

PROGRAM #12
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1953 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED NOVEMBER 19, 1953)

DW

ATX01 0184421

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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: Friends, this is Don Wilson to tell you that Luckies ...
win ... again! That's right, Luckies win again in a
national smoking survey among college students. Last year
a survey was made in leading colleges throughout the
country which showed that smokers in those colleges
preferred Luckies to any other cigarette. This year a
another nation wide survey was made - a representative
survey of all students in regular colleges from coast to
coast. Based on thousands of actual student interviews -
this survey shows that Luckies lead again -- lead over all
other brands, regular or king-size -- and by a wide margin.
The number one reason -- this year as last -- Luckies'
better taste. Yes, Luckies do taste better. First,
because they're made of light naturally mild, good tasting
tobacco. LS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

(MORE)

LW

ATX01 0184422

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONT'D.

WILSON: And then, Luckies are made better -- made round and firm
(CONT'D) and fully packed to draw freely ... smoke evenly.
Actually made to taste better. After all, smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. So be happy -- go Lucky. Get better taste -
with a carton of Luckies!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better

CHORUS: Cleaner fresher smoother
Lucky Strike Lucky Strike.

LW

ATX01 0184423

(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...^{Last} ~~THURSDAY~~ ^{Wks} ~~WILL BE~~
THANKSGIVING, AND JACK HAS INVITED HIS WHOLE GANG
OVER FOR DINNER...AS WE LOOK IN ON JACK'S HOME NOW,
HE AND ROCHESTER ARE TAKING INVENTORY TO MAKE SURE
THEY HAVE ENOUGH OF EVERYTHING FOR THE BIG EVENT...
THEY ARE CHECKING ALL THE ITEMS IN THE PANTRY...AS
ROCHESTER CALLS THEM OFF, JACK IS WRITING THEM DOWN.

ROCH: TWO CANS OF CORNED BEEF HASH.

JACK: Two - cans - of - corned - beef - hash.

ROCH: THREE CANS OF CRANBERRY SAUCE.

JACK: Three...cans...of...cranberry...sauce.

~~ROCH: YOU KNOW, MR. BENNY...EVERY TIME YOU TAKE INVENTORY
IN THE PANTRY, YOU REALLY TAKE IT...YOU RUN THIS
HOUSE JUST LIKE A GROCERY STORE.~~

~~JACK: I do not...I just...Oh-oh...I broke the point of this
pencil...where's the pencil sharpener?~~

~~ROCH: IN THE CASH REGISTER.~~

~~JACK: Oh yes.~~

~~(SOUND: CASH REGISTER RINGS AND DRAWER
SLIDES OPEN)~~

~~JACK: Darn it, I hit the sixty-cent key instead of No Sale
...Now my books won't balance...Well, let's get on
with the inventory, Rochester.~~

DW

ROCH: ~~YES SIR...SIX CANS OF PEAS.~~

JACK: ~~Six cans of peas.~~

ROCH: TWO BOTTLES OF A-ONE SAUCE.

JACK: Two bottles of A-One Sauce.

ROCH: NINETY-SEVEN BOTTLES OF OLIVES.

JACK: Ninety-seven---wait a minute, Rochester...isn't that the same amount of olives that we had last year?

ROCH: YEAH...WE DON'T USE ANY SINCE PHIL HARRIS LEFT THE SHOW.

JACK: Oh yes...Bob Crosby isn't a Martini Man...Continue, Rochester.

ROCH: TWO BOTTLES OF VANILLA EXTRACT.

JACK: Two...bottles...of...vanilla...extract.

ROCH: ONE BOTTLE OF LYDIA PINKHAMS.

JACK: One...bottle...of...Lydia...Pinkhams.

ROCH: TWELVE SLICES OF WHITE BREAD.

JACK: Twelve...slices...of...white..bread.

ROCH: SEVEN SLICES OF WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

JACK: Seven...slices...of...whole...wheat...bread.

ROCH: OH SAY, BOSS...

