

PROGRAM #29
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1954

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED, MARCH 21, 1954)

ATX01 0184906

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #29
MARCH 28, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM.....Transcribed and presented
by Lucky Strike!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother

For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

Richer-testing fine tobacco

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends, You know, after all is said
and done, the reason anybody smokes is for enjoyment --
the enjoyment that comes from the taste of a cigarette.
Yes, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the
fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
fresher, smoother. First, because they're made of fine
tobacco. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Second,
Luckies are made better - made round, firm, fully-packed -
to draw freely and smoke evenly. Fine tobacco in a
better-made cigarette gives you better taste, every
single time. Next time ask for Lucky Strike, because
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact
of the matter is Luckies taste better. You'll know
that's true the minute you light up a Lucky.

COLLINGS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

LW

ATX01 0184907

(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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SPRING HAS COME TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA...BIRDS ARE TWITTERING IN THE TREE TOPS AND BUDS ARE BURSTING ON THE BRANCHES...SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, WE'^d ~~WANT~~ LIKE TO SHOW YOU HOW A TYPICAL GENTLEMAN FARMER IS HERALDING THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING...THE TIME:...EARLY AFTER-NOON ...THE SCENE: JACK BENNY'S BACK YARD...THE FARMER: JACK BENNY.

(BAND PLAYS "MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG")

(SOUND: BIRD WHISTLES)

JACK: (HUMS A LITTLE OF "SPRING SONG") Gee, ^{this.} this section I planted last year came up nice...Look at those nice straight rows... two hundred stalks of corn...a hundred and fifty cabbages... three hundred strawberry vines...Hmmm...one measley coffee plant...But who knew...Let's see now..I better get these string beans in...

(SOUND: TROWEL IN DIRT)

JACK: I'll set them right next to the tomatoes here...Well, there's one...Gee, I ~~got~~ got a hundred more to go...OH ROCHESTER, I WANT YOU TO COME HERE AND GIVE ME A HAND.

ROCH: (A LITTLE OFF) BUT BOSS --

JACK: ROCHESTER, YOU'VE BEEN IN THAT SWIMMING POOL LONG ENOUGH, NOW COME ON.

MG

ATX01 01B4908

ROCH: BUT, BOSS, I'M NOT THROUGH PLANTING THE RICE.
JACK: NEVER MIND THAT...I NEED YOU HERE.
ROCH: OKAY.
JACK: (SOTTO) ~~was~~ ^{so} worried about the rice...~~was~~ sorry I gave him those chopsticks for Christmas.
ROCH: HERE I AM, ~~was~~.
JACK: Well, you can start with this row here.
ROCH: YES, SIR.
JACK: Now first you put the plant in...then sprinkle it over with a layer of Vigoro...cover that with some dirt...then a three-inch layer of bone meal...then some more dirt...~~was~~ then you put on ^{another} big thick layer of Vigoro...and be very careful, Rochester, because you know what we're planting here, don't you?
ROCH: NO, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA BE LILAC BUSHES.
JACK: They're string beans and let's get started.
ROCH: BOSS, ARE YOU PLANTING BEANS AGAIN?
JACK: Yes, why?
ROCH: I THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE UP ON BEANS AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR...THEY WERE SO SMALL THE BUGS WERE PICKETING THEM.
JACK: Stop trying to be funny, Rochester...I'm going to plant beans and this year they'll be the biggest ones in Beverly Hills...Now let's get going.
(SOUND: MORE TROWEL DIGGING UP THE DIRT)
JACK: There...that one's in deep enough.
ROCH: HEE HEE HEE...YOU SURE LOOK FUNNY IN THOSE OVERALLS AND THAT OLD STRAW HAT.

MG

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JACK: I do look like a farmer in this outfit, don't I?

ROCH: WITH THOSE LONG WHITE GLOVES ON, YOU LOOK LIKE HILDEGARDE.

JACK: Well, I've got soft lovely hands and I'm gonna keep 'em that way.

(SOUND: START LAWN MOWER IN THE DISTANCE..GETS A
LITTLE LOUDER)

JACK: Hmm...I think I've got some of these plants upside down.

(SOUND: MOTOR A LITTLE SOFTER)

JACK: No, I guess they're all right. ^{Dennis} DENNIS, DON'T MOW SO CLOSE
TO THE TOMATOES!

