

(JBN #13)
PROGRAM #19
REVISED SCRIPT

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

"As Broadcast"

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1955 CBS 4:00-4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed - Nov. 1, 1954)

CAST: JACK BENNY
 ROCHESTER
 DENNIS DAY
 DON WILSON
 JOE KEARNS
 ARTIE AUERBACK
 MAHLON MERRICK
 VEOLA VONN
 MEL BLANC
 JEANETTE EYMANN

DY

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 30, 1955

-A-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

(FULL ORCH VERSION)

"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: Friends, this is Don Wilson If you're not getting
all the enjoyment you should be getting from your
present cigarette, switch to Lucky Strike -- and
see for yourself how much more real, deep down
smoking enjoyment you get from Luckies' better
taste.

DY

(MORE)

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 30, 1955

-B-

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

WILSON:
(CONT'D)

A lucky tastes better because it's the cigarette of fine tobacco and IT'S TOASTED to taste better. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process that tones up Luckies' fine, naturally good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. Yes, find out for yourself. Buy a carton of better tasting Lucky Strike!

MG

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(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...ONE OF THE JOBS THAT ALL MEN POSTPONE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE IS CLEANING OUT THE ACCUMULATION OF JUNK THAT GATHERS IN THE GARAGE...WELL, JACK BENNY HAS PUT IT OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, AND AS WE LOOK IN ON HIM, HE AND ROCHESTER ARE BUSY WITH THIS CHORE.

(SOUND: THINGS BEING MOVED)

JACK: Well, now we're beginning to get somewhere, Rochester. Give all those cans and bottles to the junk man ~~and~~ give the magazines and papers to the paper drive.

ROCH: YES ~~SEE~~...NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH THIS BICYCLE...
he isn't used to
YOU ~~NEED~~ IT ~~FOR~~ MANY YEARS, AND ~~YOU NEVER USE IT ANYMORE.~~

Well
JACK: Let's keep it...I'll use it again if I can ever get tires for it. ~~Course~~ *Course* they're ~~as~~ hard to get, *you know.*

ROCH: I KNOW...THE SMALL ONE IS EASY, BUT THAT GREAT BIG FRONT ONE IS MURDER.

line had it that long?
JACK: ~~Yeah~~...Well, the garage is beginning to look a little better now...You know, it looks bright and cheerful the way you fixed the walls.

ROCH: THANKS...I THOUGHT IT WOULD BRIGHTEN IT UP IF I HUNG UP THE POSTERS ADVERTISING ALL THE PICTURES YOU MADE.

JACK: Yeah...let's see...Here's one from "Charlie's Aunt"...and here's "George Washington Slept Here"..."Buck Benny Rides Again"... "To Be Or Not To Be"...Wait a minute, Rochester...
MG where's the poster for "The Horn Blows At Midnight"?

~~ROCH: THAT'S THE ONE WITH HIS FACE TUNED TO THE MAIL.~~

~~JACK: Easy, Rochester...you can stop kidding me about --~~

(SOUND: MAILMAN'S WHISTLE OFF MIKE)

JACK: What's that?

ROCH: IT'S THE MAILMAN..(CALLS) WE'RE BACK HERE IN THE GARAGE.

KEARNS: (OFF) Okay, I'll bring it there.

JACK: Gee, I feel sorry for mailmen...They have to walk so much.

(SOUND: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

KEARNS: Well...hello, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Hello...here, sit down and rest awhile.

KEARNS: Gee, thanks...(SIGHS) Ohh, my feet are killing me.

ROCH: YEAH, I WAS LOOKING AT THEM ^{and-and-} AND YET THOSE SHOES YOU'RE WEARING SEEM TO BE SOFT AND COMFORTABLE.

KEARNS: I'm not wearing shoes...these are Dr. Sholl's footpeds.

~~JACK: Oh...but I imagine it must be exciting delivering letters here in Beverly Hills to all the celebrities.~~

~~KEARNS: Well, it is exciting, but it has its drawbacks.~~

~~ROCH: WHAT DO YOU MEAN...DRAWBACKS?~~

~~KEARNS: I don't mind in the summer, but in the winter it's brutal diving into that pool just to give Esther Williams her mail.~~

BB

JACK: Oh, is Father Williams on your route?

