

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM  
#1

October 1, 1944

4:00 - 4:30 PM PWT

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*Rebroadcast: 9:30-10:00 PM - P.W.T.  
Stations: KPD, KOMO, KMT, KNQ  
KGW, KFSD, KFI*

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RTX01 0234860

DELMAR: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUUSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Of course!

DELMAR: Right you are!

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...so round, so firm,  
so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

RUUSDAEL: Ladies and gentlemen -- in a cigarette it's the tobacco  
that counts! And - remember, Lucky Strike means fine  
tobacco,-- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike  
means fine tobacco. At markets now open in the South,  
independent tobacco experts present at the auctions  
can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select  
the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike Tobacco.  
And sworn records show that among such independent  
tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen--  
with men who know tobacco best -- it's Luckies two to one!

ROONE: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)

Jack Benny - 10/1/44

(REVISED)

-1-

(AFTER OPENING COMMERCIAL - ON CUE: MUSIC UP AND FADES DOWN)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH  
MARY LIVINGSTONE, PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, AND YOURS TRULY,  
DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP, THEN FADES)

DON: AND NOW WE TAKE YOU TO JACK BENNY'S HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS  
..IT IS EARLY MORNING..JACK IS STILL ASLEEP AND ROCHESTER  
IS IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING BREAKFAST. (MUSIC OUT)

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE  
CLICK OF RECEIVER)

ROCHESTER: HELLO..MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE.

(APPLAUSE)

ROCHESTER: MR. BENNY'S RESIDENCE..STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO..  
SO WHETHER YOU GO OUT OR STAY HOME, HE'S GOT YOU TRAPPED  
.....WHO?.....OH HELLO SAM, AM I GLAD YOU CALLED, HURRY  
RIGHT OVER.....AND ~~BRING~~ <sup>return</sup> BACK THAT SUIT I RENTED YOU,  
THE BOSS IS BACK!.....I KNOW YOUR WEEK AIN'T UP  
YET, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY PRONTO, PRO-RATA, AND  
PRO-VIDIN' I'M ALIVE WHEN YOU GET HERE.....THAT'S RIGHT  
...AND SAM, I WISH YOU'D PASS THE WORD ALONG TO THE REST  
OF MY CLIENTELE.....GOODBYE.

(SOUND: RECEIVER CLICK)

ROCHESTER: Well I guess I'm safe now....Oh oh, I'll have to dig up  
some excuse about Mr. Benny's tuxedo..Doggone, when I  
rented it out for Jerome, how did I know they ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> gonna  
cremate him!.....Oh well, I'd better prepare  
breakfast before the boss wakes up.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

ROCHESTER: COMING --

(SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPENS)

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ROCHESTER: Oh, it's you, Mr. Milkman.

KERN: Good mornin', Rochester..I see by this note you left, you want me to start deliverin' milk again and stop leavin' cream.

ROCHESTER: Yeah, Mr. Benny's back!

~~KERN:~~ Oh yes, yes, he's been overseas, hasn't he?

~~ROCHESTER:~~ That's right.

KERN: Oh, Say Rochester, is it true that Mr. Benny's goin' on the air for a new sponsor?

ROCHESTER: Yes sir..From now on, he's <sup>going on -</sup>gonna be with LS..MFT.

KERN: You mean Lucky Strike means fine tobacco?

ROCHESTER: Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco..fine fine FINE!

KERN: Well, <sup>look you</sup>tell Mr. Benny I'll be listenin' to him..Goodbye.

ROCHESTER: Goodbye.

KERN: Oh, by the way, there's a little matter of last month's bill..And here it is.

ROCHESTER: Mmm Mmm..Twenty eight dollars for cream..Okay, I'll write you out a check for it.

KERN: Wait a minute..Is that a pair of dice you're takin' out of your pocket?

ROCHESTER: Let's just call it my Central Avenue fountain pen!.....  
..Mr. Milkman, lay that bill down on the ground.

(SOUND: LOUD RATTLE OF DICE)

KERN: <sup>now look -</sup>oh But Rochester, I don't want--

ROCHESTER: It's too late now, I'm wound up!

KERN: Oh, all right.

ROCHESTER: Here goes!

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DICE,  
ROLL OF DICE  
SNAP OF FINGERS)

ROCHESTER: There it is in black and white!

