

PROGRAM #15

REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1953 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 13, 1953)

(PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA)

ATX01 0184516

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #15
DECEMBER 20, 1953

-A-

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: This is Don Wilson. There's no doubt about it, friends --
Luckies do taste better ... cleaner, fresher, smoother.
Here's why: first, LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine
tobacco -- naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And
second, Luckies are made better -- made round and firm
and fully packed to draw freely and smoke evenly. Any
time you get fine tobacco in a better-made cigarette,
you're bound to get better taste. Remember, smoking
enjoyment is all a matter of taste and the fact of the
matter is - Luckies taste better! And here's a
wonderful Christmas gift idea -- a gift that says "Merry
Christmas and Happy Smoking" two-hundred times.

(CONTINUED)

ATX01 0184517

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
LUCKY STRIKE
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #15
DECEMBER 20, 1953

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONTINUED)

WILSON: Ten packs of those better tasting Luckies all dressed up
(CON'T) for Christmas in a beautiful carton, created just for
Lucky Strike by the famous designer, Raymond Loewy. It
makes a really welcome gift for your friends and family --
for anyone who enjoys a good smoke. That's why you can't
go wrong when you give colorful Christmas cartons of Lucky
Strike. So this year, make it a Happy - Go - Lucky
Christmas. Yes ...

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET:
(LONG CLOSE: For Christmas gifts this year!

ATX01 0184518

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA, 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, AS ALWAYS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE TOURIST
SEASON HERE, PALM SPRINGS IS JUST FULL OF CELEBRITIES...BUT
NOW I GIVE YOU THE CELEBRITY THE WHOLE TOWN^{IS} TALKING ABOUT..
BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY ONE PAYING SUMMER RATES...AND HERE HE
IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you..Hello again, this is Jack
Benny talking..and Don, I don't care if the whole town is
talking about me because in Palm Springs talk is the only
thing that's cheap...Believe me, *huh?*

DON: I know what you mean, Jack..but I've worked out a pretty
good deal where I'm staying.

JACK: *uh* At the Biltmore?

DON: *Yeah*, I get fifty per cent off ^{*of*} my bill and in return I put in
three hours a day as ~~their~~ ^{*a*} lifeguard. And yesterday I--

Wait a minute, JACK: Wait a minute, Don. You did say "lifeguard", ~~didn't~~ ^{*wait a minute...*} you?

DON: *Yeah* why?

JACK: Well, it's just that I picture you more as a life raft...
with a pontoon in back. *there*

DON: *Well*, You can joke all you want, but yesterday a man called for
help and I dived into the pool and saved him.

JACK: Really, Don?

DON: Yes sir..and you should have heard the way they bawled me out.

JACK: Bawled you out? You saved a man's life didn't you?

DON: Yeah but when I jumped in the pool, three people sitting on the lawn almost drowned.

JACK: ~~God~~ And I've been telling everyone it rained yesterday....
But, Don --

BOB: Oh, Jack..Jack.

JACK: Yes, Bob.

Bob: ...
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: What is it Bob?

BOB: *What?* Before we go any further with the show, I'd like to take

a roll call of the orchestra...
JACK: A roll call? We've never done that before.

BOB: Believe me, Jack, I know what I'm doing.

JACK: Well, all right, go ahead, Bob.

BOB: Okay...*...Kirtzy.*

~~KERTZY~~ Here.

BOB: Kertchy.

KIRTZ: Here.

BOB: Bagby.

BAGBY: (VERY MUFFLED) Here.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bob..I don't see Bagby..where is he?

BOB: Inside the piano.

JACK: Inside the piano?

BOB: Yeah, he likes to play lying down.

JACK: Oh...Well, go ahead, Bob.

BOB: Bridwell.

BRIDWELL: Present.

BOB: Sammy.....Sammy.....BALDY.

SAMMY: (FAST) Here.

BOB: Fletcher.

~~FLETCH: Here.~~

BOB: Songer.

SONGER: Here.

BOB: Remley.

REMLEY: Hic !

JACK: ~~Remley~~...Bob, why do you have to go through this roll call?

BOB: I always do when we're out of town.

JACK: But why, why?

BOB: I have to..I'm responsible to their Los Angeles Parole Board.

JACK: Oh, I see..Well, ~~continue~~..don't let me stand in the way of the law.

~~BOB: Marlin.~~

~~MARLIN: Here.~~

BOB: Hardy.

HARDY: Here.

BOB: Tackaberry.

JACK: Wait a minute.. Tackaberry is one of my writers.

BOB: He's on parole, too.

JACK: ~~Oh yes~~..He keeps talking about the Pen, I thought he meant Papermate....Well, anyway, I'm glad ^{you're} all the boys are ~~here~~...
Now if we can-- Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack, but I was taking a golf lesson at Tamarisk and I ^{just} didn't notice the time.

JACK: That's all right, Mary. So, Ben Hogan gave you another lesson, eh?

MARY: No, I switched to one of the other fellows. I just wasn't getting anyplace with Hogan.

JACK: Mary..you weren't getting anyplace with Ben Hogan? What was wrong?

MARY: I found out he's married.

JACK: ~~ah~~. Well, look, Mary, you don't have to make any dates here in Palm Springs. If you want to go out with someone, I'm here.

MARY: Oh no, Jack..Not with you.

JACK: What?

MARY: Your idea of an exciting time here is to walk down Palm Canyon Drive and watch people put nickels in the parking meters.

JACK: Yeah..Saturday was a dilly..163 dollars and 45 cents.

MARY: (SARCASTIC) Yeah, I can hardly wait till New Year's Eve.

JACK: Mary, you don't have to be so sarcastic. And as far as I'm concerned, you can cancel our tennis game for tomorrow.

MARY: That's all right with me. I'll never play tennis with you again. (LAUGHS)

DON: Mary, what are you laughing at?

MARY: Jack and I played at the Racquet Club yesterday and he lost the match. (LAUGHS)

DON: Well, what's so funny about that?

MARY: He wanted to congratulate me, so he jumped over the net and sprained his ankle.

JACK: Hmm.

MARY: Then he just lay there and wouldn't move.

DON: Oh, was he waiting for a doctor?

MARY: No, a lawyer.

JACK: Look, Mary, when I get hurt, bandages can wait, affidavits come first... ~~now~~ Let's get on with the show because tonight we're ~~going to~~ -- Oh-oh.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: Here comes Dennis.

MARY: Well, what about it?

JACK: You know, Mary..every time that kid opens his mouth he says something silly and I'm aggravated for the rest of the week.
But this time he's not getting away with it..I'm ready for him.

DENNIS: (COMING IN) Hello, everybody.

DON & MARY: Hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny...Boy, two weeks in Palm Springs have sure made you look different.

JACK: (WHISPERS) See, Mary, he's starting already. (UP) So I look different, eh, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah, you always look good, but with that tan you look wonderful.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: I'm sorry I haven't been able to see more of you up here, but I've been ^{new} busy.

JACK: Busy, eh? What have you been doing?

DENNIS: Oh, swimming a little every day..getting lots of sleep,
eating good food and catching up on my reading.

