

PROGRAM #33
REVISED SCRIPT

"A Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 15, 1954)

WA

ATX01 0019717

JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 25, 1954 (TRANSCRIBED APRIL 15, 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. Say, if you like poetry,
here's something that may give you a little chuckle.

Listen:

I like the cigarette I smoke

(A statement free from bunk or hoke)

There is no reason for it, brother,

Except I don't like any other!

That's straight from the typewriter of H. I. Phillips -
the noted syndicated columnist. It's part of a statement
that Mr. Phillips made regarding the cigarette he smokes -
Lucky Strike. In another part of the statement he said -
"Long ago I found Luckies had the taste that suited me and
I've stuck to them through the years.

(MORE)

BR

ATX01 0019718

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 25, 1954

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: I smoke Lucky Strike for enjoyment and relaxation." End of quote. Yes indeed, the word-enjoyment -that's the main thing you smoke for. Well, smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is...Luckies taste better. They just have to because they're made of fine tobacco and they're made better. For quite some time now we've been asking smokers to be Happy-Go Lucky. If you haven't tried Luckies why not take care of that next time you buy cigarettes. Believe me, Luckies do taste better.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

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

ATX01 0019719

(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 UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...LET'S GO BACK TO SATURDAY NOON...
THE CAST OF THE JACK BENNY SHOW HAS JUST COMPLETED
REHEARSAL AND ~~AS DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND~~ ARE NOW WALKING
TO THE CORNER DRUGSTORE FOR A LIGHT LUNCH....

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND STREET NOISES..AUTO

I thought
HORNS...FADE TO B.G...ALSO FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: ~~Bob~~, Jack, the rehearsal went well.

JACK: Yes, Bob, it sounds like a real funny show.

DENNIS: Yeah, funny.

JACK: And remember, fellows, next week's rehearsal has been
changed to Friday.

Oh gee, that's
BOB: / That's too bad.

JACK: What's the matter, Bob?

BOB: Well, I made an appointment to go up to Pebble Beach and
play golf with my brother Bing.

DENNIS: Bing who?

BOB: Bing Crosby.

DENNIS: Name dropper.

JACK: Dennis, please..Bob, you can miss rehearsal.

~~BOB: Good, then I'll probably stay over night at Bing's house.~~

~~DON: Bob, has he got a house at Pebble Beach?~~

WA

ATX01 0019720

BOB: Uh huh....he's also got one here in town, one at Elko, Nevada, one at Hayden Lake, Idaho, and one at Palm Springs.

JACK: Gosh, five of them.

BOB: Yeah, when Bing sings "Come Onna My House," you don't know which direction to go.

JACK: I can imagine...All right, kids, let's wait for the light to change before we cross the street...And Dennis,

Why don't you--wait a minute, where is Dennis, he was just walking next to me.

BOB: There he is, Jack...about ten feet behind us.

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes, must he step on every crack.. Dennis, come here.

DENNIS: (A LITTLE OFF) Yes, sir.

DON: Say, I'm tired of waiting. I'm going to cross.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: *By*, Don, the light's against you.

DON: *Oh*, I don't care.

JACK: But Don..here comes a big truck.

DON: He'll just have to take his chances like everybody else.

JACK: Well, that's ~~the~~---oh-oh, the light's changed.

DON: Come on, kids, let's cross.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TERRIFIC CRUNCH OF METAL)

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sake...Don, if I told you once, I told you a hundred times..stop stepping on those MB's...*What are they*
~~It's~~ not funny. Now come on, let's all go in the drug store.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..BELL TINKLES)

WA

DON: Hey, fellows, here's a vacant table over here.

BOB: *Jim* Right with you, Don.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS..SCUFFLING OF CHAIRS

AND PEOPLE SITTING)

JACK: *Yeah. That's fine.* ~~See...~~ where's the waitress..Oh, there she is...I'll call her...(UP) Oh Miss..Miss...

IRIS: Whadda ya want, Mac?

JACK: *well like to order...* We'd like to ~~order~~...can we have some menus?

IRIS: We ain't got no menus.

JACK: Then how do we know what you're serving?

IRIS: It's painted on the window, outside.

JACK: You mean...before I can order something to eat, I have to walk all the way outside?

