

PROGRAM #6  
REVISED SCRIPT

*4:00 Broadcast*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1953

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED OCT. 16, 1953)

JF

ATX01 0184249

JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
OCTOBER 18, 1953  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: 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!

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, friends ... how do you feel about it?  
Isn't smoking enjoyment the main thing you want from your  
cigarette? Well, just remember this. Smoking enjoyment  
is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is  
Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Now,  
freshness is especially important -- and you'll be glad to  
know that every pack of Lucky Strike is extra tightly  
sealed to bring you Luckies' better taste in  
all its natural freshness.

(CONTINUED)

DH

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OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

WILSON: Light up a Lucky and see for yourself how much  
(Cont'd) fresher, how much better it does taste. Luckies  
just have to taste better. In the first place they're  
made with fine tobacco ... fine, naturally mild,  
good-tasting tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco. Secondly, Luckies are made better --  
made round and firm and fully packed to draw  
freely and smoke evenly. All this means better  
taste. Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of  
taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies  
taste better. So Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Get  
better taste and get it fresh with Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
QUARTET  
(LONG CLOSE) Get Better Taste Today!

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM, STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY  
LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER, DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSEY, !

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... FOR TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN  
INTRODUCING THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, AND AFTER ALL THIS TIME  
YOU'D THINK I'D RUN OUT OF NICE THINGS TO SAY ABOUT HIM...  
WELL, I HAVE.. SO HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: *Thank you...* Thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Jack Benny  
talking...And Don...that wasn't a very nice introduction.

DON: *Well* I'm sorry, Jack... after twenty years I just couldn't think  
of anything new.

JACK: Oh, you couldn't, eh? Well, Don, I'm sure that if I were  
introducing you, I wouldn't have that trouble.

DON: Oh yes, you would, Jack...You've been saying the same things  
about me for years...I'll bet you can't say anything that I  
haven't heard before.

JACK: Oh yes I can, Don.

DON: What?

JACK: You're fired!.....And now, ladies and gentlemen, we'll  
proceed with our--

DON: *Wait a minute* Wait a minute, Jack, you're not serious, are you?

JACK: Well....

JF

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DON: You can't fire me...After all, I've got a wife and three  
chins to support.

JACK: Don..Don, stop worrying..You've been with me for twenty  
years and I hope you're with me for another -- Oh, hello,  
Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack...Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Mary.

MARY: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack, but my car wouldn't start this  
morning and I had to take the bus.

JACK: Oh, that's all right.

DON: Say Mary, if your car doesn't start, why didn't you call a  
mechanic and find out what's wrong with it?

MARY: I know what's wrong with it.

JACK: What?

MARY: Well, the timing gear slipped two degrees which not only  
threw off the lifting of the valves but also caused the  
distributor to lose synchronization, which changed the  
firing order of the spark plugs causing the cylinders to  
pre-ignite at the top of each piston stroke.

DON: ....My goodness, Mary, how come you know so much about  
automobile engines?

MARY: If you're gonna ride around in Jack's car, you better know  
everything.

JACK: Look, Mary..if you know so much, how come you couldn't  
get my car started Saturday night when we stalled on top  
of Mulholland Drive?

BH

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DON: ...Wait a minute, Mary..did Jack try to pull that corny old routine about his car being out of gas?

MARY: Yes, but he couldn't fool me....that thing burns coal.

JACK: Mary, stop making things up.

MARY: I'm not making things up..your car does burn coal.

JACK: It does not.

MARY: Then why do you always have to stay home when John L. Lewis calls a strike?

JACK: Because I'm a strong union man, that's why.

DON: Say Mary, if all those things are wrong with your car, wouldn't it be cheaper to get a new one?

MARY: Yes, Don..in fact, I've been shopping for a new car.

DON: What kind do you think you'll get?

MARY: Well, I've been thinking about a Cadillac.

JACK: Gee, a Cadillac.

MARY: Yes, and I'll still be thinking about it when I buy the M.G.

DON: Say Mary, are you paying cash for the M.G.?

