

PROGRAM #25  
REVISED SCRIPT

# AS BROADCAST

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1951

C B S

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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ATX01 0180574

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1951  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

RIGGS: (CHANT -- 65 to 68 -- SOLD AMERICAN)

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

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

ORCH: (VAMP)

MAN: If smoking joy is what you want  
Please don't delay a day  
Enjoy the better taste you get  
In Luckies right away!

(SAYS) No doubt about it - Luckies taste better than  
any other cigarette!

GIRL: My man and I, we both agree  
On Lucky Strike, you see,  
For we know fine tobacco counts  
And -- L. S. M. F. T. !

(SAYS) Ummm ... Luckies taste better than any other  
cigarette!

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

(CONT'D)

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1951  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: Friends, Luckies taste better than any other cigarette.  
Yes, with every Lucky you light you always get that  
happy blending of real mildness and rich true taste that  
means more smoking enjoyment for you. Remember, fine  
tobacco and only fine tobacco can give you this perfect  
combination and LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.  
That's why Luckies taste better than any other cigarette.  
So if you're not completely happy with your present  
brand, if you've found it either tasteless or too strong,  
switch to Lucky Strike and get complete smoking enjoyment -  
yes, Be Happy - Go Lucky because Luckies taste better  
than any other cigarette.

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

SHARBUTT: Remember, Luckies taste better than any other cigarette.

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(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 US GO BACK TO YESTERDAY ... THE BENNY REHEARSAL HAS JUST FINISHED AND PHIL IS DRIVING JACK HOME IN HIS NEW CONVERTIBLE.

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND CAR GOING ... FADE  
AND SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee, this is a swell car, Phil ... really a beaut.

PHIL: Glad you like it, Dad. It's the newest thing.

JACK: Boy, what a car! *you've got* ... And look at all the accessories on it...  
Phil ... what's this button here marked "H.C."?

PHIL: *oh* That's the ventilator ... Hot and Cold.

JACK: Gosh ... and what's this one, *here* "B. L."?

PHIL: That's the lights .. Bright and Low.

JACK: Gee ... *what a car* And what's this thing marked "D. B."? *defrost button?*

PHIL: *no* Draft Beer.

JACK: Beer?

PHIL: Yeah .. here .. hold this glass under it and press it.

JACK: *the button* ... Okay.

(SOUND: DRAFT BEER INTO GLASS)

JACK: Holy Smoke!

PHIL: Now press the button next to it.

JACK: All right.

(SOUND: HISSING OF AIR.)

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JACK: Well, I'll be darned .. You've even got a gadget to blow the foam off ... What a car.

PHIL: And say, Jackson ... <sup>look --</sup> look down at the gas pedal.

JACK: ... Well, <sup>isn't that cute</sup> ~~what do you know~~ ... a little brass rail ... You know, Phil, I should have expected something like this. When I got in the car I came through swinging doors ... <sup>hey</sup> watch it, Phil, don't drive so fast.

PHIL: Sit back, Jackson, and enjoy your beer. You'll find the pretzels in the glove compartment.

JACK: I don't want any pretzels .. and you better stop .. there's a red light.

PHIL: I see it, I see it.

(SOUND: BRAKES AND CAR STOPS)

JOHNNY: HERE Y'ARE, GETCHA EVENING PAPER, GETCHA EVENING PAPER.

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) Hey, look at that headline ... "U.N. FORCES ADVANCE".

JOHNNY: Paper, Mister?

JACK: No thanks .. Gee .. "ROUGH AND TUMBLE WINS SANTA ANITA DERBY".

JOHNNY: Don't you want a paper, Mister?

JACK: No thanks ... "DARING DAYLIGHT PAYROLL ROBBERY".

JOHNNY: Look, Mister, if you like, I'll get in the back seat and read it to you.

JACK: No no, you have to be over twenty-one to get in this car ... Drive on, Phil.

(SOUND: CAR STARTS ... FADES TO B.G.)

JACK: I gotta hand it to you, Phil .. <sup>though</sup> this is really some automobile

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PHIL: Yeah .. of course after I got the car I put in all them gadgets myself.

JACK: Oh .. Well, how much did the car cost?

PHIL: I don't know, Alice never told me.

JACK: Oh, Alice bought the car .. Well, is it in your name or hers?