IRIS: Yeah, and if you're smart, you'll keep walking.

JACK: Hmmm.

BOB: Well, I don't need a menu...all I want is a swiss cheese sandwich and a glass of milk.

JACK: *Yeah* I'll have a chicken sandwich and coffee.

DENNIS: Now let's see...what do I want *Oh*, Miss, does this month have an "R" in it?

IRIS: *Yeah.*

~~DENNIS: Good, I'll have a raspberry malted milk.~~

~~JACK: Dennis, that's the most stupid thing I ever heard of... the only reason you ask if a month has an "R" in it is so you can order oysters.~~

DENNIS: Okey...I'll have an oyster malted milk.

JACK: ~~Hum~~

IRIS: ~~An oyster melted milk?~~

JACK: Go ahead, Miss...bring the order.

IRIS: You mean you're going to let him eat that?

JACK: Certainly, it may make him sick..Now go ahead.

IRIS: Okay, I'll be right back with your food.

DON: ~~Why~~, Wait a minute, Miss, you forgot to take my order.

IRIS: Oh yeah...what'll you have, Cinemascope?

DON: ~~Why~~, Now wait a minute, Miss...Why is it ~~that~~ every time I come in here you make remarks about my being fat?

IRIS: Because you are fat.

DON: Well, you can forget it once in a while...~~I~~ I imagine you've seen fatter people than me.

IRIS: Yeah, but I had to buy a ticket.

JACK: Don, why don't you order and stop being so sensitive.

DON: ~~Oh~~, Okay. ^{Miss} I'll have a hot roast beef sandwich and mashed potatoes.

IRIS: I'll be right back.

(SOUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Don, I wouldn't argue with that girl if I were you..
She's not just a waitress, ^{you know}...she's in pictures, too...
Her last picture was "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"...
she was the gentlemen...played it well, ~~too~~.

DON: Say, fellows, while we're waiting, I'm going over to the drug counter.

DENNIS: ~~I~~ I'll go with you, Don...I ^{got} ~~have~~ to get some stuff, too.

(SOUND: SCRAPING CHAIR..DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

WA

JACK: Say Bob, I'm kind of glad we're alone for a second...I want to talk to you privately.

BOB: *What?* What about?

JACK: Well, during rehearsal I noticed you bowling, *Frankie* Remley out. *Now* What did he do this time?

BOB: Aw, Frankie really aggravates me, Jack...The way he throws his money around...he never saves anything.

JACK: Gee, I didn't know that.

BOB: Yeah, if it weren't for me, he wouldn't have the necessities of life...like room, board, and bail.

JACK: Oh, that's a shame...*well - hasn't* Frankie put anything aside for a rainy day?

BOB: Not a dime...That's why last week I secretly took out a life insurance policy on him, and *didn't* tell him a thing about it. *I mean - in that - as -*

JACK: On Remley...you mean you forged his "X"?.. Is that legal?

BOB: *Well - certainly* ~~Yes~~, I can do that...it's in our contract.

JACK: Oh...well, that was nice of you...what kind of a policy did you take out on Frankie?

BOB: *Well?* I've insured him against sickness, accident, and the electric chair.

JACK: ~~The electric chair!~~ You're kidding.

BOB: *Oh,* I've got the same policy on all the boys in the band.

JACK: *Really? All the boys in the band are insured against the electric chair?*

WA

BOB: Yeah.. ~~you know, Jack~~, Sammy the Drummer isn't really bald, he just ~~looks~~ ready.

JACK: Well, what do you know....Gee, I wonder if I could get a policy for my writers...Oh, well...oh, Don, did you get what you wanted?

DON: Yeah/ Jack.

BOB: *Hey*, You're just in time...Here comes the girl with the food.

IRIS: Here's your grub, boys... Chicken sandwich...cheese sandwichHot roast beef sandwich and potatoes.. and an oyster Malted Milk.

DENNIS: Oh, boy. ~~I hope there's a pearl in it.~~

JACK: Be quiet.

DON: Oh, waitress?

IRIS: Yeah?

DON: Shouldn't there be some gravy on these mashed potatoes?

IRIS: There was, but after three days it soaks in.

JACK: Don, don't start anything. Let's just eat what we've got, *if we can eat now.*

DON: Okay.

