

(JBR9)  
PROGRAM #25

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

*"No Broadcast"*

SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1955

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM

(TRANSCRIBED - OCT. 11, 1953)

CAST: Jack Benny  
Mary Livingstone  
Rochester  
Dennis Day  
Bob Crosby  
Don Wilson  
The Sportsmen Quartet  
Will Wright  
Lois Corbett  
Mel Blanc  
Frank Nelson

SE

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 13, 1955

Opening: 1.00    Closing: 1.24  
Total: 2.24

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILSON:            THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM... transcribed and presented  
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better!

LIGHT UP TIME  
JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

SOUND:            TIC TOC - 6 BEATS

GROUP:            Light up a Lucky

SOLO:             It's Light Up Time

GROUP:            Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO:             It's Light Up Time  
For the taste that you like  
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP:            Relax!  
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP:    It's Light Up Time.

WILSON:            This is Don Wilson, friends. I hope that the very  
next time it's light-up time for you, you'll get  
the enjoyment - the real deep down smoking enjoyment  
that comes with lighting up a Lucky. Because  
Luckies taste better. A Lucky tastes better  
because it's made of fine tobacco. LS/MFT - Lucky  
Strike means fine tobacco. Fine, mild good-tasting  
tobacco. And then that fine tobacco is toasted.  
That's right - it's toasted ... to taste better.  
"IT'S TOASTED" - the famous Lucky Strike process  
tones up Luckies naturally mild, good-tasting  
tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner,  
fresher, smoother. So Be Happy - Go Lucky!

MG

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 13, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like  
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!  
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:  
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

MG

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 13, 1955

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #2 .20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO:  
(SPOKEN) Light up a Lucky

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

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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, AFTER LIVING FOR FIFTEEN YEARS  
AT THE SAME ADDRESS IN BEVERLY HILLS, OUR LITTLE STAR  
RECENTLY DECIDED TO PUT HIS HOUSE UP FOR SALE...SO  
LET'S GO OUT TO CAMDEN DRIVE WHERE WE FIND JACK  
SHOWING A PROSPECTIVE BUYER THROUGH THE PREMISES.

JACK: Well, I guess I've shown you about everything, Mr.  
and Mrs. Borden.

WRIGHT: It's quite a nice house.

LOIS: Yes, it's just about what we had in mind.

JACK: Good...good...Naturally, I wouldn't want to high  
pressure you into a sale because I don't believe in  
doing business that way...but where else at the price  
can you find a home with this square footage, quality  
of workmanship, choice location, and---

WRIGHT: Mr. Benny, you're squeezing my arm.

JACK: Euh?...Oh...Oh...I guess I got carried away...(SILLY  
LAUGH) Anyway, I'm glad you like it.

LOIS: Mr. Benny, to maintain a house this size I imagine you  
must have a butler, a gardener, a cook, a chauffeur,  
an upstairs maid, and a downstairs maid.

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JACK: Yes, yes, I have.

WRIGHT: Well, where are they?

ROCH: HERE I AM, SIR.

JACK: Rochester --

ROCH: IF I EVER GET FIRED, I CAN COLLECT TWELVE UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS.

JACK: Never mind.

WRIGHT: Well, Mr. Benny, I think we've seen all we need to... and we'll let you know. Come along, Martha.

JACK: But I haven't even told you about the neighbors...~~for~~ See, right next door are my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.

LOIS: (IMPRESSED) Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman.

JACK: Yes, Ma'am...Here, look out this window...That's Ronnie and Benita's house.

WRIGHT: Where?

JACK: Right there...You can just make out the tip of the chimney over his fence...see?

WRIGHT: Say, that's some fence.

ROCH: YOU SHOULD SEE IT AT NIGHT WHEN THEY SHOOT ELECTRICITY THROUGH IT.

JACK: Yes, yes...Well, Mr. Borden, this house seems to fit your needs...and if you want to leave a small deposit, I'll be very happy ~~to~~ ---

(SOUND: CLANGS)

JACK: Excuse me, folks...(WHISPERING) Rochester, I thought that plumber finished upstairs.

