

by Broadcast
PROGRAM #18
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11, 1953 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST
(TRANSCRIBED JAN. 6, 1953)

ATX01 0183336

THE JACK BENNY SHOW
SUNDAY, JANUARY 11, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 6, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

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

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends, this is Don Wilson. You know choosing your
cigarette is really simple. Just go by the taste. That's
right! For nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste.
And the cigarette that tastes better-cleaner, fresher, and
smoother ...is Lucky Strike! First of all, Luckies give you
the better taste of really fine, mild tobacco. Remember,
LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco - with a wonderful
flavor of its own. What's more, Luckies give you the better
taste of a better-made cigarette....made round and firm and
fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly - to taste
cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, friends...for your own
smoking enjoyment, remember - better taste is what you're
really after. And better taste is what you get in every
pack of Luckes! Be happy -- go Lucky! Make your next pack
Lucky Strike!

BR

ATX01 0183337

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, JANUARY 11, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED JANUARY 6, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike....Lucky Strike!

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

DON: The Lucky Strike program starring.....

BR

ATX01 018333B

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(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, IN JUST NINE MORE DAYS A NEW TENANT WILL MOVE INTO THE WHITE HOUSE. AND TONIGHT, SINCE WE CAN'T BRING YOU THE DISTINGUISHED AND LOVEABLE TENANT, WE BRING YOU THE MEAN OLD LANDLORD. AND HERE HE IS...JACK BENNY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...*thank you* Hello again....this is Jack Benny talking. And, Don, that's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard...saying that I own the White House.

DON: But, Jack, what I said isn't so ridiculous. Technically, as a citizen and taxpayer, you do own the White House.

JACK: Look, Don --

DON: You own all the buildings in Washington. The Capitol, The Library of Congress --

JACK: Don --

DON: The United States Post Office...

JACK: Don --

DON: The United States Supreme Court.

JACK: Don --

DON: The United States Mint.

JACK: Don, stop being -- What'd you say, what'd you say?...*Segment* Huh?
What'd you say? *Don?*

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DON: I thought that would get you. But, Jack, it's true. You own it, I own it, all the taxpayers own it. It's like being a stock holder in a corporation like...er...like the American Tobacco Company.

JACK: Well, Don, that's a very good comparison...because everybody knows that the United States Mint is round and firm and fully packed...And if it isn't, it will be on March Fifteenth...that I know.

DON: March Fifteenth?.....Jack, what ^{happens on} ~~does that mean?~~ *that day?*

JACK: Well, Don, you don't know about this, but people who earn over five hundred dollars a year have to pay taxes. ~~That's why your Christmas bonus was only seven dollars, I didn't want you to go over.~~

~~DON: Thanks, Jack.~~

~~JACK: You're quite welcome, Don. I always try to help whenever~~
~~I --~~ Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don.

DON: H'ya, Mary.

JACK: Mary, I said hello, too.

MARY: I know, I know.

JACK: ^{So} ~~Well~~, what's eating you?

MARY: Plenty. All I asked you ~~to do~~ is let me keep a couple of packages of meat in your deep freeze...and this morning Rochester sent them back to me. He said there was no room.

JACK: Well, Mary, if there's no room, there's no room.

DON: ^{Wait - now - now} ~~Well~~ Wait a minute, Jack, I happen to know that your freezer is unusually large...and just a week ago I looked in and it was empty.

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MARY: Well, it's full now.

DON: No kidding, what has he got in it?

MARY: His Christmas tree.

JACK: ~~Mary --~~

MARY: ~~He didn't even take off the ornaments.~~

JACK: All right, what's wrong with preserving a Christmas tree?

DON: Jack's right, Mary. It isn't any of our business what he keeps in his deep freeze as long as he has plenty of meat... like those steaks he served us last night.

MARY: Some steak!

JACK: What do you mean...some steak! ..If you didn't like it, why did you eat so much?

MARY: I was trying to guess whether it was Dancer, Prancer, Donner or Blitzen.

JACK: *They were not reindeer.*
~~Well now that's ridiculous.~~ Those were very fine steaks. Didn't you see the government stamp on them? Grade A?

MARY: Mine said "Merry Christmas".

