

PROGRAM #37
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1953

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)

AS BROADCAST

EC

ATX01 0183802

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: The Jack Benny program ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike ... (PAUSE) Friends .. for real deep-down
smoking enjoyment remember ... nothing - no, nothing - beats
better taste ... and ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ...

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother...
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
Richer-tasting fine tobacco ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ...

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ..
Lucky Strike ... Lucky Strike...

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. In one respect, all cigarette smokers
are alike. They all want a cigarette that tastes better.
Naturally ... nothing - no, nothing beats better taste ..
And Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother,
These are the reasons. Luckies taste better because they're
made of fine, light naturally mild tobacco, with its own
refreshing aroma, its own wonderful taste. Yes, LS/MFT -
Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, too, Luckies taste
better because they're made better. They're round and
firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly. But
that's not all. To make sure that you get Luckies' better
taste in all its natural freshness, every pack is extra
tightly sealed.

BH

(MORE)

ATX01 0183803

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: When you open your Luckies, you'll find the cigarettes
(CONT'D) inside are as fresh as the day they were made. So, friends
switch to Lucky Strike.

The cigarette that tastes better ... cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Yes, be happy - go Lucky ... next time and
every time ask for a carton of fresher tasting, better-
tasting Lucky Strike....

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ...

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother...

Lucky Strike .. Lucky Strike ...

MUSIC: (PROGRAM THEME UP AND DOWN)

BH

ATX01 0183804

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(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..LET'S GO OUT TO JACK BENNY'S HOME
IN BEVERLY HILLS WHERE, AS YOU KNOW, HE LIVES ALONE WITH
HIS BUTLER, ROCHESTER. IT'S NINE THIRTY IN THE MORNING
AND AS USUAL, ONE IS IN BED WHILE THE OTHER IS IN THE
KITCHEN PREPARING BREAKFAST.

JACK: (PAUSE) Now let's see, where are the eggs?...Gee, it's
so hard to find anything in this refrigerator. Maybe
I oughta trade it in. I hear the newer models have a
light in 'em. Oh, here's an egg on the bottom shelf.
(HUMS) Pretend you're happy when you're blue..Should I
have one egg or take two..... Eh, one egg's enough...I
just said two so it would rhyme.

(SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: I think I'll scramble it...Let's see, now..
first I'll break it into this bowl.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG ON SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: FIVE CLICKS OF EGG ON SIDE OF BOWL)

JACK: Gosh, I'm weak in the morning...Maybe I better have my
orange juice first...Yeah...I'll make some *orange juice*.

(SOUND: CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING JUICE INTO GLASS)

EC

(Name "Pretend")
JACK: *^* That orange juice sure looks good... Now to get the seeds out... ~~say~~, there's one..two..three..four..five... I think I'll go outside and----Nah, it would take them years to grow...(SINGS) Pretend you're happy when you're blue...

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF)

JACK: Now who can that be?

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..
LONG FOOTSTEPS...PHONE RINGS AGAIN..
RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

RUBIN: Hello, this is Russer's Jewelry store in Beverly Hills.

JACK: Yes.

RUBIN: The diamond necklace with the emerald pendant you ordered is ready and we can deliver it today..Please have your check for twelve thousand dollars ready.

JACK: *Look* This is Jack Benny.. ~~perhaps~~ *must* you have the wrong number.

RUBIN: ~~perhaps~~ *must have!* I haven't been this wrong since I gave two to one on Wolcott.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hmm..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: What reason would I have to buy a diamond necklace?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS)

EC

JACK: It would look silly on me. Now to have my oran--
Say, that's funny, the glass is empty..Somebody
drank my orange juice..Hmm..there's nobody in the
house but Rochester ~~and~~--That's it..Rochester..Wait'll
I--

(SOUND: FEW FAST FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...FAST
FOOTSTEPS...RUNNING UPSTAIRS...DOWN HALL
DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Rochester..Rochester, did you drink my orange juice?

