

(J.B.N. 4)
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

"as Broadcast"

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Sept. 18, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
 ROCHESTER
 DENNIS DAY
 DON WILSON
 THE SPORTSMEN QUARTET
 MEL BLANC
 IRIS ADRIAN
 SANDRA GOULD
 JOE KEARNS
 BEA BENEDETT
 JEANETTE EYMANN

BR

ATX01 0020052

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

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

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL HIT
PARADERS
VERSION OF
SONG
39 SEC.)

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!

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. You know, that song tells
an important story to smokers. Simply, it's
this: Luckies taste better. First because Lucky
Strike means fine tobacco... and then this fine
tobacco is toasted! Yes, the fine, mild good-
testing tobacco in every Lucky is toasted to taste
even better.

DY

(MORE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

"IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike
process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its
very peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally
good-testing tobacco to make it taste even
better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother.
So next time you buy cigarettes, make it a
carton of better-testing Lucky Strike. Be Happy
-- Go Lucky!

DY

(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, TONIGHT JACK BENNY DOES ANOTHER OF HIS REGULAR T.V. SHOWS OVER THE C.B.S. NETWORK..BUT THIS IS THE HALLOWE'EN SEASON..AND HALLOWE'EN IS SYNONOMOUS WITH FUN WHETHER YOU LIVE IN BEVERLY HILLS, BROOKLYN, SIOUX CITY OR PORTLAND...^{SO} LET'S GO BACK TO LAST YEAR, THE DAY AFTER HALLOWEEN, AND SEE WHAT WENT ON IN THE JACK BENNY HOUSEHOLD.

JACK: Oh, Rochester, Has Don Wilson come over yet?

ROCH: YES, SIR..HE'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE DEN.

JACK: Good..You know, I also called Dennis and told him to be over..is he here?

ROCH: NO, SIR..HE PHONED AND SAID HE'D BE A LI'TTLE LATE.

JACK: That's funny, Dennis is always on time...I wonder what delayed him?

ROCH: HE SAID THAT LAST NIGHT WAS HALLOWE'EN AND SOME KIDS TOOK THE WHEELS OFF HIS BICYCLE.

JACK: Hmm..well, why din't he take the Sunset bus?

ROCH: THEY TOOK THE WHEELS OFF THAT, TOO!

JACK: Well, that's what Dennis gets for living in that kind of a neighborhood...I'm glad the kids around here aren't that rowdy.

BM

ROCH: ME, TOO, BOSS.

JACK: By the way, Rochester..go out and take the bathtub off the front porch and put it back in the house again...Well, what are you waiting for..take the bath tub off the front porch.

ROCH: OKAY, BUT THERE AIN'T MUCH GAS IN THE CAR.

JACK: Gas in the car? What's that got to do with it?

ROCH: THE FRONT PORCH IS IN PASADENA.

JACK: What?

ROCH: AND PASADENA IS IN POMONA.

JACK: , Stop being silly and do what I tell you.

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: I'm going ^{to} the library ^{and} talk to Don.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (SINGS) Shine on, shine on, harvest moon, up in the sky..
I ain't had

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

JACK: Oh oh..I better hide those bicycle wheels, Dennis is liable to get sore...I'll put them in the closet.

(SOUND: CLOSET DOOR OPENS..PAUSE, THEN CLOSES..

FOOTSEPS CONTINUE)

JACK: (SINGS) I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June, or July..La la..Hmm..the other months weren't so good either...Oh well.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Hiya, ^{Don}.

DON: Hello, Jack.

MEL: Hello, Jack, Hello, Jack, (SQUAWK & WHISTLES)

BM

JACK: No no, Polly^{fully}.you're supposed to call me "Daddy".

DON: *how* Wait a minute, Jack...isn't that a 'little silly..having a parrot call you daddy?

JACK: I don't think so, Don..After all, I take care of her, feed her, talk to her, and I was the one who nursed her when she was sick.

DON: Polly was sick?

JACK: Terribly sick.

MEL: (DOES A WEAK, SICKLY SQUAWK)

JACK: No no, ^{no}Polly..you're over it now.