JACK: Your..reading?

DENNIS: Yes, it's nice and quiet up here and I can concentrate...
Hamlet requires ^alot of attention.

JACK: Hamlet? ^{uh!} Dennis, ~~uh~~

DENNIS: I consider it to be Shakespeare's finest work..although I'd
be the first to admit ~~that~~ there are great qualities in
MacBeth, Julius Caesar and Othello...but to my way of
thinking Hamlet offers more scope and penetrates with a
deeper insight into human nature.

JACK: (EXPLODES) That's enough, Dennis! I won't listen to that
kind of talk.

MARY: But, Jack--

JACK: I don't care, I'm on a vacation and I'm not going to let
him aggravate me.

MARY: But Jack, he hasn't said anything silly.

JACK: I know, and he's doing it on purpose..Dennis, you're
deliberately trying to annoy me.

DENNIS: ~~No~~, I'm not, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Then how come you're talking intelligently?

DENNIS: I can't help it, I was out in the sun too long.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: But I discovered a way to keep cool.

JACK: You did?

DENNIS: Yeah, I get a big punch bowl, fill it full of shaved ice,
put in three lemons, two oranges, some gingerale, a quart
of Scotch, a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka, and five maraschino
cherries.

JACK: Dennis, you drink that?

DENNIS: No, I sit in it.

JACK: That's my boy...And Dennis, now that you're back to normal again, do me a favor...just go over in the corner and don't bother me.

DENNIS: Okay..do you mind if I read Hamlet?

JACK: Read, read...What a crazy kid.

MARY: Well Jack, you won't have to put up with him much longer. Tomorrow we'll all be on our way back to Los Angeles.

JACK: I know, and I've got a big surprise for everyone. Since you're all leaving tomorrow and I'm going to be staying down here till after Christmas, I want you all to come to my place tonight for our annual Christmas party.

DON: ^{2L}~~say~~, that's wonderful, Jack.

JACK: Everybody's invited..And Bob, make sure to bring the orchestra boys.

BOB: The orchestra boys?

JACK: Yes⁴ but tell them when we serve dinner to just casually walk into the dining room..not to line up and march.

BOB: Okay, Jack, I'll tell them..but^{2L} you better serve them the food right away or they'll start banging their cups on the table.

JACK: I'll serve 'em, I'll serve 'em...And listen, kids, I~~am~~ got a nice big house that I rented..there's plenty of room.. we'll have a tree, exchange gifts and have^{2L} lots of fun.

BOB: Well, Jack, I don't know if I'll be there.

JACK: Why not, Bob?

BOB: Well, it's just that being so close to Christmas, I'm *kinda* anxious to get back to L.A. and be with my wife and children.

JACK: Well, Bob, if you missed them so much, why ~~didn't~~ you bring your family up here for Christmas?

BOB: Oh no, I did that last year ~~and~~ never again.

JACK: Why? What's the matter with spending Christmas in Palm Springs?

BOB: Well, it's different, Jack, and the kids just didn't go for it.

JACK: Why not?

BOB: Well, to start with, I made a pretty silly looking Santa Claus dressed in that red hat, sun glasses, sandals and shorts.

JACK: Huh?

BOB: And at night I couldn't come down the chimney, I had to worm my way through the air conditioning unit.

JACK: No.

BOB: And hanging on the mantelpiece, instead of stockings, I found five wet bathing suits.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame.

BOB: And then to top it off, the next day we all sat around singing "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" while we slapped Unguentine on each other.

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JACK: Well look, Bob, you can come to my party and still get home in time...Now look, kids, I'm gonna leave right now and help Rochester get things ready. Don, you take over the show, will you?

DON: All right, Jack..Shall we do the commercial now?

JACK: Yes, Don..that'll be fine...What have the Sportsmen Quartet prepared?

DON: ^{oh} ~~Is~~ something very appropriate for this time of ~~the~~ year.. It's called "Winter Wonderland."

JACK: Winter Wonderland^{Don: Wm-hon-hon-hon} That song is all about snow and sleigh-bells. That doesn't fit Palm Springs.

DON: Don't worry about it, Jack, we've got it fixed all right.

JACK: Okay, go ahead..See you later, kids.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DON: All right, fellows..take it.

ATX01 0184527

(INTRO)

QUART: SLEIGH BELLS RING, ARE YOU LISTENING
~~DOWN~~ THE LANE SNOW IS GLISTENING
A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT WE'RE HAPPY TONIGHT
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
GONE AWAY IS THE BLUEBIRD
HERE TO STAY IS A NEW BIRD
HE SINGS A LOVE SONG AS WE GO ALONG
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND
IN THE MEADOW WE CAN BUILD A SNOWMAN
THEN PRETEND THAT HE IS PARSON BROWN
HE'LL SAY, "ARE YOU MARRIED?"
WE'LL SAY, "NO, MAN, BUT YOU CAN DO THE JOB
WHEN ~~WE'RE~~ IN TOWN".
LATER ON WE'LL CONSPIRE
AS WE DREAM BY THE FIRE
TO FACE UNAFRAID THE PLANS THAT WE MADE
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
COYOTES HOWL, ARE YOU LISTENING
SEE THAT OWL, EYES A-GLISTENING
THE DESERT AT NIGHT, A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.
IN THE SUN ONE RELAXES
OH, WHAT FUN FORGETTING TAXES
IF YOU CAN AFFORD YOUR ROOM AND YOUR BOARD
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.
SANTA RIDES THE DESERT AND HE'S SINGING

ATX01 0184528

QUART: MERRY CHRISTMAS, YIPPY-OH-KY-AYE.
(CON'T)
IN HIS BAG FOR BENNY HE IS BRINGING
Son of a gun SUN-TAN OIL AND A *sun tan* ~~BLONDE~~ TOUPAY
THOUGH YOU ROAST AND YOU SWELTER
STILL WE BOAST YOU ~~WE~~ *need* ~~SHED~~ SHELTER
CAUSE TAKE IT FROM ME, ~~THE SUN'S GONE BY THREE~~
~~AND YOU'RE IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.~~
LUCKY STRIKES GIVE YOU PLEASURE
LUCKY STRIKES YOU WILL TREASURE
YES, LUCKIES ARE GREAT WHEN YOU CELEBRATE
CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
BETTER TASTE IS THE REASON
LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO PLEASING
YES LUCKY'S THE ONE TO PUFF IN THE SUN
CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.
LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO
LUCKIES ARE A SMOOTHER SMOKE, HERE'S WHY
CELLOPHANE PROTECTS EACH SEPARATE PACK SO
THEY'RE ALWAYS FRESH AND THEY ARE NEVER DRY
IT'S THE BRAND YOU WILL SEE MORE
BY THE POOL AT THE BILTMORE
~~THE FAVORITE SMOKE OF ALL DESERT POLK~~
~~ARE LUCKIES IN THIS WINTER WONDERLAND.~~
(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I'm glad that drug store was open so I could finish my Christmas shopping. Now I've got gifts for everyone...Gee, I can hardly wait till Rochester opens his gift...Boy, will he be surprised...I got him just what he needed...A brand new vacuum cleaner...~~That nail on a stick was nothing.....~~
Gee, I get Christmas presents from everywhere..C.B.S....
Lucky Strike..even my home town, Waukegan...I wonder what Waukegan will do for me this Christmas. Last year they did a wonderful thing..They destroyed my birth certificate...
Now no one will ever know.....~~Gee, it'll be fun being in Palm Springs for Christmas..~~(SINGS) JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE ALL THE WAY..SANTA NEEDS A NICKLE HERE IF HE WANTS TO PARK HIS SLEIGH--~~DA~~.....DA DA DUM, DUM DUM DUM, DA DA-- Oop, pardon me, sir.