JACK: I wrote that on there myself. Now look Mary, we have a show to do tonight...and a very important sketch...so let's --

(CRASH OF CYMBALS, DRUMS, ETC.)

JACK: What in the world was -- Bob ..Bob, what happened?

BOB: *Will* Sammy the drummer fell off the bandstand.

JACK: What?

BOB: *Will* Jack, it isn't what you think. *Jack: Two - Bob y-se*
The boys in the band are such practical jokers.

JACK: Practical jokers? Why, what did they do?

BOB: *Will* They took the electric wire that goes to Remley's guitar and taped it to Sammy's chair.

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JACK : Well, of all things. Wiring up his chair with electricity.
...and I can't understand Sammy falling for it. Didn't he
suspect anything when he sat on those wires?

BOB: *Wib* He didn't even get suspicious when they slit his pants leg.

JACK: Slit Sammy's pants leg?

BOB: *yes* They didn't have to shave his head.

JACK: That I know....But Bob, I think the boys are going too far...
Sammy could have gotten electrocuted.

BOB: *ad* That's what the boys figured...so last night they took him
to a Cafeteria and told him to order anything he wanted.

JACK: Bob, you mean you went with them?

BOB: *oh* No *Jack*, don't you remember?...I was at your house.

JACK: Oh yes *yes*.

BOB: *say* By the way, what kind of steaks were those you served last
night?

JACK: Huh?

BOB: *well I went to bed* Every time I turned over ~~in bed~~ I heard sleigh bells.

JACK: Now, cut that out! I invite the whole gang over for a steak
dinner and instead of being grateful, you all make cracks
about it being reindeer....The only one that hasn't is
Dennis.

DENNIS: I can't talk, I've got an antler stuck in my throat.

JACK: An antler?

DENNIS: Your hat is still hanging on it.

JACK: Oh for heavens sake. I don't know why it is. I try to do
a program and everybody ----

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MARY: *st Jack* take it easy.

JACK: I can't help it....Dennis, why do you go around irritating people?

DENNIS: I'm experimenting.

JACK: What kind of an experiment is that...irritating people.

DENNIS: When you do it to oysters, they give pearls.

JACK: ~~What?~~

DENNIS: ~~Hold still, Mr. Benny, I think I see one coming out on your forehead. No no, it's just perspiration.~~

JACK: Mary, you talk to him will you?

MARY: Dennis, you better sing your song.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS' SONG --"HEART AND SOUL")

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That ^{is that} was Dennis Day singing "Heart and Soul". And very good Dennis, it was excellent. And now ladies and gentlemen --

~~DENNIS: I thought several of my notes were flat.~~

JACK: No no, Dennis, they were fine. And now, ladies and gentlemen --

DENNIS: My enunciation was horrible.

JACK: No no, Dennis, it was perfect. And now, ladies and gentlemen --

DENNIS: I thought my phrasing was lousy.

JACK: Dennis, why do you run yourself down like that?

DENNIS: When you're loaded with talent, you have to be modest.

JACK: (FUMING) Dennis -- Dennis --

DENNIS: Ooh, look, another pearl.

JACK: Now stop that. And, Dennis, instead of doing all that silly talk, you better study the script because we're doing a very important sketch tonight. And everybody better be on their toes, because --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Now, who can that be?

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Rochester, I'm in the middle of a program.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT I WANTA TELL YOU SOMETHING.

JACK: Tell me something, ~~tell me something~~. I just left the house a little while ago .. Why do you always call me at the studio?

ROCH: I DON'T GET APPLAUSE AT HOME.

JACK: Never mind that. What's so important?

ROCH: A MAN WAS HERE FROM A FAN MAGAZINE, AND HE SAID THEY WANTED TO PRINT THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE ... PICTURES AND EVERYTHING.

JACK: *h* Pictures, too, huh?

ROCH: YEAH ... SO I GAVE HIM SOME THAT WERE TAKEN WHEN YOU WERE IN THE NAVY ... SOME WHEN YOU WERE IN VAUDEVILLE ... AND SOME THAT WERE TAKEN WHEN YOU WERE ENTERTAINING OVERSEAS.

JACK: *h* Good, good.

ROCH: THEN HE ASKED ME FOR ONE OF YOUR BABY PICTURES BUT I COULDN'T FIND ANY.

