

PROGRAM #3
REVISED SCRIPT

As Broadcast

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1952

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PDST

(TRANSCRIBED SEPT. 26, 1952)

BB

ATX01 0182921

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED SEPT. 26, 1952)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM.....TRANSCRIBED AND PRESENTED BY
LUCKY STRIKE!

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky
Be Happy - Get Better Taste
Be Happy - Go Lucky
Get Better Taste Today!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, and Smokers, there's no doubt about it -
Luckies taste better. And this better taste starts with
Luckies' fine tobacco. Yes, L. S./ M. F. T. -- Lucky Strike
means fine tobacco in a cigarette that's made bett to
taste cleaner, fresher, smoother. Cleaner? You bet! In
a Lucky you have a perfect cylinder of fine clean tobacco --
free from those annoying loose ends that get in your mouth
and spoil the taste. Fresher? Of course! Luckies are fully
packed - without air spaces - hot spots that burn too fast -
taste hot, harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is
extra tightly sealed to keep in Luckies' fresher taste.
And smoother? Yes, indeed! Luckies' long strands of fine,
mild, good-tasting tobacco are made into a cigarette that
draws freely and smokes smoothly. So friends, enjoy a
better-tasting cigarette - a cleaner, fresher, smoother
smoke! Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky
Strike!

BB

ATX01 0182922

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON : THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY
LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND "YOURS *He's got the*
TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE....MUSIC FADES)

(SOUND: LOUD TELEPHONE BUZZ...CLICK)

BEA: Hello, this is C.B.S. - The Stars Address!. ...May I help
you?

MEL: Yes, operator. With the change of time from daylight back
to standard, could you tell me what program is on at four
o'clock?

BEA: Just a minute...Say, Mabel, what program is on today at four
o'clock?

SARA: I don't know, Gertrude, I'll look it up in this Radio Guide.

(SOUND: FLIPPING OF PAGES)

BEA: Hold it, Mabel, hold it.

SARA: Huh?

BEA: Look who's picture is on page eight.

SARA: Well, take off my glove and dial with my naked finger if it
ain't Jack Benny.

BEA: Yeah.

SARA: He's not only handsome, but look at that strong chin...
what character.

BEA: Some character!....One night last week he drove me up to
Mulholland Drive, pulled over to a lonely spot, turned off
the ignition and said, "Well, what do you know, I'm out of
gas."

BB

SARA: No.

BEA: Yeah..so I said, "I'll be very happy to buy some."

SARA: I'll bet that embarrassed him.

BEA: Embarrassed him nothing. He syphoned a gallon out of his tank and sold it to me. But you know, Mable, you can't stay mad at a man like Jack Benny. Just look at that picture.. the way he's standing there so casual and nonchalant, with his coat thrown over his arm.

SARA: Yeah...and just look at those muscles.

BEA: *muscles,*
Where?

SARA: On the floor, they fell out of his sleeves.

BEA: Oh, yes.

(SOUND: BUZZING OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: *L*Excuse me.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes?

JACK: Operator, this is Jack Benny.

SARA: (AFTER LONG PAUSE) Gertrude, what's the matter?

BEA: He's waiting for applause.

JACK: I'm not waiting for applause, I'm in my dressing room...
Now Operator, with the change of time today, I'd like to check my watch...What time is it, please?

BEA: It's twenty minutes to four.

JACK: Twenty minutes to four!....That's funny, I've got twenty minutes to three.

BEA: Hold on...Mabel, what time have you got?

SARA: Twenty minutes to five.

BEA: *Loney* No no, Sara, *you* moved your watch ahead an hour, and you're supposed to move it back...Gee are you dumb.

SARA: I'm not as dumb as Jack Benny, he didn't move it at all.

BEA: How could he, his muscles fell out of his sleeves.

JACK: OPERATOR, *operator* I HEARD THAT AND I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Hm, that Gertrude thinks she's smart. It's the last time I give her Ethyl for the price of regular....Now, let's see, where did I put my ----

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, so you finally got here.

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Rochester, you know I'm always nervous before doing a program.. why do you have to be late?

ROCH: LATE!....I'VE GOT TWENTY MINUTES TO TWO.