PHIL: To be honest, <sup>with you</sup> Jackson, I don't know how she registered it.

JACK: Well, who has the pink slip?

PHIL: ~~hell~~ To tell you the truth, I --- Wait a minute .. Hey Jackson, throw me that line again, will you?

JACK: I said, who has the <sup>pink</sup> -- Phil, you're passing my house.

PHIL: Oh, yeah yeah.

(SOUND: SQUEAL OF BRAKES AS CAR STOPS)

PHIL: Well, so long.

JACK: But Phil, you didn't answer me ... Who has the pink slip?

PHIL: Let it go, Jackson, you've got too much talent to be a straight man ... So long, ~~lad~~.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: CAR DRIVING OFF)

JACK: Gee, <sup>Phil sure has</sup> ~~that sure is~~ a beautiful car ... It's a new Hudson .. the kind you fall down into.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT .. SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM") ..... Gee, my front yard looks nice... The turnips are coming up .. the lettuce is almost ready to pick .. and the rhubarb makes such a nice hedge ... ~~I sure~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~beat all those injunctions the neighbors got out ... They had~~ <sup>spring I think I'll</sup> ~~their nerve trying to --~~

MEL: (MOOS LIKE COW)

JACK: Easy, Bossy, Easy. <sup>mil cow</sup>

(SOUND: FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS .. UP STEPS ... DOOR BUZZER..

MO PAUSE .. DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh Gee, it's sure good to get —

ROCH: OH HELLO MR. BENNY, YOU'RE HOME EARLY.

JACK: Yeah, yeah, Rochester. Say, how come you're sprawled out on the couch? Did you have a hard day?

ROCH: WELL —

JACK: Did you clean out the closets like I told you to?

ROCH: WELL, AFTER YOU LEFT THIS MORNING, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF I VACUUMED THE RUGS FIRST.

JACK: Oh, vacuumed the — Rochester, the rugs don't look as though they were cleaned.

ROCH: WELL . . . BEFORE I GOT TO THAT, I STARTED THINKIN' THAT THE FURNITURE OUGHT TO BE DUSTED.

JACK: Oh, oh, so you dusted the furniture.

ROCH: WELL . . . I WAS JUST ABOUT TO, WHEN I GOT TO THINKIN' HOW DIRTY THE WINDOWS WERE.

JACK: Yeah, they were awfully dirty. I'm glad you cleaned them.

ROCH: THAT WAS MY INTENTION.

JACK: What?

ROCH: THEN I STARTED THINKIN' THAT I OUGHT TO WASH THE WOODWORK.

JACK: But the woodwork<sup>K</sup> is still dirty.

ROCH: I KNOW, AFTER ALL THAT THINKIN' I WAS A WRECK.

JACK: Well, this house is a mess .. Why didn't you at least scrub the floors?

ROCH: I DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT THAT.

JACK: Look, Rochester, I don't mind your skipping <sup>the</sup> your chores once in awhile ... but I've told you a thousand times that you must dust the piano every day.

ROCH: WHY ARE YOU SO PARTICULAR ABOUT THE PIANO?

JACK: Supposing the Colman's dropped in here unexpectedly and saw dust all over it .. They'd never lend it to me again ... They're mad enough at me now ... They're taking their milk from Adohr ... So when I ask you to do something, I wish you'd --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... PAUSE ... RINGS AGAIN)

JACK: Rochester, why don't you answer the phone?

ROCH: I'M THINKIN' ABOUT IT.

JACK: Never mind, I'll answer it.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS .. COUPLE FOOTSTEPS .. RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello?

PHIL: Hey Jackson, ask me that question again.

JACK: What?

PHIL: I couldn't stand it any longer. Go ahead .. ask me.

JACK: All right, all right ... Who has the pink slip?

PHIL: Alice, I wear a blue one ... HA HA HA HA ... OH HARRIS, THE BEER MAY BE IN YOUR CAR, BUT THE HEAD IS ON YOUR SHOULDERS ...  
~~Goodbye~~  
SO LONG, STRAIGHT MAN. *So long.*

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye! *Goodbye.*

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

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JACK: Hmm ... Serves me right for answering the phone ... I thought it was Mary.

ROCH: BY THE WAY, BOSS, HOW IS MISS LIVINGSTONE?

