

(J.B.N. 2)
PROGRAM #2
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER ³~~2~~, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Sept. 4, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
 DENNIS DAY
 EDDIE ANDERSON
 DON WILSON
 BEA BENEDARET
 SHIRLEY MITCHELL
 MEL BLANC
 SAM HEARN
 MAHLON MERRICK
 VEOLA VONN

BR

ATX01 0019945

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
OCTOBER 3, 1954
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

WILSON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented by
Lucky Strike ... the cigarette that's toasted to taste
better.

(TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
CALYPSO
VERSION OF Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
SONG: .37 SEC.)

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet.

It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's mild
tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED,
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.

So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,

Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED TO give you the best taste yet,

It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON: This is Don Wilson. The song you just heard has an
important message for everyone who smokes. The sure
way to get better taste from your cigarette is to make
sure you get Lucky Strike. It's toasted to taste
better. Of course the better taste of a Lucky begins
with fine tobacco. And then, that fine tobacco is
toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" - the famous Lucky Strike
process -- tones up this naturally mild, good-tasting
tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher,
smoother. Yes, a Lucky tastes better because it's the
cigarette of fine tobacco and it's toasted ... to taste
better. So - Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

DH

ATX01 0019946

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
OCTOBER 3, 1954

-B-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first here's
the Sweetheart of Lucky Strike ... Miss Dorothy Collins!

TRANSCRIBED: If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,
COLLINS WITH
A CAPELLA Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
VERSION OF SONG
39 SECONDS. IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.

They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco, it's mild
tobacco, too

Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED,
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.

So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!
IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!

WILSON: Friends, that song gives you the big reason why so many
millions of smokers always ask for Lucky Strike. A
Lucky tastes better! It's toasted to taste better. The
better taste of Lucky Strike begins with fine tobacco.
Why sure: LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.
But there's even more to it than that - just before it's
made into Lucky Strike cigarettes, that fine tobacco is
toasted. The famous Lucky Strike process -- "IT'S
TOASTED" -- tones up Luckies' mild, naturally
good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better ...
cleaner, fresher, smoother.

DH

(MORE)

ATX01 0019947

(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 TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES HIS FIRST TELEVISION PROGRAM OF THE SEASON...BUT, OF COURSE, HE ALSO HAS A RADIO SHOW TO DO. SO LET'S GO BACK AN HOUR AND VISIT JACK IN HIS DRESSING ROOM. HE IS RELAXING BEFORE REHEARSAL.

JACK: (SINGS) THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS...*(ride no business & know...)* DA DA DA DA DE DAH...*Dee* DA DA DA DA DE DA...*all right,* When Irving Berlin wrote that song, he knew what he was doing, there's no business like show business, and I'm sure glad I'm part of it... Gosh, I'll never forget how I first started...I remember when I made up my mind to go into vaudeville...It was the last week in June, and I was nineteen...I had just graduated and didn't feel like going on to high school... Ah, what memories those early vaudeville days bring back.. Split weeks...*new York* two a day...Broadway...and The Palace...I'll never forget who was on the same bill with me when I first played the Palace...Jimmy Durante...Georgie Jessel... Johnnie Wilkes Booth...Then vaudeville began to be killed off by a new medium..radio...I wanted to go into radio but I wouldn't try it until I had a sure-fire formula and character...Then I hit upon it...I decided to play the character of a tight, miserly skinflint.

(MORE)

BR

JACK: (CONTINUED) The public gets a million laughs out of my stingy character..and so do I when I count the money I save ...Yes sir,...(SINGS) There's no business like show business, da de da da da deh...Then when my radio program was doing all right, I moved out to Hollywood and went into ~~the~~ movies...The movie business is funny...You make good pictures year after year and nobody thinks anything about it..but you make one stinker and you're through. ^{gee} I'm glad I quit before I made a bad one... ~~of~~ Course, I take a lot of kidding about "The Horn Blows At Midnight"... ~~but~~ ^{yet}, I can honestly say I never heard of more than ten or twelve people who didn't like it...Come to think of it, I never heard of more than ten people who went to see it...and yet ~~there were twelve people who didn't like it~~ ^(this I don't understand at all)..Oh well, you can't please all of the people all of the time..Sometimes I think ~~that~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: I'M BACK, BOSS.