ROCH: (SNORE)

JACK: Rochester! You're not fooling me..Get up!

ROCH: (LONG SNORE)

JACK: Rochester!

ROCH: (SNORES AND THEN MUMBLES) I KNOW I'M CUTE, HONEY,
BUT CONTROL YOURSELF.

JACK: Hmm..maybe he is asleep..I'll tickle him and wake
him up.

ROCH: (SNORES AND GIGGLES)

JACK: Rochester--

ROCH: (QUICK SNORE) OH, ^{oh,} IT'S YOU, BOSS, WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT.

JACK. Never mind that..did you sneak downstairs, drink my
orange juice and get back in bed?

ROCH: ORANGE JUICE? I WAS SOUND ASLEEP.

JACK: Sound asleep?...Then how come you woke up so fast when
I tickled you?

ROCH: YOU WERE USING THE HAND YOU HAD IN THE ICE BOX.

JACK: Now, Rochester, I made a glass of orange juice, I went
in the next room to answer the phone, and when I came
back, the orange juice was gone.

ROCH: MAYBE THE MICE DRANK IT.

JACK: Mice don't drink orange juice.

ROCH: IN CALIFORNIA?

JACK: All right, I know you drank it; but we'll talk about it later...Now get out of ~~that~~ bed. ~~I~~ want you to drive me down town to the doctor's office. ~~I~~ got to go for a physical.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOSS? YOU FEEL BAD?

JACK: No no..it's just that my sponsor ^s ~~is~~ taking out an insurance policy on me and I have to be examined.

ROCH: HOW MUCH IS THE POLICY FOR?

JACK: A million dollars..but if I'm killed accidentally, the sponsor collects two million dollars.

ROCH: TWO MILLION?

JACK: Yes.

ROCH: BOSS..YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP. I HEAR YOUR SPONSOR'S HOBBY IS RIFLE SHOOTING.

JACK: Oh..I'm not worried about that.. He does his target practice on a range way out at Sunset and Westwood..~~and~~ I don't even pass there on my way home.

ROCH: I KNOW, BUT FOR TWO MILLION DOLLARS THEY CAN MAKE A BULLET THAT WAITS FOR YOU AT PICO AND SEPULVEDA.

JACK: What are you talking about? My sponsor ^s ~~is~~ just trying to protect his investment, that's all. Now hurry downstairs.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL AND DOWN STAIRS)

CB

RTX01 0183808

JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) Imagine him denying that he drank that orange juice..(MAD) ~~I've~~ got a good notion to make him stay in bed all day..No, he'd like that..

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~He's one person I wouldn't give that twelve thousand dollar necklace to..~~ ^{Now - in - me,} I better squeeze another orange.

(SOUND: CUTTING ORANGE..SQUEEZING IT) (*Kuma Pretend?*)

JACK: Well, that does it.

MARY: (OFF) OH JACK..JACK, ARE YOU UP YET?

JACK: Huh? OH HELLO MARY, COME ON IN..I'M IN THE KITCHEN..WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SO EARLY?

MARY: Early? I was here a few minutes ago. I came into the house, walked into the kitchen, nobody was there, so I drank a glass of orange juice and left.

JACK: Mary..you..you drank my--

MARY: All right, here's a dime.

JACK: (MIMICKING) Here's a dime, here's a dime...Don't be so sarcastic...I've made a terrible mistake. I accused Rochester of drinking my orange juice.

MARY: Well, that's you, Jack. Always jumping ^{to} ~~at~~ conclusions.

JACK: I do not.

MARY: ^{Always what?} ~~What~~ about that morning you got out of bed, and accused Rochester of taking your new suit..

JACK: Well..

MARY: Then you took off your nightgown and there it was.

JACK: *hell*, That wasn't my fault. When I come home tired, he's supposed to undress me.

MARY: Well, anyway, I drank your orange juice and you oughta apologize to Rochester.

JACK: (BASHFUL) Oh Mary, I don't have to apologize, he knows I'm sorry.

