

# **THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM**

*produced for*

**THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.**

*by*

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

PRODUCT: LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES

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**AS BROADCAST**

PROGRAM #20  
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 22, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

LF

ATX01 0313129

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
JANUARY 22, 1950  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

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

HIRSTAND: Friends, for your own real, deep-down enjoyment of smoking it's important to know -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky! Every puff of the way there's mildness, smoothness and mellowness. For today, tomorrow -- always -- LS -- MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... tobacco that's light and mellow -- ripened to the peak of smoking perfection. Yes, at auction after auction, the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy that fine, that light, that naturally mild tobacco.

SHARBUTT: So for your complete enjoyment of smoking, for more pleasure from every puff, every pack, light up a Lucky. You'll enjoy the rich taste of really fine tobacco and you'll agree -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky. 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!

DS

RTX01 0313130

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY  
LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, <sup>the gentlemen</sup> AND <sup>your</sup> YOURS <sup>quartet</sup>  
TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AT THE END OF EVERY LUCKY STRIKE  
PROGRAM, JACK AND THE CAST GO THROUGH A LITTLE RITUAL...SO  
LET'S GO BACK TO LAST SUNDAY, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SHOW,  
AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS.

(TRANSITION MUSIC -- "HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD")

JACK: (CALLS) <sup>okay</sup> Kids, okay, <sup>okay</sup> that's all, <sup>that's all</sup>...we're off the air.

(MUSIC: STOPS)

JACK: Close the curtains.

(SOUND: CURTAINS CLOSING)

MARY: Gee, that was a great show, Jack.

DON: <sup>you Jack</sup> I think this was the best program you ever did.

DENNIS: <sup>Boy</sup> You sure got a lot of laughs, Mr. Benny.

PHIL: Jackson, you were sensational today.

JACK: <sup>oh</sup> Thanks, fellows.

PHIL: Okay, kids...a-one, a-two.

MARY, PHIL, DENNIS & DON: (SING) FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,  
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,  
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW,  
WHICH NO ONE CAN DENY.

JACK: <sup>oh</sup> Thanks. <sup>thanks</sup> And fellows, did you notice the way I --

LF

MARY: All right, Jack, we said you were great, we sang the song,  
now give us our checks and let us go.

JACK: Okay, okay...And kids, I wanta compliment you on the show  
today. Nobody made a mistake.

*Dennis* PHIL: It's a good thing we didn't. Last week the quartet made a  
little mistake and you locked them in a closet and made them  
sing the commercial five hundred times.

JACK: Well, at least I --

MARY: Jack, come on, give us our checks.

JACK: Okay, here's yours, Mary.

MARY: Thanks.

JACK: Don.

DON: Thanks.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks.

JACK: And Phil, I'm happy that this week I don't have to pay you  
in cash, I can give you a check like the others.

PHIL: Yeah, it took me a long time but I finally learned how to  
endorse them.

MARY: Who showed you how, Phil? *Phil: what*  
*who showed you how?*  
PHIL: Remley, he's great on checks, he can sign anybody's name.

JACK: But Phil...*Phil* that's forgery.

PHIL: Oh Jackson, forgery is such a hard word. We call it playful  
penmanship!

JACK: Oh fine..Anyway, Phil, I hope you're saving your money.

IF

DENNIS: I buy annuities with my pay checks.

JACK: Well, that's very smart of you, Dennis.

DENNIS: I know..with those annuities I can retire on an income of a thousand dollars a month.

PHIL: No kidding?

DENNIS: Yeah..they start paying off when I'm a hundred and twenty.

JACK: A hundred and twenty? Oh, that's good, Dennis, the money will come just when you need it..

DENNIS: Yeah, I'll probably only have one show then.

JACK: Well, of all the silly...<sup>Denny</sup>~~Dennis~~, that's ridiculous. Nobody lives to be a hundred and twenty.

PHIL: (COYLY) Hey, Jackson--

JACK: Huh?

PHIL: Throw that lead again, I've got an answer that'll make CBS buy me.

JACK: Phil, forget it. As long as Rexall pays you in Bromo Selzer, you're happy...believe me.

IR

ATX01 0313133

*Dennis: Gee I wish I could go home now.*  
*Jack: What?*

-4-

DENNIS: ~~Gee~~, I wish I could go home ~~now~~.