ARTIE: That's quite all--Mr. Benny!

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, this is a surprise..I didn't know you were here in Palm Springs.

ARTIE: Oh yes, I've been here ~~for~~ the last few days.

JACK: Well, isn't that nice..where are you staying?

ARTIE: A place called Harry's Hacienda.

JACK: Harry's Hacienda? I've never heard of that.

ARTIE: Nationally advertised it isn't.

JACK: Well, if it isn't much of a place, why do you stay there?

ARTIE: Where else for seven dollars a day can you get room, board, and a desk full of picture post cards from the El Mirador.

JACK: Oh, I see, ^{well, tell me} do they have a pool?

ARTIE: I Finally found it.

JACK: You mean the swimming pool is that small?

ARTIE: Small? This morning I had breakfast and the hole in my bagel was bigger.

JACK: Well, what's the difference as long as you're having fun. Say, Mr. Kitzel, I'm having my cast over this evening for a little get-together..How would you and your wife like to join us?

ARTIE: Thank you, but I'm afraid we couldn't make it. My wife is still upset from the steak ride last night.

~~In your wife's room~~ JACK: ^{Artie: Yes} Steak ride? What happened?

ARTIE: It took eight men to put her on the horse.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Mr. Kitzel, you must be joking. Your wife's not that heavy.

ARTIE: Me, you could convince, ^{but} the horse you can't.

JACK: You mean--?

ARTIE: The next time that horse runs, it'll be from a bottle of glue.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, I'd like to talk to you longer, but I have to get home to help Rochester.

ARTIE: Go right ahead, Mr. Benny, and enjoy yourself.

JACK: Thank you..so long.

ARTIE: Goodbye...Oh, say, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Tomorrow if you ~~have~~^{art} a little time, why don't you come over and visit me and my wife?

JACK: Well, I'll be glad to..How do I get to Harry's Hacienda?

ARTIE: From here you go straight down Palm Canyon Drive for five blocks till you come to The Park Lane Hotel.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: Then you turn ~~right~~^{left} and follow the sign that says "To Harry's Hacienda" for two miles.

JACK: Two miles? That will take me way up in the mountains.

ARTIE: That's right, Harry is a goat.

JACK: A goat? Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Smell me.

JACK: What?

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel and Merry Christmas.

ARTIE: And a Happy Yule to You-all.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS & TRAFFIC NOISES)

JACK: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY ..

LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA ..

~~Gee, it's so wonderful here in Palm Springs!~~^{the sun is just} ... It's so warm out here in the desert .. It's so nice and hot -- brrrrr ...

Hm, the sun just went down .. You'd think the Chamber of Commerce would have some sort of a warning system..Oh, well I better hurry home. There's a lot of things to do yet before the party.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, hand me some more tinsel for the tree.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, MR. BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I'm sure glad I decided to rent this house from Mr. and Mrs. Martin. It'll be just perfect for the party tonight.

ROCH: YEAH.

JACK: Well, all the tinsel is on. I think I'll put on the ornaments. I'll put this nice red one up ~~here~~..Ouch! ..
I'll put the blue one over here..Ouch! .. and I'll put the green one up on top .. ~~here~~ .. Ouch! .. Oh, darn it.

ROCH: BOSS, I TOLD YOU TO GET A CHRISTMAS TREE INSTEAD OF THIS CACTUS PLANT.

JACK: ~~Well~~, Rochester, I'm not ~~gonna~~ go out and buy a Christmas tree when I have a perfectly good one at home. ~~Now~~ I want to put these gifts under it..Let's see..Here's Don's..some nice dates,..This one's for Mary...Oh, and Rochester, here's the one I'm giving Remley. Boy, will be be surprised.

ROCH: HOW WILL HE BE SURPRISED, YOU'VE GOT "SHAVING LOTION" WRITTEN ALL OVER THE PACKAGE.

JACK: You have to do that with Remley. When he opens a box and finds a bottle, he never stops to read the label...Last year I gave him a miniature ship in a bottle and the mast stuck out of his mouth for three months...Every time I asked him something, he had to answer me through the crows nest.... Believe me, I know what I'm doing. ~~You know, Rochester, Christmas these days just doesn't seem the same as it did~~

years ago..You know, I'll never forget one Christmas Eve when I was a kid...the ground was covered with snow and as I looked out the window, in the distance I could see someone dressed in red. Suddenly there came a patter of hoof-beats.. and a knock on the door..the door flew open and somebody said --

ROCH: THE BRITISH ARE COMING.

JACK: He did not...He said, "Merry Christmas"..It was Santa Claus.. Then he came into the house and gave my cousin Cliff a sled.. my sister Florence a sweater..and kids, you'll never guess what Santa Clause gave me.

ROCH: WHAT?

JACK: A violin.

ROCH: THAT SWEET OLD MAN DID THAT?

JACK: Certainly.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh-~~oh~~, Rochester..that must be the gang..You let 'em in and I'll go out in the kitchen and get the hors d'oeuvres.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

CAST: (AD LIBS) Hello, Rochester..Merry Christmas, etc.

ROCH: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN, EVERYBODY..MR BENNY'S IN THE KITCHEN..HE'LL BE RIGHT OUT..MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

DON: Say, Jack's got a nice place here.

MARY: Yeah, but it's so cluttered up. Rochester, help me clean it up .. I'll throw some of this stuff out.

ROCH: (FRIGHTENED) NOT THAT, NOT THAT, THAT'S THE CHRISTMAS TREE!

BOB: Christmas tree? That's nothing but an old cactus plant.

ROCH: WE WOULD'VE HAD A TUMBLE-WEED, BUT THE WIND WAS
BLOWING AND WE LOST IT ~~GOING~~^{COMING} THROUGH INDIO.

MARY: ~~It's still better than that Christmas tree he had last~~
~~year. That was the smallest one I've ever seen.~~

DENNIS: ~~Yeah, I got round-shouldered looking down at it.~~

DON: ~~Hey,~~ Wait a minute..look at that television set..
~~It's~~ Got a coin box attached to it with a slot to
put money in.

BOB: Well, that's something they're trying out here.
It's Pay As You See Television. And Palm Springs is
the only place where they're conducting this
experiment.

MARY: Jack has the same attachment on his set in Beverly Hills
and it's no experiment.

JACK: (COMING IN) WELL, EVERYBODY'S HERE...MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CAST: MERRY CHRISTMAS, JACK.

