

Jack Benny

Phil Tries to Collect on the World Series
Originally broadcast on October 13, 1940

Cast

Jack Benny
Mary Livingstone
Don Wilson
Phil Harris
Dennis Day
Rochester
Telegram Man
Tommy
Announcer

Jack Benny

Music: **J-E-L-L-O**

Don: The Jello program starring Jack Benny, with Mary Livingstone, Phil Harris, Dennis Day, and yours truly, Don Wilson. The orchestra opens the program with Ferry Boat Serenade.

Music: **Ferry Boat Serenade. Up and Under.**

Don: During recent months and county fairs all over the United States, lots of house wives have been winning prizes for the best homemade pies and cakes. And mean while, right in their own homes, thousands of house wives have been winning another prize. The blue ribbon of family approval, simply by serving those three new dessert favorites, Jello puddings. Jello puddings are ready prepared puddings that take hardly any time or effort to make. Merely add milk, cook a few minutes, then cool. And there's a pudding Ladies and Gentlemen, that tastes positively home made. A rich, luscious pudding with a world of grand pleasure in each creamy spoonful. Jello puddings come in three delicious flavors, chocolate, vanilla, and butterscotch. And they're made by the same folks who make world famous Jello. So after this, whenever you buy Jello, ask the grocer for several packages of Jello puddings too. When it comes to smooth, creamy flavor, and all around dessert enjoyment, you just can't beat those popular new members of the Jello family, Jello puddings.

Music: **Ferry Boat Serenade. Continues and completes.**

Don: That was Ferry Boat Serenade played by the orchestra. And now Ladies and Gentlemen, I bring you a man who returned to the air last Sunday, happy as a June bride, and just as nervous, Jack Benny.

Applause

Jack: Thank you. Thank you. Hello again, this is Jack Benny talking. And Don, I appreciated the fact that you tried to start the program with a laugh and almost succeeded. But I wasn't the least bit nervous last Sunday. Not the slightest.

Don: But Jack, what are you talking about. You were shaking like a leaf.

Jack: Now listen Don, you should be the last one in the world to talk about me being shaky. Why all through the program, your chins were doing the La Conga.

Don: {Don Laughs}

Jack: And the one in the middle was out of step.

Don: {Don Laughs}

Jack: So there.

Don: Just the same, I wasn't as jittery as you were.

Jack: Don, let me explain the difference between being jittery and high stung. For instance, you take a good bird dog when he's all keyed up and ready to go. He's not nervous. But he stands there, his whole body quivering, ready to spring into action. And that's the way I was Don. Just like a bird dog.

Don: I see.

Jack: Oh, hello Mary.

Mary: Hello Rover. Take that quail out of your mouth.

Don: {Don Laughs}

Jack: Mary I was only making a comparison that's all. I was explaining to Don that I wasn't nervous last week. I was just high strung like anybody who wants to give a good performance.

Mary: He's right Don. Did you ever seen a football player before a big game? Or a fighter before he goes into the ring?

Jack: Why of course.

Mary: Did you ever see Helen Hayes before she steps out on the stage?

Jack: Certainly.

Mary: Did you ever see Jack in a bathing suit?

Jack: What's that got to do with it? We were talking about nervousness, and you bring in my bathing suit. Where's the connection?

Mary: It needs a new belt.

Jack: Alright, so it needs a new belt. Now Mary, if you could quit punching them out for a minute. Let's be thankful that the first show went over so well. You

know Don, I read some swell reviews on the fantasy I wrote. You know, where the Blue Fairy woke us all up? Ed Sullivan raved about us.

Don: He did?

Jack: Yes and that's a critic's opinion. He said that em... Well, I got the review right with me. Would you like to hear it?

Mary: Yes. Stop drooling.

Jack: That's nothing to be ashamed of. Now listen to this. The Jello Program opened its um, {mumble}, Wilson, {mumble}, Harris, {mumble}, Livingstone, {mumble}, While Jack Benny... While Jack Benny...