JACK: So soon? ^{Yes} Did you get the shaving cream for me, Rochester?

ROCH: UHHHUH, I GOT IT AT THE DRUG STORE ACROSS THE STREET.

JACK: Good...Well, we haven't got much time. ~~So~~ Come on, shave me.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: WATER TURNED ON AND RUNNING...FADE TO B.G.)

ROCH: MR. BENNY, BEFORE I SHAVE YOU, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING...WHY DON'T YOU GROW A BEARD.

JACK: A beard?

ROCH: YES..LOTS OF MEN HAVE ONE...

JACK: Gee...I never thought of that...Do you think a beard would make me look distinguished?

BR

ROCH: ~~NO, BUT AT LEAST IT WOULD PROVE TO PEOPLE YOU COULD GROW~~
~~IT SOMEWHERE.~~

JACK: ~~Hmm... I might try it sometime.~~

ROCH: NOW HOLD YOUR HEAD STILL WHILE I LATHER YOU UP.

JACK: Okay.

(SOUND: LATHERING NOISES)

JACK: Say...(SNIFFS TWICE)...What kind of shaving cream have you got there..it smells different from the brand I usually use.

ROCH: OH, IT IS DIFFERENT..IT'S THE NEWEST ON THE MARKET..IT CONTAINS EIGHTEEN PERCENT LANOLIN...SEVEN PERCENT ANTISEPTIC..FIFTY PERCENT SOAP...NINE PERCENT CHLOROPHYLL AND SIXTEEN PERCENT SMIRNOFF VODKA.

JACK: What's the vodka for?

ROCH: THAT SAVES MONEY ON TOWELS...WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH SHAVING, YOU JUST LICK IT OFF.

JACK: Gosh, what they won't think of next. Come on, Rochester, you got my face all lathered up...When are you going to shave me?

ROCH: IN JUST A MINUTE...EXCUSE ME.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: (CALLS) OH, MR. WILSON...MR. WILSON.

DON: (OFF) What is it, Rochester?

ROCH: I'M GOING TO SHAVE MR. BENNY NOW.

DON: (OFF) OKAY, I'LL TELL THE BOYS..(YELLS) HEY FELLOWS, ROCHESTER IS GOING TO SHAVE MR. BENNY NOW.

(BAND PLAYS "LOOK SHARP MARCH" ...ABOUT FOUR BARS)

JACK: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: Gosh...since my arranger wrote that tune, he won't let anyone shave without it...How are you doing, Rochester?

BR

ROCH: I'M PRACTICALLY DONE NOW.

DON: Oh say, Jack, ^(man I ---) may I talk to you for a minute?

JACK: Certainly...what is it, Don?

DON: Can we do the dress rehearsal right away? I want to see my dentist before the show goes on the air.

JACK: Wait a minute, Don..how come you made a dental appointment on the day of the broadcast?

DON: It was an emergency...Last night while I was watching television, my wife gave me a sandwich, and I broke a tooth when I bit into a bone.

JACK: A chicken bone?

DON: No, my wife's arm -- she didn't pull it back fast enough.

JACK: Oh, Don...you're joking.

DON: ^(Yeah, I -) (LAUGHINGLY) Yes, I am, Jack..but I did break ^a tooth... And if I don't have it fixed, I'm afraid I won't be able to do the commercial properly on the program.

JACK: ^(They can always) Well Don't let that worry you...The Sportsmen Quartet ~~do~~ do it.

DON: ^{Yeah} I know, and they're across the hall rehearsing with Mahlon Merrick, your arranger.

JACK: Well, come on, I'll go listen to it...I'll be back in a few minutes, Rochester.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, YOU'VE STILL GOT A LITTLE LATHER ON YOUR FACE.

JACK: Don't worry, I'll get it off before the show...Come on, Don.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...)

(ORCHESTRA TUNING UP)

JACK: Hold it, fellows, hold it, ^{Hold it. Where's my arranger?}

(TUNING UP STOPS)

JACK: Oh, Oh, Mahlon.

MAHLON: Yes, Jack?

BR

ATX01 0019951

JACK: How are you getting along with the boys in the band.