KEARNS: Yes, I have a lot of celebrities...Humphrey Bogart, Burns and Allen, Barbara Stanwyck, Danny Kaye, Claudette Colbert, Lassie, Dan Dailey, Burt --

JACK: I didn't know Lassie lives here in Beverly Hills.

KEARNS: Yes, she does...she lives in that big white house with the sign on the lawn, "Beware Of The People."

JACK: Oh, yes.

KEARNS: Well, I better get going. Here's your mail, Mr. Benny...

Just some circulars, and this copy of Esquire.

JACK: ^{Well,} Just put them there on that box.

KEARNS: Aren't you going to look through your copy of Esquire?

JACK: ^{Oh,} Later.

KEARNS: (LAUGHING) No wonder you get laughs when you say you're thirty-nine.

JACK: Yeah, yeah.

KEARNS: Oh, I almost forgot...here's your package from ^{the} American Tobacco Company.

JACK: Oh yes, ^{yes...} my Lucky Strikes.

KEARNS: You get these packages quite often.

JACK: Yes, it's ^a courtesy they show me. ^{You see,} Ever since I've worked for them, they've sent me two free cartons a week.

KEARNS: ^{Well,} Gee, that's nice...Well, goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SCUND: DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS)

ROCH: COME ON, MR. BENNY...LET'S FINISH CLEANING UP THE GARAGE.

JACK: Okay...but first take the mail in the house and put the cigarettes in the machine...I'll finish up here.

MG

ROCH: YES, SIR.

JACK: *See*, We ~~we~~ got the garage looking pretty good now...Let's see..
I better put these garden tools out of the way...I won't
be needing them for awhile...I'll put this rake over
here...

(SOUND: RAKE BEING PUT AWAY)

JACK: This hose in the corner...

(SOUND: HOSE BEING DRAGGED)

JACK: And when Rochester comes back, he'll help me move the
plow...Now what else...Oh, for heavens sake ... Look at
this rifle...I almost forgot about it...I remember I
bought it a couple of years ago to go hunting with the
musicians...~~and~~ then at the last minute I couldn't go...
The boys said I missed a real good time...That was a
funny thing they told me about Sammy the Drummer...They
said that in spite of the fact that he's a great big
rough tough guy, he cried like a baby when they shot a
duck...*wait a minute*...Wait a minute...did they say they shot a duck,
or he forgot to duck...I'm going to go next time, it
sounds like so much fun, shooting Sammy...Those fellows --

DENNIS: *Ch*, Hello, Mr. Benny, I came over to tell you *that* --

JACK: Oh, hello, Dennis.

DENNIS: Hello...I came over to *tell you that*...

JACK: How do you feel kid?

DENNIS: *Ch*, Fine...I came over to tell *you that* D...

JACK: How did you know I was in the garage?

DENNIS: Rochester told me..

MG

JACK: Oh..Well, what do you want, Dennis?

DENNIS: ^{Well,} I came over to tell you that I'm running away from home.

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes, another one of ~~these~~ ^{These} silly things.

DENNIS: ^{Uh huh} Not this time...I'm really running away for good.

JACK: For good?

DENNIS: Yes, and I'm never coming back home again.

JACK: No kidding, Dennis...did you tell your mother?

DENNIS: She told me.

JACK: Hmm...All right, Dennis...tell me...what was the argument about this time?

DENNIS: Well, it wasn't my fault...We were arguing over what to watch on television.

JACK: ^{On} Television?

DENNIS: Uh huh...I wanted to watch a movie and my mother wanted to watch The Greatest Fights of the Century.

JACK: Oh.

DENNIS: What a ham, always hoping they'll show the time she stopped Galento.

JACK: Look, Dennis, this is a very interesting discussion, ~~and~~ I'd like to continue it and broaden my mind, but I've got work to do.

DENNIS: ^{Oh} What are you doing?

JACK: I'm cleaning out the garage.

DENNIS: ^{Well,} What are you going to do with that big pile of junk in the middle?

JACK: That's my car!!Now get out of my way.

BB

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DENNIS *Oh, But Mr. Benny, I---*

JACK: Look Dennis, if you want to hang around, don't bother
me...Let me hear you *sing* ^{the} song you're going to do on the show.

DENNIS: Okay.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG -- "COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS")

(APPLAUSE)

BB

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis, that song sounded ~~so~~ *awfully good.*

ROCH: YEAH, MR. DAY, IT WAS REALLY BEAUTIFUL.

