

PROGRAM #28  
REVISED SCRIPT

*"As Broadcast"*

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

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(TRANSCRIBED, MARCH 18, 1954)

DH

ATX01 0184878

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 21, 1954  
(TRANSCRIBED: MARCH 18, 1954)

-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, friends. You know, recently a  
cigarette ad appeared in a well-known national magazine.  
Perhaps you saw it. Near the top of it were the words:  
"I don't have to smoke Luckies." Those were the words of  
the man whose picture was in the ad -- Mr. Robert  
Montgomery whose TV show is sponsored by Lucky Strike.  
In the ad, Mr. Montgomery said that there was nothing in  
his contract that said he had to smoke Luckies. He smoked  
them - and had for years - because he liked the way they  
taste. That makes sense. Smoking enjoyment is all a  
matter of taste. And as Mr. Montgomery - and many millions  
of other smokers will tell you - Luckies taste better.

(MORE)

DH

ATX01 0184879

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
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-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:  
(CONT'D) Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Taste better because they're made with fine, naturally mild tobacco. And they're made round and firm and fully packed. Made to taste better. Just remember that the next time you buy cigarettes, and ask for a pack of Lucky Strike. You'll find Luckies give you real smoking enjoyment because they do taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

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

DH

ATX01 0184880



(FIRST ROUTINE)

-1-

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER TELEVISION SHOW WITH HIS GUEST STARS BING CROSBY AND GEORGE BURNS...BUT MEANWHILE, LET'S GO OUT TO JACK'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. I KNOW HE'S HOME ~~BECAUSE THE CAR IS IN~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~THE DRIVEWAY~~. <sup>So</sup> IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, WE'LL GO IN AND PAY JACK A VISIT.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ELVIA: (ANGRILY)..And you needn't ask me to leave because you're going to sit there and listen to what I've got to say!

DON: OH-OH, WE BETTER NOT GO IN...THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF A COMMOTION GOING ON.

ELVIA: I haven't told you half what's on my mind...and believe me, I'm talking for everybody in this neighborhood. When you first moved in, we thought you were a nice, gentle, kindly old man...but before we knew it, you had the mortgages on all our houses. Oh, I don't blame you for not saying anything...all you can do is sit there with your mouth open. And why? ... because even you know that that last trick you pulled was the cheapest, most abominable thing anybody ever did. Imagine, putting a woman with seven children out on the sidewalk because she missed one payment!

JACK: Rochester, turn off <sup>the</sup> ~~radio~~ radio.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

DH

ATX01 0184881

RUBIN: (FILTER) You have just heard another episode of that thrilling story, "The Mean Old Man" ... In tomorrow's episode, you will hear the true ~~story~~ *story*---

(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: Thanks, Rochester.

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU LISTEN TO THAT PROGRAM, BOSS, IT ALWAYS UPSETS YOU.

JACK: Well, I don't know where they get those fantastic ideas *for radio programs*. Nobody can be that cheap.

ROCH: ....WELL...

JACK: And that corny title. "The Mean Old Man". It's ridiculous.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, TELEVISION, AND THE ONLY LAUNDRY SERVICE THAT -- HUH?.... OH OH OH.. HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE...I ALMOST WASTED A COMMERCIAL ON YOU...YEAH, I'LL PUT HIM ON. IT'S MISS LIVINGSTONE, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks. Hello, Mary, how do you feel? What? A hundred? Mary, that's awful...that ~~is~~...Oh, your temperature, I thought you meant the doctor bill. Anyway, I'm glad you're feeling better...And Mary -- What? Oh, you're welcome, ~~that's~~...I'm glad you enjoyed it....I'll call you tomorrow... Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

ROCH: WHAT DID SHE THANK YOU FOR, BOSS?

Y DH

ATX01 0184882



JACK: Well, everybody has been sending her flowers and fruit and candy. <sup>and</sup> so I thought I'd be a little different.

ROCH: WHAT DID YOU SEND HER?

JACK: A bowl of chili...It's good in this nippy weather ...  
Anyway, it looks like Miss Livingstone will be back on the program next week.