JACK: What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: WHEN WE COME TO THE TOOTHPICKS, LET'S JUST ESTIMATE.

JACK: Okay for the plain ones, but the colored ones we'll count...Now let's finish this.

ROCH: YES SIR...SIX BOTTLES OF KETCHUP.

JACK: Six...bottles...of...ketchup.

ROCH: SIX BOTTLES OF CHILI SAUCE.

JACK: Six...bottles...of...chili...sauce.

DW

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ROCH: THREE CANS OF PUSS-IN-BOOTS CAT FOOD.
JACK: Three...cans...of...Puss-in-Boots...Cat...Food...
ROCH: BOSS, WHY HAVE WE GOT THAT?
JACK: I borrowed it from the Colmans.
ROCH: BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT A CAT...WHY DID YOU BORROW IT?
JACK: Well, they were out of butter, and I didn't want to
leave empty-handed...We'll use it some day...Continue.
ROCH: ONE SACK OF IDAHO POTATOES.
JACK: One...sack...of...Idaho...potatoes.
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)
JACK: Rochester, answer the door...I'll finish the
inventory.
ROCH: YES SIR.
(SOUND: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)
MARY: Hello, Rochester.
ROCH: OH, HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE...WELCOME TO RALPH'S
SUPER MARKET.
MARY: ^{oh} What?
ROCH: COME RIGHT IN.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)
JACK: Oh, hello, Mary.
MARY: Hello, Jack. ^{uh} What're you doing up on that stool?
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)
JACK: I'll be finished in a minute...I'm just putting some
stuff back on the top shelf...Would you please hand
me those two jars of caviar?
MARY: Oh fine...fish eggs from a frightened mackerel and he
calls it caviar.

1
M

JACK: Mary, why do you have to come over here and---

(SOUND: STOOL CREAKING)

MARY: JACK, LOOK OUT -- THE STOOL -- THE CANS ARE FALLING!

(SOUND: STOOL FALLING OVER...BODY CRASH...

THEN MILLIONS OF CANS OF FOOD

FALLING TO FLOOR.)

JACK: oooooooHhhhhh.

MARY: Jack, are you hurt?

JACK: ^{no} No, I'm all right.

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What're you laughing at?

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) With those fish eggs in your ear, you look like you're going upstream to spawn.

JACK: Upstream to spawn, upstream to spawn...a man nearly kills himself and you talk about romance...Now, I don't-~~care~~ - - -

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Answer that, will you, please?

MARY: Okay.

(SOUND: THREE FOOTSTEPS...PHONE RINGS...

RECEIVER UP)

MARY: Hello, Mr. Benny's residence.

BOB: Say Mary, how come you're answering the phone...have you got a new clause in your contract?

MARY: No, Bob...Jack would have answered it, but he can't ...he's lying on the floor.

BOB: Holy smoke, he's getting as bad as my musicians.

DW

MARY: It isn't that at all...he fell off a stool.
BOB: Well, that's what the boys in the band do.
MARY: Look, Bob, it's kind of hard to explain...but he fell
while checking some stuff in the pantry.
BOB: The pantry?
MARY: Yes, he's making sure he has enough of everything for
his big Thanksgiving Dinner. You're coming, aren't
you?
BOB: Oh sure, I bought my ticket two weeks ago.
MARY: Oh, that was smart...there's no sense waiting till
the last minute when the scalpers get hold of them...
Just a minute, I'll let you talk to Jack.
~~BOB: Oh say, Mary...~~
~~MARY: Yes, Bob?~~
~~BOB: If Jack has company over there, don't say it's Bob,~~
~~say it's Mister Crosby. It's more impressive~~
~~that way...~~
MARY: (LAUGHING) Okay, Bob...but there's no one here...(UP)
Jack, it's Bob Crosby.
JACK: I'll take it.
(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)
JACK: Hello, Bob.
BOB: Say Jack, I wonder if you could give me a couple of
extra tickets to next week's broadcast.
JACK: Well...I might be able to scrape up two...Who are
they for?