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ROCH: (WHISPERING) NO, HE JUST HAD TO GO BACK TO THE SHOP  
FOR MORE TOOLS.

(SOUND: MORE CLANGS)

JACK: Oh, for heavens sakes...(UP) I'll be back in a second,  
folks...Rochester, show them the closet space in this  
room and the hall.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING UP STAIRS)

JACK: Hm...just as I had the deal almost closed, that darned  
plumber had to start pounding on the pipes.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...POUNDING OF HAMMER CLOSER...  
DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Say, fellow...look, fellow, I'm trying to sell the  
house...Would you mind being a little more quiet?

MEL: (MOOLEY) Look, Bud, I'm in no mood for complaints.

JACK: Why, what's the matter?

MEL: What's the matter?...Did you ever spend three hours on  
your back lookin' up at the bottom of a rusty sink bowl?

JACK: Huh?

MEL: This ain't Cinerama.

JACK: Well, I ---

MEL: Well, next time, think before you criticize.

JACK: I'm not criticizing...I just don't see why you have to  
make such a racket with that hammer.

MEL: Because the hammer is made out of metal and the pipes  
is made out of metal.

JACK: Well, isn't there some way you <sup>can</sup> ~~made~~ muffle the sound?

SE

MEL: *why* Sure, if you'll be kind enough to help me.

JACK: What can I do?

MEL: Put your head between the pipe and the hammer.

JACK: Look, just finish up the job and get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM & FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: *Can't* Can't understand it...Other people hire plumbers,  
and get a plumber...I hire a plumber and get a  
Milton Berle.

(SOUND: RAPID FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS)

JACK: Well, folks, as I was saying---Roch---Rochester,  
where's Mr. and Mrs. Borden?

ROCH: THEY LEFT, BUT THEY SAID THEY WERE INTERESTED IN THE  
HOUSE AND THEY'D THINK ABOUT IT.

JACK: Oh, well...I hope they ---

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: I'll get that, Rochester...it's probably somebody else  
who wants to buy the house.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

JACK: (VERY SWEETLY) How do you do...step right---Oh, it's  
you, Mary.

MARY: Stop bowing, I'm not going to buy your house.

JACK: *I know* I know...come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

JACK: I thought it was another prospect...*You know,* they've been  
coming in droves.

MARY: No soul---sale yet, huh?

JACK: No, no soul yet.

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MARY: I rehearsed, too.

JACK: Yeah, I know. No, Mary...no sale yet...Gee, I can't understand it, Mary. Here's a beautiful home...28 rooms...gorgeous grounds...large swimming pool...and the location---

MARY: Jack, you're squeezing my arm.

JACK: Oh...I'm sorry.

MARY: Let me ask you something...Why do you want to sell this house, anyway?

JACK: Look, Mary, I'm here all alone...just me and Rochester.. What do I need with a house that has twenty-eight rooms?

MARY: Jack, you mean to say this house has twenty-eight rooms?

JACK: Certainly...there's the kitchen, the dining room, the living room, the den, the library, and three bedrooms.

MARY: That's only eight. What about the other twenty rooms?

JACK: Oh, I never use those. I've had them closed up for years.

MARY: You've had them...closed for...Jack---

JACK: You see, I don't really need---

MARY: Jack---

JACK: ---so many rooms, you know, so I only ---

MARY: Jack ---

JACK: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Jack, what ever happened to Kenny Baker?

JACK: Gee, I don't know. I never thought of that. I don't know...He came over to my house about fifteen years ago, ~~and~~ that's the last I saw of him...Anyway, Mary, since I don't need so many rooms, I decided to get a smaller house.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

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

MARY: Oh hello, Dennis.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: Come in and sit down, kid.

DENNIS: Thanks...Say, Mr. Benny, I saw the sign out in front of your house that says "For Sale."

JACK: That's right, kid.

DENNIS: How much do you want for it?

JACK: A hundred thousand dollars.

DENNIS: For a little sign like that?

JACK: For the house...Dennis, I'm trying to sell the house.