JACK: You know, Dennis, the years roll on, ~~and~~ I keep telling you what a wonderful singer you are, and sometimes it seems I can't tell you enough. Most singers voices remain the same, but yours is like old wine that seems to improve with age. *You know, really,* Your voice seems to be more vibrant, more mellow, more --

DENNIS: Get it over with, I ~~am~~ gotta find a place to sleep tonight.

JACK: *Hmm...* *Dennis: Yeah.* ~~wait~~ wait a minute, Dennis. I have an empty guest room, and you can stay till things quiet down at home.

DENNIS: (REALLY TOUCHED) Gee, Mr. Benny, that's the nicest thing *that* anyone ever did for me..and ^{o-} I hope you don't think I'm ungrateful..but I couldn't move in here...I...well...I don't like the people in the neighborhood.

JACK: (AMAZED) You mean the Colmens?

DENNIS: No, you.

JACK: *Hmmmm.*

ROCH: WELL, MR. DAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO LIVE?

DENNIS: I'm going to get a room at the YMCA.

JACK: Look, Dennis..I don't want to get into any discussions with you..and I know I'm silly for even trying to help you..but take my word for it...you'll be much better off at the YMCA.

DENNIS: No wonder you get laughs when you say you're thirty-nine.

JACK: Rochester, we'll put the magazines on top of the newspapers *there.*

ROCH: ARE YOU GOING TO IGNORE HIM, BOSS?

JACK: Yes, if you do, sometimes he goes away ... Now I want to clean all the top shelves off and --

DENNIS *Oh*, Say, Mr. Benny, while you and Rochester are working, do you mind if I fool around with this hunting rifle?

JACK: *No*, Go right ahead, it's loaded... Now Rochester, after we clean the shelves, I want to *be* ---

ARTIE: (COMING IN) Hello, Mr. Benny. Hello, everybody.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel.

(APPLAUSE)

ARTIE: I rang the doorbell, and when no *body* answered, I came back here to the garage.

JACK: *Well*, I'm glad you did.

ARTIE: Same here ... I was wondering maybe you can help me out.

JACK: Help you out?

ARTIE: Yes...mine lodge is having their annual dinner dance next week, and I have to entertain..I thought maybe you could give me some jokes to tell.

DENNIS: Why don't you sing "Clancy Lowered The Boom".

ARTIE: This I did last year.

JACK: You did?

ARTIE: Certainly..(SINGS) Oy that Clancy, Oy that Clancy, Whenever he got his Irish up --

DENNIS &

ARTIE: Clancy lowered the boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

JACK: (LAUGHING) Say, that's cute..Mr. Kitzel, you go to my office, and my secretary Bert Scott will give you all the jokes you want.

ARTIE: Oh, he has them on file there?

JACK: No, he makes them up, he's much better than my writers..
Believe me.

ARTIE: Well, thanks a lot ... I've got to be running along now.

ROCH: SAY, MR. KITZEL..I JUST NOTICED...ISN'T YOUR JAW A LITTLE
SWOLLEN?

ARTIE: Yeah, ^{my} ~~nephew~~ nephew just opened up a dentist's office, and I
went to him this morning.

JACK: Oh, And you had a tooth pulled?

ARTIE: Five of them.

JACK: You had five bad teeth?

ARTIE: Only one bad.

JACK: Then how come you let him pull the other four?

ARTIE: He's a beginner, he needs the experience.

JACK: Oh.

ARTIE: But he's going to be a ^{very} good dentist. ^{believe me -- you know} He's still
studying hard..He wants to specialize in stopping pain..
He's studying the nerves of ^{the} teeth.

JACK: Really?

ARTIE: Yeah, you should see how delicately ^{that gentleman} ~~he~~ works..He removes
the nerves from ^{the} teeth, and hangs them on tiny little racks,

JACK: Gosh, that must be hard work!

ARTIE: It's nerve wracking.

JACK: ^{Dr. Kitzel} Mr. Kitzel, you went through all that just to tell me a
joke?

ARTIE: (LAUGHS) My...I guess I'm still a little silly from the
laughing gas he gave me.

JACK: Oh, he used laughing gas as an anaesthetic, ^{huh?}

ARTIE: Yes, *you know something* and it's the silliest thing...he puts ~~the~~ ^{the} pliers in my mouth, turns on the gas and it starts...I'm laughing, he's pulling...he's pulling, I'm laughing..Oy, such a mish mash.

