

(J.B.N.12)
PROGRAM #17
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

- As Broadcast -

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Oct. 27, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
MARY LIVINGSTONE
ROCHESTER
DENNIS DAY
BOB CROSBY
DON WILSON
SPORTSMEN QUARTET
MEL BLANC
HAL MARCH
BENNY RUBIN

RT

ATX01 0020344

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
"THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM" #2
JANUARY 16, 1955
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!

ATX01 0020345

(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: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE
TO BRING YOU THAT --

BOB: Hold it, hold it, Don...Jack isn't here.

DON: ^{Well, you & just} saw him a few minutes ago, where is he?

MARY: He just went in the other room to talk to his writers...

Oh boy, is Jack burned up!

BOB: ^{Well, boy,} Those two guys get away with murder. They never have a
program written till the last minute.

MARY: Well, I'm going in and see what's happening...Gee, he's
always having trouble with his writers.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Now look, fellows, if I told you once, I told you ~~one~~ ^{a thousand}
times...you've got to have the program written before we
go on the air...Every week we just barely make it ~~now~~ now
today, look what happens...no script at all.

MARCH: Well, what are you worried about?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Yeah, it's only Friday.

JACK: It's not Friday, it's Sunday. And there's no excuse for
you guys not knowing it, I gave both of you calenders for
Christmas...I knew this would happen some day.

MARCH: Well, we were stuck this week.

MEL: Yeah, we didn't have no inspiration.

RT

JACK: Oh, you didn't.

MEL: Don't yell at me, I'll fly to pieces.

JACK: I'm not yelling...I'm just asking you to work, that's all.
You're working for me...I'm paying you to work.

MARCH: And that's another thing, we want more dough.

JACK: Well, you certainly picked the right time to ask me.
You're getting plenty now...why do you want more money?

MEL: We wanna get a room tonight.

JACK: *listen, will you,*
Now, cut that out. Fine team of writers I've got. I've
been looking for you all week, where were you?

MARCH: Palm

MEL: Springs.

JACK: You're not supposed to be in Palm Springs, you're supposed
to be here with me.

MARY: Come on, Jack, we're waiting for you.

JACK: *Mary, she*
Be there in a minute...Now look, fellows --

MARCH: HEY, WHO'S THE DAME?

JACK: *Who's*
That's Mary Livingstone, and she's not a dame...You've met
her at least four hundred times.

MEL: Oh, yeah, that's the girl we write for, Harry.

MARCH: You're Harry, I'm Sam.

JACK: AND I'M JACK BENNY, *Sam*
GLAD TO KNOW YOU. Now listen, fellows--

MARY: Jack, you better hurry up...Let Gilbert and Sullivan alone.

JACK: I told you, Mary, I'll be there in a minute.

MARY: Okay.

MEL & MARCH WHISTLE AFTER HER.

JACK: AND STOP WHISTLING AT HER!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

RT

JACK: Now look, fellows, we're on the air, so I'm going out and do the best I can...Meanwhile, you stay right here and prepare some kind of a play for us.

MEL: Okay... *hey - hey - how -* how about a Murder Mystery?

JACK: A murder mystery?

MEL: YOU KNOW, WHERE A GUY COMES HOME AND ^{he} FINDS HIS WIFE IN THE ARMS OF ANOTHER MAN --

MARCH: THE HUSBAND SAYS...NOW I GOTCHA!

MEL: WHY JULIUS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MARCH: YOU KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE, I DIDN'T GO TO SCRANTON AT ALL.

MEL: JULIUS, JULIUS...PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

Jack: *Look, bang, bang, look... bang!*
MARCH: OH NO...BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

MEL: OOOOOOOH...OOOOOOOH...OOOHHH.

JACK: ^{Wait a minute!} *Tell us that'll be* FINE...WRITE IT UP, WRITE ANYTHING...JUST SO WE CAN HAVE A PROGRAM...NOW BRING IT IN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

MARCH: Okay...Give me the pencil, Harry.

MEL: *Oh,* You've got it, Sam, I gave it to you yesterday.

MARCH: *on* No, I ^{give} ~~give~~ it back to you.

MEL: Yeah, but after that, I put it in your --

JACK: HERE, USE MY PENCIL...FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ^{use my pencil, just} GET STARTED... NOW GO TO WORK.

(SCUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Darn those guys...They go to Palm Springs and I have no broadcast.

