

(J.B.N. #5)
PROGRAM #8
REVISED SCRIPT

"As Broadcast"

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1954 CBS 4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Sept. 19, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
 MARY LIVINGSTON
 ROCHESTER
 DENNIS DAY
 BOB CROSBY
 DON WILSON
 SPORTSMAN QUARTET
 MEL BLANC
 BENNY RUBIN
 LOIS CROBETT

RF

ATX01 0020106

-A-

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM"

7:00 - 7:30 PM EST

SET #5

SUNDAY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(old set 5)

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,
COLLINS AND
FULL CALYPSO Lucky Strike is the brand to get! ..
VERSION OF
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 TOATED,
because the toasting brings the flevor
right through.

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

(MORE)

RF

ATX01 0020107

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON: This is Don Wilson, friends. That version of the Lucky Strike song Dorothy Collins just sang may be different in tempo, but the story is still the same. A Lucky tastes better because ... IT'S TOASTED to taste better. You see, better taste starts with fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. LS/MFT -- Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! And then, that tobacco is toasted. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process that brings Luckies fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better ... Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So friends, remember that next time you buy cigarettes. And Be Happy -- Go Lucky!

RF

ATX01 0020108

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 T.V. SHOW BUT MEANWHILE WE HAVE A RADIO PROGRAM TO DO. AND IN PRESENTING THE STAR OF OUR SHOW, IT IS WITH DEEPEST RESPECT THAT I GIVE YOU THE DEAN OF AMERICAN COMEDY.

JACK: (PLEASED) Well!

DON: A MAN WHO, LIKE THE TIDE, KEEPS ROLLING ALONG MONTH AFTER MONTH, YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT...WHO, DESPITE THE WEARING OF THE ELEMENTS AND THE RAVAGES OF TIME...

JACK: Don, I'm fit as a fiddle.

DON: WHO, LIKE AN ANTIQUATED STRADIVARIUS...ONLY GAINS IN QUALITY THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

JACK: ~~Don~~...Don, I'm young at heart.

DON: AND ~~he~~^{who}, ALTHOUGH FAILING IN MEMORY...MANAGES TO FIND HIS WAY HERE EVERY WEEK...AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is Methuselah Benny talking...And Don, what got into you? After an introduction like that, the people won't know whether to expect jokes or organ music...So watch it from now *on will you?*

DON: Well Jack, you have been around for quite a while.

LW

JACK: That's true, but it so happens when I started in radio in ¹⁹³² ~~1931~~, I was still in my teens.

DON: What are you talking about? I knew you then and you had gray hair.

JACK: I was born with gray hair...I was worried about the doctor bill...And, Don, here's an amazing coincidence...if you read it in a story, you wouldn't believe it...after all these years who do you think is sitting in the audience this very moment?

DON: The doctor?

JACK: No, his lawyer...the case comes up in court Wednesday...Anyway Don, we've got a show to do, so ~~don't forget~~...from now on, forget about my age...I feel fine, I've got lots of pep and I have all my faculties -- oh, hello, Mary.

BOB: I'm Bob.

JACK: Huh? Oh, Bob...Bob Crosby...Gee, what made me think you were Mary?

BOB: I don't know, you've got your glasses on...both pair.

JACK: ~~Now~~ Now Bob, don't you start in, too.

BOB: I was only kidding...^{Really,} ~~by the way, Jack,~~ I meant to ask you at rehearsal, ^{okay} do you have a ticket for next week's broadcast?

JACK: For next Sunday?

BOB: ^{well,} ~~it's~~ it's not for me...it's for my brother Bing.

JACK: Oh, Bing wants to come to ^{the} ~~show~~ show?

BOB ^{but} Well, No, I'd just like to give him a ticket.

JACK: Why?

BOB ^{well,} It's his birthday and he's got everything else...

JACK: ^{Well, Bob, can't identify} ~~So~~...So Bing's going to have a birthday...how old is ~~he~~ ^{Bing?} Bing?