MARY: No, I can't afford that...they're taking my old car for the down payment, and then I'll only have to pay eight dollars and sixty cents a month.

JACK: For how long?

MARY: From Here To Eternity.

JACK: Hmm, why does everybody have to use the title of that picture to make jokes?

BH

DON: Because it's such a great picture..don't you think so?

JACK: I haven't seen it yet.

DON: Why not?

JACK: Because it's still playing at a first run house, and I'm in no hurry, I can wait to see it.

DON: Till when?

MARY: Till they show it on television.

JACK: Look Mary, you can stop with those jokes..I'm not in the mood for --

DENNIS: Hello, everybody.

DON: Hello, Dennis.

JACK: Hi ya, kid. *Yeah, Dennis*

MARY: By the way, Dennis, you weren't at any of the rehearsals this week..was anything wrong?

DENNIS: No, *Mary*..Mr. Benny gave me a few days off so I could go away for a little vacation...I sure enjoyed myself. I went fishing on Lake Meade.

DON: Well, how was the fishing, Dennis?

DENNIS: Wonderful..and boy, was I lucky.

MARY: What did you catch?

DENNIS: Four trout, three perch, five bass and a high button shoe.

JACK: .....A high button shoe?

DENNIS: Yeah, but it was too small so I had to throw it back.

JACK: Oh fine...he caught a shoe.

DENNIS: You oughta see the hip boot that got away.

JACK: Oh, quiet.

JF

DON: <sup>you know,</sup> I wish I could <sup>go</sup> ~~get~~ <sup>and</sup> away ~~to~~ do a little fishing. <sup>the</sup> ~~That's~~ one of my favorite sports.

MARY: ~~Fishing?~~

DON: Yeah..(WITH FEELING)..What a thrill it is to hook a silvery rainbow trout..one of nature's loveliest creations..What a sight as it breaks the water in a shimmering shower of glistening drops..and the sunlight reflecting on its irridescent beauty.

JACK: Look how he describes a fish, me he can't say anything nice about. *How do you like that?*

<sup>Dennis:</sup> MARY: ~~Jack,~~ <sup>mael</sup> what are you ~~talking~~ about?

JACK: Nothing, nothing.

<sup>Don:</sup> MARY: Say, Dennis..how long were you at Lake Meade?

DENNIS: We were there for a whole week...and I spent all my time out on the boat.

JACK: A whole week on a boat?

DENNIS: AVAST THERE, YE LANDLUBBERS, LARBOARD THE STARBOARD AND DROP THE ANCHOR --

JACK: Look, Dennis --

DENNIS: SHIVER MY TIMBERS AND MAN THE PUMPS OR WE'LL ALL DROWN LIKE RATS --

JACK: Dennis, that's enough.

DENNIS: AHOY ME HEARTIES, BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES AND POOPEN DOWN THE POOP DECK.

JACK: That's enough, Dennis, do you hear?

DENNIS: (A LA BLIGH) STOW THAT TALK, MR. CHRISTIAN, OR I'LL SWING YOU FROM THE HIGHEST YARDARM IN THE BRITISH FLEET.

JF



JACK: Oh for heaven's -- <sup>Lord</sup> Mary, see what you can do with him.

<sup>Don't</sup> MARY: <sup>Now</sup> Dennis, Jack <sup>is</sup> right...why don't you--

DENNIS: LET THE MEN MUTINY, MY <sup>Heart</sup> ~~LAST~~...AND DON'T WORRY..THE SHIP  
MAY BE ROCKIN' AND PITCHIN', BUT I'LL SAIL IT THROUGH  
THIS HURRICANE OR.....or.....or--

MARY: Dennis, what's the matter?

DENNIS: I'm seasick.

JACK: Good, good...Now look, Popeye, it's time for your song...  
so let's have it.

DENNIS: Aye, aye, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) *'Because You're Mine'*

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: That was very good, Dennis, <sup>very, very good, ladies & gentlemen</sup> And now ~~here~~ for our feature attraction tonight we're going to do our version of that exciting new picture, "Wings of the Hawk" which was produced by --

BOB: Say Jack...