JACK: Well, no wonder our watches are all mixed up, and it's your fault.

ROCH: MY FAULT!

JACK: Yes...What were you supposed to do at two o'clock this morning?

ROCH: WHAT I ALWAYS DO...TIP-TOE INTO YOUR ROOM AND PUT A HOT WATER BOTTLE ON YOUR FEET.

JACK: Is that all you did?

ROCH: (COYLY) WELL...I MUST CONFESS, BOSS, I TICKLED YOUR TOES A LITTLE.

JACK: Oh, was that you?

ROCH: YEAH...WHEN I SAW THE WAY YOU HAD YOUR ARMS AROUND THAT PILLOW, I FIGURED YOU WERE EXPECTING SOMETHING.

JACK: Rochester, I always sleep with my arms around the pillow.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT LAST NIGHT YOU LOOKED AT IT AND SAID, "DON'T
YOU THINK TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAP AS ONE?"

JACK: Hm...I do the silliest things in my sleep...I can understand
putting my arms around a pillow...but, talking to it...

Rochester, why didn't you wake me up?

ROCH: I HATED TO CUT IN, BOSS, YOU WERE DANCING.

JACK: ~~Hum~~ Oh...Well, Rochester, I'm going down the hall to Miss
Livingstone's dressing room...^{see} see you later.

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

~~JACK: Imagine me proposing to a pillow...Gee, I'm thirsty...Oh,
there's a Coca Cola machine.~~

~~(SOUND: FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS...STOP...JINGLE OF CHANGE OUT
OF POCKET)~~

~~JACK: Hm, the smallest I've got is a quarter. Oh, well, that's all
right...this is one of those machines that makes change.
Let's see...where's the quarter slot...there it is.~~

~~(SOUND: QUARTER BEING PUT IN SLOT...WE HEAR IT FALL
INTO MACHINE...A PLOP OF A BOTTLE COMING OUT.)~~

~~JACK: There's the bottle of Coke.~~

~~(SOUND: DIME DROPS INTO RETURN SLOT...THEN ANOTHER DIME.)~~

~~JACK: And there's my change..two dimes.~~

~~(SOUND: ANOTHER DIME DROPS)~~

~~JACK: Hmm...an extra dime came out..Say, this machine is returning
too much change. I'll put that dime back in, I might get
even more.~~

~~(SOUND: DIME IN SLOT...FALLING INTO MACHINE, THEN
PLOP OF BOTTLE COMING OUT.)~~

~~JACK: Well, there's the bottle of Coke, and...hmm...no change...~~

~~Wait a minute, that bottle is empty, and there's a note in it. I wonder what it says....~~

~~(SOUND: RUFFLE OF PAPER)~~

~~JACK: "You had your chance."...Hm, what a machine, it even writes...~~

~~Oh, well --~~

~~(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~JACK: I wonder if Mary's in her dressing room....(SINGS) Gee, but it's great after being out late, walking my pillow back home...~~

~~La la la, la la la la la lu, la la la, la la la lu..~~

~~(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)~~

~~JACK: (UP) Mary, are you in there?~~

~~MARY: JUST A MINUTE, JACK, I'M NOT DRESSED YET...Oh, Pauline...~~

~~DORIS: Yes, Miss Livingstone?~~

~~MARY: Mr. Benny wants to come in. Help me into my dress.~~

~~DORIS: Yes, ma'am. Miss Livingstone, how long has he been on your program?~~

~~MARY: Pauline, it isn't my program, it's Mr. Benny's, and Mr. Benny is the star...I just work for him, and he pays me a very nice salary....not as much as I pay you, but a very nice salary.~~

~~DORIS: Miss Livingstone, how can you afford to pay me more than Mr. Benny pays you?~~

~~MARY: Well...promise you won't tell anybody?~~

~~DORIS: Uh huh.~~

~~MARY: There's a coke machine in the hall that gives back too much change.~~

BB

~~JACK: (OFF) MARY, I'M WAITING~~

MARY: JUST A MINUTE, JACK! Pauline, how does my dress look?

DORIS: It looks all right, Miss Livingstone, but if I were you,
I'd wear it a little shorter...You have such pretty legs.