MARY: He does not and you've gotta tell him.

JACK: *Oh*, Mary, I can't.

MARY: You can too..now be a man.

ROCH: OH, HELLO MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: Hello, Rochester...Mr. Benny has something to say to you.

JACK:Oh...

MARY: Jack, go ahead.

JACK: ...Well..

MARY: Jack...

JACK: Oh all right....Rochester..

MARY: Turn around and face him!

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Go on.

JACK: Well..Rochester..

ROCH: YES BOSS.

JACK:.....(FAST) I'm sorry I said you drank my orange juice.

(SOUND: 5 FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...LOUD DOOR SLAM)

MARY: JACK, COME BACK HERE!

JACK: (OFF) I WILL NOT!

MARY: *Oh*, What a baby.

EC

ROCH: WELL, I BETTER GET THE CAR OUT. I GOTTA TAKE MR. BENNY
TO THE DOCTOR.

MARY: The doctor..what for?

ROCH: THE SPONSOR TOOK OUT AN INSURANCE POLICY AND MR. BENNY
HAS TO BE EXAMINED.

~~MARY: Oh..do you think he'll pass it, Rochester?~~

~~ROCH: PASS IT? OH SURE, MISS LIVINGSTONE..HAVEN'T YOU EVER
SEEN HIS MUSCLES?~~

~~MARY: Yes, they were hanging on the line when I came in.~~

JACK: Rochester.

MARY: Oh, you're back.

JACK: Yes..Rochester, get the car now and we'll go. Now I've
gotta hurry, Mary, so you--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh darn it, there's the phone..Just when I'm ready to
leave.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DON: (HIGH VOICE) Hello Jack, guess who this is.

JACK: Huh? Who is this? I'm in a hurry.

DON: (HIGH VOICE) I'll give you a hint.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Sugar is sweet

And I'm lumpy, too. (LAUGHS NATURALLY)

JACK: Oh for heaven's sake, Don, I have to rush away. What
did you call me for?

EC

DON: Well Jack, I've got the Sportsmen here and we've got a wonderful idea for a commercial.

JACK: But Don, I don't want to hear it over the phone. You can wait till rehearsal. Anyway, I don't like the songs they've *been* picking. Why don't they pick something classy once in a while?

DON: Classy...*lately* that's exactly what this one is.

JACK: Don, you've been saying for years that these commercials are classy and that quartet always winds up going crazy.

DON: Not this time, Jack. You'll love this one.

JACK: *Oh*, I will! *eh?* Well, let me hear it. Are the boys close to the phone?

QUART: HMMMMM.

JACK: All right, Don, let me hear it.

DON: TAKE IT, BOYS

Music:

Jack: Classy! Better be!

QUART: LSMFT

THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

AND THEY ARE SMOOTH AS CAN BE
TRY ONE AND SEE

LET'S LIGHT A LUCKY

'CAUSE THERE IS NEVER A PUFF
THAT EVER IS ROUGH
PUFF ON A LUCKY

YOU SHOULD PUFF ON A LUCKY

TAKE A PUFF, TAKE A PUFF

'CAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL NEVER GET ENOUGH
OF A LUCKY, GET ENOUGH OF A LUCKY
SURE ENOUGH, SURE ENOUGH

YOU WILL LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE

MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO

SMOKE A LUCKY

ROUND AND FIRM AND FULLY PACKED

SO SMOKE A LUCKY

LIGHT UP A LUCKY

YOU'LL BE RIGHT WITH A LUCKY

DON'T DELAY, START TODAY

'CAUSE WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL SAY YOU LIKE 'EM

YES LUCKY STRIKE IS MUCH THE BEST

TAKE A LUCKY FROM YOUR VEST

MAKE A TEST

YOU WILL SAY THEY ARE THE BEST BEST

*Jack: well, it's starting out
classy.*

*Oh, that's beautiful,
isn't it? That is
beautiful.*

*I was afraid
of that!*

*Jack: { Jan!
Jan!
oh, well!*

(MORE)

CB

QUART: FOR LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
(CONT) LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
SUCH LIGHT AND FINE AND MILD TOBACCO
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LS, LS, MF, LS, LS, MF
LS, LS, LS, MFT
LS, LSMFT.