DENNIS: Oh...well, I wouldn't buy it.

JACK: Oh, you wouldn't, eh?...Well, Dennis, I've got news for you...In the first place, nobody asked you to buy it...and in the second place, you couldn't afford to buy it.

DENNIS: If I didn't work for a cheapskate, I could.

JACK: .....Mary.....

MARY: Don't look at me, I only thought it, he said it.

JACK: ~~well~~, Dennis, I don't want to get into a long routine with you, so sing the song you <sup>do</sup> ~~do~~ do on the show before the gang gets here, will you?

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Mary, get me a glass of water.

DENNIS: Here's an aspirin.

JACK: I have my own...just sing.

(APPLAUSE)

(DENNIS'S SONG - "GRANADA")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND ROUTINE)

JACK: Dennis..Dennis, that was very good..a beautiful song.

DENNIS: Gracias.

JACK: Thank you..You know, I can't understand..I can't understand how anyone who sings so beautifully can come in here and act like you do..What makes you behave like that?

DENNIS: I don't know..I'm just a Meshugganah mixed up kid.

JACK: I'll say you are.

MEL: (OFF) (HOLLERS) HEY, MR. BENNY..MR. BENNY..

JACK: Hmm, it's that plumber again..YEAH, WHAT IS IT?

MEL: WOULD YOU TURN THE WATER ON FROM THE SERVICE PORCH?

JACK: OKAY...ROCHESTER.

ROCH: YES, BOSS.

JACK: WOULD YOU PLEASE TURN THE WATER ON IN THE SERVICE PORCH?

ROCH: (OFF) YES SIR..(LONG PAUSE). ~~THE~~ WATER'S ON, BOSS.

JACK: THANKS...HEY, PLUMBER, THE WATER'S ON.

MEL: OKAY

JACK: ARE YOU ALL FINISHED FIXING THE SINK?

MEL: NOT YET.

JACK: THEN WHY DID YOU WANT TO HAVE THE WATER TURNED ON?

MEL: I'M DIRTY, I WANTA TAKE A SHOWER.

JACK: WAIT A MINUTE..WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A SHOWER ON YOUR OWN TIME?

MEL: I GOT DIRTY ON YOUR TIME.

JACK: I DON'T CARE...ROCHESTER, TURN THE WATER OFF.

ROCH: IT'S OFF, BOSS.

JACK: What a crazy plumber.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

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JACK: I'll get it..Imagine a guy like that..

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..DOOR OPENS)

BOB: H'ya, Jack.

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

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

JACK: Everybody's here but Don Wilson. ~~as~~ Soon as he comes,  
we can rehearse.

BOB: Oh Jack, I just bumped into Ronald Colman in front of  
your house.

JACK: Ronnie?..What did he have to say?

BOB: Oh nothing. He put a rabbit's foot on your For Sale  
sign and went home whistling.

JACK: Good old Ronnie..always wishing me luck.

BOB: Jack, is that sign out in front just a gag or are you  
really trying to sell your house?

JACK: Well of course, I'm trying to sell it.

BOB: Well, what are you asking for it?

JACK: A hundred thousand dollars.

BOB: A hundred thousand dollars! Brother!

JACK: What do you mean, "Brother"?

BOB: Well, my brother's the only one that's got that kind of  
dough.

JACK: Oh..oh..oh..oh.

MARY: Say Bob--

JACK: Well, sister, how are you?

MARY: Say, Bob, I thought you *were going to bring---*

JACK: It's Robert!

MARY: Bob, I thought you were going to bring the band over  
today so we could have a complete rehearsal.

BOB: *Oh*, I was, Mary, but I called Bagby the piano player and he said that today all the boys in the band have gone to a tailor to have new tuxedos made.

JACK: All the musicians in the band?..New tuxedos?

BOB: Um hum.

JACK: What are they celebrating?

BOB: National Wine Week.

JACK: Oh..You know, Bob, I'm a little surprised that they drink anything as mild as wine.

BOB: Oh sure, they do, Jack..they drink a lot of beer, too.

