

PROGRAM #36  
REVISED SCRIPT

*"As Broadcast"*

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1954

CBS

4:00-4:30 PM PDT

(TRANSCRIBED APRIL 29, 1954)

ATX01 0019797

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #36  
SUNDAY, MAY 16, 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-testing fine tobacco!

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

CHORUS: Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

Lucky Strike! Lucky Strike!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. Friends, you know, if you smoke,  
chances are that within the next 24 hours you'll be  
stepping up to a tobacco counter somewhere for a pack  
of cigarettes. Before you get to that counter, think  
about your present brand. Ask yourself if you've been  
really enjoying it ... thoroughly enjoying all 20  
cigarettes in every pack. If even just a bit of doubt  
creeps into your mind - then get yourself a pack of  
Luckies. Here's why: (BEAT) smoking enjoyment is  
all a matter of taste. And the fact of the matter is ...  
Luckies taste better. Taste better for two excellent  
reasons: Every Lucky is made of fine, light, naturally  
mild tobacco, and every Lucky is made better to taste  
better.

(MORE)

ATX01 0019798

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
May 16, 1954

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: (cont'd) On the subject of taste, Jack Kramer - America's greatest professional tennis player, has come up with a pretty sound statement. Jack said - "I smoke Luckies. The reason I smoke them is I think they taste better." End quote. So the next time you buy cigarettes, take a tip from Jack Kramer -- switch to Lucky and smoke the cigarette that tastes better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

COLLINS: Luckies taste better!

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

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

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

(APPLAUSE..MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU'VE PROBABLY OFTEN WONDERED WHAT HAPPENS AFTER OUR RADIO SHOWS ARE FINISHED. SO RIGHT NOW LET'S TURN THE ~~SHOW~~<sup>Calendar</sup> BACK ONE WEEK. THE PROGRAM HAS JUST BEEN CONCLUDED AND OUR LITTLE STAR<sup>3</sup> IS ON HIS WAY TO HIS DRESSING ROOM.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) There's no business like show business, da, da, da, da, da, dum.

HY: Wonderful show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

RYAN: Great show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you. *Thank you.*

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

RUBIN: Another funny one, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thanks, ~~very much~~ *Thanks very much.*

(SOUND: FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

HERB: Sensational show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Thank you. *Thanks.*

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

RU

JACK: .....Gee, after ten years my writers still call me Mr. Benny....But I prefer to keep a formal relationship.... My mother called me that for years....Let's see, what was it my father called me?...Oh well... (HUMS "SHOW BUSINESS")  
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: HELLO, BOSS.

JACK: Hello, Rochester. Here, hang up my coat, will you, please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: ~~now~~ Did you call for a masseur like I asked you to?

ROCH: YES SIR, I CALLED UP FOR ONE AND HE'S COMING RIGHT OVER.

JACK: Good...I can sure use a massage. You know, Rochester, these shows are work.

ROCH: YEAH, IT'S BEEN A TOUGH SEASON FOR BOTH OF US.

*What does it mean?*  
JACK: Both of us?

ROCH: BOSS, YOU ONLY TELL THE JOKES, I HAVE TO SIT OUT THERE AND LAUGH AT 'EM.

JACK: Well, it's the least you can do. And incidentally, what was the matter with ~~the audience~~ that audience? They didn't seem to know when to laugh.

ROCH: DON'T BLAME ME, I DID EVERYTHING BUT LEAD 'EM WITH A BATON.

JACK: Hmm.

ROCH: I EVEN CRAWLED THROUGH THE AISLES, SLIPPED THEIR SHOES OFF AND TICKLED THEIR TOES.

*well ya?*  
JACK: Stop exaggerating, ~~Rochester~~. Each week I give you a script and point out a few places where you're supposed to laugh.

ROCH: A FEW PLACES..PAGE NINE HAD SO MANY ARROWS ON IT, IT LOOKED LIKE CUSTER'S LAST STAND.

RU

JACK: Oh, stop..Now Rochester, I want you to brush all that lint off my jacket because when I leave here, I've got a heavy date.

ROCH: YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOIN' OUT TONIGHT?