JACK: Oh, she has a little touch of the flu but she's getting better .. Say Rochester, I think I'll have dinner at home tonight ... What's in the ice box?

ROCH: I'LL TAKE A LOOK.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS .. REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: ~~HOW~~ LET'S SEE ...

(SOUND: TINKLE OF BOTTLES)

ROCH: TURNIPS .. LETTUCE .. RHUBARB .. AND FORTY GALLONS OF MILK.

JACK: Oh .. Is there any meat in there?

ROCH: IF YOU WANTA COUNT MY ARM, YES.

JACK: Oh stop .. I think I'll just have some --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: There's someone at the door. I'll get it, you <sup>just</sup> stand there and think.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS TO "TENNESSEE WALTZ") We were dancing to the music of the Tennessee Waltz .. When I stepped on Arthur Murray's big toe ... Da da da de, da da da de ..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: ~~Hi~~ Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis ... Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Dennis, I thought I just said goodbye to you a few minutes ago at rehearsal.

DENNIS: I know, but there was something I forgot to ask you.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Will it be all right if I miss rehearsal next Saturday?

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JACK: I guess so ... Why?

DENNIS: I'm gonna commit suicide.

JACK: ... Suicide?

DENNIS: I may miss the broadcast, too.

JACK: Dennis ... Dennis, look at me.

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: Dennis .. How could you get such a crazy idea ~~like~~ <sup>it</sup> -- I mean, why would you want to commit suicide?

DENNIS: <sup>well</sup> My girl friend told me she was through with me.

JACK: Oh .. well maybe she was just teasing you.

DENNIS: No, she meant it all right ... She returned my engagement ring, my fraternity pin, and my skate key.

JACK: Your skate key?

DENNIS: <sup>oh</sup> We've been going together for a long time.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: Goodbye, Mr. Benny, it's been nice knowing you.

JACK: DENNIS, COME BACK HERE.

DENNIS: Huh?

JACK: That's enough of that silly talk ... and you're not going to commit suicide.

DENNIS: I'm not?

JACK: Certainly not. You and your girl just had a little quarrel .. you'll probably make up with her.

DENNIS: Yeah ... I guess you're right .. Can I use your phone?

JACK: Sure ... Are you going to call your girl?

DENNIS: No, Forest Lawn, I want to cancel my reservation.

JACK: Look Dennis, you don't have to call them ... If you don't show up after a week or so, they'll know you've changed your mind, *I'm sure.*

(DENNIS: Gee, this is the third time, they'll think I'm fickle.

JACK: Yeah, fickle, fickle ... Now Dennis, at rehearsal we were too busy to go over your song, but I'd like to hear it now ... What are you going to sing?

DENNIS: "Heaven Can Wait".

JACK: Now cut that out .. And answer me sensibly ... What are you gonna sing?

DENNIS: *It's a recording of mine - - -*  
"B'Gilly, B'Golly, B'Gorah".

JACK: All right, go ahead .. Sometimes he drives me crazy.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG ... "B'GILLY, B'GOLLY, B'GORRAH")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: <sup>Dennis</sup> "Dennis, that was very good.

DENNIS: Thank you.

JACK: You know, I can't understand you, kid .. You come in here and talk .. and when you talk, you sound so ridiculous ... Then you sing ... and when you sing ... you're a completely different person .. What are you -- a Doctor Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde?

DENNIS: Uh huh, and each one has his own show.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: The doctor's on another network.

JACK: Hmm .. Maybe it's me ... Maybe I ask the wrong questions... Maybe I shouldn't have had that glass of beer ... I don't know.

DENNIS: <sup>Mr.</sup> Mr. Benny, do you mind if I go home now?

JACK: No, kid, believe me, I don't mind.

DENNIS: Goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye .. Oh by the way, Dennis, <sup>say, I want to ask you --</sup> didn't you just finish a personal appearance in Las Vegas?

DENNIS: Uh huh ... I played two weeks at the Last Frontier Hotel. And you wanta know something, Mr. Benny?

JACK: What?

DENNIS: They paid me more money for two weeks than you pay me in a whole year.

JACK: Well certainly, Dennis, but for me you only have to sing one song.

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DENNIS: I know, but I have to get up so early to milk your cow.

JACK: Dennis --

DENNIS: Then I have to sing to her to keep her contented.

JACK: Dennis, go home, will you?