MARY: (GIGGLES) Thanks, Pauline.

DORIS: It's too bad you only have two of 'em.

MARY: ^{uh} What?

DORIS: Well...what I mean is...When you've got something so nice,
it's too bad you can't have more of it.

MARY: ^{uh} Believe me, Pauline, every girl who has nice legs is
perfectly satisfied with just two of them. After all, who'd
look at a girl with three legs?

DORIS: Everybody.

JACK: (OFF) MARY, ^{Mary} HOW ABOUT IT?

MARY: JUST A MINUTE!

JACK: (NORMAL) I don't know why it takes women so long to get
dressed. Men don't take that long...Rochester throws me
together in five minutes....sometimes quicker than --

BOB: (FADING IN) Oh, Jack -- Jack --

JACK: ^{uh} Bob, ^{Bob} I thought you were on stage rehearsing the band.

BOB: ^{uh} I stood it as long as I could.

JACK: What do you mean?

BOB: ^{uh} Jack, when I agreed to take over the same orchestra you
always had, I didn't know what I was getting into. ^{These} Those guys
are driving me nuts.

JACK: Why? ^{uh} What's wrong?

BB

BOB: Well, look..In the first place, I'm stuck with an electric guitar player whose nose lights up.

JACK: I know.

BOB: ~~yes~~ ^{but} Then there's a trombone player who's chained to the guy sitting next to him..

JACK: Look, Bob --

BOB: And a drummer with a candle on his head because it's his birthday.

JACK: Bob --

BOB: ~~and~~ I'm not even gonna mention the ^{player} accordionist who cracks peanuts in the pleats.

JACK: Well, Bob, just have patience. I'm sure ~~that we can --~~

DENNIS: ^{oh} MR. BENNY..MR. BENNY.

JACK: What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: Don Wilson is looking all over for you, you should have started your program fifteen minutes ago.

JACK: Fifteen minutes ago?...I've got a quarter after three.

BOB: ^{oh} ~~It's~~ a quarter after four.

JACK: Dennis, what does your watch say?

DENNIS: ~~Green~~. ^{Bullseye}.

JACK: I don't mean that.. Anyway, kids, if we're fifteen minutes late, we better get out on the stage.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DON: Jack, Jack, where have you been? Hurry.

JACK: Look, Don, this is not my fault.

DON: But the program --

BB

JACK: *Don - daylight, so much time got me mixed up*
Don, we still have plenty of time to do the sketch. So just
take it easy.

MARY: Jack, which sketch are we going to do?

JACK: We're going to do a satire on that wonderful picture, "High
Noon," which starred Gary Cooper..I am going to play the
leading role.

DENNIS: You don't even know what time it is.

JACK: Oh, quiet..Don, turn to page twelve and introduce our play.

DON: Okay, Jack.

JACK: Bob, is the orchestra ready?

BOB *well* Some of the boys are sitting up.

JACK: Good, good..take it, Don.

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION OF THE EVENING,
WE ARE GOING TO PRESENT OUR VERSION OF THAT EPIC OF THE WEST,
THE STANLEY KRAMER PRODUCTION OF "HIGH NOON".

(BAND PLAYS IMPRESSIVE VERSE OF "HIGH NOON"....THEN SOFT)

DON: THE TIME IS THE YEAR 1875. THE PLACE, THE LITTLE TOWN OF
HADLEYVILLE...THE SCENE IS ⁱⁿ THE OFFICE OF THE JUSTICE OF THE
PEACE.

(MUSIC FADES OUT)

JACK: (FILTER) (WESTERN)....I'M THE TOWN MARSHALL AND MY NAME IS
GARY KANE...THIS IS MY WEDDING DAY...^{yep} YES, RIGHT AT THIS
MOMENT ^{he} A-GETTING MARRIED TO MY SWEETHEART AMY.

QUART: DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH MY DARLING
ON THIS OUR WEDDING DAY
DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH MY DARLING,
WAIT-ALONG.