BOB: Well, last year he was thirty-nine, so this year he must be forty.

1- JACK: ^{what} Why? Is he an eager beaver or something?...Anyway, Bob, wish him a Happy Birthday.

BOB: Okay, *Sick*

DENNIS: *well,* Isn't anybody *here* going to say hello to me?

JACK: *Oh,* Dennis! When did you come in?

DENNIS: *Oh,* I've been here all the time...I was standing behind Don Wilson's right leg.

JACK: Oh, oh...Well, kid, what did you want last night? Rochester told me you called the house when I was out.

DENNIS: Yeah, I tried to get you two or three times. I wanted to tell you about that raffle ticket I bought last month.

JACK: Raffle?

DENNIS: Yeah...remember, you tried to talk me out of it. You said it sounded like a phony deal.

JACK: Well, it did.

DENNIS: You and your advice. Boy, am I glad I didn't listen to you. They held the drawing last night and I won first prize.

JACK: First prize...no kidding, Dennis...what *did* you get?

DENNIS: Four glorious weeks at the North Pole.

JACK: What?

DENNIS: And all the blubber I can eat.

JACK: Dennis...

DENNIS: And my igloo painted inside and out.

JACK: ~~Oh, for heavens sake~~...Dennis, who goes to the North Pole? You'll be all alone there.

LF

DENNIS: Not if I can find last year's winner.

JACK: ~~Dennis...~~ ^{Dennis...} ~~look at me.~~ ^{used you used you} look me in the eye.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Now tell me...how could you possibly fall for a thing like this?

DENNIS: ^{Well,} What do you mean?

JACK: Well, this whole raffle is obviously a fraud. You might just as well have come in here and told me you won the La Brea Tar Pits.

DENNIS: ^{Oh} That was second prize.

JACK: Dennis ... Dennis ...

DENNIS: Can I stop looking at you now?

JACK: Yes; ~~and~~ you can stop talking to me, too. I don't know, Dennis, you've got a brain there somewhere, why don't you try using it for a change?

DENNIS: Oh, I suppose it doesn't take brains to sing a song?

JACK: Not necessarily...Crickets can sing, and they don't have any brains.

DON: ^{Oh} Pardon me, Jack. Crickets don't exactly sing...Their song comes from rubbing their hind legs together.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: ^{Hey,} I'll have to try that some time!

JACK: Do, ^{that} ~~Dennis~~...and let me know how it comes out...^{used you} Meanwhile, let's have your song in the old fashioned way.

DENNIS: Okay.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ^{Oh} Hold it a second, Dennis.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

LF

JACK: Hello...What?...You've got a slight hangover and you'll be a little late getting here for the broadcast?...But Phil, you've been off my show for years!...Huh? ^{Well,} Of course, I'm sure... Look, if you don't believe me, ask Alice... Alice, Alice, she's your wife...Okay, ^{this} be careful getting home...What? Yeah, yeah, we're still selling plenty of Jello. ^{yes, yes...} Goodbye.

(SOUND: REVEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That Phil...he's always so confused...Oh, well...go ahead and sing, Dennis.

DENNIS: With my legs or my tonsils?

JACK: With your tonsils...forget that cricket.

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

(APPLAUSE)

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

(APPLAUSE)

LF

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: That was Dennis Day singing "Almost Like Being In Love" ...
and Dennis, I must say it sounded a lot better than a
cricket rubbing his legs together.

DENNIS: To you, but not to another cricket.

JACK: Gee, I never thought of that.

MARY: Hello, everybody.

JACK: Oh hello, Mary.

MARY: Jack, I'm sorry I'm late, but I went to a wedding.

JACK: A wedding? This afternoon?

MARY: Yes..one of my old girl friends at the May Company got
married. In fact, she's worked there in the gift department
for thirty years.

JACK: How nice..and now she got married *RA?*

MARY: Yeah..but Jack, the funniest thing happened.