MAHLON: Fine,...after all, we're not exactly strangers...I've worked with them for years, ~~and~~ I know how to control them.

JACK: Well, I'm glad someone can control them..the way they carry on, drinking and everything.

MAHLON: Jack, I think you're too hard on them...they're not so bad.

JACK: Oh, they're not...Look at them..Bagby half asleep ^{there too} on ~~the~~ piano...Rice leaning against his bass fiddle to keep from falling down...and look at Remley. ^(I mean) What kind of an instrument is that he's trying to play?

MAHLON: Instrument -- that's a stomach pump.

JACK: Oh for heaven sakes..well, Mahlon, the reason I'm here is I'm wondering whether you can prepare a commercial for the Sportsmen to do on today's program.

MAHLON: Sure..I've got a real catchy tune right here...Hit it, fellows.

(BAND PLAYS "LOOK SHARP" MARCH)

JACK: (INTERRUPTING) Hold it, fellows..hold it, hold it, ^{hold it}.

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: Look, Mahlon,...do you have to play that tune of yours all ^{just because you wrote it} the time...I want the quartet to do the commercial on ~~the~~ today's program...now can you have something ready by air time?

MAHLON: Oh sure, Jack...~~Fact~~ ^{Commercial} Fact, we have one here, and it's all about you and your big blue eyes.

JACK: ^{about me + my eyes} Oh, how sweet...Let's hear it, Mahlon.

MAHLON: Okay...take it, fellows.

BR

QUART: BLUE EYES
SMILING AT ME
NOTHIN' BUT BLUE EYES
DO I SEE
BLUE EYES
NEVER ARE SAD, NEVER SAD
HE'S 39 BUT WE CALL HIM DAD
NEVER SAW A MAN ALWAYS SO GAY
EXCEPT ON THE DAY ~~WE~~ WE GET OUR PAY
WHEN HE TAKES A SWIM THE GIRLIES ALL SCREECH
CAUSE HIS BLOOMERS REACH
CLEAR DOWN TO THE BEACH
BUT YOU KNOW WE'VE FOUND HAPPINESS
WORKING ^{with} ~~FOR~~ BLUE EYES ON CBS
ALL MEN LIKE LUCKIES YOU KNOW

Jack: TAKE A TIP FROM ^{me} ~~FOR~~
Smoke an LS ^{me} ~~me~~ T
~~COULD BE A TIP FROM ME~~

Sports: LUCKIES WHEREVER YOU GO

Jack: BETTER TASTING, TOO
FINE TOBACCO THROUGH AND THROUGH

Sports: LUCKIES ARE TOASTED, IT'S TRUE

Jack: WHEN YOU START TO PUFF
YOU WILL LIKE IT SURE ENOUGH

Sports: LUCKIES ARE ^{lem} ~~THE~~ BETTER, TOO

Jack: MADE OF FINE TOBAC^K

(MORE)

BR

ATX01 0019953

Jack:

QUART: VERY MILD AND THAT'S A FACT
(CONT'D)

Spots LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE BETTER BY FAR

NO OTHER BRAND IS ON A PAR

EVERYONE AGREES THROUGHOUT THE LAND

LUCKIES ARE BEST, THE FAVORITE BRAND

SO BLUE EYES

THEY LIGHT UP WHEN WE SAY LUCKY STRIKE

SO LIGHT UP A LUCKY

THE SMOKE YOU'LL LIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

BR

ATX01 0019954

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ^{thanks -} Well, thanks very much, fellows... And I sure appreciate your dedicating that song to me. Now, Mahlon, I'm going back to my dressing room and see if Dennis has come in yet...Then we can get on with the---Remley, stop licking the lather off my face!...For heaven's sakes...Now wait for me, fellows.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS & CLOSSES)

JACK: (SINGS OVER FOOTSTEPS) There's no business like show business... Da da da da da da.

(SOUND: LIGHT BUMP)

JACK: Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm sorry I bumped into you...

HEARN: That's all---OH, HI YA, RUBE.

JACK: Well, it's my farmer friend from Catsbasas..What are you doing here at the studio?

HEARN: I just appeared on a new quiz program. Take It Or Milk It.

JACK: Oh.