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER STOPS)

JACK: Watch it!

DENNIS: I'm almost through, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Well, keep at it...And Dennis, when you're through mowing
the lawn, I want you to water it.

DENNIS: Okay, I'll turn on the sprinkling system.

JACK: I haven't got a sprinkling system.

DENNIS: You have now.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: I thought the hose was a snake and shot it full of holes.

JACK: Dennis, that was a brand new hose and I'm going to deduct
the price of it from your salary.

DENNIS: I was afraid that would happen.

JACK: You were?

DENNIS: Yeah, boy am I glad I saved the last bullet for myself.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: Well, here goes.

MG

JACK: Dennis, put down that gun!

DENNIS: ~~Tell Mether I won't be home for dinner.~~

JACK: ~~Dennis, stop...don't shoot yourself.~~ I'll pay for the hose.

DENNIS: I knew you were yellow.

JACK: Never mind...you just get back to work, I'll hold onto the gun.

DENNIS: Okay.

ROCH: BOSS, I FINISHED THE ROW OF STRING BEANS.

JACK: Good...now we'll plant some celery.

DENNIS: You ought to plant Pistachios...they're terrific.

JACK: But Dennis, Pistachios are nuts!

DENNIS: Well, who isn't.

JACK: ~~Now~~...Dennis, look at that mountain over there...That's it... now hold your head still.

ROCH: BOSS, BOSS, PUT DOWN THAT GUN.

JACK: I only wanted to scare him. I couldn't hit a pointed head like his in a million years. Now go ahead, Dennis, finish your work.

DENNIS: Okay. *See you later. Ding ding, Ding ding, Ding ding.*

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER..FADES IN DISTANCE)

He always plays conductor when he mows the lawn. What a kid!
JACK: Now let's see...Hey, Rochester, look at these mushrooms here...I don't remember planting any mushrooms.

ROCH: THOSE ARE TOADSTOOLS, BOSS, THEY'RE POISON.

JACK: No, no, Rochester, go ahead and taste one...I think they're mushrooms.

ROCH: YOU THINK?

JACK: Yes.

MG

ATX01 0184911

ROCH: WELL, UNTIL YOU'RE POSITIVE, MY ATTITUDE IS NEGATIVE.

JACK: Oh, what a baby!...afraid to eat a little plant.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: You know, Rochester, there's an old saying...A coward dies a thousand deaths...a hero dies but once...Did you ever hear that saying before?

ROCH: ~~YES~~, AND I WANT TO BE ABLE TO HEAR IT AGAIN.

JACK: All right, don't eat it...Who cares!

MARY: Oh hello, Rochester, ^{Oh} the garden looks lovely.

ROCH: THANKS, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: I see you got the scarecrow up already.

JACK: THIS IS ME AND YOU KNOW IT. ^{Mary} Did you buy that package of cucumber seeds like I asked you to?

MARY: Yes, here ^{they} ~~was~~ are...They were ten cents.

JACK: Thanks...Gee, just think, Mary...I'm going to take these little seeds, plant 'em in the ground, and before you know it, vines will spring up, with oodles and oodles of cucumbers on 'em...Isn't Nature wonderful?

MARY: Yeah.

JACK: And Mary, half of those cucumbers are going to be yours!

MARY: The heck with nature, give me my dime!

JACK: Give me my dime, give me my dime...You'll be sorry when the crop comes in. I feel it's going to be a big season.

MARY: Oh, you're some farmer...You and your crazy experiments!

JACK: They're not so crazy.

MARY: Remember last year?...You sprinkled cheese all over the ground and tried to raise Au Gratin potatoes.

MG

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JACK: Sure I sprinkled cheese...I had an idea!

MARY: (LAUGHS)

JACK: What are you laughing at?

MARY: Every other gardener around here had trouble with potato bugs...but you had mice!

JACK: All right..but I still say it doesn't hurt to experiment.

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER APPROACHING..GETS GRADUALLY LOUDER)

JACK: And California is just the place to do it.

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER HAS STOPPED BY NOW.)

JACK: You know, Mary --

DENNIS: I only have a little more to go, Mr. Benny

JACK: Okay. You know, Mary, I wouldn't laugh if I were you. I might turn out to be another Luther Burbank.