JACK: What?

MARY: When the groom handed her the ring, she wrapped it up.

JACK: No!

MARY: Yeah..then when he carried her across the threshold, she
said, "Thank you, call again".

Hey, you're pretty good.
JACK: Well, how do you like that..You know, Mary --

(SOUND: TWO BOARDS RUBBED TOGETHER)

MARY: What's that?

JACK: What?

(SOUND: TWO BOARDS RUBBED TOGETHER)

MARY: That.

JACK: Oh, that's Dennis in the corner. He's trying to sing like a
cricket.

MARY: What?

GH

JACK: It's a long story, you wouldn't understand..And if you did understand it, you wouldn't like it....And if you did like it, I wouldn't like you.

MARY: All right, all right...Say, Don, I saw you and your wife at the Coconut Grove Thursday night. Was that your anniversary?

DON: Yes, Mary...so I thought it ^{id} ~~was~~ ^{sata} be nice for the little woman and ^{me} to celebrate with ^a dinner and a show.

MARY: Well, you certainly made a lovely couple..And Don, you were simply beaming I've never seen you look happier.

DON: (DREAMILY) Yeah....that steak was four inches thick ... But I'm glad you reminded me, Mary, because I wanted to thank all of you for the gifts you sent us.

JACK: (I was wondering when he'd get around to that.)

DON: Mary, that Lazy Susan you sent made a big hit with the little woman.

MARY: I'm glad she liked it, Don.

DON: And Bob and Dennis, that Hoover Vacuum Cleaner is just what we needed.

JACK: How'd you like my present, Don?

DON: Oh, it was beautiful, Jack..I haven't seen any of those in a long time.

JACK: Well, it was no easy job getting it, I had to shop all over.

BOB: What did he give you, Don?

DON: A lovely bowl of wax fruit.

JACK: Yes, sir.

MARY: I never saw anybody like you, Jack..You always give the oldest, corniest presents.

JACK: Is that so?

GH

MARY: Last year on my birthday, you sent me a bustle.

JACK: But it was full of chocolates, don't forget that...~~that~~
Supposed to be a novelty. I spent a dollar and a half a
pound for that bustle and she's complaining.

MARY: Well, what good is candy after you sit on it?

JACK: You weren't supposed to sit on it..It's your fault.

MARY: Hard centers yet.

JACK: Now Mary, forget it...Anyway, Don liked the gift I sent him.
He said it was lovely.

DON: ~~■~~ Sure was, Jack..But I meant to tell you something about
that bowl of fruit..one of the bananas doesn't light up.

JACK: It doesn't?

DON: No.

JACK: ~~He~~ That's funny..it looked like such a good bunch.

BOB: ~~Say~~ Don, you have so many friends, you must've gotten quite a
haul, ~~huh?~~

DON: Yes, and say, kids, we haven't put the gifts away yet. Why

~~Don't you all come out to the house and take a look at 'em?~~
~~Don't you all come out to the house and take a look at 'em?~~ *Oh, Don, not now, that would be*
JACK: ~~Now?~~ ~~Don't you all come out to the house and take a look at 'em?~~ ~~Don't you all come out to the house and take a look at 'em?~~
barging in on your wife without any notice or anything.

DON: ~~Oh~~, It's no imposition at all. Lois would love to have you.

JACK: But Don, ~~Don~~, don't you think you ought to call your wife up
and let her know we're coming?...You know, barging in like
this with a whole gang of people--

DON: No, No, Jack, the little woman won't mind..She's a peach!

~~You sure?~~ ~~Don~~ Well, all right. ~~Don~~ Come on, everyone, let's go!

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: ~~Oh~~, Wait a minute.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

GH

JACK: Hello.

ROCH: HELLO, MR. BENNY, THIS IS ROCHESTER.

JACK: Rochester, I haven't got time to talk to you now...we're on our way to the valley.

ROCH: WELL, I JUST WANTED TO DISCUSS MY DUTIES FOR TODAY.