JACK: That's right.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Am I ~~interrupting~~ <sup>intruding</sup> ~~anything~~, Jack?

JACK: ~~No~~, No, come on in, Bob.

BOB: ~~Well~~ I just wanted to check with you. What did you think of the orchestra tonight?

JACK: ~~Well... the~~ <sup>Well... the</sup>...the trumpet section was flat...the trombones and saxophones seemed to be playing two different numbers at the same time..and the rhythm section was off-beat.

BOB: ~~Well~~ <sup>Well</sup>, I thought they were better than usual, too.

JACK: And Bob, did you notice how the orchestra boys kept their eyes on you when you were leading them. They've never done that before, so I guess my suggestion worked.

BOB: Yeah, but I felt silly leading 'em with a bottle of I. W. Harper.

JACK: Well, don't worry, Bob...they looked even sillier sitting there with their tongues hanging out...But, I really wish you'd talk to Remley, ~~the guitar player. He - he - he -~~ <sup>the guitar player. He - he - he -</sup> His playing gets worse every week.

BOB: Oh, ~~what~~ <sup>don't dig it</sup> you ~~are~~, Jack..Remley's practically given up the guitar <sup>of</sup>. On all his other jobs he plays the accordin.

RU

JACK: The accordian?

BOB: Yesh, he's ~~been~~ making more money that way.

JACK: *How* How can he make more money playing the accordian?

BOB: *Why* He's got a deal. While he's playing it, he's also crushing grapes.

JACK: Gee..with Remley from the accordian *Came* ~~came~~ the wine...just the same, Bob--

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

JACK: I wish you'd tell him to--

DON: *Oh* Say, Jack, there's a--

JACK: *Oh* Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Jack, there's a little old lady waiting outside here. She says she's a fan of yours and she'd like very much to have your autograph.

JACK: Oh fine, Don *fan...*, send her in, *will you?*

DON: This way, Madam.

(SOUND: FEW WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS)

GLORIA: Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, yes.

GLORIA: I hope I'm not putting you to any trouble but I would so appreciate your signing this for me.

JACK: *Oh* It's a pleasure.

(SOUND: SCRATCHING OF PEN)

GLORIA: You know, I'm from Waukegan, too. Lived there all my life.

JACK: Really?

GLORIA: Wait till I show this to the folks back home. We're all so proud of you in Waukegan.

RU

JACK: Well, I know practically everyone there...but it's funny,

*I* — I don't seem to remember you.

GLORIA: Well, no..no..you were a little before my time.

JACK: Hmm, *well, my* here's ~~my~~ autograph.

GLORIA: Thank you.

DON: By the way, did you see our show tonight?

GLORIA: Oh yes. I was in the audience and I enjoyed it very much.

JACK: Well, good good.

GLORIA: But *I* do have one complaint.

JACK: *Complaint?* What is it?

GLORIA: Well, I'm sure it's a very expensive studio you're working in, Mr. Benny, but..but..

JACK: But what?

GLORIA: (HALF WHISPER) They've got mice.

JACK: Mice...oh you must be mistaken.

GLORIA: Well, something was tickling my toes.

JACK: Oh, oh *I know what that is. I wouldn't worry about it. I know. I wouldn't worry.*

GLORIA: Goodbye, Mr. Benny, and thank you very much.

JACK: You're welcome, *you're welcome, I'm sure.*

*You know.* (SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: *She's sweet.* But I don't understand..She said I was before her time. Rochester, do I look older than she does?

ROCH: BOSS, DO YOU WANT ME TO TESTIFY OR ARE YOU MAKING A POINT OF ORDER?

JACK: Never mind, don't answer.

BOB: Well, fellows, I better be running along...See you at the baseball game tonight, Don.

RU



DON: Right, Bob..Oh, and Jack, I have an extra ticket, how about joining us?

JACK: No thanks, Don, I've got myself a big date for tonight.

~~BGB: Okay, Jack. Goodbye.~~

~~JACK: So long, Bob.~~

~~(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)~~

JACK: Rochester, when's that masseur coming?

ROCH: I DON'T KNOW. HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE BY NOW.