Jack: how cut that out!

JACK: Thanks, boys.

QUART: FT

JACK: Thanks, boys.

QUART: FT

JACK: *I said* Thanks, ~~boys~~.

QUART: FT, FT, FT, FT, FT

WE KNOW YOU'LL LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE

(SHOT) STRIKE (SHOT, SHOT) LUCKY STRIKE. *(Shot)*

(APPLAUSE)

CB

ATX01 0183814

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK:Don...Don...why is it ~~that~~ they always start out so nice and then go crazy?...We can't use that commercial, *that's*... it's too noisy, Anyway, where did they get that gun?

DON: They found it on a bench at Pico and Sepulveda.

JACK: NO!

DON: What's that, Jack?

JACK: Nothing, nothing...I'll see you at rehearsal.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hmm.. I thought Rochester was only guessing...Well, I'm gonna have my orange juice and then go...Rochester, did you get the car started?

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: How did you get it started so fast?

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN I KNOW YOU'RE GOIN' OUT THE NEXT MORNING, I LET IT RUN ALL NIGHT.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Jack, letting your car run all night..doesn't that burn up an awful lot of charcoal?

JACK: Not much...Well, come on, Rochester, let's --

MARY: Well, look who's here.

~~DENNIS: Who?~~

~~MARY: You.~~

DENNIS: ~~Oh yes,~~ Hello, everybody..I came in through the kitchen.

JACK: Oh, ^{oh,}hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, and thanks for the orange juice.

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake...What do you think this is, a cafeteria?

BH

MARY &

DENNIS: Yes.

JACK: *Look it kid,* It's not just the orange juice, it's the principle.

I'm trying to conserve food.

DENNIS: My mother conserves food every night.

JACK: Well, she deserves a lot of credit..How does she do it?

DENNIS: When it's time for dinner, she locks me in a closet.

JACK: Dennis.

DENNIS: But last night I got even with her. I ate the door knob.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Now every little thing turns my stomach.

JACK: Look kid..I haven't had my breakfast yet, leave me alone..What brings you over here, anyway?

DENNIS: Well, I ~~have~~ ^{got} a ^{brand} new arrangement for my song and I ~~thought~~ ^{thought} maybe ~~wanted~~ ^{wanted} you to hear it.

JACK: ~~I know~~ ^{well} but do I have to hear it now? ^{I mean} So early?

DENNIS: Oh, ~~that~~ ^{isn't} early, Mr. Benny...I'm up and dressed and out of the house at five o'clock every morning.

JACK: Five o'clock? What for?

DENNIS: The busses aren't crowded.

JACK: Dennis, where do you have to go at five o'clock in the morning?

DENNIS: No place, but I get a seat.

JACK: Here kid, have a door knob.

MARY: Jack, not in the head.

EC

JACK: Look Dennis, you sing your song for Mary and she'll
tell me how it is. I've gotta have breakfast and
rush away to the doctor's.

DENNIS: ~~Oh~~ I don't blame you. You look awful.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Sing, ^{kid.} ~~Parents~~.

JACK: You said it...I'll see you kids later..Goodby.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "I BELIEVE")

(APPLAUSE)

EC

RTX01 0183817

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-12-

(SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR) *(Horn honks)*

JACK: Rochester, we're awfully late. Can't you go a little faster?

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: MOTOR FASTER)

JACK: You know, right after ^{my} take my physical, we'll go down ^{the} ~~ter~~---

(SOUND: LOUD GUN SHOT)

JACK: Rochester. Rochester. they got me!..they got me!

ROCH: GET BACK IN THE SEAT, BOSS, THAT WAS A TIRE.