JACK: What duties? All I asked you to do was clean the attic.

ROCH: THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO DISCUSS...I'M UP THERE NOW AND I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE IT.

JACK: Why not?

ROCH: YOU SHOULD SEE THE ATTIC. IT'S FULL OF COBWEBS, LAYERS OF DUST, BIG BLACK SPIDERS AND UGLY BATS HANGING FROM THE CEILING.

JACK: Well, what else did you expect to find?

ROCH: THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

JACK: Oh, it's not that bad...now get to work.

ROCH: BUT BOSS, THIS ATTIC IS LOADED WITH MICE.

JACK: So what? A little mouse couldn't hurt you.

ROCH: LITTLE! ONE OF THEM'S GOT A SADDLE ON IT.

JACK: Now, Rochester, it's no use complaining. You're going to have to clean up that attic sooner or later so get rid of everything I don't need.

ROCH: OKAY...I'LL THROW OUT THIS ^{old} TRUNK ~~TRUNK~~ OF MAGAZINES...

JACK: Yeah.

ROCH: AND THIS OLD PHONOGRAPH.

JACK: Good, *Good*.

DW

ATX01 0020117

ROCH: NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS OLD SPINNING WHEEL?

JACK: Well...I don't think we'll be needing it.

ROCH: OKAY, I'LL ALSO GET RID OF THIS TUXEDO OF YOURS.

JACK: Wait a minute, Rochester...I paid a lot of money for that tuxedo.

ROCH: YEAH, BUT THAT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

JACK: What's the difference? Can't I wear it again?

ROCH: ONLY IF WE KEEP THE SPINNING WHEEL.

JACK: Oh...Well, all right, you can throw the tuxedo out, too...but make sure I didn't leave any money in the pockets.

ROCH: OH BOSS, COME NOW!

JACK: ~~Well~~...Well look, Rochester, I've got to get going so just use your judgement.

ROCH: YES, SIR...OH-OH.

JACK: What's the matter?

ROCH: BOSS, WE MUST'VE HAD PROWLERS.

JACK: Why?

ROCH: WELL, SOMETHING YOU KEPT UP HERE FOR YEARS IS MISSING.

JACK: What's missing?

ROCH: THAT OLD BOWL OF FRUIT WITH THE BANANAS THAT LIGHT UP.

JACK: Well, don't worry...I'm sure it'll turn up somewhere...So long, Rochester.

DW

ROCH: GOOOOOOOOBYE.

(SCUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: That Rochester has to call about every little thing.

BOB: *Hey*, Come on, Jack, we're keeping Don waiting.

DON: Yesh, while you were on the phone, I got a cab.

JACK: *Hey*, That's swell, but what about the show?

DON: The Sportsmen can take over. They've got a wonderful number... ^{the} Great arrangement of "Flight. Of The Bumble Bee."

mean the Sportsmen are going to do
JACK: The Flight Of The Bumble Bee?

DON: Yesh, ~~one~~ ^{one} of them whistles the lead all the way through it.

and they - he whistles?
JACK: No kidding! Well, let them carry on then.

well, carry on
DON: GO AHEAD, FELLOWS.....Come on, Jack.

JACK: Don, I still think you ought to call up the little woman and tell her we're coming.

now look,
BOB: Don't worry, Jack..Don knows what he's doing.

JACK: All right, all right..let's go.

DON: Go ahead, fellows.."The Flight Of The Bumble Bee."