Mary: The Waukegan weasel.

Jack: The Waukegan weasel... Mary!

Jack: While Jack Benny not only appeared in the show, but wrote and produced the fantasy of the Blue Fairy. Which in the opinion of this reviewer, was unquestionably puerile and banal.

Don: It was what?

Jack: Puerile and banal. I'm not making it up Don. It's right here in black and white.

Don: But Jack, puerile means childish, infantile.

Jack: Well of course. I wrote it for the kiddies.

Mary: And banal means what's happened to the kitties, shouldn't happen to a dog.

Jack: Oh no it doesn't.

Don: Yes Jack. Banal means hackneyed or trite. You know, old fashioned stuff.

Jack: Oh. Gee I can't understand it. Those words were so good... Oh well, our listeners liked it. That's all I care about.

Don: They certainly did Jack. In fact, I brought a clipping along I thought you might not have seen. It's very complementary.

Jack: It is?

Don: I'll read it to ya later.

Jack: Read it now when I need it. Go ahead.

Don: OK. Here it is. Our Sunday evenings at home will be much more pleasant now that Jack Benny is back on the air.

Jack: Well. What paper is that in Don?

Don: The Alcatraz Harold.

Jack: Don, that seems to be the consensus of opinion. Mary, did you see any reviews on our first broadcast?

Mary: No. But I went to Fee-Fee's Beauty Pallor yesterday, and the girls there just raved about it.

Jack: At Fee-Fee's, huh?

Mary: They thought everything I said was so cute.

Jack: Well sure. You're a good customer at that beauty pallor. Did they talk about anyone else on the program?

Mary: Just Phil. He goes there too.

Jack: I know. What burns me up, he goes around telling everybody that his hair is naturally curly. It really as straight as a string. I've seen him in the morning, you know. Oh here he is now. Hello handsome.

Phil: Well, here I am folks. Lay down them cards and turn up the dial.

Jack: Boy what a Smithfield. Phil, what makes you think that this program never gets started until you come on? We've been doing alright.

Phil: Yeah, but you guys don't get the belly laughs. The socker-roos, them bop-o-las.

Jack: Oh you and your bop-o-las. By the way Phil, did you heard anything about our first broadcast?

Phil: Well at Fee-Fee's they said that I was ...

Jack: We've heard about that. Did you see any reviews in the paper?

Phil: Yeah. I saw one write up in the Butcher's Gazette.

Jack: The Butcher's Gazette, eh. Did they like the show?

Phil: Yeah, they said it was very clever. {Phil laughs} How's that folks. Harris clicks again. I'm rollin' now.

Jack: Phil, what was that supposed to be, a bop-o-la or a socker-roo?

Phil: Well wait until they stop laughing. I can't tell yet.

Jack: Oh that's right. Now Phil you might have a few more Butcher Gazette gags up your sleeve, but I think it is about time for a number. How about playing something?

Phil: OK Jackson.

Don: Say Jack. What about that idea of yours?

Jack: What idea? Oh yes. Ah, Phil. I've got a great suggestion for something new this season.

Phil: What is it?

Jack: Well, in as much as we try to inject something different into our show, I thought it would be a novelty if I played violin with your band once in a while. What do ya say?

Phil: Over my beautiful dead body!

Jack: Now wait a minute. This program needs true talent and I can take the place of one of your violinists. That little guy there on the end.

Phil: But Jackson, I've got a perfect arrangement of this next number and one bad note is liable to spoil the whole thing.

Jack: Phil, a bad note in one of your arrangements is like throwing a rose into a barrel of Roquefort. So make way in that fiddle section, I'm going to town.

Mary: Oh Jack, why don't you let well enough alone.

Jack: I know what I'm doing Mary. Come on shorty, let me have your violin. Yes sir.

SFX: **Violin string plucked.**

Jack: Thanks.

Mary: It goes under you chin.