DENNIS: Who?

JACK: Burbank..Luther Burbank.

DENNIS: Oh yeah, they named Glendale after him.

JACK: THEY NAMED BURBANK AFTER HIM...NOT GLENDALE.

DENNIS: Oh...I guess I didn't analyze it.

JACK: You certainly didn't.

DENNIS: Well...see you later...Ding-ding!

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER STARTS UP..RECEDES IN THE DISTANCE)

JACK: He always plays conductor when he mows the lawn...What a kid!

...Now let's see...Oh Mary, I was just having a little argument with Rochester, ^{here.} Look, are those things there mushrooms or toadstools?

MARY: Those are toadstools.

JACK: They are?...Well, I'm certainly glad you told me..I almost ate one.

MG

ATX01 0184913

ROCH: YOU ALMOST ATE ONE?

JACK: Well...I mean I would have eaten one after you did.

ROCH: WITH ME LAYIN' THERE?

JACK: All right, forget it...

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER APPROACHES AND STOPS)

JACK: I better dig these up and throw 'em away.

DENNIS: I'm all through, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Good.

~~DENNIS: Shall I take Mr. Colman's lawn mower back to him?~~

~~JACK: Never mind, I think he bought another one...Just put it
back in my garage next to his wheelbarrow...Oh, and Dennis,
before you leave, I'd like to hear your song for Sunday's
show so why don't you go in the house and run through it.~~

DENNIS: Okay

JACK: Now mary, hand me that trowel and I'll get some of these
cucumber seeds in.

(DENNIS'S SONG) "YOUNG AT HEART")

(APPLAUSE)

7's song

DG

ATX01 0184914

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Say...that song was all right, wasn't it, Mary?

MARY: Yeah, it should be swell on the show Sunday.

JACK: That was very good, Dennis.

DENNIS: Thanks. And Mr. Benny, as soon as your lawn needs cutting again, you'll be sure to let me know, ^{now} won't you?

JACK: I certainly will, and I appreciate your interest.

DENNIS: Well, I like to keep the grounds looking nice and in tip top shape.

JACK: (PLEASED) ~~Really, Dennis?~~ ^{End, good.}

DENNIS: This is a beautiful place and some day I ^{might buy} ~~buy~~ it.

JACK: Really, Dennis?

DENNIS: Yeah -- I'll throw you out so fast it'll make your head ^{spin} ~~spin~~.

JACK: Dennis, go home already.

DENNIS: Okay, goodbye. ^{already}

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye. ^{already...} Mary...

MARY: ~~What?~~ ^{Yes}

JACK: Do you think Kenny Baker is too old to push a lawnmower?

MARY: Oh, Jack, every time Dennis gets you a little aggravated, you ^{always} ---

BOB: (A LITTLE OFF) HELLO, JACK.

JACK: Hey, Mary, it's Bob Crosby... ^{Yeah,} ~~How about you,~~ Bob?

BOB: Fine, Jack...Hello, Mary.

MARY: Hello, Bob...out for a little walk today?

BOB: Well, not exactly...I told the boys in the band to pick me up here in our orchestra bus.

DG

ATX01 0184915

JACK: Oh, are you leaving town again?

BOB: Yeah, we've got a one night stand ~~at the same place~~ in Chicago.

JACK: A one night stand? ^{You & the boys are,} ~~You're~~ going all the way to Chicago for that?

BOB: Well, the boys just couldn't turn this down, Jack.

JACK: Gee, it must be quite an important occasion.

BOB: I'll say ^{it is...} Petrillo's dog is going to be a year old.

JACK: Oh yes....Jascha Heifitz left this morning...Oh Bob, I don't mean to be rude, but I want to get all these rows planted by six o'clock.

BOB: ~~Well,~~ Why six o'clock?

MARY: As soon as it's dark his help has to run for the border.

JACK: Mary, stop making things up...I do all the work myself.

MEL: Si, Senor.

JACK: You keep quiet and ~~go~~ put on a dry shirt...say, Bob, as long as --

(SOUND: BEEP BEEP OF BUS HORN)

BOB: ~~Oh,~~ That must be the boys, Jack. I better get going.

JACK: I'll walk around to the front with you, Bob.

MARY: I've got to be running along, too...