(FLIGHT)

QUART: BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM
TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM TOOM
LS LSMFT, LS LSMFT
BE HAPPY AND GO LUCKY STRIKE
Buzz Buzz Buzz Buzz
PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF
DEDDLEE DEET DEDDLEE DEET DOO
DOO DOOT DOO DOOT DOO DOOT SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE
LS LSMFT LS LSMFT
FOR BETTER TASTE SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE
YES SIREE, YOU'LL AGREE
AND YOU WILL SEE WHY WE HAVE BOASTED
IT'S TOASTED
A LUCKY STRIKE TASTES BETTER
AND IT'S CLEANER, YOU BET
A FINE CIGARETTE, THE BEST SMOKE YET
THE SMOKE TO GET
THE SMOKE WE ENDORSE
IS LUCKIES, OF COURSE
FOR DEEP DOWN SMOKING SATISFACTION
YOU WILL LIKE LUCKY STRIKE, YES
SMOKE LUCKY STRIKE.

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(SOUND: CAB MOTOR)

JACK: Don, I'm still worried..are you sure your wife won't mind our barging in?

DON: Oh, she'll be delighted to have you.

DENNIS: Am I ^{too} heavy on your lap, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Yeah..Don, open the door, maybe he'll fall out.

MARY: Jack!

JACK: ~~Yeah~~, I don't care..I just had my pants pressed.

DON: Well, here we are!...Driver, pull up at that little white cottage there..behind that car that just drove away.

RUBIN: Okay.

(SOUND: CAB MOTOR STOPS..BRAKES)

DON: Well..this is it, fellows.

(SOUND: CAB DOOR OPENS)

DON: How much is that, Driver?

RUBIN: Two dollars and thirty-five cents.

DON: ~~Here you are.~~

BOB: ^{Now} Wait a minute, Don, this is on me.

DENNIS: Oh no, ^I want to pay it.

JACK: Gee, you've certainly got a cute house, Don. ~~Now~~.

BOB: ^{Now} Nothing doing, Dennis, I want to pay the fare. .

DENNIS: Oh, Bob, let me pay it.

BOB: Next time, Dennis, this is my treat.

DENNIS: ^{no, no, Bob.} ~~I~~ insist on paying.

JACK: ~~Oh~~, ^{Yes} Rose bushes around the door and everything....

^{Yes} It's beautiful.

MARY: OH JACK, PAY FOR THE CAB AND LET'S GO IN.

JACK: Pay for it? I'm not even in the argument.....Oh, all right.. How much did you say that was, Driver?

IN

RUBIN: Two thirty-five.

JACK: ~~Two thirty-five, Don?~~ ^{new} ~~here's~~ two-fifty..keep the change.

RUBIN: Oh goody, I can send my son to Old Heidelberg.

(SOUND: CAB DRIVES OFF)

JACK: Wise guy....Well..let's go in, Don, ~~Don?~~

DON: Er ^{oh} wait a minute

JACK: Huh?

DON: You know, Jack, I ... I was just thinking.

JACK: What?

DON: Maybe I should have called up my wife first.

JACK: Don--

DON: Well, with five people barging in unexpectedly, it might upset her

JACK: ~~Don,~~ THAT'S WHAT I TOLD YOU AT THE STUDIO...I TOLD YOU TO CALL UP YOUR WIFE.

BOB: Come on, Don, don't be afraid..let's go in.

DON: Well, it isn't that I'm afraid..but...

MARY: I can understand Don's side of it...all of us barging in like this.

JACK: BARGING, BARGING!...I SAID THAT AT THE STUDIO...I SAID DON, CALL THE LITTLE WOMAN UP...CALL HER UP, I SAID.

DON: Quiet, will you?..I'll tell you what, fellows..You all hide in the rose bushes, and I'll go in and tell Lois that some of the gang might drop in unexpectedly...That'll ^{kinda} soften the blow.

JACK: What blow! ^{Don,} I told you at the studio --

BOB: Come on, Jack, let's do it his way.

BM

JACK: All right, all right...Come on, we'll get in the rose bushes

(SOUND: LITTLE RUSTLE OF LEAVES)

JACK: Ouch! These thorns..Make it snappy, Don.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: ~~SHUT UP~~ The silliest thing I've ever heard of.

MARY: Oh, be quiet and get off my foot.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: HELLO, SWEETHEART!