JACK: Huh? <sup>uh</sup> What is it, Bob?

BOB: <sup>Well</sup> Before you ~~get~~ <sup>go</sup> into that sketch, I'd like to ask you a little favor.

JACK: A favor?

BOB: <sup>Well</sup> It's <sup>It's really</sup> not for me, it's for my brother Bing, <sup>you see</sup> He just <sup>built</sup> put-up a brand new supermarket here in town.

JACK: ~~A supermarket?~~ <sup>Bing built a supermarket?</sup>

BOB: <sup>Yeah</sup> Yeah...the grand opening's tonight, <sup>like</sup> There's gonna be lots of celebrities there...and Bing said <sup>that</sup> he'd appreciate it if you'd come and help out.

JACK: <sup>Well</sup> Well, Does he want me to play my violin?

BOB: Nmmmm no.

JACK: Oh, he just wants me to tell jokes.

BOB: No.

JACK: Well, then what does he want me to do?

BOB: Buy something.

BH

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JACK: *Bob has got a fat chance. maybe*  
Oh...oh...OH...Well, maybe I will drop around. But Bob, I *can't* understand...with all the deals *that* Bing has, why does he want to fool around with a supermarket?

BOB: Well, Jack, this isn't just any old supermarket...it's a super super market.

JACK: It's big *you mean?*

BOB: Big!...At one end you can buy strawberries and at the other end they're out of season.

JACK: Gee.

BOB *Why* You have to go through the frozen food department by dog sled.

JACK: No.

BOB: And when you cross over into the meat department, you lose a day.

JACK: Well, *look it over.* now you're exaggerating...but I'll talk to you about it later, Bob, because right now it's time for our *play,* ~~sketch~~.

BOB: *On the* Sketch *book?*

JACK: Yes, tonight we're going to do our version of Universal International's Technicolor Production, "Wings of the Hawk."

DON: *as was* I heard that picture ~~was~~ *just* full of adventure and excitement.

JACK: And how! The other night I took Mary to see it and she sat on the edge of the chair all through it.

MARY: *damn! she* I had to, you only bought one ticket.

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JACK: ~~I did not.~~ Now ~~Mary~~, Bob, Don, and Dennis.. you all have important parts, <sup>in the play.</sup> Bob, you have the role of a colonel in the Mexican Army...a cruel, ruthless, greedy man who lets nothing stand in his way and I'm going to take the part Van Heflin played..that of a rough, tough, gold prospector, Irish Gallagher.

DENNIS: You're Irish Gallagher?

JACK: That's right.

DENNIS: Oi vey.

JACK: Never mind..Now Dennis, in this sketch you're going to play the part of an old, old prospector, <sup>see then</sup>

~~DENNIS: Well, let's get it over with, I want to go fishing again.~~

JACK: ~~Forget about fishing.~~

MARY: ~~Is there a part for me in the sketch, Jack?~~

JACK: ~~Certainly, Mary..you're going to play the part of a~~  
Mexican girl, <sup>see</sup> Now where's Mel Blanco?

MEL: Here I am, Jack.

JACK: FOLKS, IT'S MEL BLANC...GIVE HIM A BIG HAND.

(APPLAUSE)

<sup>L.M.</sup>  
MARY: (WHISPERS) Jack, we're all gonna be in the play--why did you give just him applause?

JACK: <sup>Don</sup> ~~Mary~~, I have to...it's in his contract.

MARY: You mean you give him money and applause, too?

JACK: No money, just applause...It's ~~amazing how much you can~~  
~~save when you've got a lot of hams working for you...~~ Now  
~~let's see....oh yes...Dennis, besides being the old~~  
~~prospector, you'll come in later as a Mexican bandit.~~

DENNIS: Gee, two parts...it's hard to believe I can sing, too.

JACK: Yeah, yeah... But look, it's getting late... so Don, set the scene, will you?