BOB: ~~Okay.~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Say Bob, it must be nice for the orchestra to have their own bus to travel around in.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DG

ATX01 01B4916

Yeah, say
JACK: *Too....* That's a nice bus, ..but Bob, why is all that smoke coming out of the exhaust?

BOB: Well, kerosene always smokes that way.

JACK: Kerosene? Why don't you use gasoline?

BOB: *Oh, you see,* We tried that, but when the boys smell anything over eighty octane, they run for the olives.

JACK: You mean they'd actually drink gasoline?

BOB: *Oh,* Bagby even drinks the kerosene.

JACK: No!

BOB: *Yeah,* At night the boys stick a wick in his head and use him to read by.

JACK: Hmmmm..Well, Bob, I...Whew..Gee, those fumes coming from the bus are awful.

BOB: Shall I tell the boys to turn off the motor?

JACK: No, just have them close their windows...Brother!

BOB: Well, I've got to be going, anyway.

JACK: Okay, Bob...I'll *be seeing* ~~see~~ you.

BOB: So long.

JACK: Have a nice trip.

MARY: ~~Good~~ Bye, Bob.

BOB: ~~Good~~ Bye, Mary.

(SOUND: BUS DOOR CLOSE AND MOTOR PULLS AWAY)

JACK: What a crazy gang. *Look at them in the bus there*

MARY: Yeah, *and* Look at that license plate...BREW 102.

JACK: Yeah.

MARY: Well, Jack, I better be getting home.

DG

ATX01 0184917

JACK: All right, I'll have Rochester get the car out.

MARY: *Oh* No, Jack, it's such a nice day...I'd rather walk...I'll see you tomorrow.

JACK: Okay...Goodbye, Mary.

Mary: Bye (SOUND: A FEW WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF)

JACK: Well, I suppose I better get back to work..Eh, I've had enough for one day.

(SOUND: OLD TRUCK APPROACHES)

JACK: I think I'll go in the house and clean up.

(SOUND: TRUCK COMES ALONGSIDE AND BELL RINGS SLOWLY)

MEL: FRESH VEGETABLES..TOMATOES..LETTUCE..STRING BEANS..HEY, MISTER. WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY SOME NICE FRESH VEG---oh, it's you.

JACK: What?

~~MEL: The comedian with the blue eyes and the green thumb.~~

~~JACK: Now look --~~

MEL: You ain't foolin' nobody with these petunias and tulips out here in front. I know what's goin' on in that back yard.

JACK: All right, so I raise a few things to eat.

MEL: Look, Mister, I haven't made a sale all day..why don't you give me a break and buy something?

JACK: Well..all right..I'll take a dozen oranges.

MEL: A dozen oranges.

JACK: Two ^{dozen} ~~pounds~~ of pears.

MEL: Two ^{dozen} ~~pounds~~ of pears.

JACK: And a half ^a ~~dozen~~ apples.

MEL: And a half ^a ~~I~~ I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT, EVERYTHING WITH SEEDS.

DG

JACK: But --

MEL: IT AIN'T ENOUGHT YOU'RE GROWIN' VEGETABLES, NOW YOU GOTTA
START WITH THE FRUITS.

JACK: But I only --

MEL: IF YOU WANT ME OUTTA BUSINESS, GET AN INJUNCTION..GOODBYE.

(SOUND: TRUCK PULLING AWAY FAST..FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hmm..Some business man.. ~~he~~ he's so worried about competition,
why doesn't he buy me out....The Wong Foo Laundry did...Oh
well, I guess I'll go in and clean up.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'll just slip into this clean shirt here ~~and~~ --

DON: *Oh*, Hello, Jack.

JACK: Don! Where did you come from?

DON: Oh, I came in the back way. I thought you'd be working in
the garden.

JACK: Well, I was, Don, but I've had enough for one day.

DON: Gee, and I talked the Sportsmen into coming over to help you.

JACK: The Sportsmen? Where are they?

DON: They're out there working now..I'll call 'em in.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Hey* Wait a minute, Don..They don't seem to mind working in my
yard..They're even singing.

DON: They are?

JACK: Yeah, I'll open the window ~~and~~ we can listen..