JACK: Well, kids, I'm glad you're all here... we'll
have a nice --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, there's the phone.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester .. and Don, would you
mind walking around with this big tray of
hors d'oeuvres?

DON: But Jack, it would be easier if I just sat down
and ate 'em.

JACK: They're for everybody .. And see that the boys in
the band get some, too.

DON: Okay.

JACK: Put some in the piano for Bagby ... and some under
it for Sammy.

MARY: Say Jack, this is a very nice place. I had no idea
it was so large.

JACK: Oh yes.. there's a kitchen dinette, living room,
two bedrooms, and a patio. You know, Mary, when
you're a big star, you've got to have plenty of room
to entertain.

MARY: Yeah .. I just can't understand how you got all this
for eighty-five dollars a month.

JACK: What's the difference, I got it. Now come on, everybody,
let's put all the presents under the tree and ~~women~~ ---

~~Don.~~ Wait a minute.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: I had twelve candy canes, and now there are only eleven...
where's the other one?

MARY: Don't look at me.

JACK: I'm not looking at you..but if your conscience bothers you,
they're ten cents each.

MARY: Oh, don't be ^{so}silly.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS--

JACK: Oh ^{yes}yes, Rochester..who was that on the phone?

ROCH: THAT WAS MR. COLMAN CALLING FROM BEVERLY HILLS.

JACK: Ronald Colman?

ROCH: YES SIR..HE WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU'D BE BACK IN TOWN FOR
CHRISTMAS..AND I TOLD HIM THAT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY MAKE
IT, YOU WERE STAYING IN PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Gee, that was nice of Ronnie to call. Is he planning a
Christmas party?

ROCH: NOW, YES.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: HE SAID HE'D CHECK WITH ME LATER ABOUT NEW YEARS.

JACK: All right, all right.

BOB: Hey, Gang, why don't we ~~we~~ open our ~~gifts~~ ^{gifts} now?

JACK: No, no, it's too early..everyone can take their gifts, but
let's not open them until Christmas.

DENNIS: Gee, I'm embarrassed, Mr. Benny. I got you a gift but I
left it ~~in~~ ^{at} my hotel room.

JACK: Oh, that's all right, Dennis. ~~and~~ you didn't have to bother
getting me anything, anyway.

DENNIS: Well, truthfully, I didn't know what to get you..you have
practically everything..but I went all over Palm Springs
and I finally found something.

JACK: Really, what did you get me, Dennis?

DENNIS: A Hila monster.

JACK: A Hila monster!

DENNIS: The man only charged me three dollars for it.

JACK: Dennis, A Hila monster is a deadly poisonous and vicious reptile. Why, it could snap a man's arm off.

DENNIS: No wonder it took him so long to wrap the package.

JACK: ~~Oh fine~~..Dennis, if that poisonous thing is in your room, you better call your hotel right now and warn them.

DENNIS: Yeah, I guess I better.

DON: Come on, kids, let's have some fun..let's get the party rolling.

BOB: Yeah, let's play some games.

JACK: Okay..but first I want to show you something, Mary.

MARY: Me?

JACK: Yes, come on out in the hall for a second.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here we are..look up, Mary.

MARY: Why Jack, it's a mistletoe.. — — —

JACK: That's right..and that means I get to kiss you.

MARY: (SHY) Oh, Jack..

JACK: Come on, Mary..give me a kiss..now pucker up.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: LONG KISS)

MARY: There.

JACK: I KNEW IT, YOU ATE THE CANDY CANE..I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT,
I KNEW IT.

MARY: All right..here's your ten cents. For a minute, I thought you were getting romantic.

JACK: Romantic, shmantic..a crime must be solved..~~Now~~ come on let's get back to the party.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Mary, what was going on out there in the hall?

MARY: Ask Boston Blackie.

BOB: ~~What?~~

JACK: Never mind...Hey, Dennis, did you call your hotel about that Hila monster?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: What did they say?

DENNIS: Nothing, the phone keeps ringing and ringing but nobody answers.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Do you mind if I stay here tonight?

JACK: All right, all right..Now come on, let's get things started here. Bob, how about having the band play a number?

BOB: ~~Sure~~, Jack..what would you like them to play?

JACK: -You mean I have a choice?

BOB: ~~Certainly~~.. "Ramona", "The Pagan Love Song" or "Stay On The Light Side with Eastside."

JACK: Some repertoire. Well, never mind the band, let's all sing Jingle Bells.

DON: Yeah, yeah..let's all sing.

(SOUND: HACK SAW SAWING THROUGH IRON BAR)

JACK: What's that noise?

BOB: ~~That's~~ Remley, ~~he's~~ to go home.

JACK: (UP) Remley, put down that hack saw and use the door....
What a gang....Now come on, kids, let's sing "Jingle Bells".

CAST: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL THE WAY,
OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE
IN A ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH..
JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE --

MEL: (SLIGHTLY MOOLEY) HOLD IT, QUIET DOWN, HOLD IT, HOLD IT,
HOLD IT!

CAST: (STOPS SINGING)

MEL: WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

JACK: Hold it, kids, it's the owner...What's the matter, Mr.
Martin?

MEL: I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm not going to stand for
noisy parties like this going on in my house.

JACK: Now wait a second, Mr. Martin..so what if we are making a
little noise..you're forgetting ~~that~~ I'm paying you 85
dollars a month to rent this house.

MEL: And you're forgetting that in our deal my wife and I still
live here.

MARY: So that's how he got it so cheap,

JACK: Mary, you have to make some concessions. Now, Mr. Martin --

MEL: Don't argue with me, go in the bedroom and argue with my
wife, you woke her up, too.

MARY: Well, Mister..if you didn't want to be disturbed, why did you rent him this place?

JACK: ~~Yeah~~

MEL: Whoever dreamed you'd be throwing wild parties...When you came to me, you looked like a nice, quiet old man.

JACK: But--

MEL: Now I find out you're a Hollywood playboy.

JACK: Look, Mr. Martin --

MEL: And what're those convicts doing here?

JACK: Those are my musicians ... Fellows, this is a party, stop making those license plates ... For heavens sakes.

BOB: I guess we were a little loud, Mr. Martin...but we didn't know you were here.

MARY: We were only having a Christmas party.

MEL: A Christmas party?

DON: Yes, ~~but~~ if you prefer, we can leave.

MEL: Well..

DENNIS: We didn't even get to sing the Christmas Carols.

MEL: Christmas Carols?

JACK: Yes, we always sing Christmas Carols.

MEL: Gee, I'd love to hear that.

JACK: Well, why don't you and your wife join us?

MEL: ~~Do~~ you really mean that, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Certainly, the more the merrier.

MEL: Gee, thanks..I'll go get my wife and we'll join you in the party.

JACK: Now Dennis, ~~every~~ every year at my Christmas party you always sing a nice medley of Christmas Carols.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Well, how about singing them for us now?

DENNIS: ~~Okay.~~ *Will be glad to*

JACK: Quiet, everybody..Dennis is going to sing.

(DENNIS SINGS MEDLEY OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS)

JACK: Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of my sponsor and my entire staff, I want to wish you all a Very Merry Christmas.