JACK: Well, why can't you, Dennis?

DENNIS: My parents did it again.

JACK: Did what?

DENNIS: Moved away without telling me.

JACK: Oh well, you'll find them, you always do.

MARY: Jack, I think I'll be running along, too.

JACK: Oh Mary, I wanted to ask you...if you have nothing to do tomorrow night, would you like to come over to my house and watch <sup>some</sup> television?

MARY: *oh* I'd love to, Jack, but that's the night that all the girls I used to work with hold their annual reunion.

JACK: Oh yes, you have that reunion every year....What was that you girls call yourselves?

MARY: The Merry Maids of The May Company, Basement Division.

JACK: *Well*, I hope you enjoy yourself.

MARY: I always do, <sup>*have a good time there*</sup>...and I'll get to see my old girl friend, <sup>*Ruby Wagner*</sup> Helen Carter again....Gosh, how I envy her.

IR

ATX01 0313134

JACK: Why, what's she doing now?

MARY: She's still at the May Company.

JACK: Look Mary....if you'd rather be back at the May Company,  
then you can--

MARY: Oh Jack, I didn't ~~mean~~ <sup>Ruby because</sup> that....I meant that I envy Helen.  
She worked in the book department and one day a customer  
came over to her counter, they fell in love, got married and  
now they have twelve children.

JACK: She married a customer and has twelve children?

MARY: Just think, he came in to spend eighty-nine cents and look  
what he got.

JACK: Well Mary, that's an interesting story...What book did he  
buy?

MARY: "~~Live Alone and Like It~~".

JACK: Oh...he should've bought "~~Cheaper By The Dozen~~"....Well Mary,  
everyone has gone..Come on, let's get out of the studio,  
they're putting out the light. ~~hurry~~

(SOUND: TWO FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..

EIGHT FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: You know, that's really an amazing story about your girl  
friend Helen. <sup>Ruby</sup> It doesn't seem possible that --- oh-ch!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARY: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: I forgot something. Wait here, Mary, I'll be right back.

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS)

LR



JACK: Gee, I wish they weren't so quick about turning off these lights...Now let's see, which door is it?

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, here it is.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(MUSIC)

QUART: LS, L S M F T MEANS

LUCKY STRIKE PAYS MORE FOR FINE TOBACCO, YES SIREE, HEY!

JACK: Okay, fellows, you can come out of the -- *chest now*

(MUSIC)

QUART: LS, L S M F T MEANS

LUCKY STRIKE PAYS MORE FOR FINE TOBACCO, YES SIREE, HEY!

JACK: *Okay*-fellows, you've been punished enough for -- *what you've done*

(MUSIC)

QUART: LS, L S M F T MEANS

LUCKY STRIKE PAYS MORE FOR FINE TOBACCO, YES SIREE, HEY!

JACK: Boys you've sung it more than five hundred --

(MUSIC)

QUART: LS, L S M F T MEANS

LUCKY STRIKE PAYS MORE FOR FINE TOBACCO, YES SIREE, HEY!

JACK: Oh my goodness, it must've affected their minds.

(MUSIC)

QUART: --LS, --L-S-M-F-T --

(SOUND: --DOOR-SLAMMS)

LR

JACK: I'm not gonna beg them any more...I'm going!

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

(MUSIC)

JACK: Holy Smoke, they're

QUART: IS, IS MFT MEANS  
LUCKY STRIKE PAYS MORE FOR  
FINE TOBACCO, YES SIRRE,  
HEY!

following me!...Fellows  
stop following me..it's  
embarrassing.wait a minute.  
.fellows cut it out..<sup>well, see</sup>wait a  
minute. <sup>same</sup>wait a minute..

(MUSIC)

QUART: IS, IS MFT MEANS LUCKY  
STRIKE PAYS MORE FOR FINE  
TOBACCO, YES SIREE, HEY!

WAIT A MINUTE..WAIT A  
MINUTE!!

(CONTINUES OVER & OVER)

JACK: Now boys, don't follow me any more...Go on home, your wives  
haven't seen you for a week.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I'd fire those guys but I'd only have to get them another  
job, I'm their agent..And they're such good <sup>they're such good</sup> clients. They  
think because they're a quartet they have to pay me forty  
per cent....Come on, Mary.