JACK: Gosh, I never had that...How long did you keep laughing?

ARTIE: Until he handed me the bill,

JACK: No.

Artie: Yes. (SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF MIKE)

ROCH: THAT'S THE PHONE, BOSS..WANT ME TO GO IN THE HOUSE AND ANSWER IT?

JACK: No, I want to go in and get a glass of water anyway.

ARTIE: Well, I better ~~go~~ ^{go} now.

DENNIS: Me, too.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS OFF MIKE AGAIN)

JACK: Excuse me..I'll see you later, fellows..So long.

~~ARTIE:~~
~~DENNIS:~~ Goodbye.

~~JACK: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) Oh that Olney, oh that Olney..~~

Jack: ~~(He never got his Irish up, Olney lowered the boom...)~~

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK..THEN PHONE RINGS

AGAIN..FOOTSTEPS UP WOODEN STEPS..SCREEN

DOOR OPENS..COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..PHONE RINGS...

RECEIVER UP)

JACK: (PUFFING A LITTLE) Hello?

JACK: Oh, hello, Claudette. Nice of you to call. Dinner? Saturday night?

Oh, sure ... sure. Goodbye. OH ROCHESTER, WE HAVE TO HAVE MISS

COLBERT'S TABLE CLOTHS READY BY SATURDAY NIGHT. I'll take them over

in person. Then, maybe ...

MAHLON: Well, he sawed the bars himself, but I hadda put up the ladder.

JACK: Mahlon, you shouldn't have...now we won't know where he is nights.... But will the arrangements be finished tomorrow?

MAHLON: Yes.

JACK: Good..Now I want the full orchestra because at rehearsal I'm going to see if --

MAHLON: Excuse me, Jack, but I've got to hang up now, somebody is waiting to use the phone.

JACK: Aren't you home?

MAHLON: No, I'm calling from a gasoline station..Remley stopped off here to get filled up.

JACK: Wait a minute..I didn't know Frankie had a car.

MAHLON: He hasn't, he'll drink anything.

JACK: Oh.

MAHLON: Well, so long, Jack.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Gee..imagine Frankie drinking gasoline..I hope it's Mobilgas, then everybody can "Look for the sign of the Flying Red Guitar player"...Gee, what a bunch of guys..I don't know why I keep them around..They can't play music ..a lot of the time they don't even bother showing up for the program..When they do show up, they're always inebriated..Now that I think of it, those fellows haven't sobered up once in all the years they've been with me... If they ever start cashing their checks, I'm gonna fire them...Sometime I think --

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

(Sound: Door Buzzer)

JACK: Oh, the front door.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

DON: Hello, Jack.

JACK: Oh hello, Don...come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: You know, Don, when the door bell rang, I knew it was you standing on the front porch.

DON: How did you know?

JACK: Because I didn't have to walk to the door...I slid, it was down hill..It was that simple.

DON: (SARCASTIC) Ha ha ha..some joke..verrrrry funny.

JACK: Huh?

DON: ~~Big~~ Big comedian always making cracks at my expense.

JACK: Don, I don't know why you should always be so sensitive about it...after all, you are fat.

DON: ~~Well~~, I'll tell you why I resent it ...It's not my fault ~~that~~ I'm heavy..it's my glands.

JACK: Your glands?

DON: Yeah they weigh two hundred pounds.

JACK: ~~Yeah~~ Haven't you got a small gland - like 75 lbs.

DON: ~~Yeah~~ ~~it's~~ it's about time you stopped kidding me about being fat...Everybody who knows you says that you're becoming somewhat chubby yourself.

JACK: Me? That's ridiculous...For the past dozen years my weight has always been a hundred and sixty pounds.

DON: Oh yeah..well, I'll bet you weigh a lot more than 160 pounds right now.

JACK: Don, I'll prove to you that you're wrong. ^{Now} Follow me.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS SUSTAIN AS JACK TALKS)

JACK: I have some scales in the bathroom and we'll see just how much I do weigh.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Here we are.

(SOUND: SCALE BEING PULLED OUT)

JACK: Now ^{here's} ~~here~~ the scale. ~~Now~~ I'll get on.

(SOUND: SCALE NOISES)

JACK: All right, I'm on it, Don.

