

PROGRAM #4  
REVISED SCRIPT

# AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

HA

ATX01 0098413

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 63 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (VAMP)

---

GIRL: Now Venus is a gorgeous girl  
But life for her is rough,  
A statue simply cannot smoke  
A Lucky, puff by puff!

ORCH: (VAMP)

---

MAN: I drive a cab in my home town  
I know what people like,  
That milder, richer cigarette  
Whose name is Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Enjoy your cigarette. Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette -- Lucky Strike! For only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And, LS/MFT --- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...YESTERDAY, WE HAD REHEARSAL, ABOUT NOON JACK, PHIL, DENNIS, AND I WALKED ACROSS THE STREET TO THE CORNER DRUGSTORE FOR SOME LUNCH.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLY BELL...

MURMUR OF VOICES...FADE TO B.G.)

DENNIS: Gee, the drugstore's crowded today.

JACK: Yeah..I hope it doesn't take too long.

PHIL: (UP) Hey Merv ~~you~~ you got a table for us?

MEL: No, but there'll be one empty in a minute...Would you mind waiting?

PHIL: No, but bring a chair for the old man, he walked all the way across the street.

JACK: Stop being funny. For your information, Phil, every morning right after breakfast I walk five miles all over Beverly Hills.

DON: Why do you do that, Jack?

DENNIS: He's collecting rents.

JACK: That's only on the first of the month.

PHIL: ~~That's~~ <sup>Hey</sup> look, Jackson, as long as we have to wait, I wanta <sup>will you</sup> buy some things at the drug counter. Hold a seat for me.

HA

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JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES UP AND DOWN)

KEARNS: Well...what can I do for you, Mr. Harris?

PHIL: <sup>Look</sup> I want a large tube of toothpaste, some aspirin, a bottle of mouthwash, and a box of bobby pins.

KEARNS: Yes sir...what color is your wife's hair?

PHIL: Blonde, but she buys her own.

KEARNS: Very good, Mr. Harris, will there be anything else?

PHIL: <sup>Yeah, now let me see</sup> ~~What else do you want?~~...I better get some cough drops..I've had a tickling in my throat since last night.

KEARNS: Maybe it's a piece of cork...Now, what kind of cough drops do you want?

PHIL: Oh, I don't care...<sup>just</sup> give me a box of those that are made right here in L.A.

KEARNS: L.A.?

PHIL: Yeah, it says so right on the box..Los Angeles.

KEARNS: That's lozenges.

PHIL: Oh. <sup>oh</sup>

(SOUND: VOICES UP AND DOWN)

MEL: Your table is ready, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Okay...I'll get the others..(UP) Phil.

PHIL: (OFF) Right here, <sup>J</sup>ackson.

JACK: (UP) Dennis.

DENNIS: (OFF) <sup>oh</sup> Just a second, Mr. Benny...I'm weighing myself.

(SOUND: PENNY IN COIN SLOT..CLICK OF  
SCALE DELIVERING CARD)

HA

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JACK: (OFF) How much did you weigh, Dennis?

DENNIS: Three hundred and seventy pounds.

JACK: Three hundred and seventy pounds?

DENNIS: I invited Don to be my guest.

JACK: Well, what good is---Oh, never mind..Come on, kids, let's get to the table.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS

AS THEY SIT DOWN)

JACK: <sup>okay</sup> Mervyn, we're in a hurry to get back to rehearsal, so give us quick service, please.

MEL: Yes, Mr. Benny, I'll take the orders myself.

JACK: Good...what'll you have, fellows?

PHIL: I'll have a chicken sandwich on rye bread.

MEL: Yes sir...and you, Mr. Wilson?

DON: I'll have a small glass of tomato juice and a slice of whole wheat toast.

JACK: Don..Don..is that all you're eating?

DON: <sup>Yeah</sup> ~~Yes~~ Jack, I'm on a diet, and that's all I've had for three full days.

(SOUND: LOUD SCUFFLING OF CHAIR AND COUPLE  
OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Dennis, where are you going?

DENNIS: When he's that hungry, <sup>I don't</sup> I don't want to be close to him.

JACK: Oh, sit down.

HA

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

MEL: What will you have, Mr. Day?

DENNIS: I'll have a cucumber split.

JACK: <sup>a</sup> A cucumber split...what in the name of Duncan Hines is that?

DENNIS: <sup>well</sup> It's like a banana split only you use a cucumber.