~~JACK: AMY WAS A TIMID GAL AND DIDN'T WANT TO MARRY A FIGHTIN' MAN,
SO SHE ASKED ME TO RESIGN..AFTER SIX YEARS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT,
I GAVE UP MY POST...IT WAS WITH HEAVY HEART THAT I TOOK OFF MY
BADGE, AND AS I DID. MY FACE TURNED RED...ALL THIS TIME IT HAD
BEEN HOLDING UP MAH PANTS...NOW, THE MOST WONDERFUL MOMENT IN
MY LIFE HAD ARRIVED...THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY WAS NEARING ITS
END....AND THE JUSTICE OF PEACE SAID...~~

MEL: Do you, Amy, take this man, Gary, to be your lawful wedded
husband?

MARY: Ah do.

MEL: Do you, Gary, take Amy for your lawful wedded wife?

JACK: (REG. MIKE) (A LA COOPER) Yup.

EM

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MEL: Now repeat after me, Amy...I, Amy, take thee Gary to love,
honor and cherish.

MARY: I, Amy, take thee Gary, to love, honor and cherish.

MEL: Now, you, Gary...I, Gary, take thee Amy, to love, honor and
cherish.

JACK: I, Gary, take thee Amy, to love, honor and cherish.

MEL: And with all my worldly goods I thee endow.

JACK: And with -- (LONG PAUSE AS JACK LOOKS AT AUDIENCE)

MEL: Come on...repeat it...and with all my worldly goods, I thee
endow.

JACK: I Gary, take thee Amy to love, honor and cherish.

MARY: Justice, Ah even had to buy the ring:

MEL: Well...I now pronounce you man and wife.

MARY: Gery...my husband.

JACK: Amy, my bride...kiss me.

MEL: Uh Uh Uh Uh, it's customary for the justice of the peace to get
the first kiss.

JACK: Stand aside, Amy, the man wants to kiss me.

MEL: I mean her!

JACK: Oh...Come on, *Mary (a gal named Mary is playin' the part of Amy)* Amy, let's get going on our honeymoon.

MARY: Gee, Gary. I'm so glad you're going to give up your job as
marshall and put those awful guns away.

JACK: Yes, Amy. Now we can have a peaceful life and --

(SOUND: DOOR FLUNG OPEN FAST)

DON: (BREATHLESS) Marshall! Marshall!

JACK: Yeah...what's up?

EM

DON: Terrible news.. Frank Miller has been released from Jail!

JACK: No? !

DON: Yes, and he's arriving in town at high noon.

JACK: High noon?

(BIG STINGER ENDING WITH CYMBAL)

DON: Yes..High noon...and three of his henchmen are waiting at the railroad station to meet him.

JACK: Where are my guns?...and I better swear in some deputies..I've got to get Frank Miller before he gets me.

MARY: Gary, tell me...what's this all about?

JACK: Amy, five years ago I arrested Frank Miller and sent him to jail...he vowed he'd kill me when he got out. So I've got to get him first.

MARY: But Gary, you may be killed. I don't want to become a widow on ^{our} my wedding day...I want to go on a honeymoon.

JACK: Look, Amy -- I can't run away...You wouldn't want to be married to a coward, would you?

MARY: I'd do anything to get out of the May Company.

JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS THEN I REALIZED THAT AMY SPELLED SIDEWAYS WAS MAY...BUT I HAD MY DUTY TO PERFORM EVEN IF IT MEANT LOSING AMY...I WENT OUTSIDE AND WALKED TO THE HOT, DUSTY, DESERTED STREETS LOOKING IN VAIN FOR MEN TO SERVE AS DEPUTIES.

QUART: OH TO BE TORN TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY

SUPPOSING I LOSE MY FAIR HAired BEAUTY

LOOK AT THAT BIG HAND MOVE ALONG

NEARING HIGH NOON.

HE MADE A VOW WHILE IN STATE'S PRISON

VOWED IT WOULD BE MY LIFE OR HIS'N

FM

JACK: I WENT EVERYWHERE LOOKING FOR DEPUTIES...I WENT TO THEIR HOMES,
TO THE GENERAL STORE, AND I WENT TO THE TOWN SALOON...IN FACT,
WE HAD A SCENE IN THE SALOON BUT WE CUT IT BECAUSE PHIL HARRIS
IS ON ANOTHER NETWORK...FINALLY I WENT LOOKING FOR
DESPERATE DENNIS MCNULTY, THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN MY ASSISTANT..
SUDDENLY I SAW HIM...HE CAME RIDING TOWARDS ME.