DENNIS: Okay ... Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: What a kid <sup>I wonder --</sup>! I wonder what they did pay him for playing in Las Vegas ... I remember they offered me --- OH, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: What was that offer I had from the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas?

ROCH: FIFTY CENTS A BUNDLE, ROUGH DRY.

JACK: I don't mean that ... Remember the time they --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ... COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Come on in and -- Oh, Mel Blanc, you're here too.

MEL: (MOOLY) Yeah ...

JACK: Come on in, fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DON: Jack .. after you left rehearsal, Mel told me he had a great idea for a commercial on the show ... Isn't that right, Mel?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: A commercial?

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MEL: Yeah.

DON: In fact, he's been working on the idea for several weeks now...  
haven't you, Mel?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: What is this idea?

DON: Well, you know, Jack, Mel made a recording of "I Taut <sup>I</sup> Taw  
A Puddy Tat", and he thinks that it would make a very good  
commercial ...

JACK: Really?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Well okay, Mel ... let's hear this song of yours ... Have you  
got the music with you?

MEL: No.

~~Jack:~~ *Oh.*  
DON: But he can sing it from memory.

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Well go ahead, Mel ... let's hear it.

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MEL: I AM A WITTLE TINY BIRD  
MY NAME IS TWEETY PIE  
I WIV INSIDE MY BIRD TAGE  
A HANGIN' WAY UP HIGH.  
I WIKE TO SWING UPON MY PERCH  
AND SING MY WITTLE SONG  
BUT THERE'S A TAT WHO'S AFTER ME  
AND WON'T WET ME AWONE.  
I TAWT I TAW A PUDDY TAT  
A TWEEPIN' UP ON ME.  
I DID I TAW A PUDDY TAT  
AS PWAIN AS HE TOULD BE.  
  
I TAWT I TAW A WUCKY STWIKE  
A IAYIN' THERE BY ME  
I DID I TAW A WUCKY STWIKE  
AS PWAIN AS IT TOULD BE.  
SO WOUND AND FIRM AND FUWY PACKED  
AND EASY ON THE DRAW.  
SO VERY MILD AND TASTY TOO  
THE BEST I EVER SAW.  
WITH BIRDS WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST  
IT'S LUCKIES TWO TO ONE.  
THERE'S NO WUFF PUFF, NO PUFF IS WUFF  
NOT EVEN IN A TON.

(C O N T I N U E D)

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TEL:  
(CONTD)

I WISH THAT MR. BENNY'D LET  
ME TAKE DON'S PLACE SOME DAY.

I'D HOP RIGHT UP ON THAT OLD MIKE  
AND HERE'S WHAT I WOULD SAY.

(SPEAKS) Friends, if you're not happy with your present  
cigarette, it's time to change to Lucky Strike, because  
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. That's why Luckies  
taste better than any other cigarette. So be happy, Go  
Lucky. Make your next carton Lucky Strike ...

(SINGS) BE HAPPY, GO WUCKY  
BE HAPPY, GO WUCKY STWIKE.  
BE HAPPY, GO WUCKY

GO WUCKY STWIKE TO ~~THE~~

(APPLAUSE)

*Puddy tat for for. fuddy tat for. for. for.*

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(THIRD ROUTINE)

DON: Well, how'd you like it, Jack?

JACK: *Oh*, I taut it was putty toot ... I mean, Pretty cute ... In fact, *I don't*.  
I'm glad you brought Mel over. It was a good idea.

DON: Thanks, Jack. *Come on now, Mel.*

~~JACK: And Mel~~

MEL: Yeah?

JACK: I'm sure I can use that commercial, but it will need a little more rehearsing .. Suppose you come over here Wednesday night and we'll run over it a few times.

MEL: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, I can't come Wednesday night.

JACK: Why not?

MEL: (MAD) I just can't come, that's all.

JACK: Oh, oh.

MEL: That's the trouble with you comedians, you always expect a funny answer.

JACK: No no, Mel, I just asked you.

MEL: Well, watch it next time.

JACK: I will, I will.

MEL: Come on, Don, we don't have to stay here.

DON: So long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye, fellows.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JACK: ~~Gee, I wonder what Mel Blane is so sensitive about .. I always thought he was -- well, I'm not gonna worry about it now --~~

OH, ROCHESTER ... ROCHESTER ... ROCHESTER!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: I'm going in the library and read awhile.