HEARN: But it ain't the first time I've been on radio... A couple of months ago my wife told me she'd like a Bendix on the farm, so I won one and brought it home with me.

JACK: I'll bet that made your wife happy.

HEARN: Nope, I brought home the wrong Bendix--she wanted William. Hee Hee Hee Hee.. Get it?

JACK: I got it, I got it.

HEARN: You ain't the first sucker who fell for that one, Rube.

BH

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JACK: Hmm..Well, what did you win on the quiz program today?
HEARN: A trip to Hawaii...Boy, I'm sure looking forward to seeing
those Hula Dancers in them grass skirts...Only I told
them I didn't want to go till the end of October.
JACK: Why?
HEARN: I wanna be there during Harvest Time.
JACK: Gee, you're full of jokes today. ... Well, I'd better run
along now..I've got to rehearse..See you again.
HEARN: So long, Rube.
JACK: So long.
(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)
JACK: I wonder why he always calls me Rube..Maybe he thinks I'm
Rubirosa....Oh well...

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: BACK SO SOON, MR. BENNY?
JACK: [REDACTED]...Was Dennis Day here...or did he call?
ROCH: NO SIR..
JACK: I wonder where he could be..I better call up his house
and see if he's left yet.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP..CLICKING OF RECEIVER FADING
TO BUZZ BUZZ OF SWITCHBOARD)

BEA: Say, Mable?
SHIRLEY: What is it, Gertrude?
BEA: Mr. Benny's line is flashing.
SHIRLEY: Yeah..I wonder what the Egyptian wants now.
BEA: I'll plug in and find out.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BH

BEA: Yes, Mr. Benny....Okay, I'll ring Dennis's house..What's that?....Oh, I'm sorry, but I have another date tonight. ...I know we'll have a hot time, but I just can't.

(SOUND: PLUG OUT)

SHIRLEY: Did he ask you for a date, Gertrude?

BEA: Not exactly...He wanted me to come over to his house and help him finish the ironing....Well, I better try and get him Dennis Day's house.

(SOUND: PLUG IN..DIALLING SEVERAL TIMES)

SHIRLEY: You know, it's always hard getting back to work after a vacation.

BEA: *Hey*, You said it, Mable...And gee, I had such a wonderful time at Catalina..I became an expert skin diver.

SHIRLEY: Skin diving? Isn't that the sport where you put on an oxygen tank and see how far down in the ocean you can go?

BEA: Yeah, and you also have to put fins on your feet.

SHIRLEY:You needed fins? *(about feet....)*

BEA: Well, look who's *talking* the girl who get twenty dollars an hour for crushing grapes.

SHIRLEY: I'm sorry..no offense was intended...Is that skin diving as exciting as people say it is?

BEA: Yeah..you never can tell what will happen..Once I was down on the ocean floor, and a great big octopus came up behind me and wrapped all of it's eight arms around me.

SHIRLEY: Gosh, were you scared?

BEA: No, I felt like I had a date with the Sportsmen Quartet...

Say, You know, Mable *2 - - -*

(SOUND: BUZZES TWICE)

BH

BEA: Hum..Mr. Benny is so impatient.

(SOUND: PLUG IN)

BEA: There's no answer at Dennis Day's house, Mr. Benny...what?
...But Mr. Benny, I told you before I couldn't come
tonight...Huh?...I don't care if it is Robert Taylor's
shorts, I got a date...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee, that Gertrude's acting independent lately.

ROCH: DID THE OPERATOR REACH DENNIS DAY?

JACK: No, there was no answer at his house...He'll probably
show up soon. Say, Rochester, I gave you the night off..
If you want, ^{to} you can leave now.

ROCH: I CHANGED MY MIND, BOSS...I'M NOT GOING OUT.

JACK: But I thought that you and your friend Roy were going to
the movies?

ROCH: ~~YES~~ BUT NOW HE DOESN'T WANT TO..HE TOLD ME HE DECIDED
TO PLAY PENNY ANTE INSTEAD.

JACK: Well, that doesn't sound very exciting.

ROCH: YOU OUGHT TO SEE ANTE!