MARY: What did you forget, Jack?

JACK: <sup>oh</sup>It was nothing. Come on.

(SOUND: FOOT STEPS..DOOR OPENS..STREET NOISES)

JACK: Well, there's Rochester waiting in my car. Mary, I'll  
drive you home.

MARY: (HINTING) Aw Jack, I don't wanna go home yet. I'd like  
to have dinner in town.

LR

JACK: (PLEASED) You would?  
MARY: Yeah. I'm in the mood for a nice big steak.  
JACK: Smothered with mushrooms and french fried onions?  
MARY: Yeah.  
JACK: How about the Brown Derby?  
MARY: *oh* Wonderful.  
JACK: Okay, I'll drop you off. Now come on let's -- Aw gee, and I forgot my umbrella, and it's starting to rain.  
MARY: It isn't raining, I spit in your eye.  
JACK: Mary, all I said was --  
MARY: Goodbye, Jack, I'll see you later.  
JACK: But Mary, you don't have to -- I guess she's so hungry she couldn't wait.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: REALLY FOR ME TO DRIVE YOU HOME, BOSS?  
JACK: Yes, Rochester. What are you sitting there holding that whisk broom for?  
ROCH: AS SOON AS YOU GET IN THE CAR I'LL BRUSH YOU OFF.  
JACK: Brush me off?  
ROCH: YEAH, THE DOORS ARE STUCK, YOU'LL HAVTA CRAWL IN FROM UNDERNEATH.  
JACK: That's ridiculous. If the doors are stuck, *jee* I'll just climb over.

(SOUND: STEP ON RUNNING BOARD)

JACK: (GRUNT) Well, I've got one leg over. Gee, these doors are higher than I thought. Now to get the other --

(SOUND: LOUD RIP)

MO

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: LIGHT SQUEAKY SPRING)

ROCH: ARE YOU IN, BOSS?

JACK: Yeah. Gee, these seats are cold. Start the car, Rochester.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER GOING AROUND..STOPS..STARTER GOES  
AROUND AND MEL GOES INTO HIS ACT..THEN DIES  
OUT)

JACK: *Well I'm* Well, I'm sick and tired of this..You know, Rochester, I've  
got a good mind to complain to the Cadillac Company.

ROCH: THE CADILLAC COMPANY?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: BOSS, WE ONLY GOT ONE OF THE HUB CAPS FROM THEM.

JACK: Oh yes.

ROCH: AND WE PICKED THAT UP AT THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT.

JACK: Rochester, I didn't steal that hub cap.

ROCH: NO, BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW YOU DICKERED WITH THAT MAN IN  
THE AMBULANCE.

JACK: All right, all right..*that* Now try the motor again.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: STARTER..MEL GOES INTO BIT..MOTOR DIES)

JACK: Hmm.this is awful..Rochester, where did we get this motor?

ROCH: BROADWAY AT NINTH.

JACK: Eastern Columbia?

ROCH: NO, BROADWAY AT NINTH, IT WAS LAYING IN THE STREET.

JACK: What?

ROCH: SAME ACCIDENT.

IR

JACK: Oh yes..Rochester, try and get this car started, will you?

(SOUND: STARTER..MEL COUGHS, MOTOR CATCHES ON AND GOES)

JACK: Thank heaven.

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR UP..LOUSY HORN..MOTOR UP AND DOWN)

JACK: Now, Rochester, for a change, go out Hollywood Boulevard.

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: You know, this is one of the first nights this week that the weather has been so mild and---

(SOUND: TWO SHARP POLICE WHISTLES)

IR

JACK: What was that?

ROCH: SOUNDED LIKE A POLICE WHISTLE.

(SOUND: THREE SHOTS)

JACK: Rochester, Rochester, did you see that?

ROCH: ~~YEAH..TWO MEN JUST RAN OUT OF THAT BANK...THEY JUMPED~~  
*big black sedan*  
IN THAT ~~NEW~~ LINCOLN AND THEY'RE SPEEDING AWAY.

JACK: Yeah.

(SOUND: CAR GOES BY VERY FAST)

JACK: Wow!...they must be going eighty miles an hour.