KERN: Doggone, I've been homogenized again.

ROCHESTER: Well, goodbye, and better luck next month.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

JACK: (OFF MIKE) OH ROCHESTER, ROCHESTER --

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: (ON MIKE) Rochester --

ROCHESTER: Oh good morning, boss..Sit right down and have your breakfast.

JACK: Thanks, ~~Rochester~~..Gee, it's good to be home.

ROCHESTER: It's good to have you home, boss..You'll never know how much I missed you.

JACK: Did you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Yeah..(SOFT AND SLOW)..The three months you were away, this old house was so lonesome..I'd go into the living room and see your big easy chair ~~with~~ with no one in it, and I'd feel like cryin'.

JACK: Gee!

ROCHESTER: The trees outside were in bloom, but they looked barren to me.

JACK: Aw, Rochester.

ROCHESTER: The birds were singing but I never could seem to hear them. The sun was shining but I never saw it.

JACK: Really, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Yeah.....I NEVER GOT UP TIL EIGHT O'CLOCK AT NIGHT!

JACK: Hmm..Now cut out this nonsense and get me something to eat. What are we having for breakfast?

ROCHESTER: Huh?

JACK: I said, what are we having for breakfast.

ROCHESTER: IF THIS WAS LAST SEASON, I COULD MENTION IT.

JACK: IF THIS WAS LAST SEASON, YOU'D HAVE TO MENTION IT....Now  
get me my breakfast before I do it myself.

ROCHESTER: Okay, okay, I'll get your coffee.

JACK: (He won't sleep til eight o'clock at night any more.)

(SOUND: CONTINUOUS SHORT BLASTS ON SLIDE  
WHISTLE, ALL THROUGH FOLLOWING SCENE)

JACK: ROCHESTER, SHUT OFF THE EGG TIMER.

ROCHESTER: BUT I'M GETTIN' YOUR COFFEE.

JACK: SHUT OFF THE EGG TIMER!

ROCHESTER: OKAY.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER..EGG TIMER CONTINUES)

JACK: ROCHESTER, ANSWER THE DOOR.

ROCHESTER: YOU TOLD ME TO SHUT OFF THE EGG TIMER.

JACK: ANSWER THE DOOR.

*Rochester;* Okay. (SOUND: PHONE RINGS, EGG TIMER CONTINUES)

JACK: ROCHESTER, ANSWER THE PHONE.

ROCHESTER: YOU TOLD ME TO ANSWER THE DOOR.

JACK: ANSWER THE PHONE.

ROCHESTER: BOSS, I CAN'T BE IN ALL THOSE PLACES AT ONCE, I AIN'T  
GENERAL PATTON!

JACK: WE'LL TALK ABOUT YOUR RANK LATER..YOU STOP THE EGG TIMER  
AND ANSWER THE ~~DOOR~~<sup>door</sup>..I'LL ANSWER THE ~~DOOR~~<sup>Phone</sup>. - *on the door rather.*

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..  
FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: (HUMS "LOVE IN BLOOM") Ta ta ta ta ta..ta ta ta...Oh boy,  
it's good to be home...Ta ta ta ta --

(SOUND: ~~DOOR BUZZER~~)

MARY: HELLO, JACK!

JACK: MARY!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: GEE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.

MARY: GOSH, JACK, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL..I GOTTA GIVE YOU A GREAT  
BIG KISS...~~Mmmmm!~~

(~~SOUND~~: LOUD KISS)

JACK: OH MARY, <sup>NOT</sup>NOT/OUT HERE ON THE FRONT PORCH.

MARY: ANOTHER ONE..~~Mmmmm!~~

(~~SOUND~~: LOUD KISS)

JACK: MARY, <sup>MARY</sup>PLEASE..YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME.

MARY: ONE MORE..<sup>JACK</sup>~~Mmmmm!~~

(~~SOUND~~: ~~LOUD KISS~~)

JACK: MARY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, PUT ME DOWN!....Please.

MARY: Oh Jack, what are you ashamed of?..I haven't seen you  
in three months, and that's a long time to go without  
a kiss.

JACK: Gee Mary, you mean you haven't kissed anybody for  
three months?

MARY: Leave me out of it, I'm thinking <sup>ABOUT</sup> ~~of~~ you.