MEL: (HAPPY SQUAWKS)

So cute, isn't she? Or he's cute, I don't know.

JACK: Yes, Don, She was very sick and--

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

Oh, there's the phone.

JACK: I'll get it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello.

DENNIS: *Oh* Hello, Mr. Benny, this is Dennis.

JACK: *Oh*, Hello, Dennis, we're waiting for you. What's taking you so long?

DENNIS: I couldn't get a taxi.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: So my mother's driving me over in her steam roller.

JACK: Your mother?..I thought it was your Uncle Herman that drove the steam roller.

DENNIS: Not anymore.

JACK: Why, what happened?

BM

DENNIS: Well, yesterday something was wrong with the front roller, so he got out to look at it, and some kids played the meanest Hallowe'en trick.

JACK: Dennis, that's terrible...where's your Uncle now?

DENNIS: Well, you know that white line that runs down the middle of Wilshire boulevard?

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: The dark part of it is Uncle Herman.

JACK: ^{Welp} Dennis! ^{Will you} Stop making things up like that. Your uncle passed here this morning.

DENNIS: Didn't he look thin?

JACK: Oh, hang up and get over here, ^{will you?}

DENNIS: Yes sir.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: What a kid...He gets sillier every day...I remember once he called ^{me} up ~~me~~---

MEL: (SERIES OF FRIGHTENED SQUAWKS AND CRYING)

JACK: DON, STOP EATING POLLY'S CRACKERS...FOR HEAVENS SAKES.

DON: I was just picking them up to feed to her.

MEL: (SQUAWK)

DON: ~~me~~ ^{Jack} Jack, how long do perrots live?

JACK: Oh, a long time, Don...some of them live for years and years.

DON: How old is this one?

JACK: Sixty-three...and she's still got all her feathers.

DON: That's more than you can say.

~~JACK: Don, don't be so ~~me~~...Letely you always try to be ~~me~~ are, will~~

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

Will you please.

BR

JACK: Rochester..will you answer ^{the phone} please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: JACK BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO, TELEVISION, AND WILL SELL TWO BICYCLE WHEELS AT RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES.

DENNIS: Hello, Rochester, this is Dennis. Please tell Mr. Benny ---
(TAKE) Hey, what did you say about two bicycle wheels?

ROCH: OH-OH...ME VELLY SOLLY...YOU HAVEE LONG NUMBLA..MAYBE YOU HAVE BLETTER LUCK BY EM BY..SO LONG EGG FOO YUNG.

DENNIS: Lochester, Lochester, I tly talkee to Lochester ~~and~~ allee timee I talkee to Chinee boy.

ROCH: SO SOLLY, NO LOCHESTER..NOBLODY HERE EXCEPT US CHOP SUEYS CHOP CHOP..GLOODBYE PLEASE.

JACK: ROCHESTER, GIVE ME THAT TELEPHONE..Hello, who is this?

DENNIS ^R, Hello, Mr. Benny..this is Dennis, and Rochester said you had a pair of bicycle wheels that---

JACK: So solly long numbla, goodbye.

DENNIS: Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny ..

JACK: Dennis, let's stop this kidding..why aren't you here?

DENNIS: Well, I'm in a music store.. I dropped in to buy a copy of a song I'm going to do on Sunday..It's called "Almost Like Being In Love."

JACK: Oh yes, I heard that song...Does it have a good arrangement?

DENNIS: Oh, it's swell, but what about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Dennis, the song...How does it go?

DENNIS: Do you want me to sing it for you?

JACK: Yes yes.

DENNIS: But what about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Just sing the song, will you please?

DENNIS Okay.

JENNY: What about the bicycle wheels?

JACK: Operator, you keep out of it..Go ahead, Dennis.

(DENNIS'S SONG "ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

BM

(SECOND ROUTINE)

-9-

JACK: ~~Don't, that was really swell.~~ Believe me, kid if you'd only take my advice and stop talking silly all the time, and just sing, you'd really go places.

DENNIS: No I won't.

JACK: Why not?

DENNIS: I've got no wheels on my bicycle.'

JACK: Oh, goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: You know, Don, sometimes I don't know why I waste my time talking to that kid.