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR)

*jack:*  
ROCH: *And look look at*  
LOOK BOSS, THAT POLICEMAN, HE'S RUNNING TOWARD US.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...JUMP ON RUNNING BOARD)

JACK: What is it, officer?

MARCH: QUICK, FOLLOW THAT CAR!

JACK: .....What?

MARCH: FOLLOW THAT CAR!

ROCH: THANK YOU. *ah officer - come now*

MARCH: LOOK, I'M AN OFFICER OF THE LAW. WHEN I JUMP ON YOUR  
RUNNING BOARD AND SAY "FOLLOW THAT CAR", I WANT YOU TO  
DO IT.

ROCH: WELL THEN GET YOUR OTHER FOOT OFF THE GROUND, YOU'RE  
HOLDIN' US BACK.

MARCH: Stop wasting time and do as I--

NELSON: CUT! *Cut!*

KM

JACK: Cut?...Who said that?

NELSON: I did..we're making a picture. *Here on Hollywood Blvd.*

JACK: A picture? Oh, for heaven sakes..What's the name of it?

NELSON: The Whistle Blows "At Midnight.

JACK: Rochester, let's get out of here...I don't wanna be in this one even as an extra. *this one* And step on it...I wanta get home and have dinner.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: *Well* That was a very good dinner, Rochester.

ROCH: THANKS, BOSS...SAY, MR. BENNY, WHILE YOU WERE HAVING DINNER, A MESSENGER BROUGHT THIS TO THE DOOR.

JACK: What is it?

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

(SOUND: PACKAGE UNWRAPPED)

JACK: Oh yes, this is a record that Dennis made of that new song "Bibbiti Bobbiti Boo" *from Walt Disney picture 'Anastasia'*...He wanted me to hear it. I'm going in the den, Rochester, and play it.

ROCH: SHALL I BREAK A TOOTH PICK IN HALF?

JACK: No, I bought some needles.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS....That song I don't understand at all...At least Bibbiti Bobbiti Boo makes sense.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

KM

JACK: I'll bet Dennis made a good record of it.

(SOUND: TOP OF PHONOGRAPH UP..RECORD ON..SWITCH  
TURNED ON)

(SHORT INTRODUCTION)

DENNIS: I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS--

~~THERE THEY ARE A STANDING IN A ROW~~

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Whoops, wrong side...<sup>oh</sup> Here it is...Bibbiti Bobbiti Boo...

(SOUND: RECORD ON...CLICK)

(DENNIS'S SONG..."BIBBITI BOBBITI BOO")

(APPLAUSE)

MO



(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis did that very well.. Did you hear it, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR...ARE YOU GOING TO BED NOW, BOSS?

JACK: No no, I think I'll stay up awhile and read a book.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now let's see....I finished Cleveland Amory's new book, "Home Town" ... Very good, too....Here's one.."My Ten Years in Washington" by Drear Pooson..~~with a forward by Drew~~ Pearson...Well, I'll be darned..there is a Drear Pooson...Gee, I hope Don doesn't find out...Say, here's a good mystery.. "I Was Betrayed" by Maximillion Q. Langley, author of "I Was Framed", "I Was Deceived", "I Was Double Crossed", and "I Was Loused Up". ... Geo, he certainly gets some great titles...I think I'll read this one....I'll sit in that chair by the fireplace. *unwound*

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Ahhhh...Whoops! This seat is cold, too...This story oughta be pretty good.

(SOUND: ~~---PAGES--~~TURNING)

JACK: "I WAS BETRAYED".

(DRAMATIC MUSIC)

JACK: CHAPTER-ONE.

(FILTER) AS THE PALE RAYS OF THE DYING MOON FILTERED THROUGH THE BARS OF MY PRISON CELL, I WAS TOLD THAT MY LAST APPEAL HAD BEEN DENIED..AND I..MEREDITH SNYZENHOLDER..WAS BETRAYED.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC)

MO

JACK: (FILTER) IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT I WAS ONCE A VERY SUCCESSFUL DOCTOR...I COULD BOAST OF A FINE PRACTICE, A BRILLIANT ASSISTANT, A BEAUTIFUL WIFE WHO ADORED ME, AND TWO LOVELY CHILDREN, HOGAN AND SNEED. I WAS PROUD TO BE THEIR PAR....BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY...IT ALL STARTED IN MY OPERATING ROOM. I WAS PREPARING A PATIENT FOR AN OPERATION, AND MY ASSISTANT, DR. DENNIS DAYSELDORF WAS HELPING ME....AS I WAS ABOUT TO START THE OPERATION THE PATIENT LOOKED AT ME AND NERVOUSLY ASKED --

MARCH: Doctor..Doctor Snyzenholder, are you sure this operation won't hurt?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hurt? *Well no, no* Oh no, not at all.