JACK: Dennis...ice cream on a cucumber? That must taste awful.

DENNIS: <sup>ah</sup> Not if you peel it.

JACK: Well, his answer was all right, maybe my question was silly... How he can eat that, I don't know.

MEL: What will you have, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Let's see...I want to look at the sandwich list...  
Hamburger..cheese burger... chicken burger..onion burger...  
turkey burger...chili burger...<sup>max</sup> ~~burger-burger..Burger~~  
burger? What's that?

MEL: ~~That's the propeller.~~  
~~A slice of bread between two pieces of meat.~~

JACK: ~~Hmm...that sounds kinda messy.~~

MEL: ~~Instead of a napkin we give you rubber gloves.~~

JACK: ~~Oh...it's too warm to wear a glove.~~ <sup>I -- V --</sup> Gee, I don't know what to order.

DENNIS: Why don't you try a cucumber split?

JACK: Dennis, if I live to be a hundred, I'll never eat a thing like that...it sounds horrible.

DENNIS: If you haven't tried it, don't knock it.

HA

JACK: Oh, keep quiet...Gee, I don't know what to eat...I just haven't any appetite...<sup>Gee</sup>I haven't felt like eating all day.

PHIL: Don't take it personally, Jackson, they raised everybody's taxes today.

JACK: I know, I know...Mervyn, I'll have a bacon and tomato sandwich.

MEL: Yes sir...what will you gentlemen have to drink?

JACK: Coffee for me.

DENNIS: I'll have a Coca Cola.

PHIL: Bring me three fingers of milk.

JACK: Phil...Phil...three fingers of milk?

PHIL: I'm on the wagon, ~~Jackson~~, but I don't want to forget how to order.

JACK: Oh..oh.

PHIL: Oh, by the way, Jackson, Remley asked me to thank you for the raise you gave him.

JACK: That's all right, Phil...Any time your music is improved I appreciate it.

DON: Why, Jack, what did Frankie do?

JACK: He broke his arm and <sup>he</sup>can't play...what a nice guy.

DON: How did Frankie break his arm, Phil?

PHIL: Well, we were having a little party at Bagby's house and it was a warm night, so Frankie ran out and took a dive in the pool.

JACK: Oh...no water in the pool, eh?

PHIL: No pool.

HA



JACK: Well, no wonder he broke his arm.

PHIL: He didn't do that till the third dive.

JACK: What?

PHIL: He swam around the back yard like a mole.

JACK: Oh, fine.

MEL: Here's your food, gentlemen.

(SOUND: FOOD PUT ON TABLE)

JACK: Thanks...Now <sup>eat --</sup>let's eat fast, kids, so we can get back to rehearsal.

DON: <sup>ah</sup>Jack, look who's walking over here.

JACK: Why, it's Mr. Kitzel.

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Sit down, Mr. Kitzel, have some lunch with us.

ARTIE: <sup>no thank you.</sup> ~~No thanks...~~ <sup>ate</sup> I already ~~ate~~...I had the blue plate special..  
Hoo, Hah, a bargain.

HA

JACK: *You mean... you...*  
"You didn't like it?"

ARTIE: Who could like it..such small portions they give you..six  
green beans..two potato chips..and a piece of steak J.  
Edgar Hoover couldn't find it.

JACK: Well, *that's* that's too bad.

ARTIE: Too bad..If it wasn't for the dessert, the whole meal  
would be awful.

JACK: Oh..what did you have for dessert?

ARTIE: A cucumber split.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you didn't---Well, maybe it's good, *I don't know.*

ARTIE: Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny. I gotta run along now. I ~~have~~ *got*  
to pick up my boy and take him to his Scout meeting.

JACK: *ah*  
"Oh, is your son a Boy Scout?"

ARTIE: Is he a Boy Scout! *You know, only two weeks ago he joined*  
~~He joined only two weeks ago and~~  
*and* When I asked him, "What did you learn?"...he rubbed ~~two~~ *together*  
~~two~~ sticks together and burned ~~the house down~~ *down the whole*  
*house.*

JACK: Burned down the house!

ARTIE: *ah-ha*  
"When the firemen came, he helped them across the street.

JACK: No.

ARTIE: *ah-ha*  
"And with his little knife he carved "Be Prepared" in their  
fire hose.

JACK: Oh Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My...Well, goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: So long, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, fellows, we better get going, too. We've got a lot of rehearsing to do..

MEL: Here's your check, gentlemen.