JACK: ~~Oh~~..I should have known, we're only at Pico and Roxbury.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

JACK: Rochester, you change the tire ~~and~~ I can walk to the doctor's office from here, *huh?*

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Let me see, his office should be around here..Oh, there it is...Doctors Fenchel and Gordon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT)

BEA: Yes sir?

JACK: How do you do..^{ah}I'm Jack Benny.

BEA: Oh yes, you have an appointment for a physical examination.

JACK: That's right.

BEA: Well, I'll have to fill out this card first...Name...
Jack Benny..

JACK: That's right.

DH

ATX01 0183818

BEA: Your address?

JACK: 366 No. Camden Drive.

BEA: Your complexion?

JACK: Ruddy.

BEA: Color of your eyes?

JACK: Lazy Lagoon Blue.

BEA: Your height?

JACK: Five foot ten.

BEA: Your weight?

JACK: A hundred and fifty-seven.

BEA: *ah* Now I'll just slip this band around your arm..there.

JACK: Hey, this is awfully tight .. what is it?

BEA: A lie detector, the next question is your age.

JACK: Now wait a minute, I don't need a lie detector to tell you my age, I'm thirty-nine.

(SOUND: FIRE ALARM BELL RINGS LOUDLY)

JACK: Look, ~~Miss~~, a lie detector can be wrong, too, *you know.*

BEA: Well, Mr. Benny, if you'll just sit over there and wait, the doctors will see you in a minute.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SCUFFLING OF CHAIR)

JACK: How do you like that..using a lie ~~detector~~ *detector* when she asked my age..None of the other nurses ever did that. They ask me my age, I tell them I'm thirty-nine and they put down whatever they think....I've got a good mind to *absolutely*...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DH

ATX01 0183819

BOB: (UP) ^{well,} SO LONG, DOCTOR, ^{and} THANKS A LOT.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: BOB!

BOB: ^{Oh,} Hello, Jack.

JACK: Bob, ^{croaky,} what are you doing here?

BOB: Well Jack, I didn't want to worry anybody, but I've been feeling awfully weak lately.

JACK: Weak?

BOB: Yeah...After last Sunday's broadcast I could hardly carry Remley off the stage.

JACK: No kidding.

BOB: Twice I dropped Frankie on his head.

JACK: Good...Good...One good for each time...Well, what are they doing for you, Bob?

BOB: ^{well,} They took this X-ray of me ^{and I}...I just picked it up.

JACK: Oh...Say, what's the writing down in the corner of the X-ray?...the name of the doctor?

BOB: ^{no, no,} No, ^{it} says, "To Brother Bing, with Love," I'm giving it to him for his birthday.

JACK: Bob...why in the world would you give Bing an X-ray for a present?

BOB: ^{well,} He's got everything else.

JACK: Well, that's logical...may I take a look at it, Bob?

BOB: ^{oh,} Sure, go ahead, ^{frankie}...

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAPER AND CELLULOID)

BH

ATX01 0183820

JACK: Let me see...Bob, nothing shows in this X-ray..why is it so blurry?

BOB: *oh, well,* You have to use poloroid glasses, it's three dimensional.

JACK: A three dimensional X-ray?

BOB: *hell,* The doctors like ^E it better than ^{the} House of Wax.

JACK: No kidding?

BOB: ~~say~~ Jack, what are you doing here?

JACK: Oh, it's nothing, I just came for an insurance examination.

See, The sponsor ^{'s} taking out a million dollar policy on me.

BOB: A million dollars.. Gosh, he must think a lot of you.

JACK: Oh, he does, Bob, he does. In fact, I have a sneaky suspicion he's going to send me a diamond necklace.

BOB: Well, that I don't understand at all.

JACK: I'll explain it to you later...So long, Bob.

BOB: So long...oh Jack, I'm curious about something.

JACK: What is it?

BOB: You say your sponsor is taking out a million dollar insurance policy on you?

JACK: Uh huh.

BOB: Well, who's going to pay the five dollars for the medical exam?...you or ~~your~~ ^{the} sponsor?