DON: What's the matter, Jack...~~are~~ you having trouble with your writers again?

RT

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JACK: Yeah, Don, every week they're getting lazier... ~~and~~ Now tonight, no material at all.

DON: Well, why don't you fire 'em?

MARY: He can't... They dug up a photograph of Jack when he was in the third grade.

BOB: ~~Well~~, What's wrong with that?

MARY: He was the only kid with a moustache.

JACK: ~~It~~, It was just fuzz, you could hardly see it... Anyway, that picture has nothing to do with my writers... If this ever happens again, I will fire 'em.

DON: Well Jack, if there's no script, what do we do now?

JACK: We'll just have to stall... Say Bob, how about a number from the boys in the band?

BOB: Okay, but I'll need a ~~few~~ ^{couple of} minutes to round 'em up.

JACK: Oh for heavens sake... what's the matter with those fellows? The minute the introduction is over, they always disappear.

BOB: Well, they don't have to play again ~~until~~ ^{unless} ~~they~~ ^{sing a} Dennis ~~song~~ ^{song,} and they get ^{kinda} restless ~~just~~ ^{around} sitting on the bandstand.

JACK: ~~That's~~ ^{Oh, that's} too bad... I want 'em on the stage throughout the show. Where are they?

BOB: ~~Well~~, ^{Well} some of them are at that little bar across the street... and Bagby, ^{and} Fletch, ^{and} Kurtze, Bridwell, and Sammy the Drummer are backstage ^{in a} in a gin game.

JACK: Five of 'em? How can five play gin?

BOB: Oh, Sammy doesn't play, they use his head to keep score on.

JACK: ~~They use~~ ^{They use} his head ~~to keep score?~~ ^{to keep score?}

BOB: ~~Yeah~~, After a long game it looks like he's got hair.

RT

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~~JACK: I was wondering what that was.~~

~~BOB: Once they were done of period and I mistook it for Don Price
Hagworth.~~

JACK: ~~Bob~~ Bob, I hate to be a spoil sport, but I wish you'd get the boys back on the stage.

MARY: It is a shame, Bob...Look...Frankie Remley's the only one on the stand.

JACK: That's right...and you know why?. Because Frankie takes an interest in the show. He's the only one of the whole bunch who's loyal, ^{and} dependable, and always on the job.

BOB: Well, I'll wake him ^{up} and tell him ~~that~~ that.

JACK: He's asleep? But ~~his~~, his eyes are open.

MARY: Oh Jack, don't tell me that trick of his has you fooled, too.

JACK: What trick?

MARY: He's got pupils painted on his eyelids.

JACK: Gee...he must have taken a lot of trouble with 'em... They're bloodshot and everything...But kids, this isn't solving our problem...What can we do to fill time till the script is ready?

DON: Well, Jack, you ought to be able to do something... After all, you're the star of the show.

JACK: But Don, it's not that easy...I don't sing...I don't dance...I've never done imitations...Gee...I don't know what to do now.

MARY: If it wasn't Sunday you could take your money to the bank.

JACK: Very funny, *Miss Livingston*

DENNIS: Hello, everybody.

CAST: (AD LIB HELLOS)

DENNIS: *hey* what's everyone standing around for?

JACK: Because we've got a problem, Dennis...my writers let me down this week ~~and we~~ got no script, no jokes, nothing.

DENNIS: What's the difference, who listens?

JACK: Now wait a minute, Dennis, there are still millions of people listening to radio. ~~Regardless of what you may have heard,~~ It's still a big medium...more radios were sold this year than ever before...and anyone who is on a big show like this is still doing a very important job.

DENNIS: Boy, did you sing a different tune when you cut my salary last September.

JACK: I didn't cut your salary. You're still getting eighty dollars a week like you did last year.

DENNIS: Yeah, but what about that new clause you added?

JACK: What new clause?

DENNIS: The one that says a week is fourteen days.

JACK: Hmm.

DON: Jack, how could you actually make Dennis sign a contract that has fourteen days in a week?

JACK: Because when he's around it seems that long.

~~DENNIS: My lawyer said the same thing.~~

JACK: ~~Naturally~~...Now look, Dennis, as long as we're stuck without a script, how about doing your song now?

DENNIS: ^{Hey} I got a better idea...why don't you and I ad lib a little, ^{you know} to and fro.