JACK: Well, what did you do?

ROCH: I SLIPPED HIM ONE OF MINE.

JACK: What?

ROCH: THEN HE ASKED ME A LOT OF PERSONAL QUESTIONS ... AND I TOLD HIM YOU WERE THE NICEST, KINDEST AND MOST CONSIDERATE MAN I EVER WORKED FOR.

JACK: Well, thank you.

ROCH: THEN HE BROUGHT UP THE SUBJECT OF YOUR GENEROSITY.

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: SO I TOLD HIM FOR CHRISTMAS YOU GAVE ME A BONUS OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

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JACK: You told him I gave you five thousand dollars? ... What made you think he'd believe that?

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN HE DIDN'T QUESTION THE BABY PICTURE, I KNEW HE WAS VULNERABLE.

~~JACK: Oh. Rochester, what else did he ask you?~~

ROCH: WELL, HE WANTED TO KNOW HOW YOU PERSONALLY CLASSED YOURSELF AS A VIOLINIST.

JACK: How I classed myself?

ROCH: YES. SO I TOLD HIM THAT YOU THOUGHT YOUR TONE WASN'T AS RESONANT AS IT SHOULD BE.

JACK: You told him that?

ROCH: YEAH, THEN I TOLD HIM YOU THOUGHT YOUR FINGERING WAS CLUMSY AND YOUR BOWING WAS AWKWARD.

JACK: Rochester, why did you tell him that?

ROCH: BOSS, EVEN WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT, YOU HAVE TO BE MODEST.

JACK: ~~I guess so.~~ Now Rochester, I have to get back to the program, so I'll see you later. Goodbye.

ROCH: GOODBYE ... OH SAY, BOSS.

JACK: What now?

ROCH: A FEW MINUTES AFTER YOU LEFT THE HOUSE AN ELECTRIC FUSE BLEW OUT, AND YOUR FREEZER WENT OFF.*

JACK: My freezer went off? *I see. Well* Oh, my goodness, what happened to all the things I have in it?

ROCH: WELL, YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE IS ALL RIGHT, BUT TWO STEAKS THAWED OUT AND RAN UP THE CHIMNEY.

JACK: Ran up the -- Now that's ridiculous. Rochester, why did you make up a thing like that?

** Jack: by electric what blew out?
Roch: Fuse
Jack: A fuse? huh?
Roch: Well huh*
*Jack: kind of my -
Roch: your freezer went off*

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN YOU START WITH APPLAUSE, YOU GOTTA END WITH A
LAUGH.

JACK: ~~Yes~~ yes, I hope I'm as fortunate ... Goodbye, Rochester.

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBYE!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: You know, Rochester may not be a good butler but he certainly
... he certainly ... hmm.

MARY: What's the matter, Jack?

JACK: I wrote an ad lib in here and I can't find it ... oh, well.

DON: Jack, what about the important sketch you said we're going
to do tonight?

JACK: Oh yes ... And now, ladies and gentlemen ... for our feature
attraction tonight, we will present our version of that
wonderful Paramount Picture, "The Road to Bali" which stars
Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour.

MARY: *you know* I saw it last night, Jack ... and it really is a funny
picture.

JACK: I know ... Now, since I'm a comedian, I'll play Hope's part...
and since Bob Crosby is Bing's brother, he'll play his part...
and Dennis --

DENNIS: Okay, but I look lousy in a sarong.

JACK: *forget* You're not playing Dorothy Lamour's part ... You're going to
be a native we ~~meet~~ *met* in the jungle ... a head hunter.

DENNIS: A head hunter?

JACK: Yes, and before we start, go hunt for your own *turned head a joke* ... Now as a
matter of fact, we were going to have Dorothy Lamour on the
show, but at the last minute something happened.

MARY: She wanted money.

RU

JACK: Oh quiet ... Now Mary, you're going to be Dorothy Lamour.

MARY: Okay ... but with Bing and Bob in the picture ... who's gonna get me?

JACK: The May Company if you keep making those cracks ... ~~Just once can't you~~

BOB: Say Jack --

JACK: What is it, Bob?

BOB: If I'm going to play Bing's part ... maybe I ought to call him and get permission.