JACK: Oh, oh, oh...Well, anyway Rochester, if you want to leave
you ~~can~~ --

DENNIS: ~~Oh~~ Hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Oh, Dennis ^{Dennis}. I was just trying to get you on the phone!

DENNIS: ~~Oh~~ Am I late?

JACK: Not exactly..but I did want to get the rehearsal started
a little earlier than usual.

BH

DENNIS: ^{Well,} I started out for the studio early..but on the way here ^{and}
I saw some people fighting and I tried to stop them. I
^{Sacked}
got ~~hit~~ in the eye twice.

JACK: Well, that's your own fault, Dennis..You shouldn't have
tried to stop them from fighting...It was none of your
business.

DENNIS: Yes, it was...they were my mother and father.

JACK: ^{Well,} ...What caused the argument this time?

DENNIS: ^{Well,} My mother was mad at my father.

JACK: Why, what happened?

DENNIS: They moved away again, and my father told me where.

JACK: Dennis, I can't understand why your mother keeps trying
to lose you...After all, she is your mother.

DENNIS: You wouldn't dare ~~say~~ say that to her face.

JACK: No, I guess not..But Dennis, there's one thing I don't
understand...For fifteen years you've been telling me
about your mother and father fighting.

DENNIS: That's right.

JACK: Well, let me ask you something..How can your father hit
a woman?

DENNIS: He hasn't yet.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: Anyway, Papa has such a glass jaw that sometimes he --

JACK: Look Dennis, ^{get} much as I'd like to discuss the pugilistic
proclivities of yor parents, I think we should ~~go~~ into
the studio and start the rehearsal.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

(SOUND OF BAND TUNING UP)

JACK: Hold it, fellows, hold it... We're going to have our
rehearsal now..but before we do, Dennis wants to sing his
song.

DENNIS: I do?

JACK: Yes, you do...Now go ahead

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

*Dennis: Yeah, hold it, hold it.
Jack: Hold it.*

BH

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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JACK: ~~Don't let's get on with the rehearsal...~~ Let's get on with the rehearsal...and we may as well start with the sketch.

DENNIS: *Oh* What is the sketch we're *going to do?*

JACK: Well, we're going to do our version of that spectacular Twentieth Century Fox Cinemascope Production, "Garden Of Evil", *Dennis: uh huh* which starred Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, and Richard Widmark.....Now I will play the Gary Cooper part, which is the leading role.

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: *(Yes...uh huh)* Yes, naturally. Don, let's rehearse it...set the scene.

DON: Okay...A little mood music, *please* Mahlon...

(BAND PLAYS "LOOK SHARP" SLOW)

JACK: Mahlon...Mahlon...Mahlon...

(BAND STOPS)

JACK: We're going to Mexico, not Madison Square Garden...
Now do what Don Wilson said or he'll bite your arm...
Go ahead.

(MOOD MUSIC PLAYS BACK OF DON'S SPEECH)

DON: IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY, HOARDS OF AMERICANS
MOVED ON TO CALIFORNIA SEEKING GOLD...OUR PLAY CONCERNS
TWO MEN, WHO WERE BOUND FOR THE GOLD FIELDS BY BOAT, BUT
WERE BLOWN OFF THEIR COURSE AND LANDED ON THE COAST OF
LOWER MEXICO.

(MUSIC UP TO CRESCENDO...THEN OUT.)

JACK: (FILTER) MAH NAME IS SLIM COOPER...MAH FRIEND, WILSON
WIDMARK AND I LANDED ON THE COAST OF MEXICO AND FOR TWO
LONG HUNGRY DAYS WE WALKED SEARCHING FOR SIGNS OF
CIVILIZATION...FINALLY WE CAME ACROSS A SLEEPY LITTLE
TOWN CALLED (SNORE)...LATER THIS NAME WAS CHANGED TO
SONORA, MEXICO... TOWN SEEMED DESERTED, BUT I FINALLY
TOOK A CHANCE AND KNOCKED ON A DOOR.

(SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR...PAUSE...THEN CREAKY
DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Buenos dias, senor.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) May we come in?

BEA: Senor, thees ees a very secret place.

JACK: Secret?

BEA: Yes..thees ees Hernando's Hideaway.

JACK: Oh....Tell me..are you Hernando?

BEA: No, Hernando is the cook here.