JACK: Say, I'd like a little music while we're having lunch.. Miss, if I gave you a dime, would you put it in the juke-box?

IRIS: If you gave me a dime, I'd do a floor show myself.

WA

JACK: ~~Never mind.~~ *all right. All right.*

DENNIS: I'll go pick out a number, *Mr. Benny.*

(SOUND: CHAIR PUSHED BACK...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Hey, Dennis, see if you can find a Bing Crosby record.

DENNIS: Why should I help him, he's got five homes already.

JACK: All right, play one of your own records.

DENNIS: Okay. *Here's one.*

(SOUND: DIME IN SLOT)

(DENNIS SONG -- "WANTED")

(APPLAUSE)

WA

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-8-

JACK: Dennis, that's a real good record.

DENNIS: ~~That~~ *Thank you.*

JACK: By the way, kid, I've never asked this before...but when you record a song, how much do they pay you?

DENNIS: Three cents for every record they sell.

BOB: *By that* ~~It~~ doesn't sound like much, does it, Jack?

JACK: No, but when you consider that there are a hundred and sixty million people in the United States...and if each one of them bought Dennis's record, he'd make--let's see... three times a hundred and sixty-million..(MUMBLES)..(THEN AMAZED) Why Dennis, you'd make nearly five million dollars.

DENNIS: If this is a buildup to stick me with the lunch check, you're wasting your time.

JACK: I'm not trying to stick you with anything...I just wanted to point out how much money it's possible for you to make on one record.

DENNIS: If I had five million dollars, I'd leave you so fast it would make your head spin.

JACK: Look, Dennis...let me tell you something....If you aren't happy working on my program, you're perfectly free to leave...I can get along very well without you.

DENNIS: Now yes, but wait till next St. Patrick's Day.

JACK: St. Patrick's Day?

DENNIS: You're going to look silly singing "Ireland Must Be Heaven Because My Mother Came From There."

JACK: Dennis, why don't you keep quiet.

DH

ATX01 0019727

BOB: *Hey*, Let's get the check and get out of here, *huh?*

DON: Yeah, here comes the waitress now.

IRIS: Are you clowns through stuffing yourselves?

JACK: Hum...Miss ^{*Miss*}, I'll take the check.

IRIS: Look, Mac, why don't you let someone else take it instead of you...I'm supposed to get off at five o'clock today.

JACK: What's that got to do with the check?

IRIS: I don't want to hang around while you keep adding it over and over.

JACK: Look --

IRIS: Last time I was stuck till your accountant got here.

JACK: Never mind, just give me the check.

IRIS: Here you are.

JACK: Now let's see...Okay, here...this takes care of the bill... and this is a tip for you.

IRIS: Oh boy, a quarter, now I've got a chance with Rubirosa.

JACK: *Come on - come on - why don't you come in this way before?*
Hum...Come on, fellows, let's go, *uh?*

DENNIS: Yeah, it's getting late, and I want to go to a movie tonight.

JACK: *Mac* Wait a minute, Dennis...I've got a better idea...Why don't you all come over to my house and we'll play some four-handed gin rummy.

BOB: *Hey*, Yeah, let's do that.

DENNIS: Okay.

DON: I'm sorry, fellows, I can't make it...Tonight's the night I ----- Well, I just can't make it.

DH

ATX01 0019728

JACK: Tonight's the night you what, Don?

DON: Aw, I'd rather not tell you ^{huh...}...You'd ~~just~~ think I'm being silly.

JACK: No we won't, Don...what is it?

DON: ^{Will} Tonight I'm visiting a medium...we're holding a seance.

JACK: Don, you're kidding...you don't believe in things like ^{a seance!} that, do you?

DON: ^{Will sure} ~~stupid~~ yes, I do....I've been there several times before...
In fact, last time I went, the medium put me in a trance.

BOB: A real trance, Don?

DON: Yes...She whispered several mystic words...used a little hypnotism...then everything went black...and my spirit flew out of my body.

JACK: Not flew, Don...waddled...Believe me.

DON: See, Jack, I knew you'd kid me.

DENNIS: Well, I believe in it...In fact, my mother used to be a medium.

JACK: Your mother?

DENNIS: Yes...and she's still good at it. Just last night she put my father in a trance.