JACK: Oh, ~~thank~~ thanks.

MARY: Gosh Jack, it's good to see you..How was your trip?

JACK: Come on in and I'll tell you all about it.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

JACK: <sup>MARY,</sup> Believe me, Mary, it was wonderful doing shows for the  
boys over-seas..What a great job those kids are doing..  
And you know what?..If I were twenty years younger,  
I'd be right out there with 'em.

MARY: ~~What~~ <sup>that</sup> you said <sup>during</sup> during the last war.

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JACK: Well I meant it then too....I mean..Mary, stop mixing me up..I was in the last war, <sup>remember I was in the Navy and I...</sup> ~~and if you must know~~

ROCHESTER: OH HELLO, MISS LIVINGSTONE.

MARY: HELLO, ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER: Mr. Benny, that telephone call was from your sponsor.

JACK: MY SPONSOR!

~~MARY~~ <sup>MARY</sup>: ~~Benny~~, you act like you're surprised you got one:

JACK: Well I'm surprised he called..I wonder what it's about.. Maybe he wants to...No, he wouldn't be giving me a bonus so soon...I wonder what it can be.

MARY: Maybe he wants to know who you're going to have for a singer..You still haven't got anyone to replace Dennis Day.

JACK: That's right, Mary..Confidentially, I've been considering Bing Crosby for my singer..You know he's starting to get popular now.

MARY: Well Jack, I don't want to disillusion you, but you're not going to get Crosby for thirty-five dollars a week.

JACK: I wasn't thinking of thirty-five dollars.

ROCHESTER: YOU AIN'T GONNA GET HIM FOR WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN' EITHER.

JACK: Oh I don't know, I don't know.

MARY: Oh Jack, what are you talking about?..You can't hire Crosby, he makes thousands of dollars a week.

JACK: Well..Maybe I <sup>could</sup> ~~can~~ get his little son Larry, he sings too.. Or for five dollars more, maybe I could get the twins.

MARY: Why don't you wait another year, you might have more to choose from.

JACK: Oh well, I'm not going to worry about it now..I'll find a singer.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)



JACK: COME IN.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: HI YA, JACKSON!

DON: HELLO JACK!

JACK: PHILSY! DON!

(APPLAUSE)

PHIL & DON: HI YA, MARY.

MARY: HELLO, BOYS.

DON: *ah* Jack, that trip did you a lot of good, you look wonderful.

JACK: I feel good, Don, although I lost about ten pounds.

DON: Well I lost some weight too, but <sup>ON ME</sup> it isn't ~~any~~ noticeable.

JACK: Really, Don?..How much did you lose?

DON: Eighty-four pounds.

JACK: Don, you didn't lose it, you just misplaced it.

PHIL: You know, Jackson, it's like old times havin' you back..

I thought about you every day.

JACK: Oh sure, sure, Phil..I'll bet you didn't even know I was gone.

PHIL: I did too..You left on the day of Flattop's funeral, you were gone all through Gravel Gertie and you got back the day after the Brow paid his debt to society.

JACK: The Brow, Gravel Gertie?..What are you talking about?

PHIL: I'll bet you don't even know about the Summer Sisters bein' in that iron clamp.

JACK: The Summer Sisters?

PHIL: How do you like that! The newspapers spend millions of dollars trying to educate people and ~~she~~ <sup>he</sup> don't even take advantage of it.

JACK: Well I've been away, I don't know what's going on around here..Say Phil, what did you do with yourself this summer?

MARY: Why Jack..Phil was on the Kay Kyser program.

JACK: Well that must have been nice.

PHIL: For thirteen weeks.

JACK: Thirteen weeks?..Now I know you're a jerk.

PHIL: What do you mean?

JACK: If you couldn't answer the questions the first week, why did you keep going back?...That I can't understand.

PHIL: Look Jackson, you got it all wrong..They hired me to ask the questions, I was the Purfessor.

JACK: Purfessor?

PHIL: Yes, Purfessor..P-U-R-F-E-~~7~~-~~7~~-O--

JACK: I KNOW HOW TO SPELL IT/<sup>Phil: O-R-</sup>..Mary, remind me to listen in Wednesday night..I want to hear Phil ask those questions.