(SOUND: APPROACHING HORSES HOOVES..SLOWING DOWN TO STOP)

DENNIS:(OLD MAN) Whoaaa...Whoosaaa...Easy now..Easy, Old Paint.

MEL: (LONG MOOOOOOOOO OF COW)

JACK: (FILTER) I NEVER HAD THE HEART TO TELL HIM,...~~HE-NOT-ONLY~~
to ride that cow every where, in fact
~~RODE THAT ANIMAL, BUT HE WAS THE MAN WHO ORIGINATED THE~~
WHITE LINE DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET....HE DISMOUNTED AND
SAID...

DENNIS: H'ys, Gary...Congratulations..I heard you just got married.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) That's right, I did.

DENNIS: Who'd you marry? The School teacher?

JACK: No, why?

DENNIS: They always do in Westerns.

JACK: Look, I haven't time to talk about that. I'm in trouble. *Frank -*
I'm in trouble.
Frank Miller is coming back to town to kill me. I need help *Frank*.
you sure do.

DENNIS: You sure came to the right man. I'll help you.

JACK: You will? You're sure you're not afraid.

DENNIS: Of course not. When I see Frank Miller, I'll sneak up behind
him.

JACK: Uh huh.

EM

-12A-

DENNIS: Then I'll stick my gun in his back and say, "Feet up."

JACK: You mean "hands up."

DENNIS: No, Feet up, Pat Him On The Popo.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Let's hear him laugh..Ha ha. *La, La.*

JACK: (FILTER) AS I LEFT HIM, HE TURNED THE COW OVER ON ITS BACK
AND WAS MILKING IT.. IT LOOKED LIKE THE FOUNTAIN AT WILSHIRE
AND SANTA MONICA....I KEPT WALKING ON THROUGH THE TOWN
LOOKING FOR HELP...THE STREETS WERE DESERTED..IT WAS GETTING
CLOSE TO HIGH NOON AND I HAD TO FIND SOMEBODY TO DEPUTIZE,
SO I JUST KEPT WALKING..WALKING...WALKING...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BB

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QUART: WE THINK IT'S TIME FOR OUR COMMERCIAL
THIS SKETCH MAY TAKE ALL DAY
WE WANT TO SING ABOUT THOSE LUCKIES
THOSE GOOD OLD LUCKIES
FINE TASTING LUCKIES
'CAUSE LUCKY STRIKE'S OUR FAVORITE BRAND.
EVERYONE STARIN' AND COMPARIN'
EVERYONE STANDIN' 'ROUND AND TEARIN'
LOOK AT THAT BIG HAND MOVE ALONG
NEARIN' HIGH NOON.
LUCKIES ARE SO MUCH BETTER TASTIN'
GIVE HIM ANOTHER, TIME'S A-WASTIN'
HE'S NOT AFRAID OF DEATH, BUT, OH,
WHAT WILL HE DO WITHOUT LUCKIES!
NO TRUER WORDS WERE EVER SPOKEN
WE HEARD THEM FROM OUR MA AND PA
REMEMBER WHEN THOSE GUNS START SMOKIN'
BE SURE IT'S LUCKIES
THOSE GOOD OLD LUCKIES
SO FREE AND EASY ON THE DRAW.
LSM, MFT
LSM, MFT.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (FILTER) TIME WAS RUNNING SHORT AND STILL I COULD FIND NO ONE TO HELP ME ... I WAS A MARKED MAN ... NO ONE WOULD EVEN COME NEAR ME ... THIS WAS BEFORE THE DAYS OF CHLOROPHYLL ... I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ... IN MY SEARCH FOR HELP I WANDERED DOWN TO THE MEXICAN QUARTER AND I CAME UPON A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO WERE HAVING A FIESTA. NEEDING A DEPUTY I APPROACHED ONE OF THE MEN AND SAID --

JACK: *Pardon me, Senor*
(REG. MIKE) Do you know who I am?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Do you know there's a man out to kill me?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Would you be willing to help me?