Jack: I know where it goes. Don't worry. Wait 'till I tune up Phil.

SFX: **Violin playing badly.**

Phil: That cat ain't dead yet.

Jack: Phil, stop with that stuff will ya. No kiddin'. I wish you wouldn't be so puerile and banal.

Phil: Puerile and Banal? What's that?

Jack: A dance team. Puerile and Banal the aristocrats of rhythm. They're a sensation.

Phil: Well, send them out to "The Bowl", I'll give 'em a job.

Jack: Oh fine. What a mentality. Phil, you know you ought to take up pressing flowers so you'd buy a dictionary.

Mary: Look who's talking. You didn't know what puerile and banal meant yourself.

Jack: I knew they were words. I didn't think they were people. Alright Phil I'm ready. Let's go.

Phil: Well, I guess we gotta do it boys. You know how scarce jobs are.

Music: **Music Plays "Get the Moon Out of Your Eyes".**

SFX: **Violin being plucked.**

Jack: Darnet I broke a string.

Phil: Alright, so we'll wait.

Jack: Who needs it. Let's Go.

Music: **Music continues Playing with Violin**

Jack: **{spoken at break in music}** Can't you hear me calling, when the rain and I'm a falling.

Music: **Music continues then ends**

Jack: Thank you. Well. That was "Get the Moon Out of Your Eyes", played by Phil Harris and his Orchestra with violin hot licks by "Sizzle String" Benny. I guess that was bad, eh?

Mary: I'd like to guess like that at Santa Anita.

Jack: Mary, you take my word for it, it was very good. Say Phil, I think I'll come out to the Wilshire Bowl and play with your orchestra tonight.

Phil: You do and I'll slap that cover charge on ya.

Jack: I'll pick up more than that in quarters.

Phil: Hey! Speaking of dough Jackson, that reminds me. What about that ten dollars you owe me on the World Series.

Jack: Oh. Oh, that's right I had Detroit. Yes sir, I forgot all about it. Well, Benny's a good loser. Ten dollars, eh Phil?

Phil: Yep. Ten bucks.

Jack: OK. I'll go out in the hall and get it for you.

Mary: Nobody will look. You can roll your sock down right here.

Jack: Now don't get smart, I don't carry money in my sock anymore.

Mary: Oh that's right. Not since that day at the circus.

Jack: You're darn right.

Phil: What happened Mary?

Mary: A midget picked his ankle.

Jack: Yes, and if I ever catch that little runt, I'll beat the daylights out of him.

Phil: Why didn't ya, Butch?

Jack: I chased him clear across the lot, but he ran down a gopher hole. Shrimp.

Phil: Boy that's rich. Imagine grabbin' dough out of a guy's sock.

Don: How much did he get Jack?

Mary: About eighty thousand dollars.

Jack: It was not! It was nowhere near that. Anyway Phil, I'll go out in the hall and ya... hey wait a minute. I've got the ten bucks right here.

Phil: Well, hand it over.

Jack: I'll hand it over... Don't rush me.

Phil: OK.

Jack: You won it fair and square and I'm gonna give it to ya. Yes sir.

Mary: What are you waitin' for, television?

Jack: No. Here you are Phil.

Phil: Thanks.

Jack: Now don't squander it.

Don: Oh, while we're on the subject Jack, you and I might as well settle up too. Here's the five dollars I lost to you.

Jack: Later Don.

Mary: What five dollars?

Jack: Never mind.

Phil: Heeyyyyyy. What's going on here Jackson? Did you bet on Detroit and Cinncinatah, both?

Jack: Well, a guy can get mixed up, can't he?

Mary: Well that beats everything.

Jack: Now wait a minute Mary. I bet ten dollars on Detroit and I lost to Phil. And then I accidentally bet five dollars on Cinncinatah and I won from Don. So I'm still out five bucks. But what do I care.

Don: Ladies and Gentleman, you may not care whether Jack is out five bucks or not, but you will care about those six delicious flavors of America's favorite gelatin dessert.