MARCH: I'm so sensitive to--

JACK: Oh *you*, *it* might a little.....Dr. Dayseldorf?

DENNIS: (GERMAN) *Yeah* Yes, Dr. Snyzenholder.

JACK: Give the patient the ether.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: GURGLING)

JACK: He's not supposed to drink it!....Oh well, he's asleep...Now, Dr. ..Hand me the scalpel.

DENNIS: The scalpel? What's that?

JACK: (PATIENTLY) The scalpel...it's a knife with a long curved blade....

DENNIS: Oh, that...it's in the kitchen, *here* I made myself a sandwich and used it to slice the salami.

MO

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JACK: Well, wash it off and bring it in.

DENNIS: Yes, <sup>hier</sup> Doctor.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...WATER SPLASHING OUT OF FAUCET.....  
FOOTSTEPS)

DENNIS: Here you are, Dr. Snyzenholder.

JACK: What's that?

DENNIS: You told me to wash it off and bring it in.

JACK: The scalpel, not the salami.....Stupid Doctor! *Hand me my rubber gloves*

DENNIS: *my goodness* Dr. Snyzenholder, you're awfully nervous today.

JACK: ~~Well~~, why shouldn't I be..I'm about to perform a very delicate operation that has never been attempted before..All medical science is awaiting the result. And this patient has volunteered.

DENNIS: ~~Gee~~, doctor, what are you going to do?

JACK: I'm going to separate his Bibbiti from his Bobbiti.....What do you think of that?

DENNIS: Boo!

JACK: Wonderful, we'll call this operation "Bibbiti Bobbiti Boo".

DENNIS: Let's turn him over and see what's on the other side.

JACK: Good good.

JACK: (FILTER) THE PATIENT DIED, BUT THE MELODY-LINGERS-ON..... *operation made the H.L. Parade*

AFTER THIS INCIDENT, I DECIDED THAT I NEEDED MORE HELP IN THE OFFICE....SO I PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER FOR A NURSE...THE NEXT DAY, THERE WERE FIVE APPLICANTS FOR THE JOB. I TURNED DOWN THE FIRST FOUR, BUT THE FIFTH HAD TRIM ANKLES AND LOVELY SLIM LEGS...I STARED AT HER FOR FIVE MINUTES. THEN WHEN I LOOKED UP, I SAW THAT SHE WAS PRETTY TOO. HER NAME WAS GINGER LA MARR AND HER VOICE WAS SOFT AND SULTRY.

MO

VEOLA: (SEXY) Well, Doc, we'll talk as soon as you get through looking.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh, pardon me...I was just thinking about something...*tell me - Miss La Marr* Tell me, Miss La Marr, do you have any experience?

VEOLA: Come here, Doc...Closer....Now put your arms around me and kiss me.

(SOUND: LONG KISS)

VEOLA: Do I get the job, Doc?

JACK: Well, I wanted a nurse, but you'll do....When can you come to work?

VEOLA: I've already started.

JACK: (FILTER) FROM THE MOMENT I MET GINGER, MY LIFE HAD MORE SNAP TO IT...EVEN THOUGH I WAS A GREAT SURGEON I COULDN'T CUT THAT ONE OUT OF THE SCRIPT....THERE WERE SO MANY THINGS ABOUT GINGER THAT I LEARNED TO APPRECIATE..THE WAY HER DIMPLE SHOWED WHEN SHE SMILED...HER CUTE WALK....HER GAY LAUGHTER... AND THE WAY SHE CLENCHED HER LITTLE FIST WHEN SHE SLUGGED THE RATS IN MY STERILIZER....AS THE HOURS PASSED, I FOUND MYSELF FALLING DEEPER AND DEEPER IN LOVE WITH GINGER, UNTIL AT THE END OF THE FIRST DAY I WAS HOPELESSLY GONE...THAT NIGHT I TOOK HER HOME.

