

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

produced for

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

by

BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE & OSBORN, Inc.

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AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #18
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1950 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 8, 1950
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

SHARBUTT: There's never a rough puff in a Lucky! That's right, friends, for Luckies are always mellow, mild and deeply enjoyable. Here's why - in a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts ... and ... IS -- MEET ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

HIESTAND: Yes, today, tomorrow -- always -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... light, ripe tobacco that always smokes smoother, milder -- puff after puff, pack after pack. Now, fine tobacco costs more ... and at the auctions Luckies pay more ... millions of dollars more than official parity prices to get really fine tobacco for your cigarette. So, friends, for smoking enjoyment at its finest -- with never a rough puff -- light up a Lucky. Every puff of the way you'll get more, much more real, deep-down smoking enjoyment. Yes, the next time you buy cigarettes, ask for a carton of LUCKY STRIKE, so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw.

(FIRST ROUTINE)

AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE ... MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... 1949 IS GONE AND FORGOTTEN, BUT TO JACK BENNY 1950 WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED ... BECAUSE 1950 IS WHAT HE PAID FOR HIS NEW SUIT ... AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, hello again, this is Jack Benny talking ... And Don, I wanta ask you something ... How did you know that I bought a New suit.

DON: I heard it on Drear Pooson ---

JACK: You heard it on what? Wait a minute ... I want to hear this. You heard it -- you heard it on what?

DON: I heard it on Drew Pearson's broadcast.

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, he got the award for being the best announcer. That gives you a rough idea. Dr. Gallop must have given it to him. Now, wait a minute, Don, Drear Drearson -- Drew Pearson is a commentator who specializes in national affairs. Why would he mention that I bought a suit for nineteen dollars and fifty cents?

DON: Because Wall Street feels that it indicates a definite trend toward a Bull Market.

JACK: Gee, I can't understand it ... A man goes out and buys a plain herring bone suit and it shakes the economic system of the nation ... I need wool sox too, but who knows what it'll do to England ... But you know, Don, I really bought this suit because I thought I was going to be invited to Clark Gable's wedding.

DON: Well, the reason you weren't invited, Jack, was because they wanted to keep it a secret.

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, hello again, this is Jack Benny talking...And Don, I wanta ask you something..How did you know that I bought a new suit.

DON: I heard it on Drew Pearson's broadcast.

JACK: Now, wait a minute, Don, Drew Pearson is a commentator who specializes in national affairs - Why would he mention that I bought a suit for nineteen dollars and fifty cents?

DON: Because Wall Street feels that it indicates a definite trend toward a Bull Market.

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DON: Well, the reason you weren't invited, Jack, was because they wanted to keep it a secret.

FS

DON: ~~Not as big a surprise as Clark Gable's wedding.~~

JACK: ~~I know Don, see --~~
You're right... And when Clark got married, he certainly
left a trail of broken hearts.

PHIL: (COMING IN) Yeah, there haven't been so many gals weepin'
and wailin' since Alice slipped the ring over my finger.

JACK: Well..if it isn't the Bashful Blond From Elbow Bend...

Say Phil --

PHIL: ~~Just~~ ^{Wait} a second, Jackson. Before we get into ~~any~~ ^{one of them} routines,
I want to greet my orchestra..(UP) GOOD AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN.

ORCH: (ALL TOGETHER) GOOD AFTERNOON, MAESTRO!

JACK: ~~Maestro! Phil, you don't even know what the word "Maestro"~~
~~means.~~

PHIL: ~~I don't eh..Well, get this...A maestro is an eminent~~
~~musical composer who attains the ultimate in harmonic~~
~~perfection through realism.~~

JACK: ~~Through realism, eh?....Phil, just because you recorded~~
~~"Mule Train" at a barnyard in Encino doesn't make you a~~
~~maestro -- They call you maestro - Phil~~
~~Toscanini...And anyway, how come you and your musicians are~~
~~treating each other with so much dignity?~~

PHIL: On New Year's Eve we all made a resolution.