JACK: Oh, you don't have to do that.

BOB: Yes I do ... I have to ask Bing about everything ... I even asked him if I could get married.

MARY: No kidding, Bob ... did he give you his blessings?

BOB: Yeah, and what blessings ... I cashed it, and bought the house.

~~MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I know what you mean.~~

JACK: ~~All right, kids~~ ... and now ^{well} that we've done all the casting, let's get on with our sketch, The Road to Bali.

DON: Wait a minute, Jack ... what about me?

JACK: Oh yes, Don, you've got a very important part.

DON: I have?

JACK: Yes, paint a white line down your back, you're gonna be the *straight out* road ... ~~AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... FOR OUR FEATURE~~ *I don't want any detours*

ATTRACTION OF THE EVENING ... "THE ROAD TO BALI."

(MUSIC...FADE OUT)

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JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS BOB HOPE ... MY VAUDEVILLE PARTNER, BING CROSBY AND I WERE STRANDED IN AUSTRALIA .. WE WERE BROKE AND HUNGRY AND HAD NO FRIENDS IN AUSTRALIA, SO FINALLY IN DESPERATION WE BECAME PICKPOCKETS ... THE FIRST POCKET I PICKED ... NOTHING ... THE SECOND POCKET ... NOTHING ... ~~AND~~ THE THIRD POCKET BIT ME ... I HAD PICKED THE POUCH OF A KANGAROO ... AFTER DAYS OF CONTINUED BAD LUCK, WE WERE WALKING DOWN THE STREET WHEN I TURNED TO MY PARTNER AND SAID:

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Gosh, four days and nothing to eat ... I'm starved ... Say Bing --

CROSBY: (SINGS) When the blue of the night, meets the gold of the day ... (WHISTLES) *Jack I knew there was something Bing could do that he couldn't*

~~JACK: Bing, how can you sing at a time like this? We're both starving...~~

~~CROSBY: I figure if I keep my mouth open, something might fly in.~~

JACK: ~~Good idea ...~~ but you know, Bing, I can't understand why I'm a failure ... I'm a talented dancer ... I'm a wonderful singer ... I'm a great actor ... I'm a big star.

HOPE: (COMING IN) YOU'RE A BIG HAM.

JACK: Huh? ... Look, it's Bob Hope.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Bob ... Bob Hope ... what a surprise!

HOPE: Some surprise .. We had three rehearsals, I turned down the first two scripts, finally had to call in my own writers, and he's surprised.

JACK: Look, Bob --

HOPE: You can go home if you want, I've got a monologue *here* that will run through Amos and Andy, Edgar Bergen, and right up to the weather report.

RU

JACK: Weather report?

HOPE: Dull today, funny tomorrow.

JACK: Oh, yeah?...well, let me tell you something.. Rochester may not be a good butler but he certainly----Oh my goodness, I wrote it on the wrong page...~~How do you like that.~~

~~HOPE: Well, I played it safe and wrote my ad libs on Sammy's head.~~

~~JACK: What?~~

~~HOPE: If he grows hair, I'm dead.~~

JACK: ~~All right, all right.~~ Now Bob, I'd like you to say hello to the other--

HOPE: Un-uh...~~uh~~ just a second, Jack.

JACK: Huh?

HOPE: A full minute has passed and you haven't said it.

JACK: Oh yes...The Road to Bali.

HOPE: That's better.

MARY: Jack, why did you have to say "Road to Bali"?

HOPE: It's either that or money..Hiya, Mary.

MARY: (LAUGHING) Hello, Bob.

JACK: Say Bob, you know Bing's brother, of course.

HOPE: ~~h~~ Sure....Hello, Bob.

CROSBY: Hello, Bob.

HOPE: How do you feel, Bob?

CROSBY: Fine, how do you feel, Bob?

HOPE: Fine, how's your wife, Bob?

CROSBY: Fine, how's your wife, Bob?

HOPE: Fine, how are your kids, Bob?

CROSBY: Fine, how are your kids, Bob?

MARY: Four writers got paid six thousand dollars for this sparkling dialouge.

JACK: ~~Quiet, Mary.~~ Say Bob, I meant to ask you -- does Crosby here resemble his brother Bing, much?

HOPE: *I don't know*
Let me see...Smile, Junior.