MARY: Jack, starting Wednesday night Kay Kyser will be back on the show.

JACK: Oh..Then I'll surely listen..Well fellahs, I hate to break this up, but I got a call from my sponsor and I have to go over and see him.

DON: Oh Jack..When you see your new sponsor, will you let him know how happy I am that he picked me to represent Lucky Strike on the program?

JACK: I certainly will, Don.

MARY: Well why shouldn't he pick you, Don?..You're a natural to represent Luckies.

DON: Do you really think so, Mary?

MARY: Sure..You're so round, so firm, so fully packed.

JACK: That's right..Hey,<sup>listen</sup> that was pretty good, Mary..I must remember to ad lib that to my sponsor...Oh say kids, before I go, I want to give you the souvenirs I brought you from the South Pacific.

ROCHESTER: Boss, do you want a hammer to open that big crate?

JACK: No no, the souvenirs are in the valises.

ROCHESTER: Well what's in the crate?

JACK: Never mind. ~~Now let's see, where are the valises?~~

MARY: You're acting kinda funny about that crate, Jack..why don't you open it?

JACK: I don't have to, the souvenirs are in the valises.

PHIL: Then what have you got in ~~that~~ crate?

JACK: It's something I brought home for myself...I got it on one of the Islands in the South Seas.

DON: Well open it up, Jack..Let's see what it is.

JACK: Don, it's nothing..You wouldn't be interested.

PHIL: Rochester, give me that hammer, I'm gonna open it.

ROCHESTER: Here you are, Mr. Harris.

JACK: Phil..please!

(SOUND: HAMMER BLOWS & CREAK OF BOARDS RIPPING)

JACK: PHIL, IT'S JUST A LITTLE THING I PICKED UP ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS, IT'S FOR ME.

(SOUND: TWO MORE HAMMER BLOWS & CREAK OF BOARDS)

JACK: PHIL!

DON: WELL, IT'S OPEN.

JACK: PHIL, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO--

PHIL: HEY JACKSON, WHAT ARE YOU SO EXCITED ABOUT?..THERE'S NOTHIN' IN THIS CRATE BUT A GRASS SKIRT.

JACK: NOTHING BUT A GRASS SKIRT!..LET ME...OH DARN IT,  
SHE GOT AWAY!.....Isn't that awful?

MARY: WHY JACK BENNY, DO YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY TRIED TO  
BRING BACK A --

JACK: HELP IS HARD TO GET AND STOP LEERING AT ME...NOW COME ON,  
MARY, WE'RE GOING DOWN TO SEE MY SPONSOR..SEE YOU LATER,  
FELLAHS.

(APPLAUSE AND SEGUE INTO BAND NUMBER)

"COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE"

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND ON CUE: WALKING FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Here it is, Mary...Here's my sponsor's office, George W. Hill..Let's go in.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: And Mary, please try and act nice, will you?

MARY: Oh Jack, stop worrying..Even though he is your sponsor, you don't have to fall all over him.

JACK: Don't be silly, Mary, I'm going to treat him just like any other person.

MARY: But Jack, you never <sup>BROUGHT</sup> ~~bring~~ a girl an orchid, why bring him one?

JACK: Well you know, Mary, a man in his position has got almost everything else...Now come on, let's go in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

JACK: (CLEARS THROAT)

BEA: Yes?

JACK: I'd like to see Mr. Hill, please..Mr. George W. Hill.

BEA: Who shall I say is calling, sir?

JACK: Well...uh...well..(CONFIDENT)..Just tell him the star of his Lucky Strike radio program is here.

BEA: Oh, I didn't recognize you ..you're not looking so well today, Mr. Sinatra.

JACK: Sinatra?..I'm not Sinatra!

MARY: Neither am I!

JACK: Now Miss, will you please tell Mr. Hill that I'd like to see him?

BEA: Yes sir..And your name?

JACK: Just tell him it's BE-NNY...BE-NNY.

Mary; Oh Jack--

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JACK: WITH MEN WHO KNOW COMEDIANS BEST, IT'S BENNY, TWO TO ONE!

MARY: For goodness sake, Jack..Mr. Hill knows that you know all the slogans and that you use the product..So stop overdoing it, especially with that cigarette holder.

JACK: Mary, I'm not overdoing it..Lots of people use cigarette holders.