ROCH: THAT'S GOOD .. IF YOU DON'T NEED ME NOW, I'LL GO IN THE LIBRARY AND FINISH WORKING ON YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

JACK: Oh, fine fine ... You know, one of my biggest thrills is when I show my scrap book to people.

ROCH: I KNOW, THAT'S WHY I PUT THE PICTURE OF YOU SHAKING HANDS WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER RIGHT ON THE FRONT COVER.

JACK: Good, good. What's on the back cover?

ROCH: AN AD, YOU SOLD THE SPACE TO MANASHEVITZES WINE.

JACK: Oh yes....Well, Rochester, paste that picture of me playing the violin on the inside cover.

ROCH: I CAN'T, WE'VE GOT THAT RESERVED FOR SERUTAN.

JACK: Oh.

ROCH: HEE HEE HEE HEE.

JACK: What are you laughing at?

ROCH: YOU'VE GOT THE ONLY SCRAP BOOK THAT'S HANDLED BY BATTEN, BARTON, DURSTINE, AND OSBORN.

JACK: Yeah...Well, you go in the library and paste all the reviews in my scrap book.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS LOVE IN BLOOM)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, hello, Mr. Brown.

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ (MEEKLY) Hello, Mr. Benny.....I'm sorry I'm three days late with the rent on our house....but here it is.

JACK: Thank you.

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ *oh* By the way, Mr. Benny, our hot water heater is leaking... do you think maybe you could have it fixed?

JACK: Well....plumbing costs are awfully high now.

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ I guess they are...but it's been months since you promised to paint the living room.

JACK: Well ---

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ I fixed the hole in the roof myself.

JACK: Good....good.

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ Well, I guess I'll be running along. Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, by the way, Mr. Brown, how's your wife? What's she doing now?

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ Oh, haven't you heard?...She writes that radio program.... The Mean Old Man.

JACK: *Yeah.*  
Oh, I listen to it every day. Your wife has quite an imagination.

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ Yeah, yeah, imagination.

JACK: Huh?

*Joe:*  
~~Joe:~~ Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.....FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: WHO WAS IT, BOSS?

JACK: Mr. Brown from Long Beach.

ROCH: OH....YOU KNOW, HE'S BEEN COMPLAINING A LONG TIME ABOUT A HOLE IN THE ROOF.

WA



JACK: It's fixed, it's fixed.

ROCH: ~~BOSS~~, BOSS, I DON'T REMEMBER YOU SENDING ANYONE DOWN TO FIX IT.

JACK: If I say it's fixed, it's fixed. If you don't believe me, Listen to tomorrow's episode and you'll find out...By the way, Rochester, has my television script arrived from C.B.S.?

ROCH: NO, NOT YET. *Boos*

JACK: Hmmm. My director, Ralph Levy, will be here soon to go over it with me....I wonder what's holding it up.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, that must be it now....Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DENNIS *OK* Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, it's you, Dennis. Come on in.

DENNIS: *Yes* Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: How do you feel, kid?

DENNIS: Fine, thanks.

JACK: How are your folks?

DENNIS: They're fine, too.

JACK: That's good.

DENNIS: Especially my father....After six months they finally took the cast off his foot.

JACK: In a cast for six months? Dennis, what was wrong with your father's foot?

DENNIS: Nothing, he stepped in <sup>*to*</sup> a bucket of cement.

WA



JACK: *Look, Dennis,*  
~~on~~, For heaven's... Look, kid, I can understand your  
father stepping in a bucket of cement... ~~and~~ I can almost  
understand him standing there and letting the cement dry...  
but ~~why~~... why would he keep it on his foot for six months?

DENNIS: My mother made him.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: When he stayed out late at night, he couldn't tip-toe into  
the house.

JACK: That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of... Imagine  
your mother making him keep his foot in a bucket for six  
months.

DENNIS: Two weeks ago it came in handy.

JACK: How?

DENNIS: *Well* they were invited to a masquerade and papa went as a potted  
palm.

JACK: Look, kid - do me a favor, will you?

DENNIS: What?

