

as Broadcast

PROGRAM #12
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1952 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED NOV. 26, 1952)

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ATX01 0183169

JACK BENNY PROGRAM

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OPENING COMMERCIAL cont'd

DON: (CONT'D) And Lucky Strike is the cigarette that gives you better taste! So get the cleaner, fresher, smoother taste you want in your cigarette. Next pack you buy make it Lucky Strike!

CHORUS: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...
Cleaner, fresher, smoother!
Better get a carton!
Better get a carton!
Better get a carton, today!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Lucky Strike Program starring

RU

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(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS PROGRAM JACK BENNY DOES HIS TELEVISION SHOW...MEANWHILE, LET'S GO BACK TO LAST THURSDAY AND SHOW YOU HOW OUR GANG SPENT THANKSGIVING..OUR SCENE OPENS IN JACK'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS.

ROCH: (SINGS SOFTLY)
NIGHT AND DAY
I AM THE ONE
THANKSGIVING COMES AND GOES
BUT I'M NEVER DONE.

JACK: Rochester --

ROCH: I'M WORKIN' ALL THE TIME
I'M NOTHIN' BUT A ONE-MAN ASSEMBLY LINE
NIGHT AND DAY.

JACK: ~~Rochester~~ -- *Mr. Longa*

ROCH: DAY AND NIGHT!

JACK: *Mario*
~~Rochester~~, what's come over you? You've been singing all day today.

ROCH: WELL, I'M HAPPY, BOSS. HERE IT IS THANKSGIVING AND I COULD HAVE BEEN BORN A TURKEY.

JACK: Oh, you wouldn't like that, huh?

ROCH: NO.. I COULDN'T STAND BEING IN AN OVEN ALL UNDRESSED AND PEOPLE LOOKIN' IN AT ME EVERY FEW MINUTES.

RU

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: ~~AND WHEN YOU AIN'T GOT NO HEAD, YOU CAN'T TELL 'EM TO CLOSE
THE DOOR.~~

JACK: I know, I know... Say Rochester, I'm going to Miss
Livingstone's house for a Thanksgiving party... so will you
help me get dressed?

ROCH: ~~OKAY, I'LL GET YOUR BROWN SUIT.~~

JACK: No no, Rochester, I'm going formal.

ROCH: OKAY, BUT IF I WERE YOU, I'D CHANGE MY MIND ABOUT WEARING
THAT OLD TUXEDO.

JACK: Why, what did you do to it?

ROCH: OH, IT'S NOTHIN' I DID, BOSS.. BUT THE LAST TIME I WENT TO
GET IT, THE CLOSET WAS FULL OF MOTHS.

JACK: Moths.. Oh my goodness.. were they eating my tuxedo?

ROCH: EATIN' IT! THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK UP WHEN I CAME IN.

JACK: Oh... well do you think the holes will show?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF THE WIND IS BLOWING, FACE IT, BOSS,
FACE IT.

JACK: Well, I don't care. I'm still gonna wear my --
(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: ~~I'LL GET IT.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, AND
TELEVISION.

MARY: (FILTER) Hello, Rochester.

ROCH: CHRISTMAS CARDS PRINTED TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS..

MARY: Rochester..

ROCH: TAX RETURNS NOTARIZED, PRIVATE PARTIES CATERED, AND WILL
GIVE VIOLIN RECITALS AT BIRTHDAYS, WEDDINGS, AND MEAT MARKET
OPENINGS.

MARY: Rochester, this is Miss Livingstone, I've heard those
commercials before.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT FOUR PEOPLE ON THIS PARTY LINE, AND
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

MARY: Oh...Well look, Rochester..if Mr. Benny isn't printing
Christmas cards, notarizing a tax return, or giving a
recital at a meat market, let me talk to him.

ROCH: YES MA'AM...IT'S FOR YOU, BOSS...IT'S MISS LIVINGSTONE.

Mary: *Hello Jack.*

JACK: Oh....Hello, Mary.

MARY: ~~Hello, Jack.~~ The whole gang is here. When're you coming
over?

JACK: Pretty soon..and Mary, I've got a surprise for you..I'm
going to dress formal.

MARY: Formal? But Jack, that tuxedo of yours is so old it's green.