JACK: Well, I'm glad to hear it.

PHIL: I figured that the clowning and kidding we did was all right ^{for the}
^{first} five or ten years ago..but now my orchestra has reached a
position of prestige in the entertainment world and we
should do nothing to jeopardize it.

IR

JACK: Well, that's wonderful, Phil..By the way, I notice that your brass section is missing, how come?

PHIL: Their parole was cancelled on New Year's Day.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, well anyway I'm glad that 703896 is still with us.. I like the way he sandpapers his fingers before he plays the piano... What a gang... Phil, this is a new year, 1950, why don't you do something about your orchestra?

PHIL: What do you mean?

JACK: Well, just look at Remley...sitting there on his stool sound asleep using his guitar for a pillow.

PHIL: Well, that ain't Frankie's fault, Jackson, *it's not his fault* you know, you don't get much rest when you sleep under the sink, on the piano, or in a bath-tub.

JACK: Wait a minute, Phil..You mean Frankie sleeps in those kind of places?

PHIL: Look Dad, he sleeps in the ~~last~~ place he was when the bottle *last* ran dry.

JACK: What?

PHIL: You know, when your knees buckle, you ain't always over a feather bed.

JACK: I guess not.. But you'd think that --- oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hell, Jack... I was just ... (SURPRISED) Well, Jack, you're wearing that new suit you bought last Tuesday, aren't you?

JACK: Yes Mary, do you .. wait a minute.. how did you know I bought it last Tuesday?

LR

MARY: Truman had it in his message to Congress. *I remember that --*

JACK: Oh yes.. they booed the coat and cheered the pants.. what *what* excitement... Say Mary, you know I haven't seen you since the Rose Ball Game.

MARY: That's right, Jack.

DON: That was some crowd out there, wasn't it, Mary?

MARY: Oh, we didn't go to the game. We watched it on Jack's new television set.

DON: You mean Jack got a television set?

MARY: Uh huh.

PHIL: Wellllll...don't tell me that Tighter Than Springtime has finally loosened up.

MARY: Oh, he didn't buy it, it came with his new suit.

JACK: Mary, don't be ridiculous, the Warner Brothers gave it to me.

MARY: Well, it's about time, you certainly gave it to them.

JACK: Yeah.. Now kids, let's cut out this small talk because we've got a very important show to do.

MARY: Jack, is Fred Allen gonna be on ^{this} ~~the~~ program today?

JACK: No no, Mary, Allen will be with us next week.. The train he was coming out on had to go through a sheep-dip treatment at the border.... They had to dip him twice.... But tonight we're doing a very important play. It's an exciting mystery melodrama that takes place in a restaurant in --

IR

DENNIS: Well come on, come on, let's get this corny sketch over with.

JACK: Huh?..Dennis, you're late.

DENNIS: So what, you wanna make something out of it?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: You heard me, Clyde, you ain't wearing ear muffs.

JACK: Dennis..Dennis.

DENNIS: Dennis Dennis Dennis, you make me sick!

JACK: Now look kid, if you think you can come in here ~~and~~ -

DENNIS: Don't crowd me, son.

JACK: For heaven's sake..Dennis, what's come over you?

DENNIS: It's my New Year's resolution. Nobody's pushing me around anymore.

PHIL: That's telling him, *kid. hahny*

JACK: Look, Dennis --

Dennis yesh.
PHIL: (WHISPER) Leave him alone, Jackson, I told him to get tough.

JACK: Oh oh, I see.. What did you say Dennis?

DENNIS: Nobody's pushing me around any more.. from now on I'm getting what I want ~~around here~~...(UP) HEY YOU, IN THE HIGH HEELS...COME HERE.

MARY: Me?

LR

DENNIS: Yes you, Toots, come here.

JACK: Go ahead, Mary. *go ahead.*

(MARY GOES TO DENNIS'S MIKE)

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (FRIGHTENED) Yes?