JACK: Dennis, there's a difference between hypnotism and a left hook...But Don, do you really believe in things like this?

BOB: ^{Will} Well, I don't know why you're so amazed, Jack...a lot of people do. I do, too.

JACK: Oh...well, look, fellows...if you all seem to believe in it, I've a good idea...Instead of playing cards at my house tonight....let's have a seance instead.

DH

DON: *Okay That's* Fine, I'll bring the medium.

JACK: *Alright* ~~Okay~~, boys, I'll see you all at my house at eight o'clock.

BOB: Can I give you a lift home, JACK?

JACK: No, it's such a nice day, I'm going to walk.

(WALKING TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...LIGHT STREET NOISES...FADE TO
B.G....BUT AS JACK WALKS, WE HEAR LOUD
FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Gee, it's quite a walk all the way from the studio...But
I'm nearly home...There's the sign, "You Are Now Entering
Beverly Hills."...

(SOUND: EIGHT FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT...THEN COMPLETE
SILENCE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.)

JACK:Gee, these rugs on the sidewalks are nice....I
think Howard Hughes lives around here...Oh, yes, there's
his house...Gosh, his yard looks beautiful...(SNIFFS)
Ahhh, and it smells good, too....I wonder why it smells
so -- Oh yes, now I remember...he waters his lawn with
My Sin....Gosh, Beverly Hills must have the classiest
residential district in the whole --

(PIANO PLAYS FEW BARS OF PIANO CONCERTO)

JACK: There goes the Good Humor Man...His three most popular
flavors in Beverly Hills are Strawberry, Vanilla, and
Caviar....Well, I better get home.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS...JINGLING OF KEYS...
KEY IN LOCK...DOOR OPENS)

DH

ROCH: (OFF) IS THAT YOU, MR. BENNY?

JACK: Yes, Rochester....where are you?

ROCH: RIGHT HERE IN THE KITCHEN....I'M TURNING THE CLOCK AHEAD AN HOUR.

JACK: Oh yes...it's Daylight Savings Time....You know, I like Daylight Savings Time.

ROCH: WELL IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: SINCE I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR YOU, I'M A DAWN TO DUSK MAN.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, stop complaining. You don't work so hard.

ROCH: I DON'T ~~WANT~~, I ~~WANT~~ GOT HOUSEMAID'S KNEE CLEAR UP TO THE HIP:

JACK: ~~WELL~~, *Look*, Rochester, if you think *that* ~~you~~ --
(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Come in.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Don, it's not eight o'clock yet. What're you doing here so early?

DON: Well, Jack, right after I left you, I ran into the Sportsmen Quartet and they have a number they want to do on your show and it needs a good rehearsal.

JACK: What's that got to do with me?

DON: In ~~the~~ *the* number you play your violin.

JACK: *my mis* Oh, well, good, good.

DH

ATX01 0019731

DON: ~~Some on in, fellows.~~

QUART: ~~(MUSIC)~~

JACK: Rochester, where's my violin?

ROCH: IN THE CASE

JACK: Well, where's the case?

ROCH: IN THE UMBRELLA STAND.

JACK: Oh yes....that's the silliest thing I ever -- Rochester,
why would you put my violin case next to an umbrella?

ROCH: BOSS, WHEN YOU OPEN EITHER OF THEM IN THE HOUSE, IT'S BAD
LUCK.

JACK: Never mind. ..All right, Don, I'll be ready in a minute...

What number am I going to play with the Quartet?

DON: "The Sabre Dance" ^{with the} ~~Here's your music.~~ *yes, here's your music.*

JACK: ~~Good, goodwait till I tune up....~~

~~(MUSIC)~~

Okay...take it, fellows.