JACK: Mary, my tuxedo isn't green.

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) Okay, but stay away from the salad bowl,
you may get stabbed with a fork.

JACK: Oh stop *will you*

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MARY: Jack..the reason I called you is..I've been so busy getting the dinner ready for you and the gang, I forgot to get some flowers...So I thought maybe you'd stop over at the florists and bring me some.

JACK: Okay, Mary. I'll bring you a half a dozen roses.

MARY: Only half a dozen?..But Jack, they don't cost ~~much~~.

JACK: Well no, the roses alone don't, Mary...but you're going to the expense of the entire dinner, why should you spend any more...After all, you're doing enough.

MARY: Jack, I meant for you to buy the roses.

JACK: Oh..Oh..OH oh oh OH! Well Mary, you didn't have to beat around the bush..why didn't you come right out and say so? ..Of course I'll bring 'em...Goodbye.

~~ELVIA: (FILTER) Well, that's about the cheapest thing I've ever heard of.~~

~~JACK: What did you say, Mary?~~

~~ELVIA: This is Mrs. Smith on your party line.~~

~~JACK: Oh, hello, Mrs. Smith.~~

~~ELVIA: Don't hello me, and you can cancel my order for Christmas cards.~~

~~(SOUND: LOUD CLICK)~~

~~JACK: But Mrs. Smith --~~

~~RUBIN: (FILTER) That goes for me, too.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~RUBIN: This is Mr. Olson on your other party line.~~

~~(SOUND: LOUD CLICK)~~

~~JACK: But, Mr. Olson --~~

~~JENNY: And I'll get someone else to do my laundry.~~

~~(SOUND: LOUD CLICK)~~

JACK: Mrs. Brown, please --

MEL: (FILTER)(MOOLEY) What are your prices?

JACK: What?

MEL: I'm new in this neighborhood.

JACK: Oh, well I have a regular price list.

ROCH: (FILTER) YEAH, YOU'LL GET IT TOMORROW, I MAILED IT THIS MORNING.

JACK: ROCHESTER, GET OFF THE EXTENSION!

(SOUND: LOUD RECEIVER DOWN)

~~JACK: Everybody's so nosy.~~

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it, Rochester.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) I WISH I WAS..ALL ALONE *When I say I beg your*
ON MY TELEPHONE *pardon... then I'll*
THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE BUT ME. *come back to you -*
When you and
DA DA DUM, DA DA DA DA DUM. *me to -*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well...Hello, Mr. Kitzel...

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what brings you here?

ARTIE: I was passing by, and I stopped to wish you a Happy Thanksgiving.

JACK: Oh, that's nice of you...Come on in.

ARTIE: Thank you...wait'll I tie this leash.

JACK: Oh, you've got your dog with you?

ARTIE: No, my turkey, I'm taking it out for a walk.

MG

JACK: Mr. Kitzel..you're taking a turkey for a walk?

ARTIE: A long walk.

JACK: Why?

ARTIE: By the time we get home, she'll be so glad to lay down, the rest will be easy.

JACK: Oh..well tell me, Mr. Kitzel..are you going to have much company at your Thanksgiving dinner?

ARTIE: My wife's relatives.

JACK: Oh, just your wife's relatives?

ARTIE: Just?..Hoo hoo hoo..you should have so many listeners.

JACK: (LAUGHS) *Say* Well gee..how many are going to be there?

ARTIE: My wife's mother and father, her sister Claudette...her three brothers, one of her aunts, two of her nephews, and a distant cousin from Wyoming.

JACK: Wyoming?

ARTIE: Wild Bill Shapiro.

JACK: Wild Bill Shapiro...Oh he's a cowboy.

ARTIE: No, ~~he's~~ *dealer* a used car salesman.

JACK: Oh...Well, say, your wife *your wife* really *really* has a big family...Do they always come to your house for Thanksgiving dinner?

ARTIE: Unfortunately, yes..And this time they came early.

JACK: When did they come?

ARTIE: In 1947.

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) *got* ...My...Well, I ~~have~~ *got* to be going, Mr. Benny.. goodbye.

JACK: So long, Mr. Kitzel, and a happy Thanksgiving.