(SOUND: WINDOW RAISED)

MUSIC: "FROM THE VINE CAME THE GRAPE"

(APPLAUSE)

DG

ATX01 0184919

(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: *you know those* Gee, those boys, are clever... *they have a commercial for everything* and they're such good workers, *too*

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, TELEVISION, AND IF THE FARMER'S MARKET HASN'T GOT IT, WE HAVE.....[^]WHAT'S THAT? YES, HE'S RIGHT HERE...IT'S FOR YOU, MR. WILSON...IT'S YOUR WIFE.

DON: Oh..thank you, Rochester...Hello, dear...Well, how many guests are we having for dinner tonight?...Oh, ^{well} Then I suggest we have hors d'oeuvres..soup, ~~a~~ nice Caesar salad..and for ~~the~~ meats I'd say a couple ^{of} chickens..an eight pound roast.. and a chafing dish full of meatballs...Yes, I think that ought to do it...You're welcome, dear..Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *Don*, Who's your wife having for dinner tonight?

DON: Just me, the rest cancelled out

JACK: ~~Mr~~, I should have known, *Don*.

DON: By the way, Jack, perhaps you'd like to come over for dinner.

JACK: *Oh*, Some other time, *Don*, *you know I've been working so much that, you know* I want to lie down for a while..I'm kind of tired from all the gardening I've done.

DON: *Oh*, Jack, don't tell me you planted vegetables again this year?

JACK: Certainly..why shouldn't I?

DON: I thought you'd give up after those awful beans you grew last year.

JACK: Look, Don --

JF

ATX01 0184921

DON: Those beans were so lousy even your garbage disposal threw them back ~~out~~ *at you*.

JACK: Oh, stop.

DON: ~~Well~~, *so* long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye, goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: Gee, I really am tired..(YAWNS) *I'm* ~~And~~ sleepy, too,....*worked hard today I think* I'll lie down on the sofa here.

(SOUND: SOFA SPRINGS)

JACK: Ahhh, that feels good...(YAWNS)...What's everybody picking on my beans for...So last year they weren't so big...(YAWNS) This year they'll be great...That new chemical fertilizer is guaranteed to make anything grow...Say, I wonder if --- Nah, it'll probably burn my head....(YAWNS)...I can't wait till those beans come up...I'll show everybody...*I'll show* (MUMBLES...THEN SNORES ONCE)

(VIBRAPHONE OR DREAM EFFECT)

JACK: (MUMBLES) I'll show *everybody*...big beans...(SNORES)...real big beans...(SNORES) (THEN SNORES AGAIN AND AGAIN)

(MUSIC RISES..AND IS OUT WITH CRESCENDO)

(SOUND: ROOSTER CROWS)

(BAND PLAYS STRAIN OF "OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING"...VIBRAPHONE CONTINUES)

JF

ATX01 0184922

JACK: That's funny...just a second ago I was inside. What am I doing out here in the garden? ... Say, look what happened to my beans...The beanstalk goes way up to the sky...through the clouds...I can't even see the top of it...Well, I'm going to climb to the top...I'm going to be like Jack and the Beanstalk...~~I better take these gloves off. I still look like Hildegard. Well, here I go.~~

(SOUND: SCUFFLING OF MAN CLIMBING) ^u

(A LITTLE CLIMBING MUSIC)

JACK: (PANTING) Whew, ^{when}...I better rest...I must have climbed five hundred feet, and I'm nowhere near the top...Gee, look how small everything looks down there...Say, the rest of my garden is growing, too...Look at that tremendous honeydew melon..Oh, no..it's Sammy the Drummer's head...~~Say, that little bud next to him must be his son. That's right, his son's name is Bud.~~ Well, I better start climbing again.

(SOUND: CLIMBING NOISES)

(A LITTLE CLIMBING MUSIC)

JACK: Wow, I'm nearly a mile high...Gee, from way up here you can see everything in Beverly Hills....Look, there's the California Bank....And say, there's Esther Williams out in her back yard taking a sun bath...Gosh, what a predicament.. I don't know which to look at...If I lean out real far, I can see the entire city of Los Angeles...Gee, it looks --

(SOUND: SNAPPING OF WOOD)

JACK: Gee, the branch broke...I'm falling...I'll be killed...