ROCH: YOU WOKE ME UP JUST TO TELL ME THAT?

JACK: *You Highness --*  
No, I want you to make me a sandwich.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS ... FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Well,* ~~let's see~~ ... what books have I got here ... The  
*Memory & Desire --*  
Disenchanted ... How To Raise Chickens ... How To Raise Pigs...  
How To Raise Turkeys .. How To Stop Raising Rabbits .. Hmm,  
~~let's see what's on the other shelf ... Memory and Desire~~  
~~Life Begins at Forty~~ *I don't know* ~~Gee, I can hardly wait~~ ... I'd like  
to read a mystery tonight ... Say, here's one I don't think  
I've read ... "I WAS COERCED" by Maxmillian O. Langley. ~~Oh,~~  
~~he's written some great books ... "I Was Framed" ...~~  
~~"I Was Betrayed", "I Was Tricked", and "I Was Pooped" ... He~~  
*Gee he's good.* ~~gets some wonderful titles~~ ... I think I'll read this one.

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF CHAIR ... TURNING OF PAGES)

JACK: Oh, look at this dedication by the author ... "This book is  
respectfully dedicated to my three lovely children, B'Gilly,  
B'Golly, and Irving ... How sweet.

(SOUND: TURN PAGES)

JACK: PAGE ONE ... I WAS COERCED.

(MUSIC)

JACK: (FILTER) TO LOOK AT ME AS I SIT BEHIND MY MASSIVE WALNUT  
DESK, IN MY LUXURIOUS PARK AVENUE OFFICE, SURROUNDED BY ALL  
THE SYMBOLS OF WEALTH AND SUCCESS, YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT  
I, MONTAGUE J. BLACKSTONE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ONCE SENT  
AN INNOCENT MAN TO PRISON FOR LIFE.

(MUSICAL CRESCENDO AND MUSIC OUT)

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JACK: IT ALL STARTED TWO YEARS AGO ... I HAD JUST COME FROM COURT WHERE I HAD SUCCESSFULLY PLEADED THE CASE OF MRS. TWOMLEY VERSUS MR. TWOMLEY ... I NOT ONLY WON HER THE DIVORCE, BUT THE CUSTODY OF THEIR TWENTY-SIX CHILDREN ... IT WAS CLEVER OF ME TO THINK OF INCOMPATIBILITY ... AS I WAS SITTING IN MY OFFICE, THE PHONE RANG.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I NEVER SHOULD HAVE ANSWERED IT ... IT LED ME STRAIGHT TO THE HOME OF THAT ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE ... EUGENE PATRICK O'DAY.

(ORCHESTRA: STINGER)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Well, here I am, Mr. O'Day ... you sent for me.

DENNIS: (OLD-MAN) Yes, sonny, I wanna make out my will.

JACK: Make out your will?

DENNIS: Yep, and I've got a lot of money to leave, sonny .. you know, everybody thinks I'm an eccentric, old man.

JACK: Oh, I don't think you're eccentric, Mr. O'Day.

DENNIS: You don't?

JACK: No, as a matter of fact, you look nice in that French bathing suit.

DENNIS: Thank you ... Well, let's get on with my will.

JACK: Yes, sir ... I'll start writing it down in legal form.

(SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING ON PAPER)

JACK: (A LITTLE SLOWLY AS THOUGH WRITING) I, EUGENE PATRICK O'DAY, BEING OF SOUND MIND --

DENNIS: (LAUGHS) Heh heh heh, that's a good one, <sup>ah</sup> sonny.

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JACK: ... DO HEREBY WILL AND BEQUEATH ... ~~now~~ tell me what you want to leave, sir.

DENNIS: To all my servants, and to all the shopkeepers in the neighborhood, I want to leave five thousand dollars each ... I want it to go to my butcher, my baker ... everybody except my barber ... I don't want to leave him a thing.

JACK: Oh ... you're mad at your barber.

DENNIS: Yep ... yesterday he came in to shave me and cut off one of my ears.

JACK: Oh, that's --- wait a minute ... You've got two ears.

DENNIS: Now, yes.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: To my wife I want to leave ten million dollars in cash ... my stocks and bonds ... my yacht and my skate key.

JACK: Gosh, ten million dollars! How did you make all that money?