ARTIE: I'll force myself.

JACK: You'll make it. *You'll make it. Goodbye*

JACK: Imagine, so many relatives...Oh my goodness, look what time it is..ROCHESTER, HELP ME GET DRESSED NOW. I'M LATE FOR MISS LIVINGSTONE'S PARTY..(FADING) ^{Yes} I'LL BET THE WHOLE GANG IS THERE ALREADY HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

GANG & QUART: (WHISTLES AND APPLAUSE)

MARY: ~~That was great, Don.~~

QUART: ~~Yeah, yeah, it was wonderful, Don.~~

DON: ~~Thanks, fellows. I surprised you, didn't I, Bob?~~

BOB: ~~You sure did...I never knew you could tap dance.~~

MARY: ~~Neither did I, but it was very good, Don, and we can fix the floor in the morning...Now let's have some more entertainment. Bob, how about a song?~~

GANG: (AD LIB) Yeah, yeah.

BOB: No no, Mary, it's your turn to sing.

^{Mary:} ~~Not me.~~
^{Bob:} MARY: I'll tell you what, ^{Mary} Bob, let's both sing a number ^{together}.

GANG ~~Don:~~ Yeah yeah, sing. ^{go ahead kids}

DON: ~~Go ahead kids...~~ and the Sportsmen Quartet will join you....

(INTRO)

BOB: SO YOU MET SOMEONE WHO SET YOU BACK ON YOUR HEELS,
GOODY GOODY.

SO YOU MET SOMEONE AND NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS.
GOODY GOODY.

MARY: SO YOU GAVE HER YOUR HEART, TOO

BOB: *yeah* JUST AS I GAVE MINE TO YOU *(Bob: Good what a mess)*

MARY: AND SHE BROKE IT IN LITTLE PIECES
NOW HOW DO YOU DO.

BOTH: SO YOU LIE AWAKE JUST SINGING THE BLUES ALL NIGHT
GOODY GOODY.

SO YOU THINK THAT LOVE'S A BARREL OF DYNAMITE
HOORAY AND HALLALUJAH
YOU HAD IT COMING TO YOU

MARY: GOODY GOODY FOR YOU

BOB: GOODY GOODY FOR ME

BOTH: AND I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED, YOU RASCAL YOU.

QUART: EVERY TIME YOU LIGHT A LUCKY YOU'RE GONNA SAY
GOODY GOODY

CAUSE A LUCKY'S MADE MUCH BETTER IN EVERY WAY

GOODY GOODY *(Bob: Goody Goody)*

LUCKY STRIKE'S TASTE BETTER TOO

THEY'RE A SMOOTHER SMOKE IT'S TRUE

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT FINE TOBACCO

CLEANER THROUGH AND THROUGH.

(MORE)

MG

QUART: EVERYBODY KNOWS A LUCKY HAS NO LOOSE ENDS
(CONT'D)

GOODY GOODY

YOU CAN RECOMMEND A LUCKY STRIKE TO YOUR FRIENDS

THE CHRISTMAS RUSH IS STARTIN' *(Bob: Hallelujah)*

BUY LUCKIES BY THE CARTON

GOODY GOODY FOR YOU

GOODY GOODY FOR ME

LUCKY STRIKE'S A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE.

BOB &
MARY:

SO YOU LIE AWAKE JUST SINGING THE BLUES ALL NIGHT

GOODY GOODY

SO YOU THINK THAT LOVE'S A BARREL OF DYNAMITE

HOORAY AND HALLALUJAH

YOU HAD IT COMING TO YOU

GOODY GOODY FOR YOU

GOODY GOODY FOR YOU

GOODY GOODY FOR ME

GOODY GOODY FOR ME

AND I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED YOU RASCAL YOU.

(APPLAUSE)

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MARY: SO YOU MET SOMEONE WHO SET YOU BACK ON YOUR HEELS
GOODY GOODY.
SO YOU MET SOMEONE AND NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS
GOODY GOODY
SO YOU GAVE HER YOUR HEART TOO
AND SHE BROKE IT IN LITTLE PIECES
NOW HOW DO YOU DO
SO YOU LIE AWAKE JUST SINGIN' THE BLUES ALL NIGHT
GOODY GOODY
SO YOU THINK THAT LOVE'S A BARREL OF DYNAMITE
HOORAY AND HALLELUJAH!
YOU HAD IT COMIN' TO YA.
GOODY GOODY FOR YOU
AND I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED YOU RASCAL YOU

Bob & Mary: EV'RY BODY'S GONNA HAVE A FINE TIME TONITE
all: GOODY GOODY.

