK: What do you mean was ... this is my dressing room ...
When I came over here, Mr. Paley gave it to me.

BERGEN: I'M SORRY, JACK, BUT THEY'VE SWITCHED YOU TO DRESSING
ROOM FOUR. ALL MY THINGS ARE ~~IN~~ HERE AND THEY'RE GOING
TO STAY HERE.

JACK: WELL, I'LL THROW 'EM OUT!

BERGEN: YOU LAY A HAND ON THOSE CLOTHES, AND I'LL

JACK: OH YEAH.....PUT UP YOUR DUKES!

MARY: BOYS!....BOYS!....

CHARLIE: Let 'em fight, Livvy. The most they can do is lean on
each other.

JACK: Oh, shut up!...And as for you, Edgar Bergen, if you
think you're gonna use this dressing room, there's only
one thing I can say to you...I'LL DRESS SOMEWHERE ELSE!
GOODBYE!

(SOUND: DOOR SIAM)

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

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JACK: ~~He~~ *thought he just also come out me* .. Dressing room four .. It's all the way down the *hall*.

MARY: Jack, here comes Dennis.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh, hello Dennis.

DENNIS: I've come to say goodbye, I've been drafted.

JACK: Drafted?

DENNIS: Don't stand there, salute me.

JACK: What?

MARY: Dennis, do you mean that ---

JACK: No no, Mary..You stay out of this..Let me handle him..
Now Dennis, look at me ... I just wanta ask you one
thing....The war has been over four years now, how come
you ~~have to go~~?

DENNIS: I won it on a quiz program.

MARY: A quiz program?

DENNIS: *Yeah* I got a bicycle, a refrigerator, and two glorious
years in the Army.

JACK: Mary, I begged you to stay out of it..Now Dennis, forget
this silly talk and get into the studio.

DENNIS: Oh, I can't. I've gotta report to my regiment..We're
being sent overseas.

MARY: You mean --

JACK: Mary, you won't listen to me, will you?...Now for your
own good, let me ask him. I'm gray anyway...You and your
regiment are gonna be sent overseas, huh, Dennis?

DENNIS: Uh huh.

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JACK: To Germany?

DENNIS: No to Stromboli to bring back Ingrid.

JACK: Dennis, do me a favor, will you? Stop talking and rehearse your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: OH, MR. BENNY...MR. BENNY.

JACK: What is it?

DENNIS: GOOD YONTIFF.

JACK: Thank you, *oh yes*.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "SOME ENCHANTED EVENING")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-12-

JACK: Now let's see...where's that dressing room they changed me to?

MARY: /a. Here it is, Jack, right here...Number Four.

JACK: Oh yes

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Say, look at that, Mary. /a two stars on the door. I guess they're trying to make me feel good...Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ANDY: Hello, there, Mr Benny.

AMOS: /a Hello, Mr Benny.

JACK: Amos and Andy!

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Hello, boys.

AMOS: Oh, Miss Livingstone.. Excuse us for being in our bathrobes.

ANDY: Yeah ..we is pressin' our pants under the mattress.

JACK: Well, fellows, it seems ~~to me~~ you could have done that in your own dressing room.

ANDY: This is our dressing room.

AMOS: Yeah... This dressing room has been give to us by the head man of this network... And he said, if anybody comes in and gives us trouble, we should ~~be~~ very ~~gentle when we throws~~ him out!

ANDY: ~~Yeah,~~ he requested that we keep the bounces down to a minimum

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JACK: (CALMLY) Fellows, nobody's gonna start any trouble.
Obviously there has been a mistake. Anyway, you don't do
your opening program till next Sunday. What're you doing
here so early?

ANDY: Well, we don't like to leave things to the last minute.
So we is down here at the studio to test the accoustics.

JACK: The accoustics?

AMOS: Yeah, you see, your voice comes out of your mouth, hits
the side wall, hits the back wall, then it hits the other
side wall, and comes back to you.

ANDY: Dat's what's known as a three-cushion shot.

JACK: Oh...Well. I still can't understand them giving you my
dressing room...anyway, I'll take it up with Mr. Paley...
Come on, Mary.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

ANDY: Say, Amos, Mr. Benny was a little upset because we got
this dressing room.

AMOS: That ain't what's bothering him. He's upset because today
they stopped Daylight Savings Time.

ANDY: What's that got to do with him?

AMOS: When they stop any kind of saving, Mr. Benny takes it
personal.

ANDY: Yeah, That man is closer than the pupils on a cross-eyed
flea.

AMOS: (LAUGHING) Say, that's pretty good.

ANDY: Yeah.....lift up the mattress and see if the crease in
our pants is as sharp as we is,

(SOUND: (ON CUE) DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Pardon me, boys, I left my hat in here.

ANIX: Here you is.

JACK: Thanks, Andy...So long, Amos
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I can't understand why I'm being pushed around here.
They take my parking space, my dressing room...What next?

DON: Oh, Jack...Jack...