DON: <sup>stay</sup> ~~AND~~ NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... WE PRESENT OUR VERSION OF  
UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL'S EXCITING ADVENTURE STORY...  
"WINGS OF THE HAWK"...

(DRAMATIC MEXICAN GOLDEN MUSIC)

DON: OUR STORY TAKES PLACE IN MEXICO <sup>years ago</sup>... IT ~~IS~~ A TIME OF WAR AND  
REVOLUTION, FOR THE COUNTRY IS BEING TORN BY THE BITTER  
STRUGGLE OF THE INSURRECTOS AGAINST THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

(MUSIC UP AND THEN OUT)

JACK: (FILTER) MY NAME IS IRISH GALLAGHER. MY PARTNER, DON  
CARLOS WILSON, AND I WERE PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN THE  
MEXICAN HILLS. DON CARLOS <sup>Wilson</sup> WAS A HARD WORKER. DAY AFTER  
DAY HE DUG UNDER THAT BLISTERING SUN... AND I NEVER LEFT  
HIS SIDE. I COULDN'T. HE WAS THE ONLY SHADE FOR MILES...  
WE WORKED ON AND ON WITH ONLY AN OCCASSIONAL INTERRUPTION.

(SOUND: RAPID GUN SHOTS... BATTLE NOISE... HORSES  
RUNNING BY)

DON: Irish! Irish! It's the Federalists and the Insurrectos!

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Keep digging, Don Carlos.

DON: But they're shooting at each other ~~and~~ we're right in the  
middle!

(SOUND: SHOT)

DON: Oooh, <sup>oh</sup> one of them got me in the arm.

JACK: Keep digging.

(SOUND: SHOT)

DON: (MOANS) <sup>oh</sup> That one got me in the leg.

KT

JACK: Keep digging....

(SOUND: FOUR GUN SHOTS)

JACK: (FILTER) THREE DAYS LATER DON CARLOS WAS STILL STANDING THERE BUT THERE WAS VERY LITTLE SHADE...WE KEPT LOOKING FOR GOLD, BUT WITH ALL THE FIGHTING AND KILLING GOING ON, IT WAS A LITTLE TOUGH. EVERY TIME WE DUG A HOLE, A BODY FELL IN IT...INSTEAD OF A GOLD MINE WE WERE RUNNING THE BIGGEST CEMETERY IN MEXICO...WE DIDN'T GIVE UP OUR QUEST FOR GOLD...BUT AFTER TWO MONTHS OF FRUITLESS EFFORT, DON CARLOS AND I FOUND OURSELVES WALKING THE STREETS OF TAMPICO.

(SOUND: STREET NOISES UP AND DOWN...FOOTSTEPS CONTINUING)

DON: Well, Irish, ~~it~~ looks like we're about at the end of our rope.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Yeah, this is awful...No money, no equipment no place to sleep...nothing to eat...nothing to drink... Well, let's see what we can do in this saloon.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

(TINKLY PIANO PLAYING "TAMPICO")

JACK: <sup>Hey, the</sup> ~~See~~ this place is crowded.

(SOUND: SLAPPING ON BAR FOR SERVICE)

JACK: HEY, BARMAID...BARMAID!

<sup>What?</sup> MARY: (MEXICAN) Si, Senor, what will you have?

JACK: Give me three fingers.

<sup>What?</sup> MARY: Three fingers of what?

JACK: Just three fingers, I'm hungry. ~~I mean, three fingers of anything.~~ If I don't get something to eat pretty soon, I'll --

MARY: Say, aren't you the one they call Irish Gallagher?

JACK: That's right...And this is my partner, Don Carlos...He and I came down here looking for gold.

DON: (DRAMATIC) Yeah, gold...Every time I think of it, I go crazy...Gold...gold...I can see it now...There it is, there it is...and it's mine...it's mine...Gold! Gold!

JACK: Put that down, that's the cuspidor...You know, sister, he goes crazy every time he thinks of gold.

*Vide:*  
-MARY: Well, does not gold mean anything to you?

JACK: Eh! I can take it or love it -- I mean, leave it...Come on, Don Carlos, let's get out of here.