JACK: As long as you've got your mouth open, sing, don't talk.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) "HEY BROTHER, POUR THE WINE"

(APPLAUSE)

WA

ATX01 0184886

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-7-

JACK: *Dennis* Dennis, that was very *very* good.

DENNIS: Thank you.

JACK: You know, I can't understand you, kid...You come in here and talk...*and* when you talk you sound so ridiculous...Then you sing..and when you sing...you're a completely different person...What are you - a Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde?

DENNIS: Uh huh, and each one has his own show.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: The doctor is on another network.

JACK: Oh yes.

DENNIS: Well, so long, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, kid.

DENNIS: Oh say, Mr. Benny...

JACK: What now?

DENNIS: Can I have your permission to do a guest spot tomorrow on a dramatic program?

JACK: Dramatic program?....What's the name of it?

DENNIS: The Mean Old Man.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: They've got a wonderful part for me where I fix a hole in the roof.

JACK: *Well*, Do it, do it, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER --

~~ROCH: (OFF) YES, BOSS.~~

JACK: Are you sure my television script hasn't arrived?

ROCH: NOT YET.

MG

ATK01 01848B7

JACK: Well, I'm gonna call C.B.S. and see what's holding it up.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALS...INNER BUZZ...FADE  
TO BUZZ OF SWITCHBOARD...PLUG IN)

BEA: C.B.S., The stars address...What?...All right, all right,  
you don't have to shout. The line is busy now...hold on..

SHIRLEY: Who is it, Gertrude?

BEA: Jack Benny. He wants I should get him the mimeograph <sup>a</sup>  
department.

SHIRLEY: So why were you so fresh with him?

BEA: Why was I so fresh <sup>with</sup> him! The other night he called  
and asked me if he could pick me up and take me dancing  
at the Mocambo, <sup>and</sup> Then he got mad because when he called  
for me I was wearing my overalls.

SHIRLEY: Well, I don't blame him for being mad. Why would you  
wear overalls to the Mocambo?

BEA: Who gets to the Mocambo, I always wind up fixing his car.

SHIRLEY: Well, you're better off than I am.

BEA: Why?

SHIRLEY: I'm not mechanical minded, I have to get out and push.

BEA: ~~He~~, have you been out with Jack lately?

SHIRLEY: Yeah, two weeks ago... He took me to a night club, we  
sat at a corner table, the lights were low, and he got  
so romantic.

BEA: What did he do?

SHIRLEY: He had the waiter fill my slipper with champagne.

BEA: Gosh, three quarts....Did he drink it?

SHIRLEY: Yeah, he stuck a straw through the open toe.



BEA: Gee, you must have <sup>had</sup> the happiest feet in town.

SHIRLEY: Yeah, but you know what I've been thinking...maybe we shouldn't be so fussy about men.

BEA: I guess you're right. After all, we're not getting any younger.

SHIRLEY: Speak for yourself, John, I'm only twenty-three.

BEA: Twenty three! Then how did you get that medal for sticking to your switchboard during the San Francisco Fire?

SHIRLEY: It wasn't me...I never...I mean...Oh, why should I lie... you were there.

(SOUND: JIGGLING HOOK...CLICK)

BEA: Yes? ... I'm sorry, Mr. Benny, the line is still busy... Your television script? <sup>Yeah</sup>...I'll tell them...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That mimeograph department drives me nuts. That script should have been here ~~hour~~ --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh, maybe that's it...COME IN?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: (DOWN) Hello, Jack.

JACK: Don, what's the matter?

DON: (DOWN) Oh, nothing...nothing.

MG

ATX01 0184889

JACK: Now, Don, don't try to kid me...there's something bothering you...What is it?

DON: Oh, it's the Sportsmen Quartet...they're mad at me.

JACK: The four of them?

DON: Yes, they're outside and they won't come in because I'm here.

JACK: Well, that's ridiculous,  
(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: COME ON IN, FELLOWS.  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hello, boys.

QUART: HMMMMMM.

DON: Hello, boys...(PAUSE) ... ~~see~~ see, they won't talk to me.

JACK: Yeah.