(SOUND: VERY LIGHT PLOP)

JF

ATX01 0184923

JACK: ...Gosh, I'm not even hurt a bit...Wow, am I lucky...I landed on the smog.....I never knew the Los Angeles Smog was thick enough to support you...but then, it's been supporting comedians for years...Well, I better start climbing back up.

(SOUND: CLIMBING NOISES)

(CLIMBING MUSIC)

JACK: Well, here I am at the top...Look at this place...it's fantastic...Look at the trees...there's money growing on them.....Gee, I'm a Stranger in Paradise.....Hey, what's the matter..the sky is getting dark.

(SOUND: THUNDER)

JACK: Gee, what's that...

DENNIS: ~~(SOUND: MIKE)~~ FEE FI FO FUM

I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A COMEDIAN

BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD

...GEE, HIS HAIR LIFTS RIGHT OFF HIS HEAD.

JACK: ~~BLUE THUNDER!~~.....Say, are you the giant?

DENNIS: No, I'm the assistant giant...and you better go see the Giant, he owns, this place.

JACK: Oh..well, can you take me to him?

DENNIS: I haven't got time, I've got to mow these clouds. See you later..Ding ding. *Ding ding. Ding ding.*

(SOUND: LAWN MOWER PUTT PUTTING AWAY)

JACK: Hmm..well, I better go see the giant, but I don't know where he lives.

VEOLA: (OOMPHY) Hello, Jackie Boy.

JACK: Oh, hello, how are you?

JF

RTX01 0184924

VEOLA: Fine...Are you going to give me a great big kiss? *Like you always do*

JACK: Sure...Here.

(JACK ACTUALLY KISSES VEOLA AS LONG AS HE WANTS TO...WE CAN CUT IT OUT OF THE TAPE.)

VEOLA: *Oh*, that was wonderful. *ah* kiss me again.

~~(JACK KISSES HER AGAIN)~~

JACK: (ON FILTER) SHE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, FOLKS, I ALWAYS DREAM ABOUT HER.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) ...Well, I better go see the giant...Gee, I wish I knew where he lives...I'll ask that rabbit....Excuse me, Mr. Rabbit.

MEL: Ehh, tsk tsk, what's up, Doc?

JACK: I'm looking for the giant's house...do you know where he lives?

MEL: Yeah..it's the second castle around the corner, *Doc*.

JACK: Thank you..and for being so nice, I'm going to send you a big bunch of carrots.

MEL: *Oh*, No thanks, chum...I'm on a diet...I was getting so fat, I couldn't move.

JACK: No kidding?

MEL: Yeah...I wasn't happy because I was too hippy to hoppy.

JACK: Oh...

MEL: Say, why do you keep staring at me like that?

JACK: Oh, I didn't mean to be rude, Mr. Rabbit...but you remind me an awful lot of a friend of mine...Frank Remley.

MEL: Oh, is he a rabbit?

JACK: No, but he's got pink eyes, *toof*.....Well, I ~~am~~ got to go to the giant's house. *But he more stop still his heart twitches*

JF

ATX01 0184925

MEL: So long, Benny.

JACK: So long, Bunny...I'm off to see the giant.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Well, ~~there's~~ ^{here's} the giant's house...I'm going to knock on the door.

(SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JACK: Gee, look at the giant's laundry hanging out there on the line...Gosh, he has the biggest underwear I ever saw....The "V" in BVD looks like a Cadillac.....Oh - oh, I hear someone coming to open the door.

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: Come in.

JACK: *I'd like to,* Wait a minute...~~you're the girl I kissed~~...What are you doing here?

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: I'm the giant's wife.

JACK: *Just because I saved that girl? You're the giant wife?*
~~VEOLA~~: Gee and I kiss you...Is he a very big giant?

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: *and he's a big giant too.*
Oh yes...he's seventy feet tall.

JACK: Gee...Well, I've got to see him, anyway...Is he home?

VEOLA: Yes, but I wouldn't try to see him today..he's in a terrible mood..He's very upset.

JACK: Why, what happened?

VEOLA: Somebody stole his elevator shoes.

JACK: Well, even if he is in a bad mood, I've got to see him.

VEOLA: All right, I'll call him...(CALLS) THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU, POOPSY.

JACK: Hmm, Poopsy.

Mary
~~VEOLA~~: Shh, here he comes now.