DON: *Oh, you* Getting a massage, Jack?

JACK: Yeah. You ought to try one sometime, Don. They're great.

DON: Well, I've had a few, but I really can't afford 'em.

JACK: It's not ~~so~~ expensive. *I mean,* They only charge me three dollars for the hour.

DON: They charge you by the hour?

JACK: Certainly. How do they charge you?

DON: By the yard.

JACK: Well, that figures. Don, *but you know,* if you'd only lose a little *weight*...

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, are you the masseur?

NELSON: No, I'm just carrying this folding table in case I run into three people who want to play bridge.

JACK: All right, *I know you're the masseur* ~~straight~~ don't be funny.

NELSON: Shall we get started?

JACK: I'm ready.

RU

NELSON: All right. Take your shirt off.

JACK: Okay...there.

NELSON: Well, a yellow undershirt.

ROCH: HE AIN'T WEARIN' ONE, THAT'S HIM.

JACK: ~~Never mind,~~ Rochester <sup>please....</sup>...Now then, Mr....Mr...

NELSON: Nelson.

JACK: Oh yes...Well, Mr. Nelson, shall I lie on the table?

NELSON: Yes, face down, please.

DON: Here, I'll help you up, Jack.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: SLIGHT RATTLE OF TABLE)

JACK: There.

NELSON: Say, your shoulder blades really stick out, don't they?

JACK: What?

NELSON: From where I'm standing, you look like the back of a Cadillac.

JACK: Look, you're here to give me a massage, not to make comments.

NELSON: Sorry.

~~JACK: Now do you think you can loosen up my muscles?~~

~~NELSON: First let's work on you, we'll get to your chest later...~~

Now here we go..First I'll put some oil on.

(SOUND: FEW SLAPS)  
*Look look will you please?*  
JACK: Don't slap. Rub..rub.

NELSON: All right.

JACK: Ahh..that feels good.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

RU

DON: I'll get it.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: Oh, it's the Sportsmen. Come on in, fellows.

JACK: *Look it, I haven't got time to hear a commercial or song now.*  
Don, I'm getting a message.

DON: *Look Jack* I know, but *that* the boys heard you ~~were~~ are going on a personal appearance tour this summer.

JACK: That's right. I've got my show all lined up. I'm opening in the State Fair Auditorium in Dallas, Texas, June Fourteenth.

DON: Well, Jack, the boys have prepared a number for your opening in Dallas. So while you're getting your message why don't you listen to it?

JACK: Okay..particularly *it* if it's about Texas.

DON: *It is... Jack: Oh, well, good*  
It is. Hit it, fellows.

RU

(INTRO)

-9-

QUART: THE STARS AT NIGHT  
ARE BIG AND BRIGHT  
(FOUR SLAPS)

QUART: DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS  
THE PRAIRIE SKY  
IS WIDE AND HIGH  
(FOUR SLAPS)  
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS  
THE COYOTES WAIL  
ALONG THE TRAIL

JACK: Mr. Nelson, don't slap  
me so hard.

(FOUR SLAPS)  
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS  
THE DOGIES BAWL AND BAWL AND BAWL  
(FOUR SLAPS)

JACK: Mr. Nelson please....

JACK: Mr. Nelson!

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS?

JACK: Yes, <sup>fella</sup> I'll be in Dallas <sup>for</sup> two weeks, ~~Antarctica~~.

QUART: THE EYES OF TEXAS WILL BE ON YOU  
ALL THE LIVELONG DAY  
SO DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR FIDDLE  
THEY'LL WANT TO HEAR YOU PLAY  
EVERYBODY RIDES IN TEXAS  
IT'S THE STATE WHERE MEN ARE MEN  
BETTER TAKE YOUR PADDED SADDLE  
BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN  
THE SMOKE THEY LIKE  
IS LUCKY STRIKE

(FOUR SLAPS)

JACK: Mr. Nelson, don't slap, *me*  
rub.

(MORE)

DH

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QUART:  
(CONT)

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

THROUGHOUT THE STATE

THEY SAY THEY'RE GREAT

(FOUR SLAPS)

JACK: ~~Mr. Nelson,~~ *You're*  
hurting me.