JACK: Hello, Don

DON: (HAPPY) Jack I've been looking all over for you. Boy,
am I excited!

JACK: Why, Don. What happened?

DON: You know how hard I've been trying to reduce:

JACK: Yes.

DON: Well, I finally made it...I'm down to a hundred and sixty-
five

JACK: Down to a hundred and sixty-five?...How did that happen?

DON: I weighed myself on an English scale and they cut the
pound in half...(STARTS LAUGHING AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS
AND GET HYSTERICAL)

JACK: Don...Don...~~Aveirdupois~~ Boy...Look at me...Don, if you're
going to tell jokes, why don't you get one that we can use
on the program?

DON: But, Jack, I thought it was very funny.

JACK: I'm not questioning the value of that little gem...It has
its points.:It's not only topical, but it stinks...
Believe me.

DON: Well then, listen Jack ...I've got another joke that'll kill the audience. It's so funny that--No no, I'm afraid it's a trifle daring

JACK: Daring? What is it, Don, what is it? You can tell me.

DON: Well...let's get away from this crowd.

JACK: Don, that's you...What's the joke, Don, what is it?

DON: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Well...The way it was told to me...it seems that a traveling salesman's car broke down right in front of a farmer's house

JACK: Yes yes yes.

DON: Now this farmer had a beautiful daughter.

JACK: Yeah yeah yeah.

DON: So the salesman knocked on the door and when the farmer opened it, he told him that his car broke down and that he was a salesman.

JACK: Yeah yeah yeah.

DON: So the farmer's daughter who was standing there said... "A salesman?" And he said, "Yes, I sell Lucky Strike cigarettes which are made of that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco, and Lucky Strike pays more ~~because--~~

JACK: I know, Don, I know, I know.

DON: Oh, you heard the story.

JACK: No no...I know that Lucky Strike pays more than official parity prices, but what about the salesman and the farmer's daughter?

DON: Well, just then the phone rang.

JACK: Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

DON: And when the farmer left the room to answer it, the salesman walked over to the farmer's daughter and said...

JACK: Yeah, yeah yeah. What did he say? *what did he say?*

DON: "Ah been smokin' Lucky Strikes for nigh onto twenty-five years because they're so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw."...And then--

JACK: Yes yes..And then--

DON: The daughter was so happy she fixed the salesman's car and he drove away.

JACK: (LONG PAUSE).....Don....That's the story.

DON: Well, that's not the original version, I told it to the sponsor and he switched it all around.

JACK: Oh, *h*.....(LAUGHS LOUD)

DON: Jack..Jack..I thought you didn't like the story.

JACK: (LAUGHING) I just remembered the original one..No wonder the sponsor changed it..It was about Lifesavers....See you later, Donzy.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I'd tear up his contract if it wasn't tattoed on his back.

MARY: Jack, where've you been?

JACK: I just left Don Wilson. He told me a wonderful story.

MARY: What was it?

JACK: Oh, I couldn't tell it to you, Mary...But it's so good, it would be worth your marrying me to hear it.....Come on.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Mary, when we---

MEL: How about it, Mr Benny? Can't you find a part for me on your program

JACK: Mel, will you stop following me around and go home!

MEL: Some home..my wife is never there..She's always out playing bridge.

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JACK: Bridge?

MEL: Yeah..she plays with Mrs. Bob Hope, Mrs. Ray Milland,
and Mrs. Al Jolson, Nnnnnnyyyhyyyh.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes...Mel, will you please go away
and leave me alone...Come on Mary, let's get in^{to} our
studio.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I wish Mel would stop bothering me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..STUDIO NOISES)

JACK: Well, look who's here!

SKELTON: ~~Hello~~, Jack.

JACK: Red Skelton!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, I'm running into everybody today...How have you
been, Red?

SKELTON: Fine, Jack..Gee, I haven't seen you since that night at
Claudette Colbert's party.

JACK: Oh yes..What a party....You know, Red, I haven't danced
that much in all my life.

SKELTON: Yeah...Imagine Claudette trying to cut in on us.

JACK: (Well, I waltzed into that one.) Look, Red, I know you
have to rehearse for your opening program next Sunday,
but don't use my --

MARY: Jack, wait a minute....Red, aren't you gonna say hello
to me?

SKELTON: WELL, DAAAAAAALSY JUUUUUNE!

JACK: Look, Red, if you don't mind --

TK

SKELTON: I'll be with you in a minute, Jack, I ~~just~~ wanta run through a scene.

JACK: Look Red, if you don't mind --

RYAN: All right, Mr. Skelton, let's run through that Western Scene.

SKELTON: ~~Okay~~....Ready?

UKIE: Ready.

SKELTON: Come here, you varmint...This is Dead Eye you're messing with..are you the dirty hombre that's been stealin' cattle off my pappy's ranch?

UKIE: Yeah.

SKELTON: ~~And~~ are you the hombre that broke into ~~the~~ house and stole the pigs right out of the living room?

UKIE: Yeah.

SKELTON: The same hombre that blew the still out of my grandpappy's mouth?