DON: Oh, ~~that's~~ ^{Dennis is} okay... ~~that's~~ ^{oh} speaking of wasting time ^{Jack}. I've been here ^{now} nearly a half hour and you still haven't told me ^{what} you wanted me to come over ^{for}.

JACK: Oh yes..Don, it's about the quartet

DON: The Sportsmen?

JACK: Yes, ^{now} I've been thinking this over seriously for quite a long time now, and I've finally made up my mind...I'm going to fire them.

DON: Fire them? But Jack, they're one of the best singing groups in the country.

JACK: I'll admit that...but they never sing what I want them to..They're always singing crazy songs and embarrassing me...They have no respect for me. ~~one~~ The other day when I asked ^{to} practically begged them to do a certain tune -- I think the baritone called me a dirty name.

DON: You think?

JACK: Yes, who knows what "hummmmm mm mmmmm mmmmmmm" means?... And anyway, Don, I want you to come with me to a lawyer because you're the one who's responsible for them.

EA

ATX01 0020061

DON: Jack, you don't have to go to your lawyer.

JACK: Yes, I do...I want him to break their contract.

DON: But you don't have enough reasons to fire them.

JACK: Yes, I have.

DON: But they're wonderful singers, ^{Jack} they're very popular, too..

^{and} They have a lot of fans...In fact, plenty of people tune into your program just to hear them, not you.

JACK: That's another reason...Believe me.

DON: ^{how long,} Jack, don't be hasty..Why don't you give them another chance?

JACK: Well...I don't like to fire people.. ~~Fact~~ Fact, during my entire career in show business I ~~never~~ ^{- I don't think I ever} fired anybody.

DON: ~~Now that's another~~ ^{Well,} what about that bald-headed writer you used to have..you fired him, didn't you?

JACK: No, I didn't..I stopped paying him his salary and after a couple of years he quit..That's all that happened.

DON: Well, his partner didn't quit and he's not with you any more.

JACK: Well, He starved to death..But Don..if I give the Sportsmen another

chance, do you think they'll mend their ways? ^{They'll do something onstead of the way}
DON: ^{Am sure of it Jack, I'm - I'm just} ~~sure~~ sure of it..in fact, I'll talk to them myself. ^{Such crazy songs.}

JACK: ^{Well} All right..then let's forget about it.

DON: ^{I'm just just positive as I can be, in going to} Jack, ~~are~~ you won't regret this..Well, I ~~be~~ be running along.

JACK: Oh..Where are you going? ^{Don?}

DON: ^{oh,} Nowhere in particular..I'll probably drop in ^{to} the drugstore for some lunch.

JACK: Say, I'm ^{kinda} hungry, too..... ~~Maybe we can have some~~...
(CALLS) OH, ROCHESTER.

ROCH: (COMING IN) YES, MR. BENNY.

JACK: Mr. Wilson and I would like a little lunch.'

ROCH: I'M SORRY, I CAN'T MAKE ANYTHING..THE GAS IS STILL TURNED OFF.

JACK: Oh yes..you can turn it back on again now, Rochester.

DON: When was the gas turned off, Jack?

JACK: Oh, a few weeks ago..It's turned off every year at that time.

DON: That's peculiar..Who turns it off?

ROCH: I DO..THAT'S WHEN THE REVIEWS ON MR. BENNY'S FIRST PROGRAMS
COME OUT AND I TAKE NO CHANCES.

JACK: Look, Rochester..you can turn it back on again. *Love it,* Mr. Wilson
and I are going to have lunch at the drug store..Come on, Don.

DON: Okay, Jack.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

DON: Well, ^{Jack,} here's the drug store.

this is a good place to eat at
JACK: ~~Yes,~~ Come on, let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..TINKLY BELL.)

JACK: Hmm, all the tables ~~are~~ ^{seem to be} taken..Let's get those two stools
at the end of the counter.

DON: But there are two right here, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes...I'll see if we can have them.

JACK: Oh, waitress..waitress.

IRIS: Whadda ya want, Mac?

JACK: Are these two stools available?