JACK: Beer?

BOB: Um hm..in fact, they had the answer to "What'll You Have?" before Pabst had the question.

JACK: That I can believe..That's the only band I ever saw where the bass fiddle has a bung hole in it, you know.

MARY: *Jack: Yeah? Mary: Jack,*  
Jack why do you and Bob always pick on the orchestra boys? It's none of your business what kind of a life they lead.

JACK: Look, Mary --

MARY: *Look*  
After week you're always picking on them..insulting them..you never have a kind word to say about them.

JACK: Look, Mary ..

MARY: They've been with you for years and you ought to be ashamed of the way you constantly run them down.

JACK: Mary --

MARY: After all, your only concern should be whether or not they play good music.

JACK: Oh, I see..and you..you think they play good music?

MARY: Well, they could if they weren't always drunk.

SE

JACK: I thought so..Now Bob, as long as the boys in the band are getting tuxedos, tell them to please wear them on the show.

BOB: Well, I will, Jack.

JACK: And one more thing..I have a request from the California Chamber of Commerce.

BOB: Well, what's that?

JACK: Well, they wrote me a letter saying that if Sammy the drummer can't grow hair and won't wear a toupey, won't he at least paint a stem on his head so it'll look like an orange...Now the reason that--

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

JACK: Oh, hello, Don.

DON: Hello, Jack..Hi, everybody.

GANG: (AD LIBS HELLOS)

JACK: Well, I'm glad you brought the Sportsmen with you...Don, did you see that sign out on the front lawn?

DON: Yeah, I noticed that, Jack..are you really going to sell this house?

JACK: That's right, Don...Hey, why don't you buy it? You've tried it on enough...You know, ~~it's~~ too big, we can take it in a little around the pantry.

BOB: Hey Jack, why don't we get this rehearsal over with? I want to go out to the driving range and hit some golf balls.

MARY: Say, I'd like to go with you, Bob.

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JACK: Allright, kids, maybe we'll all go..but first let's get on with the rehearsal.

DON: What kind of a show are we going to have?

JACK: Well, Don, the first half is all written, but we're not sure what to do for the last half. I'd like to do something different.

MEL: How about doing a satirical version of a psychological drama?

MARY: Say, that's a pretty good idea.

JACK: Mary, what are you talking to him for, he's the plumber.

MARY: Oh, I thought he was one of your writers.

JACK: Well, that's a stupid mistake.. when he pronounced psychological right, you shoulda known he wasn't ...Now look, Mister, we have a rehearsal to do.. just go finish your job.

MEL: That's what I came to tell you. I'm all through.

JACK: Good, good.

MEL: (Ch) But there's something I think you oughta know.

JACK: What?

MEL: Well, there was a leak in one of the pipes and while I was tracing it, it led me way to the back of the house on the top floor..and in one of them unused rooms I saw a fellow with curly hair sitting there eating Jello.

JACK: What?

MARY: Jack, that must be Kenny Baker.

JACK: No no, that's impossible.

ROCH: MAYBE IT'S THE GAS MAN.

JACK: That happened in the basement..Look, Mister, you didn't see anybody up there..probably just a hallucination.

MEL: Hey, that's a good word.

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JACK: Yes yes..Now as long as you're through with your job,  
you can go.

MEL: Okay...goodbye.

JACK: Goodbye.

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Now kids --

MEL: Oh, pardon me, Mr. Benny...is your house still for  
sale?

JACK: Yes.

MEL: How much you want for it?

JACK: Look, you couldn't afford to buy it.

MEL: You didn't get my bill yet.

JACK: What?

MEL: When you see it, remember it ain't no hallucination.

JACK: Get out of here.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAM)

JACK: Now look, kids, as long as everybody wants to go out  
and hit some golf balls, let's start the rehearsal...  
Now, Don, while we go in the other room and rehearse  
the dialogue, you run through the commercial with the  
Sportsmen. Do you have something prepared?

DON: Oh yes, Jack, but I was thinking about your house.