IT'S LUCKY STRIKE IN TEXAS

THEY LIKE THE PACK

OF FINE TOBACK

(FOUR SIAPS)

*Now*  
JACK: ~~Mr. Nelson,~~ stop that.

THEY ALL ARE SMOKING LUCKIES

IN CATTLE LAND

THE FAVORITE BRAND

(FOUR SIAPS)

JACK: Mr. Nelson, ~~please~~

IS BETTER TASTING LUCKIES

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TASTE

THAT'S WHY IT'S LUCKIES

YA HOO.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

(SECOND ROUTINE)

DON: Well, Jack what did you think of ~~the~~ <sup>that</sup> number?

JACK: Fine, Don, fine.

NELSON: I loved the beat.

JACK: You stay outta this... And fellows, thanks a lot for the  
nice send-off. So long.

DON: So long, Jack.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JACK: Now, Mr. Nelson..how long does this go on?

NELSON: Well, I just want to get a little more oil worked in.

JACK: More oil? Look, I want a massage, I'm not swimming the  
English channel.

NELSON: I know what I'm doing.

(SOUND: SLIGHT PATTING)

NELSON: Say..what's this on your arm?

JACK: That's a tattoo. When I was in the Navy we all had the  
ships we were assigned to tattooed on our arms.

NELSON: Very interesting..let me take a look at that...WELL, OLD  
IRONSIDES.

JACK: It is not. This one is wood...now finish up with that oil.

NELSON: All right.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~Now~~ <sup>Now</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup>... Hand me the phone, Rochester, <sup>will ya</sup> please

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DH

DENNIS: Is that you, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yes, Dennis, where are you?

DENNIS: I'm out looking at houses again.

JACK: But Dennis, you're always looking at houses....you've got a nice house now. Why do you want to move?

DENNIS: It's that real estate agent of mine. For two years he's been pestering me to get another house.

JACK: Where'd you find him, anyway?

DENNIS: He's my next door neighbor.

JACK: Oh, well, that clears that up....Tell me, Dennis is he still showing you around Beverly Hills?

DENNIS: No, this time we're a little farther out.

JACK: Well, where are you?

DENNIS: ~~So~~ Laguna Beach.

JACK: Laguna Beach...Dennis, that's a sixty mile drive... Couldn't you find something closer?

DENNIS: Yeah, but as long as I was making all the lights, I thought I'd keep going.

JACK: Oh, fine....Dennis, what do you want from me?

DENNIS: Well, my real estate man showed me a terrific beach house down here.

JACK: A beach house?

DENNIS: It's being auctioned off and I'm the only one bidding.

JACK: You are?

DENNIS: Yeah, it's sixty thousand dollars now and going up fast.

DH

JACK: Wait a minute, Dennis. If you're the only one bidding, why does the price keep going up?

DENNIS: There's an echo in the place.

JACK: Dennis, take my advice...forget about that house.

DENNIS: But Mr. Benny, this is just what I've always wanted. It's right on the beach and it has five rooms.

JACK: ~~Sixty thousand dollars~~ and only five rooms?

DENNIS: Ten when it's low tide.

JACK: You mean part of the house is under water?

DENNIS: I found a halibut in the mouse trap.

JACK: Well, that's the silliest --

DENNIS: Woops, gotta hang up now, the tides coming in.

JACK: But Dennis, you can't --

DENNIS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a crazy kid...his windshield's all right, but his head is pitted. *Mr. Nelson, I wish you'd hang with my message.*

NELSON: Hold still, I'm almost through.

JACK: Well, it's about time...wait a minute...(SNIFFS)

NELSON: What's the matter?

JACK: That oil you've been putting on me smells rancid.

NELSON: *Well* Don't blame me, blame the butcher.

JACK: Butcher?

NELSON: Yes, I use chicken fat.

JACK: You mean all this time you've been rubbing chicken fat on me?

NELSON: What *did* you expect for three dollars an hour, My Sin?

JACK: (MAD) Well, that does it. You've slapped me until I'm black and blue, butted into my personal affairs and covered my whole body with chicken fat...Now here's your three dollars, *and go.*



NELSON: No tip?