IRIS: No, they're reserved for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

JACK: ~~Um,~~ Come on, Don, let's sit down.

IRIS: Whadda ya wanna eat?

JACK: *Well,* I haven't made up my mind yet...better take my friend's
order first. What'll you have, Don?

DON: I can't make my mind up either.

GH

JACK: Miss, ^{maybe} we better look at a menu..Have you got a menu?

IRIS: Here.

JACK: Now let me see.

IRIS: Don't bend it, it's the only one we got.

JACK: Look, I'm not --

IRIS: And stop drooling ~~it~~, there's nothing on ~~it~~ that good!

JACK: ~~it~~..Look, Miss, all I want is a chicken sandwich.

DON: I'll have the same.

IRIS: Okay, I'll be back with the grub in a minute.

DON: You know, Jack, I ^{just} can't understand how a girl like her can hold a job here.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Don..don't be ~~too~~ ^{too} hard on her. ^{You know} She's had a tough time of it...Do you know that she used to be a big star on Broadway.

DON: Really?

JACK: ~~Yes~~ ^{Yup...}..for three years she played the title role in The Voice of The Turtle...~~Say Don~~ ^{This way ahead keeps coming in + out all the time. What will you have, you know}

DON: Why?

JACK: I thought maybe we'd drop over at the Cinegrill at the Roosevelt Hotel and see Frankie Remley and his orchestra.

DON: Oh yes ..How does Remley look leading the band?

JACK: Well, ~~lying~~ ^{lying} there on the floor with his baton, he looks like a happy dachshund wagging his tail...Anyway, we must go over there and--

DON: Oh, excuse me a minute, Jack. ^{excuse me} The Sportsmen are sitting over there

JACK: ^(The quartet?) Where?

GH

DON: *Yeah*, Over ^{there} in the corner. I want to talk to them a minute.

JACK: Well, remember, Don, ^(will you) give them a warning about what I said.

DON: I'll talk to them about it.

(They drive me nuts) (SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF)

JACK: (SINGS) Shine on, shine on; harvest moon..up in the sky..

IRIS: Hey, Mac, you want milk to drink with your sandwich, don't you?

JACK: *Yeah* ..how did you know?

IRIS: Our coffee would knock you ^{right} off that stool.

JACK: All right, all right..just bring the milk.

DON: (SLIGHTLY OFF) ^{now} Fellows, please..do yourselves a favor... take my advice..don't sing that song for Jack..(COMING CLOSER)....This is neither the time nor the place.

Jack! Oh, here he comes with that quartet. (SOUND: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

DON: *Jack* (ON) Fellows..I'm telling you...for your own good.

JACK: What's the matter, ^{now} Don?

DON: They want to sing a new number for you.

JACK: Here! In the drug store..I should say not..It would be embarrassing.

DON: I told you, fellows.

JACK: You see, Don, they won't listen to anybody...That's why I want to fire them.

DON: But Jack, they claim that this is a very beautiful song.

JACK: I don't care ^{how} beautiful it is - - - -

DON: Boys, he's mad at you anyway... ^{now} you better not do anything.

JACK: Don..Don..will you keep those - - - -

DON: Boys, hold it..hold it, hold it, boys.

Jack! Don, will you keep them from singing.

QUART: HEY HONEY, DING DONG A-LANG A-LANG A-LANG *Jack: See, this is why I want to fire them.*
(Jack: Sha Boom)
TRA LA SHA BOOM DE A BA DO BA DO

MARTY: LIFE COULD BE A DREAM SHA BOOM
IF I COULD TAKE YOU UP IN PARADISE ~~PARADISE~~ *above*
SHA BOOM *Jack: Sha Boom.*
IF YOU ~~TELL~~ *would* TELL ME I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT YOU LOVE

Jack: LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART.
What happened to Sha Boom?

QUART: HELLO, HELLO AGAIN, *Sha Boom*
AND HOPING WE'LL MEET AGAIN

~~LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART.~~

MARTY: OH LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SHA BOOM *Jack: Sha Boom I'd like to know what Sha Boom means.*
IF ONLY ALL MY PRECIOUS PLANS WOULD COME TRUE, *what Sha Boom means.*
SHA BOOM.