JACK: Look Don, you can't afford to buy it, so let's --

DON: Oh, I don't mean that, Jack...I thought as long as  
you're anxious to sell the house, it may help a little  
if we do something about it with the quartet on the  
radio.

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JACK: Oh...something about the sale <sup>for</sup> of my house...Well,  
that's wonderful, Don...Hey, kids, you go in the other  
room and rehearse the dialogue, I want to listen to  
this...Go ahead, Don...Let's hear it.

QUART: I WANT A HOUSE  
JUST LIKE THE HOUSE  
THAT BENNY HAS FOR SALE.  
I WANT IT SO IF I HAD THE DOUGH,  
I'D BUY IT WITHOUT FAIL.  
A GOOD OLD FASHIONED HOUSE WITH 28 ROOMS  
LOTS OF CLOSETS FOR MY MOPS AND BROOMS  
I WANT A HOUSE JUST LIKE THE HOUSE  
THAT BENNY HAS FOR SALE.

JACK: Don, I want them to sell cigarettes, too...Hey,  
fellows, cigarettes.

QUART: I WANT A SMOKE JUST LIKE THE SMOKE  
THAT PLEASES DEAR OLD DAD.  
LSMFT, THAT'S THE SMOKE FOR ME  
THE BEST I'VE EVER HAD  
IT'S THE BEST I EVER HAD.  
AND LUCKY STRIKES THE ONLY SMOKE FOR YOU  
BETTER TASTING, CLEANER FRESHER, TOO.  
YES, IT'S A FACT.  
DAD'S FAVORITE PACK  
IS ALWAYS LUCKY STRIKE  
L S M F T.

(APPLAUSE)

EC

(THIRD ROUTINE)

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JACK: <sup>Don</sup> Don, that was a swell idea ~~and~~ I certainly want to thank you very much.

DON: Why, Jack?

JACK: Well, this way maybe I can sell my house direct...I won't need a real estate agent. <sup>You see</sup> We'll use it on the air Sunday and see if we can get any --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

JACK: Oh, Rochester..answer the phone, will you, please?

ROCH: YES, SIR.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..RECEIVER UP)

ROCH: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO.

WRIGHT: Hello, this is Mr. Borden calling..is Mr. Benny in, please?

ROCH: JUST A MINUTE...BOSS...IT'S FOR YOU..IT'S MR. BORDEN.

JACK: Mr. Borden?...Oh, say, that's the man who was over to look at the house..Maybe he's gonna buy it...Hand me the phone....(VERY SWEETLY) Helloooooo.

WRIGHT: Operator, will you please get off the line?

JACK: No no, Mr. Borden, this is Jack Benny.

WRIGHT: Oh...Mr. Benny.

JACK: <sup>Ch</sup> What did you call for, Mr. Borden? What what...what did you call for..what, what, ~~what~~, huh, huh, huh? What was it <sup>huh</sup>?

WRIGHT: Well --

JACK: What is it, what is it, Mr. Borden, what? <sup>huh?</sup> Huh, ~~huh~~ what, what?

WRIGHT: Mr. Benny --

EC

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JACK: Yeah..what what what?

WRIGHT: My wife and I have talked it over and we've almost made up our minds to buy your house.

JACK: You have, you have, you have?

WRIGHT: Yes..we have...You said you wanted a hundred thousand dollars..is that right?

JACK: *Yes* Yes..if you'll come right over now, we can close the deal.

WRIGHT: Well, Mr. Benny, the banks are all closed now and all I have with me is a business check for two hundred and fifty thousand.

JACK: Well, come on over, I can give you the change.

WRIGHT: Well..I have an appointment out at my club this afternoon...I'll come over ~~the~~ first thing in the morning.

JACK: All right, Mr. Borden, I'll be here...Goodbye.

(SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN)

JACK: Hey kids..kids..guess what just happened..Mr. Borden.. the man who was here with his wife a while ago, just called and said they were going to buy my house.

MARY: Say, that's wonderful.

DON: Sure is, Jack.

BOB: That's great news.

JACK: Yes sir.

DENNIS: They'll never be happy here.