CROSBY: Okay.

HOPE: Well, they look alike but Bing is a little fatter around the wallet....He's also a little fatter around the place where he carries his wallet...Which reminds me, I'd like to ask you something, Junior.

CROSBY: What is it Bob?

HOPE: I haven't seen Bing since Christmas...What did he give Santa Claus this year?

CROSBY: Well, *Bob* you know Bing...he doesn't splurge too much around Christmas time...he gives his biggest gifts on March Fifteenth.

HOPE & JACK: (SADLY IN UNISON) Amen, Brother!

JACK: Say, Bob...how come you haven't seen Bing for such a long time...You're both at Paramount, aren't you?

HOPE: Yes, but they changed our dressing rooms and we're not next to each other any more...I meant to tell you, Jack, they gave me your old dressing room.

JACK: *Not really.*
No...Imagine that...my old dressing room...Gosh, I can still ~~see~~ *see* picture it...There's a big landscape painting on one wall... a window on another wall...and....and what's on the third wall?

HOPE: Six wash basins.

JACK: Oh yes...~~I was the cleanest star at Paramount...~~Now, Bob, let's get going with the ---

**Jack: still picture it.
Bob: Start right through anywhere through there.
Both: Oh all time. (Both: Imagine that.)
Jack: What? Bob: Yes -- I was obliterating your line
Jack: I see. Well you know I can still see my old dressing room.*

HOPE: *Don't talk until you*
~~Uh-uh,~~ look at your watch.

JACK: Huh? Oh yes, Road to Bali, Road to Bali, gosh two minutes
go fast *here*

HOPE: Thanks, Jack...Now there's something I want to do for you.

JACK: What's that?

HOPE: Well, I wrote special lyrics to my theme song, "Thanks For
The Memory"...and I'm going to sing it to you with the
Sportsmen Quartet.

JACK: *Well,* that's swell, Bob...Come on, let's hear it.

(INTRO)

BOB: THANKS FOR THE LUCKY STRIKES
THE PACK YOU GAVE TO ME
OF LSMFT
IS MORE THAN I EXPECTED
THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO WORK FOR FREE
OH THANK YOU SO MUCH.

QUART: THANKS FOR THE LUCKY STRIKES
A SENTIMENT WE SHARE
YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE
A LUCKY STRIKE IS BETTER MADE
JUST ^{taste} ~~PASTE~~ IT AND COMPARE
SO THANK YOU SO MUCH.
LISTEN BOB, ON YOUR NEW PROGRAM
CAN YOU USE A HUNGRY QUARTET?

BOB: OF COURSE, AND I'LL PAY YOU IN JELLO
YES, ALL YOU CAN EAT
OH BOY, WHAT A TREAT

QUART: WELL, THANKS FOR THE OFFER, BOB.
WE'D REALLY LIKE TO GO
AND BE PART OF YOUR SHOW
BUT WE'RE STUCK WITH BENNY
FOR VERY LITTLE DOUGH
BUT THANK YOU SO MUCH
WE LIKE THE TASTE OF A LUCKY
THERE'S NOTHING AS GOOD,
NO THERE'S NOTHING
FOR REAL SMOKING PLEASURE START PUFFING
A LUCKY STRIKE, THE SMOKE YOU LIKE.

(MORE)

BB

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QUART: SO THANKS FOR A LUCKY STRIKE
(CONT'D)

THE SMOKE WE ALL ENJOY

NO LOOSE ENDS TO ANNOY

FROM FLORIDA TO WASHINGTON

FROM MAINE TO ILLINOIS

SO THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH.

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: That ^{that} was wonderful, Bob..Not only did you sing the Lucky Strike commercial well, but you've got the only nose that can tear and compare.. By the way, you haven't met Dennis Day yet.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Hope.

HOPE: ~~A~~ Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: You know, I saw your very first road picture..The Road to Singapore.

HOPE: Really?

DENNIS: Yes, then I saw The Road to Morocco, The Road to Zanzibar, The Road to Rio, The Road to Utopia, and last night I saw The Road to Bali.

HOPE: No kidding.

DENNIS: Yes..and now that I've finally met you in person, I'd like to tell you something.

HOPE: What?