Bob & Mary: WITH A SONG AND DANCE THE PARTY HAS STARTED RIGHT
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY

Bob & Mary: SMOKE LUCKIES FROM KENTUCKY
Quart: *Goody, goody for you*
GOODY GOODY FOR ME *you*

Bob & Mary: GOODY GOODY FOR YOU *me*
Quart: *Goody, goody for you me*
all: LUCKY STRIKE'S A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE.

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: *oh say, say* That was wonderful ... And Bob, it was a swell idea bringing the whole band here to Mary's house.

BOB: Well, I thought it would be *kinda* nice to have some music.

MARY: Bob, I don't mind your band being here, but your boys have a lot of nerve putting one of my best dishes on the piano for an ash tray.

BOB: What ash tray? ... That's for tips.

MARY: Tips! ... What a gang!

DON: Say, Mary, when do we eat?

MARY: Not till Jack gets here.

BOB: Mary, I don't care for myself, but I wish you'd feed the boys in the band. They're starving.

MARY: Well, *as* can't they hold out?

BOB: I don't think so. *He* I just passed 'em some crackers and Bagby ate my wristwatch.

MARY: No!

BOB: *yes* He thought the strap was a long anchovy.

MARY: Well Bob, we'll eat in *just about* a few minutes...

DENNIS: I hope so. I've been here *ever* since six-thirty this morning.

DON: Six-thirty this morning? Dennis, how come you got here so early?

JM

DENNIS: Well, I ^{gotta} have to come by bus and I wanted to make sure I'd be here on time.

BOB: ^{Will} Dennis, how far do you live from here?

DENNIS: Three miles.

BOB: Well, if you ^{live} only three miles away, why did you start out so early?

DENNIS: Who knew I'd take the right bus?

DON: Oh then you did take the right bus.

DENNIS: It must have been. It got me to San Diego in time to catch the plane back here.

MARY: ^{er} Wait a minute, Dennis ... you took a bus to San Diego and then flew back here to Los Angeles? Why'd you do that?

DENNIS: ^{Will} The only way I know how to get to your house is from the airport.

MARY: Oh fine. Don, you better take Dennis home tonight.

DON: Sure, Mary. .. What time do you want to go, Dennis?

DENNIS: Oh anytime. ^{Don} Our plane doesn't leave for San Diego till midnight.

MARY: Dennis ^{Dennis} .. do your mother and father celebrate Thanksgiving?

DENNIS: No.

MARY: I didn't think so.

BOB: ~~HEY FELLOWS, WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR JACK, LET'S HAVE SOME MORE MUSIC ... HIT IT, CHARLIE.~~

DON: ~~HEY WAIT A MINUTE, BOB ... CAN I PLAY THE DRUMS?~~

BOB: ~~SURE, GO AHEAD, DON.~~

~~(PIANO STARTS "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY" ... DRUMMER COMES IN VERY LOUD .. THEN HITS CYMBAL)~~

JM

MARY: DON, DON LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF EVERYTHING)

BOB: (ON CUE) DON, DON .. GET UP, YOU'RE SITTING ON THE ORCHESTRA.

MARY: Now fellows, please take it easy .. I'm going out in the kitchen and see how my maid is doing.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (PICKS UP HUMMING "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE")

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

MARY: Oh, Pauline, as soon as Mr. Benny gets here, we'll have dinner.

DORIS: Yes, ma'am.

MARY: And remember my instructions.

DORIS: Yes, Miss Livingstone ... I must serve everybody from the left.

MARY: Everybody except Don Wilson.

DORIS: How do I serve Mr. Wilson?

MARY: From both sides and jump back fast ... Now let's see what else ---

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Say Mary, I just thought of something.

MARY: Just a minute, Bob, I'm talking to my maid.