Jack: Oh fine.

Don: And whether you bet on Cinncinati or Detroit, you will find that you can not go wrong with betting Jello. That's Detroit, the whole troit, and nothing but Detroit.

Jack: Isn't that awful? Don, Don, I smell a rat. Did Phil Harris give you that idea?

Phil: Oh, so you recognized my stuff now, eh.

Jack: Recognized it? I'll say I did.

Mary: I didn't. The wind was blowing the other way.

Jack: Well you were very lucky Mary. You know there are days Phil ... Oh hello Dennis.

Dennis: Hello Mr. Benny. Am I on time for my song?

Jack: Yes, but it wouldn't hurt to get here earlier.

Dennis: What for? I just stand around like a totem pole.

Jack: What are you complaining about? You sing a song every week, don't you?

Dennis: Kenny Baker gets dialogue.

Jack: Never mind about Kenny Baker. How would you like to be in his shoes and work for a guy like Fred Allen?

Dennis: I think Fred Allen is wonderful.

Jack: Why you little fifth columnist. Wait 'till I get you outside.

Mary: Run down a gopher hole Dennis.

Jack: Oh, that midget again.

Phil: {laughs} Hey kid, did you hear about Jackson losing his dough at the circus?

Dennis: No. What happened?

Phil: He got rolled by a Lillian Putian.

Dennis: Lillian Putian?

Jack: Phil, that's LilliPutian. Look Phil, whenever there are two words meaning the same thing, please use the short one. Anyway, it was my money so forget about it.

Dennis: Oh, say Mr. Benny, that reminds me. Here's the two and a half dollars I owe you on the World Series.

Jack: Later Dennis.

Mary: Ohhhh. So you bet the same amount on both teams, eh Sporty?

Jack: What do you mean the same amount? Look Mary. I lost ten dollars to Phil. I got five back from Don, and two fifty from Dennis. So I'm still out two fifty. Now Dennis, let's have your song so that everybody can stop worrying about my financial affairs.

Dennis: OK.

SFX: **Knock on Door**

Jack: What a minute. Come in.

Telegram: Special delivery for Mary Livingstone.

Jack: Here she is. A letter for you Mary.

Mary: Thanks.

Jack: Hey, you're a little old for a messenger boy, aren't you?

Telegram: Well you twitch on rainy days yourself, Bub.

Jack: I'd like to push him down a gopher hole too. Who's, ah, who's the letter from Mary?

Mary: It's a note from Momma.

Jack: Oh, your mother, eh. What's the Oscar Levant of New Jersey got to say?

Mary: Nothing. She just sent a clipping from the Plainfield paper about our first broadcast.

Jack: Oh.

Mary: Here's the headline. Livingstone program returns to the air.

Jack: That's from Plainfield alright.

Mary: And Miss Mary Livingstone, daughter of that prominent society leader, Mrs. Scarlet Livingstone ...

Jack: Scarlet?

Mary: Yes, she changes her name with every picture.

Jack: She ought to change it to the Grapes of Wrath. That really fits.

Mary: Oh Jack. Just because Momma hates you, you don't have to be mean about it.

Jack: OK. Get back the review of our show. What does it say?

Mary: {clears her throat} Mary Livingstone was her usual self. Charming, witty, and fascinating...

Jack: Well.

Mary: But the Blue Fairy Fantasy, written by Jack Benny, was nothing short of puerile and banal.

Jack: Let me see that. Well, I'll be darn, there it is. Go ahead.

Mary: Miss Livingstone's father, Mr. Rex Livingstone.

Jack: Holy smoke.

Mary: Mr. Livingstone had an unfortunate accident while listening to the broadcast. He was sitting in the car with the radio tuned on, when the owner came along and punched him in the nose.

Jack: It serves him right.

Mary: When interviewed, Mr. Livingstone said, "hic".