IF YOU WOULD LET ME SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE ~~WITH~~ YOU
LIFE ~~WOULD~~ *Jack: Sha Boom* BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART. *Jack: Sweetheart*

QUART: HELLO HELLO, AGAIN SHA BOOM *Don, you gotta do something about these guys!*
AND HOPING WE'LL MEET AGAIN
COULD BE I'M DREAMING, SWEETHEART.

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT YOU

SOMETHING IS ON MY MIND

YA DA DA DA DOO

IF YOU DO WHAT I WANT YOU TO *do*

BABY WE ~~WOULD~~ *o* BE SO FINE ~~BE SO FINE~~ *Jack: Right here on the delegate so embarrassing!*

LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SHA BOOM

IF I COULD TAKE YOU UP TO PARADISE UP ABOVE *I gotta fire them.*

SHA BOOM

DY

(MORE)

(QUARTET CONTINUED)

If you would tell me I'm the only one of my
LIFE COULD BE A DREAM, SWEETHEART. SWEET HEART

SHA BOOM DA BOO DA BOOM DA BOOM SHA BOOM
Jack: The only thing I understand is "Sweetheart"
SWEETHEART, SHA BOOM DA BOO DA BOOM SHA BOOM *Don.*

SHA BOOM

LSSSS DASH MFT SHA BOOM SHA BOOM *Jack: Now look at*
PUFF ON A LUCKY AND YOU WILL AGREE *fellas, we're in*
the drug store.

SHA BOOM BOOM BOOM SHA BOOM

MR. BENNY SHA SHA SHA ~~██████████~~

LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO

YOU'LL GET BETTER TASTE IN LUCKIES

THAT'S A FACT, YEAH!

LUCKY STRIKES ARE TOASTED

A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE

BA BA BA BA BA BA BETTER TASTING

SHA BOOM SHA BOOM

LSSSS DASH MFT SHA BOOM SHA BOOM

PUFF ON A LUCKY AND YOU WILL AGREE

SHA BOOM BOOM BOOM SHA BOOM

MR. BENNY SHA SHA SHA BOOM ~~██████████~~

LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF LIGHT AND FINE TOBACCO

YOU'LL GET BETTER TASTE IN LUCKIES

THAT'S A FACT, YEAH!

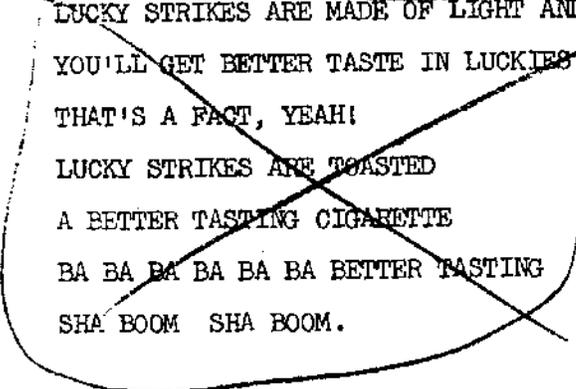
LUCKY STRIKES ARE TOASTED

A BETTER TASTING CIGARETTE

BA BA BA BA BA BA BETTER TASTING

SHA BOOM SHA BOOM.

Jack: Fellas, please!
Fellas, everybody's
looking at us in the
drug store, fellas
we're in the drug
store - Don I told you!
Fellas, we're in
the drug store!
People are not
eating. Wait a
minute - Boys,
wait a minute,
wait a minute, wait
a minute.



DY

(THIRD ROUTINE)

-14-

JACK: ^{now Don} That does it! ^{Don... that's} ~~the~~ the last straw... ~~the~~, I warned you
that if they ~~do~~ ^{do} ---

DON: But Jack, I tried ~~to~~ ^{to} ---

JACK: ^(Sha Boom - I want no) ~~the~~... I was a nice guy ~~and~~ gave them another chance..

DON: Jack, ^{now} if you'd only --

JACK: I don't want to hear any more about it! ^{now} I'm going to call a
lawyer right now and we'll go over there and see if I can
break my contract with ~~the~~ ^{that} quartet. ^{now} Come on, Don.