JACK: Oh, get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Oh my goodness, look what time it is. I'll be late for my date, Rochester, hand me that clean shirt.

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE

JACK: Thanks....Now let's see where are my cuff links?

ROCH: BOSS, IF YOU DON'T NEED ME ANYMORE, COULD I GO NOW?

JACK: Why, have you got something to do?

ROCH: NO, BUT THAT CHICKEN FAT IS KILLING ME.

JACK: Go, go.

ROCH: OKAY...AND HAVE A GOOD TIME, BOSS.

JACK: So long, Rochester.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: (HUMS) FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE, IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU, IF YOU'RE YOUNG AT HEART....YOU CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME, IF YOU STAY THIRTY-NINE...AND YOU'RE YOUNG AT HEART...AND IF I SHOULD SURVIVE TO A HUNDRED AND FIVE, THAT'S JUST SEVEN MORE YEARS THAT I'LL BE ALIVE...AND HERE IS THE BEST PART...OOOOH HAVE I GOT A HEAD START....DA DA DUM, DA DA, DA DUM, DA ---

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~Now~~ who can that be:

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, this is Dennis again.

JACK: Dennis, I have a date and I'm in a hurry. What do you want

<sup>now?</sup>  
*Well*  
DENNIS: I just wanted to tell you I didn't buy that house in Laguna, and I'm glad you talked me out of it.

JACK: You are?

DENNIS: Yeah, the climate's much nicer here in San Diego.

JACK: SAN DIEGO!.... Dennis, how did you get there so fast?

DENNIS: I flew, you're not the only one who has big shoulder blades.

JACK: Now cut that out...Goodbye.

(SOUND: PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)

JACK: That Dennis...who does he think he's fooling...San Diego...

~~He~~ <sup>P</sup>probably at home making this whole thing up just to aggravate me...Well, I better get going. I don't want to keep my date waiting...(HUMS) ... ~~He~~ <sup>One</sup> last look in the mirror...Hmmm...Maybe I was before her time...Oh well, I feel great. *Might as well go.*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FOUR FOOTSTEPS)

HY: Wonderful show, Mr. Benny.

RYAN: Great show, Mr. Benny.

RUBIN: Another good one, Mr. Benny.

HERB: Sensational show, Mr. Benny.

JACK: OH, GO HOME ALREADY

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: I never saw writers so worried about their jobs.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

JACK: *in that Cafe....*  
(HUMS) Gee..I hope they keep my reservations...I wonder if she'll like this place I'm taking her to...She's always so critical...but underneath I think she really likes me.... She's so cute....every time I hear her voice <sup>I</sup> get goosepimples.

(SOUND: ~~THREE OR FOUR~~ FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

BEA: C.B.S. the Star's Address.

DH

JACK: Hurry up, Gertrude, we'll be late...Now come on.  
BEA: What's the rush, the prices changed already.  
JACK: We're not going to the movies. I'm taking you to a French  
Restaurant for dinner.  
BEA: Dinner? Oh boy, I'm starved.  
JACK: Hmm.. Well, come on, anyway.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR MOTOR & SUSTAIN UNDER)

JACK: Gertrude...look at that couple in the car next to us...  
She has her head on his shoulder...Gee, it's a beautiful  
night....Gertrude, why don't you ever sit with your head  
on my shoulder?  
BEA: What?  
JACK: I said, why don't you ever sit with your head on my  
shoulder?  
BEA: What?  
JACK: Gertrude, you're not working now, take your ear phones off..  
There, that's better...Move over closer to me, Gertrude.  
BEA: Okay.  
JACK: Gee, this is nice.  
*Bea:* *Hummmmmmm*  
(SOUND: CAR MOTOR CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS)  
BEA: Say, did you notice a little bump a minute ago.  
JACK: No.  
BEA: Neither did I, but it smells like we ran over a chicken.  
JACK: Darn that masseur.  
BEA: What?  
JACK: Nothing...nothing.  
BEA: I'm getting hungry...Where is this restaurant, anyway?

DH

JACK: Just a few more miles...Let's see what's on the radio.