Jack: Oh, drunk too. Is that all?

Mary: Yes. I'm gonna paste it in my scrapbook.

Jack: Well tape the page down, so nobody will read it. Are you ready for your song now Dennis?

Dennis: Yes sir.

Jack: Well open your mouth and let it go. Say Mary, when you answer Scarlet, tell her General Sherman sends love, will ya?

Music: **Dennis sings the "Nearness of You"**

Jack: That was the “Nearness of You” sung by Dennis Day. That was very good Dennis. I really think you’ve improved a lot this year.

Dennis: Thank You. And say Mr. Benny, before I forget it. Can I mow your lawn, Thursday instead of Wednesday this week?

Jack: Why? What’s the matter with Wednesday? That’s your regular day.

Dennis: Well, Wednesday I have to go down and register for the draft. You know it’s conscription day.

Jack: Oh, that’s right. I’ll tell you what Dennis, I’ll pick you up at three o’clock and we’ll go down there together.

Don: Why you don’t have to go Jack. Only men up to the age of thirty six have to register.

Jack: Oh, thirty six, huh. I guess that let’s me out. Yep.

Mary: You barely made the last war.

Jack: Yes, and the Civil and Revolutionary. Are you happy?

Phil: Hey Jackson. Do I have to get in on this um... on that um... um...

Jack: Registration? Why certainly Phil. Every young American has to register.

Phil: What’s it for?

Jack: Oh my goodness. Phil, everybody who registers gets a number, and they send them all to Washington, put them in a big drum, and the lucky winners get a free vacation, for one year, at the expense of the government.

Phil: Say, that ain’t bad, huh.

Jack: No. And you can take off those patent leather shoes, they’re no good for marching. Anyway Phil, you just be there Wednesday.

Don: What about Rochester, he’ll have to sign up too, won’t he?

Jack: Yeah, I suppose I’ll have to cook dinner myself Wednesday night. And incidentally fellas, I’ve been having a little trouble with Rochester lately.

Don: What’s wrong?

Jack: Well, they gave him a big celebration the other night and elected him Mayor of Central Avenue. When I got home yesterday, I found a sign on my house that said, "City Hall". I took that down in a hurry. Mary, get Rochester on the phone. I want him to pick me up at the El Capitan Theater tonight.

Mary: OK.

Jack: Hope it's not too much trouble for him.

SFX: **Phone pick up receiver and dial number**

Phil: Hey Jackson. What are you doing at the El Capitan Theater?

Jack: Mary and I have been playing there in a show all week. It's a benefit for the British Red Cross.

Phil: I didn't know anything about it.

Jack: Well, that's my fault Phil. I should have taken out an ad in the racing form. You haven't read a paper ...

Mary: You're number's ringing Jack.

Jack: Thanks. Give me the phone. Hello... Hello...

Rochester: Mr. Benny's residence. This is "Your Honor", the Mayor speaking.

Jack: Rochester.

Rochester: Oh, is that you Mr. Benny?

Jack: Yes, it's me. Now listen, Your Honor. I wonder if I could trouble you to be the car down the El Capitan Theater and pick me up about eleven thirty tonight?

Rochester: OK. Could I put the top up?

Jack: Rochester, in this nice autumn weather, it's much better riding with the top down.

Rochester: Yeah, but my silk hat keeps blowing off.

Jack: You don't have to wear a silk topper. Your chauffeur's cap looks very good on you.

Rochester: With a cut-away coat? Oh, boss.

Jack: Now Rochester, stop being so fancy. Anyhow, what's the good of being Mayor of Central Avenue?

Rochester: I get a discount on ribs.

Jack: Alright, now Rochester the purpose of this call was to have you pick me in the Maxwell. Now you be down there by eleven thirty.

Rochester: OK. So long.

Jack: So long.

Rochester: Oh, by the way, Mr. Benny. Are you aware of the fact the automobile show is in town?

Jack: Yes, I'm a aware. What about it?