DENNIS: Now put your arms around me and hold me tight..Tight, I said!
Now I'll put my arms around you, squeeze you like this...and
...and...(LONG PAUSE) ~~Hey~~ Phil, what do I do now?

JACK: Oh for...Well, the first thing you do, Dennis, is stop
acting silly.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: And the third thing you do is sing your song.

DENNIS: What's the second?

JACK: Let go of Mary...Now go ahead, let's have it.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG..."MARTA")

(APPLAUSE)

LR

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: That was "Marta" sung by Dennis Day and very good Dennis..
that was really wonderful.

DENNIS: Thank you, Mr. Benny, and congratulations on your new suit.

JACK: Well, thank you Dennis.. How did you know I bought a new
suit.

DENNIS: It's in the lyrics of "Don't Cry Joe".

JACK: ~~See~~, such a fuss over a suit... it's only herring-bone... And
now, ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight
we are going to present a melodramatic mystery entitled
"Murder At Romanoff's".

(CYMBAL CRASH)

JACK: This scene takes place in one of the most fashionable
restaurants in Beverly Hills where all the----

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hmm. Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I'm in the middle of the program.

ROCH: I KNOW, BOSS, BUT THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT...THE MAN FROM THE
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY WAS HERE ABOUT THAT POLICY YOU'RE
TAKING OUT AND HE ASKED ME A LOT OF QUESTIONS.

JACK: Well, I hope you answered them right.

ROCH: OH, I DID...WHEN HE ASKED ME YOUR HEIGHT, I SAID FIVE FOOT
TEN.

JACK: Uh huh.

JD

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ROCH: YOUR WEIGHT...A HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOUR.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: YOUR AGE...THIRTY NINE.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: WE HAD QUITE A ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION ON THAT ONE.

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester...why should there be any question about my age?

ROCH: OH, IT WASN'T THE QUESTION, IT WAS THE ANSWER WE HAD TROUBLE WITH.

JACK: Ch...well, I'll straighten that out when I see him...what other questions were there?

ROCH: WELL...COLOR OF YOUR EYES..BLUE.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: COLOR OF ^{your} HAIR...BLONDE.

JACK: You told him I was a blonde?

ROCH: YOU MUST BE...I'VE GOT THE RED, BROWN AND BLACK ONES IN THE BENDIX.

JACK: Oh yes... what else happened?

ROCH: WELL, THEN I TOLD HIM WHAT YOU WANTED ~~TO DO~~...AND HE SAID THAT NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS HAS A POLICY BEEN MADE OUT THAT WAY.

JACK: Well, didn't you insist that I want it that way, Rochester?

ROCH: YEAH...BUT HE TOLD ME..NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, YOU CAN'T BE YOUR OWN BENEFICIARY.

JACK: Hmmm.

JD

ROCH: BUT I ARGUED AND FINALLY CONVINCED HIM THAT YOU
WOULDN'T TAKE THE POLICY OUT UNLESS YOU COULD BE.

JACK: ^{well} What did he say?

ROCH: HE SAID JUST LEAVE A FORWARDING ADDRESS AND THEY'LL MAIL IT
ON TO YOU.

JACK: Good, good...Anything else?

ROCH: NO, THAT'S ALL.

JACK: Okay...Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOODBYE---OH, SAY BOSS...

JACK:---Now what?

ROCH:---YOU KNOW THAT NEW SUIT YOU BOUGHT FOR NINETEEN DOLLARS AND
FIFTY-CENTS?

JACK:---Yes.

ROCH:---WELL IT COST YOU PRACTICALLY NOTHING.

JACK:---Why?

ROCH:---I JUST SOLD THE OTHER THREE PAIR OF PANTS.

JACK:---Good, good, don't forget to cancel the ad in The Times...
Goodbye.