BEA: Okay.

(SOUND: CLICK AND STATIC SQUAWK)

MEL: (MEXICAN ACCENT) This is station ~~XXXX~~ <sup>XTMO</sup>...the voice of Tia Juana, Mexico. And now we continue our program with another song from Tia Juana's newest resident...Senor Dennis Day. *li*

JACK: I thought he was making it all up.

BEA: Quiet, I want to hear Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG) -- "HERE"

(APPLAUSE)

DH

(THIRD ROUTINE)

*Jack: Gertrude, we're almost there*  
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BEA: I still don't see why we couldn't have gone to Ciro's  
or the Mocambo.

JACK: ~~Be.~~...everybody goes there. This is a little different.  
You'll love this French restaurant.

BEA: Well, where is it? I don't see it.

JACK: It's just down a few steps. *we're right here... see, watch the steps...*  
Watch it.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN EIGHT STEPS..SLIGHT

PAUSE. FOOTSTEPS DOWN EIGHT MORE

STEPS...SLIGHT PAUSE...FOOTSTEPS DOWN

*slight pause... first steps down... more steps*  
EIGHT MORE STEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR...

*Jack: See - it was nothing*  
(DOOR OPENS)

MEL: (FRENCH ACCENT) Welcome to Musty Michele's.

JACK: *Bon* Bonjour, Michele.

MEL: Bonjour Monsieur Benny...Step this way, please.

JACK: Come along, Gertrude.

BEA: (MAD) I'm coming, I'm coming.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ECHOING THROUGH CORRIDOR)

MEL: Please, a little faster through this passageway...I do  
not trust it since the cave-in.

(SOUND: COUPLE MORE HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS...THEN

FOOTSTEPS STOP AND WE HEAR RESTAURANT

NOISES AND BABBLE OF GOOD-SIZED CROWD)

JACK: Michele...it always used to be so nice and quiet here.  
Why is it so crowded?

MEL: Ah, tonight it is ~~the~~ special occasion.

JACK: Special occasion?

MEL: Oui, it is the reunion of the Society de L'egout  
Travailleur de Paris.

JACK: What kind of a society is that?

MEL: The Sewer Workers of Paris.

BEA: Boy, did they pick the right place!

JACK: Quiet, Gertrude.

MEL: Here we are...a nice table for two...I remove the phone  
book like so and --

JACK: Wait a minute...you're not giving us this telephone stand  
for a table.

MEL: *Oh* But Monsieur...we're crowded...the Society --

JACK: I don't care about the Society.. I'm a steady customer  
~~and~~ I'm entitled to a little comfort.

BEA: Yeah, *at* who would eat ~~at~~ a tiny table like this...I'd  
hardly be able to order anything.

JACK: That's right, on this small a space how much could she  
~~possibly~~ -- sit down, Gertrude.

MEL: But if Mademoiselle is unhappy, perhaps I could find --

JACK: *shut up a nous... avec...*  
Michele, stop checking yourself out... this is fine.

(SOUND: CHAIRS SCRAPE)

MEL: While you are deciding about dinner, may I suggest to  
drink...some nice vin de cerisse de la province.

JACK: What's that?

MEL: That is cherry wine from the provinces.

BEA: Nah.

MEL: *Well* I could also give you vin de raisin sec de Bordeaux.

BEA: Come again.

MEL: *Well* That is raisin wine from Bordeaux.

JACK: I don't know. Haven't you got anything else?

MEL: Well, we have something new...Vin de raison des  
main-piano.

JACK: What's that?

MEL: Grape wine from an accordian.

JACK: What?

MEL: Cresta Remley <sup>84</sup> ~~187~~.

JACK: Gee, Bob wasn't kidding...er...Michele, we don't want  
anything to drink. We'll just look over the menu and  
order dinner in a few minutes.

MEL: Oui. I shall return.

BEA: Why do you take me to these places? Why couldn't we go  
somewhere where they have music and dancing?

JACK: Gertrude, we went to a nightclub last week.

BEA: You call that a nightclub?

JACK: Well, they had an orchestra, didn't they?

BEA: Some orchestra...a ukulele accompanied by a Hoover  
vacuum cleaner.