MARY: Not one that holds three cigarettes.

JACK: <sup>oh</sup>  
~~Now~~ Mary--

MARY: You look like the forward turret on a battleship!

JACK: Mary, that's enough...~~Say~~ Miss, will you please ~~step in~~ <sup>step</sup> into Mr. Hill's office and tell him I'm here.

BEA: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS,  
DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

HICKS: Well, I haven't heard that side of it before, but continue..Your opinions interest me and --

BEA: Pardon me, Mr. Hill.

HICKS: Yes, Miss Bates?

BEA: Jack Benny is waiting in the outer office.

HICKS: Oh good, good..Tell him I'll see him in a few minutes, I'm in conference right now.

BEA: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

HICKS: Now as I was saying, your opinions interest me, and I'd like to hear more of them.

FRED: Well, first of all, <sup>MR. HILL</sup> I don't want you to think that I have anything against Benny personally.

HICKS: Oh, of course not, Mr. Allen!  
~~Allen:~~ <sup>You see Mr. Hill, with Allen it's two exceptions to one! instead of -</sup>  
(APPLAUSE)

FRED: ~~And I'd be the last one to try to get his job because~~  
~~because~~ I've always <sup>and</sup> admired Benny.

HICKS: Well after all, Fred, how could anyone dislike a man like Jack?..A man who last year was affectionately nick-named after General Patton..Old Blood and Guts Benny.

FRED: <sup>In that order -</sup> Old Blood and Guts Benny?..You mean Old Toupay and Wrinkles..Old Blood and..Why <sup>you know Mr. Hill</sup> last week his doctor took a sample of Benny's blood and sent it to the laboratory to be analyzed..It came back with a note saying..  
"Congratulations! <sup>Put an olive in this and you've got a martini!</sup> ~~We think this is even better than~~ Blood - Benny wasn't brought by a stork - he was brought ~~by a leech.~~ <sup>by a leech.</sup>

HICKS: Mr. Allen, hearing you talk, I get the impression that you don't like Mr. Benny.

FRED: Oh, I'm sorry I gave you that impression, Mr. Hill..I'm <sup>really</sup> very fond of Jack, he's one of my best friends..It's just that I <sup>need it -</sup> hate to see him go back on the air and be a flop.

HICKS: But what makes you think Benny will be a flop?..He always gets laughs.

FRED: Mr. Hill..anyone can get laughs who tells a joke, wiggles his ears, drops his pants, and then shows a Bob Hope movie on the seat of his underwear....And with Benny's red flannels, it looks like it's in technicolor..<sup>yet</sup> How can he miss?

HICKS: But Mr. Allen, I'm a business man..I don't care how a comedian gets his laughs as long as he sells the product.. And I think lots of people will sit by the radio, smoke a cigarette and listen to Jack Benny.

FRED: Mr. Hill, that is an impossibility if I <sup>have</sup> ever heard one.. Smoke a cigarette and listen to Benny..How in the world can anyone smoke and hold his nose at the same time?..It can't be done.

HICKS: You know, Fred, I'm a little surprised hearing all this..  
You see, when I hired Jack, I thought he had a large  
following.

FRED: He just looks that way when he's not wearing his girdle...  
That large following is <sup>all</sup> Benny.

HICKS: Well look, Fred, perhaps it isn't too late..Do you think I  
could help the program if I got rid of Benny?

FRED: Oh no, no, no, no, no..By all means, keep Jack on the  
program..Just cut his part down a little.

HICKS: Cut his part down a little, huh?..Well, how much should I  
let him do?

FRED: Oh, I think he can easily handle (DOES TOBACCO AUCTIONEER)

HICKS: (REPROACHFULLY) MR. ALLEN!

FRED: (CONTINUES CHANT)

HICKS: PLEASE..MR. ALLEN!

FRED: Yes?

HICKS: (REVERENTLY) When you do that...take your hat off.

FRED: Oh I'm sorry..I <sup>at</sup> thought just bowing my head would be  
enough....Well look, Mr. Hill..I know you're a busy man,  
and I want to run down the hall and see your assistant  
for a few <sup>seconds</sup> ~~minutes~~..I may drop back <sup>a little</sup> later.

HICKS: Okay, Fred..You'll find Mr. Stauffer's office quicker if  
you go through that rear door.