BOB: WELL! ... GET A LOAD OF THOSE LEGS!

MARY: BOB!

BOB: I'M LOOKING AT THE TURKEY.

MARY: Oh.

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BOB: Anyway, Mary, when the food's all ready let me know and I'll help you serve it.

MARY: ~~Well~~ ^{you} Thanks, Bob, but it won't be necessary ... I've hired a butler for the day.

BOB: Okay ..

~~(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)~~

DORIS: Gosh, Miss Livingstone, isn't he cute?

MARY: Bob Crosby?

DORIS: Yeah .. He's new on the show, isn't he?

MARY: Yes. He replaced Phil Harris.

DORIS: You mean Phil Harris won't be here tonight?

MARY: No.

DORIS: I wish you'd told me, I set a plate under the table.

MARY: Well, leave it there. I'm sure one of the boys in the band will --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

MARY: Oh, ~~there's the door buzzer~~ .. I'll get it.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... FEW FAST FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: (HUMS) I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY .. THAT'S THE ONLY --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MARY: Oh hello, Jack .. what took you so long?

JACK: ~~I had to stop for the flowers .. Here you are, Mary.~~ ^{*I don't know but it's about time. I'll tell you what took me so long, Mary.*}

MARY: ~~Well~~ ^{you} Thanks.

JACK: Is everybody here?

MARY: Sure, they're in the living room .. Let's go in.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, you did wear that old tuxedo, didn't you?

JACK: ~~oh~~ It's not so old.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

LW

JACK: HI YA FELLOWS

GANG: HELLO JACK..HOW ARE YOU?

JACK: *Hello* HELLO, BOB.

BOB: *Hello* Hello, Jack .. Say, that is original.

JACK: What?

BOB: A tuxedo made out of chlorophyll.

JACK: It is not made out of chlorophyll.

MARY: Well, it could use a little.

JACK: Never mind .. this is a perfectly good suit. There's nothing wrong with it.

DENNIS: I've got one just like it.

JACK: Ya see.

DENNIS: I wear it in all the St. Patrick's Day Parades.

JACK: Dennis ... do me a favor. Don't be on my side. Now go sit down.

DENNIS: Thanks, I've been here *over* since six-thirty.

JACK: *Not five or million dollars - I'm not going to go there*
(Hm..if he thinks I'm going to ask him why, he's crazy.) *

DON: Say Jack, you should've been here a few minutes ago. I did a tap dance.

JACK: You did, eh? Well, you kids must've been having a lot of fun

BOB: *yes* Yeah, it's great getting together on Thanksgiving like this.

JACK: You said it, Bob, and this year *you know* we should all be thankful ..

I know I am *yes*. When I get up in the morning, I hear the birds singing *yes*. I've got the beautiful moonlight at night .. I get all the fresh air I need ... all the sunshine I want.

MARY: So far it hasn't cost you a dime.

* *what happened 3 weeks ago.*

LW

JACK: What are you complaining about, you got your flowers, didn't you? Now let's not stand around arguing. What we need is entertainment.

MARY: That's right. Say, Dennis, It'll be a little while before we eat So how about a song?

DON: Yeah, come on, Dennis .. how about it? *Lid*

BOB: *Come on Dennis*
Sure-kid, go ahead.

DENNIS: It's about time somebody asked me, I've been here since six-thirty.

JACK: (I'm ~~still~~ not gonna ask him why.)

MARY: Jack, while Dennis is singing *will* you mix the salad?

JACK: Sure, Mary, but let me wear your apron, I don't wanta get my tuxedo dirty.

MARY: *ok* Here you are.

JACK: Thanks..Now Dennis, go ahead and sing your--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'LL GET IT, MARY, *I'll get the door* HOLD THE SONG TILL I COME BACK, KID.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS) When you say I beg your pardon, then I'll come back to you .. When you ask me to --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Yes?

NELSON: How do you do .. Is this Miss Livingstone's residence?

JACK: Yes, yes it is.

NELSON: Well, Miss Livingstone is expecting me for Thanksgiving dinner.

JACK: Oh, oh .. Well come right in .. You got here just in time, the fun's just starting.

NELSON: How nice.

JACK: Here, *here sit me* let me take your hat.