QUART: YOU ~~HAVE~~ HEARD US SING ABOUT 'EM
YOU SHOULD NEVER BE WITHOUT 'EM
BETTER BUY LUCKIES, BETTER BUY LUCKIES
BETTER TRY LUCKIES, BETTER TRY LUCKIES
IT'S THE CIGARETTE THAT YOU WILL LIKE

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU'D BETTER HURRY HURRY
YOU DON'T WANT US ALL TO WORRY
HURRY UP ~~AND~~ BUY THEM
HURRY UP ~~AND~~ TRY THEM
LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MISSING
LOOK WHAT YOU'RE MISSING
HURRY UP AND TRY A LUCKY STRIKE

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU WILL ENJOY THEM IT'S TRUE
LUCKIES TASTE BETTER, YES REALLY THEY DO
THIS IS A SMOOTHER SMOKE
SURE TO PLEASE PARTICULAR FOLKS
LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF THAT FINE
AND THAT LIGHT ~~AND~~ MILD TOBACCO

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING
IF YOU'VE NOT BEEN SMOKING THIS UN'
HURRY UP NOW AND BUY A CARTON
THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO START ON
YOU WON'T GET A BETTER CIGARETTE.

JACK: (VIOLIN)

BR

QUART: WE KNOW YOU ~~WILL~~ LIKE A LUCKY STRIKE

LSSS MFFF, LSSS MFFF

LSMF LSMFT

JACK: (VIOLIN) *Quartet: FT*

QUART: OH LSSSSS, MFFFFFFF

LSSS MFFF, LSSS MFFF

LUCKY STRIKE'S THE ONLY SMOKE FOR ME

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: NOW BEFORE WE FINISH THERE IS ONE MORE THING

TO SAY AND THIS IS IT

JACK: (VIOLIN)

QUART: DON'T YOU THINK THAT BENNY

HAS IMPROVED HIS FIDDLE PLAYING QUITE A BIT

(APPLAUSE)

BR

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-15-

See I had a lot to do
JACK: Don, that was swell. You know, I like to do that kind of a number where I have a chance to play my violin... And I'll bet it sells Lucky Strikes, too.

DON: Oh, it does, Jack, it does.

JACK: You know something, Don.. a lot of people think I can't play the violin because I kid a lot... But I have good technique... nice tone.... and as a matter of fact, I consider myself quite an accomplished musician.

ROCH: I'D LIKE TO GO ON EDWARD R. MURROW'S PROGRAM AND ANSWER THAT.

~~JACK: Rochester, just put my violin back in the umbrella stand and be quiet.~~

DON: Well, Jack, the Sportsmen and I have to run along. I'll see you at eight o'clock.

JACK: Oh yes... eight o'clock. *Don't forget to bring the mediums. We're going to have our session.*

~~DON: I won't~~ So long.

JACK: So long, Don.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

~~JACK: Rochester, I'm expecting the gang over after dinner. See that everything is fixed up in the living room.~~

~~ROCH: YES SIR.~~

(TRANSITION MUSIC DENOTING PASSAGE OF TIME)

JACK: Well, Don, we're all here, and the medium hasn't arrived yet.

DON: Don't worry, she'll be here soon, Jack.

BOB: *By* By the way, what's her name, Don?

DON: Madame Zimba.

DENNIS: Gee, that's a silly name.

JACK: What's silly about it...and listen, Dennis...a seance is a very serious thing...so I don't want you doing anything stupid.

DENNIS: Oh, I won't^{and}...I'm very glad to be here...And I hope Madame Zimba can contact Sherlock Holmes.

JACK: Why?

DENNIS: I want to find out who stole the ding dong.

JACK: Dennis...Dennis...Young In Head...Listen to me...I don't want you ~~to~~ --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

DON: *Oh* That must be Madame Zimba now.

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Good evening.

ELVIA: (MYSTERIOUS VOICE) Good evening...I am Madame Zimba.

JACK: *My seance will come here*
~~Come in, we're expecting you.~~

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Madame Zimba, my name is Jack Benny.

ELVIA: Don't tell me...Mortal names are of no importance..In you I see the seventh son of a seventh son of a seventh son.

JACK: Gee.. Well, the others are waiting in the library.... Follow me, Madame Zimba.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: *Oh, seance room - seance room*
.....~~Follows~~, this is Madame Zimba.

DON, BOB
& DENNIS: (AD LIB HELLO)

JACK: Well, shall we ~~get~~ on with the seance?

ELVIA: Yes, and let me say that the signs auger well for this evening...Tonight a small comet will cross the earth's orbit...this is fortunate.

BOB: *W/ll*, Are comets good for seances?

ELVIA: Yes..in fact, when the tremendous Haley's comet passes close to the earth, seances are at their best.

DON: But that only happens about once a century.

JACK: That's right, *you know*, the last time it was visible from the earth was in 1910.