DW

ATX01 0184428

BOB: Well, to tell you the truth, they're for Ramley, but he was afraid to ask you.

JACK: Well, he should be after what happened last time...He gave that ticket to his girl and she almost started a riot in the studio. Imagine her walking up and down the aisle doing a thing like that.

BOB: ^{Oh, but} That wasn't her fault, Jack, the band never should've played "A Pretty Girl Is Like A ^{Melody} ~~Meidoy~~."

JACK: All right, but where did she get the balloons, where did she get the balloons?

BOB: Where did you get the pin?

JACK: Never mind! All right, Bob. I'll give you the tickets at rehearsal.

BOB: ^{ym} Thank^y, Jack...goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Bob always has to call me when I'm busy...OH ROCHESTER.

ROCH: WHAT IS IT, BOSS?

LW

JACK: I knocked over all these cans when I fell off the stool...Will you pick them up while I go on with the inventory?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Mary, will you please help me...I'll call off the items, and you write them down.

MARY: Sure, Jack.

JACK: Five bottles of vinegar.

MARY: Five...bottles...of...vinegar.

JACK: Three bottles of Real Lemon Juice.

MARY: Three...bottles...of... Real...Lemon...Juice.

JACK: Forty-five hundred cans of Minute Maid Orange Juice.

MARY: Forty-five hundred cans of Minute Maid Orange Juice.

JACK: Wasn't that a wonderful guest spot I did on Bing's program?...I had to give five hundred cans to my agent^{in town}...Now let's keep going, Mary...One leg of lamb.

MARY: One...leg...of...lamb.

JACK: Two packages of bacon.

MARY: Two...packages...of...bacon.

JACK: One side of beef.

DON: Jack, that's me.

JACK: Oh, oh, oh...Hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack...^{He}Mary.

MARY: Hello, Don.

DON: Jack, I know you're ^{very} busy, but I brought the Sportsmen Quartet with me and they want to run over the commercial for the program.

DW

ATX01 0184430

JACK: That's nice...And by the way, Don, I hope I didn't forget to invite you and the Sportsmen to Thanksgiving Dinner.

DON: No, you invited us...And Jack, I feel awfully popular this year.

JACK: Popular?

DON: Yes...besides your invitation, I've been invited to Harry Von Zelle's house...Dinah Shore's house...and Jimmy Wallington's house for Thanksgiving dinner, too.

JACK: Which one are you going to?

DON: All of them.

JACK: Oh, of course, silly me..Well, Don, I'm really kind of busy getting things ready for my dinner.

DON: Jack, this commercial won't take ^{very} long and it's in keeping with the Thanksgiving spirit.

JACK: Oh, well then let's hear it.

DON: All right..Take it, fellows.

LW
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ATX01 0184431

I
QUARTET: ~~SH~~ THANK YOU, MY DARLING

MY THANKS TO YOU, DEAR

THANKS FOR ALL THE LOVELY DELIGHT

I FOUND IN YOUR EMBRACE

I'M THANKFUL THOUGH I KNOW IT'S ENDING ALL TOO SOON

AND THANKS FOR UNFORGETTABLE NIGHTS

I NEVER CAN REPLACE

AND MEMORIES THAT LINGER LIKE A HAUNTING TUNE

IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED YOU, DEAR, AND LOST
THAN *Loved*
AND NEVER TO HAVE ~~LOST~~-AT ALL

IT IS BETTER, FOR NO MATTER WHAT THE COST

I HELD THE WORLD IN SWAY AN EMPEROR FOR A DAY

AND THANKS FOR ALL THOSE LUCKIES YOU BOUGHT

EACH PUFF A REAL DELIGHT

NOW THANKS TO YOU A LUCKY IS THE SMOKE I LIKE

LIGHT A LUCKY, IT'S A FRESHER, SMOOTHER SMOKE

THAT'S MADE OF FINE TOBACCO, TOO.