DON: Wait, <sup>wait</sup> Irish...We're in luck...~~Yes~~ See that little fellow over there...that's Gold-bug Day.

JACK: (FILTER) ~~YES~~...HE WAS GOLD-BUG DAY! THE FABULOUS OLD PROSPECTOR WHO FOUND GOLD EVERY TIME HE WENT OUT...DON CARLOS INTRODUCED ME TO HIM.

DON: Gold-bug Day...~~I~~ Want you to meet Irish Gallagher.

DENNIS: (OLD MAN) Howdy, Bub.

JACK: ~~(REG. MIKE) I'll come right to the point. We need your help, Gold-bug.~~

DENNIS: ~~My friends call me Bug.~~

JACK: ~~Well~~, Bug, I hear that you know all about the gold in these parts, and I thought maybe you'd come up into the mountains with us.

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DENNIS: Sorry, son, but I'm too old for that now...There was a time when I used to go up into <sup>the</sup> hills...stay for months and months at a time...But then it would get me...I was only human, you know...I'd have to come back...Be back in town with a load of gold ~~and~~ in a couple of nights I'd blow it all in.

JACK: Women, eh?

DENNIS: No, Kleenex, I've got hay fever.

JACK: Oh...Well, look, Bug, ~~if~~ you won't go with us, maybe you can tell us where we can find gold.

DENNIS: <sup>Why</sup> Sure...here's a map of Old Mexico...See...You can't go wrong...You take the main road through Tampico till you pass El Paso. After you pass El Paso, you go through El Througho...and turn left at El Lefto.

JACK: What if we turn El Righto?

DENNIS: That's El Wrongo.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...Why don't you come and show us the way?

DENNIS: Nope, I'm too old for prospecting now.

DON: Well, we ~~we~~ go alone, Irish...Tell me, are you sure there's gold there?

DENNIS: <sup>Yes sir</sup> ~~Yep~~, lots of it...enough to make one of you rich for the rest of your life.

DON: Only one of us?

DENNIS: Yep.

(SOUND: PISTOL SHOT...BODY THUD)

KT



JACK: (FILTER) I HATED TO DO IT, DON CARLOS WAS MY BEST FRIEND...  
I STILL FELT I MIGHT NEED A GUIDE SO I MADE ONE MORE  
ATTEMPT TO GET THE OLD PROSPECTOR TO GO WITH ME.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Are you sure you don't want to come along with  
me?

DENNIS: Nope...can't do it...but I'll see you later.

JACK: You will?

DENNIS: Yep, I come back on page twelve as a Mexican bandit.

JACK: Oh...Well, I'll -- wait a minute -- those four Mexicans  
who just came in -- they look suspicious -- who are they?

DENNIS: Oh, they <sup>just</sup> are harmless -- they <sup>are</sup> wandering troubadours.

JACK: Oh...(UP) Buenas Dias, Amigos.

QUART: HMMMMM, WE THINK.

JACK: Come on, boys, let's have a song.