JACK: ^{Ad lib, huh?} To and fro? ~~and~~...All right, Dennis, I'll start it...Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

DENNIS: That was no saw, that was a battleaxe.

RT

JACK: ~~Some~~ Some ad-libbing... ^{you} ~~I think you'd better sing, Dennis..~~
~~It's best to let him sing than --~~

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

JACK: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

RUBIN: Telegram for ~~Mr.~~ ^{Mr.} Benny.

JACK: Right here, fellow...thanks.

MARY: Give him a tip, Jack.

JACK: Oh yes...here you ^{are} Buddy...Say, you're rather old for a messenger boy, aren't you?

RUBIN: You ain't gonna get the mumps any more yourself, Bub!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

JACK: Hm, and I had to give him a fifty cent tip.

MARY: You gave him a dime.

JACK: I GAVE HIM A QUARTER. I KNOW WHAT I GAVE HIM...I wonder who this telegram is from.

(SOUND: RIP OF PAPER)

JACK: ^(See I haven't heard from him in a long time, says) Oh, it's from Fred Allen... "Dear Jack...Have been listening to your show and have a suggestion that may help you fill remaining twenty minutes...Why not announce your retirement and let the audience take it from there."...What a silly suggestion.

DENNIS: Yeah, they'd applaud right through Amos and Andy.

JACK: Just sing your song, Dennis. ^{never mind} I'm going out and see how my writers are coming along. (FADE) If they're stalling, ~~Believe me...~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

~~(DENNIS'S VOICE) ...COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS)~~

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

RT

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: ...~~Some~~^{Look}, fellows, I know it's a good title for a murder mystery, but where's the play?

MARCH: Well, we got a lot of ideas, but we couldn't write 'em down.

JACK: Why not? I gave you a pencil.

MEL: Yeah, but there ain't no lead in it ...see?

JACK: Oh, there ain't no lead in it. Give me that pencil!.....
Look, fellows, you turn this little knob here, and out comes the lead....It's an Automatic Pencil.

MEL: Oh yeah...^{Hey} Look, Sam, you turn this knob and the lead comes out.

MARCH: ~~See~~^{Hey}, that's good...Let me turn it.

MEL: No, I wanna turn it.

MARCH: Come on, just once.

JACK: I'VE TURNED IT ALREADY!....~~Look~~, Give me back the pencil, here's a pen...you don't have to turn it or anything....
Now please write that mystery play, will you, fellows?

MARCH: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ...Boy, if I ever get my hands on that picture, I'll fire 'em so fast they won't know what hit 'em....Well, Don, it'll be a few more minutes yet.

DON: What'll we do?

JACK: I don't know what to talk about.

~~MARY: ...Me neither.~~

~~DENNIS: I think Fred Wilson's idea is a merd.~~

DH

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JACK: ~~Oh, be quiet, Dennis, I'm having enough trouble as it is. I don't know what to do.~~

MARY: Well, you're such a great comedian, why don't you ad lib something?

JACK: *Well,* You're right....I will....You know folks, a funny thing happened to me on the way to the studio. A panhandler came over to me and asked me for a quarter....He said he hadn't had a bite in two weeks.

MARY: So you bit him.

JACK: So I Mary, I'm supposed ~~to~~ ^{do the} ad libbing.

MARY: That's the oldest joke in the world.

JACK: All right, *all right*

DON: Say Jack, as long as we're waiting for the script, how about the Sportsmen doing a number.

JACK: *The Sportsmen do what?* ~~do~~ They have anything prepared?

DON: I'll ask them....Say fellows, would you like to do your arrangement for Jack?

QUART: HMMMMMM.

JACK: *Oh,* Swell.

DON: They said, "No".

JACK: They did not. ^{Now} Go ahead, fellows....

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: *Oh,* Hold it a second.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

JACK: Hello. *Mr. Benny,*

ROCH: HELLO, ~~Mr. Benny,~~ THIS IS ROCHESTER.

(APPLAUSE)

DH

for having a lot of trouble here,

JACK: ~~Oh boss,~~ Rochester, ^{what} is it?

ROCH: WELL, BOSS, I'VE BEEN REARRANGING THOSE ANTIQUES ON THE LIVING ROOM MANTEL AND I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THAT YELLOW VASE?

JACK: Oh, keep that in the middle, Rochester...I'm very proud of that vase.

ROCH: YOU ARE?

JACK: Yes, there are only two vases like that in the entire world. And the only ones who have them are the King of Siam and me....or is ^{it the} ~~the~~ King and I?