MEL: Si.

JACK: What's your name?

MEL: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Now you, ^{you} Senorita, are you his sister?

BEA: Si.

JACK: Is it all right for your brother to help me?

BEA: Si.

JACK: You're a brave-girl. What's your name?

BEA: Conchita Guadalupe Lolita Hernandez Gonzalez Clarita Del Prado Ramona Rosita Ramirez.

JACK: Conchita Guadalupe Lolita Hernandez Gonzalez Clarita Del Prado Ramona Rosita Ramirez?

BEA: Si.

JACK: But that name is too long...what can I call you?

BEA: Sue.

JACK: Sue.?

MEL: Si.

JACK: ~~put~~ I was talking to her. Wasn't I?

BEA: Si.

JACK: What do you do for a living?

BEA: Sew.

JACK: Sew?

BEA & MEL: Si.

JACK: Now cut that out.

JACK: (FILTER) I APPRECIATED THEIR OFFER TO HELP, BUT I COULDN'T
TAKE A CHANCE ON CONCHITA GUADALUPE LOLITA HERNANDEZ GONZALES
CLARITA DEL PRADO RAMONA ROSITA RAMIREZ GETTING KILLED....
IT WOULD DRIVE THE TOMBSTONE MAKER NUTS ... BUT NOW I HAD
to make
~~MADE~~ UP MY MIND ... I WASN'T GOING TO WAIT FOR MILLER TO
COME LOOKING FOR ME... I DECIDED TO GO DOWN TO THE RAILROAD
STATION AND WAIT FOR HIM.

(SOUND: WALKING FOOTSTEPS SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

QUART: He made a vow while in State's Prison
Vowed it would be my life or his'n.
I'm not afraid of death, but, oh,
What will I do if you leave me.

JACK: (FILTER) I REACHED THE RAILROAD STATION ... FRANK MILLER'S
TRAIN WAS DUE TO ARRIVE AT HIGH NOON. WITH ONLY A FEW
MINUTES TO WAIT, I WENT INSIDE.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... LIGHT STATION NOISES IN)

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN NOW LOADING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA,
AND CUC...AMONGA.

JACK: (FILTER) I WAS ALONE IN THE STATION EXCEPT FOR ONE COWBOY ...
THINKING I COULD MAKE HIM A DEPUTY, I WENT OVER TO TALK TO
HIM.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What's yore name, Pardner?

BOB: (VERY WESTERN) Tex Crosby.

JACK: Tex, eh... then you were born in Texas?

BOB: No, Ah was born in Louisiana, but ain't nobody gonna call me
Louise.

JACK: That's an old joke.

BOB: ~~Miller~~ It was new in 1875.

JACK: Oh yes ... What are you doing here anyway, Tex?

BOB: ~~Miller~~ I'm waiting for my friend Frank Miller to arrive ... we're
gonna kill the town Marshall.

JACK: (A LITTLE MENACING) Oh, you are, eh? Well, I'm the town
Marshall and I'm gonna kill you.

MEL: (P.A.) TRAIN NOW LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA,
AND CUC --

JACK: ... But I'll give you a fighting chance. When I count
three, draw and shoot.

BOB: Okay.

JACK: One ... two ... three ...

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT)

BOB: (GROANS IN PAIN)

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

MEL: (P.A.)AMONGA.

JACK: I got ya, Tex.

BOB: (GROANS) *oh, oh, oh*

JACK: (FILTER) AS HE LAY THERE, HE REMINDED ME OF HIS BROTHER ...
HE WAS A GROANER, TOO NOW I HAD GOTTEN RID OF ONE OF
THE KILLERS ...

(SOUND: CHUFFING AND CHUGGING AND WHISTLE OF
TRAIN AS IT COMES INTO THE STATION)

JACK: THE HIGH NOON TRAIN PULLED INTO THE STATION ... IT CAME TO A
STOP. FRANK MILLER GOT OFF THE VERY LAST CAR AND WAS MET BY
HIS TWO REMAINING HENCHMEN ... THIS WAS MY DATE WITH DESTINY.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I FELT A LONELY SILENCE AS I WALKED TOWARD THE THREE MEN WHO
WANTED TO KILL ME ... ALONE IN THE BLAZING NOONDAY SUN, WITH
MY HANDS ON MY GUNS, SLOWLY I CONTINUED WALKING TOWARDS THEM.