LOIS: WELL, DARLING, YOU'RE HOME EARLY.

DON: YES^h WHO WAS IN THAT CAR THAT JUST DROVE AWAY?

LOIS ^{Oh}, A JUNK MAN..I GAVE 'EM THAT LOUSY BOWL OF WAX FRUIT.

JACK: HUH~~EN~~.

DON: GEE, I'M HUNGRY, DEAR..HAVE WE GOT SOMETHING GOOD FOR SUPPER

LOIS: ^{Oh} ~~WELL~~, I'M SORRY, DARLING..I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO DO ANY SHOPPING, SO I'LL JUST OPEN A CAN OF TUNA FISH.

DON: OH, THAT'S SWELL, DEAREST.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Hum!..I spent Two and a half already ~~and~~ I'm going to get tuna fish.

MARY: What are you worrying about, you're not even in yet.

JACK: The thing that burns me up..I'm the guy that told him to call her up!

^{Sssss!}
BOB: Not so loud, Jack.

JACK: This is silly...I wonder if Don's going ~~there~~---Hey, Dennis, stop eating those roses.

DENNIS: Well, I'm hungry.

EM

ATX01 0020123

JACK: So am I, but I'm going to wait...How are they?

MARY: They need salt.

JACK: Oh, stop..Hey, fellows, the porch light just went on.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DON: (WHISPERS LOUD) Psst! Psst!...Hey fellows, are you still there?

GANG: Yes.

DON: Well, I just told Lois that I saw Bob and Mary pulling up in a car, so you two better come in first.

JACK: What about me?

DON: You weren't in the car.

JACK: Well, for Pete's sake, I could be, you made the whole thing up.....Let's all go in.

DON: No, you can't do that...Mary and Bob come in first.

BOB: Okay.

MARY: See you later, Jack.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS..DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Well, this is the darndest mess I ever got into.

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: I told him at the studio five times...Call her up, Don, call up your wife..But no, he has to be a wise guy..And on top of that, it looks like it's going to rain.

DENNIS: It'll be wonderful for the roses.

JACK: Yeah, yeah...wonderful...I wouldn't mind waiting out here, but the worst of it is, I've got to talk to you!

DENNIS: What'll we talk about?

JACK: Nothing...Just be quiet and eat your roses...It's getting chilly too!

(SOUND: TWO BOARDS RUBBED TOGETHER)

JACK: Dennis, stop rubbing your legs together.

DENNIS: That's a cricket, he's singing "Three Coins In The Fountain".

JACK: Oh, for -- Dennis, why do you have to be so--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Here comes Don again.

DON: Psst! Psst!...Hey Dennis, come on in.

JACK: Dennis!

DON: Yeah, I told my wife I just saw him riding up on his bicycle.

JACK: Well, as long as you're dreaming things up, why didn't you see me on the handle bars?..Use your fat head.

DON: I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: By the way, how's the tuna fish holding out?

DON: There'll be plenty...Don't worry, Jack, you're next.

....WELL LOOK WHO'S HERE,, DARLING..DENNIS DAY!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: (MOCKING HIM) Look who's here, Darling..Dennis Day..I ought to have my head examined... I can't get over it. If I told him once at the studio, I told him five times..Call your wife, let's not barge in on the little women..

(SOUND: LOUD CLAP OF THUNDER)

JACK: Oh, fine...It's going to rain, all right....I can't get over that guy! I begged him, I pleaded with him...Don, I said --

(SOUND: MORE THUNDER)

BM

JACK: Don, I said..don't barge in on the little woman..Call her up, let her know we're coming ---

(SOUND: THUNDER AND RAIN STARTS..LIGHT AT FIRST,
THEN LOUDER)

JACK: I knew it, I knew it!....Well, here it comes...I'm going to get soaked...OH, THE HECK WITH WILSON..I'M GOING TO WALK RIGHT IN THAT HOUSE READY OR NOT!...IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO --

MEL: STICK 'EM UP, BUDDY!