PROGRAM #16
REVISED SCRIPT
"A Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1953 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED DEC. 23, 1953)

BR

ATX01 0184543

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #16

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

DECEMBER 27, 1953

SUNDAY

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: This is Don Wilson, friends...You know, your enjoyment
of a cigarette depends on its taste. That's true.
Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is -- Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
Fresher, Smoother. Now there are two mighty good reasons
for that. The first one you already know: LS/MFT, Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco...light, naturally mild,
good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made to
taste better -- made round and firm and fully pecked to
draw freely and smoke evenly.

(MORE)

BR

ATX01 0184544

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 27, 1953

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: So, friends, if you want all the real, deep down smoking
(CONT'D) enjoyment, you can get from a cigarette -- Be Happy --
Go Lucky! Because smoking enjoyment is all a matter of
taste. And the fact of the matter is -- Luckies taste
better! Next time, ask for a carton of Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!
Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

BR

ATX01 0184545

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS PROGRAM, JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER OF HIS TELEVISION SHOWS, OVER THE CBS NETWORK. BUT MEANWHILE, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. AT THE MOMENT, ROCHESTER IS AT THE TYPEWRITER WHILE OUR LITTLE STAR IS DICTATING.

JACK: Dear Claudette --

ROCH: DEAR..

(SOUND: TYPING)

ROCH: CLAUDETTE...

(SOUND: TYPING)

JACK: It is with deep gratitude...

ROCH: IT IS WITH DEEP GRATITUDE...

(SOUND: TYPING...STOP)

JACK: ...that I express my...

ROCH: ...THAT I EXPRESS MY...

(SOUND: TYPING ...STOP)

JACK: ...appreciation..

ROCH: ...APPRECIATION...

(SOUND: TYPING...TYPING...TYPING...TYPING...

TYPING. CONTINUES OVER JACK'S LINE)

ER

ATX01 0184546

JACK: Rochester...Rochester...wait a minute...hold it...
Rochester!

(SOUND: TYPING STOPS)

JACK: Let me see that...Oh, for heaven sakes,. A, P, Q, R, V,
W, Y, O, Q, F, J, K, Z, T --- Rochester, don't you know
how to spell appreciation?

ROCH: WELL...I WAS NEVER SURE WHETHER IT HAD ONE "P" OR TWO
"P'S."

JACK: ~~Oh~~, For heaven sakes, appreciation has two "p's." But
if you weren't sure, why did you put in all those crazy
letters?

ROCH: BOSS, IF I SPELLED IT WITH ONLY ONE "P", I'D LOOK STUPID.

JACK: So?.

ROCH: THIS WAY THEY'LL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE
TYPEWRITER.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN I HAVE TO SPELL ALBUQUERQUE, I THROW IN A FEW NUMBERS.

JACK: That I can believe. You must be murder in a Scrabble game.
~~Now~~ let's get on with the "thank you" notes. Let me see...
where was I...(READING) "It is with deep #gratitude that
I express my appreciation ...to you...

ROCH: TO YOU.

(SOUND: TYPING)

JACK: ...for thinking of me during this Christmas season.

(SOUND: TYPING) *during*

ROCH: FOR...THINKING...OF ME...THIS...CHRISTMAS...SEASON.

JACK: Sincerely yours, Jack Benny.

(SOUND: TYPING)

BR

ROCH: SINCERELY YOURS...JACK...BENNY.

JACK: Well...that's the last one, eh, Rochester?

ROCH: YES SIR...WE FINALLY REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE LIST.

JACK: You know, Rochester, every year it's the same thing. I have to write "thank you" notes to all my friends.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, WHEN THEY BUY THEIR CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM YOU, THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO.

JACK: I guess so. Now, Rochester, get them in the mail as soon as you can and enclose a sample of my Easter selection.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE --

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: REMEMBER LAST YEAR?...YOU SOLD CARDS COMMEMORATING AUGUST THE EIGHTEENTH?

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE BOUGHT CARDS BEFORE THEY FOUND OUT THAT AUGUST THE EIGHTEENTH WAS JUST AUGUST THE EIGHTEENTH.

JACK: It's more than that. August the Eighteenth happens to be Ground Hog Day in Venezuela...Anyway, see that you get all those letters mailed, and --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get the door, Rochester, you straighten up the desk.

ROCH: YES SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BR

ATX01 0184548

JACK: Gee...Christmas has come and gone...and in five more days
it'll be New Years...another year will have gone by and
everybody else will be a year older.

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

BOB: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Well, Bob. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Well, Bob, I haven't seen you for a few days. Did you and
your family have a nice Christmas?

BOB: ^{Oh} We ~~sure~~ ^{certainly} did, Jack. It was really wonderful.

JACK: That's good. What did you do?

BOB: Well, on Christmas Eve we all sat around the tree..and at
the stroke of twelve...Santa Claus came down the chimney...
he gave the cutest little doll to Maless..roller skates to
Robert and Steven...~~a~~ bicycle to Chris and Cathy...^{and} a
beautiful coat to June...and I got two tickets on the
fifty yard line for the Rose Bowl game.

JACK: Bob, you got two tickets for the Rose Bowl game from Santa
Claus?

BOB: For forty bucks, he was doing a little scalping on the
side.

JACK: Bob, something tells me you made ^{up} this whole thing ^{up}.

BOB: (LAUGHS) Yeah.

ROCH: OH SAY, BOSS, I GOT ALL THE ENVELOPES SEALED AND -- OH,

HELLO, MR. CROSEY.

BOB: Hello, ^{Wirt} Rochester, ^{my} By the way, what did Mr. Benny give you
for Christmas?

BR

ROCH: WELL..IT'S A LONG STORY. LAST YEAR FOR CHRISTMAS MR.
BENNY TOOK A TEN DOLLAR BILL AND TORE IT IN TWO... THEN
HE GAVE ME ONE HALF AND HE KEPT THE OTHER HALF.

BOB: Well, what happened this Christmas?

ROCH: WE EXCHANGED GIFTS.

JACK: I just did that for a gag. But, Bob, getting back to what
you said about spending Christmas with the wife and kids...
That's really the way to do it...You know, I'll never
forget one Christmas when I was a kid...The ground was
covered with snow and as I looked out the window, in the
distance I could see someone dressed in red. Suddenly
there came a patter of hoof-beats...and a knock on the
door....

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS.

JACK: It was Santa Claus...and Rochester, you'll never guess
what Santa Claus gave me.

ROCH: WHAT?

JACK: A violin.

ROCH: THAT SWEET OLD MAN DID THAT?

JACK: ~~Certainly~~. By the way, Bob, not that I'm looking for
gratitude...but, you didn't mention anything about the
gift I sent you.

BOB: Well, Jack, this is really embarrassing...but...well...
with all my kids around, when I opened my Christmas
packages, there was so much confusion, ^{that} I got ^{the} cards
all mixed up, and I don't know who gave me what.

JACK: Oh.

BR

BOB: I received a ring with a blue sapphire, ^{and a} diamond stick pin, a gold cigarette case, ^{and} platinum cuff links, and a handkerchief. Now, Jack, which one of those gifts came from you?