JACK: Oh, stop complaining. I'll admit we're a trifle cramped  
here, but it's a nice place and --

MEL: Monsieur Benny.

JACK: Yes?

MEL: I regret to impose, but as you see, we ~~were~~ <sup>are</sup> not prepared  
to accommodate such a big reunion, so if you do not mind,  
Monsieur Pierrot here would like to sit with you.

JACK: But Michele, we haven't room ~~to~~ --

ROLF: Je compliment cet homme. Il a une belle jeune fille.

JACK: What'd he say, what'd he say?

MEL: He says you are to be complimented on having such a beautiful young companion.

JACK: (PLEASED) Well.

ROLF: Elle n'est pas que belle, mais elle a le flair de lilas et rose.

JACK: What'd he say, what'd he say?

MEL: He says not only is she beautiful, but she has the fragrance of lilacs and roses.

ROLF: Il flaire de poulet-gras.

JACK: What did he say then?

MEL: He says you smell like chicken fat.

JACK: Hmm.

BEA: (SILLY GIGGLE)

JACK: Gertrude, be quiet...Look Michele, I came here with my girl because I thought we could have a nice, quiet dinner to ourselves. Now if you haven't got anything with a little more privacy, I'm leaving.

MEL: Let me see...Ah, but of course..the booth behind the curtain.

JACK: Well, now you're talking..Come on, Gertrude, we'll go in that booth.

BEA: All right.

(SOUND: CHAIRS SCRAPE AND FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MEL: Wait, I pull aside the curtain for you.

(SOUND: CURTAIN BEING DRAWN)

JACK: Oh no.

HY: Wonderful show, Mr. Benny.

RYAN: Good show, Mr. Benny.

HEB: Another good one, Mr.--

*Oh, for heavens sake.*  
JACK: *I can't leave with my girl..*  
~~Let's get out of here, Gertrude, I'm not eating in any place that they can afford to go to.~~

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)



THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 16, 1954  
(Transcribed April 29, 1954)  
CARE ALLOCATION

-22-

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, in this critical period when the United States needs all the friends overseas it can get, sending CARE packages abroad gives us an opportunity to make friends for America on a personal basis. President Eisenhower has endorsed CARE, calling it "a person-to-person expression of international goodwill", since each CARE package is delivered in the name of an individual American to a specific individual in Europe or Asia. So please remember, contact your CARE office, as each CARE package becomes an ambassador of American goodwill. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

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

WA

ATX01 0019821

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MAY 16, 1954  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

C.

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, when you buy a pack of Luckies...when you unravel the red cellophane tab and take out a cigarette and light up -- well, you'll be enjoying a cigarette that tastes as fresh as the day it was made. That's because every pack of Luckies is extra tightly sealed to keep in the freshness.. the better taste....that has made Luckies so popular with millions of smokers. You see, the makers of Luckies know, just as you do, that smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste. That's why they do everything humanly possible to keep Luckies better tasting. That's why fine tobacco goes into every Lucky Strike. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. And Luckies taste better because they are made better -- made round and firm and fully packed -- to draw freely -- to smoke evenly. So, for a better-tasting, fresher-tasting cigarette -- Be Happy -- Go Lucky....make your next carton Lucky Strike.

SPORTSMEN  
QUARTET:  
(LONG  
CLOSE)  
WA

Be Happy -- Go Lucky  
Get Better Taste Today!

ATX01 0019822

(TAG)

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ROCH: DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME, BOSS?

JACK: Not bad, Rochester. The food was good, but the restaurant is so far out that --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis again. I want to find out what time rehearsal is.

JACK: Dennis, where are you?

DENNIS: I'm at home.

JACK: *You finally got home huh?*  
Oh, well, Dennis, the first rehearsal will be at ten o'clock in the morning and then we have a dress rehearsal at--

DENNIS: Excuse me, Mr. Benny, I've got to go..I think my mother's cooking dinner for me.

JACK: You think?

DENNIS: Yeah, I smell chicken fat.

JACK: *Over the phone?*  
Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE)

WA

ATX01 0019823

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.

WA