ROCH:---GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: All right kids, let's not waste anymore time...And now,
ladies and gentlemen, for our feature attraction tonight,
we bring you that melodramatic mystery entitled..."MURDER
AT ROMANOFF'S".

(CYMBAL, CRASH)

JACK: Set the scene, Don.

DON: OUR PLAY OPENS IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF CAPTAIN O'BENNY OF THE
BEVERLY HILLS POLICE...CURTAIN...MUSIC.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC)

(SOUND: ~~PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP~~)

JACK: Hello, ~~Beverly Hills Police, Captain O'Benny speaking...what's~~
~~that..you say you were robbed in front of a hundred thousand~~
~~witnesses? I'm sorry, Coach Waldorf, but that comes under~~
~~the Pasadena jurisdiction. Goodbye.~~

(SOUND: ~~RECEIVER DOWN~~)

JACK: Now listen men...there've been a lot of complaints and
we're gonna straighten things up around here...You first,
Officer O'Day.

DENNIS: What did I do now?

JACK: Yesterday I sent you out on a simple assignment...All you had
to do was to look for cars parked next to fire hydrants and
give out traffic tickets.

DENNIS: Well, I did.

JACK: O'Day, how many times must I tell you...put the tickets on
the cars not the hydrants! ...And you, O'Wilson.. you haven't
been attending to your duties either.

DON: I'm sorry sir.

JACK: Being sorry doesn't help....Remember, you're the only man on
the police force who's a condemned murderer.

DENNIS: Say Chief, how come we have a murderer working with us?

JD

JACK: Well, on the day of his execution he started ordering his last meal, and the state couldn't afford it...but I'm really disgusted with you men...Why even our Bloodhound, Prince, is smarter than you...Come here, Prince...here, Prince.

MEL: (PANTS) Hoh hah hah hah hah.

JACK: Prince, how much is one and two.

MEL: (BARKS THREE TIMES...SPACING THEM)

JACK: That's right...Now...what's six minus four?

MEL: (BARKS TWICE)

JACK: Right again, Prince...Now, what is the square root of seventy three thousand, four hundred twenty-nine?

(SOUND: PAUSE...THEN LIGHT SCRATCHING SOUNDS)

JACK: Put down that pencil and figure it out in your head...Stupid dog.....Now Men, today I want ~~you to~~--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello, Beverly Hills Police, Captain O'Benny speaking.

MARY: (OOMPHY) Hello Captain, this is Mitzy La Rue.

JACK: (RHYTHM) Mitzy la-Who?

MARY: Mitzy La Rue.

JACK: Hello, Mitzy, How do you do?

(DRUM BREAK)

JACK: Prince, put down those drums...(I never shoulda given them to him for Christmas)....Now what is it, Miss La Rue?

MARY: Well Captain..I'm the cigarette girl at Romanoffs Restaurant
...and I want to report that a man ^{*named Carlton Quince*} was murdered here two hours ago.

JACK: Two hours ago?

MARY: Yes.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT (OFF))

UKIE: (SCREAMS)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

JACK: What was that...another murder?

MARY: No, the same one.

JACK: What?

MARY: We had it transcribed for release at this more convenient time.

~~JACK: (That's using your head.) Now tell me, what's the name of the man who was murdered?~~

MARY: -- Carlton Quince. He was stabbed.

JACK: ---Stebbed! Then why did I hear a shot?

MARY: ---The blade went through his bubble gum.

Good
JACK: ~~Oh, well~~, we'll be right over....Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

JACK: All right, Men...get out the squad car..there's been a
Murder at Romanoff's and I'll find out who killed Carlton
Quince or my name ain't--

(MUSIC)

QUART: LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

(MUSIC)

QUART: ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED, SO
L S M F T, L S M F T
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT LUCKY STRIKE
PAYS MILLIONS MORE FOR FINE TOBACCO, YES SIREE, HEY!