DENNIS: I just played two weeks in Las Vegas.

JACK: Oh.

JACK: (FILTER) .. A WEEK LATER, WITH THE COMPLETED WILL IN MY BRIEFCASE, I AGAIN STARTED OUT FOR THE O'DAY MANSION ... IT WAS A NASTY, MISERABLE DAY ... IT WAS RAINING.

(SOUND: RAIN)

JACK: THE WIND WAS HOWLING.

(SOUND: WIND HOWLING)

JACK: THEN IT BEGAN TO THUNDER.

(SOUND: LOUD THUNDER)

JACK: IT WAS THE KIND OF A DAY THAT ~~SOONER~~ <sup>sound effects man</sup> LOVE ... BUT SUDDENLY THE SUN BURST THROUGH.

(SOUND: CORK POP)

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JACK: WHEN I REACHED THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE'S MANSION, I RANG  
THE BELL.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER) (OFF) (DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Good evening, are you the butler?

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: Is Mr. O'Day at home?

MEL: Yeah. a

JACK: Well?

MEL: But you can't see him ... he's busy.

JACK: What's he doing?

MEL: He's playing gin rummy with his dog.

JACK: (AMAZED) Gin rummy with his dog?

MAN: (OFF) (DOG HOWLS AND WHINES IN PAIN)

MEL: Fido is such a bad loser ... If you'll sit down, sir,  
I'll tell Mr. O'Day you're here.

JACK: (FILTER) AFTER THE BUTLER LEFT THE ROOM, I SAT THERE ALONE  
WITH MY THOUGHTS ... WHEN SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENED, AND SHE  
WALKED IN!

VEOLA: (SEXY) Hello, Handsome.

JACK: IT WAS MRS. O'DAY, AND SHE WAS YOUNG ... AND BEAUTIFUL ...  
SHE LOOKED LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS ... TIED WITH A TIGHT  
STRING ... I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT I GOT HER ON THE SHOW  
FOR A LOUSY THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS ... SHE WALKED OVER OVER TO  
ME AND SAID -----

VEOLA: Are you Montague J. Blackstone, my husband's attorney?

RG

JACK: Yes, Mrs. O'Day ... I am.

VEOLA: Well, tell me, Monty, how much is my husband leaving me in his will?

JACK: Ten million dollars.

VEOLA: Ten million dollars?

JACK: And a can of Circus Peanuts.

VEOLA: Oh, goody.

JACK: You'll be a wealthy woman, Mrs. O'Day .. but of course .. it may be years before your husband dies.

VEOLA: (MENACINGLY) Not necessarily .. he may go sooner than you think.

JACK: You mean --

VEOLA: Yes ... every morning this month I've been giving him poison ... arsenic, strychnine, prussic acid, and cyanide.

JACK: Good heavens, how come he's still alive?

VEOLA: Yesterday, I tried to drown him and that was my big mistake.

JACK: Why?

VEOLA: His swimming pool is filled with Hadacol.

JACK: ~~You tried to drown him in~~ Hadacol?

VEOLA: When he came up for the third time, he looked wonderful.

JACK: Oh.

JACK: (FILTER) I FELL IN LOVE WITH HER THEN AND THERE .. TO YOU THIS MAY SEEM AWFULLY SUDDEN .. BUT THE PRODUCER JUST MOTIONED TO ME THAT WE'RE RUNNING LATE ... SO WITHOUT WASTING ANY TIME, I DECIDED TO HELP HER CARRY OUT HER MURDEROUS PLAN.

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VEOLA: Come on, Monty, let's see my husband ... He's in his room playing cards.

JACK: (FILTER) SHE WALKED DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR TO HER HUSBAND'S ROOM ... AND I FOLLOWED HER ... AS SHE PASSED AN OPEN WINDOW, THE BREEZE BLEW HER SKIRT A LITTLE ... THAT'S WHEN I FIRST REALIZED WHO HAD THE PINK SLIP ..... FINALLY WE REACHED HER HUSBAND'S ROOM AND OPENED THE DOOR.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: GIN!

MAN: (DOG HOWLS AND WHINES IN PAIN)

JACK: (FILTER) STUPID DOG, HE LOST AGAIN.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hello, Mr. O'Day.

DENNIS: Hello, sonny.