ROCH: IT'S THE KING AND THE JUNKMAN, I JUST BUSTED YOURS.

JACK: Well Rochester, that was very expensive and I'm going to deduct it from your salary.

ROCH: OH BOSS....

JACK: Don't "Oh Boss" me....I'm going to teach you a lesson.

* ROCH: FOR WHAT YOUR LESSONS HAVE COST ME, I COULDA GONE THROUGH HARVARD.

JACK: I don't care, you shouldn't be so clumsy.

ROCH: WELL BOSS, IT'S REALLY YOUR FAULT.

JACK: My fault?

ROCH: YEAH, THAT NEW SCHEDULE YOU PUT ME ON HAS ME RUSHIN' AROUND LIKE CRAZY.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCH: WELL, TAKE THIS MORNING.... I GOT UP AND HAD FIFTEEN MINUTES TO MAKE THE BEDS AND CLEAN THE ENTIRE UPSTAIRS.... TWENTY MINUTES TO WASH AND IRON YOUR CLOTHES....A HALF HOUR TO POLISH THE SILVER, WASH THE WINDOWS, SCRUB THE WALLS AND BEAT THE RUGS....AND BY NINE O'CLOCK I WAS IN THE KITCHEN ON MY HANDS AND KNEES.

DH

JACK: Oh, you were waxing the floor?

ROCH: NO, I FAINTED.

JACK: You fainted? How long were you out?

ROCH: TEN MINUTES AND IF YOU DEDUCT ~~THAT~~ FROM MY SALARY, I'M
QUITTING!

JACK: Don't be silly, Rochester...I'm having enough trouble
without you aggravating me.

ROCH: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JACK: *Well,* My writers are late with the script and I'm standing here
with nothing to do.

ROCH: TOO BAD I'M NOT THERE.

JACK: *Why?* What could you do?

ROCH: SING, BOSS, SING!

JACK: You...sing...with that voice?

ROCH: DON'T KNOCK IT...AROUND CENTRAL AVENUE I'M KNOWN AS "THAT
SENTIMENTAL FELLOW WITH THE MELLOW BELLOW".

JACK: ~~Hum~~.

ROCH: I EVEN SANG ONCE WITH THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR.

JACK: What happened?

ROCH: JOHNSON THREW ME OUT IN THE HALL.

JACK: I thought so..Well, I'll talk to you later, so long,
Rochester.

ROCH: GOCCCCOODBYE!

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: *Now,* Go ahead, Don, have the Sportsmen do their number. I'm
going in ^{*the other room*} ~~there~~ and see how Hemingway and Steinbeck are
doing.

DON: Okay, ~~Jack~~...Hit it, fellows.

QUART: ME AND MY SHADOW
STROLLING DOWN THE AVENUE
ME AND MY SHADOW
NOT A SOUL TO TELL OUR TROUBLES TO
AND WHEN ITS TWELVE O'CLOCK
WE CLIMB THE STAIR
WE NEVER KNOCK FOR NOBODY'S THERE
JUST ME AND MY SHADOW
ALL ALONE AND FEELING BLUE
ME (JUST YOU AND ME) AND MY LUCKY
I'M PROUD THAT I'M A LUCKY FROM OLD KENTUCKY
STROLLING DOWN THE AVENUE
WHEREVER YOU GO THAT'S WHERE I GLOW
ME AND ME ~~AND ME~~ AND MY LUCKY
LS DASH MFT
IT'S THE FRIEND I TELL MY TROUBLES TO
I TURN ~~my~~ ^{your} TROUBLES INTO SMOKE RINGS
THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE WHEREVER YOU GO
IS LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED YOU KNOW
FROM ME AND MY SHADOW
There is just
~~IT'S THE~~ ONE SMOKE WE LIKE
BETTER TASTING LUCKY STRIKE

(APPLAUSE)

BH

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(THIRD ROUTINE)

JACK: Now ^{look} look, fellows, ^{what kind of wunters are you, anyway,} look at this page....that word is murderer....not moiderer.

MARCH: Well, a gangster would say Moiderer.

JACK: ~~Well~~, I'm not a gangster, I'm ^{supposed to be} a ^{in this} Police Captain....read your own script....Now fellows, it's time for our play.... so I'll take what you've got and you bring the rest in as soon as you can. ^{Now} Give me those pages.