EC

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JACK: They will if you don't visit them..Now come on, kids,  
let's finish our rehearsal ~~and~~ then we'll go out on  
the driving range and hit some golf balls.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

(SOUND: CAR PULLING TO STOP)

JACK: Well, here we are.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Here, Mary, I'll carry your clubs.

MARY: Oh thanks, Bob.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CLUBS)

BOB: Here's your bag, Jack.

JACK: Careful with them, Bob, those clubs are new.

MARY: Gee, the driving range is crowded today.

JACK: We better get some golf balls at the stand...Dennis,  
here's some money..go get us a couple of buckets of  
balls.

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Excuse me, kids..I wanta swing this club to limber up  
my hands. They're stiff from my violin lesson  
yesterday.

BOB: ~~See~~, Did you practice too long?

JACK: No, my violin teacher closed the case on my fingers...  
~~as~~ it happens every time I take a lesson.

DENNIS: Here's a bucket of balls.

JACK: Thanks, Dennis...Go ahead, Mary, hit one out, will you?

MARY: Okay.

EC

JACK: Keep your head down.

MARY: Be quiet.

(SOUND: WHIP OF CLUB AND CRACK OF BALL)

BOB: Hey, that was a good one, Mary.

JACK: Yeah, but watch your form, Mary. Your pivot was much too abrupt and you dipped your shoulder. Go ahead, Bob..you go.

BOB: Okay, here goes.

(SOUND: WHIP OF CLUB AND CRACK OF BALL)

MARY: Wow! Two hundred and fifty yards, straight down the middle!

JACK: Yeah, but Bob, you dipped your shoulder, too...Now stand back and watch me.

(SOUND: SLIGHT PAUSE..WHIP OF CLUB AND  
BODY THUD)

MARY: Help him up, Bob.

BOB: I -- I can't without dipping my shoulder.

JACK: Don't be funny..I just tried to hit it too hard, that was all...

MARY: Oh, stop making excuses. You've never played good golf in your life.

JACK: Oh, I haven't, eh?...Well, let me tell you something, sister..Not only do I play good golf, but I even know some great trick shots.

MARY: Trick shots?

JACK: Yes..Here, I'll show you....Dennis, lie down and put this golf ball on your nose...Come on, Dennis, lie down.

EC

DENNIS: Okay.

JACK: Now hold still, Dennis, while I balance this ball on your nose..I'll show you kids a trick shot if you ever saw one..Now stand back, everybody.

MARY: But Jack, you must be kidding. That's a dangerous trick.

BOB: It sure is. You're liable to miss that ball and hit Dennis.

JACK: (BIG SMILE)...Yeahhhh!

MARY: Dennis, get up. You'll get hurt.

JACK: Now get up, Dennis...Now watch me, Bob, and I'll show you the correct form for driving a ball off the tee... Watch this.

(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hummm.

(SOUND: PAUSE...SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Hummmmm.

(SOUND: PAUSE...SWISH OF CLUB)

JACK: Humm.

MARY: Jack, keep it up, that's wonderful.

JACK: What do you mean, wonderful?...I missed the ball three times.

MARY: I know, but you're fanning the smog out of Los Angeles.

JACK: Oh, stop.

DENNIS: If I'da stayed down there, I'd be a mess.

JACK: I can't understand it...Bob, what am I doing wrong?

EC

BOB: Well, I don't know, Jack... <sup>But</sup> ~~well~~, gee -- maybe you ought to take a few lessons from the instructor here.

JACK: Instructor? Where is he?

BOB: Well, that's him over there...the one with the white cap.

JACK: Oh, yes...maybe he can help me...Oh, Mister...Mister?

NELSON: Yesssssss.

JACK: Oh, no...Are you the golf instructor here?

NELSON: Yes, don't let these lounging pajamas fool you.

JACK: All right..All right, now what do you charge for a lesson?

NELSON: It's three dollars for a half hour.

JACK: Well, okay...give me a lesson.

NELSON: All right...let me see your swing...Grip the club firmly...the thumb on the shaft.

JACK: Like this?