VEOLA: Hello, darling, we came in to say goodbye to you.

DENNIS: Why, are you going out?

VEOLA: No, you are.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: (FILTER) HE DIDN'T EVEN WAVE GOODBYE ... YES, MRS. O'DAY AND I KILLED HER HUSBAND ... BUT WE FRAMED IT SO THAT THE POLICE ARRESTED THE BUTLER AND CHARGED HIM WITH MURDER ... AND I WAS APPOINTED HIS LAWYER JUST AS MY WRITERS PLANNED IT ... I HAD NO DOUBT THAT THE CASE WOULD END AS I WANTED IT TO BECAUSE MY BROTHER WAS THE JUDGE ... BUT WHEN THE CASE OPENED, I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE ANOTHER MAN SITTING ON THE BENCH ... I WALKED UP TO HIM AND SAID:

*because my judge would end --- as I wanted it --- I had no doubt that the case would end --- as I wanted it.*

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Pardon me ... are you the judge?

NELSON: OOOOOOOOOOH, AM I!

MO

JACK: Hmm.

NELSON: And I'm going to enjoy sending you to the electric chair.

JACK: But I'm not on trial ... I'm the lawyer.

NELSON: Good, then your client will be executed.

JACK: You're sending him to the chair?

NELSON: No, we'll bring the chair right here, we have a long cord,  
you know.

JACK: (FILTER) THE TRIAL WAS A SHORT ONE. THE JUDGE SAID TO THE  
BUTLER --

NELSON: Are you guilty?

JACK: (FILTER) AND FROM FORCE OF HABIT, THE BUTLER SAID --

MEL: Yeah.

JACK: (FILTER) BECAUSE OF HIS DIRECT ANSWER, THE JUDGE ONLY GAVE  
HIM LIFE IMPRISONMENT, BUT HE TOOK AWAY HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE...  
ALL THAT HAPPENED TWO YEARS AGO .. NOW MRS. O'DAY AND I ARE  
MARRIED AND WE ARE WEALTHY ... BUT WE KNOW EACH OTHER'S  
HORRIBLE SECRET ... I HAVE SUCCESS ... POSITION ... AND  
MILLIONS ... BUT DO YOU THINK ALL THIS HAS BROUGHT ME  
HAPPINESS? ... OOOOOOOOH, HAS IT ..... AND THAT IS MY  
STORY ... I WAS COERCED!

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

MO

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JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the very best Easter gift of all is the support you give, through Easter Seals, to children who need your help. These seals provide medical care, nursery centers and many other things that are needed. So give and give generously to the Easter Seal agency in your community. Or send your contribution to Crippled Children, Box seven seven nine, Chicago, Illinois. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

DON: Jack will be back in just a moment.

MO

THE JACK BENNY RPROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1951  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

SHARBUTT: And now - let's listen to some happy figure skaters ....

GIRL: I whirl and twirl upon my skates  
And do a fancy spin,  
Then cut these words right in the ice -  
For taste those Luckies win!

u (SAYS) That's right! Luckies taste better than any  
other cigarette!

MAN: I teach my friends the way to skate  
And give them good advice -  
Smoke better tasting Lucky Strike  
At home and on the ice!

(SAYS) See for yourself -- Luckies taste better than  
any other cigarette!

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

(CONT'D)

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1951  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

SHARBUTT: (FRIENDLY AND SPIRITED) You know, it's fun to smoke Lucky Strike because -- Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. And here's why - fine tobaccos and only fine tobacco can give you perfect mildness and rich taste, and -- IS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Now, if you're not happy with your present cigarette, and a 38-city survey shows that millions are not, switch to Lucky Strike. Puff after puff you'll always get complete smoking enjoyment ... the perfect mildness and rich taste that only Lucky Strike can give you! So pick up a carton and prove to yourself -- Luckies taste better than any other cigarette! - Yes, Be Happy - - Go Lucky!

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

SHARBUTT: Remember, Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!

(T A G)

ROCH: BOSS, HERE'S YOUR SANDWICH.

JACK: Okay Rochester, put it down here.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello? Oh, hello Mary.. How do you feel? ... That's good  
... Did you hear the show? ... What did you think of it?  
.... Oh .... Well, we'll try again next week ... Goodnight,  
Doll.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

DON: 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 .....

*Shubert*

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

RG

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