QUART: TAMPICO, TAMPICO, ON THE GULF OF MEXICO  
TAMPICO, TAMPICO, THAT'S THE PLACE FOR YOU TO GO  
TAMPICO, TAMPICO, WHERE BANANA BOATS ALL GO  
TAMPICO, TAMPICO, IT'S A PLACE IN MEXICO  
IN TAMPICO, TAMPICO ON THE GULF OF MEXICO  
WE JUST SIT AROUND AND PUFF  
ON A LUCKY, SURE ENOUGH  
LUCKY STRIKE, LUCKY STRIKE  
HAS A BETTER TASTE WE LIKE  
<sup>Don</sup> ~~JUAN~~ AND <sup>Juan</sup> ~~Don~~ AND PEDRO, TOO  
THEY SMOKE LUCKIES JUST LIKE YOU  
FROM SONORA TO MONTE DEL VISTA  
THERE'S A LUCKY IN EVERYONE'S FISTA  
AND THEY PLEASE EVERY MISSES AND MISTER  
MY UNCLE MY AUNT AND MY SISTER.  
LSM, LSM LSMF  
LSM FF FF FFF  
THERE IS NOTHIN' LIKE PUFFIN' A LUCKY  
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE..  
STRIKE.. LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: (FILTER) AFTER THEY SANG A FEW MORE SONGS, I LEFT AND  
BEGAN MY EXPEDITION...AND I FINALLY FOUND THE SPOT THE  
OLD PROSPECTOR MARKED ON THE MAP...I BEGAN DIGGING AND  
SURE ENOUGH, I STRUCK IT..GOLD..GOLD...~~THERE IT LAY AT~~  
~~MY FEET~~..A SIX FOOT VEIN OF PURE GLITTERING GOLD..IT WAS  
SO BEAUTIFUL I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY PEOPLE GET MAD  
WHEN YOU CALL THEM YELLOW...~~as~~ I STARTED TO DIG OUT SOME  
OF THIS FABULOUS TREASURE..A TROOP OF HORSEMEN SWOOPIED  
DOWN ON ~~me~~.

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES..GUNS SHOTS..SHOUTS)

JACK: I REALIZED IT WAS FOOLISH TO RESIST, SO I WAVED A TRUCE  
FLAG...AS SEVERAL OF THEM APPROACHED ME, I RECOGNIZED  
THEIR LEADER AS THE CRUEL COLONEL RUITZ, AND I KNEW I'D  
HAVE TO PLAY IT CAGEY.

BOB: Senor Hombre, I hear that here you have discovered gold  
here.... I theenk, Senor Hombre.

JACK: (FILTER) YES, I WOULD HAVE TO PLAY IT CAGEY BECAUSE HE  
WAS PLAYING IT LOUSY.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) <sup>here</sup> What did you say, Colonel Ruiz?

BOB: I hear that <sup>here</sup> you have discovered gold.

JACK: Gold? ~~no~~, there's no gold around here.

BOB:Q Senor Irish..we are not ones to fool around..and we happen  
to know that you have found gold here.  
JACK: (REG. MIKE) All right..so what about it?  
BOB: My general ~~here~~ has a proposition to make <sup>to</sup> you.  
JACK: Well, let's have it.  
MEL: Si los metamos tendríamos que cargar con todo, por lo tanto  
coja usted el oro, Y matalos despues.  
JACK: What did he say? *Notre Dame & 6 points*  
BOB: He'll give you ~~six to five and Notre Dame~~.  
JACK: Hmmm.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: (FILTER) YES, I SHOT HIM. I MAY BE IRISH BUT I NEED BETTER  
ODDS THAN THAT...BUT THE FEDERALISTS HAD US OUTNUMBERED.  
THEY KILLED MY WORKERS, AND TOOK THE MINE. I HAD TO FLEE  
INTO THE HILLS FOR MY LIFE. AFTER WANDERING FOR DAYS, I  
STUMBLED EXHAUSTED INTO A CAMP OF INSURRECTOS. AT FIRST  
THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS, BUT FINALLY ONE OF THEM CAME OVER AND  
SHOOK MY HAND.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) You want to shake hands?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Then I ~~can~~ consider you my friend?

MEL: Si.

JACK: You will always help me?

MEL: Si.

JACK: (FILTER) THEN TO MY SURPRISE HE WALKED AWAY. ~~I COULD HAVE~~  
~~SWORN HE WAS GOING INTO ONE OF THOSE SHILLY ST -GY ROUTINES~~  
...THE INSURRECTOS GAVE ME FOOD AND DRINK AND I WAS ABOUT TO  
BE ON MY WAY WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A STIR OF EXCITEMENT.

CAST: (AD LIB BABBLE OF VOICES)

GH

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is it? What's happened?

MEL: It is our leader, Raquel...she has been wounded.

JACK: Your leader...is a girl?

<sup>Vella:</sup> MARY: Si, senor...I am Raquel, their leader.

JACK: Well, I'm awfully pleased ~~to~~ --- wait a minute, weren't you the barmaid?