ELVIA: Oh..Did you see Haley's comet, Mr. Benny?

DENNIS: Twice.

JACK: Dennis...keep quiet.

(SOUND: CHINESE GONG)

JACK: What's that?

ELVIA: I am ready...it's time to start...Now everybody sit down: *-all*
must ~~the~~ circle and hold hands.

JACK: Come on, fellows, *come on... -lets*...let's do it.

(SOUND: SCHUFFLING OF CHAIRS)

ELVIA: And now I repeat the mystic incantation and then we--wait a minute.

JACK: What's wrong?

ELVIA: There are only five of us here...To contact the spirits of the dead I need a secret circle of six.

DON: Gee..what are we going to do?

JACK: *Y* Oh, I know who to get...(CALLS) OH, ROCHESTER..ROCHESTER.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: YES, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Rochester, we're holding a seance but we need six people before we can contact the spirits..so you're going to join us.

ROCH: WHO, ME??????

JACK: Yes, you... Look, Rochester...if you're afraid , you don't have to be..a seance is a perfectly normal experience.

ROCH: UH HUH.

JACK: People have seances every night ~~where~~ they contact the dead.

ROCH: HU HUH.

JACK: Now sit down and join us..wouldn't you like to talk to the spirits?

ROCH: NOT UNTIL I'M ONE OF 'EM.

JACK: Madame Zimba, maybe you can convince him.

ELVIA: I'll try...Look, there's nothing to be afraid of.

ROCH: UH HUH.

ELVIA: And it will be an interesting experience...You'll meet the spirits of so many famous people who have passed on.

ROCH: LADY, I DON'T WANT TO MEET NOBODY I CAN'T SHAKE HANDS WITH.

JACK: Rochester, stop ~~being silly~~ ^{worrying} and sit down...~~Why, no way~~ ~~not even contact any spirits tonight.~~

~~ROCH: OKAY, BUT IF WE DO, GET OUT OF MY WAY, THE SOUND BARRIER'S GONNA TAKE ANOTHER BEATING.~~

JACK: ~~Good,~~ ^{File} Now let's start. I'll put out the lights.
(SOUND: CLICK)

JACK: *Here* There we are. Proceed, Madame Zimba.

ELVIA: Oh, spirits..we are ready.

(SOUND: CHINESE GONG)

ELVIA: (MYSTERIOUS QUIVERING VOICE) Oh Spirits of the nether world..wherever you are..whatever you are doing..I, Madame Zimba command your presence.

(SOUND: GONG)

ELVIA: Now, we mortals will sit in complete silence and wait.
(AFTER ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE SECONDS OF SILENCE) Look.. look.. I think we've contacted the spirit world..There's something white coming in through the window.

ROCH: *yo* I'LL FIX YOU A SANDWICH, BOSS.

JACK: Sit down.

ELVIA: Yes, you are breaking the mood...(UP AND MYSTERIOUS) Oh, Spirits, come in...come through the great cosmos..through the unknown..and visit with us...Quiet, everybody..I've made a contact...Come in.

MEL: (ON ECHO MIKE) I am here with a message.

JACK: Who is it, who is it?

ELVIA: It's not for you..

ROCH: IF IT'S FOR ME, TELL HIM TO SLIP IT UNDER THE DOOR.

JACK: Rochester, sit down.

ELVIA: It's not for you, either.. I have contacted the spirit of Dennis Day's great-grandfather.

DENNIS: Gee.

MEL: (ECHO) Dennis, ~~my~~ *me* boy, I've been watching you all your life, and I've waited all these years to contact you..
Come closer to me, ~~us~~ *me* boy.

DENNIS: Okay.

MEL: A little closer.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

MEL: A little closer.

DENNIS: Here I am.

(SOUND: SLAP)

DENNIS: Ouch!

JACK: How can a ghost do that?

ELVIA: There's no explanation to the mysteries of the outer world.... Wait a minute, I ~~have~~ made another contact... it's a famous spirit... one who ~~has~~ been trying to speak to you, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Me?

ELVIA: Yes.. It's the spirit of Diamond Jim Brady.

JACK: Gosh.. Diamond Jim Brady!

(SOUND: GONG)

HY: (ON ECHO MIKE) Jack Benny..I want to talk to you..
Jack Benny.