PUFF A LUCKY

YOU'LL LIKE LUCKIES' BETTER TASTE

AND THERE IS NO LOOSE ENDS

TO EVER ANNOY YOUR FRIENDS

SO THANKS AGAIN FOR PUTTING ME WISE

TO SMOKING PARADISE

FOR CHANGING ME TO LSMFT

MY THANKS, I REALLY THANK YOU,

THANKS FOR ALL THOSE GOOD OLD LUCKY STRIKES.

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was great, Don...very, very good.

DON: Thanks, Jack...Well, ^{guess I better} ~~I've got to~~ be getting home.

JACK: I'll walk to the door with you.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, Don...I've been wanting to ask you something for a long time.

DON: What is it, Jack?

JACK: Even though the Sportsmen have been with me five years now, I never did find out how they formed their group. *Funny I never asked you about that.*

DON: It's quite an interesting story, Jack...It started up in Las Vegas. You see, two of them were singing as a duet at the Flamingo...and two of them were singing as a duet at the Sahara.

JACK: Uh huh.

DON: And just by chance they got together and formed a quartet.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...two and two...they made four the hard way...Well, so long, Don...see you and the boys Thursday.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, I better go back and finish the inventory.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, Mary---

MARY: Just a minute, Jack...Go ahead, Rochester.

ROCH: TWELVE CANS OF CRUSHED PINEAPPLE.

MARY: Twelve...cans...of...crushed...pineapple.

DW

ROCH: NINETEEN CANS OF CONDENSED MILK.

MARY: Nineteen...cans...of...condensed...milk.

ROCH: TWO THOUSAND, FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX CANS.

MARY: ...Cans?...Cans of what?

ROCH: JUST CANS, MR. BENNY DON'T THROW NOTHIN' AWAY.

JACK: Certainly not. I paint them and hang them on the
Christmas Tree...Now Mary, I can finish this up with
Rochester, so---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: SHALL I ANSWER IT, BOSS?

JACK: No, don't bother getting down from the stool...I'll
answer it...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I'd like to get this inventory finished before---

OK--- (SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if you would---

JACK: Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello...Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if
you would---

JACK: How do you feel, kid?

DENNIS: Fine...Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if you
would---

JACK: Close the door, will you, Dennis?

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Now Dennis, what did you -- Dennis...How do you like
that, he locked himself out...Oh well, it's just as---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

DM

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS: ^{oh} Mr. Benny, I just came over to ask you if it would
be all right with you if I ~~could~~---

JACK: Dennis, when I told you to close the door, I meant
you should come in first.

DENNIS: Oh.

JACK: Now what did you want to ask me?

DENNIS: If I could use your phone, our house is on fire.

JACK: Now Dennis, don't be silly...If your house is on
fire, why would you come all the way to Beverly Hills
to use the phone?

DENNIS: I want the firemen to think I'm a big shot.

JACK: Dennis, close the door, will you?

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: ~~Hammer~~...just my luck, this time he stayed on the
inside...

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now look, kid, I'm busy, so don't bother me with all
those silly things you make up...Come on, Mary, let's
finish this inventory.

MARY: Okay.

DENNIS: Oh, is that what you're doing?

JACK: Yes yes.

DENNIS: I thought you were cleaning house like my mother did
the other day.

JACK: I'm not cleaning house.

DW

DENNIS: Boy, did she get rid of a lot of stuff. She threw some old curtains out of the living room, a broken rocking chair out of the bedroom...and she even took the moose head out of the shower.

JACK: Now Mary, let's---Dennis, she took ^{Dennis} what out of the shower?

DENNIS: The moose head.

JACK: (PAUSE) You're gonna ignore that, eh, Mary?

MARY: I certainly am.

JACK: Hmmm.

DENNIS: My father put it there, but my mother---

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis...Hold it a minute...I know I'll regret asking you this, but why would your father put a moose head in the shower?

DENNIS: The other end would look silly.

JACK: Well, that I can understand...Now Dennis, besides your house being on fire and your father being in a shower with a moose, what else is new?