MO

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VEOLA: Well, Baby this is where I live. We can stand here in the hall and talk.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Ginger, darling, at last we're alone..at last I can tell you how much I--

BLANCHE: (OFF..LOUD VOICE) WHO'S THAT DOWN THERE?

VEOLA: IT'S ME, MA.....GINGER.

BLANCHE: DID YOU BRING THE STERNO?

VEOLA: YEAH, I'VE GOT IT IN MY PURSE.

BLANCHE: WELL, GET IT UP HERE QUICK. I WANTA PUT THE MEAT ON, THE OLD MAN'S HUNGRY.

VEOLA: IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES, MA.

JACK: Darling, I want to tell you how much I--

MEL: (LOUD...OFF) YOU HEARD YOUR OLD LADY...GET UP HERE WITH THAT STERNO.

MO

BLANCHE: LOWER YOUR VOICE, YOU LAZY BUM..GINGER'S BOY FRIEND  
WILL THINK WE'RE A COUPLE OF CRUMBS.

MEL: STOP YELLING AT ME, YOU'RE BLOWIN' THE FOAM OFF <sup>offa my</sup> ~~ME~~ BEER.

(SOUND: LOUD DOOR SIAMS)

VEOLA: That was Mother and Dad.

JACK: They sound like real folks..Oh Ginger, if we could only  
get married I could do so much for your parents..take  
out their appendix or their tonsils or something..

VEOLA: That's the trouble, Snizy, you're already married.

JACK: Yeah.

VEOLA: And what about your two lovely children, Kremer and  
Gonzales?

JACK: That's Hogan and Snead. *Ginger, what do you want me to do*

VEOLA: Well, if you want me, Snizy, you're gonna have to ask  
your wife for a divorce.

JACK: A DIVORCE!

(CYMBAL CRASH AND DRAMATIC MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) HOW COULD I ASK CINDY LOU FOR A DIVORCE...  
CINDY LOU, THE GIRL WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY SUCCESS..  
THE GIRL WHO MADE ME GO TO COLLEGE AND STUDY ANATOMY,  
PHYSIOLOGY, BIOLOGY, SURGERY, AND CANASTA...I WON FORTY-  
SIX DOLLARS FROM HER ON OUR HONEYMOON...BUT IT WAS NO USE,  
I WAS IN LOVE WITH GINGER AND CINDY WOULD HAVE TO  
UNDERSTAND. THAT NIGHT AS WE SAT AT THE DINNER TABLE  
EATING, I SAID--

(REG. MIKE) Cindy Lou, I know this will be a blow to you  
and rather than make you unhappy, I'd cut off my arm.

(FILTER) WHEN SHE HANDED ME A KNIFE, I KNEW SHE WAS  
GONNA BE DIFFICULT.

KM

(CONTINUED)

ATK01 0313149

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Cindy..Cindy..I'm trying to tell you I'm  
(CONT'D) in love with another woman..I'm asking you for a divorce.

MARY: (SWEETLY) Well, darling, if you want a divorce, you can  
have one. I don't want to stand in the way of your  
happiness.

JACK: Now now, don't go to pieces, Cindy Lou, try to understand.

MARY: But I do understand, darling, and I'll explain it to our  
two children, Dimaggio and Greenberg.

JACK: That's Hogan and Snead...Now Cindy are you gonna give  
me a divorce or not?

MARY: Yes, ~~yes~~, I told you, yes.

JACK: Please, please, Cindy, let's not argue..be reasonable.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC)

KM

JACK: (FILTER) I FELT LIKE A HEEL FOR WHAT I HAD DONE TO MY WIFE...BUT I HURRIED BACK TO SEE GINGER...SHE WAS AT THE OFFICE WAITING FOR ME...INSTEAD OF A NURSE'S UNIFORM, SHE WAS WEARING A FRENCH BATHING SUIT...IT WASN'T <sup>conventional</sup> ETHICAL, BUT I DID MORE BUSINESS THAN SOUTH PACIFIC...I TOOK ONE FELLOW'S APPENDIX OUT EIGHT TIMES...I KNEW HE'D BE BACK SO I PUT A SWINGING DOOR ON HIS RIGHT SIDE...HOWEVER, I COULDN'T STAND THE STRAIN...I WANTED DESPERATELY TO BE ALONE WITH GINGER SO WE COULD TALK, AND I TRIED TO GET RID OF MY ASSISTANT, DOCTOR DAYSELDORF.