FRED: <sup>I know it's  
he in the  
near!</sup> Thanks <sup>you</sup>..So long.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

HICKS: Now let's see...Oh yes, yes.

(SOUND: CLICK OF INTER-OFFICE PHONE)



BEA: (ON FILTER) Yes, Mr. Hill?

HICKS: You may send Mr. Benny in now.

(SOUND: CLICK OF PHONE,  
SLIGHT PAUSE BEFORE DOOR OPENS AND  
CLOSES FAST)

JACK: *well* Hello Mr. Hill, ~~It's~~ ~~some~~ glad to see you..Here, have a  
cigarette.

HICKS: I'm already smoking one.

JACK: *oh* Well have another one..can't smoke too many Luckies, you  
know..(DOES SILLY LAUGH)...Mr. Hill, you know Mary, Mary,  
you know Mr. Hill..Now I don't mind telling you, Mr. Hill,  
that --

MARY: Hello, Mr. Hill.

JACK: Now I don't mind telling you, Mr. Hill, that--

HICKS: Hello, Mary.

JACK: Now I don't mind telling you, Mr. Hill, that you're one of  
the swallest guys I've ever met..not because you're my new  
sponsor, but because you're one of the finest fellows in  
the world, one of the squarest, grandest guys that ever--

MARY: *Oh*, JACK, STOP PINCHING HIS CHEEK.

JACK: Oh, oh...~~WXX~~ Mr. Hill, here we are, yes sir..ready to get  
off to a great start on our new radio series.

HICKS: Well Jack.,that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

JACK: YES SIR! WE'RE...T-t-talk t-t-to me?..Is there wrong  
anything?..I mean anything wrong is there, is there, is  
there?..Huh?

HICKS: No no, Jack, nothing wrong, just a routine talk..Sit down.

JACK: Yes, sir.

HICKS: That's my chair.

JACK: Oh I'm sorry, I didn't know it was your chair.

MARY: Well you should know, you're sitting on him,

JACK: Oh yes..Silly of me not to notice you, Mr. Hill..I'll sit here.

MARY: Now you're sitting on me.

JACK: (SICKLY LAUGH) Ha ha ha..I guess I'm a little excited, Mary..I'll sit here.

HICKS: <sup>ALL RIGHT</sup> ~~OK~~, if you think you'll be comfortable on that ash tray.

JACK: Oh pardon me, Mr. Tray...I'll just get up and..OOOPS!...Is this your lighted cigarette, Mr. Hill?...I'm sorry I didn't see it, Mr. Lighted..I mean Mr. Hill.

HICKS: Now Jack, I wanted to talk to you about some things.

JACK: Yes sir, yes sir.

HICKS: Oh by the way, guess who was sitting in this office just a few minutes ago?

JACK: Well I haven't the slightest idea, Mr. Hill..who was it?

HICKS: Fred Allen.

JACK: Fred Allen! What was he doing here, what did he want, what did he say?

HICKS: Well Jack, for one thing, he said--

JACK: THAT'S A LIE..And when I see him I'm going to--

HICKS: Now Jack, that's no attitude to take..Fred doesn't dislike you..Why don't you try to like him?

JACK: How can anyone like a guy who looks like he does?

MARY: Oh Jack, Allen isn't so ugly.

JACK: How would you know?..You can't see his face until you lift the bags under his eyes....And with that pained expression.. he looks like a hen trying lay a square egg....So don't tell me about Allen.

HICKS: *you* Now Jack, don't get excited. *and please stop hitting my nails*  
*and don't, get down all my back.*

JACK: Why if I ever meet that sneak face-to-face, I'll--

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

FRED: *Will* ~~say~~ Mr. Hill, I just dropped back to say goodbye and..  
(VERY HAPPY)..WHY, JACK! JACKIE BENNY!

JACK: FRED! FREDDY OLD BOY!

FRED: Jackie old pal, it's certainly good to see you, *what's left of you.*

JACK: Thanks, Freddy boy..I was just telling Mary and Mr. Hill  
how much I've missed you.

FRED: Yes sir, Jack..it's great being together again.

JACK: I'll say it is!

MARY: It couldn't sound more unbelievable if they were  
Roosevelt and Dewey.