JACK: Well ...

BOB: Was it the ring with the blue sapphire?

JACK: ~~Er...er...~~ No...

BOB: ^{Well,} Was it the diamond stick pin?

JACK: Diamond stickpin?... ~~Er...~~ ^{No, no, Bob.}

BOB: Well, I know it wasn't the gold cigarette case.

JACK: Oh yesh?... ~~Well,~~ ^I if you're so smart, what makes you think I didn't give you the gold cigarette case?

BOB: Because on the inside was engraved, "Love to the father of my five children".

JACK: Oh.

BOB: ~~Now,~~ Jack, there are only two things left, the platinum cuff links and the handkerchief. Now, which one did you ^{give me} -

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

JACK: No you don't, I'll get it, I'll get it.

ROCH: ^{But} BUT, BOSS, I'M YOUR BUTLER.

JACK: I don't care. This is my house and I can answer the door if I want to.

BOB: ^{Yeah,} But, Jack, you still haven't told me which ~~one~~ -

JACK: Excuse me, Bob, I have to answer the handkerchief -- I mean the door.

(SOUND: FADING FOOTSTEPS)

BR

JACK: When will people learn that at Christmas time it's not
the gift, it's the thought.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF)

JACK: ^{Hi} Hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hey, Bob, it's Dennis.

BOB: ^{Hi} ~~Hello~~, kid. ^{Hi} I haven't seen you in a couple of weeks.

DENNIS: I know. I didn't come home when you fellows did...I spent
Christmas at the Palm Springs Biltmore.

BOB: Oh.

JACK: Say, that's really a beautiful hotel. I understand the
rooms are great, too.

DENNIS: Yeah, and you should have seen the sunken bathtub...sixty
feet long and forty feet wide.

BOB: Dennis, that wasn't the bathtub, that was the swimming
pool.

DENNIS: It was?

JACK: Certainly.

DENNIS: Ooooh....so that's why everyone else was wearing a bathing
suit.

JACK: Oh, fine.

DENNIS: I had to go down fourteen feet to get the soap.

JACK: Look, Dennis.

DENNIS: When, I went down, the life guard jumped in and saved me.

JACK: Dennis --

BR

ATX01 0184552

DENNIS: I thought he was there to scrub my back.

JACK: Now cut that out!...And, Dennis, if you must come over here and open that silly mouth of yours, the least you can do is thank me for the Christmas present I sent you..

DENNIS: Gee, Mr. Benny, this is embarrassing...but while I was opening all my Christmas packages, I got the cards mixed

JACK: ^{up}
~~Now~~ isn't that a coincidence. You and Bob had the same accident.

DENNIS: Mine wasn't an accident.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I did it on purpose, I didn't want my mother to know you sent me a lousy handkerchief.

JACK: Hmm.

BOB: ^{Now} Wait a minute, Jack, then you didn't give me the platinum cuff links. You must have sent me that --

JACK: Bob, how can you be so rude, talking while Dennis is getting ready to sing a song.

DENNIS: I am?

JACK: Certainly. Go ahead.

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: What a fuss ^{Bob} ~~he~~ makes about a present.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "EBB TIDE")

(APPLAUSE)

BR

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was very good, Dennis. And by the way, I want to congratulate you on your television show. I saw it last Monday night, and it was excellent.

DENNIS: ^{Will} Gee, thanks, Mr. Benny.

JACK: And, Dennis...have you been giving some thought to that suggestion I made...you know, about that fellow who plays the part of the janitor on your show -- Charlie Weaver?

DENNIS: Yes, but I'm gonna keep him, you're too old.

JACK: Okay, it was just a suggestion, ^{you know}

DENNIS: Well, I ~~we~~ got to be running along, Mr. Benny. I have to deliver a Christmas package, ~~anyway~~.

JACK: A Christmas package?...But, Dennis, it's two days after Christmas.

DENNIS: I know. It's a locket for my girl and I had to have her initials put on ~~it~~ J.R.

BOB: J.R.?

DENNIS: Yeah. Jane Russell.

JACK: (AMAZED) Jane Russell is your girl friend? Dennis, for your information, Jane Russell is married to that famous football player, Bob Waterfield.

DENNIS: I found that out.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When I went over to see her, he drop-kicked me sixty yards.

JACK: Well, I don't blame him. Were you hurt?

DENNIS: I would have been if Crazy Legs Hirsch hadn't caught me.

RM

ATX01 0184554

JACK: ~~Hum~~...Dennis, go home, will you?

DENNIS: Look Magazine picked me for the All American.

JACK: All American what?

DENNIS: The censor took it out.

JACK: Dennis, please go home!

DENNIS: Okey.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: What a silly kid. *kinda*

BOB: *Say* Jack, it's getting *late*. Hadn't you and I better get down to T.V. City for your television show?

JACK: Hey, we haven't too much time, have we? (CALLS)
Oh, Rochester --

ROCH: YES, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Rochester, get the car out of the garage, will you please?

ROCH: IT'S RIGHT OUT *on* ~~IN~~ THE STREET.

JACK: What! Do you mean to say you left my car out in the street all night?

ROCH: I TRIED IT AGAIN, BOSS, BUT NOBODY TOOK IT.

JACK: Hum.

BOB: *hey now* Wait a minute, Rochester, you mean you're actually trying to get somebody to steal Mr. Benny's car?

ROCH: I'M EVEN USING CADILLAC HUB *car -- car* CAPS FOR DECOYS.

JACK: You can stop with the jokes and drive us down to the studio. Come on, Bob.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES...FOOTSTEPS DOWN

FRONT PORCH STEPS...THEN ON SIDEWALK)

Bob: *Wait a minute, Rochester, you mean that you're actually trying to get somebody to steal Mr. Benny's car?*
RM
Roch: *I'm even using Cadillac hub caps for decoys.*
Jack: *We'll get a joke over if we have to tell it right now.*

BOB: You know, Jack, I've never ridden in your car. Everybody tells me it's a rickety old ^{hey} ~~it~~ Wait a minute -- Your car is supposed to be a Maxwell ^{and} on the side here it says "Lincoln".

ROCH: THAT'S HIS AUTOGRAPH!

BOB: ~~Has~~ Autograph!

ROCH: HE WAS STANDING ON THE BACK SEAT WHEN HE MADE HIS GETTYSBURGH ADDRESS.

JACK: He was not. That's a sticker I got when I went through Lincoln, Nebraska. ^{now} Come on, let's get in.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: MOTOR...LOUSY HORN)

JACK: Well, there's T.V. City. Rochester, pull into the parking lot.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: MOTOR..BRAKES..CAR DOOR OPENS)

BOB: ~~Will~~ I'm gonna run in, Jack. See you later, ~~huh~~ ?

JACK: Okay.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS, ARE YOU GONNA BE HOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT?

JACK: No, I'm going out to that little restaurant again.

ROCH: THE SAME ONE?

JACK: Uh huh.

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN GOING OUT THERE EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.

JACK: I know. They've got such a nice hostess there. She's so charming.