DENNIS: You're nothing without Bing Crosby.

HOPE: *Why don't you tell I may but the string off you*
is this fugitive from Glocamorra sticking his tongue out at me?

JACK: *Let you just dangle.*
No, that's an antler.. Now let's get on with the sketch.

HOPE: What sketch?

JACK: The Road to Bali.

HOPE: ~~Good~~
Well, I got a free one that time.

JACK: I know but I'm putting my watch ahead.. Well, let's get on with the sketch.

HOPE: Okay..Hey Jack, who's that lying down on the floor?

JACK: That's Don Wilson, he's the road.

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HOPE: Oh yes... *Now*, Jack, I think it's only fair for me to play

Jack the part I created in the picture.
JACK: *What I couldn't think of anything good &*
Well...naturally...so I'll play Bing's part.

HOPE: No Jack, since Bob here is Bing's brother..he should play that role.

JACK: Hmm...well, what *what* can I do in the sketch?

HOPE: You play the part of the Giant Octopus.

JACK: Now wait a minute...I'm not playing any octopus.

HOPE: But it's a very important part.

JACK: I don't care how important it is.. Imagine, a man of my position in show business playing an octopus.

HOPE: But Jack, it motivates the whole picture..You see, the octopus guards a sunken treasure worth millions of dollars.

JACK: Well, get me six more arms and let's go...I'll set the scene...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENT..
THE ROAD TO BALI..WITH BING CROSBY, BOB HOPE, DOROTHY LAMOUR
AND STARRING --

(DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH)

JACK: THE OCTOPUS.....CURTAIN..MUSIC.

(MUSIC)

** Bob. I was trying to think of a funny line
but I couldn't finish it.*

BB

ATX01 0183356

HOPE: (FILTER) MY NAME IS BOB HOPE..CROSBY AND I LEFT AUSTRALIA
BOUND FOR THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS TO LOOK FOR SUNKEN TREASURE..
WE LANDED ON THE ISLAND OF VATU AND BECAME HOPELESSLY LOST
IN THE JUNGLE..FOR DAYS WE WANDERED THROUGH A TANGLE OF VINES,
AND THEN WE CAME TO A RUBBER PLANTATION AND WENT THROUGH IT
FOR QUITE A STRETCH.....RUBBER?...STRETCH?...WELL, IF I HAD
KNOWN I WAS GONNA GET DIALOGUE LIKE THIS, I'DA WORN TOP HAT
AND WHITE TIE... NO PANTS, YOU'VE GOTTA GET LAUGHS *you know*
AS WE REACHED A CLEARING ON THE OTHER SIDE, WE WERE
SURROUNDED BY A FIERCE TRIBE OF CANNIBALS AND THEIR
BEAUTIFUL WHITE PRINCESS.

(SOUND: JUNGLE NOISES UP AND FADE) *Bob: My agent*

HOPE: THE PRINCESS CAME UP TO ME AND SAID...

MARY: Me native princess, who you?

HOPE: (REG. MIKE) *How* do you do, ladies and gentlemen, this is
Bob, "What's Cooking" Hope, telling all you cannibals that
while I'd like to bring you joy, don't look at me when you
want to put something in the pot, boy.

MARY: No worry..my tribe not eat you...You very handsome man.

HOPE: Wait a minute..you don't look like the real princess.

MARY: Real princess not here, she want money.

DENNIS: All I want is you, baby..kiss me, toots.

HOPE: *Hey* Wait a minute, Dennis, you read my line.

DENNIS: No I didn't.

HOPE: Yes, you did..look at the script. It says "Bob"...that's me.

DENNIS: It says "Boob", that's me.

BB

ATX01 0183357

HOPE: ~~Oh fine.~~ some sketch this is..It's crazy enough to have
Jerry Colonna in it.

DENNIS: (A LA COLONNA) GREETINGS GATE, SORRY I'M LATE.

HOPE: Now wait a minute..you're not even in this sketch, how can
you make love to the princess?

DENNIS: I DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, I JUST HAVE FUN.

JACK: Hey Bob, what about me?

HOPE: Beat it, Octopus, you come in later.

JACK: Oh.

HOPE: Well, I'm getting out of here..Come on, Bing.