JACK: Please, Mary..Fred and I are good pals..Tell me, Freddy  
boy, what are you doing *out* here in Hollywood?

FRED: Making a picture..I'm over at United Artists.

JACK: Oh yes, yes..I heard that Boris Karloff isn't there any  
more.

FRED: *I know it* ~~Yes, yes..~~ ~~And~~ I heard that since you've been with Warners,  
the studio isn't there any more.

JACK: Now listen here, Allen--

MARY: ~~Now~~ Jack, it's your own fault..You always have a chip on your  
shoulder.

JACK: I haven't got a chip on my shoulder!

FRED: He's right, Mary..that's his head *his head* LOOKS LIKE A KNOT HOLE WITH  
SKIN OVER IT.

JACK: That settles it, Allen..I've tried to be friends with you,  
but you won't have it that way.. ~~Yes~~ I'd punch you right  
in the nose if there wasn't a lady present.

MARY: I'll leave, Jack.

JACK: YOU SIT DOWN!....Now you listen to me, Allen--

FRED: *and* You listen to me, Benny..You'd punch who in the nose?

JACK: I'd punch you in the nose, if it weren't for your wife and children.

FRED: I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CHILDREN.

JACK: THEN WHY AREN'T YOU IN THE ARMY?...ANSWER THAT, CIVILIAN!

MARY: Oh Jack, for goodness sake--

JACK: YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS...Now listen, Allen, for the last time, I want you to mind your own business.

HICKS: JACK, WHY DON'T YOU AND FRED SHAKE HANDS AND--

JACK: YOU SHUT UP!...Now listen Allen, I wanna tell you...Oh, oh my goodness!..I said that to my sponsor!....Mr. Hill, *said* Mr. Hill, I didn't mean to say shut up to you..I meant *to* say be quiet..I mean, please be quiet...I mean I didn't mean it at all..I'd never say a thing like that to you.

(MUSIC IN SOFT)

JACK: (PLEADING) Mr. Hill..Mr. Hill..don't stand there with your back to me....Fred..Freddy boy, please tell Mr. Hill I didn't mean it.

*Allen:* *Shut up, Benny.*  
(MUSIC LOUDER)

JACK: It was an accident, it was all a big mistake..Fred, don't stand there with your back to me.

(MUSIC FULL)

JACK: MARY, MARY..TELL MR. HILL IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE..TELL HIM I'M SORRY, TELL HIM ANYTHING, BUT JUST SAY SOMETHING!

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC TO FINISH)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

TIME 1:15

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

DELMAR: Today, tomorrow, always -- it takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette! And - Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts - auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one! So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke -- Lucky Strike!

RUYSDAEL: The famous tobacco auctioneers heard on tonight's program were Mr. L.A. (Speed) Riggs, of Goldsboro, North Carolina, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN) and Mr. F.E. Boone of Lexington, Kentucky, (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN). Basil Ruysdael speaking for Lucky Strike!

TICKER: (2 & 3, 2 & 3)

RUYSDAEL: LS - MFT

LS - MFT

LS - MFT

SHARBUTT: Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Yes, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- so round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the draw!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR JACK BENNY SIGN OFF)

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JACK: Mary..Mary, do you think Mr. Hill was really angry at me because of what I said?

MARY: No Jack, he knew you were excited and nervous.

JACK: Gee, I <sup>F</sup>hope so.

MARY: Say Jack, what are you going to do about a new singer for our show?..We have to get somebody since Dennis is in the Navy.

JACK: Well, I don't know, Mary..I thought maybe next Sunday I would talk to Frank Sinatra and see if I can make a deal with him.

MARY: Frank Sinatra!

JACK: Yes.

MARY: But Jack, he's got two programs already.

JACK: Well..then maybe he'll hire me..We'll get together some way <sup>Next Sunday</sup>. Goodnight, folks.

*I'll ask him to drop one next Sunday.*

MARY: Okay..Homeway Dry Cleaners..Eighteen dollars for cleaning rug.

JACK: Eighteen dollars for cleaning a rug!..How could a rug got that dirty?..I was away all summer..there was nobody here but Rochester..I can't understand it.

MARY: Jack, here's another bill signed by Rochester..It's from Scratch, Match and Patch..Interior Decorators.

JACK: Interior Decorators!