DENNIS: <sup>Oh - -</sup> I'll take it, fellows, I think it's my turn.

PHIL: No no, Dennis..it's my turn.

DON: <sup>No - -</sup> No no, Phil, it's my turn.

JACK: No no, Don..it's Phil's turn....I keep track of these things...Now come on, let's go...Dennis, what are you doing at the juke box?

DENNIS: One of my songs is on it and I wanta play it.

JACK: Well, go ahead..and then come right to the studio.

DENNIS: Okay. <sup>Got a nickel?</sup>

JACK: <sup>no, now</sup> Let's go, fellows..

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG.."THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>Don</sup> Don, have you got the scripts there?

DON: Yes, Jack.

PHIL: Come on, Jack~~son~~, I wanta get home..let's get rehearsal started.

JACK: Phil, we can't, Mary isn't here yet.

DON: Is there anything wrong with her?

JACK: I don't know, I hope she's feeling all right.

PHIL: How'd she look this morning when you collected her rent?

JACK: She was all right..She was a little concerned about the controls going off, but then I don't blame <sup>you know</sup> her. I'm going to call her up and see what's keeping her.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK  
OF RECEIVER FADING TO BUZZ BUZZ OF  
SWITCHBOARD.)

BEA: Oh, Mable..

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah..I wonder what "Born To Be Bad" wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny...Yes sir...I'll see if she's home.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

BEA: He wants I should get him Mary Livingstone...I'll try her number.

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SARA: Say, Gertrude..do you think there's a romance between Mr. Benny and Miss Livingstone?

BEA: Could be..on the first program of the season I saw Mary wearing an orchid he gave her.

SARA: <sup>well</sup>What makes you so sure Mr. Benny gave it to her?

BEA: It's the same one he let me wear on New Year's, he keeps it in a deep freeze.

SARA: Come to think of it, Gertrude, there could be something between Jack and Mary because Thursday night when I was at the Mocambo I saw them there together.

BEA: Gee..you were at the Mocambo?

SARA: Yeah.

BEA: Who took you?

SARA: Nobody, I went stag.

BEA: Oh.....Well, you're not ahead of me..I went to the Mocambo once, too..and with Jack..Jack Benny.

SARA: Then you didn't go stag.

BEA: No, I went dutch...Say, you know, Mable, you should see the change that's come over him since he came back from Europe..He's so continental..Now when he sees you, he bends from the waist and kisses you hand.

SARA: My, how romantic.

BEA: Yeah, but you gotta straighten him up fast or he stays that way all evening.

SARA: Aw Gertrude, you're kidding.

TR

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BEA: No, it happened the night we went to the Mocambo.

SARA: And he was bent over all evening? How could you dance with him?

BEA: It was awful..When the music started, he came at me like a U.S.C. fullback.

SARA: Gee, if you hadn't played for Notre Dame, you'da been in trouble

BEA: Yeah.

JACK: Operator...Operator..

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK)

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. B., but Miss Livingstone's line doesn't answer.

JACK: Oh..well, never mind, I'll call her later.

(Applause) (SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, fellows, Mary's phone doesn't answer..I wonder where she is.

DENNIS: Maybe she was drafted.

JACK: Oh, be quiet ...Look, fellows let's rehearse until she--

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny, you're wanted on the phone in the hall.

JACK: Excuse me, fellows, maybe that's Mary.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR CLOSES..COUPLE  
FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, <sup>Mr. Benny</sup>BOSS, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester..what is it?

ROCH: BRACE YOURSELF, BOSS..I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU.

JACK: What is it, Rochester, what is it?

ROCH: YOUR CAR HAS BEEN STOLEN.

~~JACK: My car. stolen?~~

~~ROCH: OH-HUH.~~

JACK: My car..<sup>stolen</sup>~~it's gone~~..this is awful!

ROCH: THERE'S TWO SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT ON THAT.

JACK: Rochester..I'm in no mood for ~~practical~~ jokes..Is my car  
really stolen?

ROCH: YES, BOSS, IT'S GONE.

JACK: <sup>oh</sup>This is terrible..Just yesterday I put in five gallons of  
gas....Ethel yet....Oh, my goodness.

ROCH: WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, BOSS?

JACK: Don't worry, Rochester, I'll get my car back..the Beverly  
Hills police are on their toes.

ROCH: THEY COULD BE ON THEIR KNEES AND CATCH THAT CAR.

JACK: Never mind..Just meet me at the Police station..Goodbye.