CROSBY: (SINGS) When the Blue of the night meets the gold of the
day..(WHISTLES)

(SOUND: JUNGLE NOISES UP AND DOWN)
Watch those low notes Bing
HOPE: (FILTER) WE RESUMED OUR LONG TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE..THEN
OUR BAD LUCK BEGAN..WE HAD NO FOOD OR SUPPLIES...AT NIGHT WE
HAD TO LIGHT FIRES TO KEEP THE ANIMALS AWAY..THEN OUR WATER
SUPPLY RAN OUT..WE HAD NOTHING TO DRINK..AND WE WENT THREE
WEEKS WITHOUT A BATH...THEN THE ANIMALS STARTED LIGHTING
FIRES TO KEEP US AWAY...FINALLY WE CAME TO THE COAST AND
WERE LOOKING DOWN INTO THE LAGOON WHERE THE SUNKEN TREASURE
LAY SEVEN FATHOMS DEEP...WE GOT INTO A BOAT AND ROWED TO THE
EXACT SPOT.

(SOUND: SPLASHING SOUNDS AS BOAT IS ROWED)

HOPE: (REG. MIKE) Well, this looks like the place, don't you think
so, Bing?

CROSBY: (SINGS) When the blue of the night meets the gold of the
day, (~~WHISTLES~~)

BB

HOPE: Now look, I'll put this diving helmet on you....There...Now go over the side and look for the treasure.

(SOUND: LIGHT SPLASHING NOISES)

HOPE: Atta boy, Bing..go down and get it.

(SOUND: VERY HEAVY SPLASHES)

HOPE: ~~Look out~~...HERE COMES THE GIANT OCTOPUS.

(SOUND: HEAVIER SPLASHES)

JACK: That's me, folks..~~Fine thing..my own show and all I do is splash.~~

HOPE: ~~Jack, you're spoiling the sketch...You're supposed to be the octopus and eat Crosby up.~~

JACK: ~~Okay.~~

(SOUND: LOUD SPLASHING)

HOPE: Oh, my goodness...the giant octopus ate up my pal, Bing... Octopus...Octopus...say something.

JACK: (SINGS) When the blue of the night meets the gold of the day, someone waits for me.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

DON: ~~Jack will be back in just a moment, but first a word to cigarette smokers.~~

EB

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 a word to cigarette smokers.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SUNDAY, JANUARY 11, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED JAN. 6, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

DON: Nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste. And remember...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-tasting fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother!

Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike!

DON: Friends, taste makes the big difference in cigarettes for
nothing - no, nothing - beats better taste.. and Luckies
taste better -- cleaner, fresher, smoother. But don't take my
word alone for it. Just listen to this and judge for
yourself. 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.
By a wide margin, too! And the number one reason the students
gave for smoking Luckies was better taste! Yes, and I know
you too will find that Luckies taste better ... cleaner, and
fresher, and smoother. So enjoy the full rich taste of fine
mild tobacco in a better made cigarette. Yes, be happy -- go
Lucky. Get better taste today!

QUART: Be happy -- go Lucky

Get better taste today! (LONG CLOSE)

BB

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(TAG)

JACK: ~~Say~~ Bob, I want to thank you for appearing on our show tonight and letting us do a parody on your picture, "The Road to Bali."

HOPE: ~~Glad to do it, Jack.~~

JACK: ~~But I don't want you to think that all you're getting out of this guest appearance is publicity.~~

HOPE: ~~You mean...I'm getting something else?~~

JACK: ~~Yes...How would you like to come over to my house for dinner tonight?~~

HOPE: ~~Well, I'd love to if...if...well, if you'll serve my sponsor's product for dessert...Do you have any Jello?~~

MARY: ~~What do you think his swimming pool's filled with?~~

JACK: ~~Quiet, Mary...Goodnight, folks...Goodnight, Bob.~~

HOPE: ~~Goodnight, Jack...so long folks.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, be sure to hear The American Way, starring Horace Height for Lucky Strike every Thursday night over this same station.. I'm sure you'll enjoy this great new program. Consult your newspaper for the time.

DON: The Jack Benny Program is written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, 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.

Announcer: Stay tuned now for the longest running show
THIS IS THE CBS...RADIO...NETWORK! which follows
immediately over these same stations.