JACK: The Blue Cross, I found a loophole....So long, Bob.

BOB: So long.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSSES)

BEA: Oh, Mr. Benny, the doctor will see you now.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

DH

RTX01 0183821

JACK: Oh, Doctor...Doctor?

NELSON: Yessssssss?

JACK:Well, ^{Doctor,} here I am.

NELSON: Oh.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALING OF 5 NUMERALS ON PHONE)

NELSON:Hello, Bolton's Mortuary?....

JACK: What?

NELSON: I'm having lunch with Ralph Bolton.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: We're quite friendly...I throw him a lot of business.

JACK: I see.

NELSON: Hello, Ralph...One thirty at the Brown Derby? Fine....
Goodbye, Ralph.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

NELSON: I like going out with him, he drives such a big car ...
And now, Mr. Benny, I'll get my associate in here and we'll
give you your examination....(UP) Oh Doctor Gordon.....

MEL: (SLIGHT MOOLEY) Yes, Doctor Fenchel.

NELSON: Will you help me with this examination?..This is Mr. Benny.

JACK: ^{Oh,} Pleased to meet you, Dr. Gordon.

MEL: ^{Oh}..Thank you...Now Mr. Benny, will you please strip?

JACK: You mean undress?

MEL: ^{Yeah.}

JACK: All right.

(BAND PLAYS "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY")

DH

ATX01 0183822

JACK: Doctor, ^{Doctor,} I don't need the music.

NELSON: I'm sorry, our last patient was ^{Jessie La Juan} ~~Lili St. Cyr~~.

JACK: Oh.

MEL: Now get behind that screen and take off your clothes.

JACK: Yes sir.

MEL: When you're ready, Dr. Fenchel and I will be in the next room.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

NELSON: Oh Doctor, I've been concerned about that call you made this morning...any information yet?

MEL: Yes, I ^{got} a report from Dr. Stanley and...and..it's all over.

NELSON: What was the result?

MEL: She ran fifth and we lose four bucks.

~~NELSON: ...Gee, we took a beating on Stevenson, too.~~

MEL: ~~Yeah~~....I wonder what's taking Mr. Benny so long.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Benny, ~~have~~ you got all your clothes off?

JACK: Yes, yes.

MEL: Then come out from behind that screen.

JACK: Well gee, don't I get balloons or anything?

MEL: ^{Here,} Just slip on this gown.

JACK: Yes sir...There, I'm ready.

NELSON: Very well...Now, Mr. Benny, will you please step behind this fluroscope?

DH

ATX01 0183823

JACK: Yes sir.

NELSON: Contact.

MEL: Contact.

(SOUND: CLICK...SLIGHT BUZZING OF FLUOROSCOPE)

NELSON: Wellllll...there seems to be a round metallic object near your kidney.

JACK: *oh*. That's a quarter I swallowed years ago.

NELSON: Shall we, Dr. Gordon?

MEL: Why not? *oh* --- Mr. Benny, will you please hiccup?

JACK: Hiccup?

MEL: *Yeah*.

JACK: (HICCUPS)

NELSON: (HAPPY) It's tails, I Gordon, you lose.

JACK: What is this, anyway?

MEL: Now hold still, Mr. Benny. We want to examine your stomach through the fluroscope.

JACK: Yes, sir.

MEL: Say, you certainly had a nice breakfast this morning.

JACK: Breakfast?

MEL: Yes...Orange juice, scrambled eggs, coffee, and cimmaron rolls.

JACK: Yes, I've grown quite fond of them since they get such laughs on my program.

NELSON: Well ~~doctor~~, the spleen seems to be okay...and the pancreas is in the right position.

MEL: Yes ~~yes~~...but look at the liver.

NELSON: The liver?

MEL: Yes, what's that on top of it?

NELSON: Well, I'll be darned...onions.

JACK: Sixty-nine cents at Rexall.

NELSON: Now, Mr. Benny, drink this glass of barium.