DON: And ~~that's~~ such a wonderful idea for next week's commercial, haven't you, boys?

JACK: .... Have you?

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: Well, this is the silliest thing I've ever heard...Don, why are they mad at you?

DON: (UP) They found out that you pay me more money than you pay them.

JACK: Well, that's a fine thing to be mad about.

DON: Now wait a minute, Jack, I think they've got a point there.

---

JACK: But Don, you should get more money than the quartet. You've been with me twenty years.

DON: But Jack, sentiment ~~shouldn't~~ enter into it. After all, there are four of them.

MG

ATX01 0184890

JACK: But Don, every year you've been picked as radio's outstanding announcer.

DON: I know, Jack, but let's be fair about it. They work hard, too, and I believe that they should get the same salary I get.

JACK: Well, Don, if you feel that strongly about it, there should be an adjustment...How much am I paying the quartet now?

DON: A hundred dollars a week.

JACK: Oh...Well, Don, if it will make you feel better, starting next week, I'll cut you down to the same.. okay?

DON: (VERY HAPPY) Thanks, Jack, that solves the whole thing...now there won't be any more trouble.

JACK: ...It's amazing that I didn't think of that myself... Well, Don, now that it's all settled, what's this song the boys have?

DON: Well, Jack this is the first time they've seen you since you got back from New York, and they've rehearsed a special greeting for you.

JACK: A ~~special~~ greeting for me?

DON: Yes. Sing it to him, fellows.

MG

ATK01 0184891



QUART: HELLO, HELLO  
ALL DAY LONG WE JUMP AND RUN ABOUT  
SURELY YOU HAVE HEARD US SHOUTING OUT  
HELLO, BLUE EYES  
NOW WE'LL ALL BE EATING ONCE AGAIN  
EVERY WEEK WE'LL EARN A DOLLAR TEN  
HELLO, BLUE EYES  
DID YOUR COON SKIN COAT KEEP YOU WARM  
DID YOUR NEW EAR MUFFS HELP IN THAT STORM  
NOW YOU'RE HOME, WE'RE FEELING FINE AGAIN  
PLEASE DON'T ROAM, BE 39 AGAIN  
HELLO, BLUE EYES, HELLO  
WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING THAT YOU ASK  
WE PLOWED UP YOUR LAWN AS YOU'VE SEEN  
WE RAKED AND WE HOED  
THEN WE PLANTED IN ROWS  
THE COFFEE YOU SENT, EVERY BEAN  
WE WORKED FROM MORN TILL NIGHT  
AND THEN A LUCKY WE WOULD LIGHT  
WHAT A THRILL TO HEAR THE NEIGHBORS SHOUT  
WHEN WE'D PULL THAT PACK OF LUCKIES OUT  
OH BOY, LUCKIES  
ROUND AND FIRM AND OH SO FULLY PACKED  
LUCKIES ALWAYS PLEASE AND THAT'S A FACT  
HELLO, LUCKIES  
CLEANER, FRESHER, MUCH SMOOTHER, TOO  
AND LUCKIES TASTE MUCH BETTER IT'S TRUE  
PEOPLE GO FOR LSMFT  
PEOPLE KNOW THAT THEY ARE SURE TO BE HAPPY  
WITH LUCKIES  
THAT'S WHY WE'RE SAYING  
BE HAPPY GO LUCKY STRIKE TODAY

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0184892

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *Hey that was - wonderful* That was ~~very good~~, fellows!... Say, Don, now I'd like to hear the number they're going to do on ~~the~~ <sup>next</sup> Sunday ~~after this one. Then I can get it all over with.~~

DON: Jack, the sportsmen can't wait <sup>any longer</sup> now. They're appearing at the Statler Hotel here in Los Angeles and they have to get over there ~~to~~ <sup>and</sup> rehearse some new numbers.

JACK: Oh... well, I'm going to drop in this week and see you fellows... And by the way, I hope you're not mad at Don anymore.

DON: I'm sure they're not, Jack, and thanks again for making that adjustment.