(SOUND: SIREN DYING DOWN...BRAKES OF CAR

STOPPING FAST...CAR DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Okay Men...this is Romanoff's Restaurant..and that man there
in the red ~~coat~~, *uniform and the* ~~the black-cape, and the fur-hat with the~~
gold braid must be the doorman...I'll ask him.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

IR

JACK: Pardon me, are you the doorman?

NELSON: No, ~~I'm the clothes rack, they hang the silliest things on~~
~~me. Who do you think I am, Oscar Pardon?~~

JACK: Now ^{all right} wait a minute, you're the doorman and you know ~~that~~. Now
 now stand aside and let me in.

NELSON: You can't get in here unless you have a reservation.

JACK: A reservation?... Well --

NELSON: And if you say anything about being an Indian, I'll punch
 you right in the nose.

JACK: I was trying to switch it... Now look, there's been a
 murder committed in here and I'm going in. I'm Captain
 O'Benny. *So stand aside while I -- Dearmen who*
are you staring at?

NELSON: All right, but turn around first.

JACK: -- What?--

NELSON: Turn around.

IR

JACK: ~~Okay.~~

NELSON: Oooooooh, a new suit!

JACK: How ^{did} do you know?

NELSON: I heard it on the frost warnings.

JACK: Oh. ..well out of my way...Come on, Men, let's go inside.
I'm gonna find the murderer of Carlton Quince or my name
ain't--

(MUSIC)

QUART: L S. L S, L S, M F T

MEANS FINE AND LIGHT AND MILD TOBACCO YES SIREE, HEY!

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

DON: Say, Chief...this place is sure crowded with celebrities.

JACK: Yeah, ^{Drew} You men search the premises.. I'm going to question
some of these people. I think that little short guy over
there is the owner of the place.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey you...What's your name?

MIKE: I am Prince Michael Romanoff.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, tell me, Prince Romanoff, what do you know about this
murder?

MIKE: Murder? Has there been a murder here?

JACK: Yes, your cigarette girl called me and told me about it.

MIKE: Well, here she comes now...I'll ask her... Tell me, Mitzy,
have we had a murder today?

KM

*Mary: Yes. Carlton Quince was killed 15-
Jack: Killed? -- One hour rehearsal*
MARY: YesCarlton Quince was killed...there he is at that
corner table....dead.

MIKE: So he is...strange I didn't notice it before.

JACK: Wait a minute...who are you trying to kid? Don't tell me
you didn't notice him with all that blood on his shirt.

MIKE: I thought it was borscht.

JACK: Oh yeah....Now come clean, Romanoff, did you kill Carlton
Quince?

MIKE: It couldn't have been me, Captain. I wasn't even here when
the murder was committed.

JACK: Where were you?

MIKE: Having lunch at Simon's Drive-In.

JACK: How come you weren't eating here?

MIKE: Who can afford these prices?

JACK: Oh...well, who's that sitting over there eating that big
steak?

MIKE: Simon, he's loaded.

JACK: ~~Now~~....I'll get back to you later...I want to look around..
(UP) NOW NOBODY LEAVE THIS ROOM, THERE'S BEEN A MURDER
COMMITTED.

MARY: Don't raise your voice, Chiefie--remember, this is the
classiest joint in town.

JACK: ~~Oh fine~~...some class....look at that broom leaning against
the table with a hat on it.

MARY: *Well that's no broom.*
That's Frank Sinatra.

KM

JACK: Well, I'm going over and talk to him.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, you....are you Frank Sinatra?

FRANK: (SINGS) WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN,
WE WILL MEET AGAIN
SUNDAY, MONDAY, OR ALWAYS.

(APPLAUSE)

FRANK: (AFTER APPLAUSE...CONTINUES SINGING)
I'LL BE SATISFIED
WITH YOU BY MY SIDE--

DENNIS: Oh, stop showing off!

JACK: Quiet, O'Day...Where's O'Wilson?

DENNIS: In the O'Kitchen, where else?

JACK: Well, you go look for clues...Now listen, Sinatra, what were
you doing at the time of the murder?