JACK: Cook? ^{huh?} Oh..then this is a restaurant..What do you have
to eat?

BEA: We serve Chili con carne, frijoles, tacos, guacamole,
tortillas, and mahtzo ball soup.

JACK: Mahtzo ball soup?

BEA: Hernando is only his first name.

JACK: ^{Well} Hmm..Well, we might as well eat here....Come on, Wilson.

BEA: Right thees way to thees table.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS, CHAIRS SCUFFLING AS
PEOPLE SIT IN THEM)

JACK: Say..look at the menu. ^{hey,} they ~~are~~ got everything on it...
Are you hungry, Wilson?

DON: Hungry? I'm so starved I could eat a horse.

JACK: Don't you get tired of the same thing every day? ^(I can understand it if a horse had an arm..) Say,
I've been looking at our waitress..she's kinda cute...
I'm going to try to date her up. (UP) Hey, Senorita.

BEA: Si, Senior?

JACK: How about a date tonight?

BEA: I cannot go out with you, Senor, I am married...
The bartender over there is my husband.

JACK: Your husband, eh? ^{Going over and talk to him.}
(SOUND: ABOUT SIX FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, are you the bartender?

MEL: Si.

JACK: And you're married?

MEL: Si.

JACK: To that ^{guy} ~~guy~~ over there?

MEL: Si.

JACK: What's your name?

MEL: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

MEL: Si.

JACK: Have you any children?

MEL: Seex.

JACK: Seex? What are their names?

MEL: Sol, Sid, Sade, Sam, Sal, and Junior.

JACK: Junior? ^{eh?} That must be Cy.

MEL: S1.

JACK: Well, ^{what's} what's your wife's name?

MEL: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

BEA: S1.

JACK: Well, she's a very nice ^{gal} and --.

DON: (OFF..CALLS) Hey, Slim, the food ^{is in} here.

JACK: Okay, I'm coming.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..SITTING DOWN)

JACK: ^{Hey this food} ~~looks~~ looks good.

DON: Yes, but it needs salt, and there ^{ain't} none on the table.

JACK: ^{no salt eh?} Well, I'll get some..(CALLS) SUE.

BEA: (SLIGHTLY OFF) S1?

JACK: Salt.

BEA: S1..(CALLS) Cy?

MEL: (OFF) S1?

BEA: Salt.

MEL: S1..(CALLS) Sol!

JACK: Never mind!..we'll eat it without salt.

~~MEL: Thank you for stopping us, Senor, that's about all we
could do from here, okay.~~

JACK: (FILTER) WILSON AND I STARTED EATING OUR FOOD IN THE
OPPRESSIVE HEAT OF THE LITTLE RESTAURANT, WHEN SUDDENLY
^{front} THE DOOR OPENED AND SHE WALKED IN..SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL..
FAIR OF FACE, AND SHE HAD A GORGEOUS FIGURE..SHE LOOKED
LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF ESQUIRE..ABOUT JULY..I GOT UP FROM
MY TABLE AND WALKED ACROSS THE ROOM TO HER.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON WOODEN FLOOR GO ON
AND ON AND ON AND ON..AND STOP ON JACK'S
CUE)

JACK: (FILTER) IT WAS REALLY A SMALL ROOM BUT THIS PICTURE WAS IN CINEMASCOPE...SHE BEGAN TO SPEAK.

VEOLA: Someone please help me, please.

JACK: (REG. MIKE) I'll help you, Ma'am..what is it?

VEOLA: It's taken me a long time to get here...I walked for over five days...over mountains..across rivers..through the hot desert..I was even captured by Indians.

JACK: No.

VEOLA: Yes..they held me captive for a while, but when I gave them a handful of beads and a cheap necklace they let me go.

JACK: Stupid Indians...What is it you want?

VEOLA: I need a man to go back with me to where I came from.. I need help back there urgently.

JACK: But Miss..that's a dangerous trip.

VEOLA: I know..so I'm offering a thousand dollars in gold to any man who'll come with me.

JACK: ...Well...

VEOLA: (OOMPHY) Or, if you prefer...I'll give you a great big kiss instead.