DENNIS: Well, I've been rehearsing my song all week, would you like to hear it?

JACK: I'd love to...anything...go ahead.

Dennis *Okay*: (SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hold it a minute, Dennis.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...
RECEIVER UP)

DW

JACK: Hello.

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny. This is Mel Blanc.

JACK: Oh hello Mel, what is it?

MEL: Mr. Benny, I been on your program for ten years now, and I ain't never complained before, but this time I gotta.

JACK: What's the matter?

MEL: It's about the part you got me playin' in Sunday's show... some part, oh brother.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mel...Sunday's program is about Thanksgiving, isn't it?

MEL: Uh huh.

JACK: And what's the most important thing connected with Thanksgiving?

MEL: A turkey.

JACK: Well, that's the part you're playing.

MEL: Well, I don't like it...always you make me an animal...why can't I have a talking part and be a human bean?

JACK: Look, Mel---

MEL: Sometimes you make me a rabbit---

JACK: A rabbit?

MFL: Ehhhhh, tsk, tsk, what's up, doc?

JACK: Look, Mel---

LW

MEL: Or a woodpecker---

JACK: Mel---

MEL: (DOES WOODY WOODPECKER)

JACK: ~~Now~~ look, Mel, ^{Mel looks} I'm busy and--

MEL: Once you even cest me as an English horse.

JACK: An English horse?

MEL: (DOES ENGLISH HORSE WHINNY)

JACK: Mel, I'm sorry...it's just that you have to play the parts that are needed.

MEL: You may not realize it, Mr. Benny...but I'm pretty important to you.

JACK: Important?

MEL: Yesh, if it wasn't for me, you'd never get anyplace.

JACK: What are you talking about...I wouldn't get any place.

MEL: Every time you start that lousy Maxwell, I almost break a blood vessel going (MEL NOW DOES HIS CAR STARTING BIT WITH EVERYTHING THROWN IN INCLUDING THE DYING GASP AT THE END).

JACK: Hmmm.

MEL: That's all the things I do on the program...now I want some talking parts...I'm a human bean.

JACK: Now look, Mel...either you stop this complaining or I'll let you go.

DW

ATX01 0184438

MEL: You wouldn't fire me...~~I'm too important to your~~
~~program.~~

JACK: All right, all right...but Sunday you're playing a
turkey and that's final.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

MARY: What made you so mad at Mel, Jack?

JACK: Oh, he's always complaining...I've got^a half a notion
to fire him.

MARY: You better not, he's too important to the show.

JACK: I guess you're right...Go ahead and sing, Dennis.

DENNIS: ~~Okay.~~

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "EBBTIDE")

(APPLAUSE)

DW

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that was very good..now just sit down for a few minutes, I wanta finish my inventory.

ROCH: WE'VE GOT IT ALL LISTED, BOSS, AND YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF EVERYTHING FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

JACK: Good...we won't have to do any shopping.

MARY: How big a turkey did you get?

JACK: Turkey? I knew I forgot something.

MARY: You mean you forgot to buy the turkey?

JACK: Yes, but there's still plenty of time.

MARY: Well, don't wait till the last minute. You ought to go and get one right now.

JACK: Well..will you go with me, Mary?

MARY: Sure..let's go.

DENNIS: I'll stay here.

JACK: Good, good.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS DOWN STEPS..
THEN ON CEMENT)

JACK: Gee, Mary, we're ^{having} sure having a break in the weather lately..
This is such a lovely day.

MARY: Yes..we usually do have good weather around Thanksgiving..

JACK: Yeah..Oh Mary..look over there at those boys playing football

HARRY: (OFF) HEY, JOEY, KICK IT TO ME NOW.

ATX01 0184440

JACK: They're nice kids, Mary..They're in my Beverly Hills Beavers Club ^{you know}..The bigger one is Stevie Kent. His folks live on the corner...Every time I go for a walk, I stop and talk with him...(UP) HLY, STEVIE..THROW THE BALL OVER HERE.