(REG. MIKE) Oh, Dr. Dayseldorf.

DENNIS:

Yes-sir. *Yah*

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

DENNIS:

Did you want me?

JACK:

Darn it, I missed him.

VEOLA:

It's all right, Snyzey, I told him all about us.

JACK:

Oh..then Dr. Dayseldorf, you know that I'm gonna leave my wife.

DENNIS:

*uh* Yah, yah..But what about your two lovely children, Taft and Hartley?

JACK:

*late* That's Hogan and Sneed...Ginger, I can hardly wait for the day when I can call you mine. *and we'll be together*

VEOLA:

Have you told your wife? *always*

KM



JACK: I tried to, but she took it so hard, I couldn't go through with it...I'll try again tonight.

(FILTER) I DREADED GOING HOME AND BREAKING THE NEWS TO CINDY...BUT IT HAD TO BE DONE, AND NOW...I HURRIED OUT TO THE STREET, RAN TO THE CURB, JUMPED DOWN INTO MY *new* HUDSON, AND DROVE HOME...WHEN I GOT HOME, I JUMPED UP OUT OF MY *new* HUDSON AND WENT INTO THE HOUSE..CINDY WAS SITTING IN THE LIVING ROOM. I COULD TELL SHE WAS LONELY BECAUSE SHE HAD BLOWN UP MY RUBBER GLOVE AND WAS SHAKING HANDS WITH IT...I WALKED IN AND SAID---

(REG. MIKE) Cindy, I'm back.

MARY: Huh..oh there you are.

JACK: Yes and stop pointing my finger at me...Cindy..Cindy.. this can't go on any longer...I'm in love with another woman and I want my freedom.

MARY: (IMPATIENTLY) For goodness sakes, I told you last night you could have it.

JACK: I can?

MARY: Yes and you can have the two children, Citation and Coaltown.

JACK: That's Hogan and Snead...Why can't you remember?

JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS A RELIEF TO KNOW THAT CINDY WOULD GIVE ME A DIVORCE..I WANTED TO TELL GINGER THE GOOD NEWS...I RUSHED OUT TO THE STREET, RAN TO THE CURB, JUMPED DOWN INTO MY *new* HUDSON AND ALMOST BROKE MY NECK..SOMEONE HAD STOLEN IT...SO I RAN ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE OFFICE... *avoid* AVOIDING HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD WHERE THEY WERE MAKING A PICTURE...AS I REACHED THE DOOR, I HEARD VOICES...I STOPPED AND LISTENED....

VEOLA: Sweetheart..kiss me again...and again...and again.

DENNIS: Three more kisses? Ach du lieber, put me down already.

JACK: (FILTER) I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS. THE GIRL FOR WHOM I GAVE UP CINDY, HOGAN, AND SNEAD, WAS A CHEAT...AND AND DR. DAYSELDORF, MY TRUSTED ASSISTANT, HAD DOUBLE-CROSSED ME...I OPENED THE DOOR AND WALKED IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) AHA!

DENNIS: LOOK, THE DOCTOR IS BACK, AND HE'S GOT A GUN.

VEOLA: SNYZEY, DON'T SHOOT...DON'T SHOOT! .. (LOUD SCREAM)

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

JACK: (FILTER) YES, I KILLED THEM BOTH .. IF ONLY MY SONS COULD HAVE BEEN HERE TO SEE ME. I HAD MADE A HOLE IN ONE... AS I LOOKED AT GINGER LYING THERE WITH THE BIG BULLET HOLE BETWEEN HER EYES, I WONDERED HOW I HAD EVER THOUGHT HER ATTRACTIVE.... AND THEN, I REALIZED I COULD NEVER LOVE ANYONE BUT CINDY LOU .. I RUSHED HOME TO THROW MYSELF AT HER FEET AND BEG HER FORGIVENESS ... WHEN I REACHED MY HOUSE, CINDY LOU WAS SURPRISED TO SEE ME.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hello, Cindy, I've come home...Home to stay.