(SOUND: SLOW DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS ... FOR QUITE A
WHILE .. SUDDENLY THEY TRIP ... BODY THUD)

JACK: (FILTER) ~~HMM~~ ... MY CLUMSY SOUNDMAN GOT UP AND I CONTINUED
WALKING.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: (FILTER) MY HANDS WERE SWEATING ... MY THROAT WAS DRY ...
I KNEW THAT WITHIN ONE MINUTE EITHER THEY OR I WOULD BE DEAD.
... AS SOON AS I GOT WITHIN PISTOL RANGE, I DREW MY GUN AND
FIRED!

(SOUND: GUN SHOT ... BODY THUD ... PISTOL SHOT ...
BODY THUD ... PISTOL SHOT ... BODY THUD)

JACK: YES, I HAD KILLED ALL THREE OF THEM ... WITHOUT GIVING THEM
A CHANCE TO TALK ... THIS WASN'T THE WAY IT WAS DONE IN THE
PICTURE, BUT I KNOW HOW TO SAVE ^{money} ON ACTORS. I WAS SAFE NOW.

(MUSIC IN)

JACK: ... AND MY ONLY PROBLEM WAS WHETHER TO ASK MY WIFE TO COME
BACK TO ME OR GO LOOKING FOR CONCHITA GUADALUPE LOLITA
HERNANDEZ GONZALEZ CLARITA DEL PRADO RAMONA ROSITA RAMIREZ...
BUT REGARDLESS OF THE MIX-UP IN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME, I AND
THE WHOLE TOWN KNEW ... IT WAS "HIGH NOON".

(MUSIC CRESCENDO AND CLIMAX)

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the flood of increased enrollments in our schools will create a critical situation within the next few years unless action is taken now. By taking an interest in our schools all of us can help make sure that the community we live in gets the best education for the money it spends and provides the best possible educational opportunities for our children. So please join and work with local civic groups and school boards. Remember, better schools build a stronger America.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED SEPTEMBER 26, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

ORCH: (FULL VAMP)

CHORUS: Be Happy - Go Lucky

Get Better Taste Today! (SHORT CLOSE)

DON: Friends, you'll find Luckies taste better -- taste cleaner ..
fresher ... smoother because Lucky Strike gives you fine,
mild, good-tasting tobacco in a cigarette that's made better
to taste better.

Luckies taste cleaner because Luckies' perfect cylinder of
fine clean tobacco is free from those annoying loose ends
that get in your mouth and spoil the taste.

Luckies taste fresher because they're fully packed without
air spaces - hot spots that burn too fast - taste hot,
harsh and dry. And every pack of Luckies is extra tightly
sealed to keep in that fresher taste.

Luckies taste smoother because in a Lucky you get long
strands of fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco in a cigarette
that draws freely and smokes smoothly. Yes, friends,

Luckies taste better! So for your own real deep-down
smoking enjoyment - for a cleaner, fresher, smoother smoke -
Be Happy - Go Lucky! Make your next carton Lucky Strike!

ORCH: (3 NOTE INTRO)

CHORUS: Be Happy -- Go Lucky

Go Lucky Strike Today! (LONG CLOSE)

ATX01 0182943

(TAG)

(SOUND: CLICK CLICK OF PHONE)

BEA: Oh my goodness, Mable, I forgot about the man on the phone.
He's still waiting.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Hello.

MEL: How about it, operator, what program goes on at four
o'clock?

BEA: The Jack Benny Program but you just missed it.

MEL: I did?

BEA: Yeah, but don't worry. Next Sunday is October fifth and
you'll not only be able to hear him on radio, but immediately
following it he'll be on television, too.

MEL: Oh good, the world is waiting.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program is written by Sam Perrin, Milt
Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Takaberry and produced and
transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

The Jack Benny Program is brought to you by Lucky Strike --
product of the American Tobacco Company -- America's leading
manufacturer of cigarettes.