NELSON: Very good..But be sure not to slice. We're right next to the third hole of the golf course..right over that hedge.

JACK: Oh yes...I'll be careful.

NELSON: Now start your backswing, that's it...Now head down, keep your head down..lower...lower...lower...WELLLL, I KNEW IT WOULD SLIP OFF.

JACK: Now cut that out! Look, Mister, I'm paying for a lesson...so will you please give me some instruction?

NELSON: All right..keep your head down..swing back slowly...hit it.

(SOUND: SWISH OF CLUB...CLICK OF BALL)

EC

ATX01 00205B7

JACK: Oh boy, look at that one go!

BOB: Hey, Jack, you got a bad slice on that one.

MARY: Look, it's going over the hedge onto the golf course.

NELSON: FORE...FORE...

MARY: Oh my goodness..you hit a man on the head!

JACK: Oh, for heaven's sakes..I better run over and apologize.

NELSON: You don't have to, he's coming over here.

JACK: Say, it's Mr. Borden, the man who's going to buy my house.

WRIGHT: Who hit me on the head with that ball?

JACK: I did, ~~and~~ I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Borden.

WRIGHT: Who's Mr. Borden?

JACK: <sup>You are</sup> You are and I'm Jack Benny.

WRIGHT: Who's Jack Benny?

MARY: <sup>Jack</sup> Jack, your ball hit him so hard he lost his memory.

JACK: But he can't...he promised to buy the house.

WRIGHT: What house?

JACK: My house..don't you remember..think...the house in Beverly Hills...twenty-eight rooms..the swimming pool..the spacious yard --

WRIGHT: Stop squeezing my arm.

JACK: But Mr. Borden...you must remember..please...please...

(MUSIC STARTS)

JACK: The lovely neighborhood..the wonderful neighbors... Kenny Baker will sing to you..Mr. Borden!

EC

ATX01 0020588



NELSON: What about my three dollars?

JACK: When I sell the house...Mr. Borden...try to remember..  
please.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP FULL)

EC

ATX01 0020589

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 13, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILSON: Jack will be back in just a minute, but first listen  
to this.

LIGHT UP TIME  
JINGLE - #1 .21 sec.

SOUND: (TIC TOC - 6 BEATS)

GROUP: Light up a Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time

GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky

SOLO: It's Light Up Time  
For the taste that you like  
Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Relax!  
(HUM GLISS)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time.

WILSON: Light-up time. A time when you want to really  
enjoy yourself. And if it's a Lucky you light, you  
really get that enjoyment. Because a Lucky tastes  
better. Naturally it does. It's made of fine,  
mild tobacco. Tobacco that naturally tastes better.  
Tobacco that's toasted. That's right. "IT'S  
TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- tones  
up Luckies good tasting tobacco ... brings it to its  
very peak of flavor...makes it taste even better.  
Cleaner, fresher, smoother. So when it's light-up  
time for you, light up a Lucky. You'll find it's  
the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

MG

ATX01 0020590

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 13, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE - #3 .13 sec. (SHORT CLOSE)

SOLO & GROUP: For the taste that you like

Light up a Lucky Strike

GROUP: Right Now!

(HUM GLISS)

SOLO: Light up a Lucky  
(SPOKEN)

SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

MG

ATX01 0020591

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
MARCH 13, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

(OPTIONAL)

LIGHT UP TIME

JINGLE #2 20 sec.

GROUP: Light up a Lucky  
SOLO: It's Light Up Time  
GROUP: Be Happy Go Lucky  
SOLO: It's Light Up Time  
For the taste that you like  
Light up a Lucky Strike  
GROUP: Right Now!  
(HUM GLISS)  
SOLO: Light up a Lucky  
(SPOKEN)  
SOLO & GROUP: It's Light Up Time

(TAG)

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JACK: ~~Goodnight everybody,~~ We're a little late, *so goodnight,*  
*folks.*

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

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.

EC

ATX01 0020593

HERBERT TAREYTON  
HR 302F

-23-

ANNCR: 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, reknowned 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.

EC

RTX01 0020594