JACK: You're welcome, Don... ~~and I'm sure you won't have any more trouble... Goodbye.~~

DON: (HAPPY) So long, Jack.

*Jack Goodbye Don*  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING... FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS) I don't want no riccocchet romance, I don't want no riccocchet love.. Da da da da da

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: .....Well, I saved a little money by cutting Don's salary...but I lost a little, too. After all, I'm his agent...Oh well... ~~let's see...~~ OH, ROCHESTER.

~~ROCHESTER: YES, BOSS.~~

JACK: ~~Rochester, when you're through with the scrap book,~~ I'd like you to take the car and pick up my suit at the cleaners.



ROCH: BUT BOSS, WE HAVEN'T HAD THE MAXWELL ALL WEEK.

JACK: We haven't?

ROCH: NO, DON'T YOU REMEMBER...YOU TOLD ME THAT ANYTIME THE  
MOVIE STUDIOS WANTED TO RENT IT, I SHOULD LET THEM HAVE  
IT.

JACK: Oh, so you rented it.. What picture is it going to be in?

ROCH: BEN HUR.

JACK: What?

ROCH: IT COMES IN SECOND IN A CHARIOT RACE.

JACK: Second, eh?....Gosh, I hope they don't whip it too hard...  
Well, you have to take *the* ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Rochester, someone's at the door.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

JACK: Okay...(SOTTO) Gee, that Ben Hur is a great story....  
I remember the first time they made the picture ....They  
begged me to be in it.... Eh, who wanted to be Francis  
X. Bushman's father...He had so few lines....ROCHESTER,  
WHO'S THERE?

ROCH: IT'S YOUR T.V. DIRECTOR, MR. RALPH LEVY.

JACK: Oh, come in, Ralph...come <sup>on</sup>/in.

HY: How are you, Jack?

JACK: Fine...fine...here, have a seat, Ralph. *say,* There seems to  
be a delay in mimeo with the T. V. Script, but they  
should be delivering it any minute now.

HY: Jack ...

ATX01 0184894



JACK: And as soon as it gets here, we can <sup>put on -- well</sup> put in what few minor little changes you might have in no time at all.

HY: *Yeah*, Jack...

JACK: Because, Ralph, this is one script that I have complete confidence in...I worked on it from the start...It's got just the feel, the flavor that I want ~~out~~ --

HY: Jack, the script isn't being mimeographed.

JACK: What?

HY: That's right, Jack...I read it this morning and I just couldn't let it go through.

JACK: What do you mean, you couldn't let it go through.

HY: (ANGRY) Well, Jack, in my opinion, this script is nothing. <sup>So</sup> To start with, the situation is weak... and it goes no place. There's no action, no movement.. it's a completely static thing..And what humor there is, is old hat and corny..In fact, I can't remember when I've read anything that's so obviously amateurish.

JACK: .....Well!.....

HY: And that's not only my opinion, it's also the opinion of my assistant, Dick Fisher, of my entire technical staff, of the head of B.B.D. and O...and of the Chief of C.B.S. network television.

JACK: Oh yeah, well I showed it to my butcher at Safeway this morning and he was nuts about it.

HY: Your butcher. <sup>Well</sup> What does he know about comedy?

JACK: Plenty...he directed "The Horn Blows At Midnight"...So if you're going to drag in experts, I got some on my side, too.

ROCH: THAT'S RIGHT, BOSS. TELL HIM ABOUT MR. CAROL P. CRAIG.

JACK: Yeah, he liked the script and he happens to be a writer who gets ten thousand dollars a page.

HY: *Well*, That's funny, I never heard of him. What did he ever write to get ten thousand dollars a page?

JACK: He won the "I Can't Stand Jack Benny" Contest...Now Ralph, I still say this is a funny script and for the life of me I don't understand your objections.

HY: Well, if you're so positive, maybe I was wrong. Look, I've got the script right here in my briefcase..let's have another glance at it.

JACK: Good.

(SOUND: BRIEFCASE ZIPPED OPEN..RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

HY: Let's see now... (MUMBLES AS IF READING..STARTS TO CHUCKLE..MUMBLES A LITTLE MORE...LAUGHS APPRECIATIVELY) ....Say, this is pretty funny stuff.