MEL: Please give me those pages.

JACK: All right....please give me those pages....Now concentrate, will you, fellows?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: ~~of~~ ^F Fine thing....drama on the installment plan.

DON: Well, how does it look, Jack?...~~are~~ We going to do a play tonight?

JACK: ~~Yes~~, but we'll have to do it without a rehearsal....Here are your parts, kids.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER)

JACK: Now let's see....I'm going to be Captain O'Benny of Police Headquarters....And Dennis, you'll be my assistant, Sergeant O'Day.

DENNIS: O'thanks.

JACK: O'welcome....Now Mary, you're going to be the widow, Mrs. J. Malcolm Smith.

MARY: The widow?

DH

JACK: Yes...your husband has been killed....leaving you three million dollars, an estate in Santa Barbara, and a yacht. And you're all broken up.

MARY: Why, does the yacht leak?

JACK: No, you loved your husband....Now let's see, ^{Oh,} Bob, you'll be the family chauffeur...And Don, you're going to be the bugler.

DON: Bugler!

JACK: Oh, they must mean butler....some writers, ^{Say what writers live get.} You're the butler, Don...Well, so much for casting...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FEATURE ATTRACTION THIS EVENING, WE PRESENT AN ORIGINAL MYSTERY DRAMA ENTITLED, "THE MURDER OF MALCOLM SMITH" .. OR .. "HE HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE DENTIST IN THE AFTERNOON BUT HE WAS DRILLED IN THE MORNING" Say, ~~not~~ ^{such} a bad title, ~~think~~ I'll get the boys a room tonight....Well, let's go, fellows... THE OPENING SCENE IS THE OFFICE OF DETECTIVE CAPTAIN O'BENNY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ... CURTAIN... MUSIC.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

BH

JACK: ~~Bob~~, ^{wait a minute, wait a minute -} Wait a minute, Bob, is this the theme music for a murder mystery?...Mighty Like A Rose?

BOB: Well, that's what your writers gave me.

JACK: Hmm.

DENNIS: Maybe that's the name of the murderer.

JACK: Who, Rose?

DENNIS: No, Mighty.

JACK: ~~Bob~~, Be quiet, ^{hell} Okay, Bob, ^{play what they gave you} start ~~it~~ again, ^{will you?}

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

JACK: Hey, Sergeant O'Day.....Seargeant O'Day...

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Did you answer the burglar alarm at the First National Bank?

DENNIS: Yes sir.

JACK: Well..were there any suspicious characters around?

DENNIS: No, the furniture movers told me they hadn't seen anybody.

JACK: Furniture movers?

DENNIS: Yeah, ^{the} two fellows with ^{the} safe.

JACK: THOSE WERE THE BURGLARS!....What's the matter with you, anyway?

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: I'll take it.

(SOUND: RECEIVER UP)

BH

JACK: Hello, Police Headquarters.

MARY: Hello, this is Mrs. J. Malcolm Smith talking.

JACK: Yes..

MARY: MY HUSBAND, J. MALCOLM SMITH, WEALTHY STOCKBROKER OF NEW YORK, PALM BEACH, AND MIAMI, HEIR TO THE MILLIONS LEFT BY HIS FATHER.. HAS BEEN KILLED.

JACK: THAT'S SHOCKING NEWS, MRS. SMITH..ARE YOU SURE YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD?

(SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS)

MARY: DEFINITELY!

JACK: WE'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES..GOODBYE.

(SOUND: PHONE DOWN)

DENNIS: What's up, ^{Chief} Chief?

JACK: ^{That's the way they waste it.} J. Malcolm ^{Stoof} Smith, the Smithbroker, has been murdered..

~~It~~..They can't even type streight.. Hand me my gun.

DENNIS: Shall I take the beyonet off?

JACK: Of course..I only use it to roast marshmallows. ^{Also take that} ~~account~~, ^{account} ~~off~~

^{Now}, let's get going...THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CASE, SERGEANT O'DAY..AND WE'RE GONNA FIND THE MURDERER OF J. MALCOLM SMITH, OR...OR...

DENNIS: Or whet?

JACK: Or nothing, we're all out of script..HEY FELLOWS, HURRY UP WITH THE REST OF THIS, WILL YOU?...Play something, Bob.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

JACK: (OVER MUSIC) Fine writers, they couldn't even finish the sentence...Hold it, Bob.