(LEGAL TRANSITION MUSIC) Jack: Sha Boom.

JACK: ^(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN HALL..STOP) ~~Sweetest thing~~ ^{I've ever heard in my life.}

DON: Is this the lawyer's office, Jack?

JACK: Yeah...Joseph S. Kearns, Attorney at Law..Let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Pardon me, Miss, I'd like to see Mr. Kearns.

SANDY: (BROOKLYN DAME) Do you have an apperntment?

JACK: ^(+ was better with Sha Boom.) Well, I ~~do~~ what? ~~what~~ ^{what} did you say?

SANDY: Do you have an apprntment?

JACK: Yes, I have an appointment.

SANDY: What?

JACK: I said I have an appointment.

SANDY: What?

JACK: An apperntment.

SANDY: Oh, go right in.

JACK: ~~the~~ ^{Sha Boom}.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

GH

ATX01 0020068

KEARNS: (ON PHONE) Now look, Mr. Smith, I'm a busy man..I can't stay on this phone all day. I told you I won't settle this case for less than fifty thousand dollars. I'm sorry, Mr. Smith. ^{Well,} That's up to you, Mr. Smith. Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: ^{Oh,} Hello, Mr. Kearns.

KEARNS: How do you do, Mr. Smith.

JACK: No no, ^(the name is) Benny. ~~Jack~~ Benny.

KEARNS: Oh, yes yes..please forgive me, It's just that I've been so busy lately and have so many things on my mind.

JACK: ^{Oh,} I understand, Mr. Kearns...I'd like you to meet Don Wilson.

KEARNS: ^{Oh,} How do you do, Mr. Wilson.

DON: How do you do.

KEARNS: Er..haven't we met before?

DON: I don't think so.

KEARNS: That's funny, your name is so familiar. ^{Keeps running} through my mind..Smith, Smith, Smith.

JACK: No no, his name is Wilson.

KEARNS: Oh, yes yes..how stupid of me, your name is Smith.

JACK: No ^{look it}, Smith was on the telephone.

KEARNS: What happened to Benny?

^{You know, she ~~Benny~~ wasn't back}
JACK: ^{look} I'm Benny, Jack Benny.

KEARNS: Oh yes. Now, what can I do for you?

JACK: Well, Mr. Kearns, what I came to see you about --

(SOUND: BUZZER)

KEARNS: ^{Oh,} Pardon me.

JACK: ^{yes} (SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

KEARNS: Yes? ^{Oh,} Oh..well, send them right in.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

GH

KEARNS: This won't take long. It seems to be very urgent..A domestic case.

(SOUND: LOUD KNOCK ON DOOR)

KEARNS: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MEL: Mr. Kearns, I want ---

BEA: I'LL DO THE TALKING AND YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT.

MEL: MY BIG MOUTH..YOUR LIPS COULD BE STRETCHED OVER A PIANO STOOL.

KEARNS: Now now, we can settle this without harsh words.

BEA: THAT'S OKAY WITH ME. I WANNA DIVORCE THIS JERK.

KEARNS: Very well, but you'll need grounds.

BEA: IF I HAD THAT, I'D BURY HIM.

MEL: OH, YEAH?

BEA: YEAH.

KEARNS: Please..please..let's not resort to that. What are your names again?

BEA & MEL: MR. AND MRS. KRAUSMEYER.

KEARNS: Very well, I'll file the application..Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

KEARNS: Now getting back to you. What did you come to see me about?

DON: Well, you see--

JACK: Wait a minute, Don, I'll tell him...Mr. Kearns, as I started to say --

KEARNS: Oh yes, I remember, You two wanted a divorce.

JACK: No no, that's Krousmeyer.

KEARNS: Of course, of course..I had you confused with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson who just left.

DON: I'm Mr. Wilson.

GH

KEARNS: Oh, yes yes, then you're Mr. Kreusmeyer.

JACK: ~~No~~, No, I'm Smith--I mean, Benny: *Oh Benny.*

KEARNS: Oh yes.. *(Jack: maybe)* Benny Wilson. Now what's on your mind?