ROCH: GOOOODBYE.

(Applause)

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN..FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..  
COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

TR

DON: <sup>well</sup> Was that Mary, Jack?

JACK: No, Don, it was Rochester...what do you think happened, fellows?

DON: What?

JACK: My car was stolen.

DENNIS: Your car?

JACK: Yes.

DENNIS: Gee, and only yesterday you drove me home and made me put in five gallons of gas.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: Ethel, yet.

JACK: All right, all right...Now look, fellows, rehearsal is off... I've gotta get down to the police station...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR SLAMS)

DON: Now where's the quartet? Oh, Sportsmen...Sportsmen...

QUART: HMMMMMM

DON: Did you hear the news? Someone stole Mr. Benny's car....

QUART: SOMEONE STOLE JACK BENNY'S CAR  
AND DROVE IT RIGHT AWAY,  
IT MAKES US FEEL SO VERY SAD  
WE JUST CAN'T HELP BUT SAY.....  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

BS



MEL: PEOPLE CALL ME MAD MAN MUNTZ  
WITH THEM I CAN'T AGREE  
THE GUY WHO STOLE JACK BENNY'S CAR  
IS CRAZIER THAN ME.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

DENNIS: (AS COLMAN) MY NAME IS RONALD COLMAN  
AND I LIVE NEXT DOOR TO JACK  
I HOPE THE MAN WHO STOLE THAT CAN  
WILL NEVER BRING IT BACK.

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

MARTY: MY NAME IS MR. CASSIDY  
TO YOU I'M KNOWN AS HOPPY  
MY HORSE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHO'D STEAL  
THAT BROKEN DOWN JALLOPY.

QUART: BE HOPPY, GO LUCKY  
BE HOPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HOPPY, GO LUCKY  
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(VAMP)

BS

MEL: MY NAME IS WOODY WOODPECKER  
I LAUGH THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH  
AND SINCE THEY STOLE JACK BENNY'S CAR  
I'VE GOT A REASON TO...(WOODY WOODPECKER LAUGH)

QUART: BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY STRIKE  
BE HAPPY, GO LUCKY  
GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: STREET NOISES)

JACK: Well, here it is..Beverly Hills Police Station...What a classy place...look at that sign over the door..."Through these portals pass the toughest policemen in the world. Uniforms by Adrian." ..Well, I better go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..LIGHT BABBLE OF VOICES)

JACK: I wonder where I...Oh, there's a girl at that desk. I better ask her.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Oh, Miss --

BLANCHE: Yes?

JACK: I'd like to report a stolen car.

BLANCHE: Do you have an appointment?

JACK: No no.. I just want to report a stolen car.

BLANCHE: Well, we're not very busy today, perhaps we can work you in.

JACK: <sup>well</sup> Good, good.

BLANCHE: You may go to the office on the right and see Sergeant Vandermeer.

JACK: <sup>well</sup> Thank you.

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

JACK: Sergeant Vandermeer?

GORDON: Yes?

JACK: I'd like to report that my car was stolen.

GORDON: Do you live in Beverly Hills?

BS

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JACK: Yes, yes, I do.

GORDON: What kind of a Cadillac was it?

JACK: Well...it isn't a Cadillac...it's--

GORDON: A Lincoln?

JACK: Well...

GORDON: Come come, Mister, what kind of a car is it?

JACK: <sup>It's</sup> A....a....a Maxwell...

GORDON: From what country.

JACK: No, no, <sup>you see</sup> it was made in this country...that is..well, they don't make them any more...Although, the factory is still in existance...they make pencil sharpeners...They had some cranks left over so it was easy to convert.

GORDON: I see...Now tell me, from where was your car stolen?

JACK: Well --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BOSS --

JACK: Oh, hello, Rochester.

ROCH: THE GIRL AT THE DESK TOLD ME YOU WERE IN HERE.

JACK: Oh, Sergeant, this is my butler, Rochester Van Jones. He discovered the theft.

GORDON: (OVER-ACTING) Oh, the butler, eh? Sit down, Mr. Van Jones.

ROCH: HUH?

GORDON: Now, recount, in your own words the events of the entire day.

ROCH: WELL....

JACK: Don't be nervous, Rochester, I'll stand behind you.