JACK: You mean all that white stuff?

NELSON: Yes...it's a harmless chemical and when you drink it, we can follow its course through the fluroscope.

JACK: Oh...all right...~~Non-m-m-m~~...Gee, it tastes awful.

MEL: Drink it all.

JACK: ~~m-m-m-m~~...There.

MEL: Oh look, Dr. Fenchel, the barium has reached the esophageal entrance....there it goes over the cricoid cartilage... behind the tracheal bifurcation...through the arch of the aorta....Now it's passing the esophageal hiatus of the diaphragm.

JACK: If it passes Pico and Sepulveda, it's dead.

MEL: Now it's coming around the esophageal gastric junction....

JACK: What? ~~What?~~

NELSON: (EXCITED) IT'S PASSING THE KIDNEY ON THE OUTSIDE...HEADED INTO THE HOME STRETCH. IT'S BARIUM SULPHATE BY TWO LENGTHS.

MEL: COME ON, NATIVE DANCER! COME ON, NATIVE DANCER!

BH

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NELSON: IT'S BARIUM BY A NOSE! NATIVE DANCER IS SECOND, AND HERE
comes the Jew!
COMES DIAMOND NECKLACE, BUT IT SLIPS ON AN ONION AND FALLS.

JACK: DOCTORA, DOCTORA, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

MEL: Well, that's all.. The examination is over. You can go
now.

JACK: *hell,* Thank you.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

NELSON: Oh, Mr. Benny...

JACK: Yes..

NELSON: You better put your clothes on.

JACK: Oh yes, ~~yes...~~ *I forgot. I'll put my clothes on.*

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: (SINGS) A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY..DA DA DE DUM DA
DUM...DA DA DUM DUM DA DUM, DA DA DE DA DA DA, DA DE DA DE
DA, DA DA DE DA...Well, I'm all dressed.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Goodbye, Doctors.

MEL &
NELSON: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Goodbye, nurse.

BEA: Your age?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

(SOUND: LIE DETECTOR BELL RINGS LOUDLY)

JACK: Gee, it wasn't even on my arm..(HUMS) DA DE DA DA..DA DA
DA DA DE DUM..DA DA DUM DUM DA DUM...

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

BH

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a moment, but first, a
word to cigarette smokers ... nothing - no, nothing -
beats better taste ... And remember ...

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ..

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ..
For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -
Richer-tasting fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better ..

CHORUS: Cleaner, fresher, smoother ...
Lucky Strike .. Lucky Strike ..

WILSON: No doubt about it, folks, your enjoyment of a cigarette
really comes from its taste. So ... to get the
complete smoking enjoyment you want, remember that --
nothing -- no, nothing-beats better taste .. And
Luckies taste better - cleaner, fresher, smoother.
Here's why. First of all Luckies are made of long
strands of fine, light, naturally mild tobacco, with
a wonderful aroma, and an even better taste. In fact,
LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Furthermore,
Luckies are made better to taste better. They're
round and firm and fully packed, to draw freely and
smoke evenly. Remember, friends -- only a cigarette
that tastes better can give you real, deep-down
smoking enjoyment.

CB

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THE JACK PENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
MAY 24, 1953 (TRANSCRIBED MAY 20, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: And Luckies have that better taste, because they're
(cont'd) made of fine, tobacco, and made better. So why
 not -- be happy - go Lucky...
 When you step up for cigarettes ... ask for a carton
 of Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be happy - go Lucky
QUARTET:
(LONG CLOSE) Get better taste today ...

CB

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(TAG)

MARY: Oh Jack, how did your physical come out?

JACK: Oh fine fine, ^{Mary}but I have to go back tomorrow.

MARY: Why?

JACK: I forgot my underwear. Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show was written by Sam Perrin, Milt
Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry and produced
and transcribed by Hilliard Marks.

Be sure to hear The American Way with Horace Heidt for
Lucky Strike every Thursday over this same station.
Consult your newspaper for the time.

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

DH

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