(MUSIC STOPS)

MEL: Here's a few more pages, Jack.

JACK: Thanks..Now go back and get to work.

MARCH: We got a Union, ^{you know,} we're going out to eat.

JACK: NOT UNTIL YOU FINISH THE SCRIPT!

MEL: Okey, Blue Eyes.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: ~~Even~~ Even my writers notice 'em...Now let's see..Oh yes..
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CASE, SERGEANT O'DAY..AND WE'RE GONNA
FIND THE MURDERER OF J. MALCOLM SMITH, OR MY NAME AIN'T
CAPTAIN O'BENNY...~~Even~~, I could have thought of that
myself....LET'S GO!

(SOUND: POLICE SIREN STARTS UP)

JACK: WAIT'LL WE GET IN THE CAR!

(SOUND: SIREN STOPS)

JACK: ...Stupid sound men...All right, get in, O'Dey..I'll
drive.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS..CAR MOTOR STARTS..SIREN STARTS
AND FADES INTO)

(MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE VERY FAST)

JACK: (FADING IN) Here we are, O'Dey.

(SOUND: LOUD BANGING ON DOOR)

JACK: COME ON, COME ON..OPEN THE DOOR..THIS IS THE POLICE.

(SOUND: MORE BANGING)

JACK: OPEN UP OR WE'LL BREAK IT DOWN...COME ON, O'DAY..LET'S
SMASH THAT DOOR.

(SOUND: BIG CRUNCHING OF WOOD)

DON: (POLITELY) Good evening, gentlemen, did you ring?

TB

JACK: Where's Mrs. Smith?

DON: In the library...whom shall I announce?

DENNIS: The King and the Junk Man.

JACK: Oh be quiet.

DON: Here she is now.

JACK: Pardon me, are you Mrs. J. Malcolm Smith?

MARY: Yes, Captain.

JACK: Tell me, what do you know about the murder of your husband?

MARY: Well...we were sitting here in the library, listening to the radio...when all of a sudden I turned around and there was my husband on the floor with five bullet-holes in him.

JACK: YOU'RE LYING!...Here's the body, and he was only shot one, two, three...four times.

(SOUND: ONE GUN SHOT)

MARY: Now count 'em!

~~JACK: All right, Bob, count the bullet-holes.~~

~~DENNIS: One, two, three, four, five, six.~~

JACK: ~~THAT'S HIS MOUTH. Everybody has one of those.~~
~~Mrs. Smith,~~ ^{Oh --} I want the truth...You killed your husband and I know why! YOU MURDERED YOUR HUSBAND BECAUSE.....
~~Bob,~~ -- Oh fine, we're stuck again...All right, Bob.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

JACK: This is embarrassing...Hold it, Bob, *held it.*

(MUSIC STOPS)

DH

JACK: All right boys, some more pages.

MEL: Here you are, Speedy.

JACK: Thanks.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Let's see here....Oh yes....NOW LISTEN, MRS. SMITH, YOU
MURDERED YOUR HUSBAND BECAUSE THERE'S ANOTHER MAN IN
THE CASE....NOW TELL ME, WHO'S YOUR LOVER?....WHO IS HE?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Well....what's going on here?

MARY: Hello, Darling.

BOB: Who are these men?

DH

ATX01 0020364

MARY: They're detectives, Derling.
JACK: Ahe! The other men....what's your name?
BOB: My card, sir.
JACK: Hm....Derling Crosby....What's your connection with this family?
BOB: I'm the chauffeur.
JACK: I see....How did you get along with Mr. Smith?
MARY: Don't answer him, Dear.
JACK: Dear, eh?
BOB: That's my middle name.
JACK: Hm...ere you taking everything down, Sergeant O'Dey?
DENNIS: Yeeh, Honey.
JACK: That's my middle name....now where was I?....Oh, yes, now you....you still haven't told me how you got along with Mr. Smith.
BOB: Well, frankly, sir, we didn't get along very well.
JACK: You didn't *get*?
BOB: He's been very suspicious of Mrs. Smith and me ever since she hired me *for* her chauffeur.
JACK: *Yea*, What made him suspicious?
BOB: She didn't have a car.
JACK: I thought so... *now* ONE OF YOU TWO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER OF J. MALCOLM SMITH.
BOB: Yeeh, but which one?....You can't arrest both of us.
JACK: DON'T GET SMART WITH ME....I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS.... IT'S....IT'S....Oh for Pete's sake.