JACK: (FILTER) THIS WAS A CHALLENGE TO MY MANHOOD..I DID WHAT ANY OTHER RED-BLOODED MAN WOULD DO. WE LEFT AFTER I DEPOSITED THE MONEY IN THE BANK...AS WE TRAVELLED THROUGH THE DANGEROUS COUNTRY, SHE TOLD ME THE WHOLE STORY..SHE AND HER HUSBAND WERE WORKING A GOLD MINE WHICH COLLAPSED. HER HUSBAND WAS TRAPPED AND SHE COULDN'T GET HIM OUT HERSELF. SHE LEFT HIM FOOD AND WATER AND WENT LOOKING FOR HELP..WHEN WE REACHED THE MINE, HE WAS STILL ALIVE..I SPOKE TO HIM.

JACK: Gee, Pardner, I feel sorry for you...you must have gone through a terrible ordeal.

DENNIS: (BUILDING UP DRAMATICALLY) It was awful..terrible.. eight long days and nights being trapped in here alone.. I didn't mind the pain from my broken leg so much, but it was the loneliness I couldn't stand...THE TERRIBLE, FRIGHTENING LONELINESS..DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT ...NO ONE TO LOOK AT, TO TALK TO...JUST BEING ALONE, ALONE. ALONE...AND THIS MORNING A BIG RATTLESNAKE CRAWLED IN HERE.

JACK: Oh, my goodness, what did you do?

DENNIS: I taught him to play gin rummy.

~~JACK: What?~~

~~(SOUND: QUICK BURST OF RATTLING FROM SNAKE)~~

~~DENNIS: Oh, my goodness, what did you do?~~

JACK: Look, take it easy, ^{pardner} you're out of your mind..I'll try to dig you out.

DENNIS: Not right now, I want to finish this game...GIN!

(SOUND: QUICK BURST OF RATTLING FROM SNAKE)

DENNIS: Ouch! Boy, what a sore loser.

~~(The snake)~~
JACK: The snake bit you!

VEOLA: Oh, do something, do something.

DENNIS: No, it's too late...I'm going fast...Darling, kiss me goodbye.

VEOLA: Yes, dear.

(VEOLA AND DENNIS KISS, BUT NOT TOO LONG)

~~VEOLA~~ ~~Certainly.~~

~~(SHE REMOVES HERSELF FROM THE SCENE)~~

DENNIS: Ooh, do I hate to go....everything is turning black....
Kiss me again.

(VEOLA KISSES DENNIS LONGER)

JACK: Look, die already....Hm....And I ^{had} had to take the leading
role. What a jerk I was.

DENNIS: Naturally.

JACK: (FILTER) A NEW MINUTES LATER HE PASSED ON...IT WAS THEN
THAT HIS WIFE SAID THAT SHE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ME,
SO WE GOT MARRIED...WHAT A SNEAKY WAY FOR HER TO GET
HER THOUSAND DOLLARS BACK.....TRULY THIS IS A GARDEN OF
EVIL.

(APPLAUSE AND PLAYOFF)

(NATIONAL)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a minute to tell you about my television program which goes on immediately after this show....but first, here's the sweetheart of Lucky Strike, Miss Dorothy Collins.

(PACIFIC COAST)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back in a minute to tell you about my television program which goes on at 7 PM tonight over the CBS Television Network.... but first, here's the sweetheart of Lucky Strike, Miss Dorothy Collins.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
OCTOBER 3, 1954

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

That's the Lucky Strike story, pure and simple ...
and why you'll enjoy them. A Lucky tastes better
because it's the cigarette of fine tobacco and it's
toasted to taste better. So, get a carton of
better-tasting Lucky Strike!

DH

ATX01 0019969

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
OCTOBER 3, 1954 #2

-D-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Optional:

TRANSCRIBED:
COLLINS WITH
A CAPELLA
VERSION OF SONG

If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette,

Lucky Strike is the brand to get!

IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet

It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.

DH

ATX01 0019970

(TAG)

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JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, as I mentioned before, tonight I'm doing my first television show of the season... And this year I'll be on TV every other week... and, of course, radio every week... Gee, what hard work... If I didn't stay thirty-nine, I'd never be able to take it... Goodnight, folks, I'm a little old -- I mean a little late.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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

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