FRANK: I was eating lunch.

JACK: A likely story...What did you have?

FRANK: A raisin.

JACK: One raisin for lunch?

FRANK: Boy am I stuffed!

JACK: Never mind...Now I wanta know if--

FRANK: Say Captain O'Benny, that's a beautiful new suit you're
wearing....Cost nineteen fifty, din't it?

JACK: Yes, how did you know?

FRANK: Last Friday I sang "Don't Cry, Joe".

JACK: Oh yes....Now tell me, Frank, what do you know about the
murder of Carlton Quince?

AKM

FRANK: Well, personally, I think Romanoff did it.

JACK: Oh you do..well, I'll call him back again (UP) OH PRINCE!

MEL: (BARKS TWICE THEN PANTS LIKE DOG) Hah hah hah hah hah.

JACK: Not you, ^{you} stupid dog!....And put down that pencil. If you haven't figured it out yet, forget it...Prince Michael, come here.

MIKE: Yes, Captain O'Benny.

JACK: Sinatra thinks you're the man who murdered---

DENNIS: (COMING IN EXCITED) CAPTAIN O'BENNY, CAPTAIN O'BENNY.

JACK: What is it, O'Day?

DENNIS: Would you think a man is guilty if you saw him running around with a smoking gun in one hand, a blood stained knife in the other, and he kept yelling, I DID IT, I DID IT, I DID IT (HYSTERICAL LAUGH) *I did it.*

JACK: Of course that man is guilty.

DENNIS: Well, if I see anyone like that I'll arrest him.

JACK: Good, good.

MIKE: Tell me, Captain O'Benny...who is this peasant?

DENNIS: ^{I'm} I'm Officer O'Day. Who are you?

MIKE: I'm his Imperial Highness, Prince Michael Romanoff.

DENNIS: (A LA BERT GORDON) ^{hell} HOW DO YOU DO.

JACK: Cut that out, O'Day...Now I want to finish questioning Sinatra..
..Where did he go?

FRANK: Here I am, Captain O'Benny, and ^{you get} ~~you'll have~~ to do something about this dog of yours.

KM

MEL: (PANTS) Hah hah hah hah hah.

JACK: Whatabout the dog?

FRANK: He keeps taking me out in the yard and burying me.

MEL: (PANTS)

FRANK: (PLEADING) Aw, come on now, doggie, put me down!

JACK: Yeah, put Frankie down.

(BREAK ON TEMPLE BLOCK)

JACK: Stop beating his head against the floor...You teach a dog drums and he goes crazy....Now look, we're not getting anywhere ^{with} ~~with~~ this investigation.

MARY: Say, Captain--

JACK: What is it, Mitzy?

MARY: Why don't you question that woman at the corner table, she looks suspicious.

JACK: Okay, I will..nobody leave here till I come back...Come on, Men...I'll find out who killed Carlton Quince or my name ain't--

(MUSIC)

QUART: IS, LS, LS, MFT

HE'LL FIND THE MURDERER OF ~~MR.~~ CARLTON QUINCE, HEY!

JACK: All right, Miss..I'm Captain O'Benny..What's your name?

RUSSELL: Rosalind Russell.

JACK: Rosalind Russell!

(APPLAUSE)

KM

JACK: Wait a minute..Miss Russell, this is a restaurant...who's applauding you?

RUSSELL: The waiters, I'm a heavy tipper.

JACK: Oh, well I wouldn't know about that...Now what were you doing at the time of the murder?

RUSSELL: (VERY DRAMATIC) Believe me, Captain O'Benny, I had nothing to do with the murder, absolutely nothing. I was just sitting here eating my lunch.

JACK: A likely story...what did you have for lunch?

RUSSELL: (VERY DRAMATIC) Well, I started off with Tomato Juice...
no it was Prune Juice..no tomato^{juice}...then I had some consomme
(ALMOST CRYING) Then I had a filet Mignon, medium rare, and
potatoes..(CRYING) FRENCH FRIED POTATOES... DO YOU HEAR ME,
FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.