DON: (TRIUMPHANT) Yeah, yeah..and look what it says..169 pounds

JACK: Say..it does say that. ~~I~~ Can't understand how I gained so much..Oh, I know what the extra nine pounds is. ~~That's~~ --No, I left my wallet in my other pants. ^{Gee,} I am gaining weight.. Don, you get on, I want to see how much you weigh.

DON: Well...all right.

(SOUND: MAN ON SCALE..SMALL REVOLVING NOISES..
THEN "PING")

DON: Gee, I never saw that before..a card coming out of a bathroom scale.

JACK: That's not a card..that's a spring..Gee, Imagine me being so much overweight..I'm going to go right on a diet and eat nothing but rye krisp and lettuce.

DON: ^{Aw,} Jack, that's fine, but I'll tell you something ~~that~~ I just started.

JACK: What?

DON: ^{Well,} Last week I joined the Beverly Wilshire Health Club and I exercise in the gym ^{over} there and take steam baths, ^{and} massages and everything.

JACK: Hey, that sounds great.

DON: ^{Yeah it is -- I'm} ~~in fact,~~ I ~~was~~ on my way there now..how ~~about~~ about you joining me?

DON: Don, you ~~got~~ got a deal..Let's go.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS..FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT)

JACK: Don, where's your car?

DON: ~~Yeah, if~~ You want to lose weight, you ~~are~~ got to walk a lot.

JACK: You're right..I'll tell Rochester I'm leaving..(CALLS)
Oh, Rochester.

ROCH: (OFF) YES, BOSS?

JACK: (CALLS) I'm going over to the Beverly Wilshire Health Club

ROCH: (OFF) SHALL I GET YOUR CAR OUT?

JACK: No, I'm going to walk.

ROCH: COWARD!

JACK: Now stop with those cracks about my car... Come on, Don,
let's go.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

DON: Oh, Gee, it's a nice day.

JACK: Yeah, ~~and~~ I love walking here in Beverly Hills ~~because~~ ---

~~(COACHES ARE HEARING FROM THE BEVERLY HILLS)~~

~~JACK: Hmm... Another Williams must be getting her mail.~~

~~DON: Yeah, that's right.~~

~~JACK: Nothing, nothing. Come on, let's walk a little faster.~~

DON: ~~Yeah~~....Say, Jack ----

JACK: What?

DON: Isn't that your neighbor's nurse over there pushing the baby carriage?

JACK: Oh yes...You know, that baby must be over a year old now.
Such a smart baby, too

DON: Yeah, and awfully cute, too.

JACK: Yeah, Here they come...Hello, you cute little thing...Coochy
coochy coochy.....coochy coochy ~~and~~ coochy.

BY

DON: *Jack* Jack, leave the nurse alone ~~and~~ pay attention to the baby.

JACK: ~~Jack~~ Oh yes, my glasses are so thick... Say nurse, this sure is a sweet baby, isn't it?

VEOLA: Oui oui, Monsieur... C'est une bébé tres bonne.

DON: Je n'ai pas vu la mere de la bébé depuis hier. Comment va-t-elle?

VEOLA: Elle va tres bien, merci, elle me dit souvent de vous.

JACK: Exkoosay mwa je voodray oon pwaton du pom fret.

VEOLA: Quoi?

JACK: Don, what did I say?

DON: You asked her for an order of French Fried potatoes.

JACK: Oh..oh..I meant to say she was a nice tomato.

DON: Gee, Jack, that baby is so cute.

JACK: Yeah.

MEL: (COOS)

JACK: Listen to that.

MEL: (GURGLES)

JACK: Coochy, coochy, coo.

MEL: (CRIES)

~~JACK: Don't cry, don't cry... Does the itty bitty baby want the
greatest big man to play with you?~~

~~MEL: (GURGLES)~~ *Now wait... here... now don't cry... here's a*
JACK: ~~Here's a~~ Here's a little game that all babies like..

Now pay attention, baby... This little piggy went to market... this little piggy stayed home.

MEL: (GURGLES)

JACK: This little piggy had roast beef, and this little piggy had none.

MEL: (GURGLES)

JACK: And this little piggy cried wee wee wee wee wee...~~wee~~ -- wee

DON: *Jack*, Jack, if we want to get to the club, we better get going.

JACK: Okay..wait'll I put my shoe on....There...Goodbye, baby.

MEL: (GURGLES)

DON: Au revoir, Mademoiselle.