MARY: Seventy-eight dollars for patching ceiling and re-papering living room.

JACK: Patching ceiling! Re-papering living room!..I'm going to ask Rochester about this.

MARY: You don't have to, here's a bill that explains it..SEVEN DOLLARS FOR EIGHTEEN BOTTLES OF GIN.

JACK: Eighteen bottles of gin!..Let me see who that bill is from..Hmm..The Central Avenue Personality Shop..I'm going to find out about this..(SING SONG) OH ROCHESTER --

ROCHESTER: (SING SONG) YES, BOSS.

JACK: (SING SONG) THERE'S SOMETHING I WANNA TALK TO YOU ABOUT.

ROCHESTER: (SING SONG) COULD'T YOU WRITE ME A LET-TER

JACK: No I couldn't and come right out here.

ROCHESTER: Okay.

JACK: Rochester, take a look at this rug cleaning bill.

ROCHESTER: (SHEEPISH) Mmm Mmm.

JACK: Now take a look at this bill for re-papering the living room.

ROCHESTER: Mmm Mmm.

JACK: And this bill for eighteen bottles of gin.

MARY: Nine dollars and seventy-two cents for Samson's concentrated iron capsules.

JACK: Ten dollars and thirty-five cents for Dr. Berman's body builder.

MARY: Ten dollars and thirty-five cents for Dr. Berman's body builder.

JACK: Seven dollars and ninety-six cents for Dr. Horton's health tonic.

MARY: Seven dollars and ninety-six cents for Dr. Horton's health tonic.

JACK: Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents for muscles.

MARY: MUSCLES!

JACK: Yes..Sixteen dollars and --

MARY: Imagine buying muscles again..What happened to the ones you bought last year?

JACK: Oh, I wore 'em in the shower and the buckles rusted.. Wish I could get some of that pre war stuff. Now let's see --

MARY: (STARTS TO LAUGH)

JACK: Mary, what are you laughing at?

MARY: Remember the time you bought those built-up shoes to make you taller?..(LAUGHS) Oh boy, did you over-do it!

JACK: Over-do it!..Those shoes didn't lift me so high.

MARY: Then why was your nose always bleeding?

JACK: Oh Mary --

MARY: (LAUGHINGLY) I'll never forget how silly you looked patting Gary Cooper on the head.

JACK: Mary, stop being ridiculous, and let's get back to the bills,.Here, read this stack to me.



(AFTER COMMERCIAL: MUSIC UP AND FADES)

DON: THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM..STARRING JACK BENNY..WITH MARY LIVINGSTON PHIL HARRIS, ROCHESTER, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE AND MUSIC UP, THEN FADES DOWN AND OUT)

DON: AND NOW, WE TAKE YOU TO JACK BENNY'S HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS..IT IS SATURDAY NIGHT, AND JACK HAS INVITED MARY OVER TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING.

JACK: Gee, Mary, I'm glad you came over to help me straighten out my household expenses..These bills have accumulated all summer, while I was away.

MARY: Aw Jack, this is Saturday night, and I wanna go dancing! Let's go to the Palladium!

JACK: The Palladium! Mary, with all these bills I'm paying.. Gee!

MARY: But Jack, it doesn't cost much to go to the Palladium.. They charge a dollar and a half for men, and seventy-five cents for women.

JACK: I know..for you it's cheap!..But think of me..a dollar fifty-five just to go dancing.

MARY: A dollar fifty-five! It's only a dollar fifty.

JACK: MARY, ONLY A CHEAP SKATE DOESN'T CHECK HIS HAT....Now let's get on with these bills.

MARY: Okay.

JACK: Let's see..Twelve dollars and eighty-five cents for vitamin pills.

MARY: Twelve dollars and eighty-five cents for vitamin pills.

JACK: Nine dollars and seventy-two cents for Samson's concentrated iron capsules.

DELMAR: It takes fine tobacco to make a fine cigarette, and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco -- yes, first, last and always, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. At markets now open in the South, independent tobacco experts present at the auctions can see the makers of Lucky Strike consistently select the riper, the naturally milder Lucky Strike tobacco. And sworn records show that among such independent tobacco experts -- auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen -- with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies two to one!

RIGGS: (CHANT - SOLD AMERICAN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD, FOR JACK BENNY SHOW)