JACK: I told you, Ralph, this is a funny script.

HY: (MUMBLES SOME MORE..AND LAUGHS AGAIN)...That's a wonderful line.

JACK: Certainly....Believe me, Ralph, when it comes to judging comedy, I'm seldom wrong.

HY: I guess maybe -- wait a minute -- this isn't your script.

JACK: Huh?

HY: This is the one for the radio show I direct.

JACK: Radio ~~show~~? What radio show?

HY: The Mean Old Man.

JACK: ~~Intermittent~~.



HY: I must remember to tell that writer to fix the hole in her roof...lately all her scripts are coming in soaked...but that's no problem of yours, Jack.

JACK: No....no.

HY: *Now* Let's see now...where did I put...Oh yes, here's the T. V. script.

JACK: Good. Now, Ralph, I'm sure --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Rochester, would you get that, please?

~~ROCH: YES, SIR.~~

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...YES...YES...*q* I SEE...ALL RIGHT...  
GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Who was that, Rochester?

ROCH: YOUR BUTCHER.

JACK: Oh, the one that likes my script?

ROCH: HE'S THOUGHT IT OVER AND CHANGED HIS MIND.

JACK: ~~He's~~ I don't know why I even go to him...There must be dozens of butchers around town who've directed me in pictures...Now Ralph, you've been reading the script ...what's bothering you?

HY: Well, in these first five pages, Jack, the only thing that's even remotely funny is the bit with the orchestra

*With the orchestra boys?*  
JACK: and we can't do that.  
Why not?



HY: *Well* Jack, you know very well we're not allowed to put the camera on your orchestra. There are forty million people watching.

JACK: But Ralph, it's all right to show the boys on television. I got a clearance from the Musicians Union.

HY: I don't care, you're on at night and some of those forty million people will be eating.

JACK: All right, so we'll take out that bit. One routine doesn't make a script bad.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE...OH YES, MR. LEROY...WHAT'S THAT? ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL HIM. GOODBYE.

(SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

JACK: Rochester, was that Mervyn Leroy? *the director?*

ROCH: YEAH...HE CALLED TO SAY HE DOESN'T LIKE YOUR TELEVISION SCRIPT.

JACK: Doesn't like it? But I never even sent him a copy.

ROCH: WELL, HE SAID HE GOT IT BY ACCIDENT.

JACK: Accident?

ROCH: YEAH...THIS MORNING HE WAS AT *the* SAFEWAY, *and* BOUGHT A POUND OF HALIBUT AND YOUR SCRIPT WAS WRAPPED AROUND IT.

JACK: Hmm...that nice, fresh script around a smelly halibut.

ROCH: MR. LEROY PUT IT THE OPPOSITE WAY.

JACK: I don't care how he put it..I still think it's a good script.

HY: *Well now - now* Don't misunderstand me, Jack...There are some good things in it. But unfortunately, the whole idea is wrong. ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> whole script is based on your being cheap.

JACK: But Ralph, with the character I portray, people expect me to do cheap things.

HY: I know, ~~that~~, and that's fine for radio...but in television the audience sees you standing there...You have to be a little true to life or nobody will believe it.

JACK: Well....

HY: *Now* Look...here you have a show starting with two strangers knocking on the door of your big Beverly Hills mansion to ask directions..and you invite them in for lunch and then charge them for ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup>...which is practically making a restaurant out of your home..Then you show them around the grounds and when the man accidentally falls in the pool, you charge him a quarter for swimming..And to top it off, when he starts to sneeze..you insist on giving him Penicillen at five dollars a shot!...Now really, Jack, nobody could be that cheap.

JACK: Ralph, you're absolutely right. How could we expect anyone to actually look at me and believe that I could do things like that.

HY: *Will* That's my point, Jack...and until we can fix this script so you aren't cheap, and more like you really are..we haven't got anything.



JACK: Okay, Ralph...I'll call my writers immediately...we'll throw out everything and get a whole new idea.