VEOLA: Au Revoir...Oh, Pardonnez moi, Monsieur.

DON: Oui, Mademoiselle?

VEOLA: Donnez-vous une cigarette de moi, s'il vous plait?

JACK: What did she say, Don? *What did she say?*

DON: She asked me for a cigarette...Here you are, Mademoiselle.

VEOLA: Ooh, la la, Lucky Strike..Cette Cigarette est ma marque favorite.

DON: Well, I'm ^{mighty} glad to hear you say it's your favorite brand.

JACK: *You know,* It's my favorite, too, Mademoiselle..Any time you want Lucky Strikes, you can come over to my house, I have a machine full ^{there--}..Don, ask her if she knows the Lucky Strike song...I'd like to hear how it sounds in French.

DON: Mademoiselle, savez-vous chanter la chanson de Lucky Strike en Francais?

VEOLA: *Oh,* Oui, oui..(THEN SINGS) *avec plaisir*

Si vous voulez mieux gout dans la cigarette,

Lucky Strike est la marque acheter.

C'est Toasted donner a vous le mieux gout.

C'est la toasted (Ooh..la la) cigarette.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: ~~see~~ ^Feverybody on the street is applauding...they all like Lucky Strikes.

DY

VEOLA: *Oh*, Well, why shouldn't they...Luckies are cleaner..fresher..
smoother.

JACK: Yes, yes...they certainly are.

DON: ~~What~~, Jack, we better hurry....Bonjour, Mademoiselle.

JACK: Bonjour.

VEOLA: Bonjour, Monsieurs.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: Gee, I didn't know she spoke ~~any~~ English.

DON: Neither did I..You know, when she first came over here,
she was a displaced person.

JACK: Really...Well, everything seems to be ^{in the} ~~placed~~ right ^{place} now..
Come on, Don, let's go.

DON: Yeah ^{Oh} and Jack, the first thing we'll do when we get to
the club is take a steam bath, ^{huh?}

Jack: Oh yeah, that's what we'll have to do.
(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: LIGHT HISSING OF STEAM..SUSTAIN IN B.G.)

JACK: How long have we been in this steam room now, Don?

DON: Oh, about a half hour.

JACK: We'll have to get out soon..I can't take too much of
this heat, ^{you know}.

DON: ~~It~~ Is awfully hot in here.

JACK: I'll say...Boy, I haven't sweated like this since they
closed the banks in nineteen thirty-threes...Whew!

(SOUND: FIVE SECONDS HISSING STEAM)

JACK: Hey, they must have turned on more steam...I can't see a
thing.

DON: Jack, the heat melted the glue and it slipped down
over your eyes.

DY

JACK: ~~Oh, wait, come on,~~ Let's get out of here.

DON: Okay.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

DON: Here, Jack, put on these trunks.

JACK: Gee, this club provides everything.

DON: *Yeah*, It really does... Now let's put on these terry cloth bath robes and go into the gym ^{and} meet the instructor.

JACK: I'm right with you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

DON: Oh, here's the instructor now.

MEL: (SNIFFS A LA PUNCH FIGHTER) Oh, hello, Mr. Wilson.

(SNIFFS)

DON: Oh, hello, Kayo... Jack, this is Kayo Stevens... Kayo, this is Jack Benny.

MEL: Hey (SNIFFS) Jack Benny from radio and television? *(Sniffs)*

(SNIFFS)

JACK: *Yeah*, pleased to meet you, Kayo.

MEL: (SNIFFS) The feeling is (SNIFFS) mutual. *(Sniffs)*

DON: You know, Jack... Kayo used to be a prize fighter.

MEL: *Yeah*, That's right ~~(SNIFFS)~~ Mr. Benny (SNIFFS) Had my first fight in 1940 (SNIFFS).

JACK: Really?

MEL: Yep (SNIFFS) I spent twelve years in the ring (SNIFFS).

JACK: Twelve years *huh?*

MEL: Yep, but I finally came to, got up, and went home (SNIFFS)

DY

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JACK: Oh.

MEL: Okay, gentlemen, take off your bathrobes.

DON &

JACK: AD LIB OKAYS.

MEL: ^(Sniffs) Now before we start, Mr. Benny (SNIFFS) I wanna see your physique so I can know what exercises to give you (SNIFFS) ... Turn around a couple of times.

JACK: ~~Yes~~ All right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS JACK TURNS)

JACK: Well, how do I look?