BS

ROCH: WELL...MR. BENNY LEFT THE HOUSE AT TEN O'CLOCK...HE CALLED ME OUT OF MY ROOM AND SAID, "ROCHESTER, I'LL BE GONE ALL DAY SO I WANT YOU TO CLEAN THE KITCHEN, BEAT THE RUGS, WASH THE WINDOWS, POLISH THE STOVE, WAX THE FLOORS, AND PRESS MY CLOTHES."

JACK: That's right, that's right...I remember telling him to do all those things and I left at ten o'clock.

GORDON: Now, Rochester, where were you at ten-fifteen?

ROCH: BACK IN MY ROOM, ASLEEP!

JACK: Asleep! Rochester --

GORDON: Quiet <sup>quiet</sup> Mr. Benny. Tell me, Rochester, when did you first discover that the car was stolen.

ROCH: I HEARD THE MOTOR AS IT WENT OUT THE DRIVEWAY.

GORDON: (OVER-ACTING) Oohh...I see...you were sleeping...but you just happened to wake up in time to hear the motor.

ROCH: I DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN TO WAKE UP, IT THREW ME OUT OF BED.

GORDON: Now, look here --

JACK: Just a minute, Sergeant, you're suspecting the wrong man.

GORDON: (LOSING CONTROL) Yes...yes, I guess I am..It always happens.

For twenty years I've been listening to mystery programs on the radio and it's always the butler, always the butler.. they drive you nuts! (HYSTERICAL) Why do I keep listening to them...why...I ask you..why...why...why? ... *why... why?*

JACK: Sergeant..control yourself.

GORDON: Yes..yes..I must control myself. Now, where were we? Oh *yes*, yes, your car was stolen. I have it here on the report... Make...Maxwell.

JACK: That's right.

GORDON: Will you give me a description, please.

JACK: Well..it has a black body, <sup>with</sup> blue fenders...that is, two of them are blue and one is green.

GORDON: What about the fourth one?

JACK: <sup>Well</sup> The color of that one changes, it's made out of lizard skin.

GORDON: Any other identification?

JACK: Well, there's a fox tail hanging rather casually <sup>over the -- you know</sup> from the radiator cap...and..now let me see.. What else?...Oh yes -- the top goes up and down, <sup>you see.</sup>

GORDON: Oh, a convertible.

ROCH: NO, THE TOP JUST GOES UP AND DOWN!

JACK: That's right...You see we have no windshield to fasten it to and it's uncomfortable wearing that chin-strap.

GORDON: We better not waste any more time, Mr. Benny.. Now, if you'll just follow me we'll go down to the radio room and report the theft to our prowler cars. Just follow me.

JACK: Come on, Rochester. <sup>(Sound: door opens... Footsteps) Gee, look at the pictures on the wall. Billings, Pettit, Roy Floyd -- Oh</sup>  
~~(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)~~ <sup>look, there's a picture of my agent.</sup>

JACK: Gee, I hope I get ~~it back~~ <sup>my car back.</sup>

GORDON: Don't worry, Mr. Benny, we'll not only locate your car..but we'll apprehend the criminals. You see, we'll take fingerprints off the steering wheel.

JACK: Maybe you oughta get the fingerprints off the door handle.

GORDON: Why?

ROCH: WE HAVEN'T GOT A STEERING WHEEL!

GORDON: But that's ridiculous. What do you do when you get to a corner?...How do you make a turn?

ROCH: WE JUMP OUT AND KICK THE FRONT WHEEL!

JACK: Rochester--

ROCH: WHEN WE GET TO CARTHAY CIRCLE WE GO CRAZY.

JACK: Rochester, please--

GORDON: Well, here's the radio room. <sup>oh,</sup> ~~But,~~ before we go in, Mr. Benny, have you thought of a reward?

JACK: Well...no...if I just get my car back it will be enough.

GORDON: Very well. This way.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Calling all cars...calling all cars.. Go to 700 North REXFORD...See the man about a disturbance. This is Johnson, that is all.

<sup>Lewis</sup>  
~~REXFORD~~: Calling all cars...Calling all cars.. Go to the corner of Doheny and Wilshire...Code 62...Carey speaking, that is all.

GORDON: Now, Mr. Benny, which one of our announcers would you prefer to broadcast the information about your missing car. Lieutenant Johnson or Sergeant Carey?

JACK: What's the difference?

GORDON: Sergeant Carey has a higher Hooper...more of our prowl cars listen to him.

JACK: <sup>Really popular</sup> Really popular, eh?

GORDON: Popular! CBS wants to star him in a program called "People Are Crooked."