JACK: Miss Russell, have you ever won the Academy Award?

RUSSELL: No, but I'm always in there punching.

JACK: Now just a minute, Miss Russell...I don't want you trying your dramatics on me...remember, I'm an officer of the law and I'm liable to pinch you.

RUSSELL: So what...everyman in Hollywood has the same idea.

JACK: We'll talk about that later...now tell me^{where} were you here when Carlton Quince was murdered?

RUSSELL: I was in the theater watching my new Columbia Picture "Tell It To The Judge"^{and}....By the way, congratulations on your new suit.

JACK: How did you know?

RUSSELL: It was in the News Reel.

JACK: Oh...Well, say, that's a nice dress your're wearing...
It's taffeta, isn't it?

KM

yes,
RUSSELL: Yes, it is taffete.

JACK: Would you mind getting up and walking around a bit?

RUSSELL: Walk around....why?

JACK: I always wanted to hear Rosalind Russell!....

Please, I just had my lunch
RUSSELL: Well, there's ~~one~~ even Milton Berle won't steal.

JACK: ~~Yeah that was kinda lousey....I should have saved it for~~
~~Fred Allen next week....~~Now, Miss Russell, what do you know about this murder?

nothing
RUSSELL: Nothing, why don't you ask Gene Kelly over there?

JACK: Gene Kelly? Oh yes, I'll go over and talk to him....And I'll find out who killed Carlton Quince or my name ain't.....
~~Heavenly name.....~~OR MY NAME AIN'T --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

QUART: LSMTT; LSMTT *L.S.*

LS, LS, LSMTT

~~THERE'LL NEVER BE A BUFF PUFF IN A LUCKY STRIKE, HEY!~~
JACK: *That was the best thing I ever heard in my life*
Watch it, men....I'm gonna go over and talk to Kelly.
One rehearsal - that's all I ask.
(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You're Gene Kelly, aren't you?

KELLY: (FEW SECONDS OF FAST TAPS)

(APPLAUSE)

now
JACK: What were you doing at the time of the murder, Kelly?

KELLY: (FEW SECONDS OF TAPS)

JACK: What?

KELLY: (SAME TAPS) *Kelly*
Come on, talk

JACK: Oh.....well, what do you know about Carlton Quince, and talk, Kelly, this is radio, not television....Come on, talk.

MO

KELLY: (FRIGHTENED) Okay, okay, I'll talk, I'll talk.

JACK: I thought you would....Now what were you doing two hours ago at the time of the murder?

KELLY: I was in the Egyptian Theatre watching that new Metro Goldwyn Mayer technicolor picture, "On The Town" which stars Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Jules Munshin. It was directed by Gene Kelly, who also appeared in such sensational hits as "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," "The Pirate", "Anchors Aweigh", and in his spare time gives dancing lessons to Arthur Murray.

JACK: I see...and what did you do after you left the theatre?

KELLY: I rushed right over here.

JACK: Why?

KELLY: I couldn't wait to see your new suit.

JACK: ~~My new~~ -- how did you know I had a new suit?

KELLY: Well.....while I was sitting in the Egyptian Theatre watching that new Metro Goldwyn Mayer technicolor picture, "On The Town" which stars Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Jules Munshin, and was directed by Gene Kelly, who also appeared in such sensational hits as "Take Me Out To The Ball Game", "The Pirate", "Anchors Aweigh" --

JACK: Yes.

KELLY: *was it you asked me?*
What did you ask me?

JACK: I asked you how you knew I had a new suit.

KELLY: *He* Oh yes.....Well, while I was in the Egyptian Theatre watching that new -----

JACK: Never mind.....Now look, Kelly..I'm gonna find out who killed Carlton Quince if it takes me clear into the middle of Amos 'N' Andy.....Now come clean, Kelly, why did you kill Carlton Quince?