JACK: Hub?

MEL: YOU HEARD ME..STICK 'EM UP.

JACK: Stick 'em up?...Are you a burglar?

MEL: I AIN'T THE COUND OF MONTE CRISTO.

JACK: Now look, Mister --

MEL: COME ON, COME ON..WHERE DO YOU CARRY YOUR DOUGH?

JACK: In my right shoe...But look, Mister, I was invited to a party in this house, I'm not even supposed to be out here.

MEL: GET THAT SHOE OFF!

JACK:Gee, it's raining, I'll get my foot wet...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now please --

DON: (FROM A DISTANCE) HEY JACK...OH JACK!

JACK: I'M --

MEL: KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT OR I'LL DRILL YUH!

BM

JACK: But he's calling me...Can't you hear him?

DON: JACK, JACK!...WHERE ARE YOU? COME ON IN.

MEL: NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU, BUDDY, OR I'LL DRILL YOU.

JACK: But, Mister, the tuna fish will be all gone...And I don't like roses.

LOIS: THERE'S NOBODY OUT THERE, DARLING..YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN!

DON: I GUESS I WAS, DEAR.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Oh my goodness.

MEL: ALL RIGHT, BUDDY, OFF WITH THAT SHOE!

JACK: (STARTS TO CRY) Now listen, Mister, if I take this shoe off, I'll never get it back on again. I haven't got my button-hook with me...Now please go away.

MEL: COME ON...GIMME YOUR DOUGH!

JACK: But listen, Buddy..this isn't fair. I wouldn't have been been here at all if Don Wilson had taken my advice.

MEL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

JA (SOUND: RAIN UP)

JACK: I'll tell you what I'm talking about...if I told him once, I told him a thousand times..Call up your wife, Don..five people barging in on the little woman. It's an imposition! Call her up...call her up, I said...

(PLAY OFF STARTS)

JACK: But would he listen to me? No, he had to be a wise guy..a smart Alec..A thousand times I said, "Call up the little woman, call her up," I said.

(PLAYOFF UP FULL & APPLAUSE)

LW

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #5
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-C-

DON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show which goes on immediately after this program over the CBS Network...but first a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette.

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute to tell you about his television show which goes on at seven o'clock over the CBS Network but first a word to you smokers who are looking for better taste in a cigarette. Better taste, friends, is the prime concern of the makers of Lucky Strike. That's why a Lucky is made of fine good-tasting tobacco that's toasted to taste even better. Yes, better taste begins with fine, light, mild tobacco...good-tasting tobacco. And then that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED"-- the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor ... tones up this naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, make your next carton Lucky Strike and Be Happy, Go Lucky. "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.

(TRANSCRIBED:
COLLINS AND
FULL CALYPSO
VERSION OF
SONG-37 SEC.)

(MORE)

RT

ATX01 0020128

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
SET #5
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-D-

COLLINS:
(CONT'D)

They make 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.

RT

ATX01 0020129

(TAG)

-19-

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO'S THAT?

JACK: It's me, Rochester.

ROCH: BOSS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOWN
AT CBS DOING YOUR TELEVISION SHOW.

JACK: Oh my goodness, that's right. Get the car out, and drive
me down.

ROCH: CAN'T DO THAT, BOSS. THE CAR'S OUT OF GAS.

JACK: Well, how in the world am I going to get down there?

ROCH: I THOUGHT OF THAT AND I'VE GOT IT ALL FIXED. (WHISTLES AS
IF CALLING DOG)

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES)

JACK: Well, I'll be darned, it has got a saddle on it.

ROCH: YEAH, INSTEAD OF A WHIP, HOLD THIS PIECE OF CHEESE IN FRONT
OF IT.

JACK: Hi ho, Mickey..Away..

(SOUND: HORSES HOOVES)

JACK: See you on television, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

RT

ATX01 0020130

(TAG)

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.

RT

ATX01 0020131