Rochester: Well, I was thinking you might want to trade the Maxwell for something less puerile and banal.

Jack: There's nothing wrong with the Maxwell. It's in perfect mechanical condition.

Rochester: Boss, have you ever lifted up that hood when the motor's running?

Jack: No.

Rochester: Well, don't do it. The fan belt will slap you right in the face.

Jack: That fan belt can be fixed.

Rochester: You gotta catch it first.

Jack: Now that's just silly.

Rochester: And oil flies out like Boom Town.

Jack: Now Rochester, I don't want to hear any more about the car. You just, you just be at the El Capitan Theater at eleven thirty.

Rochester: It's up here, I better leave now.

Jack: Leave when you want to. Good Bye.

Rochester: So long. Oh, say Boss.

Jack: Now what?

Rochester: About that little bet we made. Did I have Detroit or Cincinnati?

Jack: You had Detroit and you owe me two dollars.

Mary: I thought so.

Jack: Never mind.

Rochester: I'll pay you tonight Boss.

Jack: OK. Good-Bye.

SFX: **Phone receiver hung up**

Jack: Always wants to trade in the car.

Mary: Why Jack, you mean to say you even won two dollars from Rochester?

Jack: Listen Mary, I'm still a loser. I paid ten dollars to Phil. I got five from Don, two and a half from Dennis, and two from Rochester. That's nine fifty. I'm still out half a buck. Now come on, we gotta get over to the theater to do that benefit.

Mary: OK.

Jack: So long fellas. Hey, you can wind up the show yourselves.

{All three shout different things simultaneously}

Don: Sure. Go on Jack.

Phil: YEAH, Yeah. Go on.

Dennis: Good Bye. Good Bye Mary.

Jack: Say Mary, when we do the benefit tonight I want you to give a good show because it's our last performance.

Mary: I will. Don't worry.

Jack: Now wait a minute, here's the check room. I wanna get my hat. Hello Tommy.

Tommy: Hello Mr. Benny. How the program go tonight?

Jack: Oh, pretty good. Can I have my hat?

Tommy: Oh, yes sir. There you are.

Jack: Thanks.

Tommy: Oh, by the way Mr. Benny. Here's that fifty cents I owe you.

Jack: Oh, that's right. You did bet on Detroit. {ha, ha} Thanks kid.

Mary: Hey Jack.

Jack: What?

Mary: You can close the books now.

Jack: Yeah, come on let's go.

Music

Applause

Don: Back in grandmother's day, when guests wanted to praise one of her tasty dessert, they often used to say, "It's as smooth as peaches and cream". But today, folks will get the idea even quicker, if you say, "It's just as smooth as peaches and Jello". Now there's a combination Ladies and Gentleman, that's really smooth. Really easy to take. Yes sir, and easy to make too. And all you do is dissolve one package of orange Jello in a pint of hot water and peach juice. Chill until slightly thickened, and then fold in one cup of slice peaches, drained. Then mold and it's all over but the shouting. And that's sure to come when the family gets it's first happy glimpse of this lovely golden dessert. Of course the regular peach season is over. But you can still enjoy peaches that are actually orchard fresh, by making this Jello treat with Birds Eye quick frozen sliced peaches. Or if Birds Eye peaches are not readily available, you can use canned sliced peaches. Either way I know you'll like this swell dessert a lot. Take it from me, there's nothing more delicious than juicy, golden yellow peaches and rich, shimmering, orange Jello.

SFX: **MORSE CODE or Teletype Machine**

ANNR: News for Thrifty House Wives. Log Cabin syrup for less money. Popular table size not more than eighteen cents in most stores. Ask your grocer about his new low price. Remember, same matchless, log cabin flavor. So delicious with piping, hot pancakes or waffles. Only the price is changed. Tomorrow, buy Log Cabin syrup at the new low price. The lowest ever.

ANNR: This is the National Broadcasting Company

SFX: NBC Chimes