<sup>Vella:</sup> MARY: Si Senor, ~~I am playing two parts so I can keep up the payments on my M.C. But on this show, everyone has to play to parts~~

JACK: Well, I -- Raquel -- Raquel -- there is blood on your shoulder.

<sup>Vella:</sup> MARY: I know, I ~~have~~ been shot...the bullet is still in there.

MEL: Senor, there are no doctors here, and no time to lose... can you remove the bullet?

JACK: I'll try...Now Raquel, there ~~is~~ no anesthetic and this knife is going to hurt.

<sup>Vella:</sup> MARY: I know.

JACK: You'll have to be brave.

<sup>Vella:</sup> MARY: I will try.

JACK: Don't lose your nerve.

<sup>Vella:</sup> MARY: I won't.

JACK: Okay, here we go.. (TWO GRUNTS) There...it's out.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

<sup>Vella:</sup> MARY: Pick him up, he fainted.

JACK: (FILTER) WHEN I CAME TO, RAQUEL AND I WERE ALONE AND SHE WAS STROKING MY HAIR. SHE WAS GORGEOUS, WITH SMOOTH OLIVE SKIN, LUSCIOUS LIPS AND A FIGURE LIKE <sup>Marilyn Monroe</sup> JANE RUSSELL. AS I CONTINUED LOOKING INTO HER ADORING EYES, A THOUGHT CAME TO ME...WHAT WAS SO BAD ABOUT NOTRE DAME AND SIX <sup>points</sup> TO FIVE..  
~~THEN...I SPOKE TO RAQUEL.~~ *spoke to me. She wanted me to join her band of soldiers. But I was more interested in getting my gold.*

BR

JACK: (REG. MIKE) Tell me, Raquel, what do you do when you're not fighting the Federals?

MARY: I work in the Tampico Branch of the May Company.

JACK: They have a branch in Mexico?

MARY: Yes...I'm in the Jose department.

JACK: (FILTER) THIS CONVERSATION WAS GETTING NO PLACE, SO I DECIDED TO LEAVE. BUT AS I TURNED TO GO, SOMEONE PULLED AT MY SLEEVE.

MEL: *Oh* Senor Irish, Senor Irish.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) What is it?

MEL: Before you leave, I would like you to meet my *little 8 year old* son, Tomas.

JACK: *Oh* Hello, Tomas.

MEL: Tomas, he is learning to be a magician. He does a wonderful act on the stage with his seester.

JACK: Really? So you're a magician, eh, Tomas?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: And you have an act?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: With your sister?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: What is your sister's name?

HARRY: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: Well, what do you do in your act?

HARRY: Sew.

JACK: ~~Saw?~~

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HARRY: Si.

JACK: What do you saw?

HARRY: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

HARRY: Si.

JACK: Now wait a minute...somebody put you up to this..who was it?

MEL: Me.

JACK: You?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Who are you?

MEL: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Now cut that out!

JACK: (FILTER) BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM, THEY WERE DRIVING ME SO NUTS I COULDN'T CY STRAIGHT -- I ~~MEAN~~, SEE STRAIGHT... THEN SUDDENLY OUT OF NOWHERE THE FEDERALS ATTACKED.

(SOUND: GUN SHOTS...AND BATTLE NOISES)

JACK: (FILTER) ONE BY ONE THEY CUT US DOWN..AND THEN RAQUEL WAS HIT...~~BUT FORTUNATELY THE BULLET WENT THROUGH THE HOLE IN HER SHOULDER...~~WE FOUGHT DESPERATELY BUT RAQUEL AND I WERE CAPTURED AND THROWN IN JAIL.

(SOUND: CLANK OF PRISON DOOR)

~~JACK: (REG. MIKE) Raquel, what are they gonna do to me?~~

MARY: I know these peeegs. They will show us no mercy.

JACK: What are we going to do?

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MARY: Wait...That Mexican prisoner sleeping in the next cell...  
maybe he can tell us how to escape.