JACK: Well, I've got a quartet on my radio program and I ~~want~~ *sd like*
to break their contract. *now* Here it is. *will you just look*

KEARNS: *yes* Umm, *over it?* it looks like an iron-cled agreement...but...I've
a very clever idea.

JACK: You can break the contract?

KEARNS: Not only that... but with my idea I can ~~make~~ *make* them refund all
your money.

JACK: All my money? *How how...* tell me tell me.

DON: Jack, he can't talk, let go of his collar.

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry.

KEARNS: All you have to do is

(SOUND: BUZZER)

KEARNS: *ch* Excuse me.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

KEARNS: Yes?... What? *aa* Good, good..send them in.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

KEARNS: It's that couple who were just in here for a divorce.
Mr. and Mrs. Kearns.

JACK: ~~no~~ Your name is Kearns.

KEARNS: ~~o~~ I mean Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

DON: Their name is Kreusmeyer.

KEARNS: Oh yes..Thank you, Mr. Smith.

JACK: Hmm.

RF

DON: ~~Jack~~, Jack, isn't this the lawyer who pleaded a case and got the jury so confused ^{that} they sent the judge up for twenty years?

KEARNS: Oh, so you read about it, Huh?

JACK: Read about it! I thought he made up a joke...for heavens sakes.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

KEARNS: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: Come, dollface, carry me over the threshold.

MEL: No, lover, you carry me..you're stronger.

BEA: Okey..ups-a-deisy.

MEL: Whoops, not so high, I'll get a nose bleed.

KEARNS: ^{Oh} Come come, I'm a busy man, are you sure your minds are made up?

BEA: ^{Yeah} Me and Porfirio don't want ~~a~~ ^a divorce. ^{Jack: Shall we go}

KEARNS: ^{Fine Fine} Fine Fine, I won't file the application..and good luck to ^{back to the room and about over} ~~again?~~ ^{Somebody} ^{has a line in} ^{are someplace.} both of you.

MEL & BEA: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

KEARNS: Now where were we?

JACK: Now please ^{look} please, ~~let's not waste any more time.~~ ^{let's not} Benny's the name. Jack Benny. This is Mr. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Kreusmeyer just left, you're Kearns, and Smith was on the phone. Now tell me, Mr. Kearns, you said you knew how to break the contract with my quartet. ^{new} How are you going to do it?

KEARNS: Now let's see..Since you're suing them for fifty thousand dollars, we can --

RF

JACK: I'm not suing them for fifty thousand dollars!

KEARNS: Oh yes, that was Kreusmeyer.

JACK: That was Smith on the phone!

KEARNS: Well, what are you doing here?

JACK: I don't remember...all I know is I had an appointment. ~~an~~ appointment.

KEARNS: Oh yes..you come in here about a quartet.. I remember now.. you came in with this man here..Mister..er..Mieter..er..

DON: Eglebottom.

JACK: Don...^{now} ~~there~~, Mr. Kearns...^(Mr. Kearns about my quartet) about my quartet, you've got to break that contract ^{now} here it is on your desk.

KEARNS: Oh, that one. I'm sorry, but that contract is unbreakable. You haven't got a chance. So I advise you, see a lawyer ---

(SOUND: BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: ^{Oh}, Now what.

KEARNS: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BEA: I'M GONNA DIVORCE YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, YOU SPONGEHEAD!

MEL: THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU. AFTER WE LEFT HERE, I CARRIED YOU ALL THE WAY DOWN THE HALL SO YOU WOULDN'T TIRE YOUR BIG FLAT FEET.

BEA: WELL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DROP ME DOWN THAT LAUNDRY CHUTE.

JACK ^{Rock}, I don't mean to get into this..but..we're on the twelfth floor..and you dropped your wife down the laundry chute?

BEA: I HIT BOTTOM LIKE A SACK OF WET WASH!

MEL: WITH YOUR SHAPE, HOW ELSE COULD YOU HIT?

RF

BEA: , MR. KEARNS.---

KEARNS: I've got the applications right here.