HARRY: (OFF) HUH?...OH, HELLO, MR. BENNY..HERE IT COMES ...LOOK OUT...I THINK IT'S TOO HIGH...YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT....FASTER ...YOU BETTER JUMP FOR IT... ..NOW....WHAT A CATCH!

JACK: Say, that was a good catch, Mary. How did you do it?

MARY: (PUFFING A LITTLE) I don't know, but you can buy me a new girdle for Christmas.

JACK: I will, I will.

HARRY: Say, Mr. Benny, you know you haven't been to a single meeting of the Beavers Club since the first of September.

JACK: I know, Stevie..it's unfortunate that you hold your meetings on Sunday afternoon..because, you see, every Sunday I do a radio program and every third Sunday I ~~also~~ do a television show.

HARRY: Oh...Well, you know you get fined a nickel for every meeting you miss.

JACK: I know...I've been trying to get my broadcasts changed...Well, we'll talk about it later...Come on, Mary, we better get ~~on~~ down to the market.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..MARKET NOISES)

JACK: Gee, these super-markets are so big I always get lost in them.

MARY: Jack, there's the poultry department over there.

JACK: Oh yes..Come on, Mary, let's walk over to the counter end --

ARTIE: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well..Hello, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Mr. Kitzel, what are you doing working in the poultry department?

ARTIE: ^{well} I got the job on account of my uncle.

JACK: Oh, he owns the market?

ARTIE: No, I owe him money.

JACK: Oh...Well, look, Mr. Kitzel, I wanta buy a turkey...are they very expensive?

ARTIE: HOO HOO HOO HOO.

JACK: You mean they're that high?

ARTIE: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Come here a minute.

LW

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Step closer..(WHISPERS) Do you know what turkeys
are selling for today?

JACK: No.

ARTIE: Come a little closer.

JACK: Huh?

ARTIE: Lean over a little.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Sixty-three cents a pound.

JACK: *Will* Why ~~do~~ ^{did} you have ~~to whisper it?~~ ^{to bring me over there.}

ARTIE: I don't want the turkeys ~~should get~~ ^{consulted} ~~egotical.~~

JACK: Gee, sixty-three cents a pound..that's a lot of
money for turkeys.

ARTIE: Say, they gotta live, too.

JACK: I suppose so.. (SYMPATHETICALLY) Say, Mary,..look
at those turkeys lying there..so cold and still...
Just think..a few days ago they were happy,
carefree and gay..And now they're sixty-three
cents ■ *I mean how they're dead.*
Kitzel, how old were these turkeys when they were
killed?

ARTIE: About eight months.

JACK: Hmm..didn't even have a chance to live..I feel
terrible.

MARY: You'd feel a lot worse if they were seventy-three
cents a pound.

ATX01 0184443

JACK: I suppose so...^{I dunno} But, Mary, when I see that turkey laying there like that, I can't help but think of its mother, how lonesome she must be.

ARTIE: Don't worry, that's her ^{laying} right next to him.

JACK: Oh.

MARY: Say Jack...while you're getting the turkey, I better shop around and get some things for the stuffing.

JACK: I think I have everything at home, Mary.

MARY: What about cracker crumbs?

JACK: Plenty.

MARY: Stale bread?

JACK: Two loaves. ^{Loaves}

MARY: Oysters?

JACK: One can.

MARY: Sage?

JACK: Thirty-nine.

MARY: What?

JACK: Oh, I thought you said ^{Age} ~~something else~~...Yes, we have everything.

ARTIE: Well, Mr. Benny, what is your pleasure, if I can be so ~~accommodating~~. ^{Pleasant}

JACK: Well, I'd like to get a live turkey...about twenty-five pounds.

ARTIE: The live turkeys are over there...down ^{by} ~~at~~ the end of the counter.

JACK: Oh yes, yes...I think I'll take that one on the right...it looks nice and plump.

ARTIE: Put on your glasses, that's my wife.

LW

JACK: ^{oh} Oh yes..sorry.