NELSON: Thank you.

JACK: Your coat?

NELSON: Thank you.

JACK: Now follow me .. HEY KIDS .. Oh pardon me, I didn't introduce myself .. I'm Jack Benny.

NELSON: How do you do, I'm the new butler.

JACK: HEY KI -- WHAT? .. THE BUTLER!

NELSON: Yes .. are you the downstairs maid?

JACK: I happen to be a guest here..I'm wearing this apron because I don't want to get salad dressing on my chlorophyll -- I mean my tuxedo. If you're the butler, the kitchen is right through that door.

NELSON: Thank you.

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Jack, who was that at the door?

JACK: Nobody.

MARY: Well, whose coat and hat are you carrying?

JACK: Oh darn it, they're your butler's, he just came in.

GANG: (LAUGH)

JACK: All right, all right..Go ahead and sing, Dennis.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, I'm going to introduce a new song and if you like it, maybe you'll wanta use it on your television show.

JACK: Maybe, let's hear it.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG -- "DREAMS ARE ALL I OWN")

(APPLAUSE)

LW

(THIRD ROUTINE)

GANG AD LIBS: THAT WAS WONDERFUL...GREAT...SWELL.

MARY: HEY, FELLOWS, FELLOWS ^{fellows} EVERYBODY IN THE DINING ROOM,
DINNER'S ON THE TABLE.

DENNIS: ^{Good} IT'S ABOUT TIME, I'VE BEEN HERE ^{since} SINCE SIX-THIRTY.

JACK: Dennis, I'm not gonna ask you why, so be quiet...HEY KIDS...
LET'S ALL MARCH IN ^{the dining room} A WE'LL HAVE A GOOD OLD CONGA LINE.

BOB: OKAY.

GANG: DA DA, DA DA, DA, BOOM

DA DA, DA DA, DA, BOOM

DA DA, DA DA, DA, BOOM

(SOUND: OBJECT FALLING AND THEN GLASS CRASH)

JACK: DON, ^{Don} IF YOU CAN'T CONTROL IT, DON'T SWING IT!...FOR
HEAVEN'S SAKE.

MARY: OH JACK, YOU AND YOUR IDEAS...NOW COME ON IN, FELLOWS...THE
DINNER WILL GET COLD.

DON: OKAY, LET'S GO.

(SOUND: NOISE AND SHUFFLING OF FEET)

MARY: (OFF MIKE) JACK, WE'RE SHORT OF CHAIRS...BRING IN THE PIANO
BENCH.

JACK: ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (Hey, what's this dish on top of the piano?)

(SOUND: RATTLE OF COINS IN PLATE)

JACK: WELL.

BOB: (OFF) HEY JACK, ^{you} GET YOUR HANDS OUT OF THERE, THAT'S FOR
THE BOYS.

AK

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: LOT OF COINS DROPPED IN PLATE...STOP)

MARY: (OFF) (MAD) JACK!

(SOUND: ONE COIN DROPPED)

JACK: How can she see from the other room?...HERE I COME WITH THE PIANO BENCH.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

~~JACK: Where do you want me to sit, Mary?~~

~~MARY: Right here...Your name's on the place card.~~

~~JACK: Oh. Say Bob, why don't the boys in the band sit down? Are they being polite?~~

~~BOB: No, they can't read.~~

~~JACK: Oh..~~

~~BOB: SIT DOWN ANYWHERE, FELLOWS.~~

MARY: I wonder what's keeping that butler. OH CROVNEY...CROVNEY!

JACK: I don't know why *I don't know why* you hired that smart-aleck butler anyway:
I'll get him...HEY, CROVNEY.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Yes, sir.

JACK: Crovney, we're ready to -- Crovney, why did you come in here barefooted? Where are your shoes?

~~NELSON: Don't you remember, I handed them to you when I came in.~~

JACK: *I'm sorry I took them off by mistake.*
What?

NELSON: I used to work in a winery.

JACK: Stop with the jokes...just bring in the food.

NELSON: All right.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

AK

JACK: What a butler. Mary, I still can't understand what made you hire him.

NELSON: DINNER IS SERVED....HERE'S THE TURKEY.