UKIE: Yeah.

SKELTON: Well, ~~you and me~~ are gonna fight a duel...~~Fire when I~~
~~count three...One...Two!~~

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

~~SKELTON: Three.~~

~~UKIE: (GROANS)~~

(SOUND: HEAVY BODY THUD)

SKELTON: HA HA HA..They fall for it on this network, too....
Pretty good, eh, Jack?

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: I thought it was very exciting.

TK

JACK: ^{Red} Wait a minute, Red. ^{Red} That actor you shot..why doesn't he get up?

SKELTON: We use real bullets, we don't believe in fooling the

audience...OKAY, JOE, SWEEP 'IM OUT OF HERE, ^{Red}

JACK: Red, ^{Red} you....you really shoot the actor?

SKELTON: Once I didn't, and I had to pay him...Say Joe, should ~~I~~ run through that scene again?

RYAN: We ain't got no more actors. You shot four of 'em already.

JACK: Red...you mean every time you go through that scene you shoot an actor?

SKELTON: Sure.

(SOUND: FIVE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (CALLING) OH, MEI.....MEI....

MARY: Jack, you wouldn't dare!

JACK: I wouldn't eh?....Lucky he's not around.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

RYAN: ^{Red} Let's try that scene again on the other mike, Mr. Skelton.

SKELTON: Okay.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

SKELTON: (OVER FOOTSTEPS)...~~and~~ this time let's---WHOOPS!

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE..BODY THUD)

JACK: Red..Red..How did you happen to slip?

SKELTON: I just came over, I've still got wax on my ~~shoes~~.

JACK: Oh ~~yes~~ yes.

MARY: ^{Red} Red, did you hurt yourself?

SKELTON: ~~New~~...it was just a...oh-oh!

MARY: What's the matter?

TK

SKELTON: (AS LITTLE BOY) I bwoke me widdle arm..I bwoke me widdle arm! (CRYING AND GOING OFF) Gramma, ^{put down} your pool cue and call for ^{the} doctor, I bwoke me widdle arm...I bwoke me widdle arm..(CRIES)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: All right, Red, you've rehearsed all your characters.. Now how about getting out of my studio so I can do my broadcast?

SKELTON: Your studio, didn't they tell you?

JACK: Tell me what?

RYAN: You've been moved to the widdle studio down the hall.

JACK: The widdle studio?...~~Well~~, how do you like that..First they take my parking space...then my dressing room.. now my studio...If they think they can kick me around they've got another think coming.

MARY: Jack, don't stand around here grumbling..You better hurry to the widdle studio. It's time for your show to go on the air.

JACK: Oh, it is, eh?...Time for me to go on the air? Well, I'll fix them..Let them start the show.

MARY: Jack, look what time it is!

JACK: I know what time it is, but I'm gonna teach them a lesson...Mary, there's a radio...turn it on..Let's see how they're getting along without me.

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK..STATIC)

DON: (FILTER) AND HERE HE IS..THE STAR OF THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..MEL BLANC!

TK

JACK: MEL BIANCO!

MEL: (SINGS ON FILTER) THOUGH APRIL SHOWERS NNNYYH
MAY COME YOUR WAY, NNNNNYYH
THEY BRING THE FLOWERS NNNNNYYH
THAT BLOOM IN MAY NNNNNYYYYH.

JACK: OH NUTS, I'M GOING HOME AND FINISH PHIL'S SOX.
(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

TK

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 just a moment, but first ---

TK

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JACK BENNY
9/25/49

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT - 60 to 62 SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: When you hear that famous chant, remember -- LUCKIES PAY
MORE -- MILLIONS OF DOLLARS MORE THAN OFFICIAL PARITY
PRICES for fine tobacco --

HIESTAND: LS - MFT
LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

HIESTAND: Yes, the independent tobacco experts can see giant baskets
of fine tobacco -- one after another -- go to the makers
of Lucky Strike. Here's what Mr. Al Rogers, veteran
auctioneer of Robersonville, North Carolina, recently said--

EXPERT: I think you'll agree that an auctioneer like myself ought
to know good tobacco! And year after year I've seen the
makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, prime, ripe leaf that's
just right for mild, good smoking. I've smoked Luckies
for ten years.

SHARBUTT: And a recent survey reveals that more independent tobacco
experts -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- smoke
Lucky Strike regularly than the next two leading brands
combined!

HIESTAND: So, for your own real, deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke
the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- LUCKY STRIKE! Remember--

SHARBUTT: To give you a truly finer cigarette -- LUCKIES PAY MILLIONS
OF DOLLARS MORE THAN OFFICIAL PARITY PRICES FOR FINE
TOBACCO! Good reason to make your next carton LUCKY STRIKE!

SM

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(TAG)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I wanta thank Amos 'n' Andy, Edgar Bergen, and Red Skelton for being with us tonight...And you'll hear them all on C.B.S. next Sunday....Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

ION: Be sure to hear ~~Dennis Day~~ "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day.".....THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.