ARTIE: (TO SELF) I wish I could get sixty-three cents a pound for her.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Nothing...I'm daydreaming.

JACK: Now Mr. Kitzel, what would you suggest?

ARTIE: Well, if you want a nice live turkey...^{Howe} ~~what~~ about this one over here?

MEL: (GOBBLES LIKE TURKEY)

MARY: Say Jack, this one's nice and plump.

JACK: I've seen turkeys look plump ^{But they -} ~~and~~ they were all feathers...
I'm going to feel this one myself...Hold still, turkey.

MEL: (GOBBLES AND GIGGLES)

MARY: You and your cold hands.

~~JACK: Well, Mary...what do you think about it?~~

~~MARY: It looks all right.~~

~~JACK: Yeah, but I wouldn't have the heart to kill it...~~

MEL: (GOBBLES)

~~JACK: Just look at its eyes...the same color as mine...Say, Mr. Kitzel, is this a Tom turkey or a hen turkey?~~

~~MARY: It's a male, can't you tell by its moustache?~~

JACK: ~~Oh yes.~~ ^{will} And say, Mr. Kitzel, how much does this turkey weigh?

ARTIE: About a hundred and sixty pounds.

JACK: I thought so..why does this turkey weigh so much?

ARTIE: He's also an English Horse.

LW

ATX01 0184445

JACK: Oh.

MEL: (GOBBLES AND DOES ENGLISH HORSE)

JACK: Well, all right, Mr. Kitzel, we'll take this turkey. Come on, turkey.

MEL: (GOBBLES)

JACK: Come on, I'll take you home.

MEL: (GOBBLES)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Come on, Mary.

MEL: (EXCITED GOBBLING)

MARY: Jack, look out...the turkey's getting away.

JACK: Quick, Mary, try to grab him, he's running out into the street.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..TRAFFIC NOISES...

SCREECH OF BRAKES)

MEL: (EXCITED GOBBLES..FADING OFF)

MARY: Gosh, Jack, that car almost ran over the turkey and killed him.

JACK: I'm sure glad it didn't ... Mel Blanc is too important to this program.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Come on, Mary, let's go home.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

LW

(TAG)

JACK: Well, Rochester, the gang will be over this evening for
Thanksgiving Dinner. Is everything ready?

ROCH: YES SIR.

JACK: Then put the turkey in the oven.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS--

JACK: Do as I say. Put the turkey in the oven.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS--

JACK: Rochester, I'm telling you to put the turkey in the oven.

MEL: Now wait a minute, this has gone far enough. After all,
I'm a human bean.

JACK: Aw, Mel, ~~now~~ you spoiled the whole illusion...Goodnight,
folks.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

LW

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MARY: Gosh, Jack, that car almost ran over him and killed him.

JACK: I'm sure glad it didn't ... Mel is too important to this program.

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: Come on, let's go back in the store and buy a turkey already dressed.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

GH

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word to
cigarette smokers.

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: Friends if you've ever stopped to single out the one
thing that gives you real smoking enjoyment, chances are
that taste was your answer. Why certainly -- smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the
matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Luckies taste so much better because, first
LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then,
too, Luckies are actually made better ... made round and
firm and fully packed, to draw freely and smoke evenly.
And because Luckies do taste better they'll make wonderful,
Christmas gifts for your family and friends. So look
for the bright and cheerful Lucky Strike Christmas carton
-- specially created by the famous designer Raymond
Loewy. You'll find these Christmas cartons of Luckies
wherever you buy cigarettes. (MORE)

KT

ATX01 01B4449

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
NOVEMBER 29, 1953 (Transcribed November 19, 1953)
CLOSING COMMERCIAL - CONTD.

WILSON: Yes, at Christmas time - or any time - a carton of Luckies
(CONT'D) is most welcome, for it's always good taste to give and
to smoke better tasting Lucky Strike!

SPORTSMEN Be happy - go Lucky
QUARTET:
(Long close) For Christmas gifts this year

KT

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