JACK: Gee, that turkey looks good.

MARY: Jack, will you do the carving?

JACK: Sure, I love to carve...Give me that knife.

(SOUND: SHARPENING OF KNIFE...KNIFE CUTTING ON PLATE)

JACK: Mary, what do you want, white meat or dark meat?

MARY: White meat, please.

JACK: How about you, Dennis?

DENNIS: I'll have a drum stick.

JACK: Okay...Now Don...would you like white meat, dark meat, a leg, or a wing?

DON: Yes, thank you, with mashed potatoes.

JACK: Hmmmm.

MARY: Say Bob, look at Bagby, he's eating with his hands.

BOB: Yeah....HEY BAGBY.

BAGBY: What do you want?

BOB: Have you tried your knife and fork?

BAGBY: Yes, and they ^{are} were delicious.

JACK: What?

BOB: ^{yeah} He eats everything...wrist bands, jewelry, shoe-horns --

JACK: How do you like that.

NELSON: Oh Miss Livingstone, shall I serve the hot biscuits now?

MARY: Yes, Grouney.

Jack
NELSON: *I'll have one.*
Very well, *Madame.*

(SOUND: LOUD PLOP OF BALL INTO MITT)

NELSON: There.

LW

MARY: Crovney, don't throw the biscuits.

JACK: Certainly not.

MARY: Why don't you stand closer to the table?

NELSON: I've been watching these people eat and I don't want to get any on me.

MARY: ~~What?~~

NELSON: ~~And that old man with the carving knife scares me to death.~~

JACK: ~~Now wait a minute.~~

NELSON: ~~Take off that apron, you look like Chef Milani.~~

JACK: ~~You're just mad because my tuxedo is better than yours.~~

NELSON: ~~Why, you old--~~

MARY: Now, Crovney, your job is just to serve the food and not to antagonize the guests.

NELSON: Yes, Madam.

DENNIS: SAY MR. BENNY, HOW ABOUT MAKIN' A SPEECH?

GANG AD LIBS: YEAH...SPEECH...SPEECH...COME ON JACK..MAKE A SPEECH.

MARY: *yeah* Go ahead, Jack, say something...

JACK: Well--

MARY: *you know* This is the first time we've all had dinner together in a long time. *so go ahead, make a speech.*

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: HITS PLATE WITH KNIFE)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT) Well, kids, it's sure nice for all of us to be here on Thanksgiving...Thanksgiving...a day set aside where families can *get* gather together in common bond and humbly give thanks in a spirit of brotherly love.

GANG: HEAR, HEAR!!

LW

JACK: Thank you...Yes, Thanksgiving...a day that was originally started by the Pilgrim Fathers...The Pilgrim Fathers...that stalwart, staunch group of men and women who left their native shore--

MARY: Don, stop eating.

JACK: And after many months of suffering had their hardship, rewarded by safely landing at Cape Cod in the year of 1620... Yes, our Pilgrim Fathers --

DON: Jack....

JACK: Our Pilgrim Fathers....

DON: Jack --

JACK: What is it, Don?

DON: The Pilgrims didn't land at Cape Cod. They landed at Plymouth Rock.

JACK: No no, ^{no no} Don...it was Cape Cod.

DON: Jack, ^{Jack} any schoolboy knows that it was Plymouth Rock...How can you say Cape Cod?

JACK: Don, don't tell me anything about history. I went to school, too. And I say the Pilgrims landed at Cape Cod.

DON: They didn't land at Cape Cod...it was Plymouth Rock.

JACK: DON, THEY LANDED AT CAPE COD...AND IF YOU DON'T--

MARY: JACK, PUT DOWN THAT CARVING KNIFE!

JACK: Oh, pardon me!

NELSON: BEAST!

JACK: Grovney, you stay out of this. ...Now, Don, this is Thanksgiving. so let's not quarrel....You think it was Plymouth Rock ~~but~~ I know it was Cape Cod...and you can take my word for it, I know what I'm talking about.

AK

DON: WELL, SO DO I, IT WAS PLYMOUTH ROCK.

JACK: IT WAS CAPE COD!

MARY: Oh for heaven's sake, cut it out...Crovney, serve the dessert,
will you?