HY: Good...now for a plot, I was thinking maybe we could ~~do~~ a --

(SOUND: BEEP BEEP OF BUS HORN)

ROCH: BOSS! BOSS! THE GREYHOUND BUS IS HERE.

JACK: Oh my goodness, they're five minutes early. Rochester, dust off the sandwich display and turn up the flame under the soup.

ROCH: OKAY.

HY: ~~Well,~~ As I was saying, Jack, if we could --

JACK: OH, ROCHESTER, DON'T FORGET TO PUSH THE RICE PUDDING.

ROCH: I'LL PUSH IT, I'LL PUSH IT.

JACK: Now Ralph, you were saying...

HY: Yes, Jack, ~~I~~. I feel that if we could --

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..BABBLE OF CROWD)

JACK: HERE THEY COME, ROCHESTER..Don't crowd, folks, there's plenty for everyone.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

ROCH: STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS...SOUP, SANDWICHES AND FEATURING UNCLE JACK'S RICE PUDDING.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

RUBIN: Hey, Agnes, why don't you come over here and eat with me?

BEA: I can't...the chain on my spoon won't reach that far... And what kind of a clip joint is this, you gotta pay extra to get mustard on your hot dog.



RUBIN: That's nothing..the last time I was <sup>in</sup> here, I accidentally fell in the pool and they charged me for swimming.

JACK: Don't crowd, folks.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

JACK: Thank you...here's your change.

HY: *Now*, Jack, Jack, I don't *honestly* ---

JACK: Excuse me, Ralph, you're standing in front of the pennants...HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS, SOUVENIRS OF BEVERLY HILLS, PENNANTS, PICTURE POST CARDS.

(SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

HY: Jack, if you listen to me for a minute, I could *tell you what I was thinking*

(SOUND: BIG SPLASH)

JACK: ROCHESTER, THERE GOES ONE IN THE POOL..YOU FISH HIM OUT ~~AND~~ I'LL GET THE PENICILLIN.

HY: HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS, GET YOUR HOT DOGS AND COLD DRINKS..  
GET YOUR HOT DOGS AND COLD DRINKS.

JACK: RALPH, WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?

HY: I FIGURE IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT, JOIN IT... HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS, GET YOUR ~~HOT DOGS AND~~ COLD DRINKS. *Get your hot dogs.*

JACK: YES SIR..AND DON'T FORGET UNCLE JACK'S RICE PUDDING.

(PLAYOFF UP FULL AND APPLAUSE) *Step right up folks.*

NATIONAL

JACK: *Ladies & gentlemen!*  
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 with my guest stars, Bing Crosby, and George Burns, 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 seven p.m. over the CBS network with my guest stars, Bing Crosby, and George Burns, but first, a word to cigarette smokers.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 21, 1954  
TRANSCRIBED: MARCH 18, 1954

-C-

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, as a smoker, you know how vitally important  
freshness is to your enjoyment of a cigarette. Well, the  
makers of Luckies know that too. That's why every pack  
of Luckies is extra tightly sealed -- to keep in the  
better taste that has made Luckies famous. Yes, any  
Lucky smoker will tell you that Luckies taste better -  
not only fresher, but cleaner and smoother, too. That's  
because fine, naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco goes  
into every Lucky. As you know, Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco. And Luckies are definitely made better -- made  
round and firm and fully packed to draw freely and smoke  
evenly.

(MORE)

MG

ATX01 0184903



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 21, 1954  
TRANSCRIBED: MARCH 18, 1954

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: Yes, fine tobacco in a better made cigarette just naturally  
(CONT'D) adds up to better taste for you. So, next time you buy  
cigarettes, try a carton of Lucky Strike!

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

q

MG

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( TAG )

-23-

DON: Say, Jack, <sup>Jack,</sup> is it true that on your television show tonight you're having both Bing Crosby and George Burns as guest stars?

JACK: Yes..and I hope George is in a better mood than he has been the last few days. He's had a little trouble with the Income Tax Department.

DON: Why?

JACK: They wouldn't let him take Gracie off as a dependent....  
Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE)

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.

DH

ATX01 0184905