RM

ROCH: LOOK, BOSS, THOSE DIME TIPS AREN'T GONNA IMPRESS
ANYBODY THAT INHERITED SEVENTEEN MILLION DOLLARS.

JACK: Rochester, she's a charming girl, the money has nothing
to do with it.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW.

JACK: What?

ROCH: WHEN YOU READ ABOUT HER INHERITANCE IN THE PAPER, YOU RAN
TO THAT RESTAURANT SO FAST, YOU BROKE THE SOUND BARRIER.

JACK: Oh, stop, just perk the car, will you, please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

DON: Oh, Jack -- Jack --

JACK: Oh, hello, Don. ^{hey} I didn't see you sitting in ^{the} ~~that~~ car.
We better get in the studio.

DON: ^{Jack, just} ~~In~~ a few minutes, Jack..I'm waiting to hear a special
program on the radio.

JACK: A special program?

DON: Yes, Jack, it's commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary
of the Wright Brothers first flight. It's transcribed
and the Sportsmen and I are on it..And if I do say so
myself, I did a beautiful job announcing it.

JACK: Well, Don, you don't have to convince me. After all,
you did win several awards for being the best announcer.

DON: I know ^{quite} but I ~~ve~~ never felt ~~that~~ I really deserved it
^{until} I made this transcription.

JACK: No kidding, Don? Well, that must be --

DON: ^{Shh} Shh, quiet, Jack ^{quite} It's going on now.

RM

ATX01 0184557

HY: (FILTER) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SINCE
THIS MONTH OF DECEMBER MARKS THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE INVENTION OF THE AIRPLANE BY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS
...AS A SPECIAL TRIBUTE, THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET WILL
SING "COME JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE."
JACK: Don, that's not you, *talking*.
HY: (FILTER) AND HERE TO INTRODUCE THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET
IS RADIO'S FOREMOST ANNOUNCER, DON WILSON.
DON: (FILTER) Take it, fellows.

QUART: COME, JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING
MACHINE
GOING UP SHE GOES, UP SHE GOES
BALANCE YOURSELF LIKE A BIRD
ON A BEAM
IN THE AIR SHE GOES, THERE SHE GOES
UP, UP, A LITTLE BIT HIGHER,
OH MY, THE MOON IS ON FIRE
COME, JOSEPHINE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE
GOING UP ALONG GOODBYE

HY: AND NOW FOR A NEW MODERN, STREAM-LINED, JET PROPELLED
VERSION OF THE SAME SONG "ROCKETMAN".

DON: Take it fellows.

QUART: COME, MARY JANE, IN MY NEW
ROCKET PLANE,
THERE WE'LL GO,
THERE WE'LL GO.
STEP IN, JEANETTE, IN MY NEW
SUPER-JET
~~and away~~
~~THERE~~ WE'LL GO
WHAT A SHOW
UP, UP, AND THROUGH THE SONIC
BARRIER
MY BABY'S SUCH A FLYER
I GUESS I'D BETTER MARRY HER
TOGETHER WE'LL ^{start to} FLY
UP SO HIGH IN THE SKY
TO THE STARS WE'LL GO, GOODBYE.

JACK: Don, is that
all you say?
"Take it, fellows?"

DON: I have more
later.

*Jack: "What's so wonderful
about that announcement?"*

Don: "Listen Jack."

*Jack: "Take it, fellows!"
"Eldest thing I've
ever heard of."*

JACK: Don, you
said that
before.

DON: But Jack,
it's not what
I said, it's
the way I
said it.

JACK: ~~Oh~~ How can you
say "Take it, fellows?"
How many ways can
you say that?

RM

ATX01 0184559

HY: AND NOW IF THIS SONG WERE SUNG ON THE JACK BENNY LUCKY
STRIKE PROGRAM IT WOULD SOUND LIKE THIS.

DON: Take it, fellows.

QUART: COME JOSEPHINE

JACK: Don --

DON: Quiet, ^{and} Jack.

TRY MY CIGARETTE MACHINE,

BUY THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE, LUCKY STRIKE

light one & see
~~POLLY SELLS MATCHES~~

which she also scratches
~~WHICH SHE ALSO SCRATCHES~~

the the favorite hand throughout the show
~~UPON THE FLOOR FOR TEN CENTS MORE~~

YOU'LL LIKE THE TASTE OF A LUCKY

CLEANER AND SMOOTHER AND FRESH FROM KENTUCKY

COME, JOSEPHINE, TRY MY CIGARETTE MACHINE

BUY A PACK NOW FROM JACK

BUY THE SMOKE YOU WILL LIKE,

LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-16-

JACK: Don, do you mean to say that that program hired you just to say, "Take it, fellows."

DON: It was either me or Marlon Brando.

JACK: Well, they made a very wise choice. Now come on, Don, let's get in the studio.

DON: No, ^{no} Jack, if you don't mind, I'd like to stay here by the radio.. they're gonna play it again in a half hour.

JACK: All right, all right, stay by the radio.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hello, Mac.

MEL: Hello, Mr. Benny. Doin' another television show today, huh.

JACK: That's right. Any mail from my fans?

MEL: Yep. Those two big sacks standing against the wall.

JACK: Hey, those are really big sacks. It'll take me a long time to read that.

MEL: That you don't read, you just spread it on your lawn.

JACK: What?

MEL: That pitch fork ain't no letter opener.

JACK: Oh, well...I shouldn't complain. Bob Hope gets nice letters, but his lawn looks lousy...See you later, Mac.

MEL: Oh..Oh, ^{no} Mr. Benny, I almost forgot. There was a long distance phone call for you from your sponsor.

JACK: A call from my sponsor?... from New York?

MEL: That's right.

JACK: Well, thanks for telling me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

ATX01 0184561

JACK: *I wonder what my* Hmm...I wonder what my sponsor wanted...Maybe he wants to -- No..he wouldn't just call me on the phone to cancel my contract...He's too nice a fellow..He'd at least send me a singing telegram. I better go in my dressing room, call New York and find out what he wants.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *I* Better call him right now.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICK CLICK..FADES OUT
THEN .. BUZZ BUZZ .. FADES IN)

BEA: Oh, Mabel --

SARA: What is it, Gertrude?

(APPLAUSE)

BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.

SARA: Yeah..I wonder what "From Here To Security" wants now.

BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Gertrude, will you please get me my sponsor..Mr. Lewis..
in New York?..His number is..

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but there's a new ruling. We're not allowed to place any long distance calls on C. B. S. phones.

JACK: Oh.

(SOUND: CLICK)

SARA: Gertrude, why did you pull ~~out~~ *out* the plug, so fast?

BEA: I can't stand to hear an old man cry.

SARA: Well, he is emotional. Once he took me out..and when it was time to say goodnight, he puckered up..and, Gertrude, his lips quivered so much, I made him kiss me on the shoulder.

BEA: Why on the shoulder?

SARA: I got reumatism, I needed the massage.

BEA: Well, ain't he therapeutic?

SARA: Yeah.