NELSON: I will if those two gentlemen will get off the table.

JACK: I WILL IF HE WILL.

DENNIS: I'll have some more of that white meat.

JACK: THAT'S MY LEG!

DENNIS: ~~I wish you'd told me sooner, I put gravy on it.~~
you should have some

JACK: Well, wipe it off...NOW DON WILSON, I THINK IT'S AWFUL FOR
YOU TO COME HERE ON THANKSGIVING, ACCEPT MARY'S HOSPITALITY,
AND START A BIG ARGUMENT LIKE THIS...

DON: I DIDN'T START THE ARGUMENT, YOU DID...AND YOU CAN ASK
ANYBODY AND THEY'LL TELL YOU THE PILGRIMS LANDED ON PLYMOUTH
ROCK.

JACK: I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ASK, I STILL SAY THEY LANDED AT CAPE COD.

MARY: JACK, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, FINISH THE SPEECH YOU STARTED.

JACK: I'LL DO IT IF EVERYBODY WILL SHUT UP.....Now as I
was saying, friends..we're gathered here on Thanksgiving day
in a spirit of friendship...

DENNIS: ~~Hear, Hear.~~ *I gathered at 6:30*

JACK: ~~friendship~~ *friendship*...a word that in itself represents that binding tie between
all people....(MUSIC STARTS).....Let's try, friends,
let's try to keep the feeling that is so prevalent on this
day throughout the entire year...(MUSIC LOUDER)...So whenever
you feel discouraged just think of the spirit of those
Pilgrims, who sailed across the ocean deep and finally
landed at Cape Cod.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

AK

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in just a minute because I want to tell you what I'm going to do on my television show which goes on immediately after this program... But first ~~here's an important announcement...~~ Last year, more than a quarter of a million homes were ravaged by fire...thousands of Americans lost their lives! And most of these fires were caused by someone's carelessness. So, be extremely careful with fire. Replace all defective electrical wiring in your home...don't smoke in bed...be sure that every match or cigarette is out. Remember, only you can prevent fires. Thank you.
(APPLAUSE)

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

BB

ATX01 0183194

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOV. 26, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS CHEER: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky, Lucky, Lucky!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ...

Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton!

Better get a carton, today!

DON: Friends, you'll cheer Luckies too, once you smoke them because in a cigarette nothing, no ... nothing beats better taste. And Luckies do taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother. Now this better taste starts with Luckies' fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. Everybody knows LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And just as important, Luckies taste better because they're made better. They're made round and firm, and fully packed to give you a cleaner, fresher, smoother taste. No wonder a nation-wide survey, based on actual student interviews in 80 leading colleges, reveals that more smokers in these colleges prefer Luckies than any other cigarette.

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0183195

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1952 (TRANSCRIBED NOV. 26, 1952)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL CONT'D.

DON:
(CONT'D)

Yes, and Lucky Strike gained far more smokers in these colleges than the nation's two other principal brands combined. Now, the number one reason the students gave for smoking Luckies was better taste!

No doubt about it, nothing, no ... nothing beats better taste ... and Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother. Remember that, when you step up to your favorite cigarette counter. Be happy -- go Lucky, get better taste today!

SPORTSMEN
QUARTET:

Be Happy -- Go Lucky
Get better taste today! (LONG CLOSE)

DH

RTX01 0183196

(TAG)

ROCH: BOSS, YOU HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO READ. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO
YOUR TELEVISION SHOW IN THIRTY SECONDS.

JACK: I know, Rochester ^{I'm} I'm not reading, I'm just looking
something up in this history book.

(SOUND: PAGES TURNING)

JACK: Here it is..."In the year of 1620 the Pilgrims landed at
Plymouth Rock"....Hmm...Gee, it wasn't Cape Cod....It was
Plymouth Rock....Don Wilson was right.....Well, I hate
to do this, but I guess I'll just have to call him up and
fire himif he's so smart, he can get another job.
See you in a few seconds, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Program ^{this week was} ~~is~~ written by ~~Sam Pennin, Milt~~
~~Josephsberg, George Balzer,~~ ^{at Gordon, Hal} John Takaberry and produced and
transcribed by Hilliard Marks. ^{Heldman}

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

BB

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