JACK: Yeah...I'll ask him.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..THEN RATTLING OF  
TIN CUP ACROSS CELL BARS)

JACK: Ah...he's waking up...Excuse me, Senor...but tell me..  
do they keep guards on duty here all night.

RUBIN: I do not know.

JACK: Do they have a wall surrounding this prison?

RUBIN: I do not know.

JACK: Well, is it possible to escape from here?

RUBIN: I DON'T KNOW.

JACK: Look, if you don't know anything what are you doing here?

RUBIN: Dennis Dey was supposed to come back as a Mexican, but he  
went fishing.

~~JACK: Oh.~~

JACK: (FILTER) THAT NIGHT I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK...THE CELL  
WAS COLD, WET AND FILTHY....I DIDN'T MIND THAT SO MUCH,  
BUT ALL NIGHT LONG THE WIND KEPT WHISTLING THROUGH  
RAQUEL'S SHOULDER .. THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE SUN ROSE,  
THEY BLINDFOLDED US AND MARCHED US OUT TO THE COURTYARD.

(SOUND: MARCHING FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Halt!

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

BOB: READY! AIM --



JACK: (EXCITED) Wait! You can't shoot me down like a dog..  
give me a break..give me a chance.

BOB: I ~~will~~ <sup>you</sup> tell you what I <sup>will</sup> do, Senor. I give you a fighting  
chance. Take off your blindfold..Now, here is a weapon  
for you...and a weapon for me.

JACK: What?

BOB: You count to ten and may the best hombre win.

JACK: Well, all right, <sup>I'll count to ten</sup>..one..two..three...

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Ooooooh..Not yet...four..five..six..

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Ooooooh..wait a minute..seven..eight..

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: Ooooooh..I think you're cheating..Nine..

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: You missed me.

(SOUND: GUN SHOT)

JACK: That's better..Ten...Ooooooh.

(SOUND: BODY THUD)

MARY: Irish..Irish..why didn't you shoot back?

JACK: I couldn't, he gave me a knife...

JACK: (FILTER) AS I LAY THERE DYING, WITH MY LAST STRENGTH I  
~~TOOK MY KNIFE AND WITH ONE PRODIGIOUS EFFORT I THREW IT.~~ <sup>I reached for a piece of</sup>  
<sup>knife, in rep of everything else I caught his foot.</sup>

(SOUND: LIGHT BODY THUD)

JACK: ~~NO, IT WASN'T COLONEL RUTZ WHO FELL AT MY FEET. IT WAS A~~  
~~BIRD. YOU SEE, MY KNIFE HAD CUT OFF THE "WINGS OF THE~~  
~~HAWK".~~

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

ALLOCATION

WILSON: Ladies and gentlemen here's an important announcement. Carelessness is the greatest single cause of forest fires -- fires that every year destroy enough timber to build 86,000 homes. Most of these fires started because somebody was careless with a lighted match, a campfire, a burning cigarette. Be on guard constantly against fire. Don't give fire a place to start. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute. But first, let's meet America's prettiest professional golfer. Here she is -- Miss Alice Bauer.

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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ALICE  
BAUER:  
(TRANS:)

You know something, I like to play golf. I've played golf for so many years. I've played amateur golf at first and now I'm playing professional golf. And I do like professional golf much better it, I don't know, has more competition in it and you really have to play a much better game of golf. I guess that's all a matter of taste though, and after a hard day out on the golf course and really hard competition, I like to come in and sit down and relax and light up a Lucky. I guess that's a matter of taste too, but to me Luckies taste better.

WILSON:  
(LIVE)

Thanks, Alice Bauer. Friends, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother. First, because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And second, because Luckies are made to taste better. So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

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(TAG)

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JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, next Sunday night over the entire C.B.S. Network I will be doing my third television show of the season. *And my guest star will be Humphrey Bogart. I hope you'll all be watching.*

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

~~JACK: Wait a minute, fellows. The sketch is over.~~

~~MARY: Jack, those shots came from the audience.~~

~~JACK: Oh, oh. Goodnight, fans.~~

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman, Al Gordon, 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.

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