(SOUND: SEVEN TREMENDOUSLY HEAVY THUDDING FOOTSTEPS
ABOUT TWO SECONDS APART)

JF

ATX01 0184926

JACK: Say, are you the giant?

NELSON: Yes, I'm a big one, aren't I?

JACK: ~~Look, I want to discuss some business with you.~~

~~NELSON: Well, you'll have to discuss it with my manager.~~

~~JACK: Oh..well, who's your manager?.....(PAUSE) ... Hmmm, he won't answer me...Miss, besides being his wife, are you his manager, too?~~

~~VEOLA: No.~~

~~JACK: Then tell me...who is the Giant's Manager?~~

~~NELSON: Leo Durocher, I knew you'd ask.~~

~~JACK: Hmmm.~~

NELSON: Now don't bother me. I have to feed my chicken that lays the golden eggs.

JACK: You have a ... chicken that lays golden eggs?

NELSON: Sure...it's that one at your feet...Watch..Go ahead, Chickie.. lay a golden egg.

MEL: (CLUCKS SEVERAL TIMES LIKE A CHICKEN LAYING EGG)

(SOUND: SOUND OF CLUNK OF TEMPO BLOCK)

JACK: Gosh...imagine that...a chicken that lays golden eggs...What do you call it?

NELSON: Barbara Hutton.

JACK: Oh.

NELSON: Now you said you wanted to see me about business...What is it?

JACK: Well, your castle and everything else is on top of a beanstalk, isn't it?

NELSON: That's right.

JACK: Well, the beanstalk is growing in my garden, so everything here belongs to me.

NELSON: No, it doesn't.

JF

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JACK: Yes, it does...and first I'm going to take this wonderful chicken.

~~VEOLA: You leave me alone.~~

JACK: ~~I meant~~ the one that lays the golden egg...Here, chick, *chuck, chick* chick...There, ^{there} I've got you, *come on.*

MEL: (FRIGHTENED CLUCKING)

NELSON: THAT CHICKEN'S MINE, PUT IT DOWN.

JACK: NO SIR, I'M TAKING IT BACK TO MY HOUSE WITH ME.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

NELSON: WELL, I'M COMING AFTER YOU...

(SOUND: THUDDING GIANT RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: (KEEPS THROWING IN FRIGHTENED SQUAKS)

JACK: ~~See,~~ ^{He} he's gaining on me...Oh, I ran off the edge of the beanstalk.

(SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE GOING DOWN SLOWLY...SUSTAIN THROUGH JACK'S NEXT SPEECH)

JACK: I'm falling, I'm falling...Flap your wings, chicken, and give me some help...This is awful...I'm falling.

ROCH: BOSS

JACK: I'll be killed, I'll be killed.

ROCH: BOSS, WAKE UP...WAKE UP

JACK: ^{I'll be} Huh? Oh, it's you, Rochester...Gosh, what a dream I was having...Rochester...I dreamed ^{I had} I had a chicken that laid golden eggs.

ROCH: WELL, STOP SQUEEZING THAT PILLOW, ALL YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF IT IS FEATHERS.

JACK: ~~Oh, well,~~ Rochester, fix me something to eat...that climbing gave me an appetite.

(PLAYOFF & APPLAUSE)

JF

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, the very best Easter gift of all is the support you give, through Easter seals, to children who need your help. These seals provide medical care, nursery centers and many other things that are needed. So give and give generously to the Easter Seal agency in your community. Or send your contribution to Crippled Children care of your local Post Office.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

JF

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first a word from the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike.

COLLINS: Hi, friends. This is Dorothy Collins. Y'know, I'll bet that (E.T.) if someone asked you why you smoked ... what it was, exactly, you liked about a cigarette ... I'll bet the important word in your answer would be "taste". Because, gee, isn't good "taste" what everybody wants in a cigarette? Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. And there are two good reasons why that's true. In the first place, LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco ... naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. And second, Luckies are made better to taste better. Made round, and firm and fully-packed to draw freely and to smoke evenly. And that, friends, is the whole story. That's exactly why Luckies taste better. Because Luckies are made with fine tobacco ... and because they're made better. Why don't you try a carton soon. Be Happy -- Go Lucky. How 'bout it?

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!

JF

ATX01 0184930

TAG

-23-

JACK: Goodnight, ^{everybody,} ~~folks~~, we're a little late.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

JF

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