JACK: I'm here, Jim.

HY: Jack, I've been watching over you for many years, and you've been a big disappointment to me..You've gone against all the things I've stood for.

DENNIS: Slap him. *what -*

JACK: Dennis, be quiet..What were you saying, Jim?

HY: You've amassed a great share of worldly goods, and yet you persist with your penny-pinching ways.

JACK: But --

HY: No buts..why don't you live a little...spend, spend,
spend...be like I was....I spent my money lavishly..
Whenever I walked into a night club or restaurant, I'd
pick up every check in the place...I had fun.

JACK: That's fun?....^{I never} I never thought of it that way.

HY: Well, think, man, think....and believe me when I tell
you, Jack Benny...you should spend because you can't
take it with you.

JACK: Are you sure?

HY: None of us were able to, but the odds up here are ten
to one you'll find a way.

JACK: ^{Look} Look, Mr. Brady...

HY: I must leave now..but remember my advice..spend, spend,
spend. (FADING) Spend.. spend.. ~~spend~~.

^{Light} (SOUND: GONG)
ELVIA: ^{Doc} The seance is over.

DON: Well, what did you think of it, Jack?

JACK: It's amazing.. absolutely amazing.. And you wanta know
something, fellows.. It made me see the light.. I'm
gonna change my ways.. starting immediately everybody on
my show will get a raise..and Rochester, you're getting
one, too.

ROCH: GEE, THANKS, BOSS.

JACK: In fact, I'm going to the next room and phone my business
manager and tell him about all your raises right now..
Excuse me.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

ELVIA: (STRAIGHT VOICE) Well, how did it go, Mr. Wilson?

DON: *Fine* Fine, you were perfect. You did a great job of acting.

BOB: *Well* Well, I thought we all played our parts great.

DENNIS: Who was the smart aleck that slapped me?

ELVIA: *M* It doesn't make any difference. Everyone acted great.. especially you, Rochester..the way you pretended to be scared.

ROCH: (SMILING) WASN'T I GOOD?

DON: You certainly were. *That* ~~That~~ was a wonderful idea..we finally got Jack to loosen up.

~~ROCH: YEAH, BUT IT TOOK A GHOST TO DO IT.~~

~~BOB: Well, it doesn't matter as long as we're going to get more money?~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Well, fellows, it's all fixed.

DON: Did you talk to your business manager?

JACK: I sure did.. He also manages the man who played the ghost

so ~~and~~ none of you are getting raises...Better luck next time, *fellas!*

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

(HOME FIRES) #3

DON: Ladies and gentlemen -- one of our greatest national hazards is fire ... fire that destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives each year. Don't let your home be a fire trap! Make certain all electrical appliances are in order. Don't smoke in bed ... Be careful with inflammables. Don't give fire a place to start.

Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
APRIL 25, 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: You know, friends, like so many of the best things in life,
smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. And as many
millions of smokers have discovered for themselves, the
fact of the matter is Luckies taste better. Cleaner,
Fresher, Smoother. Sure they do -- for two mighty good
reasons. The first one is that Luckies are made of fine,
naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco. Practically the
whole world knows - LS/MFT Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
And then, Luckies are made better to taste better. Put
the two together -- fine tobacco in a better cigarette -
and you just naturally get better taste! So friends, why
don't you and Luckies get together real soon? Be Happy --
Go Lucky. Go out and buy a carton. You'll find out --
Luckies honestly do taste better.

SPORTSMEN

QUARTET: Be Happy - Go Lucky

(LONG

CLOSE) Get Better Taste today!

BR

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(TAG)

-24-

JACK: You know, Rochester, even though you fellows all framed this seence, it was kind of interesting at that.

ROCH: WELL, BOSS. YOU'RE NOT MAD THAT WE TRICKED YOU, ARE YOU?

JACK: No, no, not at all.

ROCH: YOU MEAN IT, BOSS?

JACK: Rochester, I ^{rather} enjoyed it.

ROCH: WHY?

JACK: I was the one that slapped, Dennis...Goodnight, folks,

(APPLAUSE)

DON: The Jack Benny ~~show~~^{program} was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Tackeberry, Hal Goldman, ~~Al Gordon~~^{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.

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