BEA: GOOD, WE'LL SEE YOU IN COURT..GOODBYE.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Gee..that's a shame.. they're such a nice couple.

KEARNS: Oh, I wouldn't worry about them..this has been going on for twenty years..They'll get back together..But I am

worried about the children

You mean they've been fighting for 20 years? They have

JACK: Children?

KEARNS: *Oh,* Yes..that's the tragedy of divorce..who's going to take care of the little ones?

JACK: Hmm..and I think I have troubles...Mr. Kearns, I'm glad I dropped into your office today. ~~I~~ got a big home..a butler..a swimming pool. And I'm going to do something that'll make me happy, too. I'm going to have their children come home and live with me until their parents make up their minds.

DON: Gosh, that's the noblest thing you've ever done, Mr. Kreusmeyer.

KEARNS: Yes, it's a wonderful thing..and from now on the children are your responsibility.

JACK: *Well,* Good good.

KEARNS: And the children are here..right in the next office.

JACK: , *May* I see the little rascals now?

KEARNS: *Oh,* You certainly may. Go right in.

JACK: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: You...you're the children?

RF

QUART: HMMMMMM.
 JACK: Oh, for goodness sakes.
 DON: JACK, DON'T STAND THERE, LET'S RUN.
 JACK: I CAN'T LEAVE NOW, I'M THEIR MOTHER.
 QUART: M IS FOR THE MILLION THINGS YOU GAVE US. JACK: Oh quiet!
 O MEANS ONLY THAT YOU'RE GROWING OLD.
 JACK: I'M NOT GROWING OLD...Come on, Don, let's go.
 APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

Quart: Sha boom, Sha Boom
 Ka da da da da da da da da
 Sha Boom, Sha Boom
 Da da da da da da da da da
 Sha Boom Boom Boom
 Boom Boom

Jack: Oh for goodness
 sakes.
 Oh for heaven's
 sakes, Come
 on, Don, let's go.

Mr. B

Jack: Sha Boom

(Applause + music)

RF

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #6
OCTOBER 31, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show that goes on immediately after this program on the CBS Network, But first I'd like to say something important to you cigarette smokers.

Jack will be back in just a minute, to tell you about his television show that goes on at seven o'clock over the CBS Television Network, but first, I'd like to say something important to you cigarette smokers. When you light up a Lucky, you can be sure you'll get the better taste you want. That's because a Lucky is toasted to taste better. Of course, the beginning of better taste is fine tobacco. IS/MFT - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then ... IT'S TOASTED! That's the famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones it up to make this naturally good-tasting tobacco taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Yes, that's why Luckies taste better. It's the cigarette of fine tobacco and It's Toasted! So remember ...

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL HIT
PARADES
VERSION OF
SONG -- 39
SEC.)

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.

BM

ATX01 0020076

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #6
OCTOBER 31, 1954
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-D-

(TRANSCRIBED:
FULL HIT
PARADES
VERSION OF
SONG -- 39
SEC.)
CONT'D.

They take fine tobacco, it's light 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!

EM

ATX01 0020077

(TAG)

(SOUND: KEY IN DOOR..DOOR OPENS)

JACK: I'm back, Rochester.

ROCH: OH HELLO, MR. BENNY...HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR CHICKEN SANDWICH AT THE DRUGSTORE?

JACK: Well, it was -- wait a minute, Rochester..How did you know I had a chicken sandwich--I might have had a hamburger.

ROCH: NO NO, BOSS..IF YOU HAD A HAMBURGER, IT WOULD BE KETCHUP.. YOU'VE GOT MAYONNAISE ON YOUR TIE.

JACK: Hmm...Look at that.. a perfectly good tie ruined.

ROCH: YEAH, AND THAT WAS YOUR LAST GOOD ONE...YOU BETTER GO OUT AND BUY YOURSELF SOME NEW TIES.

JACK: Neh, I'll wait..I'm going to get four of them next Mother's Day...Goodnight, Rochester..Goodnight folks, see you in a little while on my television show.

(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

Jack: Ladies + gentlemen I was going to tell you about my television show, but was a little late, so tune in and watch it. Goodnight, folks.

(applause + music)

RF