MARY: (NERVOUSLY) Oh..oh, <sup>oh oh</sup> it's you, Meredith..I didn't expect you so soon.

JACK: Cindy, why are you acting so nervous...so strange?

MARY: Me strange?..I'm -- I'm -- <sup>well</sup> I'm not nervous.

JACK: Cindy, you're hiding something from me...Is there another man?

JD

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MARY: No no, nobody.

JACK: Then why are you standing in front of that closet door?...  
I'm going to----

MARY: No no, Meredith, please!

JACK: Get away, I said...I'm gonna open that door!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (FILTER) I OPENED THE DOOR AND MY SUSPICION WAS CONFIRMED...  
I BROKE OUT IN A COLD SWEAT...A BLINDING RAGE SWEEP' OVER ME..  
I SAW RED.

RED: *And you just don't look right come.*  
WHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSY JUNE! .

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Oh for heaven's sakes.. Skelton, get out of here,  
your show's not on till eight-thirty.

RED: And nine o'clock on the Pacific Coast.

JACK: What?

RED: Not only that. I'm making a picture on Hollywood Boulevard  
with Hogan and Snead.

JACK: ~~Oh, get out of here -- you try to read a book in your own~~  
livingroom and look what happens.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: GET OUT OF HERE, SKELTON. <sup>get out</sup> GET OUT OR I'LL TAKE THIS GUN  
AND --

ROCH: BOSS..BOSS..WAKE UP.

JACK: <sup>Boss Boss</sup>  
Huh?

*Jack I'll take this -  
gun I'll take*

ROCH: WAKE UP.

JACK: Rochester..Rochester...

ROCH: YOU FELL ASLEEP WHILE YOU WERE READING THAT BOOK.

JACK: Oh..Gee, I had the craziest dream....What were you <sup>do</sup> doing?

ROCH: I HAD THE RADIO ON, LISTENING TO RED SKELTON.

JACK: Oh well, that explains it...Goodnight, Rochester,  
I'm going to bed.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the nation's fight against Infantile Paralysis continues relentlessly. The March of Dimes has made this possible, but your contributions must keep rolling in, in order to continue the fight against Polio. Please send your dimes and dollars to your local March of Dimes Headquarters now. Join the March of Dimes.

Thank you

*Cut*

(APPLAUSE)

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

.(TAG)

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JACK:

*Thanks Red - and goodnight everybody.*  
Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to thank all our guest stars  
for being with us tonight ... Red Skelton, Ben Hogan, Sam  
Snead, Joe DiMaggio, Hank Greenberg, Pancho Gonzales, Jack  
Kramer, Max Baer, Herman Goetz, and Taft and Hartley.

(SINGS) THE SAME TIME,

THE SAME PLACE,

TOMORROW NIGHT

Come on, Dinah, let's go.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE)

DON:

BE SURE TO HEAR DENNIS DAY IN "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DENNIS"  
*Dr. Kesselberg for*  
DAY" ... STAY TUNED FOR THE AMOS 'N' ANDY SHOW WHICH FOLLOWS  
IMMEDIATELY....

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

JD

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
JANUARY 22, 1950  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

HIESTAND: Luckies are smoother!

SHARBUTT: Luckies are milder!

HIESTAND: Try them and you'll see -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky -- just the real, deep-down smoking enjoyment ... the mellow smoothness that only Luckies' fine tobacco can give you. Yes, it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and -- LS -- MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... tobacco that's ripe and light - that smokes smooth and mild. For at market after market, the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select and buy this kind of tobacco for your cigarette.

SHARBUTT: Just listen for a moment to what an expert says about the tobacco he's seen Lucky Strike buy. Mr. Ed Rogers, an independent tobacco auctioneer from Reidsville, North Carolina, recently said -

VOICE: Wherever I've auctioned, I've seen Lucky Strike buy ripe, smooth tobacco that shows the sunshine - the kind that's hard to beat for smoking quality. I've smoked Luckies for twelve years.

HIESTAND: So take a tip from an expert, and for your own, real deep-down smoking enjoyment, light up a Lucky. Every puff of the way you'll see -- there's never a rough puff in a Lucky! Next time ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

DS

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