(BAND PLAYS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

DH

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JACK: HEY FELLOWS....FELLOWS.

(MUSIC STOPS)

MEL: Whettaye went?

JACK: What do I went?....I went the finish to the play. I went to know who the murderer is?

MEL: Oh, that's what we're arguing about.

JACK: Arguing?

MEL: Yesh, I say it's the dams.

MARCH: And I say it's gotta be the cheuffeur.

JACK: But, fellows ---

MEL: Sem, how can you be so stupid...look at the motives, the motives...the dame had all the motives.

MARCH: Motives.... so you learned a new word....I still say it's the cheuffeur.

JACK: But if he didn't have any motive....

MEL: You ^{Keep} ~~outte~~ outte this!

~~MARCH: Yesh, if it wasn't for you, we'd be in Palm Springs.~~

~~JACK: But, I --~~

~~MARCH: Look, Herry, for once in your life admit you're wrong.~~

~~MEL: BUT I'M NOT WRONG....IT'S ALWAYS THE DAME,...DIDN'T MY WIFE TRY TO KILL ME?~~

~~MARCH: YEAH, AND I'M SORRY SHE MISSED.~~

~~MEL: YOU'RE SORRY...OH NOW I GET IT....YOU'RE THE GUY SHE'S BEEN GOING AROUND WITH!~~

~~MARCH: BUT HARRY --~~

~~MEL: AND ALL THE TIME I THOUGHT IT WAS THE CHAUFFEUR.~~

~~BOB: WAIT A MINUTE, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR WIFE.~~

IH

MARCH: THEN WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' OUT WITH HER FOR?

MEL: ~~YEAH~~ WHAT'S YOUR MOTIVE?

JACK: FELLOWS...FELLOWS..YOU'RE ON THE WRONG MURDER CASE.

(BAND STARTS "MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE")

JACK: NOW LOOK, I'M YOUR BOSS. AND ONCE AND FOR ALL, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT FROM NOW ON IF THE SCRIPTS AREN'T HERE ON TIME, YOU'RE OUT. BOTH OF YOU.

MEL & MARCH: AW, SHUT UP.

JACK: LOOK, I DON'T NEED YOU GUYS. I CAN AD LIB... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STUDIO. A PANHANDLER CAME OVER TO ME AND ASKED ME FOR A QUARTER. HE SAID HE HADN'T HAD A BITE IN TWO WEEKS.

MEL & MARCH: SO YOU BIT HIM.

JACK: ~~OH, NO, I'M GOING HOME.~~

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

That settles it. I'm going home

DH

ATX01 0020367

FIRE ALLOCATION #1 (HOMES)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, it's alarming to think that a destructive fire starts every minute of the day and night. There is no end in sight for the terrible destruction caused by these fires unless we do something about it. Here is what you can do: Check all of the electrical equipment in your home...make certain it is safe. Don't smoke in bed. Be sure that every match, every cigarette is out before you retire for the night. Don't give fire a place to start!

Thank you.

{APPLAUSE}

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

WA

ATX01 0020368

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
JANUARY 16, 1955
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

-B-

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

A CAPELLA
VERSION OF
SONG
39 SECS.)

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:

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. (MORE)

ATX01 0020369

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #2
JANUARY 16, 1955
CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-C-

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 0020370

(TAG)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ROCH: WHO'S THERE?

JACK: It's me, Rochester....boy, what a day...my writers didn't have a script for me...the show was crazy...all the orchestra could play was "Mighty Like a Rose"... and on top of all that, I tipped a telegraph boy a quarter and he turned around and insulted me...I feel awful.

ROCH: BOSS, LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned...I've got the mumps...Goodnight, folks.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

DON: The Jack Benny Show tonight was written by Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer, John Teckaberry, 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

ATX01 0020371

Filter smokers! Here's the true tobacco taste you've been looking for. Filter Tip TAREYTON gives you all the full, rich flavor of TAREYTON'S famous quality tobacco... and real filtration, too! Filter Tip TAREYTON incorporates Activated Charcoal, renowned for its unusual powers of selective filtration and used far and wide to purify the air we breathe, the water and beverages we drink. Look for the red, white and blue stripes on the package. They identify Filter Tip TAREYTON, the best in filtered smoking.

The Jack Benny Program was brought to you by the American Tobacco Company... America's leading manufacturers of cigarettes.

DY

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