(SOUND: BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ)

(SOUND: BUZZ BUZZ..PLUG IN)

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny --

JACK: Look, Gertrude, I've got to talk to my sponsor in New York..so will you please let this long distance call go through?

BEA: I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, but rules are rules. ~~If~~ ^{if} you want to make a long distance call, you'll have to use the pay phone in the corridor.

JACK: Oh, yeah? ^{well}..Let me talk to Mabel.

BEA: Okay. (ASIDE) Mabel, quiver-lips wants to talk to you.

SARA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK)

SARA: Hello.

JACK: Look, Mabel, be a nice girl and put my call through to New York.

SARA: I'm sorry, but I can't break the rules, either.

JACK: You can't, ^{uh} ~~huh~~!..Well, let me tell you something, Mabel, we're through ...~~and~~ I'll never kiss you again.

SARA: Who cares, I bought a vibrator.

JACK: What?

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Mabel--

(SOUND: JIGGLING HOOK)

JACK: ~~Mabel~~-- Mabel -- How do you like that, she cut me off.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN...KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Yes?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: ~~Let it~~ Say, Jack, we'd like to rehearse the opening of the show. Can you come out on stage?

JACK: I'll be there in a few minutes, ~~don~~.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF) How do you like those operators..refusing to put my call through. My sponsor wouldn't have tried to reach me if it weren't important. Well, I'll just have to use the pay phone.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES... FOOTSTEPS..STOP)

JACK: Oh, good, there's no one in the phone booth.

(SOUND: SLIDING PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...RECEIVER UP)

JACK: ~~Let me~~ See...what's long distance..Oh, yes.

(SOUND: DIAL THREE TIMES..INNER BUZZ..CLIC)

JENNY: Long distance.

JACK: ^{Oh} Operator, I'd like to place a call to New York. I'd like to talk to Mr. William Lewis, at 385 Madison Avenue.

JENNY: Mr. William Lewis, 385 Madison Avenue, New York. ~~And~~ who's calling, please?

JACK: Mr. Benny.

JENNY: Benny?..Is that "B" as in boy?

JACK: Thank you.

JENNY: One moment, please.

JACK: (~~see~~, It's nice talking to an operator who isn't fresh, ^{or anything})
(HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM) Da da da da da..da da..

JENNY: I have Mr. Lewis in New York, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello, Hello..Mr. Lewis --

JENNY: Not so fast.

JACK: What?

JENNY: Deposit three dollars and seventy-five cents, please.

JACK: (Three dollars and seventy-five cents.)

JENNY: That's fifteen quarters.

JACK: I know what it is.

JENNY: Well, ^{well start} start droppin' them in, kid.

JACK: Hmm..(fifteen quarters.)

(SOUND: PAUSE..WE HEAR QUARTERS DROP INTO
PHONE..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..
BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..BONG..)

(AFTER THE SECOND QUARTER DROPS, WE HEAR "TAPS" MOUNFULLY PLAYED
ON A MUTED TRUMPET, AND STOPPING AFTER NEXT TO LAST QUARTER.)

JENNY: One more, please.

(SOUND: LAST QUARTER DROPS)

(TRUMPET FINISHES "TAPS")

JENNY: Go ahead, please.

JACK: Thank you. And, operator, I didn't think you were funny blowing that bugle.

KEARNS: Hello?

JACK: Hello?..Hello, Mr. Lewis, this is Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Oh, hello, Jack. I'm glad you called back. I've been very anxious to get in touch with you.

JACK: Look, Mr. Lewis, if there's anything wrong with the program, I'll be glad to fix it.

KEARNS: Jack --

JACK: I've always been conscientious, and nobody works harder than I do.

KEARNS: Jack --

JACK: If you look at my rating, you ^{can} see that --

KEARNS: Jack, will you please let me talk?

JACK: Huh?

KEARNS: Jack, when I tried to get in touch with you, all I wanted to do was wish you a Happy New Year.

JACK: ^A Happy..New Year?...That's all you wanted to say to me?

KEARNS: Well, that's the least I could do to show my appreciation for that Christmas present you sent me. That's the most beautiful gold wristwatch I ever saw.

JACK: Gold wristwatch?

KEARNS: Yeah, and please thank Don Wilson for the handkerchief he sent me.

JACK: (PLEASED) ~~How~~..Mr. Lewis, when you opened your Christmas presents, did you get the cards mixed up?

KEARNS: ^{why} Yes..yes, I did..but I managed to get them back in their right places again. ~~But~~ ^{how} did you know?

JACK: Oh..~~er~~..with all the excitement, ^{you know} it happens to everybody.

^{Well}, Goodbye, Mr. Lewis.

KEARNS: Goodbye, Jack, ~~and~~ thanks again.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

DON: Jack..Jack..

(SOUND: SLIDING DOOR OPENS)

JACK: ^{Oh} Here I am, Don.

DON: Jack, you're wanted on stage.

JACK: Okay, Don. I ^{was} just talking to ~~my~~ ^{our} sponsor, Mr. Lewis.

DON: Our sponsor?..Jack, did he mention anything about receiving a gold wristwatch?

JACK: Yes, yes, he did, Don. It was just what he wanted.

DON: Oh, good, then it worked out just fine. ^{he}

JACK: It sure did. Come on, Don, let's get on, ^{the} stage.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

NATIONAL

ladies & gentlemen

JACK: I will be back in a minute to tell you about my television show which goes on immediately after this program on the CBS network but first, a word to cigarette smokers...

PACIFIC COAST

JACK: I will be back in just a minute to tell you about my television show that goes on tonight at 7 PM over the CBS network, but first, a word to cigarette smokers...

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 27, 1953

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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, you may remember that last year a survey was made in leading colleges from coast to coast. This was a survey of smokers, and it showed that Luckies were the favorite cigarette in those colleges. Yes, Luckies were Number One. This year another nation-wide survey was made -- a representative survey of all students in regular colleges 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. These students were asked why they smoked Luckies. The Number One reason given - this year, just as last -- was Luckies' better taste. After all, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste -- and the fact of the matter is ... Luckies taste better.

(MORE)

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THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
DECEMBER 27, 1953

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D.)

WILSON: They taste better because they're made of fine,
(CONT'D.) naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco -- and because
they're made better. That's why we're asking you
to Be Happy -- Go Lucky. Get yourself a carton of
Luckies the first chance you have.

SPORTSMEN Be Happy -- Go Lucky
QUARTET: Get Better Taste Today!

(LONG
CLOSE)

ATX01 0184570

TAG - NATIONAL

as I mentioned before
JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in just 30 seconds I will be doing my television show over the CBS network and on behalf of my sponsor, cast and my entire staff, I want to wish you a very Happy New Year. Goodnight, folks -- see you in 30 seconds.

TAG - PACIFIC COAST

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight at 7 PM I will be doing my television show over the CBS network and on behalf of my sponsor, cast and my entire staff, I want to wish you a very Happy New Year. Goodnight, folks -- see you at 7:00, tonight.

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by
 Milt Josefsberg, John Tackaberry, Hal Goldman,
 Al Gordon, and produced and transcribed by Hilliard
 Marks.

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