KELLY: I didn't do it, it was Mitzy LaRue.

MARY: I didn't do it, it was Mike Romanoff.

MIKE: I didn't do it, it was Rosalind Russell.

SINATRA: I didn't do it.

RUSSELL: Wait, ^{Frankie} I haven't accused you yet.

JACK: WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, ANYWAY? ... NOW LOOK, SOMEBODY IN THIS ROOM MURDERED CARLTON QUINCE AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO.

ERIC: I beg your pardon, but I have to go now.

JACK: Huh?.....Who are you?

ERIC: Carlton Quince.

JACK: Carlton Quince? Why you're the murdered man.

ERIC: I know, but I have to go to rehearsal, they're killing me again tonight on the Whistler.

JACK: On The Whistler Program?

ERIC: Yes...would you hand me that napkin, please?

JACK: The napkin?

ERIC: I wanta wipe off this borscht, they're strangling me there.

JACK: Oh, well lots of luck....May I have your autograph?

ERIC: Certainly.

JACK: Thank you.....MUSIC PLEASE.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

JACK:

Ladies and gentlemen, the chief hope of our enemies is to divide the United States along racial and religious lines, and thereby conquer us. Let's not spread prejudice. A divided America is a weak America. Through our behaviour we encourage the respect of our children and make them better neighbors to all races and religions. Remind them that being good neighbors has helped make our country great and kept her free. Thank you.

Curt

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 8, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

SHARBUTT: Friends, it's certainly true that when you smoke you want smoothness, mildness, and deep-down enjoyment. And that's precisely what you'll get with every Lucky Strike you light because THERE'S NEVER A ROUGH PUFF IN A LUCKY!

HIESTAND: Just think of that, friends ... Luckies are always smooth mile and mellow ... every puff on the way. For you see, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette ... and IS -- MFT ... Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Now, fine tobacco costs more ... and Luckies pay more. That's right -- Luckies pay millions of dollars more than official parity prices to get ripe, mellow tobacco for your Lucky Strike. Just listen for a moment to what the tobacco experts say about the kind of leaf Lucky Strike buys. Take Mr. I. Garland Griffen, a tobacco auctioneer from Clarksville, Virginia who recently said -

VOICE: All in all, I've sold over a hundred million pounds of tobacco ... and season after season I've seen Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco -- prime, ripe leaf -- the kind of tobacco for downright good smoking. I've smoked Luckies regularly for fourteen years.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 8, 1950
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: Now, there's a tip for you, friends -- from a man who really knows tobacco. So for your own deep-down smoking enjoyment, light up a Lucky. You'll agree with the tobacco experts -- with the millions who choose Luckies for a finer, milder, smoother smoke. Yes, puff after puff, pack after pack, there's never a rough puff in a Lucky. Good reason to make your next carton LUCKY STRIKE!

PS

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(TAG)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR UP & DOWN)

JACK: All right, men, we're on our way back to the station....I better make a report.....CALLING ALL CARS....CALLING ALL CARS....THIS IS CAPTAIN O'BENNY.....THE ROMANOFF MURDER MYSTERY HAS BEEN SOLVED.....THANKS TO MICHAEL ROMANOFF, FRANK SINATRA, ROSALIND RUSSELL, AND GENE KELLY....THAT IS ALL..... HEADQUARTERS, HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING TO REPORT?

UKIE: Yes Chief, something just came in on the teletype.

JACK: What is it?

UKIE: It says, "Fred Allen will be the guest star on the Jack Benny Program next week".

JACK: Humm....That'll really be murder.

(SOUND: SQUEAL OF TIRES)

JACK: *Ne* We're supposed to make a right turn to the police station.

MEL: (BARKS)

JACK: You turned left, you stupid dog....How he ever got his driver's license I'll never know.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

ION: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day in The Life of Dennis Day".....Stay tuned for the Amos 'N' Andy show which follows immediately.....

THIS IS CBS.....THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

MO