MEL: No wonder you get laughs when you say you're thirty-nine.

JACK: What?

MEL: (SNIFFS)

JACK: Hmm.

MEL: Well, I think I'll start you and Mr. Wilson off with the regular bending exercises... are you ready? (SNIFFS)

DON: I'm ready, Kayo.

JACK: Me, too.

MEL: Okay... Now as I count, bend down and touch the floor.

JACK &

DON: Okay.

MEL: One, two, three, four,

^{and}
Bend down, touch the floor (SNIFFS)

^{(Sniffs) Mr. - Mr. Wilson -}
One, two, three - Mr. Wilson, you ain't doing it right. ^(Sniffs)

DON: What's wrong?

MEL: ^{Tell} You're supposed to touch the floor with your fingers, not your stomach.

JACK: Yes, Don, you're not getting any benefit out of this.

BB

MEL: *Key, look, O -* I think that'll be all for today.. (SNIFFS)
JACK: That's all?
MEL: Yeah, *here's in* no sense, overdoing it the first time. (SNIFFS)
JACK: Say, Keyo, *O -* I don't want to get personal, but I'd like to ask you why boxers always do that.
MEL: Do what? (SNIFFS)
JACK: That. (SNIFFS)...Whenever boxers talk, they go (SNIFFS) all the time. (SNIFFS)
MEL: *Ch*, I don't know why the rest of them do it (SNIFFS) but I got a cold. (SNIFFS)
JACK: Oh, well, I'm glad you explained it.
MEL: *Well*, Now go back in the steam room for about ten minutes before going home. *(Sniffs)*
JACK: *Ca*...okay...come on, Don.
(SOUND: QUITE A FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS...
MORE FOOTSTEPS)
JACK: *this is the - -* Let's see, *h*...this is the steam room here...
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

BB

ATX01 0020419

JACK: (COUGHS) Gee, the steam is much thicker than when we left. I can't see a thing.

DON: Same here... ~~But~~ Doesn't seem ~~to be~~ as hot, *though*.

JACK: Yeah....let's see if we can find a place to sit down.

DON: ~~But~~ I can't see.

JACK: Neither can I, but follow me. Maybe we can find---
Whoops, sorry I bumped into you.

JENNY: That's all right, I can't see a thing either.

JACK:Don, Don, what's a woman doing in the steam room?

JENNY: This is no steam room, this is Santa Monica Boulevard.

JACK: Well, I'll be darned, ~~this~~ ^{the} smog is awful...Come on, Don, let's get back in.

(APPLAUSE & PLAYOFF)

DY

ATK01 0020420

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM
JANUARY 30, 1955

-C-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Just before Jack comes back again, here's a word for
anyone who enjoys a good cigarette.

(TRANSCRIBED)
FULL ORCH: "If you want better taste from your cig-a-rette, Lucky
VERSION)

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: All you have to do is look at a pack of Luckies, friends,
and you'll see the reasons for Luckies' better taste
printed right on the pack: IS/MFT, Lucky Strike means
fine tobacco. Light naturally mild, good-tasting
tobacco. And -- IT'S TOASTED. IT'S TOASTED to taste
better. IT'S TOASTED is the famous Lucky Strike process
that tones up Luckies' fine tobacco....bringing it to its
peak of flavor...making it taste even better.

(MORE)

-D-

WILSON:
(CONF'D)

Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, Be Happy -- Go Lucky!
Make your next carton of cigarettes - better tasting
Lucky Strike!

(TRANSCRIBED)

(FULL ORCH,
VERSION)

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!

ATK01 0020422

(TAG)

JACK: Gee, Don, that was the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me..being out in the street like this.

DON: Yeah, I'm glad we found our way back into the club.

JACK: Oh - here's the sign "Steam Room". Let's go in, Don.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..HISSING OF STEAM)

DON: Gee, it's nice and warm in here.

JACK: I still can't see a thing.. I'm gonna sit down.

DENNIS: Ouch! Hey, you're sitting on me, Mister.

JACK: Dennis, what are you doing here in the steam room?

DENNIS: I told you I had to find someplace to sleep tonight.

JACK: ~~Oh yes yes.. Goodnight, Dennis..~~ Goodnight, folks.

Here a little late so
(APPLAUSE & MUSIC)

BB

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

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

BB

ATX01 0020424

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

ATX01 0020425