JACK: Well, what do you know.. Sergeant, tell him to send out the alarm about my car.

GORDON: Certainly...Here, Carey, add this one to your list.

KEARNS: Yes sir.. Calling all cars...calling all cars...Keep a look-out for these stolen vehicles. Hudson...License number W-Y-7, 4, 6, 9.. Cadillac..D..E..3, 3, 2, 7... Maxwell...P-U, 8, 0, 5, 4.

JACK: Gee, I hope they find it soon.

~~KEARNS:~~ <sup>Lewis:</sup> That is all...Goodnight, Irene.

JACK: Gosh, if I don't get my car back I don't know what I'm gonna--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Oh, Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny!

JACK: Dennis, what are you doing here?

DENNIS: <sup>ah</sup> I had to see you, Mr. Benny. Are you sure somebody stole your car?

JACK: Of course I'm sure. Why?

DENNIS: Well, when I left the studio I went home.

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: <sup>And</sup> When I went into the house, I said, "Hello, Mother, somebody stole Mr. Benny's car." And then it happened.

JACK: What happened?

DENNIS: She filled me full of black coffee, put an ice bag on my head and called Alcoholics Anonymous.

JACK: Alcoholics Anonymous.

DENNIS: I go to my first meeting next Tuesday.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I could go on Thursdays but I'd rather go with Phil.

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JACK: Well, you can tell your mother that --

MEL: (ON FILTER) Car 28 calling in...Car 28 calling in.

GORDON: This may be it, Mr. Benny, this report may concern your car.

JACK: Oh, good good.

GORDON: Okay, car 28, come in.

MEL: (FILTER) We found the Maxwell. License number...  
P - U, 8, 0, 5, 4.

JACK: That's it, that's it!

MEL: (FILTER) The car was found at 360 North Camden Drive.

JACK: That's my house.

MEL: (FILTER) They brought it back!

JACK: Rochester, did you hear that?...They brought it back, they brought it back!

ROCH: THIS IS THE THIRD TIME!

JACK: Yeah.

GORDON: Quiet, <sup>quiet</sup> please. Tell me, car 28, did you apprehend the criminals?

MEL: (FILTER) ONLY THE ONE THAT WAS LIMPING. THE OTHER ONE GOT AWAY.

GORDON: YOU SAY ONE OF THEM WAS LIMPING?...DID YOU SHOOT HIM?

MEL: (FILTER) NO, HIS TOE WAS BROKEN FROM KICKING THE FRONT WHEEL.

JACK: WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT...THEY MUST HAVE GONE BY WAY OF CARTHAY CIRCLE...COME ON, ROCHESTER, LET'S GO HOME.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, stop fires -- save jobs.  
Remember that jobs as well as buildings go up in smoke.  
Fires destroy foodstuffs and materials we need to raise  
our production higher than ever before. Heed all fire  
regulations. Put out burning matches and cigarettes  
before discarding them. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

HA

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: In science and biology  
In math and chemistry  
There never was a formula  
Like LS/MFT!

ORCH: (VAMP)

GIRL: Yes, Luckies get our loudest cheers  
On campus and on dates.  
With college gals and college guys  
A Lucky really rates.

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (SHORT CLOSE)

(MORE)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1950  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) Yes, Friends -- Be Happy --  
Go Lucky! Enjoy your cigarette. For Luckies always  
give you perfect mildness. In fact, scientific tests,  
confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories,  
prove Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal  
brand. And together with mildness, you always get  
rich taste, too ... all the deep-down smoking  
enjoyment that comes from truly fine tobacco. For,  
IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So,  
friends, Be Happy -- Go Lucky! Try a carton of  
Lucky Strike!

CHCRUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky Strike  
Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Go Lucky Strike today! (LONG CLOSE)

(TAG)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Look, Rochester, the thieves did bring my car back. There it is in front of the house.

ROCH: YEAH.

JACK: Gee, I hope they didn't damage it .. Jump in, Rochester, and see if it'll start.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: CLANK OF DOOR CLOSING..STARTER...

MEL DOES COUGHING BIT...MOTOR CATCHES

AND RUNS)

JACK: Listen to it, Rochester...Listen.

ROCH: YEAH, BOSS, IT'S JUST AS GOOD AS ~~ME~~ EVER ~~WAS~~.

JACK: It certainly is .. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: Be sure to hear Dennis Day in "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day" ... Stay tuned for the Amos and Andy Show which follows immediately.....

THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

HA

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